THE EXCELL HYMNAL



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THE EXCELL HYMNAL

FOR THE CHURCH AND SUNDAY SCHOOL

Edited and Compiled by

HAMP SEWELL EDWIN O. EXCELL
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN

CHURCH HYMNS, SUNDAY SCHOOL
SONGS, RESPONSIVE READINGS
SOLOS AND CHORUSES

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Preface

"I will sing of my Redeemer" has been the slogan of all Christians since the world began. David sang of the mercies of God. "I will sing of the mercies of the Lord forever. With my mouth will I make known Thy faithfulness to all generations." "Make a joyful noise unto God, all ye lands. Sing for the honor of His name. Make His praise glorious." So when the heart is right with God, praise and thanksgiving issue from the soul even as the flowers turn their faces to the sun. Nothing so prepares the mind and heart for the reception of God's word as gospel songs sung with the Spirit and understanding.

Having been closely associated with Prof. E. O. Excell for nearly twenty years in the compilation of gospel song books, we are very glad to have had a part in the preparation of the new hymnal. "The Excell Hymnal" is a fitting climax to its long line of illustrious predecessors, and will be found to contain all the special features that have made Mr. Excell's books famous. We predict a wide circulation of these hymns and may they go forth to praise and honor Him "whom having not seen, we love."

HAMP SEWELL,
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

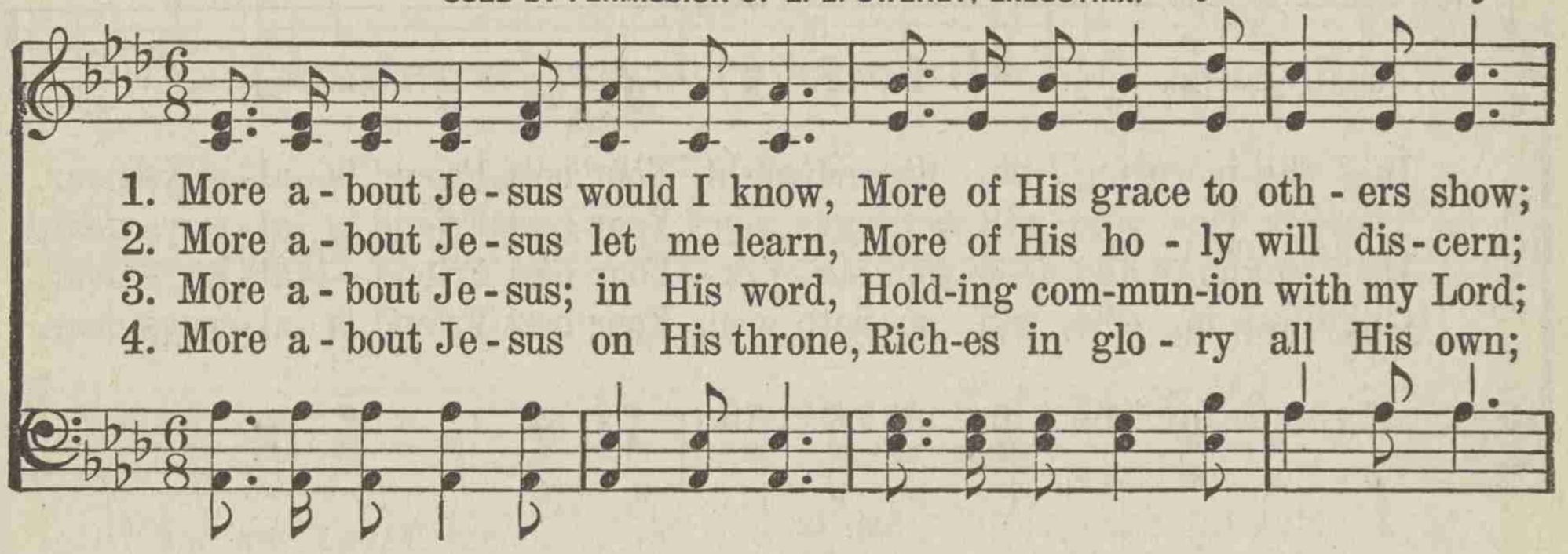
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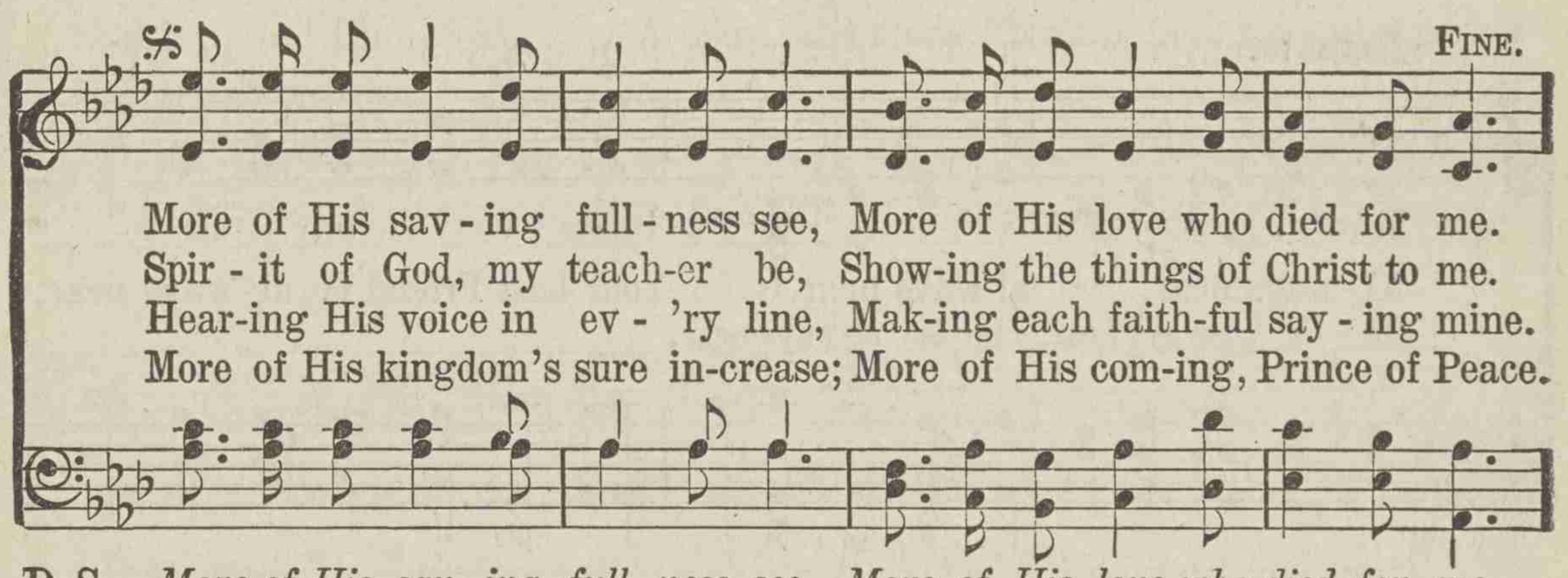
1 More About Jesus.

E. E. Hewitt.

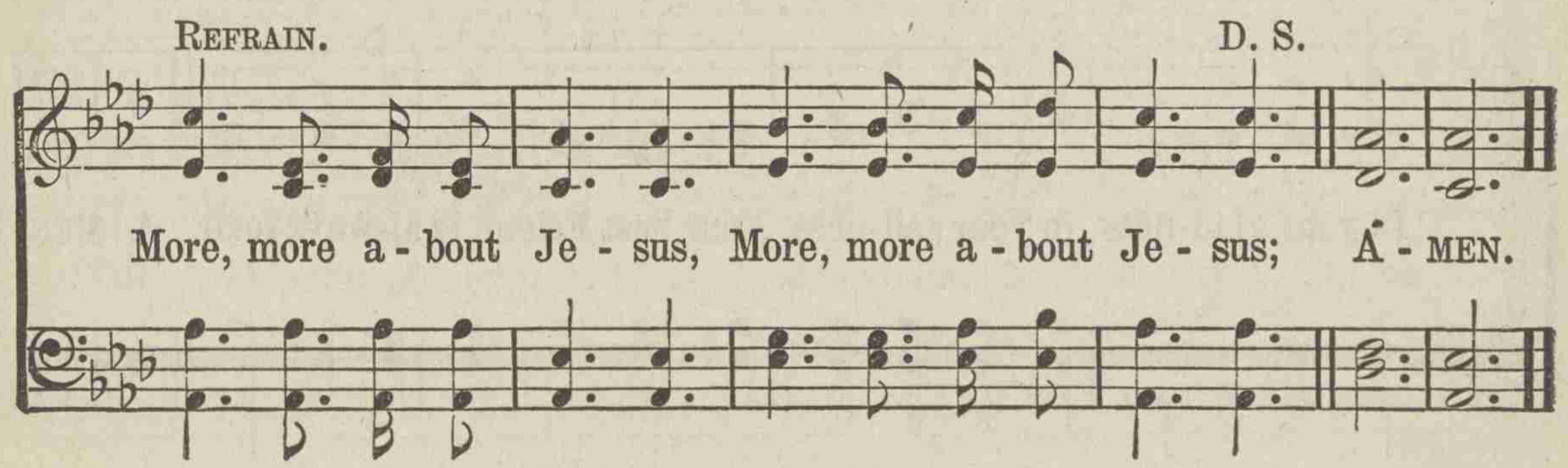
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Jno. R. Sweney.





D. S.—*More of His sav - ing full - ness see, More of His love who died for me.*



2 Your Best Friend is Always Near.

Isabel C. Allam. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.

1. When the shad-ows 'round you gath-er, When the day is long and drear,
2. When your cour-age al - most fails you, When you need a word of cheer,
3. When your fondest hopes have perished, When so free - ly falls the tear,
4. When the val - ley of the shad-ow You are tread-ing, do not fear;

In the morn-ing, or at mid-night, Your best Friend is al - ways near.
There is One who will not leave you: Your best Friend is al - ways near.
He who knows and feels your sor - row—Your best Friend—is al - ways near.
One there is who will go with you: Your best Friend is al - ways near.

REFRAIN.

Al - ways near, al-ways near, Your best Friend is al - ways near;
He is al-ways near, He is al-ways near,

In your glad-ness, in your sad-ness, Your best Friend is al-ways near. A - MEN.

3 Thy Light Is Come.

Ada Blenkhorn.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Hamp Sewell.

1. "A - rise, and Shine," for the Lord is come, And His light now shines on thee; Let the gold - en rays of sal - va - tion gleam Un - til all the world shall see.
2. "A - rise, and Shine," 'tis the Sav - ior's voice, In - to hearts now hard and cold; Lead the err - ing one with a lov - ing hand To the shel-ter of His fold. "A - rise and shine," for the Lord is come, And His light shines on thee.
3. "A - rise, and Shine," un - til sin and strife Fall be - fore His peace and light; Un - til Christ shall o - ver the na - tions reign In His wis-dom, love, and might.

CHORUS.

glo - ry is ris'n on thee; Shed forth the love - ly beams of grace, Till earth's re-mot - est, dark-est place, In His light like heav'n shall be.

4 I Would Be Like Jesus.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC. B. D. Ackley.

1. Earth-ly pleas-ures vain-ly call me; I would be like Je - sus;
2. He has bro-ken ev-'ry fet-ter, I would be like Je - sus;
3. All the way from earth to Glo-ry, I would be like Je - sus;
4. That in Heav-en He may meet me, I would be like Je - sus;
would be like Je-sus;

Noth-ing world-ly shall en-thrall me; I would be like Je - sus.
That my soul may serve Him bet-ter, I would be like Je - sus.
Tell-ing o'er and o'er the sto-ry, I would be like Je - sus.
That His words "Well done" may greet me, I would be like Je - sus.
would be like Je-sus.

CHORUS.

Be like Je - sus, this my song, In the home and in the throng;

Be like Je - sus, all day long! I would be like Je - sus. A - MEN.

5 No One Loves You So.

Rev. Alfred Barratt.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Henry P. Morton.

1. Are the bur - dens you car - ry too heav - y to bear? Does the
2. Do you think in your sor - row you suf - fer a - lone? All your
3. He a - lone can re-deem you from dark - ness and woe; He will
4. Cast your cares on the Sav - ior each mo - ment, each day, He will

weight of your sin fill your heart with de-spair? Go to Je - sus for
grief and your sad-ness to Him are made known; He hath nev - er for-
wash all your sins till they're white as the snow, And His won - der - ful
guide you and keep you each step of the way, He will drive all your

aid, He will an-swer your prayer; There is no one who loves you so.
sak - en, or turned from His own; There is no one who loves you so.
grace you may con-stant - ly know; There is no one who loves you so.
fears and your sor - rows a - way; There is no one who loves you so.

REFRAIN.

There is no one who loves you like Je - sus, No one who loves you so; For the
cross you lay down He will give you a crown; There is no one who loves you so. A-MEN.

6 Love Keeps Me Happy.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1925, BY E. O. EXCELL, JR.
WORDS AND MUSIC. B. D. Ackley.

1. Je - sus has found me, saved and un-bound me, Now He pro - tects my
2. Tri - als all shar - ing, lov - ing and car - ing, Guid-ing me safe - ly
3. Sin - ner, be - lieve Him, love and re - ceive Him, Join while you may the

soul from wrong; Homeward I'm go - ing, prais - es be - stow - ing,
thro' the throng; He leads me ev - er, won - der - ful Sav - ior,
glo - rious throng; He will up - hold you, love will en - fold you,

CHORUS.

Love keeps me hap - py all day long. Love keeps me hap - py

all day long, This is my sto - ry—this my song; Won-der-ful bless-ing—

Je - sus con-fess-ing, Love keeps me hap-py all day long. A - MEN.

7 The Savior Is Knocking.

Rev. Alfred Barratt.

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Henry P. Morton.

1. The Sav - ior is Knock-ing outside your heart's door; He pleads for ad-
2. Your heart has been burdened and sad-dened for years; Your eyes have been
3. You long have de - nied Him and yet He doth wait; Ac - cept Him this
4. Your life will be worth-less with-out Him be - low; Your path will be

mis-sion as oft-times be-fore; His heart with com-pass-ion is now run-ning o'er,
blind-ed with such bit-ter tears; Yet Je - sus is wait-ing to ban-ish your fears,
mo-ment be-fore it's too late; If He should dis-own you how dread-ful your fate!
dark-ened with sorrow and woe; With-out Him you nev - er to heav-en can go,

CHORUS.

Don't turn the dear Sav - ior a - way! Don't turn the dear Sav - ior a-

Don't

way, ... Don't turn the dear Sav - ior a - way; . . . . . If you

turn Him a - way, Don't turn Him a - way;

let Him come in He will cleanse you from sin, Don't turn the dear Sav-ior a - way!

8 Jesus Will Care For Me.

James Rowe.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1924, BY G.E. VINAROFF.
E. O. EXCELL, JR., OWNER.

G. E. Vinaroff.

1. This is the prom-ise that con-quers fear: Tempted my soul may be,
2. Loved ones may fail me when bil-lows sweep, Friends may desert my side;
3. Shar-ing my hap-pi-ness and my tears, Keep-ing me sweet and whole;
4. Oh, what a bless-ing is His great love, Oh, what a Friend is He!

Bur-dens be heav-y and path-ways drear, Je-sus will care for me.
Je-sus His prom-ise will sure-ly keep, Faithful He will a-bide.
All thro' the night till the dawn ap-pears, He will be with my soul.
Till I am safe in the home a-bove, Je-sus will care for me.

CHORUS.

He will care for me, Bur-dens bear for me, If I trust His re-
He will sure-ly care for me, Ev-'ry bur-den bear for me,

deem-ing grace, Safe my soul will be; . . So I'll stay with Him, Spend
So I'll ev-er stay with Him, Spend life's

life's day with Him, Till I meet Him face to face, He will care for me.
fleet-ing day with Him,

9 The Home of My King.

Ada Blenkhorn.

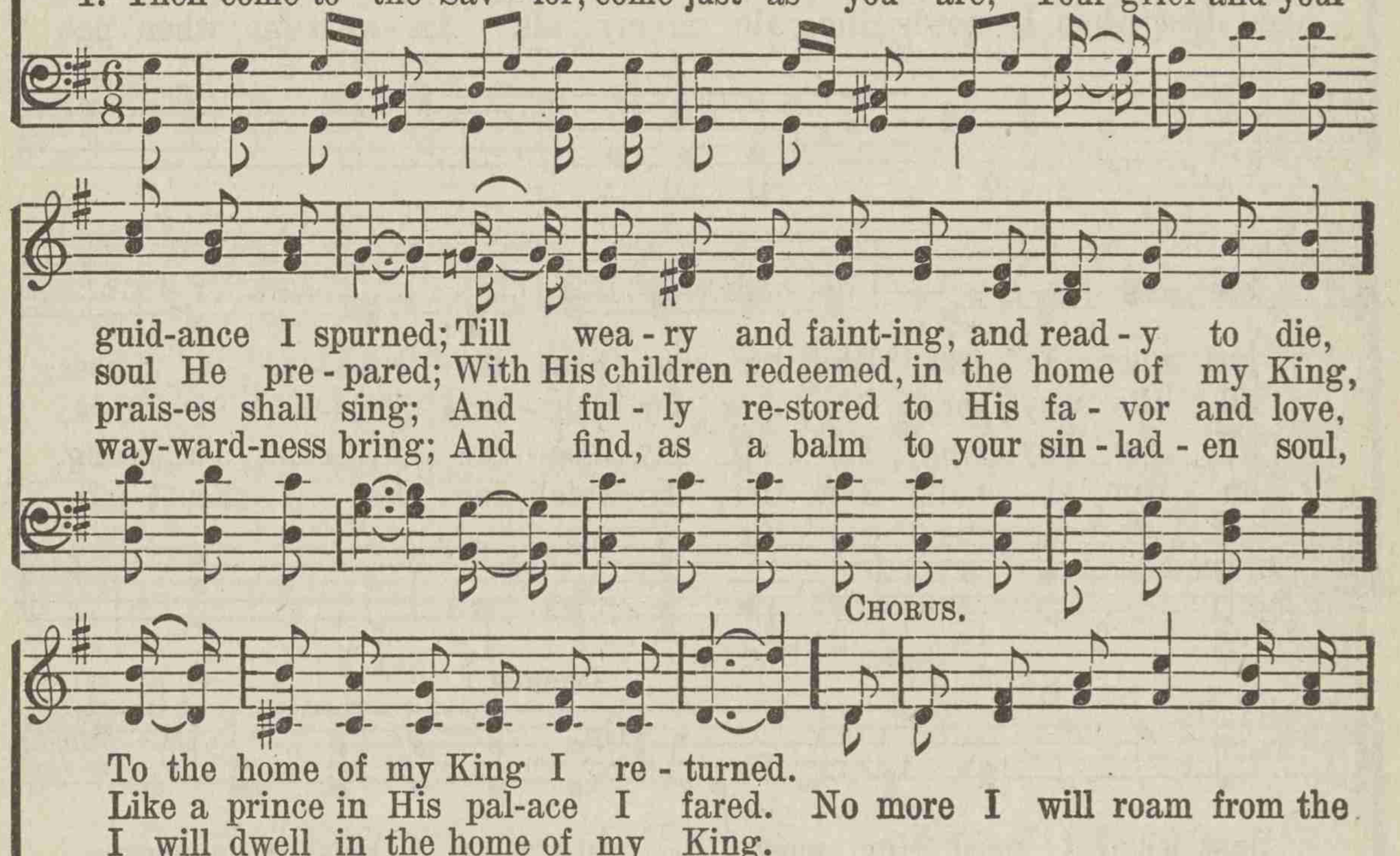
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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Hamp Sewell.

SOLO.



1. I wan-dered a - far from the shel - ter - ing fold, All com-fort and guid-ance I spurned; Till wea - ry and faint-ing, and read - y to die,
2. He wel-comed me glad - ly and bade me "Come in," And a feast for my soul He pre - pared; With His children redeemed, in the home of my King,
3. No lon - ger in sad - ness of spir - it I'll sigh, But my soul in His prais-es shall sing; And ful - ly re-stored to His fa - vor and love,
4. Then come to the Sav - ior, come just as you are, Your grief and your way-ward-ness bring; And find, as a balm to your sin - lad - en soul,



CHORUS.

To the home of my King I re - turned.
Like a prince in His pal-ace I fared. No more I will roam from the
I will dwell in the home of my King.
Sweet rest in the home of my King.



shel - ter-ing fold, But redemption's glad song I will sing With the ransomed and blest, safe - ly shel-tered in Christ, For I dwell in the home of my King.



10 Just When I Need Him Most.

Rev. Wm. Poole.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Just when I need Him, Je - sus is near, Just when I fal - ter,
2. Just when I need Him, Je - sus is true, Nev - er for - sak - ing
3. Just when I need Him, Je - sus is strong, Bear - ing my bur - dens
4. Just when I need Him, He is my all, An - swer-ing when up-

just when I fear; Read - y to help me, read - y to cheer,
all the way thro'; Giv - ing for bur - dens pleas - ures a - new,
all the day long; For all my sor - row giv - ing a song,
on Him I call; Ten - der - ly watch - ing lest I should fall,

CHORUS.

Just when I need Him most. Just when I need Him most,

Just when I need Him most; Je - sus is near to

com - fort and cheer, Just when I need Him most. A - MEN.

11 We Shall Reign With Him in Glory.

J. M. B.

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E. O. EXCELL, JR., OWNER.

James M. Black.

1. When Je - sus comes to re - ceive His own, We shall reign with
2. O what a won - der - ful change 'twill be, We shall reign with
3. Why should we mur - mur, or com - plain? We shall reign with
4. When life is o'er and the race is run, We shall reign with

Him in glo - ry, With all the ran - somed a - round His throne,
Him in glo - ry, From ev - 'ry sin, ev - 'ry sor - row free,
Him in glo - ry; All praise and hon - or to His great name,
Him in glo - ry, Where is no night, nei-ther set - ting sun;

CHORUS.

We shall reign with Him in glo - ry. In glo - ry, in glo - ry,

We shall reign with Him in glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah to
Hal - le-

Je - - - - sus! We shall reign with Him in glo - ry.
lu - jah to Je - sus!

12 He Included Me.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

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Hamp Sewell.

1. I am so hap-py in Christ to-day, That I go sing-ing a-long my way;
2. Glad-ly I read, "Who-so-ev-er may Come to the fountain of life to-day;"
3. Ever God's Spirit is saying, "Come!" Hear the Bride saying, "No longer roam;"
4. "Freely come drink," words the soul to thrill! O with what joy they my heart do fill!

Yes, I'm so hap-py to know and say, "Je-sus in-clud-ed me too."
But when I read it I al-ways say, "Je-sus in-clud-ed me too."
But I am sure while they're calling home, Je-sus in-clud-ed me too.
For when He said, "Who-so-ev-er will," Je-sus in-clud-ed me too.

CHORUS.

Je-sus in-clud-ed me, Yes, He in-clud-ed me, When the Lord said

"Who-so-ev-er," He in-clud-ed me; Je-sus in-clud-ed me, Yes, He in-

clud-ed me, When the Lord said "Who-so-ev-er," He included me. A-MEN.

13 He is So Precious to Me.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. So pre-cious is Je - sus, my Sav - ior, my King, His praise all the day long with rap-ture I sing; To Him in my weak-ness for strength I can cling,
2. He stood at my heart's door 'mid sunshine and rain, And pa - tient - ly wait- ed an en-trance to gain; What shame that so long He en-treat-ed in vain,
3. I stand on the moun-tain of bless-ing at last, No cloud in the heav- ens a shad - ow to cast; His smile is up - on me, the val - ley is past,
4. I praise Him be-cause He ap-point-ed a place Where, some day, thro' faith in His won-der - ful grace, I know I shall see Him—shall look on His face,

CHORUS. *Faster.*

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

For He is so pre-cious to me; . . . . 'Tis Heav - en be - low so pre-cious to me;

rit. . .

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

14 Some Happy Day.

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E. O. EXCELL, JR., OWNER.

Rev. W. C. Stewart. J. Owen Long.

DUET.

1. O bless-ed tho't, it is to me, That I my Sav - ior's face shall see, And in His pres-ence ev - er stay, Some happy day, some happy day.
2. I'll meet with friends gone on be - fore, And clasp glad hands, to part no more, All pain and sorrow gone for aye, Some happy day, some happy day.
3. O troub-led soul, trust on and wait, For soon will ope the pearl - y gate; "Come in, my child," thy God will say, Some happy day, some happy day.

CHORUS OR QUARTET.

Some hap-py day, ... when ends my race, ... I'll look up-on . . . . . His blessed face, . . . And with my Lord . . . . for-ev - er stay . . . . . Some happy day, ... some happy day. . . . . .

Some hap - py day, when ends my race,
I'll look up-on His blessed face, And with my Lord for-ev - er stay,
Some happy day, some hap-py day.

15 When I Feel My Loving Savior Near.

Rev. Alfred Barratt. COPYRIGHT, 1919, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. There is light and love Shin-ing from a-bove, And the path is nev-er
2. While He leads the way Thro' the toil-some day, All my sor-rows quick-ly
3. Tho' my foes as-sail I shall still pre-vail, And no e-vil shall I
4. Now His gen-tle voice Makes my heart re-joice, And the skies a-bove are

long and drear; Whether day or night, All the way is bright When I
dis-ap-pear; And a joy-ful song Lin-gers all day long, When I
ev-er fear; I can ne'er be sad For I'm al-ways glad When I
bright and clear; Since He made me whole, Glo-ry fills my soul, When I

CHORUS.

feel my lov-ing Sav-ior near. When I feel my lov-ing Sav-ior near,

And His gen-tle woo-ing voice I hear, How my heart re-sounds with joy,

And there's nothing can annoy, When I feel my lov-ing Sav-ior near. - A-MEN.

16 What Will You Do With Jesus?

Rev. Alfred Barratt.

COPYRIGHT, 1925, BY E. O. EXCELL, JR.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

James M. Black.

1. Je - sus is plead-ing, O hear His sweet voice, Will you de - cide now and make Him your choice? If you ac-cept Him your soul will re - joice; What will you
2. What will you do with the Sav - ior so true? Now He is of-f'ring sal- va - tion to you; While He is plead-ing, O what will you do? What will you
3. Will you ac - cept or re - ject Him to - day? Soon He will turn from your spir - it a - way; Make Him your choice, and no longer de - lay; What will you

CHORUS.

do with Je - sus? (What will you do with Je - - - sus, Who
do with Je - sus? (Je - sus, your Sav-ior,
do with Je - sus? (No oth - er one can save you, No
save you, can save you,

suf-fered and died for you? (for you?) His own life He gave, to ran-som and
oth - er can make you free; (you free;) His love ev - 'ry day will bright-en the

1. save, O what will you do with Je - sus?
2. way, And (*Omit . . . . . .*) crown you with vic-to - ry. . .

17 Throw Out the Life-Line.

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Edward S. Ufford. E. S. Ufford.
Arr. by George C. Stebbins.

1. Throw out the Life-Line a - cross the dark wave, There is a broth - er whom
2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong: Why do you tar - ry, why
3. Throw out the Life-Line to dan-ger-fraught men, Sink-ing in an-guish where
4. Soon will the sea - son of res - cue be o'er, Soon will they drift to e-

some one should save; Somebody's broth-er! oh, who then, will dare To throw out the
lin - ger so long? See! he is sink-ing; oh; has-ten to-day—And out with the
you've nev-er been: Winds of temp-ta-tion and bil-lows of woe Will soon hurl them
ter - ni - ty's shore, Haste then, my brother, no time for de-lay, But throw out the

CHORUS.

Life-Line, his per - il to share?
Life-Boat! a - way, then, a - way! Throw out the Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line!
out where the dark wa-ters flow.
Life-Line and save them to-day.

1. Some one is drift-ing a - way; Some one is sink-ing to - day.
2. Some one is drift-ing a - way; Some one is sink-ing to - day. A - MEN.

18 Rescue the Perishing.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF W. H. DOANE.
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1. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait-ing, Wait-ing the pen - i - tent
3. Down in the human heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feel-ings lie bur - ied that
4. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Du - ty de-mands it; Strength for thy la-bor the

sin and the grave; Weep o'er the er - ring one, Lift up the fall - en,
child to re - ceive; Plead with them ear-nest-ly, Plead with them gen-tly,
grace can re - store; Touched by a lov - ing heart, Wak-ened by kind - ness,
Lord will pro - vide; Back to the nar - row way Pa - tient-ly win them;

CHORUS.

Tell them of Je - sus the might - y to save.
He will for-give if they on - ly be - lieve. Res - cue the per - ish - ing,
Chords that are bro-ken will vi - brate once more.
Tell the poor wan-d'rer a Sav - ior has died.

Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save. A-MEN.

Songs of Deliverance.

PSALMS 32: 7.

Ada Blenkhorn.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Hamp Sewell.

1. "Songs of de - liv - er-ance" compass me 'round, Now doth my spir - it re-
2. "Songs of de - liv - er-ance"–precious the word, Mu - sic no sweet - er hath
3. "Songs of de - liv - er-ance"–hap-py am I, God, from the throne of His

joice at the sound; An - gels are sing - ing, from heav - en - ly spheres,
ear ev - er heard; Clouds for a time may en - shad - ow my sight,
glo - ry on high, He doth in - struct me and lead me a - right,

CHORUS.

Sooth - ing my sor - row, and dry - ing my tears.
Joy at the dawn-ing will fol - low the night. "Songs of de - liv - er-ance,"
Thro' Christ my Sav - ior, my Life and my Light.

gra-cious and dear, Gladden my heart and en - rap-ture mine ear; An-gels de-

scending from heav-en a - bove, Sing of God's mer - cy, His goodness and love.

20 A Day at a Time.

W. M. R.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

William M. Runyan.

1. This is the mission God gives to me,–Moment by moment to faith - ful be,
2. This is the way that my soul must grow,–Moment by moment its need to know;
3. This is the serv-ice He'd have me do,–Kind little errands the whole day thro',
4. This is the prayer that I dai - ly pray,–Moment by moment to wash a - way

Dreaming not i - dly of serv - ice sublime, But do - ing His bid-ding a
Yield-ing it dai - ly its por-tion of bread, And mak - ing it strong by the
Not to neg-lect them as up-ward I climb Tow'rd deeds that are greater,–a
Stains of the world and its soul-hurting grime, To be like my Mas - ter,–a

CHORUS.

day at a time.
Word I have read. A day at a time He will keep me from sin, A
day at a time.
day at a time.

day at a time I shall vic - to - ry win; I will prove Him each

rall.

day on the up - ward way, And faith-ful-ly serve Him,–a day at a time.

21 In My Heart There Rings a Melody.

E. M. R.

COPYRIGHT, 1923, BY ELTON M. ROTH.
E. O. EXCELL, JR., OWNER.

Elton M. Roth.

1. I have a song that Je - sus gave me, It was sent from
2. I love the Christ who died on Cal - v'ry, For He washed my
3. 'Twill be my end - less theme in glo - ry, With the an - gels

heav'n a - bove; There nev-er was a sweet - er mel - o - dy, 'Tis a
sins a - way; He put with-in my heart a mel - o - dy, And I
I will sing; 'Twill be a song with glo-rious har - mo - ny, When the

CHORUS.

mel - o - dy of love.
know it's there to stay.
courts of heav-en ring.

In my heart there rings a mel - o - dy, There

rings a mel - o - dy with heav-en's har-mo - ny; In my heart there

rings a mel - o - dy; There rings a mel - o - dy of love.

22 God is Calling Yet.

Gerhard Tersteegen.

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E. O. Excell.

1. God calling yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
2. God calling yet! shall I not rise? Can I His lov - ing voice de - spise,
3. God calling yet! and shall He knock, And I my heart the clo - ser lock?
4. God calling yet! I can-not stay, My heart I yield with-out de - lay;

Shall life's swift passing years all fly, And still my soul in slum-ber lie?
And base - ly His kind care re - pay? He calls me still; can I de - lay?
He still is wait - ing to re - ceive, And shall I dare His Spir-it grieve?
Vain world, farewell, from thee I part; The voice of God has reached my heart.

CHORUS.

Call - - - ing, oh, hear Him call - - - ing, oh, hear Him, God is
God is call-ing yet, God is call-ing yet,

rit. *a tempo.*

call - ing yet, oh, hear Him call-ing, call-ing; Call - - ing, oh, hear Him,
God is call-ing yet,

rit.

call - - ing, oh, hear Him, God is call-ing yet, oh, hear Him calling yet.
God is call-ing yet,

23 The City Of Our God.

W. A. P.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

W. A. Post.

Rather slowly.

1. Bless-ed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God; They all have washed their robes and made them white in Jesus' blood. Blest cit-y of our God above, With streets of purest gold! Whose glories long have been foretold–That city ruled by love!
2. Bless-ed dead that die in Christ–their works do follow them–To rule with Him from age to age, their priceless di-a-dem! They laid up treasure with their God Where naught can take a-way; There all is peace and endless day! The cit-y of our God!
3. Bless-ed is the hope that looks to Christ who shall appear, Whose presence is ce-les-tial joy, and drives away all fear. There all the saints shall see their God, And know His peace di-vine, To serve their King with joy sublime! The cit-y of our God!

CHORUS.

There is a cit-y beau-ti-ful, Where all within is boun-ti-ful,
(beau-ti-ful,) (boun-ti-ful,)
With its jas-per walls And its stately halls! It is the cit-y of our God!

24 Oh, How He Saves!

J. P. S.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. P. Scholfield.

1. The Sav - ior speaks, and I go free, Oh, how He saves!
2. He lifts the bur - den from my soul, Oh, how He saves!
3. He lift - ed me from sin and shame, Oh, how He saves!
4. Go tell the mes - sage ev - 'ry - where, Oh, how He saves!

From bond - age gives me lib - er - ty, Oh, how He saves!
He re - cre - ates and makes me whole, Oh, how He saves!
I love His great-ness to pro - claim, Oh, how He saves!
That all who will His grace may share, Oh, how He saves!

CHORUS.

Oh, how He saves! . . . Oh, how He saves! . . .

His crim - son ban - ner o'er me waves, Oh, how He saves! A - MEN.

25 The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

Jessie Brown Pounds. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL. Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

CHORUS.

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

26 When Your Heart Turns to Jesus.

Ada Blenkhorn.

COPYRIGHT, 1925, BY E. O. EXCELL, JR.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Hamp Sewell.

1. When your heart turns to Je-sus your Sav-ior, You will find mer-cy's gate o-pen wide; He in-vites you its por-tals to en-ter, In His pres-ence to
2. When your heart turns to Je-sus your Sav-ior, He will meet you while yet on the way; And with joy He will haste with you homeward, With His sheep safe-ly
3. When your heart turns to Je-sus your Sav-ior, He will cleanse you in His pre-cious blood; In your heart will the Com-fort-er en-ter, With the peace of a
4. When your heart turns to Je-sus your Sav-ior, He will lead you in paths of His grace; Where the shadow of sin can-not en-ter, You shall dwell in the

CHORUS.

al-ways a-bide.
fold-ed to stay. Hear Him call - - - ing, Hear Him call - - - ing,
rec-on-ciled God.
light of His face. Hear Him call-ing you, Hear Him call-ing you,

Hear, O hear the Sav-ior calling you; He is knocking at the door, call-ing you;

Hear Him call-ing o'er and o'er, Hear, O hear the Sav-ior call-ing you.

27 As a Volunteer.

W. S. Brown.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

Will you heed the call! Will you an-swer quick-ly, With a read-y cheer,
Ev-'ry day and hour; He will not for-sake you, He is ev-er near;
Bro-ken for man-kind; Now, just now He calls you, Calls in ac-cents clear,
Gath-er one by one, He will crown with glo-ry All who there ap-pear;

CHORUS.

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

true! Oth-ers have enlisted, Why not you? Je-sus is the Cap-tain,
O why not?

We will nev-er fear; Will you be en-list-ed As a vol-un-teer? A-MEN.

28 O That Will Be Glory.

C. H. G.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

rit.

CHORUS. *Faster.*

Will thro' the a-ges be glo-ry for me. . . . O that will be
O . . . . . that will
glo-ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me; When by His grace
be glo-ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me;. . . . . .

rit.

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

29 Sing Me a Song About Jesus.

Rev. T. O. Chisholm. COPYRIGHT, 1925, BY E. O. EXCELL, JR.
WORDS AND MUSIC. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Sing me a song a - bout Je - sus, For I am long-ing to hear;
2. Sing when the bur-dens are heav - y, Sing when the shad-ows are deep,
3. Sing of the love that was will - ing For one so worth-less to die;

No oth - er theme is so pre - cious, No oth - er name is so dear;
When, in the hour of be-reave-ment, Bro-ken and lone-ly, I weep;
Sing of the Pres-ence that lin - gers Ev - er-more, faith-ful - ly, nigh;

Sing it with voice low and ten - der, Sing it with love in each tone,
Sing, when I faint in the con - flict, Striv-ing so hard, but in vain;
Sing of the peace that is per-fect,—Bless-ed, a - bid - ing and deep,—

Till earth-ly vi-sions have fad - ed, And I see Je - sus a - lone;
Cour - age will come as I lis - ten, Strength for the bat-tle a - gain;
Sing of the care of the Shep-herd, Sing of the grace that will keep;

Till earth-ly vi-sions have fad - ed, And I see Je - sus a - lone.
Cour - age will come as I lis - ten, Strength for the bat-tle a - gain.
Sing of the care of the Shep-herd, Sing of the grace that will keep.

30 The Music of His Love.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1925, BY E. O. EXCELL, JR.
WORDS AND MUSIC. B. D. Ackley.

1. My heart is swell - ing with un - end - ing praise, For Him who
2. No oth - er could be such a loy - al friend As He who
3. A glad new song in glo - ry I shall sing, With all the

died to make me whole; To crown with love and joy my earth-ly days, His
made my bur-den roll; So on His good-ness I shall e'er de-pend, His
throng by grace made whole; And there for-ev - er I shall praise the King, Whose

CHORUS.

love keeps mu-sic in my soul. His love keeps mu-sic in my soul,
in my soul,
To cheer me on-ward to the goal; . . . . . In hours of sad - ness,
(to the goal;
or days of glad - ness, His love keeps mu - sic in my soul. (in my soul.)

31 Some One is Waiting.

Lizzie DeArmond. COPYRIGHT, 1925, BY E. O. EXCELL, JR.
WORDS AND MUSIC. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Have you re-solved a new life to be - gin, Leav-ing the path of temp-
2. Will you take Je - sus and trust in His Word, Tell - ing to oth - ers the
3. Let those a-round you His fair im - age trace, Day aft - er day as they

ta - tion and sin; Ask-ing the Sav - ior your life to re - new? Some One is
good news you've heard, Showing you want them to trust in Him, too? Some One is
look on your face, All the world needs Him, and not on - ly you, Some One is

CHORUS.

wait - ing to see what you'll do. Wait-ing, wait-ing, O can it be
Wait-ing, wait-ing,

true? Wait-ing, watch-ing, to see what you will do? Take
Wait - ing, watch-ing,

Je - sus as Sav-ior, acknowledge Him too, Some One is waiting, waiting for you.

32 Spend One Hour With Jesus.

Katharine A. Grimes. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.

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



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



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



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



33 I've found a Friend.

J. G. Small.

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Geo. C. Stebbins.

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

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

And 'round my heart still close - ly twine Those ties which naught can sev-er,
Naught that I have my own I call, I hold it for the Giv - er:
Th' e - ter - nal glo - ries gleam a - far, To nerve my faint en - deav - or:
From Him, who loves me now so well, What pow'r my soul can sev - er?

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

34 Jesus, Blessed Jesus.

C. H. G.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. There's One who can com-fort when all else fails, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus;
2. He hear - eth the cry of the soul dis-tressed, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus;
3. He nev - er for-sakes in the dark-est hour, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus;
4. What joy it will be when we see His face, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus;

A Sav - ior who saves tho' the foe as - sails, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus:
He heal - eth the wounded, He giv - eth rest, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus:
His arm is a - round us with keep - ing pow'r, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus:
For - ev - er to sing of His love and grace, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus:

Once He trav - eled the way we go, Felt the pangs of de - ceit and woe;
When from loved ones we're called to part, When the tears in our an-guish start,
When we en - ter the Shad-ow - land, When at Jor - dan we trembling stand,
There at home on that shin-ing shore, With the loved ones gone on be - fore,

Who more per-fect-ly then can know, Than Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus?
None can com-fort the breaking heart Like Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.
He will meet us with outstretched hand, This Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.
We will praise Him for - ev - er-more, Our Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus. A - MEN.

35 Jesus Saves.

Priscilla J. Owens.

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Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. We have heard the joy - ful sound: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle strife, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

Spread the ti - dings all a - round: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Tell to sin - ners far and wide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
By His death and end - less life, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Let the na - tions now re - joice,— Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves;
Sing, ye is - lands of the sea; Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves;
Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves;
Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hills and deep - est caves;

On-ward!—'tis our Lord's com-mand; Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee; Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb,—Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
This our song of vic - to - ry,— Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves! A - MEN.

36 The Army of the Sunday School.

W. A. P.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

W. A. Post.

1. Hail the Ar - my of the Sun-day School! We're march-ing on by
2. Hail the Ar - my of the Sun-day School! We rep - re - sent a
3. Hail the Ar - my of the Sun-day School! O who will go for

thousands strong In sol - id phal-anx, young and old, The Ar - my
right-eous cause, Revealed from heav - en by God's Word, A lamp and
us to - day? The ques-tion came from heav-en's height: Send back the

of the Sun - day School, A Chris-tian chal-lenge long fore - told:
light to show the way, The Bi - ble leads to Christ our Lord:
an - swer strong to - day, "Thy will, O Lord, is our de - light."

f

Sov-'reign hon - ors and lov - ing serv - ice to Thee we bring, King Je-sus!

CHORUS. UNISON.

Day un - to day we are in the presence of the en-e-my,

The Army of the Sunday School.

But this we know: He in whom we trust shall ev-er bring the vic-t'ry.

Christ is our strength, He shall de - fend; To the

King we pledge our al - le-giance now and for e - ter - ni - ty!

37 Father! Whate'er of Earthly Bliss.

Anne Steele. *Naomi. C. M.* Lowell Mason.

1. Fa - ther! whate'er of earth-ly bliss Thy sov'reign will de - nies,
2. "Give me a calm, a thank-ful heart, From ev - 'ry mur-mur free!
3. "Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine, My life and death at - tend;

Ac - cept-ed at Thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise:—
The blessings of Thy grace im-part, And make me live to Thee.
Thy presence thro' my journey shine, And crown my journey's end." A - MEN.

38 Growing Dearer Each Day.

C. H. G.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

39 Grace, Enough for Me.

E. O. E.

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E. O. Excell.

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

ry; Be-neath the cross there flowed a stream Of grace, e-nough for
ny, Could scarce be-lieve the sight I saw Of grace, e-nough for
tree, I felt a flood go thro' my soul Of grace, e-nough for
be, To sing thro' all the years to come Of grace, e-nough for

CHORUS.

me. Grace is flow-ing from Cal - va - ry, . . .
e-nough for me. Grace is flow-ing from Cal - va - ry for me,

Grace as fath-om-less as the sea, . . Grace for time and e-
Grace as fath-om-less as the roll-ing sea, Grace for time and e-

ter - ni - ty, . . . Grace, . . e-nough for me. A - MEN.
ter - ni - ty, His a-bun-dant grace I see, e-nough for me.

40 A Little Farther On.

James Rowe.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

B. D. Ackley.

1. O wea - ry soul, still fol - low Him, The night will soon be gone;
2. O bur-dened soul, trust on, be true, Tho' strength seems nearly gone;
3. O long - ing heart, tho' from thy side Thy friends have long been gone,

Rest waits be - yond the shad-ows dim, A lit - tle far - ther on.
The gates of home will be in view A lit - tle far - ther on.
Each long-ing will be sat - is - fied A lit - tle far - ther on!

CHORUS.

A lit - tle far - ther on! A lit - tle far - ther on! Just a lit - tle far - ther on! Sweet rest will come— . . . sweet rest at home! Just a lit - tle, just a lit - tle far - ther on!

Sweet rest will come—

sweet rest at home!

41 The King's Business.

Dr. E. T. Cassel.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Flora H. Cassel.

1. I am a stranger here, with-in a foreign land; My home is far a-way,
2. This is the King's command: that all men, ev'rywhere, Repent and turn a-way
3. My home is bright-er far than Sharon's ro-sy plain, E-ter-nal life and joy

up-on a gold-en strand; Am-bas-sa-dor to be of realms be-yond the sea,
from sin's seductive snare; That all who will o-bey, with Him shall reign for aye,
thro'-out its vast domain; My Sov'reign bids me tell how mortals there may dwell,

CHORUS.

I'm here on business for my King.
And that's my business for my King. This is the mes-sage that I
And that's my business for my King.

bring, A mes-sage an-gels fain would sing: "Oh, be ye rec-on-ciled,"

Thus saith my Lord and King, "Oh, be ye rec-on-ciled to God." A-MEN.

42 His Word Was With Power.

E. E. Hewitt. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY JOHN C. F. KYGER.
ROBERT H. COLEMAN, OWNER. Howard E. Smith.

1. There's pow'r, might-y pow'r in the word of the King; He speaks, and the
2. There's pow'r, might-y pow'r in His par-don-ing word; He said, "Go, and
3. There's pow'r, might-y pow'r in the word of the Lord, And strength He will

cap-tive is free; The lips of the dumb with re-joic-ing shall sing;
sin now no more!" How sweet was the hour when for-give-ness I heard,
give, when we pray, To fol-low His foot-steps, His good-ness re-cord,

CHORUS.

O speak, bless-ed Sav-ior, to me! O the pow'r, might-y
And Mer-cy had o-pened the door!
And walk in love's beau-ti-ful way. O the pow'r,

pow'r, In the word of my Sav-ior and King! O the
might-y pow'r,

pow'r, might-y pow'r! For Je-sus sal-va-tion shall bring. A-MEN.
O the pow'r, might-y pow'r!

43 He Died for Me.

John Newton. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.

1. I saw One hang-ing on a tree, In ag - o - ny and blood;
2. Sure, nev-er, till my lat - est breath, Can I for - get that look:
3. My con-science felt and owned the guilt, And plunged me in de - spair;
4. A - las! I knew not what I did,—But now my tears are vain:
5. A sec - ond look He gave, which said, "I free - ly all for - give:

He fixed His lan - guid eyes on me, As near His cross I stood.
It seemed to charge me with His death, Tho' not a word He spoke.
I saw my sins His blood had spilt And helped to nail Him there.
Where shall my trembling soul be hid? For I the Lord have slain.
This blood is for thy ran - som paid, I die that thou may'st live."

CHORUS.

Oh, can it be, up - on a tree The Sav - ior died for me? My soul is thrilled, My heart is filled, To think He died for me! A - MEN.

44 The Same Old Way.

J. P. S.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. P. Scholfield.

1. God will fill our hearts for serv - ice, In the same old way;
2. Does your heart burn for an - oth - er In the same old way?
3. God will help the weak and wear - y In the same old way;
4. Will you tell the won - drous sto - ry In the same old way?

He will an - swer prayer and bless us In the same old way.
Will you seek to win some oth - er In the same old way?
He will cheer the life that's drear - y In the same old way.
That your Lord may have the glo - ry In the same old way?

CHORUS.

In the same old way, In the same old way; God will

bless and save His peo - ple In the same old way. A - MEN.

45 If God Be for Us.

T. O. Chisholm.

COPYRIGHT, 1925, BY E. O. EXCELL, JR.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Henry P. Morton.

1. "If God be for us," O why thou fear? There's naught can harm us since He is near; His arm is might-y, His love is great, None that trust in
2. "If God be for us," tho' foes in-crease, In Him a-bid-ing we dwell in peace; He will be with us, our changeless Friend, He will keep us
3. "If God be for us," when dark days come, His face will bright-en and ban-ish gloom; E'en grief is sweetened, and we can bear An-y pain or
4. "If God be for us," there's hope a-head, Tho' earth-ly pros-pects lie crushed and dead; He turned to blessing what seemeth blight, He in love and

CHORUS.

Him shall be des-o-late.
safe to the ver-y end. He that rules the waves of the might-y sea
cross if the Lord be there.
wis-dom makes all things right.

Holds a shelt'ring hand o-ver you and me; "E-ven un-to
Holds a shelt'ring hand o-ver you and me;

death" He our Guide will be; "If God be for us," who can be a-gainst us?

46 Do You Love Him?

T. O. Chisholm. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY. E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. Henry P. Morton.

1. There was One who came from Heav-en, Came this fall - en world to save,
2. His was love di - vine and ten - der, More than we could think or dream;
3. On the cru - el cross up - lift - ed, He did all that love could do,
4. Love like that can nev - er fail us, He will al-ways be our Friend;

Sparing naught for our re-demp - tion, E'en His ver - y life He gave.
His was in - fi - nite com-pas - sion, His the sac - ri - fice su - preme.
To con-strain our hearts to love Him,—How can we but love Him too?
Hav-ing loved us so, as sin - ners, He will love us to the end.

CHORUS.

Do you love Him? Do you love Him? May this your an - swer be:. . . .
May this your an - swer be:

Yes, I love Him, yes, I love Him, Be-cause He first loved me. A-MEN.

47 Speak to Me Only of Jesus.

Lizzie DeArmond. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT. B. D. Ackley.

1. Speak to me on - ly of Je - sus, Tell of the cross that He wore,
2. Speak to me on - ly of Je - sus, Tell of His grace day by day,
3. Speak to me on - ly of Je - sus, Tell of His won - der - ful love,
4. Speak to me on - ly of Je - sus, Tell of His mer - cy so free,

Tell of the shame and the sor - row, Tell of the bur - den He bore.
Tell how the blood of a - tone-ment Wash - es my guilt all a - way.
Tell how He came as a Sav - ior, Down from the glo - ry a - bove.
Tell how, when lost in the dark-ness, Je - sus came seek-ing for me.

REFRAIN.

Speak to me on - ly of Je - sus, Dy - ing on Cal - va - ry's tree,

Speak to me on - ly of Je - sus, His name is so pre-cious to me. A - MEN.

48 I Owe It All to Jesus.

Mrs. C. H. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. My hope of Heav'n on Christ is stayed, My sins were all up - on Him laid,
2. Like as a lamb to slaugh-ter led, He came and suf-fered in my stead,
3. With groans and tears and ag-o - ny He suf-fered in Geth-sem - a - ne;
4. To claim Him mine I hum - bly dare, And full al - le-giance to Him swear,
5. My all up - on the al - tar lies— A will-ing, liv - ing sac - ri - fice;

My ran - som price He free - ly paid; I owe it all to Je - sus.
And once for all His life-blood shed; I owe it all to Je - sus.
For time and for e - ter - ni - ty I owe it all to Je - sus.
And now pro-claim it ev - 'ry-where, I owe it all to Je - sus.
Tho' small the gift, He'll not de - spise; I owe it all to Je - sus.

CHORUS.

For me the thorn - y crown He wore, For me the cru - el cross He bore;

He paid my debt, I'll not for - get, I owe it all to Je - sus. A - MEN.

49 Christ Receiveth Sinful Men.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY MRS. ADDIE MCGRANAHAN. RENEWAL.
CHARLES M. ALEXANDER, OWNER. INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

Arr. from Neumaster, 1671. James McGranahan.

1. Sin - ners Je - sus will re - ceive: Sound this word of grace to all
2. Come, and He will give you rest; Trust Him, for His word is plain;
3. Now my heart condemns me not, Pure be - fore the law I stand;
4. Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men, E - ven me with all my sin;

Who the heav'n-ly path-way leave, All who lin - ger, all who fall.
He will take the sin - ful - est; Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
He who cleansed me from all spot, Sat - is - fied its last de - mand.
Purged from ev - 'ry spot and stain, Heav'n with Him I en - ter in.

REFRAIN.

Sing it o'er. . . . . and o'er a - gain;. . . . . Christ re-
Sing it o'er a - gain, Sing it o'er a - gain; Christ re-

ceiv - - - - eth sin-ful men;. . . ; . . Make the mes - - - - sage
ceiv - eth sin - ful men, Christ re - ceiv-eth sin - ful men; Make the message plain,

clear and plain:. . . . . Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men. A-MEN.
Make the message plain:

50 Love Works Wonders In My Soul.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1925, BY E. O. EXCELL, JR.
WORDS AND MUSIC. B. D. Ackley.

1. I was weak and wea-ry, and my path was drea-ry, But I let the
2. Once I sought but pleas-ure in its full-est meas-ure, Now I seek the
3. Praise His name for-ev-er! We shall nev-er sev-er, I shall sing His

Sav-ior take con-trol; Now my way is glow-ing, joy my life o'er-flow-ing,
bright e-ter-nal goal; Christ the Savior guides me, shares whate'er be-tides me,
praise while a-ges roll; O'er and o'er in glo-ry, this will be my sto-ry,

CHORUS.

Love is working wonders in my soul,
Love is working wonders in my soul. His love is working wonders in my soul,
Wonder-working love has made me whole.

Fills each day with sun-shine, tho' bil-lows o'er me roll; Gone is all my

sad-ness, Je-sus has con-trol, Love is work-ing won-ders in my soul.

51 Some One Who Knows.

Mrs. F. A. Breck.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. How man-y are lost in the dark-ness, With spirits whose sor-row o'er-flows;
2. Go forth to the need-y and love them With something of Je-sus' own love,
3. They're waiting, perhaps, for your coming; You sure-ly will has-ten to go,
4. Wher-ev-er are sin-ners a-round you, By woe or temp-ta-tion o'er-thrown,

They know not of Christ or sal-va-tion,—Ah! some one must tell them who knows
And win them to share in His king-dom Of glad-ness and glo-ry a-bove.
And teach them of life ev-er-last-ing, The won-der-ful Gos-pel you know.
Oh, bid them take freely God's blessing, Make Je-sus the Com-fort-er known.

CHORUS.

Some one must tell them who knows The mercy that Jesus bestows: Oh, let the Light

shine, tell the message divine, For some one must tell them who knows. A-MEN.

52 Love Leads to Glory.

James Rowe.

COPYRIGHT, 1925, BY E. O. EXCELL, JR.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. M. Hagan.

1. Sol - diers of Je - ho - vah, keep His stand-ard in the light, Love leads to
2. Sing-ing songs of Zi - on, send the light a - cross the world, Love leads to
3. Shin-ing crowns are wait-ing for the faith - ful in the fray, Love leads to

glo - ry, love leads to glo - ry; Speed a - long with Je - sus, ev - er
glo - ry, love leads to glo - ry; All the hordes of e - vil from your
glo - ry, love leads to glo - ry; In His bless - ed pres - ence we shall

CHORUS.

keep the cross in sight, Love sure-ly leads to glo - ry.
pathway shall be hurled; Love sure-ly leads to glo - ry. Love leads to glo - ry,
spend the end-less day; Love sure-ly leads to glo - ry.

love leads to glo - ry, Fol-low where He leads you, giv - ing out His sto - ry;

Fight with courage true, the flee-ing foe pur-sue; Love sure-ly leads to glo - ry.

53 Jesus is Calling.

COPYRIGHT, 1911. RENEWAL.
HOPE PUBLISHING CO., OWNER.

Fanny J. Crosby. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing thee home— Call - ing to - day,
2. Je - sus is call - ing the wear - y to rest— Call - ing to - day,
3. Je - sus is wait - ing; O come to Him now— Wait - ing to - day,
4. Je - sus is plead - ing; O list to His voice: Hear Him to - day,

call - ing to - day; Why from the sun - shine of love wilt thou roam
call - ing to - day; Bring Him thy bur - den and thou shalt be blest:
wait - ing to - day; Come with thy sins; at His feet low - ly bow;
hear Him to - day; They who be - lieve on His name shall re - joice;

REFRAIN.

Far - ther and far - ther a - way?
He will not turn thee a - way. Call - - ing to - day, . . .
Come, and no lon - ger de - lay.
Quick - ly a - rise and a - way. Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day,

Call - - - - ing to - day, ... Je - - - - - - sus is
Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day, Je - sus is ten - der - ly

call - - - - ing, is ten - der - ly call - ing to - day. A - MEN.
call - ing to - day,

54 Some One Is Watching Your Light

Ina Duley Ogdon.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.
STANDARD PUBLISHING COMPANY, OWNER.

W. E. M. Hackleman.

1. Down in the val-ley of sor-row and sin, Some one is lost in the dark-ness of night; Some one that you to your Sav-ior may win;
2. Long is the jour-ney and some one is weak; Some one if tempt-ed may fall in the fight; Some one will win if His prom-ise you speak:
3. Touched by the sto-ry of Christ and His love, Some one will turn from the wrong to the right, Look-ing for guid-ance to heav-en a-bove;
4. On that glad morning, when all shall a-rise, Saved by the in-fi-nite pow'r of His might, Some one will greet you at home in the skies;

CHORUS.

Some one is watch-ing, is watch-ing your light! Watch-ing your light!
watch-ing your light! Some one is watching, is watching your light! O does it
shine with a ra-di-ance bright, Some one is watch-ing, is watching your light!

55 He Lifted Me.

Charlotte G. Homer. COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY CHAS. M. ALEXANDER.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. In lov - ing-kind-ness Je - sus came My soul in mer - cy to re-claim,
2. He called me long be - fore I heard, Be - fore my sin-ful heart was stirred,
3. His brow was pierced with many a thorn, His hands by cru - el nails were torn,
4. Now on a high - er plane I dwell, And with my soul I know 'tis well;

And from the depths of sin and shame Thro' grace He lift - ed me. . . . . .
But when I took Him at His word, For-giv'n He lift - ed me. . . . . .
When from my guilt and grief, forlorn, In love He lift - ed me. . . . . .
Yet how or why, I can-not tell, He should have lift - ed me. . . . . .
He lift-ed me.

CHORUS.

From sink-ing sand He lift - ed me, With ten - der hand He lift - ed me,

From shades of night to plains of light, O praise His name, He lifted me! A-MEN.

56 The City of Glory.

F. C. P.

COPYRIGHT, 1925, BY E. O. EXCELL, JR.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

F. Clark Perry.

1. There's a cit - y in the sky, Build - ed by the One Most High;
2. There's a hap - py place of rest For the souls that He hath blest;
3. In this cit - y where no night Ev - er dims His glo - ry bright,

Man-sions grand and streets of gold There the an - gels all be - hold.
There, where joy-ous an-thems swell, With the Sav - ior we shall dwell.
Man - y dear ones watch and wait For our com - ing at the gate;

It is there the great white throne Of the King hath ev - er shone;
By the crys - tal stream of life, Far from sad - ness, sin and strife,
There for - ev - er we shall rest With the Lord su - preme - ly blest;

rit, e dim.

It is there the Sav - ior slain Shall ev - er reign.
Ev - er - more to heav - en's King We all shall sing.
There His name we shall a - dore For - ev - er - more.

REFRAIN. *a tempo*

PARTS.

Glo - ry, glo - ry! Beau - ti - ful cit - y of Christ our King!

The City of Glory.

PARTS.

Praise Him, praise Him! An-thems of glad-ness we sing;

PARTS.

Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Cit - y of man-sions grand!

PARTS.

Crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him in ev - 'ry land.

57 Ye Christian Heralds!

B. H. Draper. *Missionary Chant. L. M.* H. C. Zeuner.

1. Ye Chris-tian her - alds! go pro-claim Sal - va-tion thro' Im-man-uel's name;
2. He'll shield you with a wall of fire, With flaming zeal your hearts in-spire,
3. And when our la - bors all are o'er, Then shall we meet to part no more—

To dis-tant climes the ti-dings bear, And plant the Rose of Sharon there.
Bid rag - ing winds their fu-ry cease, And hush the tempest in - to peace.
Meet with the blood-bo't throng to fall, And crown our Jesus—Lord of all. A - MEN.

58 Love Lifted Me.

James Rowe.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.
ROBERT H. COLEMAN, OWNER.

Howard E. Smith.

1. I was sink-ing deep in sin, Far from the peaceful shore, Ver - y deep - ly stained with-in, Sink-ing to rise no more; But the Mas - ter of the sea
2. All my heart to Him I give, Ev - er to Him I'll cling, In His bless-ed pres - ence live, Ev - er His prais-es sing. Love so might-y and so true
3. Souls in dan-ger, look a-bove, Je - sus com-plete-ly saves; He will lift you by His love Out of the an - gry waves. He's the Mas - ter of the sea,

Heard my de-spair-ing cry, From the wa-ters lift - ed me, Now safe am I.
Mer - its my soul's best songs; Faith-ful, lov-ing serv-ice, too, To Him be - longs.
Bil - lows His will o - bey; He your Sav-ior wants to be—Be saved to-day.

CHORUS.

Love lift - ed me! . . . Love lift - ed me! . . . When noth - ing e - ven me! e - ven me!

else could help, Love lift - ed me. Love lift - ed me. A - MEN.

59 In the Secret of His Presence.

COPYRIGHT, 1913. RENEWAL.
HOPE PUBLISHING CO., OWNER.

Ellen Lakshmi Goreh. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. In the se - cret of His pres-ence how my soul de-lights to hide! Oh, how
2. When my soul is faint and thirst-y, 'neath the shadow of His wing There is
3. On - ly this I know: I tell Him all my doubts, my griefs and fears; Oh, how
4. Would you like to know the sweetness of the se - cret of the Lord? Go and

pre-cious are the les-sons which I learn at Je - sus' side! Earth-ly cares can
cool and pleasant shel-ter, and a fresh and crys - tal spring; And my Sav - ior
pa-tient-ly He lis - tens! and my drooping soul He cheers: Do you think He
hide beneath His shad-ow: this shall then be your re - ward; And whene'er you

nev - er vex me, nei-ther tri - als lay me low; For when Sa - tan comes to
rests be - side me, as we hold com-mun-ion sweet: If I tried, I could not
ne'er reproves me? What a false friend He would be, If He nev - er, nev - er
leave the si - lence of that hap - py meet-ing place, You must find and bear the

tempt me, to the se - cret place I go, to the se - cret place I go.
ut - ter what He says when thus we meet, what He says when thus we meet.
told me of the sins which He must see, of the sins which He must see.
im - age of the Mas - ter in your face, of the Mas - ter in your face. A-MEN.

