Psalms, Hymns and

Songs Spiritual

In the Midst of the Assembly
will I sing thy Praise . . .

Published by
SQUIRE & KINNE
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St. Louis, Mo.

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"Make His Praise Glorious"

Psalms, Hymns and SONGS SPIRITUAL

Pentecost Latter Rain Song Book

Editors:

CHAS. A. SQUIRE
SARAH L. SQUIRE
SEELEY D. KINNE

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1911 58
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PREFACE AND TOPICAL INDEX.

With gratitude to the Father we acknowledge the success of "the experiment of this ministration" and the distribution of the first edition of **Songs Spiritual.** "The administration of this service, not only supplieth the want of the saints, but is abundant also by the many thanksgivings unto God," as the Lord's dear people have often expressed. 2 Cor. 9:12, 13.

In the preparation we have sought to, "Be filled with the Spirit. Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly, in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing each other in psalms and hymns, and **Songs Spiritual**, with grace, singing in your heart to the Lord. Giving thanks at all times for all things, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ; to Him who is God and Father, submitting yourselves to one another in the fear of God." Eph. 6:18–20, Col. 3:16.

This second edition contains 224 pages, 64 more than the first, and about 35 new Pentecostal songs. There are about 175 new songs in the book and a good collection of older hymns that have been quickened by the Spirit in Pentecostal meetings.

Three of our writers, authors of numbers 10, 22, 126, etc., have been recently promoted to the choir above. Some of the new poems by Brother Griffin, written in his last days, breathe an exceptionally deep abandonment, humility and faith under the severest test.

Below we add a subject index to assist in selection of songs.

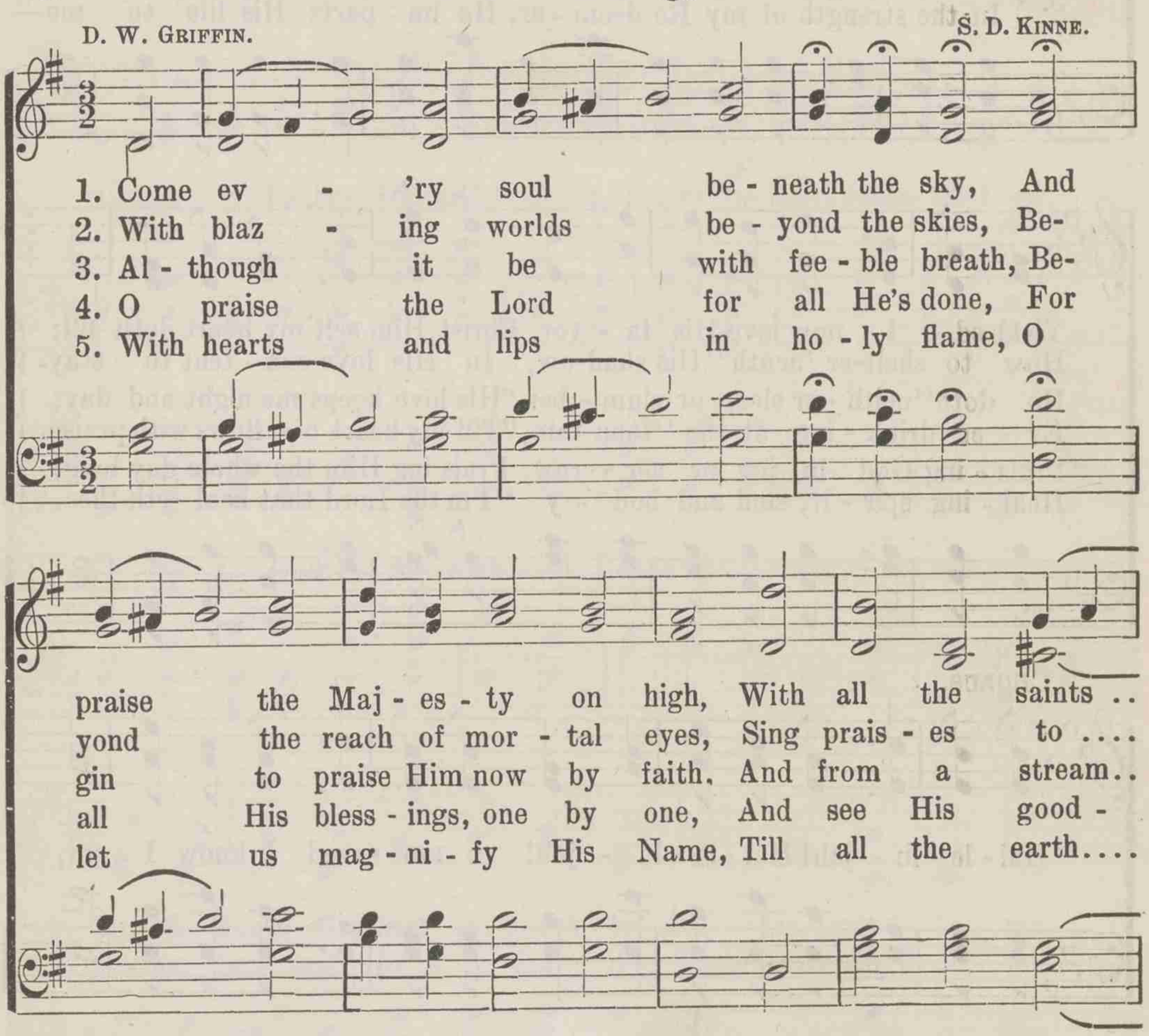
1. Worship, Praise—1 to 20, 27, 44, 142, 168, 176, 177, 193, 201, 223, 246.
2. Jesus, The Blood, Salvation, Holiness, Healing—20 to 51, 152, 174, 179, 181, 192, 200.
3. The Spirit, Pentecost—51 to 69, 88,
4. Second Coming, Battle—70 to 92, 160, 188, 189, 190, 191, 202, 220.
Children—93, 94, 95, 132, 159.
Missionary—98, 99, 101, 169, 170, 175, 183, 208, 224, 226, 228 229.
Invitation, Seeking—25, 26, 29, 31, 33, 36, 37, 38, 45, 47, 48, 49, 121, 148, 149.
Blood, Atonement—20, 21, 22, 23, 33, 34, 36, 37, 46, 122, 125, 162, 141, 195, 197, 204, 205, 206, 209, 213, 221, 222, 225.
Pardon—22, 23, 26, 27, 31, 36, 38, 42, 45, 47, 48, 49, 93, 116, 148, 149.
Cleansing, Sanctification—9, 21, 22, 24.
Jews—91, 97, 113, 164, 173. Perilous Times—115.
Millennium and Bride—75, 76, 77, 81, 84, 85, 92, 105, 124. 198.
Healing—2, 22, 23, 25, 42, 148, 171.
Consecration—127, 182, 210, 212, 217.
Abandonment—21, 100, 153, 154, 172.
Exalting Jesus—8, 23, 35, 80, 111, 137, 139, 143, 145, 178, 201, 247.
Warning and Exhortation—70, 71, 72, 73, 77, 108, 121, 156, 194, 180, 204.
Heaven—76, 79, 104, 120, 130, 158, 198. Grace—41, 44, 100, 104, 140.
Tarrying and Heart Hunger—7, 24, 29, 53, 58, 66, 67.
Faith, Victory—5, 20, 21, 30, 55, 103, 112, 117, 125, 126, 141, 188, 198, 203.
Prayer—9, 12, 24, 33, 43, 147, 154, 215, 216, 218, 219.
God's Care—26, 74, 79, 109, 114, 123, 184, 186, 187, 196, 211, 214.
Old Hymns—129, 130, 136 to 140, 142 to 148, 164, 165, 226 to 245.

Psalms, Hymns and Songs Spiritual

THE FATHER—WORSHIP—PRAYER—PRAISE

1 New Doxology.

D. W. GRIFFIN. S. D. KINNE.



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My Redeemer.

Mrs. R. B. Young. "I know that my Redeemer liveth." S, L. S.
Chorus by S. L. S.

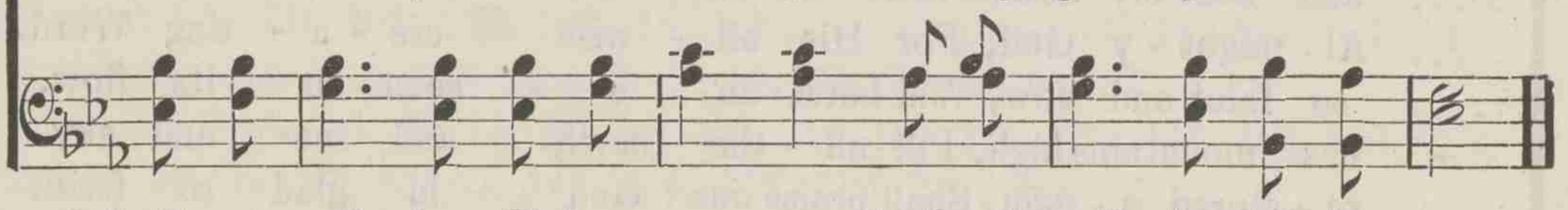
1. { In the strength of my Re-deem - er, I have chos - en God's sweet will;
   { In the strength of my Re-deem - er, I am learn - ing ev - 'ry day
2. { In the strength of my Re-deem - er, I can trust Him all the way,
   { In the strength of my Re-deem - er, "Fervent pray'r" with voice I'll raise,
3. { In the strength of my Re-deem - er, Now His praise becomes my song;
   { In the strength of my Re-deem - er, He im - parts His life to me—

Yield-ed— I now love His fa - vor, Christ, Him-self my heart doth fill;
How to shelt-er 'neath "His shad-ow," In His love con - tent to stay.
He doth "neith - er sleep or slum - ber," His love keeps me night and day;
Ev - er drink - ing at the "foun-tain," Till my heart o'er flows with praise.
Prais - ing God in joy or sor - row, Prais-ing Him the whole day long;
Heal - ing spir - it, soul and bod - y "I'm the Lord that heal - eth thee.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! I am saved I know I am,

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb.



4 In the strength of my Redeemer,
At His feet I'll ever stay,
Feasting on His word of promise—
He will never let me stray;
In the strength of my Redeemer,
I have found the Bread of Life,"
And while feeding thus upon Him,
Jesus ends all care and strife.

Coyyright, 1910, by Squire & Kinne,

Glory to God in the Highest.

S. D. K. S. D. K.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry to God in the high - est, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,
O my soul,

Al-might - y Father, Son and Spir - it, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,
O my soul,

FINE.

Glo - ry to God in the high - est, Peace up-on earth, Good will to men.

1. Oh, the blood of Christ is sweet to me, is sweet to me,
2. Fa-ther, Son and Ho - ly Spir - it— Three, now dwell in me,

Oh, the blood of Christ is sweet to me, Hal-le - lu - jah I am free.
Oh, the rapt - ur - ous joy and peace, Praise the bless-ed Trin-i - ty.

1910, by Squire & Kinne.

4 Praise Jehovah.

S. L. S. Ps. 148. Rev. 5: 12. S. L. S.

1. Praise Je-ho-vah! praise His name, Let heav'n and earth His praise pro-claim,
2. Praise Je-ho-vah! crea - tures all, Storm - y winds that heed His call—
3. Praise Je-ho-vah! praise His name— All His works His praise pro-claim.
4. Praise Je-ho-vah! peo - ples all, Praise His name both great and small,
5. Praise Je-ho-vah! for His pow'r— Ja - cob's seed, praise ye, this hour,
6. Hal - le - lu - jah! praise His name, Wor - thy is the Lamb once slain,

Sun, and moon and stars on high; All ye hosts a - bove the sky.
Trees and ce-dars, mountains high; Things that creep and fowls that fly.
Hail and fire, in earth and sky; Ye who dwell with Him on high.
Kings and princ - es of the earth; All that at His word give birth.
Saints and an - gels praise the Lord; Let Is - rael praise with one ac - cord.
Strength and wisdom, might and pow'r, Un - to Him who reigns each hour.

CHORUS.

1-5. Praise ye the Fa-ther and the Son, Oh, Hal - le - lu - jah praise His name;
6. Praise God from whom all blessings flow, Praise Him, all creatures here be-low;

D. C.

Praise ye the bless-ed three in one, He comes, He comes on earth to reign.
Praise Him a - bove ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost!

CODA. *after last chorus.*

Lo! He comes, Je - ho - vah! comes, He comes with pow'r and glo - ry.

1910. by Squire & Kinne.

Stand On the Promises.

Mrs. M. E. C. Mrs. E. F. Cunningham.

1. I will stand on the prom-is - es of God, I will stand on the
2. I will stand on His prom-is - es by faith, I will stand on His
3. I will rest in the word of the Lord, I will rest in the
4. I will trust in the pre-cious blood of Christ, I will trust in the
5. I will wel - come the bless-ed Ho - ly Ghost, I will wel-come the

prom - is - es of God, He is true, He is true my God, I will
prom - is - es by faith, He is true, He is true my God, I will
word of the Lord, He is true, He is true my God, I will
pre-cious blood of Christ, He is trut, He is true my God, I will
bless - ed Ho - ly Ghost, He is true, He is true my God, I will

Chorus.

stand on the prom-is - es of God.
stand on His prom-is - es by faith. I will sing prais - es to Him
rest in the word of the Lord.
trust in the pre-cious blood of Christ.
wel - come the bless-ed Ho - ly Ghost.

as I go, I will sing prais-es to Him as I go, He is

true, He is true my God, I will sing prais-es to Him as I go.

1910, by Squire & Kinne.

Bless thou Jehovah.

S. L. S. Ps. 103: 1-8, 20-22. Ps. 147: 19. S. L. S.

1. O my soul, bless thou Je - ho - vah, Hal - le - lu - jah bless His name,
2. He for - gives all my trans-gres-sions, All my pain and sick-ness heals,
3. Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! I am ev - 'ry whit made whole,
4. Mos - es learned the way be-fore us, Judgments came thro' Israel's race,
5. Bless Je - ho - vah, ye that heark-en, All His mes-sage to ful - fill,
6. All His hosts, bless ye Je - ho - vah, All His an - gel's bless the Lord,

Bless Je - ho-vah for His mer - cies, Purchased by the Lamb once slain.
He re-deems me from des-truc - tion And with lov - ing kind - ness deals.
He doth fill my mouth with good things And to youth re - news my soul.
He is mer - ci - ful and right - eous, Ev - er-more a - bounds in grace.
Bless Je - ho-vah, ye that hast - en, To per-form His bless - ed will.
All His works in His do - min - ion, Cre - a - ted by His word.

CHORUS.

1-3. Praise Je-ho-vah, praise my Sav - ior, Praise Him, praise Him, O, my soul,
4-6. Praise Him, praise Him for redemption, Purchased for me by His blood,

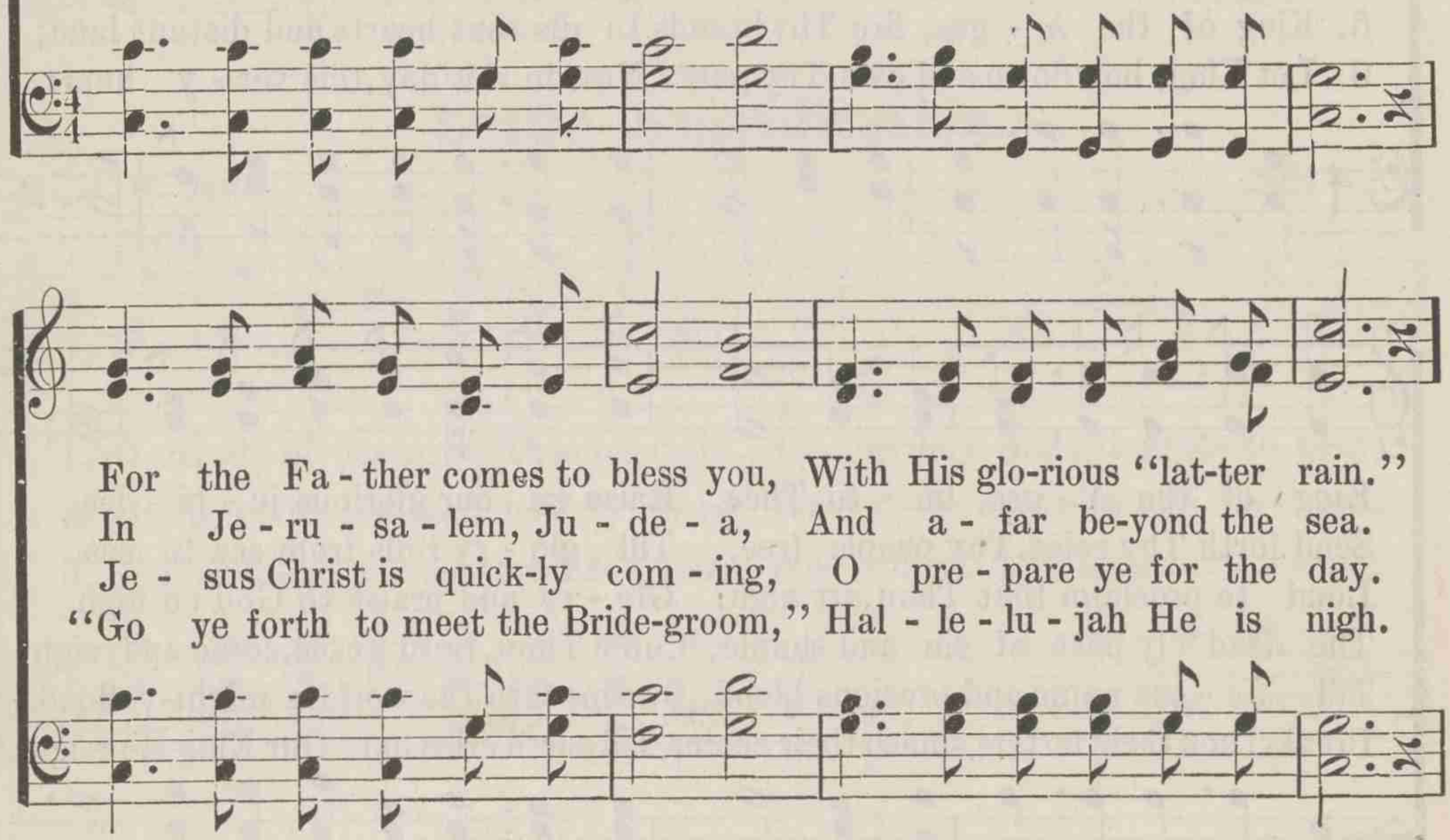
He who heals all my dis - eas - es, Sanc - ti - fies and keeps me whole.
Praise Him, praise Him, my bap-tiz-er, Is - ra - el's King and com-ing Lord.

1910, by Squire & Kinne.

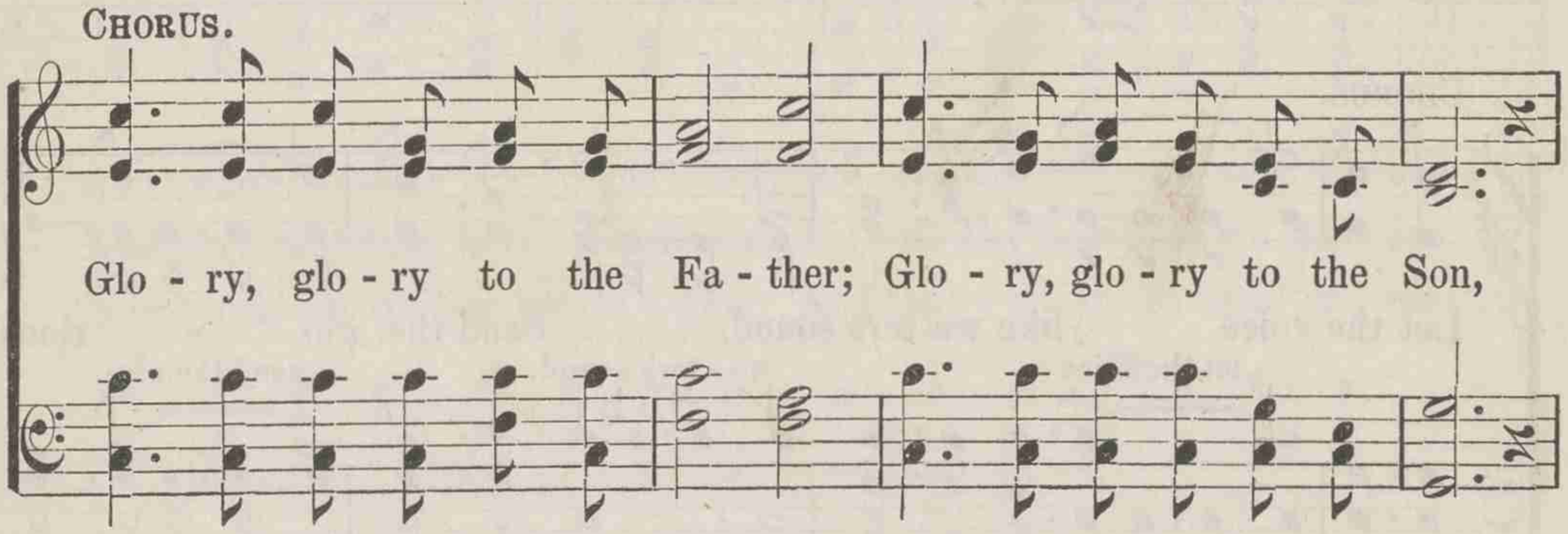
Glory to the Father.

S. L. SQUIRE.

1. Tar - ry, tar - ry for the Spir - it, And you will not wait in vain,
2. Then the sto - ry grow-eth sweet - er, For His wit-ness - es you'll be,
3. Then will burst the glo-rious mes-sage; From the yield-ed lips of clay,
4. Soon, ah! ver - y soon He's com - ing; Soon we'll hear the gladsome cry,



For the Fa - ther comes to bless you, With His glo-rious "lat-ter rain."
In Je - ru - sa - lem, Ju - de - a, And a - far be-yond the sea.
Je - sus Christ is quick-ly com - ing, O pre - pare ye for the day.
"Go ye forth to meet the Bride-groom," Hal - le - lu - jah He is nigh.



CHORUS.

Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Fa - ther; Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Son,

Glo - ry to the Ho - ly Spir - it, Glo - ry to the three in one.

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King of the Ages.

B. M. C. A. S.

Majestic.

1. King of the A - ges, let Thy sway, Steal thro' Thy people's hearts to-day;
2. King of the A - ges, un - to Thee; Bend we our hearts and bow the knee;
3. King of the A - ges, send Thy sons, With flaming hearts and fiery tongues;
4. King of the A - ges, first and last, Light up the future, blot out the past;
5. King of the A - ges, fire Thy brands, In dis-tant hearts and distant land;
6. Let Kings bow down and own Thy pow'r, Now in this day, this ver - y hour:

King of the A - ges, un - to Thee, Raise we our glorious ju - bi - lee.
Send forth Thy voice, Thy people free, Till glo - ry rolls from sea to sea.
Loud to proclaim that Thou art nigh, Glo - ry and praise to God on high.
The dead - ly past of sin and shame, Come Thou, Lord Jesus, come and reign.
Till Je - sus name and precious blood, Sweeps thro' the world, a might-y flood.
Break Thou their fetters, smash their chains, Till earth cries out, "Our King He reigns."

CHORUS.

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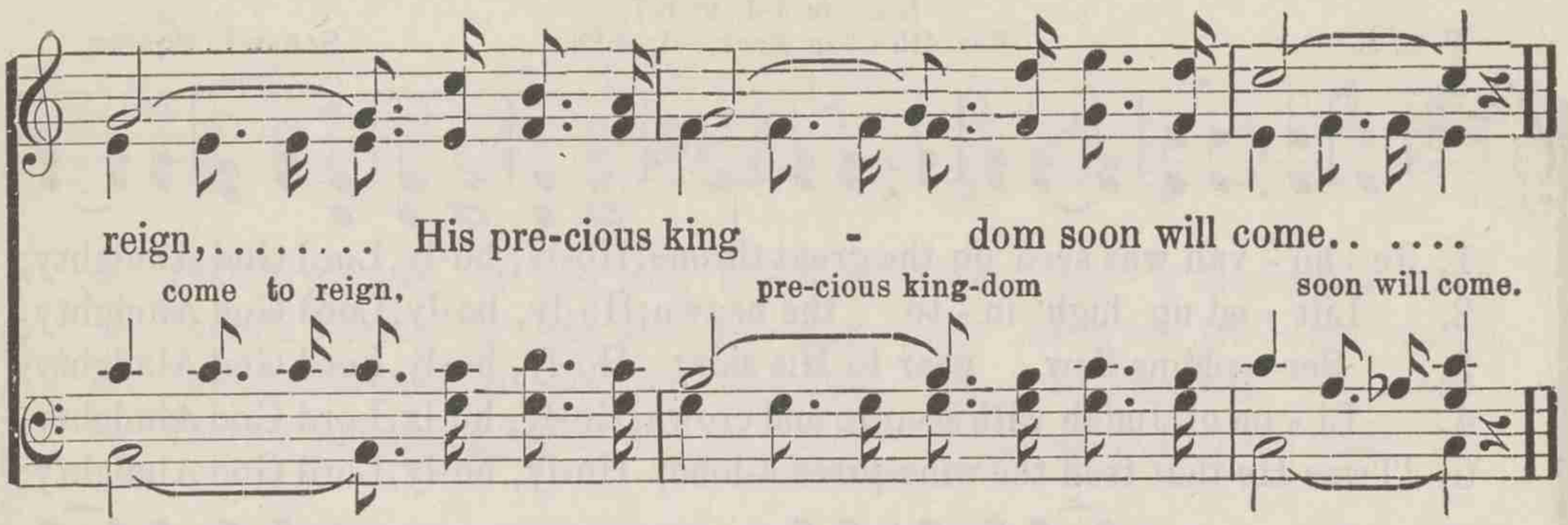
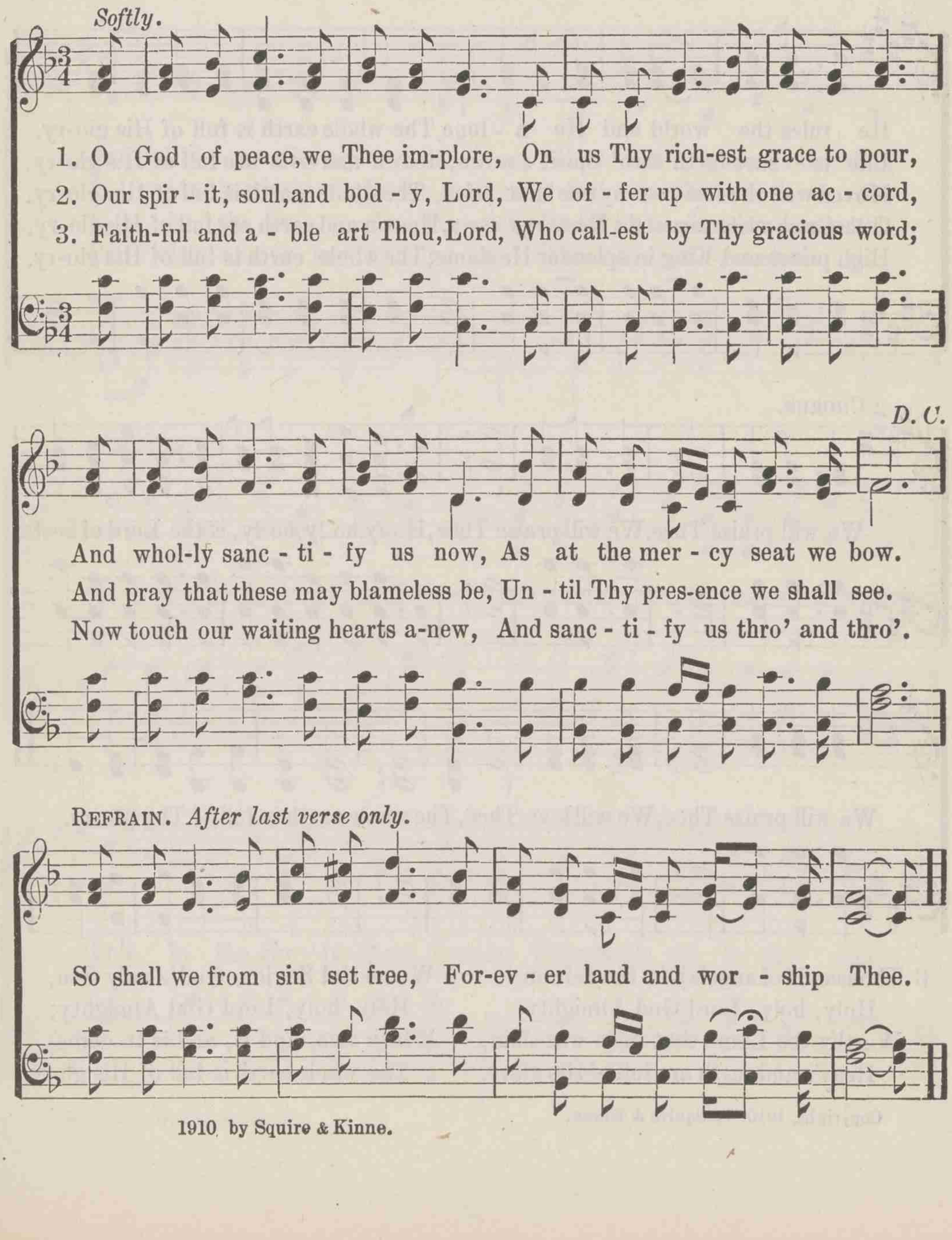
King of the Ages.



9 Entire Sanctification.

A. W. ORWIG. S. L. S.



REFRAIN. *After last verse only.*

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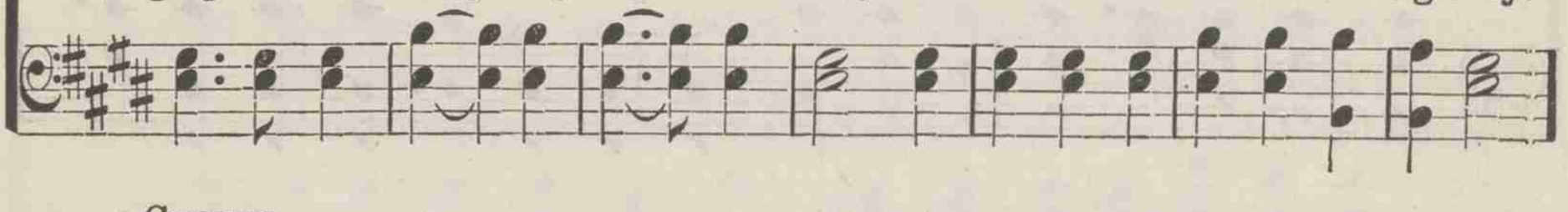
Seraphim's Song.

Isa.—6: 1-4. 9: 6-7.
Rev. 4th Chap. Ezek.—1: 4-28.

S. L. S. SARAH L. SQUIRE.

1. Je - ho - vah was seen on the great throne; Ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God Almighty;
2. Lift - ed up high in - to the heav'n; Ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God Almighty.
3. Ser-a-phims flew near to His side; Ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God Almighty;
4. Li - on of Judah with sceptre and crown; Ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God Almighty;
5. 'Twas He that trod the wine-press a-lone; Ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God Almighty;

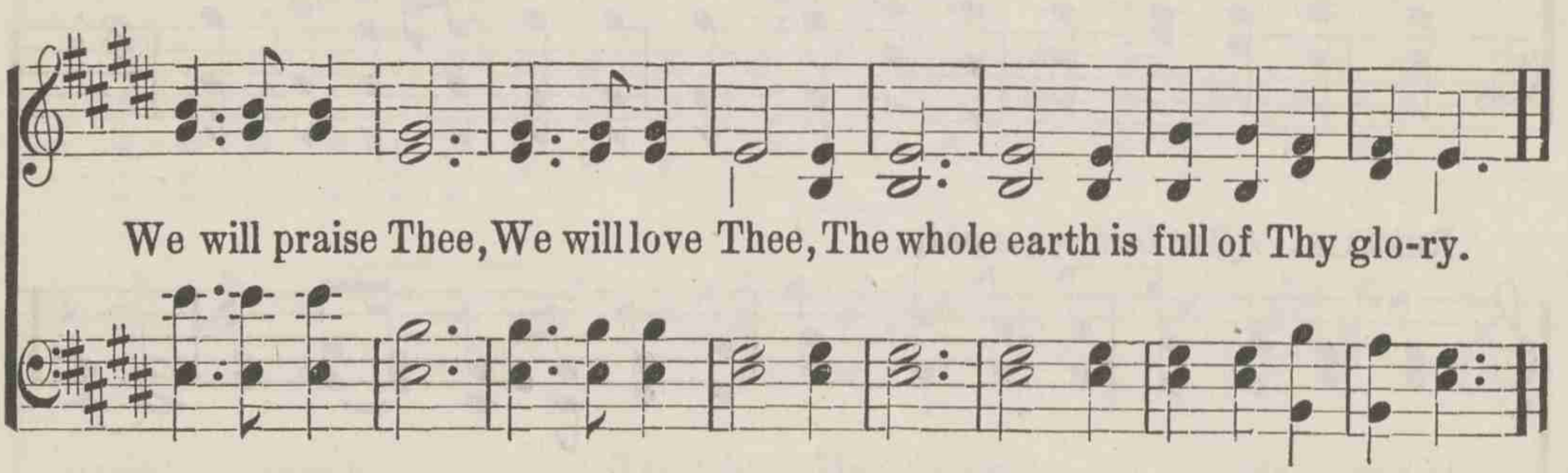
He rules the world and He a - lone, The whole earth is full of His glo-ry.
Life is - sues forth thro' Spirit's seven, Heav'n and earth are full of His glo-ry.
Moved were the door-posts by one that cried, The whole earth is full of His glo-ry.
Clothed with white raiment the Elders bow down, Heav'n and earth are full of His glo-ry.
High priest and King in splendor He shone; The whole earth is full of His glo-ry.



CHORUS.

We will praise Thee, We will praise Thee, Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, is the Lord of hosts;

We will praise Thee, We will love Thee, The whole earth is full of Thy glo-ry.



6 Thousands of angels join the refrain,
Holy, holy, Lord God Almighty;
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
Heav'n and earth are full of His glory.

7 Wonderful Savior, God's only Son,
Holy, holy, Lord God Almighty;
Which was, and is, and is to come,
The whole earth is full of His glory.

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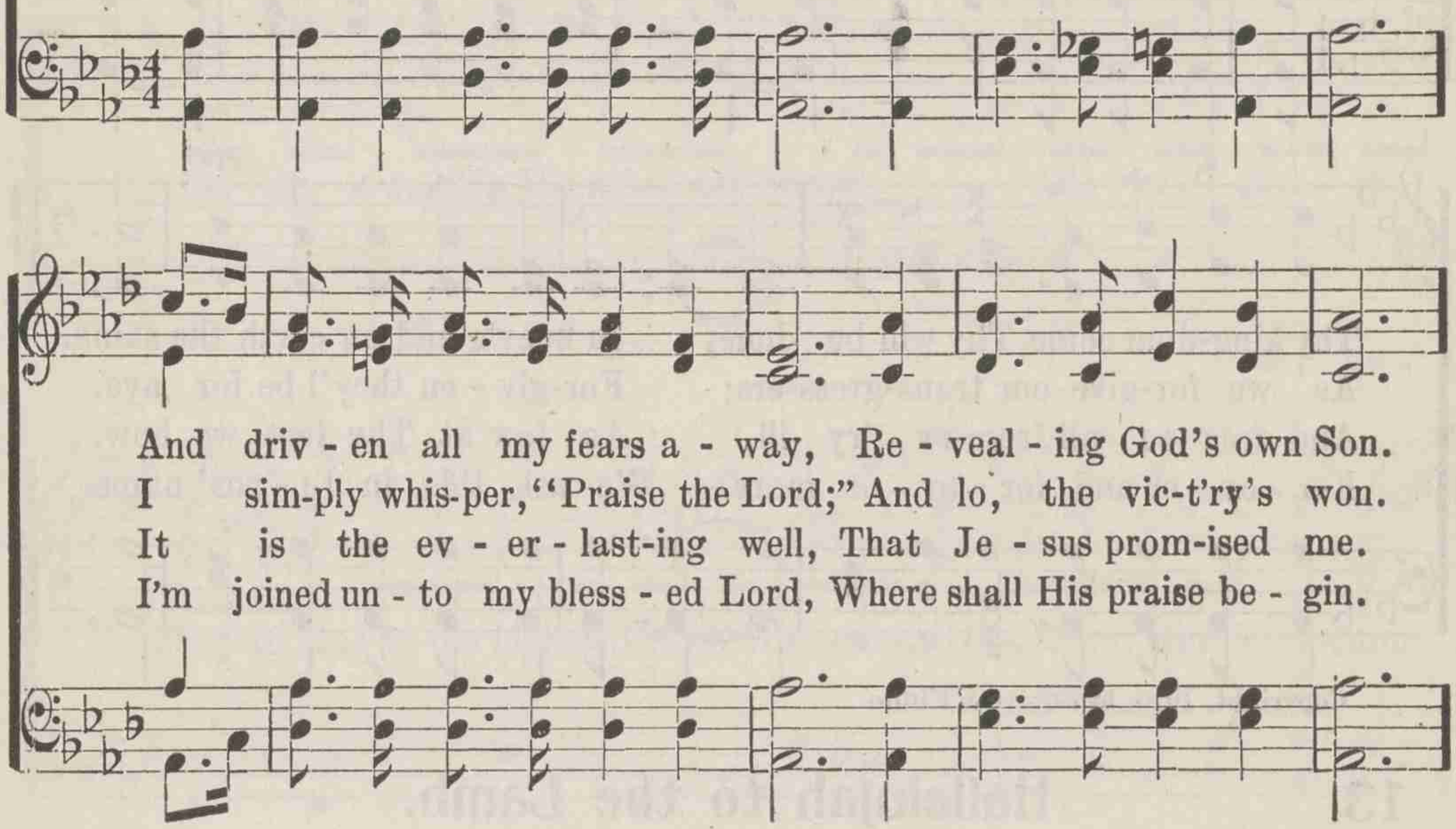
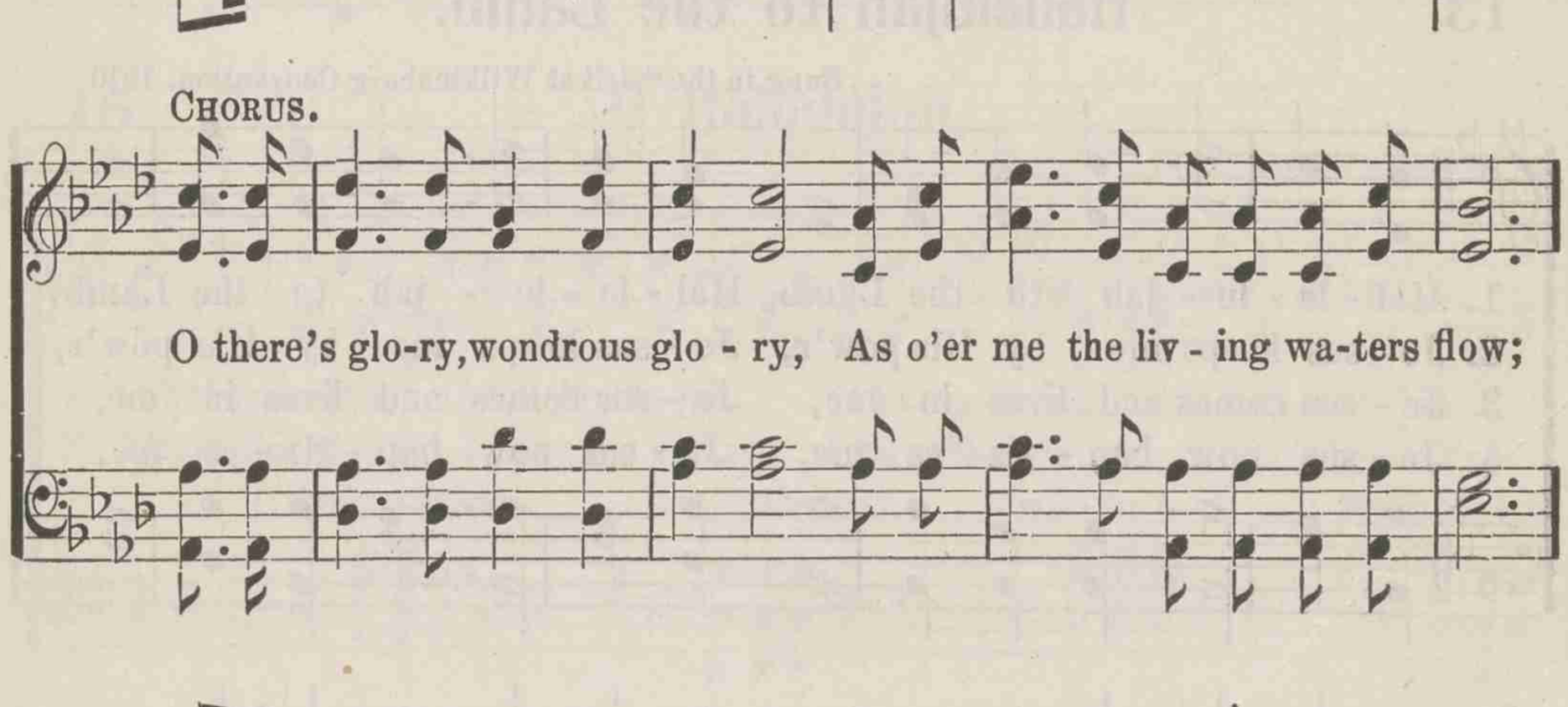
Glory in the Soul.

F. W. S. S. L. S.

1. There's glo - ry in my soul to - day; The Ho - ly Ghost has come,
2. There's vic-t'ry in my soul to - day, For when the tri - als come,
3. There's full-ness in my soul to - day; All oth - ers fail to see,
4. There's conqu'ring joy in me to - day, His peace doth dwell with - in;

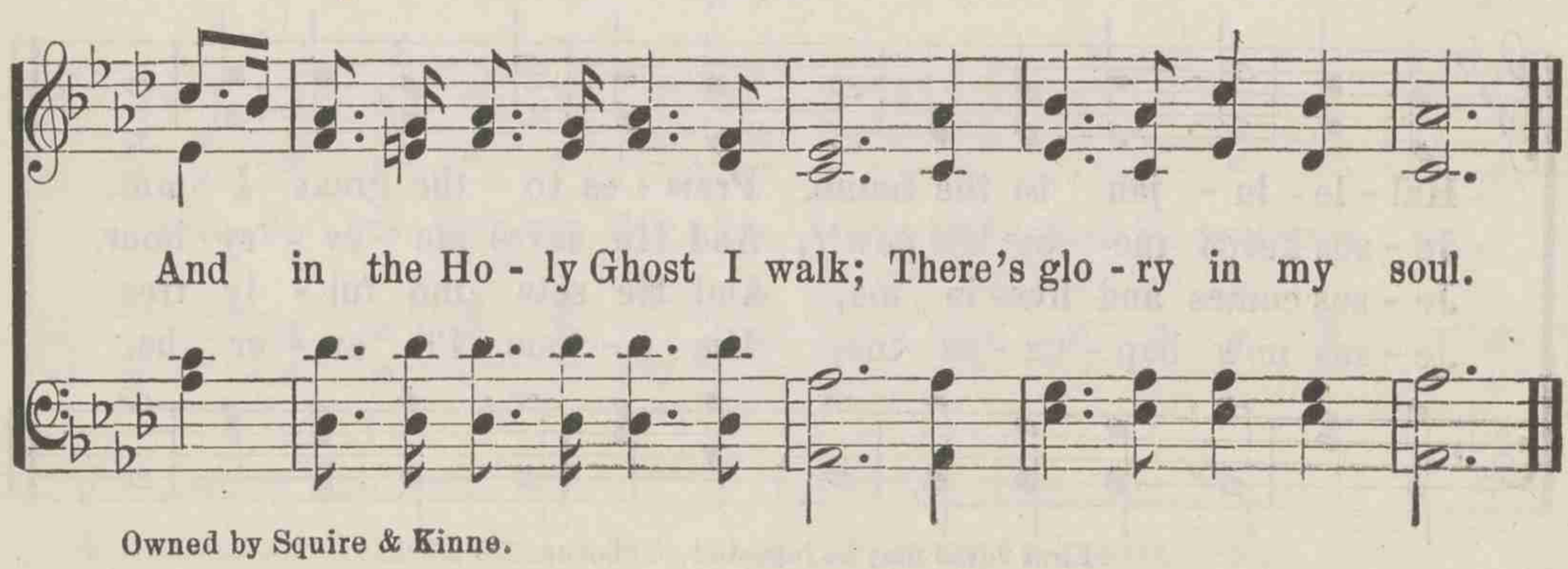


And driv - en all my fears a - way, Re - veal - ing God's own Son.
I sim-ply whis-per, "Praise the Lord;" And lo, the vic-t'ry's won.
It is the ev - er - last-ing well, That Je - sus prom-ised me.
I'm joined un - to my bless - ed Lord, Where shall His praise be - gin.



CHORUS.

O there's glo-ry, wondrous glo - ry, As o'er me the liv - ing wa-ters flow;



And in the Ho - ly Ghost I walk; There's glo - ry in my soul.

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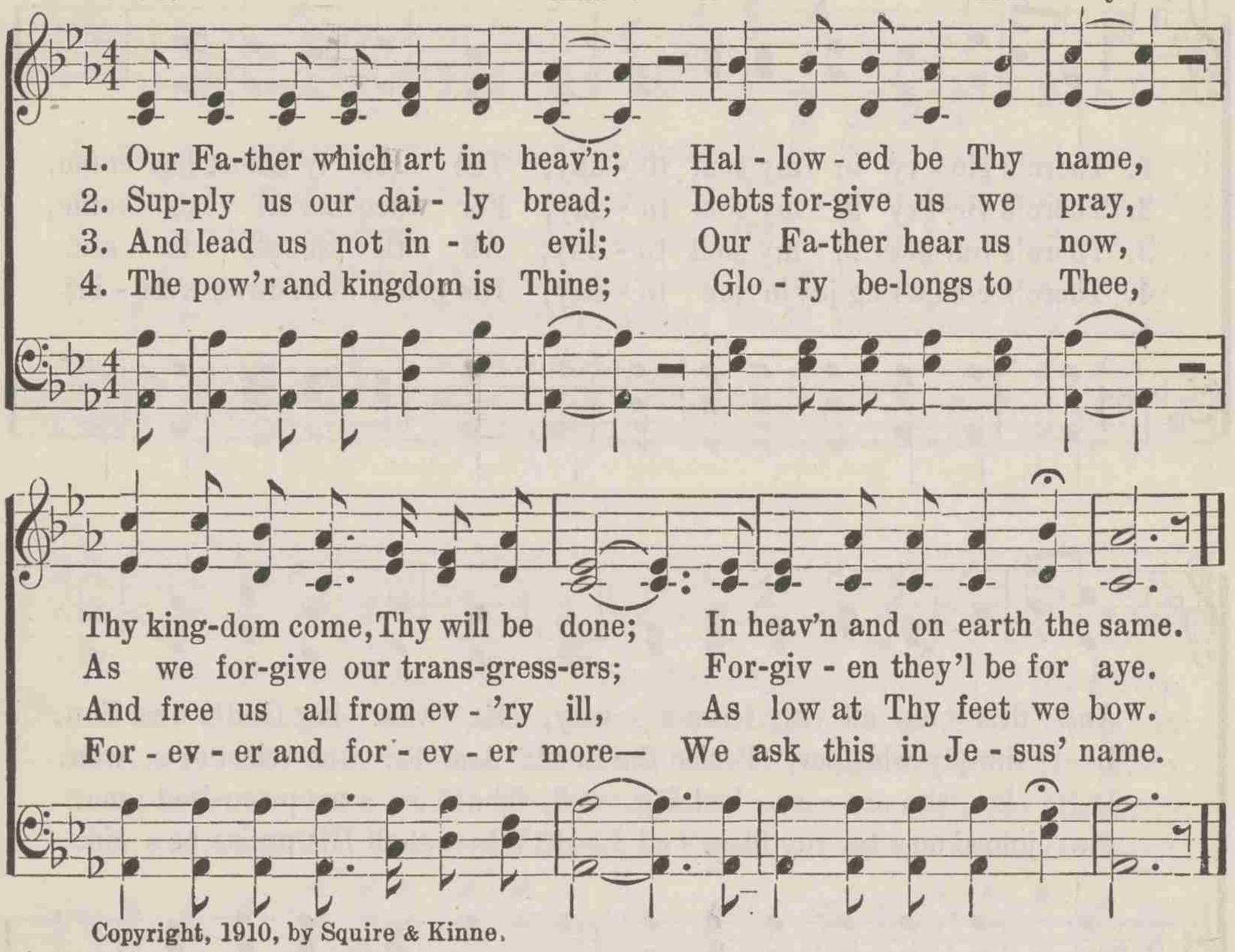
12 Our Father.

S. L. S. Matt. 6: 10-13. SARAH L. SQUIRE.



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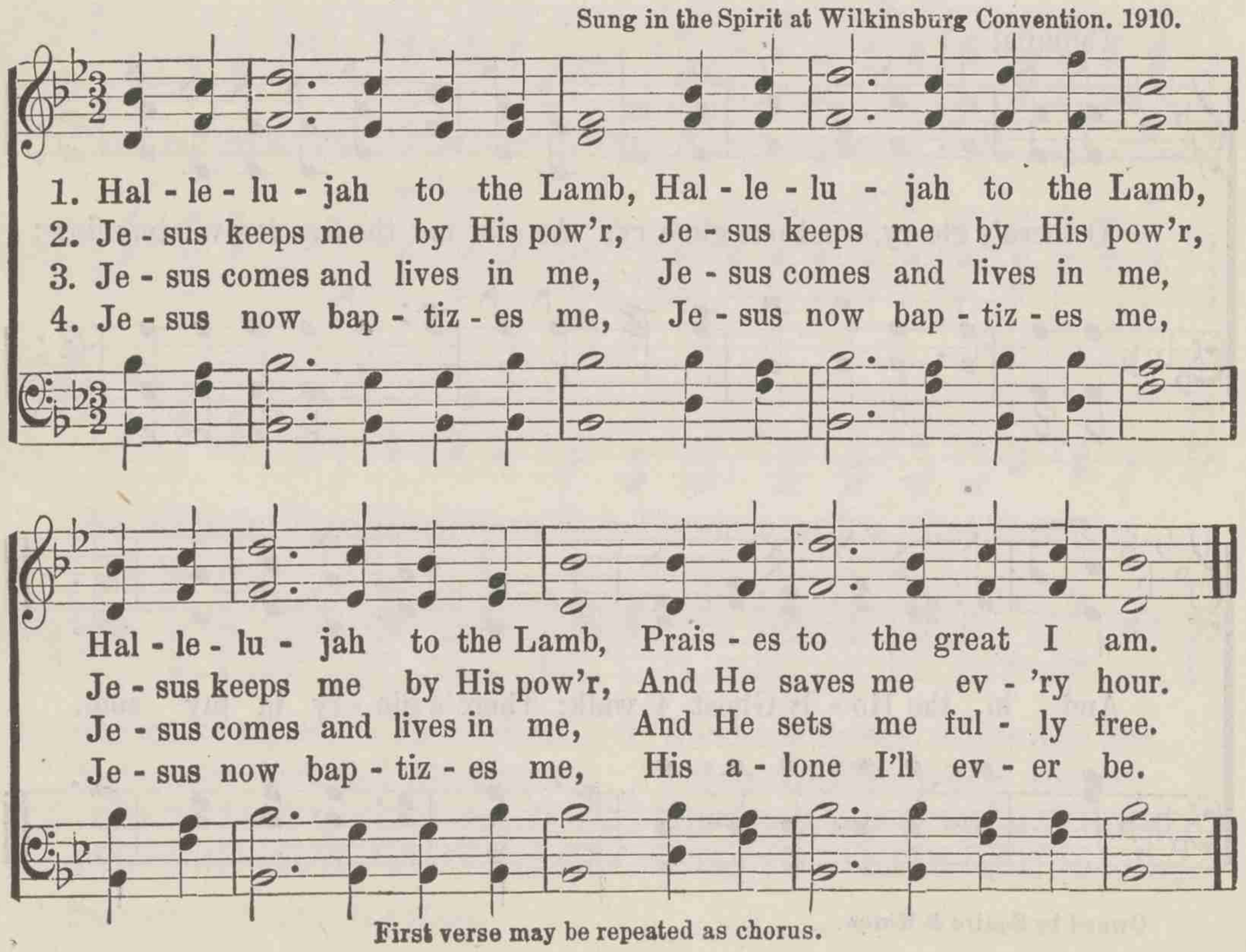
13 Hallelujah to the Lamb.

Sung in the Spirit at Wilkinsburg Convention. 1910.



First verse may be repeated as chorus.

14 Glory, Glory.

Not too fast.

15 O Hallelujah,

Indianapolis Assembly.

3 I'm going thro', etc.

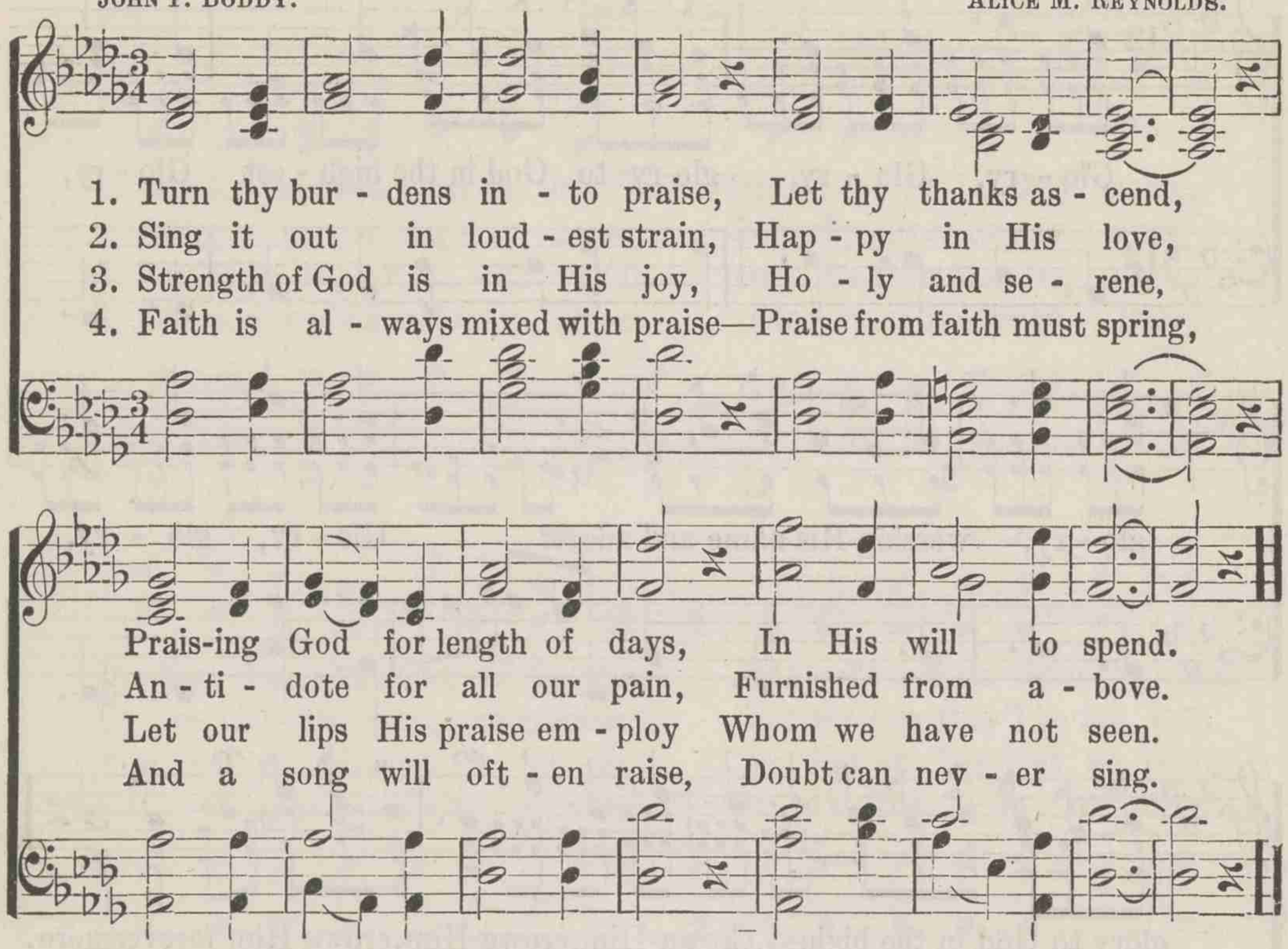
4 I'm an overcomer, etc.

5 O I will praise Him, etc.

6 I'm going to heaven, etc.

16 Praise.

JOHN T. BODDY. ALICE M. REYNOLDS.



5 Let the joy that God imparts,
Be by praise expressed;
It may reach some weary hearts,
Who will thus be blessed.

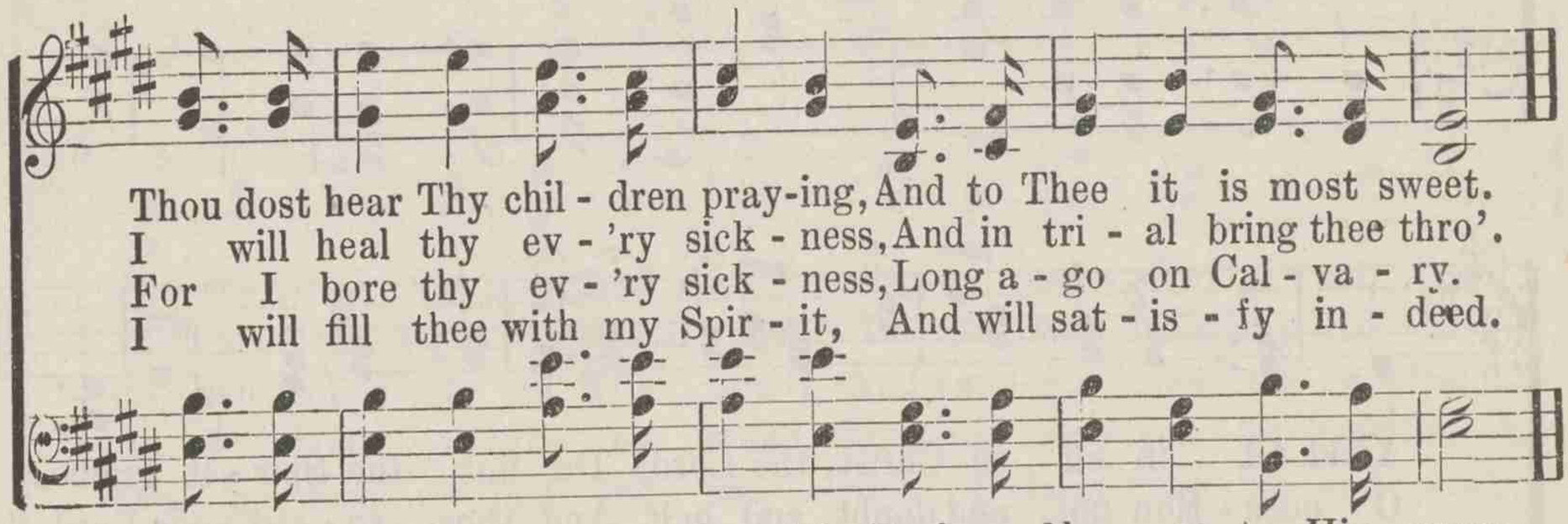
6 Thus our Lord we glorify,
And it is His due,
Till we meet Him in the sky,
With the faithful few.

17 Hallelujah.

Sung in the Spirit at Wilkinsburg Convention. 1910.

18 Praise and Hallelujah.

Elim Home, Rochester.



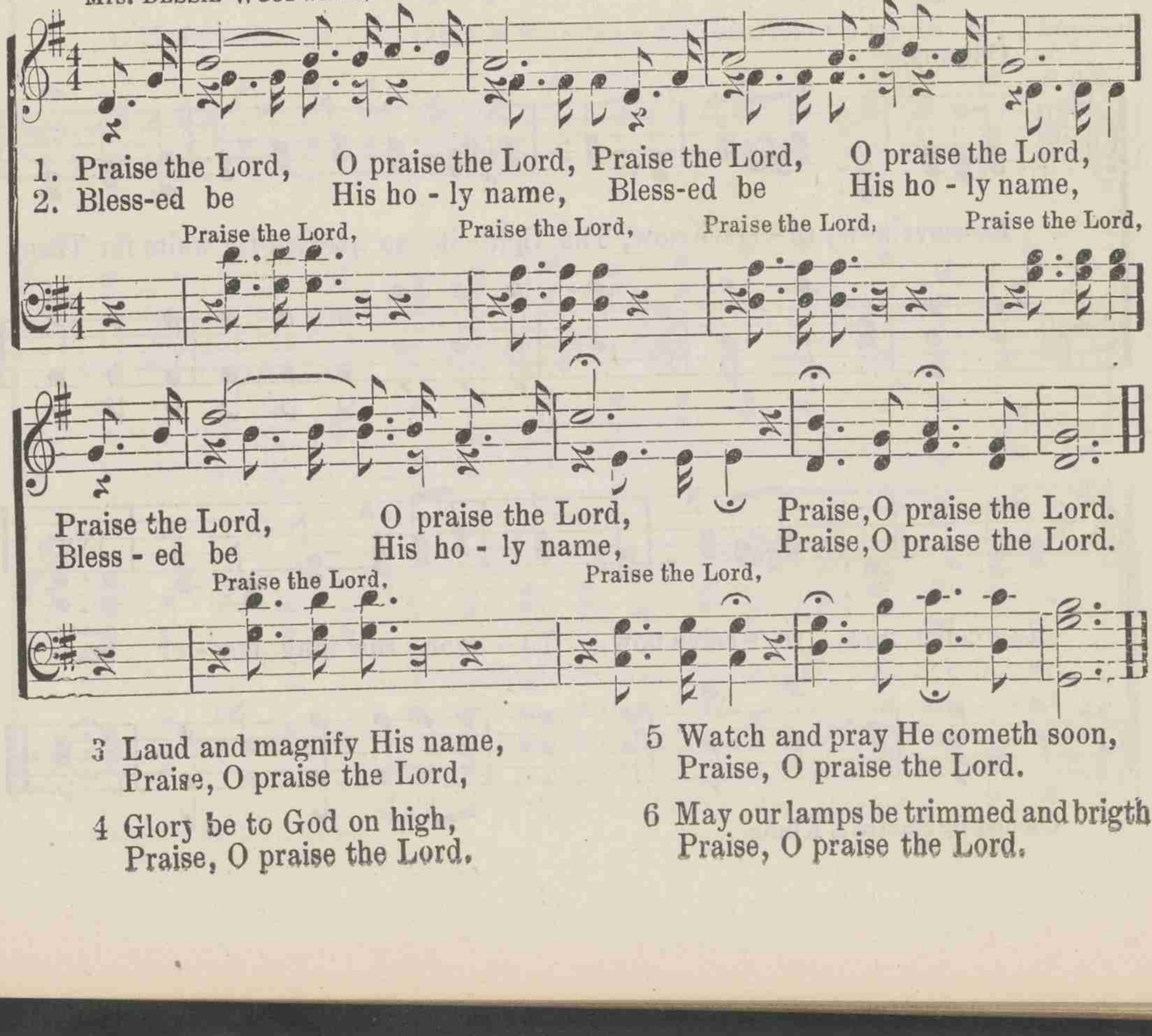
5 Are you hung'ring for the fullness,
Child of Mine, leave all to Me,
I will satisfy thy longings,
I am working now in thee.

6 I will guide thee, sweet the promise,
Child of Mine, be not afraid,
Hand in hand we'll walk together,
Thro' the sunshine or the shade.

19 Praise the Lord.

Mrs. Bessie Woodward,

Mrs. Bessie Woodward.



3 Laud and magnify His name,
Praise, O praise the Lord,

4 Glory be to God on high,
Praise, O praise the Lord.

5 Watch and pray He cometh soon,
Praise, O praise the Lord.

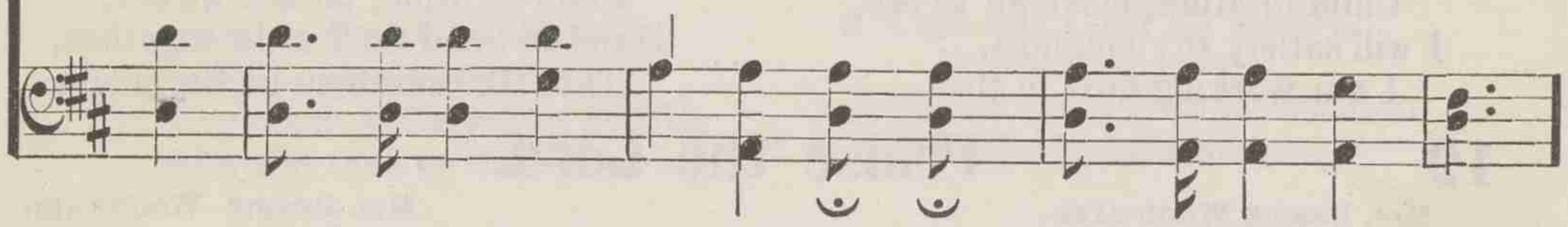
6 May our lamps be trimmed and brigth
Praise, O praise the Lord.

20 Receive Now.

D. W. GRIFFIN. S. D. KINNE.

1. Re - ceive the prom-ise now, my friend The Word of God be - lieve,
2. The hand of faith reach out just now, And touch the liv - ing Word;
3. Just now yield to the Spir - it's touch, Quench not His gracious love;
4. Speak not a-gainst the Spir - it's pow'r, His wis - dom, nor His ways;

Yield all in all to Christ, the Lord; Do not the Spir - it grieve.
O ques - tion not, and doubt, and halt, And thus re - sist your Lord.
O press the prom - ise now that starts The joy-springs from a - bove.
Let sim - ple faith the prom - ise prove, And fill your soul with praise.



CHORUS.

Re-ceive now, re - ceive now, The Spir - it so pa-tien-tly waits for Thee,

Re - ceive now, re - ceive now, To - mor - row may nev - er be.

Owned by Squire & Kinne.

21 Victory thro' the Blood.

D. W. G. CHAS. A. SQUIRE.

1. There is vic - t'ry thro' the blood, Shed on Cal - va - ry for me;
2. There is vic - t'ry thro' the blood, All my guilt is wash'd a - way;
3. There is vic - t'ry thro' the blood, Ev - 'ry claim a - gainst me paid,
4. There is vic - t'ry thro' the blood, O - ver sick - ness, pain and death,
5. There is vic - t'ry thro' the blood, Lord, I take my place this hour,

Je - sus took my place and died, And I know that I am free.
Wlth a con - science pure and clean, I can walk from day to day.
Sa - tan spoiled of all His pow'r, And can - not make me a - fraid.
As I bold - ly take my stand, Trust-ing Je - sus for each breath.
Dead in - deed to self and sin, Now I claim Thy life and pow'r.

CHORUS.

O there's vic - to - ry, there is vic - to - ry, yes, there's vic-to - ry; There is

per-fect vic - to - ry as the blood I ful - ly see; Ev - 'ry mo-ment,

ev - 'ry hour as I claim its might-y pow'r, There is vic - to - ry for me.

rit.

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Jesus' Blood Covers Me.

D. W. G. D. W. GRIFFIN.

1. For the world in blind-ness 'neath a ty - rant's rod, Was a foun-tain o - pened in the heart of God, And a stream of mer - cy, e - ven
2. Je - sus was my ran - som on the cross that day When cre - a - tion trembled and the vail gave way, And when all man's glo - ry tru - ly
3. Hav-ing once for - ev - er met the law's de-mand, He, my High Priest, ev - er sits at God's right hand, And His worth and pow - er is at
4. Death has lost its ter - rors, sin has lost its pow'r; Thro' the Lamb once of - fered all the curse is o'er; Not a foe can en - ter at the

un - to blood, And in love it cov-ered me.
passed a - way In the blood that cov-ers me.
my command, Thro' the blood that cov-ers me.
sprinkled door, For the blood it cov-ers me.

*CHORUS.

O that fount-ain o-pened in the heart of God, That bless - ed cleansing, heal - ing flood, And a stream of mer-cy flows for e - ven me, I was bound but now I'm free.

*Jesus blood covers me, may also be sung as chorus with old tune.

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23 Power of Jesus' Blood.

D. W. G. S. D. K.

1. If the blood of bulls and goats, Sprinkled by a car - nal priest, Un-der
2. Not a - lone de - fil - ing guilt, But the man of sin as well, Was with
3. Pow'r to make the foul-est clean, Pow'r to set the cap-tive free, Is pro-
4. Ev - 'ry vic - to - ry was won For us on the hallowed Cross, Nothing
5. All the saints with harps and crowns, Ev'ry ser-aph 'round the throne, Myriad

law the sense of guilt re - moved, How much more, thro' simple faith, shall the
Je - sus ful - ly cru - ci - fied; Count-ed in the spot-less Lamb in the
vid - ed in the pre - cious blood; Pow'r to make and keep us new, now and
need disturb the soul a - gain; All my life is now in God, ev - 'ry
an - gels in the ranks of God, With the whole cre - a-tion new in the

precious blood of Christ, Cleanse us now to serve the liv - ing God?
Fa-ther's ho - ly will, At the cross I tru - ly bled and died.
thro' e - ter - ni - ty, In the mer - it of the Son of God.
gain and ev - 'ry loss, Glo - ry, hon - or to the Lamb once slain.
slain and ris - en One, Sing the tri - umph of the Sav - ior's blood.

CHORUS.

And the blood of the Son on the cross, Flowed out a crimson cleansing tide,

Je-sus' blood a-vails for sin for - ev - er, And will nev - er lose its pow'r.

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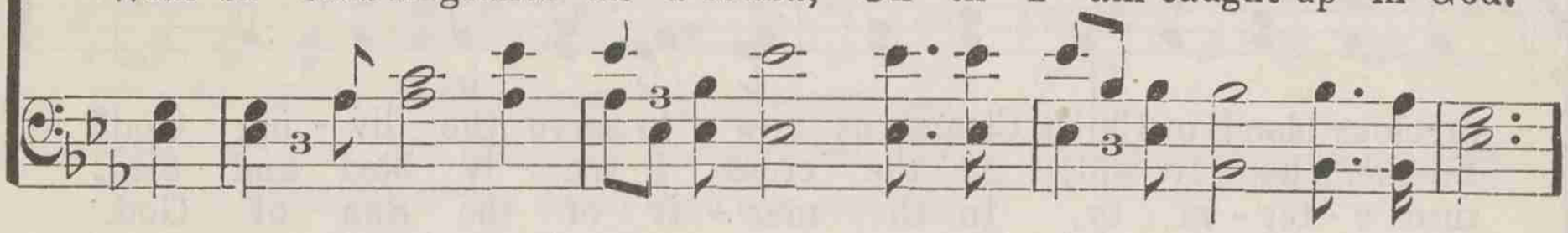
24 Pass Me Not By.

S. D. K. SEELEY D. KINNE.

1. While show-ers fall on all around, O my Je - sus, pass me not by;
2. So pines my heart for touch Di-vine, Oh, my Je - sus, hide not Thy face,
3. So poor I am and needy with-al, Take oh take my full long-ing heart,
4. Re - joic - ing hope doth now as - pire, Love en-kind-ling by sa - cred fire,
5. In heav'nly fruits—may I a - bound, Seal'd with Jesus' own precious blood,

Flood all my soul's thrice-parched ground Oh, my Je - sus, pass me not by.
In me Thy pow'r and love en-shrine, Fill me, Je - sus, with Thy great grace.
Sweet Spir-it's pow'r on me now fall, Break O break and change ev'ry part.
Faith's zeal in-crease, in - flame, inspire, While my soul mounts higher and high'r.
With sa - cred fragrance all a-round, Un - til I am caught up in God.



CHORUS.

Pass me not by, Pass me not by, Oh, my Je - sus, pass me not by,

Others Thou doest meet, at the mercy seat, Oh, my Je-sus, pass me not by.

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25 The Healing Touch.

F. E. H. "Jesus touched Him."—Matt. 8: 3. F. E. H.

1. On - ly a touch and the blind - ed eyes see And wor - ship
2. On - ly a touch, the suf - fer - er cried, And press - ing
3. On - ly a touch as the mul - ti - tude wait, A moth - er
4. On - ly a touch for He's ev - er the same, Our Sav - ior

the heal - er di - vine; On - ly a touch and the lep - er is free,
her way to the Lord; On - ly a touch, then His vir - tue ap - plied
re-ceived back her boy; On - ly a touch, and from death's o-pen gate,
has conquered, what peace; On - ly a touch and we're healed in His name,

CHORUS.

From lone - ly and loathe-some con - fine.
In heal - ing her health was re - stored. On - ly a touch of
He ris - es to life, health and joy.
From sick - ness a bless - ed re - lease.

bod - y and soul, Then free-dom from sick-ness and sin; On - ly a

touch, then ful - ly made whole, When Je-sus the heal - er comes in.

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Refuge.

S. D. K. S. D. K.

1. There's not a pain or a sor - row, Up - on a hu - man heart,
2. There's not a friend like the Sav - ior, Who'll bear thy ev -'ry grief;
3. There's not a sigh nor a tear-stain, Burst-ing from long-ing eye,
4. There's not an hour of an - guish, By grave of si - lent friend,
5. There is no fear of the judg-ment, When storms of wrath shall roll;

But Je - sus' glo - ri - ous mor-row, Will bid all an-guish de - part,
He'll share thy bur-den and la - bor, And send thee lov-ing re - lief.
But Je - sus' bless-ed love - touch, Will soothe and an-swer the cry.
But Christ thy heart-aches will ban - ish—His tears with thine own shall blend.
We will make tri - umph - ant as-cent; We'll gain the heav-en - ly goal.

There's not a sin or a shad - ow, Dark'ning our earth - ly way;
There's no in - firm - i - ty in thee Break-ing thy faith and rest,
There's not a dart nor a mis - sile, Hurled by sa - tan - ic art,
There's none so de-filed and bro - ken; Sore-pressed, un-clean, as- tray,
No soul in crea - a - tion's cor - ners; If washed and freed from sin,

But the glo-ri-ous man of Sor - row, By His blood can wash a - way.
But the gra-cious man of Calv - 'ry, Hath borne in His pierced breast.
But the beau-ti-ful Son of Dav - id, By His grace can heal the smart.
But the sweet-scented Rose of Sharon, Can per-fume it all a - way.
But the blessed Bride-groom's chariots Will stop and take him in.

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27 Jesus Found Me.

Mrs. F. C. H.. Cho. by JESSIE WENGLER. Mrs. F. C. HOFFMAN,

1. I'm so glad that Je-sus found me, Wan-d'ring in the wilds of sin,
2. Once I thought my case was hope-less, For the Dev-il told me so,
3. So I turned my back on Sa - tan, With the Lamb of God to go,
4. And I glad - ly tell poor sin - ners, Christ is just the same to- day,

That He called me back and cleans'd me, Mak-ing pure my heart with-in.
Je - sus came to me and whis-pered, I can make you white as snow.
To the land of won-drous beau-ty, Where the liv-ing wa-ters flow.
Hav-ing no re - spect of per - sons, Sav-ing all who come His way.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry to His name;

Glo - ry glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! He is ev - 'ry day the same.

