THE WORLD EVANGEL



SP-000090

The World Evangel

EDITED *and* COMPILED BY
ROBERT H. COLEMAN

THE BRIGHTEST AND
BEST SONGS FOR ALL
RELIGIOUS GATHERINGS

Printed in Round and Shaped Notes.

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Dallas, Texas

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DALLAS, TEXAS

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Foreword

THE PLAN and purpose of this book is to be what the name implies, an Evangel or "bearer of good news" to the world.

A lengthy foreword is unnecessary, as the friends will or should examine a book carefully before selecting. This is all that we ask for this book, and we earnestly seek comparison with any book in all songland. Many months have been devoted to careful selection from multiplied thousands of songs; faithful counsel has been sought and obtained from faithful Pastors and experienced Evangelists and Song Leaders; and much money has been expended in securing the copyrights desired—in fact not a single song selected has been omitted because the price was too high, although large sums were asked for some of these very popular favorites.

We do not ask friends to select this book simply because it has more pages or a larger number of selections than any other book that sells for the same price, but we do believe that we have here the best compilation of Gospel Hymns and Sunday School Songs that has ever been compiled.

A number of these songs are herein published for the first time; examine these and the others not so familiar to you, and you will find that there is not a "filler" in the book.

The work of compilation has been a great joy, and we send it forth for the Master's glory, praying that the Holy Spirit will use it to "Evangelize the World" (see No. 208).

ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

DALLAS, TEXAS, FEBRUARY, 1913.

The World Evangel

No. 1. All the World for Christ.

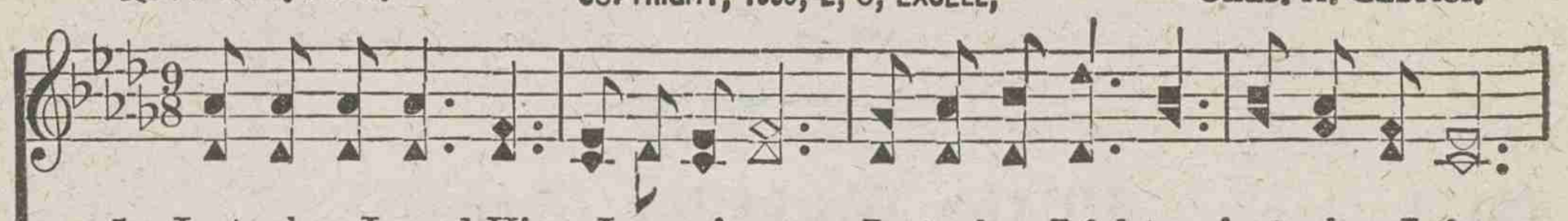
S. Wolcott. COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.



No. 2. Just When I Need Him Most.

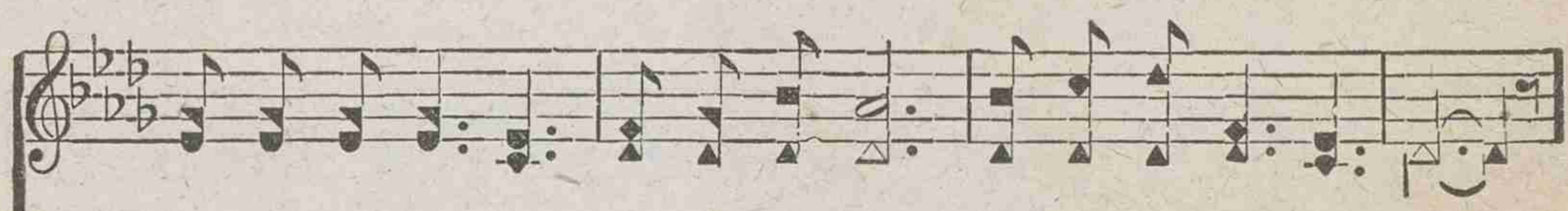
COPYRIGHT, 1908 BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1909, E, O, EXCELL,

Rev. Wm. Pool. Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is near, Just when I fal-ter, just when I fear;
2. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is true, Nev-er for-sak-ing all the way thro';
3. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is strong, Bearing my burdens all the day long;
4. Just when I need Him, He is my all, An-swer-ing when up-on Him I call;





Read-y to help me, read-y to cheer, Just when I need Him most.
Giv-ing for bur-dens pleas-ures a-new, Just when I need Him most.
For all my sor-row giv-ing a song, Just when I need Him most.
Ten-der-ly watch-ing lest I should fall, Just when I need Him most.



CHORUS.



Just when I need Him most, Just when I need Him most;





Je-sus is near to com-fort and cheer, Just when I need Him most.



No. 3. How You Will Love Him!

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.

E. E. Rexford. B. D. Ackley.

1. Ye who wander, of sin grown wear-y, Lonely and far from the safe home-fold,
2. Come, and coming, find peace and pardon Waiting for you at the place of prayer;
3. You should know of this love so tender, Love that is steadfast, and deep, and true;
4. Come, and find that you cannot fath-om Love like Christ's till you taste and see;

Come and learn what the love of Christ is, Love whose gladness can ne'er be told.
Kneel and ask for a soul for-giv-en,—Christ is yearn-ing to meet you there.
Come and share in its sweetness with me, Come, and find that my Christ loves you.
Heights and depths of the love of Je-sus No man knows till it sets him free.

CHORUS.

O, how you'll love Him when you know Him! Know the Christ who died to set you free;
to set you free;

rit.

On Calv'ry's cross His heart was broken, Bro-ken there for you, for me!

No. 4. The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Jessie Brown Pounds. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's no oth - er way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light,
2. I must needs go on in the blood - sprink-led way, The path that the Sav - ior trod, If I ev - er climb to the heights sub-lime,
3. Then I bid fare - well to the way of the world, To walk in it nev - er more; For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home,

CHORUS.

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

home, The way of the cross leads home; It is sweet to know, as I on - ward go, The way of the cross leads home.

leads home, leads home;

No. 5. I Shall Dwell Forever There.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY RODEHEAVER ACKLEY CO.
HOMER RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Rev. A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.

1. When the night is o'er and the shad-ows past, And e - ter - nal dawn dis-
2. Tho' my sky be filled with the clouds of time, And my soul is burdened
3. How my heart will sing when I see the King, For there is no sovereign

pels the gloom of earth - ly care, In the home of God I shall
with fore-bod-ings of de - spair, Yet, my heart is cheered, for the
that with Je - sus can com - pare; So the sac - ri - fice of a

rest at last, In the land of E - den I shall dwell for - ev - er there.
hope is mine, If I trust in Je - sus I shall dwell for - ev - er there.
life I'll bring, And with Him in glo - ry I shall dwell for - ev - er there.

CHORUS.

I shall walk the streets of the Cit - y of God With its Tree of Life so bright, so fair;
There will be no night—Je - sus is the Light,—I shall dwell for-ev - er there.

No. 6 Since I Found My Savior.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
USED BY PER.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Life wears a dif - ferent face to me, Since I found my Sav ior;
2. He sought me in His wondrous love, So I found my Sav - ior,
3. The pass-ing clouds may in - ter - vene, Since I found my Sav - ior,
4. A strong hand kind - ly holds my own, Since I found my Sav - ior,

Rich mer - cy at the cross I see, My dy - ing, liv - ing Sav - ior.
He brought sal-va - tion from a - bove, My dear, al - might-y Sav - ior.
But He is with me, though un - seen, My ev - er - pres - ent Sav - ior.
It leads me on - ward to the throne, O there I'll see my Sav - ior.

CHORUS.

Gold-en sun-beams 'round me play, Je - sus turns my night to day,
Heav - e seems not far a - way, Since I found my Sav - ior.

No. 7. Love Is the Theme.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

A. C. F. *To my friend, L. E. Jones.* **Albert C. Fisher.**



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





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



CHORUS.



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



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



No. 8. Grace, Enough for Me.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY E. O. EXCELL.
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E. O. E. E. O. Excell.

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

cres.

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

CHORUS.

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

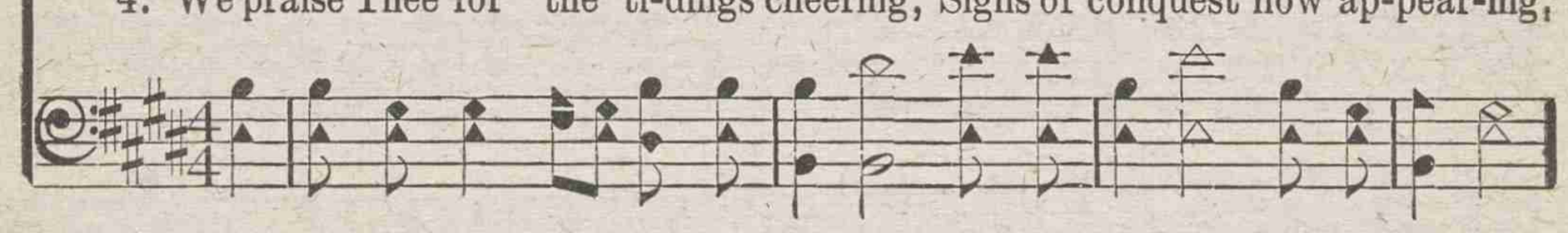
Grace for time and e-ter - ni - ty, ... Grace, . enough for me.
Grace for time and e - ter - ni - ty, A-bun-dant grace I see, e-nough for me.

No. 9. Let the Tide Come In.

D. R. Rev. David Ross.



1. We thank Thee, Lord, that pow'r is flowing, Joy is com-ing, sor-row go-ing;
2. Oh, let Thy cross win ev-'ry na-tion, Send the peo-ple Thy sal-va-tion!
3. Life's precious hours are quick-ly fly-ing, Men are dy-ing, ev-er dy-ing!
4. We praise Thee for the ti-dings cheering, Signs of conquest now ap-pear-ing,





Thy ransomed host is grow-ing, grow-ing, But may the tide come in.
A-mong them show Thy new cre-a-tion, Oh, may the tide come in.
Thy plead-ing Church is cry-ing, cry-ing, Now may the tide come in.
Thy day of vic-to-ry is near-ing, Thank God! the tide comes in.



CHORUS.



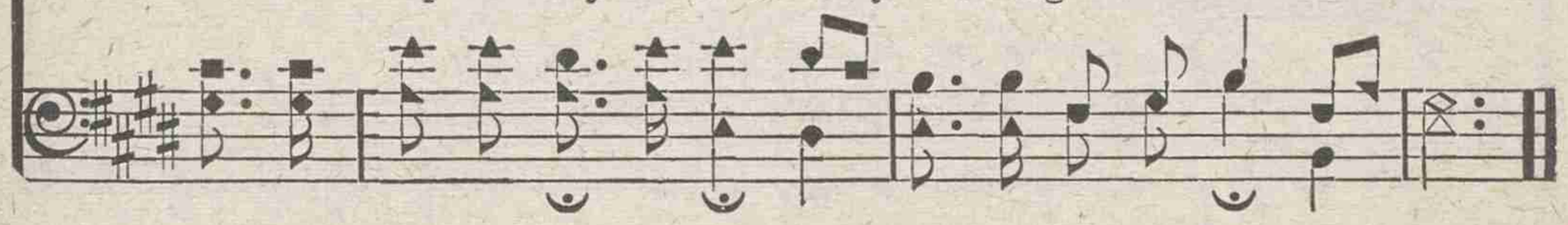
1-3. Let the tide come in, let the tide come in, Let the mighty flow be-gin,
4. Yes, the tide comes in; yes, the tide comes in; Oh, the mighty flow be-gins,



Small notes after last verse only.



Let it sweep a-way our sin, Oh, let the heav'nly tide come in!
And it sweeps a-way our sins! Re-joice! the glo-rious tide comes in!



No. 10. With Me All the Way.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. M. GABRIEL. OWNED BY R. H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEX.

Mrs. N. P. C. Mrs. Nellie Place Chandler.

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

vic-tor's song,

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

FINE. CHORUS.

He has prom-ised to be with me all the way. For my Sav-ior will be
For my Sav - ior

with me all the way!..... Is the song my heart is sing-ing all the
will be with me all the way! Is the song my heart is

D. S.

day;..... Then what e - vil shall I fear, with my Friend and Guide so near?
sing-ing all the day;

No. 11. Faith Will Bring the Blessing.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY W. E. BIEDERWOLF. B. D. Ackley.

1. If you need up-lift-ing, if you need a song, Strength to help your soul to tri-umph o-ver wrong, Put your faith in Je-sus, He is true and strong,
2. In some hour unguarded, if the foe as-sail, Tho' you feel your weakness, let not cour-age fail; Trust in Je-sus on-ly and you shall pre-vail;
3. On the Lord de-pend-ing, sing a-long the way, Naught can ev-er harm you if He is your stay; Lean up-on His prom-ise till the bet-ter day;

CHORUS.

Faith will bring the blessing ev'ry time..... Faith will bring the blessing yes, ev-'ry time, ev-'ry-time, Tho' your faith be simple or sublime; For the Savior knows the heart, Ev-'ry need He will impart, Faith will bring the blessing ev'ry time..... ev-'ry time.

No. 12. Nobody Told Me of Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Would you care if some friend you have met day by day Should nev - er be
told a - bout Je-sus? Are you will - ing that he in the judgment shall say;

2. Care you not if one soul of the chil-dren of men Should nev - er be
bro't un - to Je-sus? Or would say in that day when He com-eth a-gain,

3. Would you care if your crown should be star-less - ly dim, Be - cause you led
no one to Je-sus? Make it true that some heart shall not an-swer to Him:

4. Then be si - lent no long - er! but ear - nest-ly pray For grace to the
-all - ing of Je-sus, So that no one can say on that great judgment day,

CHORUS.

"No one ev - er told me of Je - sus." No - bod - y told me of
Je - sus, No - bod - y told me of Je - sus; So ma - ny I have met—
but they seem'd to for - get To tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus.

No. 13. Somebody Loves You: 'Tis Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY S. W. BEAZLEY.
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Laurene Highfield. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Though you are help - less and lone - ly and poor, Some - bod - y
2. Though you are wea - ry and tri - als come fast, Some - bod - y
3. Though you have grieved him and sad - dened his heart, Some - bod - y
4. Though you are friend - less and dark seems the way, Some - bod - y

loves you: 'tis Je - sus; Tho' bit - ter sor - rows you have to en - dure,
loves you: 'tis Je - sus; His strength will com-fort you un - to the last,
loves you: 'tis Je - sus; You in his ten - der - ness still have a part,
loves you: 'tis Je - sus; There is one friend who for - ev - er will stay,

CHORUS.

Some - bod - y loves you: 'tis Je - sus. Some - bod - y loves you where-

ev - er you are, Though from life's battles you've many a scar, Though in strange

by - ways you've wandered a - far, Some - bod - y loves you: 'tis Je - sus.

No. 14. There is Power in the Blood.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY H. L. GILMOUR, WENONAH, N. J.
USED BY PER.

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

1. Would you be free from the bur - den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood,
2. Would you be free from your passion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood,
3. Would you be whit-er, much whit-er, than snow? There's pow'r in the blood,
4. Would you do serv-ice for Je - sus, your King? There's pow'r in the blood,

pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win?
pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans-ing to Cal - va - ry's tide;
pow'r in the blood; Sin stains are lost in its life - giv - ing flow;
pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly His prais - es to sing?

CHORUS.

There's won-der - ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r,
there is

Won-der-work-ing pow'r in the blood of the Lamb; There is
In the blood of the Lamb;

pow'r, pow'r, Wonder-working pow'r In the pre-cious blood of the Lamb.
there is pow'r,

No. 15. He is So Precious to Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

For He is so precious to me. For He is so pre-cious to

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

rit. - - -

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

No. 16. Will There Be Any Stars?

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
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E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. I am think-ing to-day of that beau-ti-ful land I shall reach when the sun go-eth down; When thro' won-der-ful grace by my Sav-ior I stand,
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la-bor and pray, Let me watch as a win-ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glo-ri-ous day,
3. Oh, what joy it will be when His face I be-hold, Liv-ing gems at His feet to lay down; It would sweet-en my bliss in the cit-y of gold,

CHORUS.

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

stars in my crown When at evening the sun go-eth down? . . . When I go-eth down?

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

No. 17. To Christ Be Glory.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEX.

James Rowe. Haldor Lillenas.

1. My soul from the deep has been lift - ed, On ground that is sol - id I stand; The clouds o'er my spir - it have rift - ed, I look on a beau - ti - ful land.
2. The din and the dark - ness have van - ished, The day and its mu - sic are mine; My bur - den the Sav - ior has ban - ished, And filled me with rap - ture di - vine. All glo - ry to God in the
3. In vain will the tempt - er as - sail me, For Je - sus is stron-ger than he, And will, bless His name, nev - er fail me; His own to the end I will be.

CHORUS.

high - est, All glo - ry to Christ shall be; Do - min - ion and pow'r for - ev - er To Him who has lift - ed me. Him who has lift - ed me.

No. 18. Growing Dearer Each Day.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

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

1. How sweet is the love of my Savior! 'Tis boundless and deep as the sea; And
2. I know He is ev-er be-side me! E - ter - ni-ty on-ly will prove The
3. Wher-ev - er He leads I will fol-low, Thro' sor-row, or shadow, or sun; And
4. Some day face to face I shall see Him, And oh, what a joy it will be To

best of it all, it is dai - ly Growing sweet-er and sweeter to me.
height and the depth of His mercy, And the breadth of His in - fi-nite love.
tho' I be tried in the fur-nace, I can say, "Lord, Thy will be it done."
know that His love, now so precious, Will for-ev - er grow sweeter to me!

CHORUS.

Sweet - er and sweet-er to me,..... Dear - - er and
Sweet-er to me, grow - ing sweet-er to me, Dear-er each day,

dear-er each day;..... Oh, won - - der - ful love of my
grow - ing dear - er each day; Oh, won-der-fnl love, love of my

Sav - ior, Grow - ing dear - - er each step of my way!
Sav - ior, Grow - ing dear - er and dear - er each step of my way!

No. 19 Just the Love of Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

James Rowe. WORDS AND MUSIC. Wm. Edie Marks.

1. What is mak-ing life so sweet and bright to me? Just the love of Je - sus,
2. What af - fords me shel-ter when the tempest sweeps? Just the love of Je - sus,
3. What will help me tri-umph in this earth - ly strife? Just the love of Je - sus,
4. What will lead me safe a - cross the si - lent sea? Just the love of Je - sus,

just the love of Je - sus! What has made my soul so peace-ful, full and free?
just the love of Je - sus! What, from day to day, my soul from e - vil keeps?
just the love of Je - sus! What is more to me than wealth, or fame, or life?
just the love of Je - sus! What will be my song thro' all e - ter - ni - ty?

CHORUS.

Just the love of Je - sus, my Sav - ior! Just the love of Je - sus,

O how sweet! Just the love of Je-sus makes my joy complete; What will guide my

soul to that safe re - treat? Just the love of Je - sus, my Sav - ior!

No. 20. Jesus is Seeking.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY ROBT. H. COLEMAN.

Minnie A. G. Edington. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel

1. Je - sus is seek-ing the lost ones, Out in the mountains so cold,
2. Je - sus is seek-ing the lost ones, Down in the val - leys of sin:
3. Je - sus is seek-ing the lost ones, Out in the high-ways to - day,
4. Je - sus is seek-ing the lost ones, Stray-ing in dark-ness to - night,

Long-ing to find them and bring them In - to the shel - ter - ing fold.
Plead-ing with them, and en - treat-ing, "Come, my be - lov - ed, come in."
Long-ing to gra-cious - ly lead them, In - to life's beau - ti - ful way.
Fain would He lov - ing - ly guide thee, In - to His dwell-ings of light.

CHORUS.

Ten-der-ly, ten-der-ly call - ing, Hear the good Shepherd to-day; . . . .
call-ing to - day, Shep - herd, hear Him to-day;

Lov-ing-ly, lov - ing - ly seek - ing, Those who have wandered a-way.
seek-ing to - day,

No. 21. Just Keep Sweet.

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEX.

"Saul and Jonathan were sweet in their lives.—2 SAM. 1: 23.

F. A. Christopher. Albert C. Fisher.

1. Tho' troub - les and tri - als o'er - take you, Just keep sweet;
2. With heart freed from all con - dem - na - tion, Just keep sweet;
3. Trust Je - sus, the Sav - ior, to guide you, Just keep sweet;
4. Some day we will gath - er be - fore Him, Just keep sweet;

The Sav - ior will nev - er for - sake you, Oh, just keep sweet.
Pro-claim-ing His won-drous sal - va - tion, Oh, just keep sweet.
From storm and from sin He will guide you, Oh, just keep sweet.
With saints we shall praise and a - dore Him, Oh, just keep sweet.

CHORUS.

Ev - - - er keep sweet, . . . Al - - - ways keep
Ev - er keep sweet, help-ing all whom you meet, Al - ways keep sweet, lead - ing

sweet, . . 'T will show forth the love of the Sav - ior, Oh, just keep sweet.
souls to His feet

No. 22. We Shall See the King Some Day.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

L. E. J. L. E. Jones

1. Tho' the way we jour-ney may be oft - en drear, We shall see the
2. Aft - er pain and an-guish, aft - er toil aud care, We shall see the
3. Aft - er foes are conquered, aft - er bat - tles won, We shall see the
4. There with all the loved ones who have gone be - fore, We shall see the

King some day (some day); On that bless-ed morn-ing clouds will dis-ap-pear;
King some day (some day); Thro' the endless a - ges joy and blessing share,
King some day (some day); Aft - er strife is o - ver, aft - er set of sun,
King some day (some day(; Sor-row past for-ev - er, on that peaceful shore,

CHORUS.

We shall see the King some day. We shall see the King some day (some day);
We will shout and sing some day (some day); Gathered round the throne,
When He shall call His own, We shall see the King some day.

No. 23. How Marvelous That He Lifted Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEX.

Katharine Atherton Grimes. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. When waves of sin had drift-ed me Far out in-to the night,
2. When e-vil's pow'r was thrall-ing me, And storms were 'round my head,
3. In-to the dark a prayer I sent, A fee-ble, fal-t'ring word;
4. Where waves of sin had drift-ed me Far in the dark a-lone,

The Sav-ior came and lift-ed me In-to a world of light.
I heard my Sav-ior call-ing me; His hand on mine was laid.
But tho' by grief my voice was spent, The bless-ed Sav-ior heard.
My Sav-ior came and lift-ed me, And claimed me for His own.

CHORUS.

How mar-vel-ous that He lift-ed me, That He lift-ed me,
in mer-cy lift-ed me; How mar-vel-ous that He
lift-ed me, In mer-cy lift-ed, lift-ed e-ven me.

rit.

No. 24. His Way With Thee.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY H. L. GILMOUR, WENONAH, N. J.

C. S. N. USED BY PER. Rev. Cyrus S. Nusbaum.

1. Would you live for Je - sus and be always pure and good? Would you walk with Him with - in the nar - row road? Would you have Him bear your bur-den,
2. Would you have Him make you free, and follow at His call? Would you know the peace that comes by giv - ing all? Would you have Him save you, so that
3. Would you in His kingdom find a place of constant rest? Would you prove Him true each prov - i - den - tial test? Would you in His serv - ice la - bor

CHORUS.

car - ry all your load? Let Him have His way with thee.
you need nev - er fall? Let Him have His way with thee. His pow'r can make you
al - ways at your best? Let Him have His way with thee.

what you ought to be; His blood can cleanse your heart and make you free; His love can

Rit.

fill your soul, and you will see 'Twas best for Him to have His way with thee.

No. 25. I Shall Know My Savior.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I shall know my Sav-ior when I reach that cit - y With its Jas-per walls and shin-ing streets of gold; When my eyes are o-pened in that world of beau-ty,
2. I shall know my Sav-ior when He bids me welcome To His presence where my heav'nly man-sion stands, By His voice—far sweeter than the an - gels' mu-sic,
3. I shall know my Sav-ior when I cross the riv - er—I shall look for Him in Heav'n the first of all; How my heart will quiv-er with the joy of meet-ing

CHORUS.

His dear face shall be the first I shall be-hold.
By His face, and by His blessed wounded hands. I shall know my blessed Savior
Him, and at His feet in ec - sta - sy to fall.

when I meet Him there In that cit-y always bright and fair; Saved by

cit - y . . . . al-ways bright and fair, so bright and fair;

His redeeming grace, I shall look into His face, I shall know my blessed Savior there.

No. 26. 'Tis so Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1882, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
USED BY PER.

Mrs. Louisa M. R. Stead. **Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.**

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

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

CHORUS.

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

p

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

No. 27. Help Somebody To-day.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Look all a-round you, find some one in need, Help some-bod-y to - day!
2. Ma - ny are wait-ing a kind, lov-ing word, Help some-bod-y to - day!
3. Ma - ny have bur-dens too heav-y to bear, Help some-bod-y to - day!
4. Some are dis-cour-aged and wea - ry in heart, Help some-bod-y to - day!

Tho' it be lit - tle—a neigh-bor - ly deed—Help some-bod-y to - day!
Thou hast a mes-sage, O let it be heard, Help some-bod-y to - day!
Grief is a por-tion of some ev-'ry-where, Help some-bod-y to - day!
Some one the jour-ney to heav-en should start, Help some-bod-y to - day!

CHORUS.

Help some-bod-y to - day,.. Some-bod-y a-long life's way;.... Let
to-day, homeward way;

sor-row be end-ed, The friendless be-friend-ed, Oh, help some-bod-y to - day!

No. 28. Make Me a Channel of Blessing.

H. G. S. COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY H. G. SMYTH. THE WINONA PUB. CO., OWNER. H. G. Smyth.

1. Is your life a chan-nel of bless-ing? Is the love of God flow-ing thro' you? Are you tell-ing the lost of the Sav-ior? Are you
2. Is your life a chan-nel of bless-ing? Are you bur-dened for those that are lost? Have you urged up-on those who are stray-ing, The
3. Is your life a chan-nel of bless-ing? Is it dai-ly tell-ing for Him? Have you spo-ken the word of sal-va-tion To
4. We can not be chan-nels of bless-ing If our lives are not freed from known sin; We will bar-ri-ers be and a hin-drance To

read-y His serv-ice to do?
Sav-ior who died on the cross? Make me a channel of blessing to-day,
those who are dy-ing in sin?
those we are try-ing to win.

CHORUS.

Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing, I pray; My life pos-sess-ing,
my serv-ice bless-ing, Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing to-day.

rit.

No. 29. There's a Light Within.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEX.

Fanny J. Crosby. B. D. Ackley

1. There's a light with-in and its beams I see, 'T is the Star of
2. There's a light with-in and it cheers my way O'er the wild, dark
3. There's a light with-in and it came to earth When the an-gels
4. There's a light with-in that will nev-er fail, Tho' a-lone I

Hope and it shines for me; O'er the path of life it has been my guide,
waves of a storm-y day; I can trust it still tho' the tor-rents dash,
told of a Sav-iour's birth; When their songs rang out in the mid-night air,
walk thro' the si-lent vale; I shall see it then, with a cloud-less eye,

CHORUS.

And it keeps me close to the Mas-ter's side.
Tho' the thun-ders roll and the lightnings flash. It shines for me and it
And the smile of God was re-flect-ed there.
Till I reach the gates of my home on high.

shines for thee; O wan-d'rer tossed on a rest-less sea, 'T will steer thy
bark o'er the bil-lows' foam, And bring thee safe to thy Fa-ther's home.

No. 30. Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY H. L. GILMOUR.
USED BY PER.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je - sus come
2. If 'tis for pu - ri - ty now that you sigh, Let Je - sus come
3. If there's a tem-pest your voice can - not still, Let Je - sus come
4. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je - sus come

in - to your heart; If you de - sire a new life to be - gin,
in - to your heart; Fountains for cleans ing are flow ing near by,
in - to your heart; If there's a void this world nev - er can fill,
in - to your heart; If you would en - ter the man sions of rest,

CHORUS.

Let Je - sus come in - to your heart. Just now, your
doubtings give o'er; Just now, re - ject Him no more; Just now, throw
o - pen the door; Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.

No. 31. The Day of Glory.

"Home at last!"—Rev. W. A. Sunday.

C. H. G. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. When my la-bors here on earth are o'er, And I reach my home on that e-
2. No more sorrows there, no pain, no tears, No more anx-ious long-ing, no more
3. When the beau-ty of e - ter - nal skies Breaks in all its splen-dor on my
4. Where a shad-ow nev-er-more is cast, Where all tears and tri-als are for-

ter - nal shore, With my Sav - ior there for - ev - er-more, —Oh, what a day of
haunting fears, No more waiting thro' the lone - ly years, —Oh, what a day of
op'n-ing eyes, When the countless dead in Christ a - rise, —Oh, what a day of
ev - er past, As we sing to - geth-er, "Home at last!" Oh, what a day of

CHORUS.

glo-ry that will be! The time will come! And when at last I reach my home,
And when at last, at last I reach my home,
I'll look in - to His face, And thank Him for the grace That paid the price Of
I'll look in - to His face, That paid the price, the price Of
sin at such a sac - ri - fice, —Oh, what a day of glo - ry that will be!
sin at such a sac - ri - fice, —

No. 32. I Want to Live Closer to Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Jessie Brown Pounds. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I want to live clos - er to Je - sus,— My vis - ion so oft - en is dim; To look on His face and be filled with His grace,
2. I want to live clos - er to Je - sus, For oft - en I fol - low a - far; His voice I would hear sounding close to my ear
3. I want to live clos - er to Je - sus, Still clos - er and clos - er each day; Till clasp - ing His hand I shall en - ter the land

CHORUS.

I want to live clos-er to Him.
To tell what His prom-is - es are. Clos - er to Je-sus, clos - er to
Where I shall be near Him for aye.

Je - sus, Clos - er to Him I would be: To look on His face and be filled with His grace, I want to live clos-er to Him.

No. 33.

The King's Business.

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

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Dr. E. T. Cassel. Flora H. Cassel.

1. I am a strang-er here, with - in a for - eign land, My home is far a - way, up - on a gold-en strand; Am - bas - sa - dor to be of
2. This is the King's command, that all men ev - 'ry - where, Re - pent and turn a - way, from sin's se - duc - tive snare; That all who will o - bey, with
3. My home is bright - er far than Shar-on's ros - y plain, E - ter - nal life and joy thro' - out its vast do - main; My Sov'reign bids me tell how

CHORUS.

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

mes - sage that I bring, A mes-sage angels fain would sing; "Oh, be ye
reconciled" Thus saith my Lord and King, "Oh, be ye reconciled to God."

No. 34.

Guide Me.

(Hymn of the Wayward.)

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY ROBT. H. COLEMAN.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Eric Gambrell. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Hide not Thy face, O Lord of Grace; Thou who hast tast - ed
2. On Cal-v'ry's tree a thief to Thee Turned his re - pent - ant
3. E'en so thro' tears of bur-dened years Earth's chil-dren cry to
4. Con - trite they ead their ev - 'ry need, Thy grace will e'en ful-

woe Thro' Err-or's night lend Thou Thy light To guide me as I
eyes, And for the gloom of Death's dark doom Thou gav - est Par - a-
Thee, Whose blood was spilt that hu-man guilt Be par-doned, full and
fill, To life's last breath, thro' gloom of death, Guide Thou the way-ward

go! Guide me, guide me, In this world of woe;
dise! Guide me, guide me, Guard me with Thine eyes,
free! Guide me, guide me, Hear my cry to Thee,
still! Guide me, guide me, That I do Thy will,
Guide me, guide me,

Thro' Error's night lend Thou Thy light To guide me as I go!
And for the gloom of Death's dark doom Thou gav - est Par - a - dise!
Whose blood was spilt that hu-man guilt Be par-doned, full and free!
To life's last breath, thro' gloom of death, Guide Thou the way-ward still!

No. 35. It Pays to Serve Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.

E. G. C. Eli G. Christy.

1. It pays to serve Je - sus,—I speak from my heart; He'll al - ways be
2. And oft when I'm tempted to turn from the track, I think of my
3. There's a place that remembrance still brings back to me, 'Twas there I found
4. How rich is the bless-ing the world can - not give; I'm sat - is - fied

with us, if we do our part; There's naught in this wide world can
Sav - ior— my mind wan-ders back To the place where they nailed Him on
par-don,—'t was Heav-en to me; There Je - sus spoke sweet-ly to
full - y for Je - sus to live; Tho' friends may for - sake me and

pleas-ure af - ford, There's peace and con-tent-ment in serv - ing the Lord.
Cal - va - ry's tree— I hear a voice say - ing: I suf - fered for thee!
my wear - y soul, My sins were for - giv - en, He made my heart whole.
tri - als a - rise, I'm trust - ing in Je - sus, His love nev - er dies.

D.S.—*ev - er the cost, I'll be a true sol - dier,—I'll die at my post.*

CHORUS. D. S.

{ I love Him far bet - ter than in days of yore,
I'll serve Him more tru-ly than ev - er be - fore, } I'll do as He bids me, what-

No. 36. Loyalty to Christ.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, 1896, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

Dr. E. T. Cassel. Flora H. Cassel.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

vic - to-ry!" Cries our great Commander; "On!" . . . . . We'll move at His command

great Commander; "On"

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

No. 37. Make the World Better.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY B. D. ACKLEY.
ROBERT H. COLEMAN, OWNER.

Ina Duley Ogdon. Lloyd TenEyck.

1. You have a Sav - ior so lov - ing and true, You have a work He has
2. You have a balm for the heart that is sad, You have the Light and the
3. You have the Truth that is set - ting men free, You have the Life that for-
4. Swift-ly the moments are pass - ing a - way, Soon will your serv - ice ex-

giv - en to you; O to your call give a lis - ten - ing ear, And
hope that makes glad, Bear-ing His mer - cy, His good-ness, and cheer, Then
ev - er shall be; Now un - to all let your Sav - ior ap - pear, And
pire with the day; O with the end of your jour - ney so near,

CHORUS.

make the world bet - ter be - cause you are here. Make the world bet - ter,

Make the world better, Make the world better because you are here, Do - ing the

will of your Sav - ior so dear; Make the world better because you are here.

No. 38. Ye Must Be Born Again.

COPYRIGHT, 1877, BY FLEMING H. REVELL.
RENEWAL, 1905, BY GEO. C STEBBINS.

W. T. Sleeper. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. A ruler once came to Je-sus by night, To ask Him the way of
2. Ye chil-dren of men, at-tend to the word So sol-emn-ly ut-tered
3. Oh, ye who would en-ter that glo-ri-ous rest, And sing with the ransomed
4. A dear one in heaven thy heart yearns to see, At the beau-ti-ful gate may

sal-va-tion and light; The Mas-ter made an-swer in words true and plain,
by Je-sus, the Lord, And let not this mes-sage to you be in vain,
the song of the blest; The life ev-er-last-ing if ye would ob-tain,
be watch-ing for thee; Then list to the note of this sol-emn re-frain,

CHORUS.

"Ye must be born a-gain." a-gain. "Ye must be born a-gain," "Ye must be born a-gain," I ver-i-ly,
a-gain, a-gain,
ver-i-ly, say un-to thee, "Ye must be born a-gain." a-gain.

No. 39. Jesus Will Help You.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL.

Wm. Stevenson. USED BY PER. Rev. Robert Lowry.

1. The Sav - ior is call - ing you, sin-ner— Urg - ing you now to draw nigh; He asks you by faith to re - ceive Him; Je - sus will
2. Thro' Him there is life in be - liev - ing; Sin - ner, O why will you die? Ac - cept Him by faith as your Sav - ior; Je - sus will
3. The Sav - ior is call - ing you, wand'rer— Points you to man-sions on high; Re - turn to the path that leads homeward; Je - sus will
4. There's danger in lon - ger de - lay - ing, Swift - ly the moments pass by; If now you will come, there is mer-cy; Je - sus will

REFRAIN.

help if you try. Je - sus will help you, Je - sus will help you,
Help you with grace from on high; The weak - est and poor - est the
Sav - ior is call - ing; Je - sus will help if you try.

No, 40. Scatter Sunshine.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Lanta Wilson Smith. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.

1. In a world where sor - row Ev - er will be known, Where are found the need - y, And the sad and lone; How much joy and com - fort
2. Slightest ac-tions oft - en Meet the sor - est needs, For the world wants dai - ly Lit - tle kind - ly deeds; Oh, what care and sor - row
3. When the days are gloom-y Sing some hap - py song, Meet the world's re - pin - ing with a cour - age strong; Go with faith un - daunt - ed

You can all be - stow, If you scat-ter sun-shine Ev-'ry-where you go.
You may help re-move, With your songs and courage, Sym-pa-thy and love.
Thro' the ills of life; Scat-ter smiles and sun-shine O'er its toil and strife.

CHORUS.

Scat - - ter sun-shine all a - long your way, . . Cheer and bless and bright - en Ev - 'ry pass - ing day; . . . Ev - 'ry pass - ing day.

Scatter the smiles and sun-shine o - ver the way,

pass - ing day;

No. 41. Sunshine and Rain.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

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

1. Had we on - ly sun-shine all the year a - round, With-out the bless-ing
2. Had we not a sor - row or a cross to bear, For Him who bore the
3. Can we prize the sun-shine and de-plore the rain, Re - pin - ing when the

of re-fresh-ing rain, Would we scat-ter seed up - on the
refreshing rain,
bur - den of our sin, Would we know the sweet-ness of His
days are dark and drear? Can we hope for pleasures, yet de-
Would we scat - ter seed

fal - low ground, And hope to gath - er flow - ers, fruit and grain?
love and care, Or e - ven strive e - ter - nal joys to win?
ny the pain, Or share the joys of life with - out the tear?

CHORUS.

{ Sun-shine and rain, re - fresh-ing, re - viv - ing rain, Light of faith and
{ Sun-shine and rain, to nour-ish the grow-ing grain Send us Lord, the

love, Show - ers from a - bove! sun - shine and the rain.

No. 42. Leaning On the Everlasting Arms.

COPYRIGHT BY A. J. SHOWALTER.
USED BY PER.

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

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

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

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

By permission.

No. 43. O That Will Be Glory.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

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

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

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

rit.

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

CHORUS.

O . . . . . that will

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

be glo - ry for me, Glo - ry for me, glo - ry for me; . . . . . .

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

No. 44. I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

Mary Brown. COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY C. E. ROUNSEFELL. USED BY PER. **Carrie E. Rounsefell.**

1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm-y sea;
2. Per - haps to - day there are lov-ing words Which Je-sus would have me speak;
3. There's sure-ly somewhere a low - ly place In earth's harvest-fields so wide,

It may not be at the bat - tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now, in the paths of sin, Some wand'rer whom I should seek.
Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus, the Cru - ci-fied.

But if by a still, small voice He calls To paths I do not know,
O Sav - ior, if Thou wilt be my Guide, Tho' dark the rug - ged way,
So, trust-ing my all un - to Thy care, I know Thou lov - est me!

f. FINE.

I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall ech - o the message sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do Thy will with a heart sin-cere, I'll be what you want me to be.

D.S—*I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.*

REFRAIN. *D. S.*

I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O'er mountain, or plain, or sea;

No. 45. On to Victory.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY ROBT. H. COLEMAN.

F. D. M. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Soldiers for whom the Sav-ior bled, On in your Captain's foot-steps tread!
2. Sol - dier be loy - al! on with me! Soon all the hosts of sin will flee,
3. Now by the ran-som which He gave, And by His tri-umph o'er the grave,

Fol-low your Master and be led On to vic - to - ry! See how thy foe-men
Your great reward before you see Shining from on high! Come, bold-ly take the
Trust in His mighty pow'r to save Firm and faithful be; And when the last dark

take the ground! Hark! how the sig-nal trum - pets sound! List! how the ac-cents
glo - rious field! You may be slain, but nev - er yield You shall inscribe up-
hour is nigh, Tears shall not dim the war-rior's eye; You shall in death with

CHORUS.

pour around Cheering mel-o - dy.
on your shield, "Vict'ry, tho' I die!" Soldiers for whom the Savior bled, On in your
joy - ful cry Grasp the vic-to-ry.

Captain's footsteps tread; Follow your Master and be led On to vic-to - ry.

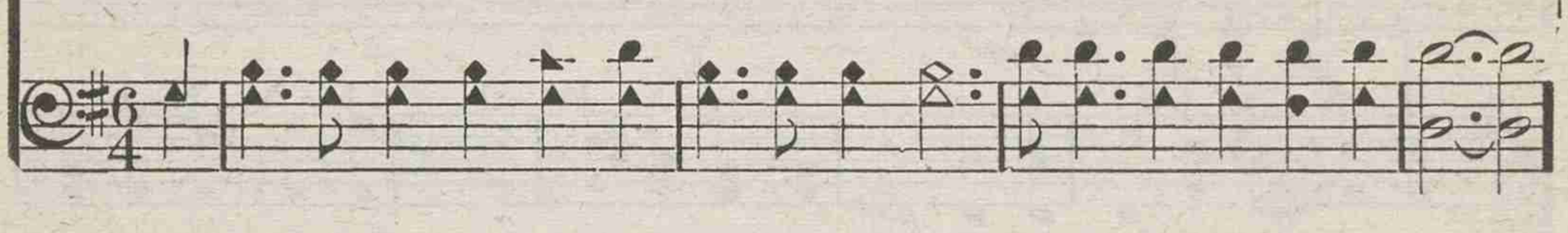
No. 46. Tell it Wherever You Go.

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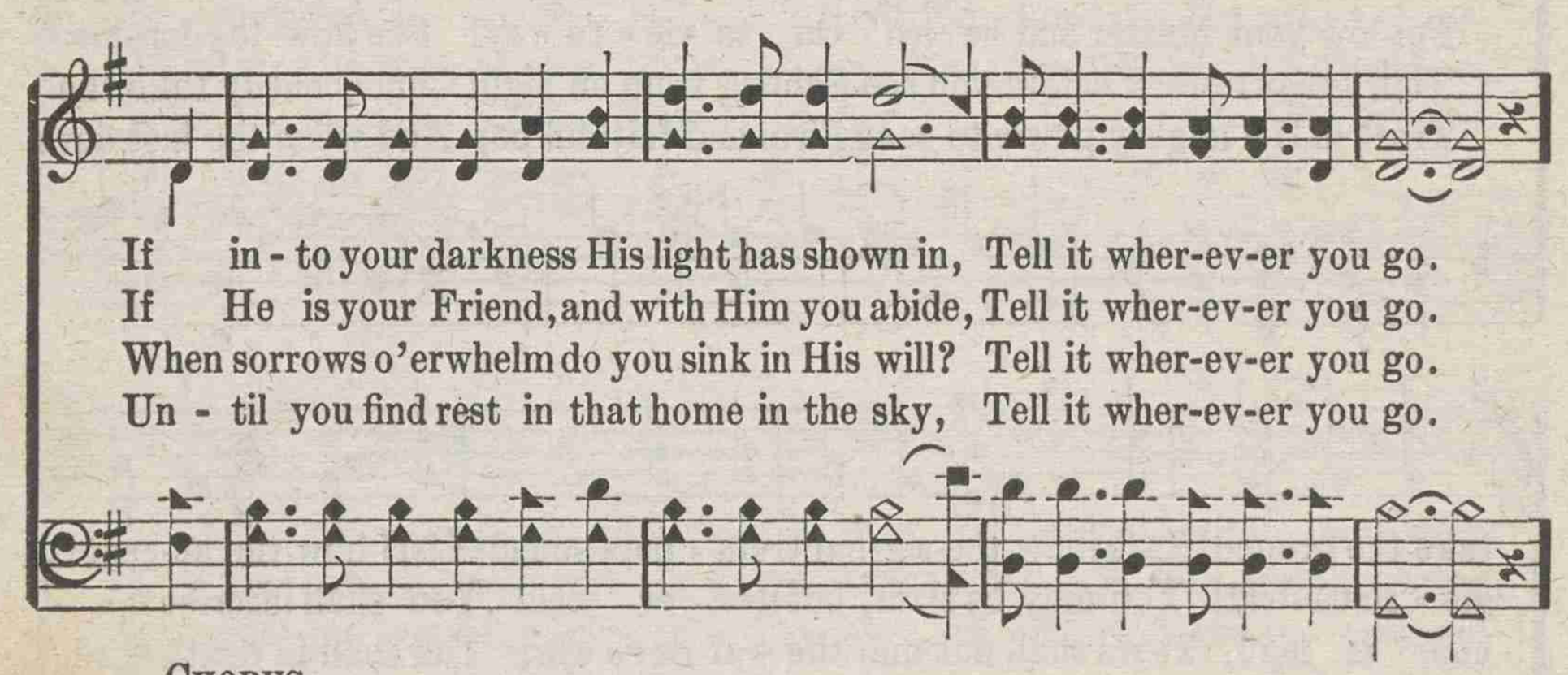
Rev. Johnston Oatman, Jr. Wm. Edie Marks.



1. If Christ the Re-deem-er has pardoned your sin, Tell it wher-ev-er you go;
2. If now you are happy with Christ as your Guide, Tell it wher-ev-er you go;
3. When troubles as-sail do you trust in Him still? Tell it wher-ev-er you go;
4. If you are an heir to a man-sion on high, Tell it wher-ev-er you go;



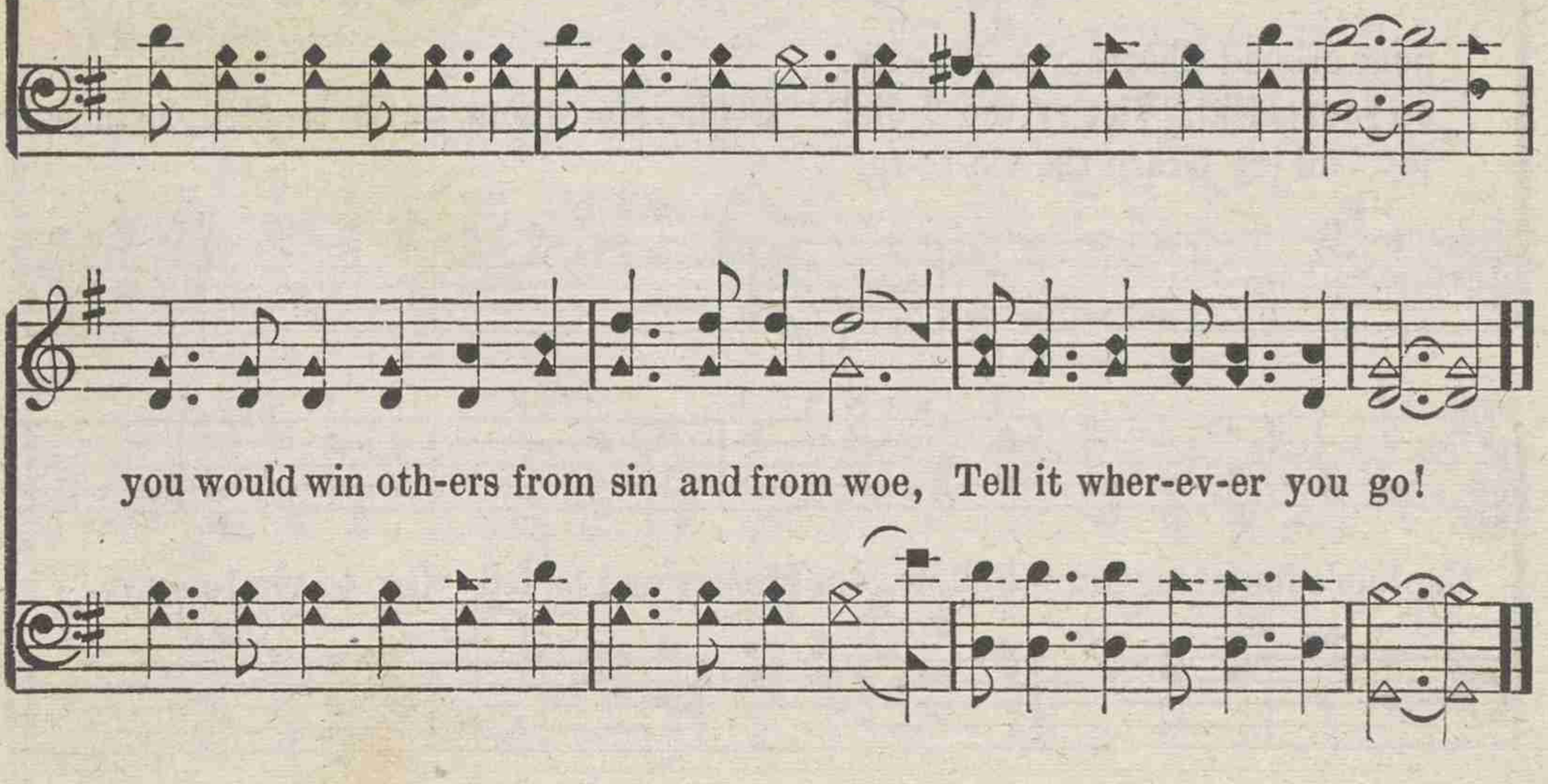
If in - to your darkness His light has shown in, Tell it wher-ev-er you go.
If He is your Friend, and with Him you abide, Tell it wher-ev-er you go.
When sorrows o'erwhelm do you sink in His will? Tell it wher-ev-er you go.
Un - til you find rest in that home in the sky, Tell it wher-ev-er you go.



CHORUS.



Tell it, ... tell it, ... Tell it wher-ev - er you go; If
Tell it that oth-ers a-round you may know,



you would win oth-ers from sin and from woe, Tell it wher-ev-er you go!

No. 47. The Everlasting Arms.

Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY J. M. HARRIS. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. I have found sweet rest for my wear - y soul, Found a har - bor
2. When my way grows dark and no light I see, When my friends for-
3. When my faith is weak He is near my side; When my heart grows
4. There is naught too hard for my Lord to do; I can safe - ly

safe tho' the bil-lows roll, Found a Might-y One who can storms control,
sake and life's comforts flee, Then I know His grace will suf - fi - cient be,
faint He will strength provide; When the dangers press then will seas di - vide,
trust all life's jour-ney thro'; He will bear me up, and my bur-dens too,

CHORUS.

Leaning on the ev - er-last - ing arms. Oh, the ev - er-last-ing arms how they
hold me, Ev - er hold me and en - fold me; I am safe in life or
death for a-round and un-der-neath Are the mighty, ev-er-last - ing arms.

No. 48. The Comforter Has Come.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
USED BY PER.

F. Bottome. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. O spread the ti - dings 'round, wher - ev - er man is found, Wher-
2. The long, long night is past, the morn - ing breaks at last, And
3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal - ing in His wings, To
4. O bound-less love di - vine! how shall this tongue of mine To

ev - er hu-man hearts and hu-man woes a - bound; Let ev - 'ry Christian
hush'd the dreadful wail and fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the gold-en
ev - 'ry cap-tive soul a full de - liv'rance brings; And thro' the va cant
wond'ring mortals tell the matchless grace di - vine—That I, a child of

D. S.-*Ho-ly Ghost from heav'n, The Father's promise giv'n; O spread the ti-dings*

tongue pro-claim the joy - ful sound: The Com - fort - er has come!
hills the day ad-vanc - es fast! The Com - fort - er has come!
cells the song of tri-umph rings; The Com - fort - er has come!
hell, should in His im - age shine! The Com - fort - er has come!

'round, wher - ev - er man is found—The Com - fort - er has come!

CHORUS.

The Com - fort - er has come, The Com - fort - er has come! The

No. 49. Christ is All You Need.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY JOHN J. HOOD.
USED BY PER.

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

1. Are you heav-y heart-ed, are you sore distressed? Christ is all you need,
2. Have you brok-en vows and prom-is-es un-kept?
3. Have you been neglect-ed for the cause you love?
4. Let the world despise and scorn you as it may, Christ is all you need,

He's a Friend indeed; Are you o - ver burdened and with care distressed?
Once de - sert - ed and a - lone thy Sav - ior wept!
You shall be re - ward - ed in the home a - bove;
He's a Friend indeed; You will shout His prais-es in the judg-ment day!

CHORUS.

FINE.

Christ is all the Friend you need. Christ..... is all you need,..... He's
Christ is all you need, He is a Friend indeed; Christ is

D.S.-*Christ is all the Friend you need.*

D. S.

a Friend, He is a Friend indeed; Christ..... is all you need,.....
all you need, For He is a Friend indeed, Christ is all you need, He is a Friend indeed,

No. 50. There is Shelter at the Cross.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Katharine Atherton Grimes. **Dr. S. B. Jackson.**

1. Are you worn with griefs and fears, Have you wast-ed man-y years? There is
2. Do you long for love and peace,—From the tempter seek re-lease? There is
3. Tho' by deeds of sin de-filed, You are still the Savior's child, There is

shel-ter at the cross for you. Have you wan-dered far a-stray,
shel-ter at the cross for you. Do you fear the snares of sin,—
shel-ter at the cross for you. Tho' by doubt and fear op-prest,—

for you.

In the dark-ness lost your way? There is shel-ter at the cross for you.
Do you bear its marks with-in? There is shel-ter at the cross for you.
In its shad-ow there is rest,—There is shel-ter at the cross for you.

FINE.

D. S.—*There is shel-ter at the cross for you.*

CHORUS.

There is shel-ter at the cross for you, There is shel-ter at the cross
There is shel-ter at the cross for you, There is shel-ter

for you; By a world of sin de-nied, Je-sus suf-fered there and died;
at the cross for you;

D. S.

No. 51. Jesus is the Friend You Need.

Ada Powell. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. Have you wandered from the Shepherd's fold away? In - to ways for-bid-den have you gone a - stray?
2. Are you dai - ly burdened with a heav-y load, As you trav - el in the straight and nar - row road?
3. Would you dwell within the mansions of the blest, Does your weary heart still long for peace - ful rest?

Are you still in dark-ness, long-ing for the day? Je-sus is the Friend you need.
Are you striv - ing to be loy - al, pure and good? Je-sus is the Friend you need. Je-sus is the Friend you
You will find the pil-grim-way is al - ways best, Je-sus is the Friend you need.

CHORUS.

need, Je - sus is the Friend you need; Let His love and
Friend you need, is the Friend you need;
light be yours to shine a-way the night, Je - sus is the Friend you need.

No. 52. Triumph By and By!

C. R. Blackall.

USED BY PERMISSION OF MRS. H. R. PALMER, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

H. R. Palmer.

1. The prize is set be-fore us—To win, our Lord im-plores us, The eye of God is o'er us From on high! His lov-ing tones are fall-ing,
2. We'll fol-low where He lead-eth, We'll pas-ture where He feed-eth, We'll yield to Him who pleadeth From on high. Then naught from Him shall sever,
3. Our home is bright a-bove us, No tri-als dark to move us, But Je-sus dear to love us There on high; We'll give Him best en-deav-or,

While sin is dark, ap-pall-ing; 'Tis Je-sus gen-tly calling—He is nigh (He is nigh).
Our hopes shall brighten ever, And faith shall fail us never—He is nigh (He is nigh).
And praise His name forever; His precious words can never, Never die (Never die).

CHORUS.

By and by we shall meet Him, By and by we shall greet Him, And with

1 2

Je-sus reign in glory By and by (by and by); Je-sus reign in glo-ry by and by.

No. 53. Keep the Heart Singing.

COPYRIGHT 1002 BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.

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

1. We may light-en toil and care, Or a heav-y bur-den share, With a word, a kind-ly deed, or sun-ny smile; We may gird-le day and night
2. If His love is in the soul, And we yield to His con-trol, Sweetest mu-sic will the lone-ly hours be-guile; We may drive the clouds a-way,
3. How a word of love will cheer, Kin-dle hope, and ban-ish fear, Soothe a pain, or take a-way the sting of guile; Oh, how much we all may do,

With a ha-lo of de-light, If we keep the heart singing all the while.
Cheer and bless the darkest day, If we keep the heart singing all the while.
In the world we trav-el thro', If we keep the heart singing all the while.

CHORUS.

Keep the heart singing all the while; . . . . Make the world brighter with a smile; . . . . . Keep the song ringing! lone-ly hours we may be-guile,

singing, singing all the while; brighter, brighter with a smile;

FINE. D. S.

No. 54. God Will Take Care of You.

Dedicated to my wife, Mrs John A. Davis.

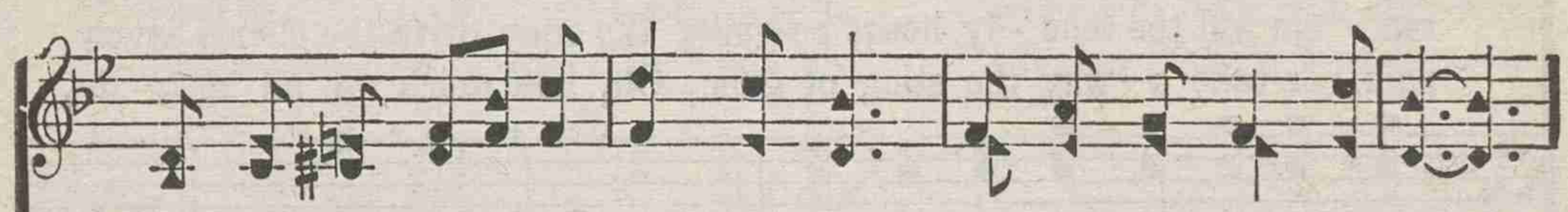
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USED BY PERMISSION.

C. D. Martin. W. S. Martin.



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





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



CHORUS.



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



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



No. 55. As a Volunteer.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

W. S. Brown. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. A call for loy-al sol-diers Comes to one and all, Sol-diers for the con-
2. Yes, Je-sus calls for soldiers, Who are filled with pow'r, Soldiers who will serve
3. He calls you for He loves you With a heart most kind, He whose heart was brok-
4. And when the war is o-ver, And the vic-t'ry won, When the true and faith-

flict, Will you heed the call? Will you answer quickly With a read-y cheer,
Him Ev-'ry day and hour; He will not for-sake you, He is ev-er near,
en, Broken for mankind; Now, just now He calls you, Calls in accents clear,
ful Gath-er one by one; He will crown with glory All who there appear,

D. S.—*Je-sus is the Cap-tain, We will nev-er fear;*

FINE.

CHORUS.

Will you be en-list-ed As a vol-un-teer? A vol-un-teer for Je-sus,

Will you be en-list-ed As a vol-un-teer.

D. S.

A sol-dier true! Oth-ers have en-list-ed, Why not you?

Oh why not?

No. 56. Memories of Galilee.

H. R. PALMER OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.
USED BY PER,

Robert Morris. H. R. Palmer.

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

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

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

CHORUS

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

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

No. 57. The Other Fellow.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY ROBT. H. COLEMAN.

Robt. H. Coleman. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.

Solo and Chorus.

1. Are you cheer-ful, brave and pray'r-ful? Has your heart grown mel-low?
2. Are you wea - ry, lone and drear - y? Would you have it end - ed?
3. Are you yearn-ing to be learn - ing More to love an - oth - er?

Find an - oth - er, friend and broth-er, Help the oth - er fel - low.
You'll be brightened, cheered and lightened, When you've men be-friend - ed.
Self-con-fess - ing brings the bless - ing, Lift a fal - len broth - er.

CHORUS.

The oth - er fel - low needs your care, He's
The oth - er fel - low needs your care,

at your side, he's ev - 'ry - where, The Sav - ior watch - es from a-
The Sav - ior watch - es

bove, He cheers, he helps you with His love.
from a - bove, He cheers, he helps you with His love.

No. 58. One More Day's Work for Jesus.

Anna B. Warner. COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF MARY RUNYON LOWRY. USED BY PERMISSION. **Rev. Robert Lowry.**

1. One more day's work for Je - sus; One less of life for me! But Heav'n is near - er, And Christ is dear - er, Than yes - ter - day to me; His love and sto - ry, To show the glo - ry, When Christ's flock en-ter in! How it did clear - er, And rest comes near-er, At each step of the way; And, Christ in pleas-ure, My wants are treas-ure, And pain for Him is sweet. Lord, if I light Fill all my soul to-night.
2. One more day's work for Je - sus; How sweet the work has been, To tell the shine In this poor heart of mine! One more day's work for Je-sus, One more all, Be-fore His face I fall.
3. One more day's work for Je - sus; Oh, yes, a wear-y day; But Heav'n shines may, I'll serve an - oth - er day.
4. Oh, bless - ed work for Je - sus! Oh, rest at Je-sus' feet! There toil seems

CHORUS.

day's work for Je-sus, One more day's work for Je-sus, One more day's work for Je-sus, One less of life for me!

No. 59. Walking With Jesus.

Charlotte G. Homer. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. B. D. Ackley.

1. I am walk-ing ev - 'ry day with Je - sus; I feel His pres-ence sweet - ly near Un - to me He whis-pers words of wis - dom, That ban - ish doubt and qui - et fear.
2. I am walk-ing ev - 'ry day with Je - sus; My bur - den and my cross He shares, With His coun-sel guards and guides me on - ward, And shields me from the tempt-er's snares. For I am walking ev-'ry day with
3. I am walk-ing ev - 'ry day with Je - sus, Con-tent and full - y sat - is - fied; For the way is grow - ing bright - er, clear - er, As on we jour-ney, side by side.
4. I am walk-ing ev - 'ry day with Je - sus; Al - tho' His face I can - not see, He has said, "I will be with thee al - way,"—His prom - ise is e - nough for me.

CHORUS.

Je - sus, With Je - sus my Sav - ior; For I am walk-ing ev - 'ry day with Je - sus, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

with Him all the way.

No. 60. O Why Not To-night?

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY J. H. HALL.

J. Calvin Bushby.

1. O do not let the word de - part, And close thine eyes against the light;
2. To-mor-row's sun may nev - er rise, To bless thy long de - lud - ed sight;
3. Our Lord in pit - y lin - gers still, And wilt thou thus His love re - quite?
4. Our bless-ed Lord re - fus - es none Who would to Him their souls u - nite;

Poor sin - ner hard - en not your heart, Be saved, O to - night.
This is the time, oh, then be wise, Be saved, O to - night.
Re - nounce at once thy stub-born will, Be saved, O to - night.
Be - lieve, o - bey, the work is done, Be saved, O to - night.

CHORUS.

O why not to-night? O why not to-night?
O why not to - night? why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night?

Wilt thou be sav'd? Then why not to-night?
Wilt thou be sav'd, wilt thou be sav'd? Then why not, O, why not to - night?

No. 61. Why Do You Wait?

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
USED BY PER.

G. F. R. Geo. F. Root.

1. Why do you wait, dear broth-er, Oh, why do you tar - ry so long? Your
2. What do you hope, dear broth-er, To gain by a fur-ther de - lay? There's
3. Do you not feel, dear broth-er, His Spir-it now striv-ing with - in? Oh,
4. Why do you wait, dear broth-er? The har-vest is pass-ing a - way, Your

Sav-ior is wait-ing to give you A place in His sanc-ti - fied throng.
no one to save you but Je - sus, There's no oth - er way but His way.
why not ac-cept His sal-va - tion, And throw off thy bur-den of sin.
Sav-ior is long-ing to bless you, There's dan-ger and death in de - lay.

CHORUS.

Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now?

Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now?

No. 62. The Church in the Wildwood.

W. S. P.

NEW ARRANGEMENT OF WORDS AND MUSIC.
COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Dr. Wm. S. Pitts:



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





place in the dale; No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the
clear ring-ing bell; It's tones so sweet - ly are call - ing, Oh, come
loved so well; She sleeps, sweetly sleeps, 'neath the willow; Dis - turb
wild flowers bloom, When the fare - well hymn shall be chant - ed, I shall



D. S.—*No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the*

FINE. CHORUS.



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



lit-tle brown church in the vale.

D. S.

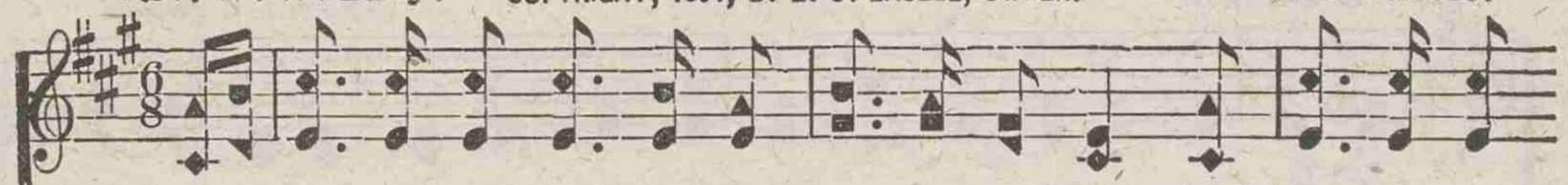


church by the wild - wood, Oh, come to the church in the dale;
come, come, come, come, come come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come;

No. 63. Where We'll Never Grow Old.

COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY I. N. MCHOSE.
COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Rev. W. W. Baily. I. N. McHose.



1. O have you not heard of that coun-try a - bove, The name of its
2. A man-sion of won - der-ful beau - ty is there, And Je - sus that
3. They tell me its friend-ships and love are so pure, Its joys nev - er
4. In life's wea-ry con-flicts, there's fainting and care, Each year the gray





King and His in - fi-nite love? His chil-dren are deathless and hap-py I'm
man-sion has gone to pre-pare; Its bright jas-per walls how I long to be-
die, and its treasures are sure; And loved ones de-part-ed, so si - lent and
deep-ens a shade in the hair; But in the blest book where my name is en-

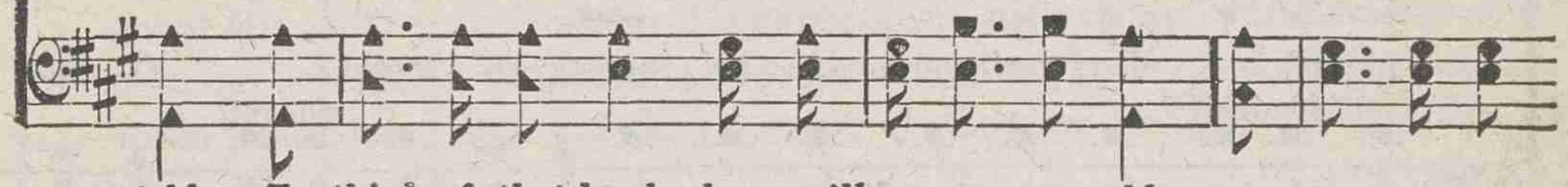


D. S.—*It glad-dens my heart with a joy that's un-*



FINE. CHORUS.

told; Oh, will it a - bide—will we nev-er grow old?
hold, And join in the song that will nev-er grow old. 'Twill al-ways be
cold, Will greet us a - gain where we'll nev-er grow old.
rolled, I read of that land where we'll nev-er grow old.



told, To think of that land where we'll nev-er grow old.



D. S.

new, it will nev - er de-cay; No night ev - er comes, it will al-ways be day:



No. 64. Do You Want to be Saved?

R. G. J.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY ROBT. G. JOLLY.

Robt. G. Jolly.

SOLO.

1. O sin - ner, in sor - row and troub - le to - night, Do you want a Sav - ior so dear? Do you want to be saved from your guilt and blight?
2. Do you want to be saved by God's won - der-ful pow'r? Do you want your heart to be clean? O won't you ac - cept of the Savior this hour?
3. Do you want to have beau - ti - ful stars in your crown? Do you want to lead oth - ers a - right? Do you want to keep sin - ners from drift - ing down?

CHORUS.

Do you want to be free from all fear?
Put on Him your great bur-den of sin.
If you do, you must get saved to - night.

Do you want to be saved to-night? Do you want to be saved to - night? O be-lieve in the Savior, He'll save you just now, Be-lieve in Je - sus to - night.

to-night? to-night?

No. 65. Praise Him! Praise Him!

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO., RENEWAL.

Fanny J. Crosby. USED BY PER. Chester G. Allen.

1. Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Re-deem-er! Sing, O earth—His won-der-ful love pro-claim! Hail Him! hail Him! highest arch-angels in glo-ry;
2. Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Re-deem-er! For our sins He suffered and bled and died; He our rock, our hope of e-ter-nal sal-va-tion,
3. Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Re-deem-er! Heav'n-ly por-tals, loud with ho-san-nas ring! Je-sus, Sav-ior, reigneth for-ev-er and ev-er;

Strength and hon-or give to His ho-ly name! Like a shepherd, Jesus will
Hail Him! hail Him! Je-sus, the cru-ci-fied. Sound His prais-es! Jesus who
Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet, and Priest, and King! Christ is com-ing! o-ver the

guard His children, In His arms He carries them all day long; Praise Him! praise Him!
bore our sorrows, Love unbounded, wonderful, deep and strong; Praise Him! praise Him!
world victorious, Pow'r and glory un-to the Lord be-long; Praise Him! praise Him!

tell of His ex-cel-lent greatness, Praise Him! praise Him! ev-er in joyful song!

No. 66. A Blessing in Prayer.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
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E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. There is rest, sweet rest, at the Mas - ter's feet, There is fa - vor now at the mer - cy - seat, For a - ton - ing blood has been sprinkled there,
2. There is grace to help in our time of need, For our Friend a- bove is a Friend in - deed; We may cast on Him ev - 'ry grief and care;
3. When our songs are glad with the joy of life, When our hearts are sad with its ills and strife, When the pow'rs of sin would the soul en - snare,
4. There is per - fect peace tho' the wild waves roll; There are gifts of love for the seek-ing soul, Till we praise the Lord in His home so fair;

CHORUS.

There is always a blessing, a blessing in prayer. There's a blessing in prayer, in be- liev-ing prayer; When our Savior's name to the throne we bear, Then a Fa-ther's love will re-ceive us there; There is al - ways a blessing, a blessing in prayer.

No. 67. Send the Light.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
GEO. F. ROSCHE, OWNER. USED BY PER.

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

1. There's a call comes ring-ing o'er the rest-less wave, "Send the light!
2. We have heard the Mac - e - do - nian call to - day, "Send the light!
3. Let us pray that grace may ev-'ry-where a - bound; Send the light!
4. Let us not grow wear - y in the work of love; Send the light!

Send the light!" There are souls to res - cue, there are souls to save,
Send the light!" And a gold - en of - f'ring at the cross we lay,
Send the light! And a Christ-like spir - it ev - 'ry-where be found,
Send the light! Let us gath - er jew - els for a crown a - bove,

REFRAIN.

Send the light! . . . Send the light . . . . Send the light! . . . the
Send the light! Send the light! Send the light!

bless - ed gos - pel light; Let it shine . . . . from shore to
the bless - ed gos - pel light; Let it shine

shore! . . . . . shine . . . . for-ev - er - more . . . . . .
from shore to shore! Let it shine for - ev - er - more.

No. 68. Spend One Hour With Jesus.

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Katharine A. Grimes. **E. O. Excell.**

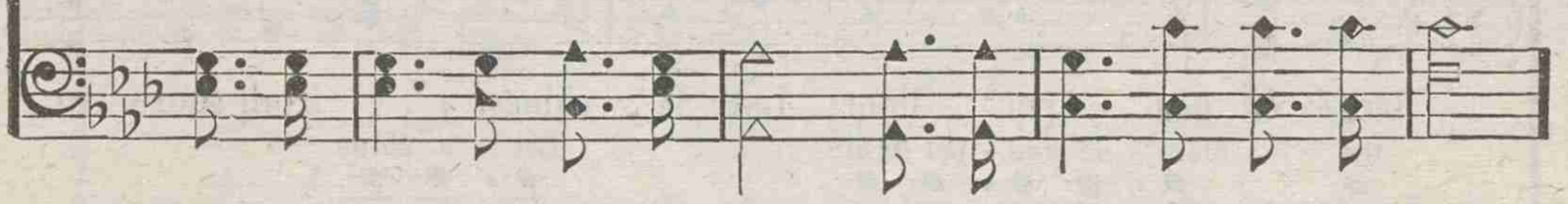
1. Wear - y soul by sin op-pressed, Spend one hour with Je - sus;
2. Do you fear the gath-'ring gloom? Spend one hour with Je - sus;
3. Ev - 'ry need He will sup - ply, Spend one hour with Je - sus;
4. All a - long life's storm-y way, Spend one hour with Je - sus;



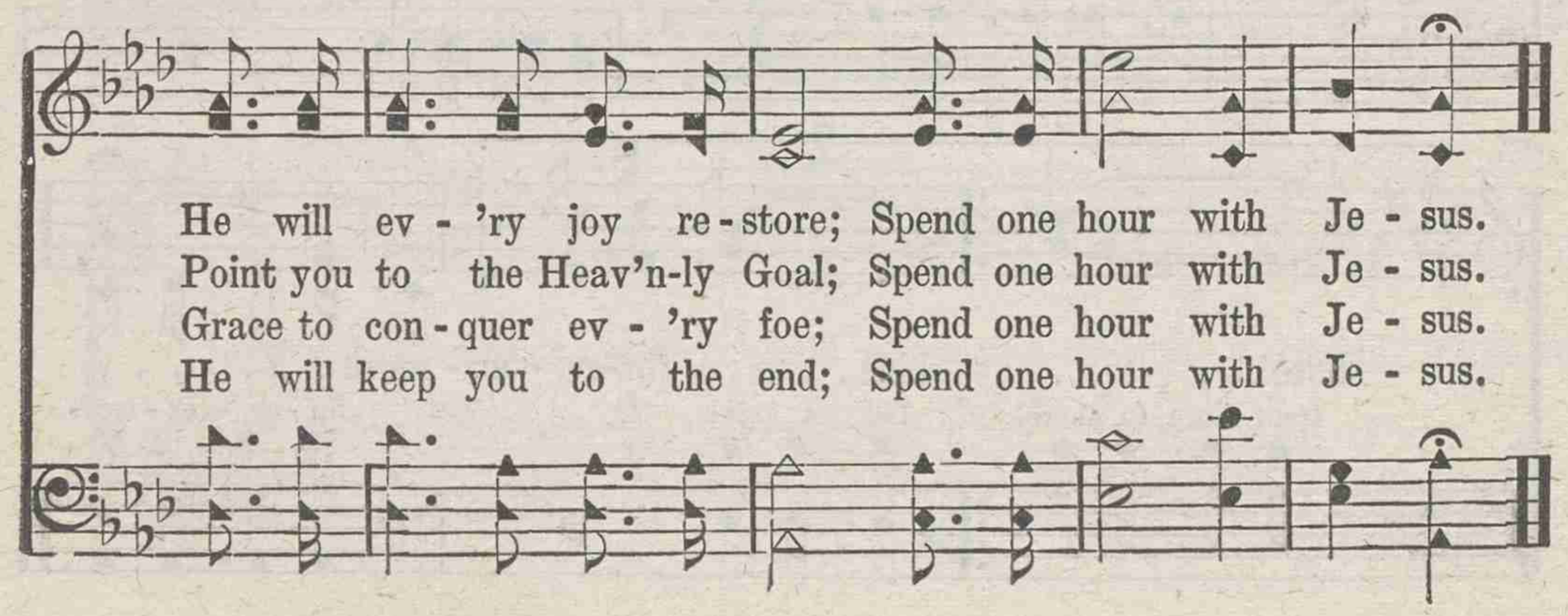
He will give your spir - it rest, Spend one hour with Je - sus:
In the si - lent in - ner room, Spend one hour with Je - sus:
He a - lone can sat - is - fy, Spend one hour with Je - sus:
Call up - on Him day by day, Spend one hour with Je - sus:



He has felt your grief be - fore, Num-bered all your sor - rows o'er,
He will speak un - to your soul, Make your ev - 'ry heart-ache whole,
Oh, the mer - cy He will show, Oh, the grace He will be - stow,
Tell Him all— He is your Friend, He will count-less bless - ings send,



He will ev - 'ry joy re - store; Spend one hour with Je - sus.
Point you to the Heav'n-ly Goal; Spend one hour with Je - sus.
Grace to con - quer ev - 'ry foe; Spend one hour with Je - sus.
He will keep you to the end; Spend one hour with Je - sus.



No. 69. I've Found a Friend.

J. G. Small. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him;
2. I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend! He bled, He died to save me;
3. I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend! All pow'r to Him is giv-en,
4. I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend! So kind, and true, and ten-der,

He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him.
And not a-lone the gift of life, But His own self He gave me.
To guard me on my on-ward course, And bring me safe to Heav-en.
So wise a Coun-sel-or and Guide, So might-y a De-fend-er!

And 'round my heart still close-ly twine Those ties which none can sev-er,
Naught that I have my own I call, I hold it for the Giv-er:
Th'e-ter-nal glo-ries gleam a-far, To nerve my faint en-deav-or:
From Him, who loves me now so well, What pow'r my soul can sev-er?

For I am His, and He is mine, For-ev-er and for-ev-er.
My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are His, and His for-ev-er.
So now to watch, to work, to war, And then to rest for-ev-er.
Shall life or death, or earth or hell? No; I am His for-ev-er.

No. 70. We Have an Anchor.

COPYRIGHT, 1882 AND 1910, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
USED BY PERMISSION.

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

1. Will your an - chor hold in the storms of life, When the clouds un-
2. It is safe-ly moored, 'twill the storms with-stand, For 'tis well se-
3. It will firm - ly hold in the straits of fear, When the break-ers
4. It will sure - ly hold in the floods of death, When the wa-ters
5. When our eyes be - hold thro' the gath-'ring night The cit - y of

fold their wings of strife? When the strong tides lift, and the ca - bles strain,
cured by the Sav-ior's hand; And the ca - bles, passed from His heart to mine,
have told the reef is near, Tho' the tempest rave and the wild winds blow,
cold chill our latest breath, On the ris - ing tide it can nev - er fail,
gold, our har-bor bright, We shall an - chor fast by the heav'n-ly shore,

REFRAIN.

Will your an - chor drift, or firm re - main?
Can de - fy the blast, thro' strength di - vine.
Not an an - gry wave shall our bark o'er-flow. We have an an-chor that
While our hopes a - bide with - in the veil.
With the storms all past for - ev - er - more.

keeps the soul Stead-fast and sure while the bil-lows roll, Fastened to the

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

No. 71. Stepping in the Light.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. USED BY PER.