60 Jesus in My Heart.

Mrs. C. H. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. I have Je - sus dwell - ing with me Ev - 'ry hour of ev - 'ry day,
2. Tho' my path-way leads thro' shadows, I can hear His voice di - vine,
3. In this world of liv - ing pleas-ure "Je - sus on - ly" would I know;

So what - ev - er may be - fall me, "All is well," my heart can say.
And can feel the lov - ing hand-clasp Of a Fa-ther's hand on mine.
Sat - is - fied His steps to fol - low, And His great sal - va - tion know.

CHORUS.

Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus Dwells with-in my heart, In the tem - ple for His
dwell - ing set a - part; I can ne'er be lone - ly, I have Je - sus
on - ly, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus in my heart. A - MEN.

rit.

61 My Heart Keeps Right.

Lizzie DeArmond. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC. B. D. Ackley.

1. There's a song of joy, I sing it ev - 'ry day, For my ev - 'ry sin the
2. As I live for Him each burden seems so light; While He walks with me my
3. All my doubts are past, I am se-cure at last; Tho' my strength may fail, my

Lord has washed a-way; Trust-ing in His word, I yield to His con - trol,
heart is keep-ing right; In the nar-row way I'm press-ing tow'rd the goal,
an - chor hold - eth fast; Tho' I once was lost, His grace hath made me whole,

CHORUS.

Since the lov - ing Je-sus saved my soul. . . . . My heart keeps right since
Since Je-sus saved my soul.

Je-sus saved my soul; My ev'ry tho't is under His control; With songs of joy I'm

pressing tow'rd the goal; My heart keeps right since Jesus saved my soul. A-MEN.

62 Sweeter As the Days Go By.

James Rowe.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY HAMP SEWELL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Hamp Sewell.

1. O the love of Je - sus means so much to me, Keeps my path-way shin-ing,
2. Precious, lov-ing Sav-ior, all a-long the way, Words of cheer and com-fort
3. He, I know, will keep me, He will hold me fast Till my earth - ly tri - als

keeps me pure and free; More and more I praise Him, for He seems to be
I have heard Him say, And He grows more pre-cious to my soul each day,
be for - ev - er past; He will be, un - til I see His face at last,

CHORUS.

Sweet-er as the days go by. Sweet-er as the days go by, ...
as the days go by,

Sweet - er as the mo-ments fly; . . . . . Sweet - er and the dear - er
as the mo-ments fly;

as to me He draw-eth near-er, Sweet-er as the days go by. A - MEN.

63 The Wonderful Story.

C. H. G.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

CHORUS.

O won - - der-ful, won-der-ful sto - ry, The dear - - est that
O won-der-ful sto - - - ry, O won-der-ful sto - ry, The dear-est that ev- - -
ev - er was told; . . . I'll re-peat it in glo - - ry, The won-der - ful
er, that ev - er was told; I'll re - peat it in glo - ry, The
sto - ry, Where I . . . shall His beau-ty be - hold. . . . A - MEN.
won-der-ful sto-ry, Where I shall His beau - ty, His beau-ty be-hold.

rit.

64 Scatter Sunshine.

COPYRIGHT, 1919. RENEWAL.
E. O. EXCELL COMPANY, OWNER.

Lanta Wilson Smith. E. O. Excell.

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

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

CHORUS.

Scat - - ter sun-shine all a-long your way, . . . Cheer and bless and
Scat-ter the smiles and sun-shine all a-long, o - ver the way,

bright-en Ev-'ry pass-ing day; . . Ev-'ry pass-ing day. A - MEN.
pass - ing day;

65 Nothing Satisfies But Jesus.

C. H. M.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY E. O. EXCELL.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Noth-ing sat-is-fies but Je-sus, Bread of life to mor-tals giv'n;
2. Since I heard the voice of Je-sus, Since mine eyes be-held the King,
3. With His joy my heart is thrill-ing, All my hope in Him I see;

May His pres-ence now re-fresh us Like the morn-ing dew from Heav'n!
All my love, my heart's af-fec-tion, All I have, to Him I bring.
Doubt, and gloom, and fear dis-pel-ling, Christ is All in all to me.

CHORUS.

Give me Je-sus, give me Je-sus, Take the world, but give me Je-sus,
Give me Je-sus, give me Je-sus,

To sat-is-fy . . with ev-'ry blessing, His love and peace my soul pos-sess-ing;

To all be-side, my heart re-plies: There's naught but Jesus sat-is-fies! A-MEN.

66 The Touch of His Hand on Mine.

Jessie Brown Pounds. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER. Henry P. Morton.

1. There are days so dark that I seek in vain For the face of my Friend Di - vine; But tho' dark - ness hide, He is there to guide
2. There are times, when tired of the toil-some road, That for ways of the world I pine; But He draws me back to the up - ward track
3. When the way is dim, and I can - not see Thro' the mist of His wise de - sign, How my glad heart yearns and my faith re - turns
4. In the last sad hour, as I stand a - lone Where the pow - ers of death com - bine, While the dark waves roll He will guide my soul

CHORUS.

By the touch of His hand on mine. Oh, the touch of His hand on mine, Oh, the touch of His hand on mine! There is grace and pow'r, in the try - ing hour, In the touch of His hand on mine. A-MEN.

67 My Father Planned It All.

H. H. Pierson.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. What though the way be lone - ly, And dark the shad - ows fall;
2. The sun may shine to - mor - row, The shad - ows break and flee;
3. He guides my halt - ing foot - steps A - long the wear - y way,
4. A day of light and glad - ness, On which no shade will fall,—

I know, wher-e'er it lead - eth, My Fa-ther planned it all. . . .
'Twill be the way He choos - es,—The Fa-ther's plan for me. . . .
For well He knows the path - way Will lead to end - less day. . . .
'Tis this at last a - waits me—My Fa-ther planned it all. . . .

CHORUS.

I sing thro' shade and sun - shine, And trust what-e'er be - fall; His way is best—it leads to rest; My Fa-ther planned it all. A - MEN.

68 Glory, Glory!

James Rowe.

COPYRIGHT, 1925, BY E.O. EXCELL, JR.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. M. Hagan.

1. Gone is now the bur - den that for years I bore, Love di - vine has tru - ly made me free;
2. O that I had known Him man-y years a - go, In the sun - ny morn of life's glad day!
3. I will cling to Je - sus, He will hold my hand, He will ev - er keep my heart's best love;

Fleet-ing sin - ful pleas-ures I de - sire no more,
But up - lift - ing glad - ness 'tis to - day to know
For I wish to praise Him in the "hap - py land"—

made me free;
life's glad day!
heart's best love;

CHORUS.

Ev - 'ry-thing to Je - sus I would be. That my sins have all been washed away. My e - ter - nal home of joy a - bove.

Glo - - - ry, Glo - - - ry!
Glo-ry, glory, glo-ry, Glo-ry in my soul!

From my heav - y bur - den I am free, I'm free!

Glo - - - ry,
Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo - ry,

Glo - - - - - ry! Love di - vine has tru - ly res - cued me!
Christ has made me whole!

res - cued me!

69 In the Shadow of His Wings.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL.
RENEWAL. E. O. Excell.

1. In the shadow of His wings There is rest, sweet rest; There is rest from care and
2. In the shadow of His wings There is peace, sweet peace, Peace that passeth under-
3. In the shadow of His wings There is joy, glad joy; There is joy to tell the

la - bor, There is rest for friend and neigh-bor; In the shad-ow of His wings
standing, Peace, sweet peace that knows no end-ing; In the shad-ow of His wings
sto - ry, Joy ex - ceed - ing, full of glo - ry; In the shad-ow of His wings

There is rest, sweet rest, In the shad-ow of His wings There is rest. (sweet rest.)
There is peace, sweet peace, In the shad-ow of His wings There is peace. (sweet peace.)
There is joy, glad joy, In the shad-ow of His wings There is joy. (glad joy.)

CHORUS.

There is rest, there is peace, There is joy, In the shadow of His wings:
sweet rest, sweet peace, glad joy,

There is rest, there is peace, There is joy, In the shadow of His wings. A-MEN.
sweet rest, sweet peace, glad joy,

70 Jesus is the Name.

Frederick Whitfield. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL. J. P. Scholfield.

1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth;
2. It tells me of a Sav-ior's love, Who died to set me free;
3. It tells me what my Fa-ther hath In store for ev-'ry day;
4. It tells of One whose lov-ing heart Can feel my deep-est woe,

It sounds like mu-sic in mine ear, The sweet-est name on earth.
It tells me of His pre-cious blood—The sin-ner's per-fect plea.
And though I tread a lone-ly path, Yields sun-shine all the way.
Who in each sor-row bears a part, That none can bear be-low.

CHORUS.

"Je-sus" is the name, "Je-sus," "Je-sus," Yes-ter-day, to-

day, and for-ev-er, "Je-sus" is the name. A-MEN.

71 Stepping in the Light.

L. H. Edmunds.

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Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

72 My Father Knows.

S. M. I. Henry.

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E. O. Excell.

1. I know my heav'n-ly Fa-ther knows The storms that would my way op-pose; But He can drive the clouds a-way, And turn my dark-ness in-to day,
2. I know my heav'n-ly Fa-ther knows The balm I need to soothe my woes; And with His touch of love di-vine, He heals this wound-ed soul of mine.
3. I know my heav'n-ly Fa-ther knows How frail I am to meet my foes, But He my cause will e'er de-fend, Up-hold and keep me to the end.
4. I know my heav'n-ly Fa-ther knows The hour my jour-ney here will close, And may that hour, O faith-ful Guide, Find me safe shel-tered by Thy side.

CHORUS.

He knows, He knows The storms that would my way op-pose;
My Fa-ther knows, I'm sure He knows The storms that would, that would my way op-pose;
He knows, He knows,
My Fa-ther knows, I'm sure He knows,

My Father Knows.



73 O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

George Matheson. *Margaret. 8. 8. 8. 8. 6.* A. L. Peace.



74 I Am Thine, O Lord.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY W. H. DOANE. RENEWAL.
FANNIE T. DOANE, OWNER. W. H. Doane.

1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be
2. Con-se-crate me now to Thy serv-ice, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di-vine; Let my soul look up with a stead-fast hope, And my
3. O the pure de-light of a sin-gle hour That be-fore Thy throne I spend, When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God, I com-
4. There are depths of love that I can-not know Till I cross the nar-row sea; There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I

clo-ser drawn to Thee.

REFRAIN.

will be lost in Thine. Draw me near - - er, near-er, bless-ed
mune as friend with friend!
rest in peace with Thee. near-er, near-er,

Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me near-er, near-er,

near-er, bless-ed Lord, To Thy pre-cious, bleed-ing side. A-MEN.

75 The Crowning Day.

El Nathan.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY MRS. ADDIE MC GRANAHAN.
RENEWAL. TABERNACLE PUB. CO., OWNER.

James McGranahan.

1. Our Lord is now re-ject-ed, And by the world dis-owned, By the man-y
2. The heav'ns shall glow with splendor, But brighter far than they The saints shall
3. Our pain shall then be o-ver, We'll sin and sigh no more, Be-hind us
4. Let all that look for, has-ten The com-ing joy-ful day, By ear-nest

still neg-lect-ed, And by the few enthroned; But soon He'll come in glo-ry,
shine in glo-ry, As Christ shall them ar-ray; The beau-ty of the Sav-ior
all of sor-row, And naught but joy be-fore; A joy in our Re-deem-er,
con-se-cra-tion, To walk the nar-row way, By gath'ring in the lost ones,

FINE.

The hour is draw-ing nigh, For the crown-ing day is com-ing by and by.
Shall daz-zle ev-'ry eye, In the crowning day that's com-ing by and by.
As we to Him are nigh, In the crowning day that's com-ing by and by.
For whom our Lord did die, For the crowning day that's com-ing by and by.

D. S.—*Each waiting, watchful eye, In the crown-ing day that's com-ing by and by.*

CHORUS.

Oh, the crowning day is coming, Is coming by and by, When our Lord shall come in

D. S.

"power," And "glory" from on high. Oh, the glorious sight will gladden A-MEN.

76 Jesus, I Come.

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

1. Out of my bond-age, sor-row and night, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
2. Out of my shame-ful fail-ure and loss, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
3. Out of un-rest and ar-ro-gant pride, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
4. Out of the fear and dread of the tomb, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;

In-to Thy free-dom, glad-ness and light, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
In-to the glo-rious gain of Thy cross, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
In-to Thy bless-ed will to a-bide, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
In-to the joy and light of Thy home, Je-sus, I come to Thee;

Out of my sick-ness in-to Thy health, Out of my want and in-to Thy wealth,
Out of earth's sorrows into Thy balm, Out of life's storms and into Thy calm,
Out of my-self to dwell in Thy love, Out of de-spair in-to rap-tures a-bove,
Out of the depths of ru-in un-told, In-to the peace of Thy sheltering fold,

Out of my sin and in-to Thy-self, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
Out of dis-tress to ju-bi-lant psalm, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
Up-ward for aye on wings like a dove, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
Ev-er Thy glo-rious face to be-hold, Je-sus, I come to Thee. A-MEN.

77 I Am Coming Home.

Rev. A. H. Ackley. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO.
HOMER RODEHEAVER, OWNER. B. D. Ackley.

1. Je - sus, I am com - ing home to - day, For I have found there's joy in
2. Man - y years my heart has strayed from Thee, And now re - pent-ant to Thy
3. Oh, the mis - er - y my sin has caused me, Naught but pain and sor - row
4. Ful - ly trust-ing in Thy pre - cious prom - ise, With no right-eous-ness to
5. Now I seek the cross where Je - sus died! For all my sin His blood will

Thee a - lone; From the path of sin I turn a - way, Now
throne I come; Je - sus o-pened up the way for me, Now
I have known; Now I seek Thy sav-ing grace and mer - cy
call my own, Plead - ing noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus,
still a - tone, Flow - ing o'er till ev - 'ry stain is cov - ered,

CHORUS.

I am com - ing home. Je - sus, I am com - ing home to - day,

Nev - er, nev - er more from Thee to stray; Lord, I

now ac - cept Thy pre - cious prom - ise, I am com - ing home.

78 When I Go Home.

Jennie Ree. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY E. O. EXCELL. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. A lit - tle while, and then the sum - mer Day, When I go Home;
2. Work ceas-es not in sun-shine or in show'r, Till I go Home;
3. All will be well, and all be hap - pi - ness, When I go Home;
4. I'll meet the loved ones I have lost a - while, When I go Home;

'Tis lone-some win - ter now, but 'twill be May, When I go Home;
But in the still - ness of the twi - light hour, I dream of Home;
The wan - der - ings all o'er, and lone - li - ness, When I go Home;
And, best of all, I'll see my Sav - ior smile, When I go Home;

Be - yond the gloom of moor and fen I see The wel-come warm of
And when the night-wind moans a - cross the wold I feel no dread of
There will be light at e - ven - tide for me, The light that nev - er
Oh, what a joy thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, To sing the praise of

those who wait for me, When I go Home, when I go Home.
dark, or chill of cold— I dream of Home, I dream of Home.
was on land or sea, When I go Home, when I go Home.
Him who died for me, When I go Home, when I go Home. A - MEN.

79 My Savior's Love.

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

1. I stand a-mazed in the pres-ence Of Je - sus the Naz - a - rene,
2. For me it was in the gar - den He prayed: "Not My will, but Thine;"
3. In pit - y an - gels be - held Him, And came from the world of light
4. He took my sins and my sor - rows, He made them His ver - y own;
5. When with the ransomed in glo - ry His face I at last shall see,

And won - der how He could love me, A sin-ner, condemned, un-clean.
He had no tears for His own griefs, But sweat-drops of blood for mine.
To com - fort Him in the sor - rows He bore for my soul that night.
He bore the bur - den to Cal - v'ry, And suf-fered, and died a - lone.
'Twill be my joy thro' the a - ges To sing of His love for me.

CHORUS.

How mar-vel-ous! how won-der-ful! And my song shall ev - er be:
Oh, how mar - vel-ous! oh, how won - der - ful!

How mar-vel-ous! how won-der-ful Is my Sav-ior's love for me! A-MEN.
Oh, how mar-vel-ous! oh, how won-der - ful

80 There Shall Be Showers of Blessing.

El Nathan.

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James McGranahan.

1. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" This is the prom-ise of love;
2. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing"— Pre-cious re - viv - ing a - gain;
3. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" Send them up - on us, O Lord;
4. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" Oh, that to - day they might fall,

There shall be sea - sons re - fresh - ing, Sent from the Sav - ior a - bove.
O - ver the hills and the val - leys, Sound of a - bun-dance of rain.
Grant to us now a re - fresh - ing, Come, and now hon - or Thy Word.
Now as to God we're con - fess - ing, Now as on Je - sus we call!

CHORUS.

Show - - - - ers of bless-ing, Show-ers of bless-ing we need:
Show - ers, show - ers of bless - ing,

Mer - cy-drops round us are fall - ing, But for the show-ers we plead. A-MEN.

81 Praise Him! Praise Him!

Fanny J. Crosby. Chester G. Allen.

1. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Sing O Earth, His won-der-ful love proclaim! Hail Him! hail Him! highest archangels in glo-ry;
2. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! For our sins He suffered, and bled, and died; He our Rock, our hope of e-ter-nal sal-va-tion,
3. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Heav'nly por-tals, loud with ho-san-nas ring! Je-sus, Sav-ior, reigneth for-ev-er and ev-er;

Strength and hon-or give to His ho-ly name! Like a shep-herd, Je-sus will guard His children, In His arms He carries them all day long: Praise Him! praise Him!
Hail Him! hail Him! Je-sus the Cru-ci-fied. Sound His Prais-es! Je-sus who bore our sorrows, Love unbounded, wonderful, deep and strong:
Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet, and Priest, and King! Christ is coming! over the world vic-to-rious, Pow'r and glo-ry un-to the Lord be-long:

REFRAIN.

tell of His ex-cel-lent greatness; Praise Him! praise Him! ever in joyful song! A-MEN.

82 I Will Follow Thee.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1920, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.

1. Sav - ior, I will fol - low Thee; Thou art all the world to me;
2. Sav - ior, I will fol - low Thee, Though it lead me to the Cross;
3. Sav - ior, I will fol - low Thee, Though it lead through toil and tears;
4. Sav - ior, I will fol - low Thee Till the toils of life are o'er;

Though the way I can - not see, Sav - ior, I will fol - low Thee.
Count - ing all things here but dross, Sav - ior, I will fol - low Thee.
Through the long and wear - y years, Sav - ior, I will fol - low Thee.
Till I reach the Gold - en Shore, Sav - ior, I will fol - low Thee.

CHORUS.

Fol - low Thee, I will fol - low Thee, Fol - low Thee,
Fol - low, I will fol - low Thee, fol - low Thee, Fol - low, I will fol - low

I will fol - low Thee, Fol - low till the day is done,
Thee, fol - low Thee,

Fol - low till the crown is won, Sav - ior, I will fol - low Thee.

83 He is Able to Deliver Thee.

W. A. O.

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W. A. Ogden.

1. 'Tis the grand-est theme thro' the a-ges rung; 'Tis the grandest theme for a
2. 'Tis the grand-est theme in the earth or main; 'Tis the grandest theme for a
3. 'Tis the grand-est theme, let the ti-dings roll, To the guilt-y heart, to the

mor - tal tongue; 'Tis the grandest theme that the world e'er sung, "Our God is
mor - tal strain; 'Tis the grandest theme, tell the world a - gain, "Our God is
sin - ful soul; Look to God in faith, He will make thee whole, "Our God is

CHORUS.

a - ble to de - liv - er thee." He is a - - - - ble to de - liv - er thee,
a - ble, He is a - ble

He is a - - - - - ble to de - liv - er thee; Tho' by sin op - prest,
a - ble, He is a - ble

Go to Him for rest; "Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee." A - MEN.

84 They Shall Be Mine.

Annie B. Russell. COPYRIGHT, 1925, BY E. O. EXCELL, JR.
WORDS AND MUSIC. Ernest O. Sellers.

1. Speak oft of the love of the Sav - ior, The love that is full and com - plete;
2. Speak oft of the love of the Sav - ior, Speak oft of His mer - cy and grace;
3. Speak oft of the love of the Sav - ior, For man-y are wait-ing to hear;
4. Speak oft of the love of the Sav - ior, He lis-tens, He hears all you say;

God keep-eth a book of remembrance Of those who the sto - ry re - peat.
A sto - ry, tho' old, ev-er pre-cious, Still new when we look on His face.
O tell of the grace free-ly of - fered To all who in faith will draw near.
And when He shall make up His jew-els, He'll claim you as His "in that day."

CHORUS.

"They . . shall be mine," . . "They . . shall be mine," . . My
"They shall be mine, they shall be mine, They shall be mine, they shall be mine," My
jew-els a-dorn-ing my crown; . . In glo - - ry they'll shine, . . These
a-dorn-ing my crown; Glory they'll shine, glo-ry they'll shine,
jew - - els of mine, . . In glo - ry they'll shine in my crown.
Jew-els of mine, jew-els of mine,

85 Softly and Tenderly.

W. L. T.

HOPE PUBLISHING CO., OWNER.
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Will L. Thompson.

Very slow. *pp*

m

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, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. Oh! for the won-der-ful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;

See, on the portals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Mercies for you and for me?
Shadows are gathering, death beds are coming, Com-ing for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinned, He has mercy and pardon, Par-don for you and for me.

CHORUS. *m* *cres.*

Come home, . . come home, . . Ye who are wear-y, come home; . .
Come home, come home,

pp *ppp* *rit.* *pp*

Earnestly, ten-der-ly, Je-sus is calling, Calling, O sinner, come home! A-MEN.

86 We Will Talk It O'er Together.

Mrs. C. H. M.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. We are trav'ling home to Heaven by the straight and narrow way, Which the saints and mar-tyrs have be-fore us trod; In the cross of Christ we glo-ry
2. There with Mo-ses and E - li - as, and with Pe - ter and with Paul, We'll re- count the tri-umphs of re-deem-ing grace; Best of all, we'll see our Sav-ior,
3. We will look back o'er the journey by our heav'nly Father planned, Knowing that His will was best for you and me; And the things which here perplex us,

as we jour-ney day by day, Pressing onward to the cit-y of our God.
hail and crown Him Lord of all, And unite His praise to sing thro' endless days.
which we can-not un-der-stand, In that glorious day of days made plain will be.

FINE.

D. S.—*reached our heav'nly home; We will talk it o'er to-geth-er by and by.*

CHORUS.

We will talk it o'er to-geth-er by and by, ... When we reach that holy cit-y, you and I, . . . How thro' grace we've overcome, and have A-MEN.

by and by,

D.S.

87 Christ Shall Be King.

Rev. W. C. Poole.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Christ shall be King of the whole wide world, He shall be King, let praises ring!
2. Christ shall be King o - ver land and sea, He shall be King, let praises ring!
3. Christ shall be King in my heart to - day, He shall be King, let praises ring!

Un-der His banner of love unfurled, There shall be gathered the whole wide world,
He who redeemed us and made us free, King of the world shall for-ev - er be,
O-ver each tho't and each purpose sway, All that I have shall be His al - way,

rit.

CHORUS.

And Christ shall be the King. O - ver all the world Christ shall be the King;
Yes, Christ shall be the King.
For Christ shall be the King. O - ver all the world Christ shall be the King;

O - ver all the world let His prais-es ring; Ev-'ry land and nation Shall
O - ver all the world let His prais-es ring;

know His great sal-va-tion; Christ shall be the King, He shall be the King. AMEN.

88 Help Somebody To-day.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

sorrow be ended, The friendless befriended, Oh, help somebody to-day! A - MEN.

89 Will It Be You?

E. E. Hewitt.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Some-one will come to the Sav-ior to-day, Will it be you?
2. Some-one the foun-tain of mer-cy shall see, Will it be you?
3. Some-one shall has-ten, fair jew-els to win, Will it be you?
4. Some-one shall make the world bright-er to-day, Will it be you?

Will it be you? Turn-ing his steps to the blest, nar-row way,
Will it be you? Take of its life-giv-ing wa-ter so free,
Will it be you? Res-cu-ing oth-ers from sor-row and sin,
Will it be you? Brave-ly up-hold-ing love's won-der-ful ray,

CHORUS.

Will it, dear friend, be you? Will it be you? Will it be you?

Some-one shall fol-low the call of the King; Some-one a song of thanks-

giv-ing will sing; Will it, dear friend, be you? (be you?)

90 More Like the Master.

C. H. G.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. More like the Mas-ter I would ev-er be, More of His meek-ness,
2. More like the Mas-ter is my dai-ly prayer; More strength to car-ry
3. More like the Mas-ter I would live and grow; More of His love to

more hu-mil-i-ty; More zeal to la-bor, more cour-age to be true,
cross-es I must bear; More ear-nest ef-fort to bring His kingdom in;
oth-ers I would show; More self-de-ni-al, like His in Gal-i-lee,

CHORUS.

rit.

More con-se-cra-tion for work He bids me do. . . . . Take Thou my
More of His Spir-it, the wan-der-er to win. . . . .
More like the Mas-ter I long to ev-er be. . . . . Take my heart, O

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

make it all Thine own; . . Purge me from sin, . . . O Lord, I now im-
make it all Thine own; Purge Thou me from ev'ry sin, O Lord, I

More Like the Master.



91 Have Thine Own Way, Lord.

A. A. P.

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Geo. C. Stebbins.

Slowly.



92 He Cares for Me.

F. C. P.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

F. Clark Perry.

SOLO.

1. I fear the foe no more, My doubts and fears are o'er,
2. He is a faith-ful Guide, Who nev - er leaves my side,
3. When time shall be no more, And sor-row's night is o'er,

For ev - 'ry day, a-long life's way, I walk se-cure and free.
His love the light that breaks the night, And bids the shad-ows flee.
What joy di - vine, what rapture mine, When I that land shall see!

DUET.

My Sav - ior and my Friend, On whom I can de - pend,
Tho' storm-y bil - lows roll, They can - not reach my soul,
And with the saints pass in Be-yond the reach of sin,

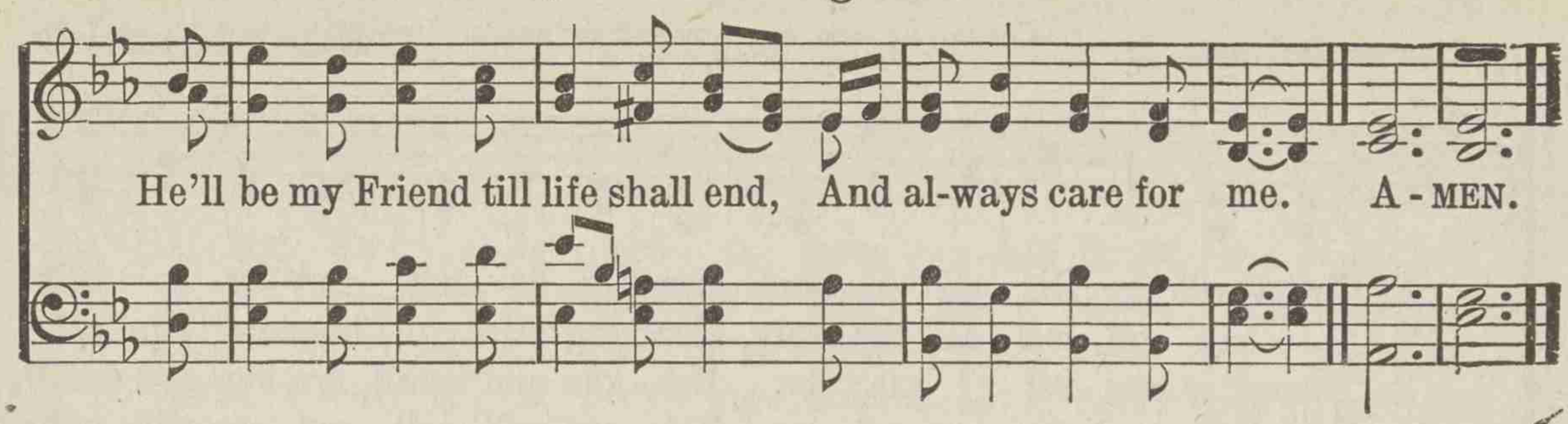
QUARTET.

He chan-ges not, what-e'er my lot, And al-ways cares for me.
For He who knows will soothe my woes, And al-ways care for me.
Saved by His grace, I'll see the face Of Him who cares for me.

CHORUS. *Faster.*

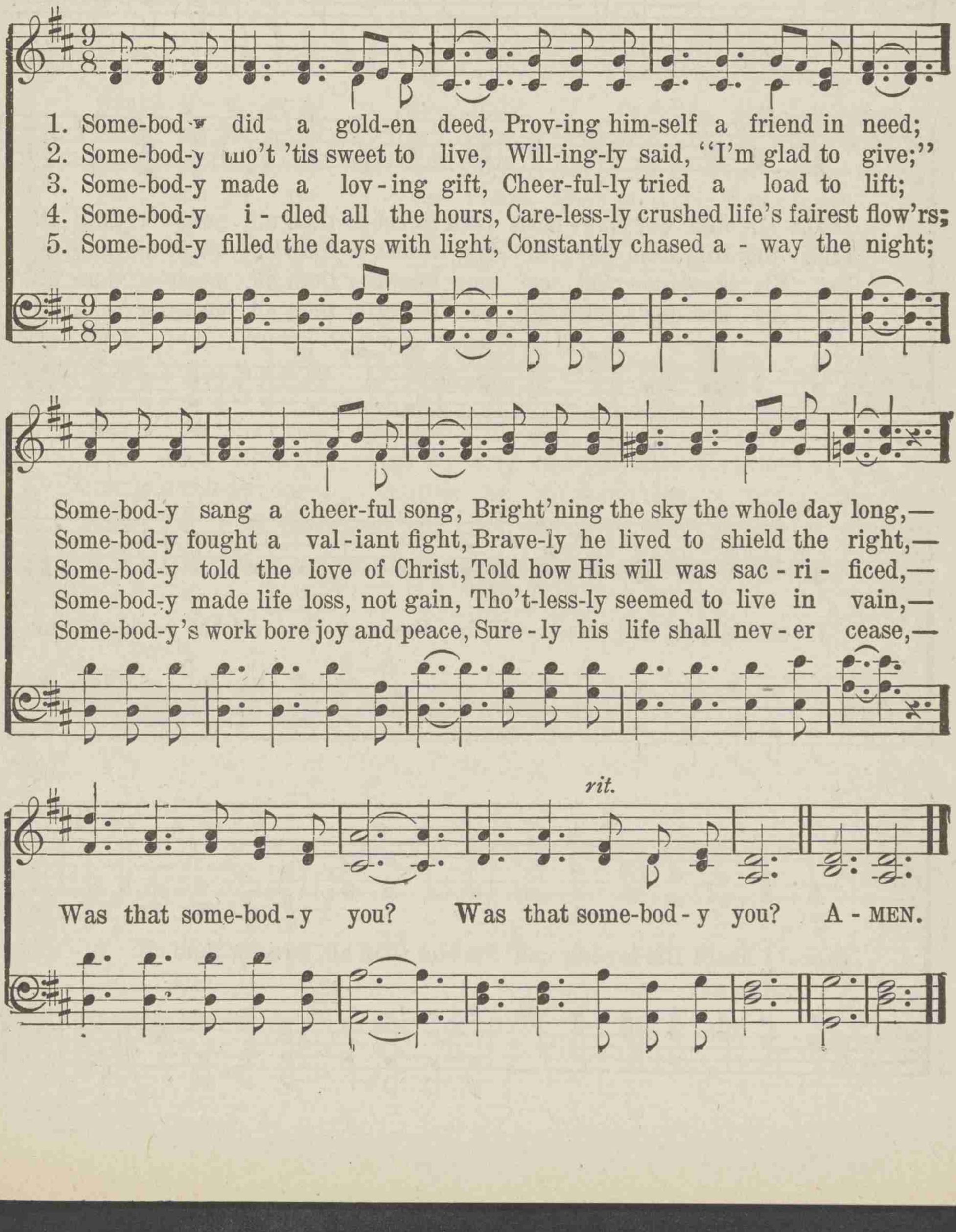
He cares for me. . . . . So true is He;. . . . . .
He cares for me So true is He;

He Cares for Me.



93 Somebody.

John R. Clements. WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY W. S. WEEDEN.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER. W. S. Weeden.



94 Sweeter Than All.

Johnson Oatman, Jr.

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J. Howard Entwisle.

1. Christ will me His aid af - ford, Nev - er to fall, nev - er to fall;
2. I can fol - low all the way, Hear-ing Him call, hear-ing Him call;
3. Though a ves - sel I may be, Bro - ken and small, bro-ken and small,
4. When I reach the crys - tal sea, Voi - ces will call, voi - ces will call;

While I find my pre - cious Lord Sweet-er than all, sweet-er than all.
Find - ing Him from day to day, Sweet-er than all, sweet-er than all.
Yet His bless-ings fall on me, Sweet-er than all, sweet-er than all.
But my Sav - ior's voice will be Sweet-er than all, sweet-er than all.

CHORUS.

Je - sus is now, and ev - er will be, Sweet-er than all the world to me,

Since I heard His lov-ing call, Sweeter than all, sweeter than all. A - MEN.

95 A Child of the King.

Hattie E. Buell. Rev. John B. Sumner, arr.

1. My Fa - ther is rich in hous - es and lands, He hold - eth the wealth of the world in His hands! Of ru - bies and diamonds, of sil - ver and gold, His cof - fers are full, He has rich - es un - told.
2. My Fa - ther's own Son, the Sav - ior of men, Once wan-dered on earth as the poor - est of them; But now He is plead-ing our par - don on high, That we may be His when He comes by and by.
3. I once was an out - cast stran - ger on earth, A sin - ner by choice, and an al - ien by birth; But I've been a - dopt - ed, my name's writ-ten down, An heir to a man - sion, a robe, and a crown.
4. A tent or a cot - tage, why should I care? They're build-ing a pal - ace for me o - ver there; Tho' ex - iled from home, yet, still I may sing: All glo - ry to God, I'm a child of the King.

CHORUS.

I'm a child of the King, A child of the King: With Je - sus my Sav - ior I'm a child of the King. A - MEN.

96 His Eye Is On the Sparrow.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY CHARLES M. ALEXANDER.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Why should I feel discouraged, Why should the shadows come, Why should my heart be lonely And long for Heav'n and home, When Jesus is my portion? My
2. "Let not your heart be troubled," His ten-der word I hear, And rest-ing on His goodness, I lose my doubts and fears; Tho' by the path He leadeth But
3. When-ev-er I am temp-ted, When-ev-er clouds a - rise, When songs give place to sighing, When hope within me dies, I draw the clo-ser to Him, From

constant Friend is He: His eye is on the spar-row, And I know He watches
one step I may see: His eye is on the spar-row, And I know He watches
care He sets me free; His eye is on the spar-row, And I know He cares for

me; His eye is on the sparrow, And I know He watches me.
me; His eye is on the sparrow, And I know He watches me.
me; His eye is on the sparrow, And I know He cares for me.

His Eye Is On the Sparrow.

CHORUS.

I sing be-cause I'm hap-py, (I'm happy,) I sing be-cause I'm free, (I'm free,)

rall.

For His eye is on the spar-row, And I know He watches me. A - MEN.

97 The Call for Reapers.

J. O. Thompson.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY PHILLIPS & HUNT.
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J. B. O. Clemm.

1. Far and near the fields are teem-ing With the waves of ri-pened grain;
2. Send them forth with morn's first beaming; Send them in the noontide's glare;
3. O thou, whom thy Lord is send-ing, Gath - er now the sheaves of gold;

FINE.

Far and near their gold is gleam-ing O'er the sun - ny slope and plain.
When the sun's last rays are gleam-ing, Bid them gath-er ev - 'ry-where.
Heav'nward then at eve-ning wend - ing, Thou shalt come with joy un - told.

D. S.–*Send them now the sheaves to gath - er, Ere the har - vest-time pass by.*

CHORUS. D. S.

Lord of har-vest, send forth reapers! Hear us, Lord, to Thee we cry; A-MEN.

98 Songs In the Night.

Nellie A. Montgomery. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. J. S. Fearis.

1. When the clouds of af-flic-tion have gathered, And hid-den each star from my
2. Oh, how dear are those mes-sa-ges to me! No need then to cry in af-
3. And when morn breaks at last in its splen-dor, And sor-row is changed to de-

sight, I know if I turn to my Fa-ther, I know if I
fright; My heart grow-eth strong as I lis-ten, My heart grow-eth
light, Oh, still would I ev-er re-mem-ber, Oh, still would I

turn to my Fa-ther, Sweet-est songs, . . . sweet-est songs, . . .
strong as I lis-ten To the songs, . . . to the songs, . . .
ev-er re-mem-ber; All the songs, . . . all the songs, . . .
in the night, in the night,

REFRAIN.

sweet-est songs He will give in the night. Songs in the night,
to the songs He doth send in the night. Songs . . . . . in the
all the songs that were sent in the night.
Songs in the night,

songs in the night,
night! . . . . Oh, how pre-cious the songs in the night! . . . . . My
in the night! My

songs in the night,

Songs In the Night.

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

99 More Like Jesus.

J. M. S. COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY E. O. EXCELL. J. M. Stillman.

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

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

REFRAIN.

More and more like Je - sus, I would ev - er be; . . . . . .
I . . . . . would ev - er be;

More and more like Je - sus, My Sav - ior who died for me. A - MEN.

100 The Lord Loves Me.

E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1921, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. My sins came up be-fore me, In dread and dark array; The precious blood of Je - sus Hath washed them all a - way; A heav - y - la - den sin - ner, I came to Cal - va - ry: How won - der - ful that the Lord loves me!
2. He took me, in His mer - cy, From out the mir - y clay; He sent me on re- joic - ing, Up - on the King's highway; My ev - 'ry need He cov - ers With grace so full and free: How won - der - ful that the Lord loves me!
3. Come, sinner, come to Je-sus, He takes you as you are; He wait-eth near to save you, You need not go a - far; Then you can join in sing - ing The song of ju - bi - lee: How won - der - ful that the Lord loves me!

D. S.—*How won - der - ful that the Lord loves me!*

CHORUS.

The Lord loves me, The Lord loves me, To Him be praise and glory, Who
The Lord loves even me, The Lord loves e-ven me,
died on Cal - va - ry; E - ter - nal life He gave me, His blood was shed to save me,

FINE.

D. S.

101 I Wonder Why He Loves Me So.

Rev. Alfred Barratt.

COPYRIGHT, 1921, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Henry P. Morton.

1. My heart was heav-y - la-den with its sor-rows, grief and care; 'Twas more than I could carry, more than human strength could bear; But Je-sus in com-pas-sion came my wear-i-ness to share: I won-der why He loves me so.

2. I nev-er can for-get the day He hung up-on the tree, To suf - fer there in ag-o-ny, to bleed and die for me; And when I think to save my soul the suf-f'ring had to be, I won-der why He loves me so.

3. I will be true and faith-ful to my Sav-ior and my King, The sto - ry of His wondrous love for-ev-er I will sing; But when I think He will my soul at last to glo-ry bring, I won-der why He loves me so.

FINE.

D. S.—*I won-der why He loves me so.*

CHORUS.

I won-der why He loves me so, ... I won-der why He loves me so;
why He loves me so,
why He loves me so;

D. S.

On the cross of Cal-va-ry, there He gave His life for me:

102 Saved! Saved!

J. P. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

J. P. Scholfield.

1. I've found a Friend who is all to me, . . His
2. He saves me from ev - 'ry sin and harm, . Se-
3. When poor and need - y, and all a - lone, . . In

love is ev - er true; . . . . I love to tell . . how He
cures my soul each day; . . . . I'm lean - ing strong on His
love He said to me, ... "Come un - to Me . . and I'll

lift - ed me, . . And what His grace can do for you. . .
might-y arm; . I know He'll guide me all the way. . .
lead you home, To live with Me e - ter - nal - ly." . .

Saved! Saved!

CHORUS.

Saved . . . by His pow'r di-vine, Saved . . . to new life sub-lime!
Saved by His pow'r, Saved to new life,

cres. *rit.*

Life now is sweet and my joy is com-plete, For I'm saved, saved, saved! A-MEN.

103 I Am Coming, Lord.

L. H. USED BY PERMISSION. Rev. L. Hartsough.

1. I hear Thy wel-come voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleasing in Thy pre-cious blood That flowed on Cal-va-ry.
2. Tho' coming weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure; Thou dost my vileness full-y cleanse, Till spot-less all and pure. I am com-ing, Lord! Com-ing now to
3. 'Tis Je-sus calls me on To per-fect faith and love, To per-fect hope, and peace, and trust, For earth and Heav'n above.

CHORUS.

Thee! Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Cal-va-ry! A-MEN.

104. A Little Bit of Love.

To my Friend, Marion Lawrance.

E. O. E.

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E. O. Excell.

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

where we hear the sighing For a lit-tle bit of love; For the love that rights a
reach-ing out in pit - y For a lit-tle bit of love; Some have burdens hard to
souls in vain are calling For a lit-tle bit of love; If they die in sin and
chil-dren, too, are crying For a lit-tle bit of love, Stand no lon-ger i - dly

wrong, Fills the heart with hope and song; They have waited, oh, so long, For a
bear, Some have sorrows we should share; Shall they falter and de-spair For a
shame, Some one sure - ly is to blame For not go-ing in His name, With a
by, You can help them if you try; Go, then, saying, "Here am I," With a

D. S. each verse.

FINE. REFRAIN.

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

105 The Morning Star.

Lucia B. Cook. COPYRIGHT, 1921, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. In ev - 'ry cloud of pain and loss There is a sil - ver lin - ing;
2. We need the tri - als we must bear Like gold that needs re - fin - ing;
3. Temp-ta - tions greet us day by day, To sin our hearts in-clin - ing;
4. In yon - der cit - y, glad and free, I'll cease my sad re - pin - ing;

Be - yond the shad-ow of the cross The Morn-ing Star is shin - ing.
But, oh, there is no sor - row where The Morn-ing Star is shin - ing!
But still and bright up - on our way The Morn-ing Star is shin - ing.
How sweet to hope it is for me The Morn-ing Star is shin - ing!

CHORUS.

Up - on my way from day to day, With hope my path a - dorn - ing,

I see a - far the Morn-ing Star, The matchless Star of Morn - ing.

106 When Jesus Leads Home.

James Rowe.

COPYRIGHT, 1925, BY E. O. EXCELL, JR.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

B. D. Ackley.

1. There is naught to fear, for my path is clear When Je - - sus leads
2. There is One who shares all our dai - ly cares,
3. Might-y storms may beat, shel-ter is com-plete, When Je-sus leads

home; . . All the way is bright with e - ter - nal light,
(leads home;) Though the foe as - sail, he will sure - ly fail,
home; . . And, some morn - ing bright, faith will end in sight,

CHORUS.

When Je - - - - sus leads home. When Je - - - sus leads
When Je - sus leads home. When Je - sus leads home,

home, . . . When Je - - - - sus leads home, . . The
Je - sus leads home, When Je- sus leads home, when He leads home,

leads home,.....

path leads straight to the pearl - y gate, When Je - sus leads home. . .
When Je-sus, Je-sus leads home. (leads home.)

107 I Must Tell Jesus.

E. A. H.

COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY THE HOFFMAN MUSIC CO.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can - not bear these bur - dens a - lone; In my dis - tress He kind - ly will help me;
2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troub-les; He is a kind, com- pas - sion-ate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will de - liv - er,
3. Tempted and tried I need a great Sav - ior, One who can help my bur - dens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus;
4. O how the world to e - vil al - lures me! O how my heart is tempt - ed to sin! I must tell Je - sus, and He will help me

CHORUS.

He ev - er loves and cares for His own.
Make of my troub - les quick - ly an end. I must tell Je - sus!
He all my cares and sor - rows will share.
O - ver the world the vic - t'ry to win.

I must tell Je - sus! I can-not bear my bur-dens a - lone; I must tell

Je - sus! I must tell Je-sus! Je-sus can help me, Je-sus a - lone. A - MEN.

108 The Banner of the Cross.

El Nathan.

COPYRIGHT, 1884 AND 1887, BY JAMES MCGRANAHAN.
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James McGranahan.

1. There's a roy - al ban - ner giv - en for dis-play To the sol - diers
2. Though the foe may rage and gath - er as the flood, Let the stand-ard
3. O - ver land and sea, wher - ev - er man may dwell, Make the glo - rious
4. When the glo - ry dawns—'tis draw-ing ver - y near—It is has-t'ning

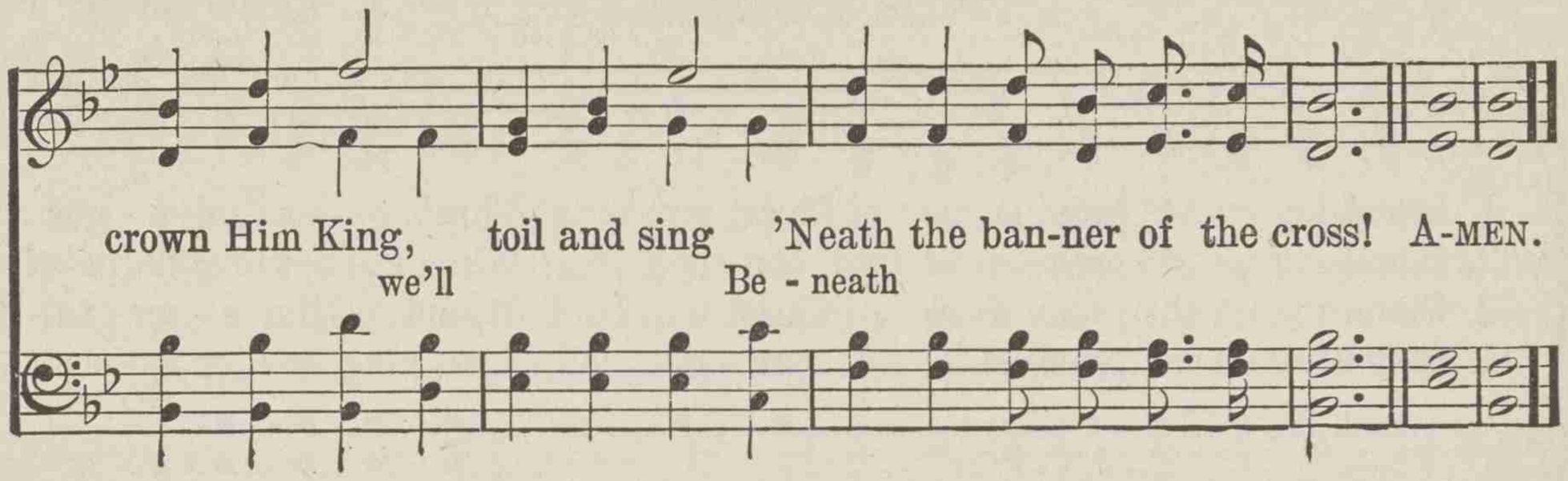
of the King; As an en - sign fair we lift it up to-day,
be dis - played, And be-neath its folds, as sol-diers of the Lord,
ti - dings known; Of the crim - son ban - ner now the sto - ry tell,
day by day— Then be - fore our King the foe shall dis - ap-pear,

CHORUS.

While as ran-somed ones we sing.
For the truth be not dis-mayed! March-ing on,. . . . marching
While the Lord shall claim His own!
And the cross the world shall sway! on, on,

on,. . . . For Christ count ev-'ry-thing but loss! . . . . . And to
on, on, ev-'ry-thing, ev-'ry-thing but loss!

The Banner of the Cross.



109 Lead On, O King Eternal.

Ernest W. Shurtleff. *Lancashire. 7s. 6s. D.* Henry Smart.



110 Standing On the Promises.

R. K. C.

COPYRIGHT, 1886, BY JOHN J. HOOD.
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R. Kelso Carter.

1. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es of Christ my King, Thro' e - ter - nal a - ges let His prais-es ring; Glo - ry in the high-est, I will shout and sing,
2. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es that can - not fail, When the howling storms of doubt and fear as - sail, By the liv - ing word of God I shall pre - vail,
3. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e - ter - nal- ly by love's strong cord, O - ver-com - ing dai - ly with the Spir - it's sword,
4. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es I can - not fall, Lis-t'ning ev - 'ry mo-ment to the Spir - it's call, Rest-ing in my Sav - ior, as my all in all,

CHORUS.

Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of God. Stand - - ing, stand - ing,
Standing on the promises, standing on the promises,
Stand-ing on the prom-is - es of God my Sav - ior; Stand - - ing,
Stand-ing on the prom-is-es,
stand - - ing, I'm stand-ing on the prom-is - es of God. A - MEN.
stand-ing on the prom-is-es,

11 The Church in the Wildwood.

W. S. P.

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

Dr. Wm. S. Pitts.

1. There's a church in the val-ley by the wild-wood, No love-li-er
2. Oh, come to the church in the wild-wood, To the trees where the
3. How sweet on a clear, Sab-bath morn-ing, To list to the
4. From the church in the val-ley by the wild-wood, When day fades a-

spot in the dale; No place is so dear to my child-hood As the
wild flow-ers bloom; Where the part-ing hymn will be chant-ed, We will
clear ring-ing bell; Its tones so sweet-ly are call-ing, Oh,
way in-to night, I would fain from this spot of my child-hood Wing my

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

FINE. CHORUS.

lit-tle brown church in the vale.
weep by the side of the tomb. Come to the
come to the church in the vale. Oh, come, come, come, come, come, come,
way to the man-sions of light.

lit-tle brown church in the vale.

D. S.

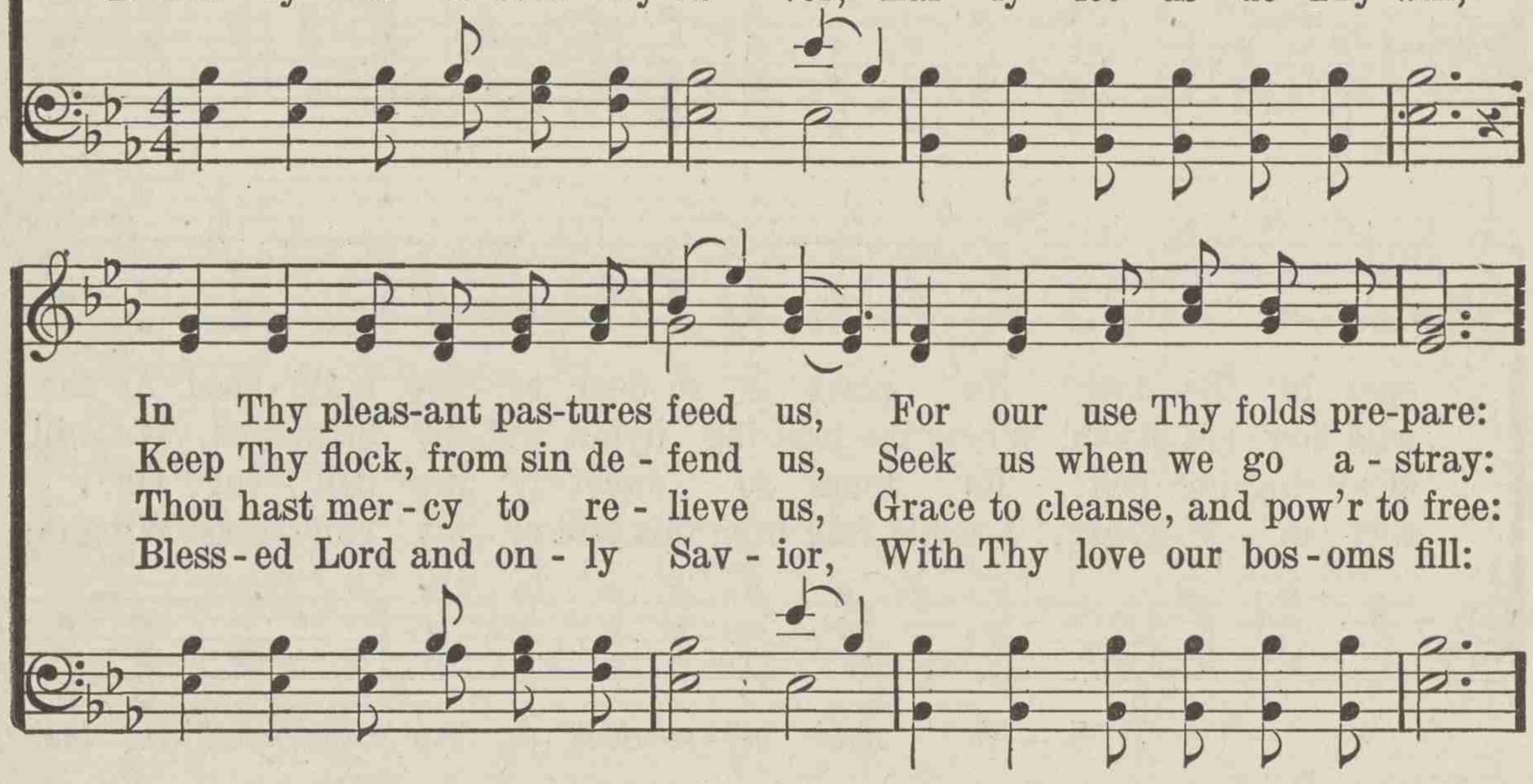
church in the wild-wood, Oh, come to the church in the vale; A-MEN.
come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come;

112 Savior, Like a Shepherd Lead Us.

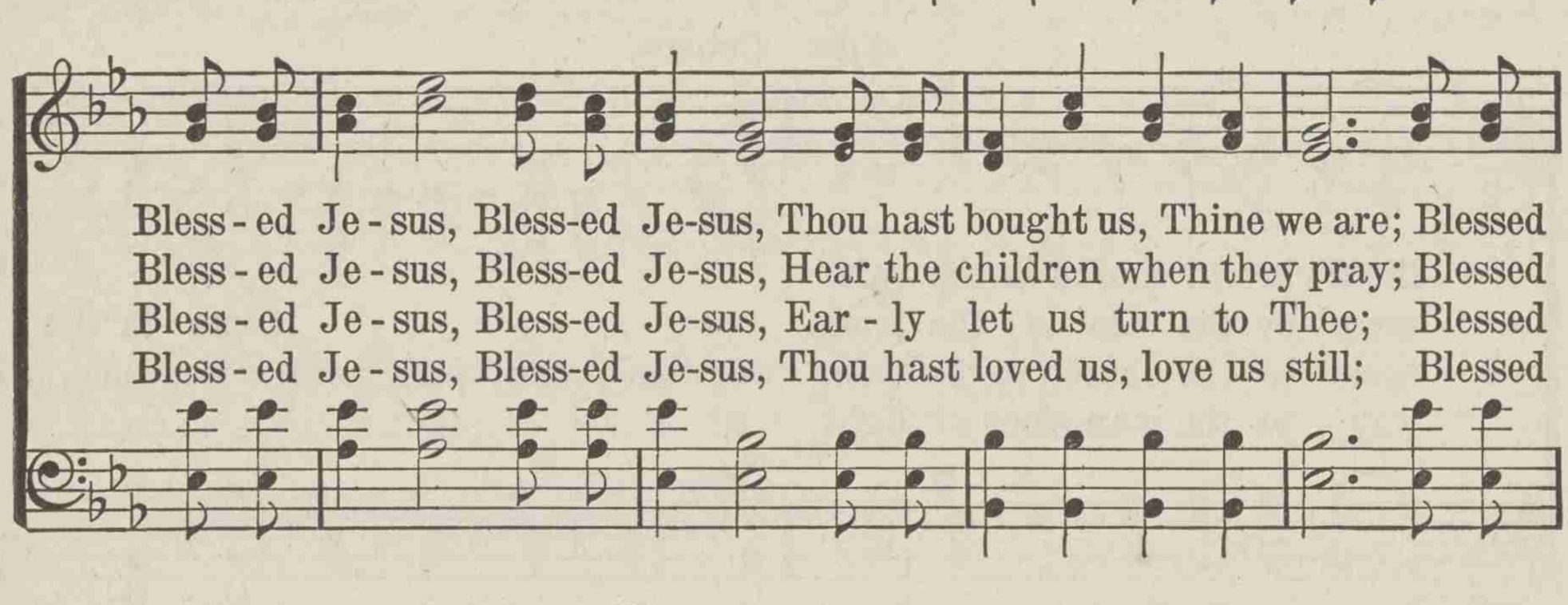
Anonymous. *Shepherd. 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.* William B. Bradbury.



1. Sav - ior, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy ten-der care;
2. We are Thine; do Thou be - friend us, Be the Guard-ian of our way;
3. Thou hast prom-ised to re - ceive us, Poor and sin - ful though we be;
4. Ear - ly let us seek Thy fa - vor; Ear - ly let us do Thy will;



In Thy pleas-ant pas-tures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre-pare:
Keep Thy flock, from sin de - fend us, Seek us when we go a - stray:
Thou hast mer - cy to re - lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free:
Bless - ed Lord and on - ly Sav - ior, With Thy love our bos - oms fill:



Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are; Blessed
Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, Hear the children when they pray; Blessed
Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, Ear - ly let us turn to Thee; Blessed
Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still; Blessed



Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Hear the chil-dren when they pray.
Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Ear - ly let us turn to Thee.
Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still. A - MEN.

113 Who Could It Be?

Fred P. Morris.

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Robert Harkness.

1. Some-bod-y came and lift-ed me Out of my sin and mis-er-y,
2. Some-bod-y bent so ten-der-ly, Pleading so long and pa-tient-ly,
3. Some-bod-y whispered sweet and low, Tell-ing me just the way to go,
4. Some-bod-y holds my hand each day, Guiding my feet lest I should stray,

Some-bod-y came, O who could it be, Who could it be but Je-sus?
Some-bod-y came, O who could it be, Who could it be but Je-sus?
Some-bod-y spoke, I lis-tened, and lo, Who could it be but Je-sus?
Walking with Him how bless-ed the way, Who could it be but Je-sus?

CHORUS.

Who could it be, O who could it be? Who could it be but Je-sus? Who could it
Je - - sus, Je - - sus, Je - -

rall. *pp*

be, O who could it be? Who could it be but Je-sus? A-MEN.
sus, yes, Je - - sus,

114 Make Me a Channel of Blessing.

H. G. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY H. G. SMYTH.
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H. G. Smyth.

1. Is your life a chan-nel of bless-ing? Is the love of God flow-ing thro'
2. Is your life a chan-nel of bless-ing? Are you burdened for those that are
3. Is your life a chan-nel of bless-ing? Is it dai - ly tell - ing for
4. We can-not be chan-nels of bless-ing If our lives are not free from all

you? . . . Are you tell - ing the lost of the Sav - ior? Are you
lost? . . . Have you urged up - on those who are stray - ing, The
Him? . . Have you spo - ken the word of sal - va - tion To
sin; . . . We will bar - ri - ers be and a hin - drance To

CHORUS.

read - y His ser-vice to do?
Sav - ior who died on the cross? Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing to-day,
those who are dy - ing in sin?
those we are try - ing to win.

Make me a chan - nel of bless - ing, I pray; My life pos - sess-ing,

My serv-ice bless-ing, Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing to-day. A - MEN.

115 One More Day's Work for Jesus.

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

1. One more day's work for Je - sus; One less of life for me! But Heav'n is near - er, And Christ is dear - er, Than
2. One more day's work for Je - sus; How sweet the work has been, To tell the sto - ry, To show the glo - ry, When
3. One more day's work for Je - sus; Oh, yes, a wear - y day; But Heav'n shines clear-er, And rest comes near - er, At
4. Oh, bless - ed work for Je - sus! Oh, rest at Je - sus' feet! There toil seems pleas - ure, My wants are treas - ure, And

yes - ter - day to me; His love and light Fill all my soul to - night.
Christ's flock en-ter in! How it did shine In this poor heart of mine!
each step of the way; And, Christ in all, Be - fore His face I fall.
pain for Him is sweet. Lord, if I may, I'll serve an - oth - er day.

CHORUS.

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

116 Trust and Obey.

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J. H. Sammis. D. B. Towner.

1. When we walk with the Lord In the Light of His Word What a glo - ry He
2. Not a shad - ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quickly
3. Not a bur - den we bear, Not a sor - row we share, But our toil He doth
4. But we nev - er can prove The de-lights of His love Un - til all on the
5. Then in fel - low-ship sweet We will sit at His feet, Or we'll walk by His

sheds on our way! While we do His good-will, He a-bides with us still,
drives it a - way; Not a doubt or a fear, Not a sigh nor a tear,
rich - ly re - pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown or a cross,
al - tar we lay; For the fa - vor He shows, And the joy He be-stows,
side in the way; What He says we will do, Where He sends we will go,—

CHORUS.

And with all who will trust and o - bey.
Can a - bide while we trust and o - bey.
But is blest if we trust and o - bey. Trust and o - bey, for there's no oth-er
Are for them who will trust and o - bey.
Nev - er fear, on - ly trust and o - bey.

way To be hap - py in Je - sus, But to trust and o - bey. A - MEN.