5 Then get ready for the coming
Of the Bridegroom in the air,
When the angel sounds the trumpet,
That shall call us over there.

6 Then we'll all go up together,
To the King's prepared feast;
When He gathers up His jewels,
From the west and from the east.

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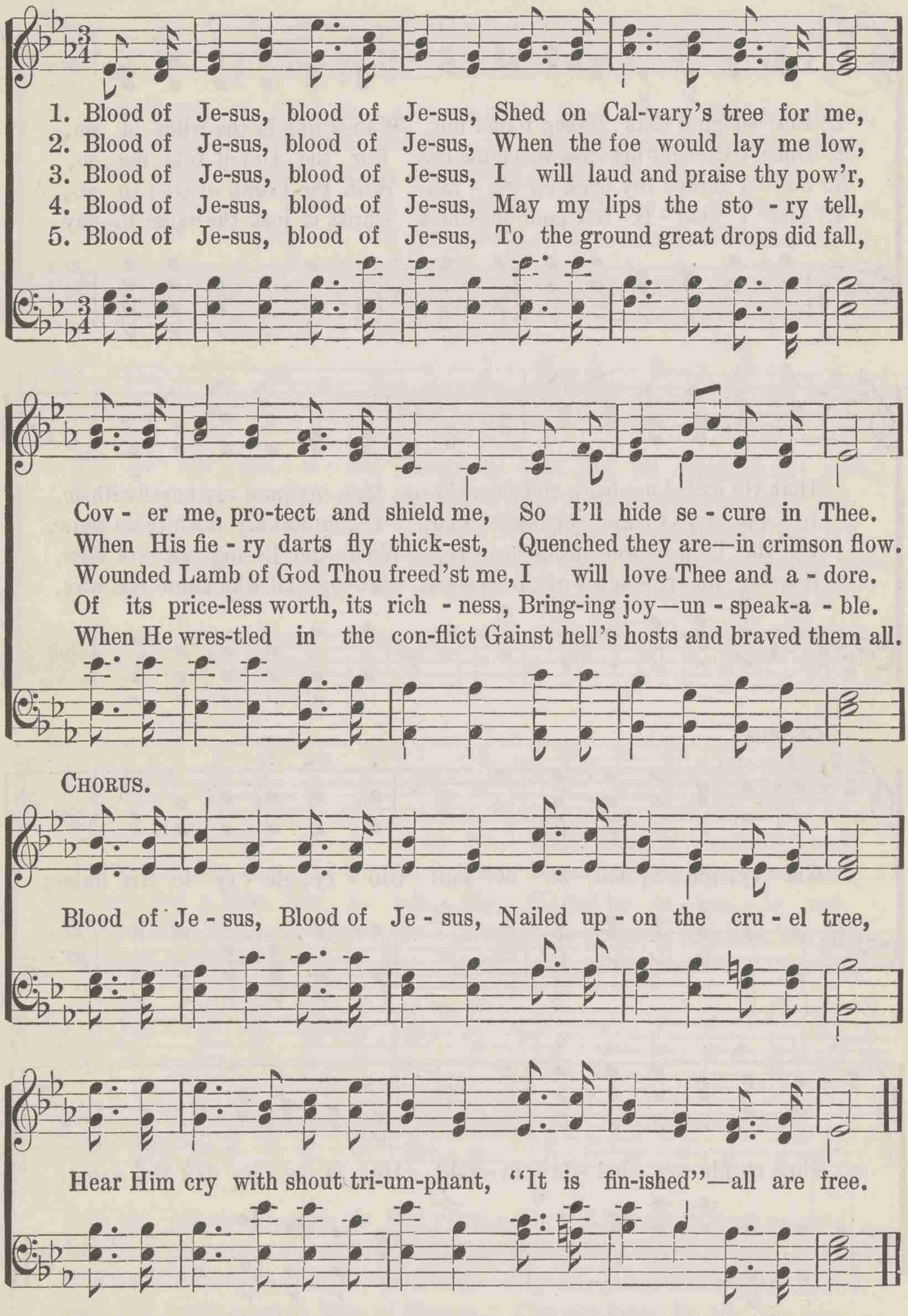
Blood of Jesus.

LOUISE WATSON. SEELEY D. KINNE.



6 Blood of Jesus, blood of Jesus,
See Him in Gethsemane,
Casting, off the works of darkness,
Rising strengthened, calm and free.

7 Blood of Jesus, blood of Jesus,
Shall we let such love go by?
Lord, forgive us, O, Lord teach us,
Now to take complete supply.

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29 Heart Longings.

Ps., 107: 9, 29.

Mrs. R. B. Young, Cho. by S. L. S. S. L. S.

1. How I've long'd to know my Sav - ior, In His love and un-ion sweet,
2. How my hun - gry soul hath thirst-ed To be sat - is - fied in Him,
3. When by grace, I dared to take Him, To ful-fill in me His word,
4. I am whol-ly yield-ed to Him, To be mould-ed like His Son,
5. Oth - er Lords have had do- min- ion, They shall live in me no more,

How I've groan'd with-in my spir - it, On - ly His dear face to meet,
And that He would send His spir - it, That my lamp may not grow dim,
Then His ver - y pres - ence speak-eth, Words that I had nev-er heard,
And I know that He will keep me, By His Spir-it "till He come,"
Je - sus is my Lord and Mas-ter, On - ly Him will I a - dore,

How my ach-ing heart has lan-guished Just to lean up - on His breast,
How I've loved His word that speak-eth, Just by sim - ple faith to take,
When I learned to cease my cry - ing; Then it was I saw His face,
Now He fills my soul with glad - ness, Turns dark night in - to the day,
He doth man - i - fest His pres - ence, In my spir - it bod - y soul.

Cho.—Glo - ry, glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah! I am lean-ing on His breast;

D. S.

And to know that He was lov - ing, Ev - en me in - to His rest.
All that He has purchased for me, Bo - dy, soul—for His dear sake.
And while list-'ning to His plead-ing, My heart e-choed—all of grace.
Stills the waves and storms and tempests, Comes in - to my heart to stay.
And to Him be all the glo - ry, I am ev -'ry whit made whole.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, He is lov - ing, E - ven me in - to His rest.

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30 The Victory Side by Faith.

D. W. GRIFFIN. S. D. KINNE.

1. I be - lieve in the blood of my Sav - ior, In the liv - ing
2. I be - lieve in the blood of my Sav - ior, And the temp - ter
3. I be - lieve in the blood of my Sav - ior, For His blood has

Word a - bide, Live a - bove all the pow'rs of dark - ness, With my
flies a - space, And the chains He has forged are break - ing Thro' the
made me free, And I yield all my life to Je - sus, Who

CHORUS.

Lord on the vic - t'ry side.
pow'rs of re - deem - ing grace. On the vic - t'ry side, on the
has o - ver - come for me.

vict - 'ry side, In the strength of the Lord are we; On the

vict - 'ry side, we will bold - ly stand, Till the glo - ry land we see.

By permission.

31 Come to Jesus.

Mrs. R. B. Young,
Cho. by S. L. S.

Matt. 11: 28. Ps. 55: 22.

S. L. S.

1. Come to Je - sus, tempests toss'd one, La - den with the cares of life,
God will take your griefs and sorrows, All your heart-ache sin and pain,

2. Come to Je - sus, He's your Sav-ior, Trust His lov - ing pard'ning grace,
Tar-ry for Him, He'll not fail you! Seek His prom - ise to ob - tain,

3. Come to Je - sus, He is call - ing, Lay your bur - dens at His feet;
He doth watch your "night of toiling," For vain pleasure, store and gain,

Life so tired— way so drear - y—Come and He will end your strife,
Wash you in the blood of Je - sus: Cleanse your heart from ev - 'ry stain.

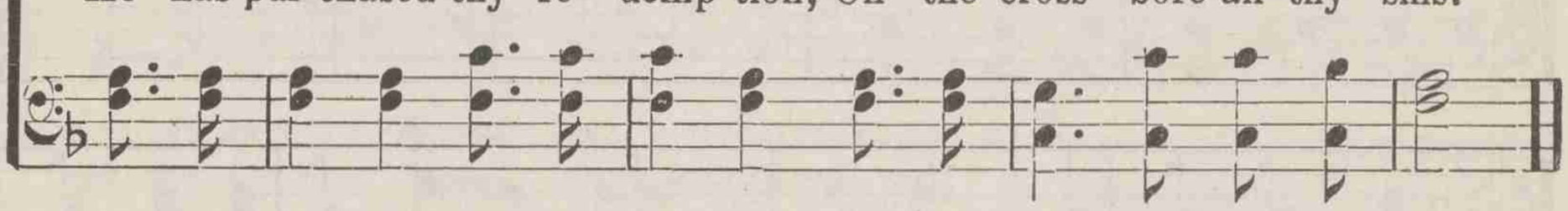
Come and shelter 'neath His shad-ow, He will show His smil - ing face,
He will fill you with His Spir - it, He will send the "lat - ter rain."

Cease your anxious, care-ful plan-ning, He will all your tri - als meet,
Come, and cast your care on Je - sus, And re - ceive the "lat - ter rain."

CHORUS.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! To the Lamb that once was slain,

He has pur-chased thy re - demp-tion, On the cross bore all thy sins.



4 Come to Jesus, harvest ripens—
Come to-day and make your choice,
Give your life and time to Jesus,
Tune your ear to hear His voice,
Trust Him with your soul and body,
All there is of heart and brain,
God is waiting to receive you,
In this time of "latter rain."

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32 Full Salvation.

C. E. FOSTER. S. L. S.

1. I am so glad I found the nar-row way, When out in
2. O what a won-der that He has saved my soul, Bore all my
3. Cleansed from all sin— and washed in the blood, Witnessed by the
4. Pentecost has come— with flam-ing tongues of fire, For blood-washed
5. Yes— He has giv'n the heav'nly cho - rus too, Songs in the

sin had noth - ing to pay, God let the light of
sick - ness and made me whole, Took out car - nal - i-
Spir - it— a-grees with the word, Oh, what a vic - t'ry that
saints who will wait for the pow'r, Bap - tiz - ing them as
Spir - it— thrill us thro' and thro', Fore - taste of the com - ing

heav-en fall on me, I saw that Je-sus had died to set me free.
ty that bothered me, Cru-ci-fied old A-dam and nail'd him to the tree.
Je - sus does give, Those who lay down all—and to His glo - ry live.
in the days of old, When the "former, rain" fell mak-ing dis-ci-ples bold.
of our bless-ed Lord, For the wait-ing bride and give her her re - ward.

CHORUS.

Oh, hal - le - lu - jah! I'm now in the light, Sing - ing His
prais - es my path's shin - ing bright, O - ver-com - ing dai - ly by

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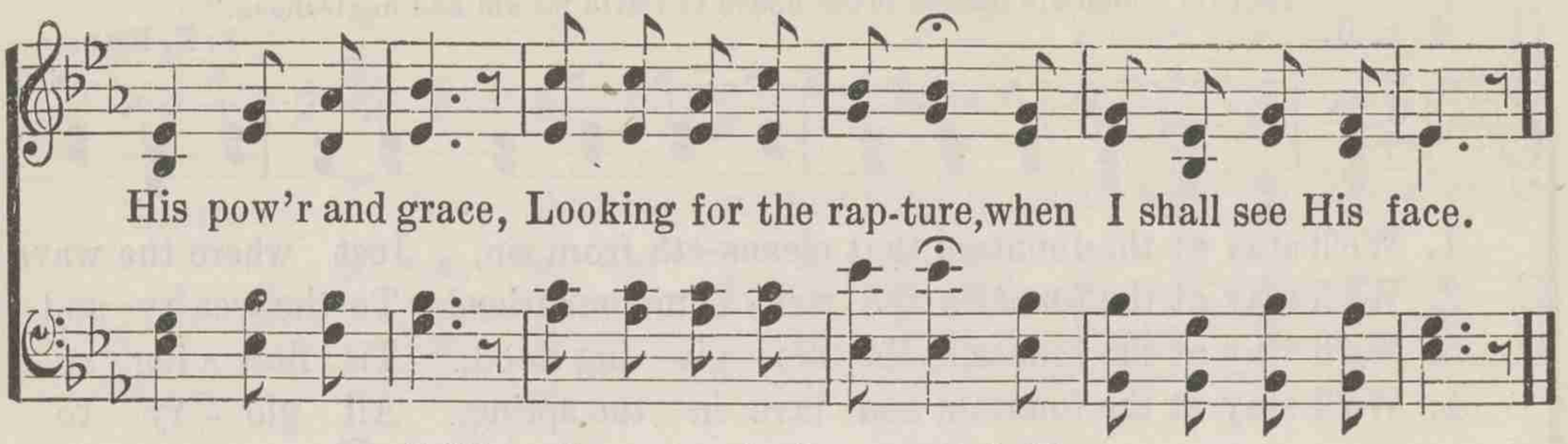
Full Salvation.



6 Blessed are ye who hunger and thirst,
For the "latter rain"—now falling on the earth,
You shall receive, saith the Lord of hosts,
And speak in tongues the sign of the Holy Ghost.

7 Jesus is coming, He's coming very nigh,
Soon we shall hear the midnight cry,
The ready ones will meet Him in the air,
The battle over His glory they shall share.

33 Meek and Lowly Savior.

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34 We'll Stay at the Fountain.

"There is a fountain opened in the house of David for sin and uncleaness."

F. E. H. F. E. HILL.

1. We'll stay at the fountain that cleans-eth from sin, Just where the wave
2. We'll stay at the fountain and wel - come our friends, To the wea-ry and
3. We'll stay at the fountain, the life - giv - ing flood, 'Tis flow - ing so
4. We'll stay at the fountain and lave in the spring, All glo - ry to

found us and swept us all in; We'll drink from the waters that pour from its
thirs-ty our wel-come ex-tends, Come rest at the fountain, 'twill ban-ish your
free - ly, the all-cleansing blood, From Calvary's mountain the crimson stream
Je - sus, we'll shout and we'll sing, While drinking and feasting, so free from all

side, And bathe us for - ev - er in the life - giv - ing flow.
pain, And quench all thy thirst - ing a - gain and a - gain.
flows, And cleans-eth the vil - est wher - ev - er it goes.
stain, All glo - ry to Je - sus, sing out the re - frain.

CHORUS.

We'll stay at the fount-ain that flows from His side, And bathe us for-

ev - er in the life - giv - ing tide, A - bid - ing in Je - sus, our

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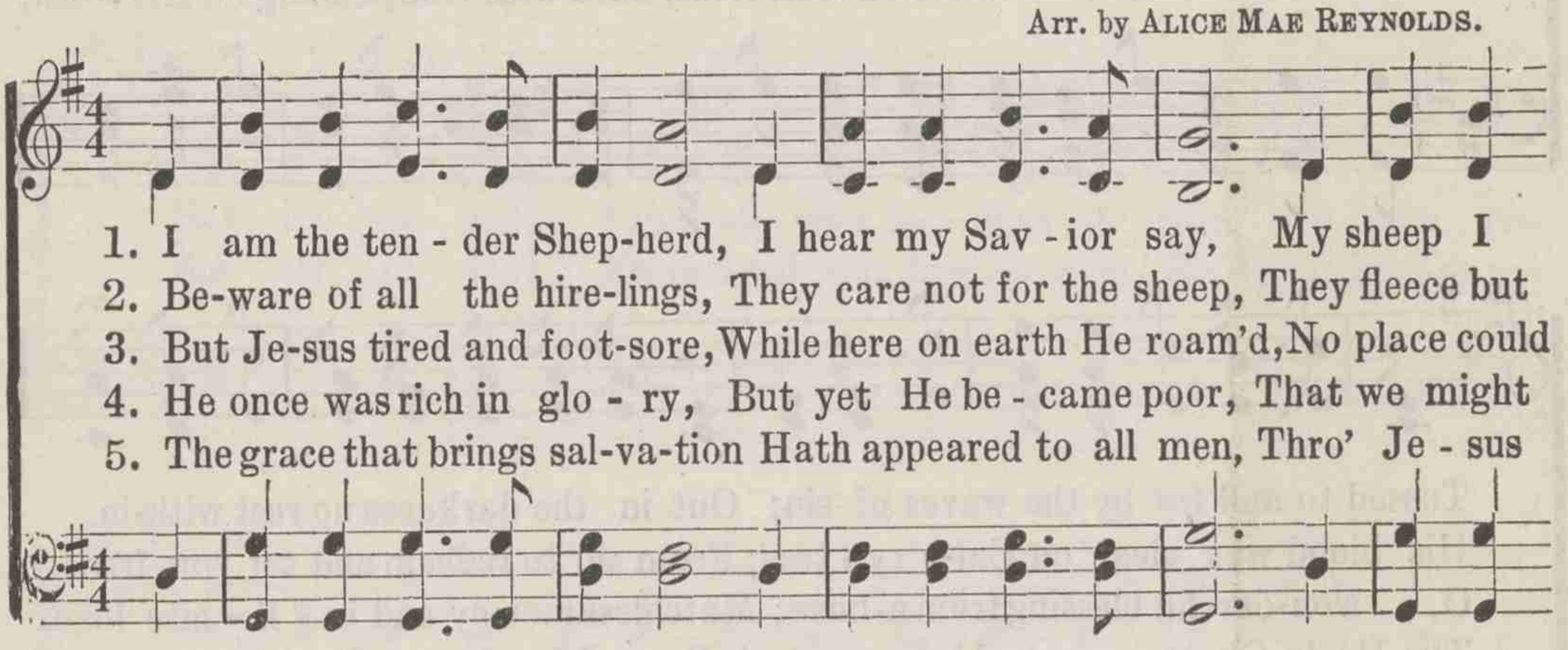
We'll Stay at the Fountain.

35 Christ, the Only Doorway.

Arr. by ALICE MAE REYNOLDS.



6 The world is full of sorrow,
Jesus said it should be so,
But He's coming back to-morrow,
Then our hearts will overflow.

7 But joy comes in the morning,
When Christ as our King,
Dispelling all the darkness,
A thousand years to reign.

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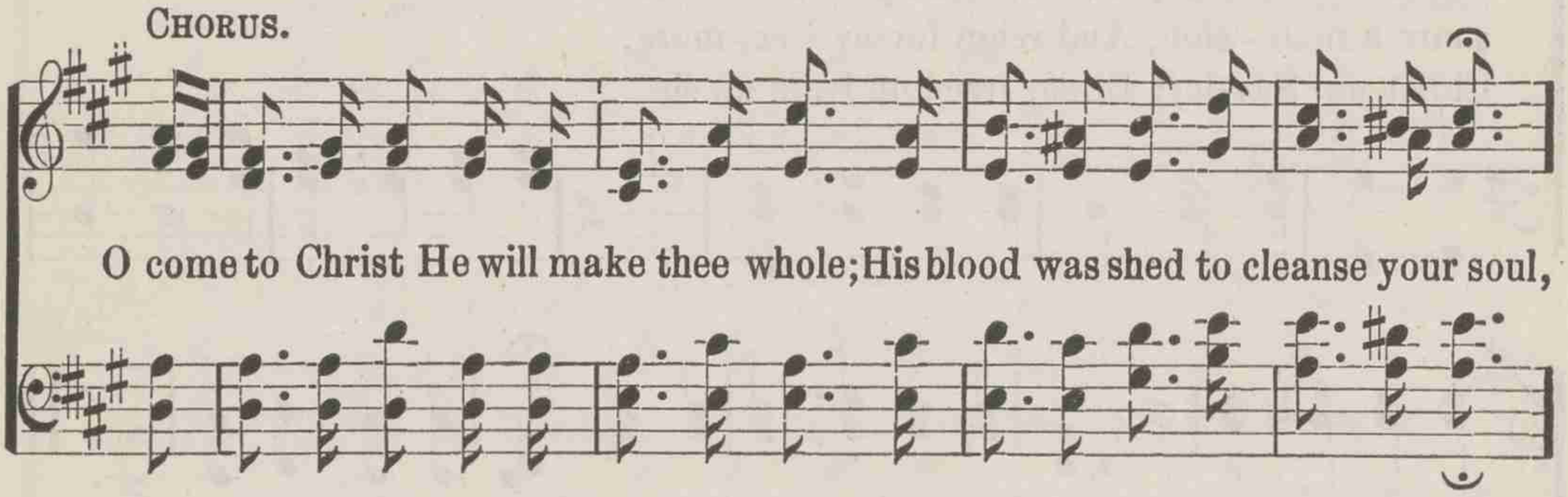
Soul Rest.

C. E. FOSTER. S. L. S. and C. A. S.

1. O, soul of man like the troubled sea; In time of storm when the waters flee,
2. The blessed Christ is a ref - uge true; Where all may come, He'll carry you thro',
3. He giv - eth rest from the load of guilt; For-giveth sins thro' the blood He split,
4. There is a rest far be-yond all this; Where revel souls in ce - les-tial bliss,
5. The rest of soul, O, that bless-ed rest; When filled with God, leaning on His breast,

Tossed to and fro by the waves of sin; Out in the darkness no rest with-in.
His blood was shed on Cal-v'ry's tree; From sin to redeem and set you free.
O, won-der-ful blessing from a-bove; Matchless mer-cy and in - fi - nite love.
The Ho-ly Ghost comes and takes control; Re-veal-ing Je-sus flood-ing the soul.
In oth - er language we speak and sing; Praises to Je-sus our com-ing King.

CHORUS.



O come to Christ He will make thee whole; His blood was shed to cleanse your soul,

That pleading voice turn not a - way; But come to Him while now you may.

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37 Jesus the Savior of Men.

Mrs. W. F. E. Story. S. L. S.

1. God has pro - vid - ed a - way of sal - va - tion, Je - sus the
2. Say do you love Him, do you now praise Him? Je - sus the

Sav - ior of men, From all who be - lieve in Him, All who re-
Sav - ior of men, From death and de-struc-tion, His blood bought re-

CHORUS.

ceive Him, Saved thro' e - ter - ni - ty then. Soon we shall meet Him,
demption, Re-stored to God's fav-or a - gain. Now we may meet Him,

Soon we shall greet Him, For He is com - ing a - gain, Bright King of
Now we may greet Him, When He shall come back to reign, Bright King so

glo - ry Saints all a - dore Thee, Je - sus the Sav-ior of men.
glo - ri-ous, Thou art vic - to - ri - ous, Je - sus the Sav-ior of men.

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38 Salvation Full and Free.

J. T. JOSEPH TUNMORE.

1. There's sal-va - tion for the sin - ner, It is flow - ing full and free,
2. There is cleans - ing in the fount-ain, Thro' the blood that once was shed,
3. There is vir - tue for their heal - ing, To the one who will but touch
4. He has prom-ised us the Spir - it, When we come with one ac - cord,
5. No one ev - er came be - liev - ing, And in faith claim'd Pen-te-cost,
6. And with oth - er tongues we'll praise Him, If the dear Lord has His way,

Prom-ised to the who - so - ev - er, And that sure - ly takes in me.
Years a - go on Calv-'ry's mountain, For the sin that's in me bred.
As the wom - an did the Sav - ior, To their faith He'll give as much.
And re - joice and just be - lieve Him, For He's faith - ful to His word.
But was filled to o - ver - flow - ing, With the bless - ed Ho - ly Ghost.
In our spir - it soul and bod - y, When the Spir - it comes to stay.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! To the Lamb that once was slain,

I shall nev - er cease to praise Him, Glo-ry, glo - ry to His name.

1910, by Squire & Kinne.

39 Glory, Glory, Glory.

D. W. G. S. D. K.

1. I am near - er, draw-ing near - er, Thro' the Sav-ior's precious blood,
2. I am near - er, draw-ing near - er, All my doubts and fears are gone;
3. I am near - er, draw-ing near - er, Ev - 'ry sin is wash'd a - way,

To the ful - ness of His Spir - it, In the pu - ri - fy - ing flood.
Now my heart in full sur - ren - der, Is my Sav - ior's sa - cred throne.
Ev - 'ry tho't is fixed on Je - sus, And my mind's with Him to stay.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, My heart is glad to day;

Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, God's Spir - it leads the way.

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Since I Am Free.

Arranged by ZELLA BEVERLIN.

1. I love my Sav - ior, He bid - eth me wel - come To pow-er of glo - ry And heav-en di - vine; I will o - bey Thee And keep Thy com-mandment For Thou art mine And I shall be whol - ly Thine.
2. Tho' the way seem drear-y, And the winds are blow - ing, King Je - sus is rid - ing, Up - on the storm; Why should I fal - ter, Why should I fear Him, A gen - tle Sav - ior's Strong and pro - tect - ing arm.
3. I am ev - er watch - ing And ev - er wait - ing, For Him to send me By day or by night, To the field of bat - tle To fight for the prom - ise The bless - ed light Is draw - ing now in sight.

CHORUS.

Since I am free, my heart to Thee, Shall ev - er be at lib - er - ty; Thy voice has called me to Thy

Since I am free, my heart to Thee, Shall ev - er be at lib - er - ty; Thy voice has called

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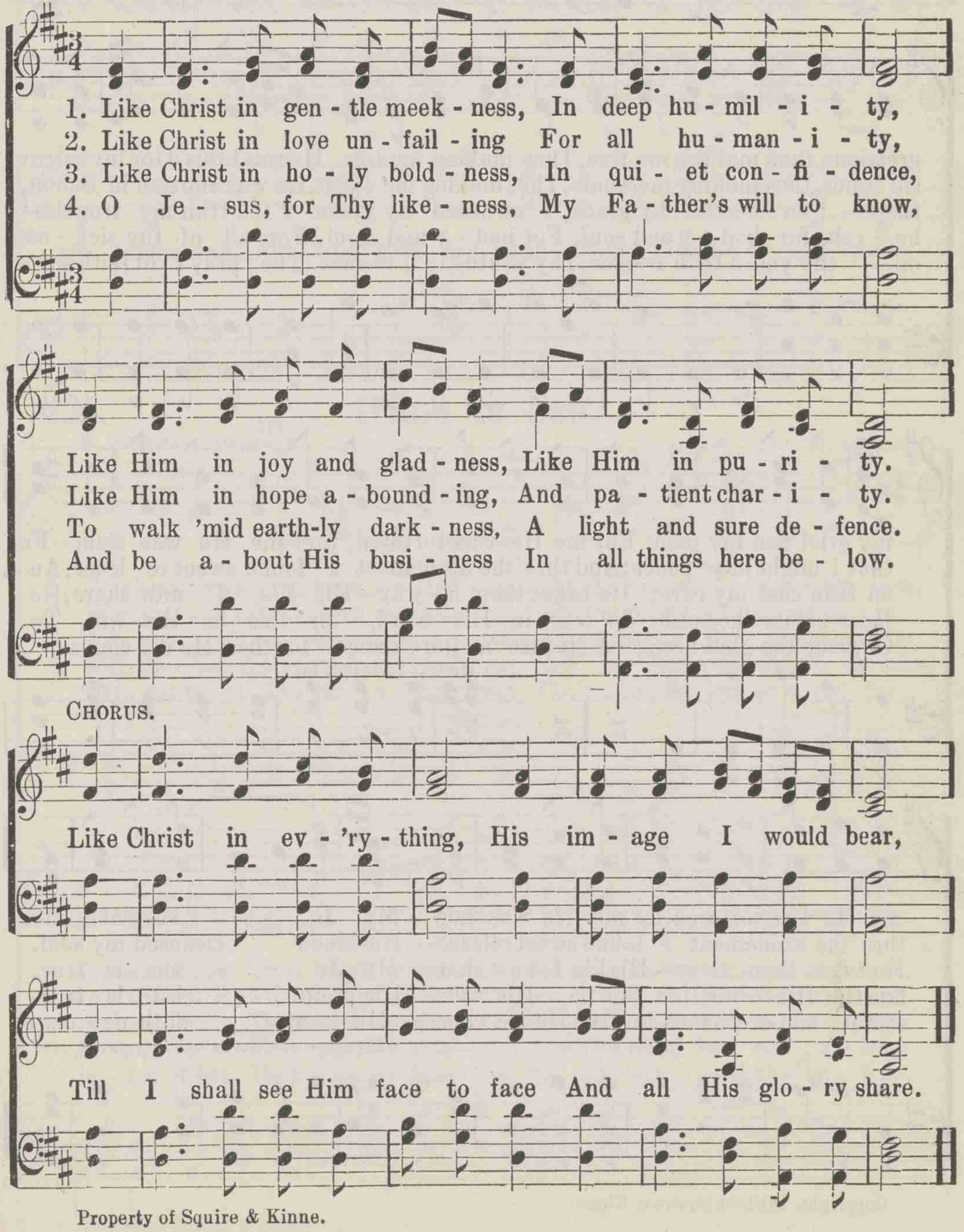
Since I Am Free.

41 Like Christ in Every Thing.

D. W. G. S. D. K.



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42 Jesus for Body and Soul.

Isa. 53: 4-5. Matt. 8: 16-17. James 5: 14-16.

S. L. S.

Compiled by
SARAH L. SQUIRE.

1. 'Twas Je - sus my Sav - ior who died on the tree; To bear my trans-
2. He healed my af - flict - ion in bod - y and soul; And bore all my
3. I'm dwell - ing with Je - sus in the most Ho-ly Place; And commune with Him
4. Oh! come to the Sav - ior, and be thou made whole; And trust in Je-
5. Yea, "call for the Eld - ers," and thus they will do; A - noint "thee" with

gressions, thus making me free, Thus making me free. He was bruis'd for my sorrow,
sin stains, thus making me whole, Thus making me whole. He was smitten in Salem,
there— I en - tered by grace, I en-tered by grace. I tell Him my troubles—
ho - vah for bod - y and soul, For bod - y and soul. For all of thy sick - ness
oil— thy youth He'll re-new, Thy youth He'll re-new. The "pray'r" of faith saves,

rit.

my grief and my pain; For me He was tortured, for me He was slain—For
that I might have peace; And thro' the atonement I found sweet re - lease, And
on Him cast my care; He takes them a - way—His life I now share, He
He is calling thee, still; To trust in His word, for this is His will, To
Oh, hear the glad news; "A statute and ord'nance" for thee He did choose, "A

He was tortured, for

me He was tortured, for me He was slain— My Je - - sus saves me.
thro' the atonement I found sweet release— His blood cleansed my soul.
He takes them away—His life I now share—My Je - - sus is true.
trust in His word, for this is His will— His prom - - ise is true.
statute and ord'nance, for thee He did choose—His word doth de - clare.

My Je - sus saves me, saves me.

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Jesus for Body and Soul.

CHORUS.

Oh! come to the Sav - ior, He's plead-ing for thee; From sin and from

rit.

sick - ness He'll now set thee free, At the foot of the cross all thy

sin stains roll; And trust Him for spir - it and bod - y and soul.

43 Dying to Self.

B. FREEMAN LAWRENCE. S. D. KINNE.

1. Weak and wea - ry, heav - y lad - en, At Thy cross I hum - bly bow,
2. Wrecked and ruined, torn and tempted, By the pow'r of this with - in,
3. All my flesh is stirred ty ac - tion, Dread and dire its works would be,
4. Self, de - based and rank - ly fall - en, All my life would o - ver - whelm.
5. Help me make Thy ver - y high - est, Tho't and plan for e - ven me,

rit.

Je - sus Christ, Thou might-y Mas - ter, Save, O, save—and save me now.
Je - sus Christ, Thou might-y Mas - ter, Keep my soul from se - cret sin.
Je - sus Christ, Thou might-y Mas - ter, Keep—Thyself— in vic - to - ry.
Je - sus Christ, Thou might-y Mas - ter, Let Thy hand be on the helm.
Je - sus Christ, Thou might-y Mas - ter, By Thy glo - ry make me free.

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44 His Love is so Precious to me.

D. W. GRIFFIN. S. D. KINNE.

1. The Lord loved the world when in sin it was lost, And sent His dear
2. In heav - en - ly kind - ness, my spir - it to win, He loved me and
3. He nev - er for-sakes me by night nor by day, He com - forts and
4. His love is a fount - ain, for all of the race, So rich His com-

Son at such in - fi - nite cost, From throne to the manger, from there to the cross;
found me when stray-ing in sin, And gave me His Spir - it to keep me with-in;
guides me and plans all my way, He heals me and feeds me, and hears when I pray;
pas-sions, so boundless His grace, And we may be like Him and look on His face,

CHORUS.

His love is so pre - cious to me. His love is so pre - cious to

me, His love is so pre - cious to me; 'Tis heav - en be - low,

my Re - deem - er to know, His love is so pre - cious to me.

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45 Come to the Waters.

S. L. S. Isa. 55: 1-3. Rev. 22: 17. SARAH L. SQUIRE.

1. Ho! each sad heart that is thirst - y; Come to the wa - ters and drink,
2. Oh, come the floods are now fall - ing, Come and your poor soul shall live,
3. Ho! ye that are worn and wea - ry, Come now and rest in His love;
4. Oh, take of the heav-en-ly man - na, Food that will strengthen the soul;
5. Come while the Spir - it is flow - ing, Flow-ing so full and so free;

Take of the wine of the king - dom, Its ful - ness o'er flows the brink.
'Tis the sure mer-cies of Dav - id, The Lord has promised to give.
Bask in the sun - light of heav - en, Sent down from the Savior a - bove.
Bathe in the flood tides of heav - en, While ai - ons of ai - ons roll.
Come sin sick soul un - to Je - sus, Come now for He calleth for thee.

CHORUS.

The Spir - it and Bride say come; Let him that hear - eth now come,

And take of the wa - ter of life, For ev - 'ry one there is room.

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46 Hide You in the Blood.

As sung by the St. Louis Assembly.

4 Come from your burden, come apart,
Hide you in the blood of Jesus;
Give Him possession of your heart,
Hide you in the blood fo Jesus.

5 Come for the crisis hour is near,
Hide you in the blood of Jesus;
The King of kings will soon appear.
Hide you in the blood of Jesus.

47

Looking Unto Jesus.

JOHN T. BODDY. Four Essential Looks. SEELEY D. KINNE.

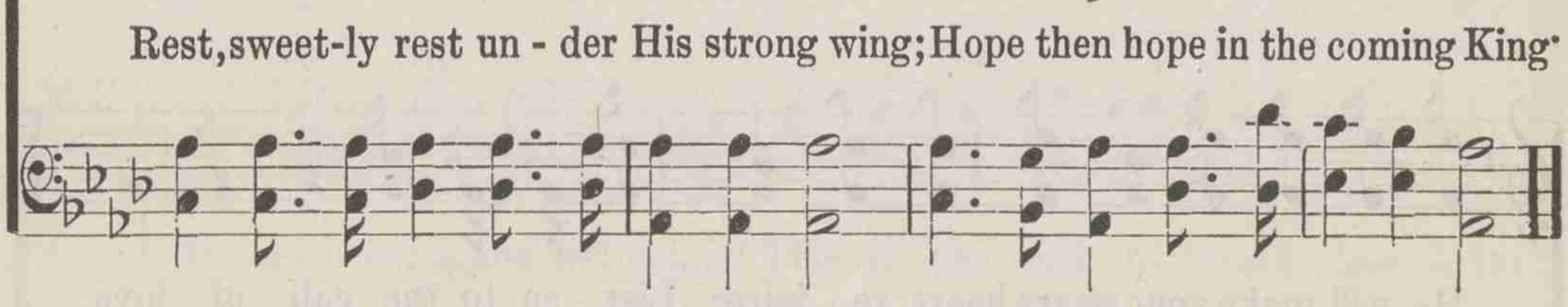
1. Look backward to the cross and see, Where Je - sus died to save,
2. Look up-ward to the throne of grace, Where now He in - ter - cedes,
3. Look now with-in, and see Him there, En - throned up-on thy heart—
4. Then look toward the part - ing cloud, To see the Lord de - scend,

Thy cap - tive soul and set it free, To tri - umph o'er the grave.
And mark the sweet-ness of that face, That with the Fa - ther pleads.
The Ho - ly One, ex-ceed - ing fair, Who loves thee as thou art.
Whose welcome shout, re-sound-ing loud, Shall our pro - ba - tion end.

CHORUS.

Look, then look to the Christ who died, Trust, just trust in the Cru - ci - fied,

Rest, sweet-ly rest un - der His strong wing; Hope then hope in the coming King.



5 And gathering up to meet Him there,
The dead in Christ shall rise,
And we who are alive shall share,
Their rapture in the skies.

6 Where glorified, we'll ever sing,
And praise the Prince of Peace—
The consort of our heavenly King,
Whose reign shall never cease.

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Listen to His Voice.

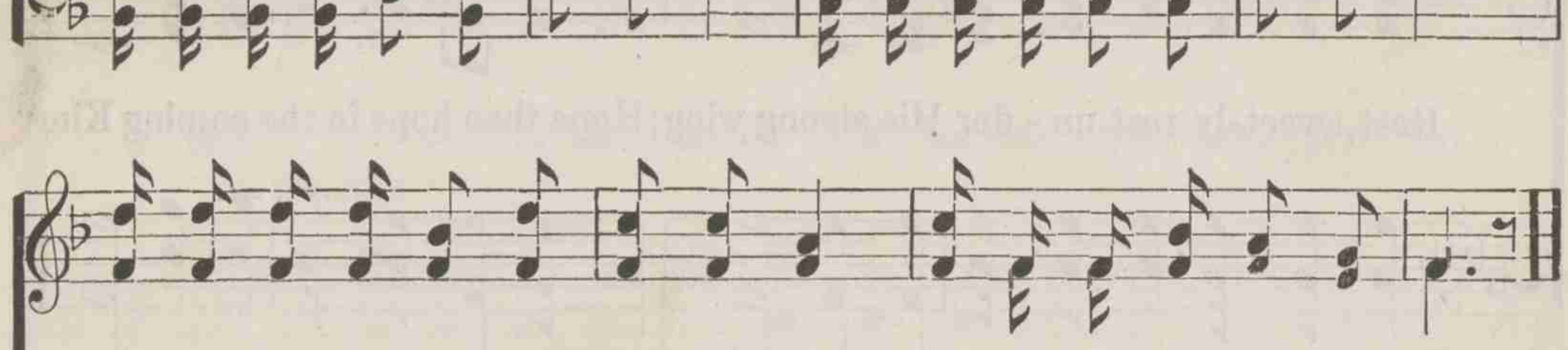
T. H. THORO HARRIS.

1. Wea - ry one, who - e'er thou art, List - en to the voice of Je - sus;
2. He will save thy sin - ful soul, List - en to the voice of Je - sus;
3. He will cleanse from ev - 'ry stain, List - en to the voice of Je - sus;
4. Come while still 'tis called to - day, List - en to the voice of Je - sus;
5. While he of - fers pard-'ning grace, List - en to the voice of Je - sus;

He will heal thy bro - ken heart, List - en to the voice of Je - sus.
Make thy wounded spir - it whole: List - en to the voice of Je - sus.
Till no taint of sin re - main: List - en to the voice of Je - sus.
Turn, O turn from sin a - way! List - en to the voice of Je - sus.
Seek at once His ho - ly face, List - en to the voice of Je - sus.

CHORUS.

List - en to the Savior's gen-tle voice, Let Him be your souls' e - ter-nal choice; For



He will make your weary heart re - joice: List - en to the call of love.

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He Waits to Save.

T. H. THORO HARRIS.

1. A - far from God, heart - sick and wea - ry, In des - ert wilds why
2. Thy feet have found the way is lone - ly, And O, the path is
3. The smold'ring fire He will not smoth - er, A bruis - ed reed He

long - er roam? Be-hold, here stands thy Eld - er Broth - er, He longs to
dark as night! Thy soul is faint and sad with - in thee: Yet look a-
will not break; Call on the Lord in deep con - tri - tion, "O save me

CHORUS. *p*

wel-come thee re - turn - ing home.
bove, the sun is shin - ing bright! He waits to save thee: heed the
for Thy name and mer - cies' sake."

mes - sage De-scend - ing from God's throne a-bove; "Come home to
De - scend - ing from

Je - sus, come and wel-come:" This is the call of bound - less love.

f

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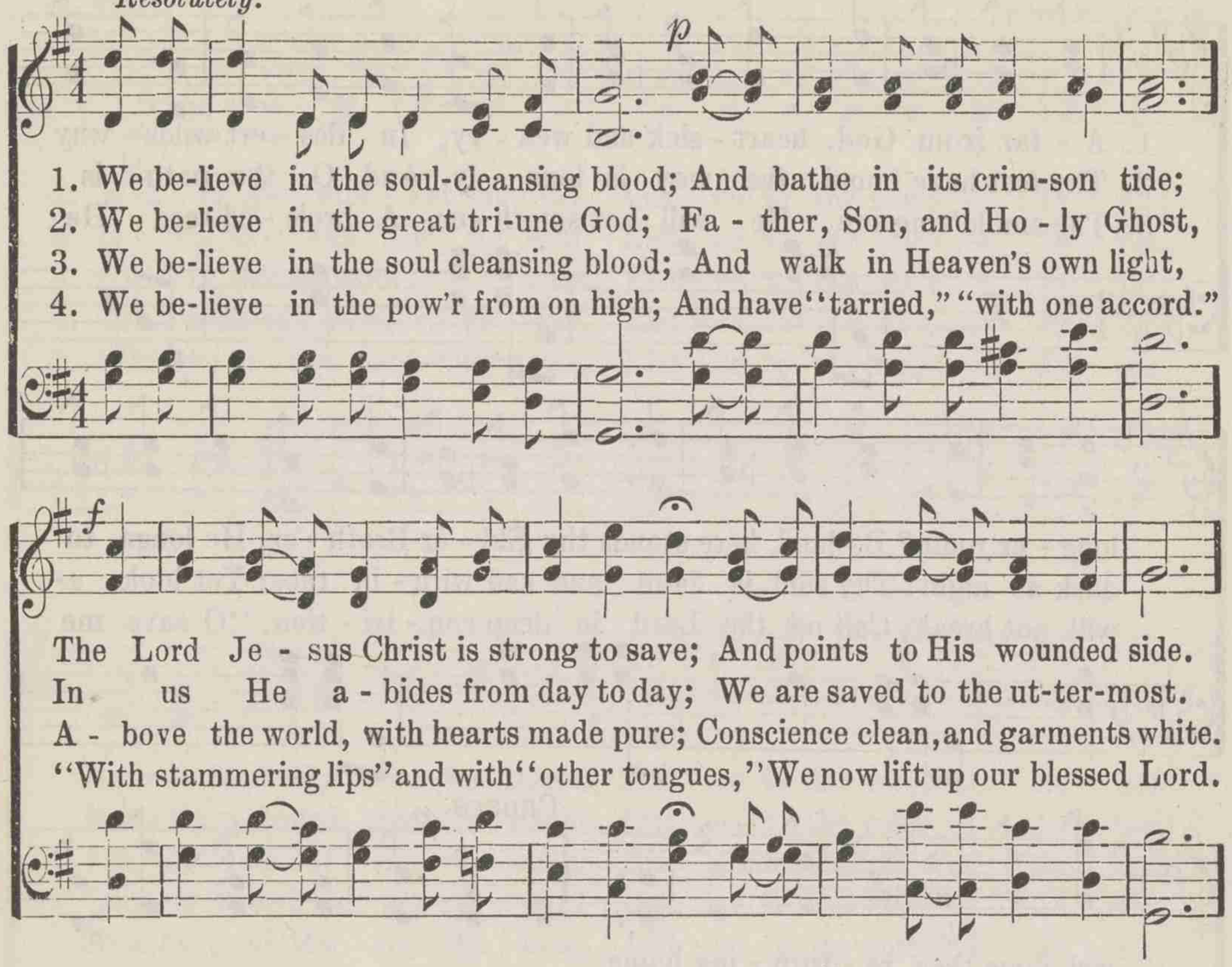
50 We Believe in the Blood

S. L. S.

SARAH L. SQUIRE.

Resolutely.



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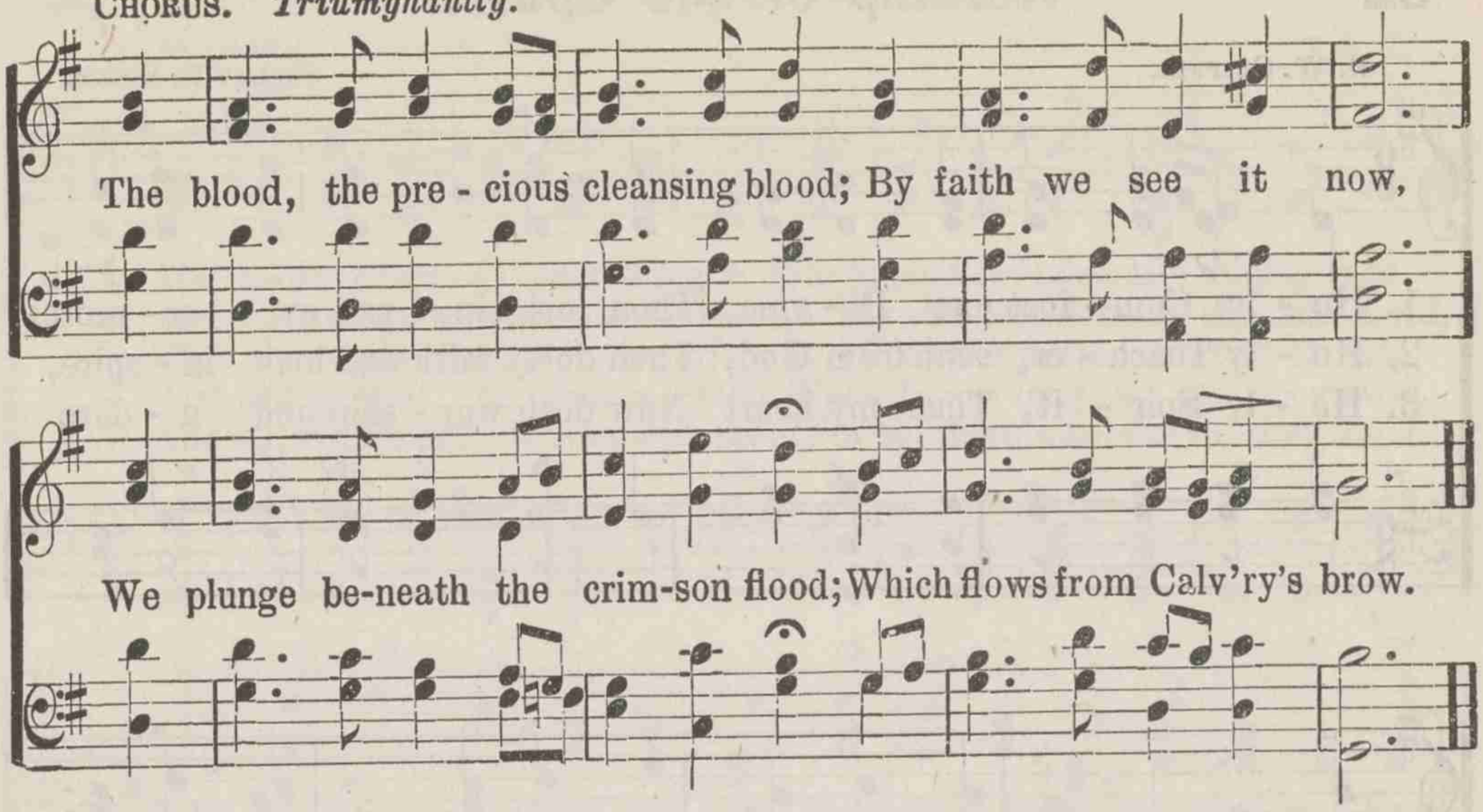
We Believe in the Blood.

CHORUS. *Triumyhantly.*



51 Waiting for Eternity.

Arr. for this work.

52 Worship of the Spirit.

D. W. GRIFFIN. SEELEY D. KINNE.

1. Ho - ly Com - fort - er Di - vine, Thou art in us ev - er - more;
2. Ho - ly Teach - er, sent from God, Thou doest faith and love in - spire,
3. Ho - ly Spir - it, Thee my heart Now doth wor - ship and a - dore

With the Fa - ther and the Son Thee we wor - ship and a - dore,
Thou dost guide us in - to truth, Thou dost kin - dle heav'n-ly fire.
For Thy grac - es and Thy gifts As of Pen - te - cost of yore.

Bless - ed Par - a - clete of God, Ban - ish - ing our night and sin,
I would al - ways hear Thy voice; Thee my heart would nev - er grieve;
Ho - ly Com - fort - er Di - vine, Price - less gift, for - ev - er nigh,

Ev - er pres - ent to de - fend, And to show us Christ with - in.
Nev - er would I quench Thy pow'r By re - fus - ing to be - lieve.
Make the full a - tone-ment mine, Bathe and clothe me from on high.

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53 The Upper Room.

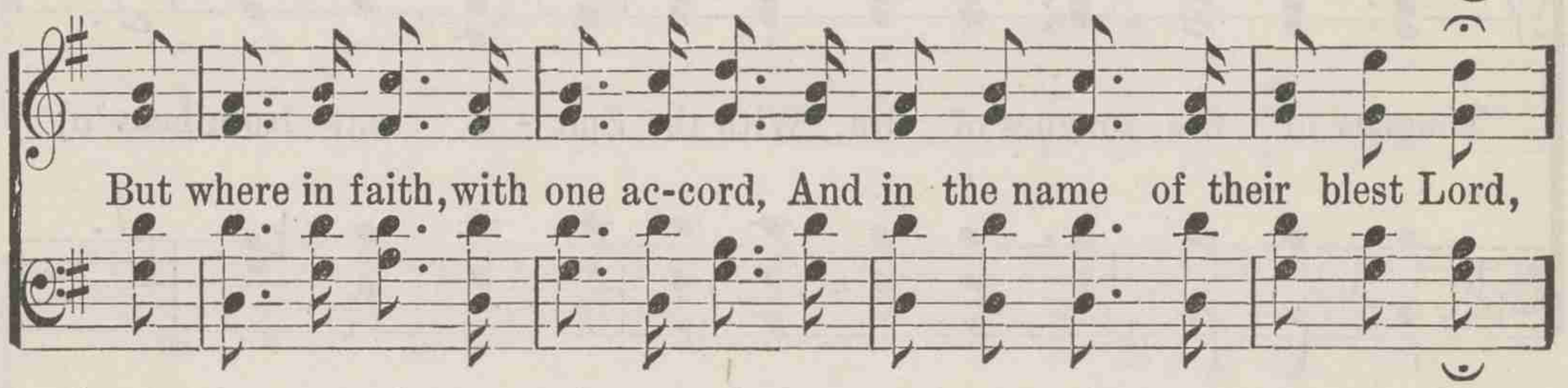
A. W. ORWIG. S. L. S.

1. The up-per room, O sacred place, Where God revealed His shining face,
2. And when the news was noised abroad, What had been done by the dear Lord,
3. Then the a-pos - tle Pe - ter told A - bout the prom-ise made of old,
4. "But this is that," he cried a - loud, What Jo - el long a - go a - vowed,
5. And oh, what mighty works were seen! For sin there was con-vic-tion keen,

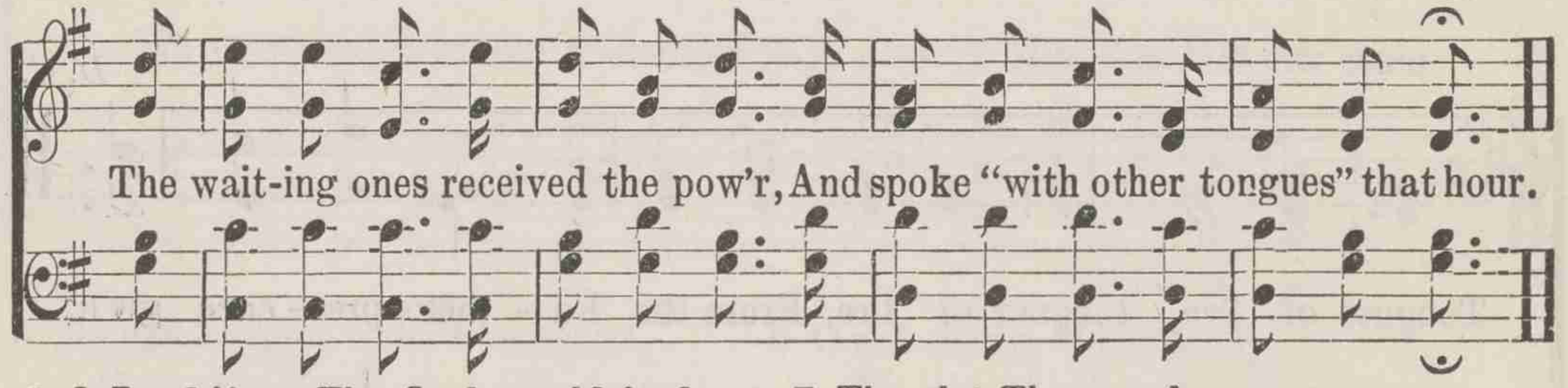
And on the day of Pen - te - cost, Poured out the promised Holy Ghost.
All were amazed at what they heard, Some mocked and some with praise were stirred.
That God His Spir - it would pour out, And bade the peo-ple not to doubt.
That when the Spir - it would de - scend, Both signs and wonders would attend.
And to the Lord did thousands turn, And now for Him their hearts did yearn.

CHORUS.

The up - per room, the up - per room, Not marred by un - be - lief or gloom,



But where in faith, with one ac-cord, And in the name of their blest Lord,



The wait-ing ones received the pow'r, And spoke "with other tongues" that hour.

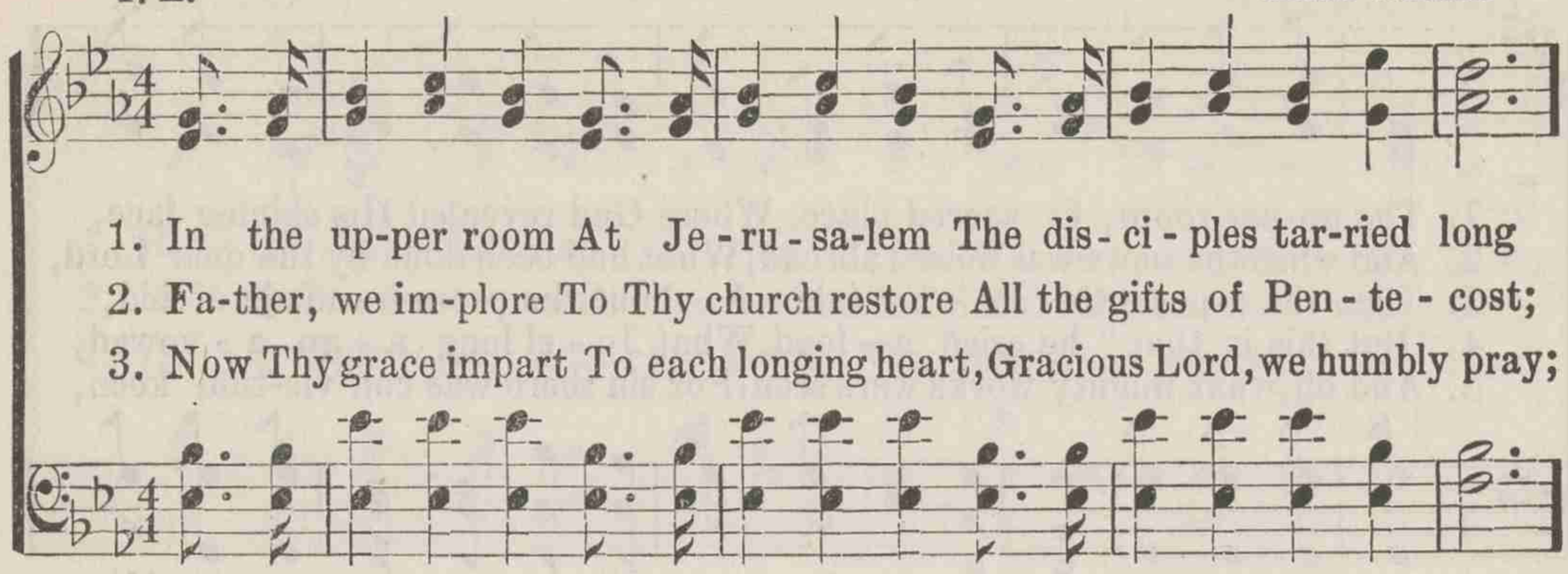
6 O Lord if we Thy flock would feed,
And unsaved souls to Thee would lead,
The Spirit's fullness we must know,
And with His pow'r be all aglow.

7 Then let Thy people very soon
All find their blessed "upper room,"
Where Pentecostal fire will fall,
And God shall be their all in all.

By permission of A. W. Orwig.

54 In the Upper Room.

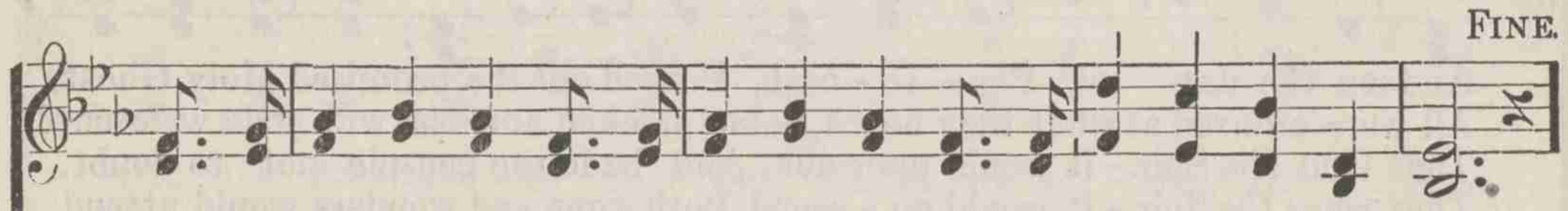
T. H. THORO HARRIS.



1. In the up-per room At Je - ru - sa-lem The dis - ci - ples tar-ried long
2. Fa-ther, we im-plore To Thy church restore All the gifts of Pen - te - cost;
3. Now Thy grace impart To each longing heart, Gracious Lord, we humbly pray;

D.C.—*Let the Ho - ly Ghost As at Pen-te - cost On Thy wait-ing children fall;*

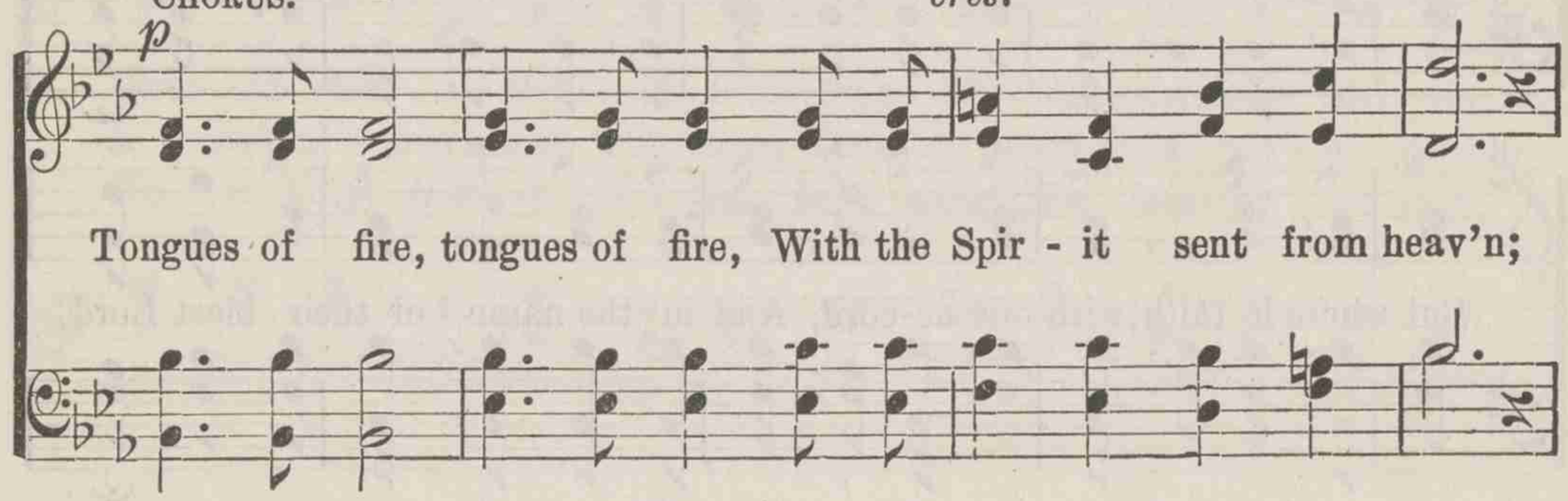
FINE.



Till the fire of heav'n By the Fa-ther giv'n, Fell on all the wait-ing throng.
Now up - on us all Let the pow-er fall, And the bless-ed Ho - ly Ghost.
With us still a - bide And Thy gifts di-vide, Send a Pen - te-cost to - day.

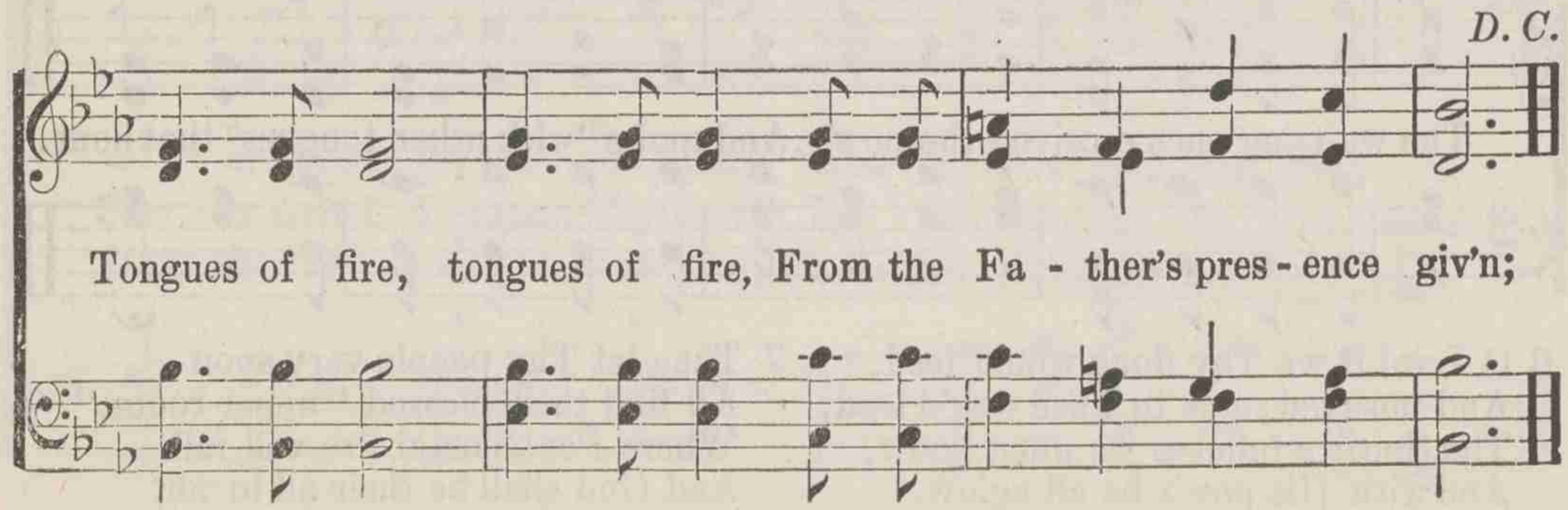
In our Sav-ior's name Send the tongues of flame And with fire baptize us all.

CHORUS. *cres.*



Tongues of fire, tongues of fire, With the Spir - it sent from heav'n;

D. C.



Tongues of fire, tongues of fire, From the Fa - ther's pres - ence giv'n;

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55 Song of the Spirit.

Mrs. A. D. Crane. S. L. S.

1. Once I walked a-lone in dark-ness, Burdened with my load of sin;
2. He has filled me with His pres-ence, And has told me things to come;
3. Je - sus car-ries all my bur - dens, Guides me by the light of day;
4. Do not doubt it, O my peo - ple, Do not grieve God's Ho-ly Son;

Now my Sav-ior walks be-side me, And my heart is pure with-in.
Oh, my heart now thrills with praises, To the Fa-ther and the Son.
While the Ho-ly Ghost with-in me, Speaks thro' me the words I say.
For the com-fort-er He prom-is-ed In His word, has sure-ly come.

Chorus.

Glo-ry, glo-ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! To the Lamb for sin-ners slain,

He was pierced for our re-demp-tion, And on Him was laid our stain.

5 He has brought to us a message,
How that Jesus soon will come;
And will gather all his Chosen,
To their bright eternal home.

6 O get ready, O get ready,
Do not let the call go by;
Soon we'll meet our blessed Savior,
Soon we'll greet Him in the sky.

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56 Send the Power.

SEELEY D. KINNE. Mrs. E. M. D. GOULD.

1. The dis - ci - ples as-sem-bled in Je - ru - sa - lem And wait-ed for the
2. They were calm and ex-pect-ant and were full of praise And believed that the
3. Stephen, full of the wis-dom and the faith of God, Wrought glo - ri - ous
4. Paul and Si - las at midnight sang and praised the Lord, And prayed till the
5. Like the saints and the worthies in the old - en days, Let us live and walk

promised power; Je - sus blood He pre-sent-ed at the Fath-er's throne
fire would fall; Clo-ven tongues and the pow-er in a rush - ing blaze
works Di-vine; By the power of the Spir-it, saw the Son of God—
earth-quake fell; Pe - ter walked by an an - gel, not a keep-er heard
in the pow'r; By a shadow or an a - pron in some might-y ways

CHORUS.

And it came that ver - y hour.
Filled the place and spoke thro' all. O Lord, send the power just now, just now,
And his face with light did shine.
As he left His pris-on cell.
God will work this ver-y hour.

1. O Lord, send the power just now;
2. And bab-tize us through and through.

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57 WAITING ON THE LORD.

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

1. Wait-ing on the Lord for the prom-ise giv - en; Wait - ing on the Lord
2. Wait-ing on the Lord, giv - ing all to Je - sus; Wait - ing on the Lord
3. Wait-ing on the Lord, long-ing to mount high - er; Wait - ing on the Lord,

to send from heav-en; Wait-ing on the Lord, by our faith re-ceiv - ing;
till from sin He frees us; Wait-ing on the Lord for the heav'nly breez-es;
hav-ing great de - sire; Wait-ing on the Lord for the heav'nly fire;

CHORUS.

Wait - ing in the up - per room. The pow - - - er! the
The Pen - te- cost - al pow'r! the
pow - - - er! Gives vic-t'ry o - ver sin, and pu - ri - ty with-in; The
Pen-te -cost- al pow'r! The
pow - - - er! the pow - - - er! The pow'r they had at Pen-te-cost.
Pen-te-cost-al pow'r! the Pen-te-cost-al pow'r!

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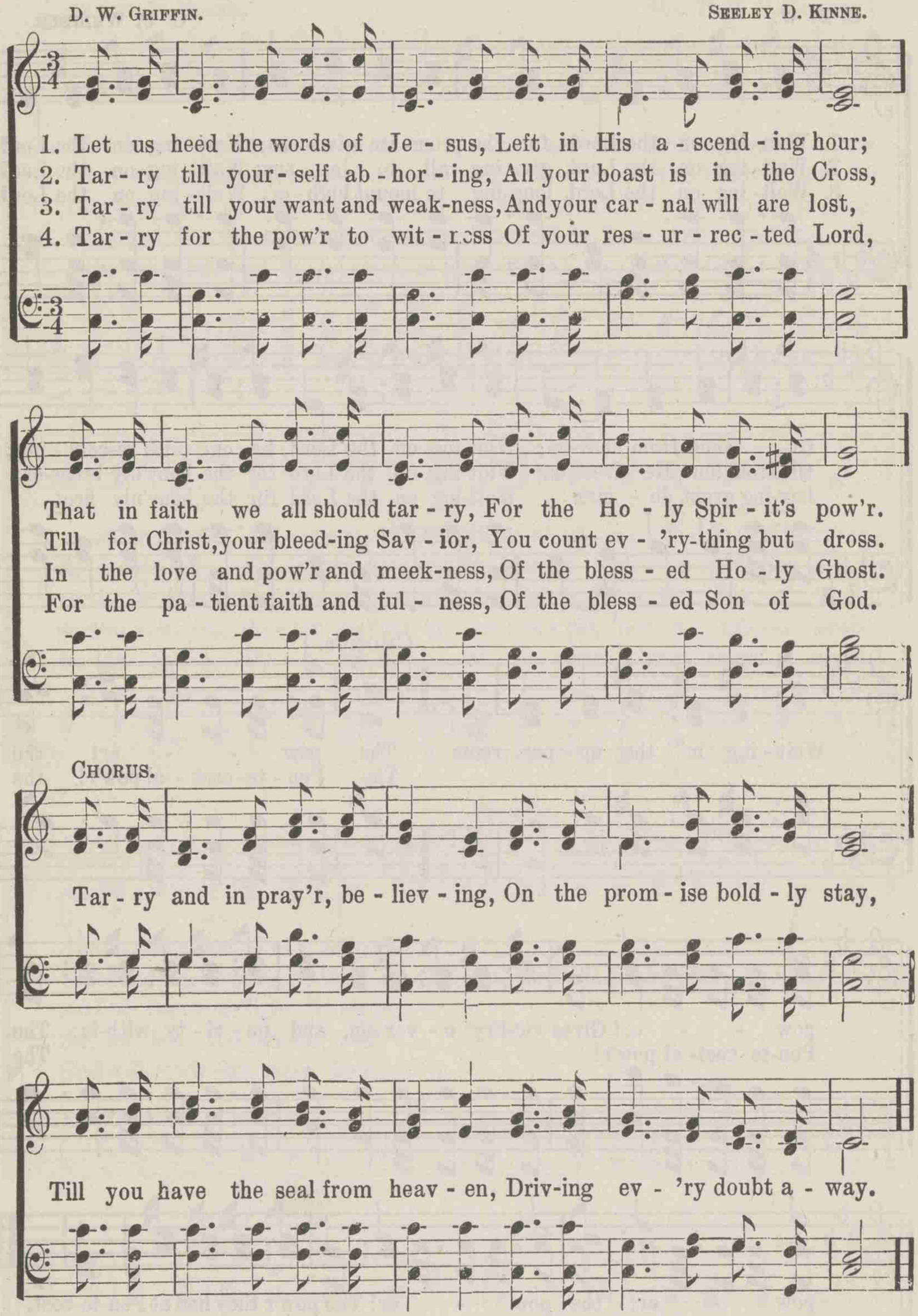
Tarry.

D. W. GRIFFIN. SEELEY D. KINNE.



5 Tarry at the feet of Jesus,
For the power to watch and pray,
For the power to love and suffer,
And be faithful every day.

6 Tarry for the Lord commands it,
For the blessed Holy Ghost;
Fully, humbly yield to Jesus,
And receive your "Pentecost."

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59 Let the Holy Ghost Come In.

R. F. REYNOLDS. C. E. ROWLEY.

Rather slow.

1. Would you be redeemed from ev-'ry in-born sin, Have the Ho-ly Spir-it
2. Would you have the Spirit in your heart to cheer? Would you be relieved from
3. Do you want the "fire of God" to fill your soul, Burn up all the dross, and
4. Do you want the "pow'r" to make you true and brave, So that you can res-cue

con-stant-ly with-in? Make the con-se-cra-tion, trust in God, and then,
ev-'ry doubt and fear? Make the con-se-cra-tion, trust in God, and then,
sanc-ti-fy the whole? Make the con-se-cra-tion, trust in God, and then,
those that Christ would save Make the con-se-cra-tion, trust in God, and then,

REFRAIN.

Let the Ho-ly Ghost come in. Let the Ho-ly Ghost come

come in.

in, Let the Ho-ly Ghost come in, Make the con-se-

come in, come in,

cra-tion, trust in God, and then, Let the Ho-ly Ghost come in.

come in.

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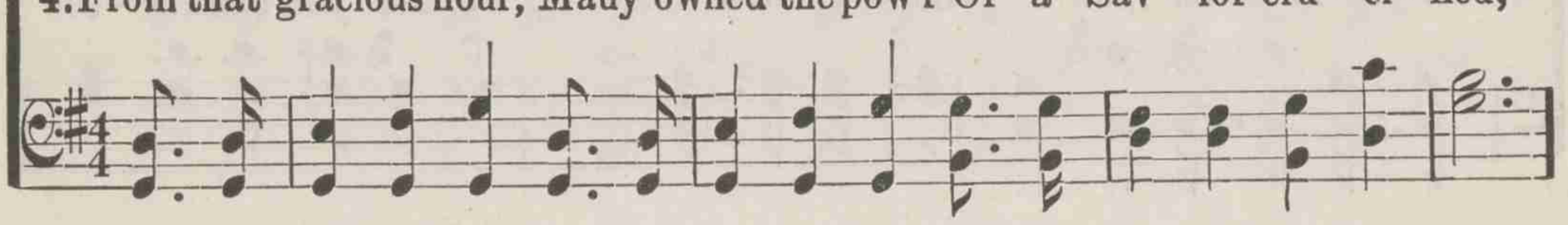
60 When the Holy Ghost Was Given.

T. H. THORO HARRIS.

1.'Twas a joy-ful hour When in mighty pow'r Came the Spirit down from heav'n,
2.When the peo-ple saw, They were filled with awe, At the sign of pow'r di - vine;
3.When God's servants spake, Then they all did quake, For their souls were filled with dread;
4.From that gracious hour, Mauy owned the pow'r Of a Sav - ior cru - ci - fied;

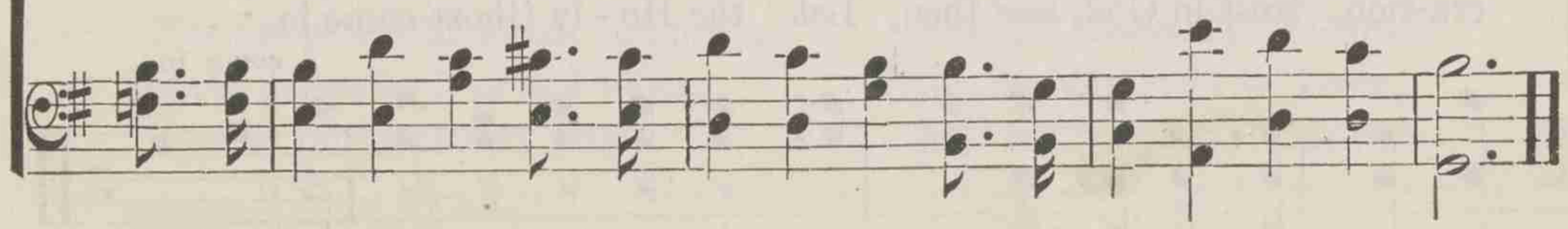


When on Pen - te - cost Fell the Ho-ly Ghost, To the first dis - ci-ples giv'n.
But by Sa - tan led Oth-ers mock-ing said, "Lo, these men are filled with wine."
"Je-sus Christ who died, Whom ye cru-ci-fied, God hath raised Him from the dead."
Breaking bread each day, Of one heart were they: So the church was mul-ti-plied.

CHORUS.

When the Ho - ly Ghost was giv'n, With the tongues of fire from heav'n,

Wondrous works were done Thro'the Mighty One, When the Holy Ghost was giv'n.



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61 Latter Rain.

Mrs. R. B. YOUNG. Hab.—2: 1-3. James—5: 7-8. S. L. S.

