GREATEST HYMNS

By J. A. LEE

Round and Shape Notes

Published by

J. A. LEE & COMPANY

GLENCOE, KY.

SHAPED NOTES

Luke 15 - 21
Paying and getting out
of Prodigal's hope

Greatest Hymns

For use in the

Churches, Evangelistic Services, Sabbath Schools, Young People's Societies, Devotional Meetings, Singing Conventions, Institutes, Schools and the Home

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Containing

Solos, Duets, Quartets, Choir Pieces, Etc.

Compiled by

J. A. LEE, PASTOR-EVANGELIST

Author of Lasting Hymns and Lasting Hymns No. 2

Published in Music Edition Only

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PREFACE

GREATEST HYMNS comes before the musical world to assist in the Redeemer's Kingdom. The name of this book tells you exactly what it is. Examine it for yourself, and, if you do not want it, take something that is not the Greatest Hymns.

In the praise that we render to our great God, let us always aim for the best. Greatest Hymns contains more old songs and more new songs than any other book for the money. More than 100 new songs which are not in any other book, are found in this book.

The expense in getting out this book has been great, but we started out to do our best and we have spared nothing to make it a success.

We have sold one and one-half million copies of Lasting Hymns, and we propose to sell more of Greatest Hymns.

If you will tell others about this book, or give us the names of Individuals, Churches, Sunday Schools, Singing-School Teachers, as soon as they make an order, we will send you free 50 cents worth of our choice sheet music.

It is the business of all to do good in the world, and we ask you to join us in putting the best hymn book that has ever been brought out, before the people. There is no Bible subject which has been neglected in compiling this book. The greatest music writers in this country are represented by their best hymns.

The make-up of this book is first-class in quality of paper used, binding, etc. The cheapest binding is not manila paper, that you ordinarily find on the backs of cheap books. It is cloth-lined. The Price is certainly within the reach of every one.

With a prayer that God may use Greatest Hymns to His glory, we send forth this book on its mission.

J. A. LEE.

GREATEST HYMNS.

No. 1. TWENTIETH CENTURY HYMN.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. JOHN R. BRYANT.

1. Waft it, ye winds of the morn - ing, The wonders the cen - tu-ry's wrought;
2. Tell it, ye tongues of the morn-ing, In thun-der tones let it be known;
3. Tell it, ye tongues of the morn-ing, Wide spread Im-man-u - el's fame;

Tell of the spread of the gos - pel, Yea, tell of the blessings thus brought.
Long were the hours of the dark-ness, But now are the night shades all flown.
Known to all tribes and all na - tions, The pow'r of this won - der - ful name.

CHORUS.

The work of God's been carried To ev-'ry land and tongue; The word of God's been

spread abroad, Made known to old and young; The love of God has melted hearts, And

dried our eyes of tears, We thank our God His feet have trod These mighty hundred years.

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The Bible.

J. A. Lee.

1. The Bi - ble! the Bi - ble! more pre-cious than gold, The hopes and the
2. The Bi - ble! the Bi - ble! blest vol - ume of truth, How sweet-ly it
3. The Bi - ble! the Bi - ble! we hail it with joy, Its truths and its
4. The Bi - ble! the Bi - ble! the val - leys shall ring, And hill - tops re-

glo - ries its pa - ges un - fold; It speaks of a Sav - iour, and
smiles on the sea - son of youth! It bids us seek ear - ly the
glo - ries our tongues shall em - ploy; We'll sing of its tri-umphs, we'll
ech - o the notes that we sing; Our ban - ners in - scribed with its

tells of His love; It shows us the way to the man-sions a - bove.
pearl of great price, Ere th'heart is en-slaved in the bond-age of vice,
tell of its worth, And send its glad ti - dings a - far o'er the earth.
pre - cepts and rules Shall long wave in tri - umph, the joy of our Schools.

CHORUS.

The Bi - - - - ble, the Bi - - - - ble, It speaks of a
The Bi - ble, the Bi - ble, the pre-cious old Bi - ble,

Sav - iour, it tells of His love; The Bi - - - - ble, the
The Bi - ble, the Bi - ble, the

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The Bible.

Bi - - - ble, It shows us the way to the man-sions a - bove.
precious old Bi - ble,

No. 3. I BELIEVE.

J. A. L. J. A. LEE.

1. It's Christ the Lord, and His ho - ly Word, I be - lieve! I be - lieve! 'Tis
2. Re-pent and come, or you'll have no home! I be - lieve! I be - lieve! From
3. We're saved by grace, and are in the race, I be - lieve! I be - lieve! By
4. That all may know they are saved from woe, I be - lieve! I be - lieve! The
5. He's my "Best Friend," on Him I de-pend! I be - lieve! I be - lieve! He's
6. In heav - en or hell, we all must dwell, I be - lieve! I be - lieve! It's
7. In heaven we'll meet, hold communion sweet, I be - lievel I be - lieve! There are

REFRAIN.

Christ, the Son, the ho - ly One, I be - lieve! I be - lieve! I be - lieve!
fire and flood, there's pow'r in the blood, I be - lieve! I be - lieve! I be - lieve!
faith I see, Je - sus died for me! I be - lieve! I be - lieve! I be - lieve!
saved from sin, have Christ with-in, I be - lieve! I be - lieve! I be - lieve!
true and tried, He will pro-vide, I be - lieve! I be - lieve! I be - lieve!
there we'll go, when we leave below, I be - lieve! I be - lieve! I be - lieve!
joys un - told, if we're in the fold! I be - lieve! I be - lieve! I be - lieve!

I be - lieve! It's Christ the Lord, and His holy Word, I be - lieve! I be - lieve!
I be - lieve! From fire and flood, there's pow'r in the blood! I be - lieve! I be - lieve!
I be - lieve! By faith I see, Je-sus died for me! I be - lieve! I be - lieve!
I be - lieve! The saved from sin, have Christ within, I be - lieve! I be - lieve!
I be - lieve! He's true and tried! He will provide! I be - lieve! I be - lieve!
I be - lieve! In heav'n or hell, we all will dwell, I be - lieve! I be - lieve!
I be - lieve! In heav'n we'll meet, hold communion sweet, I be - lieve! I be - lieve!

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No. 4 CALLING FOR ME.

Luke 15th Chapter.

Words arranged and Chorus by D. E. DORTCH.

W. M. ROBISON. W. M. ROBISON, by per.

1. I have watch'd the sheep a - stray, As it wan-der'd day by day,
2. I have watch'd the wo-man search, For the gem of price-less worth,
3. I have watch'd the boy de - part, With a proud and anx- ious heart,
4. Now I see him as he goes, Clad in worn and tat-ter'd clothes,

On the mountain heard its fee-ble cry; Oh! the shepherd's gen-tle call,
For the piece of sil - ver she had lost; On she goes in ev - 'ry land,
As he left his father's house to roam; Then I've seen him sit - ting down
And for-sak - en by the world so gay; With a bro-ken, bleeding heart,

How it comes to one and all, Tell me why, sir, will you die?
With her light and broom in hand, Searching for that which was lost.
With the swine up - on the ground, Far a - way from that old home.
"For my Fa-ther's home I'll start," I can hear him faint - ly say.

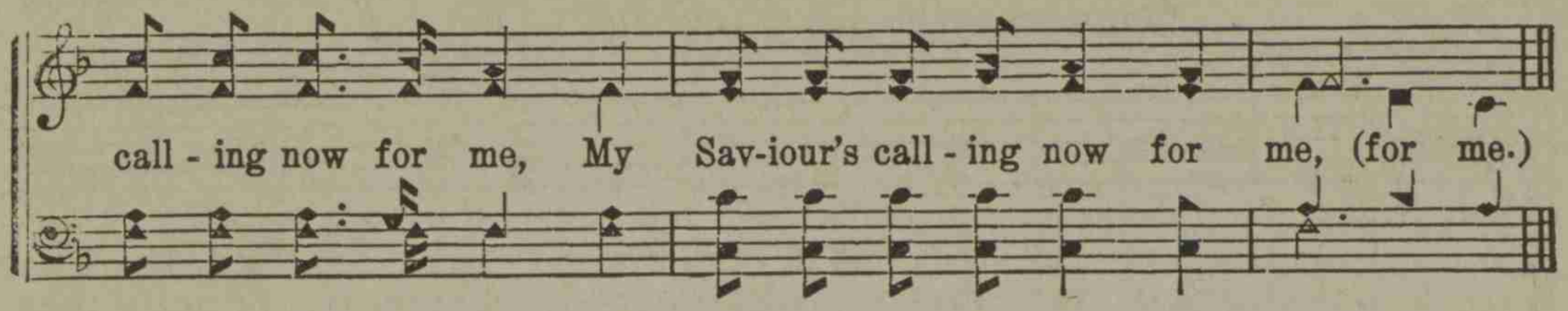
CHORUS.

Call - ing now for me, yes, call-ing now for me, He's call-ing now for me; for me;

me, He's call - ing now for me; Call - ing now for me, yes,

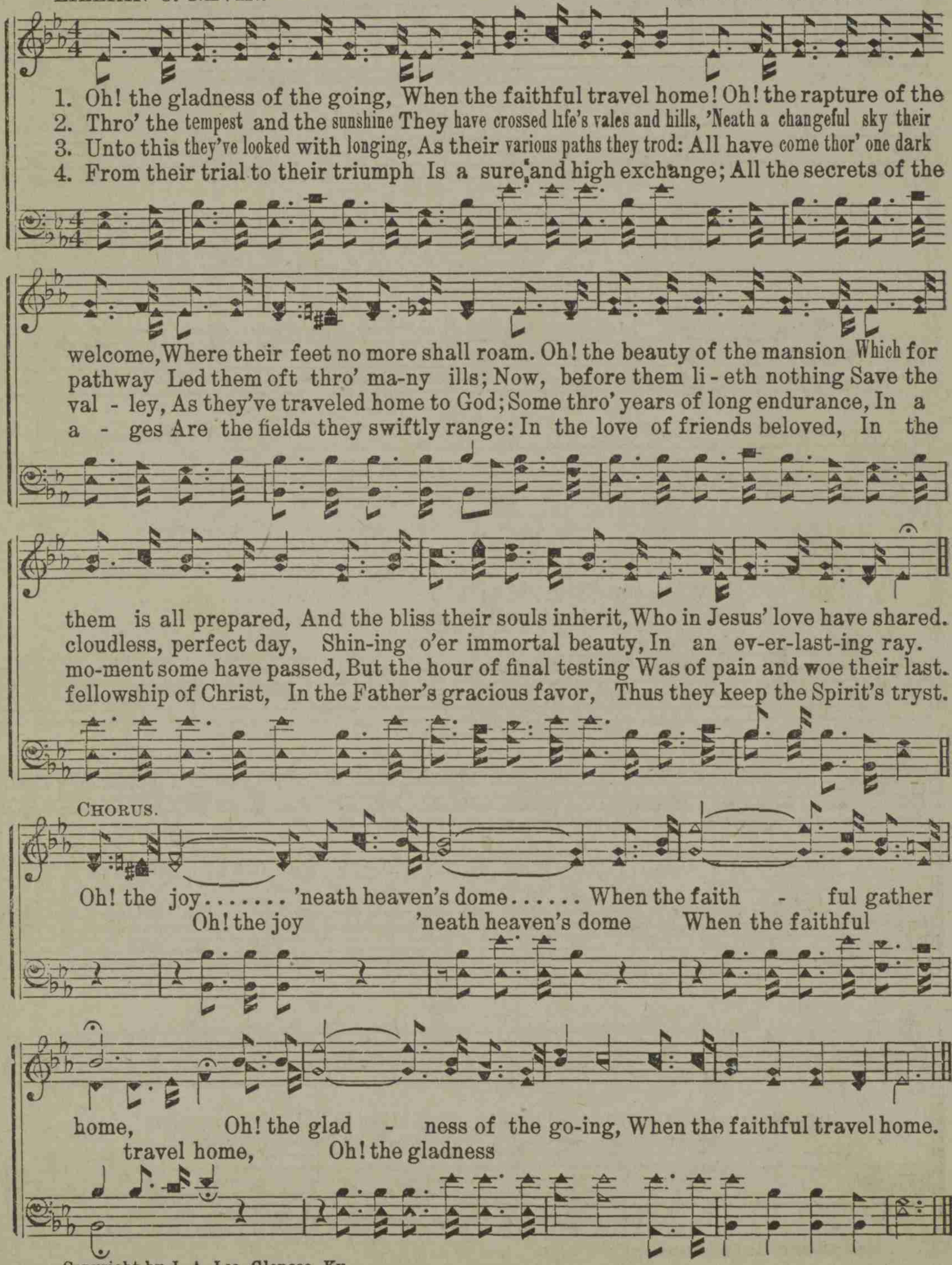
This arrangement owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

CALLING FOR ME.



No. 5. THE GLADNESS OF THE GOING.

LILLIAN C. NEVIN. FRED. A. FILLMORE.



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No. 6. GLORY FOR ME!

"Joy unspeakable and full of glory."—1 PET. 1: 8.

J. A. L. J. A. LEE.

1. I think of my struggles in life's wea-ry race, Of Je - sus who suf - fered and died on the tree, To give un - to me free sal -
2. I think of my mis-sion midst others down here, His promise that "I will nev - er leave thee!" With pow - er he al - ways is
3. I think of the ones who are go - ing a-stray! Yes, all of the hea - then far o - ver the sea, I'll lead them to Je - sus, the
4. I think of the home that is wait-ing for all, The face of my Lord I am long - ing to see! And when I shall an - swer my

REFRAIN.

va-tion by grace, And that is all glo - ry for me!....
draw-ing so near, And that is all glo - ry for me!.... And that is all
light of the way, And that is all glo - ry for me!....
Lord's loving call, Oh, that will be glo-ry for me!....

glo - ry for me!... And that is all glo - ry for me!... He gave un-to me free sal-va - tion and grace, And that is all glo - ry for me!...

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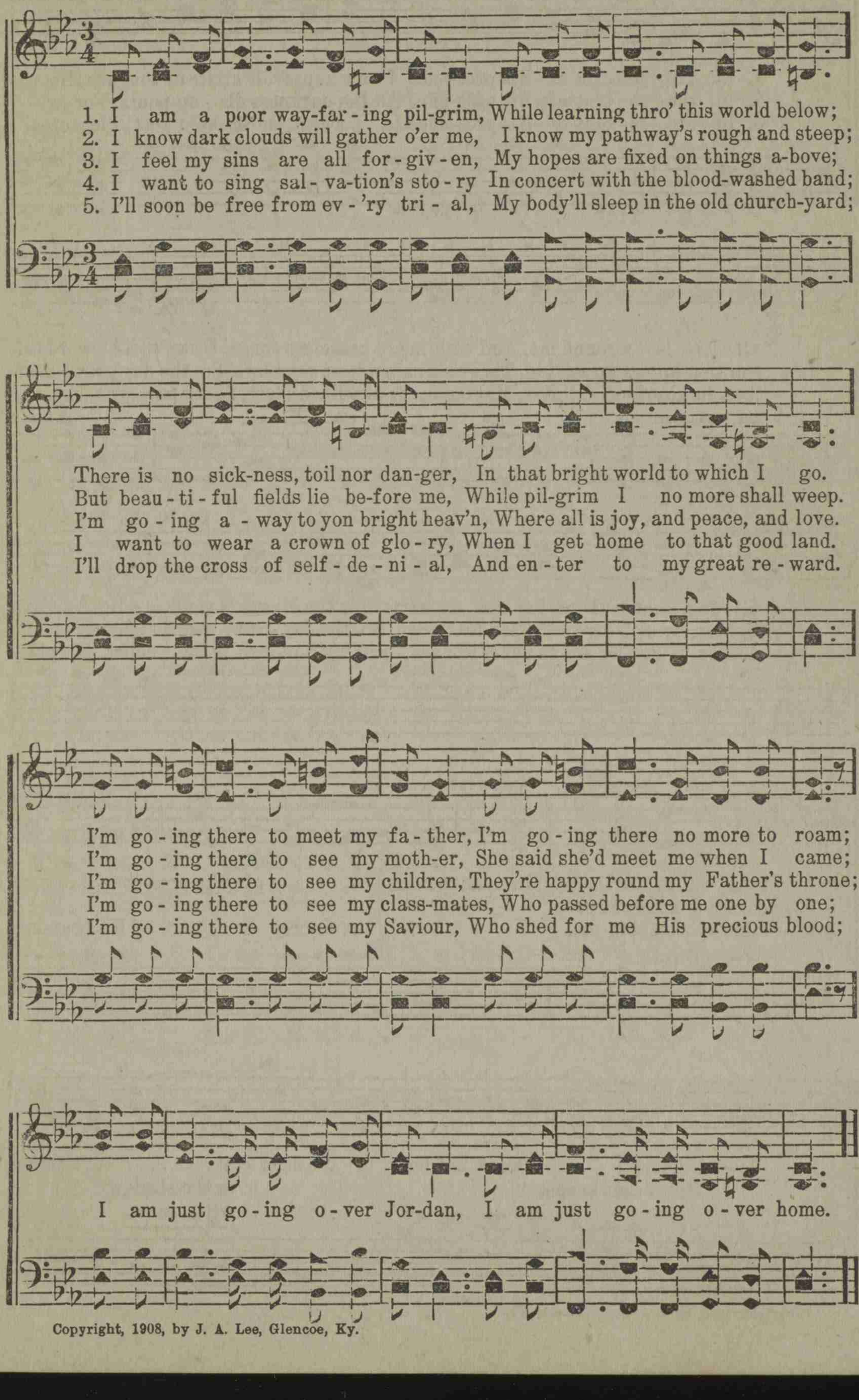
No. 7. THE WAYFARING PILGRIM.

"Strangers and pilgrims on the earth."—HEB. 11: 13.

J. H. SHARP.



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No. 8. IN THE SECRET OF HIS PRESENCE.

(May be used as a Solo.)

FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. In the se - cret of His pres-ence I am kept from strife of tongues; His pa-
2. In the se - cret of His pres-ence All the darkness dis - ap-pears; For a
3. In the se - cret of His pres-ence Is a sweet, un-brok-en rest; Pleasures,

vil - ion is a-round me, And with-in are ceaseless songs! Stormy winds His word ful-
sun that knows no setting, Throws a rainbow on my tears. So the day grows ever
joys, in glo-rious fullness, Making earth like Eden blest; So my peace grows deep and

fill - ing, Beat without, but can not harm, For the Master's voice is stilling Storm and
lighter, Broad'ning to the per-fect noon, So the day grows ever brighter, Heav'n is
deeper, Widening as it nears the sea, For my Sav-iour is my Keeper, Keeping

CHORUS.

tem-pest to a calm. In the se - cret..... of His pres-ence.....
com - ing near and soon.
mine and keeping me. In the se-cret of His presence

Je - sus keeps,.... I know not how; In the shad - ow..... of the
Jesus keeps, In the shadow

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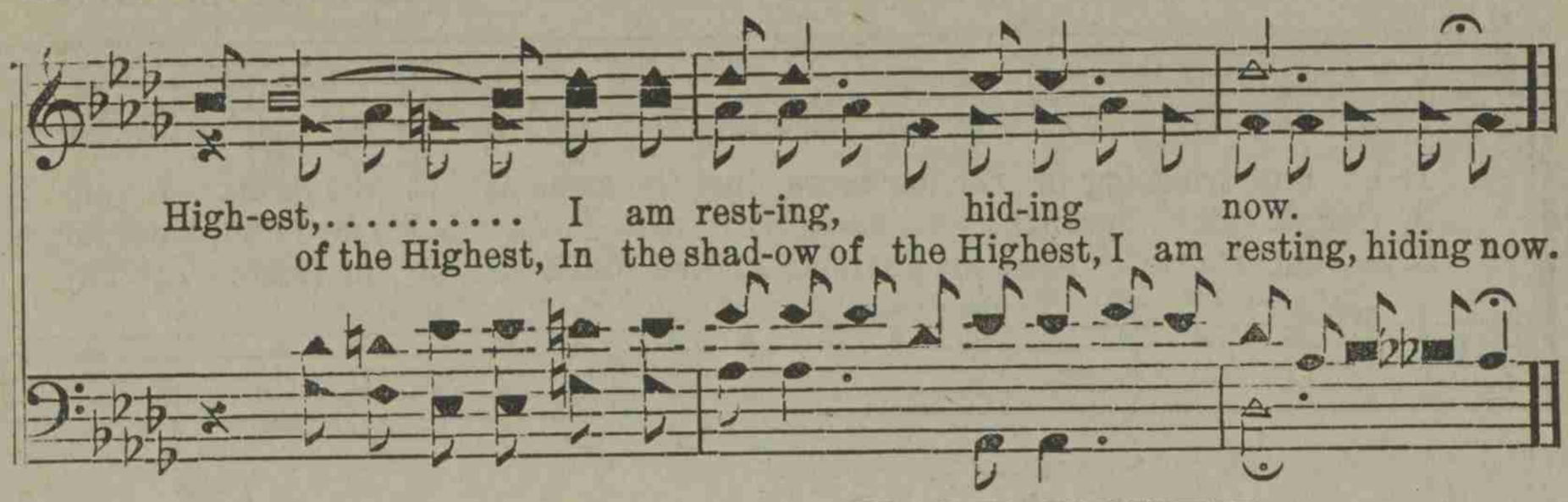
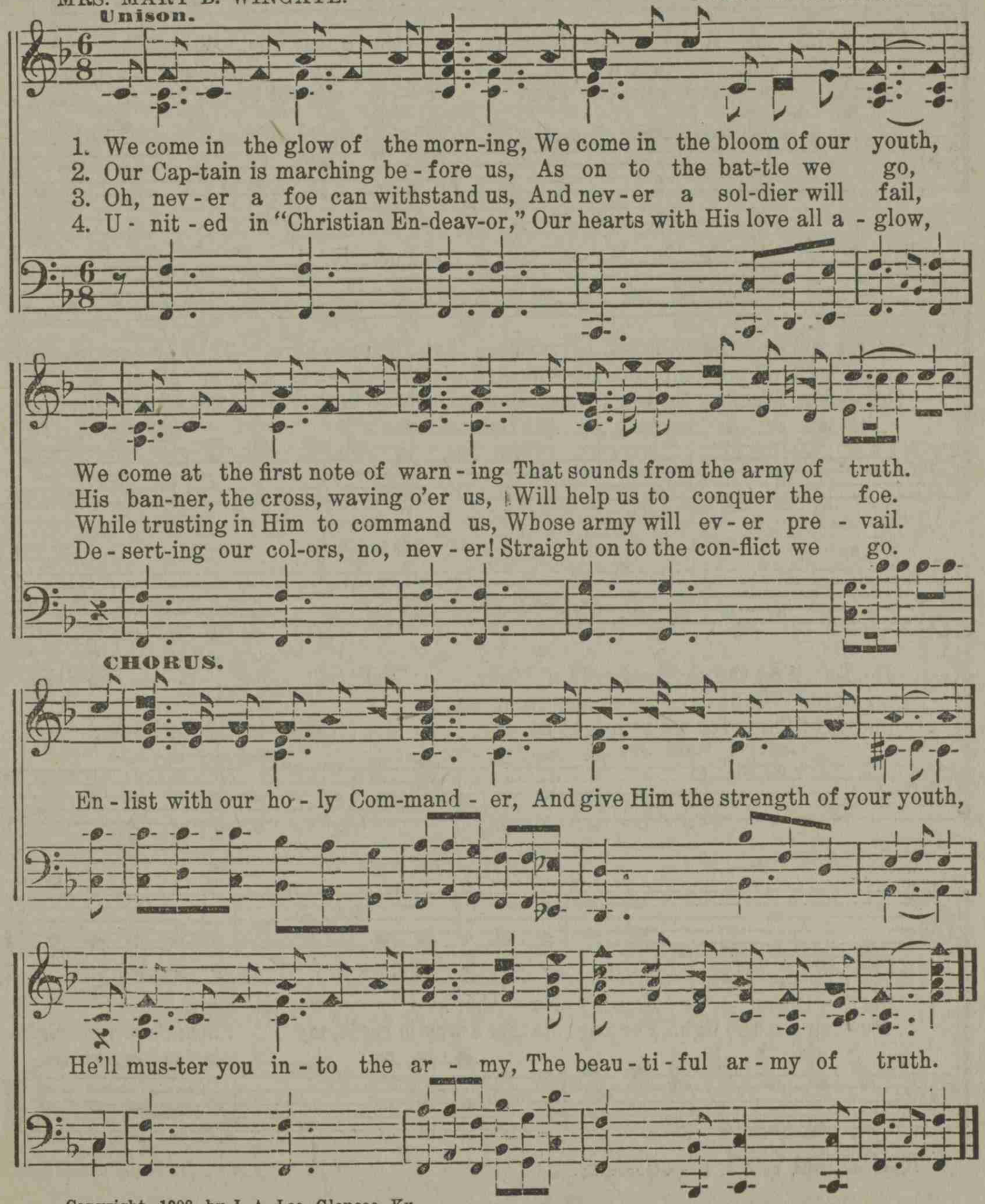

No. 9. BEAUTIFUL ARMY OF TRUTH.

MRS. MARY B. WINGATE. FRED. A. FILLMORE.



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No. 10. TRUSTING.

JULIA H. THAYER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I am trust-ing in the darkness, Just the same as in the light; I am lean-ing on the prom-ise That my Fa-ther's way is right; Tho' no word breaks on the stillness, I am sure that Thou are here, O Thou ev-er-pres-ent Help-er, And the shadows hold no fear. I am trust-ing in the dark-ness, For my Fa-ther's way is right.

2. Can I sink beneath a troub-le When my Fa-ther holds my hand, Meet temp-ta-tion that I may not By His sav-ing pow'r withstand? No! my arm, so frail and help-less He will gird with vic-to-ry, And in all my ways His an-gels Will have charge concerning me.

3. I am foll'wing Thee, my Saviour, In the dark and in the light; By Thy faith I walk more sure-ly Than I ev-er walked by sight; I am foll-'wing Thee, my Saviour, Wheresoe'er Thou lead'st the way; Thou canst make the deep-est midnight Shine for me as bright as day. I am trusting in the darkness, trusting in the light, For my Father's way is right, my Father's way is right.

CHORUS.

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No. 11. WONDERFUL GAIN.

MARY B. WINGATE. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

Solo or Unison.

1. When I think of du - ties wait-ing, Of the sheaves that I would win, Of the
2. When I find my heart o'er - la-den With life's bur-dens and its cares, When a-
3. When my heart with love o'er-flowing Longs to of - fer to its King, Serv - ice,

souls that still are groping In the depths of woe and sin; When I think that I may
mid its stern-est du-ties Pain comes stealing un-a-wares; When the load I fain would
no - ble, true and ten-der, And some roy-al gift to bring, Then I think not of life's

help them, Sooth-ing oft their grief and pain, Then I long to live for Je - sus,
car - ry Seems too much for heart and brain, Then I feel that life e - ter-nal
bur - dens, And I care not for its pain, But I leave it all with Je - sus,

rit. **CHORUS.**

Tho' I know to die is gain.
Would be great and blessed gain. Gain, gain, wonderful gain, To live is Christ, but to
And my lips take up the strain.

die is gain; Gain, gain, wonderful gain, To live is Christ, but to die is gain.

rit.

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No. 12. THE NAME WE SING.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. We sing the name of Je - sus, The mighty King of kings, For with His grace and glo-ry, Heav'n and all the nations ring! His love is nev - er
2. We sing the name of Je - sus, When sorrows gather near, For when the sun is shining, He is ev - er, ev - er near; When tri-als o - ver -
3. We sing the name of Je - sus, When days are dark and drear, It scatters clouds and darkness, And it fills the soul with cheer; We'll sing His name for-

fail- ing, His mercy knows no end, His power and His goodness We'll for-
take us, In trouble's darkest hour, His name alone can keep and Shield us
ev - er, When earthly life is o'er, With shining ones in glo-ry, On that

CHORUS.

ev - er-more de - fend. We sing the name, The name we
from the tempter's pow'r.
fair, e - ter - nal shore. We sing the name, the glorious name,
love so well, We sing,.. we sing,....The precious name of Je - sus.

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No. 13. HOME OF MY SOUL.

REV. W. R. FITCH. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Melody in 2d Tenor.

1. A man-sion in glo - ry by faith I now see, 'Twas made without hands and is wait-ing for me; I know while the years of E - ter - ni - ty roll This mansion will
2. There in His dear presence for - ev - er to dwell, The sto-ry of won-der-ful grace I will tell; No more to be tempted, no longing to roam A - far from the
3. There in that bright home I shall see the great King, And join with the heav-en-ly host as they sing Their songs of re-joic-ing around the white throne, And give all the

CHORUS.

be the sweet home of my soul. Home..... of my soul..... Where
joy of that beau - ti - ful home.
glo - ry to Je - sus a - lone. Home of my soul, Home of my soul

Joy - - bil-lows roll,..... That man - - sion I
Joy - bil-lows roll, Joy - bil-lows roll, mansion I see, That

see,..... It for - ev - - er shall be,.....
man-sion I see, It for - ev - er shall be, for - ev - er shall be,

man - sion shall be..... The sweet home..... of my soul.
mansion shall be, that mansion shall be The sweet home, the sweet home of my soul.

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No. 14. THE LOVE OF JESUS.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I will sing the love of Je - sus, Precious love so full and free,
2. I will sing it in the morning, And a-gain in noon-tide's heat;
3. I will sing it in my la - bor, Thro' the bus-y hours of day;
4. I will sing the love of Je - sus, And when earthly life is o'er,

So di-vine, and nev - er fail - ing, Last-ing as e - ter - ni - ty.
I will chant it in the evening, Pre-cious love, so full and sweet.
And throughout my life's long journey, I will sing it all the way.
It will be the first glad an - them I will sing on heaven's shore.

CHORUS.

I will sing..... the won-drous love,.....
I will sing the wondrous love,

Love that purchased on the tree My sal - va - tion full and free; Precious

love,..... O wondrous love,..... That from sin delivered me.
Precious love, O wondrous love,

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No. 15. INTO THE BATTLE.

MRS. MARY B. WINGATE. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. In - to the bat - tle for Je - sus we'll go, Straight to the
2. In - to the bat - tle! He's call - ing to - day, Glad - ly we'll
3. In - to the bat - tle for Je - sus our Lord; Trust-ing Him
4. In - to the bat - tle! the strife may be long, Cheer-ing the
5. In - to the bat - tle! when con - flicts shall cease, Glad - ly we'll

front with our face to the foe, Sing-ing His prais - es while marching a -
fol - low where He leads the way, Storming the strongholds of Sa-tan and
ful - ly, o - bey - ing His word, Cour-age and strength He will give by the
way with a pray'r and a song, On-ward! straight on to the front of the
wel - come the com - ing of peace, Sweet-er than mu - sic when vic-t'ry is

long, Fol - low - ing close - ly we can not go wrong.
sin, Sure are the con - flicts our Lead - er will win.
way, Sol - diers who fight for Him day af - ter day.
fray, E - vil is fall - ing— its forc - es give way.
won. From our Com-mand - er, His "Sol - dier, well done."

CHORUS.

In - to the bat - tle, the world's greatest bat-tle, In - to the bat - tle for
Je - sus we'll go, Wav-ing His ban-ner! His cross-wrought
Wav-ing His ban-ner!
ban - ner, Wav-ing His ban-ner in the face of the foe.
banner, cross-wrought banner,

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No. 16. THE GOSPEL TRUMPET.

REV. WM. APPEL. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Hear ye the mighty trumpet sound! It echoes all the world around; Un-
2. Hear ye the trumpet's war alarm! Go, trusting in Je-ho-vah's arm; Be-
3. Hear ye the trumpet's ringing call! Rejoice, ye faithful, one and all; Lift

to re-pent-ance it doth call, And speaks sal-va - tion free to all.
fore the ring-ing bat - tle call, The walls of Jer - i - cho must fall!
up your voic-es, shout and sing, And let your hal - le - lu - jahs ring.

CHORUS.

Hear the trumpet sound, Hear the trumpet sound,
Hear the trumpet, Hear the trumpet,

Where-so-ev - er man is found, Hear the ech - oes glad re - sound,

Trumpet sound, trumpet sound, Hear it sing the world a-round!
Hear it! hear it!

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No. 17. GOD'S WORD.

G. T. ALDRIDGE. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Without Thee, our Fa-ther, life's journey is dark; How needful the
2. And since the night cometh when no man can work, We'll honor Thy
3. The Bi - ble, our Fa-ther, is Thy word of truth, A clear rev - e -
4. A lamp to our feet and a light to our path, It al - ways and

light of Thy word; To brighten our path as we press t'ward the mark,
name while we can, And stud-y to show ourselves workmen approved,
la - tion from Thee; It leads in the way of uprightness from youth,
ev - er will prove; Oh, help us to cher-ish and live by it, Lord,

CHORUS.

For the prize of our call-ing is God.
That we need be ashamed of no man. Then help us to stud-y Thy
Showing how from our sins to be free.
Nor a-way from its pre-cepts to move.

word, dear Lord, And know what Thou would'st have us know, That rightly di-
would'st have us to know,

vid - ing Thy word of truth, In wis - dom and grace we may grow.

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No. 18. HARVEST TIME WILL COME.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Sow - er, what of the grain you scatter? Harvest time will come at last;
2. Are you coming with pray'r and weeping, Where the seed in time will grow?
3. Har-vest surely will fol - low sowing! Tares and weeds or rip-ened grain

Think you it is but lit - tle mat-ter Where and when the seed is cast?
Are you careful to drop the kernels Where the living wa - ters flow?
You must gather in time of reaping—Gather eith-er joy or pain.

Are you scat-ter-ing deeds of mercy? Sowing the best of rip-ened grain?
Are you pointing the lost to Je-sus, Seeking for those who've gone astray,
Then a - wak-en! be up and do-ing, For by its fruits the tree is known.

Sift - ed free from the germs of e-vil, And do you sow in tears and pain?
Pour-ing oil on the troubled wa-ters, Pa-tient-ly toil-ing day by day?
Scat - ter seed for the coming harvest, For you shall reap as you have sown.

CHORUS.

Sow - er, what of the grain you scatter? Harvest time will come at last!

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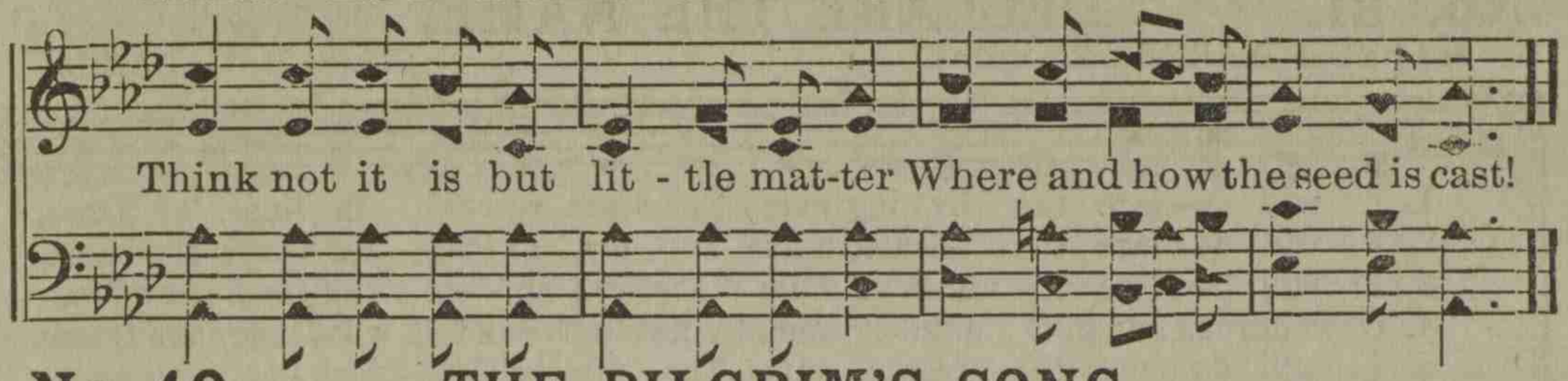
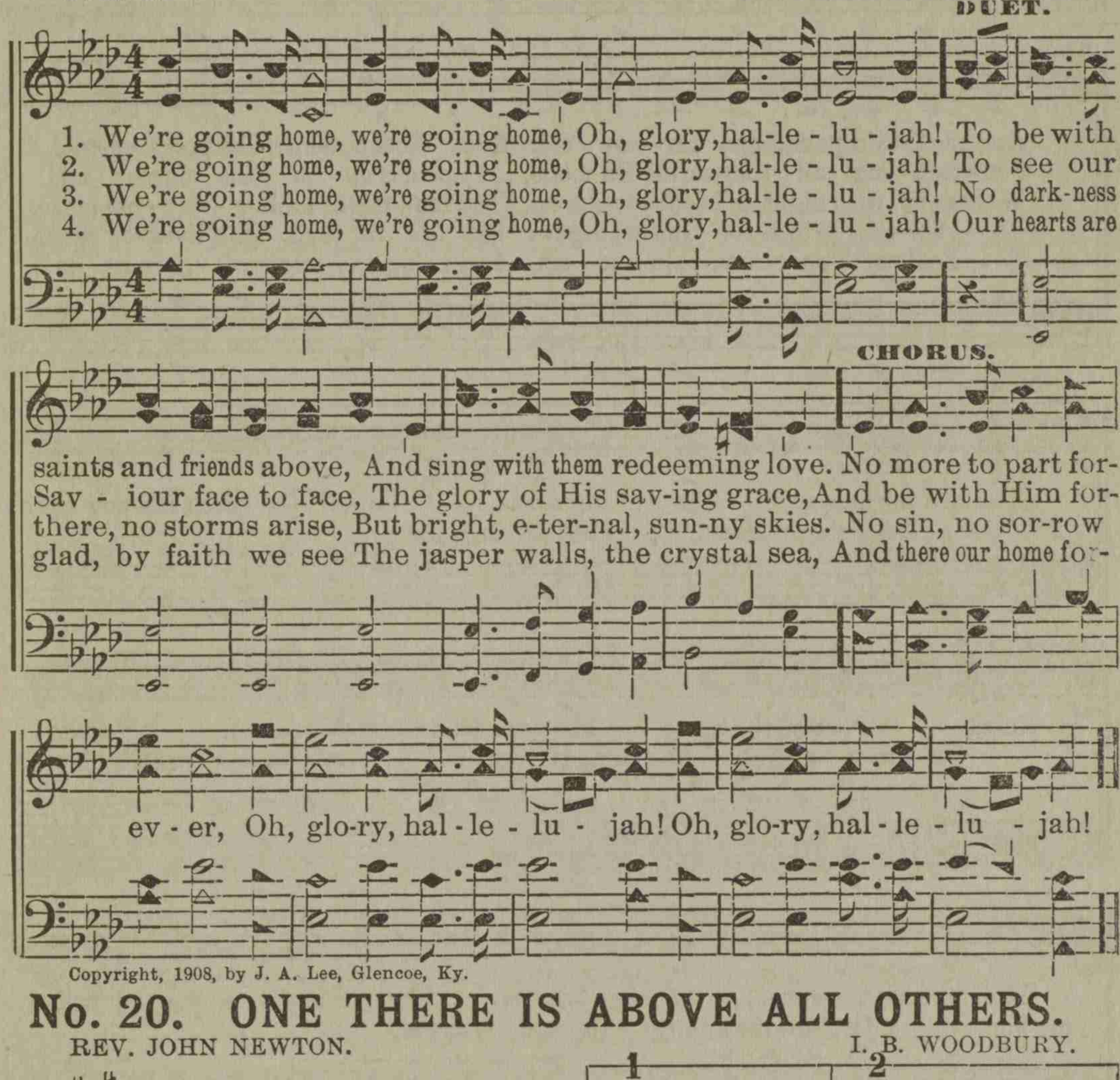

No. 19. THE PILGRIM'S SONG.

F. B. W. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

DUET.



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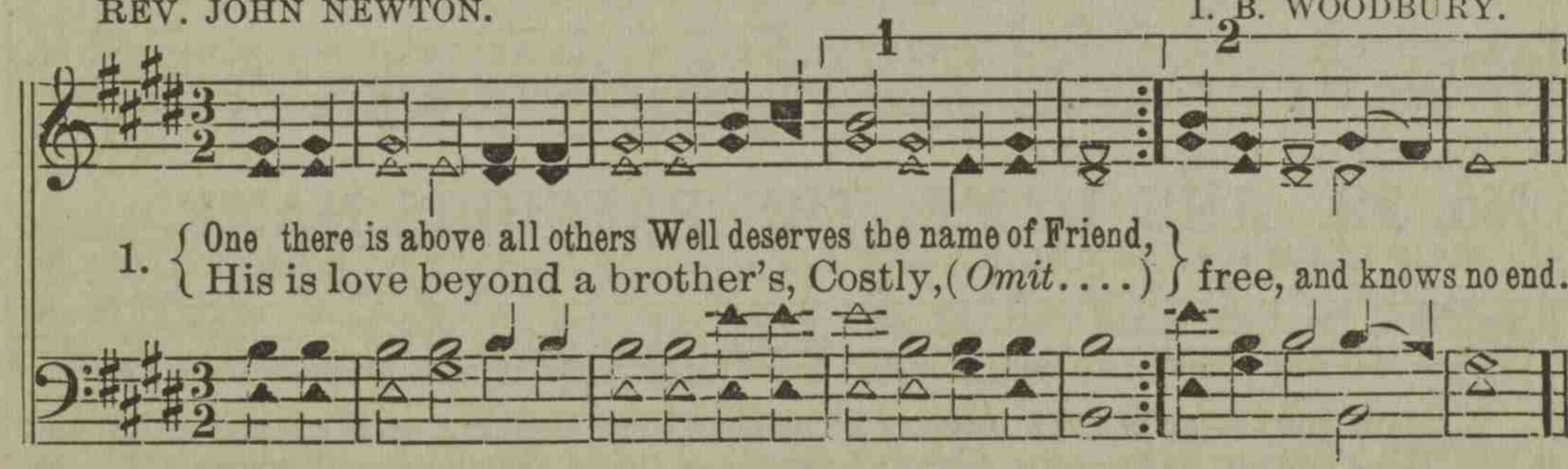
No. 20. ONE THERE IS ABOVE ALL OTHERS.

REV. JOHN NEWTON. I. B. WOODBURY.



2 Which of all our friends to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God.

3 O for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above.

No. 21. DECLARE THE NAME.

HARRIET WARNER RE QUA. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I will de-clare the liv - ing name The stars re-veal in lines of flame,
2. I will de-clare the ancient name, To - day, as yes - ter - day, the same,
3. I will de-clare the name of Him Whose eye up - on the cross grew dim,
4. O wondrous name! O migh-ty name! What tongue can tell, what language frame
5. I will de-clare the gracious name, The Ho - ly Com - fort - er, who came

And mountain peak, and for - est old, And o-cean deep His pow'r un-fold.
Sus - tain - ing all the worlds He made, Like pearls up - on His fingers laid.
Whose soul with night and death was torn, That man might hail e - ter - nal morn.
Be - fit - ting praise for Him who gave His life for men, who lives to save.
To heal earth's sor-row, pain and sin, And bring the reign of glo - ry in.

CHORUS.

Declare the name, the liv - ing name, Let all the earth His pow'r pro -
De-clare the name, the liv-ing name,
claim, Declare the name, the name of Him who dwells between the cher-u -
Declare the name, the name of Him who dwells between the cher-u -
bim, Declare the name, the mighty name, The wonderful, e - ter-nal name!
bim, Declare the name, the mighty name,

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No. 22. THE NAME, THE PRECIOUS NAME.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. J. OWEN LONG.

1. Have you ev - er heard a sweeter name than this, Awaking such a sense of joy and
2. Have you ev - er known a dear-er friend than He, A friend upon whose arm you could more
3. Have you ev - er lived in fel-low-ship more dear, Or found a friend in troub!ous times so

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THE NAME, THE PRECIOUS NAME. Concluded.

bless - ed - ness, And fill - ing you with heav'nly peace and ho - ly rest, The
safe - ly lean? His name has cheered your heart and kept your life se-rene, The
ver - y near? His name has been your com-fort; brought you light and cheer, The

CHORUS.

name, the precious name of Jesus? Jesus' name,.... His precious name, It is
Jesus' name, His precious name,

sweet - er than all oth - er names to me; 'Tis my com-fort night and day,

And it cheers me on my way, And in heav'n I hope His blessed face to see.

No. 23. A DEDICATION HYMN.

REV. WILLIAM WOOD. J. OWEN LONG.

1. We gath - er on this ho - ly day, Tho' most un - wor - thy we may be,
2. May par-ents here Thy name a - dore, And chil-dren learn to love Thy way;
3. May Thy whole coun-sel here be preached, And ho - ly men Thy cause sus-tain;
4. We bring Thee all we have and are, Tho' un - pre - ten - tious it may be;
5. Ac - cept the church our hands have raised, Make it Thy tem - ple here be-low;

rit.

To ded - i - cate this house of pray'r, And ded - i - cate it, Lord, to Thee.
And sin - ners trem-ble at Thy word, And saints de-light to watch and pray.
Dwell Thou with-in this sac-red place That men may seek Thee not in vain.
Be - fore we leave this ho - ly place, We ded - i - cate our-selves to Thee.
On all who wor-ship here in truth, O Ho - ly Spir - it, pow'r be-stow.

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No. 24. THE HEAVENLY GUEST.

JOHN R. BRYANT. DR. R. M. McINTOSH.

1. At the door of thy heart, lo! these years that have fled, One has stood and knocked with patient hands; You have barred fast the door, His admission denied, There in meekness yet behold He stands.
2. See, He stands on the outside of your heart to-day, Will you still re-fuse to let Him in? If His love you reject and will still turn away, You may never hear His voice again.
3. Heed the knock of the Saviour; the door o-pen wide, Welcome in the One who is your friend; He will enter your heart and will ev-er abide, And His love will never, never end.

CHORUS.

It is Je - sus who knocks, hear Him knock, knock again, O-pen wide your door and bid Him come! O this heavenly Guest, He will give thee sweet rest When you let Him make your heart His home.

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No. 25. I AM FULLY TRUSTING.

"In thee do I trust."—Ps. 143: 8.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. O the prom-is-es of Je-sus! they are all for me, And I rest upon them with a changeless faith; I have calm and full assurance they are meant for me, And I do believe the
2. O the prom-is-es of Je-sus! they are all for me, And each covenant the Saviour will ful - fill; With my whole heart will I trust Him and will have no fear, For to bless me is His
3. O the prom-is-es of Je-sus! they are all for me, And upon them with assurance I can rest; For His purpose is to save me and re-new my soul, And I know that His dear

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I AM FULLY TRUSTING. Concluded.

CHORUS.

ver-y word He saith. I am trust - ing, ful - ly trust - ing Ev-'ry word that Jesus
sweet and sov'reign will.
will for me is best. I am trusting, fully trusting

spake; And the prom - is - es He made me, For my guidance I will take.
And the promises He made me, And the promises He made me,

No. 26. HEAR THE CALL.

J. R. B. JOHN R. BRYANT.

1. Hear the call, the call for faithful reapers, Who will gath-er for the Lord to-day;
2. Hear the call, ho! reapers now be val-iant, Do not turn from service ly-ing near;
3. Swift-ly now the harvest days are passing, And the Master's grain needs gath'ring in;

Gold-en sheaves from ev-'ry plain and hillside Wait for the harvesters to bear a-way.
Do not seek a field of eas - y la-bor, Work with a willing hand and never fear.
Seek the lost ones in the lone-ly by-ways, Bring them to Jesus from the haunts of sin.

Go,..... the harvest waits for you, See..... the reapers they are few:

CHORUS.

Go, the golden harvest now awaits for you, See the busy reapers they are few, are few;

Go, the har - vest waits for you, See the reap - ers they are few;
Soon..... the gath'ring time is o'er,

Soon the glorious gath'ring time for you is o'er, Je - sus rewardeth thee on heaven's shore.

Soon the gath - 'ring time is o'er,

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No. 27. JESUS ALL MY STEPS IS GUIDING.

E. E. HEWITT. R. M. McINTOSH.

1. Je - sus all my steps is guid - ing, I would fol - low where He leads;
2. Strength He gives for ev - 'ry du - ty When I come to Him in pray'r;
3. When I wres - tle with temp - ta - tion He will save me in that hour;
4. Je - sus all my steps is guid - ing T'wards that land be-yond the sky;

Trust - ing in His care, pro-vid - ing Dai - ly grace for dai - ly needs.
Dark - est ways will glow with beau - ty When I walk with Je - sus there.
If I take His full sal - va - tion, O - ver-com - ing by His pow'r.
In His faith - ful love a - bid - ing I shall see Him by and by.

CHORUS.

Oh, to know Him more com-plete - ly! Oh, to fol - low clos - er still!
All my life sur - ren - dered sweet-ly To His bless - ed ho - ly will.

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No. 28. WE HOPE TO MEET.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. JOHN R. BRYANT.

1. Yes, we hope to meet each oth - er In the man-sions of the blest,
2. Yes, we hope to meet each oth - er In that homo be-yond the sky,
3. Yes, we hope to meet each oth - er Where the Sav - iour reigns su-preme,

There to share the end - less glo - ry And en - joy the bless - ed rest.
Where the bless - ed rest for - ev - er And glad hal - le - lu - jahs rise.
Where they give Him all the glo - ry And where love is all their theme.

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WE HOPE TO MEET. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Yes, we hope..... to meet each oth - - - er In the
Yes, we hope to meet each oth-er, Yes, we hope to meet each oth-er In the

man - - - sions a-bove, Where we'll sweet - - ly rest for -
mansions, the mansions a - bove, Where we'll sweetly rest for-ev - er, where we'll

ev - - er In His love, in His love.
sweet-ly rest for - ev - er In His love, in the Sav-iour's pre-cious love.

No. 29. THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

T. J. JENKINS. FRANK L. BRISTOW.

1. Oh, when shall I see that beau-ti-ful land, The mansions prepared for my soul?
2. How blest I will be in that bright sunny home, Where sin never saddens the soul;
3. I sigh for that land, I sigh for its rest, I'm striving, oh, Lord, for its goal;
4. To that beau-ti-ful land my loved ones have gone To share in the blessings of home;
5. I fear not the cold, the dark-rushing tide, That rolls 'twixt my Saviour and me;

Oh, when shall I dwell on its sil - ver-y strand, In the cit - y of jas-per and gold?
New glories I'll see, as the a - ges will come, New beauties will Je-sus en - fold!
To reign with my King, to dwell with the blest, In that paradise home of my soul!
Oh, for a gleam of that bright coming morn, A taste of the bliss that's to come!
The sin-storms that rise my soul shall out-ride, All glo - ry, oh, Lord, un - to Thee!

REFRAIN.

That beau-ti-ful land! That beau-ti-ful land, In the cit - y of jas-per and gold!

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No. 30. WE WILL FOLLOW.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. We will fol-low where He leads us On our jour-ney here be-low. We will
2. We will fol-low where He leads us, He is strong to keep and save, Who in
3. We will fol-low where He leads us, Sing - ing glo - ry to His name, For to -

CHORUS.

nev - er, nev-er wander From the Lord who loved us so. We will fol - low,
maj - es-ty and pow-er Rose triumphant from the grave
day, as on to-mor-row, He is ev-er-more the same. We will follow,

we will fol-low, fol-low Je - sus, We will fol-low where He leads us day by

day, we will fol-low! fol - low, fol - low Je - sus all the way.

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No. 31. THE WORLD NEEDS MEN.

L. E. JONES. JOHN R. BRYANT.

1. The world needs men, heroic, brave and true, To save the State, a task of love to do;
2. The world needs men to grapple with the crime That, serpent-like, leaves trail of poison slime;
3. The world needs men to conquer self and sin, Who seek for God their fellow-men to win;

To bear a - loft the Stars and Stripes so fair, To hon-or God and country ev-'ry-where.
True hearts that love the right and hate the wrong, Who, in the might of Jesus Christ, are strong.
Bold leaders scattered o-ver all the land, Who 'gainst each evil take a foremost stand.

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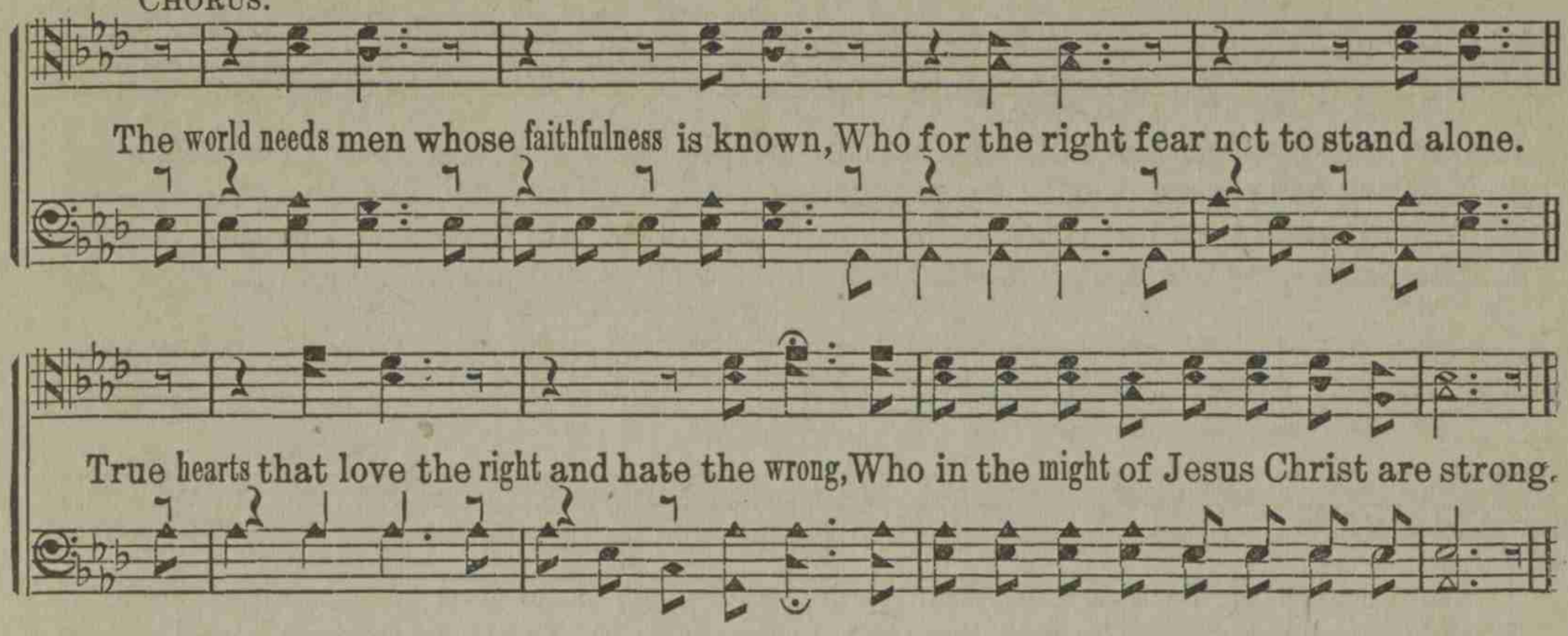
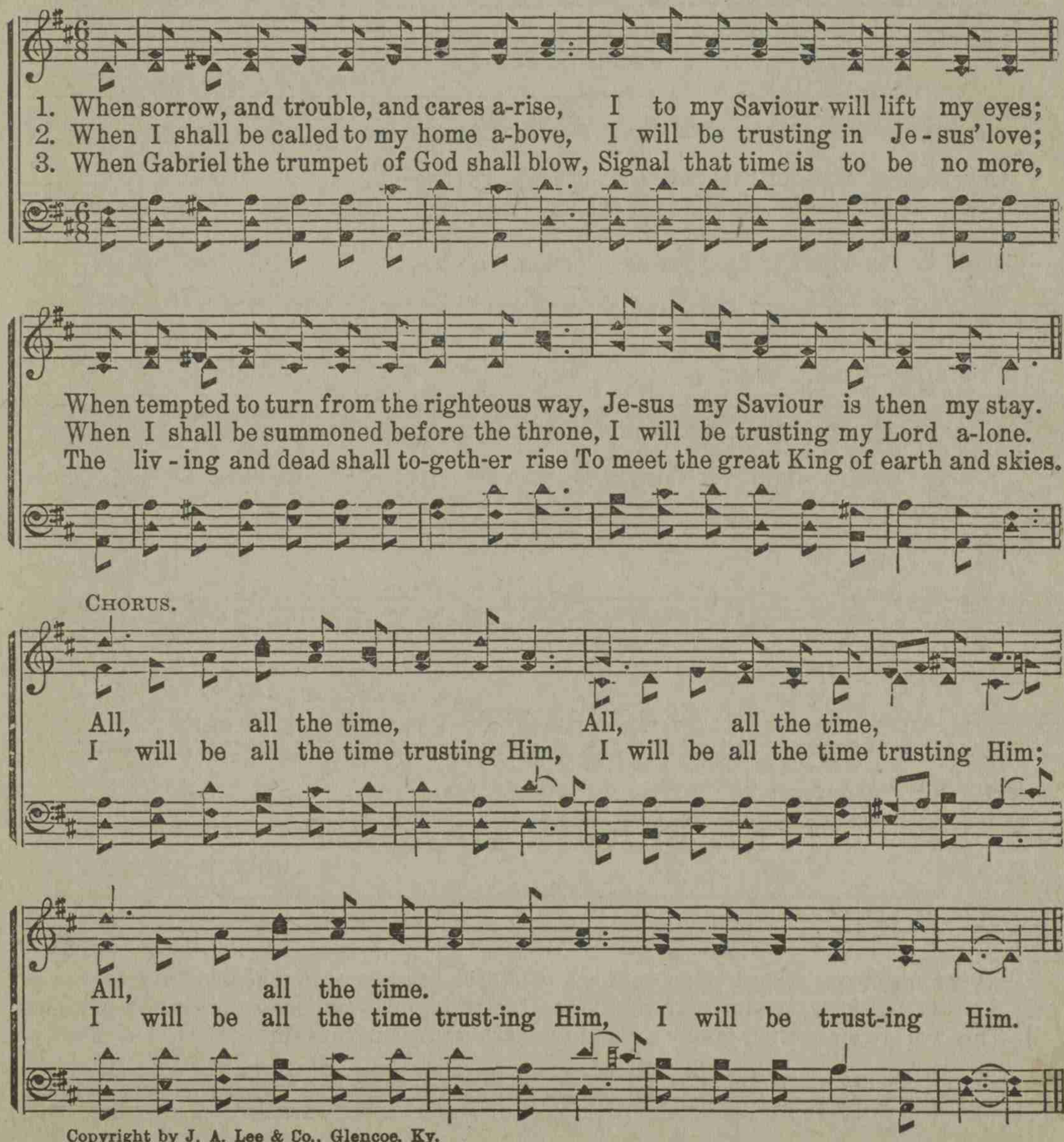
THE WORLD NEEDS MEN. Concluded.

CHORUS.



No. 32. ALL THE TIME TRUSTING HIM.

L. R. MINOR. FRED A. FILLMORE.



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No. 33. RALLY, O YE FREEMEN.

J. A. LEE. CHAS. M. DAVIS.

1. Our mighty God has vict'ries for His people all in store, But still His children all must loy-al be and true, And when the en-e-my advances we must fight the more,
2. Yes, we have started out to conquer and to win the day, Let no one ev - er think we cannot win the fight, For then, O then, Old Rum shall be forever wiped a-way,
3. We all shall then be vot-ing for our girls and for our boys, Yes, for the in-terest of our dear own native land; Then we'll be bringing to our wives and mothers greatest joys,
4. Then come, my brother, come and now enlist with us, we pray, And let us wipe Old Rum for ev-er-more a-way; O free-men, freemen, come, for you must rally now, to-day,

CHORUS.

Our blessed Mas-ter then will sure-ly help us through.
Whene'er the people, thinking, speak and vote aright. Then rally! O ye freemen,
If in the right man-kind will on-ly take this stand.
And let us wipe Old Rum for ev - er-more a - way.

ral - ly now, to-day! For this great cause is worthy and we must o - bey; Then

ral-ly! O ye freemen! rally now, to-day, For this great cause is worthy, and we must obey.

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No. 34. THE BRIGHT LOOKOUT.

A. J. G. JOHN R. BRYANT.

1. At midnight on the o-cean vast A wakeful seaman scans the deep, While now re -
2. And thus may we se-cure - ly rest When tossed on life's tempestuous sea, By anxious
3. This world's a sea with ma-ny a shoal Beneath its treach'rous surface hid, And many a

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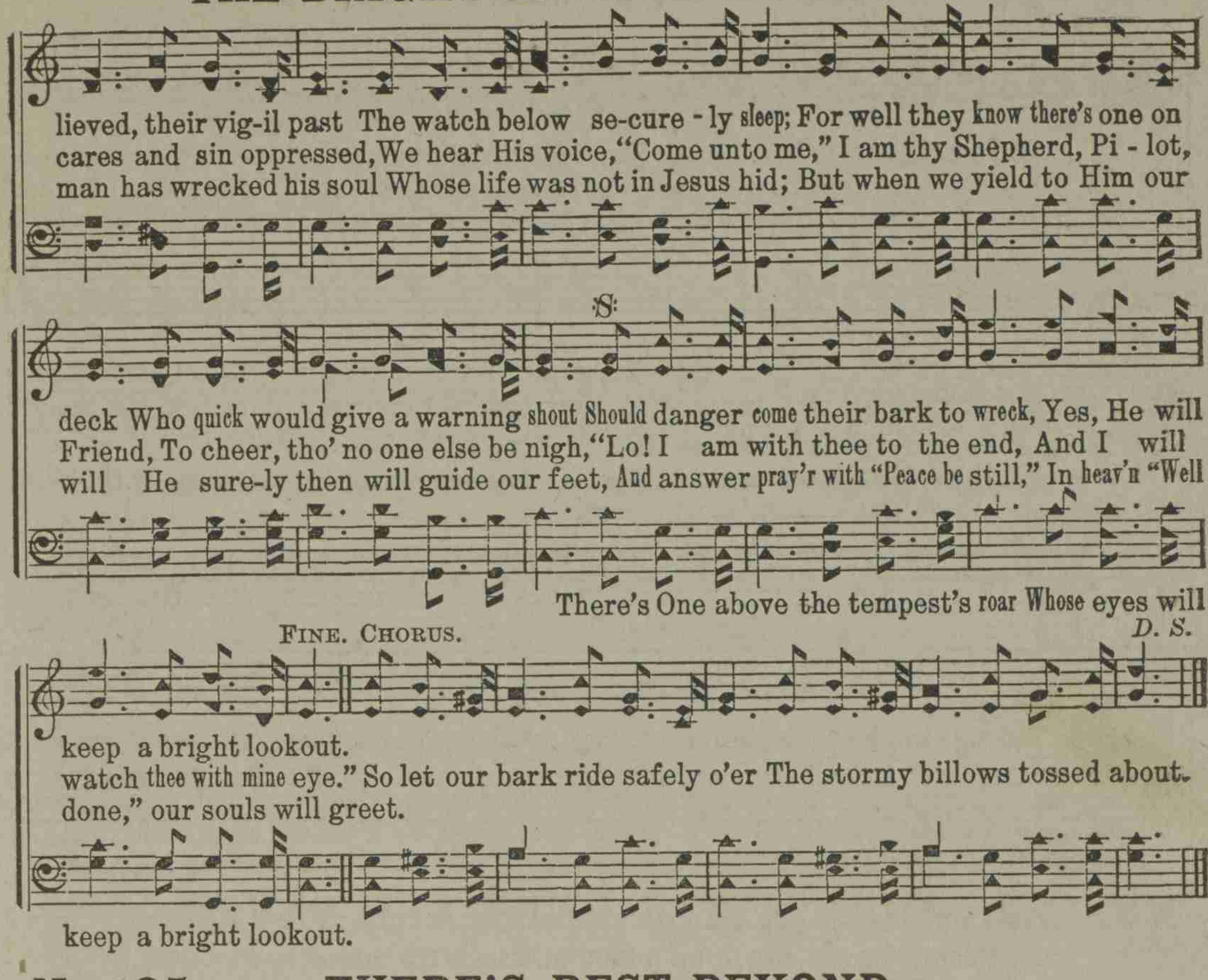
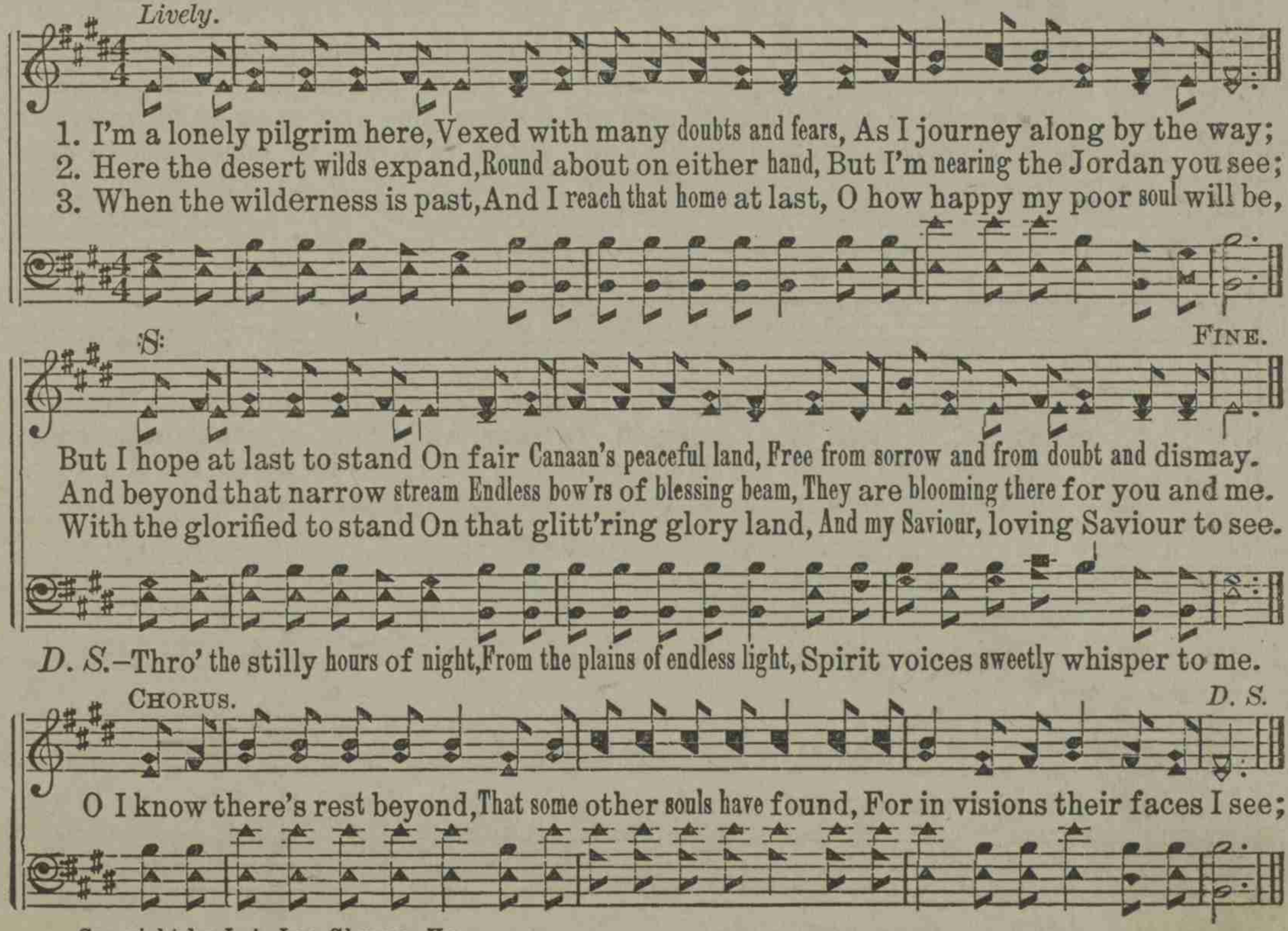
THE BRIGHT LOOKOUT Concluded.



No. 35. THERE'S REST BEYOND.

"Ye shall find rest to your souls."—Matt. 11: 29.

A. S. KIEFFER. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



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No. 36. O HEAVEN, SWEET HEAVEN.

MRS. J. A. LEE. Arr. by R. M. M.

1. I oft-en think where loved ones go When called from earth away, If Christ they loved down here be-low, They're gone to heav'n to stay.
2. 'Tis joy to know they're gone above To mansions in the skies, To dwell with Christ and friends they love, No tears will dim their eyes. O heav-en, sweet heaven, home of the blest,
3. In heav'n a - bove no changes come To cause a grief or pain, For there the saints have gathered home With Christ their Lord to reign.

CHORUS.

How I long to be there, in its glo-ries to share, And to lean on Je-sus' breast.

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No. 37. OUR LITTLE ONES ARE SAVED.

"And her child was caught up unto God, and to his throne."—REV. 12:5.

REV. S. H. MARTIN. EMILIUS LOROCHE.

1. There are mansions of glo-ry, of bliss, and of love, Prepared by the Lord on high;
2. They are tak-en a-way from the e - vil to come, From sorrow, and sin, and care;
3. In garments of splendor and beauty they shine, And play on sweet harps of gold;
4. He speaks from the throne of His glo - ry above, "Ye lit - tle ones, come to me;

Fair, beau-ti - ful homes in the E - den above, For lit - tle ones when they die.
Trans-lat - ed to dwell in a heav-en - ly home, And e-ver bright crowns to wear.
They gaze on the face of the Shepherd divine, Who gathers them to His fold.
En - cir-cled and safe in the arms of my love, These mansions your home shall be."

FINE.

D.S.—They are ransomed from death and from end - less woe, Caught up to the throne of God;

CHORUS. *D. S.*

And thith-er the souls of in-fants go, Redeemed with the Saviour's blood.

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No. 38. I SHALL BE SATISFIED.

BEATRICE CLAYTON. JOHN R. BRYANT.

Solo.

1. Not al-ways can I feel the Saviour guiding, Nor hear Him speaking words of cheer the while;
2. Sometimes how rough the way, dark shadows bending Above my weary head as on I go;
3. All doubt at rest, all mournful discord banished, All trivial strife and disappointment o'er;

Not al-ways does the sunlight seem a-bid-ing, As when I see His tender smile.
Life's toil-ing journey slowly, sad-ly wending, The thorns of grief encompass me below.
With those beloved long from earth's fireside vanished, Safe in the Father's home for evermore.

But some bright day when I from earth shall sever, That wondrous smile on me shall then abide;
A little while my heart with pain shall quiver, A lit-tle while by sterile woe be tried:
Tempted no more on worldly crowns to ponder, And to forget Him who for me hath died;

And then, from out His presence wand'ring never—"I shall be sat - is - fied."
When I awake beyond the si - lent riv-er—"I shall be sat - is - fied."
When I behold Him in the light up yonder—"I shall be sat - is - fied."

CHORUS.

"I shall be sat - is - fied," "I shall be sat - is - fied,"
"I shall be sat-is - fied," "I shall be sat-is-fied,"

And then from out His presence wand'ring never, "I shall be sat-is-fied" ("be satisfied").

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No. 39. THE MAN OF GALILEE.

J. R. B. Arr.

Owned by J. A. Lee.

1. I am on a shin-ing pathway A-down life's short'ning years, And my heart hath known its sor-rows, My eyes have seen their tears; But I saw those shadows flee, And the shin-ing light I see, While I'm trusting in the mer-it Of the Man of Gal - i - lee.
2. My soul hath seen its conflicts With mighty hosts of sin, With dead - ly foes with-out me, And dead-lier foes with-in; But I saw those le-gions flee, And my soul found vic-to-ry When I trust-ed in the mer-it Of the Man of Gal - i - lee.
3. I am coming near the cit-y My Saviour's hand hath piled, And I know my Father's wait-ing To welcome home His child; Tho' un - wor - thy I may be, He will find a place for me, For He is the King of Glo-ry, The Man of Gal - i - lee.

No. 40. SOLDIERS OF CHRIST.

E. E. HEWITT.

Copyright by J. A. Lee.

JOHN R. BRYANT.

1. Sol-diers of Christ, press on, tho' ills sur-round you, Lift - ing on high the banner of your King; Singing the grace of Him who sought and found you, Trusting Him still, the vic'try He will bring. Sol - diers, press on, Nor yield to doubt and fear.
2. Sol-diers of Christ, your Lead-er goes be-fore you; Tread in His steps of faithfulness and love; Tho' ye have strayed, His goodness will restore you, Yield all to Him and follow Him above.
3. Sol-diers of Christ, the gos-pel ar - mor wear - ing, Fight a-gainst sin, and bat-tle for the right; Till, by and by, in heav'nly rapture sharing, You, too, shall gain a crown of starry light. Soldiers of Christ, press on, press on,

D. S.—Great is the Lord, un-fail-ing are His mercies, Ring out a precious song, a song of cheer.

FINE. CHORUS. *D. S.*

No. 41. O That Will Be Glory

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

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

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

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

CHORUS.

rit.

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

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

No. 42, Wonderful Name.

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WORDS AND MUBIC.

Lida M. Keck. E. O. Excell.

1. There's a won-der-ful name, it is dear - er to me And grand-er than
2. There's a mag-ic - al balm in that won - der - ful name, That baf - fles men's
3. There's a mess-age for you in that won - der-ful name, A par - don, if

ti - tles of men; 'Tis Je - sus, the sweet-est, most beau-ti - ful name, That
cun-ning and art; It brings a sweet calm to the tem-pest-toss'd soul, And
par-don you crave; There's no oth - er way, and there's no oth-er name, But

CHORUS.

ev - er was writ - ten by pen.
fills with con-tent-ment the heart. Je - sus, won-der-ful name, Je - sus, the
Je - sus, the might-y to save.

Sav - ior of men; The ti - dings pro - claim,..... A ran - som He
the ti-dings pro-claim, A

came,.... Je - sus, the Sav - ior, Won-der-ful, won-der-ful name.
ran-som He came,

No. 43. I Want to Live Closer to Jesus.

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

Jessie Brown Pounds. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

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

CHORUS.

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

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

44 I Love to Scatter Sunshine.

JAMES ROWE. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I love to share a sor - row, I love to dry a tear, I
2. I love to lift the fall - en, And comfort those distressed, I
3. I love to bear his ban - ner A - mid the worldly throng, I

love to aid the wea - ry, And give the sad heart cheer; I love to
love to cheer and gladden The lone-ly and op-pressed; I love to
love to spread His gospel, By sto - ry and by song; I love to

scat - ter sunshine, As on my way I go, For this is work for
brighten pathways And share anoth-er's woe, For this is work for
plead with sinners, Un - til to Him they go, For this is work for

CHORUS.

Je - sus, And O I love Him so,.... I love to scatter sunshine, As
on my way I go; For this is work for Je-sus, And O, I love Him
on my way I go; O, I

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I Love to Scatter Sunshine.

so,..... I love to scat-ter sun-shine, As on my way I
love Him so, on my

go,..... For this is work for Je - sus, And O, I love Him so.
way I go,

45 Golden Harps.

P. H. *May be used as a Soprano and Tenor Duet.* J. H. F.

1. O'er the dark and si - lent stream, Comes to us a cheer-ing gleam, Of the
D. C. *And our lov'd ones wait, we know, While we shrink and fear to go, To that*
2. We must hear the sol - emn knell, We must say the sad fare-well, While with-
And our hearts would sink with grief, Had we not the sweet re - lief, Of a
3. Soon the even-ing shades will fall, Soon will sound the boatman's call, And our
But the hand that led us here, Will not fail us in our fear, It will

CHORUS.

Fine.

light and beau - ty of the farther shore,
sun - ny land to dwell for ev - er - more.
in this land of part-ings we a - bide.
Friend that standeth ev - er at our side.
fra - gile bark must launch in - to the night.
bear us safe - ly to the shores of light.

Gold-en harps..... are loud - ly

Golden harps are loud - ly

ring-ing o - ver there, An-gel choirs..... are sweet-ly sing-ing, o - ver there.

An-gel choirs

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46 Heaven Will be the Best of All.

Dedicated to Miss Camilla Henderson, Covington, Ky., died Dec. 25, 1900, aged 19 years. Loved ones had gathered at her bedside, Christmas Day, and the presents she had received were mentioned She realized what heaven was and knowing that she would soon be there said, "Heaven will be the best of all." In a little while she was there.

J. A. LEE. J. H. F.

1. Heav'n will be the best of all; For we'll meet our Saviour there,
2. Heav'n will be the best of all, Of our lov'd ones there, we think
3. Heav'n will be the best of all, There we're free from guilt of sin;
4. Heav'n will be the best of all, Come, O come, His grace to test;

We shall hear His wel-come call To that land so bright and fair.
And we know they can not fall When they at the fountain drink.
Hear His gen-tle, lov-ing call, By His grace we'll en-ter in.
Now He longs to take you all In-to His e-ter-nal rest.

CHORUS.

Heav-en best of all, Best of all,.... the best of all;
Heav'n will be the best of all, Best of all, the best of all;

Rit.

Yes, heav'n will be the best, the best of all, The best,.... the best of all.

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No. 47. Will There be Any Stars in My Crown?

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USED BY PER.

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

1. I am think-ing to-day of that beau-ti-ful land I shall reach when the sun goeth down; When thro' wonderful grace by my Sav-ior I stand, Will there be an-y stars in my crown?

2. In the strength of the Lord let me la-bor and pray, Let me watch as a win-ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glo-ri-ous day, When His feet to lay down; It would sweet-en my bliss in the cit-y of gold, Should there be an-y stars in my crown?

3. Oh, what joy will it be when His face I be-hold Liv-ing gems at His feet to lay down; It would sweet-en my bliss in the cit-y of gold, Should there be an-y stars in my crown?

CHORUS.

When at e-vening the sun go-eth down?..... When I wake with the blest praise like the sea bil-low rolls. Will there be an-y stars, an-y stars in my crown; be an-y stars in my crown.

When at e-vening the sun go-eth down?..... When I wake with the blest go-eth down?

In the man-sions of rest, Will there be an-y stars in my crown?.... an-y stars in my crown?

No. 48. He Owns It All.

J. A. L. Dedicated to Emmett Duvall, Chicago, Ill. J. A. LEE.

SOLO.

1. Fear not, my soul, no want can e'er be thine, God owns the-
2. He owns the cat - tle of a thou - sand hills, That will suf-
3. For rai - ment He the lil - y doth com - pare, Why should I

world and that doth make it mine; For He is mine and I am His a-
fice, I know no hun - ger ills, My dail - y needs He will in time be-
then give this a sin - gle care, He'll see that I have real - ly what I

CHORUS.

lone, And what is His, He gives to me to own.
stow, I'll trust Him, this my Lord doth sure-ly know. He owns it
need, I'll be con - tent, not seek these things with greed.

all, yes, owns it all,— Beneath, a-round, and all a-bove, The spacious

Rit.

heav'ns and all the stars on high;.... He owns and rules it with His love.

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No. 49. He is Able to Deliver Thee.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O. EXCELL.

W. A. O. WORDS AND MUSIC. W. A. Ogden.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

prest, Go to Him for rest, "Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee."

No. 50. Surrender to Jesus.

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Oh, come to the Sav - iour, from e - vil de - part, And glad - ly throw
2. Con-ceived in the heart of the Fa - ther a - bove, This mar - vel - ous
3. With-hold from Him noth- ing, His will is so sweet, The life that He
4. This mo- ment your fear - ing and doubt-ing give o'er, Re - sist Him no

o - pen the door of your heart, Ac - cept the sal - va - tion He waits to im -
grace is the gift of His love; Come just as you are and His faith-ful-ness
of - fers with bliss is re - plete, Your arms of re - bel- lion lay down at His
lon-ger, but o - pen the door, And crown Him the King of your life ev- er -

CHORUS.

part, Sur - ren - der to Je - sus to - day. Sur - ren-der to Je - sus to -
prove, Sur - ren - der to Je - sus to - day.
feet, Sur - ren - der to Je - sus to - day.
more, Sur - ren - der to Je - sus to - day. Sur - ren - der to

day,..... Sur - ren-der to Je - sus to - day, to - day; Re - pent and be-
Je - sus to - day,

lieve and sal - va - tion receive, Sur - ren- der to Je - sus to - day. (to-day.)

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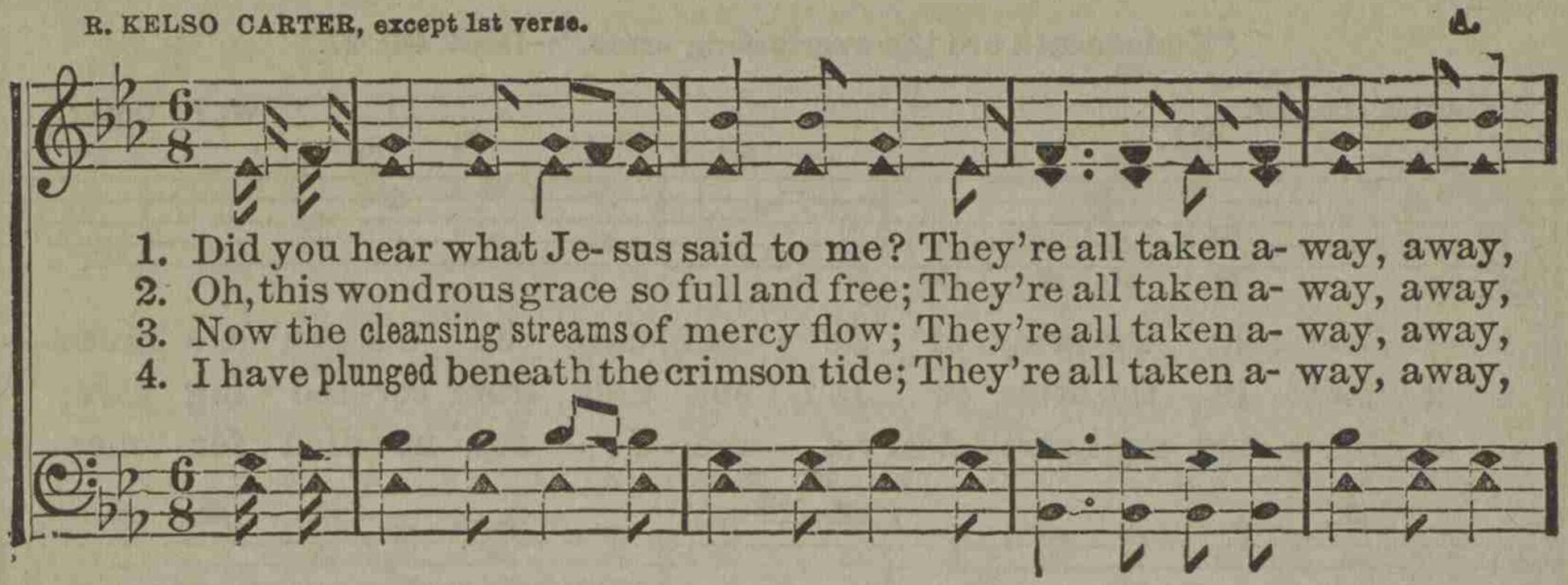
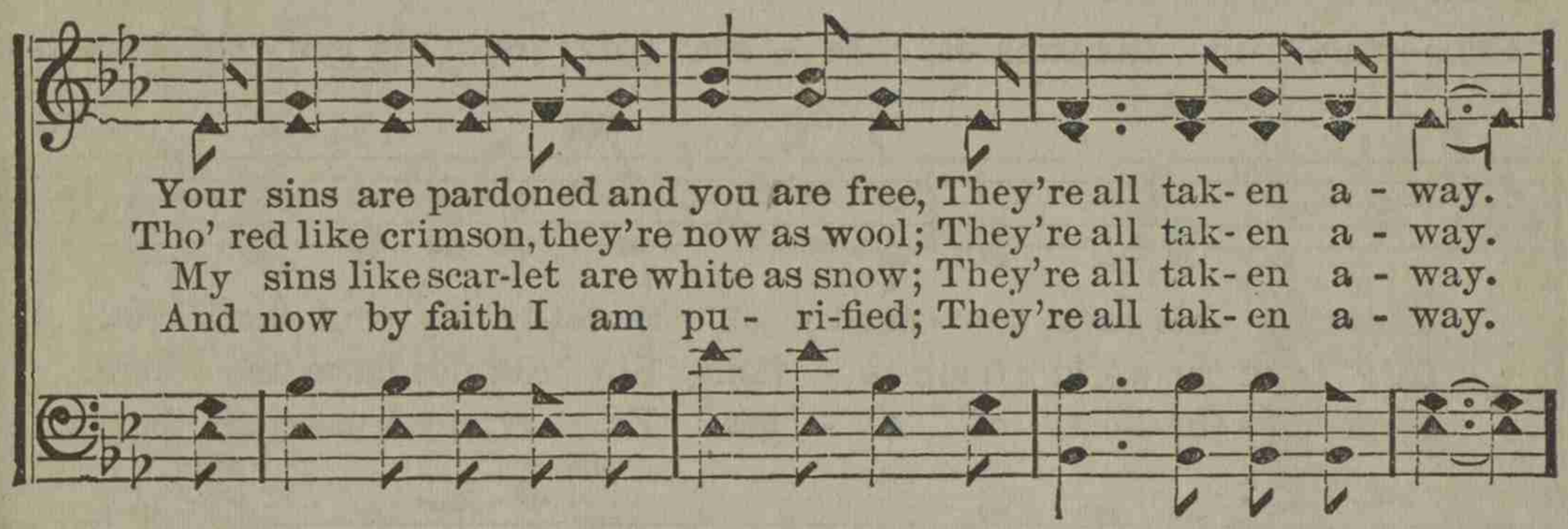
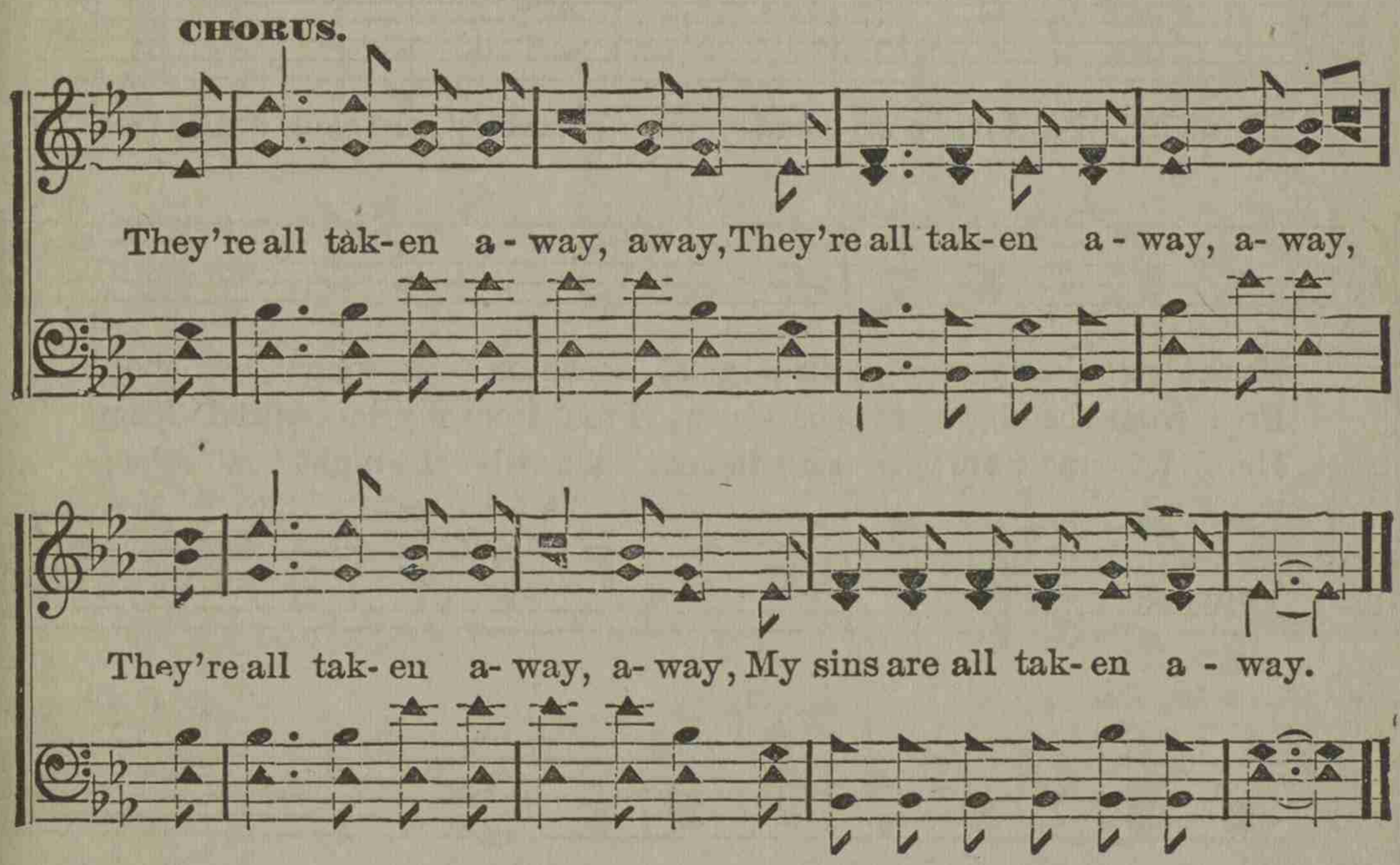
No. 51. ALL TAKEN AWAY.

R. KELSO CARTER, except 1st verse.







5 Oh, the cleansing blood has washed my soul,
They're all taken away, away;
And Jesus' healing has made me whole;
They're all taken away.

6 Now the Spirit witnesses to me;
They're all taken away, away;
And keeps me standing in liberty;
They're all taken away.

7 So I praise the Lord for sins forgiven,
They're all taken away, away;
While onward pressing my way to heav'n;
They're all taken away.

8 And when in glory we meet above;
They're all taken away, away;
We'll sing the song of Redeeming Love;
They're all taken away.

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No. 52. Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

"Underneath are the everlasting arms."—Deut. 33: 27.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on his gen - tle breast—
2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor-rod - ing care;
3. Je - sus, my heart's dear ref - uge, Je - sus has died for me;

CHO.—Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on his gen - tle breast—

FINE.

There by his love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet-ly my soul shall rest.
Safe from the world's temp-ta - tions, Sin can-not harm me there.
Firm on the Rock of A - ges, Ev - er my trust shall be.

There by his love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet-ly my soul shall rest.

Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me,
Free from the blight of sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears;
Here let me wait with pa - tience, Wait till the night is o'er;

D. C. Chorus.

O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per sea.
On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears.
Wait till I see the morn-ing Break on the gold - en shore.

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No. 53. There is Power in the Blood.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

There's won-der - ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r,
there is
Won-der-work-ing pow'r in the blood of the Lamb; There is
In the blood of the Lamb;
pow'r, pow'r, Wonder-working pow'r In the pre-cious blood of the Lamb.
there is pow'r,

No. 54. O What a Change!

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. O what a change! From the darkness of night In - to the noon - tide of
2. O what a change! From my hun-ger for bread In - to the place where His
3. O what a change! From my bur-den of care In - to the rest He in-

God's shin - ing light; Out of my weak - ness to strength in His might,
chil - dren are fed, In - to the bless - ing of life from the dead,
vites me to share, In - to His joy from the sor - row I bear,

CHORUS.

O what a change! O what a change! O what a change in my

heart there has been! O what a change! O what a change! O what a

change, since the Sav - ior came in! O what a change! O what a change!

No. 55. I Will Sing the Praises of Jesus.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I will sing the prais - es of Je - sus and His love, I will tell of His good-
2. I will sing the prais - es of Je - sus and His love, I will tell how to earth
3. I will sing the prais - es of Je - sus and His love, And the theme of my song,

ness to all the world a-round, Of the free sal - va-tion that com - eth in the
in hu - mil - i - ty He came, How He left His home and His Fa-ther's throne a-
hap - py song, shall ev-er be, How He loved me, sought me, and yet His love to

CHORUS.

name Of the Sav - iour I have found.
bove, How He bore my sin and shame. I will sing the prais-es of Je - sus
prove, How he died on Cal - va - ry.

and His love Till the shad - ows fall, and the day of life is o'er, Then with

an- gels and arch-an-gels in that home a-bove I shall praise Him ev- er-more.

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No. 56 More About Jesus.

E. E. HEWITT. JNO. R. SWENEY.

Copyright, 1887, by Jno. R. Sweney. By per. of Mrs. L. E. Sweney.

1. More a - bout Je - sus would I know, More of His grace to oth-ers show,
2. More a - bout Je - sus let me learn, More of His Ho - ly will dis-cern,
3. More a - bout Je - sus; in His word, Hold-ing commun - ion with my Lord,
4. More a - bout Je - sus; on His throne, Rich- es in glo - ry all His own,

More of His sav - ing full - ness see, More of His love who died for me.
Spir - it of God, my teach - er be, Show-ing the things of Christ to me.
Hear-ing His voice in ev - 'ry line, Mak-ing each faith-ful say - ing mine.
More of His kingdom's sure increase, More of His com-ing, Prince of Peace.

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

REFRAIN. D. S.

More, more a - bout Je - sus, More, more a - bout Je - sus.

57 LEANING ON THE EVERLASTING ARMS.

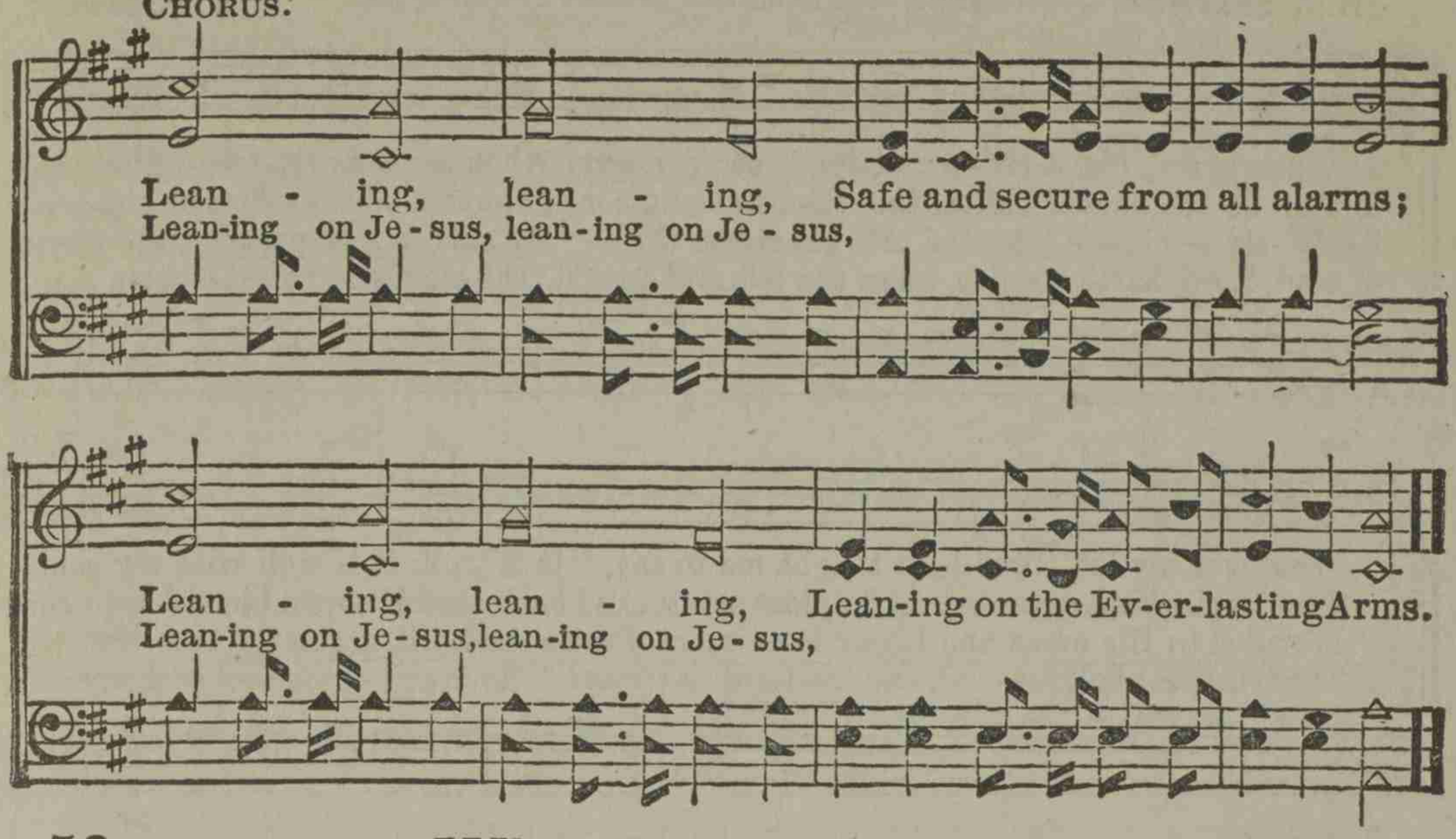
Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

1. What a fellowship, what a joy divine, Leaning on the Everlasting Arms!
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Leaning on the Everlasting Arms!
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the Everlasting Arms!

What a blessedness, what a peace is mine, Leaning on the Ev-erlasting Arms!
Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day, Leaning on the Ev-erlasting Arms!
I have peace complete with my Lord so near, Leaning on the Ev-erlasting Arms!

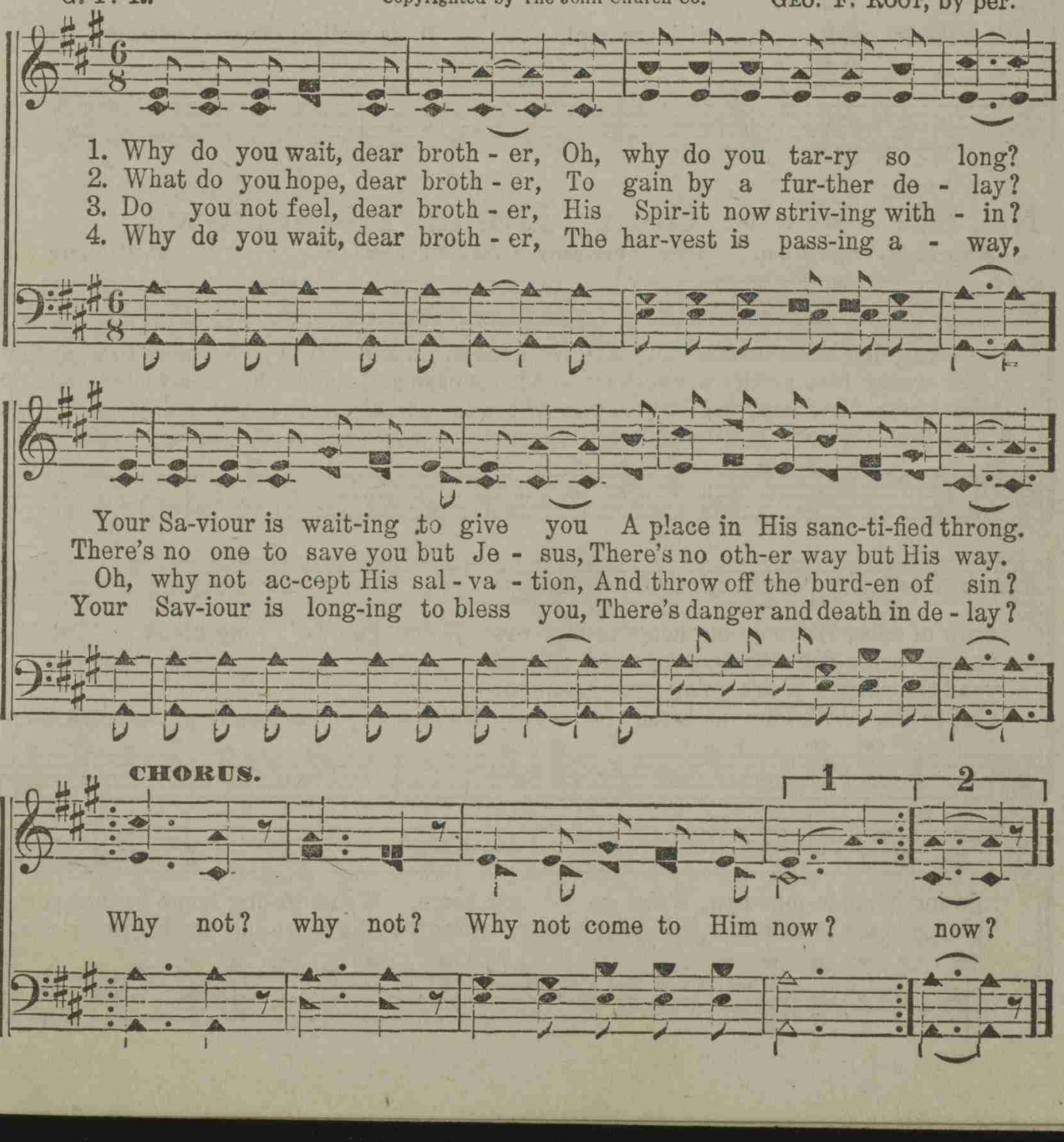
Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

CHORUS.



58

Why Do You Wait?

G. F. R. Copyrighted by The John Church Co. GEO. F. ROOT, by per.

No. 59. It is Well With My Soul.

H. G. SPAFFORD. Copyright, 1904, by the John Church Co. Used by per. P. P. BLISS.

1. When peace, like a riv - er, at-tend - eth my way, When sorrows like sea-billows roll;
2. Tho' Sa-tan should buffet, tho' tri-als should come, Let this blest assurance con-trol,
3. My sin— oh, the bliss of this glo-ri-ous tho't— My sin—not in part but the whole,
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be right, The clouds be rolled back as a scroll,

Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say, "It is well, it is well with my soul."
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul.
Is nailed to His cross and I bear it no more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh, my soul!
The trumpet shall resound, and the Lord shall descend, "Even so"—it is well with my soul.

CHORUS.

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

No. 60. We're Going Home To-morrow.

MRS. E. M. GRISWOLD. Copyright property of The John Church Co. P. P. BLISS.

1. We're going home no more to roam, No more to sin and sorrow; No more to wear the
2. For weary feet awaits a street Of wondrous pave and golden; For hearts that ache, the
3. For those who sleep, and those who weep, Above the portals narrow, The mansions rise be-
4. Oh, joyful song! Oh, ransomed throng! Where sin no more shall sever; Our King to see, and,

CHORUS.

brow of care, We're go-ing home to-mor-row. We're go - ing home, we're
an-gels wake The sto-ry, sweet and old-en.
yond the skies—We're going home to-mor-row.
oh, to be With Him at home for - ev-er. We're going home, we're going home, we're

go-ing home to-mor-row, We're go - ing home, We're go-ing home to-mor-row.
go-ing home to-mor-row, We're going home, we're going home, We're go-ing home to-mor-row.

No. 61. The Gomforter Has Come.

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

F. Bottome. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

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

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

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

FINE.

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.

D. S.

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

No. 62. Since I Have Been Redeemed.

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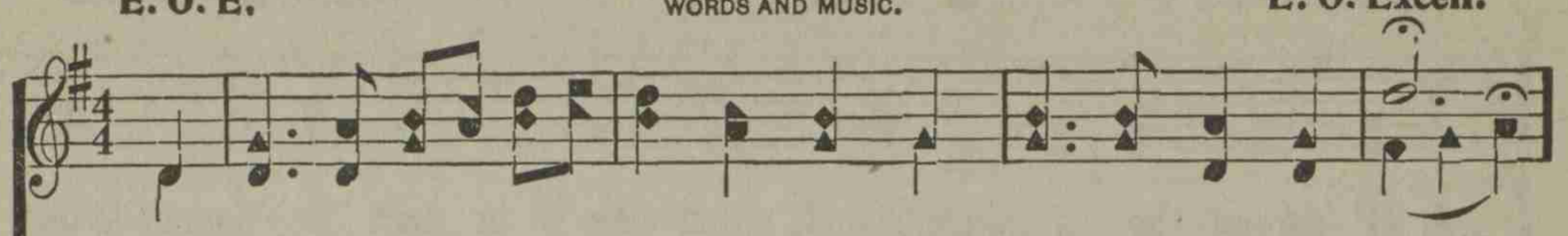
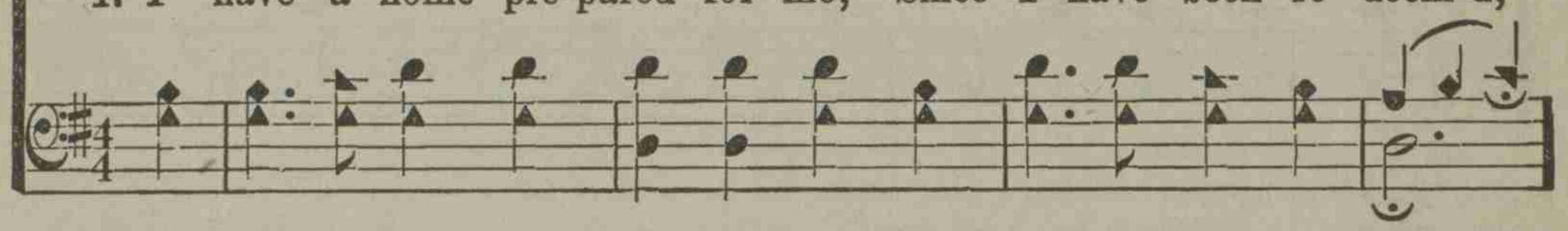
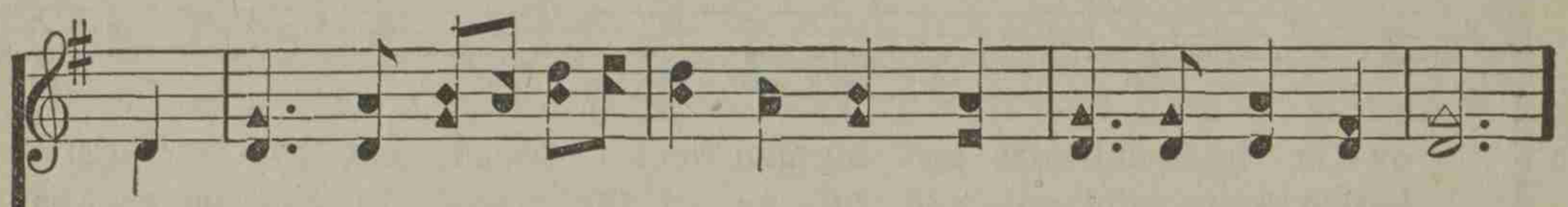
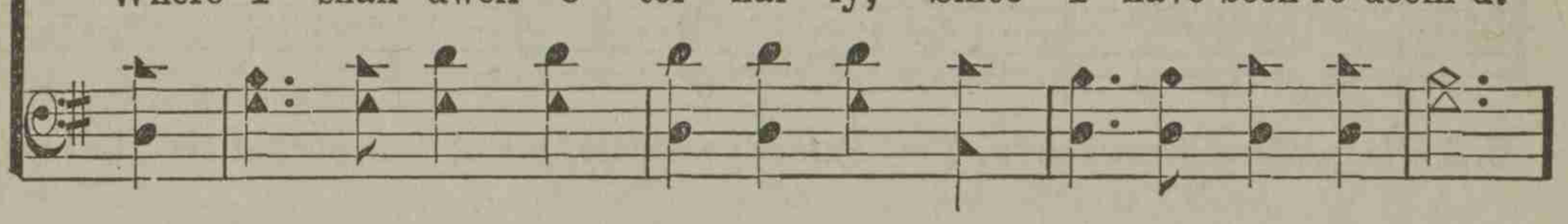
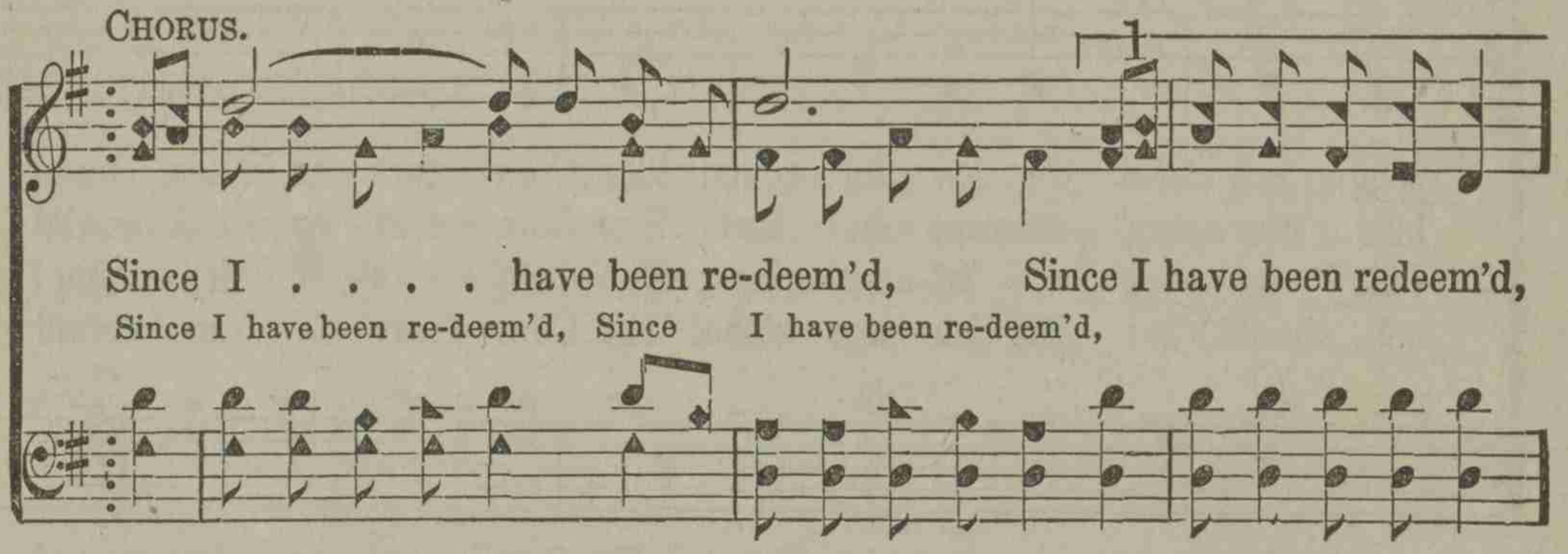
WORDS AND MUSIC.