117 Let Him In.

J. B. Atchinson. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL. RENEWAL. E. O. Excell.

1. There's a Stran-ger at the door, Let Him in;
2. O - pen now to Him your heart, Let Him in;
3. Hear you now His lov - ing voice? Let Him in;
4. Now ad - mit the heav'n-ly Guest, Let Him in;

Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in;

He has been there oft be - fore, Let Him in;
If you wait He will de - part, Let Him in;
Now, oh, now make Him your choice, Let Him in;
He will make for you a feast, Let Him in;

Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in;

Let Him in, ere He is gone, Let Him in, the Ho - ly One, Je - sus
Let Him in, He is your Friend, He your soul will sure de - fend, He will
He is stand-ing at your door, Joy to you He will re - store, And His
He will speak your sins for-giv'n, And when earth ties all are riv'n, He will

Christ, the Fa-ther's Son, Let Him in.
keep you to the end, Let Him in.
name you will a - dore, Let Him in.
take you home to Heav'n, Let Him in. A-MEN.

Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in.

118 Jesus Will!

Ina Duley Ogdon. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY W. E. BIEDERWOLF.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER. B. D. Ackley.

1. Who will o - pen mer-cy's door? Je - sus will! Je - sus will!
2. Who can take a - way my sin? Je - sus will! Je - sus will!
3. Who can conquer doubts and fears? Je - sus will! Je - sus will!
4. Who will be my dearest Friend? Je - sus will! Je - sus will!

Je - sus will! Je - sus will!

As for par - don I im - plore? Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus will!
Make me pure, with-out, with - in? Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus will!
Share my joys and dry my tears? Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus will!
Love and keep me to the end? Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus will!

REFRAIN.

Je - sus will, Je - sus will! Yes, your lov - ing Sav - ior will;
sure - ly will;

He will each and ev-'ry need ful - fill, Je-sus, bless-ed Je - sus will! A-MEN.

119 Take Heart.

J. E. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1921, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. Edwin McConnell.

Not too fast.



1. Art thou wear - y, heav - y - la - den? Cast thy care at Je - sus' feet: Dost thou
2. Hath the storms of life be - set thee? Art thou struggling in the dark? Know ye
3. Hear, O hear Him gen-tly calling, "Weary one, come and find rest:" Come thou,





feel thou art for - sak - en? O take heart, take heart, take heart.
not He can't for-get thee?
have no fear of fall - ing, Take heart, take heart.



CHORUS.



Take heart, . . . thy Savior loves thee; Take heart, . . . He died for thee;
Take heart, thy Sav-ior loves thee; Take heart, He died, He died for thee;





Take heart, ... and look a-bove thee; And, trusting Him, take heart.
Take heart, take heart.



120 Sing Away Sorrow.

Georgia Tillman Snead. COPYRIGHT, 1921, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. O sing a-way sor-row and sing a-way care; Je - sus has promised our
2. O sing a-way sor-row, re-joice ev-er-more, Counting His boun-ti-ful
3. O sing a-way sor-row and trust in the Lord; Peace and true gladness will

bur-dens to bear; With glad-ness now praise Him, and trust in His name,
gifts o'er and o'er; His mer - cy, how bound-less, how constant and free!
be your re - ward; God watch-eth in pit - y, He shield-eth His own,

CHORUS.

Faith-ful-ly seeking His love to pro-claim.
Bless-ings unnumbered for you and for me. O sing a - way sor - row and
He will not leave you to jour - ney a - lone.

sing a-way care; Wel-come a mor-row so bright and so fair; Tell of His

good-ness, His won-ders de-clare, Sing a-way sor-row, sing a-way care.

121 'Twas At Calvary.

Avis B. Christiansen. COPYRIGHT, 1921, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC. Harry Dixon Loes.

1. 'Twas at Cal - va - ry that Je-sus bled and died For the world sunk deep in sin;
2. 'Twas at Cal - va - ry I laid my burdened soul, Where the Son of God was slain;
3. 'Twas at Cal - va - ry I found the liv-ing way, Blessed way that leads to Heav'n,

There the gates of life in love He o-pened wide, Bidding sin-ners en - ter in.
There be-neath the healing flood I was made whole—Cleansed from ev'ry crimson stain.
Where the Lamb of God I'll see some hap-py day, Thro' whose blood I am for - giv'n.

CHORUS.

'Twas at Cal - va - ry— oh, pre - cious Cal - va - ry! 'Twas at

Cal - va - ry that Je - sus died for me; There the price was paid that

brought me lib - er - ty— 'Twas at Cal - va - ry, at Cal - va - ry!

122 I Know.

W. C. Poole. COPYRIGHT, 1921, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. Henry P. Morton.

1. I know who plans my on - ward way; I know who leads me
2. He plans the way that's best for me; He lead - eth me to
3. I know on whom my hope is set; I know that He will
4. And so my trust - ing heart will sing, As on my up - ward

day by day; I know who hears me when I pray,—It is my Friend.
vic - to - ry; On Him my all for - e'er to be, I can de - pend.
not for - get; I know that He will nev - er let E - vil be - fall.
way I wing, Where songs of glad-ness ev - er ring, Where Christ is King.

CHORUS.

I know, O yes, I sure - ly know, I know who loved me so;

That all my way from day to day, He leads me as I go.

123 I Shall Be Like Him.

W. C. Poole.

COPYRIGHT, 1921, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Henry P. Morton.

1. Some day, I know not where or when, I shall a-wake and live a-gain;
2. Some day, I know, where live the true Be-yond the Heav-en's per-fect blue,
3. Some day, I may not un-der-stand The lead-ing of my Sav-ior's hand,
4. Some day, somewhere, some-how I know My Lord in love Him-self will show;

Some day, somewhere, some-how I'll see, And be like Him who died for me.
I shall a-wake in that glad day, And be like Christ, with Him to stay.
But this I know, in Cit-y fair, I'll see and be like Je-sus there.
Till then, thro' grace, I'll strive to be Like Him who gave Himself for me.

CHORUS.

I..... shall be like Him, I..... shall be like Him, Like Him of Cal-va-ry; I..... shall be like Him, Like Him of Cal-va-ry;

I shall be like Him, be like Him, I shall be like Him, be like Him, Like Him of Cal-va-ry; I shall be like Him, be like Him, Like Him of Cal-va-ry;

rit.

like Him, I..... shall be like Him, Like Him my soul shall be.
like Him, I shall be like Him, be like Him, Like Him my soul shall be.

124 When Jesus Came Into My Heart.

Irma B. Matthews. COPYRIGHT, 1921, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. There was joy di - vine on that won - der - ful day When Je - sus came
2. 'Twas a glo-rious day when my shack-les of sin Fell off and He
3. I have peace, sweet peace, in His pres-ence I live, No oth - er such
4. Till I come at last to the end of the way, My Sav - ior will

in - to my heart; All my sor - row and dark - ness melt - ed a - way
bid them de - part; Thro' the door of my heart His love en-tered in,
peace can im - part; I found rest, per-fect rest the world could not give,
nev - er de - part; I will bless the glad day, the won - der - ful day,

CHORUS.

When Je - sus came in - to my heart.... Joy, joy! won - der - ful joy! My
Sav - ior His love doth im - part!.... I found it that day, that
won - der - ful day, When Je - sus came in - to my heart.

125 I'll Tell It Anywhere.

Ada Blenkhorn.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Hamp Sewell.



1. How Je - sus died my soul to save, And rose tri - um-phant o'er the grave,
2. My free-dom with His blood He bought, For me in ten - der love He sought,
3. His great sal - va - tion now is free, He of - fers life to you and me;
4. Love's bless-ed sto - ry I will tell To all who now in dark-ness dwell,





And free - ly all my sins for-gave, I'll tell it an - y - where.
The work of grace in me He wrought; I'll tell it an - y - where.
He saith: "Who will may come to Me;" I'll tell it an - y - where.
Un - til they love the Sav - ior well; I'll tell it an - y - where.

CHORUS.



An - y - where, an - y - where, I'll tell it an - y - where;



The matchless grace, the won-drous love, I'll tell it an - y - where.

126 The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

Reginald Heber. *All Saints New. C. M. D.* Henry S. Cutler.

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain;
2. The mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be-yond the grave,
3. A glo-rious band, the cho - sen few On whom the Spir - it came,
4. A no - ble ar - my, men and boys, The ma - tron and the maid,

His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far: Who fol - lows in His train?
Who saw his Mas - ter in the sky, And called on Him to save:
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame:
A - round the Sav-ior's throne re - joice, In robes of light ar - rayed:

Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri - um-phant o - ver pain, Who
Like Him, with par - don on His tongue In midst of mor - tal pain, He
They met the tyrant's brandished steel, The li - on's go - ry mane; They
They climbed the steep as-cent of Heav'n Thro' per - il, toil, and pain: O

pa - tient bears his cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train.
prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol - lows in His train?
bowed their necks the death to feel: Who fol - lows in their train?
God, to us may grace be given To fol - low in their train. A - MEN.

127 For His Sake.

Mrs. F. A. Breck.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

W. A. Post.

1. If I could hold the thorn-crown My suf-f'ring Sav - ior wore,
2. If I could stand on Cal - v'ry, And touch the cross of Christ,
3. If I could see the nail-prints They made in His kind hands,
4. Hence-forth my heart must love Him, Yea, with Him suf - fer loss;

I should weep, I know, for all the woe That in His love He bore.
O, my heart would break, that for my sake He there was sac - ri - ficed.
I would clasp them there with tears and prayer, And ask His blest com-mands.
And for His dear sake be glad to take With Him my dai - ly cross.

If I should stand be - side Him, And see His lov - ing face,
How I should love my Sav - ior For all the griefs He bore,
I could no more be care - less, But ev - er hold most dear
Joy com - eth in His serv - ice, In Him I must a - bide,

rall.

It would in - spire my strong de - sire That all might know His grace.
And show His grace to all the race, That they, too, might a - dore.
His words to me—and, trust - ing, see His pres - ence ev - er near.
Till full - est grace shows me His face, And I am sat - is - fied..

128 In the Shadow of Thy Hand.

E. E. Hewitt.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Bless-ed Sav-ior, keep me trust-ing in Thy love, List'ning to the whis-pers
2. When the storms of winter shall around me blow, Drop the seeds of glad-ness,
3. When the hap-py sun-light seems to fade a-way, Help me look, be-liev-ing,
4. Here "no con-dem-na-tion" falls up-on my soul, All the pow'rs of e - vil

of the Ho - ly Dove, Bring-ing me Thy bless-ing, com-fort from a - bove,
faith and hope shall grow; Let Thy sweet pro-tec - tion shield my path be - low,
for a bet - ter day, Thro' the clouds of sor - row shines a heav'n-ly ray,
yield to Thy con-trol, And in sparkling bil - lows love and peace shall roll,

CHORUS.

Cov-ered in the shad-ow of Thy hand. Keep me, keep me, Sav-ior, keep me,

Cov - ered in the shad - ow of Thy hand; Keep me, keep me,

Sav - ior, keep me, Cov - ered in the shad - ow of Thy hand.

129 The Greatest of All.

James Rowe.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

B. D. Ackley.

1. When up - on the path be - fore me No bright guid-ing rays de - scend,
2. When temp-ta-tions great be - tide me, And my strength begins to flee,
3. When my soul is deep in sor - row, When beneath great cares I bend,
4. All the way from earth to heav - en He will keep my love His own;

There is One still watch-ing o'er me On whose love I can de - pend.
Lest I yield, one Friend be - side me Whis-pers this: "Re-mem - ber Me."
Some One whis-pers of the mor - row When my tri - als all will end.
Need - ed bless-ings will be giv - en; He will leave me not a - lone.

CHORUS.

It is Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus! He re-sponds to ev - 'ry call;
And I know my bless - ed Sav - ior Is the great - est Friend of all.

130 The Old Rugged Cross.

G. B.

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HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Rev. Geo. Bennard.

1. On a hill far a-way stood an old rug-ged cross, The em-blem of suf-f'ring and shame;
2. Oh, that old rug-ged cross, so de-spised by the world, Has a wondrous at-trac-tion for me;
3. In the old rug-ged cross, stained with blood so di-vine, A won-drous beau-ty I see;
4. To the old rug-ged cross I will ev-er be true, Its shame and re-proach gladly bear;

And I love that old cross where the dear-est and best
For the dear Lamb of God left His glo-ry a-bove,
For 'twas on that old cross Je-sus suf-fered and died,
Then He'll call me some day to my home far a-way,

For a world of lost sin-ners was slain.
To bear it to dark Cal-va-ry.
To par-don and sanc-ti-fy me.
Where His glo-ry for-ev-er I'll share.

CHORUS.

So I'll cher-ish the old rug-ged cross, the old rug-ged cross,..... Till my tro-phies at last I lay down; I will cling to the old rug-ged cross,

old rug-ged cross,..... And ex-change it some day for a crown.
cross, the old rug-ged cross,

131 He Careth for You.

T. O. Chisholm.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Henry P. Morton.

1. Trou - bled heart, not com-fort - ed, Here's a pil - low for your head;
2. Trou - bled! yes, but not a - lone, All your griefs to Him are known;
3. He that made the sea and land, Holds the light-ning in His hand,
4. Lon - ger, why the bur - den bear? Roll on Him your weight of care,

God in His own Word hath said, "He car - eth for you."
God is mind - ful of His own, "He car - eth for you."
All the u - ni - verse hath planned: "He car - eth for you."
Ev - 'ry-thing—and leave it there: "He car - eth for you."

CHORUS.

May His peace like gen - tle dove Come up - on you from a - bove;

Trou - bled heart, rest in His love, He car - eth for you. A-MEN.

132 Count Your Blessings.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1924. RENEWAL.
E. O. EXCELL COMPANY, OWNER. E. O. Excell.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

bless-ings, See what God hath done; Count your bless-ings,
bless - ings, See what God hath done; Count your man-y bless - ings,

Count Your Blessings.

rit. *a tempo.*

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

133 Beautiful Isle.

Jessie B. Pounds. COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC. J. S. Fearis.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

134 In the Garden.

C. A. M.

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C. Austin Miles.

Slowly.

1. I come to the gar-den a - lone, While the dew is still on the
2. He speaks, and the sound of His voice Is so sweet, the birds hush their
3. I'd stay in the gar-den with Him, Tho' the night a-round me be

ros - es; And the voice I hear, Fall-ing on my ear, The
sing - ing, And the mel - o - dy, That He gave to me, With-
fall - ing, But He bids me go; Thro' the voice of woe, His

CHORUS.

Son of God dis - clos - es.
in my heart is ring - ing. And He walks with me, and He
voice to me is call - ing.

talks with me, And He tells me I am His own; And the

joy we share, as we tar - ry there, None oth-er has ev - er known.

135 No Night There.

John R. Clements.

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H. P. Danks.

1. In the land of fade - less day Lies the "cit - y four-square,"
2. All the gates of pearl are made, In the "cit - y four-square,"
3. And the gates shall nev - er close To the "cit - y four-square,"
4. There they need no sun-shine bright, In that "cit - y four-square,"

It shall nev - er pass a - way, And there is "no night there."
All the streets with gold are laid, And there is "no night there."
There life's crys - tal riv - er flows, And there is "no night there."
For the Lamb is all the light, And there is "no night there."

CHORUS.

mf

God shall wipe a - way all tears;" There's no death, no pain, nor fears;
God shall "wipe a - way all tears;" There's no death, no pain, nor fears;

f *dim.* *mf*

And they count not time by years, For there is "no night there." A - MEN.
And they count not time by years, by years, For there is "no night... there."

136 We're Marching to Zion.

Isaac Watts.

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Robert Lowry.

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou-sand sa - cred sweets, Be-
4. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're

in a song with sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet ac - cord,
chil - dren of the heav'n-ly King, But chil - dren of the heav'n-ly King,
fore we reach the heav'nl-y fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields,
marching thro' Im-man-uel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,

And thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.
May speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
Or walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
To fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.
(1) And thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.

CHORUS.

We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau-ti - ful Zi - on; We're
We're march-ing on to Zi - on,

march-ing up-ward to Zi - on, The beau-ti - ful cit - y of God. A - MEN.
Zi - on, Zi - on,

137 He Is Knocking.

E. E. Hewitt.

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B. D. Ackley.

1. He is knock-ing, soft-ly knock-ing at the door; Let Him in,.....
2. He is call-ing, gen-tly call-ing to you now; Let Him in,.....
3. He is wait-ing, kind-ly wait-ing still for you; Let Him in,.....

O let Him in,

O let Him in; He will bring you rich-est blessing ev - er - more;
O let Him in; See the plead-ing dews of mer-cy on His brow;
O let Him in; Give Him welcome, joy-ful welcome, warm and true;

O let Him in;

CHORUS.

Let Him in,..... O let Him in! Knock-ing, knock-ing!

O let Him in, O let Him in!

O-pen wide the door, Let Him in to - day, Ask Him in to stay;

O let Him in, Ask Him in, He's

Knock-ing, knock-ing! life He will re-store, When you o-pen wide the door....

bolt-ed door.

138 Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

C. H. M.

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Mrs. C. H. Morris.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

139 God Will Take Care of You.

Dedicated to my wife, Mrs. John A. Davis.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

He will take care of you, God will take care of you. . . A - MEN.

take care of you.

140 Near the Cross.

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Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.

1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross, There a pre - cious foun - tain,
2. Near the cross, a tremb-ling soul, Love and mer - cy found me;
3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be - fore me;
4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait, Hop - ing, trust - ing ev - er,

Free to all, a heal - ing stream, Flows from Cal - v'ry's moun - tain.
There the Bright and Morn - ing Star Shed His beams a - round me.
Help me walk from day to day, With its shad - ows o'er me.
Till I reach the gold - en strand, Just be - yond the riv - er.

REFRAIN.

In the cross, in the cross Be my glo - ry ev - er,

Till my rap - tured soul shall find Rest be - yond the riv - er. A - MEN.

141 Will Your Heart Ring True?

Almeda Hall Tarrant. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.

Not too fast.

1. When your path is smooth and peaceful, And your skies are clear and blue,
2. When the beau-ty-bend-ing rain-bow Lays its treas-ures at your feet,
3. When you think you're full-y trust-ing In the Sav-ior's match-less love,

You may smile in glad con-tent-ment All the hap-py morn-ing thro';
And a field of lov-ing friend-ships Makes your hap-pi-ness com-plete,
And thro' faith you feel the woo-ing Of com-pan-ion-ship a-bove,

If af-flic-tion's call is sound-ed, And the num-ber rings for you, When the
If you meet with sad re-vers-es And the tempt-er fa-ces you, When the
If the clouds of doubt as-sail you Will you look be-yond the blue, When the

dim.

FINE.

clap-per strikes the gong, strikes the gong, Will your heart ring true?

D. S.—*clap-per strikes the gong, strikes the gong, Will your heart ring true?*

D. S.

CHORUS.

Will your heart ring true? Are you loy-al thro' and thro'? When the

142 Loyalty to Christ.

Dr. E. T. Cassel.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, 1896, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Flora H. Cassel.

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

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

CHORUS.

Of loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ. "On to vic-to-ry! On to
vic-to-ry!" Cries our great Commander; "On!" . . . We'll move at His command,
great Commander; "On!"
We'll soon possess the land, Thro' loyalty, loyalty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ. A-MEN.

143 This is My Father's World.

Terra Beata. S. M. D.

WORDS FROM "THOUGHTS FOR EVERY DAY LIVING."
COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY CHAS. SCRIBNER'S SONS. USED BY PERMISSION.

Maltbie D. Babcock, 1901. Traditional English Melody.



144 Will the Circle Be Unbroken?

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. M. ALEXANDER.
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Ada R. Habershon. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. There are loved ones in the glo - ry Whose dear forms you oft - en miss;
2. In the joy - ous days of childhood, Oft they told of won-drous love,
3. You re-mem-ber songs of heav-en, Which you sang with child-ish voice;
4. You can pic - ture hap-py gath'rings Round the fire - side long a - go,
5. One by one their seats were emptied, One by one they went a - way,

When you close your earth-ly sto - ry Will you join them in their bliss?
Point - ed to the dy - ing Sav - ior; Now they dwell with Him a - bove.
Do you love the hymns they taught you, Or are songs of earth your choice?
And you think of fear - ful part-ings, When they left you here be - low.
Now the fam - i - ly is part - ed, Will it be com-plete one day?

CHORUS.

Will the cir - cle be un - bro - ken By and by, by and by,
In a bet - ter home a - wait - ing In the sky, in the sky?

145 Since I Have Been Redeemed.

E. O. E.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY E. O. EXCELL. RENEWAL.

E. O. Excell.

1. I have a song I love to sing, Since I have been re - deemed,
2. I have a Christ that sat - is - fies, Since I have been re - deemed,
3. I have a Wit - ness bright and clear, Since I have been re - deemed,
4. I have a joy I can't ex - press, Since I have been re - deemed,
5. I have a home pre-pared for me, Since I have been re - deemed,

Of my Re - deem-er, Sav - ior, King, Since I have been re - deemed.
To do His will my high - est prize, Since I have been re - deemed.
Dis - pel - ling ev - 'ry doubt and fear, Since I have been re - deemed.
All thro' His blood and right-eous - ness, Since I have been re - deemed.
Where I shall dwell e - ter - nal - ly, Since I have been re - deemed.

CHORUS.

Since I . . . . have been re-deemed, Since I have been re-
Since I have been redeemed, Since I have been redeemed,

deemed, I will glo - ry in His name; Since I . . . . . have been re-
Since I have been redeemed, Since

deemed, I will glo - ry in my Sav - ior's name. A - MEN.
I have been re-deemed,

146 Jesus is All the World to Me.

W. L. T.

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HOPE PUBLISHING CO., OWNER.

Will L. Thompson.

1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;
2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My Friend in tri - als sore;
3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be;
4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend;

He is my strength from day to day, With-out Him I would fall.
I go to Him for bless-ings, and He gives them o'er and o'er.
Oh, how could I this Friend de - ny, When He's so true to me?
I trust Him now, I'll trust Him when Life's fleet-ing days shall end.

When I am sad, to Him I go, No oth - er one can cheer me so;
He sends the sun-shine and the rain, He sends the harvest's gold-en grain;
Fol - low-ing Him I know I'm right, He watch-es o'er me day and night;
Beau - ti - ful life with such a Friend; Beau-ti - ful life that has no end;

When I am sad He makes me glad, He's my Friend.
Sun - shine and rain, har - vest of grain, He's my Friend.
Fol - low - ing Him, by day and night, He's my Friend.
E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy, He's my Friend. A - MEN.

147 Pardon On Calvary.

Alfred Barratt.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Henry P. Morton.

1. O ye who have wan-dered in sor - row a-way,—There's par - don on
2. Since Je - sus has died on the cross for us all, There's par - don on
3. His hand is held out in com - pas - sion to you, There's par - don on
4. O has - ten to lay all your sin at His feet, There's par - don on

Cal - va - ry; A par - don to sin - ners is of - fered to - day; There's
Cal - va - ry; Your hearts can be cleansed if you come at His call; There's
Cal - va - ry; Your long wast-ed lives He in love will re - new; There's
Cal - va - ry; Come now and ac - cept His re-demption complete; There's

FINE. CHORUS.

par-don on Cal - va - ry. There's par-don on Cal - va - ry, . . . There's pardon on
There's par - - don on Cal-va-ry, There's par-

D. S.—*par-don on Cal - va - ry.*

D.S.

Cal - va - ry; . . . . A par-don of love from the Fa-ther a-bove, A A - MEN.
don on Cal - va - ry;

148 Only a Sinner.

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James M. Gray. D. B. Towner.

1. Naught have I got-ten but what I re-ceived; Grace hath be-stowed it since
2. Once I was fool-ish, and sin ruled my heart, Caus - ing my footsteps from
3. Tears un - a - vail - ing, no mer - it had I; Mer - cy had saved me, or
4. Suf - fer a sin - ner whose heart o - ver-flows, Lov - ing his Sav - ior to

I have be-lieved; Boasting ex-clud - ed, pride I a-base; I'm on - ly a
God to de - part; Je - sus hath found me, hap - py my case; I now am a
else I must die; Sin had a-larmed me, fear-ing God's face; But now I'm a
tell what he knows; Once more to tell it, would I embrace—I'm on - ly a

CHORUS.

sin - ner saved by grace! On - ly a sin - ner saved by grace!

On - ly a sin - ner saved by grace! This is my sto - ry, to

God be the glo - ry,—I'm on - ly a sin - ner saved by grace! A-MEN.

149 There is Power in the Blood.

L. E. J.

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L. E. Jones.

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

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

CHORUS.

won - der-ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r, Wonder-working pow'r
there is
In the blood of the Lamb; There is pow'r, pow'r,
In the blood of the Lamb; there is

Won - der-work-ing pow'r In the pre - cious blood of the Lamb. A - MEN.

150 My Father Watches Over Me.

Rev. W. C. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I trust in God wher-ev-er I may be,..... Up-on the land or on the roll-ing sea,
2. He makes the rose an ob-ject of His care,.... He guides the ea-gle thro' the pathless air,
3. I trust in God, for, in the li-on's den,..... On bat-tle-field, or in the pris-on pen,
4. The val-ley may be dark, the shad-ows deep,.... But O, the Shep-herd guards His lonely sheep;

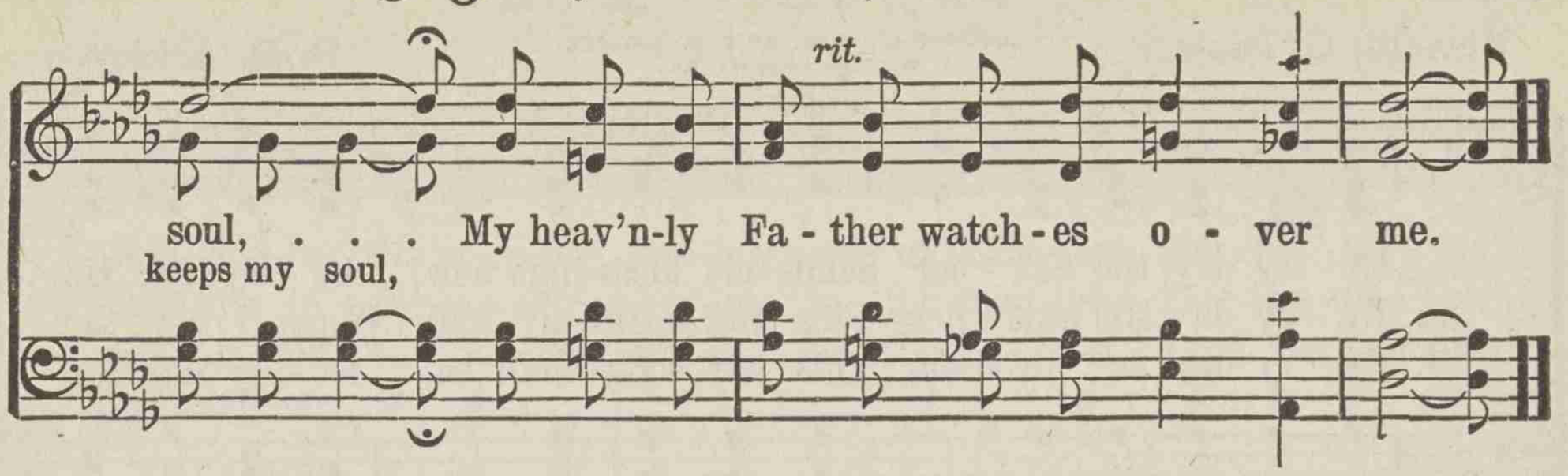
For, come what may, From day to day, My heav'nly
And sure-ly He Re-mem-bers me,—My heav'nly
Thro' praise or blame, Thro' flood or flame, My heav'nly
And thro' the gloom He'll lead me home, My heav'nly

rit.

CHORUS.

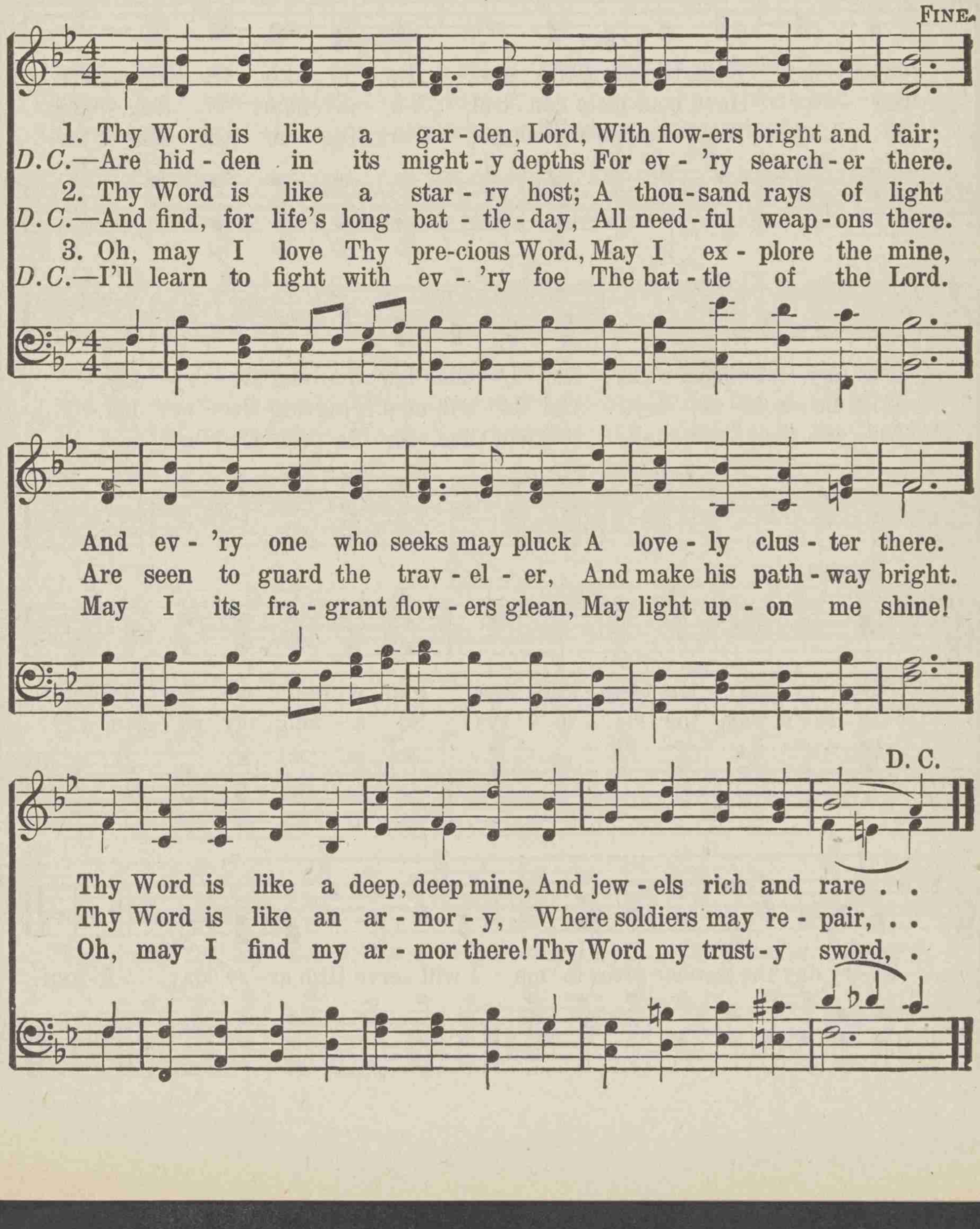
Fa-ther watch-es o-ver me. I trust in God,—I know He cares for me,..... On moun-tain bleak or on the storm-y sea;..... Tho' bil-lows roll,..... He keeps my
He cares for me, On moun-tain bleak or on the sea, the storm-y sea; Tho' bil-lows roll, He

My Father Watches Over Me.



151 Thy Word Is Like a Garden, Lord.

T. H. Gill, 1819— *Seraph.* Old Melody.



152 Every Day.

Rev. W. C. Poole.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

B. D. Ackley.

1. Ev - 'ry day the Sav - ior Sends me bless-ings new; Ev - 'ry day He
2. Ev - 'ry day His glad - ness Fills and thrills my soul, When I let the
3. Ev - 'ry day for Je - sus, This my song shall be, Ev - 'ry day for

cheers me With His prom - ise true; Ev - 'ry day He guides me,
Sav - ior Have com-plete con - trol; So my heart is ring - ing
Je - sus, Who has ran-somed me; Work - ing for the Mas - ter

Lest my feet should stray, As I fol - low Je - sus Ev - 'ry day.
With its sweet - est lay, And its trib-utes bring-ing Ev - 'ry day.
All a - long the way, I will live for Je - sus Ev - 'ry day.

CHORUS.

{ Ev - 'ry day His bless - ings new Fall a - round me like the dew;
{ On life's way the vic - to - ry; So a - long my pil - grim way

1 Ev-'ry day the Sav-ior gives to me

2 I will serve Him ev-'ry day. A-MEN.

153 Bringing In the Sheaves.

Knowles Shaw. George A. Minor.

1. Sow-ing in the morn-ing, sow-ing seeds of kind-ness, Sow-ing in the noon-tide and the dew-y eve; Wait-ing for the har-vest,
2. Sow-ing in the sun-shine, sow-ing in the shad-ows, Fear-ing nei-ther clouds nor win-ter's chill-ing breeze; By and by the har-vest,
3. Go-ing forth with weeping, sow-ing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss sus-tained our spir-it oft-en grieves; When our weep-ing's o-ver,

and the time of reap-ing, We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.
and the la-bor end-ed, We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.
He will bid us welcome, We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.

CHORUS.

{ Bring-ing in the sheaves, bring-ing in the sheaves, We shall come re-joic-
{ Bring-ing in the sheaves, bring-ing in the sheaves, We shall come re-joic-

1 2

ing, bring-ing in the sheaves; ing, bring-ing in the sheaves. A-MEN.

154 Blessed Assurance.

Fanny 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 - va - tion, pur - chase of God,
2. Per - fect sub-mis - sion, per-fect de - light, Vi - sions of rap - ture now burst on my sight; An - gels de-scend - ing, bring from a - bove
3. Per - fect sub-mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - ior am hap - py and blest; Watch-ing and wait - ing, look - ing a - bove,

CHORUS.

Born of His Spir - it, washed in His blood.
Ech - oes of mer - cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto - ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav - ior all the day long; This is my sto - ry,
Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav - ior all the day long. A - MEN.

155 His Way With Thee.

C. S. N.

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

Cyrus S. Nusbaum.

1. Would you live for Je - sus, and be al-ways pure and good? Would you walk with
2. Would you have Him make you free, and fol-low at His call? Would you know the
3. Would you in His king-dom find a place of con-stant rest? Would you prove Him

Him with - in the nar-row road? Would you have Him bear your burden, car - ry
peace that comes by giv - ing all? Would you have Him save you, so that you need
true in prov - i - den - tial test? Would you in His serv - ice la - bor al - ways

CHORUS.

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

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

rit.

soul, and you will see 'Twas best for Him to have His way with thee. A - MEN.

156 Sweet By and By.

S. F. Bennett. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY JOAN H. WEBSTER. J. P. Webster.

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can
2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore The mel - o - di - ous
3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer the

see it a - far; For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre-
songs of the blest, And our spir - its shall sor - row no more, Not a
trib - ute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the

CHORUS.

pare us a dwell - ing-place there. In the sweet by and
sigh for the bless - ing of rest.
bless-ings that hal - low our days. In the sweet

by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore; In the
by and by, by and by;

sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore. A-MEN.
In the sweet by and by,

157 Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF FANNIE T. DOANE. W. H. Doane.

1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast, There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet-ly my soul shall rest. Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me, O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per sea. . . .

2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor-rod-ing care, Safe from the world's temp-ta - tions, Sin can-not harm me there. Free from the blight of sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears; On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears! . . Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen-tle breast, There by His love o'er-shaded, Sweetly my soul shall rest. A-MEN.

3. Je - sus, my heart's dear ref - uge, Je - sus has died for me; Firm on the Rock of A - ges, Ev - er my trust shall be. Here let me wait with pa-tience, Wait till the night is o'er; Wait till I see the morn - ing Break on the gold-en shore. . .

CHORUS.

158 The Comforter Has Come.

F. Bottome.

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Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

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

ev - er hu-man hearts and hu - man woes a-bound; Let ev - 'ry Chris-tian
hushed the dreadful wail and fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the gold - en
ev - 'ry cap - tive soul a full de-liv-'rance brings; And thro' the va - cant
wond'ring mor-tals tell the match-less grace di - vine—That I, a child of

D.S.—*Ho-ly Ghost from Heav'n, The Fa-ther's prom-ise giv'n; O spread the ti - dings*

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

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

CHORUS.

The Com - fort - er has come, The Com - fort - er has come! The A - MEN.

159 Glory to Jesus' Name.

Adapted by E. O. S.

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E. O. EXCELL, JR., OWNER.

Ernest O. Sellers.

1. Long as I live I'll praise Thy name, God of e - ter - nal love;
2. To Jo - seph came that word of grace, "Je - sus shall be His name:"
3. His name a - bove all names is great, Let us its glo - ries sing;
4. There is no name of Friend like His; Con - stant is He and kind;

My work and joy shall be the same In that bright home a - bove.
Let us, like shep-herds, now go forth, And ev - 'ry-where pro - claim:—
Be - fore Him ev - 'ry knee shall bow, And grate - ful trib - ute bring.
He heals the spir - it, wound - ed sore, And calms the troub - led mind.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry to Je - sus' name!.... Glo - ry to Je - sus' name!.... Through all the a - ges yet to come, Sing prais-es to His name!.....

His name! His name! to His name!

rall.

160 'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer.

Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1880, BY THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO.
FANNIE T. DOANE, OWNER.

W. H. Doane.

1. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of prayer, when our hearts low-ly bend, And we gath - er to Je - sus, our Sav - ior and Friend; If we come to Him in
2. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of prayer, when the Sav - ior draws near, With a ten - der com - pas - sion His chil-dren to hear; When He tells us we may
3. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of prayer, when the tempt-ed and tried To the Sav - ior who loves them their sor-row con - fide; With a sym-pa-thiz - ing
4. At the bless - ed hour of prayer, trust-ing Him, we be - lieve That the bless-ing we're need-ing we'll sure - ly re - ceive; In the full-ness of this

faith, His pro - tec - tion to share, What a balm for the wear - y!
cast at His feet ev - 'ry care, What a balm for the wear - y!
heart He re - moves ev - 'ry care; What a balm for the wear - y!
trust we shall lose ev - 'ry care; What a balm for the wear - y!

CHORUS.

O how sweet to be there! Bless-ed hour of prayer, bless-ed hour of prayer, What a balm for the wear - y! O how sweet to be there! A - MEN.

161 Nothing Between.

Words and Music by
C. A. Tindley.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY C. A. TINDLEY.

Arr. by F. A. Clark.

1. Noth-ing be-tween my soul and the Sav - ior, Naught of this world's de-
2. Noth-ing be-tween like world - ly pleas-ure; Hab - its of life, tho'
3. Noth-ing be-tween, like pride or sta - tion; Self or friends shall
4. Noth-ing be-tween, e'en man - y hard tri - als, Tho' the whole world a-

lu - sive dream: I have renounced all sin - ful pleas-ure, Je - sus is
harm-less they seem, Must not my heart from Him ev - er sev - er,— He is my
not in - ter-vene; Tho' it may cost me much trib - u - la - tion, I am re-
gainst me convene; Watching with prayer and much self-de-ni - al, I'll tri-umph at

D. S.—*the least of His fa - vor, Keep the way*

FINE. CHORUS.

mine; let noth-ing be-tween.
all, let noth-ing be-tween. **Noth-ing be-tween my soul and the Sav - ior,**
solved, let noth-ing be-tween.
last, with noth-ing be-tween.

clear! Let noth-ing be-tween.

D. S.

So that His bless - ed face may be seen; Noth-ing pre-vent-ing A - MEN.

162 What if it Were To-day?

Mrs. C. H. M.

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Mrs. C. H. Morris.

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

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

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

rit. *a tempo.*

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

CHORUS.

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

What if it Were To-day?

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

ritard.

way; . . . Glo - ry, glo - ry! Je - sus will come some day. A-MEN.
pare the way;

163 Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life.

F. Mason North. *Germany. L. M.* Beethoven.

1. Where cross the crowded ways of life, Where sound the cries of race and clan, A-
2. In haunts of wretchedness and need, On shadowed thresholds dark with fears, From
3. The cup of wa - ter giv'n for Thee Still holds the freshness of Thy grace; Yet
4. O Mas-ter, from the moun-tain-side, Make haste to heal these hearts of pain, A-
5. Ti sons of men shall learn Thy love And fol-low where Thy feet have trod: Till

bove the noise of self - ish strife, We hear Thy voice, O Son of man!
paths where hide the lures of greed, We catch the vi-sion of Thy tears.
long these mul - ti-tudes to see The sweet com-pas - sion of Thy face.
mong these restless throngs abide, O tread the cit - y's streets a-gain.
glo-rious from Thy Heav'n above Shall come the cit - y of our God. A - MEN.

164 Higher Ground.

Johnson Oatman, Jr.

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JOHN J. HOOD, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I'm press-ing on the up-ward way, New heights I'm gaining ev-'ry day;
2. My heart has no de - sire to stay Where doubts a-rise and fears dis-may;
3. I want to live a-bove the world, Tho' Sa-tan's darts at me are hurled;
4. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a gleam of glo - ry bright;

Still pray-ing as I on-ward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on higher ground."
Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My prayer, my aim, is higher ground.
For faith has caught the joy-ful sound, The song of saints on higher ground.
But still I'll pray till Heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to higher ground."

CHORUS.

Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on Heaven's table-land, A high-er

plane than I have found; Lord, plant my feet on high - er ground. A - MEN.

165 It Is Well With My Soul.

H. G. Spafford.

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P. P. Bliss.

1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend - eth my way, When sor-rows like sea - bil - lows roll; What-ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,
2. Though Sa-tan should buf-fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let this blest as- sur - ance con - trol, That Christ has re-gard - ed my help - less es - tate,
3. My sin— oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't—My sin—not in part, but the whole, Is nailed to the cross and I bear it no more,
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled back as a scroll, The trump shall resound and the Lord shall de-scend,

CHORUS.

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

soul, . . . It is well, it is well with my soul. A - MEN.
with my soul,

166 Beautiful River.

Robert Lowry.

COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF MARY RUNYON LOWRY.
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Robert Lowry.

1. Shall we gath-er at the riv - er, Where bright an-gel feet have trod;
2. On the mar-gin of the riv - er, Wash-ing up its sil - ver spray,
3. Ere we reach the shin-ing riv - er, Lay we ev-'ry bur-den down;
4. Soon we'll reach the shining riv - er, Soon our pil-grim-age will cease;

With its crys-tal tide for-ev - er Flow-ing by the throne of God?
We will walk and wor-ship ev - er, All the hap-py, gold-en day.
Grace our spir-its will de-liv - er, And pro-vide a robe and crown.
Soon our hap-py hearts will quiv-er With the mel-o - dy of peace.

CHORUS.

Yes, we'll gath-er at the riv - er, The beau-ti-ful, the beau-ti-ful riv - er,—

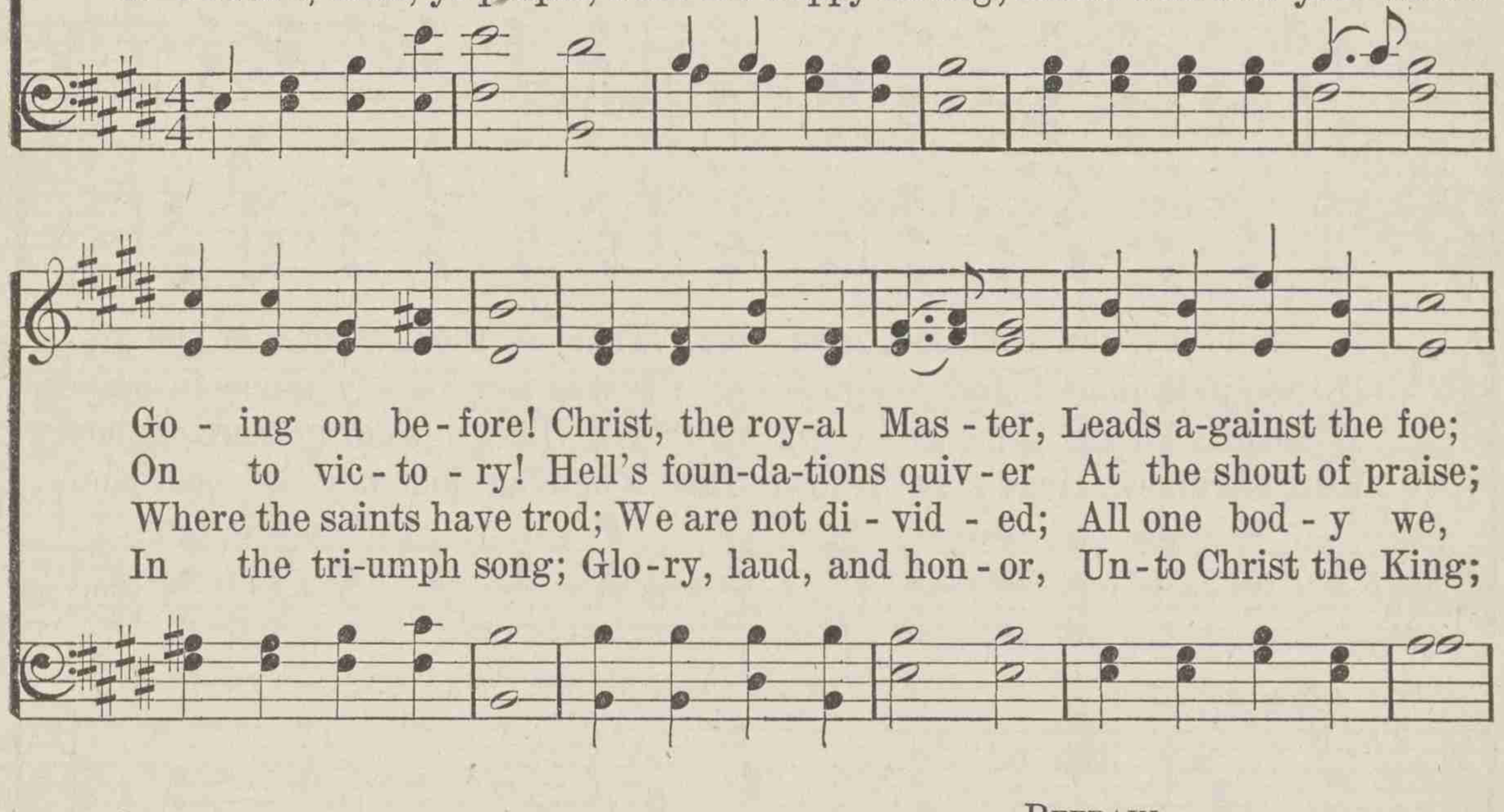
Gath-er with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God. A-MEN.

167 Onward, Christian Soldiers.

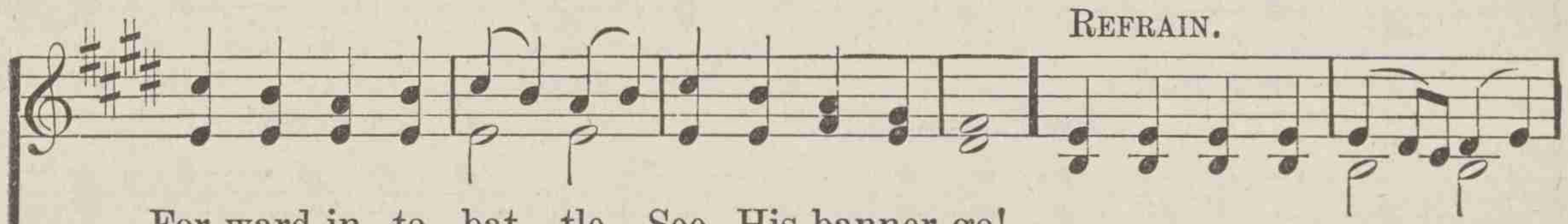
Sabine Baring-Gould. *St. Gertrude. 6s. 5s. D.* Arthur Sullivan.



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

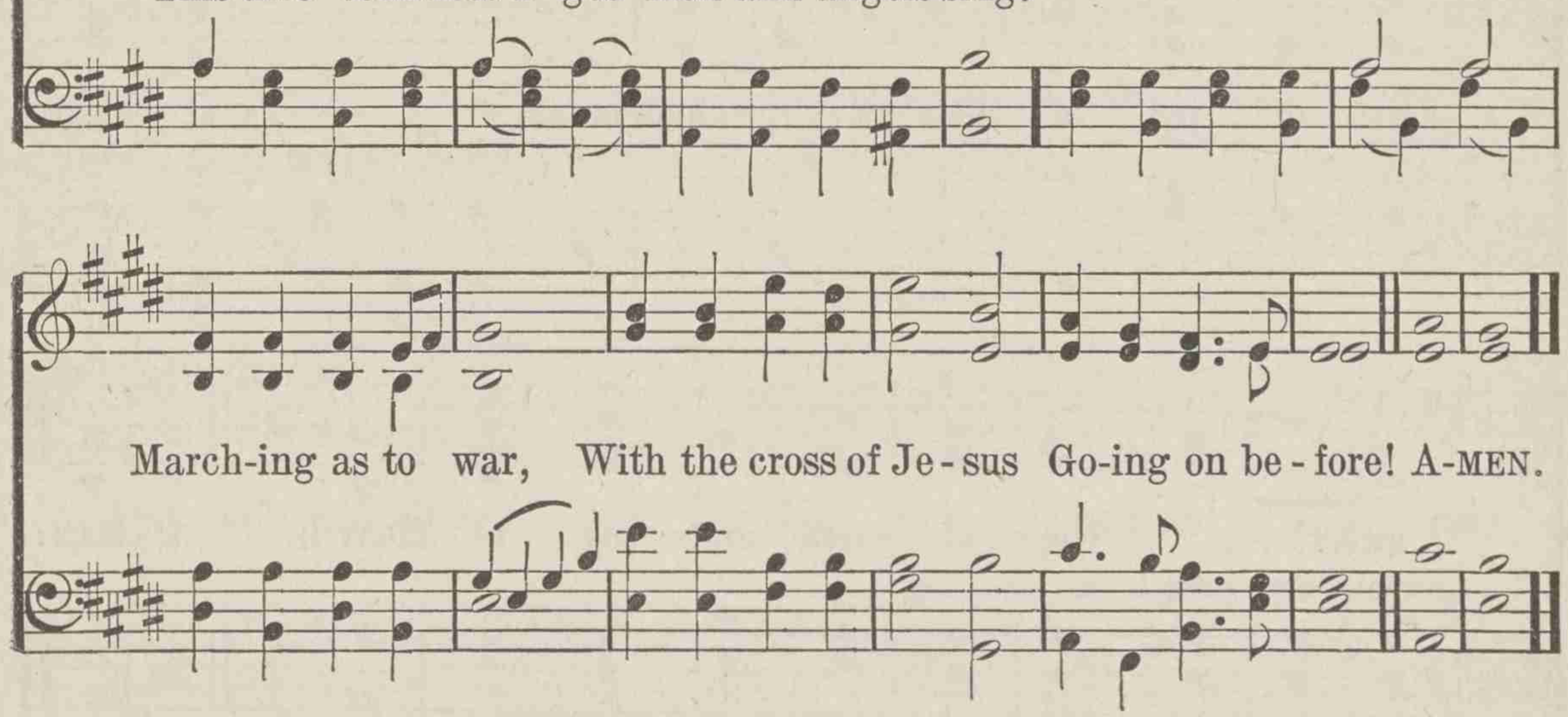


Go - ing on be - fore! Christ, the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;
On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foun-da-tions quiv - er At the shout of praise;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed; All one bod - y we,
In the tri-umph song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or, Un - to Christ the King;



REFRAIN.

For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, His banner go!
Brothers, lift your voices, Loud your anthems raise! Onward, Christian soldiers,
One in hope and doc-trine, One in char - i - ty.
This thro' countless a - ges Men and angels sing.



March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be - fore! A-MEN.

168 Take the Name of Jesus With You.

Mrs. Lydia Baxter. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY W. H. DOANE. RENEWAL. W H. Doane.

1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor-row and of woe;
2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er As a shield from ev-'ry snare;
3. O the pre-cious name of Je - sus! How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall-ing pros-trate at His feet,

It will joy and com-fort give you, Take it then, wher-e'er you go.
If temp-ta-tions round you gath - er, Breathe that ho - ly name in prayer.
When His lov-ing arms re - ceive us, And His songs our tongues employ!
King of kings in Heav'n we'll crown Him, When our jour-ney is com-plete.

CHORUS.

Pre - cious name, O how sweet! Hope of
Pre-cious name, O how sweet!
earth and joy of Heav'n; Pre - cious name, O how
Pre-cious name, O how
sweet! . . . Hope of earth and joy of Heav'n. A - MEN.
sweet, how sweet!

169 Never Lose Sight of Jesus.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

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E. O. EXCELL COMPANY, OWNER.

E. O. Excell.

1. O pil-grim bound for the heav'n-ly land, Nev - er lose sight of Je - sus;
2. Whene'er you're tempted to go a - stray, Nev - er lose sight of Je - sus;
3. Tho' dark the path-way may seem a - head, Nev - er lose sight of Je - sus;
4. When death is knock-ing out - side the door, Nev - er lose sight of Je - sus;

He'll lead you gen - tly with lov - ing hand, Nev - er lose sight of Je - sus.
Press on - ward, up-ward, the nar - row way, Nev - er lose sight of Je - sus.
"I will be with you," His word hath said, Nev - er lose sight of Je - sus.
Till safe - ly land - ed on Ca-naan's shore, Nev - er lose sight of Je - sus.

CHORUS.

Nev - er lose sight of Je - sus, Nev - er lose sight of Je - sus;

Day and night He will lead you right, Nev - er lose sight of Je - sus.

170 Sunshine in the Soul.

E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
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Jno. R. Sweney.

1. There's sun-shine in my soul to-day, More glo-ri-ous and bright
2. There's mu-sic in my soul to-day, A car-ol to the King,
3. There's springtime in my soul to-day, For, when the Lord is near,
4. There's glad-ness in my soul to-day, And hope and praise and love,

Than glows in an-y earth-ly skies, For Je-sus is my light.
And Je-sus, lis-ten-ing, can hear The songs I can-not sing.
The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap-pear.
For bless-ings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up" a-bove.

REFRAIN.

O there's sun - - - - - shine, bless-ed sun - - - - - shine,
O there's sun-shine in the soul, bless-ed sun-shine in the soul,
When the peace-ful, hap-py mo-ments roll; When
hap-py mo-ments roll;
Je-sus shows His smil-ing face, There is sun-shine in the soul. A-MEN.

171 Some Time We'll Understand.

RENEWAL COPYRIGHT, 1919, BY DAVID R. GILBERT.
TABERNACLE PUB. CO., OWNER.

Maxwell N. Cornelius. James McGranahan.

1. Not now, but in the com-ing yea s, It may be in the bet-ter land, We'll read the mean-ing of our tears, And there, some-time,
2. We'll catch the bro-ken thread a - g in, And fin - ish what we here be- gan; Heav'n will the mys - ter - ies ex - plain, And then, ah, then,
3. We'll know why clouds instead of sun Were o - ver many a cher-ished plan; Why song has ceased when scarce be - gun; 'Tis there, some-time,
4. Why what we long for most of all, E - ludes so oft our ea-ger hand; Why hopes are crushed and cas - tles fall, Up there, some-time,
5. Gods knows the way, He holds the key, He guides us with un - err - ing hand; Some-time with tear - less eyes we'll see; Yes, there, up there,

CHORUS. *A little faster.*

we'll un - der-stand. Then trust in God thro' all thy days; Fear not, for

A tempo.

He doth hold thy hand; Tho' dark thy way, still sing and
doth hold thy hand;

cres. *ad lib.*

praise, . . . Some-time, some-time, we'll un - der - stand. A - MEN.

172 Yield Not to Temptation.

H. R. P. COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY H. R. PALMER. RENEWAL. H. R. Palmer.

1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yield-ing is sin; Each vic-t'ry will help you Some oth-er to win; Fight man-ful-ly on-ward, Dark pas-sions sub-due, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
2. Shun e-vil com-pan-ions, Bad language dis-dain, God's name hold in rev-'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thought-ful and ear-nest, Kind-heart-ed and true, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
3. To him that o'er-com-eth God giv-eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall con-quer, Tho' oft-en cast down; He who is our Sav-ior, Our strength will re-new, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.

CHORUS.

Ask the Sav-ior to help you, Com-fort, strengthen and keep you; He is will-ing to aid you, He will car-ry you through. A-MEN.

173 I Am Resolved.

Palmer Hartsough. COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY FILLMORE BROS.
OWNED BY J. A LEE & CO. J. H. Fillmore.

1. I am resolved no lon-ger to lin-ger, Charmed by the world's de-light;
2. I am resolved to go to the Sav-ior, Leav-ing my sin and strife;
3. I am resolved to fol-low the Sav-ior, Faith-ful and true each day;
4. I am resolved to en-ter the Kingdom, Leav-ing the paths of sin;

Things that are higher, things that are no-bler, These have al-lured my sight.
He is the true One, He is the just One, He hath the words of life.
Heed what He say-eth, do what He will-eth, He is the liv-ing way.
Friends may oppose me, foes may be-set me, Still will I en-ter in.

CHORUS.

I will has-ten to Him, Has-ten so glad and free;
I will has-ten, has-ten to Him, Has-ten so glad and free;
Has-ten glad and free;

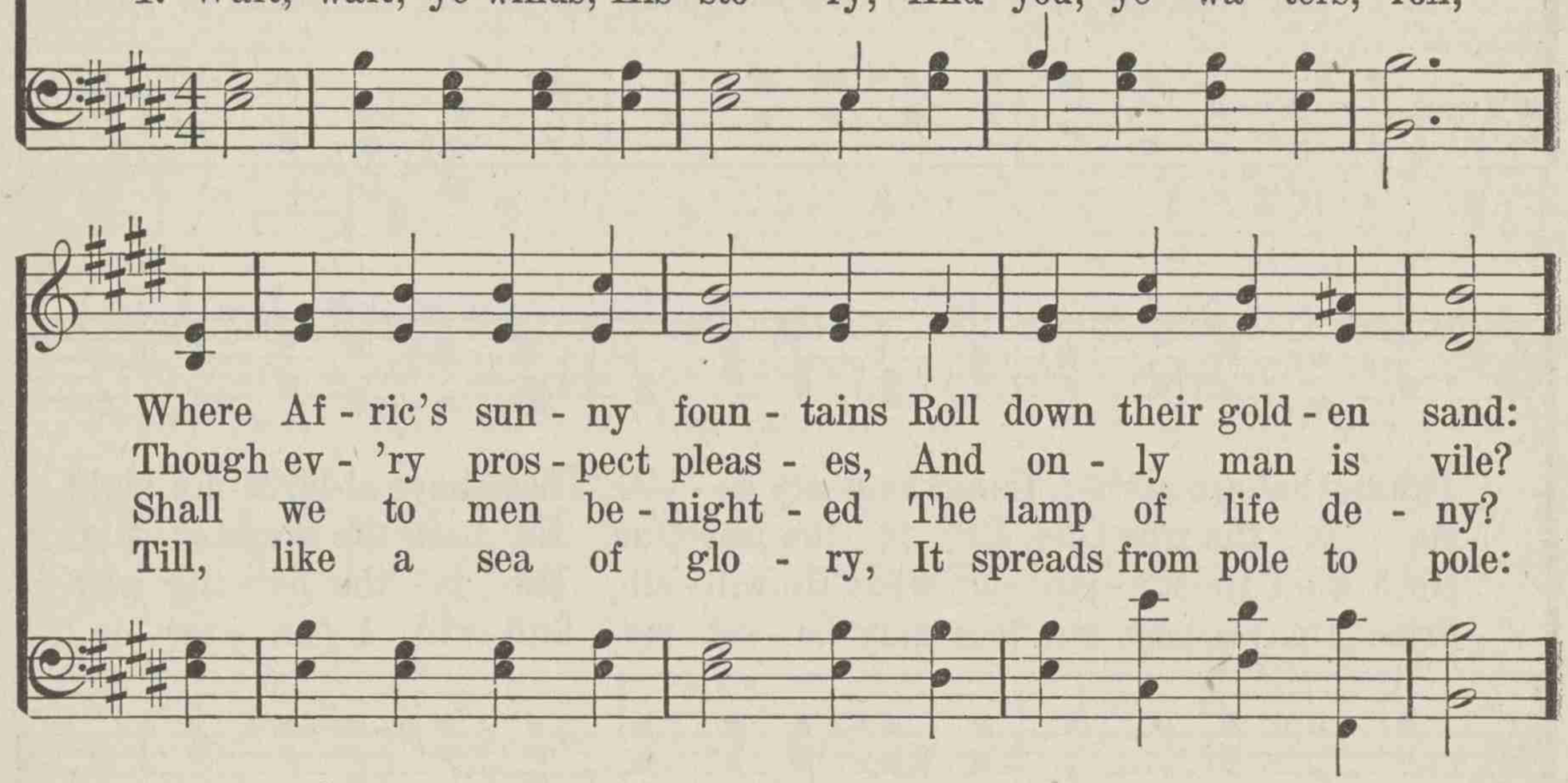
Je-sus, Great-est, High-est, I will come to Thee. A-MEN.
Je-sus, Je-sus,

174 From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

Reginald Heber. *Missionary Hymn. 7s. 6s. D.* Lowell Mason.