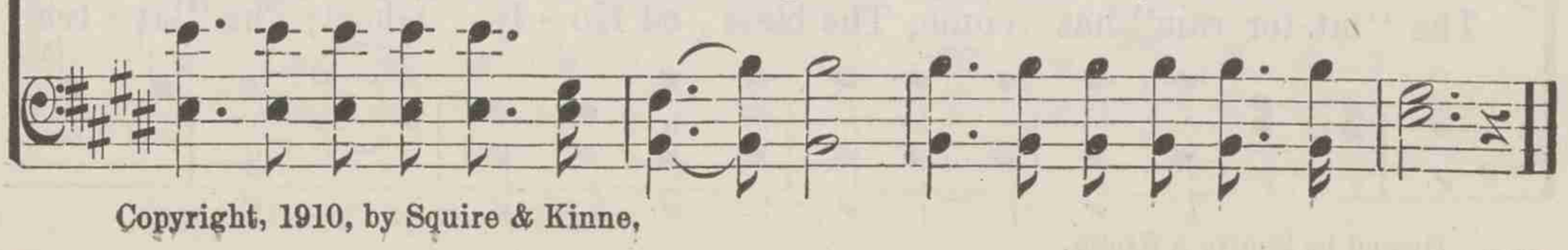
1. Long I thirsted—long I tar - ried For the lat-ter rain to fall;
2. Bless His name! oh, hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus lives and reigns in me;
3. He has conquered! glory, glo - ry! Glo - ry to the Ho - ly Ghost—
4. Praise Je-ho-vah! how I praise Him For the poured-out "Latter Rain;"
5. I will praise and laud my Sav - ior— I will sound abroad His love;

Not till simple faith was giv - en, Did the Sav-ior heed my call.
I can feel His Ho - ly pres - ence—And by faith His blood I see.
He is thrill-ing my whole be - ing With the fire of Pen - te - cost.
When it fell on soul and spir - it, I had tar-ried not in vain.
Tell the sto-ry—swell the cho - rus With the "Heav'nly Choir" a-bove.

CHORUS.

I be-lieved Him and re-ceived Him, Pre - cious gift the Ho - ly Ghost!

Then He filled and thrilled His tem - ple With His love, and Pen-te - cost.



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The "Latter Rain."

D. W. G. S. D. K.

1. The "lat - ter rain" has come, The bless - ed Ho - ly Ghost,
2. The "lat - ter rain" has come, Up - on the parch - ed ground,
3. The "lat - ter rain" has come, O Bride, a - wake, a - rise,

Re-stor - ing all the gifts a - gain Be-stowed at Pen - te - cost;
Re-fresh - ing ev - 'ry hun - gry soul, The whole wide world a - round;
To meet the Bridegroom in the air And mount be-yond the skies;

The "lat - ter rain" has come, A - gain the world has heard,
The "lat - ter rain" has come, O tell it far and wide,
The "form - er rain" is past, The "lat - ter rain" is come,

D. S.—*The "lat - ter rain" has come,*

FINE.

The praise of God in oth - er tongues, Ac-cord - ing to His Word.
Till ev - 'ry blood-bought child of God Shall bathe with - in its tide.
And soon in ev - er - last - ing song We'll all sing har - vest - home.

We soon shall see our bless - ed Lord, And all sing har - vest - home.

CHORUS.

The "lat-ter rain" has come, The bless - ed Ho - ly Ghost; The "lat - ter

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"The Latter Rain."

D. S.

rain" has come, The pow'r of Pen - te - cost O glo - ry to the Lamb,

63 The Power of the Holy Ghost.

T. H. THORO HARRIS.

1. Come on, be - liev - er in the Lord, And claim your Pen-te - cost;
2. No mer - it of our own we claim, But in the cross we boast;
3. Come,sin-ner, to the Lamb of God, And join this conq'ring host,

He prom-ised in His ho - ly word The pow'r of the Ho - ly Ghost.
We glo - ry in the Sav-ior's name And pow'r of the Ho - ly Ghost.
Who o - ver-come thro' Je - sus' blood And pow'r of the Ho - ly Ghost.

CHORUS.

The pow'r of the Ho - ly Ghost, 'Tis this we are need-ing most;

O Lord,

Our spir - its seal, in - spire with zeal And pow'r of the Ho - ly Ghost.

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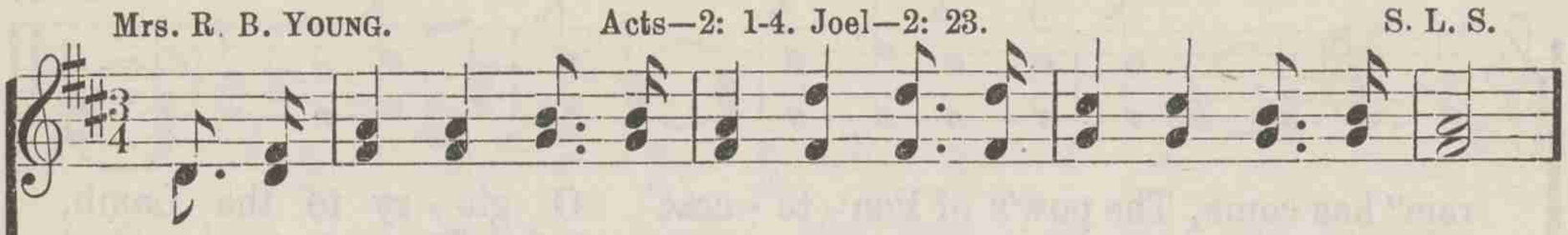
Pentecost.

Mrs. R. B. YOUNG. Acts—2: 1-4. Joel—2: 23. S. L. S.



1. Thro' the pre-cious blood of Je - sus, In my Fa-ther's will I'm lost;
2. All my mem-bers, Lord, are yield - ed To the Ho - ly Spir - it's pow'r,
3. Pour Thy Spir - it out up - on me, Thrill me with Thy love di - vine,
4. Come! Thou blessed Ho - ly Spir - it, Come! possess my be - ing whole,
5. In this "time of vis - i - ta - tion"—When God's hand is pressing hard,

Look-ing for the prom-ised bless - ing—Waiting for my Pen - te - cost.
To be kept for Thine own glo - ry—Kept and strengthened ev-'ry hour.
Till I speak in heav'n-ly lan - guage! Prov-ing I am whol - ly Thine.
All my thot's and words con - trol-ling, All my spir - it, bod - y, soul.
Shak-ing, shrink-ing and ex - pand-ing! I'll not fear—Thy love will guard.

CHORUS.

Pen - te - cost - al fire is spread-ing, The "lat-ter rain" is fall - ing fast;

Soon the floods will burst up - on us, Soon the day of grace is passed.

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65 Receiving Pentecost.

CLARA B. GARVER. S. L. S.

1. Have you heard about the "latter rain," God is send-ing on the earth a - gain?
2. O dear Sav-ior, while we low - ly bow, Send the promise of the Fa-ther now;
3. Not a thing that we had ev - er done Can se - cure the blessing of the Son;
4. O what glo-ry! He has cleansed my sin, By the sprink-ling I can en - ter in;

On the dry and thirsty ground to fall Ev-'ry- one that on the Lord doth call.
Tho' so helpless, empty dry and bare, Thou canst cleanse and waiting hearts prepare.
Nothing but His precious blood to plead, It a - vails and it doth in - ter - cede.
For the ho-liest now is o - pen wide—Flows the blood and water from His side.

CHORUS.

Falling, falling, 'tis the "lat-ter rain;" Coming, coming—Pen-te-cost a - gain;

Hasten, hasten, 'tis the day of pow'r, Come beneath the Ho-ly Spir-it's show'r.

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66 Tarry for the Power.

Tarry until ye be endued with power from on high.—Luke, 24: 49.

Mrs. F. E. H. Mrs. F. E. Hill.

1. We will tar - ry for the prom - ise of the Fa - ther, He will send up - on us from on high; He com-mand-ed us to tar - ry
2. We are long - ing for the prom - ise of the Fa - ther, He will sure - ly hear our plead - ing cry; We are thirst - ing for the promised
3. We will tar - ry for the prom - ise of the Fa - ther, For we need it now and by and by; In that morn-ing when the Bridegroom
4. We will tar - ry for the prom - ise of the Fa - ther, He is faith-ful and His words a - bide; And He nev - er fails to an - swer
5. Now we claim the bless - ed prom - ise of the Fa - ther, We will nev - er doubt Him, He's so nigh; We be - lieve Him and re-ceive Him,

for the bless - er, We are wait - ing for the Spir - it now is nigh.
pen - te - cost-al pow'r, We are wait - ing for its coming from on high.
comes to gath - er, All His chos - en ones to meet Him in the sky.
when we come in faith, Thus approaching we can nev - er be de - nied.
hal - le - lu - jah, Now we have Him and His pow-er from on high.

Chorus.

Tar - ry, tar - ry, for the prom-ise giv - en, The Ho - ly Spir - it now is hov - 'ring nigh; Tar - ry, tar - ry, oh, look up to

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Tarry for the Power.

rit.

heav'n, Yes, the Spir - it's pow'r is fall - ing from on high.

67 Waiting for Pentecost.

O. H. THAYER. S. L. S.

1. O my Fa - ther wilt Thou hear me! Thou dost know my heart's desire.
2. I am wait - ing, O my Sav - ior, Wait-ing for the promised rest,
3. Thou hast bid - den me to tar - ry, Tar - ry for the pow'r un - til
4. O the glo - ry Thou dost give me, For I do Thy face be - hold,

Wilt Thou give the prom-ised bless - ing, Wilt Thou send the ho - ly fire!
Wait - ing for the full en - due-ment, Wait - ing for the Spir - it's best.
I am here at Thy com-mand, Lord, Till the prom-ise Thou ful - fill.
I have peace that pass - eth knowl-edge, I have joy on joy un - told.

CHORUS.

I will praise Thee, O my Sav - ior, I a - dore Thee, blessed One!

And the cross shall be up - lift - ed, I will glo - ri - fy the Son.

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68 Baptized in the Holy Ghost.

F. E. H. "He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire." F. E. & D. M. H.

1. Do you long to be full of joy and free, To be strong in God
2. Will you con - se - crate to Him now your all, Let Him have His way
3. "This is that" which fell at Pen - te - cost, To pre-pare the church
4. 'Tis the gift of God to the sanc-ti - fied; He will com - fort, lead,
5. Will you glad - ly fall at the Sav - ior's feet, Give your doubtings o'er
6. We can sing God's praise now, and by and by, We shall speak with tongues

and His glo - ry see, Then o - bey His word and you will be,
while to Him you call? As in faith you wait, the pow'r will fall—
to re - deem the lost: We must then be filled at a - ny cost—
and will be our guide, And will dwell in us, com-ing to a - bide—
and be made com-plete, There to dwell in peace, and com-mun-ion sweet—
and shall proph - e - sy; In the pow - er of God ye shall tes - ti - fy—

FINE. CHORUS.

Bap - tized in the Ho - ly Ghost. We shall be baptized Jesus said,
Last verse. Yes, I'll be baptized with His pow'r,
Je-sus said,

D.S.-*Bap - tized in the Ho - ly Ghost.*

D. S.

Bap - tized in the Ho - ly Ghost; Tar-ry then un-til with His pow'r endued,
Bap - tized in the Ho - ly Ghost; 'Tis the gift I see, Father promised me,

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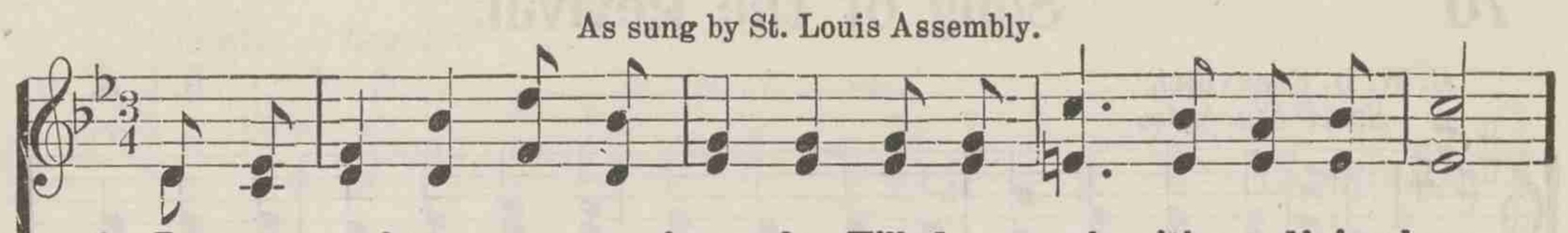
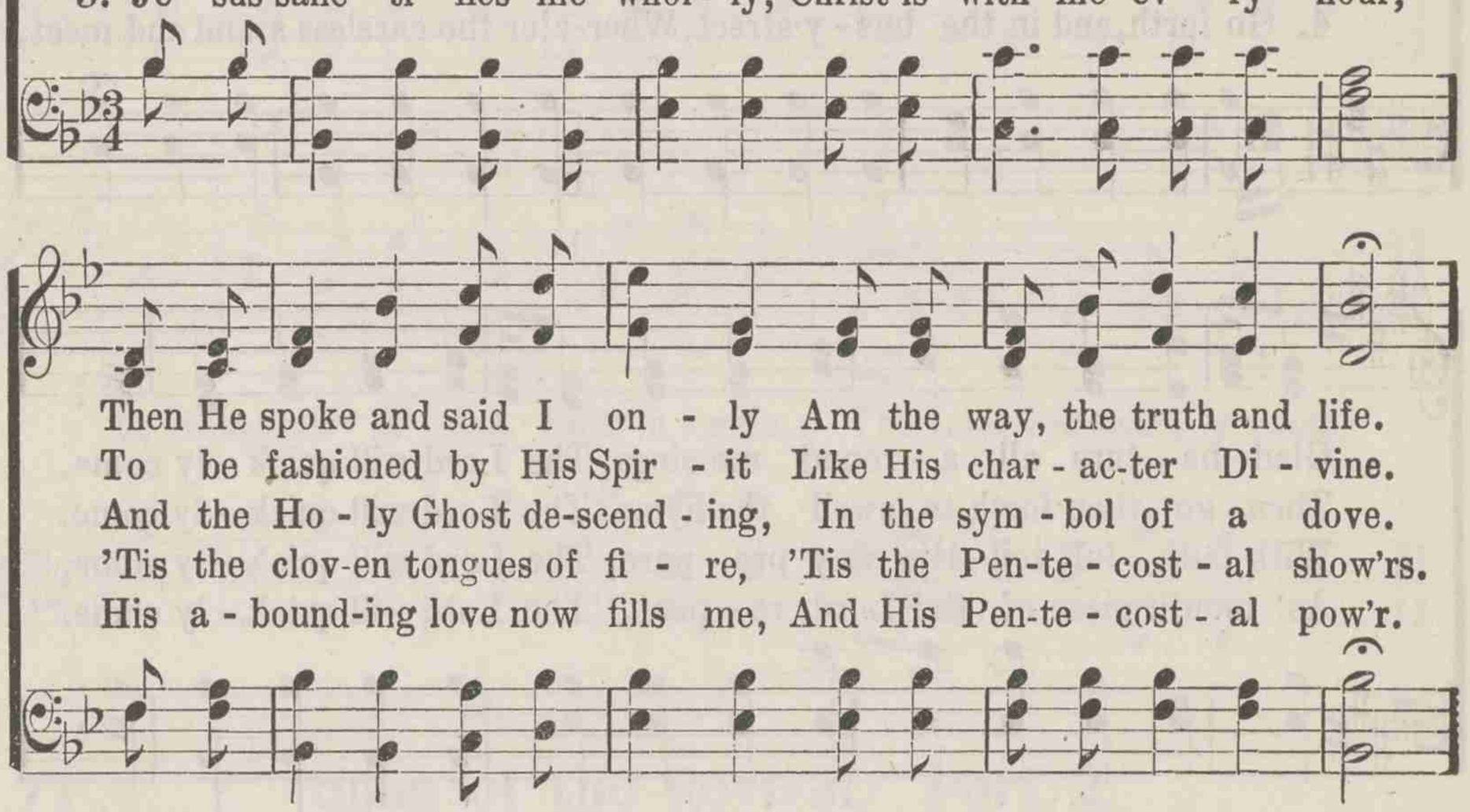
Higher, Higher.

As sung by St. Louis Assembly.



1. Je - sus sought me wea-ry, lone - ly, Filled my soul with pard'ning love,
2. All my bod - y soul and spir - it, Ev - 'ry pow'r to Him re - sign,
3. Now in Je - sus I am rest - ing, In His prom - is - es of love,
4. High-er, high - er, high - er, high - er, Je - sus, Je - sus is there more?
5. Je - sus sanc - ti - fies me whol - ly, Christ is with me ev - 'ry hour;



Then He spoke and said I on - ly Am the way, the truth and life.
To be fashioned by His Spir - it Like His char - ac-ter Di - vine.
And the Ho - ly Ghost de-scend - ing, In the sym - bol of a dove.
'Tis the clov-en tongues of fi - re, 'Tis the Pen-te - cost - al show'rs.
His a - bound-ing love now fills me, And His Pen-te - cost - al pow'r.

CHORUS.

Now with Je - sus I am ris - ing, On His palms my name's engraved,
Now my soul He is bap - tiz - ing, Glo - ry, glo - ry, I am saved.

6 Onward, onward, oh how glorious,
God's messengers the world around,
Witnessing with tongues victorious,
Glory, glory, glory bound.

7 Let the message peal as thunder
Wake the nations, catch the flame,
'Till all kindreds, tongues and people
Shall do homage to His name.

Owned by Squire & Kinne.

70 Song of the Revival.

C. W. D. FERRYHILL. S. L. S.

Semi-Staccato. *rit.*

1. O'er hill and dale the mu-sic rings, And all my heart an answer brings,
2. A - rise, a - rise the lamp to trim, A-noint with salve thine eyes so dim,
3. A - rise and lay earth's bosom bare, Take out the tal-ent hid - den there,
4. Go forth, and in the bus - y street, Wher-e'er the careless stand and meet,

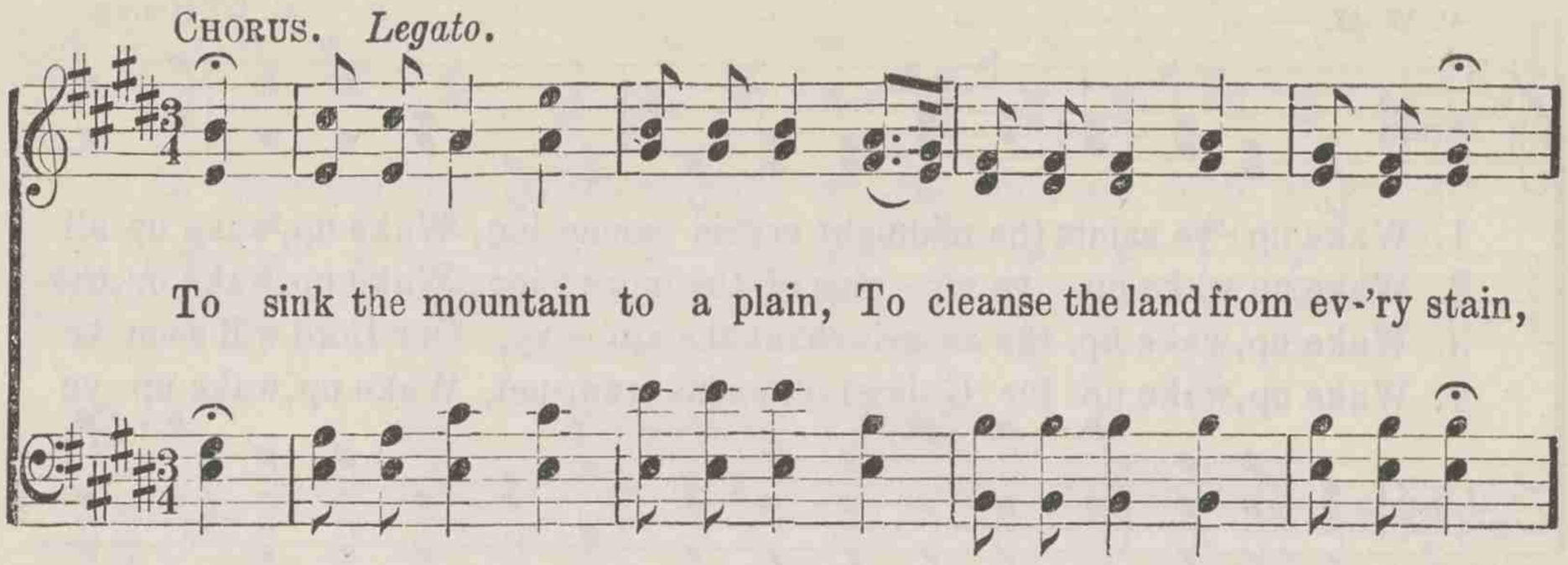
Glad na - ture all a - round me sings, The Lord will quick - ly come.
Then go thou forth to swell the hymn, The Lord will quick - ly come.
With faith - ful toil His way pre - pare, The Lord will quick - ly come.
As mouth-piece of the Lord, re - peat, "The Lord will quick - ly come."

O fool-ish heart in slum-ber bound, That hast thy joys midst worldings found,
A - rise enriched with gold-en might, A - rise en - robed in rai-ment white,
A - rise in Pen - te - cost - al might, A - rise, go forth to win the fight,
He comes, my long ex-pect - ed Lord, He comes and with Him, His re-ward,

Soon must thou hear the wakening sound, The Lord will quick-ly come.
And gird with ar - mour of the light, The Lord will quick-ly come.
The a - lien ar - mies put to flight, The Lord will quick-ly come.
Both per - fect man and ver - y God, The Lord will quick-ly come.

1910, by Squire & Kinne.

Song of the Revival.



71 Song of the Revival. Part 2.

1 Say not "His coming is delayed,"
Nor beat the servants, man or maid,
Lest judgment find thee sore dismayed,
The Lord will quickly come.
His advent sudden shalt thou see,
Asunder will He sever thee,
With hypocrites thy lot shall be,
The Lord will quickly come;

CHORUS.
To judge the race and give them place,
Prepared by His sweet matchless grace;
Or else cast down by His dread frown,
To regions lone—the great unknown.

2 Give ear ye folk that eat and drink,
That buy and sell, nor never think,
How near ye stand to ruin's brink,
The Lord will quickly come.
You who have stood so oft and heard,
The gospel tidings but the word
Your inmost heart has never stirred,
The Lord will quickly come.

3 And you who still the call refuse,
And for some paltry pleasure choose
Your fair inheritance to lose,
The Lord will quickly come.
Or you who longed but did not dare,
To side with Christ, held fast by snare,
Or fear of man, or crushed by care,
The Lord will quickly come.

4 Your day of grace doth quickly pass,
The sand is running from the glass,
A death-knell to your hopes, alas!
The Lord will quickly come.
In this eleventh hour give heed,
While still you feel the Spirit plead,
Come to the Savior in your need,
The Lord will quickly come.

The Midnight Cry.

C. W. M. C. W. MOORE.

1. Wake up ye saints the midnight cry is sound-ing, Wake up, wake up all heav'n is now re-sound-ing, Je - sus is com - ing soon the end is near - ing Are you read - y, wait - ing for His ap - pear - ing.
2. Wake up, wake up ye vir - gins of the morn - ing, Wake up, wake up, the earth will soon be burn - ing, He hath com-mand - ed us that we watch and pray, Be rob - ed and read - y for the wed - ding day.
3. Wake up, wake up, the an-gels chant the sto - ry, Our Lord will soon be com - ing in His glo - ry, The mount - ains will shake, and the sea will roar, The cit - ies will fall, the is - lands be no more.
4. Wake up, wake up for Gabriel blows his trum-pet, Wake up, wake up ye fool - ish don't you hear it, Your oil is out nor can you hope to bor - row, And the door will close you'll be left in sor - row.

CHORUS.

O trim your lamps and keep them brightly burn-ing, And all in or - der for your Lords re - turn - ing, Soon skies will rend and He will

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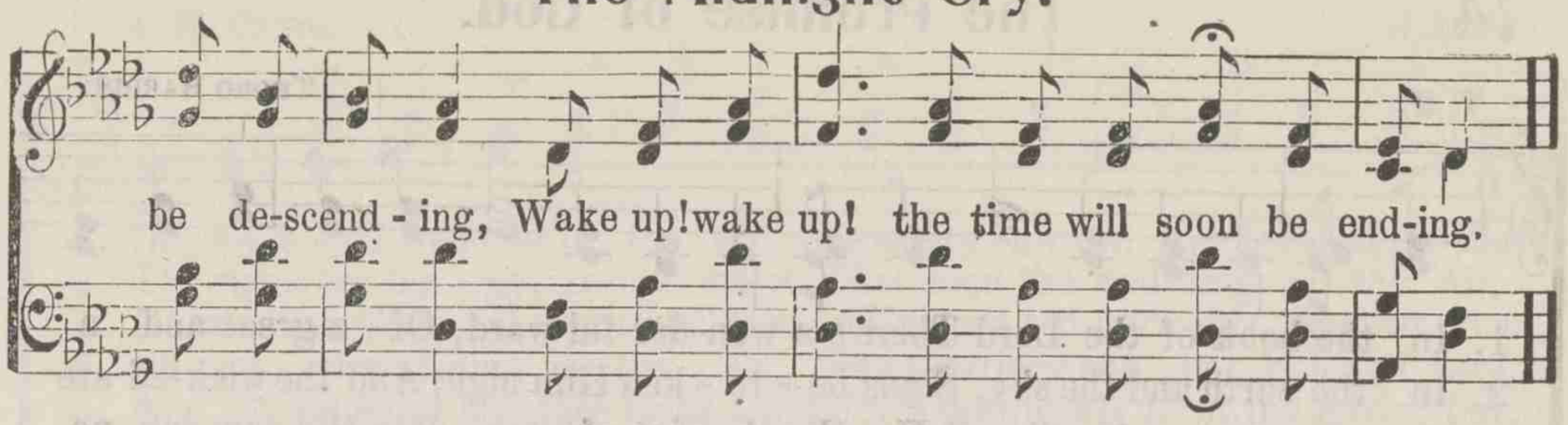
The Midnight Cry.



73 Evening Light.

See Zech. 14: 6; Act 3: 19; Mark 16: 17; John 12: 35; Matt. 24: 32.

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

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

74 The Promise of God.

T. H. THORO HARRIS.

1. In the book of the Lord There's a won-der-ful word, Of a great and a
2. In the earth and the sky, Signs be - to - ken Him nigh; And the wick-ed are
3. We will watch and we'll wait For His char-iot of state, For His com-ing no

ter-ri - ble day, When the whole world shall burn, All cre-a-tion shall mourn,
quak-ing with fear, As up - on ev - 'ry hand, On the sea and the land,
pow'r can de - lay: Who have made Him their choice, Shall look up and re-joice:

CHORUS.

And the heav-ens shall vanish a - way.
Ma - ny voic - es pro-claim He is near. Hear the prom-ise of God, His un-
O we long for that glo - ri - ous day!

al-t'ra-ble word; 'Tis es-tab-lished by heaven's de - cree: That His kingdom shall

come And His will shall be done Thro' the a - ges on a - ges to be. .....
yet to be.

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75 The Wedding in the Air.

A. W. ORWIG. S. L. S.

1. Oh, bless - ed wedding in the air, Some day for all God's saints to share,
2. The signs are ma - ny, ev-'ry where, That soon the wed-ding in the air,
3. If we that bliss - ful scene would share, Un-spot-ted garments we must wear,
4. Oh, roy - al wed-ding in the air, The marriage sup - per, rich and rare,
5. And oft my heart breathes forth a pray'r, Come quickly Lord, my Savior fair,

As doth the ho - ly Word de - clare; Will you be there? Will you be there?
Will dawn up - on each ransomed heir; Will you be there? Will you be there?
The Ho - ly Spir - it's seal - ing bear; Will you be there? Will you be there?
Naught earthly with it can com-pare; Will you be there? Will you be there?
But oh, vast num - bers more pre-pare To join the wed - ding in the air.

CHORUS.

Yes, by God's grace..... I hope to be, A-mong that
By God's grace hope to be,
bless - ed com-pa - ny,..... Caught up in rap - ture, in the
'Mong that bless-ed com - pa - ny, Caught up in rap-ture
air,..... Yes, I'll be there,..... Yes, I'll be there.
in the air, Yes, I'll be there, Yes, I'll be there.

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76 His Day.

B. F. L.

B. FREEMAN LAWRENCE.

Ad Lib.

1. In Thy cleft, O Rock of A - ges, In Thy se - cret hid - ing place,
2. In that day the sin and sigh - ing, Of this world shall pass a - way,
3. Come at last, the Son of Dav - id, King of kings He sits to reign,
4. 'Tis the year of ju - bi - lee, Let the trum - pet joy - ful sound,

Let me sink my wea - ry spir - it, And en - rapt-ured view Thy face,
In a glo - rious reign with Je - sus, 'Neath His sceptre's i - ron sway,
All the earth doth bow be - fore Him, All the na - tion's wide do - main,
Glad the wait - ing earth-hearts wea-ry By the pow'rs of dark-ness bound,

When the storms of life o'er-whelm me, Thou art all my hope and stay,
All the myr - iad hosts of e - vil, Shall be ground beneath His heel,
Low - ly wait - ing there be - fore Him, Mul - ti - tudes His word do hear;
For op-pres - sion's ceased and end-ed, And the foul hell-hosts are gone;

I am wait - ing for the morn - ing, For the dawn - ing of Thy day.
Hark! the sil - ver jubilee trum-pets, Ring the ti - dings of His weal.
Then they go, the blest world hear-ing The sweet message of His cheer.
Lo, the prince the Son of Dav - id, Is at last up - on His throne.

Property of Squire & Kinne,

77 The Bridegroom Call.

Mrs. F. C. H,
Except chorus.

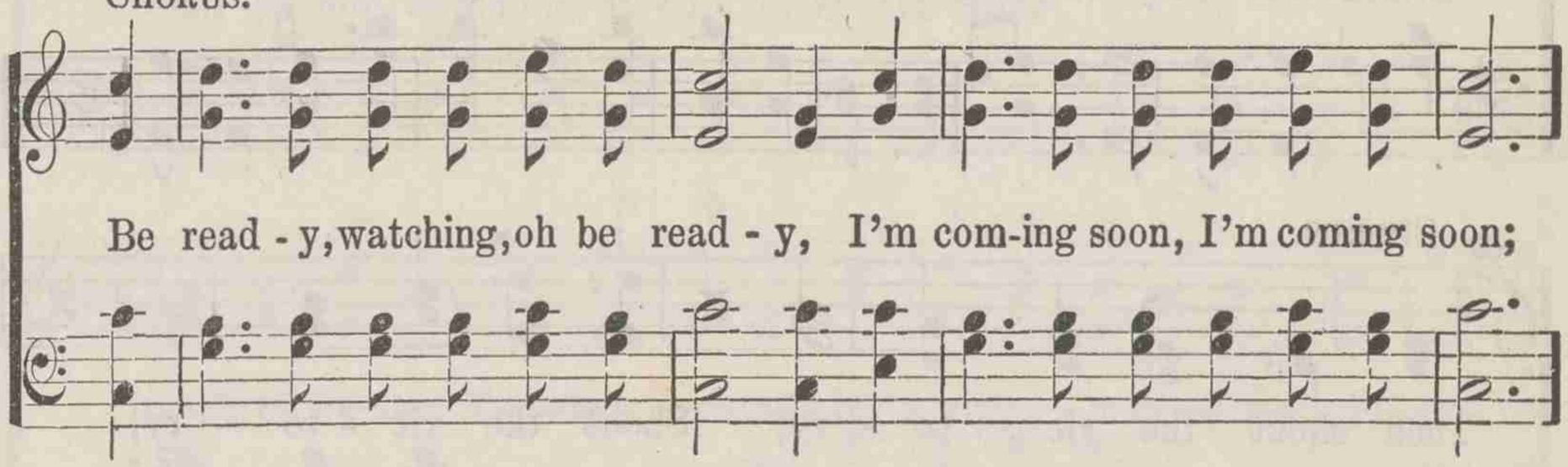
I'm coming soon.

Mrs. F. C. HOFFMAN.

1. I'm coming soon, my dear be-lov-ed one, To catch a - way my ver - y own;
2. You are the one my dear be - lov - ed, Who stood the test of tri - als sore;
3. Your mansion is prepared a - bove you, The streets are paved with purest gold;
4. I've tried you as the gold is tried; I've tried you as by full - er's soap;
5. Then you will sail a - way so soft - ly, To dwell with Him, yes, ev - er - more;
6. I'm coming soon, my dear be-loved one, Your wedding garments then have on;

Come, we will sail a - way so soft - ly, To meet our Fa-ther on His throne.
I've tried you in the fiery furn - ace, And proved you o'er and o'er.
The feast the an - gels are pre-par - ing, To you my glo-ries I'll un - fold.
I've chos - en you, my dear be-loved one, For you the gates of glo - ry ope.
To live for - ev - er with your Bridegroom, In glo - ry on heav-en's shore.
I'm com - ing on the clouds with pow-er, To take my bride for - ev - er home.

CHORUS.



Be read - y, watching, oh be read - y, I'm com-ing soon, I'm coming soon;

I'll steal a - way my bride so swift - ly, To sit down with me in my throne.

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78 The Baptized Christian.

Mrs. M. E. Hubbard. S. D. K.

1. I saw a baptized Christian, Go sing-ing on his way, Pro - claim - ing
2. I saw him in the noon-tide, The sun was at its height, The Sav - ior
3. His form was like a warrior, His feet were shod with brass; A flint was
4. But they who are not ready, To meet him in the air, Will miss the
5. O glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Let notes of prais-es ring, For wor - thy

Christ is com-ing, Get ready for that day. With lamps all trimmed and burning, And
was his shel - ter Je - ho-vah was his might; His face was filled with rapture; A
in His fore-head, He cried no com-pro-mise. He spoke the Spirit's message In
glo - rious rapt-ure Of sing-ing o-ver there. And those who do not tar - ry For
wor - thy, wor - thy; Is Christ the coming King, He is my pre-cious Ish - i; The

vessels filled with oil, Be-hold the Bridegroom cometh, To end our days of toil.
light was in His eye; A pan - op-ly of glo - ry A-wait-ed Him on high.
tongues of unknown birth That Christ was surely coming To reign again on earth.
pen-te-cost-al grace, Will nev-er share with Je-sus The Bride's appointed place.
Bridegroom of my soul; I'll nev - er cease to praise Him, While endless ages roll.

Chorus.

Then shout the vic - to - ry, Shout the vic - to - ry,

Shout the vic - ro - ry, We'll meet Him in the air.

By permission.

79 One Little Hour.

L. R. 2 Cor. 2: 4-17. SARAH L. SQUIRE.

1. One lit - tle hour for watching with the Mas-ter; E - ter - nal years to
2. One lit - tle hour to suf - fer scorn and loss-es; E - ter - nal years be-
3. One lit - tle hour for wea - ry toils and tri - als; E - ter - nal years for
4. Then, souls, be brave and watch un-til the mor-row; A - wake, a - rise, your

walk with Him in white, One lit - tle hour to brave-ly meet dis-as - ter;
yond earth's cruel frowns, One lit - tle hour to car - ry heav - y cross-es;
calm and peaceful rest, One lit - tle hour for pa-tient self-de - ni - als;
lamps of purpose trim, Your Sav-ior speaks a - cross the night of sor-row;

CHORUS.

E - ter - nal years to reign with Him in light.
E - ter - nal years to wear un - fad - ing crowns. Lift up your heads, ye
E - ter - nal years of life where life is blest.
Can ye not watch one lit - tle hour with Him?

friends of Je-sus; For when He comes He'll wipe a - way all tears; Fling to the
winds all pain and sor - row; For we shall reign with Him a thousand years.

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This Same Jesus.

T. H. THORO HARRIS.

1. This same Je-sus is com - ing back a - gain, To gath-er home His
2. At His com-ing the din of war shall cease, O'er all the land join
3. Hal - le - lu - jah! let all cre - a - tion sing; O'er all the earth let

ran - somed ones And o'er the na - tions reign for - ev - er;
heart and hand In bands of ev - er - last - ing peace; all
songs burst forth; Ye an - gels, crown Him King for - ev - er;

Shout the tid - ings o'er ev - 'ry hill and plain: Our bless - ed Lord is
Pow'r and glo - ry shall to our God be giv'n, By all who dwell in
Hal - le - lu - jah! let wait - ing saints re-joice To wel-come Him with

D.S.-*Shout the ti-dings o'er ev -'ry hill and plain: Our bless - ed Lord is*

FINE. REFRAIN.

coming back a - gain.
earth or high-est heav'n. This same Je - sus, the ver - y same Je - sus,
tune-ful heart and voice.

com-ing back a - gain.

D. S.

The won-der-work-ing Jesus shall o'er the na-tions reigns for - ev - er;

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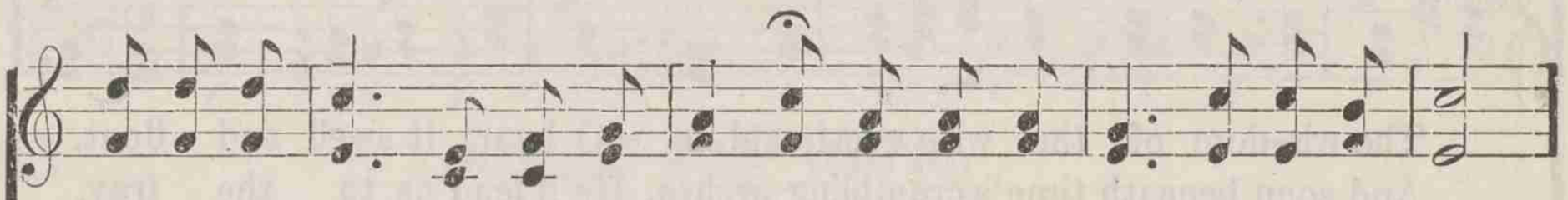
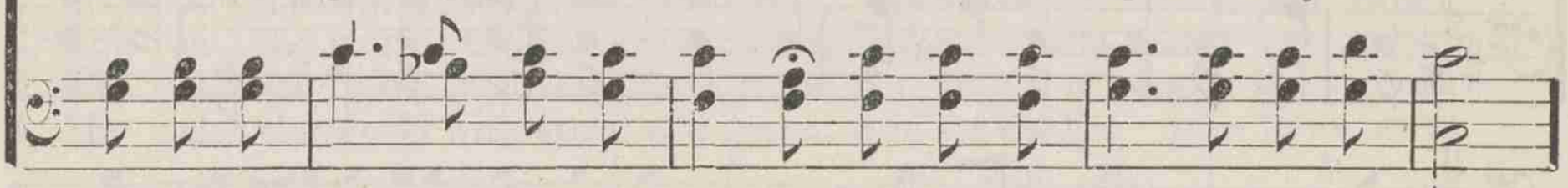
81 A Thousand Years.

S. L. S. Arr. by SARAH L. SQUIRE.

1. A - rise, and shine, ye saints of Zi - on, Hurl to the wind all need-less fears,
2. Go tell the world this wondrous sto-ry, Soon, ver-y soon, the morn ap-pears,
3. A thousand years oh! hal-le - lu - jah! Tell the sin cursed of ev - 'ry race,
4. A thousand years oh! glo-ry, glo - ry, Each of its days a thousand years.



For the great King our blessed Sav - ior, Says we shall reign a thousand years.
He who unfurled the blood-stain'd banner, Says we shall reign a thousand years.
Je-sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun Ris - es, and shows its shin - ing face.
Sorrow and sigh - ing gone for - ev - er, For He shall wipe a - way all tears.



CHORUS.

Arise, and blow the gos - pel trum-pet, Yes, and be sure each sin-ner hears;

Tell the sin cursed of ev - 'ry na - tion, Ju-bi - lee lasts a thousand years.

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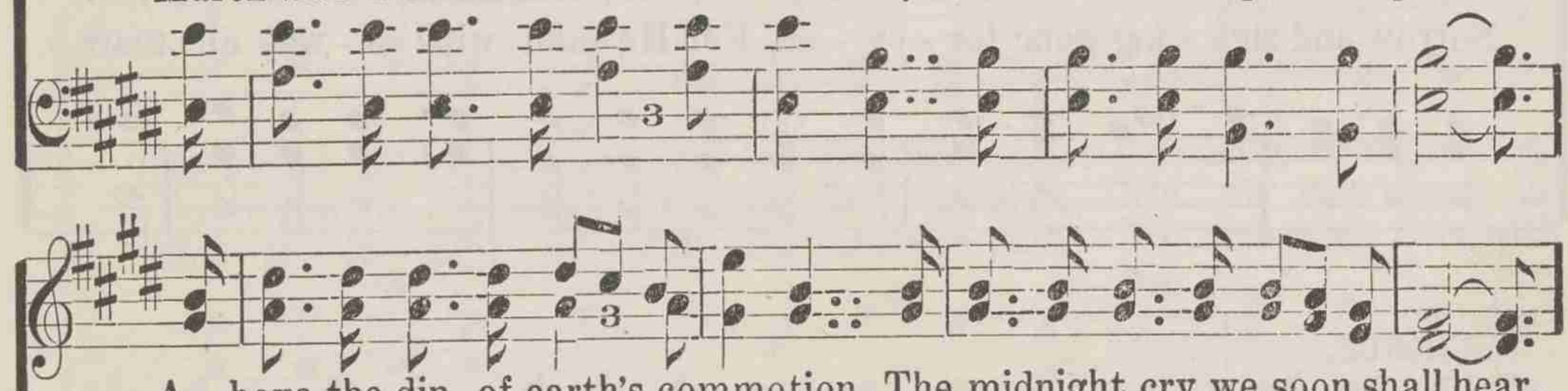
Pentecostal Battle Song.

JOHN T. BODDY. S. D. K.

1. Thro'-out the world today is sounding, God's Pen-te-cost-al bu - gle note,
2. The King of Heaven earthward marches, His feet are in the clouds to-day,
3. Up at the voice of thy com-mand-er, The final con-flict now is on;
4. And by His pow'r all wrongs redressing, He soon will seal the awful fate,
5. Strong in the gospel's full pro-vis-ion, Prepared for that e-vent-ful hour;

The wis-dom of the wise con-found-ing— O hear it swell and float.
And soon beneath time's crumbling arches, He'll lead us to the fray.
No more to creature com-fort's pander, Truth's vict'ry must be won.
Of de - mon hosts a-round us press-ing, Ma - lign-ant in their hate.
March with a bold and firm de - cis - ion, Armed with the Spir-it's pow'r.



A - bove the din of earth's commotion, The midnight cry we soon shall hear,
So-ldiers of Christ prepare for bat-tle; A sound of strife is in the air;
Fear not the foe, but trust thy leader—The Lord of hosts just at thy side,
Press on toward the King's high calling, With love's ambition in thy soul;
The glad and welcome news proclaiming, In ev-'ry land from sea to sea;

A - rise and prove thy love's de-vo - tion— The day of Christ is near.
We smell the smoke and hear the rat - tle, That warns us to pre - pare.
Who comes to win blest in - ter - ce - der— A mil - i - ta - ry bride.
Press on while foes a - round are fall - ing—Press on to-ward the goal.
The conqueror comes in garments flam-ing, To bring earth's ju-bi - lee.

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Pentecostal Battle Song.

CHORUS.

A - rise! a - rise! Ye heirs of glo-ry—The Bridegroom's at the door!

a-rise! a-rise!

Sal-va-tion's glad and bless-ed sto - ry, Pro-claim a-broad once more.

83 Joy to the World.

I. WATTS.

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re - ceive her King,
2. Joy to the world! the Sav - ior reigns, Let men their songs em - ploy;
3. No more let sin and sor - row grow, Nor thorns in - fest the ground,
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na - tions prove

Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room, And heav'n and nature sing, And
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, Repeat the sounding joy, Re-
He comes to make His bless-ings flow, Far as the curse is found, Far
The glo - ries of His right-eous - ness, And wonders of His love, And

And heav'n and na-ture

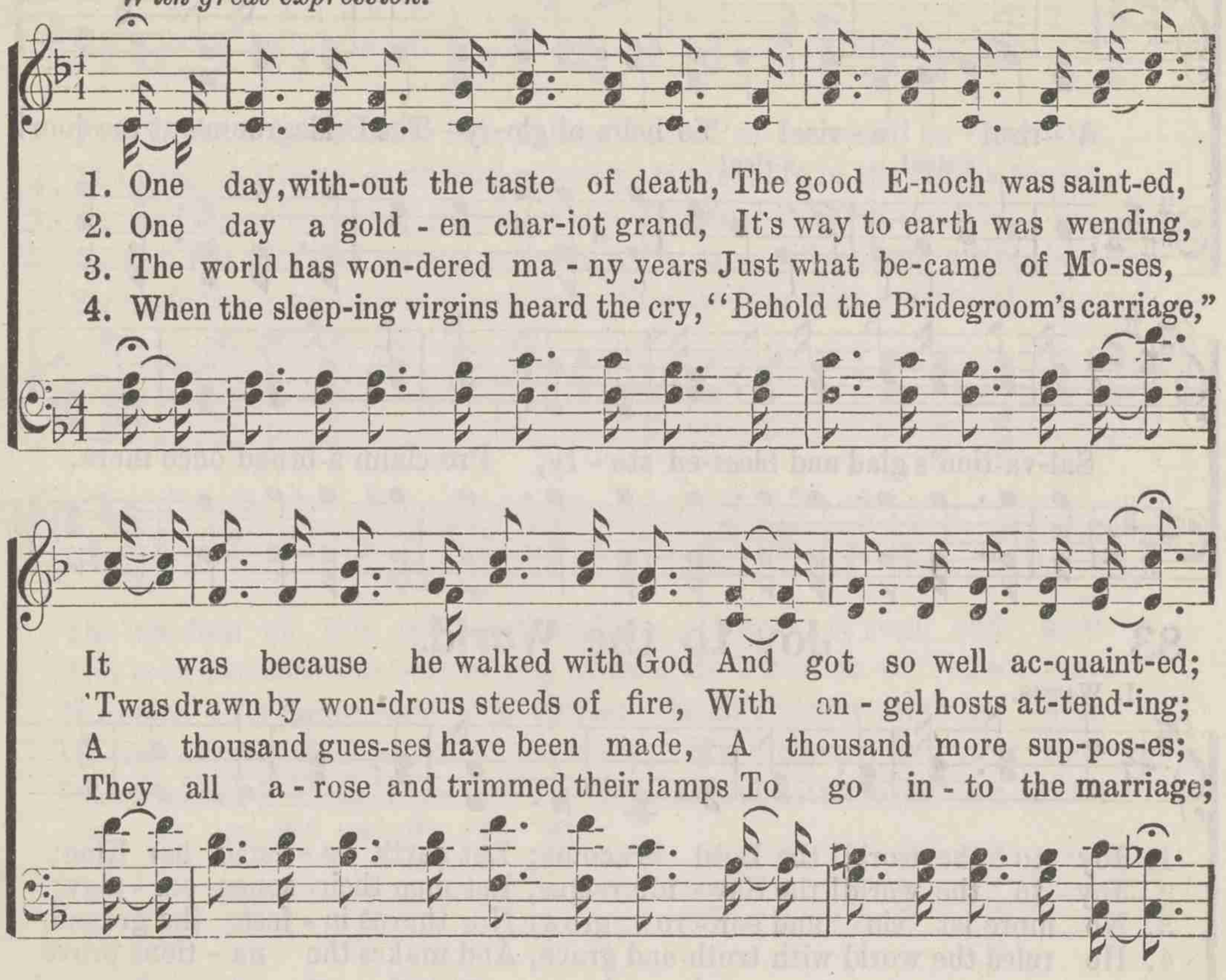
heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n and, heav'n and na - ture sing.
peat the sound-ing joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sound - ing joy.
as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
won-ders of His love, And wonders, and won - ders of His love.

sing, . . . And heav'n and na - ture sing,

The Bridal Procession.

F. E. R. F. E. RIMANOCZY.

With great expression.



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The Bridal Procession.

5 In most of Paul's epistles he
Has very plainly told us
That soon this old terrestrial sphere
Won't have the power to hold us;
The Lord Himself, with might shall come,
Whom God is now detaining,
The dead in Christ shall be raised first,
Then those alive, remaining.

6 So weigh these matters well, dear friends,
And heed this admonition,
Don't waste your precious time in sin,
Nor with your vain ambition;
But put the wedding garments on,
For the day of God is nearing,
And the crown of life is just for those
Who love the Lord's appearing.

85

The Marriage Supper.

"Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb."—Rev. 19: 9.

F. E. R. F. E. RIMANOCZY.

With great expression.

1. I'm in - vit - ed to a sup - per, 'Tis a mar-riage feast and grand,
2. First the Lord Him-self with might-y shout, And thund'ring bu - gle blast,
3. I can see I - saiah and A - bra-ham, With flowing garments white,
4. In the back-ground myriad an - gels sit, With shin-ing harps of gold,

'Tis the great - est of all ban-quets, Ev - er known on sea or land;
Will an-nounce, "the feast is read - y," Lo, the Bridegroom's come at last;
And I - saac, Job and Dan - iel there, All crowned with heav'nly light;
And the rapturous mu - sic which they make, In words can - not be told;

There will be a count-less host of guests, The Bridegroom and the Bride,
Then the wait - ing saints of earth shall rise, With thrill-ing hearts of love,
There are Mo - ses and E - li - jah, Paul, And Je - ri - mi - ah, too,
'Tis a song of won-drous maj - es - ty, Their swelling voic - es sing,

cres. ..... *ff*

And all who to this sup - per go, On shin - ing clouds shall ride.
And in one grand pro-ces - sion go, To the ban-quet hall a - bove.
And all the faith - ful martyrs, Who un - to the death were true.
While the hal - le - lu - jahs of the saints, Make all the heav-en's ring.

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The Marriage Supper.

CHORUS.

5 Hark! a holy stillness now ensues,
The angel songs are ceased,
While a heavenly grace is being asked,
Upon this wondrous feast;
See, the Man with visage marred but sweet,
With scars upon His hands,
Invokes the Father's blessing,
As with outstreched arms He stands.

6 When the Bridegroom drops those blessed hands,
And says the last "Amen,"
The saints respond with one accord,
And the angels sing again;
"Glory, glory be to Him whose blood
Hath washed us from our sins,"
And 'midst the splendors of the scene,
The marriage feast begins.

(Omit chorus between last two verses.)

The Pentecost Banner.

S. D. K. S. D. K.

1. The pen - te - cost ban - ner, A - far let it wave; A sig - nal to
2. With blood-drops'tis spangled, And sym-bols are there, Of Je - sus all
3. Its folds are a text - ure Like sor-row and love, With gold and silk
4. So roy - al a stand - ard of Dav - id's own heir Shall nev - er be

sin - ners, He's a - ble to save; The flag of the might-y, Fling
man - gled Our an - guish to share; 'Tis striped with the rain - bow Of
mix-ture—The sign of the dove; 'Tis pur - ple and az - ure, The
slandered—Let no trait - or dare; Bright Star of the Morn - ing Shall

high in the skies; A - pen - nant so sight - ly, May none com-pro-mise.
His bless - ed grace, And light - ed with sun - glow From His match - less face.
col - ors of one In - dit - ing the pleas - ure Of Je - sus the Son.
sig - nal the fight And shed near and a - far Its shim-mer - ing light.

CHORUS.

O flag of the might - y, O flag of the free; En - sign of the
Spir - it And blood shed for me. O flag of our Sav - ior We'll

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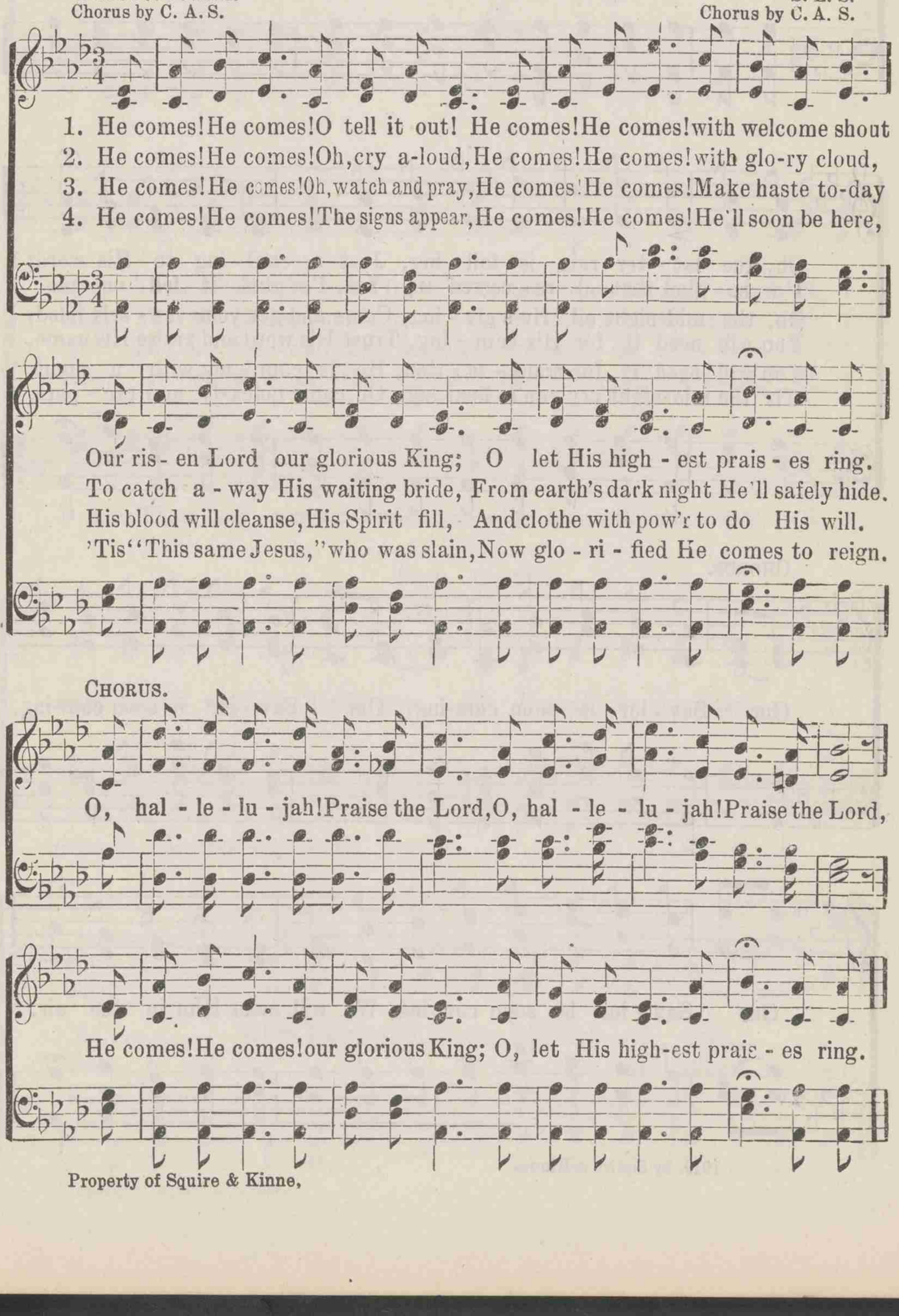
The Pentecost Banner.

87 Behold He Cometh.

WILBUR J. POWELL.
Chorus by C. A. S.

S. L. S.
Chorus by C. A. S.



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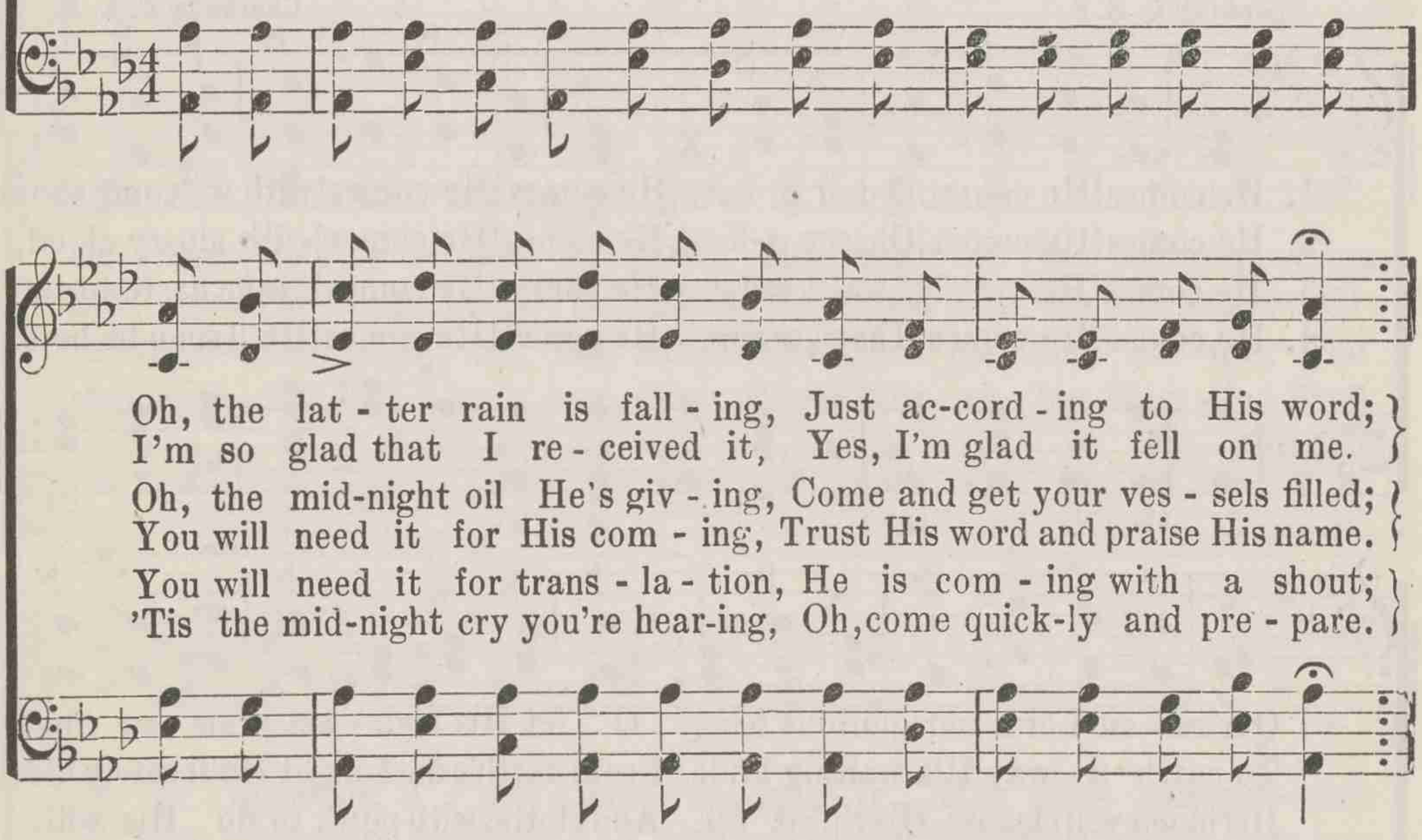
88

Our Lord is Soon Coming.

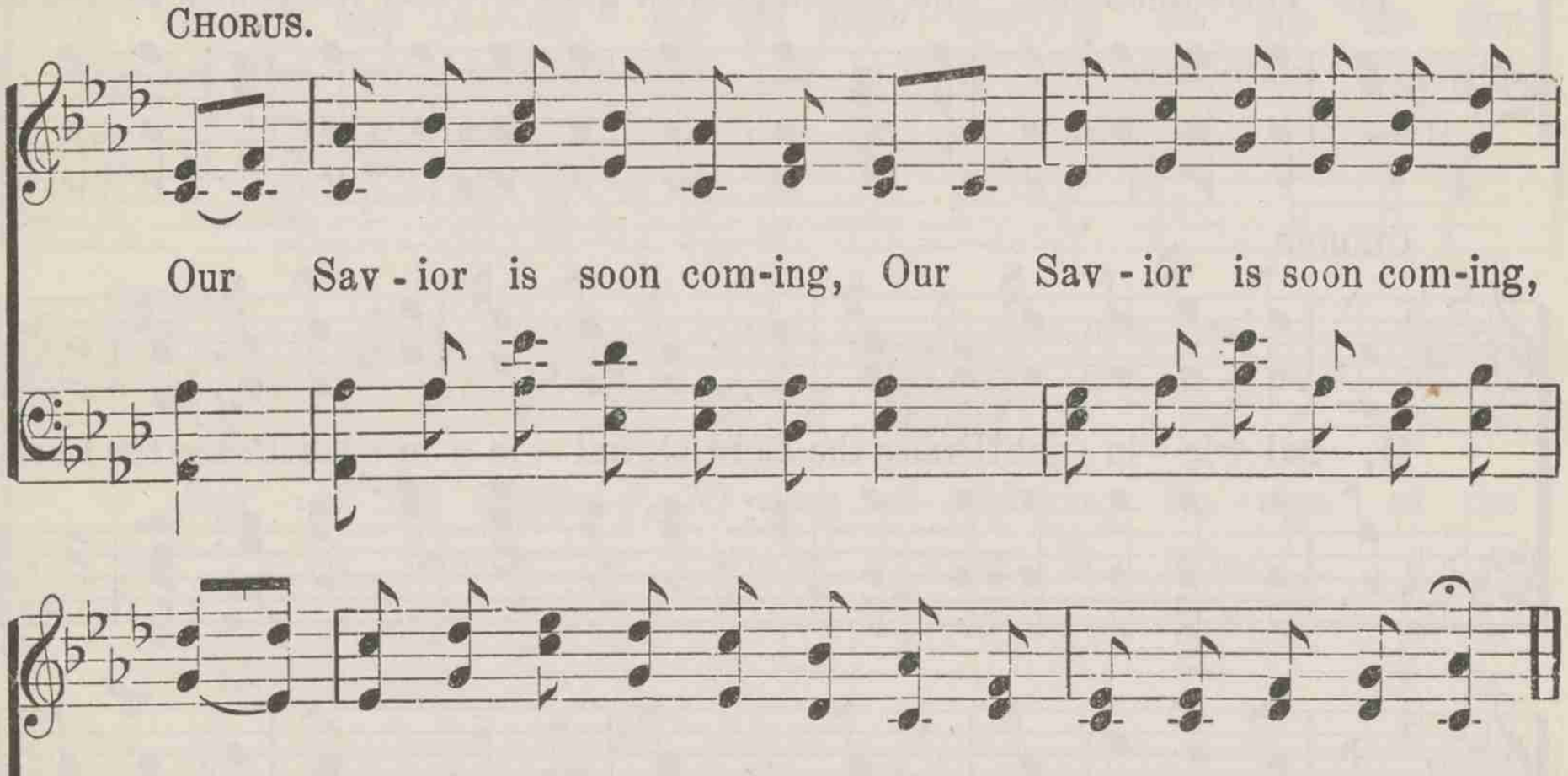
W. B. GRAVES and S. D. K. S. L. S.

1. Oh, the lat - ter rain is fall - ing, Oh, the lat - ter rain is fall-ing,
   I'm so glad that I re-ceived it, I'm so glad that I re-ceived it,
2. Oh, the mid-night oil He's giv - ing Oh, the mid - night oil He's giv - ing,
   You will need it for His com - ing, You will need it for His com - ing,
3. You will need it for trans - la - tion, You will need it for trans-la - tion,
   'Tis the mid-night cry you're hear-ing, 'Tis the mid-night cry you're hearing,



Oh, the lat - ter rain is fall - ing, Just ac-cord - ing to His word;
I'm so glad that I re - ceived it, Yes, I'm glad it fell on me.
Oh, the mid-night oil He's giv - ing, Come and get your ves - sels filled;
You will need it for His com - ing, Trust His word and praise His name.
You will need it for trans - la - tion, He is com - ing with a shout;
'Tis the mid-night cry you're hear-ing, Oh, come quick-ly and pre - pare.

CHORUS.



Our Sav - ior is soon com-ing, Our Sav - ior is soon com-ing,

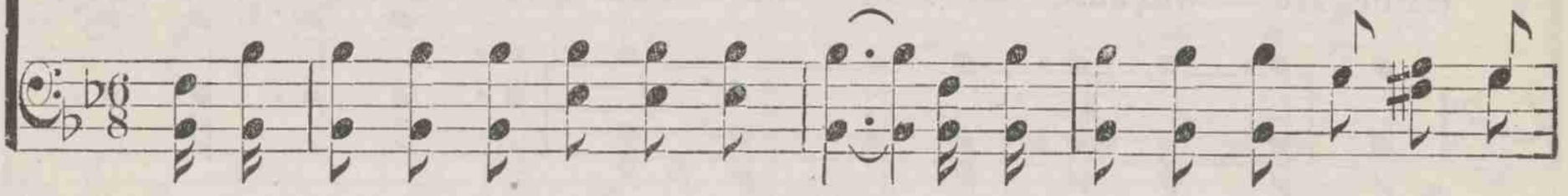
Our Sav - ior is soon com-ing, We will meet Him in the air.

1910, by Squire & Kinne.

89 I Want to be Ready, Don't you.

L. B. C. Miss LETTIE B. COLLVER.

1. Soon the Sav-ior is com - ing a - gain, Coming on - ly for those who are
2. Yes, the Spir - it is speak-ing to - day, Thro' the saints and He bids us be
3. Oh, then let us seek God's ver-y best, And we know that He'll see us safe
4. When He comes, oh, what rapture 'twill be, All earth's scenes will be lost to our



true, Those who read - y are found when the trum-pet shall sound, Oh, I
true, That the Bridegroom is near ver - y soon He'll ap - pear, Oh, I
thro', Tho' the luke-warm may sneer and the test be se - vere, Still I
view, If we meet in the air and His glo - ries we share, Oh, I

D.S.—*Whose gar - ments are white and whose lamps all burn bright, Oh, I*

FINE. CHORUS.

want to be read - y, don't you. Oh, I want to be read - y, I
be
want to be read - y, don't you.

D. S.

do,..... When He cometh for the faith-ful and true;.....
read-y I do, the faith-ful and true;

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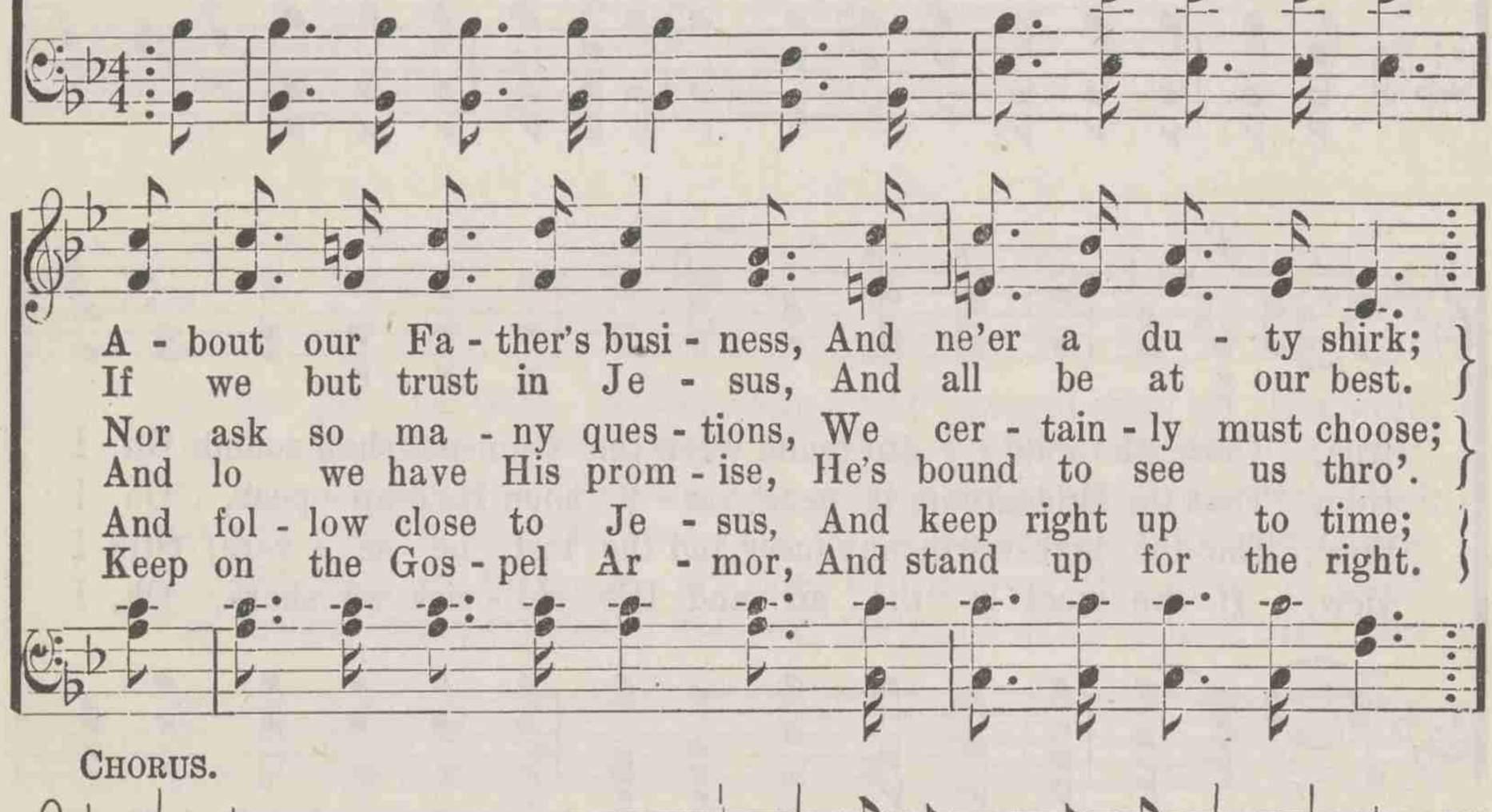
90 God's Pentecostal Army.

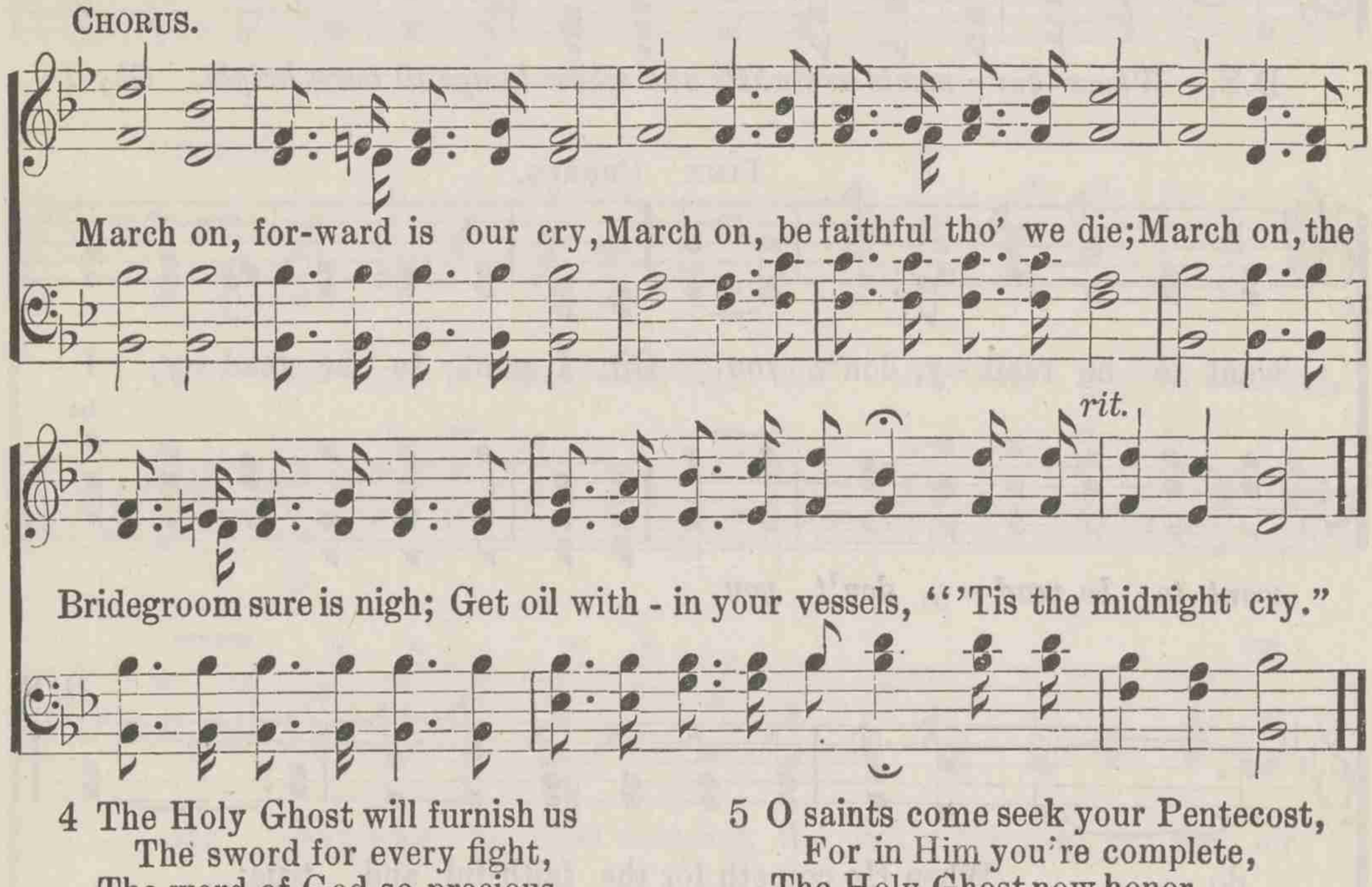
P. B. Mrs. Pearl Bowen.

1. The day has come, dear pil - grim, When we must be at work,
   Tho' fierce may be the con - flict, We'll sure - ly stand the test,
2. O saints of God, get read - y, We have no time to lose,
   O do not let us com-pro-mise, For Je - sus wants us true;
3. O grand will be the ar - my, If we but step in line,
   For He will sure - ly lead us Safe thro' the thick - est fight,



A - bout our Fa - ther's busi - ness, And ne'er a du - ty shirk;
If we but trust in Je - sus, And all be at our best.
Nor ask so ma - ny ques - tions, We cer - tain - ly must choose;
And lo we have His prom - ise, He's bound to see us thro'.
And fol - low close to Je - sus, And keep right up to time;
Keep on the Gos - pel Ar - mor, And stand up for the right.

Chorus.



March on, for-ward is our cry, March on, be faithful tho' we die; March on, the

Bridegroom sure is nigh; Get oil with - in your vessels, "'Tis the midnight cry."

4 The Holy Ghost will furnish us
The sword for every fight,
The word of God so precious,
The shield of faith so bright;
The God of love above us,
His Son stands at the head,
Let us be His true soldiers,
We've nothing now to dread.

5 O saints come seek your Pentecost,
For in Him you're complete,
The Holy Ghost now honor,
Or we will have defeat;
For He has been so faithful
In giving us this light,
Come, give Him full possession,
He'll make your life so bright.

