0 2014 0244451 1
Southern Baptist Seminary

SONGS OF POWER

REVISED AND ENLARGED

By

L. C. HALL

THORO HARRIS, MUSIC EDITOR

L. C. HALL

ZION CITY, - - - - ILLINOIS

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Baptized in Jesus' Name.

"Repent and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins; and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost."—ACTS 2: 38.

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1. To - day I glad - ly bear the bit-ter cross Of scorn, re-proach and shame;
2. He saves me now un - to the ut-ter-most; And now I hum - bly claim
3. Our faith in Him who gave His life for men, These sa-cred rites proclaim;
4. To life and peace there is no oth - er way; God's plan remains the same:
5. The gra-cious Spir-it of the ris - en Lord Up - on be-liev-ers came
6. Nor need we won - der why we sel-dom see The pen - te - cos - tal flame
7. Then what-so - e'er He bids me, I will do, Tho mock-ers scoff and blame:





1. I count the worthless praise of men but loss, Bap-tized in Je - sus' name.
2. The prom - ise of the bless-ed Ho-ly Ghost, Bap-tized in Je - sus' name.
3. From out the wat'ry grave we rise a - gain, Bap-tized in Je - sus' name.
4. Be - lieve the gos - pel, His commands o-bey, Bap-tized in Je - sus' name.
5. When they who heard, with joy o-beyed His word, Bap-tized in Je - sus' name.
6. When e'en the sons of God dis - dain to be Bap-tized in Je - sus' name!
7. To Christ and to His rev - el - a-tion true, Bap-tized in Je - sus' name.



CHORUS.



Glo - ry, glo-ry to the Lamb of God! Glo - ry, glo - ry for the cleansing flood!



I will fol - low where the saints have trod, Bap-tized in Je - sus' name.

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L. C. HALL

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Oscar Grammer
Consumption
Dale



L. C. HALL

ZION CITY, - - - - ILLINOIS

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1

Talk of His Power.

Psa. 145: 11.

Thoro Harris.

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L. C. Hall.

1. Talk of His pow-er, Mak - er of all— Stars in their cours-es
2. Tell of His mer-cy, Speak of Hls love, Robed in the splen-dor
3. Sing of sal - va-tion Sent from on high— He that be - liev-eth
4. Pow - er to heal us, Pow - er to save, Pow'r to de - liv - er

O - bey-ing His call; Tell of His tri-umph O - ver our foe:
Of heav-en a - bove; Laud ye His good-ness, Show forth His praise;
Shall nev - er - more die; For our re-demp-tion, Je - sus the Lord
From death and the grave, Pow - er to keep us Pure ev - 'ry hour;

CHORUS.

Won-drous de - liv-'rance His peo-ple may know.
Loud hal - le - lu-jahs With grat-i - tude raise. Talk of His pow - er,
Died, and is ris-en: O glo - ry to God!
Sing of His good-ness And talk of His pow'r.

Tell of His love, Sing of the Sav-ior Who came from above; Talk of His

pow-er, Tell of His love, Sing of the Sav-ior who came from a-bove.

2.

Beulah Land.

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

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

CHORUS.

O Beu-lah Land, sweet Beu-lah Land, As on thy high - est mount I stand,
I look a-way a-cross the sea, Where mansions are pre-pared for me,
And view the shin - ing glo-ry-shore,—My heav'n, my home for-ev - er more!

3

Leaving All to Follow Jesus.

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IDA M. BUDD. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Leav-ing all to fol - low Je - sus, Turn-ing from the world a - way,
2. Naught re-serv-ing, on the al - tar All I lay, and wait the hour
3. Tak-ing up the cross of Je - sus, Glad for him to suf - fer shame,
4. Praise his precious name for-ev - er That his blood hath made me free!

Step-ping out up - on the prom-ise, All I have is his to - day.
When the fire from heav'n de-scend-ing Shall at - test his glo-rious pow'r.
All my gain I count but loss - es For the glo - ry of his name.
Now my soul shall joy to tell it, Thro' the long e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.

Leav - ing all to fol - low Je - sus, Turn - ing
Leav - ing all to fol - low, fol - low Je - sus,

from the world a - way,..... Step - ping out up-
Turn - ing, turn - ing from the world a - way, Step - ping out up-

on his prom - ise, All I have is his to - day.
on his bless - ed prom - ise,

In the Same Old Way.

H. B.

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Herbert Buffum.

1. When Je - sus laid a-side the crown and came down to this earth, A man of sor - rows and of grief but with no heart for mirth; He came in - to the
2. The blind who hear, He passed their way, cried out thro' nature's night, He touched their eyes, and thro' that touch they all received their sight; O blind-ed broth-er,
3. The deaf and dumb at His command, were made to speak and hear; The unclean lep - ers at His word were cleansed when He drew near; And lame men when they
4. The man who lay be-side the pool, He lift-ed from the ground; And Zacche- us up in the tree was told he must come down; The pub - li - can was
5. The un-clean spir - its were re-buked, and told they must de-part; And in their place great joy and peace came to the troub-led heart; The nine-ty-nine with-
6. When Pen-te - cost was ful - ly come, ac - cord-ing to the word, The Ho - ly Ghost fell on the ones who had the prom-ise heard; They spoke in tongues and

darkened lives and left a shin-ing ray, And the Lord's still scattering sunshine
I'm so glad to say to you to - day, The Lord's still o-pen-ing blind eyes
met their Lord, walked from that very day, And the Lord's still do-ing busi-ness
jus - ti-fied when He commenced to pray; And the Lord's still sav-ing sin - ners
in the fold He left for one a-stray; And the Lord still seeks the lost ones
proph-i - sied with bold-ness on that day; And the Lord's still do-ing busi-ness

CHORUS.

in the same old way. In the same old way, in the same old way, The Lord's still do-ing business in the same old way; business in the same old way.

His Face Will Outshine Them All.

T. H.

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Thoro Harris.

1. There are fac - es dear that I hold in mem-'ry, Tho' I lost them long a-
2. There were voic - es sweet o-ver Bethl'hem sing-ing When the Savior Christ was
3. There are friend-ly hands un-to me ex - tend - ed When I seem to miss my
4. There are wondrous scenes ly-ing all a-round me, Golden gleams o'er land and

go; (so long a - go;) But the face of One "al - to - geth - er love-ly" Is the
born; (our Lord was born;) And the golden harps of the an - gels ring-ing Ush-ered
way; (to miss my way;) But the pierc-ed hand of the Man of Cal-v'ry Lead-eth
sea; (o'er land and sea;) But when Jesus comes in the clouds of heav-en, O what

CHORUS.

fair-est face I know.
in that ho - ly morn. His face will outshine them all, His face will
on to realms of day. al - le-lu - ia!
glo - ry that will be.

outshine them all; Glory to the Lamb, al-le-lu - ia! His face will outshine them all.

Come and Dine.

John 21: 12.

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C. B. W. C. B. Widmeyer.

1. Je - sus has a ta - ble spread Where the saints of God are fed,
   With His man - na He doth feed And sup - plies our ev - 'ry need:
2. The dis - ci - ples came to land, Thus o - bey-ing Christ's command,
   There they found their hearts' de - sire, Bread and fish up - on the fire;
3. Soon the Lamb will take His bride To be ev - er at His side,
   O, 'twill be a glo - rious sight, All the saints in spot-less white;

1 He in - vites His chos - en peo-ple "Come and dine;"
  O, 'tis sweet to sup with Je-sus all the time!
2 For the Mas-ter called to them, "Come,come,and dine;"
  Thus He sat - is - fies the hun-gry ev-'ry time.
3 All the host of heav - en will as - sem-bled be;
  And with Je - sus they will feast e-ter-nal - ly.

CHORUS.

"Come and dine," the Master calleth, "Come and dine;" You may feast at
O come and dine;
Je - sus' ta - ble all the time; He who fed the mul - ti-
O come and dine,
tude, Turned the wa - ter in- to wine, To the hungry calleth now, "Come and dine."

7

Pressing On.

T. H.

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Thero Harris.

1. I praise the Lord that a Sav - ior came To bear my load of re-
2. When lost in darkness and doom'd to die, The Sav - ior heard my de-
3. Some-times my foes in their fu - ry rise To hold me back from the
4. His love will make ev-'ry sin - ner whole That yields his life to the

proach and shame: All glo-ry be to His ho - ly name! Shouting hal-le-
spair - ing cry, His love my spir - it did sat - is - fy; Shouting hal-le-
heav'n-ly prize; I look by faith far be - yond the skies: Shouting hal-le-
Lord's con-trol, And fill with rap-ture each long-ing soul: Shouting hal-le-

CHORUS.

!u-jah, I'm press-ing on. I am press-ing on, with a joy - ful song,

To the heights of Ca-naan I'm press - ing on; I am press-ing on

with the ran-somed throng, Glo-ry, hal-le - lu - jah! I'm press-ing on.

Deeper, Deeper.

C. P. J. C. P. Jones.

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

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

Chorus.

O deep - - - er yet, I pray,..... And high - - - er ev - 'ry day,..... And wis - - - er, bless - ed Lord, bless - ed Lord,..... In thy pre - cious, ho - ly word.

O deep - er yet, I pray, deep - er yet, I pray, And high - er ev - 'ry day, high - er ev - 'ry day, And wis - er, bless-ed Lord, wis - er, bless - ed Lord.

1900, by C. P. Jones. Used by per.

Christ is Coming.

W. M. Rev. 22: 20. W. MACOMBERY, by per.

1. In the glow of ear - ly morn-ing, In the sol - emn hush of night;
2. Oft me - thinks I hear His foot-steps, Steal-ing down the paths of time;
3. Long we've wait-ed, blest Re-deem - er, Wait - ed for the first bright ray

Down from heav-en's o - pen por - tals, Steals a mes - sen-ger of light,
And the fu - ture dark with shad-ows, Brightens with this hope sub-lime.
Of the morn when sin and sor - row At Thy pres-ence flee a - way;

Whis-p'ring sweet - ly to my spir - it While the hosts of heav - en sing;
Sound the soul - in- spir - ing an-them; An - gel hosts, your harps at-tune;
But our vig - ils near - ly o - ver; Hope of heav'n, oh, priceless boon;

This the won-drous thrill-ing sto - ry: Christ is com-ing— Christ the King,
Earth's long night is al - most o - ver, Christ is com-ing— Com - ing soon.
In the east the glow ap - pear-ing, Christ is com-ing— Com - ing soon.

This the won-drous thrilling sto - ry— Christ is com - ing—Christ the King.
Earth's long night is al-most o - ver, Christ is com - ing—Com - ing soon.
In the east the glow ap - pear-ing, Christ is com - ing—Com - ing soon.

Take a Transfer.

T. H. Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris. Thoro Harris.

1. Are you on the gloom-y line, Trav'ling down the steep incline? Take a transfer,
2. What's the use to fret and pine? Can't you see the cor-ner sign: "Take a transfer,
3. If you're nervous when we shout, Wond'ring what 'tis all a-bout, Take a transfer,
4. If you're hold-ing by a strap, Then lookout for some mishap! Take a transfer,
5. If the world en - tic - es you, Don't ac-cept their tick-et thru, Take a transfer,

take a trans-fer; If you're on the wor-ry train, Do not stay there and complain:
take a trans-fer;" Leave the track of doubt and gloom, On the sunshine route there's room:
take a trans-fer; All who ride this gos-pel line, Sing be-cause they feel so fine:
take a trans-fer; Cheerful cars are passing thru, There's a seat re-served for you:
take a trans-fer; Je - sus will conduct and guide, Till you reach the E - den side:

D. S.—If you're crabbish, cross or blue, Board this train, 'twill bear you thru:

FINE. CHORUS.

Take a trans-fer for the glo - ry line. Cars are passing ev-'ry hour, Charg'd with

Take a trans-fer for the glo - ry line.

God's e - lec-tric pow'r, Su-p'rin-tend-ed by the Man di - vine..... .....

Hal - le - lu - jah!

11

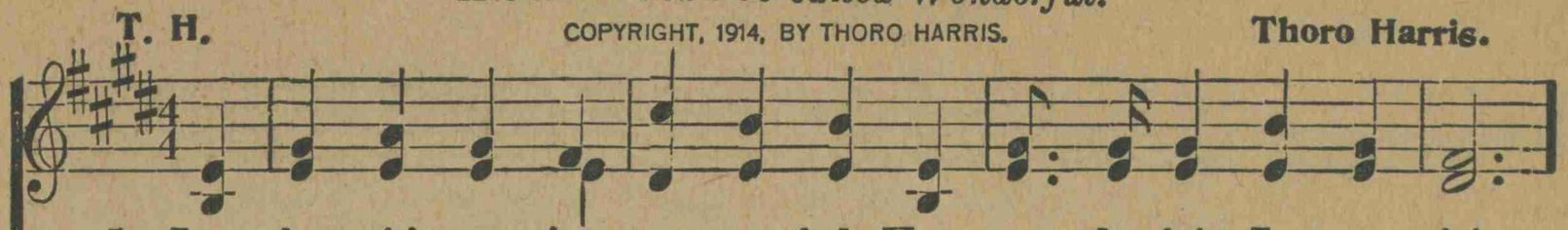
How Wonderful Jesus Is!

"His name shall be called Wonderful."

T. H.

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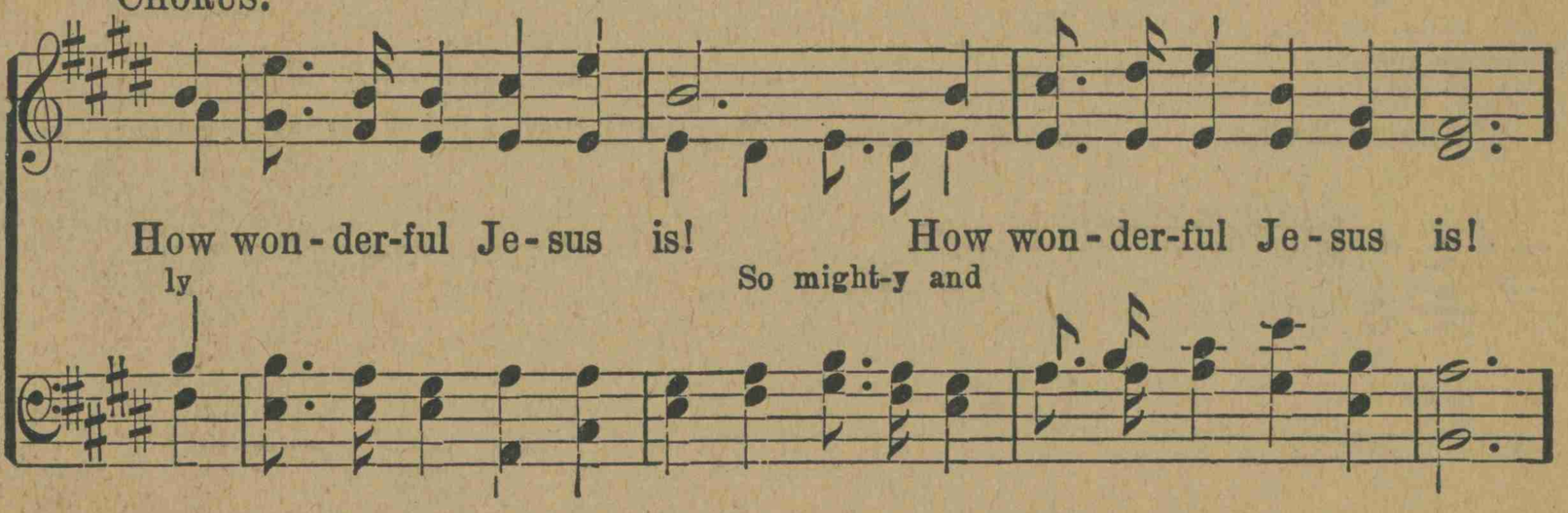
1. Je - ho-vah's arm is now revealed: How won - der-ful Je - sus is!
2. Great Sac - ri - fice or-dained by God, How won - der-ful Je - sus is!
3. The Li - on strong of Ju - dah He, How won - der-ful Je - sus is!
4. He pleads be-fore the courts of heav'n, How won - der-ful Je - sus is!
5. He bears our sor - rows far a-way, How won - der-ful Je - sus is!
6. His death-less love let saints de-clare: How won - der-ful Je - sus is!
7. His per - fect praise let an - gels sing: How won - der-ful Je - sus is!

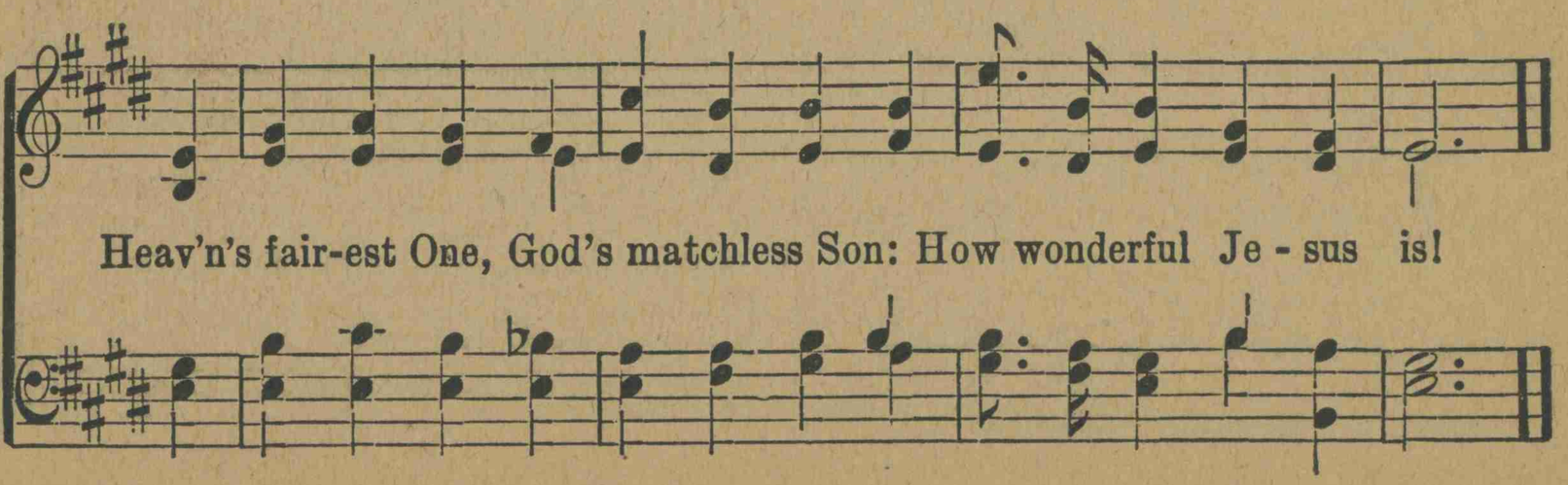


1. "For Him hath God the Father sealed:" How won-der-ful Je - sus is!
2. Pro - claim thru all the earth a-broad How won-der-ful Je - sus is.
3. The smit-ten Lamb of Cal - va - ry, How won-der-ful Je - sus is!
4. Thru His a-tonement peace is giv'n: How won-der-ful Je - sus is!
5. In His pre-vail-ing name we pray: How won-der-ful Je - sus is!
6. And speak His glo-ry ev-'ry-where: How won-der-ful Je - sus is!
7. And make the bells of heav-en ring: How won-der-ful Je - sus is!



CHORUS.





Walking With Him.

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1. Beau-ti-ful path my feet shall tread, Walk-ing with Him, Walk-ing with Him;
2. Beau-ti-ful truth my heart shall know, Walk-ing with Him, Walk-ing with Him;
3. Beau-ti-ful life to me is giv'n, Walk-ing with Him, Walk-ing with Him;
4. Beau-ti-ful robe I soon shall wear, Walk-ing with Him, Walk-ing with Him;

Beau - ti - ful peace with - out a dread, Walk - ing with Christ my Lord.
Beau - ti - ful cleans-ing, white as snow, Walk - ing with Christ my Lord.
Beau - ti - ful hope se - cure in heav'n, Walk - ing with Christ my Lord.
Beau - ti - ful home in man - sions fair, Walk - ing with Christ my Lord.

REFRAIN.

Walk - ing with Him,..... Walk - ing with Him:.....
Walking with Him, Je-sus my Lord, Walk-ing with Him, Trust-ing His word;

rit.

Walk - ing with Je - sus, Walking with Christ my Lord.....
Walk-ing in light, ho - ly and bright, glo - ri - ous Lord.

13

Send Out the Tidings.

T. H.

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Thoro Harris.

1. All glo - ry to the Lamb of God! Let heav'n and earth re-peat the praise
2. Be - fore the fier - y-wheel-ed throne, Our great High Priest, for us He stands
3. With all the host of an-gels bright, De-scend-ing from yon heights a-bove,
4. O glo - ry to His matchless name! All pow'r to Him our Fa - ther gave;

Of Him who bo't us by His blood, The An-cient of e - ter-nal days!
And pleads—O wondrous love unknown! Our names en-grav-en on His hands.
He soon will come in clouds of light, Whom yet, un-seen, we dear - ly love.
To - day and ev - er - more the same, The King of a - ges, strong to save!

CHORUS.

Send out the ti-dings a - far and near, Let ev-'ry na-tion the gos - pel

hear; To ev-'ry land the mes-sage bear, And in His glo-ry share.

f *Full harmony*

More Abundantly.

T. H.

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Thoro Harris.

1. Are you trusting Jesus, All a-long the way? Does He grow more precious
2. For His matchless favor Mag-ni - fy the name Of our gra-cious Sav-ior
3. Come to Him believing, Hark-en to His call; All from Him re-ceiv-ing,

To your heart each day? Are you His dis - ci - ple? Test His word and see,
Who from glo-ry came; Let the saints a-dore Him For this wondrous word,
Yield to Him your all; Je - sus will ac-cept you When to Him you flee;

CHORUS.

He will give the Spir-it More a - bun-dant - ly.
Sealing our redemption Thro' the crimson flood. More a - bun-dant-ly,
He will grant His blessing More a - bun-dant - ly. More and more a - bun - dant - ly,

more a-bun-dant-ly, "That they might have life, and more abundantly;" More a-
more and more a-bun-dant-ly, More and more a-

bun-dant-ly, more a-bun-dant-ly, "That they might have life, and more a-bun-dant-ly.
bun-dant-ly, more and more abundantly,

15

In Him Dwelleth.

L. C. H.

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L. C. Hall.

1. Je-sus is dear-er than ev-er to me; In Him the God-head in fullness
2. Je-sus revealed it; we bless His dear name; That thro' all a-ges He's ev-er
3. This He's re-veal-ing to-day to His own; Those who are trusting, who love Him

I see; Brighter and brighter the path grows each day, Clearer and clearer with the same; Tempests a-round me are rag-ing and wild; In Him I'm resting for a-lone; Glad-ly we wor-ship and praise ev-er-more, Father and Son and the

CHORUS.

mists rolled a-way.

I am God's child. In Him dwell-eth all full-ness of God, Father and Son and the Spir - it a-dore.

Spir - it, these three; Dwell - - eth in Him ..... who a-lone ..... is our God;..... Thus He has solved the great mystery.

Dwell-eth in Him, dwell - eth in Him, Dwell-eth in Him who a - lone is our God;

The Royal Telephone.

F. M. L.

F. M. Lehman.
Har. by Claudia F. Lehman.

1. Central's nev-er "bus-y," Al-ways on the line, You may hear from
2. There will be no charg-es, Tel - e-phone is free; It was built for
3. Fail to get the an-swer, Satan's crossed your wire By some strong de-
4. If your line is "grounded," And con-nec-tion true Has been lost with
5. Car-nal com - bi - na-tions Can-not get con-trol Of this line to

heav-en Al-most an - y time. 'Tis a roy - al serv-ice
serv-ice, Just for you and me. There will be no wait-ing
lu - sion, Or some base de - sire. Take a - way ob-struc-tions—
Je - sus, Tell you what to do: Pray'r and faith and promise
glo - ry, Anchored in the soul. Storm and tri - al can - not

Fine.

Free for one and all—When you get in trouble Give this roy-al line a call.
On this roy-al line— Tel-e-phone to glo - ry Al-ways answers just in time.
God is on the throne–And you'll get the answer Thro' this royal tel-e-phone.
Mend the broken wire, Till your soul is burning With the Pen-te-cos-tal fire.
Dis-con-nect the line Held in constant keeping By the Father's hand divine.

D. S.—*We may talk to Je - sus Thro' this roy-al tel - e-phone.*

Chorus.

Tel - e-phone to glo - ry, O what joy di-vine! I can feel the current

D.S.

Moving on the line; Built by God the Fa-ther For His loved and own—

Copyright, 1909, by F. M. Lehman.

17 Filled With God.

C. P. J. Arrangement and Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris. Chas P. Jones.

1. Built on the rock, not on the sand, O God, Thy ho - ly church shall stand;
2. What grace that I should have a part In this dear band, that my poor heart
3. A live - ly store kept by Thy grace, Thy mer-cy giv - eth me a place;
4. Yea, built up - on that sol - id rock, Thy church shall stand the tempest shock;

1. Re-deem'd from sin by Je-sus' blood, Pardoned and cleans'd and fill'd with God.
2. Should be by heav'nly pow'r in-clined Thy love to seek, Thy peace to find!
3. I, too, am of Thy bod - y, Lord, Cleans'd by Thy blood, kept by Thy word.
4. And when the clouds have roll'd a-way, Stand mis-tress of e - ter - nal day.

CHORUS.

1 2

Yes, fill'd with God, Yes, fill'd with God, Pardon'd and cleans'd and fill'd with God; cleans'd and fill'd with God.

18 Admonition.

G. J. F. Geo. J. French.

1. While mor-tal life con - tin-ues here, The war-fare will not cease: Put on God's
2. With eyes on Je - sus, God's own Son, Re - ly - ing on His word, 'Tis not by
3. With- out the Ho - ly Spir - it's pow'r Our courage will not stand; But with it

armor, keep it bright, The foe is al-ways with-in sight; And may your zeal increase.
sword, 'tis not by might Nor pow-er, we the foe must fight; "My Spirit," saith the Lord.
gi-ants great must flee; The fruits of Eschol we shall see, And we possess the land.

19. Never Lose Faith In God.

(Duet and Quartet.)

COPYRGIHT, 1915, BY H. BUFFUM AND L. C. HALL.

Herbert Buffum.

H. B.
Sop.



1. When all seems dark and the fierce billows roll, Nev-er lose faith in God;
2. When friends for-sake and no long-er prove true, Nev-er lose faith in God;
3. Skeptics may murmer, and scoffers may come, Nev-er lose faith in God;
4. When the death reaper has come for your soul, Nev-er lose faith in God;

Ten.





An-chor in Je-sus your poor temped soul, Nev-er lose faith in God.
Look up to Je-sus, keep His face in view, Nev-er lose faith in God.
Fight on, nor cease till the vic-t'ry is won, Nev-er lose faith in God.
Till you have entered the heav-en-ly goal, Nev-er lose faith in God.



CHORUS.



Nev-er lose faith in God,..... Nev-er lose faith in God;.....
lose faith in God, lose faith in God;





rit.

Tho' dark the pathway thy feet may have trod, Nev-er lose faith in God.
lose faith in God.

20 Behold the Lamb of God!

"Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."—John 1: 29.

Thoro Harris. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY THORO HARRIS. **L. C. Hall.**

1. John saw the mul - ti - tude, and cried, "Be - hold the Lamb of God!
2. Ex - tend - ed on the shame - ful tree, Be - hold the Lamb of God!
3. He bore the woes of all the world: Be - hold the Lamb of God!
4. "Him-self took our in - fir - mi - ty"— Be - hold the Lamb of God!
5. Once slain on rug - ged Cal - va - ry, Be - hold the Lamb of God!
6. "'Tis fin - ished!" hear the Sav - ior say; Be - hold the Lamb of God!
7. In heav'n a - bove He in - ter-cedes; Be - hold the Lamb of God!
8. He's com - ing back to earth a - gain: Be - hold the Lamb of God!
9. Now let Him un - der-take your case: Be - hold the Lamb of God!

1. 'A sac - ri - fice will He pro-vide'— Be - hold the Lamb of God!
2. He pays the price, and man is free! Be - hold the Lamb of God!
3. The darts of sin on Him were hurled: Be - hold the Lamb of God!
4. "In His own bod - y on the tree',— Be - hold the Lamb of God!
5. Man's on - ly Me - di - a - tor He: Be - hold the Lamb of God.
6. He bears our load of guilt a - way: Be - hold the Lamb of God.
7. The mer - its of His blood He pleads: Be - hold the Lamb of God!
8. And none will dare re - vile Him then: Be - hold the Lamb of God!
9. O trust His "more a - bun-dant" grace: Be - hold the Lamb of God!

REFRAIN.

Be - hold the Lamb of God!.... Be - hold the Lamb of God!.....
Be - hold the Lamb for sin - ners slain, The Lamb who died and lives a - gain;

dim.

For He a - lone can save your soul—Be-hold the Lamb of God!....
the Lamb of God!

21

Coming Again.

Thoro Harris. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY THORO HARRIS. Frederick Messick.

1. Loud let the an-them ex - ult - ing - ly ring, An - gels with mor-tals u-
2. Wonders on earth, in the sea and the sky, Voic - es pro-claim-ing re-
3. An-gry, the na-tions are plunged in - to woe, Mul - ti-tudes hur - ry - ing
4. Then all our loved ones from sleep will a - rise, "Caught up to - geth - er" to
5. Sav-ior, O hast-en that glo - ri - ous day! Com - ing with clouds, in tri-

ni - ted - ly sing; Je - sus is com-ing, our con-quer-ing King, Je - sus is
demption is nigh, When from His face ev-'ry sin - ner will fly— Je - sus is
on to and fro; These are but signs of His com-ing, we know, Je - sus is
meet in the skies–Fam-ily re - un - ions in joy - ful sur-prise: Je - sus is
umph-al ar-ray, Ma-ny will greet thee: Lord, grant that we may, When Thou art

REFRAIN.

com-ing a-gain. Com-ing a-gain, com - ing a - gain,
{ Heed now the gos-pel warn-ing: It may be night or morn - ing;
{ Com - ing at a - ny hour, Com - ing in king - ly pow - er,

1. Com-ing in glory, the Lamb that was slain; Com-ing for-ev-er to reign.
2. Com-ing in glory, the Lamb that was slain; Com-ing for-ev-er is sure-ly to reign.

22

Coming to Reign.

L. C. H. COPYRIGHT. 1915. BY L. C. HALL. L. C. Hall.

1. On - ward we go with our hearts all a-flame, Shout-ing the glo-ries of
2. Now are the saints ev - er watch-ing to see Signs of His com - ing in
3. Pa - tient-ly wait - ing His glo - ry to share, When in His like - ness, e-
4. Come, dear Lord Je-sus, our souls cry to Thee; Long have we wait-ed Thy

Je - sus' dear name; Tell-ing the ti - dings, He's com - ing a - gain,
won-drous glo - ry! Clear-ly the signs in the earth, sea and sky,
ter - nal - ly fair, We as the stars are for - ev - er to shine,
glo - ry to see; Come in the might of Thy pow - er to reign,

CHORUS.

Com-ing in pow - er to reign.
Tell us re-demp-tion is nigh.
In His own im - age di - vine.
Let not our hope be in vain.

{ Je - sus is com-ing, O shout a-loud,
{ Tell it, O tell it, with joy a-gain,

1 2

Com-ing with an-gels and in a bright cloud; Je-sus is com-ing to reign.

23

He Cometh!

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY METROPOLITAN OHURCH ASSOCIATION.

W. T. P. Wm. T. Pettengill.

1. Je - sus is com - ing! go, her - ald the ti - dings Far o - ver the land and the sea; Je-sus is com-ing to gath - er the ransomed, Re-
2. Lift up your heads and re - joice, O ye right-eous, Your per - fect re- demption is nigh; Swift-ly the darkness of mid-night ap-proach-es, "He
3. Come, dear Lord Je-sus, Thy prom-ise ful - fill-ing; "Come quick - ly!" our souls cry to Thee: Long has the world been enthralled by the tempter, The

deemed by His death on the tree. An - gels at - tend - ing, the heav-ens descending—All lan-guage our joy will trans - cend, When we shall see Him, the King in His beau-ty, Our Bridegroom, Re-deem-er, and Friend.
com-eth," shall sound from the sky. Long has the bat - tle been waged against e - vil By suf - fer - ing saints here be - low. Je - sus is com-ing to ban - ish our sor-row, And lead us where tears nev - er flow.
curse is on land and on sea. Yet Thou shalt tri - umph, the na - tions sub-du - ing, The truth of the Word can-not fail; God's wondrous glo-ry, like o-cean's deep billows, To earth's farthest bounds shall pre - vail.

He Cometh!

CHORUS.

Je - sus is com - ing, our Sav - ior and Lov - er di-
Yes, Je - sus is com-ing, is com-ing,

vine;..... Soon.... in His glo - - ry the
E - ven so, quick-ly come! Yes, soon in His glo - ry re-splend - ent the

ran-somed of a - ges will shine;..... A - ges on
Thru a - ges on

Hal - le - lu - jah to God!

a - ges we'll reign with our King on His throne;... Won-der-ful
a - ges e - ter - nal
on His throne; O won-der - ful

sto-ry! We'll share in His glo-ry, Redeemed by His mer - cy a - lone.

Deeper.

DUET.

L. C. H.

COPYRIGHT. 1915, BY L. C. HALL.

L. C. Hall.

1. Deep - er in Thy love, O, Je - sus, Doth my spir - it cry to go,
2. Hum-bly must I walk with Je - sus In the paths that He doth lead,
3. Dai - ly must I seek to please Him, Wheth - er it bring joy or pain;
4. Deep - er, till at last in glo - ry, In His like-ness I shall come,

Un - til all my life is hid - den Deep with-in the cleans-ing flow.
Nev - er fal-ter, nev-er mur - mur, Al - ways to His voice give heed.
I shall know then just how bless - ed Is the worth of heav'n-ly gain.
Where the saints of all the a - ges Shall re-ceive their welcome home.

CHORUS.

Deep - er in that ho - ly life, Till I'm lost with Christ in God;

Hid - den with my bless - ed Lord, While I walk this earth-ly sod.

At the Door.

L. C. HALL.

1. All hail the glad tri-umph-ant morn, When Christ our Saviour shall ap-pear!
2. Al-though the dread-ful thun-ders roar, And storms most fearful shall a-rise,
3. A - down the vault-ed skies He comes, He sends His an-gels all a-round
4. We wait the com-ing of that morn, So when the Por-ter ope's the door

Signs in the sun and moon and stars, Pro - claim His ad - vent near.
By faith we see the shin - ing shore, And Je - sus in the skies.
To ga-ther home His wait-ing ones, With glo - ry robed and crowned,
We'll rise with all the rapt-ured ones, To wor - ship and a - dore.

CHORUS.

At the door, at the door, At the door, yes e-ven at the door;
At the door. at the door, at the door,

He is com - ing, He is com - ing, He is e - ven at the door.
Com-ing a-gain, He is com-ing a - gain,

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26 I'm Under the Blood Just Now.

H. B. COPYRIGHT. 1910, BY H. BUFFUM. Herbert Buffum.

1. My sins, which were ma-ny, are all washed a-way, And I am re - joicing in Je - sus to - day; Where once was all darkness, thank God, I can say
2. I heard His voice say-ing, "Come now and find rest; Lay down wea-ry one, thy head on My breast;" I came, and I'm sing-ing, so hap-py and blest;
3. I know that the blood cleanseth me from all sin: I know that the Spir-it is reign-ing with - in; And now with as-sur-ance of vic - t'ry I sing,
4. Tho' Sa-tan may tempt me, tho' tri-als may come, And dark clouds of sorrow may cov - er the sun; I'll sing thro' the night till the vic-t'ry is won,

CHORUS.

I'm un - der the blood just now! I'm un-der the blood just now! I'm un - der the blood just now! I've the wit-ness with- just now, in that I'm cleansed from all sin, I'm un-der the blood just now. just now,

The Good Shepherd.

G. T. H.

COPYRIGHT, 1915. BY G. T. HAYWOOD.

G. T. Haywood.

1. I am the Good Shepherd, I'm seek-ing my wan-der - ing sheep;
   Who'll help me to find them, And with me a vig - i - lance keep?
   I know they are hun-gry and wea-ry, From wand'ring the dry thirs - ty plain;
   I've led them be - side the still wa-ters, And made them in green pas-tures lay,
   He'll bind your heart bruises so gen-tly, And bri - ars and thorns will re-move,
   Just take my words and speak them, They'll come un - to me a - gain.

2. Long have I been seek - ing, O'er mountain and val - ley and plain;
   Tho' dan-gers be - set me, My seek - ing shall not be in vain;
   But now they're lost and bleed-ing, Go, help me to seek them to - day.
   And car - ry the lambs in His bos-om, While sing-ing the song of His love.

3. Come, ye who are wea - ry, For Je - sus is long - ing for thee,
   He knows you art fee - ble, But strengthened in Him you shall be;
   My sheep will hear my voice, No mat - ter how the world may call;
   I gave my life, made them my choice, And

f.

FINE. CHORUS.

D. S.–I am their All in All.

D. S.

When Jesus Appears.

"When the Chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away."—1 PETER 5: 4.

T. H.

Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris.

Thoro Harris.

1. When with the angels Christ Jesus shall come, When He shall gather His ransomed ones home,
2. When in His kingdom the Sav-ior shall own All His redeemed ones joint-heirs to His throne,
3. When all our partings with loved ones are past, When we shall greet one another at last,
4. When we shall see on that beau-ti - ful shore Jesus our Savior, the Christ we a-dore—
5. Welcome, glad morning! hail, glo-ri-ous day! Je-sus is com-ing in gorgeous ar-ray;
6. Then we shall know Him as here we are known, Then we shall reap the glad harvest we've sown,

rall.

1. We shall forsake this dark valley of tears, Clad in new beauty when Je-sus ap-pears.
2. We shall a-rise while the firmament clears, "Caught up together," when Jesus ap-pears.
3. O what a shout will resound thru the spheres! Glad hal-le-lu-jahs, when Je-sus ap-pears.
4. O how this promise the weary one cheers! "With Him for-ev-er," when Je-sus ap-pears.
5. Lo, in His chariot the Bless-ed One nears! Christ our Beloved, in glo - ry ap-pears.
6. Then shall we sing thru e-ter-ni-ty's years: Wonderful prospect! when Je-sus ap-pears.

CHORUS.

Af - - - ter our tri - - als, All our sorrows and tears,.....
After our cares (and) temptations and tears,

Af-ter our tri - als,

rit.

We..... shall be like Him When Je - - - sus ap - pears.....
We shall awake, clad in His likeness, When the Chief Shepherd in glo-ry ap-pears.

Looking Unto Him.

L. C. H.

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L. C. Hall.

1. When dark-ness seems to set - tle down, And dim the path is seen,
2. When floods of grief would crush my soul In bit - ter-ness and woe,
3. When earth - ly lights grow dim and faint And earth-ly voic - es still,
4. A - mid the glo - ries that shall burst Up - on my vis - ion there,

I look to Him, where light is found, And glo-rious is the scene.
I look to Him who makes me whole, And find He loves me so.
I'll look to Him, with ev - 'ry saint, And rest in His dear will.
I'll look on Him, the last, the first, In won-drous glo - ry fair.

Chorus.

Look - - - ing un - to Him,.....
Look - ing un - to Him, Look - ing un - to Him,

Look - - - ing un - to Him;.....
Look-ing un - to Him, Look-ing un - to Him,

Look - - ing un-to Him, The au - thor of our faith.
Look-ing un - to Je - sus, un - to Him,

30

Your Last Invitation.

Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris.

Thoro Harris. **Wm. S. Pitts. Arr. by T. H.**

1. Come now, from your slumber a-wak-ing, And list to the voice of the Lord;
2. There's no one can save you but Je-sus, There's no other name God has giv'n;
3. Find par-don and peace in be - liev-ing, And rest on - ly saved ones can know,
4. Then haste while the Savior is wait-ing, The call of the gos-pel o - bey;
5. To - day is the day of sal - va-tion Now en - ter the wide o - pen door;

1. A - bove you the sunlight is break - ing, And o'er you His love is outpoured.
2. He on - ly can heal your dis - eas - es, He on-ly can guide you to heav'n.
3. The grace of as-sur-ance re - ceiv - ing, And joy on - ly He can be-stow.
4. Give o - ver your fruitless de - bat - ing, And kneel at His footstool to-day.
5. This may be your last in - vi - ta - tion, God's Spir-it may call you no more.

CHORUS.

O come, come, come, come, Come while the Spir - it is call-
Come to Him

ing, O come to the Sav - ior to - day, (Come to-day); This may be your
now,

last in - vi - ta - tion; Sin - ner, come, and no lon - ger de - lay.

31 The Name I Love.

T. H. Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris. Thoro Harris.

1. I love the name of Je - sus Who died so long a - go, To ransom,
2. I love the name of Je - sus, Than other names more sweet; The boundless
3. I love the name of Je - sus; Till mortal life is o'er, I'll trust the

to redeem my soul From all her sin and wo; Up-on the brow of
grace of God's dear Son My lips would aye repeat; Whene'er I think what
ev - er - last-ing love Of Him I now a-dore; And when with all the

TUTTI.

Calv'ry's hill To save me from despair, The blessed Savior suffered For
Christ has done, To save me from despair, I marvel how He suffered For
blood-washed throng, I kneel before His feet, The blessed name of Jesus, I'll

REFRAIN.

sin - ners there.
sin - ners there. The name of Je-sus is so sweet, Its music makes my
still re - peat.

life complete; The name of Jesus is so dear, I love that name to hear.

Beholding His Face.

L. C. H. COPYRIGHT, 1915. BY L. C. HALL. L. C. Hall.

1. Beau - ti-ful rays of ho-li-est light! Beholding His face, His beautiful face.
2. Beau - ti-ful Sun of Right-eousness shine! Beholding His face, His beautiful face.
3. Beau - ti-ful hope! In Spir-it we're sealed, Beholding His face, His beautiful face.
4. Beau - ti-ful Light in which we may walk, Beholding His face, His beautiful face.
5. Beau - ti-ful cross, with glo-ry 'tis crown'd, Beholding His face, His beautiful face.
6. Beau - ti-ful light our being now fills, Beholding His face, His beautiful face.

Gone are the shades of loneliest night, When we be-hold His beau-ti-ful face.
Beau - ti-ful things of glo-ry are mine, When we be-hold His beau-ti-ful face.
Ra - di-ant things of glo-ry re-vealed, When we be-hold His beau-ti-ful face.
Ho-li-est truths of which we may talk, When we be-hold His beau-ti-ful face.
An-gel-ic hosts are gath-er'd a-round, When we be-hold His beau-ti-ful face.
Treacherous waves His pres-ence now stills, When we be-hold His beau-ti-ful face.

CHORUS.

Be-hold-ing His face, ... His beau-ti-ful face,..... Ra-di-ant,
Beau-ti-ful face, beau-ti-ful face,

glo - ri-ous, beau - ti - ful face!..... Re-veal-ing the depths of
beau-ti-ful face,

Beholding His Face.



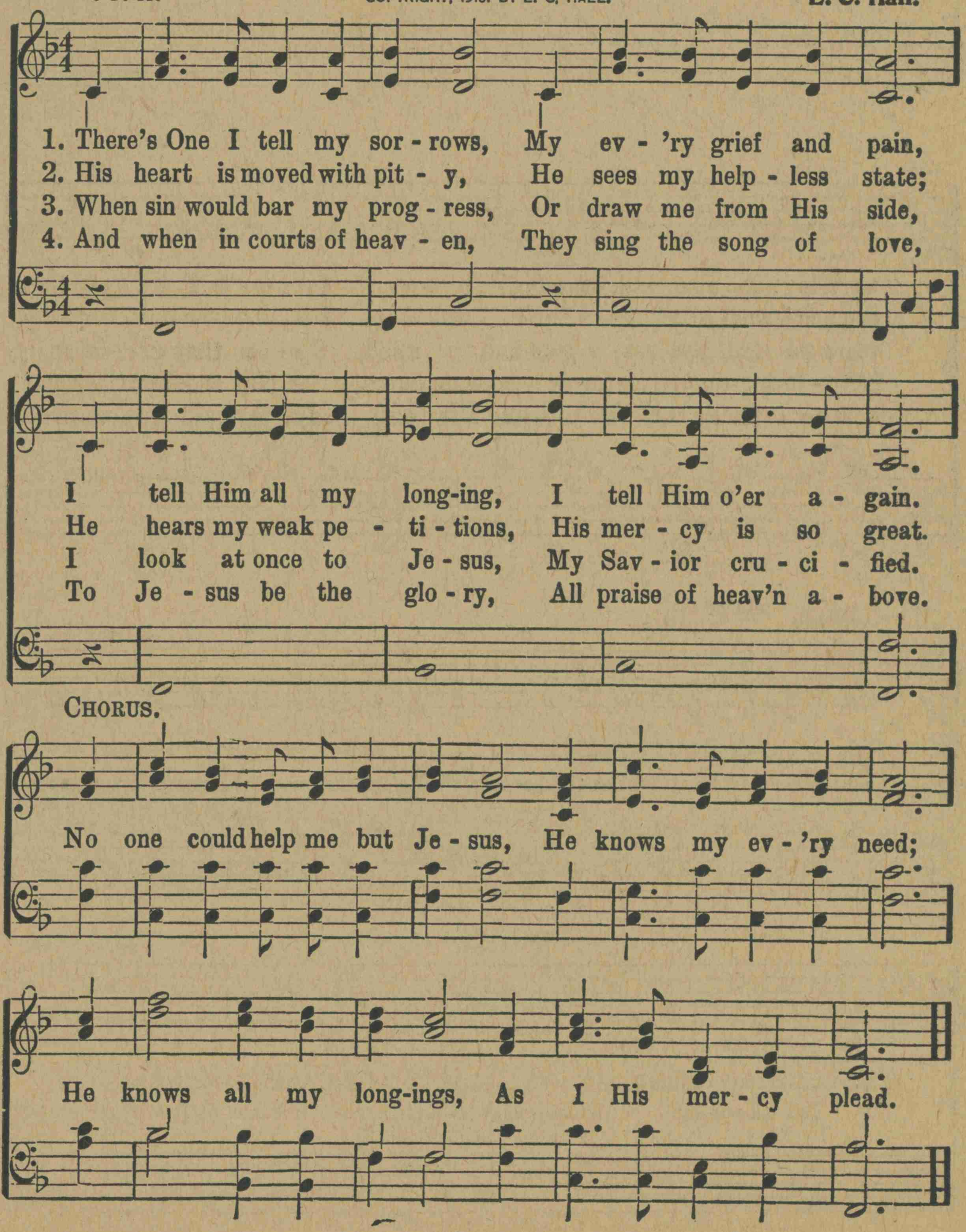
33

Tell it to Jesus.

L. C. H.

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L. C. Hall.



When I See His Face.

Lillie Fassett Buffum. COPYRIGHT, 1910. BY H. BUFFUM **Herbert Buffum.**

1. Life will be worth the while when I see the glad smile Of my Savior's face; When my work is all done with the souls I have won, In heav'n I take my place
2. Then the sorrow and tears, and the heartaches of years, Are for - ev-er gone; As re- deemed I shall stand at the Sav-ior's right hand, I'll sing the new, new song.
3. There the try - ing things will have all taken wings, We'll see them no more; For up there we shall find rest to soul and to mind, Up - on that bliss-ful shore.
4. From the vault and the blame I have borne for His name, I shall then be free; And the ly - ing tongue is for-ev - er-more dumb, For God speaks well of me!
5. His glo-ry I'll share, 'mid the an-gels so fair, As I take my seat; When near to the throne, He calls me His own, My joy will be com-plete!

CHORUS. by H. B.

Rejoice and sing, O heart of mine, No long-er murmur nor re-pine;
Rejoice, rejoice and sing, O heart, O heart of mine, No long-er mur-mur, mur-mur nor re-pine;

Toil on, nor lay thine armor down, And thou shalt wear the victor's crown.
Toil on, nor lay thine armor down, And thou shalt wear the victor's, vic-tor's crown.

35

Where He Leads I'll Follow.

W. A. O. COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY W. A. OGDEN. W. A. Ogden.

1. Sweet are the prom - is - es, Kind is the word; Dear - er far than
2. Sweet is the ten - der love Je - sus hath shown, Sweet-er far than
3. List to His lov - ing words, "Come un - to me!" Wear - y, heav - y -

an - y mes-sage man ev - er heard; Pure was the mind of Christ,
an - y love that mor - tals have known; Kind to the err - ing one,
lad - en, there is sweet rest for thee; Trust in His prom - is - es,

Sin - less, I see; He the great ex - am - ple is, and pat - tern for me.
Faith-ful is He; He the great ex - am - ple is, and pat - tern for me.
Faith-ful and sure; Lean up - on the Sav - ior, and thy soul is se-cure.

CHORUS.

Where . . . . He leads I'll fol - - - low,
Where He leads I'll fol - low, Where He leads I'll fol - low,

1 2

Fol - - - low all the way; Follow Jesus ev - 'ry day.
Fol - low all the way, yes, fol - low all the way;

36 His Grace is Sufficient for Me.

OWNED BY J. M. HUMPHREY.
BY PERMISSION.

J. M. Humphrey. George E, Bula.

1. The world is filled with sor - row And sin of ev - 'ry kind;
2. When e - vils fierce as - sail me, I look to God and pray,
3. When dear-est friends are leav - ing, And hin-dran-ces a - bound,
4. When in af - flic-tion's val - ley, Down near the Jor - dan tide,

But Je - sus sweet-ly keeps me And gives me grace to shine.
He gives me grace suf - fi - cient To keep me ev - 'ry day.
He gives me grace and cour - age, And helps me stand my ground.
He gives me joy and com - fort, And nev - er leaves my side.

CHORUS.

His grace is suf - fi - cient for me,..... To
suf - fi - cient for me,
keep me on land or sea;..... O glo - - ry to
on land or on sea; O glo - ry to Je - sus, O
rit.
Je - - sus, His grace is suf - fi-cient for me.....
praise Him to - day, suf - fi - cient for me.

37

Sing His Praise.

I. O. B.

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I. O. Brown.

1. Forward move, ye sol-diers of the liv - ing God, Sing His praise,
2. Shout a-loud, ye peo-ple, and His name a - dore, Sing His praise,
3. Be a val - iant sol-dier, rout-ing ev - 'ry sin, Sing His praise,
4. When the battle's o - ver and the con-flict's won, Sing His praise,

Sing His praise,

sing His praise;
sing His praise;
sing His praise;
sing His praise;

Lift the blood-stained banner where the saints have trod,
He shall gain the conquest, reign for - ev - er - more,
Christ, the great Je-ho - vah, will be sure to win,
Sor-row will be end - ed and our joy be - gun,

sing His praise;

CHORUS.

Sing His praise, sing His praise. Sing His praise, sing His

Sing His praise, sing His praise. Sing His praise.

praise, Let the glo - ry in your soul, sing His praise; Sing His

sing His praise, sing His praise;

praise, sing His praise, While the endless a-ges roll, sing His praise.

Sing His praise, sing His praise, sing His praise.

Able to Deliver.

W. A. O. USED BY PER. OF W. A. OGDEN, OWNER OF THE COPYRIGHT. W. A. Ogden.

1. "He is a-ble to de-liv-er," Sing the joy-ful strain, "He is a-ble to de-liv-er," Tell it out a-gain; He is a-ble to de-liv-er All that
2. He is a-ble to de-liv-er From the chains of sin, He is a-ble to de-liv-er, Shout the joy-ful strain; He is a-ble to de-liv-er, See how
3. He is a-ble to de-liv-er From the foe-man strong, He is a-ble to de-liv-er, All the jour-ney long; He is a-ble to de-liv-er, Trust Him

come to Him in faith, He is a-ble to de-liv-er E-ven
pa-tient-ly He stands! He is a-ble to de-liv-er Thee with
bold-ly, nev-er fear; He is a-ble to de-liv-er, Let the

CHORUS.

un-to death.
will-ing hands. A - - - ble to de-liv-er,
na-tions hear. A-ble to de-liv-er, He is a-ble to de-liv-er,

A - - - ble to de-liv-er, He is
A-ble to de-liv-er, He is a-ble to de-liv-er,

Able to Deliver.

a - - ble to de-liv - er All that come to Him in faith.
A - ble to de - liv- er, He is a - ble to de - liv-er

Evening Light.

R. E. W.

OWNED BY R. E. WINSETT.

R. E. Winsett.

1. Christians, awake! see, the light has come, Shining in evening as bright as morn;
2. Times of refreshing have come to all, God is now let-ting His spir - it fall;
3. Spir - it-ual signs follow saints of God, Who in a - pos-tol - ic foot-steps trod;
4. Walk in the light as it comes to you, Christians, awake, there is work to do;
5. Look and behold now the fig leaves green, Nearing the end can be plain-ly seen;

Chris-tians, a - wake! Chris-tians, a - wake!
Chris-tians, a - wake! Chris-tians, a - wake!

FINE. REFRAIN.

Now a-wake and behold evening light. The even - ing light has come,
Now a-wake and re-ceive lat-ter rain.
Wake and see ho-ly light shines for all.
O a-wake! or the light soon will pass.
Wake and watch: soon the Bride-groom will come. The even-ing light at last has come,

D.S.-*Books of proph-e-cy ful-filled at last.*

D. S.

The dark day is past, The clouds now have flown,
The dark and cloudy day is past, ev-er past, The noon-day clouds have for - ev - er flown.

The Joy of the Lord.

Neh. 8: 10.

T. H. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY THORO HARRIS. Thoro Harris.

1. The proph-et of old to his coun-try-men cried, "The joy of the
2. When noth-ing but dark-ness o'er-shad-ows thy way, "The joy of the
3. For per-fect sal-va-tion thy spir-it doth crave? "The joy of the
4. Thy Fa-ther hath noth-ing but bless-ing to give; "The joy of the
5. What-ev-er the tri-al, what-ev-er the test, "The joy of the

Lord is your strength;" Who hope in His mer-cy shall not be de-nied,
Lord is your strength;" Be-lieve in His prom-ise, be quick to o-bey:
Lord is your strength;" He's a-ble and will-ing this mo-ment to save;
Lord is your strength;" O heed but this coun-sel: His ful-ness re-ceive;
Lord is your strength;" Till thou shalt a-bide in the por-tals of rest,

REFRAIN.

The joy of the Lord is your strength. O glo-ry to God!.....
O glo-ry to God!
Re-joice in the Lord, re-joice!

Thru Him we shall con-quer at length;.... Keep al-way re-
hal-le-lu-jah!

rit.

joic-ing, His word stand-eth sure, The joy of the Lord is your strength.

41

He Answers Prayer.

T. H.

Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris.

Thoro Harris.

1. On Him who watch - es o - ver all I cast my weight of care,
2. Sometimes I wait full many a year, Sometimes 'tis then and there
3. Sometimes a - far He bids me "go"—But He'll go with me there;
4. And so, sub-mis - sive to His will, His blessing I would share;

1. As - sured He hears me when I call, And always answers prayer. (I know)
2. His answ'ring message I can hear; God always answers prayer. (I know)
3. If He says "stay," I'm glad 'tis so; Love always answers prayer. (I know)
4. With trusting heart I seek Him still Who always answers prayer. (I know)

p REFRAIN.

He always answers prayer, Someway, sometime, somewhere; Tho' sometimes

'tis "Yea," and sometimes 'tis "Nay;" Tomorrow, perhaps—it may be to - day;

But whether 'tis "Go" or whether 'tis "Stay," God always answers prayer.

42 By His Stripes We Are Healed.

T. H. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY THORO HARRIS. Thoro Harris.

1. O the wondrous pow'r of the Savior's love Un - to sin - ners is now re-
2. There in Pi-late's hall see the Guiltless One: How the hearts of His foes were
3. His a - ton-ing blood still a - vails to - day: For the king-dom be saved and
4. Turn, O turn from sin, let the Sav - ior in, Bow the heart, in con-tri - tion

vealed; Ev - 'ry ling'ring pain Je - sus can remove: Praise the Lord, by His stripes
steeled 'Gainst the Gift of God, His be - lov-ed Son! Praise the Lord, by His stripes
sealed; In the opened fount wash thy sins a-way–Praise the Lord, by His stripes
yield To the Spir-it's pow'r this ac-cept-ed hour: Praise the Lord, by His stripes

CHORUS.

we are healed. By His stripes we are healed, By His stripes we are
By His stripes we are healed, By His stripes

healed; On His guiltless head All our sins were laid, By His stripes we are healed.
we are healed;

43 Victory Thru the Blood.

L. C. H. Copyright, 1915, L. C. Hall. L. C. HALL.

1. In trav-'ling thru this coun-try, Where tri-als hard we meet, There is a
2. When Sa - tan would oppose us, And stop us if he could, We look a-
3. Then shout a-loud the ti-dings, And tell the news a-broad, There is a
4. And when our jour-ney's o-ver, And all the conflict's past, We'll shout a-
5. Why don't you come, poor sin-ner, And find the Word is true, That all who

thought to cheer us, Our vic - t'ry is com-plete; 'Tis found a - lone in
way to Je - sus, The Au-thor of all good. At once He sends the
place of vic - t'ry, Be-neath the cleansing flood. And so we trust in
loud for - ev - er, That we are home at last. And in that Ho - ly
come be - liev - ing, He'll cleanse them thru and thru. Then you can join the

Je - sus, Be-neath the cleans-ing flood; O glo-ry, hal-le-lujah! There's
pow - er, And to our aid He comes; O glo-ry, hal-le-lujah! There's
Je - sus, For by our side He's stood; O glo-ry, hal-le-lujah! There's
Cit - y, At last re-deemed we come, We'll shout aloud for-ev-er, There's
cho - rus, The one of end - less praise; O glo-ry, hal-le-lujah! There's

D. S.—*O glo - ry, hal-le-lu-jah! There's*

Fine. CHORUS.

vic-t'ry thru the blood.
vic-t'ry thru the blood.
vic-t'ry thru the blood. There's vic-t'ry thru the blood, There's vic-t'ry thru the blood;
vic-t'ry thru the biood.
vic-t'ry thru the blood.

vic-t'ry thru the blood.

44

Filled With the Spirit.

L. C. H.

COPYRIGHT, 1915. BY L. C. HALL.

L. C. Hall.

1. "These are not drunk with wine, as ye sup - pose" Said Pe - ter on the day of Pen - te - cost, Seeing it is but the third hour of the day,
2. John, the fore-run - ner, cried a - loud and said, "In wat - er I bap- tize; there cometh One Who shall baptize you in the Ho - ly Ghost:
3. And just be-fore the Sav - ior left the world, He said to them "The Com-fort - er I'll send, Go ye and tar - ry at Je - ru - sa - lem,
4. And, too, the great A - pos - tle Paul has said, Not drunk with wine, where- in is all ex - cess, But be ye fill - ed with the Ho - ly Ghost;
5. And so throughout the whole wide world to-day, Up - on all flesh, He's pour - ing out the Gift; Both old and young, the ser-vant and the maid,

CHORUS.

But these are fill - ed with the Spir - it.
Have ye receiv'd the wondrous blessing?
For there ye shall re - ceive The Prom-ise.
And so ye will if ye o - bey Him.
A - like re - ceive the bless - ed Spir - it.

Not drunk with wine, [but

filled with the Spir-it, Filled with the Spir - it, Filled with the Spir- it;

ff

Not drunk with wine, but filled with the Spirit, Filled with the Spir-it, Praise God!

45 God Lives Within My Soul.

T. H. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY THORO HARRIS. Thoro Harris.

1. This sa-cred truth means more to me Than aught on earth could ev-er be:
2. God man-i-fest in form of man, Once wro't redemption's wondrous plan;
3. Tho' I am weak, yet He is strong; He is my life, my joy, my song;
4. And heav'n seems not some far-off place, Since e-ven here, thru sav-ing grace,
5. When He shall bid me "come up hig'r," I'll sing with all the ran-somed choir;

That now, and thru e-ter-ni-ty, God lives with-in my soul.
Com-plet-ing what He then be-gan, God lives with-in my soul.
And tho' the night be dark and long, God lives with-in my soul.
In fan-cy I be-hold His face Who lives with-in my soul.
But then than now He'll be no nigh'r—God lives with-in my soul!

CHORUS.

With-in my soul, With-in my soul;
He lives with-in my rapt-ured soul, I yield Him ab-so-lute con-trol;
His Spir-it guides, for He a-bides With-in my soul.

46 The Sunset Route to Glory.

James Rowe.—T. H. Copyright, 1915, by W. B. Rose, Agent Thero Harris.

1. Would you leave the land of sin? Peace and com - fort would you win? Do you
Here's the train: so ask the Lord For a pass, and come on board; Take the
2. Je - sus is the En - gi - neer; So there's not a thing to fear, For the
Rays of glo - ry from the throne Light the path we jour-ney on, Shin - ing
3. An - gels from the world of light, Roy - al ser-vants robed in white, Spread the
"Hon - ey from the rock" to eat, And "the fin - est of the wheat," Priceless
4. Hear the songs of cheer that ring From the chil - dren of the King! Fel - low
For one fam - 'ly blest are they By the grace of God to - day, Joined by
5. Give the En - gi - neer your heart, And be read - y now to start, Do not
Death may reach you if you wait, Heav'n may close the entrance gate; Heed the

1. care no more in darkness drear to roam? sunset glory route for "Home, sweet home."
2. road is in con-di-tion all the way: "more and more un - to the per - fect day."
3. ta - ble with the fruits of Ca-naan land: dainties from the Mas-ter's gracious hand.
4. pas - sen-gers congenial these must be; love di - vine for all e - ter - ni - ty.
5. wait to take the train a sin - gle day; warn-ing, come on board and speed a-way.

CHORUS.

Take the sun-set route to glo - ry, Take the sun - set route to glo - ry, In the

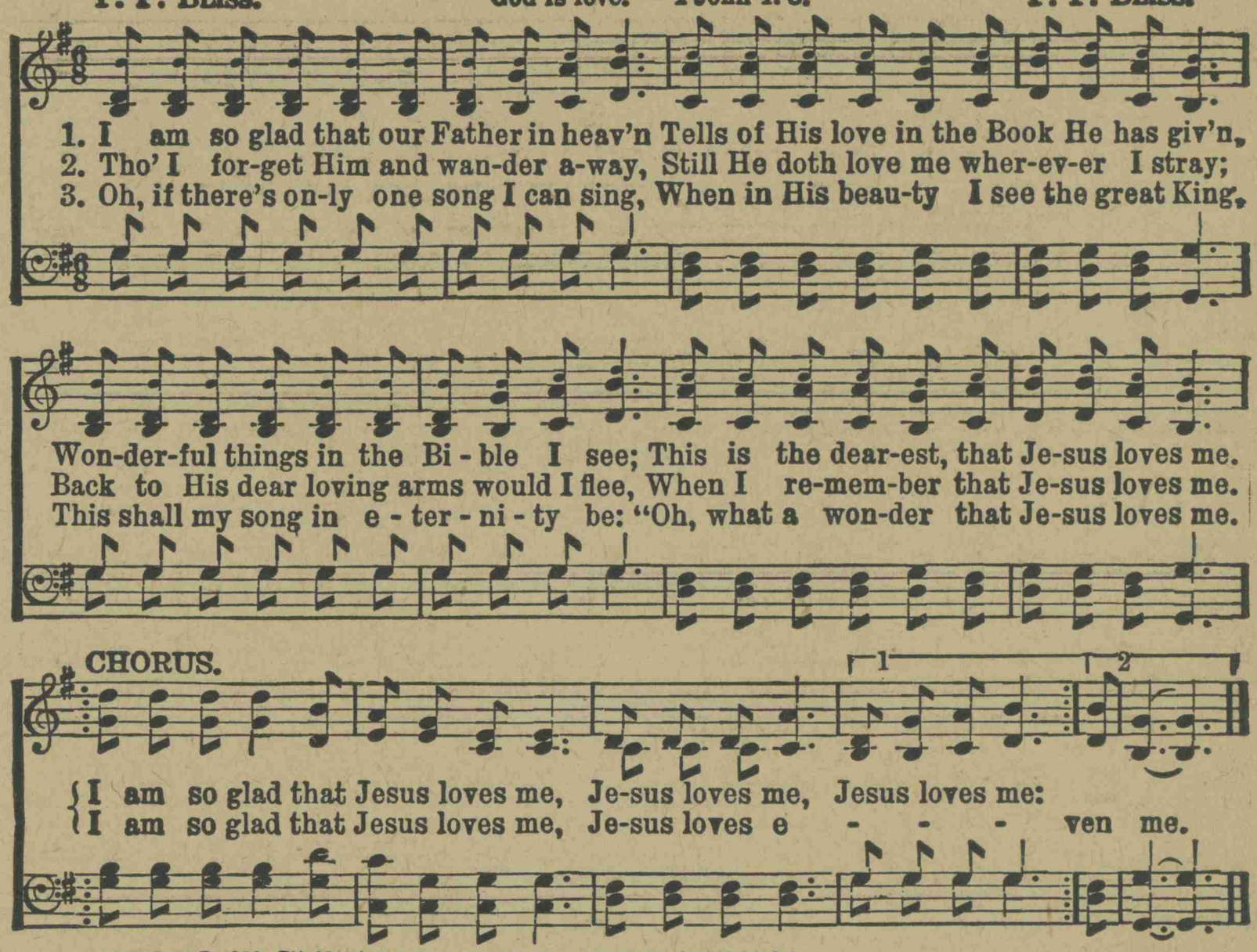
TUTTI.

sin - ful shad-ow-land no long - er roam; Hark! the starting bell is ring - ing,

And the pas-sen-gers are singing; Take the sunset glory route for "Home, sweet home."

47 Jesus Loves Even Me.

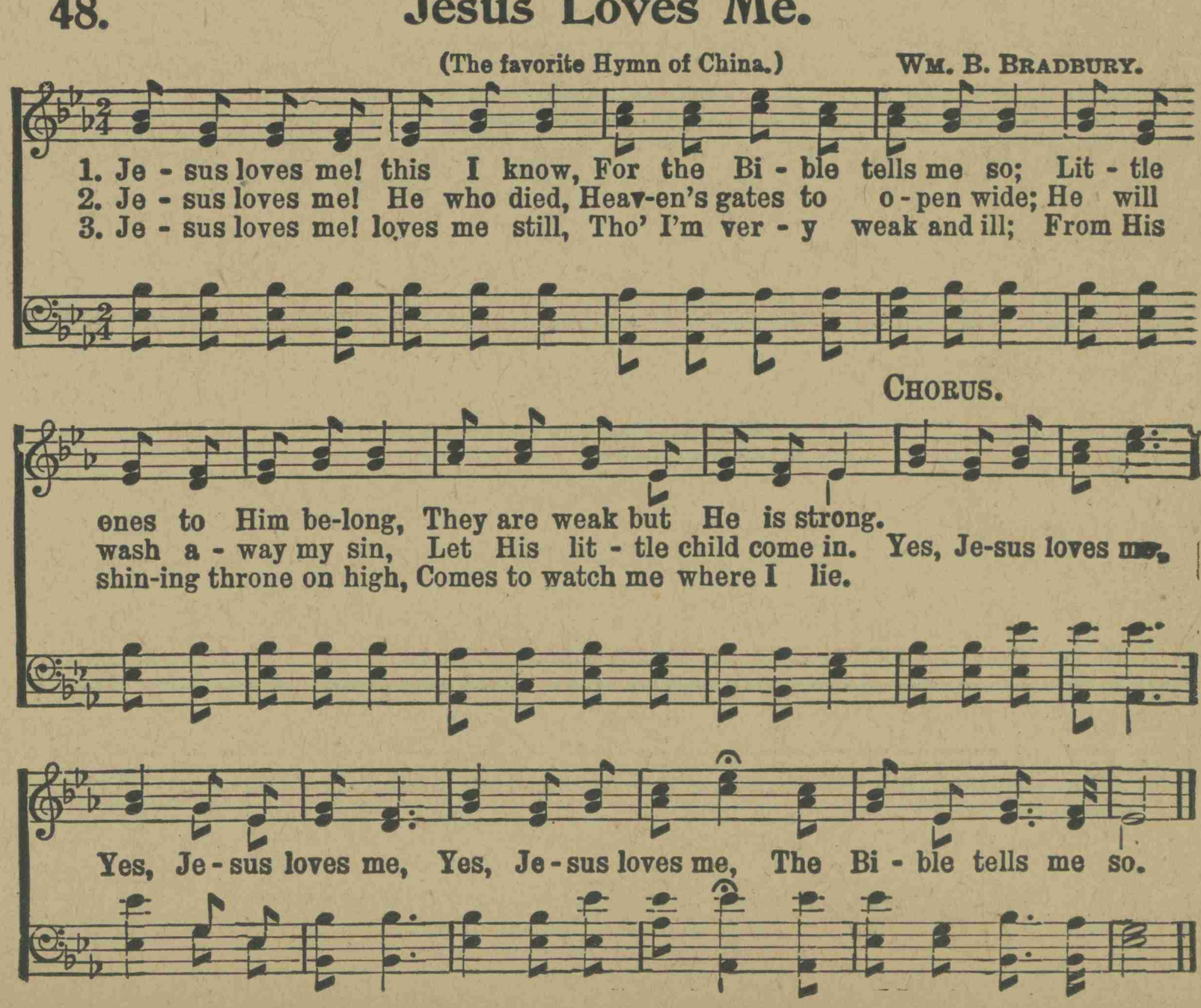
P. P. BLISS. "God is love."—1 John 4: 8. P. P. BLISS.