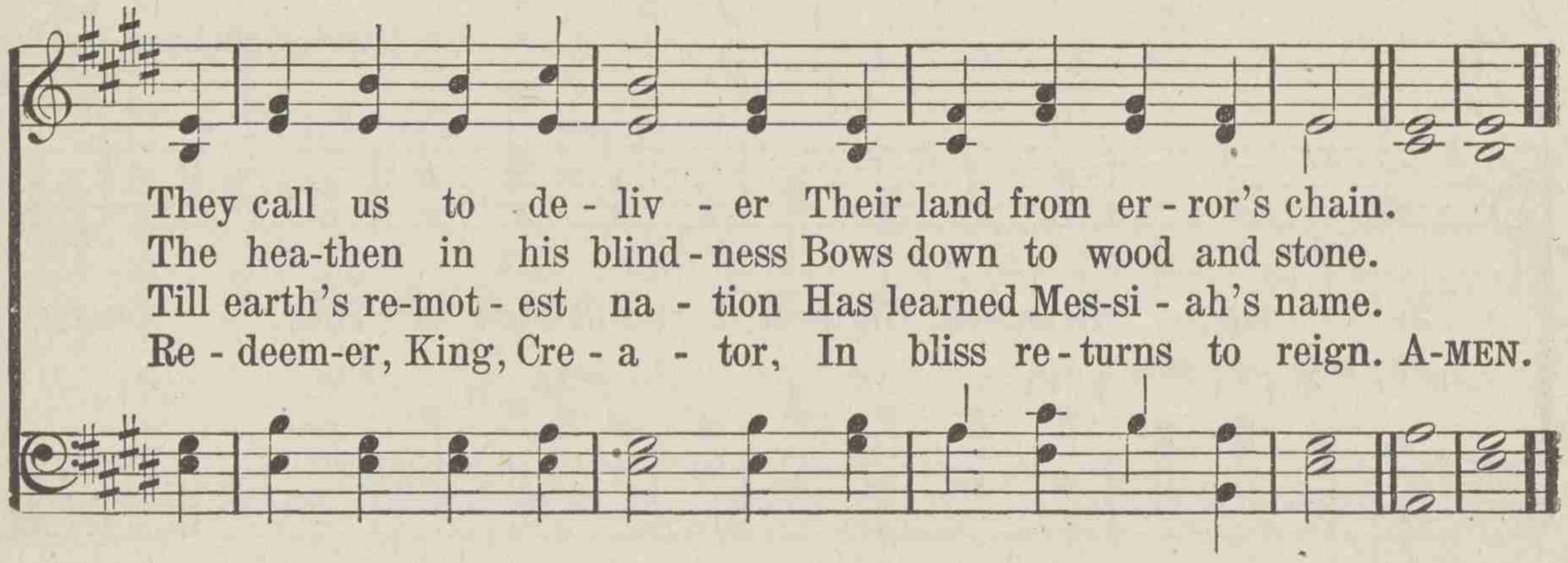
1. From Green-land's i - cy moun-tains, From In-dia's cor - al strand;
2. What tho' the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey-lon's isle;
3. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed With wis-dom from on high,
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll,



Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand:
Though ev - 'ry pros - pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile?
Shall we to men be - night - ed The lamp of life de - ny?
Till, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole:



From man-y an an - cient riv - er, From man-y a palm - y plain,
In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The gifts of God are strown;
Sal - va - tion! O sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim,
Till o'er our ran-somed na - ture The Lamb for sin - ners slain,



They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
The hea-then in his blind - ness Bows down to wood and stone.
Till earth's re-mot - est na - tion Has learned Mes-si - ah's name.
Re - deem-er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign. A-MEN.

175 Since Jesus Redeemed Me from Sin.

Mrs. Lizzie De Armond. COPYRIGHT, 1925, BY E. O. EXCELL, JR.
WORDS AND MUSIC. Cyrus S. Mallard.

1. The peace of God keeps me in heart and in mind, Each day in His
2. In Him is no dark-ness, I walk by His side; Tho' shad-ows sur-
3. The world glows with beau-ty as nev-er be-fore, His bless-ings sur-

serv-ice new pleasure I find; What won-der-ful joy in my life there has been,
round me, He safely will guide; No light on my pathway, but sunshine with-in,
round me, a boun-ti-ful store, A home in His heav-en thro' grace I shall win,

CHORUS.

Since Je-sus my Sav-ior redeemed me from sin. Since Je-sus redeemed me, re-

deemed me from sin, God's peace like a riv-er is flow-ing with-in; The

world with its pleasures my soul can-not win, Since Je-sus redeemed me from sin.

176 I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

Mary Brown.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY C. E. ROUNSEFELL.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Carrie E. Rounsefell.

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

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

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

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

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

REFRAIN.

D. S.

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

177 Day is Dying in the West.

Mary A. Lathbury. *Evening Praise. 7s. 4.* William F. Sherwin.

1. Day is dy - ing in the west, Heav'n is touching earth with rest; Wait and wor-ship while the night Sets her evening lamps alight Thro' all the sky.
2. Lord of life, be-neath the dome Of the u - ni-verse, Thy home, Gath-er us, who seek Thy face, To the fold of Thy embrace, For Thou art nigh.
3. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of Love, en-fold - ing all, Thro' the glo - ry and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts as-cend.
4. When for - ev - er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of an - gels, on our eyes Let e - ter - nal morning rise, And shad-ows end!

REFRAIN.

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are full of Thee! Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord most high! A - MEN.

178 O Day of Rest and Gladness.

C. Wordsworth. *Mendebras. 7s. 6s. D.* Arr. by L. Mason.

1. O day of rest and glad - ness, O day of joy and light,
2. On thee, at the cre - a - tion, The light first had its birth;
3. To - day on wear - y na - tions The heav'n-ly man - na falls;
4. New gra - ces ev - er gain - ing From this our day of rest,

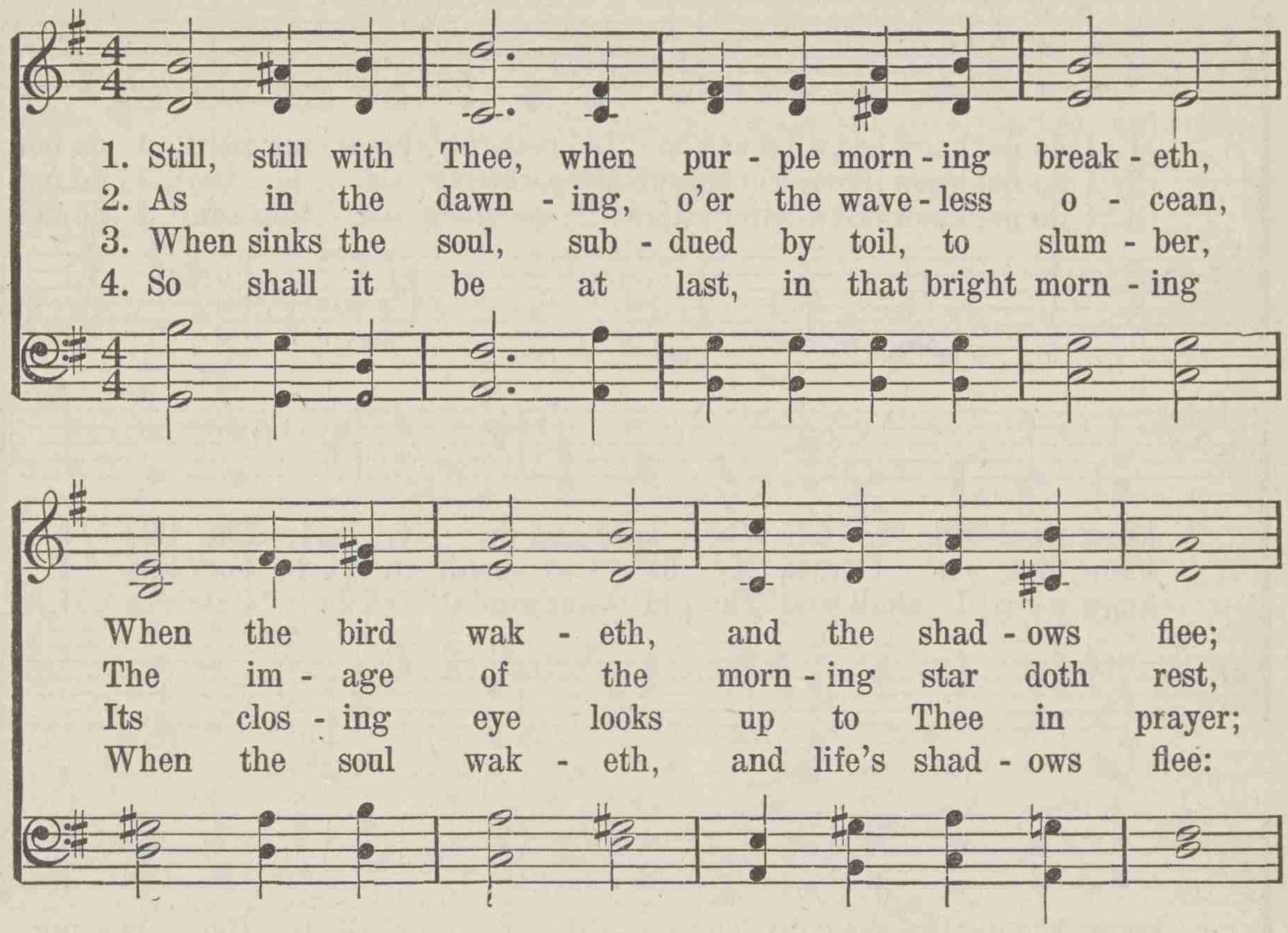
O balm of care and sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright;
On thee, for our sal - va - tion, Christ rose from depths of earth.
To ho - ly con - vo - ca - tions The sil - ver trump-et calls,
We reach the rest re - main - ing To spir - its of the blest.

On thee, the high and low - ly, Bend - ing be - fore the throne, Sing,
On thee our Lord vic - to - rious The Spir - it sent from Heav'n; And
Where gos - pel light is glow - ing With pure and ra - diant beams, And
To Ho - ly Ghost be prais - es, To Fa - ther and to Son; The

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, To the great Three in One.
thus on thee most glo - rious A tri - ple light was given.
liv - ing wa - ter flow - ing With soul - re - fresh-ing streams.
Church her voice up - rais - es To Thee, blest Three in One. A - MEN.

179 Still, Still With Thee.

Harriet Beecher Stowe. *Windsor. 11, 10, 11, 10.* Joseph Barnby.



180 I Shall See Him Face to Face.

F. A. F. Arr.

COPYRIGHT, 1925, BY E. O. EXCELL, JR.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

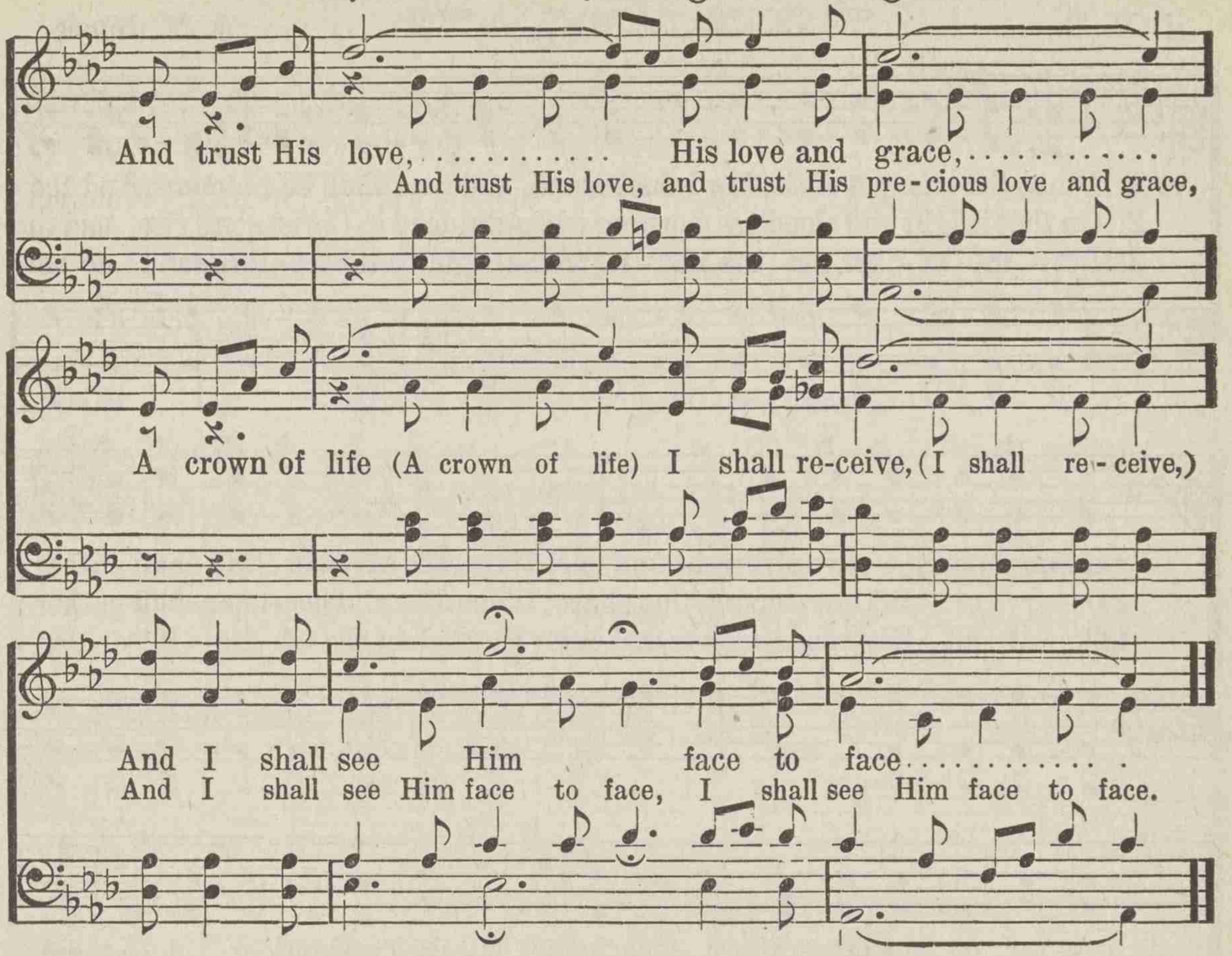
Fred A. Fillmore.

1. I do not know just what will be To - mor-row's press - ing need; I do not know what will be - fall Where faith and du - ty lead; But this I know: Where Je - sus calls, There glad-ly I shall go, Re - ly - ing on His prom - is - es All need - ed bless - ings to be - stow.
2. I do not know if rough or smooth My path-way is to be; I do not know, but yet I trust, My bless - ed Lord, in Thee; For this I know: Come good or ill, Thou art my strength and stay, My ref - uge from the storms of life, My guide, my help, from day to day.
3. I do not know just when or where I'll see life's set - ting sun; I do not know when I shall hear The gra - cious words, "Well done;" But this I know: If I be - lieve And trust His love and grace, A crown of life I shall re - ceive, And I shall see Him face to face.

CHORUS.

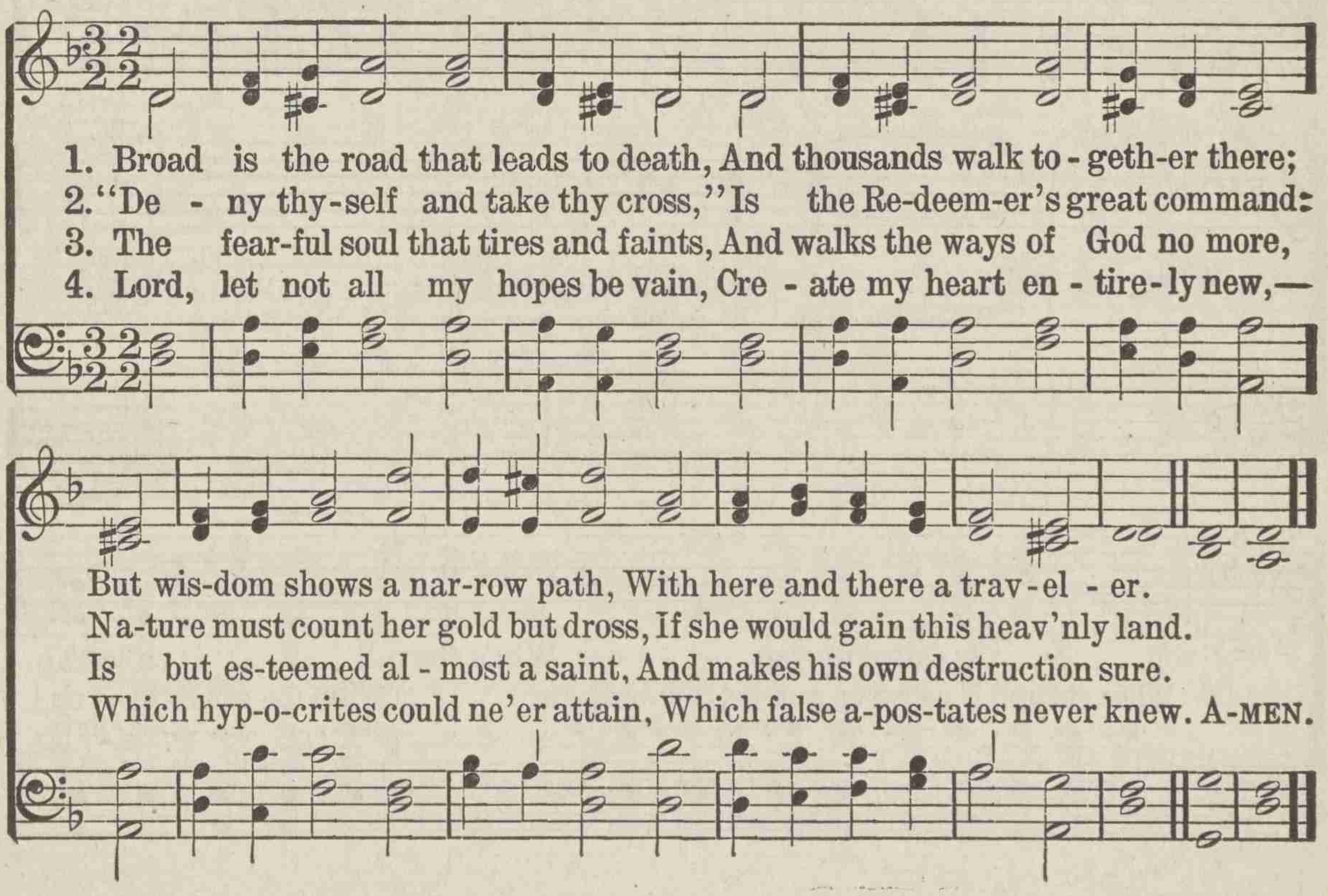
But this I know, ... if I be - lieve . . . . . .
But this I know, if I be-lieve, if I be - lieve,

I Shall See Him Face to Face.



181 Broad Is the Road.

Isaac Watts. *Windham. L. M.* Daniel Read.



182 When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.

COPYRIGHT, 1921. RENEWAL BY J. M. BLACK.
TABERNACLE PUB. CO., OWNER.

J. M. B. J. M. Black.

1. When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more, And the morning breaks, e-ter-nal, bright and fair; When the saved of earth shall gather
2. On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise, And the glo - ry of His res - ur-rec-tion share; When His cho-sen ones shall gather
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set - ting sun, Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care; Then when all of life is o - ver,

o - ver on the oth-er shore, And the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.
to their home beyond the skies, And the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.
and our work on earth is done, And the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.

CHORUS.

When the roll . . . . . is called up yon - - - - der, When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there,

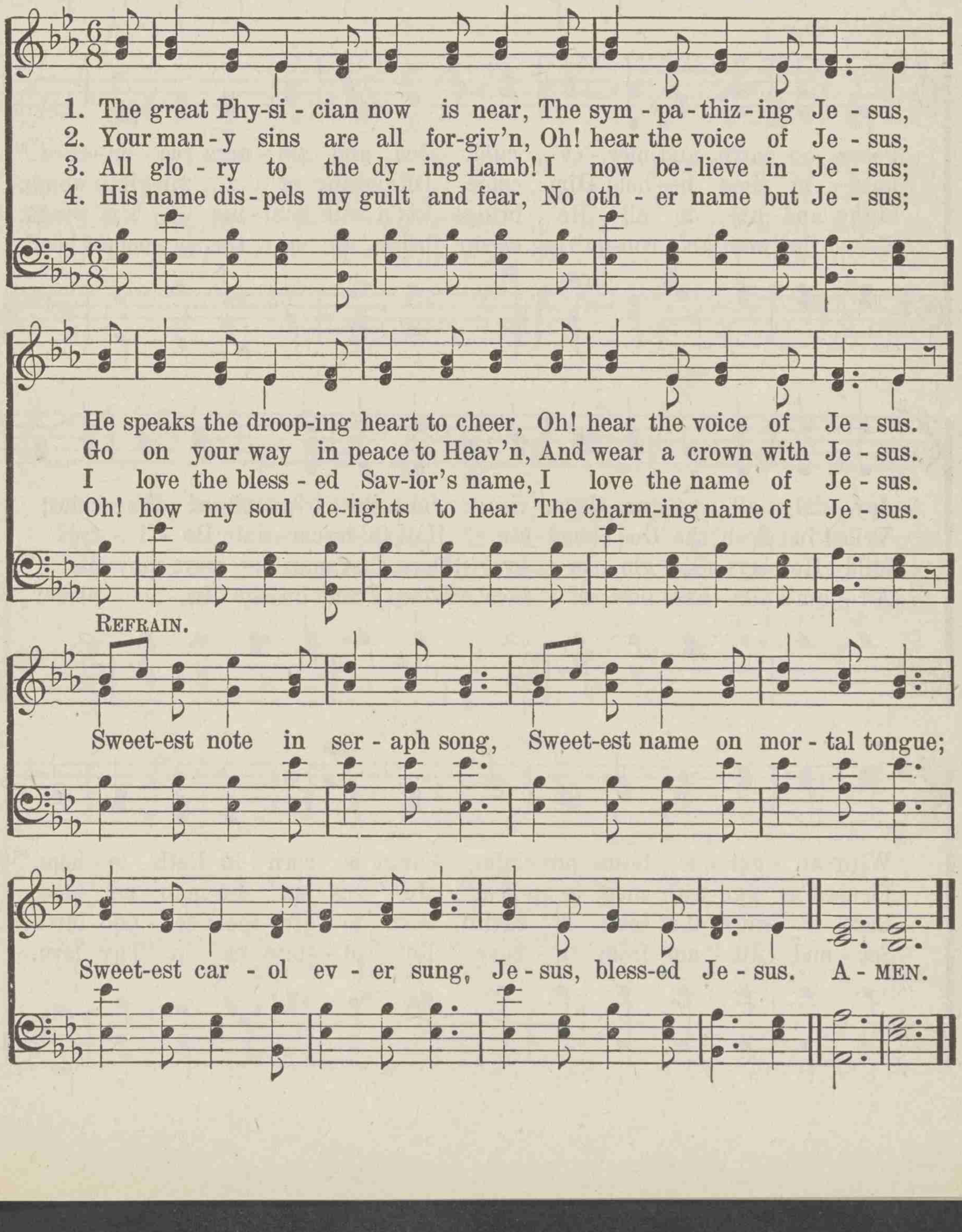
roll . . . . is called up yon - - der, When the roll . . . . is called up yon-der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up

When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.



183 The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter. J. H. Stockton.



184 Hark! the Herald Angels Sing.

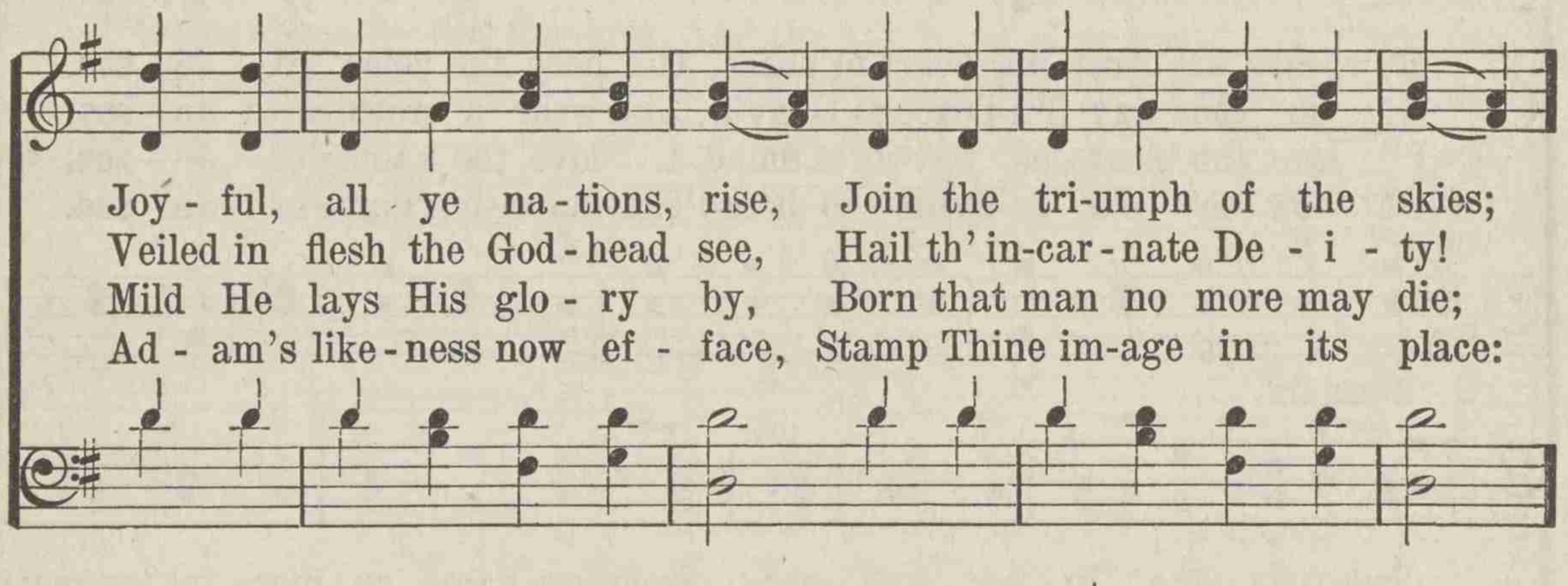
Charles Wesley. *Mendelssohn. 7s. D.* Mendelssohn.



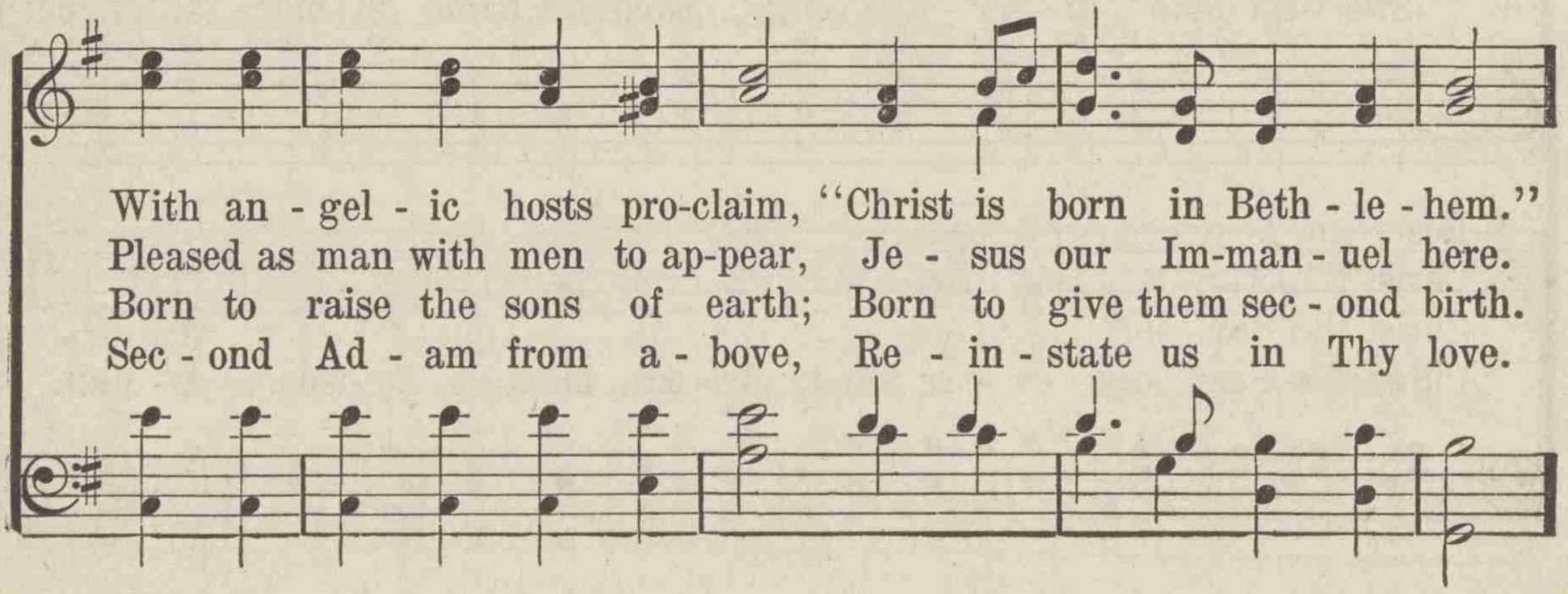
1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King;
2. Christ, by high-est Heav'n a - dored, Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord:
3. Hail the Heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail the Sun of right-eous-ness!
4. Come, De - sire of na - tions, come! Fix in us Thy hum - ble home:



Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild; God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled."
Late in time be - hold Him come, Off - spring of a vir-gin's womb.
Light and life to all He brings, Ris'n with heal - ing in His wings:
Rise, the wom-an's con-qu'ring seed, Bruise in us the ser - pent's head;



Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise, Join the tri-umph of the skies;
Veiled in flesh the God - head see, Hail th' in-car - nate De - i - ty!
Mild He lays His glo - ry by, Born that man no more may die;
Ad - am's like - ness now ef - face, Stamp Thine im-age in its place:



With an - gel - ic hosts pro-claim, "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem."
Pleased as man with men to ap-pear, Je - sus our Im-man - uel here.
Born to raise the sons of earth; Born to give them sec - ond birth.
Sec - ond Ad - am from a - bove, Re - in - state us in Thy love.

Hark! the Herald Angels Sing.



185 Silent Night! Holy Night!

Rev. Joseph Mohr. *Christmas Carol.* Franz Gruber.



186 I Love to Tell the Story.

Katherine Hankey. *Hankey. 7s. D.* William G. Fischer.



I Love to Tell the Story.

REFRAIN.

I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry To
tell the old, old sto - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. A-MEN.

187 Come, Ye Disconsolate.

Thomas Moore. *Disconsolate. 11s. 10s.* Samuel Webbe.

1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher-e'er ye lan - guish; Come to the
2. Joy of the des - o - late, light of the stray-ing, Hope of the
3. Here see the bread of life; see wa-ters flow - ing Forth from the

mer - cy-seat, fer-vent-ly kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your
pen - i - tent, fade-less and pure, Here speaks the Com-fort-er, ten - der - ly
throne of God, pure from a - bove; Come to the feast of love; come, ev - er

an - guish; Earth has no sor - row that Heav'n can-not heal.
say - ing, "Earth has no sor - row that Heav'n can-not cure."
know - ing Earth has no sor - row but Heav'n can re - move. A-MEN.

188 Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

Kate Hankey. COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF FANNIE T. DOANE. W. H. Doane.

1. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Of un-seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus
2. Tell me the sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in— That won-der-
3. Tell me the sto - ry soft - ly, With ear-nest tones and grave; Re-mem-ber
4. Tell me the same old sto - ry, When you have cause to fear That this world's

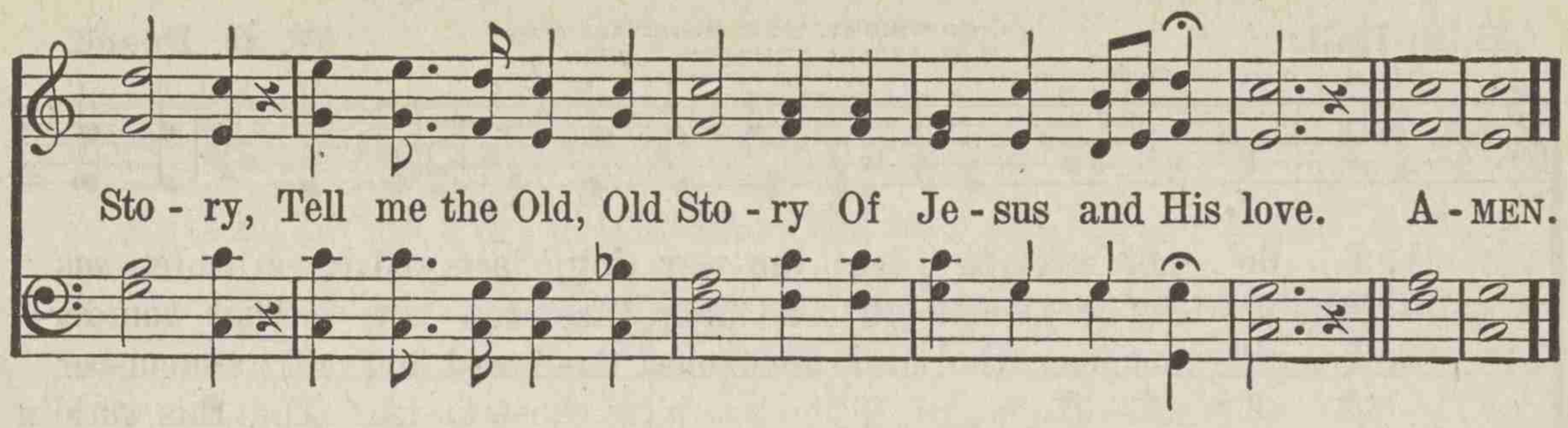
and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love; Tell me the sto - ry
ful re - demp-tion, God's rem-e - dy for sin; Tell me the sto - ry
I'm the sin - ner Whom Je - sus came to save; Tell me the sto - ry
emp-ty glo - ry Is cost - ing me too dear; Yes, and when that world's

sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and wear - y, And
oft - en, For I for-get so soon, The "ear-ly dew" of morn-ing Has
al - ways, If you would real-ly be, In an - y time of troub - le, A
glo - ry Is dawn-ing on my soul, Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry: "Christ

CHORUS.

help - less and de - filed.
passed a - way at noon. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old
com - fort-er to me.
Je - sus makes thee whole."

Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

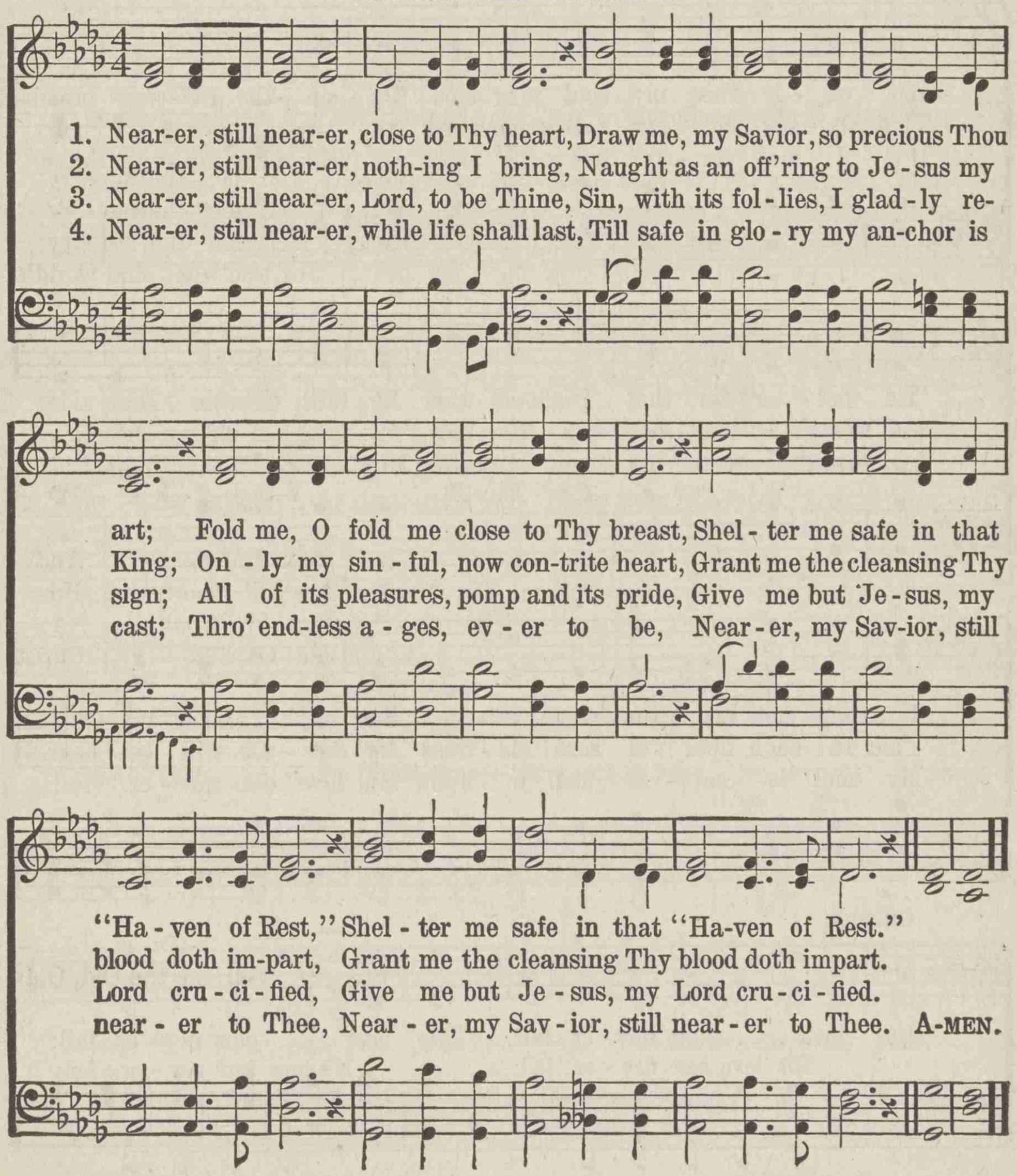


189 Nearer, Still Nearer.

C. H. M.

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Mrs. C. H. Morris.



190 His Love Can Never Fail.

E. S. Hall.

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E. O. Excell.

1. I do not ask to see the way My feet will have to tread,
2. And if my feet would go a-stray, They can-not, for I know
3. I will not fear, tho' dark-ness come A-broad o'er all the land,

But on-ly that my soul may feed Up-on the liv-ing bread:
That Je-sus guides my fal-t'ring steps, As joy-ful-ly I go:
If I may on-ly feel the touch Of His own lov-ing hand:

'Tis bet-ter far that I should walk By faith close to His side;
And though I may not see His face, My faith is strong and clear
And though I trem-ble when I think How weak I am, how frail,

I may not know the way I go, But oh, I know my Guide.
That in each hour of sore dis-tress My Sav-ior will be near.
My soul is sat-is-fied to know His love can nev-er fail.

CHORUS.

His love . . . can nev-er fail, His love . . . can nev-er fail;
His love can nev-er fail, His love can nev-er fail;

His Love Can Never Fail.

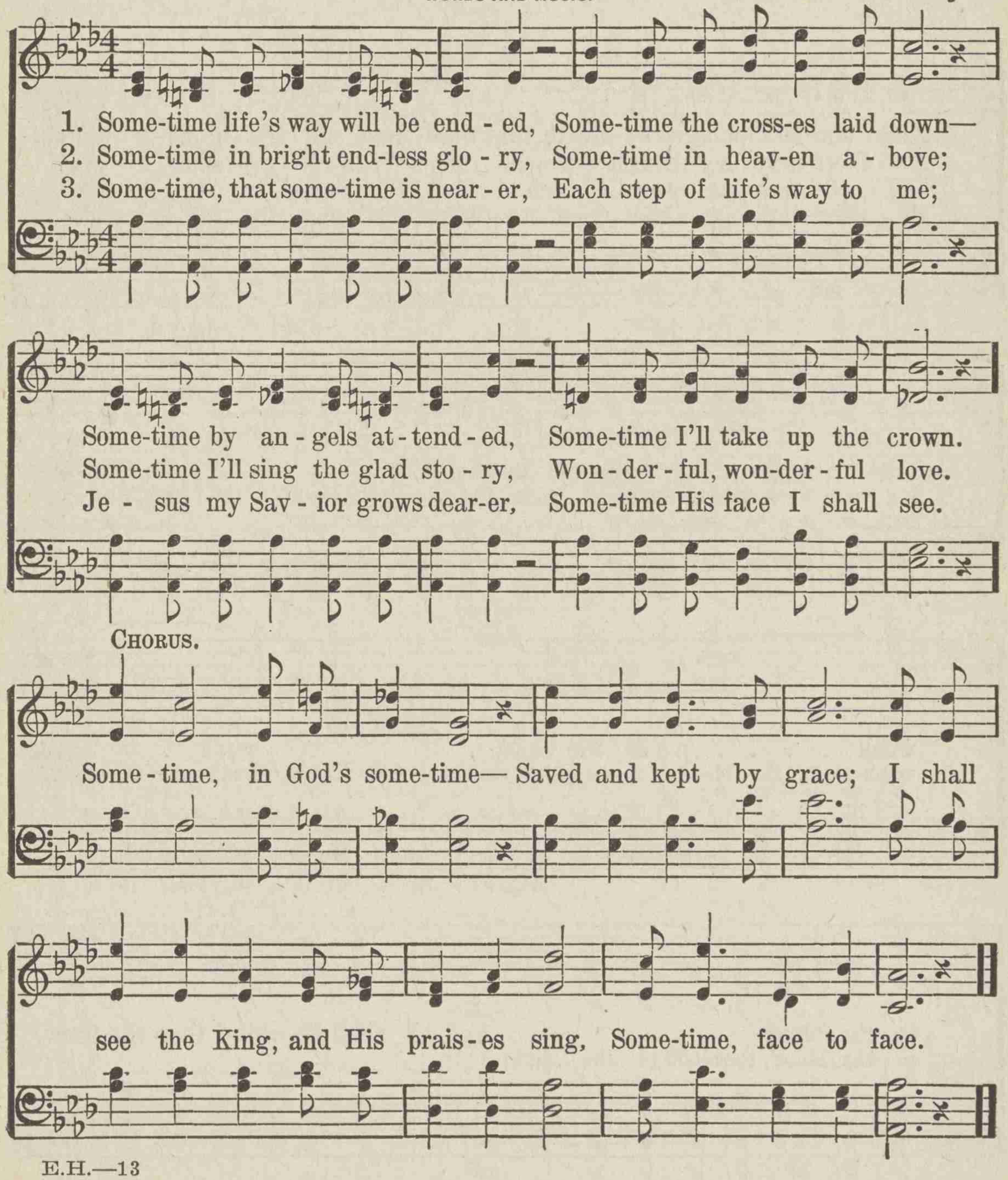


191 Sometime.

Rev. W. C. Poole.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

B. D. Ackley.



192 Savior, Wash Me In the Blood.

William Cowper.

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E. O. Excell.

1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins,
2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That foun-tain in his day;
3. Thou dy-ing Lamb, Thy pre-cious blood Shall nev-er lose its pow'r,
4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup-ply,

And sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.
Till all the ran-somed Church of God Be saved, to sin no more.
Re-deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.

CHORUS.

Sav-ior, wash . . . . me in the blood, Sav-ior,
Sav-ior, wash me in the blood, in the blood, the blood of the Lamb, Sav-ior,

wash . . . . me in the blood; O wash . . . me
wash me in the blood, in the blood, the blood of the Lamb; O wash me in the blood,

in the blood, And I shall be whiter than the snow.
in the blood, the blood of the Lamb,

Special Selections.

193 Because His Name Is Jesus.

Arr. by E. O. Excell.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.



1. In vain I've tried a thousand ways My fears to quell, my hopes to raise,
2. My soul is night, my heart is steel, I can - not see, I can-not feel;
3. He died for me, He lives, He pleads, There's love in all His words and deeds;
4. Tho' some will scorn, and some will blame, I'll go with all my guilt and shame,



But what I need thro' all my days Is Je - sus, is Je - sus.
For light, for life, I must ap-peal To Je - sus, to Je - sus.
There's all a guilt - y sin - ner needs In Je - sus, in Je - sus.
I'll go to Him be-cause His name Is Je - sus, is Je - sus. A - MEN.



194 A Sinner Made Whole.

W. M. Lighthall.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. There's a song in my heart that my lips can-not sing, 'Tis praise in the high-est to Je-sus, my King; Its mu-sic each moment is thrill-ing my soul,
2. I shall stand one day fault-less and pure by His throne, Transformed from my im-age conformed to His own; Then I shall find words for the song of my soul,
3. All the mu-sic of Heav-en, so per-fect and sweet, Will blend with my song and will make it complete; Thro' a-ges un-end-ing the ech-oes will roll,

CHORUS.

For I was a sinner, but Christ made me whole. A sinner made whole! a sinner made whole! The Savior hath bought me and ransomed my soul! My heart it is singing, the an-them is ring-ing, For I was a sin-ner, but Christ made me whole. A-MEN.

rit.

rit.

195 I Am Happy in Him.

E. O. E.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.



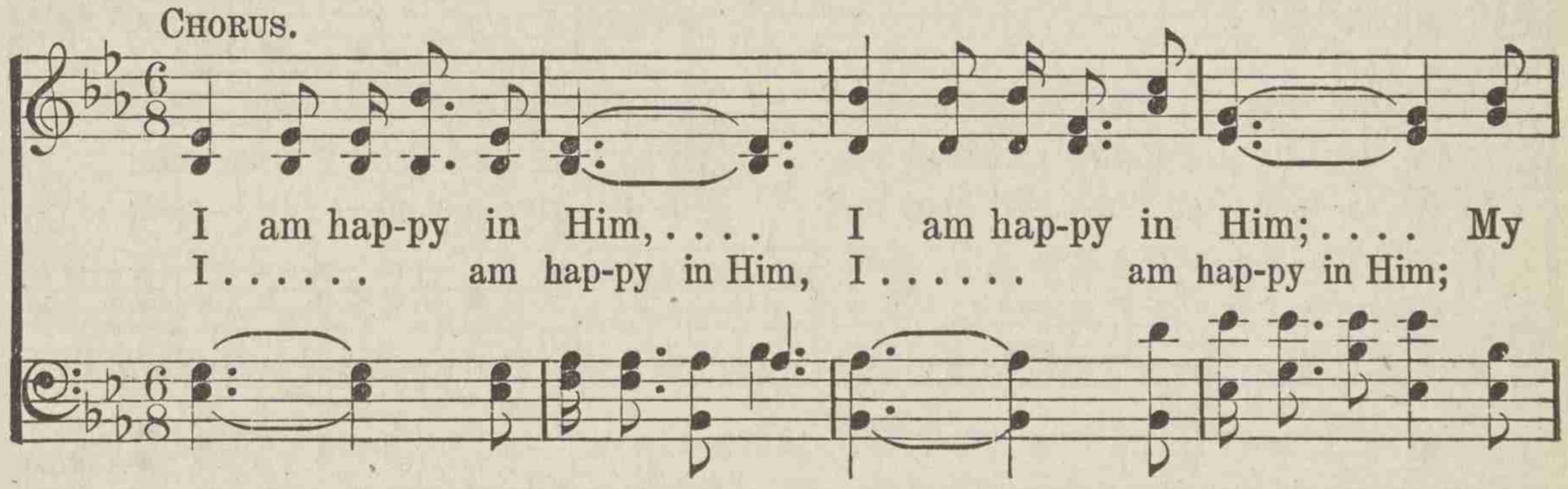
1. My soul is so hap-py in Je - sus, For He is so precious to me;
2. He sought me so long ere I knew Him, When wand'ring afar from the fold;
3. His love and His mercy sur-round me, His grace like a riv-er doth flow;
4. They say I shall some day be like Him, My cross and my burden lay down;



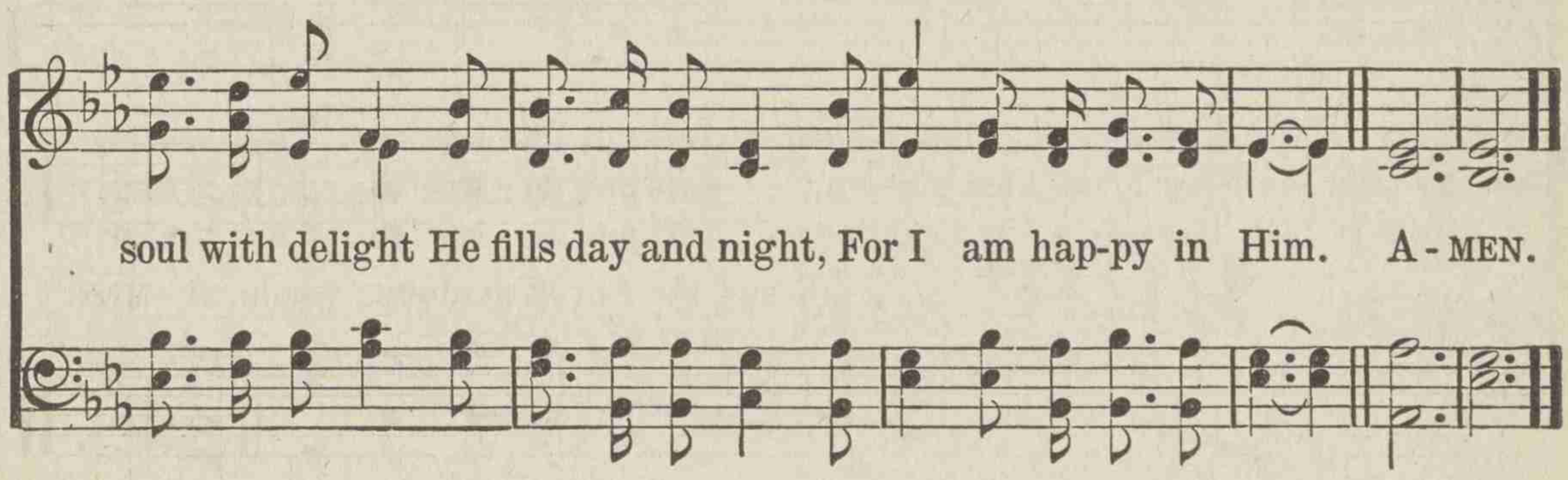
His voice it is mu-sic to hear it, His face it is heav-en to see.
Safe home in His arms He hath bro't me, To where there are pleasures untold.
His Spir - it, to guide and to com-fort, Is with me wher-ev-er I go.
Till then I will ev-er be faith-ful, In gath - er-ing gems for His crown.



CHORUS.



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



196 Raise Me, Jesus, to Thy Bosom.

Geo. Birdseye.

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Wm. A. Huntley.

DUET.

1. Raise me, Je-sus, to Thy bos - om, From this world of sin and woes;
2. Raise me, Je-sus, to Thy bos - om, For my heart is slave to fear,
3. Raise me, Je-sus, to Thy bos - om, Hear a con - trite spir-it's prayer;

Let me feel Thine arms a - round me, Then my soul may know re - pose.
That will van-ish as a shad - ow, When it feels Thy pres - ence near.
Raise me from the sin a - round me Ere I yield me to de - spair.

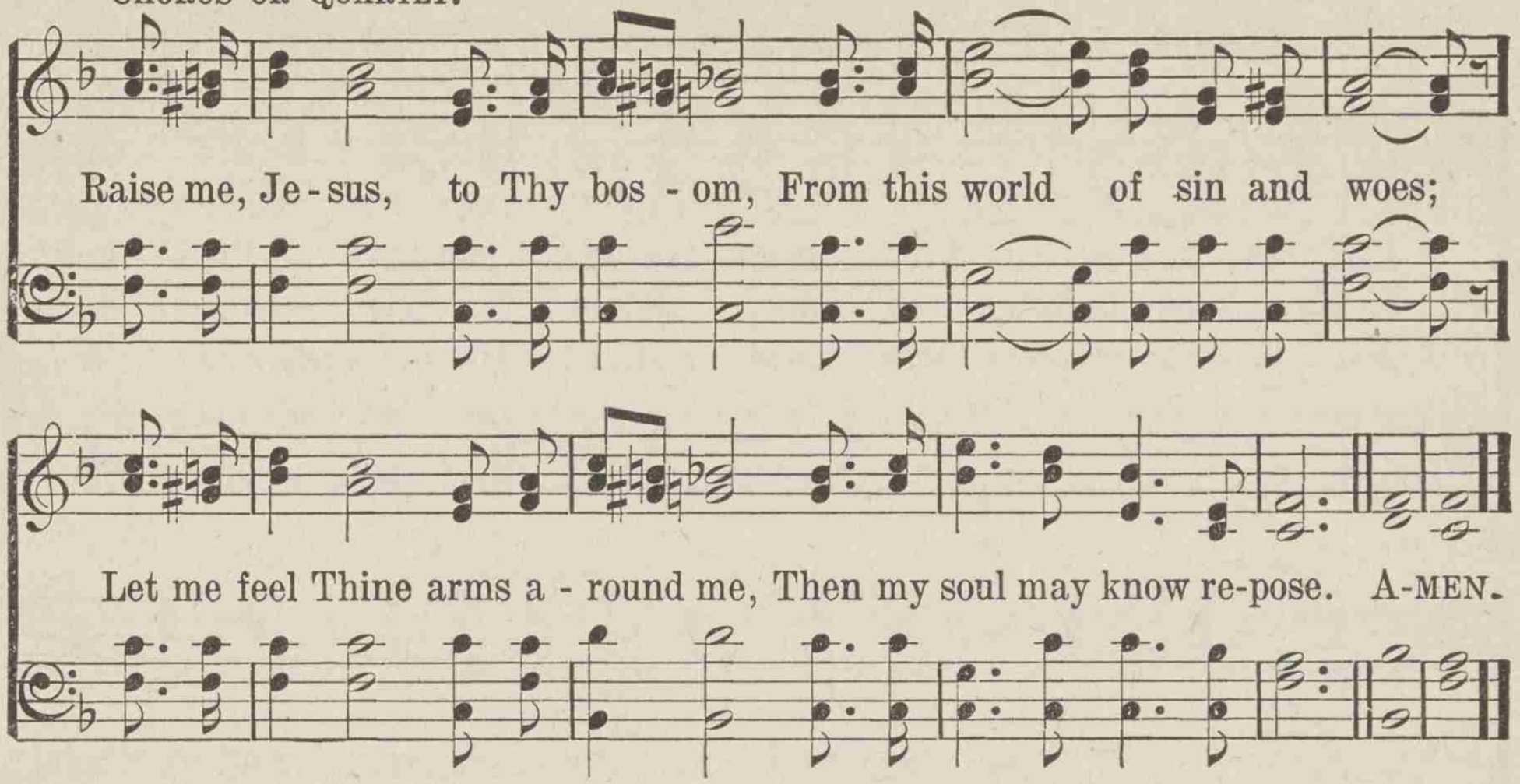
SOLO.

I am wear-y with my bur-den, And I come to Thee for rest;
In my anguish deign to hear me All my sin and grief con - fess;
Oh, I feel that Thou wilt hear me, And will give me ho - ly rest;

Kneeling at Thy feet, I pray Thee Lift me, Je - sus, to Thy breast.
By the prom-ise Thou hast giv - en, Lift me, Je - sus, to Thy breast.
Now I feel Thy glo - ry near me, Lift me, Je - sus, to Thy breast.

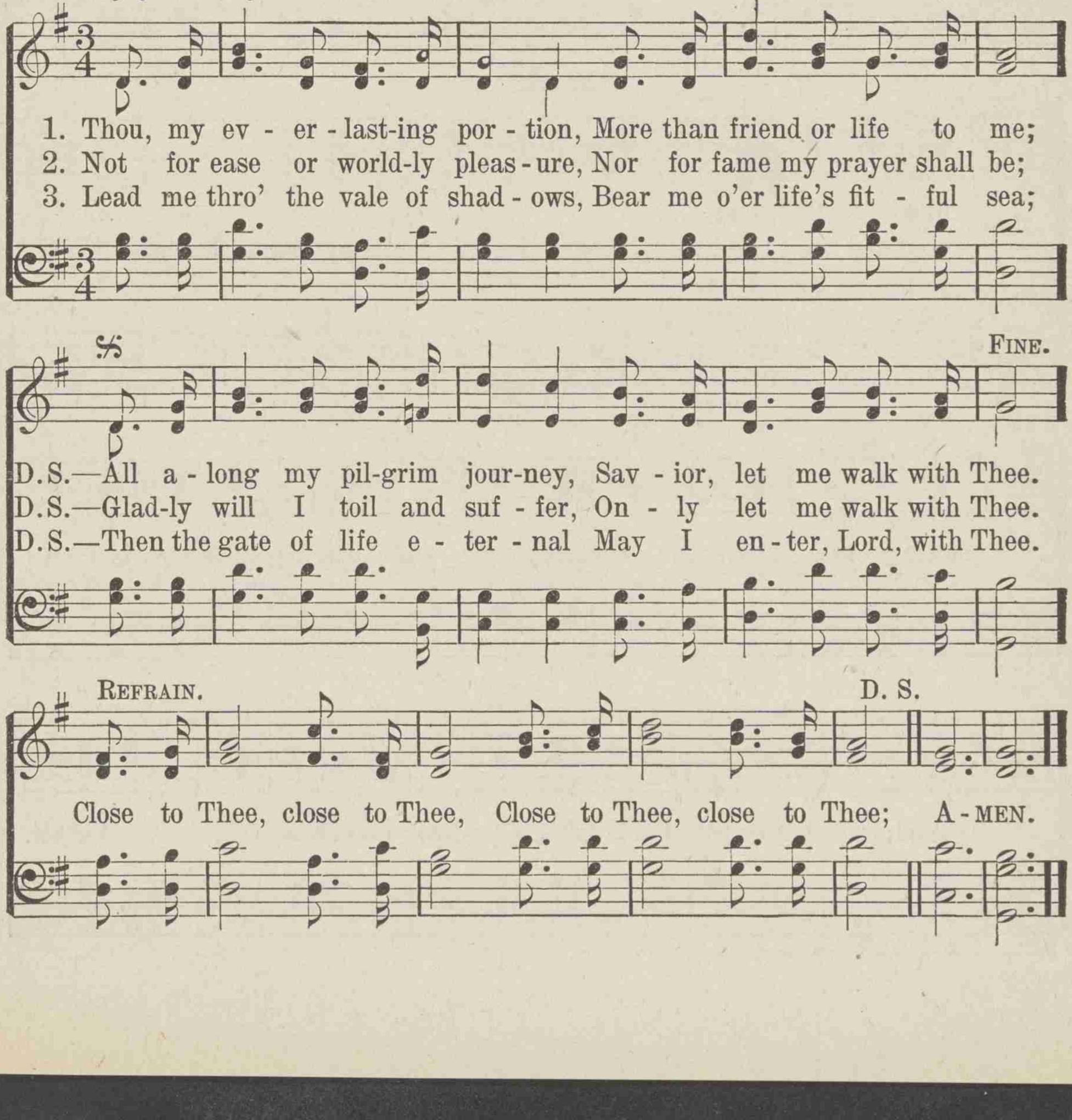
Raise Me, Jesus, to Thy Bosom.

CHORUS OR QUARTET.



197 Close to Thee.

Fanny J. Crosby. USED BY PERMISSION. Silas J. Vail.



198 A Hope That Cheers Me On.

MEN'S VOICES.

Paul M. Russell.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Fred. A. Fillmore.

1. There is a hope that cheers me on, When life is dark and drear, ... When all my work ap - pears in vain, And I am
2. My hope is there to rest at last In His e - ter - nal light; ..... When life with all its woe has passed, Its day has
3. I look not to the small re-ward Of mor - tals here be- low, ... But wait in pa - tience till He shall His rec - om-

filled with fear.
changed to night. There is a hap - py land Be - yond life's
pense be - stow.

CHORUS.

storm-y sea, Where all is peace, and end - less bliss; There is a
land, a hap - py land, Where sor-row ne'er shall be. A-MEN.

199 He Will Hold Me Fast.

Ada R. Habershon.

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Robert Harkness.

1. When I fear my faith will fail, Christ will hold me fast;
2. I could nev - er keep my hold, He must hold me fast;
3. I am pre - cious in His sight, He will hold me fast;
4. He'll not let my soul be lost, Christ will hold me fast;

rall.

When the tempt - er would pre - vail, He can hold me fast. . . .
For my love is oft - en cold, He must hold me fast. . . .
Those He saves are His de - light, He will hold me fast. . . .
Bought by Him at such a cost, He will hold me fast. . . .

REFRAIN. *a tempo.*

He will hold me fast, He will hold me fast;
hold me fast, hold me fast;

rall.

For my Sav - ior loves me so, He will hold me fast. A-MEN.

200 He Loves Even Me.

S. L.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Scott Lawrence.

1. When I think of my Sav-ior's great love, In com-ing from Heav-en a-
2. When I think of the thorns on His brow, Seems as if I can see Je-sus
3. When I think how He saves me from sin, Though oft - en un-grate-ful I've

bove, To die on the tree For a sin - ner like me, I am sure that He
now, As He suffered for me, That my soul might be free: I am sure that He
been, My vow I re-new, "To be faith-ful and true:" I am sure that He

CHORUS.

loves e - ven me. I am sure that He loves e - ven me, . . .

I am sure that He loves e - ven me; . . . And His love is so sweet,

Makes my joy so com-plete When I think how He loves e-ven me. . . A-MEN.