L. H. Edmunds. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Sav-ior, Try - ing to fol - low our
2. Press-ing more closely to Him who is lead - ing, When we are tempted to
3. Walk-ing in foot-steps of gen - tle forbearance, Foot-steps of faith-ful-ness,
4. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Sav-ior, Up-ward, still up-ward we'll

Sav - ior and King; Shap-ing our lives by His bless - ed ex - am - ple,
turn from the way; Trust-ing the arm that is strong to de-fend us,
mer - cy, and love, Look-ing to Him for the grace free - ly promised,
fol - low our Guide, When we shall see Him, "the King in His beau-ty,"

CHORUS.

Hap-py, how happy, the songs that we bring.
Hap-py, how happy, our praises each day. How beau-ti-ful to walk in the
Hap-py, how happy, our jour-ney a-bove.
Hap-py, how happy, our place at His side.

steps of the Sav - ior, Stepping in the light, Stepping in the light; How

beau-ti - ful to walk in the steps of the Sav-ior, Led in paths of light.

No. 72. The Hallelujah Chorus of the Sky.

Edgar Page. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Sometimes when hearts are wear-y, The road seems hard and drear-y, Then
2. Then cheer your walk with sing-ing, Joy to the faint heart bringing, And
3. Life is no time for cry-ing, Nor o-ver troub-le sigh-ing, But
4. The love of Christ is dear-er, The light is beam-ing clear-er, The

make the road all cheer-y With the hal-le-lu-jah chorus of the sky. . . . .
let your voice be ring-ing With the hal-le-lu-jah chorus of the sky. . . . .
while the days are fly-ing Join the hal-le-lu-jah chorus of the sky. . . . .
time is draw-ing near-er To the hal-le-lu-jah chorus of the sky. . . . .

chorus of the sky!

CHORUS.

O the hal-le-lu-jah cho-rus of the sky! We can

O the cho-rus of the sky!

join the hap-py an-them if we try, For just a-cross the line,

join the an-them if we try,

It shall be yours and mine, This hal-le-lu-jah cho-rus of the sky . . . .

chorus of the sky.

No. 73. I Want to Be a Worker.

COPYRIGHT, PROPERTY OF E. S. LORENZ.

I. B. I. Baltzell.

1. I want to be a work-er for the Lord, I want to love and
2. I want to be a work-er ev - 'ry day, I want to lead the
3. I want to be a work-er strong and brave, I want to trust in
4. I want to be a work-er, help me Lord, To lead the lost and

trust His ho - ly word, I want to sing and pray, be bus - y ev - 'ry day,
er - ring in the way That leads to Heav'n a-bove, where all is peace and love,
Je - sus' pow'r to save; All who will tru - ly come, shall find a hap-py home,
er - ring to Thy word, That points to joys on high, where pleasures never die,

CHORUS.

In the vine-yard of the Lord. I will work, I will pray,
I will work and pray, I will work and pray,

In the vine-yard, in the vine-yard of the Lord; (of the Lord;) I will

work, I will pray, I will la-bor ev-'ry day In the vine-yard of the Lord.

No. 74. Dying Millions.

Words and Melody by John W. T. Givens.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY JOHN W. T. GIVENS.

Har. by J. M. Hunt.

1. O how sweet the voice of Je - sus When He spoke our sins for-giv'n;
2. There are mil-lions, dy - ing mil-lions, In the lands of hea-then gloom,
3. There are man - y, man - y 'round us, Blind-ed by the blight of sin,
4. Can we live in ease and pleas-ure, While they per - ish with-out God?
5. Let us has-ten, then, my broth-er, Haste to tell them of our God;

O how pre-cious is His prom-ise, As He lifts us near - er Heav'n.
Grop - ing, groaning on in dark-ness Till they reach a Christ-less tomb.
Who will nev - er see our Je - sus, Till with love their souls we win.
Fast the night of death is com - ing, Soon they'll lie be-neath the sod.
Tell them of His great sal-va - tion, Purchased with His pre - cious blood.

CHORUS.

O the mil - lions, dy-ing mil - lions, Who have nev - er known the Lord,

Shall they hear the voice of Je - sus? Shall they die with-out His word?

No. 75. Can the Lord Depend on You?

Jennie Wilson. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY REYNOLDS & FISHER. **Albert C. Fisher.**



1. We are in the Gos-pel ar - my, Where each soldier should be true;
2. Will you fol-low where the ban - ner Of our Sav-ior leads the way,
3. Might-y strongholds must be ta - ken Ere we tri-umph o - ver sin;
4. Will you, in the Christian con - flict, Nev - er fal - ter, nev - er cease,
5. With our Savior's bless-ed prom-ise Cheer-ing us in all we do,



Can the Lord, in march or bat - tle, Day by day de-pend on you?
Glad - ly lis-t'ning to His or - ders, Al-ways will-ing to o - bey?
Will you, with undaunted cour - age, Help the vic - to - ry to win?
Till o'er ev - 'ry land and na - tion Reigns the Ho - ly Prince of Peace?
We shall make a world-wide con-quest,—But, can we de-pend on you?



CHORUS.



Can the Lord depend on you, . . . To be soldiers brave and true? . . . .
on you, yes, brave and true?





"All the world for Je - sus" be our cry; Can the Lord depend on you?
ev - er be our cry;



Suggested by, and written expressly for Herbert Reynolds, Song Evangelist, Dallas, Tex.

No. 76. Sunlight All the Way.

Hattie E. Buell. COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY J. M. BLACK. **J. M. Black.**

1. O the brightness and the glo - ry of love that came to me, On the morn-ing of that bright and hap-py day, When I found my blessed Savior whose par-don made me free! Now, there's bright and blessed sun-light all the way.
2. In this won-der-ful sal-va - tion, and His re-deem-ing grace, I have peace and joy, and noth-ing can dis-may; In the comfort of His presence, the shin-ing of His face, There is bright and blessed sun-light all the way.
3. 'Tis the hope of joys e - ter - nal when life on earth is done Fills my soul with strength and courage in the fray; So I'll shout a glad ho-san-na! for ev - 'ry vic-t'ry won, And the bright and blessed sun-light all the way.

CHORUS. D. S.—*There is bright and blessed sun-light all the way.*

There is sun-light, sun-light, beaming bright and clear In the sweetness of His serv-ice day by day; There is sun-light, sun-light, with my Sav-ior near,

Sun-light, sun-light,

sun-light, sun-light,

No. 77. My Father Leads Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY ROBT. H. COLEMAN.

L. G. P. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel

1. My Fa-ther leads me, and con-tent, I trust in Him to choose my way;
2. My Fa-ther leads, and oft - en-times, Thro' thorny paths, my wea-ry feet,
3. And when I reach the riv - er wide Whose stormy wa-ters dark - ly flow,

I know that walk-ing by His side My feet may nev - er go a - stray,
But by His side I need not fear Tho' blind-ing storms a-round me beat,
He'll hold my hand and guide me safe In - to the ha - ven I would go,

I know my Fa-ther lead-eth me, He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me.
For as my days my strength shall be– I know my Fa - ther lead-eth me.
And there my song shall ev - er be I know my Fa - ther lead-eth me.

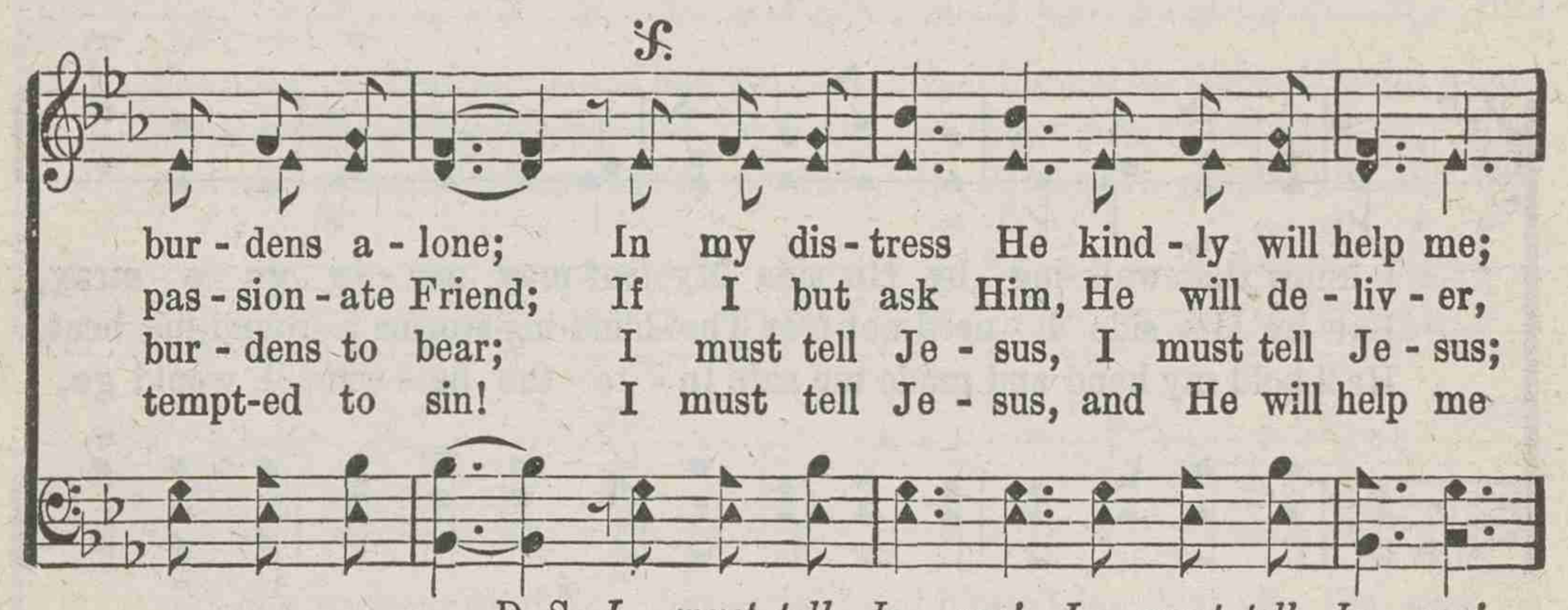
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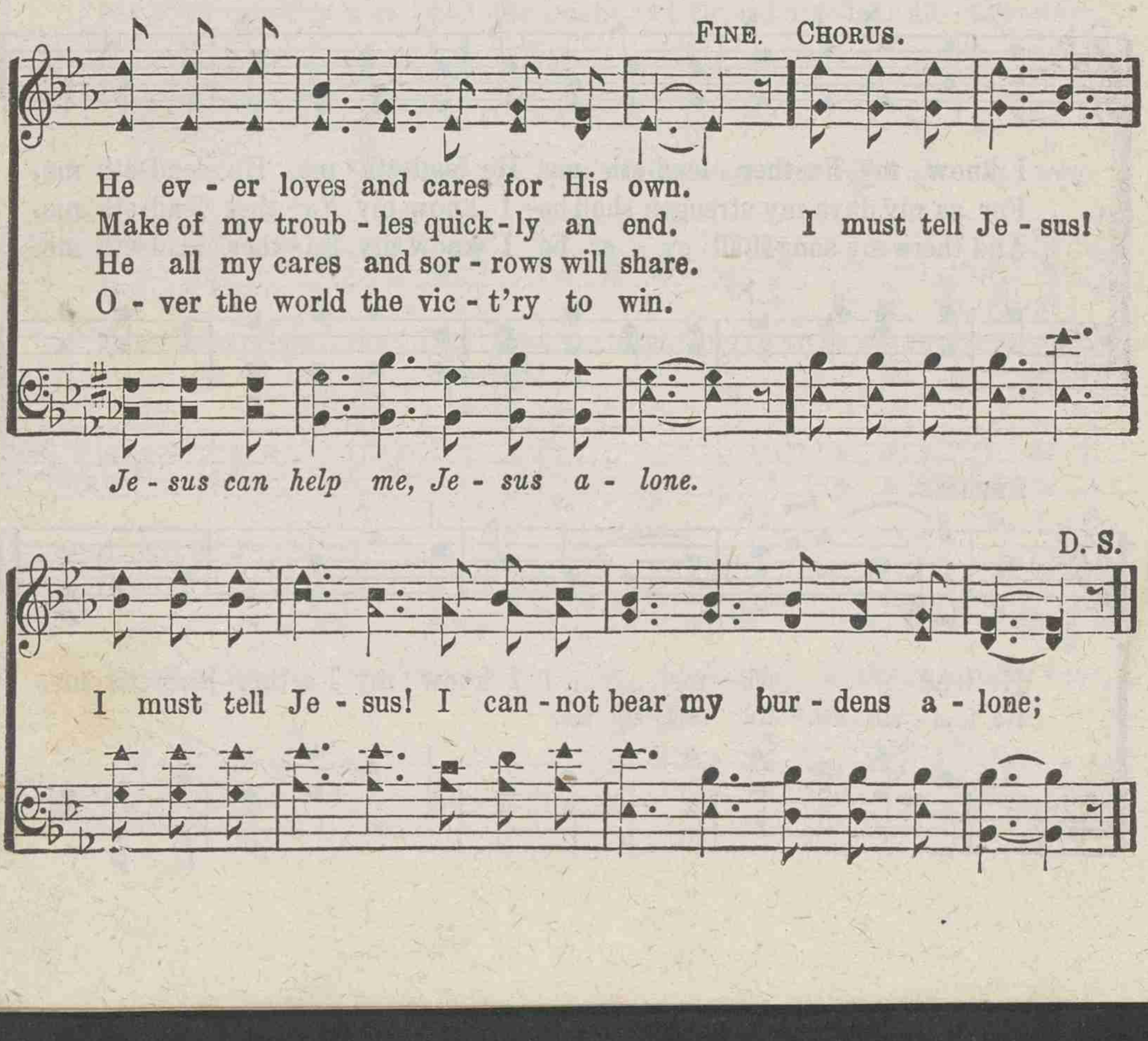
He lead - - eth me,..... I know my Fa-ther lead-eth me.
He lead - eth me, He lead - eth me,

No. 78. I Must Tell Jesus.

E. A. H. COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY THE HOFFMAN MUSIC CO. Rev. E. A. Hoffman.







No. 79. I Am Praying for You.

COPYRIGHT 1904, BY IRA D. SANKEY.
USED BY PER. THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO.

S. O'Maley Cluff. Ira D. Sankey.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

f

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

p *f* *pp rall.*

No. 80. More Like the Master.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

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

1. More like the Mas-ter I would ev-er be, More of His
2. More like the Mas-ter is my dai-ly pray'r, More strength to
3. More like the Mas-ter I would live and grow, More of His

meekness, more hu-mil-i-ty; More zeal to la-bor, more cour-age
car-ry cross-es I must bear; More earn-est ef-fort to bring His
love to oth-ers I would show; More self-de-ni-al, like His in

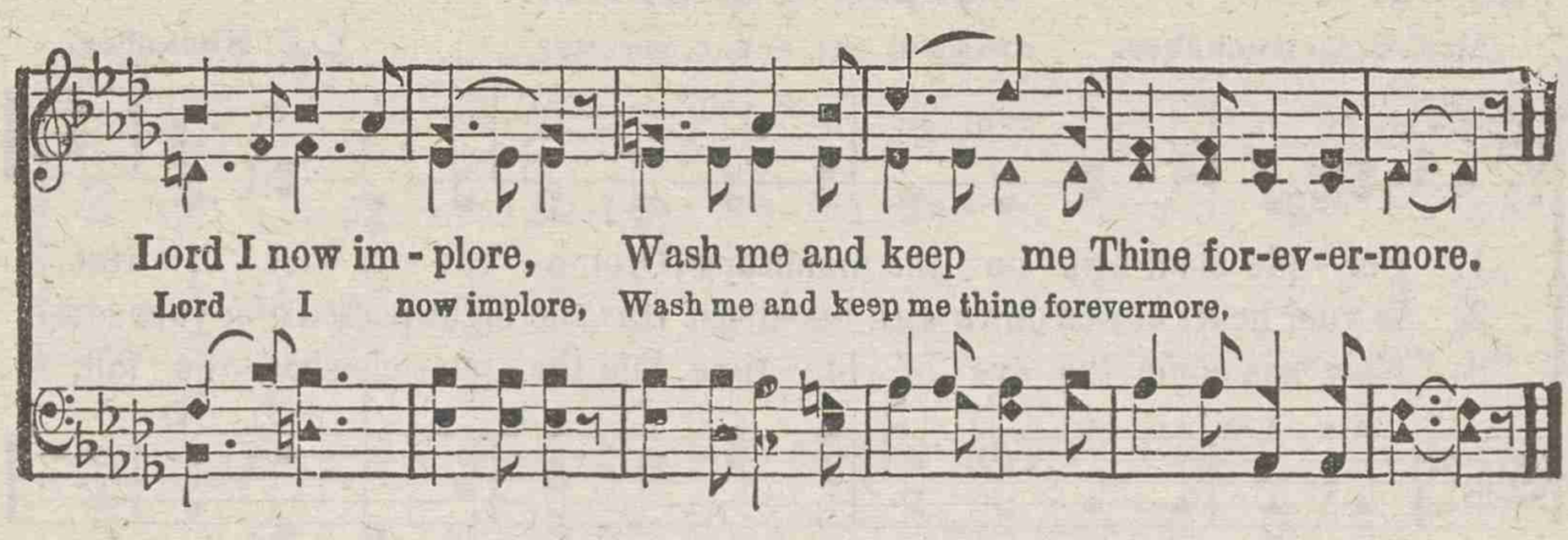
to be true, More con-se-cra-tion for work He bids me do.
king-dom in, More of His Spir-it, the wan-der-er to win.
Gal-i-lee, More like the Mas-ter I long to ev-er be.

CHORUS.

Take Thou my heart.. I would be Thine a-lone;... Take Thou my
Take my heart, O take my heart, I would be Thine a-lone; Take my heart, O

heart.... and make it all Thine own;.. Purge me from sin;.... O
take my heart and make it all Thine own; Purge Thou me from ev-'ry sin, O

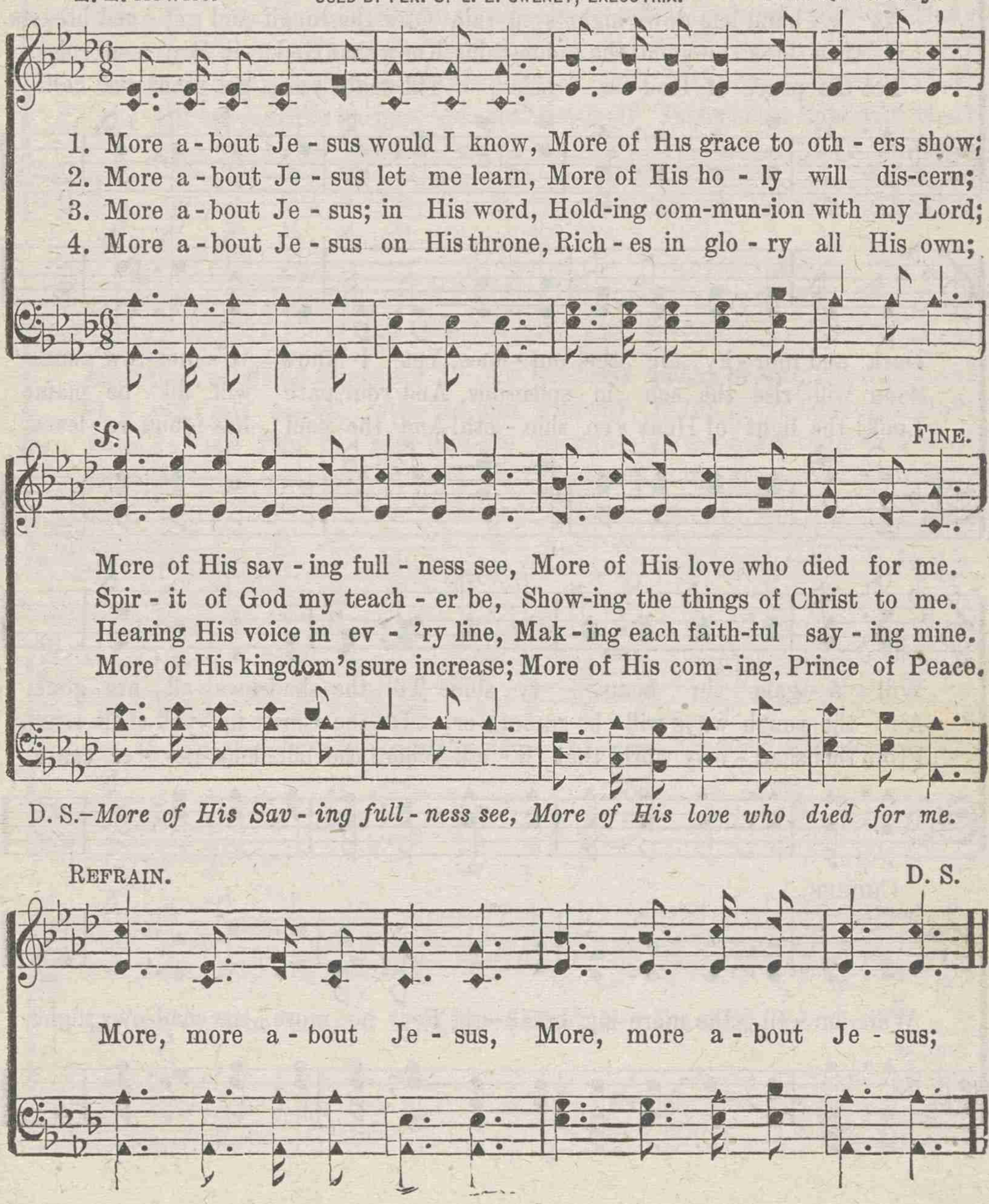
More Like the Master.



No. 81. More About Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
USED BY PER. OF L. E. SWENEY, EXECUTRIX.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.



No. 82. Purple Shadows.

Mrs. E. C. Huckabee. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY E. C. HUCKABEE. E. C. Huckabee.

1. Pur - ple shad-ows on the mountains, Drop a cov - er - let of rest,
2. Is your heart bowed down with bur-dens, Has the night passed o'er your soul?
3. Now has come the eve of life - time, And the pur - ple shad-ows fall;

As a hand lets down night's cur-tain O'er the rough and rug - ged breasts.
O then look be-yond the moun-tains, Know that God in Heav - en rules.
Let the peace of God a - bide Till death's an - gel sends his call.

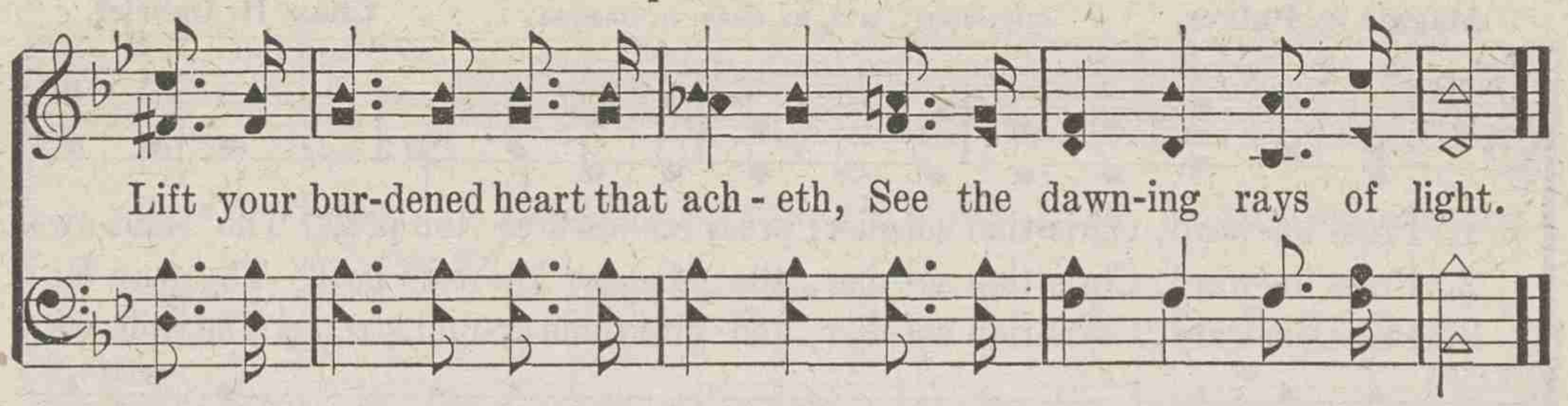
Dark and mur - ky are the out - lines, Yet I know to - mor-row's sun
Soon will rise the sun in splen-dor, And your path will all be plain;
Look! the light of Heav - en shin - eth! And the soul has found re - lease

Will a - gain in beau - ty shine Till the shad-ows all are gone.
All the rough ways will be smooth-er, If the Christ in you shall reign.
From this shad - owy world that li - eth Where the bur-dens nev - er cease.

CHORUS.

Wait un - til the morn-ing break-eth, Fear no more the shad-owy night;

Purple Shadows.



No. 83. Is Thy Heart Right With God?

USED BY PER. OF E. A. HOFFMAN, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

E. A. H. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.



No. 84. The Victor's Song.

Maggie A. Pulver. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Press on-ward, Chris-tian sol-dier, press on-ward to the prize! Tho' shad-ows deep may gath-er and dis-mal clouds a-rise; Some-time the rays of sun-light will pierce the deep-est gloom, And round thy rugged pathway The flow'rs of peace shall bloom.
2. Press on-ward, Chris-tian sol-dier, the Mas-ter knoweth best! Thy way He hath ap-point-ed, and He will give thee rest; His face must be re-flect-ed, His fire all dross con-sume, Then in His arms protected The flow'rs of peace shall bloom.
3. Press on-ward, Chris-tian sol-dier, and gird thine ar-mor strong! The walls of sin are trembling, the fight will not be long; The hosts of sin and darkness are march-ing to their doom, Then in thy heart forever The flow'rs of peace shall bloom.

CHORUS.

Press on-ward, on-ward, The prize lies just be-yond! Press on-ward, up-ward, on-ward, for The prize lies just be-yond! up-ward.

on-ward, Soon shall thy crown be won! Press onward, onward! Fear not, tho' on-ward press! up-ward, on-ward, and

The Victor's Song.



No. 85. Go Away Happy To-Night.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY W. S. BEAZLEY.
OWNED BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

James Rowe. Samuel W. Beazley.



No. 86. Sweeter as the Years Go By.

Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Mrs. C. Morris.

1. Of Je - sus' love that sought me, When I was lost in sin; Of won-drous
2. He trod in old Ju - de - a Life's path-way long a - go; The peo - ple
3. 'Twas wondrous love which led Him For us to suf - fer loss— To bear, with-

grace that brought me Back to His fold a - gain; Of heights and depths of
thronged a-bout Him, His sav - ing grace to know; He healed the bro-ken-
out a mur - mur, The an - guish of the cross; With saints re-deemed in

mer - cy, Far deep - er than the sea, And high - er than the heav-ens, My
heart-ed, And caused the blind to see; And still His great heart yearneth In
glo - ry, Let us our voi-ces raise, Till Heav'n and earth re-ech - o With

CHORUS.

theme shall ev - er be. Sweet - er as the years go by, ...
love for e - ven me.
our Re-deem-er's praise. Sweet - er as the years go by, 'Tis

Sweet - er as the years go by; Rich - er, full - er, deep - er,
sweet - er as the years go by;

Sweeter as The Years Go By.



No. 87. Beautiful Isle.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Jessie B. Pounds. J. S. Fearis.



No. 88. Over and Over Again.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Floy S. Armstrong. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. How man-y times has He lightened our cares, O-ver and o-ver a - gain! How many times has He answered our prayers, Over and over a - gain! Then tell of His good-ness to thee and to thine, And tell of His mercies to me and to mine, Re-peat the old sto-ry of par-don di - vine, O - ver and o-ver a - gain. . . . .
2. He ne'er re - fus-es to hear, tho' we call O - ver and o-ver a - gain, Sends show'rs of blessings so freely on all, O-ver and o - ver a - gain; Oh, why are you si - lent so often, so long, When telling the story will turn them from wrong? Then tell it, O tell it in praise or in song,
3. Tho' we may wander in by-ways of sin, O - ver and o-ver a - gain, The heart of Je-sus will bid us come in, O-ver and o - ver a - gain; Then let us be will - ing, wher-ev-er the place, To tell of His kindness, His pardon, His grace, And some day in glory we'll look on His face, O - - - ver and o - ver a - gain.

CHORUS.

O - ver and o-ver a - gain, . . . O - ver and o-ver a - gain, ...
and o - ver a - gain, and o - ver a - gain,

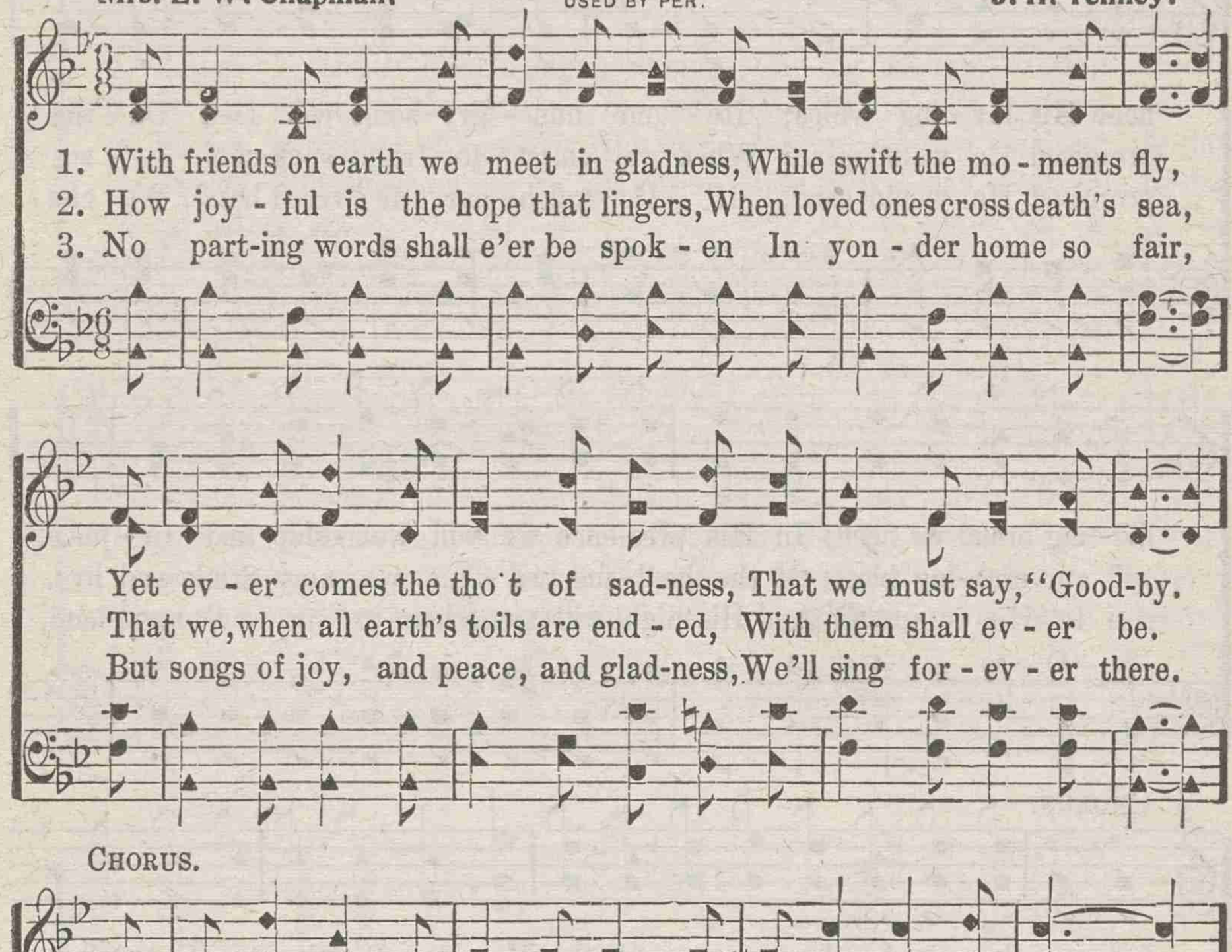
Over and Over Again.



No. 89. We'll Never Say Good-By.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY JOHN J. HOOD.
USED BY PER.

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



No. 90. In His Presence.

Laurene Highfield.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY ROBT. H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEXAS.

Jean Howard.

1. Let us lin - ger in the pres-ence of the Mas-ter, Waiting pa - tient-ly to hear His lov - ing voice; He our hun - gry souls will feed On the liv - ing bread we need; In His pres-ence we will wor - ship and re - joice.
2. Let us lin - ger in the pres-ence of the Mas-ter, Waiting for the peace He promised He would give; When we thirst for right-eous-ness Je - sus will our crav-ing bless; Of the heal - ing wa - ter we may drink and live.
3. Let us lin - ger in the pres-ence of the Mas-ter, Waiting for the aid He promised He would send; If He touch our fe - vered hand, We can rise to His command, And His might will strength un-to our weak-ness lend.

CHORUS.

Let us lin - ger in the pres-ence of the Mas - ter, Waiting for His touch up- on our ach - ing hearts; He can heal each wound and bruise, Why, oh,

In His Presence.



No. 91. Jesus is Calling.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS, RENEWAL. Geo. C. Stebbins.



No. 92. My Savior First of All.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY JNO. R. SWENEY. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. When my life-work is end-ed, and I cross the swell-ing tide, When the bright and glorious morning I shall see, I shall know my Re-deemer when I
2. Oh, the soul-thrill-ing rapt-ure when I view His bless-ed face, And the lus-ter of His kind-ly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the
3. Oh, the dear ones in glo-ry, how they beck-on me to come, And our part-ing at the riv-er I re-call; To the sweet vales of E-den they will
4. Thro' the gates to the cit-y, in a robe of spot-less white He will lead me where no tears will ev-er fall; In the glad song of a-ges I shall

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

CHORUS.

I shall know Him, I shall know Him, And redeem'd by His side I shall stand,
I shall know Him

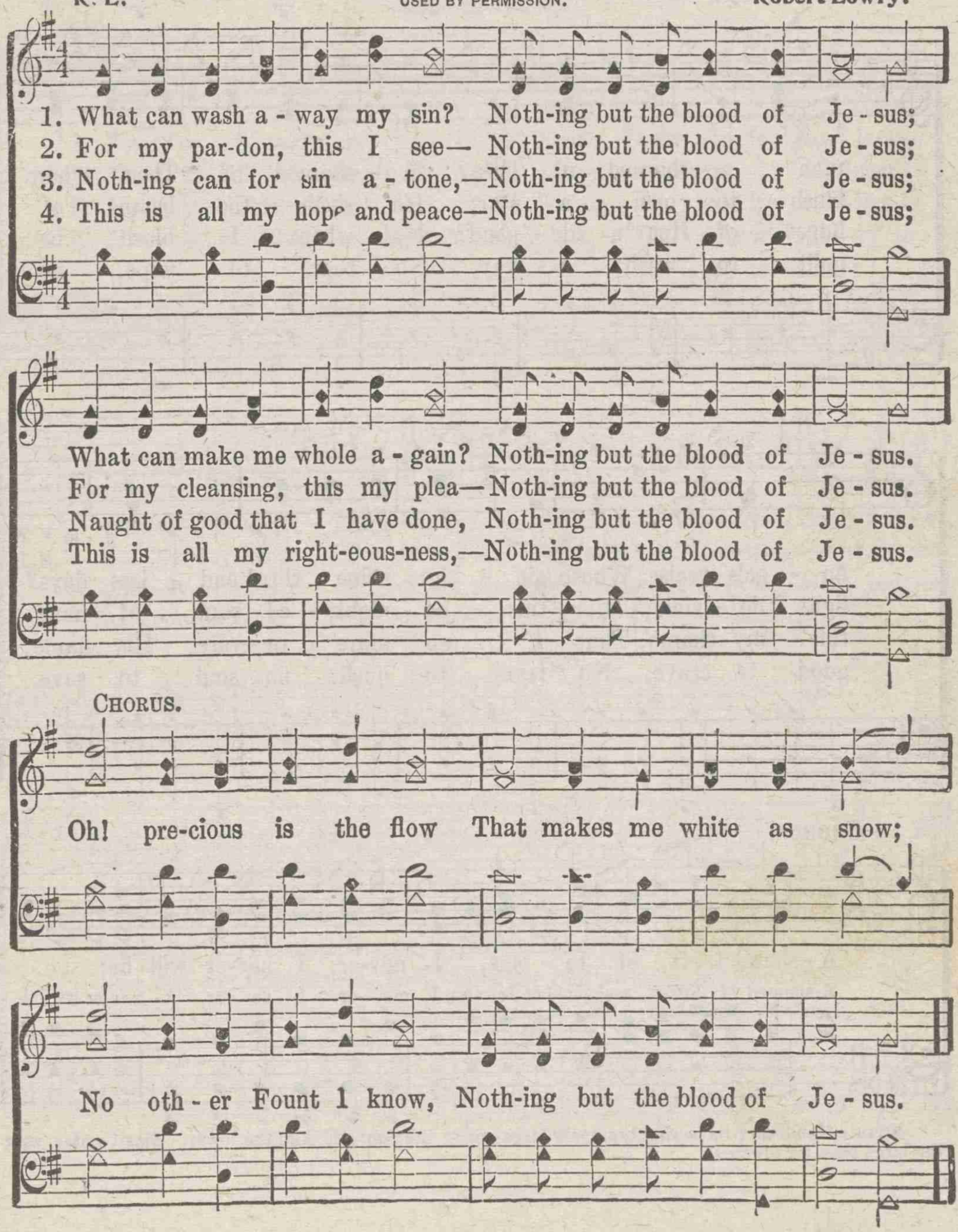
My Savior First of All.



No. 93. Nothing But the Blood.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL.
USED BY PERMISSION.

R. L. Robert Lowry.



No. 94. Ashamed of Jesus.

Joseph Griggs. COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O. EXCELL. **E. O. Excell.**

1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor - tal man a - shamed of Thee? A - shamed of Thee, whom
2. A - shamed of Je - sus! soon - er far Let eve - ning blush to own a star; He sheds the beams of
3. A - shamed of Je - sus! that dear Friend, On whom my hopes of Heav'n de - pend? No! when I blush be
4. A - shamed of Je - sus! yes, I may, When I've no guilt to wash a - way, No tear to wipe, no

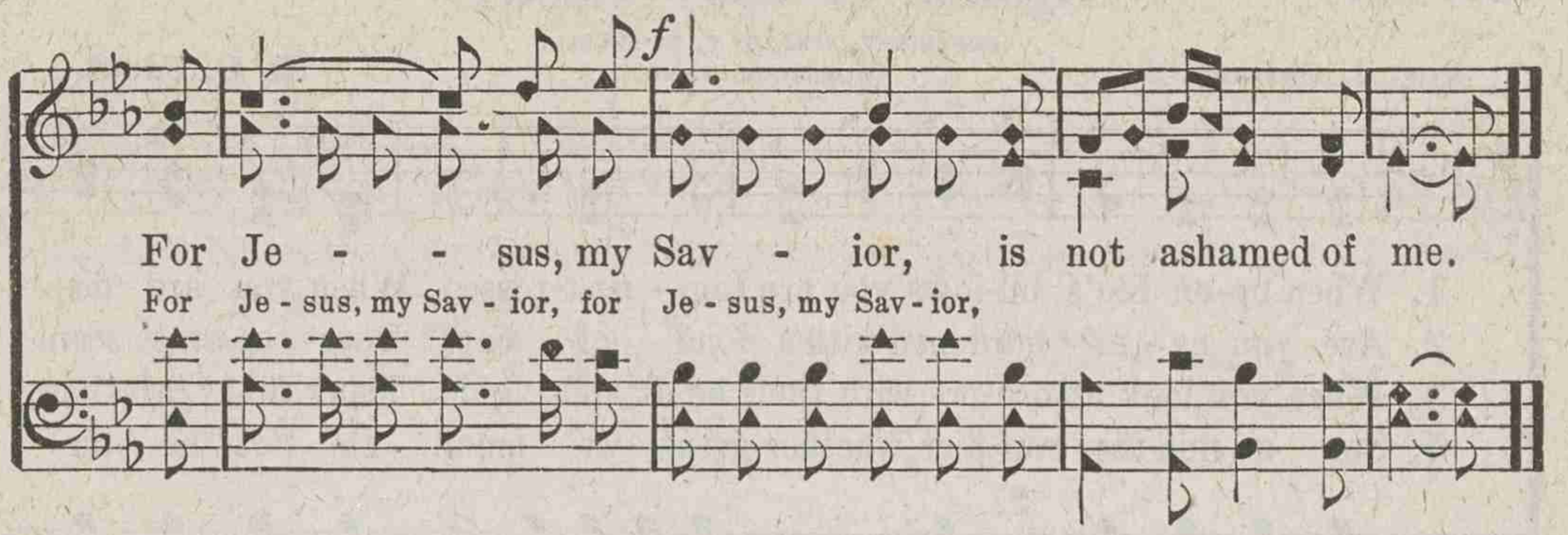
an - gels praise, Whose glo - ries shine thro' end - less days?
light de - vine O'er this be - night - ed soul of mine.
this my shame, That I no more re - vere His name.
good to crave, No fears to quell, no soul to save.

CHORUS.

A - shamed.... of Je - sus, I nev-er, I nev-er will be;.....
A-shamed of Je-sus, a-shamed of Je - sus, I nev - er, I nev - er, I nev-er will be;

NOTE:—Tenor and Bass sing the upper large notes; the Sop. and Alto the lower. Small notes with the large ones for organist.

Ashamed of Jesus.



No. 95. Nearer, Still Nearer.

C. H. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY H. L. GILMOUR, WENONAH, N. J.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.



No. 96. Count Your Blessings.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. E. O. Excell.

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

couraged, thinking all is lost, Count your man-y blessings, name them one by
heav - y you are called to bear? Count your man-y blessings, ev-'ry doubt will
promised you His wealth un-told; Count your man-y blessings, money can - not
cour-aged, God is o - ver all; Count your man-y blessings, an-gels will at-

one, And it will surprise you what the Lord hath done.
fly, And you will be singing as the days go by. Count your blessings, Name them
buy Your reward in Heaven, nor your home on high.
tend, Help and comfort give you to your journey's end.

CHORUS.

Count your many blessings,

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

Count Your Blessings.

rit.

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

No. 97. Somebody.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY W. S. WEEDEN.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

John R. Clements. W. S. Weeden.

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

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

rit.

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

No. 98. What a Gathering That Will Be.

J. H. K. USED BY PERMISSION. J. H. Kurzenknabe.

1. At the sound-ing of the trumpet, when the saints are gathered home,
2. When the an - gel of the Lord proclaims that time shall be no more,
3. At the great and fi - nal judgment, when the hid - den comes to light,
4. When the gold - en harps are sound-ing, and the an - gel bands pro-claim

We will greet each oth - er by the crys - tal sea, With the
We shall gath - er, and the saved and ransomed see, Then to
When the Lord in all His glo - ry we shall see, At the
In tri-um-phant strains the glo - rious ju - bi - lee, Then to

crys - tal sea,

friends and all the loved ones, there a - wait - ing us to come,
meet a - gain to - geth - er, on the bright ce - les - tial shore,
bid - ding of our Sav - ior, "Come, ye bless - ed, to My right,"
meet and join to sing the song of Mo - ses and the Lamb,

FINE. CHORUS.

D. S.—What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be! What a gath - -

What a gath'ring of the

'ring, gath - - 'ring, At the sounding of the glorious ju-bi-

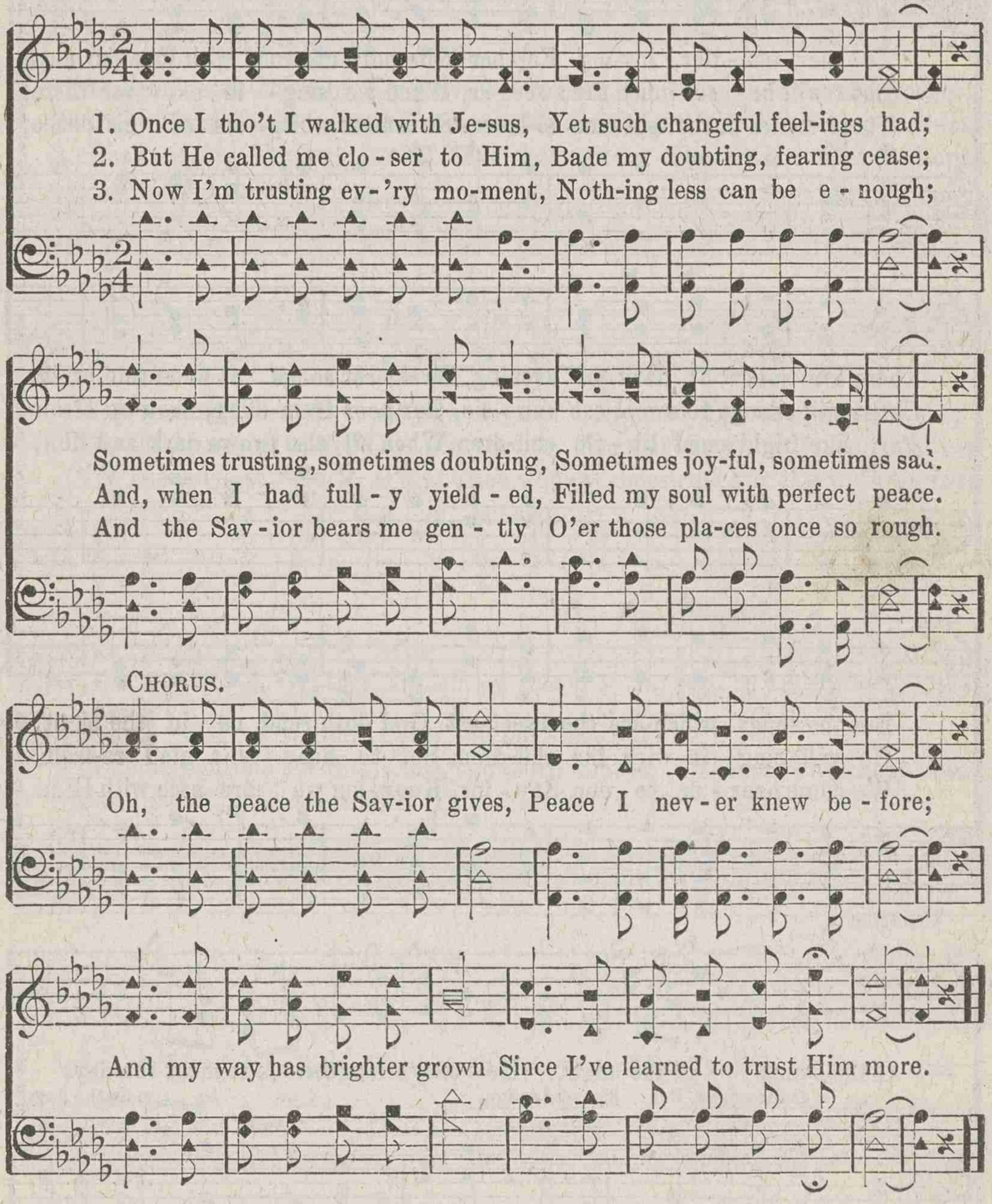
loved ones, when we'll meet with one an - oth - er,

What a Gathering That Will Be.



No. 99. Since I've Learned to Trust Him More.

F. A. B. COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY W. E. PENN. F. A. Blackmer.



No. 100. Songs In the Night.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY ROBT. H. COLEMAN.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. M. Sherman. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. There are sweet-est songs at morn-ing, Joy-ous songs of love and praise
2. It may be a mi - nor ca-dence, We have learned in pain and care,
3. When the mid-night darkness gath-ers, And the mid - day fan-cies cease,

To the ten - der, lov-ing Fa-ther Who hath crowned with love our days;
But 'twill be so much the sweet-er, When we sing it o - ver there;
There comes in the sol-emn si-lence, Sweet-est whisp - ers of his peace;

There are songs at dark of evening, Sweet-est songs at noon-tide bright,
Christ will change to sweet-est mu - sic, Our poor trem-bling, brok-en strain;
For, like fright-ened lit - tle chil-dren, When all else grows dark and dim,

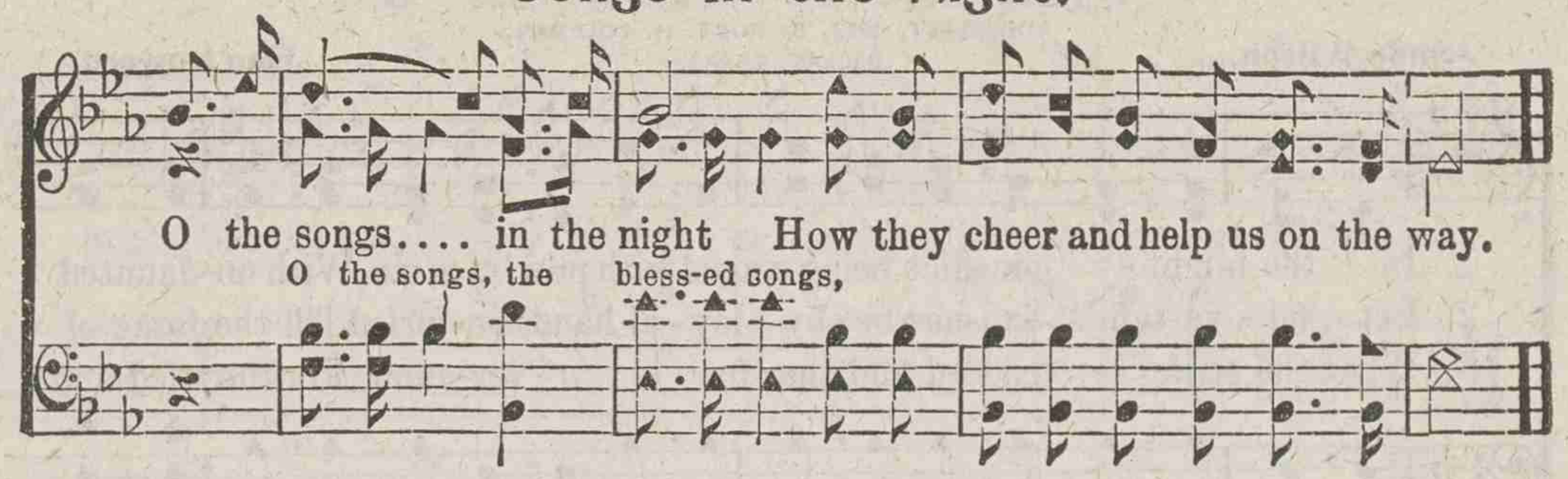
But the songs which are the sweet-est God doth send us in the night.
He will sing it with his chil-dren, Set to heav - en's glad re-frain.
We come near - er to our Sav - ior, Know-ing we are safe with Him.

CHORUS.

O the songs of the night, How they strengthen us to meet the day;

O the songs, the bless-ed songs, us to meet the day;

Songs In the Night.



No. 101. Patient 'Neath Thy Hand, Lord.

Flora Kirkland. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEX. **Howard E. Smith.**



No. 102. For the Honor of Our King.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY ROBT. H. COLEMAN,
DALLAS, TEXAS.

Jennie Wilson. Jean Howard.

1. In the might - y con-flict being waged with pow'rs of sin, With un-daunted cour-age seek the vic - to-ry to win; Thro' the Chris-tian ar - my let the thrill-ing watchword ring, "Be a faith-ful sol-dier for the hon-or of the King."
2. Let sal - va-tion's ban-ner be by loy - al hands un-furled Till the fame of Je - sus shall be known thro' all the world; High a-bove all oth - ers He will reign for-ev-er-more, While with love all na-tions of the earth His name a-dore.
3. When the strife is end-ed and the foe is o - ver-come, For the tried and true ones there will be a hap-py home, In the realms e - ter-nal where they songs of triumph sing, Vie-ing with the an-gels for the hon-or of our King.

CHORUS.

For the hon - or of our King, for the hon - or of our King, Zeal that does not fal-ter to His blessed service bring; Looking to the prize gleaming

For the Honor of our King.



No. 103. Sound the Battle Cry.

USED BY PERMISSION OF THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO.

Vigorously, in march time. **Wm. F. Sherwin.**

No. 104. I Will Shout His Praise in Glory.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY JOHN R. SWENEY.
USED BY PER. OF MRS. L. E. SWENEY.

P. H. Dingman. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. You ask what makes me happy, my heart so free from care, It is because my
2. I was a friendless wand'rer till Je - sus took me in, My life was full o.
3. I wish that ev-'ry sinner before His throne would bow; He waits to give them
4. I mean to live for Jesus while here on earth I stay, And when His voice shall

Sav - ior in mer - cy heard my prayer; He bro't me out of dark - ness, and
sor - row, my heart was full of sin; But when the blood, so precious, spoke
wel - come, He longs to bless them now; If they but knew the rap - ture that
call me to realms of end - less day, As one by one we gath - er, re-

now the light I see; O bless-ed, lov-ing Sav-ior! to Him the praise shall be.
par-don to my soul, O bliss-ful, bliss-ful moment! 'twas joy beyond control.
in His love I see, They'd come and shout salvation, and sing His praise with me.
joic-ing on the shore, We'll shout His praise in glory, and sing for-ev-er-more.

CHORUS.

I will shout His praise in glo-ry, And we'll all sing hallelujah in

So will I, so will I,

I Will Shout His Praise in Glory.



No. 105. At the Cross.

Isaac Watts. COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY R. E. HUDSON. R. E. Hudson.



No. 106. In His Bright Glory-Land.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY ROBT. H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEXAS.

James Rowe. Jean Howard.

1. A - bove the star - ry skies, My home e - ter - nal lies, There
2. In this e - ter - nal home No care will ev - er come, And
3. If we but love Him well, And oft His sto - ry tell, His

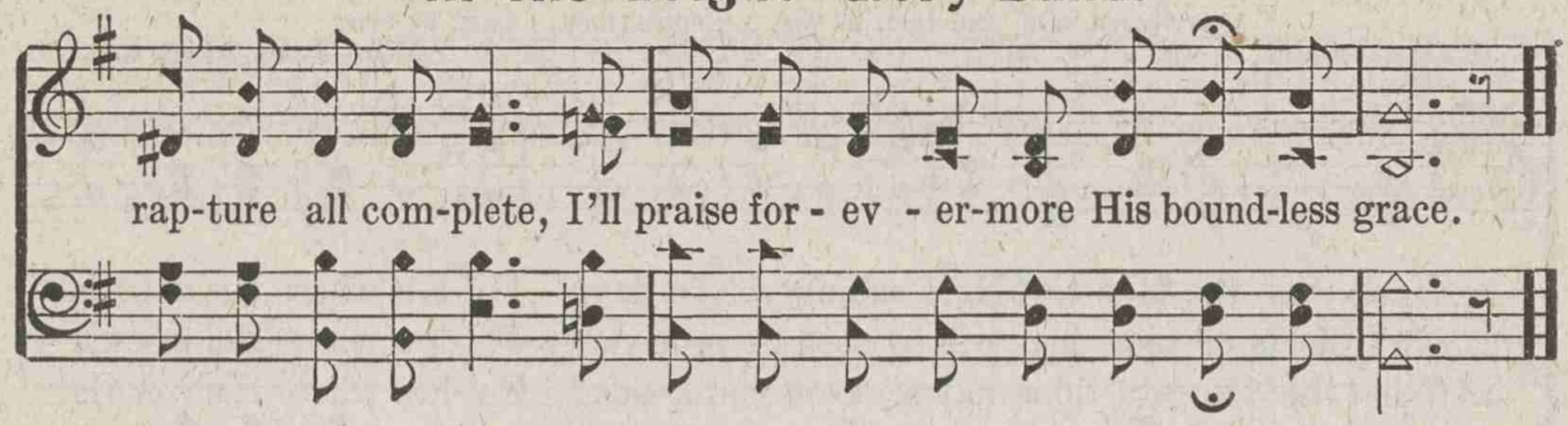
all the streets are paved with purest gold; And there some happy morn, When
grief and pain will nev-er en - ter there; And there shall be no night, For
bless-ed Glo - ry - land we all shall view; And there for - ev - er-more Our

tri - als all are borne, The Lamb who died for me I shall be - hold.
Christ will be the light, And life will be for - ev - er sweet and fair.
Sav - ior Lord a - dore, And joys of life will be for - ev - er new.

CHORUS.

In His bright Glo - ry - land, Where saints im - mor - tal stand, My
hap - py soul will meet Him face to face; Then in His presence sweet, With

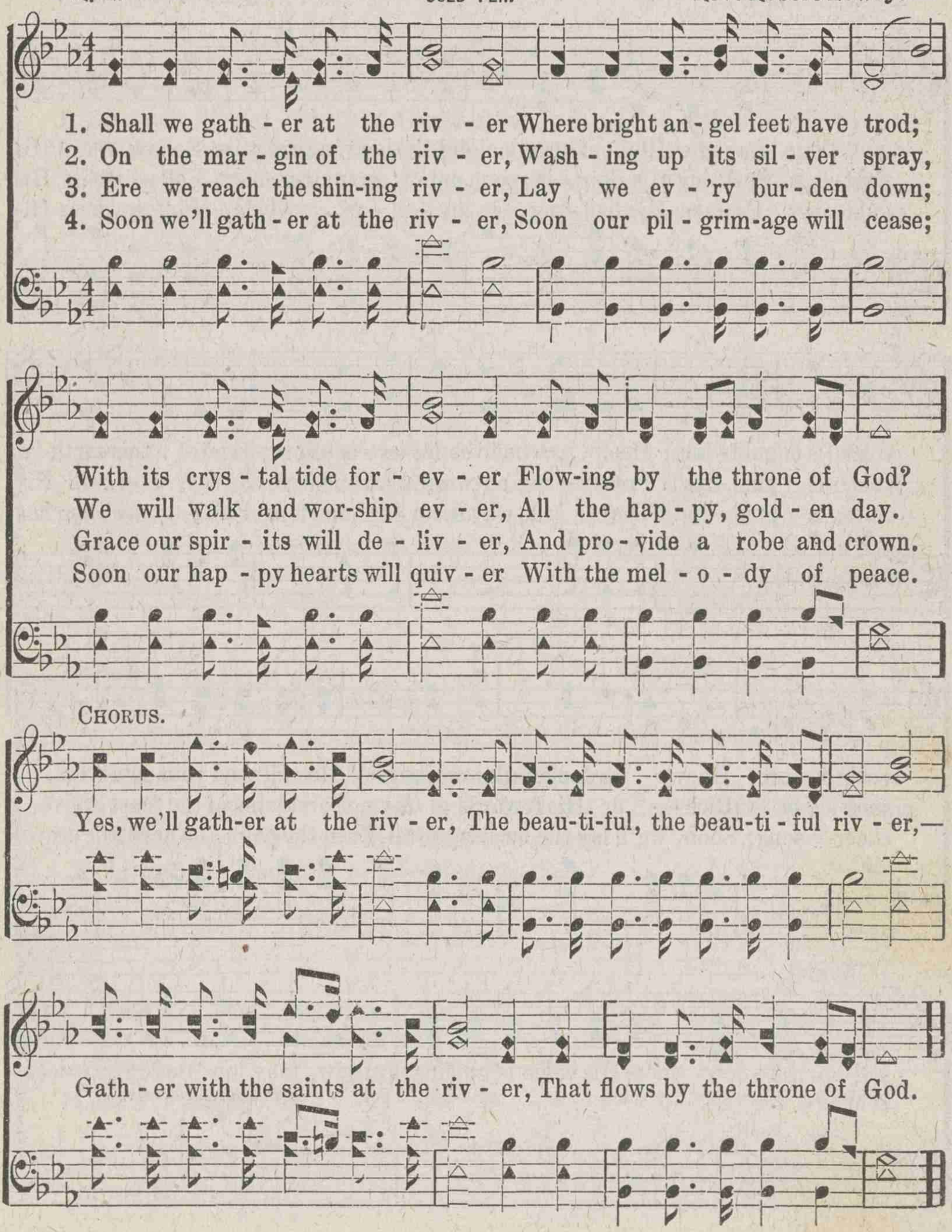
In His Bright Glory-Land.



No. 107. Beautiful River.

COPYRIGHT PROPEPTY OF MARY RUNYON LOWRY.
USED PER.

R. L. Rev. Robert Lowry.



No. 108. Where His Voice is Guiding.

COPYRIGHT, 1893, AND 1906, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. USED BY PER.

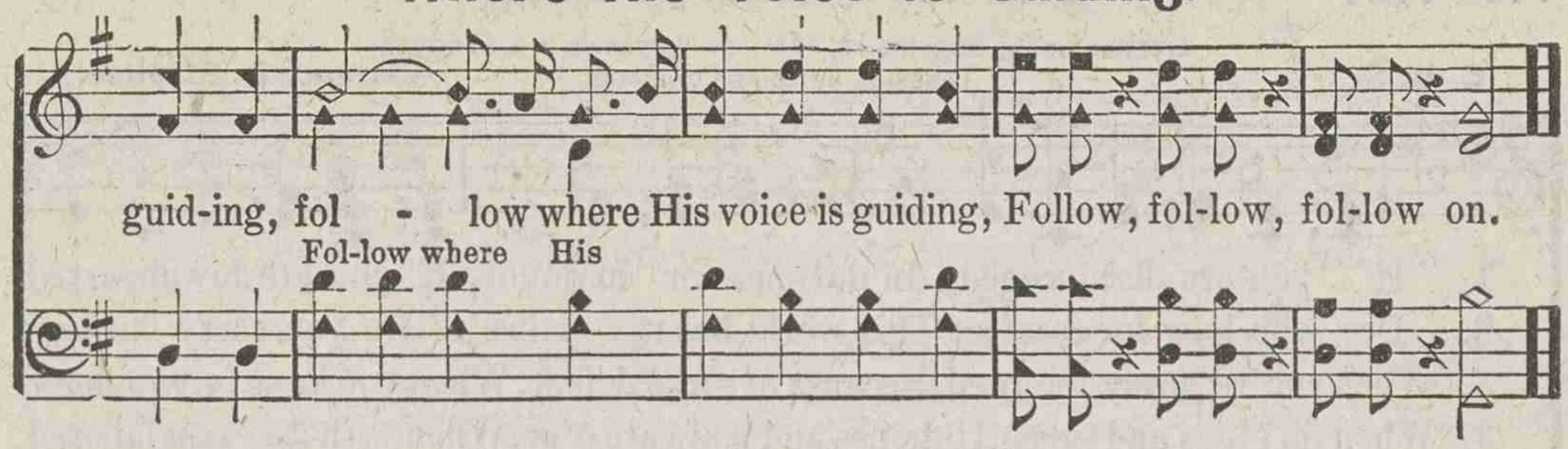
E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Hark, 'tis the Mas-ter! He's calling you to-day, Fol-low where His voice is guid-ing; Look for His foot-prints along the heav'nward way, Follow where His voice is guid-ing.
2. New fields of bless-ing will o-pen to your view, Fol-low where His voice is guid-ing; Seek-ing His Spir-it your dai-ly strength re-new, Follow where His voice is guid-ing.
3. What tho' temp-ta-tions may beck-on you a-side? Fol-low where His voice is guid-ing; Un-der His ban-ner in loy-al-ty a-bide, Follow where His voice is guid-ing. He . . . who lives for-ev-er-more, Trod . . this earth-ly path be-fore, Knows its dangers, knows its grief, He will send your soul relief.
   Press-ing on-ward, glad and free, Sweet-er will His serv-ice be, Rich-er His rewards of love, Foretastes of the feast above.
   Tho' the way seem hard and long, Faith will sing her cheer-y song; Soon we'll lay the burdens down, Then the palm, the harp, the crown.

CHORUS.

Fol-low, fol-low where His voice is guiding, Fol-low, fol-low where His voice is
Fol-low where His voice is guid-ing, Fol-low where His voice is

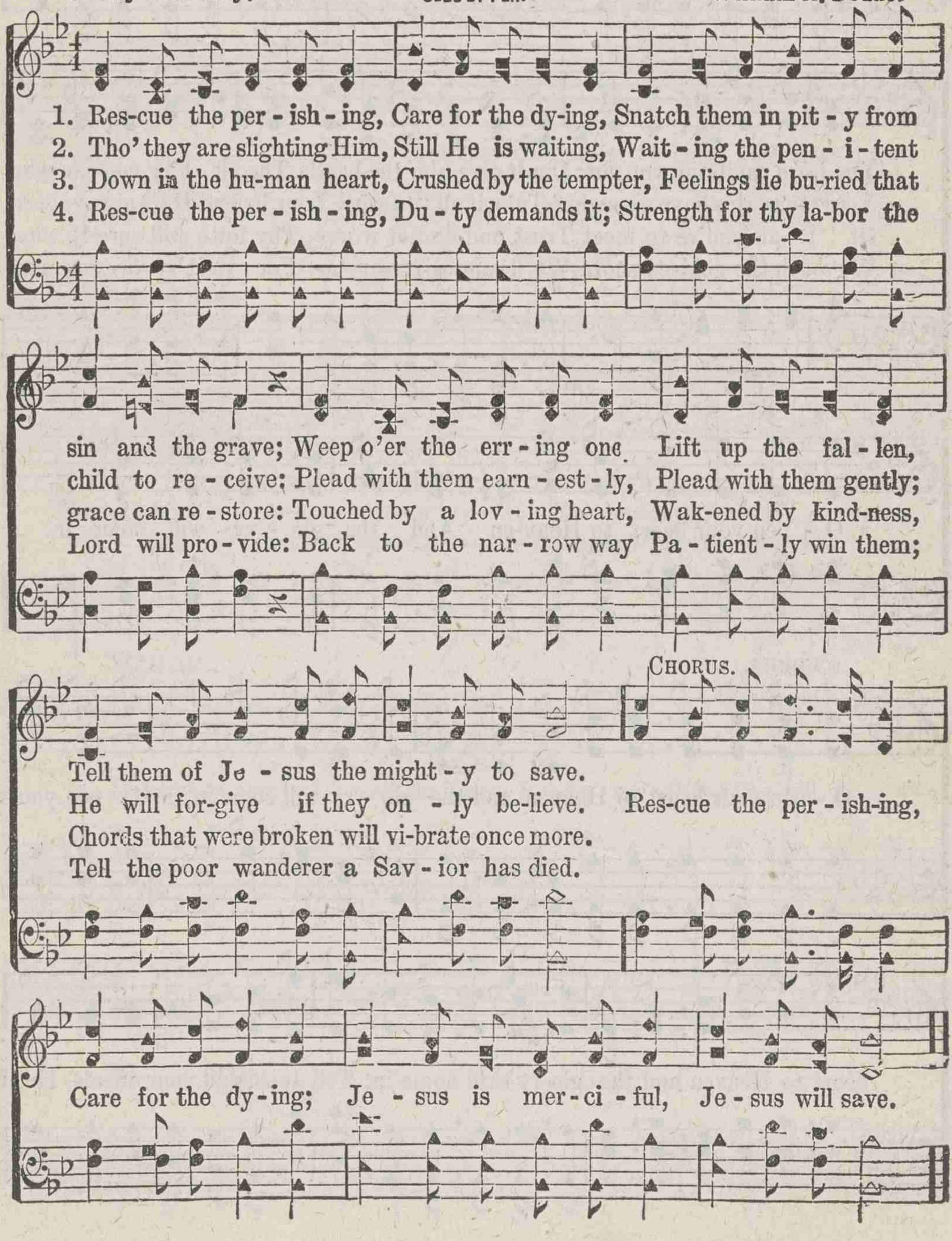
Where His Voice Is Guiding.



No. 109. Rescue the Perishing.

W. H. DOANE OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.
USED BY PER.

Fanny J. Crosby. William H. Doane.



No. 110. The New Glory Song.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY BIEDERWOLF & STROUSE.
LAKESIDE BUILDING, CHICAGO.

C. B. S. Clarence B. Strouse.

1. If you are discouraged, In darkness or in doubt, If you are downhearted,
2. Do you long for comfort This world has nev-er bro't? Do you carry burdens,
3. When you're sorely tempted, Because of some defeat, When you have forebodings
4. When life's joys and sorrows, Its hopes and fears are o'er, When with those we've labored,

The Lord can bring you out; Don't give o'er the battle, The vic - t'ry you can win,
Your many sins have wrought? Take it all to Jesus; Your Friend He's always been,
Of tri-als you're to meet, Trust and do not worry, Thy faith will sure-ly win,
We reach the gold-en shore, We'll rejoice for-ev - er, For vic-t'ry o - ver sin,

O - pen your heart to Heav-en And the glo - ry will come in.

CHORUS.

O - pen your heart to Heaven and the glo - ry will come in, O - pen your

heart to Heaven and the glo-ry will come in; Tell Je-sus all your tri-als, He'll

The New Glory Song.



No. 111. Open My Eyes, That I May See.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY CLARA M. SCOTT. OWNED BY THE EVANGELICAL PUBLISHING CO., CHICAGO.

C. H. S. Chas. H. Scott.



No. 112. His Love is Far Better Than Gold.

A. H. A. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO. Rev. A. H. Ackley.

1. The love of the Christ is so pre - cious, That no mor - tal its
2. He meets ev - 'ry need with the prom-ise, No good thing from His
3. My heart ev - er yearns with a long - ing, To be - hold the great

wealth can un-fold; His grace is a store-house of rich - es to me, His
own to with-hold; So dai - ly I trust in the Cru - ci - fied One, His
joy of my soul, For - ev - er to dwell in the pres-ence of Him, Whose

CHORUS.

love is far bet - ter than gold. His love..... is far
His love is far bet - -

bet - ter than gold,..... Its full - - ness can nev - er be
ter, far bet - ter than gold, Its full-ness can nev - - er can

told,..... It makes..... me an heir to the
nev - er be told, It makes me an heir to the

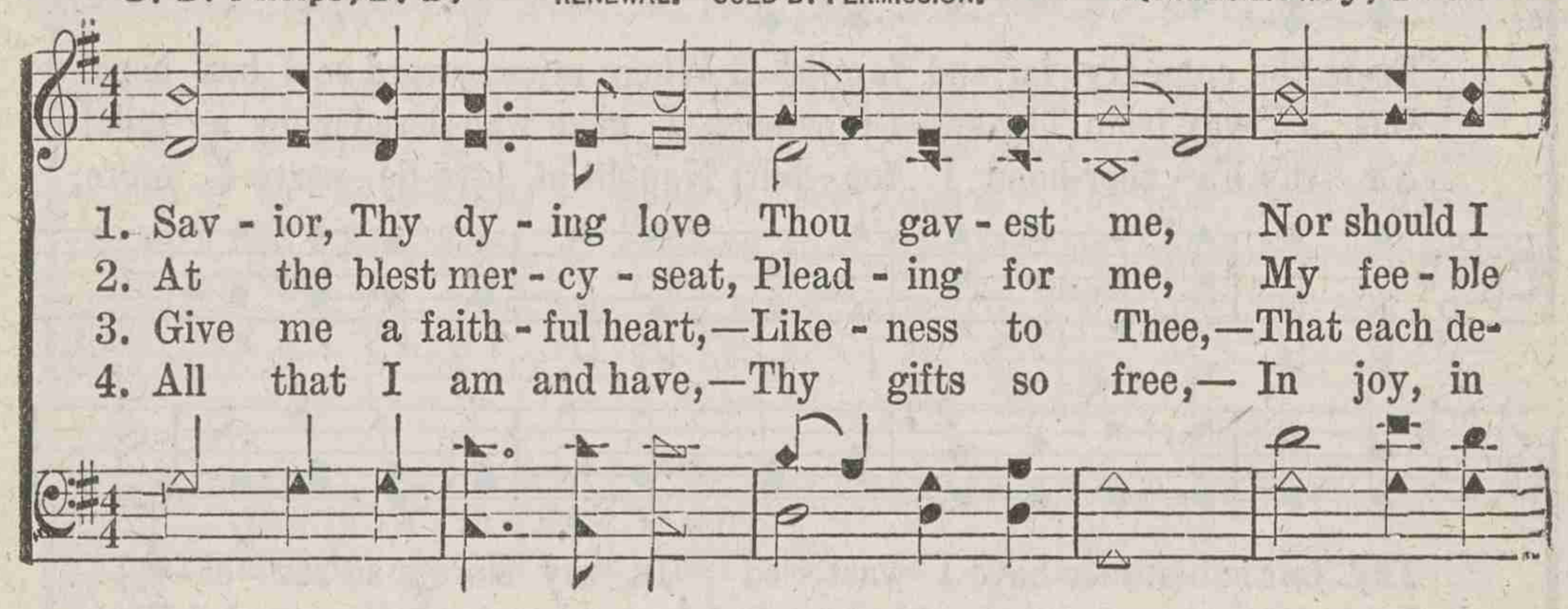
His Love is Far Better Than Gold.



No. 113 Something for Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY ROBERT LOWRY.
RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION.

S. D. Phelps, D. D. Robert Lowry, D. D.



No. 114. Run to Meet Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY ROBT. H. COLEMAN.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

Louis M. Waterman. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Run to meet me, O my Fa-ther, As my jour - ney I be - gin,
2. Run to meet me, O my Fa-ther! I am struggling tow'rd Thy smile;
3. Run to meet me, O my Fa-ther! My re-volt hath grieved Thee sore;

From the coun-try far and fam-ished Where my wayward soul has been!
But a - way from Thy sweet pres-ence I have wan-dered many a mile!
All thy Fa - ther-hood I for - feit; Naught of love de - serve I more;

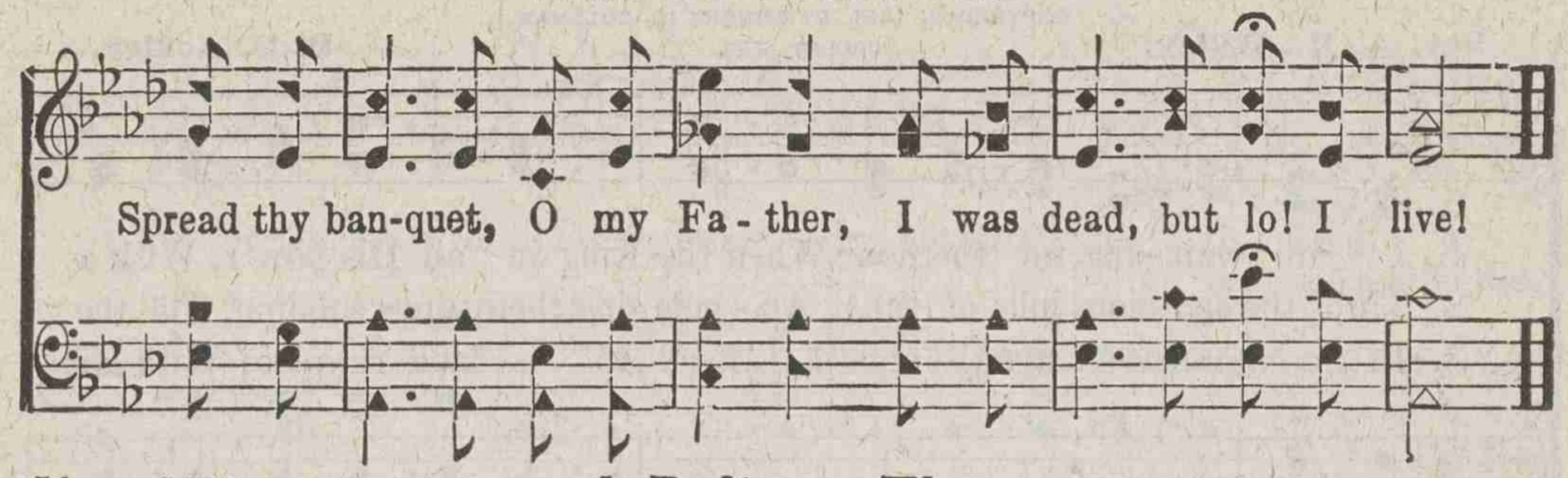
Thy fair sub-stance have I wast - ed In my sin's mad rev - el - ry;
Back o'er sea and moor and mountain I have turned my face tow'rd Thee;
But a - cross the gulf that sev - ers— On the brow of Cal - va - ry,

I am help - less; I am hun - gry; I am hast'ning home to Thee!
But the way sweeps far and path-less— O my Fa - ther, come to me!
By the riv - en side of Je - sus— Fa-ther, meet and par - don me!

CHORUS.

Bring thy ring, thy robe, thy sand-als! To thy lost one wel-come give!