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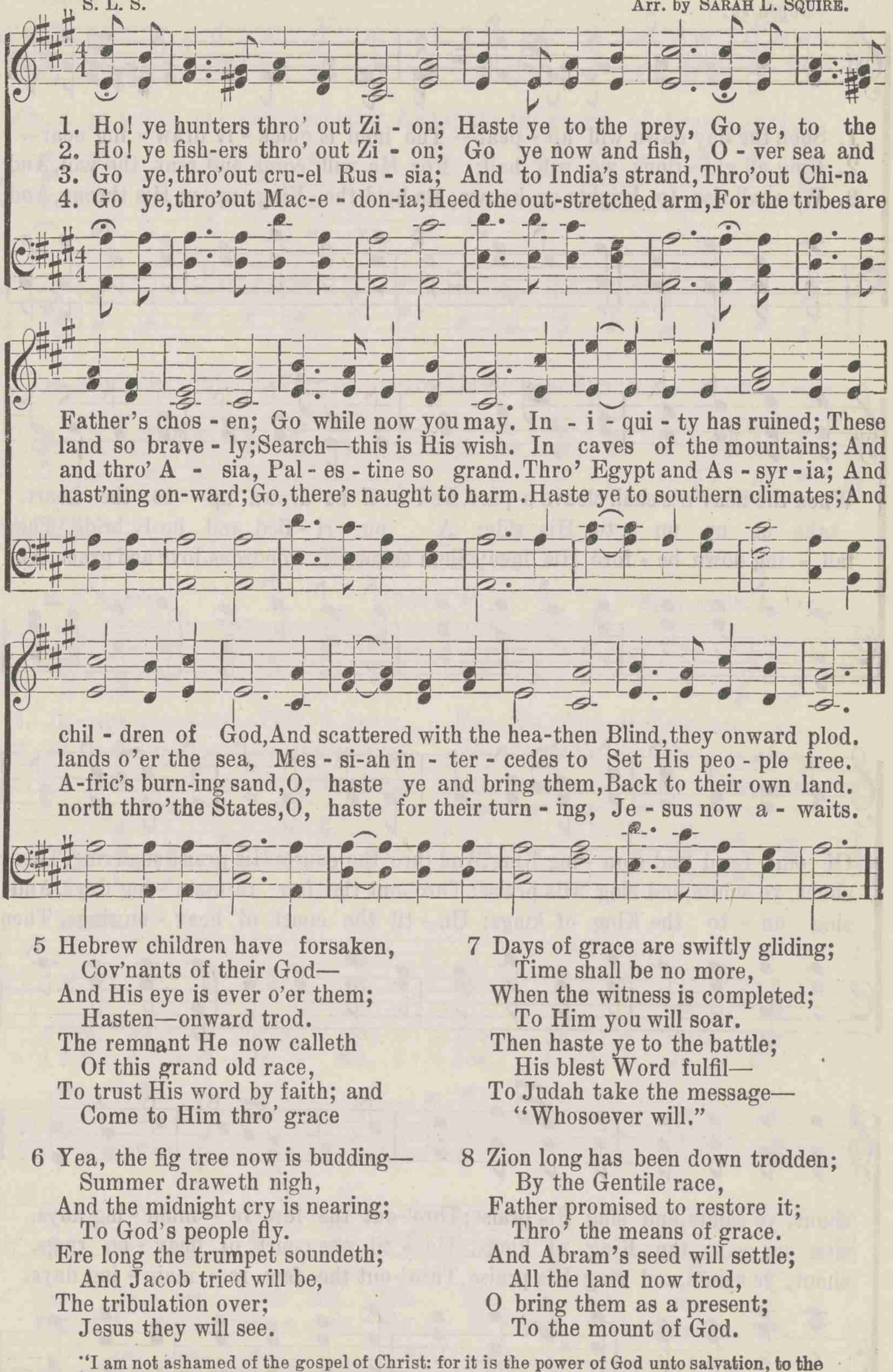
91 Go ye, to Israel.

"Publish ye, and say, O Lord, save Thy people, the remnant of Israel."—Jer. 31: 7. "As for me, God forbid that I should sin against the Lord in ceasing to pray for you."—1 Sam. 12: 23.

S. L. S. Arr. by SARAH L. SQUIRE.



5 Hebrew children have forsaken,
Cov'nants of their God—
And His eye is ever o'er them;
Hasten—onward trod.
The remnant He now calleth
Of this grand old race,
To trust His word by faith; and
Come to Him thro' grace

6 Yea, the fig tree now is budding—
Summer draweth nigh,
And the midnight cry is nearing;
To God's people fly.
Ere long the trumpet soundeth;
And Jacob tried will be,
The tribulation over;
Jesus they will see.

7 Days of grace are swiftly gliding;
Time shall be no more,
When the witness is completed;
To Him you will soar.
Then haste ye to the battle;
His blest Word fulfil—
To Judah take the message—
"Whosoever will."

8 Zion long has been down trodden;
By the Gentile race,
Father promised to restore it;
Thro' the means of grace.
And Abram's seed will settle;
All the land now trod,
O bring them as a present;
To the mount of God.

"I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation, to the Jew first and also to tne Gentiles."—Rom. 1: 11.
Isa. 16: 16-17. 43: 6. 18: 7. Ezek. 36: 24. Jer. 30: 4-9.

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The Bridal Song.

WM. H. DURHAM. SARAH L. SQUIRE.

Joyfully.

1. Soon the day dawn will ap - pear— The hour is quick - ly draw - ing near—
2. King all glo - rious we will hail: For He will come and rent the vail, And
3. We shall rise to heights un-known; Be-hold the King up-on His throne, And

When the heav'n's shall cleave a-part, And we'll be drawn up to the heart.
take us up un - to His side; A pu - ri - fied and ho-ly bride. Then
fall - ing down be - fore His face; Shall shout His wondrous love and grace, And

Of our Lord and com - ing King, And thro' the courts His praise shall ring, Then
shout, ye saints, and sing His praise; Thro'-out the few re-main - ing days, And
sing un - to the King of kings; Un - til the court of heav - en rings, Then

shout, ye saints, and sing His praise; Thro'-out the few re - main - ing days.
sing un - to the King of kings; Un - til the court of heav - en rings.
shout, ye saints, and sing His praise, Thro'-out the few re - main - ing days.

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The Bridal Song.

CHORUS.

Shout, ye saints, re - joice!and sing; And make the courts of heav - en ring,

Yea,shout His praise till He ap - pears;Then praise Him thro' e - ter-nal years.

CHILDREN.

93

Jesus Saves.

M. E. SQUIRE. Jno. 3: 16. MARGARET E. SQUIRE.

1. Je - sus saves me—This I know, For the Spis - it Tells me so.
2. Je - sus keeps me By His pow'r— He is with me Ev - 'ry hour.
3. Je - sus loves me—He will guide, Up to heav - en By His side.

CHORUS.

{ Yes, Je - sus loves me, Yes, Je - sus loves me,
{ Yes, I love Je - sus, Yes, I love Je - sus,

Yes, Je - sus loves me, His Spir - it tells me so;
Yes, I love Je - sus, My Je - sus first loved me. }

Owned by Margaret E. Squire.

94 Little Children Can be True.

F. E. H. "Suffer little children to come unto me." Mrs. F. E. Hill.

1. Lit - tle chil - dren Christ can save, 'Twas for them His life He gave,
2. Lit - tle chil - dren can al - way, Love the Sav - ior, watch and pray,
3. Lit - tle chil - dren can be kind, And pa - pa and mam-ma mind,
4. Lit - tle chil - dren can be glad, Not be gloom-y, nor be sad,

All thy sins He can for - give, Wilt thou come and for Him live?
Love their classmates and at play, Live for Je - sus ev - 'ry day.
Then the Sav - ior they shall find, Will them clos - er to Him bind.
Not get pout - y, or get mad, Christ will cleanse a - way the bad.

Chorus.

Lit - tle chil - dren can be true, Serve the Lord and praise Him too,

Do His will the whole day thro' Just as well as - old folks do.

5 Little children He can heal,
Of all pain and make them well,
Then how happy they do feel,
And how glad the news to tell.

6 Little children can do right,
For the Savior boldly fight,
In the worship take a part,
Serve the Lord with all their heart.

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95 Ever Onward.

F. E. H. "Speak to the children that they go forward." Mrs. F. E. Hill.

1. We are march-ing on-ward day by day, Work-ing, toil - ing in the ho - ly way, Christ our Sav - ior, leads the band a - long, We shall con-quer sin and o - ver - throw the wrong.
2. Marching on, O, joy - ful - ly we sing, To our Sav - ior, pre - cious ones we bring, He will save them, make them glad and free, By His Spir - it as He did for you and me. We are march-ing up-ward strong and brave, With His banner o'er us, ours to wave; Children, pure and stain-less, hold it high, Lit - tle sol-diers for our Je - sus, you and I.
3. Marching up-ward, gathering jew - els bright, Shin-ing, sparkling, like the stars of night, Fac - es smil - ing ev - 'ry day and hour, Kept from sin and sad - ness by His won-drous pow'r.
4. We are grow - ing strong-er ev - 'ry day, Watching, pray-ing we may nev - er stray, Ev - er on - ward is our bat - tle cry, We shall reign with Christ for-ev - er up on high.

Chorus.

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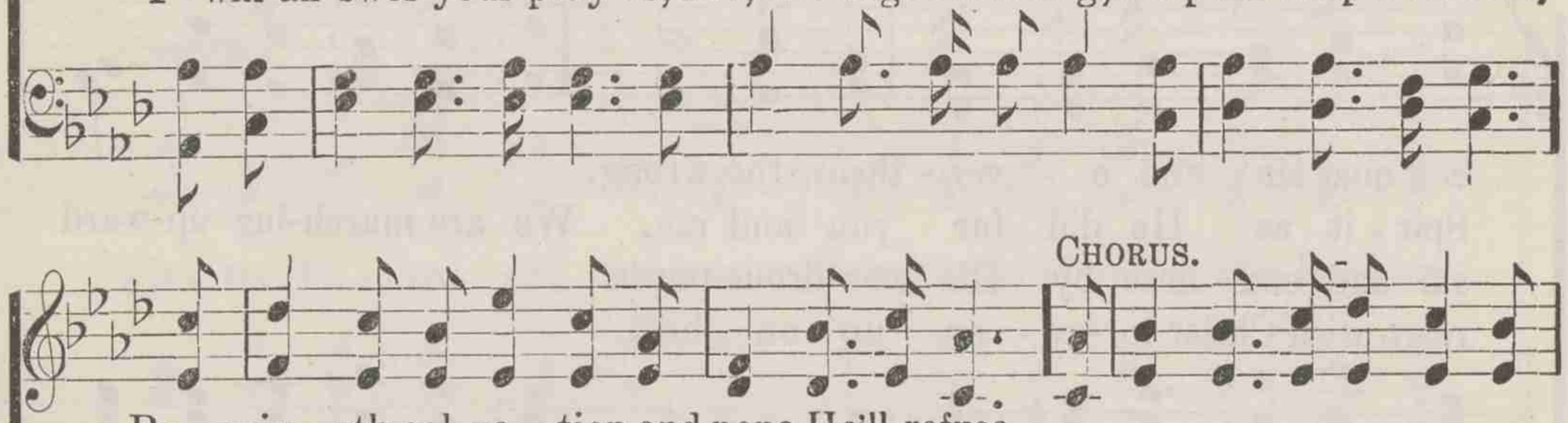
The Commission.

C- A. S. Mark 16: 14-18. C. A. SQUIRE.

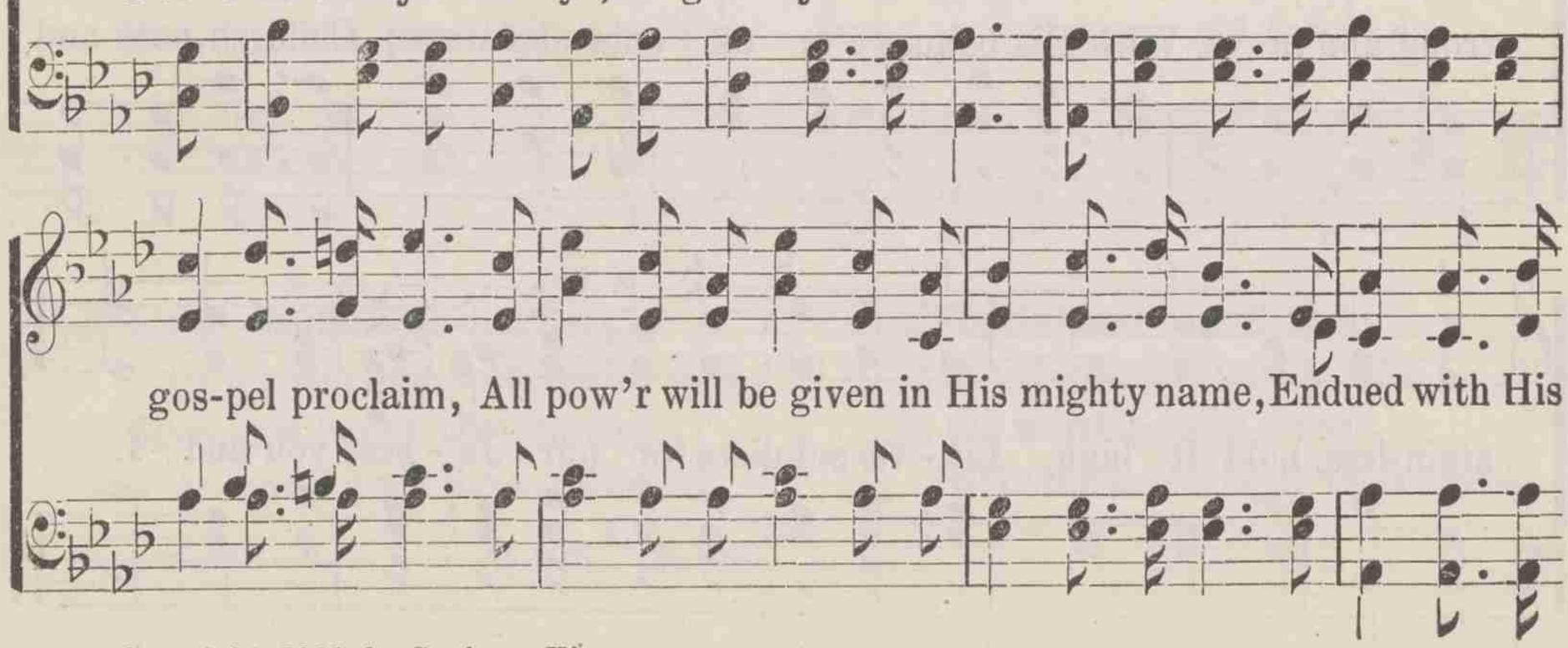
1. Go ye, to all na - tions the gos - pel to preach, Our Lord's last command
2. Be sure you are fit - ted this gos - pel to bear, O hear it my broth-
3. Yes, wait till en-dued then with pow'r from on high, O - bey, all sur-ren-
4. This boun-ti - ful treas-ure to us He has giv'n, As He did give prom-
5. We find the com-mis-sion in Mark does proclaim, You shall cast out dev-
6. No hurt come from poison, He plain - ly declares, Lay hands up - on sick—

then o - bey we be-seech, For he that be-liev-eth proclaim the glad news—
er, be saved from despair, For Je - sus said, "tarry" why don't you be-lieve,
dered without one faint sigh, All pu - ri - fied waiting, your faifh He'll inspire,
ise when He went to heav'n, He'll lead in - to all truth, O hear it to - day,
ils in Je-sus' blest name, And speaking with new tongues we also find here,
I will an-swer your pray'rs, Yes, all things observing, the path keep I've trod,



CHORUS.

Re - ceiv - eth sal-va - tion and none He'll refuse.
The Ho-ly Ghost promised, you must then receive. Commissioned from Jesus, the
And flood your whole being with pen-te-cost fire.
A - bid - ing for - ev - er if we will o - bey.
The sting of the ser-pent is noth - ing to fear.
For I'm with you always, O glo - ry to God.



gos-pel proclaim, All pow'r will be given in His mighty name, Endued with His

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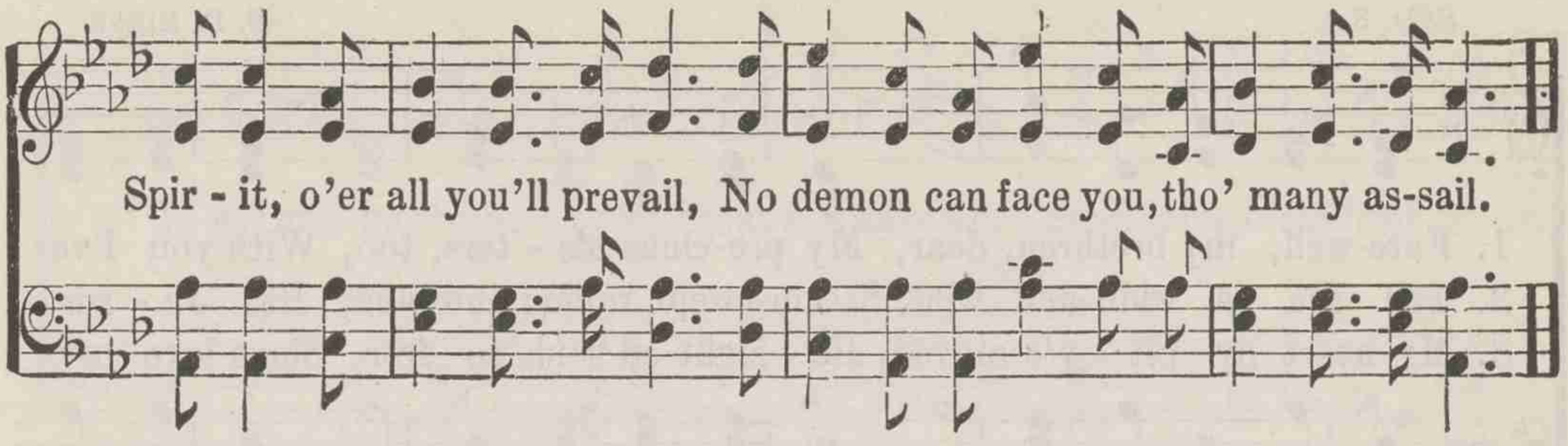
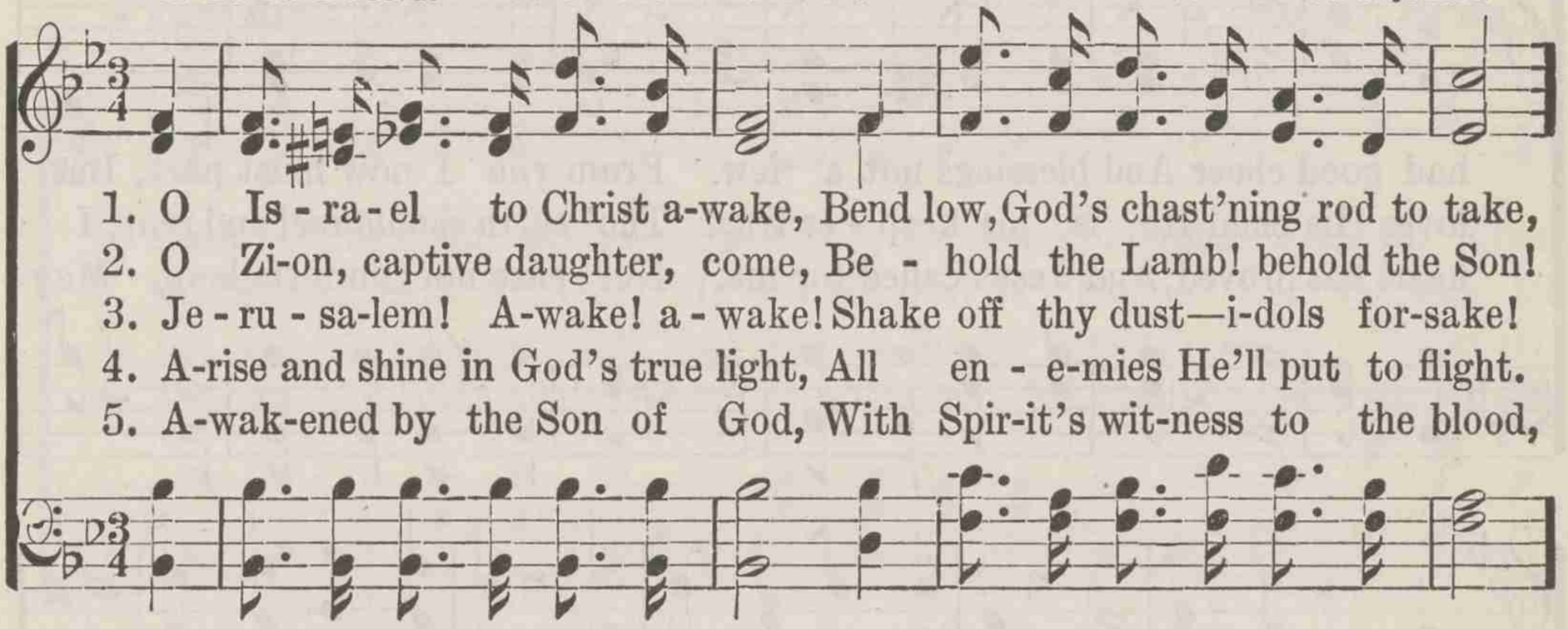
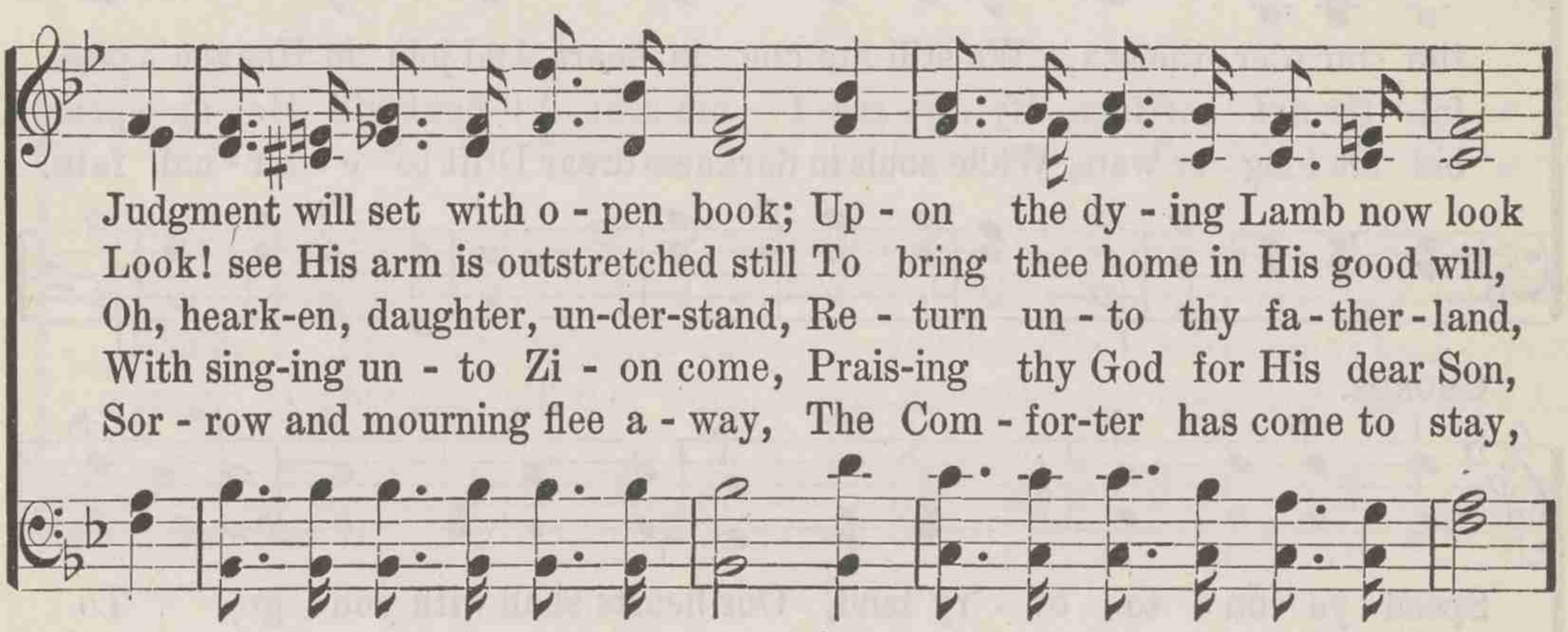
The Commission.

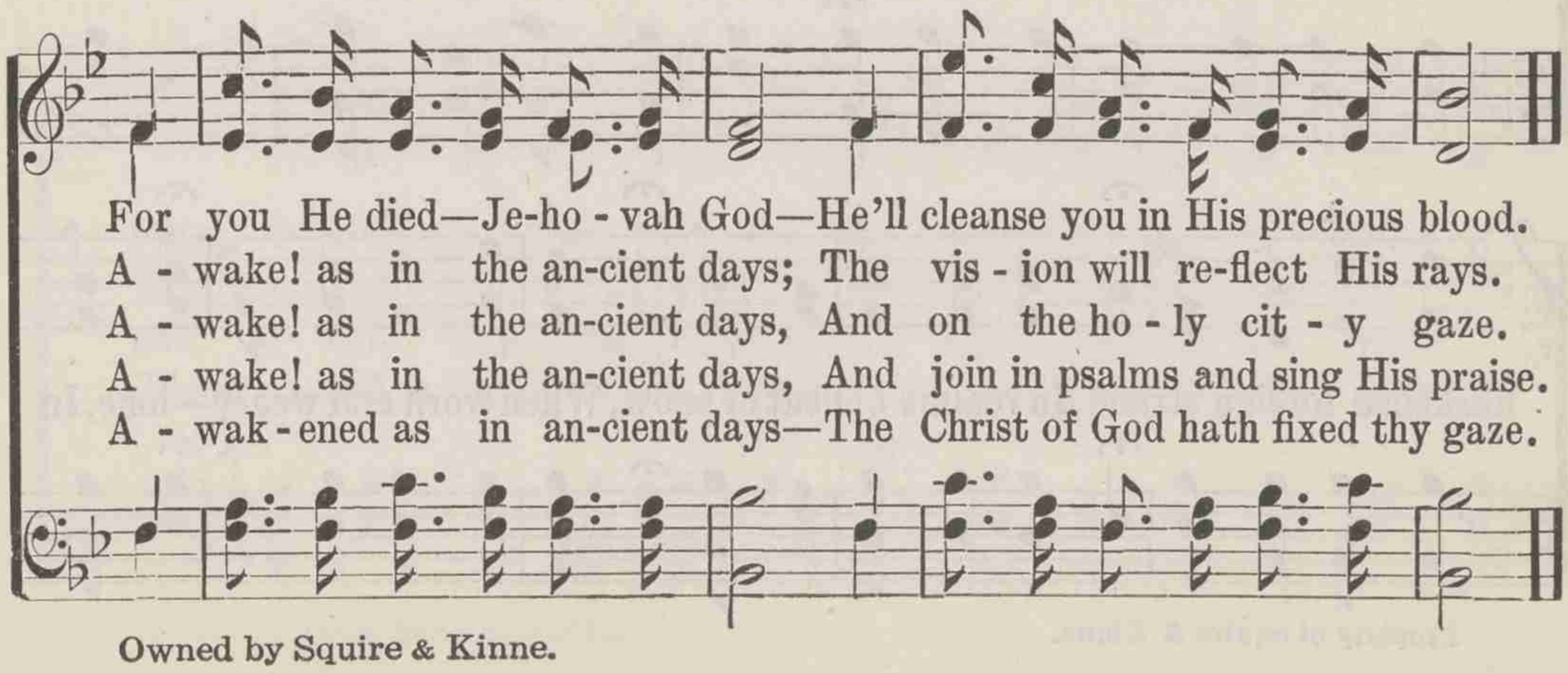


97 God's Call to Israel.

Mrs. R. B. YOUNG. Isa. 51: 9. Isa. 35: 10. Dan. 7: 10. SARAH L. SQUIRE.







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98 Missionary Farewell.

S. D. K. S. D. KINNE.

1. Fare-well, my brethren, dear, My pre-cious sis - ters, too, With you I've had good cheer And blessings not a few. From you I now must part, But
2. The sea is wide and wild, Storm-swept, rolling and blue; But Je - sus loves His child He is my keep - er true. Tho' earth should reel and rent, I
3. My heart by pit - y's moved, Be - night-ed souls to free, Since love my heart has proved, And Jesus called for me. Nor ease nor comforts here, May

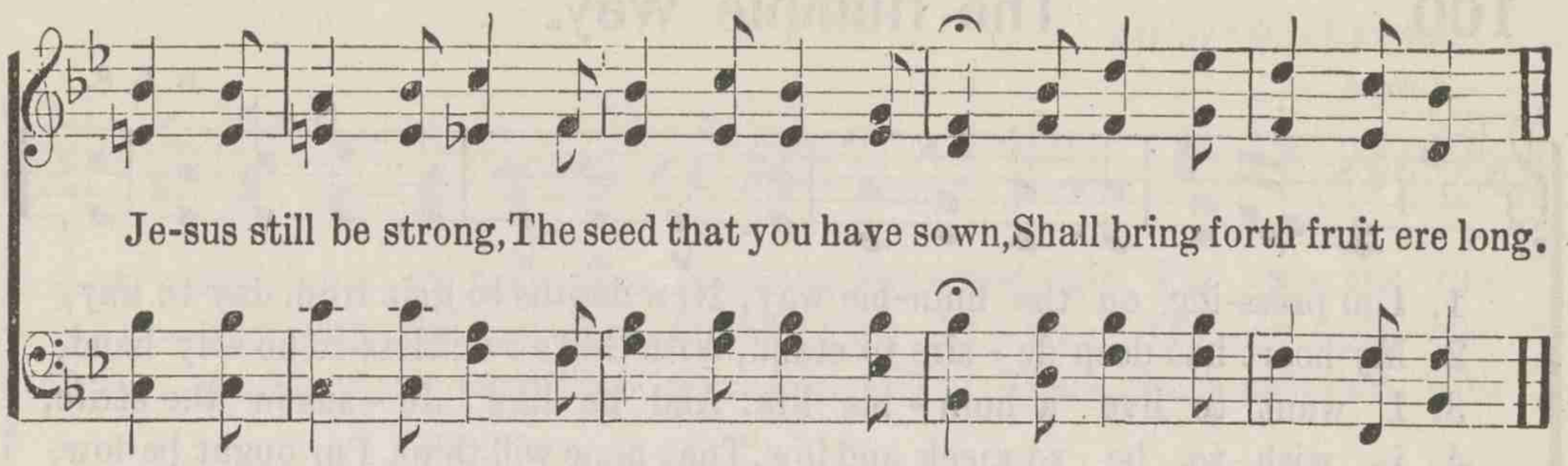
tho' far o'er the sea, We still are one in heart And join in Heaven's plea.
fal - ter not nor fear, By Je - sus I am sent I'll fight till He ap - pear.
bid me long'- er wait, While souls in darkness drear Drift to e - ter - nal fate.

CHORUS.

Speed ye on to ev - 'ry land, Our hearts shall with you go, To darkened foreign strand, In realms of heat or snow, When worn and weary—lone, In

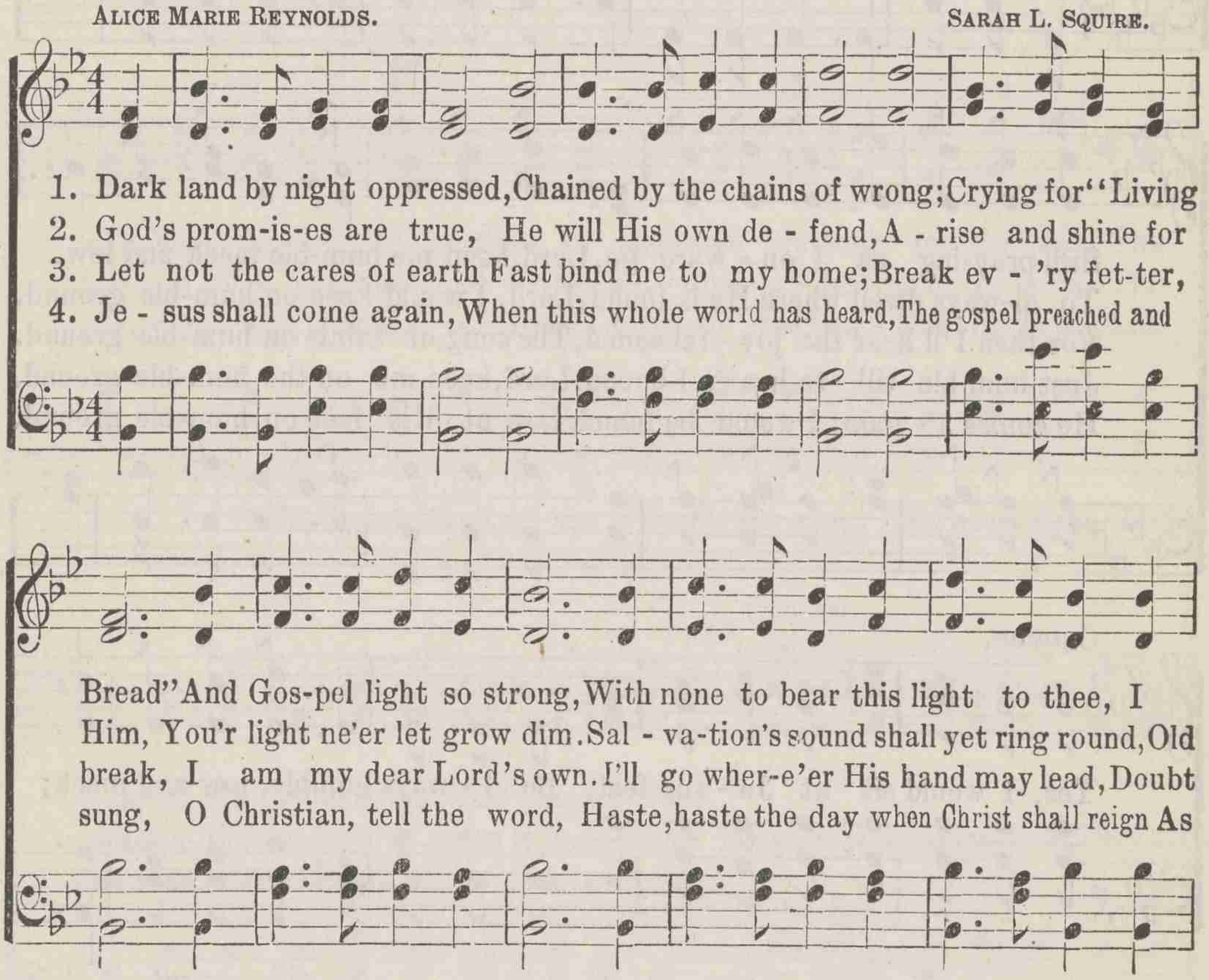
Property of Squire & Kinne.

Missionary Farewell.



99 Salvation for Africa.

ALICE MARIE REYNOLDS. SARAH L. SQUIRE.



Owned by Alice Marie Reynolds.

100 The Humble Way.

A voice. S. L, S.

1. I'm press-ing on the hum-ble way, New depths to gain from day to day,
2. My heart has deep de - sire to stand, With God's own bless-ed ho - ly band,
3. I want to live a hum - ble life, And be like Je - sus in the strife,
4. I wish to be so meek and low, That none will think I'm ought be-low,
5. Yes, I would ev - er in His will, Be hum-ble, serv - ing, for un - til,

Still pray-ing as I on - ward go, Lord, keep me hum-ble meek and low.
To al-ways dwell where He is found, Lord, I would keep on hum-ble ground.
For then I'll hear the joy - ful sound, The song of saints on hum-ble ground.
Just hum-ble till to heav'n I bound, Lord, keep me on the hum-ble ground.
He comes a - gain, I would be found, Low at His feet on hum-ble ground.

CHORUS.

Yes, I would sit at Je - sus feet, Be al - ways humble, low and meek;
A low - er place than I have found, Lord, keep me on the hum-ble ground.

rit.

6 Just to be hid with Christ in God,
As He commands us in His word,
Himself in me to now abound,
Myself all hid and never found.

7 Less than the least of all Thine own,
I would forevermore be known;
The lowliest place that can be found,
Lord, I would occupy that ground.

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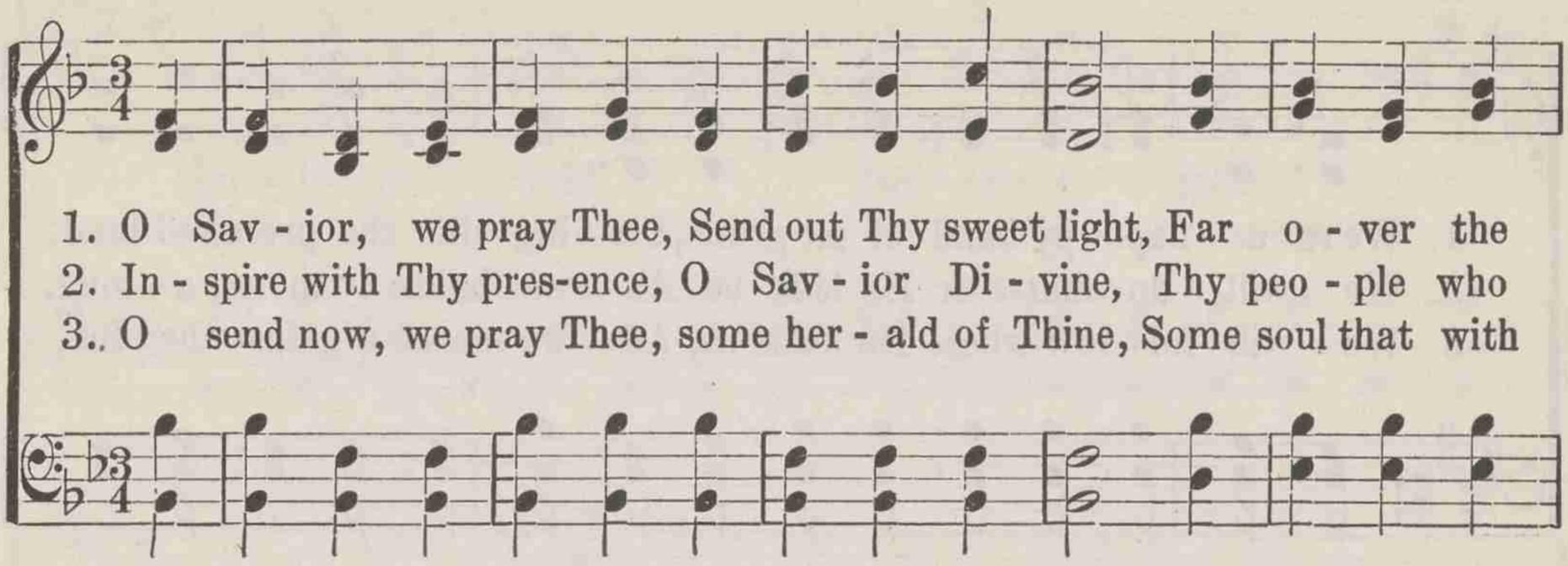
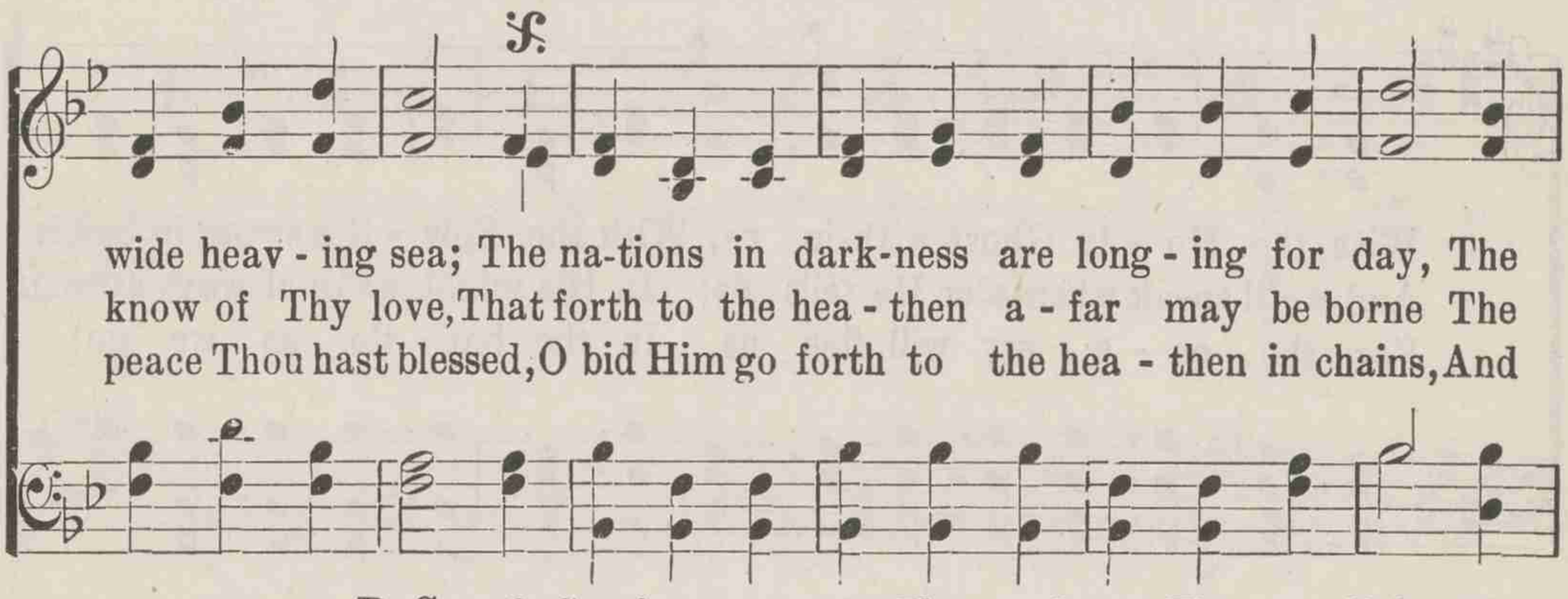
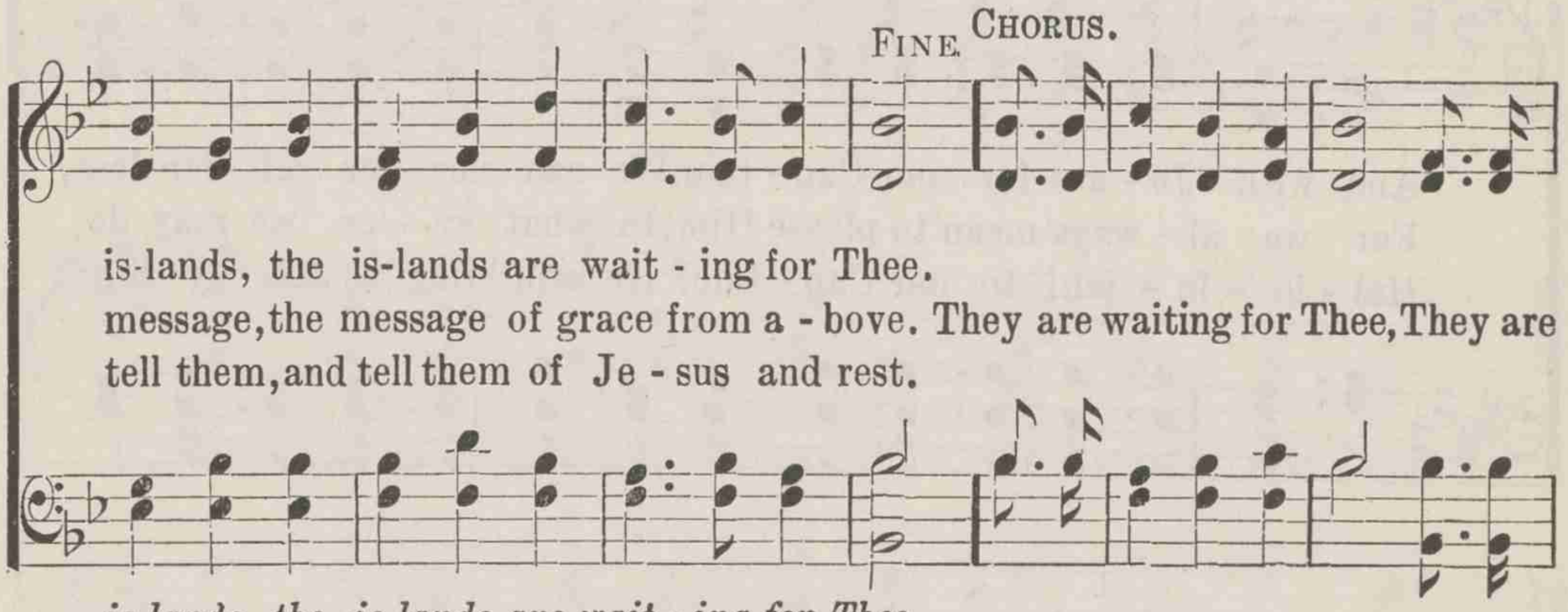
101 The Waiting Isles.

Arr. by ZELLA BEVERLIN.





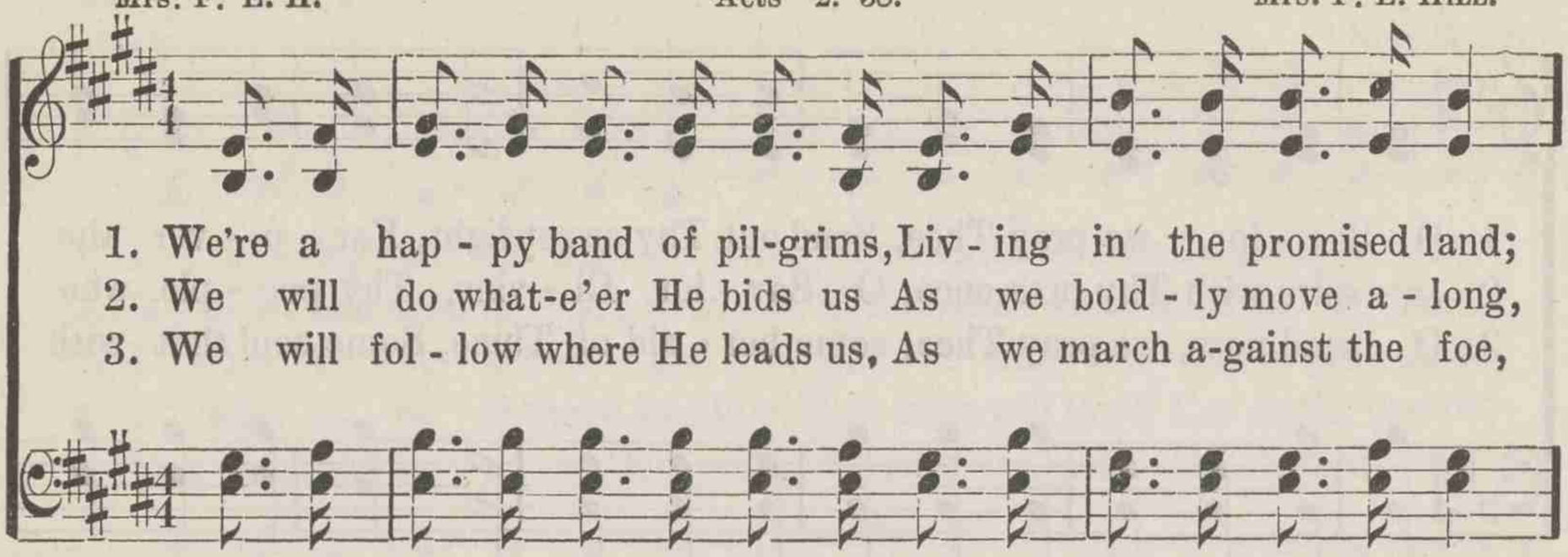
D. S.—*O Sav-ior, we pray Thee, send out Thy sweet light, The*

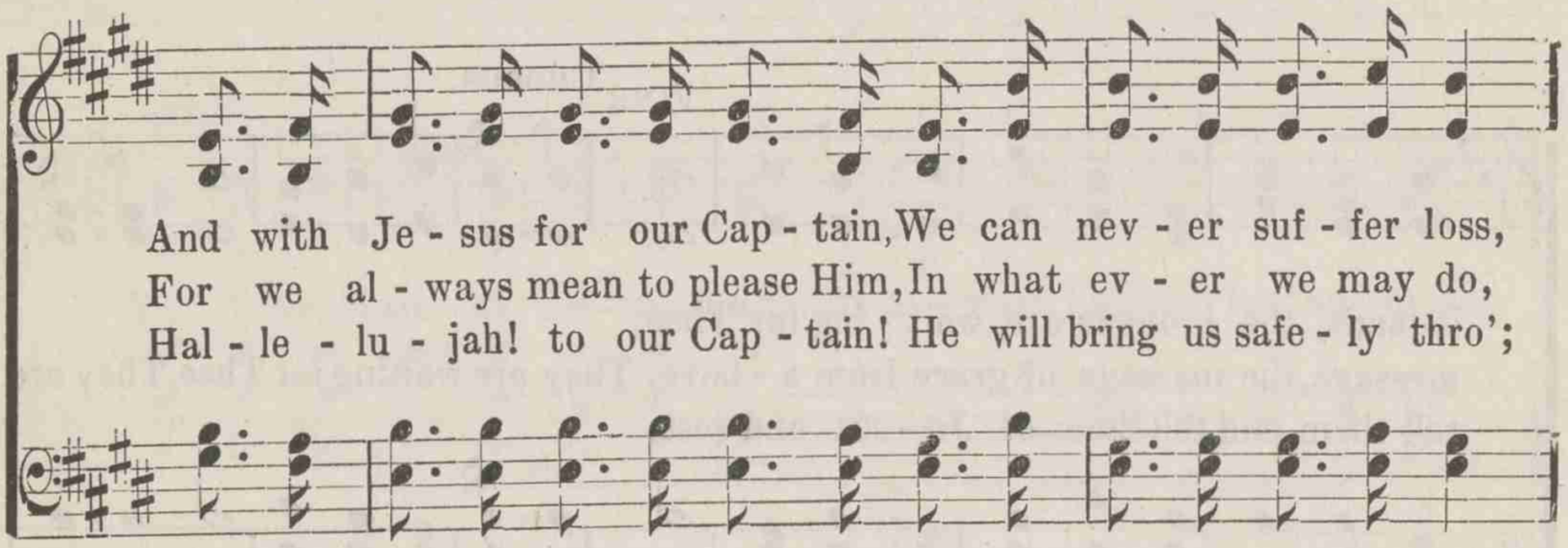


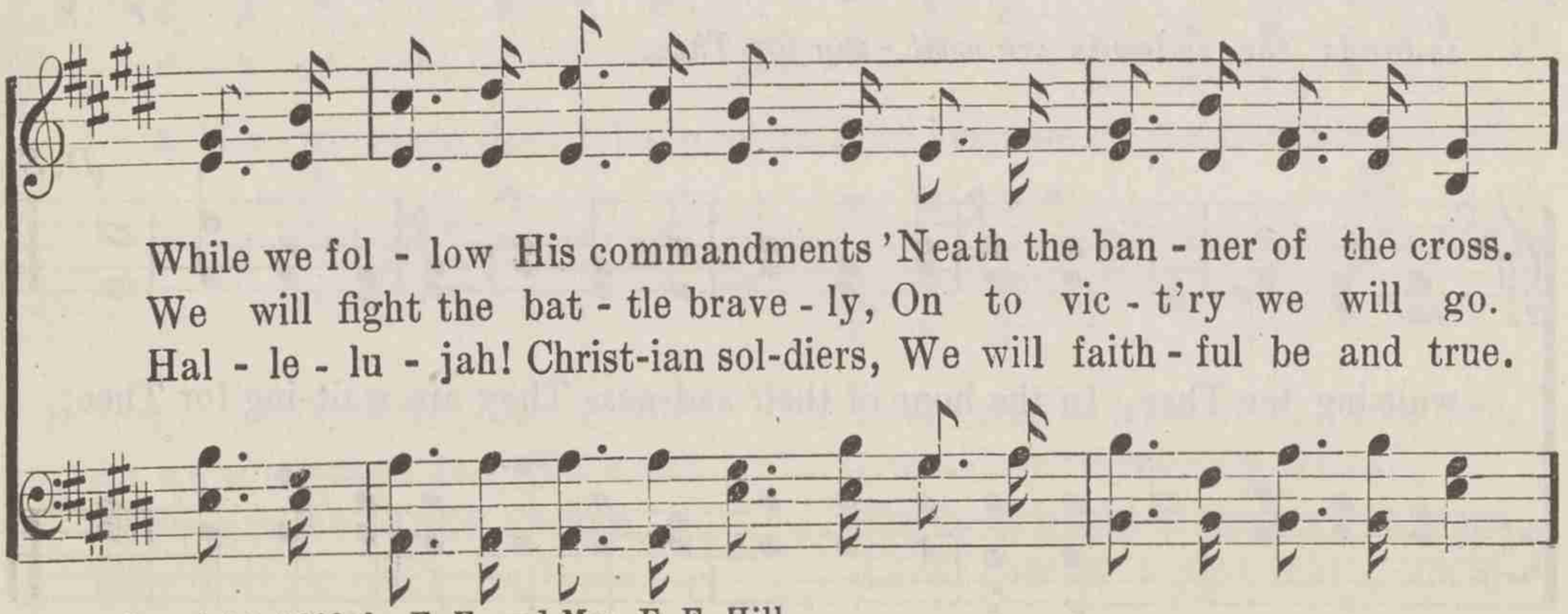
102 In The Promised Land.

"The promise is unto you and to your children."
Acts—2: 38.

Mrs. F. E. H. Mrs. F. E. Hill.







Copyright, 1910, by F. E. and Mrs. F. E. Hill.

In The Promised Land.

CHORUS.

4 We will never lay our armor down,
Till ev'ry battle's won,
And within the "many mansions,"
We will hear Him say "Well done."
There to reign with our Redeemer,
In a land of joy and peace,
We will sing and shout forever,
And His praises never cease.

103 I Have the Victory.

Mrs. F. E. H. "This is the victory that overcometh the world." Mrs. F. E. Hill.

1. When Samp-son fell and lost his pow'r, In blind-ness–mocked,he cried;
2. Tho' Dan - iel was to li - on's fed No harm to him could come;
3. The He - brew chil-dren would not bow The im - age to a - dore,
4. When Paul and Sil - as to the jail For preach-ing Je - sus went,

Oh, Lord re - store thy grace this hour Let not thy foes de - ride,
He on the li - on laid His head, And there felt no a - larm,
The princ - es tho't,we'll get them now, Their ɜir works shall be no more,
You could not hear them weep and wail Nor from their praise re - lent,

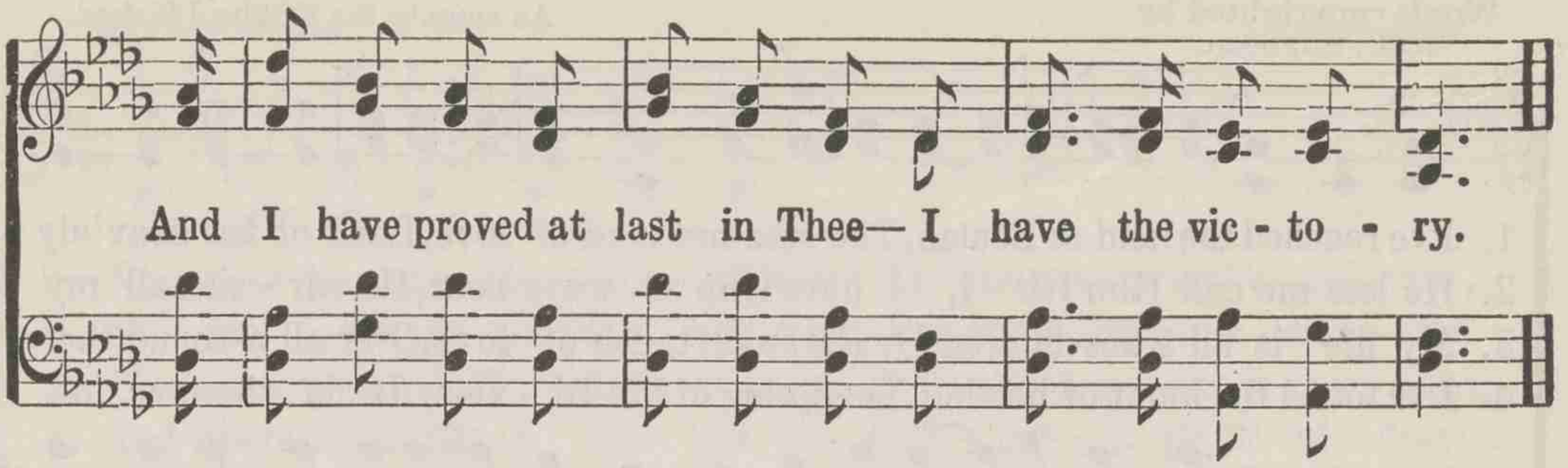
That I may prove at last in Thee I have the vic - to - ry.
And when the king did call we see He had the vic - to - ry.
But in the fire were more than three They had the vic - to - ry.
They sang and praised in lib - er - ty They had the vic - to - ry.

CHORUS.

The vic - to - ry! the vic - to - ry! The blood is cleans-ing pure and free,
For I have bless-ed lib - er - ty, The vic - to - ry, the vic - to - ry,

1910, by Mrs. F. E. Hill.

I Have the Victory.



5 So when persecutions come,
Oh, do not sulk and pine,
But think of that sweet heavenly home,
Believe and know 'tis thine,
And sing and shout in unity,
I have the victory.

6 There is a place of holy rest,
From sin and sinning free,
With spirit, soul and body blest,
And Christ shall dwell in thee,
'Tis there the soul in Christ can boast,
I have the victory.

104 Heaven is a Holy Place.

Mrs. F. E. H. "Holiness becometh thine House, O Lord, forever." Mrs. F. E. Hill.

5 Heaven is a holy place,
We will enter by His grace,
This vain world we bid adieu,
Jesus, Thou wilt take us thro'.

6 Free from toil and earthly life,
Free from turmoil and from strife,
Free from sorrow and from pain,
With our Jesus we shall reign.

1910, by Mrs. F. E. Hill.

105 The Bridegroom's Joy.

Words copyrighted by
A. B. Simpson.

As sung by the Kirkland Sisters.

1. I've reached the land of Beulah, The summer land of love, Land of the heav'nly bridegroom, Land of the Ho - ly Dove; My win - ter has de-part - ed My summer-
2. He lets me call Him Ish - i, I have Him al - ways near, He car - ries all my bur - den, He comforts ev - 'ry fear, He calls me His be - lov - ed, I lean up-
3. My life is all trans-figured By His sweet touch of love, O'er all a-round there shin - eth A glo - ry from a - bove; The wa-ter of earth's pleasures Is changed to
4. I've found the fount of healing, The spring of life Di - vine, It is the love of Je - sus, It is the marriage wine; I've found the fount of pleasure, A cup with

time has come, The air is full of sing-ing, The earth is blight with bloom; bloom.
on His breast, I've reached the land of Beulah, The promised land of rest; rest.
heav'nly wine, And life like Cana's wedding, Becomes a feast Di - vine; vine.
out al - loy, It is the love of Je-sus, It is the Bridegroom's joy; joy.

106 Song of the Comforter.

M. T. Draper. Heb. 3; 17, 18. Arr. by S. L. Squire.

1. There's no olive on the tree, And 'tis bare as bare can be, He a - bides.
2. There's no grain upon the floor, And star-va-tion's at the door, He a - bides.
3. There's no cattle in the stall, And there seems no help at all, He a - bides.
4. There's no fruit upon the vine, And I've lost all pow'r of mind, He a - bides.
5. Tho' the vis-ion tar - ry long, In your heart keep up this song, He a - bides.

Owned by Squire & Kinne.

107 The Glad Exchange.

ADA BLENKHORN. THORO HARRIS.

1. No more to roam the des - ert bare, And mountains bleak and cold,
2. At liv - ing fount-ains sweet and clear, I'm drink - ing o'er and o'er:
3. The garments stain'd by strife and sin, Shall meet no more my sight;
4. And where He leads I fol - low on, With - out a tho't of fear;

The chil-dreu's por - tion now I share With - in the Shep-herd's fold.
My soul's refreshed and sat - is - fied, And now I thirst no more.
For I am clothed with-out, with - in, In robes all pure and white.
My life is hid with Christ the Son, His voice a - lone I hear.

CHORUS.

My Fa-ther called me to His side, Dark paths no more to range;

And now with Je - sus I a - bide: O what a glad ex - change!

Copyright, 1911, by R. H. Meredith

108 Let Your Lamp be Burning.

Mrs. E. M. H. Gates. Chas. A. Squire.

1. Say, is your lamp burning my brother? I pray you look quickly and see;
2. There are many and ma-ny a-round you, Who fol-low wher-ev - er you go;
3. There's many a lamp we see light-ed, We behold them a near and a - far,
4. If ev - e - ry lamp that is light-ed, Should stead-i-ly blaze in a line,

For if it were burning then sure-ly Some beams would fall bright upon me.
If you knew that they walked in your shadow, Your lamp would burn brighter, I know.
Not ma - ny a-mong them, my brother, Shine stead-i - ly on like a star.
All o - ver the land and the o - cean, What a gird-le of glo-ry would shine.

Straight, straight is the road, but I fal - ter, And oft - en fall out by the way;
Up - on the dark mountains they stumble, They are bruis'd by the fall and they lie
I think were they trimmed night and morning They would never burn down, nor go out,
How all the dark places would bright-en, The mist would clear up and a-way,

Then lift your lamp high-er my broth-er, Lest I should make fatal de - lay.
With white, pleading faces turned upward, To the clouds and the pit-i-ful sky.
Tho' from the four cor-ners of heav-en, The winds were all blowing a - bout.
The earth would re-joice in her glad-ness, To hail the Mil-len - ni - al Day!

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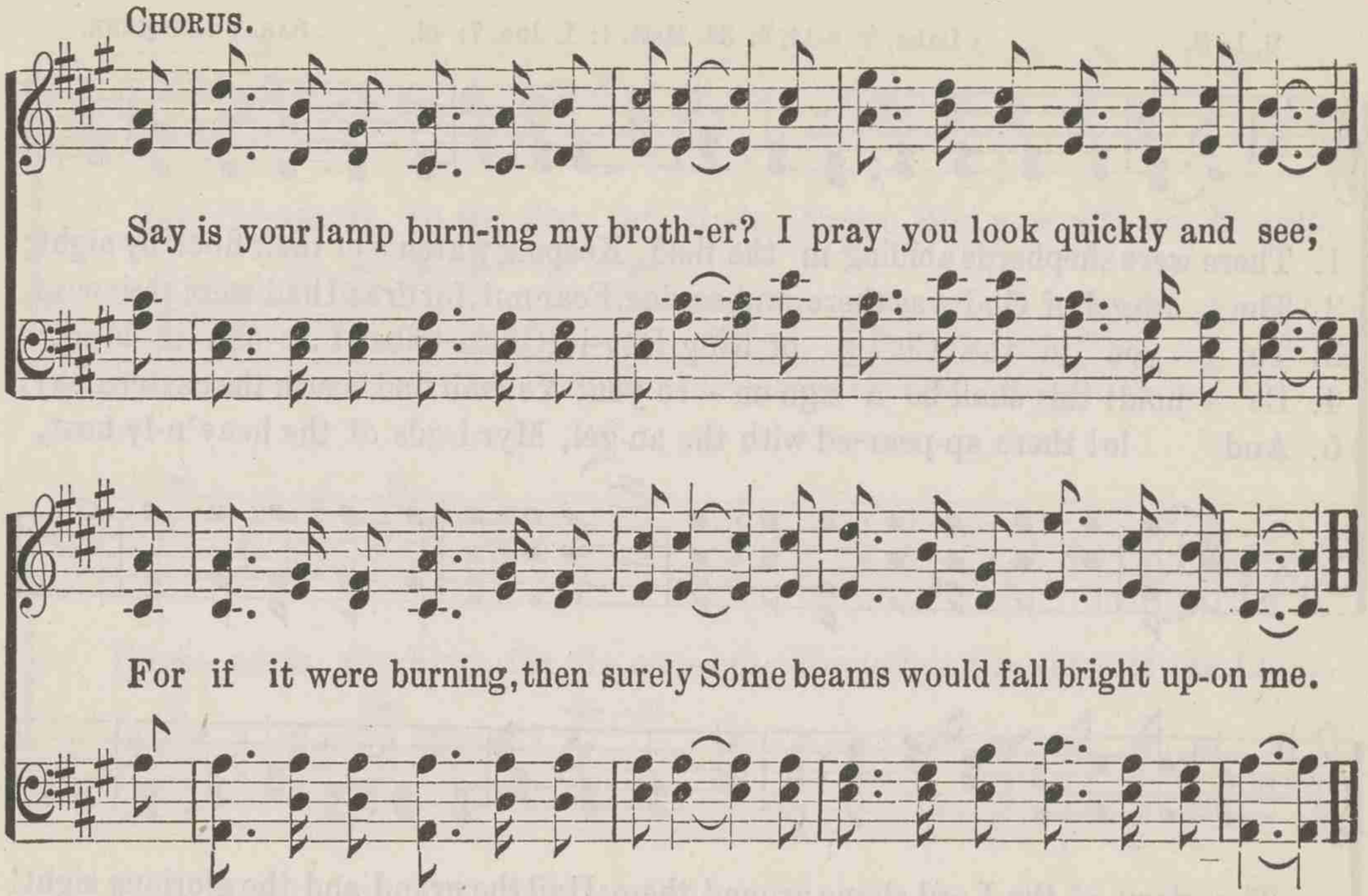
Let Your Lamp be Burning.

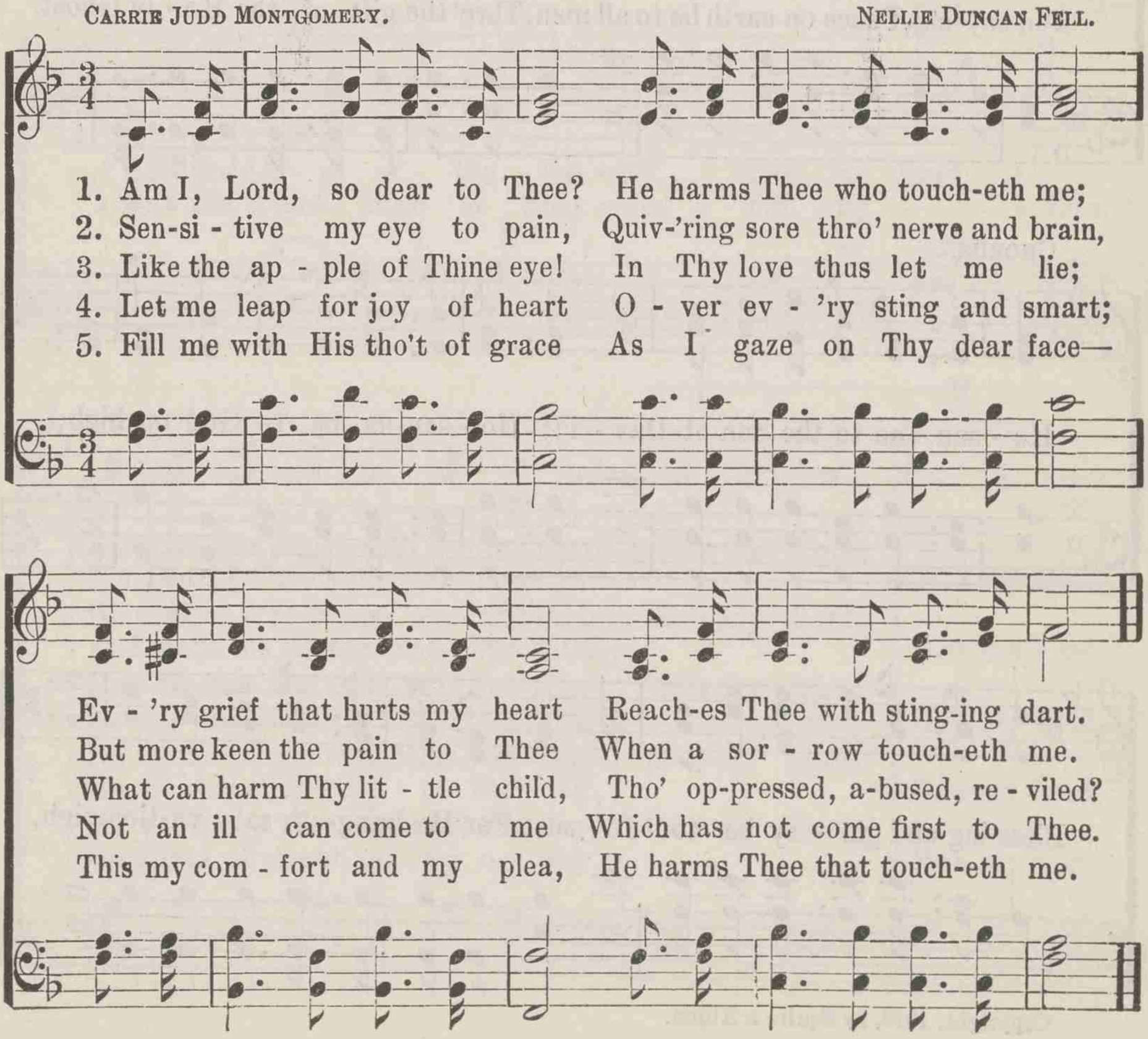
CHORUS.



109 The Apple of His Eye.

"He that toucheth you toucheth the apple of His eye."—Zech. 2: 8.

CARRIE JUDD MONTGOMERY. NELLIE DUNCAN FELL.

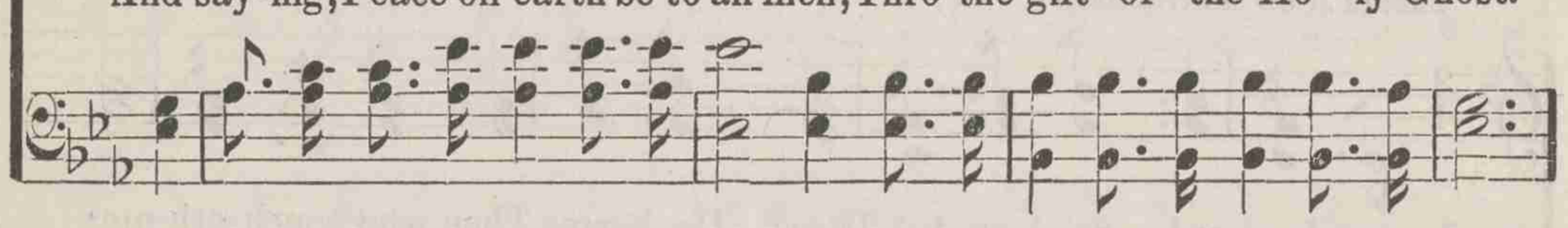


110 Hosanna to the Son of David.

S. L. S. Luke. 2: 8-14; 3: 38. Matt. 1: 1. Jno. 7: 42. SARAH L. SQUIRE.

1. There were shepherds abiding in the field, Keeping watch o'er their flock by night;
2. The an-gel of God was there, and saying, Fear not, for dread had seized their mind,
3. To you in the Cit - y of King Dav-id; Of the tribe of Ju-dah is born,
4. Be - hold! this shall be a sign un - to you; Ye shall find 'neath the eastern sky,
5. And lo! there ap-pear-ed with the an-gel, Myr-i-ads of the heav'n-ly host,

The glory of the Lord shone around them; Hail the grand and the glorious sight!
Good tidings of great joy I now bring you; And on earth peace, good-will to mankind.
An in - fant, which is Jesus the Sav-ior; Be ye thank-ful and hail the morn.
In swad'ling clothes–fulfilling the record; In a man-ger the Savior will lie.
And say-ing, Peace on earth be to all men, Thro' the gift of the Ho - ly Ghost.



CHORUS.

Ho - san - na to the Son of Dav - id; Ho - san-na be to God on high,

Bless-ing and glo - ry be to Je - sus; For He bring-eth sal - va-tion nigh.

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Hosanna to the Son of David.

111 King Jesus.

"I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys."

EDGAR M. LEVY. Arr. by S. D. K.

112 God is Faithful.

D. W. G. CHAS. A. SQUIRE.

1. God is faith - ful to His prom-ise, Ev - 'ry word He'll sure-ly prove,
2. God is faith - ful to His chil - dren, Nev-er leaves us in dis - tress,
3. God is faith - ful; Sa-tan hear it; God is might - y to de - fend;
4. God is faith - ful, ev - er with us, Nev - er ab - sent night or day,
5. God is faith - ful, He will an - swer, He but waits our faith to prove;

Man may doubt and dis - o - bey, but God is faith - ful, God is love.
Free - ly gives us streugth and healing As we thus His name con - fess.
As we stand, in noth-ing daunt-ed, He is near His aid to lend.
He will not for-sake His prom - ise Tho' the earth should pass a - way.
He will work and none can hind - er, He will meet us from a - bove.

CHORUS.

God is faith - ful, ev - er faith - ful, Trust His love and prove His pow'r;

God is faith - ful, ev - er faith - ful, Let us doubt Him nev - er more.

By permission of owner.

113 Jerusalem.

S. L. S. Isa, 62 and 60. SARAH L. SQUIRE.

1. Chosen to tell of Jesus the Lord, The God of Ja-cob is our re - ward;
2. Oh, Salem is a cit - y so fair, Built upon rocks Mount Mor-i-ah is there,
3. The Savior died outside the walls On Him the sins of the world did fall—
4. With righteousness she brightly shall shine, The house of Judah, God shall refine,

We go to Salem to win our crown; Glory to God! the pow'rs coming down.
Where Abram worshiped so meek and low, And offered Isaac, his heart all aglow.
Father foresook, so vile was the sight That came before his vision that night.
Blest land of Beulah, her walls shall stand; Rescued from evil by God's right hand.

CHORUS. *rit.*

Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - lem, My soul doth weep for thee;

a tempo.

Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - lem, My joy shall ev - er be.

5 Kings of the east are gathering home,
Arise and shine for thy light has come;
The Lord is for thee, thou needst not fear;
Salvation cometh, Messiah is near.

6 If we forget the city of God,
May our hands then forget their skill;
And may our tongues ever silent be,
If we prefer not Jehovah's will.

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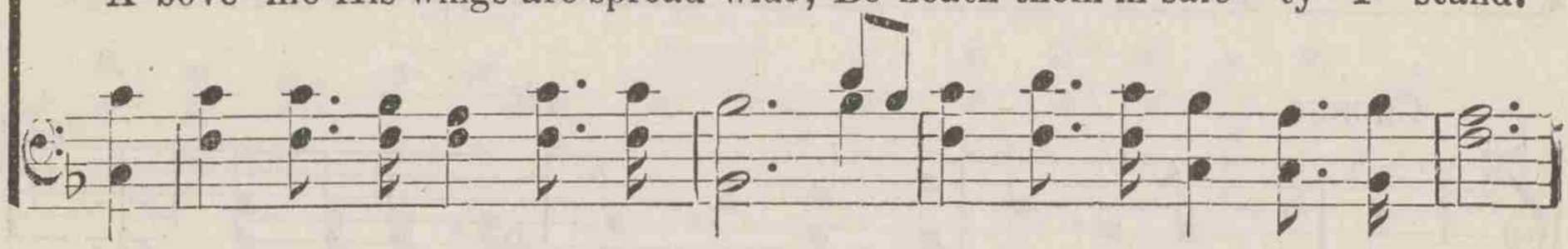
114 Under His Wings.

JAMES NICHOLSON. Psa. 91. S. D. K.

1. In God I have found a re - treat, Where I can se - cure - ly a - bide;
2. I dread not the ter - ror by night, No ar - row can harm by day;
3. The pes - ti-lence walking a - bout, When darkness has set-tled a - broad,
4. The wasting de-struc-tion at noon, No fear - ful for-bo - ding can bring;
5. A thousand may fall at my side, And ten thousand at my right hand;

No ref - uge nor rest so com-plete, And there I in-tend to re - side.
His shadow has cov-ered me quite, My fears He has driv - en a - way.
Can nev-er com - pel me to doubt The pres-ence and pow - er of God.
With Jesus, my soul doth commune, His per - fect sal - va - tion I sing.
A-bove me His wings are spread wide, Be-neath them in safe - ty I stand.