201 The Nearer, The Sweeter.

Jesse P. Tompkins.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

B. D. Ackley.

Duet.



1. The near-er I reach the end of life, The sweet-er is Home to me;
2. The near-er the fad - ing of the leaf, The brighter the col - ors grow;
3. The near-er I reach the banks of bloom, The fair - er the breez-es blow;
4. The near-er I reach the Morn-ing Land, The fair - er the gold - en light;



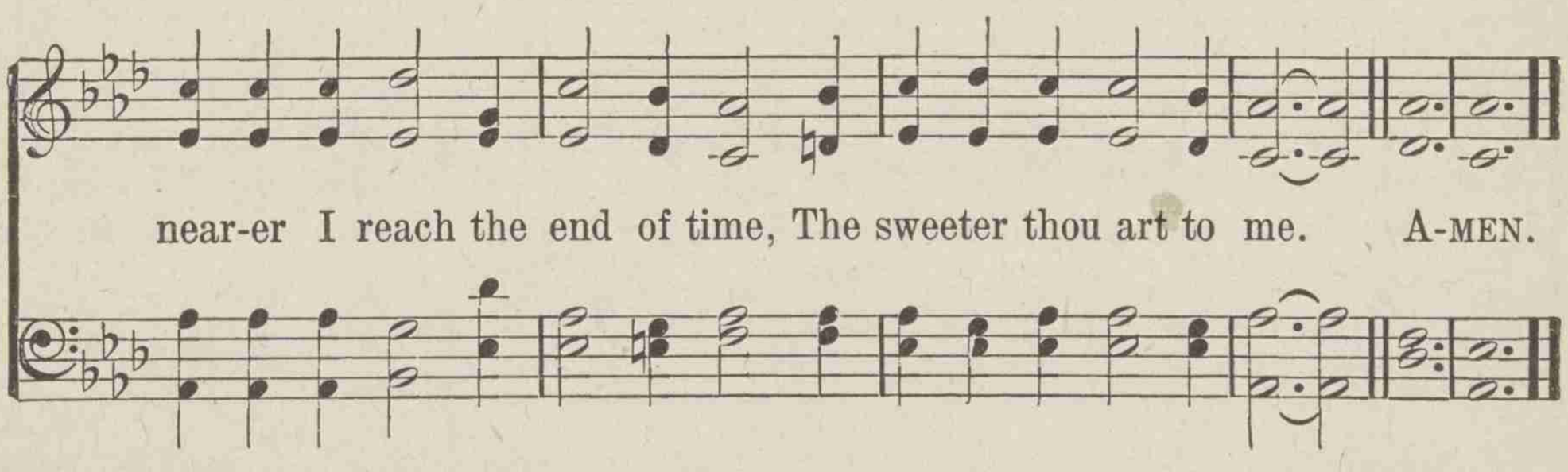
I long for the fragrant flow'rs that grow On the banks of the Crys-tal Sea.
I sigh, when the evening shadows fall, For the light of the morning glow.
The near-er I reach the Fount of Love, Then the sweeter the wa-ters flow.
My eyes in the gath'ring mists grow dim, Then the clearer im-mor-tal light.



CHORUS.



Home, Home, Heav-en - ly Home, Fair are my dreams of thee; The



near-er I reach the end of time, The sweeter thou art to me. A-MEN.

202 Somebody Knows.

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Alfred H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.

Legato.

1. Failing in strength when opprest by my foes, Somebody knows, Somebody knows;
2. Why should I fear when the care-billows roll? Somebody knows, Somebody knows;
3. Wounded and helpless and sick with distress, Somebody knows, Somebody knows;

Wait-ing for some-one to ban-ish my woes, Somebody knows,—'tis Je - sus.
When the deep shadows sweep over my soul, Somebody knows,—'tis Je - sus.
Long-ing for home and a mother's ca-ress, Somebody knows,—'tis Je - sus.

REFRAIN.

Some-bod-y knows, Some-bod-y knows When I am tempted and tried by my foes;

He is the One who will keep me—Somebody knows—'tis Je - sus. A-MEN.

203 Think On Thy Way.

J. P. S.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. P. Scholfield.

1. Think on thy way, O thou storm-driv-en child; Out on the o - cean so dark and so wild,
2. Think on thy way: with-out Pi - lot or Guide, Far from the shore with no Friend by your side,
3. Think on thy way, God will not let you go; His might-y arm can de- stroy ev - 'ry foe;

Far from thy God you are drift-ing to - day,—
Thought-less of Him who would fain be your stay,
Trust Him to - day, all His man-dates o - bey;

CODA. (*After last verse only.*)

Think on thy way, think on thy way. Think on thy way, think on thy way,

Is it lead-ing you to God and home? Think on thy way. A - MEN.

204 To the Work.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY W. H. DOANE. W. H. Doane.

1. To the work! to the work! we are serv - ants of God, Let us fol - low the path that our Mas - ter has trod; With the balm of His
2. To the work! to the work! let the hun - gry be fed; To the foun - tain of life let the wear - y be led; In the cross and its
3. To the work! to the work! there is la - bor for all; For the king - dom of dark - ness and er - ror shall fall; And the name of Je-
4. To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord, And a robe and a crown shall our la - bor re - ward; When the home of the

coun - sel our strength to re - new, Let us do with our might what our hands find to do.
ban - ner our glo - ry shall be, While we her - ald the ti - dings, "Sal-va - tion is free!" Toil - ing on, toil - ing on,
ho - vah ex - alt - ed shall be, In the loud - swell-ing cho - rus, "Sal-va - tion is free!"
faith - ful our dwell - ing shall be, And we shout with the ran-somed, "Sal-va - tion is free!" Toil - ing on, toil - ing on,

CHORUS.

To the Work.





205 God Moves in a Mysterious Way.

William Cowper. *Belmont. C. M.* Samuel Webbe.



206 The Whole Wide World for Jesus.

The whole wide world. 7, 6, 7, 6. D.

J. Dempster Hammond, 1880. John H. Maunder, 1890.

1. The whole wide world for Je - sus! This shall our watchword be;
2. The whole wide world for Je - sus In - spires us with the thought
3. The whole wide world for Je - sus! The march-ing or - der sound:

Up - on the high - est moun - tain, Down by the wid - est sea;
That all God's wan-d'ring chil - dren Have by His love been sought.
Go ye and preach the Gos - pel Wher-ev - er man is found.

The whole wide world for Je - sus! To Him shall all men bow,
The whole wide world for Je - sus! O faint not by the way!
The whole wide world for Je - sus! Ride forth, O conqu'ring King,

In cit - y or in prai - rie— The world for Je - sus now!
The cross shall sure - ly con - quer In this our glo - rious day.
Thro' all the might - y na - tions The world to glo - ry bring!

REFRAIN.

The whole wide world, The whole wide world—Proclaim the Gospel tidings thro'

The Whole Wide World for Jesus.

The whole wide world; Lift up the cross for Je - sus, His ban-ner be un-furled,

Till ev - 'ry tongue con-fess Him through The whole wide world! A - MEN.

207 Faith of Our Fathers.

Frederick W. Faber. H. F. Hemy, adpt.

1. Faith of our fa-thers! liv - ing still In spite of dun-geon, fire and sword:
2. Our fa-thers, chained in prisons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free;
3. Faith of our fathers, God's great pow'r Shall soon all na-tions win for thee;
4. Faith of our fa-thers, we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife,

O how our hearts beat high with joy, Whene'er we hear that glo-rious word:
How sweet would be their children's fate If they, like them, could die for thee!
And thro' the truth that comes from God Mankind shall then be tru - ly free.
And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind-ly words and vir-tuous life.

Faith of our fa - thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death.

208 I'll Be a Sunbeam.

Nellie Talbot.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

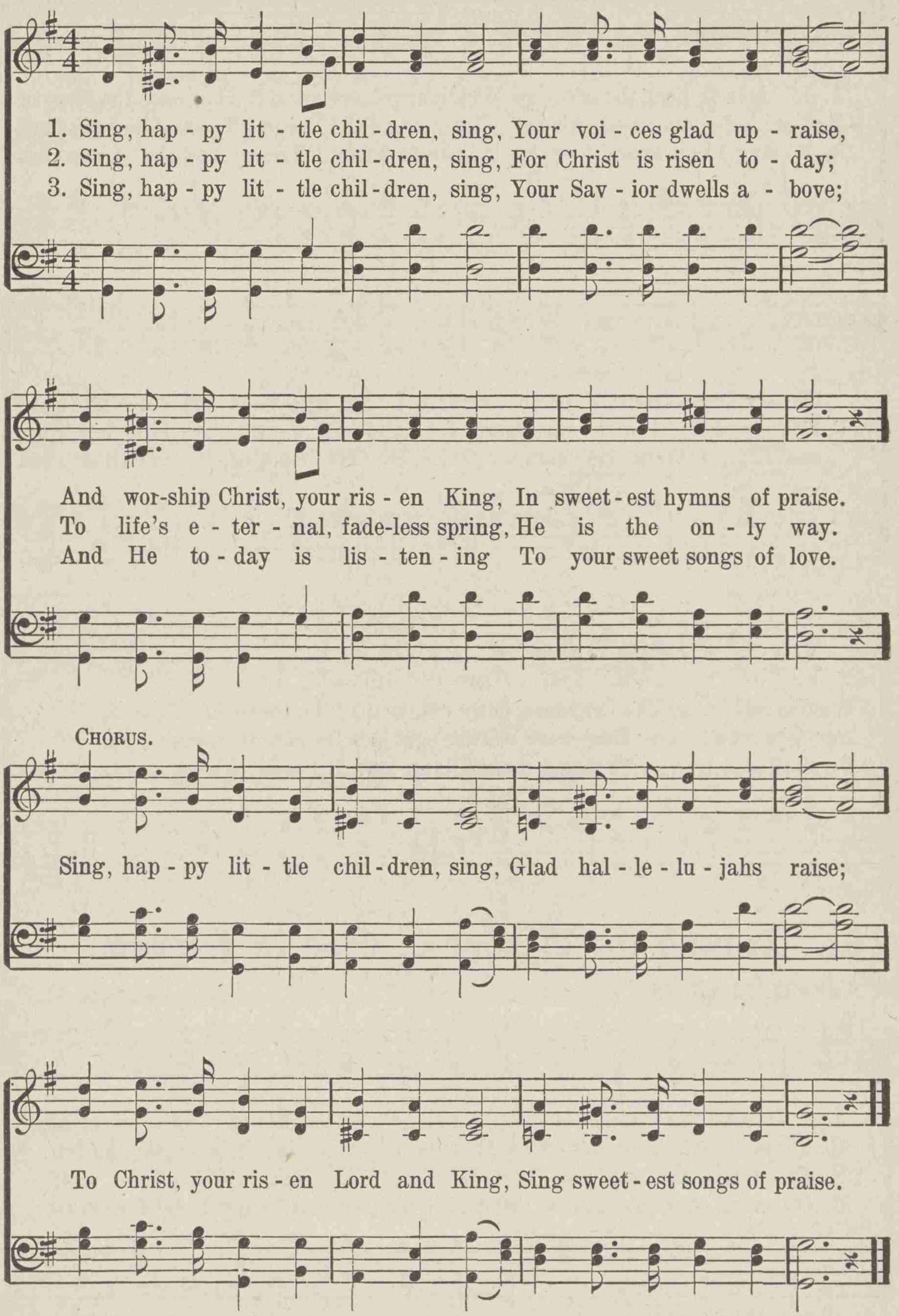
sun - beam, a sun - beam, I'll be a sun-beam for Him. A - MEN.

209 Sing, Children, Sing.

Ada Blenkhorn.

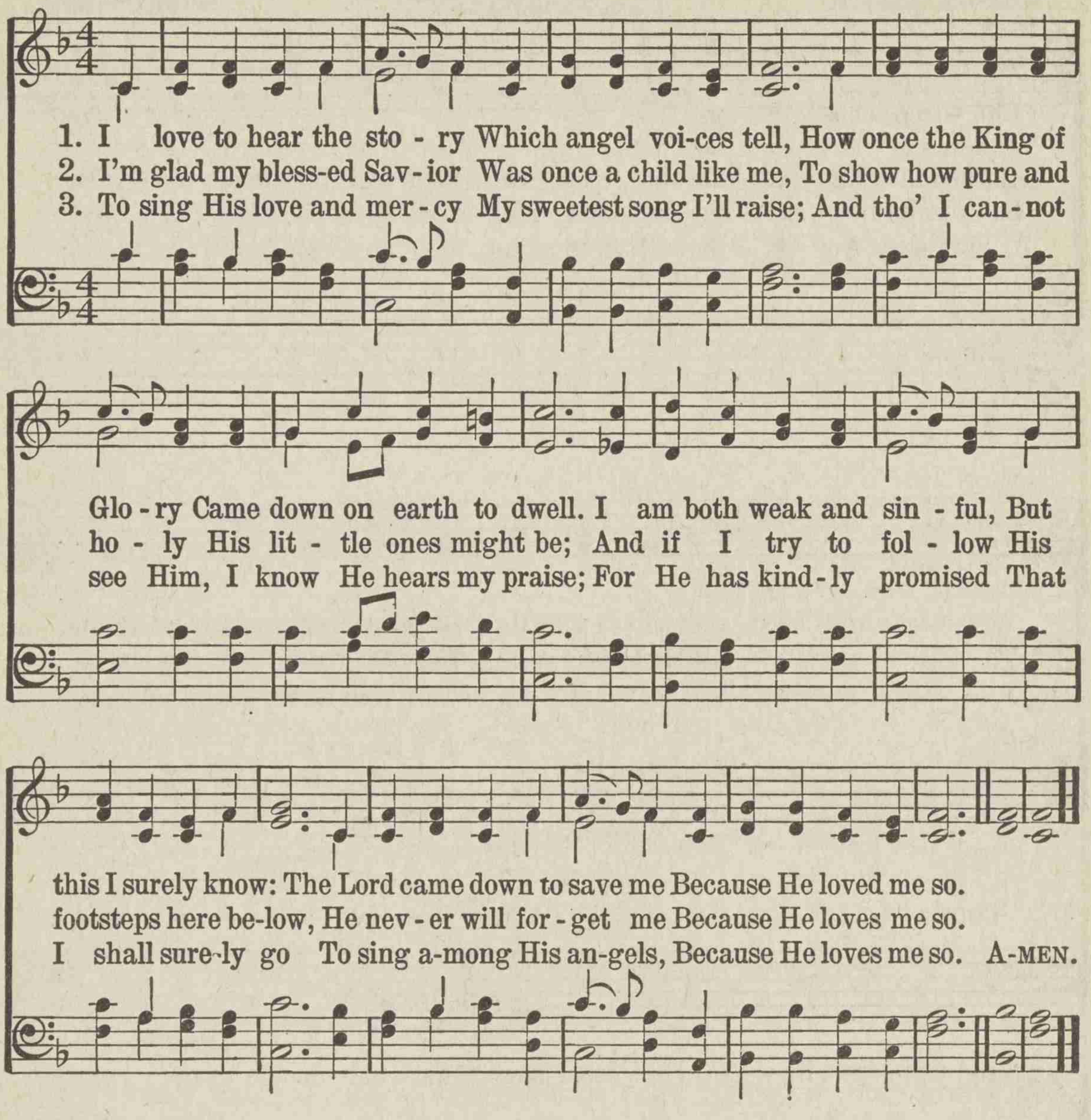
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Hamp Sewell.



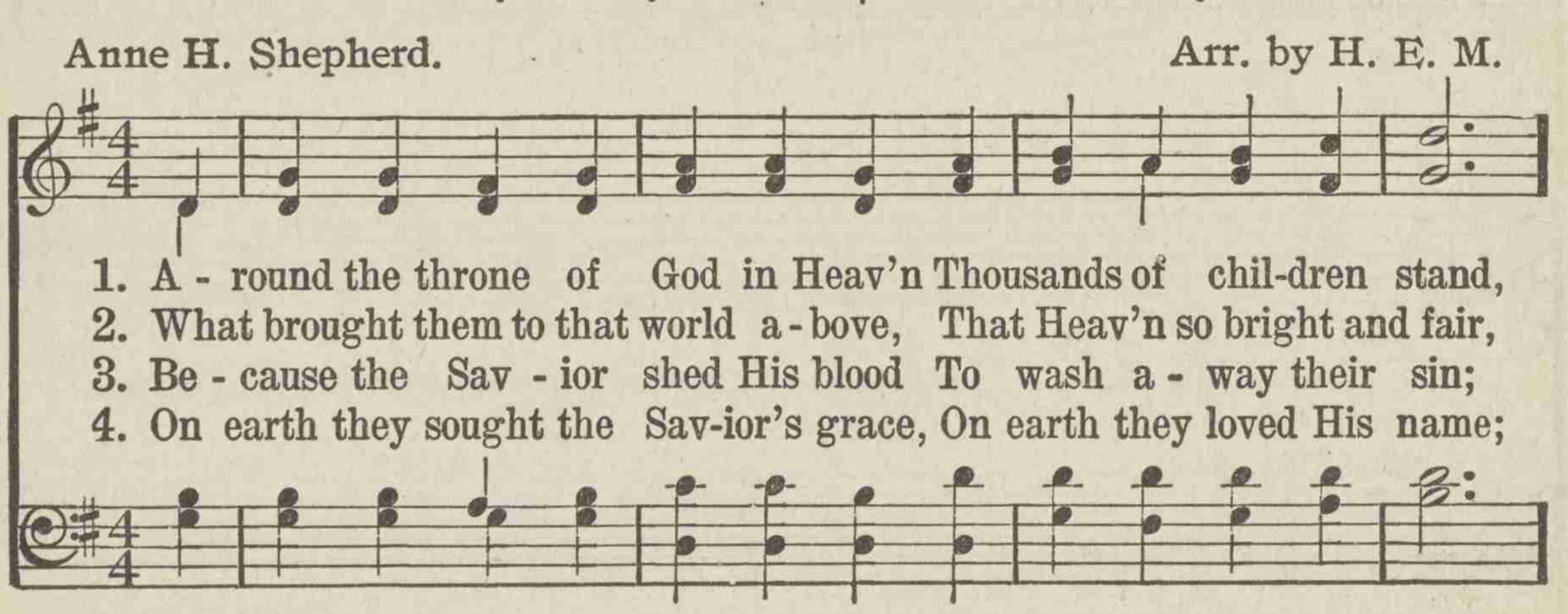
210 I Love to Hear the Story.

Emily A. Miller. Dr. Geo. F. Root.

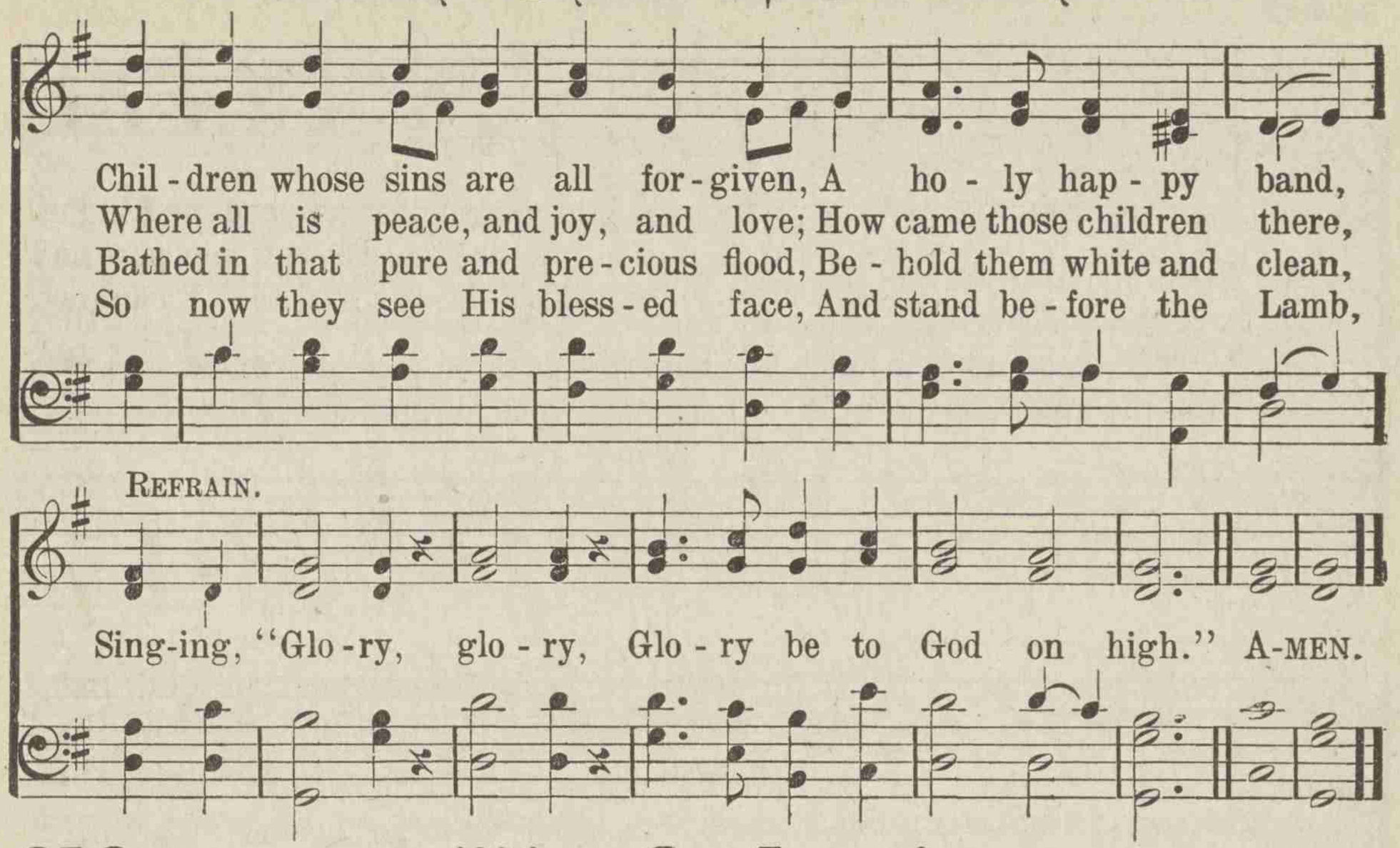


211 Around the Throne of God in Heaven.

Anne H. Shepherd. Arr. by H. E. M.

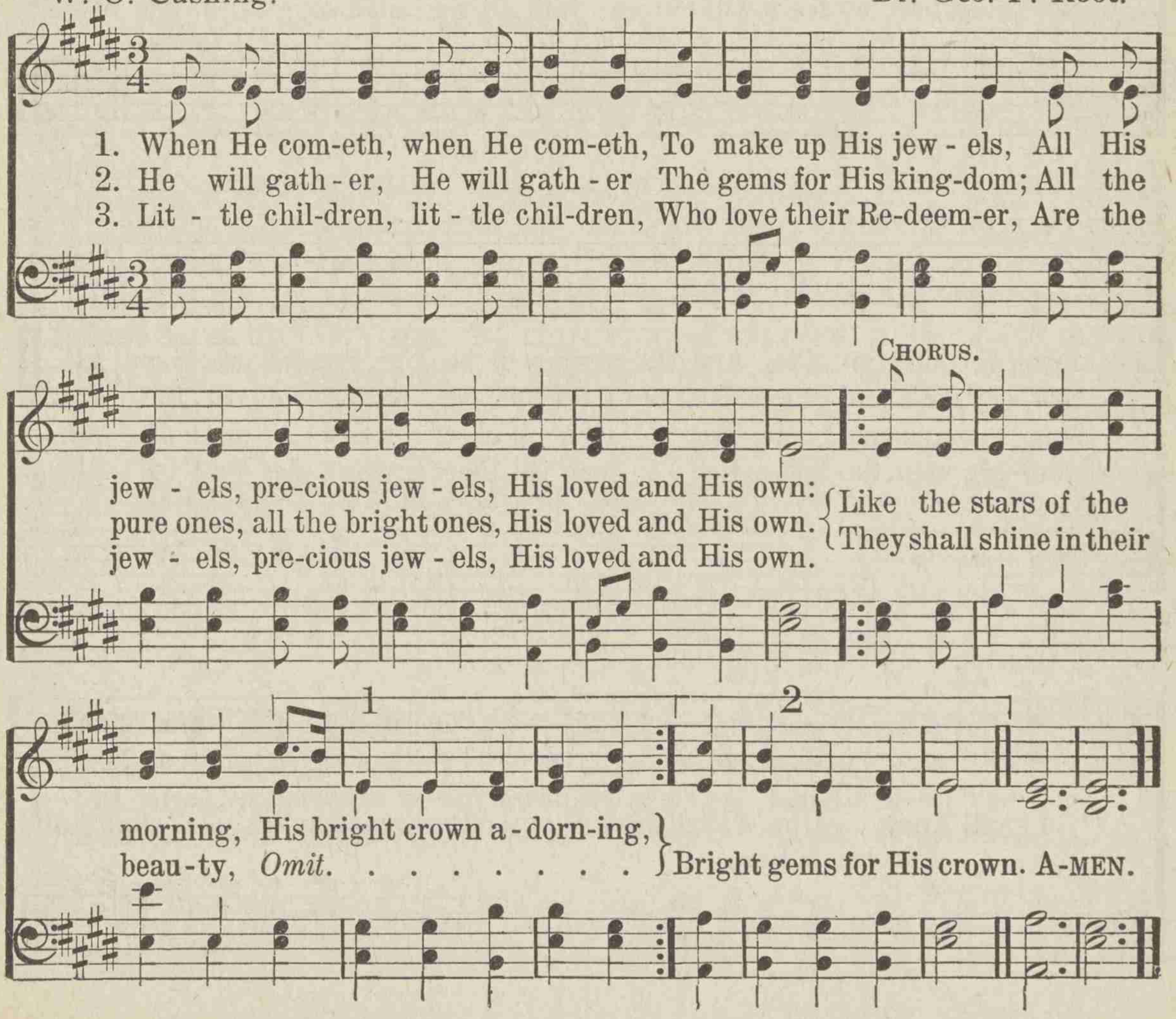


Around the Throne of God in Heaven.



212 When He Cometh.

W. O. Cushing. Dr. Geo. F. Root.



213 My Savior First of All.

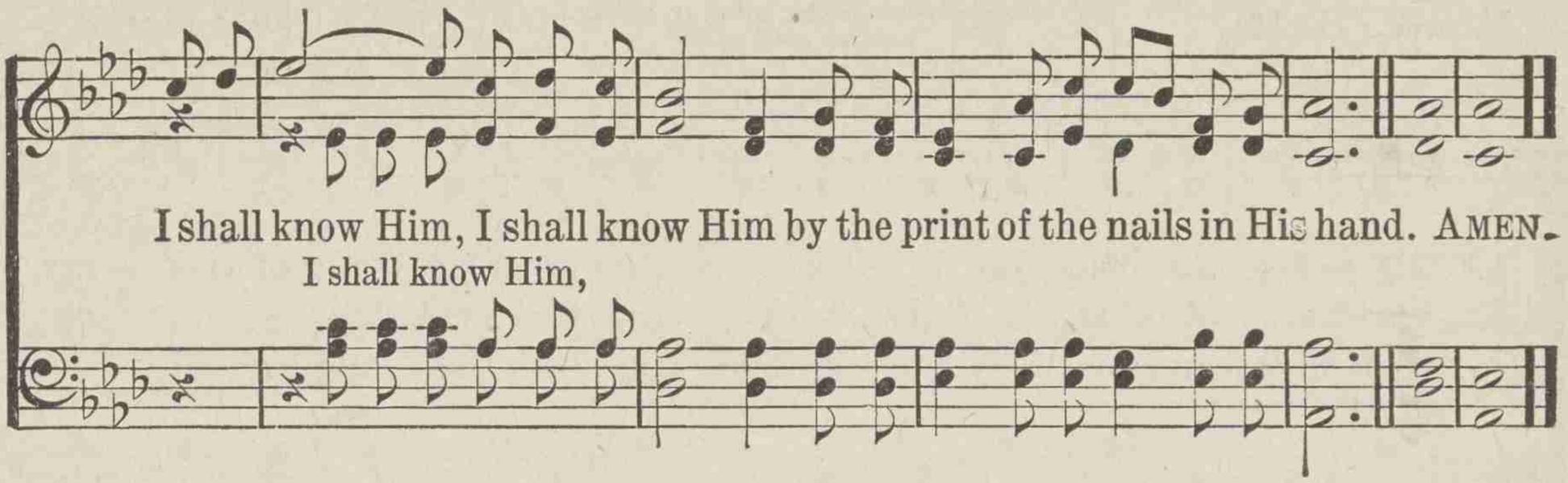
Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY JNO. R. SWENEY. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. When my life-work is end-ed and I cross the swell-ing tide, When the bright and glorious morn-ing I shall see, I shall know my Redeemer when I reach the oth-er side, And His smile will be the first to wel-come me.
2. O, the soul-thrill-ing rap-ture when I view His bless-ed face, And the lus-ter of His kind-ly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the mer-cy, love and grace, That pre-pare for me a man-sion in the sky.
3. O, the dear ones in glo-ry, how they beck-on me to come, And our part-ing at the riv-er I re-call; To the sweet vales of E-den they will sing my welcome home; But I long to meet my Sav-ior first of all.
4. Thro' the gates to the cit-y, in a robe of spot-less white He will lead me where no tears will ev-er fall; In the glad song of a-ges I shall min-gle with de-light; But I long to meet my Sav-ior first of all.

CHORUS.

I shall know . . Him, I shall know Him, And redeemed by His side I shall stand;
I shall know Him,

My Savior First of All.

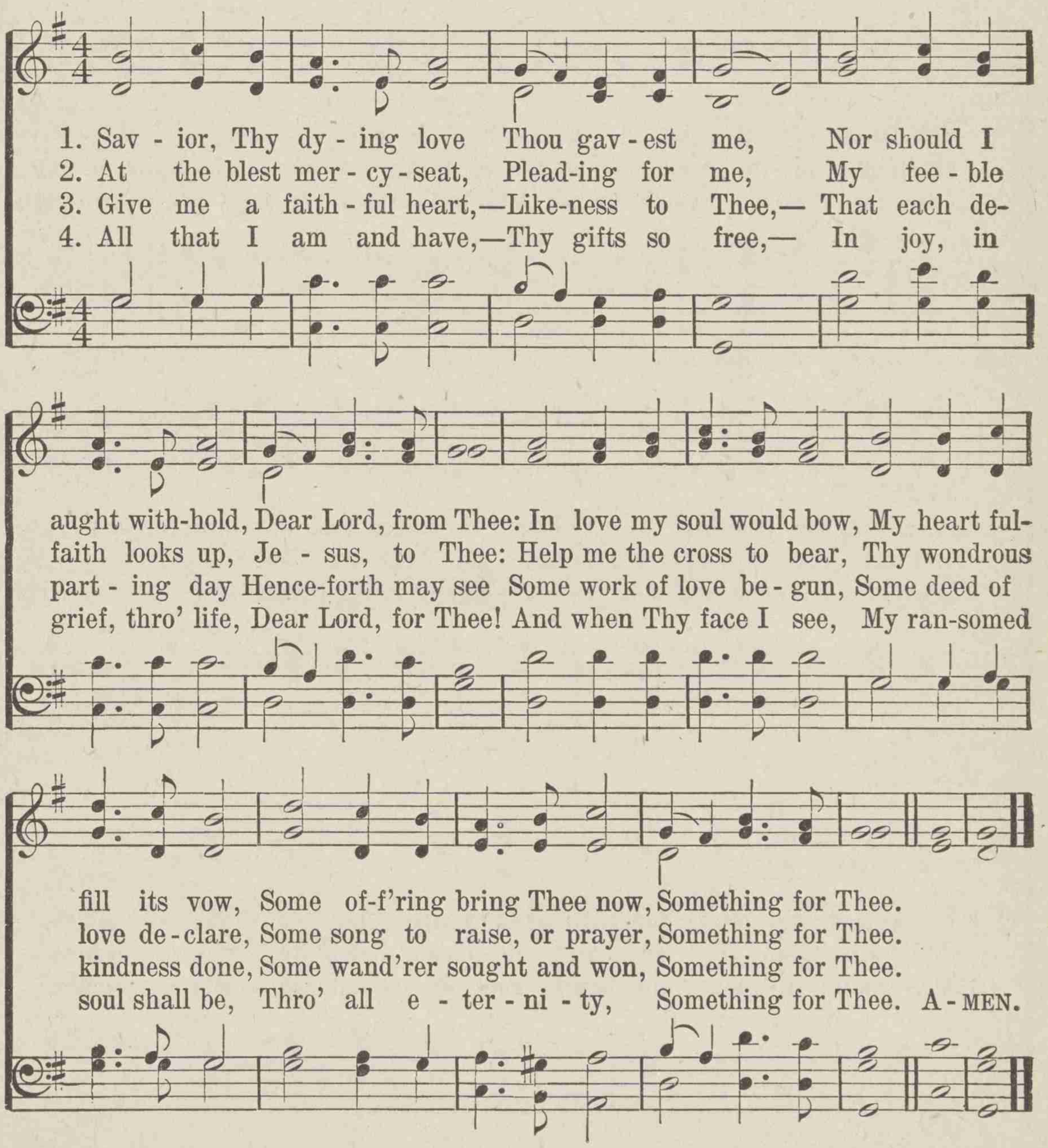


214 Something for Jesus.

S. D. Phelps.

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Robert Lowry.



215 Lo! Jesus Comes.

Mrs. C. H. M.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. He comes, He comes, Lo! Je - sus comes, the prom-ised King of Glo - ry;
2. O Church of God, a - wake, a - rise! the tri - umph day is near - ing;
3. "Thy king-dom come, Thy will be done," in ev - 'ry land and na - tion;

The Hope of all the a - ges past, fore - told in song and sto - ry;
Fresh oil in - to your ves - sels take, to greet your Lord's ap-pear - ing;
And for this glo - rious time we look with ea - ger ex - pec - ta - tion;

He comes the pris-'ner to re-lease; He comes, and wars and tumults cease;
That in His glo - ry we may share, He bids us for the day pre - pare:
Signs of His com - ing mul - ti - ply; the morn-ing breaks! the watchmen cry!

He comes to reign, the Prince of Peace,—Lo! Je - sus comes.
God's king - dom is at hand; de - clare, "Lo! Je - sus comes."
"A - men, A - men;" Our hearts re - ply, "Lo! Je - sus comes."

Lo! Jesus Comes.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

Then sing, O sing, ye ransomed, sing hal - le - lu - jah! Praise His

name whom an - gels in glo - ry a - dore; Hail, all hail the

con-quer-ing Li - on of Ju - dah! He shall reign for - ev - er and ev - er-

more; Hail, all hail the con-quer-ing Li - on of Ju - dah!

He shall reign for - ev - er - more. . . A - MEN.

216 All Hail, Immanuel!

D. R. Van Sickle.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. All hail to Thee, Im-man-u-el, We cast . . . our crowns be-fore Thee;
2. All hail to Thee, Im-man-u-el, The ran - somed hosts surround Thee;
3. All hail to Thee, Im-man-u-el, Our ris - - en King and Sav-ior!

Let ev-'ry heart o-bey Thy will, And ev - - - 'ry voice a-
And earth-ly mon-archs clam-or forth Their Sov - - 'reign King to
Thy foes are van-quished, and Thou art Om-nip - - - o-tent for-

dore Thee. In praise to Thee, our Sav-ior King, The vi-brant
crown Thee. While those re-deemed in a-ges gone, As-sem-bled
ev - er. Death, sin and hell no lon-ger reign, And Sa-tan's

chords of Heav-en ring, And ech-o back the might-y strain:
round the great white throne, Break forth in-to im-mor-tal song:
pow'r is burst in twain; E-ter-nal glo-ry to Thy Name:

ff

All hail! all hail! All hail! all hail! Im-man-u-el!
All hail! all hail!

All Hail, Immanuel!

CHORUS.

Hail! . . . . . Im-man-u-el! Im-man-u-el! Hail! . . . . . .

Hail to the King we love so well! Hail! Im - man-u - el! Hail to the King we love so well!

Hail! . . . . . .

Im-man-u-el! Im-man-u-el!

Hail! Im - man - u - el! Glo-ry and honor and majesty, Wisdom and power be

Hail! . . . . . Glo - - ry and maj-es-ty, Wis - dom be

rit. . . . . . Hail! . . . . . Im-

un - to Thee, Now and ev - er - more! . . . Hail to the King we love so well!

man-u-el! Im-man-u-el! Hail! . . . . . Im-man-u-el! Im-man-u-el!

Hail! Im - man - u - el! Hail to the King we love so well! Hail! Im - man - u - el!

Hail! . . . . . Hail! . . . . . .

King of kings and Lord of lords, All hail, Im - man - u - el! A - MEN.

217 Hallelujah for the Cross.

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Horatius Bonar. James McGranahan.

1. The cross it stand-eth fast, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal-le - lu - jah! De - fy - ing
2. It is the old cross still, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal-le - lu - jah! Its tri-umph
3. 'Twas here the debt was paid, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal-le - lu - jah! Our sins on

cres.

ev-'ry blast, Hal-le - lu - jah! hal-le - lu - jah! The winds of hell have blown, The
let us tell, Hal-le - lu - jah! hal-le - lu - jah! The grace of God here shone, Thro'
Je-sus laid, Hal-le - lu - jah! hal-le - lu - jah! So round the cross we sing, Of

ff

world its hate hath shown, Yet it is not o-ver-thrown, Hal-le - lu - jah for the cross!
Christ the bless-ed Son, Who did for sin a - tone, Hal-le - lu - jah for the cross!
Christ our of - fer - ing, Of Christ our liv-ing King, Hal-le - lu - jah for the cross!

cres. *ff*

* Solo. Sop. or Tenor, or Duet.

Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le-

Soprano and Alto.

Chorus. *mp.* Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le-

Tenor and Bass.

*If desired, the Soprano and Alto may sing the upper staff, omitting the middle staff.

Hallelujah For the Cross.

lu - - jah for the cross, Hal - le - lu - jah,

lu - jah for the cross, hal-le - lu - jah for the cross, Hal - le - lu - jah,

Hal - le - lu - jah, it shall nev - er suf - fer loss.

Hal - le - lu - jah, it shall nev - er suf - fer, nev-er suf - fer loss.

f FULL CHORUS.

*Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah for the cross;

cres. *ff*

Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, it shall nev - er suf - fer loss.

***For a final ending, all the voices may sing the melody in unison through the last eight measures—the instrument playing the harmony.**

218 A Matchless Friend.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1925, BY E. O. EXCELL, JR.
WORDS AND MUSIC. B. D. Ackley.

SOLO.

1. A match-less Friend..... I have at last;.... With-in His
2. So long I walked..... for-bid-den ways,... And spent in
3. This matchless Friend..... now pleads with you,.... For He would

love..... He hides my past; His grace I trust,.... His name a-
sin..... my precious days; But now, with Him.... who holds my
save..... and keep you, too; Oh, give to Him.... your heart, and

dore,..... And I am His..... for-ev-er-more.
hand,..... I'm go-ing to..... "The Morn-ing Land."
be..... Re-joic-ing in..... His love with me.

A Matchless Friend.

CHORUS.



219 The Old Book and the Old Faith.

G. H. C.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.
STANDARD PUBLISHING COMPANY, OWNER.

Geo. H. Carr.

1. 'Mid the storms of doubt and un-be-lief, we fear, Stands a Book e-
2. 'Tis the Book that tells us of the Fa-ther's love, When He sent His
3. 'Tis the Book that tells us of the will of God, And the Sav-ior's
4. 'Tis the Book that tells us of E-ter-nal Life, Aft-er faith-ful

ter-nal that the world holds dear; Thro' the rest-less a-ges it re-
Son to us from heav'n a-bove, Who by rich-est prom-ise cre-ates
teachings while the earth He trod, How He soothed earth's sorrows, and re-
serv-ice in a world of strife, And this glo-rious tri-umph o-ver

mains the same, 'Tis the Book of God, and the Bi-ble is its name!
Hope with-in, For 'tis thro' His blood we are saved from ev-'ry sin!
lieved its woe, Thro' whom strength is giv-en to con-quer ev-'ry foe!
death's dark fears Is the world's best gift in an age of countless tears!

CHORUS.

The Old Book and the Old Faith Are the Rock on which I stand!
The Grand Old Book and the Dear Old Faith on which I stand!

The Old Book and the Old Faith.



220 Awakening Chorus.

Charlotte G. Homer.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. A - wake! a - wake! and sing the bless-ed sto - ry; A
A - wake! a - wake!

2. Ring out! ring out! O bells of joy and glad-ness! Re-
Ring out! ring out!

wake! a - wake! and let your song of praise a-rise; A-wake! a-
A-wake! a-wake! A-wake!

peat, re - peat a - new the sto-ry o'er a-gain, Till all the
Re-peat, re-peat, Till all

wake! the earth is full of glo - ry, And light is beam - ing
a-wake! And light is beam-ing

earth shall lose its weight of sad - ness, And shout a - new the
the earth, And shout a - new

MALE VOICES IN UNISON.

from the ra-diant skies; The rocks and rills, the vales and hills re-sound with
glo - ri - ous re-frain; With an-gels in the heights sing of the great sal-

FULL HARMONY.

glad - ness, All na - ture joins to sing the triumph song. The Lord Je-
va - tion He wrest - ed from the hand of sin and death.

Awakening Chorus.

UNISON.

ho - vah reigns and sin is back-ward hurled! Re - joice! re-

sin is back-ward hurled!

joice! lift heart and voice, Je - ho - vah reigns!

FULL HARMONY.

Pro-claim His sov-'reign pow'r to all the world, And let His

pow'r to all the world, And let His

glo - - rious ban-ner be un-furled! Je - ho - vah reigns!

grand and glo-rious ban - ner be un - furled! Je - ho - vah reigns! Je - ho - vah reigns!

Re-joice! re-joice! re-joice! Je - ho - vah reigns! A-MEN.

Re-joice! re-joice! re-joice!

221 O Little Town of Bethlehem.

Phillips Brooks. *St. Louis. 8. 6. 8. 6. 7. 6. 8. 6.* Lewis H. Redner.

1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie;
2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry; And gath - ered all a - bove,
3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly, The won - drous gift is given!
4. O ho - ly Child of Beth - le - hem, De - scend to us, we pray;

A - bove thy deep and dream-less sleep The si - lent stars go by:
While mor - tals sleep, the an - gels keep Their watch of won-d'ring love.
So God im - parts to hu - man hearts The bless - ings of His Heav'n.
Cast out our sin, and en - ter in, Be born in us to - day.

Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light; The
O morn - ing stars, to - geth - er Pro - claim the ho - ly birth; And
No ear may hear His com - ing, But in this world of sin, Where
We hear the Christ-mas an - gels The great glad ti - dings tell; O

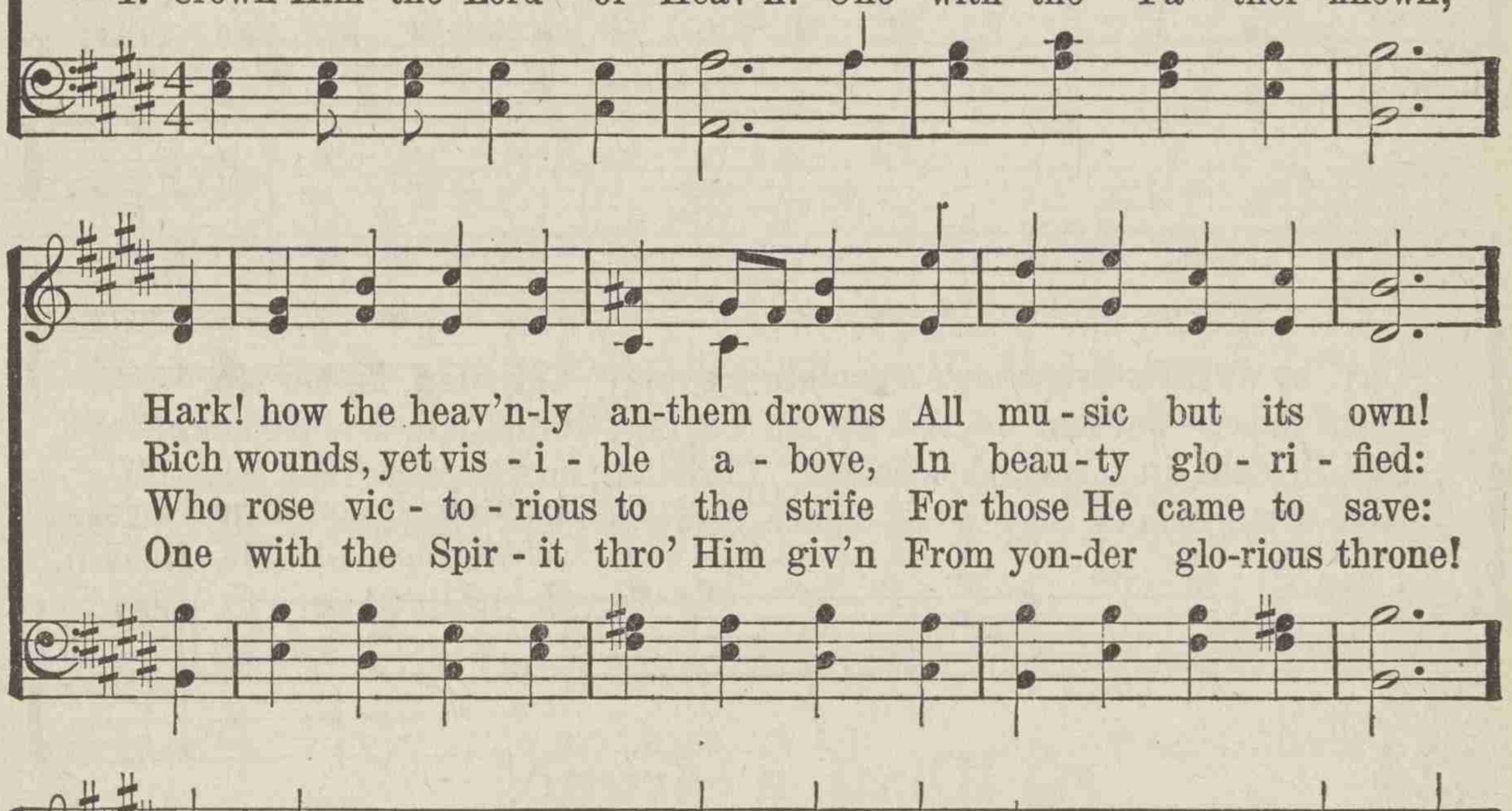
hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.
prais - es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth.
meek souls will re - ceive Him still, The dear Christ en - ters in.
come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord Em - man - u - el. A - MEN.

222 Crown Him With Many Crowns.

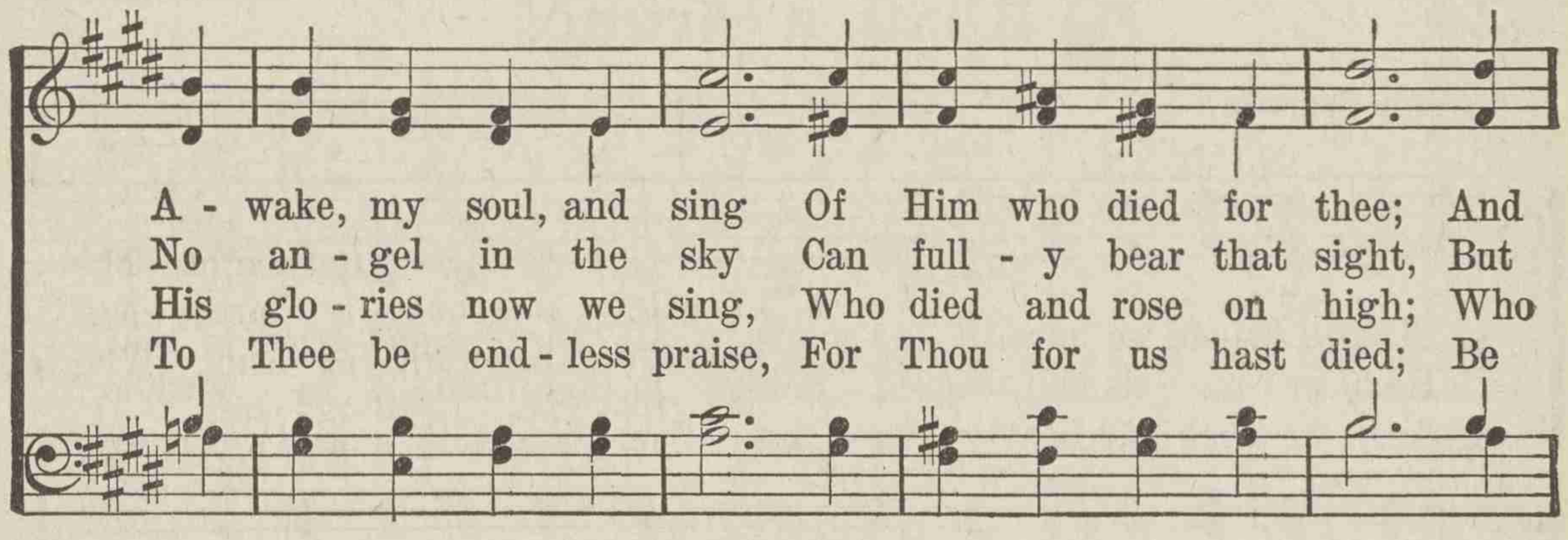
Matthew Bridges. *Diadem ata. S. M. D.* George J. Elvey.



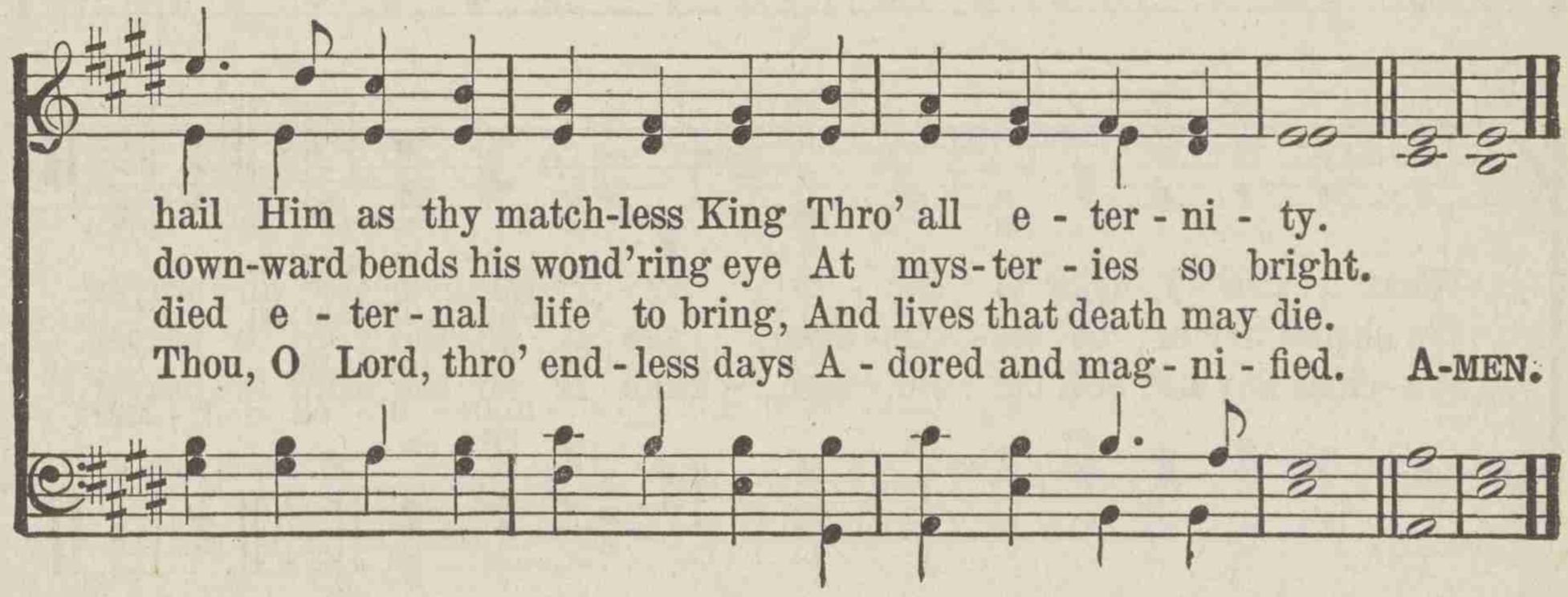
1. Crown Him with man - y crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;
2. Crown Him the Lord of love! Be - hold His hands and side,—
3. Crown Him the Lord of life! Who tri-umphed o'er the grave;
4. Crown Him the Lord of Heav'n! One with the Fa - ther known,



Hark! how the heav'n-ly an-them drowns All mu - sic but its own!
Rich wounds, yet vis - i - ble a - bove, In beau - ty glo - ri - fied:
Who rose vic - to - rious to the strife For those He came to save:
One with the Spir - it thro' Him giv'n From yon-der glo-rious throne!



A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee; And
No an - gel in the sky Can full - y bear that sight, But
His glo - ries now we sing, Who died and rose on high; Who
To Thee be end - less praise, For Thou for us hast died; Be



hail Him as thy match-less King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
down-ward bends his wond'ring eye At mys - ter - ies so bright.
died e - ter - nal life to bring, And lives that death may die.
Thou, O Lord, thro' end - less days A - dored and mag - ni - fied. A-MEN.

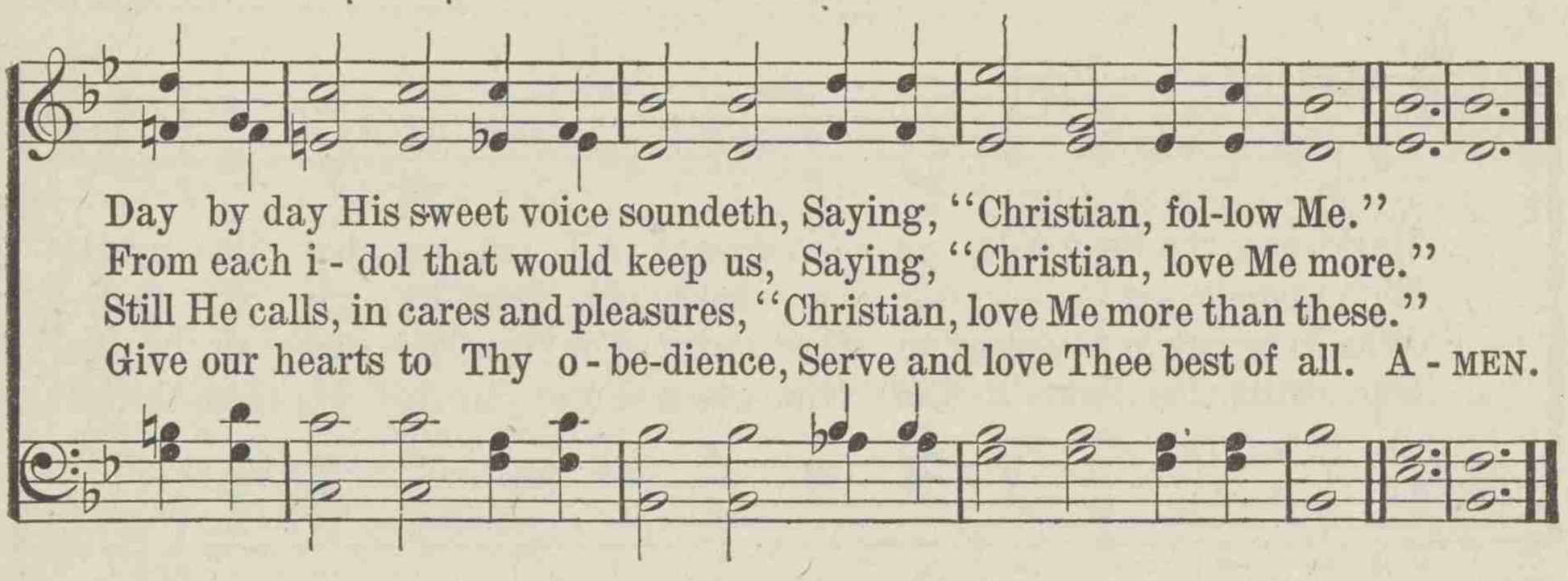
223 Jesus Calls Us.

Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander. *Galilee. 8. 7. 8. 7.* William H. Jude.



1. Je - sus calls us; o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest-less sea,
2. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the vain world's golden store,
3. In our joys and in our sor - rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
4. Je - sus calls us: by Thy mer - cies, Sav - ior, may we hear Thy call,





Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Saying, "Christian, fol-low Me."
From each i - dol that would keep us, Saying, "Christian, love Me more."
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures, "Christian, love Me more than these."
Give our hearts to Thy o - be-dience, Serve and love Thee best of all. A - MEN.

224 What a Friend.

Joseph Scriven. *Converse. 8s. 7s. D.* Charles C. Converse.

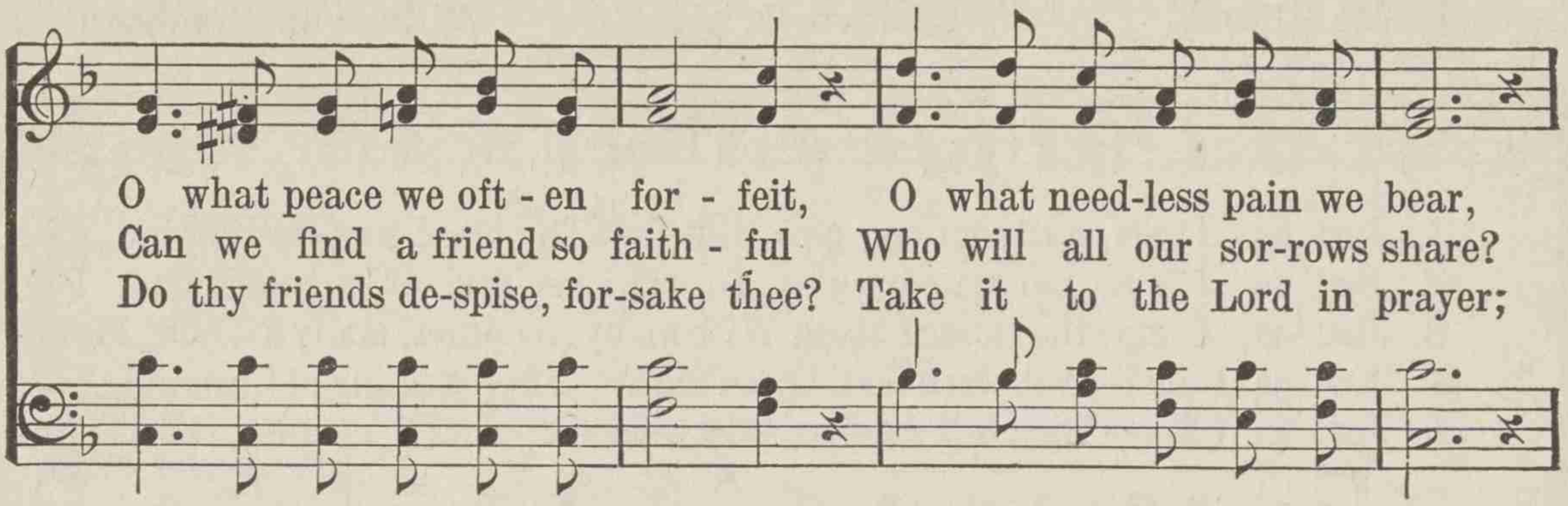


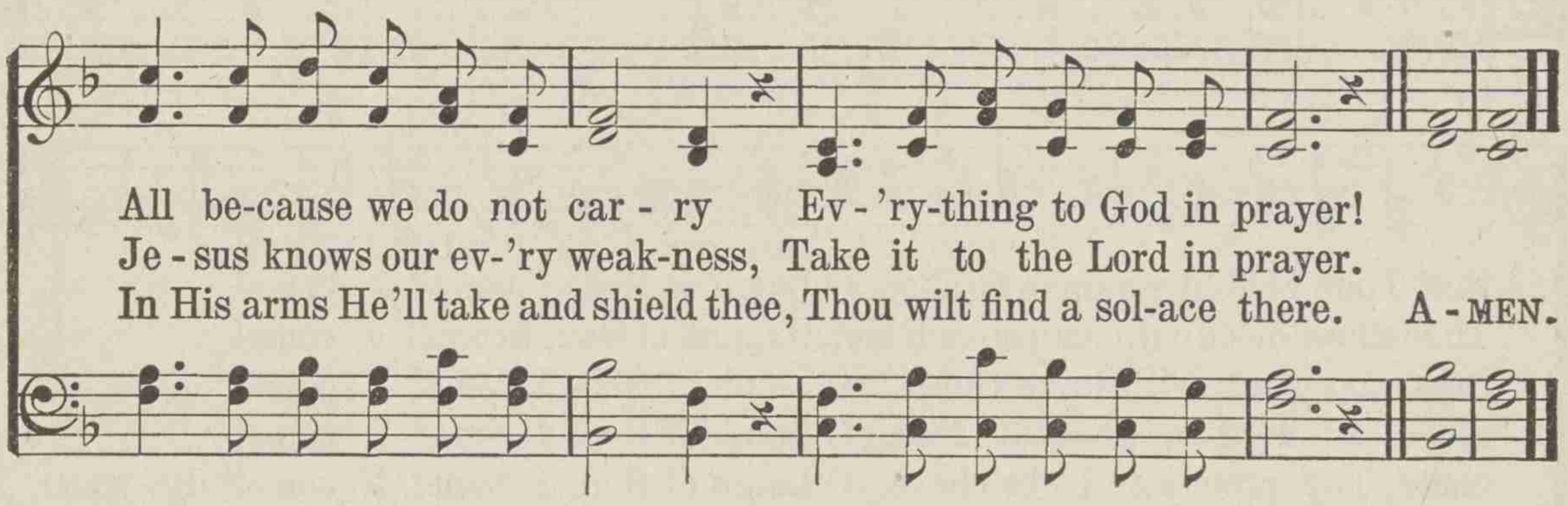
1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri - als and temp-ta - tions? Is there troub-le an - y-where?
3. Are we weak and heav-y - la - den, Cum-bered with a load of care?—



What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
We should nev-er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Pre - cious Sav-ior, still our ref - uge,— Take it to the Lord in prayer.