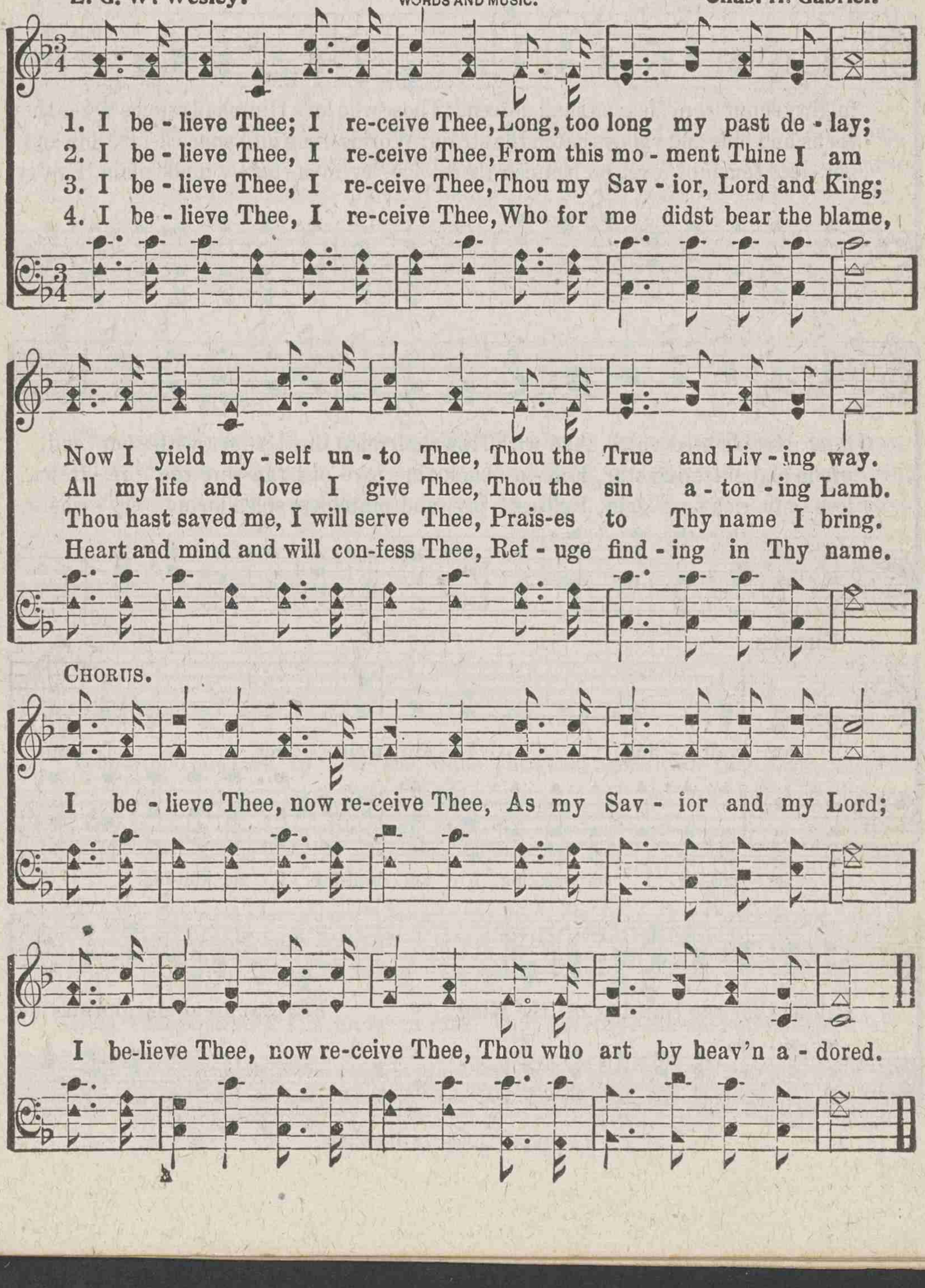
Run to Meet Me.



No. 115. I Believe Thee.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY ROBT. H. COLEMAN.

E. G. W. Wesley. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.



No. 116. Waiting For the King.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN,
DALLAS, TEX.

Rev. A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.

1. I am wait-ing for the hour When the King in all His pow'r, With a mighty shout from Heaven shall descend: Those who love Him shall rejoice When they hear His bless-ed voice, And with Him shall reign thro' a-ges with-out end.
2. Thro' the spa-cious hills of time An-gels sing their songs sublime, Till the rocks and hills and valleys catch the strain; Worlds flung into space a-far, Sun and moon and glittering star, Ech-o back in joy-ous rap-ture the re-frain.
3. In a moment changed complete, Lift-ed to a land re-plete With His per-fect touch of love, no blemish there; Ev-'ry mys-ter-y made plain, Ev-'ry loss my rich-est gain, Full-est joy and matchless splendor ev-'ry-where.

CHORUS.

I am wait-ing, I am wait-ing, I am wait-ing, I am wait-ing, I am wait-ing, I am wait-ing, I am wait-ing, I am wait-ing, wait-ing for the com-ing of the King; For that great and glorious day for the com-ing of the King;

Waiting For the King.

When the clouds are rolled away, I am waiting for the coming of the King. . .
for the com-ing of the King.

No. 117. Who Would Not Turn to Jesus?

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEX.

S. W. B. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. When wear-y grows the toil-some way, And faith would slip the tir - ed grasp,
2. When cherished hopes have ta-ken flight, And dark'ning dreads have settled down,
3. A won-drous comfort, true and blest, That in the midst of earth - ly cares,

The sink-ing heart then turns to Him Who bears us up with ten - der clasp.
'T is sweet to talk with Je - sus then, And think up - on the of-fered crown.
We have a ref - uge sure, complete In Him, who ev - 'ry bur - den shares.

CHORUS.

Who would not turn to Je - sus, when The heart needs more than earth can give?

rit.

Who would not seek His bless - ed face That in the soul one hope might live?

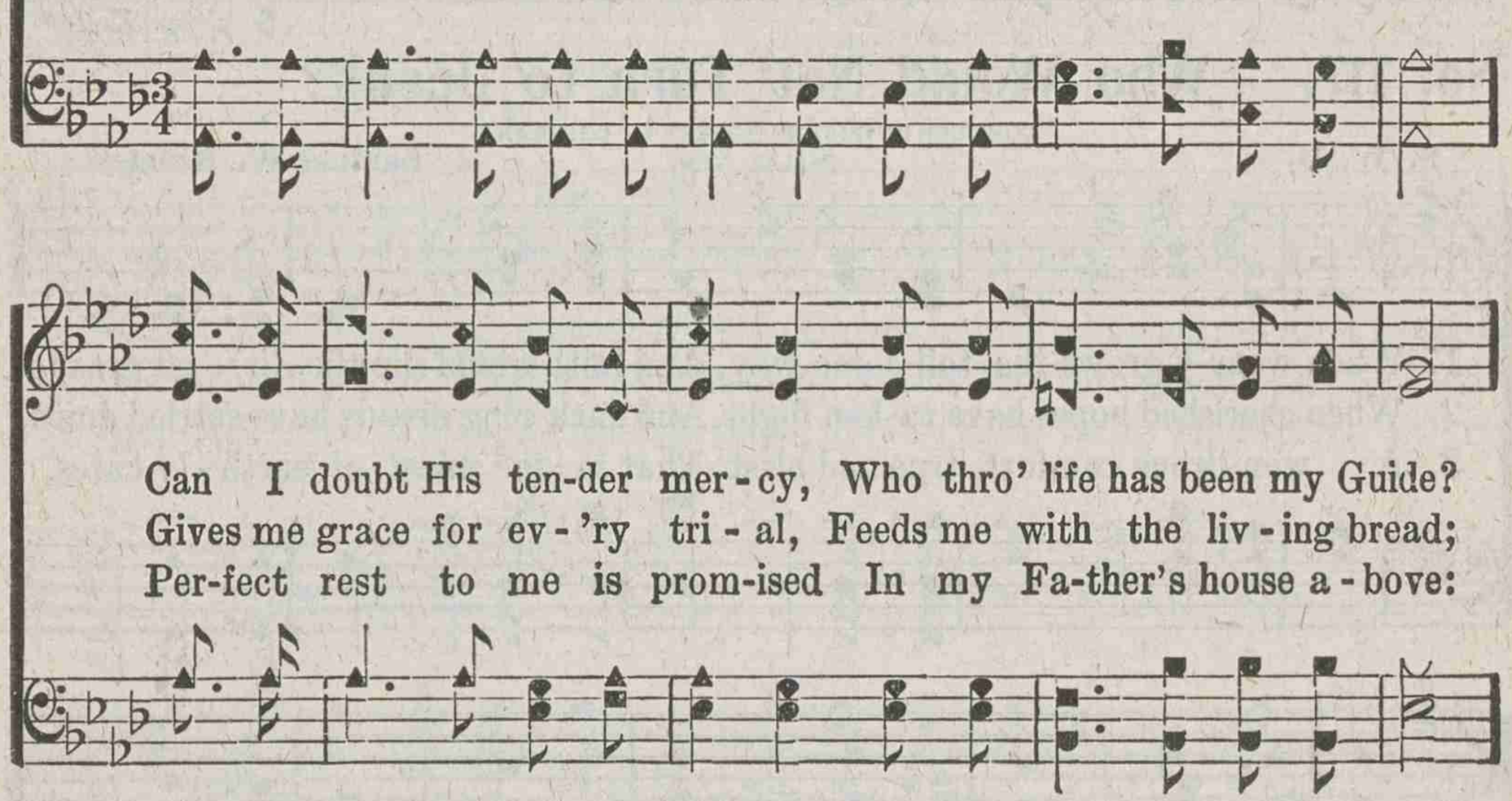
No. 118 All the Way My Savior Leads Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY.
RENEWAL. USED BY PER.

Fanny J. Crosby. **Rev. Robert Lowry.**



1. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; What have I to ask be - side?
2. All the way my Sav-ior leads me, Cheers each wind-ing path I tread,
3. All the way my Sav-ior leads me, O the ful - ness of His love!



Can I doubt His ten-der mer - cy, Who thro' life has been my Guide?
Gives me grace for ev - 'ry tri - al, Feeds me with the liv - ing bread;
Per-fect rest to me is prom-ised In my Fa-ther's house a - bove:

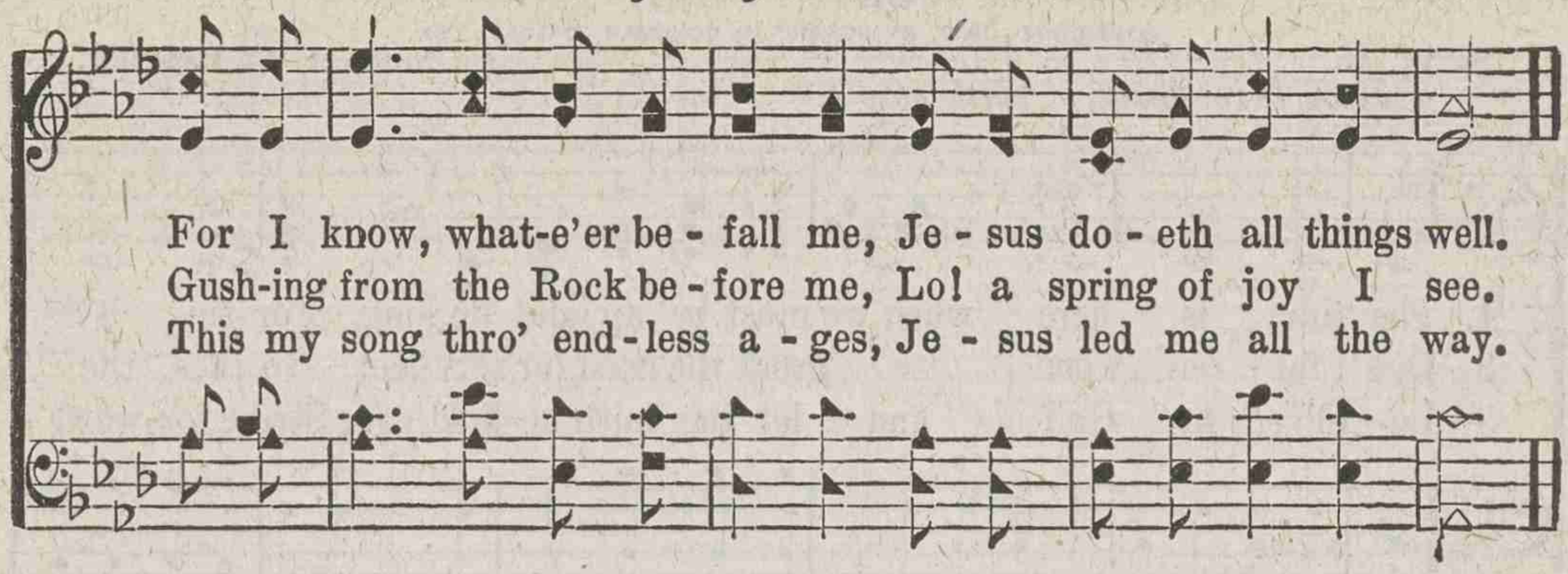
Heav'nly peace, di - vin - est com-fort, Here by faith n Him to dwell!
Tho' my wea - ry steps may fal - ter, And my soul a-thirst may be,
When my spir - it, clothed im-mor - tal, Wings its flight to realms of day,



For I know, what-e'er be - fall me, Je - sus do - eth all things well;
Gush-ing from the Rock be - fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I see;
This my song thro' end-less a - ges, Je - sus led me all the way;



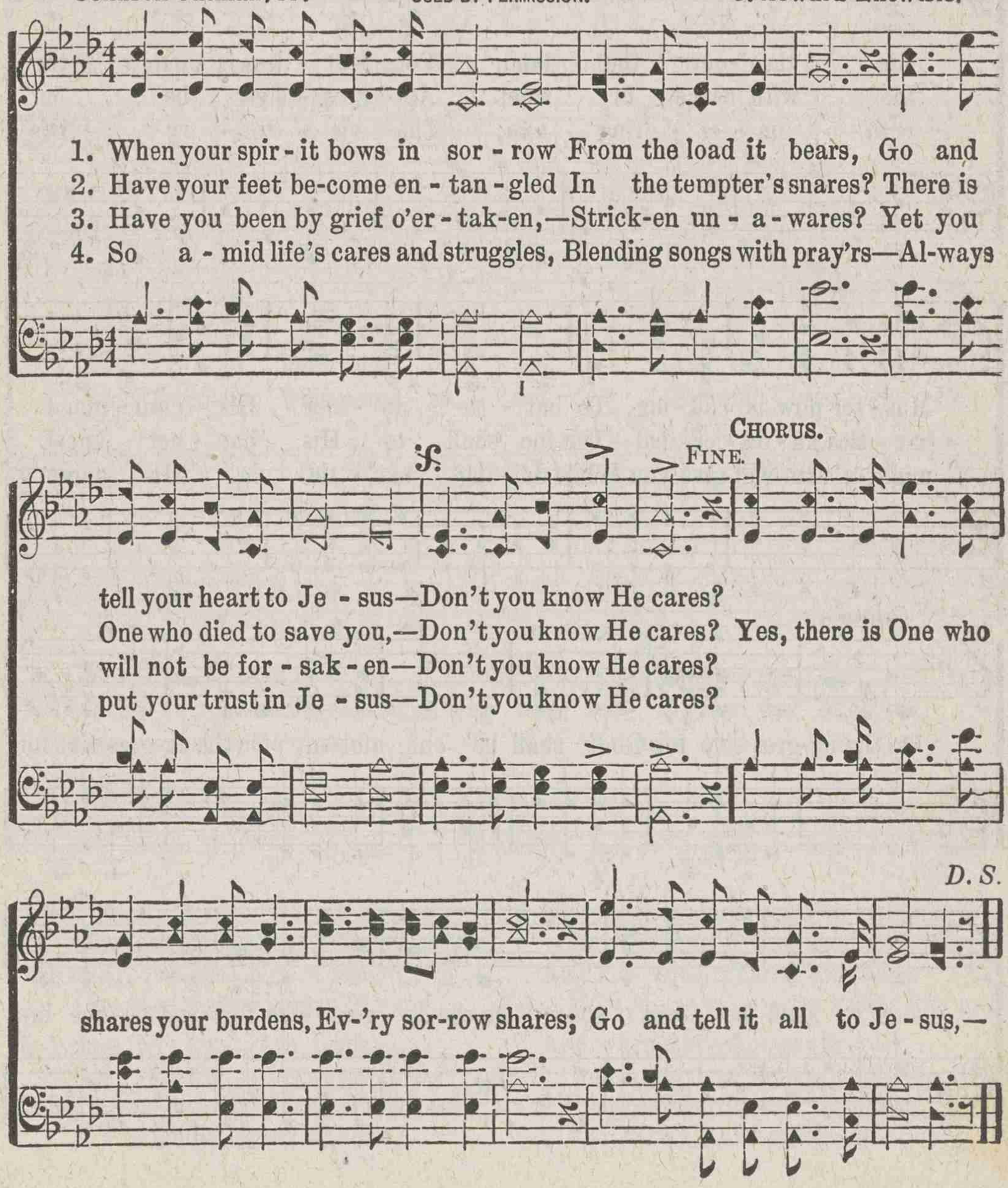
All the Way My Savior Leads Me.



No. 119. Don't You Know He Cares?

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY JOHN J. HOOD.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Johnson Oatman, Jr. **J. Howard Entwisle.**



No. 120 On the Aggressive For God.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEX.

S. W. B. Samuel W. Beazley.

Unison throughout. With spirit.

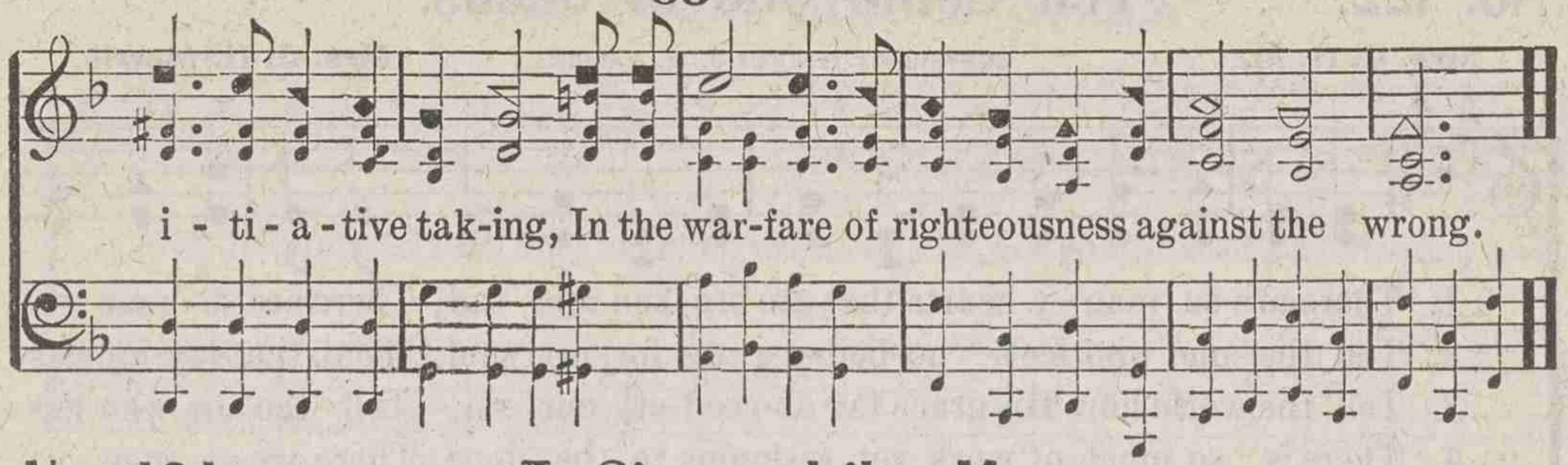
1. The time is here when we must be up and do - ing, For sin is rife thro'-out the land; For fear - less men the
2. Don't fal - ter when so great the need for serv-ice; Go face the foe with nerve of steel. Ag - gres - sive be in
3. Be - lieve in God and let this faith up-hold you; Strike for-ward with un - er - ring aim; The vic - to - ry His

Mas - ter now is call - ing, To bat - tle un - der His com - mand.
bat - tles un - de - ci - ded—The foe shall to His ban - ner kneel.
might-y arm will give you While do - ing bat - tle in His name.

CHORUS.

"On the ag-gres-sive for God" shall be our mot-to, "On the ag-gres-sive for God" shall be our song; "On the ag - gres - sive for God"—the in-

On the Aggressive For God.



No. 121. A Sinner Like Me.

C. J. B. USED BY PERMISSION. C. J. Butler.



4 I listened, and lo! 'twas the Savior
That was speaking so kindly to me;
I cried, I'm the chief of sinners,
Oh, save a poor sinner like me.

5 I then fully trusted in Jesus;
And oh, what a joy came to me!
My heart was filled with His praises,
For saving a sinner like me.

6 No longer in darkness I'm walking,
For the light is now shining on me,
And now unto others I'm telling
How He saved a poor sinner like me.

7 And when life's journey is over,
And I the dear Savior shall see,
I'll praise Him forever and ever,
For saving a sinner like me.

No. 122. Tell Some One of Jesus.

Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY J. M. HARRIS. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. There are so man - y hearts that are bro-ken and sad, There are so man - y
2. Tell the one who feels "no-bod-y cares for my soul," That the Sav-ior has
3. Tell the world how His grace far ex-ceed-eth our sin, Tell the one who has
4. There is so much of work yet re-mains to be done, There are so man - y

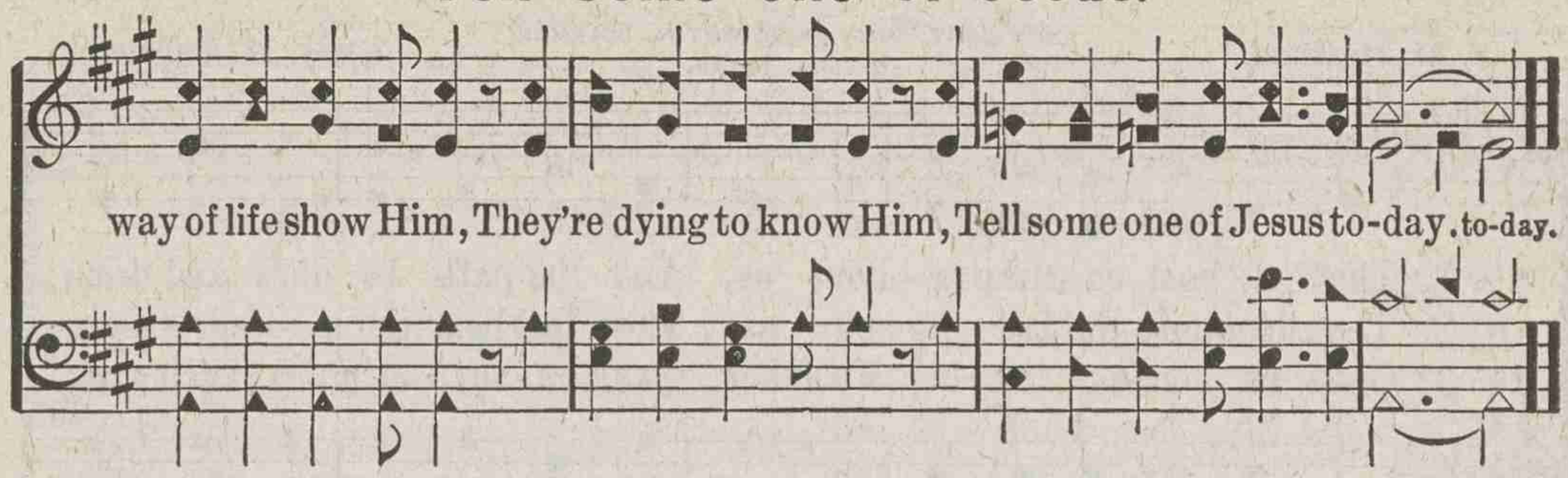
lives we can help to make glad, There are so man - y out on the
died and His blood will make whole, That there's hope at the cross and then
long - est im - pen - i - tent been, Tell the chief - est of sin-ners there's
souls which for Chrift must be won, And the time of sal - va - tion swift

CHORUS.

moun-tains a-stray, Tell some one of Je-sus to-day. . . .
point him the way, Tell some one of Je-sus to-day. . . . Tell some one of
wel - come al - way, Tell some one of Je-sus to-day. . . . Tell some
pass - es a - way, Tell some one of Je-sus to-day. to-day.

Je - sus to - day, ... Tell some one of Je-sus to - day; . . . . The
one of Je-sus to - day, Tell some one of Je - sus to - day;

Tell Some One of Jesus.



No. 123. I Gave My Life for Thee.

Frances R. Havergal. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. **P. P. Bliss.**



No. 124. I Shall Triumph.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEXAS.

V. M. Hatfield. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Tho' a host en-camp a - bout us, And the path be dark and drear;
2. Thou dost note the fall - ing spar - row; Thou dost hear the mourner's sigh:
3. Give us cour-age, lov - ing Fa - ther; Speak as - sur - ance to each soul;

Tho' temp-ta - tions hov - er o'er us, And our hearts be filled with fear;
In Thy word the truth is writ - ten, "I will guide thee with mine eye."
Guide our feet up - on the high - way That shall reach the heav'nly goal;

We will brave - ly bear the bur - dens Thou dost in Thy wis-dom send;
When our en - e-mies op - press us, Thou wilt shel - ter and de - fend;
Take a - way our weak de - sires, Bro - ken res - o - lu - tions mend;

Know - ing this that Thou hast promised We shall tri-umph in the end.
In our hearts we'll keep this say - ing, We shall tri-umph in the end.
Then we'll van-quish our op - pos - ers,—We shall tri-umph in the end.

CHORUS.

We shall win a glo-rious vic - t'ry, We shall o - ver-come the foe;
Gird Thy sword of truth up - on us; Be our nev - er - fail - ing Friend;

I Shall Triumph.

1

Trusting in the Lord our Captain, Forth to conquer we shall go.

to conquer we shall go.

2

We shall win, if Thou art with us; We shall tri-umph in the end.

No. 125. Over the Ocean Wave.

Mrs. J. W. Sampson. W. B. Bradbury.

1. O - ver the o - cean wave, far, far a - way, There the poor
2. Here in this hap - py land we have the light, Shin - ing from
3. Then, while the mis - sion ships glad ti - dings bring, List! as that

CHO.—*Pit - y them, pit - y them, Christians at home, Haste with the*

FINE.

hea - then live, wait - ing for day; Grop - ing in ig - no - rance,
God's own word, free, pure, and bright; Shall we not send to them
hea - then band joy - ful - ly sing, "O - ver the o - cean wave

bread of life, has - ten and come.

D. C. Chorus.

dark as the night, No bless - ed Bi - ble to give them the light:
Bi - bles to read, Teach-ers, and preachers, and all that they need?
O, see them come, Bring - ing the bread of life, guid-ing us home."

No. 126. One Vision of Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEXAS.

Rev. W. C. Poole. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. One vi - sion of Je - sus, one look on His face Is ev - er suf-
2. One vi - sion of Je - sus, when great is the fight, Gives strength for the
3. One vi - sion of Je - sus, when life shall be past, Will pay for the

fi - cient to ban - ish all trace Of sor - row or shad - ow; what
bat - tle, brings vic - t'ry for right; Gives faith, when de - feat - ed, to
voy - age, when an-chored at last; Thro' a - ges e - ter - nal, for-

ev - er the care, Go talk with the Mas - ter, go lin - ger in prayer.
ral - ly once more,— Go tell all to Je - sus, go talk it all o'er.
ev - er shall be, Clouds changed into glo - ry, when Je - sus I see.

CHORUS.

One vi - sion of Je - sus, while He's look - ing on me,....

Thro' all my life's bat - tles my glo - ry shall

Thro' all my life's bat - tles my

One Vision of Jesus.

be! . . . . . No foe can o'er-whelm me if He is but
glo - ry shall be! No foe can o'er-whelm me if

near, ... No harm can be - fall me, and noth-ing I fear.
He is but near,

No. 127. Why Not Now?

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY C. C. CASE.
USED BY PER.

El Nathan. C. C. Case.

1. While we pray, and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wan-dered far a - way; Do not risk an - oth - er day;
3. In the world you've failed to find Aught of peace for troub-led mind:
4. Come to Christ, con-fes - sion make; Come to Christ and par-don take;

While your Fa-ther calls you home, Will you not, my broth-er, come?
Do not turn from God your face, But, to - day, ac - cept His grace.
Come to Christ, on Him be - lieve, Peace and joy you shall re - ceive.
Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.

CHORUS.

Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Jesus now?
Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Je - - - sus now?

No, 128. On the Great Highway,

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY R. A. WALTON.
W. E. BIEDERWOLF, OWNER.

Jennie Ree. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. Onward up the King's great highway, Upward to the promis'd land, We are marching with a shout of triumph, For the Lord of hosts is in command;
2. Tho' the day be dark and drear-y, Tho' the stormy winds rush by, Yet we know the sun is brightly shin-ing Just beyond the clouds that veil the sky;

Stead-i-ly, our force in-creas-ing, On we go with songs of joy, For no
Onward, then, and upward, ev-er, Sing-ing, praising more and more, Till we

en-e-my shall hold the way be-fore us, Neither shall they frighten or de-stroy.
reach at last the promis'd land of beauty, And our days of marching all are o'er.

CHORUS.

On - ward at the King's command, Up - ward to the promis'd land,
On-ward, on-ward at the King's command, and Up-ward, up-ward to the promis'd land, now

On the Great Highway.

Moves the might-y ar - my of the Lord in proud ar-ray, To vic - to-ry and glo-ry, o'er the King's highway; Then vic-to-ry and glory o'er the King's highway.

No. 129. Almost Persuaded.

P. P. B. USED BY PER. OF THE JNO. CHURCH CO. P. P. Bliss.

1. "Al - most per-suad-ed," Now to be - lieve; "Al - most per-suad - ed,"
2. "Al - most per-suad-ed," Come, come to - day; "Al - most per-suad - ed,"
3. "Al - most per-suad-ed," Har - vest is past; "Al - most per-suad - ed,"

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

go thy way; Some more con - ve - nient day On Thee I'll call."
ling'r-ing near, Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear; O wan - d'rer come!
but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail—"Al - most—*but lost.*"

No. 130. It's Just Like His Great Love.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY CLARENCE B. STROUSE.
BIEDERWOLF & STROUSE, OWNERS.

Edna R. Worrell. **Clarence B. Strouse.**

1. A friend I have call'd Je - sus Whose love is strong and true, And nev - er fails how - e'er 'tis tried, No mat - ter what I do; I've sinn'd a-gainst this love of His, But when I knelt to pray Con - fess - ing all my
2. Sometimes the clouds of trou - ble Be - dim the sky a - bove, I can - not see my Sav - ior's face, I doubt His wondrous love; But He, from heaven's mer - cy - seat Be - hold - ing my de - spair, In pit - y bursts the
3. When sorrow's clouds o'ertake me, And break up-on my head, When life seems worse than use - less, And I were bet - ter dead; I take my grief to Je - sus then, Nor do I go in vain, For heav'n-ly hope He
4. O I could sing for - ev - er Of Je - sus' love di - vine, Of all His care and ten - der - ness For this poor life of mine; His love is in and o - ver all And wind and waves o - bey, When Je - sus whis - pers

CHORUS.

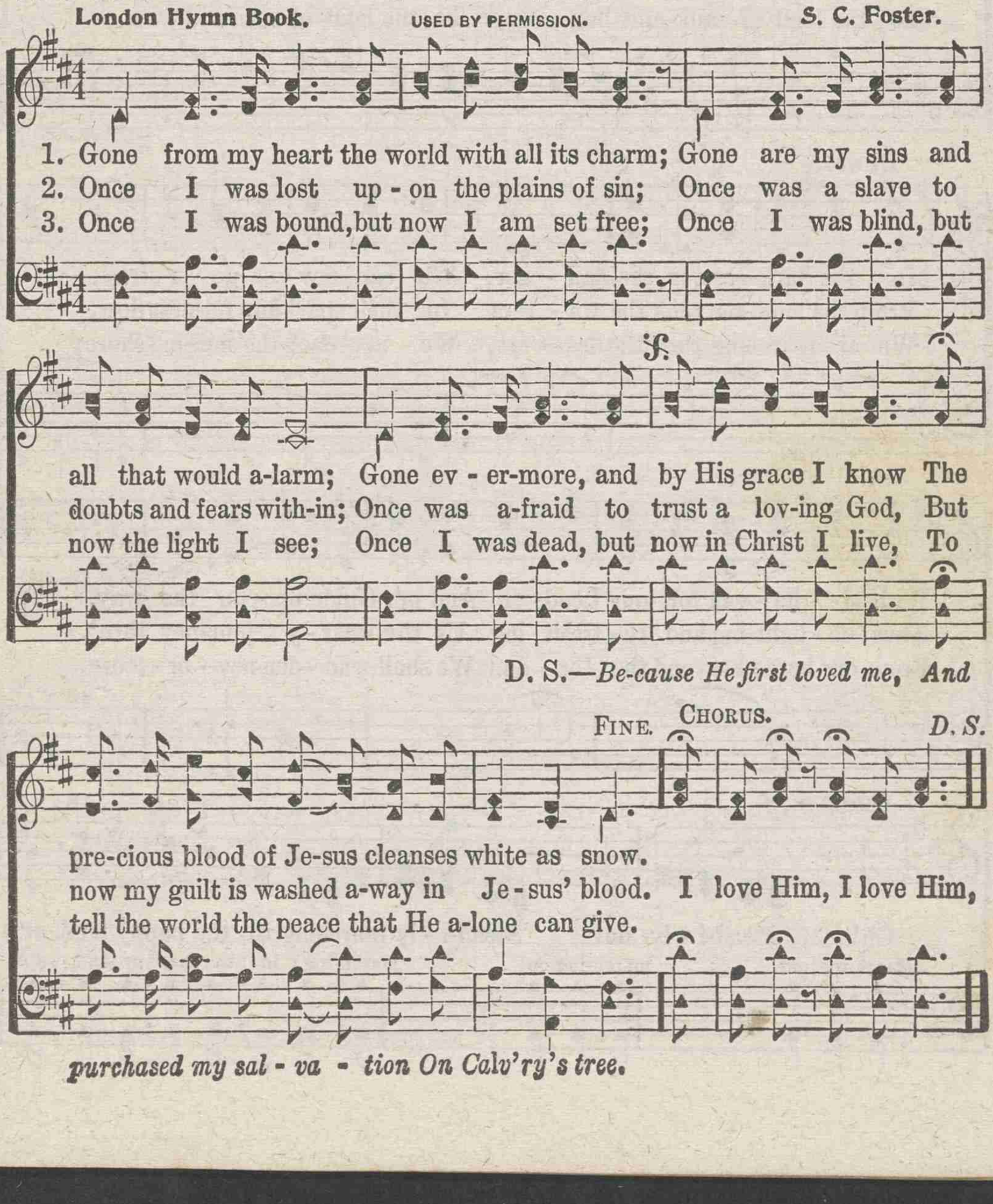
guilt to Him, The sin-clouds roll'd a - way.
clouds between, And shows me He is there. It's just like Je - sus to
gives that cheers, Like sunshine af - ter rain.
"Peace be still" And rolls the clouds a - way.

It's Just Like His Great Love.



No. 131. I Love Him.

London Hymn Book. USED BY PERMISSION. S. C. Foster.



No. 132. Marching on to Canaan.

Rev. M. L. Hofford. USED BY PERMISSION. W. A. Ogden.

1. We are marching on to Ca - naan, And Je-ho-vah is our Guide;
2. We are marching thro' the des - ert, And the manna all a - round
3. We are marching thro' the des - ert, To the promised land di - vine,

We are marching thro' the des - ert, He is ev - er at our side.
With the dew of night is fall - ing, And is cov-'ring all the ground.
To the land of milk and hon - ey, To the land of corn and wine.

DUET.

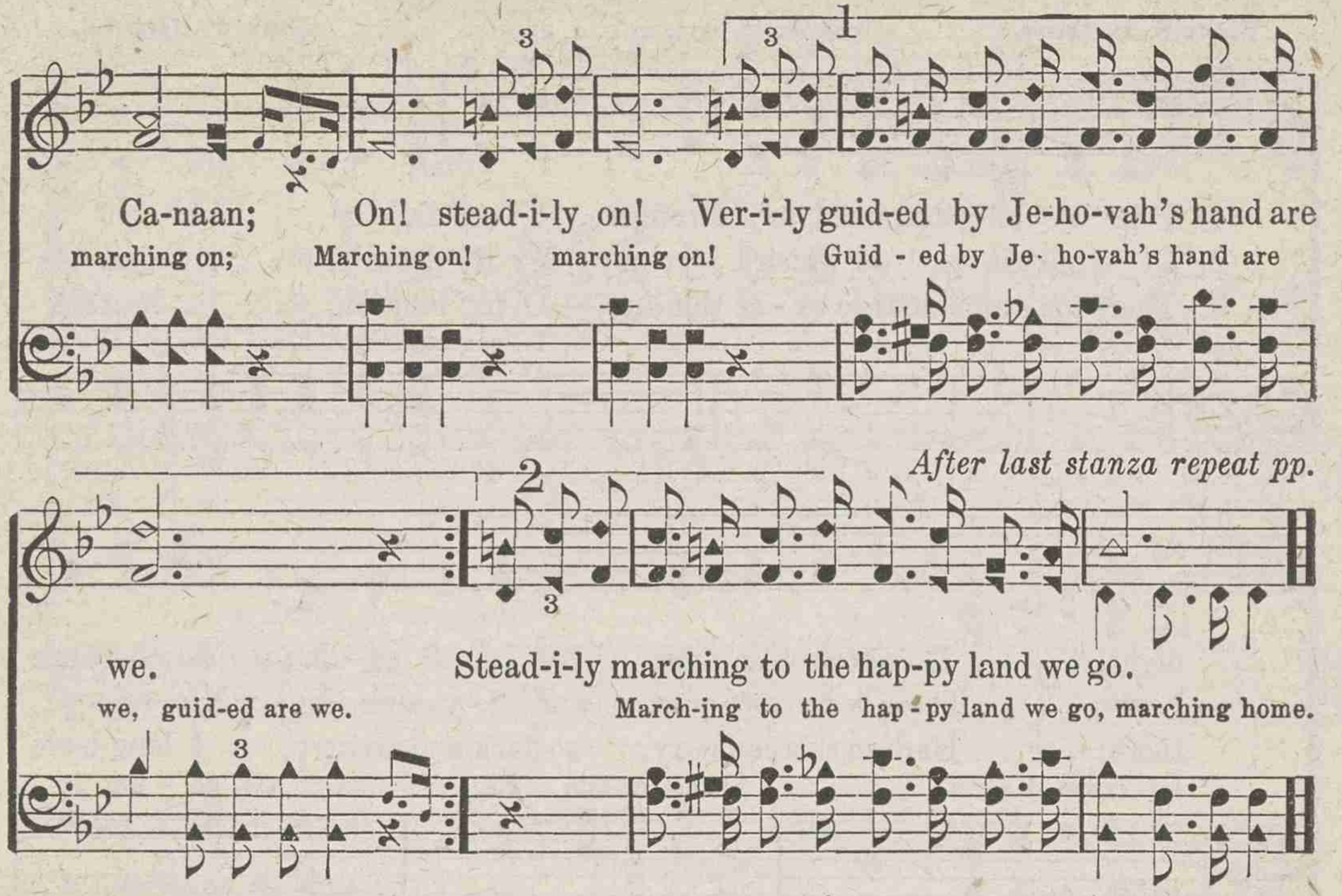
In the dark-ness, or the dan - ger, We can nev - er go a-stray,
From the smit-ten rock the wa - ters In their sparkling ful-ness flow,
We are marching thro' the des - ert, We approach the shin-ing shore;

With Je - ho - vah for our Lead - er And our Guide up - on the way.
Thus de - light-ing and re - fresh - ing Us the wear - y jour-ney thro'.
From our home be-yond the Jor - dan We shall wan - der nev - er - more.

CHORUS. *f*

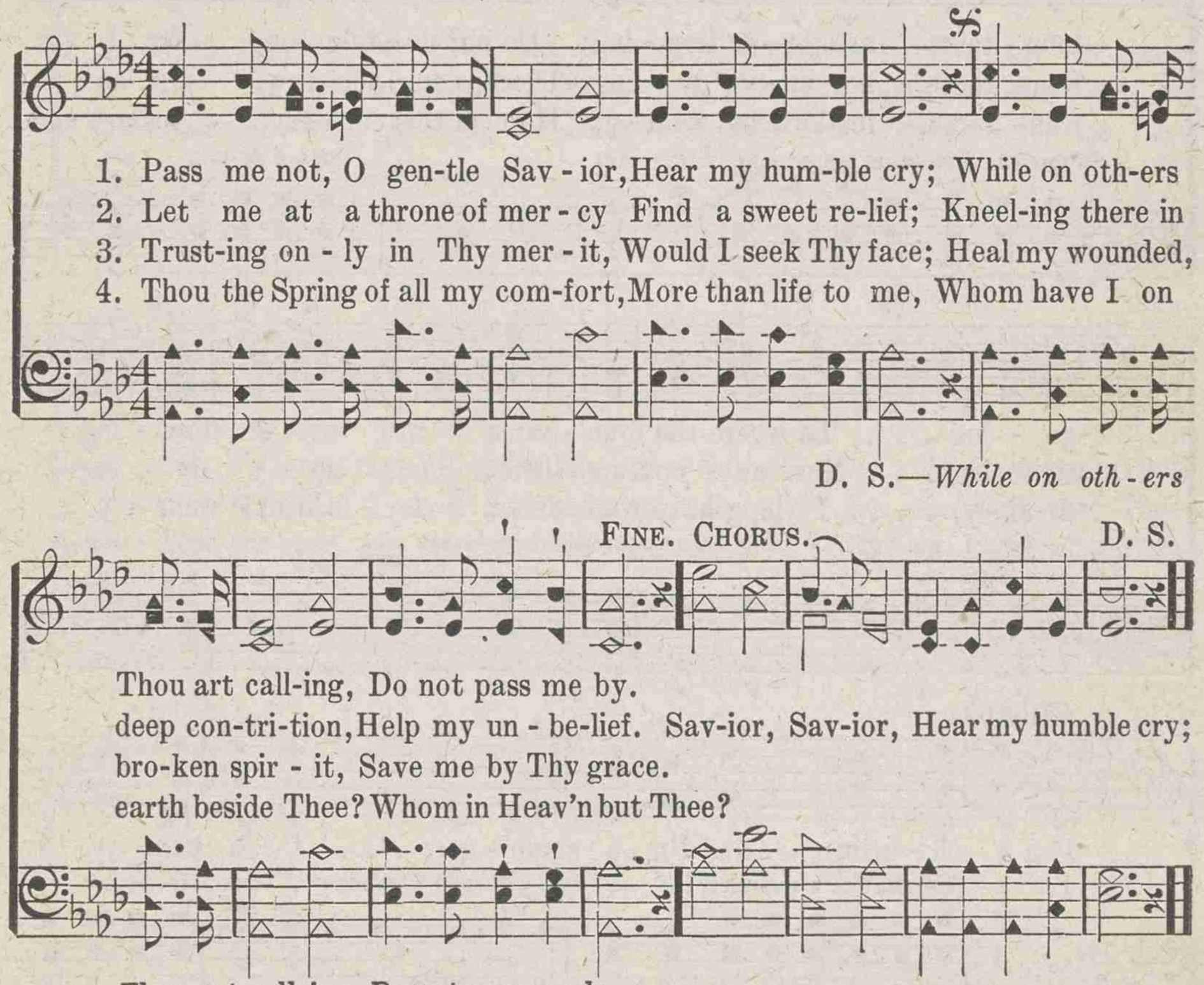
On! stead-i - ly on! Stead-i - ly marching to the happy land of
March-ing on! march-ing on! March-ing to the hap - py land, we're

Marching on to Canaan.



No. 133. Pass Me Not.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. DOANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. USED BY PER. **W. H. Doane.**



No. 134. I'm a Pilgrim.

Mary S. B. Dana. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stranger; I can tar-ry . . . . . but a
2. Of that cit-y to which I jour-ney, My Re-deem-er . . . . . is the
3. There the sunbeams are ev-er shin-ing,— O my long-ing . . . . . heart is

I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry, I can

night! . . . . Do not de-tain me, for I am go-ing To where the
Light; . . . . There is no sor-row, nor an-y sigh-ing, Nor an-y
there; . . . . Here in this coun-try, so dark and drear-y, I long have

tar-ry but a night! Do not de-tain me, for I am go-ing To

foun-tains are ev-er flow-ing; Do not de-tain me, for I am
tears there, nor an-y dy-ing; There is no sor-row, nor an-y
wan-dered, for-lorn and wear-y; Here in this coun-try, so dark and

where the foun-tains are ev-er flow-ing; Do not de-tain me,

go-ing . . . To where the foun-tains are ev-er flow-ing.
sigh-ing, . . . Nor an-y tears there, nor an-y dy-ing.
drear-y, . . . I long have wan-dered, for-lorn and wear-y.

for I am go-ing To where the foun-tains are ev-er flow-ing.

CHORUS.

I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stran-ger; . . . I can tar-ry
I'm a pil-grim and a stranger, I'm a pil-grim and a stranger; I can tar-ry but a

I'm a Pilgrim.

but a night; . . . . . I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a
night, I can tar - ry but a night; For I'm a pil-grim and a stran-ger, I'm a-

stran - ger, I can tar - ry, I can tar - ry but a night.
pil-grim and a stran-ger,

No. 135. Close to Thee.

BY PERMISSION.

Fanny J. Crosby. Silas J. Vail.

1. Thou, my ev - er - last - ing por - tion, More than friend or life to me;
2. Not for ease or world - ly pleas - ure, Nor for fame my prayer shall be;
3. Lead me thro' the vale of shad - ows, Bear me o'er life's fit - ful sea;

FINE.

D. S.—All a - long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sav - ior, let me walk with Thee.
D. S.—Glad-ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
D. S.—Then the gate of life e - ter - nal May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.

REFRAIN. D. S.

Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee;

No. 136. Till I Meet Him Face to Face.

Charlotte G. Homer. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. **B. D. Ackley.**

1. Bright-er the sun-light glows On my way; Strong-er my vi-sion grows,
2. Since yield-ing to my King Full con - trol, Joy - bells so sweet-ly ring
3. This is my dai - ly plea O'er and o'er; More like my King to be,

Day by day; Doubts vanish, and my foes Flee a - way, And my hap-py heart with
In my soul; Days may temptation bring, Seas may roll, I am safe beneath His
More and more; O walk and talk with me, I im-plore, And from ev'ry sin, Lord,

CHORUS.

love o'er - flows.
shelt'ring wing. All the day I'm singing, And the joy-bells, ringing In my
keep me free.

soul their hap - py chime, Fill my life with glo-ry As I tell the sto-ry

Of un - bound - ed love and peace sublime; For a life of sad-ness,

Till I Meet Him Face to Face.

I have one of gladness, Thro' His sav - ing grace, ... Je - sus,
and mer - cy,

mine for-ev - er! He will fail me nev-er, Till I meet Him face to face.

No. 137. Take My Life, and Let it Be.

F. R. Havergal. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se-crat - ed, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee;
3. Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with - hold;
4. Take my will, and make it Thine, It shall be no lon - ger mine;

CHO.—*Lord, I give my life to Thee, Thine for - ev - er - more to be;*

D. C.

Take my hands, and let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love.
Take my voice, and let me sing Al-ways, on - ly, for my King.
Take my mo-ments and my days, Let them flow in cease-less praise.
Take my heart, it is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy - al throne.

Lord, I give my life to Thee, Thine for - ev - er - more to be.

No. 138. A Little Bit of Love.

To my Friend, Marion Lawrance.

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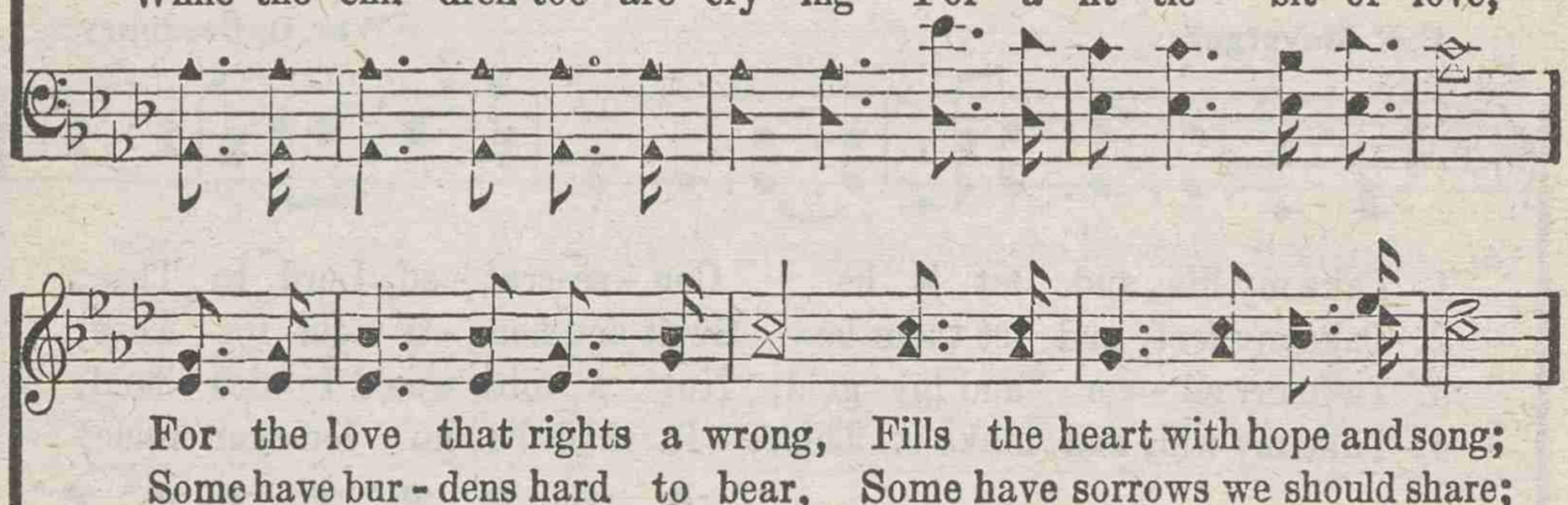
E. O. E. E. O. Excell.



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



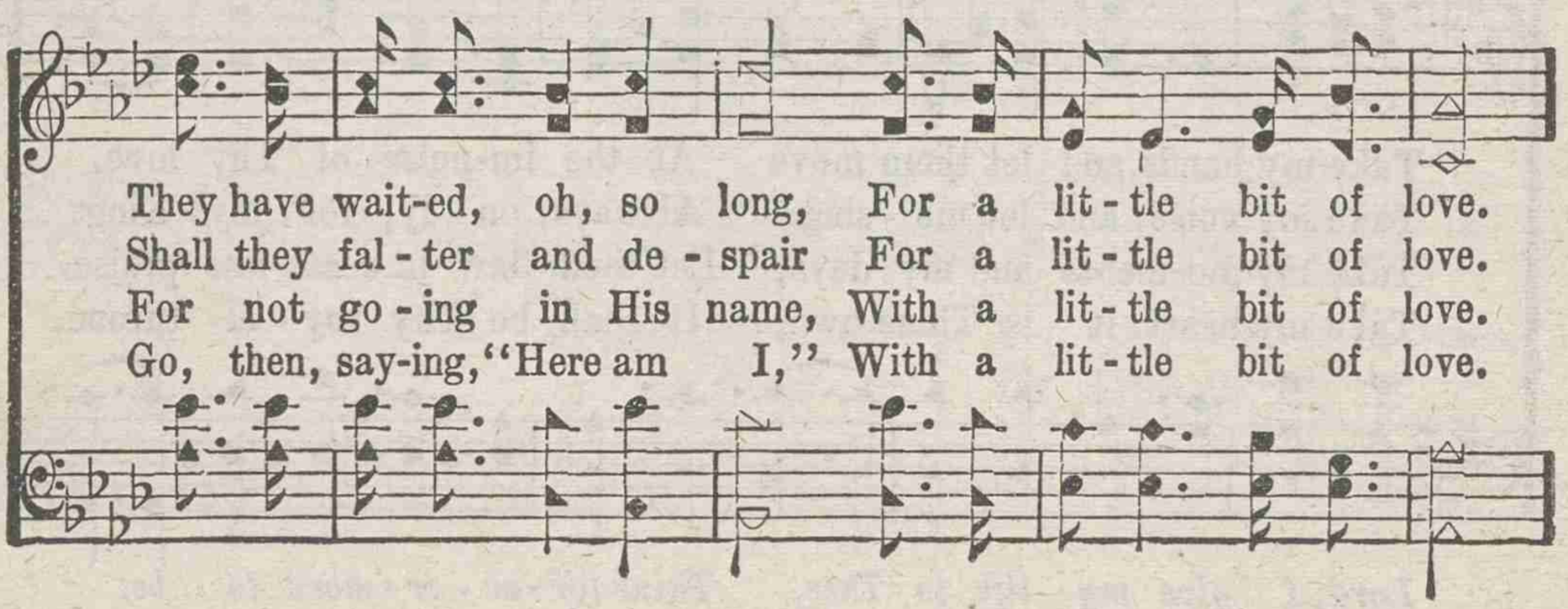
Ev-'ry-where we hear the sigh-ing For a lit-tle bit of love;
Hands are reach-ing out in pit-y For a lit-tle bit of love;
Ma-ny souls in vain are call-ing For a lit-tle bit of love;
While the chil-dren too are cry-ing For a lit-tle bit of love;



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



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



A Little Bit of Love.

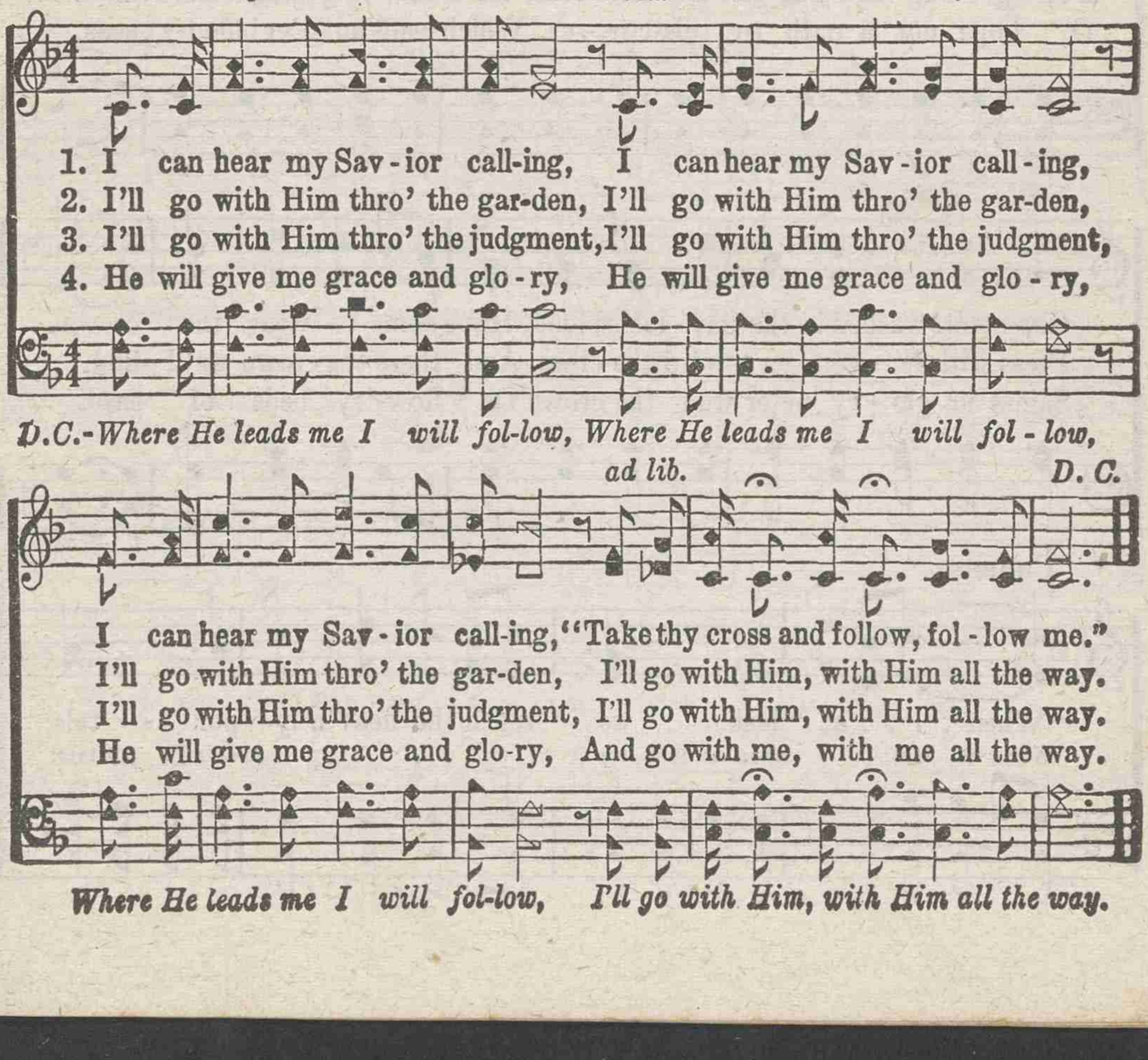
REFRAIN.



No. 139. Where He Leads Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY J. S. NORRIS.
USED BY PER.

E. W. Blandly. J. S. Norris.



No. 140. Through Conflict to the Crown.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEXAS.

L. R. M. Lily Rutherford Morris.

1. On-ward, yes, on-ward for - ev - er, Thro' a world of strife, .
2. On-ward, yes, on-ward for - ev - er, Keep - ing on the way, . .
3. On-ward, yes, on-ward for - ev - er, O'er temp - ta - tion's moun-tain,

Look - ing for-ward, yes, al - ways for-ward, Un - to the prom-ised life;
Lift - ing up-ward, yes, al - ways up-ward, And gain - ing on the way;
Thro' the val - ley of sin and sor - row, Up to the cleans-ing foun-tain;

Where they who thro' great trib-u - la - tion, All bar - ri - ers bro-ken down,
For - get-ting the strug-gles and fail - ures, Re-memb'ring naught left behind,
O hope not a path to dis-cov - er, Which leads not o'er blood-y seas,—

Gar-ments washed in the Sav - ior's blood, Have come to wear the crown.
Press with fer - vor on tow'rd the cross, And there the crown we'll find.
Saints in glo - ry ne'er won the crown On flow-'ry beds of ease.

CHORUS.

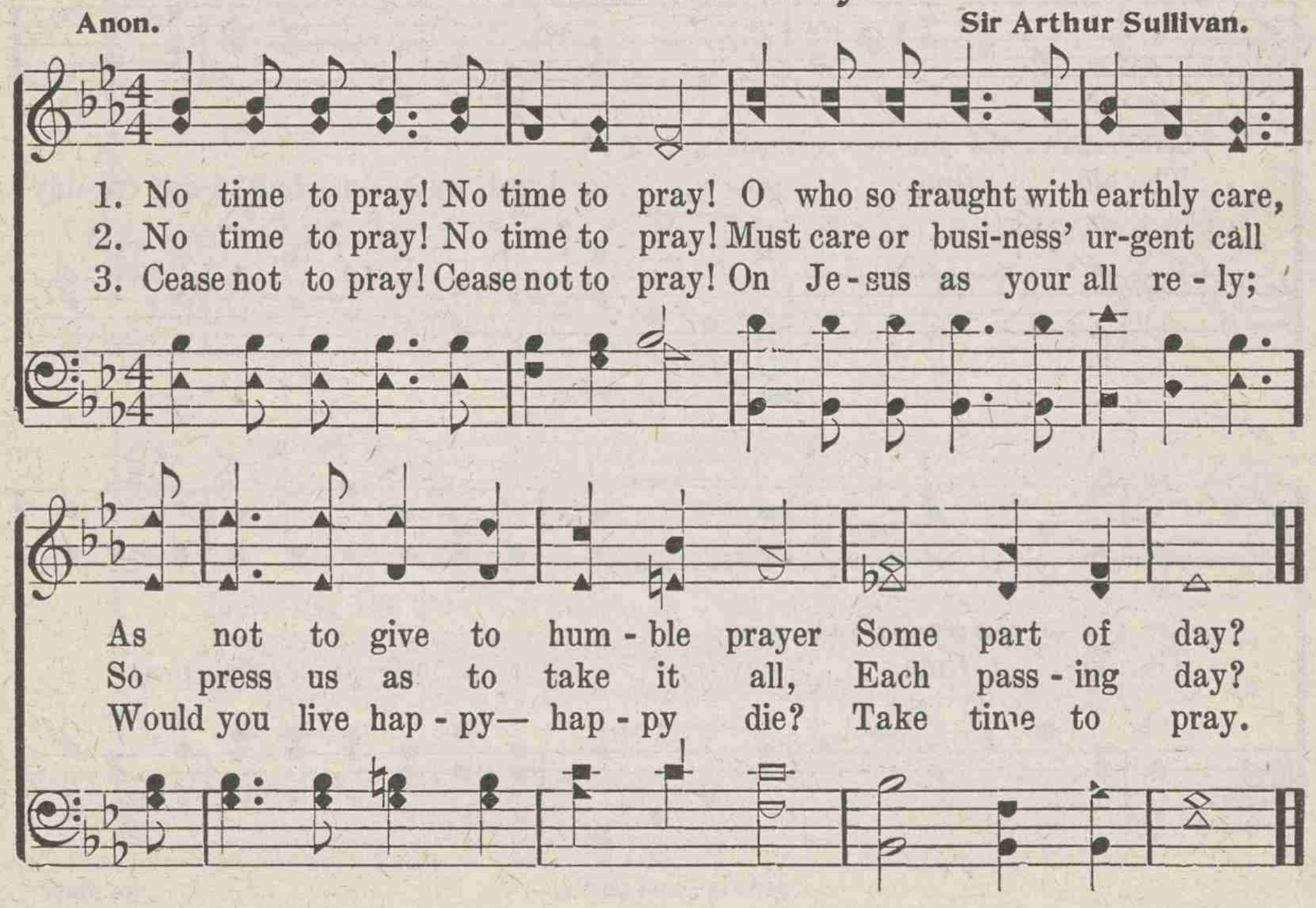
When . . . . at last we reach the heav'n-ly por - tals,
When at last, when at last we heav'n-ly por-tals;

Through Conflict to the Crown.



No. 141. No Time to Pray.

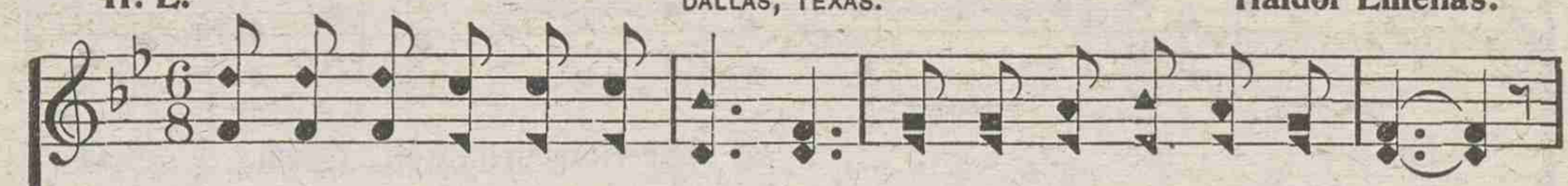
Anon. Sir Arthur Sullivan.



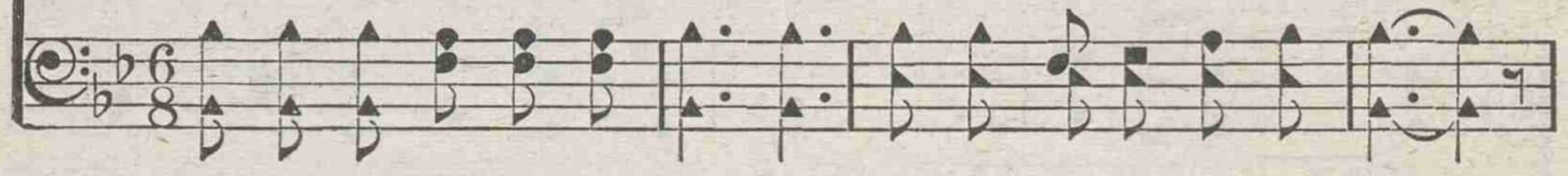
No. 142. The Old Time Power.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN,
DALLAS, TEXAS.

H. L. Haldor Lillenas.



1. Gath-ered in an up-per cham-ber, They all were of one ac - cord;
2. Like as a wind that comes sweeping, God came up-on them that day;
3. God still is liv-ing to bless us, If up-on Him we but wait;
4. Pow-er is need-ed for serv-ice, But this we can-not re - ceive





On them the pow-er de-scend-ed—Prom-ised to them by their Lord.
Filled with the Ho - ly Ghost pow-er, On-ward they went on their way.
He with His pow'r will en-due us, If we our all con-se - crate.
Un - less our hearts are made ho-ly, As up-on Christ we be - lieve.

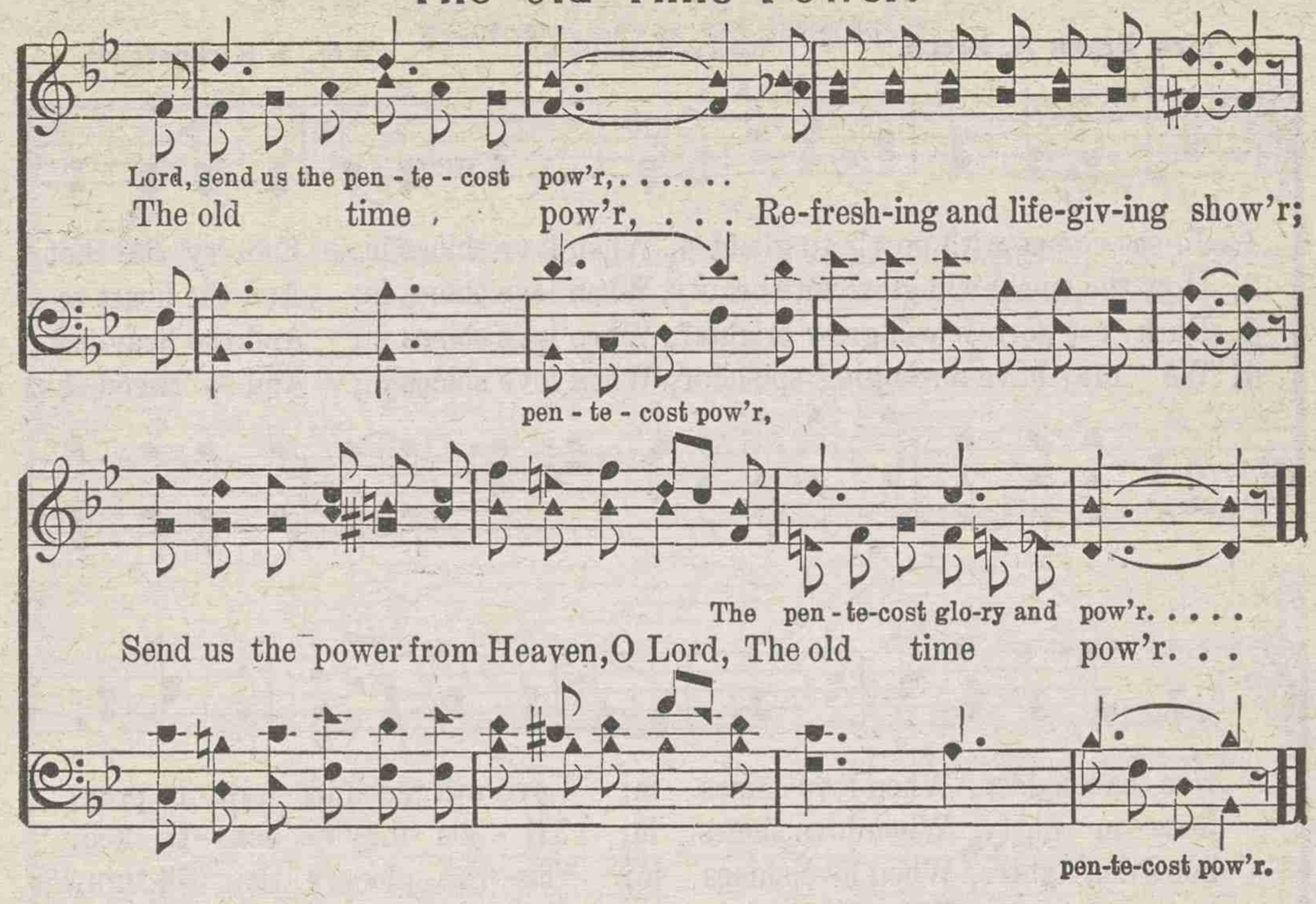


CHORUS.



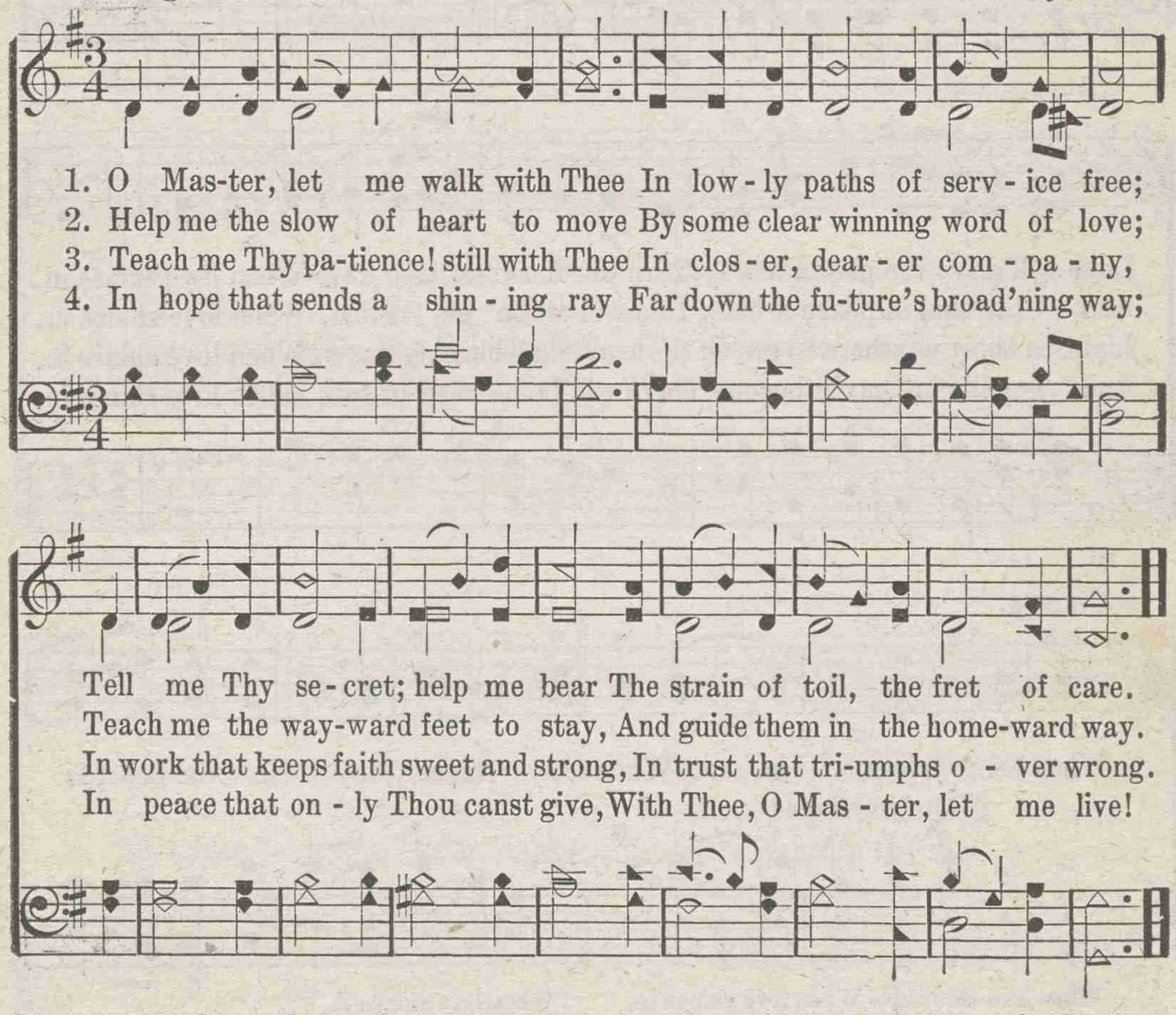
Lord, send us the pen-te-cost pow'r, ...
The old time pow'r, . . . Lord, we are needing to-day (to-day)
pen-te-cost pow'r,
The pen-te-cost glo-ry and pow'r, ...
The old time pow'r, . . . Send it up-on us, we pray. . .
pen-te-cost pow'r, we pray.

The Old Time Power.



No. 143. O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee.

Washington Gladden. J. B. Dykes.



No. 144. When Love Shines In.

COPYRIGHT, 1902 BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
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Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Je-sus comes with pow'r to gladden, When love shines in; Ev - 'ry life that
2. How the world will glow with beauty, When love shines in; And the heart re-
3. Dark - est sorrow will grow brighter, When love shines in; And the heav-iest
4. We may have un-fad-ing splendor, When love shines in; And a friend-ship

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

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

CHORUS.

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

When love shines in.....

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

When Love Shines In.



No. 145. Prepare Thy God to Meet.

H. A. N. COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL. H. H. McGranahan.



No. 146. What if it Were To-day?

Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Je - sus is com-ing to earth a - gain, What if it were to - day?
2. Sa - tan's do-min - ion will then be o'er, O that it were to - day!
3. Faith-ful and true would He find us here If He should come to - day?

Com-ing in pow-er and love to reign, What if it were to - day?
Sor - row and sigh-ing shall be no more, O that it were to - day!
Watching in glad-ness and not in fear, If He should come to - day?

Com-ing to claim His cho - sen Bride, All the re-deemed and pu - ri - fied,
Then shall the dead in Christ a - rise, Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
Signs of His com - ing mul - ti - ply, Morn-ing light breaks in east-ern sky

rit. *a tempo.*

O - ver this whole earth scat-tered wide, What if it were to - day?
When shall these glo - ries meet our eyes? What if it were to - day?
Watch, for the time is draw - ing nigh, What if it were to - day?

CHORUS.

Glo - ry! glo - ry! Joy to my heart 'twill bring; Glo - ry, glo - ry!
Joy to my heart 'twill bring,

What if it Were To-day?

When we shall crown Him King; Glo - ry, glo - ry! Haste to prepare the way;

When we shall crown Him King; Haste to pre- pare the way;

ritard.

Glo - ry, glo - ry! Je-sus will come some day.

No. 147. I Will Arise.

J. Hart. American Spiritual.

1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore;
2. Now, ye need-y, come and welcome; God's free boun-ty glo - ri - fy;
3. Let not conscience make you lin - ger, Nor of fit - ness fond - ly dream;
4. Come, ye wear-y, heav - y - la - den, Bruised and man-gled by the fall,

CHO.–*I will a - rise and go to Je - sus, He will em-brace me in His arms;*

D. C. for Chorus.

Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r.
True be - lief and true re - pent-ance, Ev-'ry grace that brings you nigh.
All the fit - ness He re - quir-eth Is to feel your need of Him.
If you tar - ry till you're bet-ter, You will nev - er come at all.

In the arms of my dear Sav-ior, Oh, there are ten thou-sand charms.

No. 148. "Zeal" Our Watchword.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEX.

S. W. B. Samuel W. Beazley.

Unison.

1. On to the work He has giv - en, On with a true, will-ing heart;
2. Zeal for the Master in - creas - ing, As you pur-sue the right way;
3. Zeal for His cause is re - ward - ed By the re-sults we at - tain

Read-y to help where you're need-ed, Ear-nest-ly do-ing your part.
Zeal in His good ways of serv - ice, Lis-t'ning for what He may say;
In the in-crease of His king - dom, Thro'-out His earthly do - main;

Boys.

All of one mind and u - nit - ed, Putting forth efforts that tell;
Yielding your ev-'ry e - mo - tion To His com-pas-sion-ate will;
Souls for our hire He will lend us, If we with zeal work and pray;

Girls.

Go with a zeal all con-sum - ing— Do what you may, and that well.
Thus to His wisdom con-form - ing, That your right place you may fill.
And aft - er all He will give us Glo - ry in Heaven some day.

TWO-PART CHORUS. *Female voices upper, Male voices lower.*

Zeal, zeal, zeal, zeal,

"Zeal" for the cause of our Mas - ter, "Zeal" shall our watchword be;

"Zeal" Our Watchword.

Zeal, zeal, zeal, zeal,
"Zeal" for the work He's assigned us, "Zeal" worthy others should see—
Zeal, zeal, zeal, zeal,
This is what Je-sus would have us Show in His work here be-low; . .
Then with a zeal nev-er dy - ing, On in His serv-ice we go. . . .

No 149. I Am Trusting Lord in Thee.

Wm. McDonald. BY PERMISSION. W. G. Fischer.

1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee, Long has e - vil reigned with - in;
3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends and time and earth - ly store;

CHO.- *I am trust - ing, Lord in Thee, Blest Lamb of Cal - va - ry;*

I am count - ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.
Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me,— "I will cleanse you from all sin."
Soul and bod - y Thine to be, Whol - ly Thine for - ev - er - more.

Humb - ly at Thy cross I bow, Save me Je - sus, save me now.

No. 150.

Wonderful Love.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY R. A. WALTON.
W E. BIEDERWOLF, OWNER.

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

1. I think, when I read the sweet sto - ry, How Je - sus came down from His throne, To res - cue the per - ish-ing sin - ner, To
2. And when I am foll'wing His foot - steps, New vi - sions of beau-ty un - fold, Till, lost in the depths of a - maze-ment, I
3. Tho' ha - ted, de - spised, and re - ject - ed, Neg - lect - ed a- gain and a - gain, He nev - er de - serts nor for-sakes me, No

suf - fer and die for His own,.... Why should He as - sume my ob-
mar - vel such love to be - hold.... Why should He re - lin - quish His
mat - ter how way-ward I've been.... My bur - den of sor - row He

la - tion? Why should He thus purchase sal - va - tion? Such love is di-
glo - ry? Be - fore Him stood Cal - va - ry go - ry! Yet heav-ed re-
shar - eth, My stripes of in - iq - ui - ty wear - eth, Wy soul in His

vine re - ve - la - tion, Un - bounded, un-meas-ured, un - known...
sounds with the sto - ry Of love that can nev - er be told.....
bo - som He bear - eth This won - der - ful Sav - ior of men.....

Wonderful Love.

CHORUS.

O it is won - der - sul that He should love me, And for my sins with His
life-blood a tone! Oh, it is won - der - ful, won-der-ful, won-der - ful!
Yet to the world be it known, He brought me a - gain to His own.

rit.

No. 151. Grow Thou in Me.