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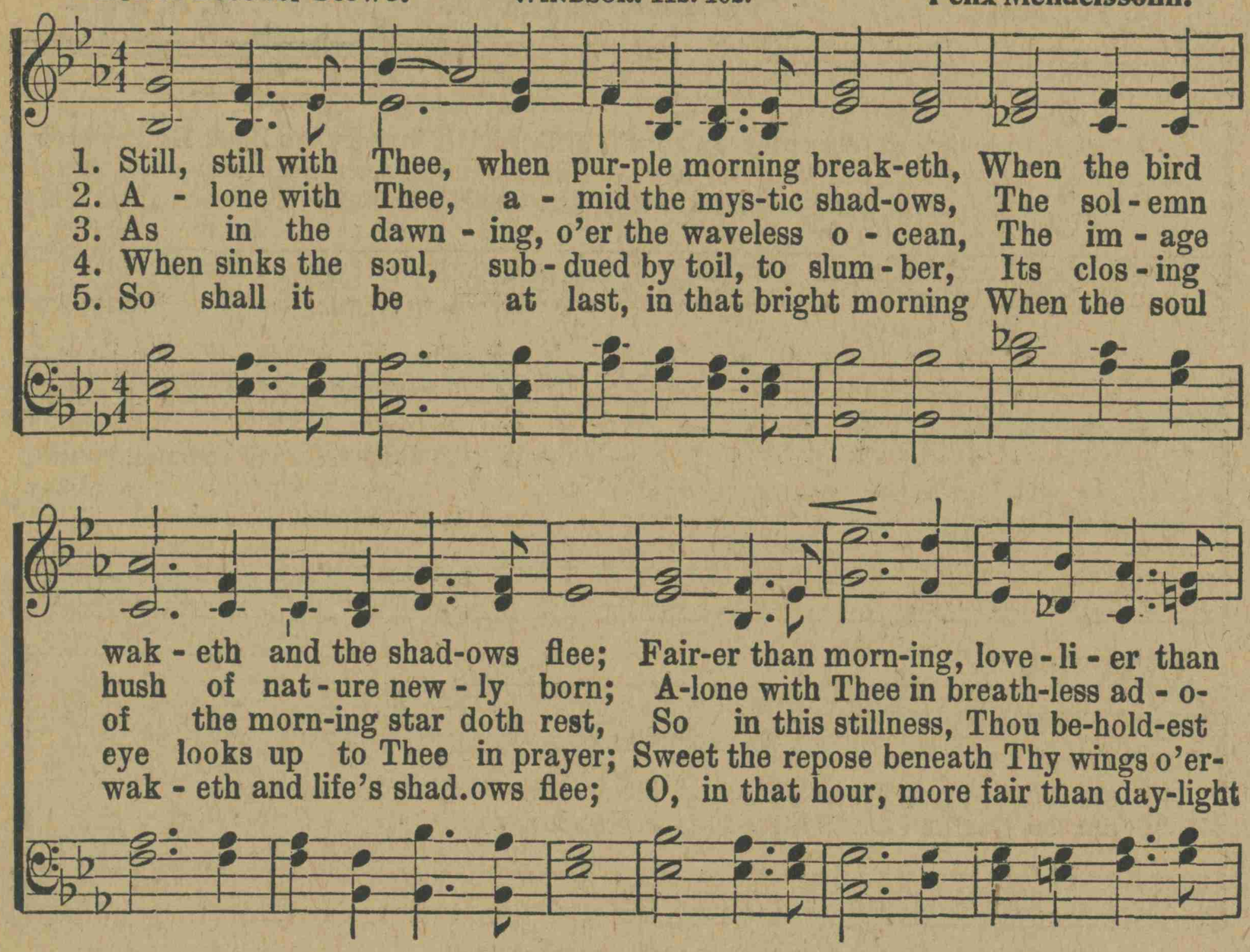
48. Jesus Loves Me.

(The favorite Hymn of China.) WM. B. BRADBURY.



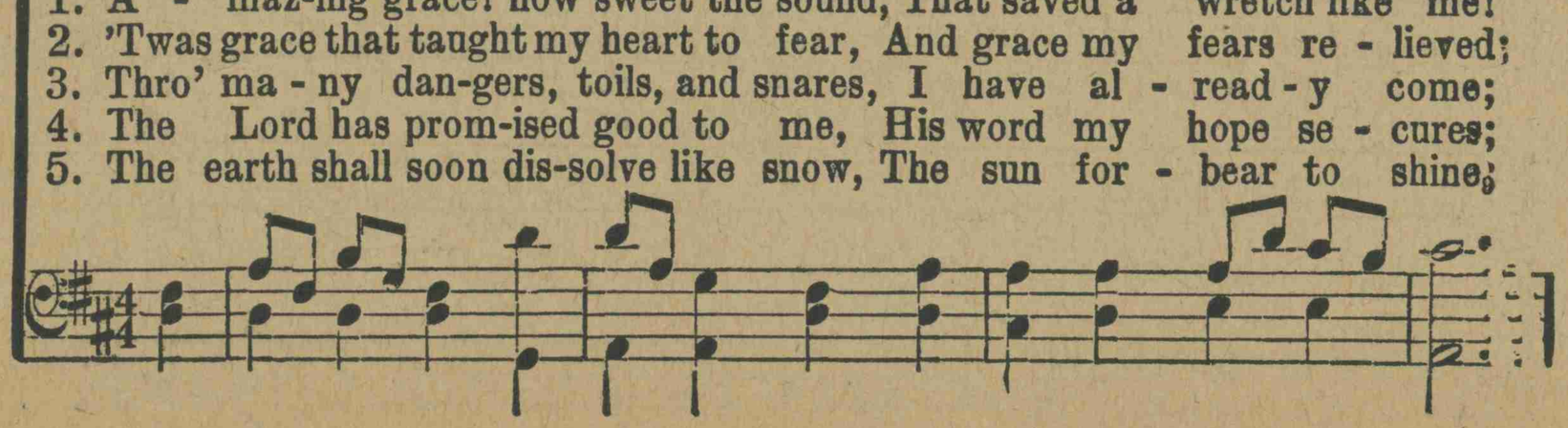
49 Still, Still With Thee.

Harriett Beecher Stowe. WINDSOR. 11s. 10s. **Felix Mendelssohn.**

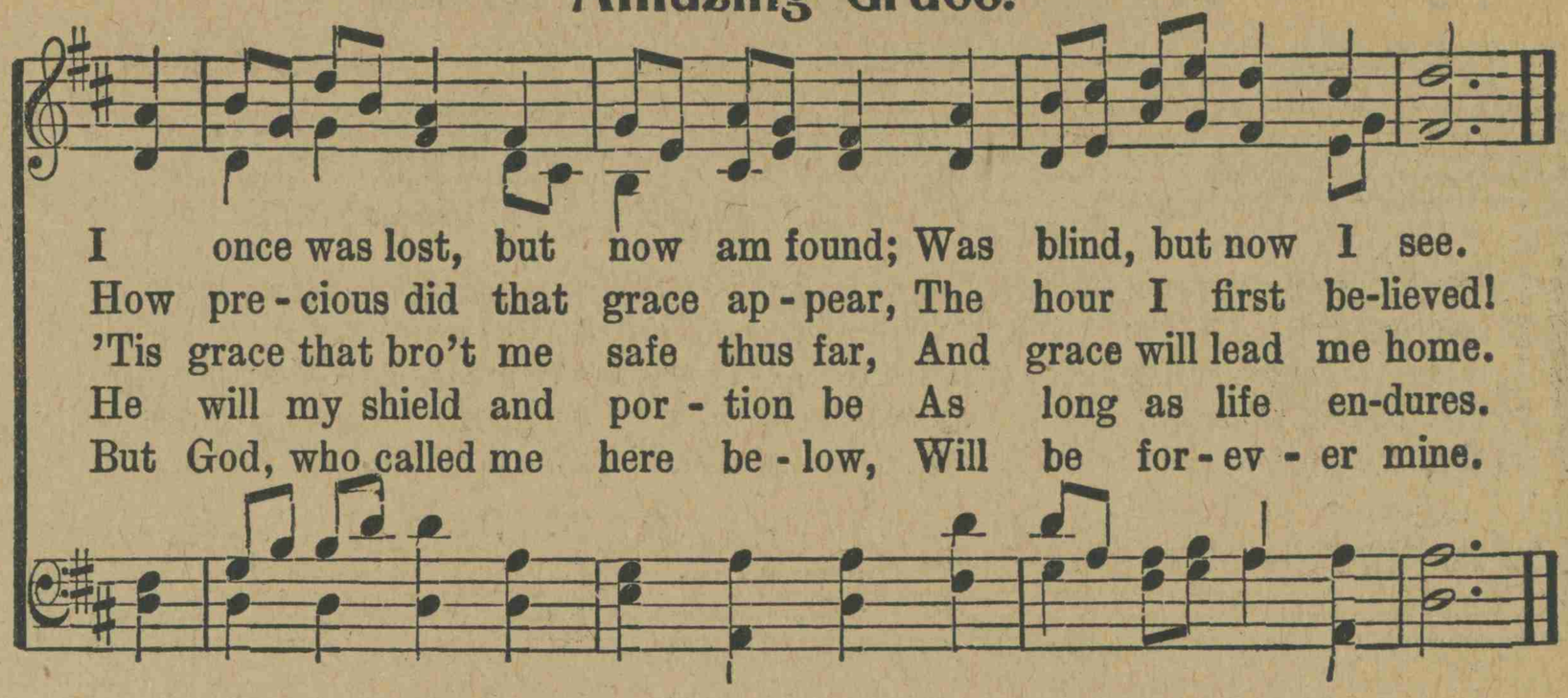


50 Amazing Grace!

John Newton. WARWICK. C. M. **Samuel Stanley.**



Amazing Grace!



'51 Have Thine Own Way, Lord!

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A. A. P. Geo. C. Stebbins.



52 I'm Happy With Jesus Alone.

C. P. J. C. P. JONES. OWNER. Chas. P. Jones.

1. There's nothing so precious as Je-sus to me; Let earth with its treasures be gone;
2. When sinful and doomed to a life of de-spair, No light on my pathway to shine,
3. When nothing but death for my ransom could pay, And make me ac-cept-ed with God,
4. 'Twas Jesus who called me and showed me the way To peace upon earth and in heav'n;
5. Should father and mother forsake me be-low, My bed upon earth be a stone,

FINE.

I'm rich as can be when my Sav-ior I see; I'm hap-py with Jesus a - lone.
'Twas Jesus who found me and made me an heir To mansions of glo-ry di - vine.
'Twas Je-sus who freely Himself made a prey And ransomed my soul with His blood.
'Tis Jesus who teaches me dai-ly to pray, And walk in the light He has giv'n.
I'll cling to my Savior, He loves me, I know; I'm hap-py with Jesus a - lone.

D.S.—*Tho' poor and deserted, thank God, I can say I'm hap-py with Je-sus a - lone.*

CHORUS. D. S.

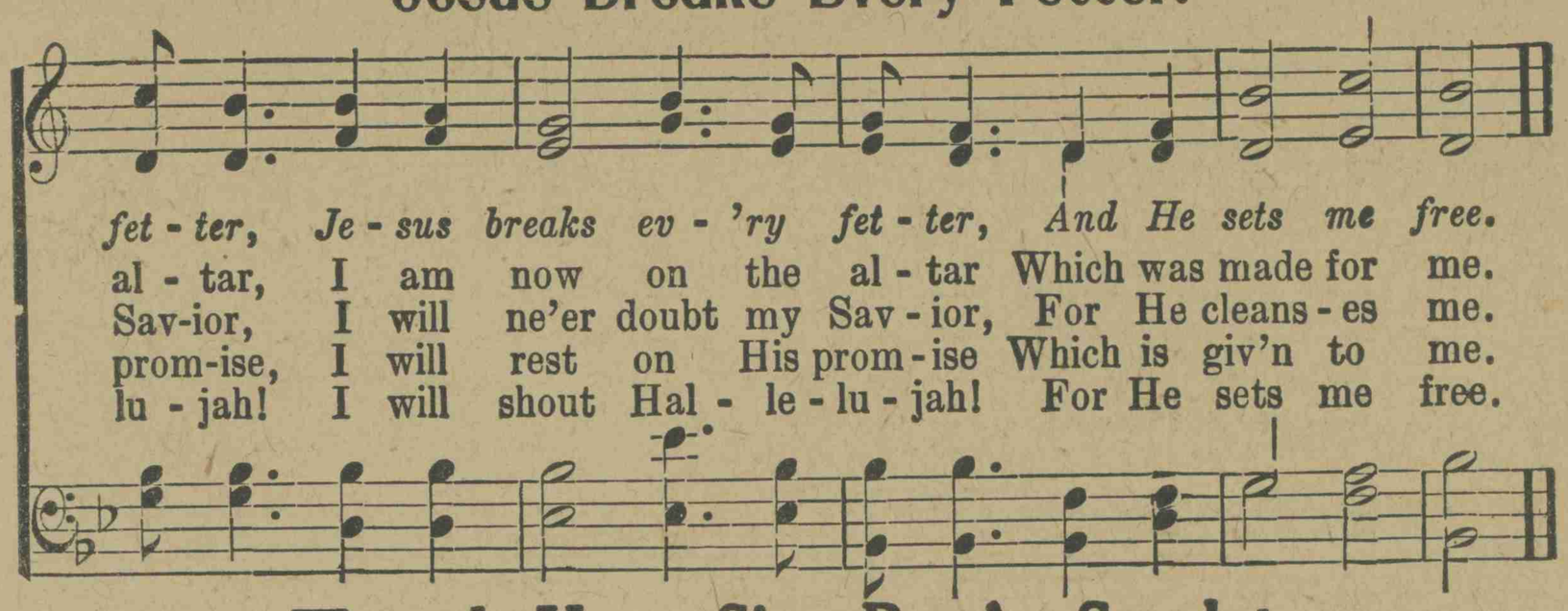
I'm hap-py with Jesus a - lone, I'm hap-py with Je - sus a - lone;
a-lone, a-lone;

53 Jesus Breaks Every Fetter.

CHO.—*Je - sus breaks ev - 'ry fet - ter, Je - sus breaks ev - 'ry*

1. I am now on the al - tar, I am now on the
2. I will ne'er doubt my Sav - ior, I will ne'er doubt my
3. I will rest on His prom - ise, I will rest on His
4. I will shout Hal - le - lu - jah! I will shout Hal - le-

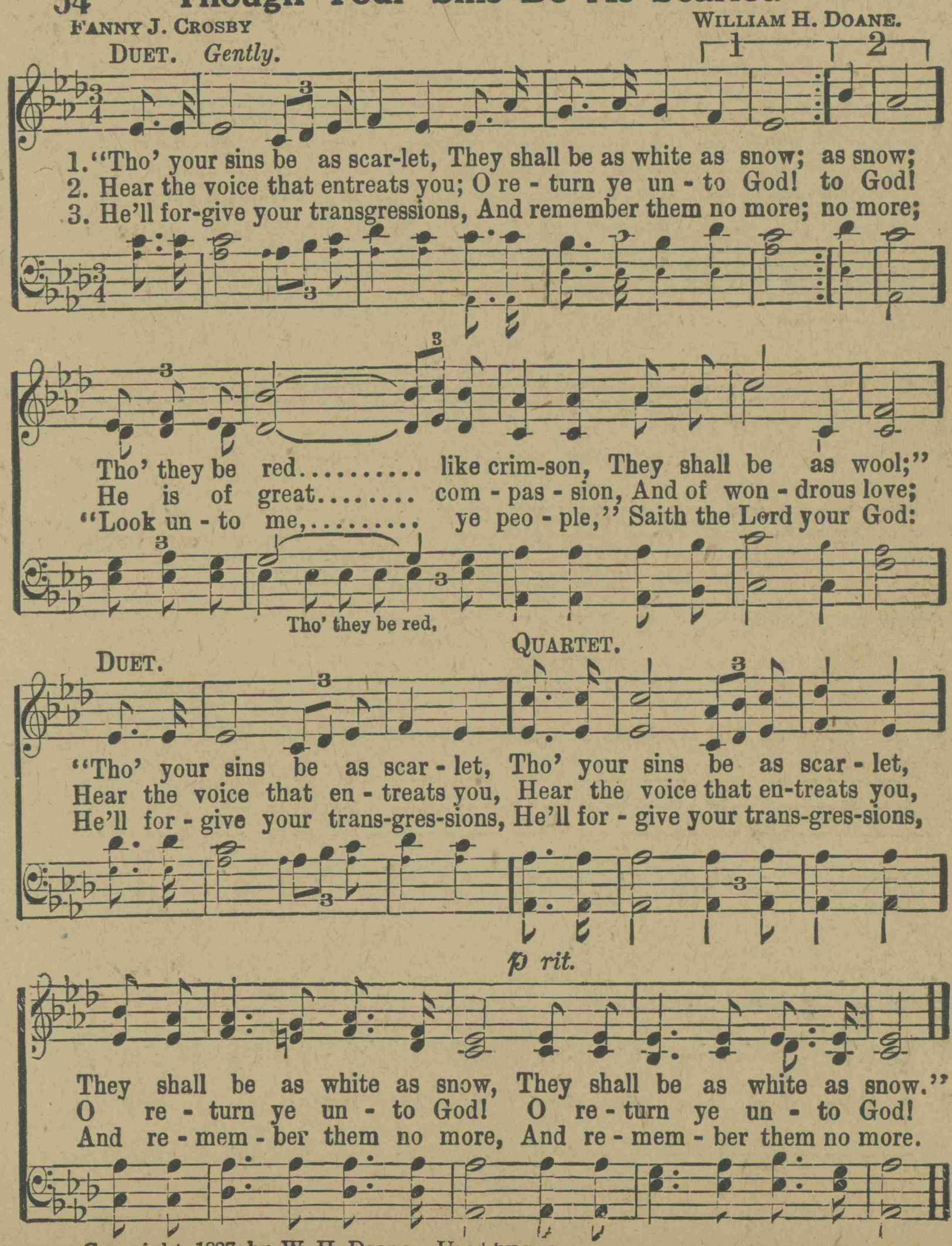
Jesus Breaks Every Fetter.



54 Though Your Sins Be As Scarlet.

FANNY J. CROSBY

WILLIAM H. DOANE.



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55 Precious Blood.

Wm. McDonald. Harmony by Thoro Harris. J. H. Stockton.

1. The cross! the blood-stain'd cross! The hal - lowed cross I see!
2. A thou - sand fount-ains spring Up from the throne of God;
3. That blood my ran - som paid, While I in bond - age stood;
4. This theme will best em - ploy My harp be - fore my God,

Re - mind - ing me of pre-cious blood That once was shed for me.
But none to me such blessings bring, As Je - sus' pre - cious blood.
On Je - sus all my sins were laid, He saved me with His blood.
And make all heav'n resound with joy, For Je - sus' cleans-ing blood.

CHORUS.

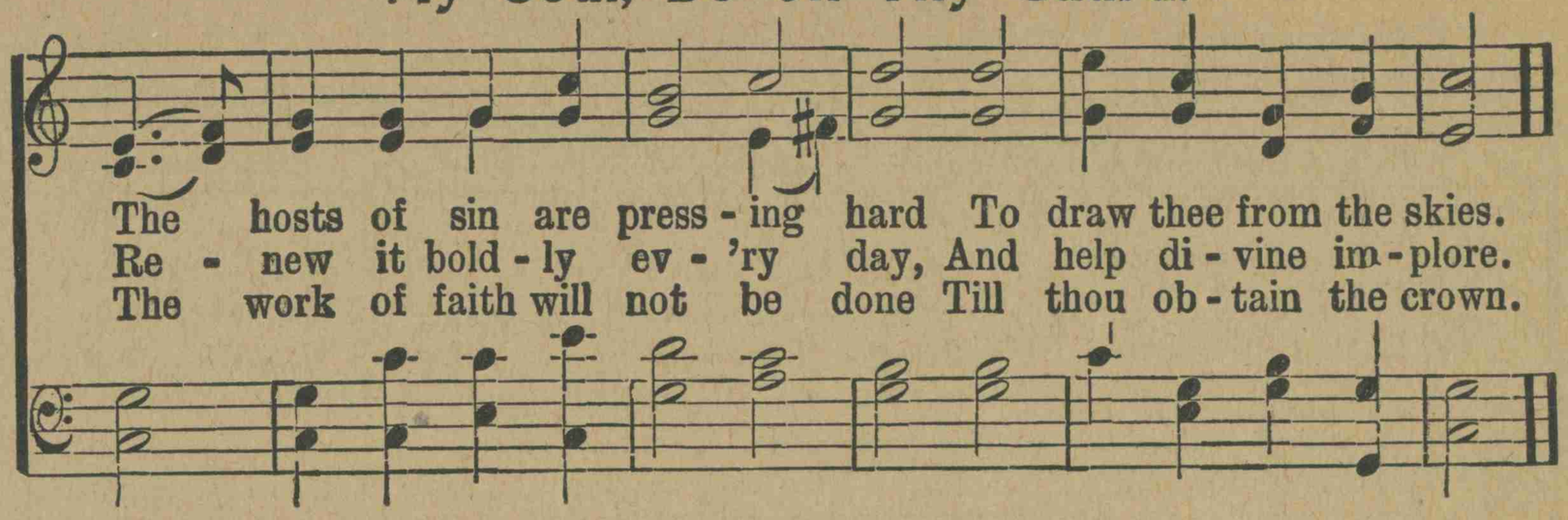
O the blood! the pre-cious blood That Je - sus shed for me, (for me,)
Up - on the cross, in crim-son flood, Just now by faith I see.

56 My Soul, Be On Thy Guard.

Lowell Mason.

1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thou - sand foes a - rise;
2. O watch, and fight and pray; The bat - tle ne'er give o'er;
3. Ne'er think the vic - t'ry won, Nor lay thine ar - mor down;

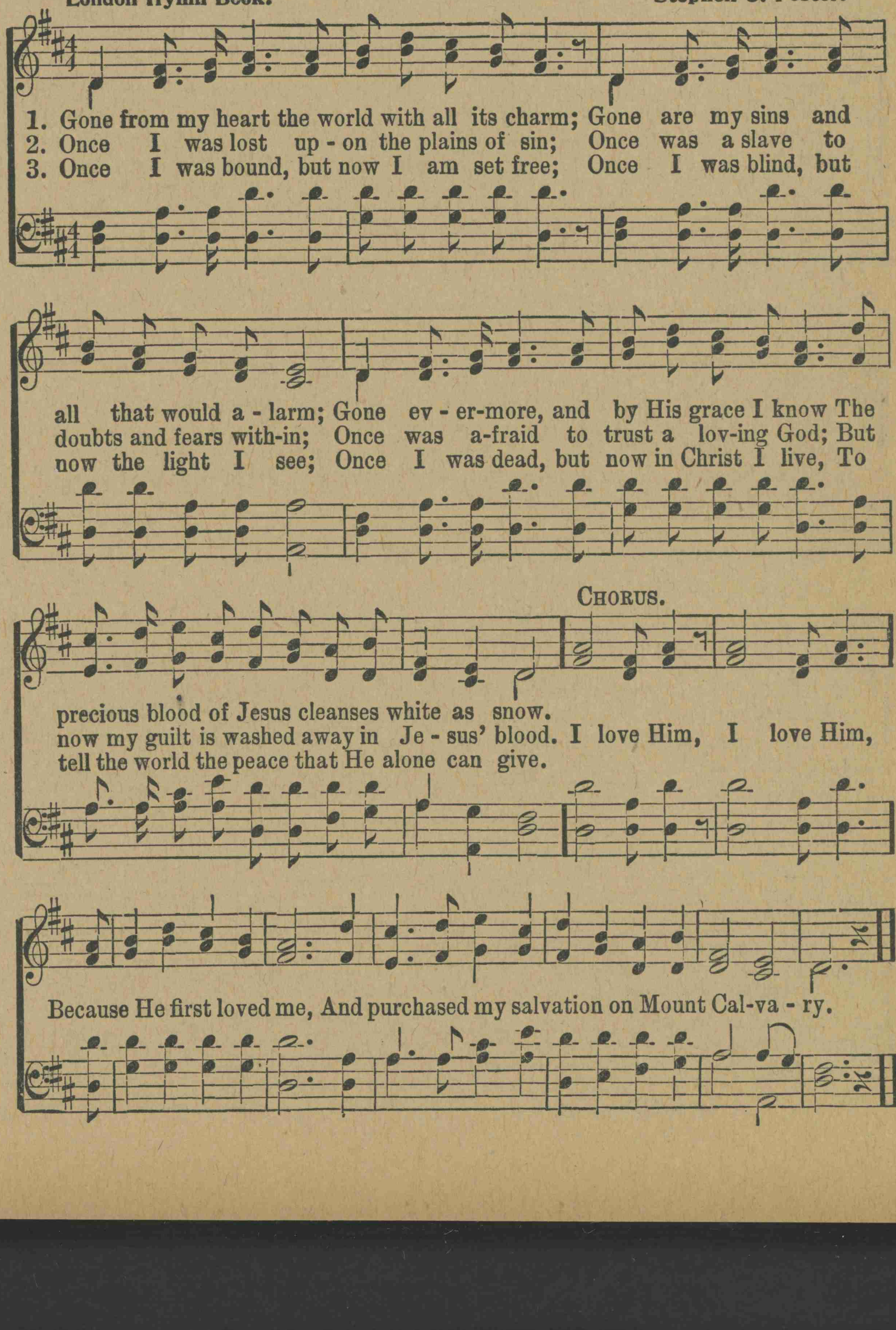
My Soul, Be On Thy Guard.



57

I Love Him.

London Hymn Book. Stephen C. Foster.



One With Christ.

Herbert Buffum. COPYRIGHT. 1915. BY L. C. HALL. L. C. Hall.

1. Made one with Christ, O what a bliss-ful un - ion, Made one with Him, what
2. One in His suff'ring, one in pain and sor-row; He gives the cross to-
3. One in the mind of Him when He was dy-ing; One with Him in the
4. One with Him now, while o'er the lost He's yearning; One with Him when to

bless - ed, sweet com-mun - ion! One thru the blood, that poured from Calv'ry's
day, the crown to - mor - row; One in re-proach and one to share His
tomb where He was ly - ing; One with Him in His heav-en - ly as-
earth He is re - turn - ing; One with Him while the throne He is re-

mount-ain; Praise Him for - ev - er, for the cleans-ing fount-ain!
glo - ry; Long as life lasts, I'll tell the bless - ed sto - ry.
cen - sion; One on the throne, what won-drous con - de - scen-sion!
gain - ing; One for a thous-and years of earth - ly reign-ing.

CHORUS.

Made one with him..... who died for me,..... One thru the
One with Him, who died for me,

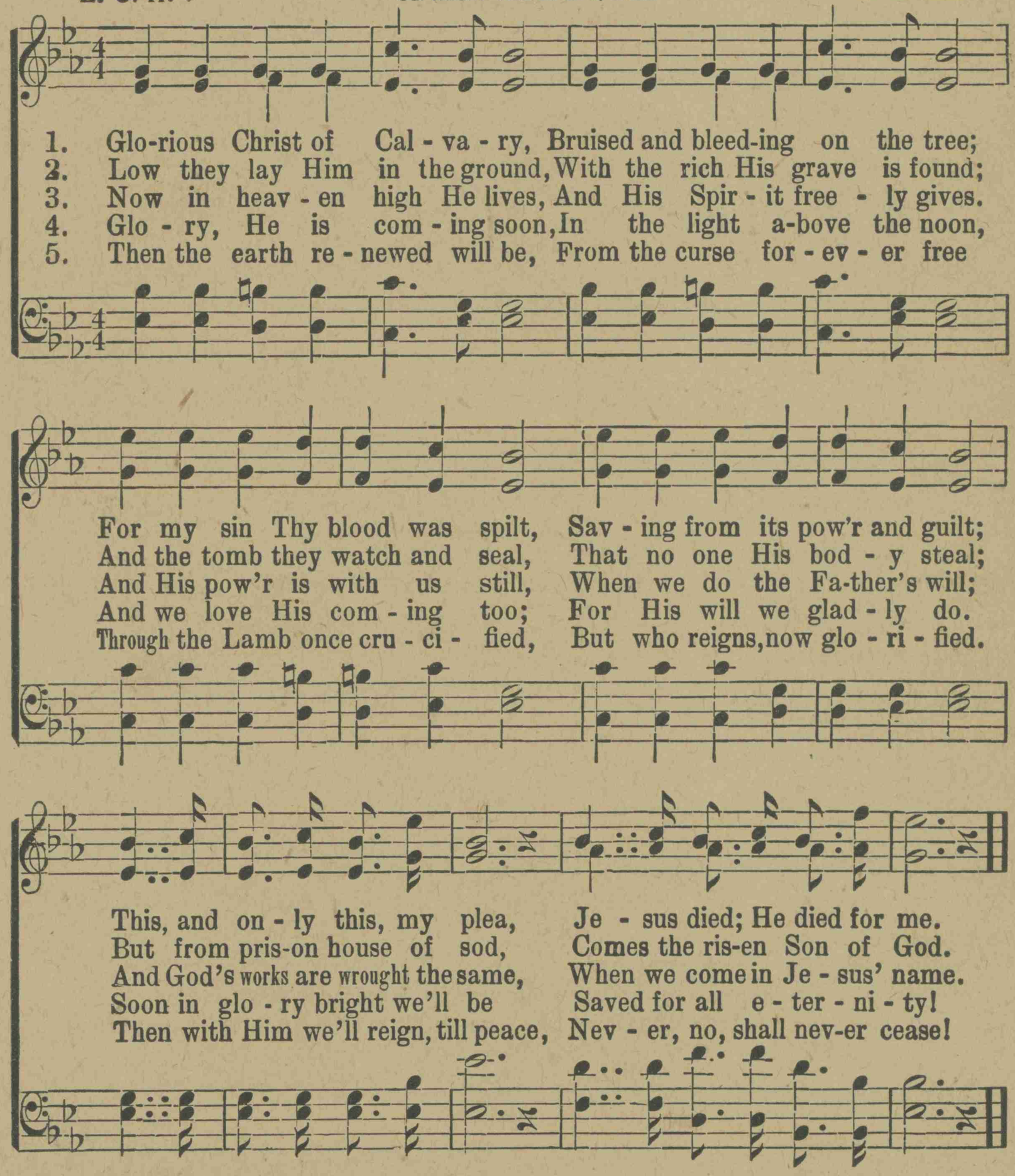
blood..... from Cal - va - ry;..... Made one with Him, I
One thru the blood, from Cal - va - ry;

One With Christ.



59 Glorious Christ of Galvary.

L. C. H. CGPYRIGHT. 1915. BY L. C. HALL. L. C. Hall.



60 What He Has Done for Others.

T. H. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY THORO HARRIS. Thoro Harris.

1. A full and free sal-va-tion the King pro-vides for all,—'Tis not by
2. The an-gels hov-er o'er you, the pa-tient Sav-ior waits Be-side you
3. No mat-ter how dis-cour-aged, if you will look a-bove, And on-ward
4. O trust Him, ful-ly trust Him! com-mit to Him your life; He'll keep you
5. On yon-der hills of glo-ry, up-on a death-less shore, A crown a-

works our hands can do;
in your nar-row pew;
still the path pur-sue,
all the jour-ney thru;
waits your wond'ring view;

If you this ver-y moment on His dear name will
He los-es all the blessing who falters and de-
In Je-sus' arms en-cir-cled, con-fid-ing in His
In ev-'ry hour of con-flict, in all the bit-ter
You'll en-ter that fair cit-y to sor-row nev-er-

CHORUS.

call, What He has done for others He will do for you.
bates, What Christ has done for others let Him do for you.
love, What He has done for others He will do for you. For you, yes, for you! His
strife, What He has done for others He will do for you.
more, And find a fadeless mansion there reserved for you.

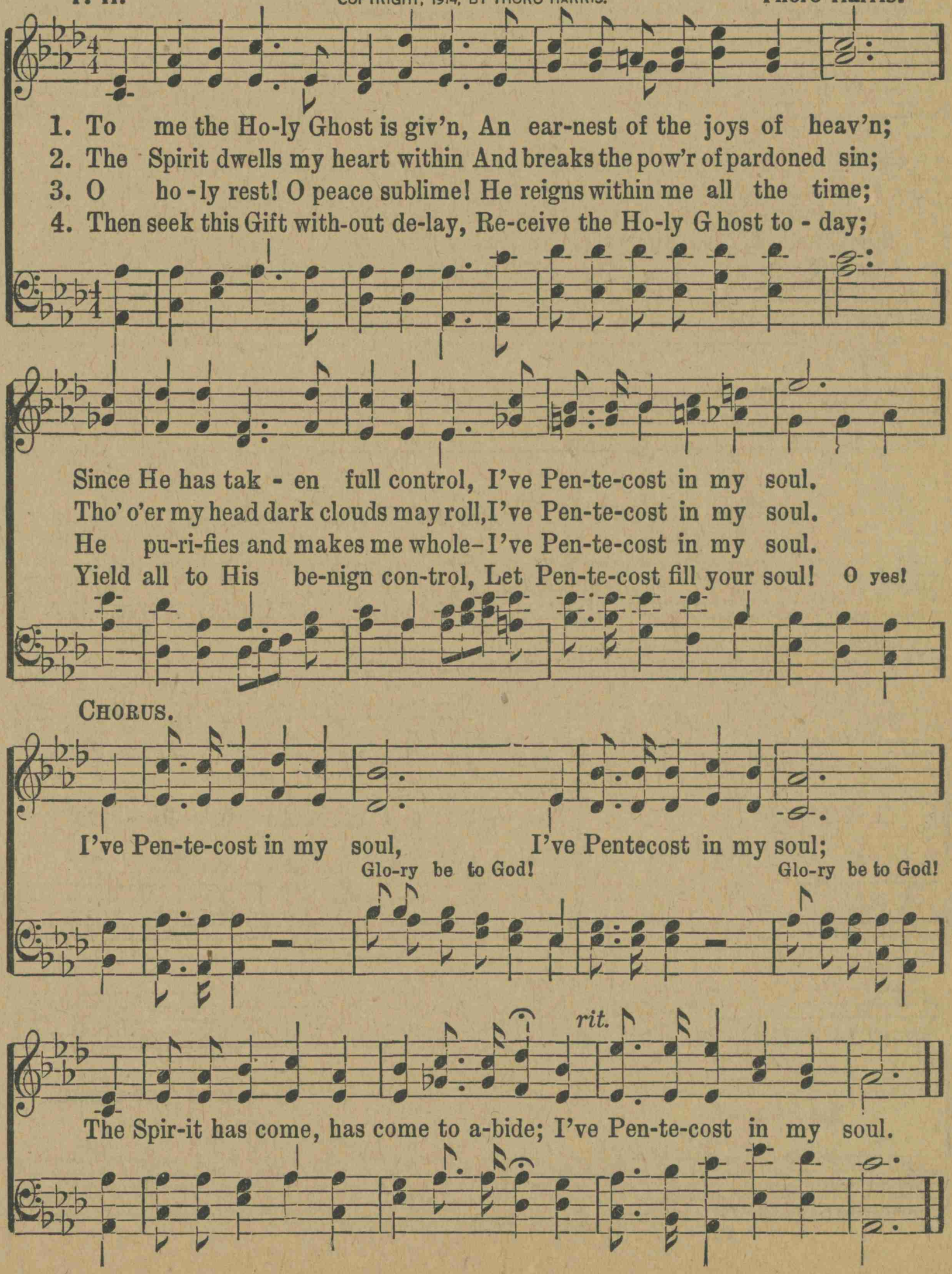
prom-ise is true; Now let the Savior enter and your heart re-new; O glo-ry,
wayward heart renew. O glory, glo-ry,

What He Has Done for Others.



61 Pentecost in My Soul.

T. H. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY THORO HARRIS. Thoro Harris.



In His Name.

L. C. H.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY L. C. HALL.

L. C. Hall.

1. Hope is sing - ing soft - ly, In her sweetest strain; Won't you hear the tidings,
2. When our foes op-press us Hard on ev - 'ry hand; Then we prove Him faithful,
3. Thus we fight our bat - tles, Thus our vic-t'ries win, Thus we go re-joic - ing,
4. Then at last tri-umph-ant, With all bat-tles won, We shall come re-joic - ing

Of this glad re-frain? He that o - ver-com - eth, Thro' His grace pro-claim,
By di-vine com-mand; If to men or de-mons, Loud - ly we pro-claim;
O - ver-com - ing sin; Thus we lift our voic - es, Joy - ful - ly pro-claim,
When He says, "Well done;" As we see the saved ones, Loud-ly we'll ac - claim,

f. FINE. CHORUS.

We are more than conq'rors, In His might-y name. In His name!

In His name!

D.S.-*We are more than conq'rors, In His might-y name.*

In His name! We shall o - ver-come in Je - sus'

Je - sus' name,

rit. D. S.

name; Bear the joy - ful ti - dings, ev - 'ry-where pro-claim,

Hal-le - lu - jah!

63

"Amen" to Jesus.

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. My yield - ed heart says "yes" to Je - sus, "A-
2. The strug - gle past, the bat - tle o - ver, Not
3. "A - men," what-ev - er my con - di - tion, For
4. "A - men," dear Lord, "A-men" for - ev - er, My

men" to all of his sweet will; This vain, vain world no long-er
mine, but thine a-lone to be; A love - slave to re-main for-
sor - row's path thyself hast trod; And well I know these light af-
all a - ban-doned un-to thee; Thy grace I know will fail me

pleas - es, But Christ doth all my vi - sion fill.
ev - er, A cap - tive, yet than bird more free.
flic - tions Are step-ping-stones which lead to God.
nev - er; I'll be what thou wouldst have me be.

CHORUS.

I love thee, I love thee, My Life, my Light, my Star, my Sun; With

joy I haste to fol - low thee, For-ev-er-more "thy will be done.

rit.

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"It is Finished."

L. C. H.

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L. C. Hall.

1. "It is finished," hear the cry, Of the Sav - ior cru - ci - fied,
2. "It is finished," bear the news, Tell the ti - dings all a - round,
3. "It is finished," all the curse, By my Lord was borne for me,
4. "It is finished"—sound His praise, It is fin-ished, praise His name,

Then the dark-ness com - eth down, Je - sus bowed His head and died,
That the price in full is paid, Since in Christ we have been fonnd,
All my sick-ness, all my sin, Nailed with Him, un - to the tree,
"It is fin - ished", tell the news, It is fin-ished, loud pro-claim,

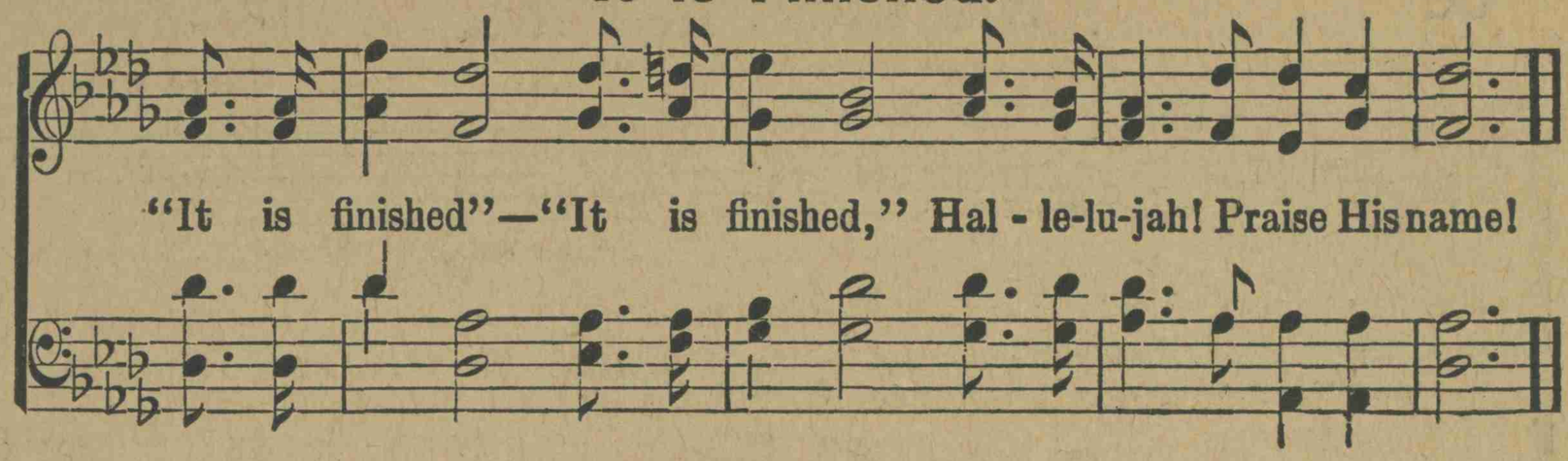
Died that you and I might live, Live to Him for - ev - er - more,
O, the ful-ness of this grace, And in Him we are com - plete,
I with Him was cru - ci - fied, In the tomb with Him was laid,
"It is fin-ished," all is paid, "It is fin-ished," Lord by Thee,

Bless - ed life with Christ in God, Bless - ed rest the war - fare o'er.
Since by Him the price was paid, With His grace we are re - plete.
Now I'm ris - en with my Lord, Liv - ing by His help and aid.
"It is fin-ished," on the cross, "It is fin-ished," now for me.

CHORUS.

"It is fin - ished," "It is fin-ished," Hal - le - lu-jah! Praise His Name!

It is Finished.

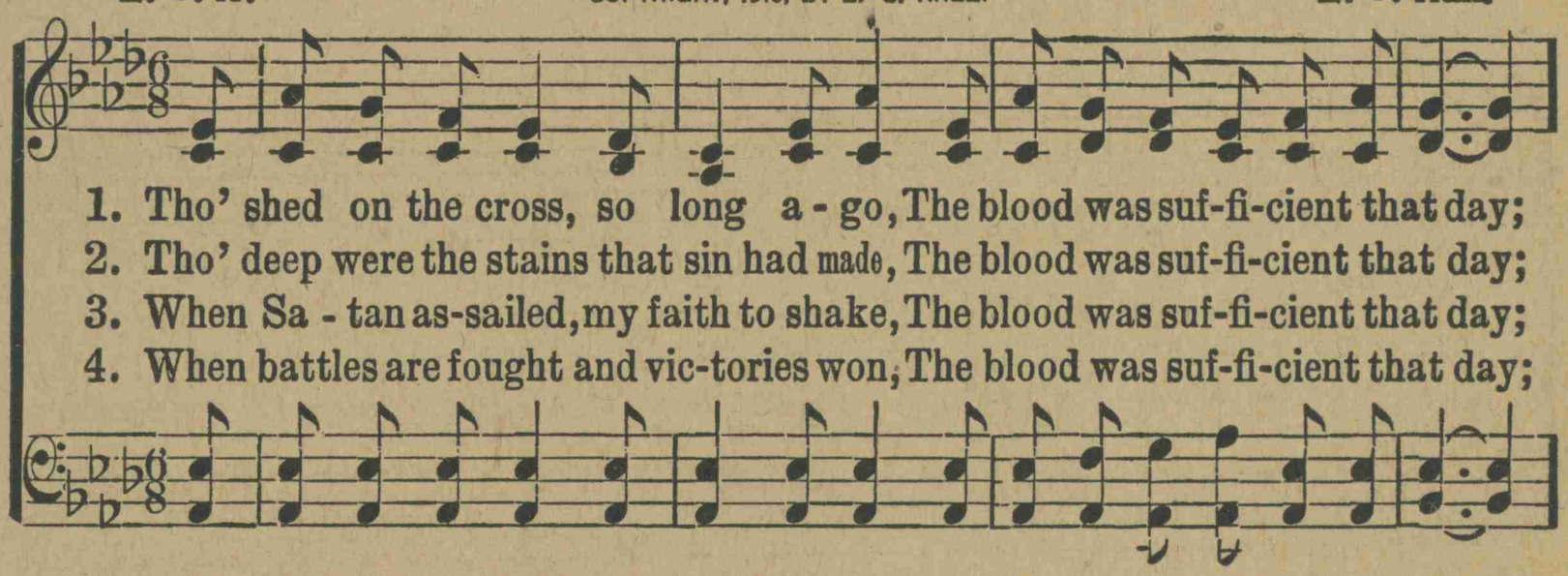


65 The Blood is Sufficient.

L. C. H.

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L. C. Hall.



66

His Hand in Mine.

James Rowe.

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Thoro Harris.

1. Close to my Re-deem - er, homeward go - ing, Walk-ing in the sun-light of love di - vine, Joy and praise my hap - py heart o'er-flow - ing, Hold-ing fast His
2. Close to my Re-deem - er, noth - ing fear - ing, E - ven when the bil - lows a - round me roll; For His ten - der voice is al - ways cheer-ing, Keeping strong my
3. Close to my Re-deem - er, naught can harm me; On His pre-cious life I may now de - pend; All the host of sin could not a - larm me— He will hold me

REFRAIN.

hand in mine (His hand in mine).
trust - ing soul (my trust - ing soul). Close to my Re-deem - er, trust - ing
to the end (un - to the end).

ev - er, List'ning to His words of love di - vine, Nev - er will I doubt Him,

Nev - er walk with-out Him, Close to my Re-deem-er with His wounded hand in mine.

67 The Spirit Beareth Witness.

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T. H. Rom. 8: 16, 17. **Thoro Harris.**

1. How wondrous is His grace and con-de-scen-sion Who left the Father's home of love and light, And gave His spot-less life for our re-
2. There's nothing in this world should ever please us But ser- vice for our bless- ed Lord and King, To con - se - crate our lives un - to our
3. O soul, why not be-lieve the gos-pel sto - ry, And find a-mong His child-ren dear a place? The ver - y King of kings, the Lord of

demption, That we to be God's sons might claim the right!
Je - sus, And glad - ly yield the Sav - ior ev - 'ry - thing.
glo - ry, Now of - fers you the rich - es of His grace.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

The Spirit beareth witness That we are the children of the Lord, And heirs of God, joint-heirs with Je-sus, That we may all be glo-ri - fied to - geth - er.

68 On the Cross of Calvary.

C. F. O. Arr. by W. J. K.

1. On the cross of Cal - va - ry Je - sus died for thee and me;
2. O what won - drous, wondrous love, Bro't me down at Je - sus' feet!
3. Take me, Je - sus, I am thine, Whol-ly thine for - ev - er - more;
4. Clouds and darkness veiled the sky When the Lord was cru - ci - fied;

There he shed his pre - cious blood, That from sin we might be free.
O such won - drous, dy - ing love Asks a sac - ri - fice com - plete!
Bless-ed Je - sus, thou art mine, Dwell with - in for - ev - er - more.
"It is fin-ished!" was his cry, When he bowed his head and died.

O, the cleans - ing stream doth flow, And it wash - es white as snow:
Lord, I give my - self to thee, Soul and bod - y thine to be:
Cleanse, O cleanse my heart from sin, Make and keep me pure with - in;
It was fin - ished there for me; All the world may now go free:

f. FINE.

It was for me that Je - sus died On the cross of Cal - va - ry.
It was for me thy blood was shed On the cross of Cal - va - ry.
It was for this thy blood was shed On the cross of Cal - va - ry.
It was for me that Je - sus died On the cross of Cal - va - ry.

CHORUS. *D. S*

On Cal - va - ry,..... on Cal - va - ry,.....
On Cal - va - ry, on Cal - va - ry;

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69

Thy Will be Done.

L. C. H.

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L. C. Hall.

1. But now I say, not as I will; O Lord, Thy Will be done,
2. Thy Will is meat, Thy Will is drink, For all who will o - bey,
3. Our Fa - ther God, how sweet Thy Will! This ma-ny fear to say,

For this I know since I am thine, Thy Will is best for me;
T'was so with Christ, 'tis true with all, Who walk the nar - row way;
What-e'er the cost, Thy will be done, O Lord, now have Thy way;

Thy Will is sweet, I've found it so, Since all to Thee is giv - en,
To drink the cup that Thou dost give, And say:—"Thy Will be done,
The jour - ney o'er, we've reached the shore, Where Father's Will a - lone,

FINE.

I would not have my will be done, For Thine will lead to heav'n.
E'en tho' it cost blood-drops of sweat" As once it did Thy Son.
Is ev - er thought, is al - ways done, For there He leads His own.

D. S.—*Thy Will be done, O Lord not mine, My spir - it cries to Thee.*

REFRAIN.

D. S.

I'm not my own,..... since I am Thine,..... For all e-ter - ni - ty;

I'm not my own, since I am Thine,

70

Faith Will Win the Victory.

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1. Have you met sin's mighty host in stern ar - ray? Have you grown faint-hearted
2. All the ills that vex you, Je-sus' blood can cure; Be thou brave and hope-ful,
3. Ne'er give o'er the struggle; valiant be and true; God is strong to con-quer,
4. O there's naught but blessing Father waits to give, And there's naught but blessing

in the fear - ful fray? Do the pow'rs of e - vil seem to gain the day?
steadfast to en - dure; For Je - ho-vah's prom-ise stand-eth firm and sure.
and your foes sub - due; And the fi - 'ry fur - nace He will walk with you.
we can e'er re - ceive If we ful - ly trust Him and His word be - lieve.

CHORUS.

Faith will win the vict-'ry ev-'ry time (ev-'ry time). Faith will stand a-
win the vict'ry ev - 'ry time. Faith

mid the wreck of time, Faith un - to e - ter-nal glo-ries climb; Only count the

promise true And the Lord will stand by you; Faith will win the vict'ry ev - 'ry time.

cres.

Victory Through Christ.

"The Lord will give grace and glory."—Psalm 84: 11.

SADIE GILMAN PENNOCK. FRANCIS S. BERNAUER.

1. My sto - ry I must tell, For with my soul 'tis well; I've vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry,
2. He cleans-es me from sin, And keeps me pure within; 'Tis vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry,
3. My bur-dens rolled a-way, I'm hap-py on the way; 'Tis vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry,
4. All praise to Je-sus' name, His prom-is - es I claim; 'Tis vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry,

vic-to-ry thro' Christ! In my distress and grief The Sav-ior bro't re - lief, And
vic-to-ry thro' Christ! His grace is ver - y real In sick-ness, woe or weal; There's
vic-to-ry thro' Christ! His prais-es now I'll sing, Un - til the heav-ens ring With
vic-to-ry thro' Christ! He is the Light, the Way, He leads me day by day; There's

CHORUS.

vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry thro' Christ! I have vic-to-ry, I have
vic-to-ry; Praise the Lord, for he is mine; His prom-is-es are true; I've
yes, he is mine;
proved them; why don't you? There's vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry, vic - to - ry thro' Christ!

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The Way Back Home.

H. B.

OWNED BY HALL & BUFFUM.

Herbert Buffum.

1. The prod - i - gal had wan-dered from his fath - er's home one day, Long years he spent on sin's de - lu - sive track; He nev - er knew how real-ly far his feet had gone a-stray, Un - til he turned a-round and started back.
2. A lit - tle child roamed far a - way, led on by bird and flow'r, Nor seemed to mind that it was all a - lone; The moments spent in pleasures there for-got-ten in the hour, Be - fore a - gain the lit-tle one reached home.
3. The poor, lost sheep strayed far a - way, and left the nine - ty nine, All safe - ly shel-tered in the Shep-herd's fold, The shep-herd wandered man-y wea-ry miles His sheep to find, To res - cue it from dark-ness and from cold.
4. And thus it ev - er was and is un - to this pres - ent day, The pleas-ure spent on sin's de - cep - tive track; Be - fore the night of sor-row soon is driv - en far a - way, As tear - ful-ly we trudge the mountain back.

CHORUS.

But the way back home! how hard it is often to find; And the pathway lead over mountains so hard to climb! We would ne'er have strayed had we on-ly known

ffum.

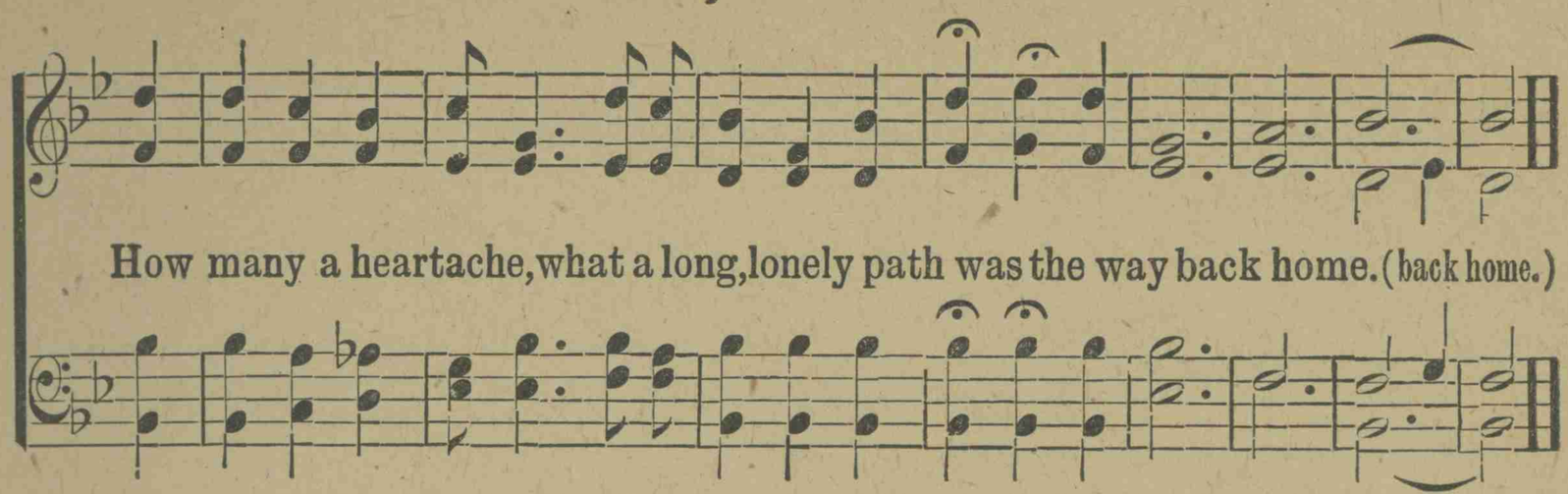
Long
,Nor
All
The

eal-ly
asures
an-y
or-row

back.
home.
cold.
back.

over

The Way Back Home.



73 Trusting, Not Fearing.

L. C. H. COPYRIGHT. 1915, BY L. C. HALL. L. C. Hall.

1. Trust - ing not fear - ing, that is the way; Go - ing re-
2. Trust - ing not fear - ing, ho - ly de - light! Shout-ing and
3. Trust - ing not fear - ing, in - fi - nite peace! Ask - ing re-
4. Trust - ing not fear - ing, thus does He keep! Go - ing and
5. Trust - ing not fear - ing, 'till we shall see; Watch-ing and

joic - ing all of the day; See-ing and lov - ing, all He has
sing - ing, both day and night; Pray-ing and prais-ing, this is sub-
ceiv - ing—nev - er to cease; Hear-ing and do - ing, all of His
seek - ing, wan - der - ing sheep; Find-ing and bring-ing, back to the
wait - ing with Him to be; Run-ning and leap-ing, ho - ly de-

rit.

made, Trust - ing not fear - ing, nev - er a - fraid.
lime; Trust - ing not fear - ing, all of the time.
will; Trust - ing not fear - ing, He's with us still.
fold, Trust - ing not fear - ing, treas - ures un - told.
light! Trust - ing not fear - ing, walk - ing in light.

74 How Good He Is!

T. H. Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris. **Thoro Harris.**



75 His Grace.

Tune above.

For grace that sets the sinner free,
I praise the Lamb of God;
For grace that reaches even me,
I praise the Lamb of God.

CHORUS.
I sing His fame, and laud His name
To all the world His grace proclaim,
O praise the Lamb of God!

2 For grace that saves our fallen race,
I praise the Lamb of God;
For grace that reaches every case,
I praise the Lamb of God.

3 All glory to my Savior's name,
The spotless Lamb of God:
With love my heart is all aflame;
O praise the Lamb of God.

Lord, I Believe.

Arr. by F. M. G. and A. F. I. By per.

1. When sor - row and storms are be - set - ting my track, And Sa - tan is whis-p'ring, "You'd bet - ter turn back," How oft I have proved it, tho' dark be the way, A lit - tle be - liev - ing drives clouds all a - way.
2. How eas - y when sail - ing the sea in a calm, To trust in the strength of Je - ho - vah's great arm; But some - how I find when the waves swamp the boat, It takes some be - liev - ing to keep things a-float.
3. "I'll stand to the end," I have heard peo - ple say, "I'll fight till I die, and will ne'er run a - way;" But when by temp - ta - tion so fierce - ly as-sailed, They left off be - liev - ing, and ter - ri - bly failed.
4. And oth - ers there are full of cour - age and zeal, Who go to the bat - tle like war - riors of steel; But right in the heat of the con - flict with sin, In - stead of be - liev - ing they faint and give in.
5. Then let us re-mem-ber in run - ning this race, That faith is not feel - ing, and trust is not trace; And when all a-round us seems dark as the night, We'll keep on be - liev - ing, and win in the fight.

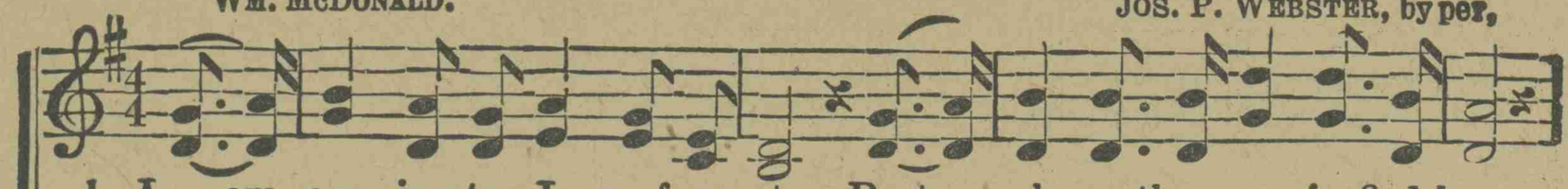
CHORUS.

Lord, I believe, Lord, I believe! Savior, raise my faith in Thee, Till it can move a mountain; Lord, I believe, Lord, I believe! All my doubts are buried in the fountain.

77

I Believe Jesus Saves.

WM. McDONALD. JOS. P. WEBSTER, by per,



1. I am com-ing to Je-sus for rest, Rest, such as the pur - i - fied know;
2. In com-ing, my sin I de - plore, My weak-ness and pov-er - ty show;
3. To Je - sus I give up my all, Ev - 'ry treasure and i - dol I know;
4. I am trust - ing in Je - sus a - lone, Trusting now His sal-va-tion to know;
5. My heart is in rapt-ures of love, Love, such as the ransomed ones know;





My soul is a-thirst to be blest, To be washed and made whiter than snow.
I long to be saved ev-er - more, To be washed and made whiter than snow.
For His fullness of blessing I call, Till His blood wash-es whiter than snow.
And His blood doth so ful-ly a - tone, I am washed and made whiter than snow.
I am strengthened with might from above, I am washed and made whiter than snow.



CHORUS.

I be - lieve Je - sus saves, And His blood washes whiter than snow;
I be-lieve Je-sus saves, yes, whiter than snow;



I be - lieve Je - sus saves, And His blood washes whiter than snow.
I be-lieve Je-sus saves,



Sweet By and By.

1 There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar;
For the Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling place there.

Cho.—In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore,
In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

2 We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest;
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

3 To our bountiful Father above,
We will offer our tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of His love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.

S. F. BENNETT.

79 Coming As a Thief in the Night.

G. T. H. 1 Thess. 5: 1-6. G. T. HAYWOOD.

1. If Je-sus should come would your soul be pre - pared? He's coming as a
2. The world is so blind - ed they will not be - lieve, He's coming as a
3. We're told when "peace, peace" shall be heard in the air, He's coming as a
4. The earthquakes are tell - ing His com - ing is nigh; He's coming as a
5. The heav-ens a - bove with its won-ders de - clare, He's coming as a

thief in the night; What an-swer would ren-der your life to be spared? He's
thief in the night; O let not vain pleasure your poor heart de-ceive; He's
thief in the night; Be watch-ful for soon will come gloom and de-spair; He's
thief in the night; The storms and the lightning speak loud from the sky; He's
thief in the night; The wild rag-ing waves cry a - loud in the air, He's

CHORUS.

com-ing as a thief in the night. O soul, a - wake! soon the
Lord shall come, And none shall stand in His sight, But those who are
washed in the Blood of the Lamb, When He comes as a thief in the night.

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80 Will You Meet Me In the Morning?

L. C. H. COPYRIGHT, 1915. BY L. C. HALL. L. C. Hall.

1. Will you meet me in the morn-ing, Aft - er all the clouds are gone?
2. Will you meet me in the morn-ing, Where no shad-ows ev - er come?
3. Will you meet me in the morn-ing, Where the ho - ly loved ones meet?
4. Will you meet me in the morn-ing, Where no sin shall ev - er come?
5. Will you meet me in the morn-ing, Where our Sav-ior's radiant face,

Where the ho - ly light of heav - en, Soon will break in glo - rious dawn.
Where the wea-ry chris-tian pil - grim, Finds his ev - er-last - ing home?
Just be-yond the pear-ly por - tal, There up - on the gold - en street.
Where no tear-drops, pain or sor - row, Ev - er en-ters heav-en's home.
Lights and fills the whole of heav - en, Flood - ing all the ho - ly place.

CHORUS.

Yes I'll meet you in the morn - ing! By the grace of God I will;

I will meet you in the morn - ing, Far off on God's ho - ly hill.

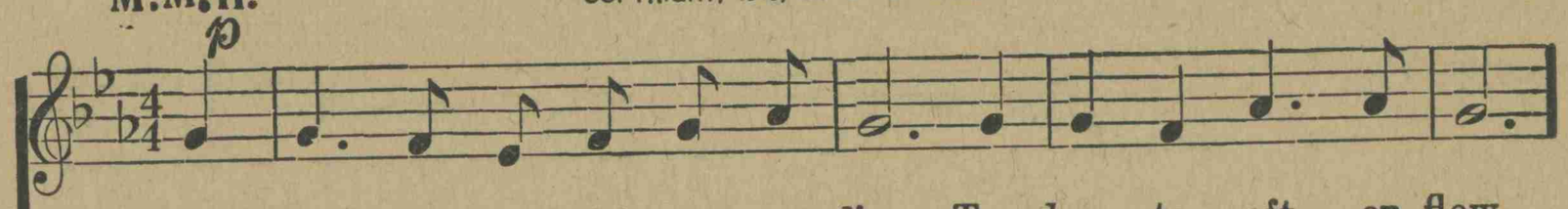
81

No Tears There.

M.M.H.

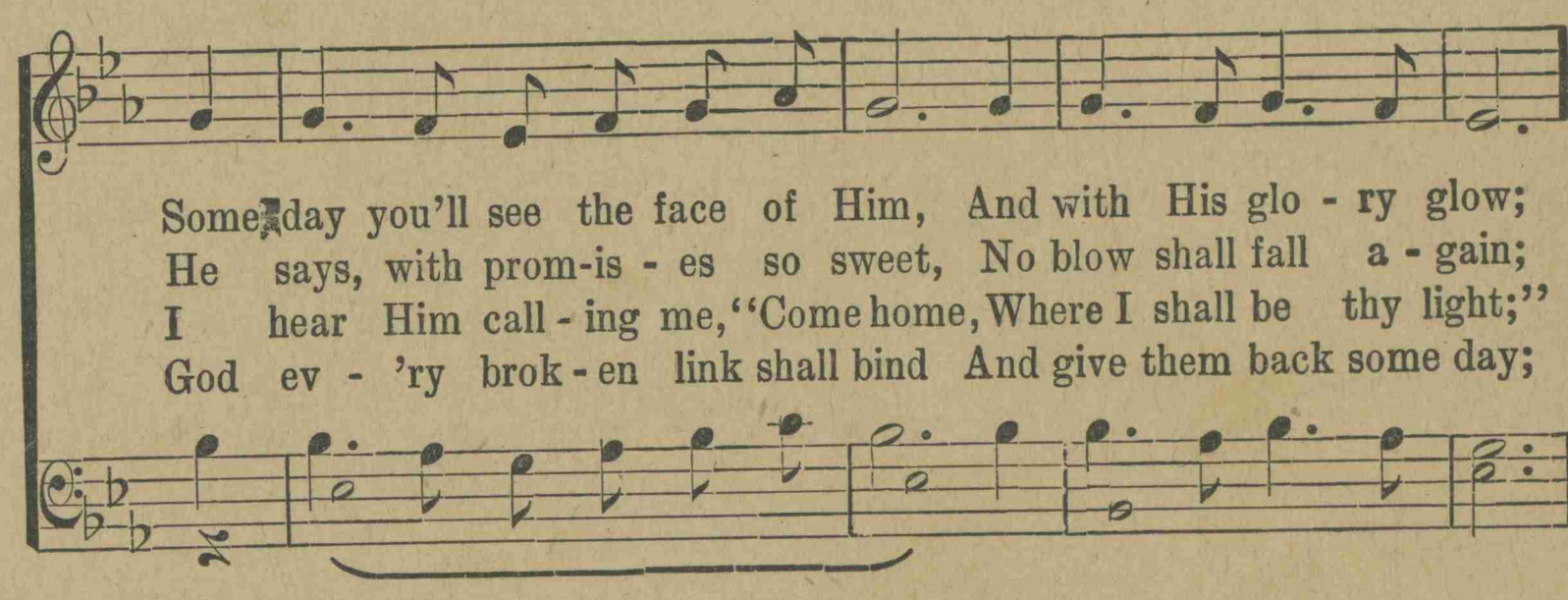
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L. C. Hall.