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

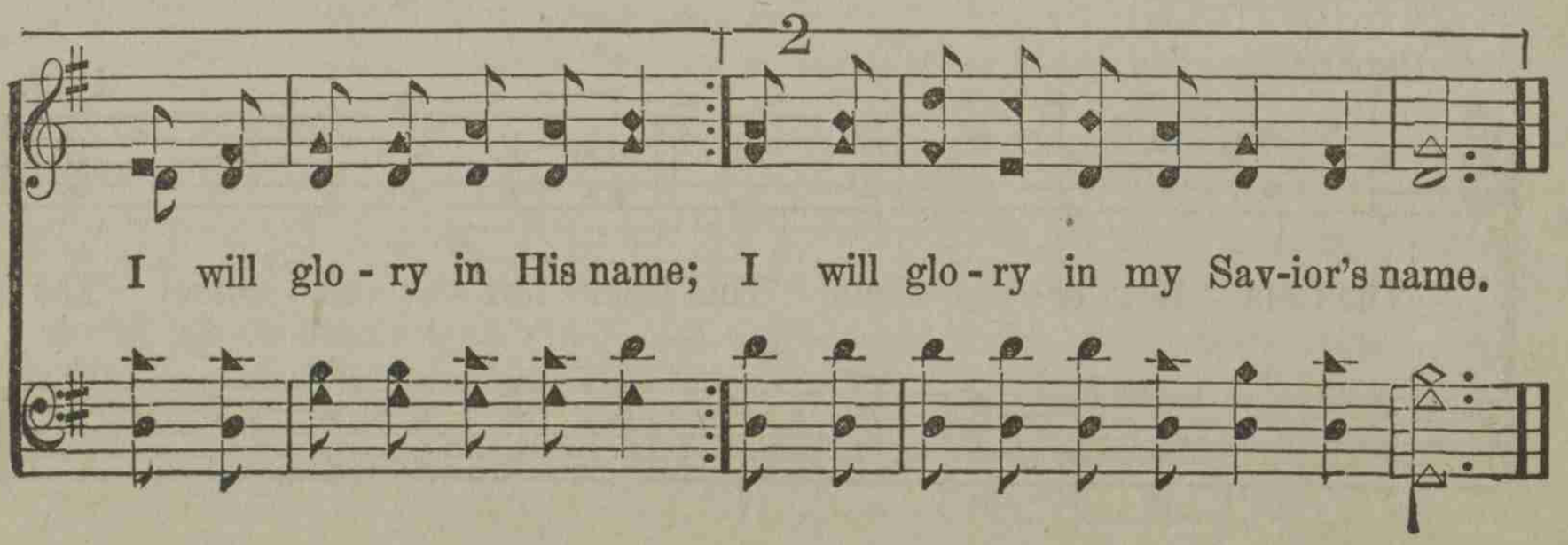


1. I have a song I love to sing, Since I have been re-deem'd;
2. I have a Christ that sat-is-fies, Since I have been re-deem'd;
3. I have a wit-ness bright and clear, Since I have been re-deem'd;
4. I have a home pre-pared for me, Since I have been re-deem'd;



Of my Re-deem-er, Sav-ior, King, Since I have been re-deem'd.
To do His will my high-est prize, Since I have been re-deem'd.
Dis-pell-ing ev-'ry doubt and fear, Since I have been re-deem'd.
Where I shall dwell e-ter-nal-ly, Since I have been re-deem'd.

CHORUS.



Since I . . . . have been re-deem'd, Since I have been redeem'd,
Since I have been re-deem'd, Since I have been re-deem'd,



I will glo-ry in His name; I will glo-ry in my Sav-ior's name.

63 Make Some Other Heart Rejoice.

Words and Music by CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

1. Would you know earth's highest happiness, Would you know its greatest bless-ed-ness, Would you know its truest joy-ful-ness, Make some other
2. Pleas-ant smiles will cheer a drooping heart, Kind-ly words re-lieve a bit-ter smart, Helping hands to weakness strength impart, Make some other
3. Ma-ny hearts are crushed with bit-ter woe, Many hearts with grief are bend-ing low, Many hearts need help you can bestow, Make some other

CHORUS.

heart re-joice. Give a pleasant smile, Speak a kind-ly word,
Lend a hand to help a broth-er, Give a pleasant smile,
Speak a kind-ly word, Lend a hand to help an-oth-er.

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64

My Saviour First of All.

FANNY J. CROSBY. (Better as a Solo.) JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. When my life-work is end-ed, and I cross the swelling tide, When the bright and glorious morning I shall see; I shall know my Redeemer when I reach the oth - er side, And His smile will be the first to welcome me.
2. Oh, the soul-thrilling rapture when I view His blessed face, And the lustre of His kindly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the mer-cy, love and grace, That prepares for me a mansion in the sky.
3. Oh, the dear ones in glo-ry, how they beckon me to come, And our parting at the riv-er I recall; To the sweet vales of Eden they will sing my welcome home; But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.
4. Thro' the gates to the cit - y in a robe of spotless white, He will lead me where no tears will ever fall; In the glad song of ages I shall min-gle with de-light; But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.

CHORUS.

I shall know Him, I shall know Him, And redeemed by His side I shall stand;
I shall know Him,
I shall know Him, By the print of the nails in His hand.

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No. 65. He is So Precious to Me.

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COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

pre - cious to me, so pre - cious to me,

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

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

66 Walking In His Footsteps.

M. LOWRIE HOFFORD, D. D. J. H. FILLMORE.

SOLO or DUET.

1. Are you walk-ing in His footsteps, Are you al - ways do - ing good? Do you
   Do you trav - el in the pathway That will shine with brighter light, Till you
2. Are you walk-ing in His footsteps, Do you ev - er seek the lost In the
   In the highways and the by-ways, Are your footsteps ev-er found, Where His
3. Are you walk-ing in His footsteps, As He bids you dai - ly do, Do you
   In the sun-shine and the shad-ow, In the dark-ness and the light, Are you

fol - low aft - er Je - sus, As sin-cere - ly as you should?
reach the mansions yonder, In the [*Omit*.....] land of pure delight?
mountain and the des - ert, What-so-e'er may be the cost?
wounded feet and bleeding, Left their [*Omit*.....] marks upon the ground?
fol - low near the Saviour, With Him constantly in view?
press-ing in your journey To the [*Omit*.....] land of pure delight?

FULL CHORUS.

Are you walk - - - ing in His foot - - - steps? Are you
Are you walk-ing in His footsteps? Are you walk-ing in His footsteps? Are you

al - ways do - ing good? Do you fol - - - low aft-er
always doing good? Are you always doing good? Do you follow aft- er Je- sus? Do you

Je - - - sus, As sin-cere - ly as you should?
fol - low aft - er Je- sus, As sin-cere - ly as you should, As sin-cere- ly as you should,

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No. 67. Search Me.

MRS. C. H. M. Psalm 139: 23, 24. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Hum-bly we come in Thy pres-ence, Sav- iour, Re - deem - er, and King;
2. Search us, as with light - ed can - dle, Let naught un - ho - ly re - main;
3. Pit - y, us, Lord, in our weak-ness, Lov - ing - ly, ten - der - ly lead;

While in our hearts we a-dore Thee, For Thy name's sake we im-plore Thee,
Ev - er - y i - dol de - thron-ing, On - ly Thy sov- reign- ty own - ing,
Dai - ly Thy mer- cies be - stow- ing, Still from Thy storehouse o'er-flow- ing,

Slower. CHORUS.

Hear the pe - ti - tion we bring.
Cleanse us from ev - er - y stain. Search me, O God, and know my
Grant to sup - ply all our need.

heart, Try me and know my thoughts, And see if there be an - y

e - vil way in me, And lead me in the way ev - er - last - ing.

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No. 68. We Sing of Salvation.

E. E. HEWITT. JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. We sing of sal - va - tion, the won - der-ful theme Of saints who are gath-ered a - bove; To Him who once died sin - ful souls to re-deem, All
2. We sing of sal - va - tion, that o - ver-comes sin, That res - cues the soul from its pow'r; The ban-ner of Je - sus shall vic - to - ry win, And
3. We sing of sal - va - tion, a - dapt - ed to all, The high - est, the low - est, the least; The old and the young for for - give-ness may call, And
4. We sing of sal - va - tion, the song for all time, So full of the bless-ings of grace; And when the grand bells of e - ter - ni - ty chime, Our

CHORUS.

glo - ry and hon - or and love.
bring glad de - liv-'rance each hour. This might - y sal - va - tion, a -
share in the home-com - ing feast.
Sav - iour we'll meet, face to face.

bun-dant sal - va - tion, Both now and for-ev - er we sing; Re-ceive ev - 'ry na - tion, God's great con-so- la - tion, Sal - va-tion thro' Je - sus, our King.

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No. 69. We Shall Stand Before the King.

COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY E. O. EXCELL.

E. O. E. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.

1. We shall stand be-fore the King, With the angels we shall sing, By and by,
2. Ring, ye bells of heaven, ring, We shall stand before the King, By and by,
3. Wake, my soul, thy tribute bring, Thou shalt stand before the King, By and by,

by and by

by and by; Walk the bright, the golden shore, Praising Him forevermore,
by and by; There our sorrows will be o'er, There His name we will adore,
by and by; Lay thy trophies at His feet, In His likeness stand complete,

by and by;

CHORUS.

By and by,.... by and by. We shall stand... before the King,...

By and by, by and by. We shall stand, before the King,

With the an-gels we shall sing, Glo-ry, glo-ry to our King, Hal-le-

lu - jah, hal-le-lu - jah, We shall stand.... be-fore the King.

Hal-le-lu-jah; hal-le-lu-jah; we shall stand,

No. 70. Sunshine in the Soul.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
USED BY PER

E. E. Hewitt. 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 my 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 sky, For Je - sus is my light.
And Je - sus, list - en - 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;
hap - py mo - ments roll;

When Je-sus shows His smil - ing face There is sun-shine in the soul.

No. 71. A Sinner Made Whole.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL

W. M. Lighthall. **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 thrilling my soul,
2. I shall stand one day faultless 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 sin - ner, but Christ made me whole. A sin-ner made whole! a sinner made whole! The Savior hath bought me and ransomed my soul! My heart it is singing, the anthem is ringing, For I was a sinner, but Christ made me whole.

Rit.

Rit.

No. 72. My Father Knows.

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

S. M. I. Henry. E. O. Excell.

1. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The storms that would my way oppose;
2. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The balm I need to soothe my woes,
3. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows How frail I am to meet my foes,
4. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The hour my journey here will close,

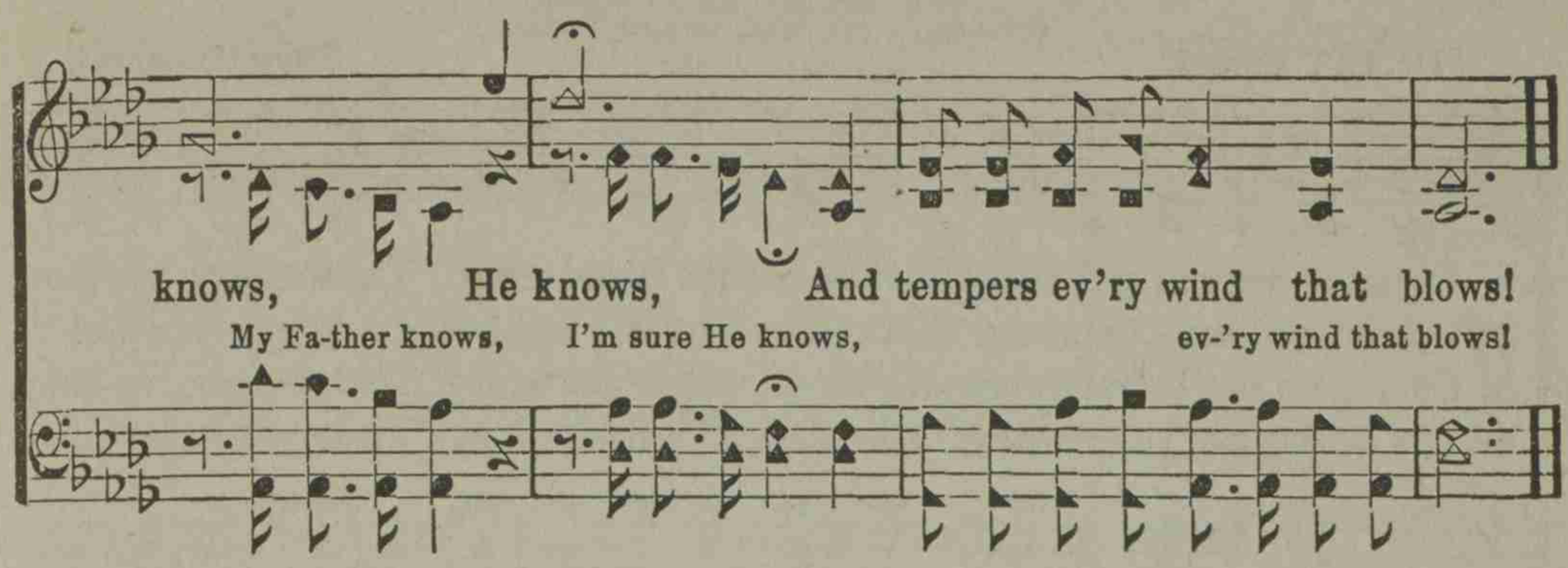
But He can drive the clouds a - way, And turn my dark-ness in - to day,
And with His touch of love di - vine, He heals this wounded soul of mine,
But He my cause will e'er de - fend, Up - hold and keep me to the end,
And may that hour, O faith-ful Guide Find me safe shel-tered by Thy side.

REFRAIN.

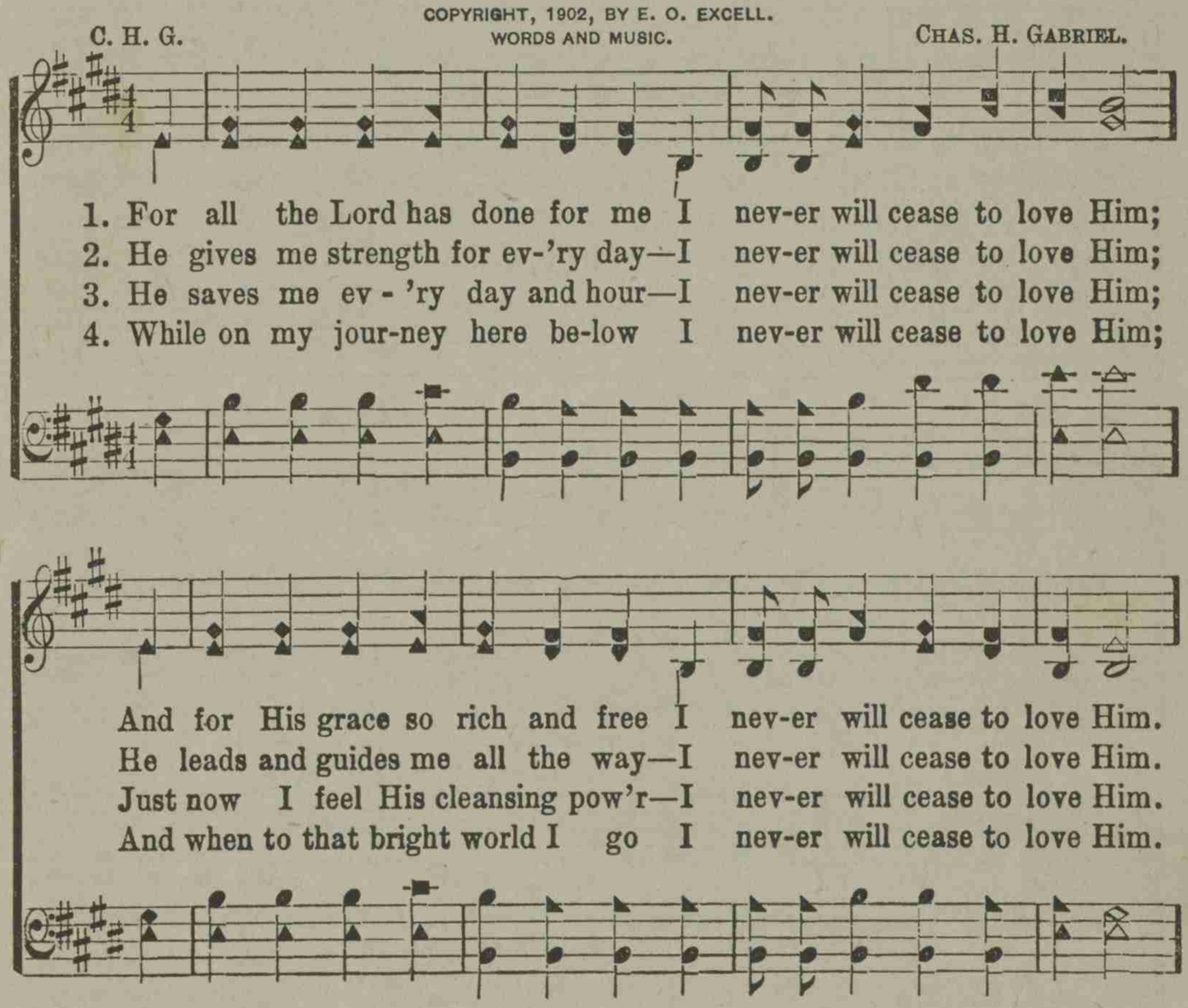
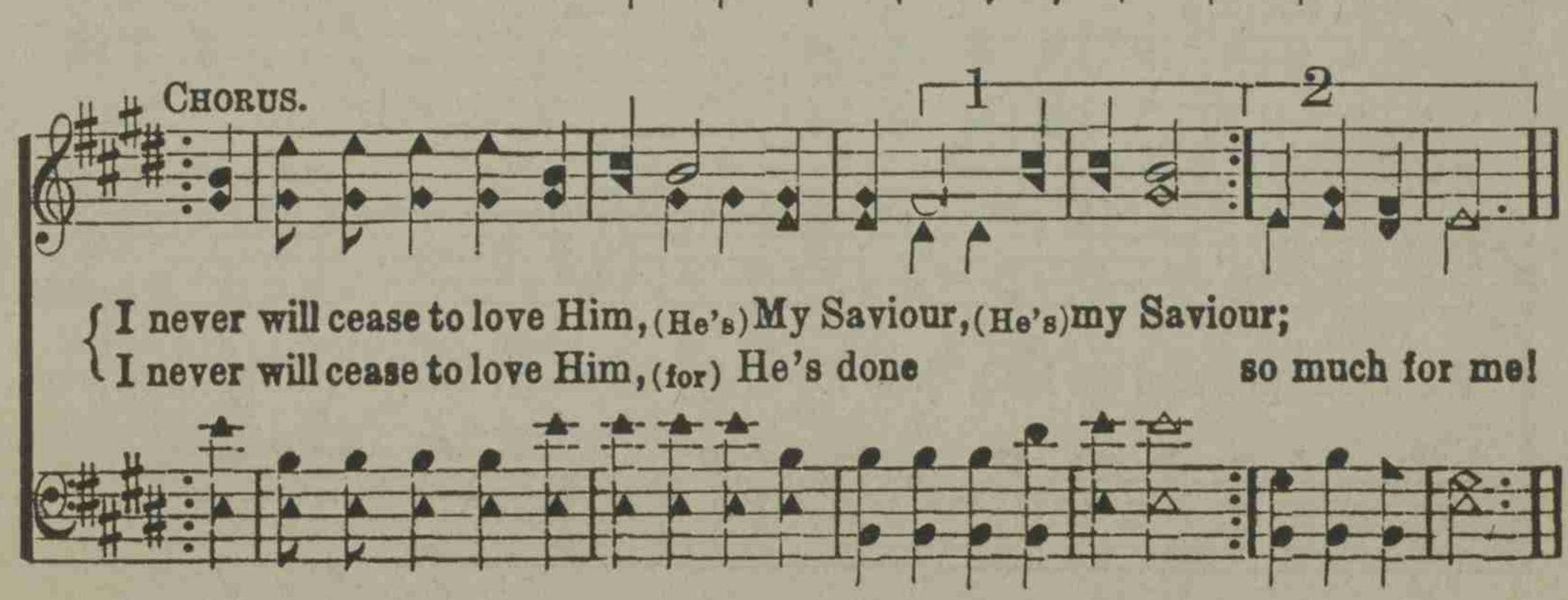
And turn my dark - ness in - to day.
He heals this wound - ed soul of mine.
Up - hold and keep me to the end.
Find me safe shel-tered by Thy side.

He knows, He
My Fa - ther knows.

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

My Father Knows.

73 I Never Will Cease to Love Him.

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

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



No. 74. Loyalty to Christ.

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

WORDS AND MUSIC.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

great Commander; "On"

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

No. 75. Land of the Unsetting Sun.

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

W. C. Martin. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Some sweet day I shall en - ter a place, When the work of my life shall be
2. Yes, the bur - dens of life can be borne, When I think of the prize to be
3. I can peace-ful - ly wel-come the night When the hours of my life shall be
4. O what joy! mor-tal tongue cannot tell, With e - ter - ni - ty on - ly be-

done; A place that is filled with His mar - vel - ous grace, In the
won; Of the beau - ti - ful robe and the crown to be worn, In the
run; It will bring me no grief, but su - per - nal de - light, In the
gun; One an - oth - er to meet, with the Sav - ior to dwell, In the

CHORUS.

land of the Un - set - ting Sun. I shall dwell in the land of de-
light ..... When my journey on earth has been run; ..... In the land where there
of de - light jour - ney on earth has been run;
com - eth no sor - row, no night, In the land of the Un - set - ting Sun.

No. 76. Soul of Mine.

EVA HUNT NORTHRUP. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Thou wast born to live, not die, soul of mine; Voice was giv'n to sing, not sigh, soul of mine; Do am-bi-tions take a-way From the right that should hold sway?
2. Art Thou tempted, and a-fraid, soul of mine? Have thy pleasures seem'd to fade, soul of mine? Hast thou knelt before thy Lord, Trust-ing, rest-ing in His word?
3. He is long-ing for thy calm, soul of mine; He will pour the heal-ing balm, soul of mine; Let His spir-it en-ter in, Driv-ing out all that is sin,
4. Soon thy days on earth will end, soul of mine; Then to God thou must as-cend, soul of mine; At His throne thou must ap-pear, Be it glad-ly or with fear;

Look to Je-sus and o-bey, soul of mine.
He thy faint-est pray'r has heard—soul of mine.
He will give thee strength to win, soul of mine.
Thou must there thy judg-ment hear, soul of mine.

CHORUS.

O won-der-ful Shepherd of the soul, Tho' way-ward I have been;
My soul is long-ing for Thy fold, Now wash me, Lord, from sin.

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No. 77. Land Where We Never Grow Old.

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

SOLO. *Soprano or Contralto.*

1. There's a beau-ti - ful land where there cometh no night, Thro' the a - ges e -
2. The in - hab- i - tants nev-er know sick-ness or pain, Nei-ther sor-row or
3. Tab - er - na-cling here in the frail tem - ples of clay, Which to dust soon shall
4. And some day when for us shall the sil - ver cord break, And the days of our

ter-nal we're told; Where they need not the sun, for the Lamb is the light, In that
hun-ger or cold; Never death, with its terrors, shall fright us a-gain, In that
crum-ble and mold; We've a man-sion a-wait-ing that ne'er will de-cay, In that
years shall be told, In His glo - ri-ous likeness we then shall a-wake, In that

CHORUS.

land where we nev - er grow old..... Oh, beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful land of

p

de-light! Oh, cit - y of jas- per and gold!..... Nev-er sor- row or
and gold!

tears thro' e - ter-ni-ty's years, In that land where we never grow old.....
no, nev-er grow old.

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No. 78. The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
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Jessie Brown Pounds. Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

CHORUS.

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

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

No. 79. Yielded to Thee.

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Lord, my heart is ful - ly yield-ed To Thy sovereign will di - vine;
2. Ev - 'ry i - dol there dethroning, Purge a - way the dross of sin
3. Thine henceforth to do the choosing Of my paths, my earthly lot;
4. I the clay and Thou the pot-ter, Do Thou mold and fashion me

En - ter Thou, take full pos-ses-sion Of its in - most se-cret shrine.
Un - til by the fires re - fin - ing Naught impure remains with-in.
Mine to go, to toil or suf - fer, Wait and trust and murmur not.
Un - til all Thy righteous purpose In my life ac - complished be.

CHORUS.

Yielded to Thee, Lord, Yielded to Thee, Lord,
Yield-ed to Thee, Lord, Yield-ed to Thee, Lord,

Thine, and on - ly Thine to be;..... Yield - ed to
to be;

Thee, Lord, Yielded to Thee, Lord, Thine to all e - ter - ni - ty.

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No. 80. Calling the Prodigal.

C. H. G.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. God is call-ing the prod-i-gal, come with-out de - lay, Hear, O
2. Pa - tient, lov-ing, and ten-der - ly still the Fa-ther pleads, Hear, O
3. Come, there's bread in the house of thy Fa - ther, and to spare, Hear, O

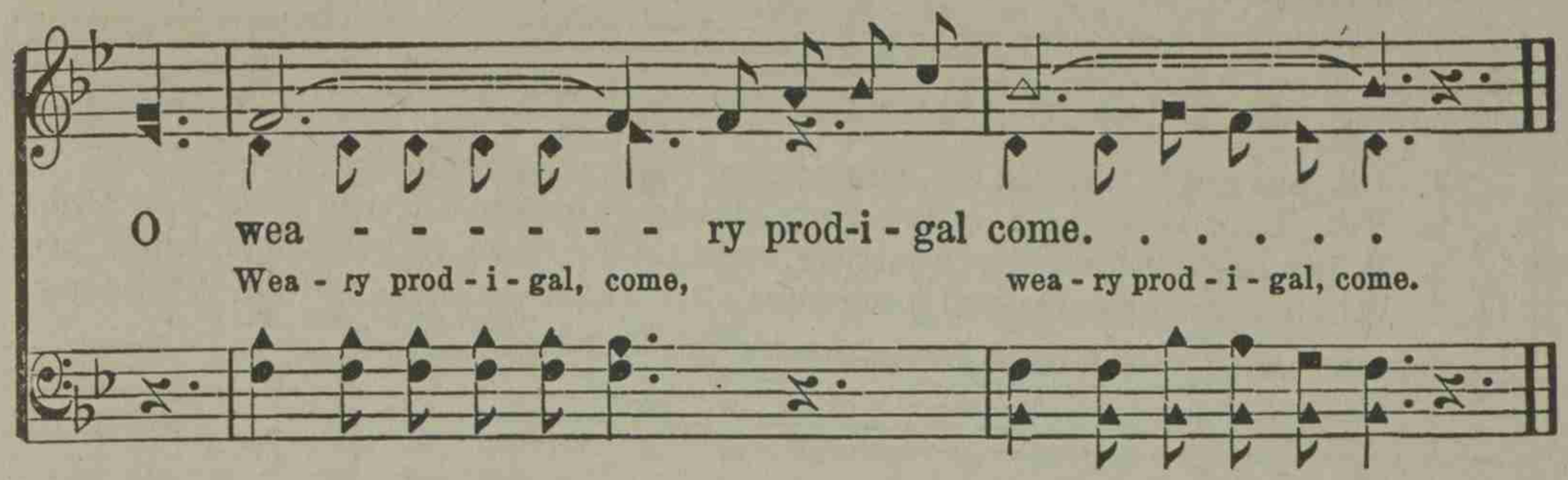
hear Him call - ing, call - ing now for thee; Tho' you've wandered so
hear Him call - ing, call - ing now for thee; Oh! re-turn while the
hear Him call - ing, call - ing now for thee; Lo! the ta - ble is
for thee;

far from His presence, come today, Hear His loving voice calling still. . . . .
Spir - it in mer-cy in - ter-cedes, Hear His loving voice calling still. . . . .
spread and the feast is waiting there, Hear His loving voice calling still. . . . .
calling still.

CHORUS.

Call - - ing now for thee, . . . O wea - - - - - ry prod-i-gal
Calling now for thee, Calling now for thee, Wea-ry prod-i-gal, come,

come; . . . . . Call - - - ing now for thee, ...
wea - ry prod - i - gal, come; Call-ing now for thee, Call-ing now for thee,

Calling the Prodigal.

No. 81. Somebody.

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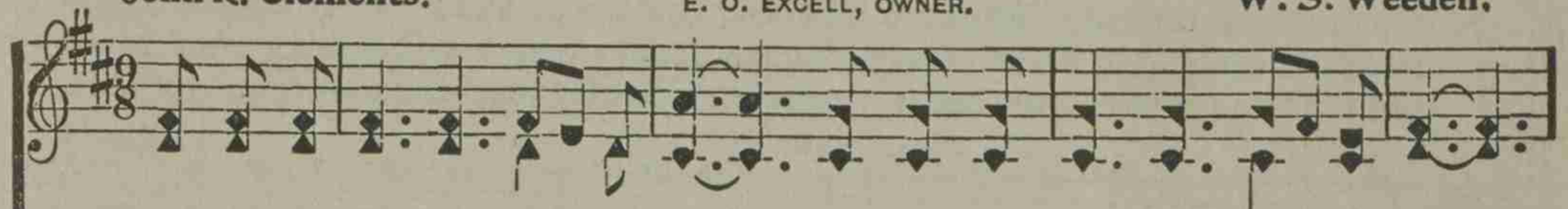
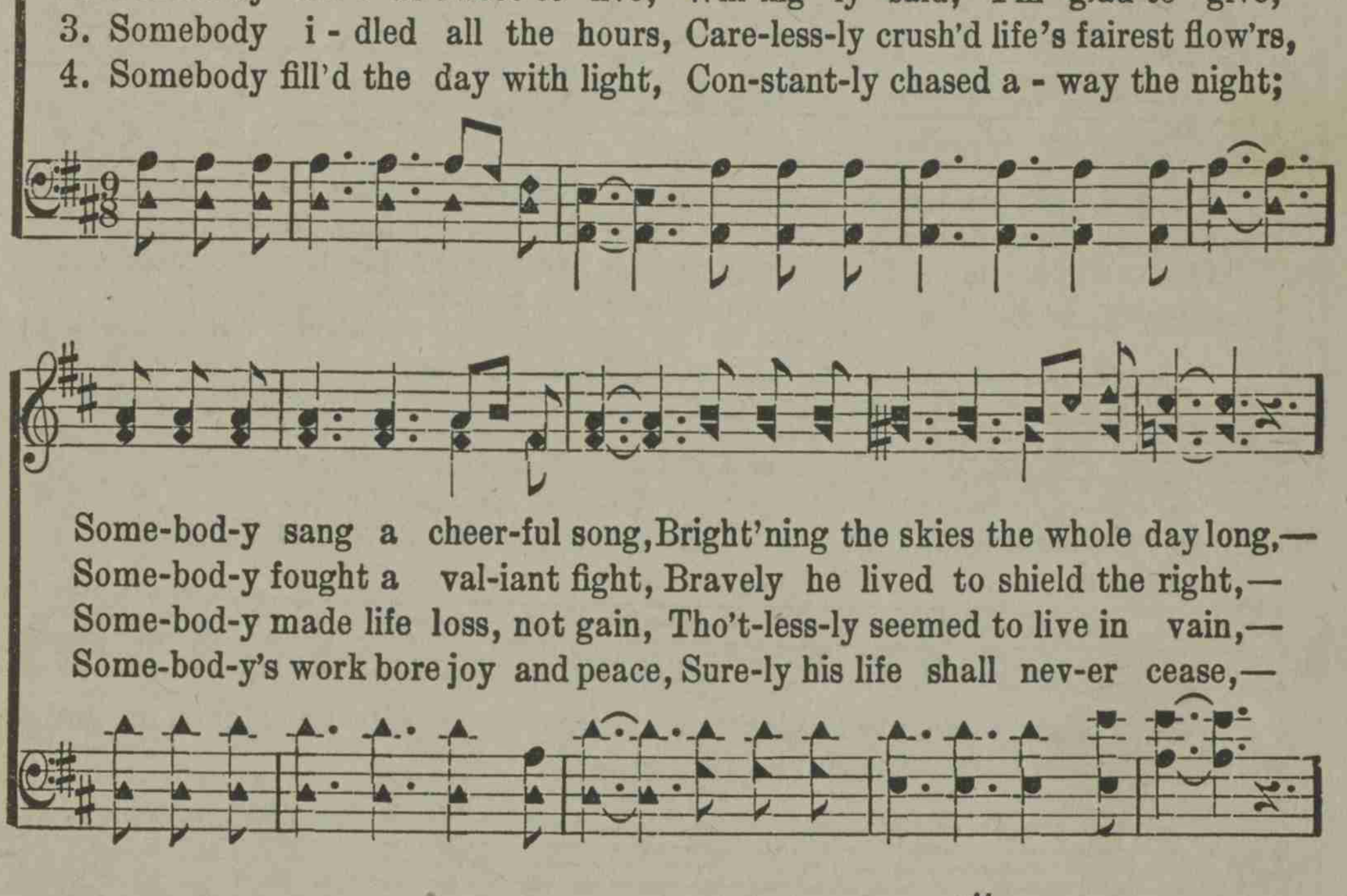
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

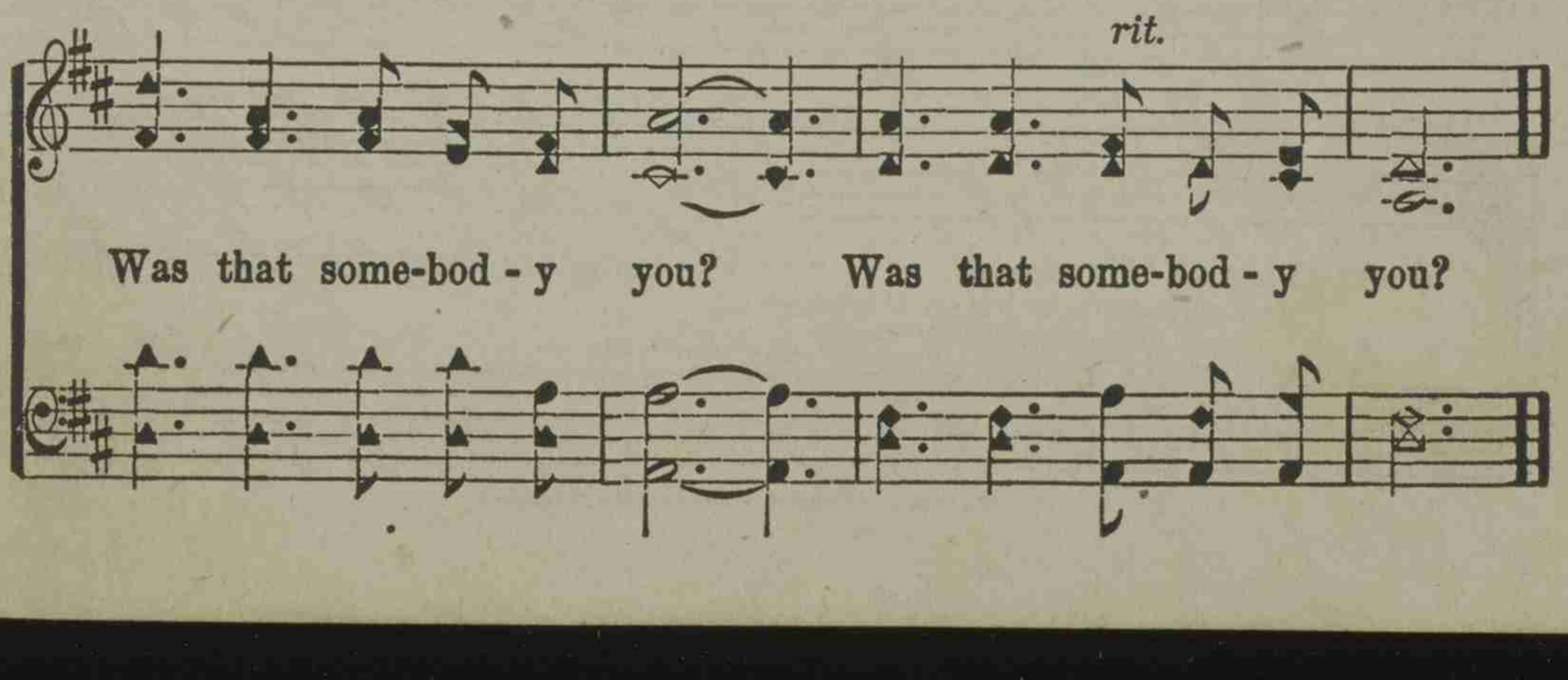
John R. Clements. W. S. Weeden.



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



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



82

MY SAVIOR FACE TO FACE.

W. C. AGAR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.

1. I am glad I found the Savior, for He makes my heart rejoice, And I feel within my soul His saving grace; But I want to talk with Jesus, hear His
2. Yes, I know He ev - er loves me, dai-ly guides my erring feet, And I'm resting in His tender, fond em - brace; But I want to know Him better, and my
3. When life's sun is slowly setting, twilight shadows veil the sky, And I'm near the ending of life's weary race, In my heart will be this longing, none but
4. When I tread the crystal pavement of the new Je - ru - sa-lem, Where my Savior has prepared for me a place, Where the angel choirs are singing praise and

Fine.

lov-ing, gen-tle voice, I want to see my Sav-ior face to face.....
dear Re-deem-er meet, I want to see my Sav-ior face to face.....
Christ can sat-is - fy, I want to see my Sav-ior face to face.....
glo - ry to the Lamb, Oh, then I'll see my Sav-ior face to face!.....
see my Savior face to face.

D.S.—*ev - er-last-ing throne, I want to see my Sav-ior face to face.....*

CHORUS.

Oh, I want to see my Savior face to face, Who hath loved me and re-
Last v.—Oh, then I'll see my Savior face to face,
see my Savior face to face,

D. S.

deemed me by His grace; In His kingdom, crowned with glory, on His
and redeemed me by His grace;

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83

I am Resolved.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. I am resolved no long - er to lin - ger, Charmed by the world's de - light; Things that are high - er, things that are no - bler,
2. I am resolved to go to the Sav - iour, Leav - ing my sin and strife; He is the true one, He is the just one,
3. I am resolved to fol - low the Sav - iour, Faith-ful and true each day, Heed what He say - eth, do what He will - eth,
4. I am resolved to en - ter the king-dom, Leav - ing the paths of sin; Friends may op-pose me, foes may be - set me,
5. I am resolved, and who will go with me? Come, friends, with- out de - lay, Taught by the Bi - ble, led by the Spir - it,

CHORUS.

These have al - lured my sight. I will hast - en to Him,
He hath the words of life.
He is the liv - ing way.
Still will I en - ter in.
We'll walk the heav'nly way. I will hast - en, hast - en to Him,

Hast - en so glad and free, (Hast - en glad and free,)

Je - sus, great - est, high - est, I will come to Thee.
Je - sus, Je - sus,

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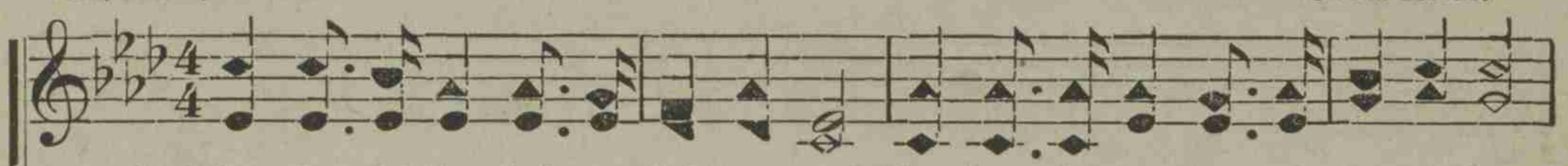
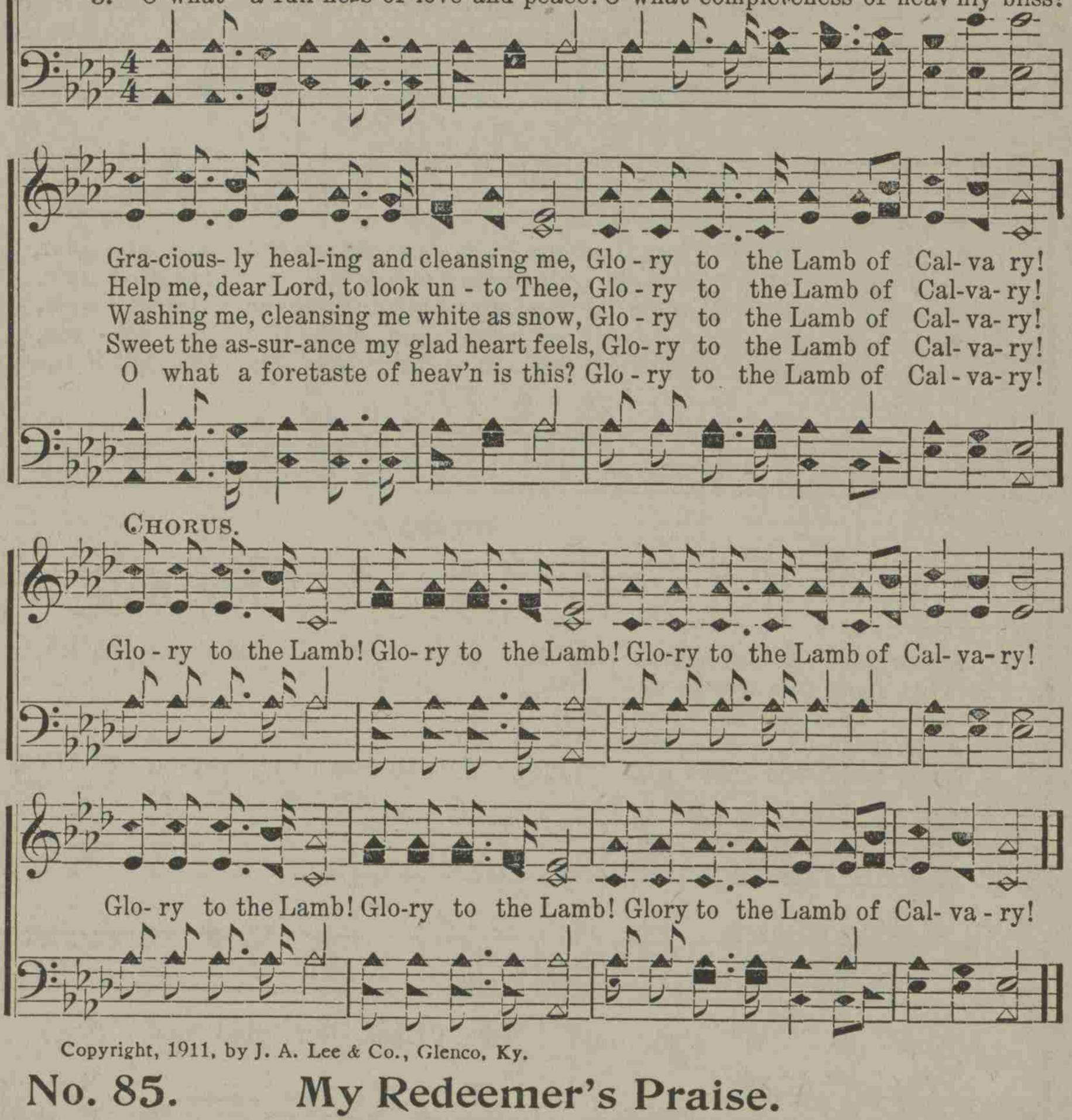
No. 84. Glory to the Lamb.

H. N. E. J. A. LEE.

1. Won - der- ful fountain on Cal - va - ry! Flowing with mer-cy and grace so free,
2. Dear bleeding Lamb who died there for me Opened up a fountain of grace so free,
3. At the dear cross I am bend-ing low, Un - der the blood with its crimson flow,
4. Pre-cious the love, the dear Lord reveals, Wondrous the blood that atones and heals,
5. O what a full-ness of love and peace! O what completeness of heav'nly bliss!



Gra-cious- ly heal-ing and cleansing me, Glo - ry to the Lamb of Cal- va ry!
Help me, dear Lord, to look un - to Thee, Glo - ry to the Lamb of Cal-va- ry!
Washing me, cleansing me white as snow, Glo - ry to the Lamb of Cal- va- ry!
Sweet the as-sur-ance my glad heart feels, Glo- ry to the Lamb of Cal- va- ry!
O what a foretaste of heav'n is this? Glo - ry to the Lamb of Cal - va- ry!

CHORUS.

Glo - ry to the Lamb! Glo- ry to the Lamb! Glo-ry to the Lamb of Cal- va- ry!

Glo- ry to the Lamb! Glo-ry to the Lamb! Glory to the Lamb of Cal- va - ry!

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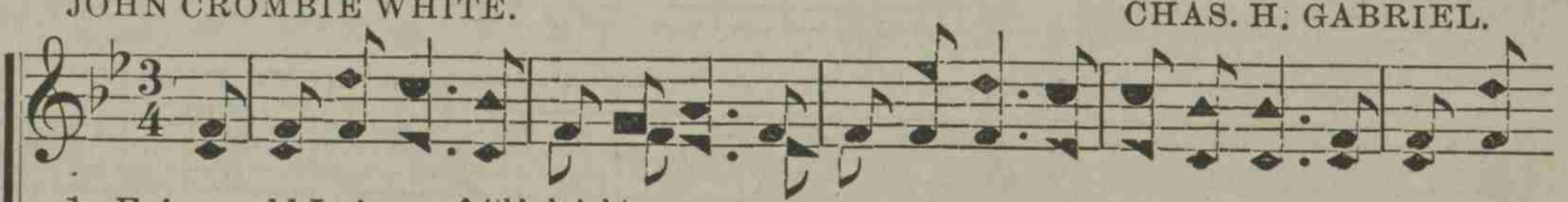
No. 85. My Redeemer's Praise.

JOHN CROMBIE WHITE. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Fain would I rise on faith's bright wing, And mount to starry realms above; There, with the
2. How all - suf-fi-cient are His ways; He pleads in heav'n, my Advocate; His blood the
3. What glo-ry hath His cross sublime, Whereon He suffered, bled and died! Grace, love and
4. O well may I His prais - es sing, And at His feet a- dor- ing stay; Did I the

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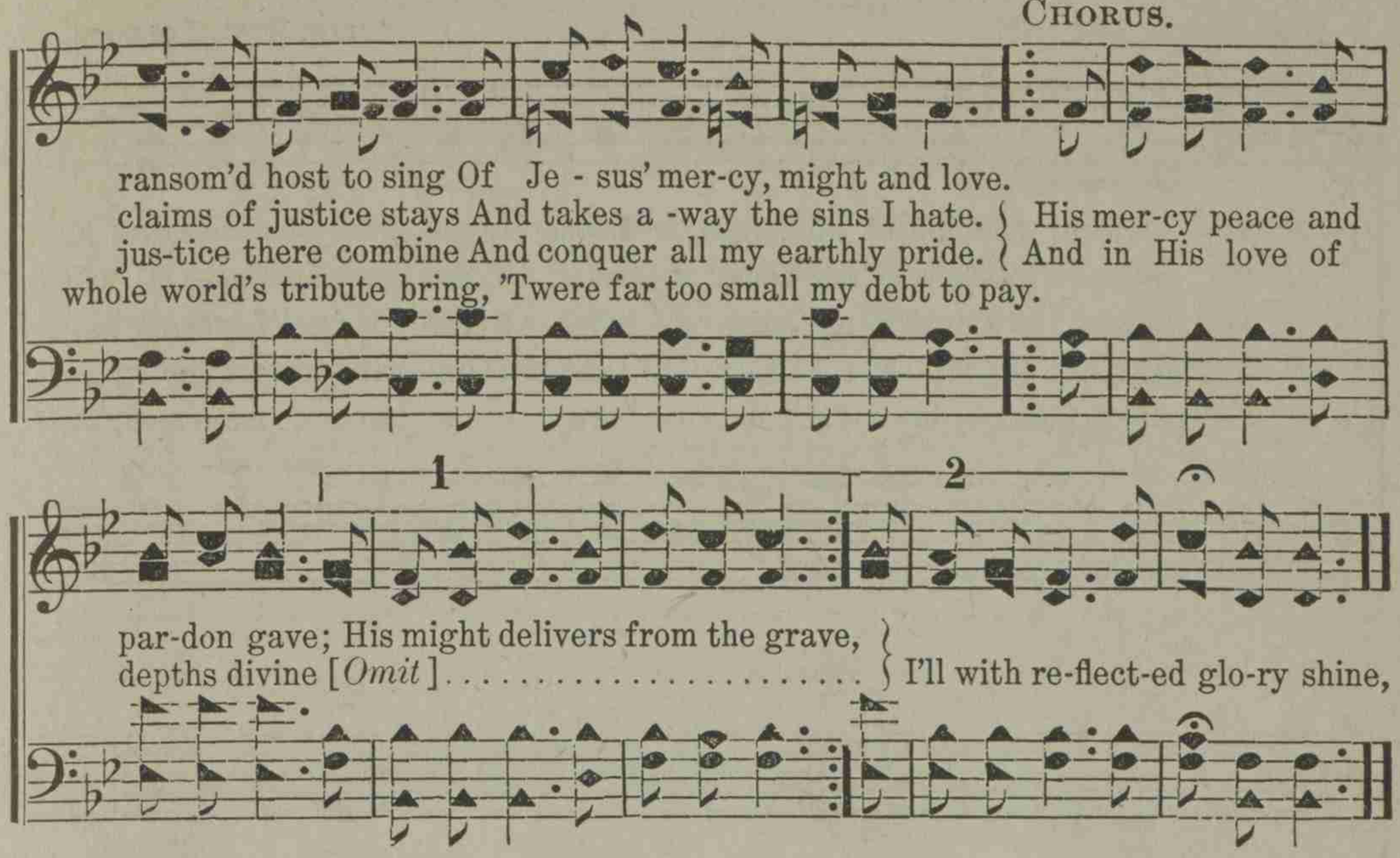
My Redeemer's Praise. Concluded.

CHORUS.



No. 86. The Pathway.

Words arr. by F. A. F. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

FINE.

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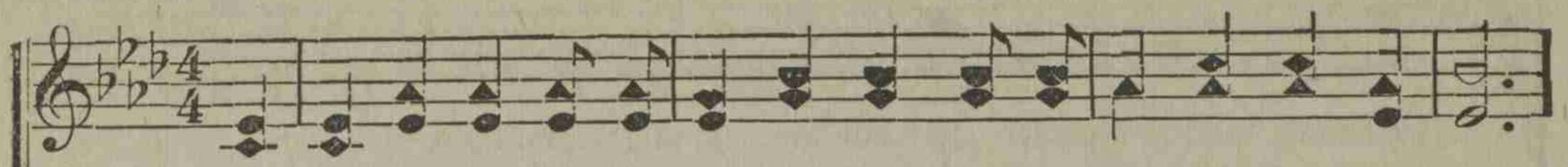
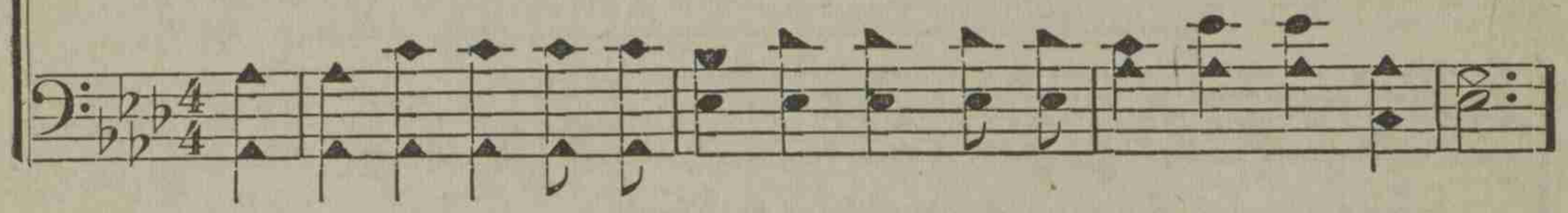
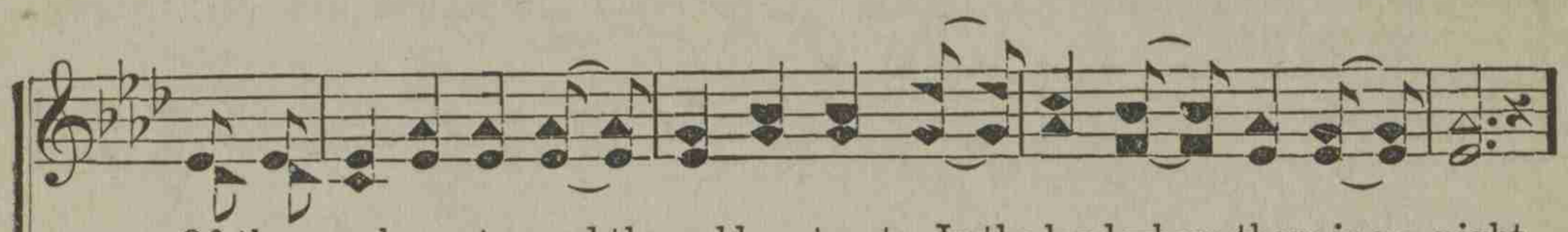
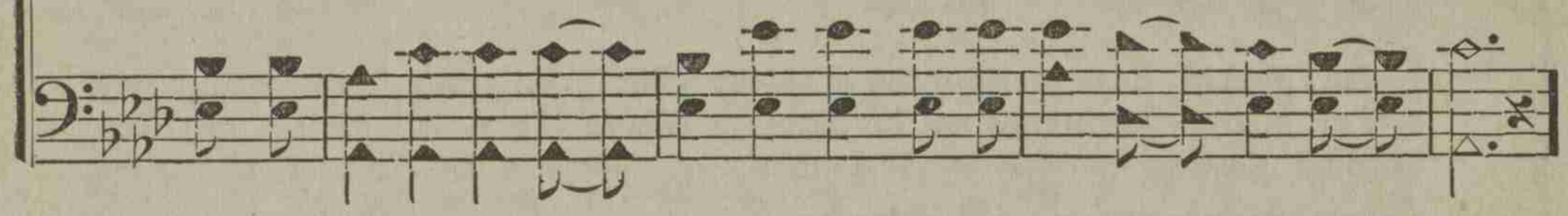
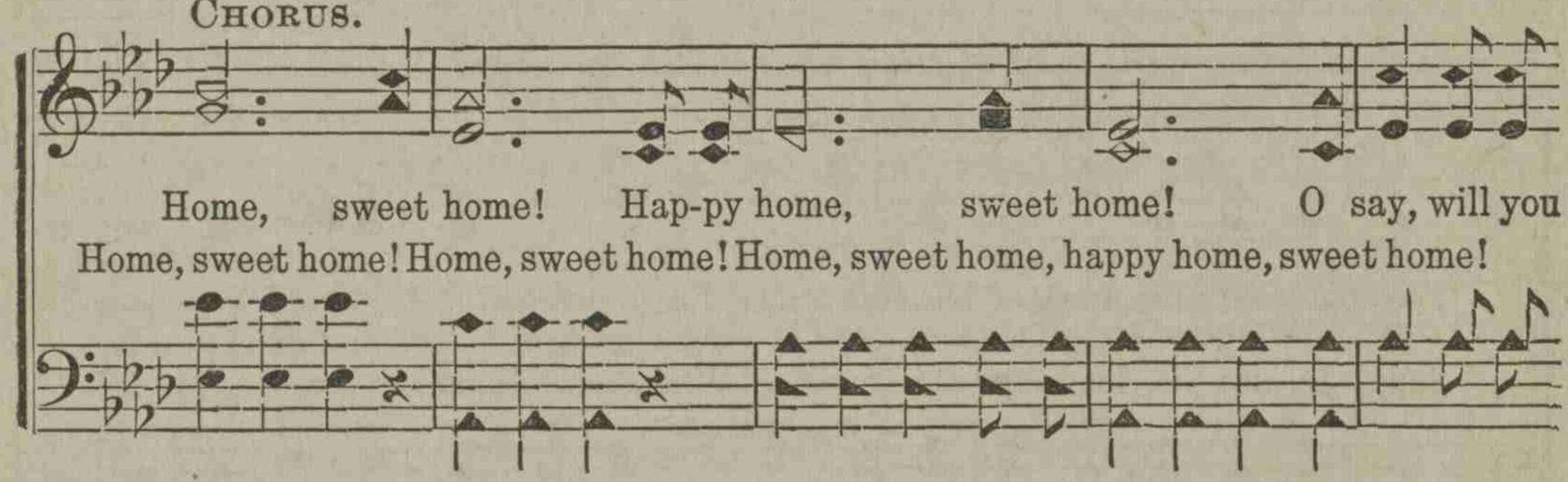
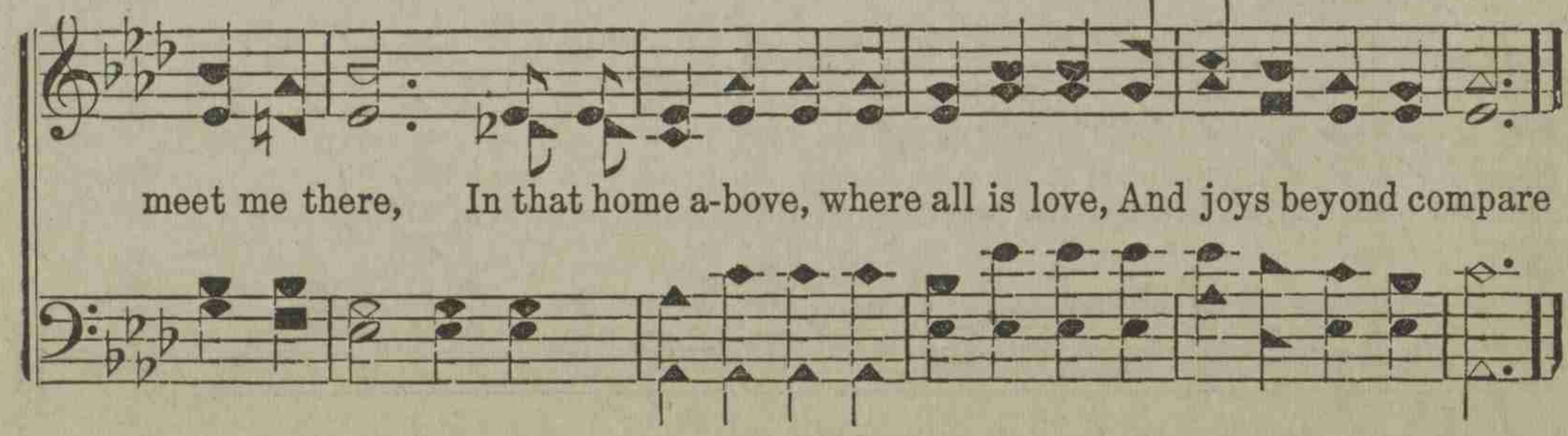
No. 87. My Home Above.

LOUISA E. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. I love to think of my home a - bove, In the glo-rious realms of light,
2. I love to think of my home a - bove, Of that pure and ho - ly clime,
3. I love to think of my home a - bove, Of the an - gel forms so bright,
4. Sweet-est of all is the tho't of Him Who did leave His throne on high,
5. That in that beau- ti -ful home a - bove I may have a man- sion fair;

Of the pearl-y gates and the golden streets, In the land where there is no night.
Where the sorrows of earth can nev-er come, But e- ter - nal joys will be mine.
Of the blessed ones there around the throne, In the land of pure de - light.
And did come to this sin-ful world of ours To suf-fer, and bleed, and die.
And my heart is full of joy and praise, For I know that my treasure is there.

CHORUS.

Home, sweet home! Hap-py home, sweet home! O say, will you
Home, sweet home! Home, sweet home! Home, sweet home, happy home, sweet home!



meet me there, In that home a-bove, where all is love, And joys beyond compare

Owned by J. A. Lee, Glencoe, Ky.

No. 88. Someone is Looking to You.

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

W. M. Lighthall. Chas. H. Gabriel.

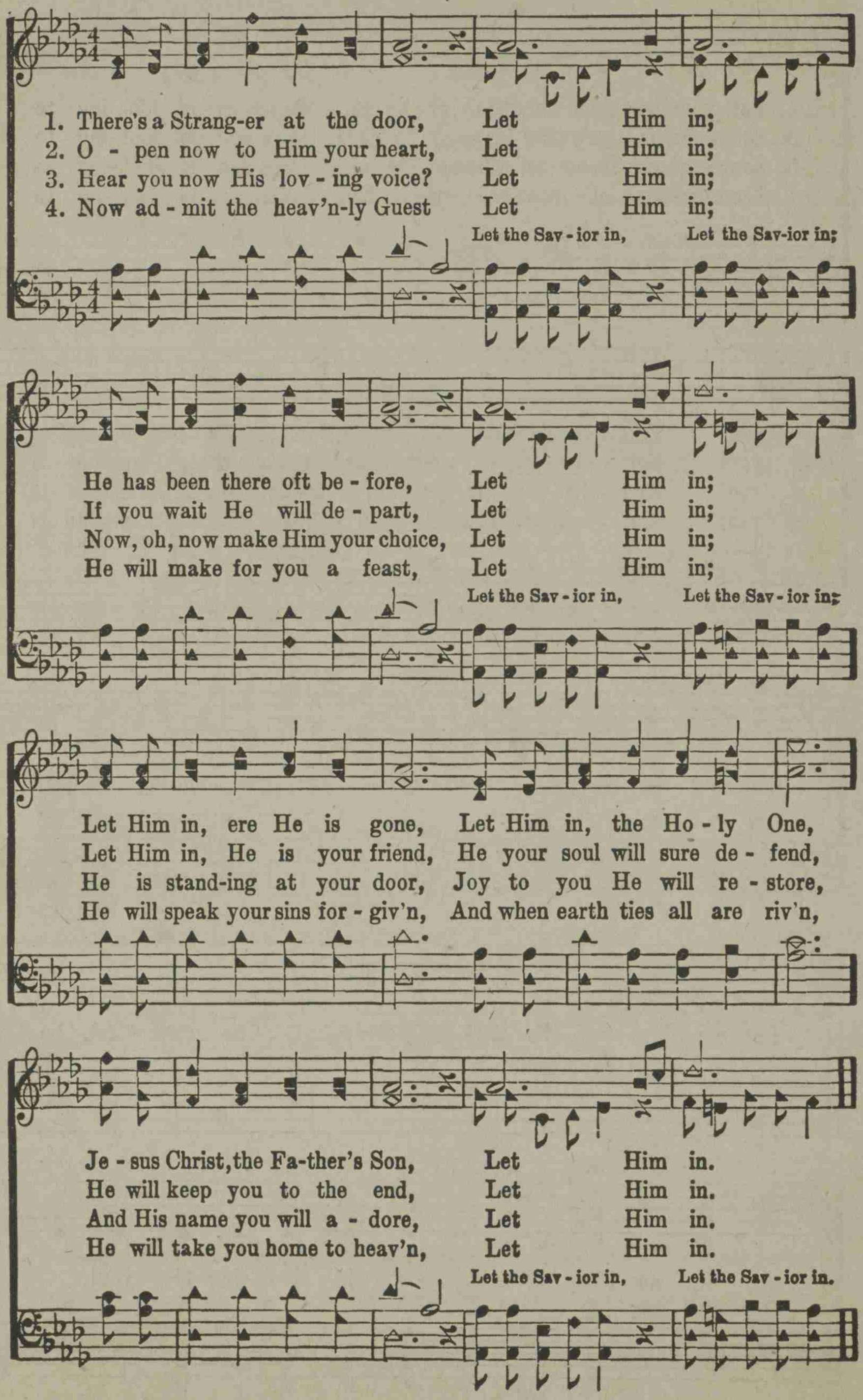
1. Let your light shine where-so-e'er you go, Some-one is look-ing to you! Bright-er each day let it gleam and glow, Some-one is look-ing to you!
2. Some-one is grop-ing his way to God, Some-one is look-ing to you! Fol-low-ing on where your feet have trod, Some-one is look-ing to you!
3. Some-one your coun-sel will sure-ly take, Some-one is look-ing to you! And by your life his de-ci-sion make, Some-one is look-ing to you!
4. Some-one has al-most ac-cept-ed Him, Some-one is look-ing to you! And may be lost if your light grows dim, Some-one is look-ing to you!

CHORUS.

look-ing to you! Look-ing to you, yes, look-ing to you!
Let your light shine the dark-ness through; O be faith-ful, be loy-al, and true, For some-one is look-ing to you!

No. 89. Let Him In.

COPYRIGHT, 1881, BY JOHN J. HOOD.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson. E. O. Excell.

1. There's a Strang-er 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,
Let Him in, He is your friend, He your soul will sure de - fend,
He is stand-ing at your door, Joy to you He will re - store,
He will speak your sins for - giv'n, And when earth ties all are riv'n,

Je - sus Christ, the Fa-ther's Son, Let Him in.
He will keep you to the end, Let Him in.
And His name you will a - dore, Let Him in.
He will take you home to heav'n, Let Him in.

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

No. 90. There Is Hope.

Copyright, 1895, by Fogg & Barker. Owned by J. A. Lee & Co., Glencoe, Ky.

SHERRARD BEATTY. EDW. S. FOGG.

1. There is hope for the one Who is farthest a-way; There is hope for the
2. There is hope for the one Who is all.... a-lone; There is hope for the
3. There is hope for the one Who has tried and failed; There is hope for the
4. There is hope for the one Who has nothing to plead; There is hope for the
5. O my friend there is hope, Will you come this hour; For.... Je-sus is

one Who has gone a-stray; There is hope for the one Who is
one Who has no home; There is hope for the one By
one By drink as-sailed; For the power of God Can
one Who feels His need; For the bless-ed Christ, God's
yours With all His power; Look up-ward, not back, Or in

sick of sin; There is hope for the one Who will let Christ in.
man despised; For God has a home Be-yond the skies.
reach your soul; And by His touch Can make you whole.
on-ly Son, Paid the ran-som price And the work is done.
or a-round; But up to Christ, Where hope is found.

CHORUS.

The Saviour is call-ing, O hear His sweet voice; Quit sin to-day, Trust and o-bey,

There's hope for the one Who by faith in Him comes, Je-sus is wait-ing to save.

No. 91. I Am Happy in Him.

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

E. O. E. 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 mer-cy sur-round me, His grace like a riv-er doth flow;
4. They say I shall some day be like Him, My cross and my burden lay down;

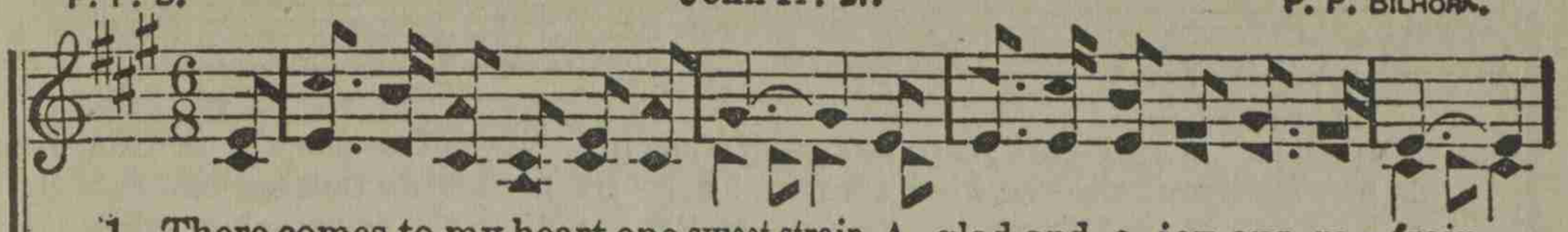
His voice it is mu-sic to hear it, His face it is heaven to see.
Safe home in His arms He hath bro't me, To where there are pleasures untold.
His Spir - it, to guide and to comfort, Is with me wher-ev-er I go.
Till then I will ev-er be faith-ful, In gath-er-ing gems for His crown.

CHORUS.

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

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

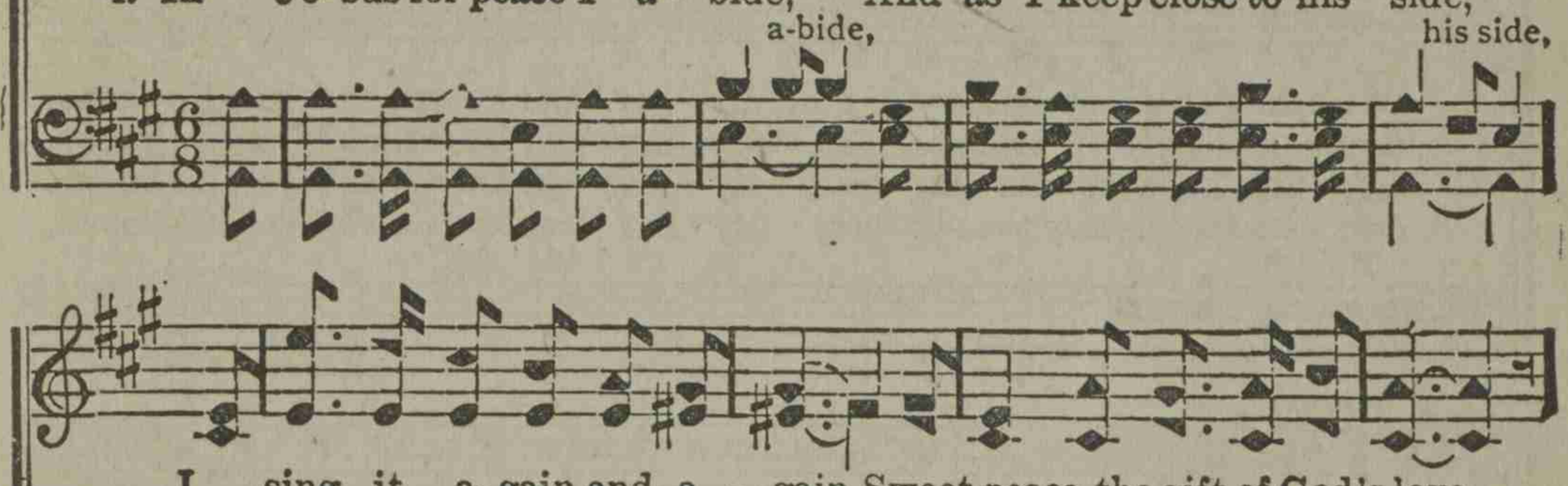
No. 92. Sweet Peace, the Gift of God's Love.

P. P. B. John 14: 27. P. P. BILHORN.

1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain, A glad and a joy-ous re - frain,
sweet strain, refrain,

2. By Christ on the cross peace was made, My debt by his death was all paid,
was made, all paid,

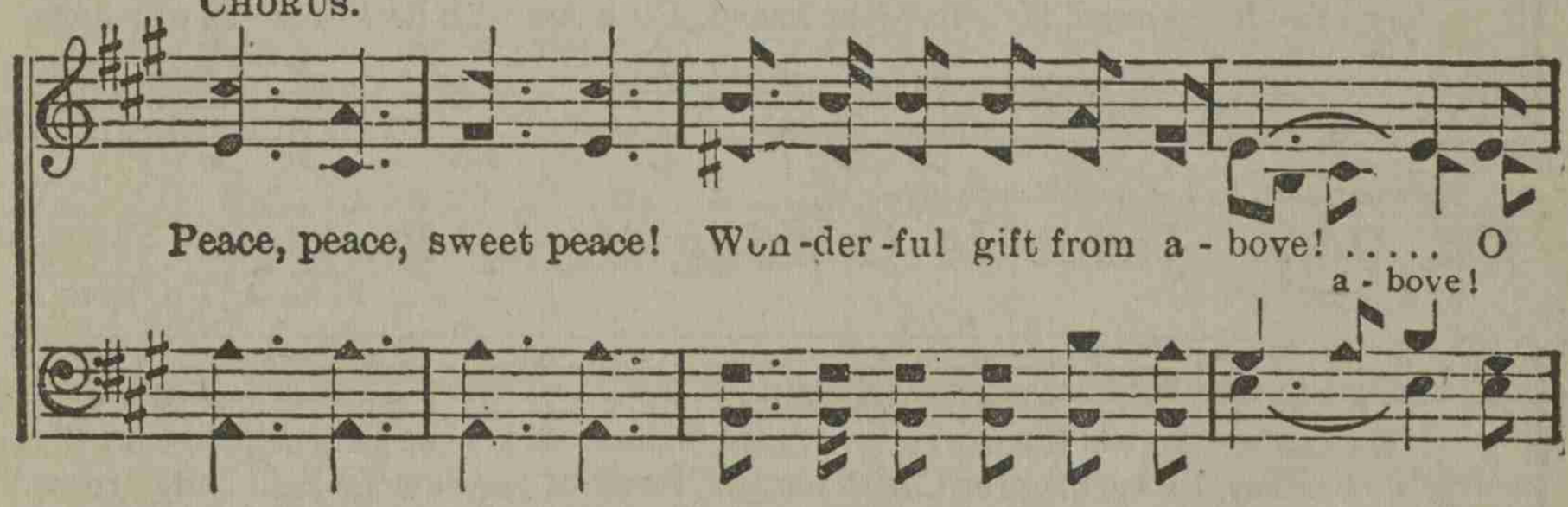
3. When Je-sus as Lord I had crowned, My heart with this peace doth abound,
had crowned, abound,

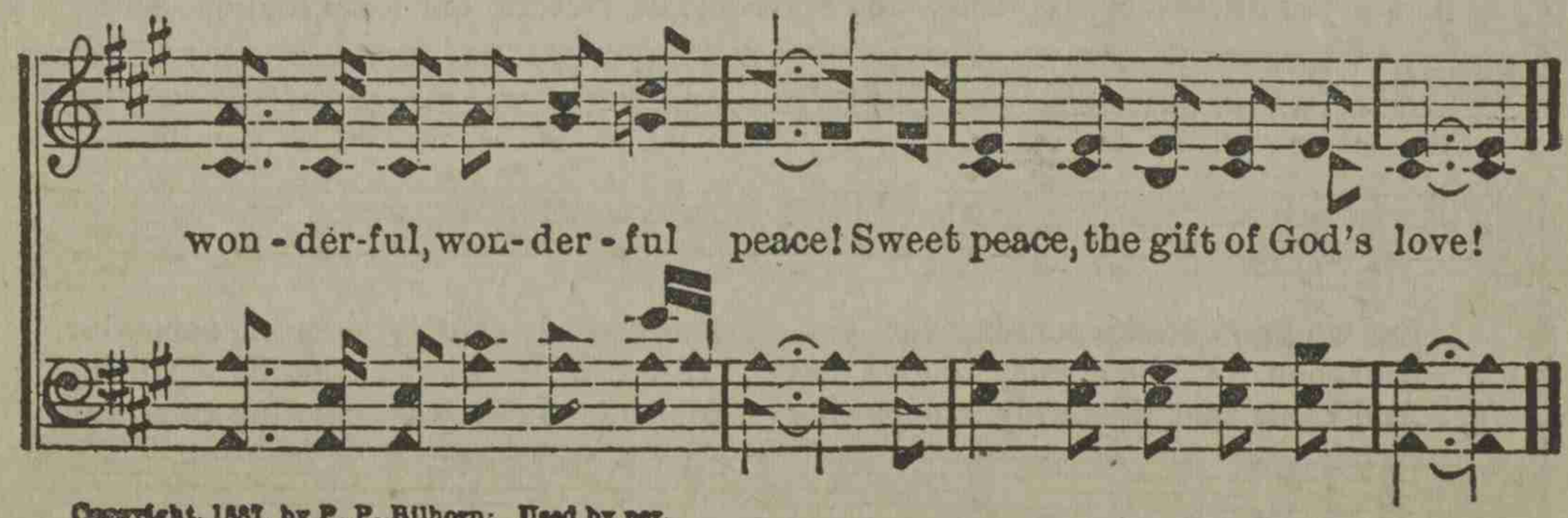
4. In Je-sus for peace I a - bide, And as I keep close to his side,
a-bide, his side,



I sing it a-gain and a - gain, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
No oth - er foun-da-tion is laid For peace, the gift of God's love.
In him the rich blessing I found, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
There's nothing but peace doth betide, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

CHORUS.



Peace, peace, sweet peace! Won-der-ful gift from a - bove! ..... O
a - bove!

won - der-ful, won - der - ful peace! Sweet peace, the gift of God's love!

Copyright, 1887, by P. P. Bilhorn. Used by per.

No. 93. My Saviour Knows.

C. M. D. CHAS. M. DAVIS.

1. In times of sor - row, care and pain, When life it - self seems all in vain, How sweet the thought that soothes my woes My Sav - iour knows, ah ! yes, He knows.
2. When friends are faithless, friends are few, Has He not known that sor-row, too? By friends de-nied to bit-t'rest foes, My Sav - iour knows, ah ! yes, He knows.
3. No earth-ly suf-f'ring, in - sult, scorn, But He Him-self has meek-ly borne; How much then knowest He my woes, My Sav - iour knows, ah ! yes, He knows.
4. Thou burdened souls with sin oppprest, Just come to Him, He'll give you rest, E'en dear - est friends may then be foes, My Sav - iour knows, ah ! yes, He knows.

REFRAIN.

My Saviour knows, my Sav-iour knows, He knows how heavy are my woes, ah ! yes, ah ! yes,
My Sav-iour knows, my Sav-iour knows, His heart with love for me o'er-flows.

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No. 94. Jesus Is Coming Some Day.

J. A. LEE. FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. We know not how soon His re - turn will be, We know not how soon His dear face we will see,
2. O brother, be working for Christ your Lord, For all of your doings He'll daily record,
3. Keep your lamps trimmed and burning whate'er you do, Yes, faithful and loyal and ev - er be true,

But we know He is com-ing for you and me, Je - sus is com-ing some day.
And soon He'll be coming to give the re-ward, Je - sus is com-ing some day.
And know that He surely is com - ing for you, Je - sus is com-ing some day.

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Jesus Is Coming Some Day.

CHORUS.

Je - - sus is com-ing,..... Je - - sus is com-ing ...
Je-sus, yes, Je-sus is com-ing some day, Je-sus, yes, Je-sus is coming some day,

Sor-row and sighing will flee a-way, For Je-sus is com-ing some day.....
is coming some day.

No. 95. Always Do Your Best.

FAITH PROPHET. RAN. C. STOREY.

1. While down the path of life you go, And oth-ers pass you to and fro,
2. Should darkness shroud you on your way, Ne'er think to stop for break of day,
3. No mat-ter what your lot may be, If oth-ers with you don't a-gree,

The right to do you may not know, But al-ways do your best.
But on-ward press with-out de-lay, And al-ways do your best.
Look up! there's light for you to see, So al-ways do your best.

CHORUS.

Al - - ways do your best, al - - ways do your best,
Do your best, do your best.

Look up! there's light that you may see, So al-ways do your best.

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No. 96. A Friend in Jesus.

ANNA D. BRADLEY. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. What a Friend I have in Je - sus! How can I e'er be a - fraid?
2. What a Friend I have in Je - sus! Friend to wash me from all sin;
3. What a Friend I have in Je - sus! Friend to guide me day by day;
4. What a Friend I have in Je - sus! Friend to last till life shall end,

When He is so close be - side me, When He al - ways gives me aid?
Friend to guard and love me ev - er; Friend to keep me pure with - in.
Friend to shield me, Friend to save me, Friend to hear me when I pray.
Friend to cross death's river with me, And in heav - en still my Friend.

CHORUS.

Nev - - er friend-less, nev - - er lone - ly, While this
Nev - er, nev - er friend - less, nev - er, nev - er lone - ly,

Friend by me doth stay, He's my Guide, my
While this Friend by me doth stay, He's my

Com - fort ev - er, He's close by me all the way.
Guide, my Comfort ev - er, all the way.

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No. 97. Wonderful Time!

J. A. LEE. FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. Wonderful time,..... we are going to see,..... When this old
2. Wonderful time,..... 'twill not be very long..... Till we will
3. Wonderful time,..... no more breaking of ties..... When the Re -

1. Wonderful time, we are go-ing to see,

world,..... of ours ceases to be ..... Then with the Lord.....
join,.....with the glad,ransomed throng,..... Dwelling in peace... .....
deem - - er shall bid us a-rise..... Blest be His name,.....

When this old world, ceases to be, Then with the Lord,

in His glory su-preme,..... Praise to Je - ho-vah, the one glad theme.
in the man-sions so fair,..... Waiting for loved ones,who'll gather there.
no farewells or good bys ..... Come to that home,blessed home in the skies.

in His glory supreme,

CHORUS.

Won-der-ful time,..... It is com-ing some day,..... Sorrow and

Wonderful time, coming some day,

sin,..... will be driv-en a-way;..... Wonderful time,.....
sorrow and sin, driven a-way; Wonderful time,

no more tears in the eye,..... Wonderful time, It will come by and by.....
no more tears in the eye, by and by.

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No. 98. Grace, Enough for Me.

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

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

cres.

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

CHORUS.

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

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

No. 99. I Cannot Help but Love Him.

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

Julia A. Williams. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. I can-not help but love Him, His precious name a-dore; With ev - 'ry pass-ing
2. I can-not help but love Him, He does so much for me; He saves me from temp-
3. I can-not help but love Him, For sav-ing oth - ers, too! For heal - ing and cre-

mo - ment I love Him more and more; He is so kind and pa-tient, So
ta - tion, From bond-age sets me free; Each mo-ment is so pre-cious, So
at - ing Their sin - ful hearts a - new; He makes the des - ert plac - es To

mer - ci-ful and true; 'Tis Je-sus, do you know Him; And will you love Him, too?
full of joy and love; In - cess-ant-ly 'tis streaming From heav'nly courts a-bove!
blossom like the rose; His pres-ence like a riv - er Of joy a-round me flows.

D.S-mer-ci-ful and true; 'Tis Je - sus, do you know Him; And will you love Him, too?

CHORUS.

I love Him, O I love Him! I'll tell it o'er and o'er; I love Him, O I
love Him Each mo-ment more and more! He is so kind and pa-tient, So

No. 100. Just the Love of Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

No. 101. Abundantly Able.

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Oh, let nothing hin - der your coming to Je - sus, From earth's fleeting pleasures He
2. Oh, let nothing hin - der your coming to Je - sus, Count all else as noth-ing His
3. Oh, let nothing hin - der your coming to Je - sus, A sense of un-fit - ness may
4. Oh, let nothing hin - der your coming to Je - sus, His yoke, it is eas - y, His

calls you a - way; He loves you so dear - ly and waits to be gracious, The gift of sal -
fa - vor to win; Give o-ver your halt-ing and fearing and doubting, There's no other
turn you a - side; Un-worthy, 'tis true, but it was to re-deem you, The Saviour of
bur-den is light; Claim Him as your portion, your Lord and your Saviour, And walk with Him

CHORUS.

va - tion He of-fers to - day. For our God..... is a-bun-dant-ly
pow - er can save you from sin.
sin - ners so free-ly can give.
ev - er in garments of white.

For our God

a - ble,..... A-bun-dantly a - ble,..... A-bun-dant-ly
a - ble and willing to save, a - ble and willing to save,

a - ble,..... For our God..... is a - bun-dant-ly a -
a - ble and willing to save, For our God is a - bun-dantly a - ble and

ble,..... a-bun-dant-ly a - ble..... to save.....
willing to save, a-bun-dant-ly a-ble and willing to save, yes, a-ble and willing to save.

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No. 102. That Sweet Story.

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

James Rowe. E. O. Excell.

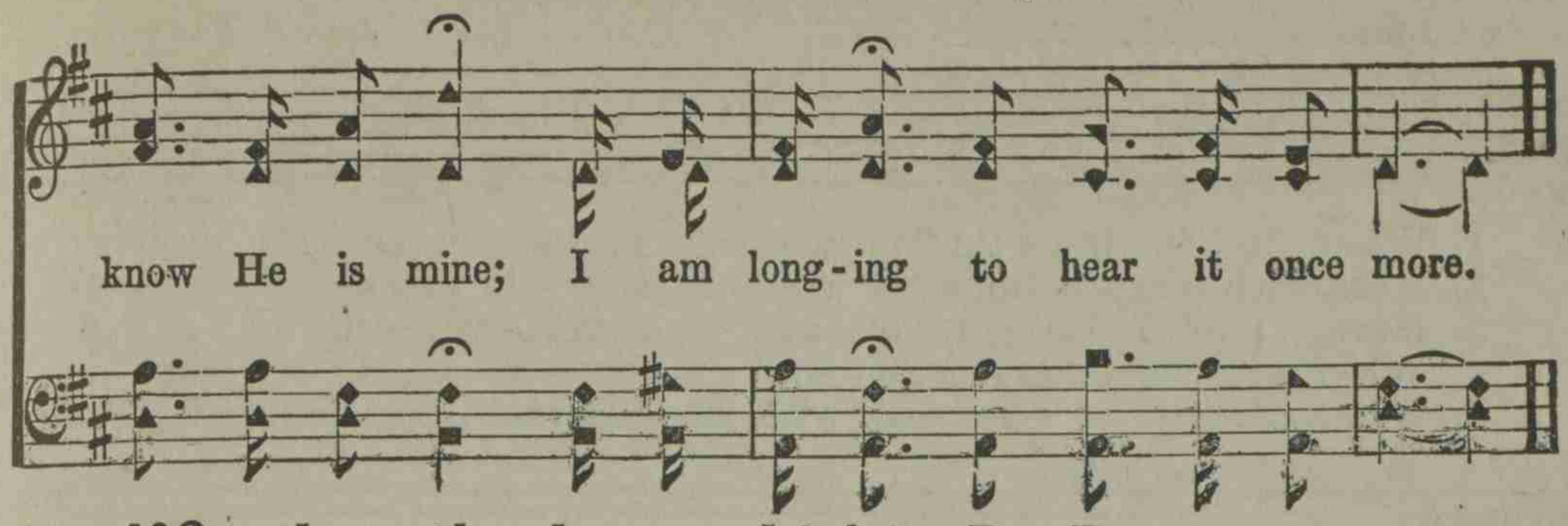
1. I once heard a sweet sto - ry of won - der - ful love, And it
2. Tho' a - far I had wan - dered in dark - ness and sin, And tho'
3. That sweet sto-ry of Je - sus who died on the tree Will be

lift - ed the cross that I bore, Made me think of the home and the
help - less, and wea - ry, and poor, This sweet sto - ry left light, hope and
told on e - ter - ni-ty's shore; How He came as a ran - som for

dear ones a - bove; I am long - ing to hear it once more....
glad - ness with - in; I am long - ing to hear it once more....
you and for me; I am long - ing to hear it once more....

CHORUS.

I am long - ing to hear it once more;.... The sto - ry re-
once more;
peat o'er and o'er;..... It is rap - ture di - vine to
I am sure

That Sweet Story.

No. 103. Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

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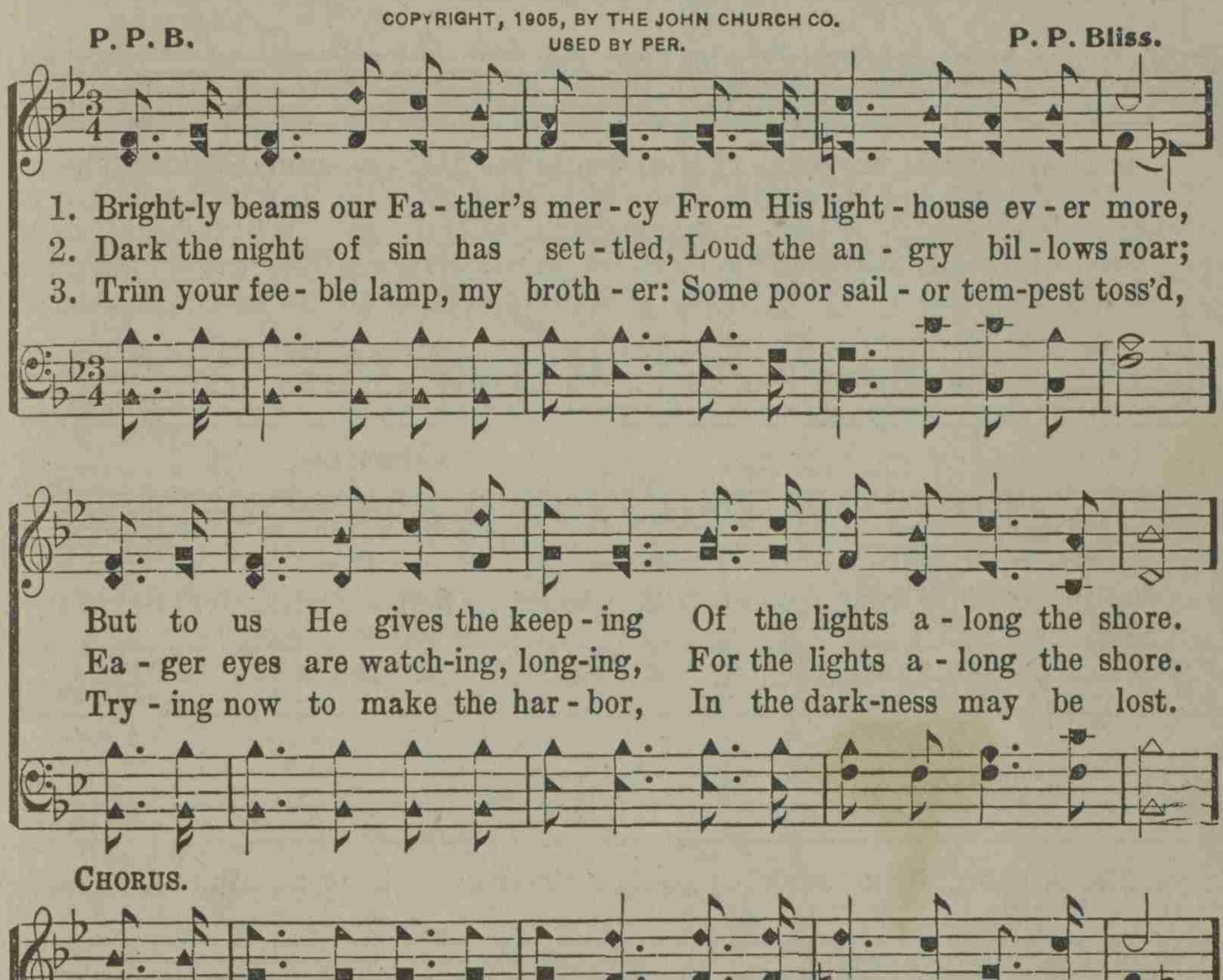

No. 104. Resting On Thee.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. When in life's bat - tle My wea - ry soul would rest, My wea - ry soul would rest; O pre-cious Saviour, Then
2. Here with temp-ta-tions My soul is sore - ly pressed, My soul is sore - ly pressed, O be my ref - uge, And
3. Here I would lin - ger Not as a tran-sient guest, Not as a transient guest, But to a-bide here, Lord,
4. When with Thee, Saviour, My soul is tru - ly blest, My soul is tru - ly blest, Show me Thy glo - ry And
5. When life is o - ver Still with Thee, Lord, I'll rest, Still with Thee, Lord, I'll rest, Take me to heav - en And

CHORUS.

fold me to Thy breast, Fold me to Thy breast. Resting on Thee, dear Saviour,

Rest-ing on Thee, May my soul find sweet refreshing, Resting on Thee.

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No. 105. He'll Lift Thy Load.

J. A. LEE. C. M. DAVIS.

1. Be right and firm in what you do, And Christ will al-ways lead you thro';
2. In batt'ling with both sin and wrong Je-sus will come and make you strong;
3. O child of God, you're put to test, But after cares how sweet the rest!

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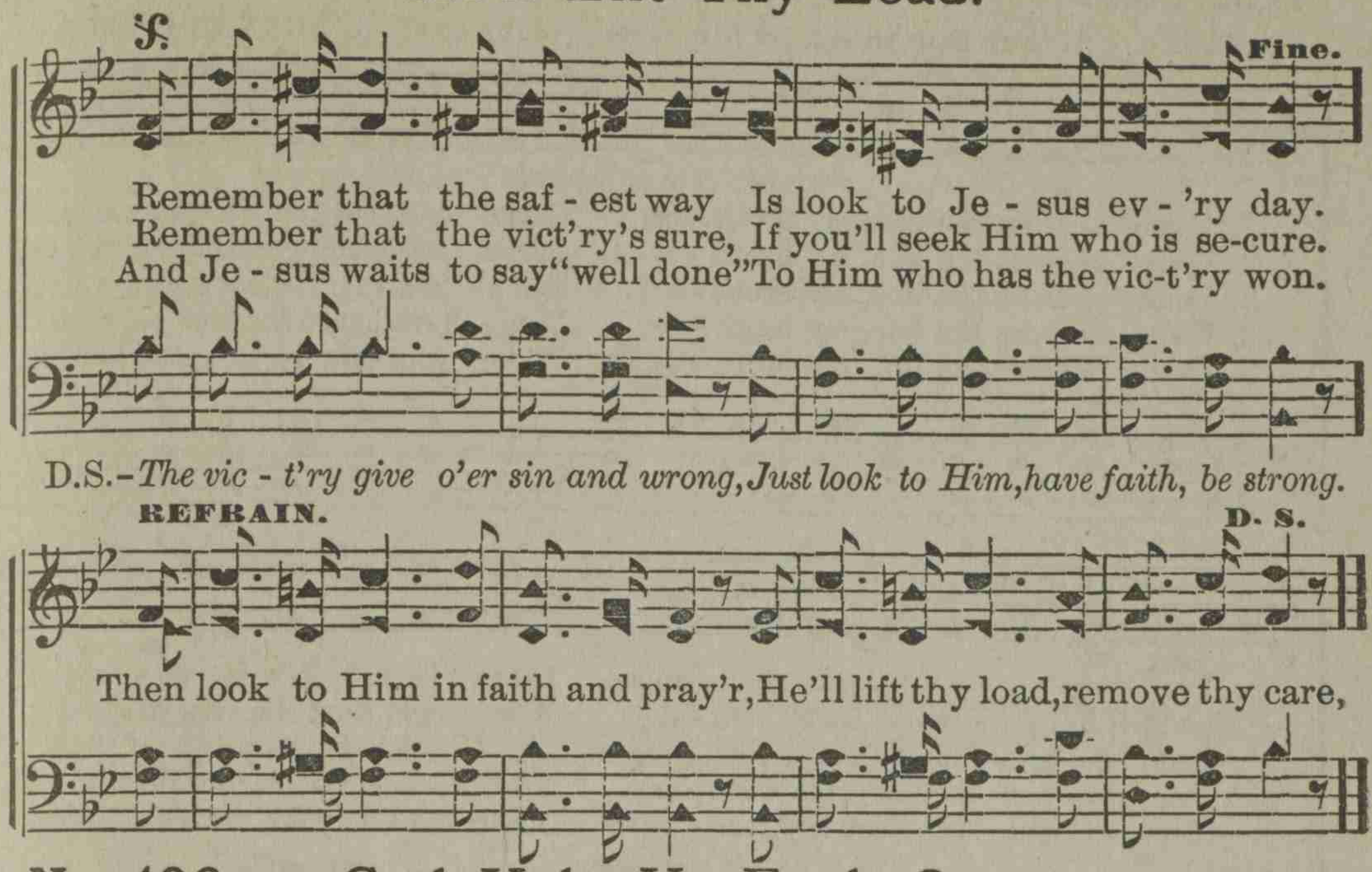
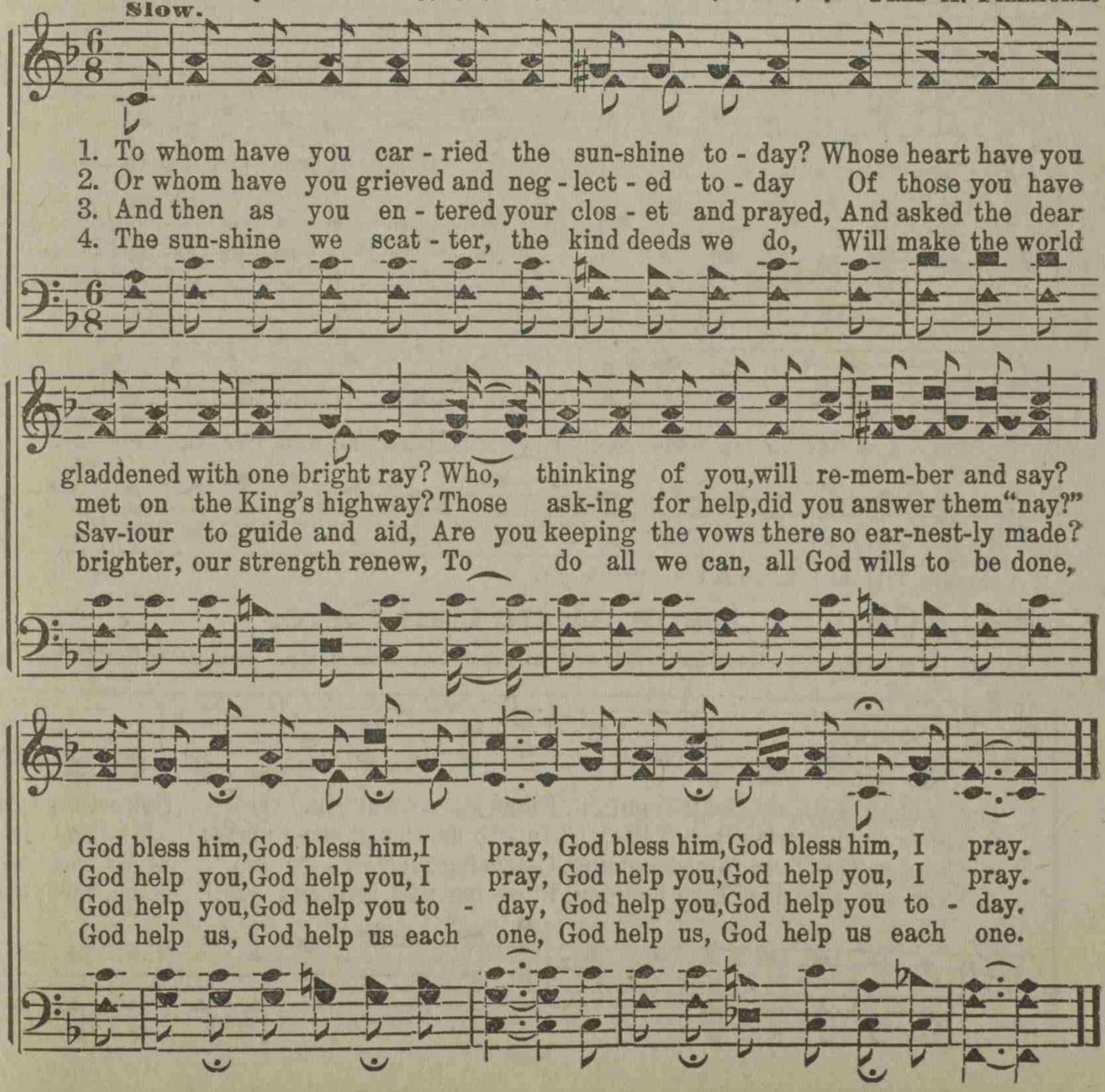
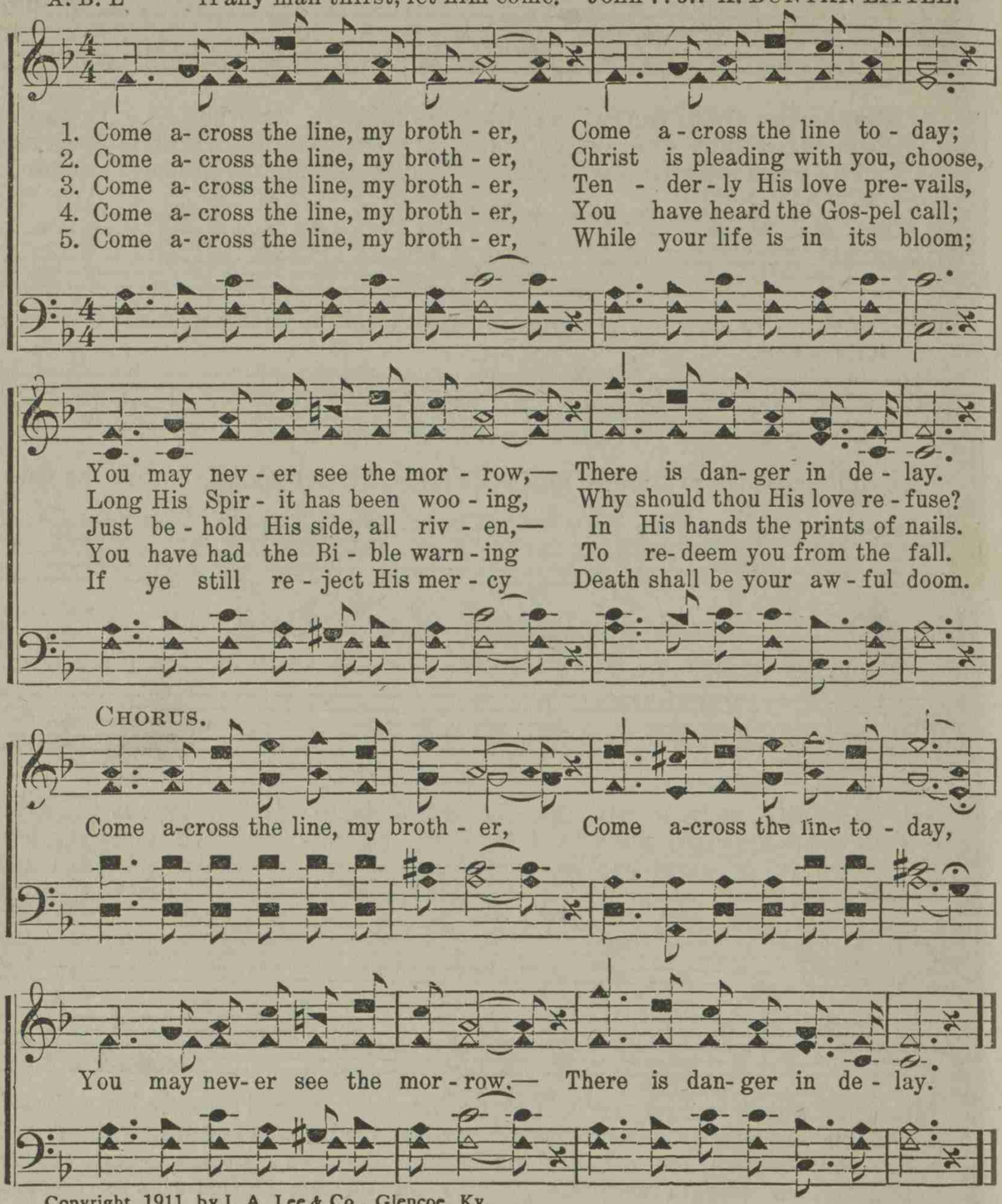
He'll Lift Thy Load.



No. 106. God Help Us Each One.

E. L. BANGS. Arr. by F. E. R. Copyright, 1911, by J. A. Lee & Co., Glenscoe, Ky. FRED A. FILLMORE.

No. 107. Come Across the Line.

A. B. L "If any man thirst, let him come." John 7: 37. A. BUNYAN LITTLE.

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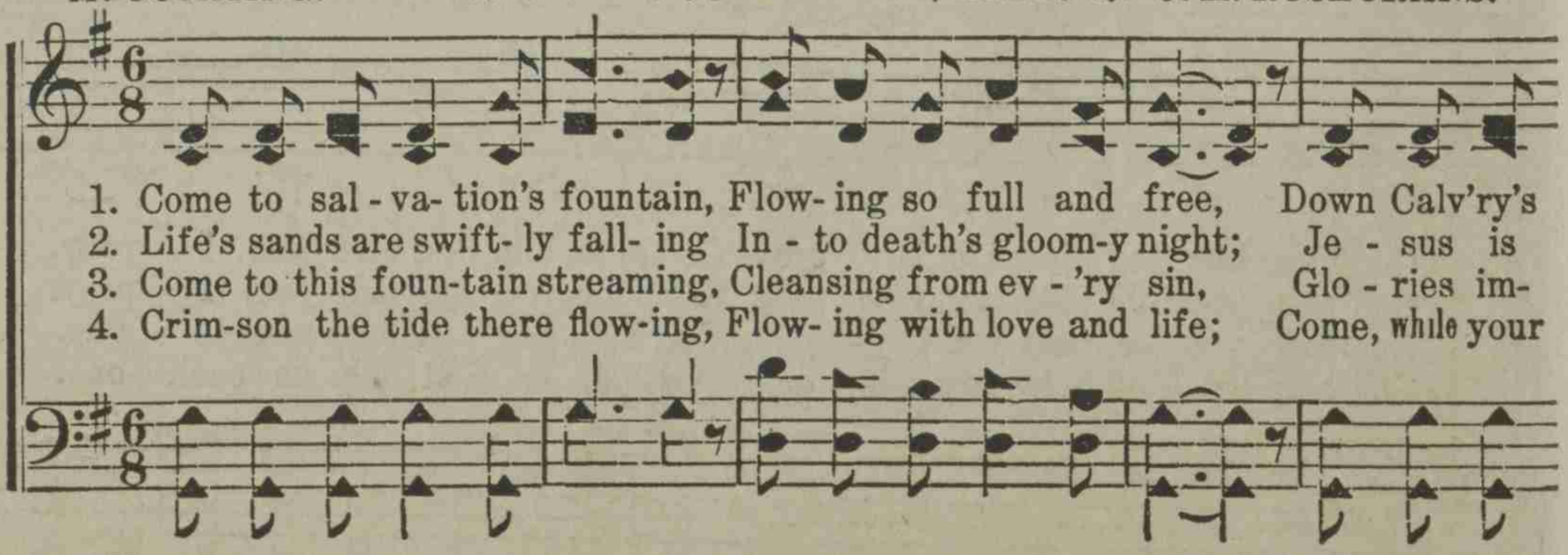
No. 108. Jesus Alone Can Save.

M. CUMMING. Copyright, 1911, by J. A. Lee & Co., Glencoe, Ky. J. H. ROSECRANS.



Jesus Alone Can Save. Concluded.

CHORUS.

rug - ged mountain, Flowing for you and me.
soft - ly call - ing, "I'll give you life and light." Come now, on the cross lean,
mor - tal gleaming, You will be welcomed in.
hopes are glow-ing, Leave sin's unend-ing strife.

In - to this fountain lave, Come now, "wash and be clean," Je-sus a-lone can save.

No. 109. He Dwells With Me.

J. A. L. J. A. LEE.

Slow.

1. He dwells with me in pass-ing years, And comfort gives a - mid my fears;
2. Each try - ing day and lone- ly hour, He is with me, the God of pow'r;
3. He dwells with me as on I go, To reach that home from this be - low;
4. When in that home be-yond the sky I'll live a - gain, no more to die;

Tho' thun-ders roar and bil-lows beat, He dwells with me, my safe re - treat.
On storm-y sea and for - eign land, He dwells with me, with guid - ing hand.
When in the grave I lie a - sleep, My soul with Him He'll safe - ly keep.
I'll dwell with Him while years roll on, And praise Him with the might- y throng.

CHORUS.

He dwells with me, dwells with me, My dear Saviour dwells with me.

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No. 110. Christ is a Merciful Saviour.

C. E. P. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Copyright, 1911, by J. A. Lee & Co., Glencoe, Ky.

Earnestly.

1. Are you wea-ry of your sin? Christ is a mer - ci - ful Sav-iour!
   A new life would you be-gin, Christ is a mer - ci - ful (*Omit.*) Sav-iour!
2. He will glad - ly you re-ceive, Christ is a mer - ci - ful Sav-iour!
   On Him if you will be-lieve, Christ is a mer - ci - ful (*Omit.*) Sav-iour!
3. Will not turn from you a-way, Christ is a mer - ci - ful Sav-iour!
   Tho' in sin you long did stray, Christ is a mer - ci - ful (*Omit.*) Sav-iour!
4. Chief of sin - ners tho' you be, Christ is a mer - ci - ful Sav-iour!
   His shed blood a-tones for thee, Christ is a mer - ci - ful (*Omit.*) Sav-iour!

CHORUS.

Christ is a mer - ci - ful Sav - iour! Christ is a mer - ci - ful Sav - iour!

And He can save and He a - lone, Christ is a mer - ci-ful Sav - iour!

No. 111. Teach Me Lord Thy Will.

J. A. LEE. CHAS. M. DAVIS.

1. O teach me Lord Thy will to know, Guide Thou my steps where'er I go;
2. I want Thee as my tru - est friend To be with me un - til the end,
3. Oh, be with me a - wake or sleep, When I'm in joy or when I weep;
4. And when shall leave this fleeting breath, Be with me then, O Lord, in death;

Be Thou my ev - er con-stant guide, And keep me close to Thy dear side.
I know that I am prone to sin, I pray Thee, Lord, to take me in.
When I have strength or in weakness Oh, fill me with Thy right-eous-ness.
And when I reach that land so fair, I want Thee with me, Lord, up there.

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No. 112. Deeds of Love.

C. M. D. CHAS. M. DAVIS.

1. I love to help a sin- ner, Who struggles for the right, And give him strength and
2. I love to tell of Je-sus To those who've never heard; Great love the Master's
3. I love to cheer and comfort The weary, worn and sad, To change their sighs to

CHORUS.

cour-age To tri- umph in life's fight.
promised To those who trust His word. A lit-tle deed of kind-ness, A smile, a
sing - ing, Their tears to smiles so glad.

word, a prayer; 'Twill help some weary mor- tal For - get his load of care.

Copyright, 1911, by J. A. Lee & Co., Glencoe, Ky.

No. 113. He Knows It All.

ANON. STANLEY GREENWOOD.

1. He knows the bit- ter, wea- ry way, The end - less striving day by day,
2. He knows how hard the fight has been, The clouds that come our lives between,
3. He knows, O tho't so full of bliss! For tho' on earth our joys we miss,

The souls that weep, the souls that pray, He knows it all, He knows it all.
The wounds the world has nev - er seen, He knows it all, He knows it all.
We still can bear it, feel - ing this: He knows it all, He knows it all.

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No. 114. Turning to Thee.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

E. E. Hewitt. WORDS AND MUSIC. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Lord, thou hast ten - der - ly reach'd from a-bove, Touch'd my cold heart in Thine
2. Turn - ing a - way from the serv - ice of sin, Seek-ing the fount-ain that
3. Turn - ing from all that would draw me a - side, From my De - liv'r-er, my
4. Turn - ing my heart, as a flow'r to the sun, Turn - ing my feet to the

in - fin - ite love, Touch'd me with hands that were bleed-ing for me,
cleans-eth with - in, Turn - ing to Thee, count-ing all else but dross,
Pat - tern and Guide, Turn - ing a - way from the world and its joys,
race to be run, Turn - ing my hands to the task set for me,

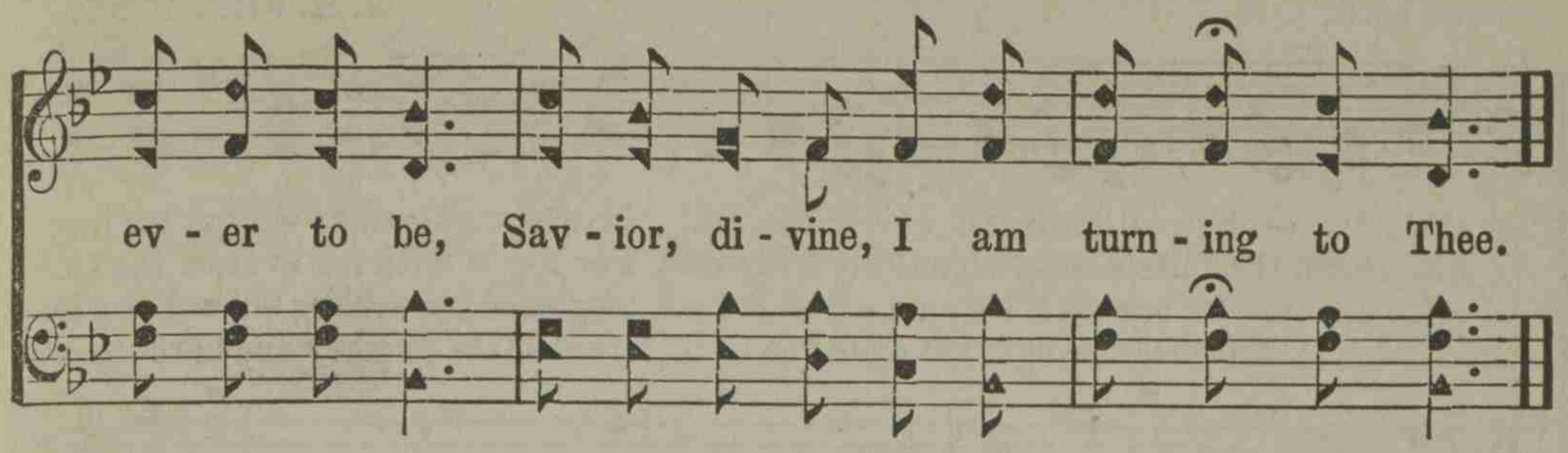
CHORUS.