J. C. Lavater. Arr. by Nora C. E. Byrne.

1. O Je - sus Christ, grow Thou in me, And all things else re - cede;
2. In Thy bright beams which on me fall, Fade ev - 'ry e - vil tho't:
3. Fill me with glad - ness from a - bove, Hold me by strength di - vine;

My heart be dai - ly near - er Thee; From sin be dai - ly freed.
That I am noth - ing, Thou art all, I would be dai - ly taught.
Lord, let the glow of Thy great love Thro' my whole be - ing shine.

No, 152. The Fight is On.

Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

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

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

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

CHORUS. *Unison.*

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

ray, . . . With ar - mor gleam-ing, and col-ors stream-ing, The right and

The Fight is On.

wrong en-gage to - day! The fight is on, but be not

wea - ry; Be strong and in His might hold fast; If God be

for us, His ban-ner o'er us, We'll sing the vic-tor's song at last!

vic - t.ry! vic - t'ry!

No. 153. Only a Word.

COPYRIGHT 1902 BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC. J. M. Dungan.

1. On - ly a word for the Mas - ter, Lov - ing-ly, qui - et - ly said;
2. On - ly a look of re - mon-strance, Sor - row-ful, gen - tle and deep;
3. On - ly one cry from the sin - ner, Bit - ter - ly, ear-nest and wild;
4. On - ly an hour with the chil - dren, Pleas-ant - ly, cheer-ful - ly giv'n;

On - ly a word! Yet the Mas-ter heard; And some faint-ing hearts were fed.
On - ly a look! Yet the strong man shook; And he went a - lone to weep.
"Help, Lord! I die!" Rose in ag - o - ny; And the Sav - ior sav'd His child.
Still seed was sown, In that hour a - lone, Which would bring forth fruit for heav'n.

No. 154. Give Me Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1879, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
USED BY PER. OF L. E. SWENEY, EXECUTRIX.

Fanny J. Crosby. Jno. R. Sweney.



CHORUS.

No. 155. I Need Thee Every Hour.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY.
RENEWAL. USED BY PER.

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks. Rev. Robert Lowry.

I Need Thee Every Hour.

CHORUS.

Thine Can peace af - ford,
pow'r When Thou art nigh. I need Thee, O I need Thee; Ev-'ry hour I
bide, Or life is vain.
deed, Thou bless - ed Son.

need Thee! O bless me now, my Sav - ior, I come to Thee!

No. 156. I'll Live For Him.

COPYRIGHT, 1882, BY R. E. HUDSON.
USED BY PER.

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

1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
2. I now be - lieve Thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live,
3. O Thou who died on Cal - va - ry To save my soul and make me free;

CHO.—*I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap - py then my life shall be!*

Chorus D. S.

Oh, may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - ior and my God!
And now hence-forth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!
I'll con - se - crate my life to Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!

I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav - ior and my God!

No. 157. I am Coming Home.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO.
HOMER RODEHEAVER OWNER.

Rev. A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.

1. Je - sus, I am com-ing home to - day, For I have found there's joy in Thee a - lone; From the path of sin I turn a - way, now I am com-ing home.
2. Man - y years my heart has strayed from Thee, And now re-pent-ant to Thy throne I come; Je - sus o-pened up the way for me, now I am com-ing home.
3. Oh, the mis - er - y my sin has caused me, Naught but pain and sor-row I have known; Now I seek Thy saving grace and mer-cy, I am com-ing home.
4. Full - y trust-ing in Thy pre-cious prom-ise, With no right-eous-ness to call my own, Pleading nothing but the blood of Je-sus, I am com-ing home.
5. Now I seek the cross where Je-sus died! For all my sins His blood will still a - tone, Flowing o'er till ev'ry stain is cov-ered, I am com-ing home.

CHORUS.

Je - sus, I am coming home to - day, Nev-er, nev-er-more from Thee to stray;
Lord, I now ac - cept Thy pre-cious prom-ise, I am com-ing home.

Children's Songs

No. 158. I'll Be a Sunbeam.

To my grandson, Edwin O. Excell, Jr.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Nellie Talbot. **E. O. Excell.**

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

No. 159. The Roses are Telling.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

E. E. Hewitt. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. The ros - es, sweet ros - es, are tell - ing the sto - ry, The beau - ti - ful
2. The birds in the tree-tops are joy - ous - ly sing-ing The message, so
3. The ros - es, sweet ros - es, are tell - ing the sto - ry, Our lives would re-

sto - ry of love; 'Tis writ-ten in col - ors of beau - ty and glo - ry, It
gracious and sweet; But from our glad lips bet-ter ti - dings are ring-ing—Sal-
ech - o His praise; For His is the kingdom, the pow'r and the glo-ry, His

CHORUS.

shines in the heav-ens a - bove. Beau - ti - ful sto - ry of love!
va - tion, the news we re - peat.
good-ness is crown-ing our days. Beau-ti-ful, beau - ti - ful,

Beau - ti - ful sto - ry of love! The ros - es, sweet ros - es are
Beau-ti-ful, beau - ti - ful

tell - ing the sto - ry, The beau - ti - ful sto - ry of love.

No. 160. Sing With Tuneful Lay.

F. L. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Frank L. Bristow.

1. Sing with tune-ful lay, Je - sus is the Way To the gold - en
2. In the days of youth, Je - sus is my Truth! Foll'wing by His
3. In the shades of night, He will be my Light, He will vig - il

strand Of the hap - py land. I can nev - er stray From that
side, He shall be my Guide; By the wa-ters' sheen, In - to
keep O'er me when a-sleep; Then when 'peeps o' day', Round-ing

pleas-ant way, While I faith-ful stand, Hold - ing to His hand.
pas-tures green, Man-na un - for-seen Dai - ly He'll pro-vide.
pil - lows play, Ev - er will I pray Truth to Light my Way.

UNISON. DUET. CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! I am in the way,

UNISON. DUET. CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus saves to-day.

1 2

day.

No. 161. Jesus Loves Even Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
USED BY PER.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

1. I am so glad that our Fa - ther in heav'n Tells of His love in the Book He has given, Won - der - ful things in the Bi - ble I see; This is the dear - est, that Je - sus loves me.
2. Tho' I for - get Him and wan - der a - way, Still He doth love me wher - ev - er I stray; Back to His dear lov - ing arms would I flee, When I re - mem - ber that Je - sus loves me.
3. Oh, if there's on - ly one song I can sing, When in His beau - ty I see the great King, This shall my song in e - ter - ni - ty be; "Oh, what a won - der that Je - sus loves me."

CHORUS.

I am so glad that Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me,
I am so glad that Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves e - ven me.

No. 162. Little Sunbeams,

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Eben E. Rexford, Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

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

FINE.

To bright - en up the shad - ows That oft - en gath - er here.
We'll bring a ray of bright - ness To ev - 'ry shadowed heart.
And be the sun - shine-mak - ers Of which the world has need.

D.S.—*In all life's shad - y pla - ces We shine as best we can.*

CHORUS. D. S.

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

No. 163. Let the Sunshine In.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Ada Blenkhorn. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Do you fear the foe will in the con - flict win? Is it dark with-out you—dark - er still with - in? Clear the dark - en'd win - dows, o - pen wide the door, Let a lit - tle sun - shine in.

2. Does your faith grow faint - er in the cause you love? Are your pray'rs un - an-swered by your God a - bove? Clear the dark - en'd win - dows, o - pen wide the door, Let a lit - tle sun - shine in.

3. Would you go re - joic - ing in the up - ward way, Know-ing naught of (dark - ness, dwell - ing in the day? Clear the dark - en'd win - dows, o - pen wide the door, Let a lit - tle sun - shine in.

CHORUS.

Let a lit-tle sun-shine in, . . . Let a lit-tle sun-shine in; . . . the sun - shine in. the sun - shine in;

Clear the darken'd windows, open wide the door, Let a little sunshine in.

No. 164. Little Evangels.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Ida L. Reed. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Lit-tle e-van-gels for Thee, dear Sav-ior, Glad-ly we of-fer life's
2. Lit-tle e-van-gels for Thee, dear Sav-ior, Strew-ing glad bless-ings a-
3. Lit-tle e-van-gels for Thee, dear Sav-ior, Faith-ful and loy-al through

morn-ing hours, Tell-ing to oth-ers Thy grace and mer-cy,
long our way, Shin-ing for Thee in the shad-y pla-ces,
all our days, Un-der Thy stand-ard we march to-geth-er,

CHORUS.

Scatt'ring for Thee love's sweet fra-grant flow'rs.
Show-ing Thy good-ness to us each day. Lit-tle e-van-gels for
Joy-ful-ly sing-ing a song of praise.

Thee to-day, Do-ing for oth-ers the good we may; Guide Thou our

steps in Thine own safe path-way, Bless Thou our service, dear Lord, we pray!

No. 165. Luther's Cradle Hymn.

COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Martin Luther. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. A - way in a man-ger, No crib for His bed, The lit - tle Lord
2. The cat - tle were low-ing—The poor ba - by wakes: But lit - tle Lord
3. Be near me, Lord Je - sus, I ask Thee to stay Close by me for-

rit. *A tempo*

Je - sus Lay down His wee head; The stars in the heav-ens Look'd
Je - sus No cry - ing He makes: I love Thee, Lord Je - sus, Look
ev - er, And love me, I pray; Bless all the dear chil - dren In

down where He lay, The lit - tle Lord Je - sus, A - sleep on the hay.
down from the sky, And stay by my cra - dle, To watch lul - la - by.
Thy ten - der care, And take us to heav-en, To live with Thee there.

CHORUS.

A - sleep, a - sleep, A - sleep, the Sav - ior, in a stall!

A - sleep, a - sleep

A - sleep, a - sleep, A - sleep, the Lord of all!.....

A - sleep, a - sleep, the Lord of all!

No. 166. Be A Hero.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL,
WORD AND MUSIC.

Adam Craig. Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

D. S.—*On, ye sol-diers to the fray, Hear the great Commander say,*

CHORUS.

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

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

D. S.

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

No. 167. Open the Door for the Children.

Mary E. Kidder. COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.

1. O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Ten - der - ly gath - er tham in,
2. O - pen the door for the chil-dren, See, they are com - ing in throngs;
3. O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Take the dear lambs by the hand,

In from the high - way and hedg - es, In from the plac - es of sfn;
Bid them sit down to the ban - quet, Teach them your beau-ti - ful songs;
Point them to truth and to good - ness, Lead them to Ca-naan's fair land;

Some are so young and so help - less, Some are so hun - gry and cold;
Pray for the Fa - ther to bless them, Pray you that grace may be giv'n;
Some are so young and so help - less, Some are so hun - gry and cold;

FINE.

O - pen the door for the chil - dren, Gath - er them in - to the fold.
O - peu the door for the chil - dren, Theirs is the king-dom of heav'n.
O - pen the door for the chil - dren, Gath - er them in - to the fold.

D.S–O - pen the door for the chil - dren, Gath - er them in - to the fold.

CHORUS. *D. S.*

O - - - pen the door,..... Gath - - - er them in,.....
O - pen the door, o - pen the door, Gath - er them in, gath - er them in,

No. 168. The Sunday School Brigade.

WORDS AND MUSIC, COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.,

James Rowe. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Hear the tramp, tramp, tramp of the Sun-day School Brigade, Whether rain or shine we are al - ways on pa-rade; By our Sav - ior led, in the sun-shine of His love, We are march-ing on to the land of joy a - bove.
2. With the cross held high in the bless - ed gos - pel light, Eyes a-glow with love, as the sun our ban-ner bright; Dreading not the storm, fear-ing not the wait-ing foe, Sing - ing songs of praise, on and on with Christ we go.
3. Hear the tramp, tramp, tramp of the Sunday School Brigade, We would win that crown which will nev - er, nev - er fade; We will trust our King, wher-so-ev - er be the way, We will fol - low Him to the realm of end - less day.

CHORUS.

March-ing on, on, on, on to glo - ry, Mak-ing known the bless-ed sto - ry,
March-ing on, on, on, we're march-ing on, March - ing on, on, on, on, march-ing on,
There is joy, joy, joy for each girl and boy, In the Sun-day School Brigade.

No. 169. The Children's Hosanna.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

Neal A. McAuley. J. S. Fearis.

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

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

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

REFRAIN. *Faster.*

With mus - ic fill the air.
Redeemed shall ev - er be." Ho-san-na! Hosanna! Our songs of love we bring,
Ho - san-na! bright and clear.

we bring.

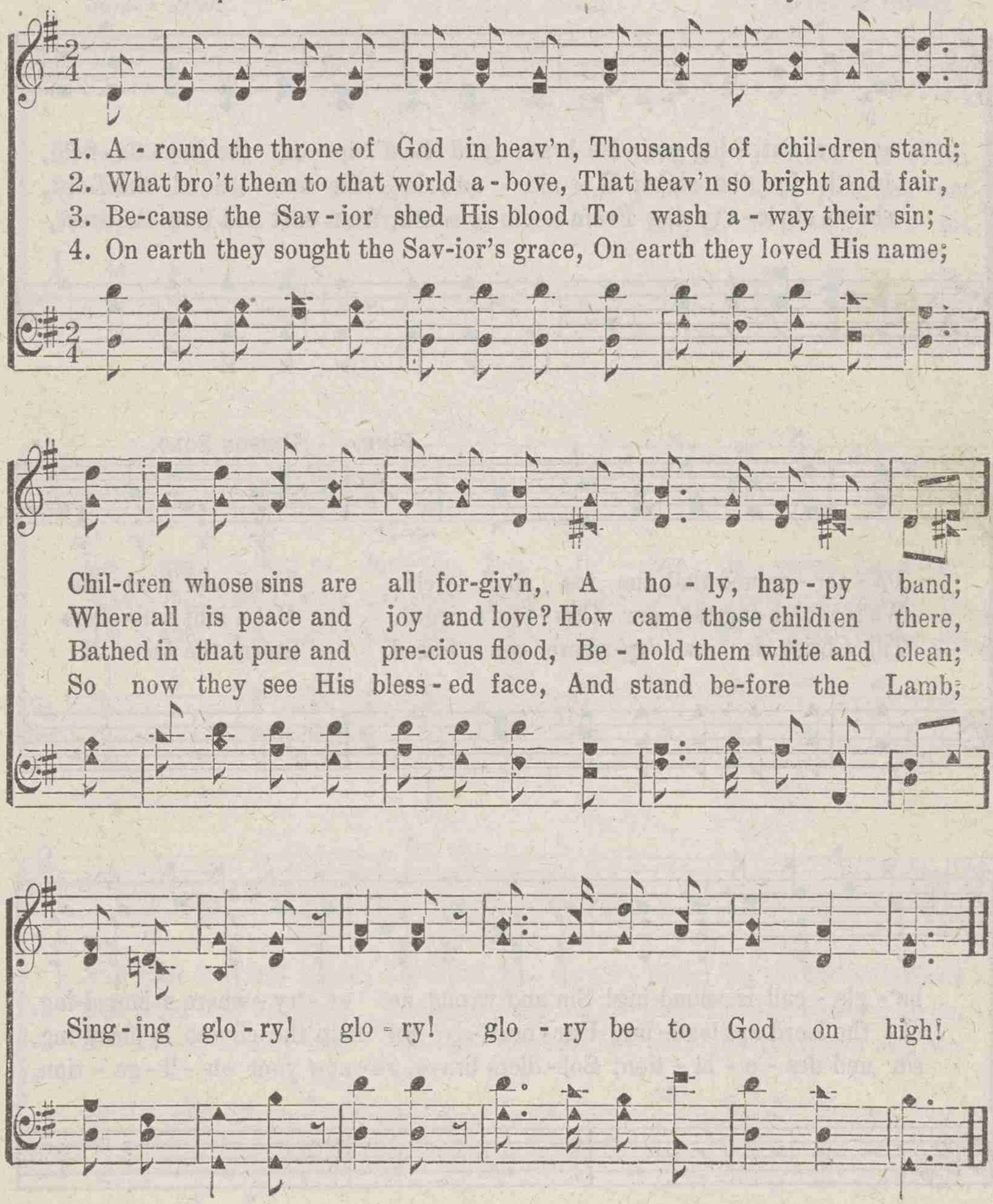
Ho - san-na! Ho-san-na! To Christ, the children's King; Ho - san-na! Ho-san-na!

The Children's Hosanna.



No. 170. Around the Throne.

Annie H. Shepherd. Henry E. Mathews.



No. 171. The Young People's Army.

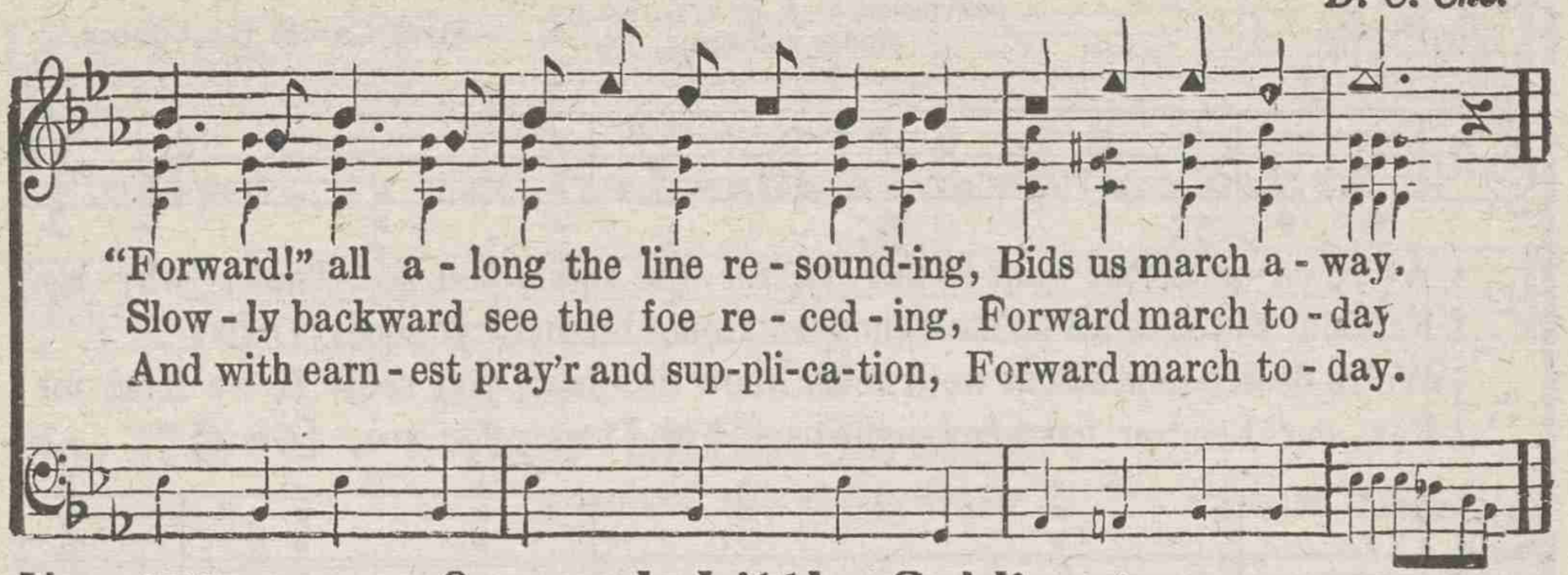
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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Charlotte G. Homer. Mrs, Carrie B. Adams.



The Young People's Army.

D. C. Cho.



No. 172. Onward, Little Soldiers!

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

James Rowe. Martin. A. Elliott.



No. 173. Honor-Bright Cadets.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

C. B. A. Mrs. Carrie B. Adams.

1. We're ca - dets that want to bat - tle for the right, you see; That is why we band ourselves together;
   For our watch-word we have chosen "Honor bright!" you see, [*Omit*] . . . And we'll keep it up in ev-'ry kind of weather.
2. We're de-ter-mined that we'll never know de - feat, you see; If we fight for right, we'll win the battle;
   For our Lead-er nev - er taught us to re - treat, you see, [*Omit*] . . . No mat-ter how the guns and sabers rattle.

For the right, then; Honor bright, then; We will march on our journey thro' the world;
We'll be strong, then, 'Gainst the wrong, then, And we'll work till the setting of the sun;

Col-ors fly - ing, Ev - er try - ing To be true as our banner is un-furled.
Col-ors fly - ing, Ev - er try - ing To be faithful until the vict'ry's won.

CHORUS.

Then see us march-ing as to war; . . With purpose steady, Our hearts are
Our gal-lant Lead-er goes be- [*Omit*] . . . . . .

Honor-Bright Cadets.



No. 174. Dear Little Stranger.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.

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

No. 175. Have Courage to Say No!

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY DR. H. R. PALMER. USED BY PER.

P. S. SOLO. Dr. H. R. Palmer.

1. You're starting, my boy, on life's jour-ney, A-long the grand highway of life;
2. In courage, my boy, lies your safe-ty, When you the long jour-ney be - gin,
3. Be care - ful in choos-ing com-pan-ions, Seek on-ly the brave and the true,

You'll meet with a thousand temp-ta-tions–Each cit - y with e - vil is rife.
Your trust in a heav - en - ly Fa - ther Will keep you un-spot-ted from sin.
And stand by your friends when in tri - al, Ne'er changing the old for the new;

This world is a stage of ex-cite-ment, There's dan-ger wher-ev-er you go;
Temp-ta-tions will go on in - creas-ing, As streams from a riv-u - let flow;
And when by false friends you are tempted The taste of the wine-cup to know,

But if you are tempted to weakness, Have courage, my boy, to say No!
But if you'd be true to your man-hood, Have courage, my boy, to say No!
With firmness, with patience and kindness, Have courage, my boy, to say No!

CHORUS.

Have courage, my boy, to say No!... Have courage, my boy, to say No!....

say No! say No!

Have Courage to Say No!



No. 176. Two Little Hands.

W. A. O. BY PERMISSION OF DAVID C. COOK. W. A. Ogden.



No. 177. Jesus Bids Us Shine.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY E. O. EXCELL.

E. O. Excell.

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

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

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

No. 178. Jesus Loves Me.

(The favorite Hymn of China)

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so; Lit - tle
2. Je - sus loves me! He who died, Heaven's gate to o - pen wide; He will
3. Je - sus loves me! loves me still, Tho' I'm ver - y weak and ill; From His
4. Je - sus loves me! He will stay Close be - side me all the way; If I

Jesus Loves Me.

CHORUS.

ones to Him be-long, They are weak but He is strong.
wash a - way my sin, Let His lit - tle child come in. Yes, Je-sus loves me,
shining throne on high, Comes to watch me where I lie,
love Him when I die, He will take me home on high.

Yes, Je - sus loves me, Yes, Je - sus loves me, The Bi - ble tells me so.

No. 179. Bring Them In.

COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY W. A. OGDEN.
USED BY PER.

Alexcenah Thomas. W. A, Ogden.

1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the des - ert dark and drear,
2. Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind, Help Him the wand'ring ones to find?
3. Out in the des - ert hear their cry, Out on the mountains wild and high,

Call - ing the sheep who've gone a-stay Far from the Shepherd's fold a - way.
Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be sheltered from the cold?
Hark! 'tis the Mas - ter speaks to thee, "Go find my sheep wher-e'er they be."

CHORUS.

{ Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;
{ Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring the wand'ring ones to } Je - sus.

No. 180. The Birds' Nest.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Mrs. B. B. Selby. Arr. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.

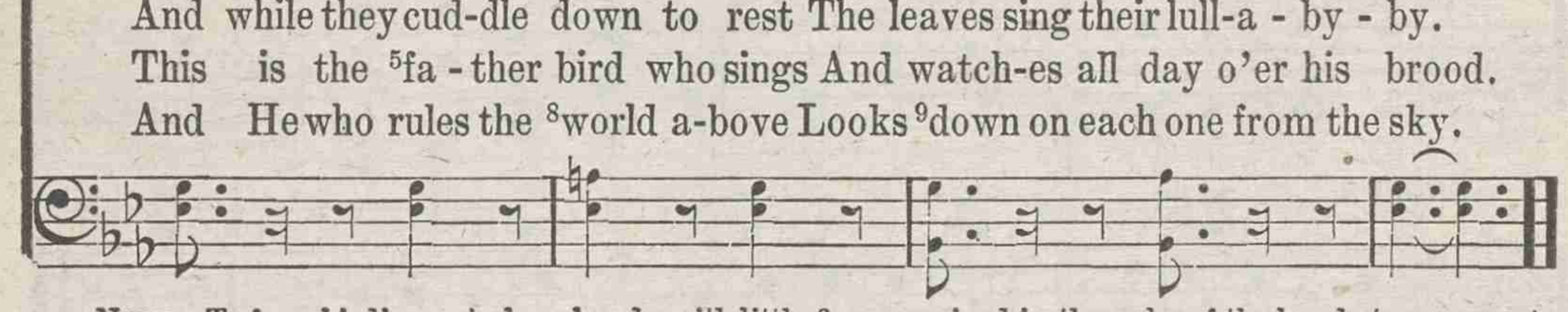


1. [1]High in the tree-top's leaf-y bough The bird - ies are build-ing a nest;
2. [2]This is the lit - tle bird-ies' nest They built in the tree-top so high,
3. [3]This is the moth-er bird who brings The wee[4] lit-tle bird-ies their food;
4. [6]These are the lit - tle birds we love, Who live in the tree-top so high,



'Twas God the Fa-ther taught them how To build, ev-'ry bird - ie his best;
And while they cud-dle down to rest The leaves sing their lull - a - by - by;
This is the [5]fa - ther bird who sings And watch - es all day o'er his brood;
And He who rules the [8]world a-bove Looks [9]down on each one from the sky;

To build, ev-'ry bird - ie his best, To build, ev-'ry bird - ie his best,
The leaves sing their lull - a - by - by, The leaves sing their lull - a - by - by,
And watch-es all day o'er his brood, And watch-es all day o'er his brood,
Looks [9]down on each one from the sky, Looks [9]down on each one from the sky,



'Twas God the Fa-ther taught them how To build, ev - 'ry bird - ie his best.
And while they cud-dle down to rest The leaves sing their lull-a - by - by.
This is the [5]fa - ther bird who sings And watch-es all day o'er his brood.
And He who rules the [8]world a-bove Looks [9]down on each one from the sky.

NOTE—To form bird's nest clasp hands, with little fingers raised in the palm of the hands to represent the baby birds. Let the thumbs represent the father and mother bird sitting on the forefingers which form the edge of the bird's nest.

MOTIONS—1, Point upward to treetop; 2, Hands clasped to form bird's nest; 3, Raise left hand thumb to represent the mother bird; 4, Raise little fingers representing the baby birds; 5, Raise right hand thumb representing the father bird; 6, Raise little fingers and thumbs representing the family of birds in the nest; 7, Point upward to treetop; 8, Look upward toward the sky; 9, Look down on the birds in the nest.

Solos, Duetts, Choruses

No. 181. Teach Me Thy Will, O Lord.

Katharine A. Grimes.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. Teach me Thy will, O Lord, Teach me Thy way; Teach me to know Thy word, Teach me to pray, What-e'er seems best to Thee,
2. Teach me Thy wondrous grace, Bound - less and free; Lord, let Thy bless-ed face Shine up - on me. Heal Thou sin's ev - 'ry smart,
3. Teach me by pain Thy pow'r, Teach me by love; Teach me to know, each hour, Thou art a - bove. Teach me as seem - eth best
4. Teach Thou my lips to sing, My heart to praise; Be Thou my Lord and King Thro' all my days. Teach Thou my soul to cry,

That be my ear-nest plea, So that Thou drawest me Clos - er each day.
Dwell Thou within my heart; Grant that I nev - er part, Sav - ior, from Thee.
In Thee to find sweet rest; Leaning up - on Thy breast, All doubt re - move.
"Be Thou, dear Savior, nigh, Teach me to live, to die, Saved by Thy grace."

No. 182. Somebody Knows.

Alfred H. Ackley.

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B. D. Ackley.

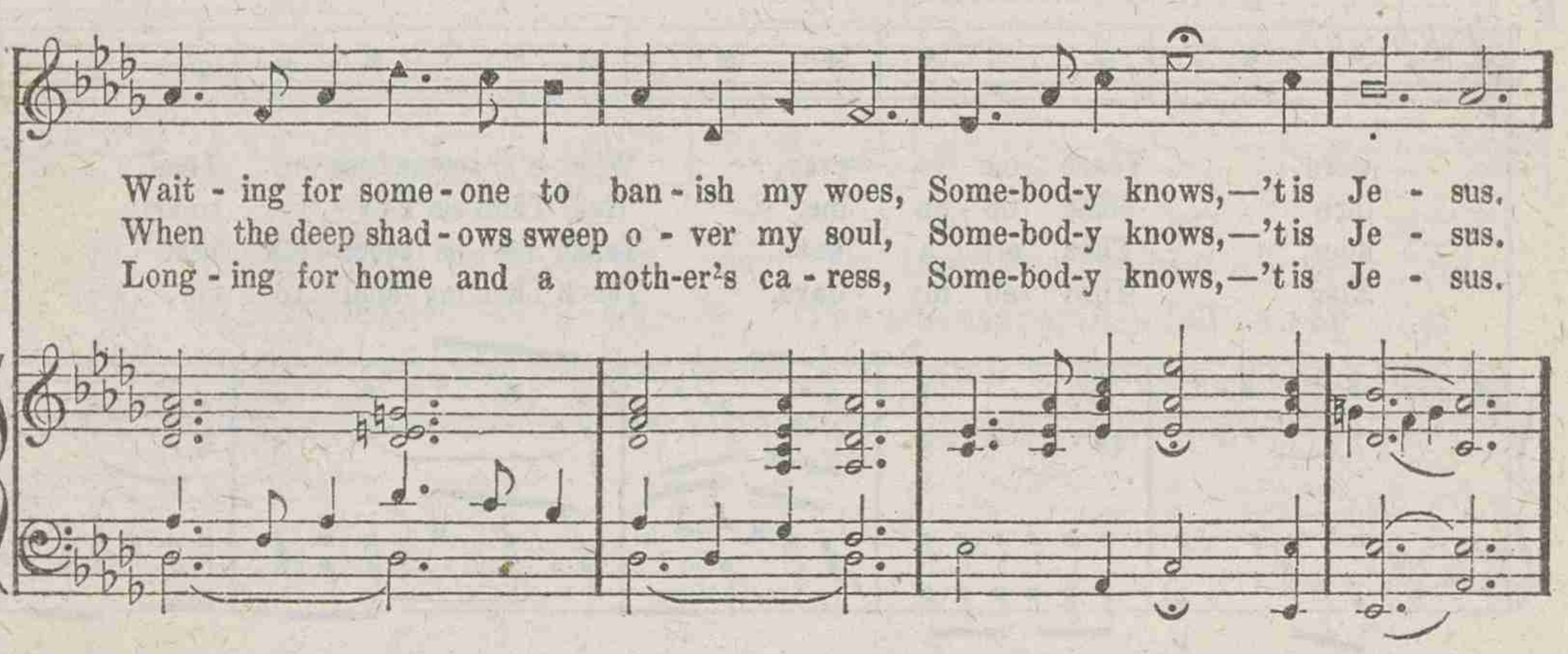


Legato.



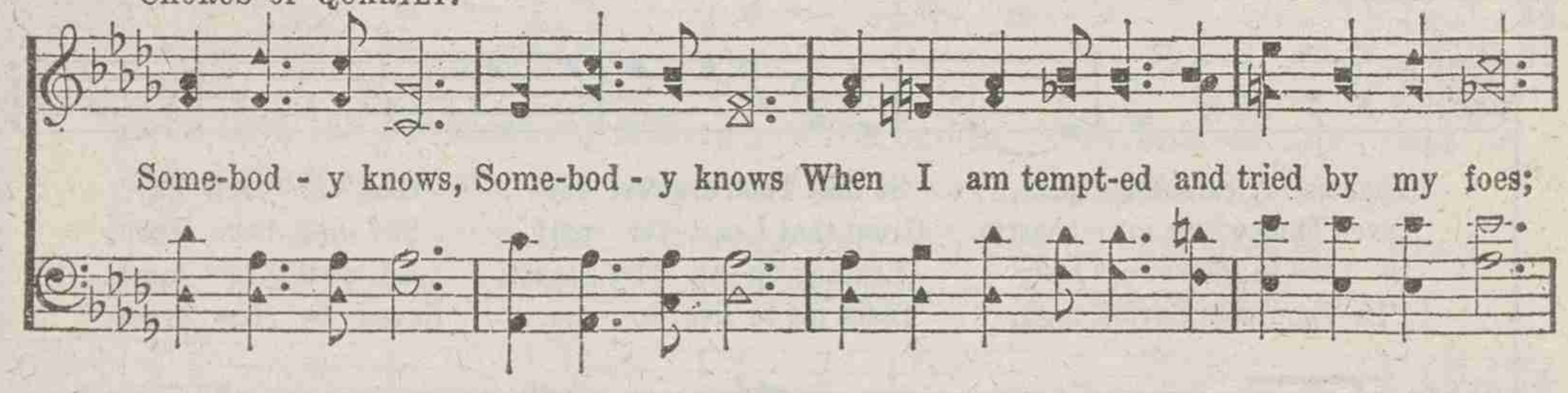
1. Fail - ing in strength when op - prest by my foes, Some - bod - y knows, Some-bod-y knows;
2. Why should I fear when the care - bil-lows roll? Some - bod - y knows, Some-bod-y knows;
3. Wound-ed and help - less and sick with dis - tress, Some - bod - y knows, Some-bod-y knows;





Wait - ing for some - one to ban - ish my woes, Some-bod-y knows,—'t is Je - sus.
When the deep shad - ows sweep o - ver my soul, Some-bod-y knows,—'t is Je - sus.
Long - ing for home and a moth-er's ca - ress, Some-bod-y knows,—'t is Je - sus.

CHORUS or QUARTET.



Some-bod - y knows, Some-bod - y knows When I am tempt-ed and tried by my foes;



He is the One who will keep me— Some-bod - y knows— 't is Je - sus.

No. 183. No Room in the Inn.

A. L. Skilton.

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY R. KELSO CARTER.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

E. Grace Updegraff.

Introduction. *Andante.*

poco rit.

1. No beau-ti-ful cham-ber, No soft cra-dle bed,
2. No sweet con-se-cra-tion, No seek-ing His part,
3. No one to re-ceive Him, No wel-come while here,

No place but a man-ger,
No hu-mil-i-a-tion,
No balm to re-lieve Him,

No-where for His head;
No place in the heart;
No staff but a spear;

No prais-es of glad-ness,
No tho't of the Sav-ior,
No seek-ing His treas-ure,

No tho't for their sin,
No sor-row for sin,
No weep-ing for sin,

rit.

CHORUS.

No glo-ry but sad-ness, No room in the inn.
No pray'r for His fa-vor, No room in the inn. No room, no room for Je-sus, Oh,
No do-ing His pleas-ure, No room in the inn.

rit.

rit.

give Him wel-come free, Lest you should hear at heaven's gate, "There is no room for thee."

rit.

No. 184. My Father Knows.

S. M. I. Henry.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

Introduction. *mf*

1. I know my heav'nly Father knows The storms that would my way oppose; But He can drive the
2. I know my heav'nly Father knows The balm I need to soothe my woes, And with His touch of
3. I know my heav'nly Father knows How frail I am to meet my foes, But He my cause will
4. I know my heav'nly Father knows The hour my journey here will close, And may that hour, O

ad lib.

clouds a-way, And turn my dark-ness in - to day, And turn my darkness in - to day.
love di-vine, He heals this wound-ed soul of mine, He heals this wound-ed soul of mine.
e'er de-fend, Up - hold and keep me to the end, Up - hold and keep me to the end.
faith-ful Guide, Find me safe sheltered by Thy side, Find me safe sheltered by Thy side.

REFRAIN.

He knows, He knows The storms that would my way op - pose;
My Fa-ther knows, I'm sure He knows that would my way op-pose;

He knows, He knows, And tempers ev-'ry wind that blows.
My Fa-ther knows, I'm sure He knows, the wind that blows.

No. 185. His Love For Me.

F. M. Eastwood.

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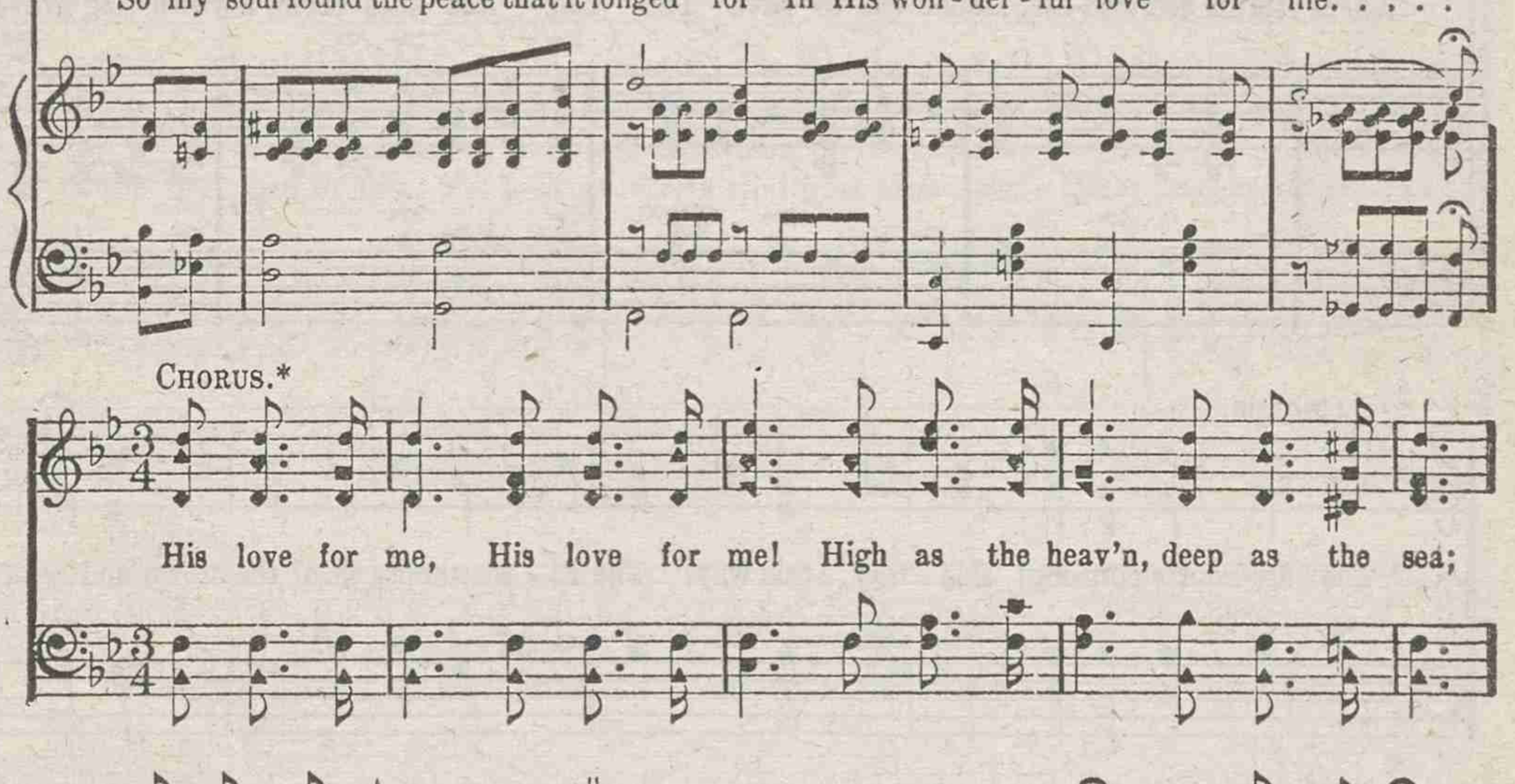
Fred H. Byshe.



1. You have heard of the sto - ry of Je - sus—Of His grace flowing boundless and free, ...
2. You have heard how He blessed lit - tle chil-dren: "Come, all ye that are weary," said He; . .
3. You have heard how the blind as they sought Him, Found their sight, when He bade them to see; . .
4. You have heard how He spake to the tem - pest—How His words "Peace, be still!" calmed the sea;



But there's no one can tell you the ful - ness Of His won - der - ful love for me. . . . .
So I came, and He gave me the bless - ing Of His won - der - ful love for me. . . . .
So my sin-blind-ed eyes have been o - pened By His won - der - ful love for me. . . . .
So my soul found the peace that it longed for In His won - der - ful love for me. . . . .



CHORUS.*

His love for me, His love for me! High as the heav'n, deep as the sea;



Love that will last thro' e - ter - ni - ty, His love for me, His love for me!

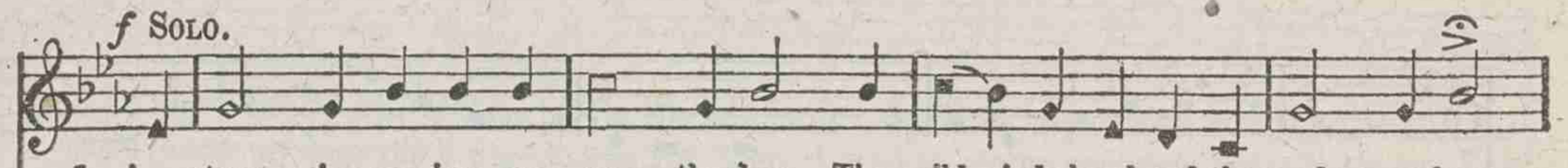
*Small notes may be used as a Soprano Obligato after last stanza.

No. 186. Take Hold of the Lifeline.

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Eben E. Rexford. **Samuel W. Beazley.**





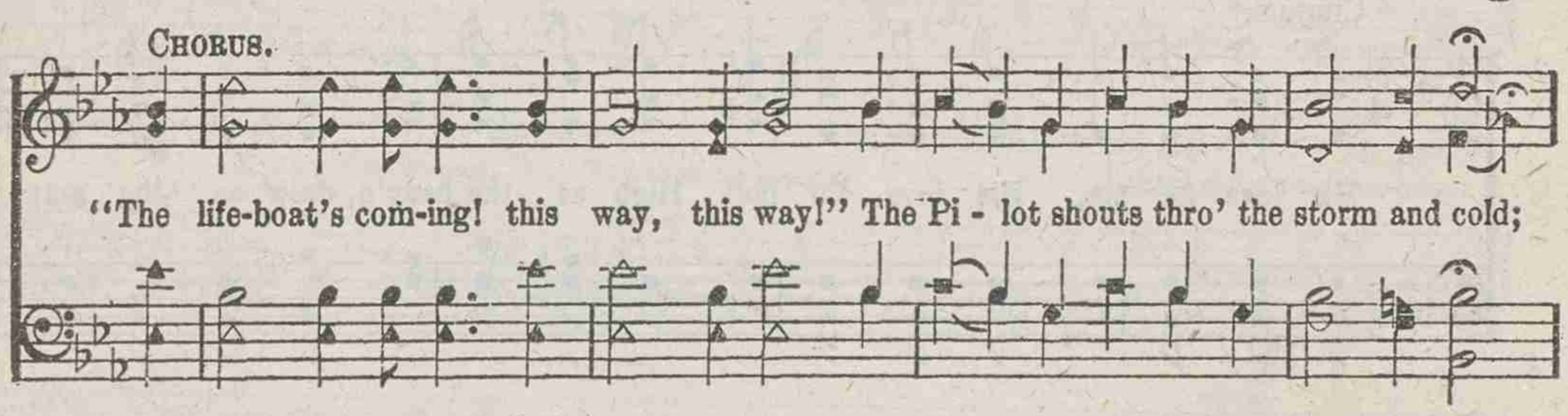
1. A storm is rag-ing up- on the deep, The wild winds howl and the mad waves leap;
2. The Pi - lot stands at the helm to guide The life - boat o - ver the wa - ters wide,
3. The souls that bat - tle with wind and wave Are cry-ing "We per-ish! O save, O save!"
4. Then haste to res - cue each sink - ing soul! Lay hold of the oar, tho' the thun-ders roll!





The clouds are hid-ing the sun from sight, But the life-boat's com-ing and the beacon's bright.
When cries from per-ish-ing souls come in A - cross the reefs and the rocks of sin.
They must not call o'er the storm-swept main For help, from us, and call in vain.
Where storms are wild-est, launch out to save The help - less ones from a yawn - ing grave.





"The life-boat's com-ing! this way, this way!" The Pi - lot shouts thro' the storm and cold;



"The life - line's thrown" I hear Him say—"Take hold, take hold, take hold!"



No. 187. It Is Jesus.

T. O. Chisholm.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Be - hold! One com-eth in the way, In hum-ble garments clad; The poor-est of the poor is He, No pil - low for His head; The hun - gry, wea - ry, sick and sad In crowds about Him press,— To ev - 'ry one He gives re-lief,—What manner of man is this?

2. What words of grace and truth He speaks, Ne'er heard on earth before: The burdened sin-ner hears that voice, And feels his sins no more; He calls the dead to life a-gain, Bids winds and bil-lows cease,—None other man such works hath done,—What manner of man is this?

3. They lead Him forth to Cal-va - ry,— O see Him bleed and die! His parch-ed lips are plead-ing now For those who cru-ci - fy! His head is bowed, the cup has passed, His Spir - it finds re - lease,— He suf-fered thus for you and me,—What manner of man is this?

4. But lo! what wondrous thing is done? The grave has lost its dead! To weep-ing ones He re - ap-pears, When all their hopes had fled; He lin - gers but a lit - tle while, To com - fort and to bless; The heav'ns receive Him from their sight,— What manner of man is this?

CHORUS.

It is Je - sus, it is Je - sus, The Man of Gal - i - lee; It is Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus who died on Cal-va-ry.

Introduction.

rit. *dim.*

No. 188. Clinging Close to His Hand.

Lizzie DeArmond.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Samuel W. Beazley.

1. As I cling to the hand of my Lord each day, . . What a
2. If I cling to His hand when the way grows dim, . . What is
3. I will cling to the hand whose nail-prints I see, . . And will

glad-ness is mine in the heav'nward way! . . Bless - ed fel-low-ship ours
there I need fear, since I trust in Him? . For His love lights the way
rest in the love that is full and free; . . Cling - ing ev - er to Him,

all the way a - long, As my glad - ness voi - ces it - self in song. . .
that my feet must tread, And Faith's day - star bright-ens the path a - head. . .
of His grace I sing, Christ, my Sav - ior, ev - er to be my King. . .

CHORUS.

Clinging, clinging by faith to my Savior's hand; Clinging, clinging to Him who my way hath planned;

Cling-ing, cling-ing to Je-sus, my Hope, my All; Cling-ing, clinging, clinging, I can-not fall.

No. 189. Reapers Are Needed.

Lizzie DeArmond. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL, WORDS AND MUSIC. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. Hark to the mu - sic re - sound - ing, Reap - ers are need - ed to - day; Fields are all white, to the har - vest Let us be up and a - way! Ev - er the Mas - ter is call - ing, Has - ten! the shad-ows are fall - ing; On to the har - vest-field, Gath-er the gold - en yield, Pre - cious sheaves.
2. For-ward with hearts full of glad - ness, Reap - ers, I pray you, make haste; Grain there is read - y and wait - ing, If not soon gath-ered, will waste; Then let us hear you re- ply - ing, La - bor with cour-age un - dy - ing, Send up a word of cheer, Tell of the rest so near, Rest at home.
3. Hark to the song they are sing - ing! See, they have treas-ures so rare; Soon will the har - vest be end - ed, Haste, then, their tro-phies to share. Let no one be i - dly dream-ing, Look! look! the har-vest is gleam - ing, Join ye the reap - ing band, Lend them a help - ing hand, Ere the night.

CHORUS or QUARTET.

Hark! hark! comes the song, On! on! join the throng; Forth with joy-ful, lov - ing heart, Bravely do your part; Hark! hark! rings the call; Haste! haste! one and all; On where the har-vest stands, Waiting for will - ing hands Souls to win.

No. 190. Raise Me, Jesus, to Thy Bosom.

Geo. Birdseye.

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Wm. A. Huntley.

DUET.

1. Raise me, Je - sus, to Thy bos - om, From this world . . . of sin and woes; . .
2. Raise me, Je - sus, to Thy bos - om, For my heart . . . is slave to fear, . .
3. Raise me, Je - sus, to Thy bos - om, Hear a con - trite spir-it's prayer; .

Let me feel Thine arms a - round me, Then my soul may know re - pose. . .
That will van - ish as a shad - ow, When it feels Thy pres - ence near. . .
Raise me from the sin a - round me Ere I yield me to de - spair. . .

SOLO.

I am wear-y with my bur-den, And I come to Thee for rest; . . Knee-ling at Thy feet, I
In my anguish deign to hear me All my sin and grief con - fess; . . By the promise Thou hast
Oh, I feel that Thou wilt hear me, And will give me ho - ly rest; . . Now I feel Thy glo - ry

CHORUS or QUARTET.

pray Thee Lift me, Je - sus, to Thy breast. . .
giv - en, Lift me, Je - sus, to Thy breast. . . Raise me, Je-sus, to Thy bos - om, From this
near me, Lift me, Je - sus, to Thy breast. . .

world of sin and woes; Let me feel Thine arms a - round me, Then my soul may know re-pose.

No. 191. Oh, It Is Wonderful!

C. H. G.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

Introduction.

1. I stand all a - mazed at the love Je - sus of - fers me, Con - fused at the
2. I mar - vel that He would de - scend from His throne di-vine, To res - cue a
3. I think of His hands, pierced and bleed - ing, to pay the debt! Such mer - cy, such

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

rit.

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

CHORUS.

Oh, it is won - der - ful that He should care for me, E - nough to
won - der - ful!
die for me! Oh, it is won - der - ful, won - der - ful to me!
won - der - ful!

No. 192. Sometime, Somewhere.

Mrs. Ophelia G. Adams.

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Charlie D. Tillman.



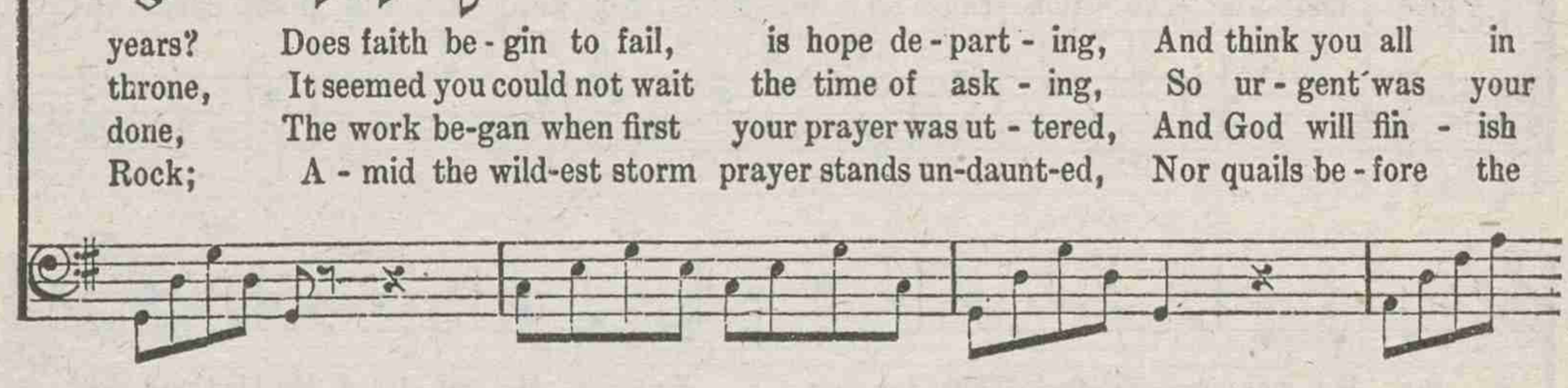
DUET or SOLO.



1. Un-an-swered yet? The prayer your lips have pleaded In ag - o - ny of heart these man-y
2. Un-an-swered yet? Tho' when you first pre-sent - ed This one pe - ti - tion at the Fa-ther's
3. Un-an-swered yet? Nay, do not say un - granted; Per-haps your part is not yet whol - ly
4. Un-an-swered yet? Faith can-not be un - an-swered; Her feet were firm - ly plant-ed on the



years? Does faith be - gin to fail, is hope de - part - ing, And think you all in
throne, It seemed you could not wait the time of ask - ing, So ur - gent was your
done, The work be-gan when first your prayer was ut - tered, And God will fin - ish
Rock; A - mid the wild-est storm prayer stands un-daunt-ed, Nor quails be - fore the



vain those falling tears? Say not the Fa - ther hath not heard your prayer; You shall have your de-
heart to make it known. Tho' years have passed since then, do not de - spair; The Lord will an-swer
what He has be - gun. If you will keep the in-cense burn-ing there; His glo - ry you shall
loud-est thun-der shock; She knows Om-nip - o-tence has heard her prayer, And cries, "It shall be



rit. ad lib.

sire, some - time, some-where, You shall have your de - sire, some - time, some-where.
you, some - time, some-where, The Lord will an - swer you, some - time, some-where.
see, some - time, some-where, His glo - ry you shall see, some - time, some-where.
done, some - time, some-where," And cries, "It shall be done, some - time, some-where."



No. 193. I Am Happy In Him.

E. O. E.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

Introduction.

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

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

CHORUS or QUARTET.

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

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

No. 194. His Love Can Never Fail.

E. S. Hall. COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC. **E. O. Excell.**

DUET. Tenor and Baritone. (As sung by Gabriel & Excell.)

1. I do not ask to see the way My feet will have to tread, But on - ly that my

SOLO or QUARTET.

2. And if my feet would go a-stray, They can-not, for I know That Je - sus guides my
3. I will not fear, tho' dark-ness come A-broad o'er all the land, If I may on - ly

soul may feed Up - on the liv - ing bread; 'T is bet - ter far that I should walk By
fal-t'ring steps, As joy - ful - ly I go; And tho' I may not see His face, My
feel the touch Of His own lov - ing hand; And tho' I trem - ble when I think How
faith close to His side; I may not know the way I go, But oh, I know my Guide.
faith is strong and clear That in each hour of sore dis - tress, My Sav - ior will be near.
weak I am, how frail, My soul is sat - is - fied to know His love can nev-er fail.

D. S.—*My soul is sat is - fied to know His love can nev-er fail.*

CHORUS or QUARTET.

His love . . . can nev - er fail, His love . . . can nev - er fail;
His love can nev - er fail, His love can nev - er fail;
His love . . . can nev - er fail, His love . . . can nev - er fail;
His love can nev - er fail, His love can nev - er fail;

No. 195. A Sinner Made Whole.

W. M. Lighthall.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

DUET. Tenor and Baritone. (As sung by Gabriel & Excell.)

1. There's a song in my heart that my lips can-not sing, 'T is 'praise in the high-est to Je-sus, my King; Its mu-sic each mo-ment is thrill-ing my soul,

SOLO or QUARTET.

2. I shall stand one day fault-less and pure by His throne, Trans-formed from my im-age, con-formed to His own; Then I shall find words for the song of my soul,
3. All the mu-sic of heav-en, so per-fect and sweet, Will blend with my song and will make it com-plete; Thro' a-ges un-end-ing the ech-oes will roll,

D. S.—*My heart it is sing-ing, the an-them is ring-ing,*

FINE. CHORUS.

For I was a sin-ner, but Christ made me whole. A sin-ner made whole! a
For I was a sin-ner, but Christ made me whole. A sin-ner made whole! a
For I was a sin-ner, but Christ made me whole.

rit. D. S.

sin-ner made whole! The Sav-ior hath bought me and ran-somed my soul!
rit.
sin-ner made whole! The Sav-ior hath bought me and ran-somed my soul!

No. 196. Jesus and His Love.

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John R. Clements. **E. O. Excell.**

Solo. *For Introduction see last brace.*

1. A voice is sweet-ly sing - ing Its mes - sage in my heart, And oft - en, o'er it
2. How oft-en, when life's path-way Is heaped a-bout with care, And ev - 'ry step that's
3. I fan-cy, when the morn-ing Of heav-en's day shall break, And I from earth for-

mu-sing, The tears un-bid - den start; No day can be so drear-y But this a balm will
tak - en Re-veals some hid-den snare, Will this sweet song of com-fort A ben - e-dic - tion
ev - er My journey thence shall take, No song of an-gel voic-es More sweet to me shall

prove: Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Of Je-sus and His love;

CHORUS. This Chorus used by permission of the Author, Dr. W. H. Doane.

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

sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

FINE. Introduction.

m

Moderato.

No. 197 My Mother's Song.

J. E. Ramsey.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. Sing me the song my moth-er sang In ac-cents sweet and low, That dear old song she sang to me In childhood long a - go; Me thinks I hear her voice a-gain, And
2. O sing it as she sang that day, So tender and so sweet, When pen - i - tent I knelt to pray, Be - fore the mer - cy - seat; It seemed a song from angel tongue, My
3. Sing me the dear old song a-gain, It brings a sweet re - lief; 'Twas mother's song in joy or pain, Her balm for ev - 'ry grief; In vale or on the mountain steep, She
4. Sing as she sang, with faith so strong, When called by an - gel band, To join her song with ser-aph throng, In heav'n's sweet sum-mer land; Still sing-ing God's re-deem-ing love, His

see her smil - ing face, As when she sang that sweet re-frain Of God's A-maz - ing Grace.
bro-ken heart to bless, When mother sang that dear old song Of God's A-maz - ing Grace.
sang her song of praise,—The Lord my soul will safe-ly keep, Thro' His A-maz - ing Grace.
glo - ry on her face, She winged her way to realms a-bove, Thro' God's A-maz - ing Grace.

After each stanza sing the corresponding stanza of the following hymn: "Amazing Grace,"

No. 198. Amazing Grace.

John Newton.

Arr. by E. O. Excell.

1. { Amazing grace! how sweet the sound,
   { That saved a wretch like me! I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart
And grace my fears relieved; [to fear
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!

3 Thro' many dangers, toils and
I have already come; [snar-,
'Tis grace hath bro't me safe thus
And grace will lead me home. [far,

4 When we've been there ten thou-
Bright shining as the sun, [sand years
We've no less days to sing God's
Than when we first begun. [praise

No. 199. The Sinner and the Song.

W. L. T.

BY PER. W. L. THOMPSON & CO.

Will L. Thompson.

Solo.

Organ.

1. A sin-ner was wand'ring at e - ven - tide, His tempter was watching close by at his side,
2. He stopped and listened to ev-'ry sweet chord, He remembered the time he once loved the Lord,

In his heart raged a battle for right against wrong, But hark! from the church he hears the sweet song;
Come on! says the tempter, come, on with the throng; But hark! from the church a-gain swells the song,

pp Quartet.

Solo.

Organ.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, Oh, tempter, de-part,
2. While the bil-lows near me roll, while the tem-pest still is high,

I have served thee too long, I fly to the Sav - ior, He dwells in that song, O Lord,

can it be that a sin - ner like me, May find a sweet ref - uge by com - ing to Thee?

pp Quartet.

Solo.

Organ.

Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help-less soul on Thee. I come, Lord, I

pp Quartet.

come, Thou'lt for-give the dark past, And O, re - ceive my soul at last.

No. 200. Lead Me Gently Home, Father.

BY PER. OF WILL L. THOMPSON & CO., OWNERS OF COPYRIGHT.

W. L. T. W. L. Thompson.

SOLO OR DUET. *ad lib.*

1. Lead me gen-tly home, Father, Lead me gen - tly home, When life's toils are
2. Lead me gen-tly home, Father, Lead me gen - tly home, In life's dark-est

end - ed, And parting days have come, Sin no more shall tempt me, Ne'er from
hours, Father, When life's troubles come, Keep my feet from wand'ring, Lest from

rit. *p*

Thee I'll roam, If Thou'lt on - ly lead me, Father, Lead me gen-tly home.
Thee I roam, Lest I fall up - on the wayside, Lead me gen-tly home.

REFRAIN.

Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther Lead me gen - tly,
Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther, Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther,

Lest I fall up - on the way - side, Lead me gen - tly home.
gen - tly home.

No. 201. Why Not Say Yes To-night?

Effie Wells Loucks. USED BY PER., WINONA PUB. CO. Louis D. Eichhorn.

Duet.

1. O why not say yes to the Sav - ior to-night? He's ten - der - ly
2. For with you the Spir - it will not al-ways plead,—O do not re-
3. Take Christ as your Sav-ior, then all shall be well, The mor-row let

plead-ing with thee To come to Him now with thy sin - bur-dened heart
ject Him to - night! To-mor - row may bring you the dark-ness of death,
bring what it may; His love shall pro - tect you, His Spir - it shall guide,

CHORUS.

For par-don so full and so free.....
so free.
Un - bro - ken by heav - en - ly light.... Why not say Yes to-
heav'nly light.
And safe - ly keep you in His way..... Why not say Yes to the
His way.

night?..... Why not? Why not? While He so
Sav - ior to - night? Say Yes! Say Yes!

Why not say Yes? Why not to - night?

gen-tly, so ten-der - ly pleads? O ac-cept Him to - night!.....
ac - cept Him to - night!

No. 202. He Knows It All.

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Mrs. Ophelia Adams. C. M. Davis.

1. I love to think my Father knows Why I have missed the path I chose,
2. I love to think my Father knows The thorns I pluck with ev-'ry rose,
3. I love to think my Father knows The strength or weakness of my foes,

And that I soon shall clearly see The way He led was best for me.
The dai-ly griefs I seek to hide From the dear souls I walk be-side.
And that I need but stand and see Each conflict end in vic-to - ry.

REFRAIN.

He knows it all, ... He knows it all . . . . My Fa - ther
He knows it all, He knows it all,

knows . . . He knows it all; . . . Thy bit-ter tears . . . how
My Fa - ther knows, He knows it all: Thy bit - ter tears,

fast they fall!— He knows, My Fa - ther knows it all.
how fast they fall!—

No. 203. Homeward.

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Ada Powell. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Homeward I go re - joic - ing! O love - ly promised land!
2. Homeward to meet the Sav - ior On that e - ter - nal shore;
3. Homeward I go be - liev - ing That there shall be no night

Far in the dis - tance gleam - ing I see thy shin - ing strand.
Won-der - ful land of Ca - naan, Where sor - rows come no more.
In that e - ter - nal cit - y, Where God Him - self is light.

CHORUS.

Homeward! to join the ransomed, Beyond the borders of the crys-tal sea;
Home - ward bound to join the ran-somed ones, We're

Homeward! to joys e - ter - nal, And O how sweet the rest will be!
Home-ward bound to joys, e - ter - nal joys,

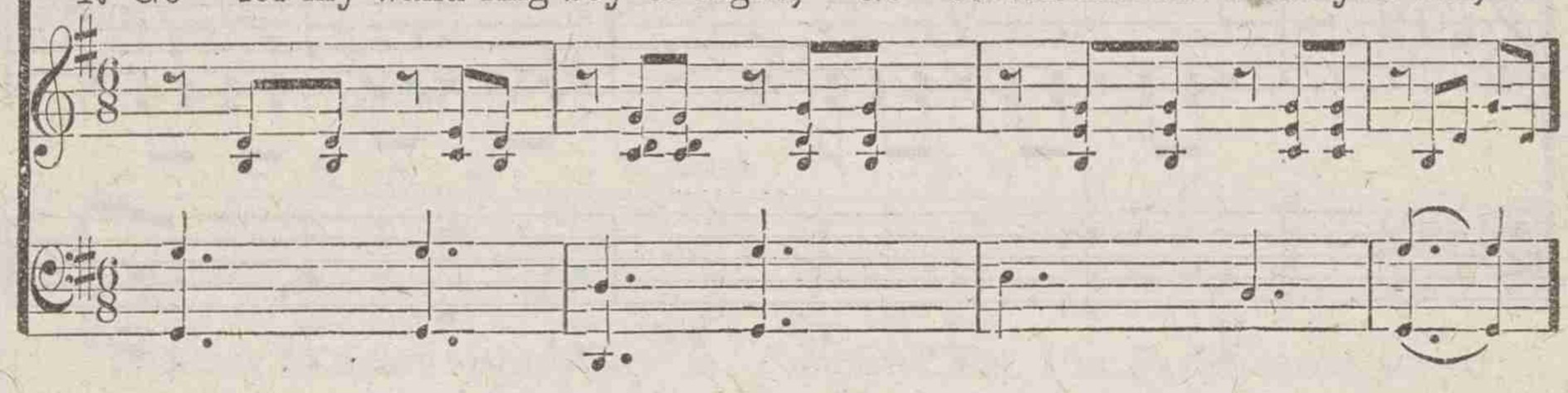
No. 204. Where is My Boy To-Night?

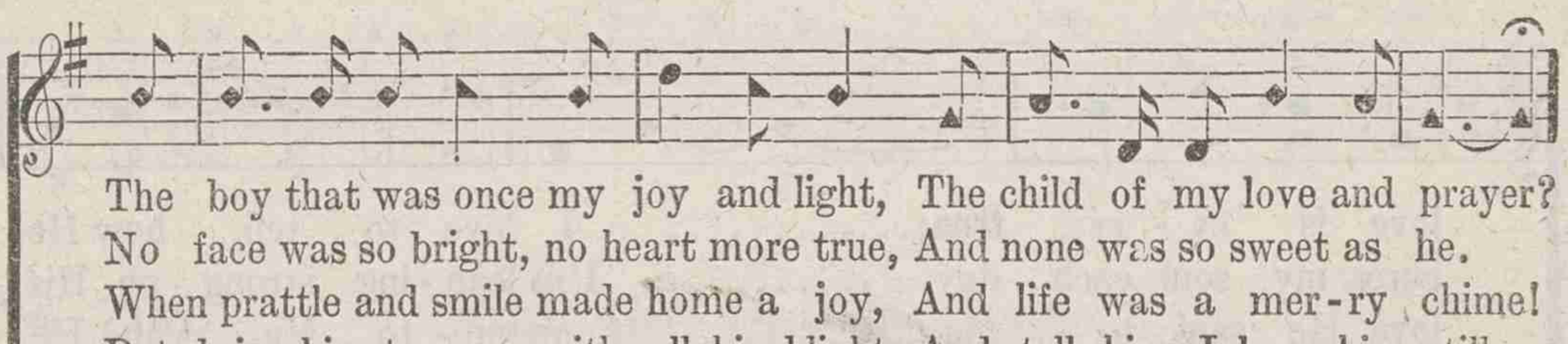
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RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION.

R. L. Rev. R. Lowry.



1. Where is my wand'ring boy to-night— The boy of my tend'rest care,
2. Once he was pure as morn-ing dew, As he knelt at his moth-er's knee;
3. O could I see you now, my boy, As fair as ih old - en time,
4. Go for my wand'ring boy to-night; Go search for him where you will;

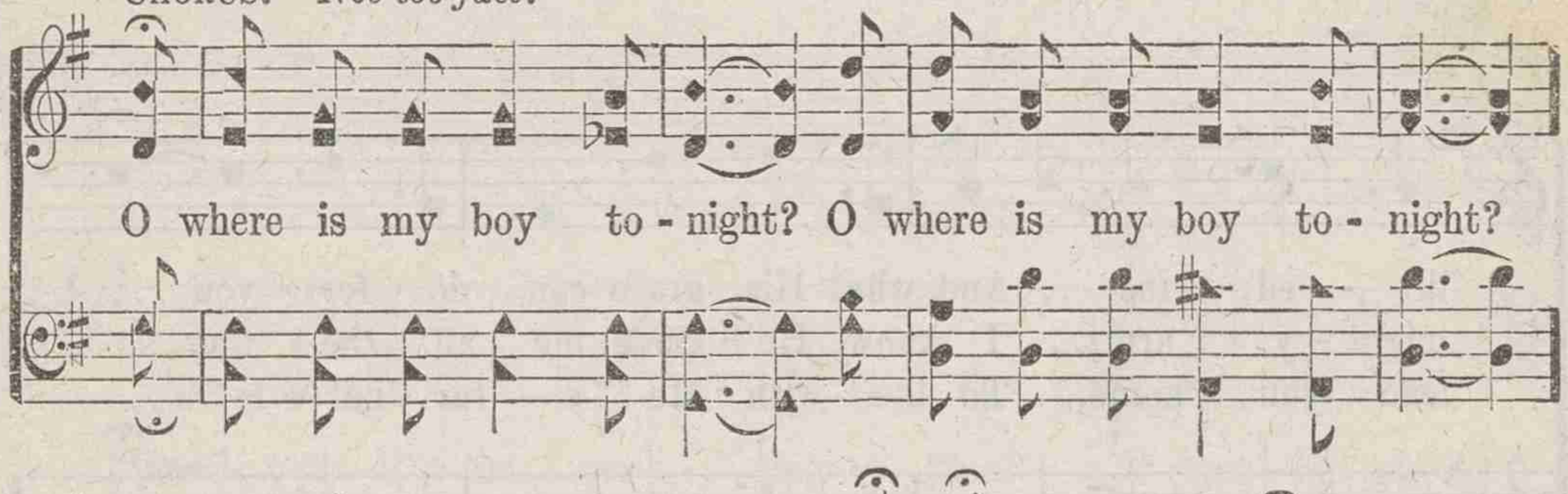




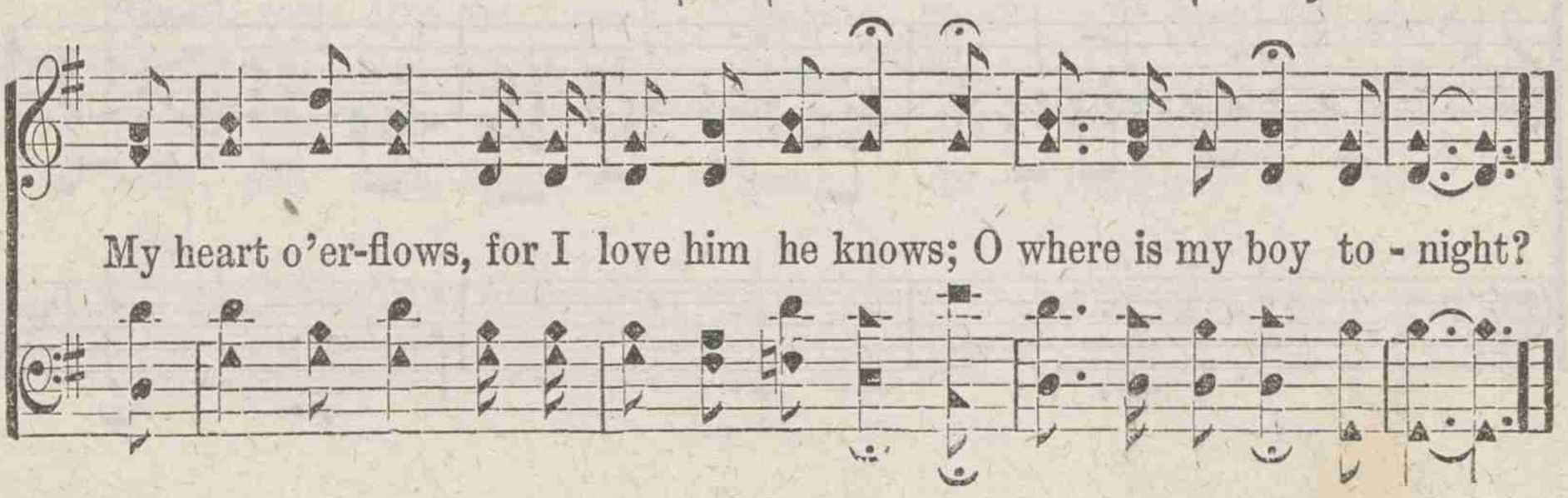
The boy that was once my joy and light, The child of my love and prayer?
No face was so bright, no heart more true, And none was so sweet as he.
When prattle and smile made home a joy, And life was a mer-ry chime!
But bring him to me with all his blight, And tell him I love him still.



CHORUS. *Not too fast.*



O where is my boy to - night? O where is my boy to - night?



My heart o'er-flows, for I love him he knows; O where is my boy to - night?

No. 205. Saved! Saved!

J. P. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

J. P. Scholfield.

1. I've found a Friend who is all to me,... His love is ev - er true;..... I love to tell.. how He
2. He saves me from ev - 'ry sin and harm,.. Se- cures my soul each day;..... I'm lean - ing strong on His
3. When poor and need - y, and all a - lone,... In love He said to me,..... "Come un - to Me... and I'll

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

Saved! Saved!

CHORUS.

Saved..... by His pow'r divine, Saved..... to new life sub-lime!

Saved by His pow'r, Saved to new life,

cres. *rit.*

Life now is sweet and my joy is complete, for I'm Saved, saved, saved!

No. 206. Now the Day is Over.

Sabine Baring-Gould. **Joseph Barnby.**

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
2. Je - sus, give the wear - y Calm and sweet re - pose;
3. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Vi - sions bright of Thee;
4. When the morn-ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise

Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
With Thy ten - d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
Guard the sail - ors, toss - ing On the deep blue sea.
Pure, and fresh, and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.

eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.

No. 207. All Hail, Immanuel!

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

D. R. Van Sickle. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, We cast..... our crowns be-
2. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, The ran - - somed hosts sur-
3. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, Our ris - - en King and

fore Thee; Let ev - 'ry heart o - bey Thy will, And ev - - 'ry voice a-
round Thee; And earth-ly monarchs clamor forth Their Sov - 'reign, King to-
Sav - ior! Thy foes are vanquished, and Thou art Om - nip - - o - tent for

dore Thee. In praise to Thee, our Sav - ior, King, The vi-brant chords of
crown Thee. While those redeemed in a - ges gone, As-semb-led round the
ev - er. Death, sin and hell no lon - ger reign, And Sa-tan's pow'r is

heav - en ring, And ech - o back the might - y strain: All
great white throne, Break forth in - to im - mor - tal song: All
burst in twain; E - ter - nal glo - ry to Thy Name: All

ff

hail! all hail! All hail, all hail, Im - man - u - el!

All hail! all hail!

All Hail, Immanuel!

CHORUS.

Hail,..... Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el! Hail,.....

Hail to the King we love so well, Hail, Hail! Im - man - u-el! Hail to the King we love so well.

Im-man - u - el, Im-man - u - el!

Hail, Hail! Im - man - u - el!

Glo-ry and hon-or and maj-es-ty,
Glo - - ry and maj - es - ty,

Wis-dom and pow-er be un - to Thee, Now and ev - er - more!
Wis - dom be un - to Thee,

Hail,..... Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el! Hail,.....

Hail to the King we love so well, Hail, Hail! Im - man - u-el! Hail to the King we love so well,

Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el!

Hail, Hail! Im - man - u-el! King of kings and Lord of lords, All hail, Im-man-u-el!

No. 208. Evangelize the World.

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S. W. B. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Go forth, ye Chris - tian work-ers, With more de - ter-mined will,
To spread a - broad the gos - pel, And God's in - tent ful - fill;

2. Say not that you may wav - er, When Sa - tan's co - horts stand
In sol - id phal - anx, read - y To take from us the land;

3. Up - on you Chris - tian work-ers De - pends how soon the day
Will come when all shall know Him, "The True and Liv - ing Way;"

With cour - age still un-daunt - ed, Do more lost souls to win,
Be - lieve in Je - sus' pow - er To give the vic - to - ry,
Go out as His e - van - gels, Be - liev - ing in His word;

And "bring to pass the king - dom" With - in the hearts of men.
If you will do your du - ty, And stand more man - ful - ly.
In ev - 'ry place pro-claim it, Till all the world has heard.

CHORUS.

E - van - gel-ize the world! Let men be stirred; E - van-gel-ize the
E - van - gel - ize the world! Let hearts of men be stirred; E - van - gel-

Evangelize the World.

world with God's might-y word; Go at His com-mand,
ize the world with God's own might - y word; Go at His com-mand,

In the highways stand, Pro-claim-ing Je - sus ev - 'ry-where; E-
In the high-ways stand, E-

van-gel-ize the world! The ti-dings speed; E-van-gel-ize the
van - gel - ize the world! The joy - ful ti-dings speed; E - van - gel-

world! This is the need; With burning zeal go on Un-
ize the world! This is the great-est need; With burn - ing zeal go on, Un-

til the work is done, And all men His sal-va-tion share.
til the work is done,

No. 209.

Awakening Chorus.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
HENRY DATE, OWNER.

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

Prelude. Moderato.

1. A-wake! a - wake! and sing the bless-ed sto - ry; A-wake!
2. Ring out! ring out! O bells of joy and glad-ness! Re-peat,

a - wake! and let your song of praise a - rise; A - wake! a-
re - peat a - new the sto - ry o'er a - gain, Till all the
wake, the earth is full of glo - ry, And light is beam-
earth shall lose its weight of sad - ness And shout a - new

Male voices in unison.

ing from the radiant skies; The rocks and rills, the vales and hills re-sound with
the glo - ri - ous re - frain; With an - gels in the heights sing of the great sal-

Awakening Chorus. Concluded.

Full Harmony.

glad-ness, All na - ture joins to sing the triumph song. The Lord Je - ho-vah
va-tion He wrest - ed from the hand of sin and death.

reigns and sin is back-ward hurled! Re - joice! re - joice! lift
sin is back-ward hurled! Re - joice! re - joice!

heart and voice, Je - ho - vah reigns! Pro-
lift heart and voice, Je - ho - vah reigns! He reigns!

claim His sov-'reign pow'r to all the world, And let His
pow'r to all the world, And let His

glo - - - rious ban-ner be un-furled! Je - ho - vah reigns!
grand and glo-rious ban - ner be un - furled! Je - ho - vah reigns! Je - ho - vah reigns!

* The five measures between the two stars may be sung in unison.

No. 210. Crown Him King of Kings.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. E. Rexford. De Loss Smith.

Introduction.