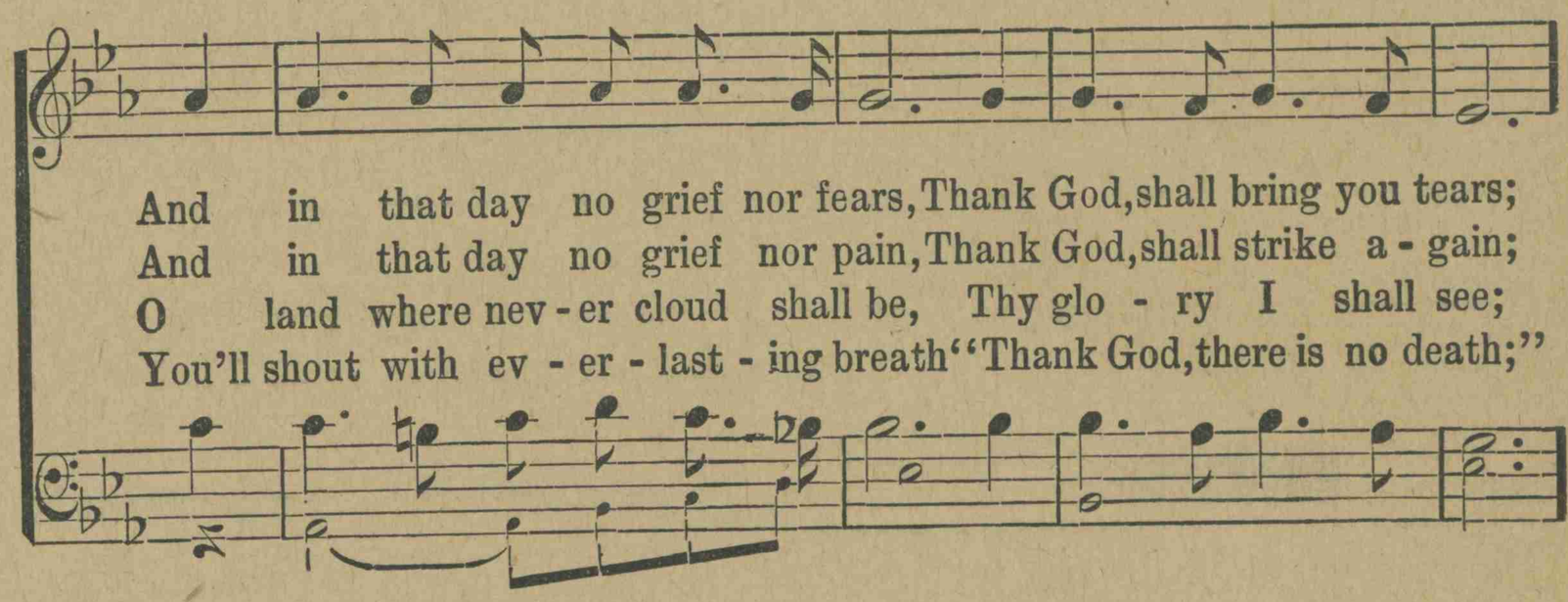


1. O wea - ry eyes with tears so dim, Too deep to oft - en flow,
2. O strick - en heart with ham-mers beat That gives you stab of pain,
3. O dark that ev - er here must come, And chill of win - t'ry night,
4. O hun - gry love, that longs to find The dear ones hid a - way,

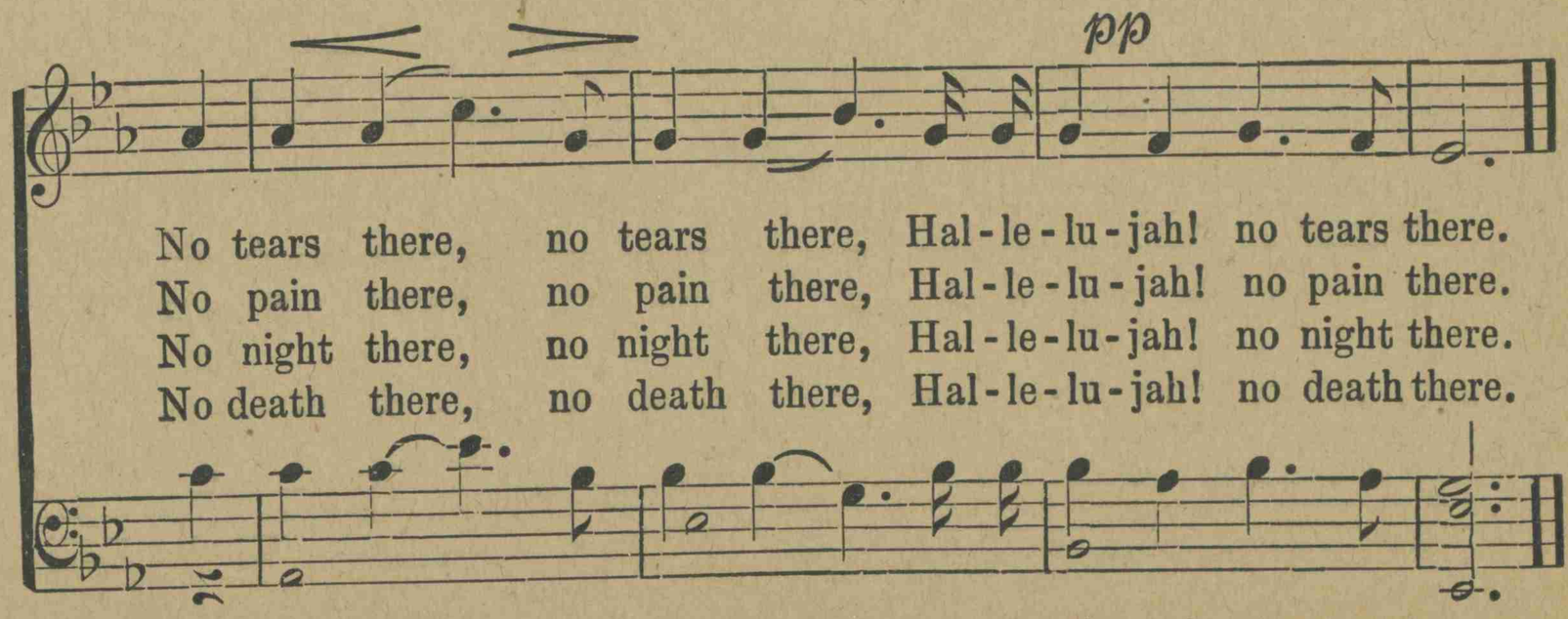




Some day you'll see the face of Him, And with His glo - ry glow;
He says, with prom-is - es so sweet, No blow shall fall a - gain;
I hear Him call - ing me, "Come home, Where I shall be thy light;"
God ev - 'ry brok - en link shall bind And give them back some day;



And in that day no grief nor fears, Thank God, shall bring you tears;
And in that day no grief nor pain, Thank God, shall strike a - gain;
O land where nev - er cloud shall be, Thy glo - ry I shall see;
You'll shout with ev - er - last - ing breath "Thank God, there is no death;"



No tears there, no tears there, Hal - le - lu - jah! no tears there.
No pain there, no pain there, Hal - le - lu - jah! no pain there.
No night there, no night there, Hal - le - lu - jah! no night there.
No death there, no death there, Hal - le - lu - jah! no death there.

These Signs Shall Follow Them.

G. T. H.

G. T. HAYWOOD.

1. The Lord told His dis - ci - ples To pro-claim ev - 'ry - where The gos-pel of re - demp-tion, To hearts o'erwhelmed with care; But tar - ry at Je-
2. The Ho - ly Ghost de - scend-ed And filled the room with - in, And then in oth-er lan-guage To speak they all be - gan; The mul - ti-tude con-
3. The pow'r to cast out de- -mons Was proved at Phil - ip - pi; The serpent's bite was conqnered, When all tho't Paul would die; And dead-ly drugs and
4. Then forth they went pro - claim-ing This mes - sage far and near; The Lord working among them, With wonders ev - 'ry-where; And in these days of

ru - salem Till pow'r from heav'n de-scend; And lo, will I be
found-ed, Said, "What does all this mean?" It was sent down from
doc-trines Shall ne'er 'gainst Christ's pre-vail; The sick with oil a-
dark-ness, When faith has fled a - way, We hear the voice of

CHORUS.

with you, E-ven till the world shall end.
heav-en, That which they had heard and seen. These signs shall follow them That be-
nointed, And the righteous prayers avail.
Je - sus To His faith-ful ser-vants say,

lieve up - on my name; Go preach ye the gos-pel, Then will I confirm the same.

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83 Dwelling in His Presence.

L. C. H. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY L. C. HALL. L. C. Hall.

1. Dwell - ing in His ho - ly pres - ence, 'Neath the shad-ow of His wing;
2. Dwell - ing in His ho - ly pres - ence, Ho - ly hap-py rest-ing place!
3. Dwell - ing in His ho - ly pres - ence, Blest com-pan-ion-ship di - vine,
4. Dwell - ing in His ho - ly pres - ence, Hid - den from all earth-ly strife,

There no storms will ev - er reach me, There I rest and shout and sing;
There the light of God e - ter - nal, Shines from our dear Savior's face;
Find - ing in this bless-ed dwell - ing, That the glo - ry is sub-lime;
Trust - ing in His bless-ed keep - ing, 'Till shall end our earth-ly life;

Ho - ly still-ness fills my be - ing, As I rest se - cure-ly there,
Tho' the tempter fierce as - sail us, Deep-er, sweet-er is our rest,
There no clouds can o - ver - shad - ow, For His bright-ness fills the sky,
Dwell-ing in His ho - ly pres - ence, Now and thro' e - ter - ni - ty,

Know-ing naught but calm as - sur - ance, Resting free from word-ly care.
Calm - er, firm-er grows as - sur - ance, Find-ing that He do-eth best.
And our Sav-ior keeps His prom - ise, I'll be with thee, "I am nigh."
Here and there, yes, on for - ev - er, With our God we'll ev-er be.

84 Boundless Salvation!

William Booth.

mf

1. O bound-less sal - va - tion, deep o - cean of love! O full - ness of
2. My sins are so ma - ny, their stains are so deep, And bit - ter the
3. O o - cean of mer - cy, oft long - ing I've stood On brink of Thy
4. The tide is now flow - ing, I'm touch-ing the wave, I hear the loud

f

mer - cy Christ brought from a-bove, The whole world re - deem - ing, so
tears of re - morse that I weep, But use - less is weep - ing; thou
won - der-ful, life - giv - ing flood! Once more I have come to this
call of "The Might - y to Save;" My faith's grow-ing bold - er: de-

mp

rich and so free, Now flow - ing for all men, Now flow - ing for
great crim-son sea, Thy wa - ters can cleanse me, Thy wa - ters can
soul - clean-sing sea; I will not go back, no, I will not go
liv - ered I'll be, I plunge 'neath the wa - ters, I plunge 'neath the

all men, Now flow - ing for all men come roll o - ver me!
cleanse me, Thy wa - ters can cleanse me, come roll o - ver me!
back, no, I will not go back till it rolls o - ver me.
wa - ters, I plunge 'neath the wa - ters, they roll o - ver me.

CHORUS.

The heav-en - ly gales are blow - ing, And Cal-va-ry's stream is flow-ing;

Boundless Salvation!

Be-neath all its waves I'm go - ing: Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb!

85 Seek Salvation Now.

T. H. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY THORO HARRIS. Thoro Harris.

1. Grop-ing your way thru the darksome night, Seek sal - va - tion now;
2. Wea - ry of wan-d'ring a-way from God, Seek sal - va - tion now;
3. Let not His Spir - it ap - peal in vain, Seek sal - va - tion now;
4. Come where God's sunbeams illume the way, Seek sal - va - tion now;

Come, and the Sav-ior will give you light, Seek sal - va - tion now.
Wea - ry of bear - ing your heav-y load, Seek sal - va - tion now.
Wash and be cleans'd from each guilty stain, Seek sal - va - tion now.
Come to the light of e - ter - nal day, Seek sal - va - tion now.

CHORUS.

Seek sal - va - tion now,..... Full sal - va - tion now;.....
Seek sal - va - tion, Full sal - va - tion;

Low at His feet in con - tri - tion bow, And seek sal - va - tion now.....
Just now.

86 All the Way my Savior Leads Me.

FANNY J. CROSBY. R. 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'n-ly peace, di - vin - est com-fort, Here by faith in him to dwell!
Tho' my wea - ry steps may fal - ter, And my soul a - thirst may be,
When with all the saints im - mor - tal, I shall dwell in 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;

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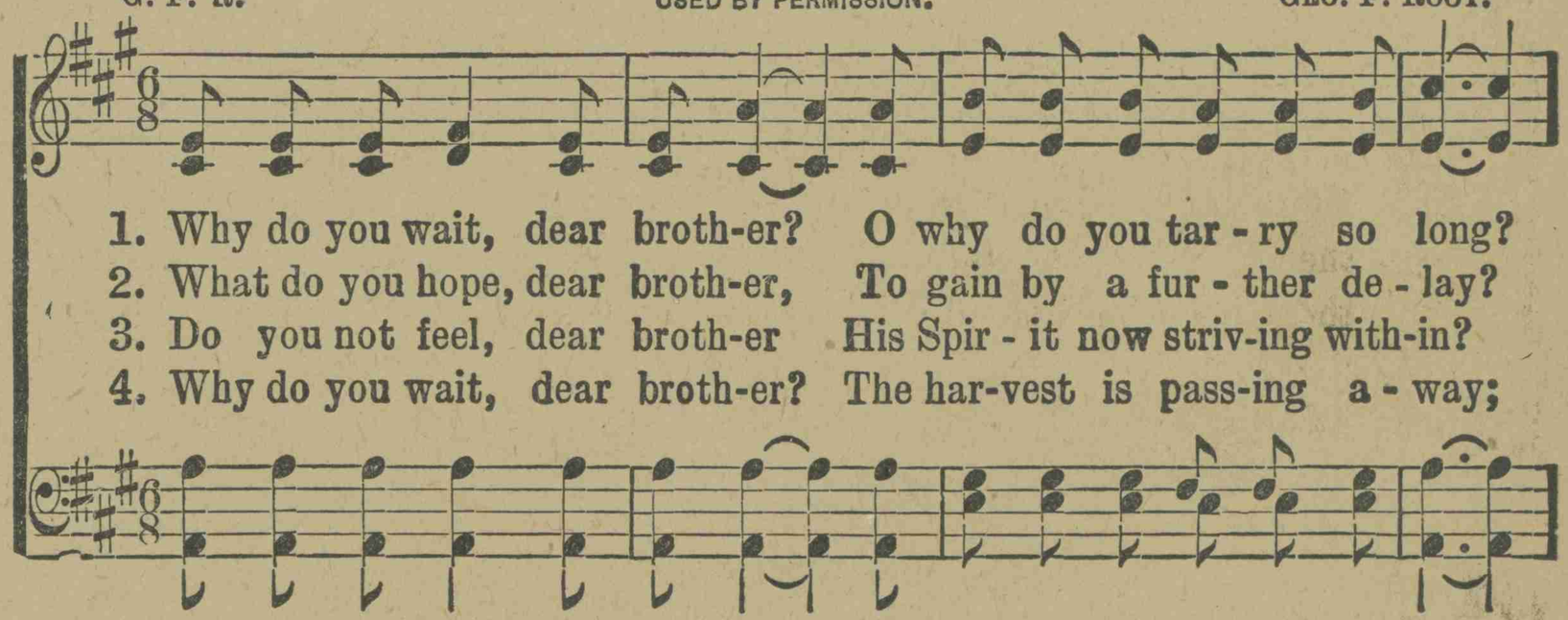
All the Way my Savior Leads Me.

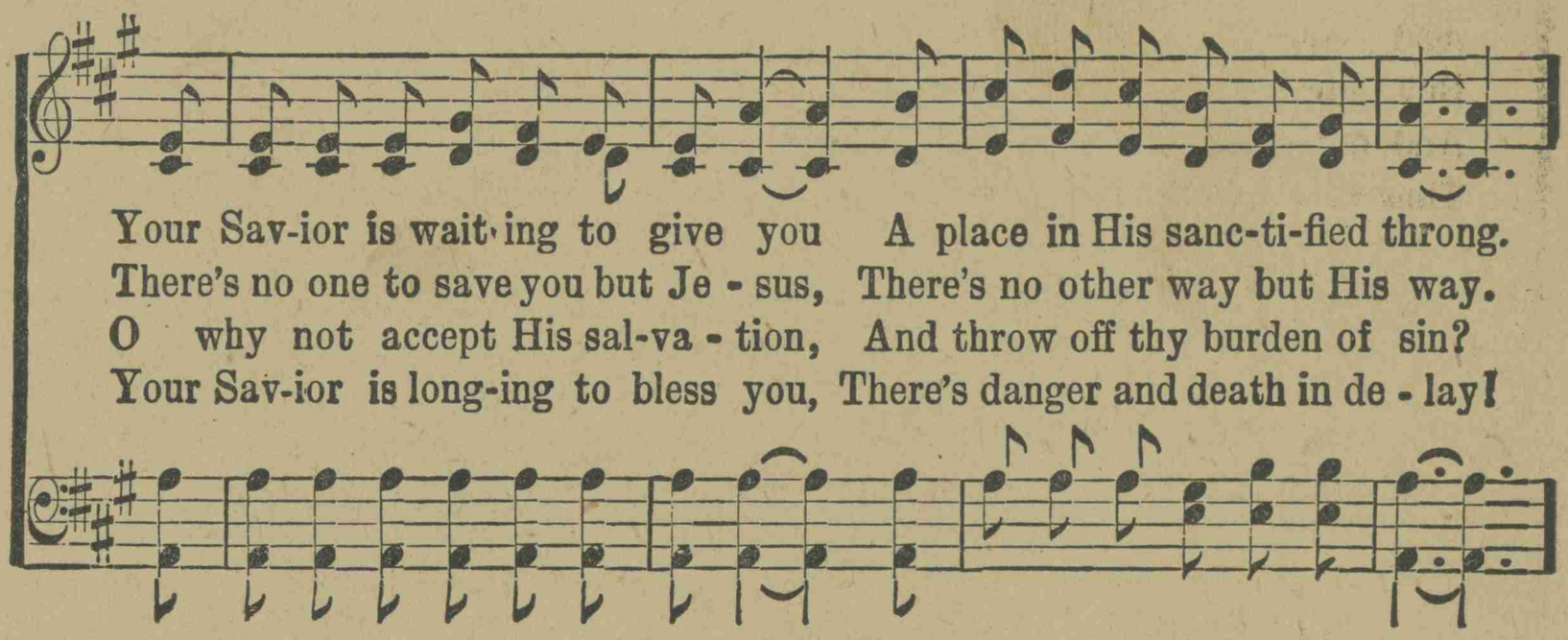


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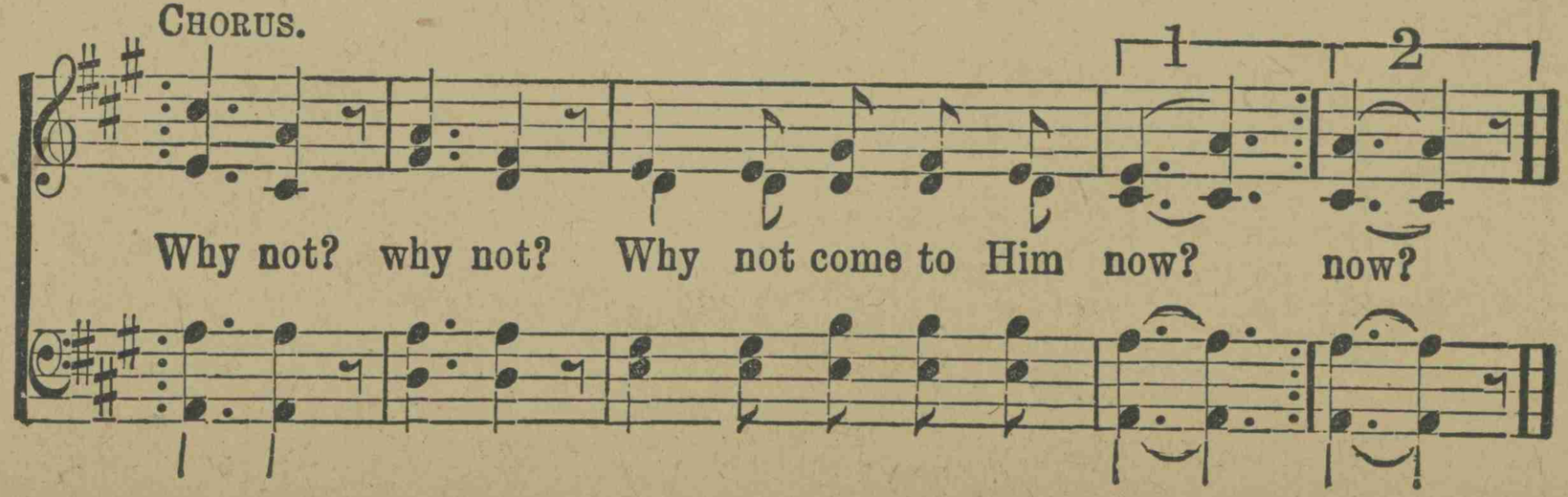
Why do You Wait?

G. F. R. USED BY PERMISSION. GEO. F. ROOT.





CHORUS.



88

Where are the Reapers?

Eben E. Rexford. BY PERMISSION. Geo. F. Root.

1. O where are the reap-ers that gar-ner in The sheaves of the good
2. Go out in the by-ways and search them all; The wheat may be there,
3. The fields are all ripening, and far and wide The world now is wait-
4. So come with your sick-les, ye sons of men, And gath-er to-geth-

from the fields of sin? With sick-les of truth must the work be done,
tho' the weeds are tall; Then search in the high-way, and pass none by,
ing the har-vest tide: But reap-ers are few, and the work is great,
er the gold-en grain; Toil on till the Lord of the har-vest come,

CHORUS.

And no one may rest till the "har-vest home."
But gath-er from all for the home on high. "Where are the reapers? O
And much will be lost should the har-vest wait.
Then share ye His joy in the "har-vest home."

who will come And share in the glo-ry of the "har-vest home?" O

who will help us To gar-ner in The sheaves of good from the fields of sin?

89

The Breaking of the Day.

G. W. SEDERQUIST, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

G. W. S. G. W. SEDERQUIST.

1. 'Tis al-most time for the Lord to come, I hear the peo - ple say; The stars of heav'n are grow-ing dim: It must be the breaking of the day.
2. The signs foretold in the sun and moon, In earth and sea and sky, A- loud pro - claim to mor - tal men, That the coming of the Master draweth nigh.
3. It must be time for the wait-ing church To cast her pride a - way, With gird - ed loins and burn-ing lamps To look for the breaking of the day.
4. There must be those in the field of sin, Far from the fold a - stray, Who once were happy in Je - sus' love, And look-ing for the breaking of the day.
5. Go quickly out in the streets and lanes, And in the broad high-way, And call the maimed, the halt and blind, To be read-y for the breaking of the day.

CHORUS.

O, it must be the break - ing of the day, O, it must be the break-ing of the day; The night is al-most gone, The day is com - ing on: O it must be the break-ing of the day.

90. 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.

91

Jacob's Vision.

HARRY LOPER. Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris. Arr. by THORO HARRIS.

1. As Ja - cob while trav-'ling was wea - ry one day, At night on a
2. The sight was so pleas-ing, the an - gel - ic throng With joy were as-
3. This lad - der is Je - sus, that glo - rious God - man Whose blood rich-ly

stone for a pil - low he lay; A vis - ion ap-peared of a
cend - ing, de - scend-ing there-on; And God rich in mer - cy a-
flow - ing from Cal - va - ry ran In streams of sal - va - tion, so

lad - der so high, It stood on the earth, while its top reach'd the sky.
wait - ed on high, To embrace all the ran-somed who up-ward would fly.
full and so free; And now He is call - ing, O come un - to me.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah to Je - sus! who died on the tree To raise up this
lad - der of mer - cy for me. Press on-ward, climb up-ward, for the
top is in view, There's a crown of bright glo - ry a - wait-ing for you.

92 If Jesus Were Coming To-night.

T. H. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY THORO HARRIS. Thoro Harris.

1. In glo - ry transcending, With an - gels at-tend-ing, The King of the
2. Ere loud lam-en - ta-tion Sweep o - ver cre - a - tion, Be warned of your
3. The test of pos-ses - sion Is not mere pro-fes - sion, For ma - ny will
4. Full par - don is of-fered, Sal - va - tion is prof-fered, To all who will

a - ges will come from a-bove; The High and the Ho - ly, The Meek and the
dan - ger; how fear - ful the cost To fal - ter in blindness, Re - ject-ing God's
find they have la-bored in vain; They on - ly who, praying, Their Mas-ter o-
trust Him—why lon - ger de - lay? His gos - pel be - liev-ing, And mer - cy re-

CHORUS.

Low-ly, Will come for His jew - els, the crown of His love.
kindness, And then to a-wake with the wretched and lost! If Je - sus were
bey-ing, Have lived for His glo - ry, shall glo - ry ob-tain.
ceiv-ing, Re - turn to the fold of the Shep-herd to - day.

com-ing to - night, ... Would you be found ready for flight? . . . . Your lamp burn-
were coming to-night, to take your long flight?

ing steady, your robes pure and white, If Je - sus were coming to - night? . . . Pre-
ere dawneth the light?

If Jesus Were Coming To-night.

rit.

pare for that day; for 'tis not far a-way, And He may be coming to-night!..

to-night!

93 He Died of a Broken Heart.

T. H. *Duet.* COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY THORO HARRIS. Thoro Harris.

1. Hear the ten - der sto-ry of Je-sus' love Who came to the earth for me;
2. So they nailed God's Son to the cross of wood, By anguish pierced thru and thru;
3. For our sin He suffered, the sin-less One; O hear His sad cry, "I thirst!"
4. Hear the thief who with Him was cru-ci-fied, "In mer-cy re-mem-ber me
5. 'Mid the fear-ful scenes of that awful strife, "'Tis finished," I hear Him cry;

For He left the glo-ry of heav'n a-bove, And He died on Cal - va - ry.
Yet He cried, "For-give their in-grat-i-tude, For they know not what they do."
For the world He thirsted, God's ho - ly Son; 'Twas for us He bore the curse.
When Thou comest." Quickly the Christ replied, "Thou in Par-a-dise shalt be."
And the Lord of glo-ry, the Prince of life, Breathed His last ex-pir-ing sigh.

p CHORUS.

My Sav-ior died of a bro-ken heart; Lord Jesus, how could it be,.....

how could it be,

rit.

That Thou shouldst come from heav'n Thy home, To die on the cross for me?

Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

E. A. HOFFMAN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. What a fel - lowship, 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, Leaning on the ev - er - last-ing arms.
Lean-ing on Je-sus, lean-ing on Je-sus,

By per.

95 Looking For That Blessed Hope.

T. H. Tit. 2: 13. THORO HARRIS.

1. O shout a-loud the tid-ings, Re-peat the joy-ful strain; Let all the
2. Signs in the heav'n a-bove us, In sun and moon and sky, Pro-claim to
3. We'll watch for his re-turn-ing With lamps well trimm'd and bright; He com-eth

wait-ing na-tions This mes-sage hear a-gain: The spot-less Lamb of
all the faith-ful Re-demp-tion draw-eth nigh; The hearts of men are
to the care-less As thieves break thro' at night; "Well done, thou good and

glo-ry, Who once for man was slain, Soon o'er all the earth shall reign.
quak-ing And fail-ing them for fear: Je-sus' com-ing draw-eth near.
faith-ful"—O may we hear the word, "Share the joy of Christ thy Lord."

CHORUS.

Looking for that blessed hope, Looking for that blessed hope; We know the
that joyful hope, that glorious hope;

hour is nearing, The hour of his appearing: We're looking for that blessed hope.

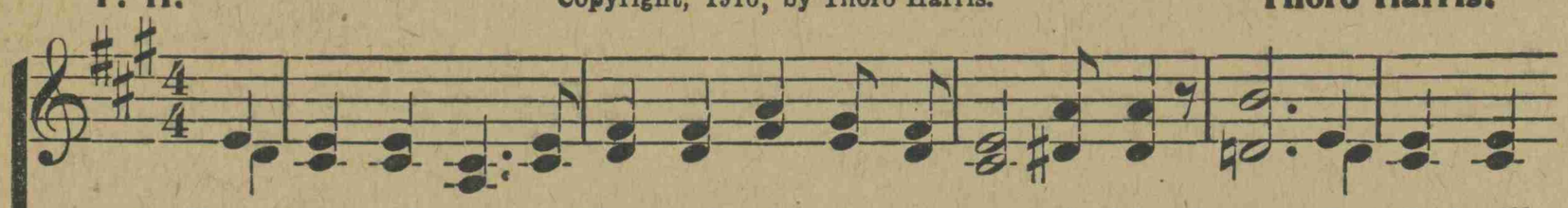
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96

An Eye-Twinkle Change.

"In the twinkling of an eye."—1 Cor. 15: 52.

T. H. Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris. **Thoro Harris.**



1. E - ter - nal peace will soon begin In an eye-twin-kle change; Our God will
2. His voice will pierce the seal-ed tomb In an eye-twin-kle change; The monster
3. The night of gloom is fad - ing fast Ere the eye-twin-kle change; The golden
4. A - poll-yon's reign will quickly end In an eye-twin-kle change, When Christ in
5. Earth kingdoms all will be o'er-thrown At the eye-twinkle change; And Da - vid's
6. The Judge His own will vin - di-cate At the eye-twin-kle change; And sin-ful



1. break the pow'r of sin In an eye-twinkle change. O'er all the earth our King shall
2, Death will meet his doom At the eye-twinkle change. This mor-tal must im-mor-tal
3. morn will dawn at last At the eye-twinkle change. We soon will see Im-man-uel's
4. glo - ry shall de-scend: O the eye-twinkle change! "That wicked" will the flame de-
5. Son will rule a- lone At the eye-twinkle change. God's Is-rael will u - ni - ted
6. man will meet his fate At the eye-twinkle change. Our E - den home will God re-



1. reign At the eye-twin-kle change, And par - a - dise will bloom a-gain In an
2. be In an eye-twin-kle change, And af - ter time e - ter- ni - ty In an
3. face At the eye-twin-kle change, And praise Him for redeeming grace At the
4. stroy At the eye-twin-kle change, The saints will sing and shout for joy At the
5. be At the eye-twin-kle change, As branches of one ol - ive tree, In an
6. store At the eye-twin-kle change, The curse of sin a - bound no more; O the

D. S.—Whom God hath sealed will be revealed In an



FINE. REFRAIN. *D. S.*

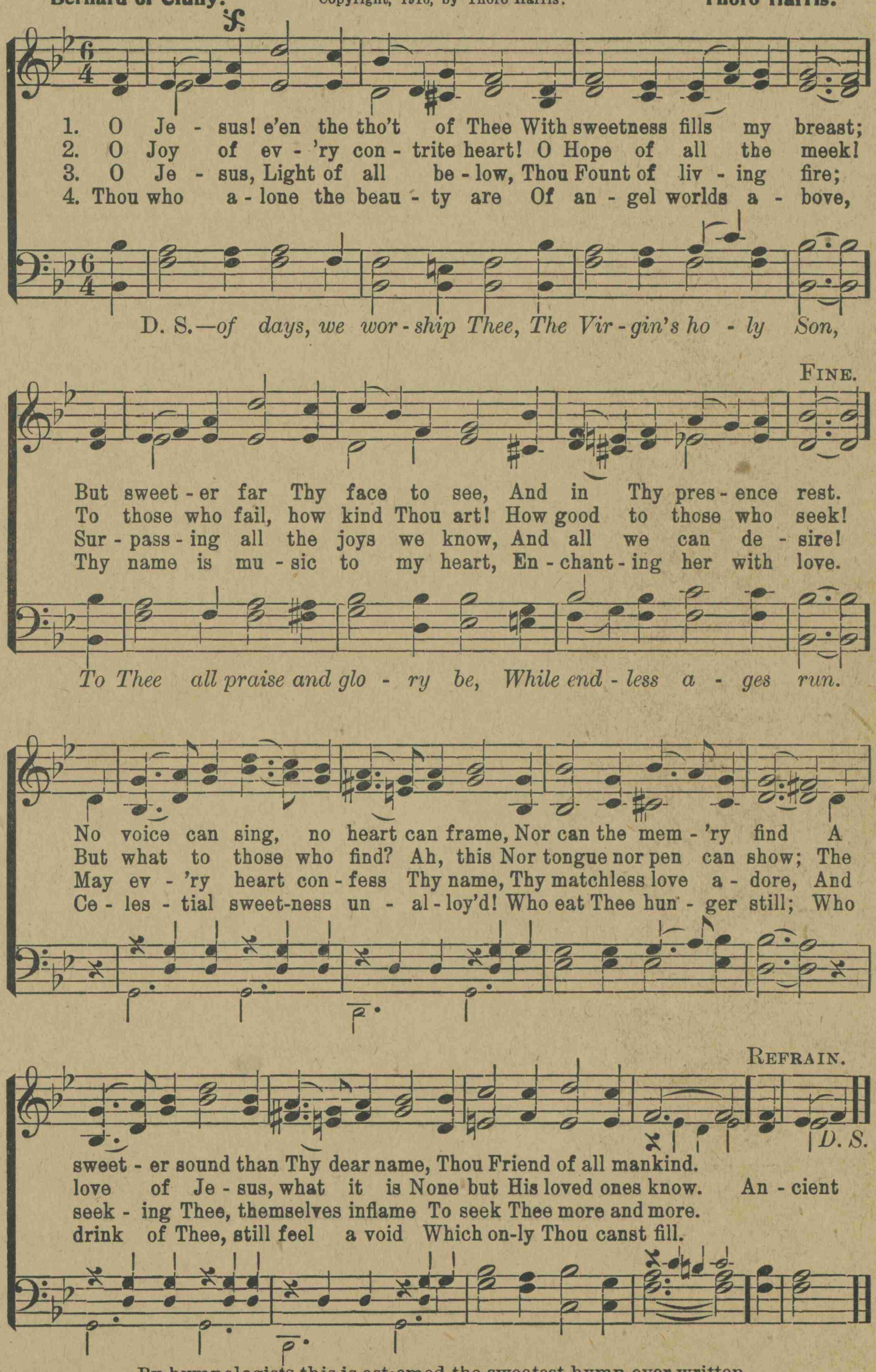
eye-twinkle change. O how marv'lous and strange Is that eye-twinkle change!
how strange

97

The Sweetest Name.

"Thy name is an ointment poured forth."

Bernard of Cluny. Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris. **Thoro Harris.**



By hymnologists this is esteemed the sweetest hymn ever written.

98. # The Lily of the Valley.

J. R. MURRAY. Arr. by THORO HARRIS.

1. I've found a friend in Je-sus, He's ev-'ry-thing to me, He's the fairest of ten
2. He all my griefs has tak-en, and all my sorrows borne; In temp-ta-tion He's my
3. He'll nev-er, nev-er leave me, nor yet forsake me here, While I live by faith and

thousand to my soul; The Lil - y of the Val-ley in Him a-lone I see, All I
strong and mighty tow'r; I've all for Him forsaken, I've all my idols torn From my
do His bless-ed will; A wall of fire about me, I've nothing now to fear; With His

need to cleanse and make me fully whole. In sorrow He's my comfort, in trouble He's my
heart, and now He keeps me by His pow'r. Tho' all the world forsake me, and Satan tempts me
manna He my hungry soul shall fill; Then sweeping up to glory, we'll see His blessed

CHORUS.—*In sorrow He's my comfort, in trouble He's my*

stay, He tells me ev-'ry care on Him to roll. Hallelujah! He's the Lil-y of the
sore, Thru Je-sus I shall safely reach the goal. He's the Lil-y of the
face, Where rivers of delight shall ev - er roll. He's the Lil-y of the

stay; He tells me ev-'ry care on Him to roll. (Hallelujah!) He's the Lil-y of the

D. S.

Valley, the bright and morning Star, He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

Valley, the bright and morning Star, He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

99

Jesus, Jesus!

C. P. J.

C. P. Jones.

1. Je - sus, Je - sus! won- der- ful name of sal - va- tion and ho - li-ness! Je - sus,
2. Je - sus, Je - sus! Je - sus who died for the sins of His peo-ple, just Je - sus,
3. Je - sus, Je - sus! no oth- er name has been giv - en to save us, but Je - sus,

Je-sus! name of all sweetness and love! Praise the Lord! my heart has been changed, and I
Je-sus! taking their sins all a - way! Praise the Lord! if on - ly the sin- ner would
Je-sus! Je-sus, the life of His own; Praise the Lord! His Spir-it doth witness to

love Him, I love Him, O praise the Lord! I've tast -ed His grace from a - bove.
trust the glad message, The faith of Christ would per-fect - ly save him to - day.
all who re-ceive Him, O praise the Lord! Who mak-eth my heart now His throne.

Chorus.

Glo - ry to God!..... There is per - fect sal - va-tion for
Glo-ry to God! glo-ry to God! Perfect sal-va-tion, sal - va-tion for

all who will Trust..... in His word,.... There is ho - li-est peace for all.
all who will Trust in His word, trust in His word, Ho - li-est peace for all.

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100 Believe in the Promise.

T. H. Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris. Thoro Harris.

1. There's nothing so sure in the whole world to-day As God's ho - ly word, which can
2. Be - lieve in the word He has spok-en of old, Be - lieve in His mar - vel-ous
3. Be - lieve in the prom-ise your Fa-ther has giv'n, And yours is a seat in the
4. Be - lieve, and the King will His bless-ing be-stow, And nev - er lose grip if the
5. Be - lieve, and your faith shall receive its re-ward: With gems rare and precious the

1. not pass a - way; The truth of its pa - ges en - dur - eth for aye; O be-
2. mer - cy un-told; Your heart will re-joice when your faith is made bold: So be-
3. kingdom of heav'n; O soul by the tem - pest of earth-sor-row driv'n, Just be-
4. feel-ing should go; God's word is the ground of sal - va - tion, you know: So be-
5. Bi - ble is stored; And true to His cov -'nant a - bid - eth our Lord: O be-

Chorus.

lieve..... in the prom - ise! Be - lieve..... in the prom - ise, God's won - - der - ful prom - ise; For all who be-
Be - lieve Be - lieve God's won - der - ful prom - ise;

lieve Sal - va - tion re - ceive, Be - lieve ..... in the prom - ise.
Be - lieve

101 Death Hath No Terrors.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb! Je - sus rose (Jesus rose) from the
dead, Rose triumph - ant as He said, Snatch'd the vict'ry from the grave,
from the dead, Rose triumphant as He said,
Rose a-gain our souls to save, O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb!

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102 When the Morning Dawns.

T. H., Arr. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY THORO HARRIS. Thoro Harris, Arr.

1. We are oft - en tossed and driv'n on the rest - less sea of time,
2. We are oft - en des - ti - tute of the things that life de-mands,
3. Tri - als press on ev - 'ry hand, and we can - not un - der-stand
4. Here temp-ta-tion's hid - den snare oft - en takes us un - a - ware,

Roll - ing clouds and howl - ing tem - pest oft suc - ceed a gold - en clime;
Want of shel - ter and of food, with thirst - y hills and bar - ren lands;
All the ways that God will lead us to that bless-ed prom-ised land;
And our hearts are made to bleed by some thonghtless wcrd or deed,

In that land of per - fect day, when the mist is rolled a-way, We will
But we're trust-ing in the Lord, and ac - cord - ing to His word, We will
But He'l guide us with His eye, and we'll fol - low till we die, We will
And we won-der why the test when we try to do our best; But we'll

REFRAIN.

un - der-stand it bet-ter by and by. By and by, when the morn-ing
dawns, All the saints of God are gathered home, We will sing the sto - ry

ris, Arr.

f time,
e-mands,
er-stand
- ware,

en clime;
ren lands;
ed land;
l or deed,

will
will
will
we'll

orn-ing

-ry

When the Morning Dawns.

how we o - ver-come, And we'll un-der-stand it bet-ter by and by.

103 Trust in Me.

W. C. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY J. O. OLSEN. J. O. Olsen.

1. When dan-gers cause my heart to fear, My Lord re-veals His prom-ise near;
2. My tremb-ling heart for-gets its fear, The deep-er shad-ows dis - ap-pear,
3. Yes, Lord, I sweet-ly trust in Thee, Nor ask what life may hold for me;
4. I see a val-ley in the way Whose shadows I must pass some day;

rit.

His voice falls gen-tly on my ear, And whis-pers "Trust in Me."
And peace attends me when I hear Him whis-per, "Trust in Me."
I know I do not need to see, But on - ly trust in Thee.
O then, once more, dear Savior, say, More soft-ly, "Trust in Me."

CHORUS.

"Just trust in Me, O trust in Me," My Sav-ior whispers, "Trust in Me;"

p *rit.*

He will my Rock and Ref - uge be, He whis-pers "Trust in Me."

104 Blessed Be the Fountain.

E. R. Latta. BY PERMISSION. H. S. Perkins.

1. Bless - ed be the Fount-ain of blood, To a world of sin - ners re - vealed;
2. Thorn-y was the crown that He wore, And the cross His bod-y o'er-came:
3. Fa - ther, I have wandered from Thee, Oft-en has my heart gone a - stray;

Bless - ed be the dear Son of God; On - ly by His stripes are we healed.
Grievous were the sor-rows He bore, But He suf-fered thus not in vain.
Crim-son do my sins seem to me: Wa - ter can-not wash them a - way.

Tho' I've wander'd far from His fold, Bring-ing to my heart pain and woe,
May I to that Fountain be led, Made to cleanse my sins here be - low;
Je - sus, to that Fountain of Thine, Lean - ing on Thy prom-ise, I go;

Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whit - er than snow.
Wash me in the blood that He shed, And I shall be whit - er than snow.
Cleanse me by Thy wash-ing di-vine, And I shall be whit - er than snow.

CHORUS.

Whit - - - er than the snow,
Whit - er than the snow,
whit - er than the snow,

Blessed Be the Fountain.

Whit - er than the snow; Wash me in the blood of the Lamb,..... And I shall be whit - er than snow.

Whit-er than the snow, whit-er than the snow, the snow; Lamb, of the Lamb, than snow.

rit.

105 He was Nailed to the Cross for Me.

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F. A. G. F. A. GRAVES.

Tenor and Alto Duet.

1. What a won-der-ful, won-der-ful Sav-iour, Who would die on the cross for me!
2. Thus He left His heav-en - ly glo - ry, To ac-com-plish His Fa-ther's plan;
3. He was wounded for our transgressions, And He car-ried our sor - rows too;
4. So He gave His life for oth - ers, In re-deem-ing this world from sin;

Free - ly shed-ding His pre - cious life blood, That the sin-ner might be made free.
He was born of the vir - gin Ma - ry, Took up - on Him the form of man.
He's the Heal - er of ev - 'ry sick-ness, This He came to the world to do.
And He's gone to pre-pare a man-sion, That at last we may en - ter in.

CHORUS.

He was nail'd to the cross for me, He was nail'd to the cross for me;
He was nail'd to the cross, He was nail'd to the cross,
On the cross cru-ci - fied, for me He died; He was nail'd to the cross for me.

106 When Our King Shall Come.

L. C. H. COPYRIGHT, 1915. L. C. HALL. L. C. Hall.

1. When our King shall come in glory, The redeem'd will shout the story, When they see their blest Re-deem-er face to face; And with all of heav-en ring-ing,
2. Soon our King from heav'n descending, With ten thousand saints attending, Shall ap- pear to all the saints who walk in white; Then the raptured saints as-cend-ing,
3. O what weeping! O what wailing! On the part of those who're fail-ing To put on the wedding garment, bright and fair; Have your lamp then trimm'd and burn-ing,
4. O get read-y for that morn-ing, For 'tis soon you'll hear the warning, "Go ye forth to meet the Bride-groom," for He's nigh; Hal-le - lu-jah! Soon we'll meet Him,

We'll go shouting, we'll go singing, Hal-le-lu-jah! shout the ti-dings, saved by grace.
With their voices loud crescending, Shall be ever with their King, in glory bright.
So up-on your Lord's re-turn-ing, You may meet your blessed Savior in the air.
With the saints we'll rise to greet Him; O be read-y then to hear that "*Mid-night cry.*"

CHORUS.

We'll go shout-ing, we'll go sing-ing, And with all of heav-en ring-ing.

As the saints are gathered to their heav'nly home; No more crying, no more tears,

When Our King Shall Come.

No more sighing, no more fear, For these shall pass away, "When our King shall comes."

107 Victory in Jesus' Name.

L. C. H. COPYRIGHT. 1915, BY L. C. HALL. L. C. Hall.

1. Hear the bat-tle cry that's sound-ing thro' the land, Call-ing for the sol-diers
2. There is vic-t'ry when we go in Je-sus' name, Her-ald-ing the ti-dings
3. If the bat - tle ra - ges and the foe be strong, Vic - to-ry is com-ing
4. Won't you join this arm - y of the King of kings? Roy-al, no-ble sol-diers

of our King; They are go - ing for-ward led by God's own hand,
of His love; Tell - ing to the lost ones, that His pow'r's the same,
in His name; For we fight the bat-tle of the right 'gainst wrong,
of our God; They will come re-joic-ing, while all heav-en rings,

CHORUS.

While this mighty name they sing.
For He's reign-ing now a - bove. Je - sus! Je - sus! Marching on in
And His conq'ring pow'r proclaim. Je-sus, Je-sus, blessed Je-sus,
Up the heights the saints have trod.

Je-sus' mighty Name! Vic - t'ry! Vic - t'ry! Vic-to-ry in Je-sus name!
Vict'ry, vict'ry, Victry, vict'ry!

Victory.

B. E. W. BARNEY E. WARREN.

1. Hal-le-lu-jah, what a thought! Jesus full sal-va-tion bro't, Vic-to-ry,
2. I am trusting in the Lord, I am standing on His word, Vic-to-ry,
3. Shout your freedom ev'ry-where, His eternal peace declare, Vic-to-ry,
4. We will sing it on that shore, When this fleeting life is o'er, Vic-to-ry,

Vic-to-ry,

vic-to-ry! Let the pow'r of sin as-sail, Heaven's grace can never fail,
vic-to-ry! I have peace and joy within, Since my life is free from sin,
vic-to-ry! Let us sing it here be-low, In the face of ev-'ry foe,
vic-to-ry! Sing it here ye ransom'd throng, Start the everlasting song;

vic-to-ry!

CHORUS.

Vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry! Vic-to-ry,.... yes, vic-to-ry!

Vic-to-ry. vic-to-ry! Vic-to-ry, yes, vic-to-ry.

Hal-le-lu-jah! I am free Je-sus gives me vic-to-ry, Glo-ry, glo-ry,

Glo-ry, glo-ry.

hal-le-lu-jah! He is all..... in all to me.....

hal-le-lu-jah! He is all, He is all in all to me, all to me.

From "Songs of the Evening Light." By per.

109 Our Lord's Return to Earth Again.

J. M. K. Acts 1: 9,10, 11. J. M, KIRK.

1. I am watch-ing for the com-ing of the glad mil-len-nial day,
2. Je-sus' com-ing back will be the an-swer to earth's sorrowing cry,
3. Yes, the ran-somed of the Lord shall come to Zi-on then with joy,
4. Then the sin and sor-row, pain and death of this dark world shall cease,

When our blessed Lord shall come and catch his wait-ing Bride a-way; Oh! my
For the knowledge of the Lord shall fill the earth and sea and sky; God shall
And in all his ho-ly mountain nothing hurts or shall de-stroy; Per-fect
In a glorious reign with Je-sus of a thousand years of peace; All the

f.

heart is fill'd with rapt-ure as I la-bor, watch and pray, For the Lord is coming
take a-way all sickness and the suff'rer's tears will dry, When our Saviour shall come
peace shall reign in ev-'ry heart, and love with-out al-loy, Aft-er Jesus shall come
earth is groaning, cry-ing for that day of sweet re-lease, For our Je-sus to come

D. S.-*will be bound a thousand years, we'll have no tempter then, Aft-er Jesus shall come*

FINE. CHORUS.

back to earth a-gain. Oh! our Lord is com-ing back to earth a-gain,
is com-ing back to earth a-gain,
back to earth a-gain.

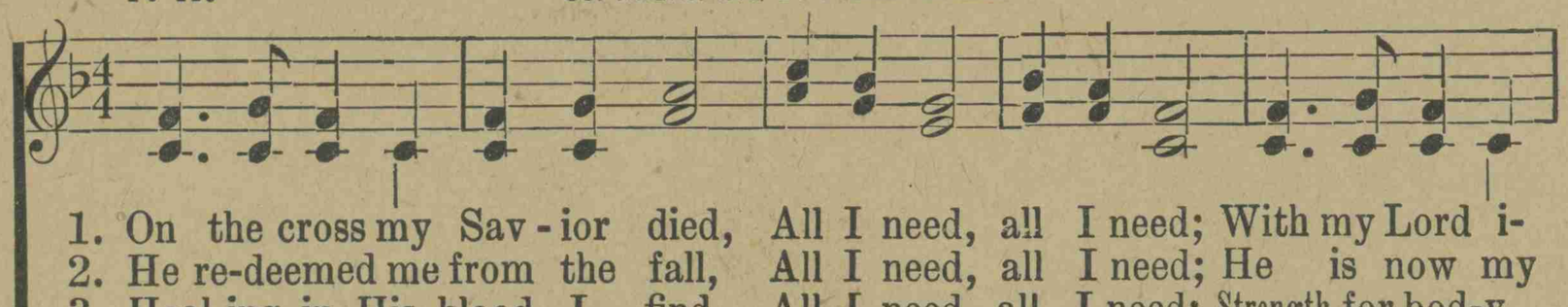
D. S.

Yes, our Lord is com-ing back to earth a-gain; Sa-tan
is com-ing back to earth a-gain,

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110 Christ is All I Need.

T. H. COPYRIGHT. 1914, BY THORO HARRIS. Thoro Harris.



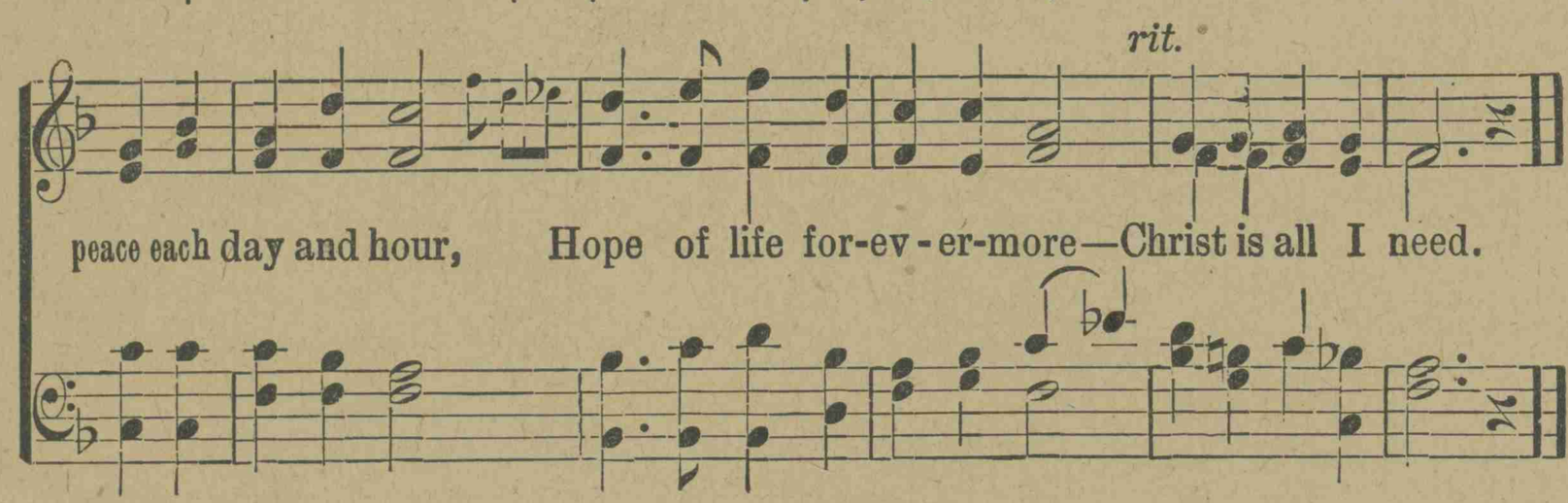
1. On the cross my Sav - ior died, All I need, all I need; With my Lord i-
2. He re-deemed me from the fall, All I need, all I need; He is now my
3. Heal-ing in His blood I find, All I need, all I need; Strength for bod-y,
4. As a branch is to the vine, All I need, all I need; I am His, and
5. He im-parts the Ho - ly Ghost, All I need, all I need; Saved un - to the
6. Laud His name thru endless days, All I need, all I need; Sing His ev - er-



CHORUS.



den - ti-fied, Christ is all I need.
All in all, Christ is all I need.
ease for mind, Christ is all I need. Pardon, pu-ri - ty and pow'r, Per-fect
He is mine, Christ is all I need.
ut-ter-most, Christ is all I need.
last-ing praise, Christ is all I need.



peace each day and hour, Hope of life for-ev - er-more—Christ is all I need.

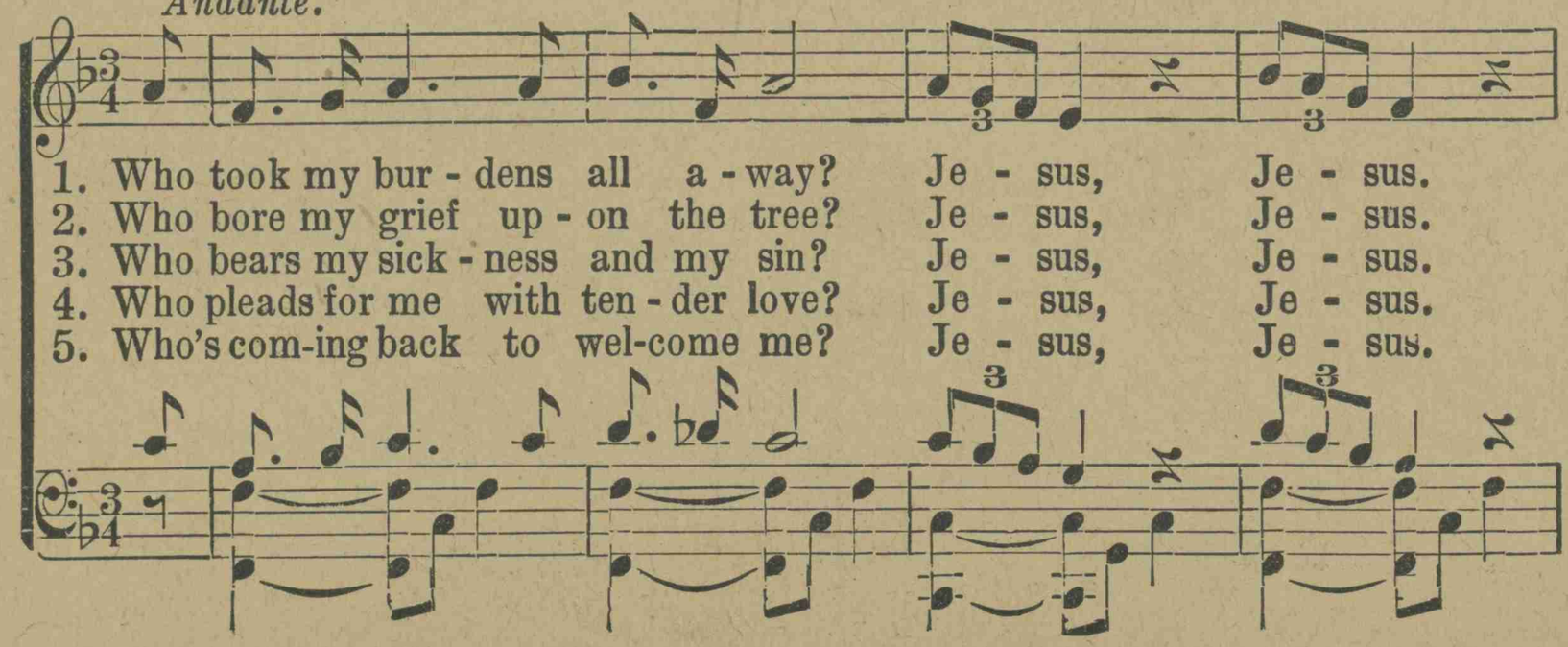


111 Jesus!

DUET.

L. C. H. COPYRIGHT. 1914, BY L. C. HALL. L. C. Hall.

Andante.



1. Who took my bur - dens all a - way? Je - sus, Je - sus.
2. Who bore my grief up - on the tree? Je - sus, Je - sus.
3. Who bears my sick - ness and my sin? Je - sus, Je - sus.
4. Who pleads for me with ten - der love? Je - sus, Je - sus.
5. Who's com-ing back to wel-come me? Je - sus, Je - sus.

Jesus!

Who turned my dark - ness in - to day? Je - sus, Je - sus.
When sor-rows come, who cares for me? Je - sus, Je - sus.
Who gives me peace and joy with-in? Je - sus, Je - sus.
Who'll take me to His home a-bove? Je - sus, Je - sus.
Then in whose like - ness shall I be? Je - sus, Je - sus.

REFRAIN.

Je-sus! Je-sus! On - ly Je-sus! Je-sus! Je-sus! On - ly Je-sus!

112 Living Water.

Jesse P. Tompkins. MRS. L. E. SWENEY. OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Bless-ed words that with us dwell, Sweetly spo-ken at the well, Where our Sav-ior
2. Bless-ed words in sweet re-frain, Drink and nev-er thirst a - gain, Wa - ter from the
3. Gushing streams that nev-er cease, Bring-ing ec-sta-cy and peace, Thru the vale of

CHORUS.

sat one day, Rest-ing, wea-ry by the way.
fount of love, From the crystal streams a-bove. "I will be with-in thee A well of
tears and woe, Healing streams that ever flow.

wa-ter, a well of water, Spring - ing up In - to ev - er-last-ing life.
Springing up, yes, springing up

113 The Song of the Blood.

Rev. Johnson Oatman Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1910. BY BUFFUM. & HALL. **Herbert Buffum.**

1. O what is the song that the blood washed sing?
2. O what is the song of the newborn soul? 'Tis the song of the blood.
3. O what is the song that the pilgrims love? 'Tis the song of the blood;
4. O what is the song of the Church below?

O what is the theme that they ev - er ring?
What song do men sing when they've been made whole? 'Tis the song of the blood.
What's the sweetest song sung it heav'n above? 'Tis the song of the blood, the blood.
What do an-gels hear, but they do not know?

CHORUS.

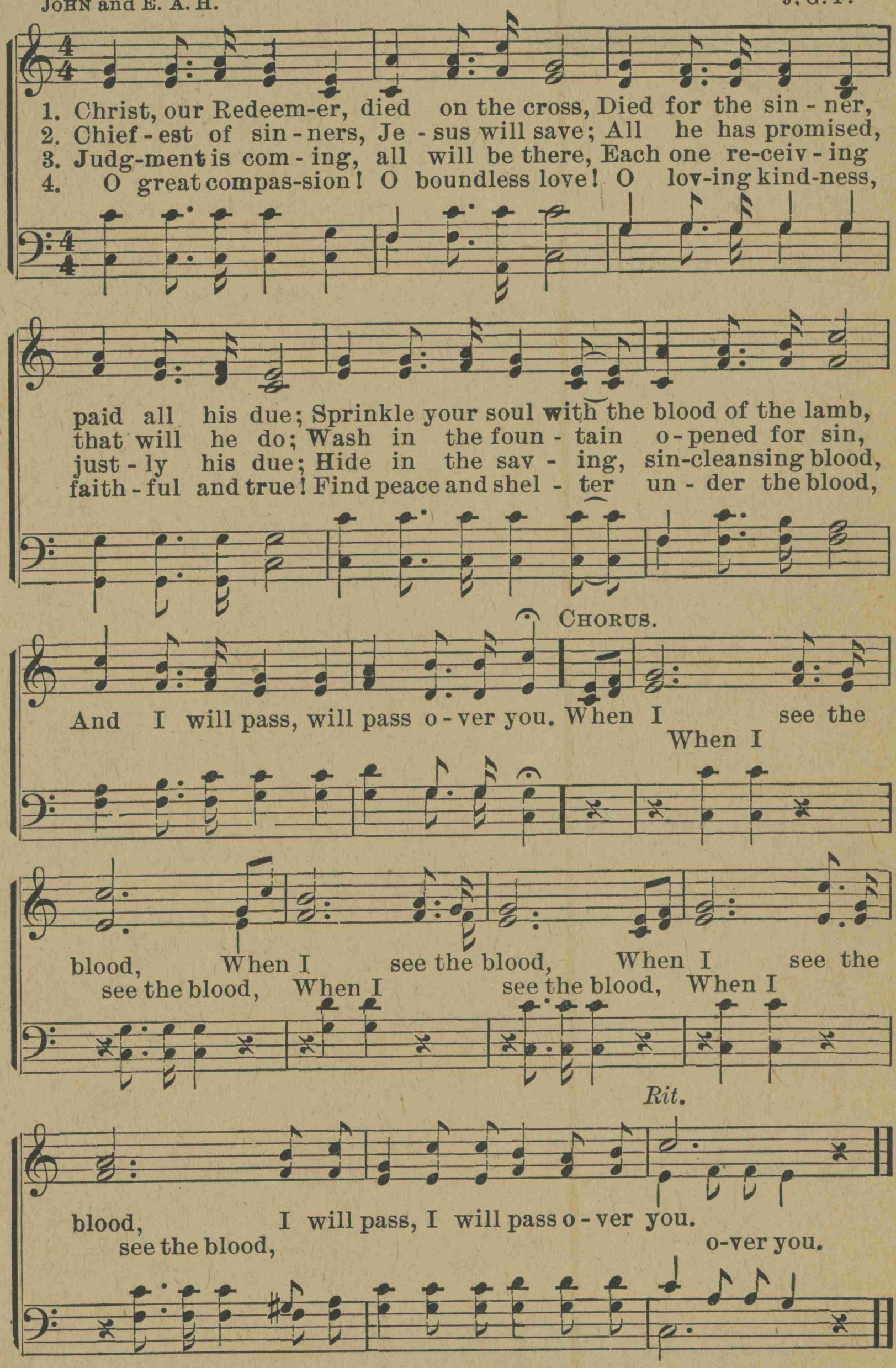
O the song of the blood! Blessed song to the ransomed giv'n;
O the song of the blood! the ransomed giv'n;

O the song of the blood! 'Tis the song of both earth and heav'n.
O the song of the blood, earth end heav'n.

314. When I See the Blood.

"When I see the blood I will pass over thee."—Ex. 12:13. "Christ our passover is sacrificed for us."—1 Cor. 5:7.

JOHN and E. A. H. J. G. F.



115

Marching On.

Capt. J. COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY R. E. HUDSON. Capt. Johnson.

1. March-ing on in the light of God, March-ing on, I am march-ing on;
2. March-ing on thro' the hosts of sin, March-ing on, I am march-ing on;
3. March-ing on while the skeptics sneer, March-ing on, I am march-ing on;
4. March-ing on with the flag un-furled, March-ing on, I am march-ing on;

Up the path that the Mas-ter trod, March-ing, march-ing on.
Vict'ry's mine, while I've Christ within, March-ing, march-ing on.
Per - fect love cast-eth out all fear, March-ing, march-ing on.
Preaching Christ to the dy - ing world, March-ing, march-ing on.

CHORUS.

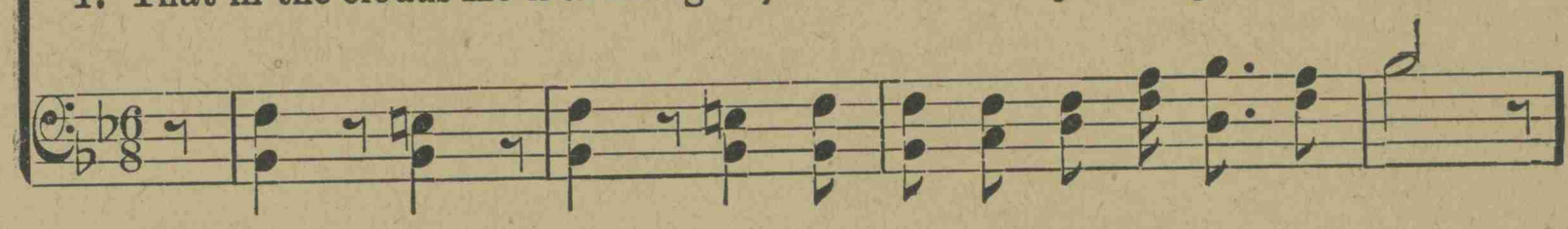
A robe of white, a crown of gold, A harp, a home, a man-sion fair,
A vic - tor's palm, a joy un - told, Are mine when I get there.

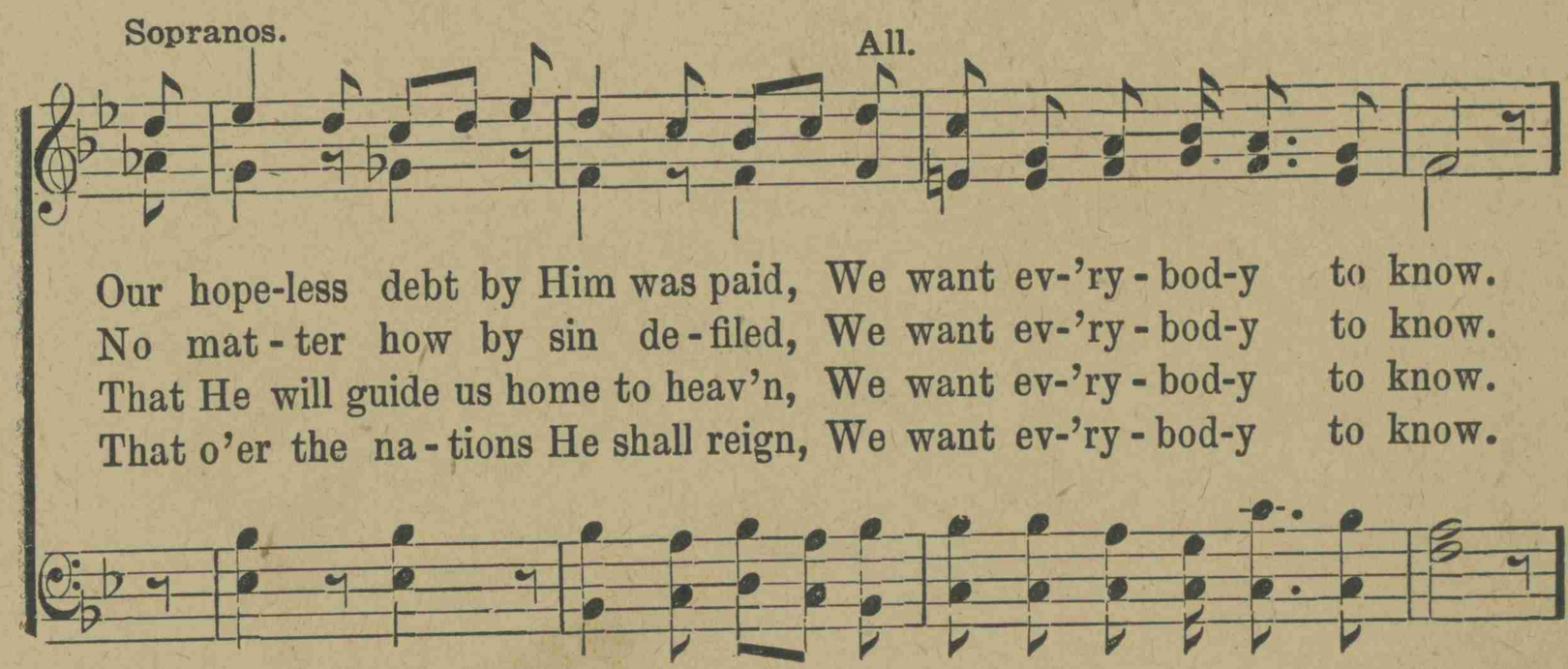
116 We Want Everybody to Know.

T. H. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY THORO HARRIS. Thoro Harris.



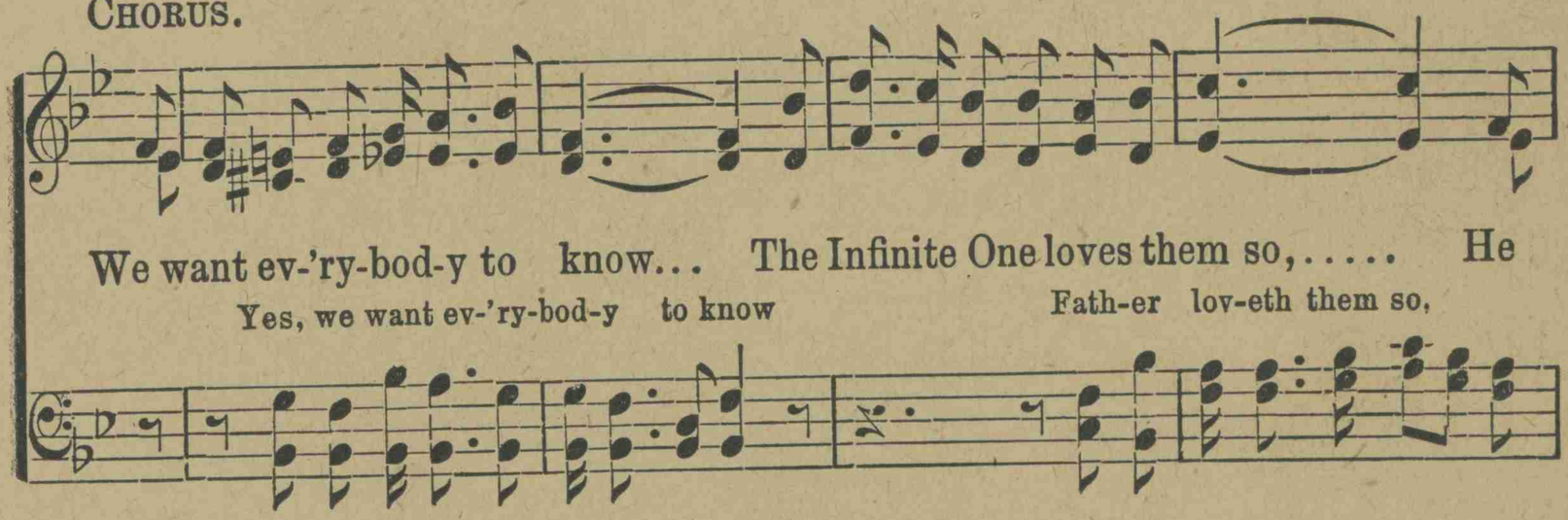
1. The Son of God atonement made, We want ev-'ry-bod-y to know;
2. That God with man is rec-on-ciled We want ev-'ry-bod-y to know;
3. That all our guilt may be forgiv'n, We want ev-'ry-bod-y to know;
4. That in the clouds He'll come again, We want ev-'ry-bod-y to know;





Our hope-less debt by Him was paid, We want ev-'ry-bod-y to know.
No mat-ter how by sin de-filed, We want ev-'ry-bod-y to know.
That He will guide us home to heav'n, We want ev-'ry-bod-y to know.
That o'er the na-tions He shall reign, We want ev-'ry-bod-y to know.