Now I am turn - ing, dear Sav - ior to Thee.
Lay - ing my - self at the foot of the cross. Turn - - ing to
For the sweet peace that time nev - er de-stroys.
Turn - ing my soul, bless - ed Sav - ior, to Thee. Turn-ing to Thee,

Thee,..... turn - - ing to Thee,..... Sav - - ior, I'm
turn-ing to Thee, turn-ing to Thee, turn-ing to Thee, Sav-ior, I'm turn-ing, I'm

turn - ing, turn - - ing to Thee; Thine, whol-ly Thine,
turn-ing to Thee, Sav - ior, I'm turn - ing to Thee;

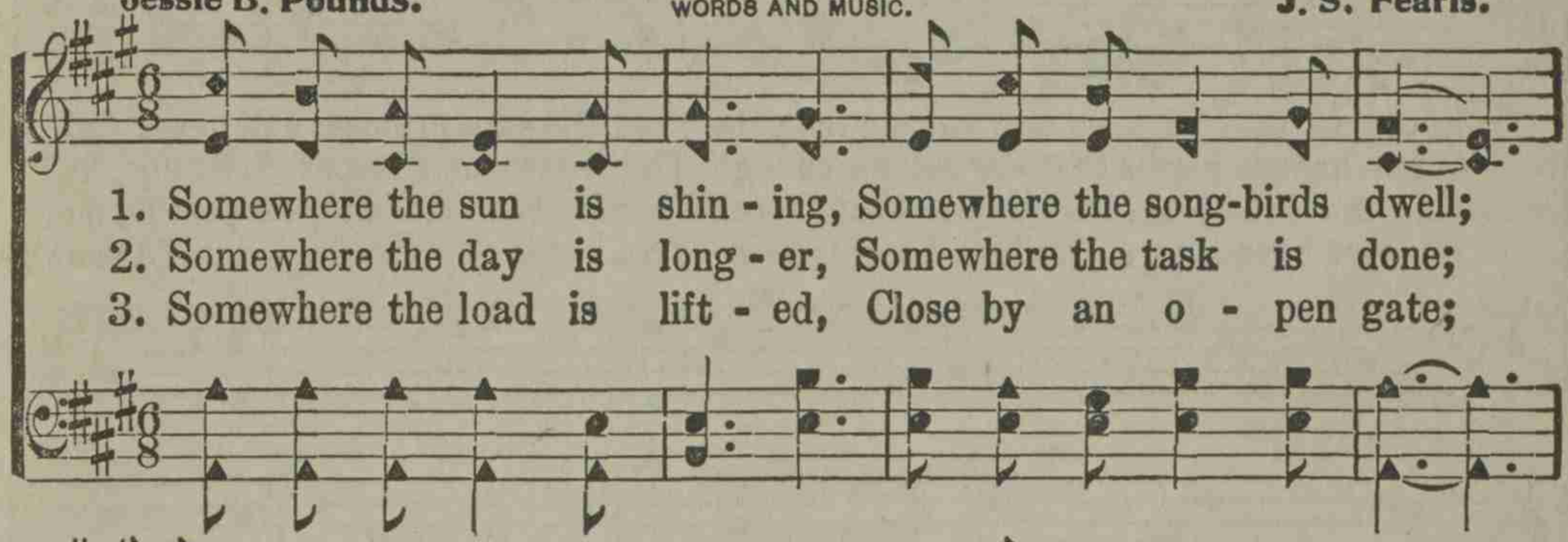
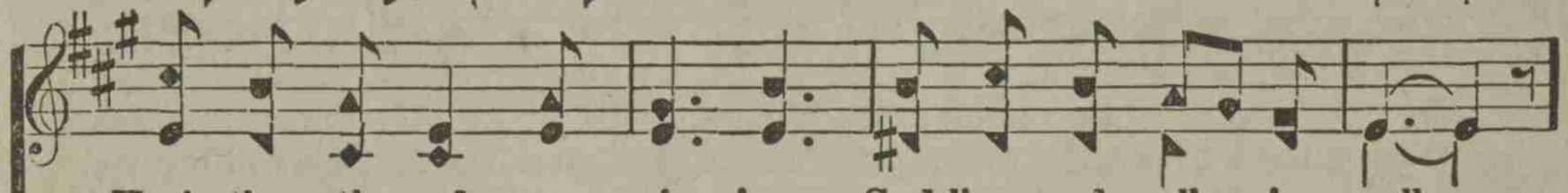
Turning to Thee.

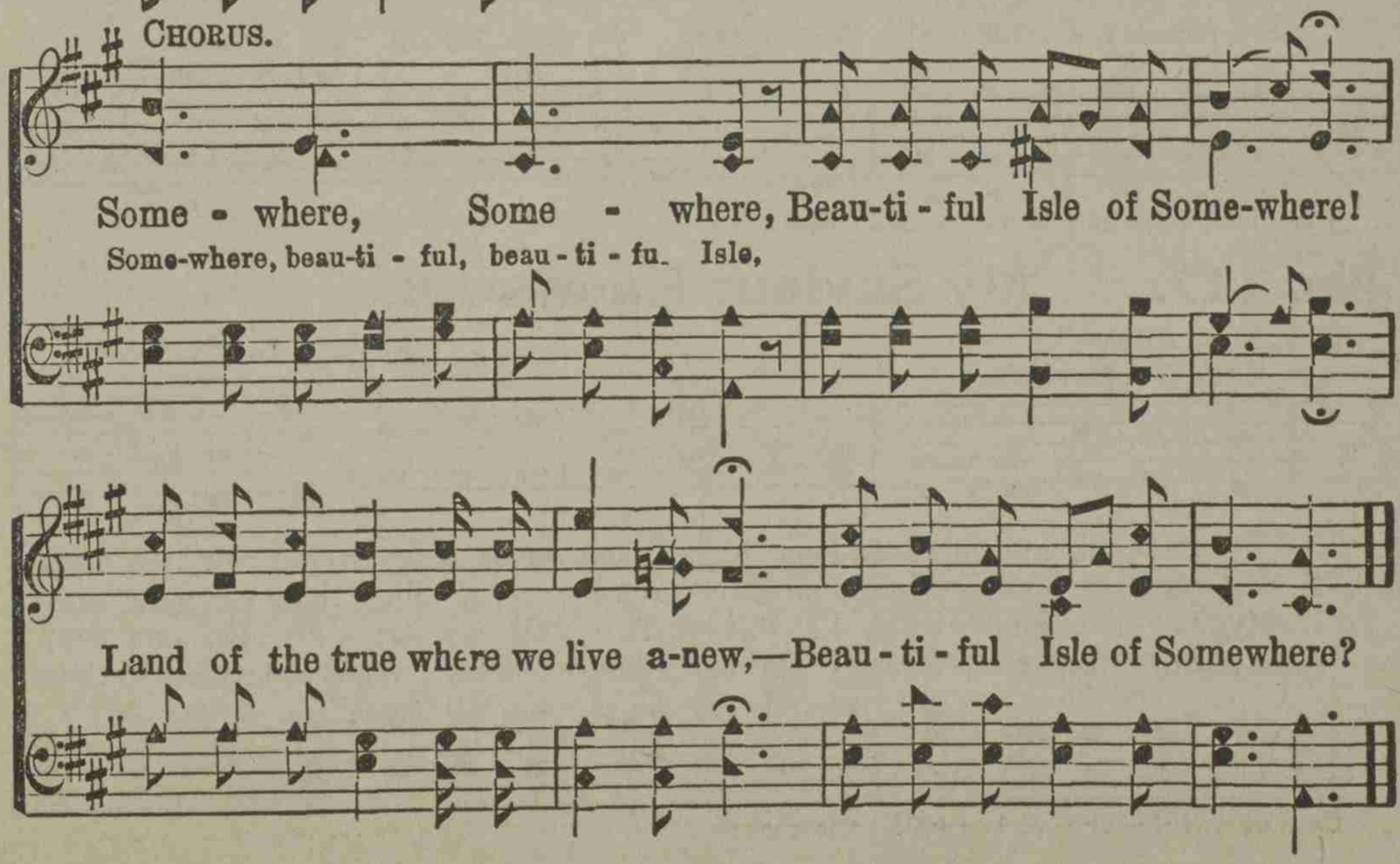


No. 115. Beautiful Isle.

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

Jessie B. Pounds. J. S. Fearis.





No. 116. Over the Billows.

J. A. LEE. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. O - ver the bil-lows and o - ver the sea, Je- sus my Saviour will pi- lot me;
2. Down thro' life's sea I so safe-ly will glide, For He is with me to stem the tide;
3. In - to the har- bor we safe - ly will land, Loved ones are watching with beck'ning hand.
4. Long seems the voyage, yet ended at last, Toilsome the journey and hard the task;

Rough be the bil- lows and stormy the gale, Yet His sure promise will never fail.
Clash- ing the waves that are rolling so high, There comes the whisper, "Fear not,'tis I."
Life is fast ebbing, I'm close to that shore, When we have landed we'll part no more.
Here we have labored 'mid scoff and frown, There is our welcome and victor's crown.

CHORUS.

O - ver the billows, the billows, And o - ver the sea, the sea,
O - ver the bil-lows, the wild raging billows, And o-ver the sea, the roll-ing sea.
Je - sus, my Saviour, will pi - lot me, Je - sus my pi - lot will be.

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No. 117. My Saviour Knows All.

REV. J. A. LEE. FRANK L. BRISTOW.

With resignation.

1. My Sav- iour knows where I should go When waves of troub- le o'er me flow,
2. My Sav- iour knows what I should do, While sore af - flic - tions I pass thro';
3. My Sav- iour knows what I should be, Thro' all my tri - als He can see;
4. My Sav- iour knows what I can bear, And when my friends are called up there,

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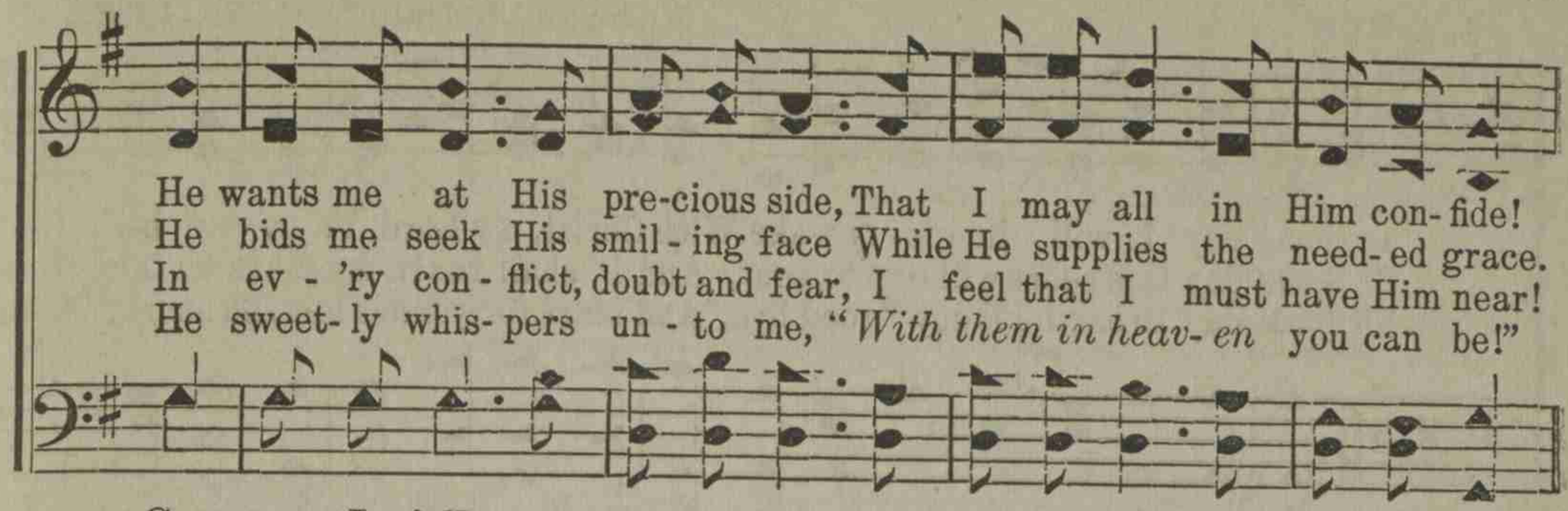
My Saviour Knows All. Concluded.



No. 118. Christ Is Near You.

"Call upon the Lord while he is near." Isa. 55:6.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Rather slow and feelingly.

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No. 119. Some Day.

J. A. LEE. Music and Refrain by C. W. JAMES.

1. Some day I will in glo- ry wake, With Christ, my Lord, I'll ev - er be, O
2. Some day this heart will cease to beat, And I shall reach my mansion fair; O
3. Some day to earth I'll say "good bye," And start for yonder blessed shore, Where

hap- py hour, when He shall take Me home to rest eternally. Some day..... some
then we'll hold communion sweet With Christ and loved ones over there.
tears will never dim the eye, And we shall meet to part no more. Some blessed day, some

D. S.—*sing with all the blood-washed band.*

FINE. REFRAIN.

day,..... Some day, some day,
hap-py day, We'll meet upon that golden strand; Some blessed day, some happy day We'll

D. S.

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No. 120. Come Ye to the Water.

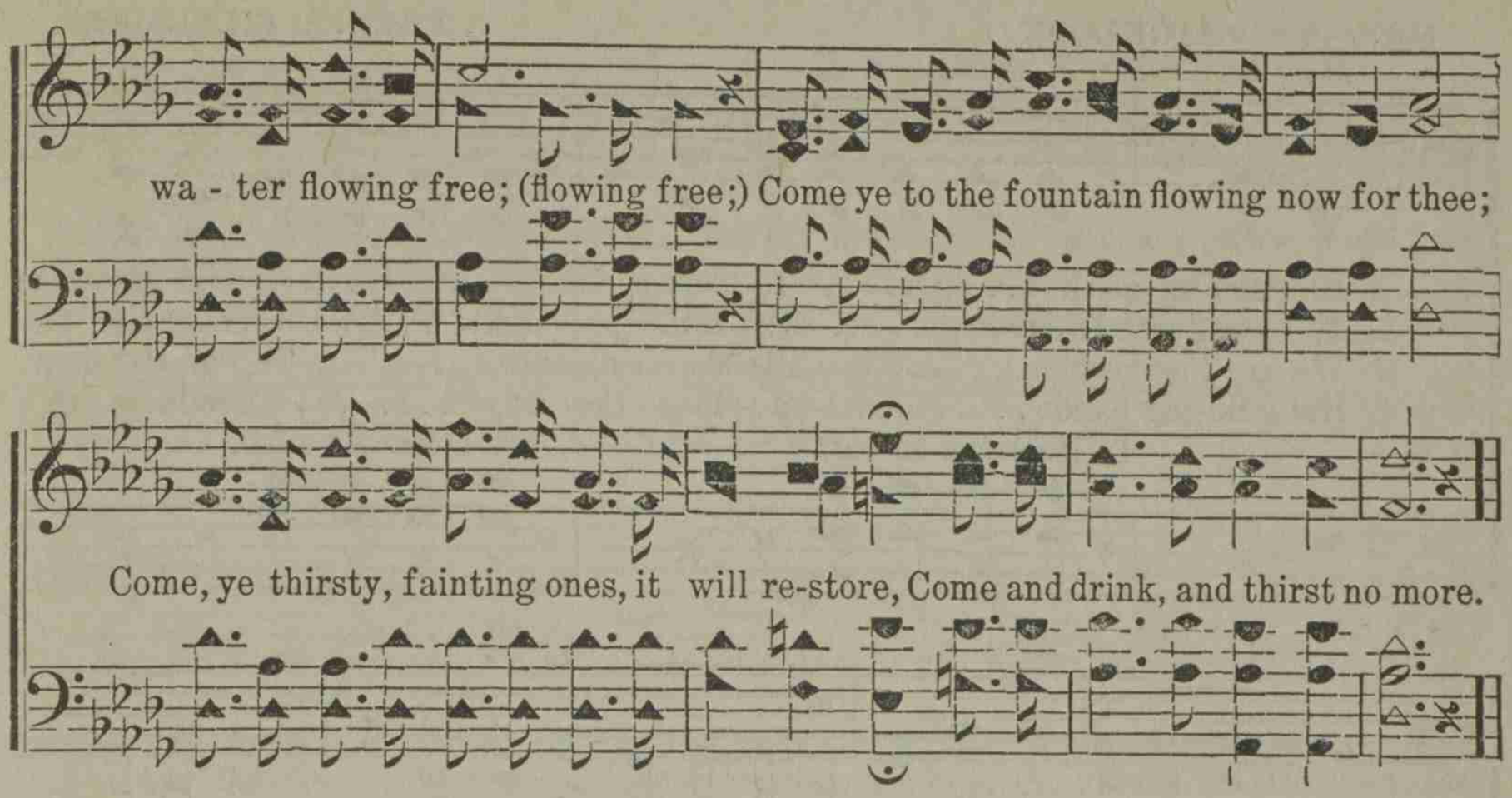
MONTGOMERY. Copyright, 1911, by J. A. Lee & Co., Glencoe, Ky. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. Come to Calv'ry's ho - ly mountain, Sinners ru-ined by the fall! There a
2. Come in sor-row and con - tri- tion, Wounded, impotent, and blind; Here the
3. Come, ye dy - ing, live for - ev - er, 'Tis a soul-re - viv-ing flood; God is

CHORUS.

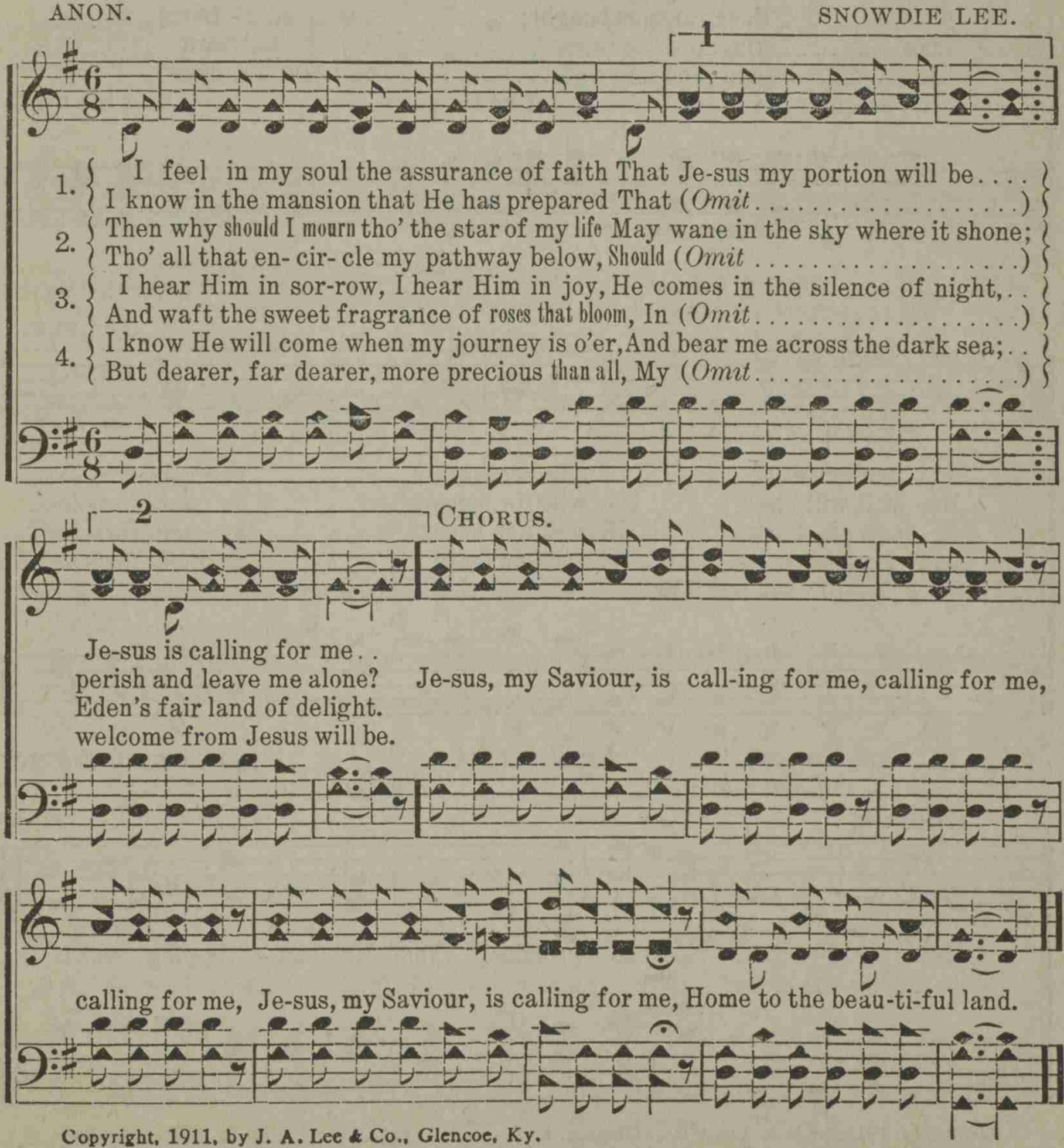
pure and heal-ing foun-tain Flows to cleanse thy guilty soul.
guilt - y find re - mis - sion, Here the lost a ref-uge find. Come ye to the
faith-ful, He will nev - er Break the covenant sealed in blood.

Come Ye to the Water. Concluded.



No. 121. Jesus is Calling for Me.

ANON. SNOWDIE LEE.



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No. 122. Blessed Promise.

MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

May be used as a Solo.

1. He came on earth ..... to bless and save, ... His pre-cious
2. The wand'rers from ..... the fold He sought, ... Their sins for-
3. We are be-neath ..... His shelt'ring care, ... For His dear
4. His guid-ing hand ..... a - long the way ..... Leads on to

1. He came on earth to bless and save,

life ..... for us He gave; ..... O hear His words
gave, ... their ran-som bought; ..... Enthroned a - bove,
sake ..... the cross we bear; ..... In tri - als sore
life ..... and end-less day; ..... The Lord, our hope

His precious life for us He gave, O hear His words

D. S—*O blessed words*

O blessed words

FINE.

of ten-der-ness, I will not leave you com -fort-less.
He still will bless, Nor will He leave us com- fort- less.
or deep dis- tress, He will not leave us com- fort- less.
and righteousness, Will nev-er leave us com- fort- less.

of ten-der-ness, I will not leave you

of ten-der-ness, I will not leave you com-fort-less.

of ten - der-ness, I will not leave

CHORUS. D. S.

Bless - ed promise, bless- ed promise, From His un - fail - ing word,

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123

The Golden Stair.

W. D. S. Arr. for this work.

1. Put a - way the lit-tle dress-es That our darling used to wear; She will need them
2. Lay a - side her lit-tle playthings, Wet with mother's pearly tears; How we shall miss
3. Kiss the lit - tle curl-y tress-es, Cut from her bright golden hair; Do the angels

on earth nev-er—She has climbed the golden stair. She is with the happy an-gels,
lit - tle Nel-lie All the coming weary years. Fold the dainty lit-tle dresses
kiss our darling In the realm so bright and fair? O we pray to meet our darling

And I long for her sweet kiss, That her lit - tle feet are waiting In the
That she never more will wear, For her lit - tle feet are waiting Up a-
For a long, long sweet embrace Where the lit-tle feet are waiting And we

CHORUS.

realm of per-fect bliss.
bove the gold-en stair. An-gels whis-per that our dar-ling Is in lands of
meet her face to face.

love so fair; That her lit-tle feet are waiting Close beside the golden stair.

Arrangement copyright, 1902, by J. A. Lee.

No. 124. Count Your Blessings.

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

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

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

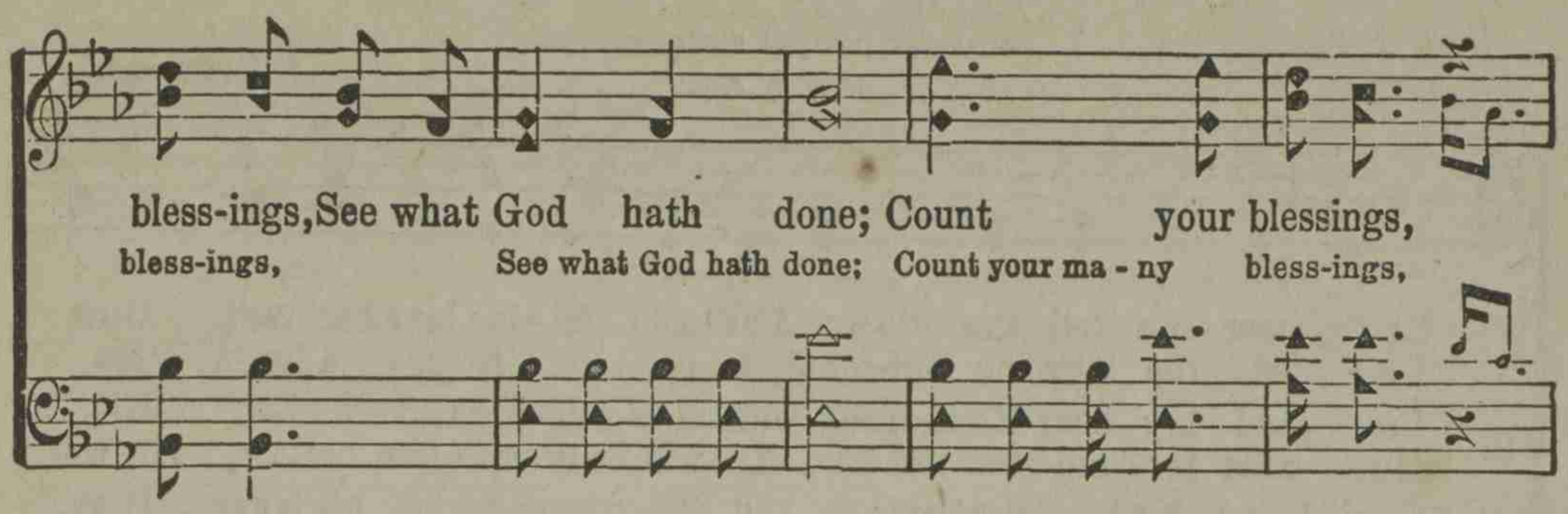
cour - aged, thinking all is lost, Count your man-y blessings, name them
heav - y you are called to bear? Count your man-y blessings, ev - 'ry
prom - ised you His wealth un - told; Count your man-y blessings, mon - ey
couraged, God is o - ver all; Count your man-y blessings, an - gels

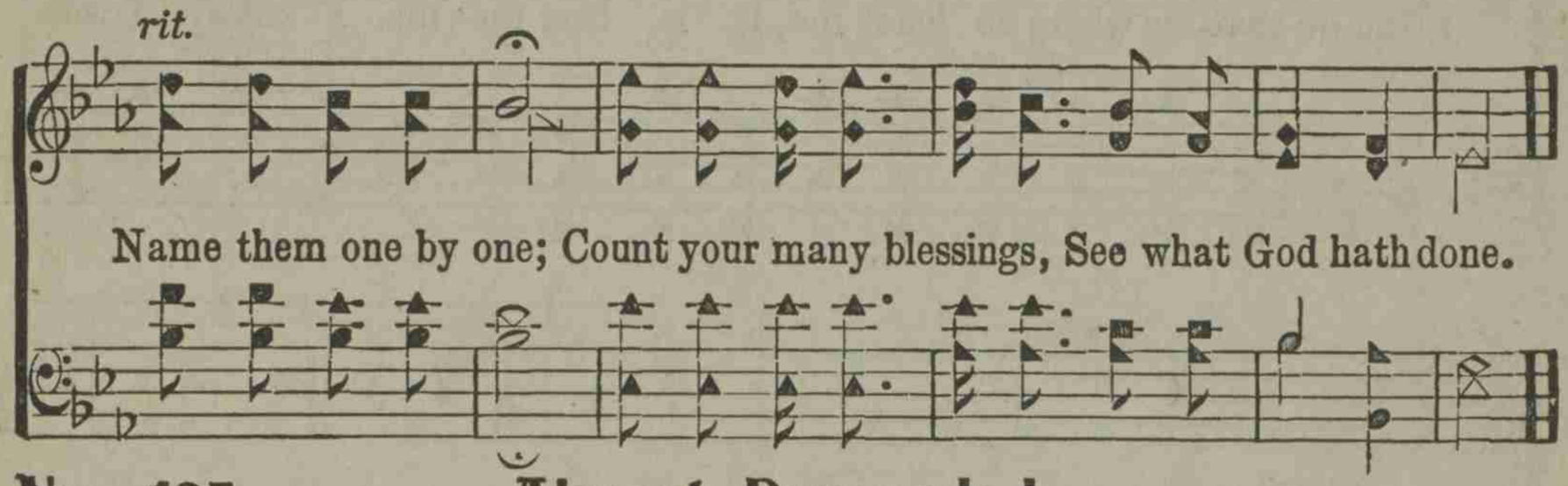
one by one, And it will sur-prise you, what the Lord hath done.
doubt will fly, And you will be sing - ing as the days go by.
can - not buy Your re - ward in heav - en, nor your home on high.
will at - tend, Help and com - fort give you to your jour - ney's end.

CHORUS.

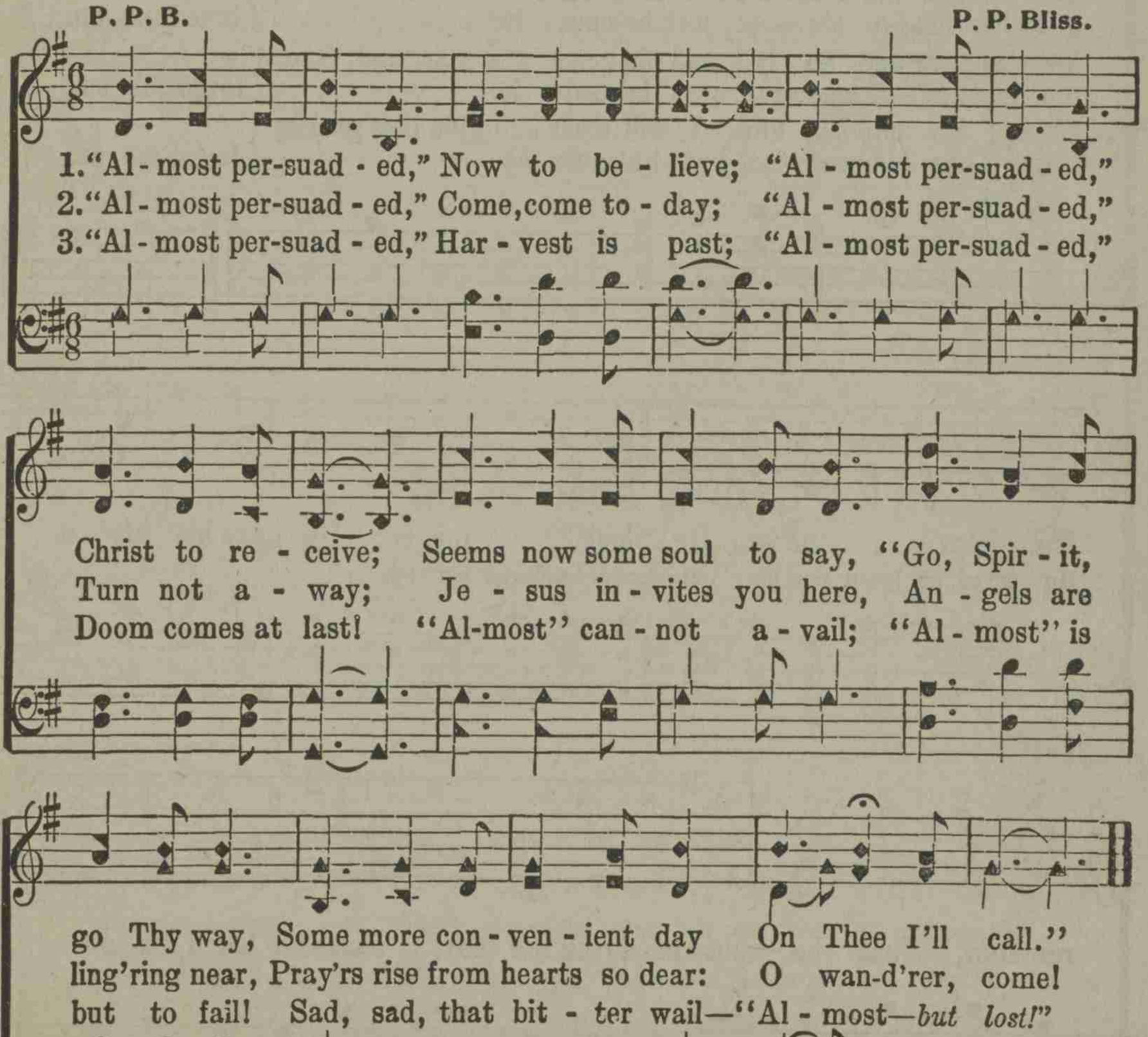
Count your blessings, Name them one by one, Count your
Count your man-y bless-ings, Name them one by one, Count your man-y

Count Your Blessings.





No. 125. Almost Persuaded.



No. 126. Just Because He Loved Me So.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY PURITY PUB. CO.
USED BY PER.

J. E. F. J. E. French.

1. Come, hear me tell the sto-ry Paul and Si-las loved so well, How
   You ask me why he suf-fered, I can on-ly say "I know," He

2. I'm glad my dear Re-deem-er walked be-side the Gal-i-lee, His
   He calls for me to fol-low, I will walk with him be-low, He will

3. I will sing his boundless mer-cy, all the beau-ty of his ways If at
   And no mat-ter where he leads me, it is best for me, I know, I will

Je-sus left his home a-bove and came on earth to dwell;
gave his life a ran-som, just be-cause he } loved me so.

life was pure and ho-ly, and his grace was full and free;
nev-er, nev-er leave me, just be-cause he } loved me so.

times I do not see him, I will trust and give him praise;
lean up-on his prom-ise, just be-cause he } loved me so.

CHORUS.

He loved me so, He loved me so; He gave his life a
He loved, he loved me so, He loved, he loved me so;

ran-som, Just be-cause he loved me so; cause he loved me so.

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No. 127. I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY C. E. ROUNSEFELL.
BY PER.

Mary Brown. **Carrie E. Rounsefell.**

Andante.

1. It may not be on the mount-ain's height, Or o - ver the storm - y sea;
2. Per - haps to - day there are lov - ing words Which Je - sus would have me speak,
3. There's sure - ly some-where a low - ly place, In earth's har - vest 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 wan - d'rer whom I should seek;
Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus the cru - ci - fied;

FINE.

But, if by a still small voice He calls To paths that 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 to Thy ten - der care, And know - ing Thou lov - est me,

D.S.—I'll go where You want me to go, dear Lord, O'er mount-ain, or plain, or sea,

D. S.

I'll an - swer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where You want me to go.
My voice shall ech - o Thy 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.

I'll say what You want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what You want me to be.

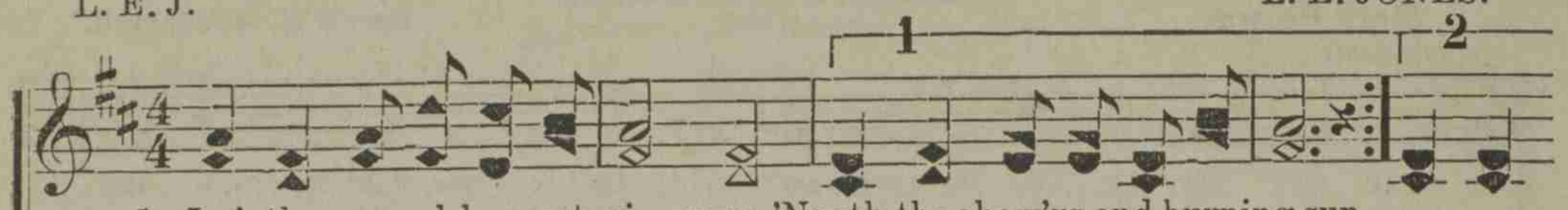
No. 128. The Sacred Book.

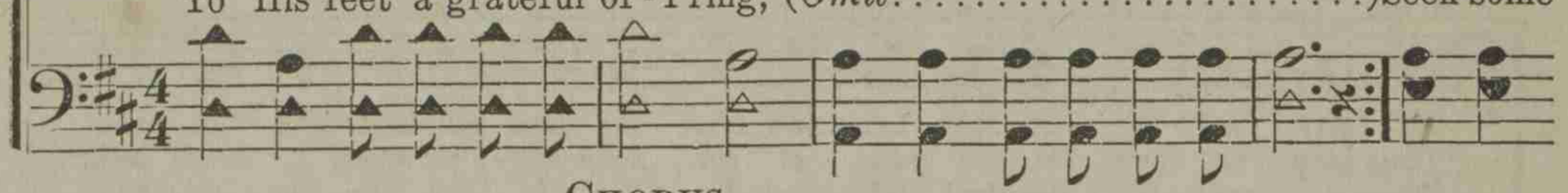
T. Kelly. (HAMBURG L. M.) **Gregorian.**

1. I love the sa - cred Book of God, No oth - er can its place sup - ply;
2. Sweet book! in thee my eyes dis - cern The im - age of my ab - sent Lord:
3. But while I'm here thou shalt sup - ply His place, and tell me of His love;

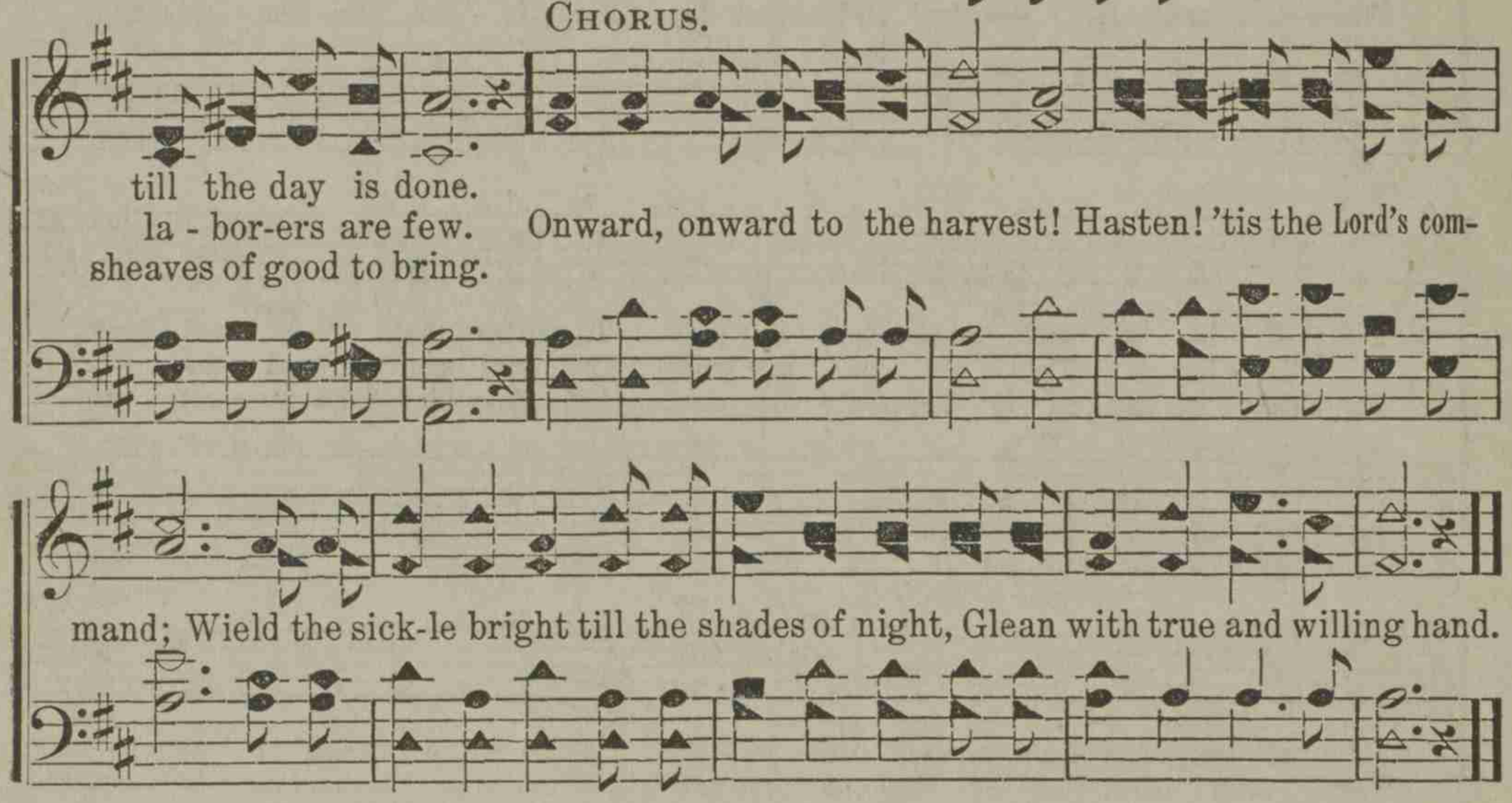
It points me to the saints' a - bode, And bids me from de - struc - tion fly.
From thy in - struc - tive page I learn The joys His pres - ence will af - ford.
I'll read with faith's dis - cern - ing eye, And thus par - take of joys a - bove.

No. 129. Lo! the Harvest Ripens.

L. E. J. L. E. JONES.

1. Lo! the roy- al harvest ri - pens 'Neath the show'rs and burning sun,
   Go ye forth at Je - sus' bid-ding, (*Omit* .....) La - bor
2. Lo! the roy- al harvest ri - pens, There's a work for each to do;
   For the golden grain is wav - ing, (*Omit*.....) While the
3. Lo! the roy- al harvest ri - pens, Heed the mes-sage of the King,
   To His feet a grateful of - f'ring, (*Omit*.....)Seek some



CHORUS.



till the day is done.
la - bor-ers are few.
sheaves of good to bring.

Onward, onward to the harvest! Hasten! 'tis the Lord's com-

mand; Wield the sick-le bright till the shades of night, Glean with true and willing hand.

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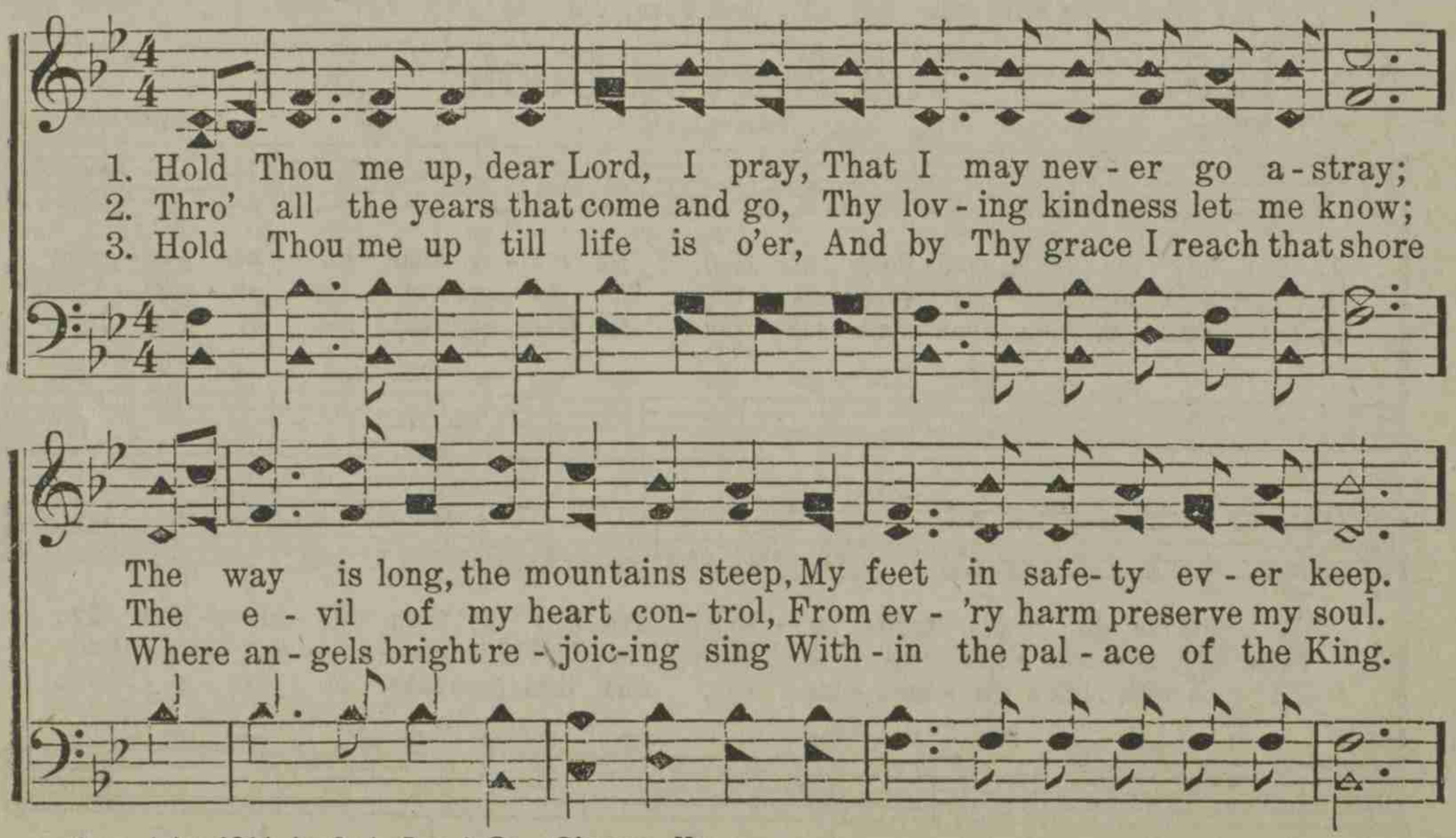
No. 130. Hold Thou Me Up!

LIZZIE DEARMOND. W. G. ALESHIRE.



1. Hold Thou me up, dear Lord, I pray, That I may nev - er go a - stray;
2. Thro' all the years that come and go, Thy lov - ing kindness let me know;
3. Hold Thou me up till life is o'er, And by Thy grace I reach that shore

The way is long, the mountains steep, My feet in safe- ty ev - er keep.
The e - vil of my heart con- trol, From ev - 'ry harm preserve my soul.
Where an - gels bright re - joic-ing sing With - in the pal - ace of the King.

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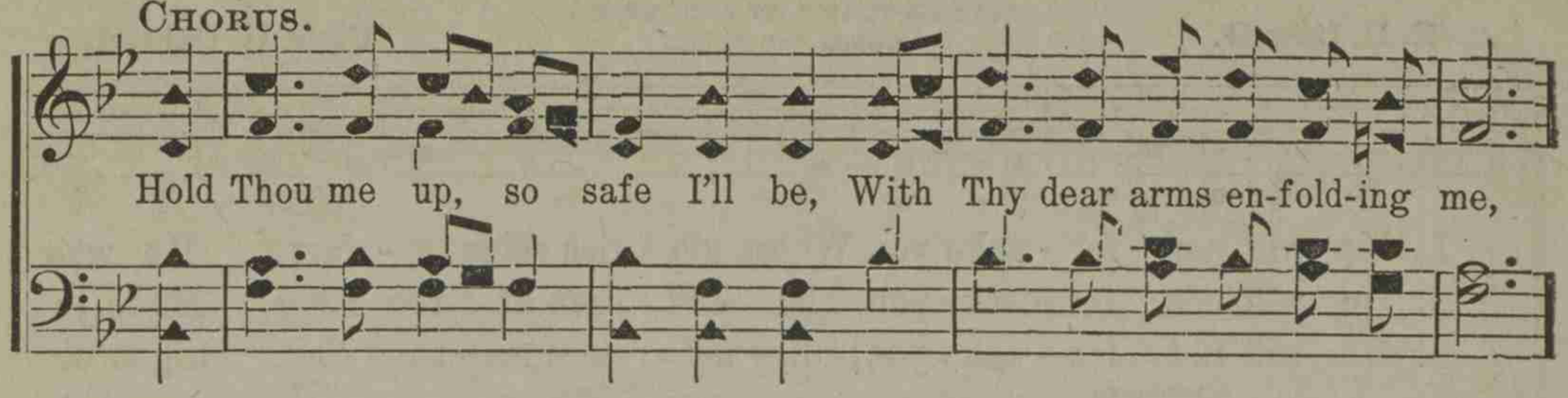
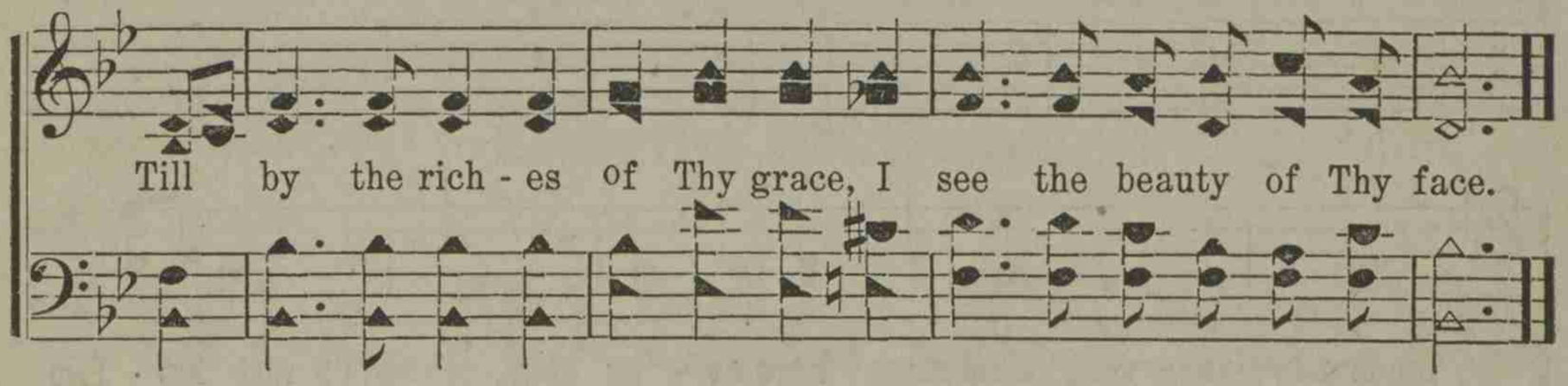
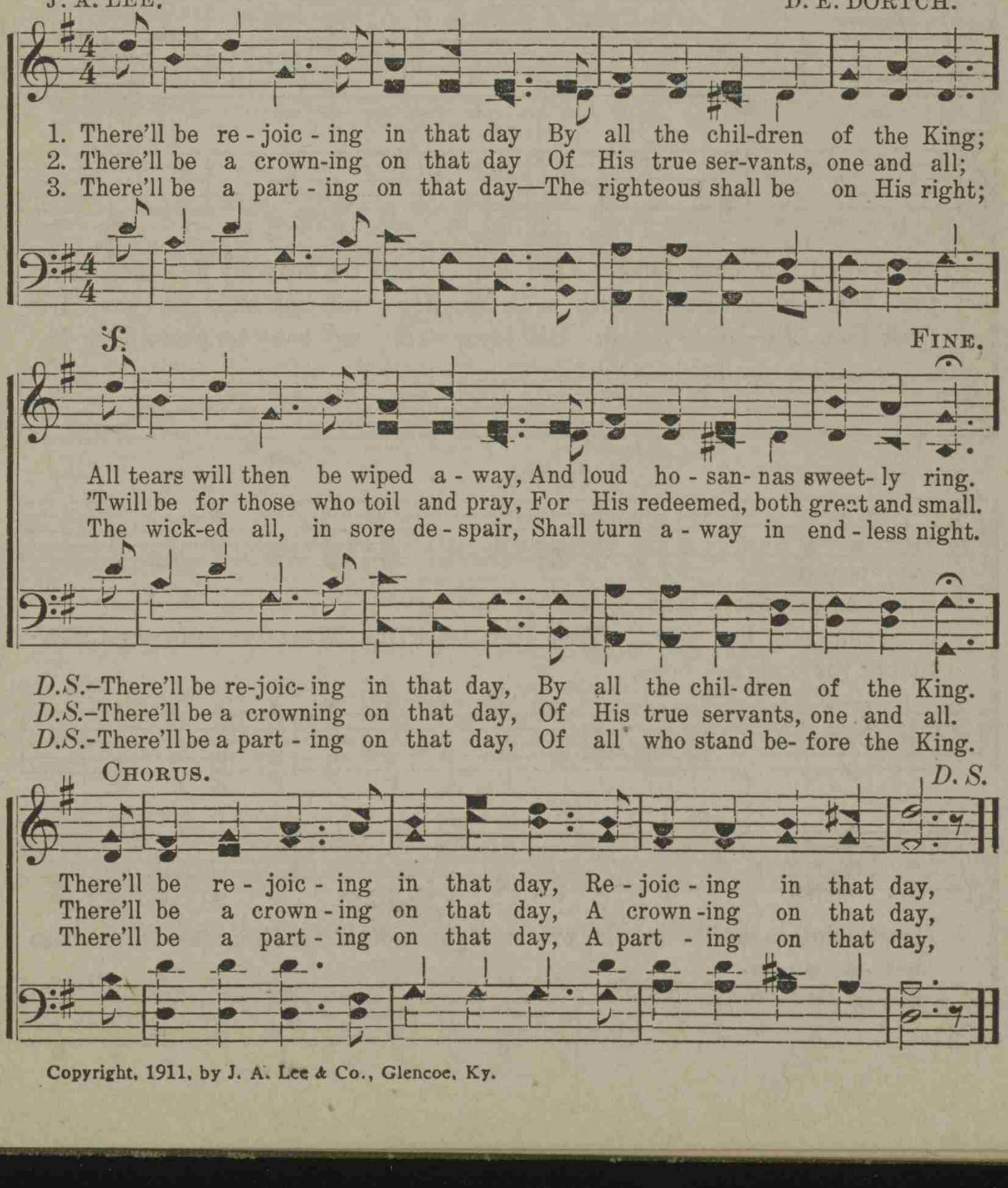
Hold Thou Me Up! Concluded.

CHORUS.



No. 131. The Judgment Day.

J. A. LEE. D. E. DORTCH.

CHORUS. D. S.

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No. 132. He Will Not Forsake You.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

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

1. He will not for - sake you Whose glo - ries shine a - far; He who
2. He will not for - sake you, The chil - dren of the King, Made in
3. He will not for - sake you; Oh, let the mes - sage ring, Bright or

feeds the ra - ven, And num - bers ev - 'ry star, Will not let His
His own like - ness, His sav - ing grace to sing; Bought with blood so
storm - y weath - er 'Twill hope and glad-ness bring; Let us sweet-ly

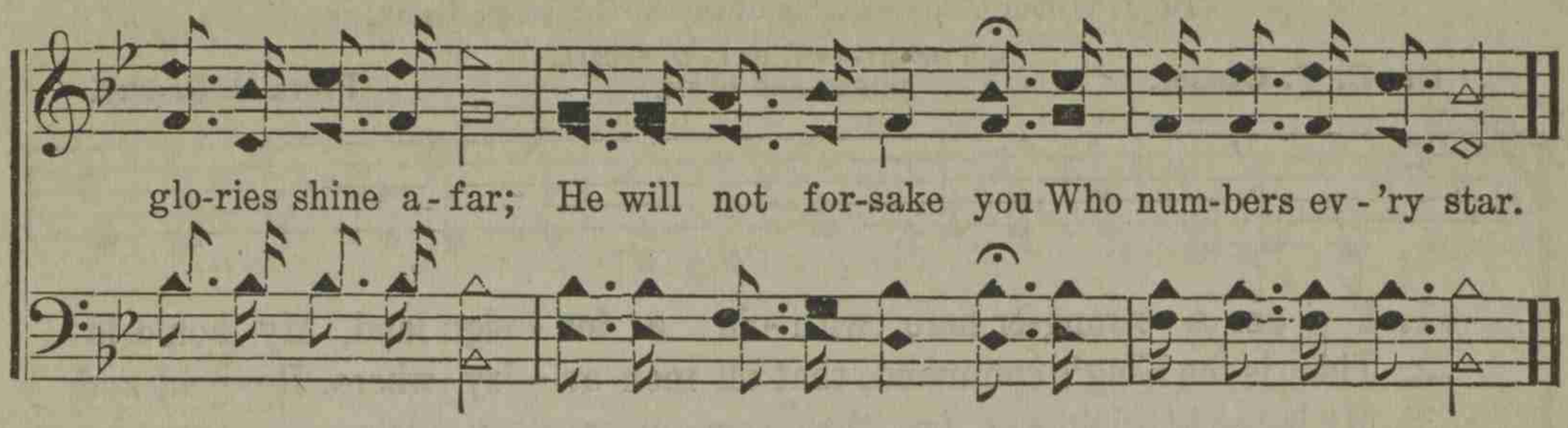
chil - dren One hour for-got - ten be; Trust the heav'nly Fa - ther, Trust
pre - cious, Re-deemed at such a cost, He will not for - get you, His
trust Him, Re - joic - ing in His love, Till we bet - ter praise Him In

CHORUS.

Him who cares for thee.
word can - not be lost. Trust Him, trust Him, What-ev - er may be - tide;
that bright home a - bove.

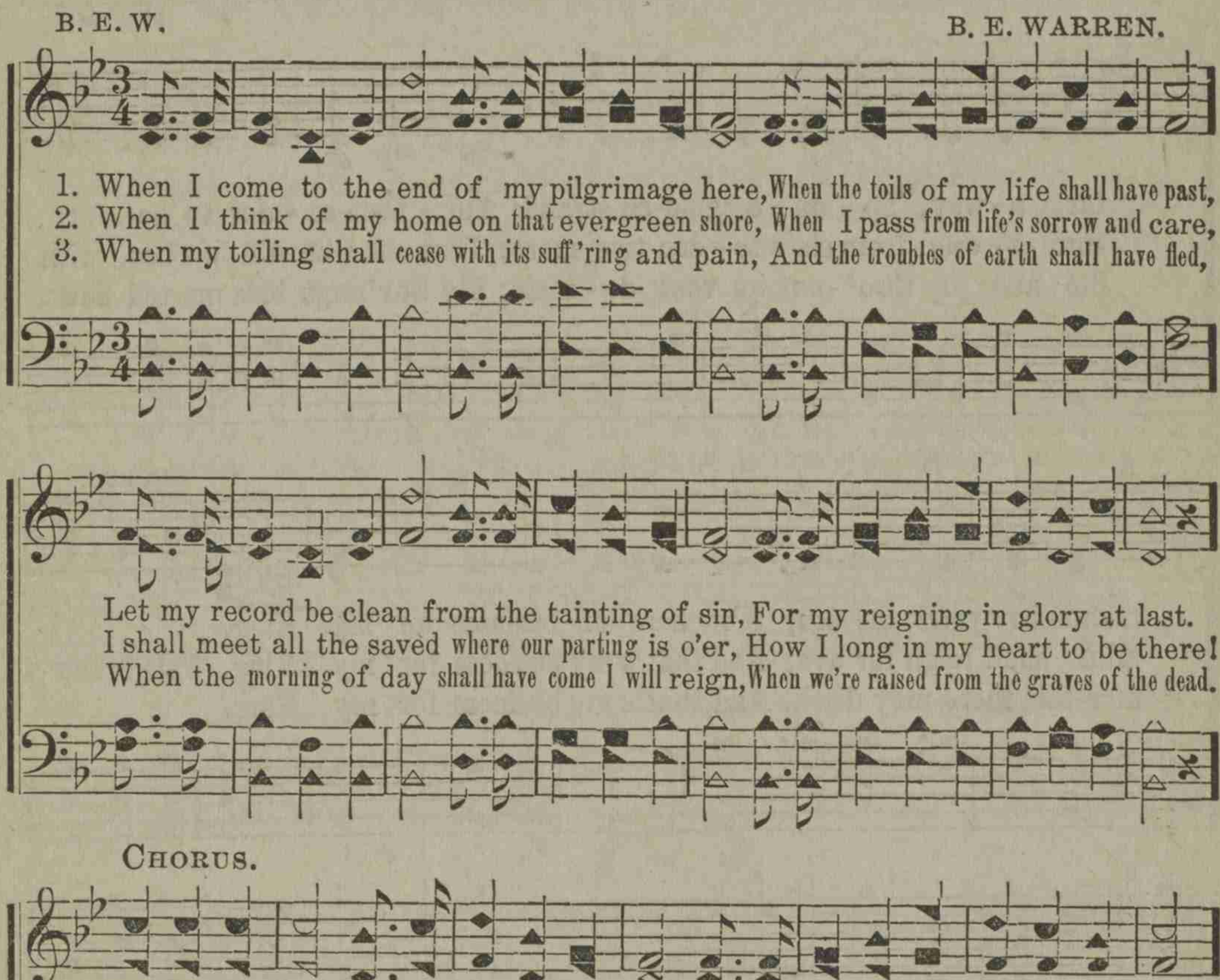
He who clothes the lil - ies Is ev - er at your side; Trust Him, trust Him Whose

He Will Not Forsake You. Concluded.

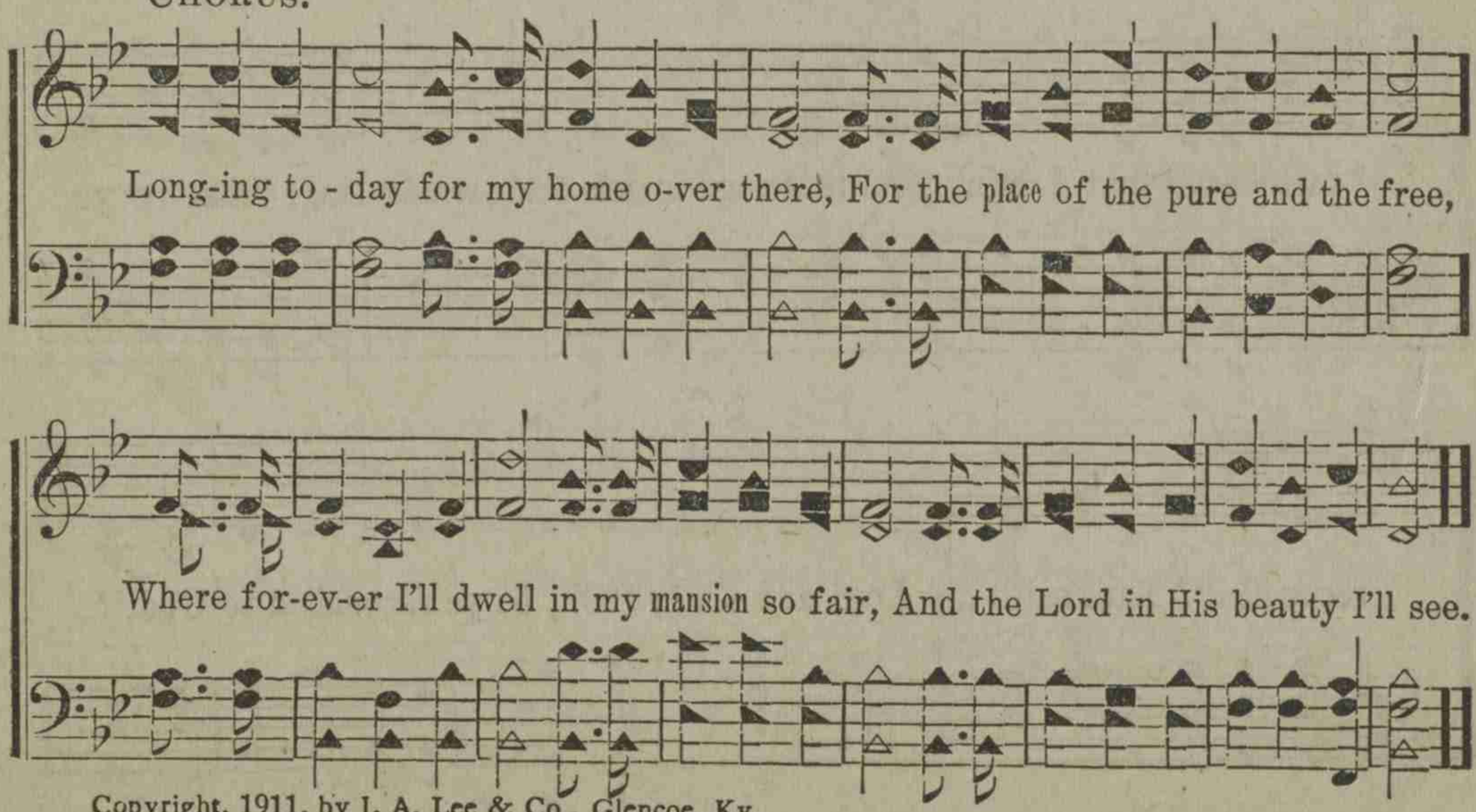


No. 133. Longing for Home.

B. E. W. B. E. WARREN.



CHORUS.



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No. 134. The King's Business.

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

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

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

1. I am a strang-er here, with - in a for - eign land, My home is far a - way, up - on a gold-en strand; Am - bas - sa - dor to be of realms be - yond the sea, I'm here on business for my King.

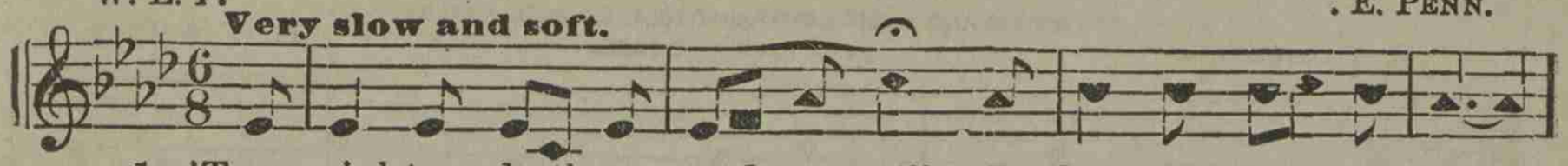
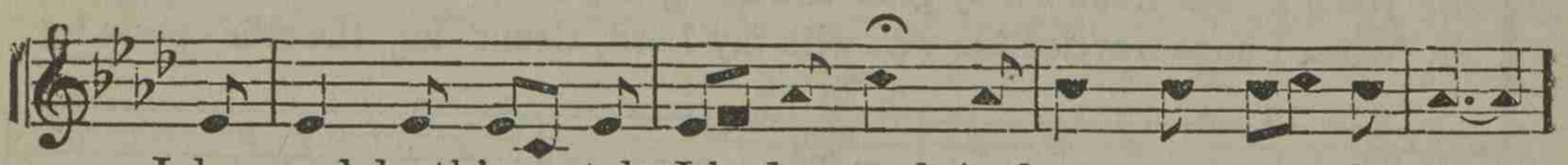
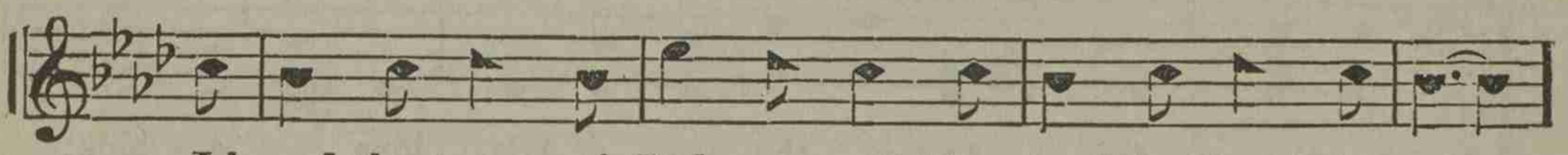
2. This is the King's command, that all men ev - 'ry - where, Re - pent and turn a - way, from sin's se - duc - tive snare; That all who will o - bey, with Him shall reign for aye, And that's my business for my King. This is the

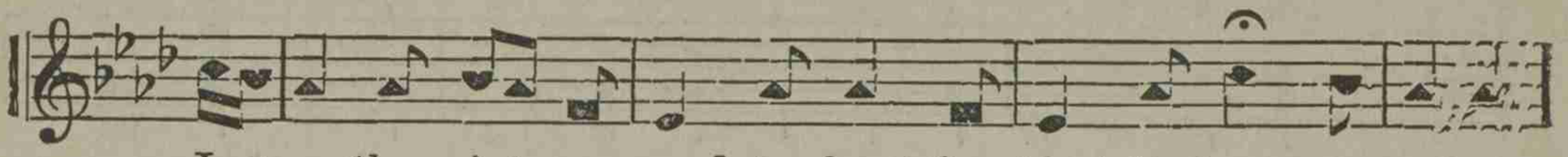
3. My home is bright - er far than Shar-on's ros - y plain, E - ter - nal life and joy thro' - out its vast do - main; My Sov'reign bids me tell how mor-tals there may dwell, And that's my business for my King.

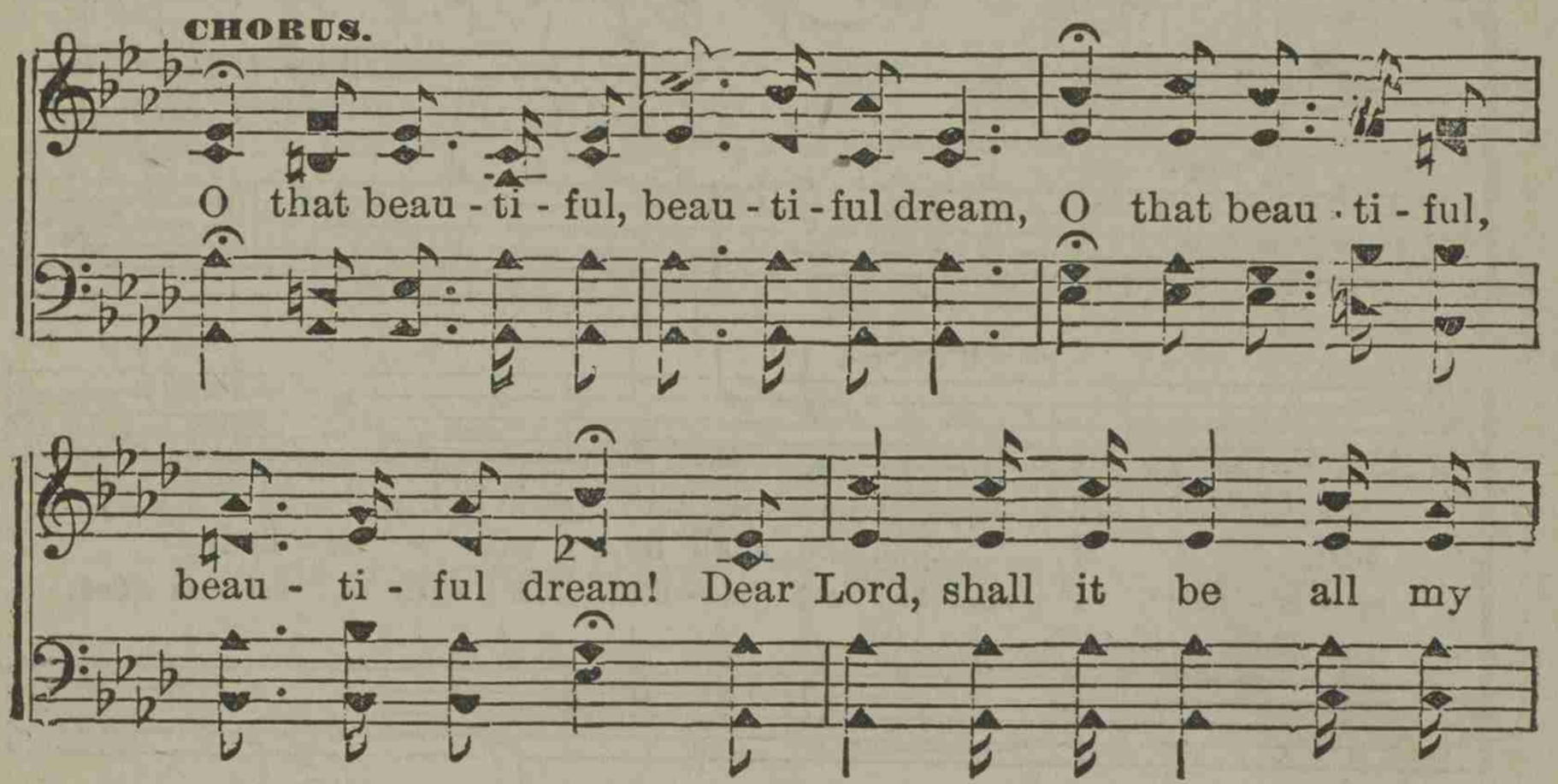
CHORUS.

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

135 That Beautiful Dream.

W. E. P. . E. PENN.

1. 'Twas night, and all a - round was still, I lay up - on my bed,
2. The sweetest voice fell on mine ear, It thrill'd my in-most soul;
3. I dreamed I saw the jas - per walls, And streets of pur-est gold;

I dreamed death's portals I had passed And was a - mong the dead;
"A - rise, my love, and come a - way Un - to thy promised goal."
And all the saints of God were there, Those beauties to be - hold.

I heard the trump of God resound, The dead in Christ to raise,
I looked—I saw— I can - not tell, There's nothing will compare:
I heard the wel-come plaud-it giv'n: "Come, all ye bless - ed, come;



I saw the saints prepared to shout Our blest Redeemer's praise.
I saw the Sav - iour glo - ri - fied, And loved ones gathered there.
Re-joice, re-joice for ev - er-more, In this thy heav'nly home."

Copyright, 1890, by . E. enn.

No. 136. Satisfied.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT 1909, BY B. D. ACKLEY.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

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

1. When I have fin-ished my pil-grim-age here, When shall have vanished temp-
2. When I am troub-led by grief and de-spair, Grace nev-er fail-ing a-
3. When I have traveled the way with my Lord, Count-ing the mile-posts by

ta-tion and fear, As in the arms of His love I a-bide,
waits me up there; Will-ing to trust Him what-ev-er be-tide,
faith in His word, Liv-ing and dy-ing with Him at my side,

CHORUS.

I shall be sat-is-fied. I..... shall be sat-is-
I shall be sat-is-fied, I shall be
fied, I..... shall be sat-is-fied;
sat-is-fied; I shall be sat-is-fied, I shall be sat-is-fied;

rit.

Sheltered a-bove by His in-fin-ite love, I shall be sat-is-fied.

137 I've Had a Talk With Jesus.

To my very dear sister in Christ, Mrs. W. M. Senter.—W. E. P.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. W. E. PENN.

1. I've had a talk with Je-sus, I've told Him all my care; I've sought His blessed
2. I've had a talk with Je-sus, His promised peace to share, We walked by heal-ing
3. I've had a talk with Je-sus, We held communion sweet; I've laid my joys and

presence, And dropped my burden there, And when I knelt be-fore Him, I
wa-ters Thro' pastures green and fair; His arms of love were round me, And
sor-rows, Like Ma-ry, at His feet—I've told Him ev-'ry long-ing That

felt my spir-it thrill To hear His gentle whis-per, "I love thee, peace, be still."
blest indeed was I, And oh, I dwelt in safe-ty With such a ref-uge nigh!
throbb'd within my breast, He fill'd my soul with com-fort; And gave His peace and rest.

CHORUS.

O blest com-mu-nion, pure and sweet, To talk with Him is joy complete; And
oh, I love to steal a-way, And talk with Je-sus ev-'ry day

Copyright. 1892, by W. E. Penn.

No. 138. I Want to Go There.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Rev. D. S. Rev. D. Sullins.

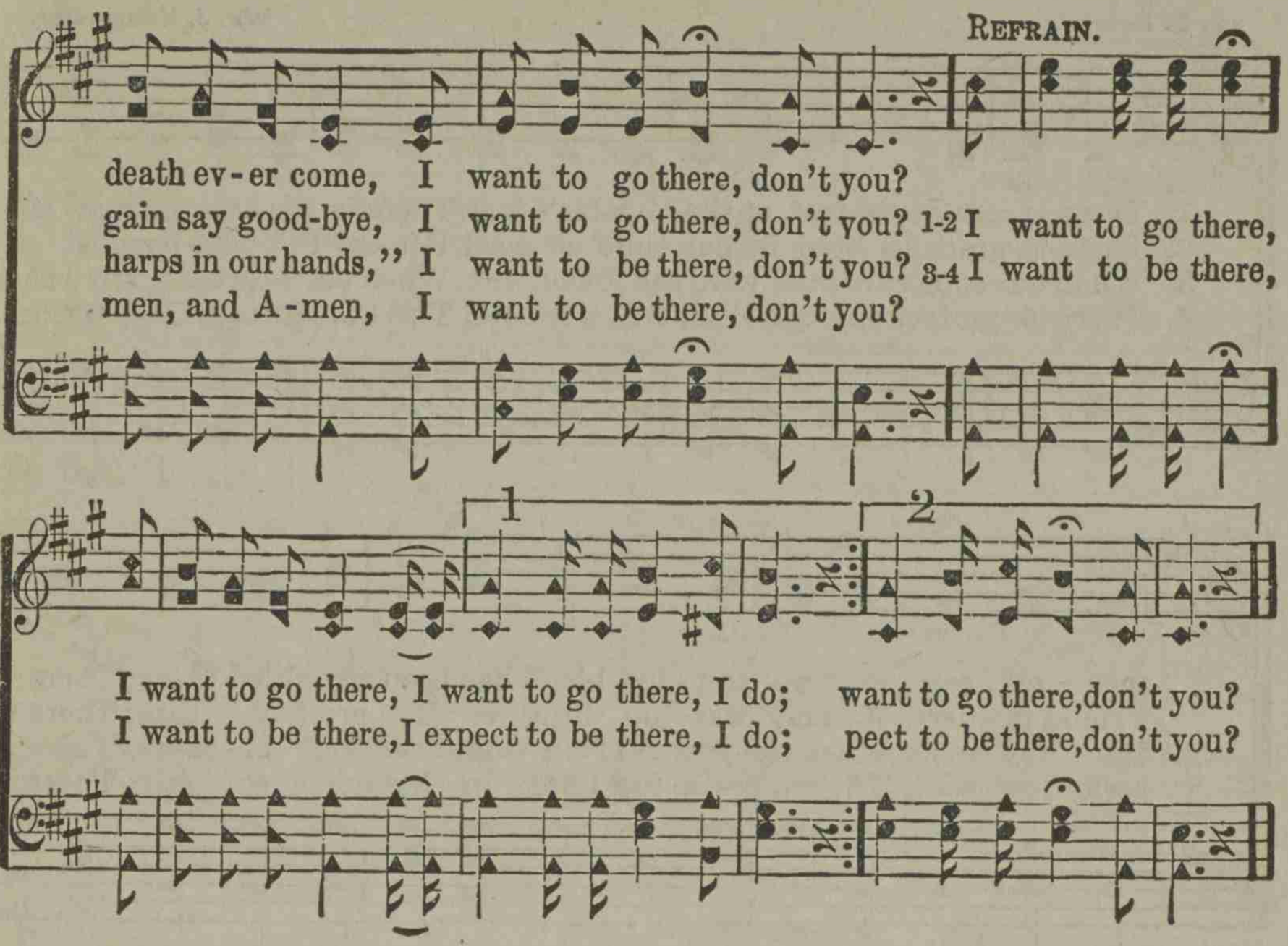
1. They tell of a cit - y far up in the sky, I want to go there, I do;
2. Its gates are all pearl, its streets are all gold, I want to go there, I do;
3. When the old ship of Zi - on shall make her last trip, I want to be there, I do;
4. When Je - sus is crowned the King of all kings, I want to be there, I do;

'Tis built in the land of "the sweet by and by," I
The Lamb is the light of that cit - y we're told, I
With heads all un - cov-ered to greet the old ship, I
With shout-ing and clap-ping till all heav-en rings, I

want to go there, don't you? There Je - sus has gone to pre-pare us a
want to go there, don't you? Death robs us all here, there none ev - er
want to be there, don't you? When all the ship's company meet on the
want to be there, don't you? Hal-le - lu-jah! we'll shout a - gain and a-

home, I want to go there, I do; Where sick - ness nor sor - row nor
die, I want to go there, I do; Where loved ones will nev - er a-
strand, I want to be there, I do; "With songs on our lips and with
gain, I want to be there, I do; And close with the cho - rus, A-

I Want to Go There.



No. 139. I'll Live For Him.

COPYRIGHT, 1882, BY R. E. HUDSON.
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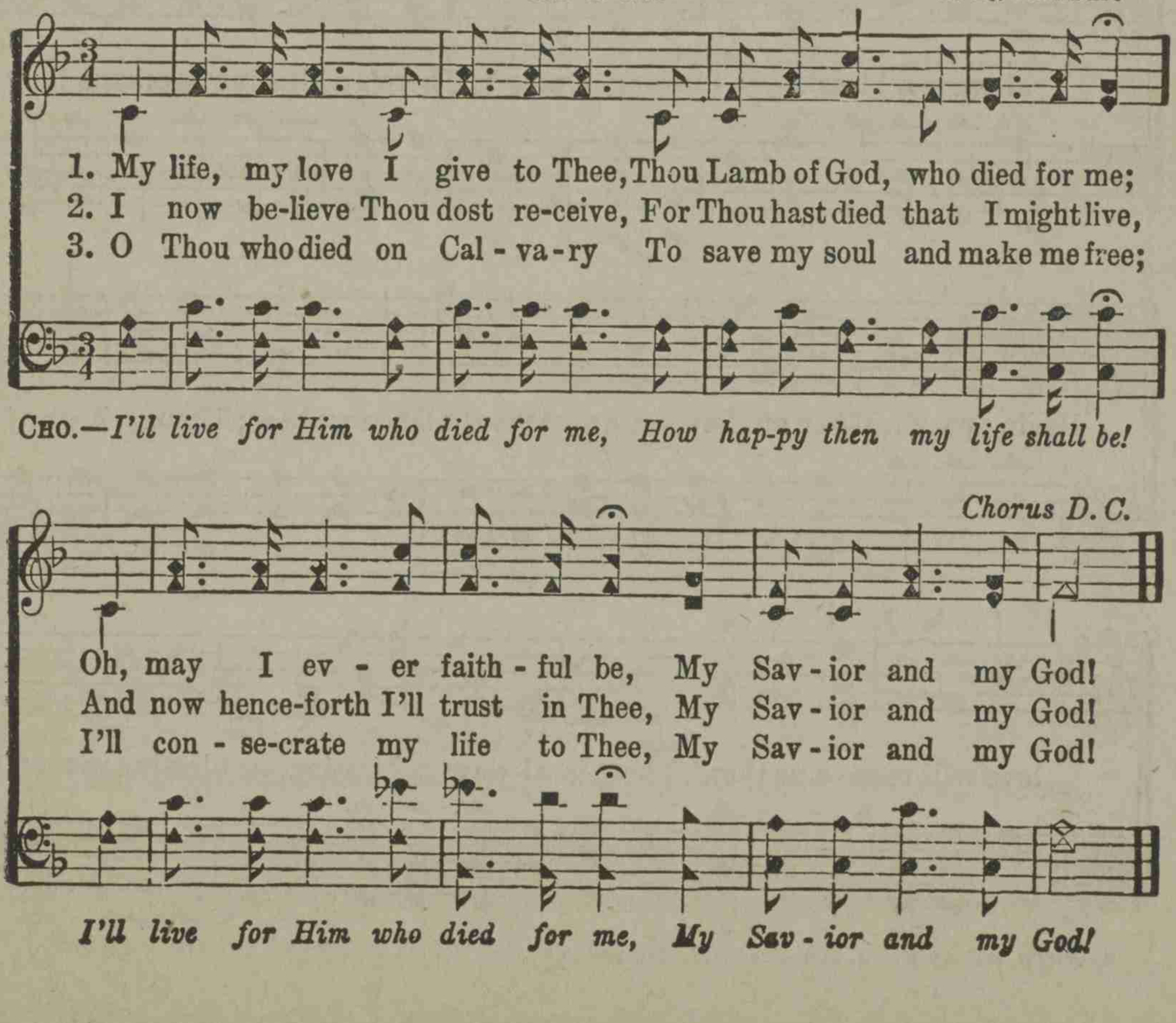
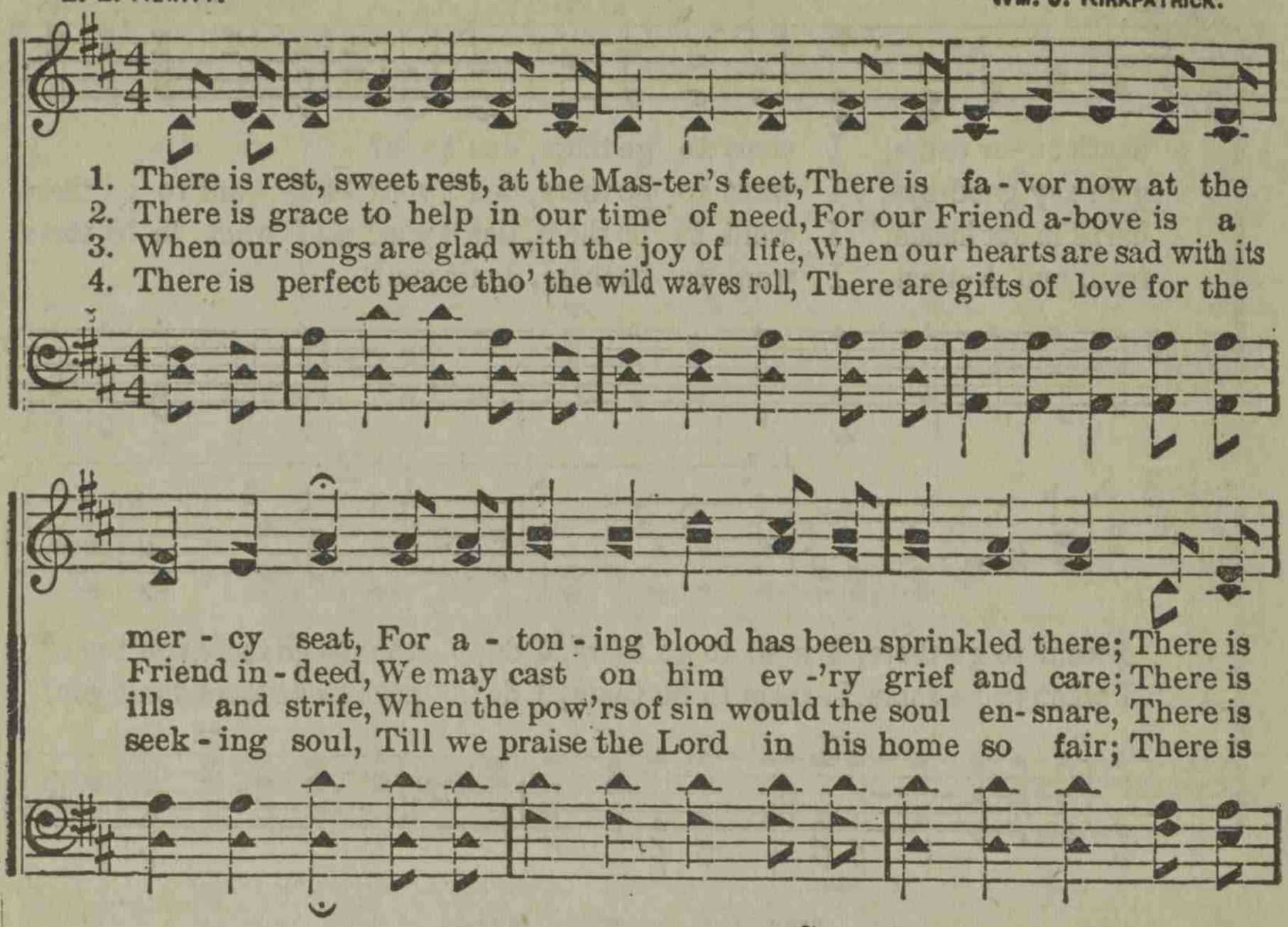
R. E. Hudson. C. R. Dunbar.



No. 140 A Blessing in Prayer.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



Copyright, 1887, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. Used by per.

141 A Place In the Ranks for Me.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS. J. H. F.

1. List! the trump-et of God is sound-ing, Is sound-ing from sea to sea; On the field where the brave are fall-ing, There's a
2. See, the ar - my of God ad - van - ces, In strength of His ho - ly might; See the flash of the mov - ing lan - ces, And the
3. List! the trump-et of God is sound-ing, Is sound-ing for vic - to - ry; I must go, for the brave are fall - ing, And the

CHORUS.

place in the ranks for me.
glit - ter of hel - mets bright. There's a place in the ranks for
Cap - tain has need of me.

me! (for me!) A place in the ranks for me! (for me!) On the field where the brave are falling, There's a place in the ranks for me.

Copyright, 1898, by Fillmore Bros. Owned by J. A. LEE.

No. 142. Sometime, Somewhere.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.
E. O. EXCELL. OWNER.

Mrs. Ophelia G. Adams. **Charlie D. Tillman.**

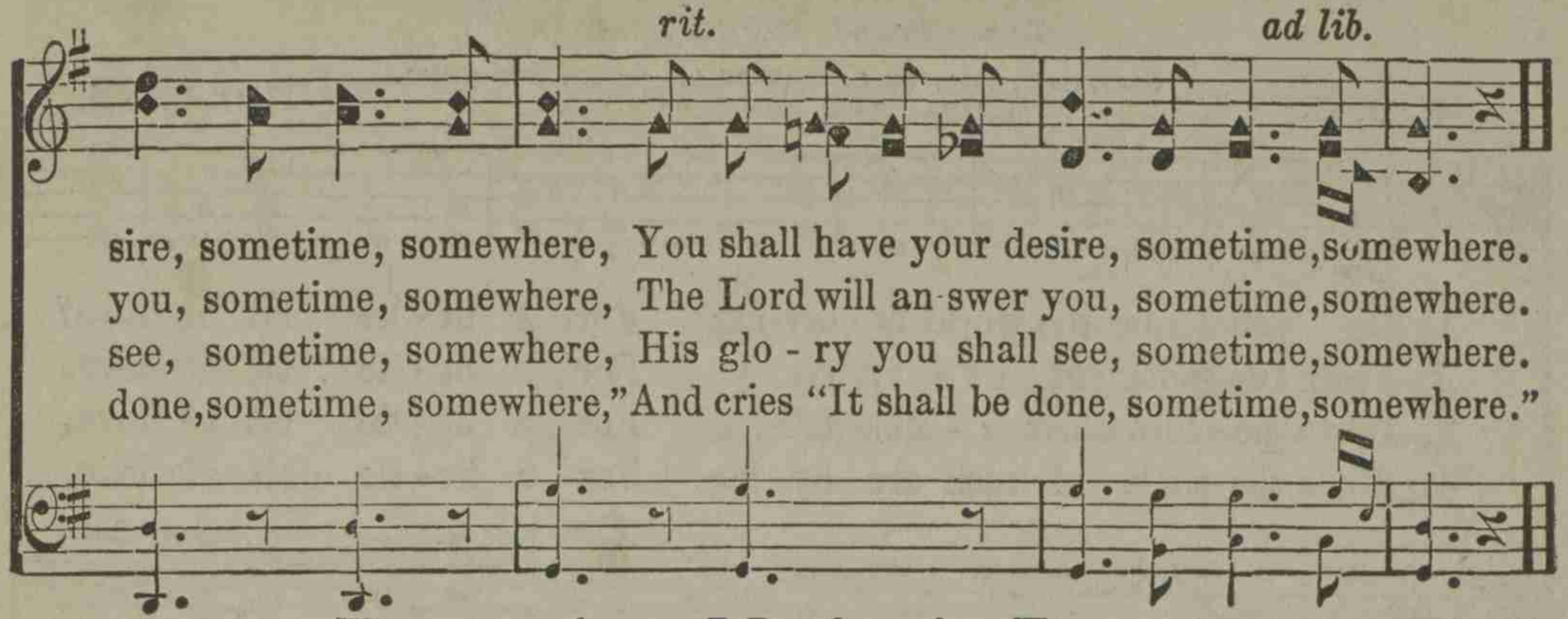
1. Un - an-swered yet? The pray'r your lips have plead - ed In ag - o -
2. Un - an-swered yet? Tho' when you first pre - sent - ed This one pe -
3. Un - an-swered yet? Nay, do not say un - grant - ed; Per - haps your
4. Un - an-swered yet? Faith can - not be un - an - swered; Her feet were

ny of heart these ma-ny years? Does faith be - gin to fail, is hope de-
ti - tion at the Fa-ther's throne, It seemed you could not wait the time of
part is not yet whol - ly done; The work be-gan when first your pray'r was
firm - ly plant - ed on the Rock; A - mid the wildest storm pray'r stands un-

part - ing, And think you all in vain those fall - ing tears? Say not the
ask - ing, So ur - gent was your heart to make it known. Tho' years have
ut - tered, And God will fin - ish what He has be - gun. If you will
daunt - ed, Nor quails be - fore the lond - est thun - der shock; She knows Om-

Fa - ther hath not heard your pray'r; You shall have your de -
passed since then, do not des - pair; The Lord will an - swer
keep the in - cense burn - ing there, His glo - ry you shall
nip - o - tence has heard her pray'r, And cries, "It shall be

Sometime, Somewhere.

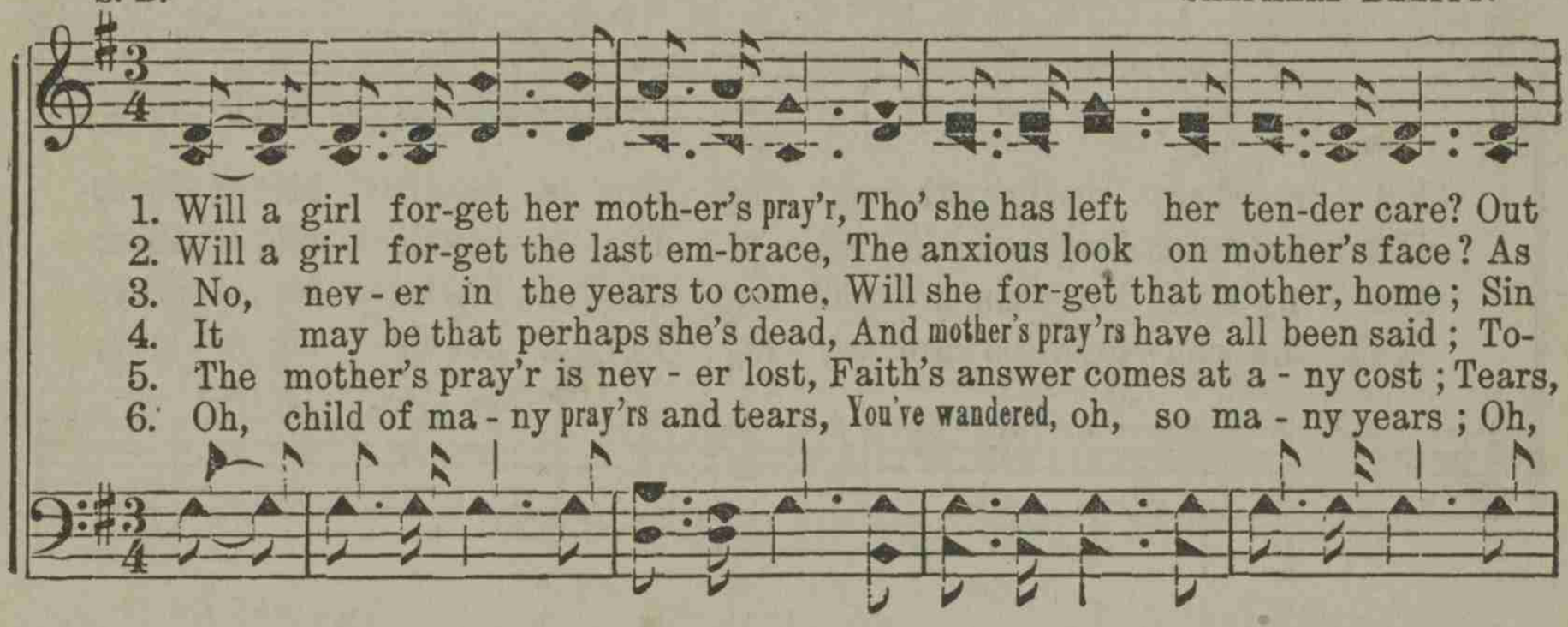


sire, sometime, somewhere, You shall have your desire, sometime, somewhere.
you, sometime, somewhere, The Lord will an-swer you, sometime, somewhere.
see, sometime, somewhere, His glo - ry you shall see, sometime, somewhere.
done, sometime, somewhere," And cries "It shall be done, sometime, somewhere."

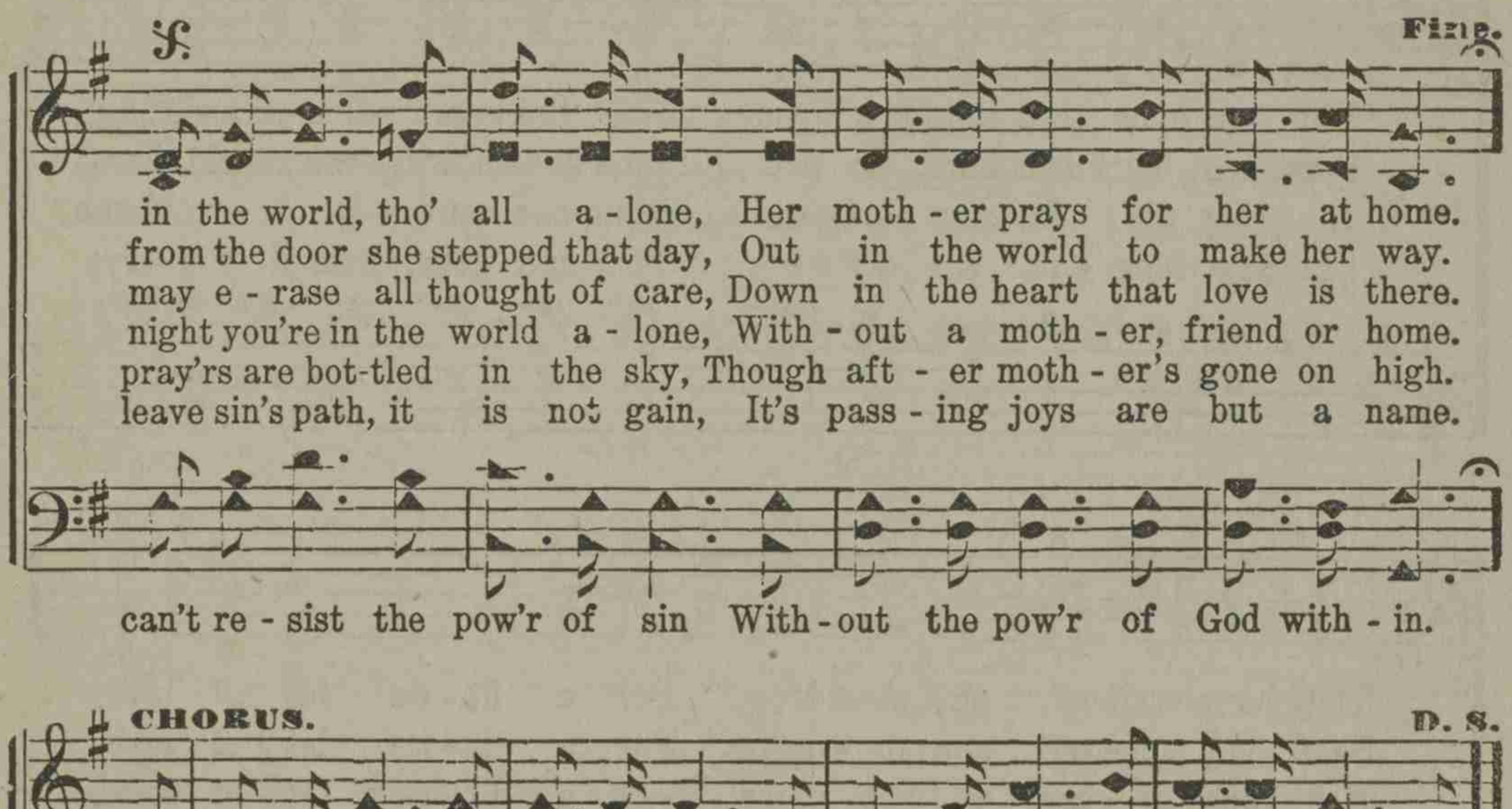
143 Remember Mother's Prayer.

"Forsake not the law of thy mother."—PROV. 6: 20.

S. B. SHEPHERD BEATTY.

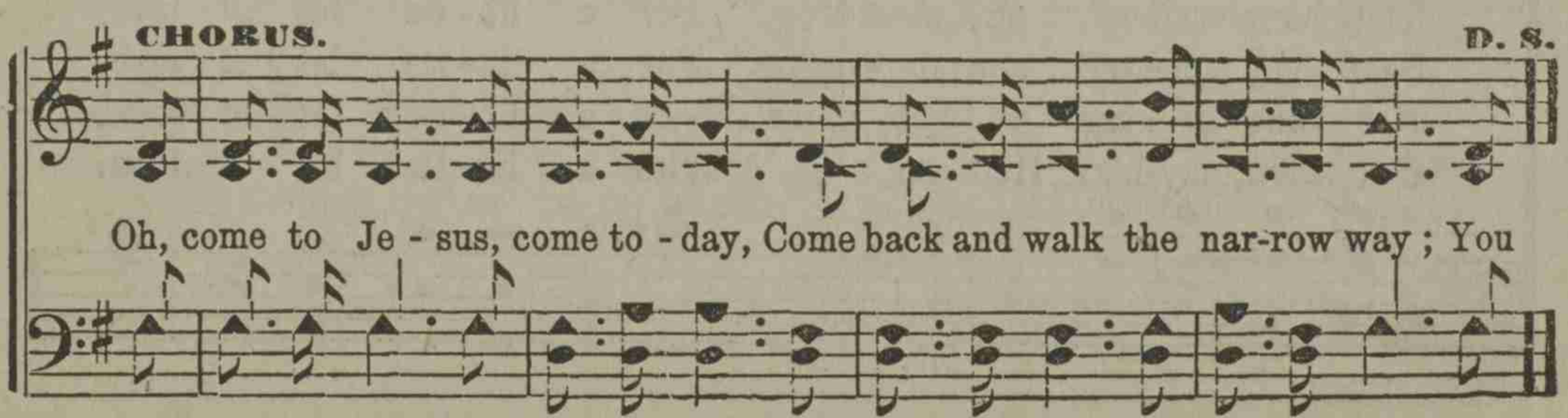


1. Will a girl for-get her moth-er's pray'r, Tho' she has left her ten-der care? Out
2. Will a girl for-get the last em-brace, The anxious look on mother's face? As
3. No, nev - er in the years to come, Will she for-get that mother, home; Sin
4. It may be that perhaps she's dead, And mother's pray'rs have all been said; To-
5. The mother's pray'r is nev - er lost, Faith's answer comes at a - ny cost; Tears,
6. Oh, child of ma - ny pray'rs and tears, You've wandered, oh, so ma - ny years; Oh,



in the world, tho' all a - lone, Her moth - er prays for her at home.
from the door she stepped that day, Out in the world to make her way.
may e - rase all thought of care, Down in the heart that love is there.
night you're in the world a - lone, With - out a moth - er, friend or home.
pray'rs are bot-tled in the sky, Though aft - er moth - er's gone on high.
leave sin's path, it is not gain, It's pass - ing joys are but a name.

can't re - sist the pow'r of sin With - out the pow'r of God with - in.



Oh, come to Je - sus, come to - day, Come back and walk the nar-row way; You

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No. 144. A Little Bit of Love.

To my Friend, Marion Lawrance.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC.
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E. O. E. E. O. Excell.

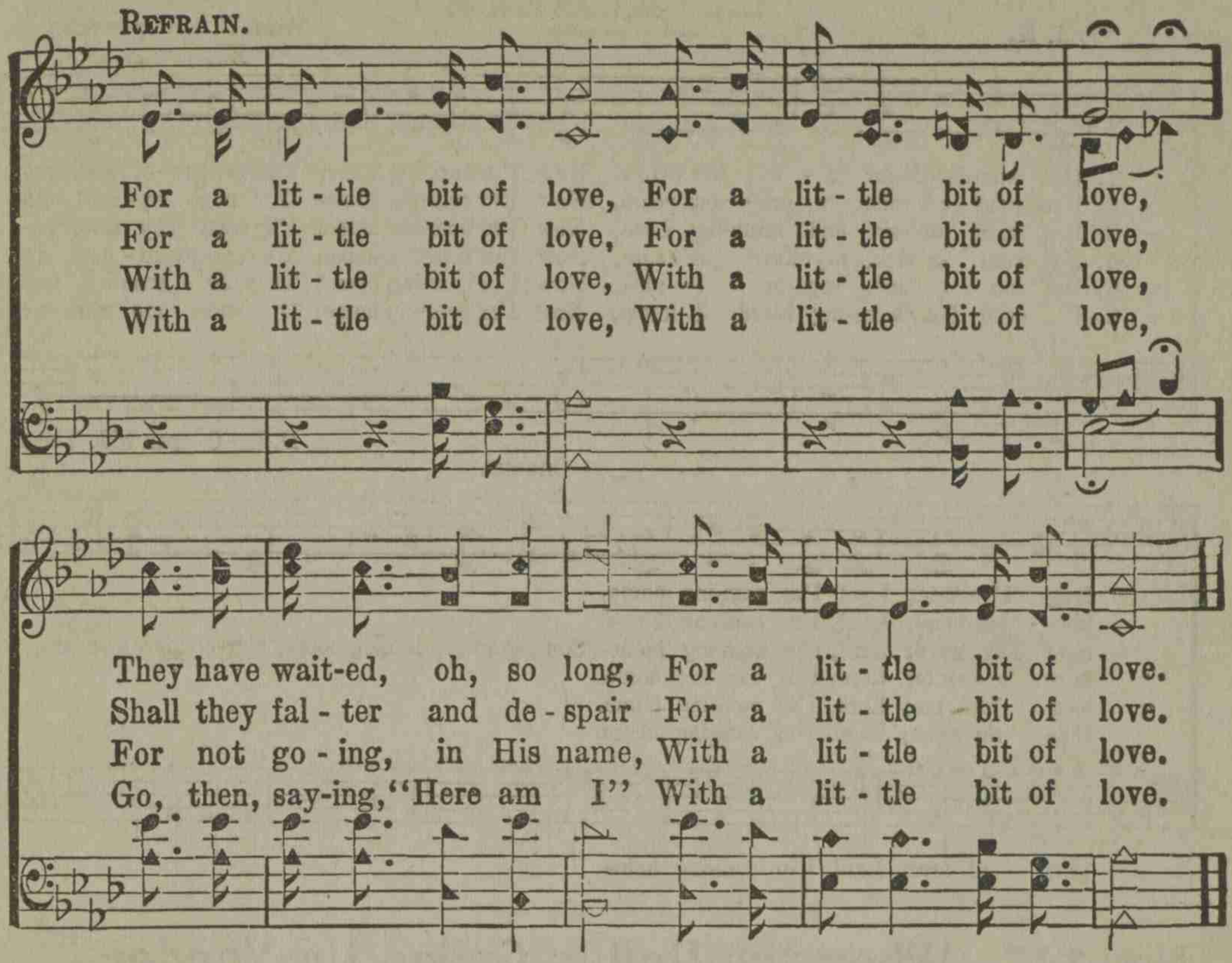
1. Do you know the world is dy-ing For a lit-tle bit of love?
2. From the poor of ev-'ry cit-y, For a lit-tle bit of love,
3. Down be-fore their i-dols fall-ing, For a lit-tle bit of love,
4. While the souls of men are dy-ing For a lit-tle bit of love,

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

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

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

A Little Bit of Love.

REFRAIN.

No. 145. Where He Leads Me.

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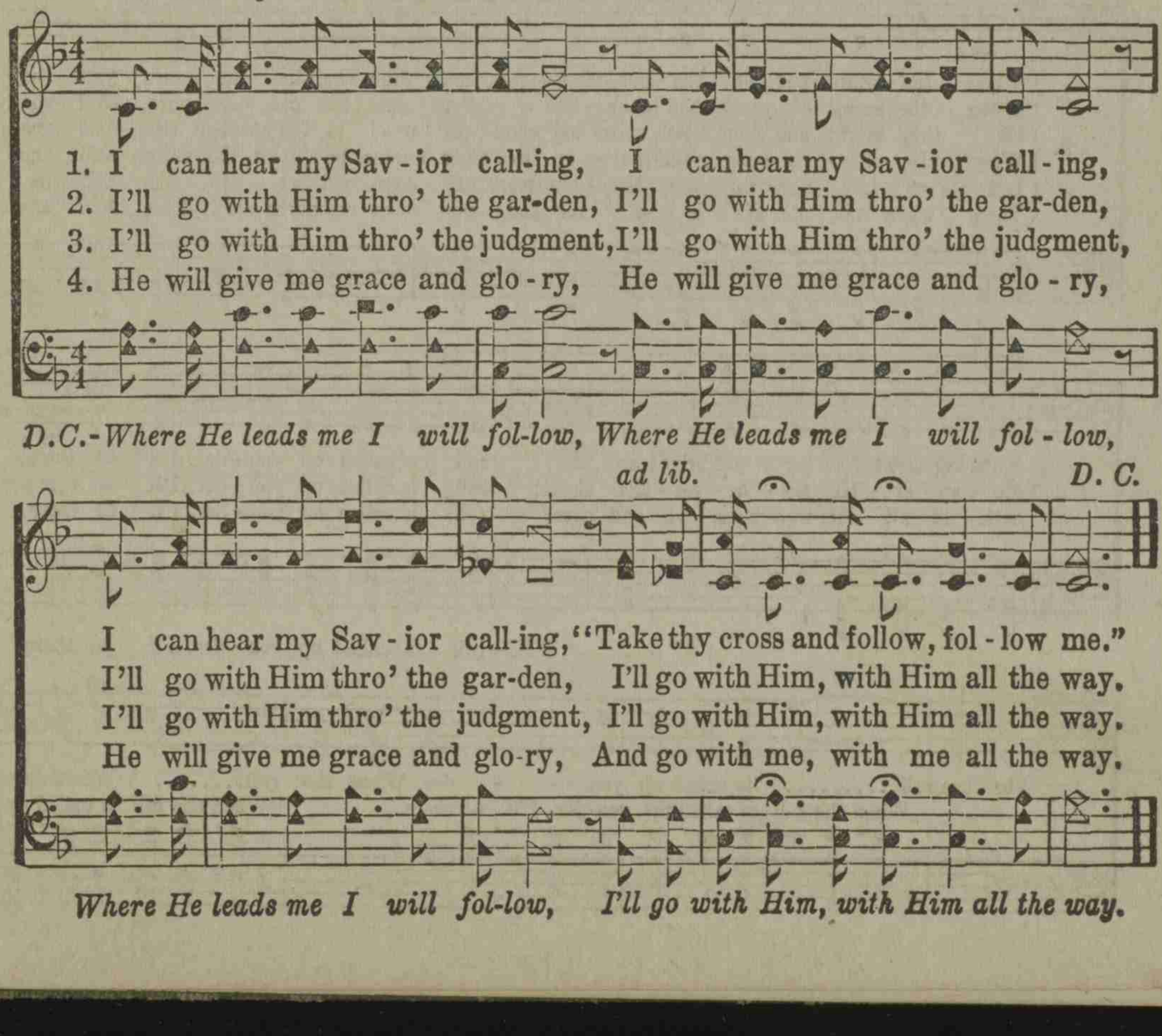
E. W. Blandly. J. S. Norris.