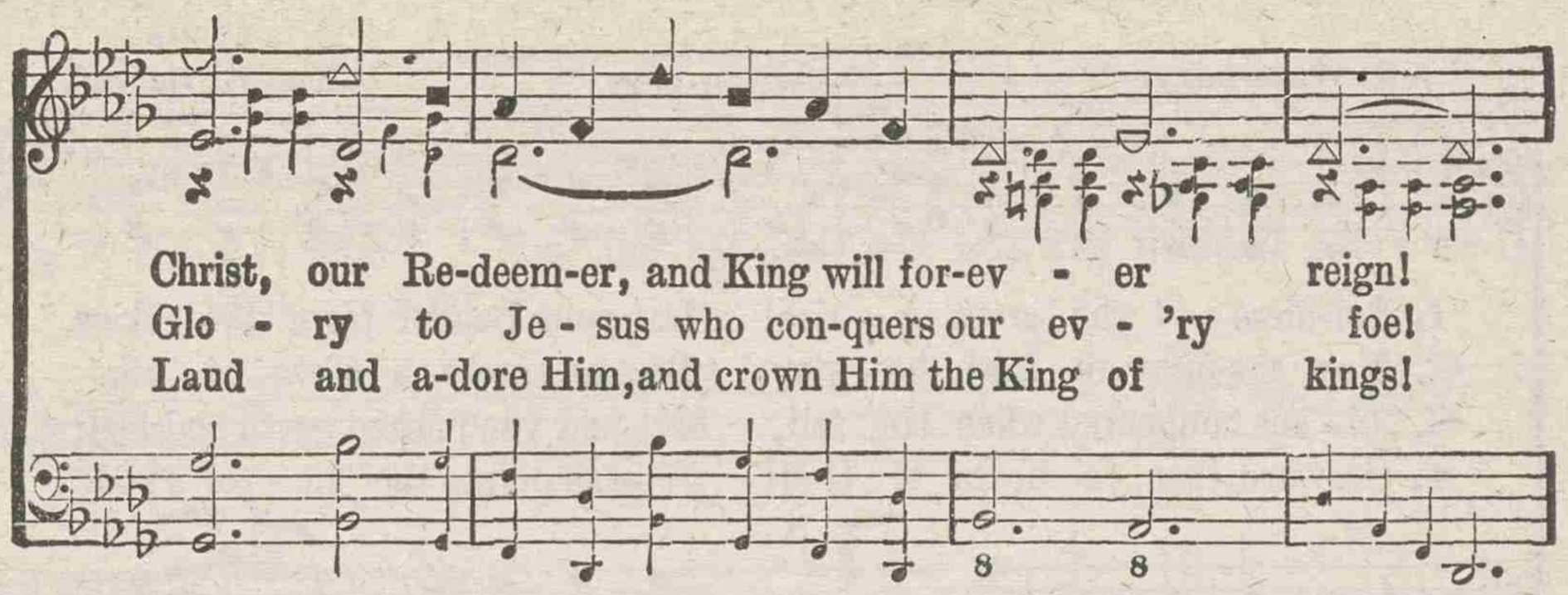
Voices in Unison.

1. Crown Him, crown Him with glo - ry the King of kings,
2. He who reigns o'er the king-doms of earth to - day
3. Praise Him, praise Him, the King on the great white throne;

Praise and hom-age each heart as its trib - ute brings;
Sends His bless-ings to those in the heav'n - ward way;
Love Him, serve Him, who rul-eth by love a - lone!

Sing, O earth, and u - nite in the might - y re - frain—
Sing we, prais-es with hearts that with love o - ver - flow—
Up to heav - en the shout of the glo - ri - fied rings—

Crown Him King of Kings.



CHORUS.



No. 211. Soldiers of the Cross.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY ROBT. H. COLEMAN.

J. R. Waterbury. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Sol-diers of the cross a - rise! Lo! your Leader from the skies,
2. Now the fight of faith be - gin, Be no more a slave of sin,
3. Je - sus conquered when He fell, Met and vanquished earth and hell;
4. On-ward, then, ye hosts of God! Je - sus points the vic - tor's rod;

Waves be - fore you glo - ry's prize The prize of vic - to - ry!
Strive the vic - tor's palm to win, While trust-ing in the Lord:
Now He leads you on to swell The tri-umphs of His cross.
Fol - low where your Lead - er trod; You soon shall see His face.

Seize your ar-mor, gird it on, Soon the con-flict will be done, Fight un-
Gird ye on the ar-mor bright, War-riors of the King of light, Nev - er
Tho' all earth and hell ap-pear, Who will doubt, or who can fear? God, our
Soon, your en-e-mies all slain, Crowns of glo - ry you shall gain, Soon you'll

til the bat - tle's won, Then strug-gle man-ful - ly.
yield, nor lose by flight, Is your di - vine re - ward.
strength and shield, is near; We can - not lose our cause.
join that glo-rious train Who shout their Sav-ior's praise.

Then strug-gle man - ful - ly.

Soldiers of the Cross.

CHORUS.

On - ward! is the bat - tle cry! Lift the cross of Je - sus

On - ward! on - ward!

high,..... On - ward! till the war is done, And the

lift it high, On - ward! On - ward!

crown of life is won; On - ward! is the bat - tle

On - ward! On - ward!

cry! Lift the cross of Je - sus high,..... Till.....

lift it high, Till the war

the war is done,..... And the crown of life is won.

Till the war is done,

No. 212. A Song of Victory.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.

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

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

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

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

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

A Song of Victory.

CHORUS.

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

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

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

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

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

No. 213.

Praise Him.

Dedicated to J. F. Scholfield and Wife.

J. P. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

J. P. Scholfield.

1. Christ our Sav - ior, We would sing prais-es to Thee, For sal - va - tion
2. Lead us, Fa-ther, Guide us a - long on our way: Help us nev - er
3. May our voic - es Tell our de - vo - tion to Thee; May our hearts sing

bless - ed and full and free; We so love Thee Our hearts are
out of Thy path - way to stray; On-ward, up-ward! This is our
songs of Thy love and Thy glo - ry, Un - til an - gels Join the great

full of Thy glo - ry, We will praise Thee all thro' e - ter - ni - ty.
heart's earn-est plea, Clos - er, clos - er, un - til Thy face we see.
cho - rus and sing, Crown-ing Je - sus, ev - er and ev - er King.

CHORUS.

Praise Him, Praise Him! We'll ev - er sing to Je-sus our King;
Praise Him, Praise Him, Praise Him, Praise Him!

Praise Him, Praise Him! Let ev - 'ry heart sing praise to the King!
Praise Him, Praise Him!

Devotional Hymns

No 214. Joy to the World.

I. Watts. *Second Tune.* G. F. Handel.

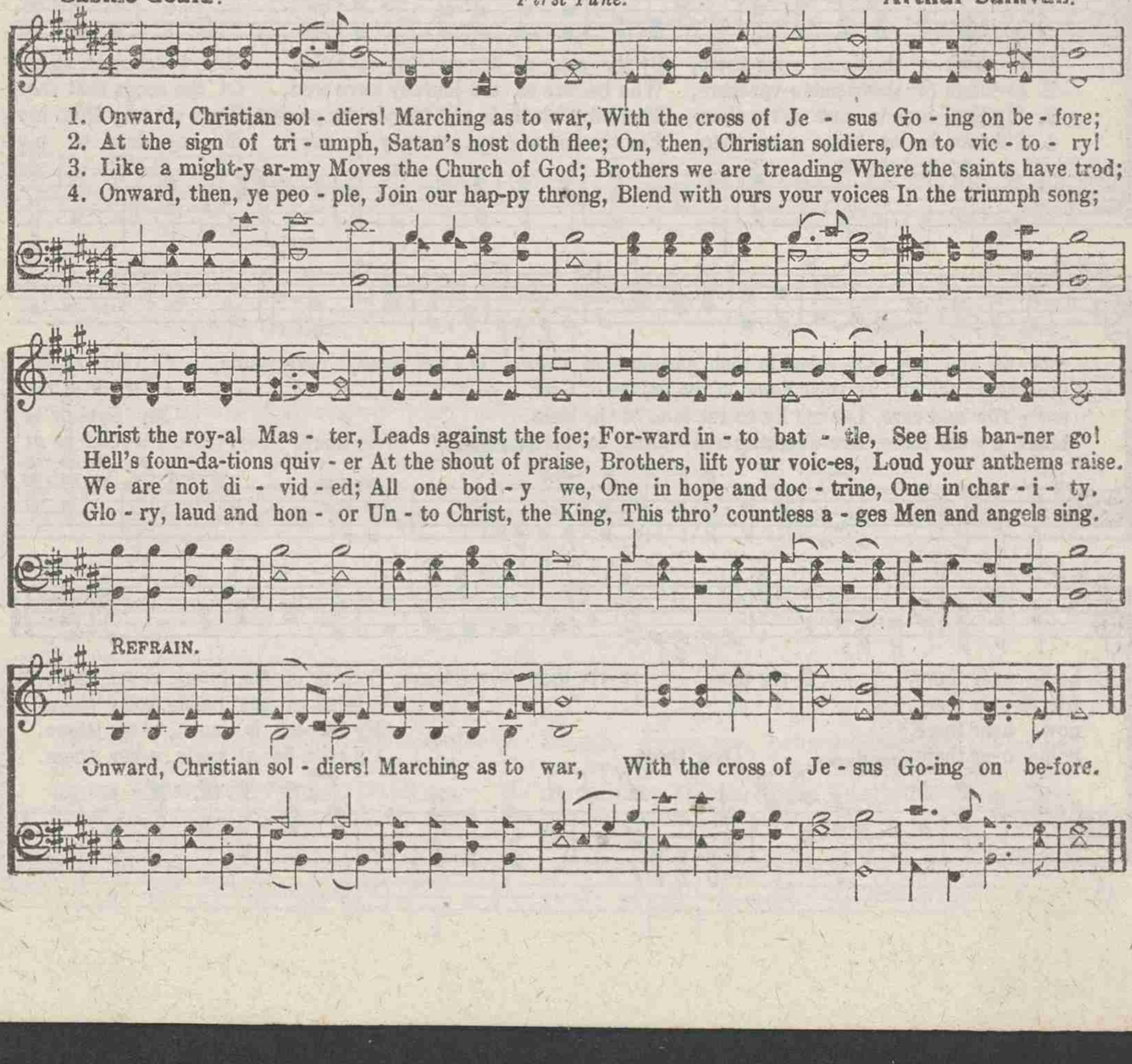


1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-ceive her King; Let ev - 'ry heart pre-pare Him room, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and nature sing.
2. Joy to the world! the Sav-ior reigns; Let men their songs em-ploy; While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains, Repeat the sounding joy, Re-peat the sounding joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sounding joy.
3. No more let sin and sor - row grow, Nor thorns in-fest the ground; He comes to make His bless - ings flow Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na-tions prove The glo - ries of His right-eous-ness, And wonders of His love, And won-ders of His love, And won-ders, won-ders of His love.



No. 215. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Gould. *First Tune.* Arthur Sullivan.



1. Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore; Christ the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads against the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban-ner go!
2. At the sign of tri - umph, Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers, On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foun-da-tions quiv - er At the shout of praise, Brothers, lift your voic-es, Loud your anthems raise.
3. Like a might-y ar-my Moves the Church of God; Brothers we are treading Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed; All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your voices In the triumph song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ, the King, This thro' countless a - ges Men and angels sing.

REFRAIN.

Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be-fore.

No. 216. What a Friend.

H. Bonar. C. C. Converse.



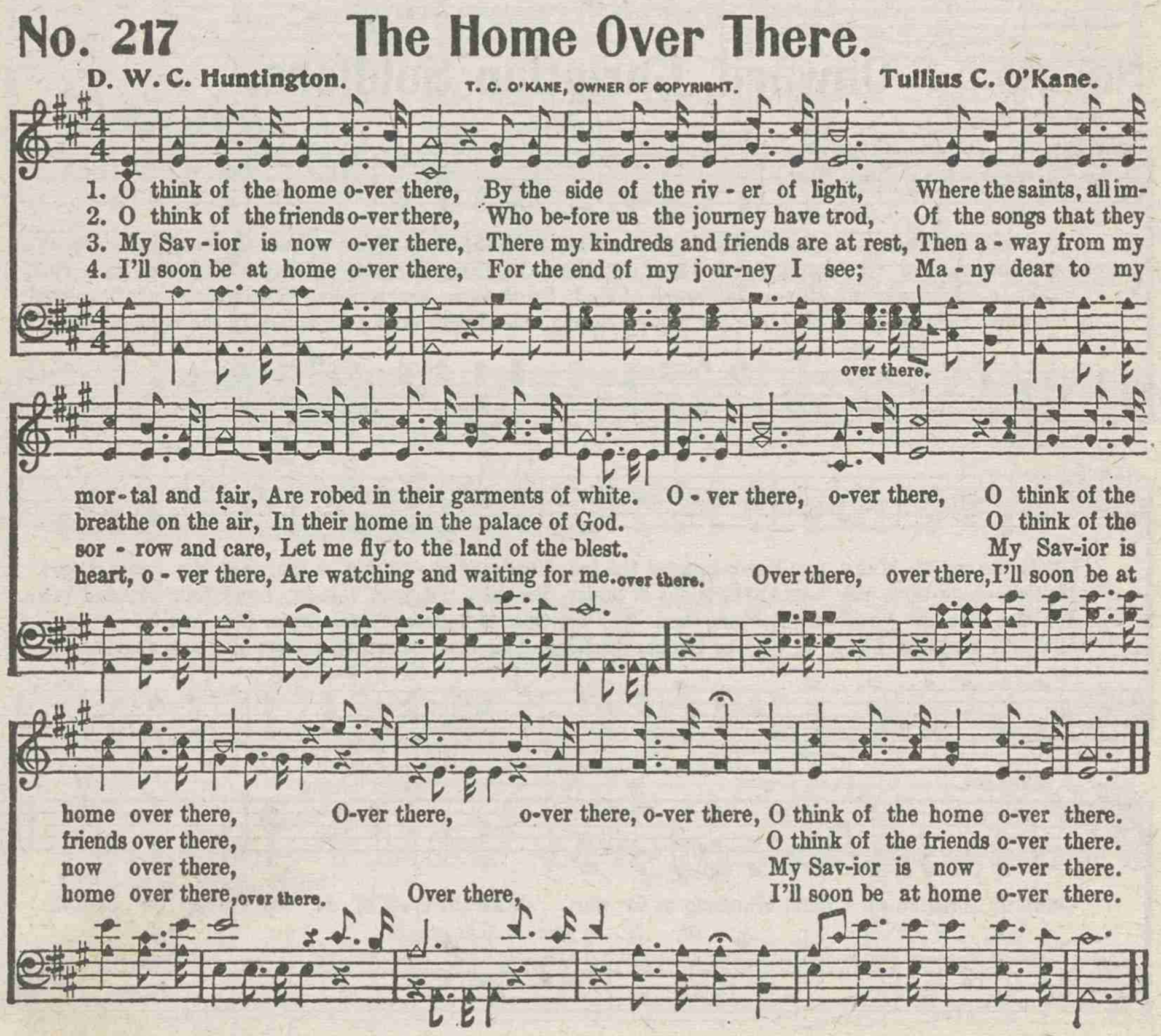
1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry,
Every thing to God in prayer!

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

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

No. 217 The Home Over There.

D. W. C. Huntington. T. C. O'KANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. Tullius C. O'Kane.



No. 218. I Love To Tell The Story.

Katherine Hankey. USED BY PERMISSION OF WM. G. FISCHER. **William G. Fischer.**

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a-bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won-der-ful it seems Than all the gold - en fan - cies
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What seems, each time I tell it,
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hun-ger - ing and thirst-ing

Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true;
Of all our gold-en dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me;
More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard
To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song,

CHORUS.

It sat - is - fies my long - ings As noth - ing else would do.
And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto - ry,
The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own Ho-ly Word.
'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have lov'd so long.

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

No. 219. Even Me, Even Me.

Mrs. Elizabeth Codner. **Wm. B. Bradbury.**

1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless - ing Thou art scatt'ring full and free; Show'rs, the thirst-y land re-
2. Pass me not, O God, my Fa - ther Sin - ful tho' my heart may be; Thou mightst leave me, but the
3. Pass me not, O gra - cious Sav - ior, Let me live and cling to Thee; I am long - ing for Thy
4. Love of God, so pure and change-less, Blood of Christ, so rich and free; Grace of God, so strong and

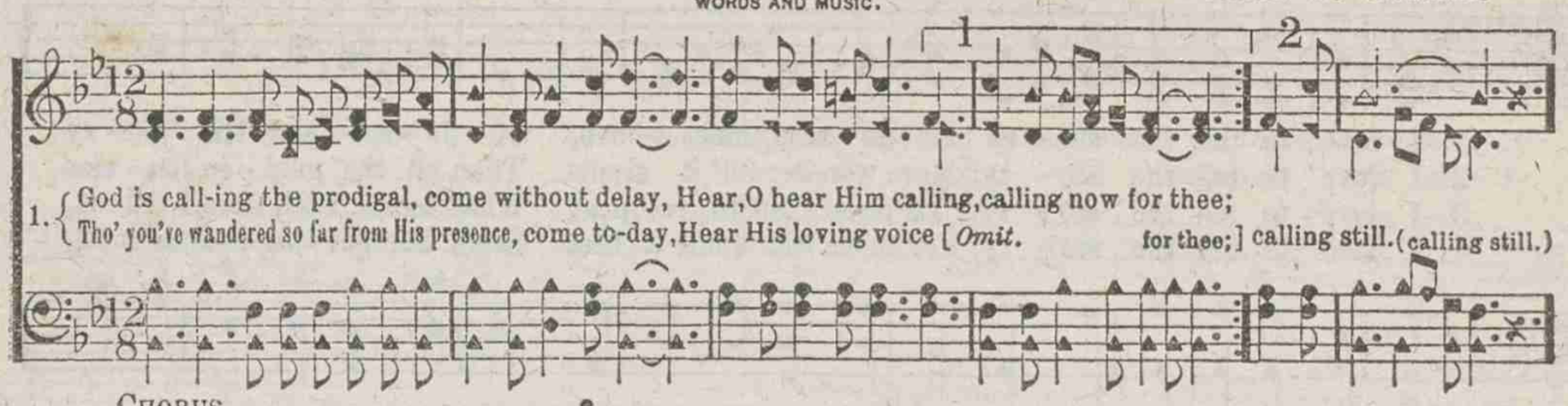
fresh-ing; Let some drops now fall on me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.
rath - er; Let Thy mer - cy light on me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Let Thy mer - cy light on me.
fa-vor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me; E - ven me, e - ven me; Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me.
boundless Mag - ni - fy them all in me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Mag - ni - fy them all in me.

No. 220. Calling the Prodigal.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



2 Patient, loving, and tenderly still the Father pleads,
Hear, O hear Him calling, calling now for thee;
Oh! return while the Spirit in mercy intercedes,
Hear His loving voice calling still.

3 Come, there's bread in the house of thy Father, and to spare,
Hear, O hear Him calling, calling now for thee;
Lo! the table is spread and the feast is waiting there,
Hear His loving voice calling still.

No. 221. Let Him In.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL. RENEWAL.

E. O. Excell.



2 Open now to Him your heart,
Let Him in;
If you wait He will depart,
Let Him in;
Let Him in, He is your Friend,
He your soul will sure defend,
He will keep you to the end,
Let Him in.

3 Hear you now His loving voice?
Let Him in;
Now, oh, now make Him your choice,
Let Him in;
He is standing at your door,
Joy to you He will restore,
And His name you will adore,
Let Him in.

4 Now admit the heavenly Guest,
Let Him in;
He will make for you a feast,
Let Him in;
He will speak your sins forgiven,
And when earth-ties all are riven,
He will take you home to heaven,
Let Him in.

No. 222. Since I Have Been Redeemed.

E. O. E.

COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC.
COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY E. O. EXCELL. RENEWAL.

E. O. Excell.

1. I have a song I love to sing, Since I have been re-deemed, Of my Re-deem-er, Sav-ior, King,
2. I have a Christ that sat-is-fies, Since I have been re-deemed, To do His will my high-est prize,
3. I have a wit-ness bright and clear, Since I have been re-deemed, Dis-pel-ling ev-'ry doubt and fear,
4. I have a home pre-pared for me, Since I have been re-deemed, Where I shall dwell e-ter-nal-ly,

CHORUS.

Since I have been re-deemed. Since I..... have been re-deemed,
Since I have been re-deemed, Since I have been re-deemed,

1 2

Since I have been redeemed, I will glo-ry in His name; I will glo-ry in my Sav-ior's name.

No. 223. There is Glory in My Soul.

Grace Weiser Davis.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Since I lost my sins, and I found my Sav-ior, There is glo-ry in my soul! Since by faith I
2. Since He cleansed my heart, gave me sight for blindness, There is glo-ry in my soul! Since He touched and
3. Since with God I've walked, having sweet communion, There is glo-ry in my soul! Brighter grows each
4. Since I en-tered Ca-naan on my way to heav'n, There is glo-ry in my soul! Since the day my

CHORUS.

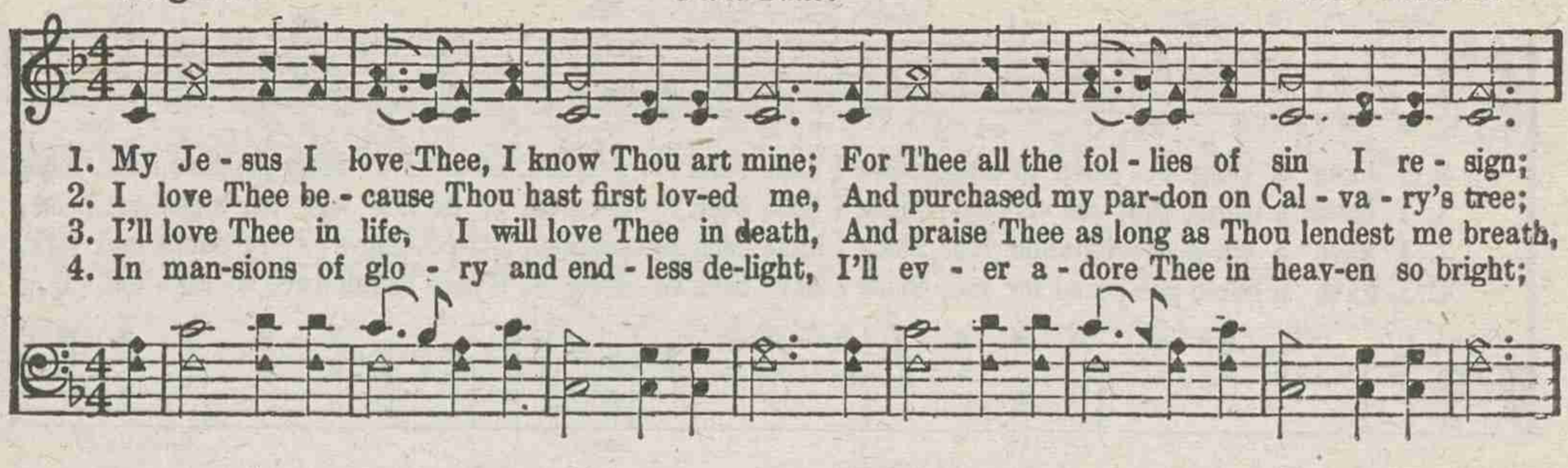
sought and obtained God's fa-vor, There is glo-ry in my soul.
healed me in lov-ing-kindness, There is glo-ry in my soul. There is glo-ry, glo-ry, there is
day in this heav'n-ly un-ion, There is glo-ry in my soul.
life to the Lord was giv-en, There is glo-ry in my soul.

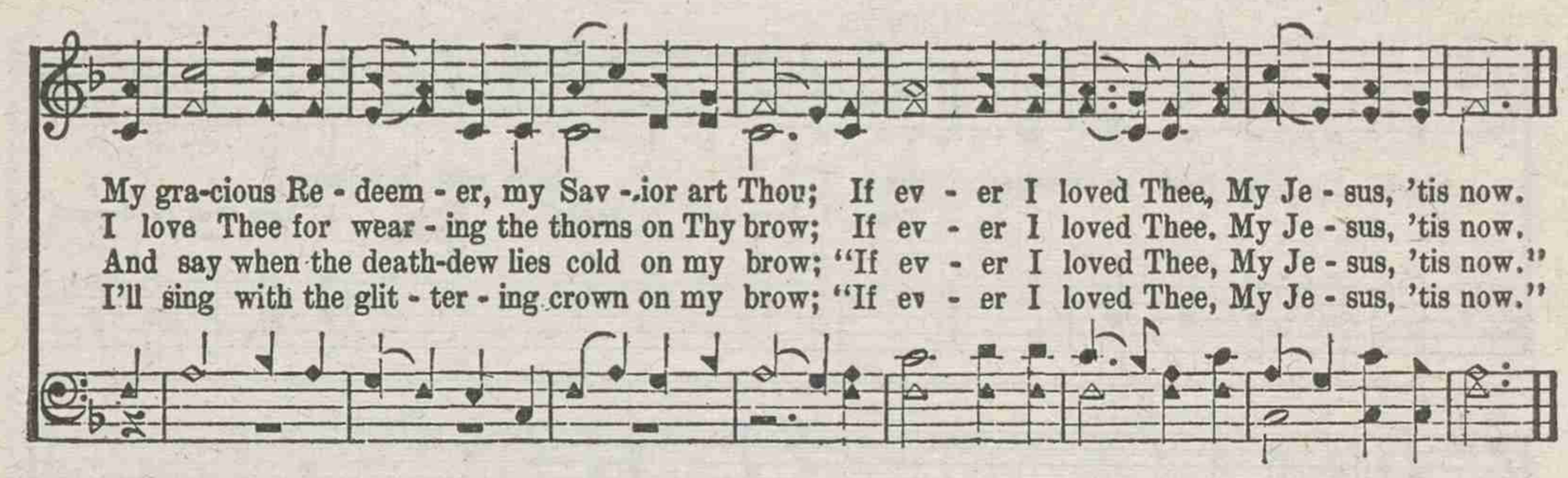
1 2

glo-ry in my soul! Ev'ry day brighter grows, And I conquer all my foes; There is glo-ry in my soul!
glo-ry in my soul!

No. 224. My Jesus I Love Thee.

English. *First Tune.* **A. J. Gordon.**





No. 225. O Turn Ye.

First or Second Tune.

1 O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die,
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, "Come,"
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

2 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,
O how can you question, if you will believe?
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'Tis you He bids welcome; He bids you come home.

3 In riches, in pleasures, what can you obtain,
To soothe your affliction, or banish your pain?
To bear up your spirit when summoned to die,
Or waft you to mansions of glory on high?

4 Why will you be starving, and feeding on air?
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;
If still you are doubting, make trial and see,
And prove that His mercy is boundless and free.

No. 226. Look to Jesus.

First or Second Tune.

1 O eyes that are weary, and hearts that are sore,
Look off unto Jesus, now sorrow no more;
The light of His countenance shineth so bright,
That here, as in Heaven, there need be no night.

2 While looking to Jesus, my heart cannot fear,
I tremble no more when I see Jesus near,
I know that His presence my safe-guard will be,
For, "Why are ye troubled?" He saith unto me.

3 Still looking to Jesus, oh, may I be found,
When Jordan's dark waters encompass me round;
They bear me away in His presence to be
I see Him still nearer whom always I see.

4 Then, then shall I know the full beauty and grace
Of Jesus, my Lord, when I stand face to face
Shall know how His love went before me each day.
And wonder that ever my eyes turned away.

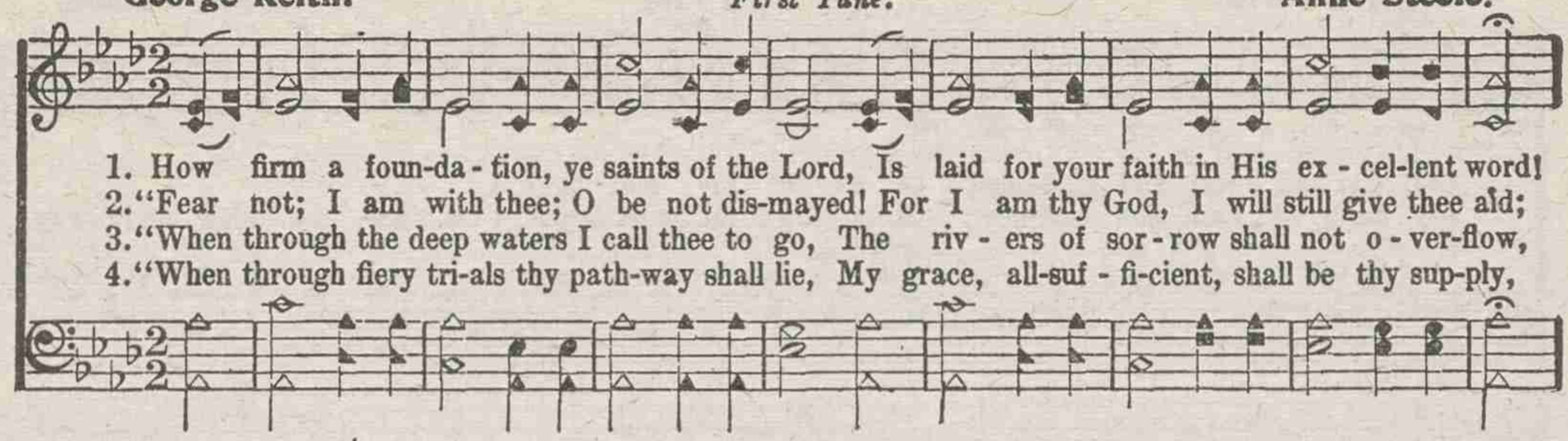
No. 227. Expostulation.

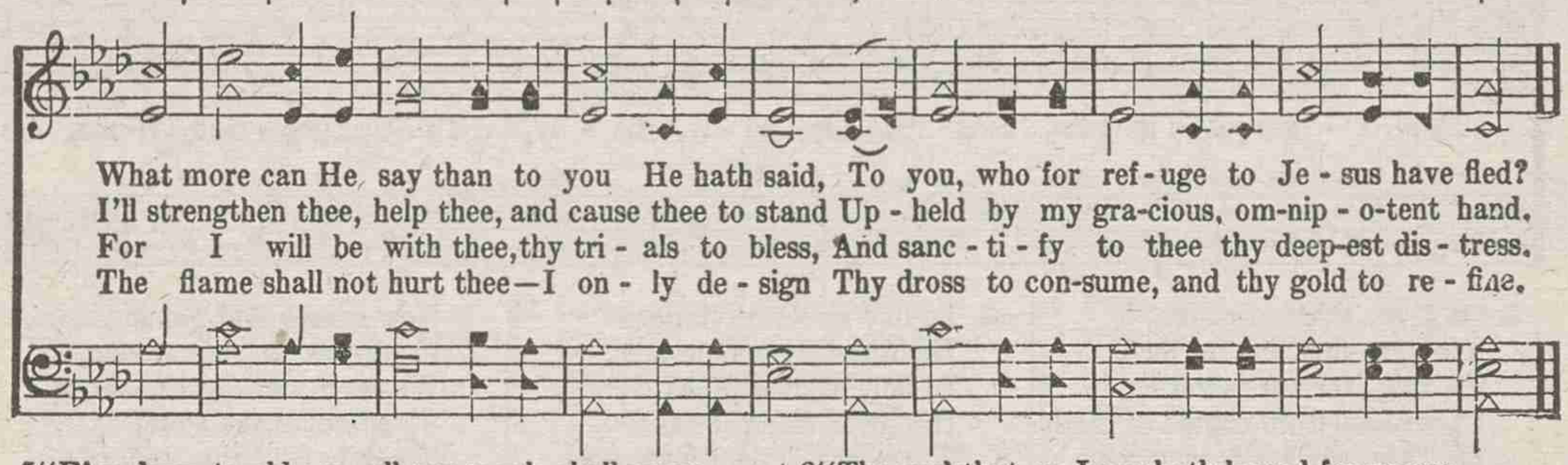
Josiah Hopkins. *Second Tune.* **Koschat.**



No. 228. How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. *First Tune.* Anne Steele.





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

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

No. 229. My Shepherd.

First or Second Tune.

1 The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppress'd.

2 Thro' the valley and shadow of death tho' I stray,
Since Thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall with my Comforter near.

3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil Thou annointest my head;
O what shall I ask of Thy providence more?

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above.
I seek by the path which my fore-fathers trod,
Thro' the land of their sojourn, Thy kingdom of love.

No. 230. Delay Not.

First or Second Tune.

1 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, draw near,
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded, the Savior is here,
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

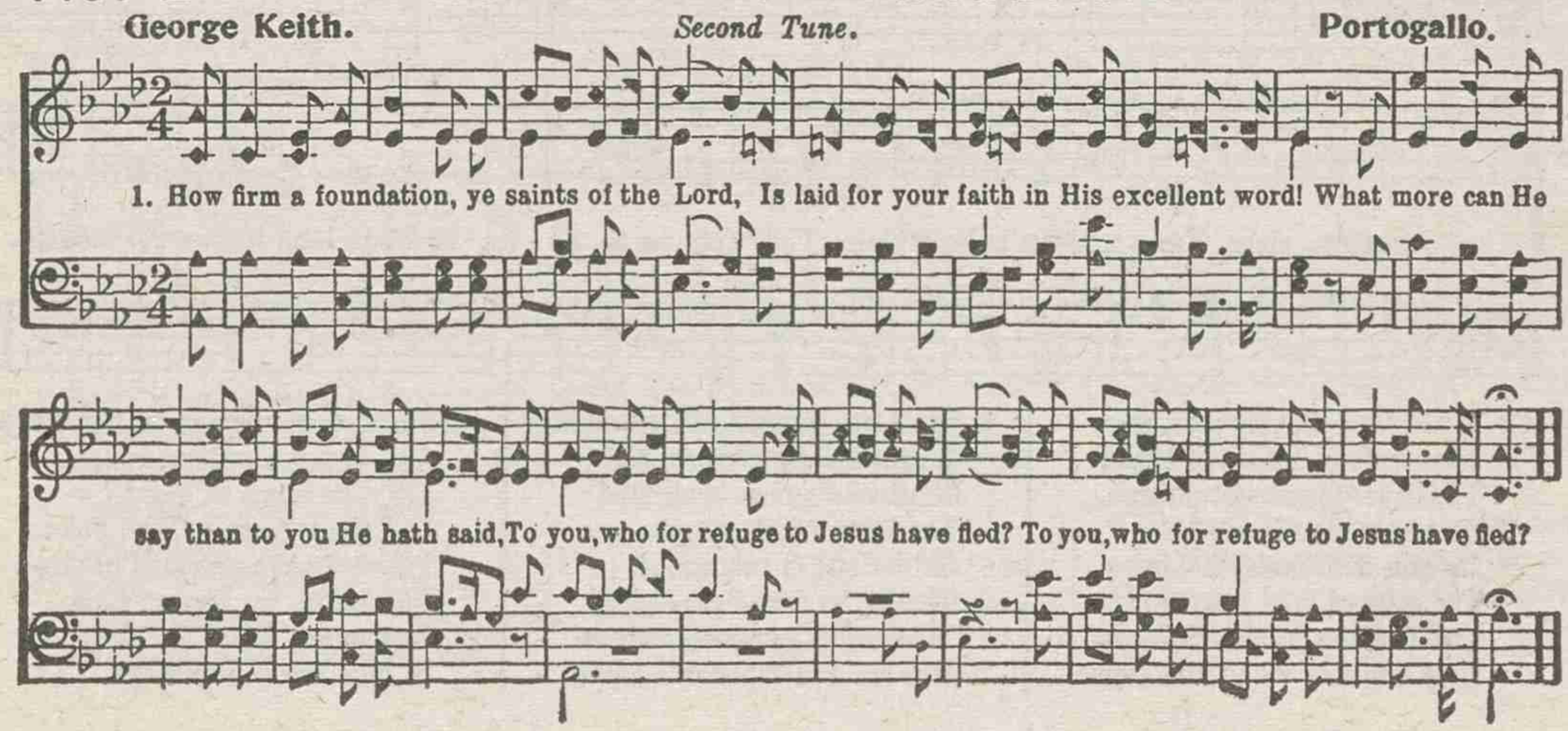
2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?
A fountain is open, how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in His pardoning blood?

3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For Mercy still lingers and calls thee today:
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

4 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace
Long grieved and resisted, may take his sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

No. 231. How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. *Second Tune.* Portogallo.



No. 232. O Day of Rest and Gladness.

·Wordsworth. *First Tune.* Lowell Mason.



2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth
On thee, our Lord, victorious,
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

3 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

4 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The church her voice upraises
To thee, blest Three in One.

No. 233. In Heavenly Love Abiding.

First or Second Tune.

1 In heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear;
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here.
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

2 Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim,
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free,
My Savior has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

No. 234. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

R. Heber. *Second Tune.* Lowell Mason.



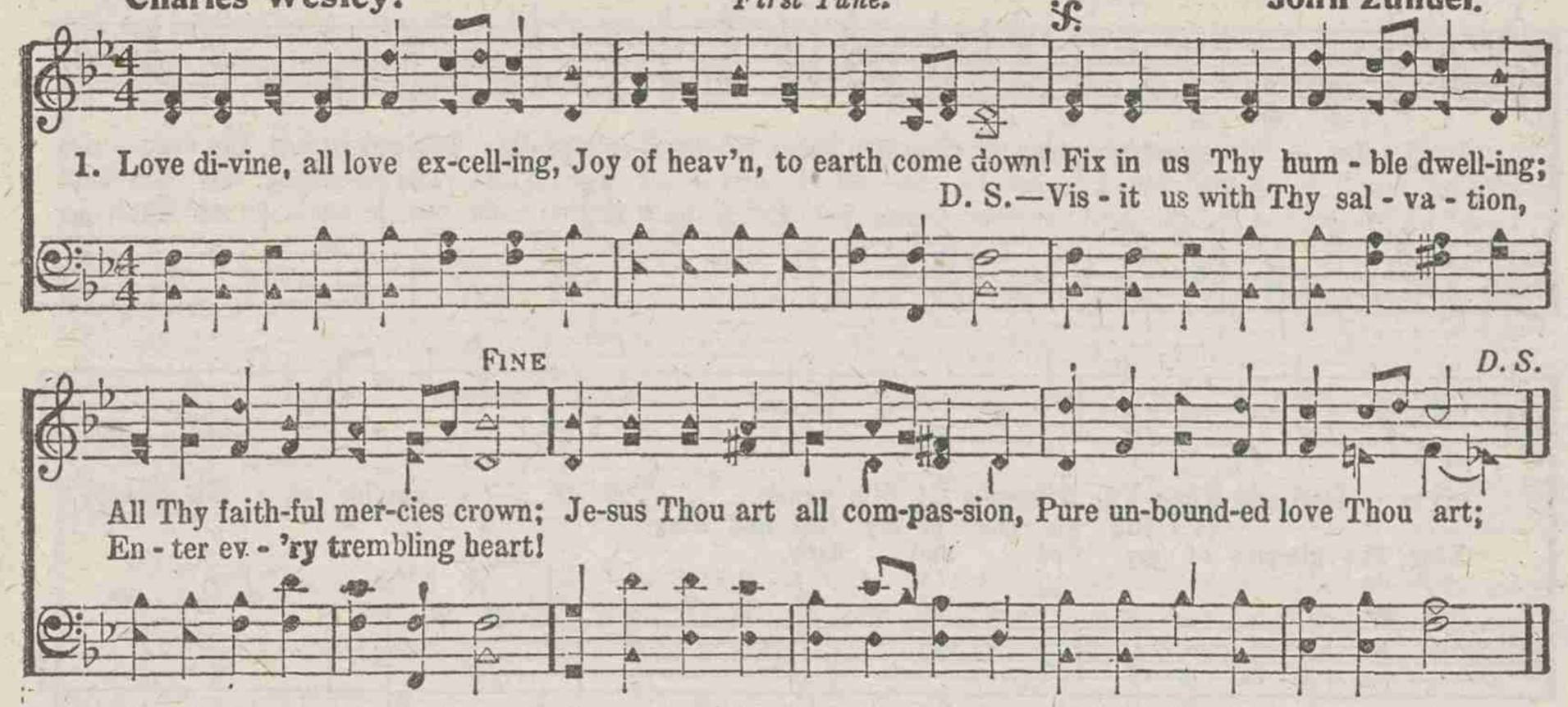
2 What tho' the spicy breezes,
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Tho' every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness,
Bow down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

No. 235. Love Divine.

Charles Wesley. *First Tune.* John Zundel.



2 Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving
Into every troubled breast! [Spirit
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest.
Take away the love of sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty!

3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temple leave:
Thee we would be always blessing;
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above
Pray, and praise Thee without ceas-
Glory in Thy perfect love! [ing,

4 Finish then Thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

No. 236. Hark! the Voice of Jesus Calling.

First or Second Tune.

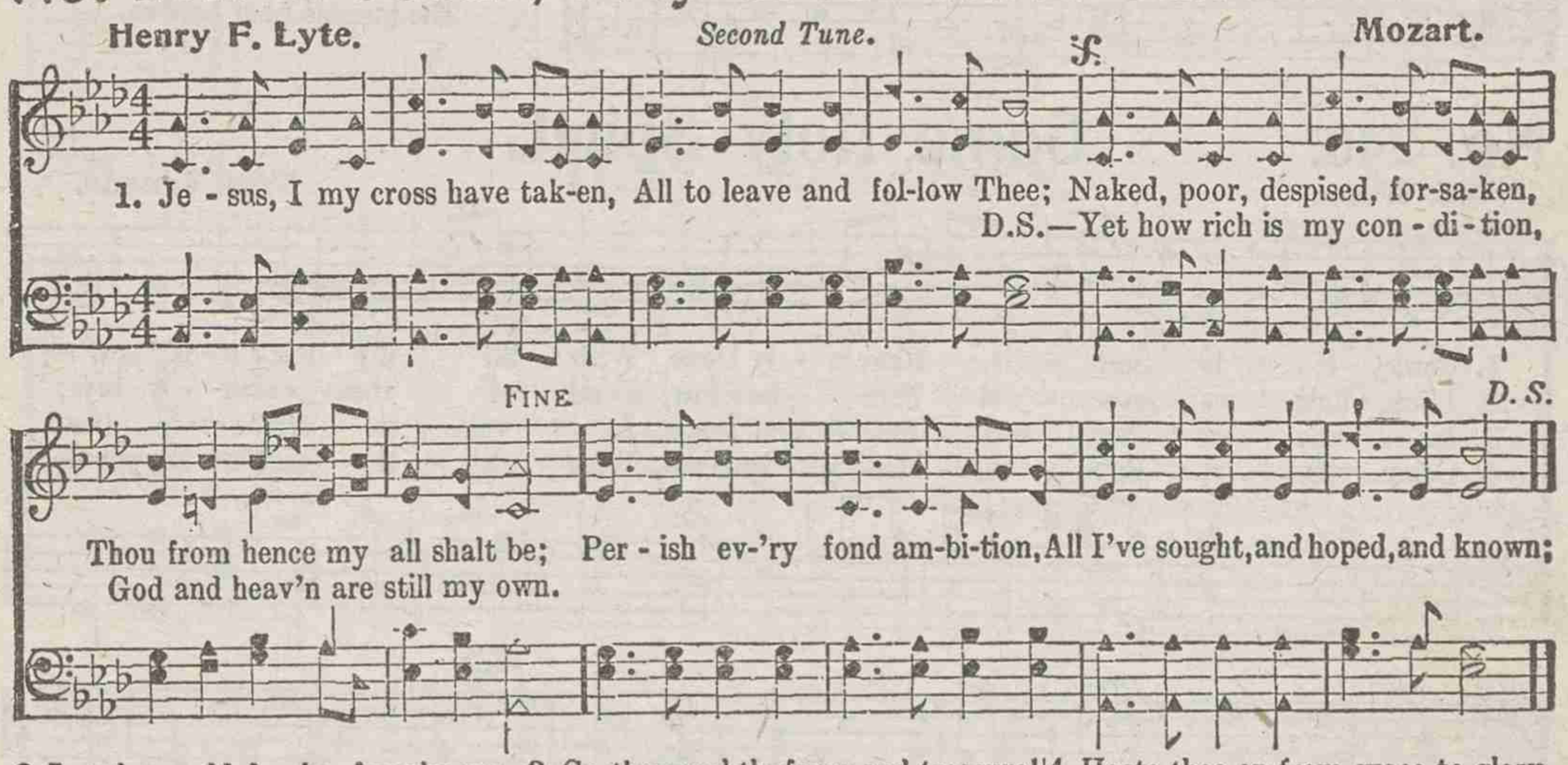
1 Hark! the voice of Jesus calling,
Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white, the harvest waiting
Who will bear the sheaves away!
Loud and long, the Master calleth
Rich reward He offers free;
Who will answer, gladly saying,
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."

2 If you cannot cross the ocean
And the heathen land explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door;
If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say He died for all.

3 While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you,
Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do!"
Gladly take the task He gives you!
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth,
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."

No. 237. Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

Henry F. Lyte. *Second Tune.* Mozart.



2 Let the world despise, forsake me,
They have left my Savior, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not, like man, untrue:
And, while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might, [me
Foes may hate, and friends may shun
Show Thy face and all is bright.

3 Go, then, earhtly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn and pain!
In Thy service, pain is pleasure;
With Thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called Thee, "Abba Father,"
I have stayed my heart on Thee;
Stormy clouds may o'er me gather,
All must work for good to me.

4 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Led by faith, and winged by prayer
Heav'n's eternal day's before thee
God will safely guide thee there,
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

No. 238. O For a Thousand Tongues.

First Tune. **Jeremiah Ingalls.**

1. O for a thousand tongues, to sing My great Re-deem-er's praise; The glo-ries of, the glo - ries
(A. & B.) The glo-ries of my God and
of my God and King, The triumphs of His grace, The tri - - umphs of His grace!
(T.) The glo - ries of my God and King,
King, The glo-ries of my God and King,

No. 239. O For a Thousand Tongues.

Second Tune. **Arr. by Lowell Mason.**

1. O for a thousand tongues, to sing My great Redeemer's praise;
2. My gracious Mas-ter and my God, As - sist me to pro-claim,
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.

3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

5 He speaks, and listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice
The humble poor believe.

No. 240. Come Holy Spirit.

I. Watts. **Wm. Tansur.**

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, Heav'n - ly Dove, With all thy quick'n - ing pow'rs;
2. Look, how we grov - el here be - low, Fond of these earth - ly toys;
3. In vain we tune our for - mal songs, In vain we strive to rise;
4. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, Heav'n - ly Dove, With all thy quick'n - ing pow'rs;
Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
Our souls, how heav - i - ly they go, To reach e - ter - nal joys.
Ho - san - nas lan - guish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.
Come, shed a - broad a Sav - ior's love, And that shall kin - dle ours.

No. 241. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W. FINE. M. M. Wells.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev-er near the Chris-tian's side, Gen - tly lead us by the hand,
2. Ev - er pres-ent, tru - est Friend, Ev-er near Thine aid to lend, Leave us not to doubt and fear,
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Waiting still for sweet re-lease, Nothing left but heav'n and pray'r,

D.C.—Whisper soft-ly, "Wand'rer, come, Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

D.C.

Pil-grims in a des - ert land; Wea - ry souls for - e'er re-joice, While they hear that sweetest voice,
Grop-ing on in dark-ness drear; When the storms are rag-ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Wondering if our names are there; Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead-ing naught but Je - sus blood;

No. 242 Holy Ghost, with Love Divine.

A. Reed. Gottschalk.

1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light divine, Shine up-on this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark-ness in - to day.

2 Holy Ghost, with pow'r divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine,
Long hath sin without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down ev'ry idol throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

No. 243. Holy, Holy, Holy.

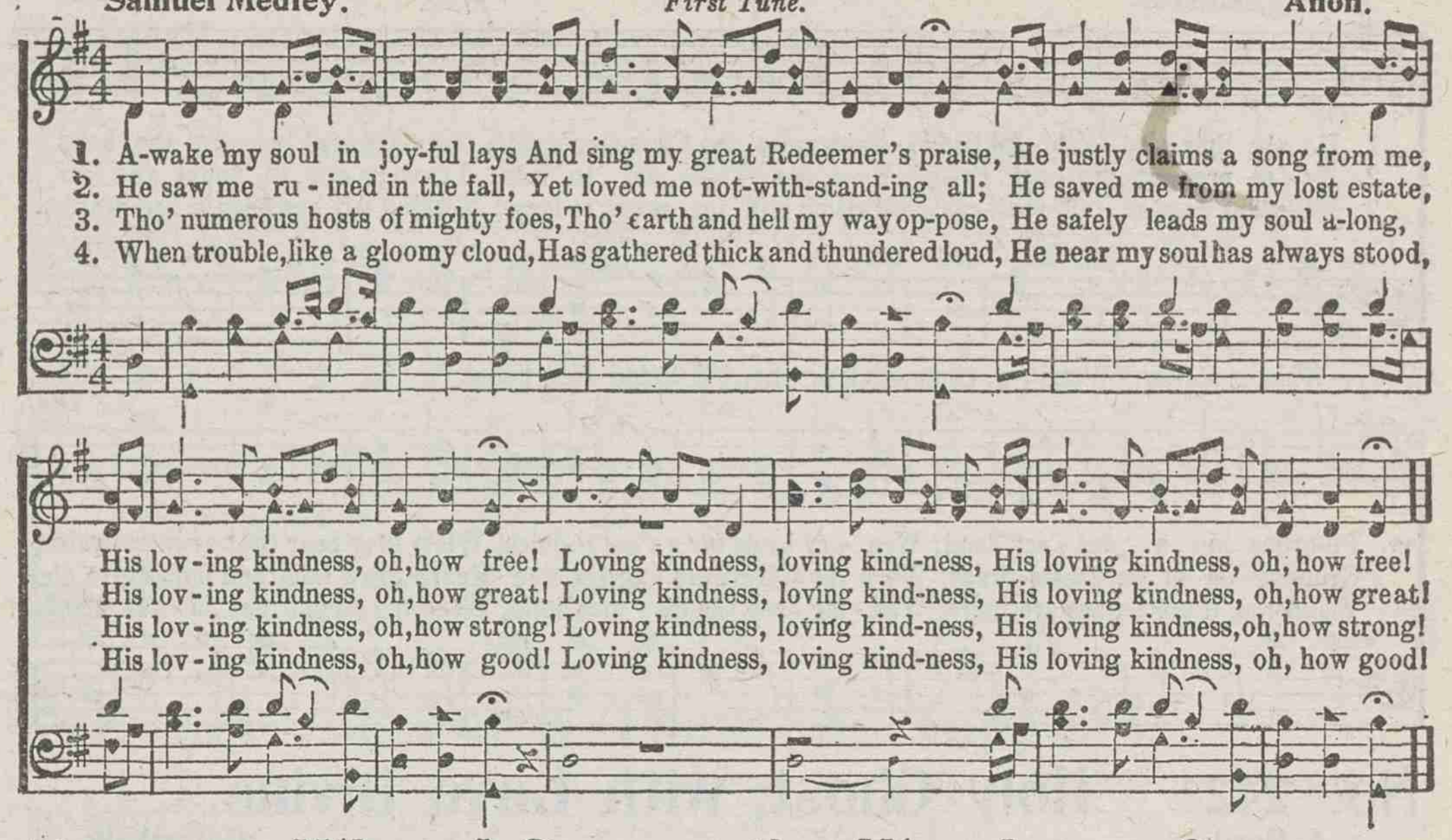
Reginald Heber. John B. Dykes.

1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might-y! Ear - ly in the morn-ing our song shall rise to Thee;
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, all the saints adore Thee, Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of sin-ful man Thy glory may not see;
4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Almighty! All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty!
Cher-u-bim and sera - phim fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert and art, and ev-er-more shalt be.
On - ly Thou art ho - ly, there is none be - side Thee, Per-fect in pow-er, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty.

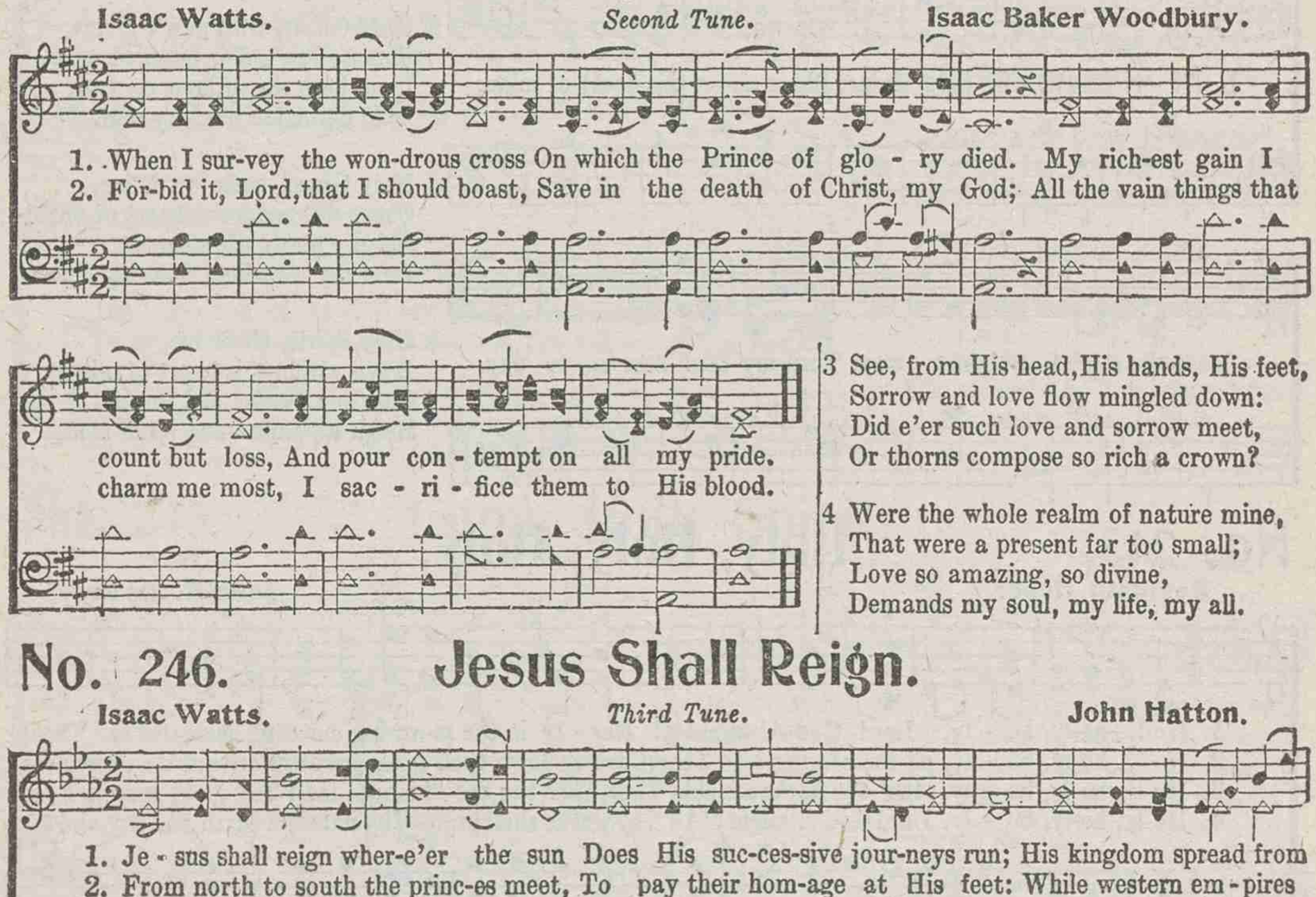
No. 244. Loving Kindness.

Samuel Medley. *First Tune.* **Anon.**



No. 245. When I Survey the Wondrous Gross.

Isaac Watts. *Second Tune.* **Isaac Baker Woodbury.**

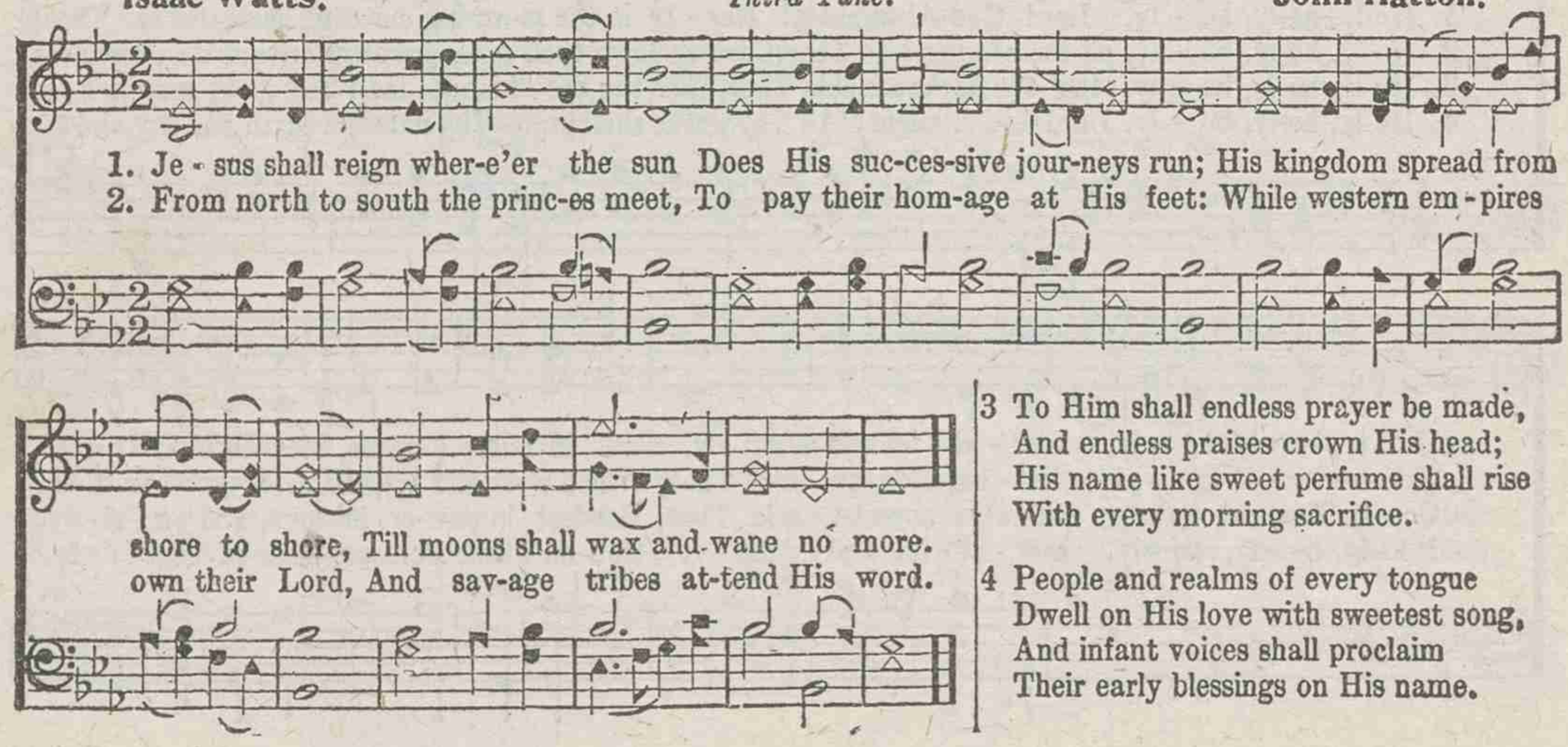


3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

No. 246. Jesus Shall Reign.

Isaac Watts. *Third Tune.* **John Hatton.**



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

4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

No. 247. Abide With Me.

H. F. Lyte. Wm. H. Monk.

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark-ness deep-ens—Lord, with me a-bide!
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo-ries pass a - way;
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass-ing hour, What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be-fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies;

When oth - er help - ers fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a - bide with me!
Change and de - cay in all a - round I see; O Thou who changest not, a - bide with me!
Who, like Thy - self, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, a - bide with me!
Heav'n's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

No. 248. Sun of My Soul.

John Kepler. Henry Monk.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near; O may no
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea-ried eye - lids gen - tly steep, Be my last

earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eye.
thought, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-ior's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For with-out Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 Be near to bless me when I wake,
Ere thro' the world my way I take;
Abide with me till in Thy love
I lose myself in heaven above.

No. 249. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer. Lowell Mason.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - ior di - vine; Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint-ing heart, My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a-round me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid dark-ness
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sul-len stream Shall o'er me roll; Blest Sav - ior

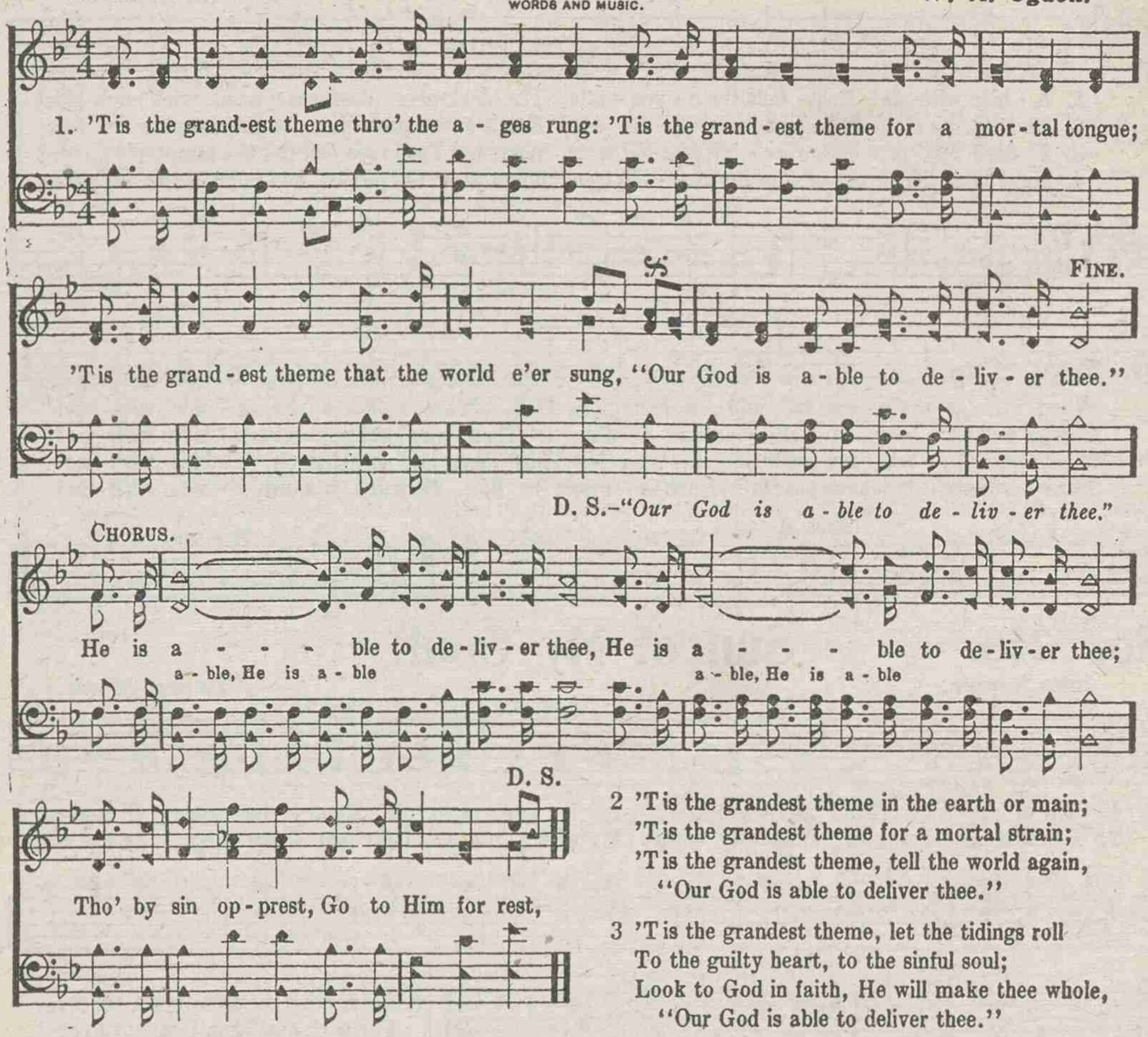
while I pray, Take all my sins a - way,. O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
died for me, O may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire!
turn to day, Wipe sor-rows tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
then, in love, Fear and dis - trust re - move; O bear me safe a - bove,—A ran - somed soul.

No. 250. He is Able to Deliver Thee.

W. A. O.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

W. A. Ogden.



2 'T is the grandest theme in the earth or main;
'T is the grandest theme for a mortal strain;
'T is the grandest theme, tell the world again,
"Our God is able to deliver thee."

3 'T is the grandest theme, let the tidings roll
To the guilty heart, to the sinful soul;
Look to God in faith, He will make thee whole,
"Our God is able to deliver thee."

No. 251. I Never Will Cease to Love Him.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



3 He saves me every day and hour,
I never will cease to love Him;
Just now I feel His cleansing power,
I never will cease to love Him.

4 While on my journey here below,
I never will cease to love Him;
And when to that bright world I go,
I never will cease to love Him.

No. 252 To Galvary I Will Go.

E. E. Hewitt.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Down in - to the foun - tain I would deep-er go; Down in - to the foun - tain, mak-ing white as snow;
2. Down in - to the foun - tain, deep-er, deep-er still, Till the grace of Je - sus all my be - ing fill,
3. Down in - to the foun - tain flow-ing from the cross, Let the might-y cur - rents sweep a - way all dross;

Tho' with sins of scar - let, and of crim - son dyed, I shall come up spot - less from the sav - ing tide.
Till the Ho - ly Spir - it works the change di-vine, Mak-ing "earth-en ves - sels" with His glo - ry shine.
Ev - er there a - bid - ing thro' His wondrous love, Wash-ing there the gar-ments for the feast a - bove.

CHORUS.

To Cal-v'ry I will go, The bless-ed Word I know, The precious blood of Je - sus cleanseth white as snow;

His voice is call - ing still, To "Who-so-ev-er will;" Down in - to the foun-tain I would deep - er go.

No. 253. No, Not One.

Johnson Oatman, Jr.

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Geo. C. Hugg.

Slow, and with feeling.

1. There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!
None else could heal all our souls' dis - eas - es, No, not one! [*Omit . . .*] no, not one!

D. C.—*There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! [Omit . . .] no, not one!*

CHORUS. D. C.

Je - sus knows all a - bout our strug-gles, He will guide till the day is done;

2 No friend like Him is so high and holy, No, etc.
And yet no friend is so meek and lowly, No, etc.

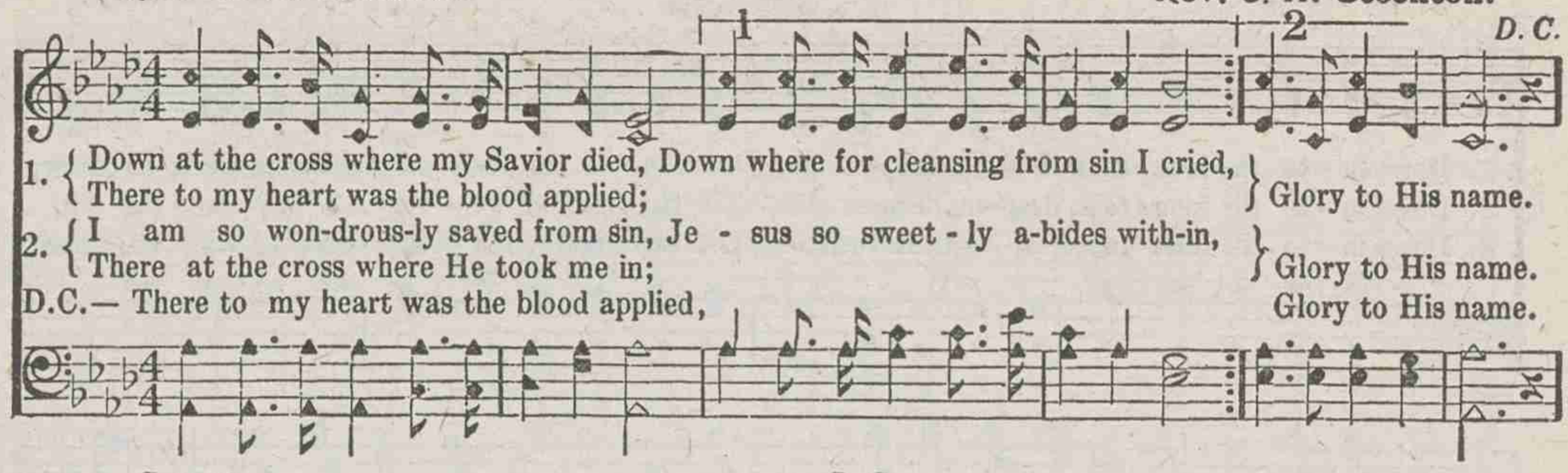
3 There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, etc.
No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, etc.

4 Did ever saint find this Friend forsake him? No, etc.
Or sinner find that He would not take Him? No, etc.

5 Was e'er a gift like the Savior given? No, etc.
Will He refuse us a home in heaven? No, etc,

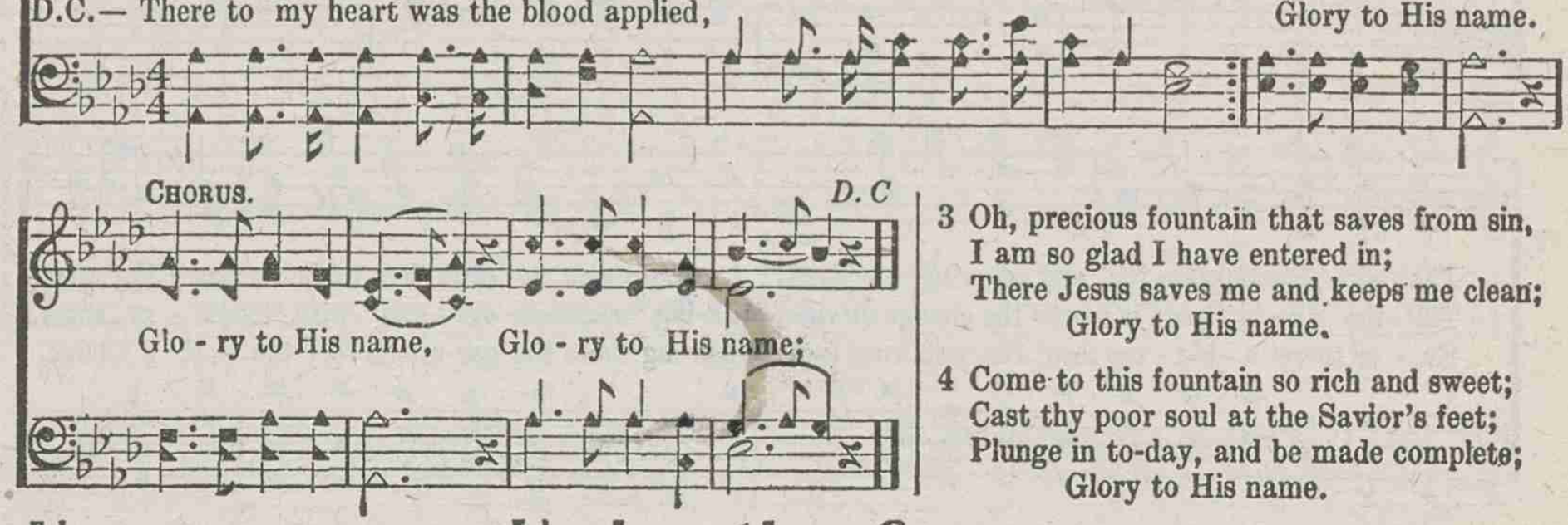
No. 254. Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Rev. J. H. Stockton.



1. { Down at the cross where my Savior died, Down where for cleansing from sin I cried, There to my heart was the blood applied; } Glory to His name.
2. { I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet - ly a-bides with-in, There at the cross where He took me in; } Glory to His name.

D.C.— There to my heart was the blood applied, Glory to His name.



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

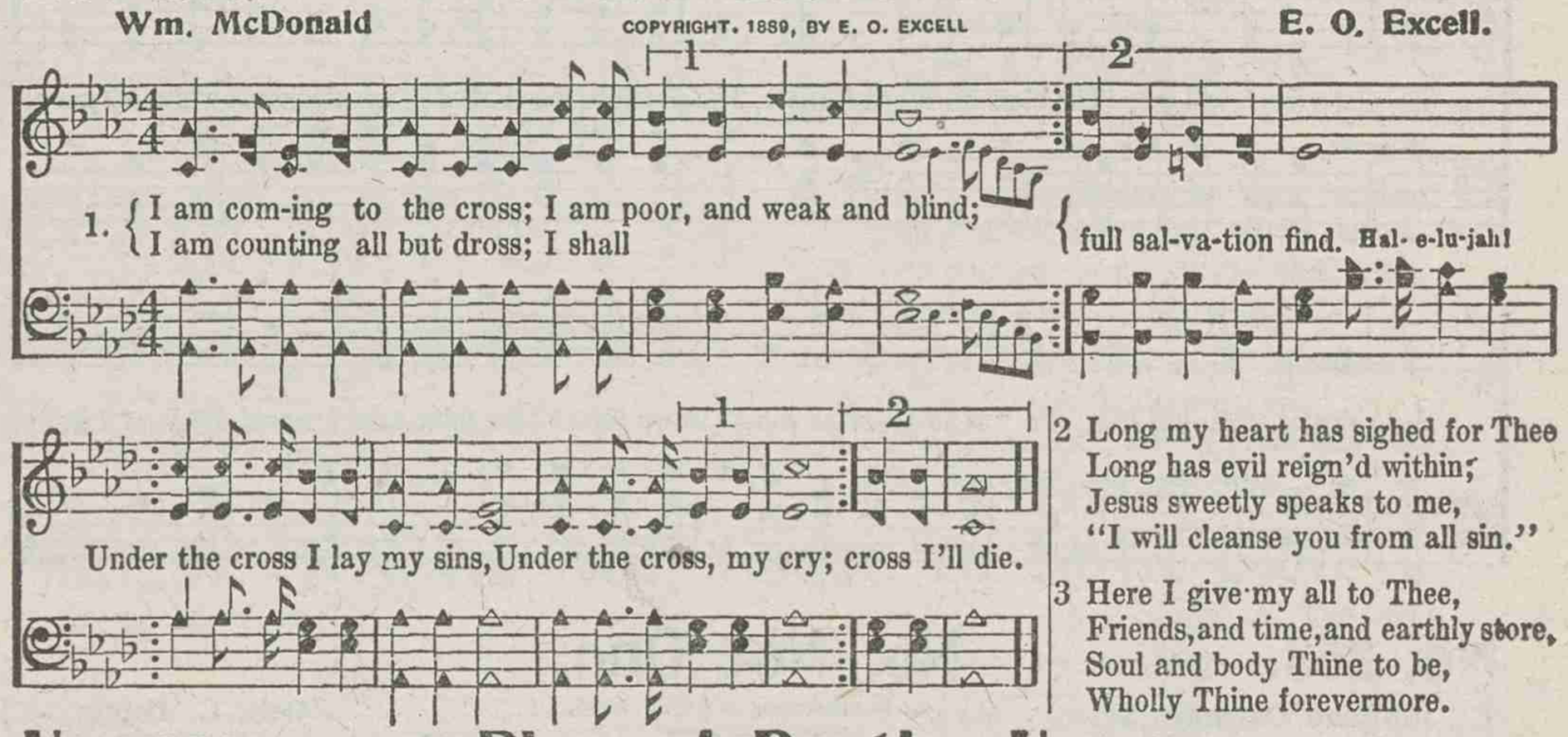
4 Come to this fountain so rich and sweet;
Cast thy poor soul at the Savior's feet;
Plunge in to-day, and be made complete;
Glory to His name.

No. 255. Under the Cross.

Wm. McDonald

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E. O. Excell.



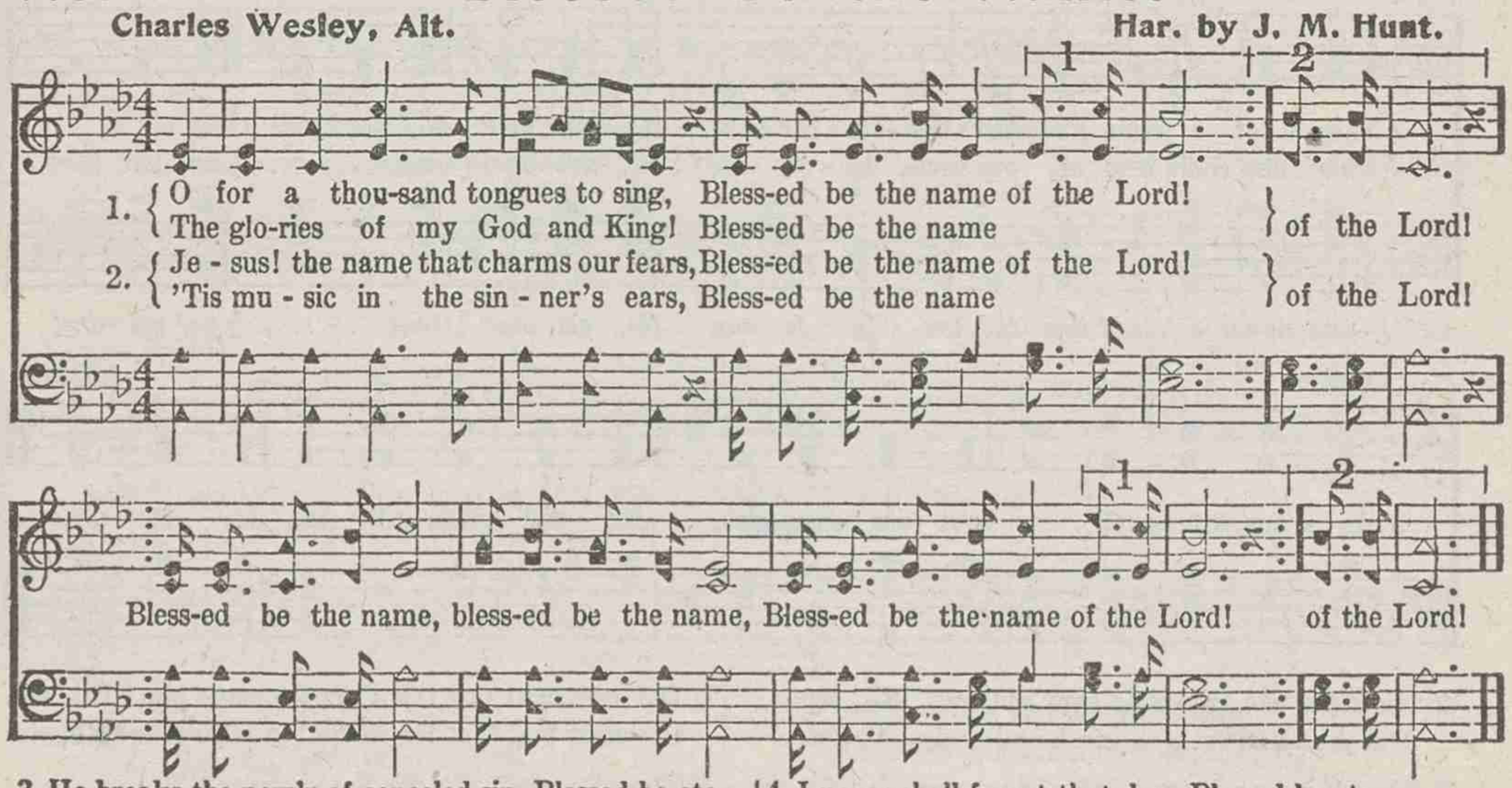
1. { I am com-ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak and blind; I am counting all but dross; I shall } full sal-va-tion find. Hal- e-lu-jah!