CHORUS.



We want ev-'ry-bod-y to know... The Infinite One loves them so,..... He
Yes, we want ev-'ry-bod-y to know Fath-er lov-eth them so,

rit.

gave His own Son For sin to a-tone; We want ev-'ry-bod-y to know.

117

O Why Will Ye Die?

"Turn ye for why will ye die." Ezek. 33: 11.

Mrs. Lillie Buffum. COPYRIGHT. 1910, BY H. BUFFUM. **Herbert Buffum.**

1. Sin - ner, Christ is call-ing thee, List - en to His gen-tle plea,
2. Earth-ly pleas-ures fade a - way, All their joys last but a day,
3. List - en to the Sav - ior's voice; Sin-ner, make Him now thy choice,
4. Sin - ner, soon 'twill be too late, Je - sus will no long-er wait,
5. Death is com - ing ver - y soon, Bring-ing to an aw - ful gloom;

CHORUS.

From the sec-ond death now flee, O why wilt thou die?
Flee to Je - sus, then, I pray; O why wilt thou die?
He will make thy heart re-joice: Then why wilt thou die? Then why wilt thou
But will close the pearl-y gate; O why wilt thou die?
Hast - en e'er thou seal thy doom; O why wilt thou die?

die Sin-ner, why wilt thou die? Je-sus hath redeemed thy soul, Died the

death to make thee whole, On Him all thy burdens roll; O why wilt thou die?

118 It is Well With My Soul.

H. G. Spafford. USED BY PERMISSION. P. P. Bliss.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

119

Joy Unspeakable.

(I Pet. 1: 8.)

B. E. W.

B. E. WARREN.

Lively.

1. I have found His grace in all complete, He sup-pli-eth ev-'ry need;
2. I have found the pleasure I once craved, It is joy and peace within;
3. I have found that hope so bright and clear, Liv-ing in the realm of grace;
4. I have found the joy no tongue can tell, How its waves of glory roll!

While I sit and learn at Je - sus' feet, I am free, yes, free in - deed.
What a wondrous blessing! I am saved From the aw - ful gulf of sin,
Oh, the Savior's presence is so near, I can see His smil-ing face.
It is like a great o'erflowing well, Springing up with-in my soul.

CHORUS.

It is joy un - speak-a - ble and full of glo - ry, Full of glo - ry, full of glo - ry; It is joy un - speak-a - ble and full of glo - ry, Oh, the half has nev - er yet been told.

By per. B. E. Warren, Springfield, O., Owner of copyright.

Seeking for Me.

E. E. HASTY.

1. Je - sus, my Sav-ior, to Bethlehem came, Born in a manger to sorrow and shame;
2. Je - sus, my Sav-ior, on Calvary's tree, Paid the great debt and my soul He set free;
3. Je - sus, my Sav-ior, the same as of old, While I did wander a-far from the fold;
4. Je-sus, my Sav-ior, shall come from on high, Sweet is the promise as weary years fly;

Oh, it was won - der - ful, blest be His name, Seek - ing for me, for me.
Oh, it was won - der - ful, how could it be? Dy - ing for me, for me.
Gen-tly and long He hath plead with my soul, Call - ing for me, for me.
Oh, I shall see Him de - scend - ing the sky, Com - ing for me, for me.

for me . . . . . for me. . . . . .

Seek-ing for me, seek - ing for me, Seek-ing for me, seek - ing for me;
Dy - ing for me, dy - ing for me, Dy - ing for me, dy - ing for me;
Call - ing for me, call - ing for me, Call - ing for me, call - ing for me;
Com-ing for me, com-ing for me, Com - ing for me, com - ing for me;

Oh, it was won - der - ful, blest be His name, Seek - ing for me, for me.
Oh, it was won - der - ful, how could it be? Dy - ing for me, for me.
Gently and long He hath plead with my soul, Call - ing for me, for me.
Oh, I shall see Him de - scend - ing the sky, Com - ing for me, for me.

Grom "Good Will," By per.

121 Hidden Away With Him.

"Your life is hid with Christ, in God."—Col. 3:3.

H. B. COPYRIGHT. 1910. BY H. BUFFUM & L. C. HALL. Herbert Buffum.

I. My life is hid - den with Christ in God,
2. I have no fear of the ter - ror by night,
3. A thousand may fall at my side as I stand,
4. He is my fort - ress, my buck - ler and shield,
5. The lion and ad - der of sin I'll de - feat,

Hid-den a-way, hid - den a - way; I'm hid - den from sin by the
Hid-den a-way, hid - den a - way; No fear of the ar - row by
Hid-den a-way, hid - den a - way; And ten thou-sand more may fall
Hid-den a-way, hid - den a - way; From all fi - ery darts which the
Hid-den a-way, hid - den a - way; And tram-ple the drag-on of

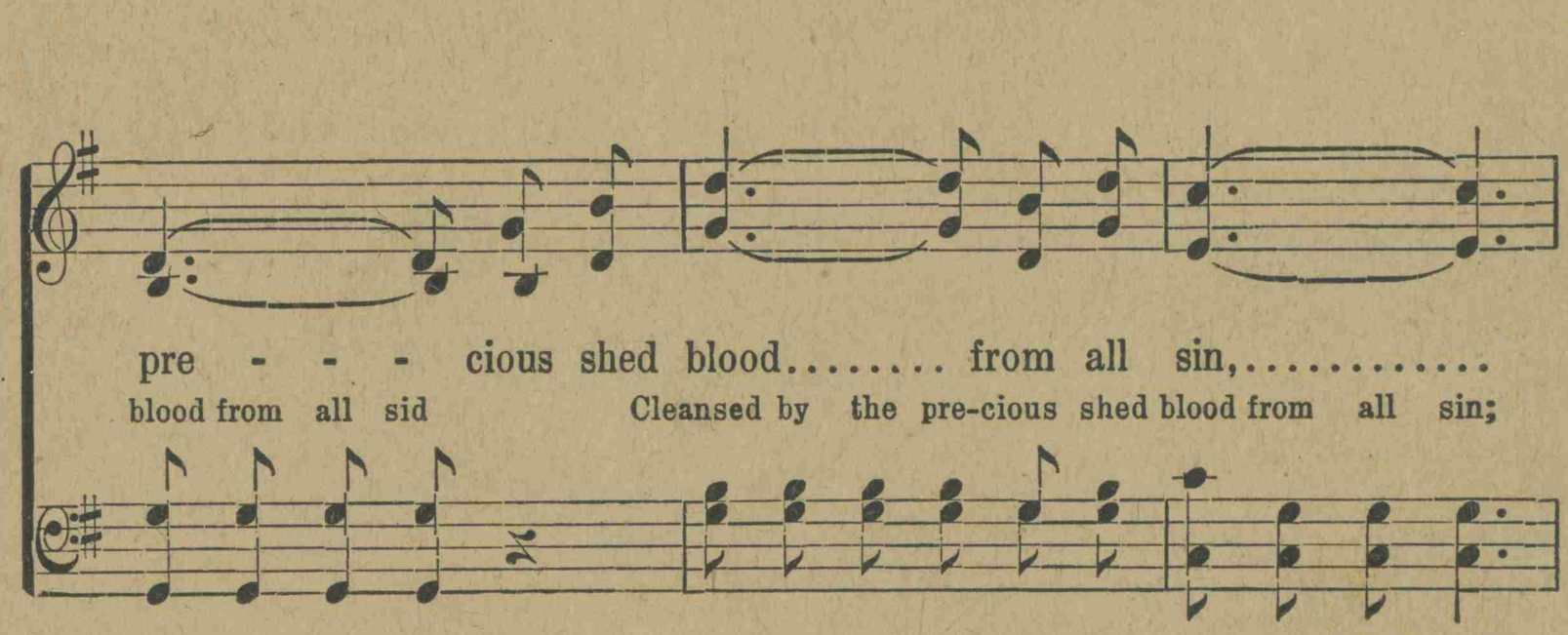
pow - er of the blood, Yes, hid - den a - way with Him.
day in its flight, I'm hid - den a - way with Him.
at my right hand, I'm hid - den a - way with Him.
temp - ter may wield; I'm hid - den a - way with Him.
Death 'neath my feet, I'm hid - den a - way with Him.

CHORUS.

Hid - - den a - way..... in His dear..... wound-ed
Hid-den a - way in His dear wounded side, Hid - den a - way in His

Hidden Away With Him.







122 An Old Account Settled.

F. M. G. F. M. Graham.

1. There was a time on earth When in the book of heav'n An old account was
2. The old account was large, And growing ev-'ry day, For I was always
3. When at the judgment bar I stand be-fore my King, And He the book will
4. O sin-ner, seek the Lord, Re-pent of all your sin, For thus He has com-

standing For sins yet un-for-giv'n; My name was at the top, And ma - ny
sinning, And nev - er tried to pay; But when I looked ahead And saw such
o - pen, He can-not find a thing; Then will my heart be glad, While tears of
manded, If you would en-ter in; And then if you should live A hun-dred

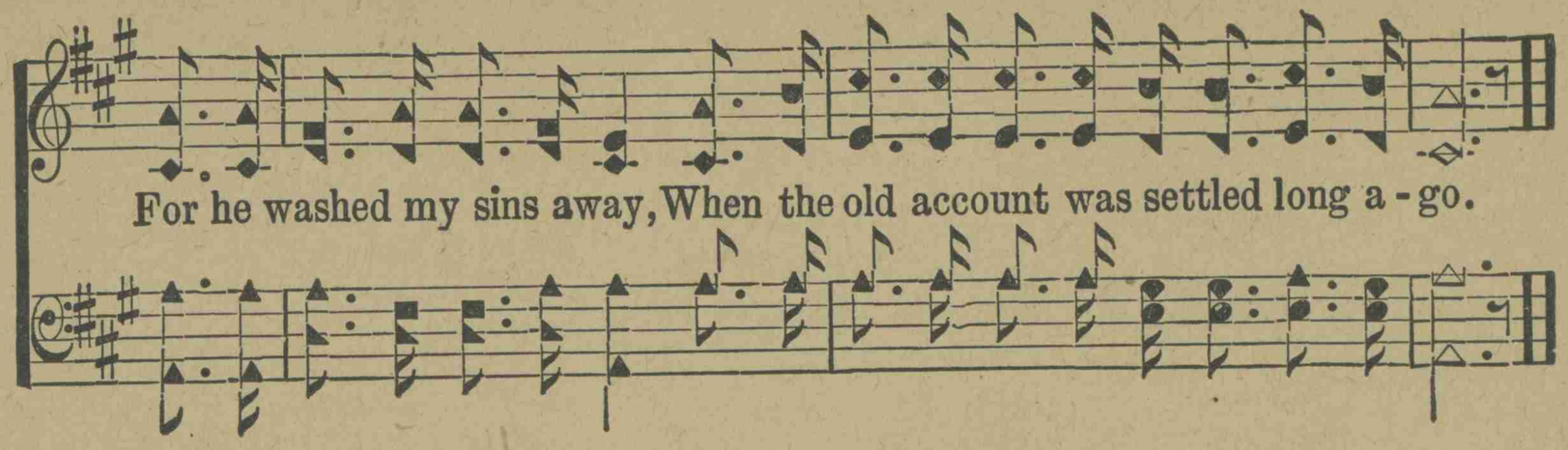
things be-low, I went un - to the keep-er, And set - tled long a - go.
pain and woe, I said that I would set - tle, And set - tled long a - go.
joy will flow Be - cause I had it set - tled, And set - tled long a - go.
years be-low, E'en here you'll not re-gret it, You set - tled long a - go.

Chorus.

Long a - go, Long a - go, Yes, the old account was
Down on my knees, I set-tled it all,
set-tled long a - go; And the record's clear to-day, For He
Hal - le - lu - jah!

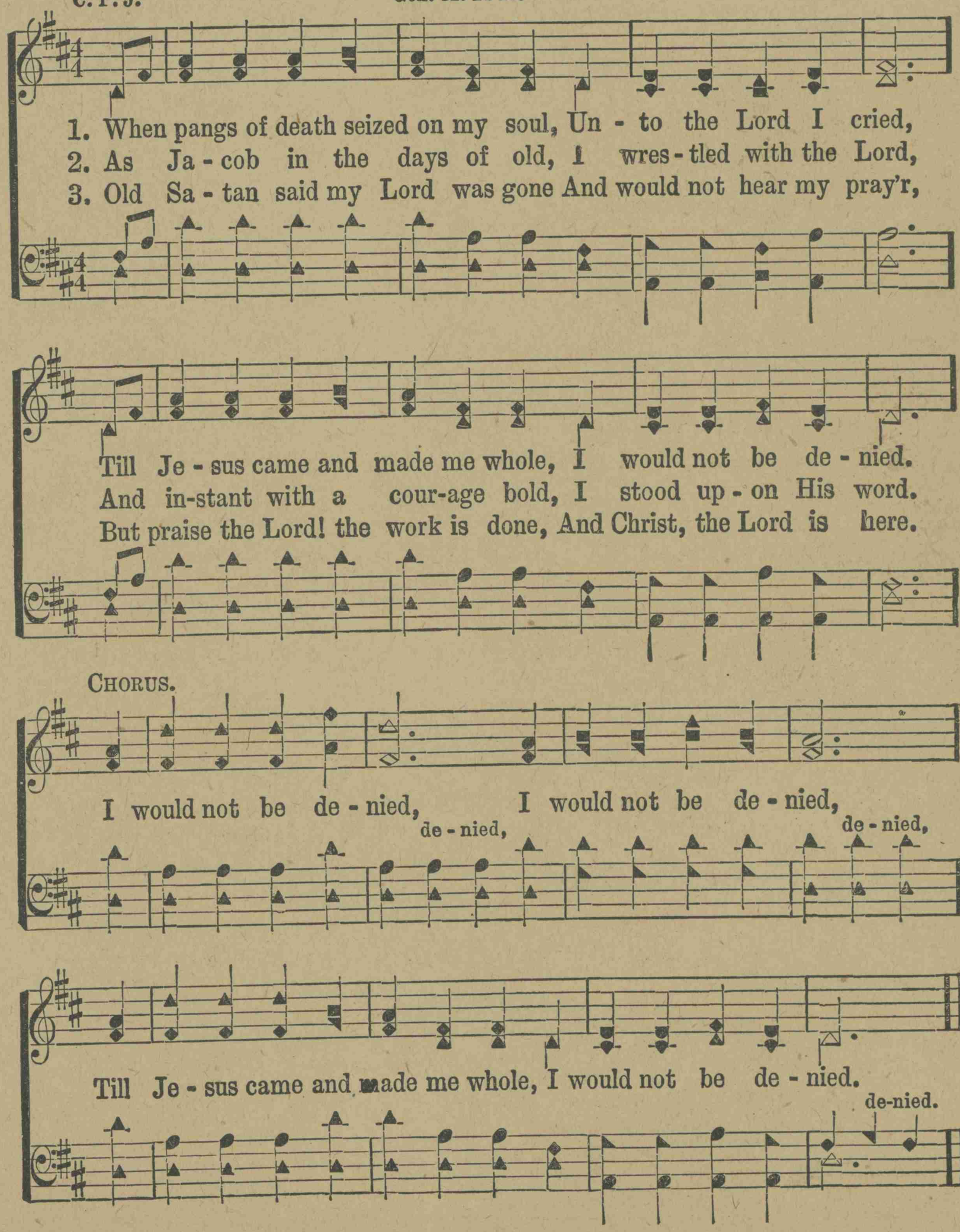
By Permission.

The Old Account Settled Long Ago. Concluded.



123 I Would Not be Denied.

C. P. J. Gen. 32: 24-28. C. P. JONES.



124 Beautiful.

B. E. W. BY PER. OF J. A. LEE, GLENCOE, KY. B. E. Warren.

1. Beau-ti-ful robes so white, Beau-ti-ful land of light, Beau-ti-ful
2. Beau-ti-ful tho't to me, We shall for-ev-er be Thine in e-
3. Beau-ti-ful things on high, O-ver in yon-der sky, Thus I shall

home so bright, Where there shall come no night; Beau-ti-ful crown I'll wear,
ter-ni-ty, When from this world we're free; Free from its toil and care,
leave this shore, Counting my treas-ures o'er; Where we shall nev-er die,

Shin-ing with stars o'er there, Yon-der in man-sions fair, Gath-er us there.
Heav-en-ly joys to share, Let me cross o-ver there, This is my pray'r.
Car-ry me by and by, Nev-er to sor-row more, Heav-en-ly store.

CHORUS.

Beau-ti-ful robes,..... Beau-ti-ful land,.....

Beau-ti-ful robes of white, Beau-ti-ful land of light,

Beau-ti-ful home,..... Beau-ti-ful band,.....

Beau-ti-ful home so bright, Beau-ti-ful band of might,

Beautiful.





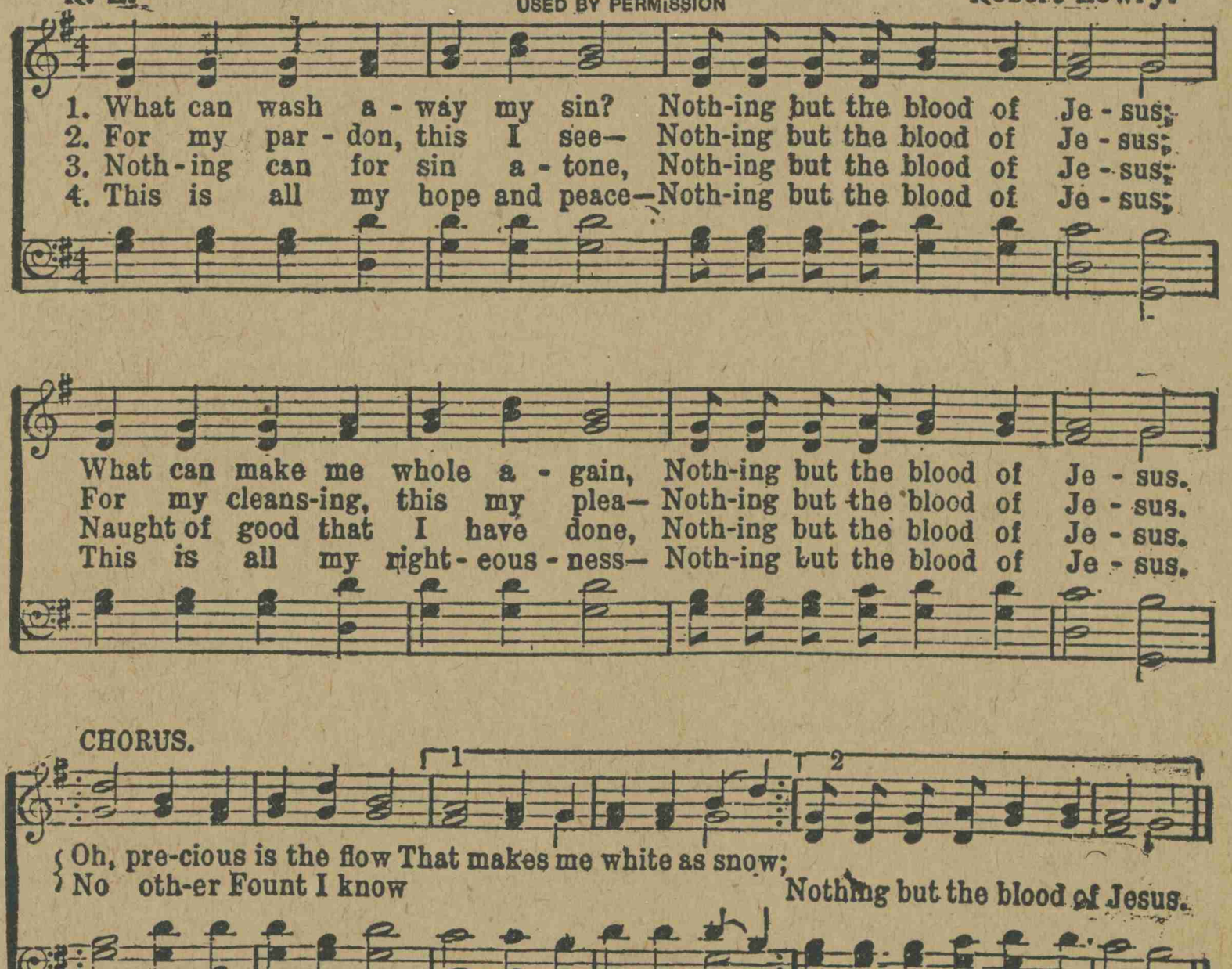
125

Nothing But the Blood.

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R. L.

Robert Lowry.



CHORUS.



126. He is Mine, I am His.

GRACE ELIZABETH COBB. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Bless - ed Lil - y of the Val-ley, oh, how fair is He! He is
2. Let me sing of all His mer-cies, of His kindness true, He is
3. Tho' He lead me thro' the val - ley of the shade of death, He is

mine, I am His; Sweet-er than the angels' mu-sic is His
mine, I am His; Fresh at morn, and in the eve'ning, comes a
mine, I am His; Should I fear, when, oh, so ten-der - ly He

D.S. — *Sweet-er than the an-gels' mu-sic is His*

FINE.

voice to me, He is mine, I am His; Where the lil - ies fair are
bless-ing new, He is mine, I am His; With the deep'ning shadows
whis-per-eth, He is mine, I am His; For the sunshine of His

voice to me, He is mine, I am His.

blooming by the waters calm, There He leads me, and upholds me by His
comes a whisper, "Safe-ly rest, Sleep in peace, for I am near thee, naught shall
pres-ence doth il-lume the night, And He leads me thro' the valley to the

strong right arm; All the air is love around me, I can feel no harm,
thee mo-lest; I will linger till the morning, Keeper, Friend, and Guest;"
mountain height; Out of bond-age in - to freedom, in - to cloudless light;

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He is Mine, I am His. Concluded.

CHORUS.

He is mine, I am His. Lil - y of the Val - ley,
He is mine, Bless-ed Lil - y of the Val - ley,

D.S.

He is mine, Lil - y of the Val-ley, I am His;
Hal - le-lu - jah, He is mine, Blessed Lily of the Val-ley,

127. Alleluia!

T. H. *Maestoso.* THORO HARRIS.

1. The ev - 'ning sun is set - ting in the west, O'er all cre-
2. With all the saints we mag - ni - fy the Lord, Ex - alt his
3. In thee, O God, our soul shall make her boast; In praise to

a - tion fall the dews of rest. Now be the King by
name, re - vere his ho - ly word. For - ev - er be thy
Fa - ther, Son and Ho - ly Ghost, We join the choir un-

heav'n and earth con-fest. Al - le-lu-ia! Al - le-lu - ia!
glo - rious name a-dored! Al - le-lu-ia! Al - le-lu - ia!
seen, the heav'nly host. Al - le-lu-ia! Al - le-lu - ia! A-men.

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Praise the Lord.

J. V. R. JAS. V. REID.

1. There's a foun-tain flow - ing for the heal-ing of the soul, Praise the Lord!
2. There's a ta - ble set-ting where each hungry soul may eat,
3. By His strong right hand Je - ho - vah lift - eth up the weak,
4. Let us serve the Lord with gladness, make a joy - ful noise, Praise the Lord!

Praise the Lord! I have plunged beneath and now His blood has made me whole,
And the Lord will fill thee with the fin - est of the wheat,
And with full sal - va - tion He will beau - ti - fy the meek.
Praise the Lord! Blessed is the peo - ple that know the heav'n-ly joys,

CHORUS. *With vigor.*

Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! Let the peo - ple praise the
Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!
Let the people sing and

Lord, Hal - le - lu - - jah! hal - le - lu - - jah!
praise the Lord, Praise His ho - ly name, spread a-broad His fame,

Sing ye all with one ac-cord, Sing a-loud and praise His
Sing ye all His saints with one ac-cord, Sing aloud and praise His

Praise the Lord. Concluded.

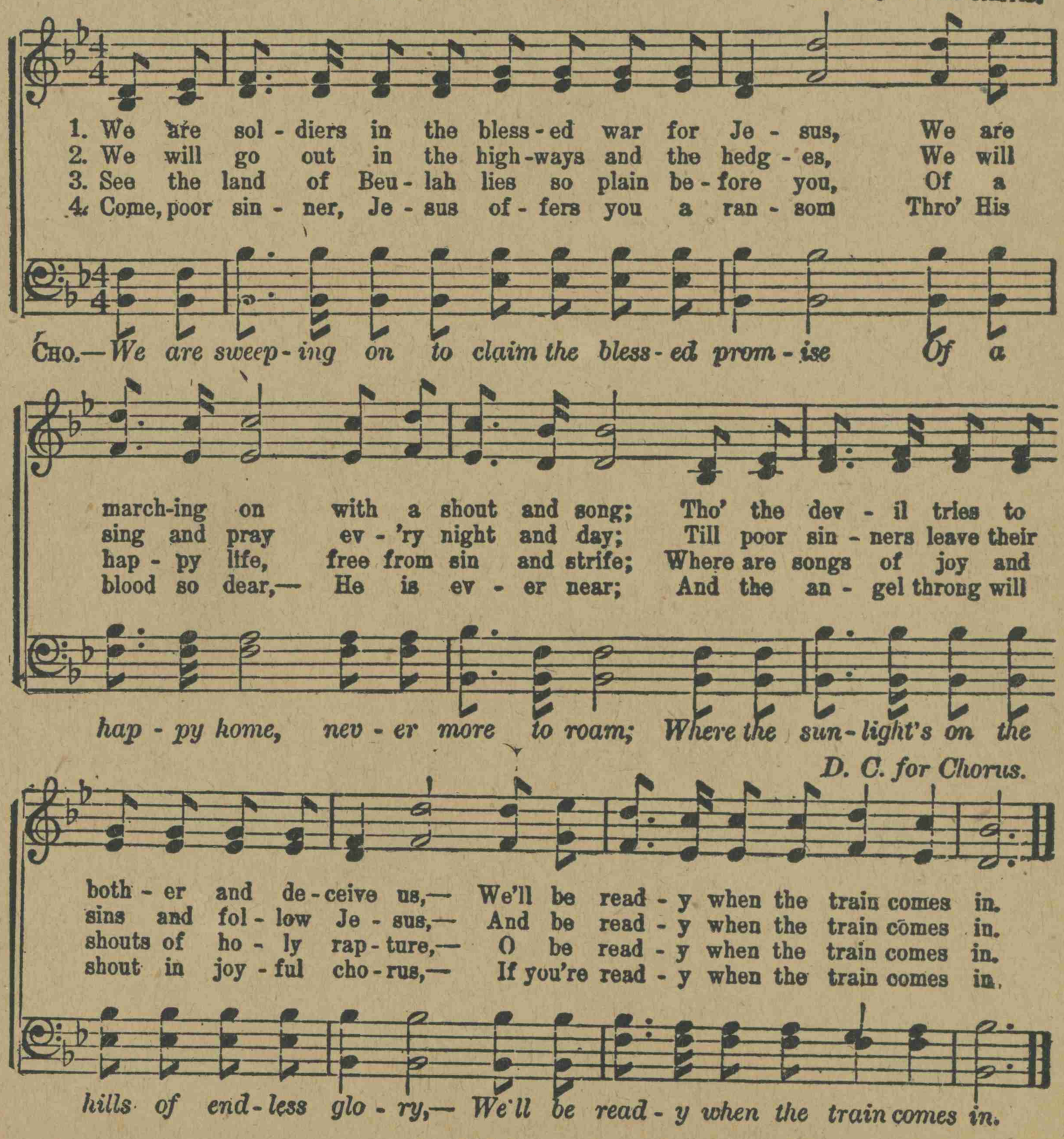




129 When the Train Comes In.

Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris

Arr. by Thoro Harris.



The Haven of Rest.

H. L. GILMOUR. GEO. D. MOORE.

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

burdened with sin, and dis - tressed, Till I heard a sweet voice say-ing,
faith tak-ing hold of the word, My fet - ters fell off, and I
been the old sto - ry so blest Of Je - sus, who'll save who-so-
John, the be - lov - ed and blest, On Je - sus' strong arm, where no
save by His pow - er di - vine; Come, an - chor your soul in the

D. S.—*The tem - pest may sweep o'er the*

FINE.

make me your choice; And I en - tered the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
an - chored my soul; The ha - ven of rest is my Lord.
ev - er will have A home in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
tem - pest can harm, Se - cure in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
ha - ven of rest, And say, "my Be - lov - ed is mine."

wild, storm-y deep, In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

CHORUS. D. S.

I've anchored my soul in the ha-ven of rest, I'll sail the wide seas no more;

Arise and Shine.

Mary A. Lathbury. COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF THE JOHN OHURCH CO. **P. P. Bliss.**

1. Lift up, lift up thy voice with singing, Dear land, with strength lift up thy voice!
2. And shall His flock with strife be riv-en? Shall envious lines His church divide,
3. Lift up thy gates! bring forth ob-la-tions! One crown'd with crowns, a message brings,
4. He comes! let all the earth a-dore Him; The path His hu-man na-ture trod

The kingdoms of the earth are bringing Their treasures to thy gates—rejoice!
When He, the Lord of earth and heaven, Stands at the door to claim His bride?
His word, a sword to smite the nations; His name—the Christ, the King of kings.
Spreads to a roy - al realm before Him, The Light of life, the word of God!

CHORUS.

A-rise and shine in youth im-mor-tal, Thy light is come, thy King appears!

Be-yond the Century's swinging portal, Breaks a new dawn—*the thousand years*!

The Bridal Procession.

F. E. R.

F. E. RIMANOCZY.

With great expression.

1. One day without the taste of death, The good Enoch was sainted,
2. One day a golden chariot grand, It's way to earth was wending,
3. When the sleeping vir-gins heard the cry, "Behold the bridegroom's carriage,"
4. In most of Paul's e-pis- tles he Has ver- y plain-ly told us

It was because he walked with God And got so well acquainted;
'Twas drawn by wondrous steeds of fire, With angel hosts attending;
They all arose and trimmed their lamps To go in-to the marriage;
That soon this old terrestrial sphere, Wont have the pow'r to hold us;

The sto- ry is fa- mil- iar, You have heard it oft re-lat-ed,
On Jordan's bank E- li-jah stood, He was God's own pos-ses-sion,
But the fool-ish said, "We have no oil, Our lamps are go- ing out,"
The Lord Himself with might shall come, Whom God is now detaining,

God willed and so it came to pass, That Enoch was translated.
And so they stopped and took him in, And he joined the grand procession.
And while they went to buy the wise Were caught up with a shout.
The dead in Christ shall be raised first, Then those alive remaining.

By per. F. C. Rimanoczy, 2137 Grand St., Cin., O.

The Bridal Procession. Concluded.

CHORUS. *Joyfully.*

I be-long to the brid - al pro-ces - sion, I am

go-ing to the marriage of the Lamb, I have an e-

ter - nal pos-ses-sion, With the bridegroom in that heav'nly land.

133 I'll Live for Him.

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 receive, 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!*

D. C. for Chorus

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!

134 The Battle Song.

L. C. H. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY L. C. HALL. L. C. Hall.

1. The long, long, bat - tle line is flung, A-round the whole wide world;
   The bat - tle song, by all is sung, Be - neath His flag un-furled;

2. The mar-shalled hosts, of death and sin, Are fight - ing ver - y hard;
   But they can nev - er, nev - er win, Nor e'en our march re - tard

3. And as we go, the bat - tle song, Is heard o'er land and sea,
   'Tis sung thro' night and all day long, The cross of Cal - va - ry;

4. We'll shout up - on the heav'n-ly shore, The con-quests all are past;
   Then when at last with bat - tles o'er, And we tri-umph at last;

f.

The sun ne'er sets wher - e'er this fight, Is waged a-gainst the wrong,
For as we go with ar-mor bright, A-gainst this com-mon foe,
Our foes who fight they must give in, Or per - ish by the way,
The "Bat - tle Song," at last we'll sing, No more up - on this shore,

D.S.—We ral - ly here be - neath the cross, With ban-ner lift - ed high!

FINE.

To drive a - way the shades of night, They sing the "Bat-tle Song."
Our bat - tle song, "The Right! The Right!" Will con-quer as we go.
And leave the dark give up their sin, To find the end - less day.
But 'round the throne of Him our King, We'll sing for - ev - er - more.

We sing the song, we fear no loss, Our tri - umph's in the sky.

CHORUS.

The Bat - tle song! The Bat - tle Song! O sing it ev - 'ry-where;
O sing it, sing it, ev-'ry-where;

The Battle Song.

D. S.

To lift the right, to down the wrong, His tri - umph we shall share;

135 When Jesus Speaks.

L. C. H. COPYRIGHT. 1915. BY L. C. HALL. L. C. Hall.

1. We trav - el though the lone - ly val - ley, We climb the rug-ged hills;
2. He spoke the worlds in - to their be - ing, He spoke from Cal-va - ry;
3. My heart is stilled when-e'er He speak-eth, With peace like heav'n above;
4. No voice like His has ev - er spok - en, In tones of tend'rest love;

We're tossed up - on the storm - y bill-ows! When Je-sus speaks: He stills.
He speaks a - gain from high - est heav - en, He speaks just now to me.
Tho' wild - est tem - pest has been rag - ing, He speaks the peace of love.
'Tis like the voice of gen - tle shep-herd, Like coo of heav'n-ly dove.

Chorus.

When Je-sus speaks, when Je-sus speaks, The wildest storms He stills;

When Je - sus speaks, when Je - sus speaks, Life's rag-ing sea He stills.

136 Our King is Coming Soon.

L. C. H. COPYRIGHT. 1915, BY L. C. HALL. L. C. Hall.

1. Are you glad to hear the ti-dings, That the Spir-it bids you hear, Ti-dings
2. All the earth is in com-mo-tion, Groaning 'neath its load of sin; Kingdoms
3. See the dark-ness dis-ap-pear-ing! Hail the glad tri-umph-ant morn! Soon His
4. 'Twill be glo - ry when we gath-er With our Sav-ior in the air, Gath-er

that the King of glo-ry Will so ver - y soon ap-pear? With ten thou-sand
at their base are crumbling; Soon our King shall en-ter in; 'Tis the king-doms
glo - ry, earth shall cov-er, Soon will pass the mocker's scorn; En-ter in, Thou
with the saints of a - ges, When we meet to - geth-er there, And be-hold the

D. S.—*He is com - ing,*

saints at-tend-ing, Bringing in His glo-rious day; For the Spir - it brings the
that are dy - ing, Dy-ing midst their want and sin; But His king-dom is ad-
King of glo - ry, For the gates are lift - ed high; And we hail Thy glo-rious
King of glo - ry, Seat-ed on His roy-al throne, When we hear Him bid us

He is com - ing, He is com - ing ver - y soon; O, I'm glad to hear the

CHORUS.

ti-dings; That our King is on His way.
vancing, Soon He'll let the conqu'ors in. He is coming, coming, coming, He is
com-ing, For we know Thy advent's nigh.
en-ter, When He comes to claim His own.

ti-dings That our King is com-ing soon.

Our King is Coming Soon.

D. S.

com-ing ver - y soon; Are you glad to hear the tidings, waiting one? (waiting one?)

137 Since Jesus Came In to Abide.

Herbert Buffum. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY L. C HALL **L. C. Hall.**

1. My life is no long-er all tarnished by sin, Since Je - sus came in
2. No long - er I weep o'er the past wasted years, Since Je - sus came in
3. He came to my soul like a heav-en-ly dove, When Je - sus came in
4. And now un - to oth - ers I'm tell-ing be-low, Since Je - sus came in

to a - bide; Re - morse had de - part-ed and hopes shine with-in, Since
to a - bide; He's lift - ed my bur-dens and wiped all my tears, Since
to a - bide; He came and brought with Him an o - cean of love, When
to a - bide; How His pre-cious blood wash-es whit - er than snow, Since

FINE. CHORUS.

Je - sus came in to a - bide. Since Je-sus came in to a - bide, He's my

D.S.—*Je-sus came in to a - bide.*

D. S.

fortress, and in Him I hide; On bil-lows of glo-ry to heav-en I ride, Since

138 Peace Thru the Blood of the Cross.

G. T. H. Copyright, 1915, by G. T. Haywood, Indianapolis, Ind. G. T. HAYWOOD.

1. I once was lost and un - der con-dem-na-tion, And my poor soul
2. Je - sus, my all, thou fair-est of ten thous-and, Since I have found
3. Christ my be - lov'd, is al - to - geth-er love - ly; He's more to me
Soon He shall come to catch a - way His jew - els; O how my heart

was cry-ing for re - lease; I heard how God had made a prep-a-ra - tion
Thee prec-ious to my soul, Thou art my Rose and Lil - y of the Val-ley;
than all I've ev- er known; He gave me peace when I was sad and lone-ly;
yearns for that bless-ed day When He shall say to all the heav-y la-den,

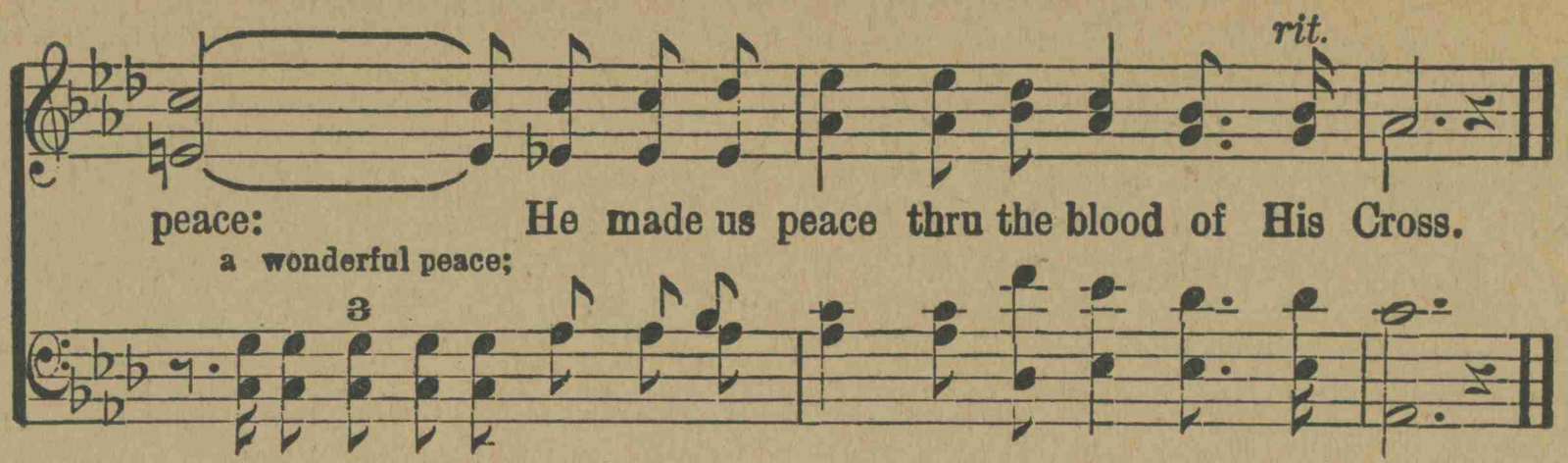
CHORUS.

Where - by thru faith I'd find the path of peace.
And O, what peace since Thou hast made me whole! O there is
Now I am His, and He is mine a - lone.
"Come, my he - lov - ed, rise and come a - way!"

peace, a won-der-ful peace, From doubts and fears
peace, sweet peace, blessed peace, From doubts and fears

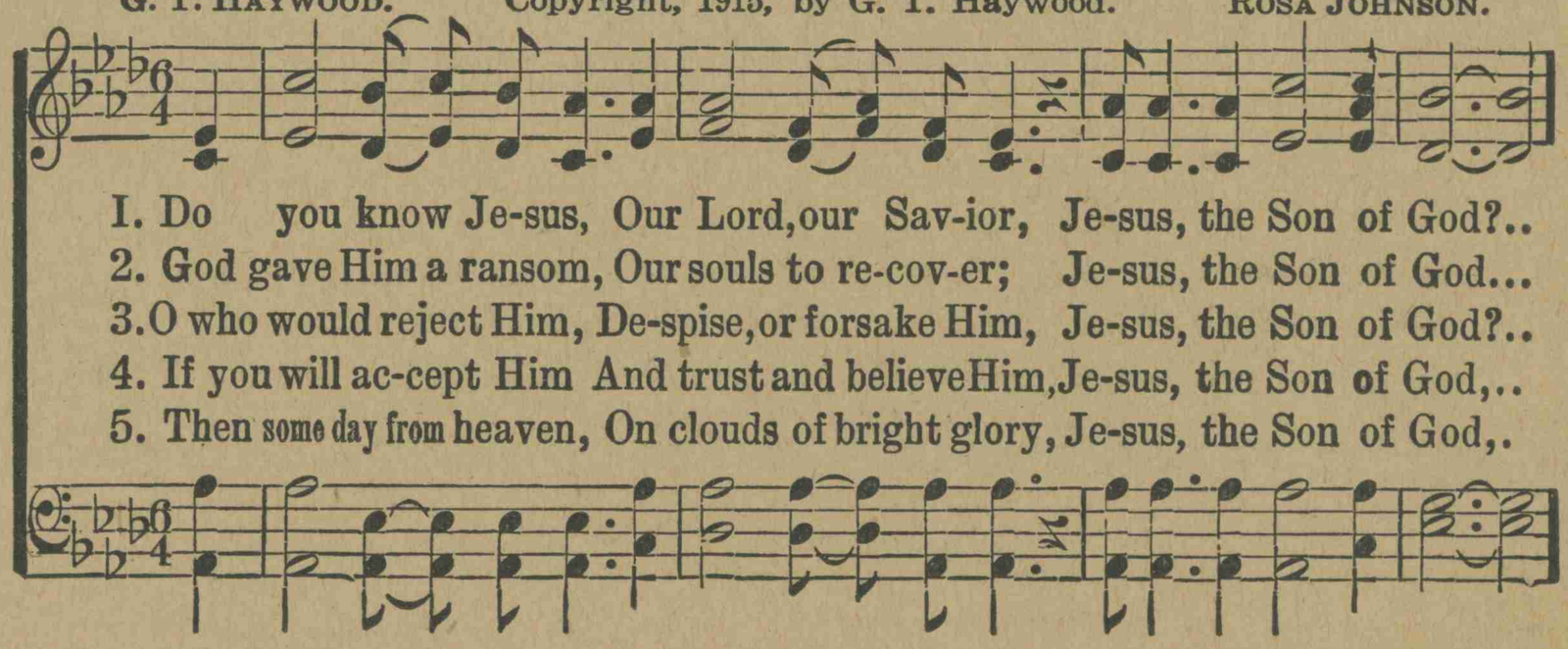
a sweet re-lease; Yes, there is peace, a won-der - ful
a sweet release: peace, sweet peace,

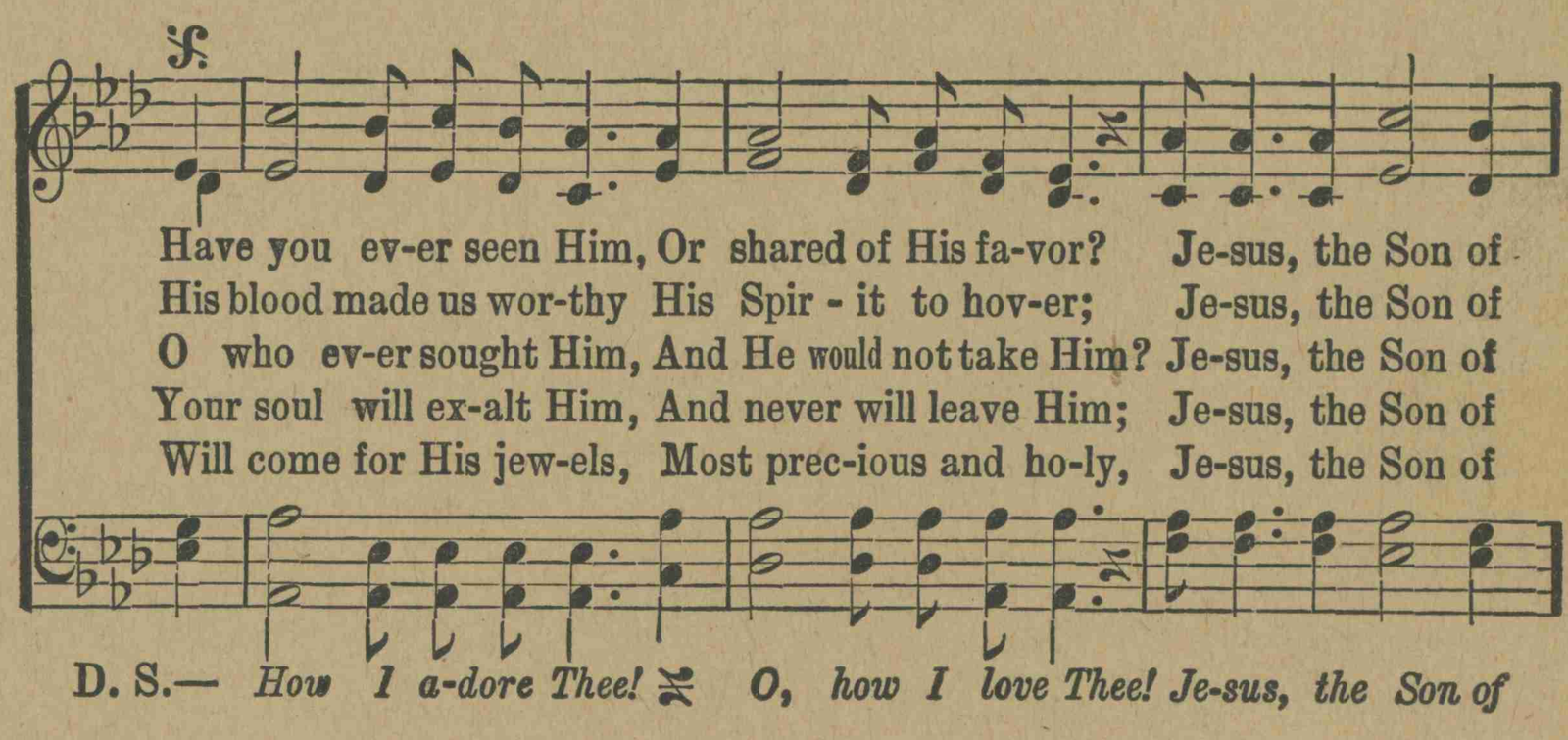
Peace Thru the Blood of the Cross.



139 Jesus, the Son of God.

G. T. HAYWOOD. Copyright, 1915, by G. T. Haywood. Music arranged by ROSA JOHNSON.







140

We'll Go Together.

T. H.

THORO HARRIS.

1. The prom-ised hour is draw-ing near—We'll all go home to-geth-er
2. The trump of God shall wake the dead, We'll all go home to-geth-er
3. The faith-ful mar - tyrs trod this way, We'll all go home to-geth-er
4. Not from the gates of heav'n they come, We'll all go home to-geth-er
5. A - lone they can - not per - fect be, We'll all go home to-geth-er
6. Then let us for that day pre-pare, We'll all go home to-geth-er

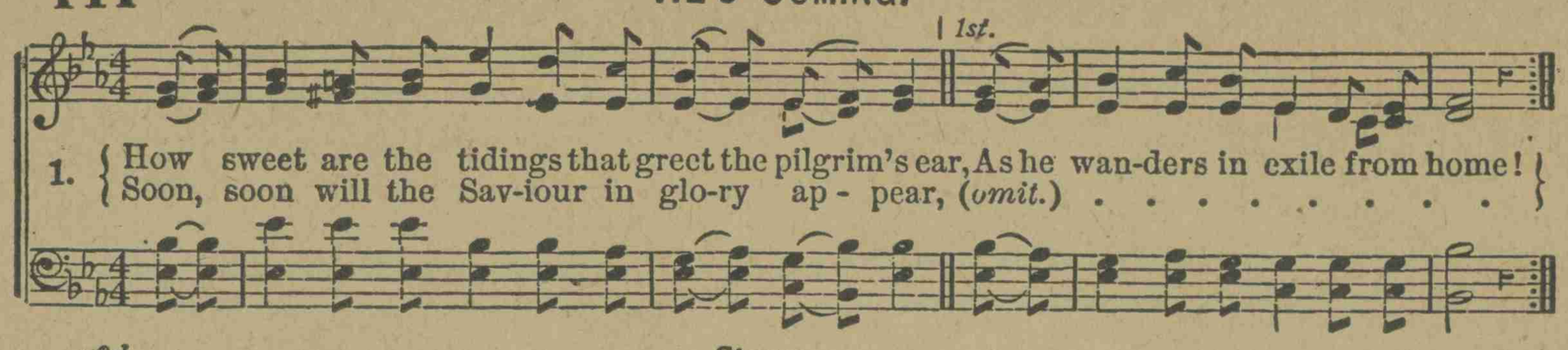
in the morning—When Jesus shall in clouds ap-pear: We'll all go home to-
in the morning; By this sweet hope be com-fort-ed, We'll all go home to-
in the morning; But we'll reach home as soon as they, We'll all go home to-
in the morning; But from the por - tals of the tomb: We'll all go home to-
in the morning; "Some better thing" for us we see, We'll all go home to-
in the morning; To meet our Sav - ior in the air, We'll all go home to-

CHORUS.

geth-er in the morn-ing. In the morn - ing, in the morn -
When the dead in Christ shall rise, With liv-ing saints ascend the
ing, We'll all go home to-geth-er in the morn-ing; In the morn -
skies, At the ris - ing of the
ing, in the morn - ing, We'll all go home to-geth-er in the morning.
sun, We will gath-er ev - 'ry one, And

Copyright 1908 by Thoro Harris.

141 HE'S COMING.

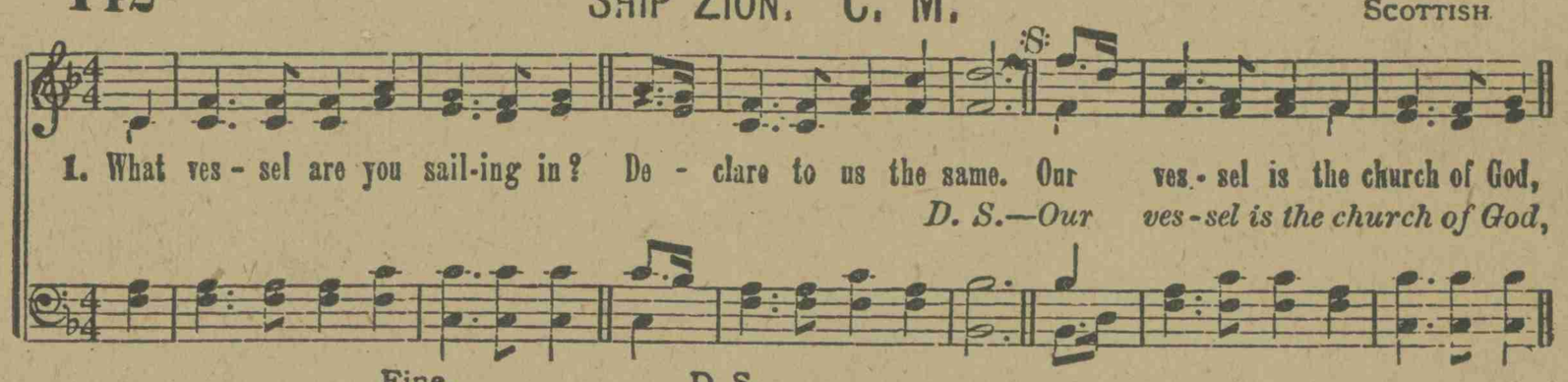


2 The mossy old graves where the pilgrims sleep
Shall be open as wide as before,
And the millions that sleep in the mighty deep
Shall live on this earth once more.

3 There we'll meet ne'er to part in our happy Eden home,
Sweet songs of redemption we'll sing:
From the North, from the South, all the ransomed shall come,
And worship our heavenly King.

4 Hallelujah, Amen! Hallelujah again!
Soon, if faithful, we all shall be there;
O, be watchful, be hopeful, be joyful till then,
And a crown of bright glory we'll wear.

142 SHIP ZION. C. M. SCOTTISH



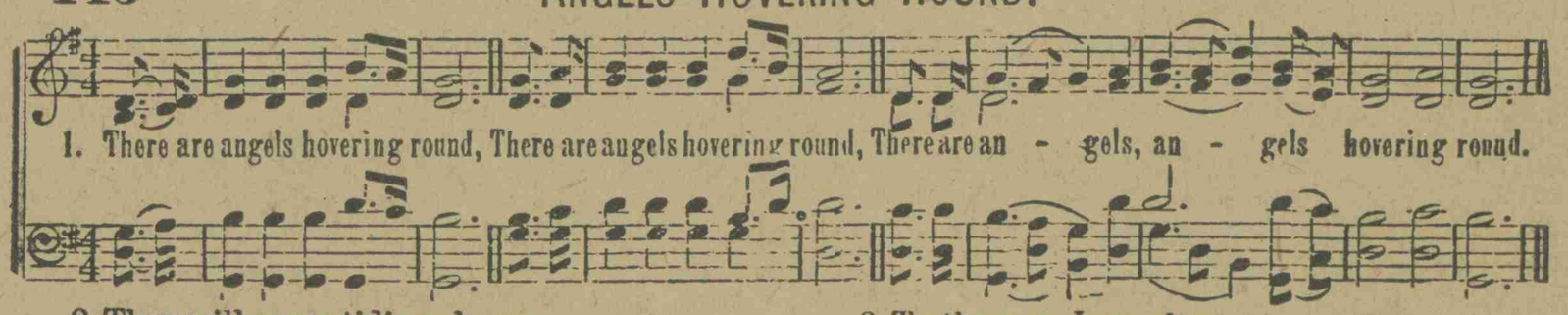
2 And are you not afraid some storm
Your bark will overwhelm?
No, bless the Lord, we need not fear;
Our Father's at the helm.

3 Our compass is the sacred word;
Our anchor, blooming hope;
The love of God our maintop sail,
And faith our cable rope.

4 The sun is up, the clouds are gone,
The heavens above are clear;
The city bright, appears in sight;
We're getting round the pier.

5 And when we all are landed safe
On that celestial plain,
Our song shall be, "O praise the Lamb
For rebel sinners slain."

143 ANGELS HOVERING ROUND.

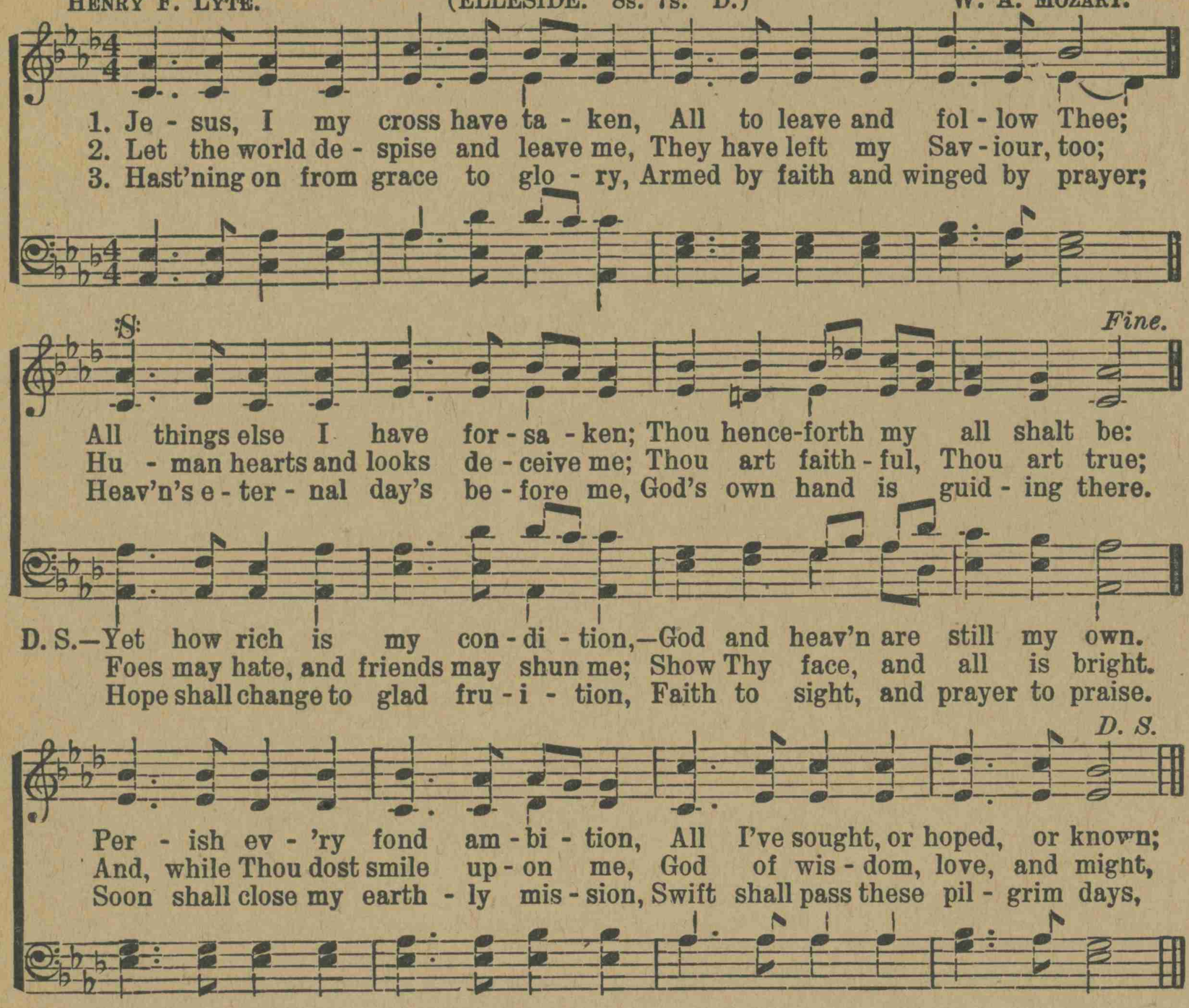


2 They will carry tidings home,
They will carry tidings home,
They will carry, carry tidings home.

3 To the new Jerusalem,
To the new Jerusalem,
To the new, the new Jerusalem.

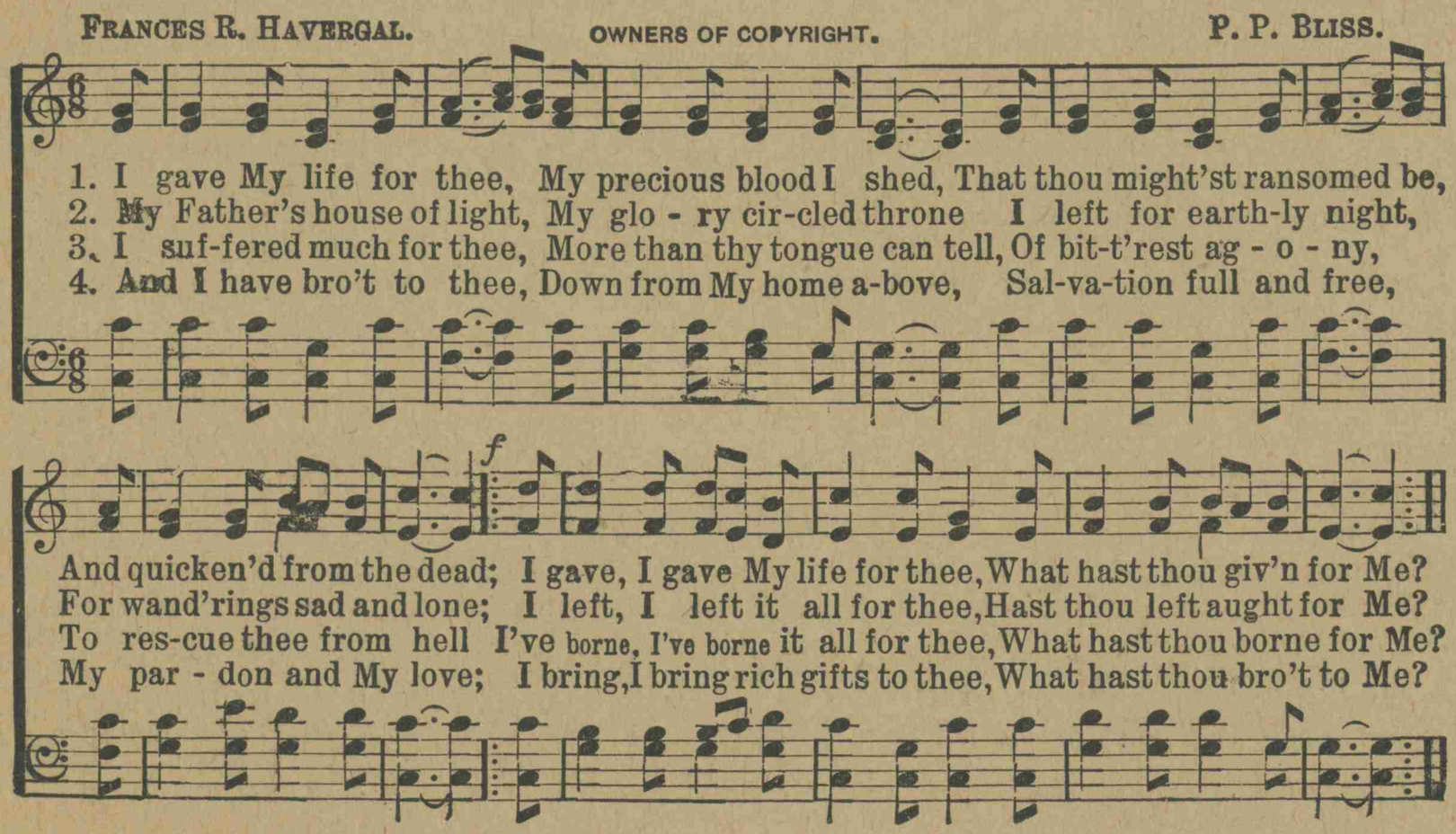
144 I My Cross Have Taken.

HENRY F. LYTE. (ELLESIDE. 8s. 7s. D.) W. A. MOZART.



145 I Gave My Life for Thee.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. OWNERS OF COPYRIGHT. P. P. BLISS.



146

A Thousand Years.

H. C. W. alt. Henry C. Work.

1. Lift up your heads, ye friends of Je-sus, Fling to the winds your needless fears;
He who unfurl'd His blood-stained banner, Says it shall wave a thousand years.

FINE.

D. S.–*'Tis the glad morn whose radiant glo-ry Prophets fore-saw in days of old.*

CHORUS. *D. S.*

A thousand years, my own lov'd Zi - on, 'Tis the glad day so long fore-told;

2 What if the clouds, one little moment,
Hide the glad sight when morn appears?
Christ has declared, with Him in glory,
We shall all reign a thousand years.

3 Tell the great world these blessed tidings;
Yes, and be sure each sinner hears;
Tell the sin-cursed of every nation,
Jubilee lasts a thousand years.

4 Foes all around the wide world over,
Little may heed our prayers and tears;
But the great King our blessed Savior,
Says we shall reign a thousand years.

5 A thousand years, bright reign of glory!
Only the dawn when day appears,
Only the dawn of peace unending;
Each of it stays a thousand years.

Eternity.

T. H. Thoro Harris.

Slow.

1. E - ter - ni - ty! E - ter - ni - ty! How near art thou, E - ter-ni-ty?
2. The sands of time are al-most run, E - ter-nal years are hasting on.
3. The days of want will soon be past, The gold-en age will dawn at last.
4. To God the Fa-ther, Spir-it, Son, Be end-less praise while a-ges run. **A-men.**

The March of Zion's King.

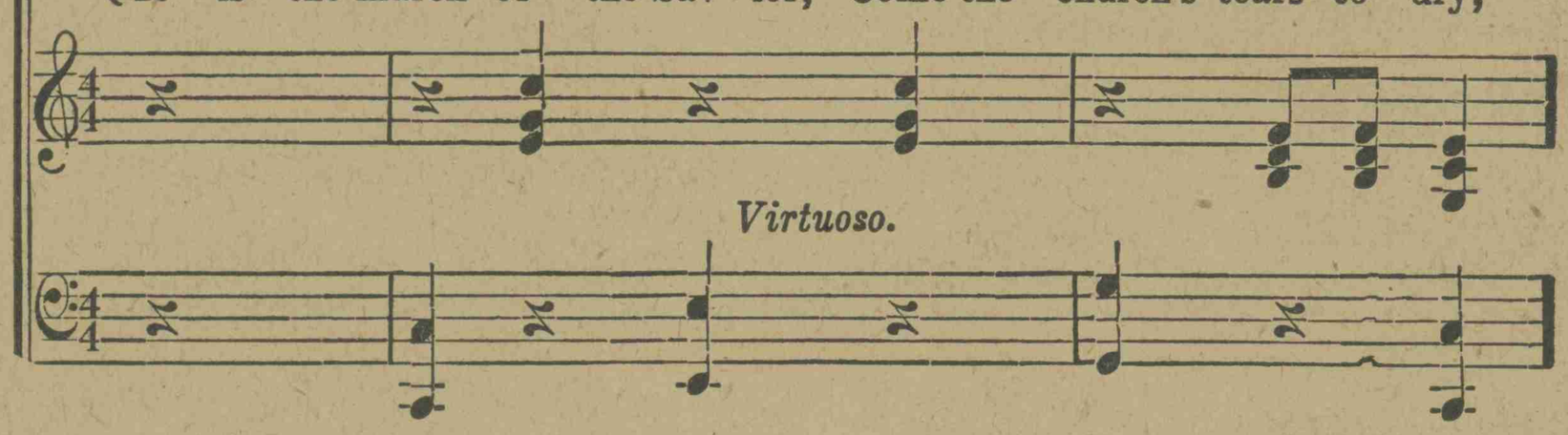
May be used as march for any occasion. Let Bass or Tenor voice sing Solo.