No. 146. Lord, I'm Coming Home.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
USED BY PERMISSION.

W. J. K. — Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. I've wan-dered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home; The paths of sin too
2. I've wast - ed man - y pre - cious years, Now I'm com-ing home; I now re - pent with
3. I'm tired of sin and stray-ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home; I'll trust Thy love, be-
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home; My strength re - new, my
5. My on - ly hope, my on - ly plea, Now I'm com-ing home; That Je - sus died, and
6. I need His cleans-ing blood, I know, Now I'm com-ing home; O wash me whi - ter

long I've trod; Lord, I'm com-ing home.
bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
lieve Thy word; Lord, I'm com-ing home. Coming home, coming home, Nev-er-more to roam,
hope re - store; Lord, I'm com-ing home.
died for me; Lord, I'm com-ing home.
than the snow; Lord, I'm com-ing home.

arms of love; Lord, I'm com-ing home.

D.S.—O - pen wide Thine

FINE. CHORUS. D. S.

No. 147. When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.

COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
USED BY PER. OF J. M. BLACK, OWNER.

B. M. J. — J. M. Black.

1. { When the trum - pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more, And the
   { When the saved of earth shall gath - er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the
2. { On that bright and cloud - less morn-ing when the dead in Christ shall rise, And the
   { When His chos - en ones shall gath - er to their homes be - yond the skies, And the
3. { Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set of sun, Let us
   { Then when all of life is o - ver and our work on earth is done, And the

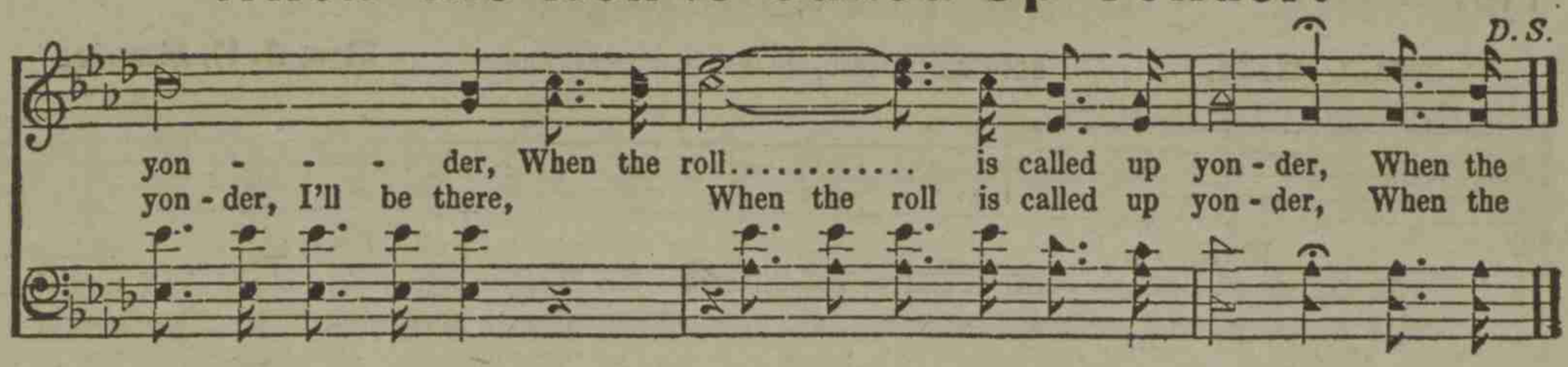
morn-ing breaks, e - ter - nal bright and fair; roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.
glo - ry of His res - ur - rec - tion share; roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.
talk of all His won-drous love and care; roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.

D.S.—roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.

FINE.

When the roll..... is called up yon - - der, When the roll..... is called up
When the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up

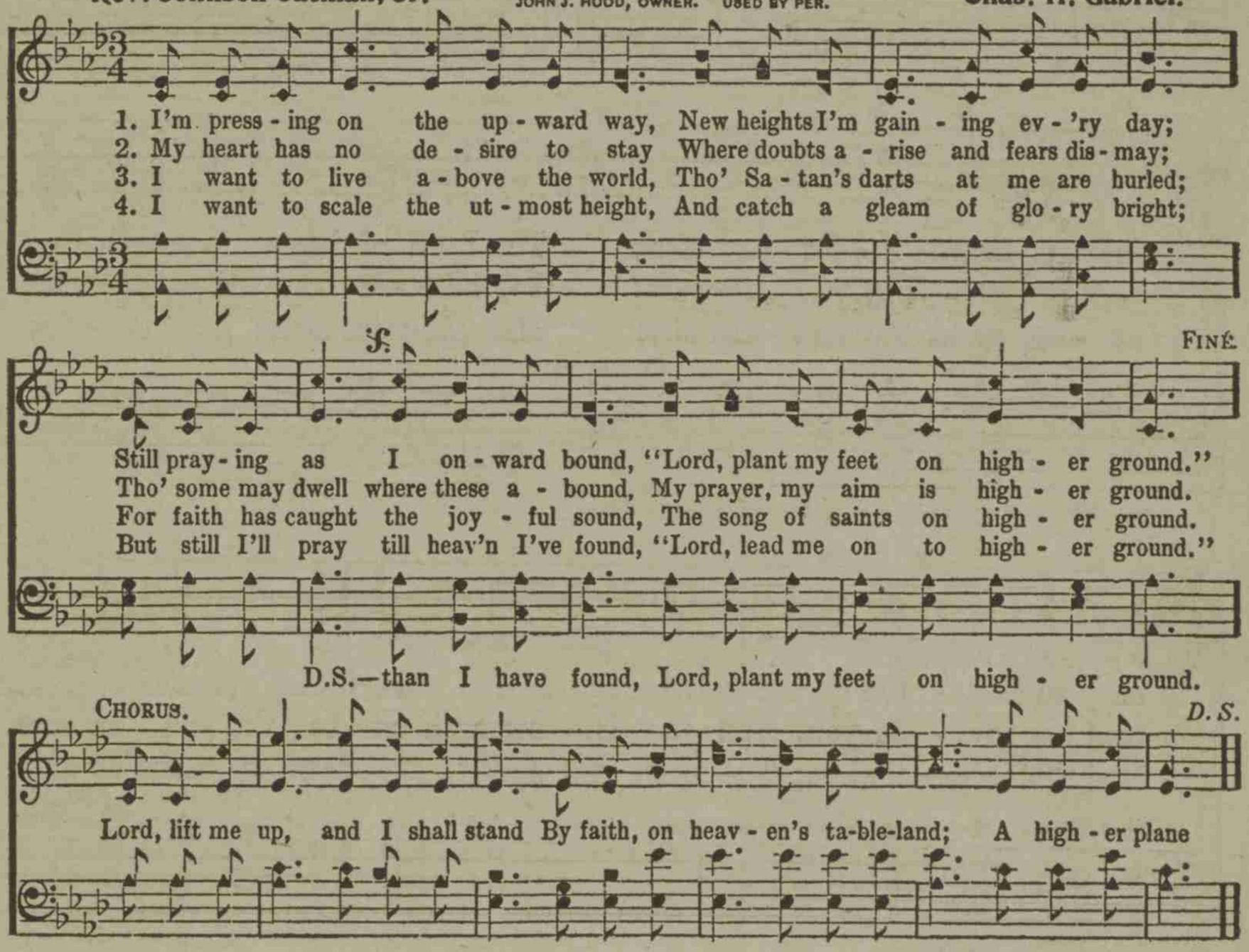
When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.



No. 148. Higher Ground.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.
JOHN J. HOOD, OWNER. USED BY PER.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Chas. H. Gabriel.



No. 149. While Jesus Whispers.

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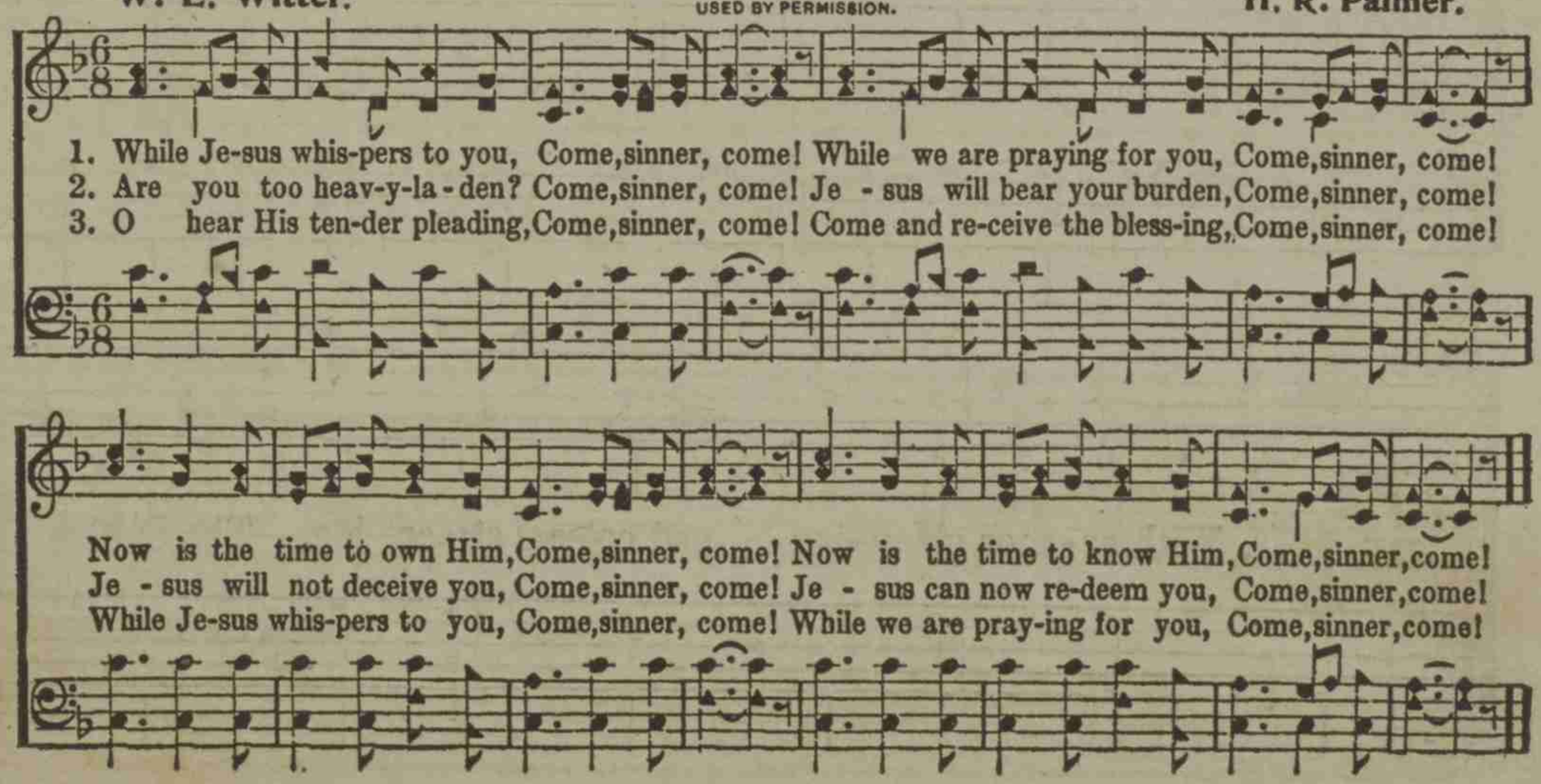
W. E. Witter. H. R. Palmer.



No. 150. The Fight is On.

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

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

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

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

CHORUS. *Unison.*

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

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

The Fight is On.

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

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

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

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

No. 151. Only a Word.

COPYRIGHT 1902 BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC. J. M. Dungan.

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

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

No, 152. The Good Old-Fashioned Way.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

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

1. I am on the Gos-pel high-way, Press-ing for-ward to the goal,
2. From the snares of sin-ful pleas-ure, Here my feet are al-ways free;
3. Ma-ny friends have gone be-fore me, They have laid their ar-mour down,
4. Just a few more steps to fol-low, Just a few more days to roam;

Where for me a rest re-main-eth In the home-land of the soul:
Tho' the way may be called nar-row, It is wide e-nough for me;
With the pil-grims and the mar-tyrs Have obtained a robe and crown;
But the way grows more de-light-ful As I'm draw-ing near-er home;

Ev-'ry hour I'm mov-ing on-ward, Not a mo-ment to de-lay;
It was wide e-nough for Dan-iel, And for Da-vid in His day;
On this road they fought their battles, Shout-ing vic-t'ry day by day.
When the storms of life are o-ver, And the clouds have rolled a-way,

I am go-ing home to glo-ry In the good old-fash-ioned way.
I am glad that I can fol-low In the good old-fash-ioned way.
I shall o-ver-come and join them In the good old-fash-ioned way.
I shall find the gates of heav-en In the good old-fash-ioned way.

The Good Old Fashioned Way.

CHORUS.

In the good old - fash-ioned way, In the good old-fash-ioned way,

D. C.

I am go - ing home to glo - ry In the good old-fash-ioned way.

No. 153. The Shining Shore.

Geo. F. Root.

1. My days are glid - ing swift-ly by, And I, a pil-grim stran - ger,
2. Should coming days be dark and cold, We need not cease our sing - ing;
3. Let sor-row's rud-est tem-pests blow, Each cord on earth to sev - er;

Would not de - tain them as they fly! Those hours of toil and dan - ger.
That per - fect rest naught can mo-lest, Where gold-en harps are ring - ing.
Our King says, "Come," and there's our home, For - ev - er, O for - ev - er.

FINE.

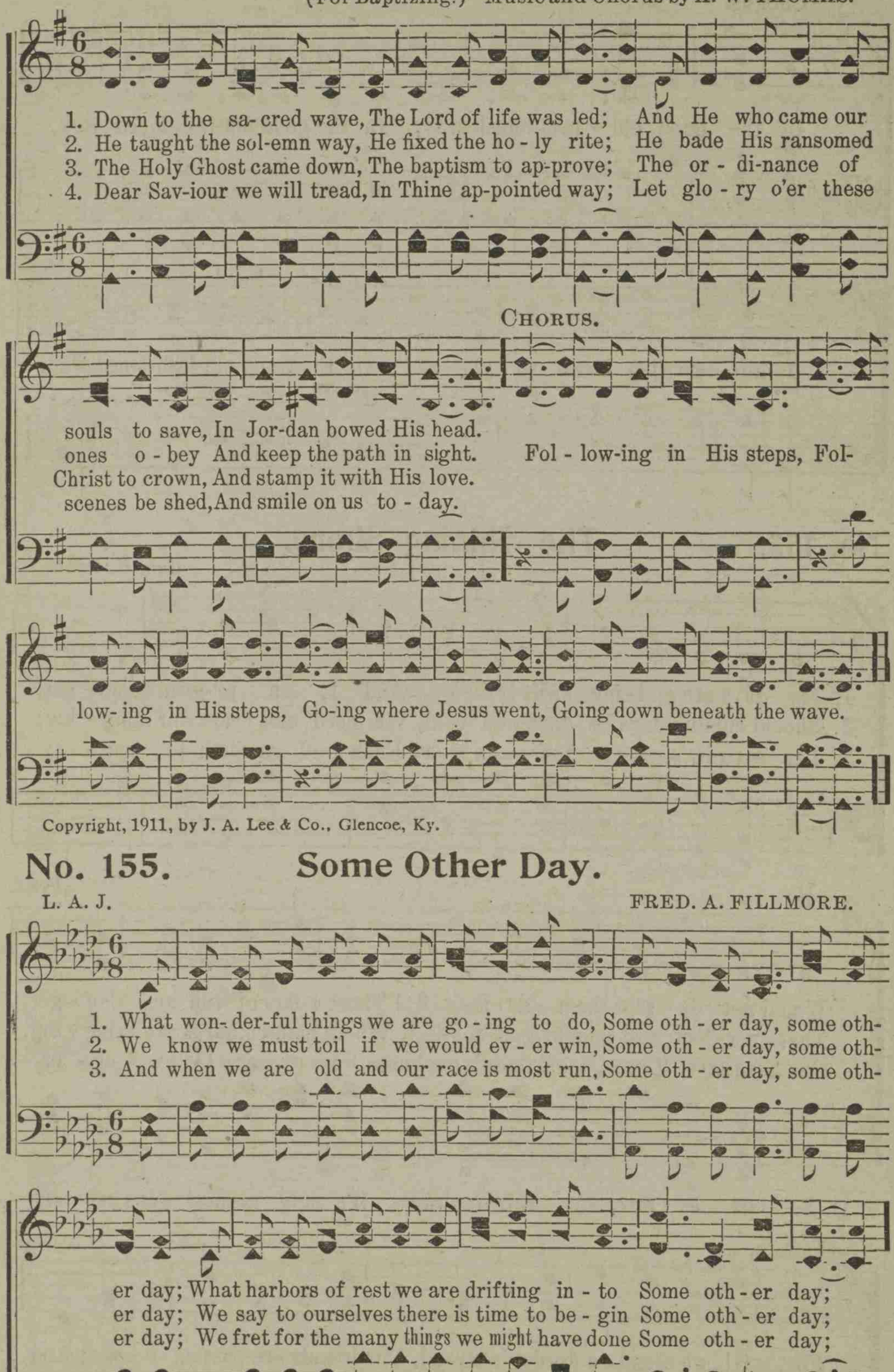
D. S.—*just be - fore, the shin-ing shore We may al-most dis - cov - er.*

CHORUS. D. S.

For, O! we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are passing o - ver; And

No. 154. Following in His Steps.

(For Baptizing.) Music and Chorus by A. W. THOMAS.



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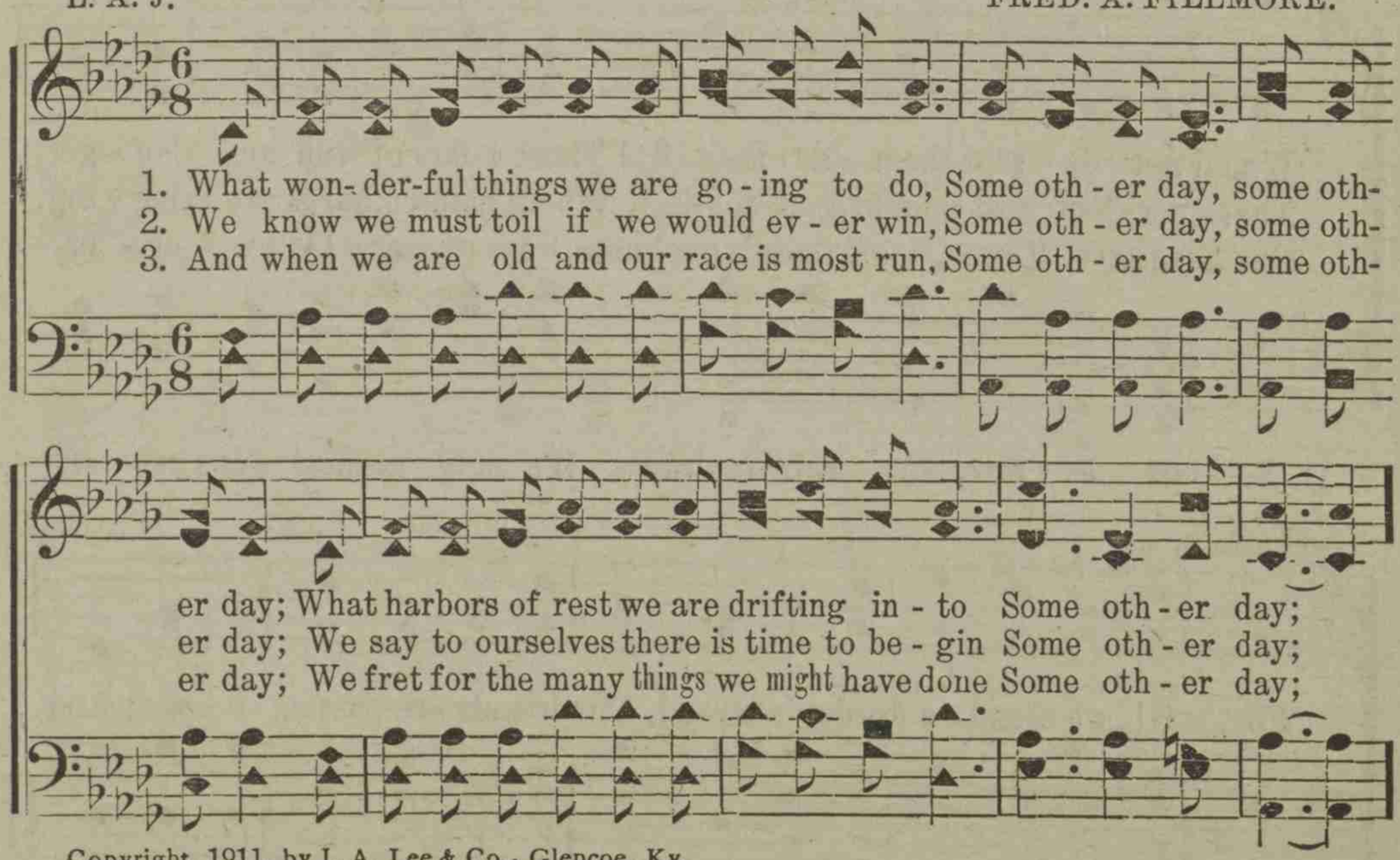
No. 155. Some Other Day.

L. A. J. FRED. A. FILLMORE.



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Some Other Day. Concluded.

With fold-ed hands, with oars that trail, We watch and wait for a fa-v'ring
And so we wait and loit-er on, Un-til at last we find with-
We trace the path that leads us where The beck'ning hand of grim de-

ga!e, To fill the folds of an emp-ty sail, some oth-er day...
drawn, The strength of hope we leaned up-on, some oth-er day....
spair, That leads us yon-der, out of the here, some oth-er day....

No. 156. He Holds the Key.

J. A. L. J. A. LEE.

1. Sometimes, when clouds before thee rise, And tears are flow-ing from thine eyes,
2. When you would know just what to do, While in this world you're passing thro',
3. If He should ask that you should take The heath-en world just for His sake,
4. I love Thee, Lord, and know I'm Thine, Just let Thine arms a-round me twine,
5. When from this world you're called to go Up to that home from this be-low,

Re-mem-ber, soul, He'll with you be, It is your Lord, He holds the key.
Have faith in God and you will see That it is best, He holds the key.
And as you cross o'er storm-y sea, Re-mem-ber this, He holds the key.
And then 'twill all be well with me, My lov-ing Lord, He holds the key.
When dawns the bright e-ter-ni-ty, It is the Lord, He holds the key.

CHORUS.

{ He holds the key, He holds the key, My living Lord, He holds the key;
{ He holds the key, He holds the key, My loving lord, He [*Omit*]..... } holds the key.

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No. 157. The Old Paths.

MRS. C. H. M. JER. 6: 16. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Let old - time heart re - lig - ion And old time gos - pel pow'r
2. Our fa - thers had this bless - ing, And for it bold - ly stood,
3. The way is straight and nar - row, And all that walk there - in,
4. With saints and mar - tyrs shout - ing The tri-umphs of Thy grace,

To each and all be giv - en,.... Lord, make it mine this hour.
This ho - ly faith de - fend - ing, They went through fire and blood.
In Je - sus' steps must fol - low, With hearts made free from sin.
Un - til in realms of glo - ry We see Thee face to face.

CHORUS.

To "the old paths," to "the old paths," We Thy children would re - turn,
To "the old paths," to "the old paths,"

That the old-time fire with the old - time pow'r In our hearts en - kin - dled burn.

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No. 158. In the House Beautiful.

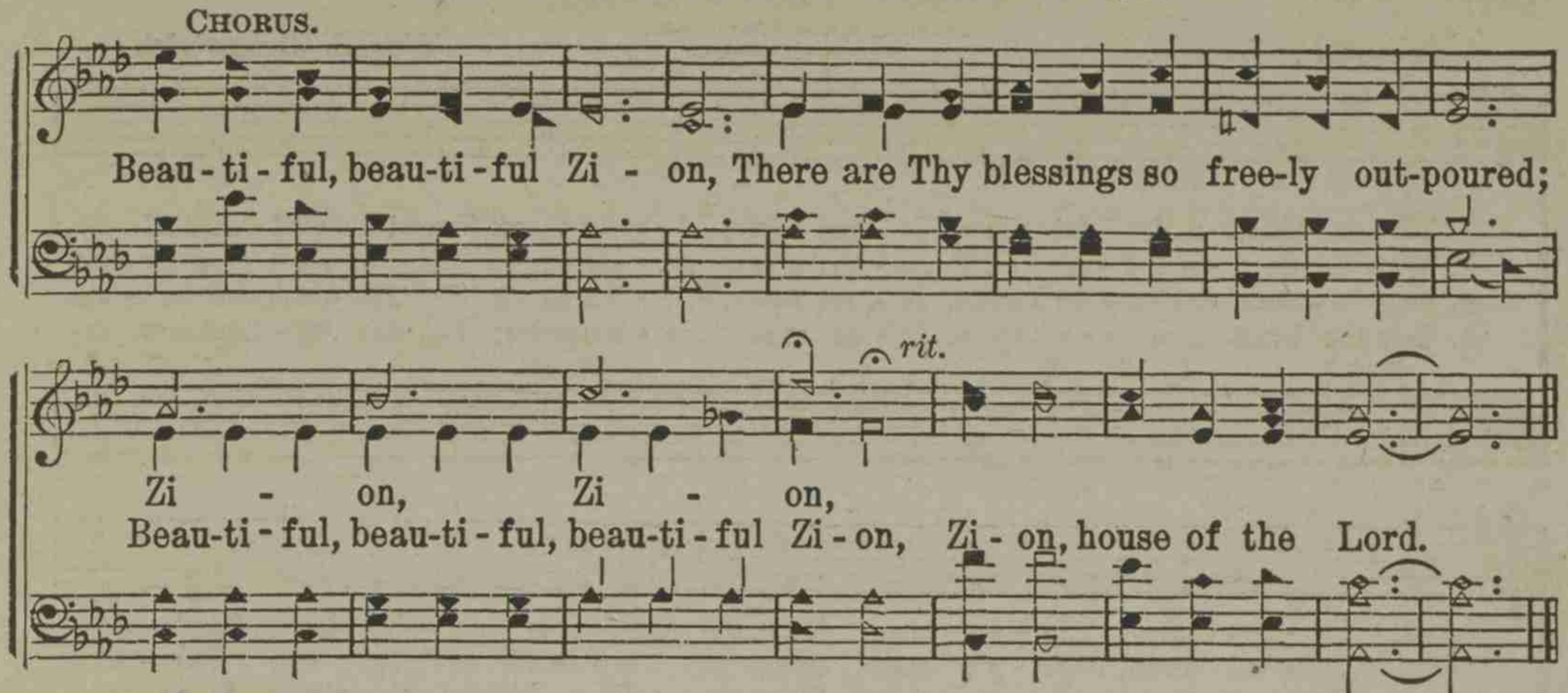
E. E. HEWITT. FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. In the house beautiful, Lord, would I dwell, There will love's melodies evermore swell;
2. In the house beautiful would I a-bide, Resting there peacefully, whate'er betide;
3. In the house beautiful still I would be, Loving mostheartily those who love Thee;

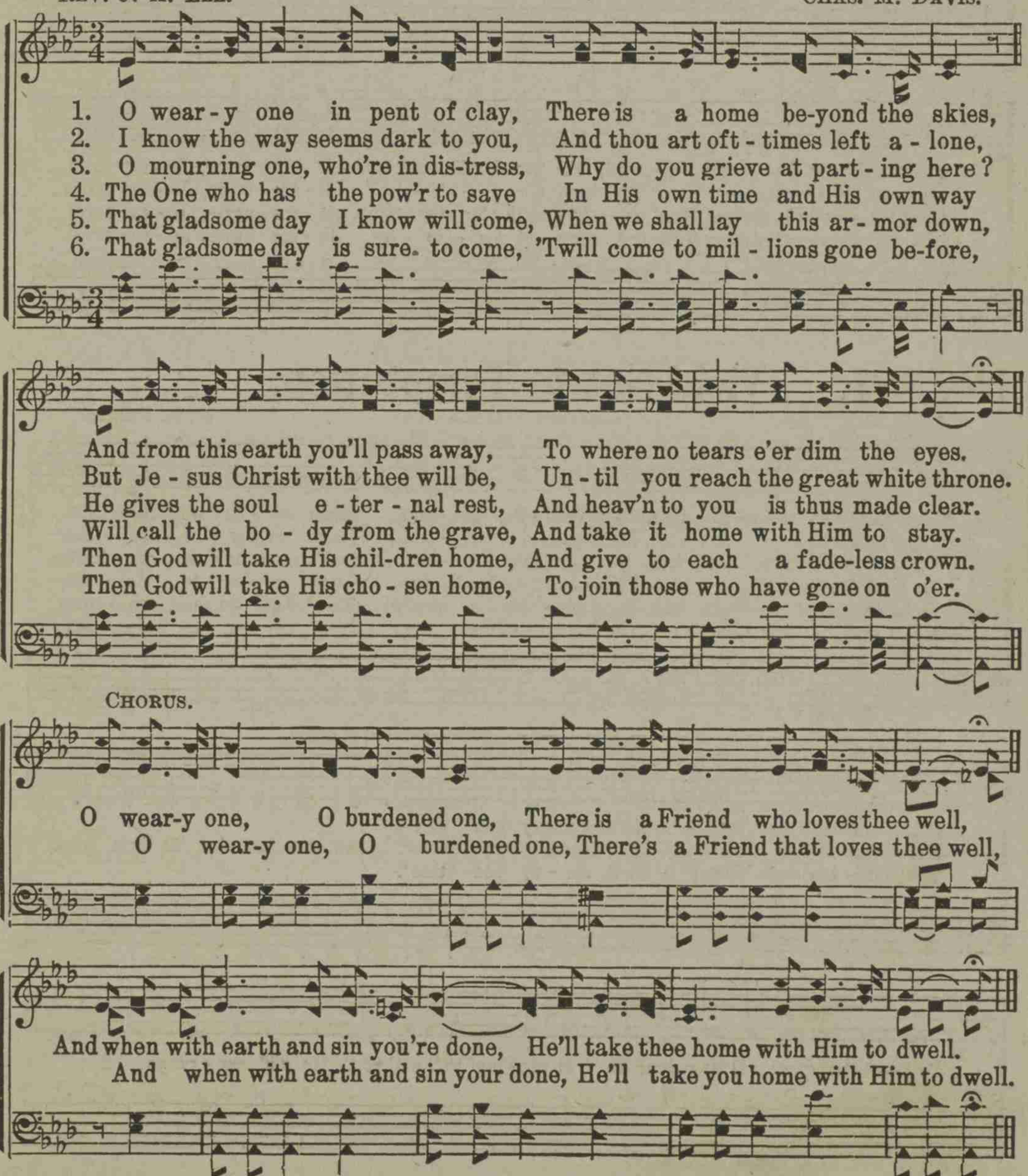
There at the mer - cy-seat seeking Thy face, Learning sweet mysteries, wonders of grace.
Windows wide o - pening welcome the light, Dreams of the morning land cheering the night.
Dwelling in u - ni-ty, hap-py ac-cord, Blessed the fel-low-ship one in the Lord.

Copyright, 1911, by J. A. Lee, Glencoe, Ky.

In the House Beautiful.

CHORUS.

No. 159. Weary One.

REV. J. A. LEE. CHAS. M. DAVIS.



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No. 160. Jesus Saves.

Priscilla J. Owens.

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Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. We have heard a joy - ful sound, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Spread the glad - ness all a-
2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Tell to sin - ners far and
3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle's strife, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; By His death and end - less
4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Let the na - tions now re-

round, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the
wide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, Ech - o
life, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the
joice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est

steeps and cross the waves; On - ward, 'tis our Lord's command, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
back, ye o - cean caves, Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
heart for mer - cy craves, Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
hills and deep - est caves; This our song of vic - to - ry, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.

No. 161. Yield Not to Temptation.

H. R. P.

BY PERMISSION OF DR. H. R. PALMER.

H. R. Palmer.

1. { Yield not to temp - ta - tion, For yield - ing is sin, Each vic - t'ry will help you
   { Fight man - ful - ly on - ward, Dark pass - ions sub - due, Look ev - er to Je - sus,
2. { Shun e - vil com - pan - ions, Bad lan-guage dis - dain, God's name hold in rev - 'rence,
   { Be tho't - ful and earn - est, Kind - heart - ed and true, Look ev - er to Je - sus,
3. { To him that o'er - com - eth, God giv - eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall con - quer,
   { He who is our Sav - ior, Our strength will re - new, Look ev - er to Je - sus,

CHORUS.

Some oth - er to win; He'll car - ry you thro'.
Nor take it in vain; He'll car - ry you thro'. Ask the Sav - ior to help you,
Tho' of - ten cast down; He'll car - ry you thro'.

Com-fort, strengthen, and keep you; He is will - ing to aid you, He will car - ry you thro'.

No. 162. What Did He Do?

Alt. by J. M. G.

USED BY PERMISSION OF O. F. PUGH.

W. Owen.

1. O list - en to our won-drous sto - ry, Count-ed once a - mong the lost;
   Yet, One came down from heav-en's glo - ry Sav - ing us at aw - ful cost!
2. No an - gel could His place have tak - en, High - est of the high tho' he;
   The loved One on the cross for - sak - en Was one of the God - head three!
3. Will you sur - ren - der to this Sav - ior? To His scep - tre hum - bly bow?
   You, too shall come to know His fav - or, He will save you, save you now.

CHORUS.

Who saved us from e - ter - nal loss? What did He do?
Who but God's Son up - on the cross? He

Where is He now? In heav - en in - ter - ced - ing!
died for you! Be - lieve it thou, In heav - en in - ter - ced - ing!

No. 163. "Whosoever Will."

P. P. B.

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P. P. Bliss.

1. "Who-so-ev - er hear-eth," Shout, shout the sound! Spread the blessed ti-dings all the world a-round:
   Tell the joy-ful news wher - ev - er man is found:
2. Who-so-ev - er com - eth need not de - lay, Now the door is o - pen, en-ter while you may;
   Je - sus is the true, the on - ly Liv - ing Way:
3. "Who-so-ev - er will!" the prom-ise is 'se-cure; "Who-so - ev-er will," for - ev - er must en - dure;
   "Who-so-ev - er will!" 'tis life for - ev - er more:

FINE. CHORUS.

"Who - so - ev - er will may come." "Who-so - ev - er will, who - so - ev - er will:" Send the

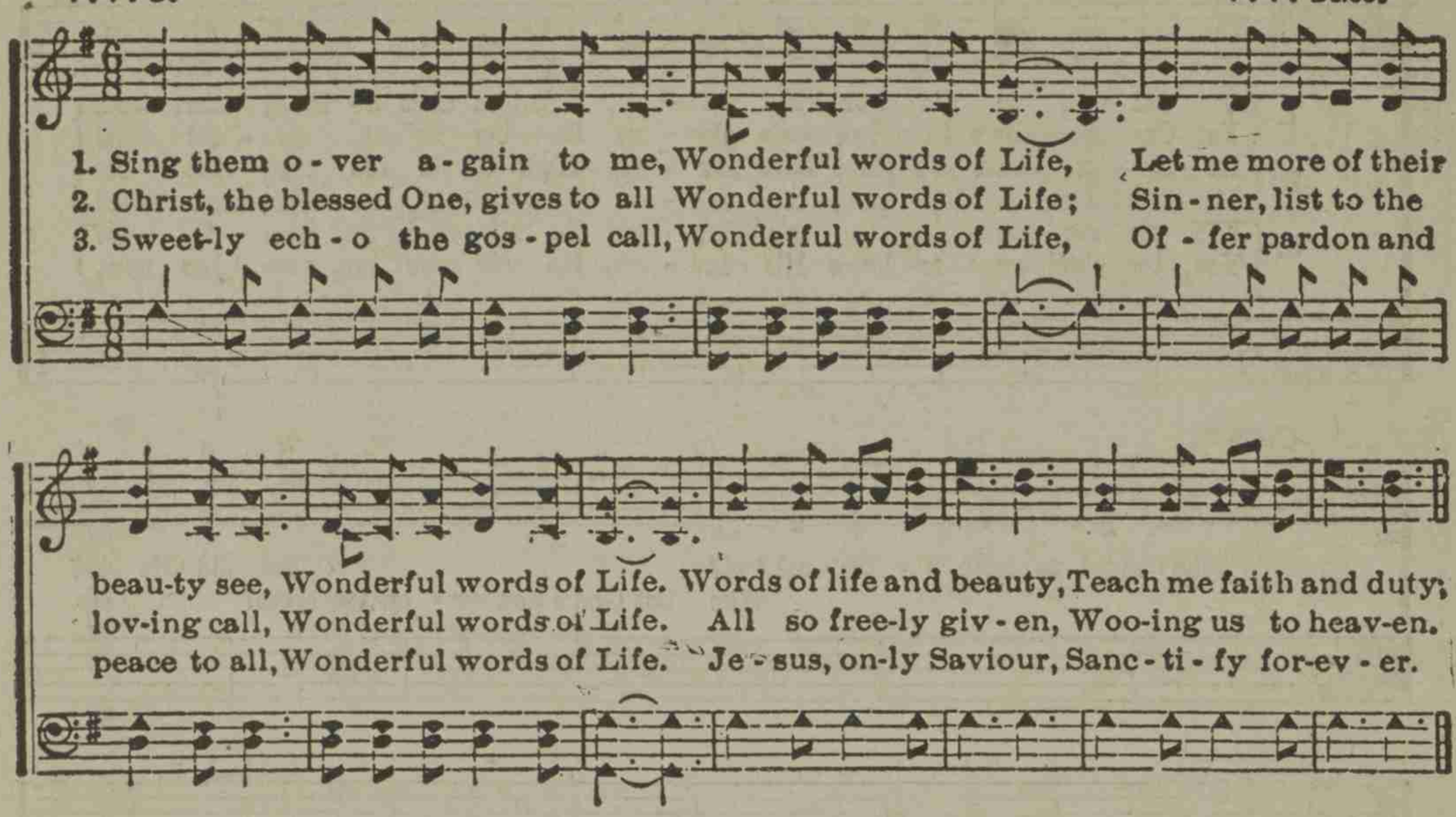
D.S.-"Who-so - ev - er will may come."

D. S.

pro - cla - ma - tion o - ver vale and hill; 'Tis a lov - ing Fa - ther calls the wand'rer home:

No. 164. Wonderful Words of Life.

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



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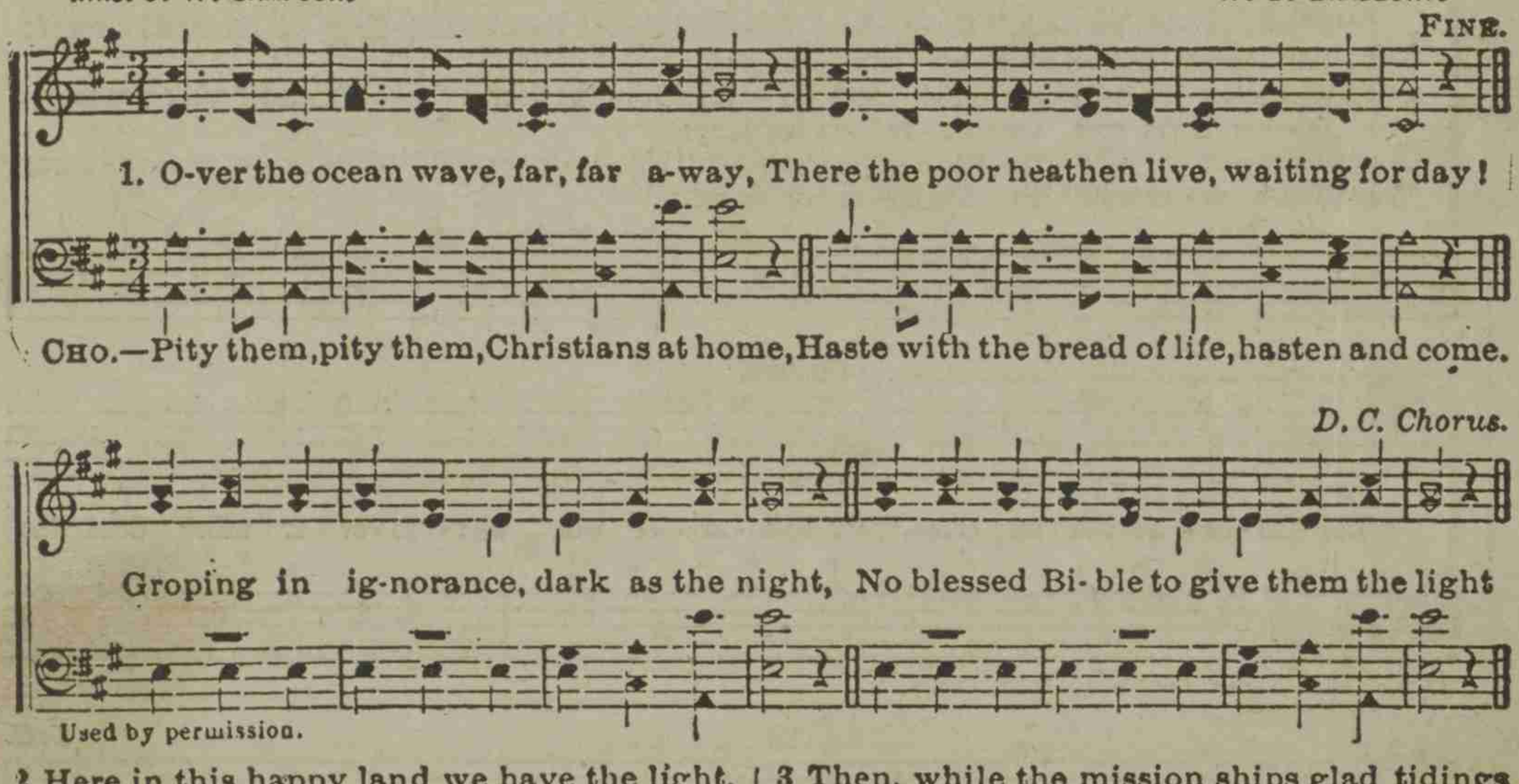
No. 165. Over the Ocean Wave.

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



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2 Here in this happy land we have the light,
Shining from God's own word, free, pure, and bright;
Shall we not send to them Bibles to read,
Teachers, and preachers, and all that they need?
Cho.—Pity them, &c.

3 Then, while the mission ships glad tidings bring,
List! as that heathen band joyfully sing,
"Over the ocean wave, O, see them come,
Bringing the bread of life, guiding us home."
Cho.—Pity them, &c.

No. 166. Lights Along the Shore.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD. E. ROBERTS. Arr.

1. There are lights by the shore of that country, Where my bark a-mid per-ils I steer,
   And they ever grow brighter and brighter, As that glo- [*Omit*.....
2. There are lights by the shore, as we journey, As we float down the riv-er of time;
   All the days of our pil-grim-age brighten, With a ra - [*Omit*.....

CHORUS.

ri - ous ha - ven I near. Oh! the lights along the shore, that nev-er grow dim,
di - ance tru - ly sub-lime.

That nev - er, nev - er grow dim, Are the souls that are a-flame with the

love of Je - sus' name, And they guide us, yes, they guide us un - to Him.

3 Oh! they tell of a hope that will cheer us
In the midst of our sorrows and cares;
When the lamp on our vessel burns dimly,
We watch for the glimmer of theirs.

4 Then forget not to keep your light shining;
Oh, Christian, be earnest and true!
For a soul on life's ocean may perish—
May sink in the waves—but for you.

No. 167. Jewels.

REV. W. O. CUSHING. GEO. F. ROOT.

Moderato.

1. When He com-eth, when He com-eth To make up His jew-els,
   All His jew-els, pre-cious jew-els, His loved and His own.
2. He will gath-er, He will gath-er The gems for His king-dom;
   All the pure ones, all the bright ones, His loved and His own.
3. Lit-tle chil-dren, lit-tle chil-dren, Who love their Re-deem-er,
   Are the jew-els, pre-cious jew-els, His loved and His own.

CHORUS.

Like the stars of the morning, His bright crown adorning,
They shall shine in their beauty, [*Omit*.....] Bright gems for His crown.

No. 168. Go Ye.

MRS. C. H. M. (MARK 16: 15.) MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Send the gos - pel of a full and free sal - va - tion To a world of
2. There are mil-lions yet in heath-en dark-ness ly - ing, Grop-ing on in
3. We are hast'ning t'ward the fi - nal con-sum - ma - tion, When the com-ing

dy - ing sin - ners lost; Send or go ye with the gos - pel in - vi - ta - tion,
su - per - sti-tion's night; It is ours to send the gracious message fly - ing,
of the King we'll see; "When the gos-pel has been preached to ev'ry na - tion,

CHORUS. Unison.

Let the mountains and the seas be crossed.
And to bring to blinded eyes their sight. Go ye, go ye, it is the Lord's command,
For a witness, then the end shall be."

Parts.

Go ye, go ye to ev - 'ry clime and land; Bear the joy - ful news a -

cross the o-cean wave, Tell the world..... that Je-sus saves.
Tell the world that Jesus saves.

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No. 169. All for Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson. E. O. Excell.

1. All, yes, all I give to Je-sus, It be-longs to Him; All my heart I give to Je-sus,
2. All, yes, all I give to Je-sus, It be-longs to Him; All my voice I give to Je-sus,
3. All, yes, all I give to Je-sus, It be-longs to Him; All my love I give to Je-sus,
4. All, yes, all I give to Je-sus, It be-longs to Him; All my life I give to Je-sus,

It be-longs to Him; Ev - er-more to be His dwell-ing, Ev - er-more His
It be-longs to Him; Plead-ing for the young and hoar - y, Tell - ing of His
It be-longs to Him; Lov - ing Him for love un - ceas - ing, For His mer - cy
It be-longs to Him; Hour by hour I'll live for Je - sus, Day by day I'll

prais-es swell-ing, Ev - er-more His good - ness tell-ing, It be-longs to Him.
pow'r and glo - ry, Sing - ing o'er and o'er the sto - ry, It be-longs to Him.
e'er in - creas-ing, For His watch-care nev - er ceas-ing, It be-longs to Him.
work for Je - sus, Ev - er-more I'll hon - or Je - sus, All be-longs to Him.

No. 170. There's a Great Day Coming.

USED BY PER. W. L. THOMPSON & CO., EAST LIVERPOOL, O., AND
THE THOMPSON MUSIC CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

W. L. T. Will L. Thompson.

1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day com-ing, There's a great day com-ing by and by;
2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day com-ing, There's a bright day com-ing by and by;
3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day com-ing, There's a sad day com-ing by and by;

When the saints and the sin-ners shall be part-ed right and left,
But its bright-ness shall on-ly come to them that love the Lord, Are you read-y for that day to come?
When the sin-ner shall hear his doom, "De-part, I know ye not,"

CHORUS *m* *pp* 1 2

Are you read-y? Are you read-y? Are you read - y for the judgment day? For the judgment day?

No. 171. Just Beyond.

J. R. B. JOHN R. BRYANT.

1. Just be-yond these fleeting shad-ows Lie the sun-ny fields of bliss;
2. Just be-yond these clouds of sor-row, En-ter now a glo-rious throng;
3. Just be-yond our mor-tal vis-ion, There the shin-ing an-gels stand;

We can al-most see the glo-ry Of that bet-ter land than this.
We may en-ter as those loved ones, In that bet-ter land of song.
Soon we'll join them where the Sav-iour, Crowns us in that bet-ter land.

CHORUS.

That bet-ter land be-yond so fair, Where storms can nev-er come;

Faint not, my soul, you'll soon be there, And rest in peacet at home.

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No. 172. The Coming Joy.

T. J. JENKINS. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. There is a land where there is no death, Where pain, nor tears, nor sorrows come,
2. There is a life where there's no sin To dim its joys or cause a pain,
3. There is a home, not far a-way, I'm cross-ing now the nar-row span
4. There is a joy no tongue can tell, Here in this life I feel its glow,

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The Coming Joy. Concluded.

FINE.

But joys a-bound un- known to earth, My soul is pant- ing for that home.
But tran-quil hours and peace with - in Brings joy divine and youth a - gain.
From Pisgah's heights my eyes survey Be-yond this vale the ho - ly land.
When time has tolled its parting knell Thro' joy-ful years its full- ness know.

D. S.—*be my soul's em-ploy, When I shall wake like Thee at last.*

CHORUS. D.S.

Land, life and home, and morning's joy Await me when earth's night is past; Praises shall

No. 173. Saviour Hear Me.

J. A. LEE. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Sav - iour, now I come to Thee, O hear and par - don me;
2. Oft - en have I gone a- stray,—'Twas when I failed to pray;
3. Tho' I roam, dear Lord, from Thee, I know Thou'lt shel - ter me;
4. When I come to Thee in pray'r, I find Thee list - 'ning there;

FINE.

Keep me ev - er near Thy side, And in Thee let me a - bide.
From the Shepherd's shelt'ring fold Oft I've wandered in the cold.
In the morn - ing, noon and night, Thou dost shed on me Thy light.
Thou wilt ease my ach - ing heart, And Thy love to me im - part.

D. S.—*O my soul is much in need, Hear, O hear me while I plead.*

CHORUS. D.S.

Sav-iour, hear me, hear me now, At the cross I meek - ly bow,

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No. 174. O Sinner, Hear the Invitation.

REV. J. A. LEE. Copyright, 1911, by J. A. Lee, Glencoe, Ky. CHAS. M. DAVIS.

1. O sin-ner, hear the in-vi-ta-tion That's offered now to one and all (one and all);
2. The day of grace may soon be o'er, The Spirit pleads for you to-night (you to-night);
3. In weakness look to Him and pray, There is no other who can save (who can save);
4. If you've a hope in His salvation, Then you should own the Saviour's name (Saviour's name);

It is His great and free sal-va-tion He gives to all who on Him call.
The Saviour calls, He calls once more, Then look to Him who is the Light.
He'll sure-ly take your sins a - way, And give you hope beyond the grave.
From sin should be a sep - a - ra-tion, And of your Lord ne'er be a - shamed.

CHORUS.

O sin-ner, come to the Light, You'll find Him loving and true;.... Come,
come to your Saviour to-night (to-night), He'll par-don and save you.

No. 175. He Took My Sins Away.

J. A. L. Copyright, 1911, by J. A. Lee, Glencoe, Ky. J. A. LEE.

1. O praise His ho - ly name, He took my sins a-way; His love is
2. He is the sin-ner's friend, He took my sins a-way; On Him you
3. His love I'll nev - er doubt, He took my sins a-way; I love to
4. Heav - en will be my home, He took my sins a-way; As on the

CHO.—He took my sins a - way, He took my sins a - way, He took my

He Took My Sins Away.

just the same, He'll take your sins a-way, He search-es ev - 'ry heart, and
can de-pend, He'll take your sins a-way, O heed His lov - ing call, and
tell it out, He'll take your sins a-way, The sin-ner's on - ly plea, by
earth you roam, He'll take your sins a-way, I'll see Him face to face, and

sins a-way, O praise His ho - ly name! His love is just the same, He'll

D. C. for Cho.

bids the clouds de-part, He took my sins a - way, a - way.
He will save you all, He'll take your sins a - way, a - way.
faith the Lamb I see, He'll take your sins a - way, a - way.
praise Him for His grace, He took my sins a - way, a - way.

take your sins a - way, He'll take your sins a - way, a - way.

No. 176. Follow Close to Jesus.

REV. E. H. HOFFMAN. JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. Pilgrim, fol-low close to Jesus, In the straight and narrow way; Treading in His
2. Pilgrim, fol-low close to Jesus, Then what-ev-er may be-tide, You shall walk in
3. Pilgrim, fol-low close to Jesus, He will be your faithful Friend, And will bring you

CHORUS.

ho-ly footsteps, You will never go a-stray. Fol - low, fol - low, Fol-low,
perfect safety, Led by an un-err-ing Guide.
home to heaven, At the journey's blissful end. Follow, follow, fol-low, follow,

Christ and falter never; Fol - low, fol - low, Follow Christ the Lord forever.
Follow, follow, follow, follow,

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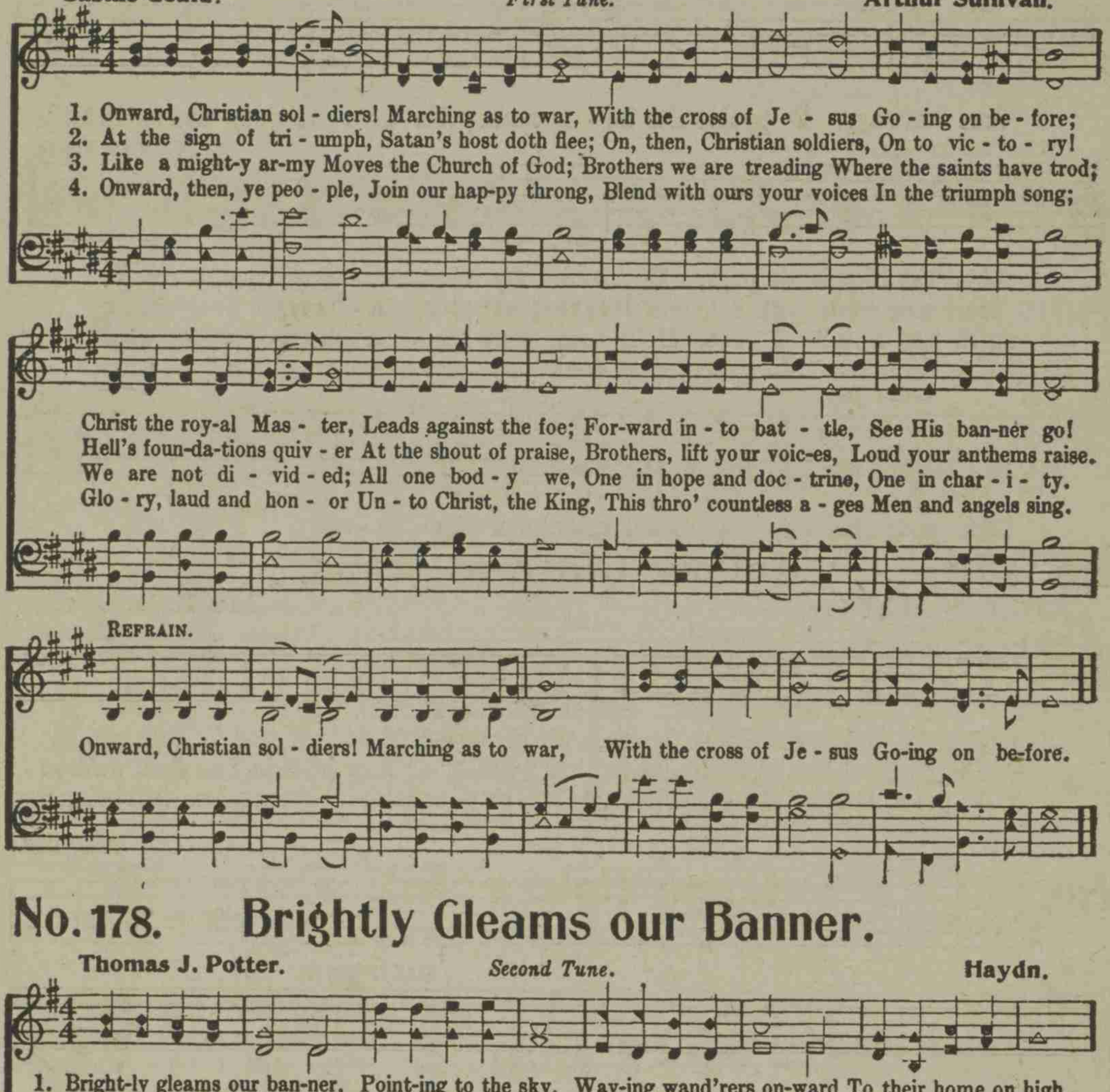
Devotional Hymns.

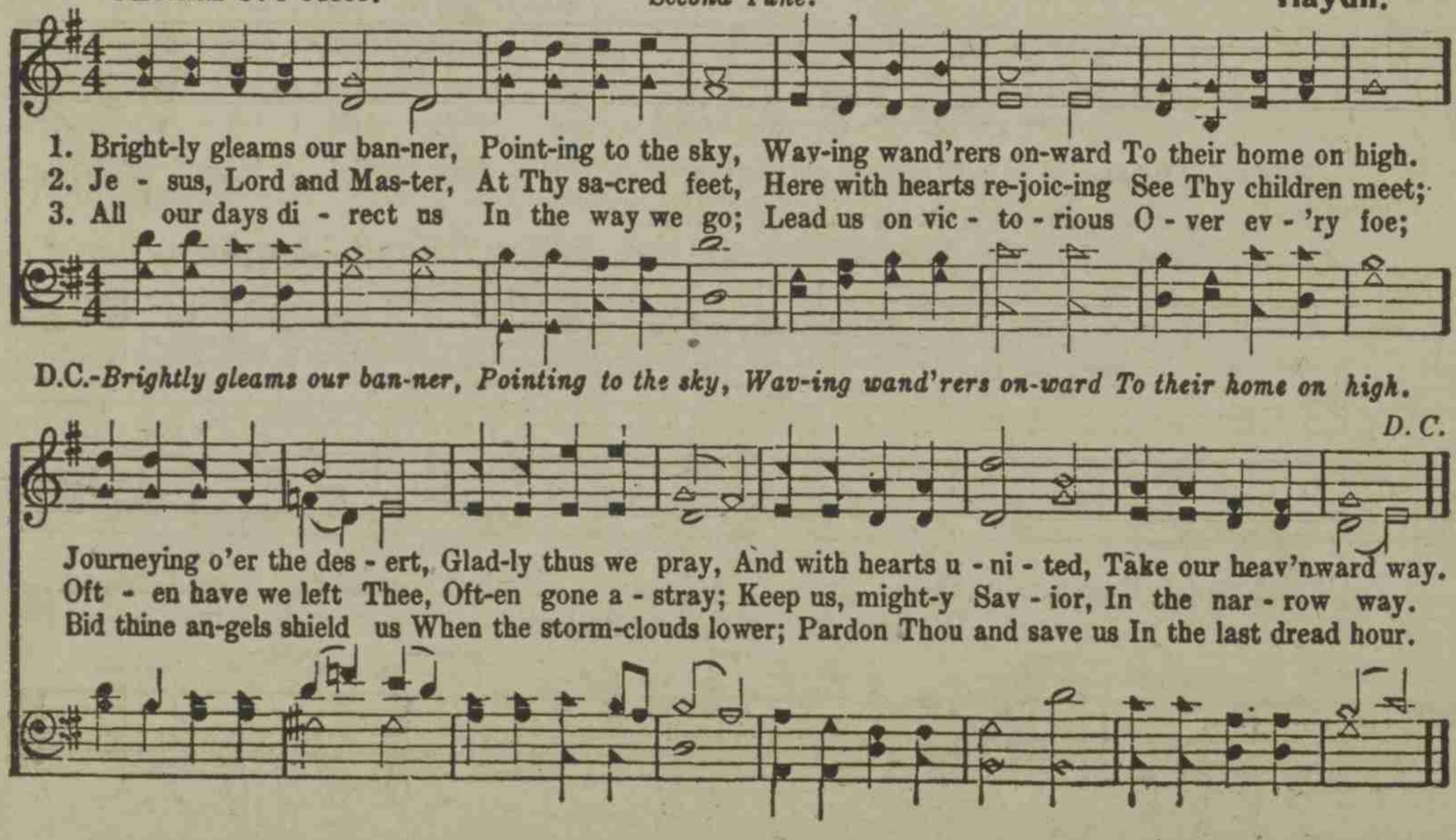
No. 177. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Gould. *First Tune.* Arthur Sullivan.



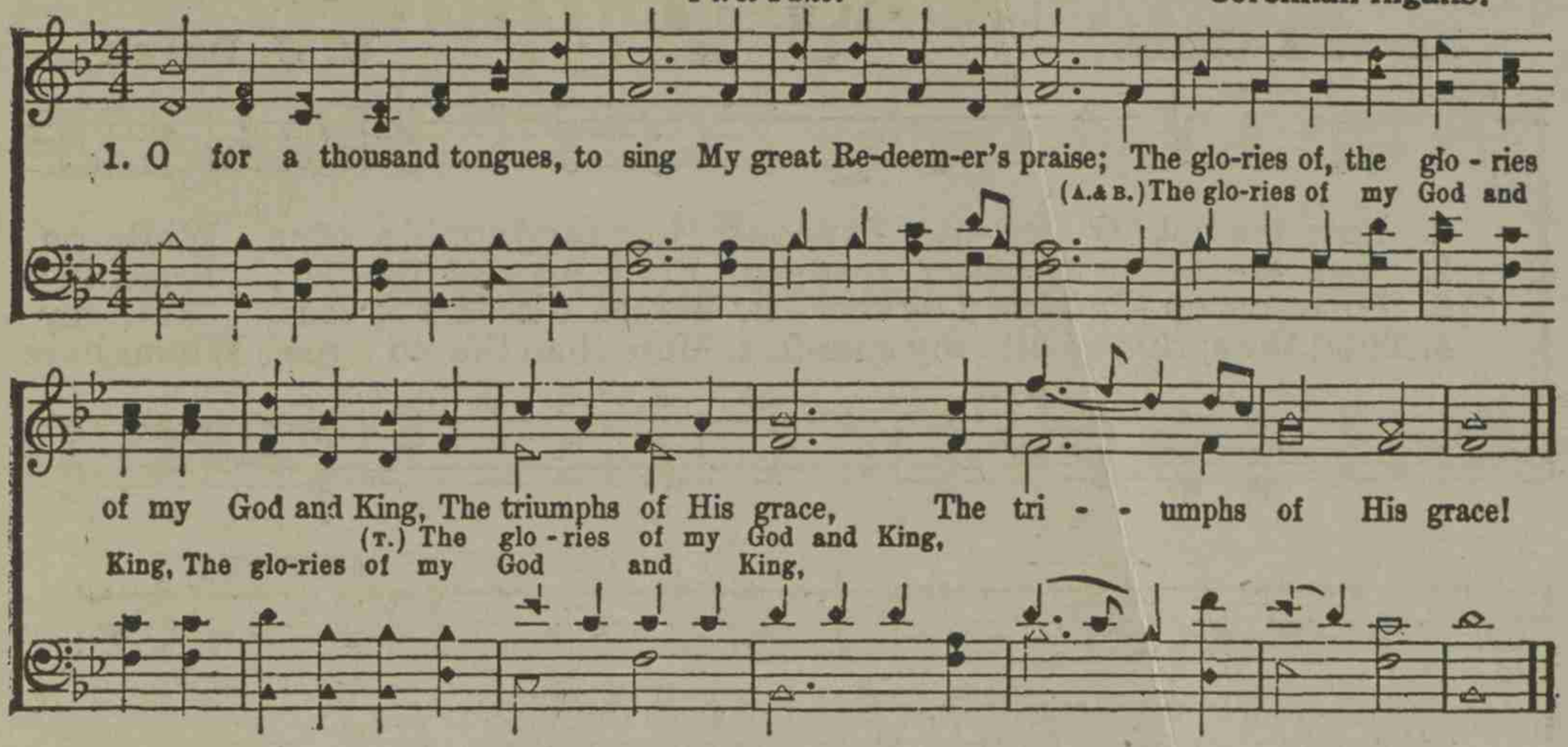
No. 178. Brightly Gleams our Banner.

Thomas J. Potter. *Second Tune.* Haydn.



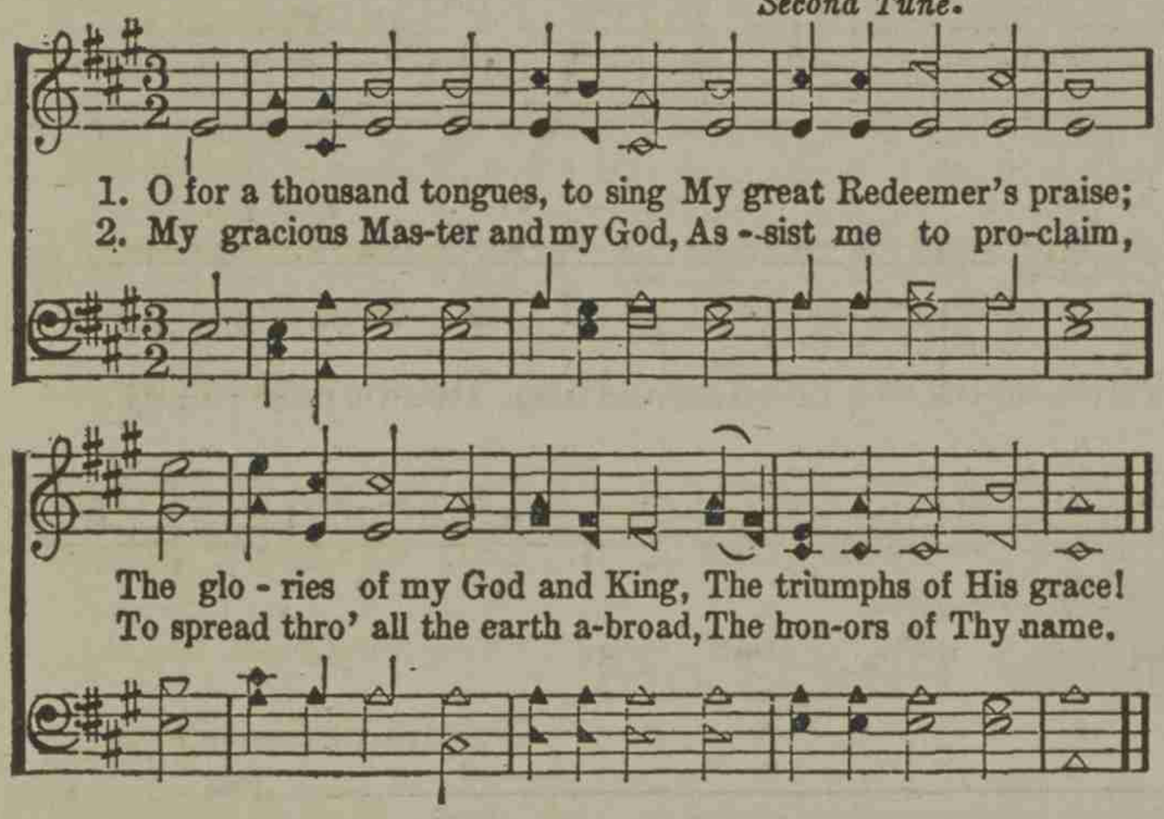
No. 179. O For a Thousand Tongues.

First Tune. **Jeremiah Ingalls.**



No. 180. O For a Thousand Tongues.

Second Tune. **Arr. by Lowell Mason.**



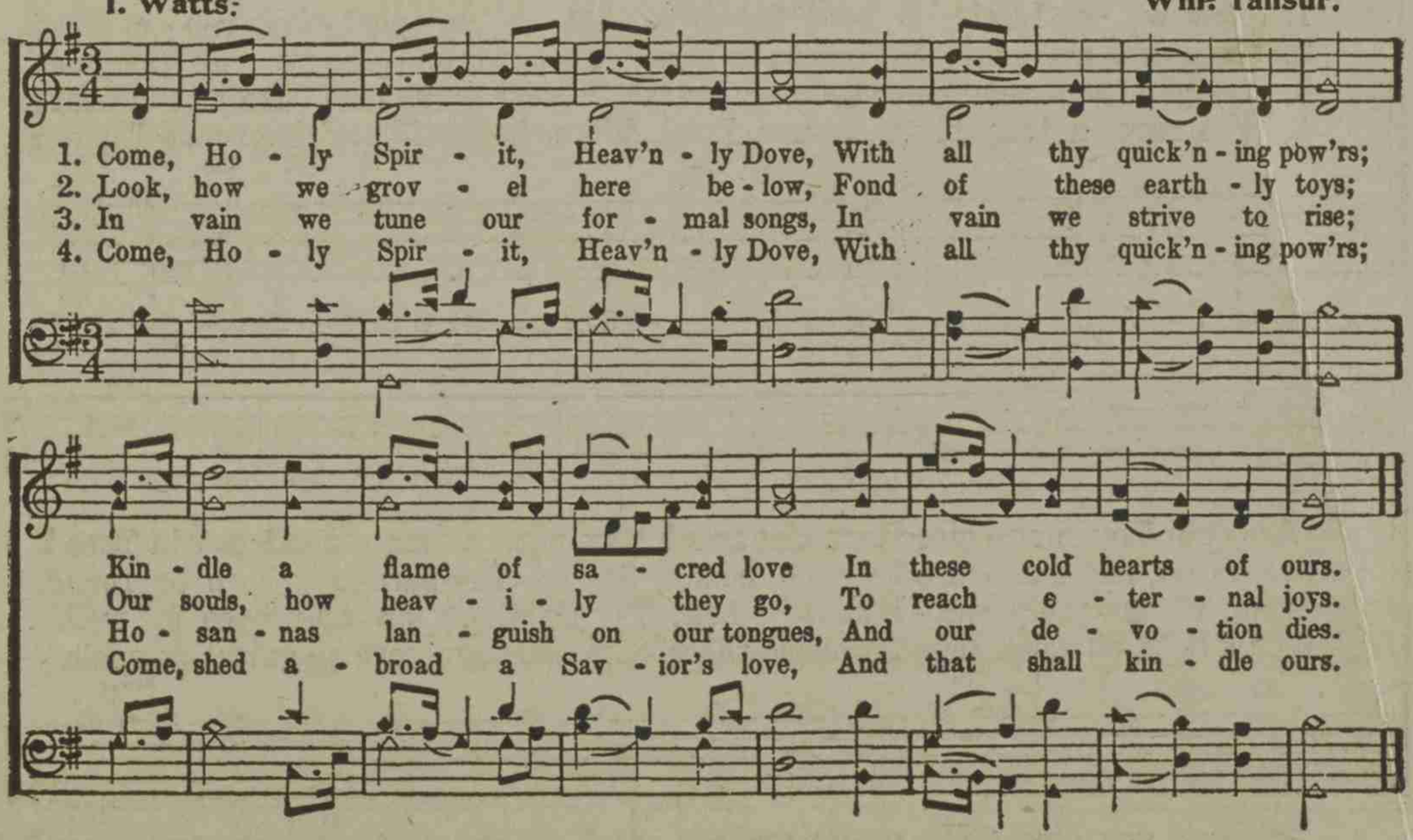
3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood avalled for me.

5 He speaks, and listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice
The humble poor believe.

No. 181. Come Holy Spirit.

I. Watts. **Wm. Tansur.**



No. 182 PASS ME NOT.

FANNY J. CROSBY. *M. H. 852. B. H. 361. W. H. DOANE.

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav-iour, Hear my humble cry; While on
2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief; Kneel-ing
3. Trust-ing on - ly in Thy mer - it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my
4. Thou the spring of all my com-fort, More than life to me, Whom have

oth - ers Thou art smil-ing, Do not pass me by.
there in deep con - tri-tion, Help my un - be - lief.
wounded, bro - ken spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.
I on earth beside Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee.

CHORUS.

Sav-iour, Sav-iour,

Hear my humble cry, While on others Thou art calling, Do not pass me by.

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183 Show Pity, Lord.

ISAAC WATTS. Old Southern Melody.

1. Show pit - y, Lord, O Lord, for-give, Let a re - pent - ing reb - el live;
2. My crimes are great, but don't sur-pass The pow'r and glo - ry of Thy grace;
3. Should sudden vengeance seize my breath, I must pronounce Thee just in death;
4. Yet save a trem-bling sin-ner, Lord, Whose hope still hov'ring round Thy word,

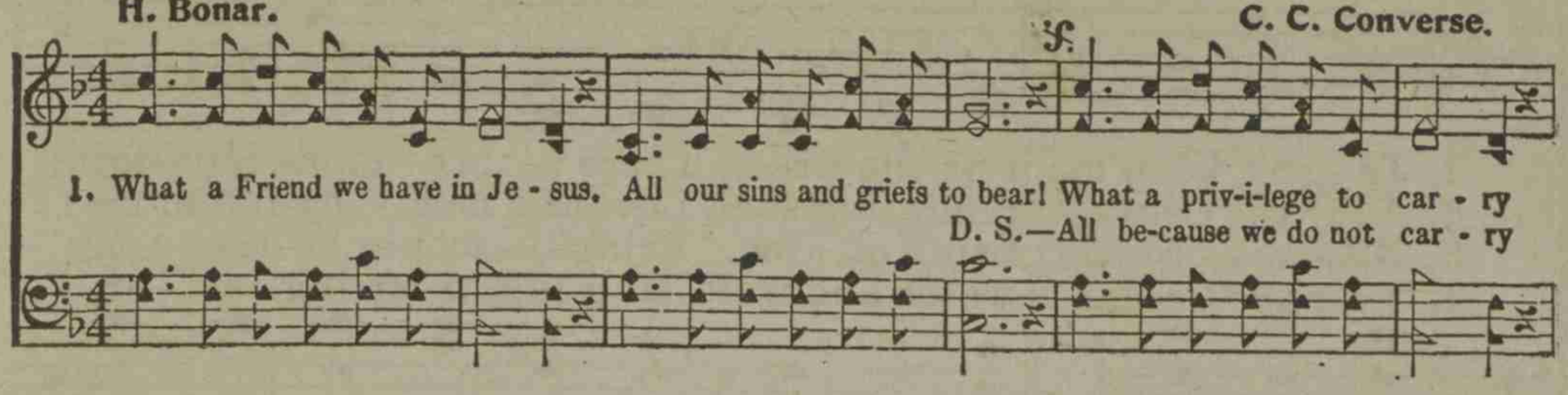
CHO.—*O depth of mer - cy! can it be That mer-cy's still re-served for me?*

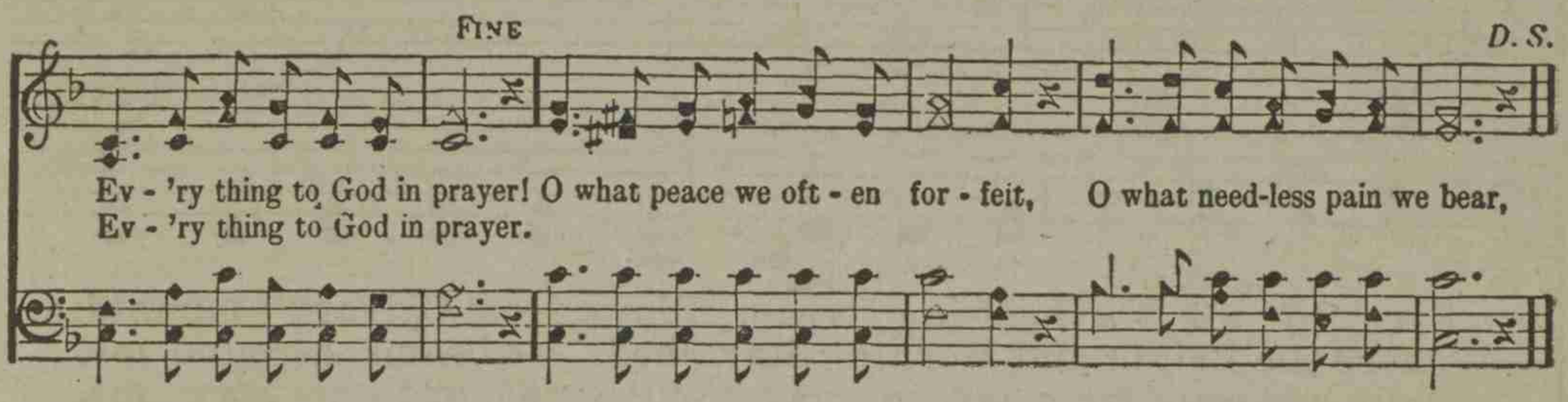
Are not Thy mer - cies large and free? May not a sin - ner trust in Thee?
Great God, Thy nat - ure hath no bound, So let Thy pard-'ning love be found.
And if my soul were sent to hell, Thy righteous law ap-proves it well.
Would light on some sweet promise there, Some sure sup-port a - gainst de-spair.

Ah, can my God His wrath forbear, And me the chief of sin-ners spare?

No. 184. What a Friend.

H. Bonar. C. C. Converse.





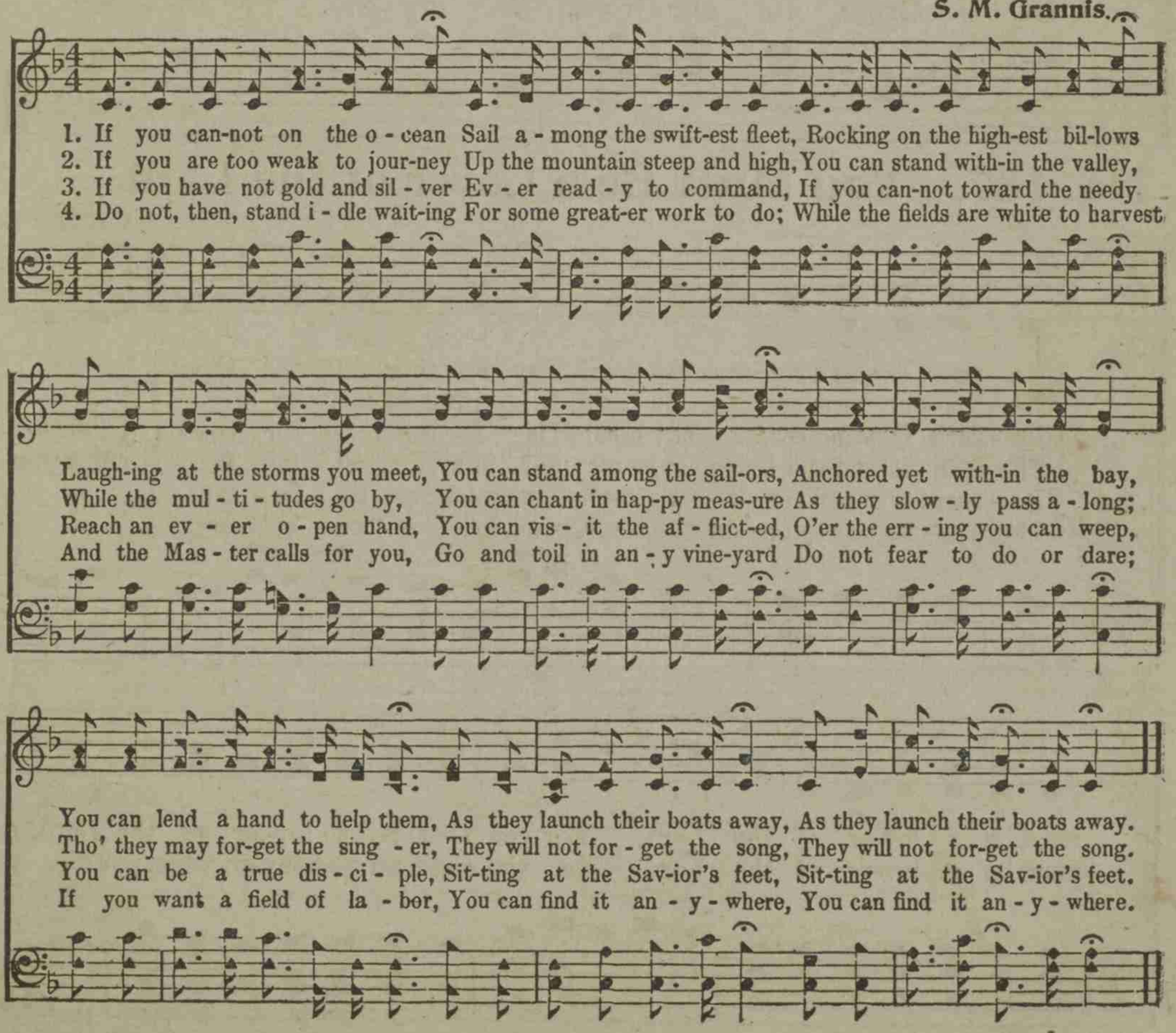
1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry,
Every thing to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?—
Precious Savior, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield
Thou wilt find a solace there. [thee.

No. 185. Your Mission.

S. M. Grannis.



No. 186. Near the Cross.

F. J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE. By per.

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 Calvary's mountain.
There the Bright and Morning Star Shed its 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.

D.S. *Till my rap-tured soul shall find Rest be- yond the riv - er.*

FINE.

CHORUS. D.S.

In the Cross, in the Cross; Be my glo - ry ev - er;

No. 187. You Must Be a Lover of the Lord.

CHORUS.

1. Re - turn, O wand'rer, to thy home, Thy Fa- ther calls for thee;
   No lon-ger now an ex - ile roam, In guilt and mis - er - y.
2. Re - turn, O wand'rer, to thy home,'Tis Je - sus calls for thee; For you
   The Spir - it and the Bride say come; Oh! now for ref - uge flee. For you
3. Re - turn, O wand'rer, to thy home,'Tis mad-ness to de - lay;
   There are no par - dons in the tomb, And brief is mer -cy's day.

must be a lov-er of the Lord, For you must be a lov- er of the Lord.
must be a lov-er of the Lord, Or you can't go to heav-en when you die.

No. 188. Softly and Tenderly.

W. L. T.

USED BY PER. WILL L. THOMPSON & CO., EAST LIVERPOOL, O., AND THE THOMPSON MUSIC CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

Will L. Thompson.

1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead-ing, Plead-ing for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleet-ing, the mo-ments are pass-ing, Pass-ing from you and from me;
4. Think of the won - der - ful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;

At the heart's por-tal He's wait-ing and watch-ing, Watch-ing for you and for me.
Why should we lin - ger and heed not His mer - cies, Mer - cies for you and for me?
Shad-ows are gath-'ring, and death's night is com -ing, Com - ing for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinn'd, He has mer - cy and par - don, Par - don for you and for me.

CHORUS.

Come home,.... come home,..... Ye who are wea - ry, come home,.....
Come home, come home,

Ear - nest - ly, ten - der - ly, Je - sus is call-ing, Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home!

No. 189. I Need Thee Every Hour.

Annie S. Hawks.

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

Robert Lowry.

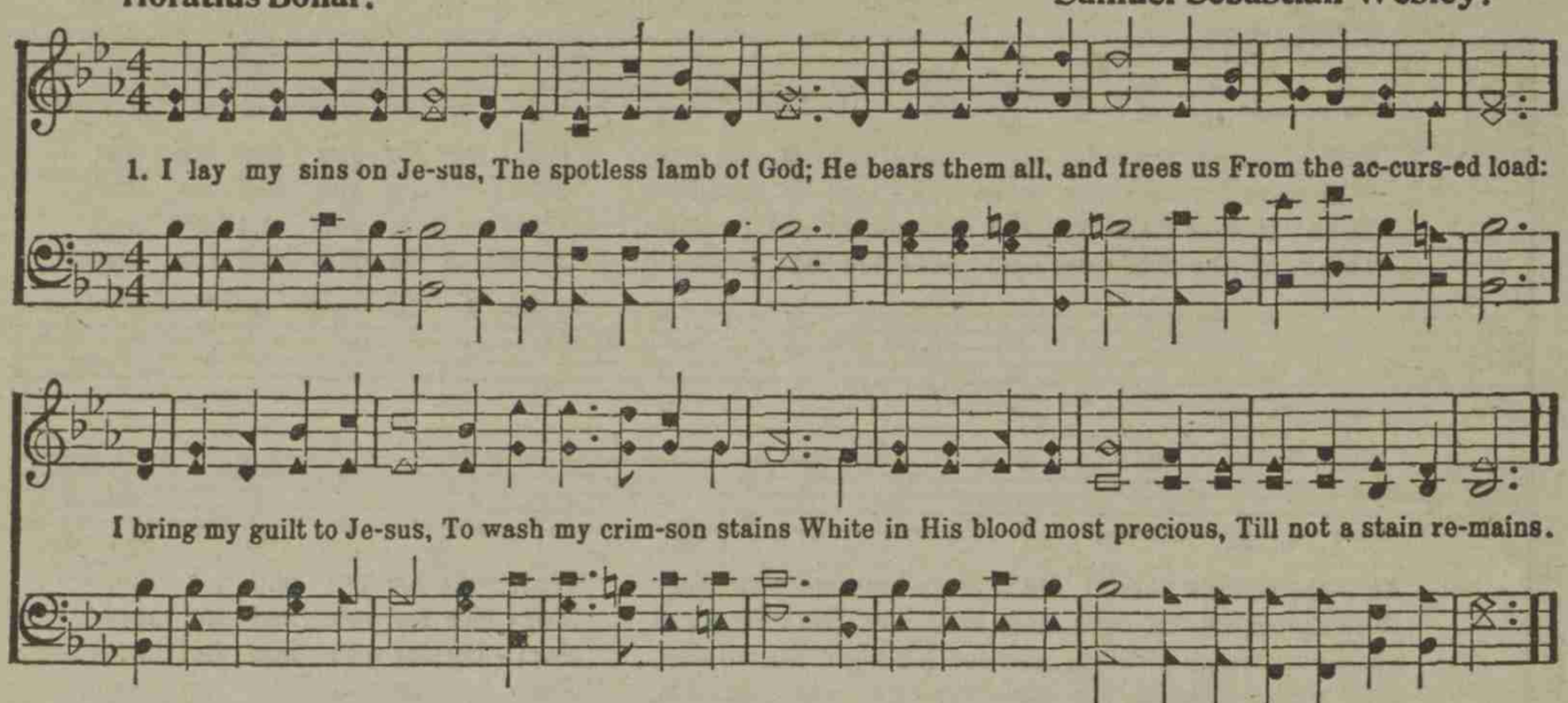
1. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most gracious Lord; No ten-der voice like Thine Can peace af-ford.
2. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temptations lose their pow'r When Thou art nigh.
3. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quickly and a - bide, Or life is vain.
4. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Teach me Thy will; And Thy rich prom-is - es In me ful - fill.
5. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; O make me Thine indeed, Thou bless - ed Son.

REFRAIN.

I need Thee, O I need Thee, Ev-'ry hour I need Thee; O bless me now, my Savior, I come to Thee.

No. 190. I Lay My Sins on Jesus.

Horatius Bonar. **Samuel Sebastian Wesley.**



2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fullness dwells in Him;
He healeth my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem:
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline:
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ the Lord,
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child:
I long to be with Jesus
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
And learn the angels' song.

No. 191. Praise Waits for Thee.

Psalm 65.

Tune above.

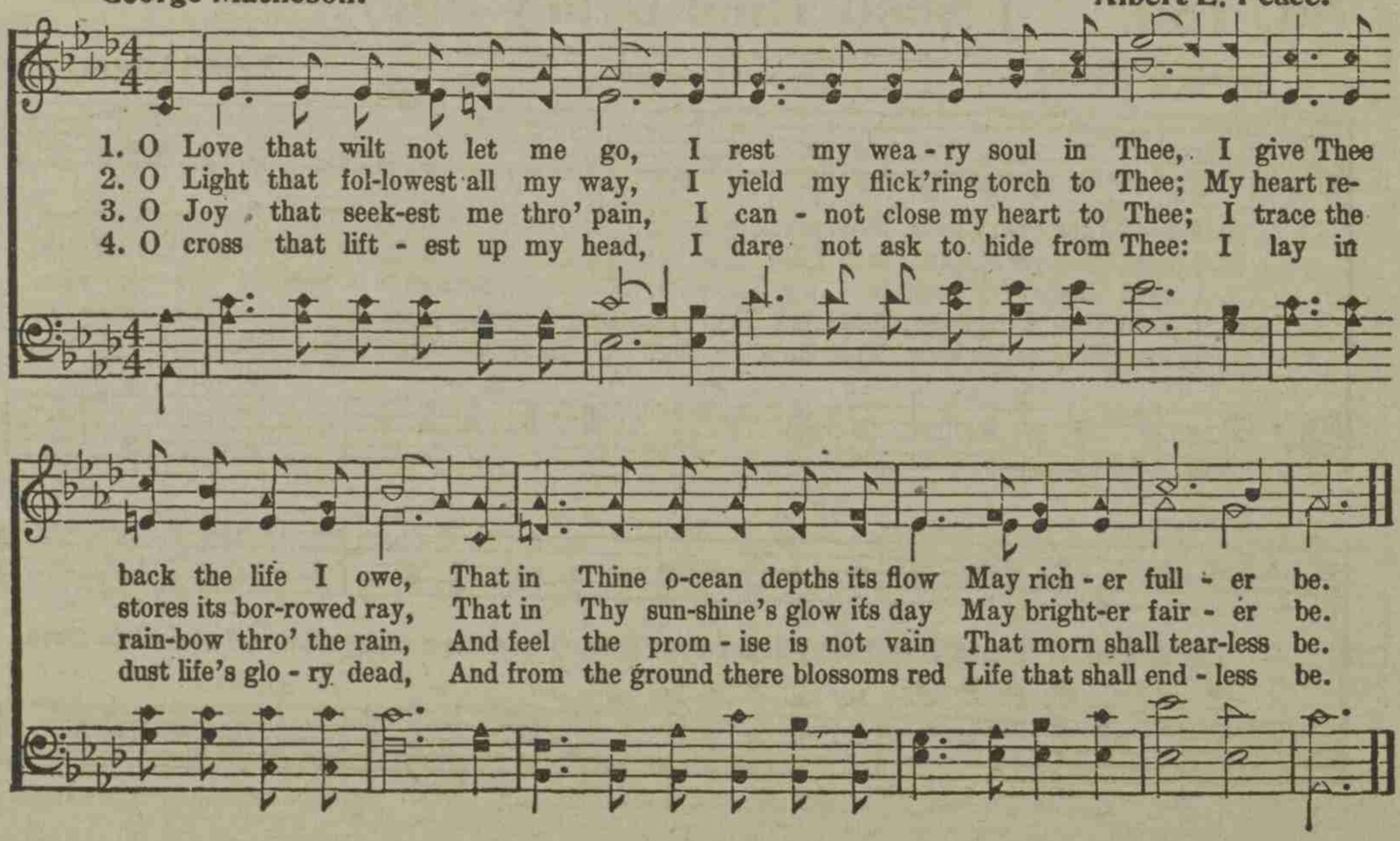
1 Praise waits for Thee in Zion,
To Thee vows paid shall be;
O Thou of prayer the hearer,
All flesh shall come to Thee;
Iniquities against me
Prevail from day to day,
But as for our transgressions,
Them shalt Thou purge away.

2 Blest he whom Thou hast chosen,
And unto Thee brought nigh;
Who hath for habitation
The courts of God Most High;
We shall in rich abundance
Be satisfied with grace,
And filled with all the goodness
Of Thy most holy place.

3 O God of our salvation,
We plead with Thee in prayer;
Thy righteousness makes answer
By things which fearful are;
Of earth the ends remotest,
And those afar at sea,
These all, O Lord, are placing
Their confidence in Thee.

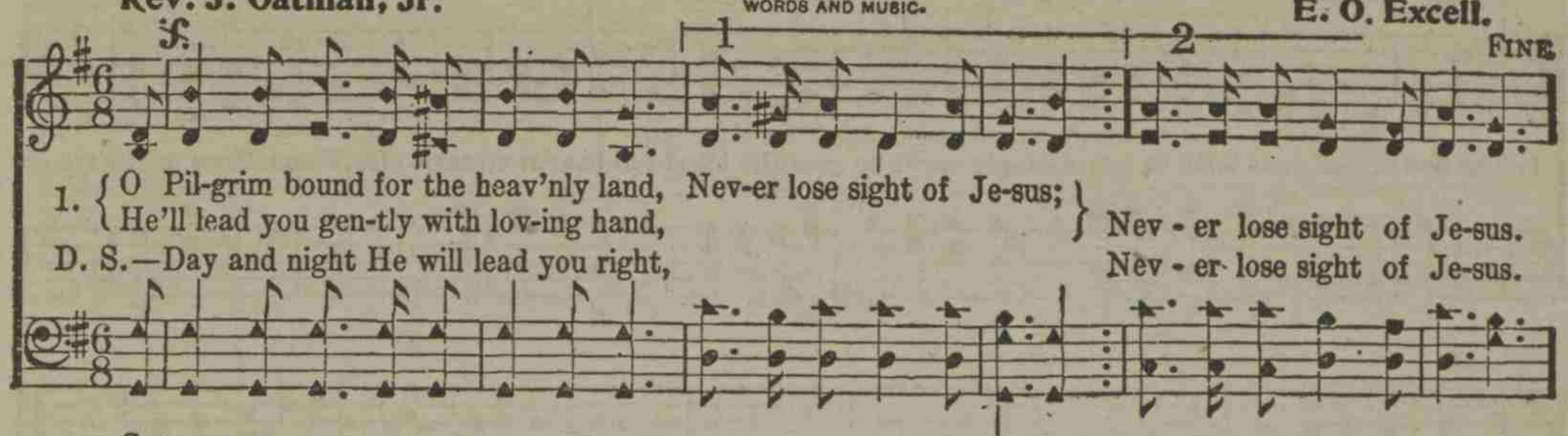
No. 192. O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

George Matheson. **Albert L. Peace.**



No. 193. Never Lose Sight of Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

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

1 O Pilgrim bound for the heavenly land,
Never lose sight of Jesus;
He'll lead you gently with loving hand,
Never lose sight of Jesus.

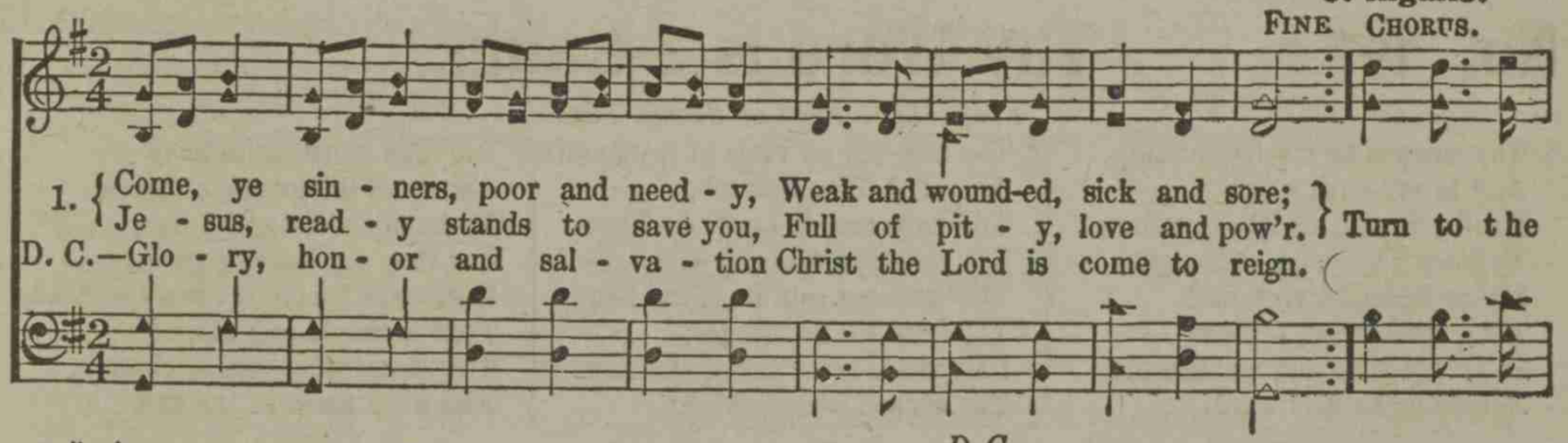
2 When-e'er you're tempted to go astray,
Never lose sight of Jesus;
Press onward, upward, the narrow way,
Never lose sight of Jesus.

3 Tho' dark the pathway may seem ahead,
Never lose sight of Jesus;
"I will be with you," His word hath said,
Never lose sight of Jesus.

4 When death is knocking outside the door,
Never lose sight of Jesus;
Till safely landed on Canaan's shore,
Never lose sight of Jesus.

No. 194. Come, Ye Sinners.

Hart. J. Ingalls.



2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh.

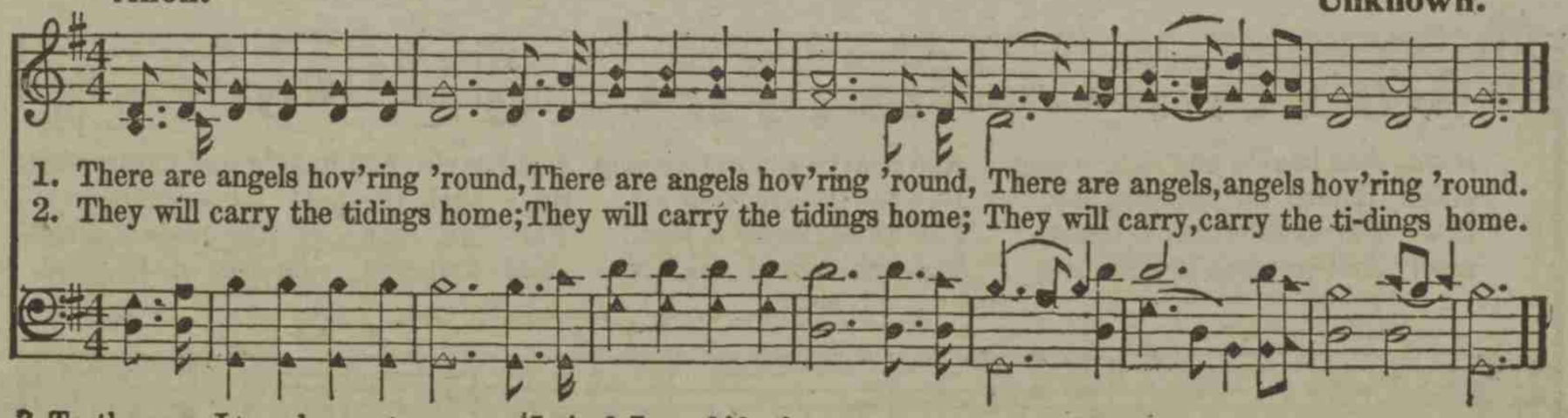
3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Your Redeemer prostrate lies,
On the bloody tree behold Him!
Hear Him cry, before He dies.

No. 195. Angels Hovering 'Round.

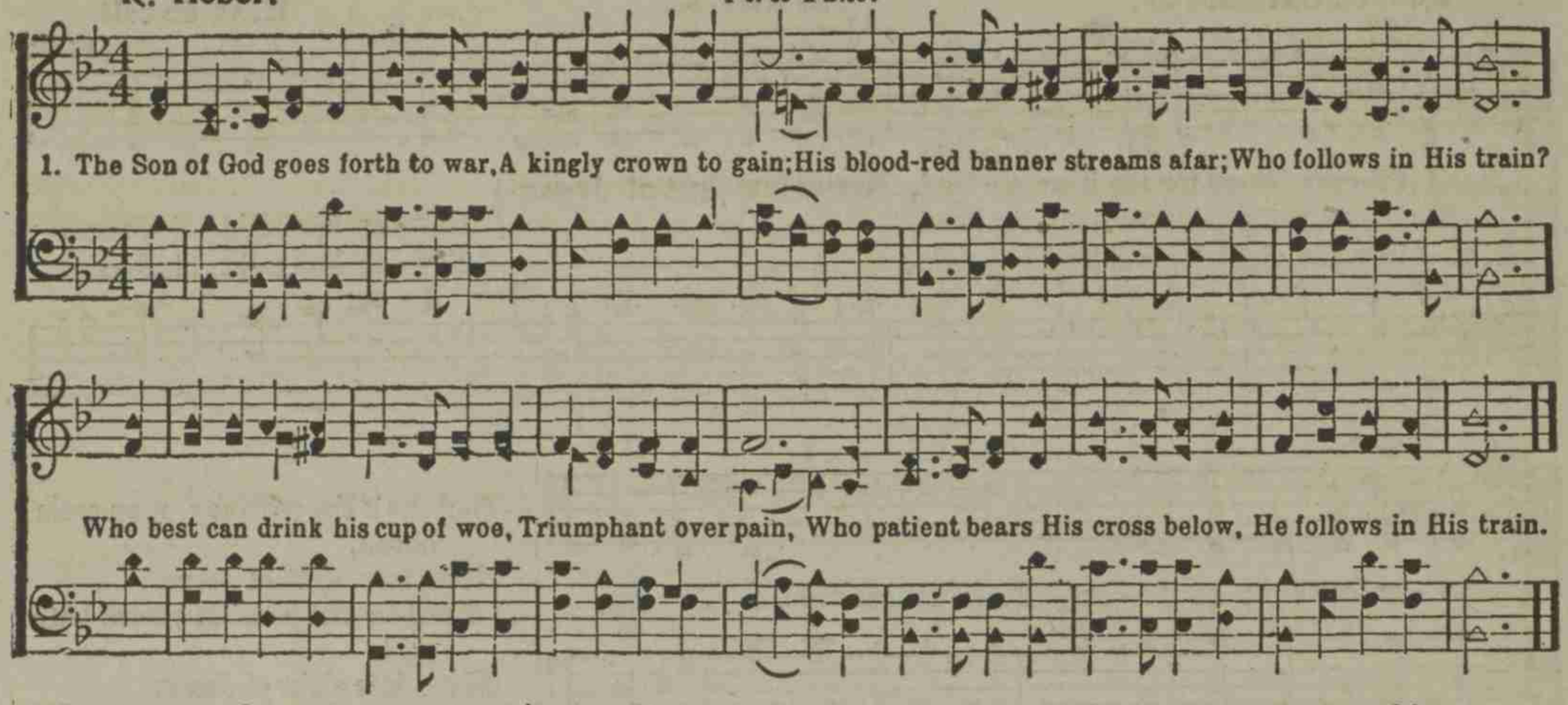
Anon. Unknown.



3 To the new Jerusalem, etc.
4 Poor sinners are coming home, etc.
5 And Jesus bids them come, etc.
6 Let him that heareth come, etc.
7 There is glory all around, etc.
8 We are on our journey home, etc.

No. 196. The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

R. Heber. *First Tune.* H. S. Cutler.



2 That martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw His Master in the sky;
And called on Him to save.
Like Him, with pardon on His tongue
In midst of mortal pain, [wrong,
He pray'd for them that did the
Who follows in His train?

3 A noble band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came; [knew,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they
And mock'd the cross and flame.
They met the tyrant's brandish'd
The lion's gory mane; [steel,
They bowed their heads the stroke
Who follows in their train? [to feel,

4 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Savior's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed;
They climbed the steep ascent of
Thro' peril, toil, and pain, [heav'n,
O God, to us may grace be giv'n,
To follow in their train.

No. 197 Thy Word is a Lamp.

Psalm 119. *First or Second Tune.*

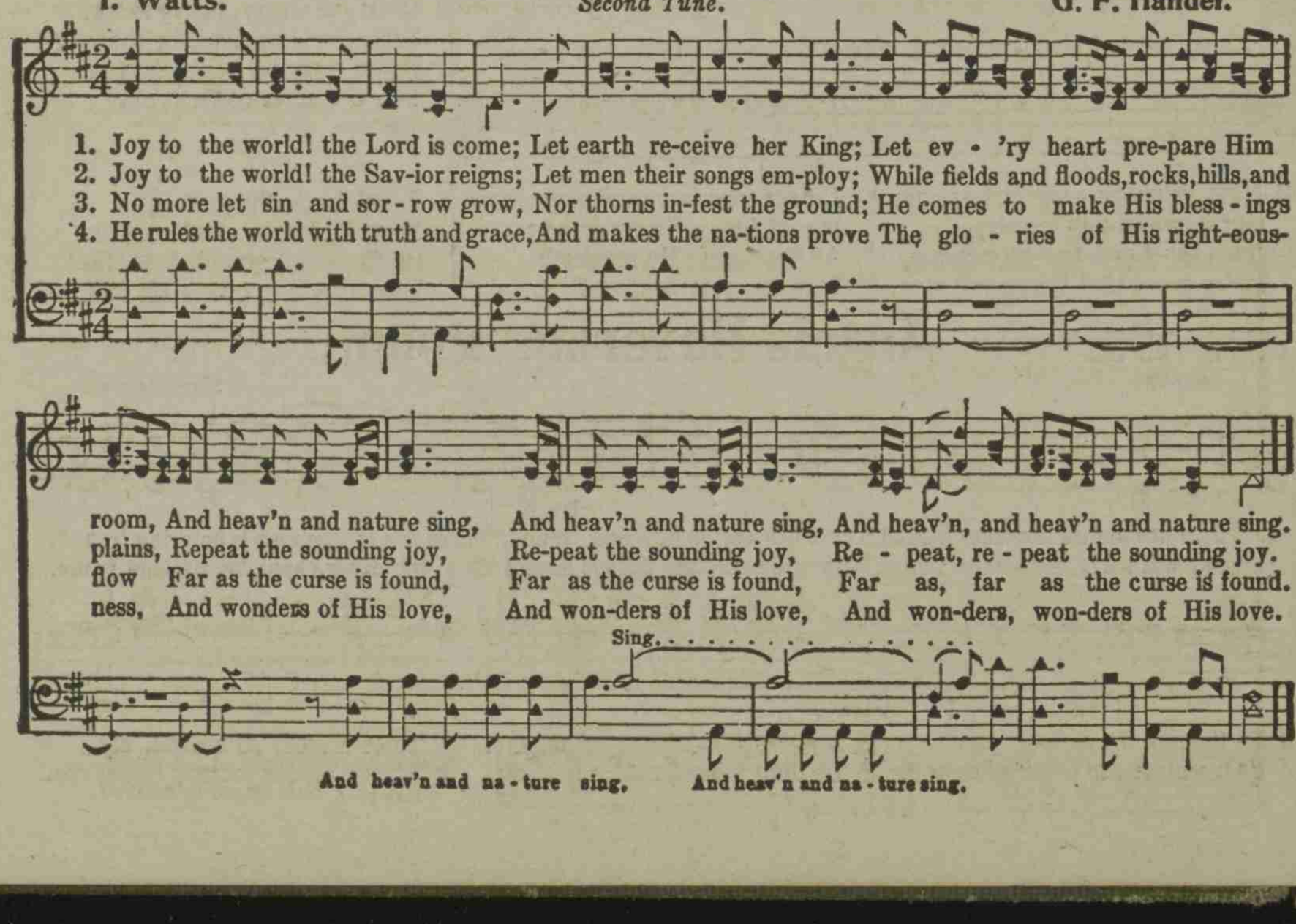
1 Thy word is to my feet a lamp,
And to my path a light,
I will perform, as I have sworn,
To keep Thy judgments right.
I with affliction very sore
Am ovewhelmed, O Lord;
In mercy raise and quicken me,
According to Thy word.

2 The free-will off'rings of my mouth
Accept, I Thee beseech,
And unto me, O Lord, do Thou
Thy judgments clearly teach.
Tho' still my soul be in my hand,
Thy laws I'll not forget;
I erred not from them, tho' for me
The wicked snares did set.

3 I of Thy testimonies have
Above all things made choice,
To be my heritage for aye,
For they my heart rejoice.
With care I have my heart inclined,
That it should still attend
Thy statutes always to observe,
And keep them to the end.

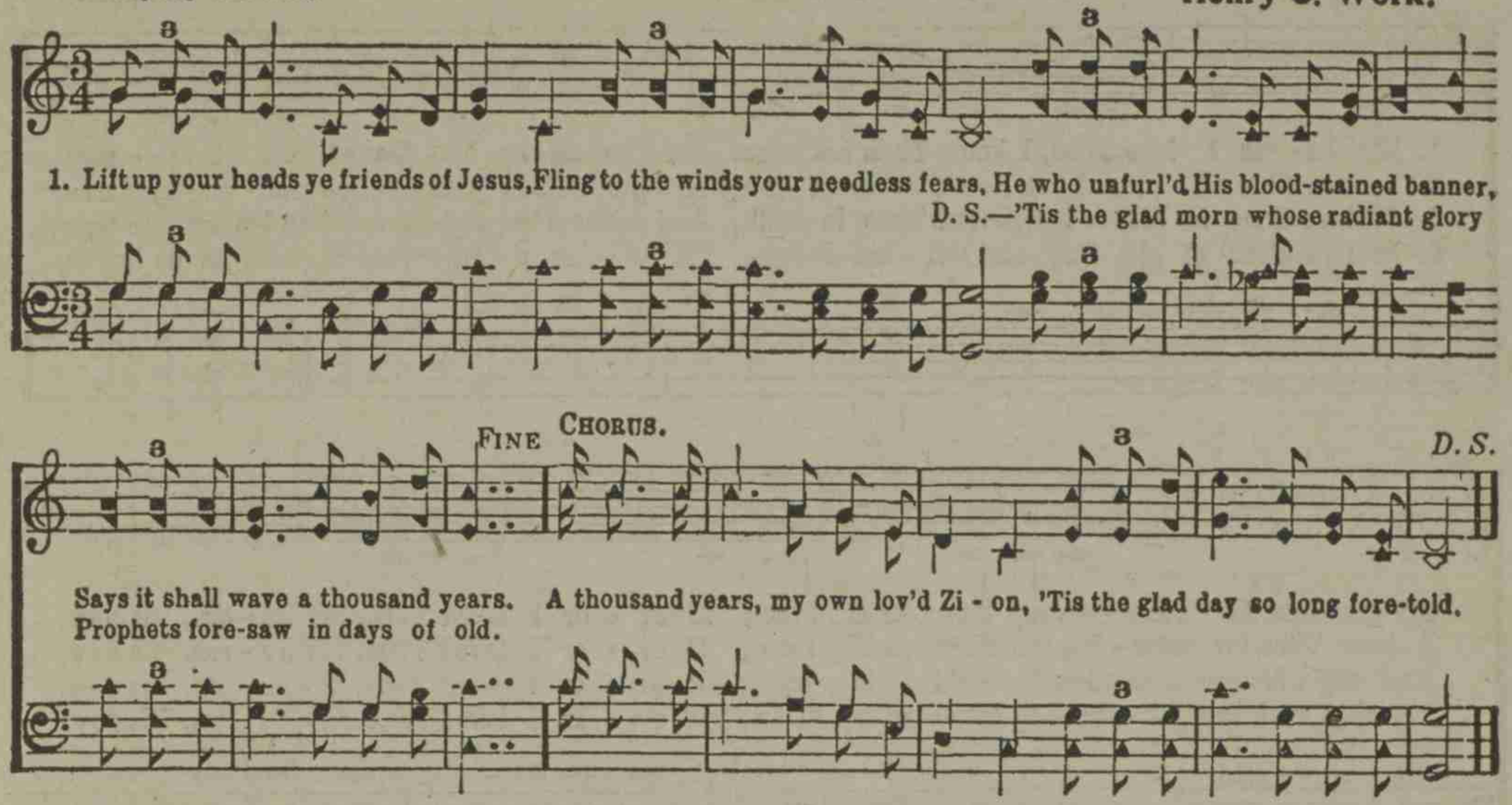
No 198. Joy to the World.