2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee
Long has evil reign'd within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
"I will cleanse you from all sin."

3 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store,
Soul and body Thine to be,
Wholly Thine forevermore.

No. 256. Blessed Be the Name.

Charles Wesley, Alt. Har. by J. M. Hunt.



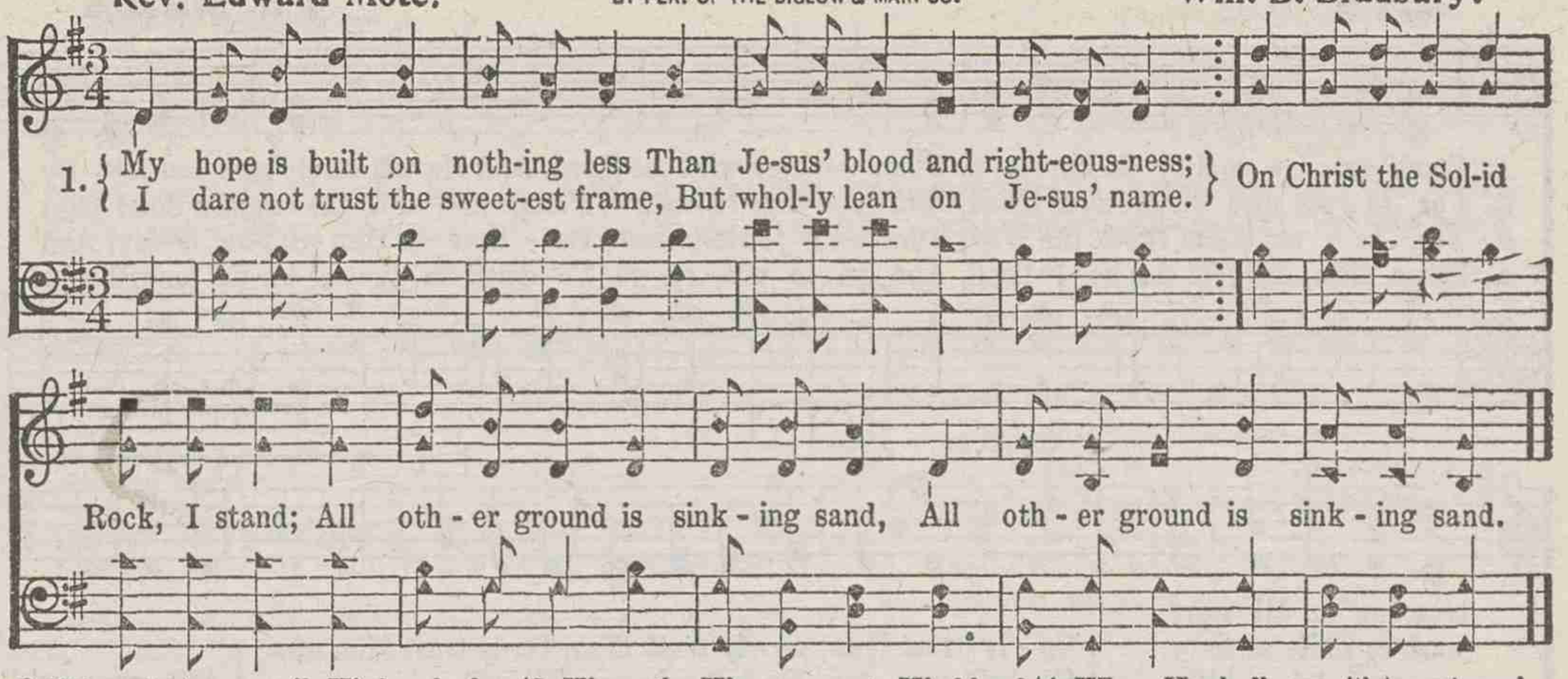
1. { O for a thou-sand tongues to sing, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord! The glo-ries of my God and King! Bless-ed be the name } of the Lord!
2. { Je - sus! the name that charms our fears, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord! 'Tis mu - sic in the sin - ner's ears, Bless-ed be the name } of the Lord!

3 He breaks the pow'r of canceled sin, Blessed be etc,
His blood can make the foulest clean, Blessed be etc,

4 I never shall forget that day, Blessed be etc,
When Jesus washed my sins away, Blessed be etc,

No. 257. The Solid Rock.

Rev. Edward Mote. BY PER. OF THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO. Wm. B. Bradbury.



2 When darkness veils His lovely face
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vail.

3 His oath, His covenant, His blood
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

4 When He shall come with trumpet sound
O may I then in Him be found,
Drest in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.

No. 258. In Evil Long I Took Delight.

John Newton. English Air.



2 I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fixed His languid eyes on me,
As near His cross I stood.

3 Sure never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look:
It seemed to charge me with His death,
Tho' not a word He spoke.

4 My conscience felt and owned the guilt;
It plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins His blood had spilt,
And helped to nail Him there.

5 A second look He gave, which said
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for Thy ransom paid;
I die that thou mayst live."

No. 259. Oh, How I Love Jesus.



2 It tells me of a Savior's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of His precious blood;
The sinner's perfect plea.

3 It tells me what my Father hath
In store for every day,
And tho' I tread a darksome path,
Yields sunshine all the way.

4 It tells of One whose loving heart
Can feel my deepest woe,
Who in each sorrow bears a part,
That none can bear below.

No. 260. Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. — J. H. Stockton.

1. Come ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord, And He will surely give you rest By trust-ing in His word.
2. For Je - sus shed His precious blood, Rich bless-ings to bestow; Plunge now in-to the crimson flood That wash-es white as snow.
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in-to rest; Be - lieve in Him with-out de-lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go, To dwell in that ce-les-tial land, Where joys im-mor-tal flow.

CHORUS.

{ On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On-ly trust Him now; He will save you, He will save you, He will..... save you now.

No. 261. O Happy Day.

Philip Doddridge. — E. F. Rimbault.

1. { O hap - py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-ior and my God! Well may this glowing heart re - joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad. } Hap-py day, hap-py day,
2. { O hap - py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love! Let cheerful an-thems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move. } Hap-py day, hap-py day,

FINE. D. S

When Jesus washed my sins away! { He taught me how to watch and pray And live re - joic - ing ev-'ry day; }

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

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

No. 262. Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay. — J. J. Husband.

1. We praise Thee, O God! For the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who died And is now gone a - bove.
2. We praise Thee, O God! For Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our Savior, And scattered our night.
3. All glo - ry and praise To the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins And has cleansed ev'ry stain.
4. Re - vive us a - gain; Fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re-kindled With fire from a-bove.

REFRAIN.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men! Re - vive us a - gain.

No. 263. Jesus Call Us.

Cecil F. Alexander. W. F. Jude.

1. Je - sus calls us: o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild rest-less sea, Day by day His sweet voice sound - eth, Say - ing, "Chris - tian, fol - low Me."
2. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the vain world's golden shore; From each i - dol that would keep us, Say - ing, "Chris - tian, love Me more."

3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease;
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
That we love Him more than these.

Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Savior, make us hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

No. 264. Jesus Paid It All.

Mrs. H. M. Hall. John T. Grape.

1. I hear the Savior say, "Thy strength indeed is small; Child of weakness, watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all."

CHORUS.

Je - sus paid it all, All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.

2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.

3 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garments white
In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.

4 And when, before the throne,
I stand in Him complete
"Jesus died my soul to save,"
My lips shall still repeat.

No. 265. Take Me As I Am.

J. H. S. J. H. Stockton.

1. Jesus my Lord, to Thee I cry: Unless Thou help me, I must die; Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh, And
2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt, But yet Thy blood was for me spilt: And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt, But
3. No prep - a - ra-tion can I make, My best resolves I only break; Yet save me for Thine own name's sake, And
4. I thirst, I long to know Thy love, Thy full salvation I would prove; But since to Thee I can-not move, Oh,

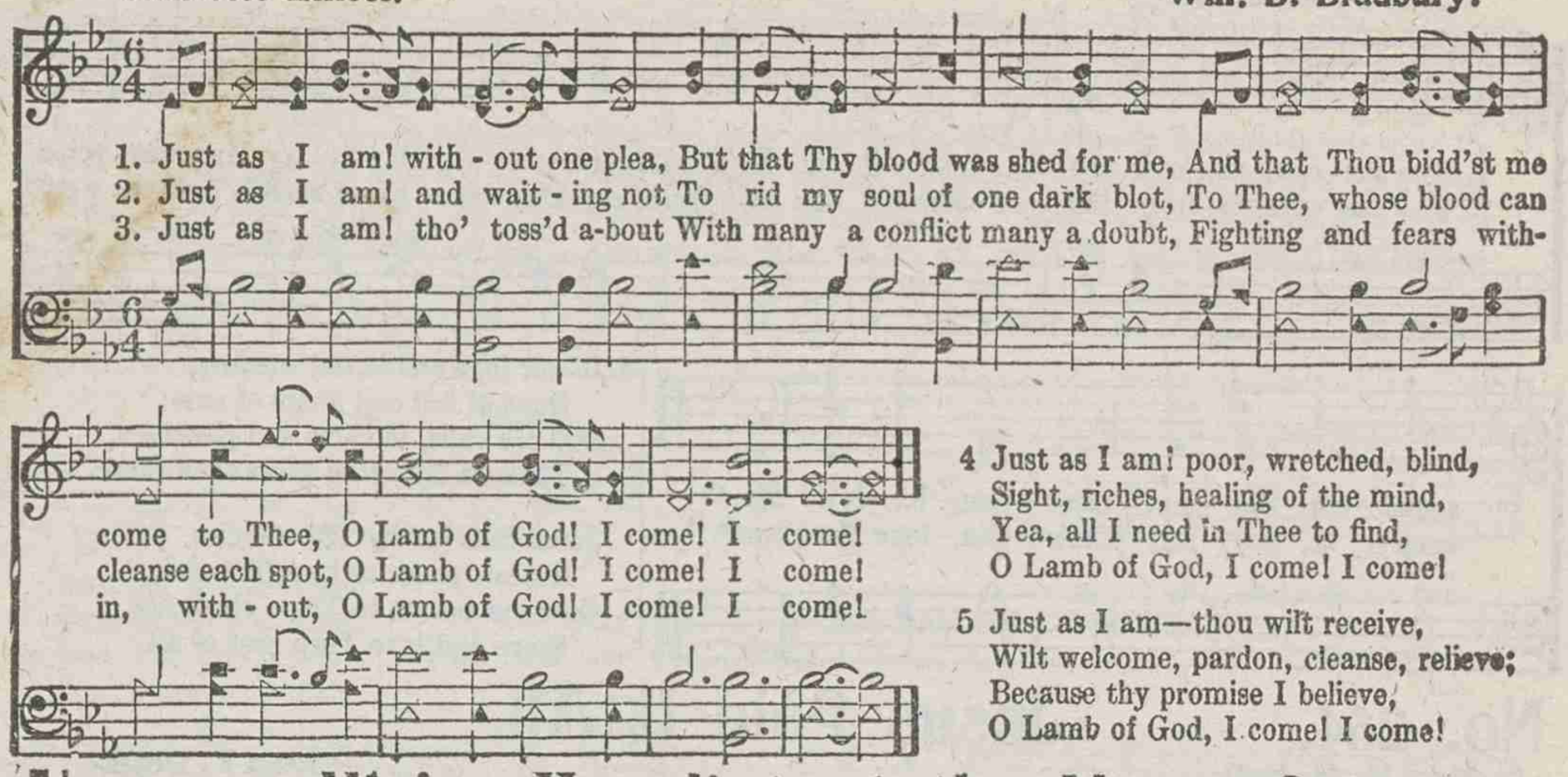
D.S.—Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh, And

FINE CHORUS. D. S.

take me as I am. Take me as I am,. Take me as I am; ...
Take me, take me as I am, Take me, take me as I am;
take me as I am.

No. 266. Just As I Am.

Charlotte Elliott. Wm. B. Bradbury.

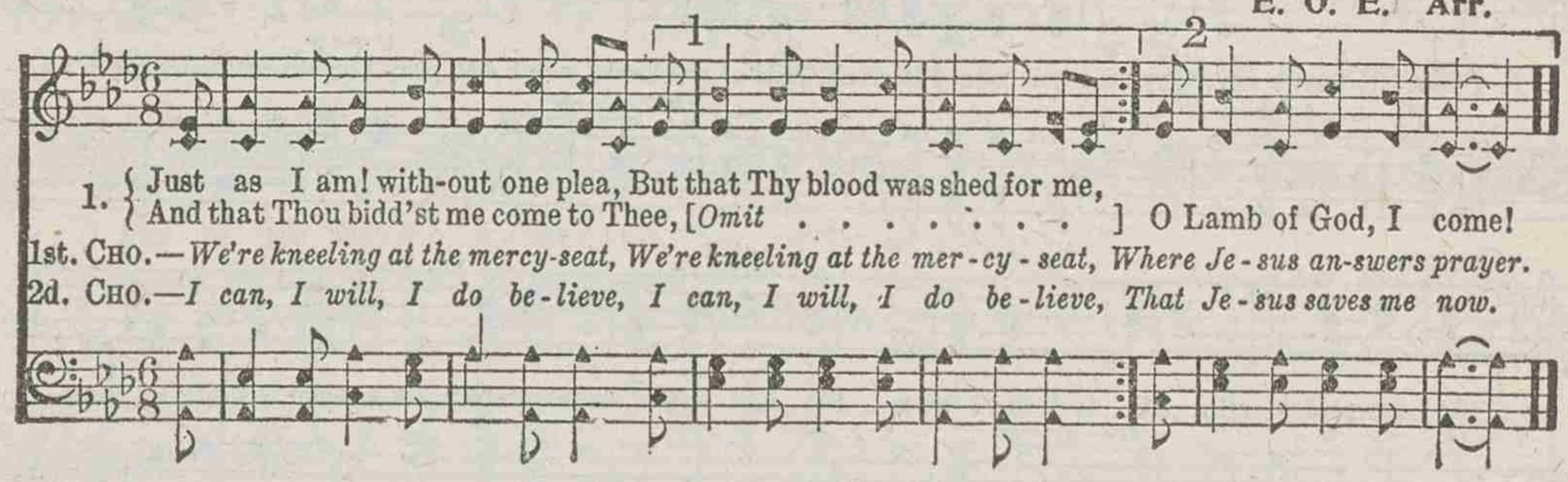


4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

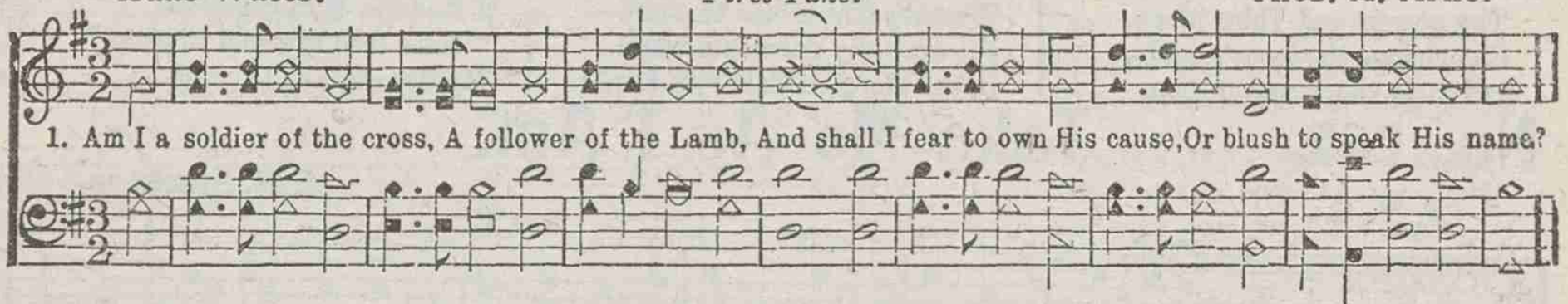
No. 267. We're Kneeling at the Mercy-Seat.

E. O. E. Arr.



No. 268. Am I a Soldier?

Isaac Watts. *First Tune.* Thos. A. Arne.



2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease, [prize,
While others fought to win the
And sailed thro' bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

No. 269. Angels Hovering 'Round.

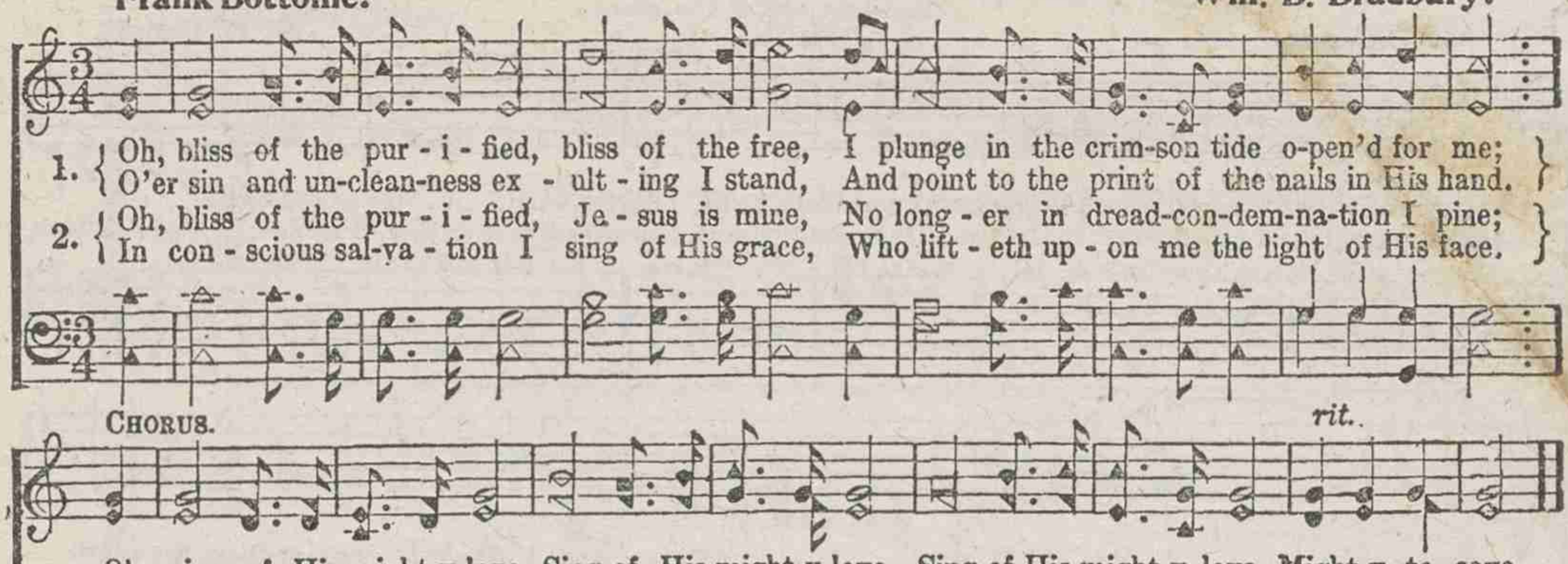
Anon. Unknown.



3 To the new Jerusalem, etc.
4 Poor sinners are coming home, etc.
5 And Jesus bids them come, etc.
6 Let him that heareth come, etc.
7 There is glory all around, etc.
8 We are on our journey home, etc.

No. 270. O Sing of His Mighty Love.

Frank Bottome. Wm. B. Bradbury.



3 Oh, bliss of the purified! bliss of the pure!
No wound hath the soul that His blood cannot cure;
No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest,
No tears but may dry them on Jesus' breast.

4 O Jesus the crucified! Thee will I sing,
My blessed Redeemer, my God and my King;
My soul, filled with rapture, shall shout o'er the grave,
And triumph in death in the "Mighty to Save."

No. 271. The Thought of Thee.

Edward Caswall, Tr. *Third Tune.* John B. Dykes.



2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the mem'ry find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Savior of man-kind!

3 O Hope of every contrite heart!
O joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? ah! this
No tongue or pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

No. 272. Look and Live.

W. A. O.

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W. A. Ogden. FINE



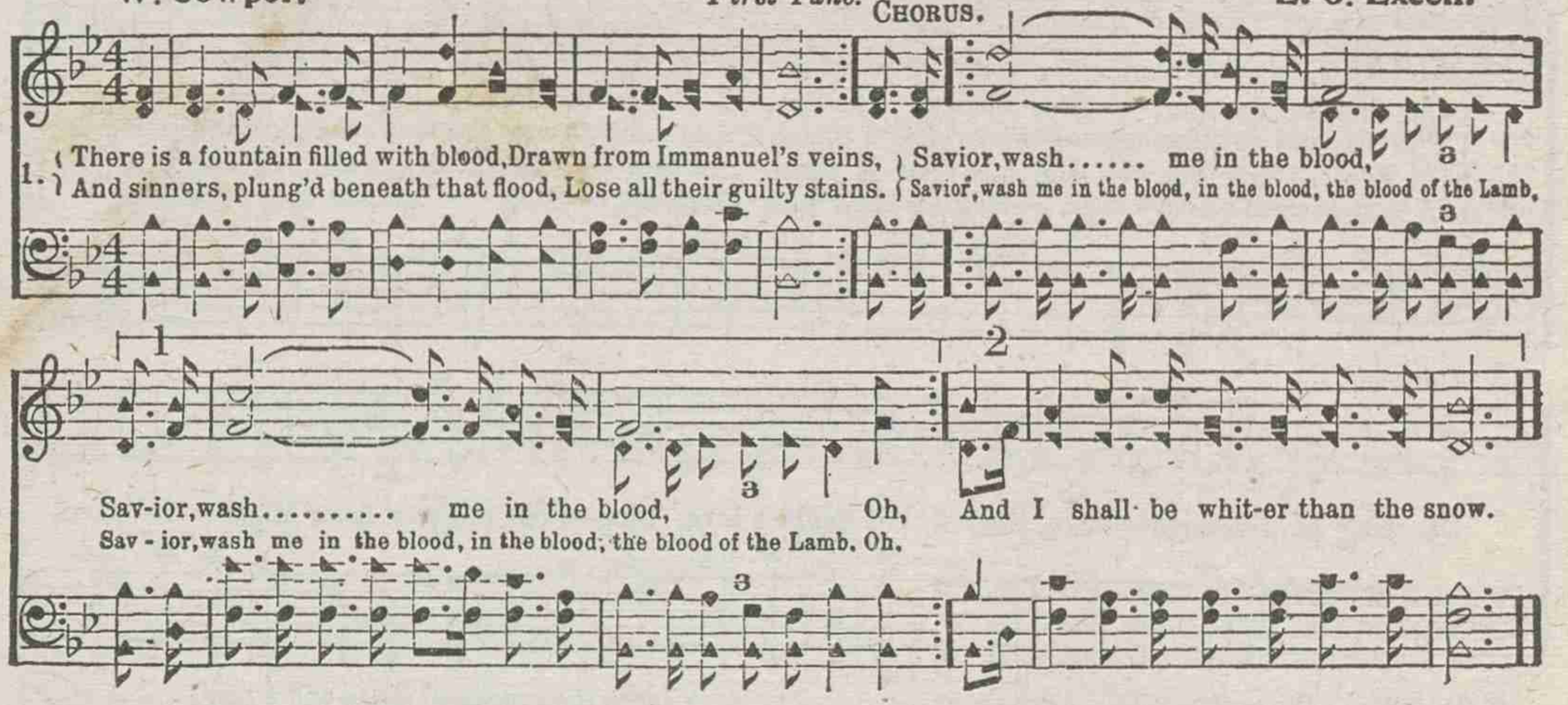
3 Life is offered unto you, Hallelujah!
Eternal life thy soul shall have;
If you'll only look to Him, Hallelujah!
Look to Jesus who alone can save.

4 I will tell you how I came, Hallelujah!
To Jesus when He made me whole:
'Twas believing on His name, Hallelujah!
I trusted and He saved my soul.

No. 273. Wash Me in the Blood.

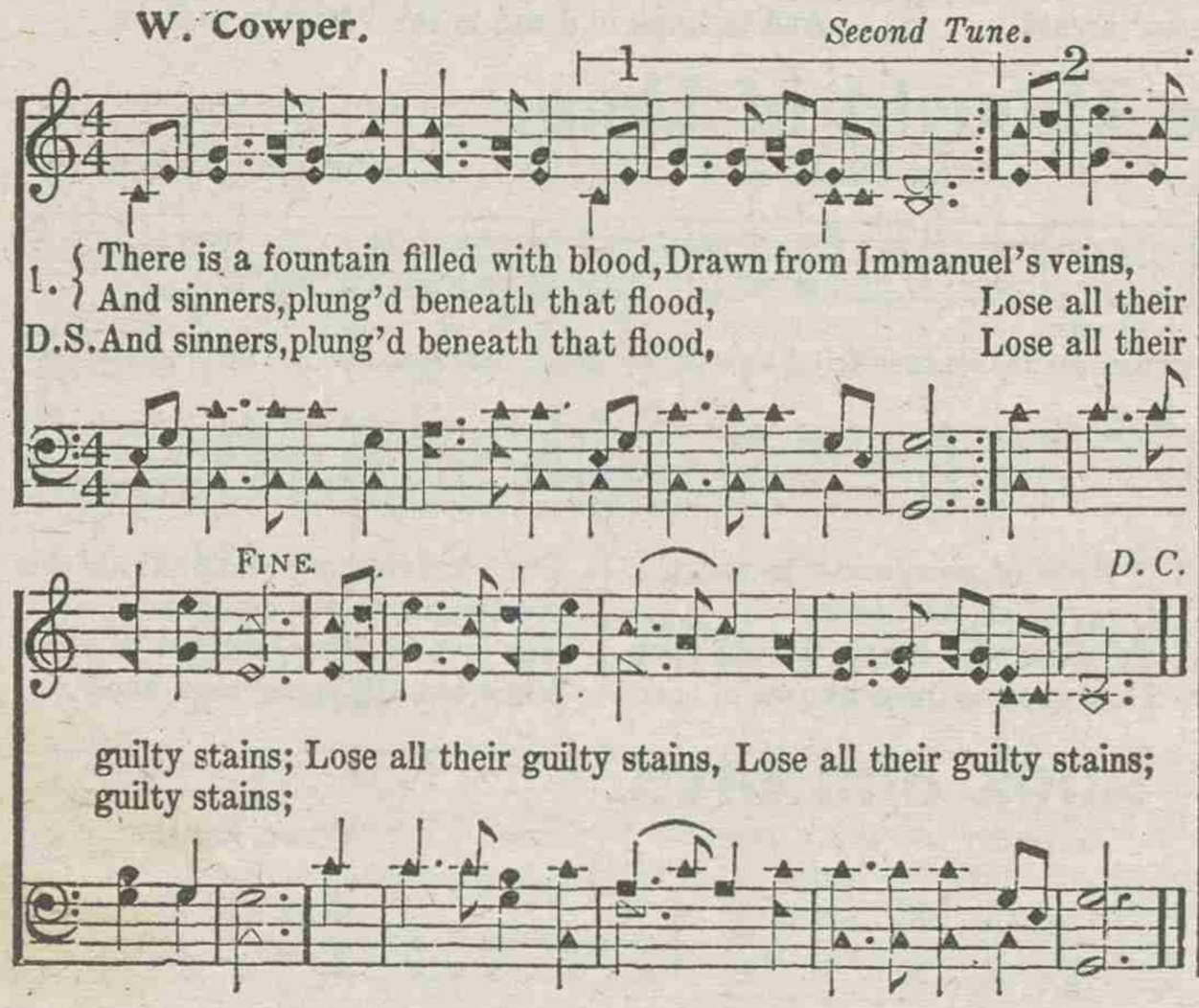
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W. Cowper. *First Tune.* CHORUS. E. O. Excell.



No. 274. There is a Fountain.

W. Cowper. *Second Tune.* Lowell Mason.



2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, tho' vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

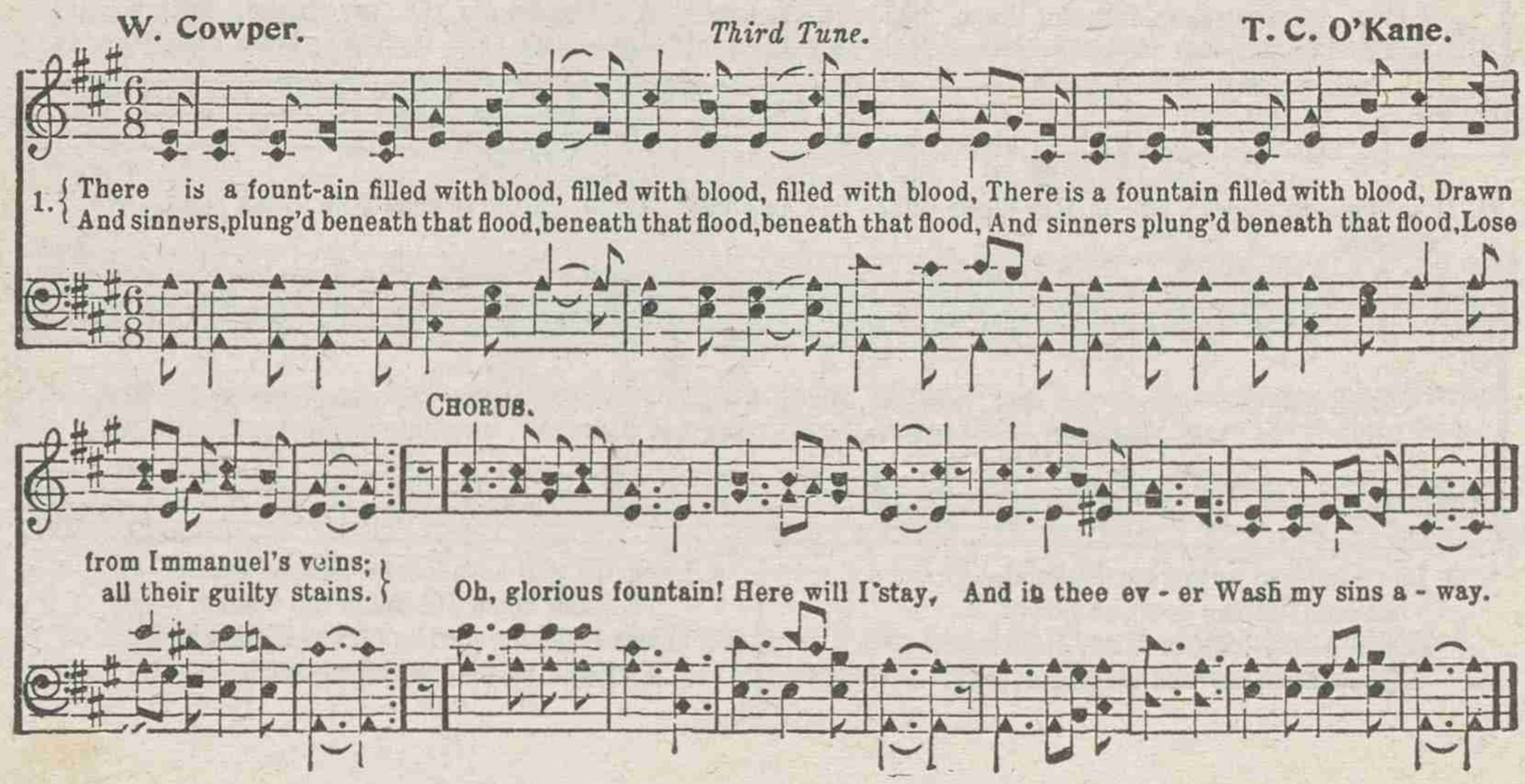
3 Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

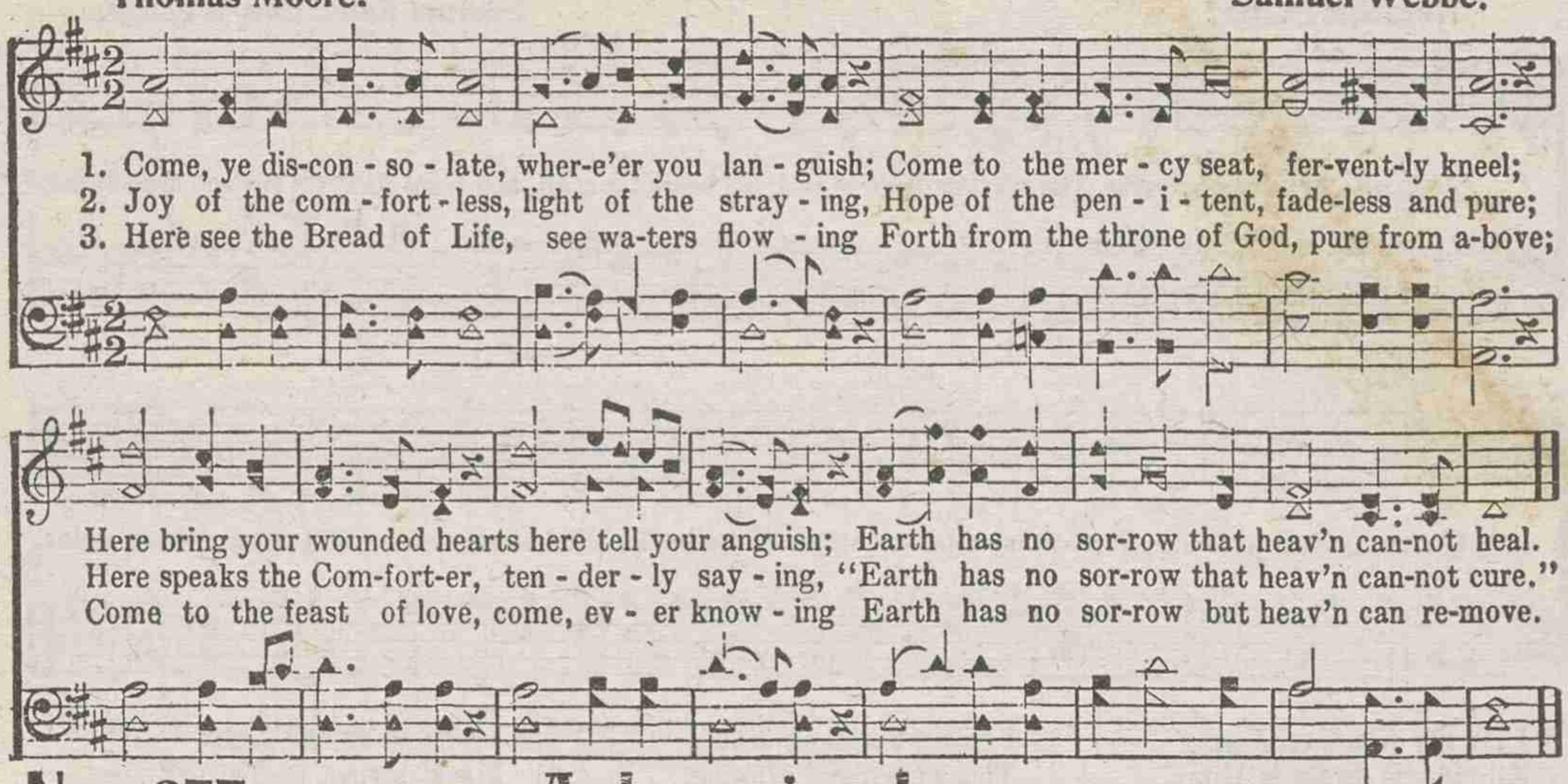
No. 275. Glorious Fountain.

W. Cowper. *Third Tune.* T. C. O'Kane.



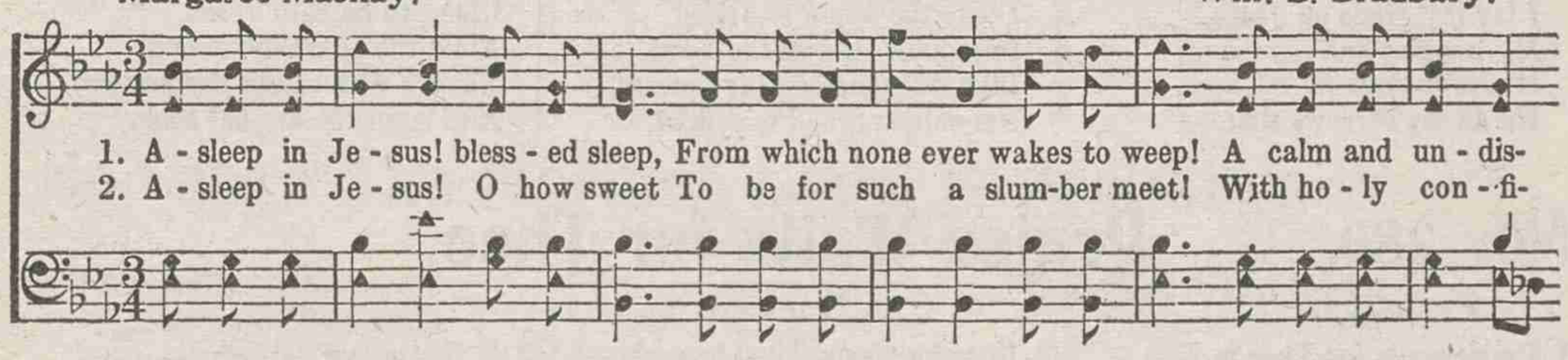
No. 276. Come, Ye Disconsolate.

Thomas Moore. Samuel Webbe.



No. 277. Asleep in Jesus.

Margaret Mackay. Wm. B. Bradbury.

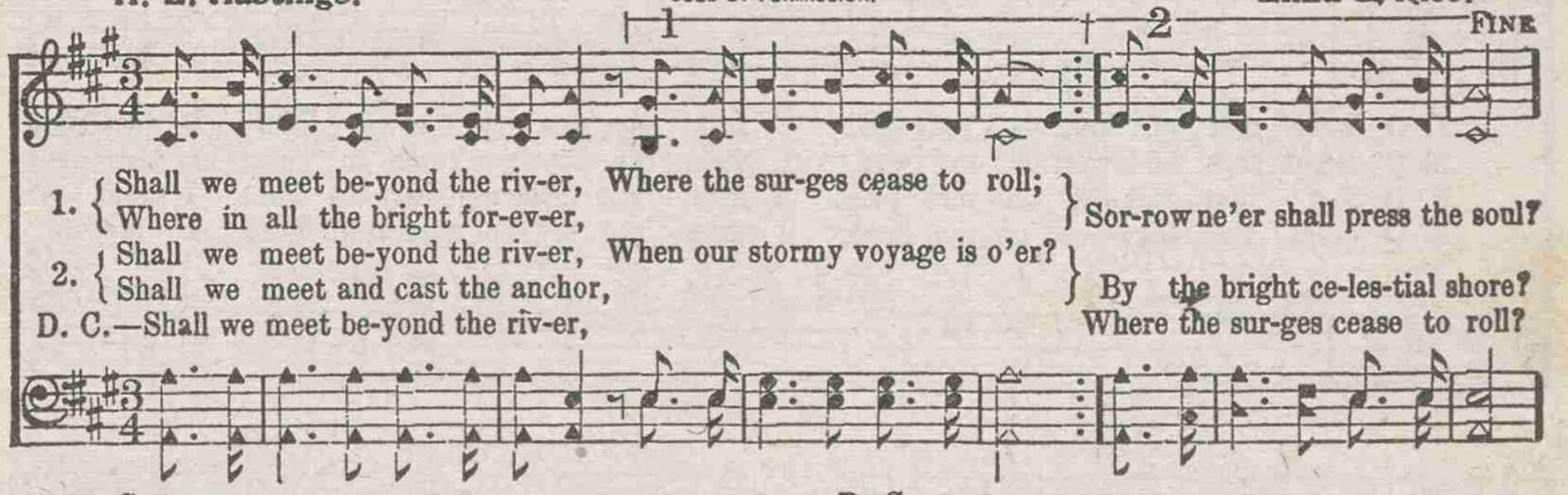


3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest!
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Savior's pow'r.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

No. 278. Shall We Meet?

H. L. Hastings. USED BY PERMISSION. Elihu S. Rice.

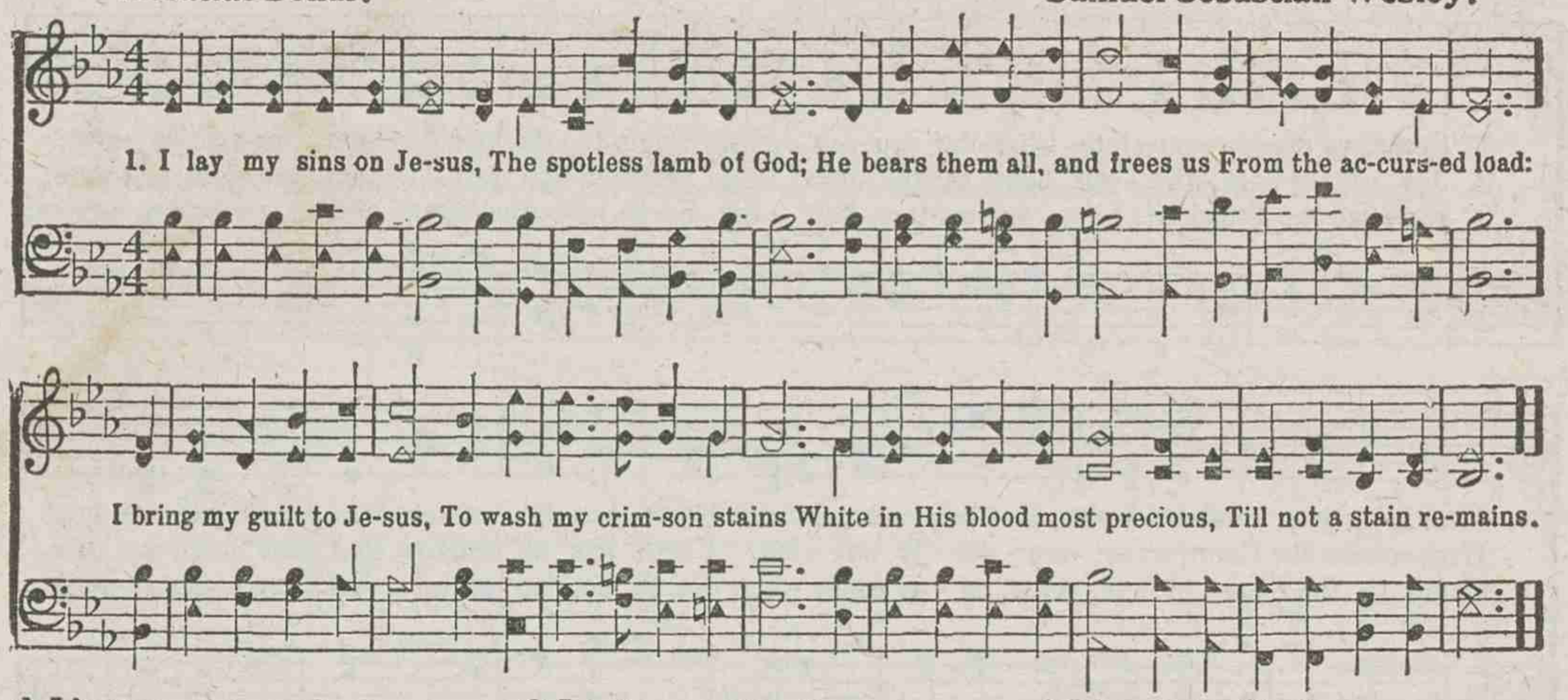


3 Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the tow'rs of crystal shine;
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine?

4 Shall we meet with Christ, our Savior,
When He comes to claim His own?
Shall we know His blessed favor,
And sit down upon His throne?

No. 279. I Lay My Sins on Jesus.

Horatius Bonar. **Samuel Sebastian Wesley.**



2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fullness dwells in Him;
He healeth my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem:
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline:
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ the Lord,
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child:
I long to be with Jesus
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
And learn the angels' song.

No. 280. Praise Waits for Thee.

Psalm 65. *Tune above.*

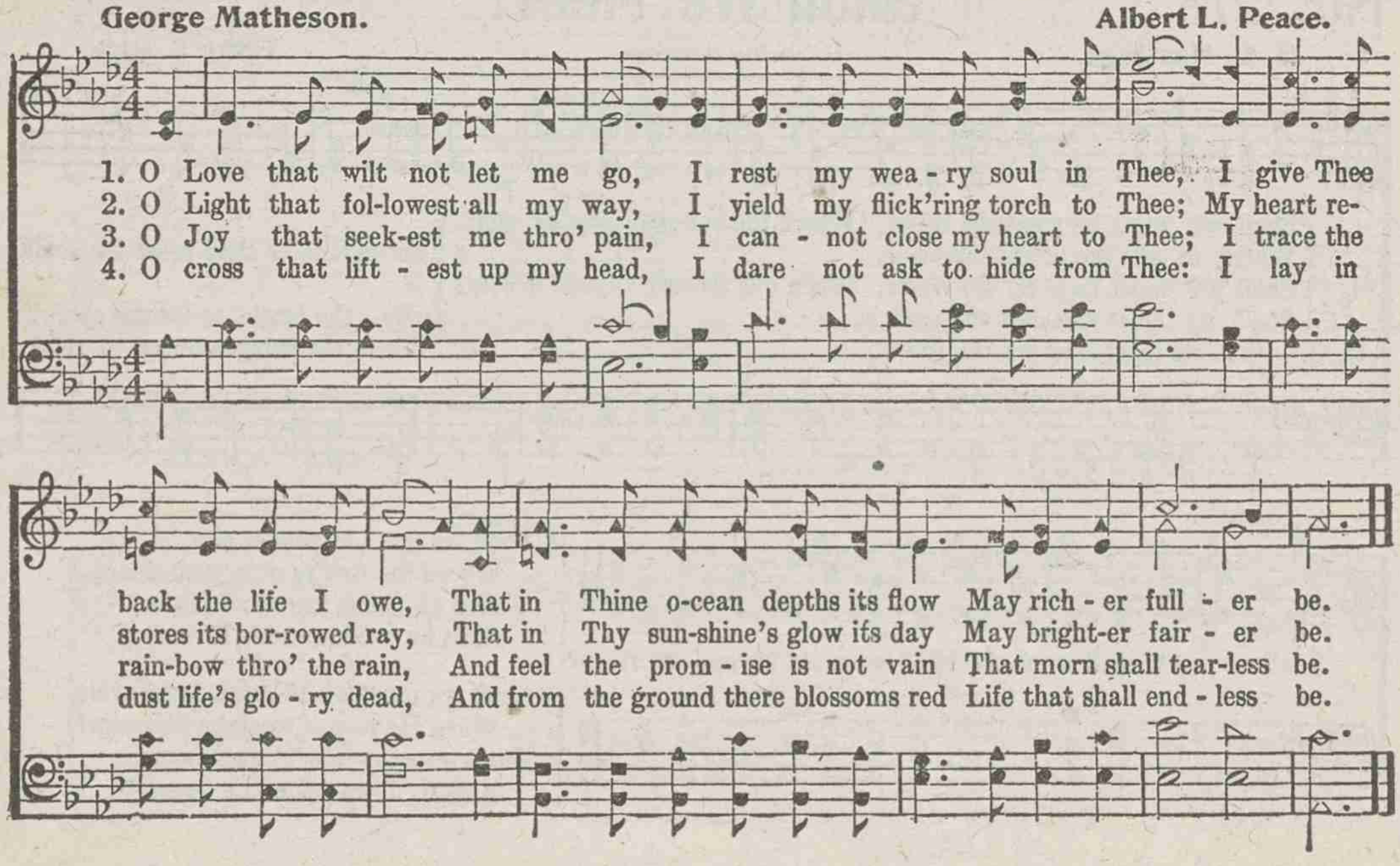
1 Praise waits for Thee in Zion,
To Thee vows paid shall be;
O Thou of prayer the hearer,
All flesh shall come to Thee;
Iniquities against me
Prevail from day to day,
But as for our transgressions,
Them shalt Thou purge away.

2 Blest he whom Thou hast chosen,
And unto Thee brought nigh;
Who hath for habitation
The courts of God Most High;
We shall in rich abundance
Be satisfied with grace,
And filled with all the goodness
Of Thy most holy place.

3 O God of our salvation,
We plead with Thee in prayer;
Thy righteousness makes answer
By things which fearful are;
Of earth the ends remotest,
And those afar at sea,
These all, O Lord, are placing
Their confidence in Thee.

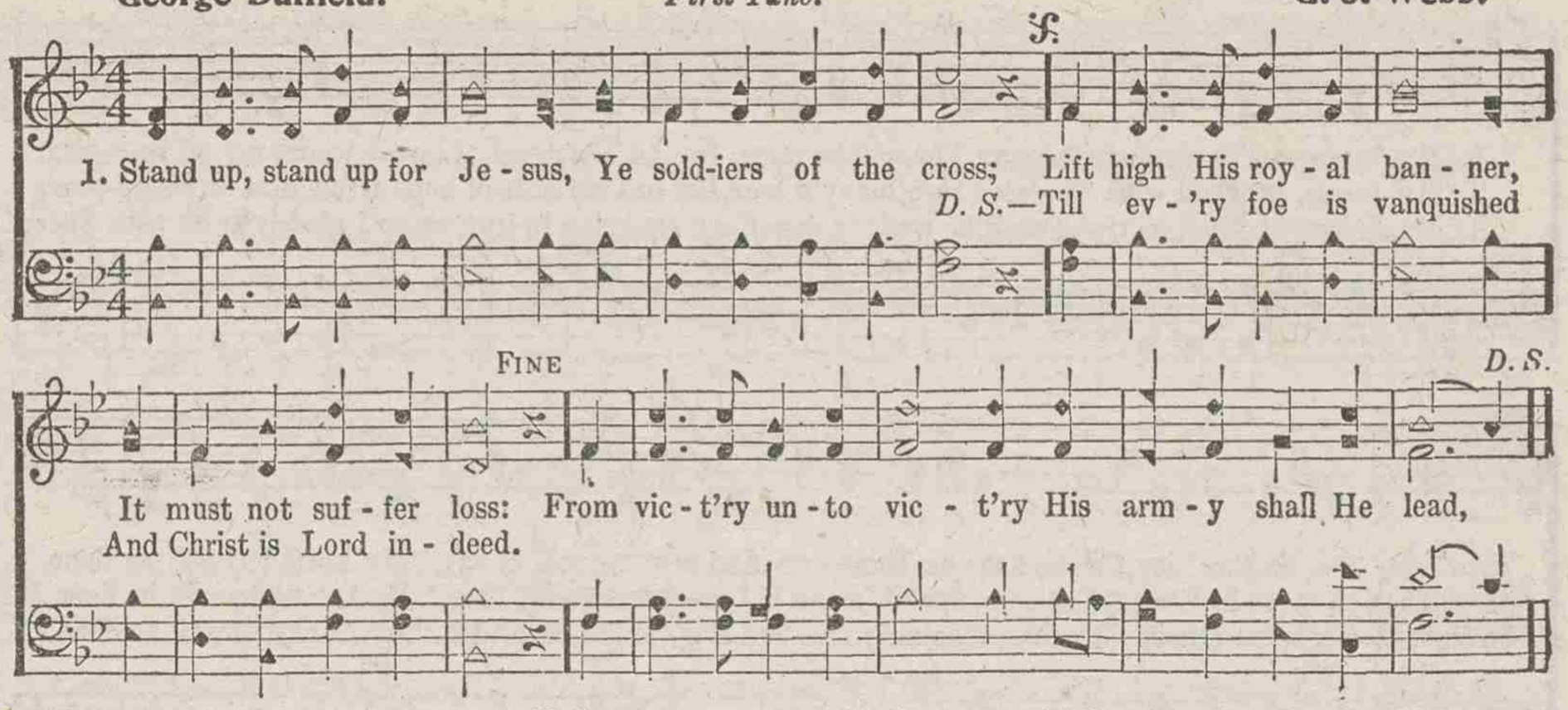
No. 281. O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

George Matheson. **Albert L. Peace.**



No. 282. Stand Up for Jesus.

George Duffield. *First Tune.* **G. J. Webb.**



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

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

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

No. 283. The Morning Light is Breaking.

First or Second Tune.

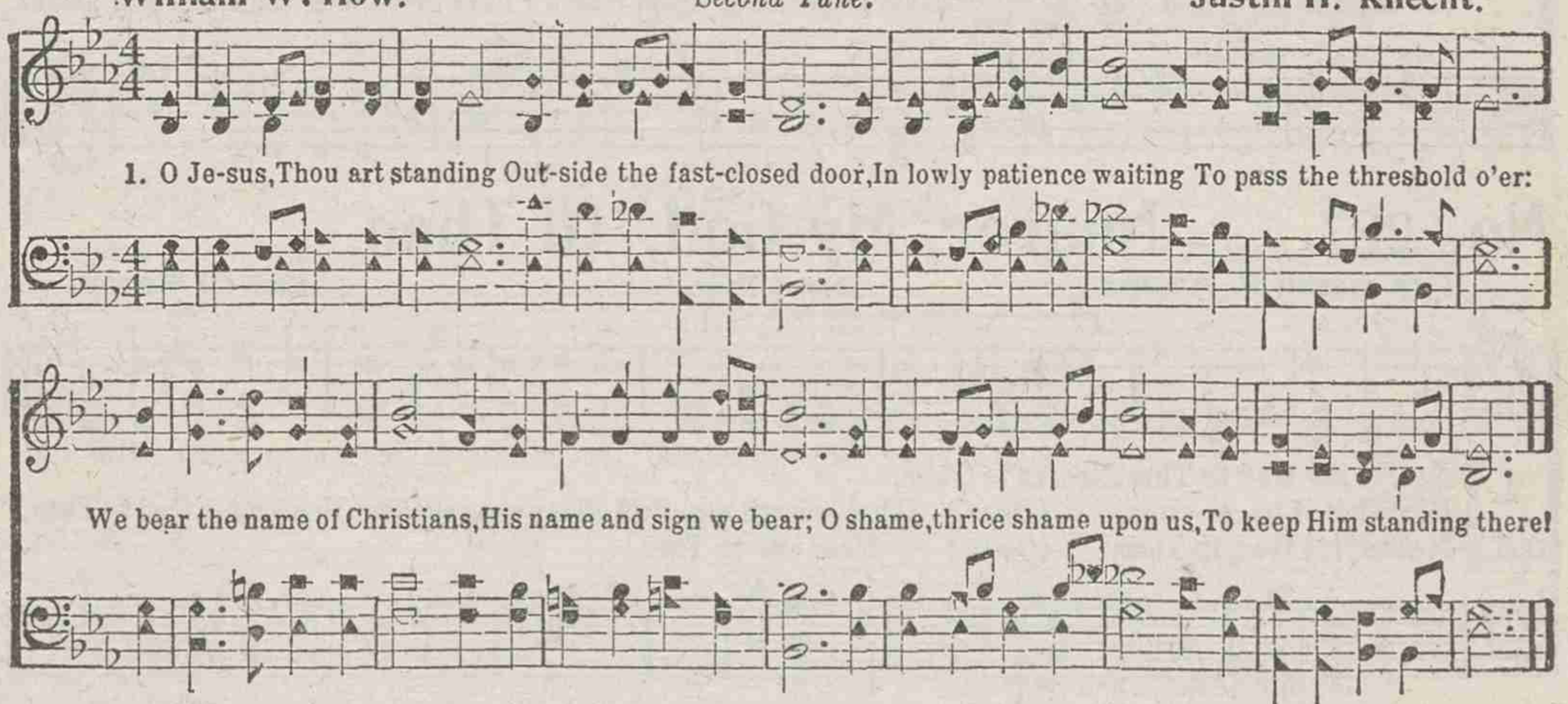
1 The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears,
The sons of earth are waking,
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God of love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners now confessing,
The gospel's call obey,
And seek a Savior's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly,
Triumphant, reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

No. 284. O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.

William W. How. *Second Tune.* **Justin H. Knecht.**



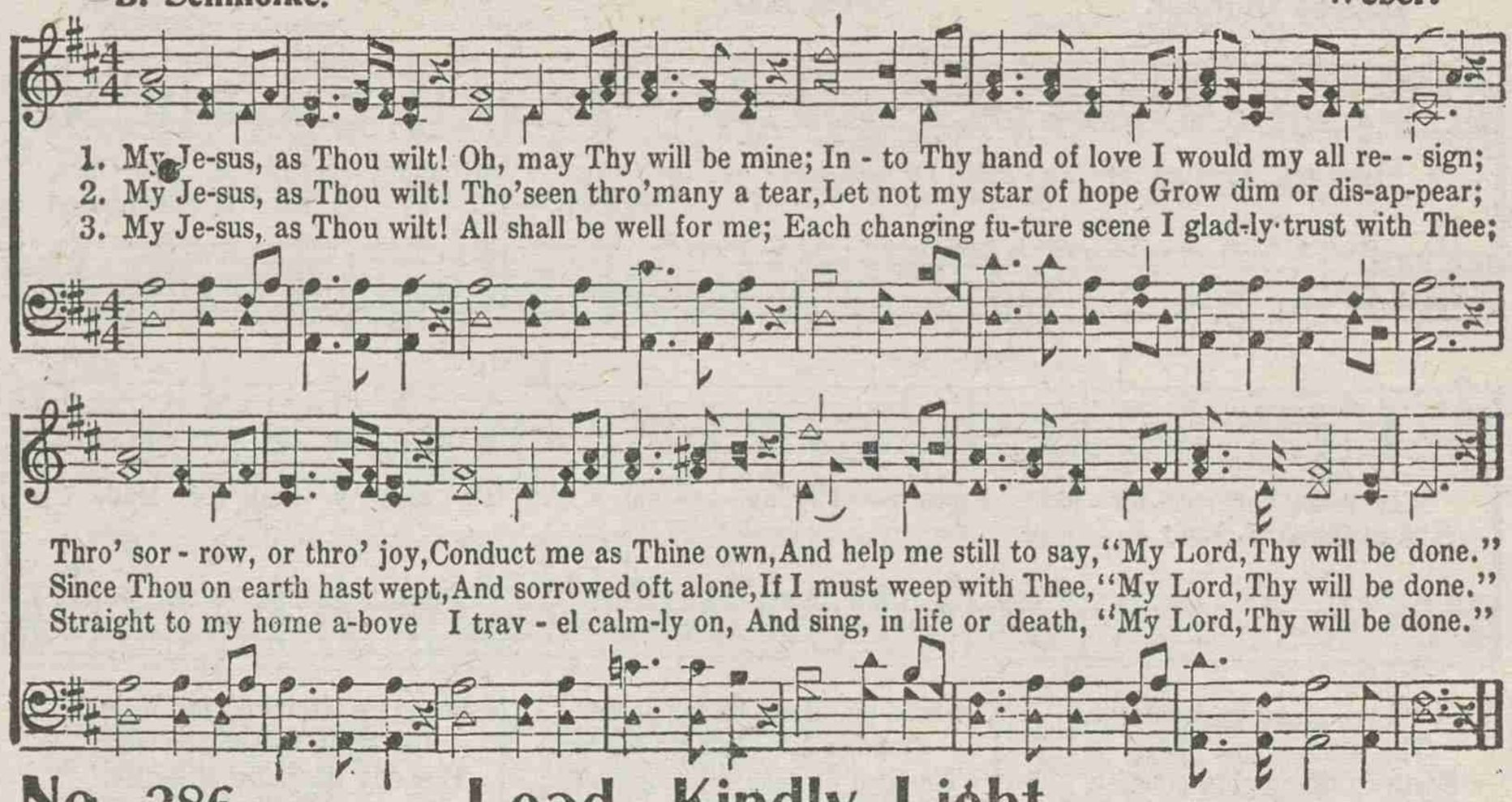
1 O Jesus, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
We bear the name of Christians,
His name and sign we bear;
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there!

2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking;
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred:
O love that passeth knowlege.
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, my children,
And will ye treat me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door;
Dear Savior, enter, enter,
And leave us never more!

No. 285. My Jesus, as Thou Wilt.

B. Schmolke. Weber.

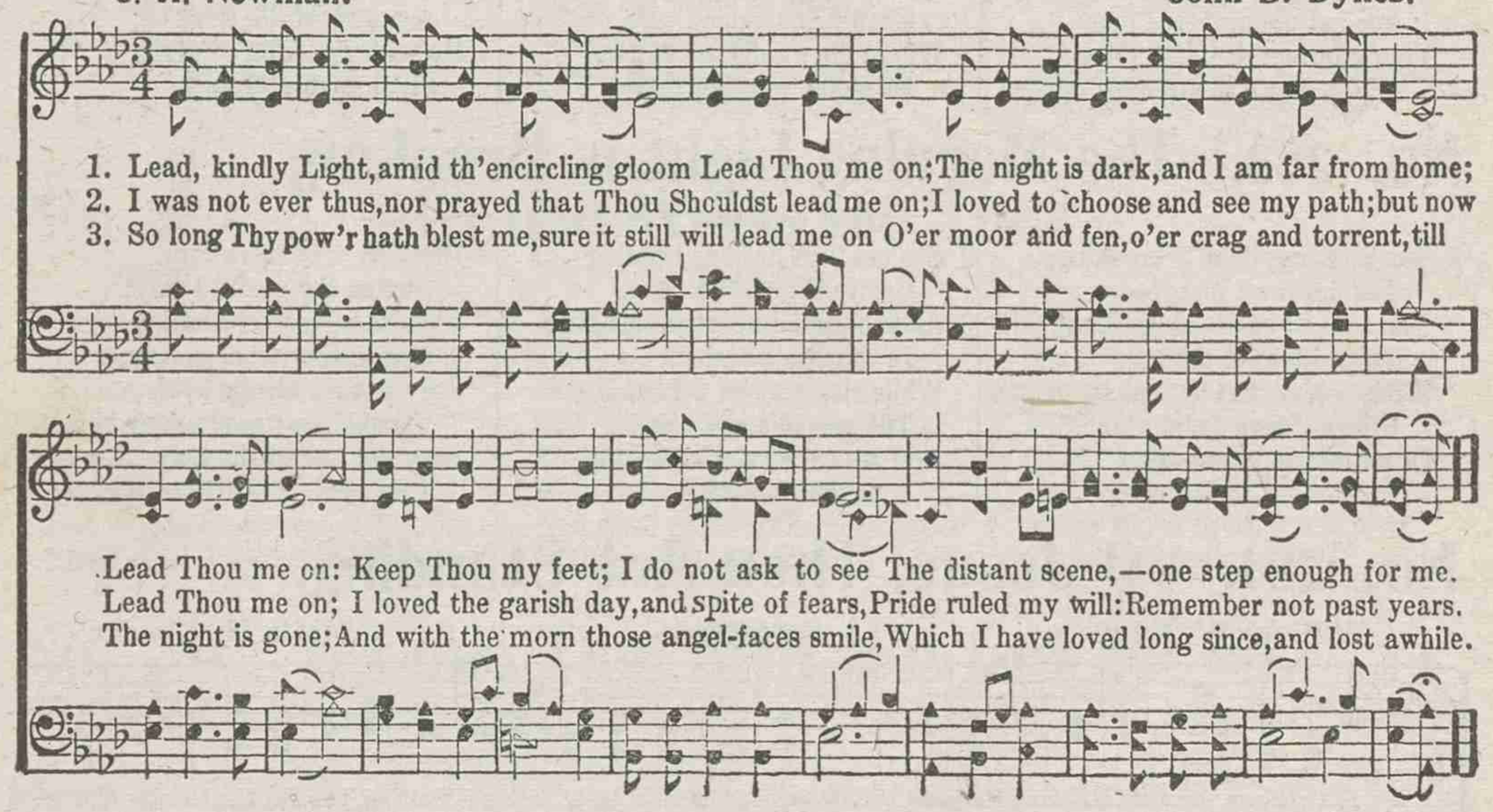


1. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! Oh, may Thy will be mine; In - to Thy hand of love I would my all re- - sign;
2. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! Tho'seen thro'many a tear,Let not my star of hope Grow dim or dis-ap-pear;
3. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! All shall be well for me; Each changing fu-ture scene I glad-ly trust with Thee;

Thro' sor - row, or thro' joy,Conduct me as Thine own,And help me still to say,"My Lord,Thy will be done."
Since Thou on earth hast wept,And sorrowed oft alone,If I must weep with Thee,"My Lord,Thy will be done."
Straight to my home a-bove I trav - el calm-ly on, And sing, in life or death, "My Lord,Thy will be done."

No. 286. Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman. John B. Dykes.



1. Lead, kindly Light,amid th'encircling gloom Lead Thou me on;The night is dark,and I am far from home;
2. I was not ever thus,nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on;I loved to choose and see my path;but now
3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me,sure it still will lead me on O'er moor and fen,o'er crag and torrent,till

Lead Thou me on: Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see The distant scene,—one step enough for me.
Lead Thou me on; I loved the garish day,and spite of fears,Pride ruled my will:Remember not past years.
The night is gone;And with the morn those angel-faces smile,Which I have loved long since,and lost awhile.

No. 287. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams. *Second Tune.* Lowell Mason.



1. { Nearer my God to Thee,Nearer to Thee,
   E'en tho' it be a cross, (*Omit.*) That raiseth me, Still all my song shall be,Nearer,my God to Thee,
D.S.—Nearer, my God, to Thee, (*Omit.*) Near - er to Thee.

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

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

4 Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

No. 288. O Gould I Speak.

Samuel Medley. Lowell Mason.

1. O could I speak the match-less worth, O could I sound the glories forth, Which in my Sav-ior shine,
{ I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings, } In notes al-most di - vine, In notes al - most di - vine.
{ And vie with Gabriel while he sings, }

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 characters 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.

No. 289. There's a Wideness.

Frederick W. Faber. Lizzie S. Tourjee.

1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea, There's a kind-ness
2. There is wel-come for the sin - ner, And more grac-es for the good; There is mer - cy
in His justice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.
with the Savior, There is heal - ing in His blood.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal,
Is most wonderfully kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

No. 290. In the Gross.

John Bowring. Ithamar Conkey.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time; All the light of
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an - noy, Nev - er shall the
sa - cred sto - ry Gathers round its head sub-lime.
cross for - sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more luster to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

No. 291. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper. *First Tune.* J. E. Gould.



1 Jesus, Savior, pilot me,
Over life's tempestuous sea:
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rocks and treach'rous shoal;
Chart and compass come from Thee
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves, obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

No. 292. Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady. *Second Tune.* Thomas Hastings.



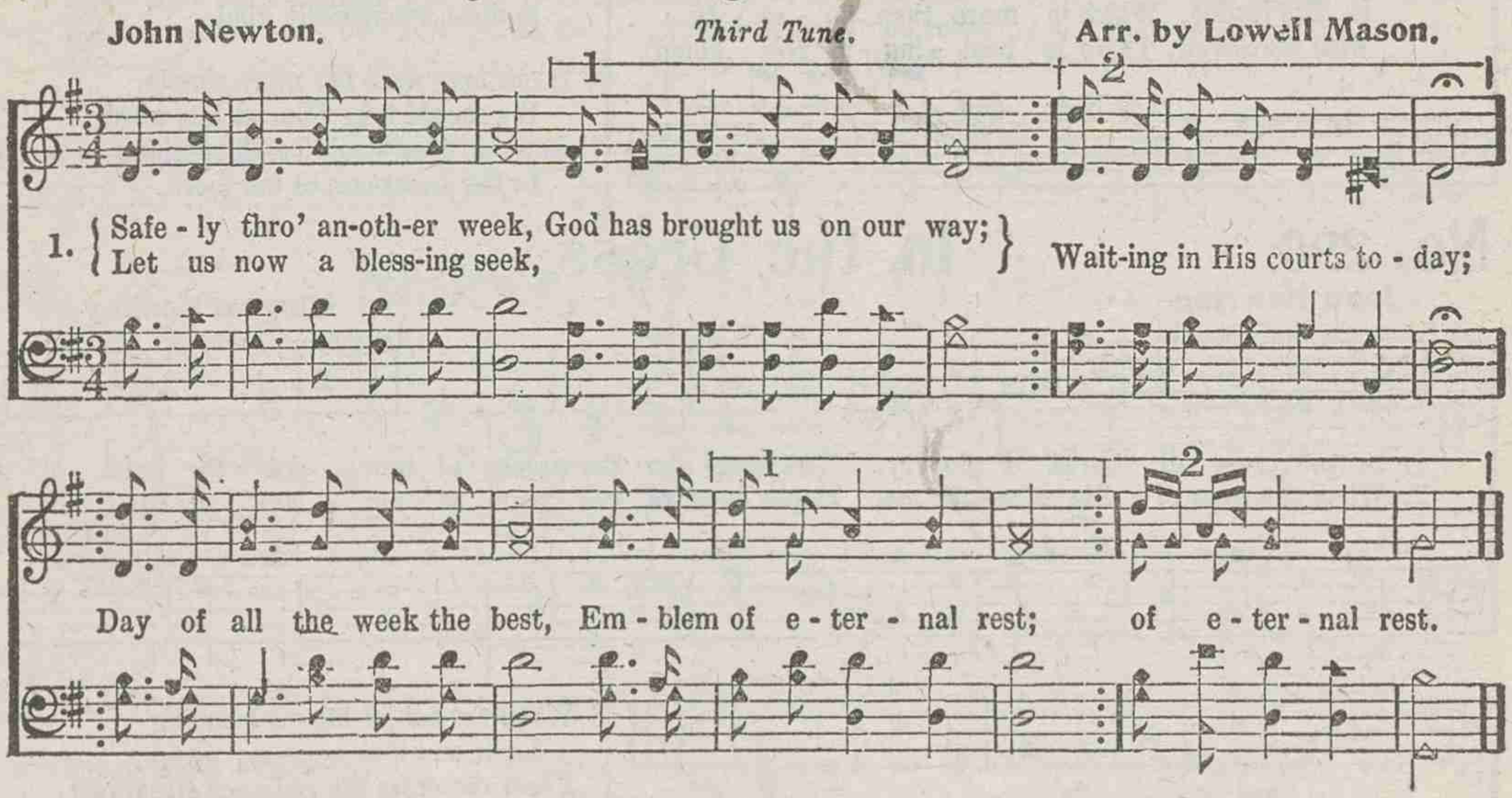
1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

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

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

No. 293. Safely Through Another Week.

John Newton. *Third Tune.* Arr. by Lowell Mason.



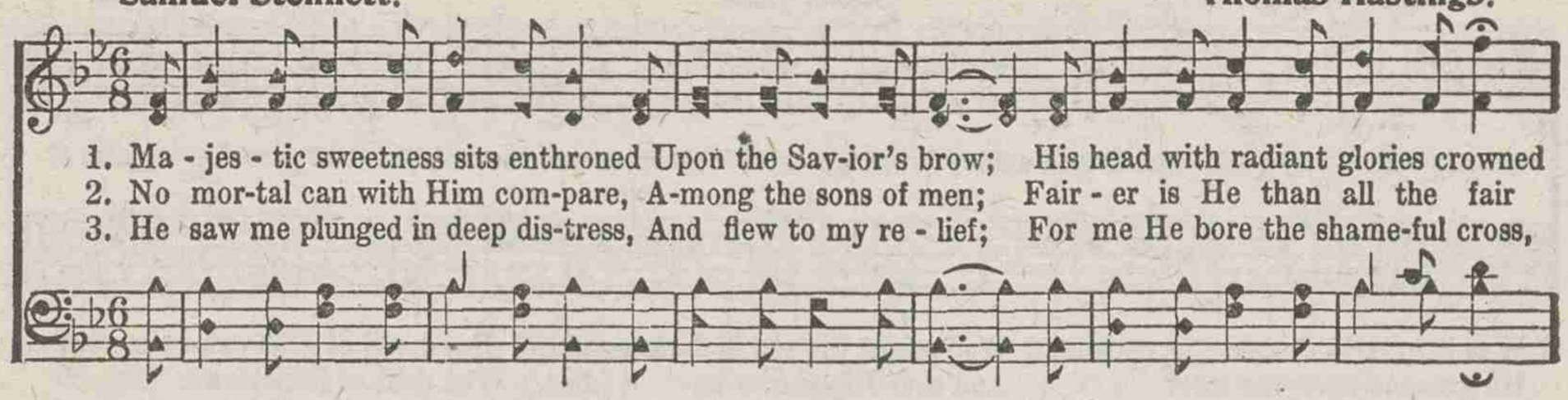
2 While we pray for pard'ning grace,
Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciled face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in Thee.

3 Here we come Thy name to praise;
Let us feel Thy pesence near;
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief to all complaints;
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

No. 294. Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

Samuel Stennett. Thomas Hastings.



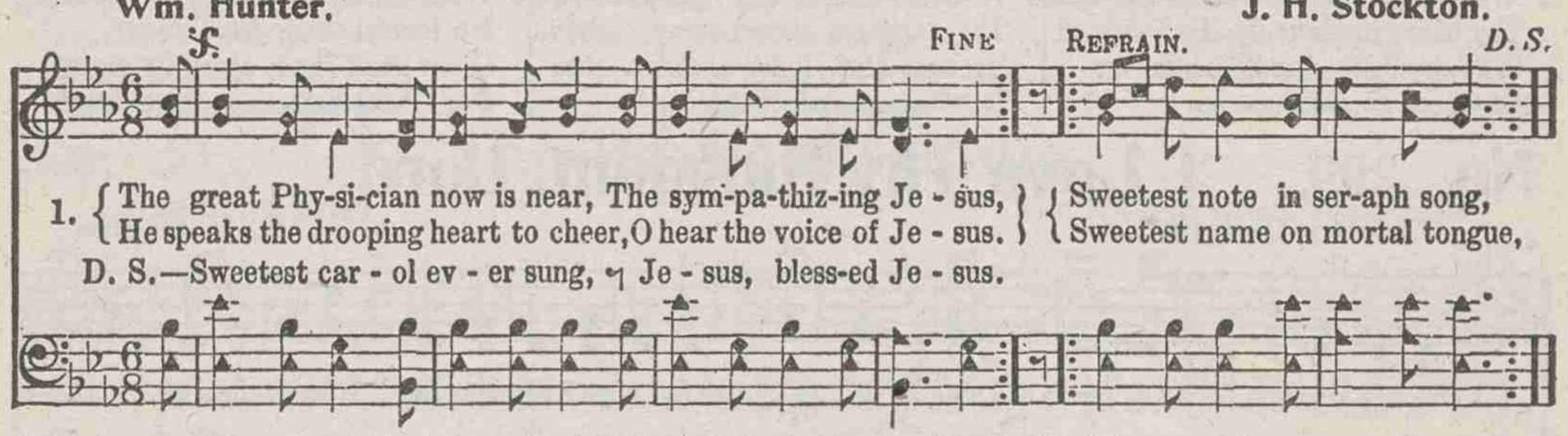


4. To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have:
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

5 Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be Thine.

No. 295. The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter. J. H. Stockton.



2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh! hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh! how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.

No. 296. Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy.

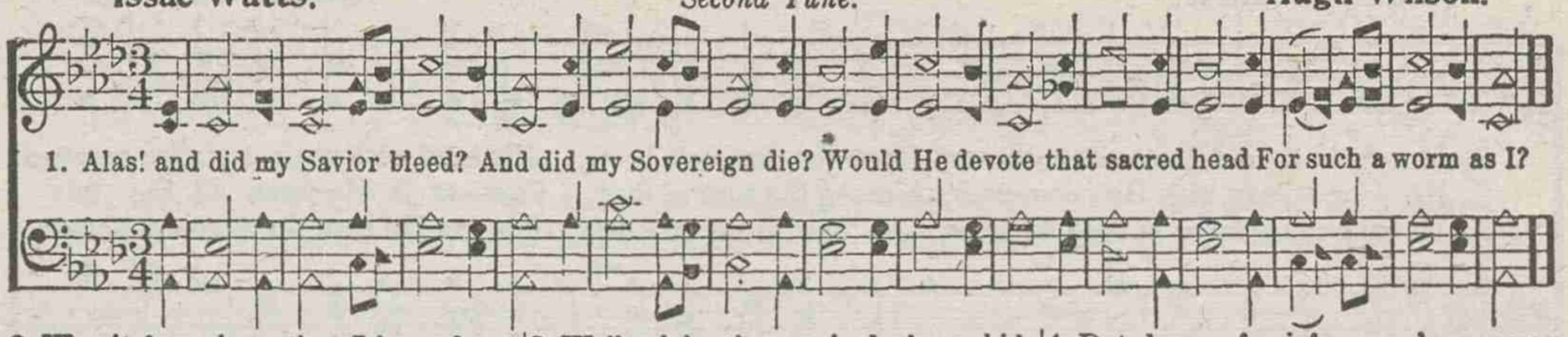
Mrs. Horatius Bonar. T. E. Perkins.