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

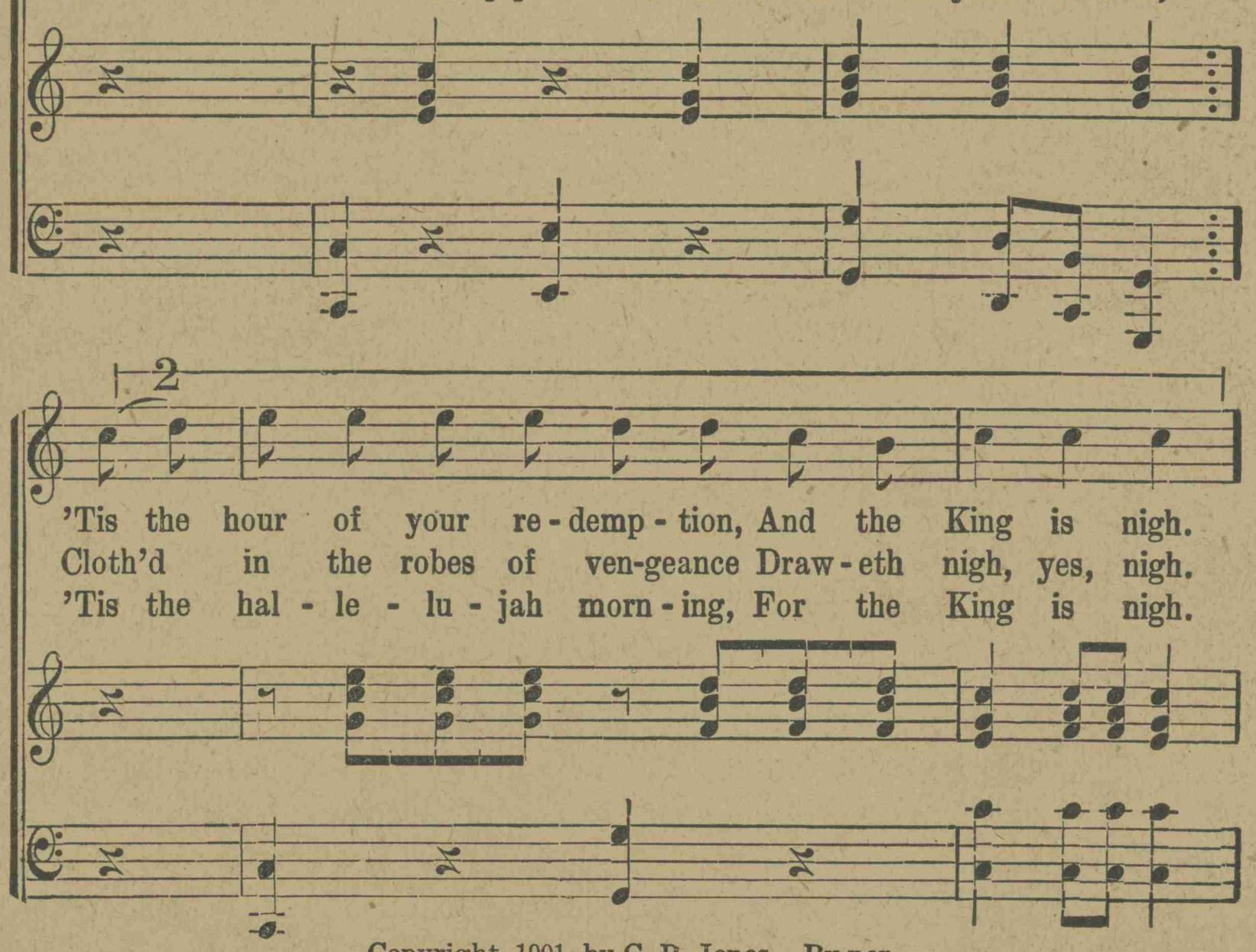
Allegretto.



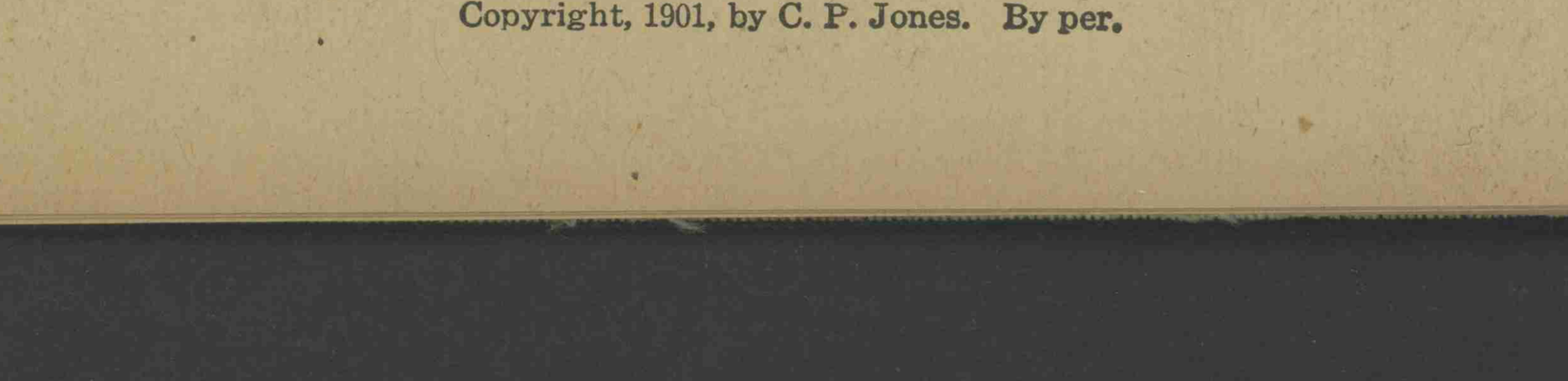
1. List to the sound of the trum-pet, 'Tis the com - ing of the King!
   Lift up your heads ye pil-grims, There's a mes-sage from the sky;
2. O what a weep - ing and wail - ing, From a - mong the sin - ful throng!
   It is their hour of judg-ment and the judge of earth and sky,
3. List to the sound of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



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

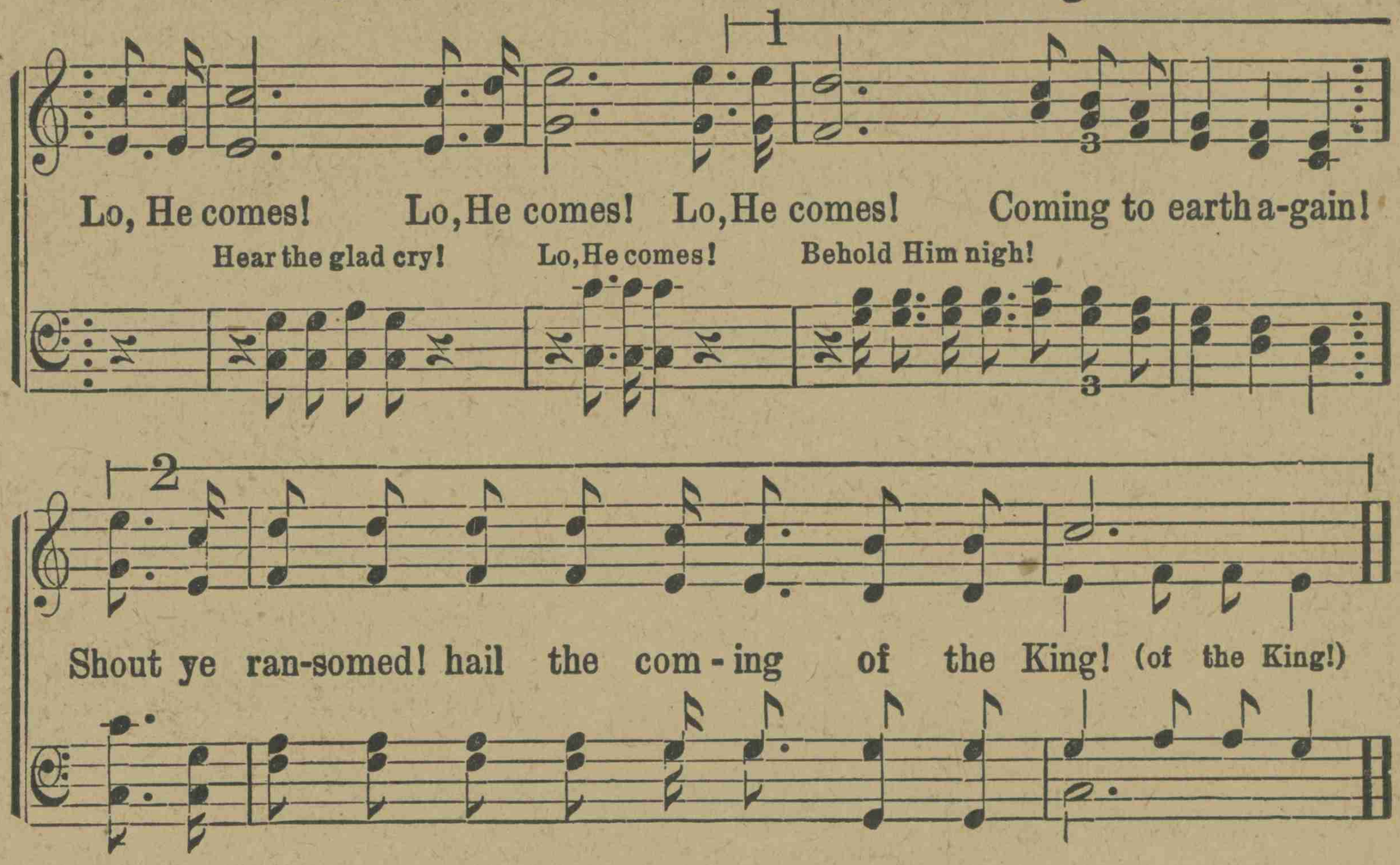


'Tis the hour of your re - demp - tion, And the King is nigh.
Cloth'd in the robes of ven-geance Draw - eth nigh, yes, nigh.
'Tis the hal - le - lu - jah morn - ing, For the King is nigh.



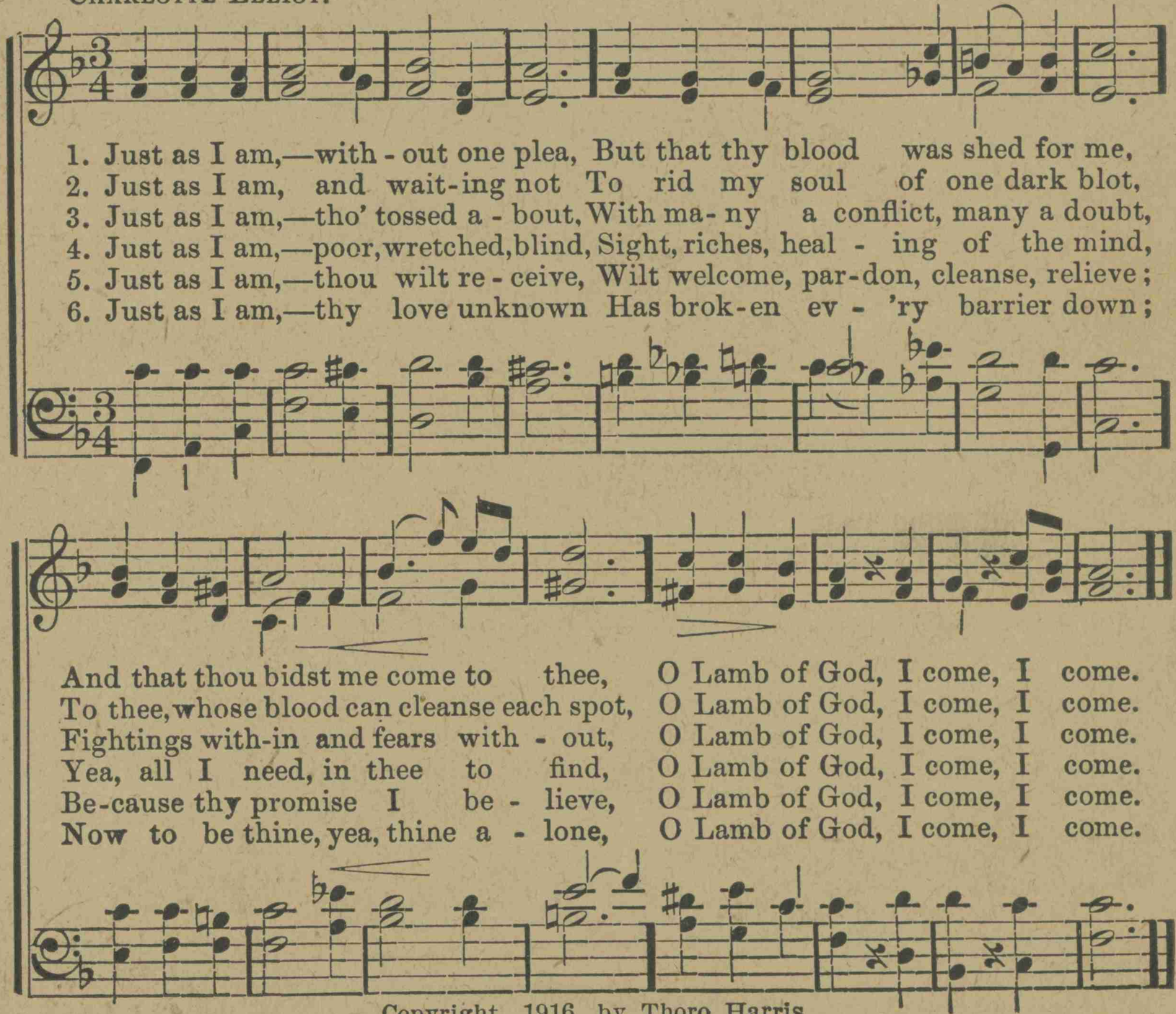
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The March of Zion's King.



149 ## Vienna. L. M.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT. THORO HARRIS.



1. Just as I am,—with-out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am,—tho' tossed a-bout, With ma-ny a conflict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am,—poor, wretched, blind, Sight, riches, heal-ing of the mind,
5. Just as I am,—thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt welcome, par-don, cleanse, relieve;
6. Just as I am,—thy love unknown Has brok-en ev-'ry barrier down;

And that thou bidst me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
Fightings with-in and fears with-out, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
Yea, all I need, in thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
Be-cause thy promise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
Now to be thine, yea, thine a-lone, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris

150 Ye Must Be Born Again.

COPYRIGHT, 1877, BY FLEMING H. REVELL.

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

1. A rul-er 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.

Keep On Believing.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY MAY AGNEW STEPHENS.
USED BY PER.

M. D. L. M. B.

Con espress.

1. When you feel weak-est, dan-gers sur - round; Sub - tle temp-ta-tions,
2. If all were ea - sy, if all were bright, Where would the cross be?
3. God is your wis-dom; God is your might; God's ev - er near you
4. Let us press on then; nev - er des - pair; Live a -bove feel-ing,

troub-les a - bound; Noth-ing seems hope-ful, noth-ing seems glad,
where would the fight? But in the hard - ness, God gives to you,
guid - ing you right; He un - der-stands you, knows all you need:
vic - to - ry's there; Je - sus can keep us so near to Him,

CHORUS.

All is de-spair - ing, oft - en times sad. 1. Keep on be - liev-ing,
Chan-ces for prov - ing what He can do.
Trust-ing in Him you'll sure - ly suc - ceed, 2. Keep on *re - joic-ing,*
That nev - er-more our faith shall grow dim.

Je - sus is near, Keep on be-liev-ing, there's nothing to fear; Keep on be-

liev - ing, this is the way, Faith in the night as well as the day.

152. What Did They Do?

L. C. H. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY L. C. HALL. L. C. Hall.

1. What did they do at Pen - te - cost, When the Spir - it first was giv'n
2. What did they do at Cae - sa - rea When God's servant spoke the word,
3. What did they do at Eph - e - sus? Thru the great a - pos - tle Paul,
4. What did they do the wide world o'er, When the Ho - ly Ghost was giv'n,
5. E - ven to - day in co-pious show'r Falls the prom-ised lat - ter rain;

When fell the bless - ed Ho - ly Ghost, Like a rush-ing wind from heav'n?
When they were met, with joy to hear Ti - dings of the ris - en Lord?
God gave the sign as at the first—And He gives the sign to all.
When they re-ceived the prom-ise sure Of the Spir - it sent from heav'n?
They who re-ceive the old-time pow'r Speak "in oth - er tongues" a - gain.

CHORUS.

ff *mp*

They spoke with tongues—and so will you When He sends the Ho-ly Ghost:
up-on you;

cres. *mp* *rit.*

His pow'r will fall up - on you, too, As it fell at Pen - te - cost.
His pow'r will fall up - on you, too,

153 Buried in His Name.

Claude W. Philleo. Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris. **Thoro Harris.**

1. When on the day of Pen - te - cost There fell the prom-ised Ho - ly Ghost,
2. With tongues of fire, that hallowed hour, They spake the word of God with pow'r;
3. When stern conviction seized them all, "What shall we do?" a - loud they call;
4. When at Sa - ma - ria Phil-ip taught And news of full sal - va - tion bro't,
5. Paul found at Eph - e - sus a few Who served the Lord as best they knew;
6. The Gen-tile church received the word, And glo - ri - fied one com - mon Lord;
7. The mes-sage now is speed-ing forth To ev - 'ry cor - ner of the earth;

1. A - far the news was noised a-broad: "They speak the wondrous works of God."
2. And Pe - ter cried in language plain, "The Christ is ris'n whom ye had slain."
3. "Repent," the an-sw'ring mes-sage came, "And be bap-tized in Je - sus' name."
4. The mul - ti - tude to - geth - er came And were baptized in Je - sus' name.
5. But John's baptism would not suf - fice For these be - liev - ers in the Christ.
6. His plan for them was just the same: They all were bur - ied in the Name.
7. With will-ing hands and hearts a-flame, We bu - ry all in Je - sus' name.

REFRAIN.

rit.

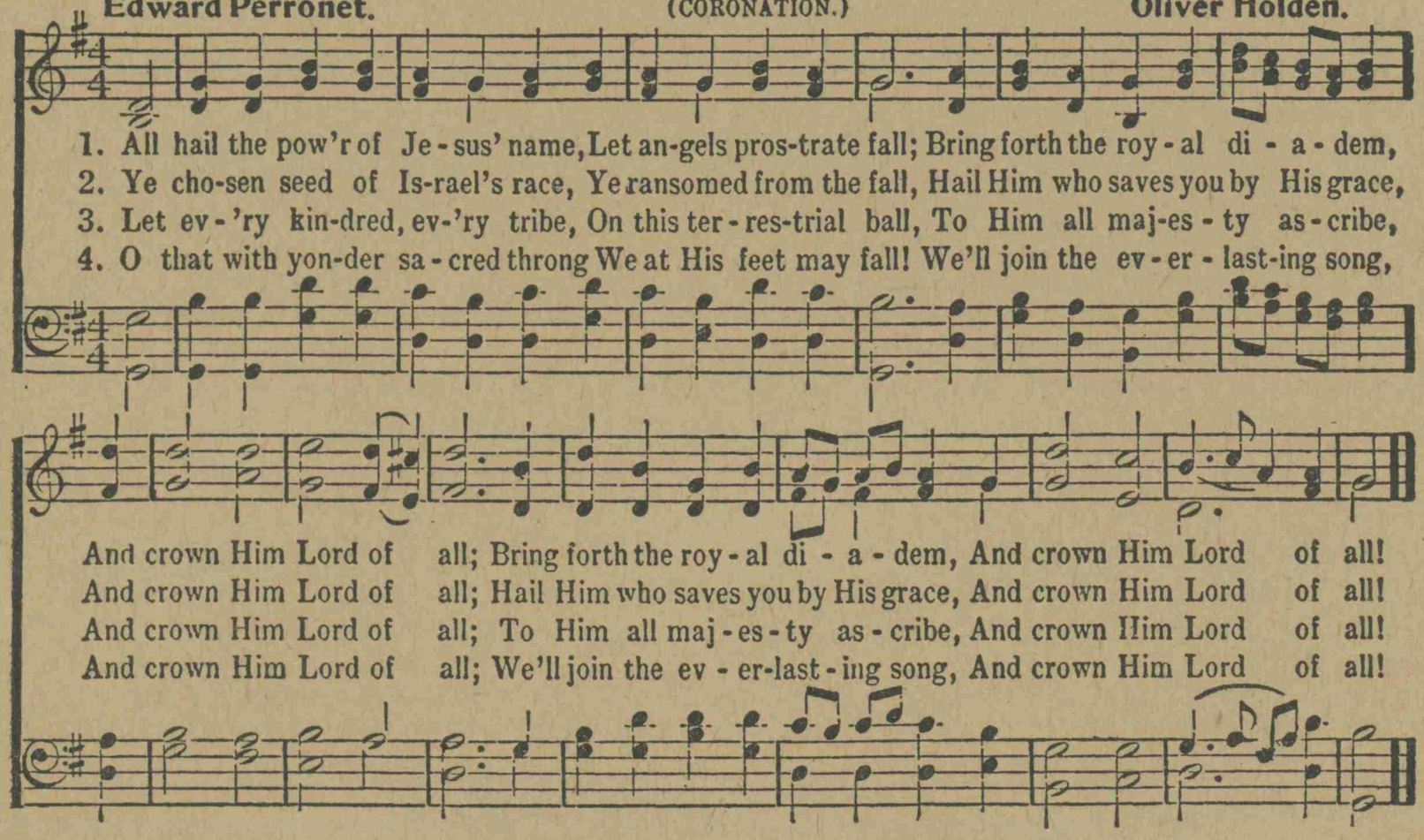
All glo - ry be to Christ the Lord! In full o - be-dience to His word,
ho - ly word,

Con-tent to bear the cross of shame, We bu - ry all in Je - sus' name.

Devotional Hymns

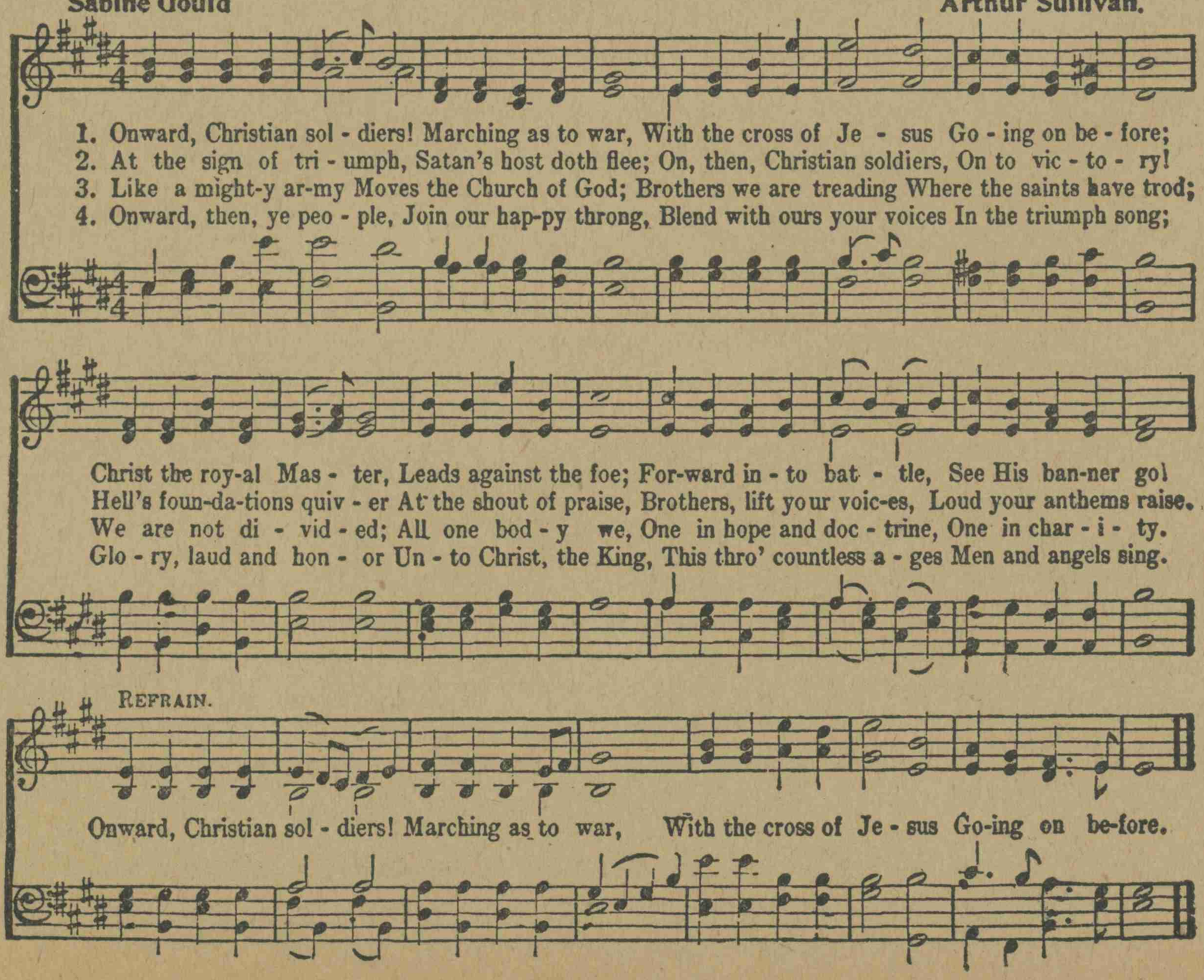
No. 154. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Edward Perronet. (CORONATION.) Oliver Holden.



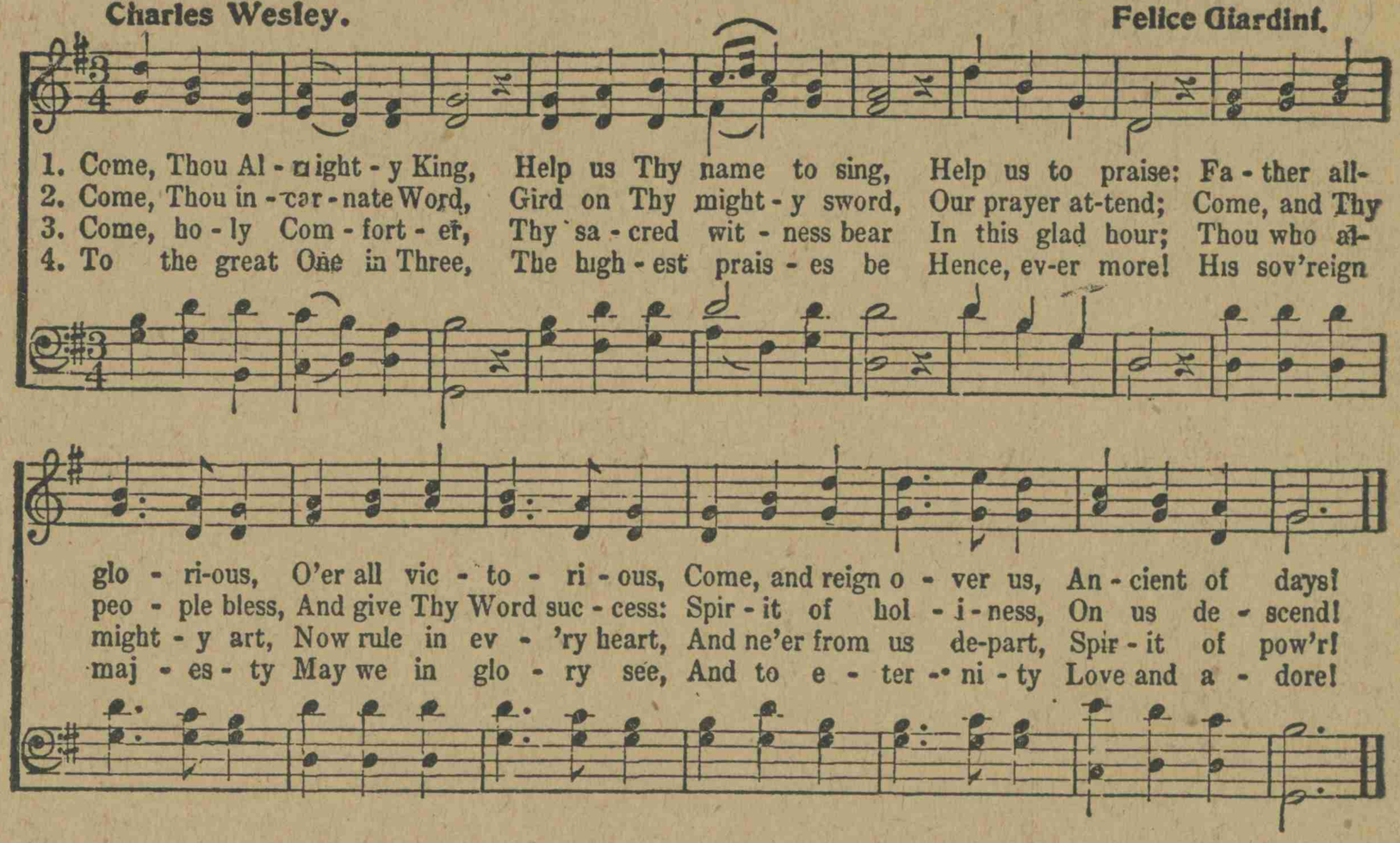
No. 155. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Gould Arthur Sullivan.



No. 156. Come, Thou Almighty King.

Charles Wesley. Felice Giardini.



No. 157. 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. 158. 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.

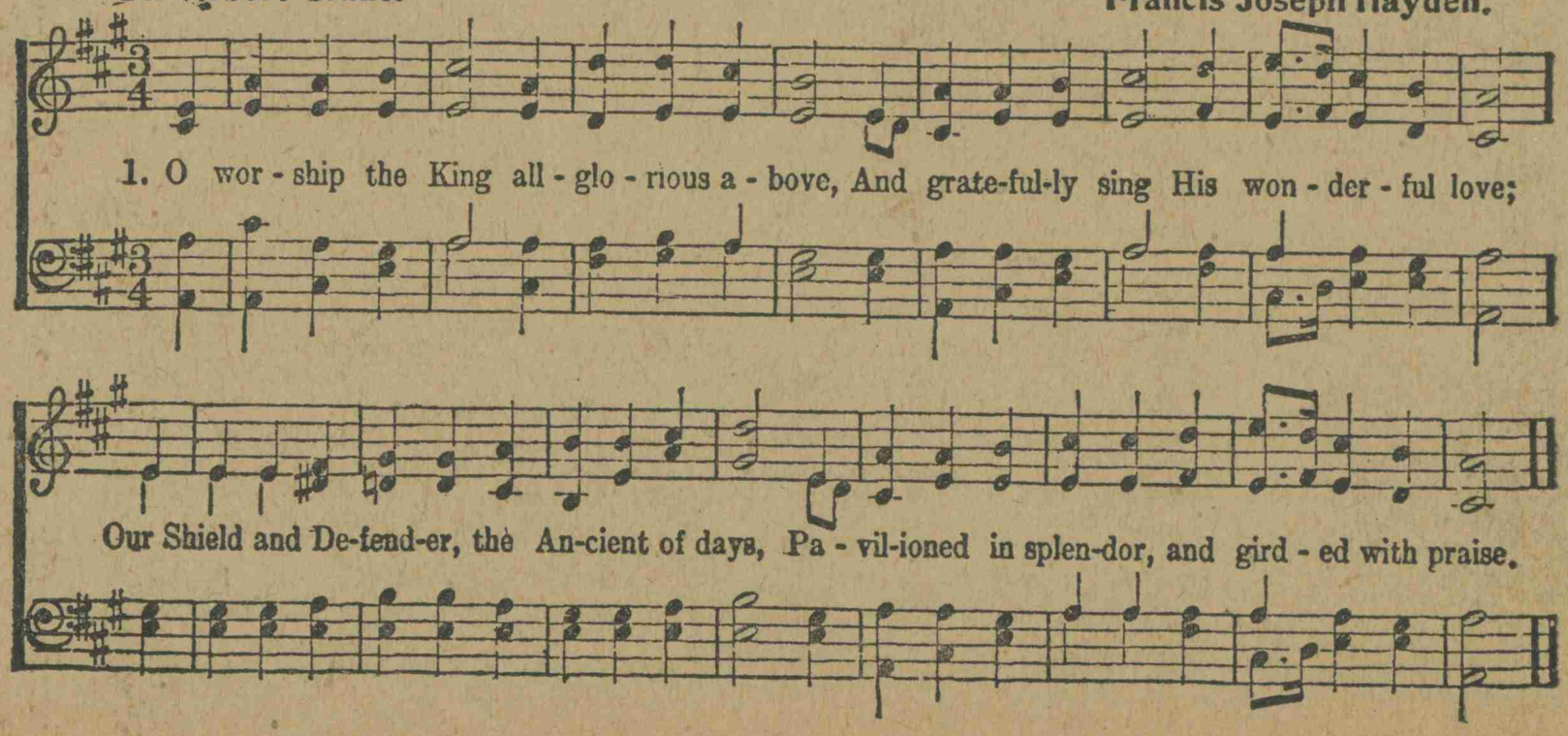
2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still He is nigh: His presence we have;
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus, our King.

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.

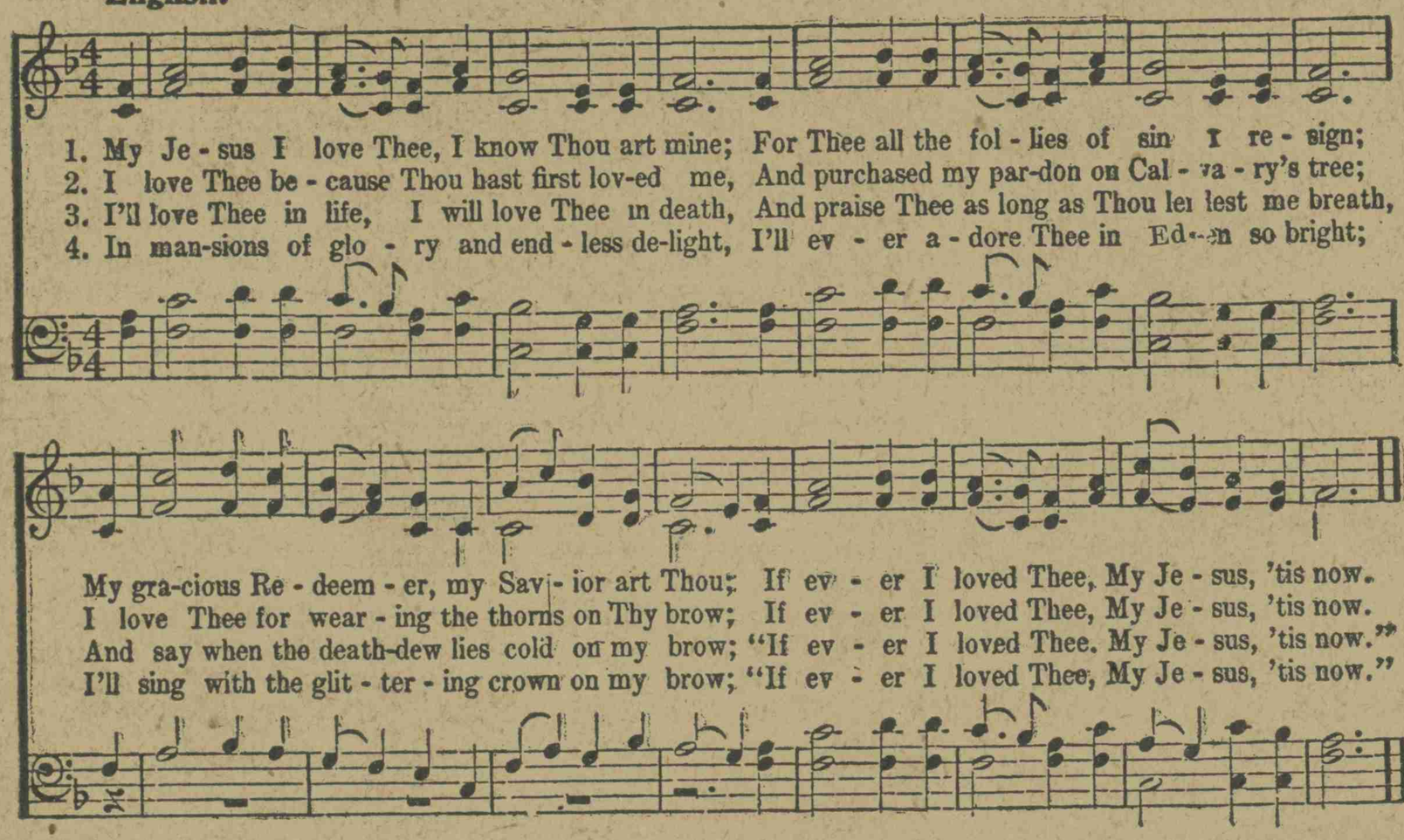
No. 159. Lyons. 10s, 11s,

Sir Robert Grant. Francis Joseph Hayden.



No. 160. My Jesus I Love Thee.

English. A. J. Gordon.



No. 161. O Turn Ye.

1 O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die,
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, "Come,"
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

2 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,
O how can you question, if you will believe?
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'Tis you He bids welcome; He bids you come home.

3 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. 162. Look to Jesus.

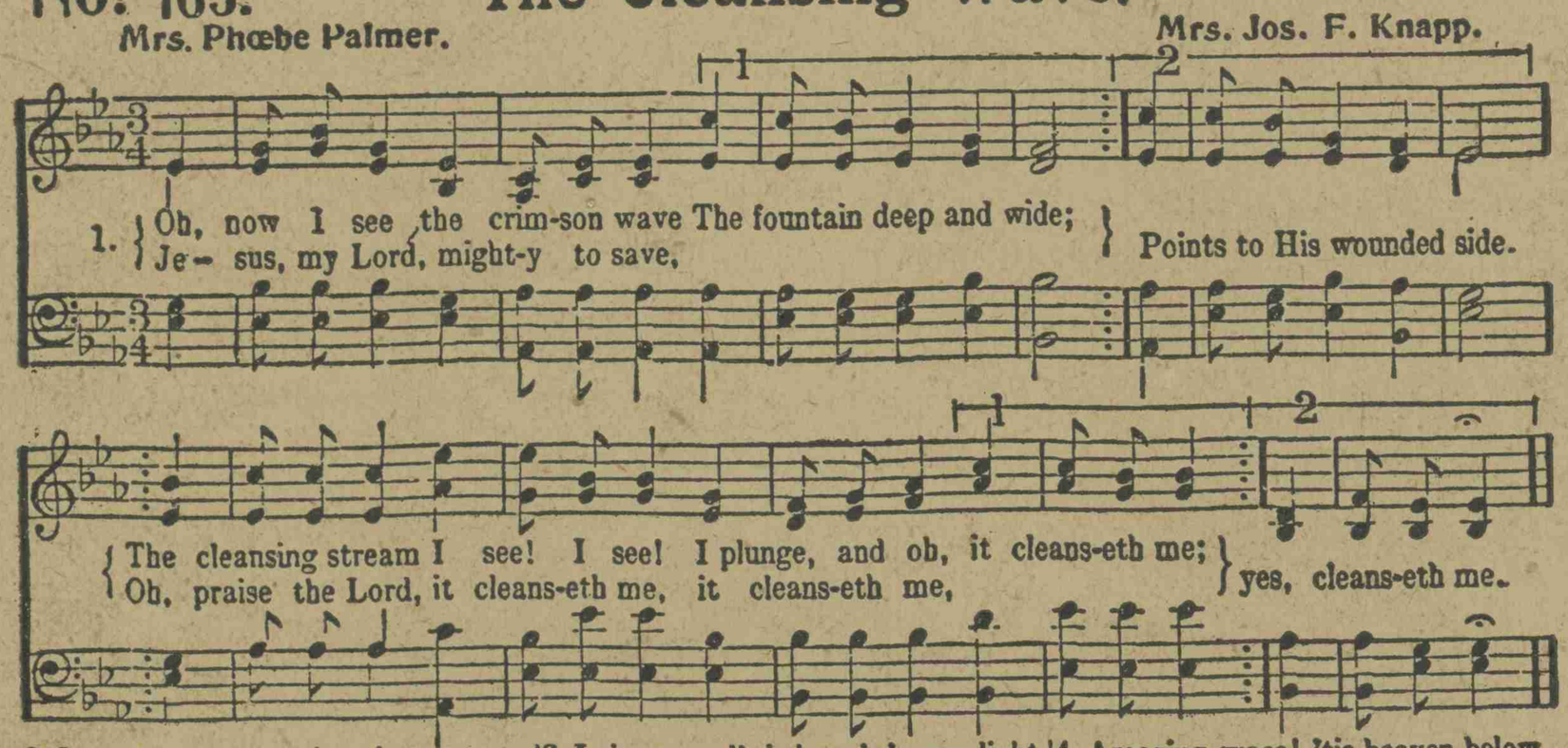
1 O eyes that are weary, and hearts that are sore,
Look off unto Jesus, now sorrow no more;
The light of His countenance shineth so bright,
That here, as in Heaven, there need be no night.

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 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. 163. The Cleansing Wave.

Mrs. Phœbe Palmer. Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.



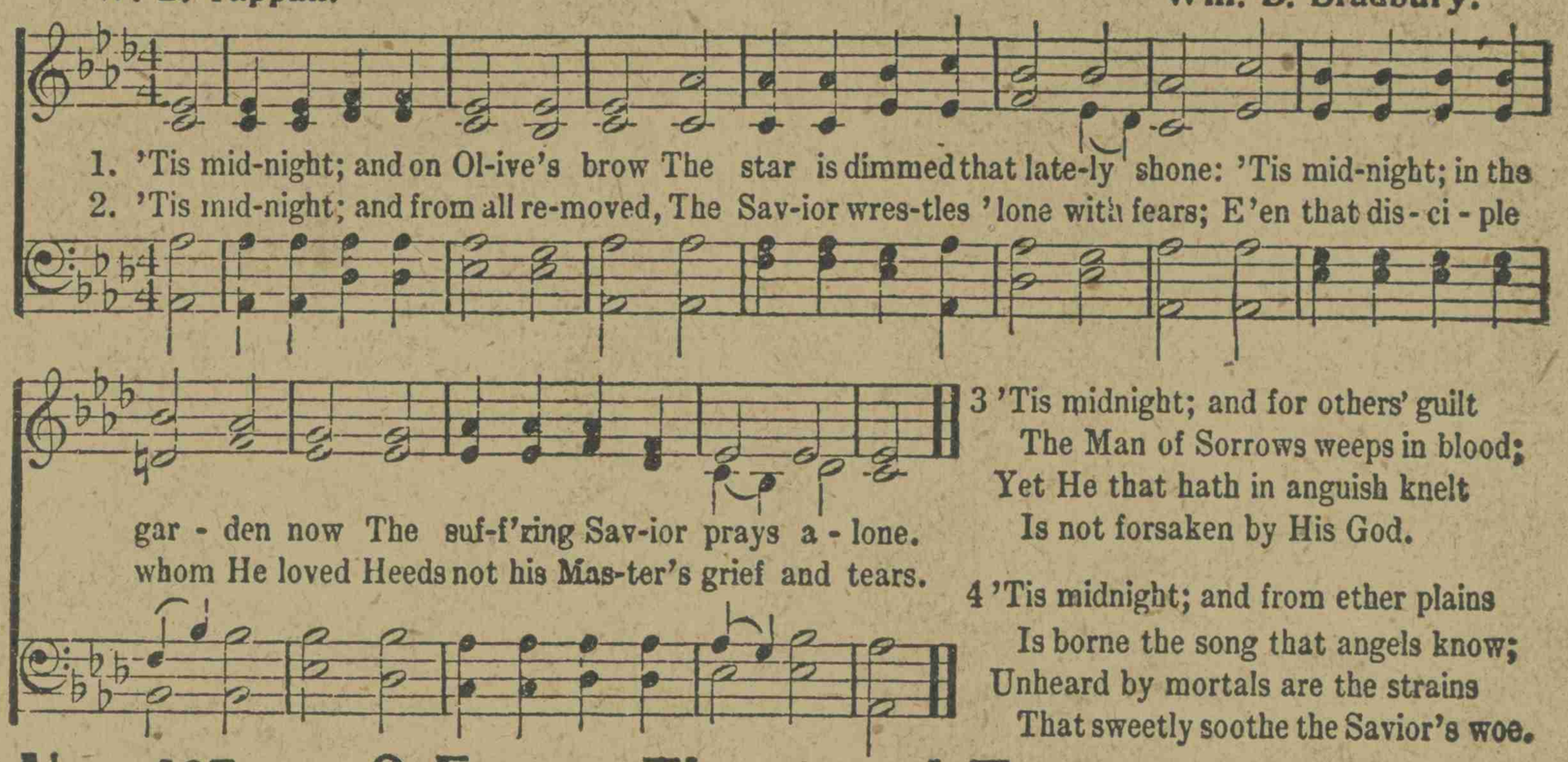
2 I see the new creation rise,
I hear the speaking blood:
Jesus my Lord, mighty to save,
Points to His wounded side.

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. 164. 'Tis Midnight, and on Olive's Brow.

W. B. Tappan. Wm. B. Bradbury.

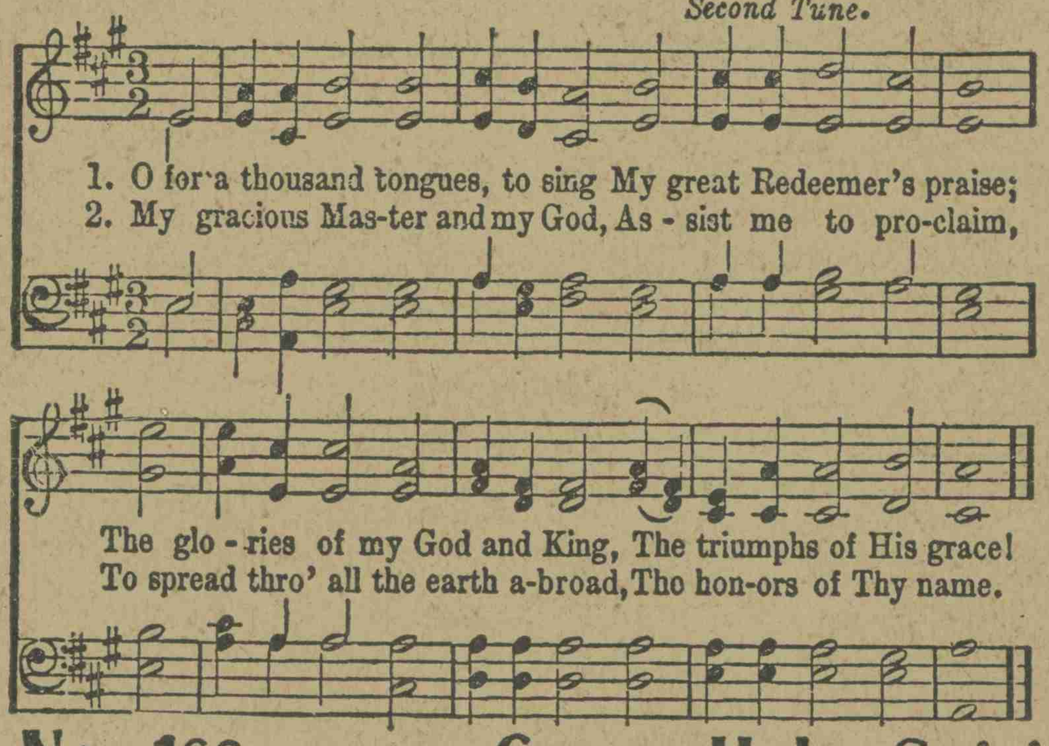


3 'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet He that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by His God.

4 'Tis midnight; and from ether plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Savior's woe.

No. 165. O For a Thousand Tongues.

Second Tune. Arr. by Lowell Mason.



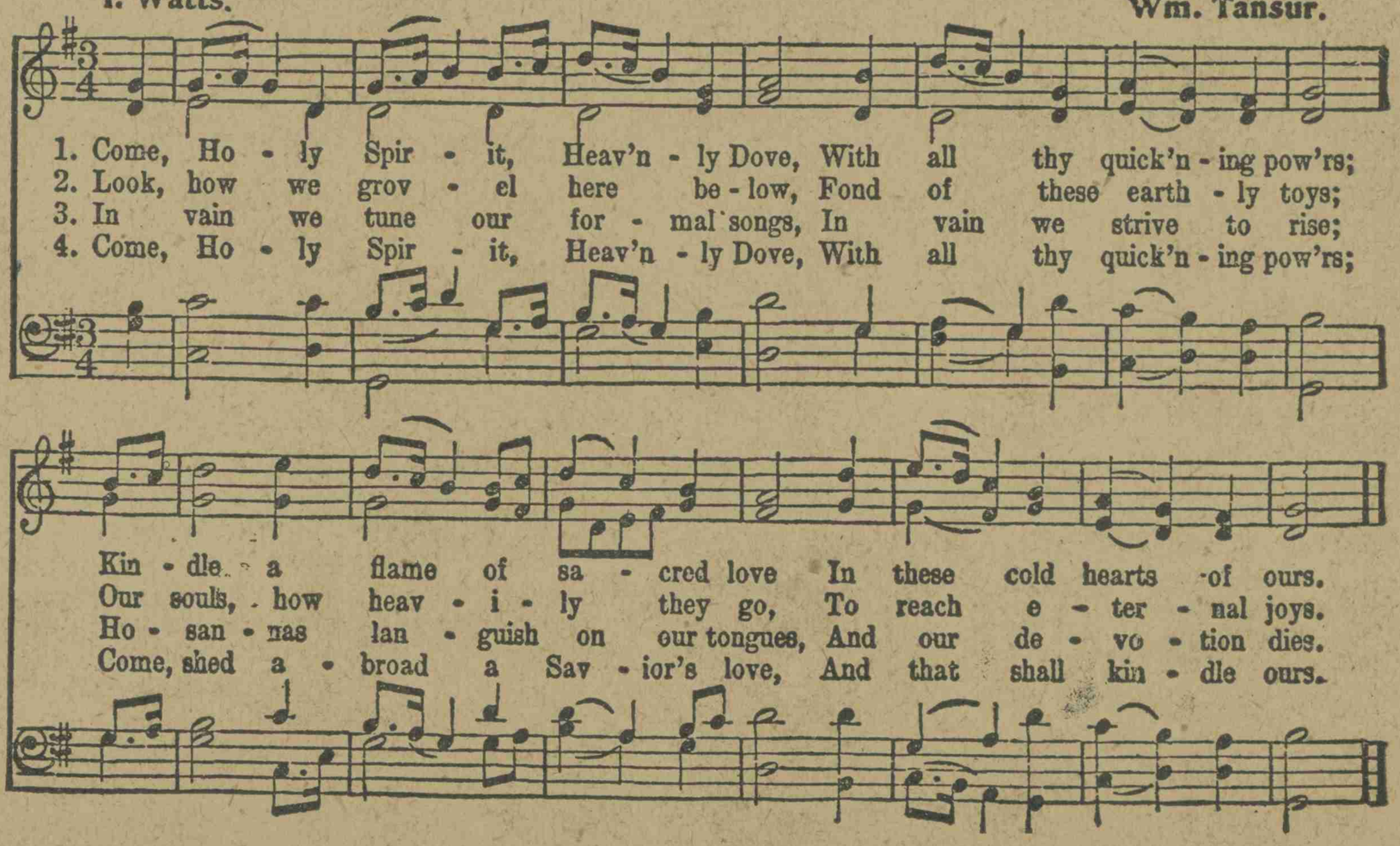
3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

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.

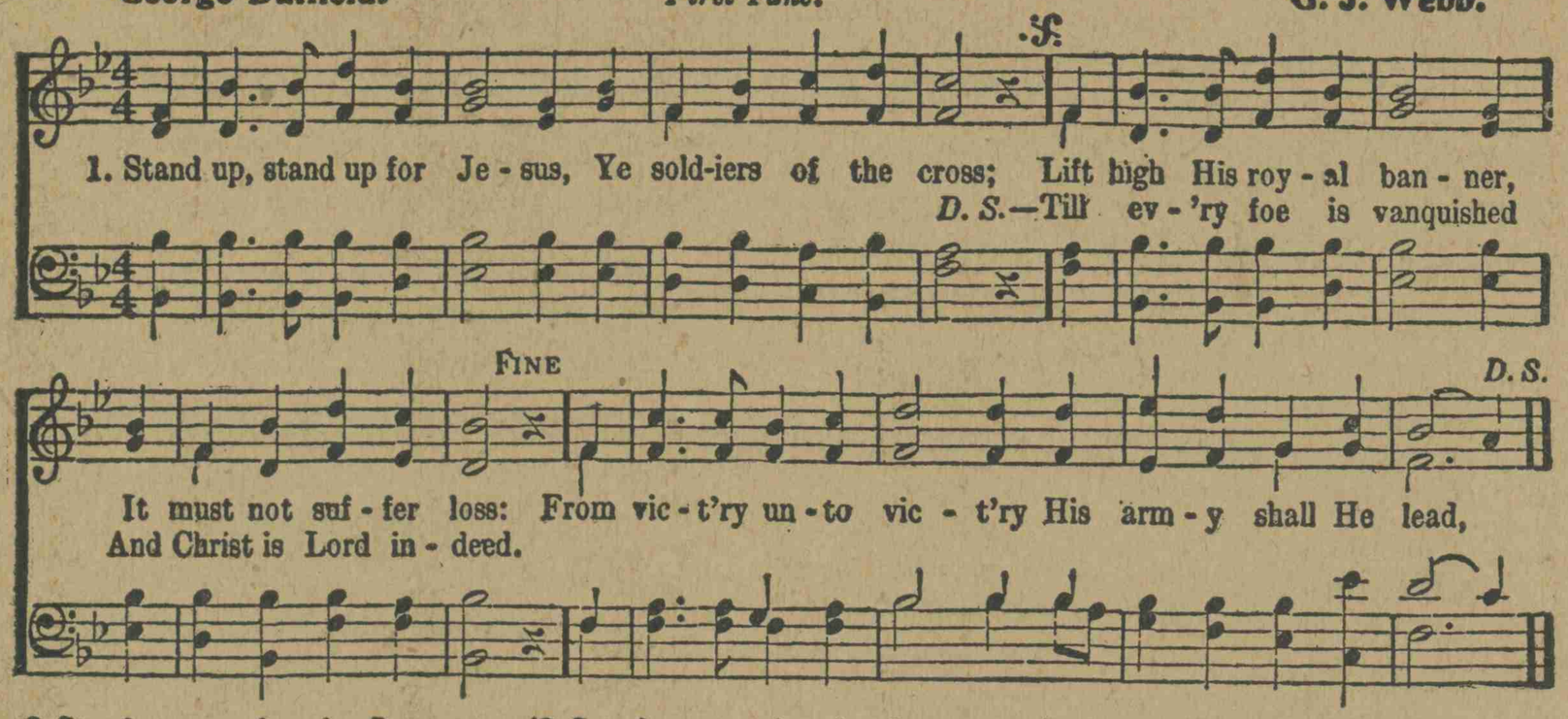
No. 166. Come Holy Spirit.

I. Watts. Wm. Tansur.



No. 167. 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. 168. The Morning Light is Breaking.

First or Second Tune.

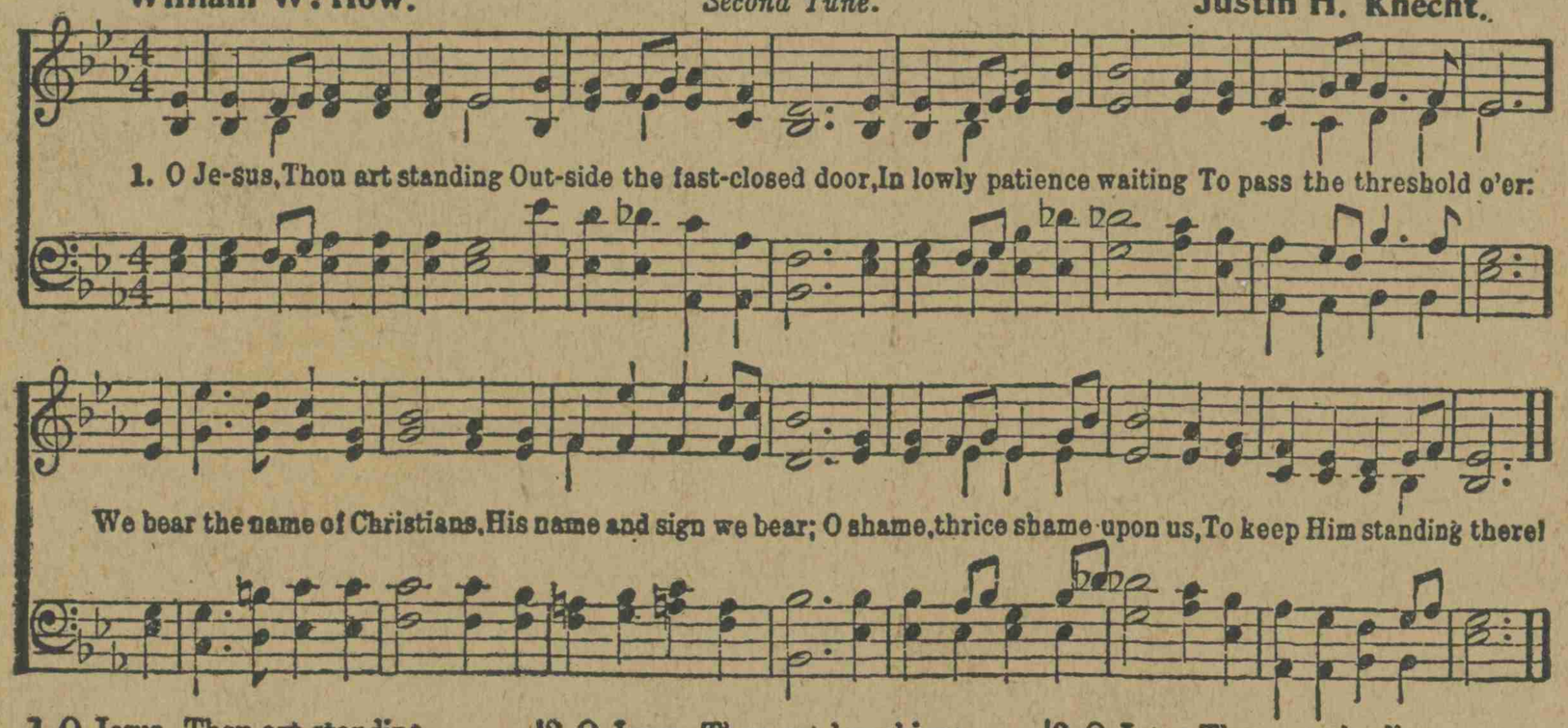
1 The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears,
The sons of earth are waking,
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

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. 169. 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. 170. 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. 171. I Love Jesus, He's My Savior.

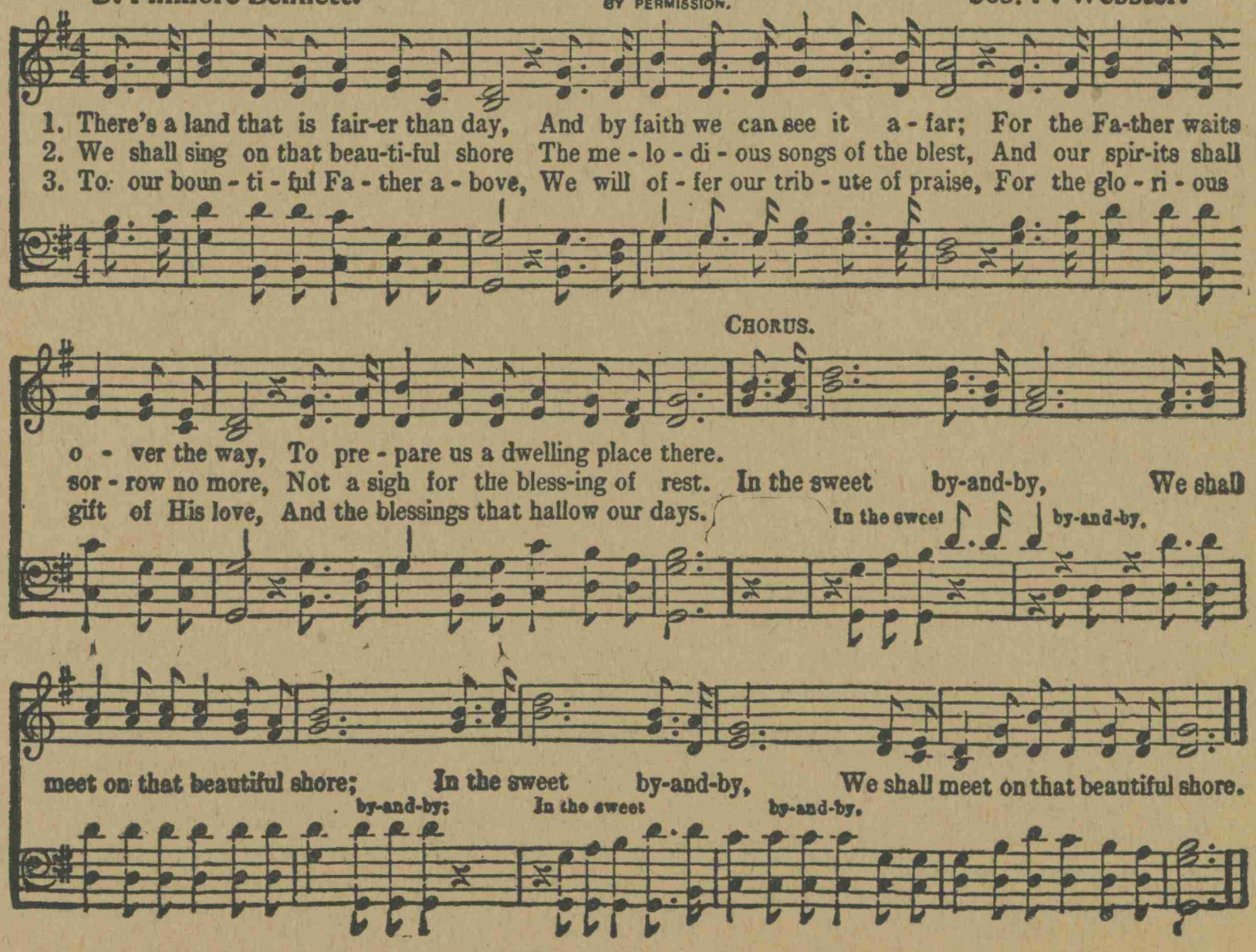
Geo. Robinson. *Second Tune.* J. J. Rousseau.

FINE CHORUS. 1 2 D. C.



No. 172. Sweet By-and-By.

S. Fillmore Bennett. BY PERMISSION. Jos. P. Webster.



No. 173. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams.



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.

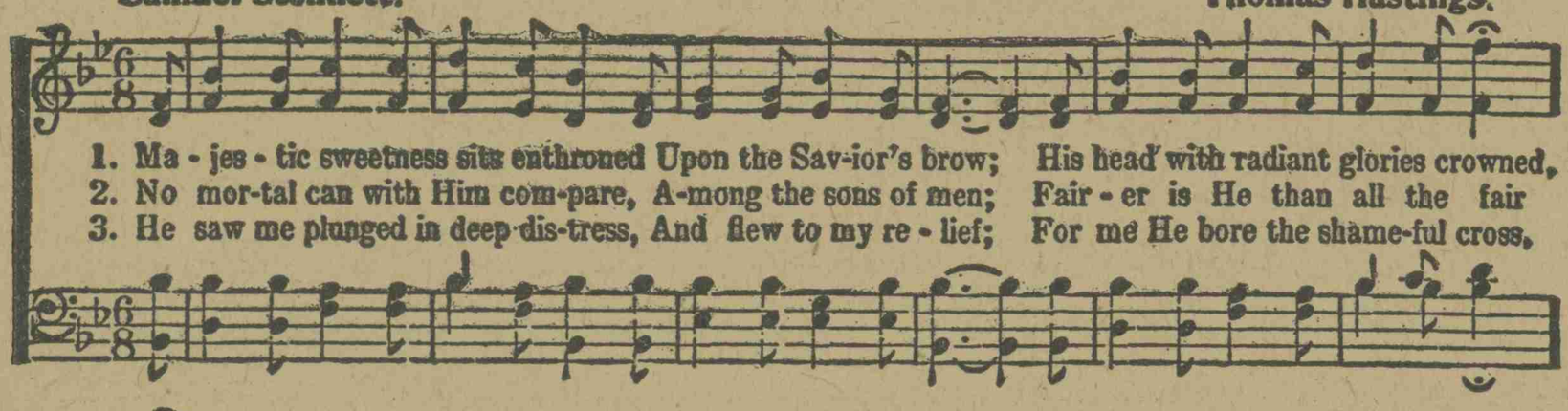
2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee!

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!

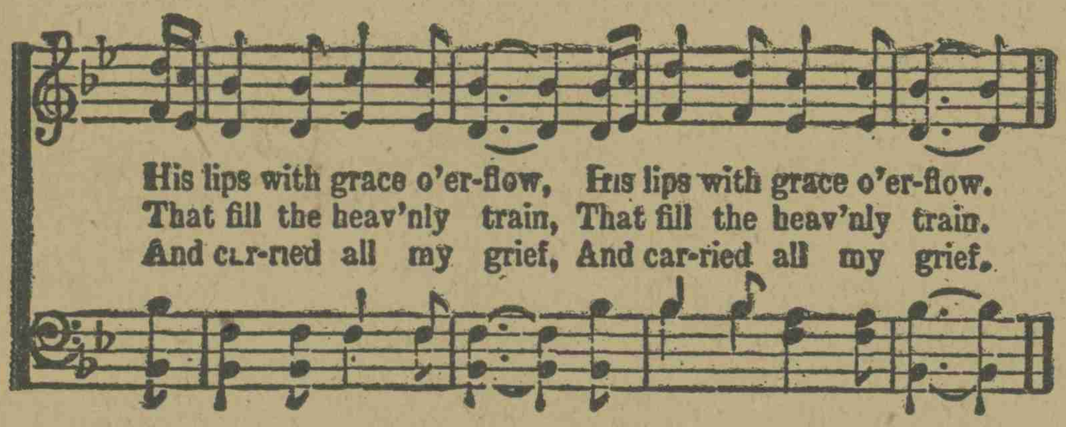
4 Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

No. 174. Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned,

Samuel Stennett. Thomas Hastings.



1. Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthroned Upon the Sav-ior's brow; His head with radiant glories crowned,
2. No mor-tal can with Him com-pare, A-mong the sons of men; Fair - er is He than all the fair
3. He saw me plunged in deep dis-tress, And flew to my re - lief; For me He bore the shame-ful cross,



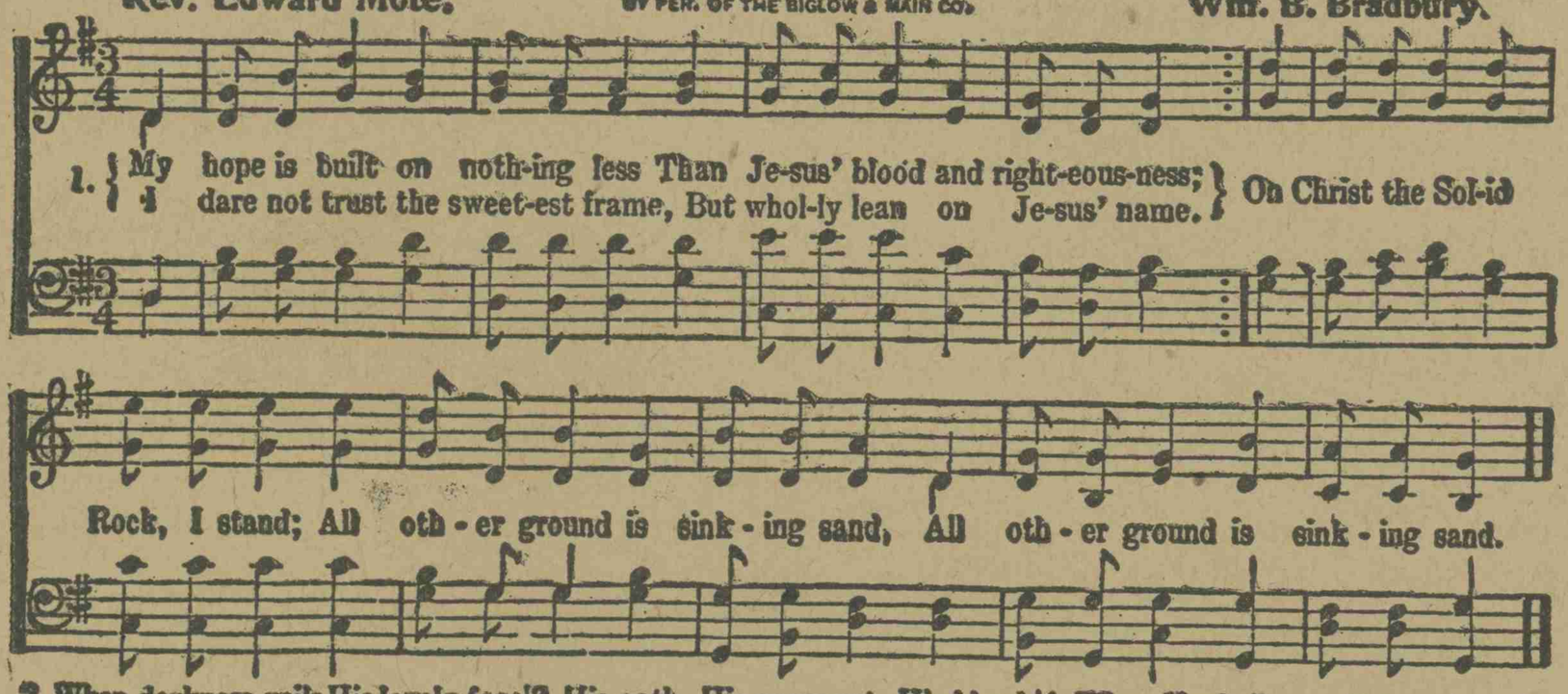
His lips with grace o'er-flow, His lips with grace o'er-flow.
That fill the heav'nly train, That fill the heav'nly train.
And car-ried all my grief, And car-ried all my grief.