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



No. 199. A Thousand Years

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



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

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

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

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

No. 200. The Gate Ajar.

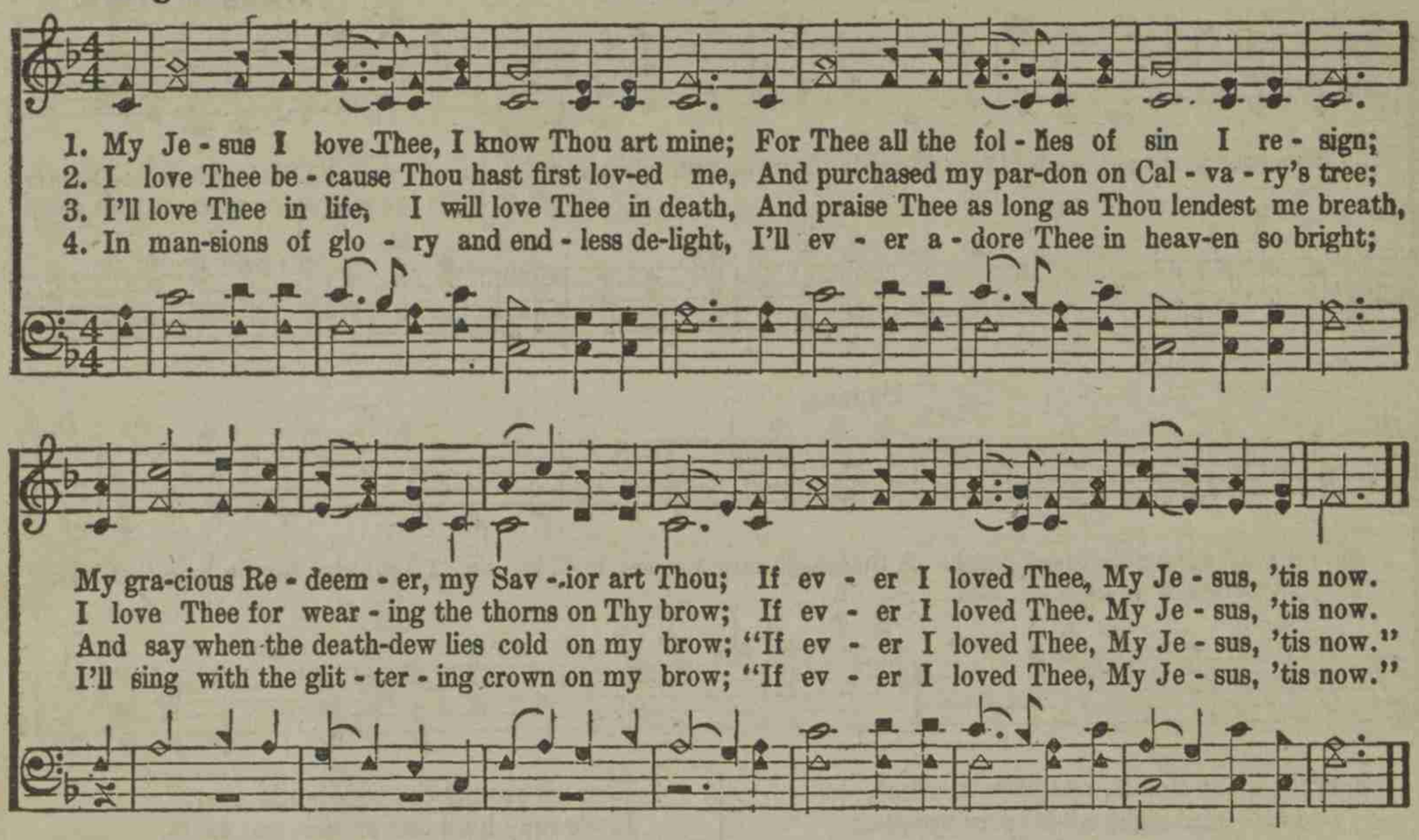
S. J. Vail.

3 Press onward, then, tho' foes may frown,
While mercy's gate is open,
Accept the cross, and win the crown.
Love's everlasting token.

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

No. 201. My Jesus I Love Thee.

English. *First Tune.* **A. J. Gordon.**



No. 202. O Turn Ye.

First or Second Tune.

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

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

3 In riches, in pleasures, what can you obtain,
To soothe your affliction, or banish your pain?
To bear up your spirit when summoned to die,
Or waft you to mansions of glory on high?

4 Why will you be starving, and feeding on air?
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;
If still you are doubting, make trial and see,
And prove that His mercy is boundless and free.

No. 203. Look to Jesus.

First or Second Tune.

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

2 While looking to Jesus, my heart cannot fear,
I tremble no more when I see Jesus near,
I know that His presence my safe-guard will be,
For, "Why are ye troubled?" He saith unto me.

3 Still looking to Jesus, oh, may I be found,
When Jordan's dark waters encompass me round;
They bear me away in His presence to be
I see Him still nearer whom always I see.

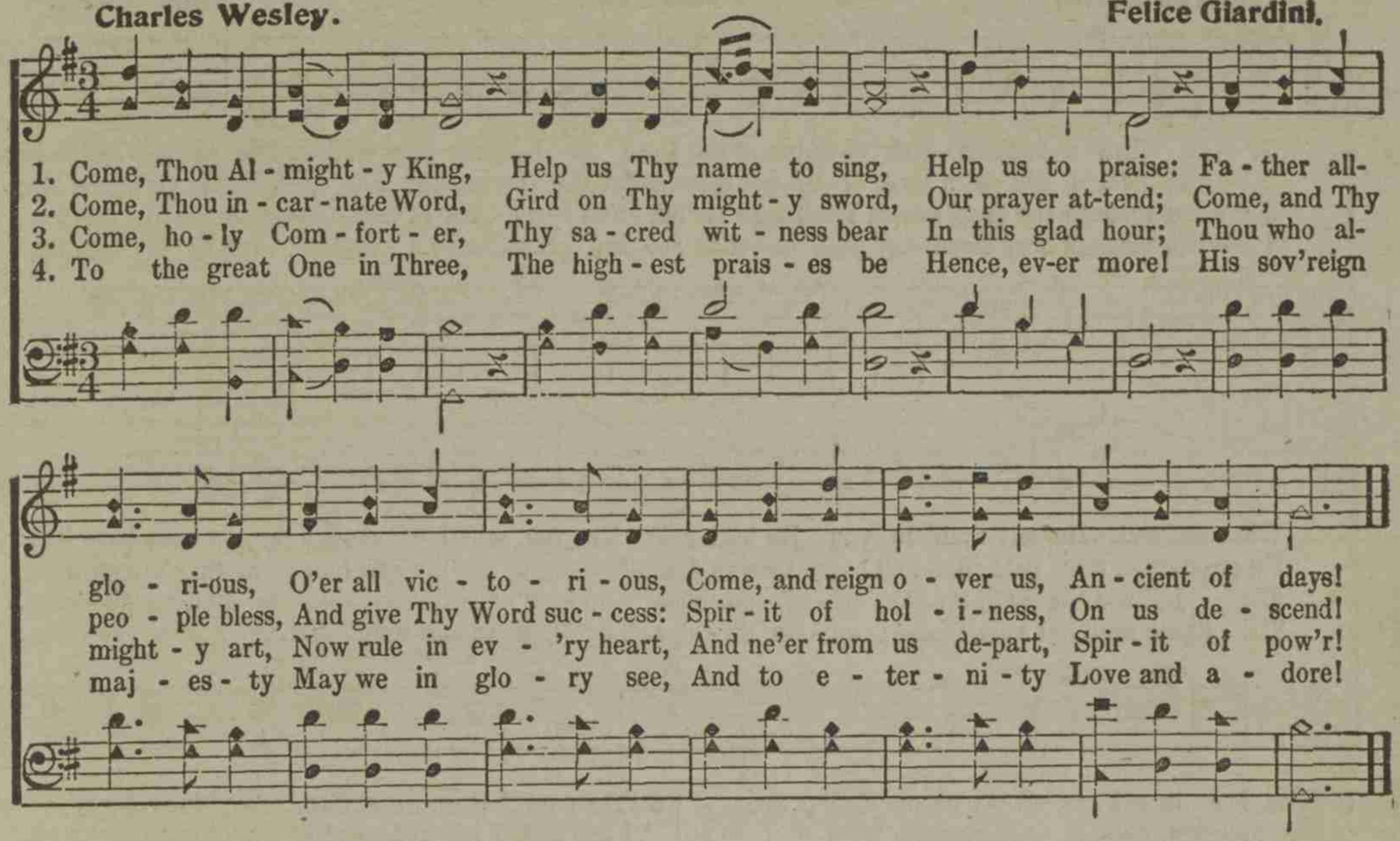
4 Then, then shall I know the full beauty and grace
Of Jesus, my Lord, when I stand face to face
Shall know how His love went before me each day,
And wonder that ever my eyes turned away.

No. 204. Expostulation.

Josiah Hopkins. *Second Tune.* **Koschat.**

No. 205. Come, Thou Almighty King.

Charles Wesley. Felice Giardini.



No. 206. O Worship.

Tune Lyons.

1 O worship the King all glorious above,
And gratefully sing His wonderful love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

2 O tell of His might, and sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunderclouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.

4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

No. 207. Ye Servants.

Tune Lyons.

1 Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad His wonderful name;
The name all victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious: He rules over all.

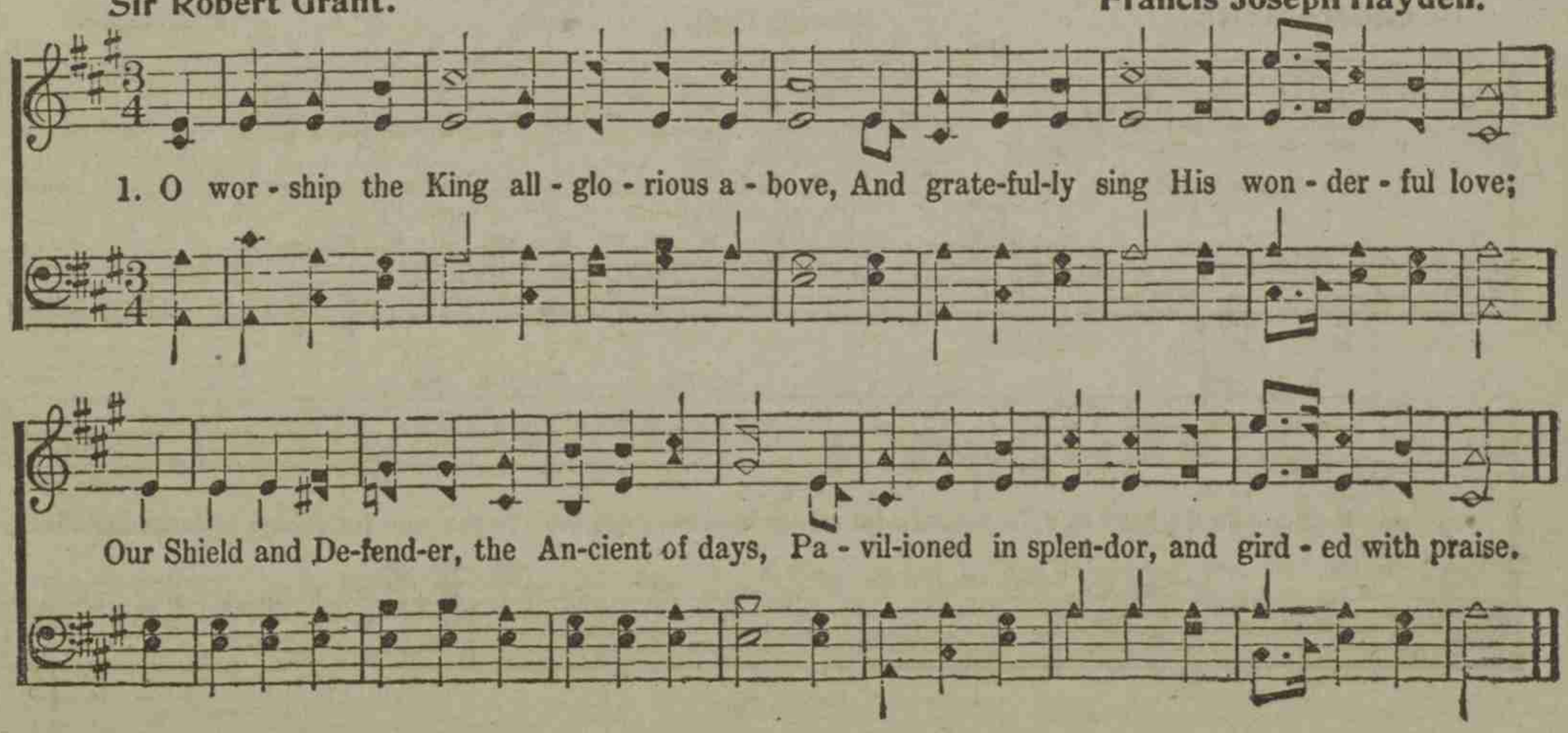
2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still He is nigh: His presence we have;
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus, our King.

3 "Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,"
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son,
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore, and give Him His right—
All glory and power, and wisdom and might;
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, for infinite love.

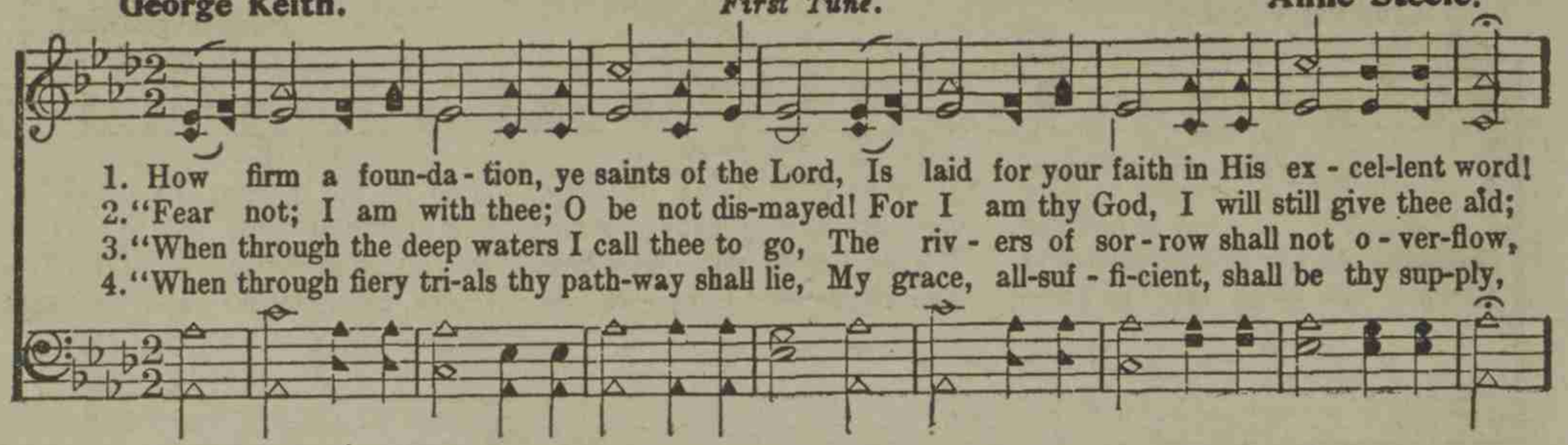
No. 208. Lyons. 10s, 11s,

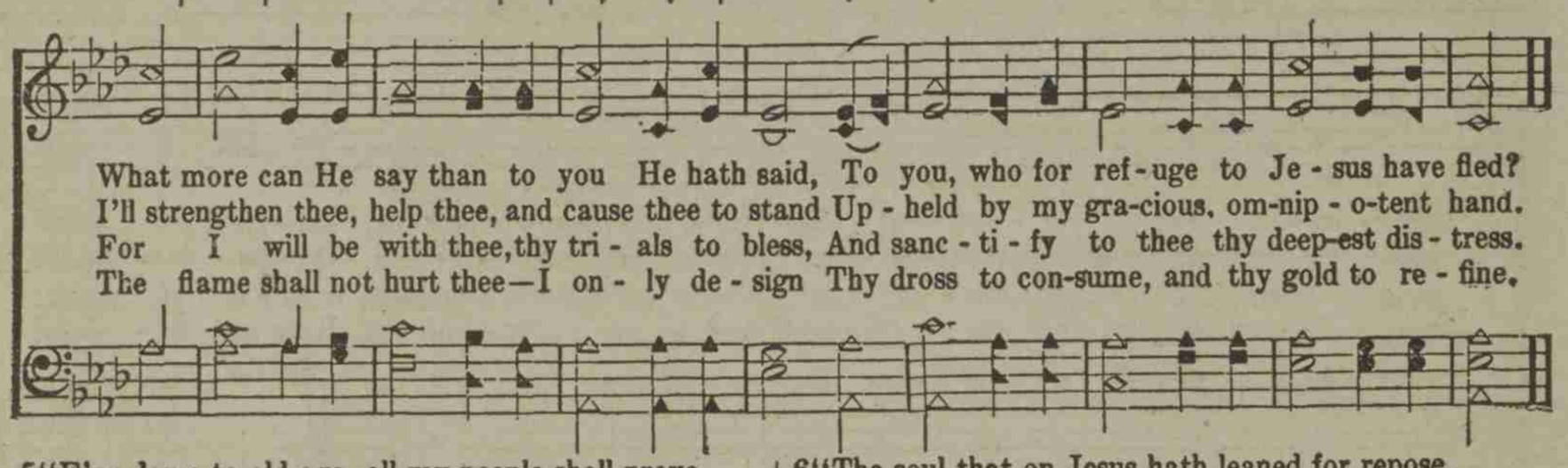
Sir Robert Grant. Francis Joseph Hayden.



No. 209. How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. *First Tune.* Anne Steele.





5"E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

6"The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake."

No. 210. My Shepherd.

First or Second Tune.

1 The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppress'd.

2 Thro' the valley and shadow of death tho' I stray,
Since Thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall with my Comforter near.

3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil Thou annointest my head;
O what shall I ask of Thy providence more?

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above.
I seek by the path which my fore-fathers trod,
Thro' the land of their sojourn, Thy kingdom of love.

No. 211. Delay Not.

First or Second Tune.

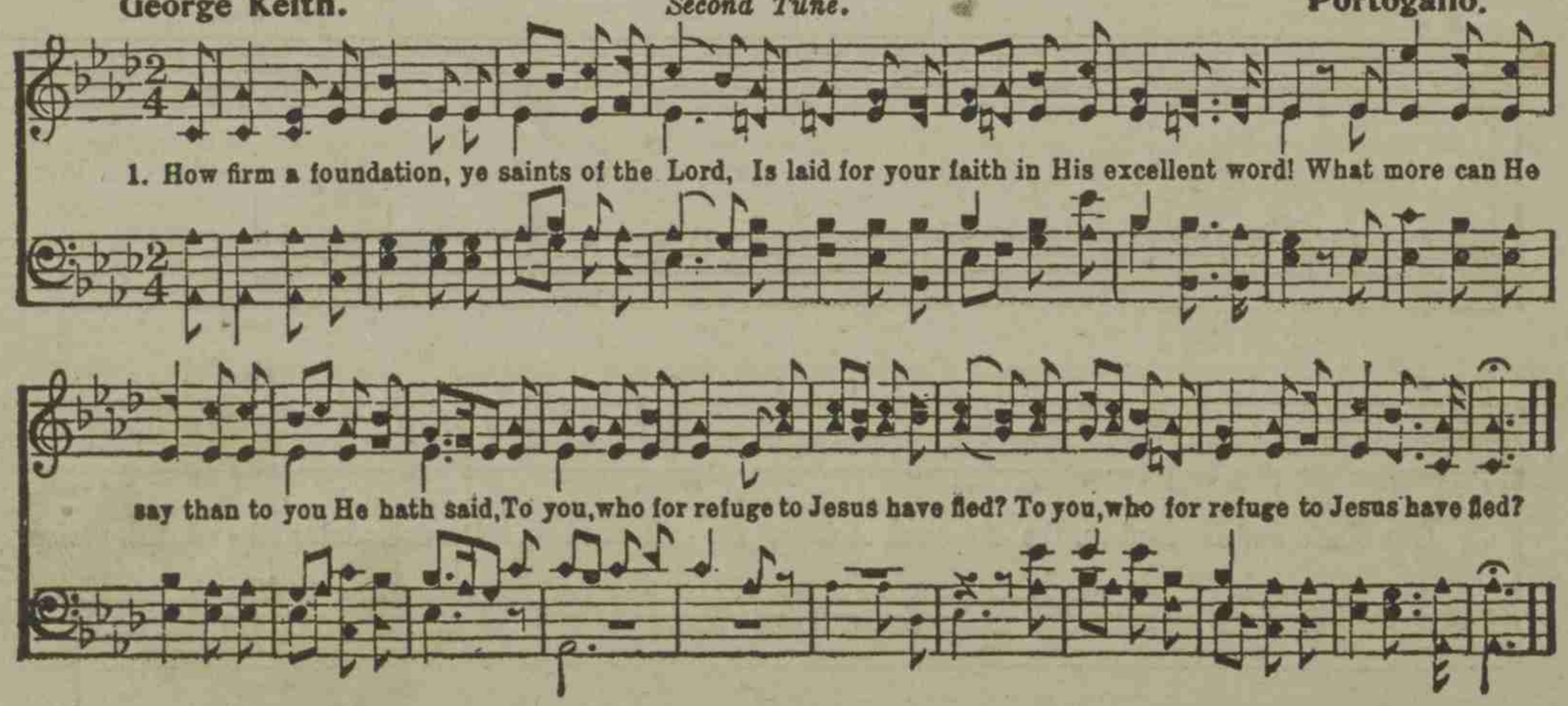
1 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, draw near,
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded, the Savior is here,
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

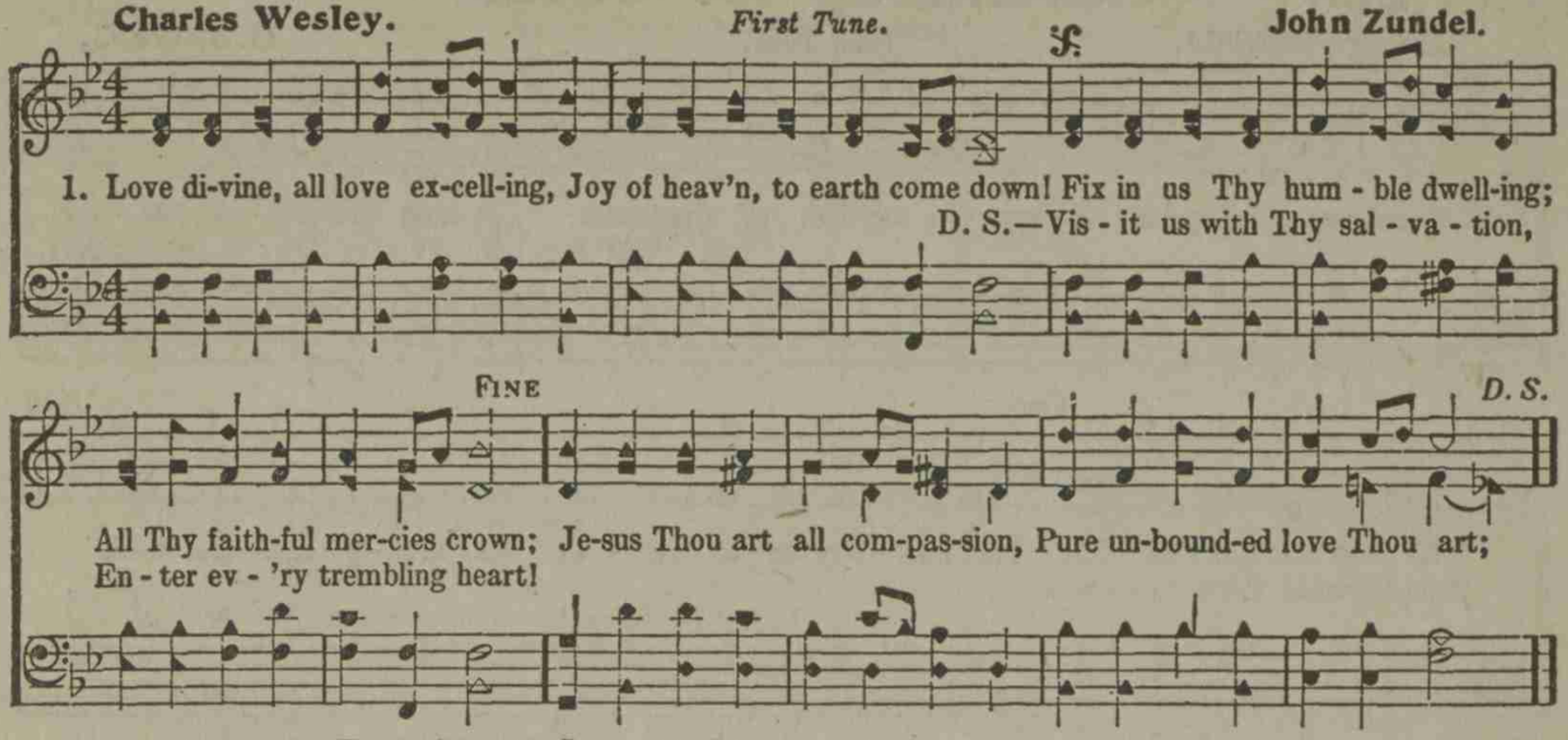
2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?
A fountain is open, how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in His pardoning blood?

3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For Mercy still lingers and calls thee today:
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

4 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace
Long grieved and resisted, may take his sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

No. 212. How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. *Second Tune.* Portogallo.

No. 213. Love Divine.

Charles Wesley. *First Tune.* John Zundel.

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

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

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

No. 214. Hark! the Voice of Jesus Calling.

First or Second Tune.

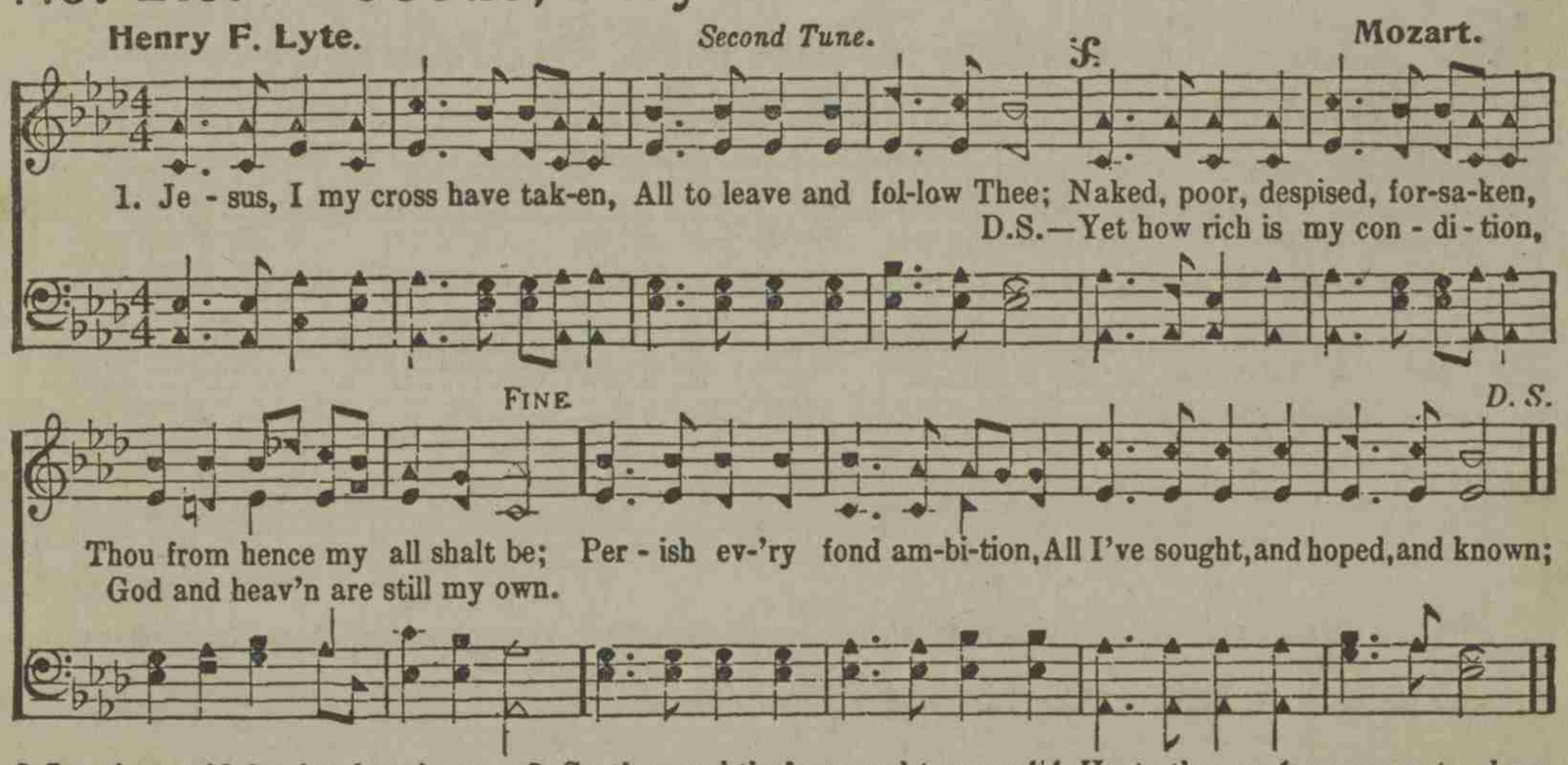
1 Hark! the voice of Jesus calling,
Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white, the harvest waiting
Who will bear the sheaves away!
Loud and long, the Master calleth
Rich reward He offers free;
Who will answer, gladly saying,
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."

2 If you cannot cross the ocean
And the heathen land explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door;
If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say He died for all.

3 While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you,
Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do!"
Gladly take the task He gives you!
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth,
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."

No. 215. Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

Henry F. Lyte. *Second Tune.* Mozart.



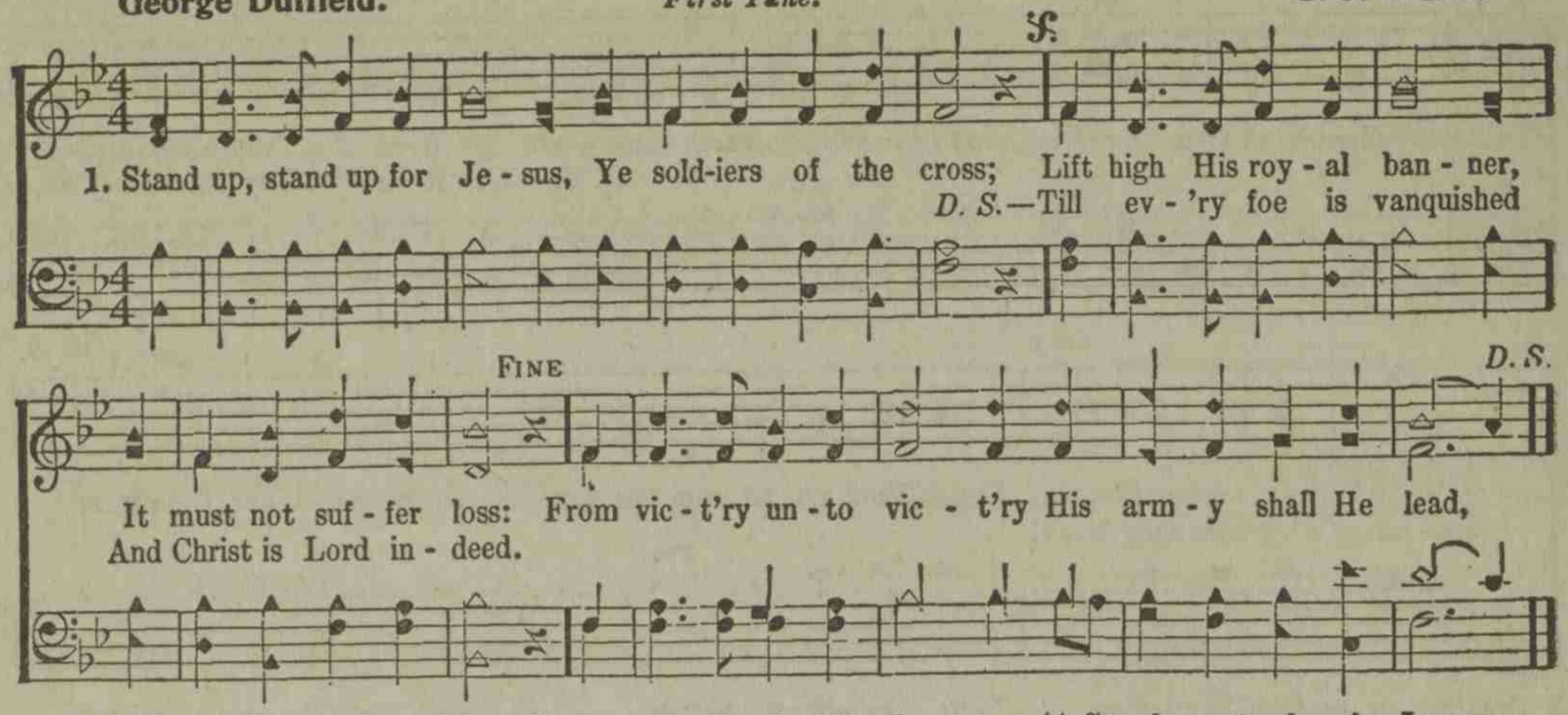
2 Let the world despise, forsake me,
They have left my Savior, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not, like man, untrue:
And, while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me,
Show Thy face and all is bright.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn and pain!
In Thy service, pain is pleasure;
With Thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called Thee, "Abba Father,"
I have stayed my heart on Thee;
Storms may o'er me gather,
All must work for good to me.

4 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Led by faith, and winged by prayer
Heav'n's eternal day's before thee
God will safely guide thee there,
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

No. 216. Stand Up for Jesus

George Duffield. *First Tune.* **G. J. Webb.**



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

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

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song;
To Him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

No. 217. The Morning Light is Breaking.

First or Second Tune.

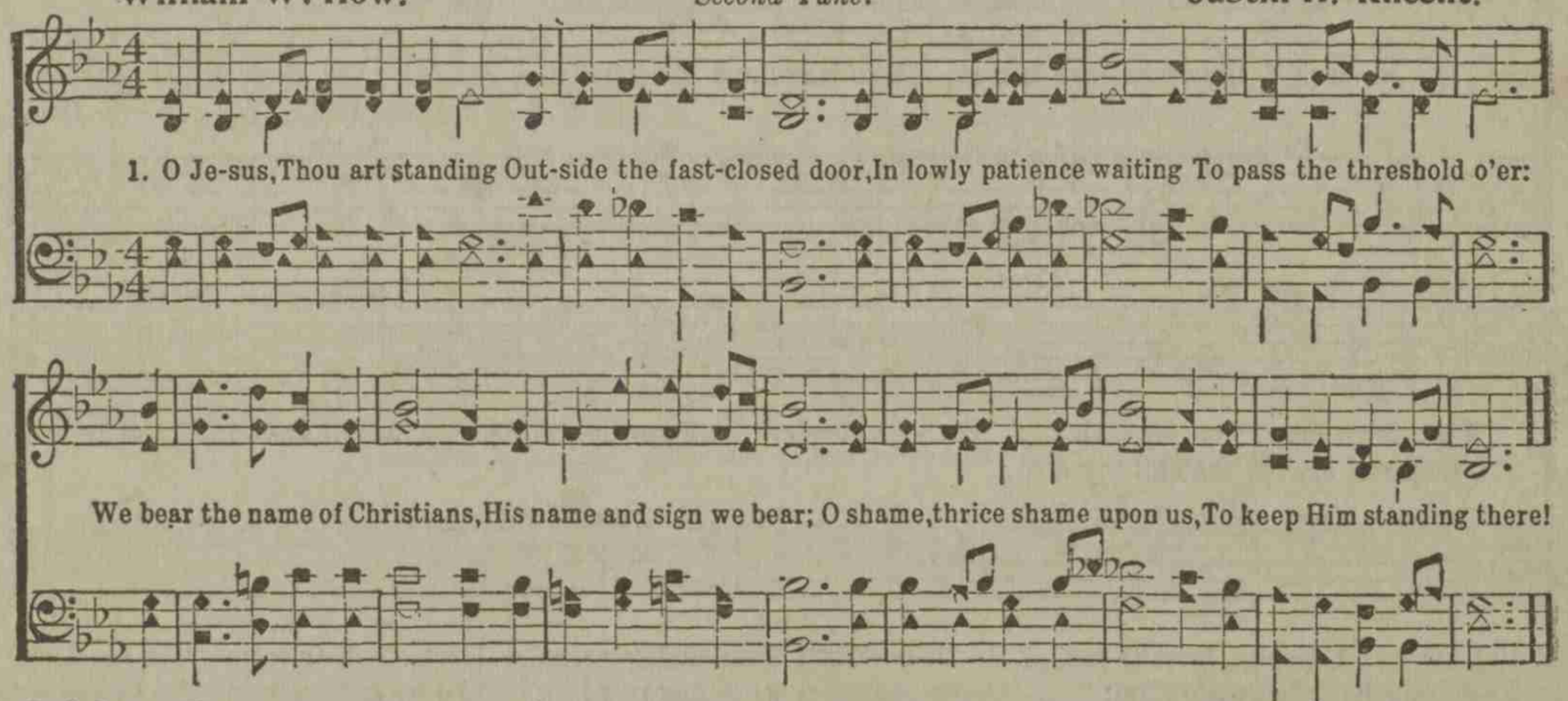
1 The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears,
The sons of earth are waking,
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God of love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners now confessing,
The gospel's call obey,
And seek a Savior's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly,
Triumphant, reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

No. 218. O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.

William W. How. *Second Tune.* **Justin H. Knecht.**



1 O Jesus, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
We bear the name of Christians,
His name and sign we bear;
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there!

2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking;
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred:
O love that passeth knowlege,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal
So fast to bar the gate!

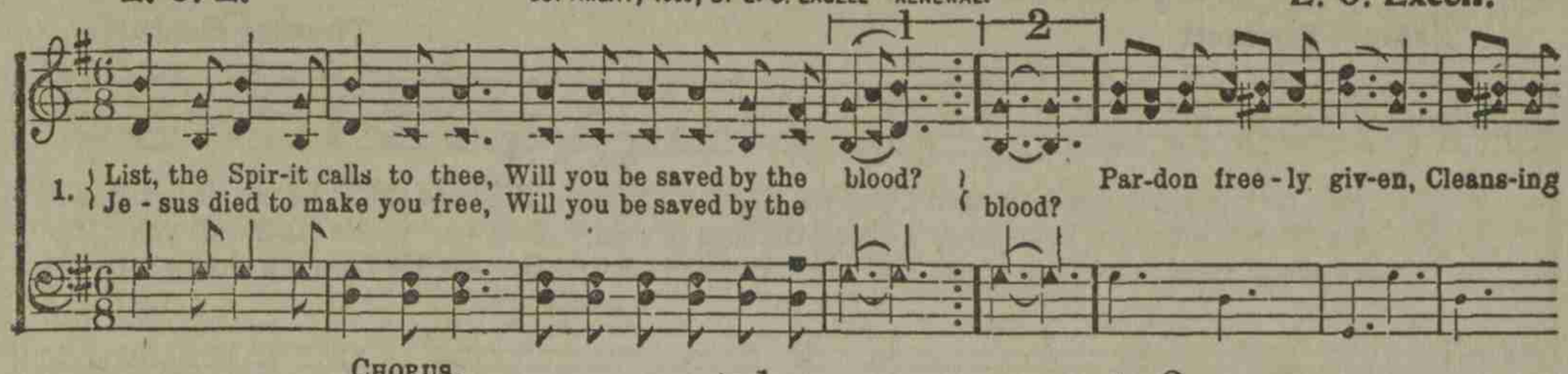
3 O Jesus Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, my children,
And will ye treat me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door;
Dear Savior, enter, enter,
And leave us never more!

No. 219. Will You be Saved by the Blood?

E. O. E.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL RENEWAL.

E. O. Excell.



2 Sinner, now this blessing claim,
Will you be saved by the blood?
Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,
Will you be saved by the blood?
Claim Him as your Savior,
He can save forever.

3 He can wash you white as snow,
Will you be saved by the blood?
And the witness you may know,
Will you be saved by the blood?
You can know the hour
Of His dying power.

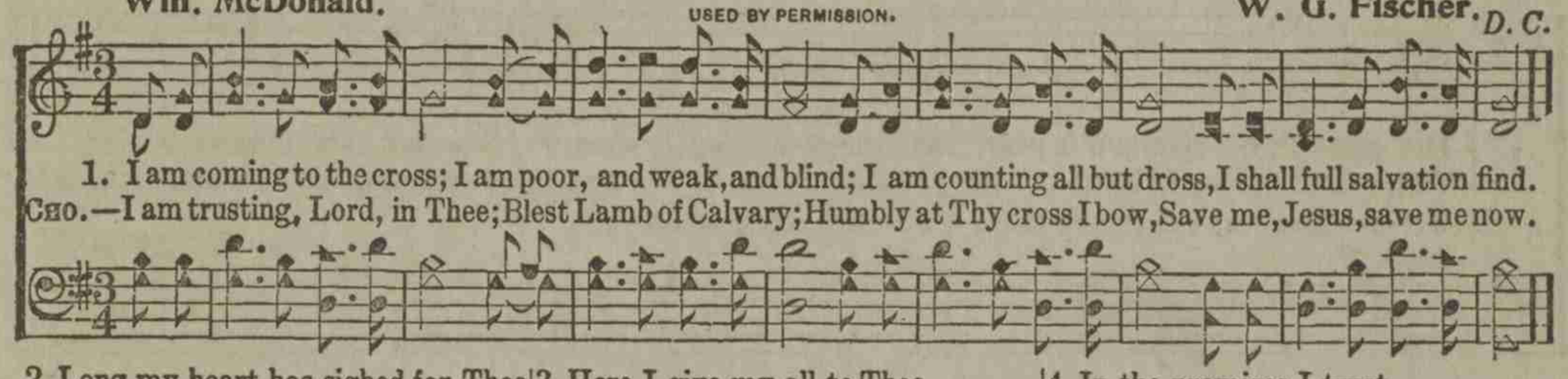
4 Christ did drink that cup for all,
Will you be saved by the blood?
Don't reject the Spirit's call,
Will you be saved by the blood?
Grace is all abounding,
Joy thro' heaven resounding.

No. 220. I am Trusting, Lord, in Thee.

Wm. McDonald.

USED BY PERMISSION.

W. G. Fischer. D. C.



2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee
Long has evil-reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,—
"I will cleanse you from all sin."

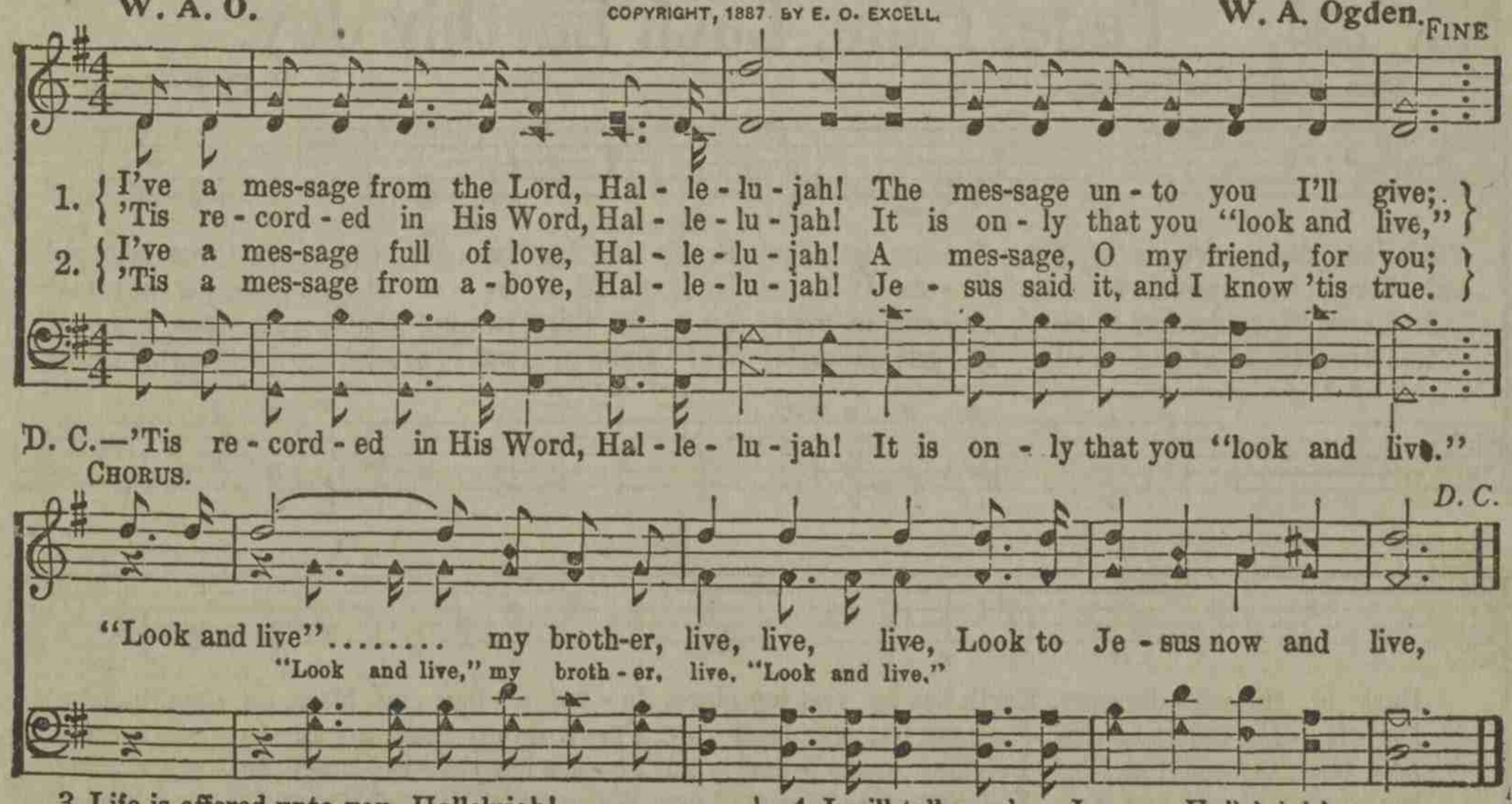
3 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body Thine to be,
Wholly Thine forevermore.

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

No. 221. Look and Live.

W. A. O.

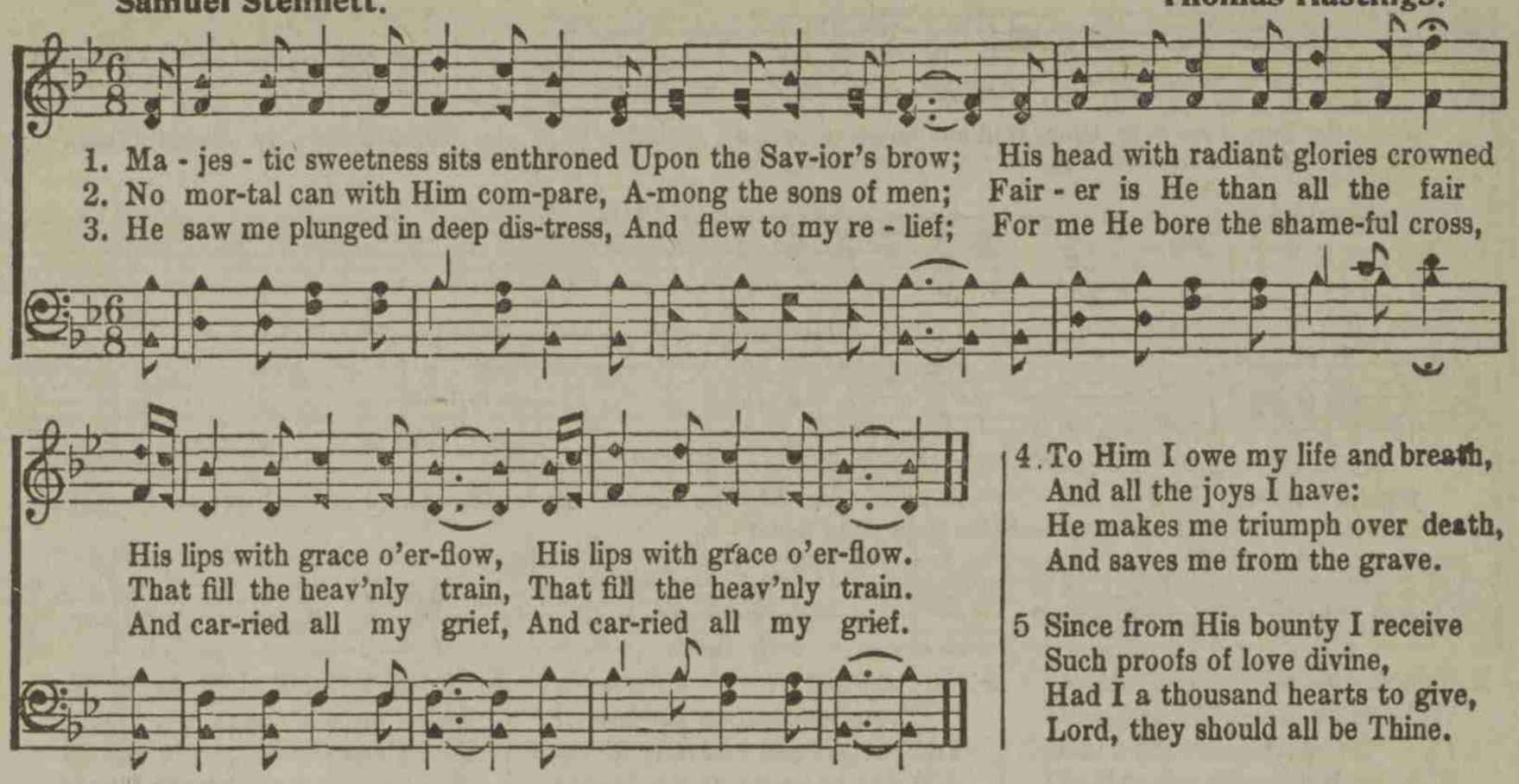
COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O. EXCELL.

W. A. Ogden. FINE

3 Life is offered unto you, Hallelujah!
Eternal life thy soul shall have;
If you'll only look to Him, Hallelujah!
Look to Jesus who alone can save.

4 I will tell you how I came, Hallelujah!
To Jesus when He made me whole:
'Twas believing on His name, Hallelujah!
I trusted and He saved my soul.

No. 222. Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

Samuel Stennett. Thomas Hastings.

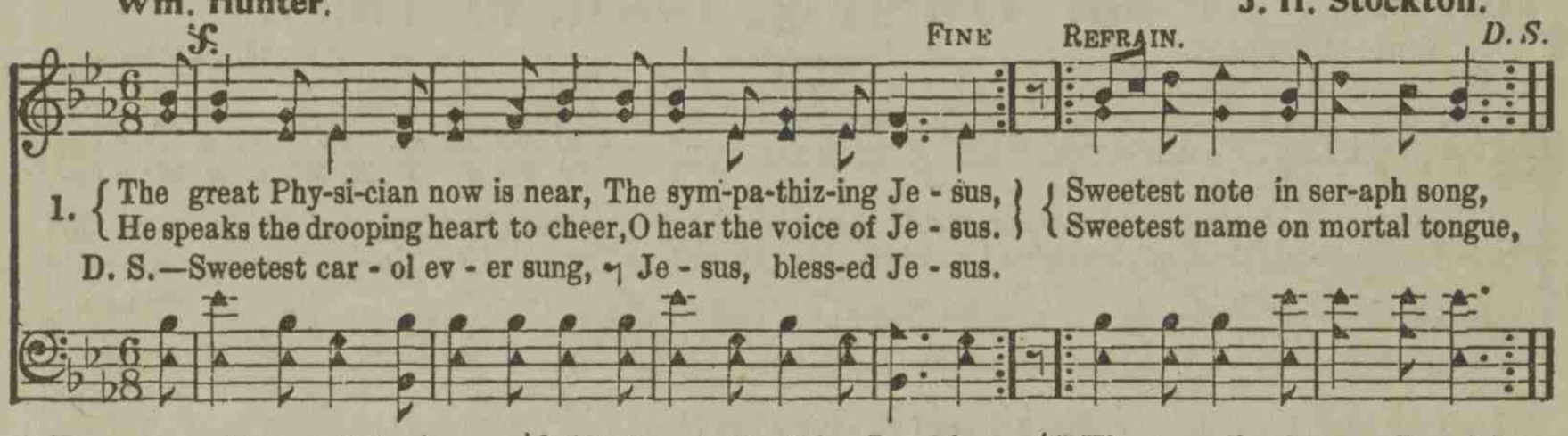


4. To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have:
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

5 Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be Thine.

No. 223. The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter. J. H. Stockton.



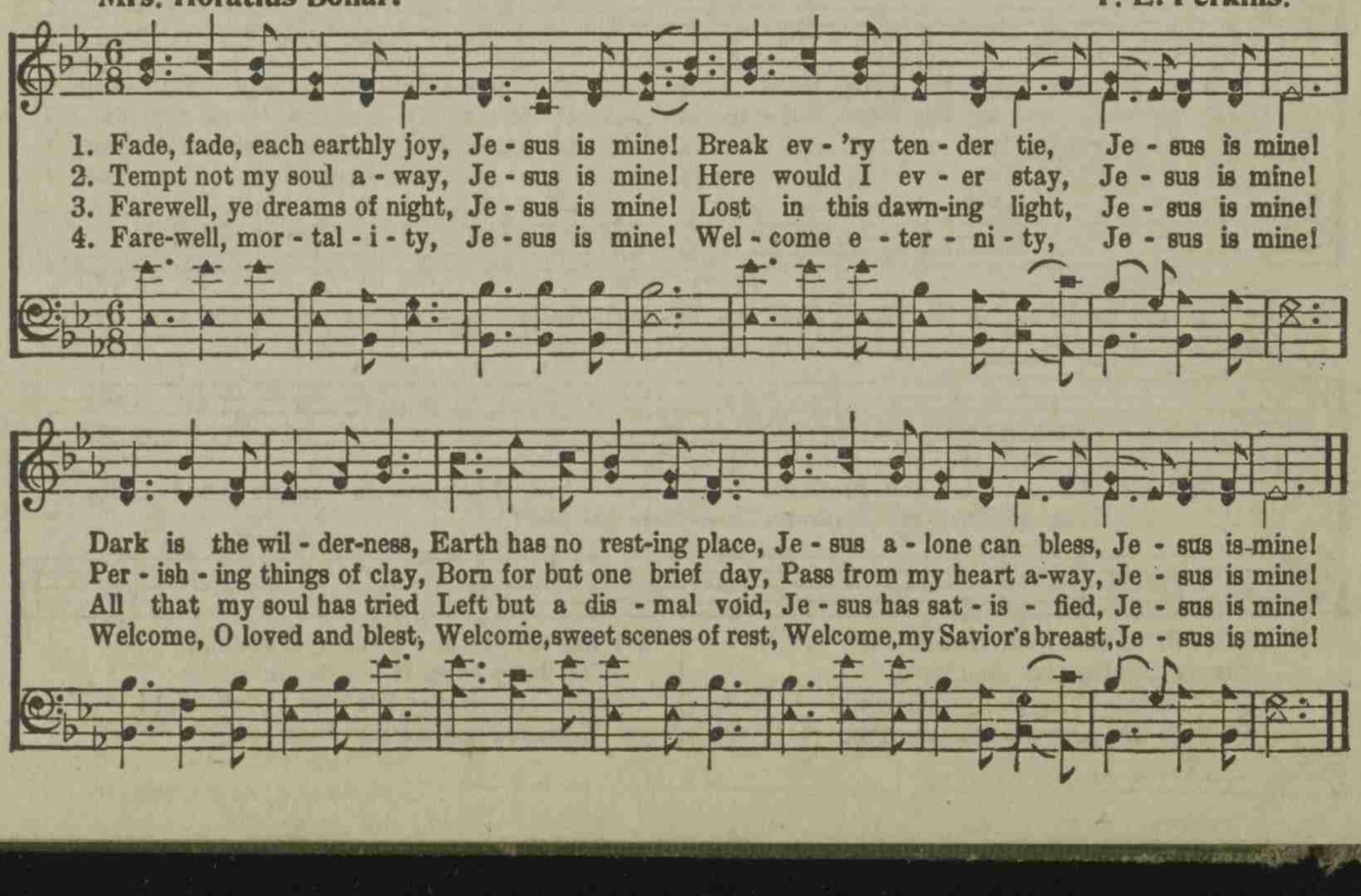
2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh! bear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh! how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.

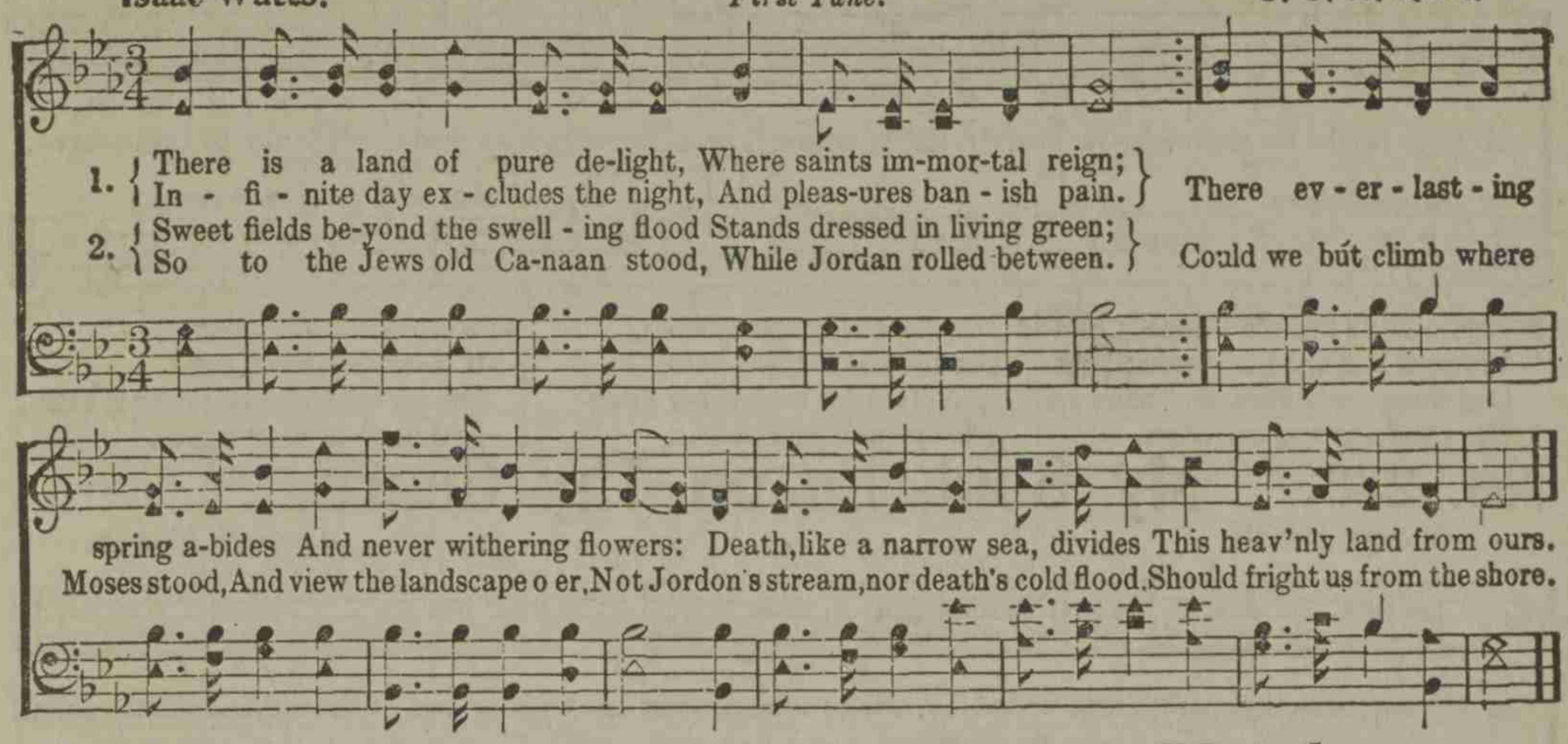
No. 224. Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy.

Mrs. Horatius Bonar. T. E. Perkins.



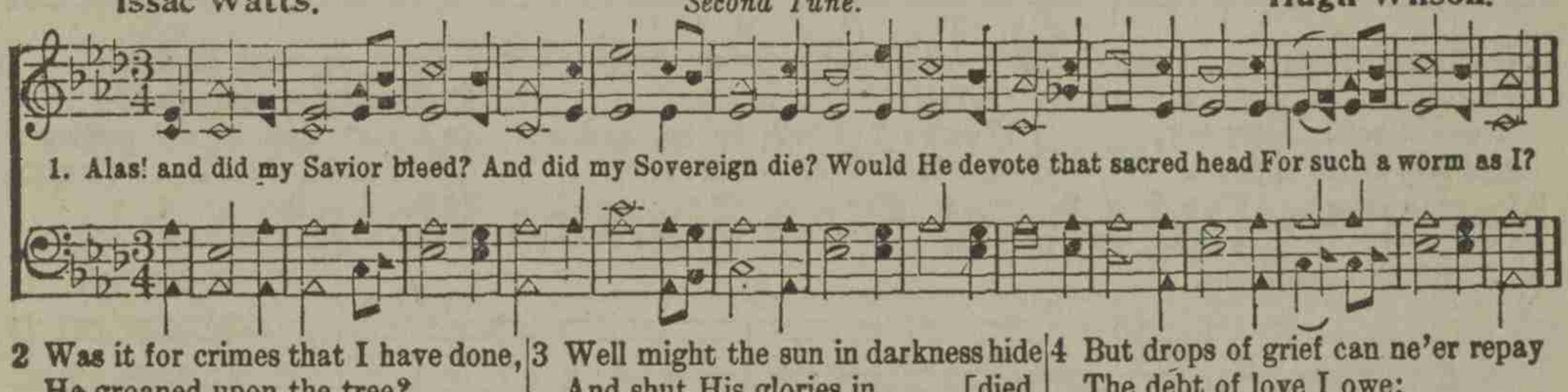
No. 225. There Is a Land Of Pure Delight.

Isaac Watts. *First Tune.* J. C. H. Rink.



No. 226. Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?

Issac Watts. *Second Tune.* Hugh Wilson.



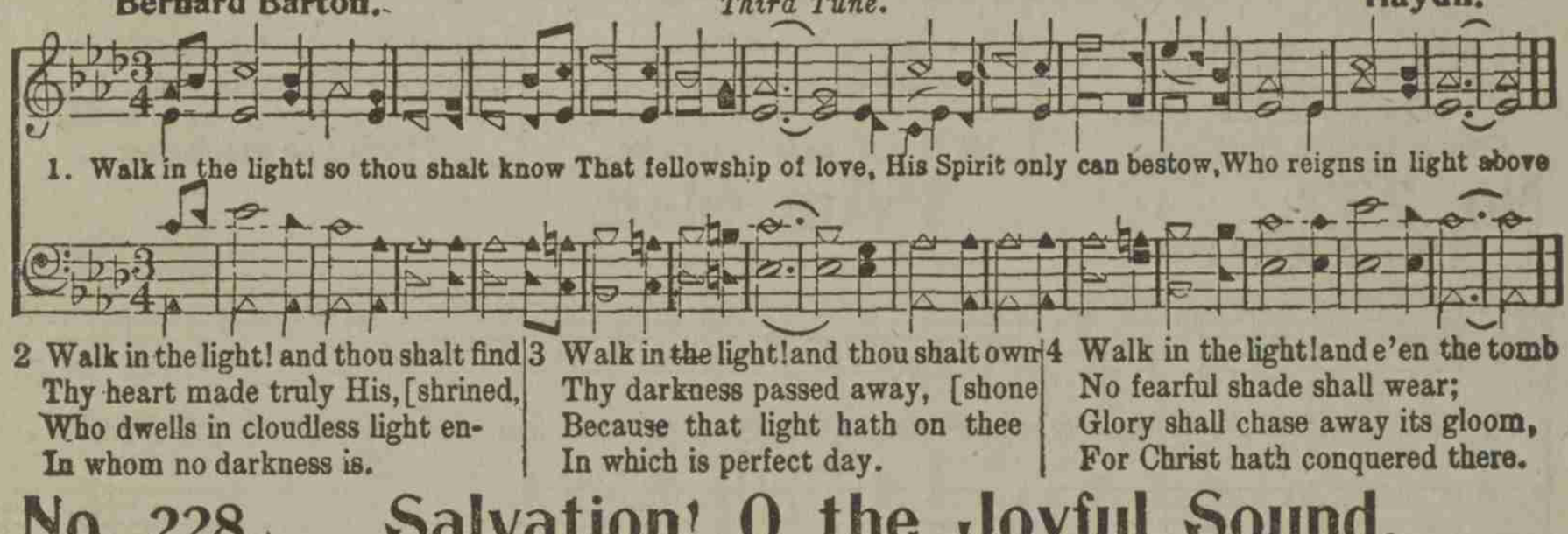
2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide
And shut His glories in, [died,
When Christ, the mighty Maker,
For man, the creature's sin.

4 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.

No. 227. Walk in the Light.

Bernard Barton. *Third Tune.* Haydn.



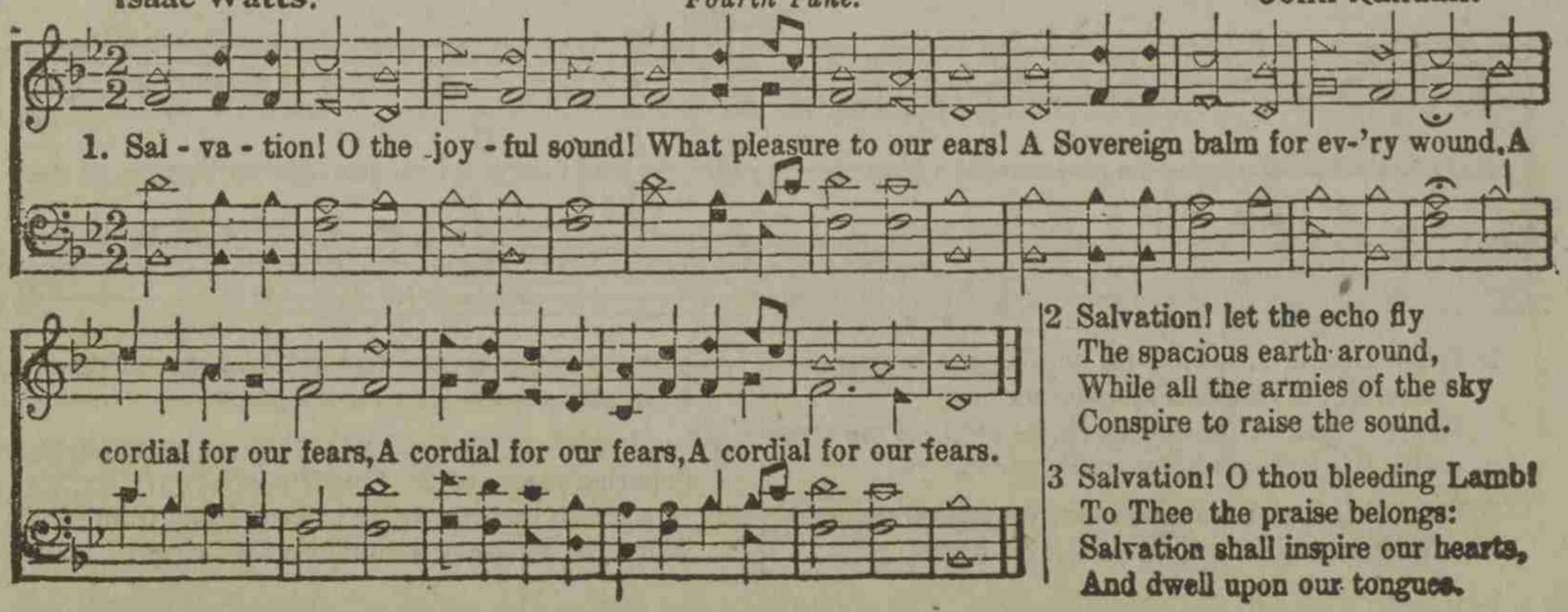
2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His, [shrined,
Who dwells in cloudless light en-
In whom no darkness is.

3 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away, [shone
Because that light hath on thee
In which is perfect day.

4 Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

No. 228. Salvation! O the Joyful Sound.

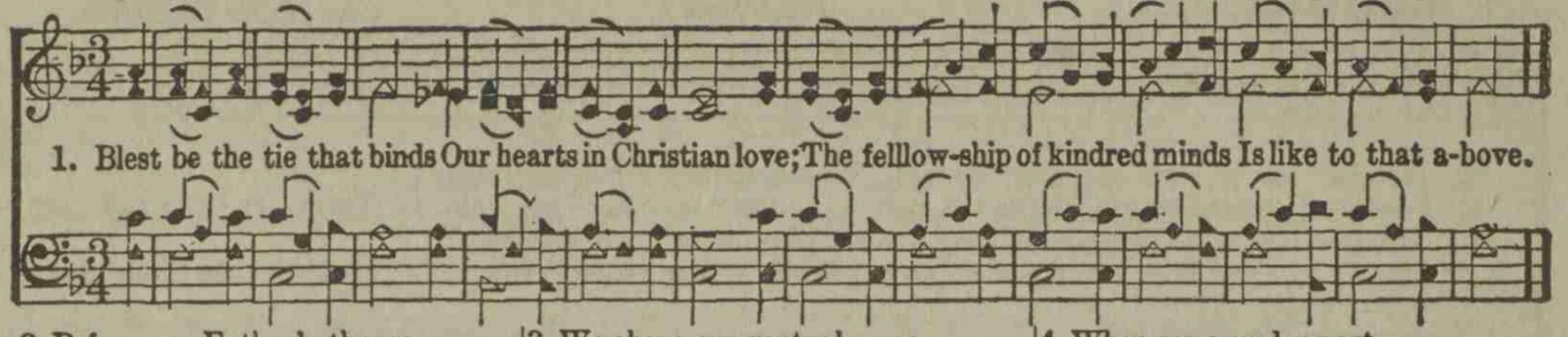
Isaac Watts. *Fourth Tune.* John Randall.



2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To Thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

No. 229. Blest Be the Tie.

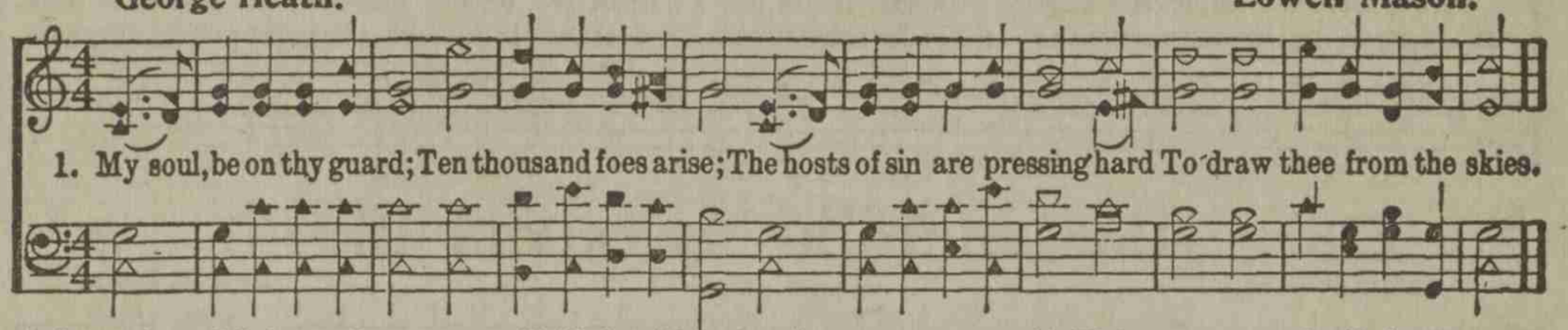
John Fawcett. Hans George Naegell.

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

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

No. 230. My Soul, Be on Thy Guard.

George Heath. Lowell Mason.



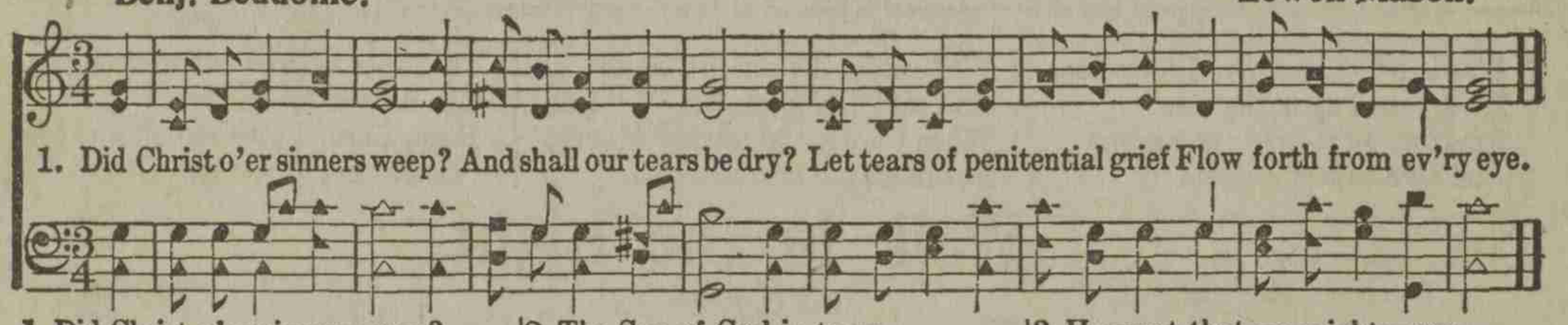
2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God:
He'll take thee, at thy parting
To His divine abode. [breath,

No. 231. Did Christ O'er Sinners Weep?

Benj. Beddome. Lowell Mason.



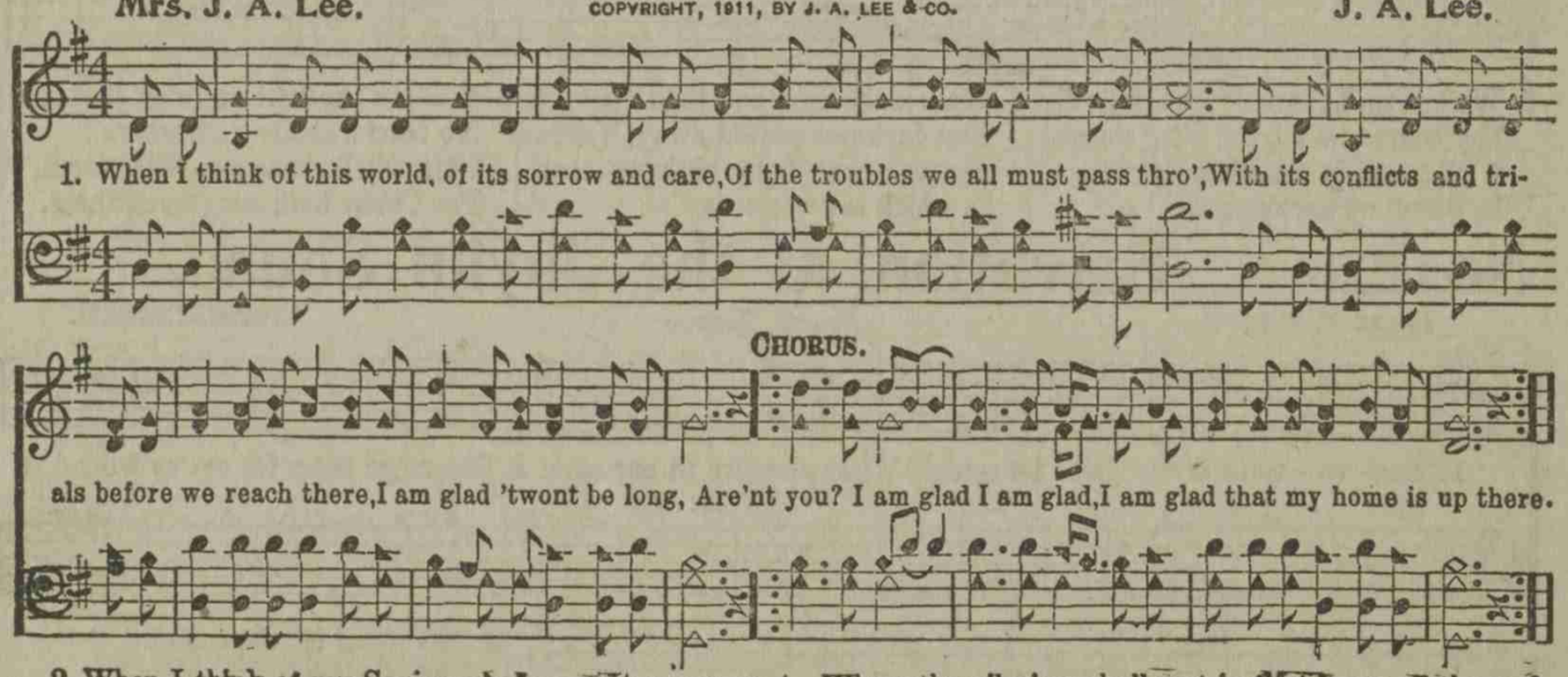
1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep?
And shall our tears be dry?
Let tears of penitential grief
Flow forth from every eye.

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

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

No. 232. I Am Glad.

Mrs. J. A. Lee. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY J. A. LEE & CO. J. A. Lee.



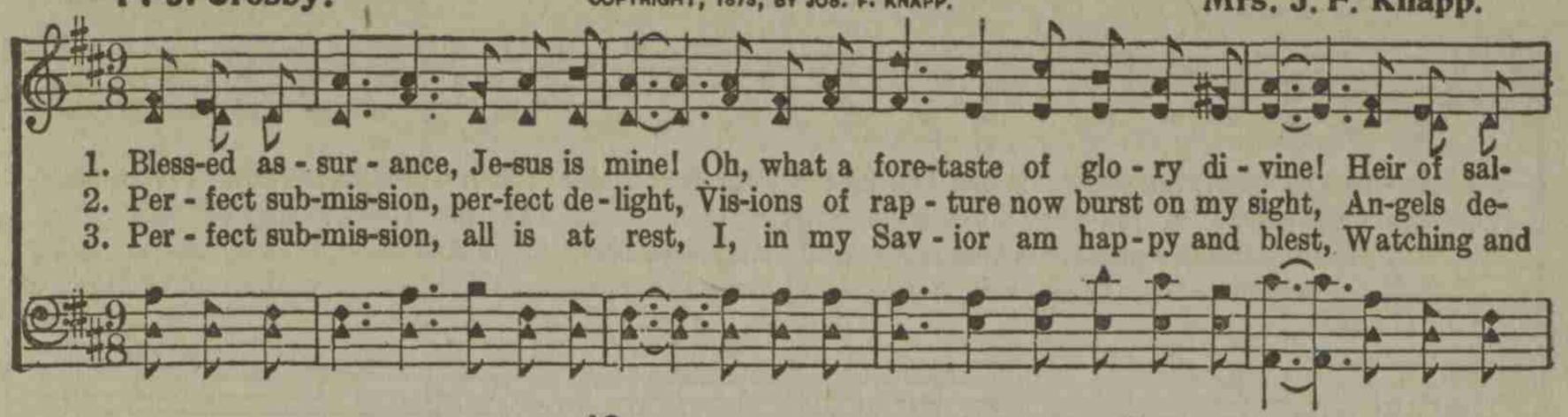
2 When I think of my Savior who's gone to prepare
A bright mansion in Heaven for me;
When I think of the Crown that's awaiting me there
Oh, I long to go home and be free.

3 When I think of the land where they never grow old,
Where no sickness or death ever come;
Where the pilgrims shall rest in that home of the soul,
I am glad that is Heaven my home.

4 When I think of the throng that will gather up there,
Shouting praise to the Savior and King;
O, I want to be there, freed from toil and from care,
When the Heavens with music shall ring.

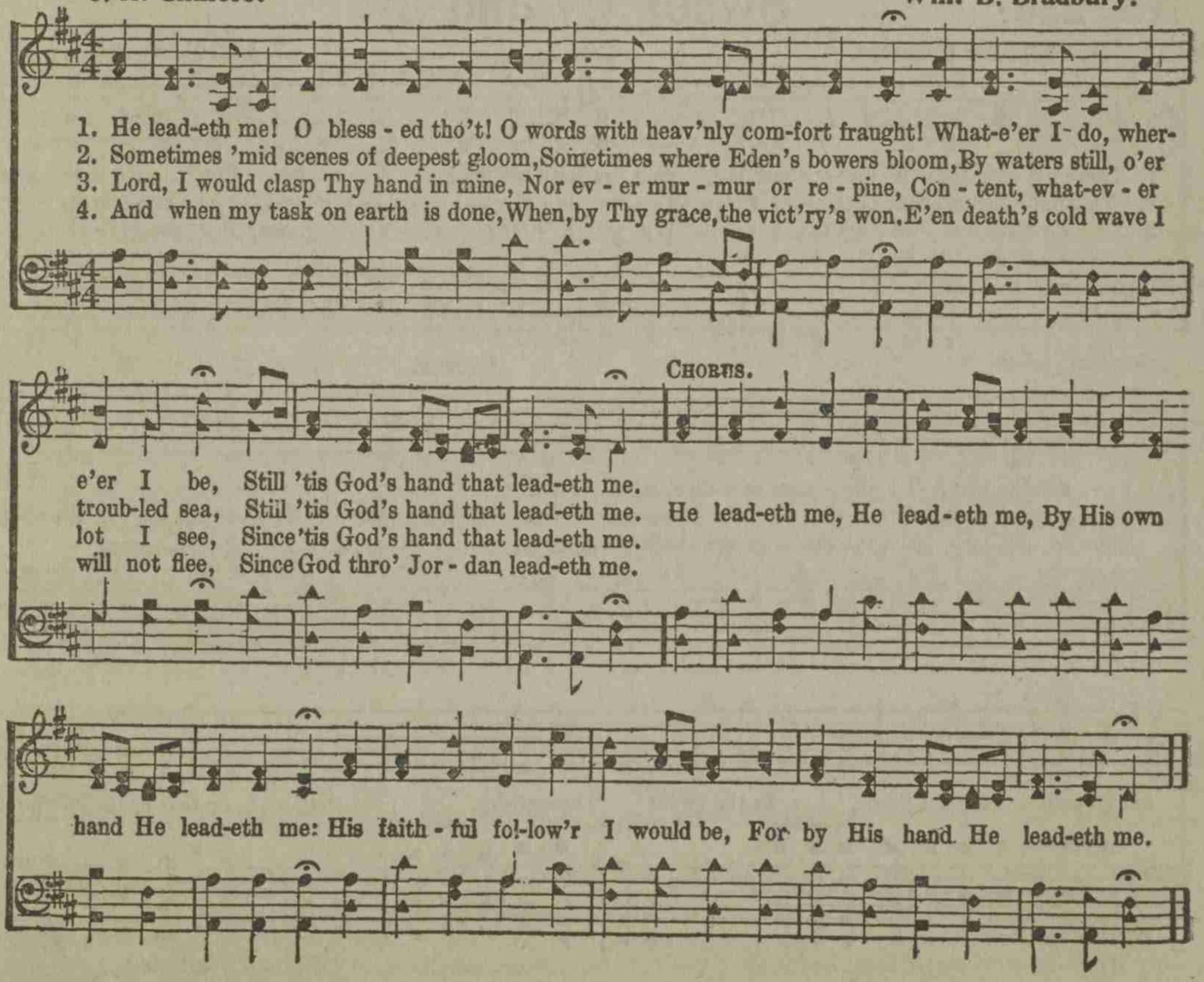
No. 233. Blessed Assurance.

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



No. 234. He Leadeth Me.

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



No. 235. My Happy Home.

Anon. COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap-py home, Oh, how I long for Thee! When will my sor-rows have an end?
2. Thy walls are all of pre-cious stone Most glo-rious to be - hold Thy gates are rich-ly set with pearl,
3. Thy gardens and thy pleasant streams My study long have been—Such sparkling gems by hu-man sight
4. Reach down, reach down thine arms of grace And cause me to ascend Where congregations ne'er break up

CHORUS.

Thy joys, when shall I see?
Thy streets are paved with gold.
Have nev - er yet been seen.
And prais - es nev - er end.

I will meet you in the cit - y of the New Je - ru - sa - lem,

1 I am wash'd in the blood of the Lamb;.....
2 I am wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.
in the blood of the Lamb;

No. 236. Sweet By-and-By.

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

1. There's a land that is fair-er than day, And by faith we can see it a - far; For the Fa-ther waits
2. We shall sing on that beau-ti-ful shore The me - lo - di - ous songs of the blest, And our spir-its shall
3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our trib - ute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous

CHORUS.

o - ver the way, To pre - pare us a dwelling place there.
sor - row no more, Not a sigh for the bless-ing of rest. In the sweet by-and-by, We shall
gift of His love, And the blessings that hallow our days.

In the sweet by-and-by,

meet on that beautiful shore; In the sweet by-and-by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

by-and-by; In the sweet by-and-by,

No. 237. Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. — J. H. Stockton.

1. Come ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord, And He will surely give you rest By trust-ing in His word.
2. For Je - sus shed His precious blood, Rich bless-ings to bestow; Plunge now in-to the crimson flood That wash-es white as snow.
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in-to rest; Be - lieve in Him with-out de-lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go, To dwell in that ce-les-tial land, Where joys im-mor-tal flow.

CHORUS.

{ On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On-ly trust Him now; / He will save you, He will save you, He will..... } save you now.

No. 238. O Happy Day.

Philip Doddridge. — E. F. Rimbault.

1. { O hap - py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-ior and my God! / Well may this glowing heart re - joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad. } Hap-py day, hap-py day,
2. { O hap - py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love! / Let cheerful an-thems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move. } Hap-py day, hap-py day,

When Jesus washed my sins away! { He taught me how to watch and pray / And live re - joic - ing ev-'ry day; }

FINE. D. S.

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

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

No. 239. Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay. — J. J. Husband.

1. We praise Thee, O God! For the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who died And is now gone a - bove.
2. We praise Thee, O God! For Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our Savior, And scattered our night.
3. All glo - ry and praise To the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins And has cleansed ev'ry stain.
4. Re - vive us a - gain; Fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re-kindled With fire from a-bove.

REFRAIN.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men! Re - vive us a - gain.

No. 240. Abide With Me.

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

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark-ness deep-ens—Lord, with me a-bide!
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo-ries pass a - way;
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass-ing hour, What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be-fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies;

When oth - er help - ers fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a - bide with me!
Change and de - cay in all a - round I see; O Thou who changest not, a - bide with me!
Who, like Thy - self, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, a - bide with me!
Heav'n's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

No. 241. Sun of My Soul.

John Kepler. Henry Monk.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near; O may no
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea-ried eye - lids gen - tly steep, Be my last

earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eye.
thought, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-ior's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For with-out Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 Be near to bless me when I wake,
Ere thro' the world my way I take;
Abide with me till in Thy love
I lose myself in heaven above.

No. 242. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

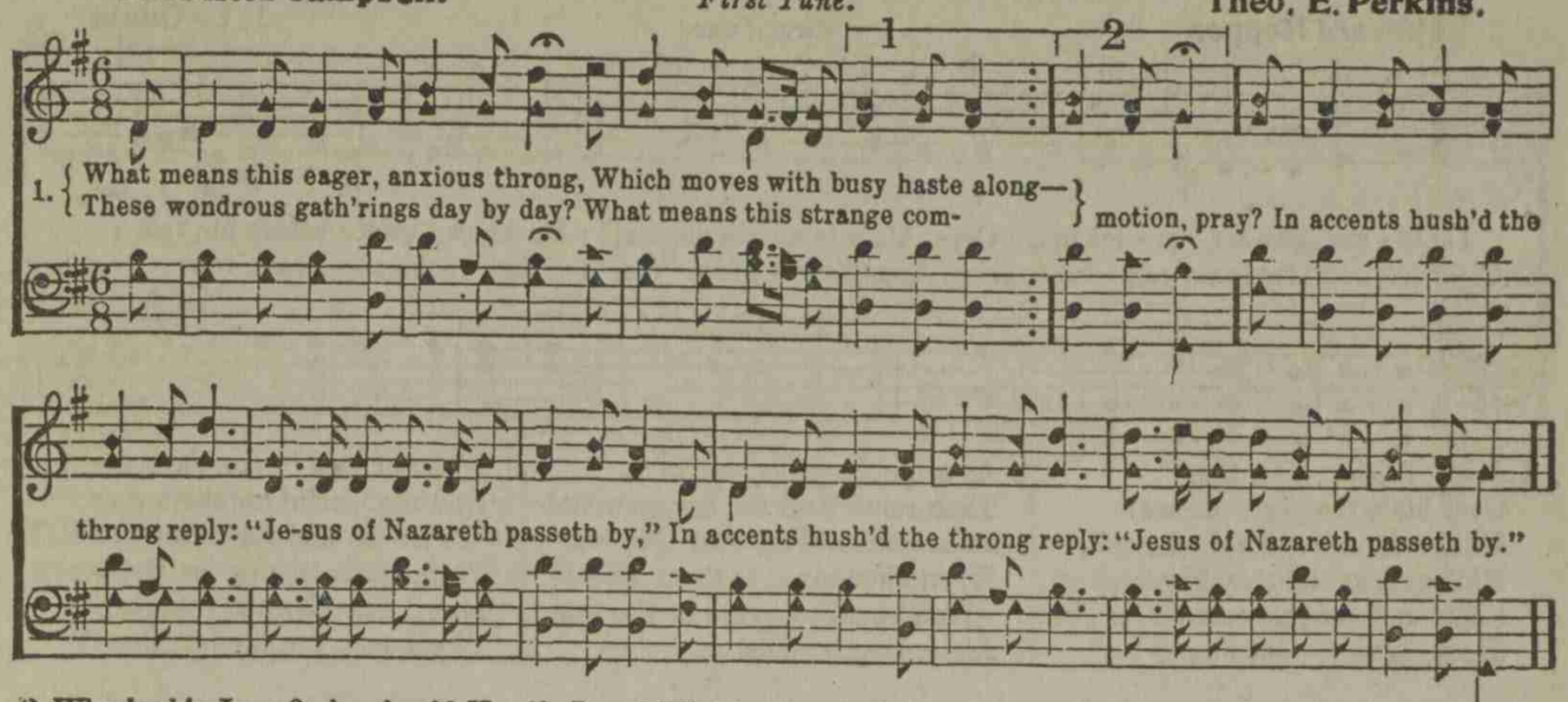
Ray Palmer. Lowell Mason.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - ior di - vine; Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint-ing heart, My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a-round me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid dark-ness
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sul-len stream Shall o'er me roll; Blest Sav - ior

while I pray, Take all my sins a - way,. O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
died for me, O may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire!
turn to day, Wipe sor-rows tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
then, in love, Fear and dis - trust re-move; O bear me safe a - bove,—A ran - somed soul.

No. 243. Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By.

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



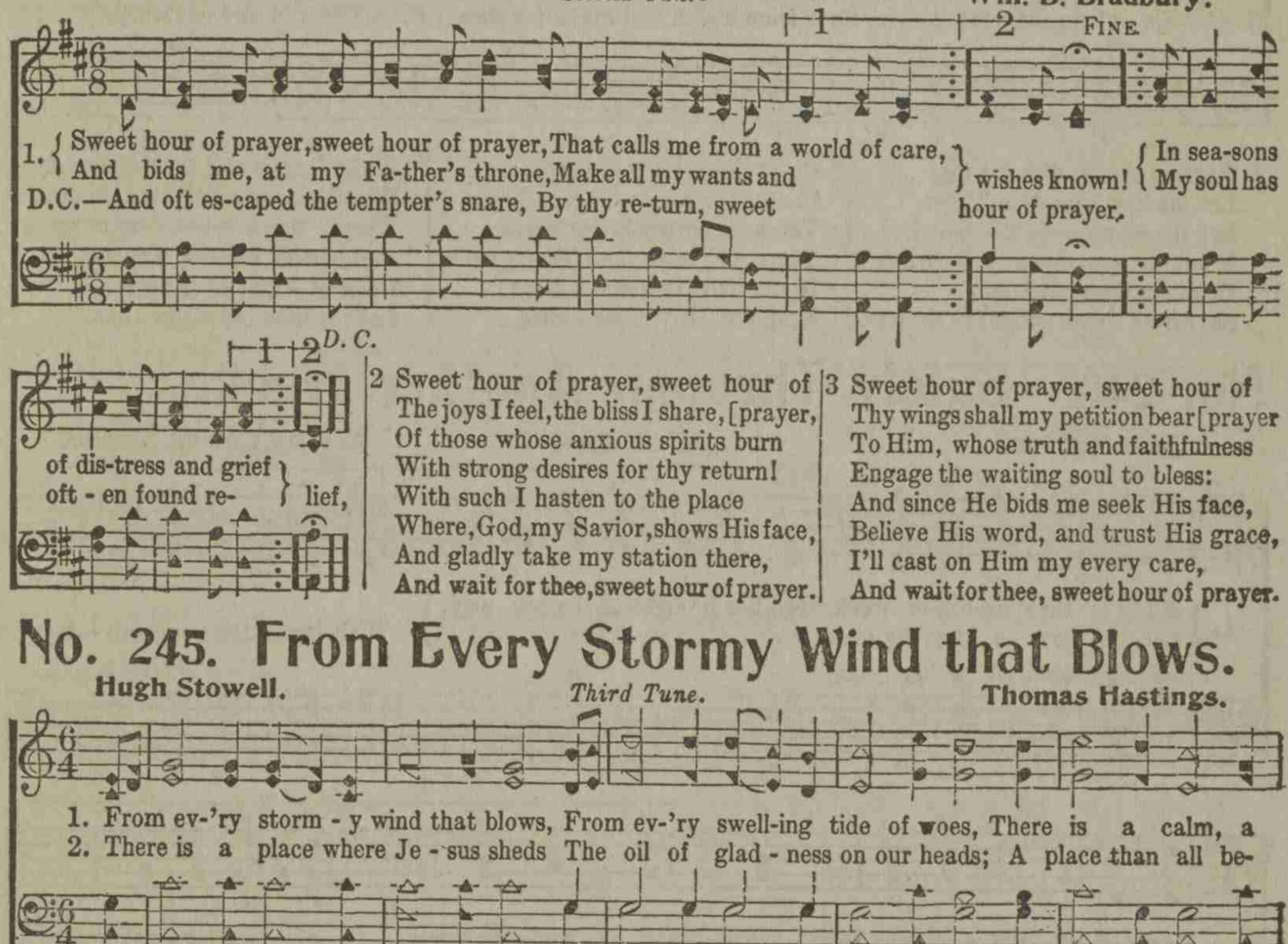
2 Who is this Jesus? why should He
The city move so mightily?
A passing stranger, has He skill
To move the multitude at will?
Again the stirring notes reply:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

3 Jesus! 'Tis He who once below [woe;
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and
And burden'd ones, where'er He came,
Bro't out their sick and deaf and lame.
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

4 Again He comes! from place to place
His holy footprints we can trace,
He pauseth at our threshold—nay,
He enters—condescends to stay.
Shall we not gladly raise the cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

No. 244. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

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

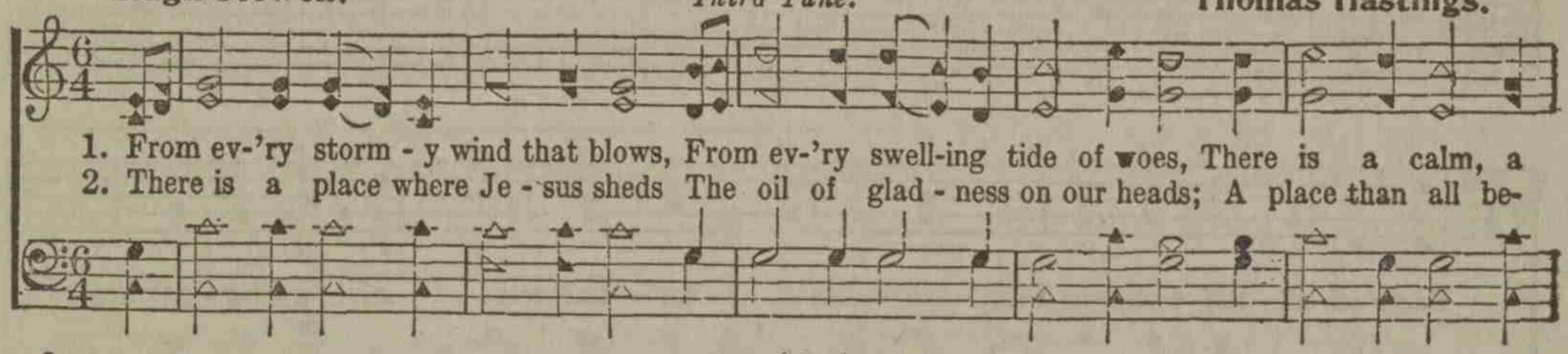


2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
The joys I feel, the bliss I share, [prayer,
Of those whose anxious spirits burn
With strong desires for thy return!
With such I hasten to the place
Where, God, my Savior, shows His face,
And gladly take my station there,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of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

3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear [prayer
To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

No. 245. From Every Stormy Wind that Blows.

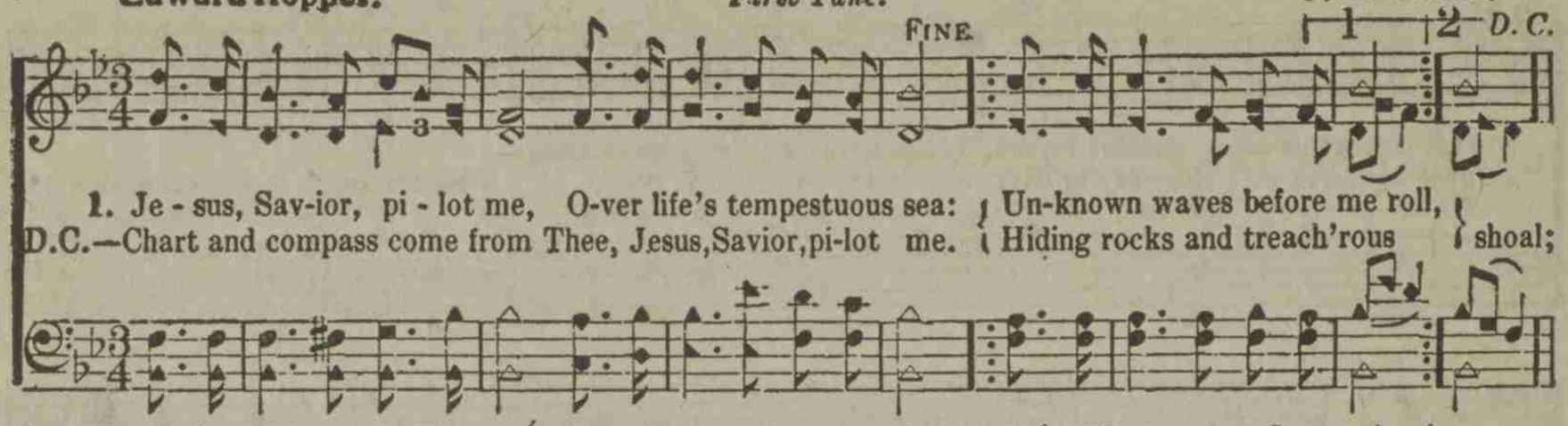
Hugh Stowell. *Third Tune.* **Thomas Hastings.**



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

4 There, there on eagle-wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

No. 246. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper. *First Tune.* J. E. Gould.

1. Je - sus, Sav-ior, pi - lot me, O-ver life's tempestuous sea: { Un-known waves before me roll,
D.C.—Chart and compass come from Thee, Jesus, Savior, pi-lot me. { Hiding rocks and treach'rous } shoal;

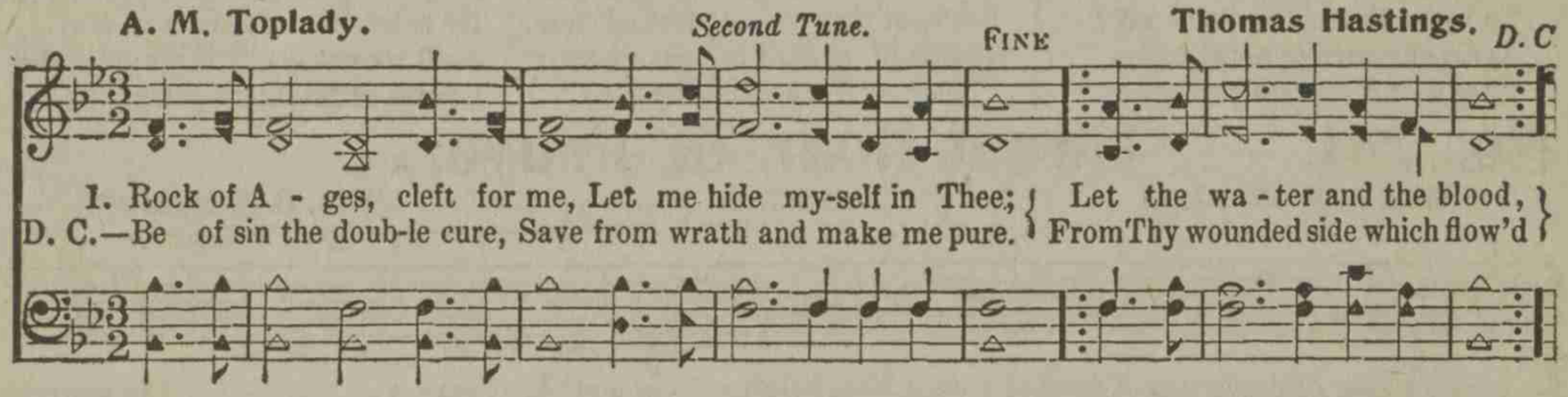
1 Jesus, Savior, pilot me,
Over life's tempestuous sea:
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rocks and treach'rous shoal;
Chart and compass come from Thee
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves, obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

No. 247. Rock of Ages.

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



1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee; { Let the wa - ter and the blood,
D. C.—Be of sin the doub-le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure. { From Thy wounded side which flow'd }

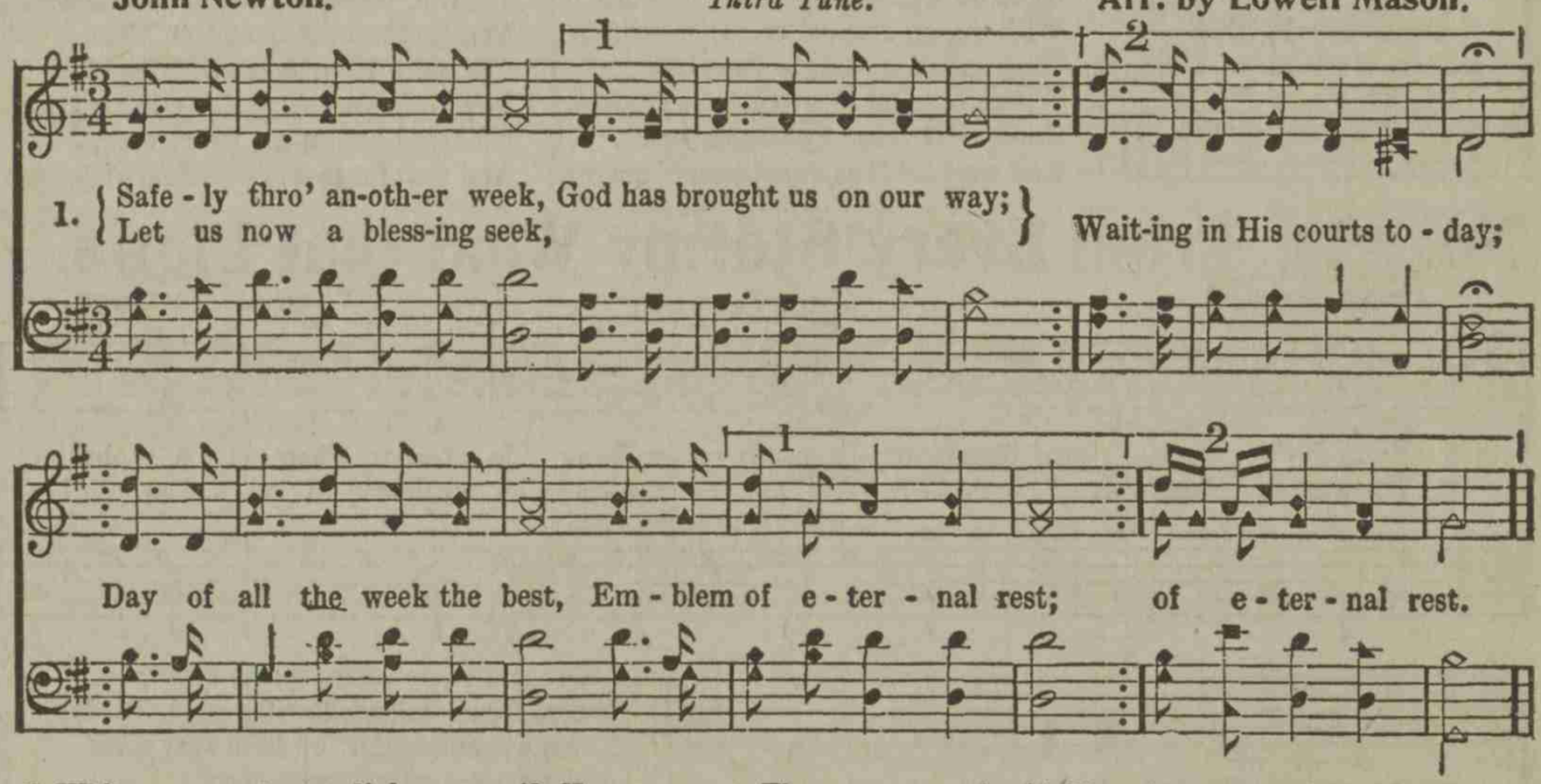
1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

No. 248. Safely Through Another Week.

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



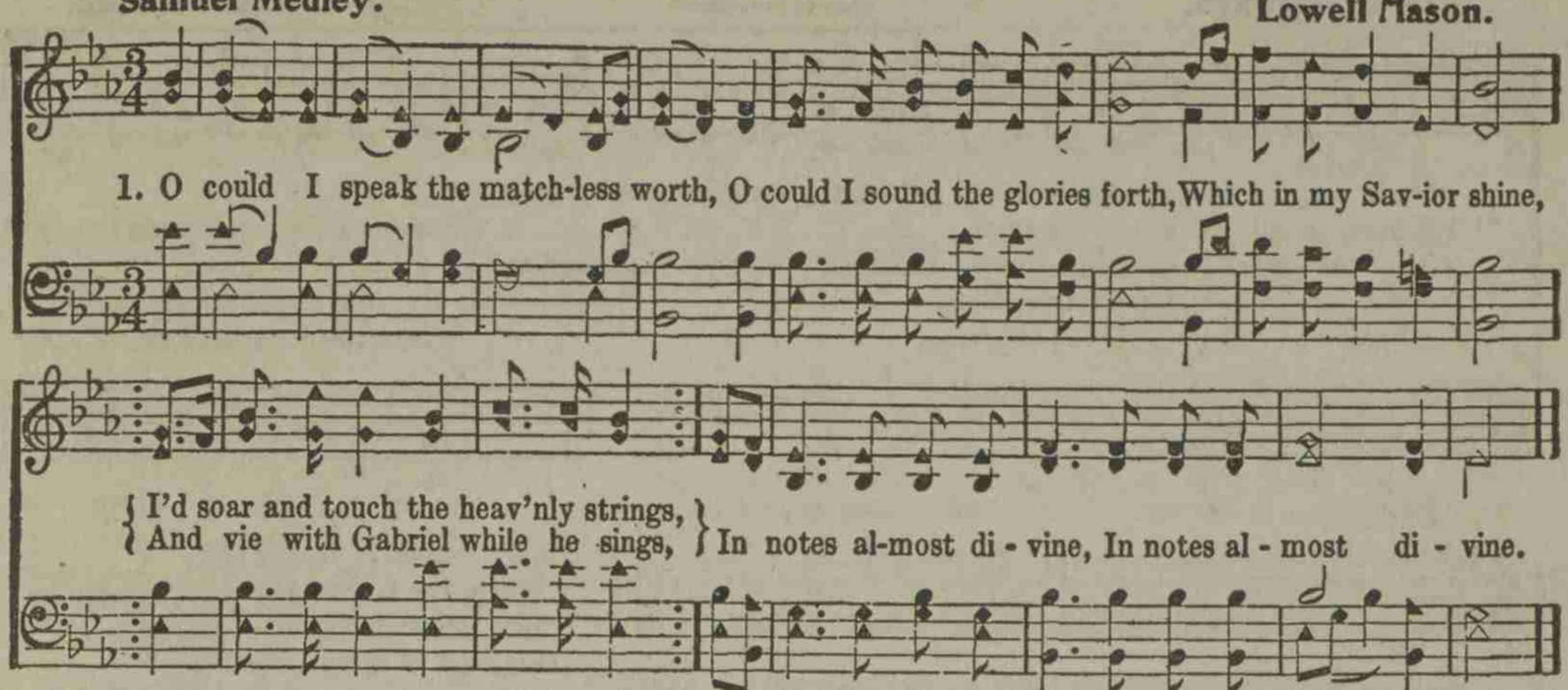
2 While we pray for pard'ning grace,
Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciled face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in Thee.