CHORUS.

O what com - fort it brings, As my soul sweet - ly sings;

I am safe from all dan - ger While un - der His wings.

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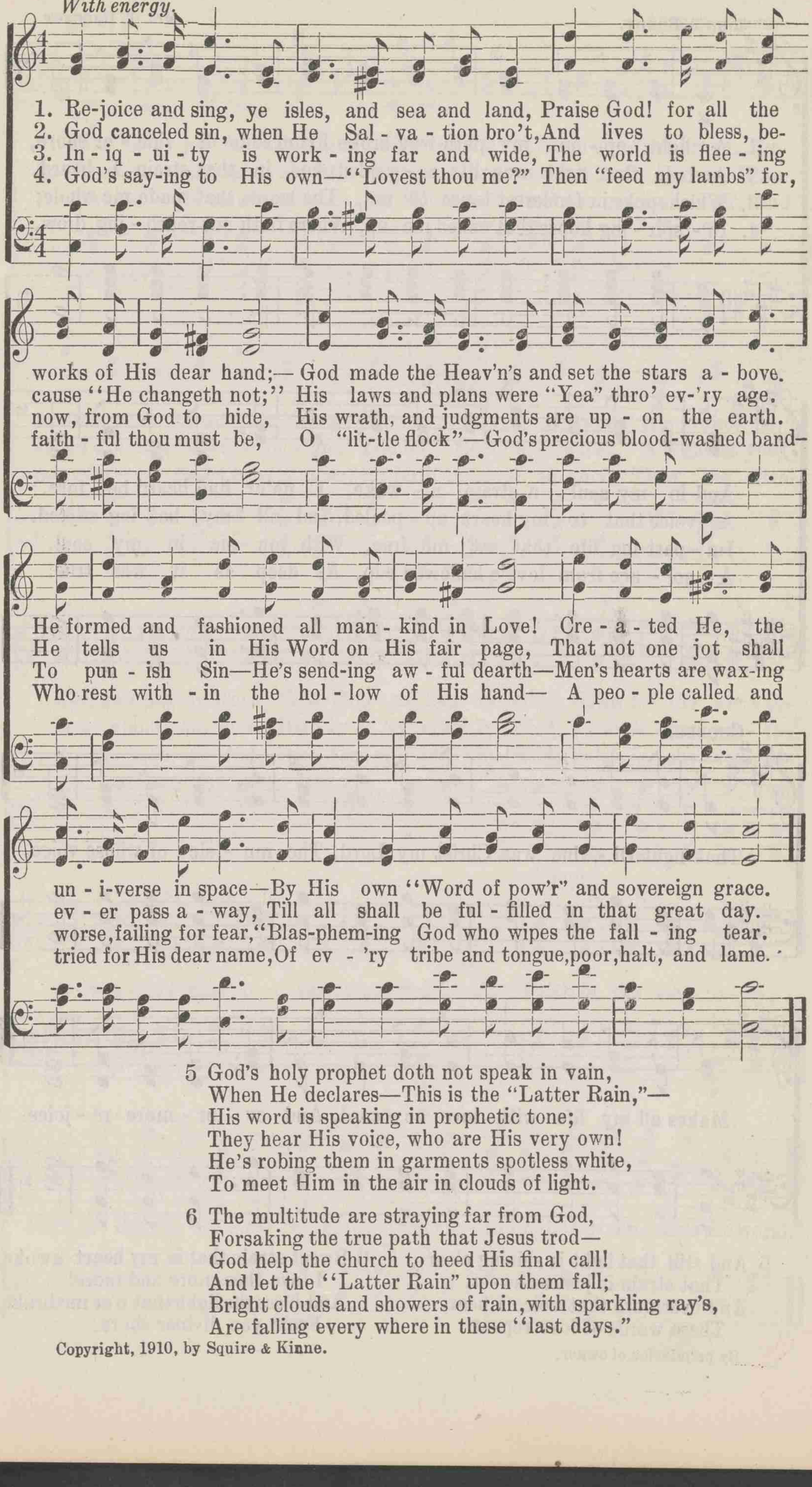
115 Works of God's Hand.

Mrs. R. B. YOUNG. Rev. 16: 1. Luke 12: 32. CHAS. A. SQUIRE.

With energy.



5 God's holy prophet doth not speak in vain,
When He declares—This is the "Latter Rain,"—
His word is speaking in prophetic tone;
They hear His voice, who are His very own!
He's robing them in garments spotless white,
To meet Him in the air in clouds of light.

6 The multitude are straying far from God,
Forsaking the true path that Jesus trod—
God help the church to heed His final call!
And let the "Latter Rain" upon them fall;
Bright clouds and showers of rain, with sparkling ray's,
Are falling every where in these "last days."

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116 The Light Divine.

JOHN T. BODDY. MRS. T. HAGGART.

1. A light up - on my path-way broke From some di - vine - er shore,
2. And in that light was life re - vealed; And in that strain I heard,
3. Which spoke in tenderest tones to me, The words that made me whole;
4. In - spir - ing hopes that called me up, Where faith out-reach - ing drew,

And in my soul a strain a - woke, I ne'er had heard be - fore.
A voice that to my heart ap - pealed, And all my be - ing stirred.
Im - part-ing life that set me free, With mu - sic in my soul.
A sol - ace from love's hallowed cup, As deep as it was true.

CHORUS.

That light Di - vine was Christ my Lord, The mu - sic of whose voice,
Makes all my life with love ac - cord, And ev - er - more re - joice.

5 And still that light is shining clear;
That strain is just as sweet,
And evermore that voice I hear,
These words of love repeat.

6 Sweet strain that in my heart awoke,
I love thee more and more!
And bless the light that o'er me broke,
From yon diviner shore.

By permission of owner.

117 Faith is the Victory.

D. W. G. CHAS. A. SQUIRE.

1. En - list - ed in the ranks of Christ, Ye Christian sol-diers brave, The hosts against you now are strong, The is - sues ver - y grave, A - wake, a- rise, and bold-ly stand; With Gos - pel flag un-furled; Faith is the vic - to-

2. When Sa - tan's darts are hurl - ing fast, And thunders loud - ly roar, With shield of faith, a vic - tor stand, The bat - tle ne'er give o'er, A - gainst your bod - y and your soul, His ev - 'ry pow'r is hurled; Faith is the vic - to-

3. Just sim - ply stand up - on the Word And plead the precious blood, And ne'er for - get that Christ is near, So faith-ful and so good; Thus hid with- in the love of God, The foe will quit the field; Faith is the vic - to-

CHORUS.

ry you know that o - ver-comes the world. "Faith is the vic - to - ry, faith is the vic - to - ry, O, glo-ri - ous vic - to-ry that o-ver-comes the world."

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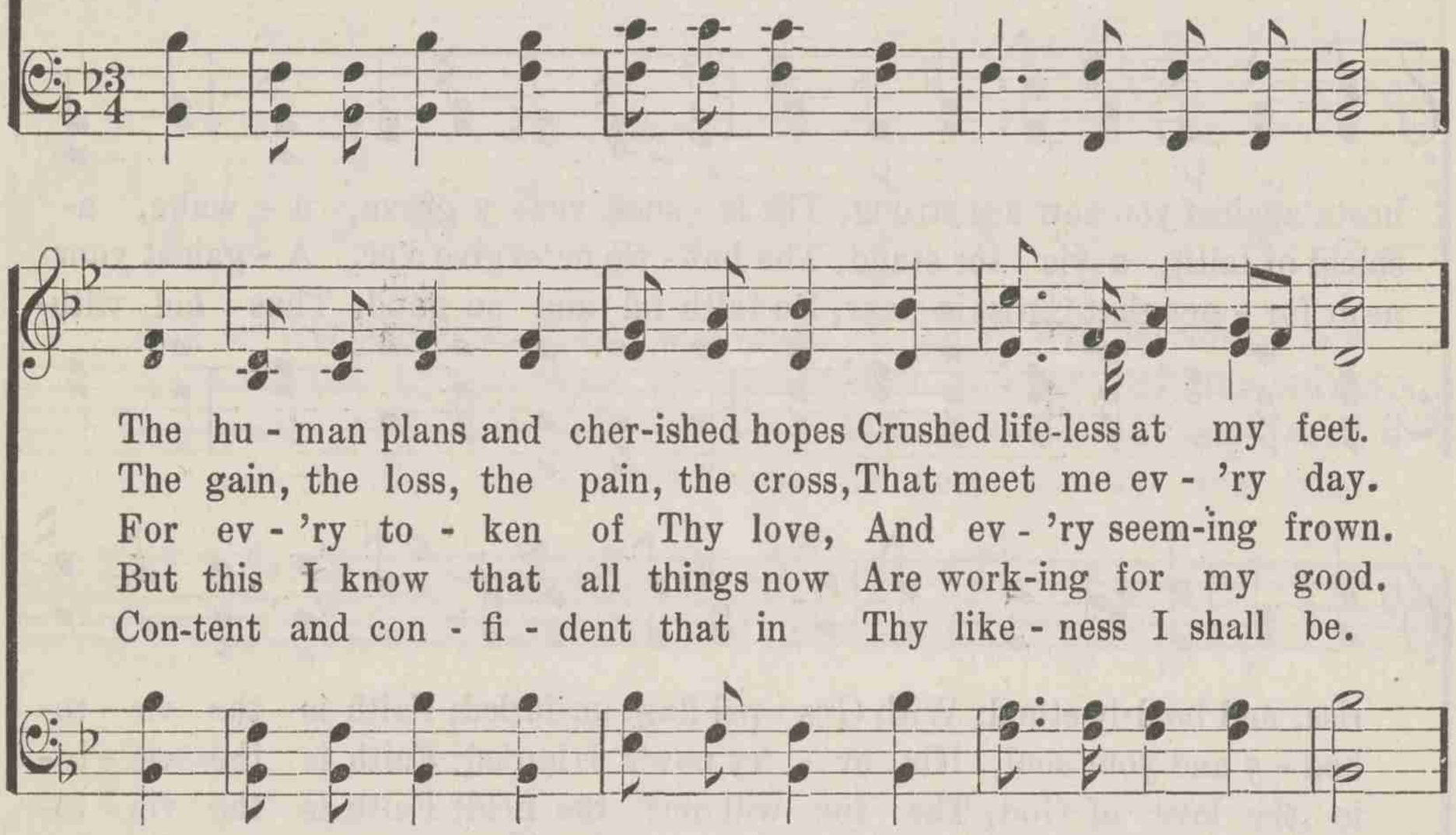
118 In Every Thing Give Thanks.

D. W. G.

S. L. SQUIRE.
Cho. by C. A. SQUIRE.

Softly.

1. I thank Thee, Lord, for ev - 'ry-thing, The bit - ter and the sweet,
2. I thank Thee for Thy mys-ter - ies That crowd a - long the way,
3. I thank Thee for my pres - ent lot, So hid - den and un-known,
4. So on I go, not know-ing Lord, I would not if I could;
5. A lit - tle child, I fol - low on Till I Thy glo - ry see,



The hu - man plans and cher-ished hopes Crushed life-less at my feet.
The gain, the loss, the pain, the cross, That meet me ev - 'ry day.
For ev - 'ry to - ken of Thy love, And ev - 'ry seem-ing frown.
But this I know that all things now Are work-ing for my good.
Con-tent and con - fi - dent that in Thy like - ness I shall be.

CHORUS. *Joyfully.*

In ev - 'ry - thing give thanks; In ev - 'ry - thing give thanks;

For this is the will of God In Christ Je - sus con - cern-ing you.

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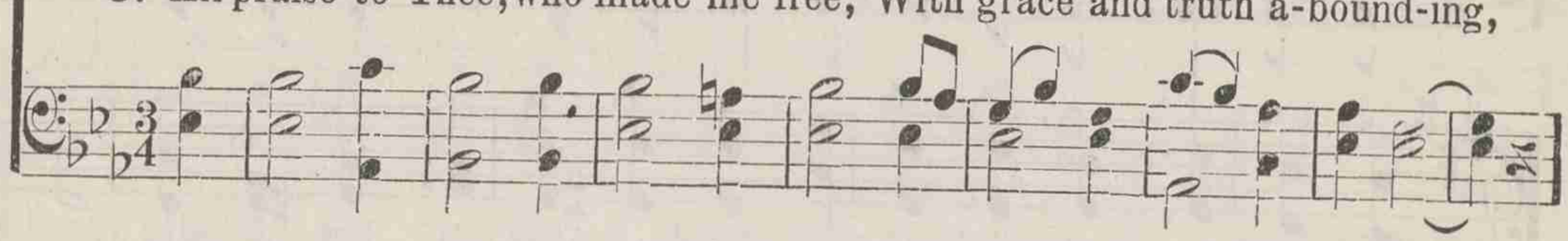
119 A Full Salvation.

JOHN T. BODDY. ALICE M. REYNOLDS.

1. A full sal - va - tion, all com-plete, To us is free - ly giv - en;
2. Conscious I am of my deep need, And naught am I with-out Thee,
3. This precious rest which faith hath brought, All earthly good transcending,
4. Now let the grace of Thy pure love With - in me rule com-plete - ly,
5. All praise to Thee, who made me free, With grace and truth a-bound-ing,

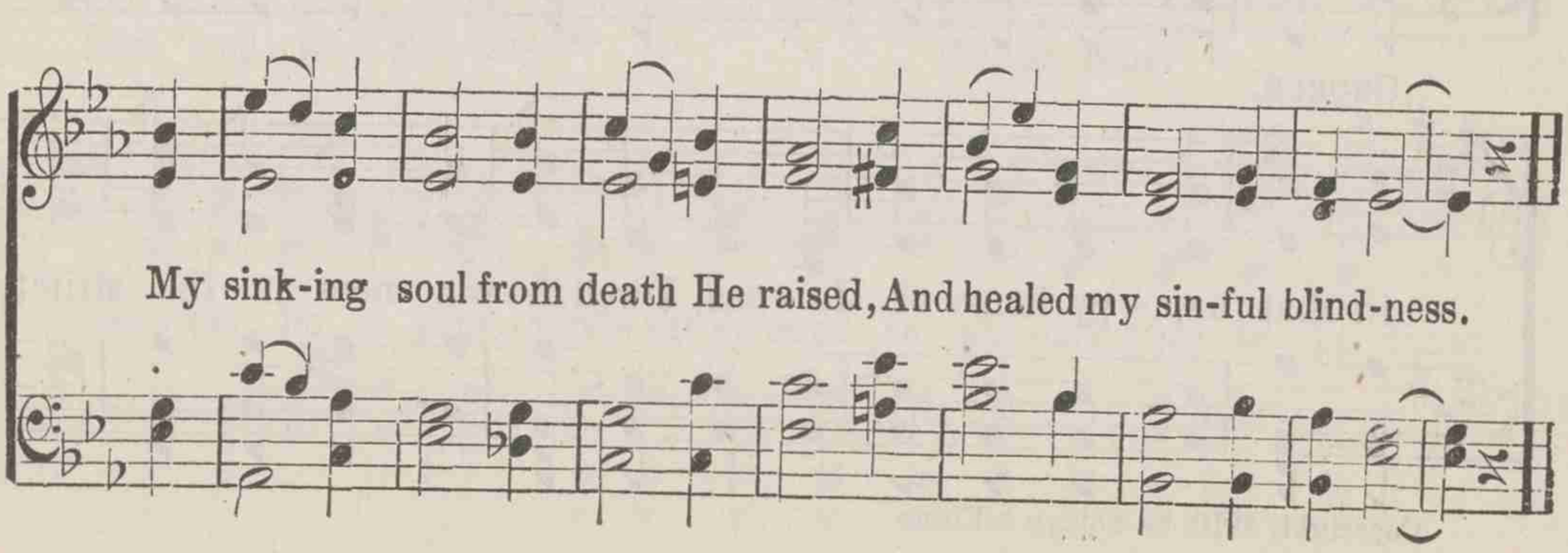


With high - est joy and bliss re - plete, 'Tis just a taste of heav - en.
I would in heart be true in - deed, And nev - er, nev - er doubt Thee.
Thy life, Thy love, Thy death hath wrought, And with it life un - end - ing.
While the blest hope of rest a - bove Brings peace that flow-eth sweet-ly.
To live by faith, and ev - er be Thy praise and goodness sound-ing.

CHORUS.

O praise the Lord! the Lord be praised! For all His lov - ing kind - ness;

My sink-ing soul from death He raised, And healed my sin-ful blind-ness.



120 The Overcomer's City.

B. FREEMAN LAWRENCE. SEELEY D. KINNE.

1. When the world shall be on fire, And the heav - en pass a - way,
2. Up the banks of that clear riv - er, Where the an - gels shout and sing,
3. I have al - most seen that cit - y The fair shin - ing of her walls,

In the glo - ry of that morn-ing, At the dawn - ing of that day,
See, they march in grand pro - ces - sion, To the pal - ace of the King;
I have al - most caught the flash-ing Of the glo - ry in her halls,

I shall see the four-square cit - y With her streets of crys - tal gold,
Strike the harp and sound the cym-bol, Let the vic - tor cho - rus roll,
Where the ransomed tell the sto - ry Of their o - ver-com - ings here,

Where the o - ver - com - ers gath - er, And their Mas - ter's face be - hold.
These be they who fought and conquered, By the blood of Christ made whole.
And my heart will bound in rapt-ure When her beaut - y shall ap - pear.

CHORUS.

In that hap - py home of Je - sus, Dwell the win - ners in the strife;

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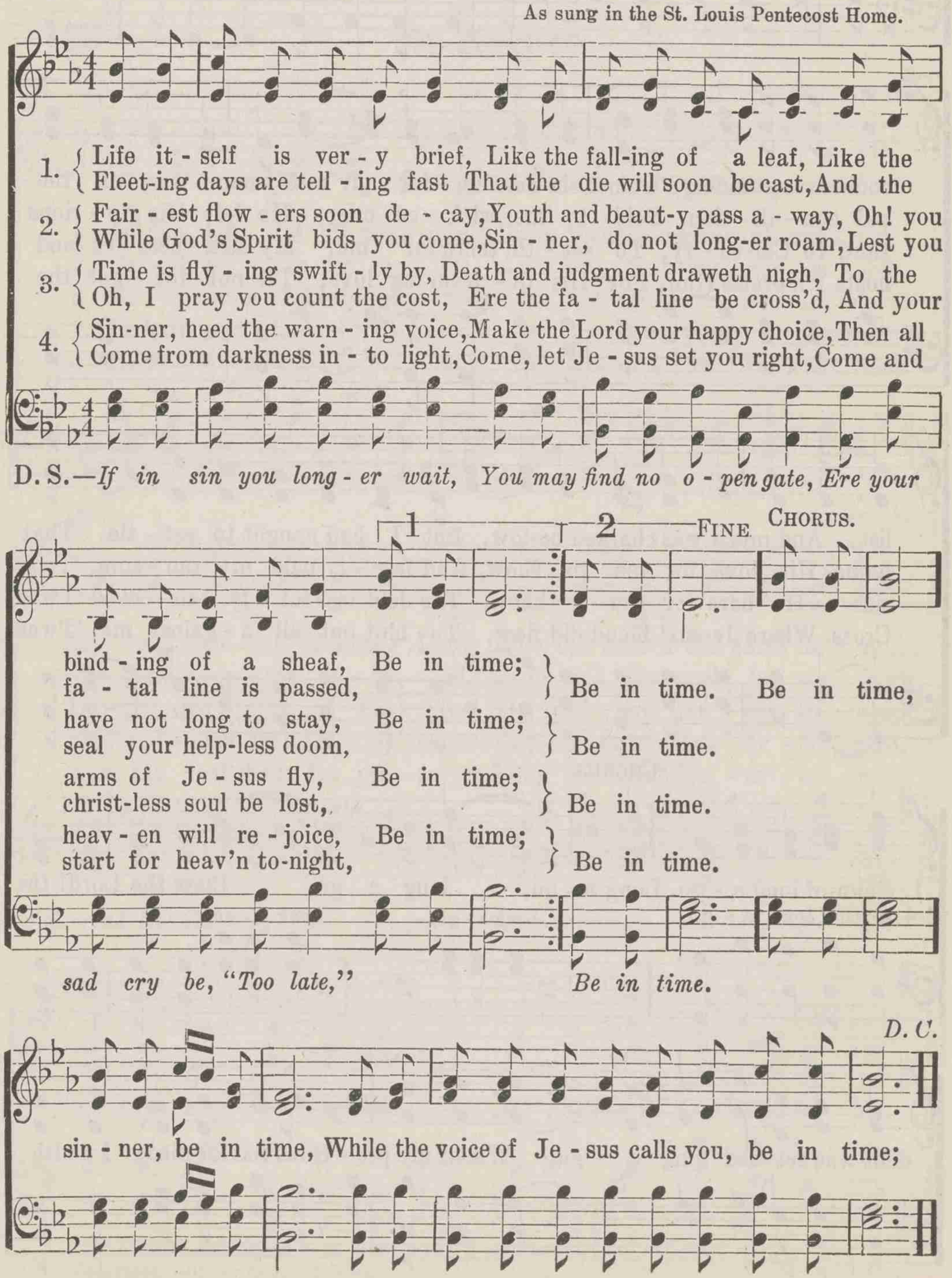
The Overcomer's City.

121 Be in Time.

As sung in the St. Louis Pentecost Home.



122 Settled Long Ago.

D. W. GRIFFIN. SEELEY D. KINNE.

1. There was a time of old Be - fore the God of heav'n, An old ac-
2. But Je - sus Christ, my Lord, God's own be - lov - ed Son, Be-held my
3. O match-less love di - vine, 'Twas grace so rich and free, That bro't my
4. And when my Sav - ior comes, And takes me home a - bove, With heav'nly

count was standing, 'Gainst sin-ners un - for - giv'n; My name was on the
sad con - di - tion, Sold to the wick - ed one; He left His glo - rious
Lord to Cal-va - ry, To set - tle there for me, My sick - ness - es and
hosts I'll praise Him, For His re - deem-ing love; I'll not for - get the

list, And much was charged be-low, But I had naught to set - tle That
home His love for me to show, And free - ly paid my ran - som, 'Twas
sins He bore for me I know, The debt was ful - ly can - celled 'Twas
Cross Where Je-sus' blood did flow, To blot out all a - gainst me, 'Twas

CHORUS.

1. claim of long a - go. Long a - go, long a - go, Bless the Lord! the
2-4. settled long a - go. Long a - go, long a - go,

debt was set-tled long a - go, When my pre - cious Savior died, I with

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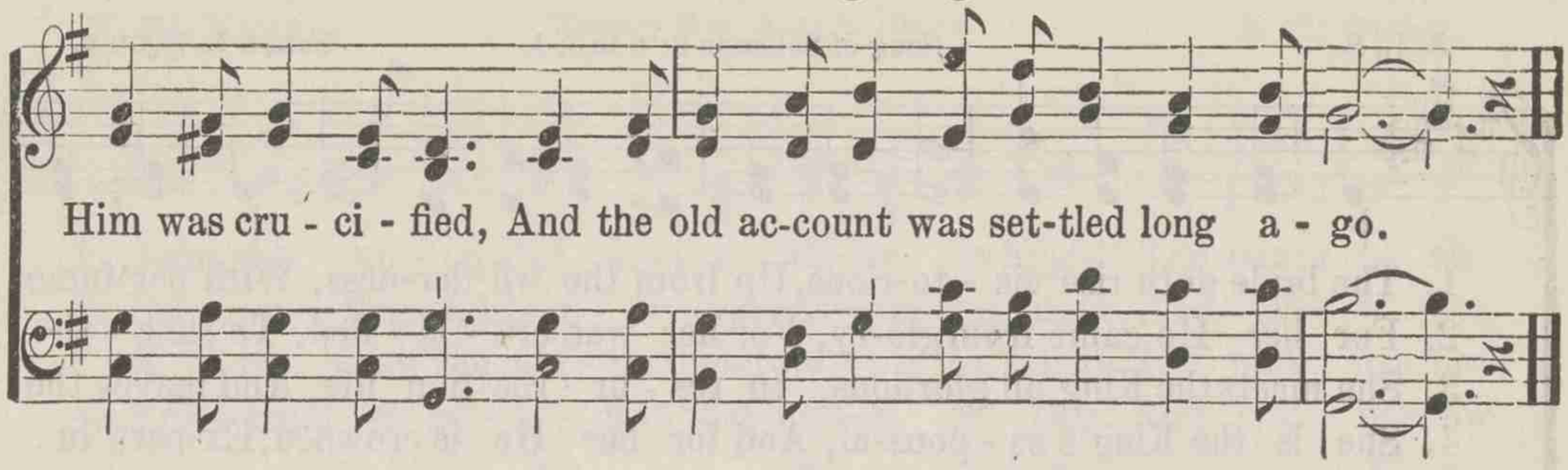
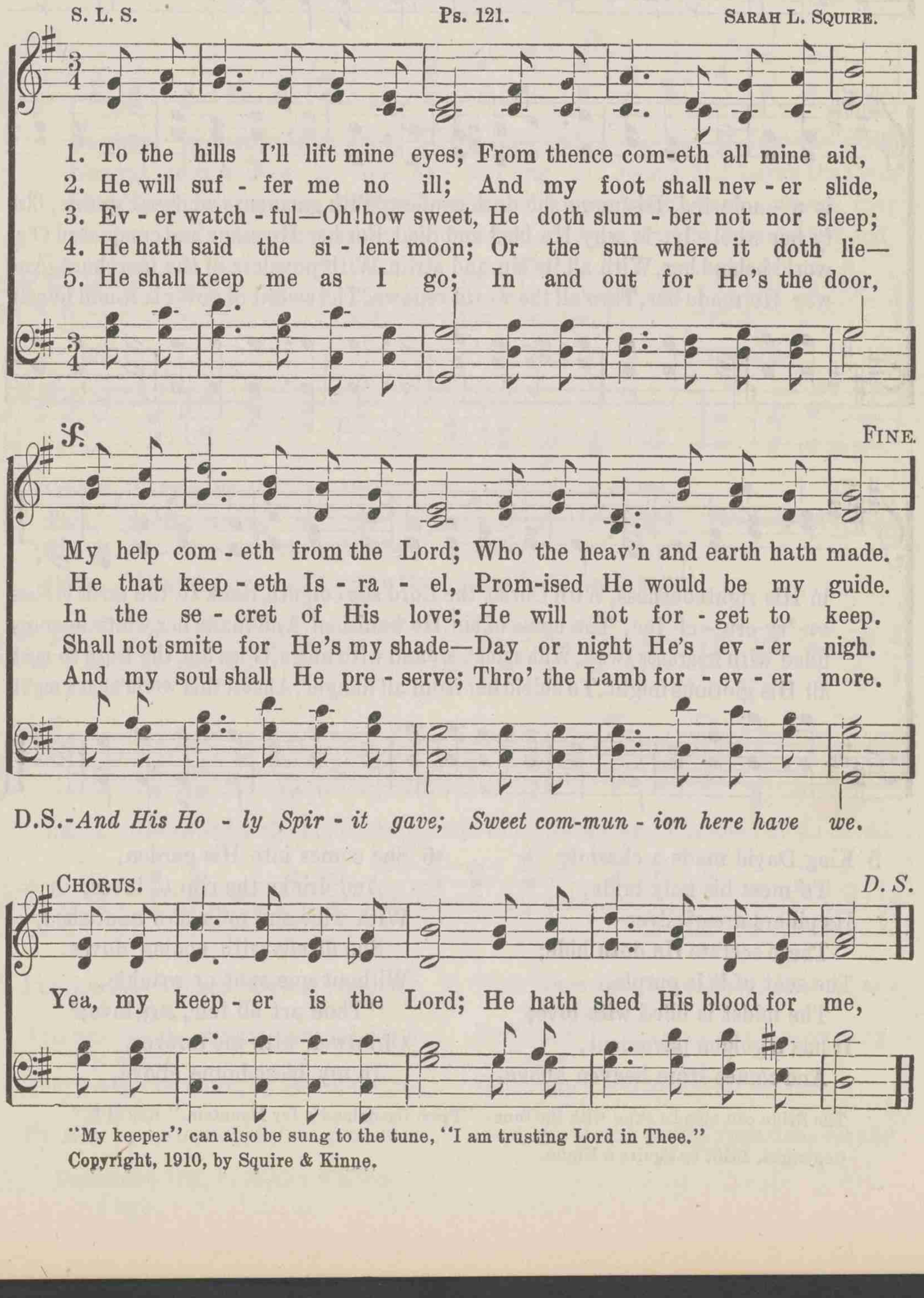
Settled Long Ago.



123 My Keeper.

S. L. S. Ps. 121. SARAH L. SQUIRE.



"My keeper" can also be sung to the tune, "I am trusting Lord in Thee."

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124 The Bride.

S. L. S. Song of Solomon 3: 6 to 5; 1. SARAH L. SQUIRE.

1. The bride doth rise vic - to-rious, Up from the wil-der-ness, With per-fume
2. For her He came from glo-ry, For her was cru - ci - fied, To sanc - ti-
3. She meets the King all glor-ious, In res - ur - rec-tion life, And leaves the
4. She is the King's es - pous-al, And for her He is crowned, Ex-pert in

is a - noin-ted, His name she doth confess; With garments white and spotless, Clad
fy her whol - ly, Is why He bled and died, For her He came and conquered O'er
world behind her, With all its sin and strife. With powders of the merchant, And
war He made her, Thro'all the world renown. The sword of pow'r is round her, In

in His righteousness, With Christ the Lord she cometh, Back to the earth to bless.
ev-'ry cru - el foe, The curse of sin He banished, And made her white as snow.
filled with fragrance sweet, With spink'nard and with aloes, Goes out the Lord to meet.
all His glorious might, To shield her from all danger, Amidst this world's dark night.

5 King David made a chariot,
To meet his holy bride,
Its pillars are of silver—
These secrets He doth hide;
The seat of it is purple,
The midst is filled with love;
It has a golden pavement,
And comes from heaven above.

6 She comes into His garden,
And drinks the cup of loves,
With wine and milk now nourished,
She dwells with cooing doves.
Without one spot or wrinkle,
"Thou art all fair, my love;"
Oh! dwell with me forever,
In my blest home above,

The Bride can also be sung with the tune—"From Greenland's Icy Mountain." Key of E.

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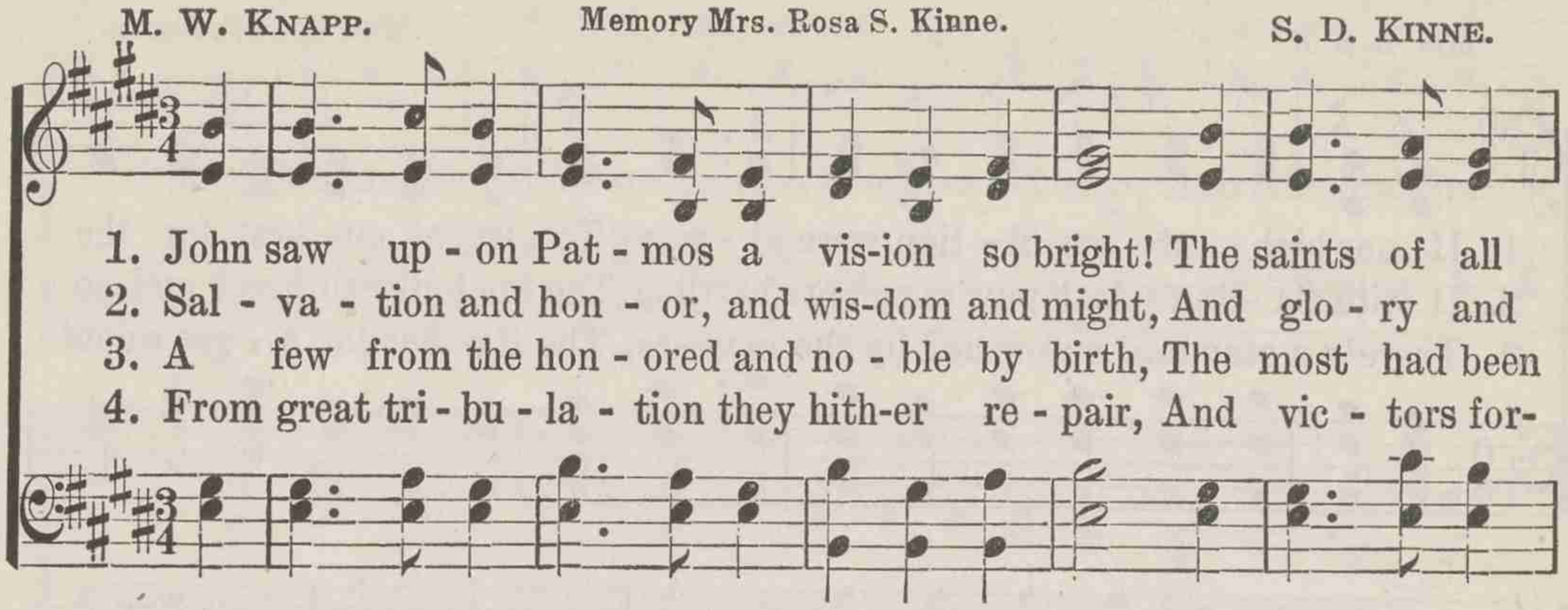
125 Redeemed by the Blood.

M. W. KNAPP. Memory Mrs. Rosa S. Kinne. S. D. KINNE.



5 For this they are honored and serve day and night,
And nearest the throne they rejoice in His light;
They hunger no more, by the Lamb they are fed,
By Him to the fountain of waters are led.

6 Their tears are all banished, God wipes them away,
Enthroned in His presence forever they stay;
What glory and honor for service so small!
One hour of such blessing repays them for all.

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126 Triumphant Victory.

Mrs. R. S. K. Mrs. ROSA S. KINNE.

1. If our high - est am-bi - tion were al - way To be at our best for the
2. If with Sa - tan's dark pow'rs you are battling, The foe looks so fierce and so
3. There's a standard untouched by the mass-es, The Fa-ther for a - ges would

Lord, We would con-stant-ly press up the high - way, And walk in the
strong, Nev-er fear him, its on - ly his rat - tling, Thro' Je - sus we'll
show—'Tis the pow'r and the blood—we are help - less— His rich - es un-

light of His word; And His grace all suf - fi - cient a - bid - ing, If we
conquer all wrong. He's the God of the proph-ets and sag - es, So
told He'll be-stow. He has called us to shine thro' the fire, The a-

nev-er turn back or give in, Would lead us to be o - ver-com - ers, And
might-y, the on-com - ing King, He will ban-ish the hosts of the a-ges, His
nointing in us shall a - bide, And by faith we are still mounting higher, Till

CHORUS.

ev - er tri-umph-ant - ly win.
glo-ry will vic - to - ry bring. Je - sus, Je - sus, bless-ed Re-deem-er and
spotless we stand as His bride.

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Triumphant Victory.

127 All for Jesus!

MARK D. JAMES. ASA HULL.

2 Let my hands perform His bidding;
Let my feet run in His ways;
Let my eyes see Jesus only;
Let my lips speak forth His praise.
All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Let my lips speak forth His praise.

3 Worldlings prize their gems of beauty,
Cling to gilded toys of dust,
Boast of wealth and fame and pleasure:
Only Jesus will I trust.
Only Jesus! only Jesus!
Only Jesus will I trust.

4 Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,
I've lost sight of all beside,
So unchained my spirit's vision,
Looking at the crucified.
All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
All for Jesus crucified.

5 Oh, what wonder! how amazing!
Jesus, glorious King of kings,
Deigns to call me His beloved,
Lets me rest beneath His wings.
All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Resting now beneath His wings.

128 A Passion For Souls.

AMY CARMICHAEL. Mrs. M. G. MOISE.

1. O for a pas - sion-ate pas-sion for souls, O for a pit - y that yearns,
2. In - fi - nite Sav - ior, in might-y com-pas-sion, Vis-it thy poor child to-night,
3. Je-sus, my Sav-ior, be-yond tell-ing rare Jew-el I ask now of Thee,
4. Now in the hush of this sweet solemm hour, Seek I Thy face, O thou Christ,
5. Now Thou art speaking to me, dost Thou give, Choice as in old - en time;

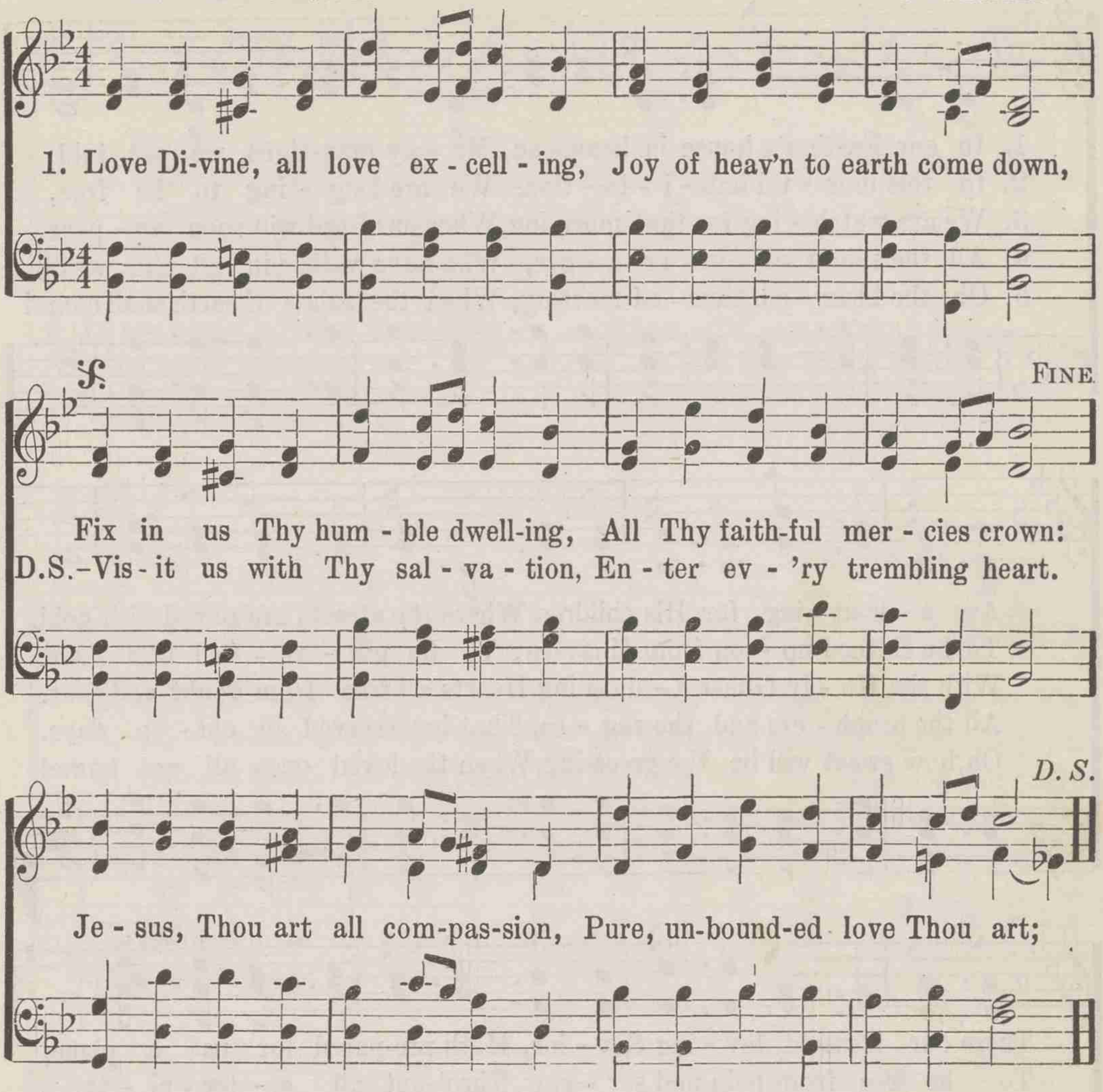
O for the love that will love un - to death—Oh for the fire that burns!
That which she hath not in tenderness give her, Teach her to pray and to fight;
All that it mean-eth, this tal - is - man pray'r, Wilt Thou not give it to me?
Thou all maj-es - tic in love, grace and pow'r, Keepest Thy child a tryst.
Lord, in my hand put the end of the rope, Pulling God's prayer-bell chime.

O for the pure prayer pow'r that pre-vails, Pour-ing it out for the lost,
Cost what it may of my self-cru - ci - fix - ion, So that Thy will may be done:
Ea-ger - ly earn - est-ly long I to know, Deep in this solemn thing—
Thy-self un-veiled in Thy love - li-ness fair, Dazzlest these earth-born eyes,
Fold-ed so close by Thy hand of great love, Noth-ing of self there will be,

Vic-torious pray'r in the Con-quer-or's name, O for a Pen - te - cost!
Cost what it may of a lone - li - ness after, So on - ly souls may be won.
Ea-ger-ly, earn - est - ly long I to go Ut-ter-most lengths for my King.
O, some glad day I shall gaze on Thee there—Joy-ous will be the sur- prise.
So when it sound-eth our Fa-ther will know, Je-sus, 'tis rung by Thee.

129 Love Divine.

CHARLES WESLEY. 8, 7. D. JOHN ZUNDEL.



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.

130 Joy.

1 Know my soul, thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
What a Father's smile is Thine;
What a Savior died to win thee:
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

2 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer:
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope soon change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

Rev. HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

131 When We See Him Face to Face.

F. E. HILL. "We shall see Him as He is." F. E. & D. M. HILL.

1. In our Fa-ther's house in heav - en, Ma - ny man-sions, we are told,
2. In this mor - tal hab - i - ta - tion, We are long - ing to be free,
3. We are watch - ing for that morn-ing, When our Lord will soon ap - pear,
4. All the saints of oth - er a - ges, Who have walked in all His ways,
5. Oh, the bless - ed, bless - ed meeting, When the saints of earth shall come!

Are a - wait - ing for His children Where the streets are paved with gold.
To be clothed up - on from Heav-en, To be glo - ri - fied like Thee.
With the Ho - ly Ghost a - dorn ing Hearts all free from doubt and fear.
All the proph - ets and the sag - es, That have served in old - en days.
Oh, how sweet will be the greet-ing, When the loved ones all get home!

There our bless-ed, lov - ing Sav - ior, Hath pre-pared for us a place,
To be free from pain and sor - row, Thro'-out all e - ter - ni - ty.
With our lamps all trimed and burn-ing, Oil with - in our ves - sels here.
All the saints that now are trust - ing In His sav - ing cleans-ing grace,
When we all shall be to - geth - er, All we've loved a - gain em-brace,

In the glo - ry of His king-dom We shall wor - ship by His grace.
And we find it all in Je - sus If we hum - bly trust His grace.
Read-y for the grand as-cen - sion O the rapt - ure joy and peace.
Shall be count-ed in the rapt - ure In that ho - ly sa - cred place.
There to live and praise for - ev - er And shall see them face to face.

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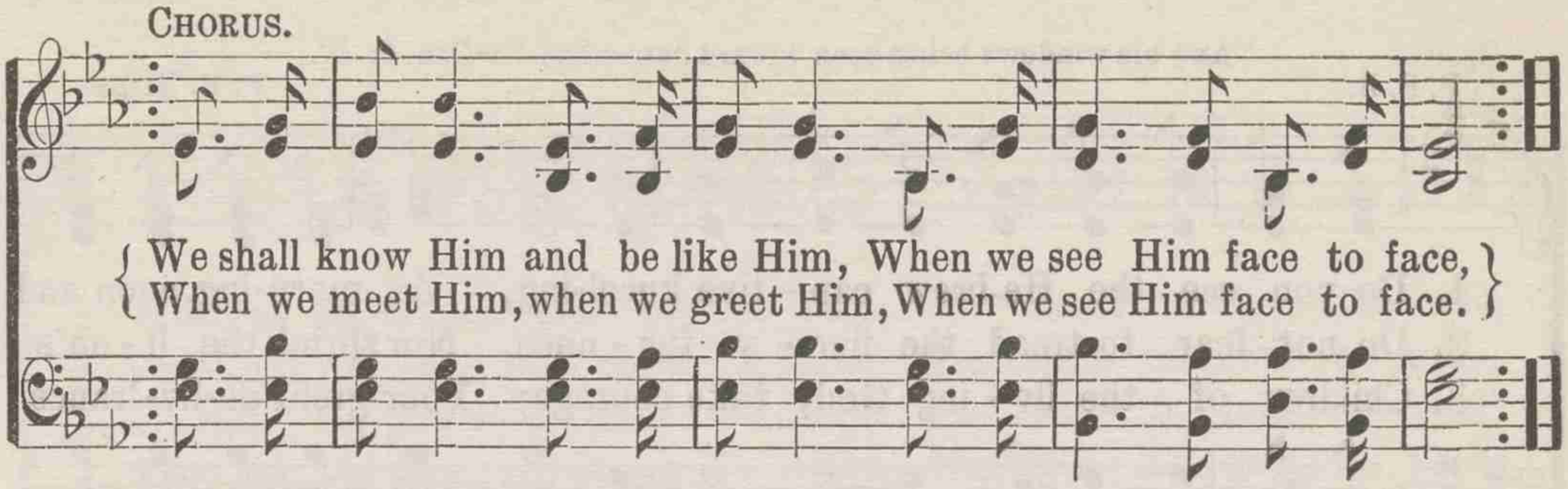
When We See Him Face to Face.

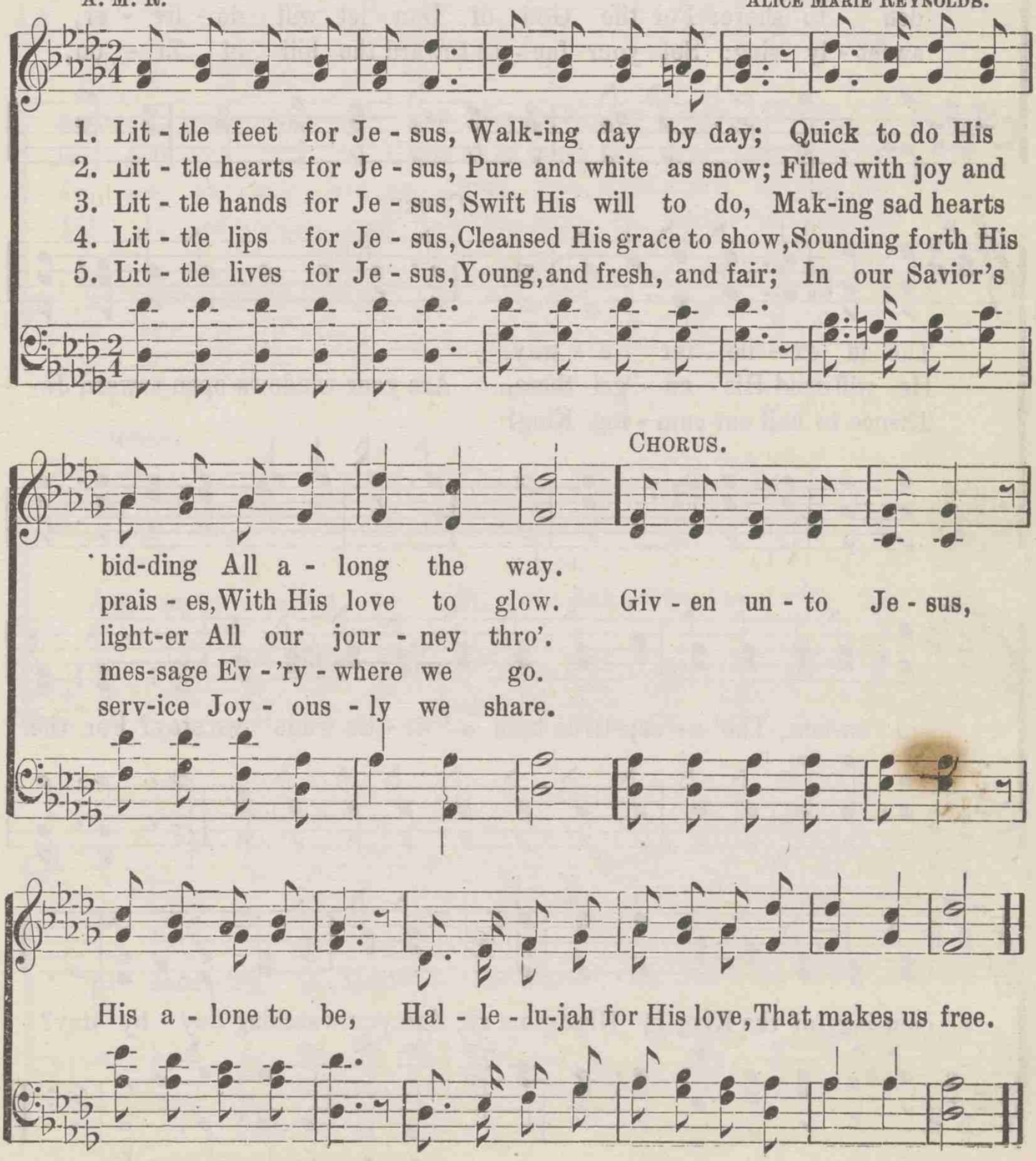
CHORUS.



6 All our hopes will then be blended,
In eternal righteousness;
All our sorrow will be ended,
In eternal thankfulness;
There we'll worship God forever,
In that holy happy place,
And shall know no sorrow never,
When we see Him face to face.

132 For Jesus.

A. M. R. ALICE MARIE REYNOLDS.



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133 Windows Open Towards Jerusalem.

"And his windows being open toward Jerusalem."—Dan. 6: 10.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.

1. Do you see the He-brew cap - tive kneel-ing, At morn-ing, noon and night to pray? In his cham - ber he re - mem-bers Zi - on,
2. Do not fear to tread the fier - y fur - nace, Nor shrink the li - on's den to share; For the God of Dan - iel will de - liv - er,
3. Children of the llv - ing God, take courage; Your great de-liv-'rance sweet - ly sing: Set your fac - es toward the hill of Zi - on,

CHORUS.

Tho' in ex - ile far a - way.
He will send His an - gel there.
Thence to hail our com - ing King!

Are your windows open toward Je-
ru - sa-lem, Tho' as cap-tives here a "lit - tle while" we stay? For the
com-ing of the King in His glo - ry, Are you watching day by day?

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134 Ask Whatsoe'er Ye Will.

D. W. G. S. D. K.

1. When as the branch with- in the vine, We dwell in Christ, the Lord,
2. Our Lord, who left His might - y name For those who love to pray,
3. Un-loos - ing pow'r is giv'n to those Who have the faith of God,
4. Then ask and seek and knock in truth; The Sav - ior's prom-ise prove,

And ask ac - cord - ing to His will, Our pray'r is sure - ly heard.
Is seat - ed now at God's right hand To give us what we say.
To set the help - less cap - tives free, Held down by Sa - tan's rod.
Till Je - sus comes, bear pre-cious fruit In faith - ful - ness and love.

CHORUS.

Ask who - so - e'er ye will, Ask who - so - e'er ye will;

Ac - cord - ing to His faith - ful word, Ask what - so - e'er ye will.

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135 Going Through With Jesus.

"I press toward the mark for the prize." Phil., 3: 14.

Mrs. F. E. H. Mrs. F. E. H.

1. I'm go - ing through with Je - sus, I'm go - ing all the way,
2. I'm go - ing through with Je - sus, I'll go with Him all the way,
3. My Sav - ior now is lead - ing Me up - ward, on - ward, still

Soon white-robed throng will gath-er, To bear my soul a - way;
For bright - er shines His glo - ry, As nears that bless - ed day;
And I am not com-plain-ing, A - bout His prec - ious will;

I know that Je - sus loves me I've proved it o'er and o'er,
When Je - sus' voice shall call me, To flee from earth a - way,
I love to do His bid - ding As Chris-tians al - ways should,

And I shall soon be with Him, To suf - fer nev - er - more.
I'm go - ing through with Je - sus, Yes, I'm go - ing all the way.
If they would walk with Je - sus, Be al - ways kind and good.

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Going Through With Jesus.

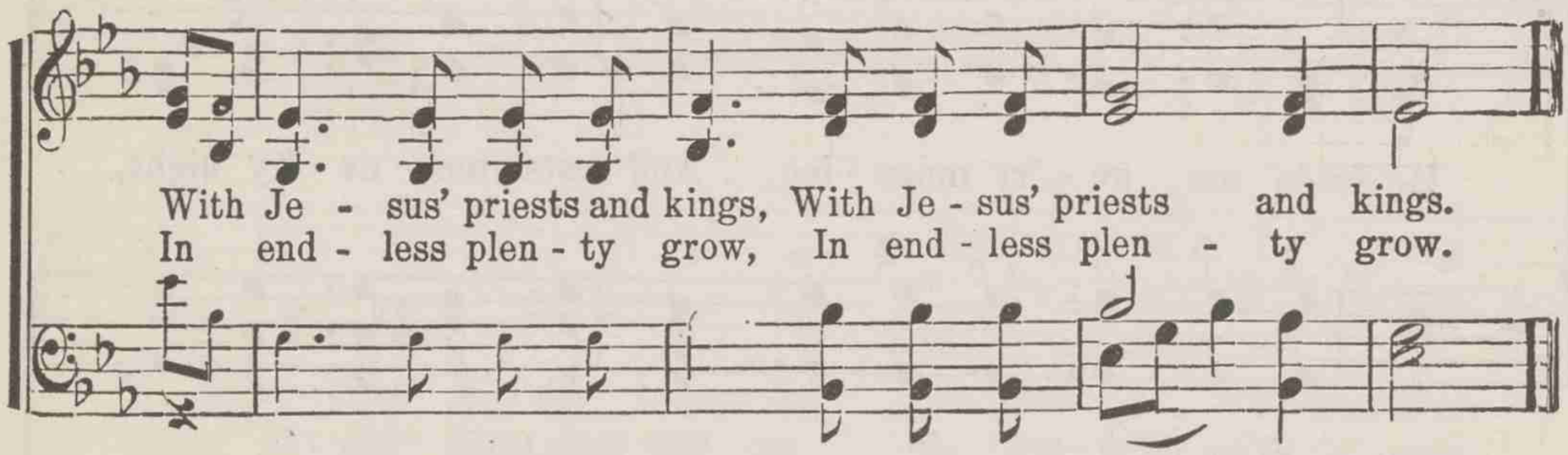
CHORUS.

4 Our precious, precious Jesus
Oh come, we long for Thee,
And gather all Thy children
With Thee at home to be;
Where none molest forever
No evil can then be,
And we shall live together
At home eternally.

5 The blessed Holy Spirit,
Who thus has been so true,
Has come into my being,
Possessed me through and through;
And now I love to hear Him
In praises of His own
Adore and worship Jesus,
In His temple throne.

136 . O Glorious Hope of Perfect Love!

CHAS. WESLEY. Ariel. C. P. M. 8s & 6s. Dr. L. MASON.



3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favor'd with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest;
There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,
And keeps His own in perfect peace
And everlasting rest.

4 O that I might at once go up;
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess;
This moment end my legal years,
Sorrows and sins, and doubts, and fears,
A howling wilderness!

137 O Gould I Speak

1 O could I speak the matchless worth,
O could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Savior shine,
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings
In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine;
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

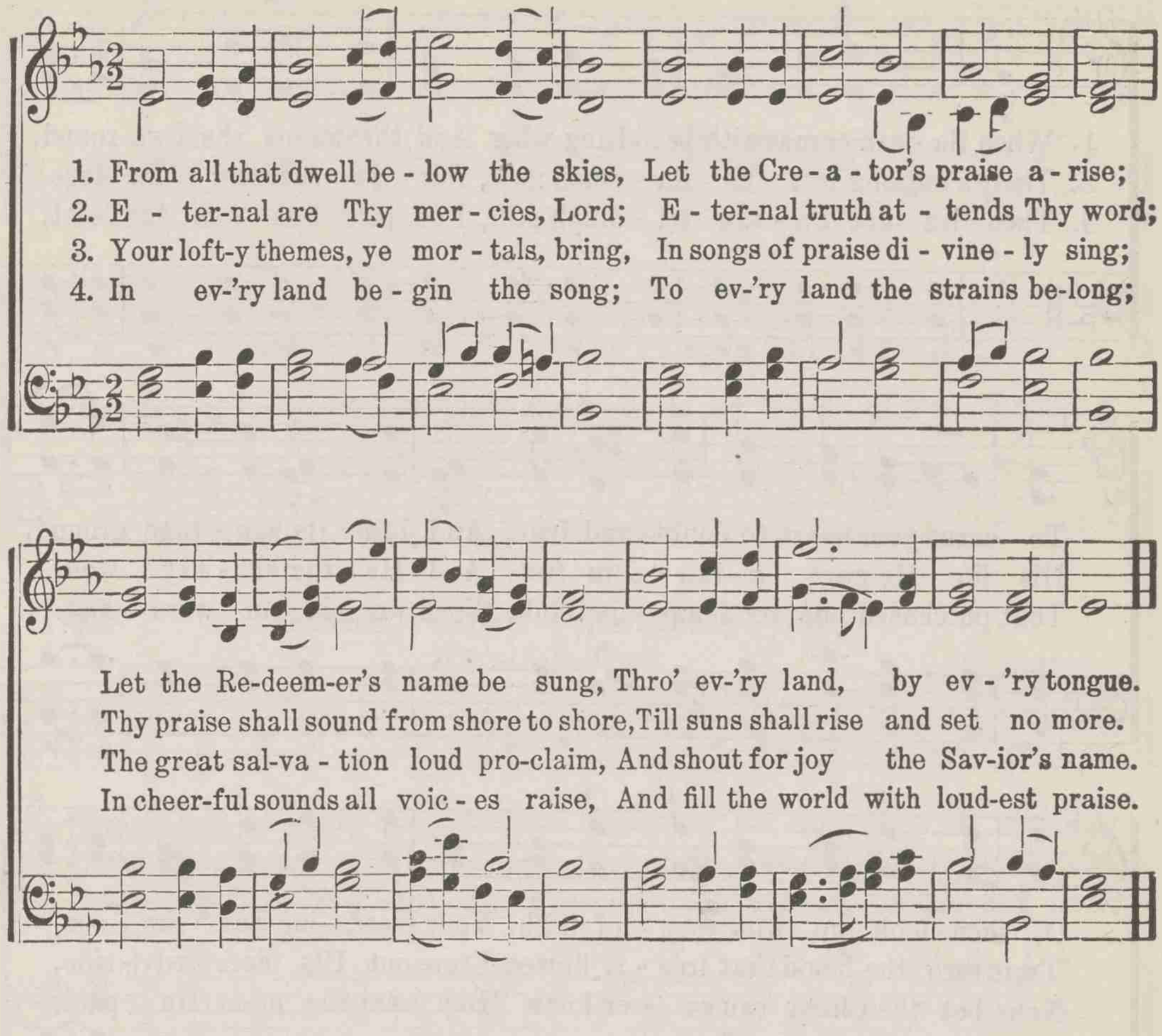
3 I'd sing the character He bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on His throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all His glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see His face;
Then with my Savior, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

Samuel Medley.

138 From all That Dwell.

Duke Street. JOHN HATTON.



1. From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise;
2. E - ter-nal are Thy mer - cies, Lord; E - ter-nal truth at - tends Thy word;
3. Your loft-y themes, ye mor - tals, bring, In songs of praise di - vine - ly sing;
4. In ev-'ry land be - gin the song; To ev-'ry land the strains be-long;

Let the Re-deem-er's name be sung, Thro' ev-'ry land, by ev - 'ry tongue.
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.
The great sal-va - tion loud pro-claim, And shout for joy the Sav-ior's name.
In cheer-ful sounds all voic - es raise, And fill the world with loud-est praise.

139 O Thou, Whom all Thy Saints Adore.

1 O Thou, whom all Thy saints adore,
We now with all Thy saints agree,
And bow our inmost souls before
Thy glorious, awful majesty.

2 We come, great God, to seek Thy face,
And for Thy loving kindness wait;
And O, how dreadful is this place!
'Tis God's own house, 'tis heaven's gate.

3 Tremble our hearts to find Thee nigh;
To Thee our trembling hearts aspire;
And lo! we see descend from high
The pillar and the flames of fire.

4 Still let it on the assembly stay,
And all the house with glory fill;
To Canaan's bounds point out the way
And lead us to the holy hill.

5 There let us all with Jesus stand,
And join the general church above,
And take our seat at Thy right hand,
And sing Thine everlasting love.

Charles Wesley.

140 Jesus Shall Reign.

1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

2 To Him shall endless praise be made,
And endless praises crown His head,
His name like sweet perfume shall rise,
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue,
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim,
Their young hosannas to His name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest;
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Where He displays His healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In Him the tribes of Adam boast,
More blessings than their father lost.

Isaac Watts.

141 There is Victory.

MRS. WENGLER. JESSIE WENGLER.

1. When Sa - tan comes with brood-ing wing And throws his shadows round,
2. There's nothing left un - fin - ished now, For Je - sus said "'Tis done,"
3. Then let not Sa - tan tri - umph still, For price-less was the cost,

To casue your heart to doubt and fear, And lose its van - tage ground.
His life He gave a ran - som free, And He the vic - t'ry won.
That purchased our re-demp - tion full, When we in sin were lost.

O, then look up with eyes of faith, Your bleed - ing Sav - ior see,
'Twas thro' the blood that free - ly flowed, From out His pierc - ed side,
None but the Christ can ev - er know How great the price He paid;

Who triumphed o - ver ev - 'ry foe On the cross of Cal - va - ry.
We may from sin be ful - ly cleansed And free - ly jus - ti - fied.
The whole world's sin He meek - ly bore And full a-tone-ment made.

CHORUS.

O there's vic-to - ry for you, And there's vic-to - ry for me,
for you, for me.

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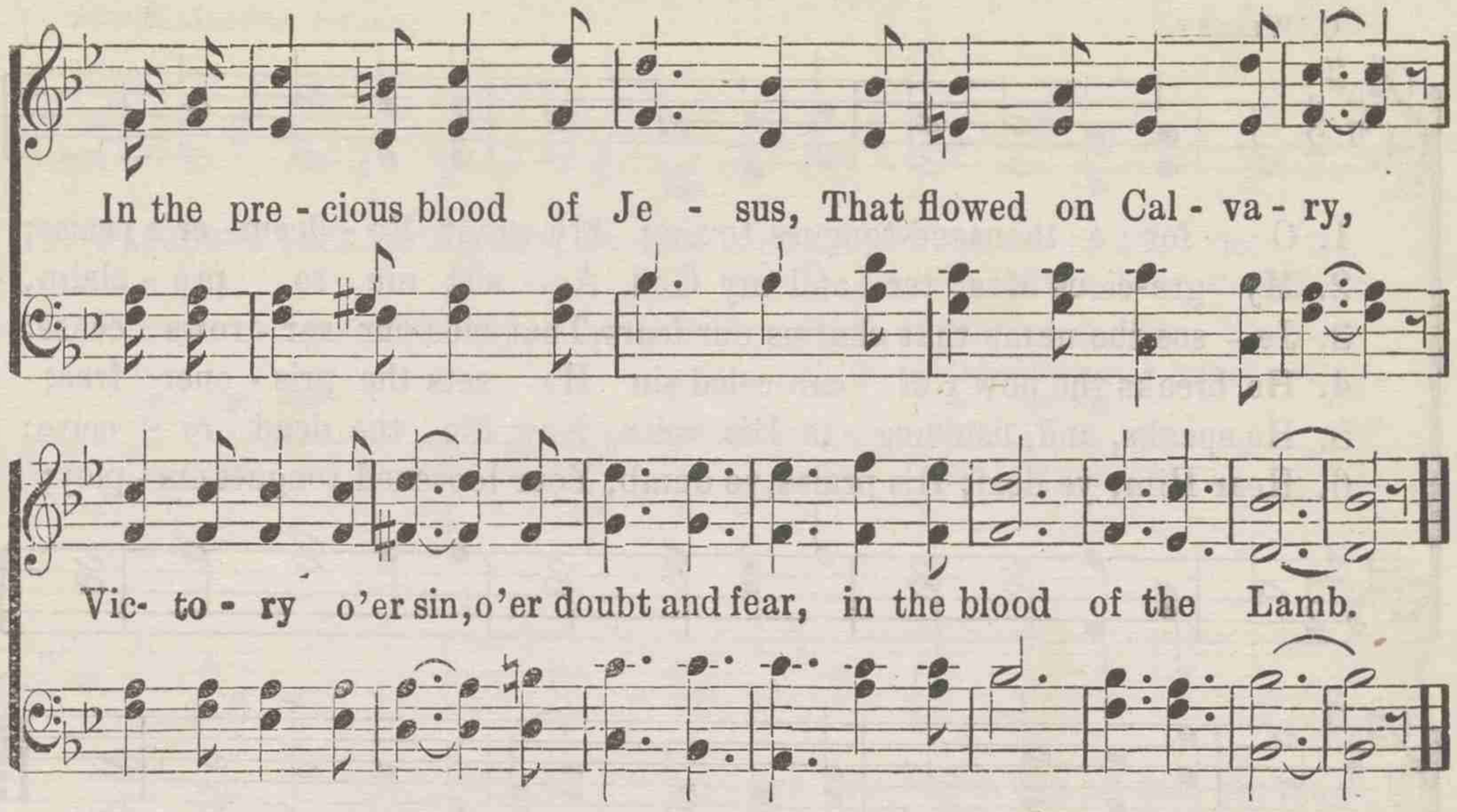
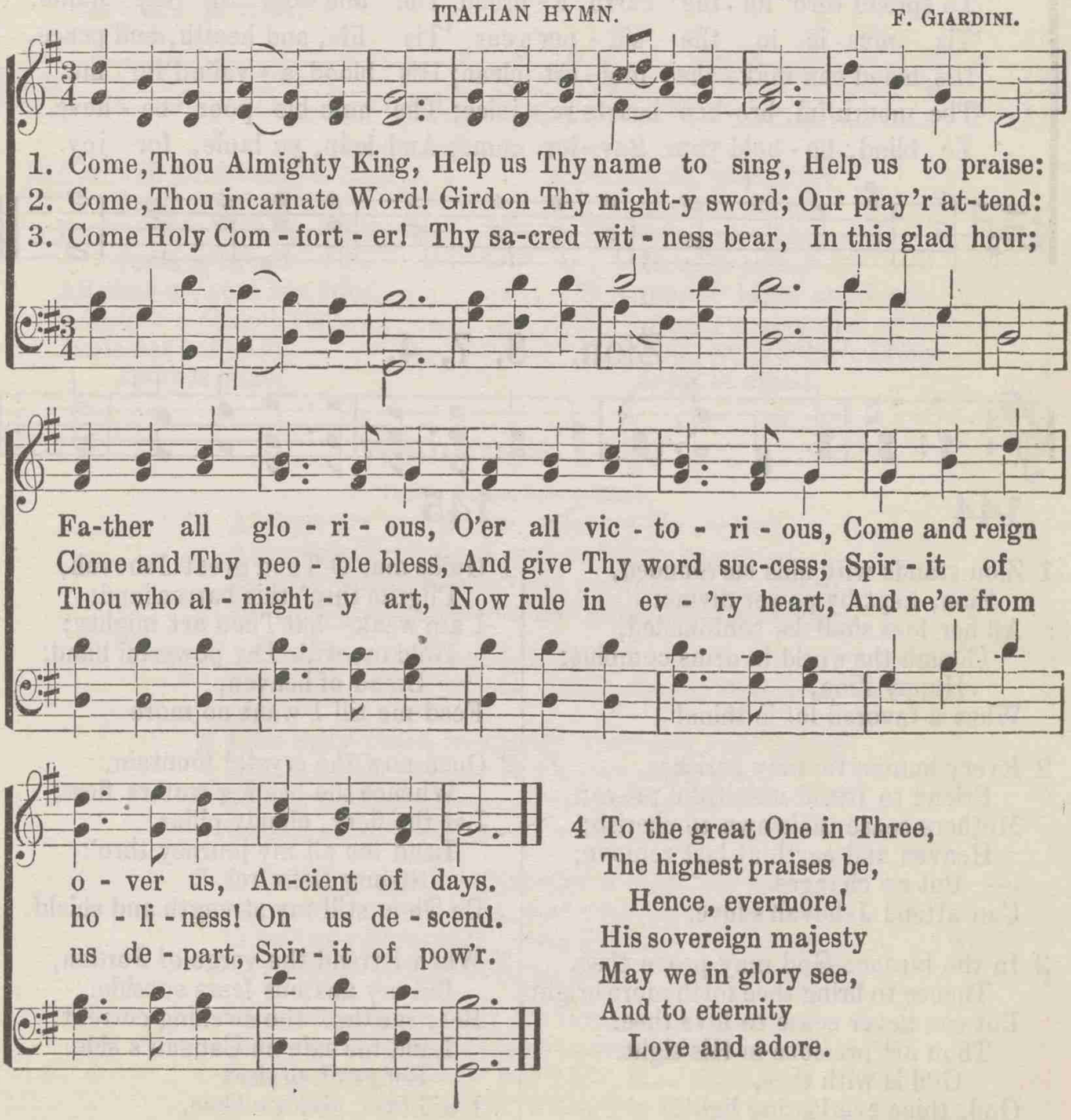
There is Victory.



142 Come, Thou Almighty King.

ITALIAN HYMN. F. GIARDINI.

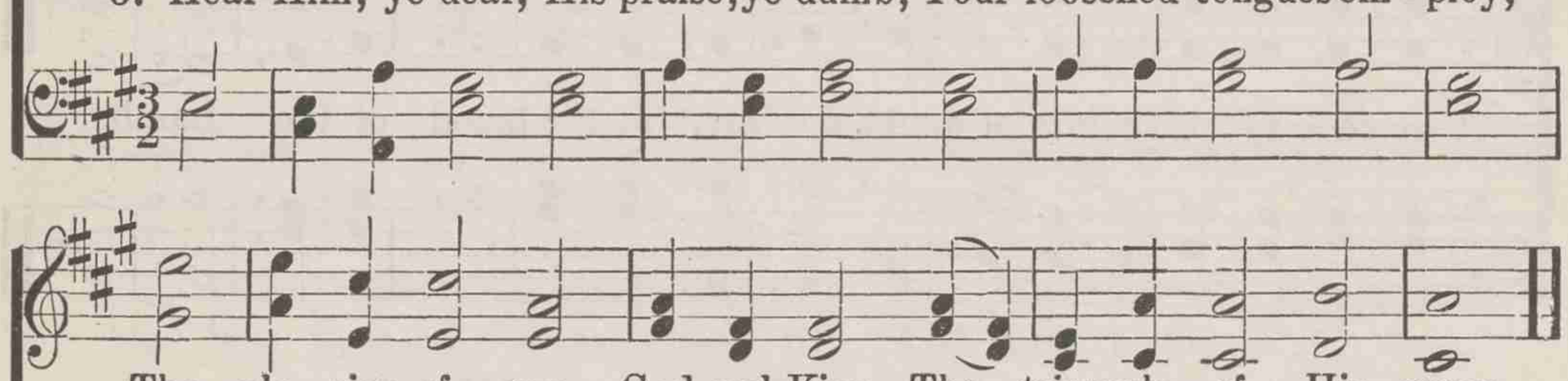


4 To the great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence, evermore!
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

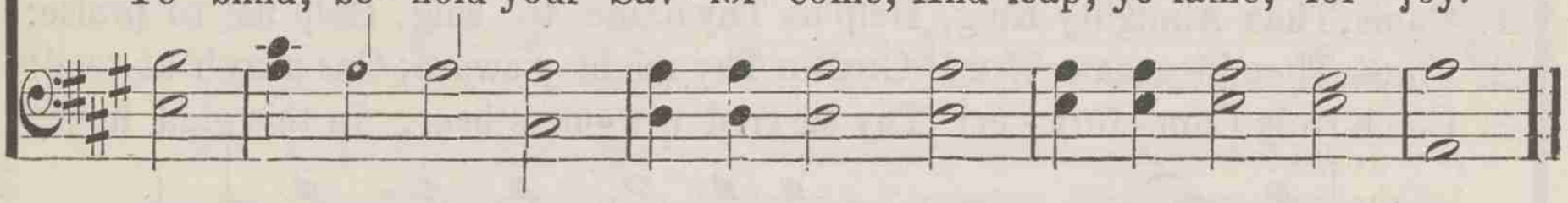
143 O for a Thousand Tongues, to Sing.

C. WESLEY. L. MASON.

1. O for a thousand tongues, to sing My great Re - deem - er's praise;
2. My gra-cious Mas - ter and my God, As - sist me to pro - claim,
3. Je - sus the name that charms our fears, That bids our sor - rows cease;
4. He breaks the pow'r of can-celed sin He sets the pris - oner free;
5. He speaks, and, listening to His voice, New life the dead re - ceive;
6. Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb, Your loosened tongues em - ploy;



The glo - ries of my God and King, The triumphs of His grace.
To spread thro' all the earth a - broad, The hon - ors of thy name.
'Tis mus - ic in the sin - ner's ear, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
His blood can make the foul - est clean; His blood a - vailed for me.
The mourn-ful, bro-ken hearts re - joice; The hum-ble poor be - lieve.
Ye blind, be - hold your Sav - ior come; And leap, ye lame, for joy.



Zion. 8, 7, 4.

144

1 Zion stands with hills surrounded,
Zion, kept by power divine:
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine:
Happy Zion,
What a favored lot is thine!

2 Every human tie may perish;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish;
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright
But can never cease to love thee:
Thou art precious in His sight:
God is with thee,
God, thine everlasting light.

145

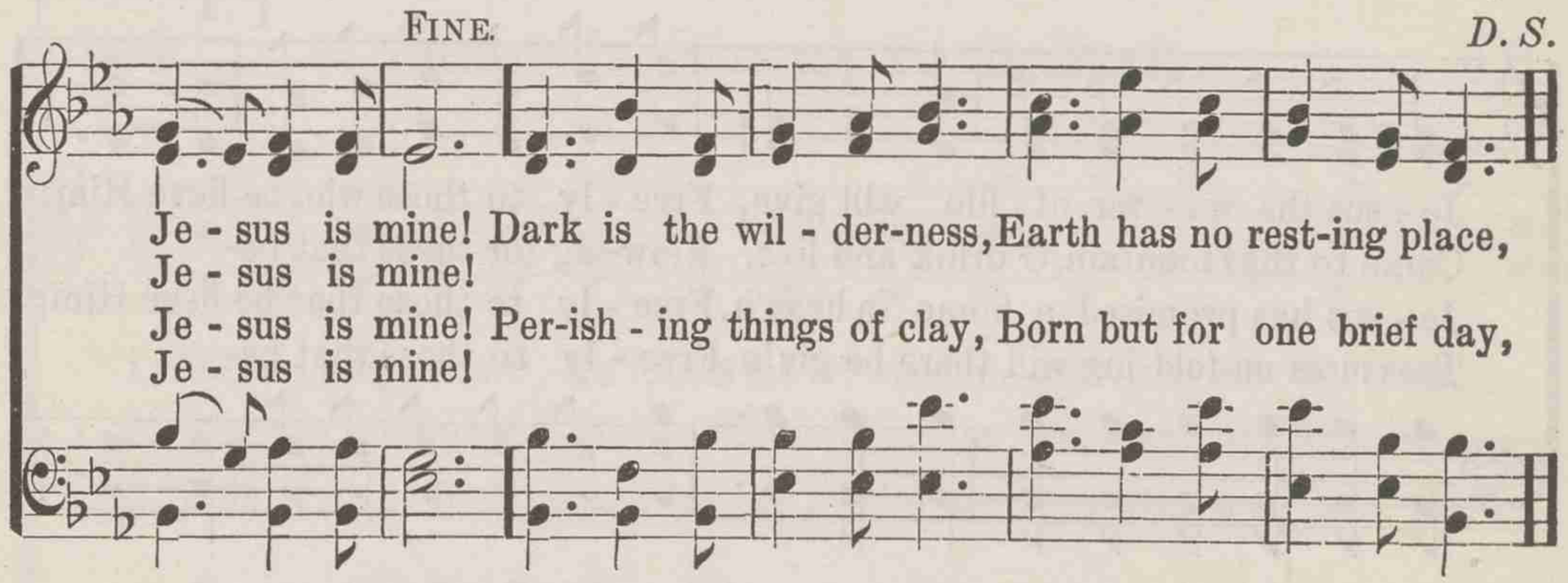
1 Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim thro' this barren land:
I am weak—but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey thro':
Stroug Deliv'rer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside:
Bear me thro' the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

146 Jesus is Mine.

Rev. HORATIUS BONAR. T. E. PERKINS.