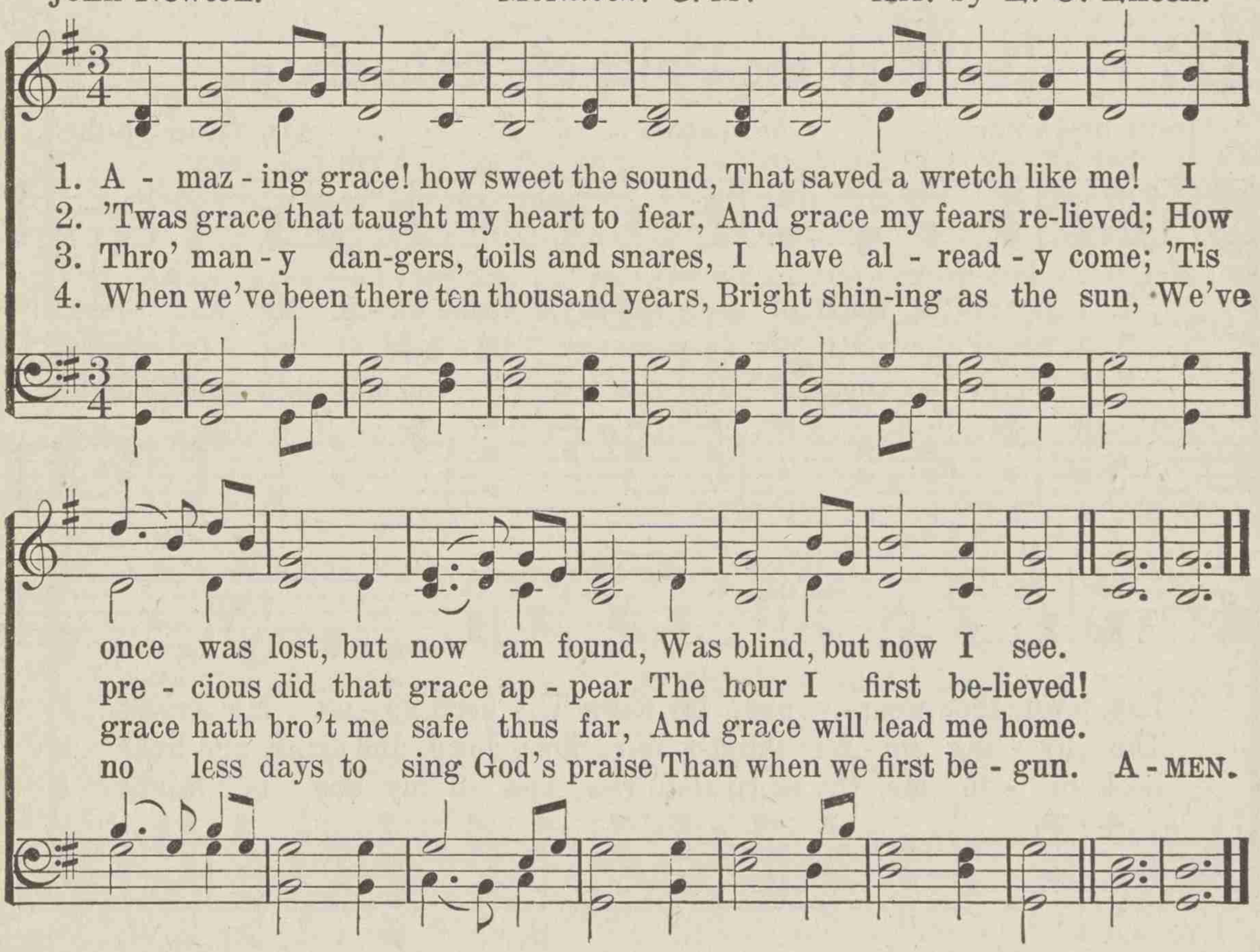
What a Friend.





225 Amazing Grace.

John Newton. *McIntosh. C. M.* Arr. by E. O. Excell.



226 Just As I Am.

Charlotte Elliott. *Woodworth. L. M.* William B. Bradbury.

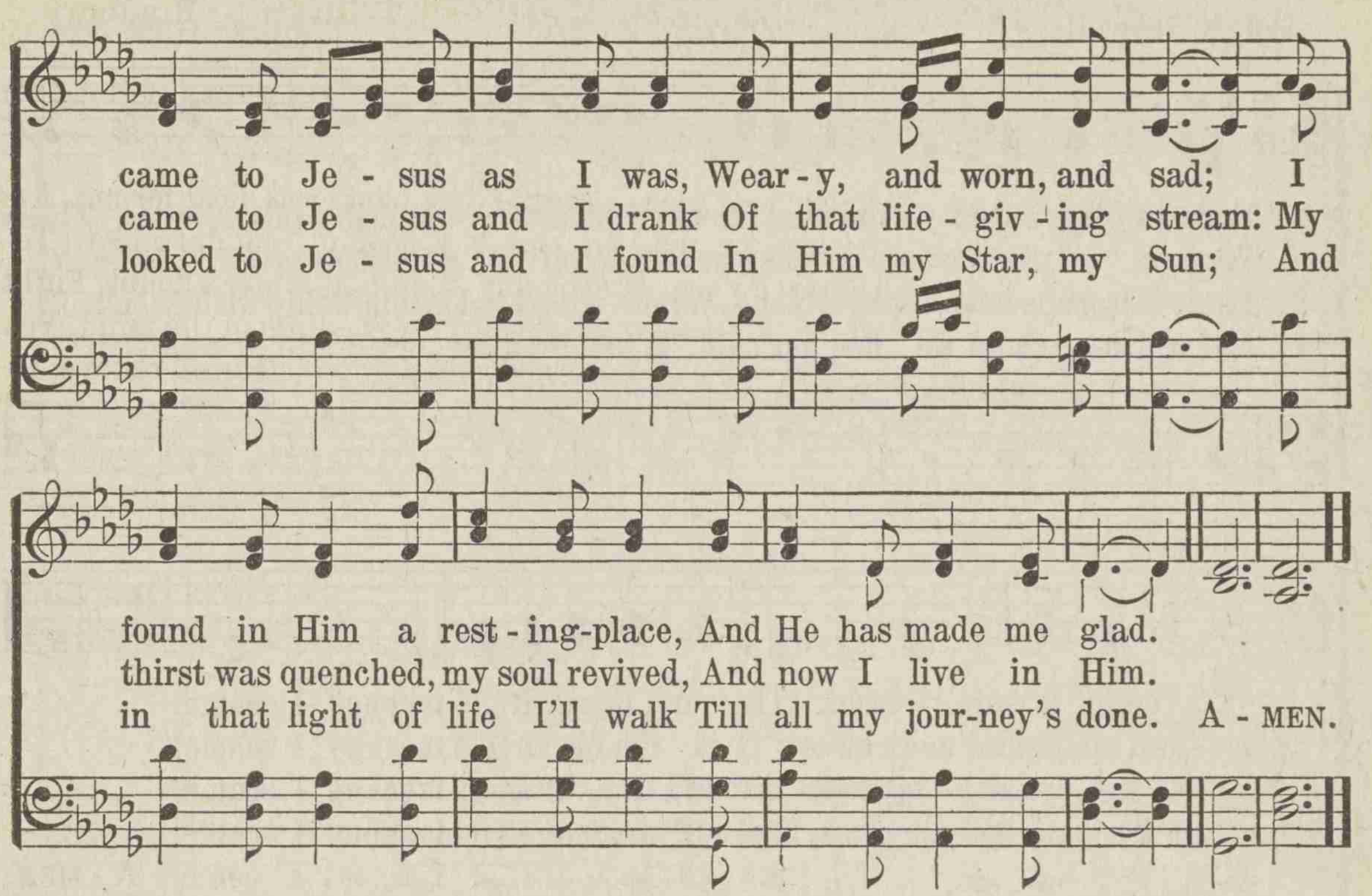


227 I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.

Horatius Bonar. *Jerusalem. C. M. D.* Arr. from Spohr.



I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.

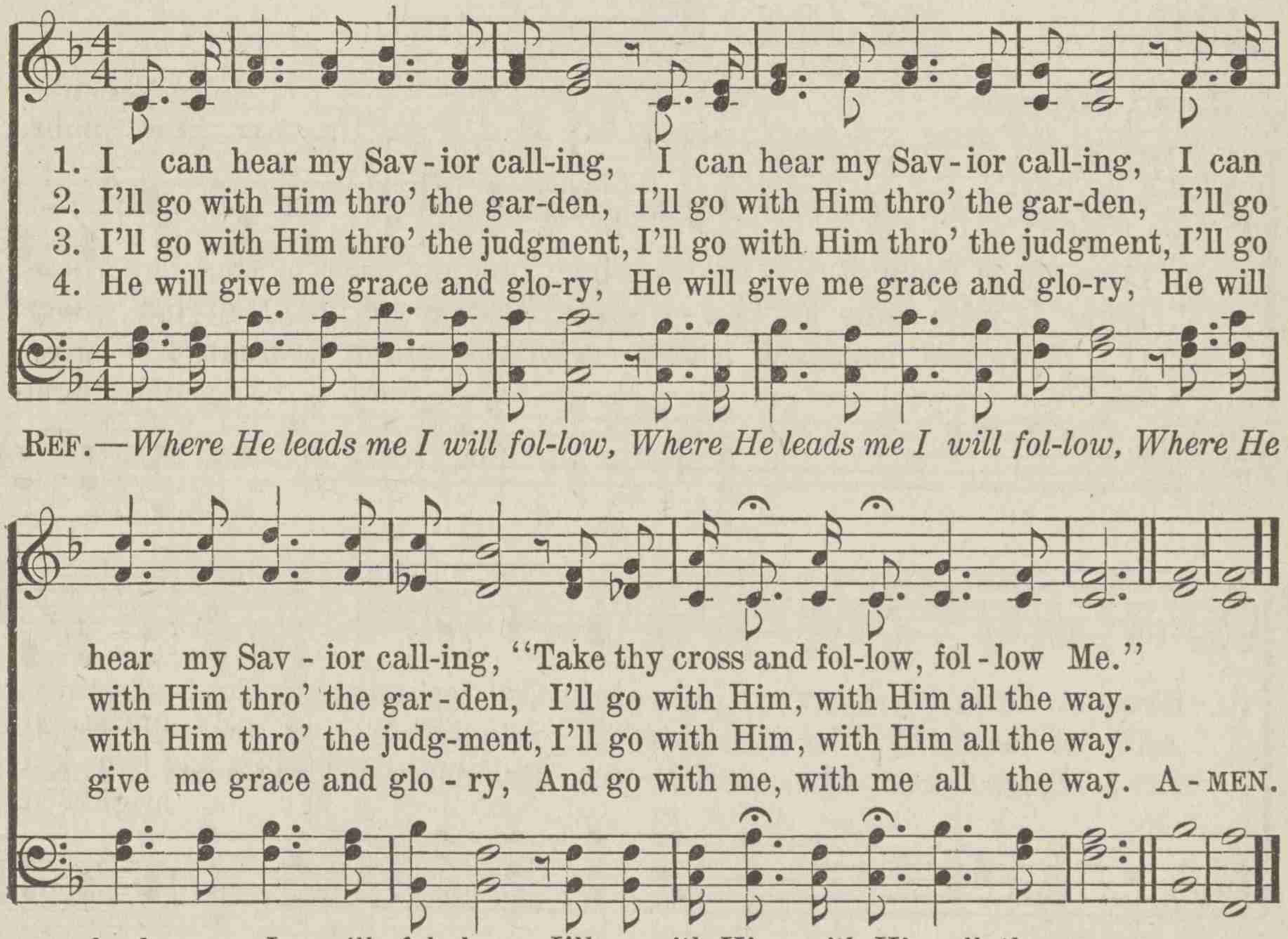


228 Where He Leads Me.

E. W. Blandly.

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J. S. Norris.

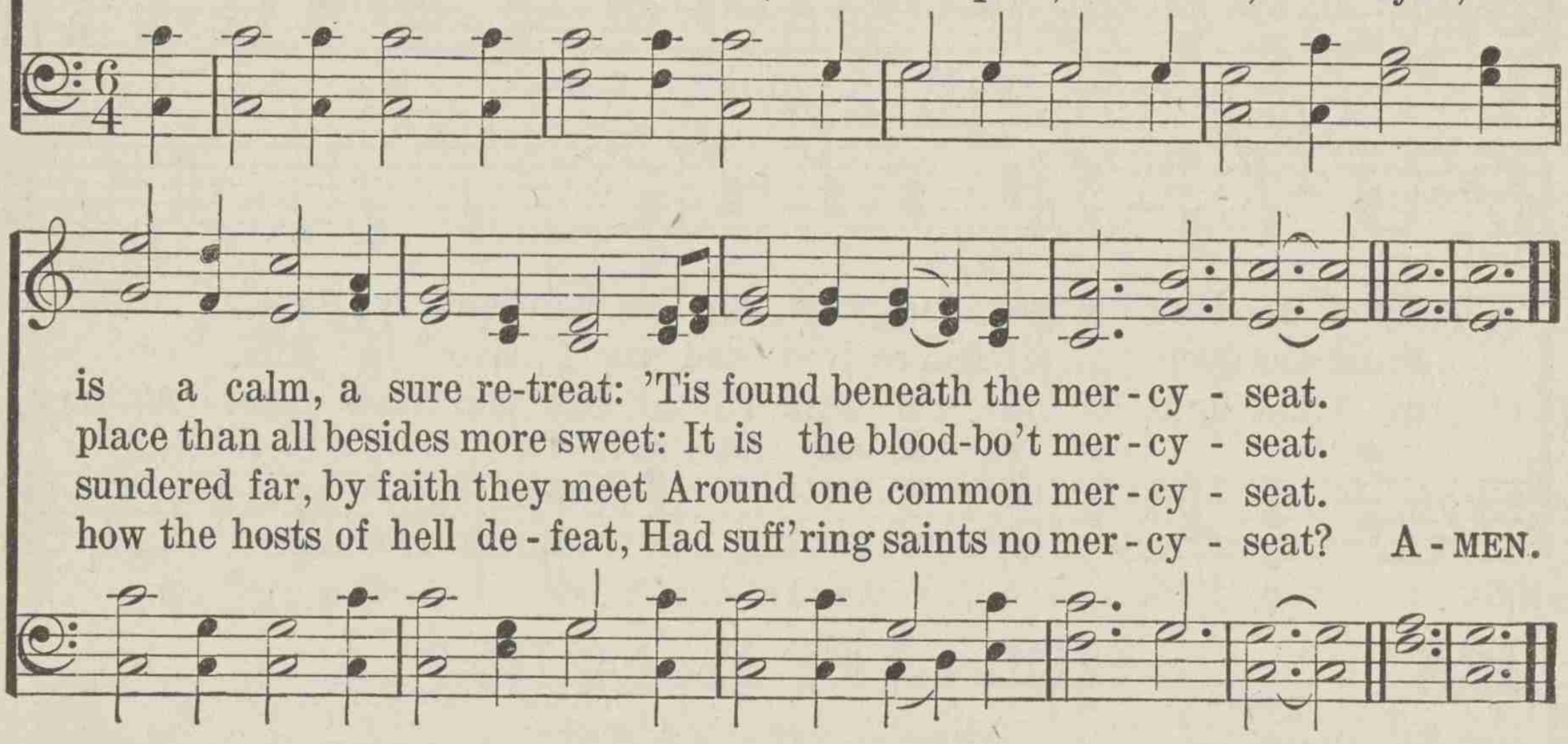


229 From Every Stormy Wind.

Hugh Stowell. *Retreat. L. M.* Thomas Hastings.

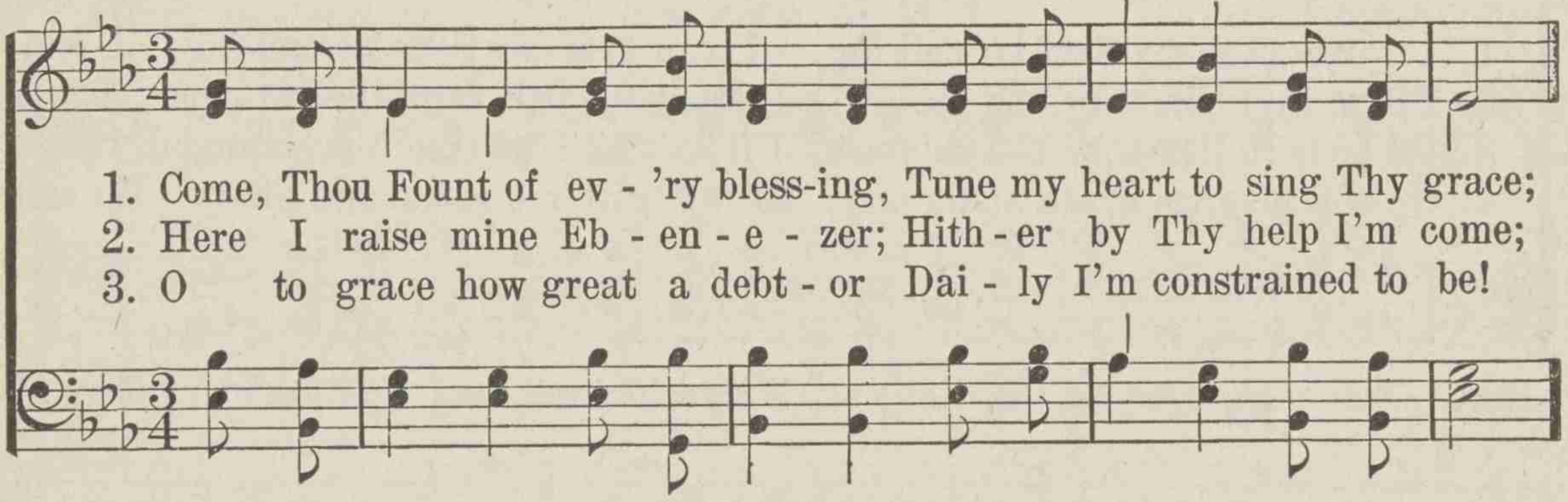


1. From ev-'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev-'ry swell-ing tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure re-treat: 'Tis found beneath the mer-cy - seat.
2. There is a place where Je-sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads; A place than all besides more sweet: It is the blood-bo't mer-cy - seat.
3. There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend; Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet Around one common mer-cy - seat.
4. Ah! whith-er could we flee for aid, When tempted, des-o-late, dis-mayed; Or how the hosts of hell de-feat, Had suff'ring saints no mer-cy - seat? A-MEN.

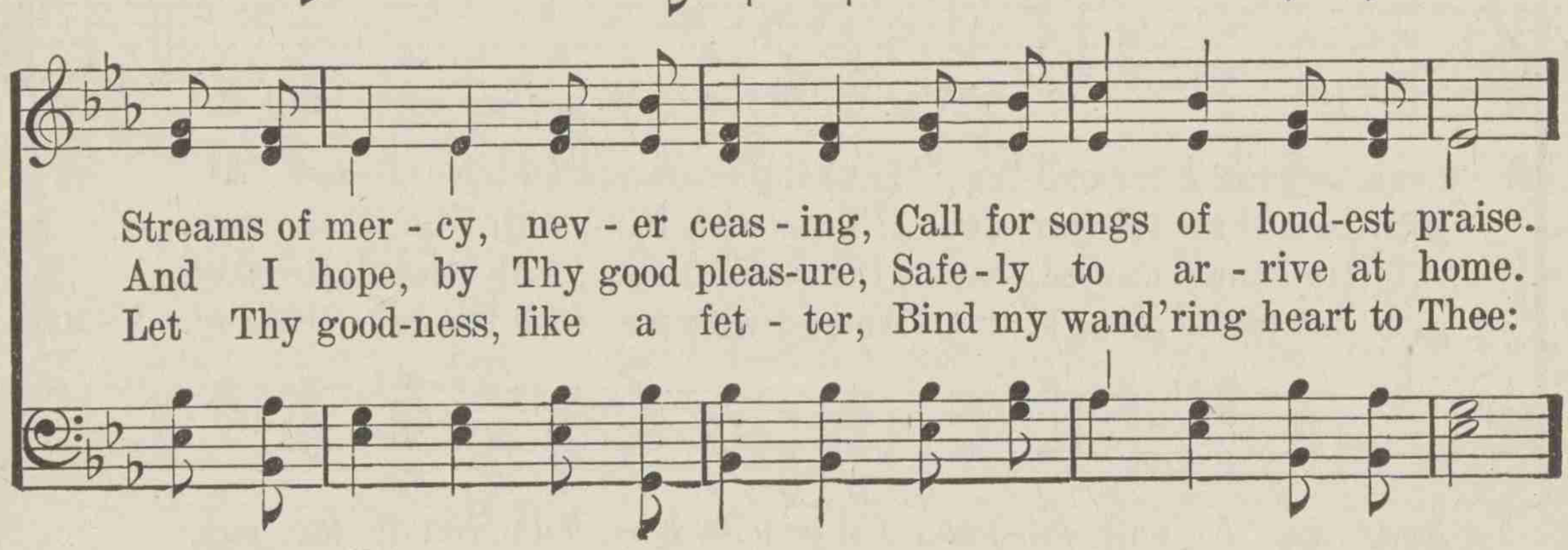


230 Come, Thou Fount.

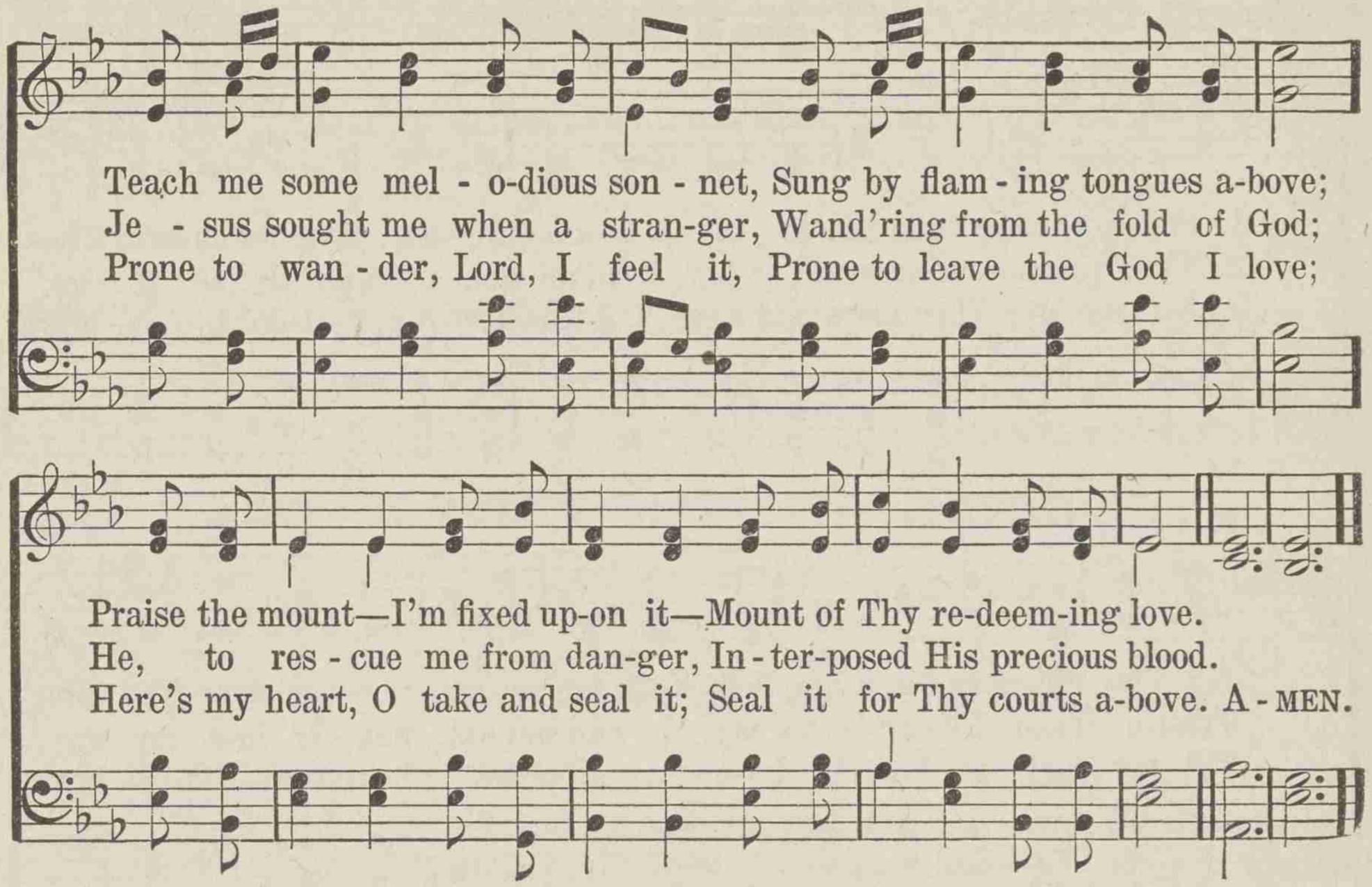
Robert Robinson. *Nettleton. 8s. 7s. D.* John Wyeth.



1. Come, Thou Fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace; Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise.
2. Here I raise mine Eb-en-e-zer; Hith-er by Thy help I'm come; And I hope, by Thy good pleas-ure, Safe-ly to ar-rive at home.
3. O to grace how great a debt-or Dai-ly I'm constrained to be! Let Thy good-ness, like a fet-ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee:

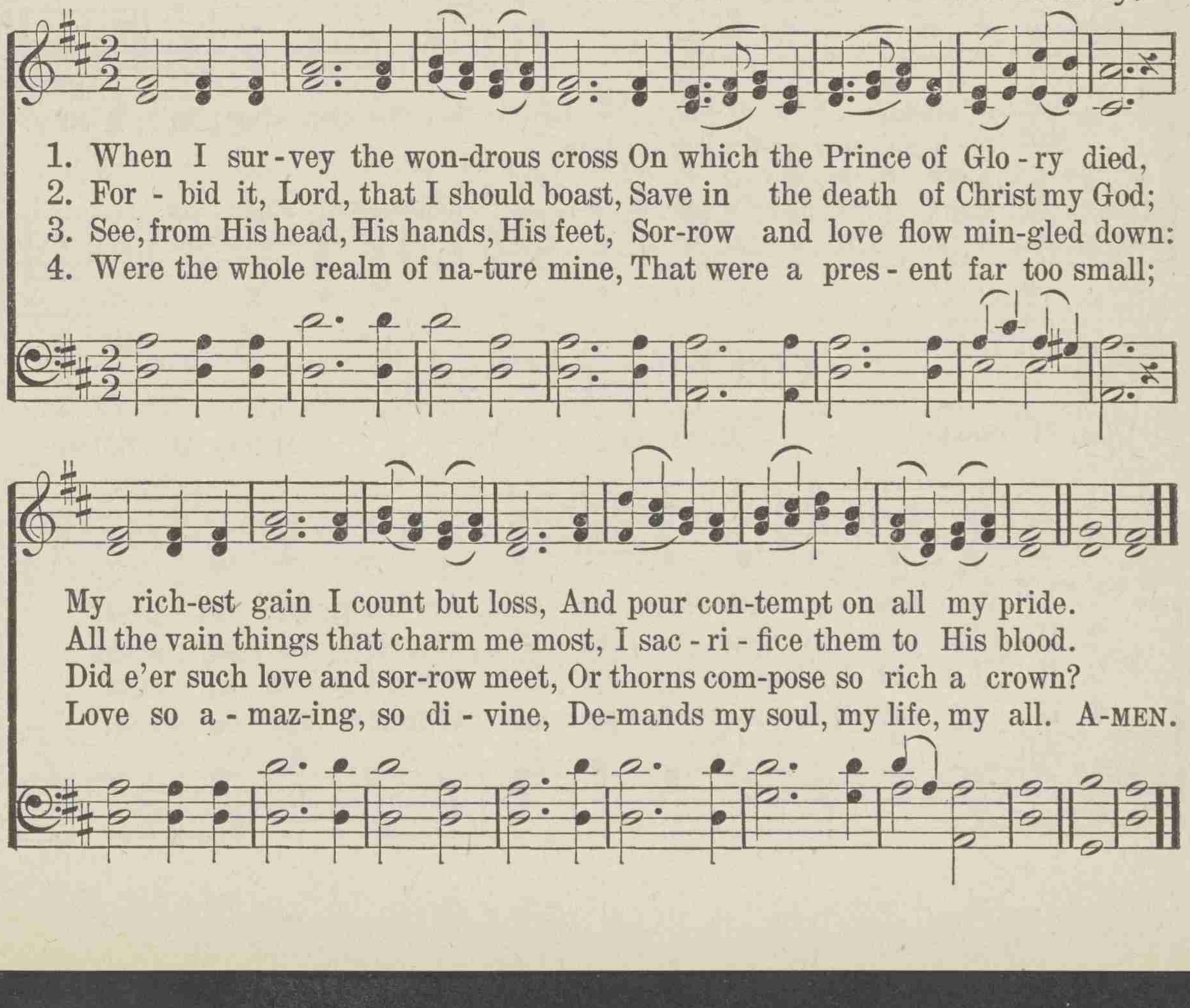


Come, Thou Fount.



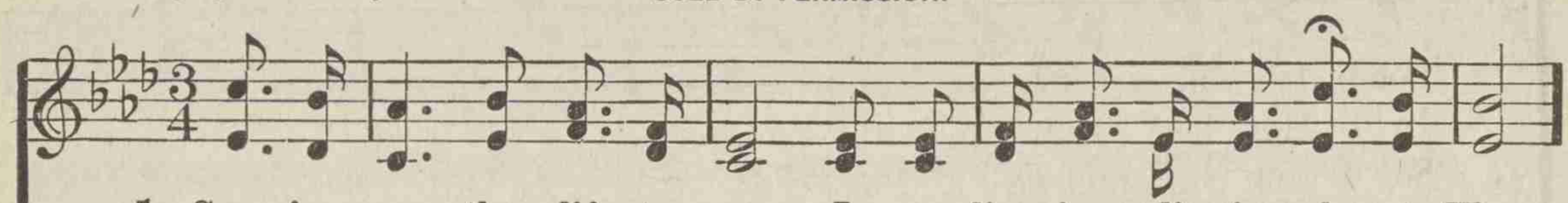
231 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

Isaac Watts. *Eucharist. L. M.* I. Woodbury.

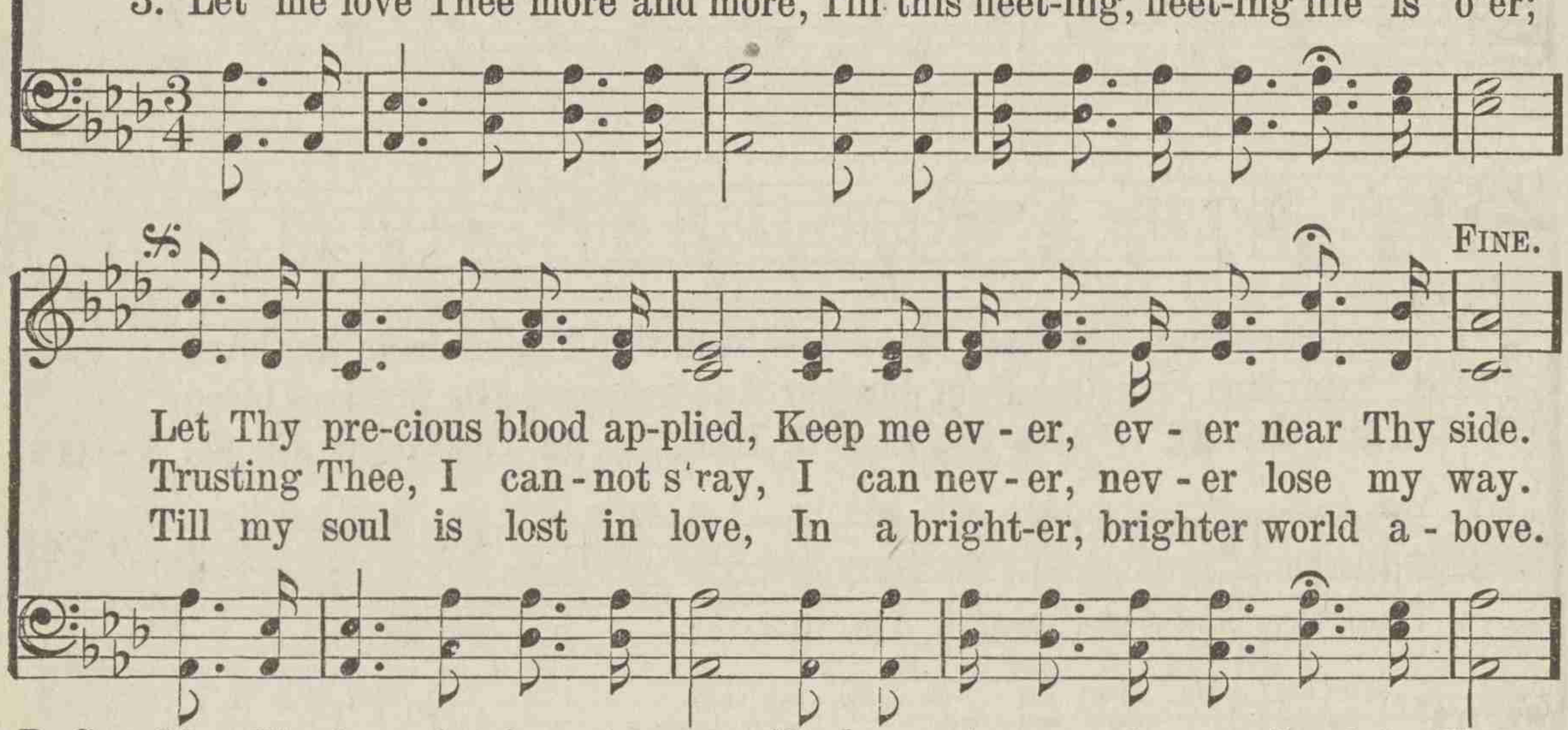


232 Savior, More Than Life.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY W. H. DOANE. USED BY PERMISSION. W. H. Doane.



1. Sav - ior, more than life to me, I am cling-ing, clinging close to Thee;
2. Thro' this changing world be-low, Lead me gen - tly, gen - tly as I go;
3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleet-ing, fleet-ing life is o'er;



Let Thy pre-cious blood ap-plied, Keep me ev - er, ev - er near Thy side.
Trusting Thee, I can - not s'ray, I can nev - er, nev - er lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love, In a bright-er, brighter world a - bove.



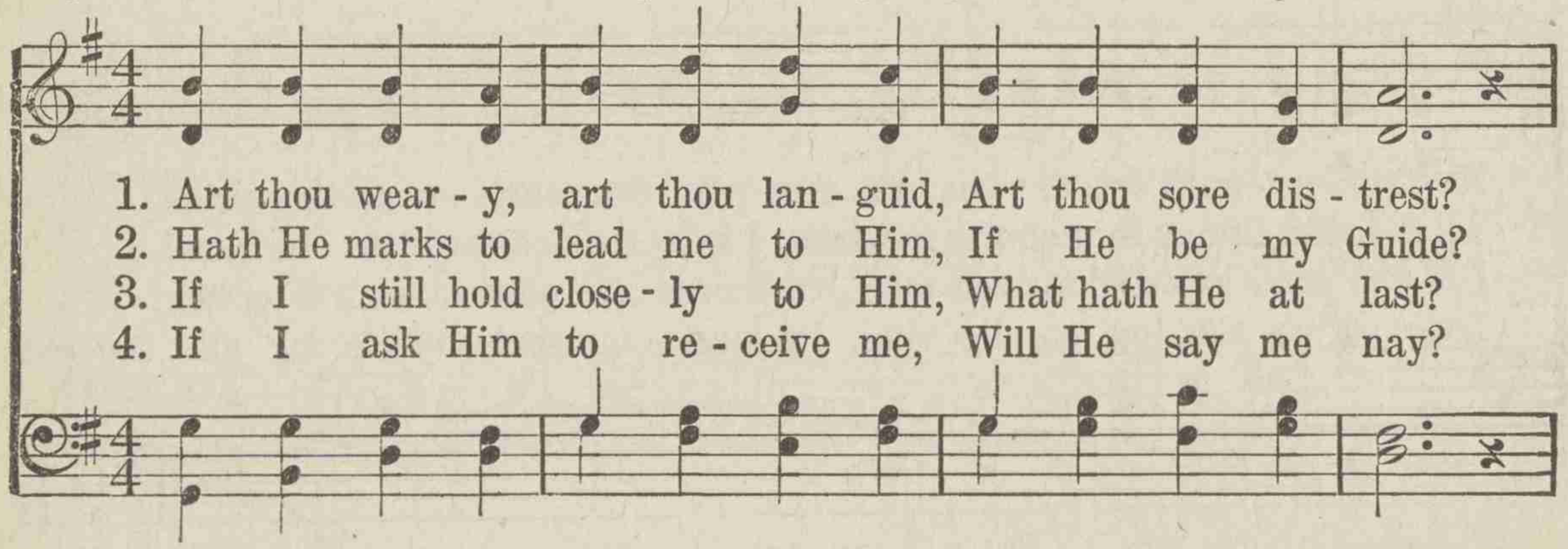
D. S.—*May Thy ten - der love to me Bind me clo - ser, clo - ser, Lord, to Thee.*



Ev - 'ry day, ev-'ry hour, Let me feel Thy cleansing pow'r; A-MEN.
Ev - 'ry day and hour, ev-'ry day and hour,

233 Art Thou Weary?

John M. Neale. *Stephanos. 8.5.8.3.* Henry W. Baker.



1. Art thou wear - y, art thou lan - guid, Art thou sore dis - trest?
2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my Guide?
3. If I still hold close - ly to Him, What hath He at last?
4. If I ask Him to re - ceive me, Will He say me nay?

Art Thou Weary?

"Come to Me," saith One, "and, com-ing, Be at rest."
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints, And His side."
"Sor-row van-quished, la-bor end-ed, Jor-dan passed."
"Not till earth and not till Heav-en Pass a-way." A-MEN.

234 Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

P. P. B. USED BY PERMISSION. P. P. Bliss.

1. Bright-ly beams our Fa-ther's mer-cy From His light-house ev-er-more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an-gry bil-lows roar;
3. Trim your fee-ble lamp, my broth-er: Some poor sail-or tem-pest tossed,

But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a-long the shore.
Ea-ger eyes are watch-ing, long-ing, For the lights a-long the shore.
Try-ing now to make the har-bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.

D.S.—*Some poor fainting, strug-gling sea-man You may res-cue, you may save.*

CHORUS.

Let the low-er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a-cross the wave! A-MEN.

235 Break Thou the Bread of Life.

Mary Ann Lathbury. *Bread of Life. 6. 4. D.* William F. Sherwin.

1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the loaves Be - side the sea; Be - yond the sa - cred page I seek Thee, Lord;
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me—to me— As Thou didst bless the bread By Gal - i - lee; Then shall all bond-age cease, All fet - ters fall;
3. Thou art the bread of life, O Lord, to me, Thy ho - ly Word the truth That sav - eth me; Give me to eat and live With Thee a- bove;
4. O send Thy Spir - it, Lord, Now un - to me, That He may touch my eyes, And make me see: Show me the truth con-cealed With - in Thy Word,

My spir - it pants for Thee, O liv - ing Word.
And I shall find my peace, My All in all.
Teach me to love Thy truth, For Thou art love.
And in Thy book re - vealed I see the Lord. A - MEN.

236 How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. *Foundation. 11s.* Anne Steele.

1. How firm a foun-da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. In ev - 'ry con-di - tion, in sick-ness, in health, In pov - er - ty's
3. "When thro' fier - y tri - als thy path-way shall lie, My grace, all suf-
4. "E'en down to old age, all My peo - ple shall prove My sov-'reign, e-
5. "The soul that on Je - sus hath leaned for re - pose, I will not, I

How Firm a Foundation.

faith in His ex - cel - lent word! What more can He say than to
vale, or a - bound-ing in wealth; At home and a - broad, on the
fi - cient, shall be thy sup - ply; The flame shall not hurt thee;—I
ter - nal, un - change-a - ble love; And when hoar - y hairs shall their
will not de - sert to its foes; That soul, tho' all hell should en-

you He hath said, You who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled?
land, on the sea, As your days may demand, shall your strength ever be.
on - ly de - sign Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re - fine.
tem-ples a - dorn, Like lambs they shall still in My bos - om be borne.
deav-or to shake, I'll nev - er, no, nev - er, no, nev - er for-sake!" A-MEN.

237 How Firm a Foundation.

[Second Tune.] *Portuguese Hymn. 11s.* Unknown.

238 Fill Me Now.

E. R. Stokes, D. D. COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY JNO. R. SWENEY. RENEWAL. Jno. R. Sweney.



1. Hov - er o'er me, Ho - ly Spir - it, Bathe my trem-bling heart and brow;
2. Thou canst fill me, gra-cious Spir - it, Though I can - not tell Thee how;
3. I am weak-ness, full of weak-ness, At Thy sa - cred feet I bow;
4. Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me, Bathe, O bathe my heart and brow;



Fill me with Thy hal-lowed pres-ence, Come, O come and fill me now.
But I need Thee, great-ly need Thee, Come, O come and fill me now.
Blest, di-vine, e - ter - nal Spir - it, Fill with pow'r and fill me now.
Thou art com - fort - ing and sav - ing, Thou art sweet - ly fill - ing now.

D. S.—*Fill me with Thy hal-lowed pres-ence, Come, O come and fill me now.*

Fill me now, fill me now, Je - sus, come and fill me now; A - MEN.

239 I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

Timothy Dwight. *St. Thomas. S. M.* Aaron Williams, Coll.

1. I love Thy king - dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode,
2. I love Thy Church, O God! Her walls be - fore Thee stand,
3. For her my tears shall fall; For her my prayers as - cend;
4. Be - yond my high - est joy I prize her heav'n-ly ways,
5. Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zi - on shall be giv'n

I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.



The Church our blest Re-deem-er saved With His own pre-cious blood.
Dear as the ap-ple of Thine eye, And gra-ven on Thy hand.
To her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.
Her sweet com-mun-ion, sol-emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
The bright-est glo-ries earth can yield, And bright-er bliss of Heav'n. A-MEN.



240 Only Trust Him.

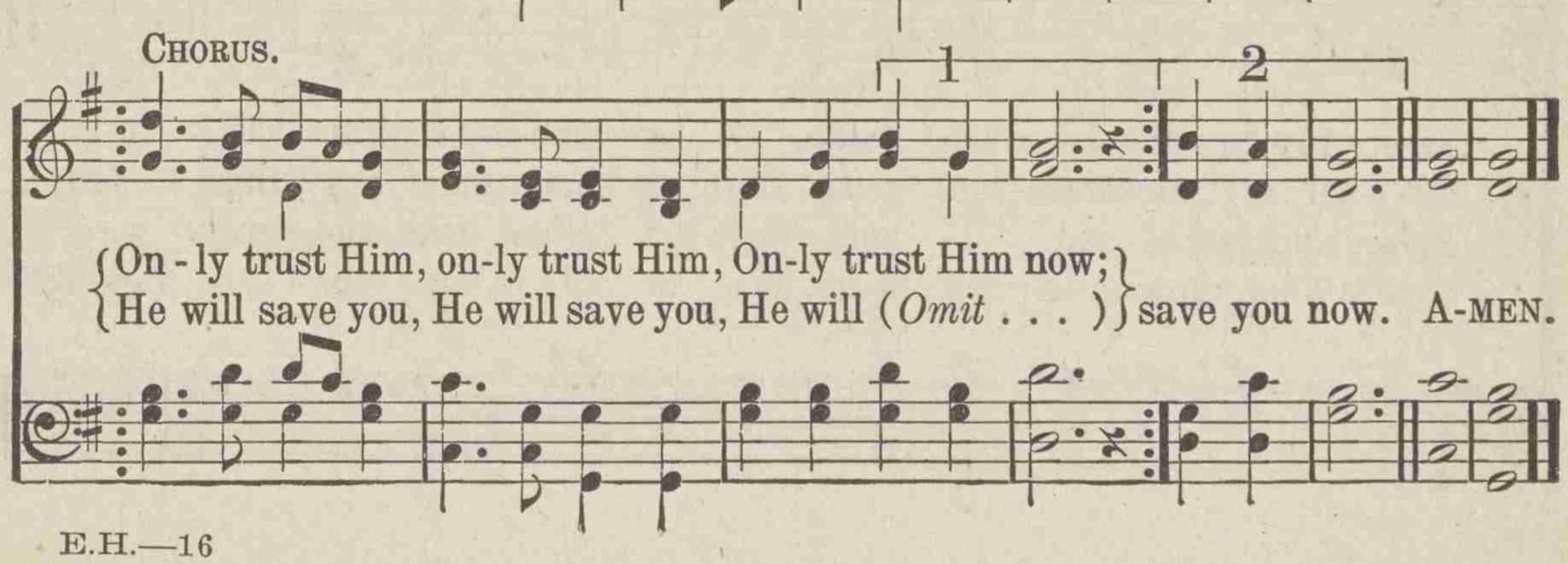
J. H. S. J. H. Stockton.



1. Come, ev-'ry soul by sin op-pressed, There's mer-cy with the Lord,
2. For Je-sus shed His pre-cious blood, Rich bless-ings to be-stow;
3. Yes, Je-sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in-to rest;
3. Come, then, and join this ho-ly band, And on to glo-ry go,



And He will sure-ly give you rest By trust-ing in His word.
Plunge now in-to the crim-son flood That wash-es white as snow.
Be-lieve in Him with-out de-lay, And you are full-y blest.
To dwell in that ce-les-tial land, Where joys im-mor-tal flow.



CHORUS.

{On-ly trust Him, on-ly trust Him, On-ly trust Him now;}
{He will save you, He will save you, He will (*Omit . . .*)} save you now. A-MEN.

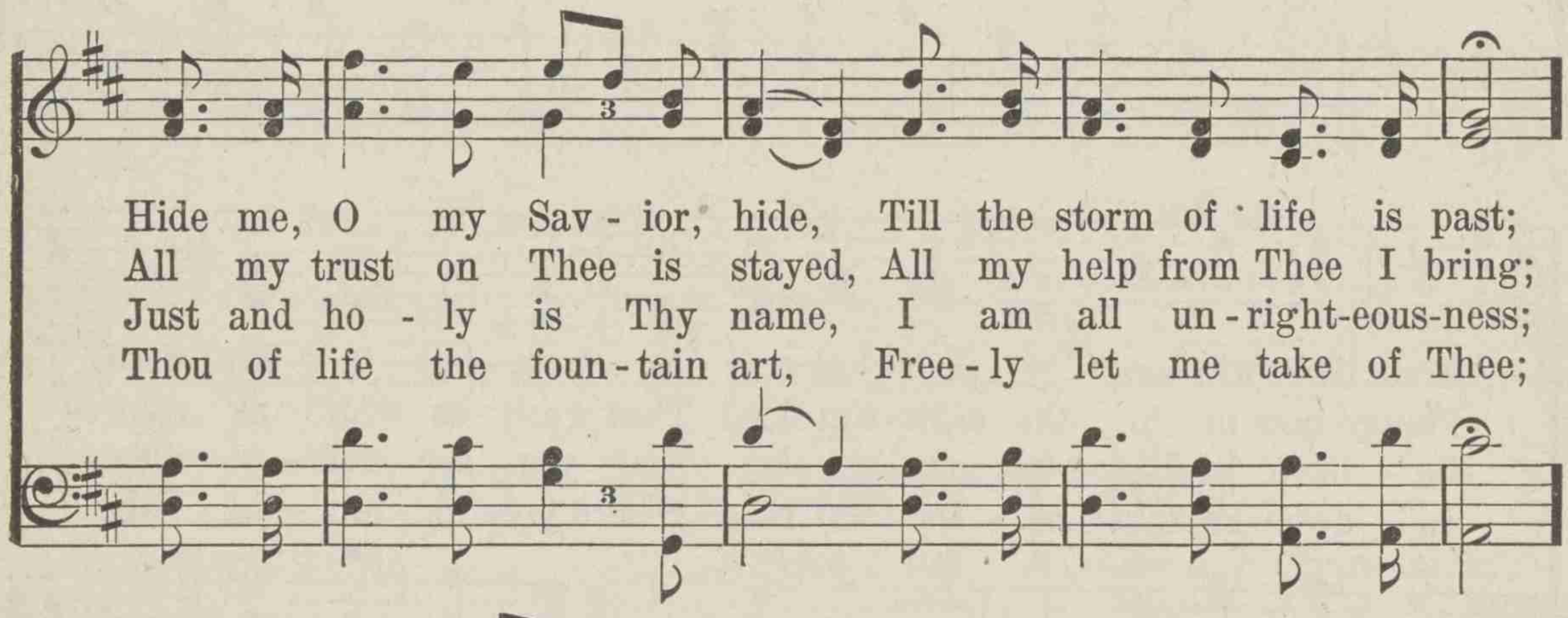


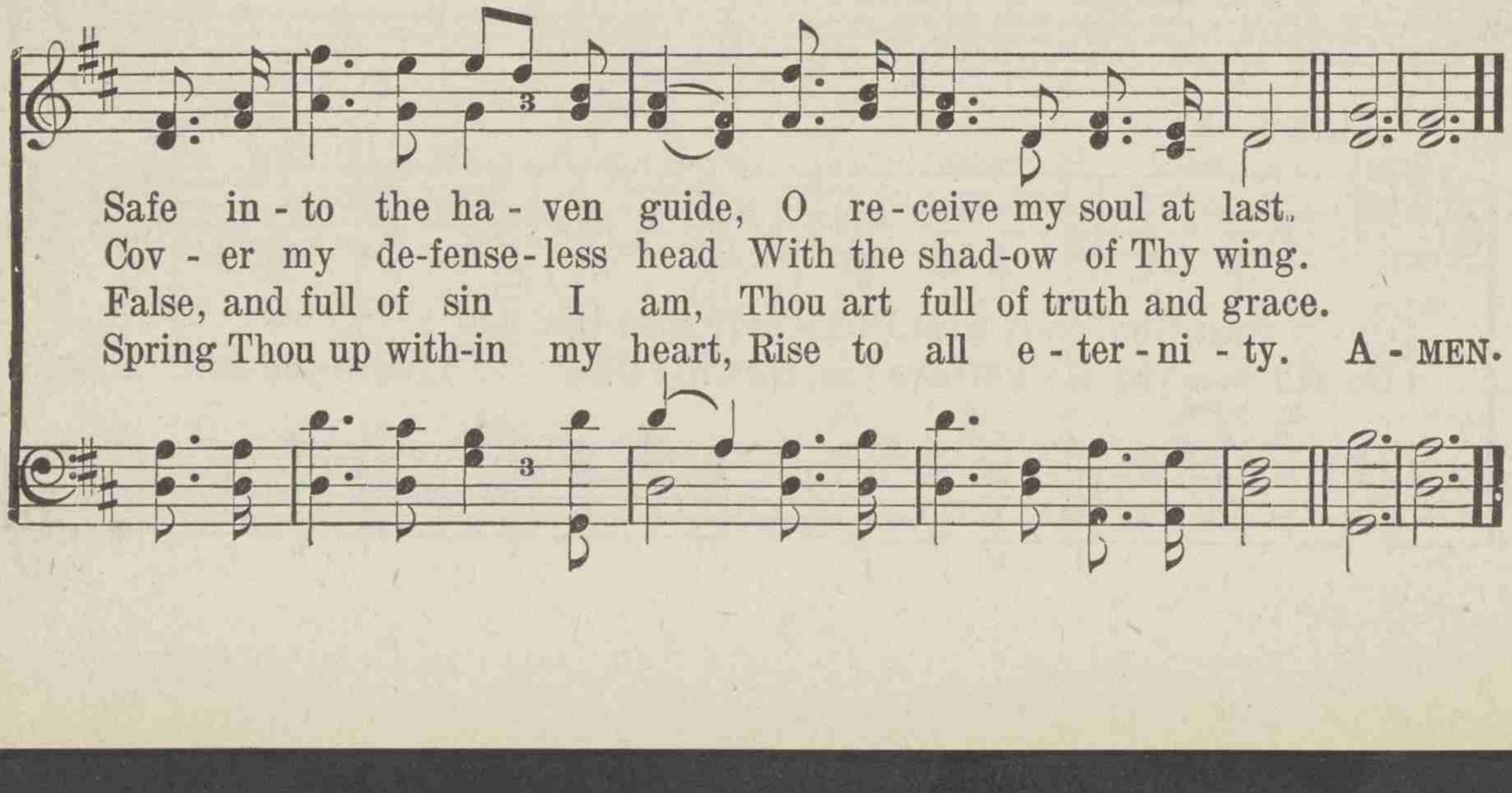
241 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley. *Refuge. 7s. D.* Joseph P. Holbrook.









242 Rock of Ages.

Augustus M. Toplady. *Toplady. 7s. 6l.* Thomas Hastings.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan-guor know,
3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flowed,
These for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone:
When I rise to worlds un-known, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,

Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
In my hand no price I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee. A - MEN.

243

Martyn. 7s. D. Simeon B. Marsh.

FINE.

1. { Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly, / While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem-pest still is high! }

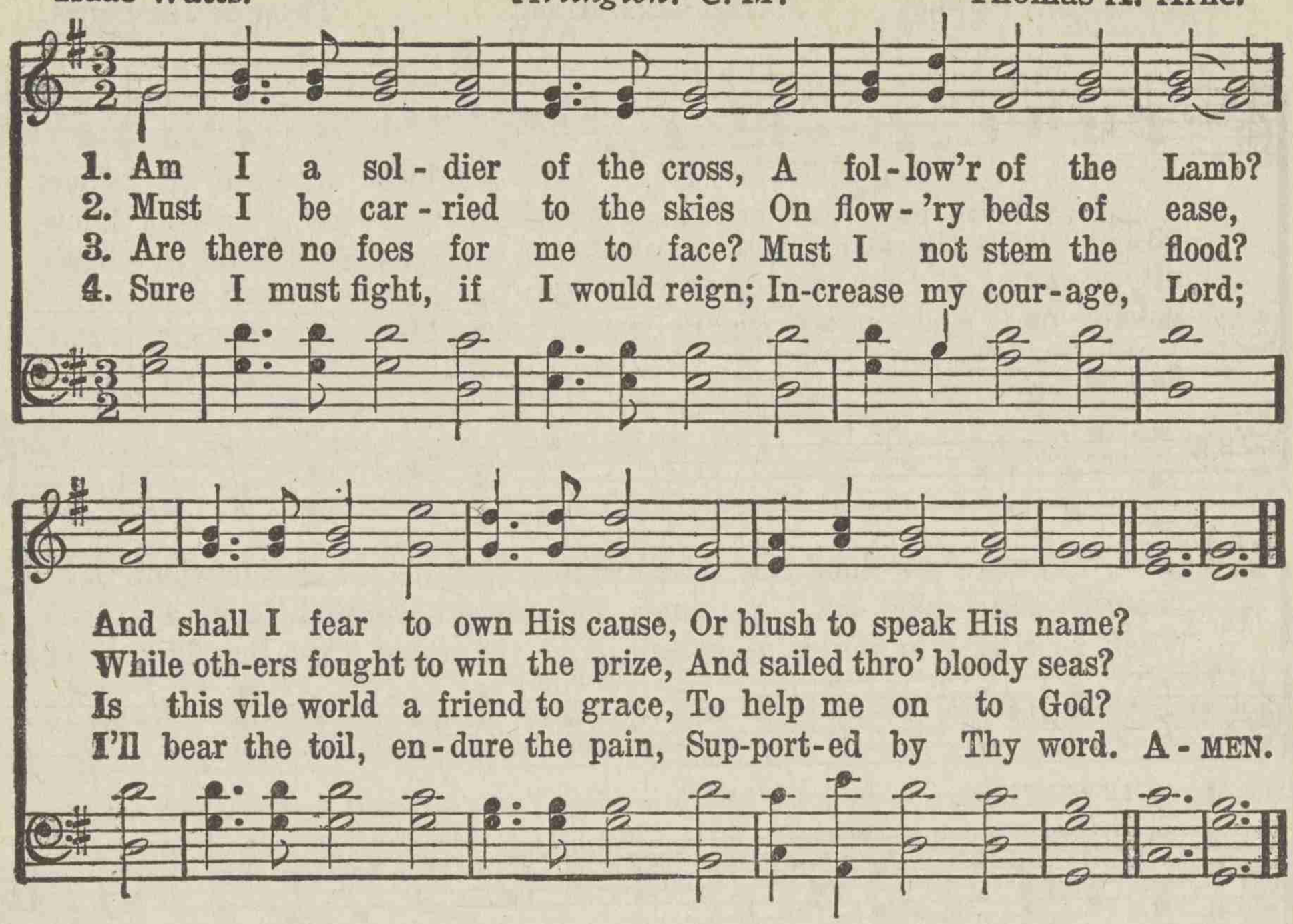
D. C.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.

D.C.

Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past; A - MEN.

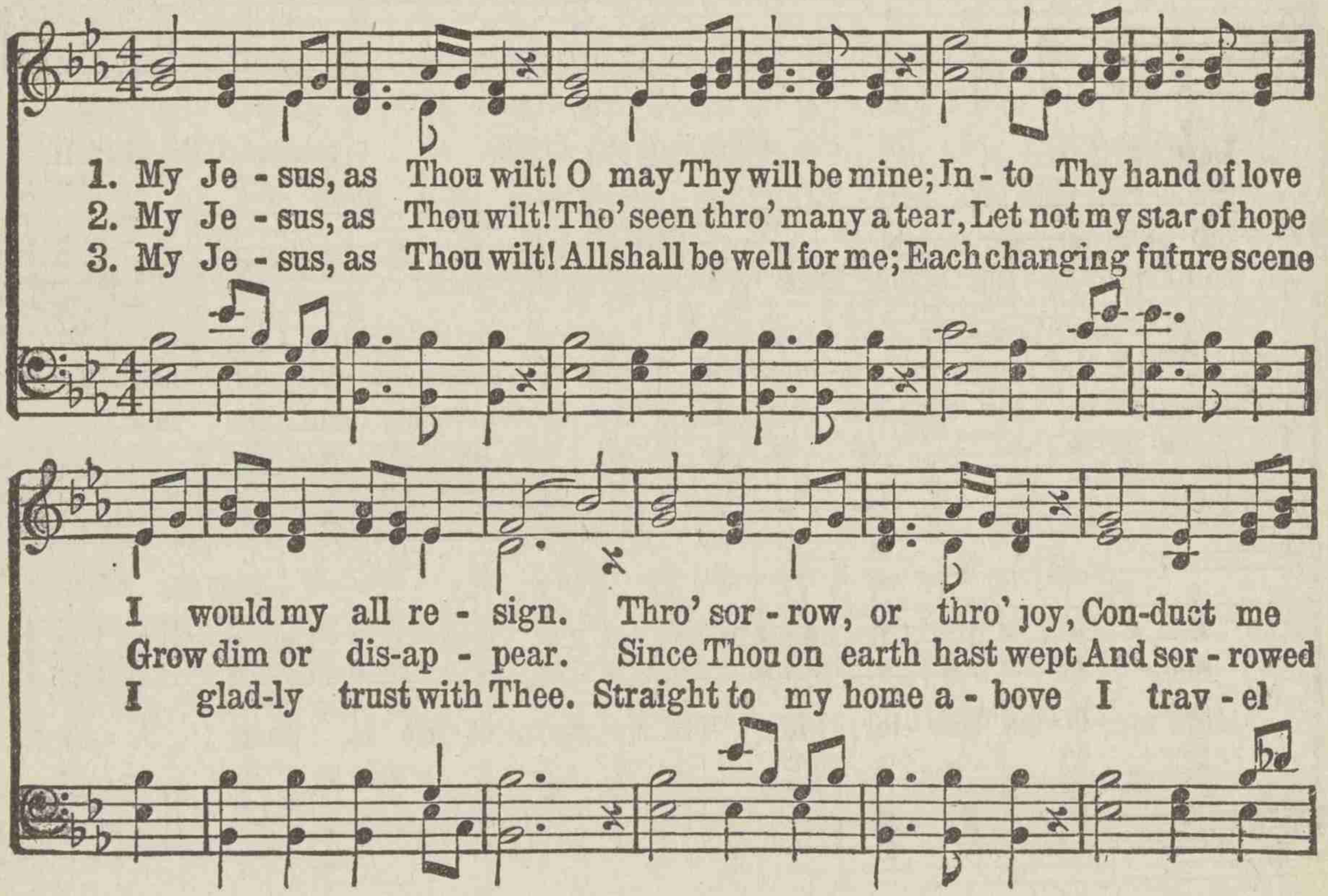
244 Am I a Soldier of the Cross?

Isaac Watts. *Arlington. C. M.* Thomas A. Arne.



245 My Jesus, As Thou Wilt!

Benjamin Schmolck. *Jewett. 6. 6. 6. 6. D.* From C. M. von Weber.