4 To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have:
He make 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. 175. The Solid Rock.

Rev. Edward Mote. BY PER. OF THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO. Wm. B. Bradbury.



1. { My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and right-eous-ness;
   I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name. } On Christ the Sol-id

Rock, I stand; All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

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.

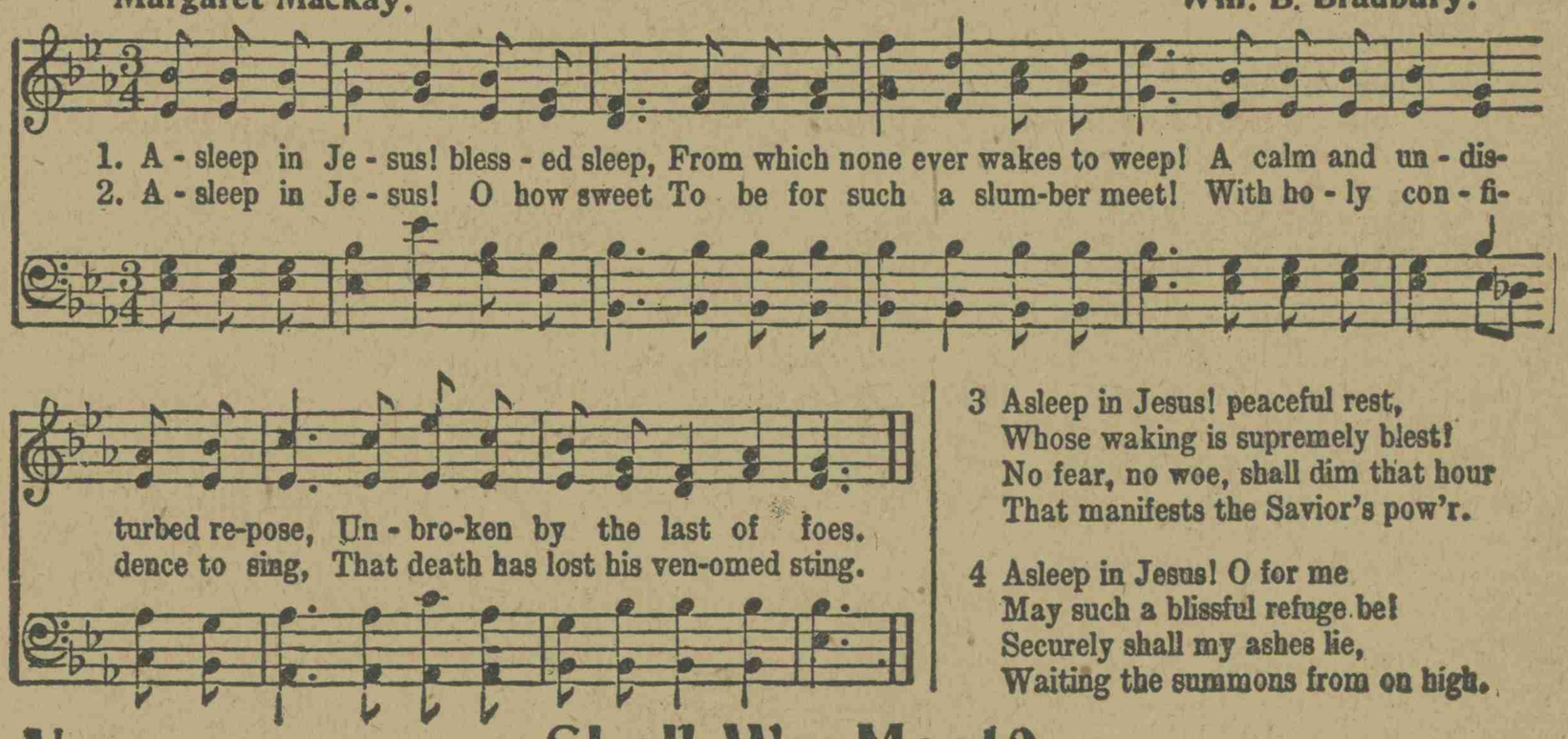
No. 176. Come, Ye Disconsolate.

Thomas Moore. Samuel Webbe.



No. 177. Asleep in Jesus.

Margaret Mackay. Wm. B. Bradbury.

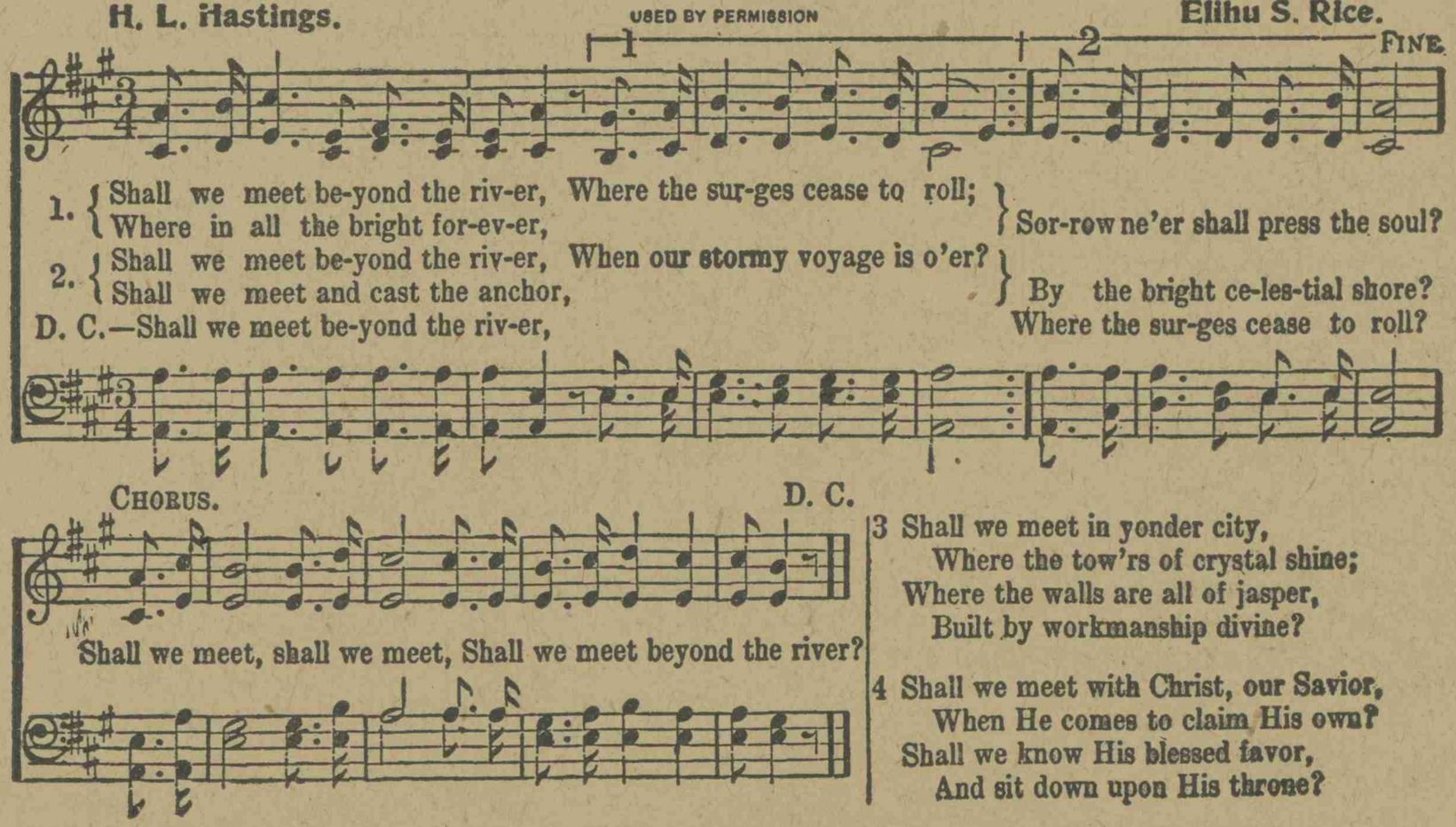


3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest!
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Savior's pow'r.

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. 178. Shall We Meet?

H. L. Hastings. USED BY PERMISSION Elihu S. Rice.

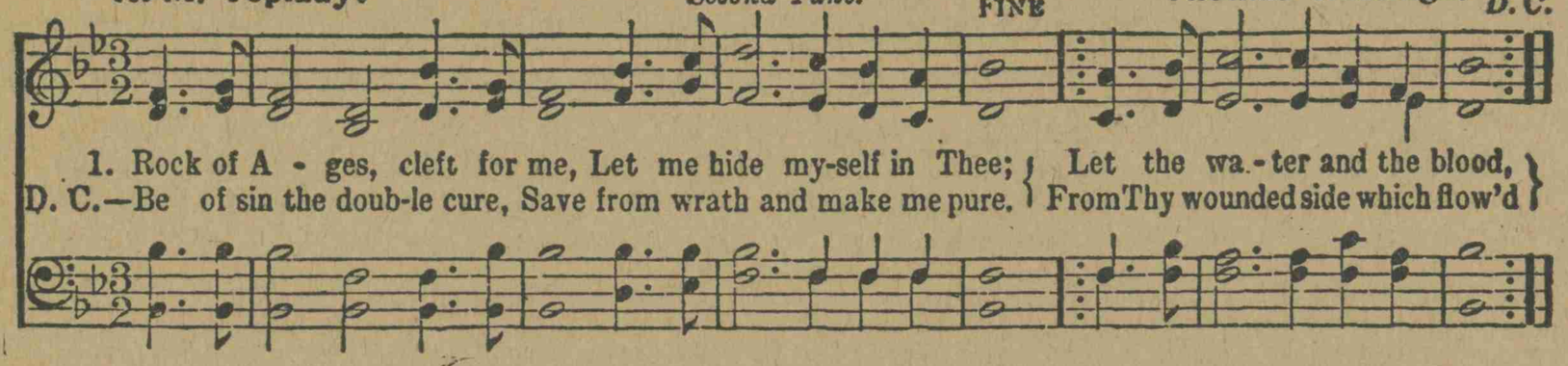


3 Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the tow'rs of crystal shine;
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine?

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. 179. Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady. *Second Tune.* FINE Thomas Hastings. D. C.



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. 180. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper. *First Tune.* FINE J. E. Gould. 1 2 D. C.



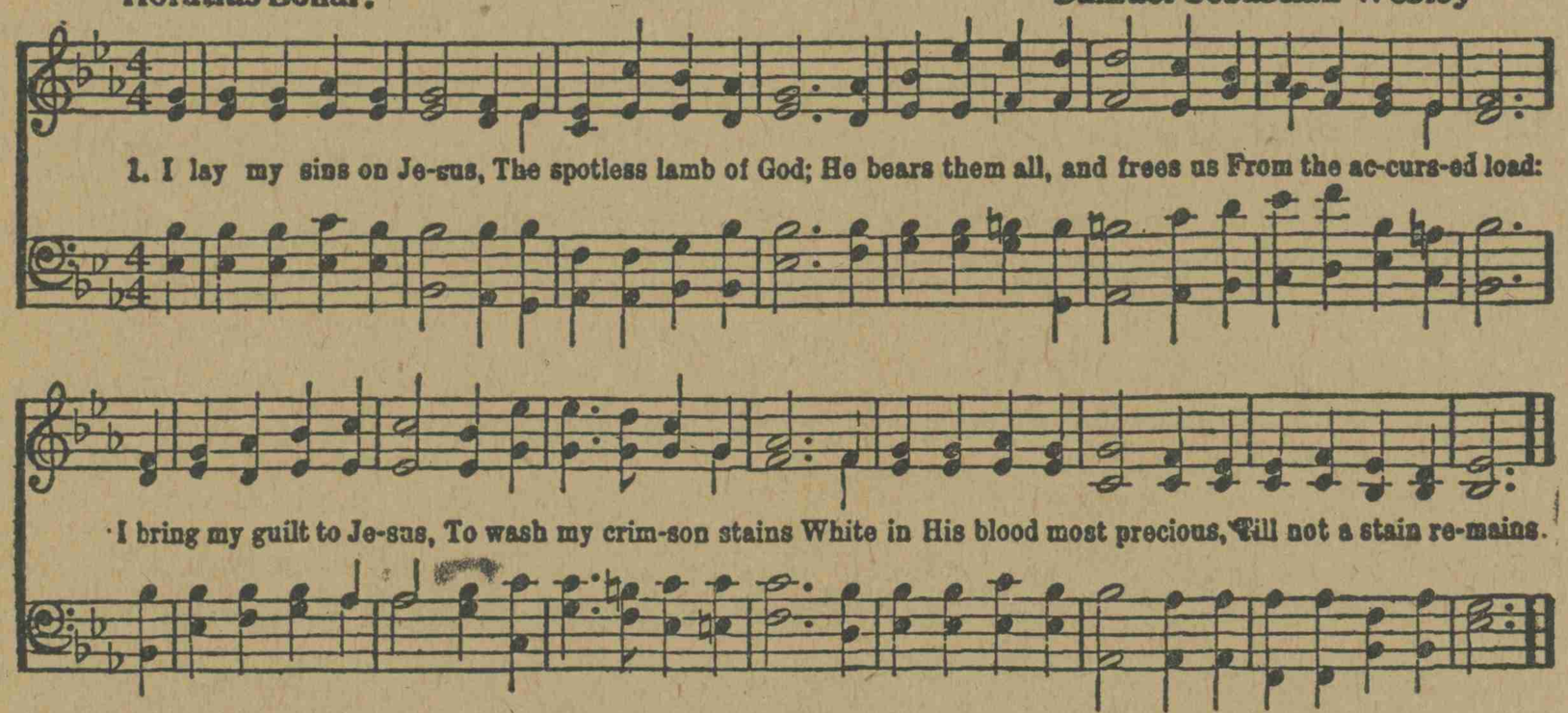
1 Jesus, Savior, pilot me,
Over life's tempestuous sea:
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rocks and treach'rous shoal;
Chart and compass come from Thee
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

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
'Twix 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. 181. 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. 182. 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 while I pray, Take all my sins a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint-ing heart, My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire!
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a-round me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid dark-ness turn to day, Wipe sor-rows tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sul-len stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - ior then, in love, Fear and dis - trust re - move; O bear me safe a - bove,—A ran - somed soul.

No. 183. I am Trusting, Lord, in Thee.

Wm. McDonald. USED BY PERMISSION. W. G. Fischer. D. C.

1. I am coming to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind; I am counting all but dross, I shall full salvation find.

Cho.—I am trusting, Lord, in Thee; Blest Lamb of Calvary; Humbly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Jesus, save me now.

2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee
Long has evil reigned 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.

4. In the promises I trust
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

No 184. Joy to the World.

I. Watts. *Second Tune.* G. F. Handel.

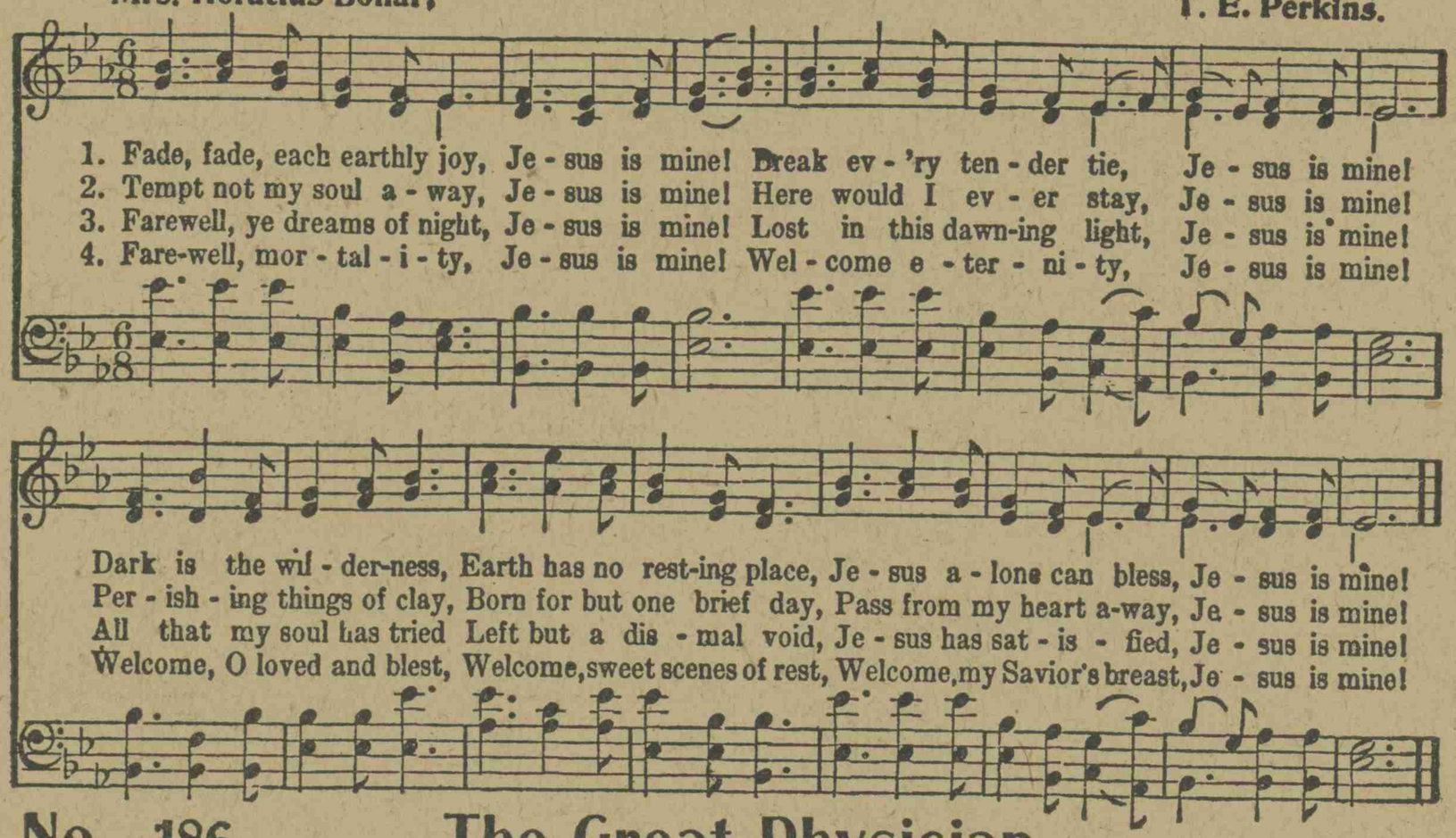
1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-ceive her King; Let ev - 'ry heart pre-pare Him room, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and nature sing.
2. Joy to the world! the Sav-ior reigns; Let men their songs em-ploy; While fields and floods, rocks, 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 wonders of His love, And wonders, won-ders of His love.

Sing. . . . . .

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

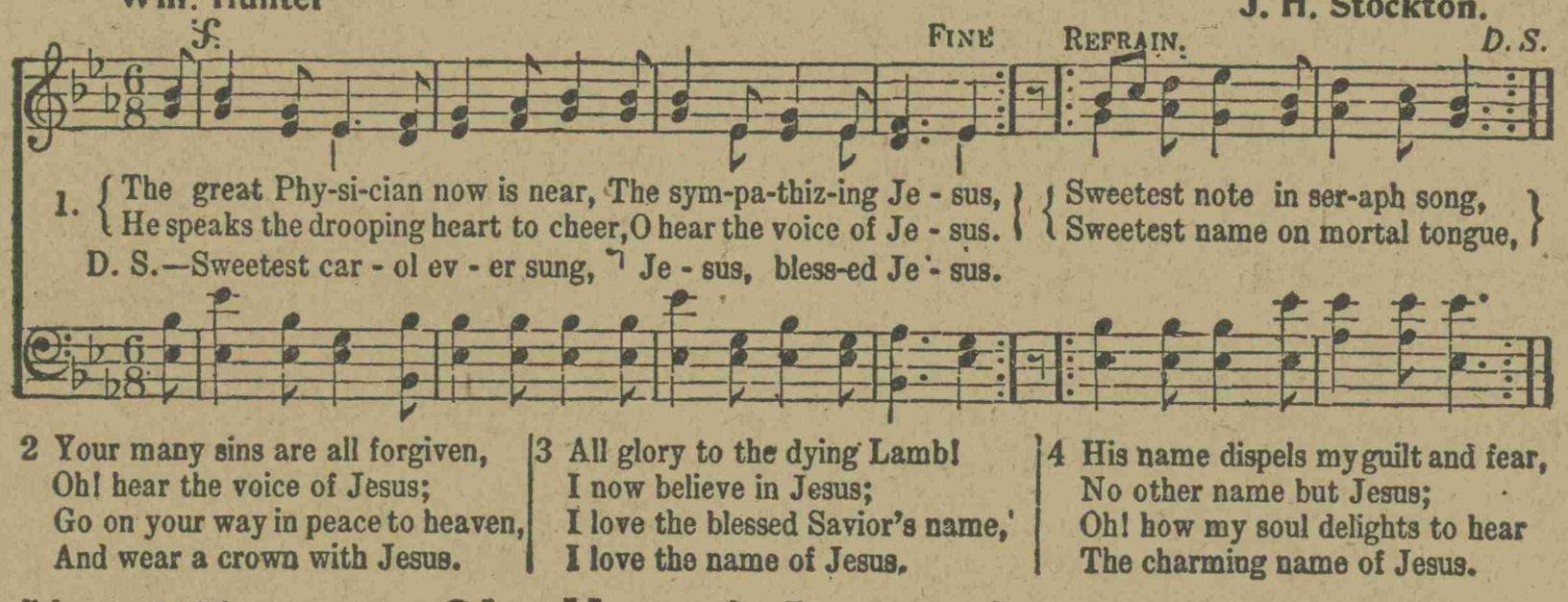
No. 185. Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy.

Mrs. Horatius Bonar. T. E. Perkins.



No. 186. The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter J. H. Stockton.

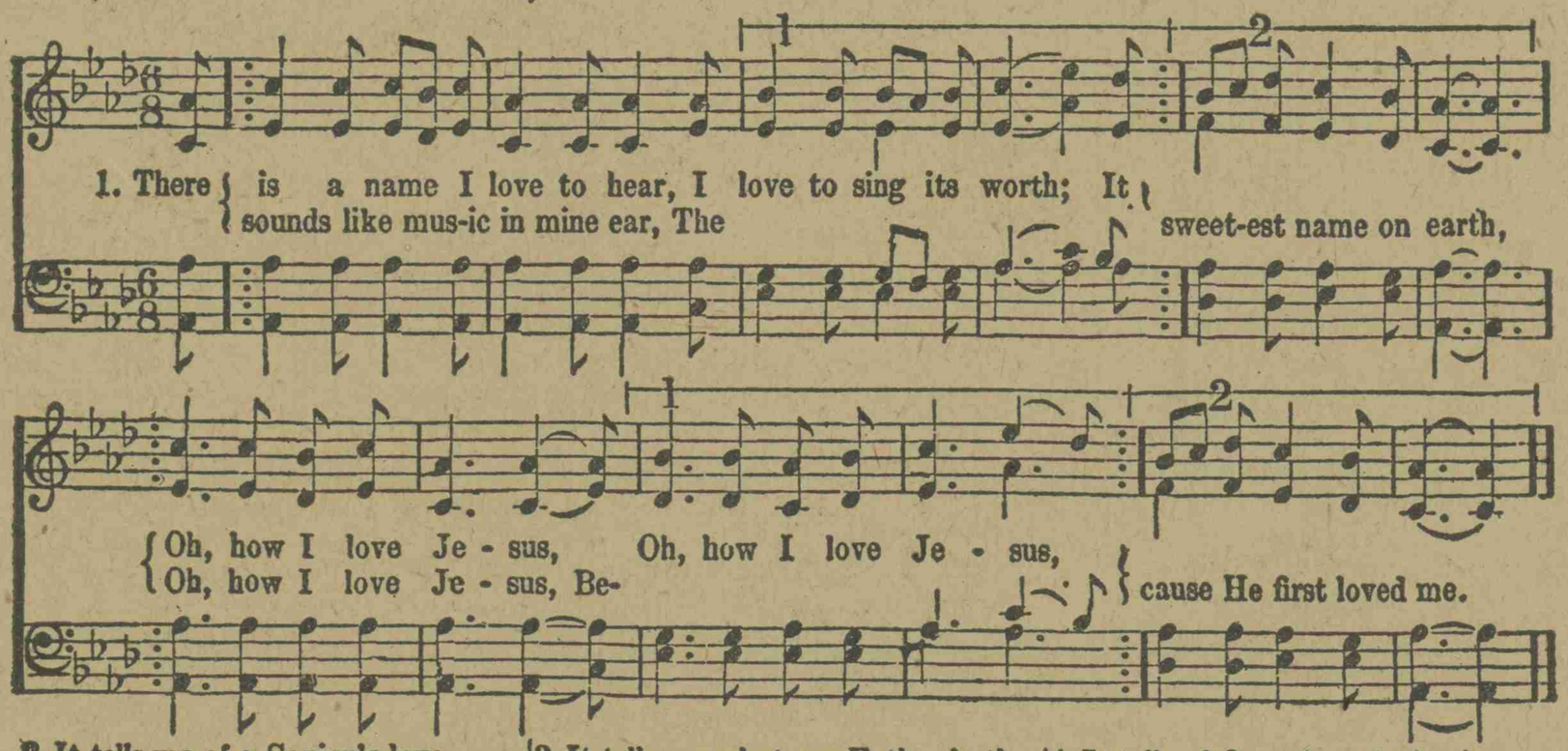


2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh! hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

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. 187. 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.

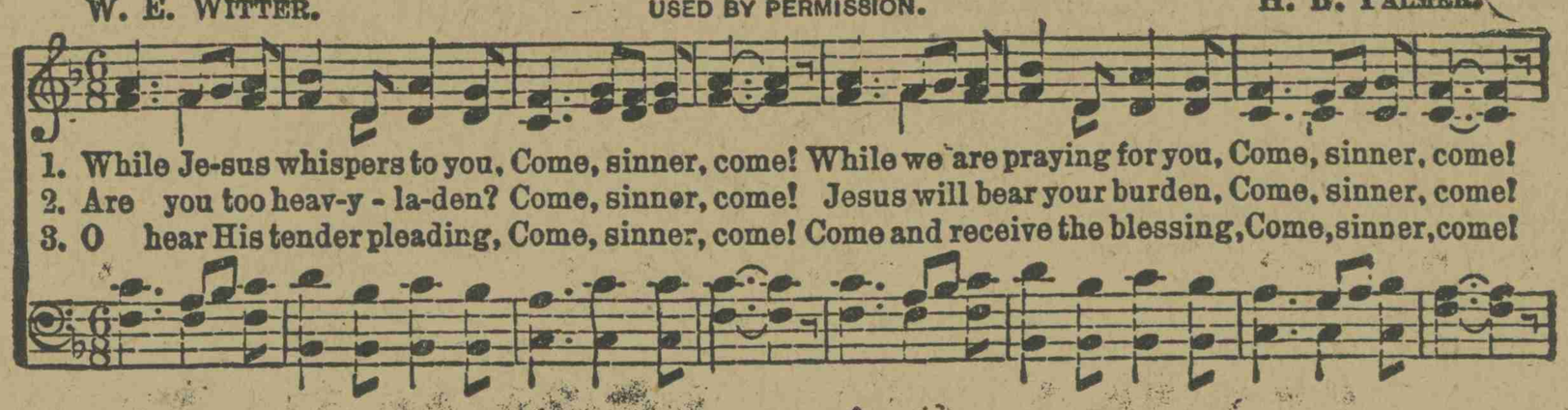
3 It tells me what my Father hath
In store for every day,
And tho' I tread a darksome path,
Yields sunshine all the way.

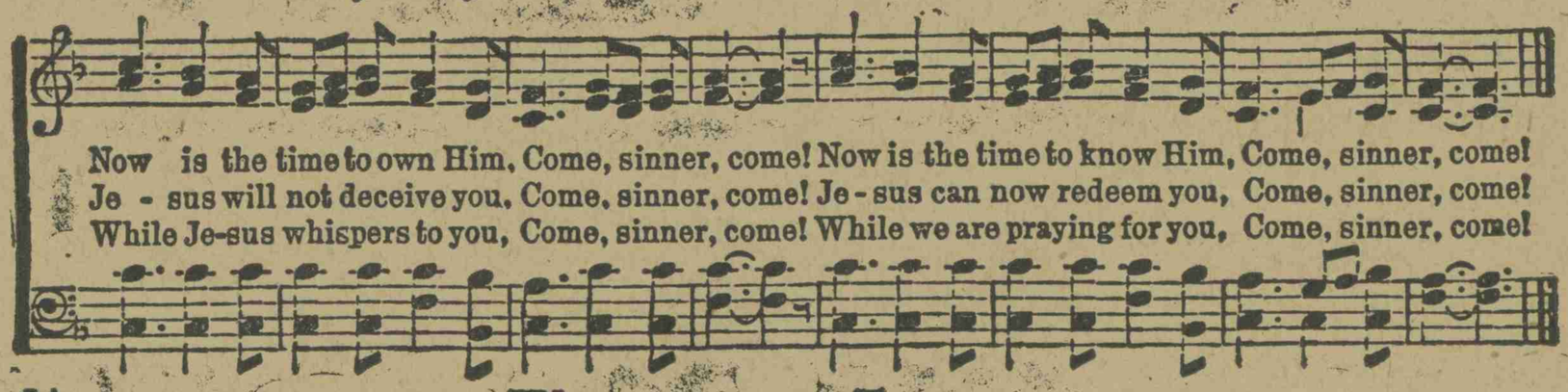
4 It tells of One whose loving heart
Can feel my deepest woe,
Who in each sorrow bears a part,
That none can bear below.

No. 188. While Jesus Whispers.

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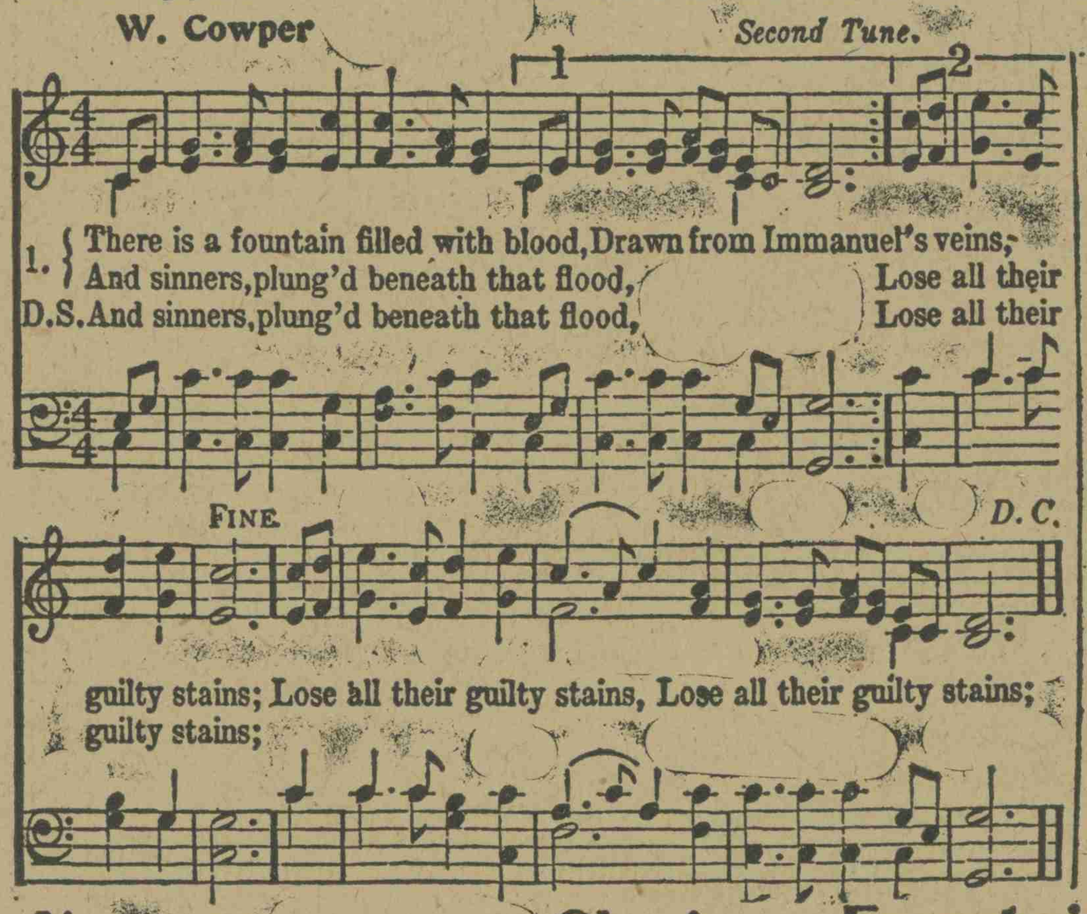
W. E. WITTER. H. R. PALMER.





No. 189. There is a Fountain.

W. Cowper *Second Tune.* Lowell Mason.



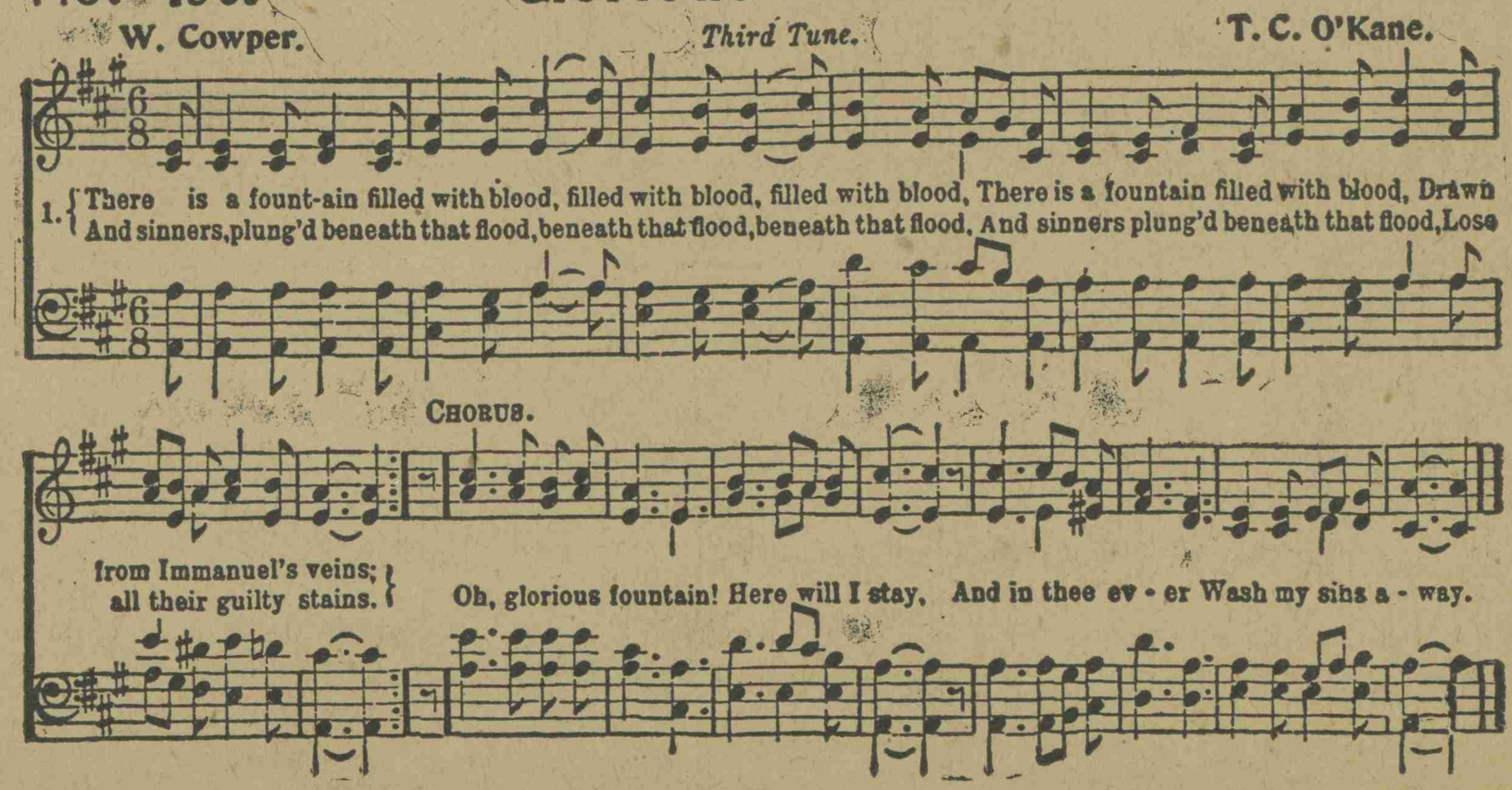
2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, tho' vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

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.

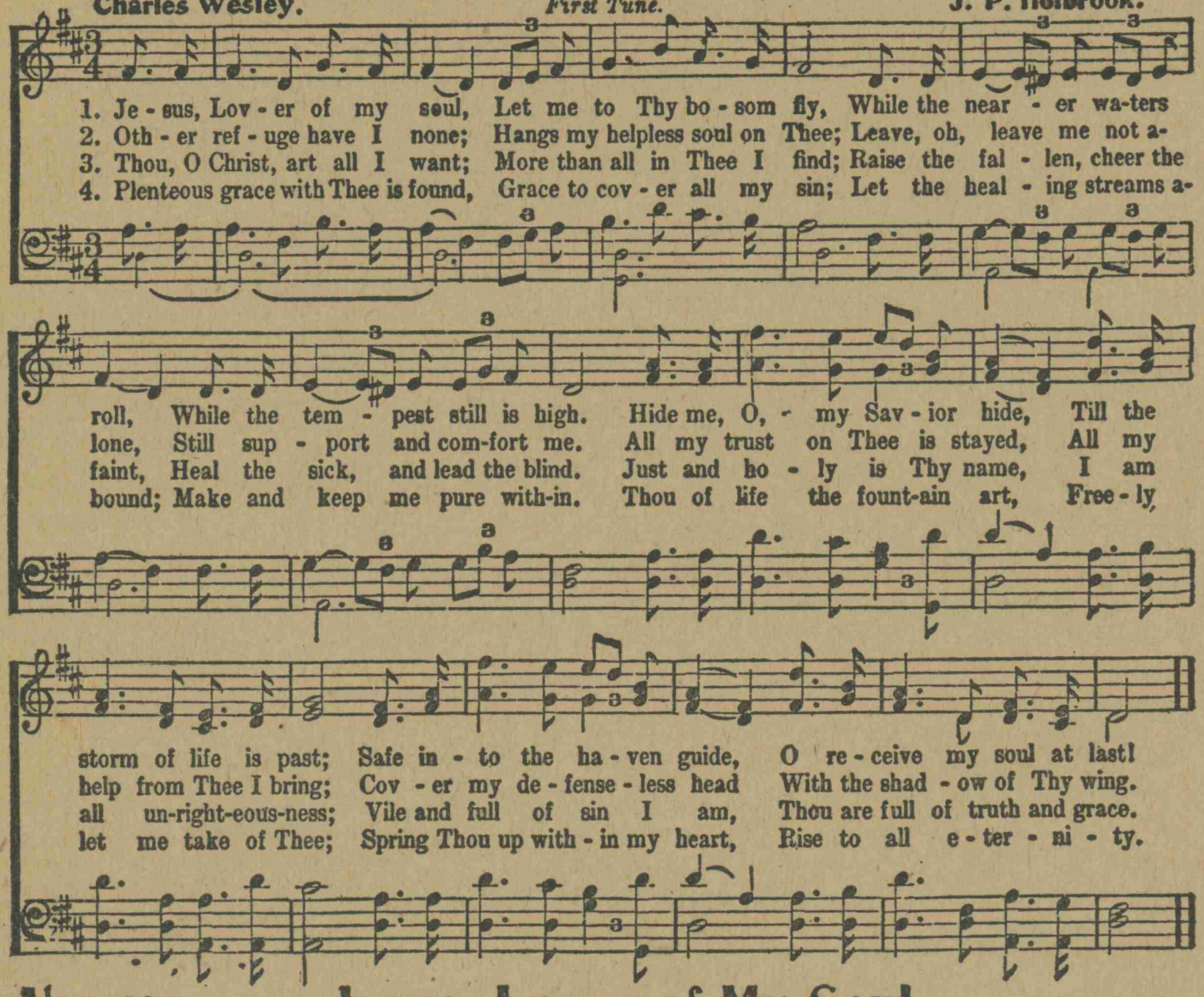
No. 190. Glorious Fountain.

W. Cowper. *Third Tune.* T. C. O'Kane.



No. 191. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley. *First Tune.* J. P. Holbrook.



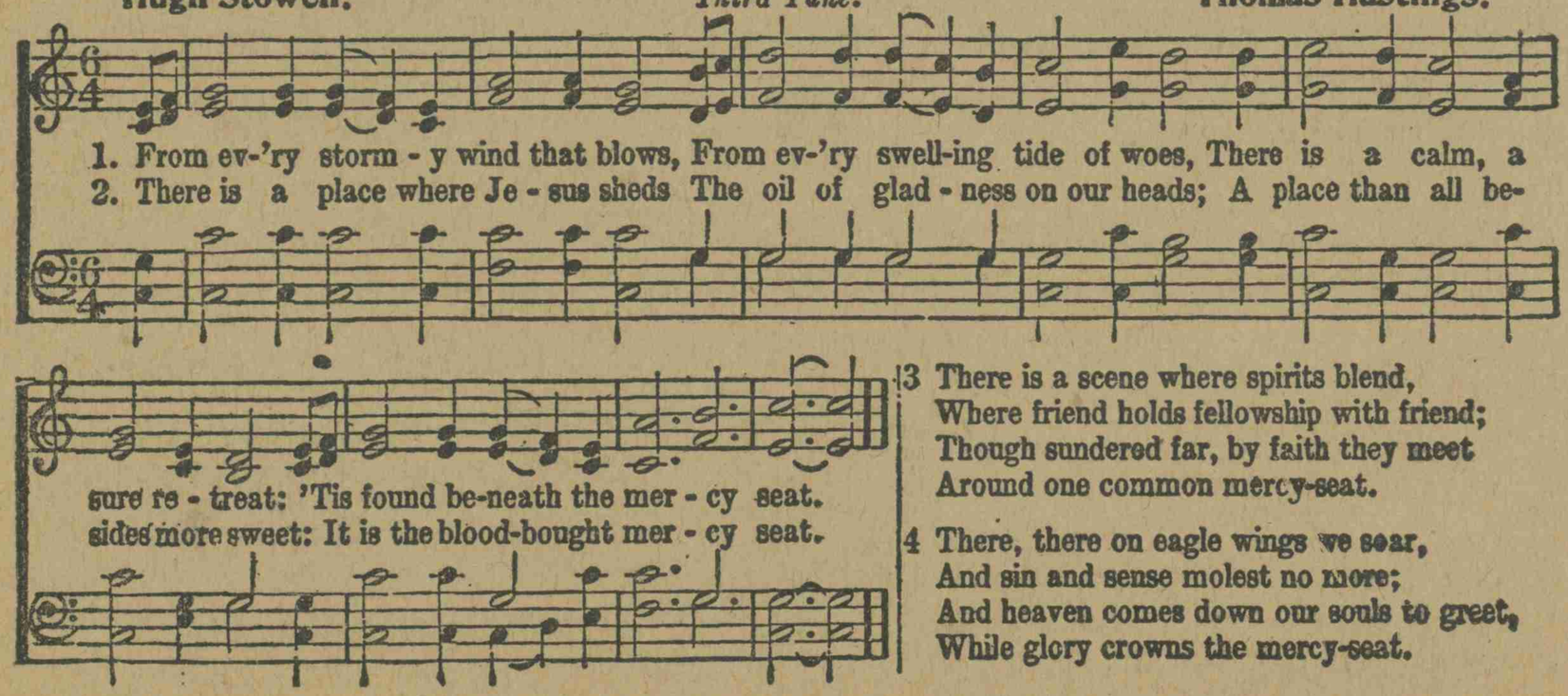
No. 192. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Second Tune. FINE S. B. Marsh. D. C.



No. 193. From Every Stormy Wind that Blows.

Hugh Stowell. *Third Tune.* Thomas Hastings.

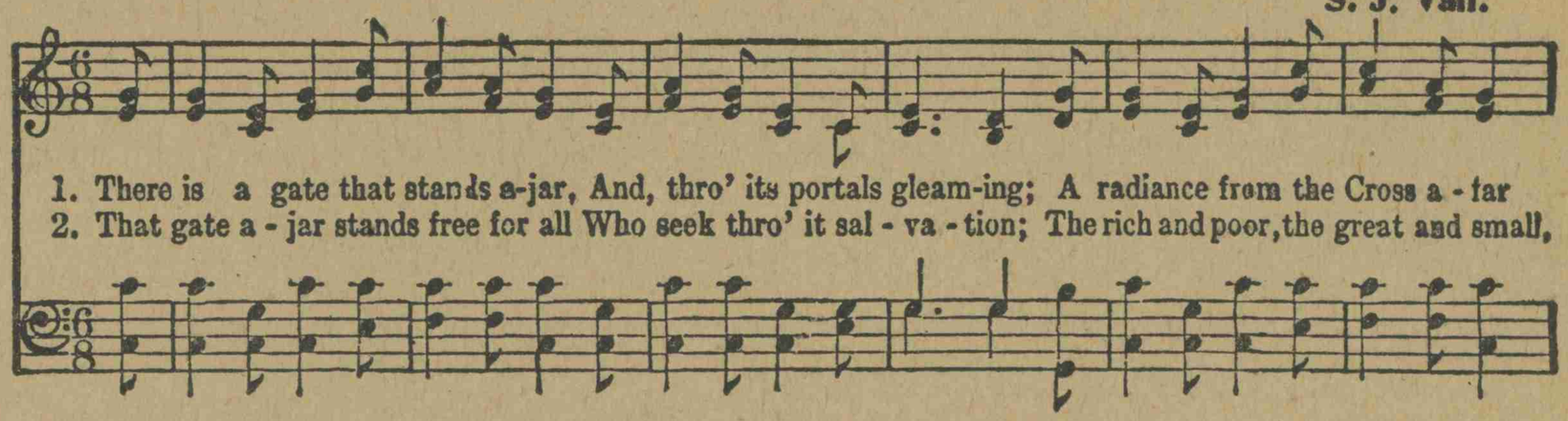


3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

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. 194. 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.

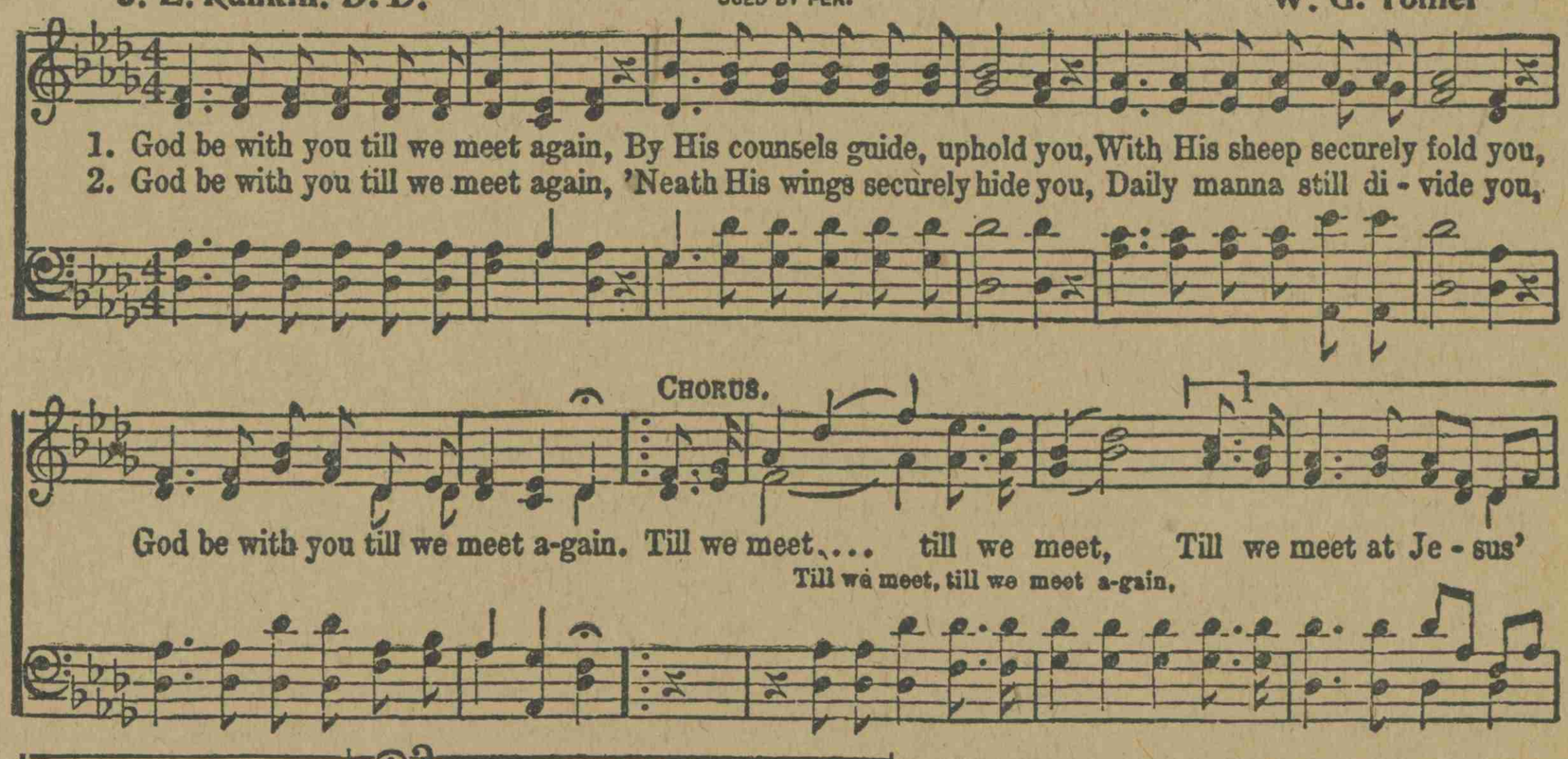
4 Beyond the river's brink we'll lay
The cross that here is given,
And bear the crown of life away,
And love Him more in Eden.

No. 195. God Be With You.

J. E. Rankin. D. D.

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W. G. Tomer



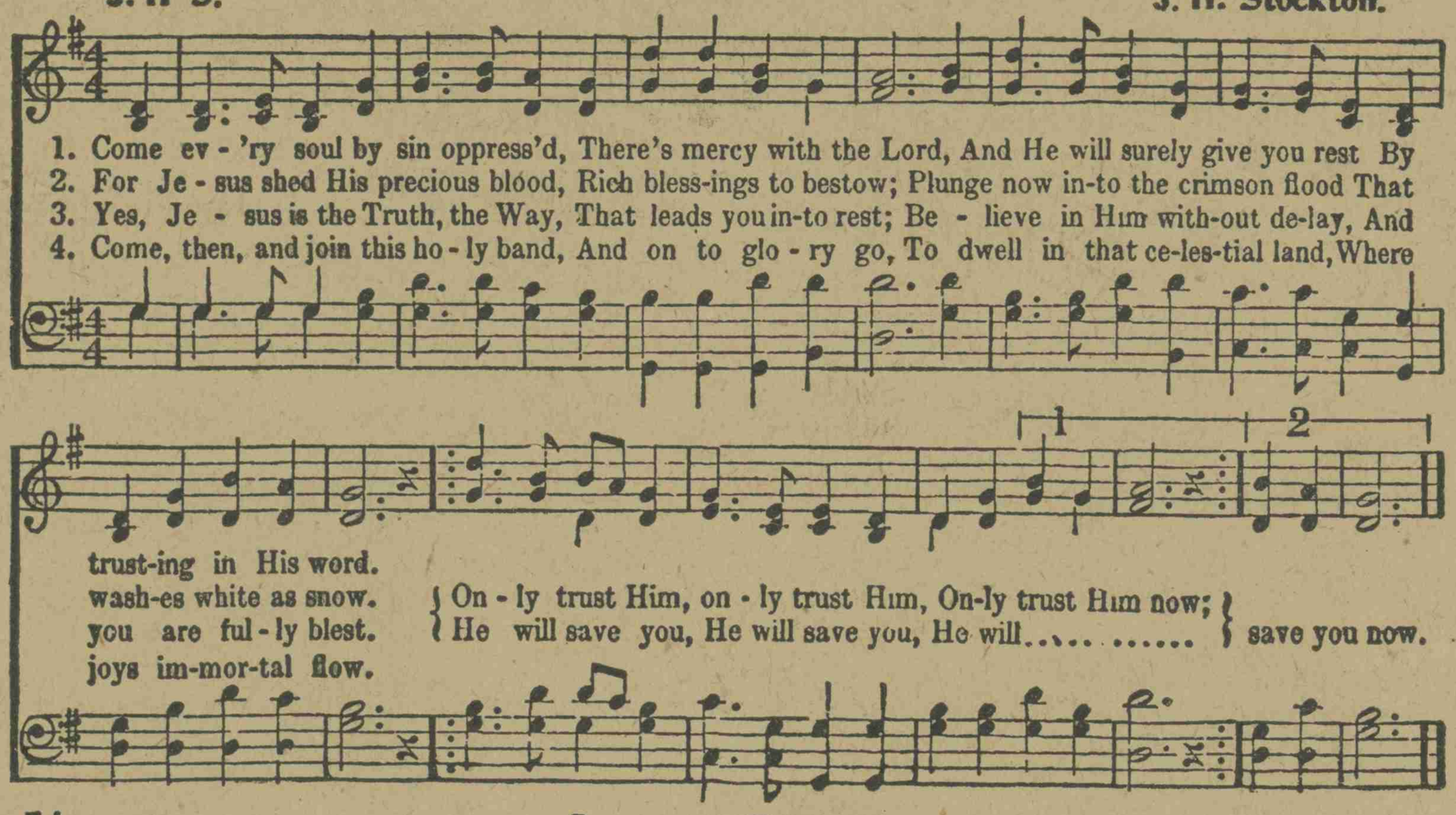


3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arms unfailing round you,
God be with you till we meet again.

4 God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you,
God be with you till we meet again.

No. 196. Only Trust Him.

J. H S. — J. H. Stockton.



No. 197 Love Divine.

Charles Wesley. — John Zundel.



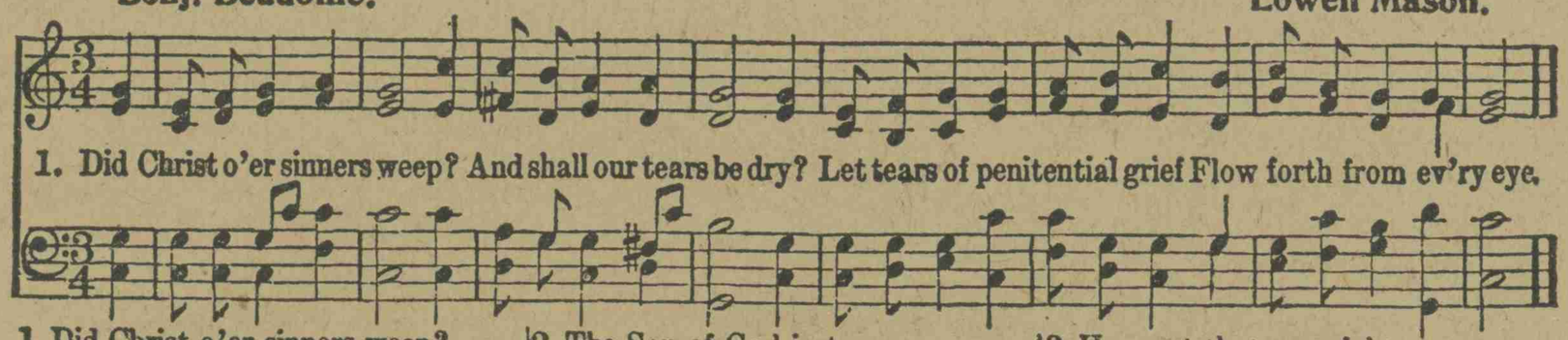
2 Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest.
Take away the love of sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty!

3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temple leave:
Thee we would be always blessing;
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love!

4 Finish then Thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

No. 198. Did Christ O'er Sinners Weep?

Benj. Beddome. — Lowell Mason.



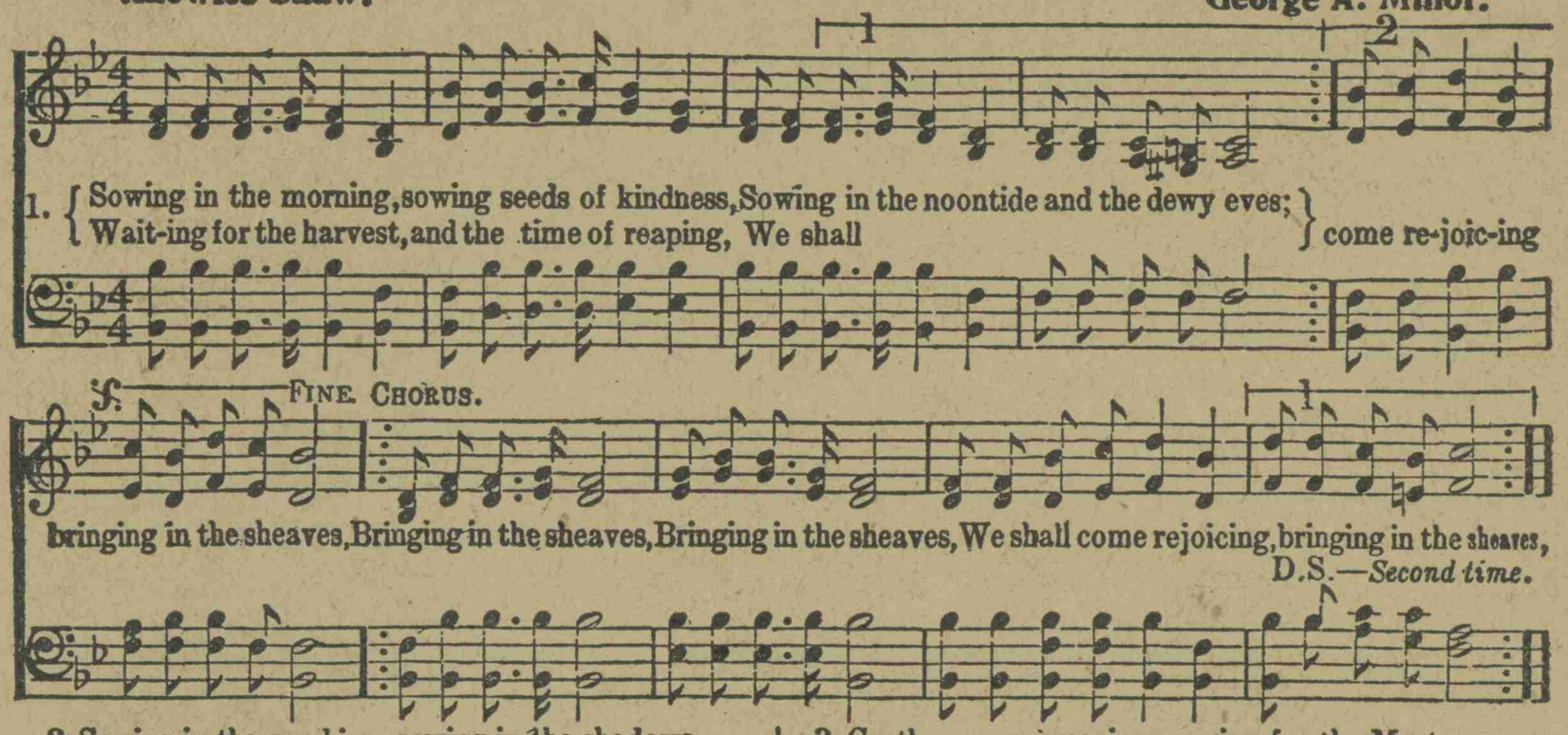
1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep?
And shall our tears be dry?
Let tears of penitential grief
Flow forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul;
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep—
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

No. 199. 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. 200. Savior, Like a Shepherd.

Dorothy A. Thrupp. William B. Bradbury.



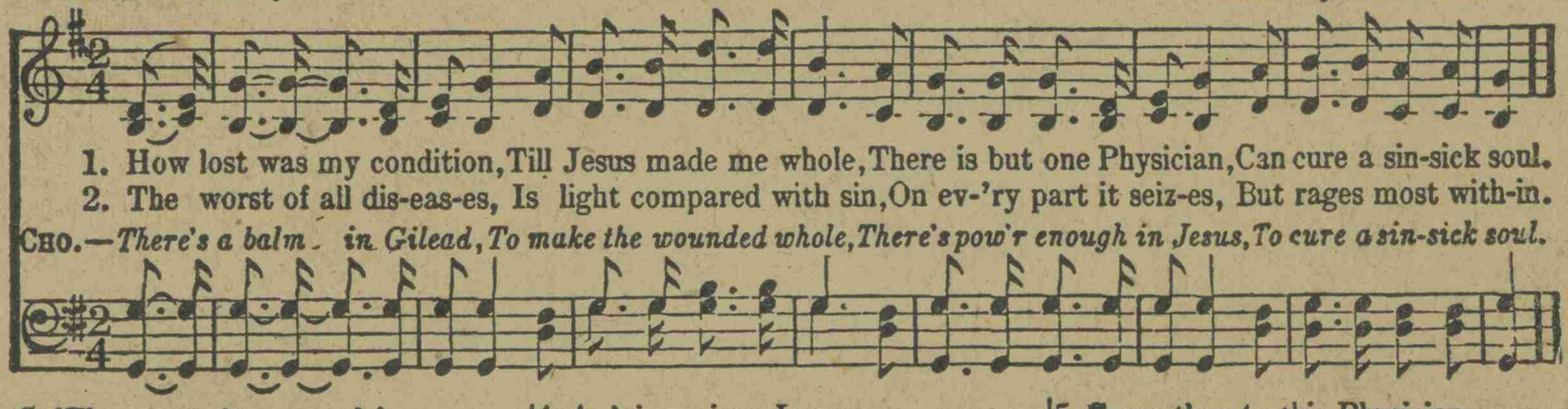
2 We are Thine; do Thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us.
Seek us when we go astray:
Blessed Jesus,
Hear, oh, hear us when we pray.

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. 201. Balm in Gilead.

Unknown. Arr. by E. O. E.



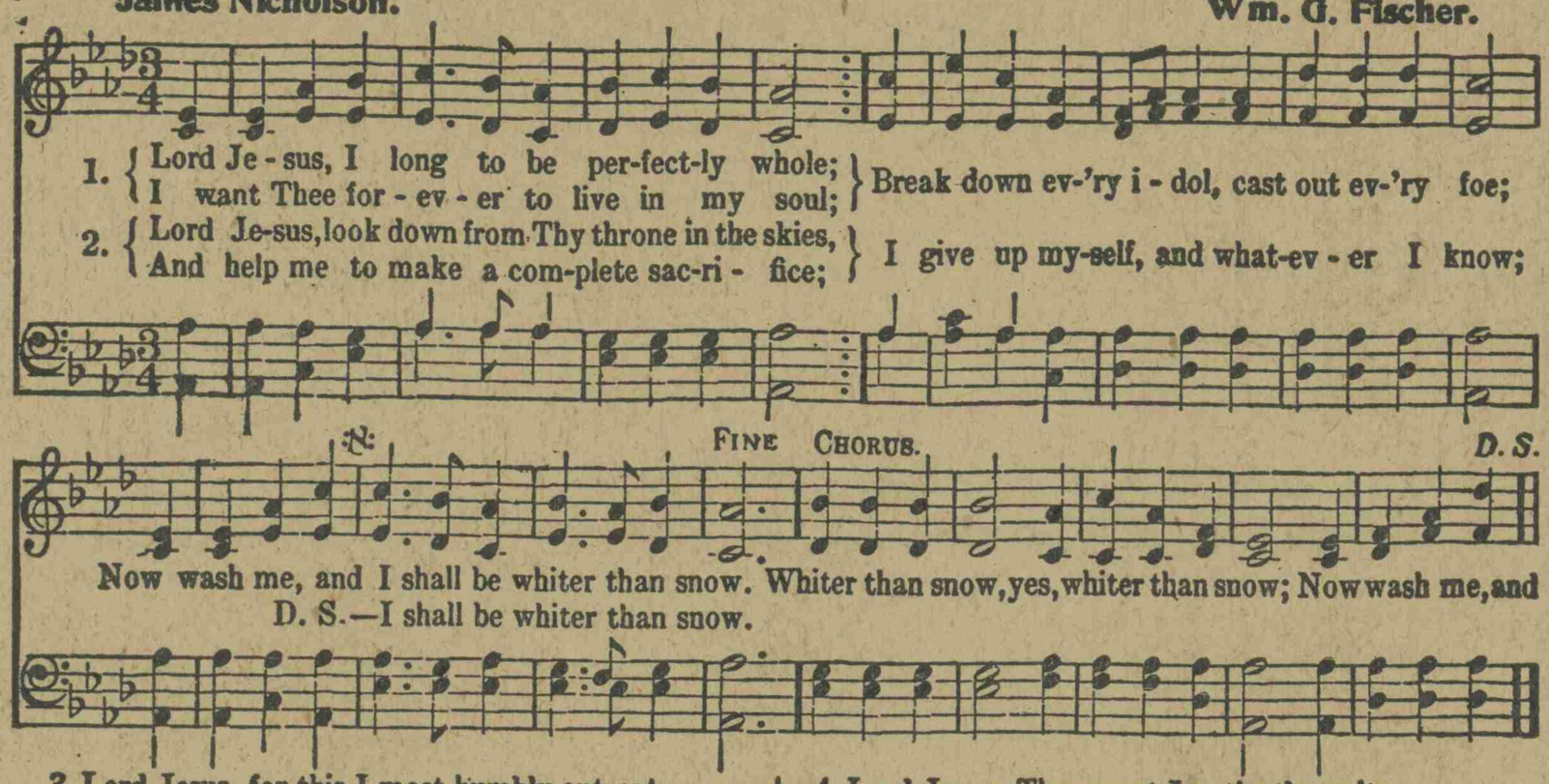
3 'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
And madness all combined,
And none but a believer,
The least relief can find.

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. 202. Whiter Than Snow.

James Nicholson. Wm. G. Fischer.

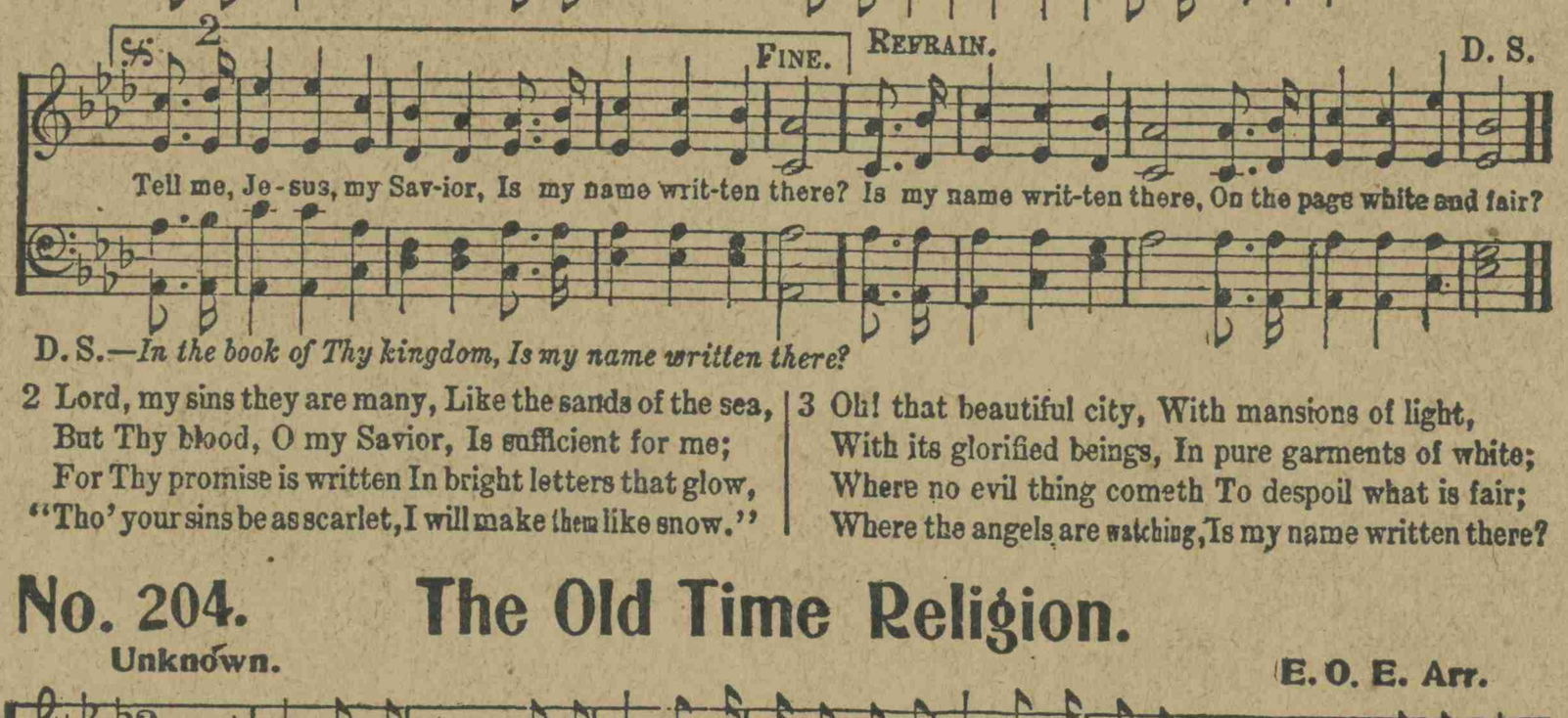


3 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat,
I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified feet,
By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow,
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

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. 203. Is My Name Written There?