3 Here we come Thy name to praise;
Let us feel Thy pesence near;
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief to all complaints;
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

No. 249. O Gould I Speak.

Samuel Medley. Lowell Mason.

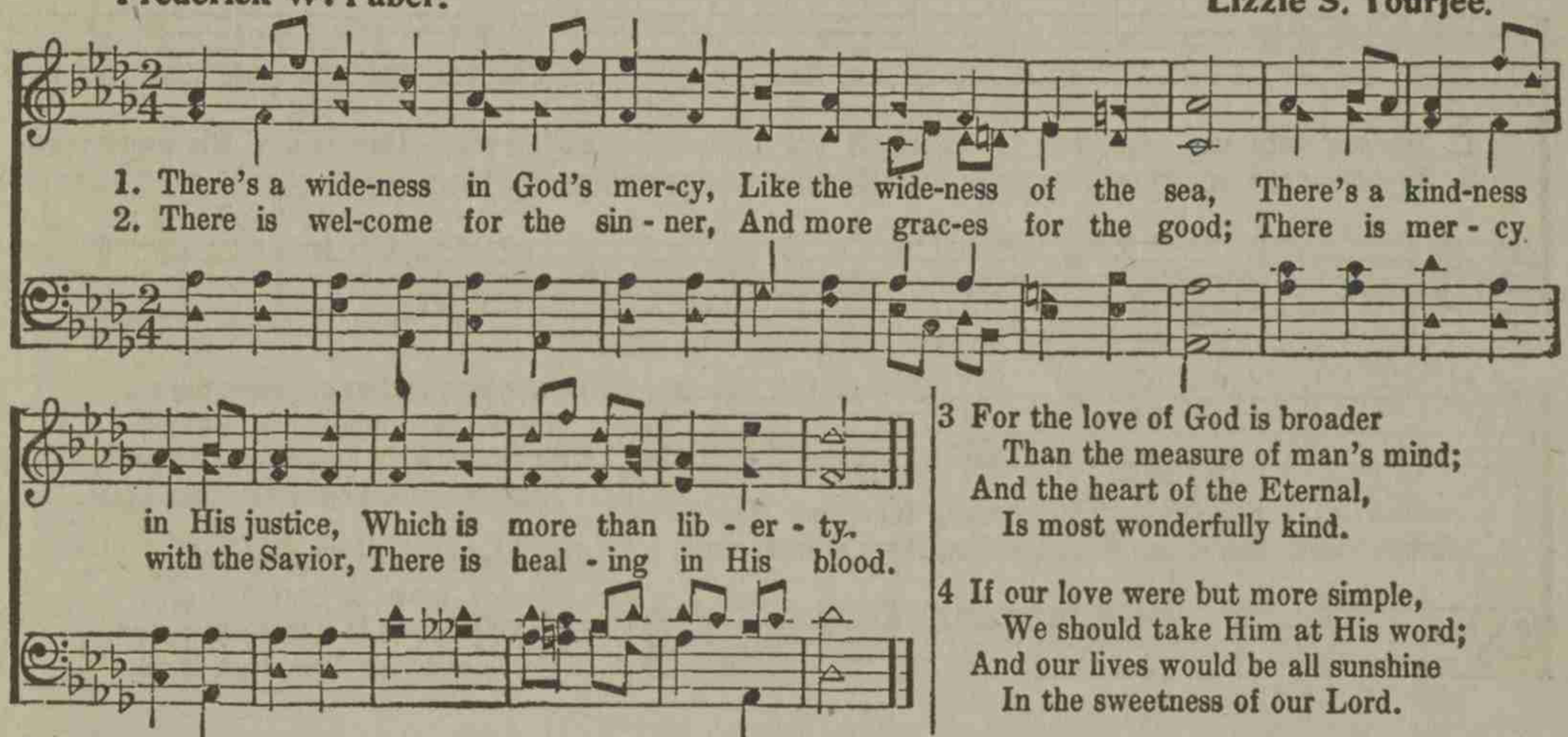


2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine;
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

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

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

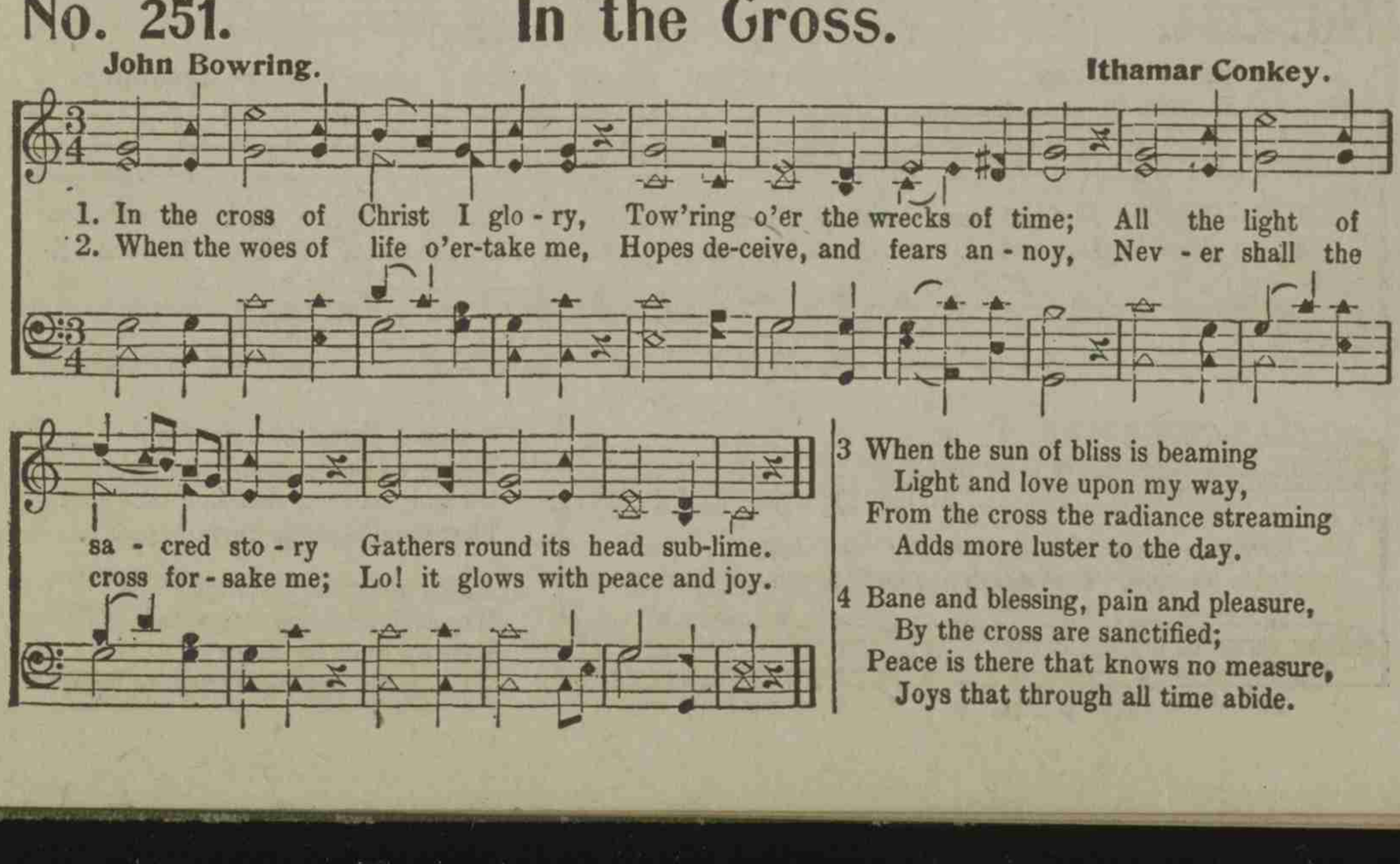
No. 250. There's a Wideness.

Frederick W. Faber. Lizzie S. Tourjee.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal,
Is most wonderfully kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

No. 251. In the Gross.

John Bowring. Ithamar Conkey.

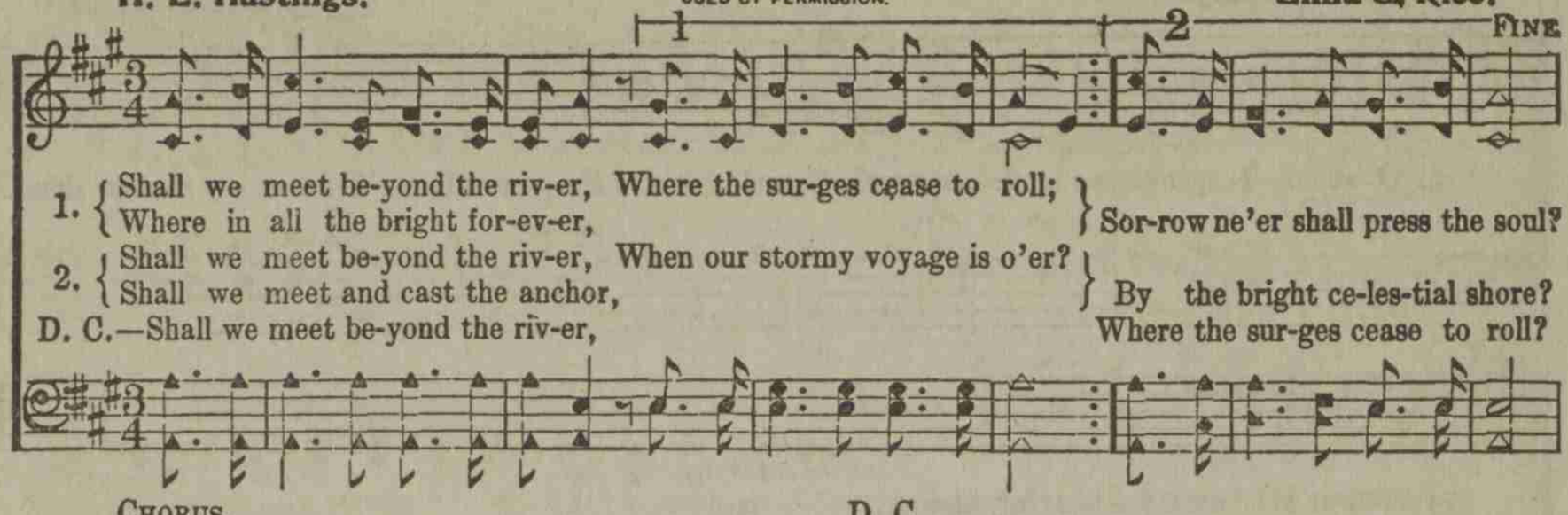


3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more luster to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

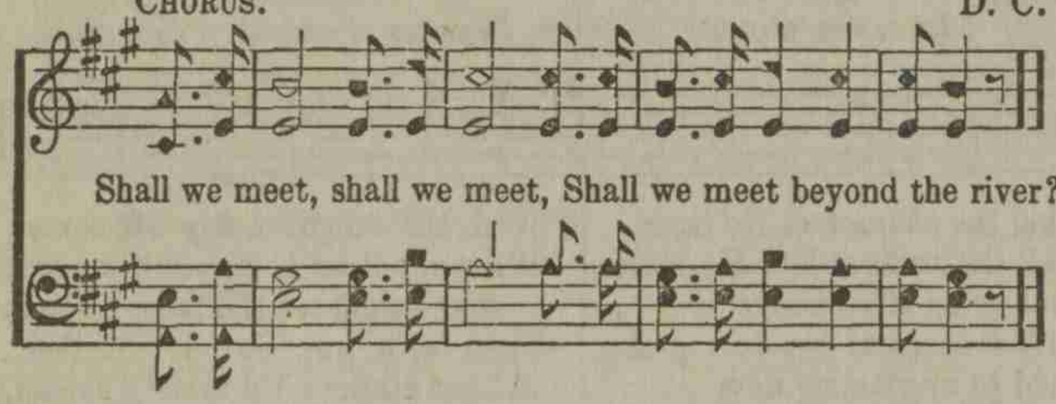
No. 252 Shall We Meet?

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



1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the sur-ges cease to roll;
   Where in all the bright for-ev-er, Sor-row ne'er shall press the soul?
2. Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, When our stormy voyage is o'er?
   Shall we meet and cast the anchor, By the bright ce-les-tial shore?

D. C.—Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the sur-ges cease to roll?

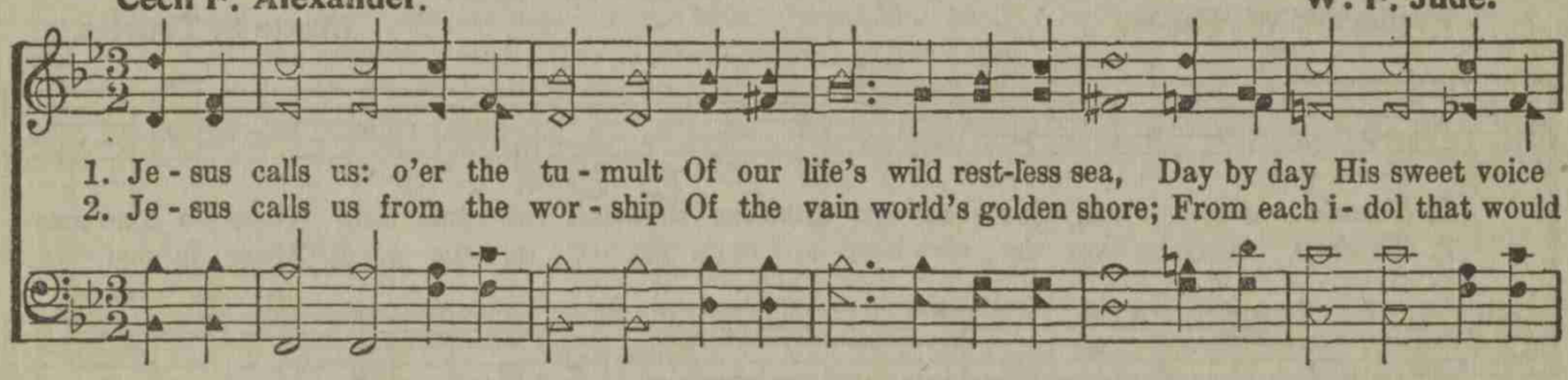
CHORUS. D. C.

Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet beyond the river?

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

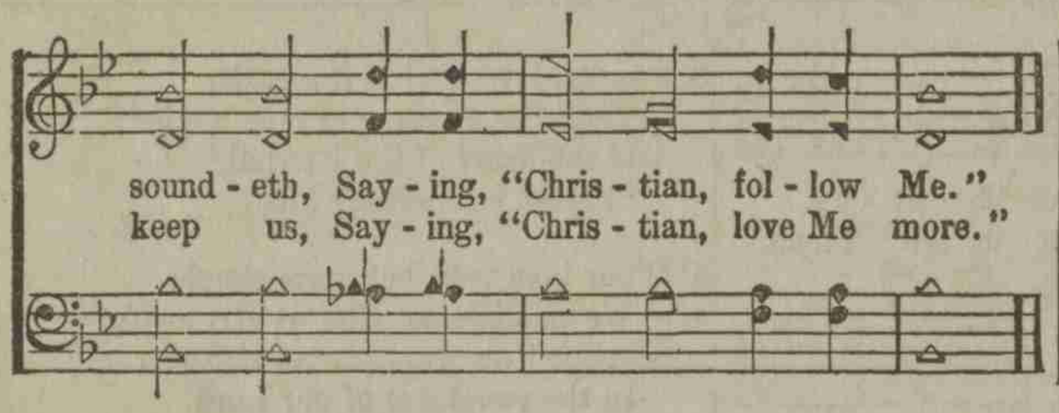
4 Shall we meet with Christ, our Savior,
When He comes to claim His own?
Shall we know His blessed favor,
And sit down upon His throne?

No. 253. Jesus Call Us.

Cecil F. Alexander. W. F. Jude.



1. Je - sus calls us: o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild rest-less sea, Day by day His sweet voice
2. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the vain world's golden shore; From each i - dol that would



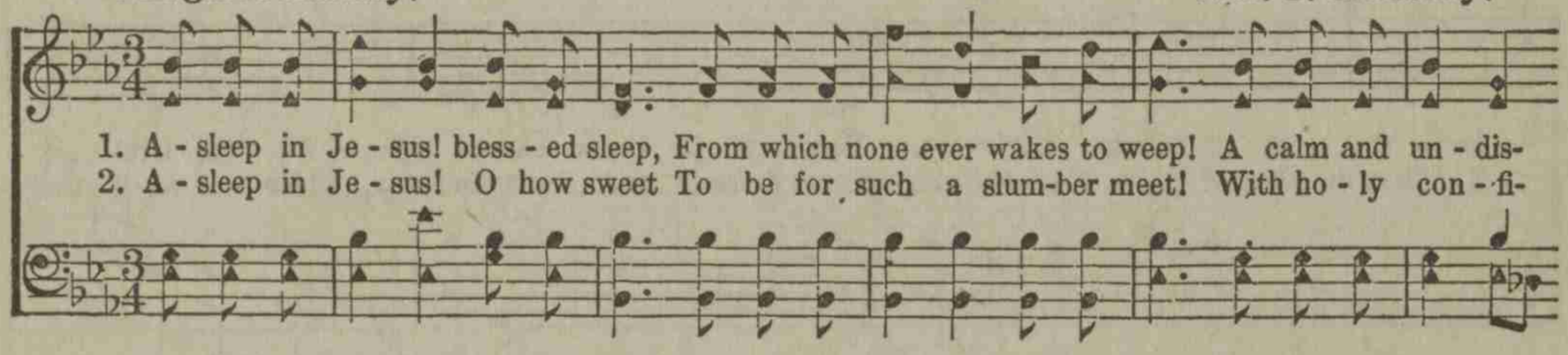
sound - eth, Say - ing, "Chris - tian, fol - low Me."
keep us, Say - ing, "Chris - tian, love Me more."

3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease;
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
That we love Him more than these.

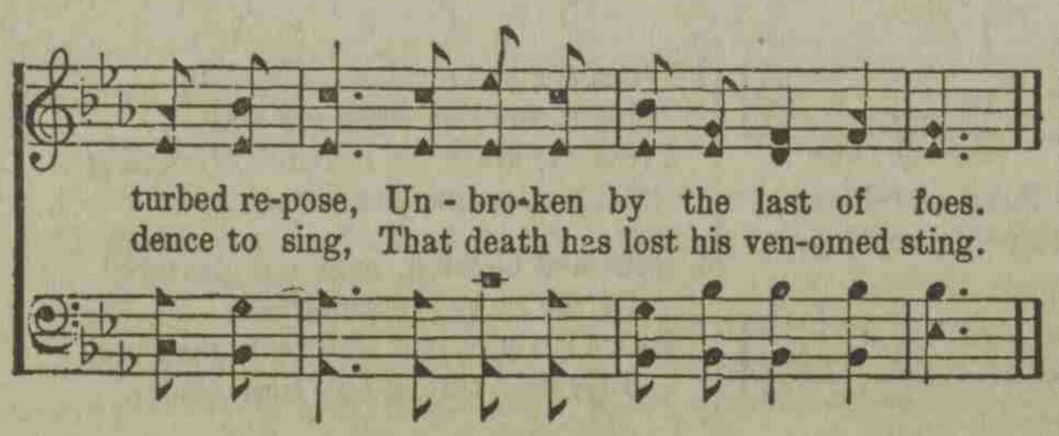
Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Savior, make us hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

No. 254. Asleep in Jesus.

Margaret Mackay. Wm. B. Bradbury.



1. A - sleep in Je - sus! bless - ed sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep! A calm and un - dis-
2. A - sleep in Je - sus! O how sweet To be for such a slum-ber meet! With ho - ly con - fi-



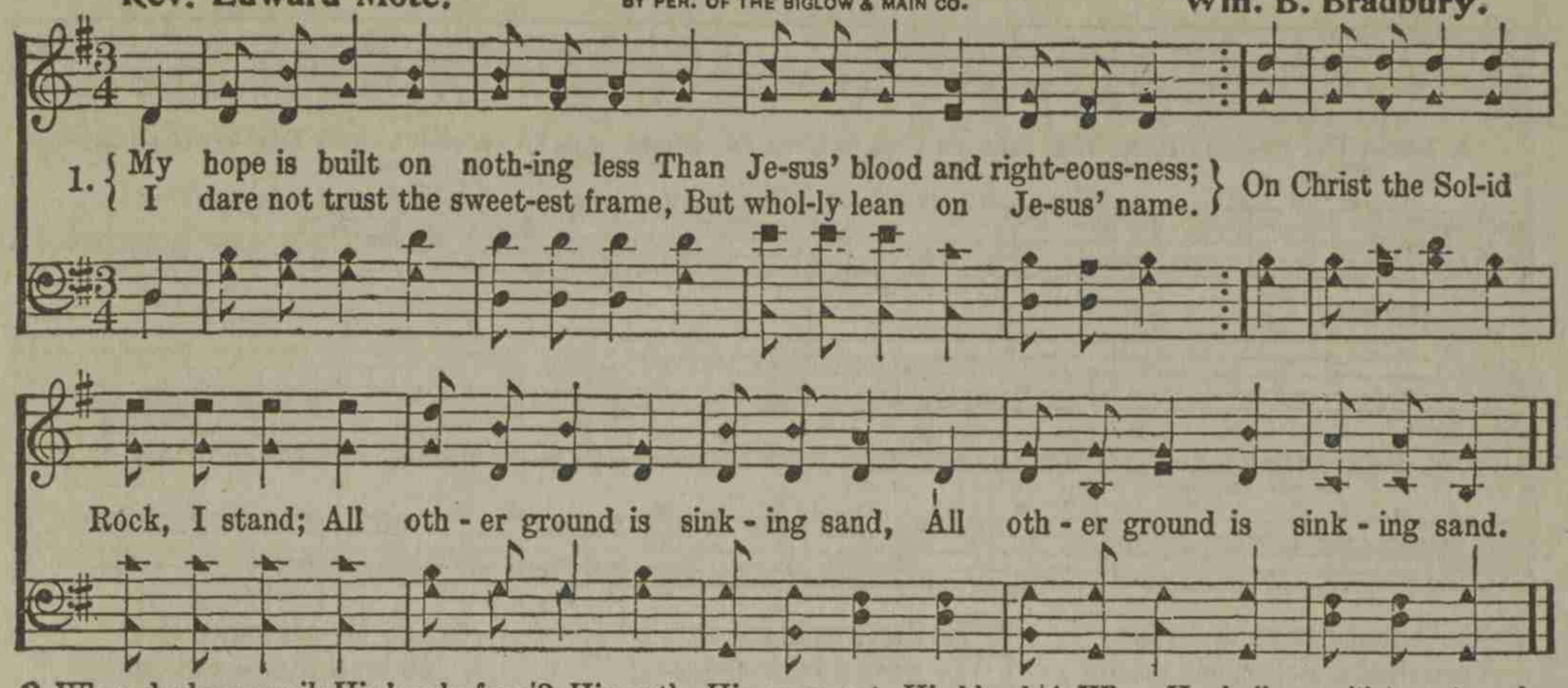
turbed re-pose, Un - bro-ken by the last of foes.
dence to sing, That death has lost his ven-omed sting.

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

4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

No. 255. The Solid Rock.

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



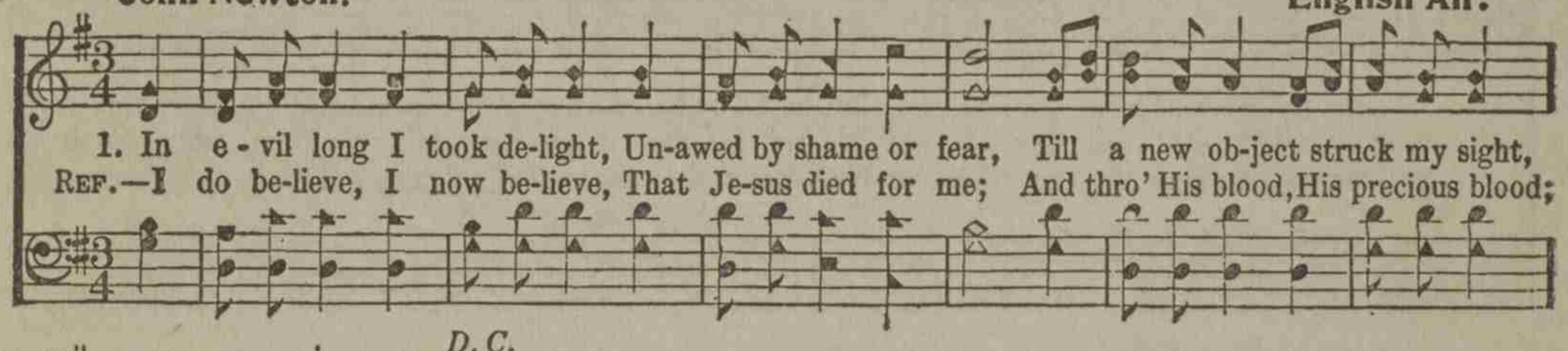
2 When darkness veils His lovely face
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vail.

3 His oath, His covenant, His blood
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

4 When He shall come with trumpet sound
O may I then in Him be found,
Drest in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.

No. 256. In Evil Long I Took Delight.

John Newton. English Air.



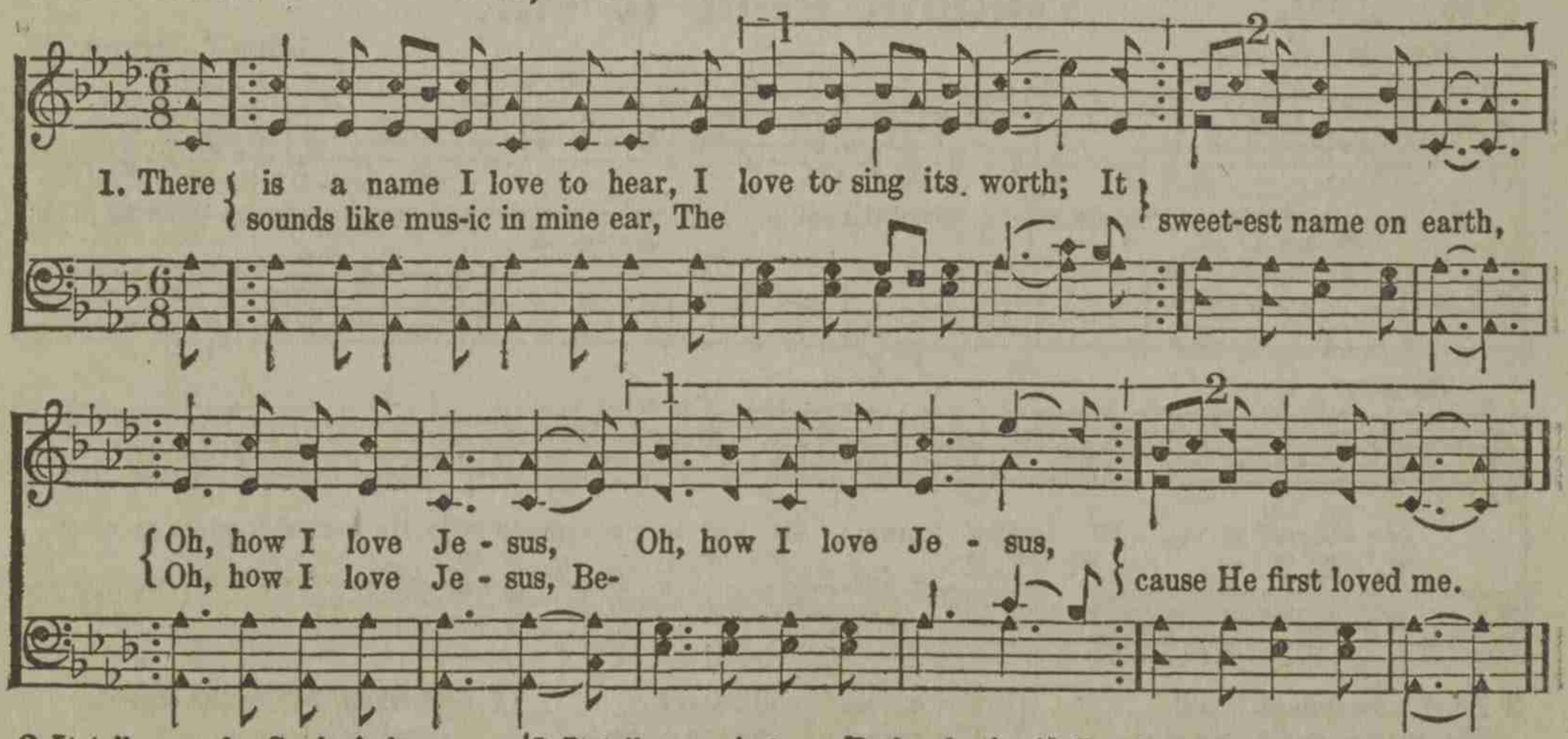
2 I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fixed His languid eyes on me,
As near His cross I stood.

3 Sure never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look:
It seemed to charge me with His death,
Tho' not a word He spoke.

4 My conscience felt and owned the guilt;
It plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins His blood had spilt,
And helped to nail Him there.

5 A second look He gave, which said
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for Thy ransom paid;
I die that thou mayst live."

No. 257. Oh, How I Love Jesus.



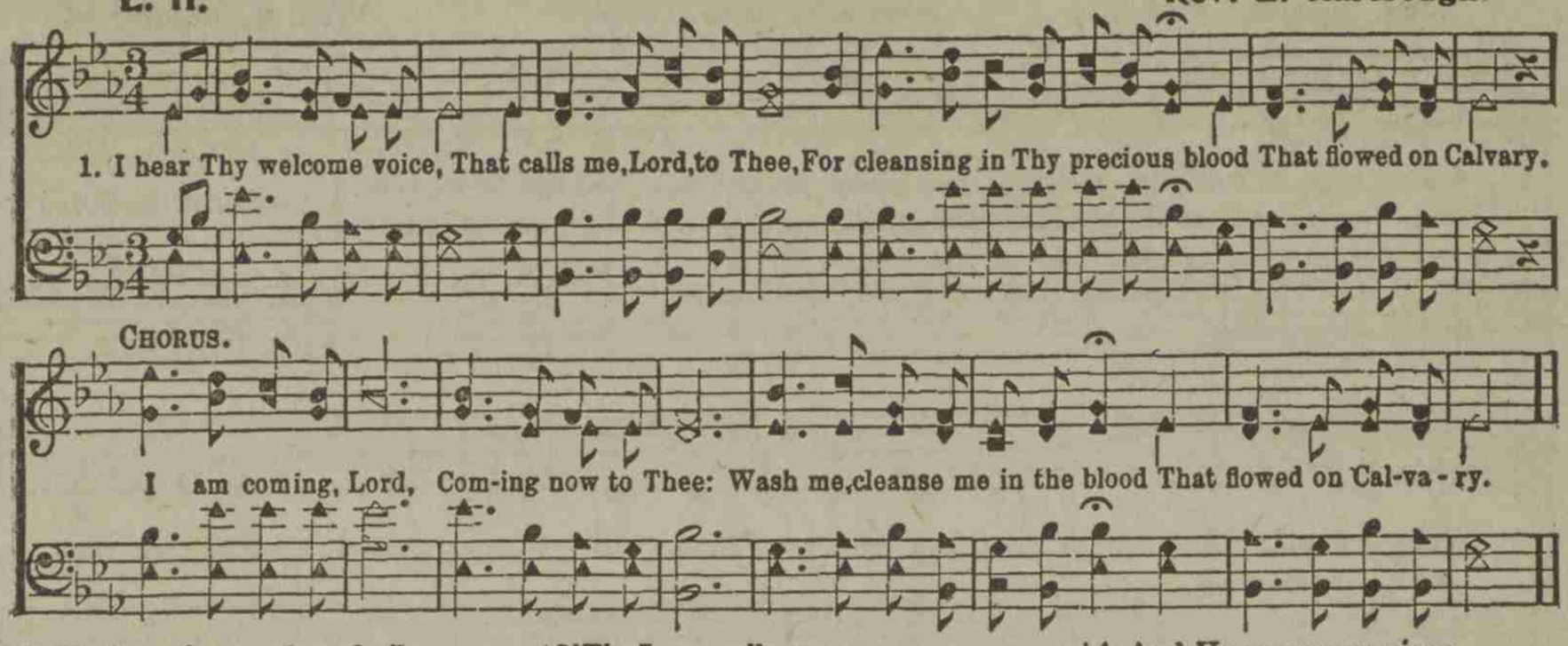
2 It tells me of a Savior's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of His precious blood;
The sinner's perfect plea.

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

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

No. 258. I Am Coming, Lord.

L. H. Rev. L. Hartsough.



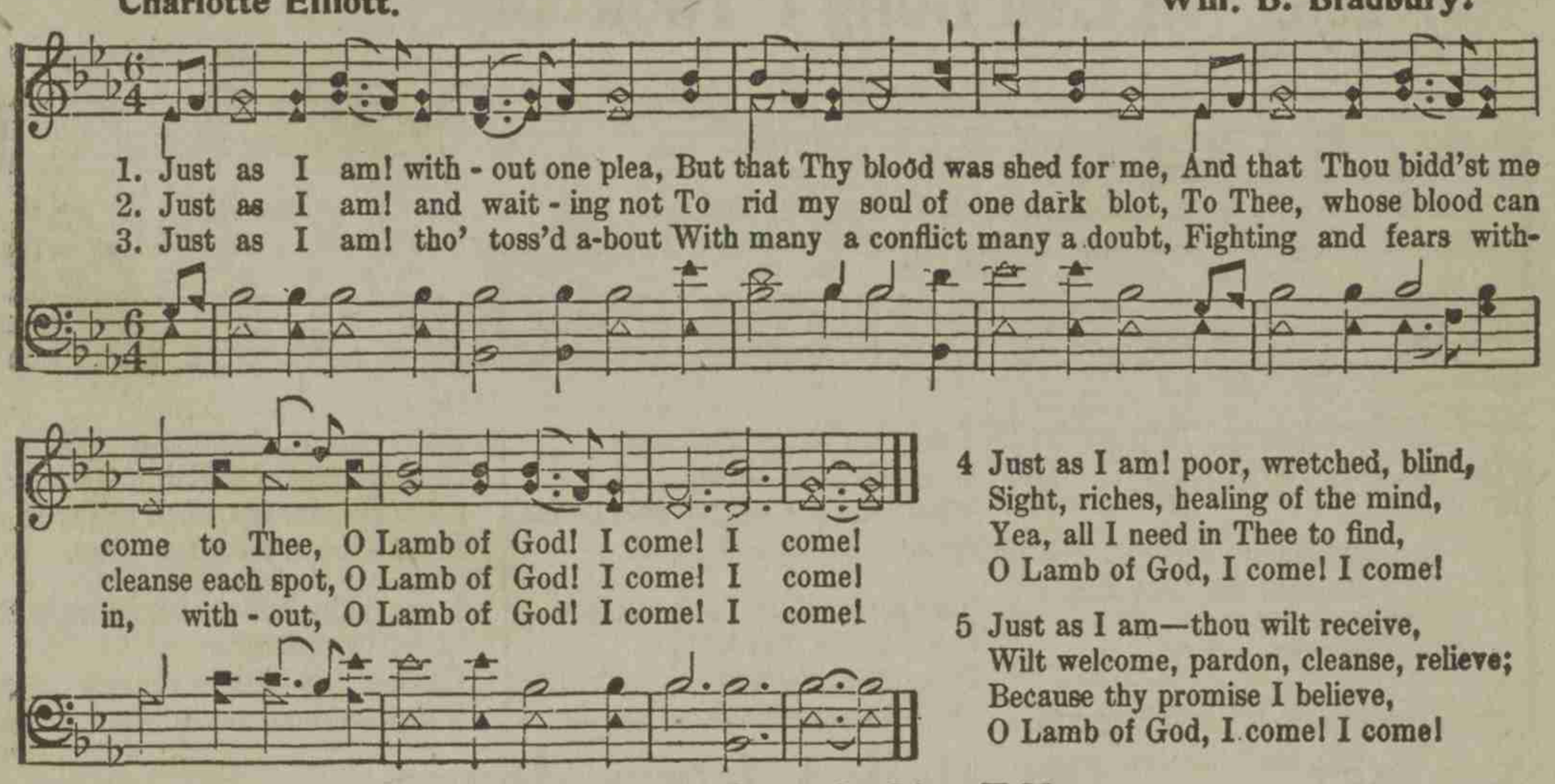
2 Tho' coming weak and vile
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all, and pure.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on,
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust
For earth and heav'n above.

4 And He assurance gives
To loyal hearts and true,
That ev'ry promise is fulfilled
To those who hear and do.

No. 259. Just As I Am.

Charlotte Elliott. Wm. B. Bradbury.

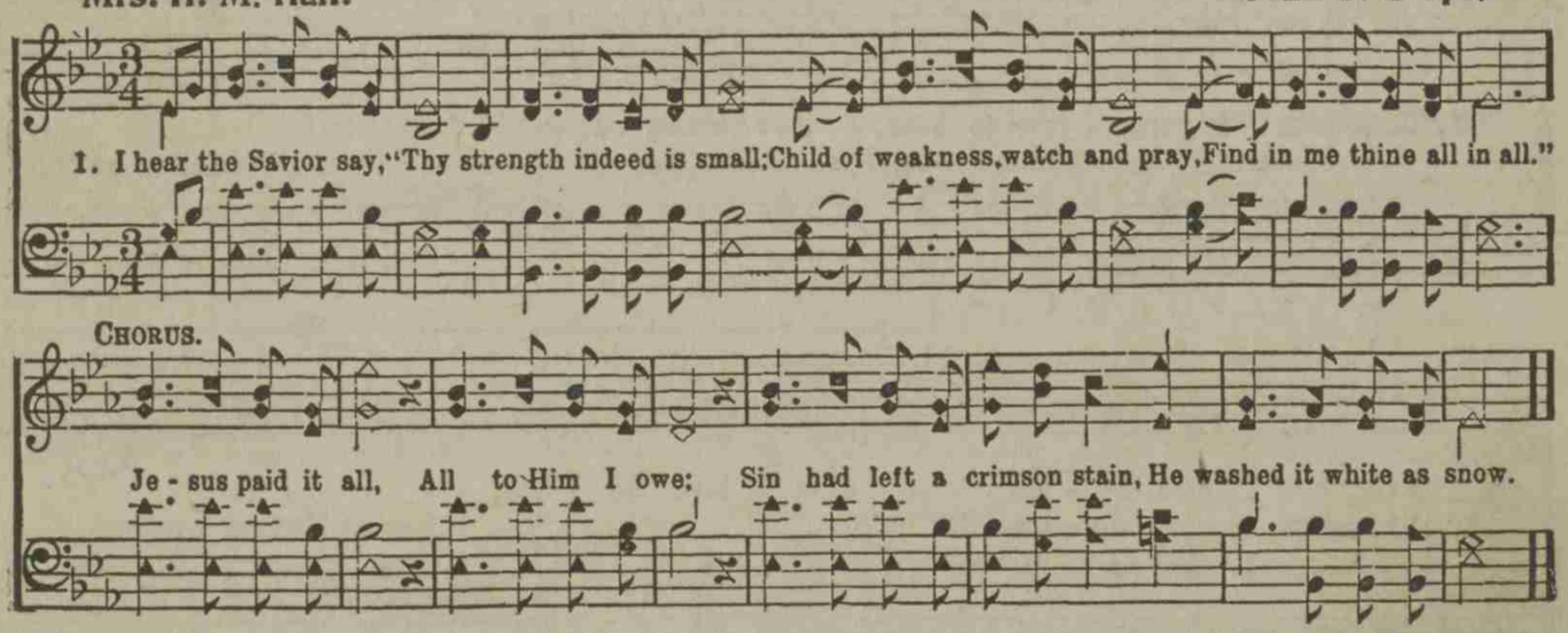


4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

No. 260. Jesus Paid It All.

Mrs. H. M. Hall. John T. Grape.



2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.

3 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garments white
In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.

4 And when, before the throne,
I stand in Him complete
"Jesus died my soul to save,"
My lips shall still repeat.

No. 261. Wash Me in the Blood.

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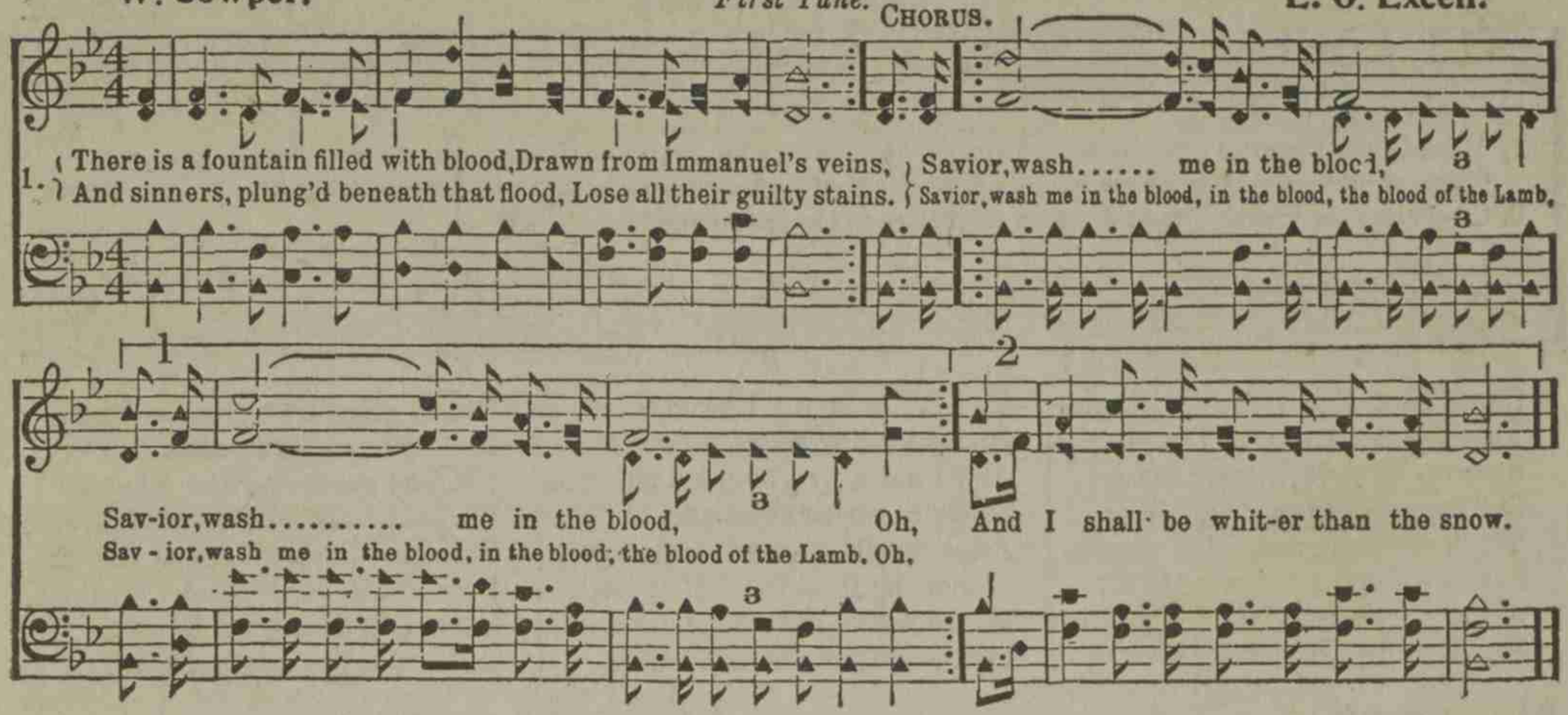
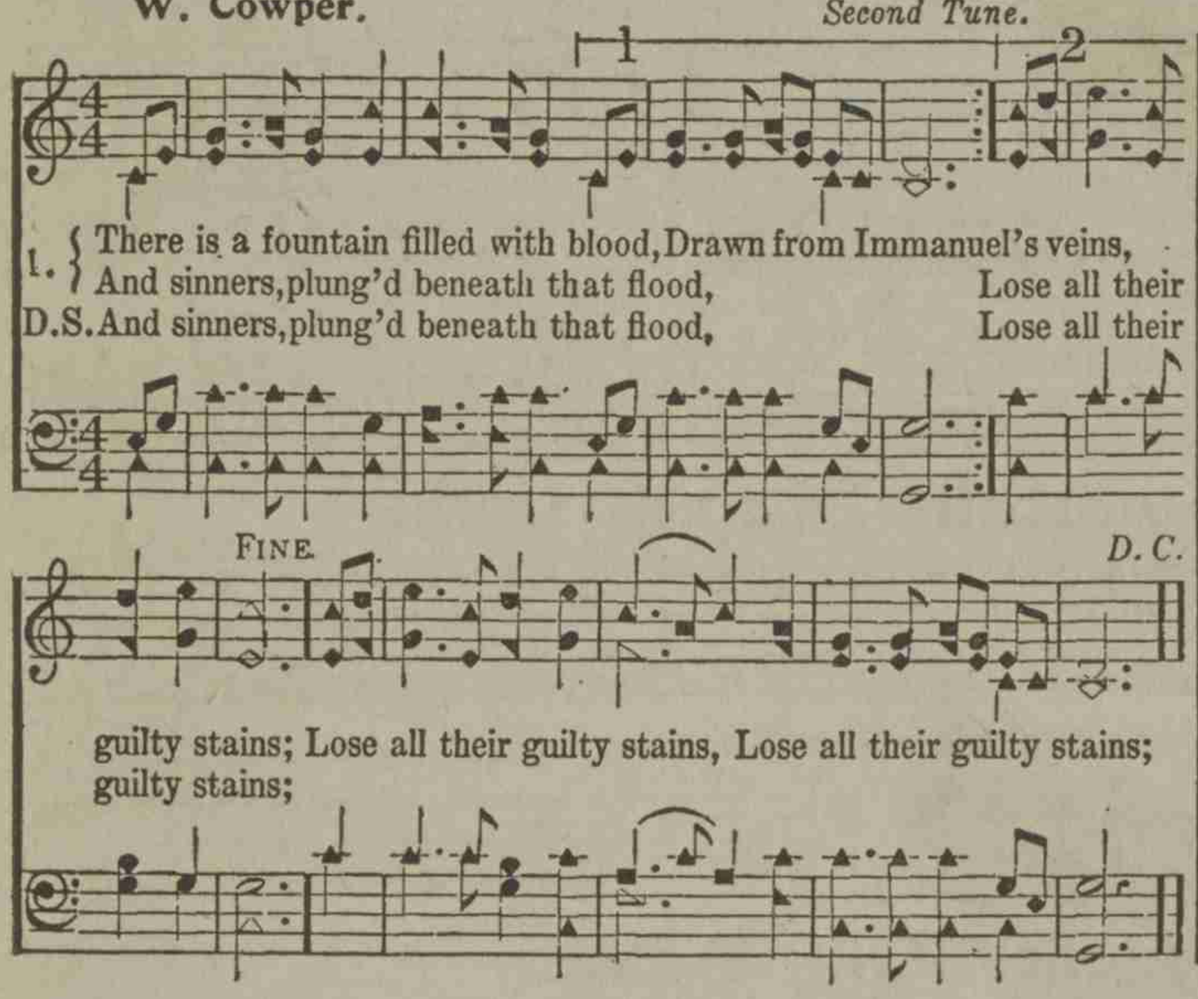
W. Cowper. *First Tune.* CHORUS. E. O. Excell.



No. 262. There is a Fountain.

W. Cowper. *Second Tune.* Lowell Mason.



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

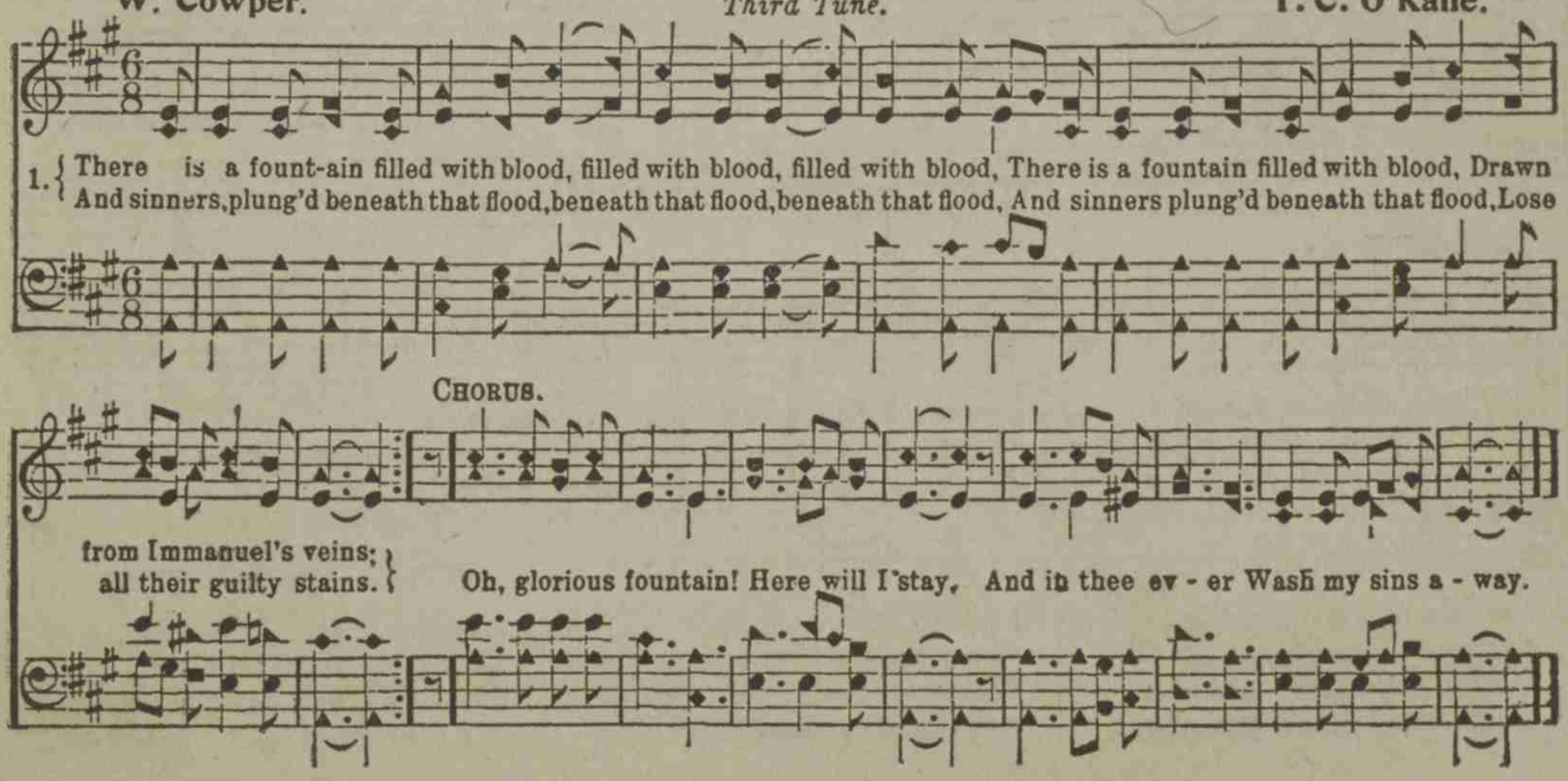
3 Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

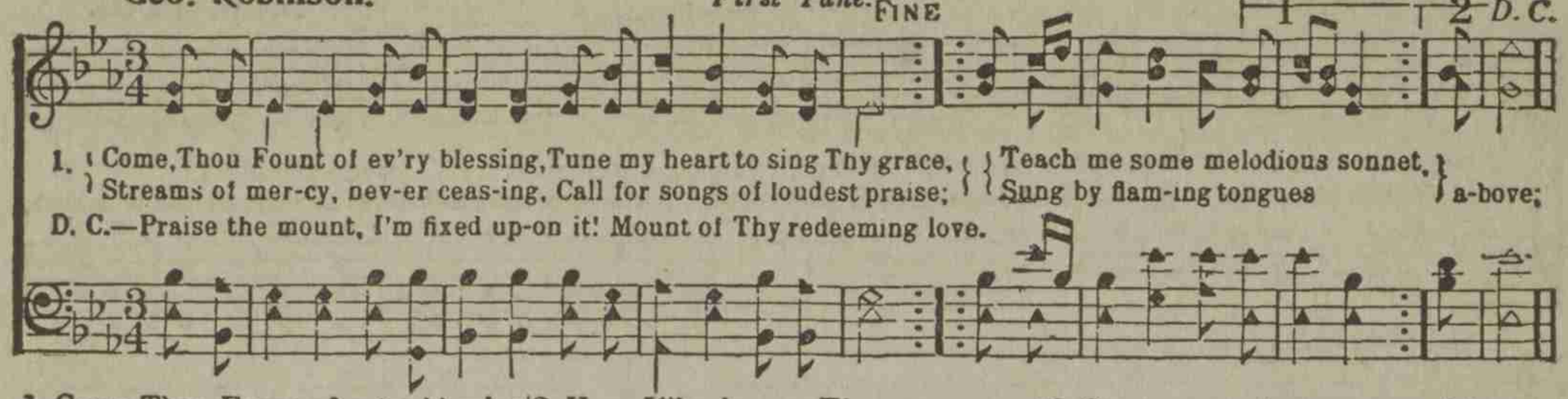
5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

No. 263. Glorious Fountain.

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



No. 264. Come, Thou Fount.

Geo. Robinson. *First Tune.* FINE John Wyeth. 1 2 D. C.

1 Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace,
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it!
Mount of Thy redeeming love.

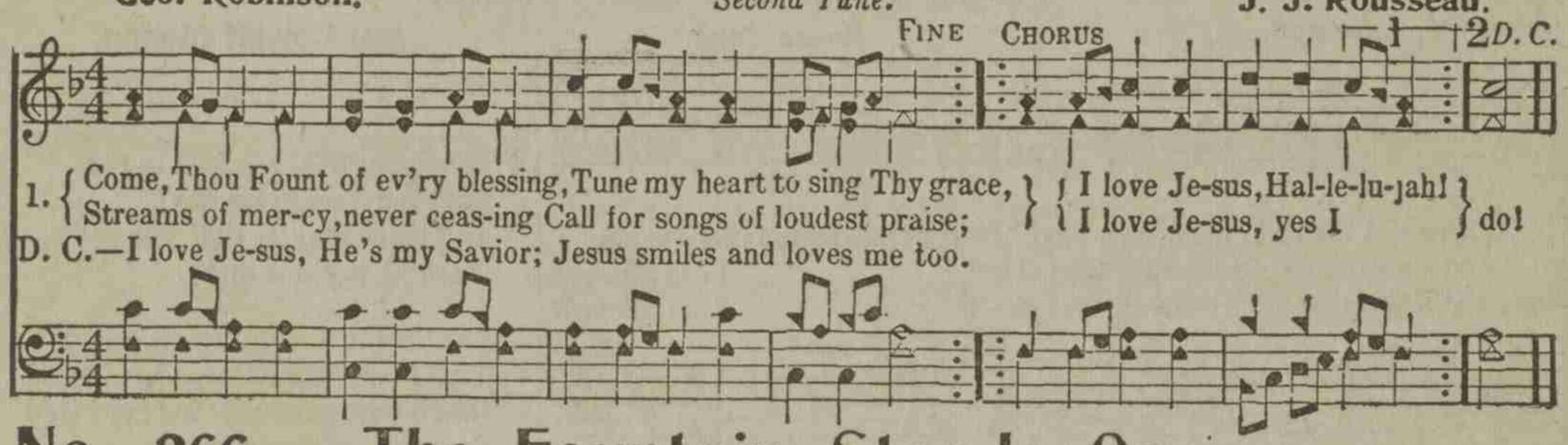
2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'll come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home:
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love; [it,
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal
Seal it for Thy courts above.

No. 265. I Love Jesus, He's My Savior.

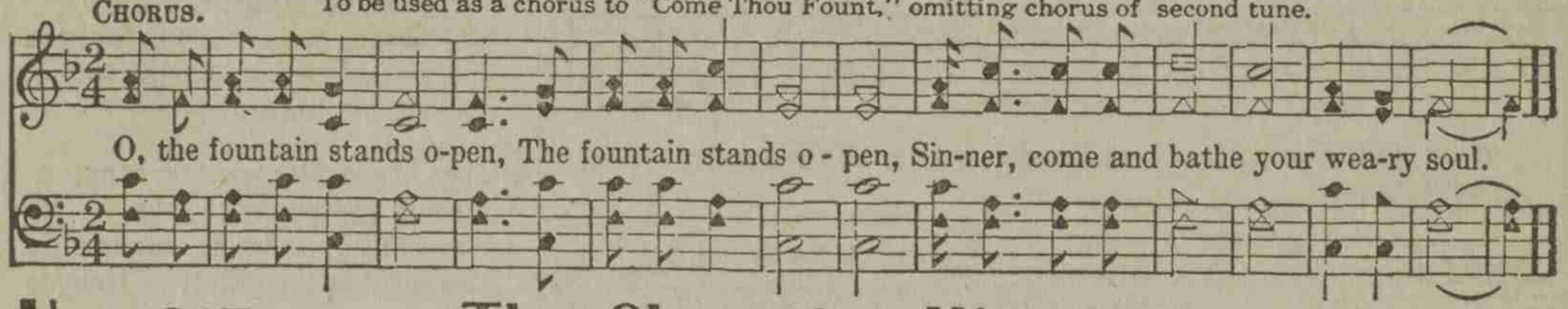
Geo. Robinson. *Second Tune.* J. J. Rousseau.

FINE CHORUS 1 2 D. C.



No. 266. The Fountain Stands Open.

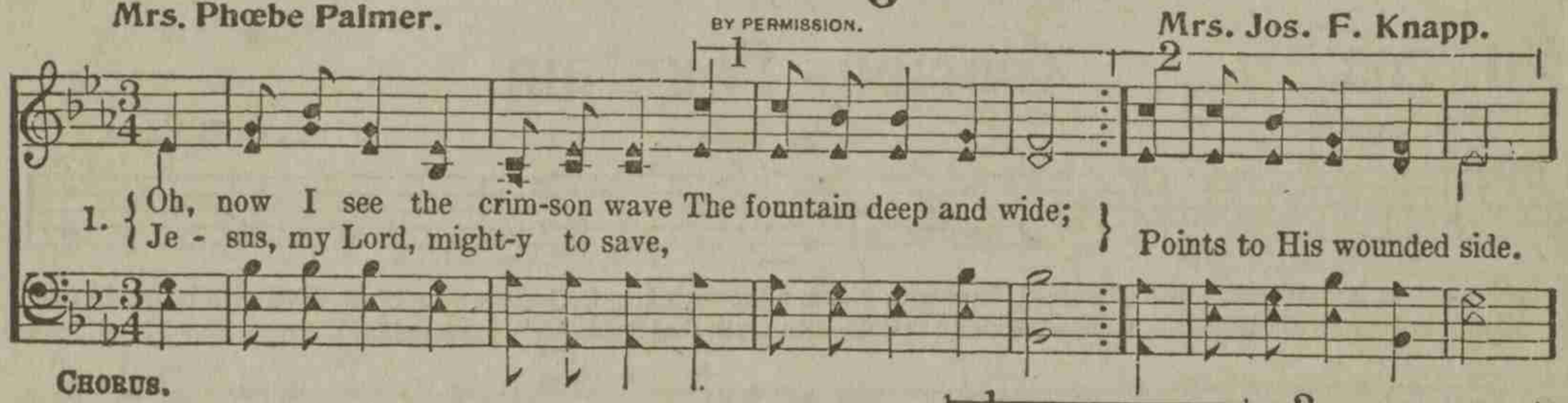
CHORUS. To be used as a chorus to "Come Thou Fount," omitting chorus of second tune.



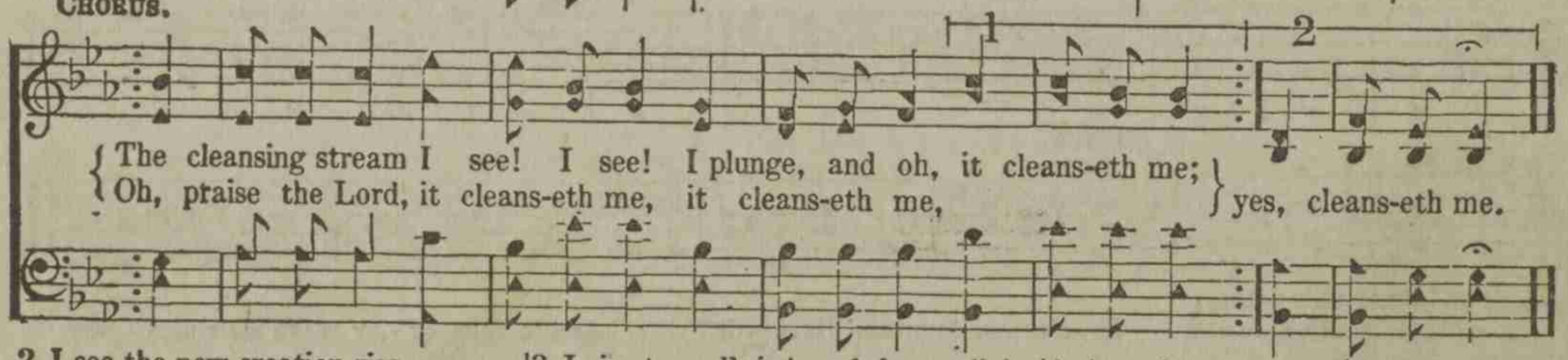
No. 267. The Gleansing Wave.

Mrs. Phœbe Palmer. BY PERMISSION. Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.

1 2



CHORUS. 1 2

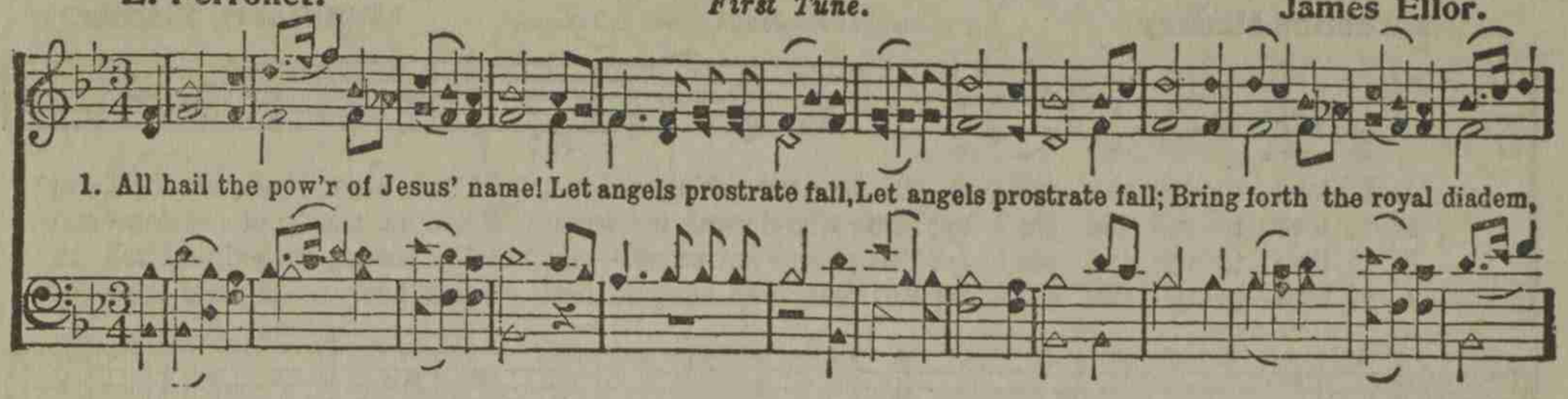
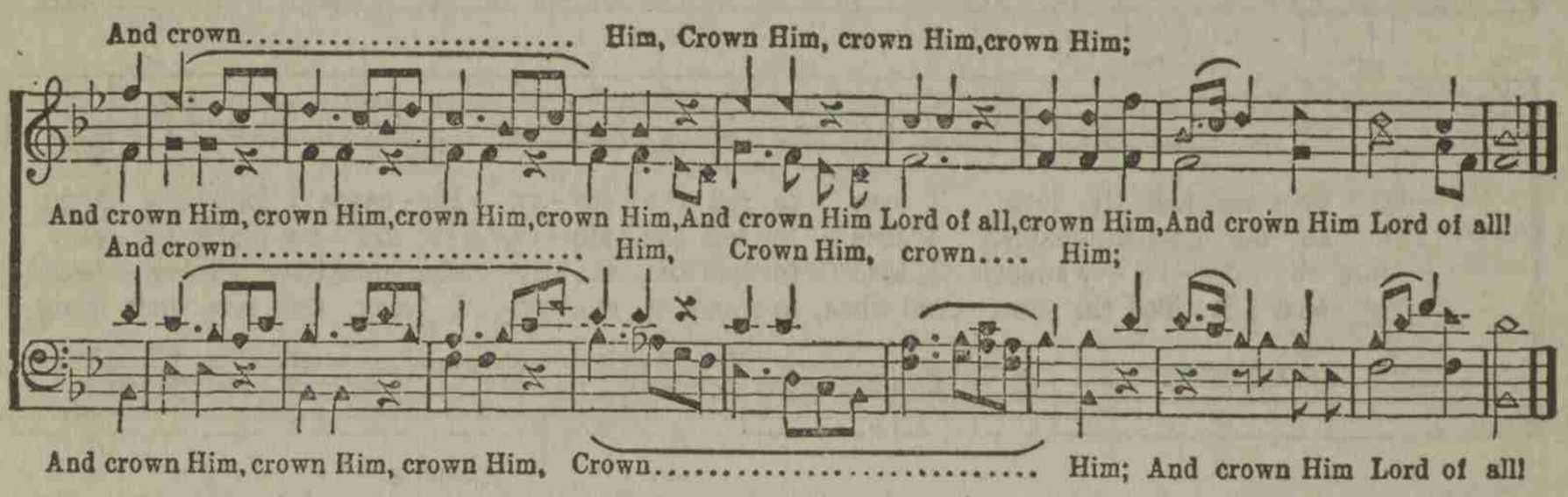


2 I see the new creation rise,
I hear the speaking blood:
It speaks! poluted nature dies—
Sinks 'neath the crimson flood.

3 I rise to walk in heav'n's own light,
Above the world and sin, [white
With heart made pure, and garments
And Christ enthroned within.

4 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below
To feel the blood applied;
And Jesus, only Jesus know,
My Jesus crucified.

No, 268. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name,

E. Perronet. *First Tune.* James Ellor.



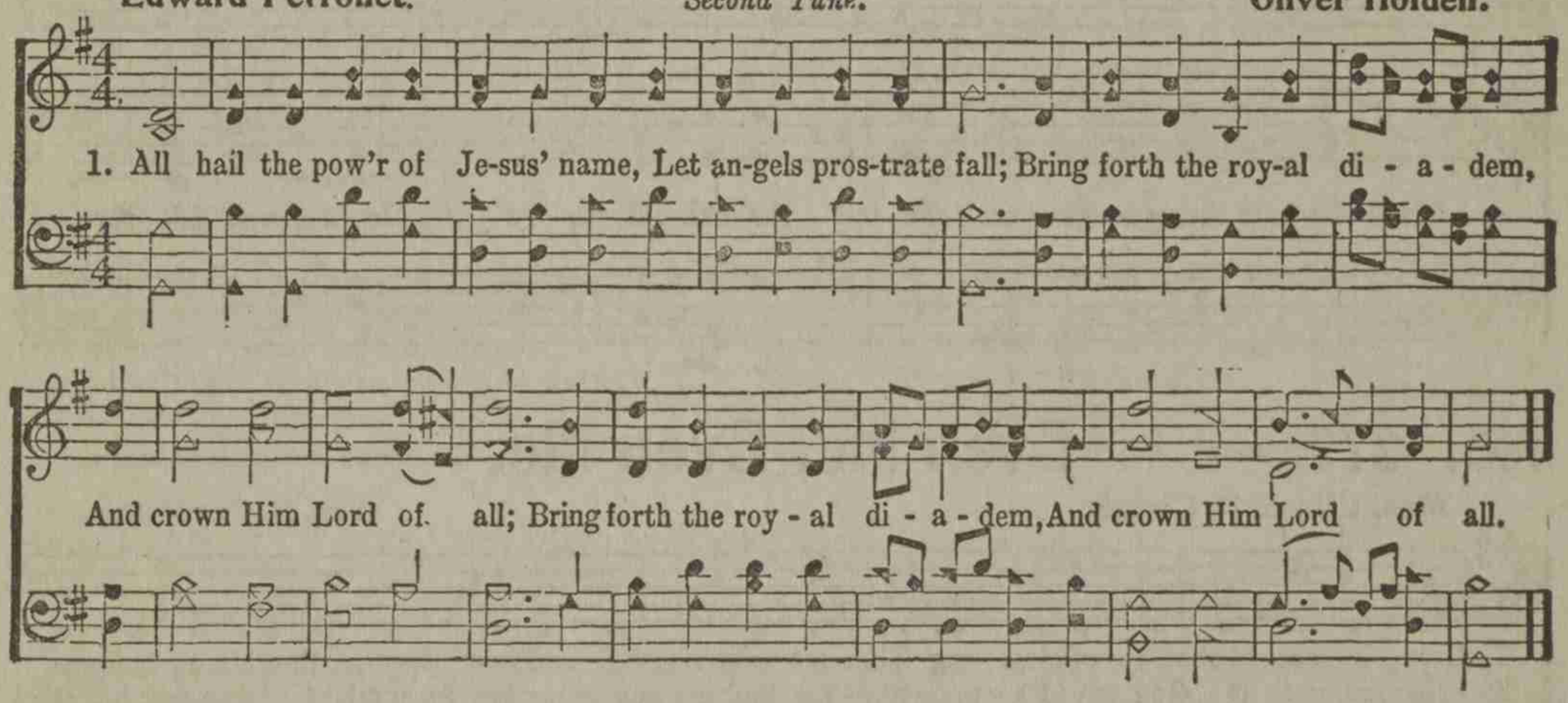
2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

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

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

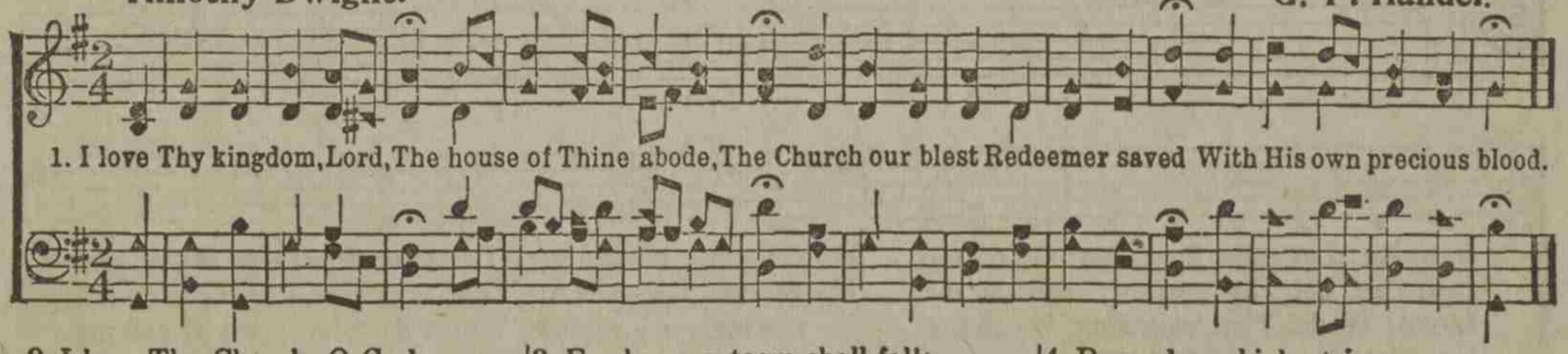
No. 269. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Edward Perronet. *Second Tune.* Oliver Holden.



No. 270. I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

Timothy Dwight. G. F. Handel.



2 I love Thy Church, O God;
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways, [vows,
Her sweet communion, solemn
Her hymns of love and praise,

No. 271. I Love To Tell The Story.

Katherine Hankey. USED BY PERMISSION OF WM. G. FISCHER. **William G. Fischer.**

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a-bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won-der-ful it seems Than all the gold - en fan - cies
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What seems, each time I tell it,
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hun-ger - ing and thirst-ing

Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true;
Of all our gold-en dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me;
More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard
To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song,

CHORUS.

It sat - is - fies my long - ings As noth - ing else would do.
And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto - ry,
The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own Ho-ly Word.
'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have lov'd so long.

'Twill be my theme in glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

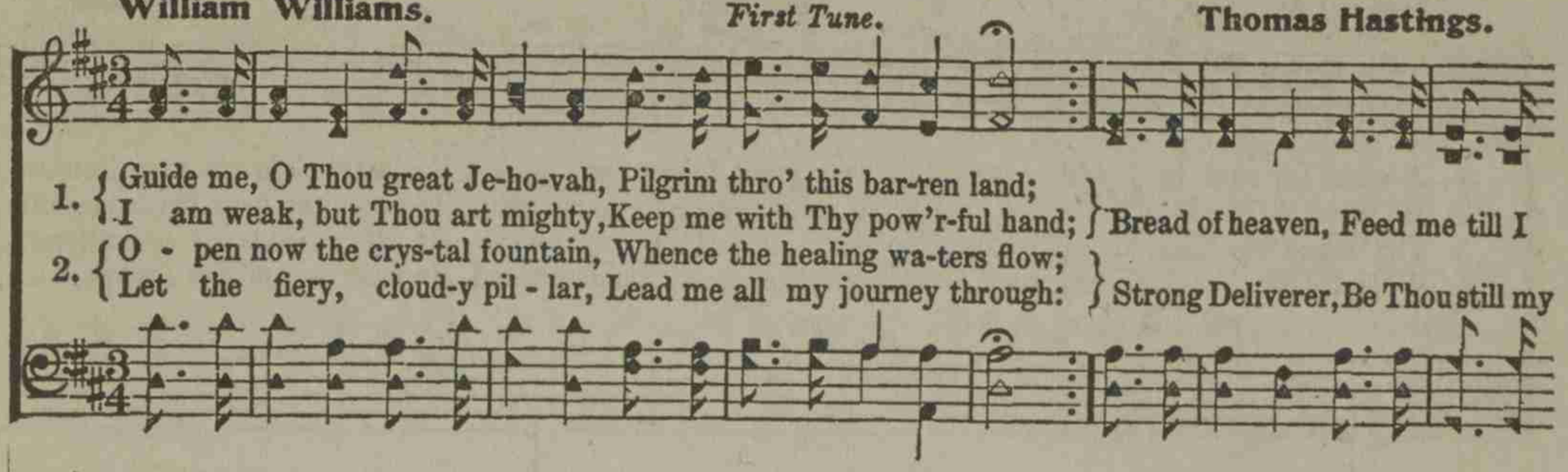
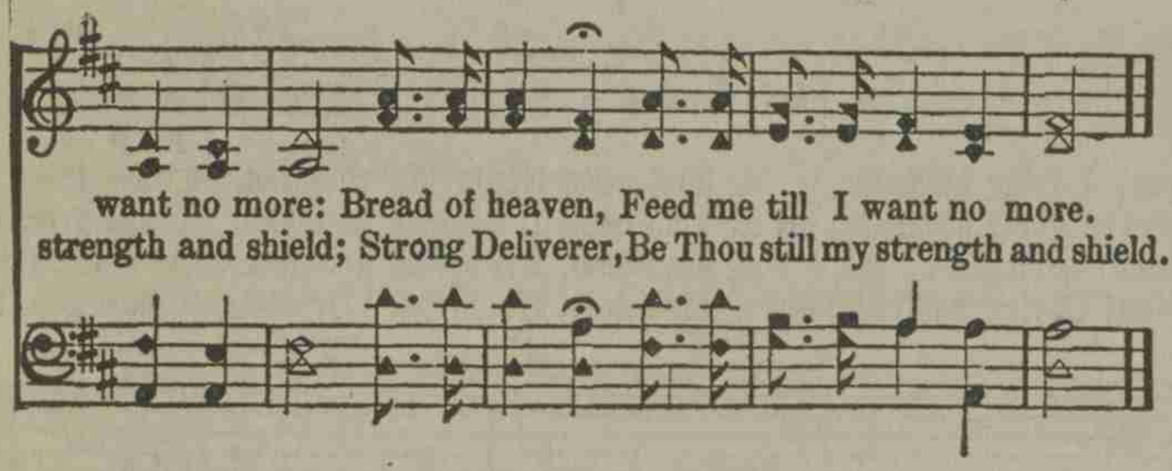
No. 272. Even Me, Even Me.

Mrs. Elizabeth Codner. **Wm. B. Bradbury.**

1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless - ing Thou art scatt'ring full and free; Show'rs, the thirst-y land re-
2. Pass me not, O God, my Fa - ther Sin - ful tho' my heart may be; Thou mightst leave me, but the
3. Pass me not, O gra - cious Sav - ior, Let me live and cling to Thee; I am long - ing for Thy
4. Love of God, so pure and change-less, Blood of Christ, so rich and free; Grace of God, so strong and

fresh-ing; Let some drops now fall on me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Let some drops now fall on me
rath - er; Let Thy mer - cy light on me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Let Thy mer - cy light on me.
fa-vor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me.
boundless Mag - ni - fy them all in me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Mag - ni - fy them all in me.

No. 273. Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

William Williams. *First Tune.* **Thomas Hastings.**



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

No. 274. Good News.

First or Second Tune.

1 On the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion, long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive!
God himself shall loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.

No. 275. Hallelujah!

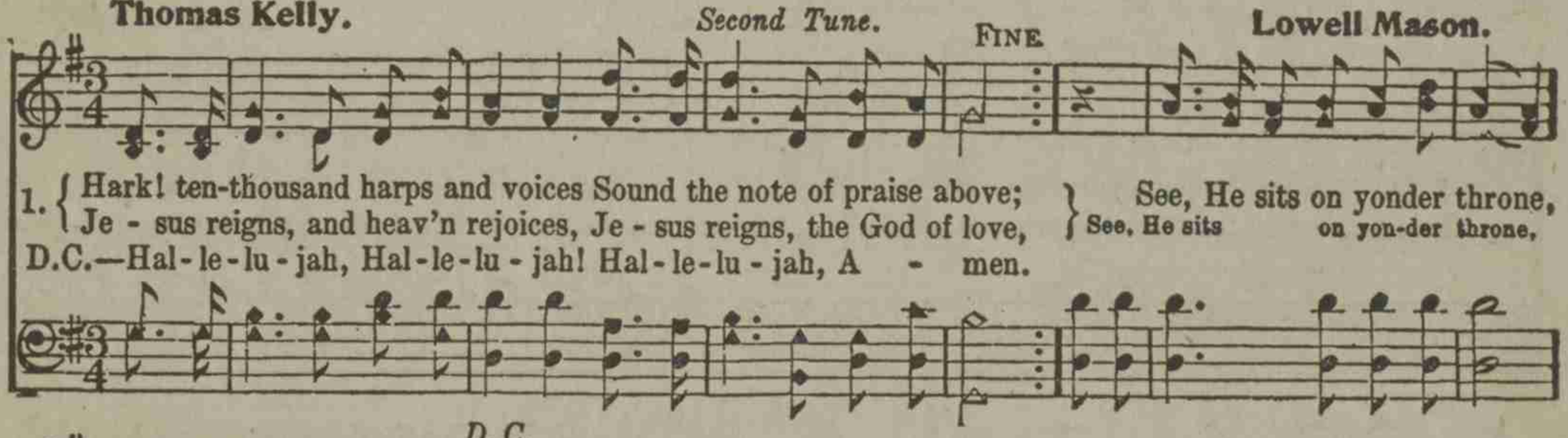
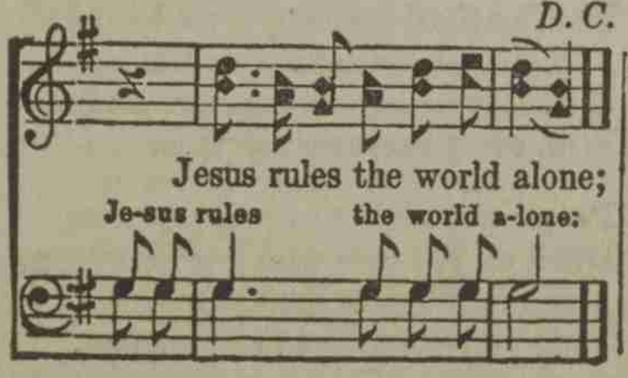
First or Second Tune.

1 O Thou God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin;
Moved by Thy divine compassion,
Who hast died my heart to win,
I will praise Thee;
Where shall I Thy praise begin?

2 Though unseen, I love the Savior;
He hath brought salvation near;
Manifests His pardoning favor;
And when Jesus doth appear,
Soul and body
Shall His glorious image bear.

3 While the angel choirs are crying,
"Glory to the great I AM,"
I with them will still be vying—
"Glory! glory to the Lamb!
O how precious
Is the sound of Jesus' name!

No. 276. Hark! Ten Thousand.

Thomas Kelly. *Second Tune.* FINE **Lowell Mason.**



2 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens,
All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of life, Thy smile enlightens,
Cheers and charms Thy saints on earth;
When we think of love like Thine,
Lord, we own it love divine:

3 King of glory, reign forever;
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from Thy love shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made Thine own;
Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destined to behold Thy face.

No. 277. Loving Kindness.

Samuel Medley. *First Tune.* Anon.

1. A-wake my soul in joy-ful lays And sing my great Redeemer's praise, He justly claims a song from me,
2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me not-with-stand-ing all; He saved me from my lost estate,
3. Tho' numerous hosts of mighty foes, Tho' earth and hell my way op-pose, He safely leads my soul a-long,
4. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud, Has gathered thick and thundered loud, He near my soul has always stood,

His lov - ing kindness, oh, how free! Loving kindness, loving kind-ness, His loving kindness, oh, how free!
His lov - ing kindness, oh, how great! Loving kindness, loving kind-ness, His loving kindness, oh, how great!
His lov - ing kindness, oh, how strong! Loving kindness, loving kind-ness, His loving kindness, oh, how strong!
His lov - ing kindness, oh, how good! Loving kindness, loving kind-ness, His loving kindness, oh, how good!

No. 278. When I Survey the Wondrous Gross.

Isaac Watts. *Second Tune.* Isaac Baker Woodbury.

1. When I sur-vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died, My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride.
2. For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God; All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

No. 279. Jesus Shall Reign.

Isaac Watts. *Third Tune.* John Hatton.

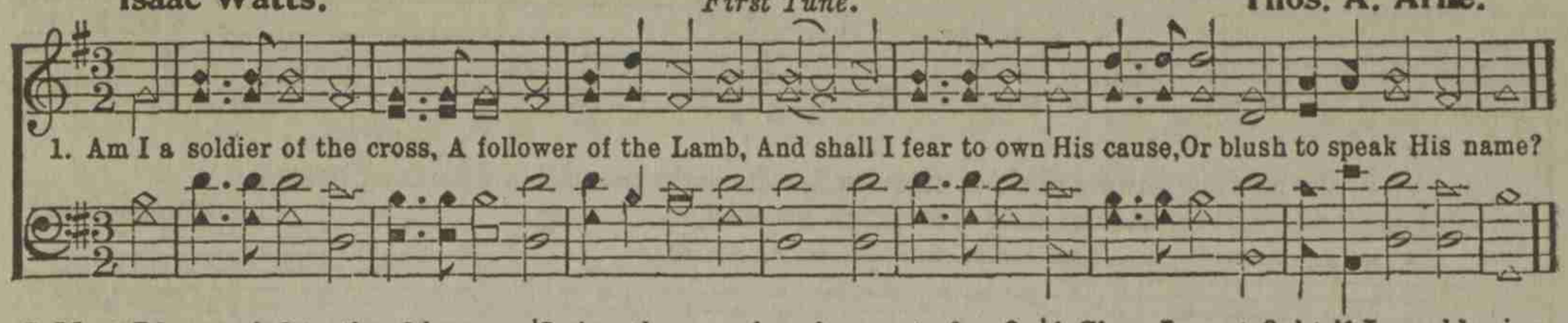
1. Je - sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does His suc-ces-sive jour-neys run; His kingdom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
2. From north to south the princ-es meet, To pay their hom-age at His feet: While western em - pires own their Lord, And sav-age tribes at-tend His word.

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

4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

No. 280. Am I a Soldier?

Isaac Watts. *First Tune.* Thos. A. Arne.



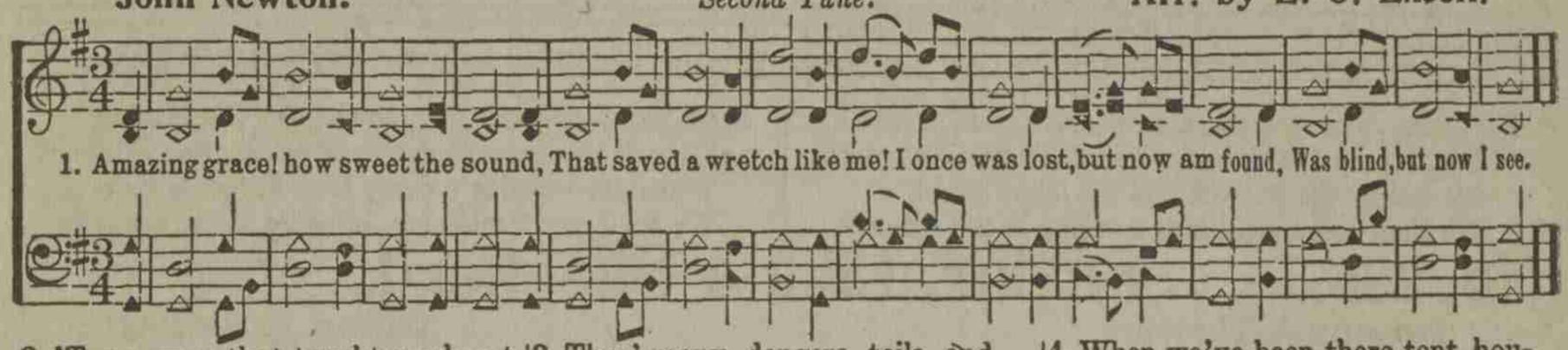
2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease, [prize,
While others fought to win the
And sailed thro' bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

No. 281. Amazing Grace.

John Newton. *Second Tune.* Arr. by E. O. Excell.



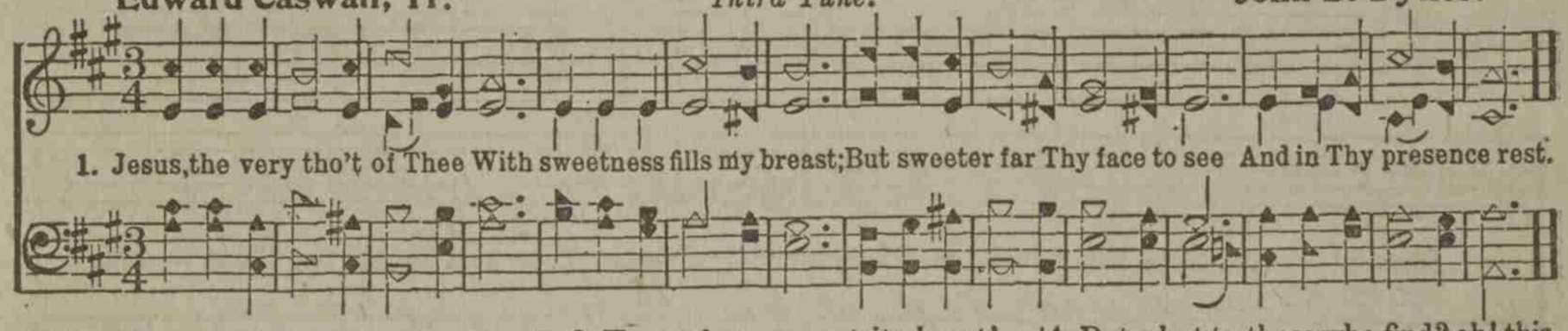
2 'Twas grace that taught my heart
And grace my fears relieved; [to fear
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!

3 Thro' many dangers, toils and
I have already come; [snares,
'Tis grace hath bro't me safe thus
And grace will lead me home. [far,

4 When we've been there tent hou-
Bright shining as the sun, [sand years
We've no less days to sing God's
Than when we first begun. [praise

No. 282. The Thought of Thee.

Edward Caswall, Tr. *Third Tune.* John B. Dykes.



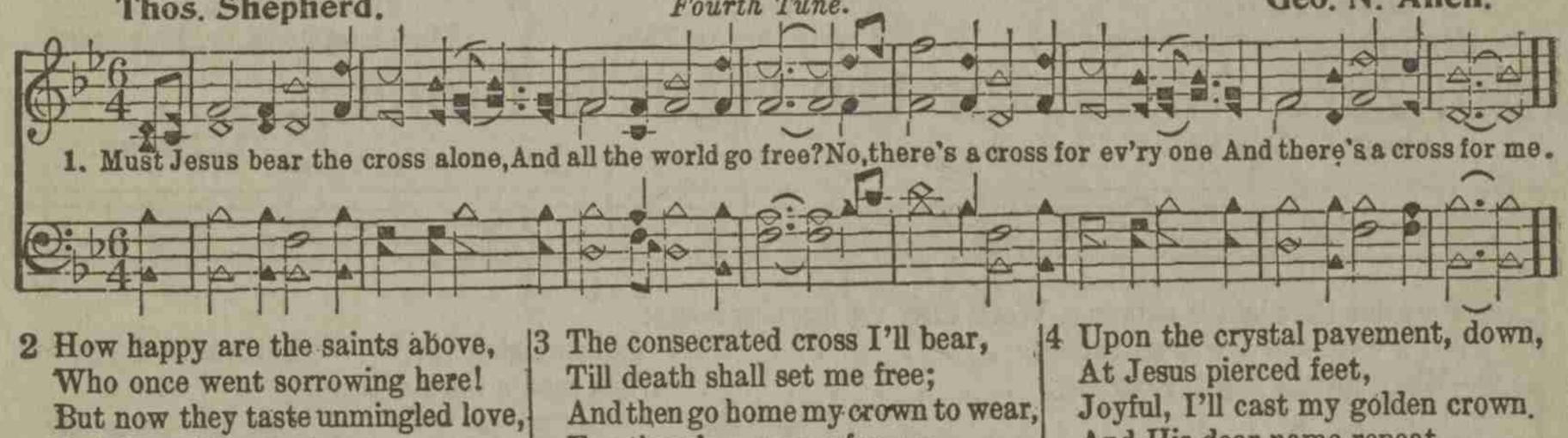
2 No voice can sing, no heart can
Nor can the mem'ry find [frame,
A sweeter sound than Thy blest
O Savior of man-kind! [name,

3 O Hope of every contrite heart!
O joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind Thou
How good to those who seek! [art!

4 But what to those who find? ah! this
No tongue or pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

No. 283. Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

Thos. Shepherd. *Fourth Tune.* Geo. N. Allen.



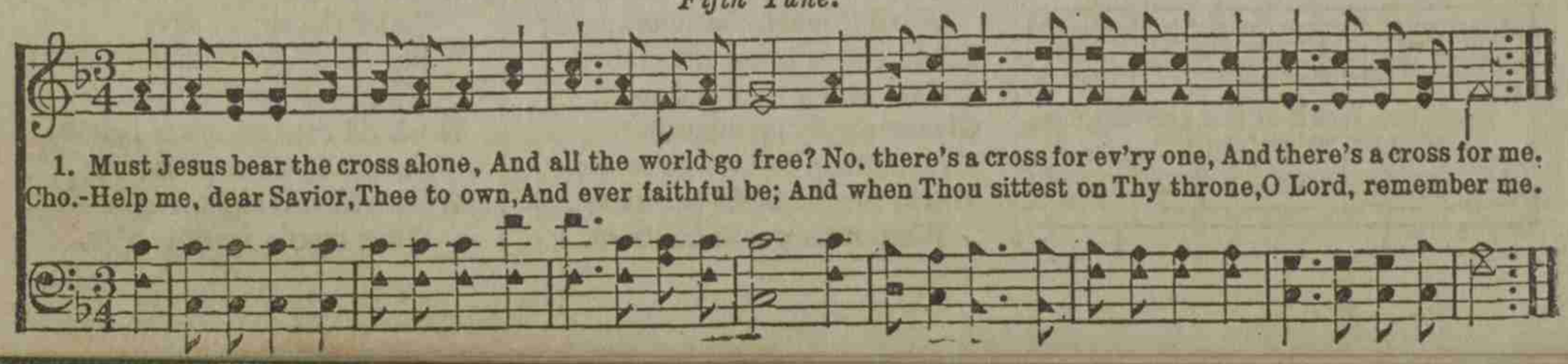
2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

4 Upon the crystal pavement, down,
At Jesus pierced feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And His dear name repeat.

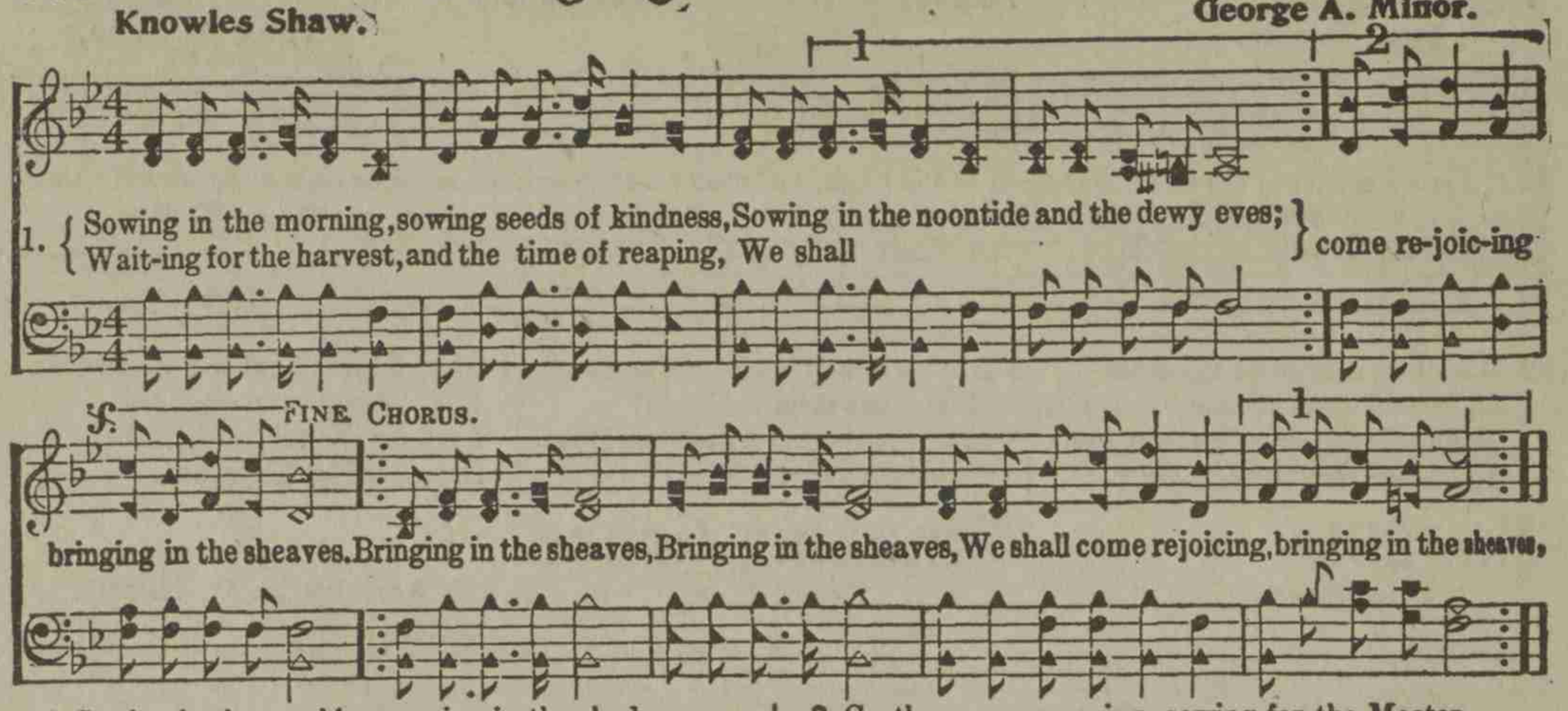
No. 284. Remember Me.

Fifth Tune.



No. 285. Bringing in the Sheaves.

Knowles Shaw. George A. Minor.

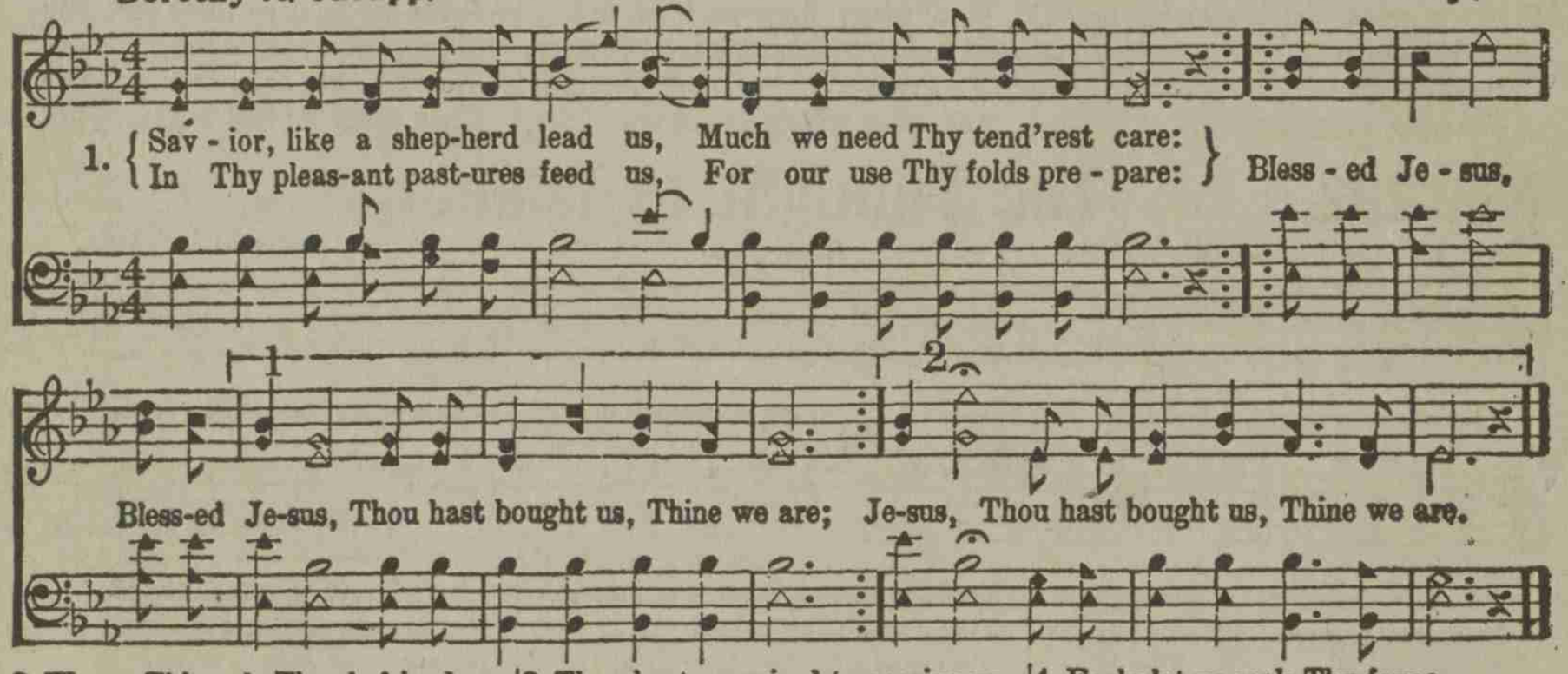


2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
By and by the harvest and the labor ended,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

3 Go then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master,
Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;
When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

No. 286. Savior, Like a Shepherd.

Dorothy A. Thrupp. William B. Bradbury.



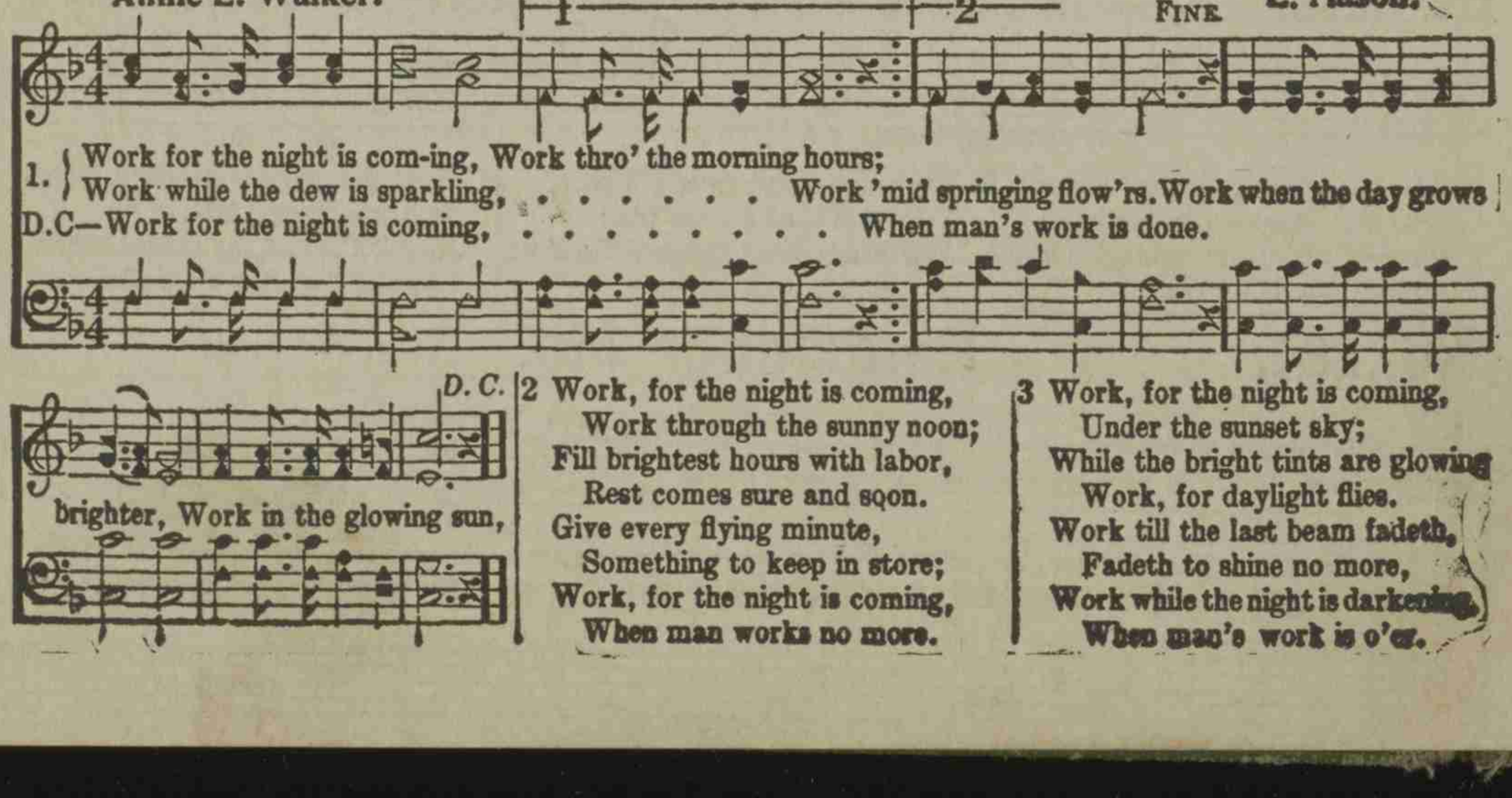
2 We are Thine; do Thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray:
Blessed Jesus,
Hear, oh, hear us when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free
Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Savior,
With Thy love our bosoms fill;
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

No. 287. Work, for the Night is Coming.

Annie L. Walker. L. Mason.



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

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset sky;
While the bright tints are glowing
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more,
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

No. 288. My Jesus, as Thou Wilt.

B. Schmolke. Weber.

1. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! Oh, may Thy will be mine; In - to Thy hand of love I would my all re- - sign;
2. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! Tho'seen thro'many a tear, Let not my star of hope Grow dim or dis-ap-pear;
3. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! All shall be well for me; Each changing fu-ture scene I glad-ly trust with Thee;

Thro' sor - row, or thro' joy, Conduct me as Thine own, And help me still to say, "My Lord, Thy will be done."
Since Thou on earth hast wept, And sorrowed oft alone, If I must weep with Thee, "My Lord, Thy will be done."
Straight to my home a-bove I trav - el calm-ly on, And sing, in life or death, "My Lord, Thy will be done."

No. 289. Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman. John B. Dykes.

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom Lead Thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from home;
2. I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now
3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still will lead me on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till

Lead Thou me on: Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see The distant scene,—one step enough for me.
Lead Thou me on; I loved the garish day, and spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: Remember not past years.
The night is gone; And with the morn those angel-faces smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

No. 290. Break Thou the Bread of Life.

Mary Ann Lathbury. William F. Sherwin.

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

Be - yond the sa - cred page I seek Thee, Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O Liv - ing Word!
Then shall all bon-dage cease, All fet - ters fall, And I shall find my peace, My All in All.
Then, all my strug-gles o'er, Then, vic-t'ry won, I shall be-hold Thee, Lord, The Liv - ing One.

No. 291. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

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

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, While the near - er wa-ters
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, oh, leave me not a-
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find; Raise the fal - len, cheer the
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin; Let the heal - ing streams a-

roll, While the tem - pest still is high. Hide me, O, my Sav - ior hide, Till the
lone, Still sup - port and com-fort me. All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my
faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind. Just and ho ly is Thy name, I am
bound; Make and keep me pure with-in. Thou of life the fount-ain art, Free - ly

storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!
help from Thee I bring; Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
all un-right-eous-ness; Vile and full of sin I am, Thou are full of truth and grace.
let me take of Thee; Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 292. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

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

1. { Je-sus, Lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, } { Hide me, O, my Sav-ior hide, }
{ While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high. } { Till the storm of life is past; }

D. C.—Safe in-to the ha-ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last!

No. 293. Come, Ye Disconsolate.

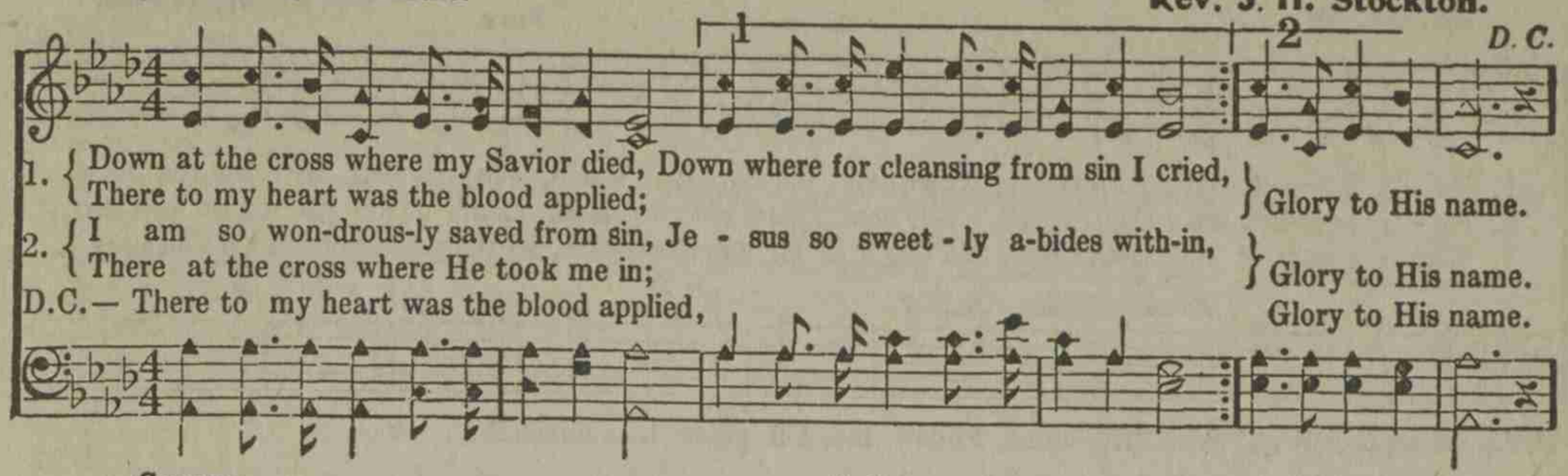
Thomas Moore. Samuel Webbe.

1. Come, ye dis-con - so - late, wher-e'er you lan - guish; Come to the mer - cy seat, fer-vent-ly kneel;
2. Joy of the com - fort - less, light of the stray - ing, Hope of the pen - i - tent, fade-less and pure;
3. Here see the Bread of Life, see wa-ters flow - ing Forth from the throne of God, pure from a-bove;

Here bring your wounded hearts here tell your anguish; Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not heal.
Here speaks the Com-fort-er, ten - der - ly say - ing, "Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not cure."
Come to the feast of love, come, ev - er know - ing Earth has no sor-row but heav'n can re-move.

No. 294. Glory to His Name.

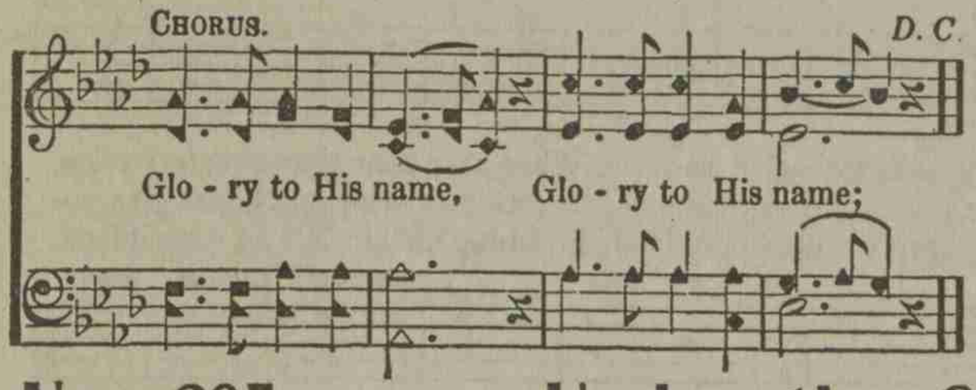
Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Rev. J. H. Stockton.



1. { Down at the cross where my Savior died, Down where for cleansing from sin I cried, There to my heart was the blood applied; } Glory to His name.

2. { I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet - ly a-bides with-in, There at the cross where He took me in; } Glory to His name.

D.C.— There to my heart was the blood applied, Glory to His name.



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

4 Come to this fountain so rich and sweet;
Cast thy poor soul at the Savior's feet;
Plunge in to-day, and be made complete;
Glory to His name.

No. 295. Under the Cross.