My Jesus, As Thou Wilt!



as Thine own; And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done.
oft a - lone, If I must weep with Thee, My Lord, Thy will be done.
calmly on, And sing, in life or death, My Lord, Thy will be done. A-MEN.

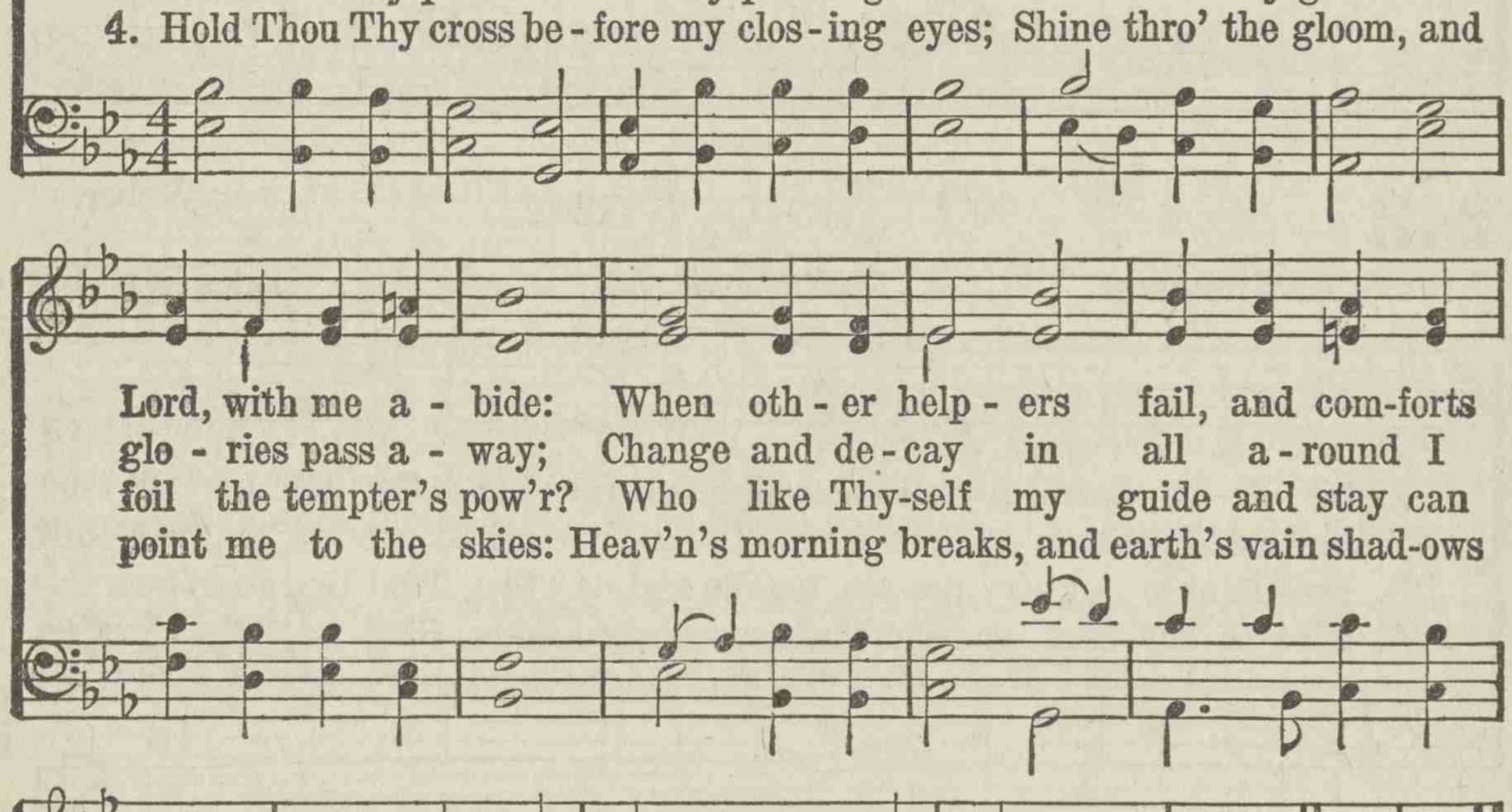


246 Abide With Me.

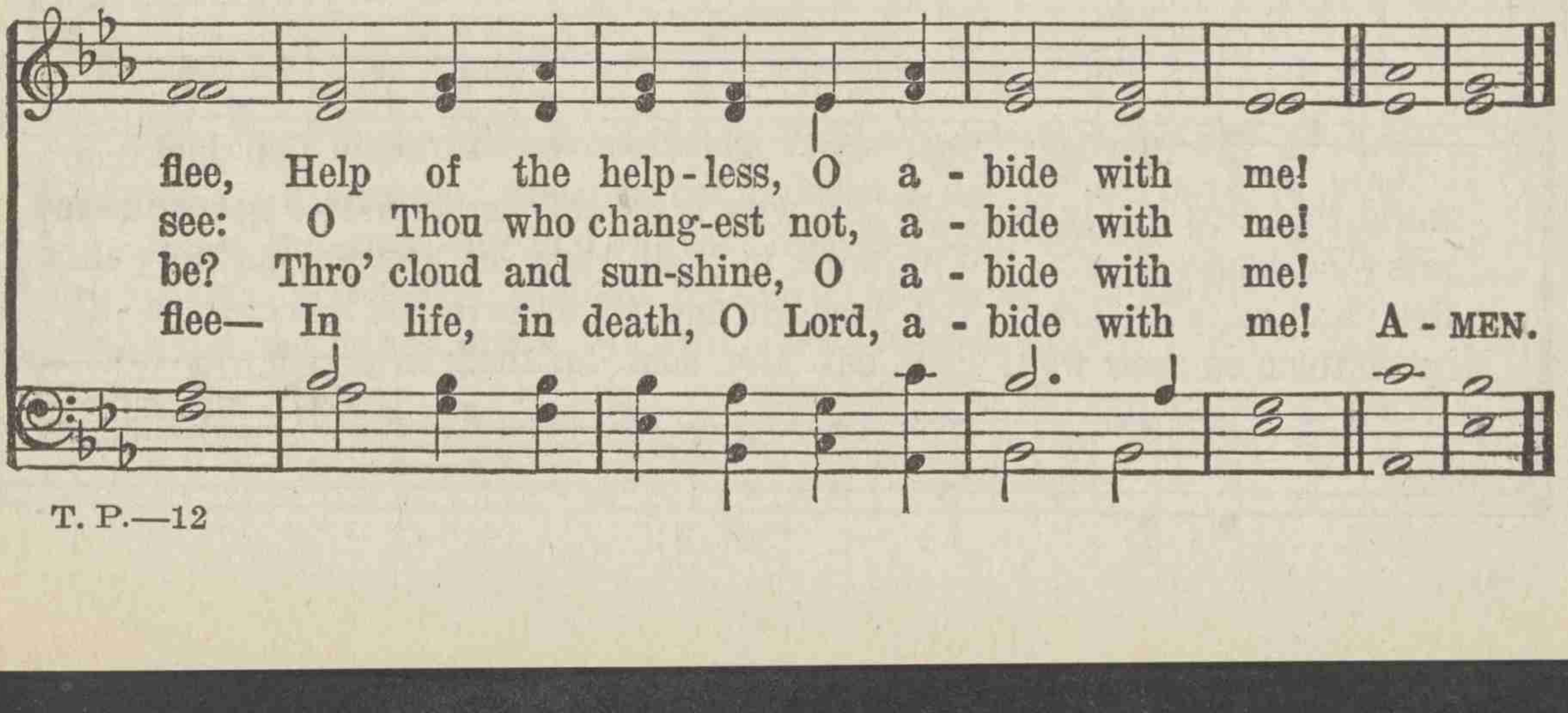
H. F. Lyte. *Eventide. 10s.* W. H. Monk.



1. A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark-ness deep-ens;
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its
3. I need Thy pres-ence ev - 'ry pass-ing hour: What but Thy grace can
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and



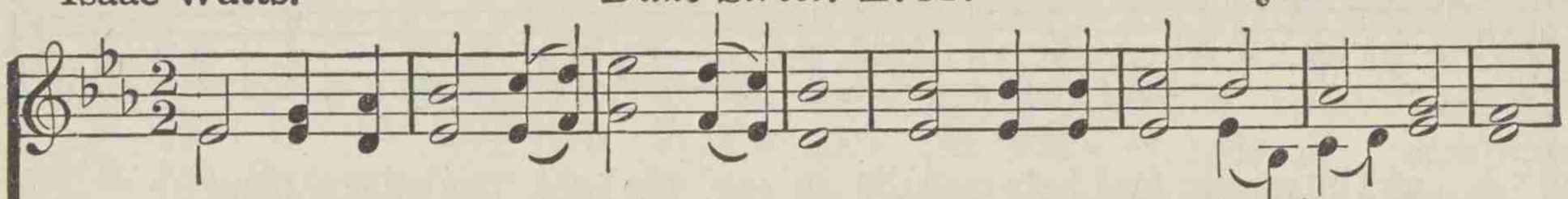
Lord, with me a - bide: When oth - er help - ers fail, and com-forts
glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in all a - round I
foil the tempter's pow'r? Who like Thy-self my guide and stay can
point me to the skies: Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shad-ows



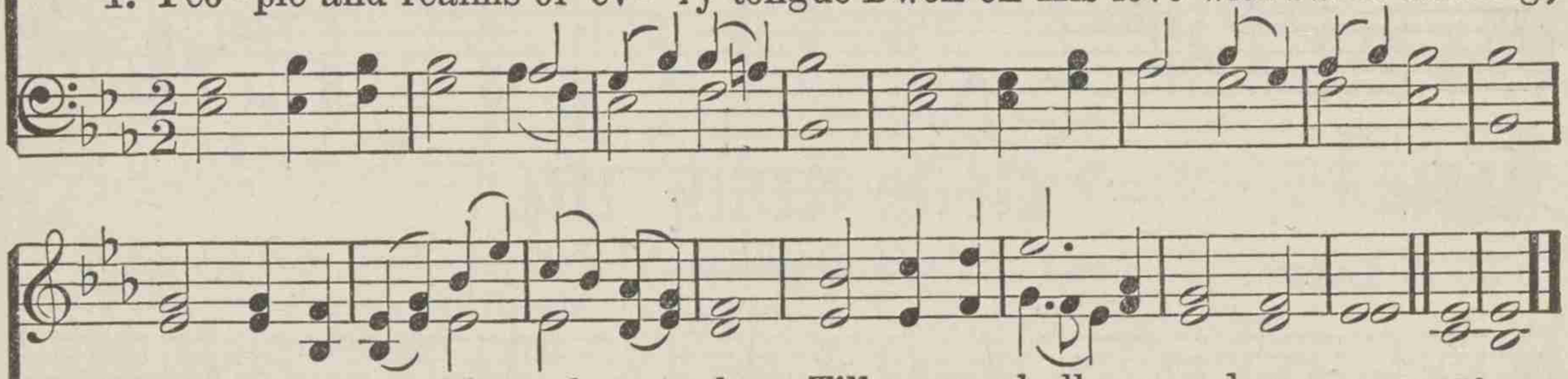
flee, Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me!
see: O Thou who chang-est not, a - bide with me!
be? Thro' cloud and sun-shine, O a - bide with me!
flee— In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me! A - MEN.

247 Jesus Shall Reign.

Isaac Watts. *Duke Street. L. M.* John Hatton.



1. Je - sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does his suc-cess - ive jour-neys run;
2. From north to south the prin - ces meet To pay their hom-age at His feet;
3. To Him shall end-less prayer be made, And end-less prais-es crown His head;
4. Peo - ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue Dwell on His love with sweet-est song,

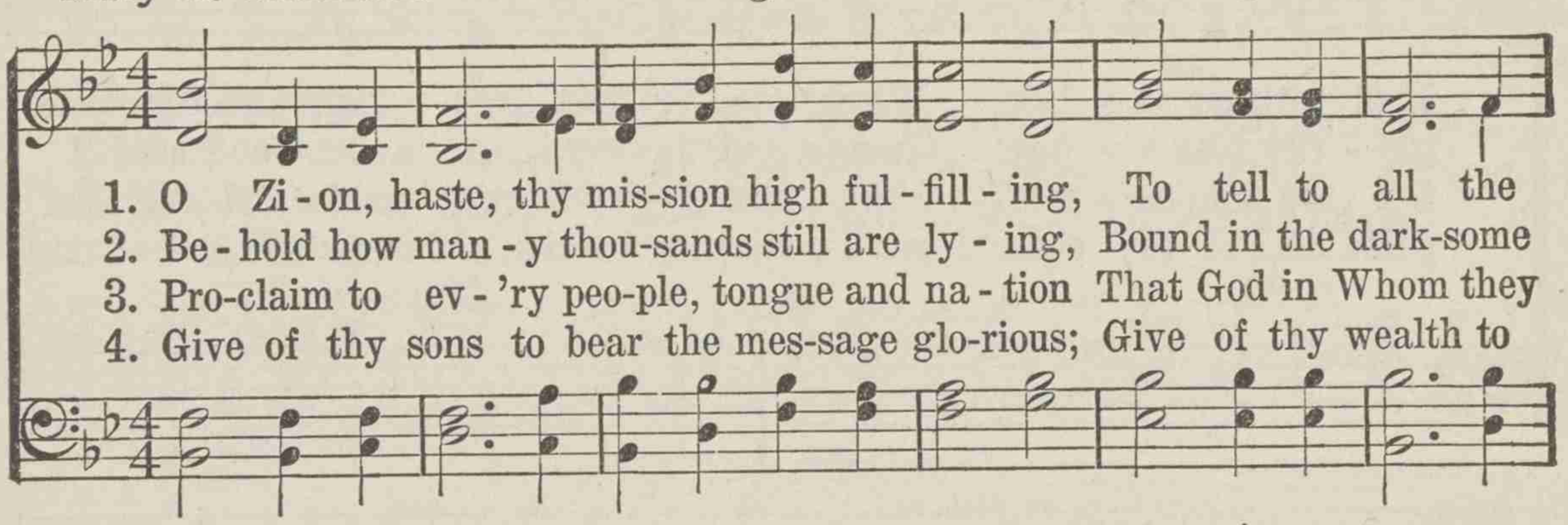


His kingdom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
While western empires own their Lord, And savage tribes attend His word.
His name like sweet perfume shall rise With ev-'ry morn-ing sac-ri - fice.
And in - fant voi - ces shall pro-claim Their earthly blessings on His name. AMEN.

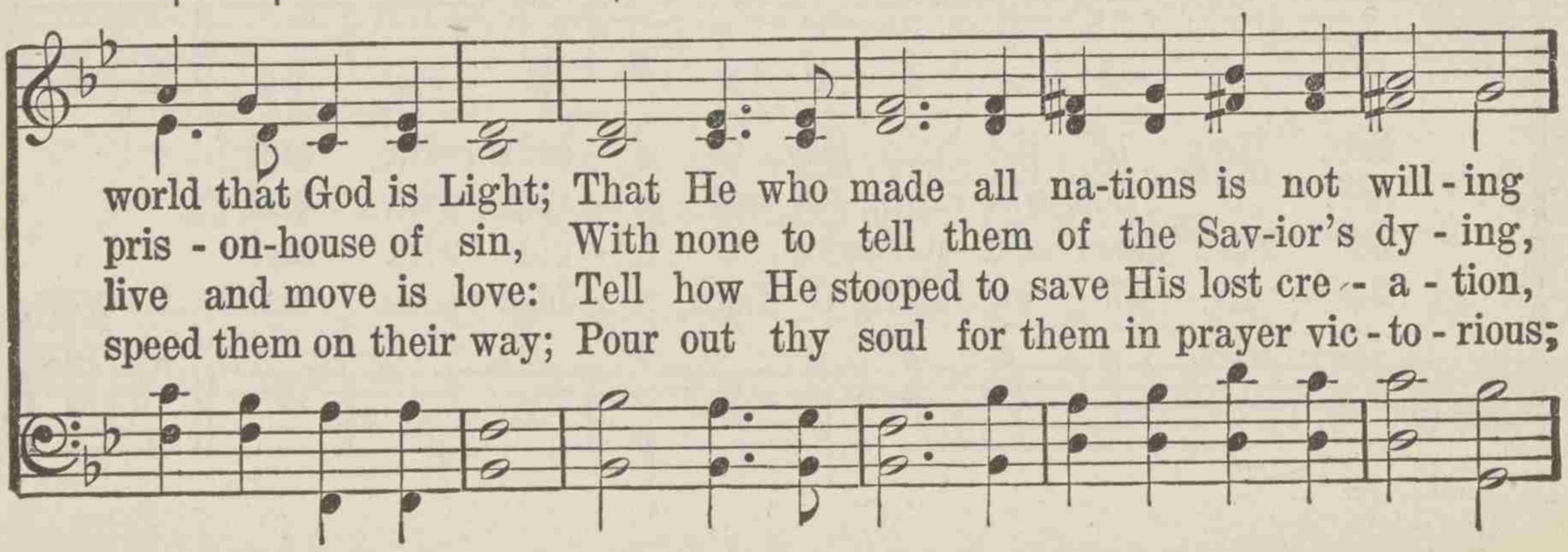


248 O Zion, Haste.

Mary A. Thomson. *Tidings. P. M.* James Walch.



1. O Zi - on, haste, thy mis-sion high ful - fill - ing, To tell to all the
2. Be - hold how man - y thou-sands still are ly - ing, Bound in the dark-some
3. Pro-claim to ev - 'ry peo-ple, tongue and na - tion That God in Whom they
4. Give of thy sons to bear the mes-sage glo-rious; Give of thy wealth to



world that God is Light; That He who made all na-tions is not will - ing
pris - on-house of sin, With none to tell them of the Sav-ior's dy - ing,
live and move is love: Tell how He stooped to save His lost cre - a - tion,
speed them on their way; Pour out thy soul for them in prayer vic - to - rious;

O Zion, Haste.

REFRAIN.

One soul should per - ish, lost in shades of night.
Or of the life He died for them to win. Pub - lish glad ti - dings,
And died on earth that man might live a - bove.
And all thou spend - est Je - sus will re - pay.

Ti - dings of peace; Ti - dings of Je - sus, Re-demp-tion and re-lease. A-MEN.

249 Fling Out the Banner! Let It Float.

George W. Doane. *Doane. L. M.* J. Baptiste Calkin.

1. Fling out the ban-ner! Let it float Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide; The
2. Fling out the ban-ner! An - gels bend In anx-ious si - lence o'er the sign, And
3. Fling out the ban-ner! Heathen lands Shall see from far the glorious sight, And
4. Fling out the ban-ner! Sin-sick souls, That sink and per-ish in the strife, Shall
5. Fling out the ban-ner! Wide and high, Seaward and skyward, let it shine: Nor

sun that lights its shin-ing folds, The cross on which the Sav-ior died.
vain - ly seek to com-pre - hend The won-der of the love di - vine.
na - tions crowd-ing to be born, Bap-tize their spir-its in its light.
touch in faith its ra-diant hem, And spring im-mor-tal in - to life.
skill, nor might, nor mer-it ours; We con-quer on - ly in that sign. A-MEN.

250 Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

Henry F. Lyte. *Ellesdie. 8s. 7s. D.* From Mozart.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave, and fol - low Thee;
2. Let the world de-spise and leave me, They have left my Sav - ior, too;
3. Man may troub-le and dis - tress me, 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
4. Haste thee on from grace to glo - ry, Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;

Des - ti - tute, de-spised, for - sa - ken, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
Hu - man hearts and looks de - ceive me; Thou art not, like man, un-true;
Life with tri - als hard may press me, Heav'n will bring me sweet-er rest.
Heav'n's e-ter - nal day's be - fore thee, God's own hand shall guide thee there.

Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, and hoped, and known;
And, while Thou shalt smile up-on me, God of wis - dom, love, and might,
O 'tis not in grief to harm me, While Thy love is left to me;
Soon shall close thy earth-ly mis - sion, Swift shall pass thy pil - grim days,

Yet how rich is my con - di-tion, God and Heav'n are still my own!
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me; Show Thy face, and all is bright.
O 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy unmixed with Thee.
Hope shall change to glad fru - i - tion, Faith to sight, and prayer to praise. A-MEN.

251 He Leadeth Me.

Joseph H. Gilmore. *He Leadeth Me. L. M.* William B. Bradbury.

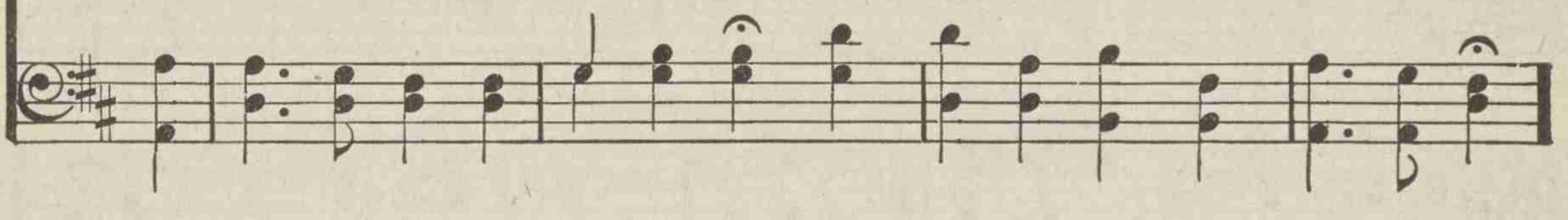


1. He lead - eth me! O bless-ed thought! O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bow-ers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur nor re - pine,
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vic-t'ry's won,





What - e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
By wa - ters still, o'er troubled sea,—Still 'tis His hand that lead-eth me!
Con - tent, what-ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead-eth me!
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead-eth me.



REFRAIN.



He lead - eth me, He lead - eth me, By His own hand He lead-eth me: His





faith - ful fol-lower I would be, For by His hand He lead - eth me. A-MEN.

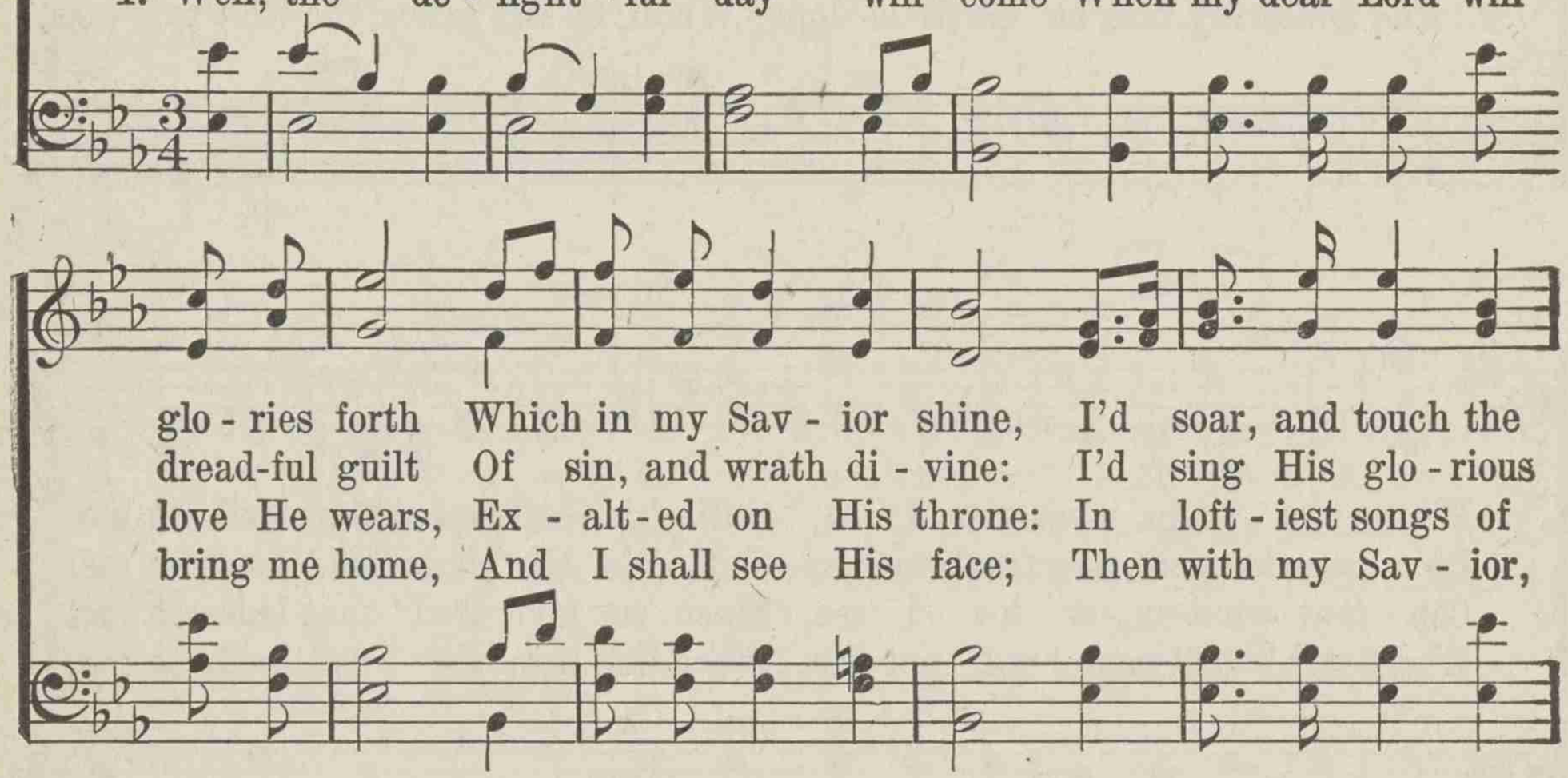


252 O Could I Speak.

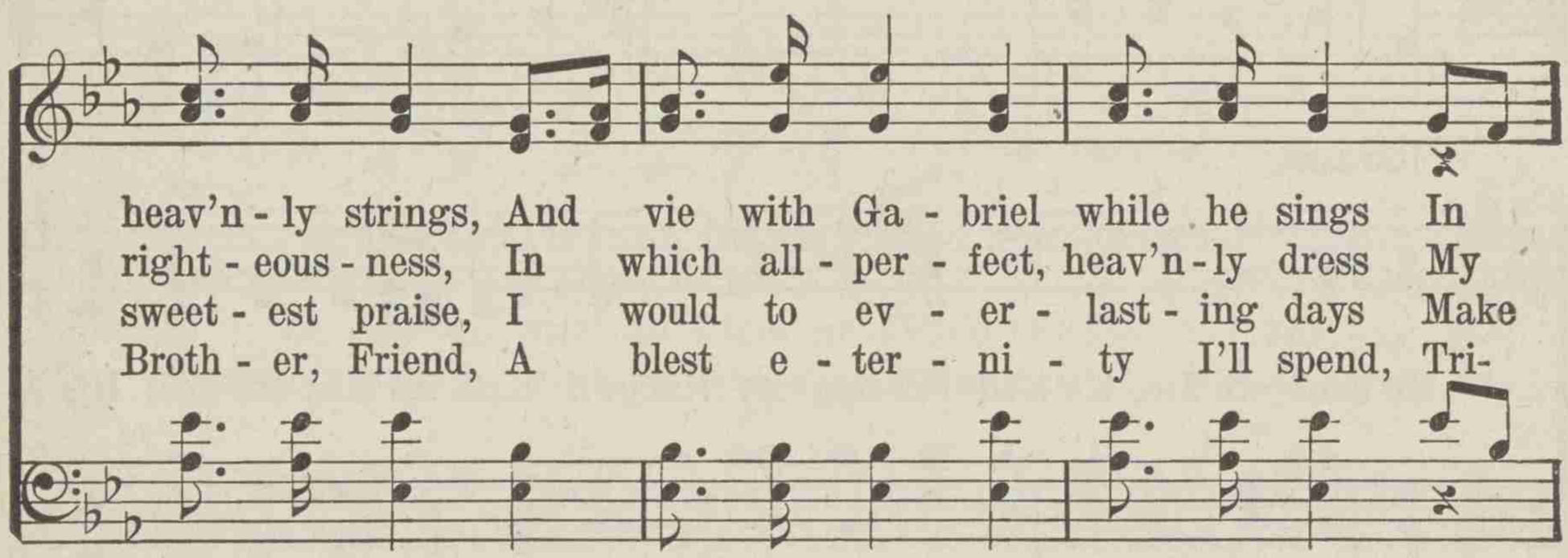
Samuel Medley. *Ariel. 8. 8. 6. 8. 8. 6.* Dr. Lowell Mason.



1. O could I speak the match - less worth, O could I sound the
2. I'd sing the pre - cious blood He spilt, My ran - som from the
3. I'd sing the char - ac - ters He bears, And all the forms of
4. Well, the de - light - ful day will come When my dear Lord will



glo - ries forth Which in my Sav - ior shine, I'd soar, and touch the
dread-ful guilt Of sin, and wrath di - vine: I'd sing His glo - rious
love He wears, Ex - alt - ed on His throne: In loft - iest songs of
bring me home, And I shall see His face; Then with my Sav - ior,



heav'n - ly strings, And vie with Ga - briel while he sings In
right - eous - ness, In which all - per - fect, heav'n - ly dress My
sweet - est praise, I would to ev - er - last - ing days Make
Broth - er, Friend, A blest e - ter - ni - ty I'll spend, Tri-



notes al - most di - vine, In notes al - most di - vine.
soul shall ev - er shine, My soul shall ev - er shine.
all His glo - ries known, Make all His glo - ries known.
um - phant in His grace, Tri - um-phant in His grace. A - MEN.

253 A Mighty Fortress.

M. L. *Ein' Feste Burg. P. M.* Martin Luther.

1. A might-y for-tress is our God, A bul-wark nev-er fail - ing;
2. Did we in our own strength confide, Our striv-ing would be los - ing,
3. And tho' this world, with dev-ils filled, Should threaten to un - do us,
4. That word a - bove all earthly pow'rs—No thanks to them—a - bid - eth;

Our help-er He, a - mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre - vail - ing.
Were not the right Man on our side, The Man of God's own choos - ing.
We will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to tri - umph thro' us.
The Spir-it and the gifts are ours Thro' Him who with us sid - eth.

For still our an-cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r are
Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je-sus, it is He; Lord Sabaoth is His
The prince of darkness grim—We tremble not for him; His rage we can en-
Let goods and kin-dred go, This mor-tal life al - so; The bod - y they may

great, And, armed with cruel hate, On earth is not his e - qual.
name, From age to age the same, And He must win the bat - tle.
dure, For lo! his doom is sure: One lit - tle word shall fell him.
kill; God's truth a - bid - eth still, His kingdom is for - ev - er. A-MEN.

254 Arise, My Soul.

Charles Wesley. *Lenox. 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.* Lewis Edson.

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

The bleed - ing Sac - ri - fice In my be - half ap - pears:
His all - re - deem - ing love, His pre - cious blood, to plead;
They pour ef - fec - tual prayers, They strong - ly plead for me:
He can - not turn a - way The pres - ence of His Son;
He owns me for His child, I can no lon - ger fear:

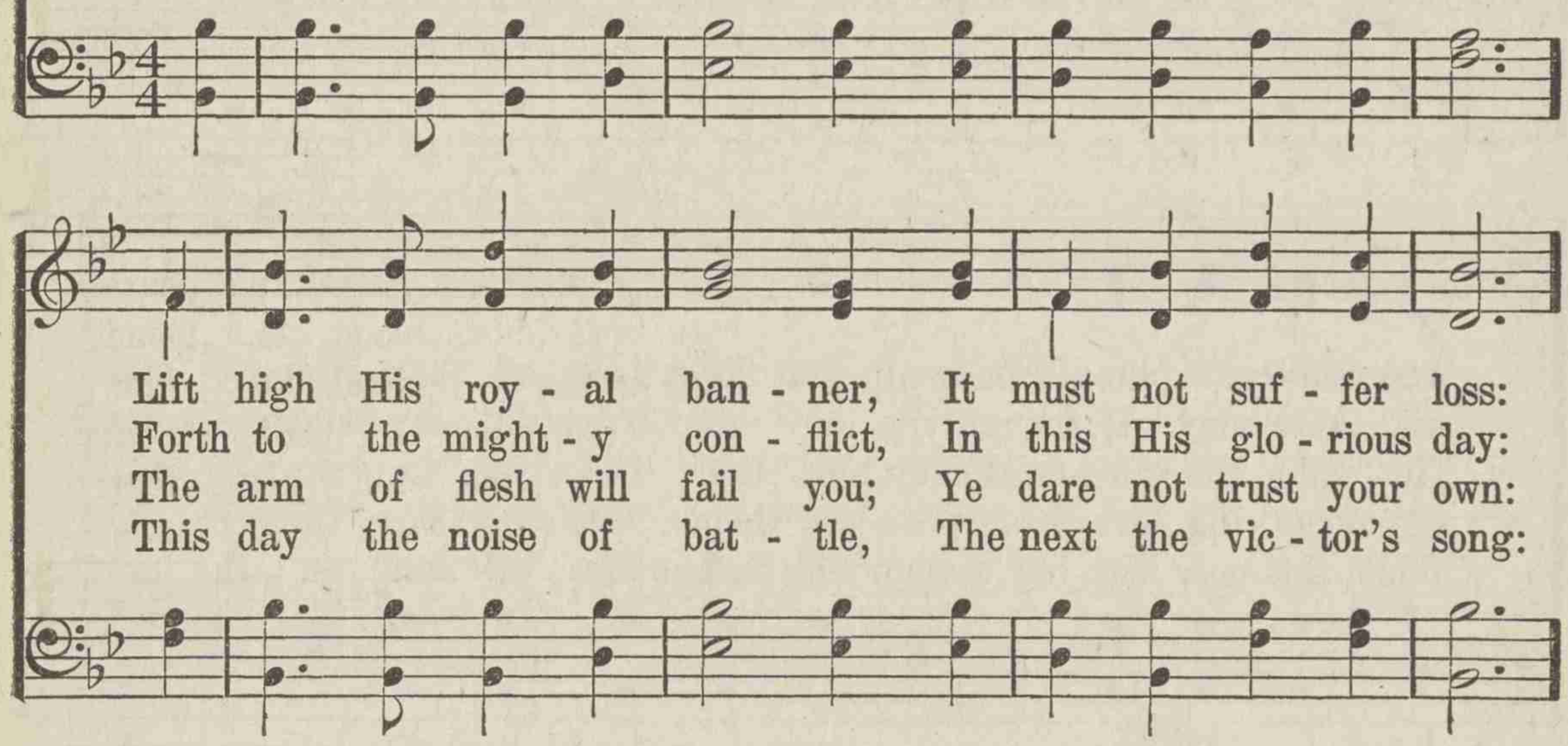
Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands, Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands, My name is writ - ten on His hands.
His blood a - toned for all our race, His blood a - toned for all our race, And sprin-kles now the throne of grace.
"For - give Him, O for-give," they cry, "For - give Him, O for- give," they cry, "Nor let that ran-somed sin - ner die!"
His Spir - it an - swers to the blood, His Spir - it an - swers to the blood, And tells me I am born of God.
With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh, With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh, And, "Fa-ther, Ab - ba, Fa - ther," cry. A - MEN.

255 Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus!

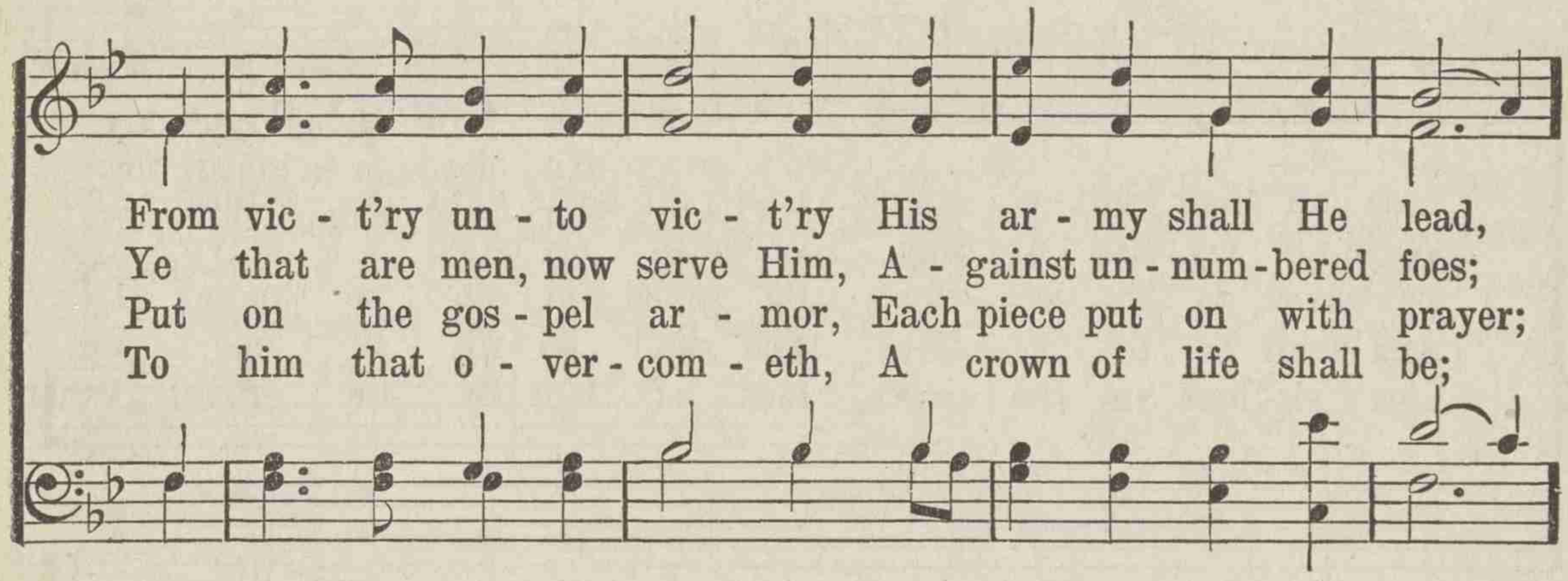
George Duffield, Jr. *Webb. 7s. 6s. D.* George J. Webb.



1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the cross;
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! The trump - et call o - bey;
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! Stand in His strength a - lone;
4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! The strife will not be long;



Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss:
Forth to the might - y con - flict, In this His glo - rious day:
The arm of flesh will fail you; Ye dare not trust your own:
This day the noise of bat - tle, The next the vic - tor's song:



From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall He lead,
Ye that are men, now serve Him, A - gainst un - num - bered foes;
Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, Each piece put on with prayer;
To him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of life shall be;



Till ev - 'ry foe is van-quished And Christ is Lord in - deed.
Your cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength oppose.
Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.
He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly. A - MEN.



256 There is a Fountain.

William Cowper. *Cleansing Fountain. C. M.* Lowell Mason.



257 Safely Through Another Week.

John Newton. *Sabbath. 7s.* Lowell Mason.

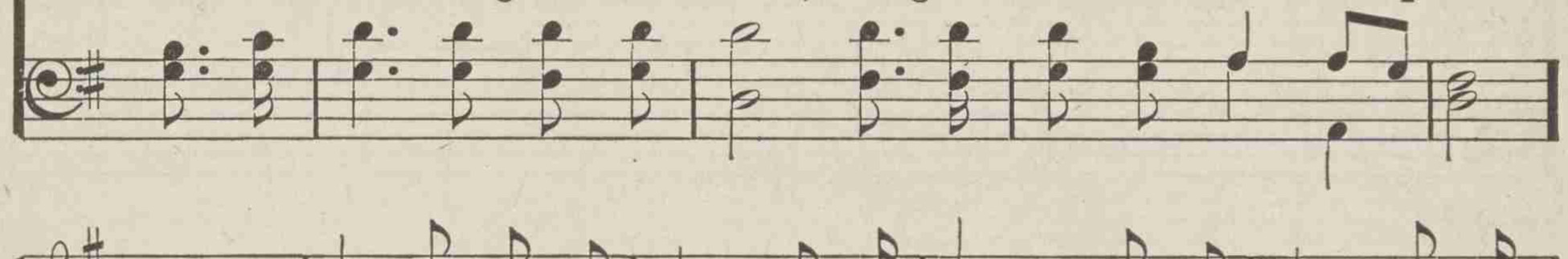


1. Safe - ly through an - oth - er week God has brought us on our way;
2. While we pray for par-d'ning grace, Thro' the dear Re-deem-er's name,
3. Here we come Thy name to praise, Let us feel Thy pres-ence near;
4. May Thy gos - pel's joy - ful sound Con - quer sin - ners, com-fort saints;





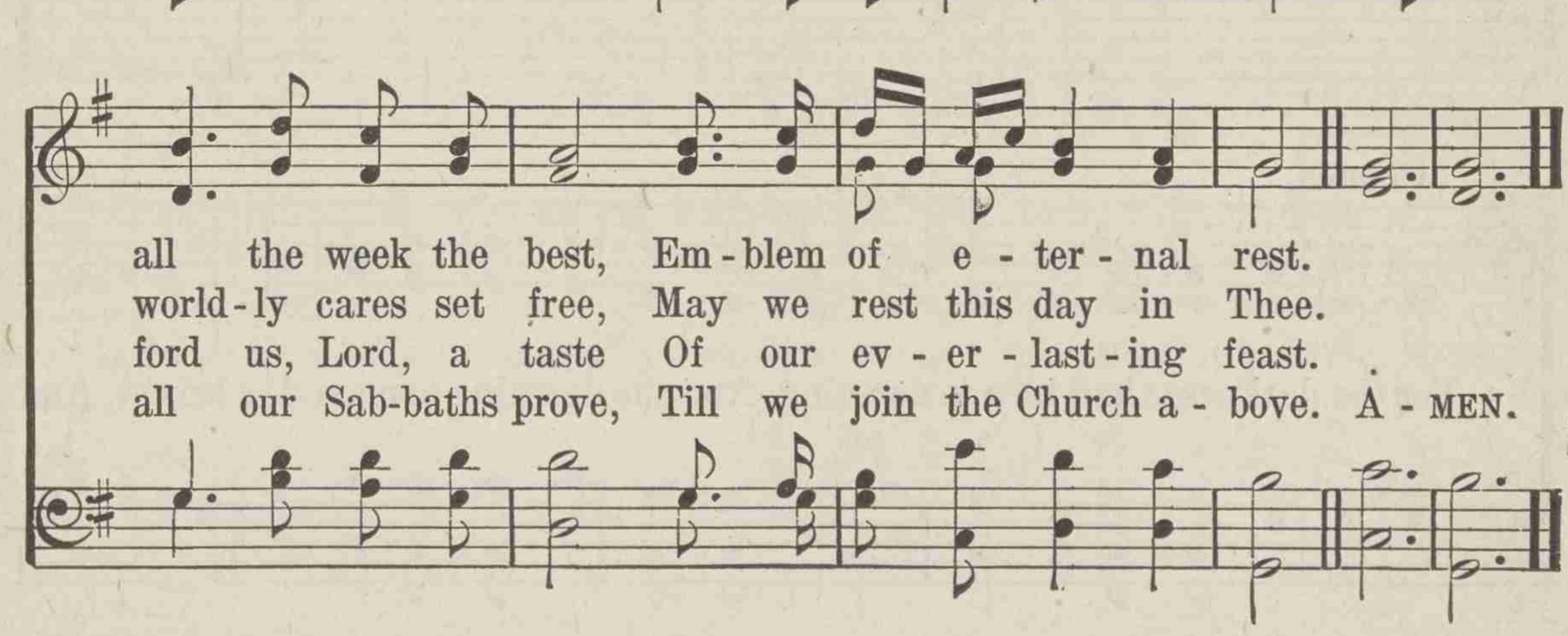
Let us now a bless - ing seek, Wait - ing in His courts to - day;
Show Thy rec - on - cil - ed face; Take a - way our sin and shame:
May Thy glo - ry meet our eyes, While we in Thy house ap - pear:
Make the fruits of grace a - bound, Bring re - lief for all com - plaints:



Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e - ter - nal rest: Day of
From our world-ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee: From our
Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast: Here af-
Thus may all our Sab-baths prove, Till we join the Church a - bove: Thus may



all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest.
world - ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee.
ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast.
all our Sab-baths prove, Till we join the Church a - bove. A - MEN.



258 We've a Story to Tell to the Nations.

Colin Sterne. *Sterne. 10. 8. 7. 7. 7.* H. Ernest Nichol.

Voices in Unison.



1. We've a sto - ry to tell to the na - tions, That shall turn their
2. We've a song to be sung to the na - tions, That shall lift their
3. We've a mes - sage to give to the na - tions, That the Lord Who
4. We've a Sav - ior to show to the na - tions, Who the path of



hearts to the right, A sto - ry of truth and sweet - ness, A
hearts to the Lord; A song that shall con - quer e - vil And
reign - eth a - bove, Hath sent us His Son to save us, And
sor - row has trod, That all of the world's great peo - ple Might



sto - ry of peace and light, A sto - ry of peace and light.
shat - ter the spear and sword, And shat - ter the spear and sword.
show us that God is love, And show us that God is love.
come to the truth of God, Might come to the truth of God.



CHORUS.



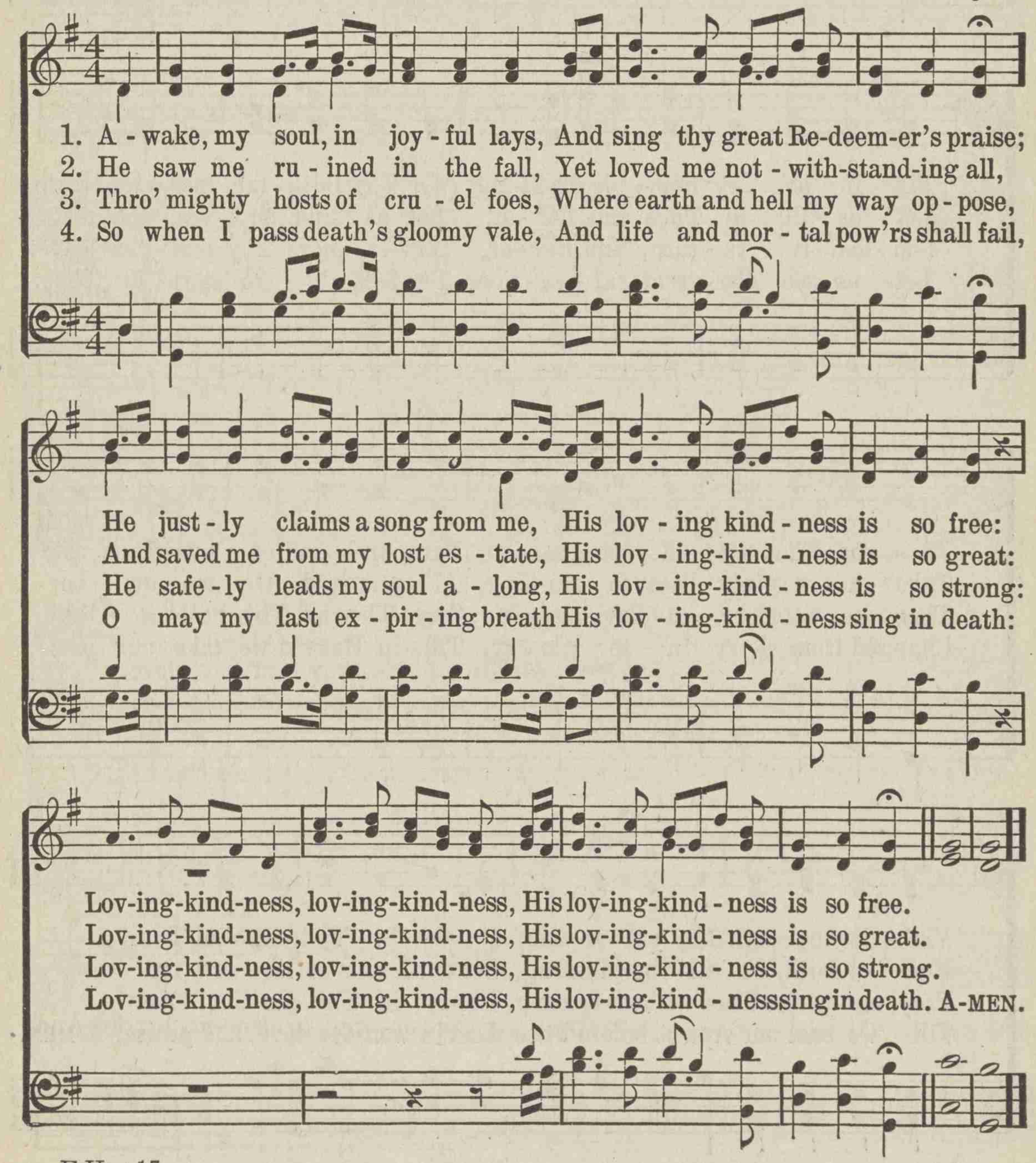
For the darkness shall turn to dawning, And the dawning to noon-day bright, And

We've a Story to Tell to the Nations.



259 Awake, My Soul, in Joyful Lays.

Loving-Kindness. L. M. American Melody.

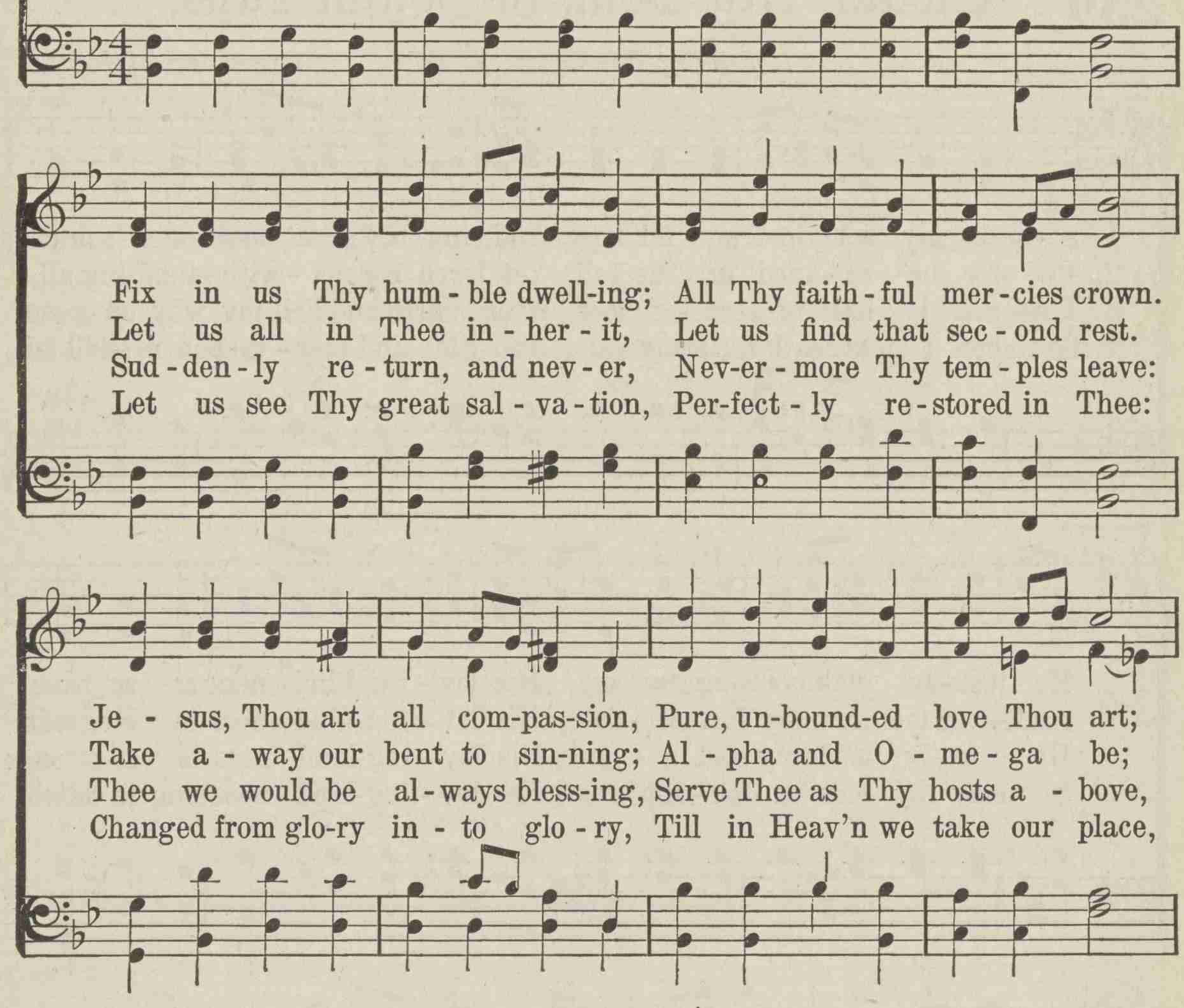


260 Love Divine.

Charles Wesley. *Love Divine. 8s. 7s. D.* John Zundel.

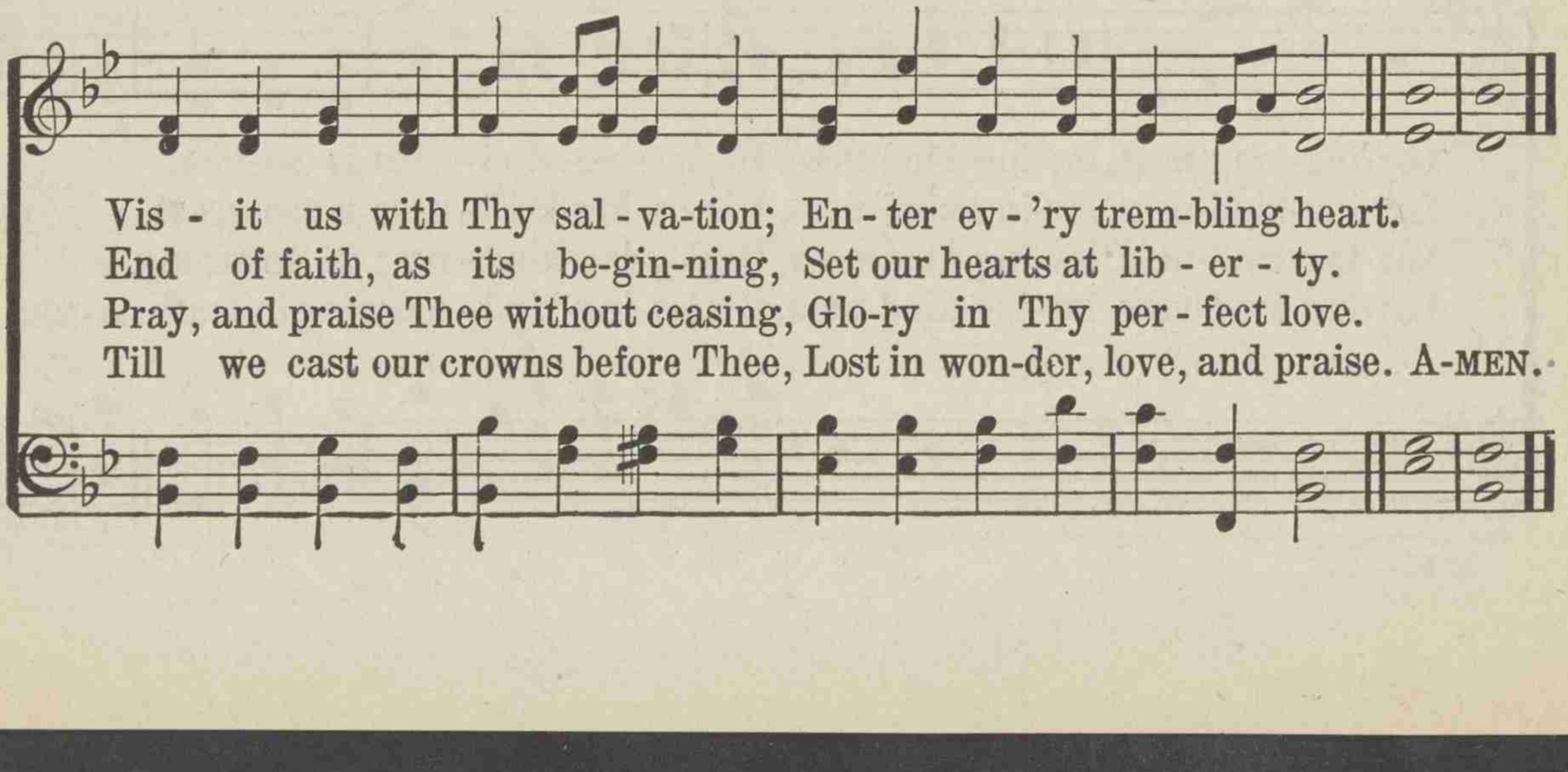


1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cel - ling, Joy of Heav'n, to earth come down!
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy lov - ing Spir - it In - to ev - 'ry troub-led breast!
3. Come, Al - might - y to de - liv - er, Let us all Thy life re - ceive;
4. Fin - ish then Thy new cre - a - tion; Pure and spot-less let us be;



Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell-ing; All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.
Let us all in Thee in - her - it, Let us find that sec - ond rest.
Sud - den - ly re - turn, and nev - er, Nev-er - more Thy tem - ples leave:
Let us see Thy great sal - va - tion, Per-fect - ly re - stored in Thee:

Je - sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, un-bound-ed love Thou art;
Take a - way our bent to sin-ning; Al - pha and O - me - ga be;
Thee we would be al - ways bless-ing, Serve Thee as Thy hosts a - bove,
Changed from glo-ry in - to glo - ry, Till in Heav'n we take our place,



Vis - it us with Thy sal - va-tion; En - ter ev - 'ry trem-bling heart.
End of faith, as its be-gin-ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing, Glo-ry in Thy per - fect love.
Till we cast our crowns before Thee, Lost in won-der, love, and praise. A-MEN.

261 All Hail the Power.

[Second Tune.] *Coronation. C. M.* Oliver Holden.



262

Miles' Lane. C. M. William Shrubsole.



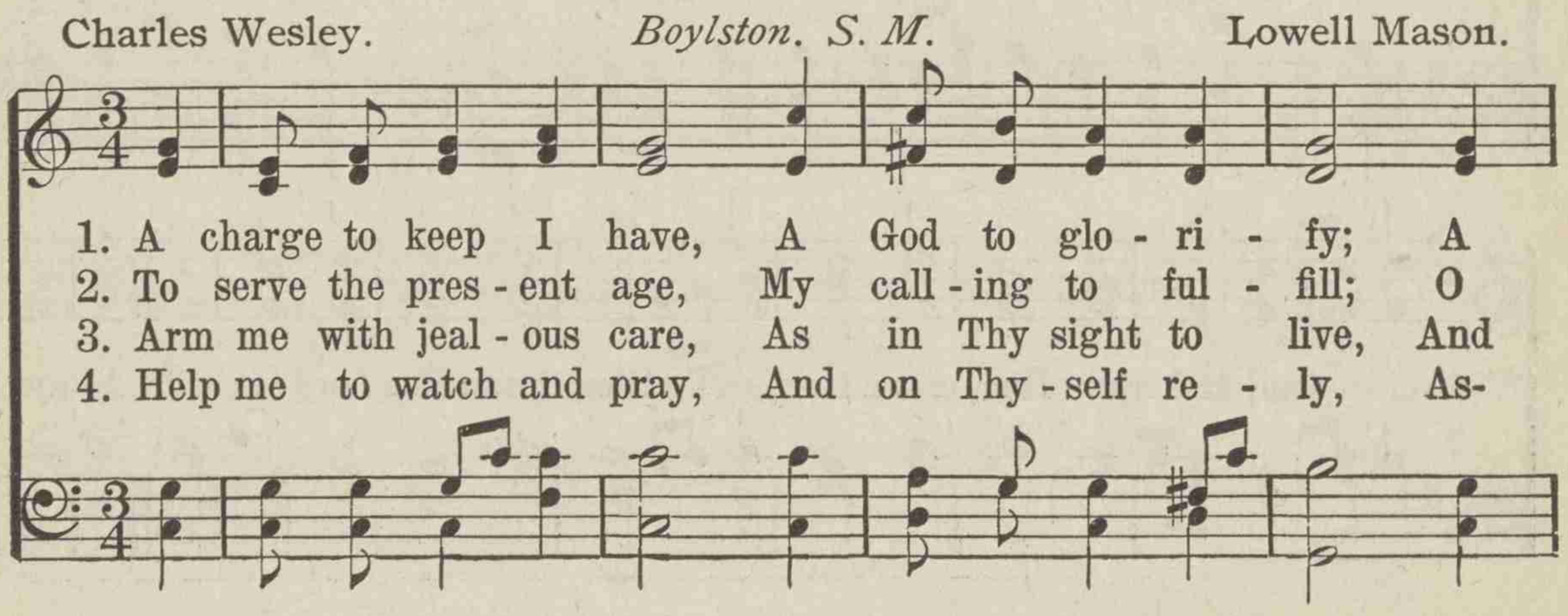
263 My Jesus, I Love Thee.

Anonymous. *Gordon. 11s.* A. J. Gordon.