No. 297. Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?

Issac Watts. *Second Tune.* Hugh Wilson.



2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide
And shut His glories in, [died,
When Christ, the mighty Maker,
For man, the creature's sin.

4 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.

No. 298. Walk in the Light.

Bernard Barton. *Third Tune.* Haydn.



2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His, [shrined,
Who dwells in cloudless light en-
In whom no darkness is.

3 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away, [shone
Because that light hath on thee
In which is perfect day.

4 Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

No. 299. I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

Timothy Dwight. G. F. Handel.



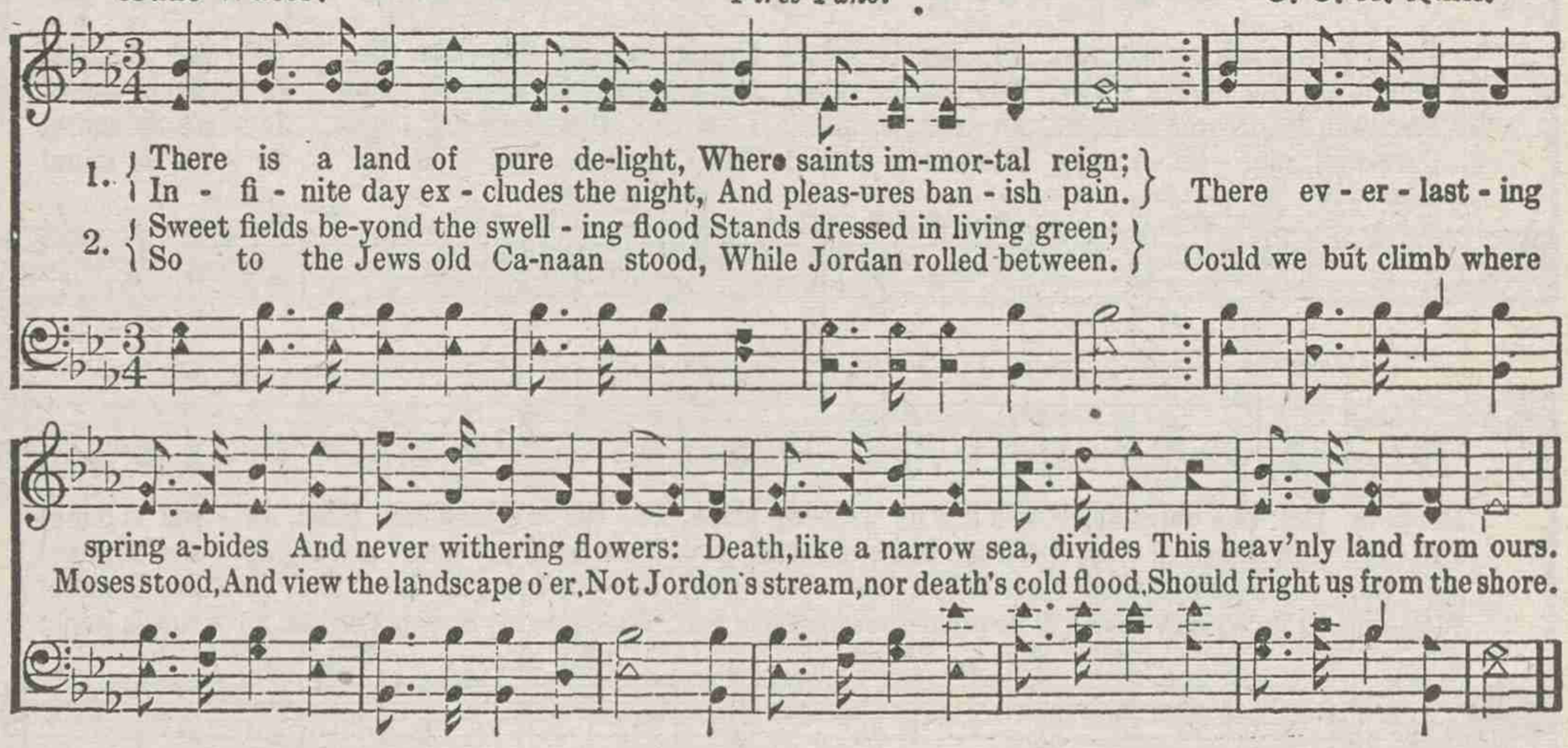
2 I love Thy Church, O God;
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways, [vows,
Her sweet communion, solemn
Her hymns of love and praise.

No. 300. There Is a Land Of Pure Delight.

Isaac Watts. *First Tune.* J. C. H. Rink.



No. 301. Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett. Hans George Naegell.



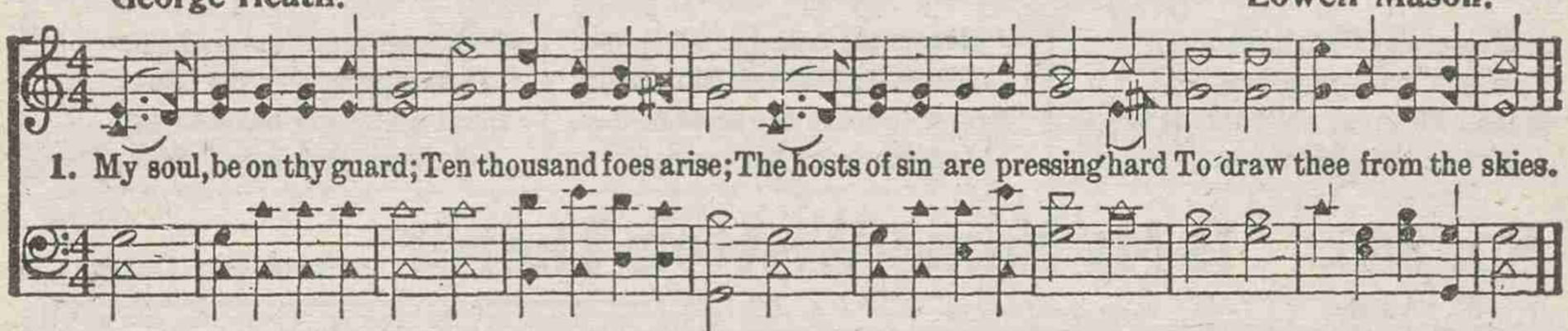
2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers; [one,
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are
Our comforts and our cares.

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

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

No. 302. My Soul, Be on Thy Guard.

George Heath. Lowell Mason.



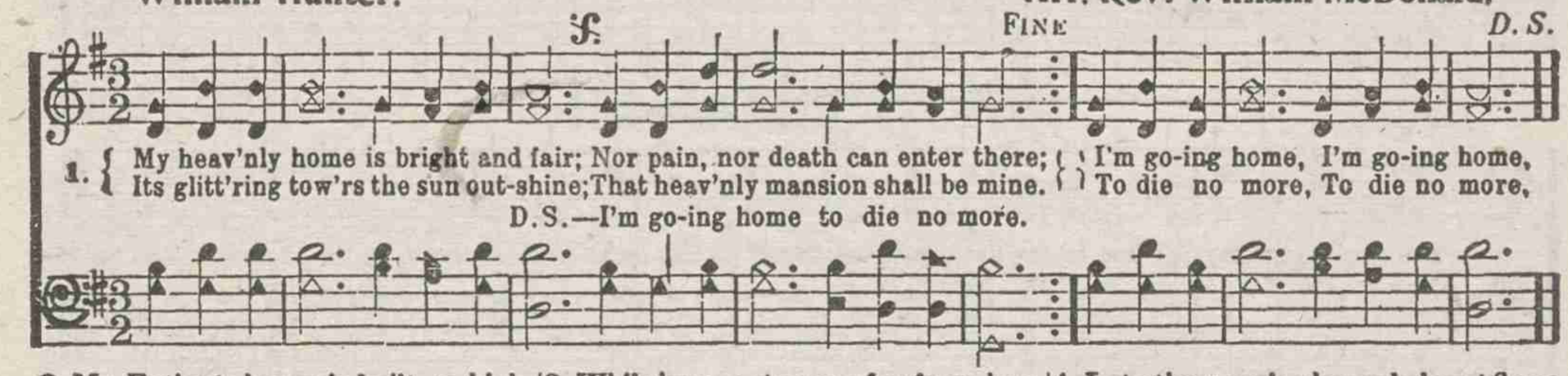
2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God:
He'll take thee, at thy parting
To His divine abode. [breath,

No. 303. The Heavenly Home.

William Hunter. Arr. Rev. William McDonald.



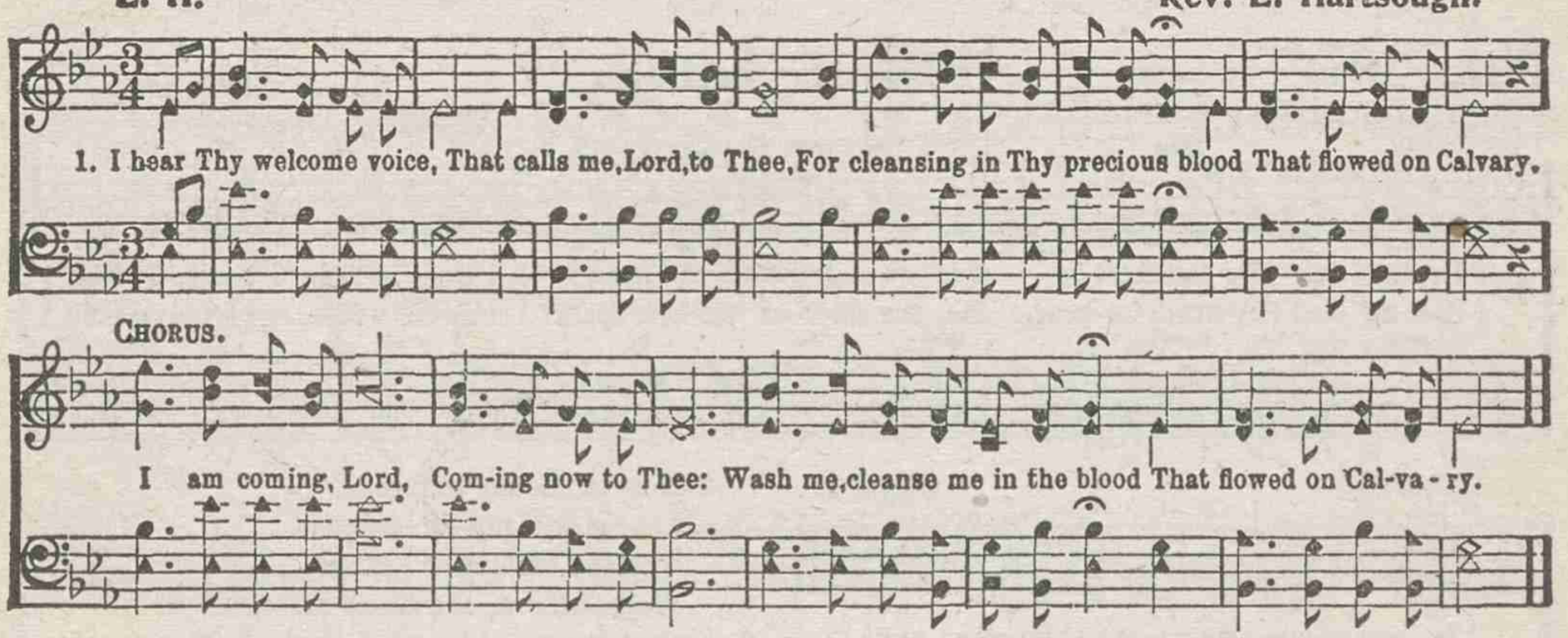
2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be

3 While here, a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam;
Although, like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.

4 Let others seek a home below, [flow;
Which flames devour, or waves o'er
Be mine the happier lot to own
A heav'nly mansion near the throne.

No. 304. I Am Coming, Lord.

L. H. Rev. L. Hartsough.



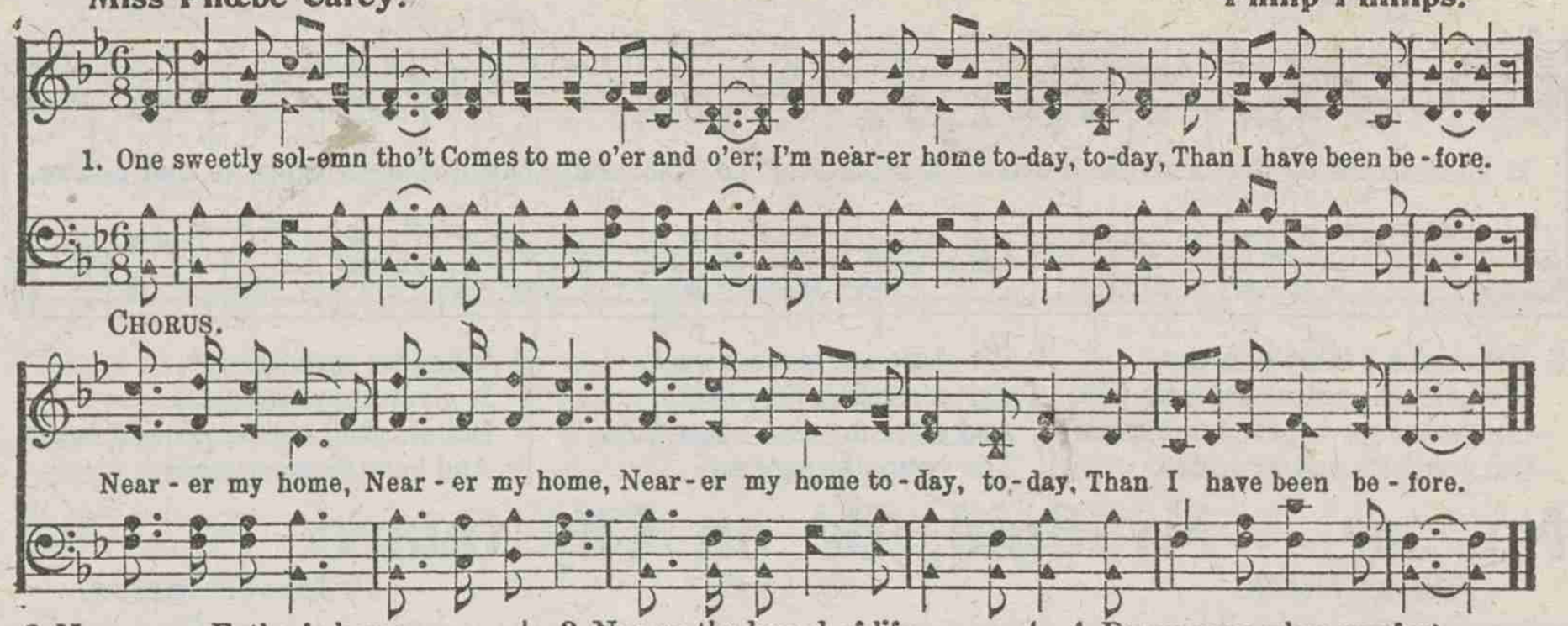
2 Tho' coming weak and vile
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all, and pure.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on,
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust
For earth and heav'n above.

4 And He assurance gives
To loyal hearts and true,
That ev'ry promise is fulfilled
To those who hear and do. —

No. 305. One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

Miss Phœbe Carey. **Philip Phillips.**



2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne to-day,
Nearer the crystal sea.

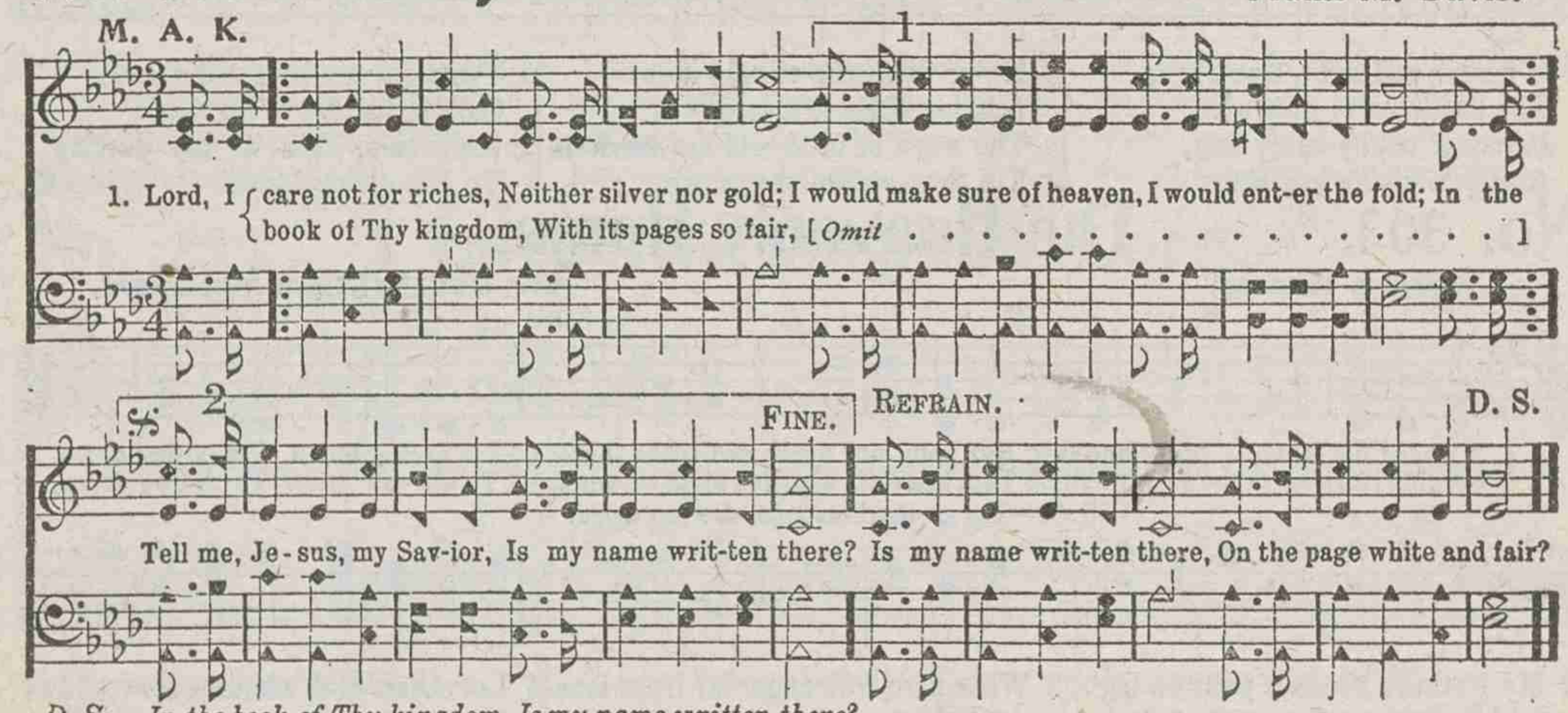
3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where burdens are laid down;
Nearer to leave the cross to-day,
And nearer to the crown.

4 Be near me when my feet
Are slipping o'er the brink;
For I am nearer home to-day,
Perhaps, than now I think.

No. 306. Is My Name Written There?

Frank M. Davis.

M. A. K.



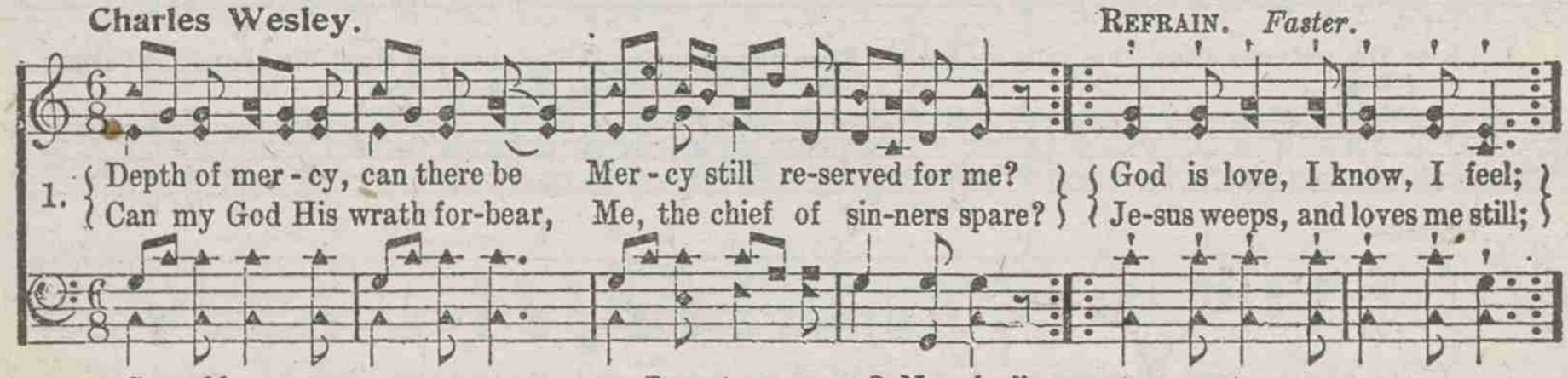
D. S.—In the book of Thy kingdom, Is my name written there?

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

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

No. 307. God is Love.

Charles Wesley. **J. Stevenson.**



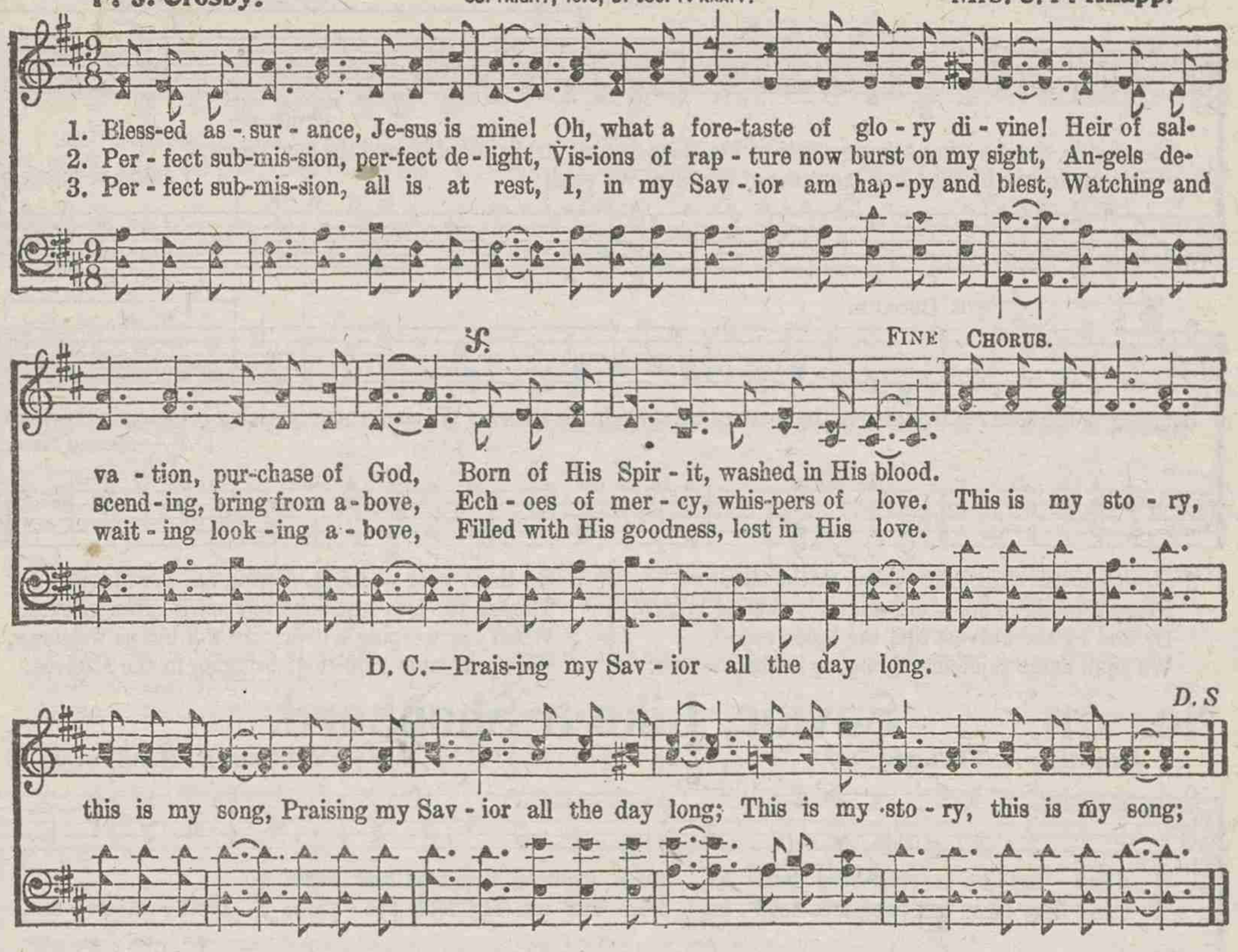


2 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my sin lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

3 There for me the Savior stands;
Shows His wounds and spreads His hands;
God is love, I know, I feel:
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

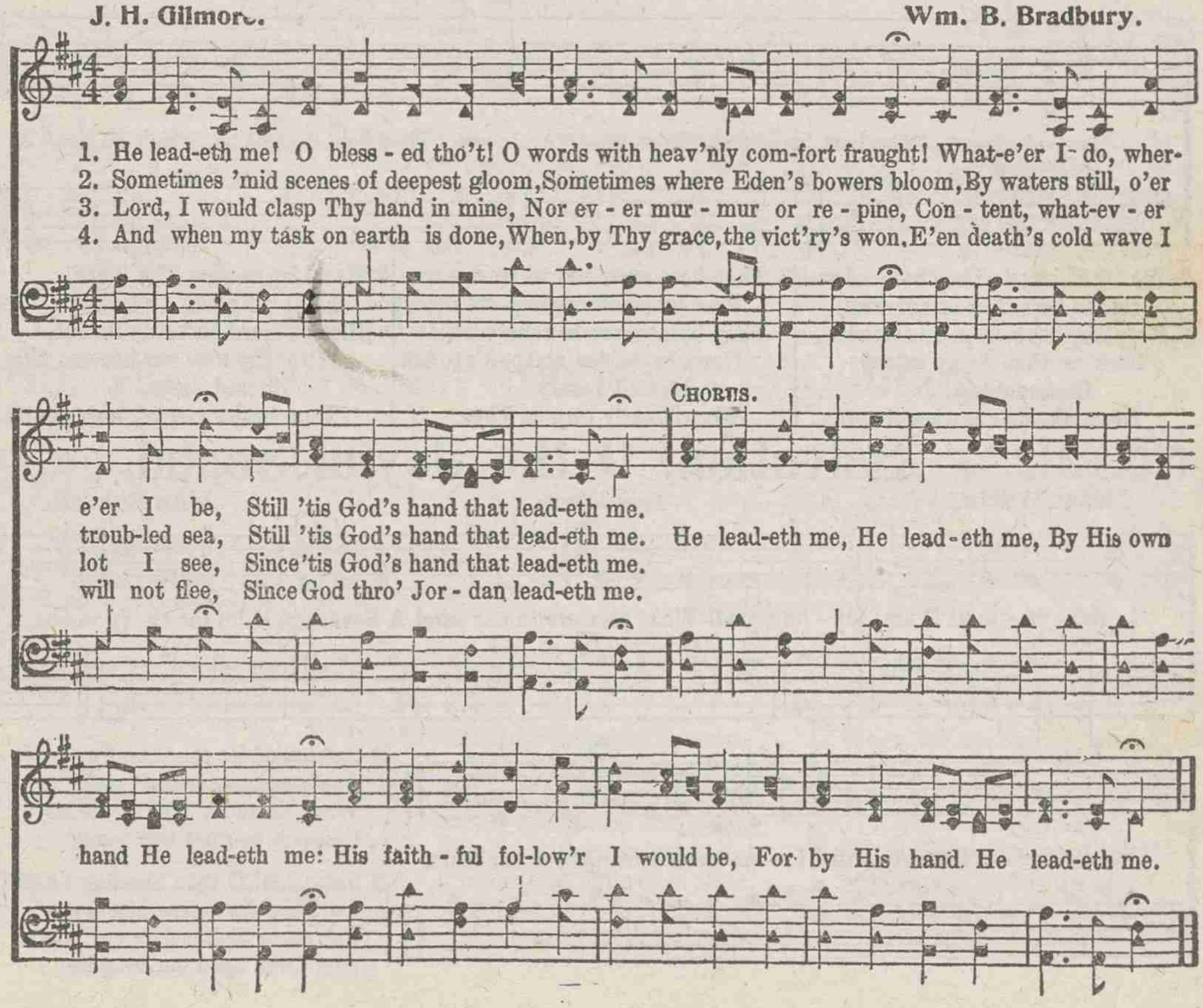
No. 308. Blessed Assurance.

F. J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1873, BY JOS. F. KNAPP. Mrs. J. F. Knapp.



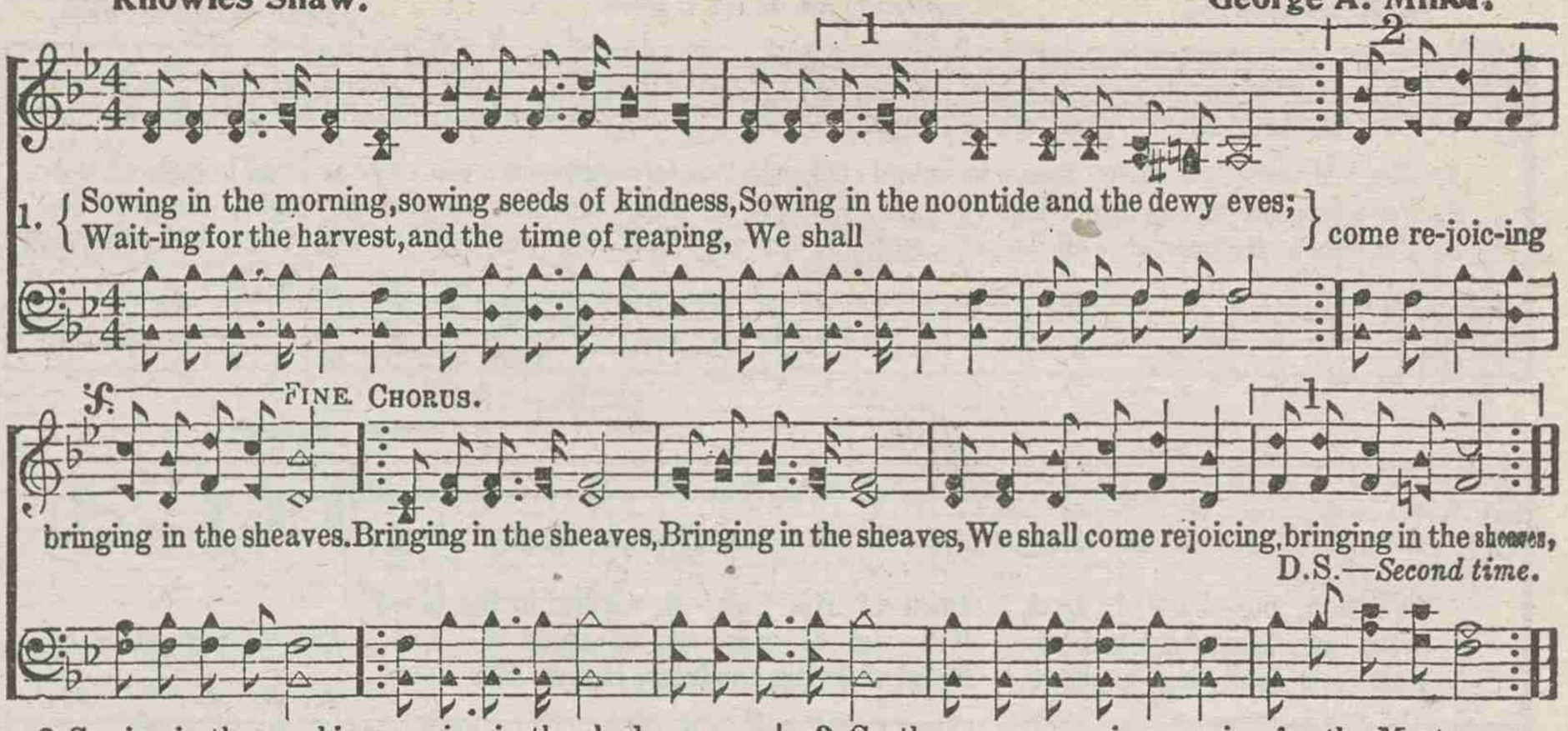
No. 309. He Leadeth Me.

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



No. 310. Bringing in the Sheaves.

Knowles Shaw. **George A. Minor.**



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

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

No. 311. Savior, Like a Shepherd.

Dorothy A. Thrupp. **William B. Bradbury.**



2 We are Thine; do Thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray:
Blessed Jesus,
Hear, oh, hear us when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free
Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Savior,
With Thy love our bosoms fill:
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

No. 312. Salvation! O the Joyful Sound.

Isaac Watts. *Fourth Tune.* **John Randall.**

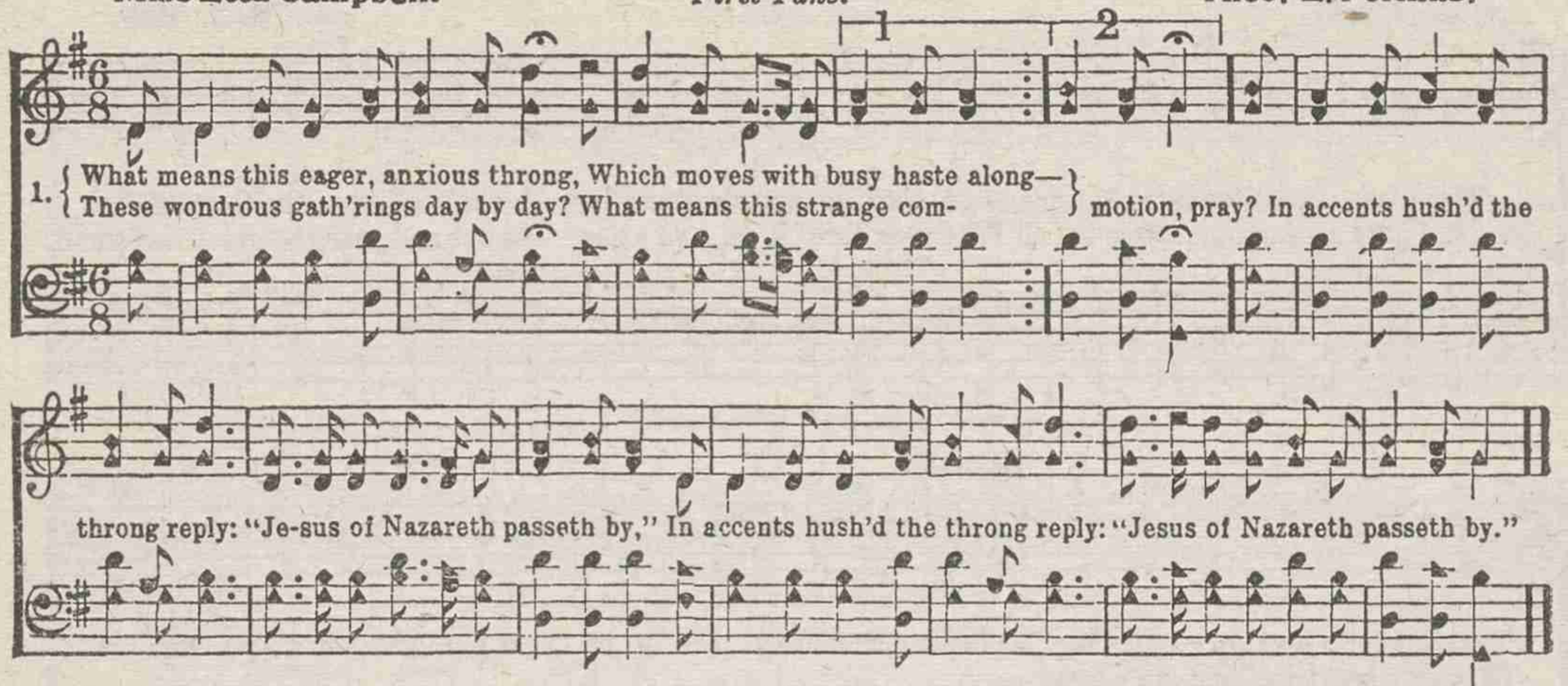


2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To Thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

No. 313. Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By.

Miss Etta Campbell. *First Tune.* **Theo. E. Perkins.**



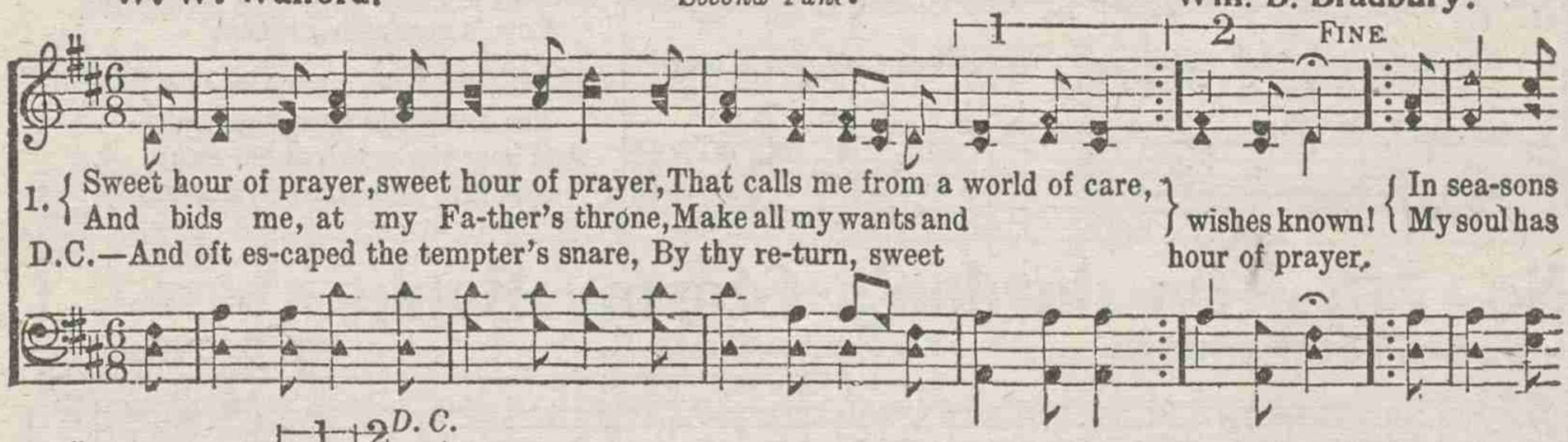
2 Who is this Jesus? why should He
The city move so mightily?
A passing stranger, has He skill
To move the multitude at will?
Again the stirring notes reply:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

3 Jesus! 'Tis He who once below [woe;
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and
And burden'd ones, where'er He came,
Bro't out their sick and deaf and lame.
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

4 Again He comes! from place to place
His holy footprints we can trace,
He pauseth at our threshold—nay,
He enters—condescends to stay.
Shall we not gladly raise the cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

No. 314. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford. *Second Tune.* **Wm. B. Bradbury.**

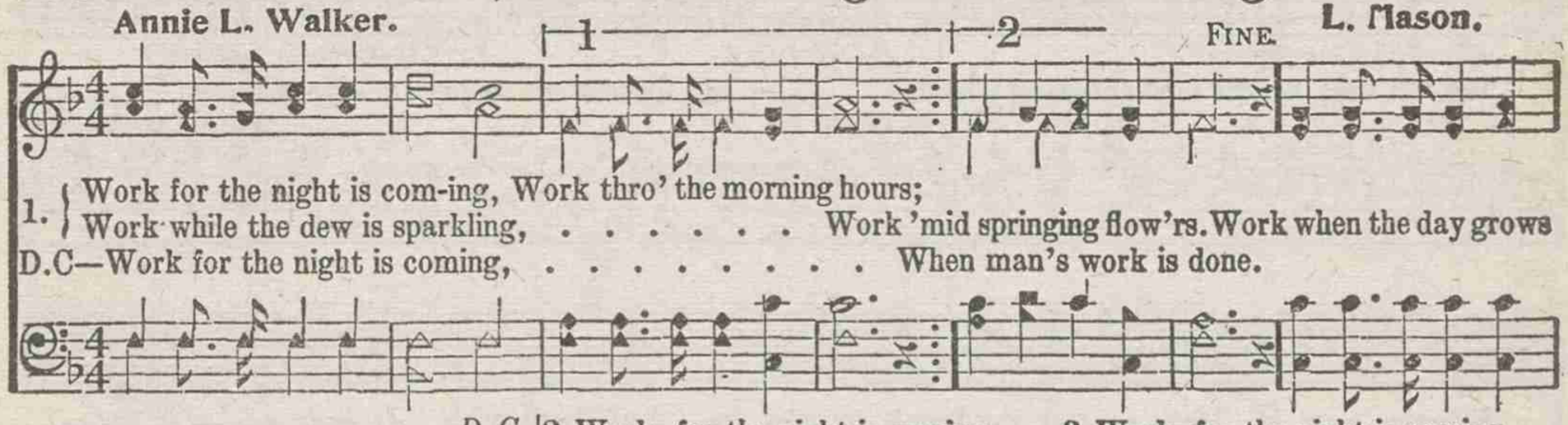


2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
The joys I feel, the bliss I share, [prayer,
Of those whose anxious spirits burn
With strong desires for thy return!
With such I hasten to the place
Where, God, my Savior, shows His face,
And gladly take my station there,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear [prayer
To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

No. 315. Work, for the Night is Coming.

Annie L. Walker. **L. Mason.**

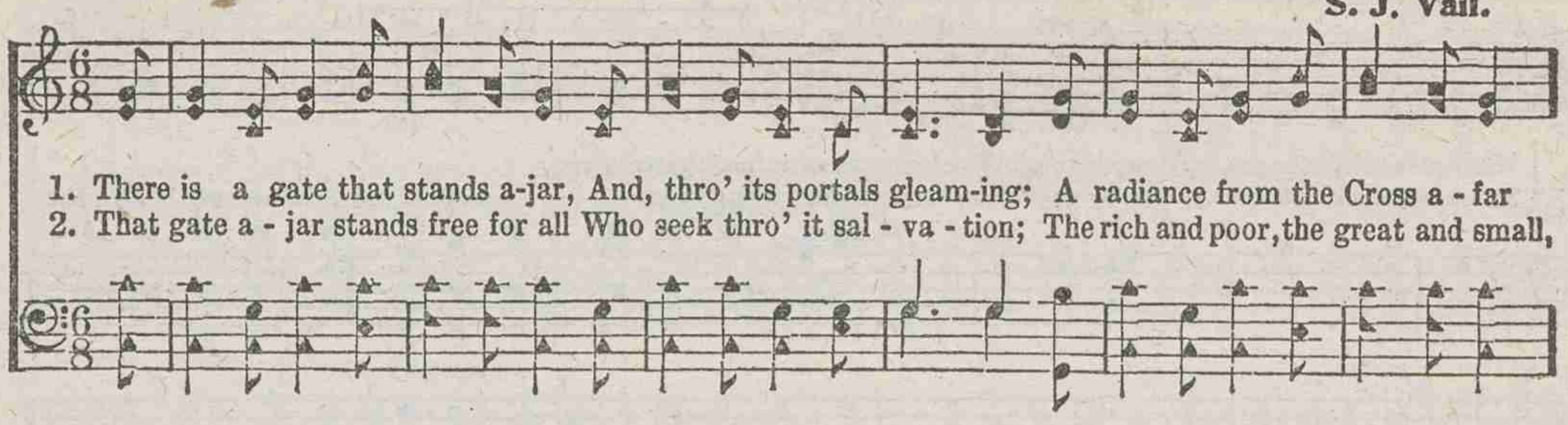


2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute,
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

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

No. 316. The Gate Ajar.

S. J. Vail.



3 Press onward, then, tho' foes may frown,
While mercy's gate is open,
Accept the cross, and win the crown.
Love's everlasting token.

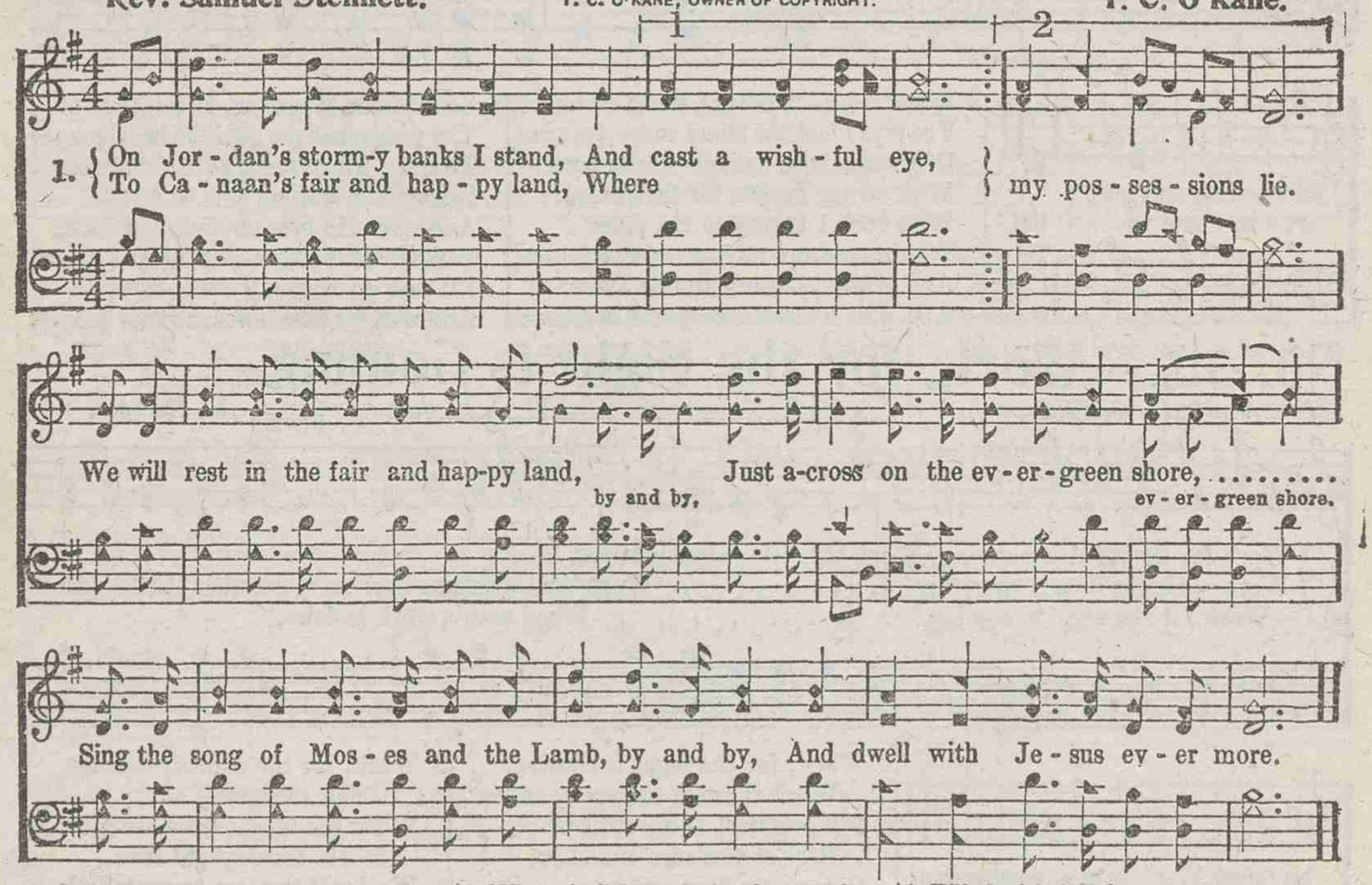
4 Beyond the river's brink we'll lay
The cross that here is given,
And bear the crown of life away,
And love Him more in heaven.

No. 317.. On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

Rev. Samuel Stennett.

T. C. O'KANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

T. C. O'Kane.



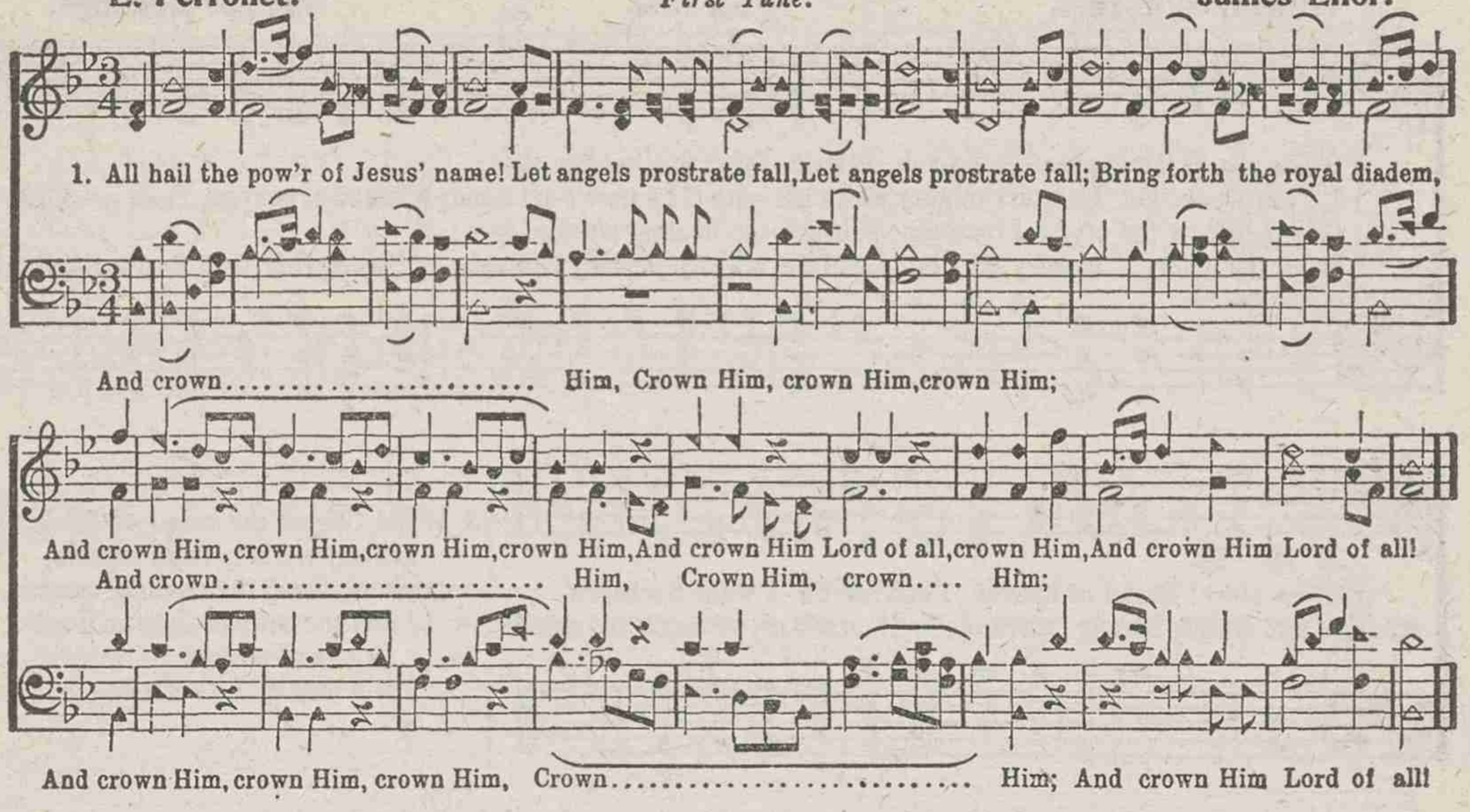
2 O'er all those wide-extended plains,
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

3 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in His bosom rest?

4 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

No, 318. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name,

E. Perronet. *First Tune.* James Ellor.



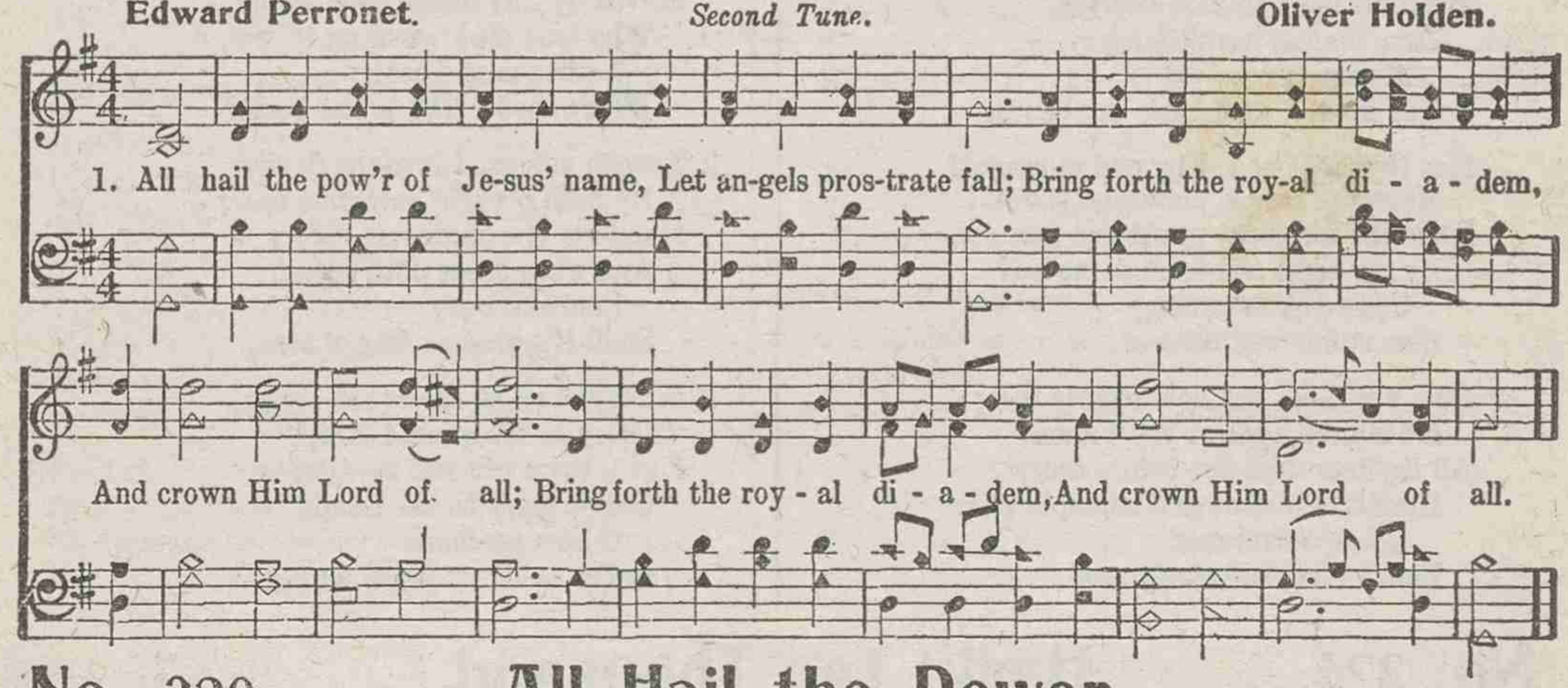
2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

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

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

No. 319. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Edward Perronet. *Second Tune.* Oliver Holden.



No. 320. All Hail the Power.

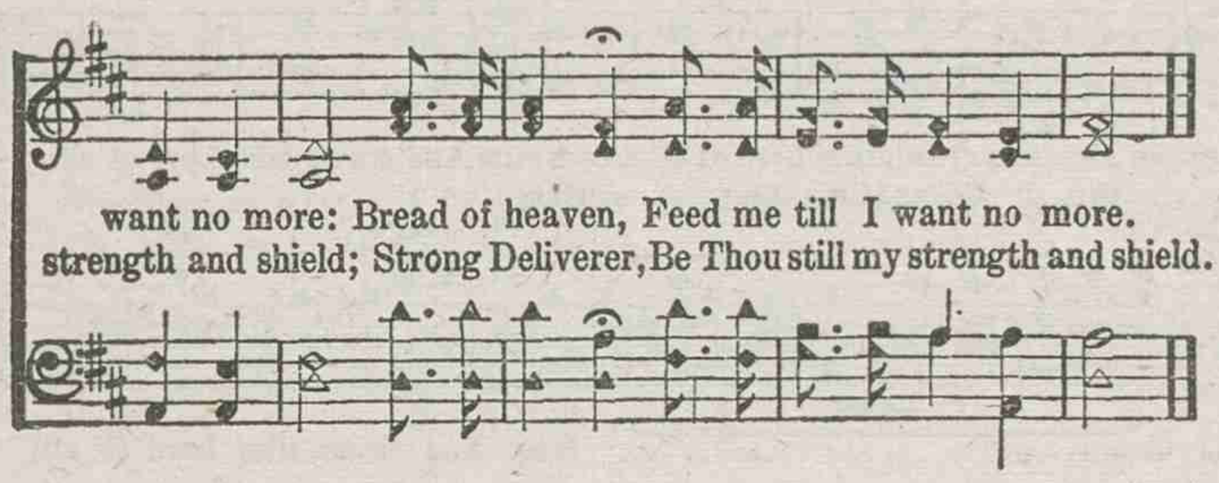
Edward Perronet. *Third Tune.* William Shrubsole.



No. 321. Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

William Williams. *First Tune.* Thomas Hastings.





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.

No. 322. Good News.

First or Second Tune.

1 On the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion, long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive!
God himself shall loose thy bands.

Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.

No. 323. Hallelujah!

First or Second Tune.

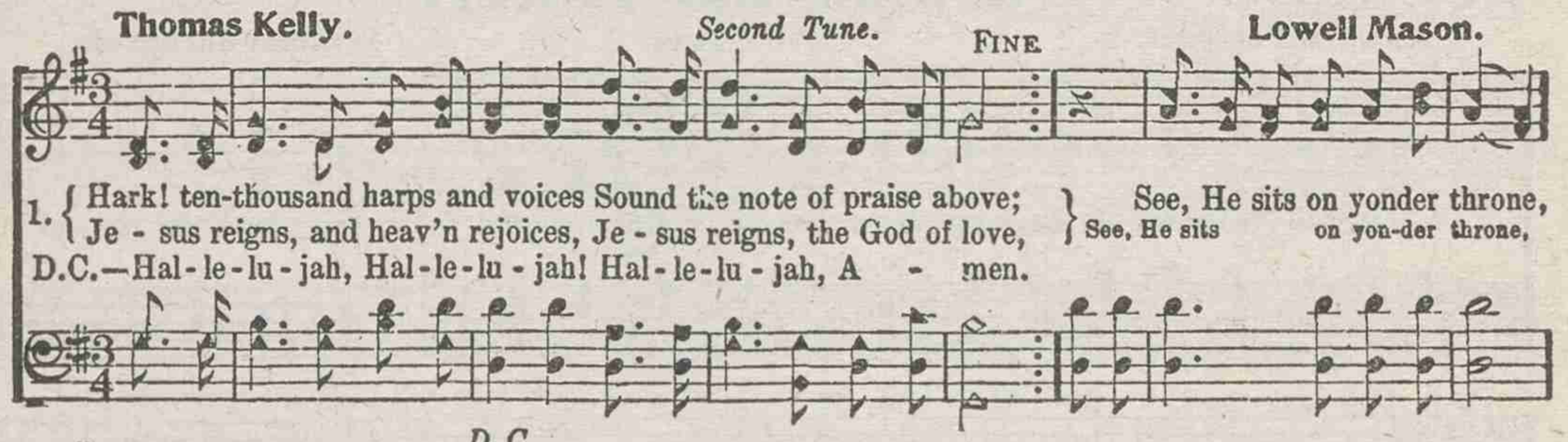
1 O Thou God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin;
Moved by Thy divine compassion,
Who hast died my heart to win,
I will praise Thee;
Where shall I Thy praise begin?

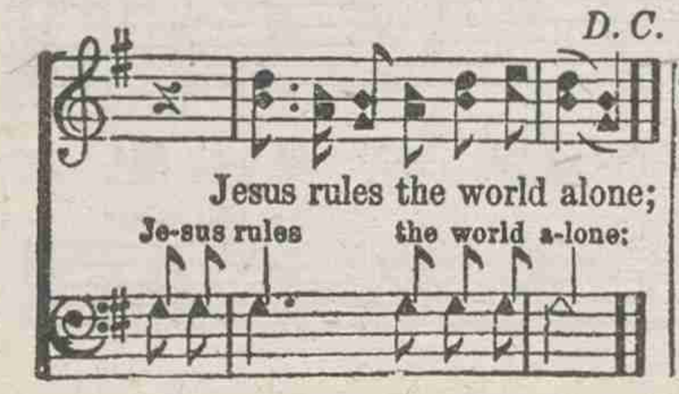
2 Though unseen, I love the Savior;
He hath brought salvation near;
Manifests His pardoning favor;
And when Jesus doth appear,
Soul and body
Shall His glorious image bear.

3 While the angel choirs are crying,
"Glory to the great I AM,"
I with them will still be vying—
"Glory! glory to the Lamb!
O how precious
Is the sound of Jesus' name!

No. 324. Hark! Ten Thousand.

Thomas Kelly. *Second Tune.* FINE Lowell Mason.





2 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens,
All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of life, Thy smile enlightens,
Cheers and charms Thy saints on earth;
When we think of love like Thine,
Lord, we own it love divine:

3 King of glory, reign forever;
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from Thy love shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made Thine own;
Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destined to behold Thy face.

No. 325. Come, Thou Almighty King.

Charles Wesley. Felice Giardini.



No. 326. O Worship.

Tune Lyons.

1 O worship the King all glorious above,
And gratefully sing His wonderful love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

2 O tell of His might, and sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunderclouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.

4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

No. 327. Ye Servants.

Tune Lyons.

1 Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad His wonderful name;
The name all victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious: He rules over all.

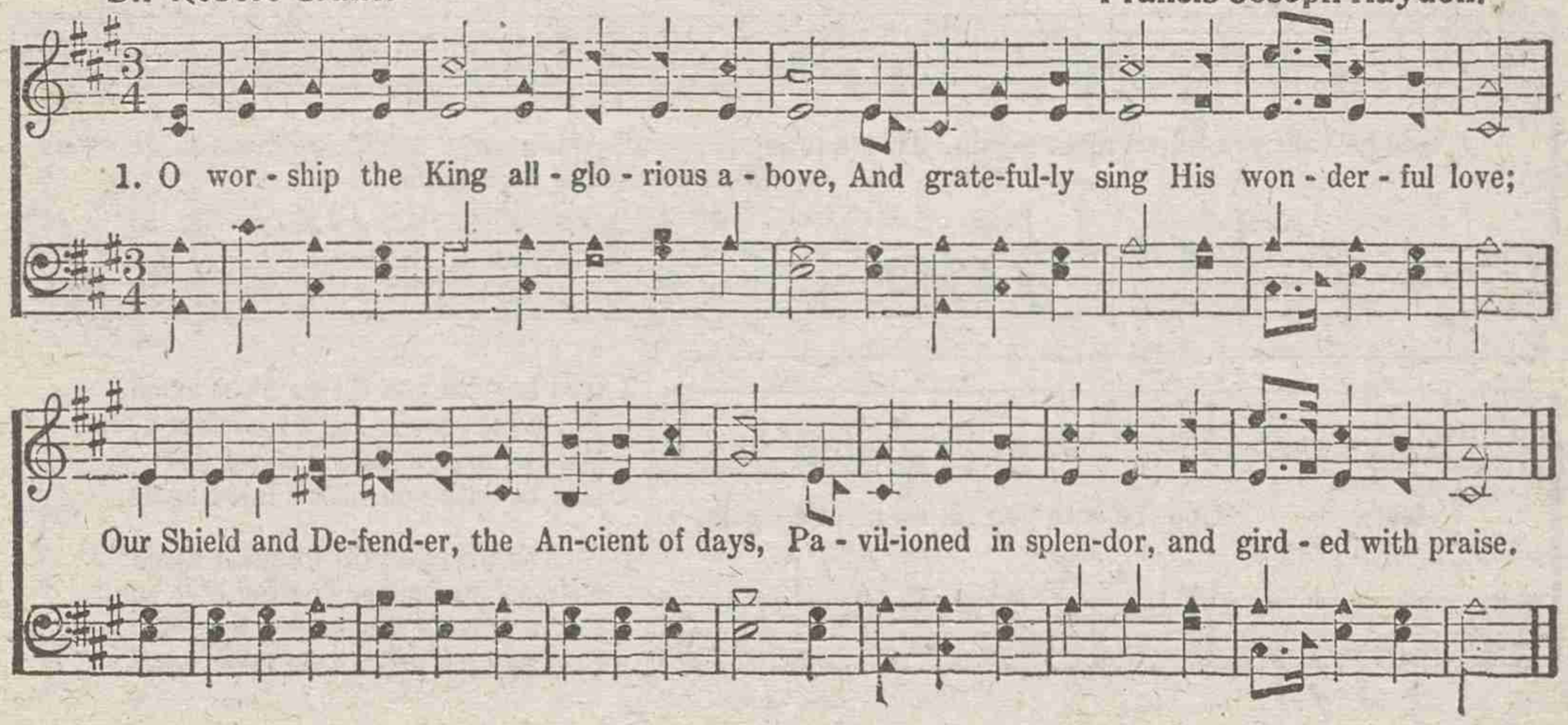
2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still He is nigh: His presence we have;
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus, our King.

3 "Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,"
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son,
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore, and give Him His right—
All glory and power, and wisdom and might;
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, for infinite love.

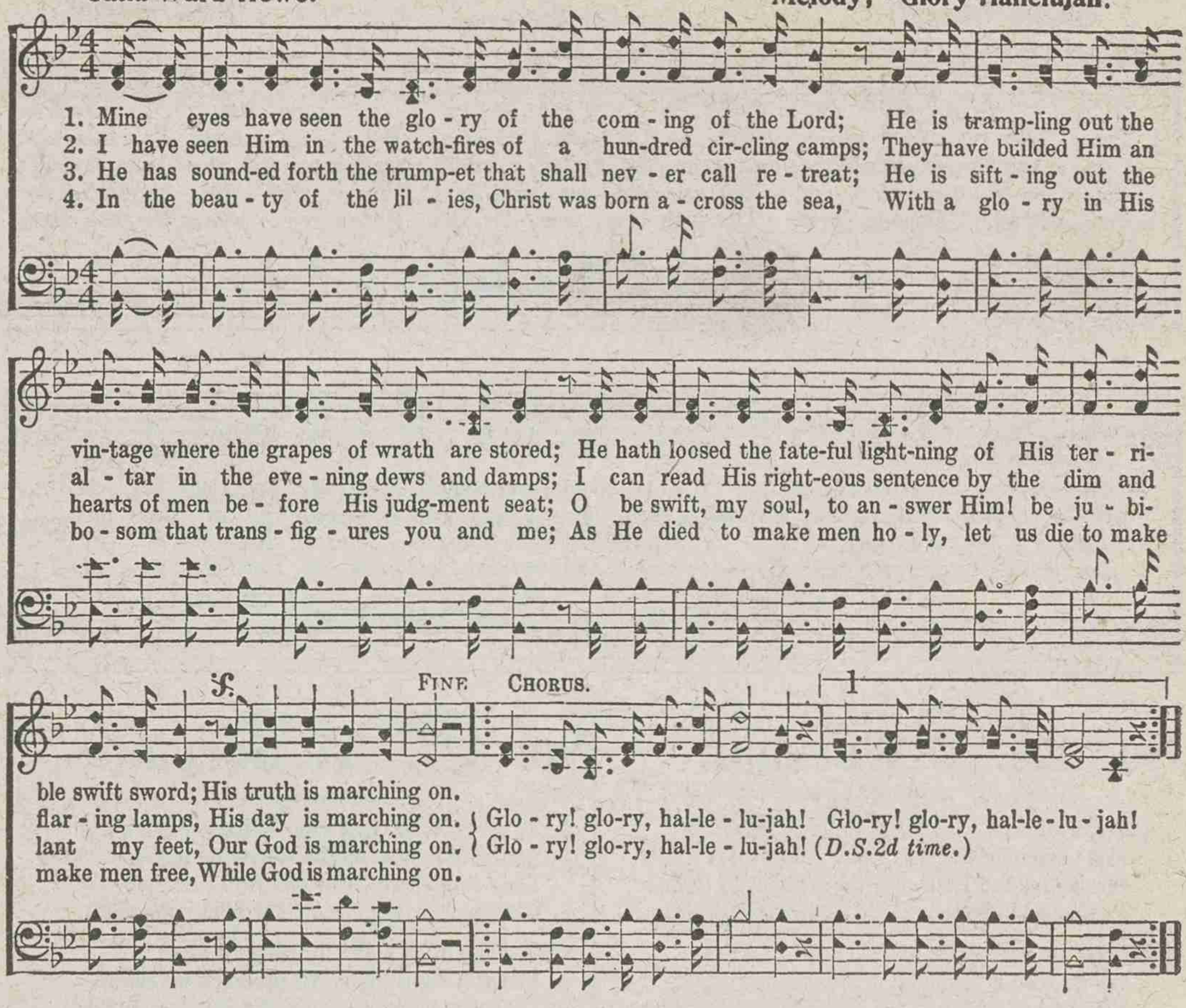
No. 328. Lyons. 10s, 11s,

Sir Robert Grant. Francis Joseph Hayden.



No. 329. Battle Hymn of the Republic.

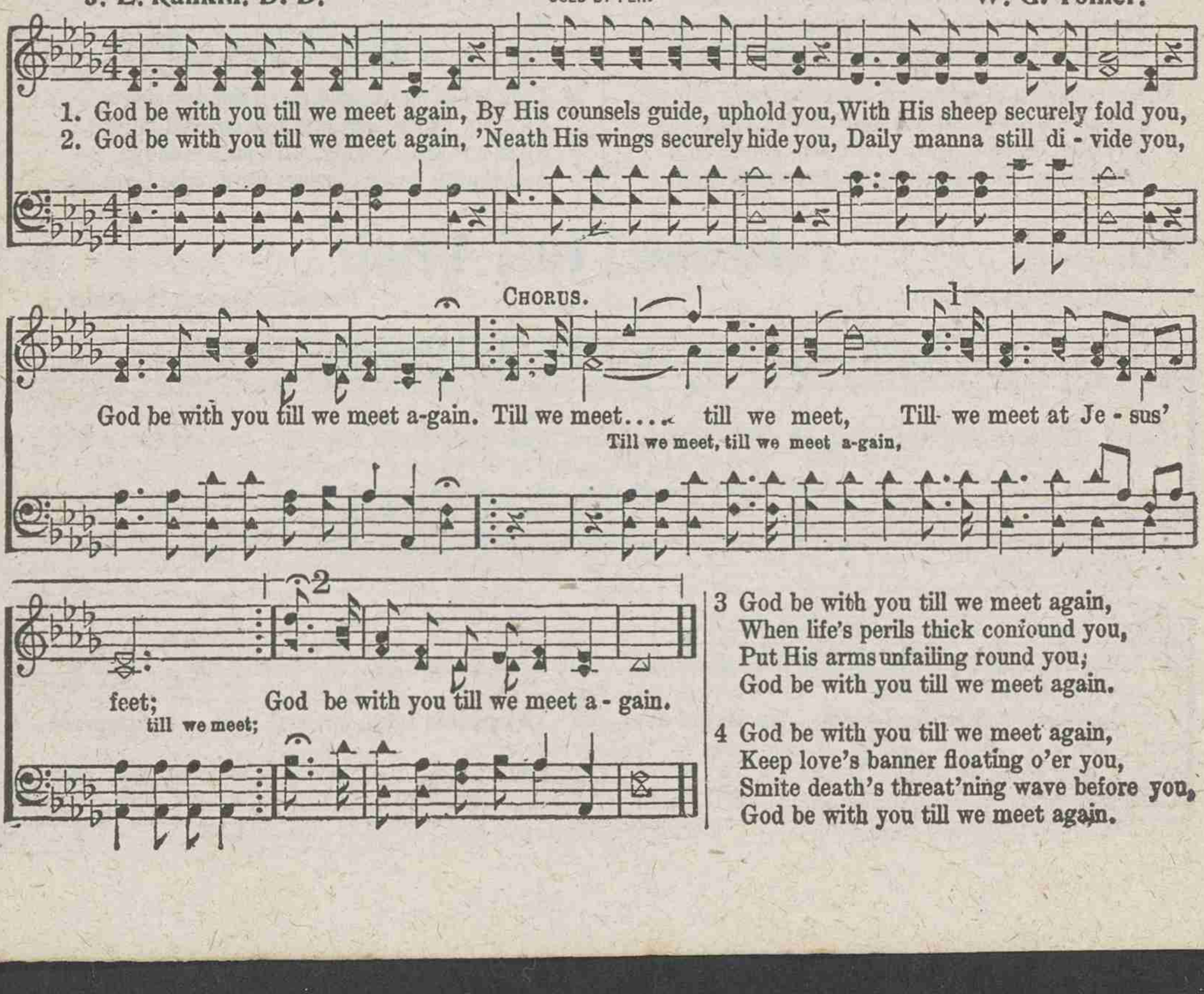
Julia Ward Howe. **Melody, "Glory Hallelujah."**



No. 330. God Be With You.

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USED BY PER.

J. E. Rankin, D. D. **W. G. Tomer.**



No. 331. My Happy Home.

Anon. COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap-py home, Oh, how I long for Thee! When will my sor-rows have an end?
2. Thy walls are all of pre-cious stone Most glo-rious to be - hold Thy gates are rich-ly set with pearl,
3. Thy gardens and thy pleasant streams My study long have been—Such sparkling gems by hu-man sight
4. Reach down, reach down thine arms of grace And cause me to ascend Where congregations ne'er break up

CHORUS.

Thy joys, when shall I see?
Thy streets are paved with gold.
Have nev - er yet been seen.
And prais - es nev - er end.

I will meet you in the cit - y of the New Je - ru - sa - lem,

1 I am wash'd in the blood of the Lamb;.....
2 I am wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.
in the blood of the Lamb;

No. 332. Sweet By-and-By.

S. Fillmore Bennett. BY PERMISSION. Jos. P. Webster.

1. There's a land that is fair-er than day, And by faith we can see it a - far; For the Fa-ther waits
2. We shall sing on that beau-ti-ful shore The me - lo - di - ous songs of the blest, And our spir-its shall
3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our trib - ute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous

CHORUS.

o - ver the way, To pre - pare us a dwelling place there.
sor - row no more, Not a sigh for the bless-ing of rest. In the sweet by-and-by, We shall
gift of His love, And the blessings that hallow our days.

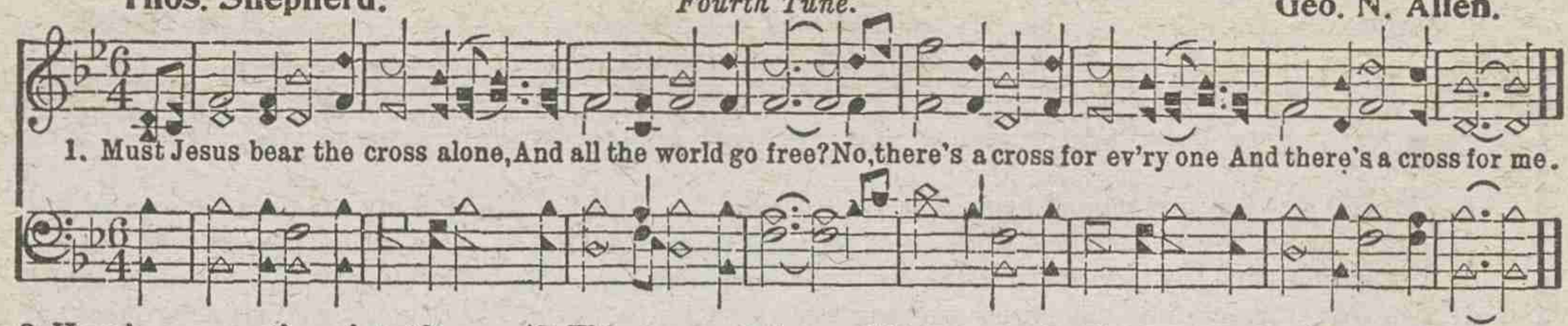
In the sweet by-and-by,

meet on that beautiful shore; In the sweet by-and-by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

by-and-by; In the sweet by-and-by,

No. 333. Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

Thos. Shepherd. *Fourth Tune.* Geo. N. Allen.

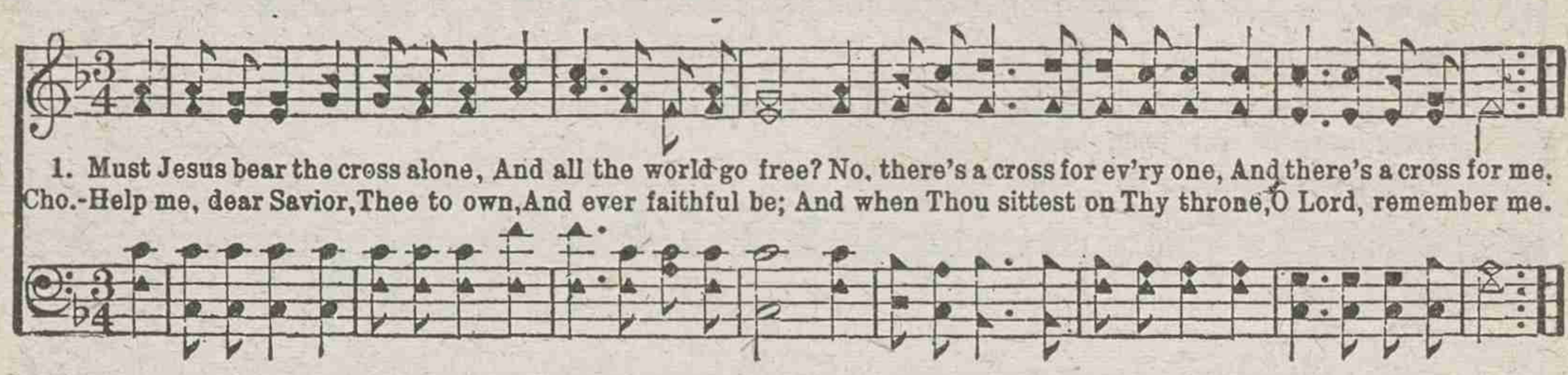


2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

4 Upon the crystal pavement, down,
At Jesus pierced feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And His dear name repeat.