M. A. K. Frank M. Davis.

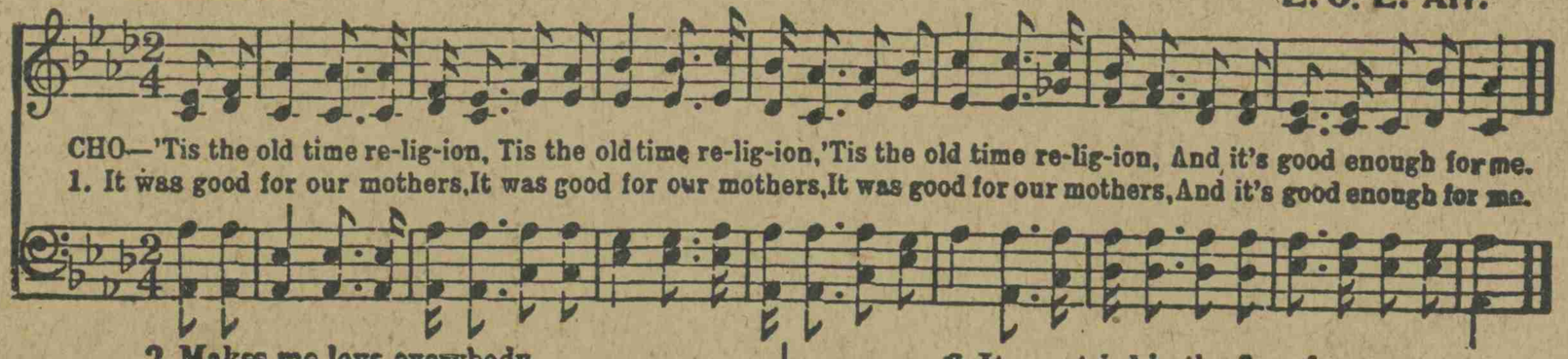


2 Lord, my sins they are many, Like the sands of the sea,
But Thy blood, O my Savior, Is sufficient for me;
For Thy promise is written In bright letters that glow,
"Tho' your sins be as scarlet, I will make them like snow."

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. 204. The Old Time Religion.

Unknown. E. O. E. Arr.



3 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.

No. 205. Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Julia Ward Howe. Melody, "Glory Hallelujah."

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is tramp-ling out the
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred cir-cling camps; They have builded Him an
3. He has sound-ed forth the trump-et that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is sift - ing out the
4. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a glo - ry in His

vin-tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the fate-ful light-ning of His ter - ri-
al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps; I can read His right-eous sentence by the dim and
hearts of men be - fore His judg-ment seat; O be swift, my soul, to an - swer Him! be ju - bi-
bo - som that trans - fig - ures you and me; As He died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make

ble swift sword; His truth is marching on.
flar - ing lamps, His day is marching on. { Glo - ry! glo-ry, hal-le - lu-jah! Glo-ry! glo-ry, hal-le - lu - jah!
lant my feet, Our God is marching on. { Glo - ry! glo-ry, hal-le - lu-jah! (*D.S.2d time.*)
make men free, While God is marching on.

FINE. CHORUS.

No. 206. No, Not One.

Johnson Oatman, Jr.

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Geo. C. Hugg.

Slow, and with feeling.

FINE.

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.

No. 207 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. 208. Even Me, Even Me.

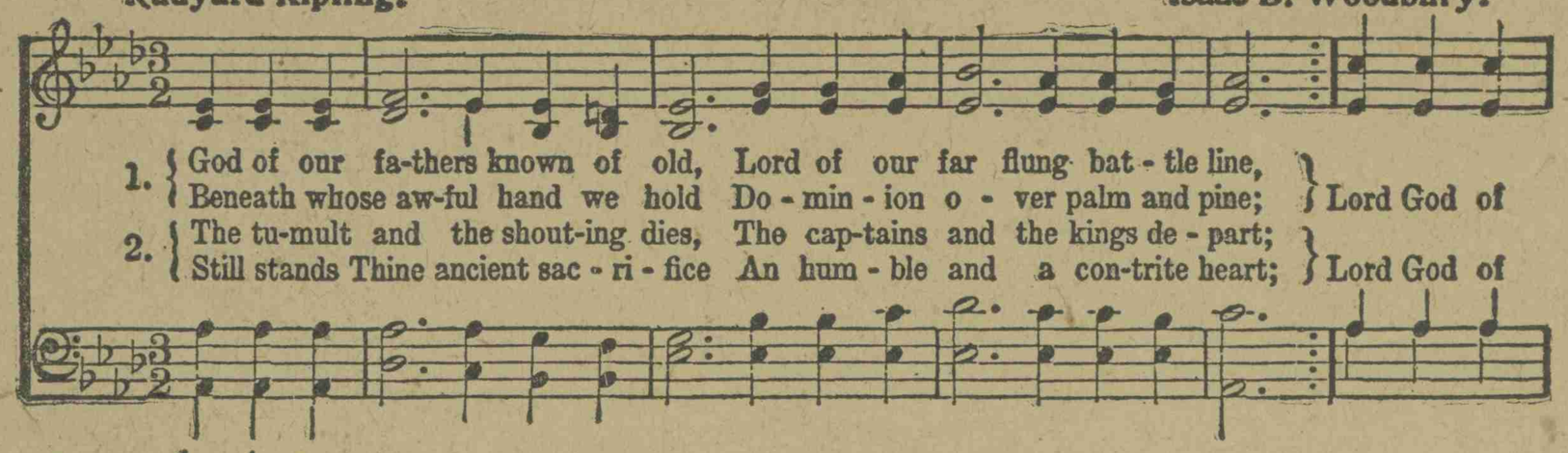
Mrs. Elizabeth Codner. Wm. B. Bradbury.

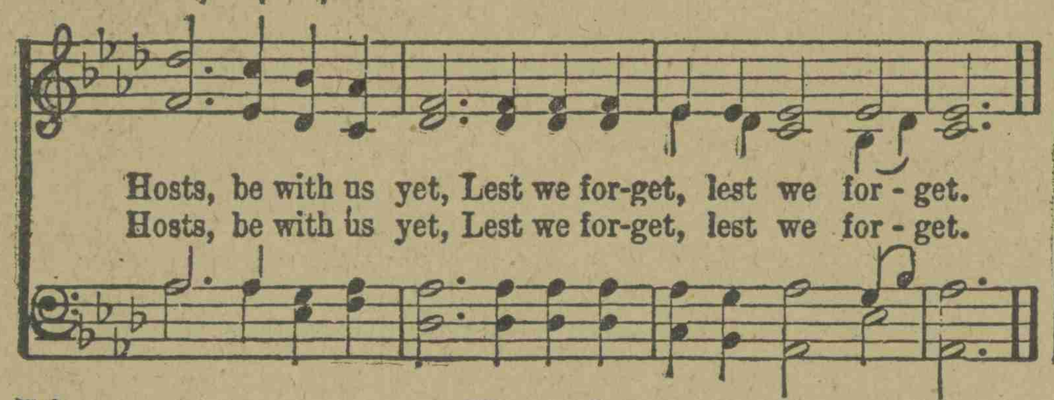
1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless - ing Thou art scatt'ring full and free; Show'rs, the thirst-y land re-
2. Pass me not, O God, my Fa - ther Sin - ful tho' my heart may be; Thou mightst leave me, but the
3. Pass me not, O gra - cious Sav - ior, Let me live and cling to Thee; I am long - ing for Thy
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. 209. 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. 210. Faith of Our Fathers.

Tune above.

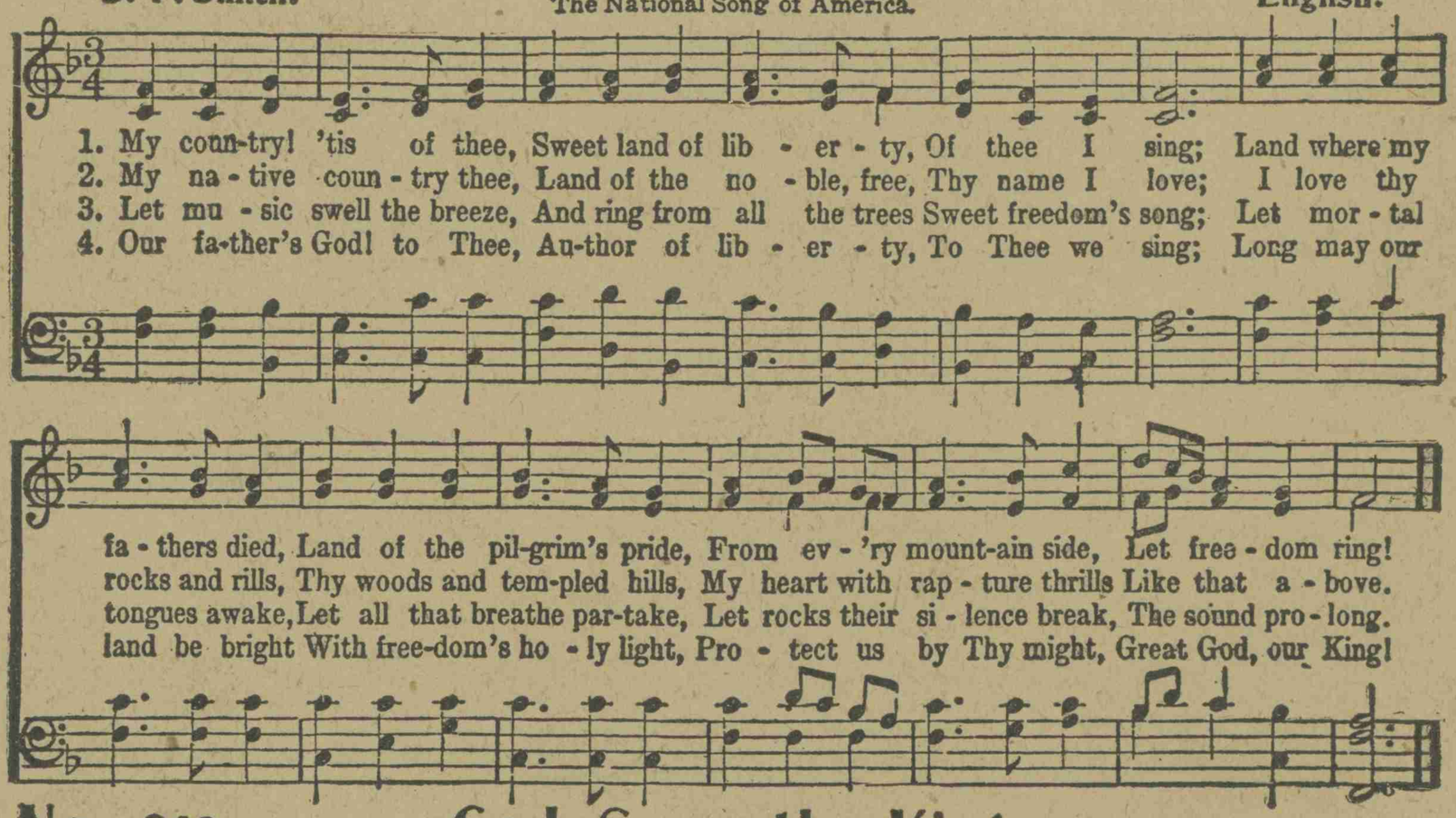
1 Faith of our fathers! living still
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword:
O how our hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er we hear that glorious word
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to Thee till death!

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. 211. America.

S. F. Smith. The National Song of America. English.



No. 212. God Save the King.

The National Song of Britain.

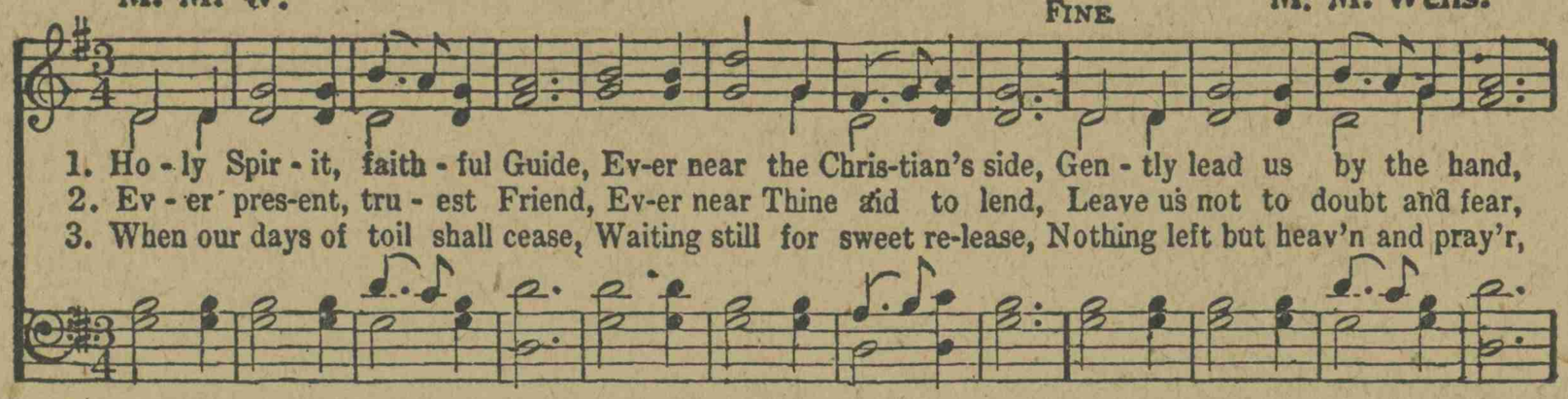
1 God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King;
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King.

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.

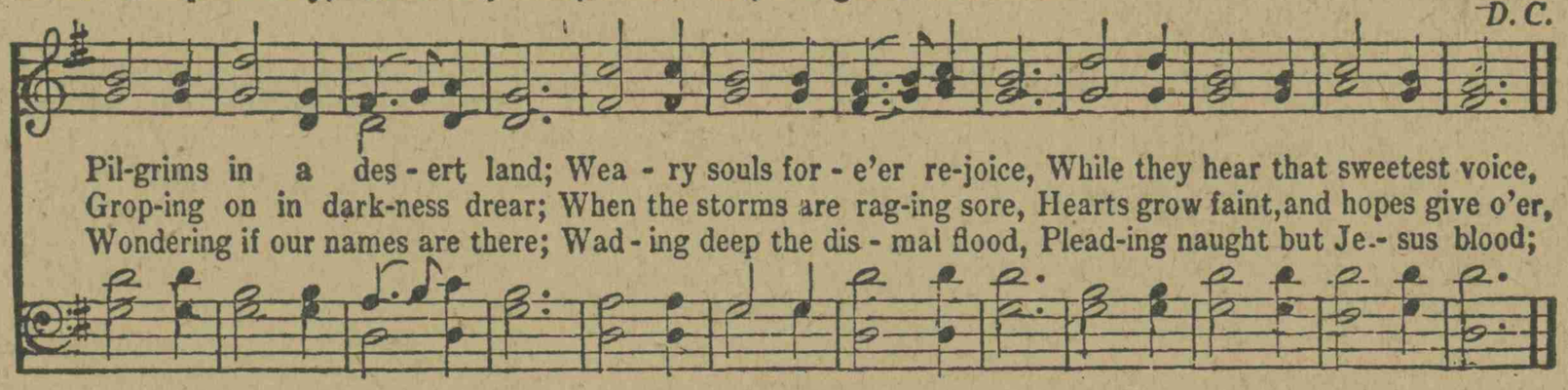
No. 221. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W. FINE M. M. Wells.



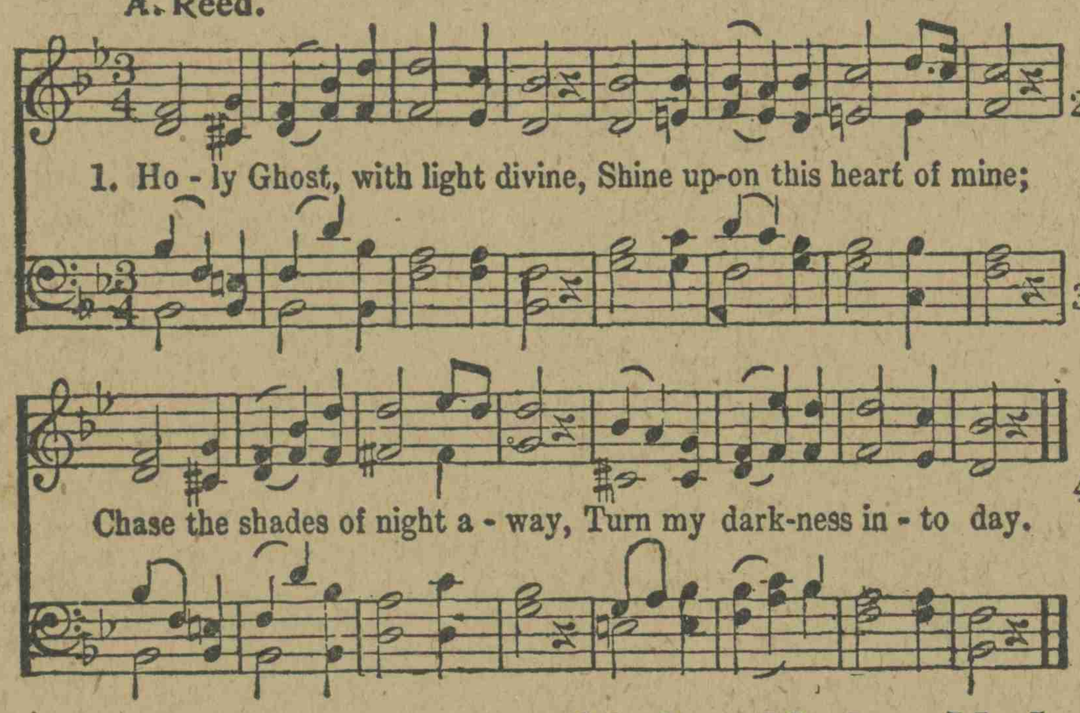
D.C.—Whisper soft-ly, "Wand'rer, come, Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

D. C.



No. 222. Holy Ghost, with Love Divine.

A. Reed. Gottschalk.



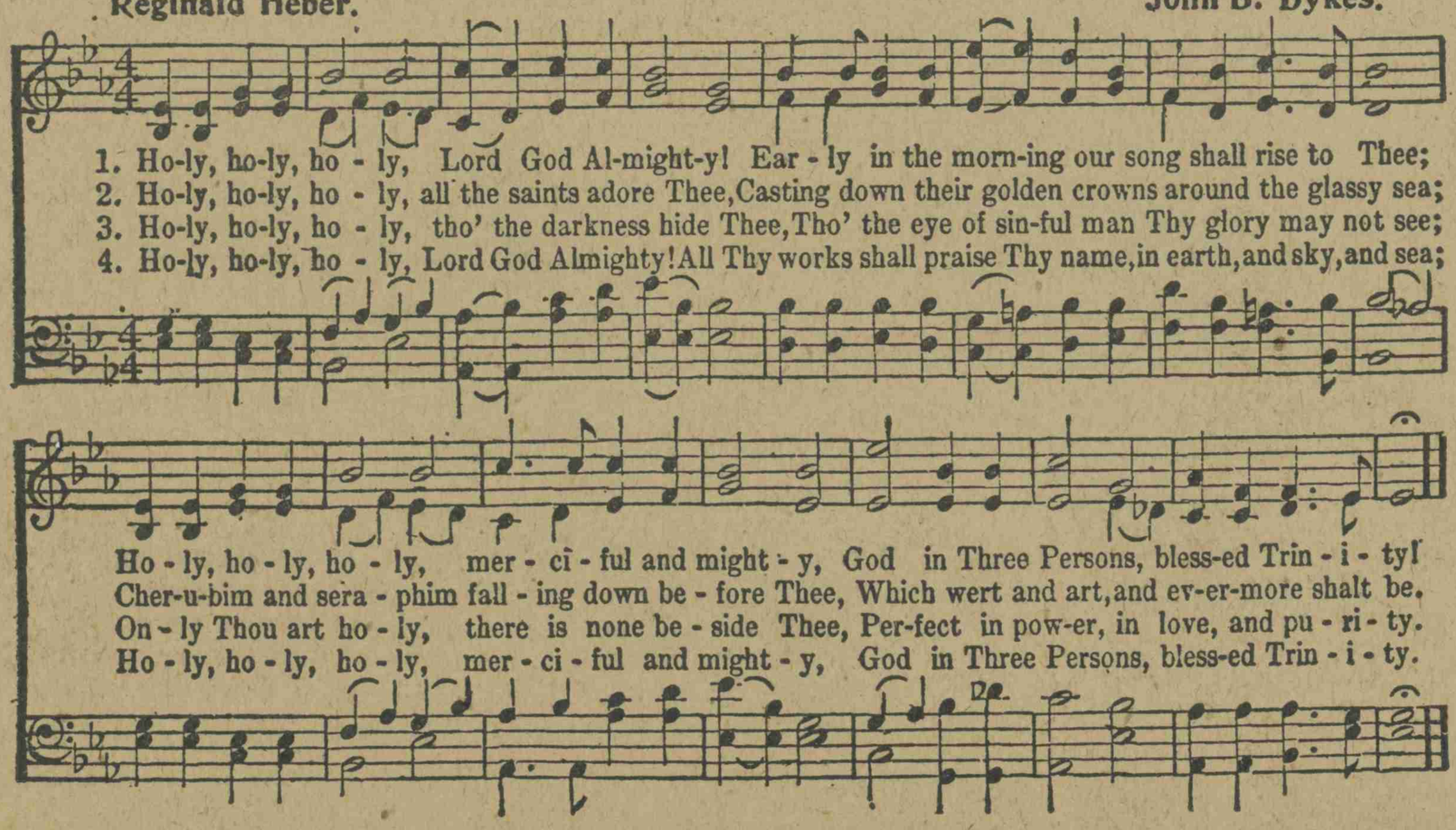
2 Holy Ghost, with pow'r divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine,
Long hath sin without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

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.

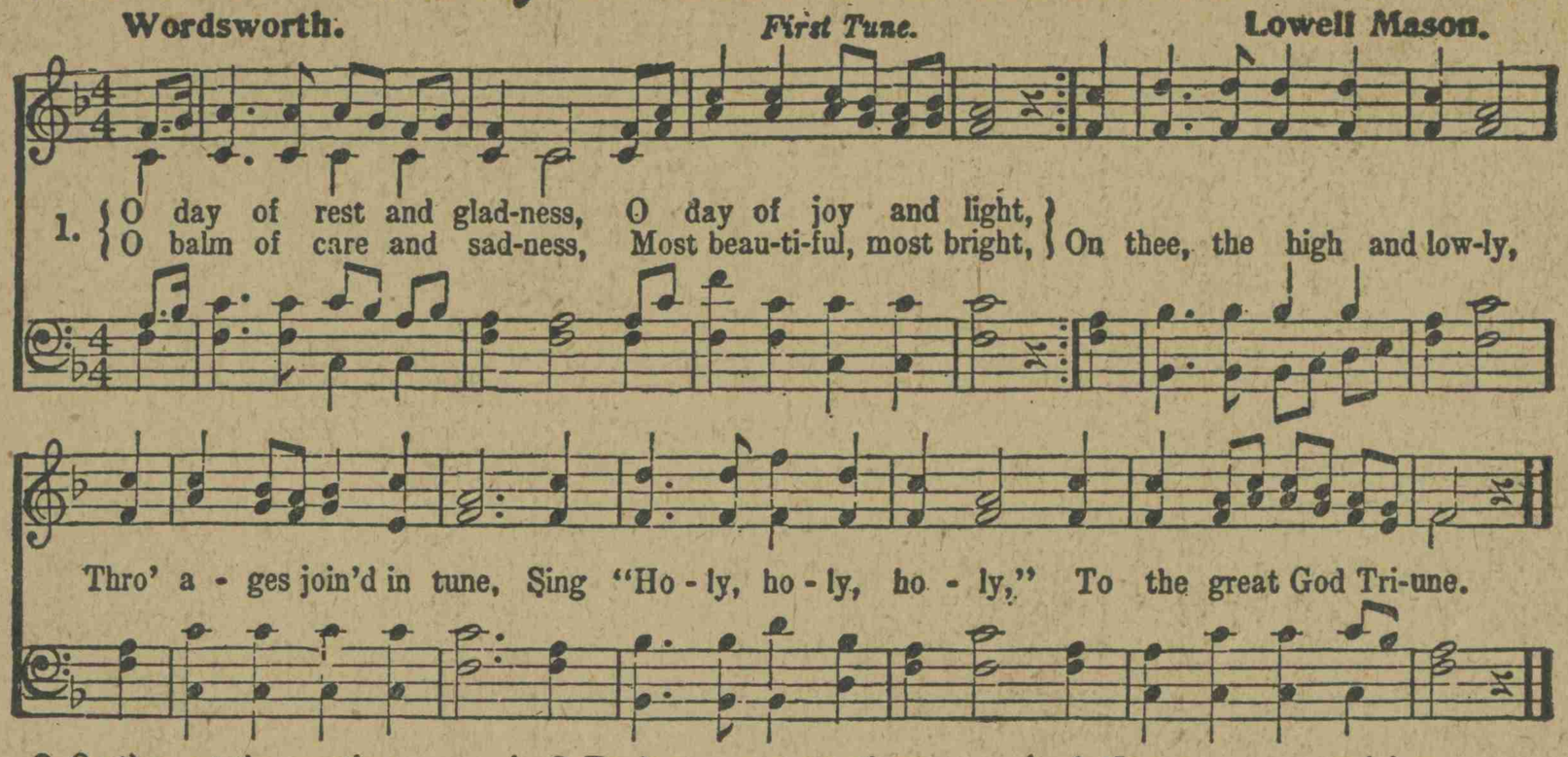
No. 223. Holy, Holy, Holy.

Reginald Heber. John B. Dykes.



No. 224. 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. 225. In Heavenly Love Abiding.

First or Second Tune.

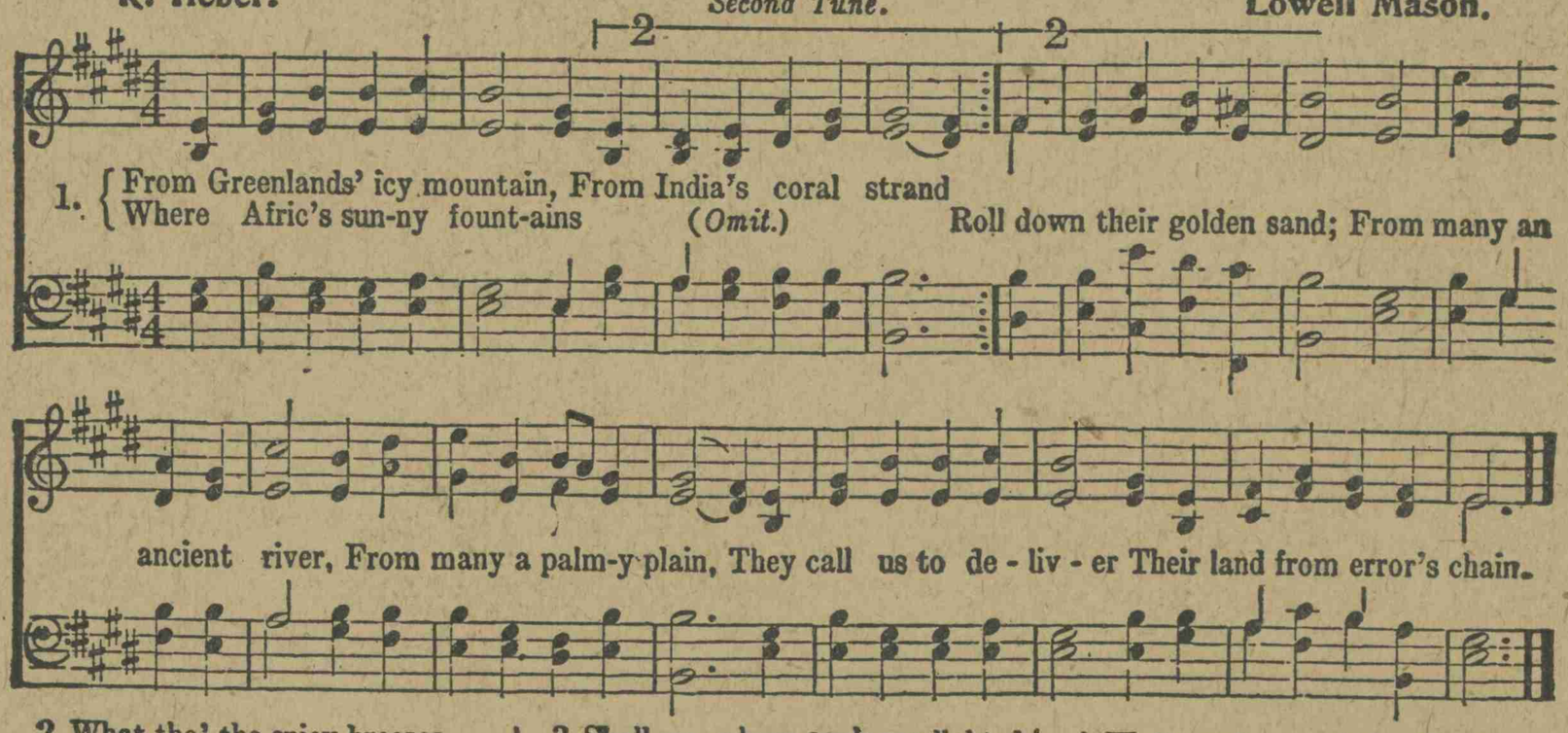
1 In heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear;
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here.
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

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. 226. 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. 227. O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

George Matheson. Albert L. Peace.

1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my wea - ry soul in Thee, I give Thee
2. O Light that fol-lowest all my way, I yield my flick'ring torch to Thee; My heart re-
3. O Joy that seek-est me thro' pain, I can - not close my heart to Thee; I trace the
4. O cross that lift - est up my head, I dare not ask to hide from Thee: I lay in

back the life I owe, That in Thine o-cean depths its flow May rich - er full - er be.
stores its bor-rowed ray, That in Thy sun-shine's glow its day May bright-er fair - er be.
rain-bow thro' the rain, And feel the prom - ise is not vain That morn shall tear-less be.
dust life's gle - ry dead, And from the ground there blossoms red Life that shall end - less be.

No. 228. 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. 229. Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett. Hans George Naegeli.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love; The fellow-ship of kindred minds Is like to that a-bove.

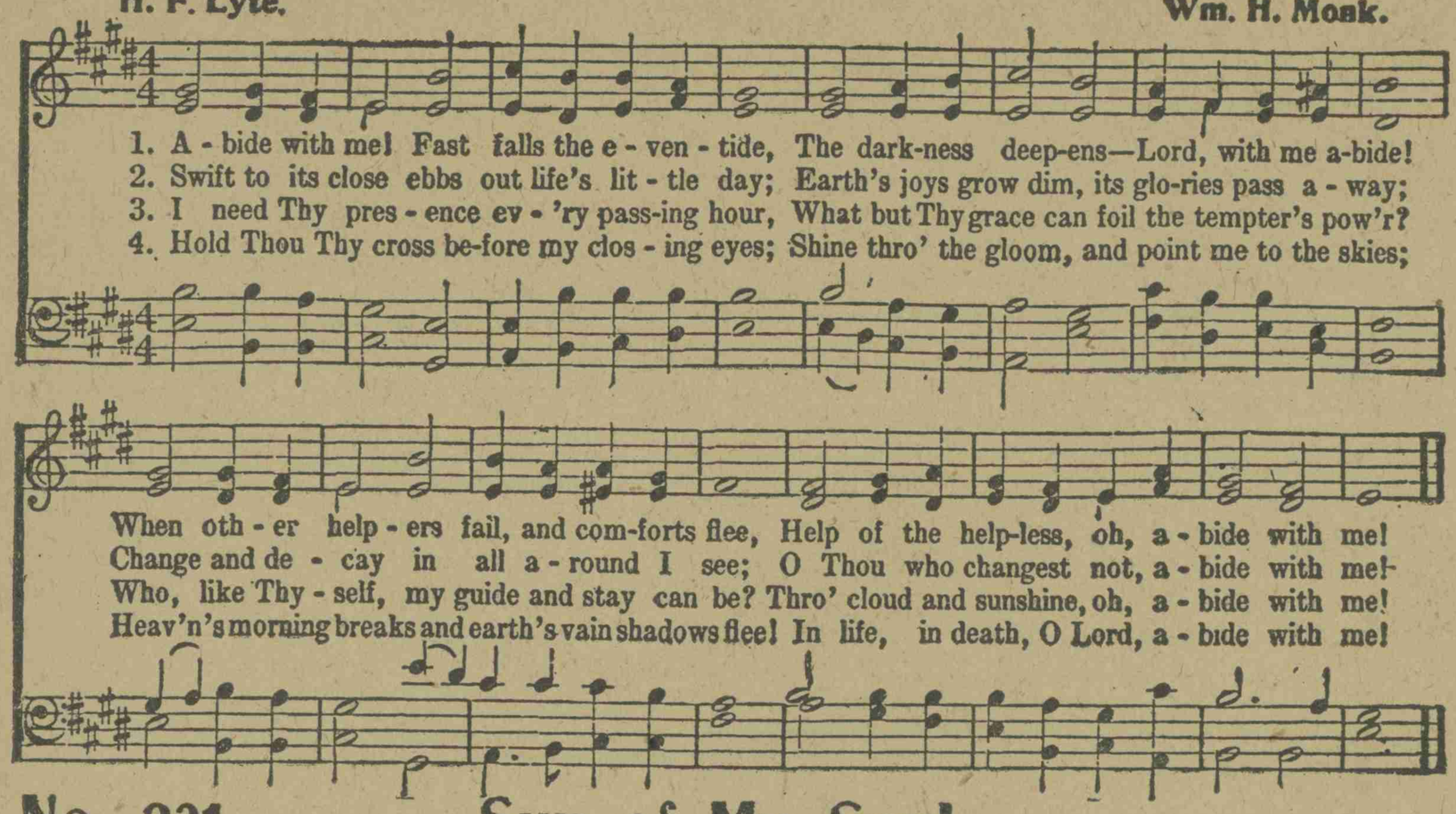
2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers; [one,
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are
Our comforts and our cares.

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.

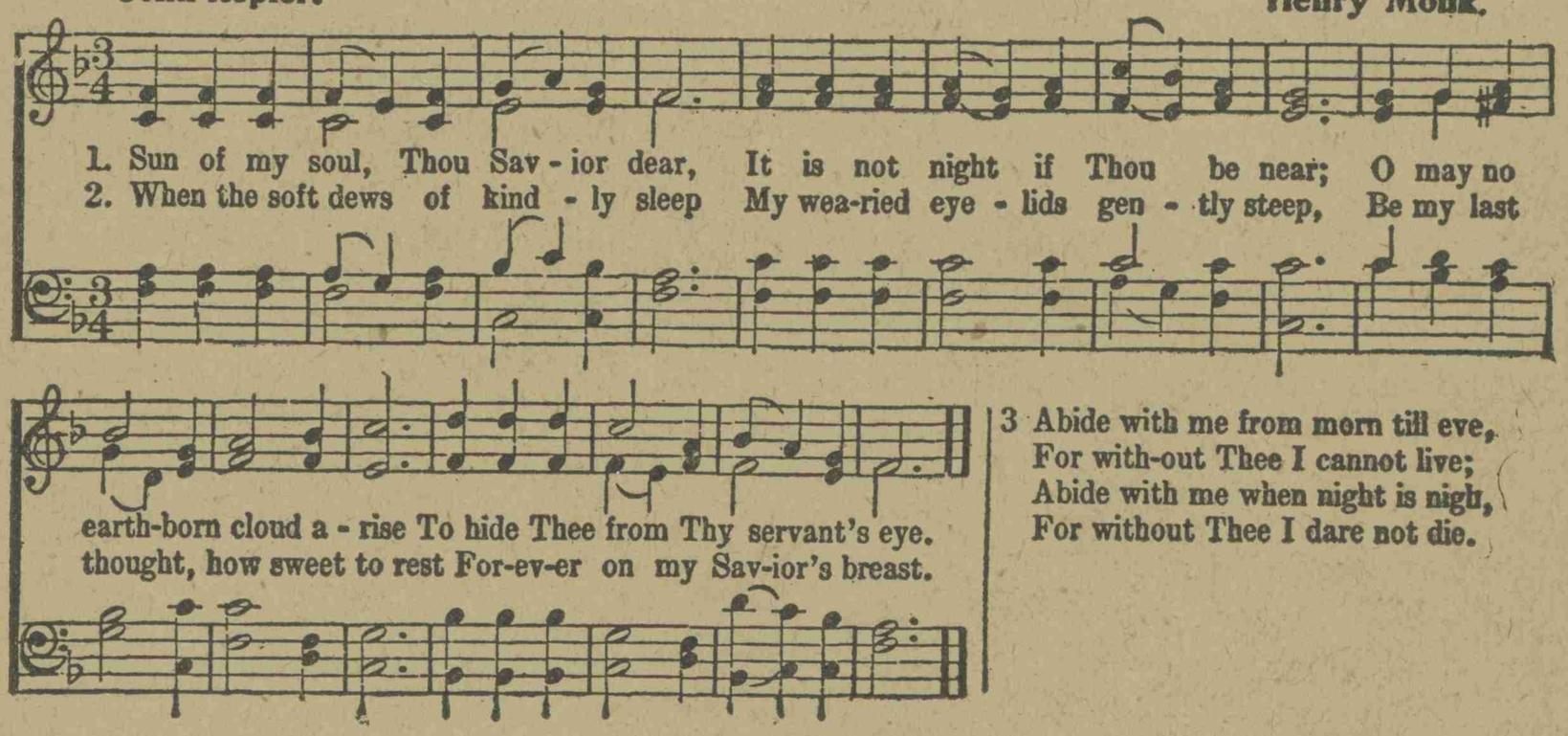
No. 230. Abide With Me.

H. F. Lyte. Wm. H. Monk.



No. 231. Sun of My Soul.

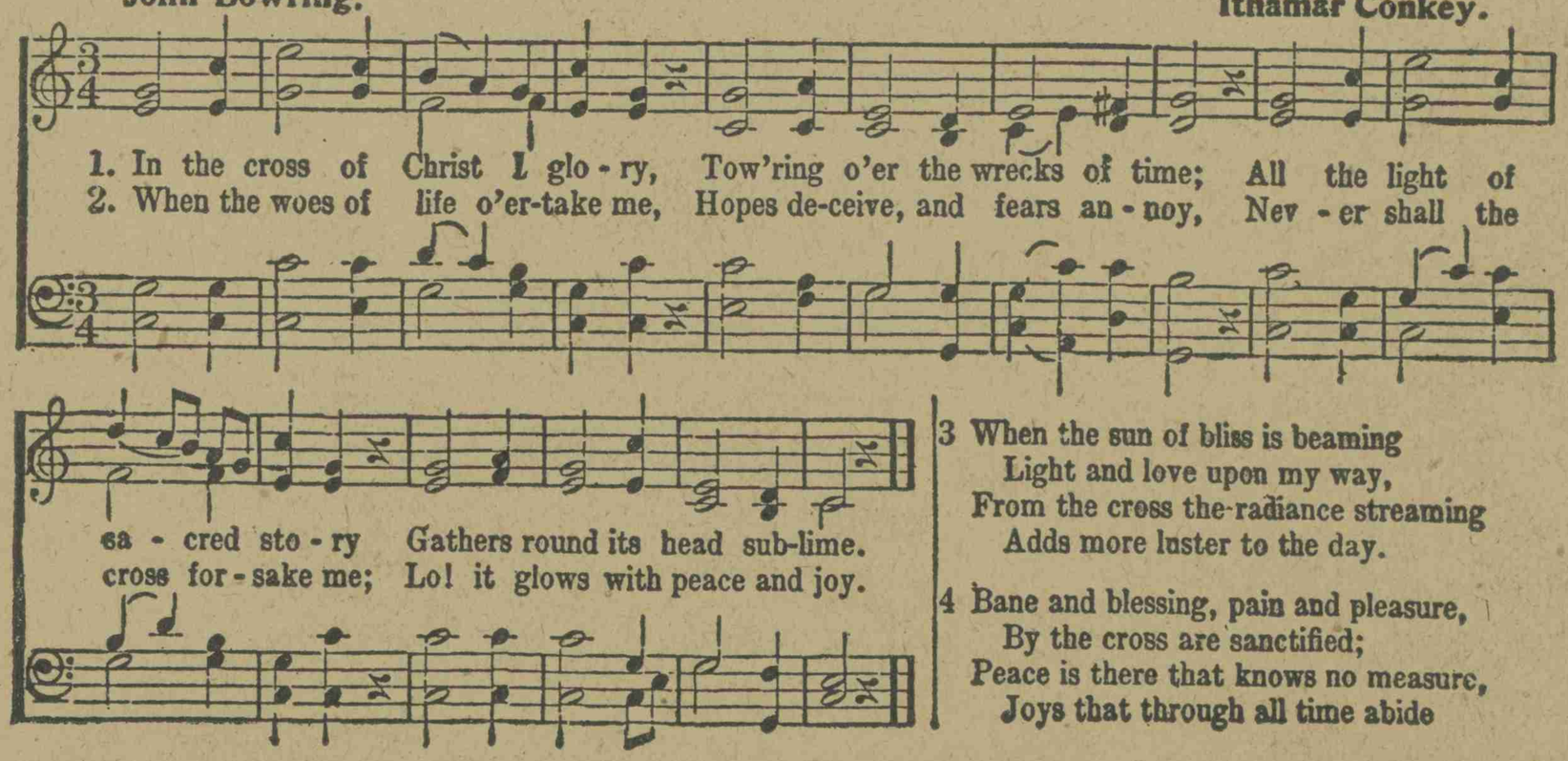
John Kepler. Henry Monk.



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.

No. 232. In the Gross.

John Bowring. Ithamar Conkey.

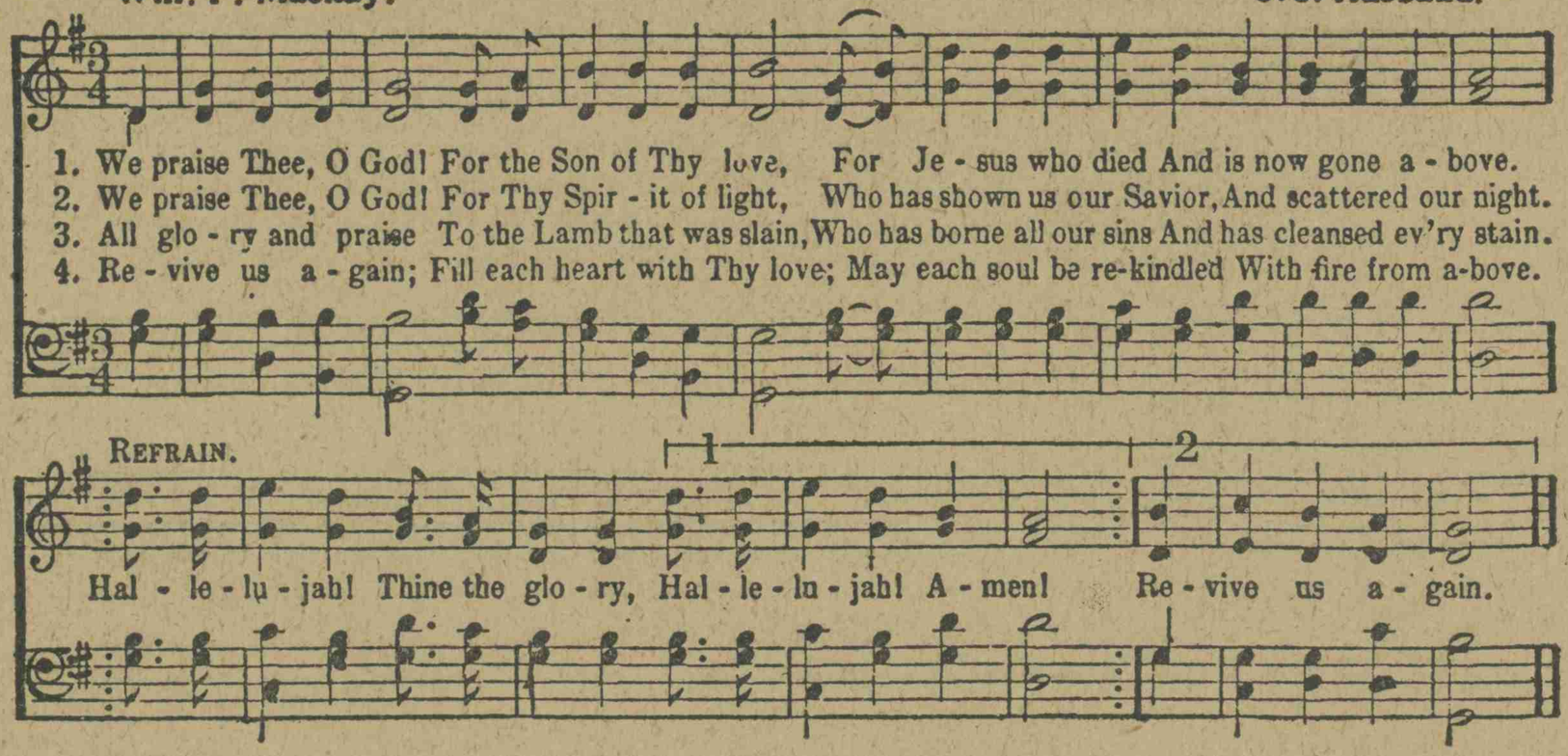


3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more luster to the day.

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

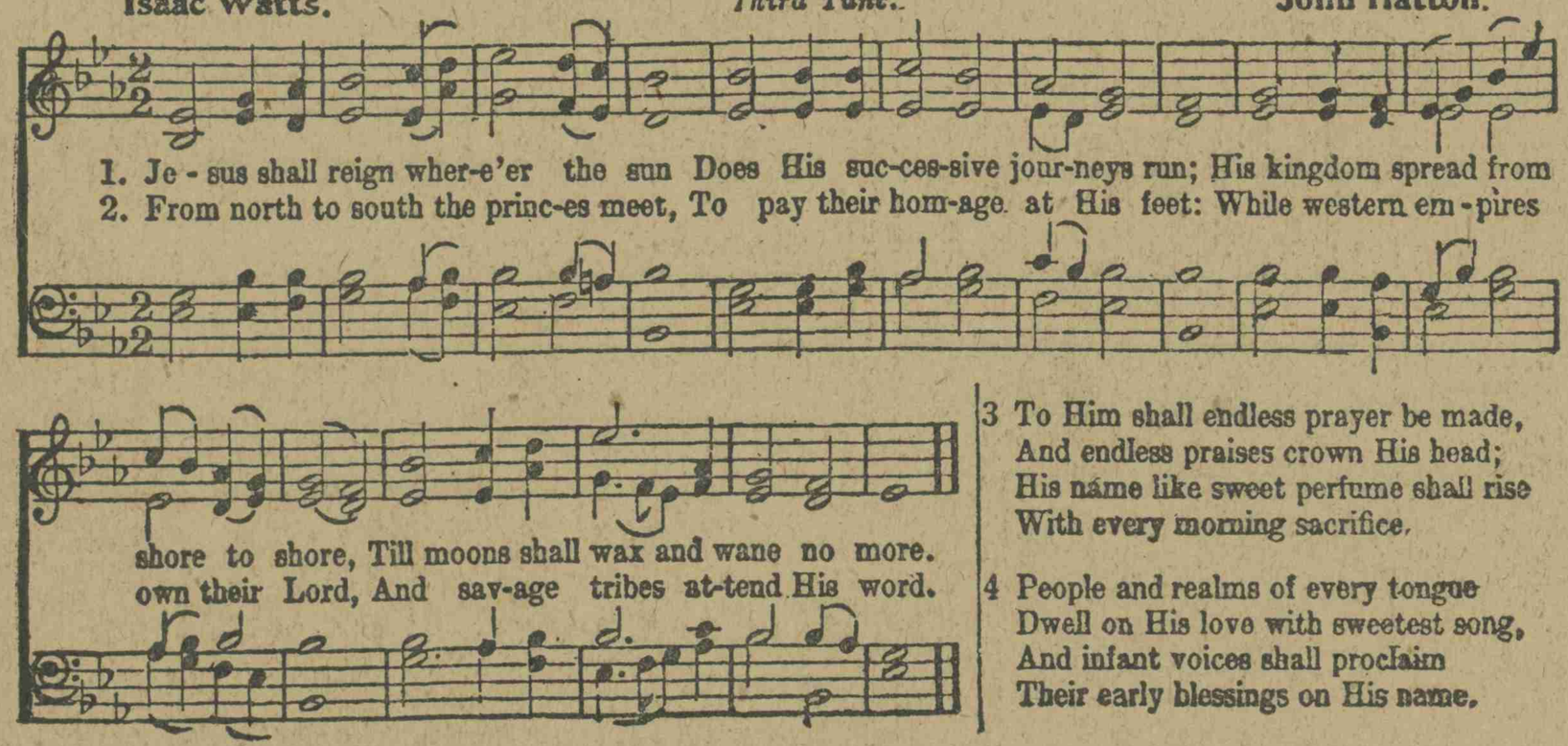
No. 233. Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay. J. J. Husband.



No. 234. Jesus Shall Reign.

Isaac Watts. *Third Tune.* John Hatton.

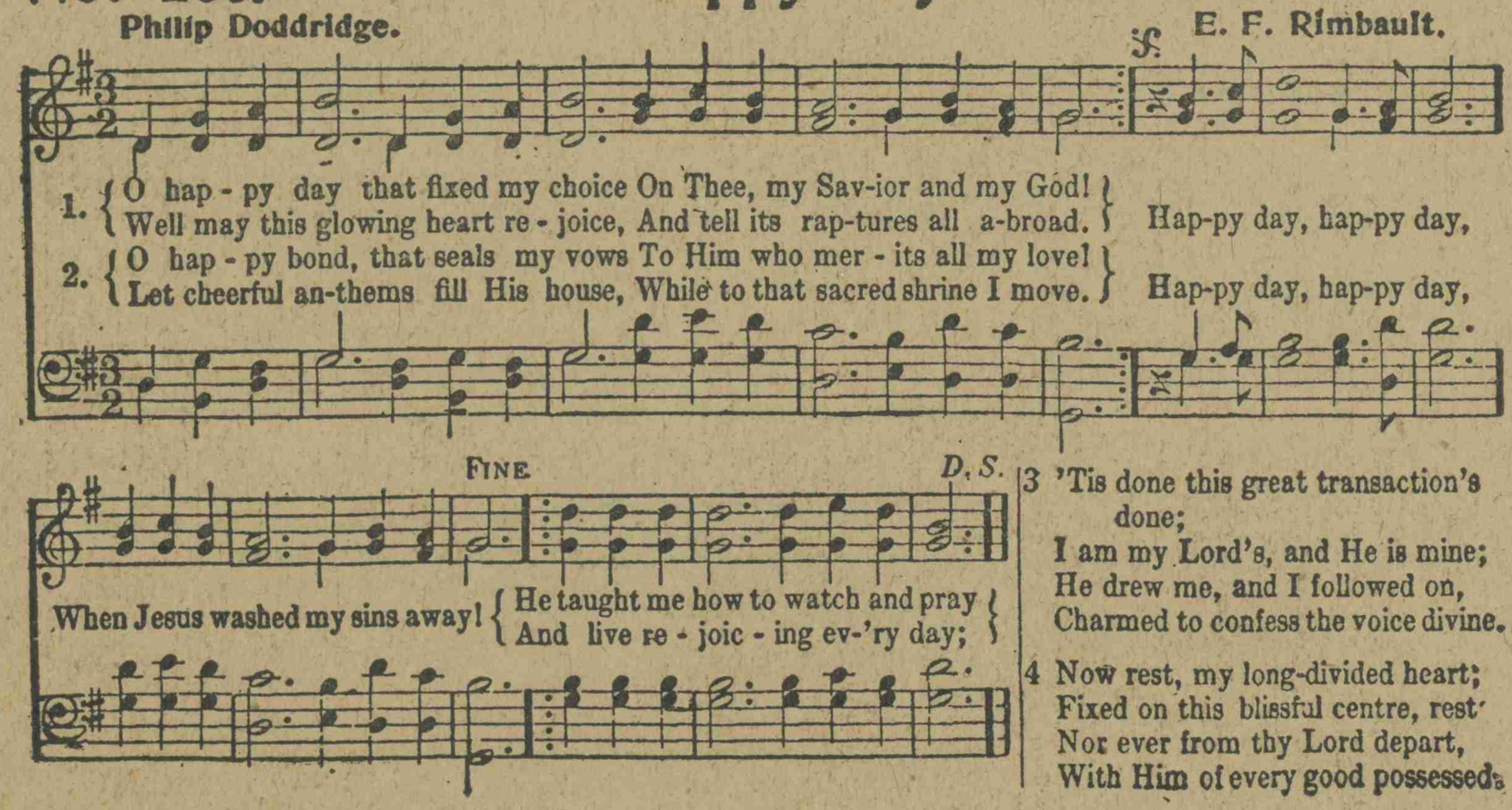


3 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown His head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

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. 235. O Happy Day.

Philip Doddridge. E. F. Rimbault.

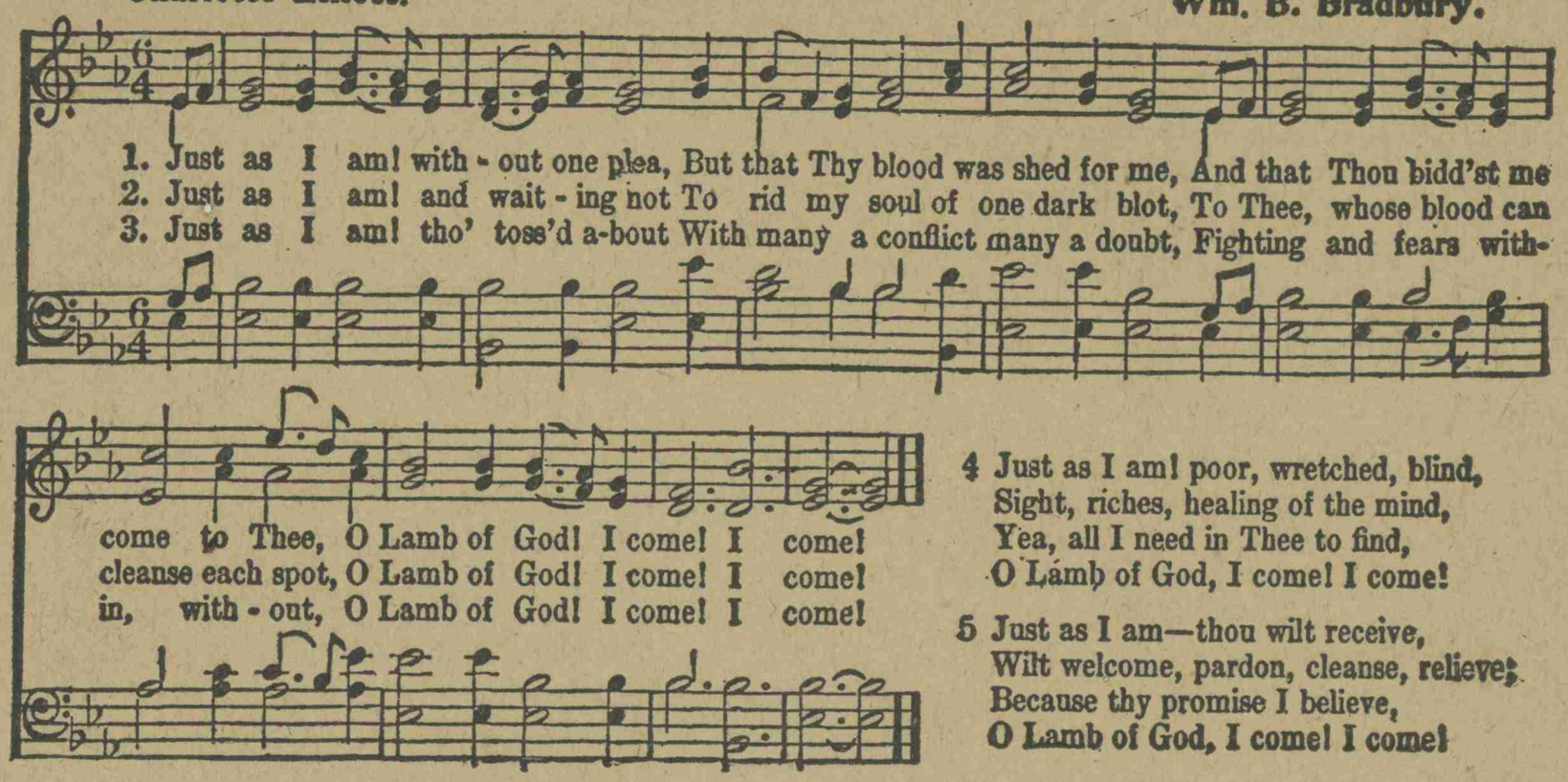


3 'Tis done this great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

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. 236. Just As I Am.

Charlotte Elliott. Wm. B. Bradbury.

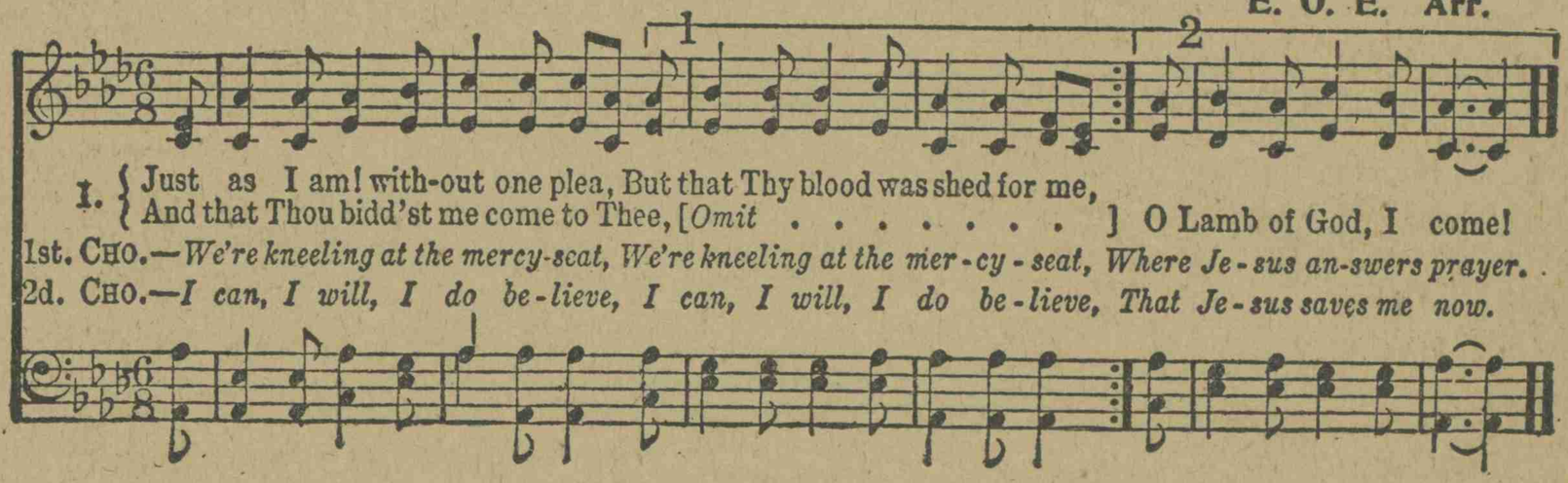


4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

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!

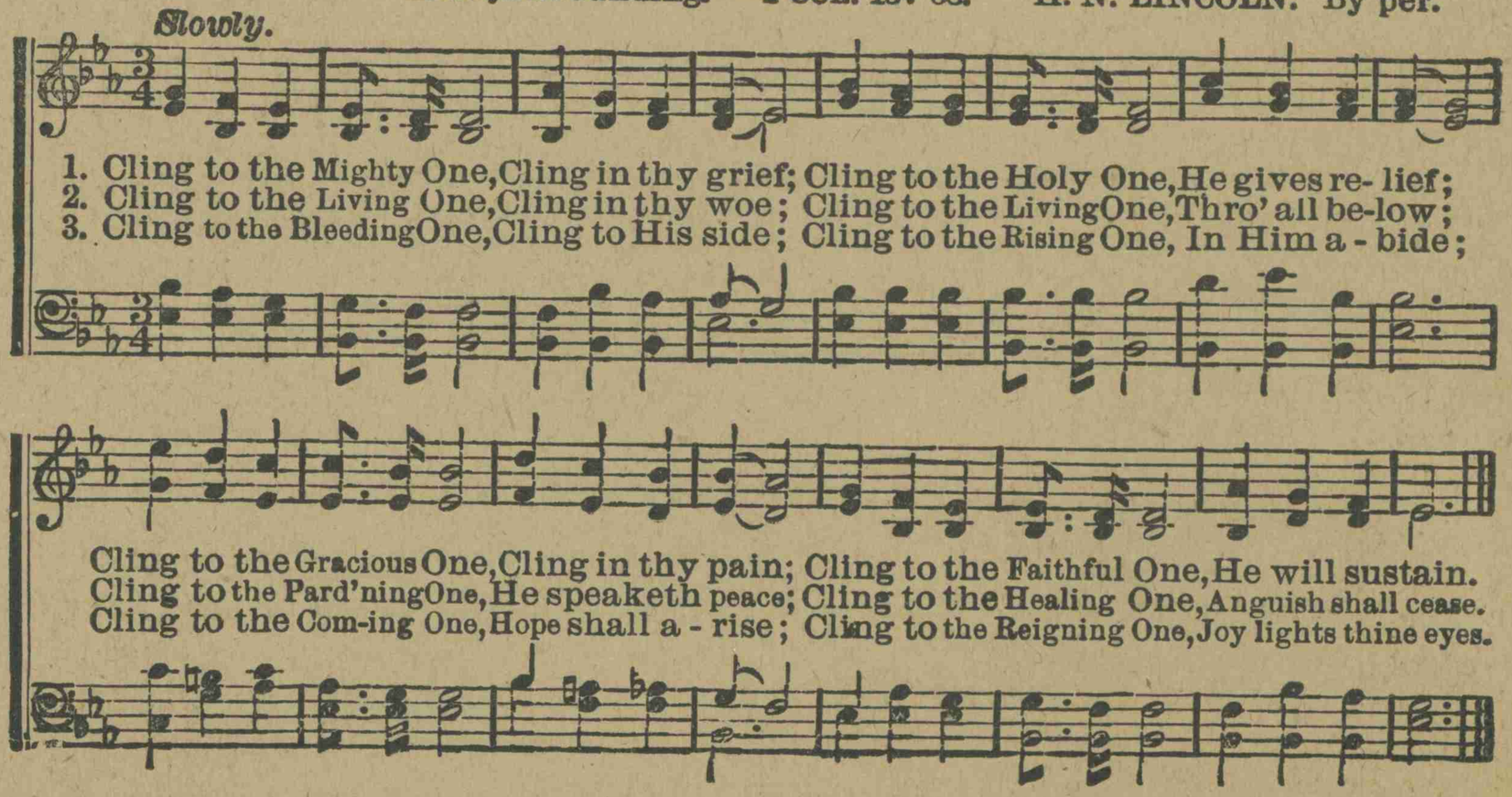
No. 237. We're Kneeling at the Mercy-Seat.

E. O. E. Arr.



No. 238. Cling to the Mighty One.

"Always abounding."—I Cor. 15: 58. H. N. LINCOLN. By per.



No. 239. Jesus Calls 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 store; 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.

4 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. 240. 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. 241. 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,

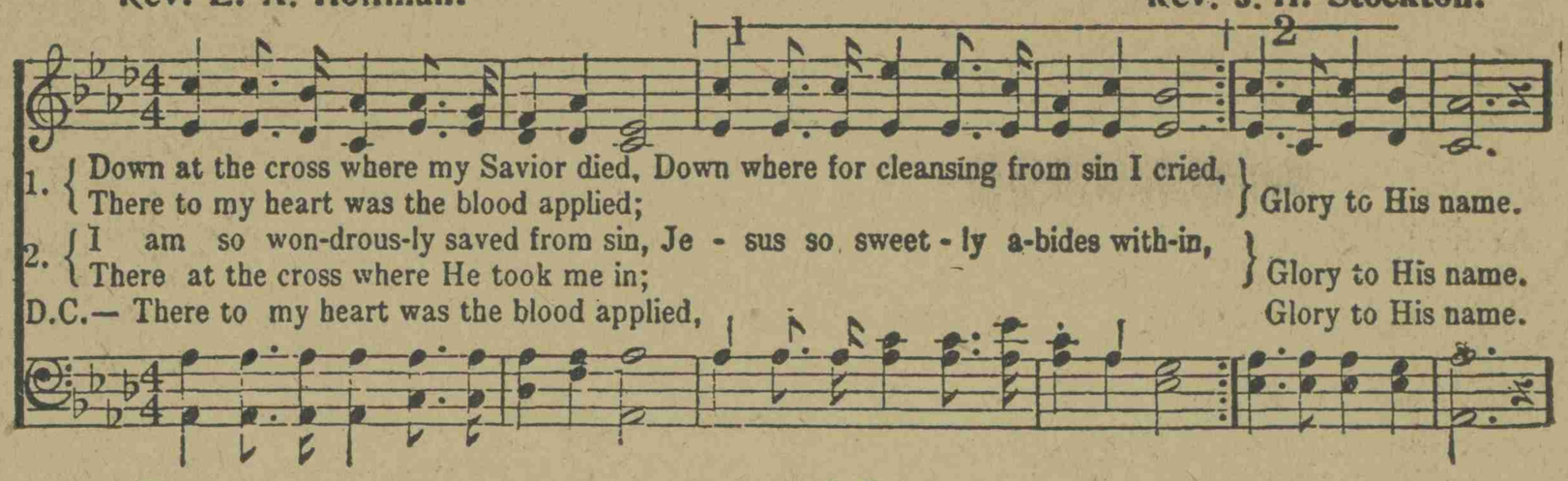
D.S.—Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh, And

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;

No. 245. Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Rev. J. H. Stockton.