3 Farewell ye dreams of night,
Jesus is mine!
Lost in this dawning light,
Jesus is mine!
All that my soul has tried,
Left but a dismal void,
Jesus has satisfied,
Jesus is mine!

4 Farewell, mortality,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, eternity,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, O loved and blest,
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest;
Welcome, my Savior's breast,
Jesus is mine!

147 Wondrous Love.

Tune—Home, Sweet Home.

1 A plant dry and tender, unlovely He seemed,
Acquainted with grief, and so lightly esteemed,
Despised and rejected, and crowned by the thorn,
He carried our sorrows, our griefs He hath borne.

CHO.—Love, love, wondrous love;
O keep me, dear Savior, from grieving Thy love.

2 Like sheep prone to wander, the world went astray,
And turued every one to hls own sinful way,
The Lord laid on Jesus the sins of us all,
On His sinless head, see the chastisement fall.

3 A Lamb to the slaughter how meekly He came,
Oppressed and afflicted, and covered with shame,
O suff'ring Redeemer, 'twas I caused Thy pain,
Thy stripes are my healing, for me Thou wast slain.

4 O what shall I render, my Lord, unto Thee,
Thy travail of soul to accomplish in me?
My all seems so little, but Lord, it is Thine,
And filled is this temple with glory divine. *Mayne Payne Ferguson.*

1. Je - sus the wa - ter of life will give, Free - ly, free-ly, free - ly;
Come to that fountain, O drink and live, Free - ly, free-ly, free - ly;

2. Je - sus has prom-ised a home in heav'n, Free - ly, free-ly, free - ly;
Treasures un-fold - ing will there be giv'n, Free - ly, free-ly, free - ly;

Je - sus the wa - ter of life will give, Free - ly to those who be-lieve Him;
Come to that fountain, O drink and live, Flow-ing for those that be-
Je - sus has promised a home in heav'n, Free - ly to those that be-lieve Him;
Treasures un-fold-ing will there be giv'n, Free - ly to those that be-

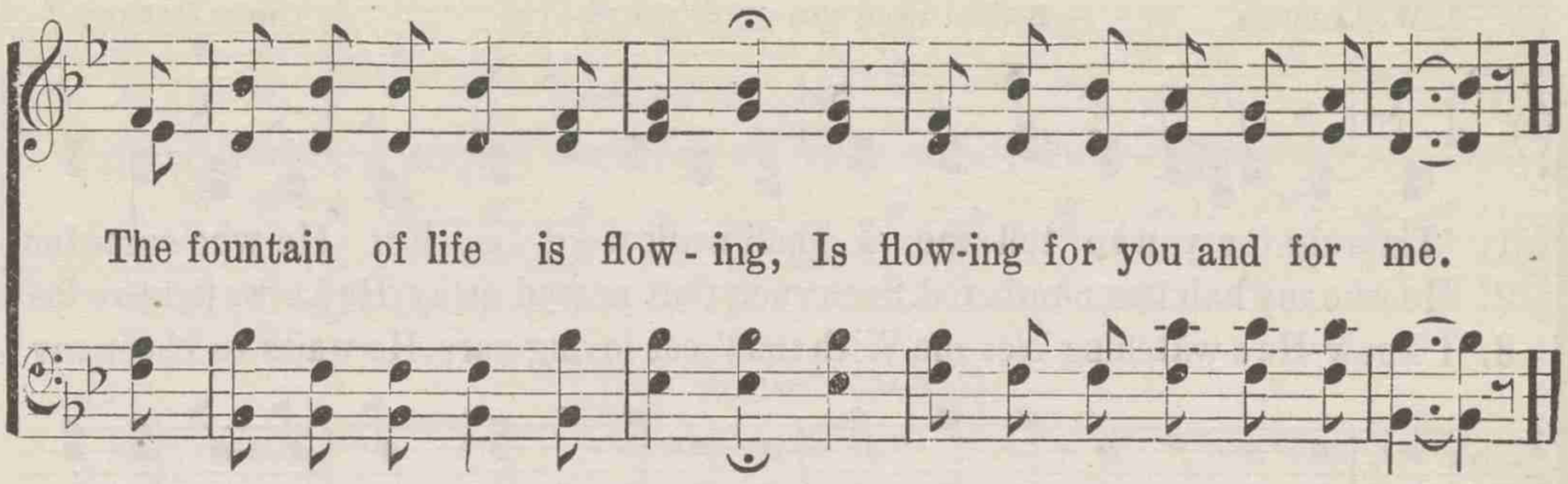
CHORUS.

lieve Him. The Spir - it and the Bride say come, Free-ly, free - ly, free - ly,

And he that is thirst - y, let him come And drink of the wa - ter of life;

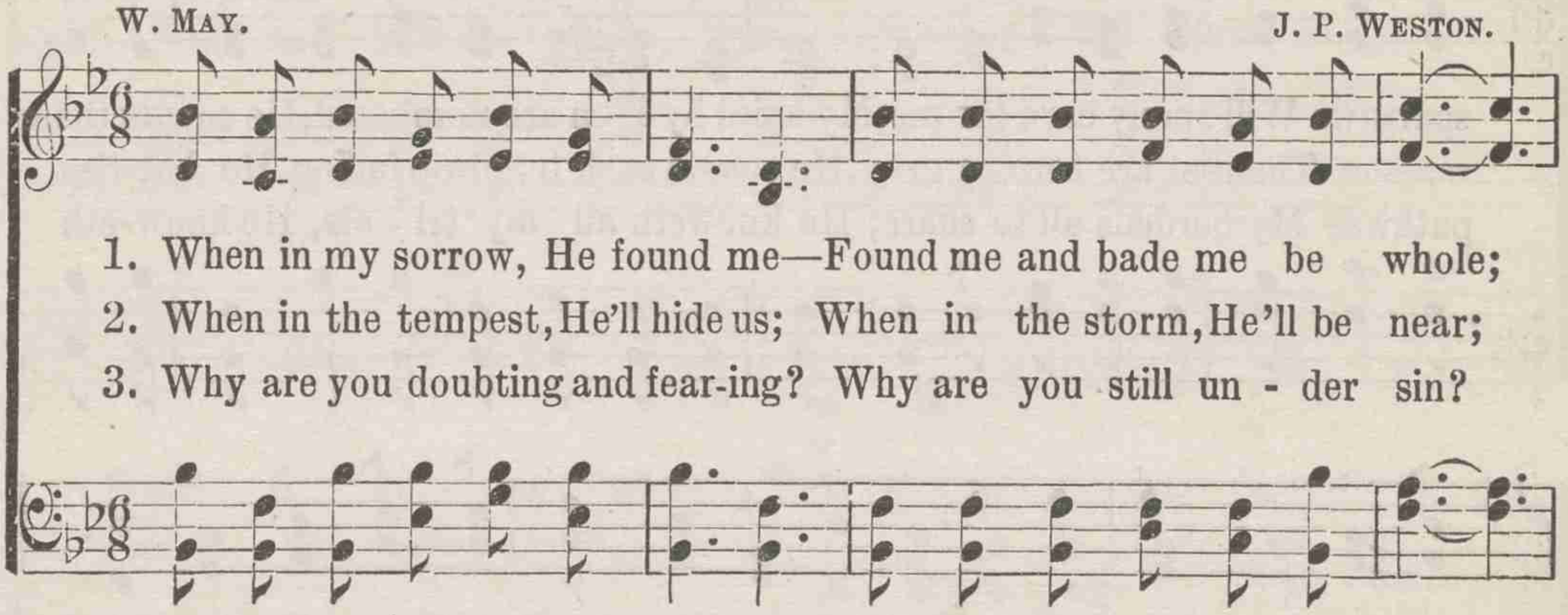
The fount - ain of life is flow - ing, Flow - ing, free - ly flow - ing,

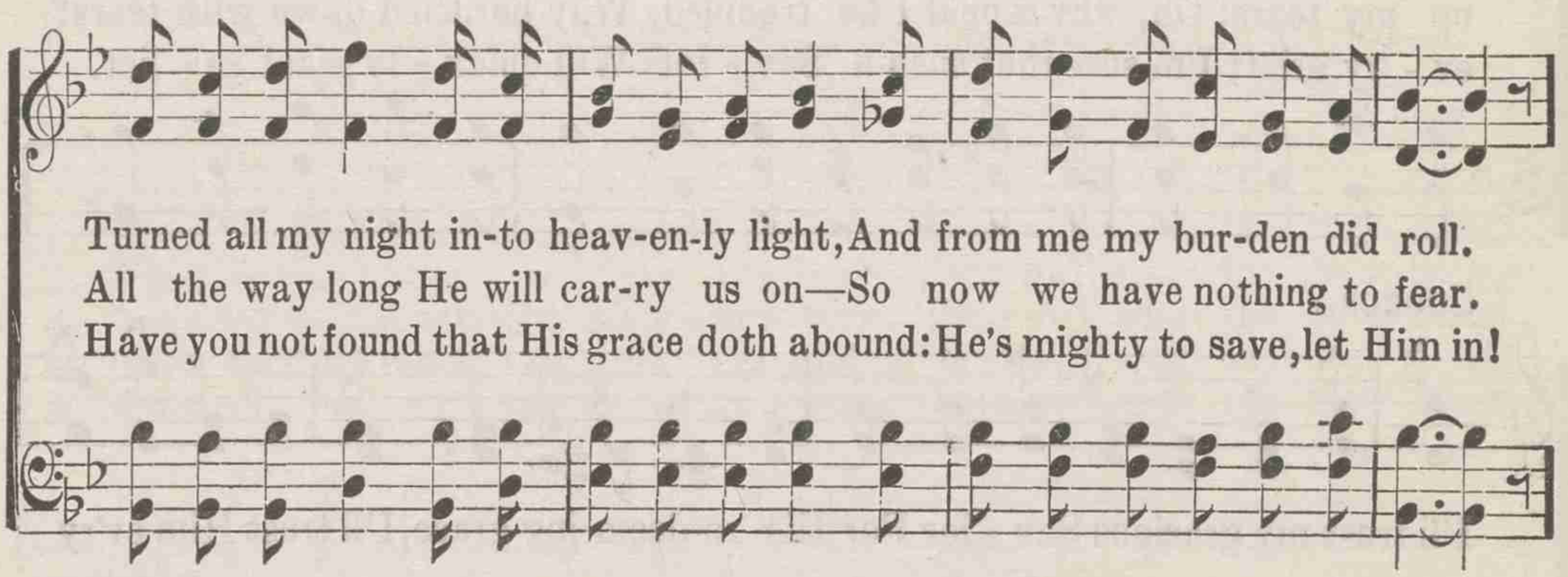
The Water of Life.

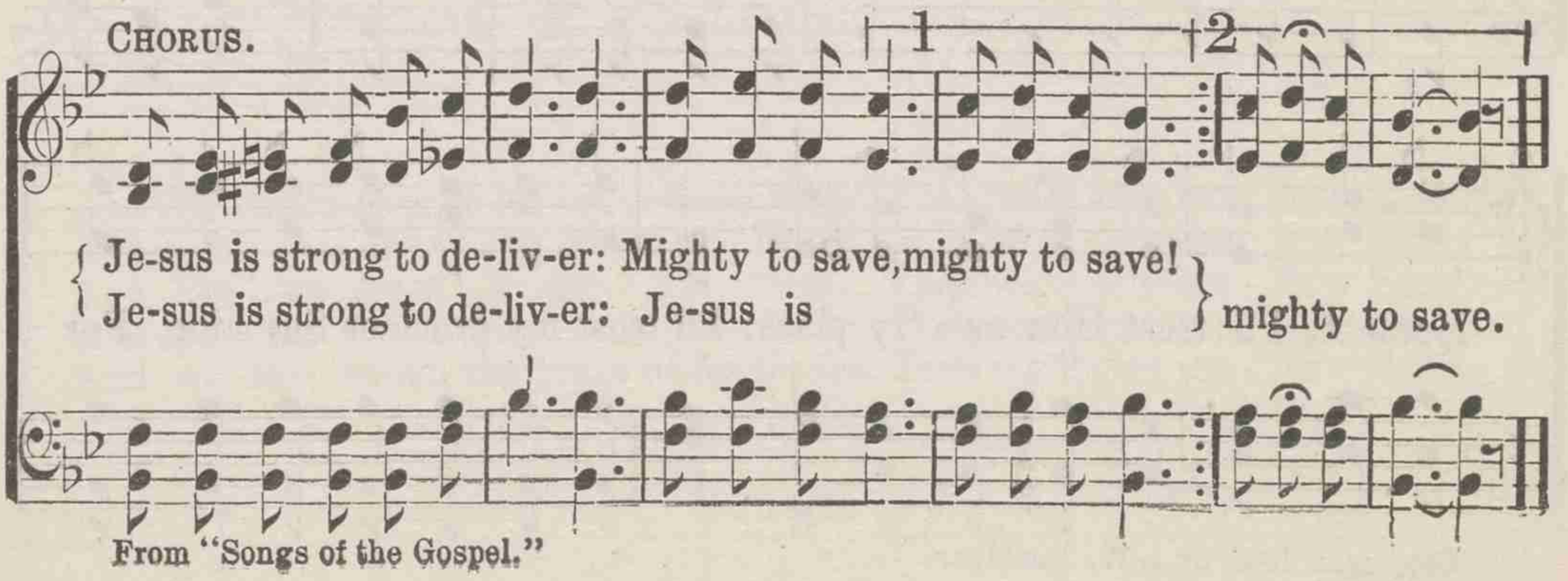


149 Jesus Is Strong to Deliver.

W. MAY. J. P. WESTON.







From "Songs of the Gospel."

150 I'll Trust Him,

J. W. TAMBLYN. Bottled up my tears.—Ps. 36: 8. THORO HARRIS.

1. 'Tis vain for you to tell me I shall neglect-ed be, For He who cares for
2. He who my hair has numbered, Seen each that passed away, He knows just now the
3. I know He's watching o'er me With tend'rest loving care, He waits to cheer my

sparrows Will surely care for me; My hairs by Him are numbered, He counts them
rea-son The rest are turning gray; He counts each teardrop falling, He bot-tles
pathway My burdens all to share; He knoweth all my tri - als, He know-eth

as they fall; My tears by Him are count-ed, He knows a - bout them all.
up my tears; Oh, why should I be troubled, Why burden'd down with tears?
ev - 'ry grief; I'm sure that such a Sav - ior Will quick - ly grant re - lief.

CHORUS.

I'll trust my gracious Sav - ior For His re-deem-ing grace, I'll trust Him ev'ry
moment. I'll trust Him ev - 'ry place; I'll trust my gracious Sav - ior, For

Copyright, 1905, by J. W. Tamblyn.

I'll Trust Him.

His redeeming grace; I'll trust Him ev-'ry moment, I'll trust Him ev-'ry place.

151 "The New Song."

A. F. INGLER. Rev. 5: 9, 10; 15: 3. Southern Melody.

CHO.—Wait a lit - tle while, Then we'll sing the New Song;

FINE.

Wait a lit - tle while, Then we'll sing the New Song.

1. When Ga-briel blows his trump - et loud, Then we'll sing the New Song;
2. When Je-sus comes to claim His bride, Then we'll sing the New Song;
3. Some day we'll drink the King's new wine, Then we'll sing the New Song;
4. When we shall reach the gold - en shore, Then we'll sing the New Song;
5. When all our vic-t'ries here are won, Then we'll sing the New Song;

D. C.

And Christ descends on the snow-white cloud, Then we'll sing the New Song.
And steals a - way the pu - ri - fied, Then we'll sing the New Song.
And like the stars in glo - ry shine, Then we'll sing the New Song.
And meet the loved ones gone be - fore, Then we'll sing the New Song.
And we sur - round the great white throne, Then we'll sing the New Song.

152 I'll Praise the Lord Forever.

ARTHUR B. DAVIS. D. W. G.

1. My pre-cious Savior loved me when I was lost in sin, And sent the Ho - ly
2. The bless-ed Ho-ly Spir-it, Who thus has been so true, Has come in-to my
3. The cross of Christ, my Savior, it means so much to me; 'Twas there my debt was

Spir - it to show me Christ within; He drew my heart and showed me how
be - ing, pos-sessed me thro' and thro'; And now I love to hear Him, in
cancelled, twas there He set me free; There sin and self were dealt with, and

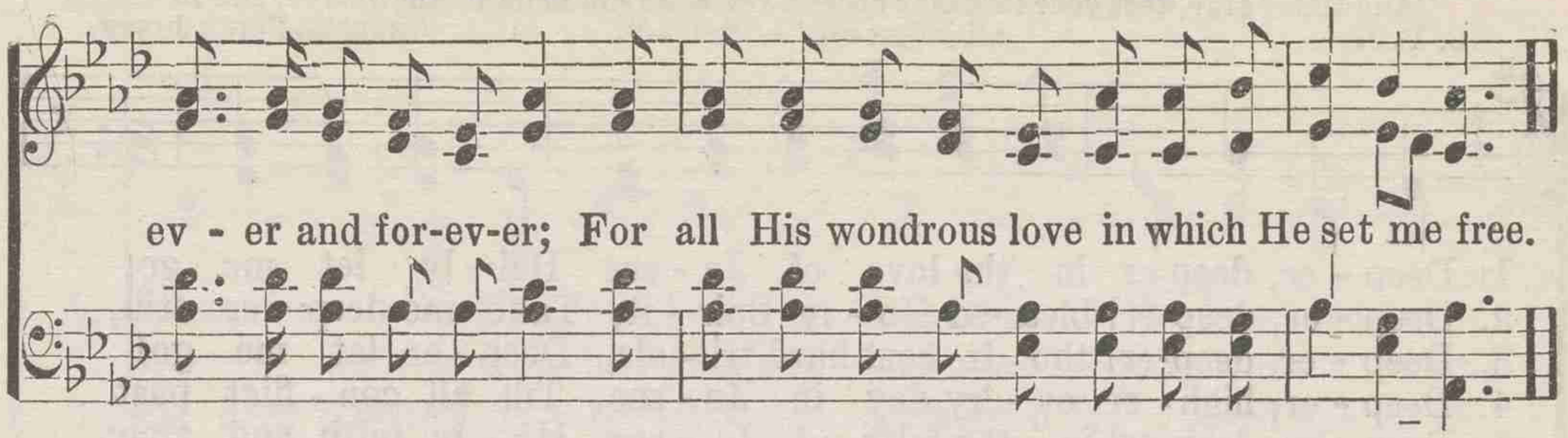
all was vain but God; And now I am so hap - py be-neath the cleansing blood.
prais-es of His own, A-dore and worship Je-sus from this His tem-ple-throne.
He my sickness bore; And I will love and praise Him now and for-ev-er-more.

CHORUS.

I'll praise the Lord for-ev-er, for - ev - er and for - ev - er; I'll praise the
Lord for - ev-er, for what He is to me; I cannot help but praise Him, for-

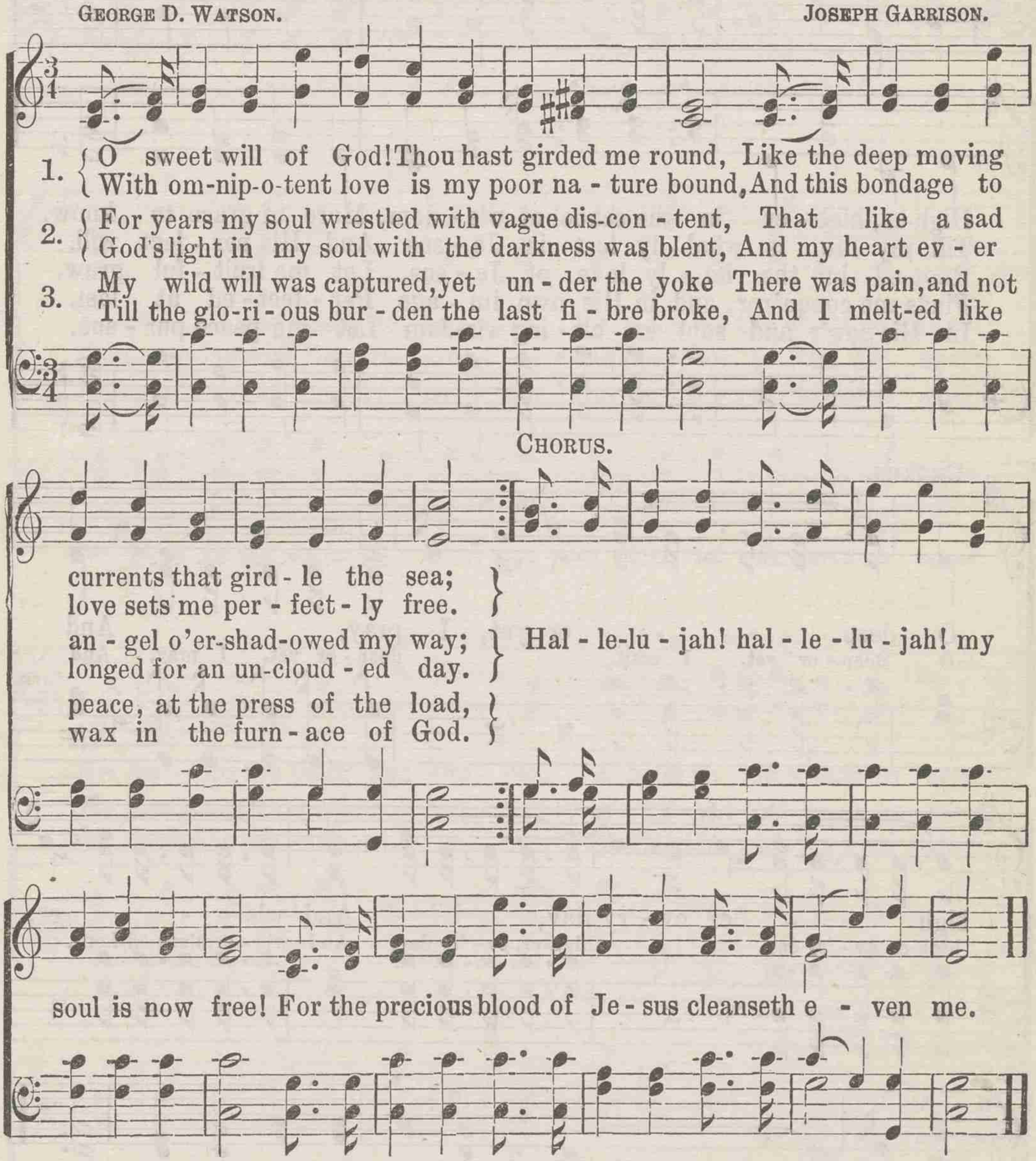
By permission, D. W. Griffin, owner.

I'll Praise the Lord Forever.



153 The Bondage of Love.

GEORGE D. WATSON. JOSEPH GARRISON.



4 And now I have flung myself recklessly out,
Like a chip on the stream of the Infinite Will;
I pass the rough rocks with a smile and a shout,
And I just let my God His dear purpose fulfill.

5 I care not for self; all my blessings and pains
I gladly yield up to the mandate above;
My crosses and triumphs, my losses and gains,
I bury them all in the vortex of love.

6 And now my King Jesus has all His own way,
I want but to catch His low whisp'ring word;
'Tis my bliss to lie low 'neath His scepter's bright sway,
For my triumph I see in each step of my Lord.

7 Forever I choose the good will of my God,
Its holy deep riches to love and to know,
The serfdom of love doth so sweeten the rod,
That its touch maketh rivers of honey to flow.

154 Deeper, Deeper.

"And this I pray, that your love may abound yet more and more in knowledge, and in all judgment."—Phil. 1-9.

C. P. J. CHARLES PRICE JONES.

1. Deep - er, deep-er in the love of Je - sus Dai - ly let me go;
2. Deep - er, deep-er! bless-ed Ho - ly Spir - it, Take me deep - er still,
3. Deep - er, deep-er! tho' it cost hard tri - als, Deep - er let me go!
4. Deep - er, high - er ev - 'ry day in Je - sus, Till all con - flict past
5. Deep - er, deep-er! in the faith of Je - sus, Ho - ly faith and true;

High-er, high - er in the school of wis - dom, More of grace to know.
Till my life is whol - ly lost in Je - sus And His per - fect will.
Root-ed in the ho - ly love of Je - sus, Let me fruit - ful grow.
Finds me conqu'ror, and in His own im - age Per - fect - ed at last.
In His pow'r and soul ex - alt - ing wis-dom Let me peace pur - sue.

CHORUS.

O deep - - er yet, I pray, And
O deep - er yet, I pray, deep - er yet, I pray, And

high - - er ev - 'ry day, And wis - - er,
high-er ev - 'ry day, high-er, ev - 'ry day. And wis - er, bless-ed Lord,

bless - ed Lord, In Thy pre - cious ho - ly word.
wis - er, bless - ed Lord,

1900, by C. P. Jones. By permission.

155 Learn of the Meek and Lowly.

1. Come, learn of the Meek and Low - ly, Come sit at the Mas-ter's feet,
2. O, if we were more like Je - sus, And more from the world a - part,
3. He wept o'er the ho - ly cit - y, He wept o'er a loved one dead,

CHO.—*Then learn of the Meek and Low - ly, Come sit at the Mas-ter's feet,*

FINE.

No place in the world so ho - ly, No place in the world so sweet;
Com-mun-ing with Him in spir - it, And near - er to Him in heart:
He know-eth our ev - 'ry tri - al, And se - eth the tears we shed:

No place in the world so ho - ly, No place in the world so sweet.

His les - sons are plain and sim - ple, A balm to the wound-ed breast,
We should not complain so sad - ly, When troubles and cares we meet,
O, live that our souls may en - ter His kingdom with joy com - plete,

D. C. for Chorus.

He mak-eth our bur - dens light - er, And giv - eth His chil-dren rest.
But car - ry at once our sor - rows And lay them at Je - sus' feet.
And there, thro' e - ter - nal a - ges, We'll sit at the Mas-ter's feet.

156 The Death Line.

"My Spisit shall not always strive with man,"—Gen. 6: 3. "Quench not the Spirit."—1 Thess. 5: 19.

ADDISON. Chorus by M. W. K. Scotch. Arr. and Adapted.

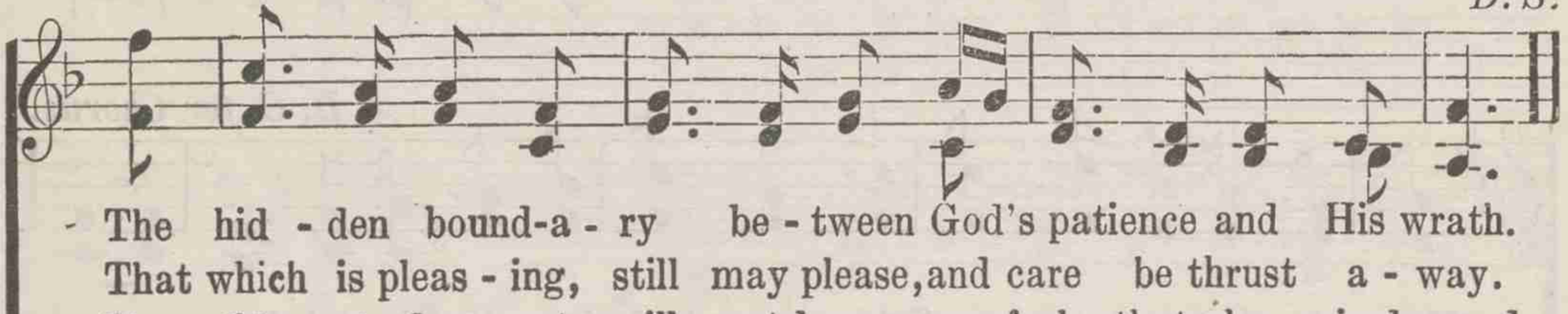
1. There is a time—we know not when, a point—we know not where,
2. To pass that lim - it is to die, to die as if by stealth;
3. But on that fore-head God has set in - del - i - bly a mark,
4. He thinks or feels that all is well, and ev - 'ry fear is calmed;
5. How far may we go on in sin? how long will God for - bear?

That marks the des - ti - ny of man to glo - ry or de - spair;
It does not quench the beam-ing eye, nor fade the glow of health;
Un - seen by man, for man, as yet, is blind and in the dark;
He lives, he dies, he wakes in Hell, not on - ly doomed but dammed!
Where does hope end, and where be - gin the con - fines of de - spair?

There is a line, by us un - seen, that cross - es ev - 'ry path,
The con - science may be still at ease, the spir - it light and gay;
And yet the doomed man's path be-low like E - den may have bloomed,
Oh, where is this mys - te - rious bourn by which our path is crossed,
An an - swer from the skies is sent, "Ye that from God de - part,

D.S.-Oh, come to - day, do not de - lay, too late it soon will be;

D. S.



The hid - den bound-a - ry be - tween God's patience and His wrath.
That which is pleas - ing, still may please, and care be thrust a - way.
He did not, does not, will not know nor feel that he is doomed.
Be - yond which God Him - self hath sworn that he who goes is lost?
While it is called "to - day," re - pent, and hard - en not your heart."

To Je - sus fly, for mer - cy cry, He waits to wel - come thee.

157 Death Hath No Terrors.

C. P. J. "O Death, where is thy sting?"—1 Cor. 15: 55. C. P. JONES.

1. Death has no ter - rors for the blood-bought one, O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah
2. Our souls die dai - ly to the world and sin, O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah
3. We seek a cit - y far be - yond this vale, O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah
4. We'll then press forward to the heav'n-ly land, O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah
5. We'll rise some day just as our Sav - ior rose, O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah

to the Lamb! The boast - ed vic - t'ry of the grave is gone,
to the Lamb! By the Spir - it's pow - er as He dwells with - in,
to the Lamb! Where joys ce - les - tial nev - er, nev - er fail,
to the Lamb! Nor mind the troub-les met on ev - 'ry hand,
to the Lamb! Till then shall death be but a calm re - pose,

CHORUS.

O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb! Je-sus rose from the

Je-sus rose

dead, Rose tri - um - phant as He said, Snatch'd the vict'ry from the grave,

from the dead, Rose triumphant as He said.

rit.

Rose a-gain our souls to save—O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb!

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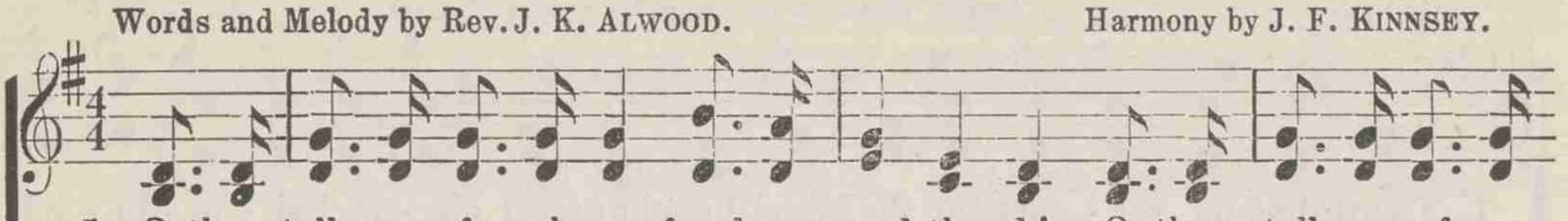
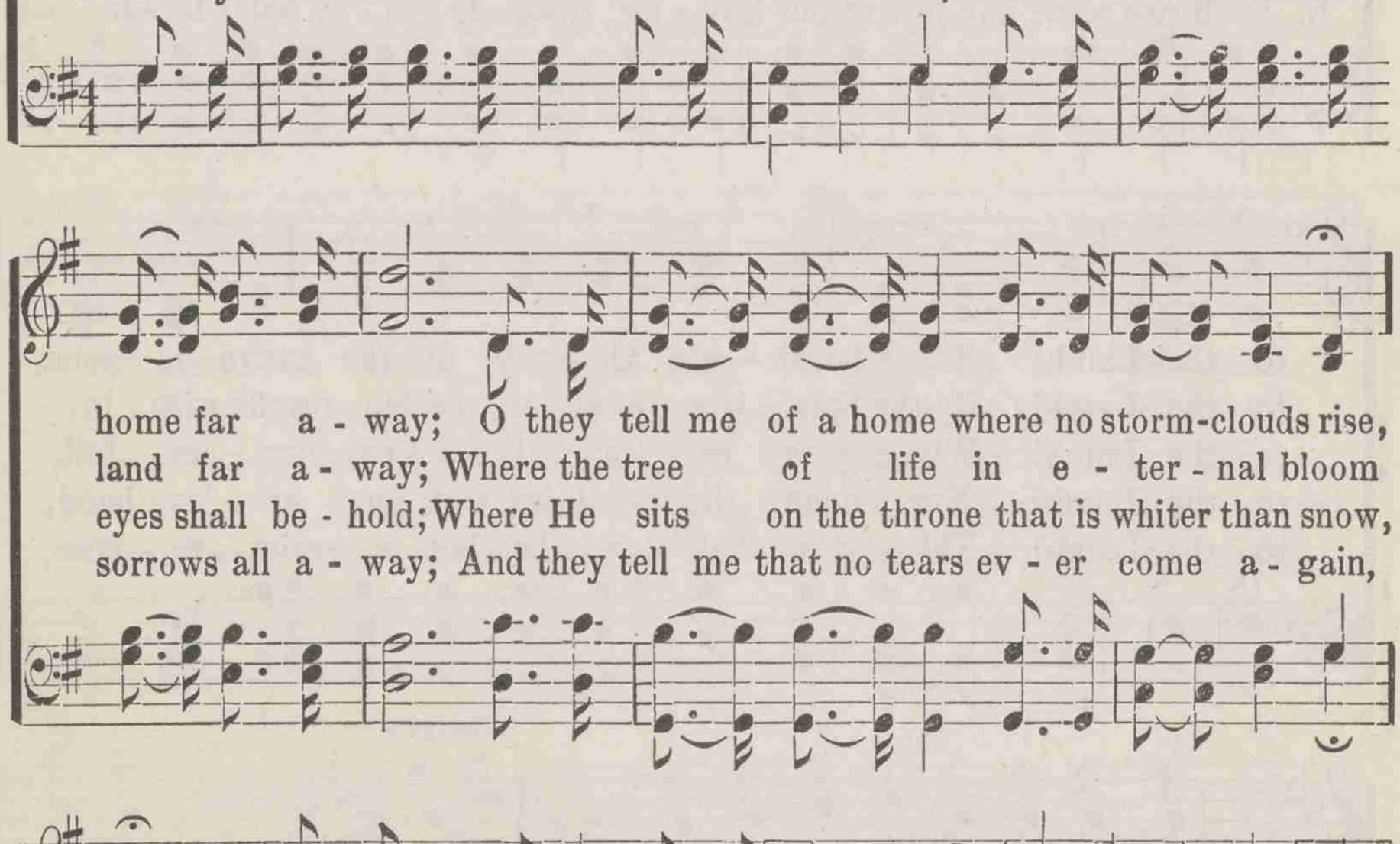
158 The Unclouded Day.

May be used as a Solo.

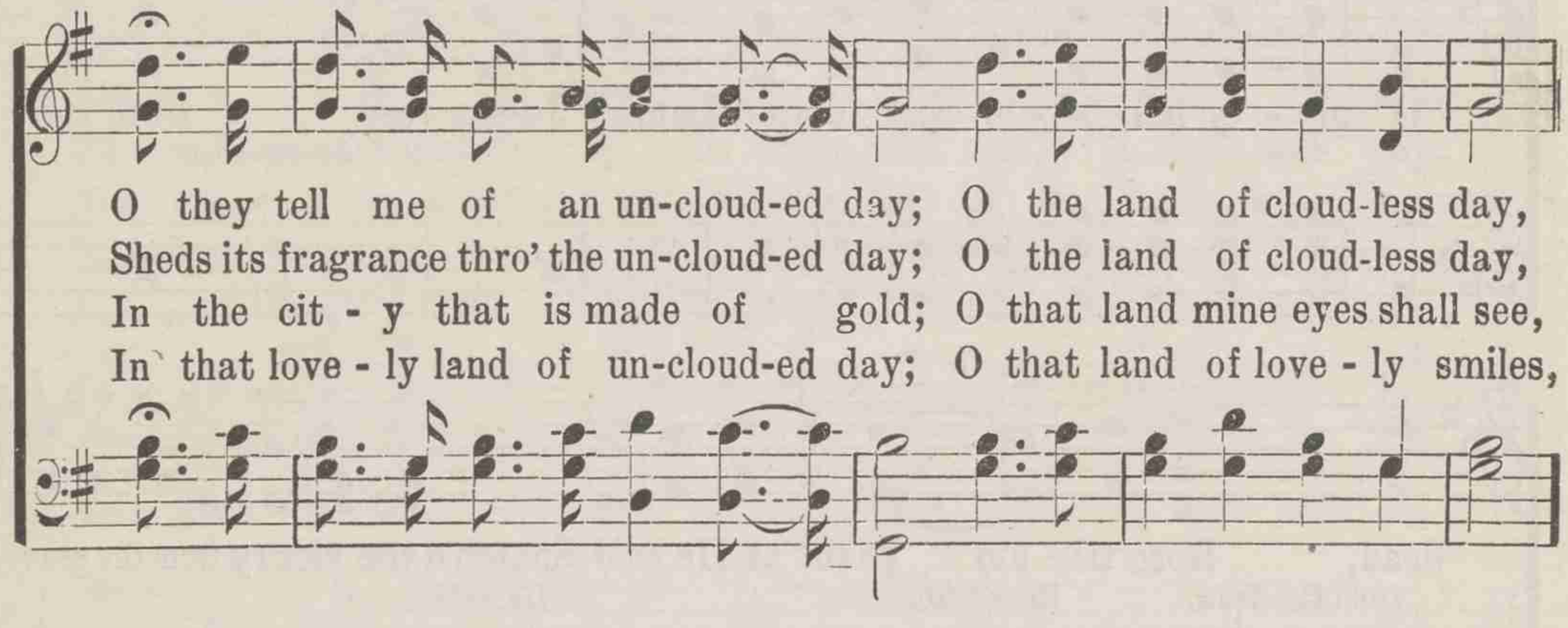
Words and Melody by Rev. J. K. ALWOOD. Harmony by J. F. KINNSEY.



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



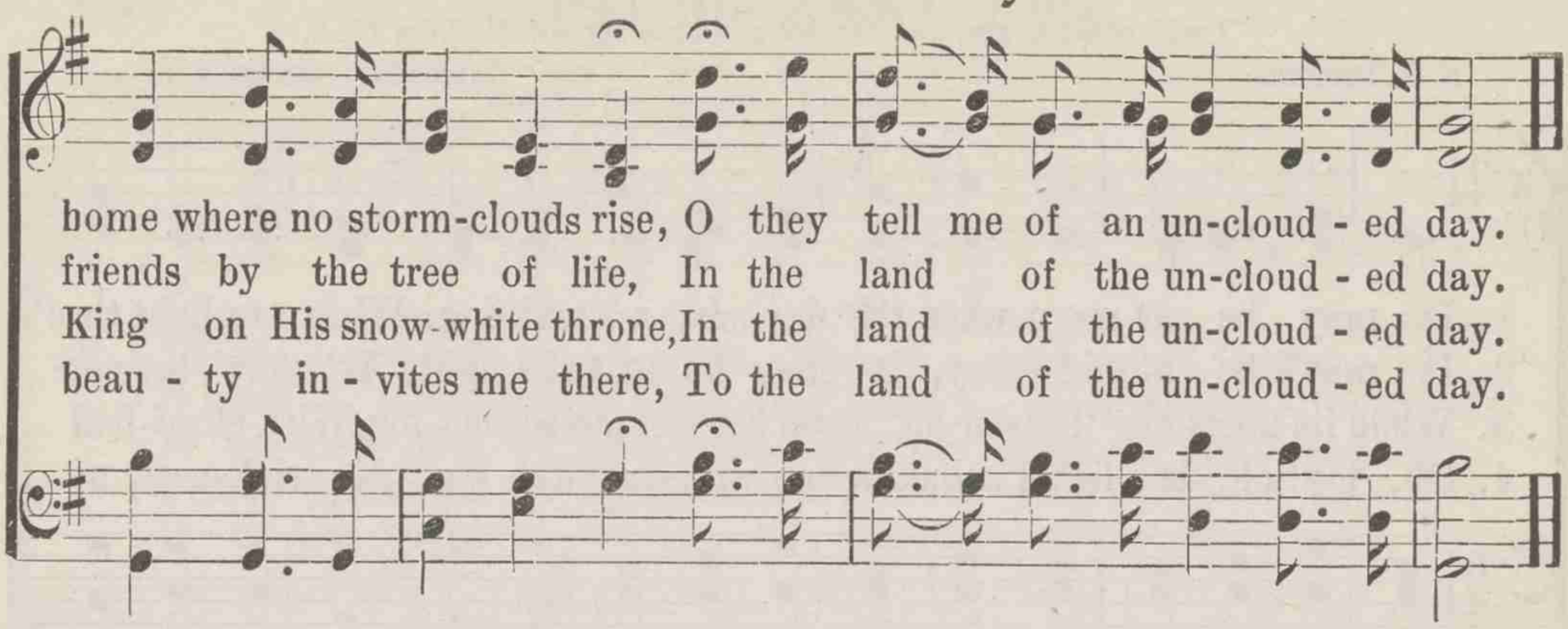
home far a - way; O they tell me of a home where no storm-clouds rise,
land far a - way; Where the tree of life in e - ter - nal bloom
eyes shall be - hold; Where He sits on the throne that is whiter than snow,
sorrows all a - way; And they tell me that no tears ev - er come a - gain,



O they tell me of an un-cloud-ed day; O the land of cloud-less day,
Sheds its fragrance thro' the un-cloud-ed day; O the land of cloud-less day,
In the cit - y that is made of gold; O that land mine eyes shall see,
In that love - ly land of un-cloud-ed day; O that land of love - ly smiles,

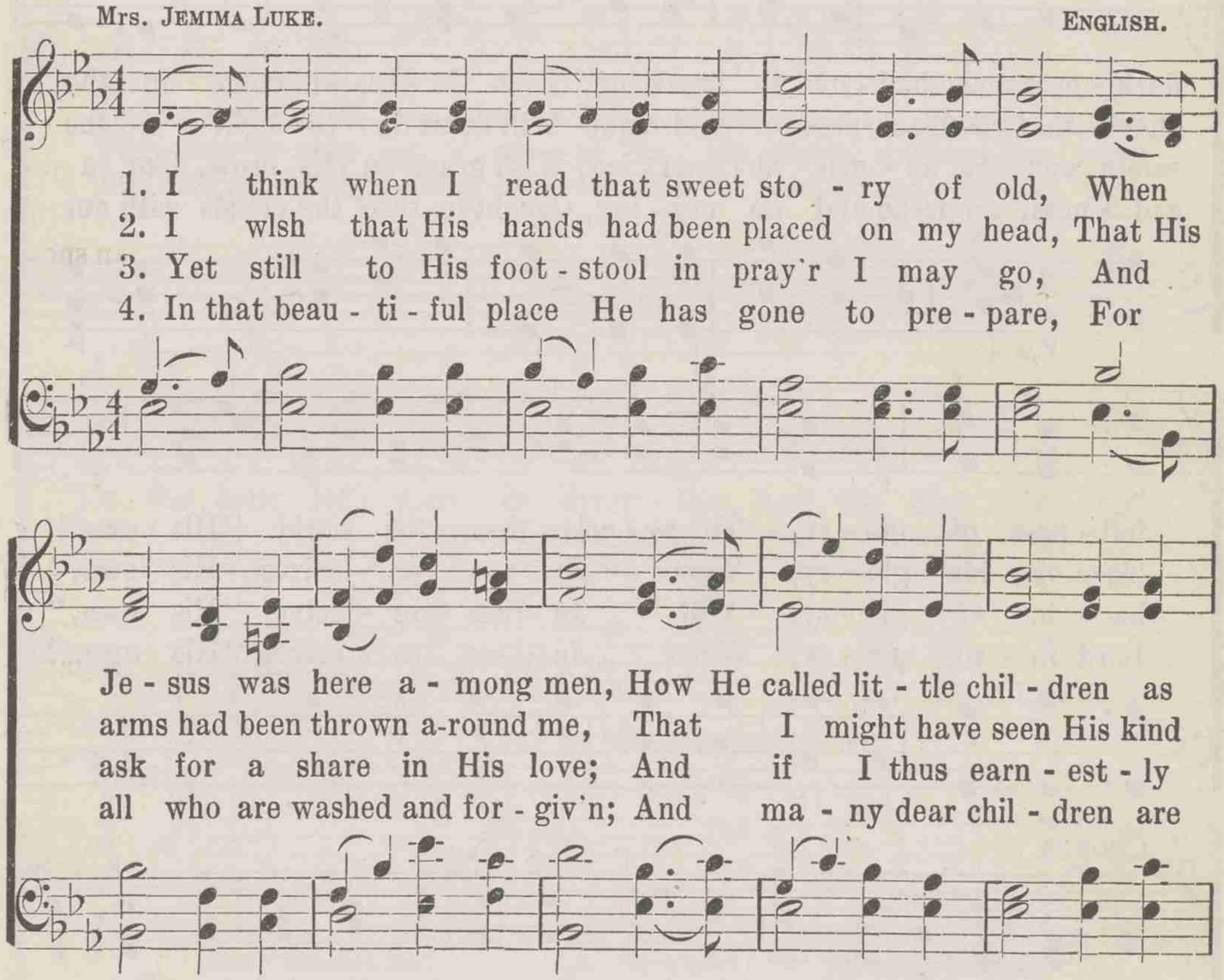
O the land of an un - cloud - ed sky; O they tell me of a
O the land of an un - cloud - ed sky; O they tell me of my
O that land of an un - cloud - ed sky; O they tell me of the
O the smile of His love-beam - fng eye; O the King in His

The Unclouded Day.



159 That Sweet Story of Old.

MRS. JEMIMA LUKE. ENGLISH.



160 Christ Returneth.

"I will come again, and receive you unto Myself."—John 15: 3.

H. L. TURNER. JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.

1. It may be at morn, when the day is a - wak-ing, When sun-light thro'
2. It may be at mid - day, it may be at twi - light, It may be, per-
3. While its hosts cry "ho-san-na," from heav-en de-scend - ing, With glo-ri-fied
4. Oh, joy! oh, de - light! should we go with-out dy - ing, No sick-ness, no

dark - ness and shad - ow is break-ing, That Je - sus will come in the
chance, that the black-ness of mid-night Will burst in - to light in the
saints and the an - gels at - tend - ing, With grace on His brow, like a
sad - ness, no dread and no cry - ing, Caught up thro' the clouds with our

full - ness of glo - ry, To re - ceive from the world "His own."
blaze of His glo - ry, When Je - sus re - ceives "His own."
ha - lo of glo - ry, Will Je - sus re - ceive "His own."
Lord in - to glo - ry, When Je - sus re - ceives "His own."

CHORUS.

O Lord Je-sus, how long, how long Ere we shout the glad song, Christ re-

rit.

turn-eth, hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu-jah! A-men, Hal-le - lu - jah! A-men.

161 March of Zion's King.

May be used as march for any occasion. Let Bass or Tenor voice sing Solo if possible.

C. P. J. "Behold He cometh with clouds."—Rev. 1: 7. C. P. JONES.

Con espressione.

1. List to the sound of the trum-pet, 'Tis the com - ing of the King!
   Lift up your heads ye pil-grims, There's a mes - sage from the sky;
2. O what a weep - ing and wail - ing, From a - mong the sin - ful throne!
   It is their hour of judg-ment and the judge of earth and sky,
3. List to the sound of the trum-pet! 'Tis the year of ju - bi - lee!
   It is the march of the Sav - ior come the church's tears to dry,

List how the saints are shout - ing, and the ver - y heav-en's ring;
They have no part for - ev - er in the saint's re-demp-tion song;
And this old earth from op-pres-sion shall a thou - sand years be free;

'Tis the hour of your re - demp - tion, And the King is nigh.
Cloth'd in the robes ef ven-geance Draw - eth nigh, yes, nigh.
'Tis the hal - le - lu - jah morn - ing, For the King is nigh.

CHORUS. *Vivace.*

Lo, He comes! Lo, He comes! Lo, He comes! Com-ing to
Hear the glad cry! Lo, He comes! Be-hold Him nigh!
earth a - gain! Shout ye ransomed! hail the com-ing of the King!
of the King!

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162 Arise, my Soul, Arise.

CHARLES WESLEY. Old Norman Melody. Arr. by S. L. SQUIRE.

1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise; Shake off thy guilt - y fears;
2. He ev - er lives a - bove, For me to in - ter - cede;
3. Five bleed - ing wounds He bears, Re - ceived on Cal - va - ry:
4. The Fa - ther hears Him pray, His dear a - noint - ed One,
5. With God I'm rec - on - ciled; His pard-'ning voice I hear:

The bleed - ing Sac - ri - fice In my be - half ap - pears:
His all - re - deem - ing love, His pre - cious blood to plead;
They pour ef - fect - ual pray'r's, They strong - ly plead for me;
He can - not turn a - way The pres - ence of His Son:
He owns me for His child; I can no long - er fear:

Be - fore the throne my Surety stands, My name is writ - ten on His hands,
His blood a-toned for all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace,
"For - give him, O for - give," they cry, "Nor let that ransomed sin - ner die,
His Spir - it an - swers to the blood, And tells me I am born of God,
With con - fi-dence I now draw nigh, And, "Father, Ab - ba, Father!" cry,"

CHO.—*His Spir - it an-swers to the blood, And tells me I am born of God,*

My name is writ - ten on His hands.
And sprink - les now the throne of grace.
Nor let that ran - somed sin - ner die."
And tells me I am born of God.
And, "Fa - ther, Ab - ba, Fa - ther!" cry.

And tells me I am born of God.

163 My Vision.

S. L. S. Rev. 4 th. Chap. Isa. 6: 1-4, Ezek. 1: 4-28. Arr. by SARAH L. SQUIRE.

4 He sits enthroned so glorious;
Upon a crystal sea,
With glass and fire all mingled,
More real than earth to me.
The sea like velvet carpet;
With golden fringe so fair,
The angels tread so softly;
With saints unnumbered there.

5 And spirit's seven streaming;
With life and health they went,
Like torches brightly gleaming;
And northern lights are sent.
Down to this world in blessing;
As fiery streams they came,
To lighten up its darkness;
In Ishi's blessed name.

6 A rainbow is reflected;
From colors bright and fair,
Which shines from gems so costly;
Abundant over there.
And Elders robed in linen;
With crowns and harps of gold,
Were seated round the Father;
As prophets have foretold.

7 The Altar standeth ever;
And incense floweth there,
The Angel swings the censor;
Its scent goes ev'ry where.
Above the throne are cherubs;
All full of eyes within,
Like coals of fire now swinging;
Jehovah's praise begin.

8 Their faces turn toward Father;
With swiftness they do fly,
With wings of power travel;
To Jesus they come nigh,
Their movements are like cycles;
And up and down they go,
Like flashing wheels of light'ning;
As seen by saints below.

9 Like many waters flowing;
Their voices blend in one,
They now fall down to worship;
With hosts before the Son,
Their cry is Holy, Holy;
To the great Three in One,
The glory they are giving;
To Him above the sun.

"My Vision" may be sung to "Stand up, Stand up for Jesus." (Key of B flat.)

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164 *Tune below.*

1 While life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given;
But soon, ah soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heav'n.

2 While God invites, how, blest the day!
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pard'ning God is found.

3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,
Before His bar your Spirit's bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

4 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,-
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Savior call you to the skies.

5 Now God invites; how blest the day!
How sweet the Gospels charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pard'ning God is found.

165 "Entirely Thine."

1 Lord, I am Thine, entirely Thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent Thine I would be,
And own Thy sovereign right in me.

2 Grant one poor sinner more a place,
Among the children of Thy grace;
A wretched sinner lost to God,,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

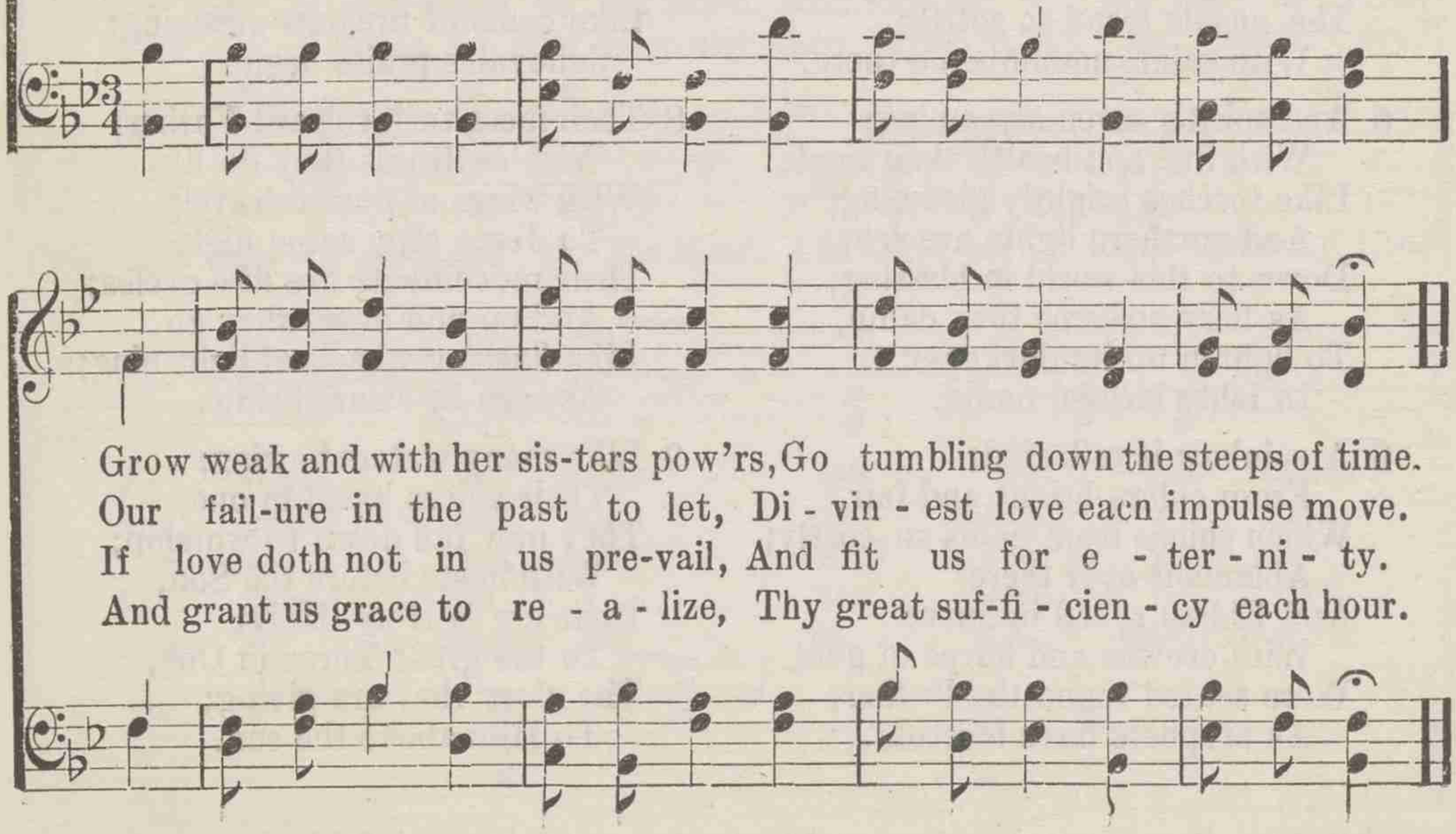
3 Thine would I live, Thine would I die,
Be Thine thro' all eternity;
The vow is past beyond repeal;
Now will I set the solemn seal.

4 Here at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee my new Master now I call,
And consecrate to Thee my all.

166 Our Frailty.

JOHN T. BODDY. HEBRON. Dr. L. MASON.

1. To feel the pow'r that once was ours, To scale the peaks of tho't sublime,
2. Brings to our lives a sad re - gret, And we se - vere - ly now re - prove,
3. God pit - y us and all who fail To see what fail-ures we must be,
4. Pre-serve us Lord, and en - er - gize, Our ev - 'ry fac - ul - ty and pow'r,



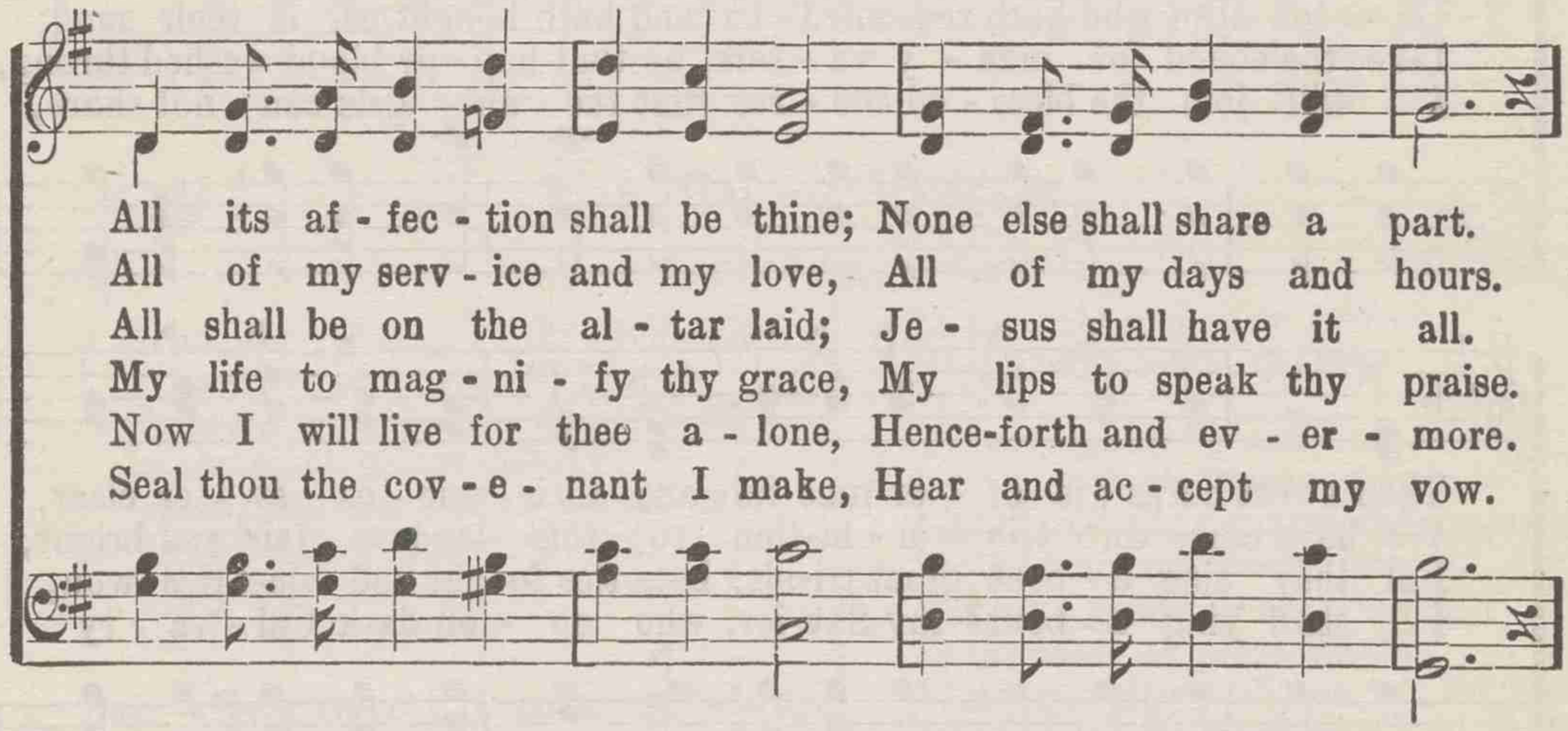
Grow weak and with her sis-ters pow'rs, Go tumbling down the steeps of time.
Our fail-ure in the past to let, Di - vin - est love eacn impulse move.
If love doth not in us pre-vail, And fit us for e - ter - ni - ty.
And grant us grace to re - a - lize, Thy great suf-fi - cien - cy each hour.

167 Jesus Shall have it All.

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

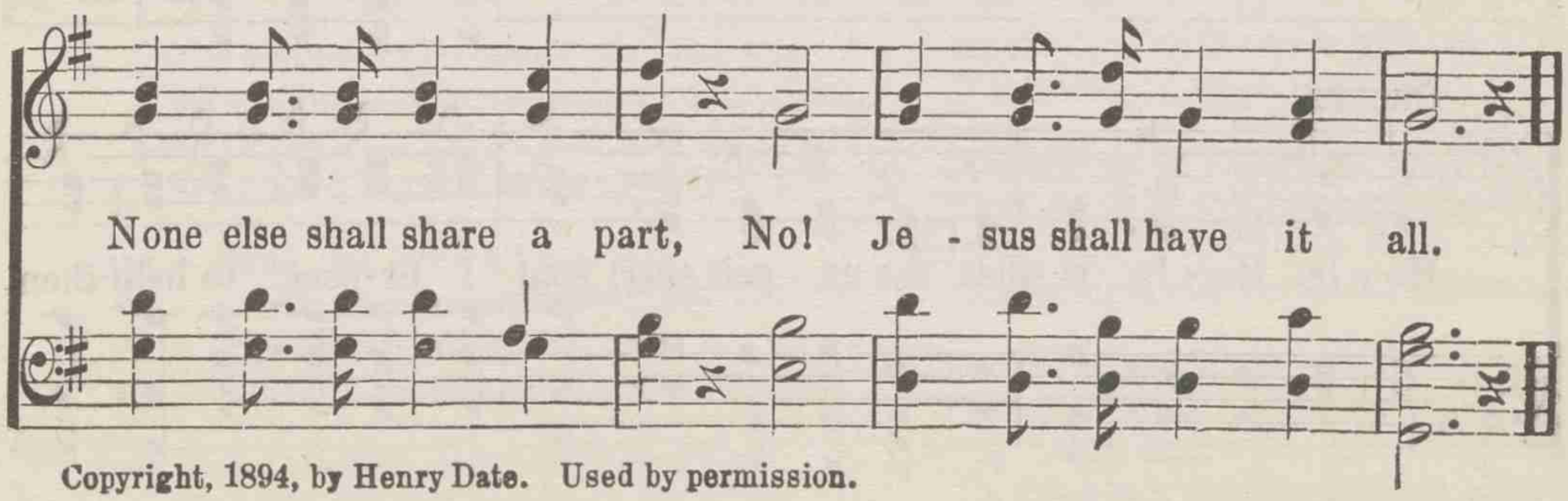
1. In lov - ing con - se - cra - tion, Lord, let me bring my heart;
2. All of my life I pledge thee, All of my ran-somed pow'rs,
3. Noth - ing shall be with - hold - en; Noth - ing will I re - call;
4. My hands for thee to la - bor, My feet to walk thy ways,
5. I should have served thee bet - ter, I should have loved thee more;
6. Here, at this ho - ly al - tar, Now, while in tears I bow,

All its af - fec - tion shall be thine; None else shall share a part.
All of my serv - ice and my love, All of my days and hours.
All shall be on the al - tar laid; Je - sus shall have it all.
My life to mag - ni - fy thy grace, My lips to speak thy praise.
Now I will live for thee a - lone, Hence-forth and ev - er - more.
Seal thou the cov - e - nant I make, Hear and ac - cept my vow.



CHORUS.

My all I now sur - ren - der, Lord, Give it be - yond re - call;



None else shall share a part, No! Je - sus shall have it all.

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168 Holy! Holy!

Arr. by ZELLA BEVERLIN.

1. There is sing - ing up in heav-en, such as we have nev - er known,
2. But I hear an-oth - er anthem, blend-ing voic - es clear and strong;
3. Then the an - gels stand and list-en, for they can - not join the song
4. So al-though I'm not an an - gel, yet I know that o - ver there

Where the an - gels sing the prais - es of the Lamb up-on the throne;
Un - to Him who hath redeemed us and hath bought us, is their song;
Like the sound of man - y wa - ters, by that hap - py blood-washed throng,
I will join the bless - ed cho - rus that the an - gels can - not share,

Their sweet harps are ev - er tune-ful and their voic - es ev - er clear,
We have come thro' trib - u - la-tion to this land so fair and bright,
For they sing a - bout great tri-als, bat- tles fought and vic-t'ries won,
I shall sing a - bout my Sav-ior, who up - on dark Cal - va - ry

Oh, that we might be more like them while we serve the Mas-ter here!
In the fountain free - ly flow-ing, He hath made our garments white.
And they praise their great Redeemer, who hath said to them "well done."
Free - ly par-doned my transgressions, died to set a sin - ner free.

CHORUS.

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, is what the an - gels sing; And I ex-pect to help them

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Holy! Holy!

169 Far Away Voices.

(Tune, Mountain Railway. Key of A.) WILLIAMS.

1 From the valleys o'er the mountains,
From the rivers far away,
Comes a cry, O come and help us
In the night of our dismay.
Gloom and fear are all around us,
Tell of Him you love so well;
Can He give us light in darkness?
Tell us of Emmanuel.

CHO.—Hear the cry, O come and help us,
From the weepers o'er the sea,
Waiting, waiting till you tell them
Of the Lamb of Calvary.

2 Where the morning breath of roses
Fills the air with sweet perfume,
There are human hearts the saddest,
Pinning in their walls of doom;—
Doom of doubt and helpless sorrow,
Where sweet freedom is unknown;
In the cold and silent terror
Of the idols made of stone.

3 O ye daughters of our Zion,
Voiced with gladness everywhere,
Lift, O lift your hearts and voices
In one long and tender prayer.
For your sisters in their hiding,
In the score of years untold,
Waiting, waiting till you tell them
Of the promise made of old.

4 By the valleys o'er the mountains,
Tell the story o'er and o'er:
Sing the song of love and mercy,
Songs they never heard before,
Go and sow beside all waters,
And the harvest you shall see,
In the joy of millions saying,
"Jesus died for me, for me."

170 Send the Light.

(Tune, Sweet by and by. Key of G.)

1 There are lands far away o'er the sea
Where in darkness are souls seeking light
And the call comes to you and to me,
Who have learned of the way pure and right.

CHO.—Send the light all the way
That the marvellous glory Divine
Turn the darkness to day,
Till the whole world for Jesus shall shine.

2 In the darkness of error they grope
And the Savior in whom we abide
Cannot cheer with one bright ray of hope,
Till we teach them to walk by His side.

3 Bearing light is a part we may do,
Holding light that its beams reach afar,
So the light of the truth shine anew,
Gleaming forth from the bright morning star.

4 Those who lead souls by light all Divine,
Those who tell of God's wonderful love
As the stars evermore they shall shine
In the glory and brightness above.

171 It is Jesus.

E. E. R. Chorus by G. M. BILLS. M. L. McPHAIL.

1. Who is this who for our sor-rows of-fers com-fort and re-lief, Bring-ing
2. Who is this who comes with healing for the halt, the blind, the lame, Say-ing
3. Who is this who loves a sin - ner as a fa-ther loves his own, Griev-ing

sun-shine to the dark and shadowed life? Say-ing soft-ly, "Cease re-pin-ing,
soft - ly to the sin-ner, "Fol-low me; On - ly come, in faith be-liev-ing,
o - ver those who spurn his gen-tle plea? Al-way read - y to for-give them

lift thy soul a-bove its grief, Let the peace past un-derstanding still the strife."
as of old the peo-ple came, And the lame shall walk, the blind a-gain shall see."
and to make forgiveness known, Who is this for-ev - er call-ing you and me?

D.S.—*O-pen wide the pri-son door, He is a - ble to de - liv - er ev - er - more.*

CHORUS.

It is Je - - - sus! Je - - - sus!
It is Je - sus our Re - deem - er, He is a - ble to de - liv - er, He will
Sad one, weep no more! He will heal the broken-hearted,
bid the child of sor - row weep no more, weep no more!

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172 Have Thine Own Way, Lord!

A. A. P.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

Slowly.

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173 Zion's Song of Deliverance.

Psa. 32: 7. John 4: 25-26. Joel 2: 23-32. Mark, 13; 28-29. Obad. 17. Jer. 10: 7.

TUNE:—"How Firm a Foundation."

1 Ye daughters of Zion, no longer be sad,
In Christ your Messiah, rejoice and be glad,
Jehovah has promised, His Spirit shall come,
Delivering Zion, from bondage and gloom,
O come, captive daughter, He'll dry ev'ry tear
His Love and His mercy will banish all fear;
In sorrow and anguish, no longer repine,
With songs of deliv'rance "Arise now and shine"

Cho.—"With songs of deliv'rance" Arise now and shine,
Rejoice in the Savior, no longer repine,
O! shout Hallelujah, till the heavens ring,
With praises to Jesus, the Nation's true King.

2 All ye who are thirsty, to Calvary turn,
Behold the true Cross, holy love will now burn
By faith you believe in the Lamb that was slain,
And trust your dear Savior who died not in vain,
For you the Lord Jesus was nailed to the tree,
His blood hath redeemed you, and now you are free,
He bore all your sorrows and sicknesses too!
His merciful goodness will carry you thro'.

3 Praise God! O ye chosen, of Israel's race,
Soon God's Holy power and out-pouring grace,
Will fall upon Zion in full Pentecost!
And God shall sustain them by His Holy Ghost,
A remnant, He'll gather, in these "latter days."
And come in resplendent and glorious blaze!
The fig tree is tender, soon Zion will say,
The long night is over, 'tis dawning of day.

4 The three, Hebrew children, in old Bible time,
Were tried in the furnace and there were refined,
His own chosen people, must be purified,
For Christ the Redeemer has been Crucified.
Arise O ye daughters! In Jehovah's light!—
Put on now your beautiful garments of white.
Go spread the glad tidings, at home and abroad,
For Jesus has sanctified you unto God.

By Mrs. R. B. Young.

174 Looking Unto Jesus.

D. W. GRIFFIN. SEELEY D. KINNE.

1. Look-ing un - to Je - sus and a-way from things of sight When your soul is pressed, till all is dark as night, Look-ing un - to Him a-lone, de - pend-ing
2. Look-ing un - to Je - sus for a dis - po - si-tion kind, For a thank-ful heart, and for a hum-ble mind, Look-ing un - to Him a-lone with not a
3. Look-ing un - to Je - sus when your feelings all seem wrong, Counting that in Christ, they don't to you be-long, Look-ing un - to Him in faith and striking
4. Look-ing un - to Je - sus, ev - 'ry doubt will flee a - way, Troub-les dis-ap- pear, and darkness change to day, And His blessed strength and light will girdle

CHORUS.

on His might, And there is cer-tain vic - to - ry.
fault to find, And He will give you vic - to - ry. The bless-ed Lord has
up a song, Tak-ing hold of present vic - to - ry.
all your way, In His own pre-cious vic - to - ry.

died for all the race, And rose a-gain, and promised all His grace, To

help us out in ev-'ry time and place, And give us cer-tain vic - to - ry.

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175 We'll Girdle the Globe.

"Then thou shalt see, and flow together, and thine heart shall fear. and be enlargedbecause the abundance of the sea shall be converted unto thee, the forces of the Gentiles shall come unto thee."—Isa. 60: 5.

V. A. DAKE. IDA M. DAKE.

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

Be-hold the hands stretched out for aid.

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

Darkened by sin, and sore dismayed,

rit.

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

Oh, will you to their res-cue go, Lost wand'rers down to end - less woe?

CHORUS.

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

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

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176 I'll Praise the Lord Forever.

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

1. In Je - sus I am trust-ing, He keeps me ev-'ry-where; In Je-sus
2. The fet-ters that once bound me, A - sun - der have been torn, My soul, one
3. I'm in the land of Beu - lah; The sun is shin-ing bright, I'm walking

I am rest-ing, From ev-'ry weight of care; In Je - sus I have
time in dark-ness, Now rev-els in the morn, My heart, once heav-y-
with my Sav - ior, Pro - tect-ed by His might; I'm drink-ing at the

vic t'ry, Yes, o - ver ev - 'ry foe, So why should I not praise Him
la den, Grows lighter day by day, I love to praise my Sav ior
fountain Of God's e - ter - nal peace, With praises to my Sav - ior

CHORUS.

Ev-'ry-where I go?
All a - long the way
I shall nev - er cease.
} I'll praise the Lord for - ev - er, for-ev - er

and for-ev-er, I'll praise the Lord for-ev - er, He's done so much for me.

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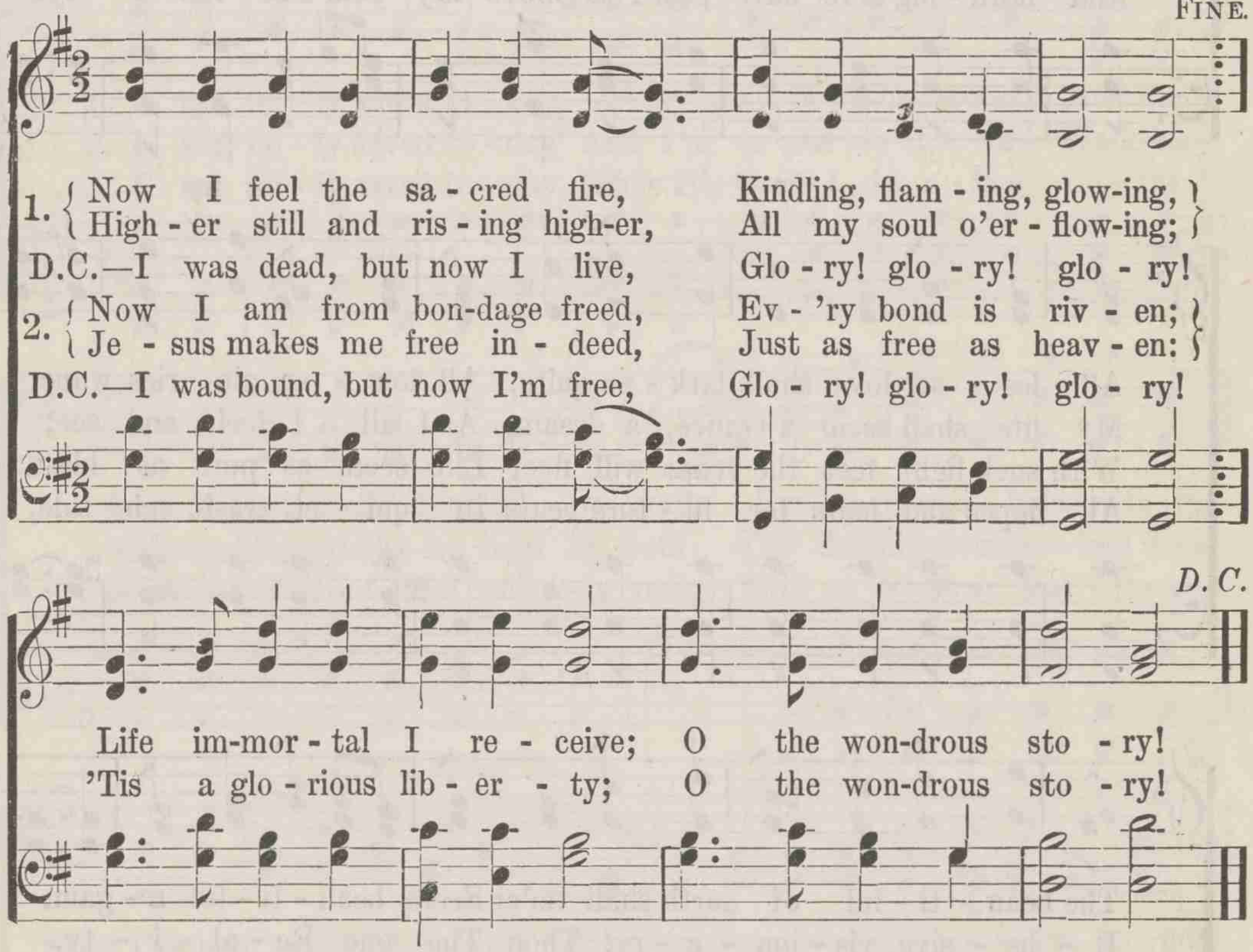
I'll Praise the Lord Forever.