No. 334. Remember Me.



No. 335. Home.

Tune below.

1 'Mid pleasure and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Cho.—Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

2 I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild,
And feel that my mother now thinks of her child;
As she looks on that moon from our own cottage door,
Thro' the woodbine whose fragrance shall cheer me no more.

3 An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again,
The birds singing gaily, that came at my call;
Oh, give me that peace of mind dearer than all.

No. 336. Heaven.

Tune below.

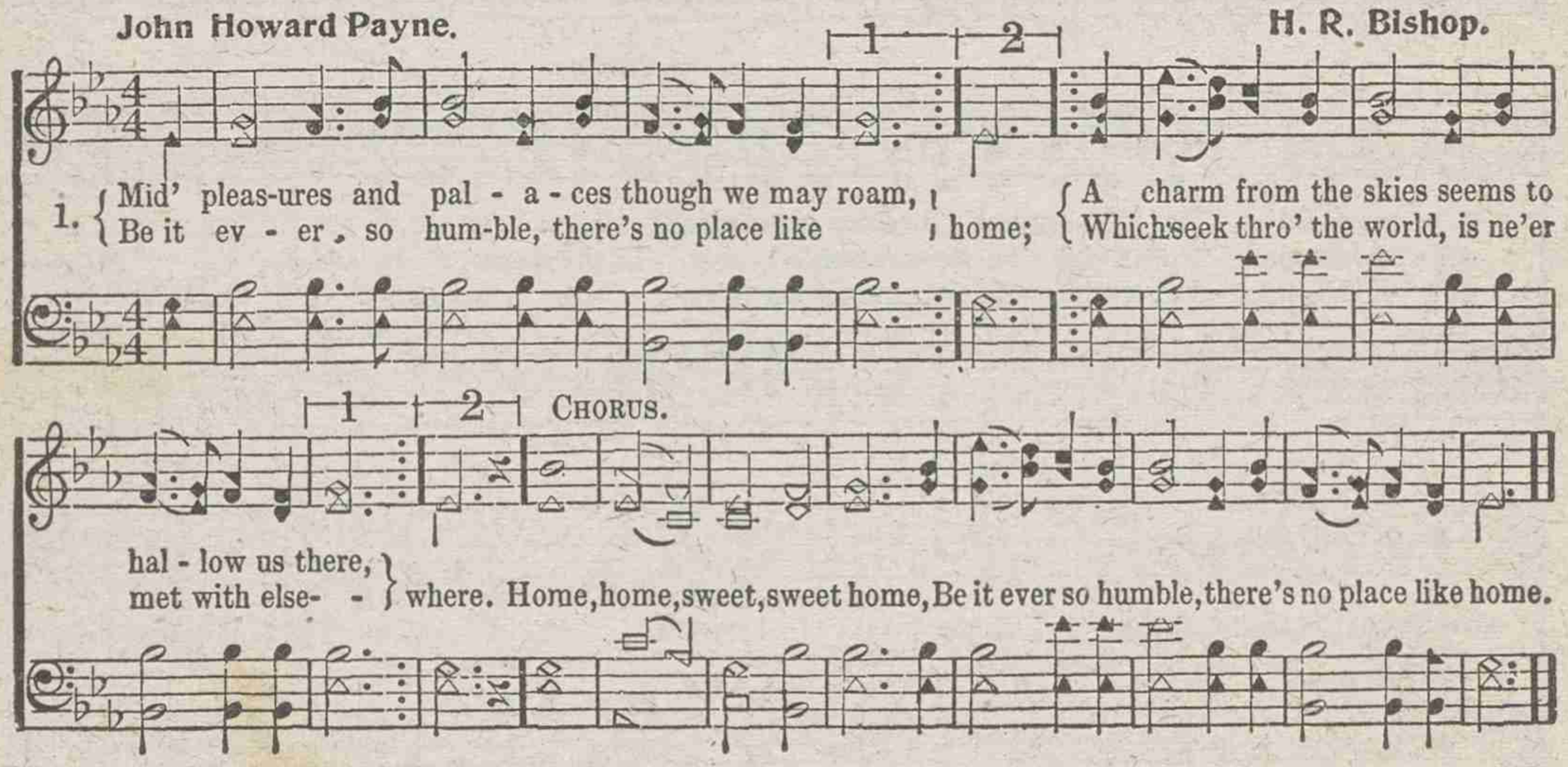
1 'Mid scenes of confusion and creatures complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints!
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.
Cho.—Home, home, sweet, sweet home;
Prepare me, dear Savior, for heaven my home.

2 An alien from God, and a stranger to grace,
I wandered thro' earth, its gay pleasures to trace;
In the pathway of sin I continued to roam,
Unmindful, alas! that it led me from home.

3 The pleasures of earth I have seen fade away;
They bloom for a season, but soon they decay;
But pleasures more lasting in Jesus are given,
Salvation on earth and a mansion in heaven.

No. 337. Home, Sweet Home.

John Howard Payne. H. R. Bishop.



No. 338. Come, Thou Fount.

Geo. Robinson. *First Tune.* FINE John Wyeth. 1 2 D. C.



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

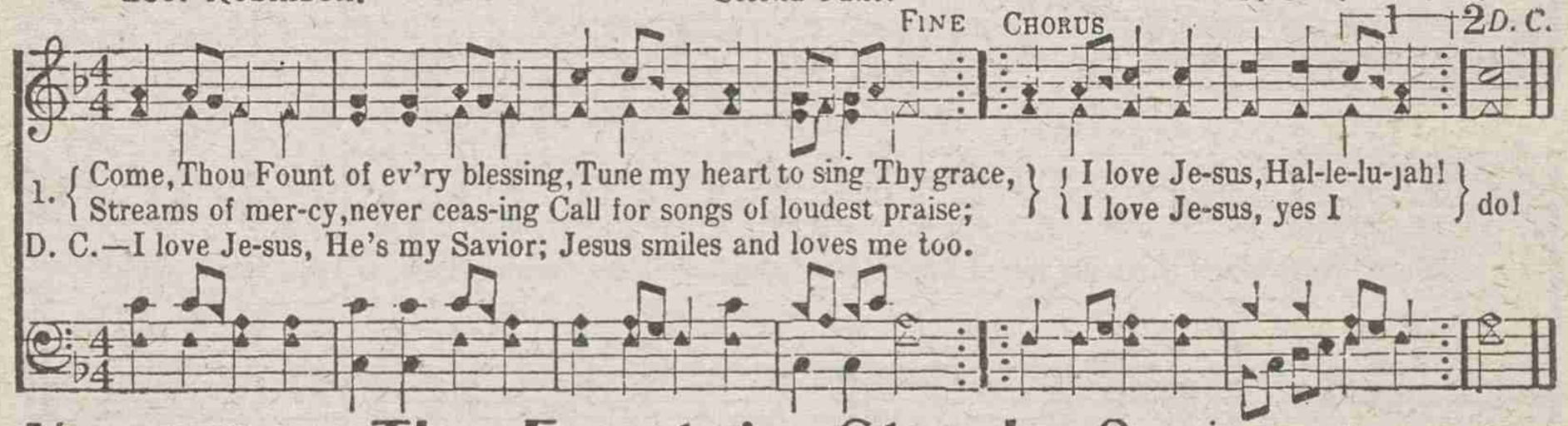
2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'll come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home:
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

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

No. 339. I Love Jesus, He's My Savior.

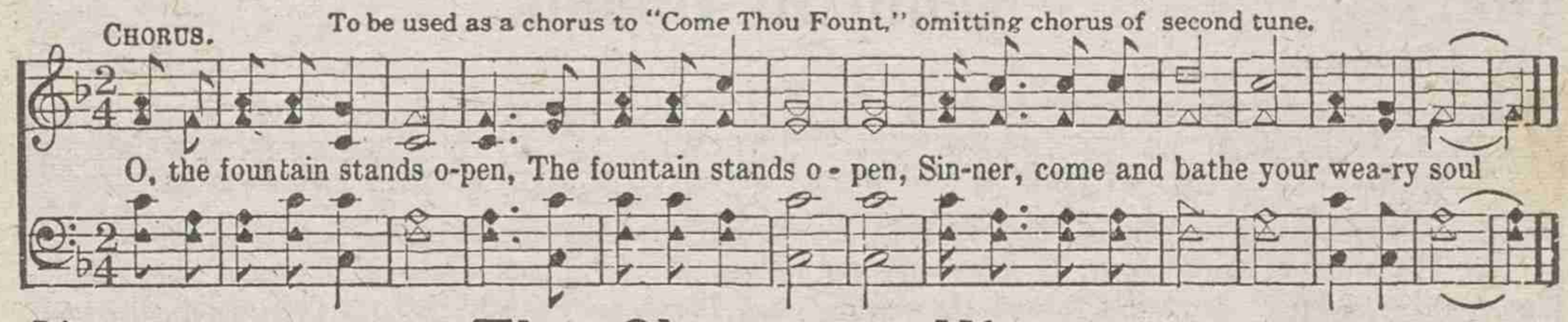
Geo. Robinson. *Second Tune.* J. J. Rousseau.

FINE CHORUS 1 2 D. C.



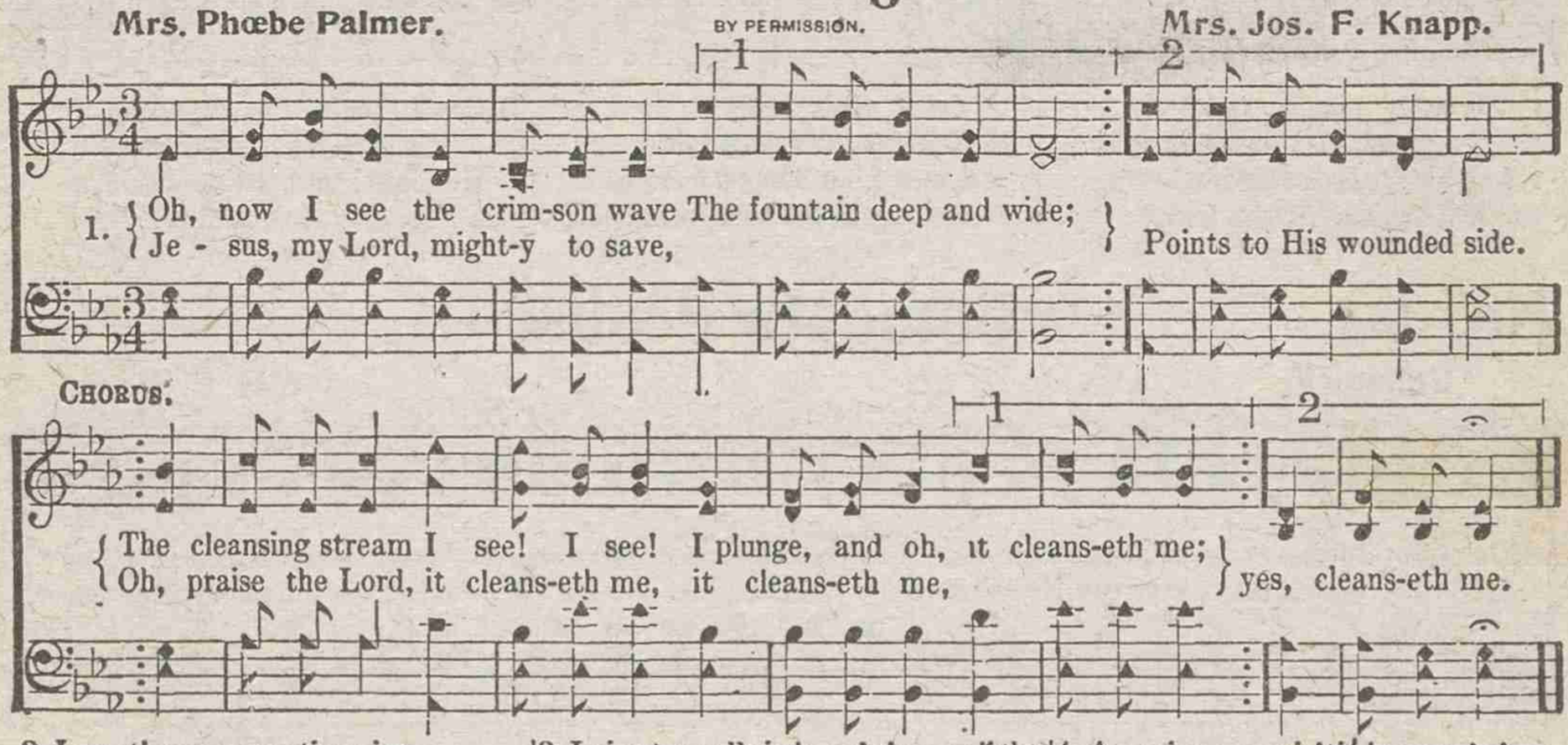
No. 340. The Fountain Stands Open.

To be used as a chorus to "Come Thou Fount," omitting chorus of second tune.



No. 341. The Cleansing Wave.

Mrs. Phœbe Palmer. BY PERMISSION. Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.



2 I see the new creation rise,
I hear the speaking blood:
It speaks! poluted nature dies—
Sinks 'neath the crimson flood.

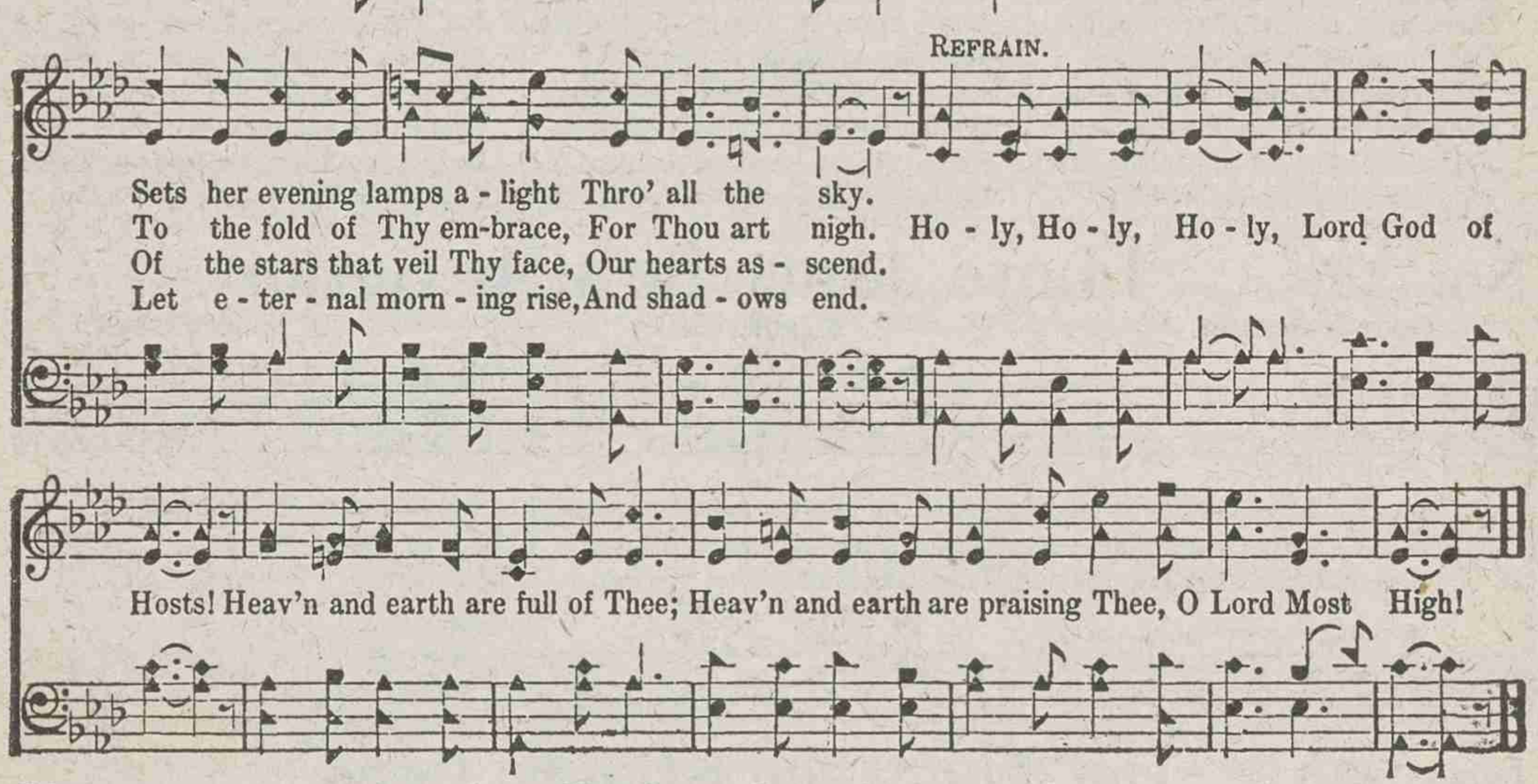
3 I rise to walk in heav'n's own light,
Above the world and sin, [white
With heart made pure, and garments
And Christ enthroned within.

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

No. 342. Day is Dying in the West.

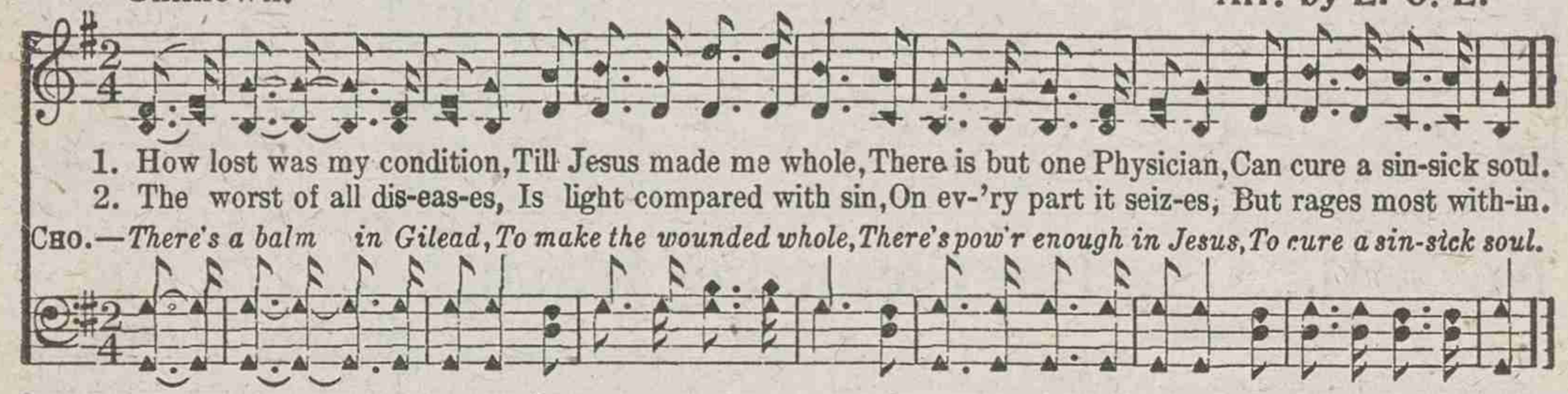
Mary Ann Lathbury. COPYRIGHT, 1877, BY J. H. VINCENT. **William F. Sherwin.**





No. 343. Balm In Gilead.

Unknown. **Arr. by E. O. E.**



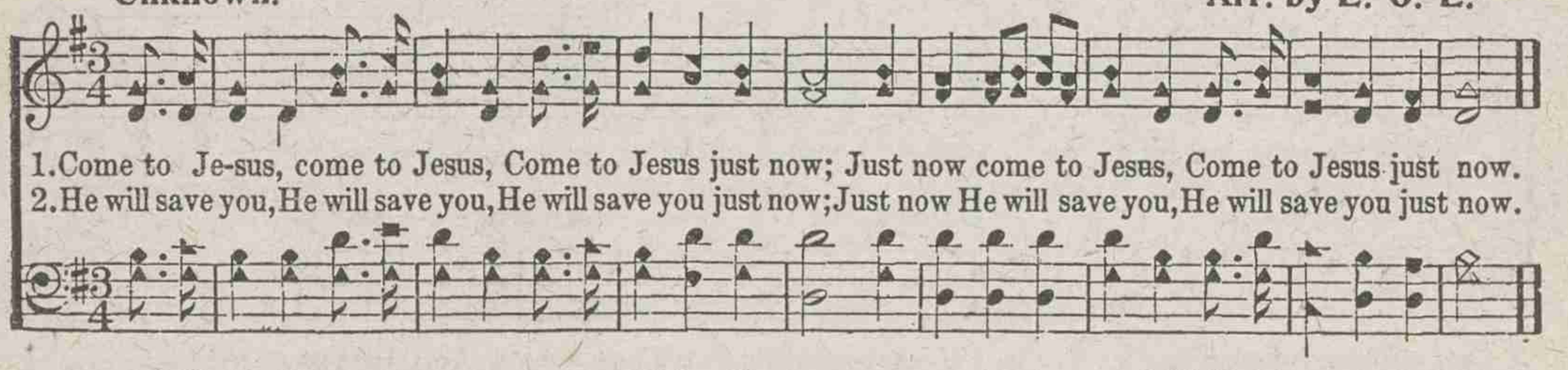
3 'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
And madness all combined,
And none but a believer,
The least relief can find.

4 A dying, risen Jesus
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us
And saves the soul from death.

5 Come then to this Physician
His help He'll freely give,
He makes no hard condition,
'Tis only look and live.

No. 344. Come to Jesus.

Unknown. **Arr. by E. O. E.**



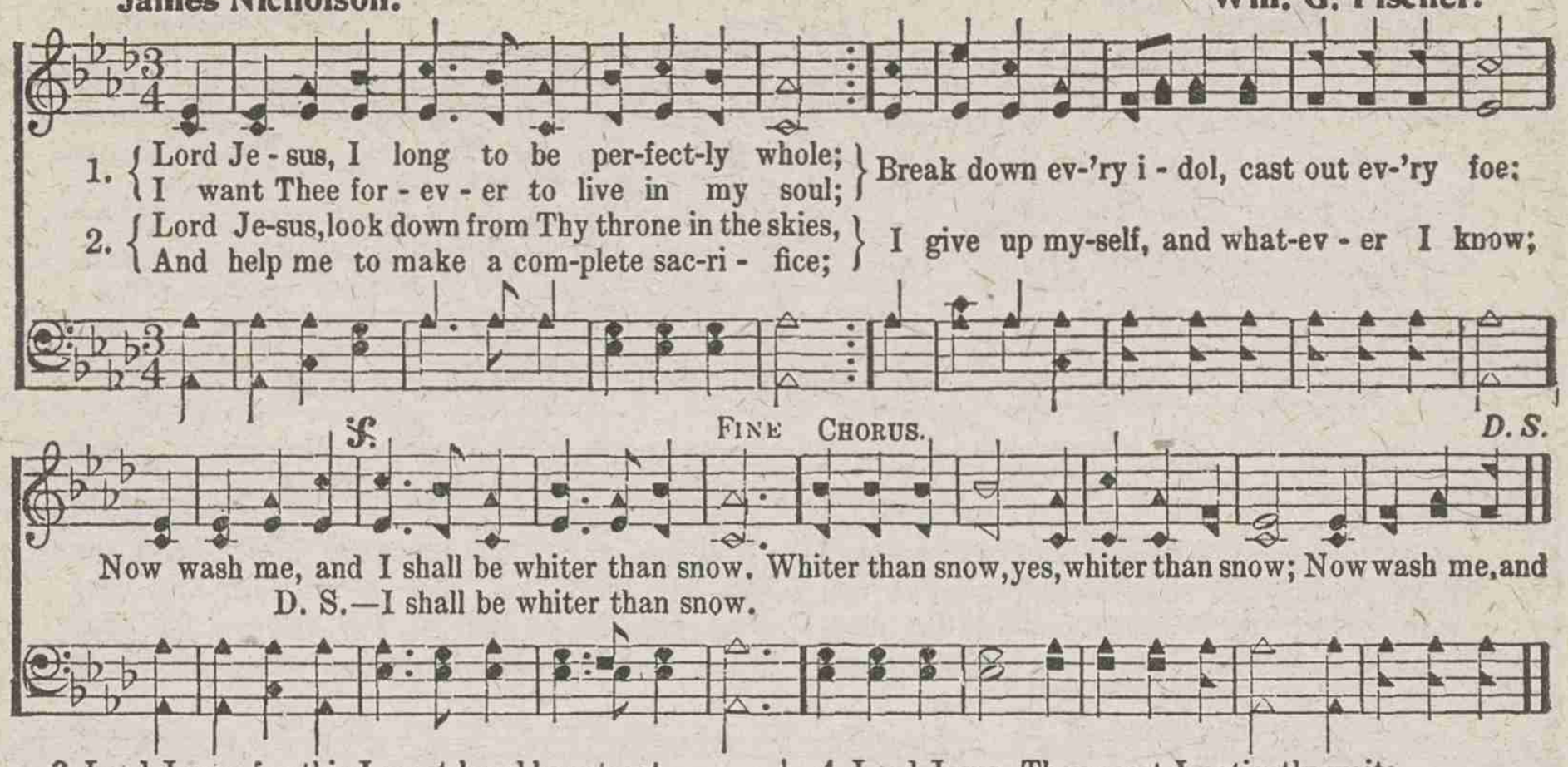
3 He is able.
4 He is willing.
5 Call upon Him.

6 He will hear you.
7 He'll forgive you.
8 He will cleanse you.

9 He'll renew you.
10 Jesus loves you.
11 Only trust Him.

No. 345. Whiter Than Snow.

James Nicholson. Wm. G. Fischer.

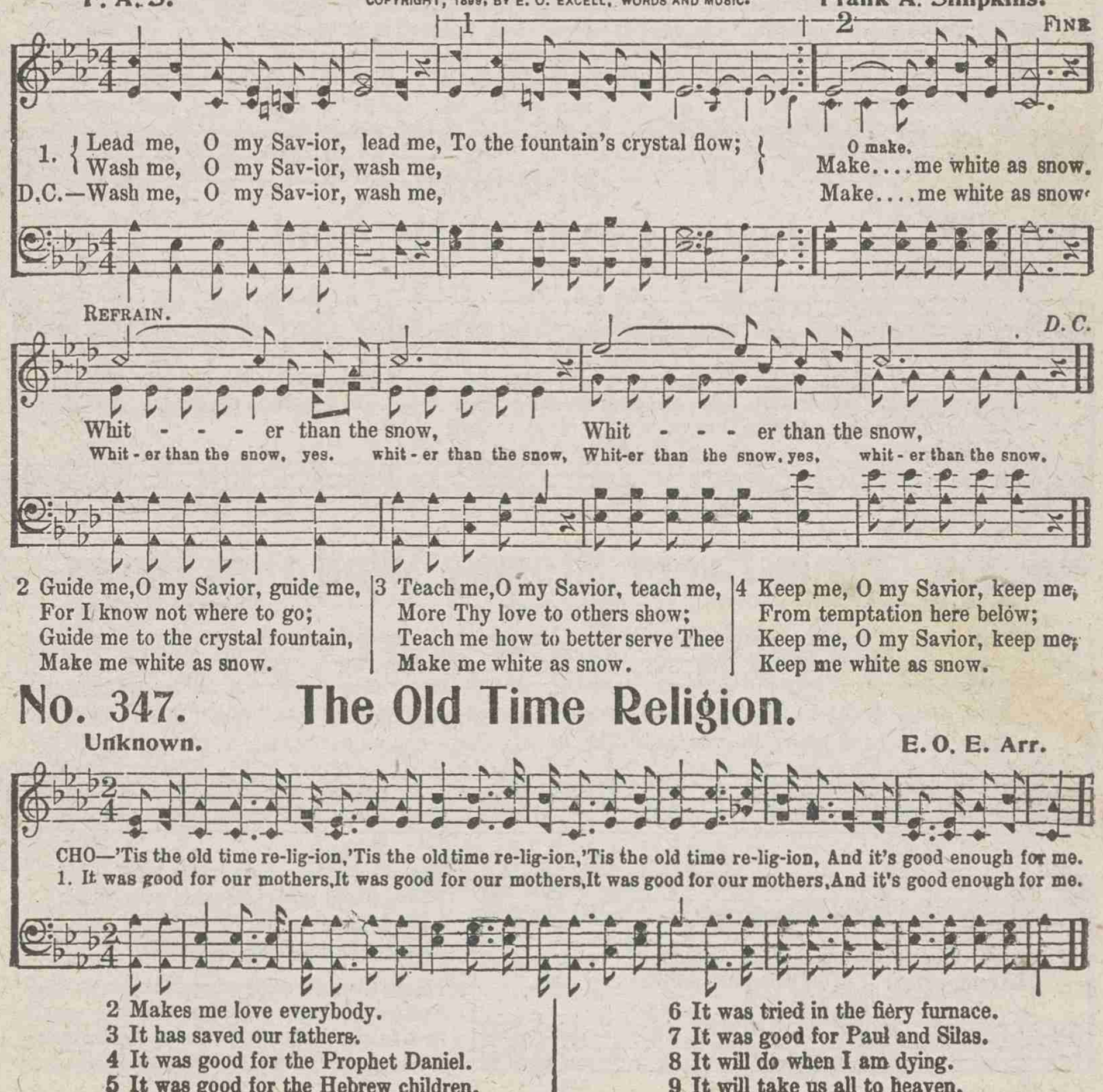


3 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat,
I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified feet,
By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow,
Now wash me; and I shall be whiter than snow.

4 Lord Jesus, Thou seest I patiently wait;
Come now, and within me a new heart create;
To those who have sought Thee, Thou never said'st no;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

No. 346. Make Me White as Snow.

F. A. S. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY E. O. EXCELL, WORDS AND MUSIC. Frank A. Simpkins.



2 Guide me, O my Savior, guide me,
For I know not where to go;
Guide me to the crystal fountain,
Make me white as snow.

3 Teach me, O my Savior, teach me,
More Thy love to others show;
Teach me how to better serve Thee
Make me white as snow.

4 Keep me, O my Savior, keep me,
From temptation here below;
Keep me, O my Savior, keep me,
Keep me white as snow.

No. 347. The Old Time Religion.

Unknown. E. O. E. Arr.

2 Makes me love everybody.
3 It has saved our fathers.
4 It was good for the Prophet Daniel.
5 It was good for the Hebrew children.
6 It was tried in the fiery furnace.
7 It was good for Paul and Silas.
8 It will do when I am dying.
9 It will take us all to heaven.

No. 348. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley. *First Tune.* J. P. Holbrook.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, While the near - er wa-ters
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, oh, leave me not a-
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find; Raise the fal - len, cheer the
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin; Let the heal - ing streams a-

roll, While the tem - pest still is high. Hide me, O, my Sav - ior hide, Till the
lone, Still sup - port and com-fort me. All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my
faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind. Just and ho ly is Thy name, I am
bound; Make and keep me pure with-in. Thou of life the fount-ain art, Free - ly

storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!
help from Thee I bring; Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
all un-right-eous-ness; Vile and full of sin I am, Thou are full of truth and grace.
let me take of Thee; Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 349. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Second Tune. FINE S. B. Marsh. D. C.

1. { Je-sus, Lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, } { Hide me, O, my Sav-ior hide, }
{ While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high. } { Till the storm of life is past; }

D. C.—Safe in-to the ha-ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last!

No. 350. From Every Stormy Wind that Blows.

Hugh Stowell. *Third Tune.* Thomas Hastings.

1. From ev-'ry storm - y wind that blows, From ev-'ry swell-ing tide of woes, There is a calm, a
2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of glad - ness on our heads; A place than all be-

sure re - treat: 'Tis found be-neath the mer - cy seat.
sides more sweet: It is the blood-bought mer - cy seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there on eagle-wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

No. 351. Lest We Forget.

Rudyard Kipling. **Isaac B. Woodbury.**



3 Far called our navies melt away,
On dune and headland sinks the fire,
To all our pomp of yesterday;
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre;
Judge of the nations spare us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

No. 352. Faith of Our Fathers.

Tune above.

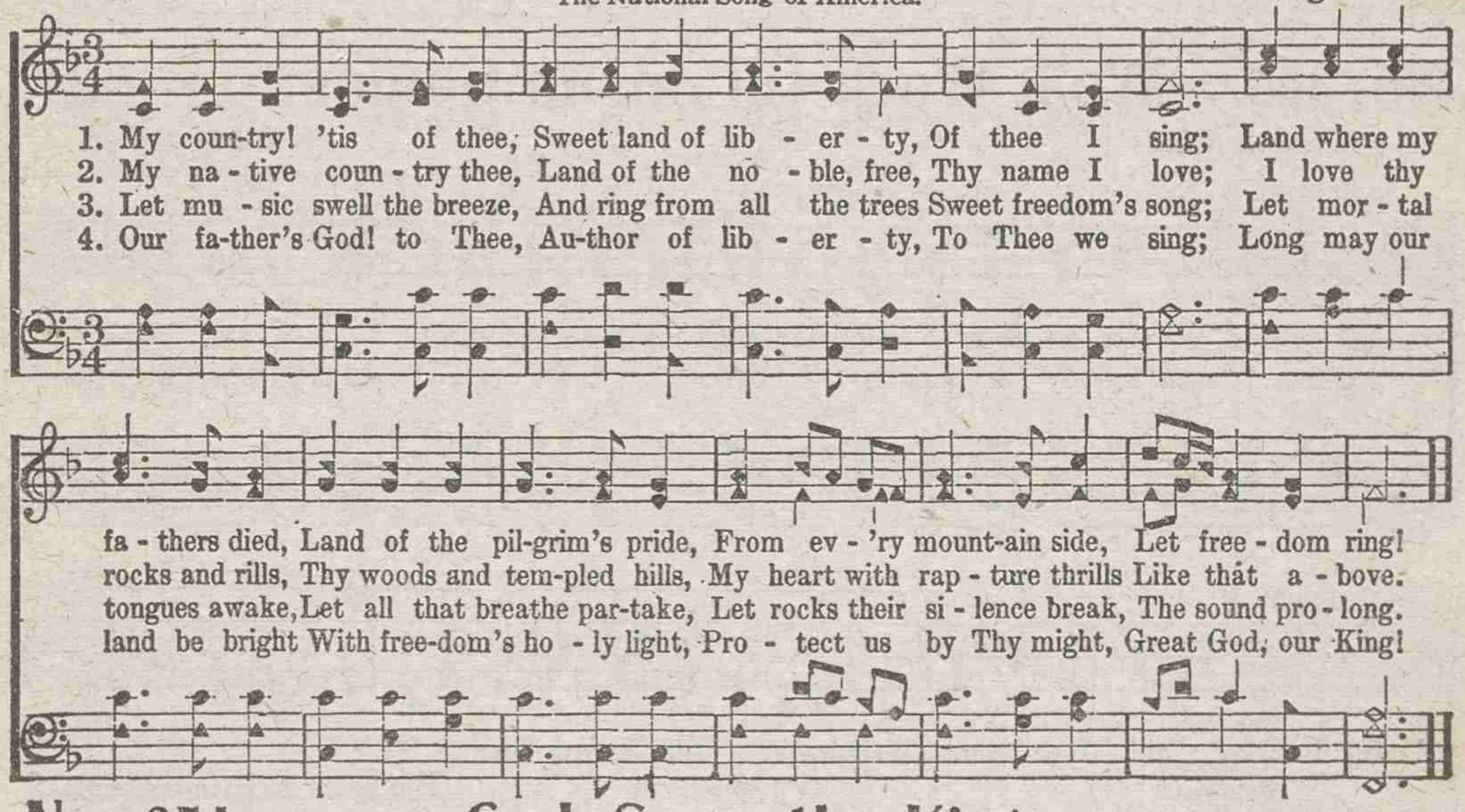
1 Faith of our fathers! living still
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword:
O how our hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er we hear that glorious word
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to Thee till death!

2 Our fathers chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free;
How sweet would be their children's fate,
If they, like them, could die for Thee!
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to Thee till death!

3 Faith of our fathers! we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife:
And preach Thee, too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life:
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to Thee till death!

No. 353. America.

S. F. Smith. The National Song of America. **English.**



No. 354. God Save the King.

The National Song of Britain.

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

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

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

No. 355. Rest for the Weary.

William Hunter. **J. W. Dadmun.**

1. In the Chris-tian's home in glo - ry, There re-mains a land of rest; There my Sav-ior's
2. He is fit - ting up my man - sion, Which e - ter - nal - ly shall stand, For my stay shall
3. Pain and sick - ness ne'er shall en - ter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share; But, in that ce-
4. Death it - self shall then be van-quished, And his sting shall be with-drawn; Shout for glad - ness,

CHORUS.

gone be - fore me, To ful - fill my soul's re - quest.
not be tran - sient, In that ho - ly, hap - py land.
les - tial cen - ter, I a crown of life shall wear.
oh, ye ran-somed! Hail with joy the ris - ing morn.

{ There is rest for the wear - y,
{ On the oth - er side of Jor - dan,

There is rest for the wear - y, There is rest for the wear - y, There is rest for you;
In the sweet fields of E - den, Where the tree of life is bloom-ing, There is rest for you.

No. 356. We'll Work till Jesus Comes.

Elizabeth Mills. **William Miller.**

1. { O land of rest, for thee I sigh! When will the mo-ment come
   { When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And (*Omit* . . . . . .) dwell in peace at home?

CHORUS.

We'll work till Je-sus comes, We'll work till Je - sus comes;
We'll work We'll work And we'll be gath-ered home.

2 To Jesus Christ I fled for rest;
He bade me cease to roam,
And lean for succor on His breast
Till He conduct me home.

3 I sought at once my Savior's side,
No more my steps shall roam;
With Him I'll brave death's chilling tide,
And reach my heavenly home.

No. 357. All for Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.

1. All, yes, all I give to Je-sus, It be-longs to Him; All my heart I give to Je-sus,
2. All, yes, all I give to Je-sus, It be-longs to Him; All my voice I give to Je-sus,
3. All, yes, all I give to Je-sus, It be-longs to Him; All my love I give to Je-sus,
4. All, yes, all I give to Je-sus, It be-longs to Him; All my life I give to Je-sus,

It be-longs to Him; Ev - er-more to be His dwell-ing, Ev - er-more His
It be-longs to Him; Plead-ing for the young and hoar - y, Tell - ing of His
It be-longs to Him; Lov - ing Him for love un - ceas - ing, For His mer - cy.
It be-longs to Him; Hour by hour I'll live for Je - sus, Day by day I'll

prais-es swell-ing, Ev - er-more His good - ness tell-ing, It be-longs to Him.
pow'r and glo - ry, Sing - ing o'er and o'er the sto - ry, It be-longs to Him.
e'er in - creas-ing, For His watch-care nev - er ceas-ing, It be-longs to Him.
work for Je - sus, Ev - er-more I'll hon - or Je - sus, All be-longs to Him.

No. 358. There's a Great Day Coming.

USED BY PER. W. L. THOMPSON & CO., EAST LIVERPOOL, O., AND THE THOMPSON MUSIC CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

W. L. T. Will L. Thompson.

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

When the saints and the sin-ners shall be part-ed right and left,
But its bright-ness shall on-ly come to them that love the Lord, Are you read-y for that day to come?
When the sin-ner shall hear his doom, "De-part, I know ye not,"

CHORUS *m* *pp* 1 2

Are you read-y? Are you read-y? Are you read - y for the judgment day? For the judgment day?

No. 359. Softly and Tenderly.

USED BY PER. WILL L. THOMPSON & CO., EAST LIVERPOOL, O., AND THE THOMPSON MUSIC CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

W. L. T. — Will L. Thompson.

1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead-ing, Plead-ing for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleet-ing, the mo-ments are pass-ing, Pass-ing from you and from me;
4. Think of the won - der - ful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;

At the heart's por-tal He's wait-ing and watch-ing, Watch-ing for you and for me.
Why should we lin - ger and heed not His mer - cies, Mer - cies for you and for me?
Shad-ows are gath-'ring, and death's night is com -ing, Com - ing for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinn'd, He has mer - cy and par - don, Par - don for you and for me.

CHORUS.

Come home,.... come home,..... Ye who are wea - ry, come home,.....
Come home, come home,

cres

Ear - nest - ly, ten - der - ly, Je - sus is call-ing, Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home!

rit. *pp*

No. 360. Ring the Bells of Heaven.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. USED BY PERMISSION.

Rev. Wm. O. Cushing. — Geo. F. Root.

Joyfully.

1. { Ring the bells of heav - en! there is joy to - day, For a soul re-turn - ing from the wild;
   { See! the Fa-ther meets him out up-on the way, Wel-com-ing His wea - ry wand'ring child.
2. { Ring the bells of heav - en! there is joy to - day, For the wand'rer now is rec - on - ciled;
   { Yes, a soul is res - cued from his sin - ful way, And is born a - new a ransom'd child.
3. { Ring the bells of heav - en! spread the feast to-day, An-gels swell the glad tri-um-phant strain;
   { Tell the joy - ful ti - dings! bear it far a - way, For a pre-cious soul is born a - gain.

FINE.

D.C.—'Tis the ransom'd arm - y, like a might - y sea, Peal - ing forth the an-them of the free.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry! glo - ry! how the an - gels sing; Glo - ry! glo - ry how the loud harps ring;

D. C.

No. 361. Jesus Saves.

COPYRIGHT, 1882, BY JOHN J. HOOD.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Priscilla J. Owens. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. We have heard a joy - ful sound, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Spread the glad - ness all a-
2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Tell to sin - ners far and
3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle's strife, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; By His death and end - less
4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Let the na - tions now re-

round, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the
wide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, Ech - o
life, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the
joice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est

steeps and cross the waves; On - ward, 'tis our Lord's command, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
back, ye o - cean caves, Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
heart for mer - cy craves, Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
hills and deep - est caves; This our song of vic - to - ry, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.

No. 362. Yield Not to Temptation.

H. R. P. H. R. Palmer.

BY PERMISSION OF DR. H. R. PALMER.

1. Yield not to temp - ta - tion, For yield - ing is sin, Each vic - t'ry will help you
   Fight man - ful - ly on - ward, Dark pass - ions sub - due, Look ev - er to Je - sus,
2. Shun e - vil com - pan - ions, Bad lan-guage dis - dain, God's name hold in rev - 'rence,
   Be tho't - ful and earn - est, Kind - heart - ed and true, Look ev - er to Je - sus,
3. To him that o'er - com - eth, God giv - eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall con - quer,
   He who is our Sav - ior, Our strength will re - new, Look ev - er to Je - sus,

1 2 CHORUS.

Some oth - er to win; He'll car - ry you thro'.
Nor take it in vain; He'll car - ry you thro'. Ask the Sav - ior to help you,
Tho' of - ten cast down; He'll car - ry you thro'.

Com-fort, strengthen, and keep you; He is will - ing to aid you, He will car - ry you thro'.

No. 363. Lord, I'm Coming Home.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
USED BY PERMISSION.

W. J. K. — Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. I've wan-dered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home; The paths of sin too
2. I've wast - ed man - y pre - cious years, Now I'm com-ing home; I now re - pent with
3. I'm tired of sin and stray-ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home; I'll trust Thy love, be-
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home; My strength re - new, my
5. My on - ly hope, my on - ly plea, Now I'm com-ing home; That Je - sus died, and
6. I need His cleans-ing blood, I know, Now I'm com-ing home; O wash me whi - ter

D.S.—O - pen wide Thine

long I've trod; Lord, I'm com-ing home.
bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
lieve Thy word; Lord, I'm com-ing home. Coming home, coming home, Nev-er-more to roam,
hope re - store; Lord, I'm com-ing home.
died for me; Lord, I'm com-ing home.
than the snow; Lord, I'm com-ing home.

FINE. CHORUS. D. S.

arms of love; Lord, I'm com-ing home.

No. 364. When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.

COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
USED BY PER. OF J. M. BLACK, OWNER.

J.M.B. — J. M. Black.

1. { When the trum - pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more, And the
   { When the saved of earth shall gath - er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the
2. { On that bright and cloud - less morn-ing when the dead in Christ shall rise, And the
   { When His chos - en ones shall gath - er to their homes be - yond the skies, And the
3. { Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set of sun, Let us
   { Then when all of life is o - ver and our work on earth is done, And the

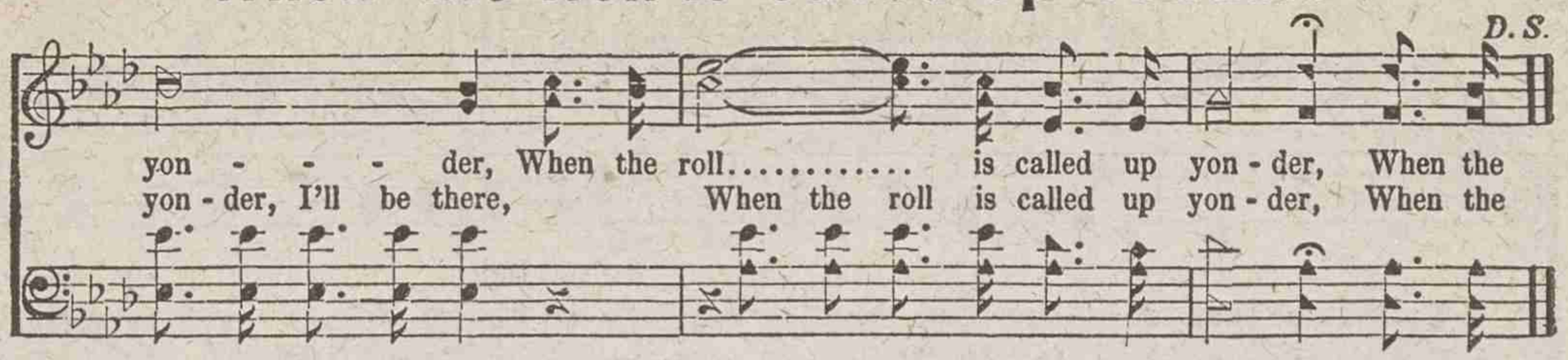
1. 2. FINE.

morn-ing breaks, e - ter - nal bright and fair; roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.
glo - ry of His res - ur - rec - tion share; roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.
talk of all His won-drous love and care; roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.

D.S.—roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.

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

When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.



No. 365. Higher Ground.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.
JOHN J. HOOD, OWNER. USED BY PER.

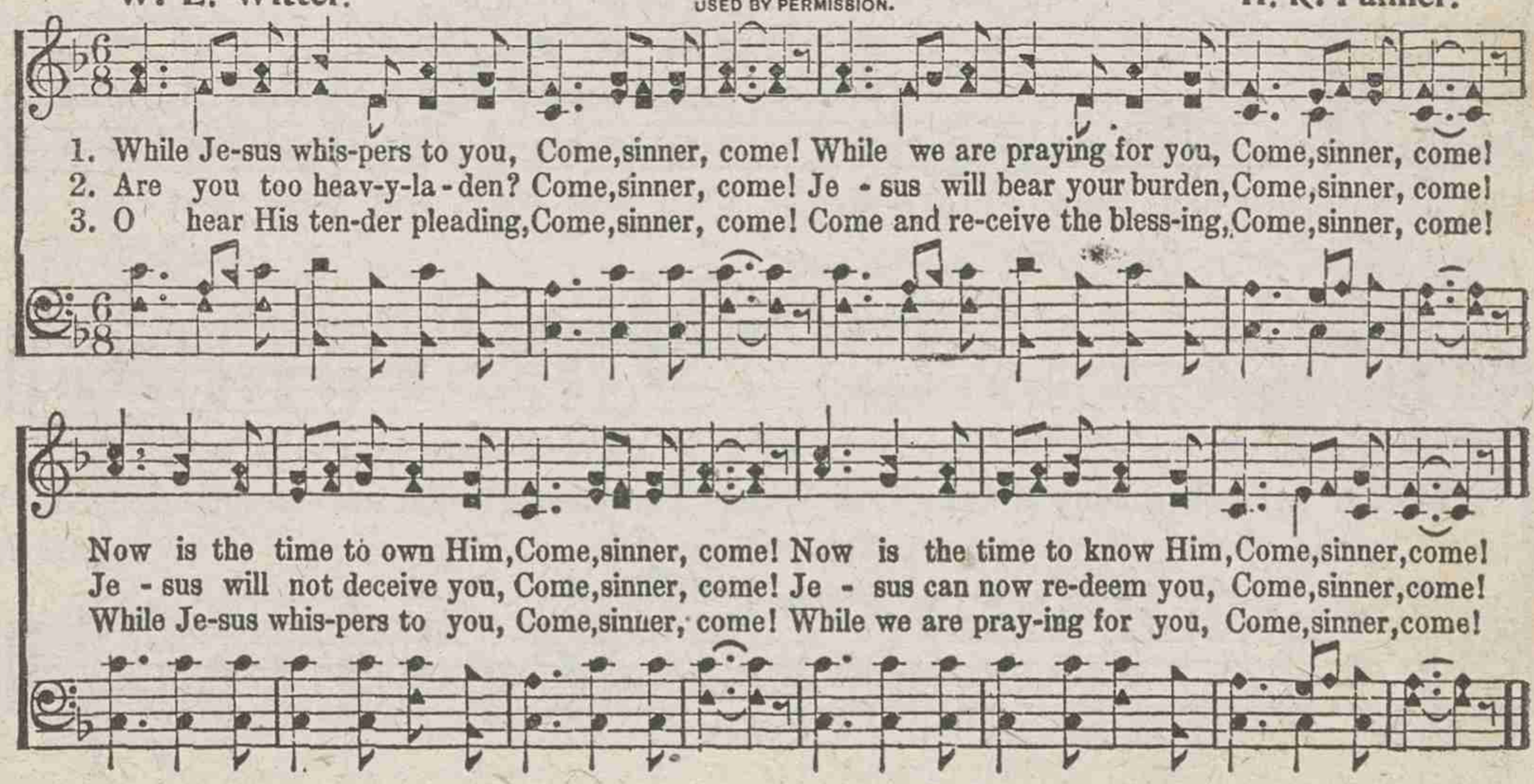
Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Chas. H. Gabriel.



No. 366. While Jesus Whispers.

COPYRIGHT, 1879, BY H. R. PALMER.
USED BY PERMISSION.

W. E. Witter. H. R. Palmer.



No. 367. We're Marching to Zion.

COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF MARY RUNYON LOWRY.
USED BY PER.

Rev. I. Watts. Rev. Robert Lowry.



1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join in a song with
2. Let those re-fuse to sing Who nev-er knew our God; But chil-dren of the
3. The hill of Zi-on yields A thou-sand sa-cred sweets, Be-fore we reach the
4. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev-'ry tear be dry; We're marching thro' Im-



sweet accord, Join in a song with sweet accord, And thus sur-round the throne,
heav'n-ly King, But chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, May speak their joys a-broad,
heav'n-ly fields, Be-fore we reach the heav'nly fields, Or walk the gold-en streets,
manuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To fair-er worlds on high,

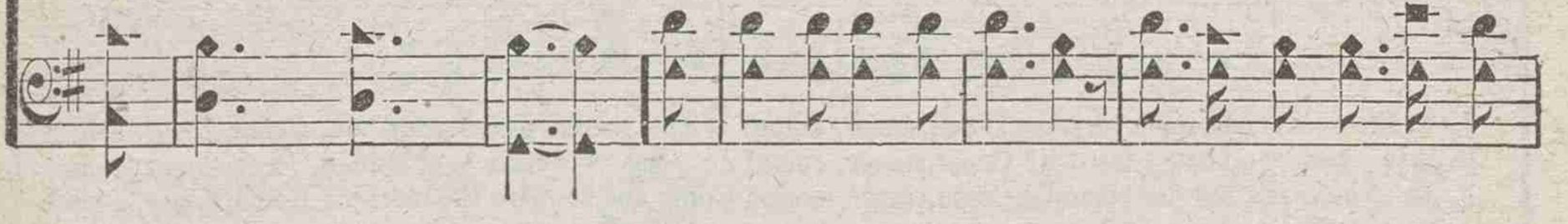
And thus surround the throne, And thus

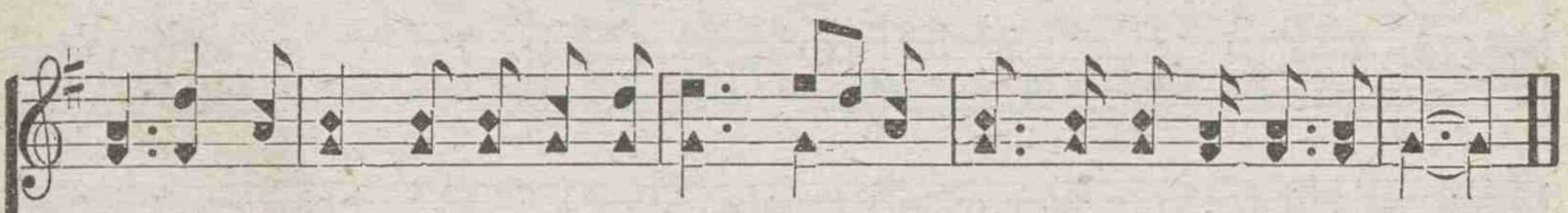


CHORUS.



And thus surround the throne.
May speak their joys a-broad. We're marching to Zi-on, Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful
Or walk the gold-en streets.
To fair-er worlds on high.
sur-round the throne. We're marching on to Zi-on,





Zi-on; We're marching upward to Zi-on, The beau-ti-ful cit-y of God.
Zi-on, Zi-on,



Responsive Readings

No. 368. Morning Praise.

1. Hymn No. 249.

My faith looks up to Thee.

2. Responsive Reading.

LEADER—O Lord, thou hast searched me, and known me.

RESPONSE—Thou knowest my down-sitting and mine uprising; thou understandest my thought afar off.

Thou compassest my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways.

For there is not a word in my tongue, but, lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether.

Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? Or whither shall I flee from thy presence?

If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there.

If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;

Even there shall thy hand lead me and thy right hand shall hold me.

If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me.

Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee.

Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts.

And see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.

How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God! How great is the sum of them!

If I should count them they are more in number than the sand: when I awake, I am still with thee.

3. Hymn No. 96.

When upon life's billows you are tempest-tossed.

No. 369. Prayer.

1. Hymn No. 314.

Sweet hour of prayer, etc.

2. Responsive Reading.

LEADER—If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him.

RESPONSE—Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another, that ye may be healed. The effectual fervent prayer of the righteous man availeth much.

Whatsoever ye ask the Father in my name, he will give it you; hitherto have ye asked nothing in my name: Ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full.

Let us, therefore, come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.

Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints.

Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities: for we know not what we should pray for as we ought: but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered.

3. Hymn No. 216.

What a Friend we have in Jesus.

Responsive Readings.

No. 370. Evensong.

1. Hymn No. 342.

Day is dying in the west.

LEADER—O come, let us sing unto the Lord; let us come before his presence with singing; let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before the Lord, our Maker.

RESPONSE—Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee because he trusteth in thee.

2. Hymn No. 54.

Be not dismayed, whate'er betide.

3. Responsive Reading.

LEADER—If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink. Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst.

RESPONSE—I will call upon God and the Lord will save me; evening and morning and at noon will I pray and cry aloud and he will hear my voice.

It shall come to pass, that before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear.

My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee and will look up.

O taste and see that the Lord is good; blessed is the man that trusteth in him.

O Lord, thou art my God, early will I seek thee; my soul thirsteth for thee.

Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love: therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee.

Because thy loving-kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee.

4. Hymn No. 247.

Abide with me! fast falls, etc.

No. 371. Promises.

1. Responsive Reading.

LEADER—Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.

RESPONSE—And him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out.

I will instruct thee, and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye.

He is a shield unto them that put their trust in him.

The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.

Before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear.

No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

Commit thy works unto the Lord, and thy thoughts shall be established.

I will be with thy mouth, and teach thee what thou shalt say:

I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.

2. Hymn No. 309.

He leadeth me, O blessed thought.

No. 372. Praise.

1. Hymn No. 262.

We praise Thee, O God.

2. Responsive Reading.

LEADER—Praise ye the Lord, for it is good to sing praises unto our God, for it is pleasant, and praise is comely.

RESPONSE—I will praise thee, O Lord, with my whole heart; I will show forth all thy marvelous works.

Sing forth the honor of his name; make his praise glorious.

I will be glad and rejoice in thee; I will sing praise to thy name, O thou Most High.

Sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving; sing praise upon the harp unto our God.

I will bless the Lord at all times; his praise shall continually be in my mouth.

Because thy loving-kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee.

Sing unto the Lord, bless his name, show forth his salvation from day to day.

Responsive Readings.

Every day will I bless thee, and I will praise thy name forever and ever.

O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good, because his mercy endureth forever.

O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men.

He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds.

He giveth to the beast his food, and the young ravens which cry.

Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised.

3. Hymn No. 246.

Jesus shall reign.

No. 373. Heaven.

1. Responsive Reading.

LEADER—For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

RESPONSE—In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am, there ye may be also.

And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they?

And he said unto me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple; and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.

They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.

For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life in the paradise of God.

2. Hymn No. 332.

There's a land that is fairer, etc.

No. 374. Atonement.

1. Hymn No. 218.

I love to tell the story.

2. Responsive Reading.

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

RESPONSE—Hereby perceive we the love of God, because he laid down his life for us.

Even the son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many.

This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.

He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?

For he hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in him.

Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us; for it is written, Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree.

For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God, being put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the Spirit.

But we see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honor; that he by the grace of God should taste death for every man.

How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?

3. Hymn No. 304.

I hear Thy welcome voice.

Responsive Readings.

No. 375. The Name of Jesus.

Compiled by Marion Lawrance.

Superintendent—Stand up and bless the Lord your God for ever and ever; and blessed be thy glorious name.

1. Hymn No. 239. (3d verse.) *Rise.*

Jesus! the name that charms all fears.

Supt.—By how many names and titles is our Savior mentioned in the Bible?

School—Over two hundred and fifty.

Supt.—What are some of the names given to him hundreds of years before he was born?

School—For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given; . . . . and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.

Supt.—God has highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name.

Pastor—He is the Lord of lords, and the King of kings.

Officers—Chiefest among ten thousand.

Senior Dept —Son of the Living God.

Young Men's Dept.—Lion of the tribe of Judah.

Young Women's Dept.—The Bright and Morning Star

Intermediate Dept.—The Light of the World.

Junior Dept.—The Good Shepherd.

Supt.—Which of all his names is the sweetest?

School—JESUS.

2. Hymn No. 295. (Refrain.)

Sweetest note in seraph song.

Supt.—Why was he called Jesus?

School—Thou shalt call his name JESUS; for he shall save his people from their sins.

Pastor—Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved.

Supt.—He is the Captain of our Salvation.

Officers—The Author and Finisher of our Faith.

Senior Dept.—The Head of the Church.

Young Men's Dept.—He is the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

Young Women's Dept.—The Precious Corner Stone.

Intermediate Dept.—The Friend of Sinners.

Junior Dept.—The Man of Sorrows.

Supt —But of all his names, which is the sweetest?

School—JESUS

3. Hymn No. 295. (Refrain.)

Sweetest note in seraph song.

4. Prayer.

Supt.—Oh, magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.

5. Hymn No. 318 or 319.

All hail the power of Jesus' name.

No. 376. Value of the Word.

1. Responsive Reading.

LEADER—All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness;

RESPONSE—That the man of God be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works.

Knowing this first, that no prophecy of the scripture is of any private interpretation. For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man: But holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.

Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of this prophecy, and keep those things which are written therein.

The word of the Lord in thy mouth is truth.

Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only.

Search the scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life;

And they are they which testify of me.

Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?

By taking heed thereto according to thy word.

Study to show thyself approved unto God,

A workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly divining the word of truth.

2. Hymn No. 228 or 231.

How firm a foundation.

Selected Psalms

No. 377. PSALM 1.

1 Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

2 But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

4 The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

5 Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

6 For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

Sing No. 298.

Walk in the Light.

No. 378. PSALM 5.

1 Give ear to my words, O Lord; consider my meditation.

2 Hearken unto the voice of my cry, my King and my God; for unto thee will I pray.

3 My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up.

4 For thou art not a God that hath pleasure in wickedness: neither shall evil dwell with thee.

5 The foolish shall not stand in thy sight: thou hatest all workers of iniquity.

6 Thou shalt destroy them that speak leasing: the Lord will abhor the bloody and deceitful man.

7 But as for me, I will come into thy house in the multitude of thy mercy: and in thy fear will I worship toward thy holy temple.

8 Lead me, O Lord, in thy righteousness because of mine enemies; make thy way straight before my face.

Sing No. 291.

Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

No. 379. PSALM 8.

1 O Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth! who hast set thy glory above the heavens.

2 Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength, because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

3 When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;

4 What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?

5 For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor.

6 Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet:

7 All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field;

8 The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.

9 O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!

Sing No. 239.

Oh, for a thousand tongues.

No. 380. PSALM 15.

1 Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill?

2 He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.

3 He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbor, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor.

4 In whose eyes a vile person is contemned; but he honoreth them that fear the Lord. He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not.

5 He that putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent. He that doeth these things shall never be moved.

Sing No. 224.

My Jesus, I love Thee.

Selected Psalms.

No. 381. PSALM 17.

1 Hear the right, O Lord, attend unto my cry; give ear unto my prayer, that goeth not out of feigned lips.

2 Let my sentence come forth from thy presence; let thine eyes behold the things that are equal.

3 Thou hast proved mine heart; thou hast visited me in the night; thou hast tried me, and shalt find nothing: I am purposed that my mouth shall not transgress.

4 Concerning the works of men, by the word of thy lips I have kept me from the paths of the destroyer.

5 Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not.

6 I have called upon thee, for thou wilt hear me, O God: incline thine ear unto me, and hear my speech.

Sing. No 321.

Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah.

No. 382. PSALM 19.

1 The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

2 The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart; the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

3 The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever: the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

4 More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

5 Moreover by them is thy servant warned; and in keeping of them there is great reward.

6 Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.

7 Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

8 Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my Redeemer.

Sing. No. 345.

Lord Jesus, I Long to be.

No. 383. PSALM 23.

1 The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.

2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

3 He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Sing No. 139.

I can hear my Savior calling.

No. 384. PSALM 24.

1 The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

2 For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

3 Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place?

4 He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

5 He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

6 This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O Jacob. Selah.

7 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

8 Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

9 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

10 Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory. Selah.

Sing No. 326.

O worship the King, etc.

Selected Psalms.

No. 385. PSALM 27.

1 The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

2 When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell.

3 Though a host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear: though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident.

4 One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple.

5 For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion; in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me up upon a rock.

6 And now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me; therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy; I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord.

7 Hear, O Lord, when I cry with my voice: have mercy also upon me, and answer me.

Sing No 325.

Come Thou Almighty King.

No. 386. PSALM 32.

1 Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.

2 Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile.

3 When I kept silence, my bones waxed old through my roaring all the day long.

4 For day and night thy hand was heavy upon me; my moisture is turned into the drought of summer. Selah.

5 I acknowledged my sin unto thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid. I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord; and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin. Selah.

6 For this shall every one that is godly pray unto thee in a time when thou mayest be found; surely in the floods of great waters they shall not come nigh unto him.

7 Thou art my hiding place; thou shalt preserve me from trouble; thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance. Selah.

Sing No. 292.

Rock of Ages.

No. 387. PSALM 34.

1 I will bless the Lord at all times; His praise shall continually be in my mouth.

2 My soul shall make her boast in the Lord: the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad.

3 O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.

4 I sought the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears.

5 They looked unto him, and were lightened: and their faces were not ashamed.

6 This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles.

7 The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.

8 O taste and see that the Lord is good; blessed is the man that trusteth in Him.

Sing No. 249.

My faith looks up to Thee.

No. 388. PSALM 51.

1 Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-kindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

2 Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

3 For I acknowledge my trangressions: and my sin is ever before me.

4 Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight: that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest.

5 Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.

6 Behold, thou desireth truth in the inward parts: and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom.

7 Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

8 Make me to hear joy and gladness, that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.

9 Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all my iniquities.

10 Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.

Sing No. 304

I am coming, Lord.

Selected Psalms.

No. 389. PSALM 61.

1 Hear my cry, O God; attend unto my prayer.

2 From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed; lead me to the rock that is higher than I.

3 For thou hast been a shelter for me, and a strong tower from the enemy.

4 I will abide in thy tabernacle forever: I will trust in the covert of thy wings.

5 For thou, O God, hast heard my vows; thou hast given me the heritage of them that fear thy name.

6 Thou wilt prolong the king's life: and his years as many generations.

7 He shall abide before God for ever; O prepare mercy and truth, which may preserve him.

8 So will I sing praise unto Thy name for ever, that I may daily perform my vows.

Sing No. 251.

I never will cease to love Him.

No. 390. PSALM 63.

1 O God, Thou art my God; early will I seek thee; my soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is;

2 To see thy power and thy glory, so as I have seen thee in the sanctuary.

3 Because thy lovingkindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee.

4 Thus will I bless thee while I live; I will lift up my hands in thy name.

5 My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness; and my mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips:

6 When I remember thee upon my bed, and meditate on thee in the night watches.

7 Because thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice.

8 My soul followeth hard after thee: thy right hand upholdeth me.

9 But those that seek my soul, to destroy it, shall go into the lower parts of the earth.

10 They shall fall by the sword: they shall be a portion for foxes.

11 But the king shall rejoice in God; every one that sweareth by him shall glory: but the mouth of them that speak lies shall be stopped.

Sing No. 262.

We Praise Thee, O God.

No. 391. PSALM 65.

1 Praise waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion: and unto thee shall the vow be performed.

2 O thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come.

3 Iniquities prevail against me; as for our transgressions, thou shalt purge them away.

4 Blessed is the man whom thou choosest, and causest to approach unto thee, that he may dwell in thy courts: we shall be satisfied with the goodness of thy house, even thy holy temple.

5 By terrible things in righteousness wilt thou answer us, O God of our salvation; who art the confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of them that are afar off upon the sea:

6 Which by his strength setteth fast the mountains; being girded with power:

7 Which stilleth the noise of the seas, the noise of their waves, and the tumult of the people.

8 They also that dwell in the uttermost parts are afraid at thy tokens: thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening rejoice.

9 Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it: thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water: thou preparest them corn, when thou hast so provided for it.

Sing No 294.

Majestic Sweetness.

No. 392. PSALM 67.

1 God be merciful unto us, and bless us; and cause his face to shine upon us. Selah.

2 That thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations.

3 Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.

4 O let the nations be glad and sing for joy: for thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the nations upon earth. Selah.

5 Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.

6 Then shall the earth yield her increase; and God, even our own God, shall bless us.

7 God shall bless us; and all the ends of the earth shall fear him.

Sing No. 96.

Count your blessings.

No. 393. PSALM 84.

1 How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!

2 My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.

3 Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King, and my God.

4 Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: they will be still praising thee. Selah.

5 Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee; in whose heart are the ways of them.

6 Who passing through the valley of Baca make it a well: the rain also filleth the pools.

7 They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appeareth before God.

8 O Lord God of hosts, hear my prayer: give ear, O God of Jacob. Selah.

9 Behold, O God, our shield, and look upon the face of thine anointed.

10 For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

11 For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

12 O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.

Sing No. 235.

Love Divine.

No. 394. PSALM 91.

1 He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

2 I will say of the Lord, he is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.

3 Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.

4 He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

5 Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

6 Nor for the pestilence that walketh in the darkness: nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

7 A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.

8 Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.

9 Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation.

Sing No. 287.

Nearer, my God, to Thee.

No. 395. PSALM 93.

1 The Lord reigneth, he is clothed with majesty; the Lord is clothed with strength, wherewith he hath girded himself: the world also is established, and cannot be moved.

2 Thy throne is established of old; thou art from everlasting.

3 The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have lifted up their voice; the floods lift up their waves.

4 The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea.

5 Thy testimonies are very sure: holiness becometh thine house, O Lord, for ever.

Sing No. 243.

Holy, Holy, Holy.

No. 396. PSALM 95.

1 O come, let us sing unto the Lord; let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation.

2 Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

3 For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods.

4 In his hand are the deep places of the earth: the strength of the hills is his also.

5 The sea is his, and he made it: and his hand formed the dry land.

6 O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord, our Maker.

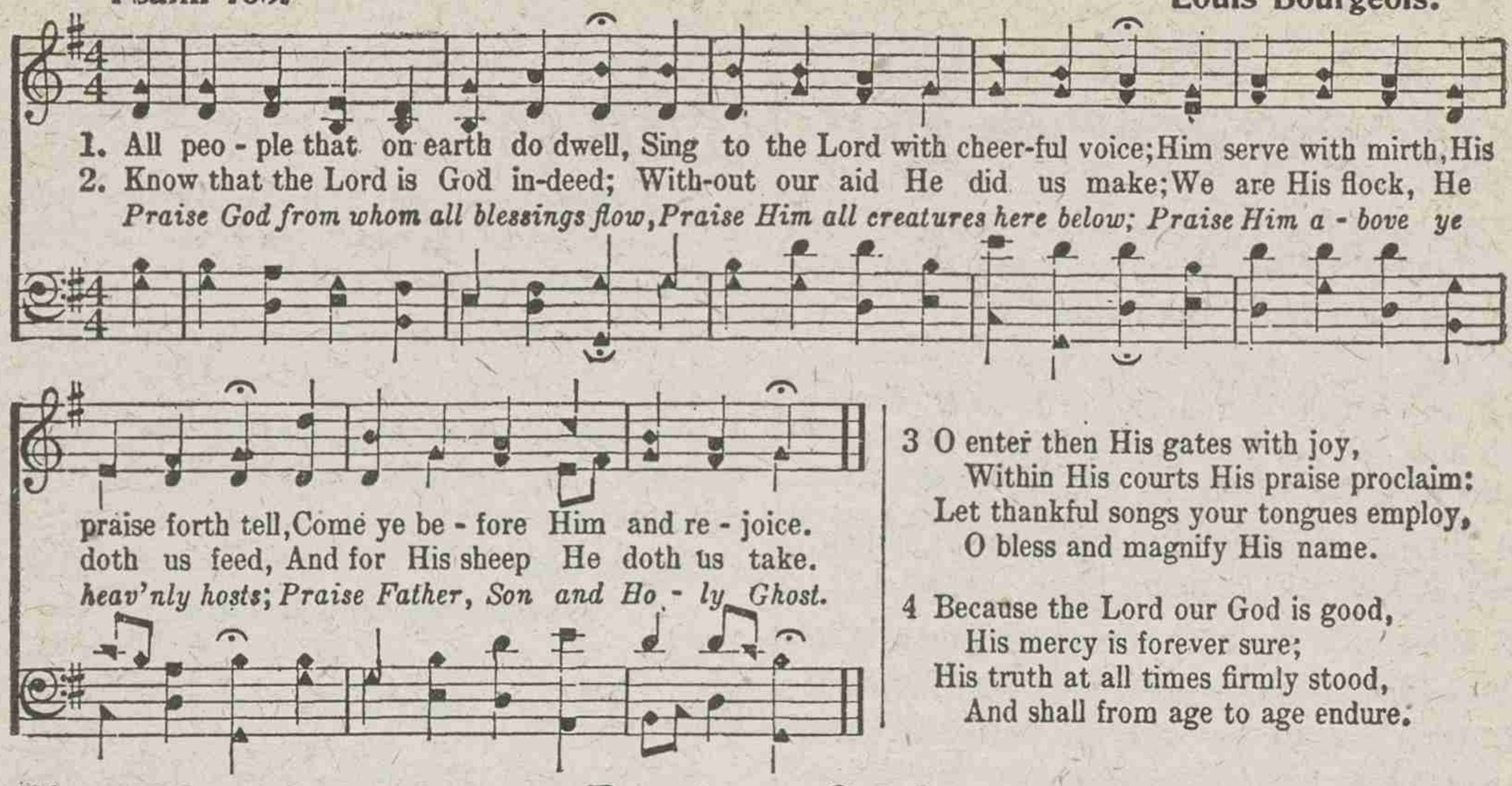
7 For he is our God; and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

Sing No. 326.

O worship the King

No. 397. All People that on Earth do Dwell.

Psalm 100. Louis Bourgeois.



3 O enter then His gates with joy,
Within His courts His praise proclaim:
Let thankful songs your tongues employ,
O bless and magnify His name.

4 Because the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

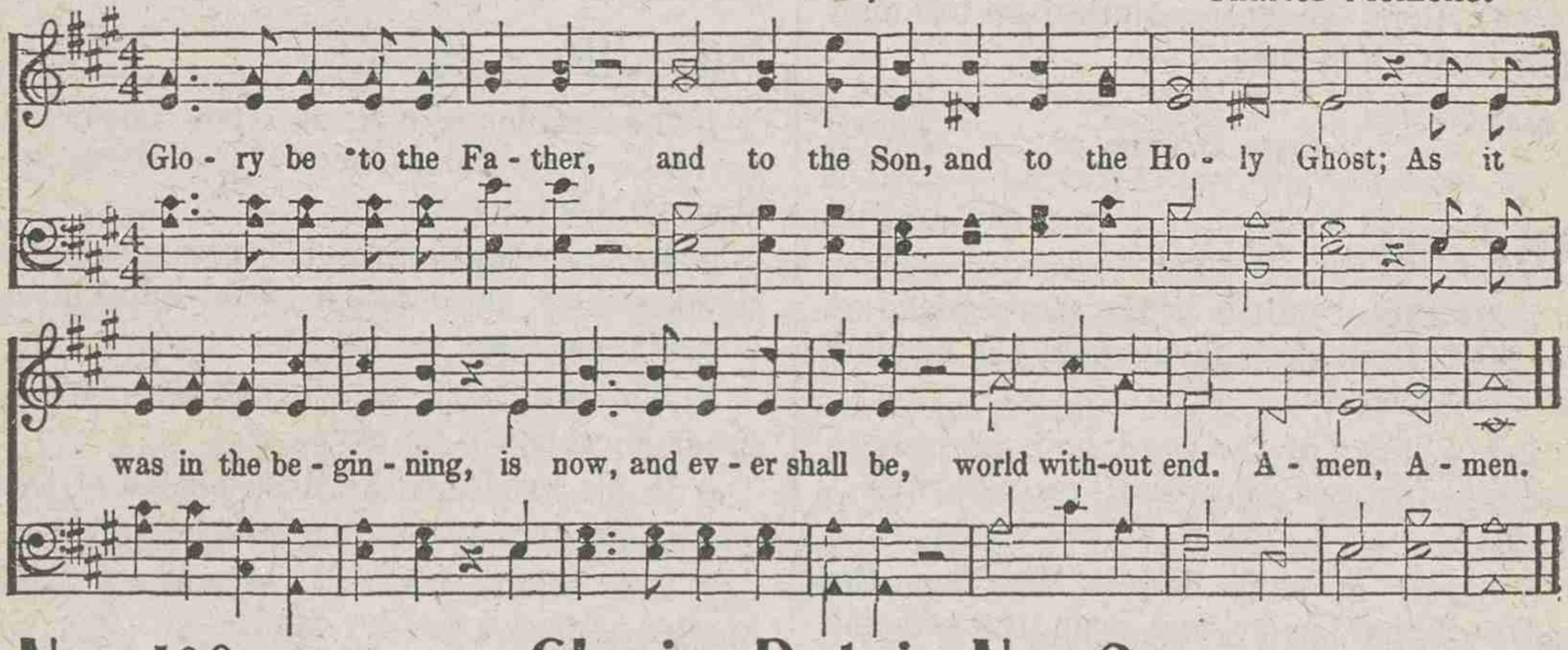
No. 398. Praise God.

Thos. Kenn. Rev. George Coles.



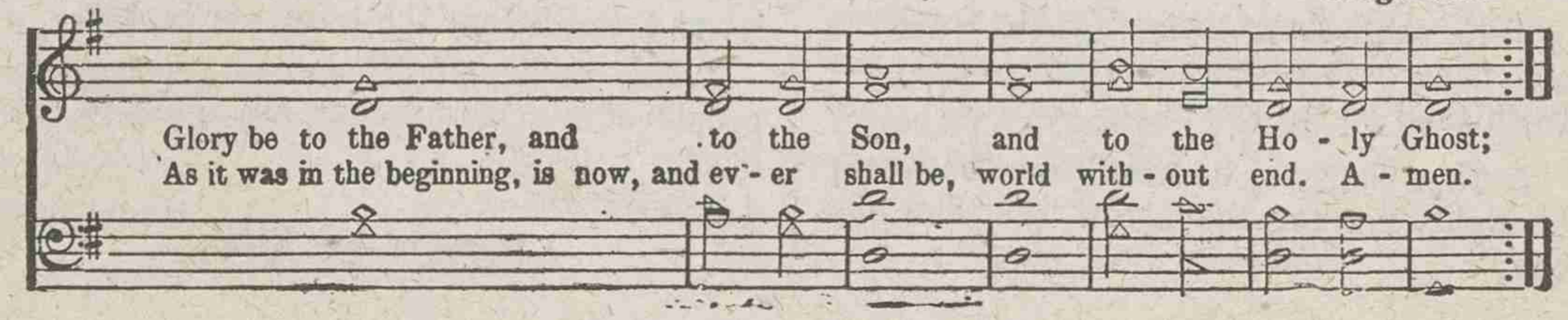
No. 399. Gloria Patri, No. 1.

Charles Meineke.



No. 400. Gloria Patri, No. 2.

Gregorian.



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