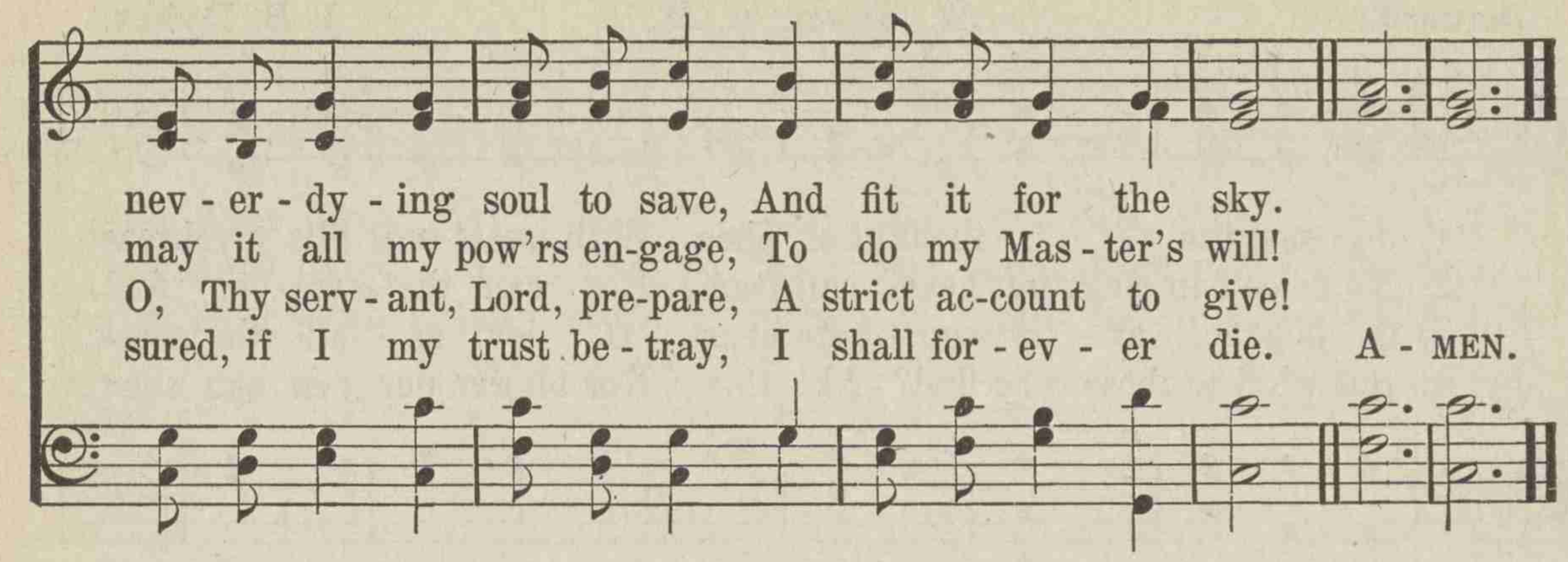


264 A Charge to Keep.

Charles Wesley. *Boylston. S. M.* Lowell Mason.

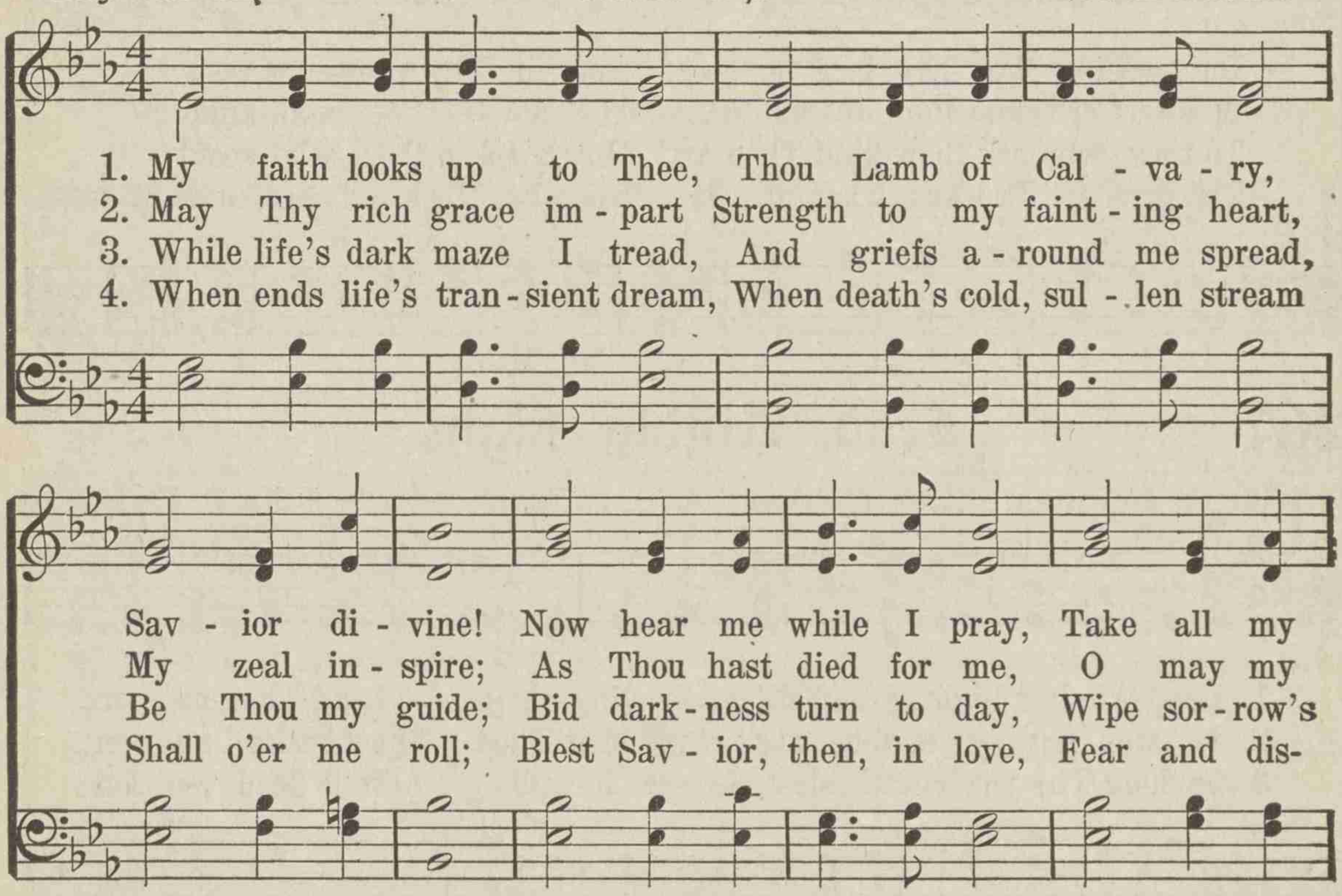


A Charge to Keep.



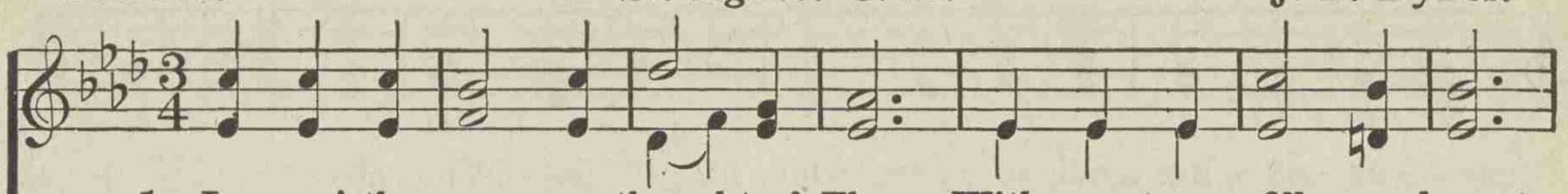
265 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer. *Olivet. 6. 4.* Lowell Mason.

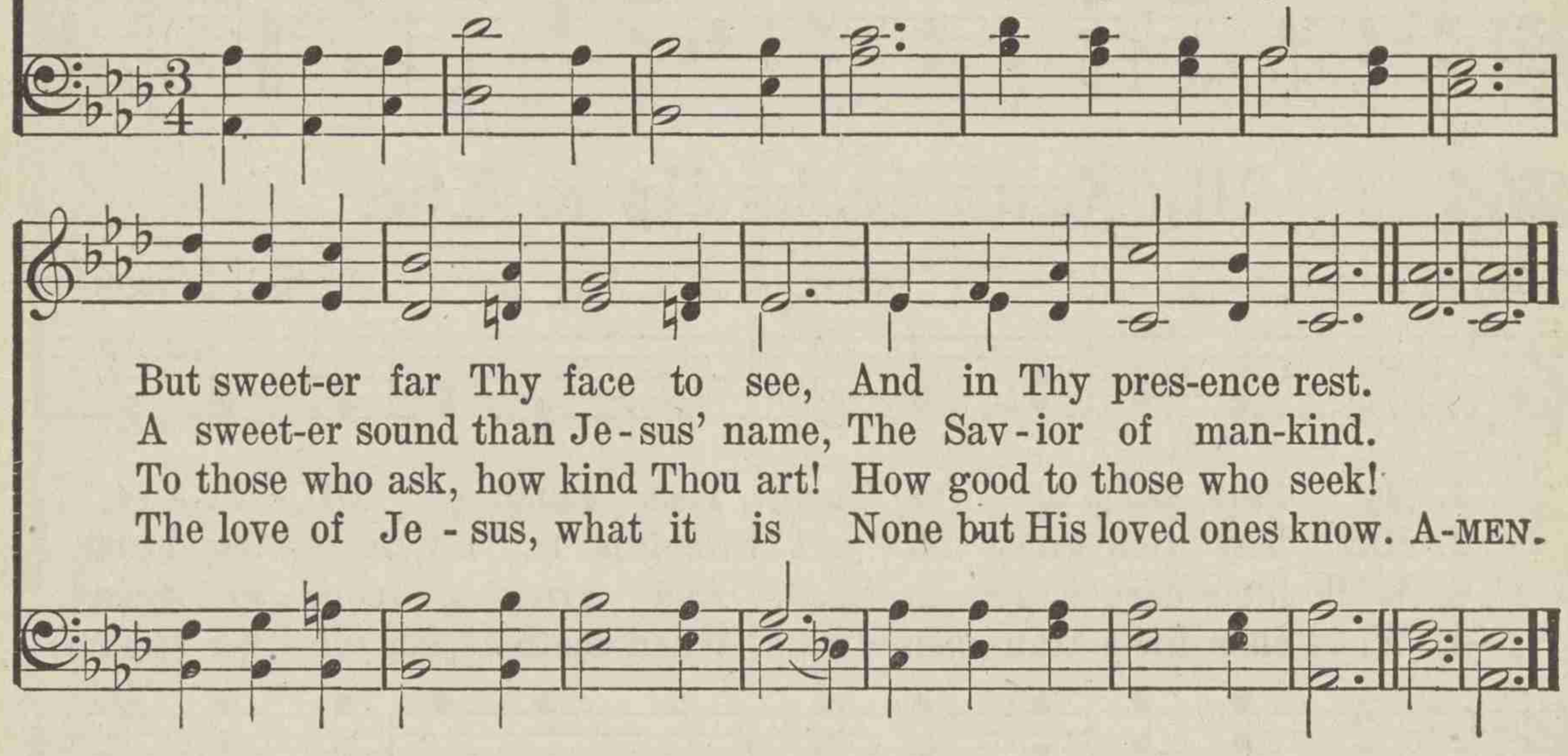


266 Jesus! the Very Thought of Thee.

Bernard. *St. Agnes. C. M.* J. B. Dykes.



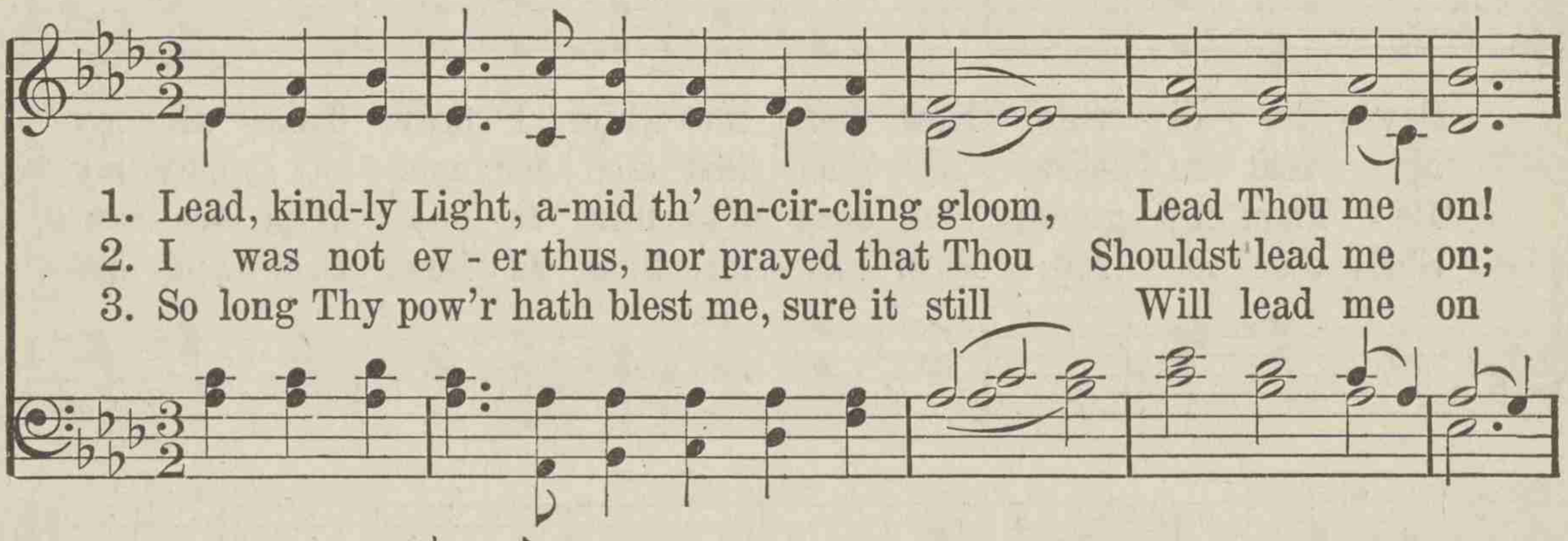
1. Je - sus! the ver - y thought of Thee With sweet-ness fills my breast:
2. No voice can sing, no heart can frame, Nor can the mem - 'ry find
3. O hope of ev - 'ry con - trite heart, O joy of all the meek,
4. But what to those who find? Ah! this Nor tongue nor pen can show,



But sweet-er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres-ence rest.
A sweet-er sound than Je - sus' name, The Sav - ior of man-kind.
To those who ask, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek!
The love of Je - sus, what it is None but His loved ones know. A-MEN.

267 Lead, Kindly Light.

John H. Newman. *Lux Benigna. 10. 4. 10. 4. 10. 10.* John B. Dykes.

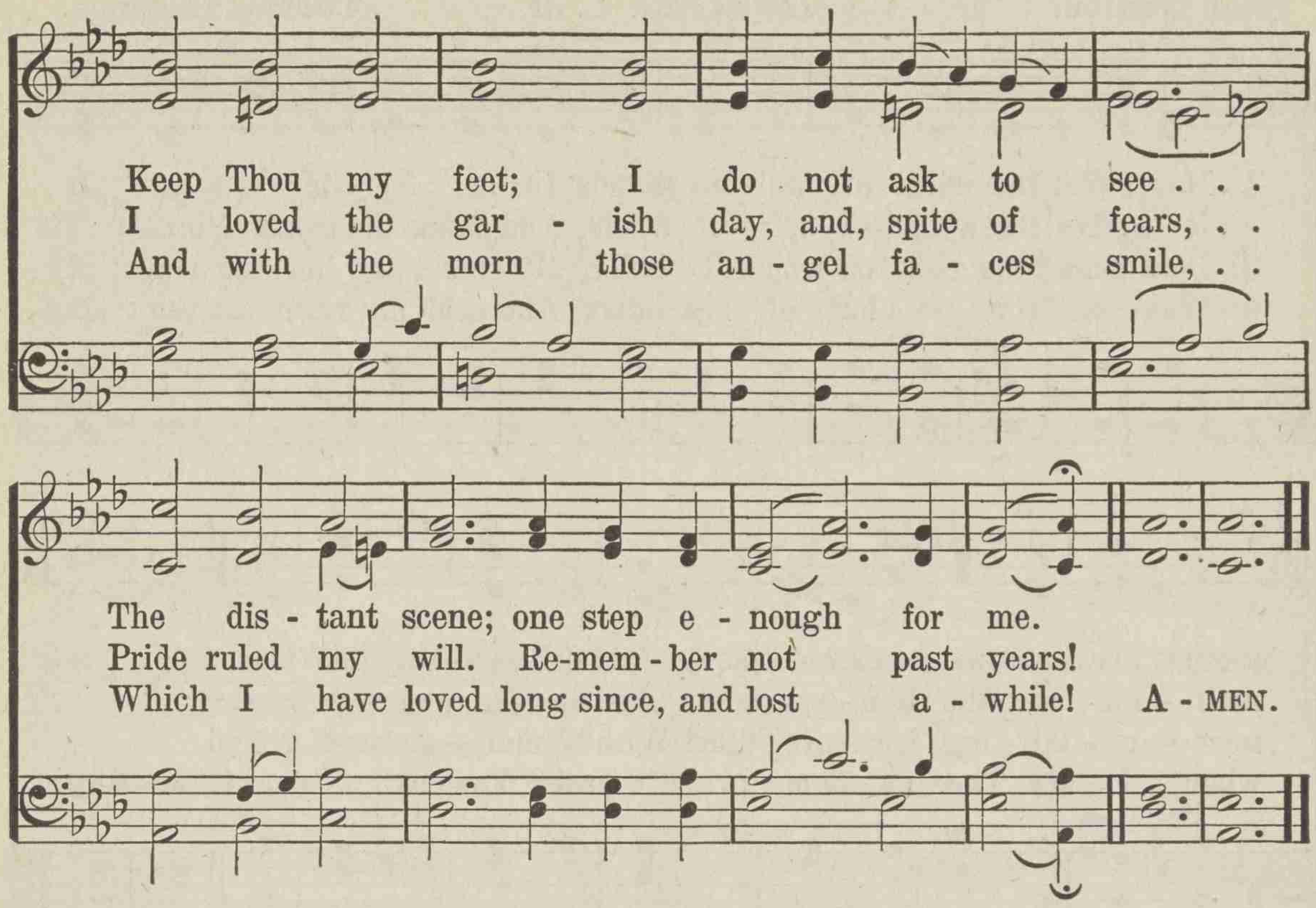


1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid th' en-cir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me on!
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on;
3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on



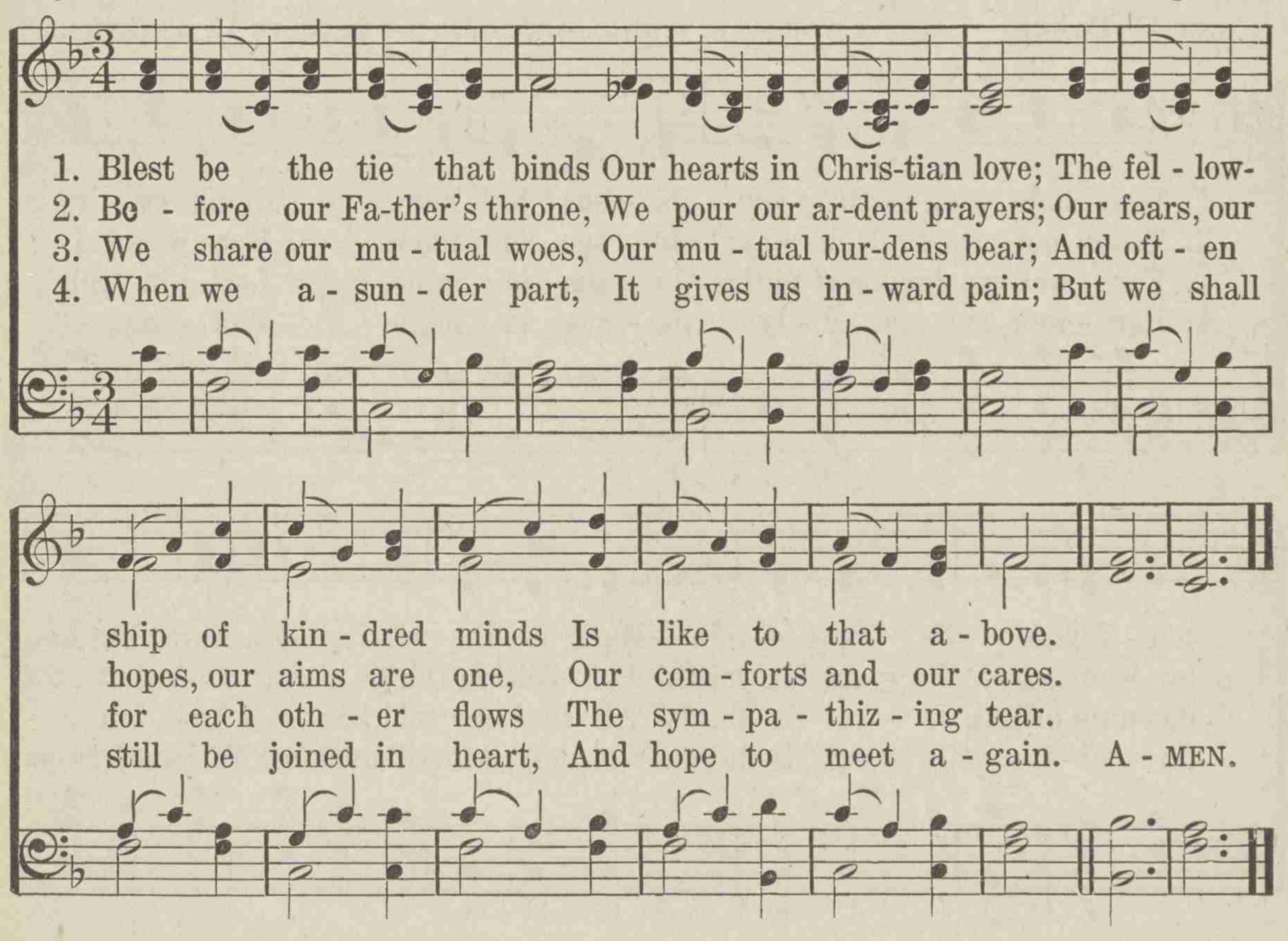
The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on!
I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on!
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone,

Lead, Kindly Light.



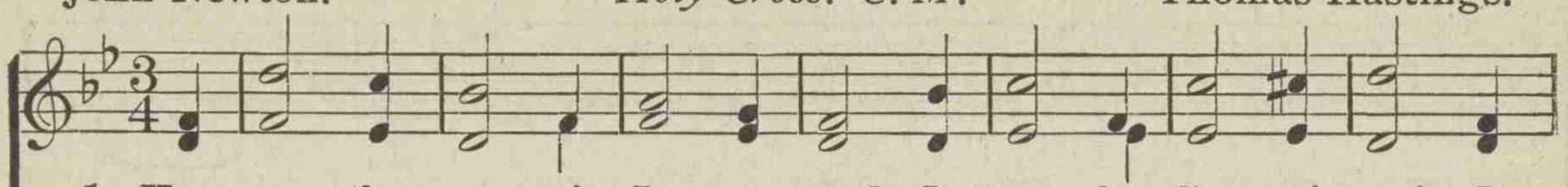
268 Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett. *Dennis. S. M.* Hans G. Naegeli.

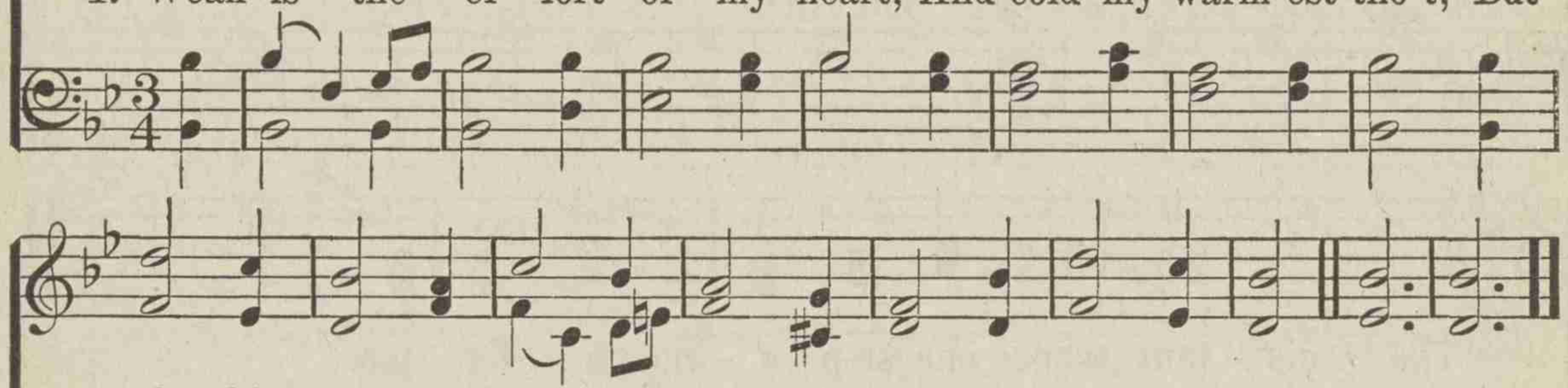


269 How Sweet the Name of Jesus.

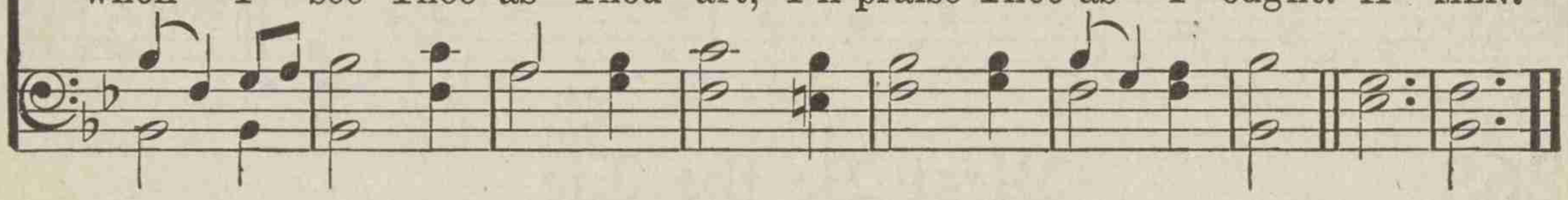
John Newton. *Holy Cross. C. M.* Thomas Hastings.



1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear! It
2. It makes the wound-ed spir - it whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis
3. Dear name! the rock on which I build, My shield and hid - ing place; My
4. Weak is the ef - fort of my heart, And cold my warm-est tho't; But



soothes his sor-rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.
man - na to the hun - gry soul, And to the wear - y, rest.
nev - er - fail - ing treas-ure, filled With boundless stores of grace!
when I see Thee as Thou art, I'll praise Thee as I ought. A - MEN.

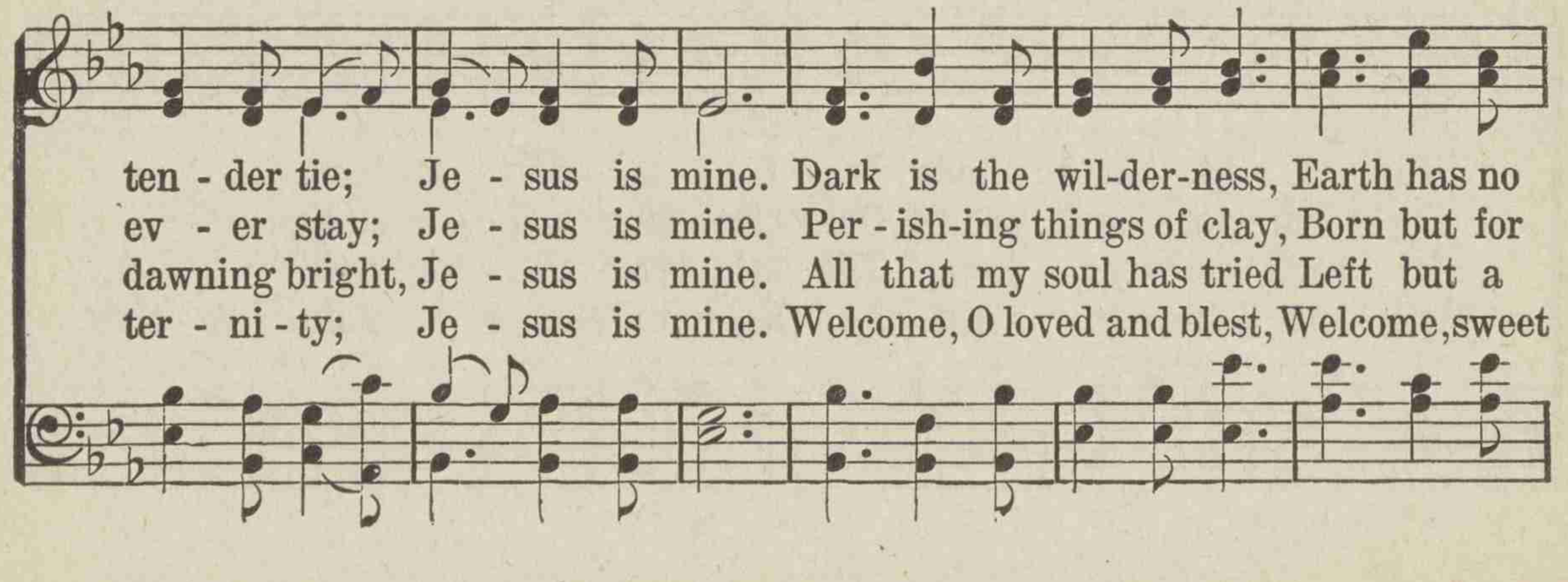


270 Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy.

Jane C. Bonar. *Lundie. 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.* Theodore E. Perkins.



1. Fade, fade, each earth-ly joy; Je - sus is mine. Break ev - 'ry
2. Tempt not my soul a - way; Je - sus is mine. Here would I
3. Fare - well, ye dreams of night; Je - sus is mine. Lost in this
4. Fare - well, mor - tal - i - ty; Je - sus is mine. Wel - come, e -



ten - der tie; Je - sus is mine. Dark is the wil-der-ness, Earth has no
ev - er stay; Je - sus is mine. Per - ish-ing things of clay, Born but for
dawning bright, Je - sus is mine. All that my soul has tried Left but a
ter - ni - ty; Je - sus is mine. Welcome, O loved and blest, Welcome, sweet

Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy.



271 Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Sarah F. Adams. *Bethany. 6. 4.* Arr. by Lowell Mason.



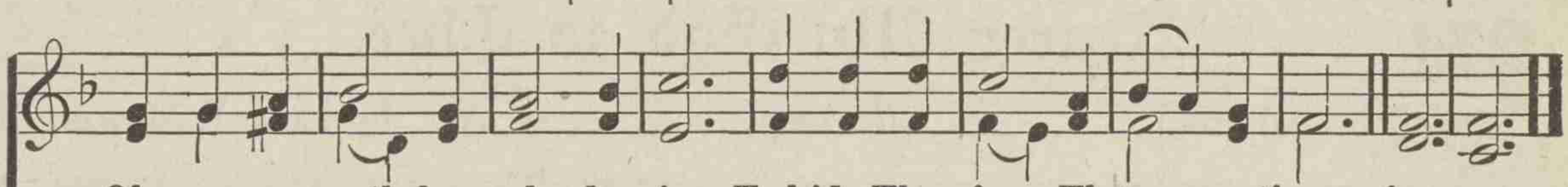
272 Sun of My Soul.

John Keble. *Hursley. L. M.* Peter Ritter.



1. Sun of my soul! Thou Sav-ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My wear-y eye-lids gen-tly steep,
3. A-bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out Thee I can-not live;
4. Be near to bless me when I wake, Ere thro' the world my way I take;





Oh, may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!
Be my last tho't—how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-ior's breast!
A-bide with me when night is nigh, For with-out Thee I dare not die.
A-bide with me till in Thy love I lose my-self in Heaven a-bove. A-MEN.



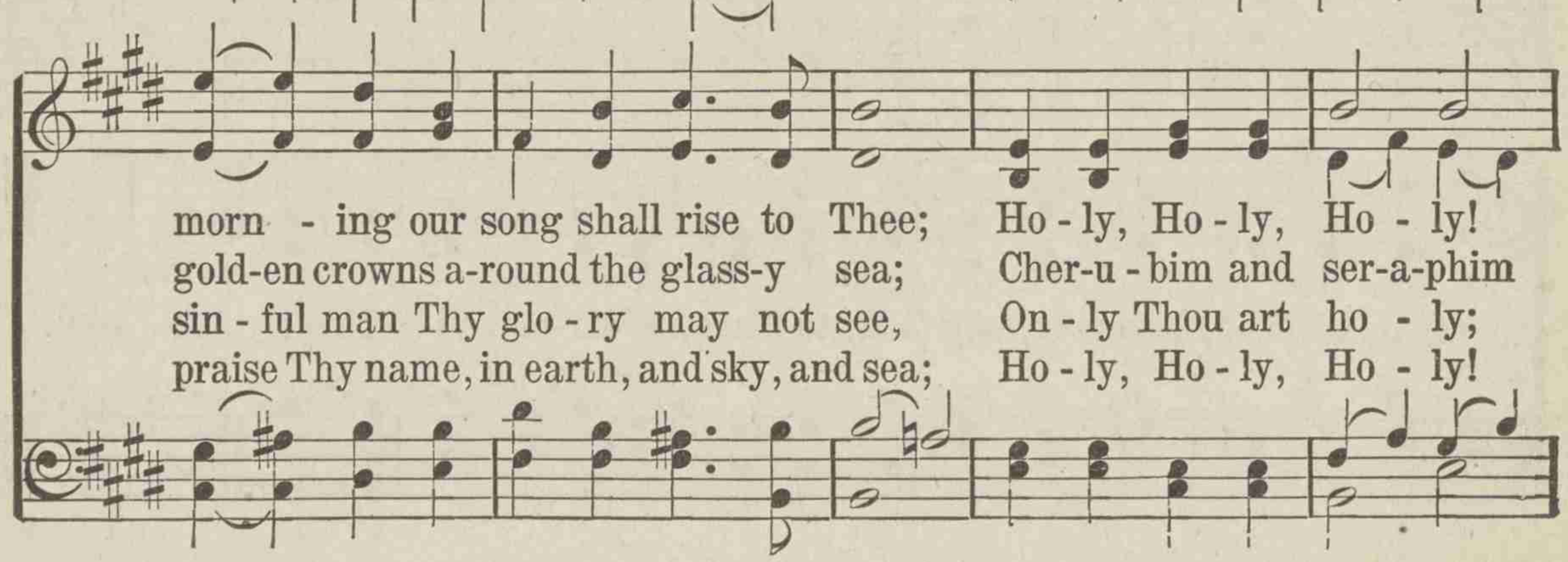
273 Holy, Holy, Holy.

Reginald Heber. *Nicæa. 11. 12. 12. 10.* Rev. John B. Dykes.



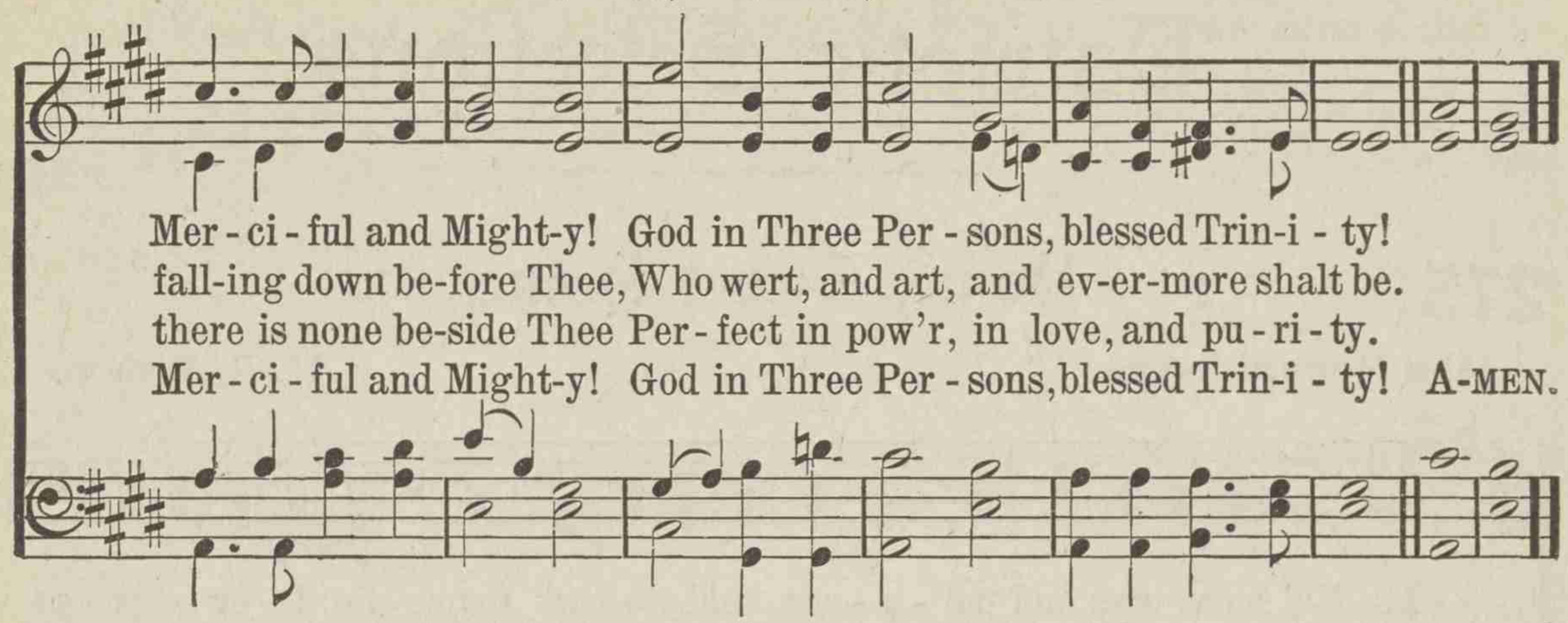
1. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y! Ear-ly in the
2. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly! All the saints a-dore Thee, Cast-ing down their
3. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly! Tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
4. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y! All Thy works shall





morn-ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly!
gold-en crowns a-round the glass-y sea; Cher-u-bim and ser-a-phim
sin-ful man Thy glo-ry may not see, On-ly Thou art ho-ly;
praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly!

Holy, Holy, Holy.



Mer - ci - ful and Might-y! God in Three Per - sons, blessed Trin-i - ty!
fall-ing down be-fore Thee, Who wert, and art, and ev-er-more shalt be.
there is none be-side Thee Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
Mer - ci - ful and Might-y! God in Three Per - sons, blessed Trin-i - ty! A-MEN.

274 Come, Thou Almighty King.

Anonymous. *Italian Hymn. 6s. 4s.* Felice de Giardini.

1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing,
2. Come, Thou In - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword,
3. Come, Ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear
4. To the great One in Three E - ter - nal prais - es be

Help us to praise: Fa - ther, all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic-
Our prayer at - tend: Come, and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy
In this glad hour: Thou who al - might-y art, Now rule in
Hence ev - er - more. His sov-'reign maj - es - ty May we in

to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An-cient of Days.
word suc-cess: Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend.
ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de-part, Spir - it of pow'r.
glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore. A - MEN.

Patriotic Selections.

275 Home, Sweet Home.

John Howard Payne. H. R. Bishop.

276 Battle Hymn of the Republic.

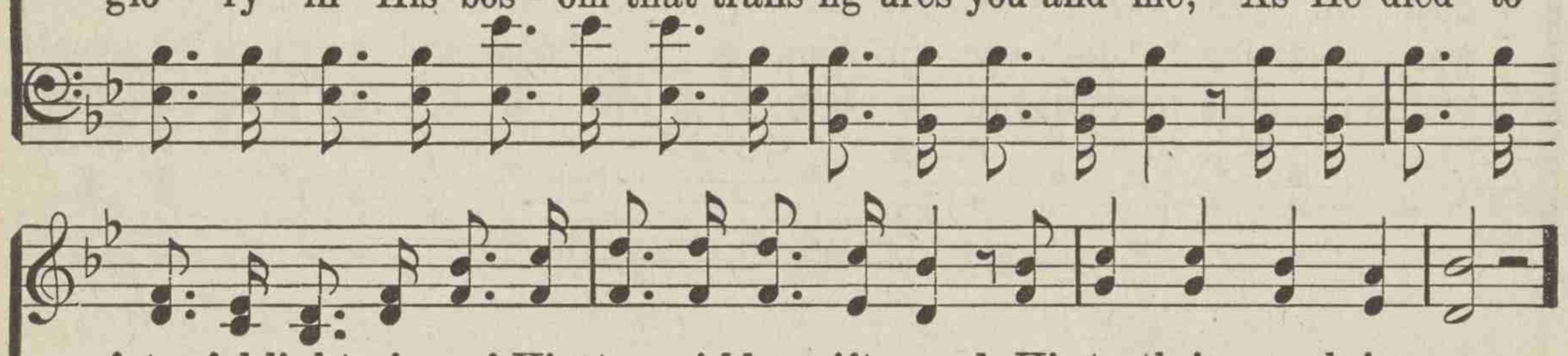
Julia Ward Howe. *Glory, Hallelujah.* Plantation Melody.



1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred circling camps; They have
3. He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall nev-er sound re-treat; He is
4. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a-cross the sea, With a



tram-pling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the
build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve-ning dews and damps; I can read His
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judgment seat. O be swift, my
glo - ry in His bos - om that trans-fig-ures you and me; As He died to



fate - ful light-ning of His ter - ri-ble swift sword; His truth is march-ing on.
righteous sentence by the dim and flar-ing lamps; His day is march-ing on.
soul, to an-swer Him! be ju - bi-lant, my feet! Our God is march-ing on.
make men ho-ly, let us die to make men free; While God is march-ing on.



CHORUS.



Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!



Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Our God is march-ing on. A - MEN.



277 The Star-Spangled Banner.

Francis Scott Key.

1. Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proud-ly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the
2. On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread si-lence re-pos-es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the
3. And where is that band, who so vaunt-ing-ly swore That the hav-oc of war and the bat-tle's con-fu-sion, A home and a coun-try should
4. Oh, thus be it ev-er when freemen shall stand Be-tween their loved homes and the war's des-o-la-tion; Blest with vic-t'ry and peace, may the

per-il-ous fight, O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?
tow-er-ing steep, As it fit-ful-ly blows, half conceals, half dis-clos-es?
leave us no more? Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pol-lu-tion;
Heav'n-rescued land Praise the Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a na-tion!

And the rock-ets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the
Now it catch-es the gleam of the morning's first beam, In full glo-ry re-
No ref-uge could save the hire-ling and slave From the ter-ror of
Then con-quer we must, when our cause it is just; And this be our

The Star-Spangled Banner.

ff CHORUS.

night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that star-spangled ban-ner yet
flect-ed, now shines on the stream: 'Tis the star-spangled banner; oh, long may it
flight or the gloom of the grave. And the star-spangled banner in tri-umph doth
mot - to: "In God is our trust!" And the star-spangled banner in tri-umph shall

wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?
wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave. A - MEN.

278 God of Our Fathers.

Rudyard Kipling. *Selena. L. M. 6l.* Isaac B. Woodbury.

1. God of our fa-thers, known of old, Lord of our far-flung bat-tle line,
   Be-neath whose aw-ful hand we hold Do-min-ion o-ver palm and pine:
2. The tu-mult and the shout-ing dies, The cap-tains and the kings de-part;
   Still stands Thine ancient sac-ri-fice, An hum-ble and a con-trite heart.
3. Far called our na-vies melt a-way, On dune and headland sinks the fire,
   To all our pomp of yes-ter-day Is one with Nin-e-veh and Tyre.

Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for-get, lest we for-get.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for-get, lest we for-get.
Judge of the nations, spare us yet, Lest we for-get, lest we for-get. A-MEN.

279 America the Beautiful.

Katherine Lee Bates. *Ward. C. M. D.* S. A. Ward.

1. O beau - ti - ful for spa-cious skies, For am - ber waves of grain,
2. O beau - ti - ful for pil - grim feet, Whose stern, im - pas-sioned stress
3. O beau - ti - ful for he - roes proved In lib - er - at - ing strife,
4. O beau - ti - ful for pa - triot dream That sees be - yond the years

For pur - ple moun-tain maj - es - ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain!
A thor-ough-fare for free - dom beat A - cross the wil - der - ness!
Who more than self their coun-try loved, And mer - cy more than life!
Thine al - a - bas - ter cit - ies gleam, Undimmed by hu - man tears!

A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee,
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God mend thine ev - 'ry flaw,
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! May God thy gold re - fine,
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee,

And crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea to shin - ing sea!
Con - firm thy soul in self - con-trol, Thy lib - er - ty in law!
Till all suc - cess be no - ble-ness, And ev - 'ry gain di - vine!
And crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea to shin - ing sea! A - MEN.

280 My Country, 'Tis of Thee.

S. F. Smith. *America.* English.



O Master-Workman of the Race.

WORDS COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CONGREGATIONAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND PUBLISHING SOCIETY.

Jay T. Stocking, 1912. *Tune: 279.*

1 O Master-workman of the race,
Thou Man of Galilee,
Who with the eyes of early youth
Eternal things did see,
We thank Thee for Thy boy-hood faith
That shone Thy whole life through:
"Did ye not know it is My work
My Father's work to do?"

2 O Carpenter of Nazareth,
Builder of life divine,
Who shapest man to God's own law,
Thy-self the fair design,
Build us a tower of Christ-like height,
That we the land may view,
And see like Thee our noblest work
Our Father's work to do.

3 O Thou who didst the vision send
And gives to each his task,
And with the task sufficient strength,
Show us Thy will, we ask;
Give us a conscience bold and good,
Give us a purpose true,
That it may be our highest joy
Our Father's work to do.

281 My Country.

S. F. Smith. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY E. O. EXCELL. J. B. Herbert.

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

thee I sing: Land where my fa-thers died! Land of the pil-grims' pride!
name I love: I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem - pled hills;
freedom's song: Let mor-tal tongues a-wake; Let all that breathe par-take;
Thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With freedom's ho - ly light;

(1) ring!. . . . . .

From ev-'ry mountain-side Let free-dom ring! Land where my fathers died!
My heart with rapture thrills Like that a - bove. I love thy rocks and rills,
Let rocks their silence break, The sound pro-long. Let mor-tal tongues a-wake;
Pro-tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King! Long may our land be bright

. . . . . Let free-dom ring!

Land of the pilgrims' pride! From ev-'ry mountain-side Let freedom ring!
Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that above.
Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
With freedom's ho - ly light; Protect us by Thy might, Great God our King! A-MEN.

Selected Psalms.

282 Psalm 1

1 Blessed *is* the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

2 But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

4 The ungodly are not so; but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

5 Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

6 For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous; but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

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283 Psalm 2

1 Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing?

2 The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together, against the Lord, and against his Anointed, saying,

3 Let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us.

4 He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh; the Lord shall have them in derision.

5 Then shall he speak unto them in his wrath, and vex them in his sore displeasure.

6 Yet have I set my King upon my holy hill of Zion.

7 I will declare the decree; the Lord hath said unto me, Thou *art* my Son; this day have I begotten thee.

8 Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession.

9 Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron; thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel.

10 Be wise now therefore, O ye kings: be instructed, ye judges of the earth.

11 Serve the Lord with fear and rejoice with trembling.

12 Kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way, when his wrath is kindled but a little. Blessed are all they that put their trust in him.

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284 Psalm 8

1 O Lord our Lord, how excellent *is* thy name in all the earth! who hast set thy glory above the heavens.

2 Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

3 When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;

4 What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?

5 For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor.

6 Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet:

7 All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field;

8 The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.

9 O Lord our Lord, how excellent *is* thy name in all the earth!

285 Psalm 15

1 LORD, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill?

2 He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.

3 *He that* backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbor, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor.

4 In whose eyes a vile person is contemned; but he honoreth them that fear the Lord. He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not.

5 *He that* putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent. He that doeth these *things* shall never be moved.

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286 Psalm 19

1 THE heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handiwork.

2 Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge.

3 *There is* no speech nor language, *where* their voice is not heard.

4 Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun.

5 Which *is* as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, *and* rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

6 His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

7 The law of the Lord *is* perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord *is* sure, making wise the simple.

8 The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

9 The fear of the Lord *is* clean, enduring forever: the judgments of the Lord *are* true *and* righteous altogether.

10 More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

11 Moreover by them is thy servant warned: *and* in keeping of them *there is* great reward.

12 Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.

13 Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous *sins;* let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

14 Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer.

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287 Psalm 23

1 THE Lord *is* my shepherd; I shall not want.

2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

3 He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

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288 Psalm 24

1 THE earth *is* the Lord's and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

2 For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

3 Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place?

4 He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

5 He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

6 This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O Jacob.

7 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

8 Who is this king of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

9 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift *them* up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

10 Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.

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289 Psalm 34

1 I WILL bless the Lord at all times: his praise *shall* continually *be* in my mouth.

2 My soul shall make her boast in the Lord: the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad.

3 O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.

4 I sought the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears.

5 They looked unto him, and were lightened: and their faces were not ashamed.

6 This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles.

7 The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.

8 O taste and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in him.

9 O fear the Lord, ye his saints: for *there is* no want to them that fear him.

10 The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger: but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.

11 Come, ye children, hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord.

12 What man is he that desireth life, and loveth many days, that he may see good?

13 Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile.

14 Depart from evil, and do good; seek peace, and pursue it.

15 The eyes of the Lord *are* upon the righteous, and his ears *are open* unto their cry.

16 The face of the Lord is against them that do evil, to cut off the remembrance of them from the earth.

17 *The righteous* cry, and the Lord heareth, and delivereth them out of all their troubles.

18 The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart; and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.

19 Many *are* the afflictions of the righteous: but the Lord delivereth him out of them all.

20 He keepeth all his bones: not one of them is broken.

21 Evil shall slay the wicked: and they that hate the righteous shall be desolate.

22 The Lord redeemeth the soul of his servants: and none of them that trust in him shall be desolate.

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290 Psalm 37

1 FRET not thyself because of evil doers, neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity.

2 For they shall soon be cut down like the grass, and wither as the green herb.

3 Trust in the Lord, and do good; *so* shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.

4 Delight thyself also in the Lord; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.

5 Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring *it* to pass.

6 And he shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday.

7 Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him: fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way, because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass.

8 Cease from anger, and forsake wrath: fret not thyself in any wise to do evil.

9 For evil doers shall be cut off: but those that wait upon the Lord, they shall inherit the earth.

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291 Psalm 39

1 I said, I will take heed to my ways, that I sin not with my tongue; I will keep my mouth with a bridle, while the wicked is before me.

2 I was dumb with silence, I held my peace, even from good; and my sorrow was stirred.

3 My heart was hot within me, while I was musing the fire burned: then spake I with my tongue.

4 Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is; that I may know how frail I am.

5 Behold, thou hast made my days as an handbreadth; and mine age is as nothing before thee: verily every man at his best state is altogether vanity.

6 Surely every man walketh in a vain shew; surely they are disquieted in vain: he heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them.

7 And now, Lord, what wait I for? my hope is in thee.

8 Deliver me from all my transgressions: make me not the reproach of the foolish.

292 Psalm 40

1 I WAITED patiently for the Lord; and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry.

2 He brought me up also out of a horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings.

3 And he hath put a new song in my mouth, *even* praise unto our God: many shall see *it*, and fear, and shall trust in the Lord.

4 Blessed is that man that maketh the Lord his trust, and respecteth not the proud, nor such as turn aside to lies.

5 Many, O Lord my God, *are* thy wonderful works *which* thou hast done, and thy thoughts *which are* to us-ward: they cannot be reckoned up in order unto thee: *if* I would declare and speak *of them*, they are more than can be numbered.

6 Sacrifice and offering thou didst not desire; mine ears hast thou opened: burnt offering and sin offering hast thou not required.

7 Then said I, Lo, I come: in the volume of the book *it is* written of me,

8 I delight to do thy will, O my God: yea, thy law is within my heart.

9 I have preached righteousness in the great congregation: lo, I have not refrained my lips, O Lord, thou knowest.

10 I have not hid thy righteousness within my heart; I have declared thy faithfulness and thy salvation: I have not concealed thy loving-kindness and thy truth from the great congregation.

11 Withhold not thou thy tender mercies from me, O Lord: let thy loving-kindness and thy truth continually preserve me.

12 For innumerable evils have compassed me about: mine iniquities have taken hold upon me, so that I am not able to look up; they are more than the hairs of mine head: therefore my heart faileth me.

293 Psalm 97

1 The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice; let the multitude of isles be glad *thereof*.

2 Clouds and darkness are round about him; righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne.

3 A fire goeth before him, and burneth up his enemies round about.

4 His lightnings enlightened the world; the earth saw, and trembled.

5 The hills melted like wax at the presence of the Lord, at the presence of the Lord of the whole earth.

6 The heavens declare his righteousness, and all the people see his glory.

7 Thou, Lord, *art* high above all the earth: thou art exalted far above all gods.

8 Ye that love the Lord, hate evil: he preserveth the souls of his saints; he delivereth them out of the hand of the wicked.

9 Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart.

10 Rejoice in the Lord, ye righteous; and give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness.

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294 Psalm 100

1 Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.

2 Serve the Lord with gladness: come before his presence with singing.

3 Know ye that the Lord he *is* God: *it is* he *that* hath made us, and not we ourselves; *we are* his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

4 Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and bless his name.

5 For the Lord *is* good; his mercy *is* everlasting; and his truth *endureth* to all generations.

295 Psalm 103

1 Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, *bless* his holy name.

2 Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.

3 Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

4 Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies;

5 Who satisfieth thy mouth with good *things; so that* thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

6 The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed.

7 He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.

8 The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

9 He will not always chide: neither will he keep *his anger* forever.

10 He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

11 For as the heaven is high above the earth, *so* great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

12 As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

13 Like as a father pitieth *his* children, *so* the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

14 For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.

15 *As for* man, his days *are* as grass; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.

16 For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.

17 But the mercy of the Lord *is* from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children;

18 To such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them.

Responsive Readings.

296 Matthew 5

1 BLESSED are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

2 Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

3 Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

4 Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

5 Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

6 Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

7 Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

8 Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

9 Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

10 Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

---

297 Mark 10; Matt. 18

1 AND they brought young children to him, that he should touch them: and his disciples rebuked those that brought them.

2 But when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God.

3 Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein.

4 And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them.

5 At the same time came the disciples unto Jesus, saying, Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven?

6 And Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them,

7 And said, Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.

8 Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven.

9 And whoso shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me.

10 But whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea.

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298 1 Corinthians 13

1 THOUGH I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.

2 And though I have the gift of prophecy and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge: and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

3 And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

4 Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,

5 Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

6 Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

7 Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

8 Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

9 For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

10 But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

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299 Romans 12

1 LET love be without dissimulation. Abhor that which is evil, cleave to that which is good.

2 Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honor preferring one another;

3 Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord;

4 Rejoicing in hope; patient in tribulation; continuing instant in prayer;

5 Distributing to the necessity of saints; given to hospitality.

6 Bless them which persecute you; bless, and curse not.

7 Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep.

8 Be of the same mind one toward another.

9 Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate.

10 Be not wise in your own conceits.

11 Recompense to no man evil for evil.

12 Provide things honest in the sight of all men.

13 If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men.

14 Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath:

15 For it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.

16 Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink:

17 For in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.

18 Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.

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300 1 Chronicles 29

1 BLESSED be thou, Lord God of Israel, our father, for ever and ever.

2 Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty;

3 For all that is in the heaven and in the earth is thine;

4 Thine is the kingdom, O Lord, and thou art exalted as head above all;

5 Both riches and honor come of thee, and thou reignest over all;

6 And in thine hand is power and might; and in thine hand it is to make great and to give strength unto all.

7 Now therefore our God, we thank thee, and praise thy glorious name.

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301 Isaiah 40

1 THE everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is he weary.

2 There is no searching of his understanding.

3 He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength.

4 Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall; but they that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint.

5 Fear not: for I am with thee; Be not dismayed: for I am thy God;

6 I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.

7 For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour;

8 I, even I, am the Lord: and beside me there is no Saviour.

---

302 Isaiah 40

1 Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God. Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem.

2 And cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned; for she hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins.

3 The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God.

4 Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low: and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain;

5 And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together;

6 For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

7 The voice said, Cry. And he said, What shall I cry?

8 All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness is as the flower of the field:

9 The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: because the spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it: surely the people is grass.

10 The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: but the word of our God shall stand forever.

11 O Zion, that bringest good tidings, get thee up into the high mountain; O Jerusalem, that bringest good tidings, lift up thy voice with strength;

12 Behold, the Lord God will come with strong hand, and his arm shall rule for him: behold, his reward is with him, and his work before him.

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303 Isaiah 42

1 Behold my servant, whom I uphold; mine elect, in whom my soul delighteth: he shall not cry, nor lift up, nor cause his voice to be heard in the street.

2 A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench:

3 He shall bring forth judgment unto truth.

4 He shall not fail nor be discouraged, till he have set justice in the earth;

5 And the isles shall wait for his law.

6 Thus saith God the Lord, he that created the heavens, and stretched them forth;

7 He that spread abroad the earth and that which cometh out of it;

8 He that giveth breath unto the people upon it, and spirit to them that walk therein:

9 I the Lord have called thee in righteousness, and will hold thine hand, and will keep thee,

10 And give thee for a covenant of the people, for a light of the Gentiles;

11 To open the blind eyes, to bring out the prisoners from the prison,

12 And them that sit in darkness out of the prison house.

13 I am the Lord; that is my name: and my glory will I not give to another, neither my praise unto graven images.

14 Sing unto the Lord a new song, and his praise from the end of the earth.

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304 Isaiah 52

1 How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings,

2 That publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, thy God reigneth!

3 Thy watchmen shall lift up the voice; with the voice together shall they sing:

4 For they shall see eye to eye, when the Lord shall bring again Zion.

5 Break forth into joy, sing together, ye waste places of Jerusalem:

6 For the Lord hath comforted his people, he hath redeemed Jerusalem.

7 The Lord hath made bare his holy arm in the eyes of all the nations;

8 And all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God.

---

305 Isaiah 53

1 He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.

2 And we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised and we esteemed him not.

3 Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: Yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God and afflicted.

4 But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities:

5 The chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.

6 All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way;

7 And the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

8 He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth.

9 He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth.

10 He was taken from prison and from judgment: and who shall declare his generation?

11 For he was cut off out of the land of the living: for the transgression of my people was he stricken.

12 And he made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death;

13 Because he had done no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth.

14 Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him; he hath put him to grief:

15 He hath poured out his soul unto death; and he was numbered with the transgressors;

16 And he bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.

---

306 Romans 8

1 There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.

2 For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death.

3 For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh:

4 That the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.

5 For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.

6 For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear; but ye have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father.

7 The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God:

8 And if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified together.

9 For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.

10 Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?

11 As it is written, For thy sake we are killed all the day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter.

12 Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us.

307 1 John 5

1 WHOSOEVER believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God: and everyone that loveth him that begat loveth him also that is begotten of him.

2 By this we know that we love the children of God, when we love God, and keep his commandments.

3 For this is the love of God, that we keep his commandments; and his commandments are not grievous.

4 For whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world: and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.

5 Who is he that overcometh the world, but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God?

6 If we receive the witness of men, the witness of God is greater; for this is the witness of God which he hath testified of his Son.

7 He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself: he that believeth not God, hath made him a liar; because he believeth not the record that God gave of his Son.

8 And this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son.

9 He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life.

10 These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God; that ye may know that ye have eternal life, and that ye may believe on the name of the Son of God.

11 And this is the confidence that we have in him, that, if we ask anything according to his will, he heareth us:

12 And if we know that he hear us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of him.

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308 Galatians 6

1 BRETHREN, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such a one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself lest thou also be tempted.

2 Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ.

3 For if a man think himself to be something, when he is nothing, he deceiveth himself.

4 But let every man prove his own work, and then shall he have rejoicing in himself alone, and not in another.

5 For every man shall bear his own burden.

6 Let him that is taught in the word communicate unto him that teacheth in all good things.

7 Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

8 For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.

9 And let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.

10 As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith.

---

309 1 Thessalonians 5

1 LET us, who are of the day, be sober, putting on the breastplate of faith and love; and for a helmet, the hope of salvation.

2 For God hath not appointed us to wrath, but to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ,

3 Who died for us, that, whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with him.

4 Wherefore comfort yourselves together, and edify one another, even as also ye do.

5 And we beseech you, brethren, to know them that labor among you, and are over you in the Lord, and admonish you;

6 And to esteem them very highly in love for their work's sake, and be at peace among yourselves.

7 Now we exhort you, brethren, warn them that are unruly, comfort the feeble-minded, support the weak, be patient toward all men.

8 See that none render evil for evil unto any man; but ever follow that which is good, both among yourselves, and to all men.

9 Rejoice evermore.

10 Pray without ceasing.

11 In everything give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you.

12 Quench not the Spirit.

13 Despise not prophesyings.

14 Prove all things; hold fast that which is good.

---

310 John 10

1 Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that entereth not by the door into the sheep-fold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber.

2 But he that entereth in by the door is the shepherd of the sheep.

3 To him the porter openeth; and the sheep hear his voice: and he calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out.

4 And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him: for they know his voice.

5 And a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him: for they know not the voice of strangers.

6 Verily, verily, I say unto you, I am the door of the sheep.

7 All that ever came before me are thieves and robbers: but the sheep did not hear them.

8 I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture.

9 The thief cometh not, but for to steal, and to kill, and to destroy: I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly.

10 I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.

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311 Isaiah 55

1 Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.

2 Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labor for that which satisfieth not? hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.

3 Incline your ear, and come unto me; hear, and your soul shall live; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David.

4 Behold, I have given him for a witness to the people, a leader and commander to the people.

5 Behold, thou shalt call a nation that thou knowest not, and nations that knew not thee shall run unto thee because of the Lord thy God, and for the Holy One of Israel; for he hath glorified thee.

6 Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near:

7 Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.

8 For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord.

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