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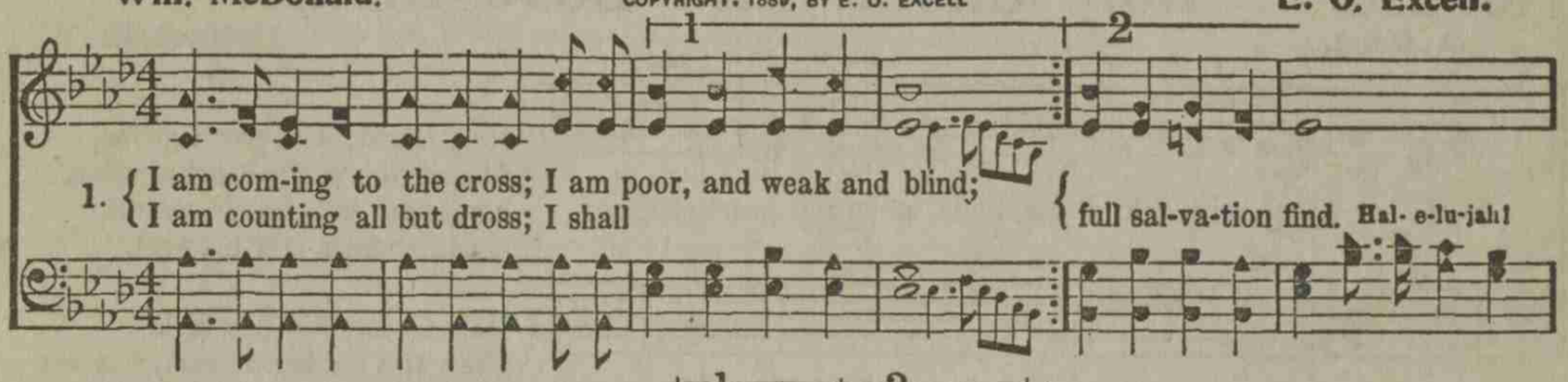
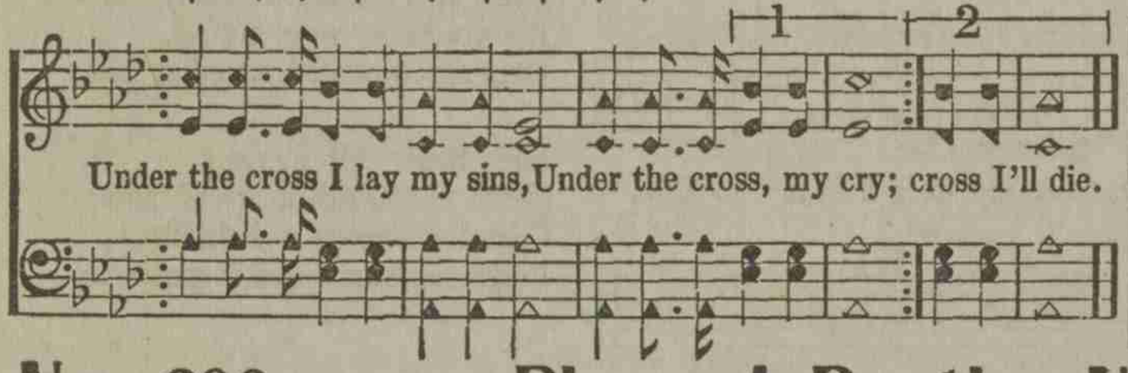


1. { I am com-ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak and blind; I am counting all but dross; I shall } full sal-va-tion find. Hal- e-lu-jah!



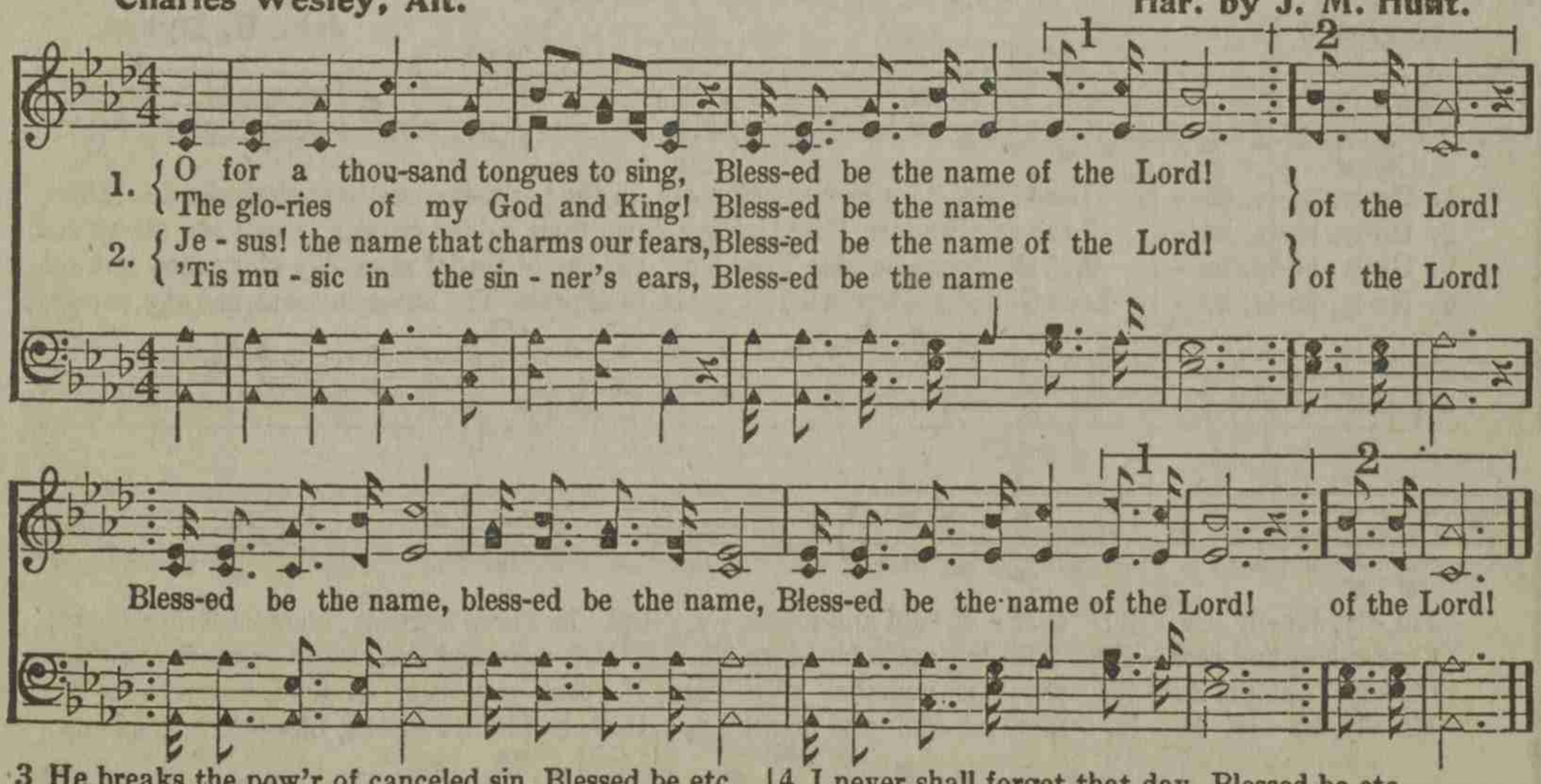
Under the cross I lay my sins, Under the cross, my cry; cross I'll die.

2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee
Long has evil reign'd within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
"I will cleanse you from all sin."

3 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store,
Soul and body Thine to be,
Wholly Thine forevermore.

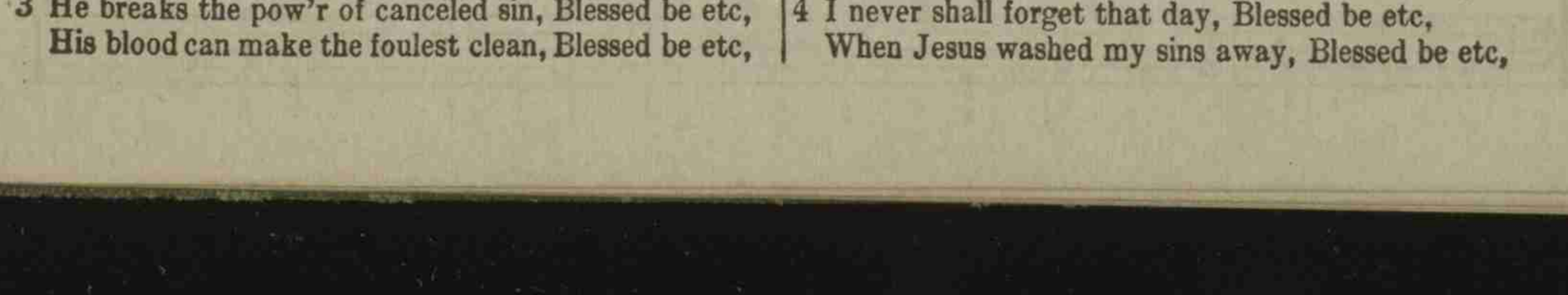
No. 296. Blessed Be the Name.

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



1. { O for a thou-sand tongues to sing, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord! The glo-ries of my God and King! Bless-ed be the name } of the Lord!

2. { Je - sus! the name that charms our fears, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord! 'Tis mu - sic in the sin - ner's ears, Bless-ed be the name } of the Lord!



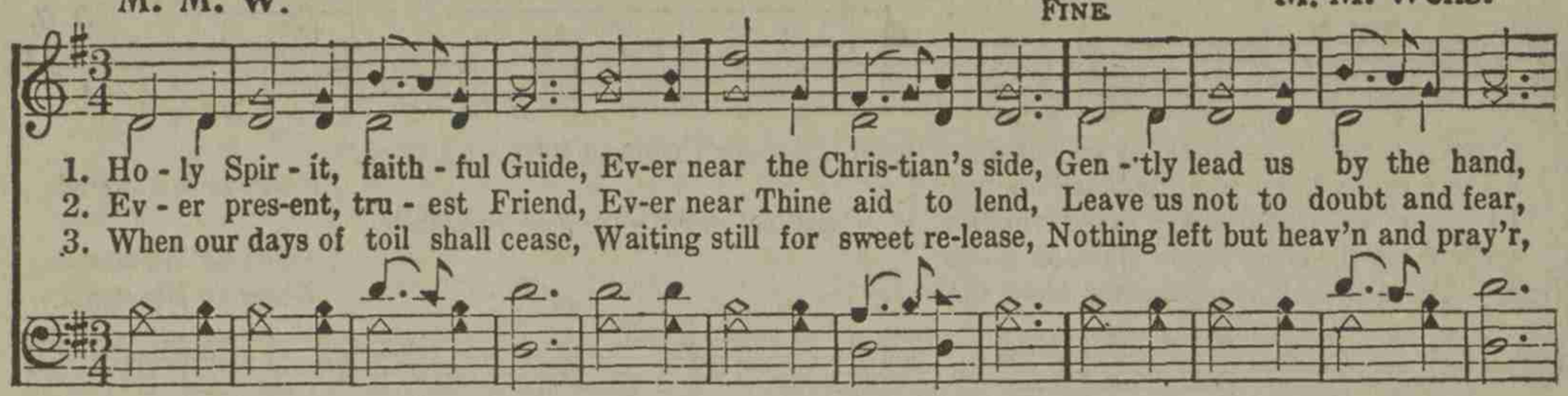
Bless-ed be the name, bless-ed be the name, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord! of the Lord!

3 He breaks the pow'r of canceled sin, Blessed be etc,
His blood can make the foulest clean, Blessed be etc,

4 I never shall forget that day, Blessed be etc,
When Jesus washed my sins away, Blessed be etc,

No. 297. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

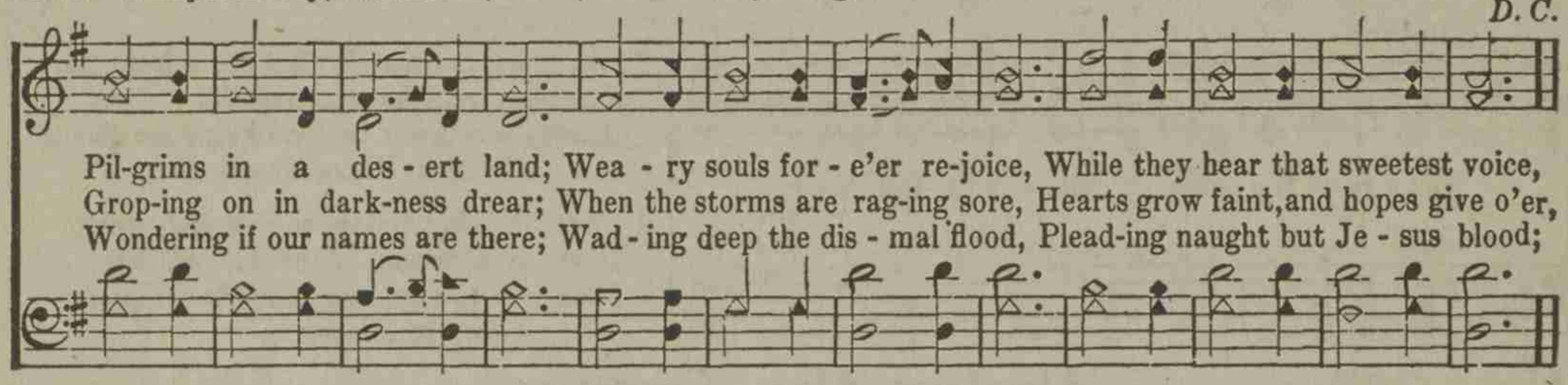
M. M. W. FINE M. M. Wells.



1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev-er near the Chris-tian's side, Gen - tly lead us by the hand,
2. Ev - er pres-ent, tru - est Friend, Ev-er near Thine aid to lend, Leave us not to doubt and fear,
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Waiting still for sweet re-lease, Nothing left but heav'n and pray'r,

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

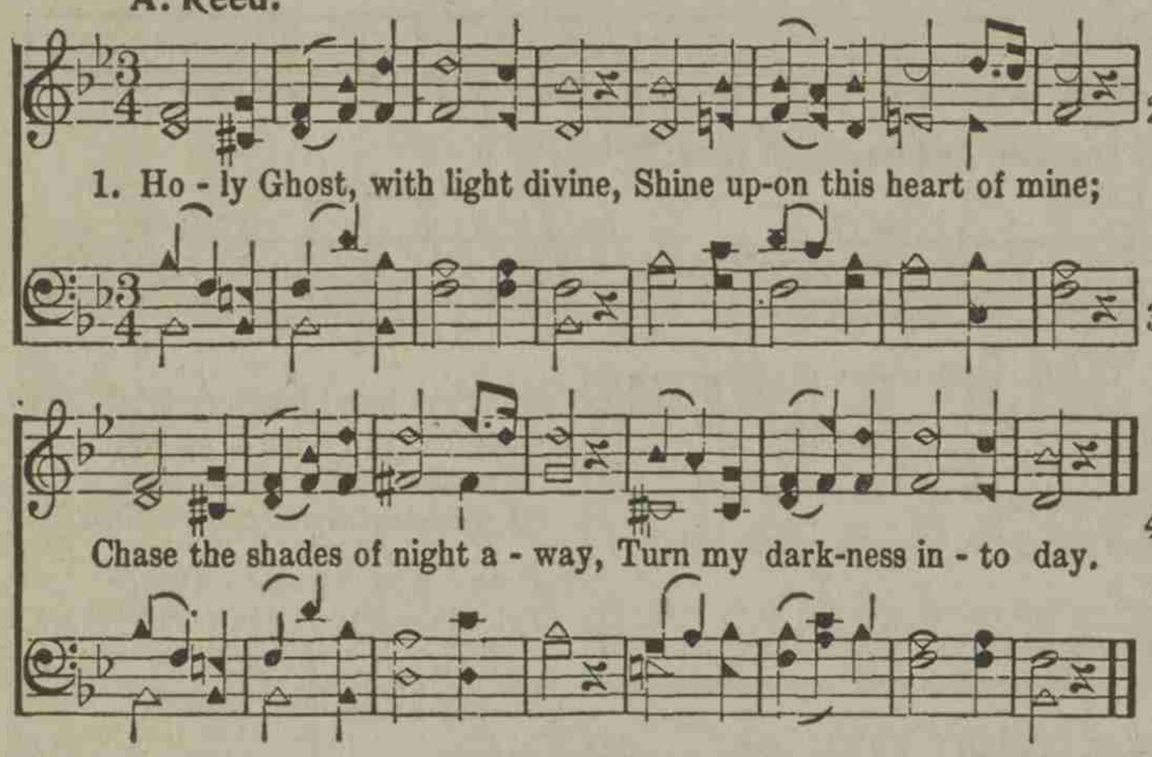
D. C.



Pil-grims in a des - ert land; Wea - ry souls for - e'er re-joice, While they hear that sweetest voice,
Grop-ing on in dark-ness drear; When the storms are rag-ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Wondering if our names are there; Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead-ing naught but Je - sus blood;

No. 298. Holy Ghost, with Love Divine.

A. Reed. Gottschalk.



1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light divine, Shine up-on this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark-ness in - to day.

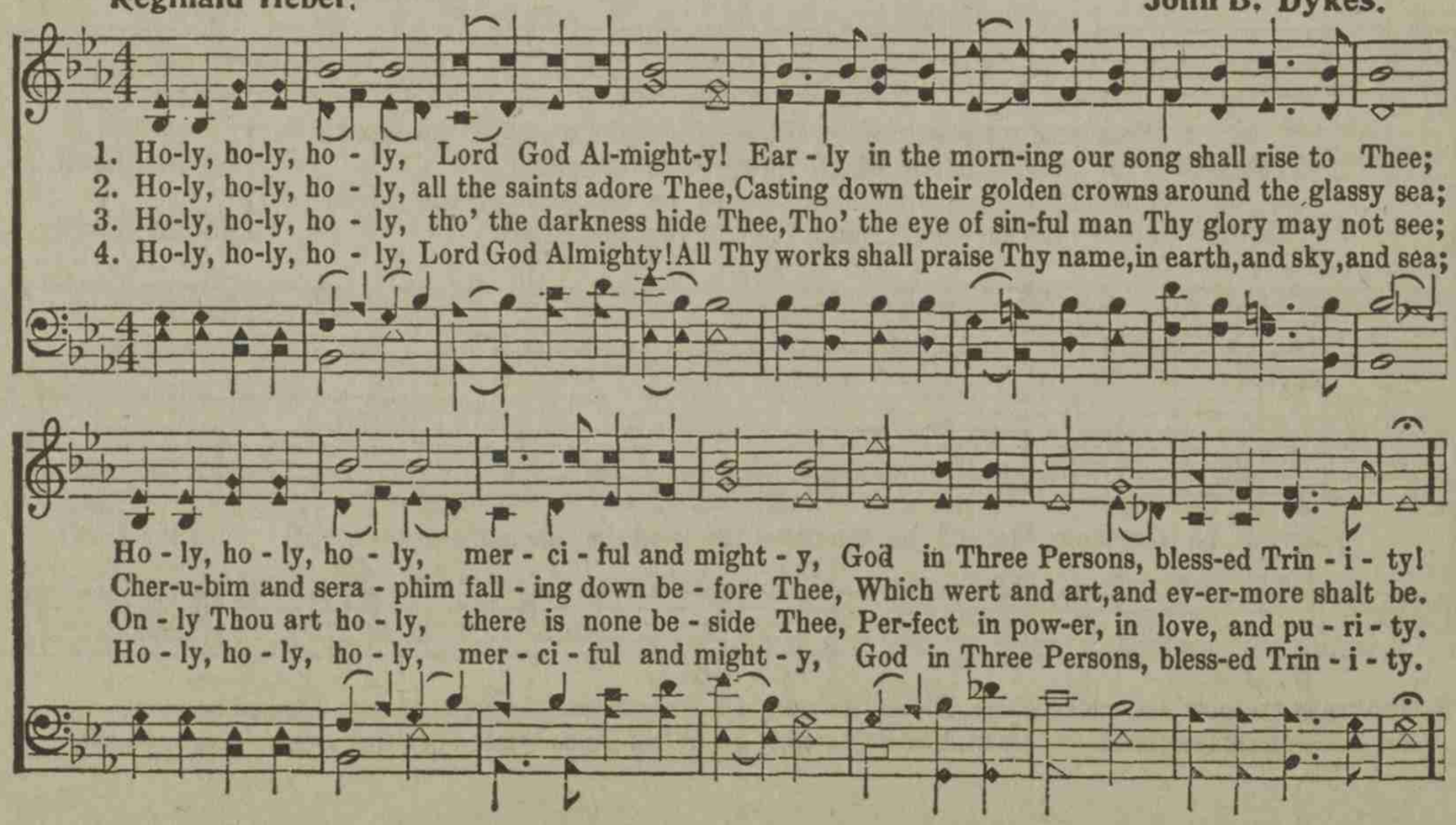
2 Holy Ghost, with pow'r divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine,
Long hath sin without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down ev'ry idol throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

No. 299. Holy, Holy, Holy.

Reginald Heber. John B. Dykes.



1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might-y! Ear - ly in the morn-ing our song shall rise to Thee;
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, all the saints adore Thee, Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of sin-ful man Thy glory may not see;
4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Almighty! All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty!
Cher-u-bim and sera - phim fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert and art, and ev-er-more shalt be.
On - ly Thou art ho - ly, there is none be - side Thee, Per-fect in pow-er, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty.

No. 300. The Blood is All my Plea.

Rev. F. C. Baker.

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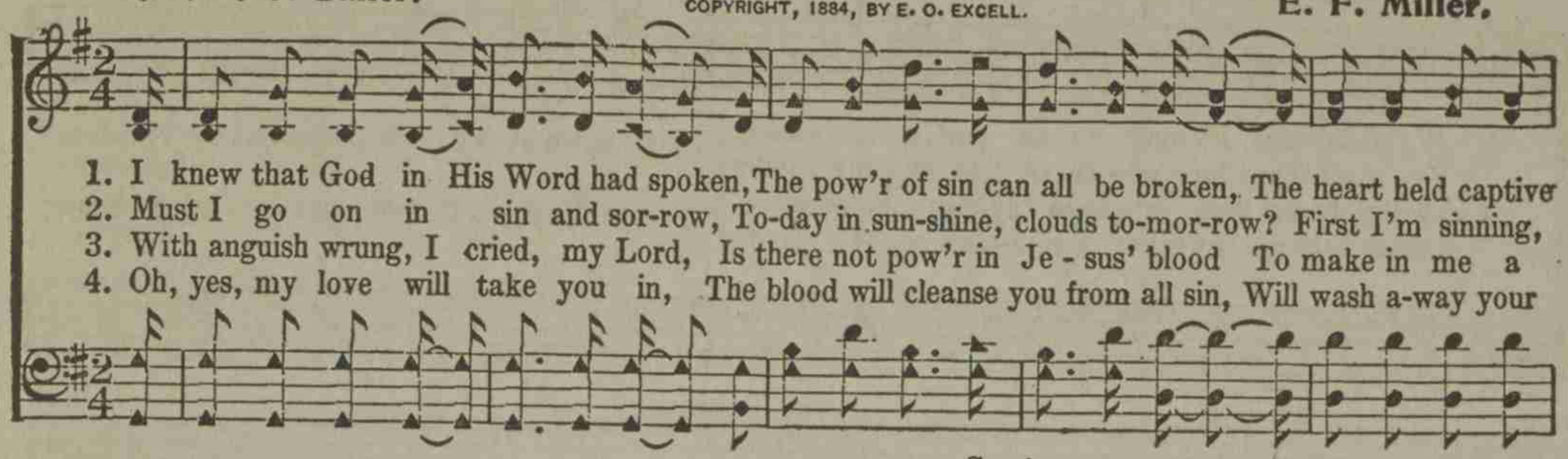
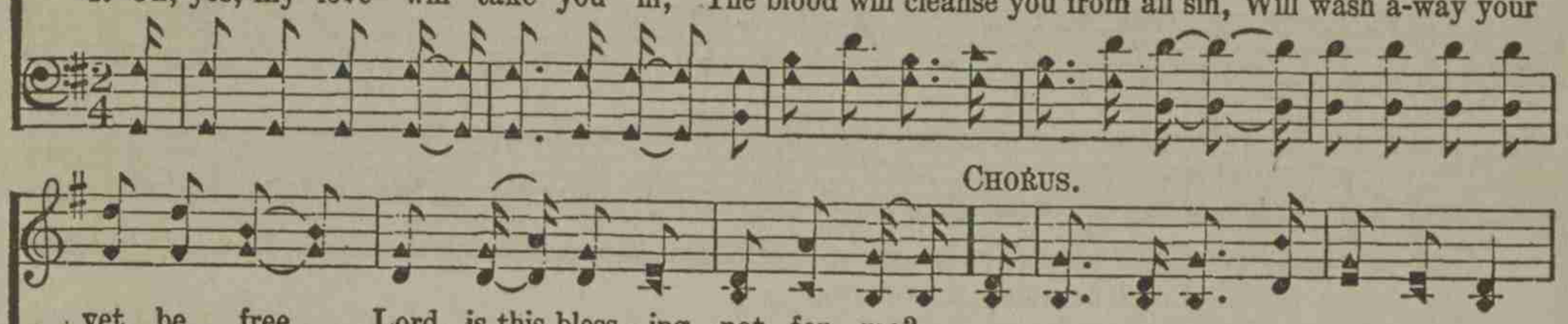
E. F. Miller.

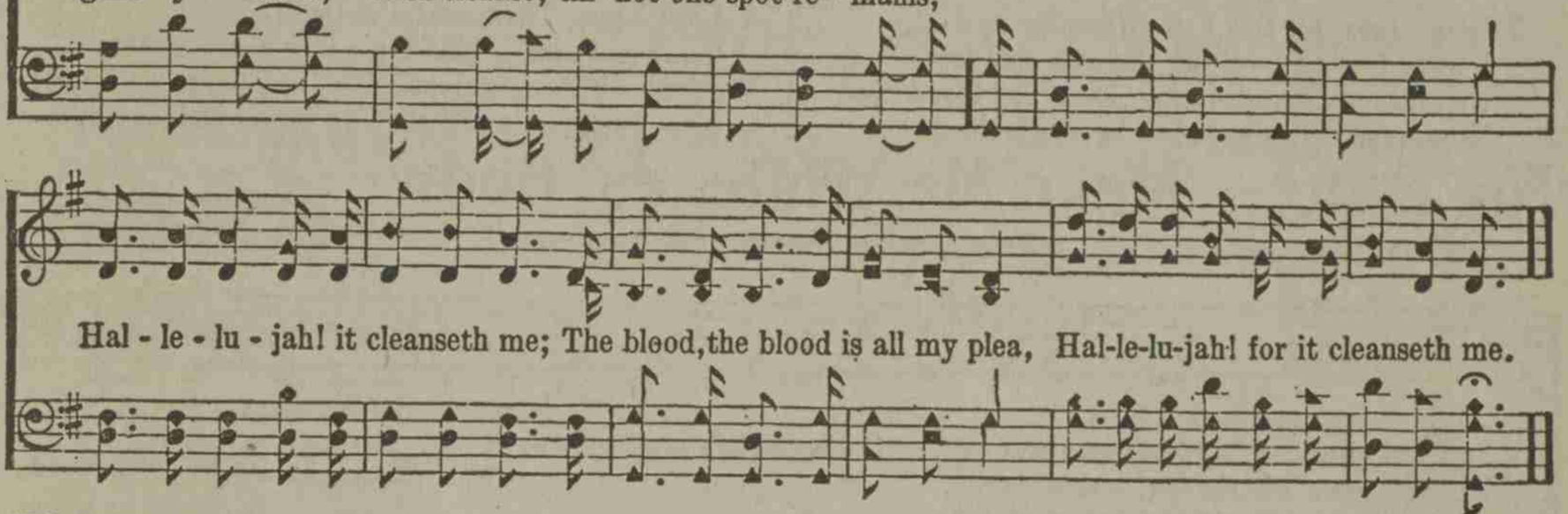


1. I knew that God in His Word had spoken, The pow'r of sin can all be broken, The heart held captive
2. Must I go on in sin and sor-row, To-day in sun-shine, clouds to-mor-row? First I'm sinning,
3. With anguish wrung, I cried, my Lord, Is there not pow'r in Je - sus' blood To make in me a
4. Oh, yes, my love will take you in, The blood will cleanse you from all sin, Will wash a-way your



CHORUS.

yet be free Lord, is this bless - ing not for me?
then re - penting, Now I'm stub - born, then re-lenting. The blood, the-blood is all my plea,
per - fect cure? To cleanse my heart and keep it pure?
guilt - y stains, And cleanse, till not one spot re - mains,

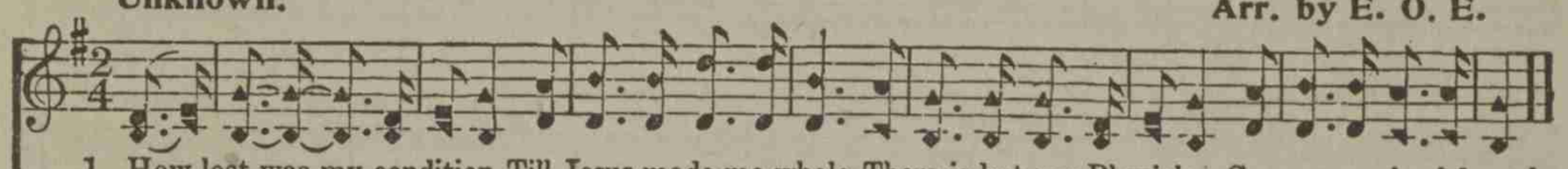


Hal - le - lu - jah! it cleanseth me; The blood, the blood is all my plea, Hal-le-lu-jah! for it cleanseth me.

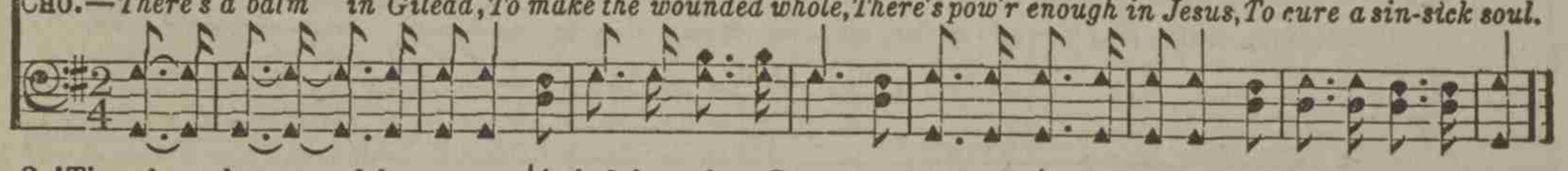
No. 301. Balm In Gilead.

Unknown.

Arr. by E. O. E.



1. How lost was my condition, Till Jesus made me whole, There is but one Physician, Can cure a sin-sick soul.
2. The worst of all dis-eas-es, Is light compared with sin, On ev-'ry part it seiz-es, But rages most with-in.

CHO.—*There's a balm in Gilead, To make the wounded whole, There's pow'r enough in Jesus, To cure a sin-sick soul.*

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

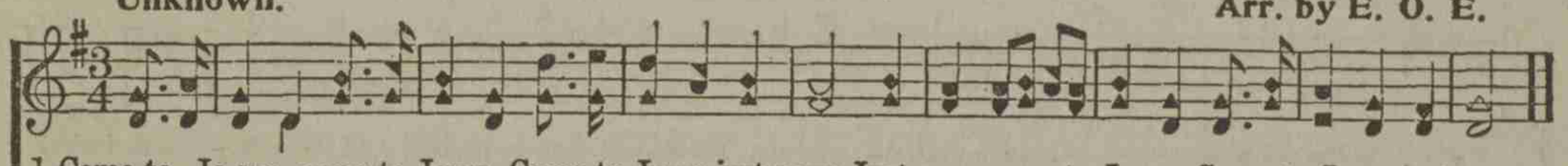
4 A dying, risen Jesus
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us
And saves the soul from death.

5 Come then to this Physician
His help He'll freely give,
He makes no hard condition,
'Tis only look and live.

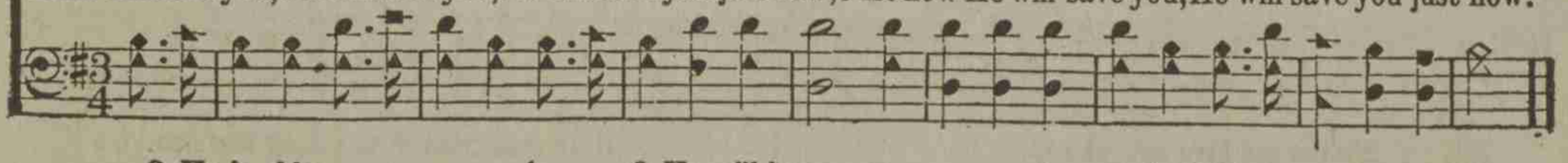
No. 302. Come to Jesus.

Unknown.

Arr. by E. O. E.



1. Come to Je-sus, come to Jesus, Come to Jesus just now; Just now come to Jesus, Come to Jesus just now.
2. He will save you, He will save you, He will save you just now; Just now He will save you, He will save you just now.



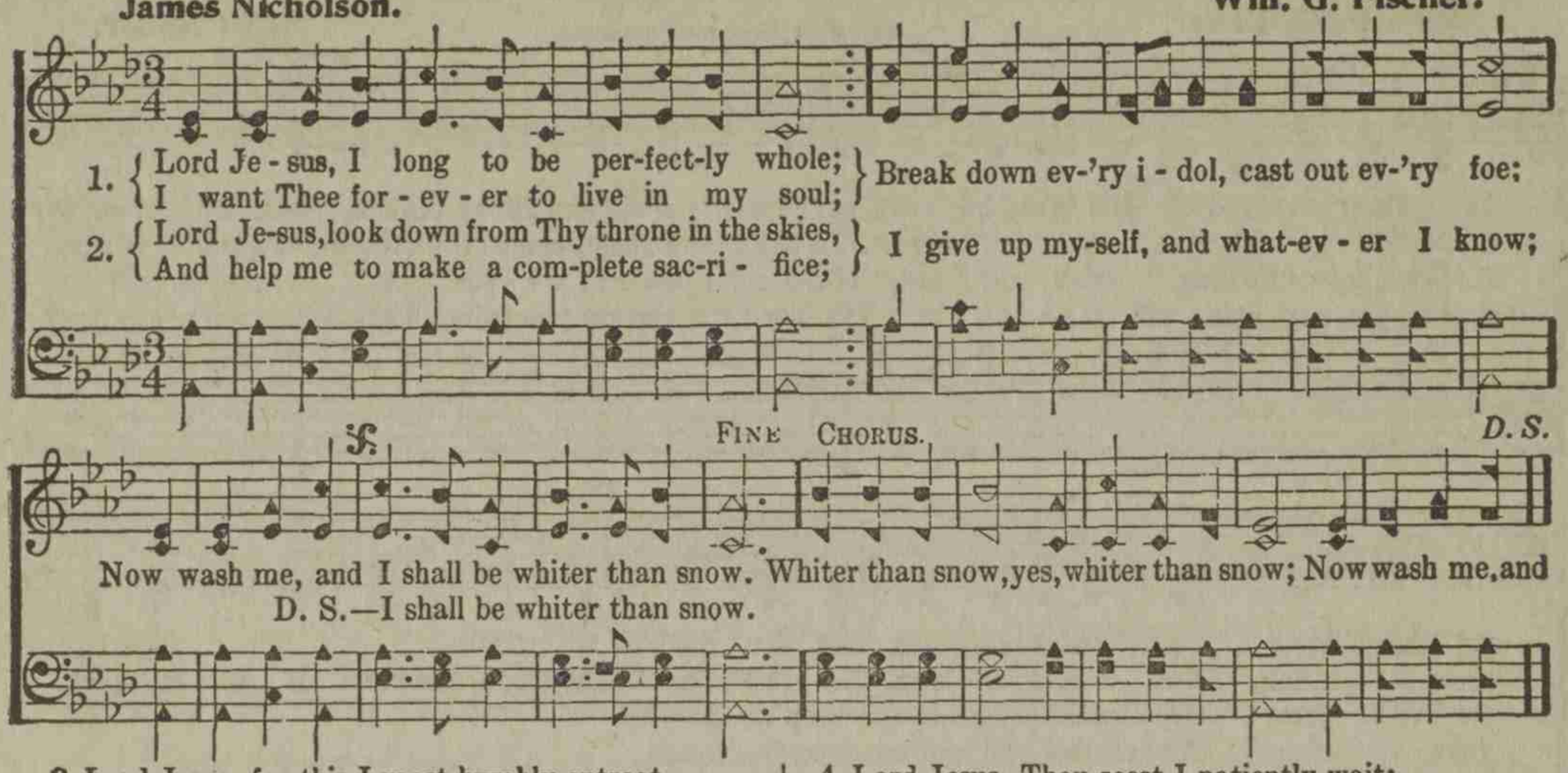
3 He is able.
4 He is willing.
5 Call upon Him.

6 He will hear you.
7 He'll forgive you.
8 He will cleanse you.

9 He'll renew you.
10 Jesus loves you.
11 Only trust Him.

No. 303., Whiter Than Snow.

James Nicholson. Wm. G. Fischer.

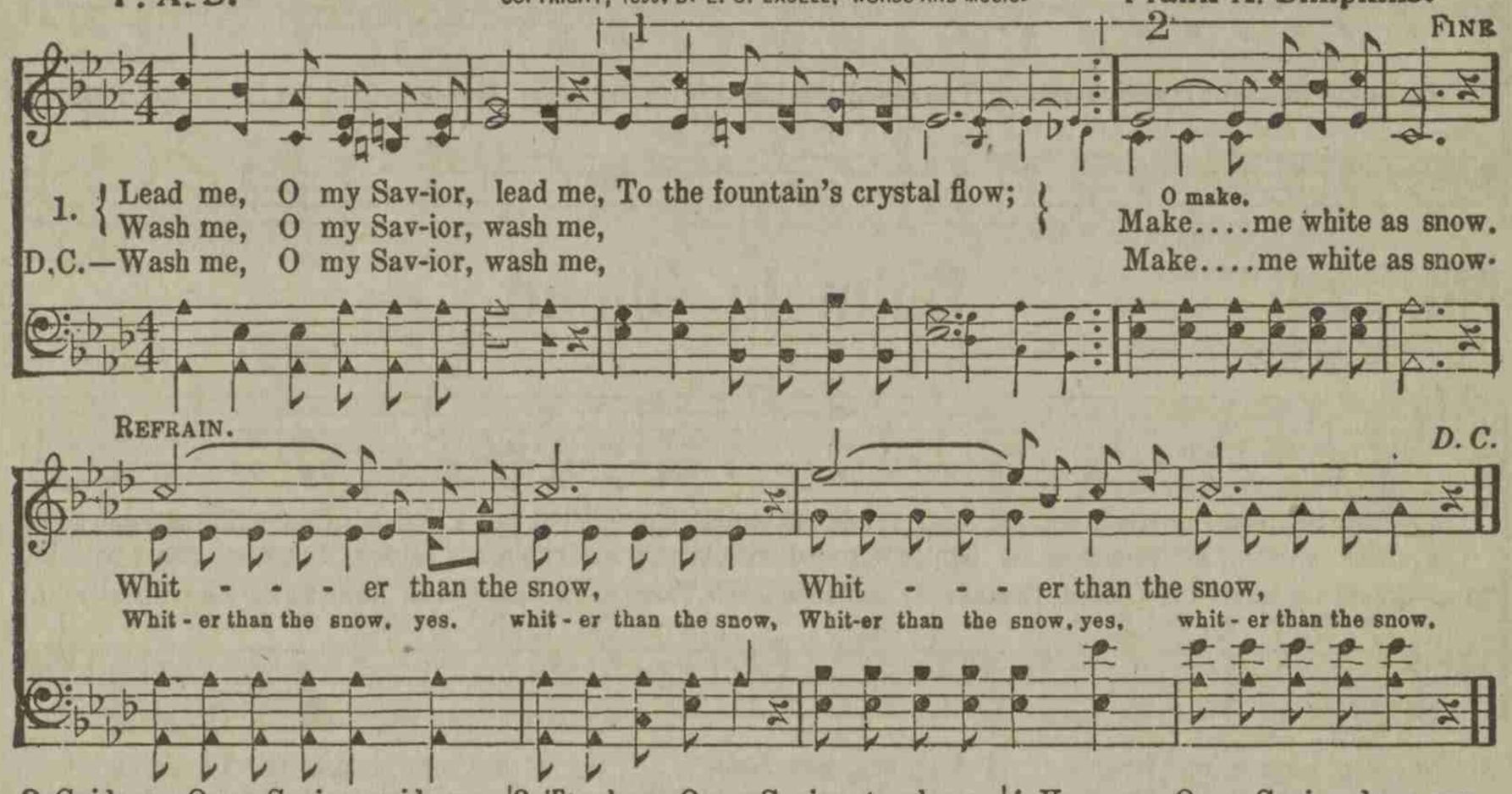


3 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat,
I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified feet,
By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow,
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

4 Lord Jesus, Thou seest I patiently wait;
Come now, and within me a new heart create;
To those who have sought Thee, Thou never said'st no;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

No. 304. Make Me White as Snow.

F. A. S. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY E. O. EXCELL, WORDS AND MUSIC. Frank A. Simpkins.



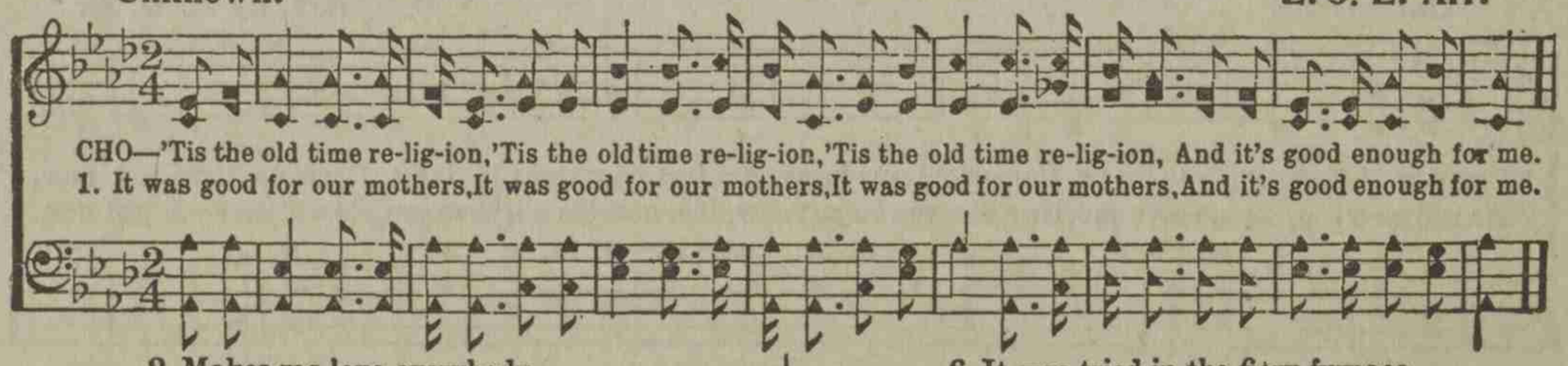
2 Guide me, O my Savior, guide me,
For I know not where to go;
Guide me to the crystal fountain,
Make me white as snow.

3 Teach me, O my Savior, teach me,
More Thy love to others show;
Teach me how to better serve Thee
Make me white as snow.

4 Keep me, O my Savior, keep me,
From temptation here below;
Keep me, O my Savior, keep me,
Keep me white as snow.

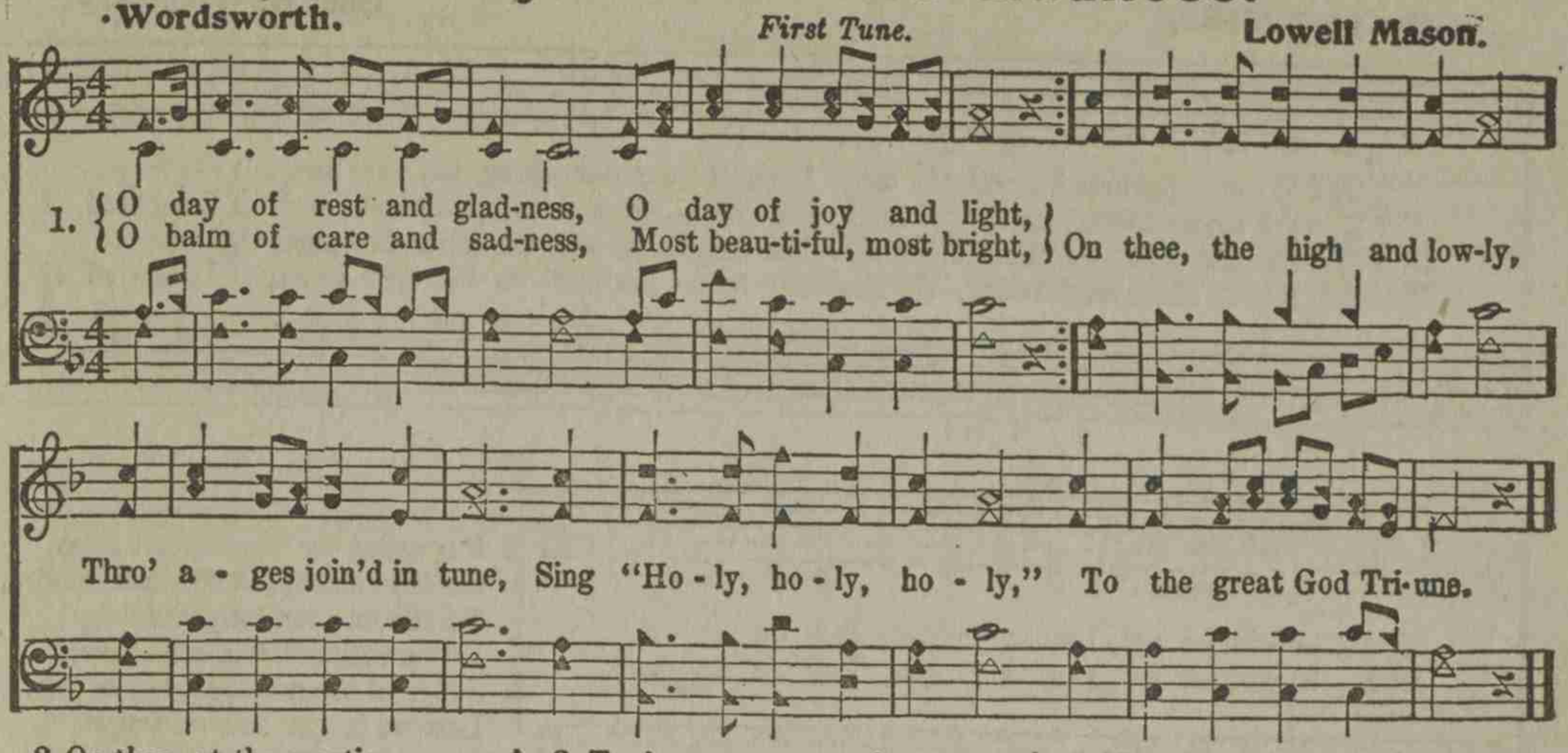
No. 305. The Old Time Religion.

Unknown. E. O. E. Arr.



2 Makes me love everybody.
3 It has saved our fathers.
4 It was good for the Prophet Daniel.
5 It was good for the Hebrew children.
6 It was tried in the fiery furnace.
7 It was good for Paul and Silas.
8 It will do when I am dying.
9 It will take us all to heaven.

No. 306. O Day of Rest and Gladness.

·Wordsworth. *First Tune.* Lowell Mason.

2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth
On thee, our Lord, victorious,
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

3 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

4 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The church her voice upraises
To thee, blest Three in One.

No. 307. In Heavenly Love Abiding.

First or Second Tune.

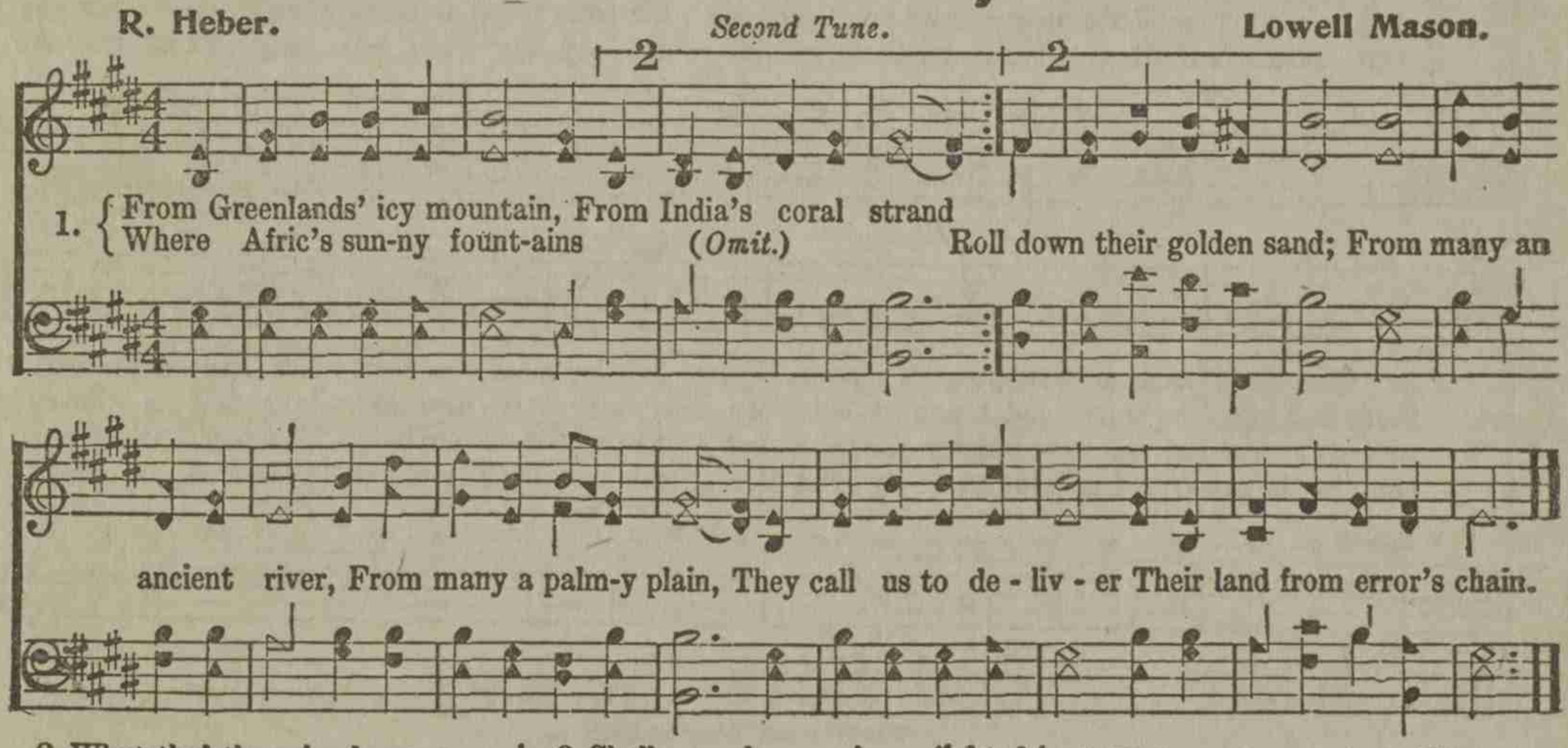
1 In heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear;
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here.
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

2 Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim,
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free,
My Savior has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

No. 308. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

R. Heber. *Second Tune.* Lowell Mason.

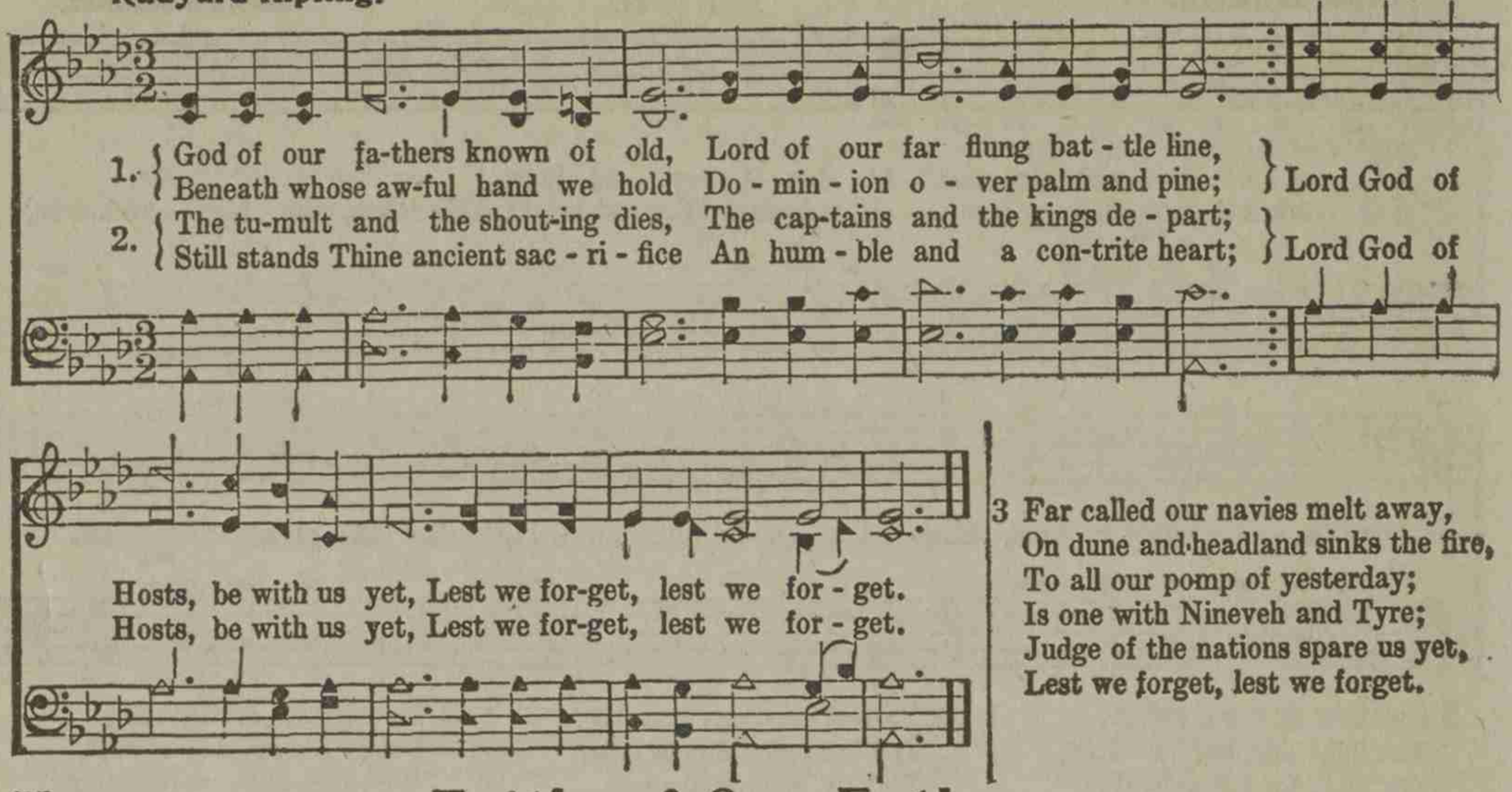


2 What tho' the spicy breezes,
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Tho' every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness,
Bow down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

No. 309. Lest We Forget.

Rudyard Kipling. **Isaac B. Woodbury.**

3 Far called our navies melt away,
On dune and headland sinks the fire,
To all our pomp of yesterday;
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre;
Judge of the nations spare us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

No. 310. Faith of Our Fathers.

Tune above.

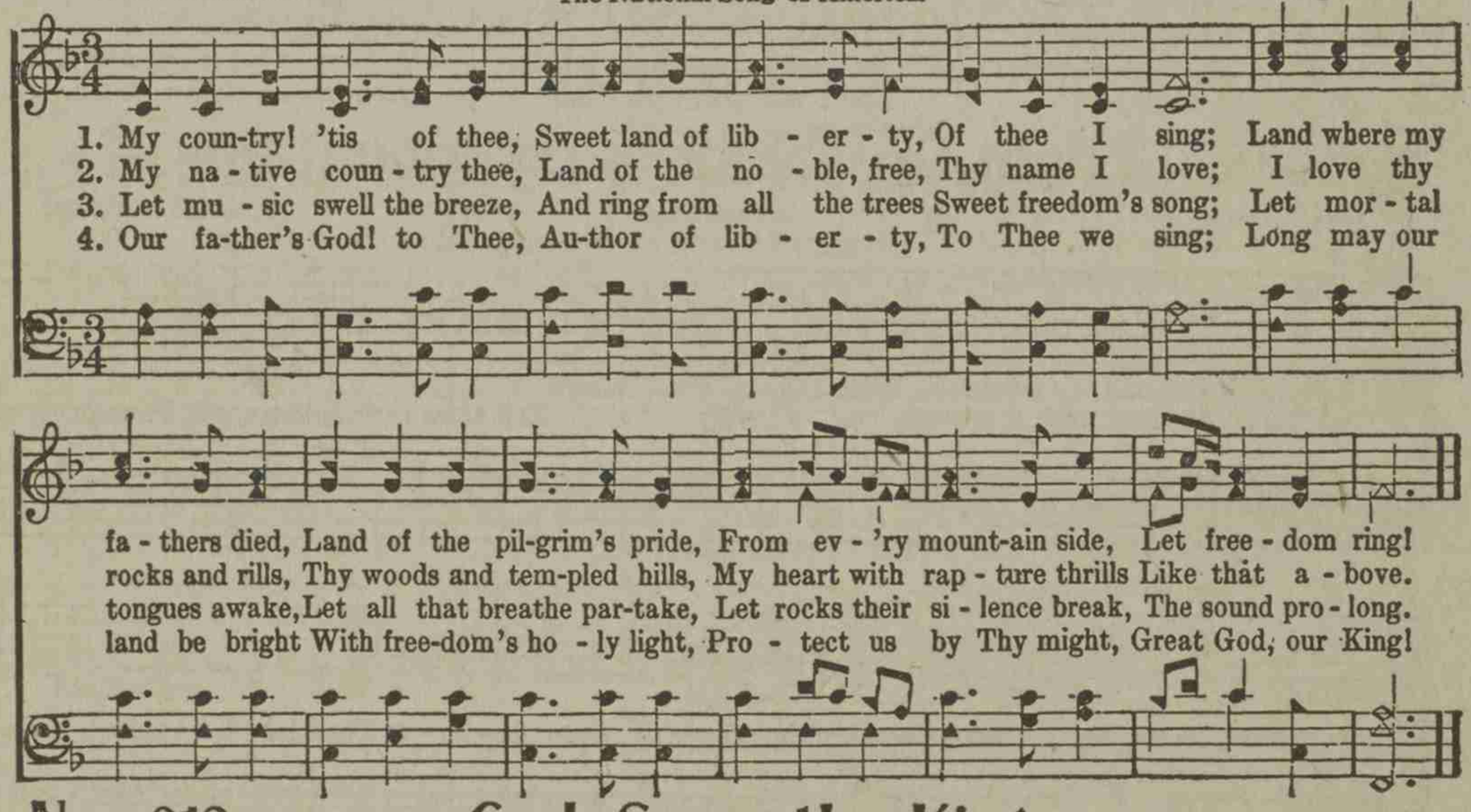
1 Faith of our fathers! living still
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword:
O how our hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er we hear that glorious word
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to Thee till death!

2 Our fathers chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free;
How sweet would be their children's fate,
If they, like them, could die for Thee!
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to Thee till death!

3 Faith of our fathers! we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife:
And preach Thee, too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life:
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to Thee till death!

No. 311. America.

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



No. 312. God Save the King.

The National Song of Britain.

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

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

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

No. 313. The Home Over There.

D. W. C. Huntington. T. C. O'KANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. Tullius C. O'Kane.

1. O think of the home o-ver there, By the side of the riv - er of light, Where the saints, all im-
2. O think of the friends o-ver there, Who be-fore us the journey have trod, Of the songs that they
3. My Sav - ior is now o-ver there, There my kindreds and friends are at rest, Then a - way from my
4. I'll soon be at home o-ver there, For the end of my jour-ney I see; Ma - ny dear to my

over there.

mor-tal and fair, Are robed in their garments of white. O - ver there, o-ver there, O think of the
breathe on the air, In their home in the palace of God. O think of the
sor - row and care, Let me fly to the land of the blest. My Sav-ior is
heart, o - ver there, Are watching and waiting for me. over there. Over there, over there, I'll soon be at

home over there, O-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there, O think of the home o-ver there.
friends over there, O think of the friends o-ver there.
now over there, My Sav-ior is now o-ver there.
home over there, over there. Over there, I'll soon be at home o-ver there.

No. 314. On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

Rev. Samuel Stennett. T. C. O'KANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. T. C. O'Kane.

1. On Jor - dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye,
   To Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.

We will rest in the fair and hap-py land, Just a-cross on the ev - er - green shore, ...
by and by, ev - er - green shore.

Sing the song of Mos - es and the Lamb, by and by, And dwell with Je - sus ev - er more.

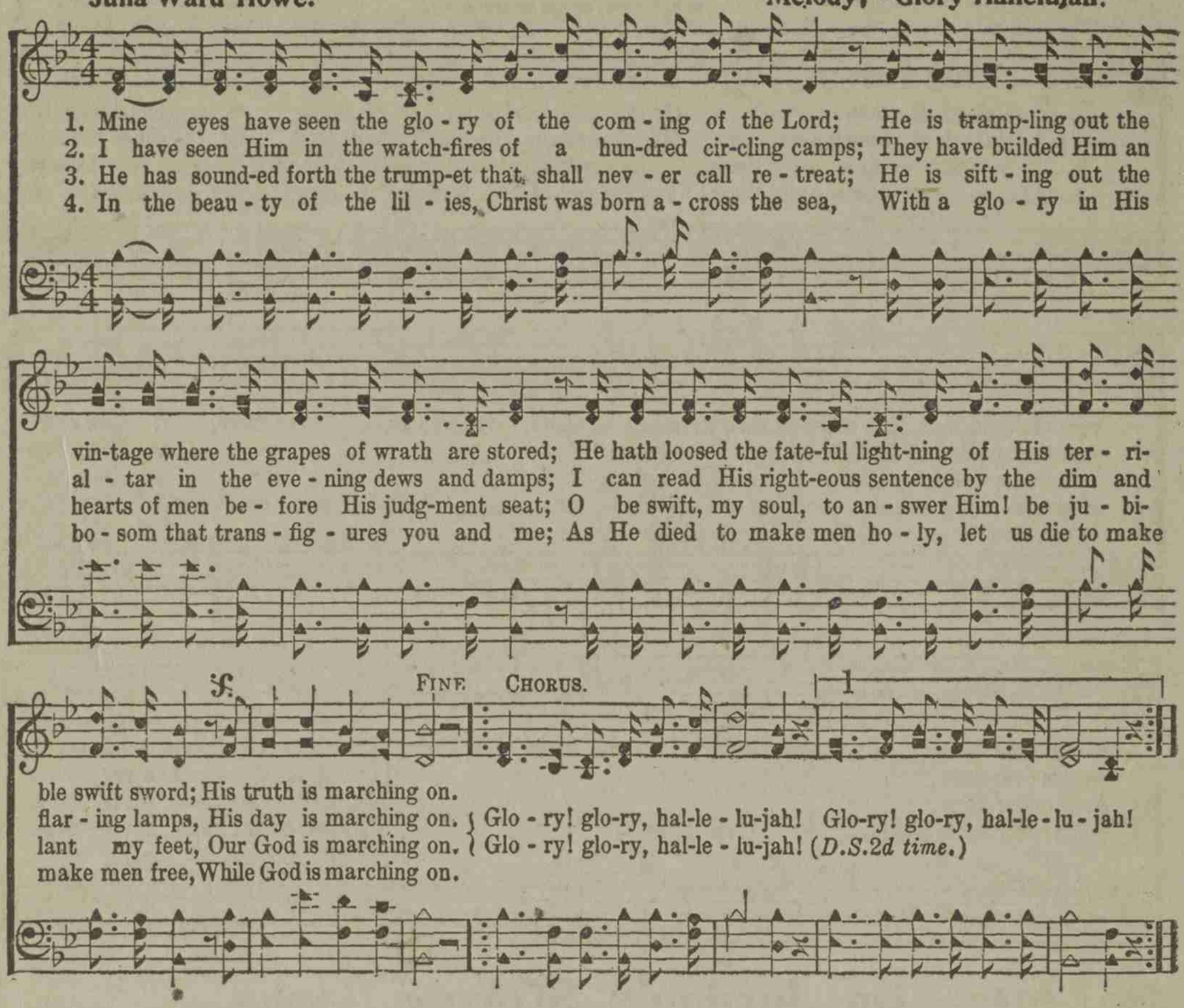
2 O'er all those wide-extended plains,
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

3 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in His bosom rest?

4 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

No. 315. Battle Hymn of the Republic.

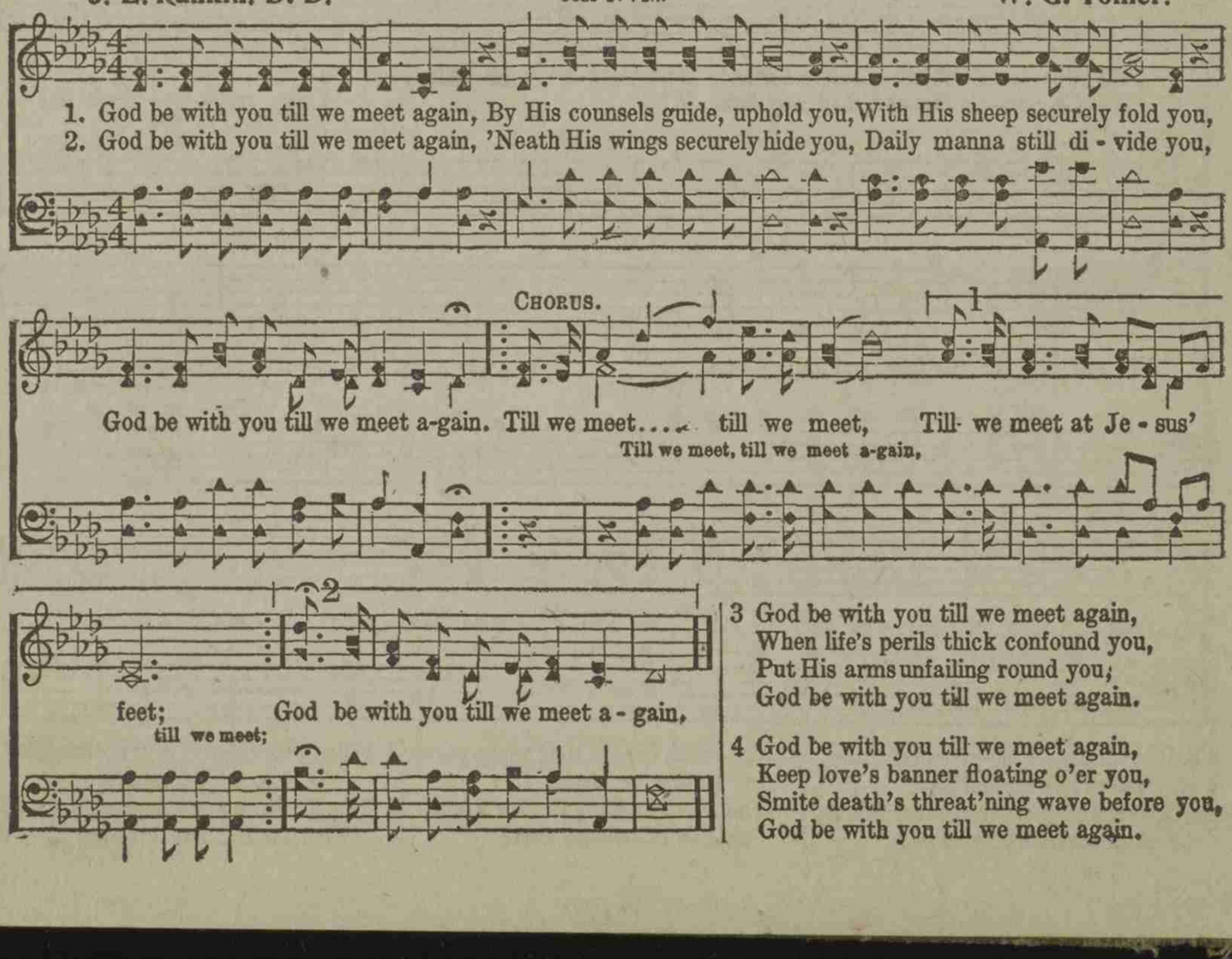
Julia Ward Howe. **Melody, "Glory Hallelujah."**



No. 316. God Be With You.

COPYRIGHT, BY J. E. RANKIN, D. D.
USED BY PER.

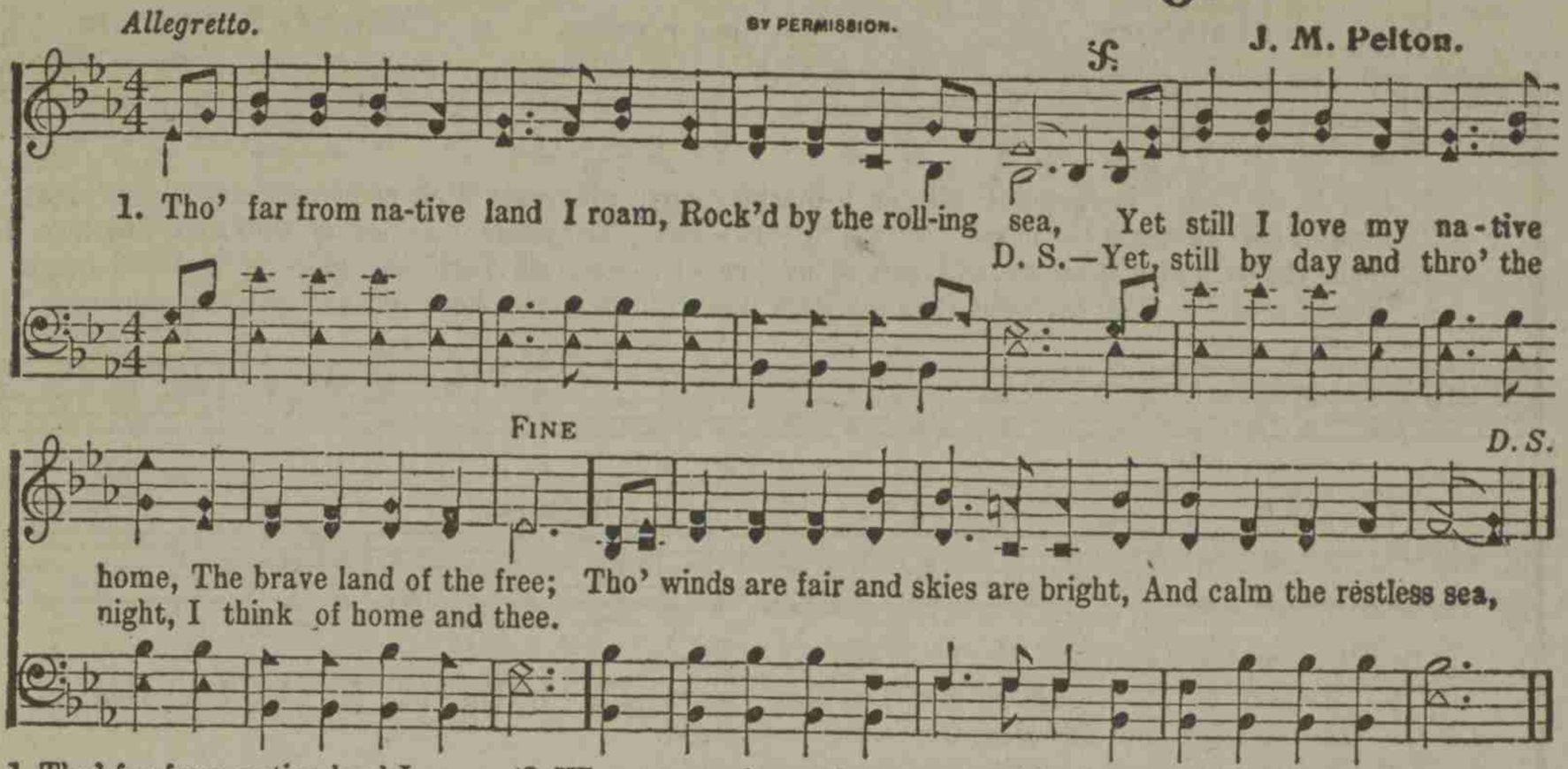
J. E. Rankin, D. D. **W. G. Tomer.**



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

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

No. 317. The Sailor's Home Song.



1 Tho' far from native land I roam,
Rocked by the rolling sea,
Yet still I love my native home,
The brave land of the free;
Tho' winds are fair and skies are bright,
And calm the restless sea,
Yet, still by day and thro' the night,
I think of home and thee.

2 When stars pale out the eastern sky,
And dew-drops melt away,
When o'er the hills the sun mounts high,
Bright ruler of the day;
When shadows long shine in the west,
And stretch across the lea,
When beast and bird have sunk to rest,
Then think, oh, think of me.

3 When moonlight silvers o'er the plain
And all is hush'd in peace,
When silence reigns in all the main,
And still is every breeze,
When clouds rise dark and lightnings flash
And show the threatening lea,
And o'er the surges thunders crash,
Then think, oh, think of me.

No. 318. Home.

Tune below.

1 'Mid pleasure and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
CHO.—Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

2 I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild,
And feel that my mother now thinks of her child;
As she looks on that moon from our own cottage door,
Thro' the woodbine whose fragrance shall cheer me no more.

3 An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again,
The birds singing gaily, that came at my call;
Oh, give me that peace of mind dearer than all.

No. 319. Heaven.

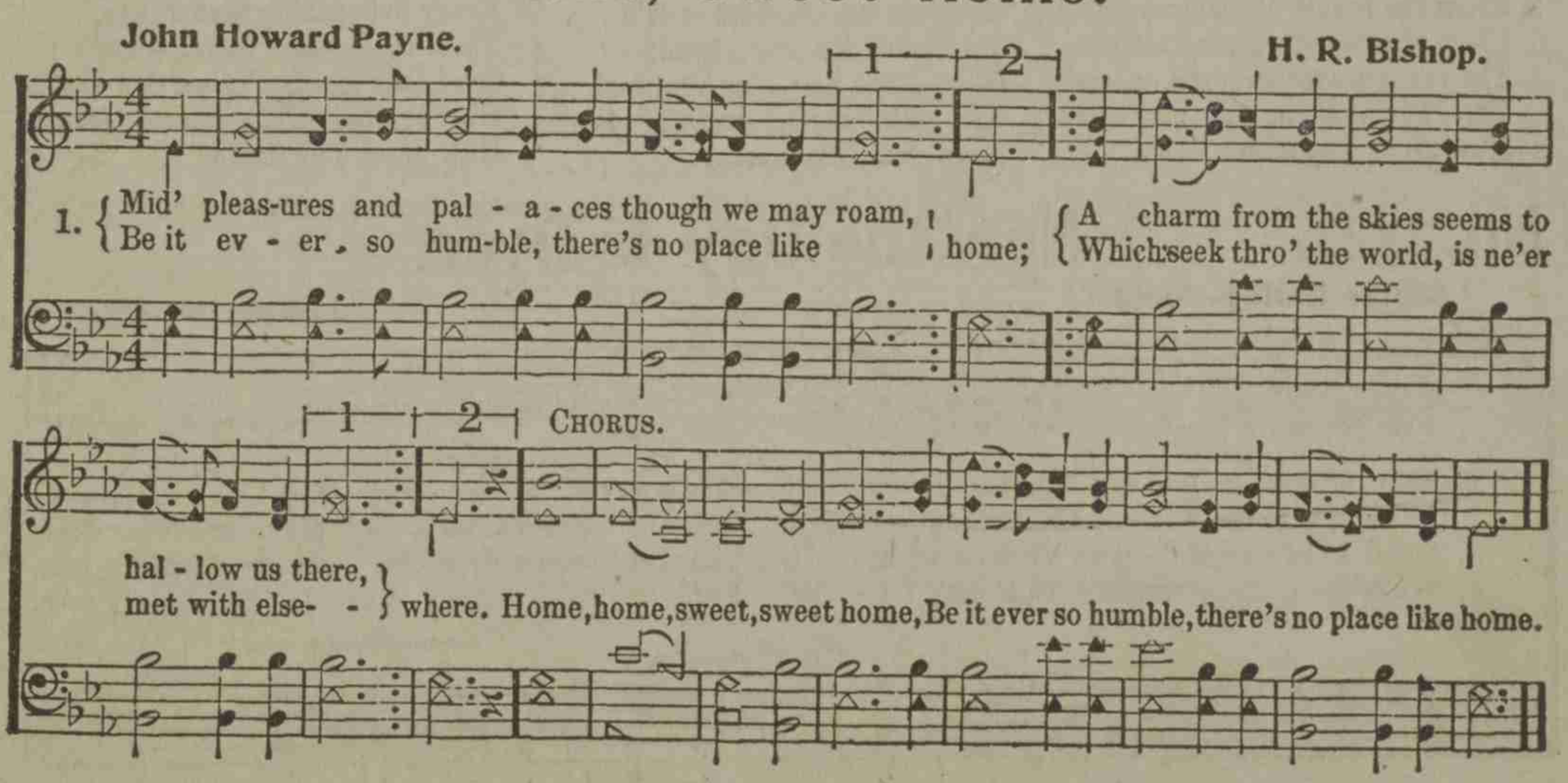
Tune below.

1 'Mid scenes of confusion and creatures complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints!
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.
CHO.—Home, home, sweet, sweet home;
Prepare me, dear Savior, for heaven my home.

2 An alien from God, and a stranger to grace,
I wandered thro' earth, its gay pleasures to trace;
In the pathway of sin I continued to roam,
Unmindful, alas! that it led me from home.

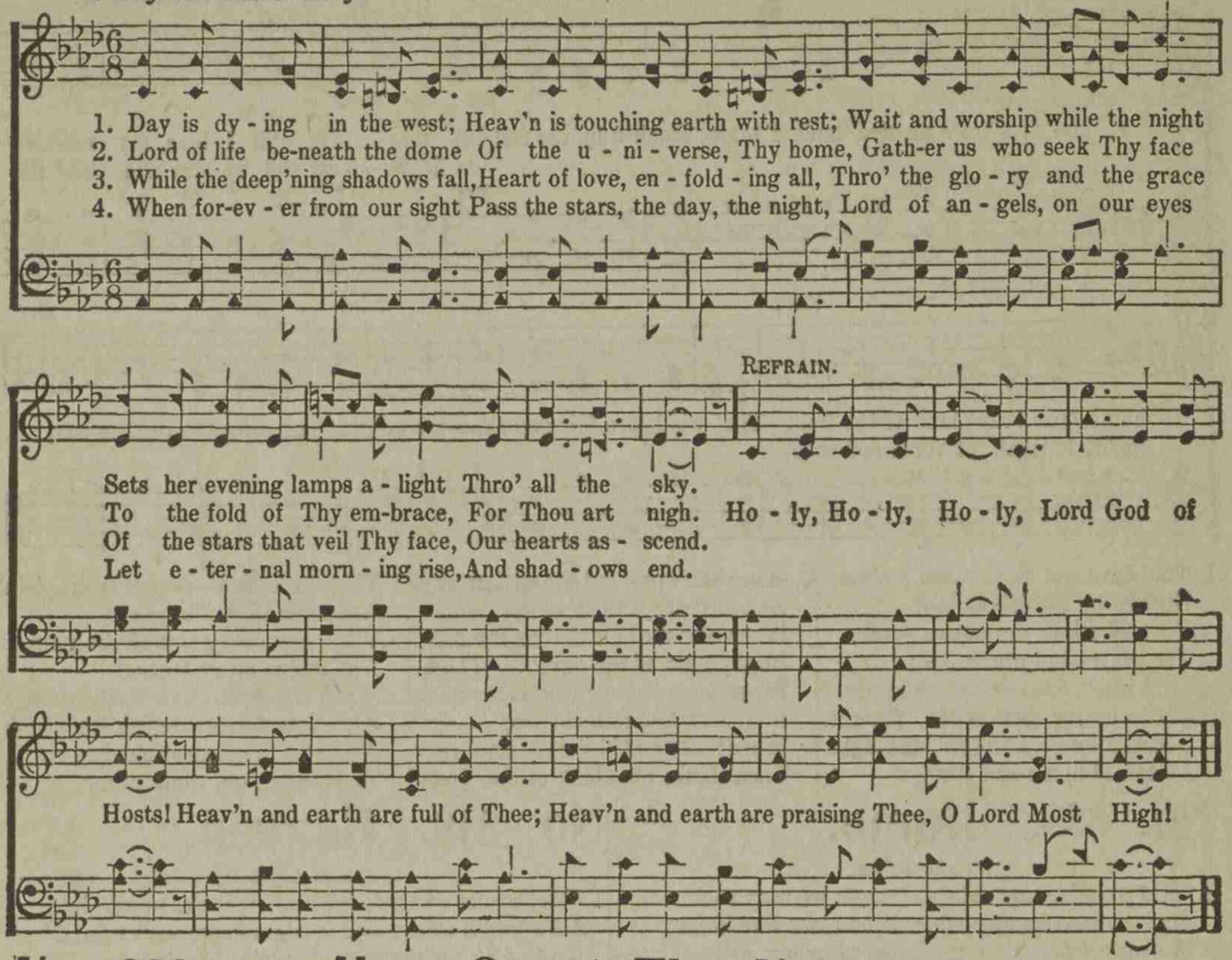
3 The pleasures of earth I have seen fade away;
They bloom for a season, but soon they decay;
But pleasures more lasting in Jesus are given,
Salvation on earth and a mansion in heaven.

No. 320. Home, Sweet Home.



No. 321. Day is Dying in the West.

Mary Ann Lathbury. COPYRIGHT, 1877, BY J. H. VINCENT. **William F. Sherwin.**



No. 322. How Great Thy Name.

Psalm 8. Tune above.

1 Lord, our Lord, o'er earth's vast frame,
How exalted is Thy name!
Who hast set Thy glory bright
Far above the heaven's height,
How great Thy name!

REFRAIN.
Lord, our Lord, in all the earth,
How great Thy name!
Who hast set Thy glory bright
Far above the heaven's height,
How great Thy name!

2 From the mouth of children young,
From the infant's lisping tongue,
Thou hast needed strength ordained
Thus Thy vengeful foes restrained,
How great Thy name!

3 When Thy heavens I survey,
Which Thy fingers' work display,
When the moon and stars I see
Ordered all by Thy decree:
How great thy name!

4 What is man that in Thy mind
He a constant place should find?
What the son of man that he
Should be visited by Thee?
How great Thy name!

5 Thou his station didst ordain
Just below the angel train;
Glory Thou hast o'er him shed,
And with honor crowned his head,
How great Thy name!

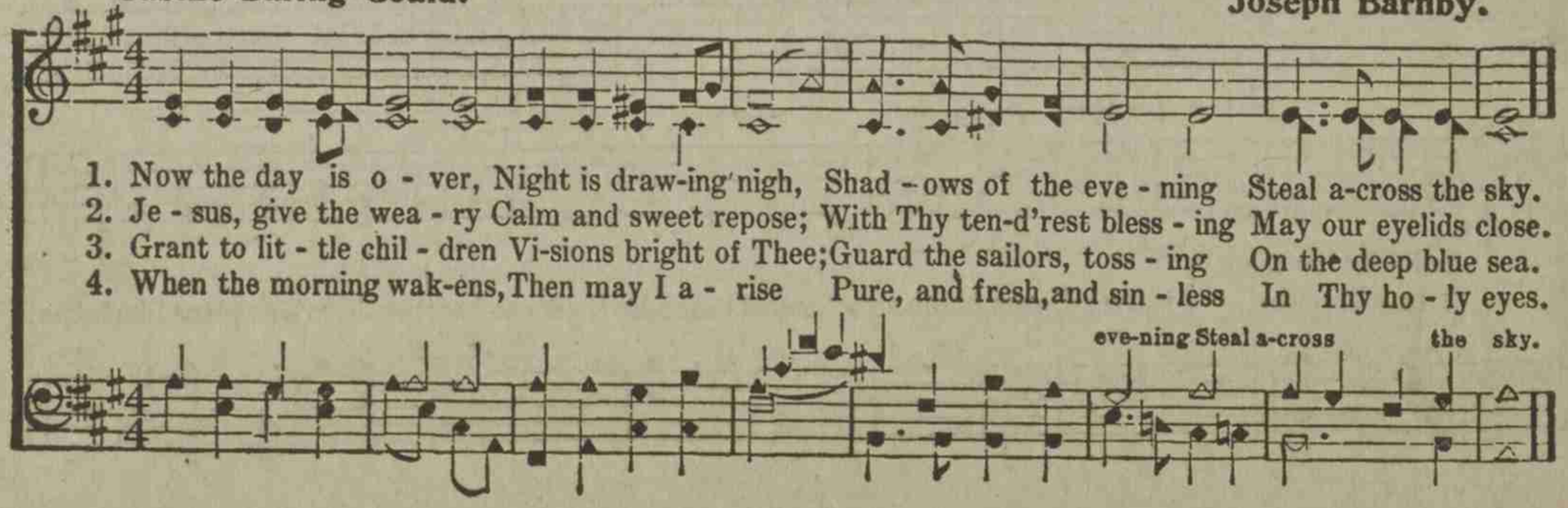
6 Thou hast given him command
O'er the creatures of Thy hand;
And beneath his feet hast laid
All the works which Thou hast made;
How great Thy name!

7 Flocks and cattle, every tribe,
Beasts that in the field abide,
Birds that thro' the heaven's roam,
Fish that make the sea their home;
How great Thy name!

8 Every living thing that strays,
Thro' the ocean's secret ways
Lord, our Lord, o'er earth's vast frame
How exalted is Thy name:
How great Thy name!

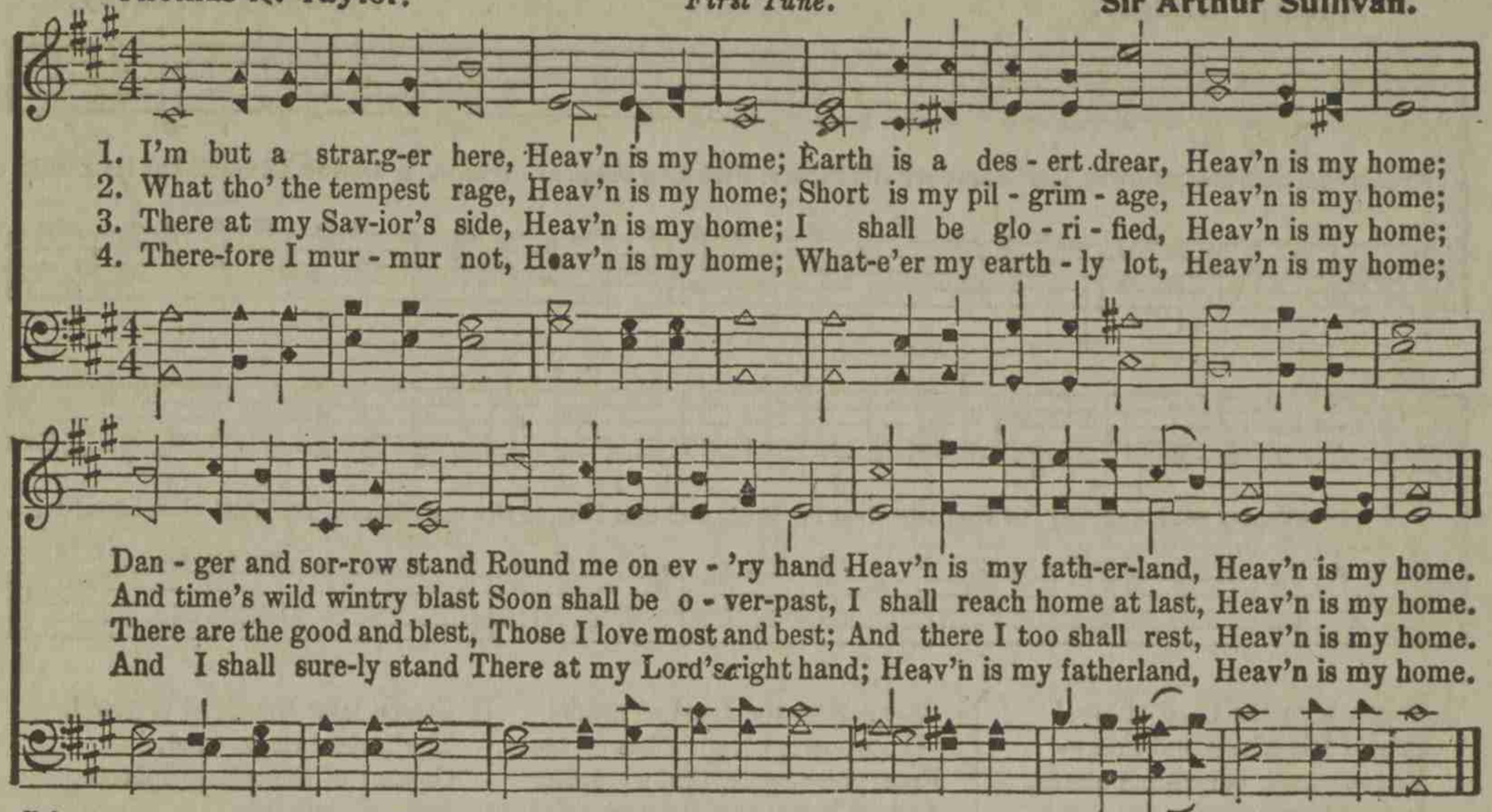
No. 323. Now the Day is Over.

Sabine Baring-Gould. **Joseph Barnby.**



No. 324. Heaven is My Home.

Thomas R. Taylor. *First Tune.* Sir Arthur Sullivan.

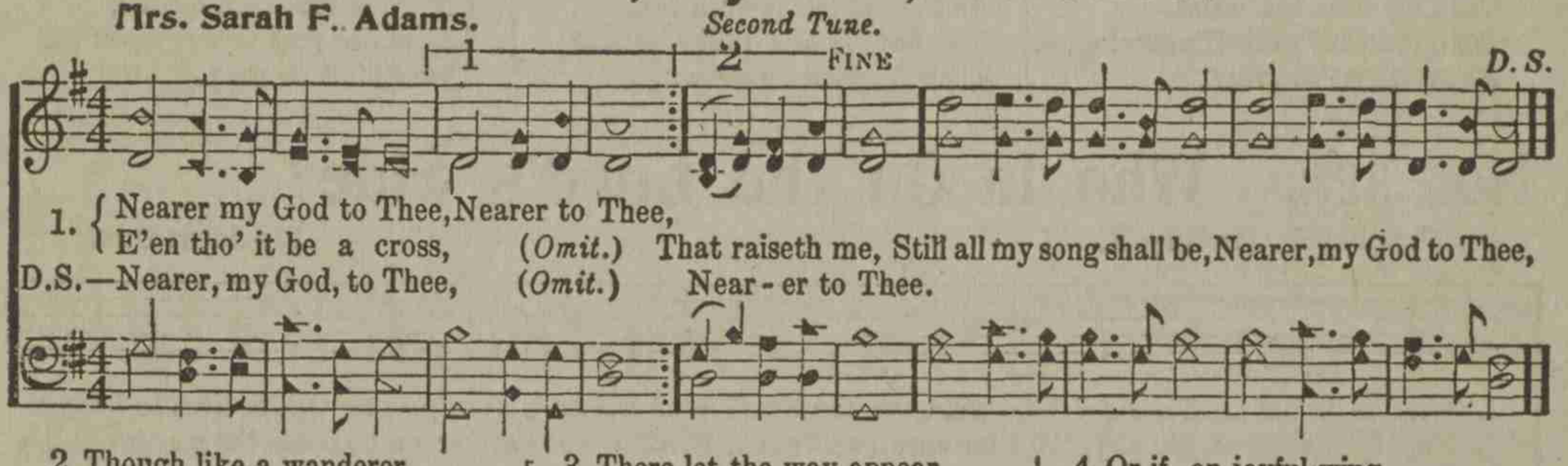


1. I'm but a strang-er here, Heav'n is my home; Earth is a des - ert drear, Heav'n is my home;
2. What tho' the tempest rage, Heav'n is my home; Short is my pil - grim - age, Heav'n is my home;
3. There at my Sav-ior's side, Heav'n is my home; I shall be glo - ri - fied, Heav'n is my home;
4. There-fore I mur - mur not, Heav'n is my home; What-e'er my earth - ly lot, Heav'n is my home;

Dan - ger and sor-row stand Round me on ev - 'ry hand Heav'n is my fath-er-land, Heav'n is my home.
And time's wild wintry blast Soon shall be o - ver-past, I shall reach home at last, Heav'n is my home.
There are the good and blest, Those I love most and best; And there I too shall rest, Heav'n is my home.
And I shall sure-ly stand There at my Lord's right hand; Heav'n is my fatherland, Heav'n is my home.

No. 325. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams. *Second Tune.*



1. { Nearer my God to Thee, Nearer to Thee,
   { E'en tho' it be a cross, (*Omit.*) That raiseth me, Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God to Thee,

D.S.—Nearer, my God, to Thee, (*Omit.*) Near - er to Thee.

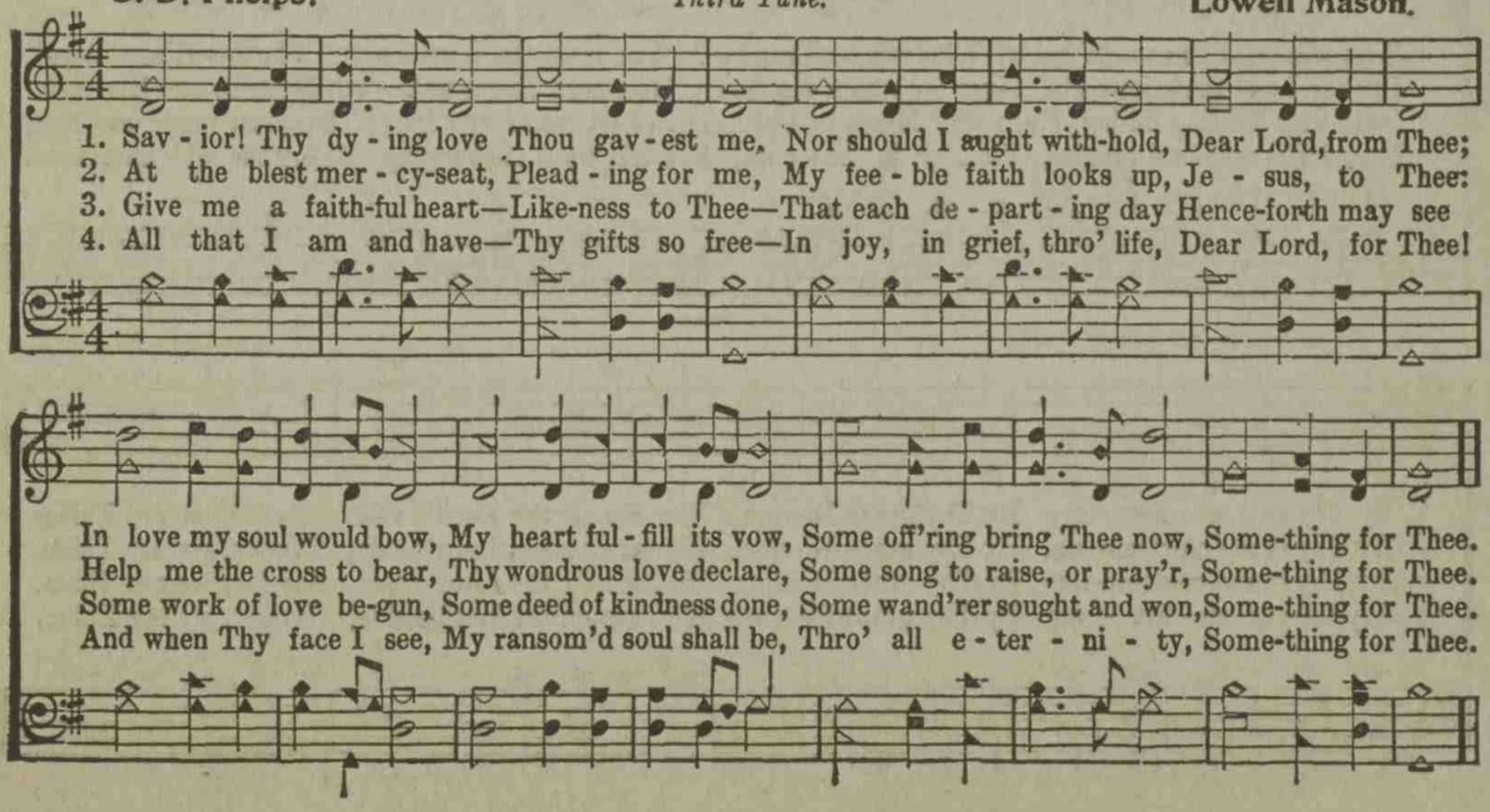
2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee!

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

No. 326. Something for Jesus.

S. D. Phelps. *Third Tune.* Lowell Mason.

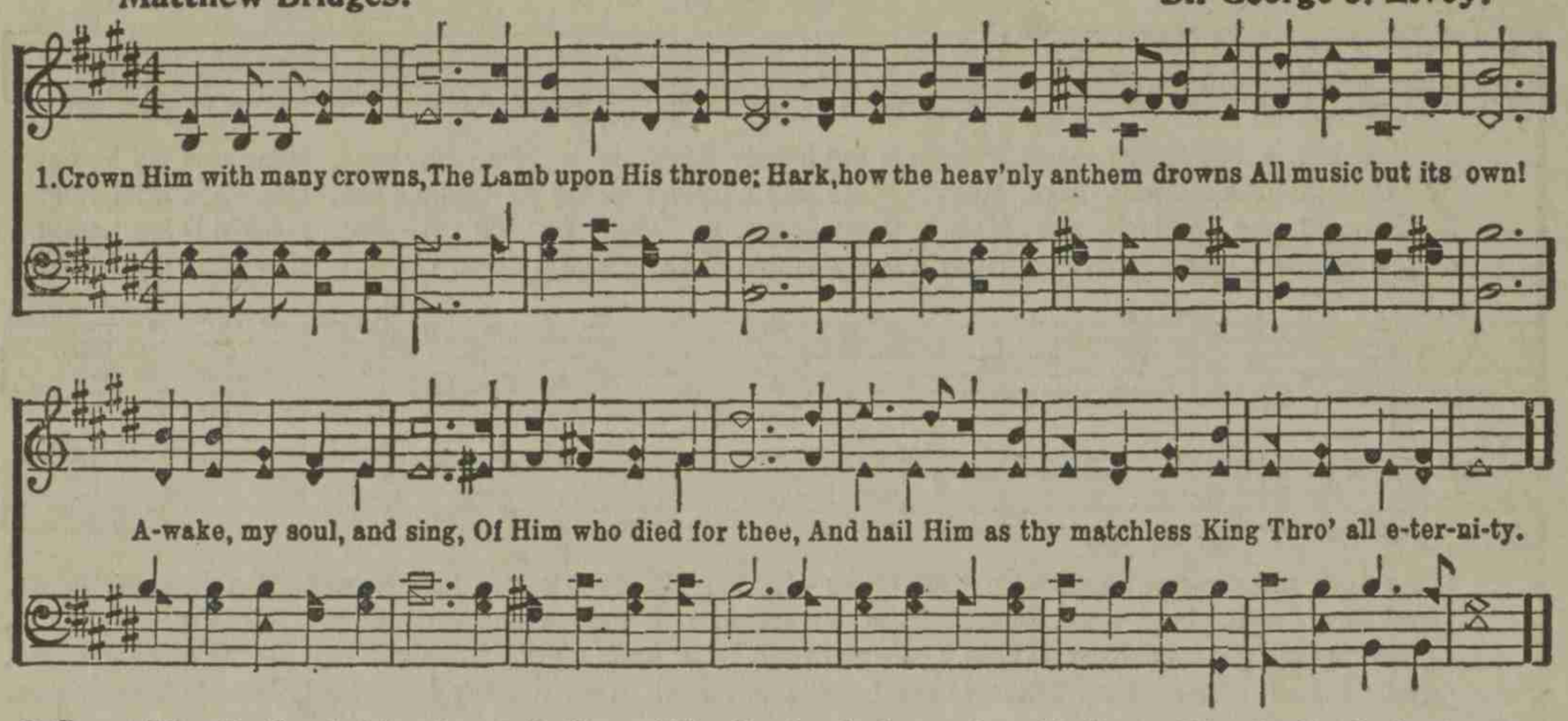


1. Sav - ior! Thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me, Nor should I aught with-hold, Dear Lord, from Thee;
2. At the blest mer - cy-seat, Plead - ing for me, My fee - ble faith looks up, Je - sus, to Thee:
3. Give me a faith-ful heart—Like-ness to Thee—That each de - part - ing day Hence-forth may see
4. All that I am and have—Thy gifts so free—In joy, in grief, thro' life, Dear Lord, for Thee!

In love my soul would bow, My heart ful - fill its vow, Some off'ring bring Thee now, Some-thing for Thee.
Help me the cross to bear, Thy wondrous love declare, Some song to raise, or pray'r, Some-thing for Thee.
Some work of love be-gun, Some deed of kindness done, Some wand'rer sought and won, Some-thing for Thee.
And when Thy face I see, My ransom'd soul shall be, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, Some-thing for Thee.

No. 327. Crown Him With Crowns.

Matthew Bridges. **Sir George J. Elvey.**



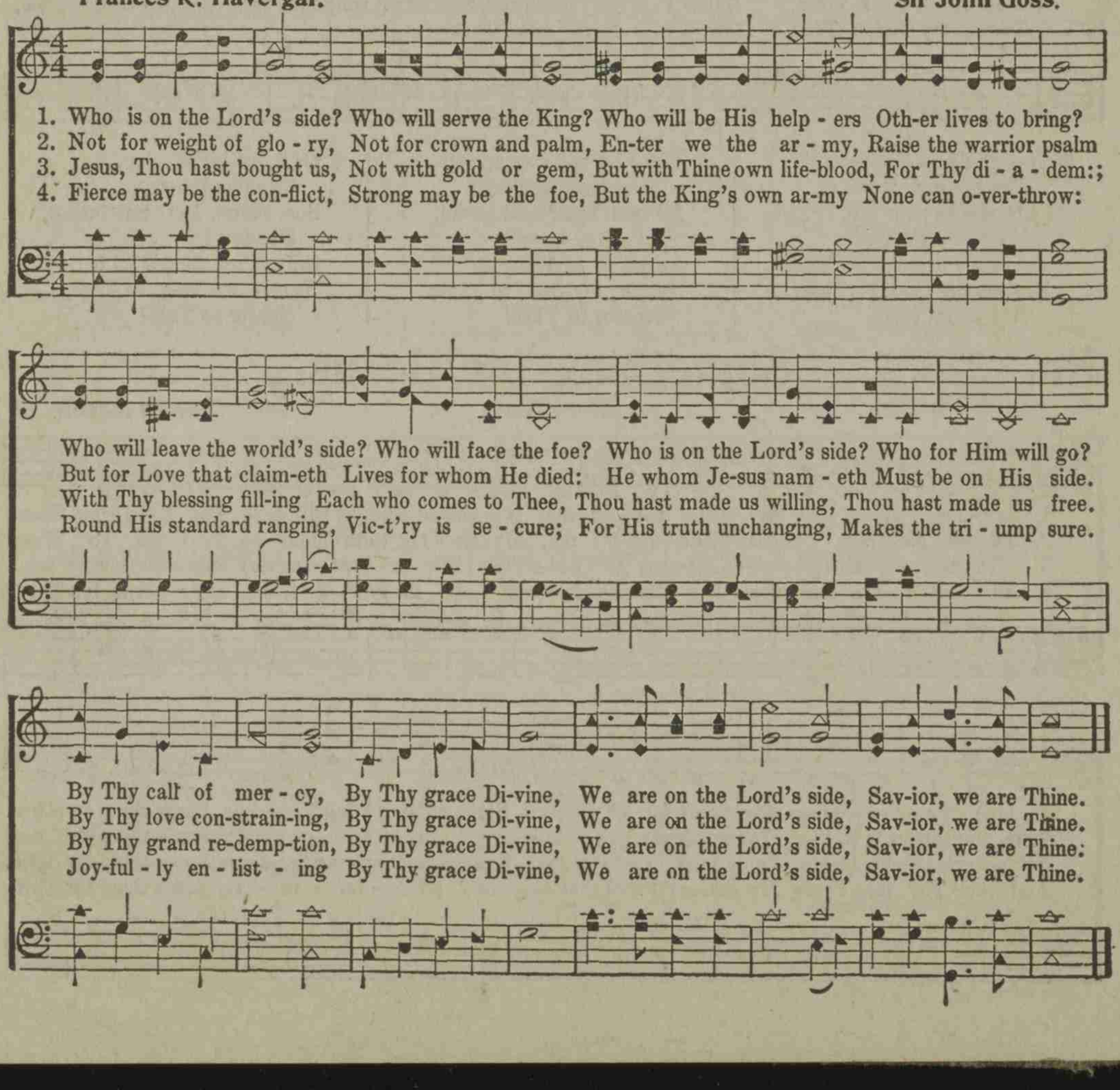
2 Crown Him the Lord of love!
Behold His hands and side,—
Rich wounds, yet visible above,
In beauty glorified:
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends His burning eye
At mysteries so great.

3 Crown Him the Lord of peace!
Whose power a scepter sways[cease,
From pole to pole, that wars may
And all be prayer and praise:
His reign shall know no end,
And round His pierced feet
Fair flowers of paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

4 Crown Him the Lord of years,
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime!
All hail! Redeemer, hail!
For Thou hast died for me;
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.

No. 328. Who Is On the Lord's Side?

Frances R. Havergal. **Sir John Goss.**



No. 329. Nearer Home.

Alice Carey. Flotow, Arr.

1. O'er the hills the sun is set-ting, And the eve is drawing on, Slow-ly drops the gen - tle twilight,
2. One day near-er, sings the sail-or, As he glides the waters o'er, While the light is soft - ly dy - ing,
3. Worn and wea-ry, oft the pil-grim Hails the setting of the sun For his goal is one day near-er
4. Nearer home, yes, one day nearer, To our Father's house on high, To the green fields and the fountains

For an - oth - er day is gone; Gone for aye, its race is o - ver, Soon the dark-er shades will come,
On his dis-tant, na-tive shore; Thus the Christ-ian, on life's o - cean, As his light boat cuts the foam,
And his jour-ney near-ly done; Thus we feel when o'er life's des-ert Heart and sandal—sore we roam,
Of the land be-yond the sky; For the heav'ns grow brighter o'er us, And the lamp hangs in the dome

Still, 'tis sweet to know at ev-'ning We are one day near - er home, We are one day near-er home.
In the ev-'ning cries with rap-ture, I am one day near - er home, I am one day near-er home.
As the twi-light gath-ers o'er us We are one day near - er home, We are one day near-er home.
And our tents are pitched still closer, For we're one day near - er home, For we're one day near-er home.

No. 330. Gently, Lord, O Gently Lead Us.

Marechio.

1. Gen-tly Lord, oh, gen-tly lead us Thro' this gloomy vale of tears; And, O Lord, in mer-cy gives us

D. S.—Oh, re-fresh us, oh, re-fresh us,

FINE D. S.

Thy rich grace in all our fears, Oh, re-fresh us, oh, re-fresh us, Trav'ling thro' this wil-der-ness;
Trav'ling thro' this wil-der-ness.

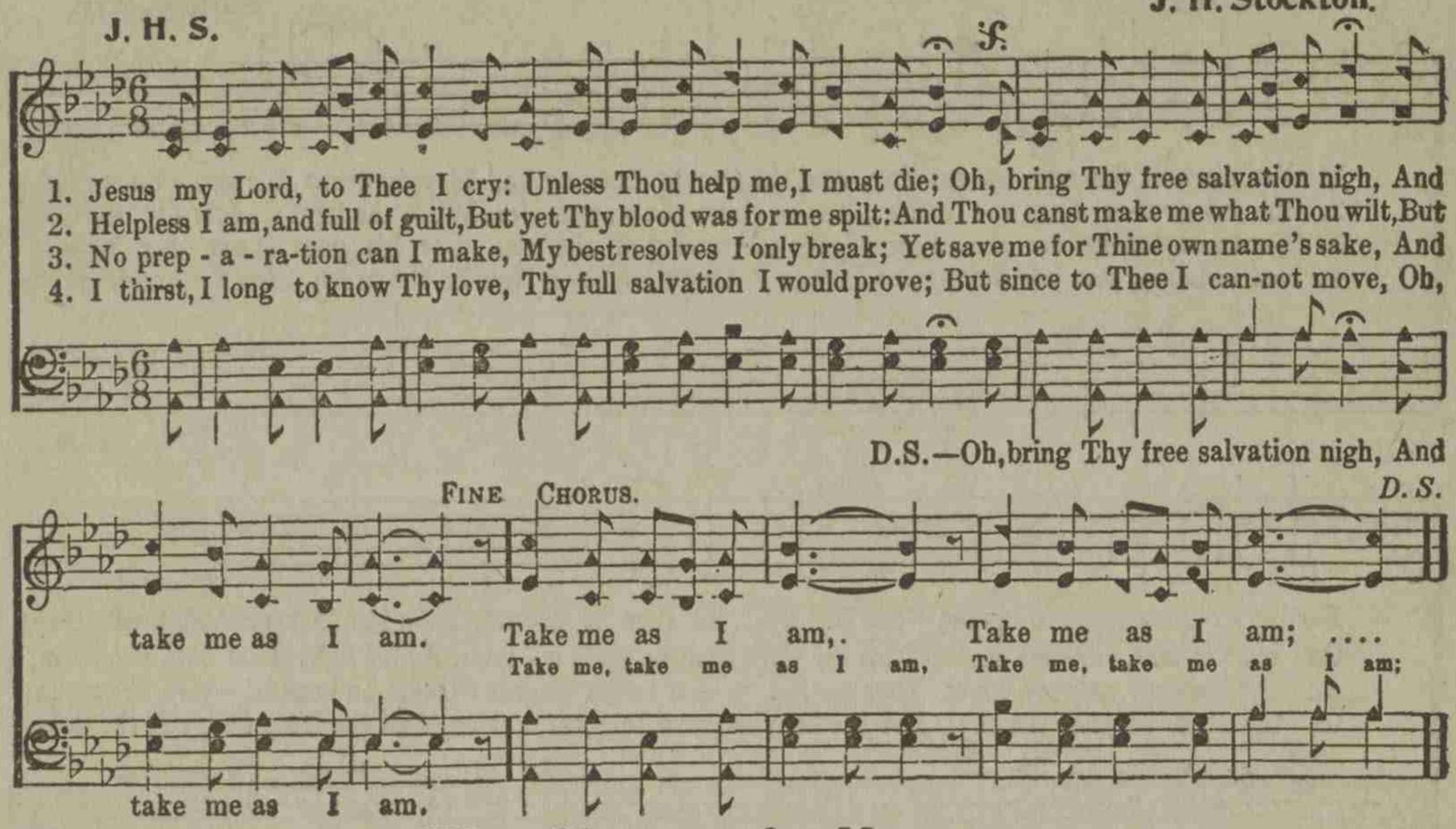
2 When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let Thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in Thy perfect way,
Oh, refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

3 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear,
Oh, refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

4 When this mortal life is ended,
Bid us in Thine arms to rest,
Till, by angel-bands attended,
We awake among the blest.
Oh, refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

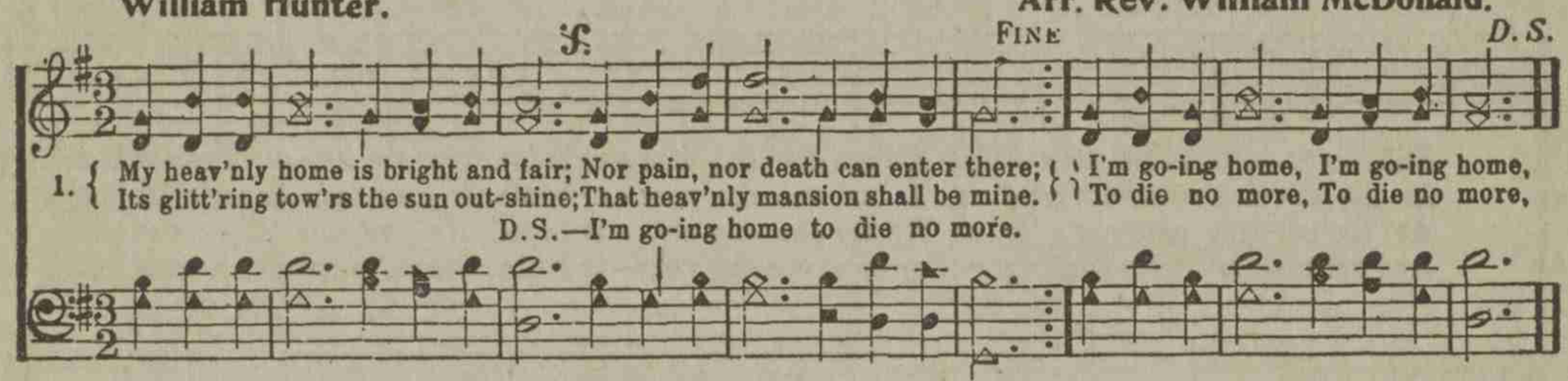
No. 331. Take Me As I Am.