177 Now I Feel the Sacred Fire.

Arr. by R. K. CARTER.



3 Let the testimony roll,
Roll through every nation;
Withessing from soul to soul,
This immense salvation;
Now I know its full and free,
O the wondrous story!
For I feel it saving me,
Glory! glory! glory!

4 Glory be to God on high,
Glory be to Jesus!
He hath brought salvatiou nigh,
From all sin He frees us;
Let the golden harps of God
Ring the wondrous story;
Let the pilgrim shout aloud
Glory! glory! glory!

178 Show Me Thy Face.

Anon, SEELEY D. KINNE.

1. Show me Thy face, one tran - sient gleam Of lov - li - ness Di - vine,
2. Show me Thy face, I shall for - get The wea - ry days of yore;
3. Show me Thy face, the heaviest cross Shall then seem light to bear;
4. Show me Thy face, my faith and love Shall hence-forth fix - ed be;

And I shall nev - er think or dream, Of oth - er love save Thine.
The fret-ting ghosts of vain re - gret Shall haunt my soul no more.
There will be gain in ev - 'ry loss, And peace with ev - 'ry care.
And noth - ing here have pow'r to move My soul's se - ren - i - ty.

All les - ser love shall dark - en quite, All low - er glo - ries wane:
My life shall seem a trance, a dream, And all I feel and see;
With such light feet the years will fleet Life seem as pure as blest,
All hopes and fears for fu - ture years In qui - et trust sub - side,

The beau - ti - ful of earth shall ne'er Seem beau - ti - ful a - gain.
Il - lu - sive, vis - ion - a - ry: Thou The one Re - al - i - ty.
Till I have laid my bur - den down, And en - tered in - to rest.
And naught but blest con - tent and calm, With - in my soul a - bide.

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179 Fully Saved Today.

As sung by St. Louis Pentecostal Home. Arr. by ZELLA BEVERLIN.

CHORUS.

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180 Brother, Get the Flame.

D. W. G. D. W. GRIFFIN.

1. Je-sus gave His life for you a sin - ner lost, Ev - 'ry-thing—Himself and
2. Then He went on high for you to in - ter - cede, Sent the Ho - ly Ghost on
3. And this ver-y day up - on the old and young Comes that holy flame with
4. Je-sus' blood demands it hast-en, get the flame; For the present dark-ness

counting not the cost, All to save a soul un - to the ut - ter-most;
those His blood had freed, Giv-ing them His pow'r to help a world in need,
sign of oth - er tongues Strik-ing up a chord by saints and an-gels sung;
you must have the flame, Give Him all your heart and mag - ni - fy His name;

CHORUS.

Broth-er, get the flame for Je - sus. Get the holy flame, the Pen-te-cost-al
flame, Join the mighty arm - y march-ing in His name, He who died for
you de-mands a love the same; Oh, brother, get the flame for Je - sus.

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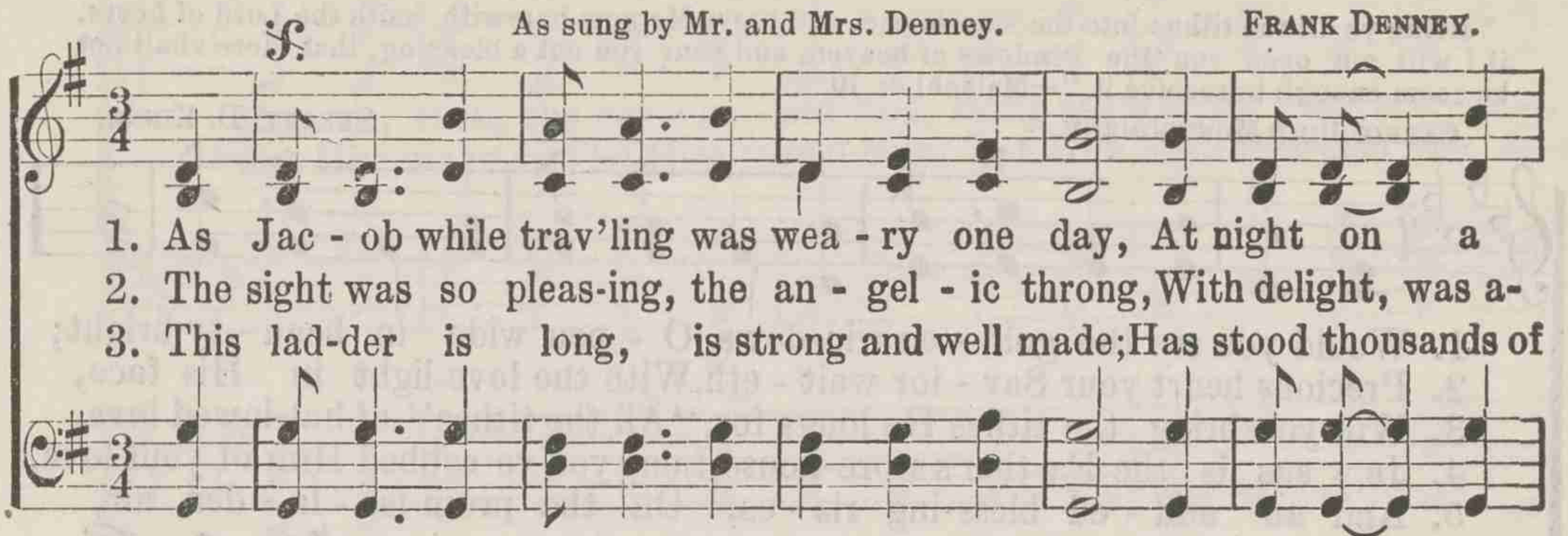
No. 181. Jacob's Vision.

As sung by Mr. and Mrs. Denney. FRANK DENNEY.



4 Then let us ascend it, be bold, never fear,
It's stood every tempest and always will bear,
For millions have climbed it, and have reached that blest hill,
And thousands upon it are climbing up still.

5 This ladder is Jesus, the glor'ous God-man,
Whose blood freely flowing from Calvary ran
In streams of salvation so full and so free—
'Tis Jesus, your Savior, says, "Look unto Me."

6 There we'll see Father Abra'm, the faithful and true,
And Isaac and Jacob and Isaiah, too;
There we'll see John Wesley whose name Satan hates,
And Fletcher and Cookman, who swept thro' the gates.

7 Our loved ones have climbed it and mounted to God,
They've finished their labors and reached their reward;
And we're climbing after and soon will get there,
To join with our loved ones, their happiness share.

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182 Windows of Heaven.

"Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, and prove Me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."—Malachi 3: 10.

CARRIE JUDD MONTGOMERY. SEELEY. D. KINNE.

1. Would you see the gold - en win-dows O - pen wide in beau - ty bright;
2. Precious heart your Sav - ior wait - eth, With the love-light in His face,
3. Will you bring the tithes He longs for, "All the tithes" of hal-lowed love,
4. Je - sus is the Fa-ther's store-house, Long you've robbed Him of your love,
5. And an add - ed bless-ing ris - es, On the prom-ise - la - den air,

Would you see them pour in bless - ing, Dazzling floods of heaven's light?
Waits to "pour you out a bless - ing," Waits to have you prove His grace,
Will you bring them in His store-house In the love - lit land a - bove?
Long de - layed the prom-ised bless-ing, At the Mer - cy Seat a - bove.
Nev - er more shall buds of Spring-time, Fade and with - er in des - pair.

Would you feel that tide of glo - ry, In its warmth of life and love,
Waits and pleads with ten-der mer - cy, That His gifts you may not miss,
He will emp - ty out His full - ness, All the wealth of heav-en's King,
But the sweet en - treat-y ev - er Sound-ed forth on an - gel tongue:
Christ will stay the Fell De-stroy - er In thy bod - y, soul and mind,

Quick-en all your wea - ry be - ing With the full-ness from a - bove?
Waits with all a Fa-ther's long - ing, To be - stow His sweetest bliss.
And will fill to o - ver-flow - ing Ev - 'ry ves - sel you may bring.
Je - sus waits your full sur - ren - der Ere the gold - en gates are swung.
All the hope of vine and harvest, Shall its full fru - i - tion find.

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Windows of Heaven.

CHORUS.

Hast-en, then, thy con - se - cra-tion, Bring thine of-fer - ing com-plete,
*Let Him make and let Him mould thee, Let Him keep thee near His side,

Lay thy - self in lov - ing meek-ness, At Thy Sav-ior's pierc - ed feet.
While His heart of love re - joic-eth, And His soul is sat - is - fied.

*Sing both lines after last verse only.

183 Tell of Jesus.

A. E. B. AMY E. BROWN.

1. Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry! to our Sav-ior King! Glo - ry, glo - ry,
2. Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry! tell it far and near: Glo - ry, glo - ry,
3. Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry! Christ is com-ing soon: Glo - ry, glo - ry,
4. Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry! there up - on the throne, Christ is in - ter-

glo - ry! let His prais - es ring! For His pr e- cious life blood
glo - ry! all the world must hear! How can men be - lieve it
glo - ry! haste to make it known, To the mill-ions dy - ing,
ced - ing now for all His own, Go then forth and win them:

flowed on Cal - va - ry— Je - sus died for sin-ners—died to set us free.
if they've nev - er heard; Go and tell them quickly!give them God's own Word.
Je - sus waits to give Full and free sal - va - tion if they will be - lieve.
He your strength will be: Fear thou not nor falter— on to vic - to - ry!

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184 Hushed to Rest.

Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.—Matt. 11: 28.

CARRIE JUDD MONTGOMERY. SEELEY D. KINNE.

1. O soft - est sound of ser - aph song, That stirs the heav'nly breeze,
2. I feel my - self once more a babe, By moth-er love sus-tained,
3. I need not move my wea - ry hands, For those that close me in,
4. I need not e - ven wake my voice To cry a - loud in fear,
5. And so with full and glad con - tent, A lit - tle child I'll stay,

Thou canst not wake a - mong thy notes Such bless - ed strains as these!
Her ten - der breast my hid - ing place, When my wee heart was pained.
Will strong-ly press a - way each foe, That seeks my soul to win.
For clos - er than my dark - est dread, My Sav - ior wait - eth near.
And learn the gos - pel of Christ's rest, Un - til Mil - len - nial Day

They hush me like a lul - a - by, When filled with earth's un - rest,
"As one his moth-er com - fort-eth," I hear my Sav - ior say,
My ach - ing eyes need not un - veil To view a sin - gle need
My ears so tired of earth's dull roar, May close to all be - low,
Shall dawn with-out a wreath of cloud, With - out a shadowing night,

They lift to "ev - er - last - ing arms" Up - on a Sav-ior's breast.
"So will I com - fort thee, My child, If thou wilt rest and stay."
Be - cause of eyes that slum-ber not, And nev - er fail to heed.
And hear the still small voice of Him, Who deigns to love me so.
And Heav-en's sun - lit, glow - ing joy, Shall wake me to its light.

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185 "I Believe it Shall be as He Told Me."

D. W. G. Acts. 27: 25. D. W. GRIFFIN.

1. I believe it shall be as He told me, Though the sky disappear many days,
2. I believe it shall be as He told me, Tho' it seems I shall not reach the goal,
3. I believe it shall be as He told me, Tho' the clouds hang so low and are grim,
4. In the book of His love God assures me That the mists they shall all pass away;

Though the sun hide in seeming displeasure And the stars look no more on my ways.
Tho' the winds and the waves be against me And the ship goes to wreck on the shoals.
Though the night is so dark and unending, And my eye-lids in riv-u-lets swim.
So I rest on the word He has told me, And I wait for the break of the day.

CHORUS.

I believe it shall be as He told me For the Lord is as good as His word,
I'm a child of His love in Je-sus, And His ten-der-est care I know,

1

Not a promise He gives can be broken, And my prayers in the present are heard;

2

So I welcome the tri-als He gives me To in me His glo-ry show.

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186 Be Not Afraid.

L. B. C. MRS. LITTIE B. COLVER.

1. When the waves of sor - row roll, And sur-round my troub - led soul:
2. Oh that voice, that voice Di-vine, "I've re-deemed thee, thou art mine,
3. When the prom - ise long de - lays Ma - ny, ma - ny wea - ry days,
4. When some earth-ly friendship fails, And the en - e - my as - sails:
5. When thro' testings fierce I go, And dis-ease would lay me low

Then my Fa-ther's voice I hear I am with thee, do not fear
I will guide thee with mine eye And thy needs I will sup - ply
And I fear 'twill be too late Still He bids me trust and wait,
Then a - gain that voice I hear, I am with thee, do not fear;
When that voice so dear to me, "I'm the Lord that heal-eth thee."

I will strengthen thee, my child And up - hold through tempest wild,
When in troub-le, call on me And I will de - liv - er thee,
Yes, He says, de - light in me Thy de - sires I'll give to thee,
I will be thy tru - est friend Will sus - tain thee and de - fend,
If thou on - ly canst be - lieve Per - fect health thou shalt re - ceive,

𝄋: FINE.

Let thy mind on me be stayed, Trust in me be not a - fraid.
I for thee thy ran - som paid, Trust me then, be not a - fraid.
When in faith thy pray'rs are made, I will hear, be not a - fraid.
Though all earth-ly joys should fade; Trust me still, be not a - fraid.
Though the prom-ise be de - layed; Doubt me not, be not a - fraid.

D.S.—*I thy God will give thee aid, Trust me child be not a - faid.*

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Be Not Afraid.

CHORUS. D. S.

187 That Sweet Voice.

E. M. D. G. Mrs. E. M. D. GOULD.

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188 Victory.

E. M. G. *Vigorously.* Mrs. E. M. GOULD.

1. The bat-tle is on, the bat-tle is sharp! We're fighting the hosts of sin,
2. The weapons of faith, and gir-dle of truth, The Spirit's own sword in hand,
3. So onward we go to vanquish the foe; Like floods he is coming in,

Our glo - ri - ous Lord is lead - ing us on And vic - to - ry we shall win;
We'll put the whole armor on, all se-cure, And having done all we'll stand;
But Je-sus be praised, a standard He's raised, And vic - to - ry we shall win;

Vic - to - ry we shall win When fol - low - ing close with Him, then
Hav-ing done all we'll stand, When un - der our Lord's command, then
Vic - to - ry loud we'll shout, When th'en-e - my's put to route, then

Give Him the glo - ry, and give Him the praise, For vic-to-ry is with Him.
March on to vic - to - ry, glo-ry and praise, For glory be-longs to Him.
Hon - or our Cap - tain, praise ye His name, For vic-to-ry's due to Him.

CHORUS. *ff*

Praise the Lord, Vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry; Praise ye the Lord.

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189 'Tis the Midnight Cry.

L. B. C. LITTLE B. COLVER.

1. Hark! what means this great commotion? For I hear strange things today, And they
2. Yes, in other tongues they're speaking; And they tell us one and all, That the
3. O, it must be Christ is com-ing, Coming soon to take His bride, And this
4. Oh, it must be God is speaking, Speaking to us ev - 'ry one, And He

tell me 'tis the same in ev - 'ry land; Some for Pen - ti - cost will seek
Sav - ior soon is com-ing from on high; O, it must be it is true,
truth He now to us has plain-ly shown, That if left, we then must go
bids us all to list - en and take heed, Now to what He has to say,

Then in other tongnes they speak, And they tell us that the end is just at hand.
Tho' it sounds so strange and new, Yes, it must be that the end is ver - y nigh.
Thro' the trib - u - la - tion woe Worse than any thing the world has ever known.
And in all things to o - bey, To be humble and the precious blood to plead.

D.S.-*For the Bridegroom soon we'll see Yes, He's coming soon to take His bride away.*

CHORUS.

'Tis the mid - night cry, 'Tis the mid - night cry, 'Tis the
midnight cry, "He comes, Behold he comes, the Bridegroom comes."

Spir - it speaking thro' the saints to-day; And He bids us read-y be

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190 When He Comes.

L. B. C. LITTIE B. COLLVER.

1. Would you love your Lord to see When He comes? Would you robed and ready
2. Will He find you tried and true When He comes? Watching for His com-ing
3. Will He find you cleansed from sin When He comes? And the Ho-ly Ghost with-
4. Oh, what an-guish He will find When He comes, In the man - y left be-

be, When He comes? Are you walk-ing in the light, Have you ev - 'ry
too, When He comes? Have you laid each weight aside, Are you ful - ly
in, When He comes? 'Tis the faithful, true, and tried, On - ly just His
hind, When He comes; Who, o'er charged with many cares, Think-ing not of

D.S.—*Noth-ing earth-ly can com-pare With the glo-ries*

CHORUS.

wrong made right, Will He find your garments white, When He comes? When He comes,
sat-is-fied? Will He greet you for His bride? When He comes?
blood-washed bride, Who'll be caught up to His side, When He comes?
Sa - tan's snares, Will be ta-ken un - a-wares When He comes.

Will you be ready,

we shall share, As we meet Him in the air, When He comes.

D. S.

When He comes, Oh, what rapture to be ready when He comes?

Will you be read-y when He comes?

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191 Jesus is Coming Again.

M. S. & S. D. K. MAY STEVENS.

1. Je-sus is com-ing, the Lamb that was slain, Com-ing a-gain, com-ing a-gain;
2. Je-sus is com-ing in clouds in the air, Tell it a-broad, tell it to men;
3. Jesus is com-ing, we know not the hour, Tell it a-broad, o-ver the main;
4. Jesus is com-ing, He will not be long, Tell it a-broad, shout the re-frain;
5. Jesus is com-ing, oh, peo-ple a-wake, Or you'll be left if you are late;

And on the earth He for - ev - er shall reign, Je - sus is com-ing a - gain.
We'll be caught up and His glory we'll share, Je - sus is com-ing a - gain.
And He has promised to come in great pow'r, Je - sus is com-ing a - gain.
We who are waiting will raise the glad song, Je - sus is com-ing a - gain.
Gird up your loins, the nar - row way take, Je - sus is com-ing a - gain.

CHORUS.

Back to the earth in glo-ry and pow'r, Clad in the light, dazzling and bright,

Joined by His saints, ar-rayed in pure white, Je-sus is com-ing a - gain.

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192 I Know I'm Saved.

Words and Melody
Mrs. M. D. TITTSWORTH.

Given in the Spirit.

Harmonized by
M. R. PHETTEPLACE.

Property of Squire & Kinne.

I Know I'm Saved.

CHORUS.

Oh, yes, I'm saved, I know I'm saved, 'Tis true, I've been re - deemed;
It was the love Christ had for me, Now noth-ing in - ter - venes.

193 Adoration.

E. M. D. G. Mrs. E. M. Gould.

1. O bring the sac - ri - fice of praise Ye saints of earth with one ac-cord To
2. O saints of earth, the Lamb behold, That sac-ri-fice for you un - told; Till
3. Ye mes-sen-gers of Christ Di-vine, O bring an of - fer-ing com-plete To

highest Heav'n your voices raise Praise ye the Lord, In loudest Hallelujahs sing,
heart and voice can ne'er withhold Praise to your Lord, With loud hosannas to your Lord,
Him who sitteth on His throne Praises are meet, With pray'r and praises to the Lord

Praises to your Lord and King. Until the courts of Heaven ring, Praise ye the Lord.
Glo - ry in the high-est sing Till echoes from the heavens bring, Praise to your Lord.
Faintest cry He's always heard, He sendeth forth His living Word Praise ye the Lord.

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194 "Where will you spend Eternity?"

E. C. P. Mrs. E. C. Pilling.

1. Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty Out in the darkness and gloom?
2. Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty, Down in the mur-der - er's cell?
3. Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty, Out in the long, long night?

Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty, Down where the chains of the tomb?
Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty, Down in the har - lot's hell?
Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty, Turned a - way from the light?

Bind a lost soul in the depths of des - pair,
Where the filth of the flesh is an aw - ful stench, Where the
Where the suf-f'ring of souls turned out in des - pair, Where the

Wail - ing in an - guish and no one to care, No one to
worm di - eth not and the fire is not quenched, Wail-ing in
screams of the lost fill the mid - night air, Wail-ing in

love you your bur-den to share, E - ter - ni-ty, E-ter - ni - ty, where?
an-guish and no one to care, E - ter - ni-ty, E-ter - ni - ty, where?
an-guish and no one to care, E - ter - ni-ty, E-ter - ni - ty, where?

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195 For You There is Power in the Blood.

D. W. GRIFFIN. SEELEY D. KINNE.

1. Would you now be free from the serv - ice of sin, Be vic - tor o'er
2. Would you now live on - ly your Sav - ior to please; Live free from self-
3. Would you now live spot-less a part of the bride, Be free from con-

Sa - tan wit - out and with-in, Pos - ses - sing a con-science all
seek - ing, self - tho't, and self-ease, A - bid - ing in Je - sus and
fu - sion, from pas - sion and pride? O come to the fount-ain, so

CHORUS.

ten - der and clean? For you there is pow'r in the blood.
filled with His praise? For you there is pow'r in the blood. For you there is
deep and so wide, For you there is pow'r in the blood.

pow'r in the blood, For you there is pow'r in the blood; The Lamb has been

slain and the vic - to - ry gained; For you there is pow'r in the blood.

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196 Hid With Christ in God.

E. C. MILLEN. H. F. HOLBROOK.

1. Murmur not dear soul, no nev - er, For the Lord will care for thee,
2. He's my for-tress, strong de - liv-'rer. And my life shall be se - cure,
3. He is com - ing soon O praise Him Then with Him I shall ap - pear,

He will bear thee safe - ly o - ver All of life's tem-pest-'ous sea;
While in Him I am a - bid - ing, Till the storms of life are o'er.
In the realms of end - less glo - ry, Reign with Him for-ev - er - more.

See His arm is strong and might-y, And He calms the rag-ing storm,
He is strong and bears me up - ward, Pre-cious is His love to me,
Hope my soul, in faith look up-ward, Soon shall break the glo-rious dawn;

We are in our fa-ther's keep - ing, And He'll suf - fer naught to harm.
And I know that He will keep me, Till Him face to face I see.
We shall be with Him for - ev - er, On the res - ur - rec - tion morn.

CHORUS.

Hid a - way..... with Christ in God..... My life is

My life is hid with Christ in God,

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Hid With Christ in God.

hid..... with Christ in God,..... Soon with Him..... in heav'n I'll
My life is hid with Christ in God, And soon with Him

be,..... And there shall reign..... e - tər - nal - ly.....
In heav'n I'll be, And there shall reign with Christ my Lord.

197 Precious Blood.

E. C. MILLEN. Miss M. E. OBERHOLTZER.

1. Precious blood that makes me free, Hal-le-lu-jah! By it I have been redeemed,
2. I've the Com - for-ter with - in, Hal-le-lu-jah! And my heart has been made clean,
3. I've the wit-ness of the Word, Hal-le-lu-jah! As they had at Pen-te - cost,
4. He has sealed me for His own, Hal-le-lu-jah! And He soon will take me home,
5. Hear the mes-sage ring-ing clear, Hal-le-lu-jah! That His coming draweth near,
6. Changed immortal I shall rise, Hal-le-lu-jah! And I'll meet Him in the skies,

CHORUS.

Hal-le - lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! O glo-ry! This His temple He doth

fill, And He says to me be still While I work my sovereign will, Hallelujah!

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198 When I Pass Over the Tide.

ELD. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. R. E. WINSETT.

1. I'll hear the songs..... the an-gels sing,..... When I, when
2. Loved ones I'll meet..... on that bright shore..... When I, when
3. I'll help to swell..... the vic-tor's song..... When I, when
4. I'll drop my burd'n..... and all my care..... When I, when
5. I hope to have..... my race well run ..... When I, when

1. I'll hear the songs the an-gels sing,

I..... pass o-ver the tide..... I'll hear the
I..... pass o-ver the tide..... Then we'll re-
I..... pass o-ver the tide..... I'll join the
I..... pass o-ver the tide..... And nev-er
I..... pass o-ver the tide..... Then Christ will

When I, when I pass o-ver the tide,

harps..... of an-gels ring,..... When I, when I..... pass
hearse.....these old times o'er,..... When I, when I ..... pass
choir.....then loud and strong,..... When I, when I..... pass
know..... a sor-row there,..... When I, when I..... pass
say..... to me "well done,"..... When I, when I..... pass

I'll hear the harps of an-gels ring, When I, when I pass

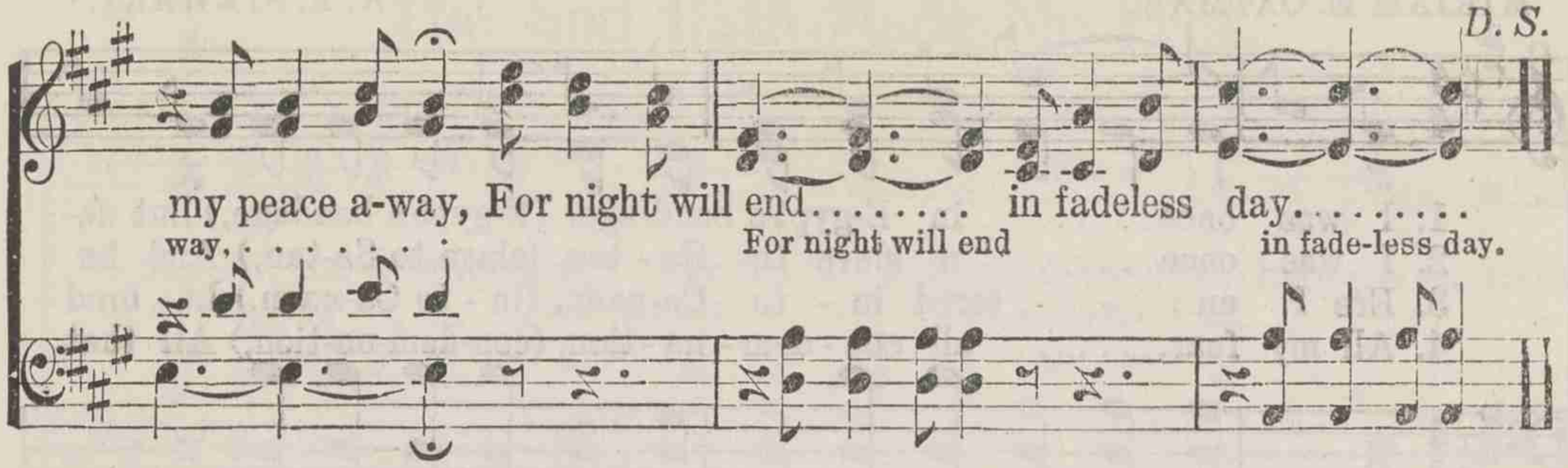
FINE. REFRAIN.

o-ver the tide, (pass o-ver the tide.) Then let the years
o-ver the tide..... Then let the years.....bring

bring what they may, There's naught can steal
what they may,..... There's naught can steal..... my peace a-

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

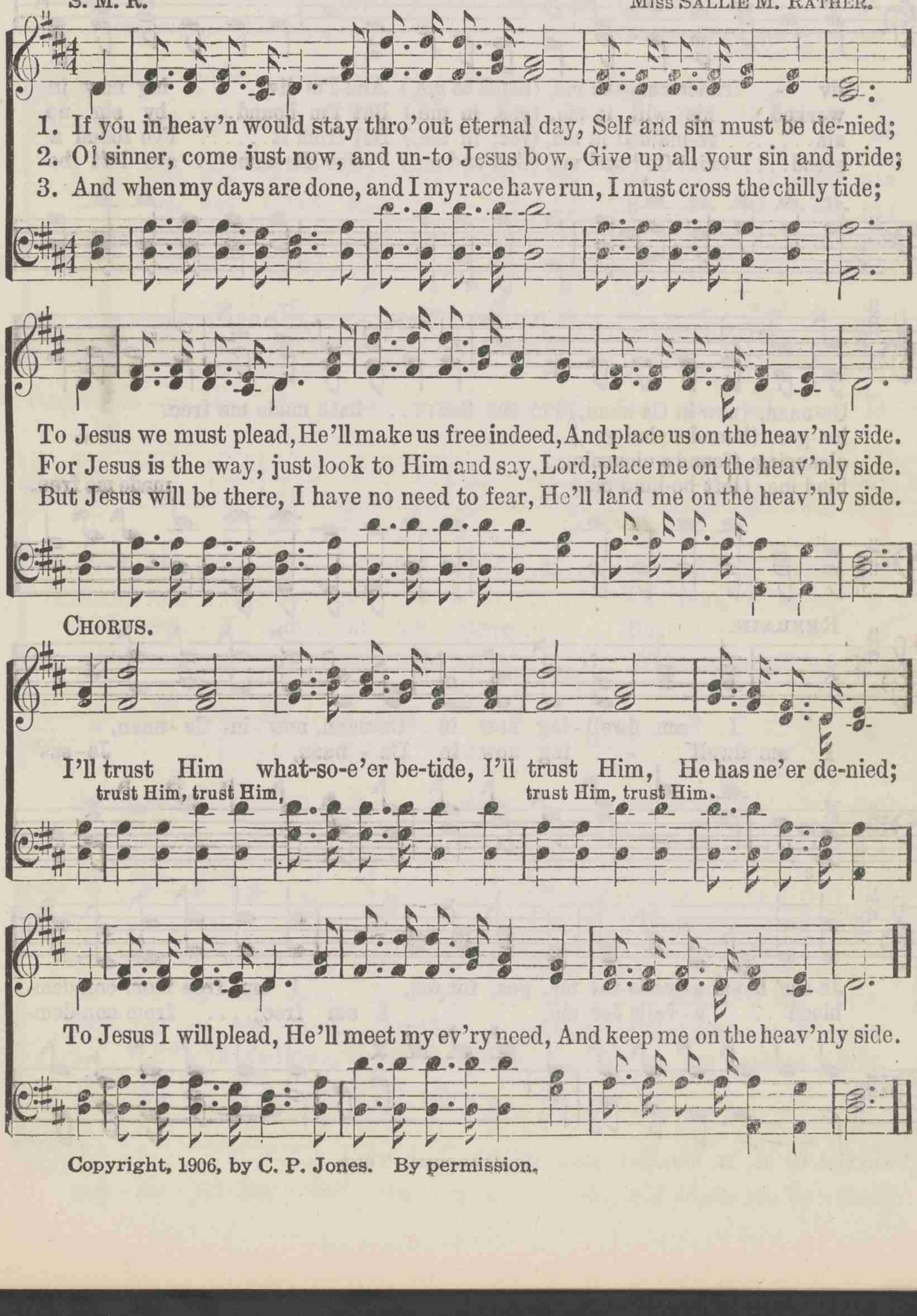
When I Pass Over the Tide.



199 Place Me On the Heavenly Side.

"I will trust and not be afraid." Isa. 12: 2.

S. M. R. Miss Sallie M. Rather.



1. If you in heav'n would stay thro'out eternal day, Self and sin must be de-nied;
2. O! sinner, come just now, and un-to Jesus bow, Give up all your sin and pride;
3. And when my days are done, and I my race have run, I must cross the chilly tide;

To Jesus we must plead, He'll make us free indeed, And place us on the heav'nly side.
For Jesus is the way, just look to Him and say, Lord, place me on the heav'nly side.
But Jesus will be there, I have no need to fear, He'll land me on the heav'nly side.

Chorus.

I'll trust Him what-so-e'er be-tide, I'll trust Him, He has ne'er de-nied;
trust Him, trust Him, trust Him, trust Him.

To Jesus I will plead, He'll meet my ev'ry need, And keep me on the heav'nly side.

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200 The Son Hath Made Me Free.

MIRIAM E. OATMAN. W. A. STEWART.

1. I was once..... in E-gypt's bond-age, (E-gypt's bondage,) But de-liv - 'rance came to me, (came to me,) And I'm liv - ing now in Ca-naan, (now in Ca-naan,) For the Son.... hath made me free.
2. I was once..... a slave to Sa - tan, (slave to Sa-tan,) And he worked.. his will in me, (yes, in me,) But I'm bound.... by sin no lon-ger, (bound no lon-ger,)
3. Ere I en - tered in - to Ca-naan, (in - to Ca-naan,) In - bred sin..... re-mained in me, (yes, in me,) But from it..... I've found a cleansing, (found a cleansing,)
4. All my fear,..... all con - dem - na - tion, (con-dem-na-tion,) All that stood.... 'twixt God and me, (God and me,) Praise His name!.. are left be-hind me, (left be-hind me,) made me free.

REFRAIN.

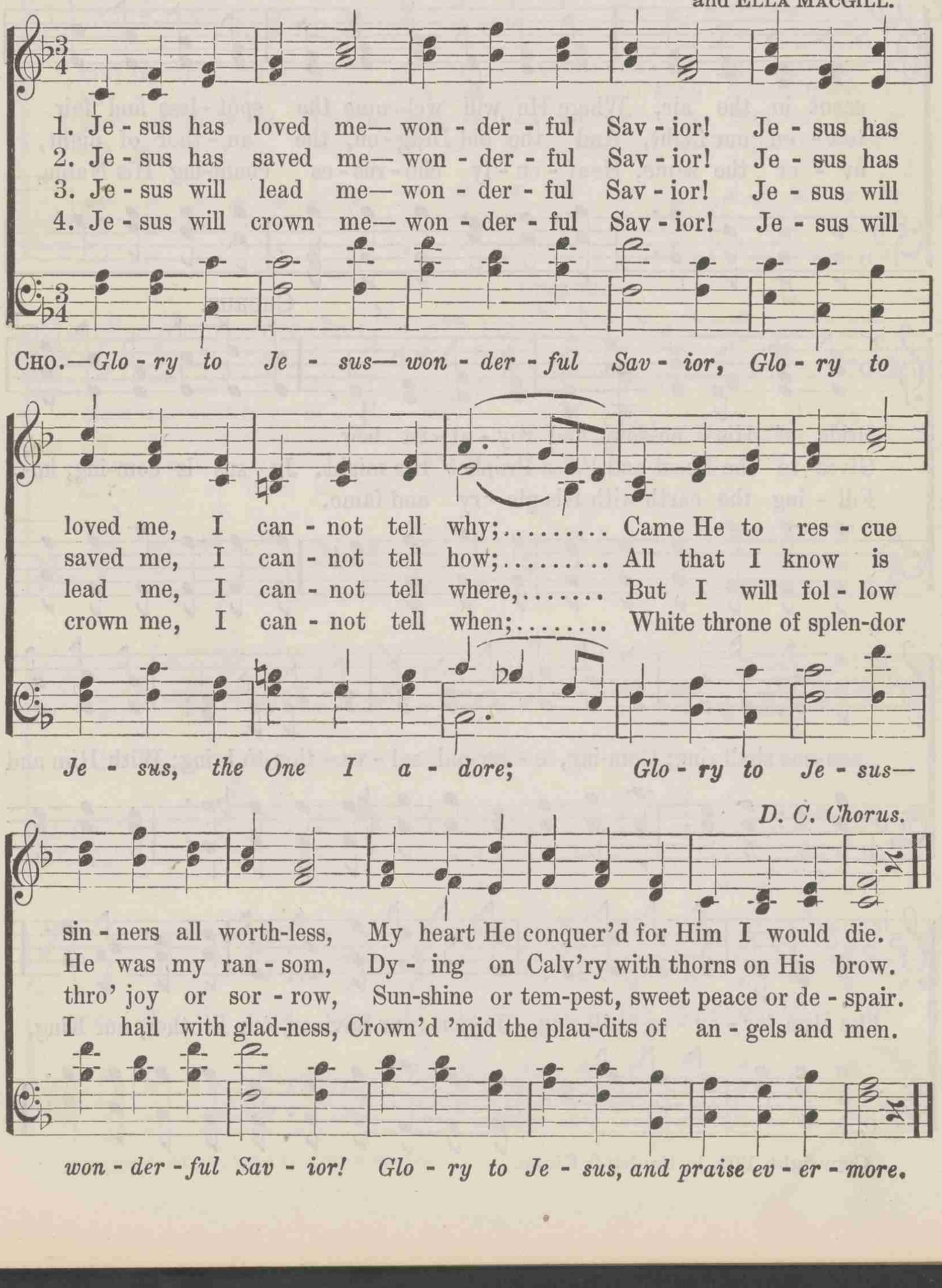
I am dwell - ing now in Ca-naan, now in Ca - naan,
I am dwell - ing now in Ca - naan, Je - sus'
Je-sus' blood a - vails for me, yes, for me, I am free from con-dem-
blood.... a - vails for me; I am free;.... from con-dem-

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

The Son Hath Made Me Free.

201 Glory to Jesus.

J. WAKEFIELD MACGILL. Har. by CAROLINE WICHERN. and ELLA MACGILL.



202 Jesus is Coming.

D. W. GRIFFIN. "The coming of the Lord draweth nigh." Jas. 5-8. CHAS. A. SQUIRE.

Joyfully.

1. Je - sus is com-ing, the heav-ens, a - stir, Ea-ger - ly wait His de-
2. Je - sus is com-ing, the world is a blight When, in the Spir-it, we've
3. Je - sus is com-ing, the heav-ens, a - flame, Tell of His pow-er for-

scent in the air, Where He will wel-come the spot - less and fair
tak - en our flight, And the old Drag - on, the au - thor of night,
ev - er the same, Heav - en - ly cho - rus - es chant-ing His Name,

CHORUS.

Bride of His bo-som and roy - al - ist heir.
Gives to the Beast and False Prophet His might. Je - sus is com-ing; ho-
Fill - ing the earth with His glo - ry and fame.

san-nas shall ring; Com-ing, e - ter-nal sal - va - tion to bring; With Him and

like Him, for - ev - er we'll sing, Je - sus, our Saviour, our Brother, our King.

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203 Present Faith.

D. W. GRIFFIN. SEELEY D. KINNE.

1. If I live in the fleet-ing to - mor - row, On - ly trust-ing it
2. In the book of God's love He as - sures me That my strength it shall
3. I be-lieve it shall be as He tells me, And re-joice in the
4. I will look at the things in the Spir - it, Where there's in-stant-ly

may or shall be, There is ev - er a moan and a sor - row For the
be as my day, That for each pres-ent need I shall find Him My sup-
"now" of His Word, For His prom-ise can nev - er be brok-en, All my
life in the Son, And not at the things that are temporal, Where the

bless-ing that nev - er I see.
ply ev - 'ry step of the way.
pray'rs in the pres-ent are heard.
cur - rent of faith is not on.

CHORUS.

I'm the child of God's love in Christ Je - sus, And His ten-der - est care now is mine; I am sure ev-'ry test that He gives me Is to bring out the im - age Di - vine.

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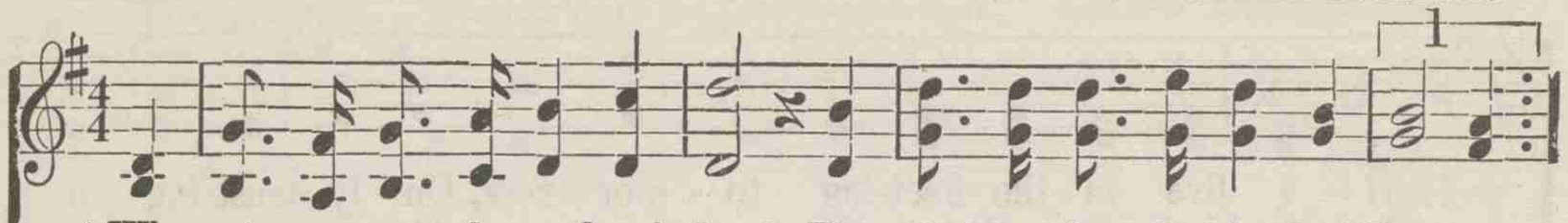
204 Shelter in the Blood of Jesus.

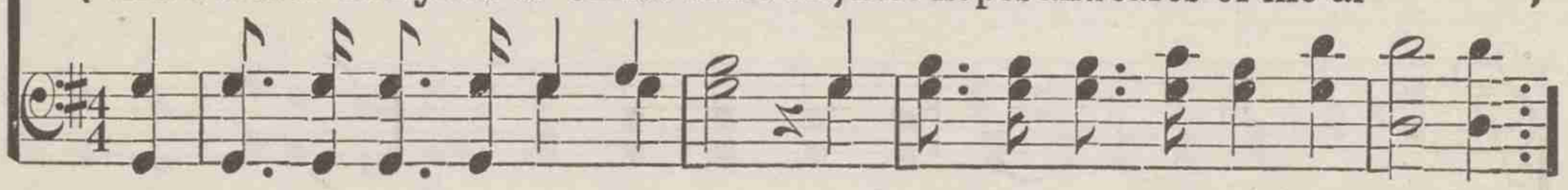
S. D. K. SEELEY D. KINNE.



1. When storms around you fiercly beat, Then shel-ter in the blood of Je - sus,
   The might-y Christ is safe re - treat, O, shel-ter in the blood of

2. Temp-ta-tion's fierce and fie-ry blast May dim thy hope and ex-pec-ta-tion,
   Old Pharoah's ar-mies driv-ing fast May ush - er in the trib - u-

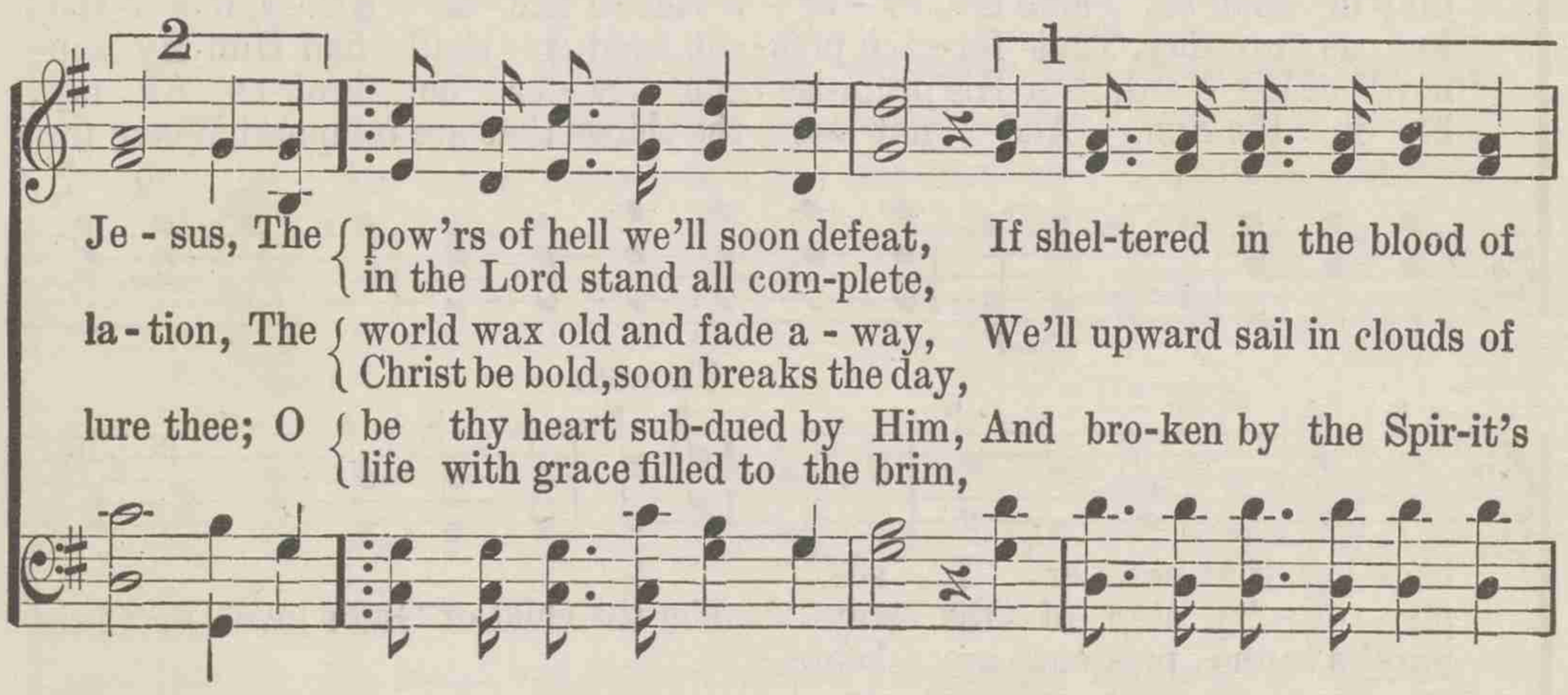
3. A - wak - ened by the Spir-it's call, Convictions strong and deep roll o'er thee,
   Thou scarce can yield to Christ thine all, The hopes and cares of life al-



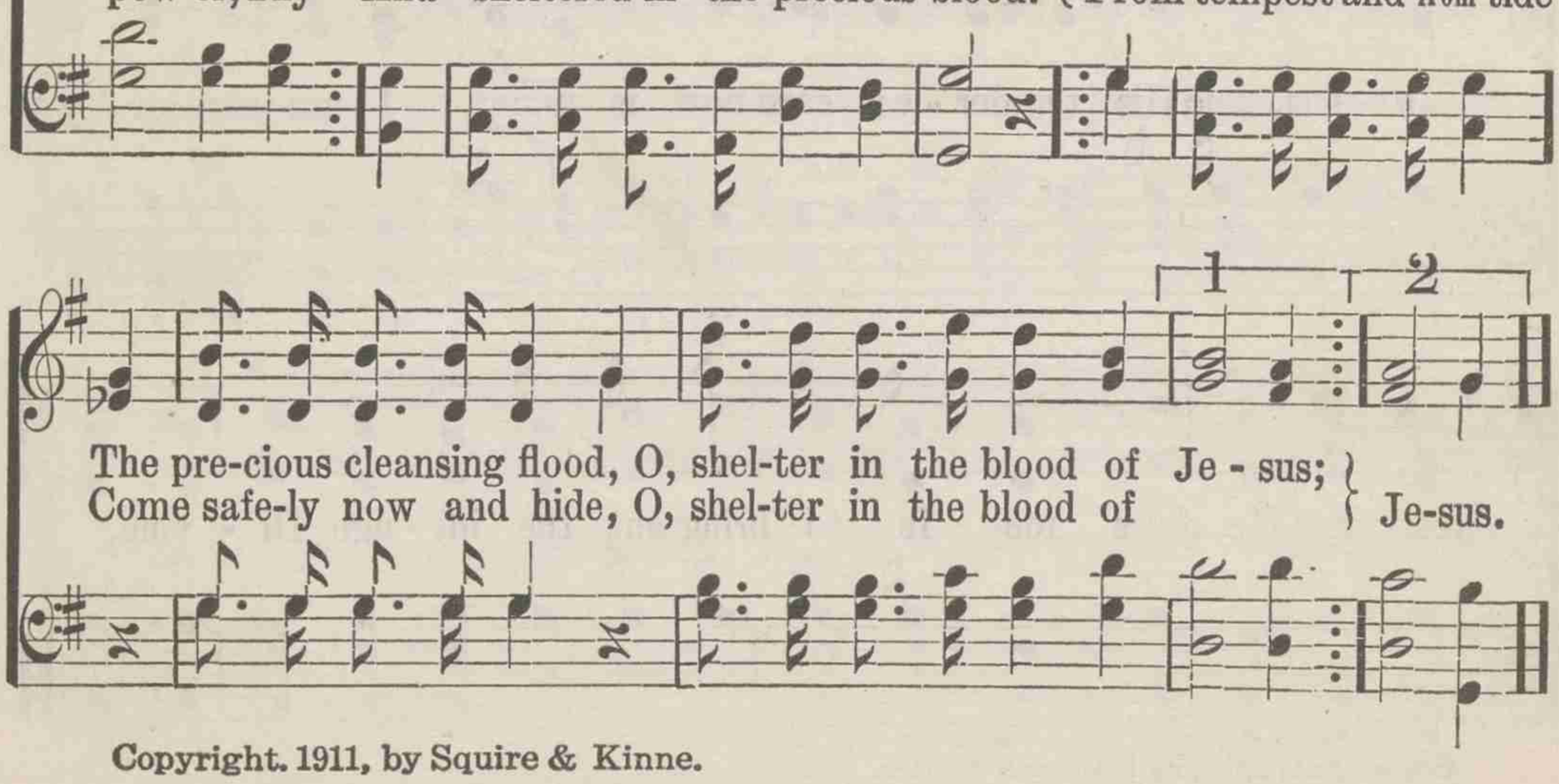
Je - sus, The pow'rs of hell we'll soon defeat, If shel-tered in the blood of
in the Lord stand all com-plete,

la - tion, The world wax old and fade a - way, We'll upward sail in clouds of
Christ be bold, soon breaks the day,

lure thee; O be thy heart sub-dued by Him, And bro-ken by the Spir-it's
life with grace filled to the brim,



Je-sus, And When sheltered in the precious blood.
glo-ry, In We're sheltered in the precious blood; O, shelter in the blood,
pow-er, Thy And sheltered in the precious blood. From tempest and from tide



The pre-cious cleansing flood, O, shel-ter in the blood of Je - sus;
Come safe-ly now and hide, O, shel-ter in the blood of Je-sus.

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205 He was Nailed to the Cross for Me.

F. A. G.

F. A. GRAVES.

Duet, Tenor and Alto.

1. What a won-der-ful wonderful Sav-ior, Who would die on the cross for me!
2. Thus He left His heavenly glo-ry, To ac-com-plish His Father's plan;
3. He was wounded for our transgressions, And He car - ried our sor-rows too:
4. So He gave His life for oth-ers, In re-deem-ing this world from sin;

Free - ly shed-ding His pre-cious life-blood, That the sinner might be made free.
He was born of the vir - gin Ma-ry, Took up-on Him the form of man.
He's the Heal-er of ev - 'ry sickness, This He came to the world to do.
And He's gone to pre-pare a man-sion, That at last we may en - ter in.

CHORUS.

He was nail'd to the cross for me, He was nail'd to the cross,
nail'd to the cross for me; On the cross cru - ci-fied,
He was nail'd to the cross,
for me He died; He was nail'd to the cross for me.

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206 He Paid a Great Price.

H. C. PIGNERON. HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. When Je - sus the Sav - ior from heav - en came down, He paid a great
2. As poor as the poor - est, he walked here be - low, He paid a great
3. They spat on his face and put thorns on his head, He paid a great
4. My bless - ed Re - deem-er was nail'd to the tree, He paid a great

price for my soul; He gave up his glo - ry, his scep - tre and crown
price for my soul; The King of all kings trod the path - way of woe,
price for my soul; Then on-ward to Cal - va - ry's hill he was led,
price for my soul; He yield - ed his life as a ran - som for me,

D.S.—*Je - sus the Sav - ior from glo - ry came down,*

FINE. CHORUS.

1. And paid a great price for my soul. He paid a great price for my
2-4. He paid a great price for my soul.

He paid a great price for my soul.

soul, He paid a great price for my soul, When
for my soul, for my soul,

D. S.

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207 Who Can it be But Jesus?

ADA BLENKHORN. E. E. MEYER.

1. Some-bod - y stands out-side the door, Ten-der - ly call - ing o'er and o'er,
2. Day aft - er day that voice of love, Whispered to me of joys a - bove;
3. Now on my life his light doth shine, Sweet-ly he whispers, "Thou art mine;"
4. Broth - er, he's knocking at thy heart, Bid him come in lest he de-part;
5. Now at his feet your bur-dens cast, He will forgive and cleanse the past;

Plead - ing the wounds for me he bore, Who can it be but Je - sus?
Till I said, Come, thou Heav'nly Dove, Come in, O bless - ed Je - sus.
Lov - ing me with a love di - vine, Who can it be but Je - sus?
A - ble to save thee as thou art, Who can it be but Je - sus?
Come, lest this call may be your last, Come to your Sav - ior Je - sus.

CHORUS.

Who can it be but Je - sus? Faith - ful and lov - ing Je - sus?

pp *p* *f* *p* *rit.*

Whis - per-ing low, "I love you so," Who can it be but Je - sus?

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208 Who Will Go?

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

L. E. B. LUCILE E. BROWER. Har. by N. L. R.

1. In ev-'ry land souls are bound and oppress'd, Millions are dy-ing with-
2. Fields are so white but the lab-'rers are few Oh! there is work in His
3. Heathen in dark-ness are walk-ing to-day, Bound in af-flic-tion and
4. Some one is say-ing, oh! tell it to me Tell me of Je-sus who
5. Time now is fleet-ing, yes fleet-ing so fast, Soon will the reap-ing and

out peace or rest, If they knew Je-sus their lives would be blest;
vine-yard to do, Je-sus is call-ing, it may be for you,
i-ron are they; Some one must show them the truth and the way,
died on the tree; Worn and so wea-ry I long to be free,
harv-est be past; Will Je-sus say when you meet Him at last,

CHORUS.

1-4. Who'll go and tell the sto-ry? Who will go?
5. You nev-er told the sto-ry. who will go?

Who will go? Tell-ing the Gos-pel Sto-ry?

who will go?

Je-sus is pleading, who will go, Who'll go and tell the sto-ry?

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209 The Precious Blood.

Words, except 1st verse by
Rev. W. McDONAND.

Music and Chorus by
Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. The cross! the cross! the blood-stain'd cross! The hallow'd cross I see!
2. A thous-and, thous-and fount-ains spring Up from the throne of God;
3. That price-less blood my ran - som paid, While I in bon-dage stood;
4. By faith that blood now sweeps a - way My sins, as like a flood;
5. This won-drous theme will best em - ploy My harp be - fore my God,

Re - mind - ing me of pre-cious blood That once was shed for me.
But none to me such bless-ings bring, As Je - sus' pre-cious blood.
On Je - sus all my sins were laid, He sav'd me with His blood.
Nor lets one guil - ty blem - ish stay: All praise to Je - sus' blood.
And make all heav'n re-sound with joy, For Je - sus' cleans-ing blood.

CHORUS.

Oh, the blood, the pre-cious blood! That Je - sus shed for me,

Up - on the cross, in crim-son flood, Just now by faith I see.

210 Leaving All to Follow Jesus.

IDA M. BUDD. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Leav-ing all to fol - low Je - sus, Turn-ing from the world a - way,
2. Naught re-serv-ing, on the al - tar All I lay, and wait the hour
3. Tak-ing up the cross of Je - sus, Glad for him to suf - fer shame,
4. Praise his precious name for-ev - er That his blood hath made me free!

Step-ping out up - on the prom-ise, All I have is his to - day.
When the fire from heav'n de-scend-ing Shall at - test his glo-rious pow'r.
All my gain I count but loss - es For the glo - ry of his name.
Now my soul shall joy to tell it, Thro' the long e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.

Leav - ing all to fol - low Je - sus, Turn - ing
Leav - ing all to fol - low, fol - low Je - sus,

from the world a - way,..... Step - ping out up-
Turn - ing, turn - ing from the world a - way, Step - ping out up-

on his prom - ise, All I have is his to - day.
on his bless - ed prom - ise,

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211 Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,
2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor-rod - ing care,
3. Je - sus, my heart's dear ref - uge, Je - sus has died for me;

CHO.–*Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,*

FINE.

There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet-ly my soul shall rest.
Safe from the world's temp - ta - tions, Sin can - not harm me there.
Firm on the Rock of A - ges, Ev - er my trust shall be.

There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet-ly my soul shall rest.

Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me,
Free from the blight of sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears;
Here let me wait with pa - tience, Wait till the night is o'er;

D. C. for Chorus.

O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per sea.
On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears!
Wait till I see the morn - ing Break on the gold - en shore.

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212 I Gave My Life for Thee.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. P. P. BLISS.

1. I gave my life for thee, My pre-cious blood I shed,
2. My Fa - ther's house of light, My glo - ry - cir - cled throne,
3. I suf - fered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell.
4. And I have brought to thee, Down from my home a - bove,

That thou might'st ransomed be, And quickened from the dead;
I left for earth - ly night, For wand-'rings sad and lone;
Of bit - t'rest ag - o - ny, To res - cue thee from hell;
Sal - va - tion full and free, My par - don and my love;

f

I gave, I gave my life for thee, What hast thou given for me?
I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for me?
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for me?
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou brought to me?

213 Glory to the Lamb.

B. W. GORHAM.

1. The world is over-come by the blood of the Lamb; Lamb. Glory to the Lamb,

214 He Leadeth Me.

JOS. H. GILMORE. WM. B BRADBURY.

1. He lead - eth me! O bless - ed tho't, O words with heav'nly comfort fraught;
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur nor re - pine,
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by thy grace, the vict'ry's won,

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

REFRAIN.

He lead - eth me! He lead - eth me! By his own hand he lead-eth me;
His faith-ful follower I would be, For by his hand he lead - eth me.

Glory to the Lamb. Concluded.

Glo-ry to the Lamb, Glo-ry to the Lamb.

2 My sins are wash'd away,
In the blood of the Lamb.

3 I've wash'd my garments white
In the blood of the Lamb.

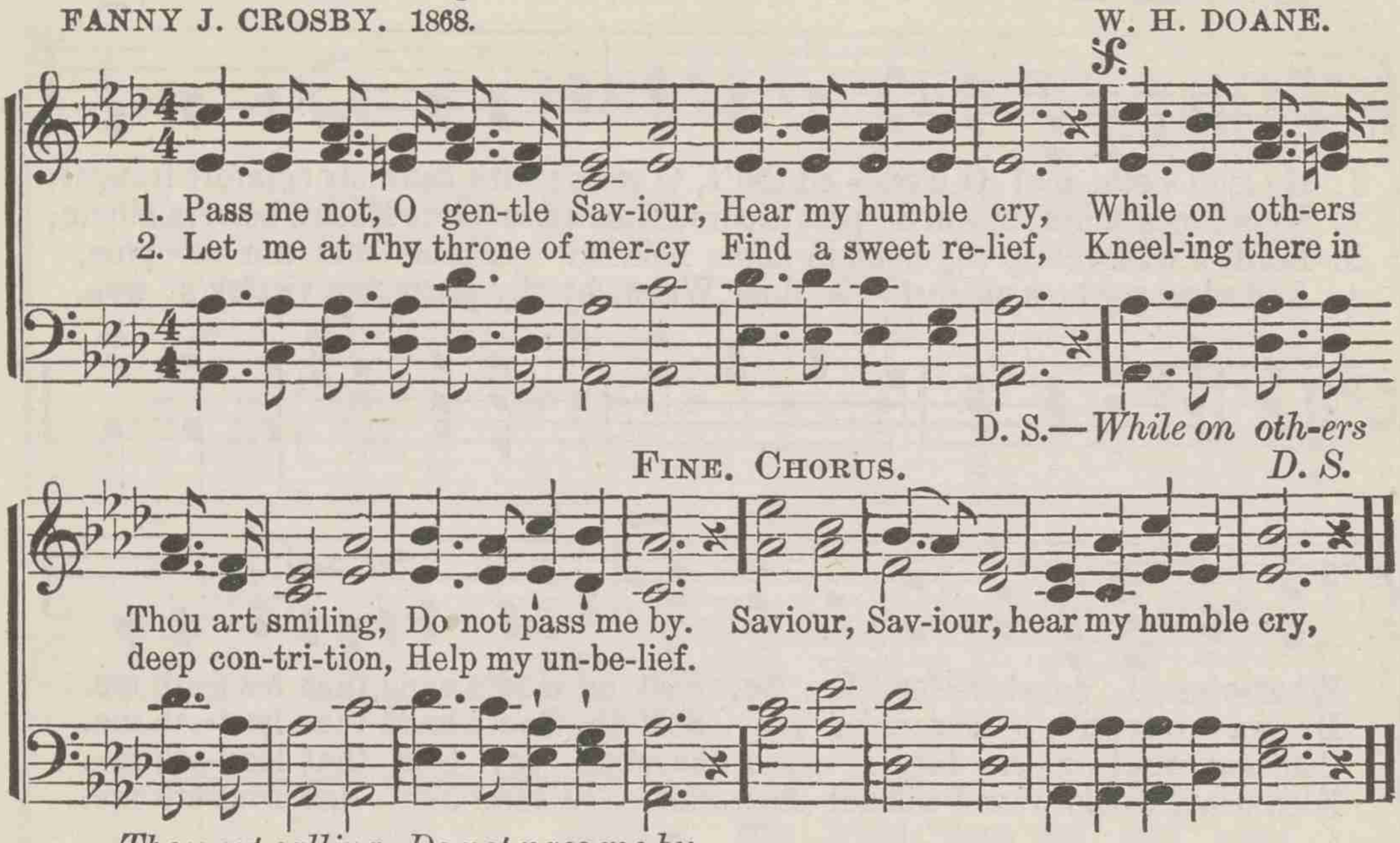
4 The martyrs overcame,
By the blood of the Lamb.

5 I soon shall gain the skies,
Thro' the blood of the Lamb.

215 Pass Me Not.

"Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved."—ACTS 2: 21.

FANNY J. CROSBY. 1868. W. H. DOANE.



3 Trusting only in Thy merit,
Would I seek Thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by Thy grace.—CHO.

4 Thou the Spring of all my comfort
More than life to me.
Whom have I on earth beside Thee?
Whom in heaven but Thee?—CHO.

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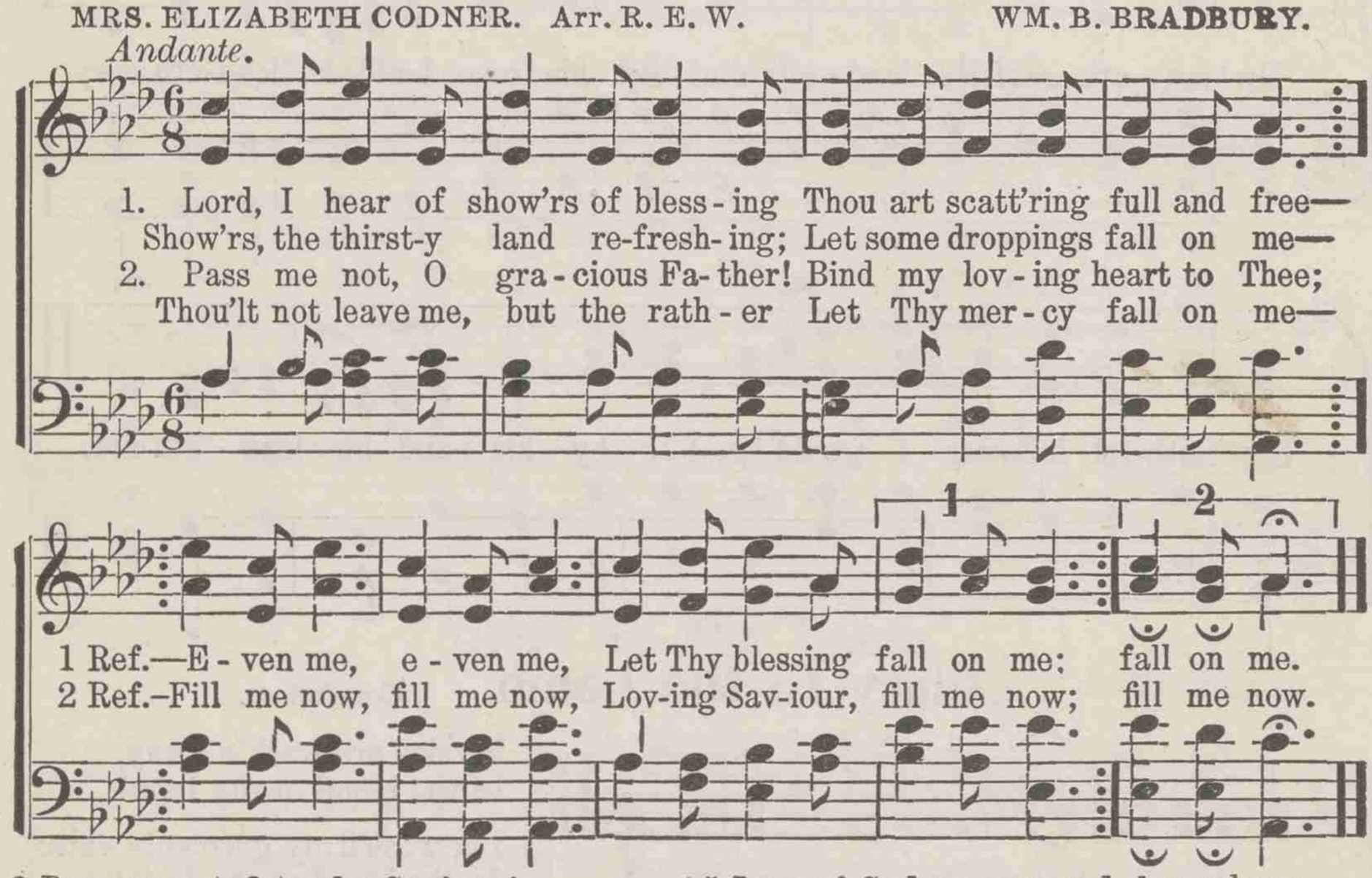
216 Even Me.—Fill Me Now.

"Bless me, even me also, O my Father."—GEN. 27: 38.

MRS. ELIZABETH CODNER. Arr. R. E. W. WM. B. BRADBURY.



3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour!
Make me love and cling to Thee;
I am longing for Thy favor; [me.
Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh, call me.—Even

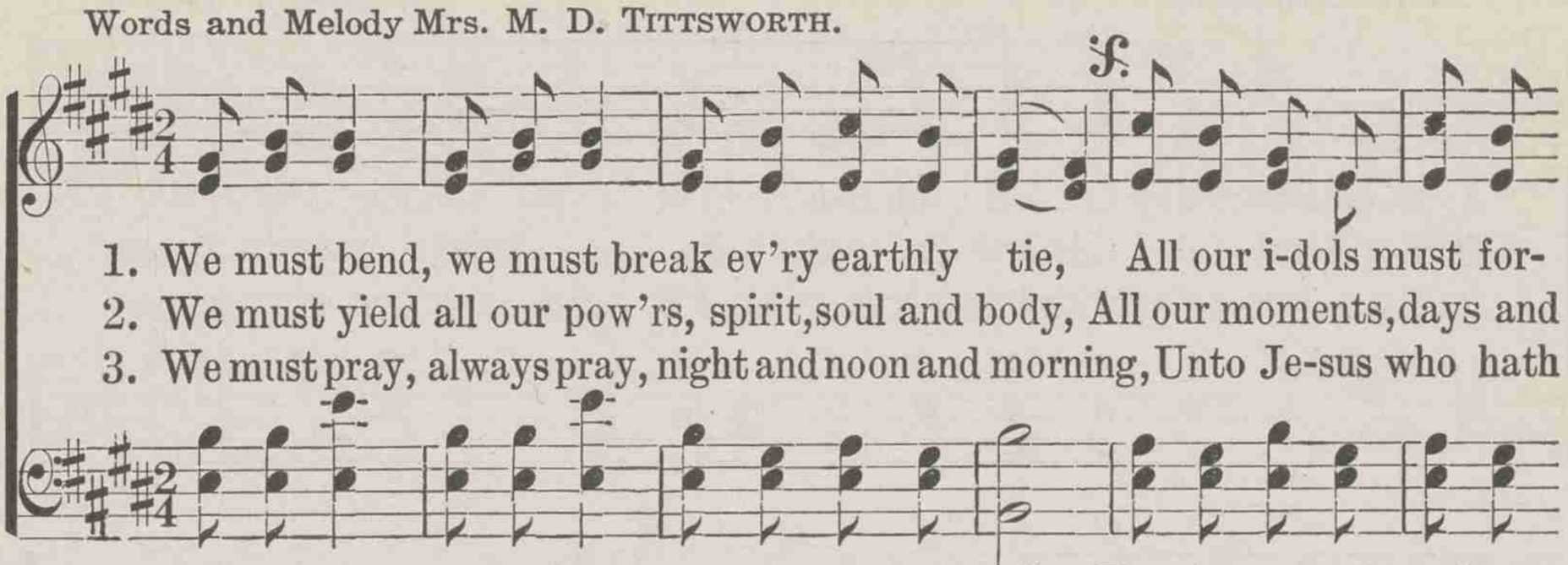
4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou dost make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me.—Even me.

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless;—
Magnify them all in me.—Even me.

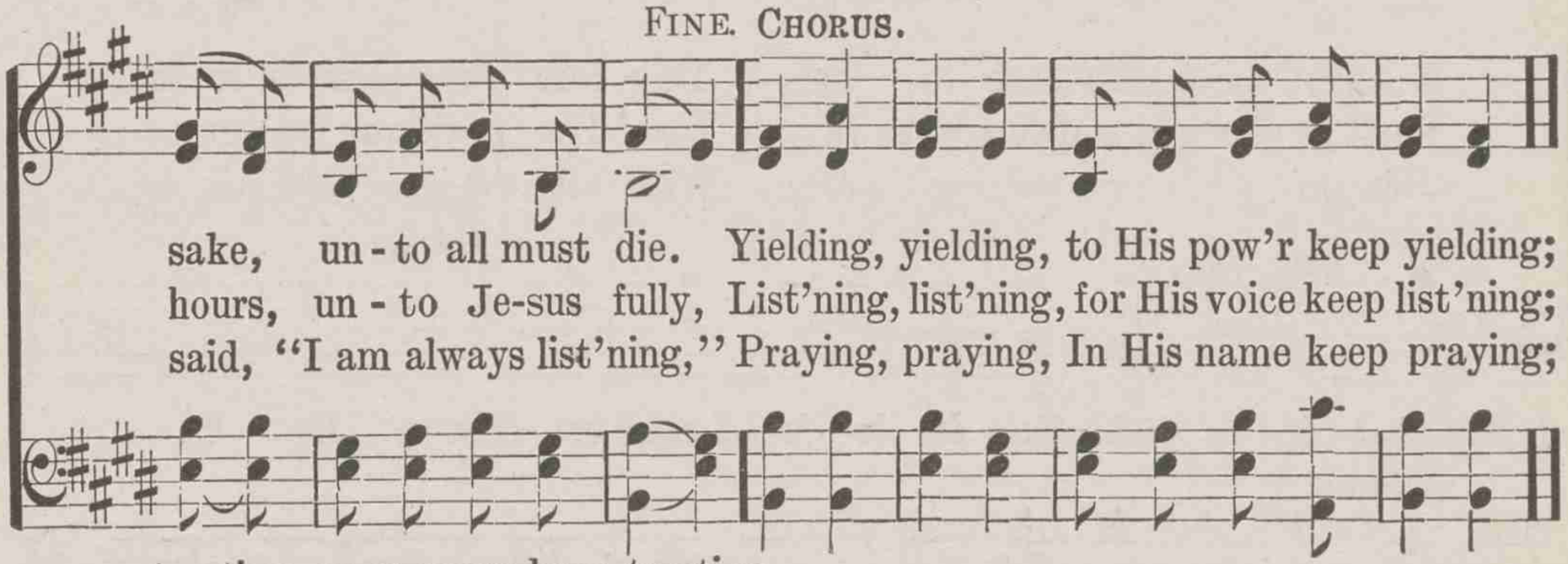
6 Thou hast blessed me, filled my longing,
Thou hast bound my heart to Thee;
While the streams of life are springing,
There has one sprung up in me.—Even me.

217 Yield Thine All to Him.

Words and Melody Mrs. M. D. TITTSWORTH.



FINE. CHORUS.



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218 Heal Even Me.

Tune—Even Me. No. 216

1 Lord I hear the throngs are pressing
Till they touch Thy garment's hem;
Wilt Thou hear my humble crying?
Heal me too, as Thou did'st them.
Even me, Even me,
Heal me too, as Thou did'st them.

2 Lord, Thou seest my brow is throbbing,
Aching limbs and heaving chest,
And my heart with sorrow sobbing,
Touch me now, oh, give me rest.
Even me, Even me,
Touch me now, oh, give me rest.

3 Blessed Jesus, Thou art hearing,
Lay Thy healing hand on me,
While to Thee I am appealing,
Come, oh come and set me free,
Even me, Even me,
Come, oh come and set me free.

4 Resurrection life now granted,
Flowing life and springing health,
Till this mortal all transfigured,
Glows with Thine eternal wealth.
Even me, Even me,
Fill with Thine eternal health.

S. D. Kinne.

219 Holy Spirit, Fall on Me.

Tune—Even Me. No. 216

1 Showers of blessing now are waiting,
To descend as we may call,
Holy Spirit, come and fill us,
And baptize us one and all.
Even me, Even me,
Holy Spirit fall on me.

2 O the pow'r just now is falling,
Are you ready to receive?
'Tis the Spirit's blest assurance;
You have only to believe.
Even me, Even me,
Holy Spirit falls on me.

3 Blessed Jesus wilt Thou teach me,
In the Holy Ghost to keep;
Constant pleasure of the Father,
Speak thro' sing thro' or to weep.
Even me, Even me,
Speak thro', sing thro' pray thro' me.

4 Draw me nearer, ever nearer;
Till Thy blessed face I see;
Every thought be fixed on Jesus,
Take, oh take, Thy way in me.
Even me, Even me,
Take, oh, take, Thy way in me.

Grace Hanmore.

220 Some Sweet Day.

D. W. GRIFFIN. SEELEY D. KINNE.

1. Some sweet day my Lord will come, Will come to claim His own;
2. Some sweet day this bod - y frail, In one brief moment's space
3. Some sweet day with loved ones gone, I'll sing the new, new song,

I shall meet Him face to face, Be - fore the judgment throne.
Shall be changed and caught a-way Thro' His re-deem - ing grace.
Join in ev - er - last-ing praise, With all the heav'n-ly throng.