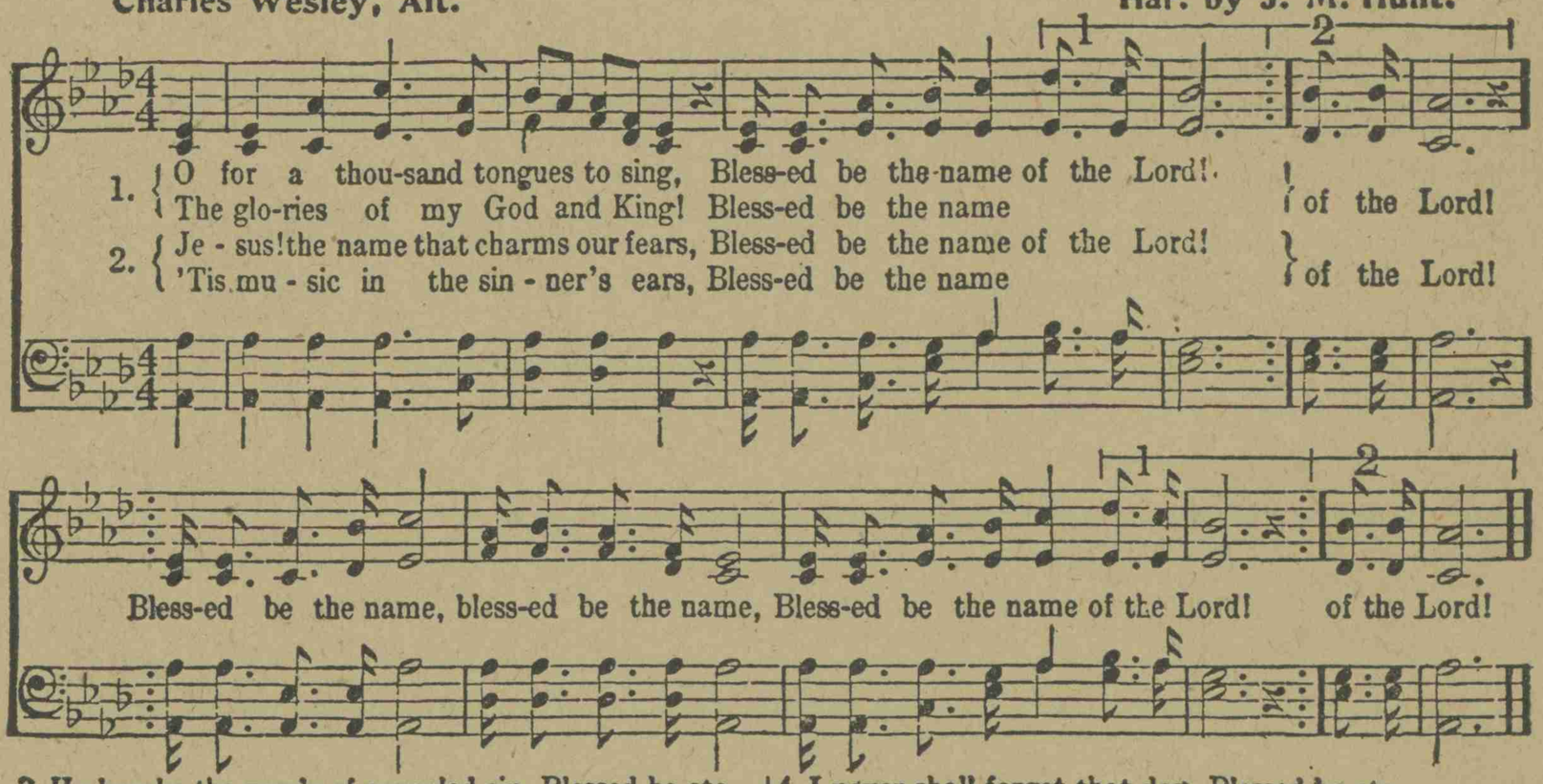


3 Oh, precious fountain that saves from sin,
I am so glad I have entered in;
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean;
Glory to His name.

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. 246. Blessed Be the Name.

Charles Wesley, Alt. Har. by J. M. Hunt.



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. 247. Walk in the Light.

Bernard Barton. *Third Tune.* Haydn.



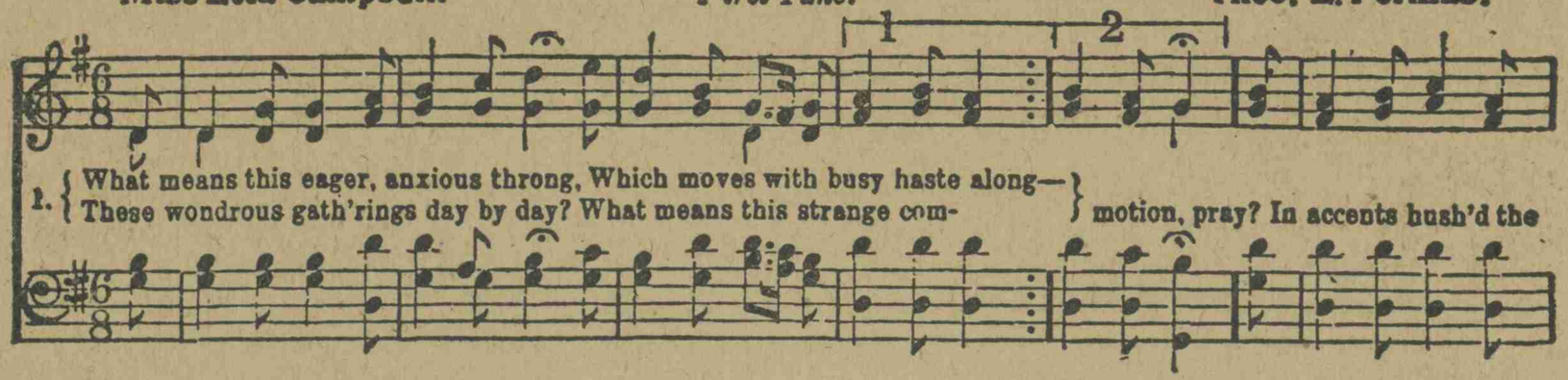
2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His, [shrined,
Who dwells in cloudless light en-
In whom no darkness is.

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. 248. Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By.

Miss Etta Campbell. *First Tune.* Theo. E. Perkins.



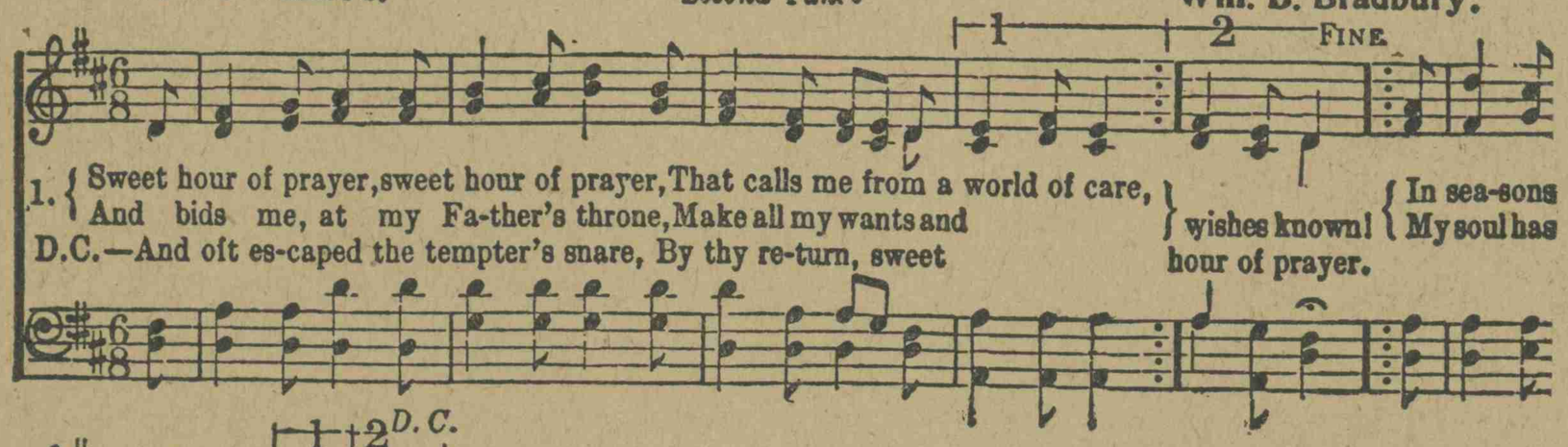
2 Who is this Jesus? why should He
The city move so mightily?
A passing stranger, has He skill
To move the multitude at will?
Again the stirring notes reply:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

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. 249. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford. *Second Tune.* Wm. B. Bradbury.

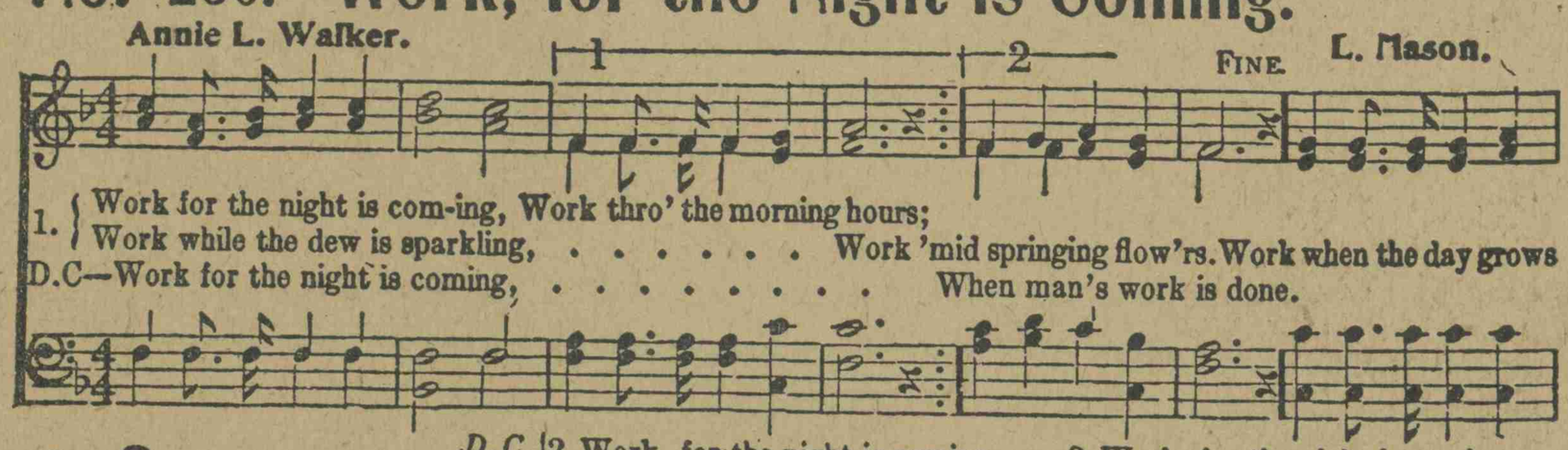


2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
The joys I feel, the bliss I share,
Of those whose anxious spirits burn
With strong desires for thy return!
With such I hasten to the place
Where, God, my Savior, shows His face,
And gladly take my station there,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
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. 250. Work, for the Night is Coming.

Annie L. Walker. L. Mason.



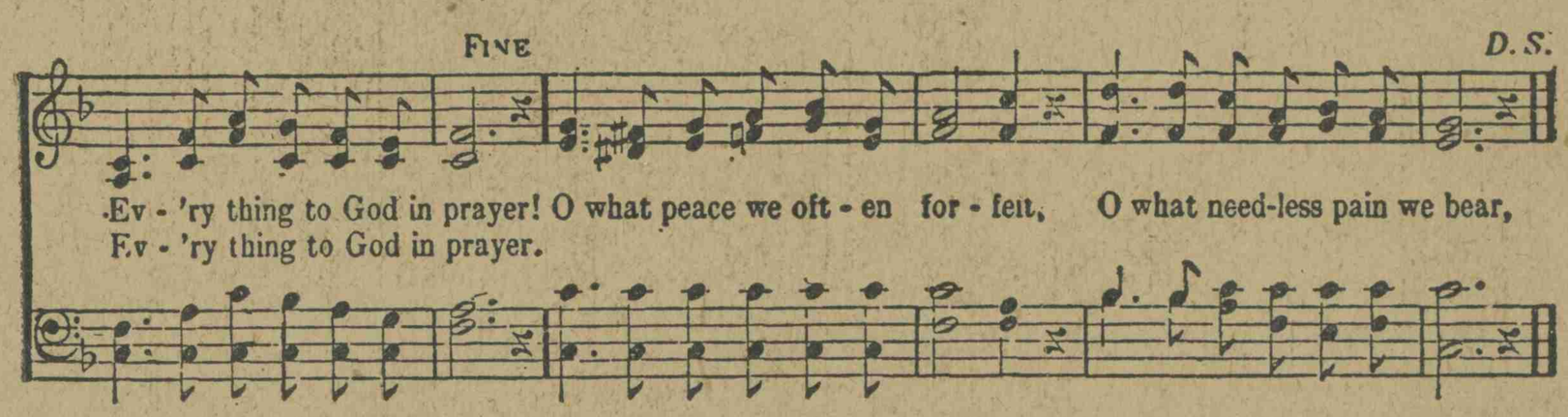
2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute,
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming.
When man works no more.

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. 251. What a Friend.

H. Bonar. C. C. Converse.





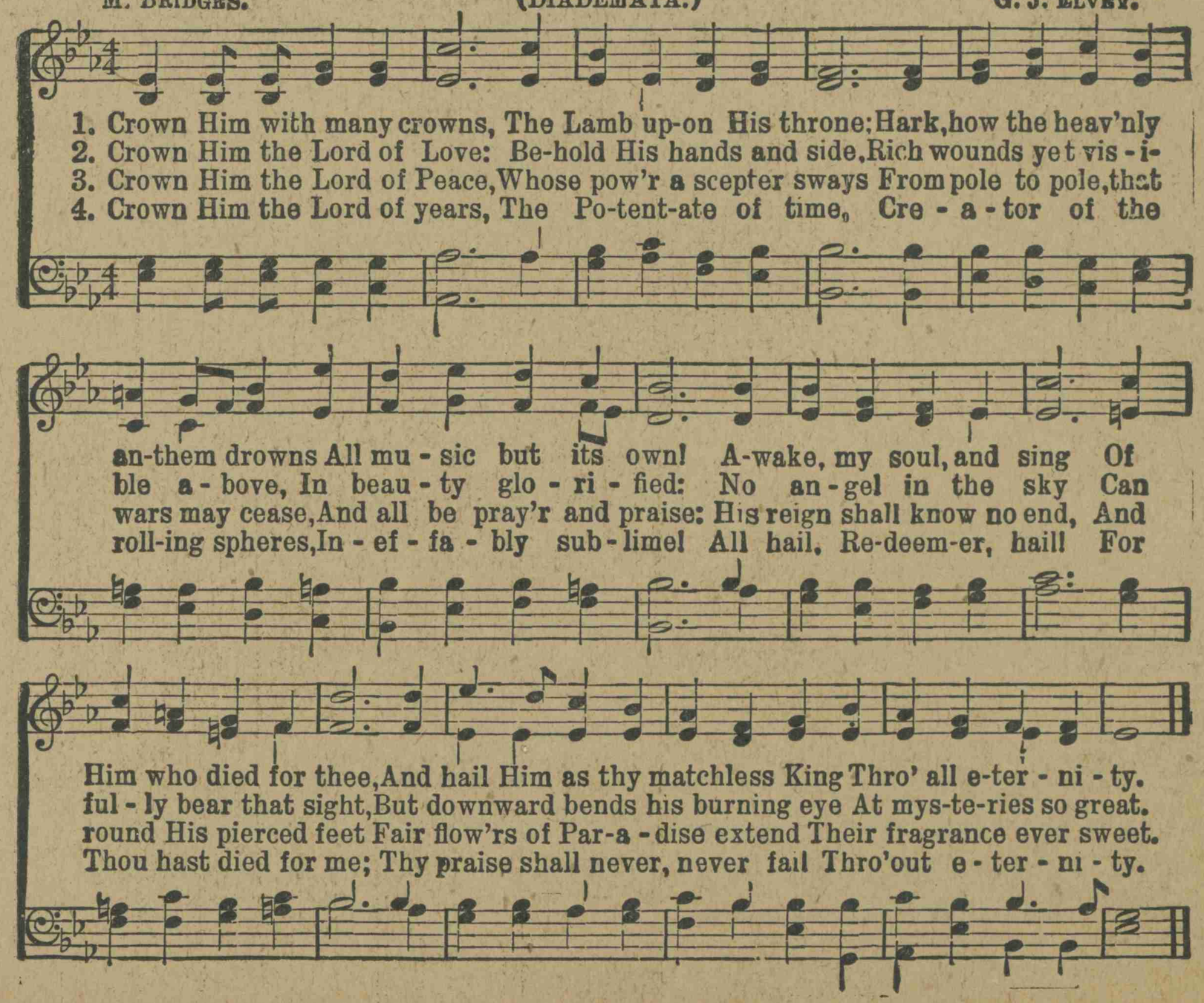
1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry,
Every thing to God in prayer!

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,

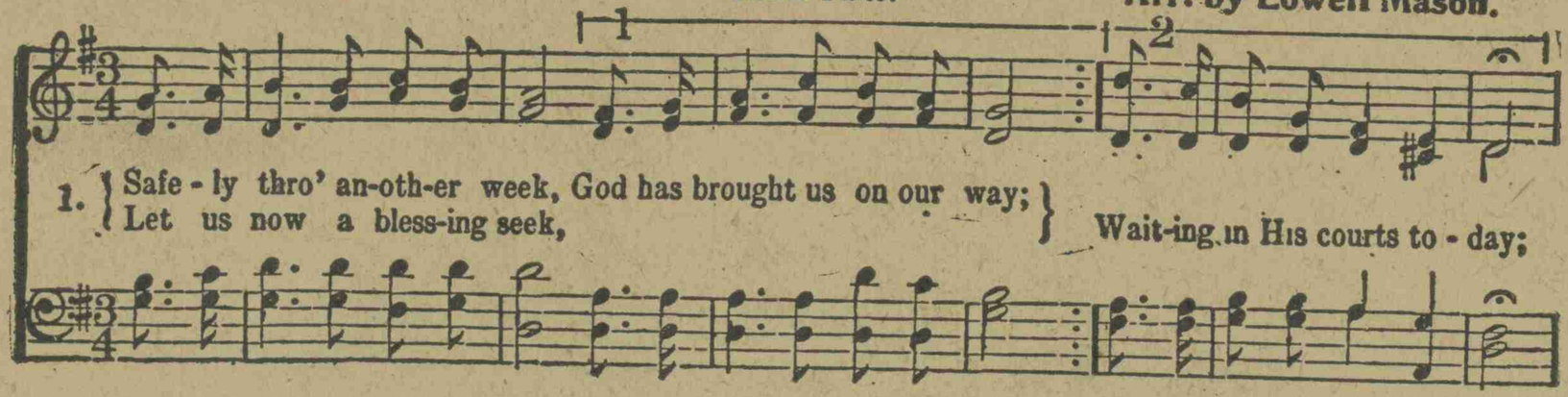
No. 252 Crown Him with Many Crowns.

M. Bridges. (DIADEMATA.) G. J. Elvey.



No. 253. Safely Through Another Week.

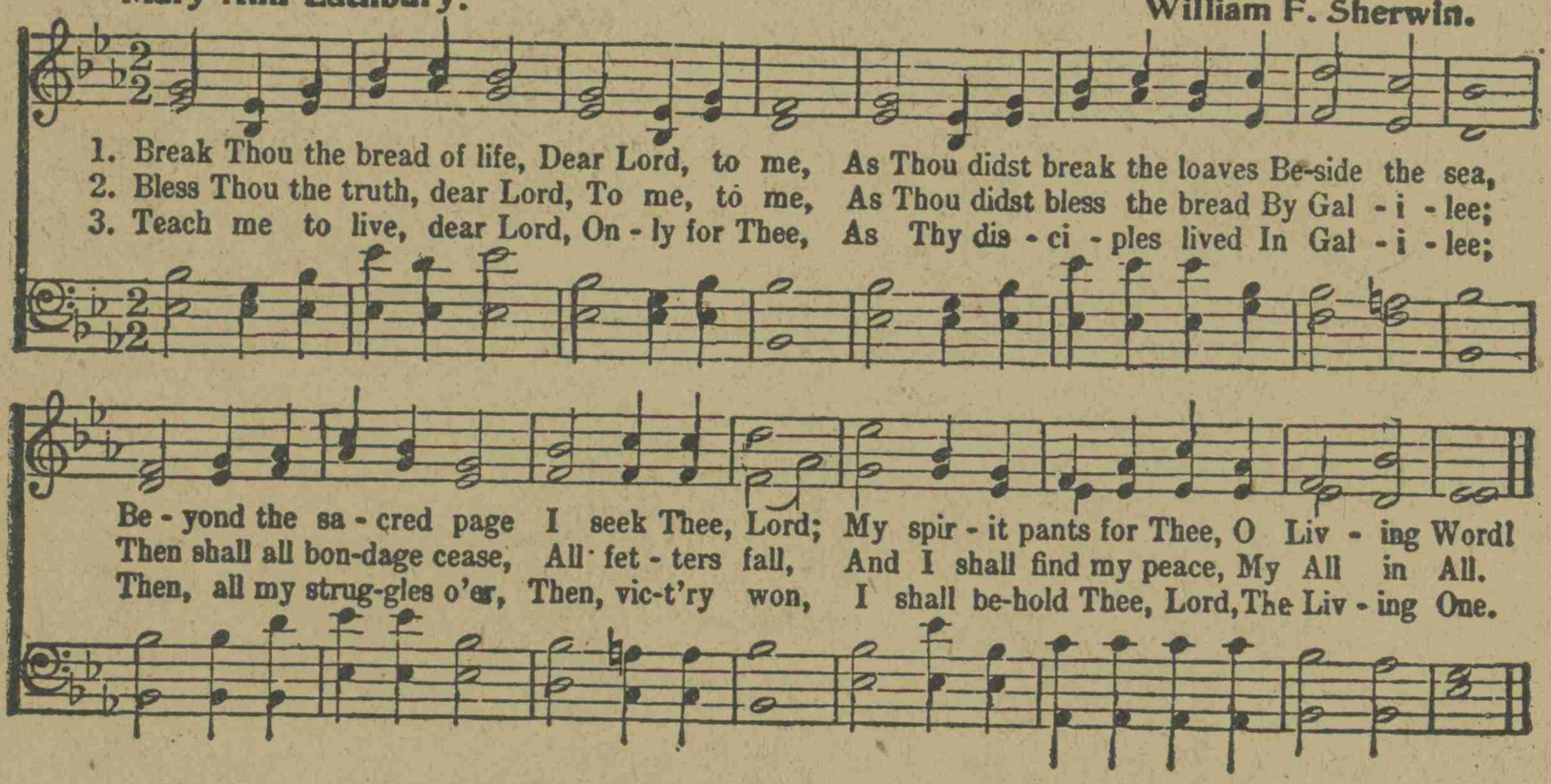
John Newton. *Third Tune.* Arr. by Lowell Mason.



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.

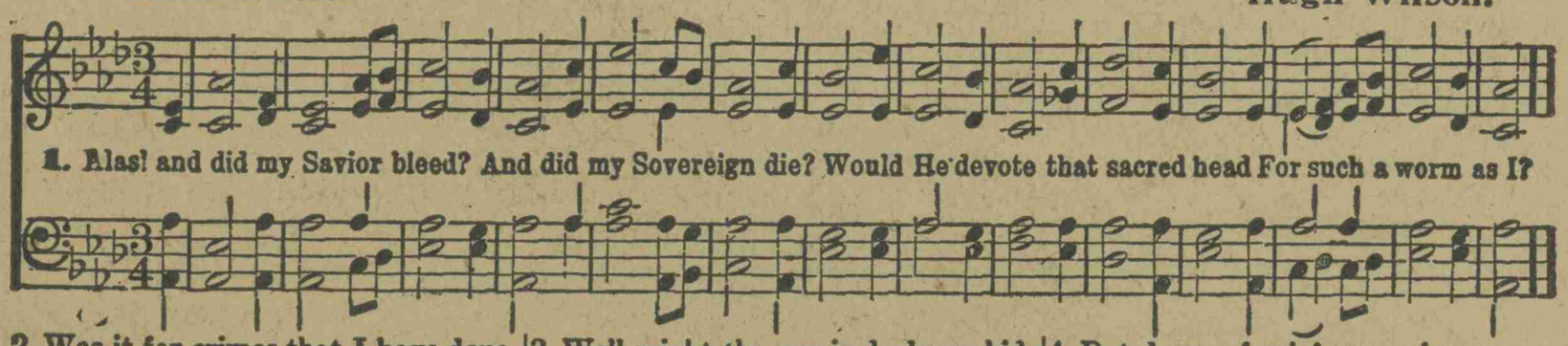
No. 254. Break Thou the Bread of Life.

Mary Ann Lathbury. William F. Sherwin.



No. 255. Alas! and Did my Savior Bleed?

Isaac Watts. 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. 259. Jesus Saves.

Priscilla J. Owens.

COPYRIGHT, 1882, BY JOHN J. HOOD.
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Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



No. 266. Yield Not to Temptation.

H. R. P.

BY PERMISSION OF DR. H. R. PALMER.

H. R. Palmer.



No. 263. Blessed Assurance.

F. J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1873, BY JOS. F. KNAPP. Mrs. J. F. Knapp.

1. Bless-ed as - sur - ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal-
2. Per - fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vis-ions of rap - ture now burst on my sight, An-gels de-
3. Per - fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I, in my Sav - ior am hap-py and blest, Watching and

va - tion, pur-chase of God, Born of His Spir - it, washed in His blood.
scend-ing, bring from a-bove, Ech - oes of mer - cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto - ry,
wait - ing, look - ing a - bove, Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

D. C.—Prais-ing my Sav - ior all the day long.

this is my song, Praising my Sav - ior all the day long; This is my sto - ry, this is my song;

FINE CHORUS. D. S.

No. 264. He Leadeth Me.

J. H. Gilmore. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. He lead-eth me! O bless - ed tho't! O words with heav'nly com-fort fraught! What-e'er I do, wher-
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom, By waters still, o'er
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur or re - pine, Con - tent, what-ev - er
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vict'ry's won, E'en death's cold wave I

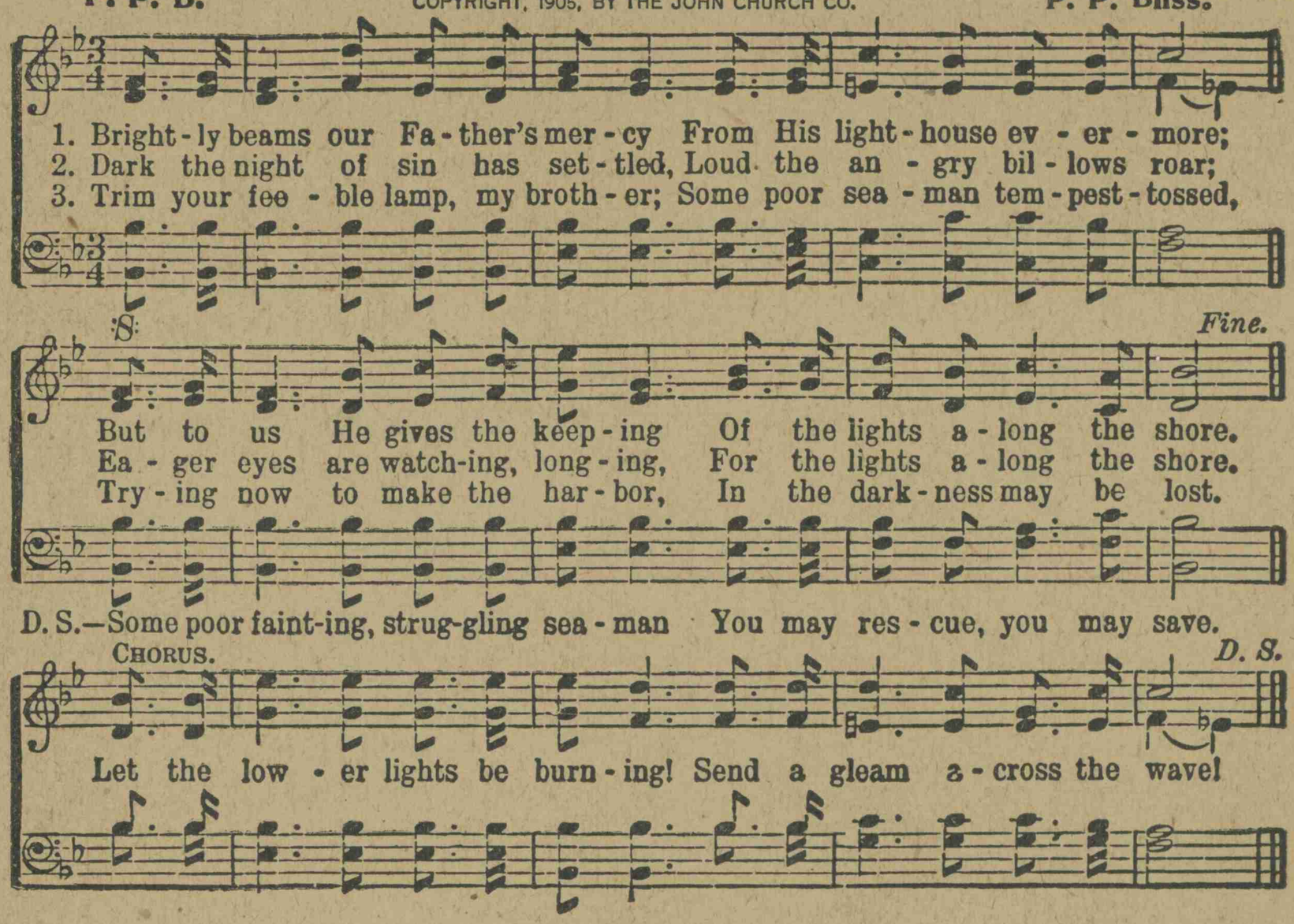
e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
troub-led sea, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me. He lead-eth me, He lead - eth me, By His own
lot I see, Since 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead-eth me.

CHORUS.

hand He lead-eth me; His faith - ful fol-low'r I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.

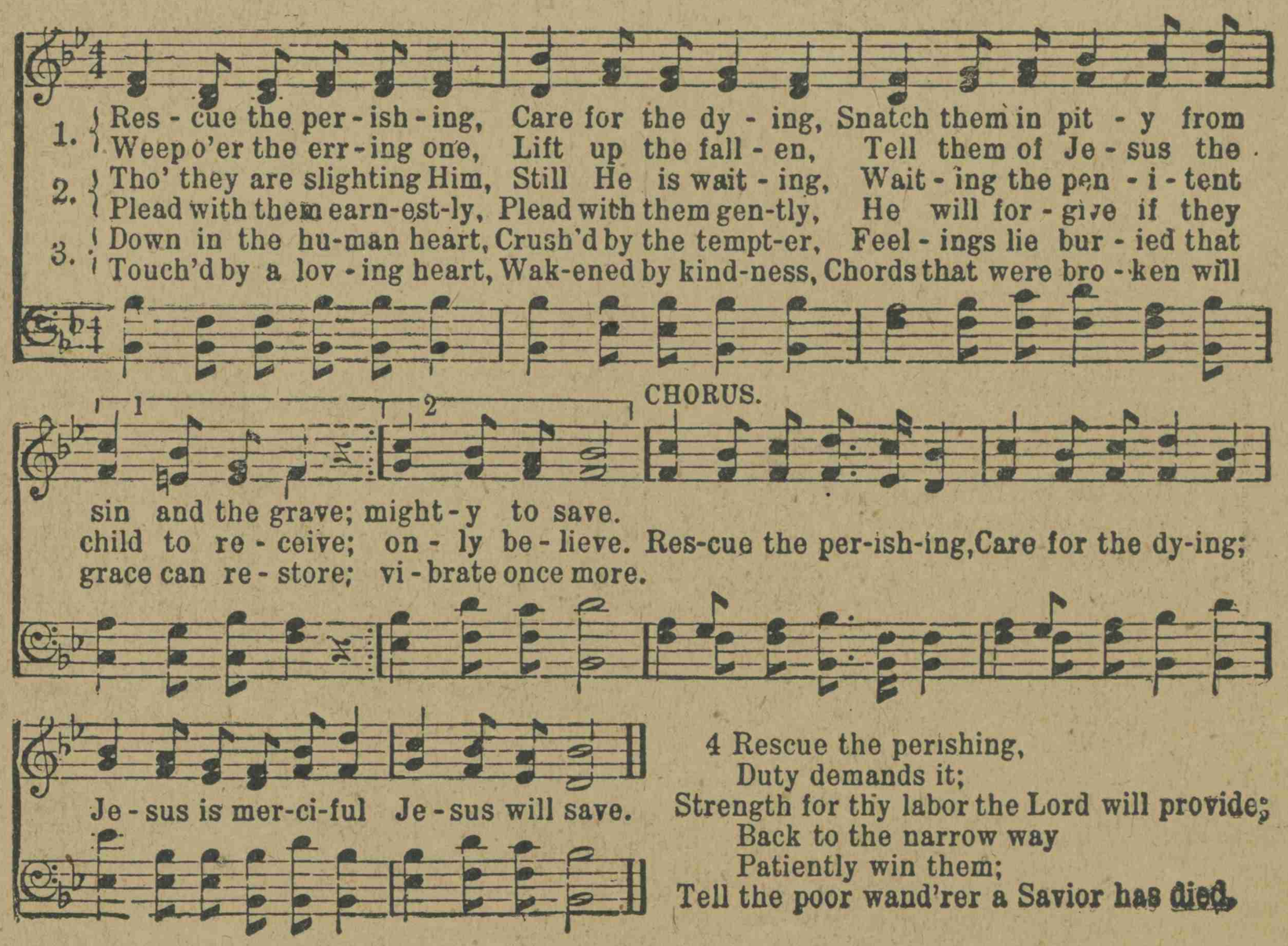
No 265. Let the Lower Lights be Burning.

P. P. B. COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. P. P. Bliss.



No. 266. Rescue the Perishing.

Fanny J. Crosby. PROPERTY OF W. H. DOANE. W. H. Doane.



4 Rescue the perishing,
Duty demands it;
Strength for thy labor the Lord will provide;
Back to the narrow way
Patiently win them;
Tell the poor wand'rer a Savior has died.

No. 267. Softly and Tenderly.

BY PER. WILL L. THOMPSON & CO., E. 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 tarry when Je-sus is plead-ing, Plead-ing for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments 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 waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we lin-ger and heed not His mercies, Mer-cies for you and for me?
Shadows are gath'ring, and death's night is coming, 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,
Ear-nest-ly, ten-der-ly, Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sin-ner, come home!

No. 268. Ring the Bells of Heaven.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. USED BY PERMISSION.

REV. WM. O. CUSHING. GEO. F. ROOT.

Joyfully, FINE.

1. { Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day, For a soul re-turn-ing from the wild;
   { See! the Father meets him out upon the way, Wel-coming His weary wand'ring child.
2. { Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day, For the wand'rer now is re-con-ciled;
   { Yes, a soul is rescued from his sinful way, And is born a-new a ransomed child.
3. { Ring the bells of heaven! spread the feast today, Angels swell the glad triumphant strain,
   { Tell the joy-ful tidings! bear it far a-way, For a precious soul is born a-gain.

D.C.—'Tis the ransom'd army, like a mighty sea, Pealing forth the anthem of the free.

CHORUS. D. C.

Glo-ry! glo-ry! how the an-gels sing; Glo-ry! glo-ry! how the lond harps ring;

No. 269. 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,

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.

CHORUS.

{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. 270. 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.

Happy in His Love.

James Rowe. Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris. Thoro Harris.

1. List-'ning to the mu - sic of the voice of God, Help-ing wear - y mor - tals
2. Rest - ing on His prom-ise, liv - ing in His light, Keep-ing my Re-deem-er
3. Dreaming of e - ter - nal joys that will be mine When at last this earthly

who in sor - row plod. Fol - low-ing the path-way which my Sav-ior trod,
al - ways in my sight, Knowing that no oth-er guides the soul a - right,
tem - ple I re - sign, And be-hold the glo - ry of my Lord di - vine,

REFRAIN.

I am hap-py in His love. Hap - py, I am hap-py in His love each day,

Praising Him with gladness all a - long the way; Tell-ing love's sweet story,

point - ing souls a - bove, I am hap - py in my prec-ious Sav-ior's love.

272 A City Far Away.

W. F. Holloway. Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris J. W. Adams.

1. There's a land that's far a-way, 'Tis a home that Christ has made In that
2. There the an-gels chant and sing, And sweet mel-o-dy will ring In that
3. When I reach that cit-y bright Where there never comes the night, In that

cit-y far a-bove sun, moon and stars;
cit-y far a-bove sun, moon and stars;
cit-y far a-bove sun, moon and stars;

'Tis a home for
There's a land of
Where the day shall

sun, moon and stars;

D. S.—*There we all shall*

you and me, There I hope some day to be In that cit-y far a-
pure delight Where the Lord is shin-ing bright, In that cit-y far a-
ne'er decline There His glo-ry e'er shall shine In that cit-y far a-

sweet-ly sing Prais-es to our Lord and King, In that cit-y far a-

FINE. CHORUS.

bove sun, moon and stars.

When we reach

sun, moon and stars. When we reach..... that cit-y

bove sun, moon and stars.

D. S.

bright, Far a-bove..... sun, moon and stars,

that cit-y bright, Far a-bove sun, moon and stars,

273

He is Coming Soon.

T. H.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY THORO HARRIS.

Thoro Harris.

Unison.

1. O Chris-tian, in these lat-ter days have you the tidings heard— This "gos-pel of the kingdom" clear and plain— The sweet and gracious message from the
2. The signs are all a-round us: in the earth, the sea and sky, The to-kens all u-nite this truth to prove: The com-ing of the Son of man is
3. In co-pious show'rs the lat-ter rain is fall-ing all a-round, The Ho-ly Ghost in ful-ness is out-poured; O'er all the earth it falls up-on the
4. If you this truth be-lieve, O do not i-dle time a-way, Nor fold your hands in ex-pec-ta-tion vain; But speed Messiah's kingdom, and the

sure pro-phet-ic word, That the bless-ed Christ is com-ing soon a-gain?
draw-ing ver-y nigh; O my broth-er, His ap-pear-ing do you love?
dry and parch-ed ground, This re-fresh-ing from the pres-ence of the Lord.
glad mil-len-nial day When our Je-sus o-ver all the earth shall reign.

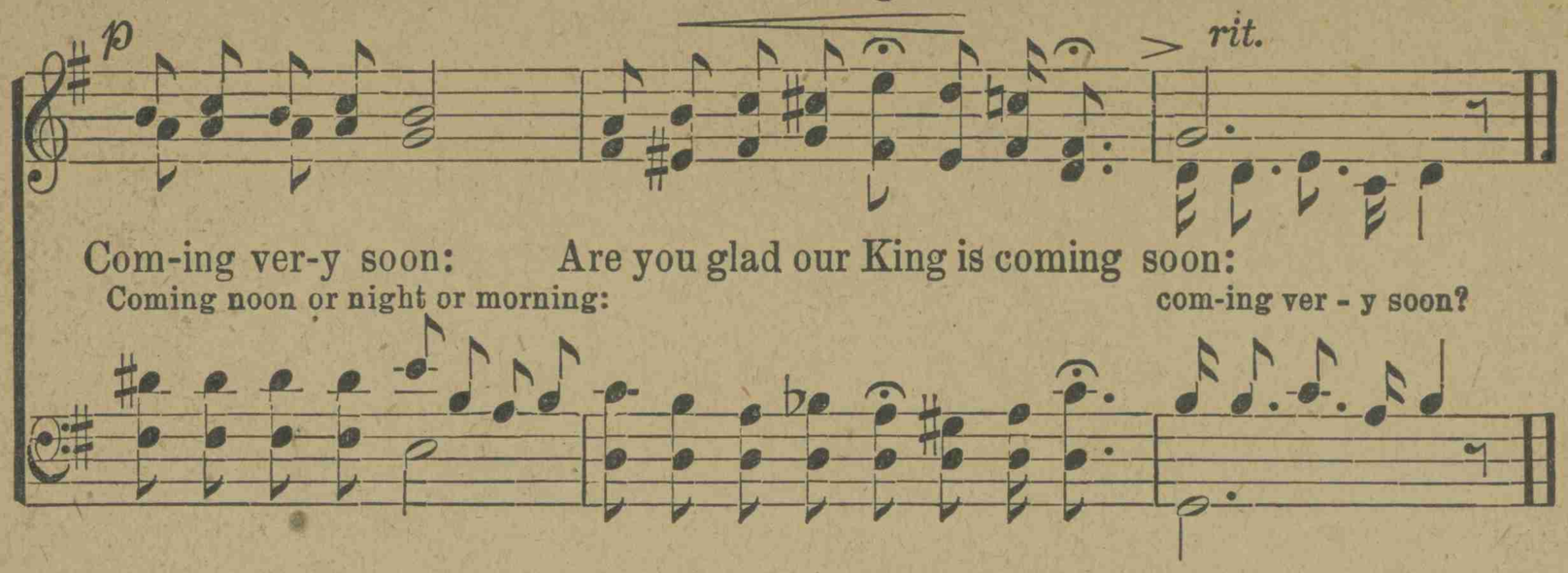
CHORUS. *Harmony.*

f He is com-ing soon, Coming ver-y soon; Tho' the hour we may not know, He'll come within this gen-er-a-tion; He is com-ing soon,

p Heed the warn-ing! Com-ing noon, or night, or morn-ing;

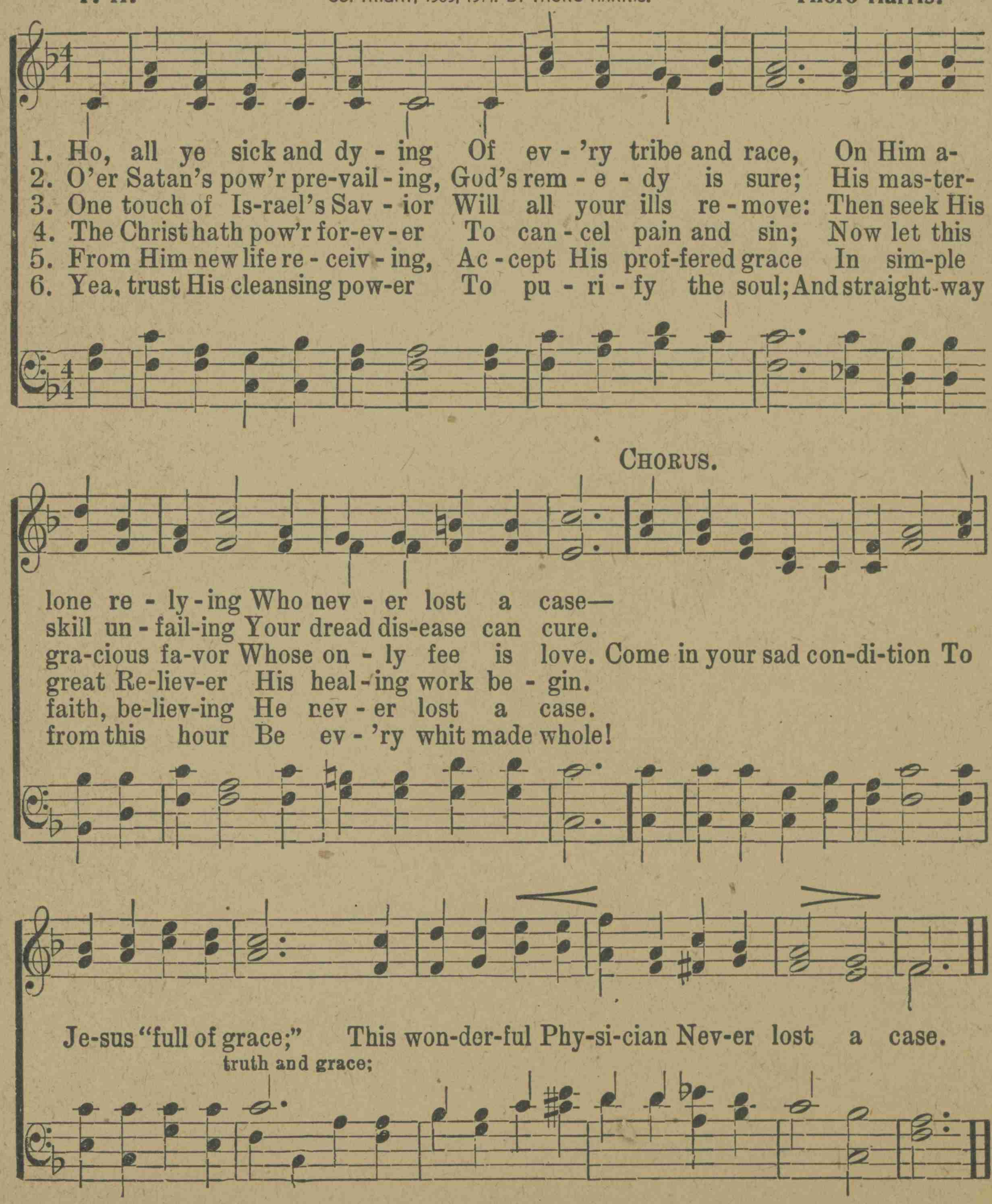
Heed the warn-ing!

He is Coming Soon.



274 He Never Lost a Case.

T. H. COPYRIGHT, 1909, 1914. BY THORO HARRIS. Thoro Harris.



275

I'm Going Through.

H. B.

HERBERT BUFFUM.

1. Lord I have started to walk in the light, Shin - ing up - on me from heav - en so bright, I've bade the world and its fol - lies a - dieu, I've start - ed in, Je - sus, and I'm go-ing thro'.
2. I'd rath - er walk with Je - sus a - lone, And have for my pillow like Ja - cob a stone; Liv - ing each mo - ment with His face in view, Than turn from my pathway and fail to go thro'. I'm go-ing thro', I'm go-ing thro'.
3. Ma - ny there are who start in this race, But with the light re- fuse to keep pace; Oth - ers ac - cept it be - cause it is new, But not ver - y ma - ny in - tend to go thro'.
4. O broth-er, now will you take up the cross, Give up this world and count it but loss; Sell all you have and give to the poor, Then go thro' with Je- sus and those who en-dure.

CHORUS.

thro', I'll pay the price what-ev-er oth-ers do; I'll take the way with the Lord's de-spis-ed few, I'm go - ing thro', Je - sus, I'm go - ing thro'.

rit.

Copyright, 1908, by H. Buffum

THE FIRE IS BURNING.

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

Joyously.

1. I've been on Mount Pisgah's lofty height, And I've sat - is-fied my long-ing
2. I will walk with Jesus, bless His name, And to be like Him I ev - 'ry
3. I my all up - on the al - tar lay, As I to my clos - et lov ing-
4. By faith's eye I scan the ocean's foam, And be-yond I see the ha - ven

heart's de - sire; For I caught a glimpse of glo-ry bright, And my soul is
day as - pire; For His love is like a heav'n-ly flame, And my soul is
ly re - tire; And the flame consumes while there I pray, And my soul is
I de - sire; There I view the bea-con lights of home, And my soul is

CHORUS.

burning with the fire. O the fire is burning, yes, 'tis brightly burning,

O 'tis burn-ing, burn-ing in my soul; O the fire is burn-ing,

yes, 'tis brightly burning, O 'tis burning, burning in my soul.
burning in my soul.

Copyright, 1898, by Geo. C. Hugg. By per.

277

No Separation.

T. H. Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris. **Thoro Harris.**

1. No sep - a - ra-tion: now made one! Soul, hear the glad'ning word;
2. Christ formed within! O glorious truth! How can our hope grow dim?
3. He will His own in safe-ty keep, Pro - tect-ed by His arm;
4. No sep - a - ra - tion! to the fold He is the on - ly Door;

1. So ver - y close the heart is drawn To Christ her liv - ing Lord.
2. In life and death, in age and youth, I - den - ti - fied with Him.
3. For none can rob Him of His sheep, And none His lambs can harm.
4. He hath the gift of love un - told And life for ev - er - more.

p REFRAIN. *cres.*

No sep - a - ra - tion! Joined to Je-sus, His grace, His glory, both are thine; O wondrous grace from sin that frees us! Blest fellowship divine!

278

He Paid it All.

B. B. B.

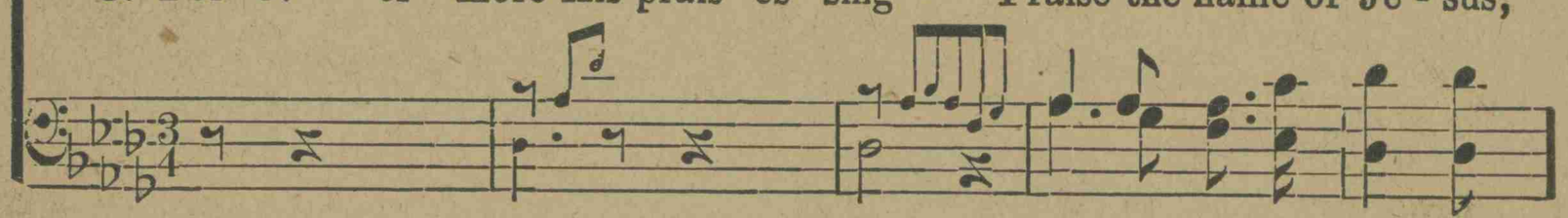
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Bert Bosworth.

Duet. Quartet.



1. God gave His Son this price-less name: Je-sus, bless-ed Je - sus;
2. Come, wea - ry soul, nor long - er doubt; Come, O come to Je - sus;
3. Now yield to Him your way-ward heart, Trust-ing all to Je - sus;
4. He'll clothe you with His glo-rious pow'r— Je-sus, bless-ed Je - sus;
5. For - ev - er - more His prais - es sing— Praise the name of Je - sus;



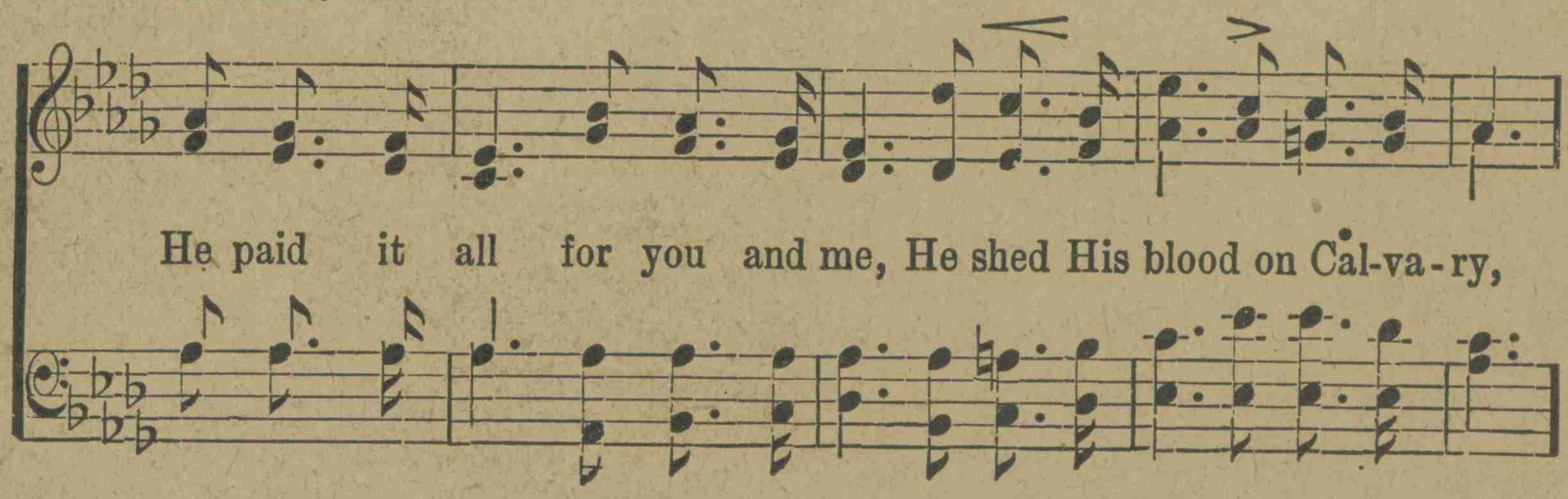
Duet. Quartet.



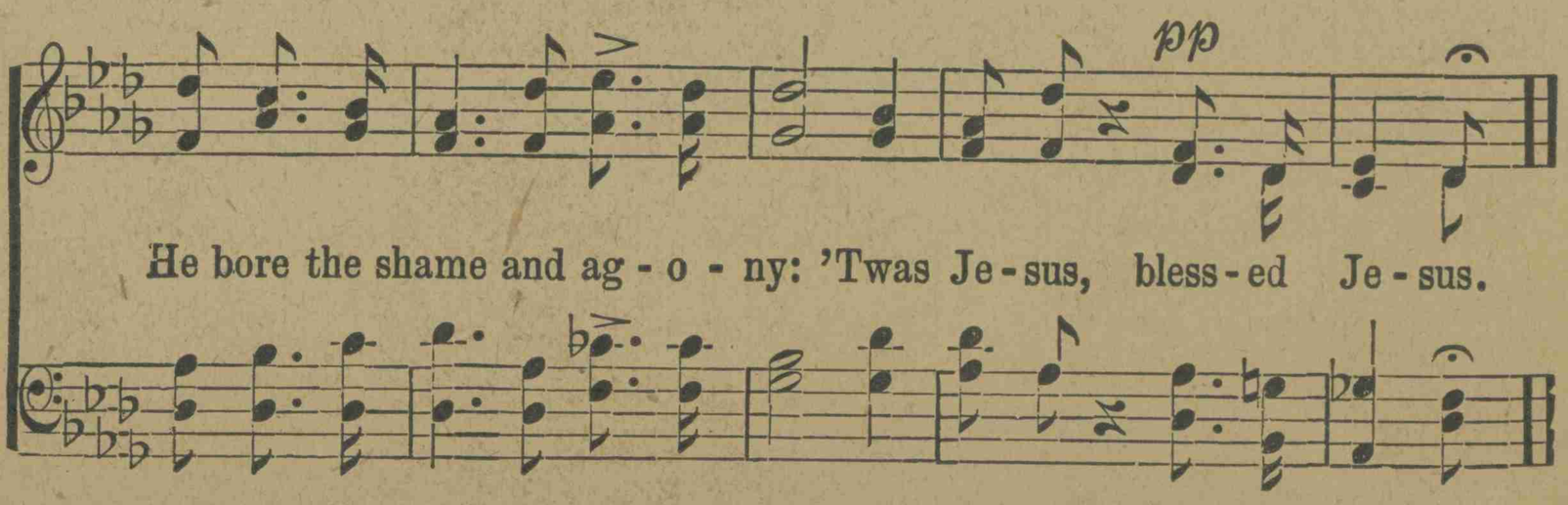
"For He shall save" from sin and shame: Je-sus, bless-ed Je - sus.
He will in no wise cast you out— Come, O come to Je - sus.
Nor ev - er - more from Him de - part— O a-bide in Je - sus!
He'll make you tri-umph ev - 'ry hour: Praise the name of Je - sus!
For - ev - er - more ex - tol the King; Je-sus, bless-ed Je - sus.



REFRAIN.



He paid it all for you and me, He shed His blood on Cal-va - ry,



He bore the shame and ag - o - ny: 'Twas Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus.

279 # Have You Found the Cross?

L. C. H. COPYRIGHT, 1915. BY L. C. HALL. L. C. Hall.

1. Have you found the cross, dear trav-'ler, Where we lay our bur-dens down,
2. Have you found the cross, my broth-er, Where the cleans-ing heal-ing flood,
3. Have you found the cross, ye pil-grim? Yes, I found it long a - go,
4. Have you found the cross, my broth-er, Where the glo - ry hov-ers 'round?
5. Have you found the cross, my broth-er, Where the price in full was paid?

Where the wea-ry brok-en heart - ed, Sweet-est rest have al-ways found?
Flowed in full-ness from the Sav - ior, When He shed His pre-cious blood.
There I left my sins and bur - dens, Since then sweet-est peace doth flow.
Where the glo - ry of the Sav - ior, By be - liev-ers has been found.
Where the dy - ing, liv - ing Sav - ior, For thee full re-demp-tion made?

REFRAIN.

I have found the cross most pre - cious, There I'm rest-ing ev -'ry day,
There I left my sins and bur - dens, All my sin is washed a - way.

280

The God-Man.

"Most human and yet most divine,
The flower of man and God."—Whittier.

THORO HARRIS. ANNIE FORTESCUE HARRISON.

1. Je - su, name of names the sweet-est, Liv - id flame of quench-less love;
2. Son of God, by God se - lect - ed, Seat - ed on th' e - ter - nal throne;
3. By thy blest, di - vine com-pas-sion, More than hu - man heart can know,
4. Bowed thy head in bit - ter an-guish, Cir - cled by the thorn - y crown,
5. Tho' of worlds the joint-Cre - a - tor, Thou our Eld - er Broth - er art;
6. When the loved of earth for-sake us, Leave us not to weep a - lone;
7. 'Neath the crimsoned cross a - bid - ing By thy bruis-ed, bleed - ing side,

dim.

God di - vin - est, Man com-plet - est, Worshipped by the saints a - bove!
Son of man, by man re - ject - ed, Thou our deep - est need hast known.
Thou didst once, in king - ly fash-ion, Tread the vale of name - less woe.
Thou in si - lent grief didst languish, Bear - ing e'en thy Fa-ther's frown.
Shar - er of our flesh - ly nat - ure, Faith - ful is thy sa - cred heart.
Hope-less grief shall not o'er-take us, Named and numbered with thine own.
Self ab-horred, a - lone con - fid - ing In the God-man cru - ci - fied!

REFRAIN.

pp

Near - er, near - er, come thou near-er, Seal us, Lord, for - ev - er thine;

dim.

Let us hear, in ac - cents clear-er, Love's fond whisper, "Thou art mine."

Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris.

281. Baptized Into The Body.

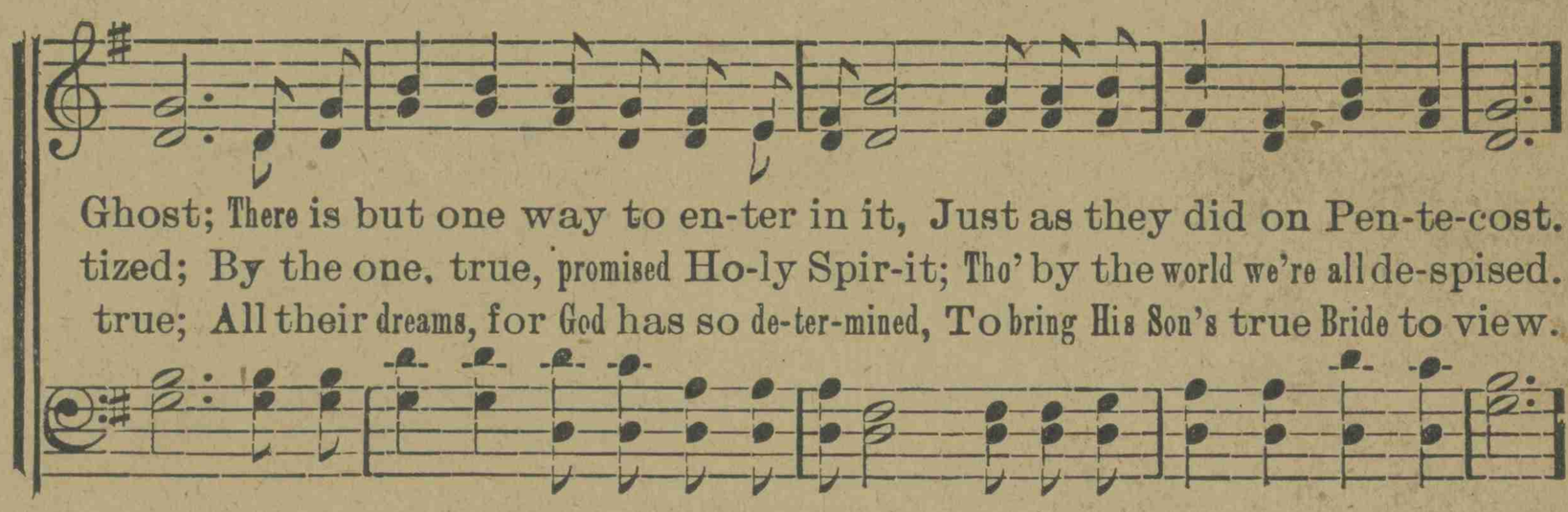
(I Cor. 12:12, 13.)

G. T. H. G. T. HAYWOOD.



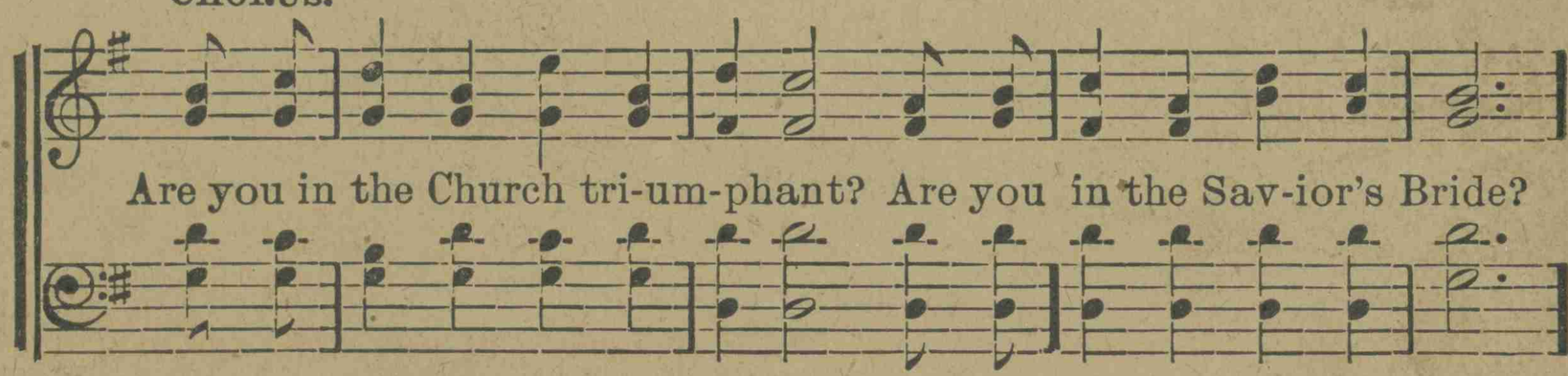
1. Have you been baptized in-to the Bod-y? Bap-tized with the Ho-ly
2. There is but one Church, Bride or Bod - y, And in - to it we're all bap-
3. Ev'-ry creed has claim'd to be the Bod-y, But the "plumb-line" proved un-



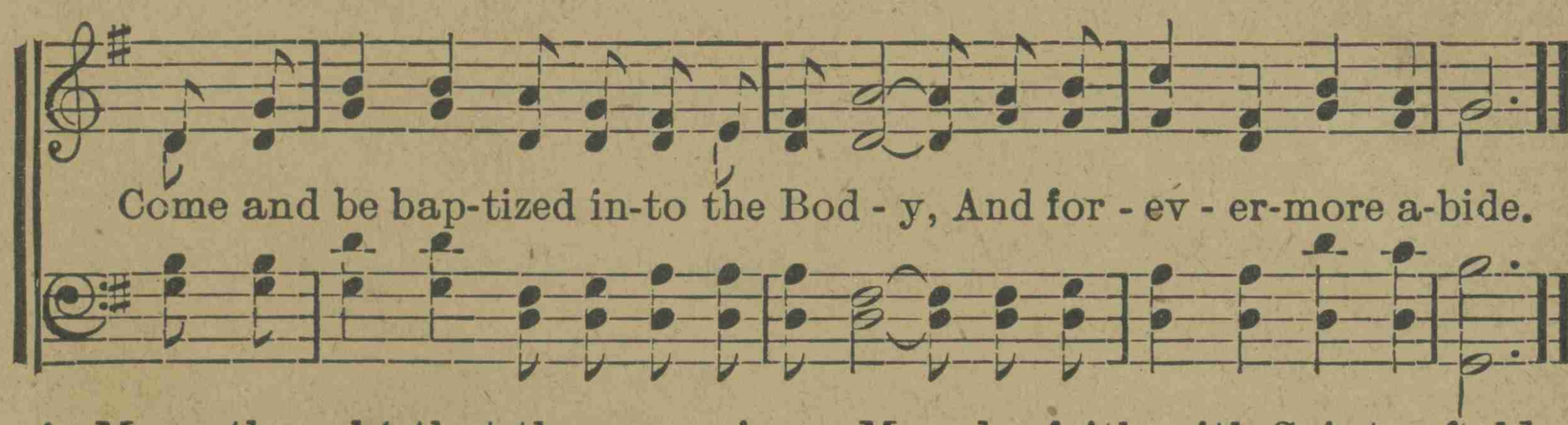


Ghost; There is but one way to en-ter in it, Just as they did on Pen-te-cost.
tized; By the one, true, promised Ho-ly Spir-it; Tho' by the world we're all de-spised.
true; All their dreams, for God has so de-ter-mined, To bring His Son's true Bride to view.

CHORUS.



Are you in the Church tri-um-phant? Are you in the Sav-ior's Bride?



Come and be bap-tized in-to the Bod - y, And for - ev - er-more a-bide.

4. Many thought that they were in the Body,
'Till the Holy Ghost had come;
When the Word of God was opened to them,
They entered in, and yet there's room.

5. Those who died before the Holy Spirit
Came upon us from on high
May, by faith with Saints of old departed,
Arise to meet Him in the sky.

6. When the Bridegroom comes, will you be ready;
And your vessel all filled and bright?
You will be among the foolish virgins
If you do not walk in the light.

Copyright 1914 by G. T. Haywood.

288 Have You Been to Jesus?

1 Have you been to Jesus for the cleansing power?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Are you fully trusting in His grace this hour?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

Cho.—Are you washed in the blood,
In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb?
Are your garments spotless? are they white as snow?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

2 Are you walking daily by the Savior's side?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Do you rest each moment in the Crucified?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

3 When the Bridegroom cometh will your robes be white,
Pure and white in the blood of the Lamb?
Will your soul be ready for the mansions bright?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

289 Satisfied.

8s & 7s.

1 All my life long I had panted
For a draught from some cool spring
That I hoped would quench the burning
Of the thirst I felt within.

Cho.—Hallelujah! I have found Him—
Whom my soul so long has craved!
Jesus satisfies my longings;
Through His blood I now am saved.

2 Feeding on the husks around me,
Till my strength was almost gone,
Longed my soul for something better,
Only still to hunger on.

3 Poor I was, and sought for riches,
Something that would satisfy,
But the dust I gathered round me
Only mocked my soul's sad cry.

4 Well of water, ever springing,
Bread of life, so rich and free,
Untold wealth that never faileth,
My Redeemer is to me.

290 The Precious Name.

1 Take the name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe;
It will joy and comfort give you,
Take it then where'er you go.

Cho.—Precious name, O how sweet!
Hope of earth and joy of heaven,
Precious name, O how sweet!
Hope of earth and joy of heaven.

2 Take the name of Jesus ever,
As a shield from every snare;
If temptations round you gather,
Breathe that holy name in prayer.

3 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at His feet,
King of kings in heaven we'll crown Him,
When our journey is complete.

291 It Reaches Me.

8s & 7s.

1 O this uttermost salvation,
'Tis a fountain full and free,
Pure, exhaustless, ever-flowing,
Wondrous grace! it reaches me.

Cho.—It reaches me, it reaches me;
Wondrous grace! it reaches me;
Pure, exhaustless, ever-flowing,
Wondrous grace! it reaches me.

2 How amazing, God's compassion,
That so vile a worm should prove
This stupendous bliss of heaven,
This unmeasured wealth of love.

3 Jesus, Savior, I adore Thee!
How Thy love I will proclaim;
I will tell the blessed story,
I will magnify Thy name.

292 Believing and Receiving.

1 Sins of years are washed away,
Blackest stains become as snow,
Darkest night is changed to day,
When I to the fountain go.

Cho.—I'm believing and receiving,
While I to the fountain go;
And my heart the waves are cleansing
Whiter than the driven snow.

2 Doubts and fears are borne along
On the current's ceaseless flow;
Sorrow changes into song,
When I to the fountain go.

3 Selfishness is lost in love,
Love for Him whose love I know;
All my treasure is above,
When I to the fountain go.

A PSALME OF PRAISE

Praise ye the Lord: Praise God in his sanctuary: praise him in the firmament of his power.

Praise him for his mighty acts: praise him according to his excellent greatness.

Praise him with the sound of the trumpet: praise him with the psaltery and harp: Praise him with the timbrel and dance: praise him with stringed Instruments and orgens.

Praise him upon the loud cymbals: praise him upon the high sounding cymbals.

Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord.

Praise ye the Lord.