D.S.—*Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! I shall see Him as He is.*

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Like Him I soon shall be;

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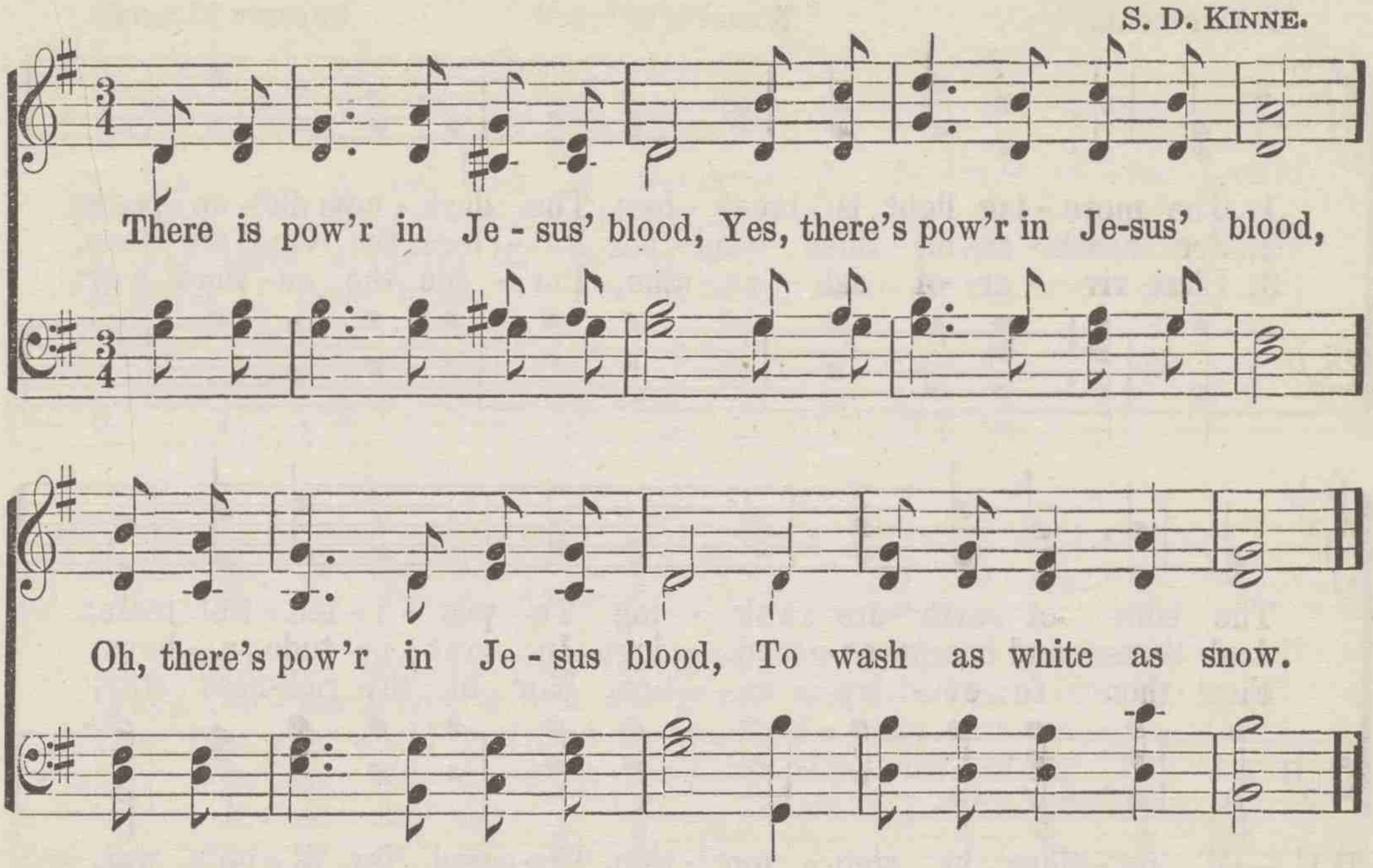
221 The Blood, Oh. the Blood!

The Blood, O the Blood! It is your on - ly shield,

The Blood, O the Blood! Di - vine is the power it will yield.

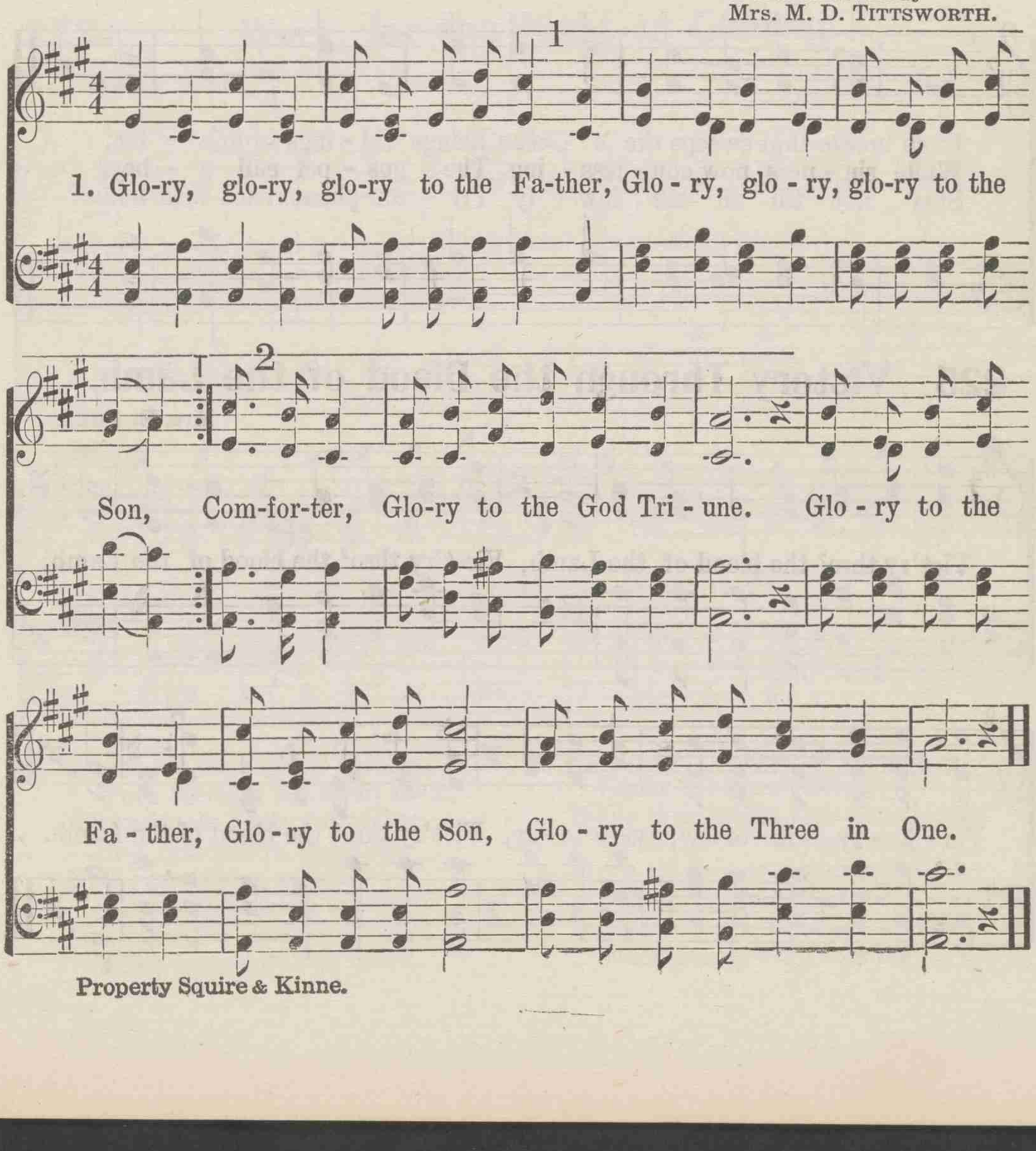
222 There is Power in Jesus Blood.

S. D. KINNE.



223 The Glory Chorus.

Words and Melody
Mrs. M. D. TITTSWORTH.



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224 The Morning Light.

G. DUFFIELD. WEBB. 7, 6. SAMUEL F. SMITH.

1. The morn - ing light is break - ing; The dark - ness dis - ap - pears;
2. See heath - en na - tions bend - ing Be - fore the God we love,
3. Blest riv - er of sal - va - tion, Pur - sue the on - ward way;

The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears;
And thous - and hearts as - cend - ing In grat - i - tude a - bove;
Flow thou to ev - 'ry na - tion, Nor in thy rich-ness stay,

D.C.—Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre-pared for Zi - on's war.
D.C.—And seek the Sav - iors bless - ing, A na - tion in a day.
D.C.—Stay not till all the ho - ly Pro-claim, "The Lord is come."

Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings tid - ings from a - far;
While sin - ners now con - fess - ing, The gos - pel call o - bey,
Stay not till all the low - ly Tri - um-phant reach their home:

225 Victory Through the Blood of the Lamb.

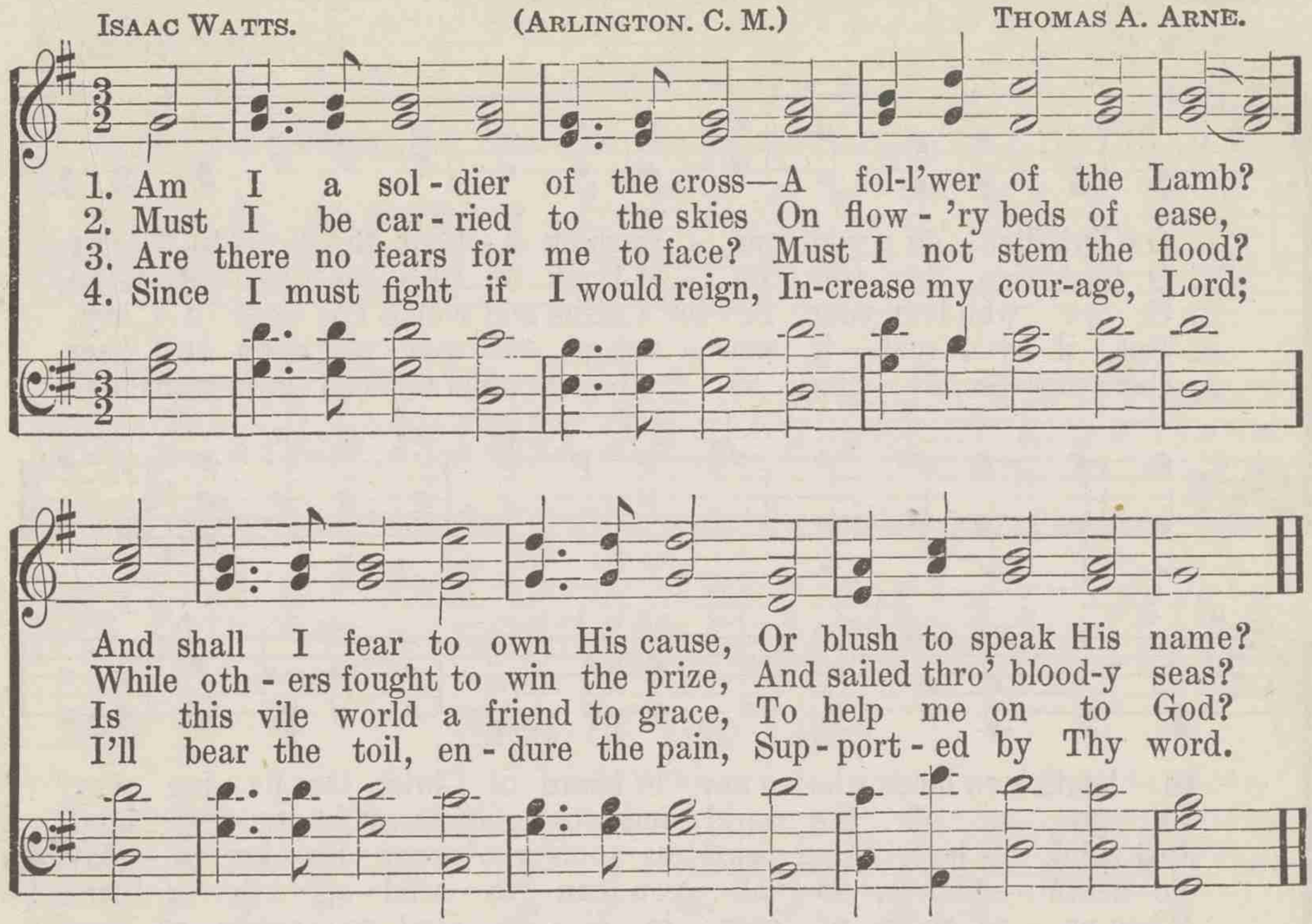
Mrs. E. FELL.

Vict'ry thro' the blood of the Lamb, Vic-t'ry thro' the blood of the Lamb,

Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry, Vict'ry thro' the blood of the Lamb.

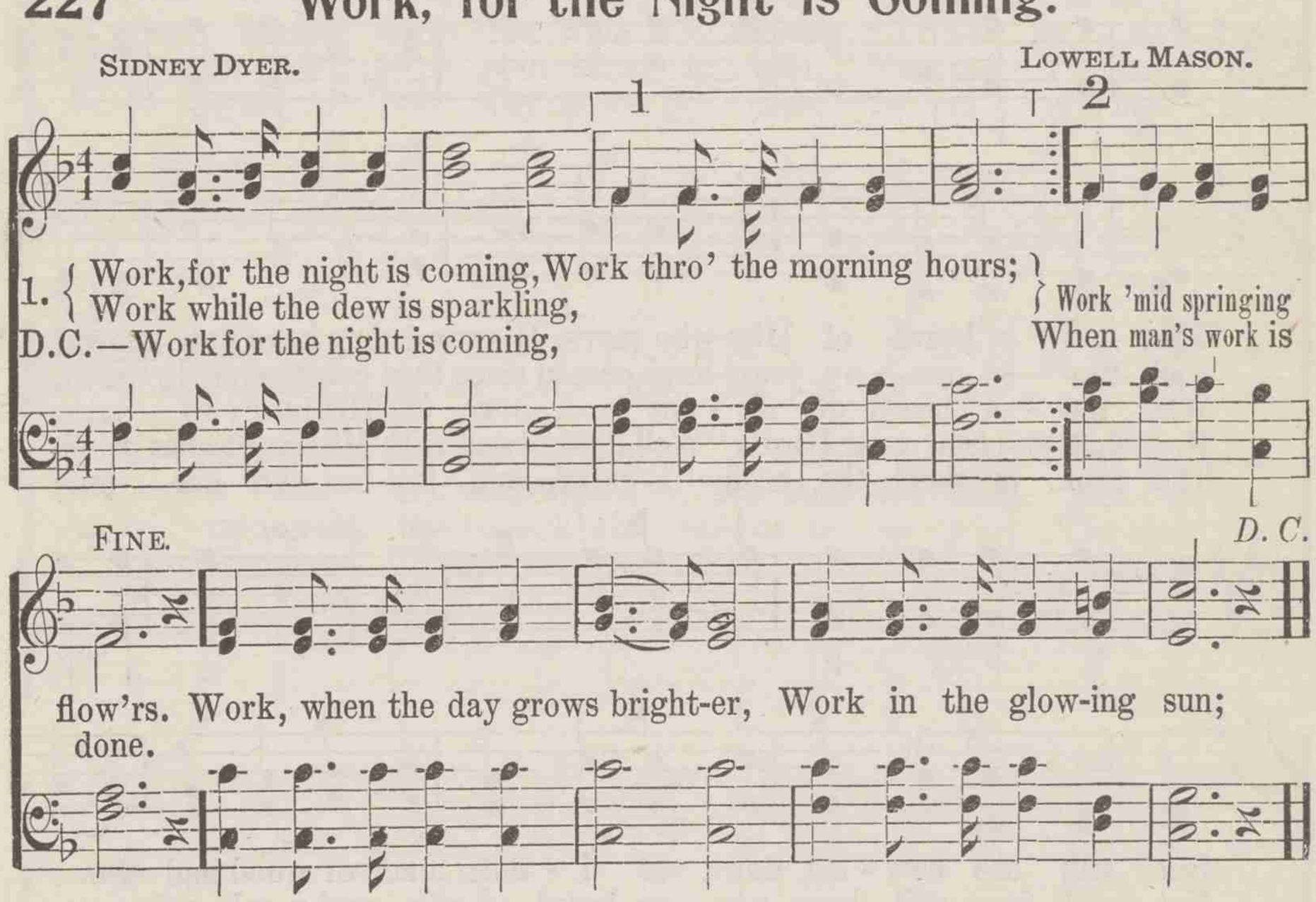
226 Am I a Soldier of the Cross.

ISAAC WATTS. (ARLINGTON. C. M.) THOMAS A. ARNE.



227 Work, for the Night is Coming.

SIDNEY DYER. LOWELL MASON.



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

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset 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.

228 The Darkness of Heathen Night.

L. B. C. LITTIE B. COLLVER.

1. O Chris-tian, do you ev - er think a - bout the souls to - day,
2. O Chris-tian, do you ev - er think of Je - sus' last com-mand,
3. O, ye who love your Sav-ior's name and would His wodr o - bey,
4. But if you real - ly can - not go, the gos - pel news to bear,
5. Can you be liv - ing at your ease while millions down-ward go?

In heath - en lands who've nev - er heard of Christ, the liv - ing way?
To go to all the world and preach His word in ev - 'ry land?
Just think a - bout those price-less souls who're per - ish - ing to - day,
To heath - en lands, do all you can to send an - oth - er there.
When un - to those at ease in Zi - on, God pro - nounc - es woe?

They nev - er heard of Him who saves, His word they have not known,
And tho' so ma - ny years have passed since that com-mand He gave,
Who nev - er heard of Je - sus' love, nor of His pow'r to save,
How shall you hear your Lord's "Well done," and with His saved ones dwell,
The time is short, the need is great, and la - bor - ers are few;

But still are bow - ing down to i - dols made of wood and stone.
Yet mill - ions still have nev - er heard of Je - sus' pow'r to save.
And yet He loved them so, His pre - cious life for them He gave.
If you un - heed His last com-mand, the Gos - pel news to tell?
Then be in haste, make no de - lay the Mas - ter's will to do.

1911, by Squire & Kinne.

The Darkness of Heathen Night.

CHORUS.

O, what will you do, say what will you do To send them the Gos-pel light?

rit.

They're pass-ing a-way, they're dying to-day In the darkness of heathen night!

229 Arm of the Lord.

Anvern. Arr. by L. MASON.

1. Arm of the Lord! a - wake, a - wake, Put on thy strength, the
2. Say to the heath - en from Thy throne, "I am Je - ho - vah—
3. No more let hu - man blood be spilt, Vain sac - ri - fice for
4. Al - might - y God! Thy grace pro - claim, In ev - 'ry land de-

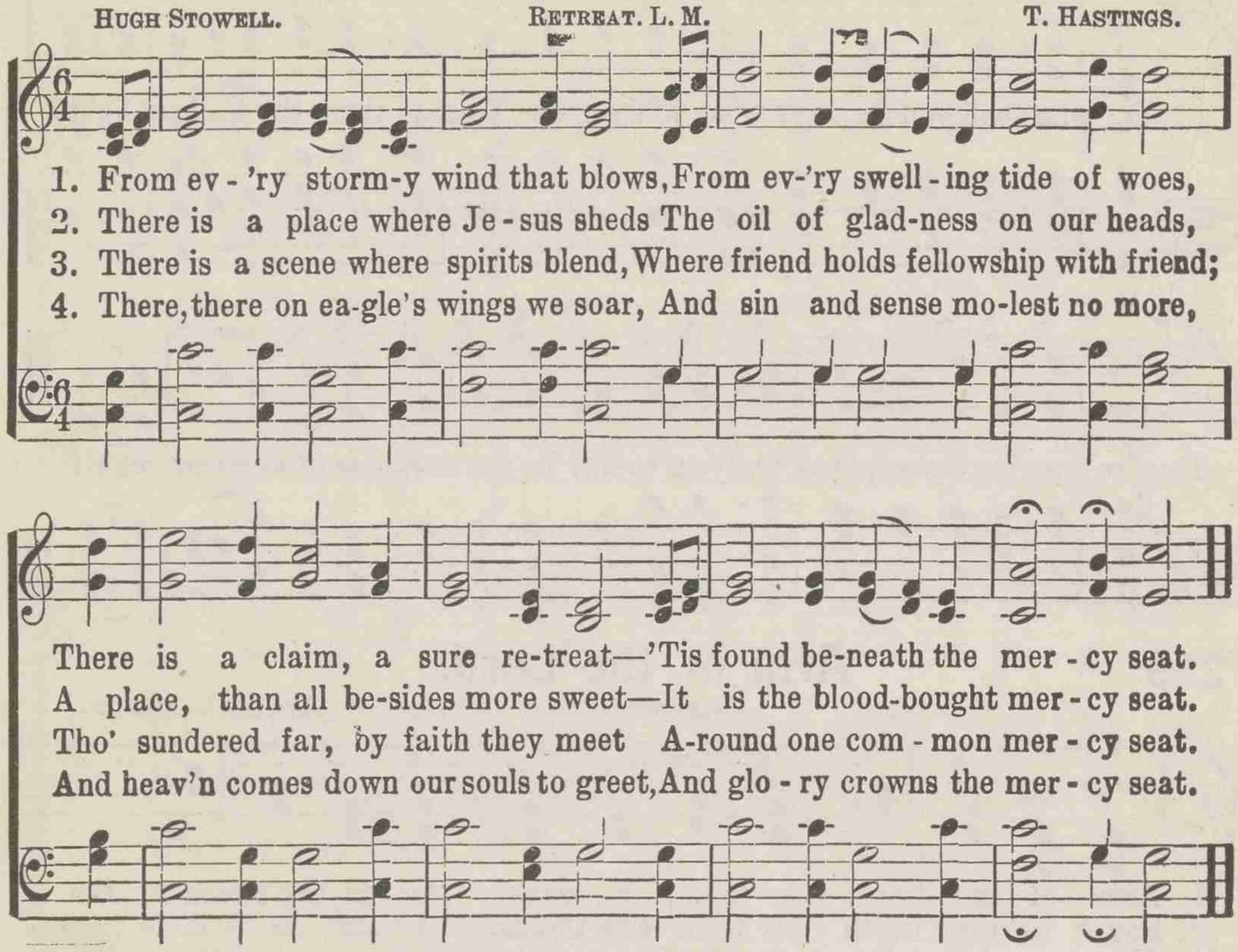
na - tions shake, And let the world a - dor - ing see Tri- umphs of
God a - lone;" Thy voice their i - dols shall con-found, And cast their
hu - man guilt, But to each con - science be ap - plied The blood that
clare Thy name, Till ad-verse pow'rs be - fore Thee fall, And crown the

rit.

mer - cy wrought by Thee, Tri-umphs of mer - cy wrought by Thee.
al - tars to the ground, And cast their al - tars to the ground.
flowed from Je - sus side, The blood that flowed from Je - sus side.
Sav - iour Lord of all, And crown the Sav-iour Lord of all.

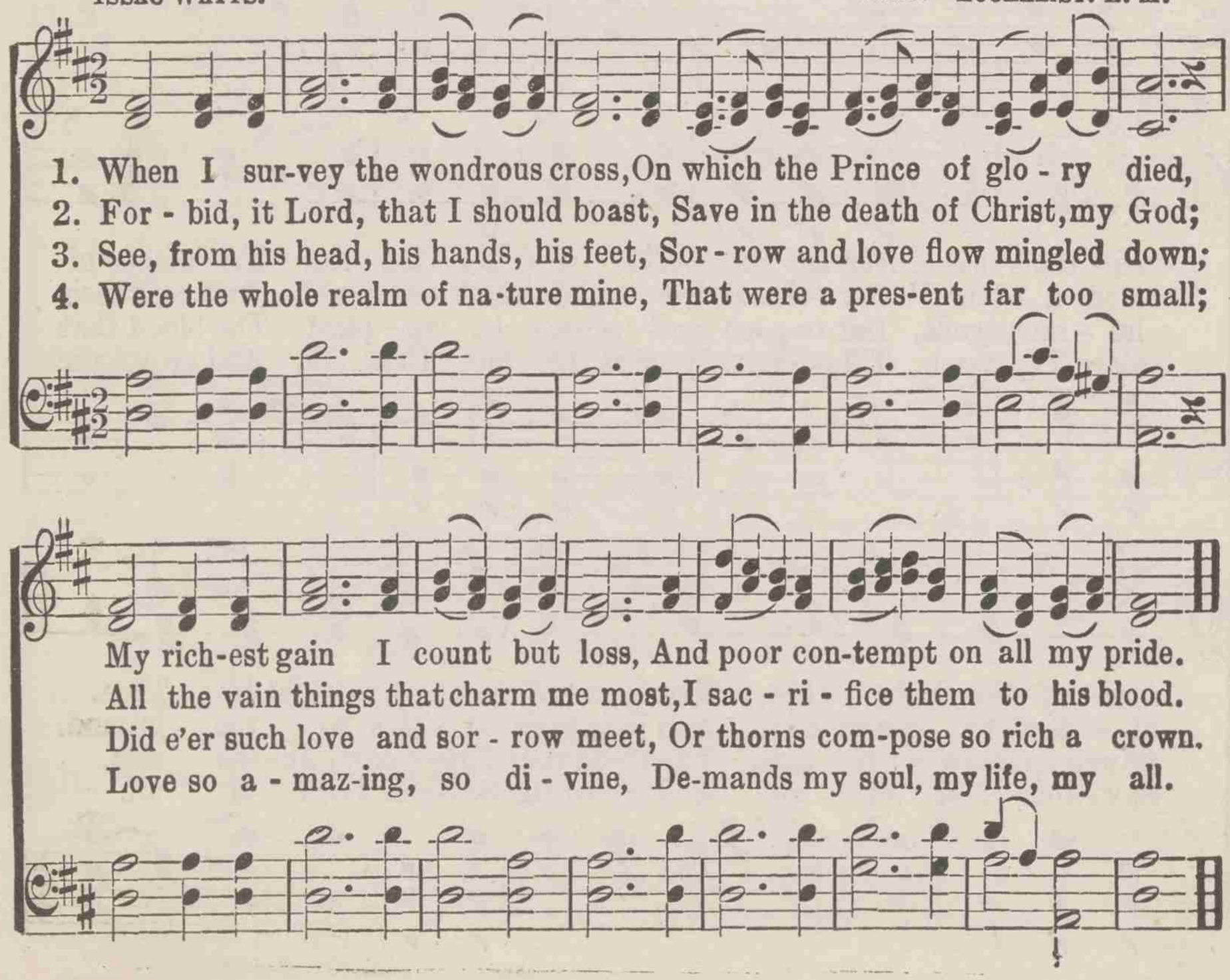
230 The Mercy Seat.

HUGH STOWELL. RETREAT. L. M. T. HASTINGS.



231 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

ISSAC WATTS. *Tune:*—EUCHARIST. L. M.



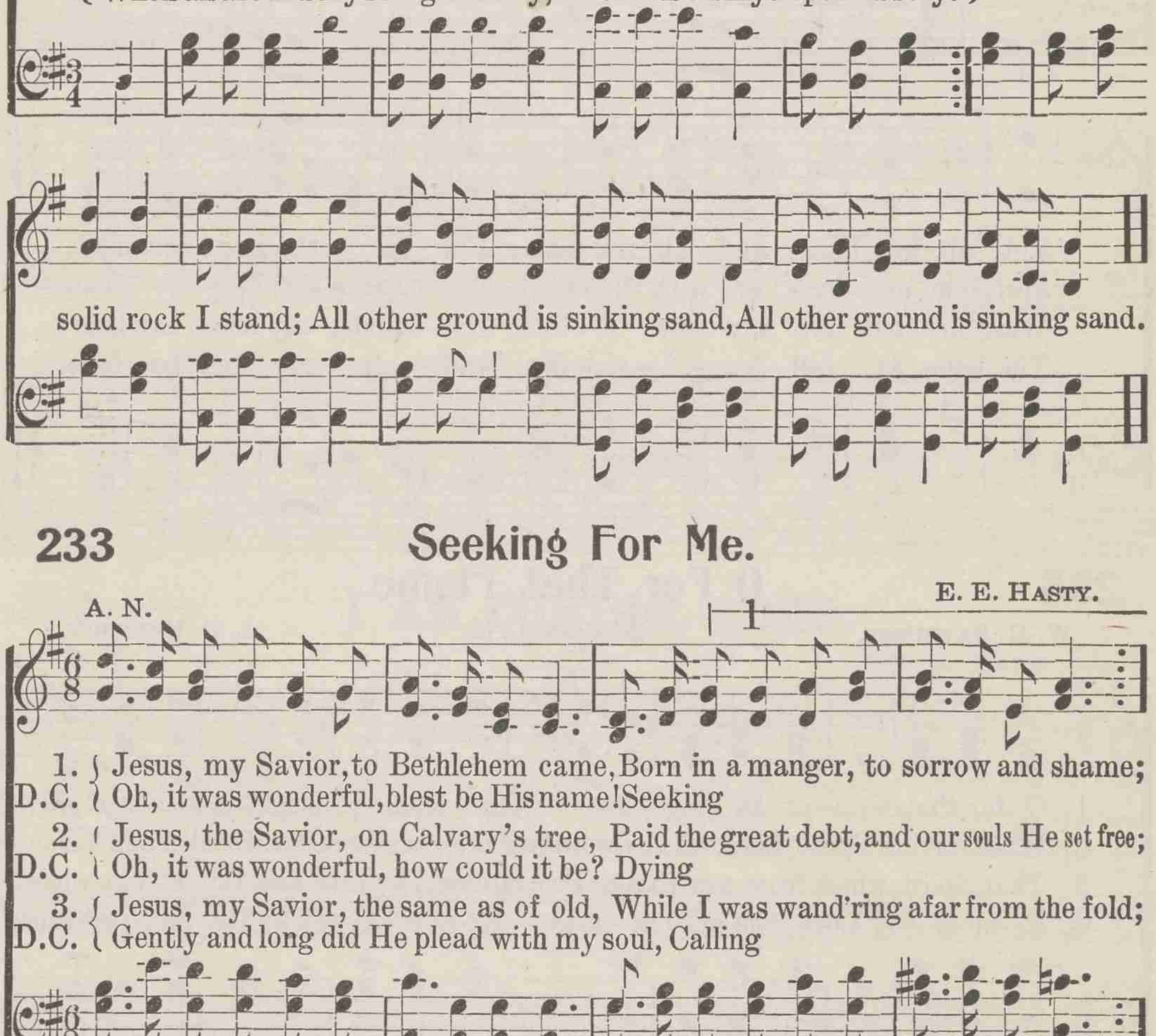
232 On Christ, the Solid Rock.

EDWARD MOTE. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus blood and righteousness;
   I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Jesus name.

2. When darkness seems to veil his face, I rest on his unchanging grace;
   In ev'ry high and stormy gale, My anchor holds within the veil.

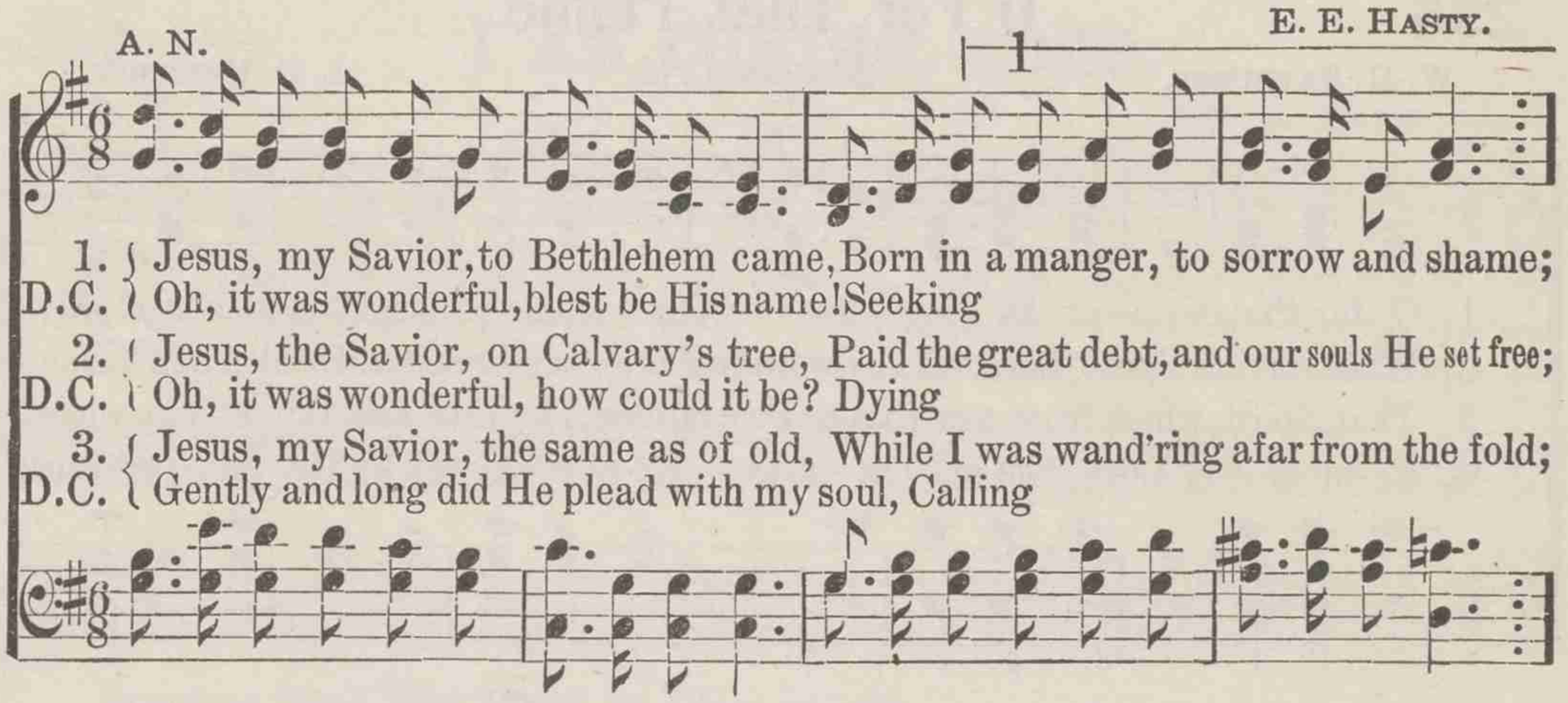
3. His oath, his covenant, and blood, Support me in the whelming flood;
   When all around my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.



On Christ, the solid rock I stand; All other ground is sinking sand, All other ground is sinking sand.

233 Seeking For Me.

A. N. E. E. HASTY.



1. Jesus, my Savior, to Bethlehem came, Born in a manger, to sorrow and shame;
   D.C. Oh, it was wonderful, blest be His name! Seeking

2. Jesus, the Savior, on Calvary's tree, Paid the great debt, and our souls He set free;
   D.C. Oh, it was wonderful, how could it be? Dying

3. Jesus, my Savior, the same as of old, While I was wand'ring afar from the fold;
   D.C. Gently and long did He plead with my soul, Calling

FINE. REFRAIN. For me,.... for me.....D. C.

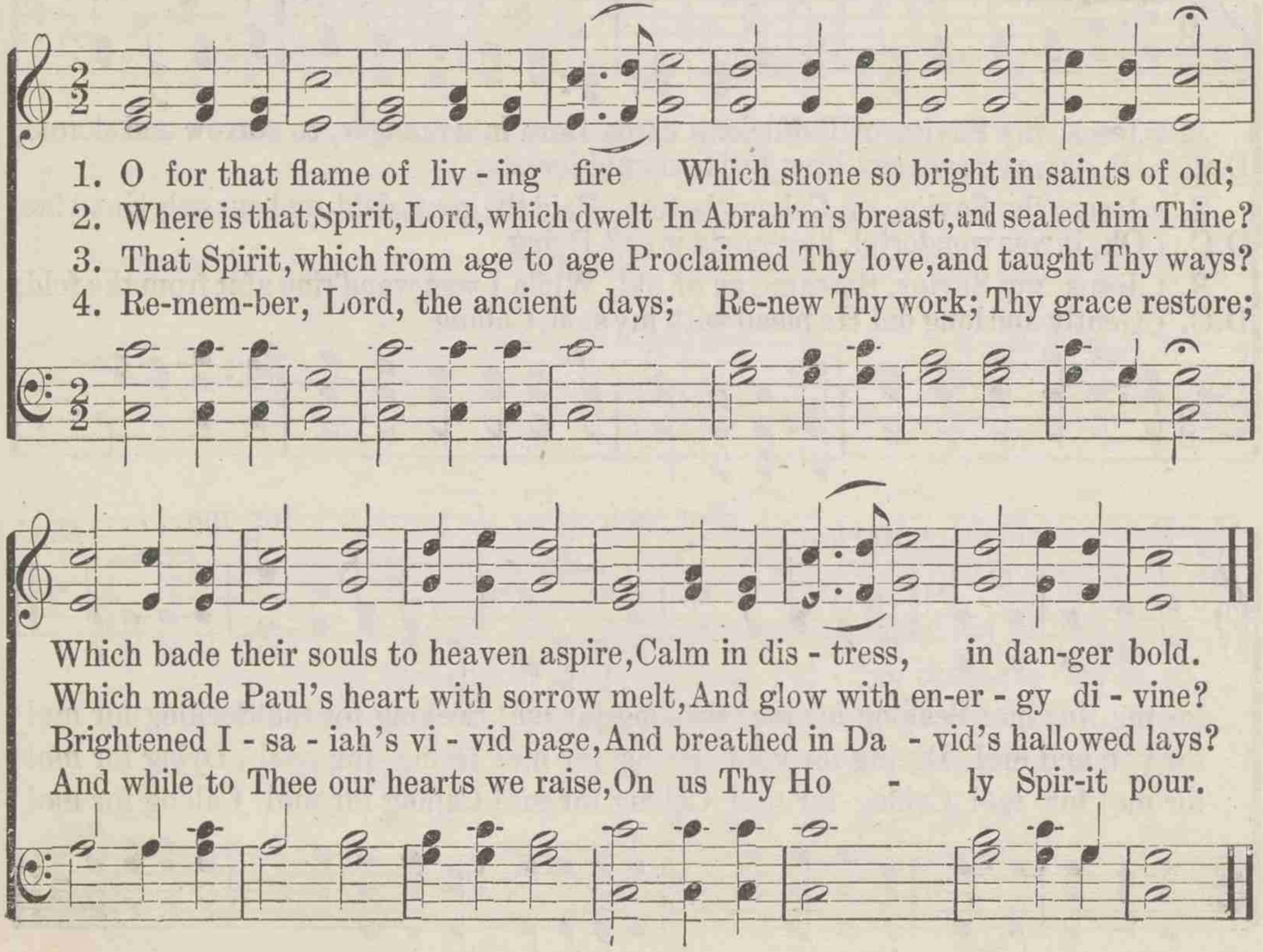
for me, for me! Seeking for me! Seeking for me! Seeking for me! Seeking for me!
for you and me! Dy-ing for you! Dying for me! Dying for you! Dying for me!
for me! for me! Calling for me! Calling for me! Calling for me! Calling for me!

234 Forever Here My Rest Shell Be.

C. WESLEY. AVON. C. M. HUGH WILSON.

235 O For That Flame.

W. H. BATHURST. Sessions. L. M. L. O. EMERSON.



236 JESUS PAID IT ALL.

MRS. ELVINA M. HALL. JOHN T. GRAPE.

1. I hear the Sav - ior say, Thy strength indeed is small; Child of weakness,
2. Lord, now in - deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine a - lone Can change the
3. For noth-ing good have I Where-by Thy grace to claim— I'll wash my
4. And when be-fore the throne I stand in Him com-plete, I'll lay my

watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all.
lep - er's spots, And melt the heart of stone. **Je - sus paid it all,**
gar-ment white In the blood of Cal-v'ry's Lamb.
tro-phies down, All down at Je - sus' feet.

CHORUS.

All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crim-son stain; He washed it white as snow.

237 I AM COMING, LORD.

L. H. REV. L. HARTSOUGH.

1. I hear Thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleans-ing in Thy
2. Tho' com-ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure; Thou dost my vileness
3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per - fect faith and love, To per-fect hope, and

CHORUS.

pre-cious blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.
ful - ly cleanse, Till spot - less all and pure. I am com-ing, Lord! Com-ing
peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n a - bove.

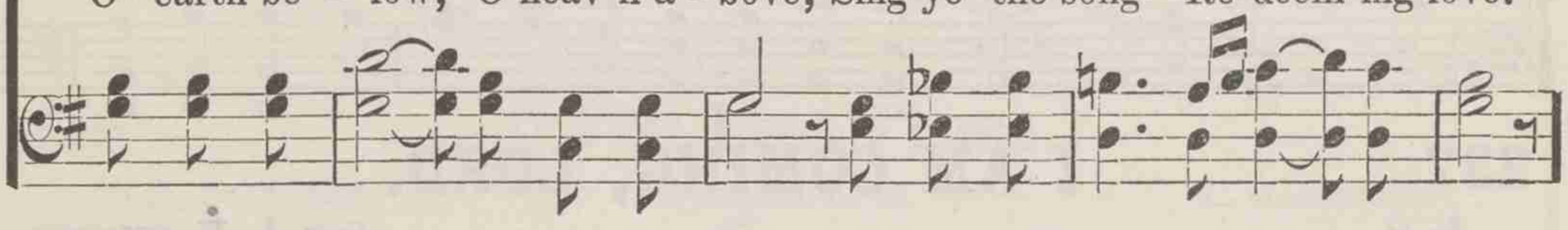
now to Thee! Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry!

238 Redeeming Love.

J. A. C. arr. Eph. 3: 19, Judge THOS. O. LOWE.

1. Re-deem-ing Love! Re-deem-ing Love! This is the theme.. of saints a-bove;
2. The an - gel hosts all wond'ring see, But fail to solve.... the mys - ter-y;
3. And here on earth the pow'r is giv'n To sing this sweet-est song of heav'n,
4. O shout a - loud, ye sons of men! Tell the glad ti - dings o'er a - gain;
5. Let dis-tant lands take up the strain, Till love on earth.. entire shall reign;

Ar-ray'd in heaven's own spotless white, Chant they this song with pure de-light.
They hear, entranc'd, this no-ble song Of souls re-deem'd, a might - y throng.
And our poor voic - es e'en to raise In notes of loud and joy - ous praise.
From east to west, from south to north Still let the sound go reaching forth.
O earth be - low, O heav'n a - bove, Sing ye the song—Re-deem-ing love.



REFRAIN. *Slowly.* *rit.*

Re - deem - ing Love! Re-deem-ing Love! Re - deem-ing Love!

239 Did Christ O'er Sinners Weep?

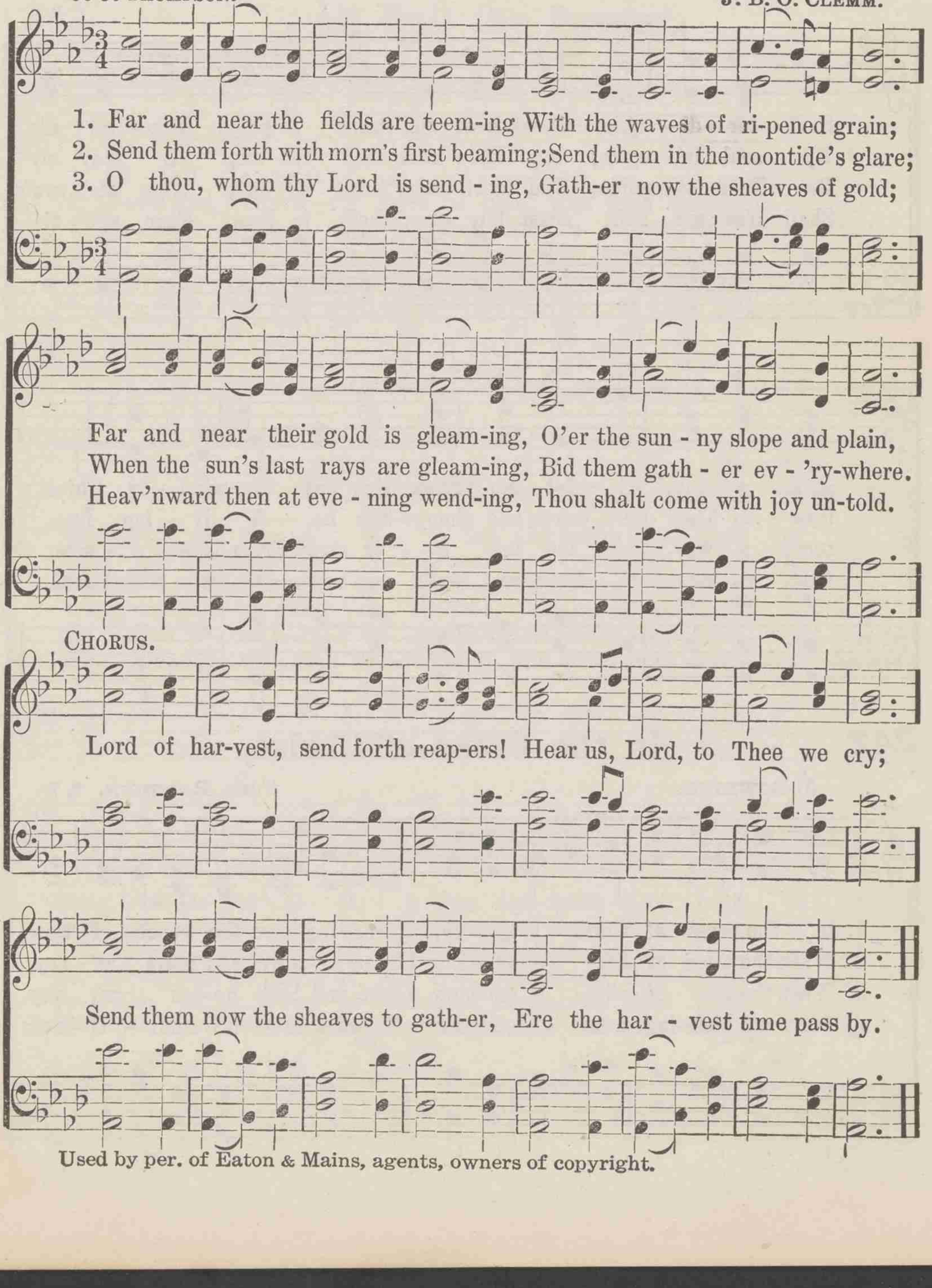
BENJ. BEDDOME. Boylston. Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. Did Christ o'er sin - ners weep? And shall our tears be dry? Let
2. The Son of God in tears The won - d'ring an - gels see; Be
3. He wept that we might weep— Each sin de - mands a tear; In

Did Christ O'er Sinners Weep?

240 The Call for Reapers.

J. O. THOMPSON. J. B. O. CLEMM.



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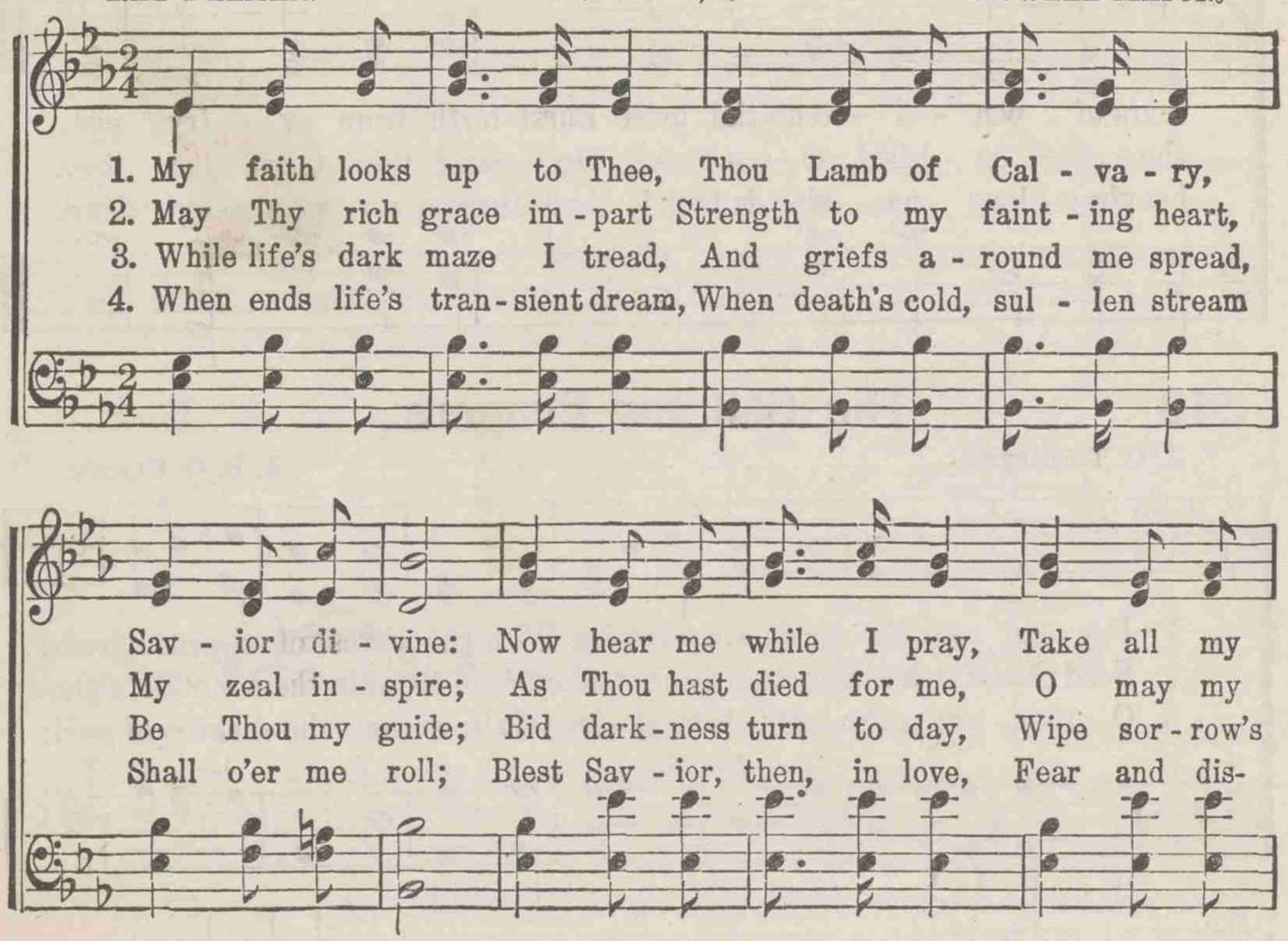
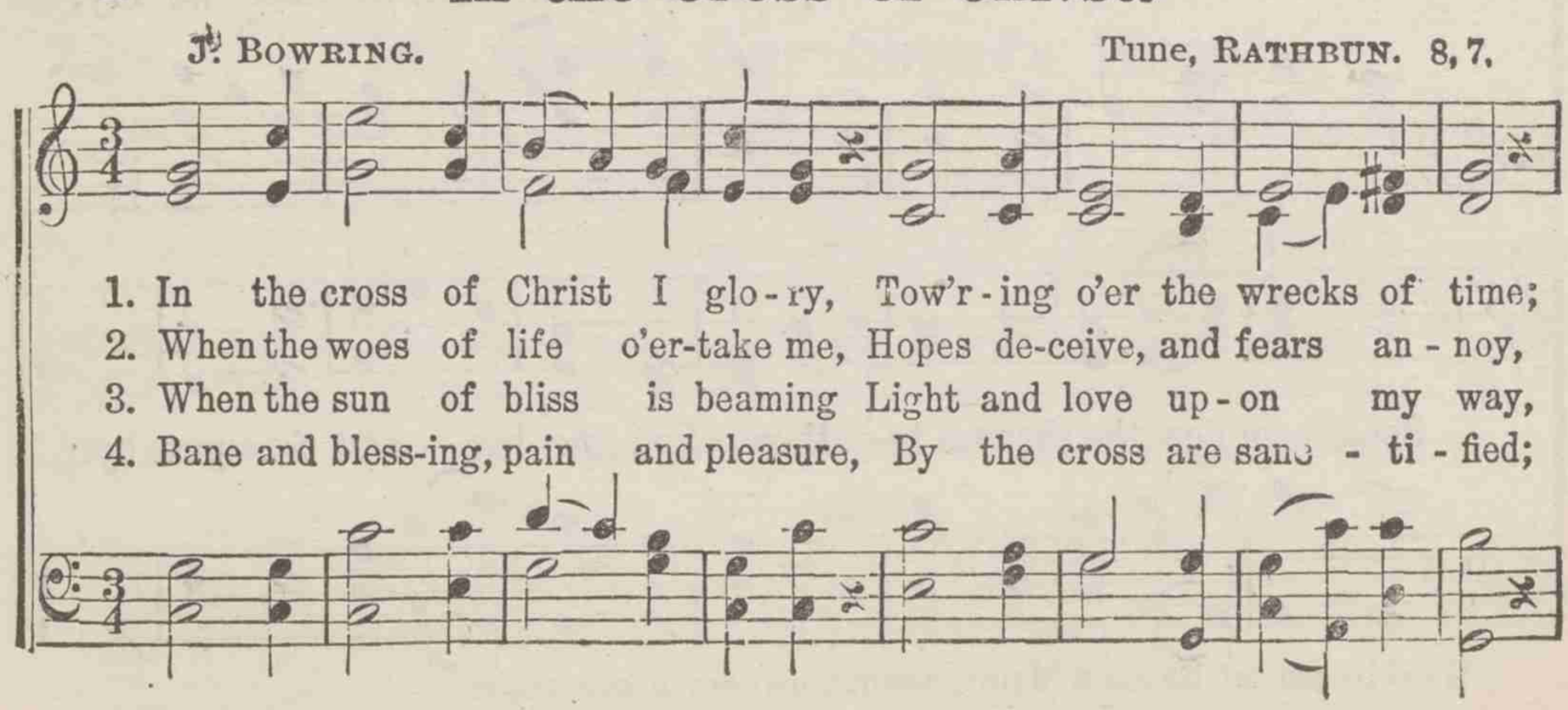
241 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER. Olivet. 6, 4. LOWELL MASON.

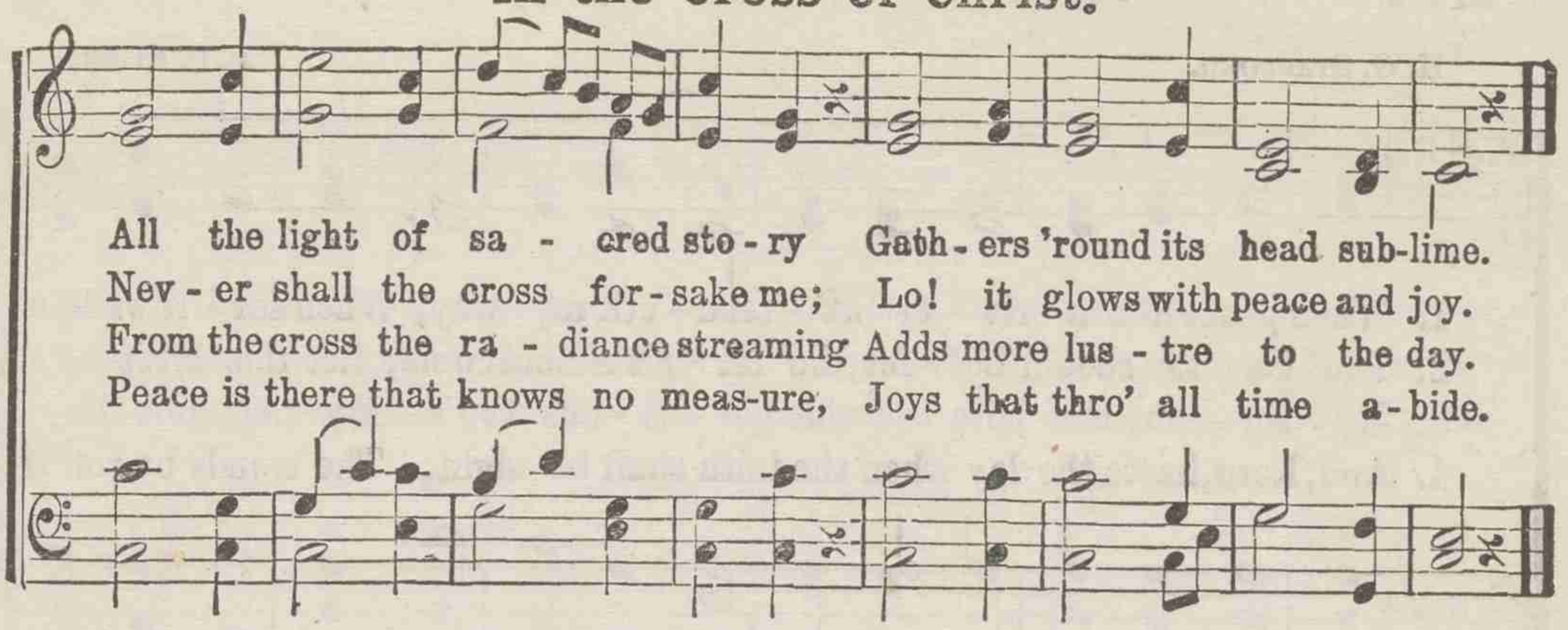


242 In the Cross of Christ.

J. BOWRING. Tune, RATHBUN. 8, 7.

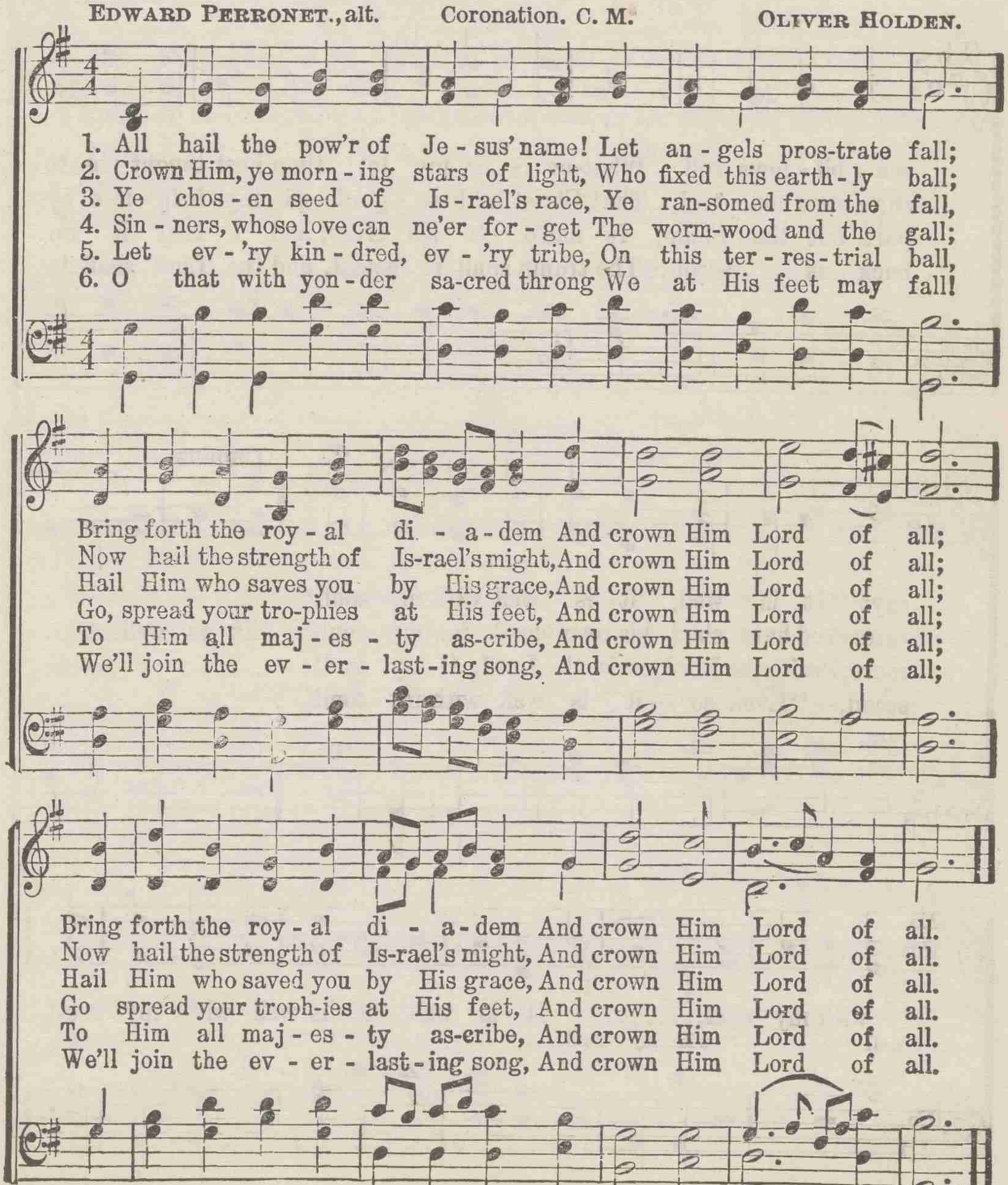


In the Cross of Christ.



243 All Hail the Power!

EDWARD PERRONET., alt. Coronation. C. M. OLIVER HOLDEN.



244 It is Well With My Soul.

H. G. STAFFORD. P. P. BLISS.

1. When peace like a riv - er at - tend - eth my way, When sor - rows like sea - bil - lows roll, What-ev - er my lot, thou hast taught me to say: "It is well, it is well with my soul."
2. Tho' Sa - tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let this blest as - sur - ance con - trol, That Christ hath re - gard - ed my help - less es- tate, And hath shed his own blood for my soul. It is well.....
3. My sin— oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't—My sin not in part but the whole, Is nail'd to his cross, and I bear it no more; Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul! It is
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be roll'd back as a scroll, The trump shall re - sound, and the Lord shall de- scend,—"Even so"— it is well with my soul!

CHORUS.

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

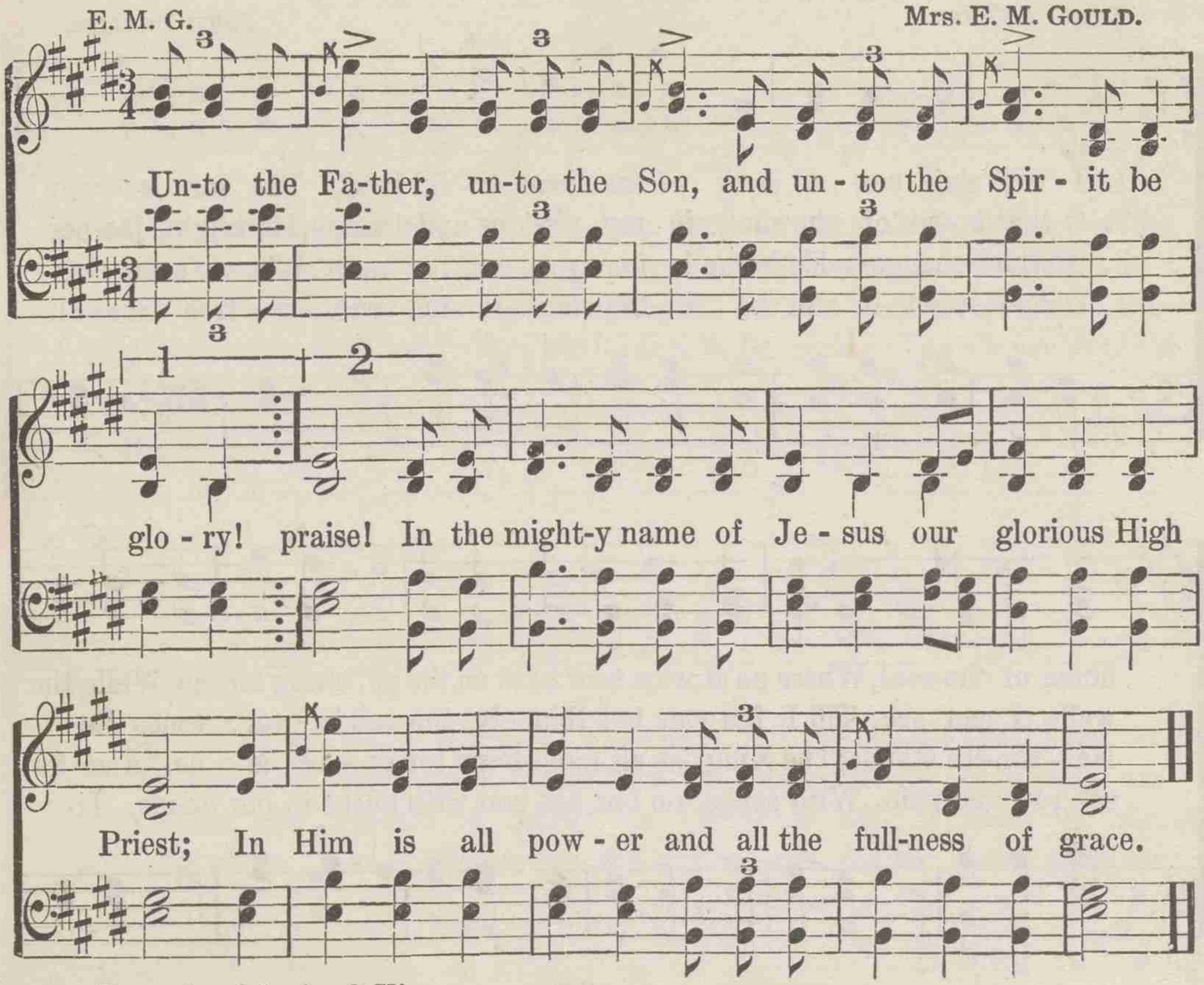
well with my soul,

245 Home of the Soul.

ELLEN H. GATES. PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. I will sing you a song of that beau-ti - ful land, The far a - way home of the soul, Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll; Where no
2. O that home of the soul, in my vis-ions and dreams, Its bright jas-per walls I can see, Till I fan - cy but thin - ly the vail in - ter - venes Be-tween the fair cit - y and me, Be - tween the fair cit - y and me; Till I
3. That un-change-a-ble home is for you and for me, Where Je-sus of Na - zar-eth stands; The King of all king-doms for-ev - er is he, And he hold-eth our crowns in his hands, And he hold-eth our crowns in his hands; The
4. O how sweet it will be in that beau-ti - ful land, So free from all sor-row and pain, With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands, To meet one an-oth - er a - gain, To meet one an - oth - er a - gain; With

E. M. G. Mrs. E. M. GOULD.



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247 He is All I Need.

TUNE:—All I Need. Key G.

1 On the cross my Savior died,
All I need, all I need;
I with Him was crucified,
He is all I need.

Cho.—"Wisdom, righteousness and power,
Holiness forevermore,
My redemption full and sure,
He is all I need.

2 Jesus gives His life to me,
All I need, All I need;
Making me from sickness free,
He is all I need.

3 Jesus sanctifies my soul,
All I need, all I need;
Thro' His blood He made me whole,
He is all I need.

4 He's the treasure of my heart,
All I need, all I need;
In me never to depart,
He is all I need.

5 Jesus always is the same,
All I need, all I need;
Glory, glory to His name,
He is all I need.

D. W. Griffin.

248 Let Christ In.

"Behold I stand at the door and knock"—Rev. 3:2
"Christ in you the hope of Glory."—Col. 1:27.

TUNE:—No. 129.

1 Let the Word of Christ dwell in you,
In all wisdom, love and power;
'Tis the only source of comfort,
In each tempting, trying hour.
Let the peace of God dwell in you,
As you tread life's narrow way,
And you'll find that He is faithful—
Guiding, keeping every day.

2 Let the love of Christ dwell in you,
It will prove a living well;
Always sending forth pure water,
And His fruit will always tell.
Let Him lead you thro' the valley
Where alone Himself hath trod;
There He bore your sin and sickness
Reconciling you to God.

3 Let His risen life flow thro' you—
It will flow just like a flood;
For 'tis He who hath redeemed you,
Who hath bo't you with His blood.
Let the Christ of God reign in you,
Let Him mold and form His clay,
God will fashion, prune and keep you,
Safe "unto the perfect day."

Mrs. R. B. Young.

INDEX.

Adoration 193
A Full Salvation..... 119
All for Jesus..... 127
All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name. 243
Am I a Soldier of the Cross..... 226
A Passion for Souls..... 128
Are Your Windows Open?..... 133
Arise, My Soul, Arise..... 162
Arm of the Lord, Awake..... 229
Ask Whatsoe'er Ye Will..... 134
A Thousand Years..... 81

Baptized in the Holy Ghost..... 68
Behold He Cometh..... 87
Be in Time..... 121
Be Not Afraid..... 186
Bless Thou Jehovah..... 6
Brother Get the Flame..... 180

Choruses.....221, 222, 223, 225
Christ Returneth..... 160
Christ the only Doorway..... 35
Come, Thou Almighty King..... 142
Come to Jesus..... 31
Come to the Waters..... 45

Death Hath no Terrors..... 157
Deeper, Deeper..... 154
Did Christ O'er Sinners Weep..... 239
Dying to Self..... 43

Entire Sanctification..... 9
Evening Light..... 73
Even Me..... 216
Ever Onward..... 95

Faith is the Victory..... 117
Far-Away Voices 169
Forever Here My Rest Shall Be..... 234
For Jesus..... 132
For You There is Power in the Blood 195
From All that Dwell below the Skies 138
Full Salvation..... 32
Fully Saved Today..... 179

Glory, Glory, Glory.....14, 39
Glory in the Soul..... 11
Glory to God in the Highest..... 3
Glory to Jesus..... 201
Glory to the Father..... 7
Glory to the Lamb..... 213
God is Faithful..... 112
God's Call to Israel..... 97
God's Pentecostal Army..... 90
Going through With Jesus..... 135
Go Ye to Israel..... 91
Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah... 145

Hallelujah 17
Hallelujah to the Lamb..... 13
Have Thine Own Way, Lord..... 172
Heal Even Me..... 218
Heart Longings..... 29
Heaven is a Holy Place..... 104
He Is All I Need..... 247
He Leadeth Me 214
He Paid a Great Price for My Soul.. 206
He Waits to Save..... 49
He Was Nailed to the Cross for Me. 205
Hide You in the Blood..... 46
Hid With Christ in God..... 196
Higher, Higher..... 69
His Day..... 76
His Love is so Precious to Me..... 44
Home of the Soul..... 245
Holy Spirit, Fall on Me..... 219
Hosanna to the Son of David..... 110
Holy! Holy! Is What the Angels Sing 168
Hushed to Rest..... 184

I Am Coming, Lord..... 237
I Believe it Shall be as He Told Me. 185
I Gave My Life for Thee..... 212
I Have the Victory..... 103
I Know I'm Saved..... 192
I'll Praise the Lord Forever.....152, 176
I'll Trust Him..... 150
In Everything Give Thanks..... 118
In the Cross of Christ I Glory..... 242
In the Promised Land..... 102
In the Upper Room..... 54
It Is Jesus..... 171
It Is Well With My Soul..... 244
I Want to be Ready, Don't You..... 89

Jacob's Vision..... 181
Jerusalem..... 113
Jesus' Blood Covers Me..... 22
Jesus for Body and Soul..... 42
Jesus Found Me..... 27
Jesus is Coming..... 202
Jesus is Coming again..... 191
Jesus is Mine..... 146
Jesus is Strong to Deliver..... 149
Jesus Paid it All..... 236
Jesus Saves..... 93
Jesus Shall Have it All..... 167
Jesus Shall Reign..... 140
Jesus, the Saviour of Men..... 37
Joy to the World..... 83

King Jesus..... 111
King of the Ages..... 8
Know, My Soul, thy Full Salvation.. 130

Latter Rain..... 61
Leaving All to Follow Jesus..... 210
Learn of the Meek and Lowly..... 155
Let Christ In..... 248
Let your Lamp be Burning..... 108
Like Christ in Everything..... 41
Let the Holy Ghost Come in..... 59
Listen to His Voice..... 48
Looking unto Jesus..... 47, 174
List to the Sound of the Trumpet... 161
Little Children Can be True..... 94
Lord, I am Thine..... 165
Love Divine..... 129

March of Zion's King..... 161
Meek and Lowly Saviour..... 33
Missionary Farewell..... 98
My Blood is for You 28
My Faith Looks up to Thee..... 241
My Keeper..... 123
My Redeemer..... 2
My Vision..... 163

New Doxology..... 1
Now I Feel the Sacred Fire..... 177

O Could I Speak the Matchless Worth 137
O for a Thousand Tongues to Sing.. 143
O For that Flame of Living Fire.... 235
O Glorious Hope..... 136
O Hallelujah..... 15
On Christ, the Solid Rock I Stand... 232
One Little Hour..... 79
O Thou Whom Thy Saints Adore.... 139
Our Father..... 12
Our Frailty 166
Our Lord is Soon Coming..... 88

Pass Me Not By..... 24
Pass Me Not, O Gentle Saviour..... 215
Pentecost 64
Pentecostal Battle Song..... 82
Place Me on the Heavenly Side..... 199
Power of Jesus' Blood..... 23
Praise.....16, 246
Praise and Hallelujah..... 18
Praise Jehovah..... 4
Praise the Lord..... 19
Present Faith..... 203
Precious Blood..... 197

Receive Now..... 20
Receiving Pentecost..... 65
Redeemed by the Blood..... 125
Redeeming Love..... 238
Refuge 26

Safe in the Arms of Jesus..... 211
Salvation for Africa..... 99
Salvation Full and Free..... 38
Seeking for Me..... 233
Send the Light..... 170
Send the Power..... 56
Seraphim's Song..... 10
Settled Long Ago..... 122
Shelter in the Blood..... 204
Show Me Thy Face..... 178
Since I Am Free..... 40
Some Sweet Day My Lord Will Come 220
Song of the Comforter..... 106
Song of the Revival 70
Song of the Spirit..... 55
Soul Rest..... 36
Stand on the Promises 5

Tarry..... 58
Tarry for the Power..... 66
Tell of Jesus..... 183
That Sweet Story of Old..... 159
That Sweet Voice..... 187
The Apple of His Eye 109
The Baptized Christian 78
The Bondage of Love 153
The Bridal Procession..... 84
The Bridal Song..... 92
The Bride..... 124
The Bridegroom Call..... 77
The Bridegroom's Joy..... 105
The Call for Reapers..... 240
The Commission..... 96
The Darkness of Heathen Night.... 228
The Death Line..... 156
The Glad Exchange..... 107
The Healing Touch 25
The Humble Way 100
The Latter Rain..... 62
The Light Divine..... 116
The Marriage Supper..... 85
The Mercy Seat..... 230
The Midnight Cry..... 72
The Morning Light is Breaking..... 224
The New Song..... 151
The Overcomer's City..... 120
The Pentecost Banner..... 86
The Power of the Holy Ghost..... 63
The Precious Blood..... 209
The Promise of God..... 74
The Son Hath Made Me Free..... 200
The Upper Room..... 53
The Unclouded Day..... 158
The Victory Side by Faith..... 30
The Waiting Islands..... 101
The Water of Life..... 148
The Wedding in the Air..... 75
There is Victory..... 141
This Same Jesus..... 80
'Tis the Midnight Cry..... 189
Triumphant Victory..... 126
Under His Wings..... 114
Victory..... 188
Victory Thru the Blood..... 21

Waiting for Eternity..... 51
Waiting for Pentecost..... 67
Waiting on the Lord for the Promise 57
We Believe in the Blood..... 50
We'll Girdle the Globe with Salvation 175
We'll Stay at the Fountain..... 34
When He Comes..... 190
When I Survey the Wondrous Cross 231
When I Pass Over the Tide..... 198
When the Holy Ghost was Given.... 60
When We See Him Face to Face.... 131
Where Will You Spend Eternity?... 194
While Life Prolongs..... 164
Who Can it be but Jesus?..... 207
Who Will Go?..... 208
Windows of Heaven..... 182
Wondrous Love..... 147
Work for the Night is Coming..... 227
Works of God's Hand..... 115
Worship of the Spirit..... 52
Yield Thine All to Him..... 217
Zion Stands..... 144
Zion's Song of Deliverance..... 173

WILLIAM RAPEE,
7516 MORNINGSIDE DRIVE, N. W.
SHEPHERD PARK,
WASHINGTON, D. C.