J. H. S. J. H. Stockton.



No. 332. The Heavenly Home.

William Hunter. Arr. Rev. William McDonald.



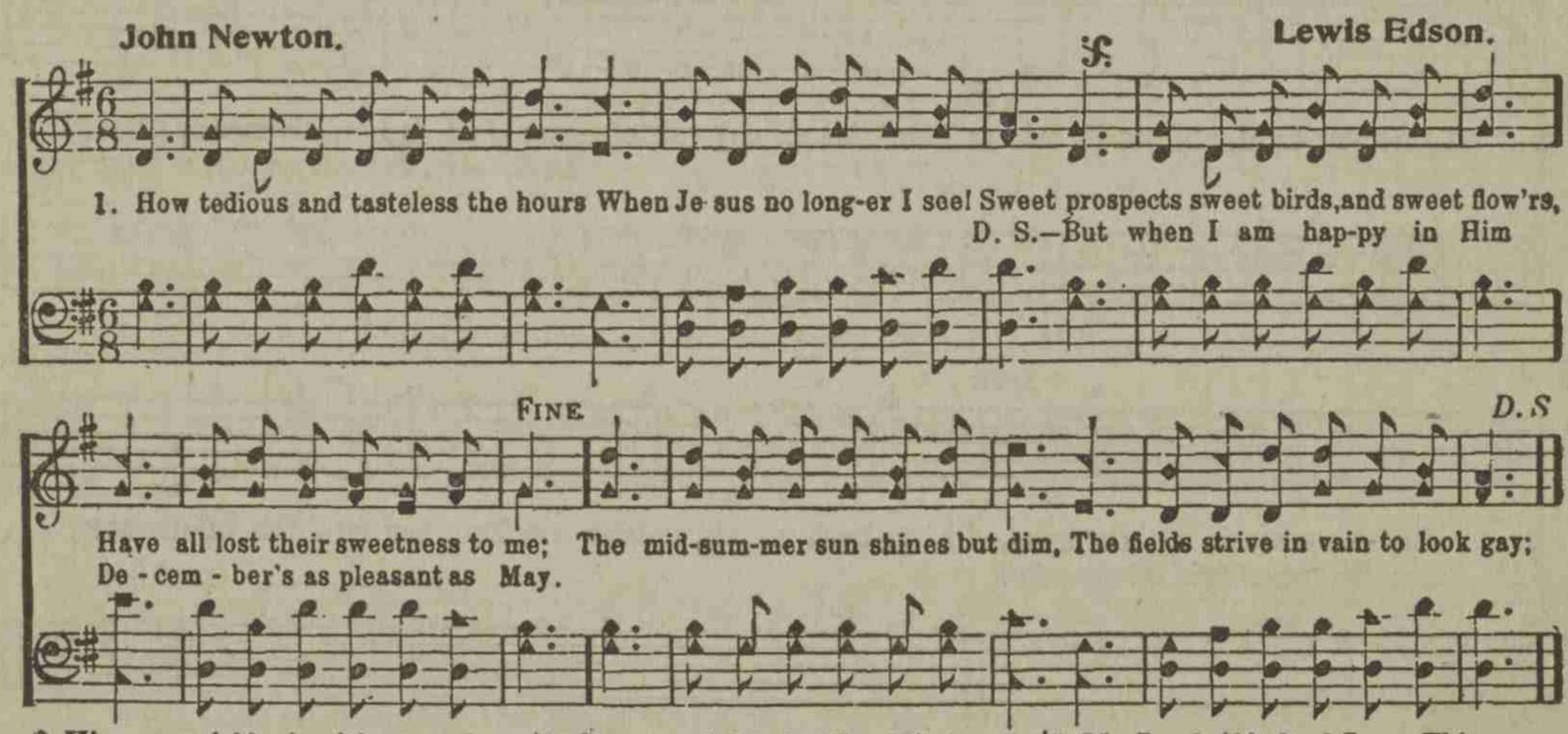
2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be

3 While here, a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam;
Although, like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.

4 Let others seek a home below, [flow;
Which flames devour, or waves o'er
Be mine the happier lot to own
A heav'nly mansion near the throne.

No. 333. How Tedious and Tasteless.

John Newton. Lewis Edson.



2 His name yields the richest perfume
And sweeter than music His voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice;
I should, were He always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I;
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding His face,
My all to His pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place [mind:
Would make any change in my
While blest with a sense of His love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 My Lord, if indeed I am Thine,
If Thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from the sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me to Thee up on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

334 We'll Work Till Jesus Comes.

DR. MILLER.

1. O land of rest for thee I sigh; When will the moment come When I shall lay my
2. No tranquil joys on earth I know, No peaceful, shelt'ring dome, This world's a wilder-
3. To Je-sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam, And lean for succor

CHORUS.

ar - mor by, And dwell in peace at home? We'll work till Jesus comes, We'll work
ness of woe, This world is not my home.
on His breast, And He'd conduct me home. We'll work We'll work

till Je-sus comes, We'll work till Je-sus comes, And we'll be gathered home.
We'll work

335 I'll Be With My Saviour.

J. A. L.

REV. J. A. LEE.

I'll be with my Saviour* o - ver there, I be with my Saviour* I know;
over there, I know;

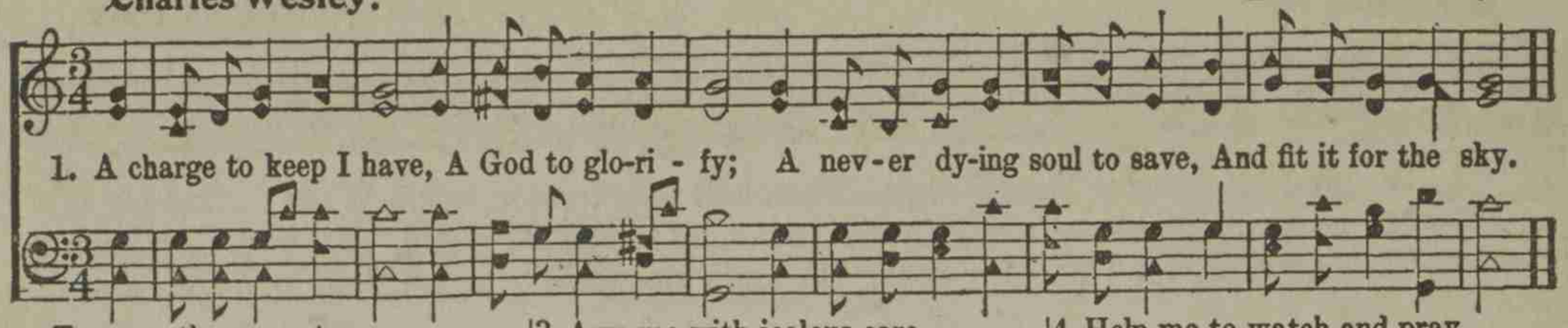
I'll be with my Saviour* o - ver there, When I leave this world be-low.
over there,

Copyright, 1902, by J. A. Lee.

*Substitute the word father, mother, sister, brother, neighbor, Christians, etc.

No. 336. A Charge to Keep.

Charles Wesley. Lowell Mason.



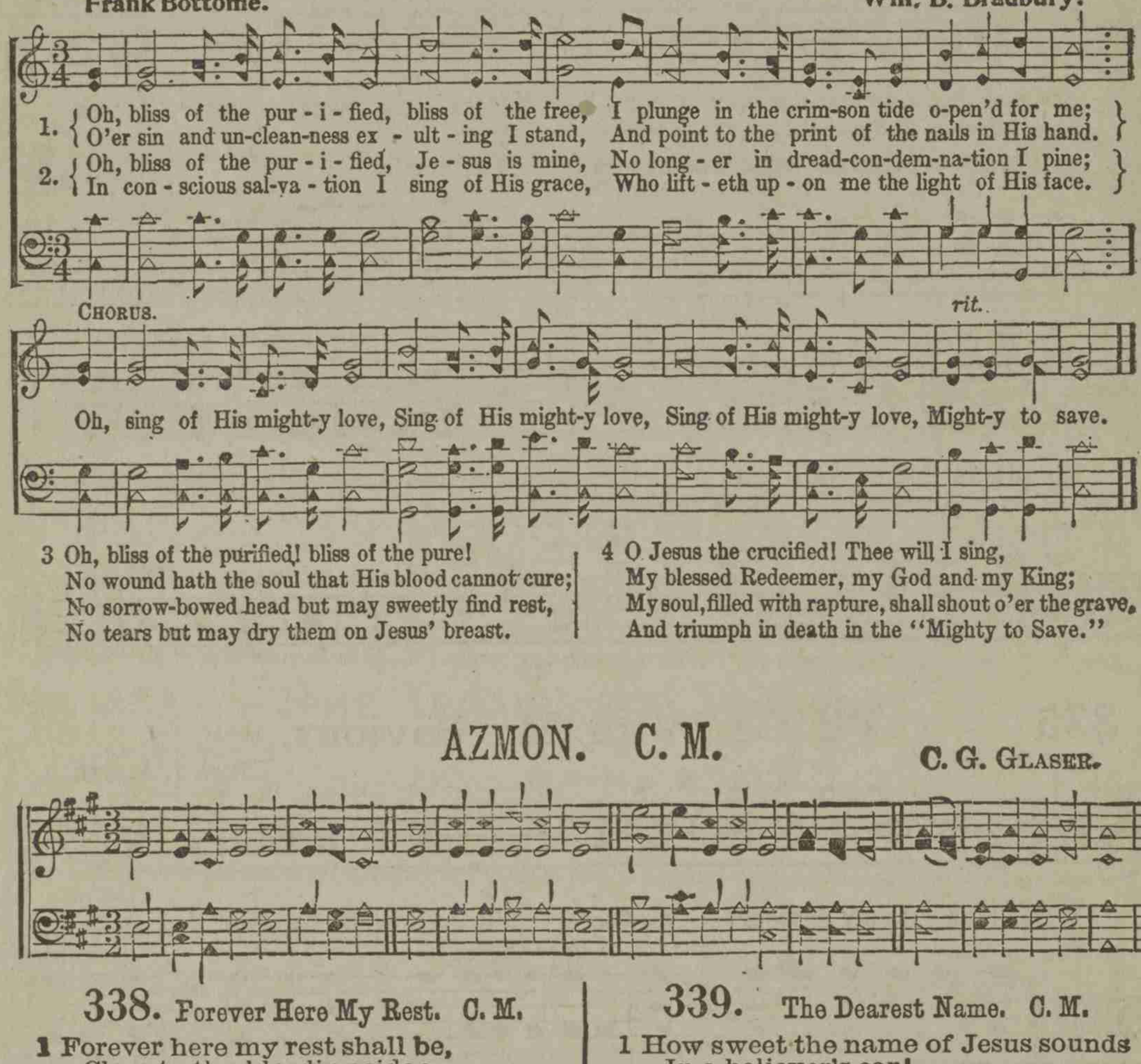
To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
Oh, may it all my pow'rs engage,
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
And in Thy sight to live;
And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

No. 337. O Sing of His Mighty Love.

Frank Bottome. Wm. B. Bradbury.



3 Oh, bliss of the purified! bliss of the pure!
No wound hath the soul that His blood cannot cure;
No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest,
No tears but may dry them on Jesus' breast.

4 O Jesus the crucified! Thee will I sing,
My blessed Redeemer, my God and my King;
My soul, filled with rapture, shall shout o'er the grave,
And triumph in death in the "Mighty to Save."

AZMON. C. M.

C. G. Glaser.

338. Forever Here My Rest. C. M.

1 Forever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.

2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone —
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

339. The Dearest Name. C. M.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place;
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

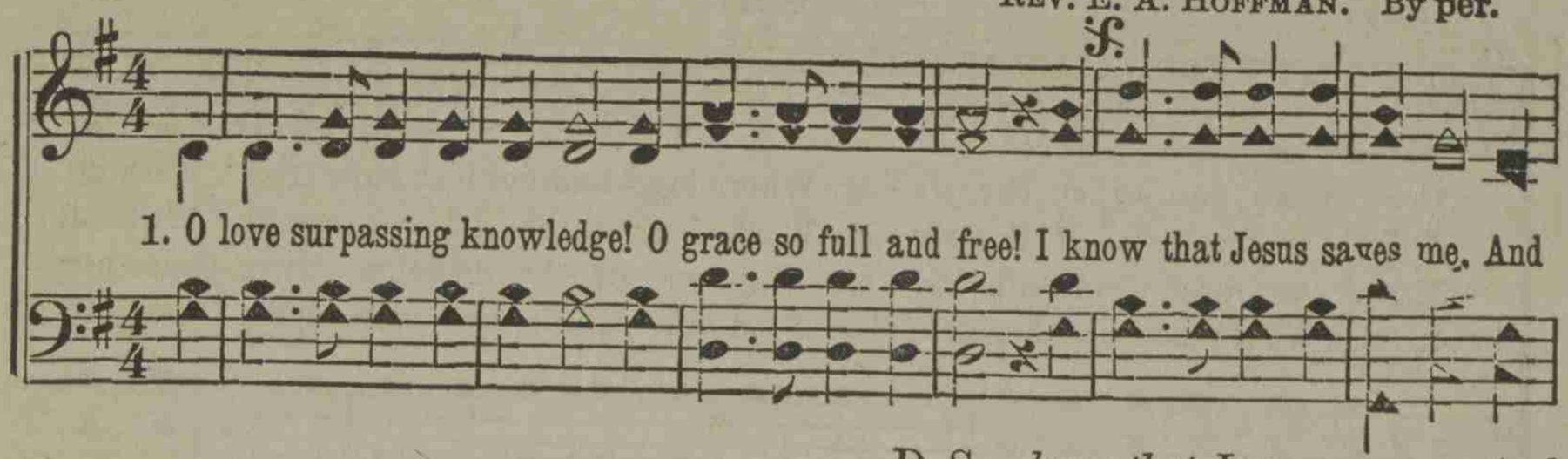
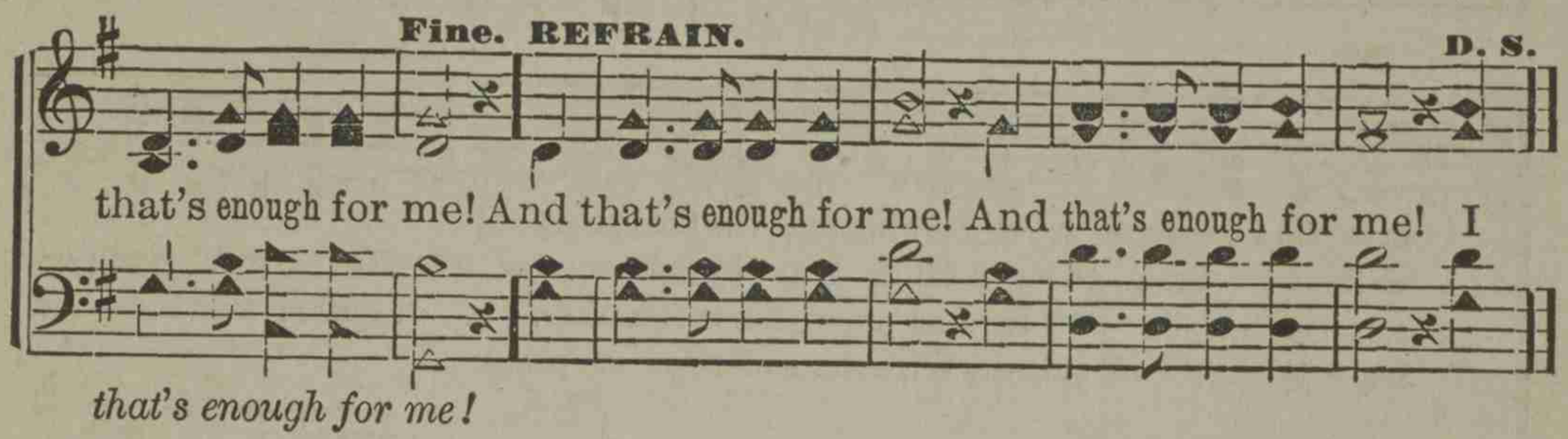
4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring!

JOHN NEWTON.

No. 340 ENOUGH FOR ME.

E. A. H.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. By per.



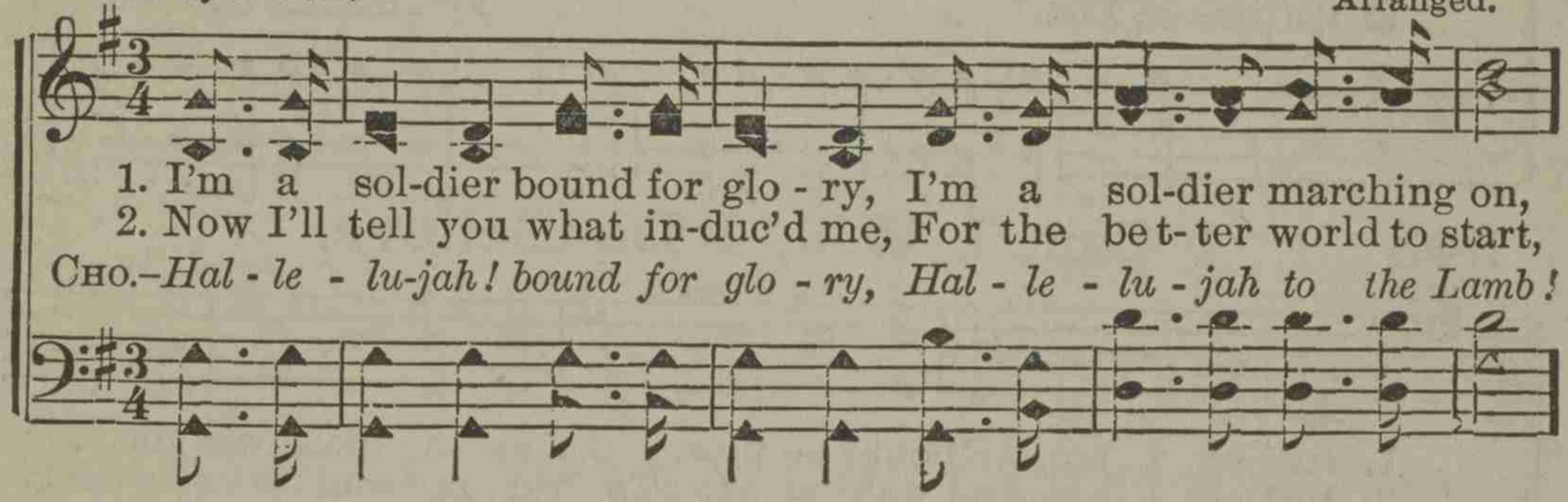
2 O wonderful salvation!
From sin He makes me free!
I feel the sweet assurance,
And that's enough for me!

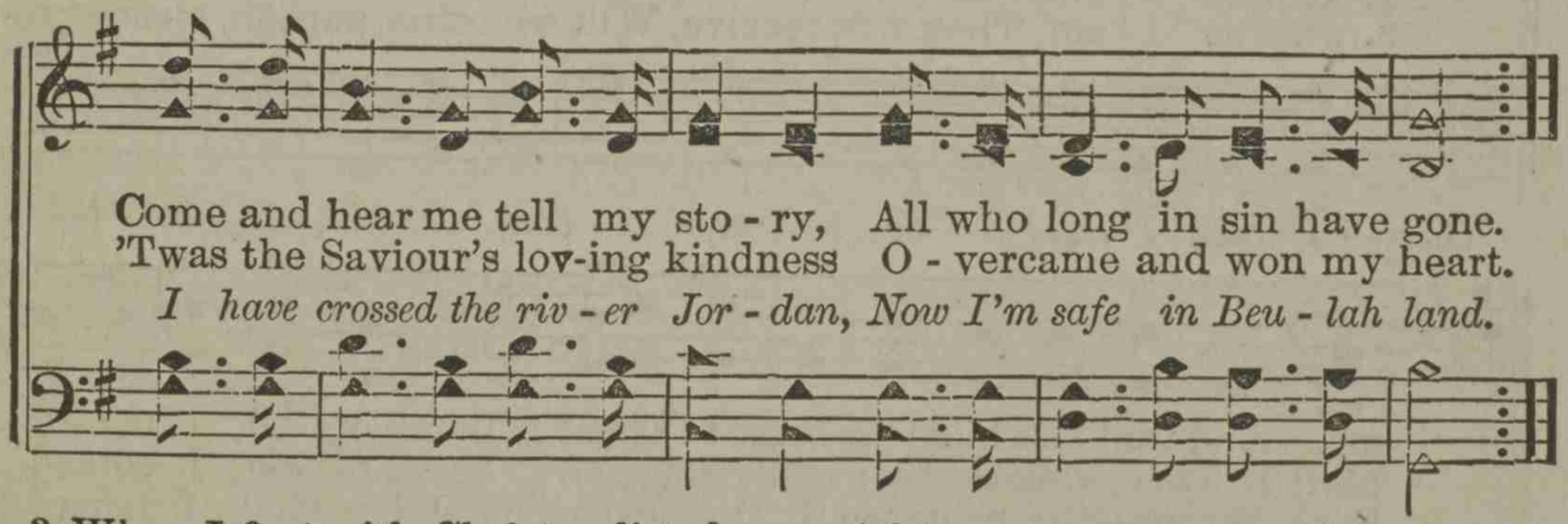
3 O blood of Christ so precious,
Poured out on Calvary!
I feel its cleansing power,
And that's enough for me!

No. 341 SAFE IN BEULAH.

Arr. by J. W. B.

Arranged.





3 When I first with Christ enlisted,
Many said I'd turn again,
But I through each day resisted—
In the ranks I still remain.

4 Many say I am too noisy,
But I know the reason why;
And if they but felt the glory,
They would shout as well as I.

No. 342. Shall We Gather at the River?

COPYRIGHT, PROPERTY OF MARY RUNYON LOWRY.
USED BY PER.

R. L. Robert Lowry.

1. Shall we gath-er at the riv - er, Where bright an-gel feet have trod; With its crys - tal tide for - ev - er Flowing from the throne of God?
2. On the mar-gin of the riv - er, Wash - ing up its sil - ver spray; We shall walk and worship ev - er, All the hap - py gold-en day.
3. Ere we reach the shining riv - er, Lay we ev - 'ry bur-den down, Grace our spir - its will de - liv - er And pro-vide a robe and crown.
4. Soon we'll reach the shining riv-er, Soon our pil-grim-age will cease; 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 beautiful, the beauti-ful riv - er,
{ Gather with the saints at the riv - er, That flows from the throne of God.

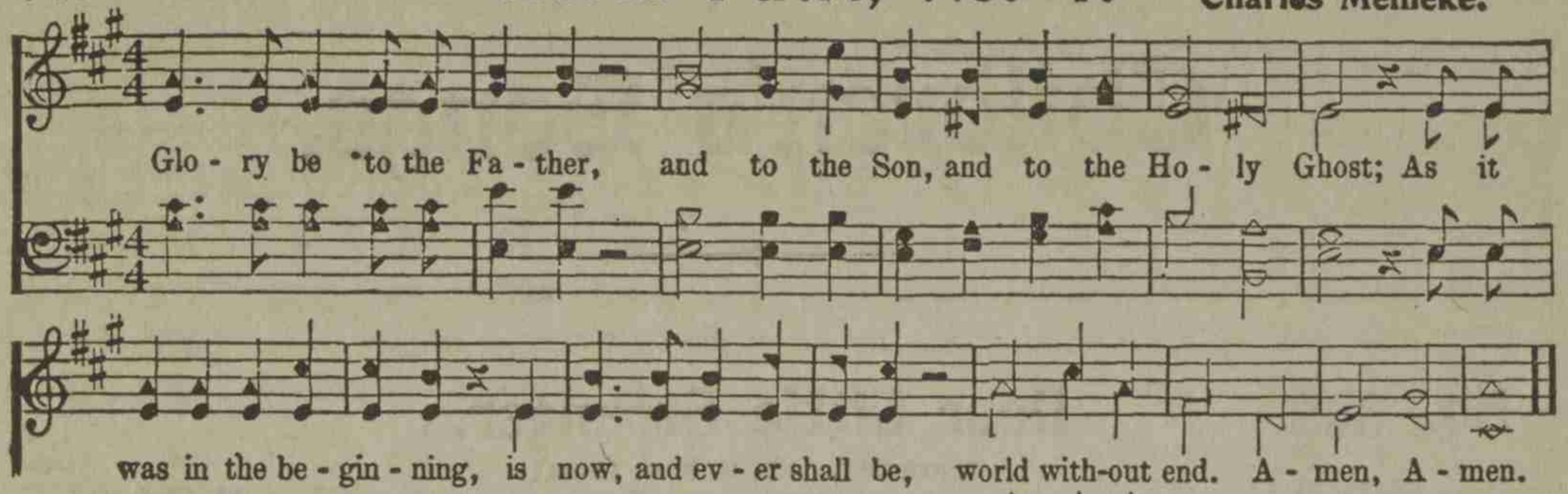
343 I Can, I Will, I Do Believe.

1. Just as I am, without one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me, And that Thou bidst me come to Thee; O Lamb of God, I come!
2. Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot; To Thee, whose blood can clanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come!
3. Just as I am, Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse re-lieve Because Thy promise I be-lieve; O Lamb of God, I come!

CHO.— *I can, I will, I do be-lieve, I can, I will, I do be-lieve, I can, I will, I do be-lieve That Je - sus died for me.*

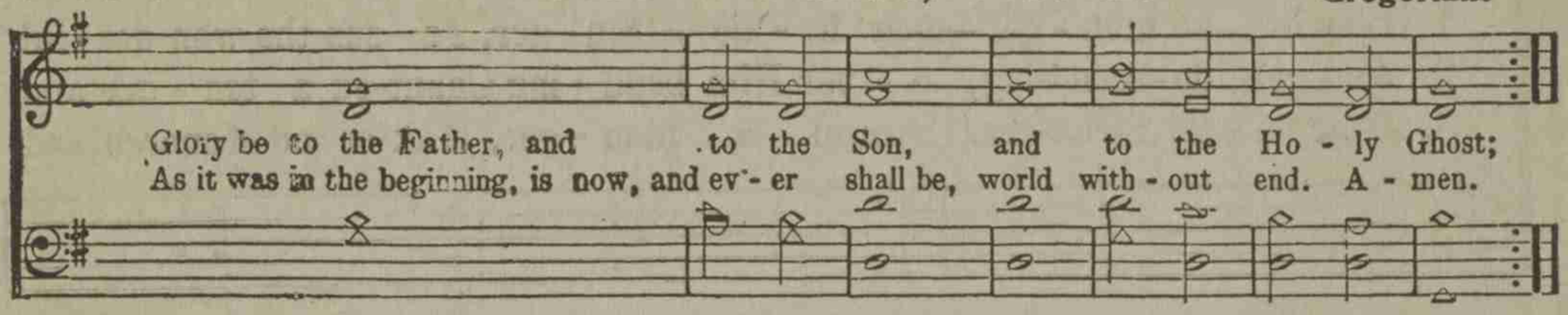
No. 344. Gloria Patri, No. 1.

Charles Meineke.



No. 345. Gloria Patri, No. 2.

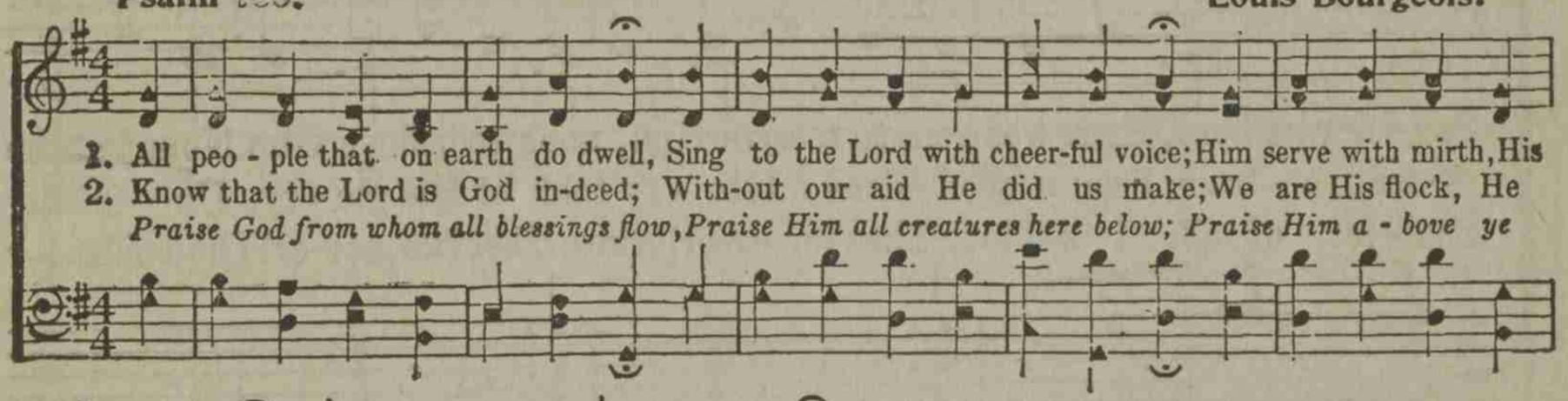
Gregorian.



No. 346. All People that on Earth do Dwell.

Psalm 100.

Louis Bourgeois.

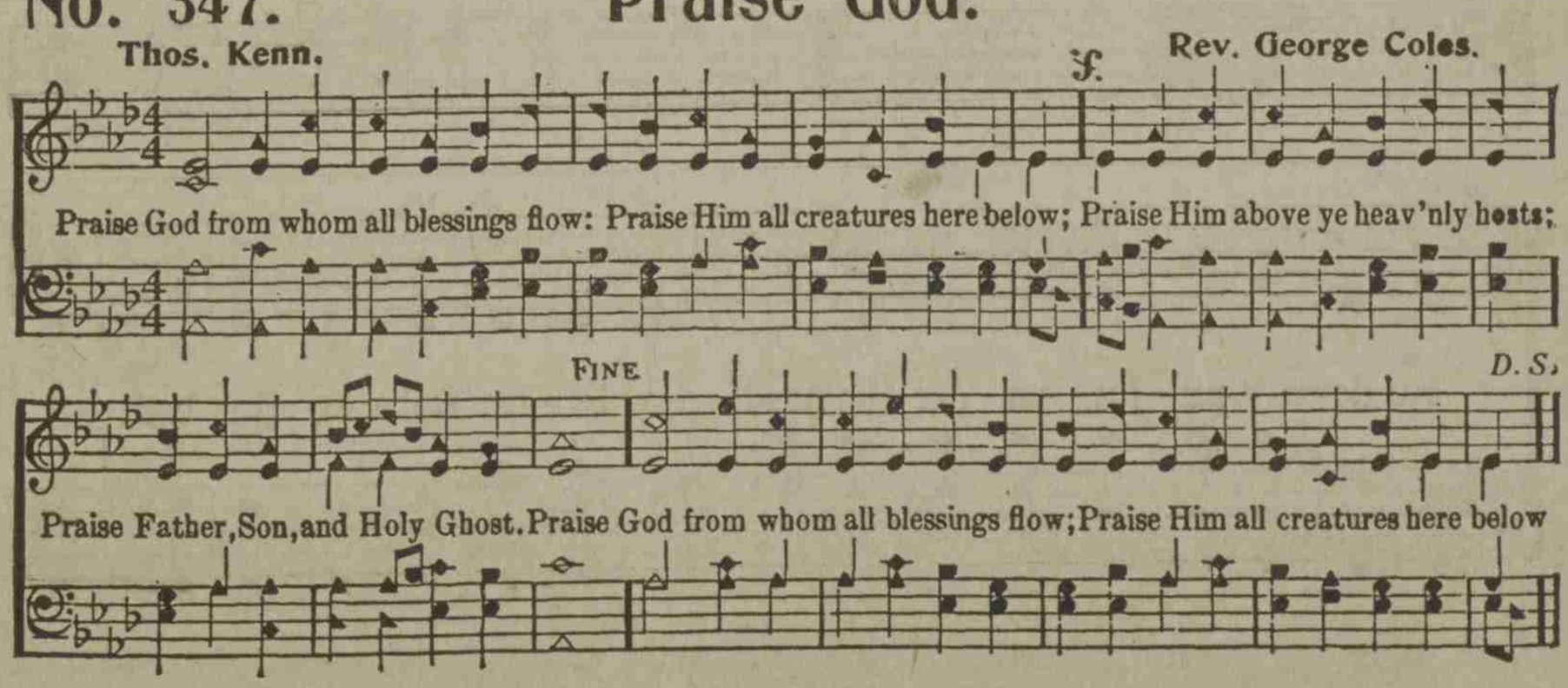


3 O enter then His gates with joy,
Within His courts His praise proclaim:
Let thankful songs your tongues employ,
O bless and magnify His name.

4 Because the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

No. 347. Praise God.

Thos. Kenn.

Rev. George Coles.

Children's Songs.

No. 348. Dear Little Stranger.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

C. H. G. — Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Low in a man - ger—dear lit - tle Stran - ger, Je - sus the won-der - ful
2. An - gels de - scend-ing, o - ver Him bend - ing Chant-ed a ten - der and
3. Dear lit - tle Stran-ger, born in a man - ger, Mak-er and Monarch, and

Sav-ior was born, There was none to receive Him, none to believe Him, None but the
si - lent re - frain; Then a won - der - ful sto - ry told of His glo - ry, Un - to the
Sav - ior of all; I will love Thee for-ev-er! grieve Thee? no, nev-er! Thou didst for

CHORUS.

an - gels were watch-ing that morn.
shepherds on Beth-le - hem's plain.
me make Thy bed in a stall.

{ Dear lit-tle Stranger, slept in a man-ger,
But with the poor He slumber'd secure, The

1

2

No down-y pil - low un - der His head; dear lit - tle Babe in His bed.

No. 349. Jesus Loves Even Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
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P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

1. I am so glad that our Fa - ther in heav'n Tells of His
2. Tho' I for - get Him and wan - der a - way, Still He doth
3. Oh, if there's on - ly one song I can sing, When in His

love in the Book He has given, Won - der - ful things in the
love me wher - ev - er I stray; Back to His dear lov - ing
beau - ty I see the great King, This shall my song in e -

Bi - ble I see; This is the dear - est, that Je - sus loves me.
arms would I flee, When I re - mem - ber that Je - sus loves me.
ter - ni - ty be; "Oh, what a won - der that Je - sus loves me."

CHORUS.

I am so glad that Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me,

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

No. 350. The Sunday School Brigade.

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

James Rowe. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Hear the tramp, tramp, tramp of the Sun-day School Brigade, Whether rain or shine we are al - ways on pa-rade; By our Sav - ior led, in the sun-shine
2. With the cross held high in the bless - ed gos - pel light, Eyes a-glow with love, as the sun our ban-ner bright; Dreading not the storm, fear-ing not the
3 Hear the tramp, tramp, tramp of the Sunday School Brigade, We would win that crown which will nev - er, nev - er fade; We will trust our King, wher-so-ev - er

of His love, We are march-ing on to the land of joy a - bove.
wait-ing foe, Sing - ing songs of praise, on and on with Christ we go.
be the way, We will fol - low Him to the realm of end - less day.

CHORUS.

March-ing on, on, on, on to glo - ry, Mak-ing known the bless-ed sto - ry,
March-ing on, on, on, we're march-ing on, March - ing on, on, on, on, march-ing on,

There is joy, joy, joy for each girl and boy, In the Sun-day School Brigade.

No. 350. The Sunday School Brigade.

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

James Rowe. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Hear the tramp, tramp, tramp of the Sun-day School Brigade, Whether rain or shine we are al - ways on pa-rade; By our Sav - ior led, in the sun-shine of His love, We are march-ing on to the land of joy a - bove.
2. With the cross held high in the bless - ed gos - pel light, Eyes a-glow with love, as the sun our ban-ner bright; Dreading not the storm, fear-ing not the wait-ing foe, Sing - ing songs of praise, on and on with Christ we go.
3 Hear the tramp, tramp, tramp of the Sunday School Brigade, We would win that crown which will nev - er, nev - er fade; We will trust our King, wher-so-ev - er be the way, We will fol - low Him to the realm of end - less day.

CHORUS.

March-ing on, on, on, on to glo - ry, Mak-ing known the bless-ed sto - ry,
March-ing on, on, on, we're march-ing on, March - ing on, on, on, on, march-ing on,
There is joy, joy, joy for each girl and boy, In the Sun-day School Brigade.

No. 351. Little Soldiers.

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

Lena Thompson. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. We are sol-diers, lit-tle sol-diers, Fight-ing for our King and Lord;
2. We are sol-diers, lit-tle sol-diers, Bravely fight-ing ev - 'ry sin;
3. When at last the fight is o - ver, And we've reach'd the heav'nly shore,

Ev-'ry time we win a bat - tle, He has promised a re - ward;
With our Sav-ior for our Cap-tain We shall all our bat-tles win;
We shall hear our Sav-ior say - ing, "Rest, my sol-diers, ev-er - more;

He has prom-ised ev-'ry sol-dier, If they dare the right to do,
He has prom-ised, if we ask Him, He will help us day by day;
You have bravely fought my bat-tles, Bravely fought and no - bly won,

FINE.

Promised them a crown of glo - ry, If they fight the bat-tle through.
So we'll brave-ly march to bat - tle, Pray-ing, sing - ing all the way.
En - ter in - to joys e - ter - nal—Sol-diers of the Lord, well done!"

D. S.—*ban - ner bright, For God and right, We're sure to win the day.*

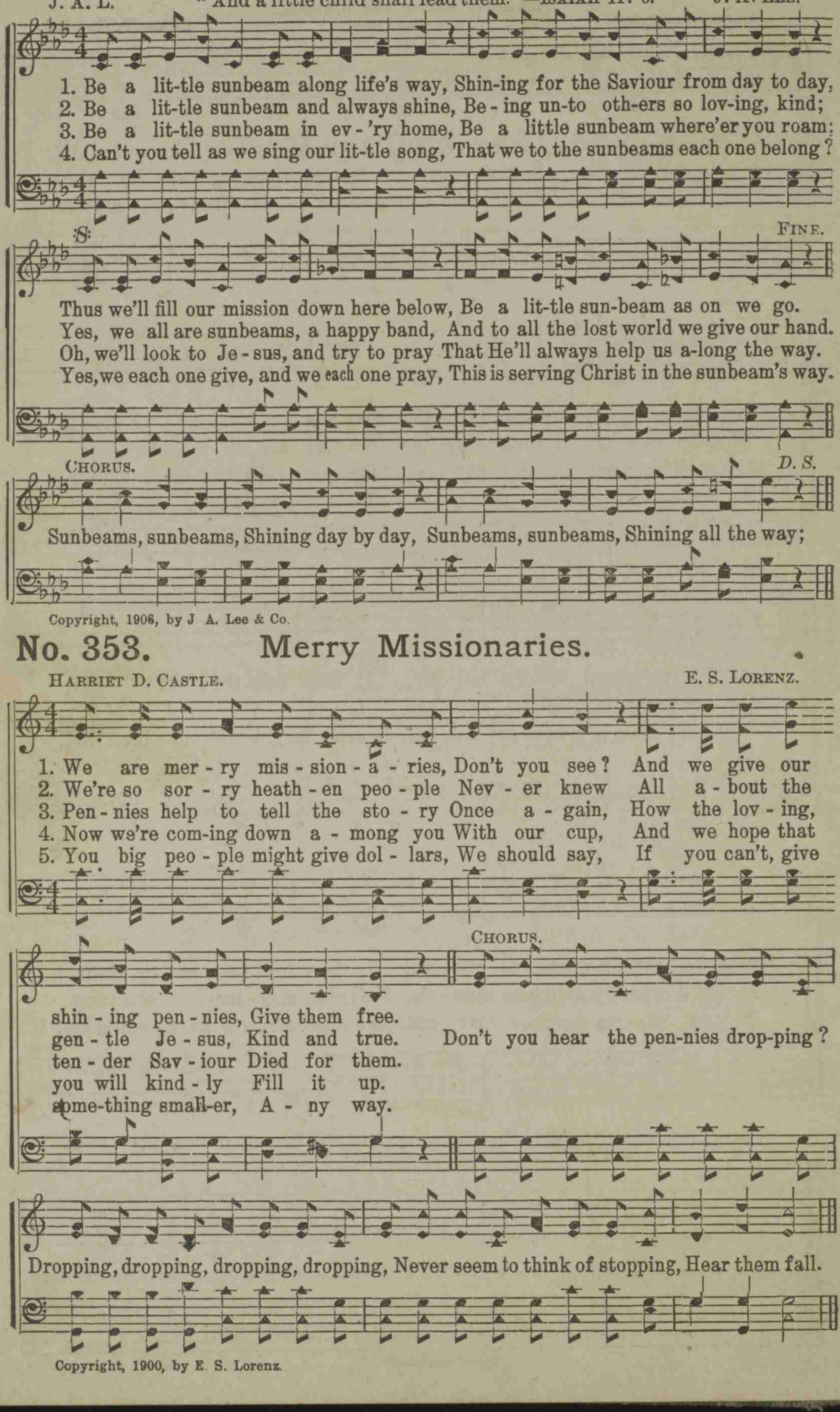
D. S.

CHORUS.

So we march, march a - way, Not a mo - ment's de - lay, 'Neath our

No. 352. Be a Little Sunbeam.

J. A. L. "And a little child shall lead them."—ISAIAH 11: 6. J. A. LEE.



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No. 353. Merry Missionaries.

HARRIET D. CASTLE. E. S. LORENZ.

Copyright, 1900, by E. S. Lorenz.

No, 354. Little Sunbeams,

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

Eben E. Rexford, Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

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

FINE.

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

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

CHORUS. D. S.

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

No. 355. Jesus Bids Us Shine.

COPRIGHT, 1884, BY E. O. EXCELL.

E. O. Excell.

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

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

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

No. 356. Jesus Loves Me.

(The favorite Hymn of China)

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so; Lit - tle
2. Je - sus loves me! He who died, Heaven's gate to o - pen wide; He will
3. Je - sus loves me! loves me still, Tho' I'm ver - y weak and ill; From His
4. Je - sus loves me! He will stay Close be - side me all the way; If I

Jesus Loves Me.

CHORUS.

ones to Him be-long, They are weak but He is strong.
wash a - way my sin, Let His lit - tle child come in. Yes, Je-sus loves me,
shining throne on high, Comes to watch me where I lie.
love Him when I die, He will take me home on high.

Yes, Je - sus loves me, Yes, Je - sus loves me, The Bi - ble tells me so.

No. 357. Bring Them In.

COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY W. A. OGDEN.
USED BY PER.

Alexcenah Thomas. W. A, Ogden,

1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the des - ert dark and drear,
2. Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind, Help Him the wand'ring ones to find?
3. Out in the des - ert hear their cry, Out on the mountains wild and high,

Call - ing the sheep who've gone a-stay Far from the Shepherd's fold a - way.
Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be sheltered from the cold?
Hark! 'tis the Mas - ter speaks to thee, "Go find my sheep wher-e'er they be."

CHORUS.

{ Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;
{ Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring the wand'ring ones to } Je - sus.

No. 358. Seek Him Early.

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Chil-dren, seek the Sav- iour ear - ly, In the days of ten - der youth;
2. As a Shepherd He de - light-eth In His arms the Lambs to hold;
3. Take Him as your close com-pan-ion Thro' the years of child-hood sweet,
4. Seek Him ear - ly, you shall find Him, 'Tis His word of prom - ise true;

Ere your feet have learned to wan-der From the paths of right and truth.
Loves to gath- er in His bo - som Those who've wandered from the fold.
From a thousand snares and pit-falls He will save your wandr'ing feet.
In His keep - ing all things needful Shall be free - ly giv - en you.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

Seek Him ear - ly, Seek Him ear - ly, Place in His

your trem - bling hand; He in ten - der love will

bring you Safe - ly to the bet - ter land.

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No. 359. Let the Sunshine In.

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

Ada Blenkhorn. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Do you fear the foe will in the con - flict win? Is it dark with-out you—dark - er still with - in? Clear the dark - en'd win - dows, o - pen wide the door, Let a lit - tle sun - shine in.
2. Does your faith grow faint - er in the cause you love? Are your pray'rs un - an-swered by your God a - bove? Clear the dark - en'd win - dows, o - pen wide the door, Let a lit - tle sun - shine in.
3. Would you go re - joic - ing in the up - ward way, Know-ing naught of dark - ness, dwell - ing in the day? Clear the dark - en'd win - dows, o - pen wide the door, Let a lit - tle sun - shine in.

CHORUS.

Let a lit-tle sun-shine in, . . . Let a lit-tle sun-shine in; . . .
the sun - shine in, the sun - shine in;
Clear the darken'd windows, open wide the door, Let a little sunshine in.

No. 360. Children of the Lord.

MRS. L. M. B. BATEMAN. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. We are lit - tle chil - dren, children of the Lord, Grow-ing up for Je - sus, feed-ing on His word, Fol - low-ing His foot-steps all the
2. We are lit - tle chil - dren, we have much to do, Learn-ing to be gen-tle, trust-ing, kind, and true, Now is life's sweet springtime, time to
3. We're His lit - tle chil - dren, be life short or long, We can make it brighten with a smile or song; Count each task a pleas - ure, love makes

CHORUS.

gold - en day, Re - joic-ing that He leads the way.
sow good seeds, That rip - en in - to no - ble deeds. We'll an-swer in the
la - bor sweet, And leave all care at Je - sus' feet.

morn - ing, when He calls, We'll fol - low Him all day till even - ing falls,

O'er us thro' the night His watch He'll keep, He giv - eth His be - lov - ed sleep.

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SEEDS OF PROMISE.

JESSIE H. BROWN. FRED. A. FILLMORE, by per.

1. O, scat-ter seeds of lov-ing deeds, A-long the fer-tile field; For
2. Tho' sown in tears thro' wea-ry years, The seed will sure-ly live; Tho'
3. The har-vest-home of God will come, And af-ter toil and care; With

CHORUS.

grain will grow from what you sow, And fruitful harvest yield. Then day by
great the cost it is not lost, For God will fruitage give.
joy un-told your sheaves of gold, Will all be garnered there.

day . . . . a-long your way, . . . The seeds of prom - - ise
Then day by day, a-long your way, The seeds of promise cast, the

cast; . . . . . That rip-ened grain, ... from hill and
seeds of prom-ise cast; That rip-ened grain,

plain, ... Be gathered home . . . . at last. . . . . .
from hill and plain, Be gathered home at last, be gathered home at last.

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361

SEEDS OF PROMISE.

JESSIE H. BROWN. FRED. A. FILLMORE, by per.

1. O, scat-ter seeds of lov-ing deeds, A-long the fer-tile field; For
2. Tho' sown in tears thro' wea-ry years, The seed will sure-ly live; Tho'
3. The har-vest-home of God will come, And af-ter toil and care; With

grain will grow from what you sow, And fruitful harvest yield. Then day by
great the cost it is not lost, For God will fruitage give.
joy un-told your sheaves of gold, Will all be garnered there.

CHORUS.

day . . . . a-long your way, . . . The seeds of prom - - ise
Then day by day, a-long your way, The seeds of promise cast, the
cast; . . . . . That rip-ened grain, ... from hill and
seeds of prom-ise cast; That rip-ened grain,
plain, ... Be gathered home . . . . at last. . . . .
from hill and plain, Be gathered home at last, be gathered home at last.

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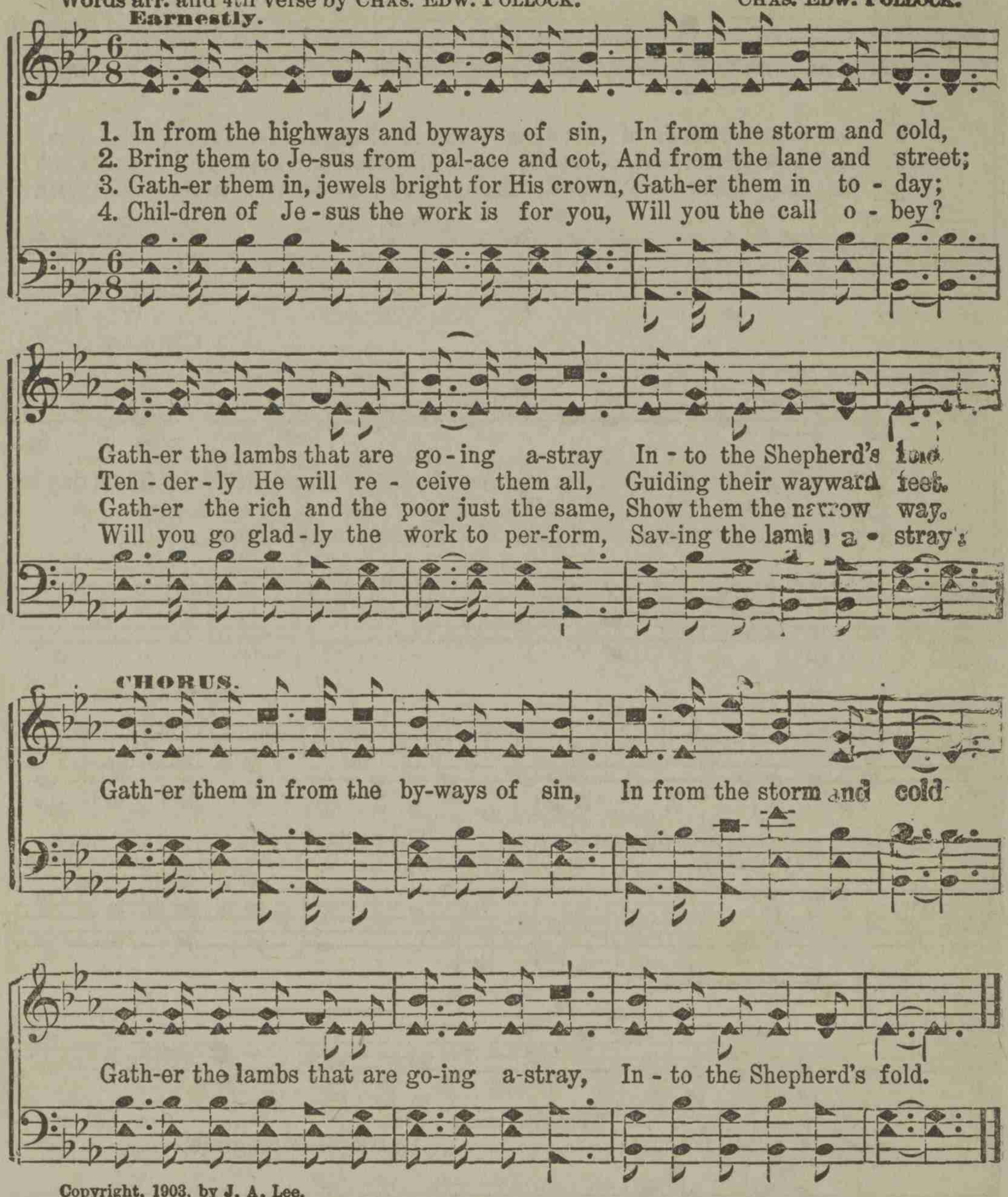
362 Gather Them In.

"He shall gather the lambs with his arm."—Isa. 40: 11.

Words arr. and 4th verse by Chas. Edw. Pollock. Chas. Edw. Pollock.



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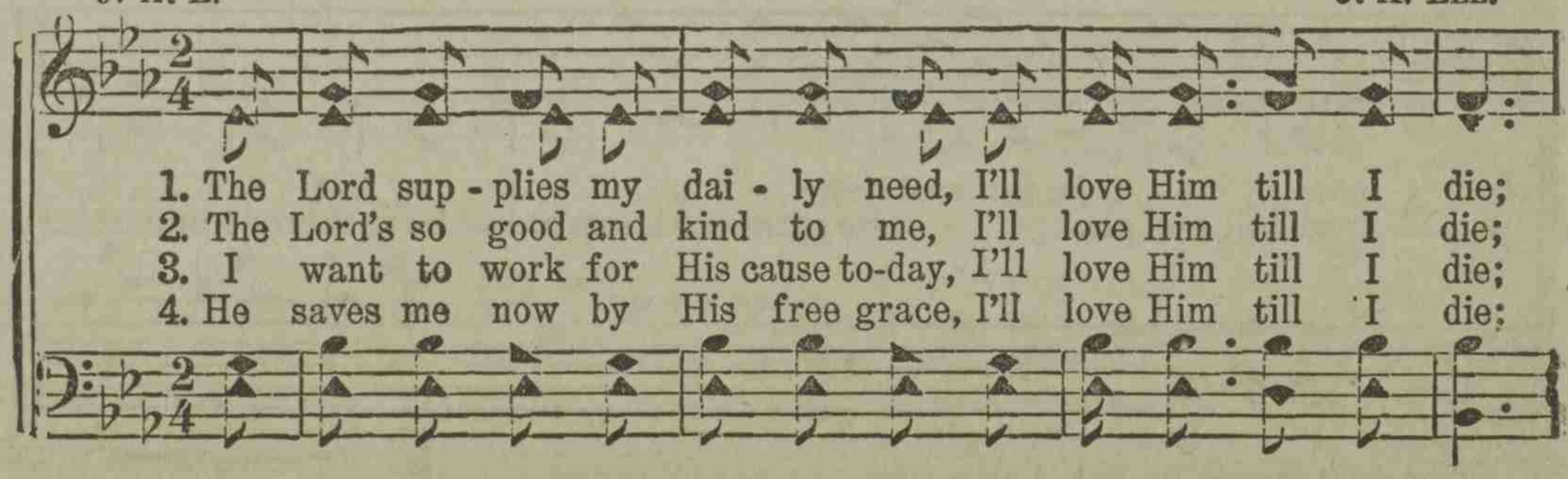
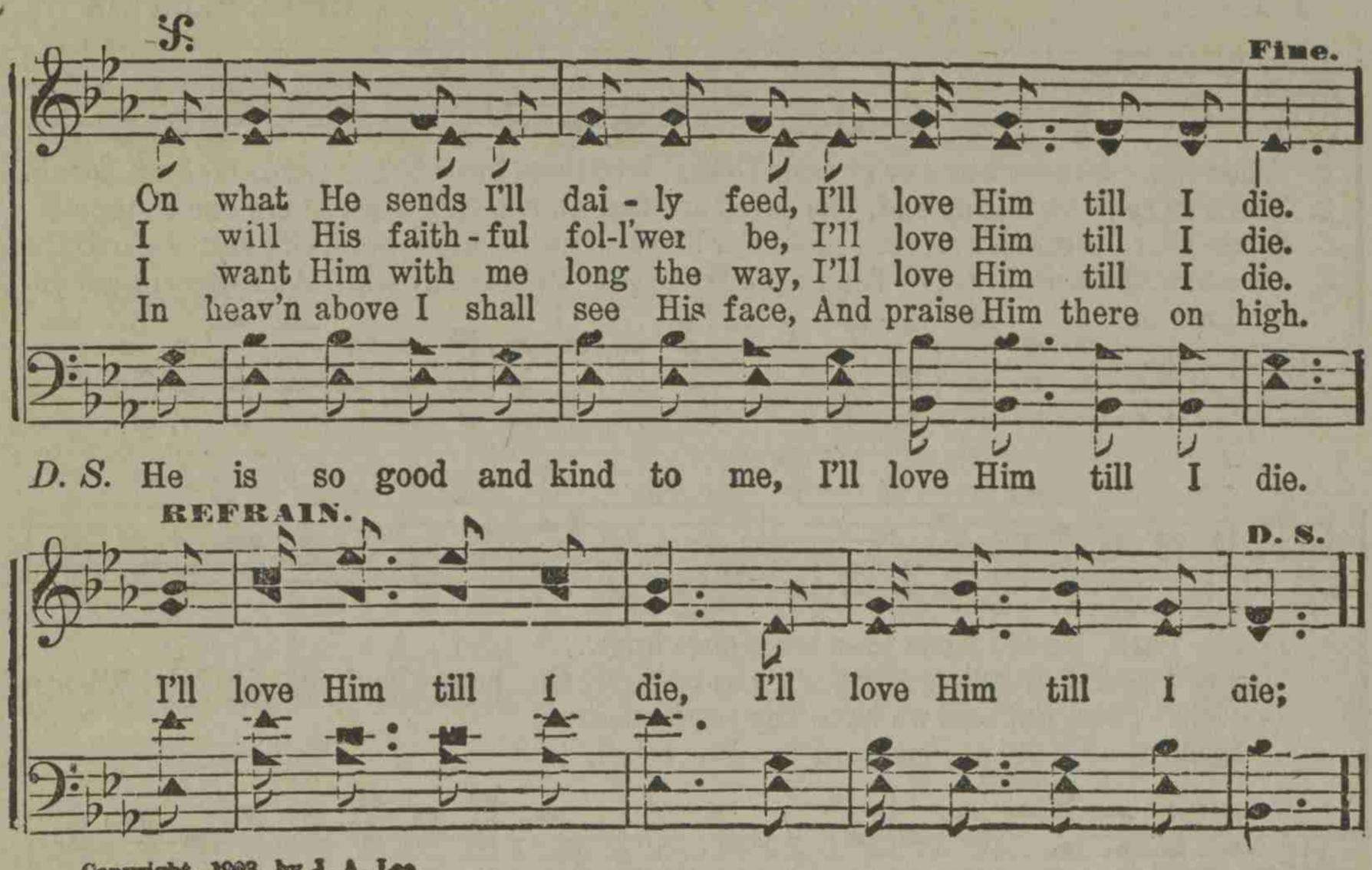
363 I'll Love Him Till I Die.

J. A. L. J. A. Lee.

I'll Love Him Till I Die. Concluded.



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364 Little Feet, Be Careful.

MRS. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN. J. H. ROSECRANS

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No. 365. When Done With Earth.

J. A. LEE. CHAS. M. DAVIS.

1. When done with earth and ev'ry task, To that bright home I want to go; Lord, take me there is
2. There ev'ry sorrow has an end, The saved are there all robed in white; There one e - ter-nal
3. To me that change can't come too soon, For there's so much to trouble here, Oft when we look for
4. We bow submissive, Lord, to Thee, And try to say "Be done Thy will," And we will ev- er

CHORUS.

all I ask, Where I can ever loved ones know.
day we'll spend With nothing e'er our hopes to blight. Oh, happy land, oh, city fair! Where
joy there's gloom, But still we have Thy presence near.
faithful be Until we meet on yon green hill.

dwell my loved and own (and own), Where sorrow, sickness, sadness, care, Can never, never come.

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No. 366. This Cross Must Needed Be.

S. E. L. RAN. C. STOREY.

1. Dear Lord, I can - not see Why Thou hast wounded me, But this I know—
2. Dear Lord, I do not know Why I am tempt-ed so, But Thou canst tell,
3. "In tri - al or in loss, In toil or heav-y cross, What-e'er my way,

This cross must need-ed be, Thou dost not will- ing - ly Af - flict me so.
If it shall give me strength, Make me like Christ at length, Then all is well.
Lord, I would walk with Thee, Un - til Thy face I see In cloud-less day."

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Chorus Selections

No. 367. O Paradise!

F. W. Faber. BY PERMISSION. Joseph Barnby.

1. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! Who doth not crave for rest!
2. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! The world is grow-ing old;
3. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! I want to sin no more;
4. Lord Je - sus, King of Par - a - dise! O keep me in Thy love,

Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest;
Who would not be at rest and free Where love is nev - er cold;
I want to be as pure on earth As on Thy spot-less shore;
And guide me to that hap - py land Of per - fect rest a - bove;

CHORUS.

Where loy - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light,
Where loy - al hearts and true,

All rapt-ure thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight?

No. 368. Then I Shall Understand.

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

James Rowe. Ira B. Wilson.

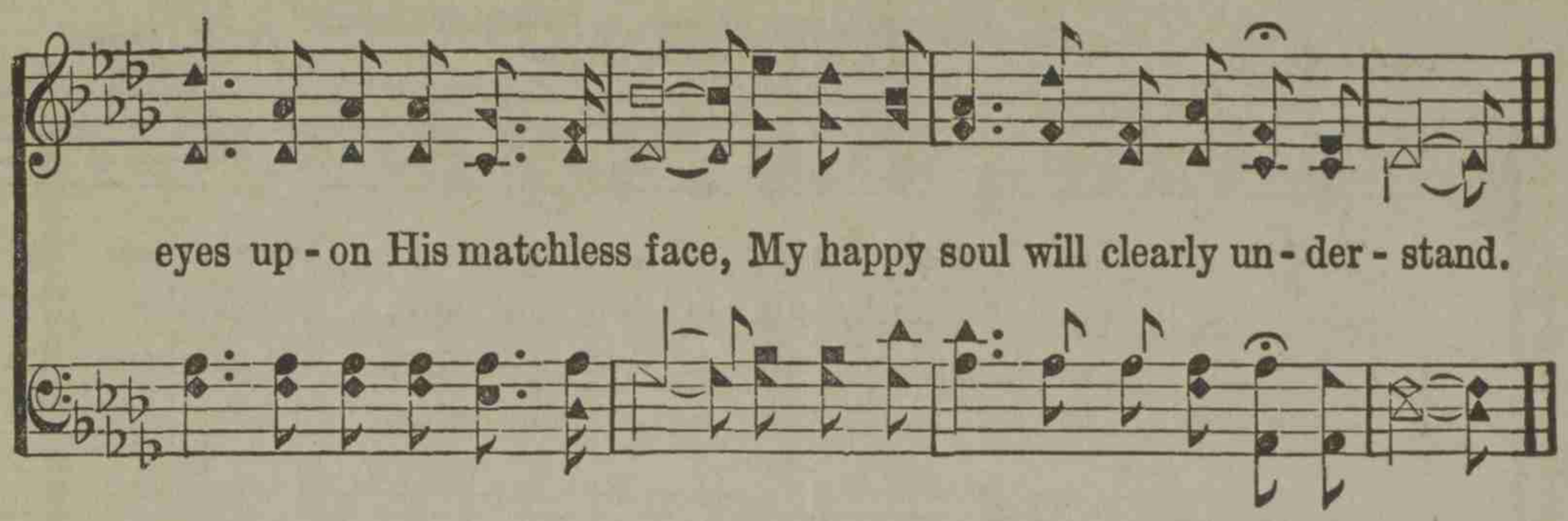
1. I do not know, I can not un - der - stand, Why my Re - deem - er has such love for me,— Why He for - sook His home in glo - ry-land,
2. I know not why He should His all re - sign, And suf - fer death to hide my wretched past; But this I know His price-less love is mine,
3. Then I will wait, and prize the pre - cious gift, Un - til I hear my blessed Lord's command; For well I know that He Him - self will lift

CHORUS.

And came to earth my guil-ty soul to free. But some sweet morn, in yonder
And His dear voice will tell me all at last. Yes, some sweet morn, in yonder
The veil that hides, and I shall understand. Yes, some sweet morn, in yonder

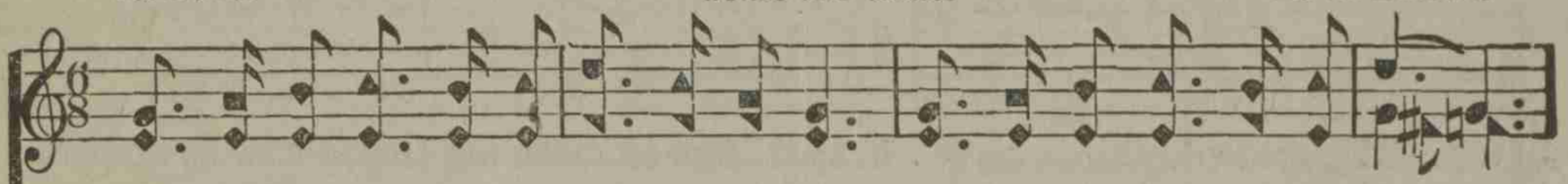
bliss - ful place, When I with joy shall clasp my Savior's hand, And rest my

Then I Shall Understand,

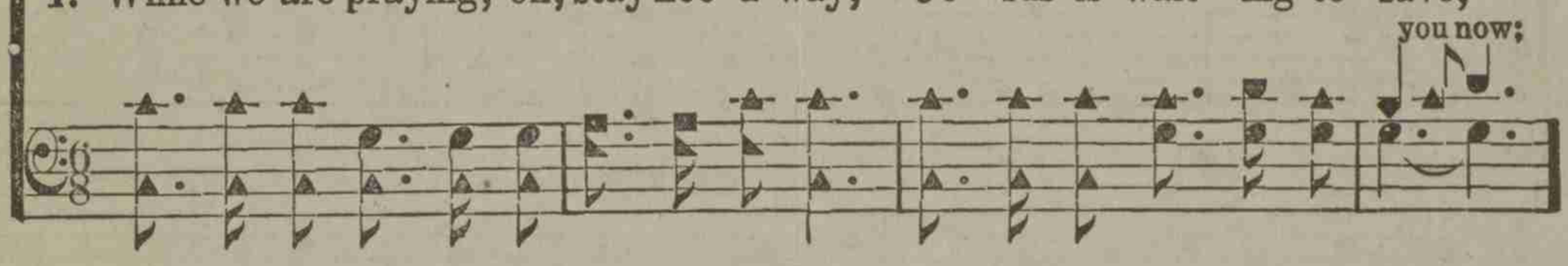


No. 369. Jesus is Waiting to Save.

COPYRIGHT, 1881, BY E. O. EXCELL.

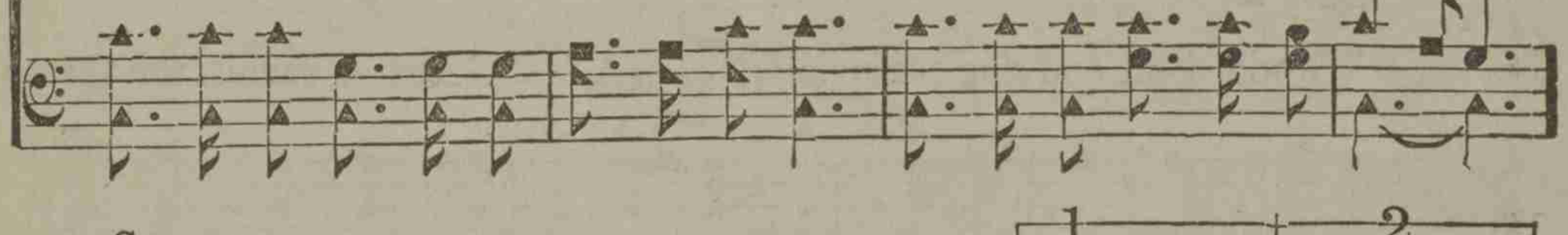
E. O. E. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.

1. Why do you lin - ger in darkness so long? Je - sus is wait - ing to save;
2. Leave the broad road and the narrow way choose, Jesus is wait - ing to save;
3. Time will not linger; how soon we must go! Je - sus is wait - ing to save;
4. While we are praying, oh, stay not a-way, Je - sus is wait - ing to save;

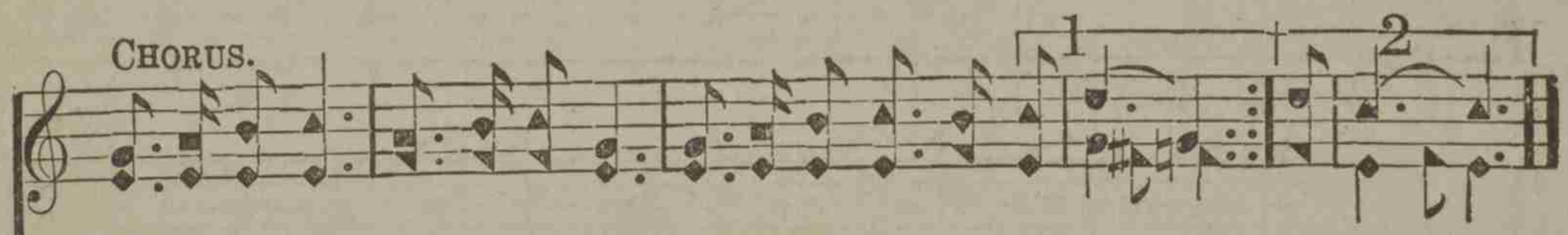
you now;

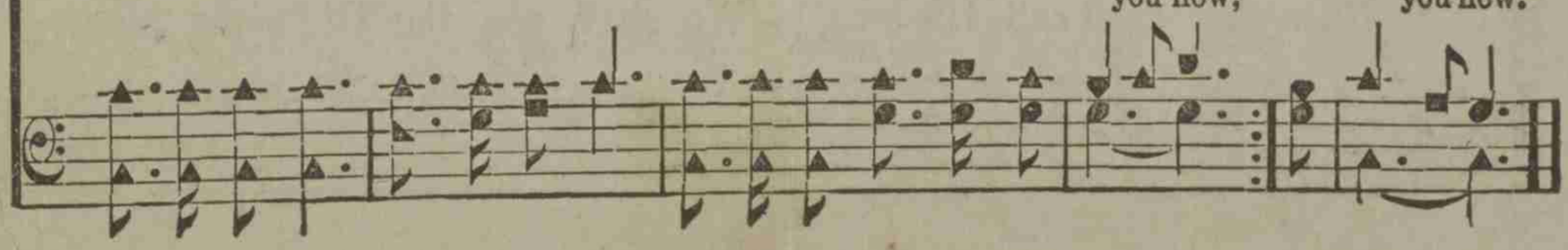


Have you not friends in the heav-en-ly throng, Je - sus is wait-ing to save.
An - gels are long-ing to tell the glad news, Je - sus is wait-ing to save.
Why turn a-way and to Je - sus say, No? Je - sus is wait-ing to save.
Come to Him now, not a moment de-lay, Je - sus is wait-ing to save.

you now.



CHORUS.

Come to Him now, come to Him now, Jesus is waiting to save; to save.

you now; you now.

No. 370. We Shall See the King Some Day.

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

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

No. 371. Thy Kingdom Come!

Rev. C. McKibbin. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Thy kingdom come! and shall not each one sing it, On land and sea, wher-e'er His banner goes? Thy kingdom come! shall we not strive to bring it, The grace that saves the world from human woes?
2. Thy kingdom come! O haste to tell the message, The world is dy-ing for the word of God; Send out the light, that Christ may see the fruitage, The world re- deemed that His own feet have trod. Thy kingdom come! the glo-rious tri-umph
3. Thy kingdom come! He waits to bless the nations, 'Tis ours to bring them quickly to His feet, Make this the time to trample sin's foundations, And lead the err - ing to the mer - cy seat.

CHORUS.

hast-en, When peoples all shall crown Him King of kings; .... Saints shall re- joice, and angels stop to listen, While earth His ev-er-last-ing glo-ry sings.

shall crown Him King of kings,

No. 372. Galling Me Over the Tide.

COPYRIGHT, 1886, BY FILLMORE BROS.
OWNED BY J. A. LEE.

Jessie H. Brown. J. H. Fillmore.

1. Friends who have loved me are slip - ping a - way, Si - lent - ly on-ward they glide;
2. Dim - ly thro' gath-er - ing dark-ness I see Je - sus, my Friend and my Guide;
3. Nar - row the wa - ters, and tran-quil the shore; There my be - lov - ed a - bide,—

Still are their voic-es, as back-ward they stray, Call - ing me o - ver the tide.
An - gels are watch-ing and wait - ing for me, Call - ing me o - ver the tide.
Christ and the an - gels and friends gone be - fore, Call - ing me o - ver the tide.

REFRAIN.

{ Call-ing to me, they are call-ing to me, Loved ones are call-ing me o-ver the tide, They are
{ call-ing to me, they are call-ing to me, Call - ing me o - ver the (*omit*) { tide.

No. 373. We Shall Know Each Other.

Dedicated to my beloved friend and brother, Rev. J. C. Porter, who died March. 1904. He was loved and honored for his work's sake.

J. A. L.

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J. A. Lee.

1. O the loved ones who have left us, They are wait - ing on yon shore, We shall some day up there
2. O my friend and lov-ing broth-er, Oft - en wea - ry, sad and lone; We shall up there know each
3. Aft - er all our toils are end-ed, Then to earth we'll say good-bye, All the joys will there be
4. We shall walk the streets in glo - ry, With the saved ones gone be-fore; There we'll tell the old, old

CHORUS.

meet them, And shall nev - er part no more.
oth - er, Round the Fa - ther's great white throne. We shall know each oth - er there, We shall
blend - ed, Where no tears will dim the eye.
sto - ry, And we'll know as we are known.

know each oth-er there; Aft - er all our toils are o - ver, We shall know each oth - er there.

No. 374. The Cross.

SOLO, OR DUET FOR SOP AND ALTO.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY J. W. PORTER.
OWNED BY J. A LEE.

Rev. J. W. Porter. Edw. S. Fogg.

1. I wan-dered long in darkness and sin, Caring naught for His wonderful love! When a voice from a-
2. I looked away from this world and its care, Sad-ly gazed in the si-lent blue sky; When I saw paint-ed
3. I looked at self and my well deserved fate, There was darkness and doom ev'rywhere; As there came to my
4. I looked away from my guilt and its stain, And from all self or oth-ers could do; To the Son of

REFRAIN.

far, echoed sweetly within, Look up, lost one, thy home is a-bove.
there a picture of blood, By Him who reigns for-ever on high. I look'd on the Cross at the Crucified One, As the
soul the sad words, "too late" My load was more than mortal could bear.
God who for sinners was slain, And found His promise loving and true.

blood flow'd from His dear side, It was then that I knew when my burden was gone And I'm under the crimson tide.

No. 375. In That Home Over There.

"There remaineth a rest to the people of God."—HEB. 4: 9.

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G. A. R. G. A. R.

1. In that beau-ti-ful home o-ver there, Where the flow-ers shall fade nev-er more, There the sun ev-er
2. We will sing in that beau-ti-ful home, When the robe and the crown we shall wear, And the King in His
3. To our boun-ti-ful Giv-er a-bove, All ar-rayed in His splen-dor so fair, We will sing ev-er

CHORUS.

shines bright and fair On the banks of the pearl-y white shore. In that home o-ver there, In that
beau-ty be-hold On His throne with the an-gels so fair.
more of His love, When we meet in that home over there. In that beau-ti-ful home o-ver there, by and by,

beau-ti-ful home over there; We will shine as the stars ever more, In that beautiful home o-ver there.
by and by; by and by,

No. 376. Lighten the Way With a Song,

COPYRIGHT, 1911 BY E O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Juila H. Johnson. Joshua H. Roberts.

1. There are sor - row-ful hearts that are go - ing your way, Crushed by a bur - den of wrong; If you wait on the Lord, He will help you to - day
2. If your own wear-y spir - it needs com-fort and cheer, If you are lone - ly or sad, Let your mer-cies be count-ed, your prais-es ring clear,
3. Un - to each fel - low-pil - grim your feet o - ver - take, Bless-ing and bright-ness be-long; And it may be that you, for the Sav - ior's own sake,

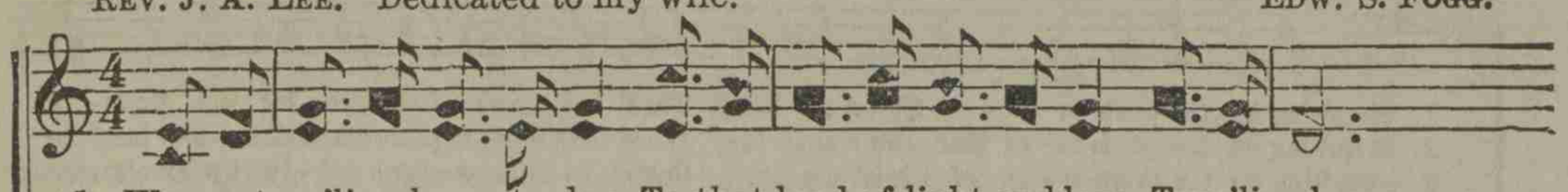
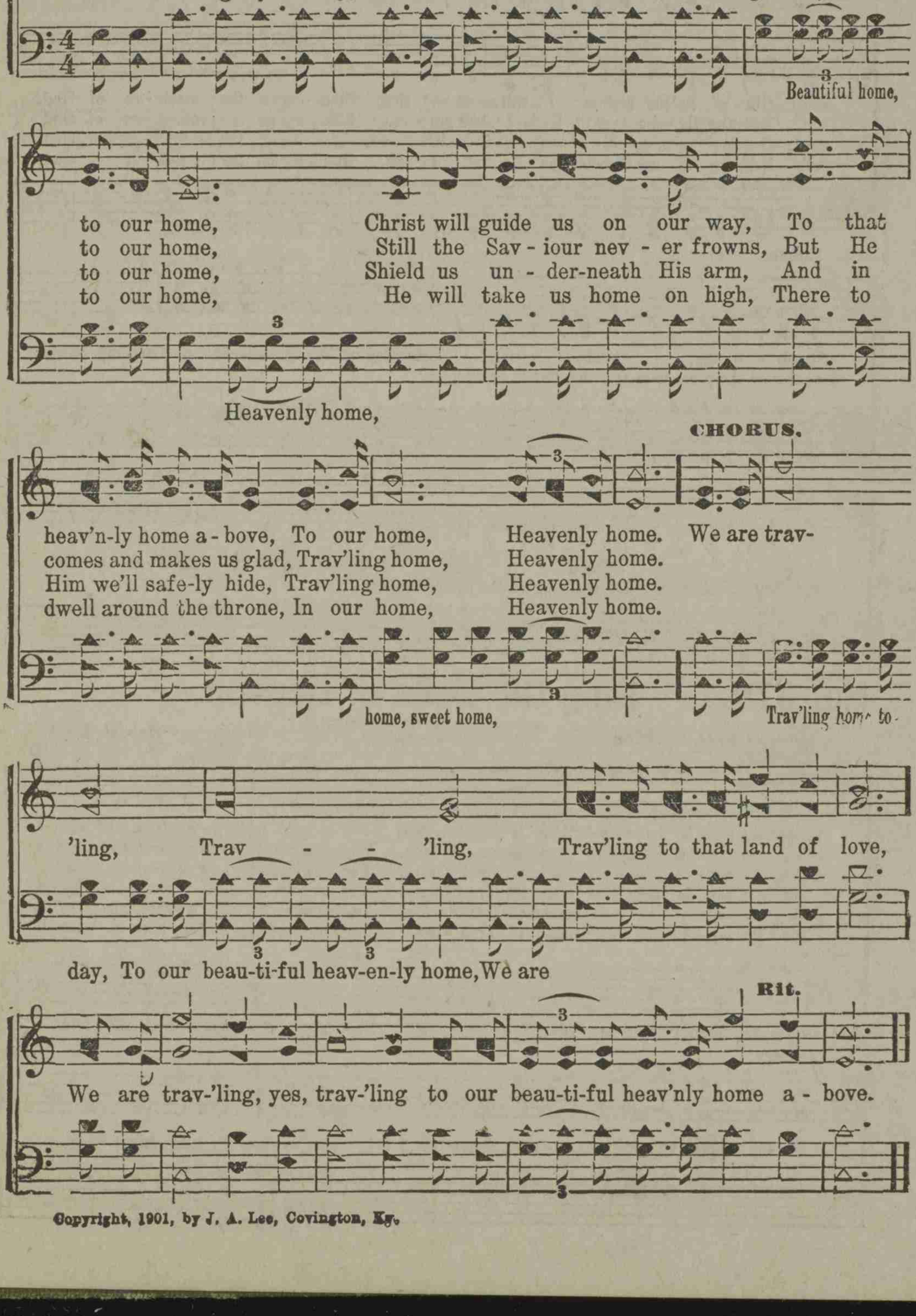
CHORUS.

To light - en the way with a song.
Thus make your own heart to be glad. Then light - en the way with a
May light - en the way with a song.

song, Yes, light-en the way with a song; For the
with a song, with a song;
drear-i-est days there is nothing like praise, Then lighten the way with a song.

377 We Are Traveling Home To-day.

"We are journeying unto a place of which the Lord said, I will give it you: come thou with us, and we will do thee good."—NUM. 10: 29.

REV. J. A. LEE. Dedicated to my wife. EDW. S. FOGG.

1. We are trav'ling home to-day, To that land of light and love, Trav'ling home,
2. Tho' we're often times cast down, And we're weary, worn and sad, Trav'ling home,
3. We shall nevermore fear harm, For He'll come and stem the tide, Trav'ling home,
4. He is com-ing by and by, And He'll claim His loved and own, Trav'ling home,

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No. 378. Standing On the Promises.

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R. K. C. — 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
2. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es that can - not fail; When the howl-ing storms of doubt and fear as-
3. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e - ter - nal - ly by love's strong
4. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es, I can not fall, List-'ning ev - 'ry mo-ment to the Spir - it's

ring; Glo - ry in the high-est, I will shout and sing, Stand-ing on the prom-is - es of God.
sail, By the liv - ing word of God I shall pre - vail, Stand-ing on the prom-is - es of God.
cord, O - ver - com-ing dai - ly with the Spir - it's sword, Stand-ing on the prom-is - es of God.
call, Rest-ing in my Sav-ior, as my all in all, Stand-ing on the prom-is - es of God.

CHORUS.

Stand - - ing, stand - - ing, Standing on the prom-is-es of God my Sav-ior;
Standing on the prom-is-es, standing on the prom-is-es,

Stand - - ing, Stand - - ing, I'm stand-ing on the prom-is - es of God.
Standing on the prom-is-es, standing on the prom-is-es,

No. 379. Ring the Bells of Heaven.

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USED BY PERMISSION.

Rev. Wm. O. Cushing. — Geo. F. Root.

Joyfully.

FINE

1. { Ring the bells of heav - en! there is joy to - day, For a soul re-turn - ing from the wild;
   { See! the Fa-ther meets him out up-on the way, Wel-com-ing His wea - ry wand'ring child.
2. { Ring the bells of heav - en! there is joy to - day, For the wand'rer now is rec - on - ciled;
   { Yes, a soul is res - cued from his sin - ful way, And is born a - new a ransom'd child.
3. { Ring the bells of heav - en! spread the feast to-day, An-gels swell the glad tri-um-phant strain;
   { Tell the joy - ful ti - dings! bear it far a - way, For a pre-cious soul is born a - gain.

D.C.—'Tis the ransom'd arm - y, like a might - y sea, Peal - ing forth the an-them of the free.

CHORUS.

D. C.

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

No. 380. Old-time Revival Power.

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. As the first dis - ci- ples wait- ed in the up - per room Till the Spir - it
2. Waiting, as did wrestling Ja - cob, till we hear from heav'n,For we can not
3. Signs and wonders here repeat-ing, Lord, Thy pow'r dis- play As Thou didst at
4. Let old-time re - vi - val pow - er, as a ti - dal wave, On our souls come

was outpoured, For the ver - y self-same blessing, Lord, to- day we come,
let Thee go Till the Ho - ly Spir - it promised un - to us be given,
Pen - te - cost When three thousand were convert-ed in a sin - gle day
sweeping down; Bare Thy might- y arm and show Thy pow'r, the lost to save,

CHORUS.

Gathered here with one ac - cord. We will tar - - ry, we will
And the pow'r Thou dost be - stow.
By the bless - ed Ho - ly Ghost.
Let suc - cess our la - bors crown. Tar- ry for the pow'r,

tar - - ry, We will tar - ry till the pow'r comes down, We will tar- ry for
tar - ry for the pow'r We will tar-

a bless-ing till the fire from heaven falls, And the Pentecostal pow'r comes down.
ry till the fire..... falls,

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No. 381. O Wanderer, Come Home.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Eben E. Rexford. WORDS AND MUSIC. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. O why have you wan - dered so far from the right way? Come
2. O think of the love that for - ev - er is call - ing, Come
3. O grieve not the heart that for - ev - er is yearn - ing, Come
4. O turn from the path - way of doubt and of dan - ger, Come

home,..... come home; The path you should tread is a
home,..... come home; The road is so rough, and the
home,..... come home; God keeps in heav'n's win-dow a
home,..... come home; And be to thy Fa - ther no

come home,

D. S.—*waits at the por - tals of*

FINE. CHORUS.

safe way, a bright way, Come home,.. come home.
dark-ness is fall - ing, Come home,.. come home. O wan - der - er,
light al-ways burn-ing, Come home,.. come home.
long - er a stran-ger, Come home,.. come home.

come home.

heav-en to greet you, Come home,.... come home.

D. S.

come, hear the Fa-ther en-treat you, Come home,.... come home; He

come home,

No. 382. My Keeper is He.

MRS. C. H. M. Psalm 121-5. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

Solo for Soprano or Baritone.

1. What need this soul of mine ever to fear? I have a help-er so blessed-ly near;
2. Nev - er a tri-al that He does not share, Never a cross but He helps me to bear;
3. When shadows dark seem to hide His dear face, Clos-er I creep to His loving em-brace,
4. When faith is weakest He helps me to stand, Constantly keeping firm hold of my hand;

Un - to our Fa-ther His children are dear, Ev - er my keep-er is He.
Waking or sleep-ing I'm safe in His care, Ev - er my keep-er is He.
Finding suf - fi-cient for me is His grace, Ev - er my keep-er is He.
Ev - er - y step of my life by Him planned, Ev - er my keep-er is He.

CHORUS. *Faster.*

In Him forev - er my anchor is cast, 'Mid storm and tempest He holdeth me fast;

A tempo.

Dangers surround but His grace doth abound, Ev-er my keeper is He. (is He.)

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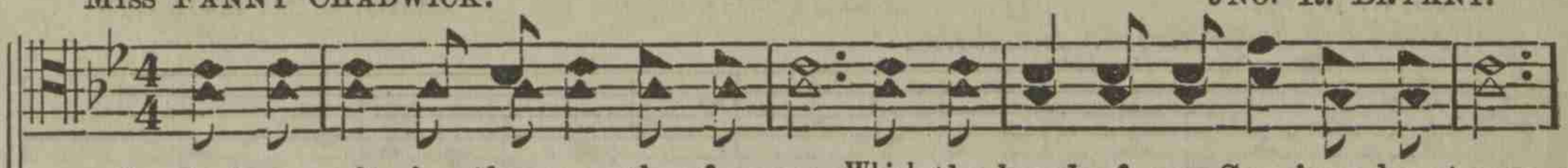
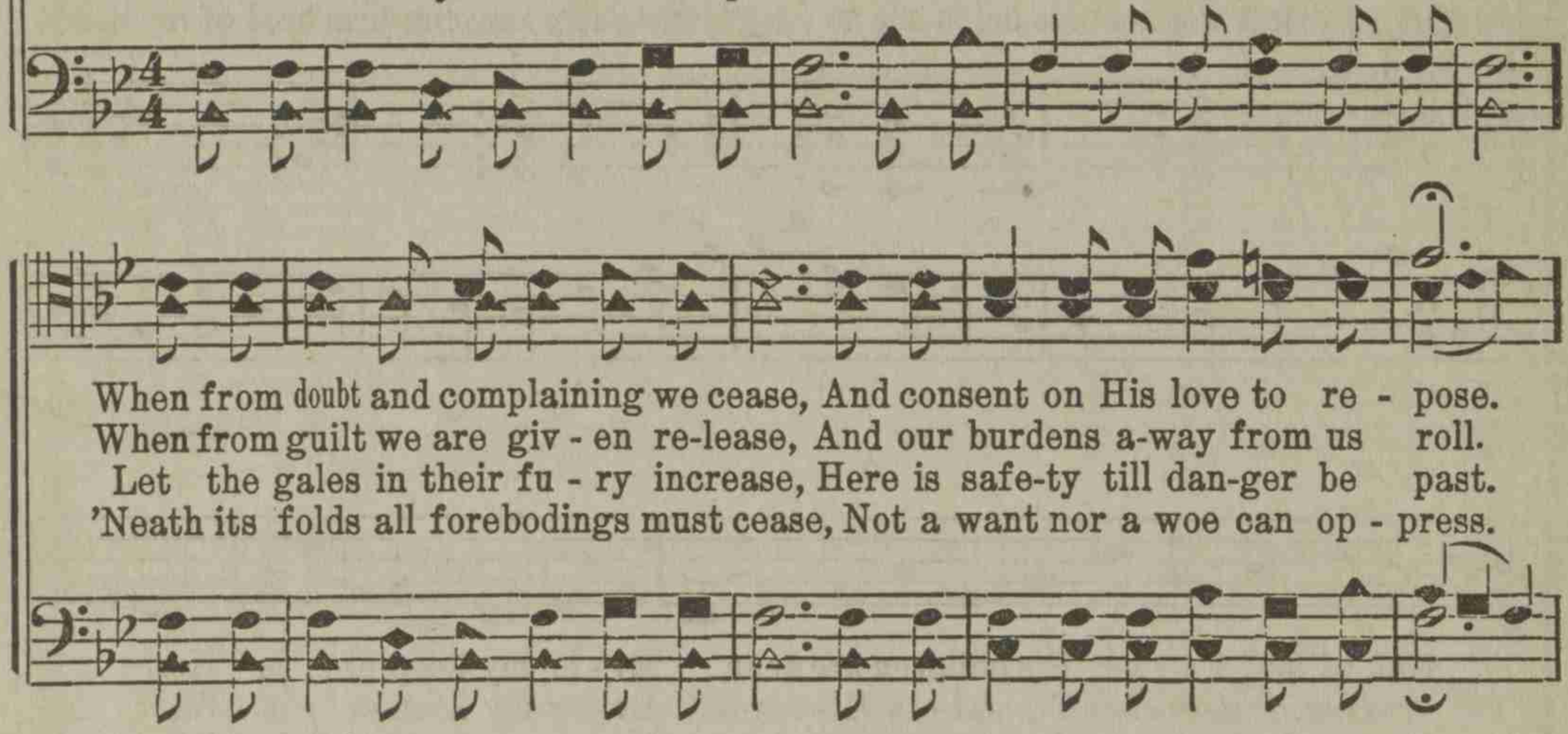
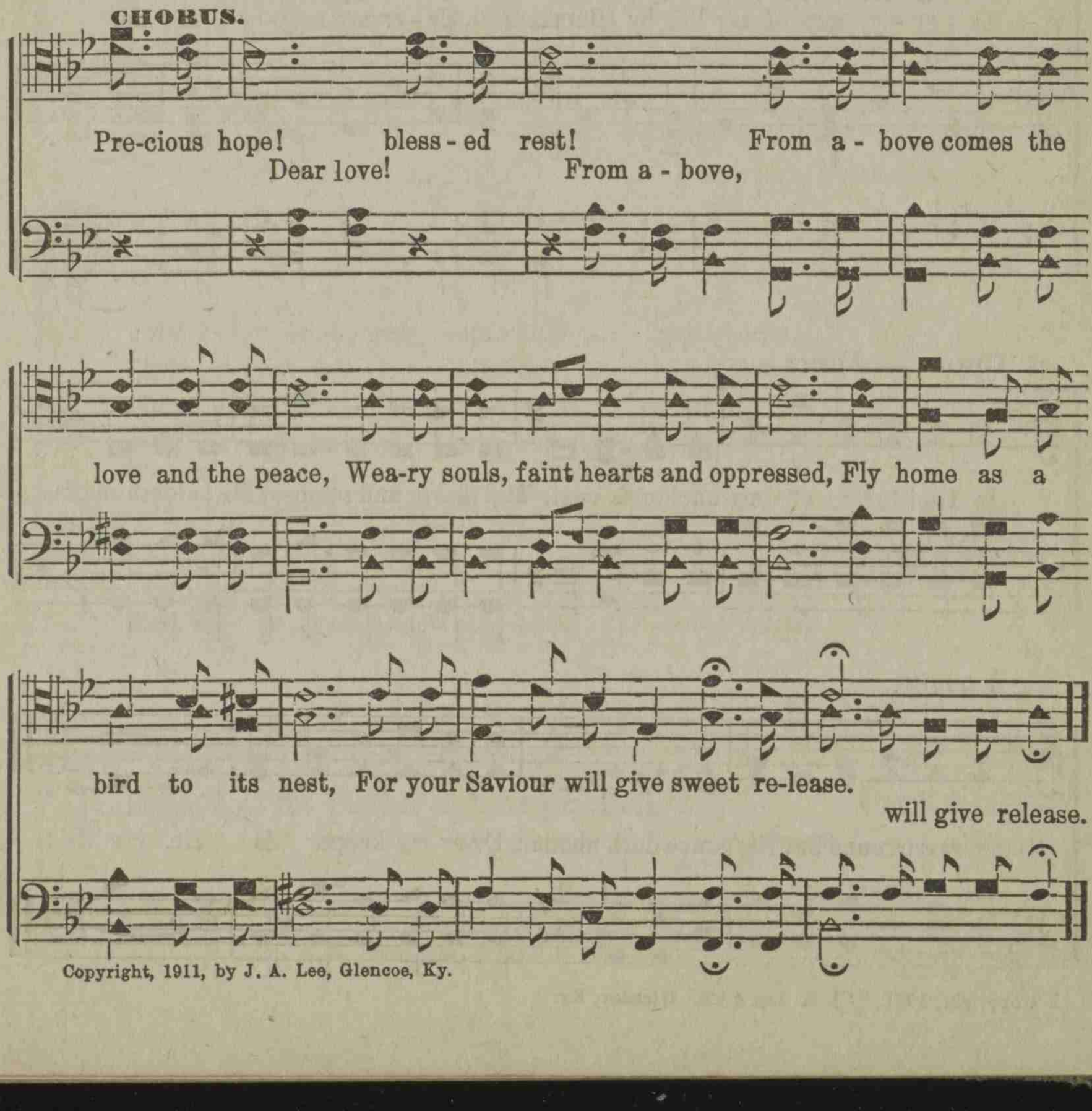
No. 383. The Mantle of Peace.

MISS FANNY CHADWICK. JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. O how soft is the man-tle of peace, Which the hand of our Sav-iour be-stows;
2. O how light falls the mantle of peace O'er the wounds of the world-weary soul,
3. O how firm - ly the man-tle of peace, Can withstand all the wrath of the blast!
4. O how sweet-ly the man-tle of peace Cometh down with its comfort to bless!



When from doubt and complaining we cease, And consent on His love to re - pose.
When from guilt we are giv - en re-lease, And our burdens a-way from us roll.
Let the gales in their fu - ry increase, Here is safe-ty till dan-ger be past.
'Neath its folds all forebodings must cease, Not a want nor a woe can op - press.

CHORUS.



Pre-cious hope! bless - ed rest! From a - bove comes the
Dear love! From a - bove,

love and the peace, Wea-ry souls, faint hearts and oppressed, Fly home as a

bird to its nest, For your Saviour will give sweet re-lease.
will give release.

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No. 384. Wonderful Faith.

E. E. H. E. E. HEWITT.

1. Faith that clings to Je - sus, Lamb for sin-ners slain, In His blood so pre- cious, Cleansing ev - 'ry stain; Look-ing back to Cal - v'ry, Up-ward
2. Faith that thro' the shadows Sees a guid - ing light, Prom-is - es that spar - kle In the dark-est night; Faith that in the bat - tle Lifts the
3. Faith that dares "go forward," At the Mas-ter's word; Glad to do the bid - ding, That it meek- ly heard; Faith that o - ver- com - eth, Lord, on

to the throne, Where the ris - en Sav- iour Pleadeth for His own.
vic - tor - cry, And when dangers threat-en, Knows that God is nigh.
us be - stow, Win-ning souls for Je - sus, As we on- ward go.

CHORUS.

Faith, faith, won - der - ful faith, O bless - ed gift di - vine,
Thro' the grace of Christ, my Sav - iour, Be this bless - ing mine.

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No. 385. None Can Take the Place of Mother.

REV. J. A. LEE. CHAS. M. DAVIS.

May be sung as a solo.

1. O I of-ten think to - day, Of my own dear mother's way, With her hand up-
2. Yes, her face is on the wall, Yet I miss her gen-tle call, And she nev - er
3. As I think of by-gone days, And of that dear mother's ways, O how sad 'twas

on my head, Just be - fore I went to bed; Yes, her lov-ing hand was there,
spoke a - miss, Or for - got the good night kiss; Mother was to me so near,
to my heart When from her I had to part; There's father, sis-ter, broth-er,

As she taught to me my prayer, And the mem'ry is so sweet Of the
With her com-fort and her cheer, How I long that face to see, Of the
None can take the place of moth-er, And the cross is hard to bear, But I'll

CHORUS.

one I long to meet. There's none on earth can take the place of mother,
one who's gone from me.
live to meet here there. There's none on earth like moth-er,

Not ev - en fa-ther, sister, friend or broth-er, When she's gone from us a-way,
Not ev - en fa - ther, broth-er,

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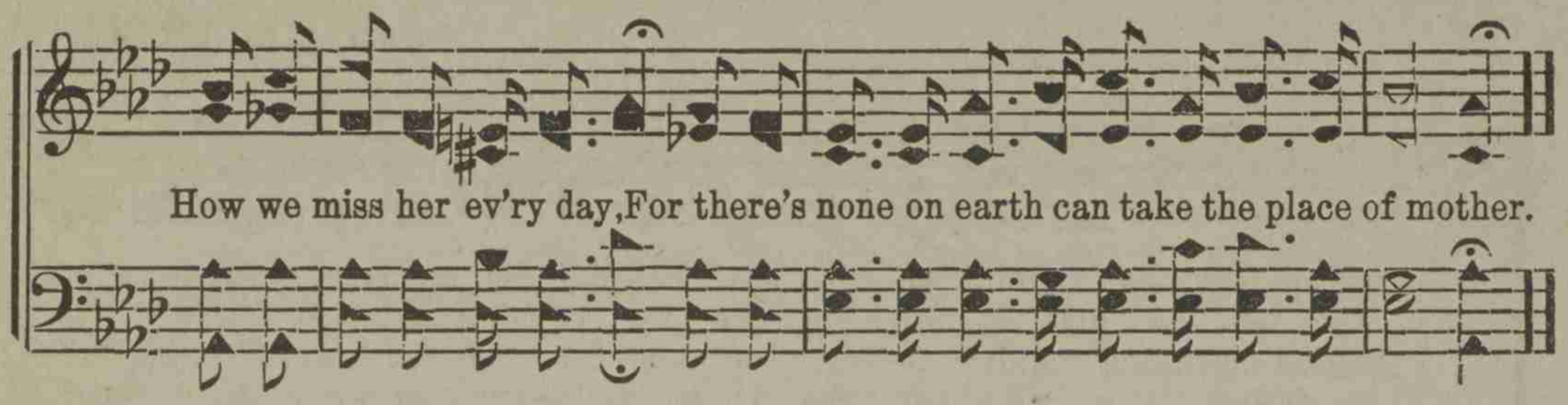
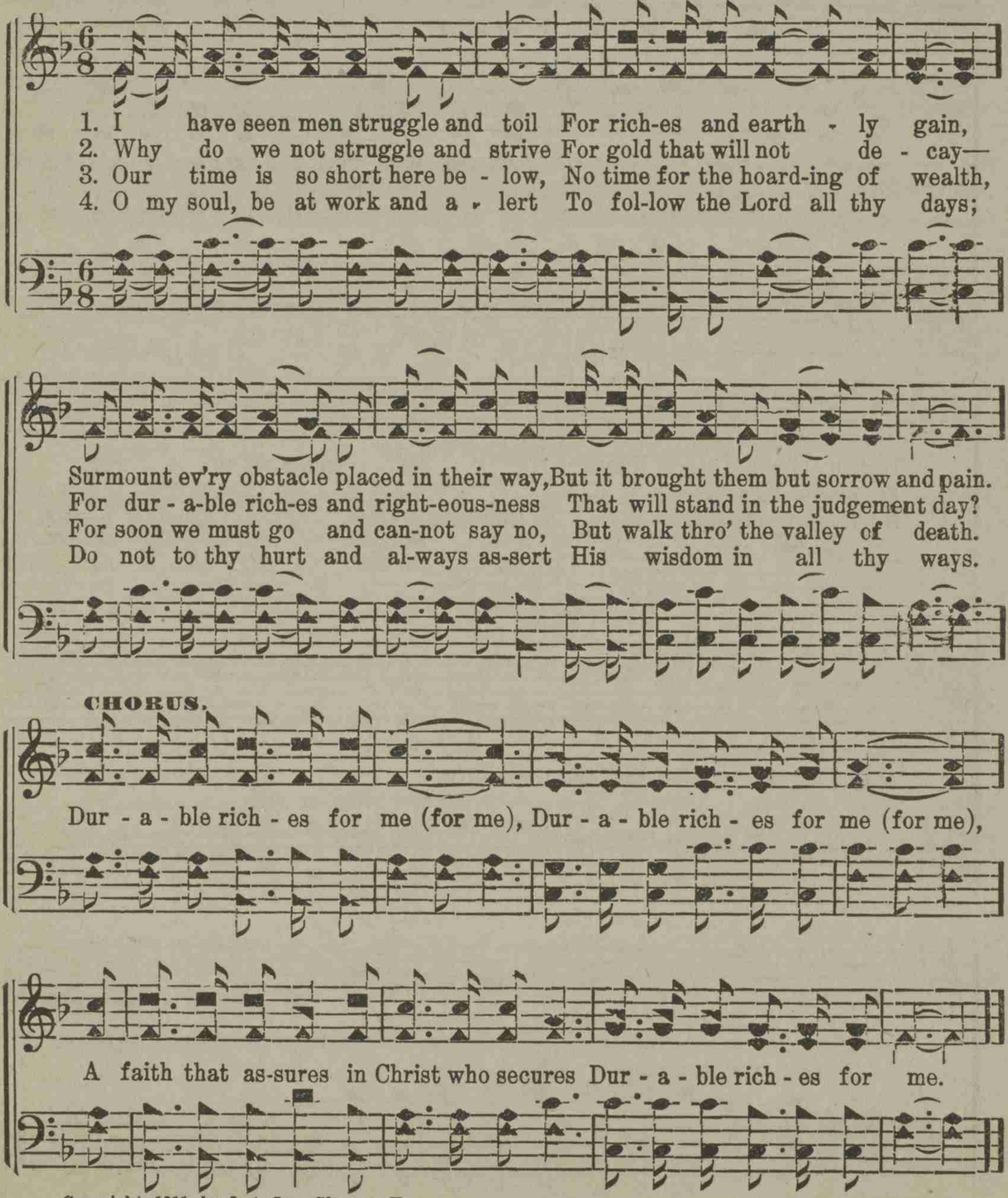
None Can Take the Place of Mother.



No. 386. Durable Riches.

"Riches and honor are with me, yea, durable riches and righteousness."—PROV. 8: 18.

LYDIA M. ARNOLD. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



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No. 387. Pressed Down, and Running Over.

E. E. HEWITT. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. Pressed down and running o - ver; His bless-ings full and free; Pressed down and
O let us give to oth - ers, As we re-ceive the more, Pressed [*Omit. .*]

2. Pressed down and running o - ver; The com- forts of the Lord, The joys of
Since His un - end - ing mer - cies All meas- ure-ment ex-ceed, Give [*Omit. .*]

3. Pressed down and running o - ver; So let our lives proclaim The won-ders
Re - joic - ing in His fa - vor, The joy to oth - ers bear, And [*Omit. .*]

run-ning o - ver, He gives to you and me; down and running o - ver, From
His sal - va-tion, in radiant streams outpoured; free - ly of His boun- ty To
of His goodness, the sweetness of His name; what He free- ly gives us, O

CHORUS.

His a - bundant store. Running o - ver, run-ning o - ver,
help an - other's need.
let them freely share. Run-ning o - ver, running o - ver,

Run- ning o - ver is the cup of love, Running o - ver,
run-ning o - ver,

run-ning o - - - ver, Running o - ver from the fount a - bove.
o - ver, run-ning o - ver,

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No. 388. In the Morning Over Yonder.

J. A. LEE. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. In the morning, over yonder, in the country bright and fair, We will meet the ransomed
2. We are passing thro' the trials that the prophets used to know, But we have the same old
3. O the blest old Ship of Zion, with her pas-sen-gers and crew, She is cross-ing o - ver

of all ages, when they gather there, They will never know a sorrow when we reach our
refuge that they had so long a - go; Yes, the night is long and dreary, but the day will
Jor- dan with a better land in view; Yes, the young and old are happy with a smile up-

CHORUS.

fi-nal home, We will sing His praise forever while the golden streets we roam.
surely come, He has promised to be with us, and to bring us safe - ly home. In the
on each face, All are near-ing now the harbor and the ending of the race.

morn - ing, o-ver yon - der, In the country ever bright and fair, In the
In the morning, Over yonder, bright and fair,

morn - ing o-ver yon - der, We will meet the loved ones gathered there.
In the morning, over yonder, over yonder, gathered there.

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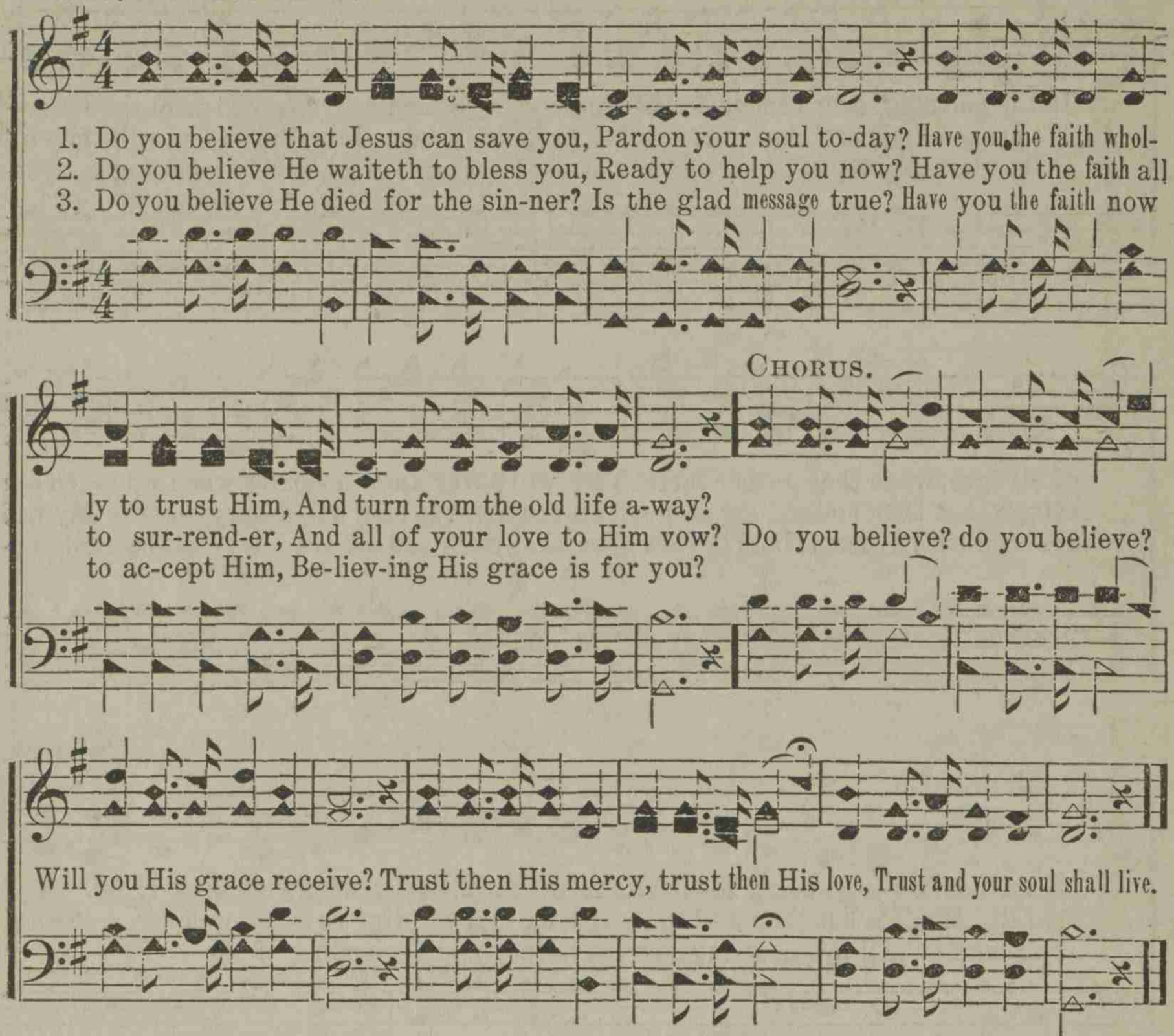
No. 389. Do You Believe.

"Believe ye that I am able." Matt. 9: 28.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



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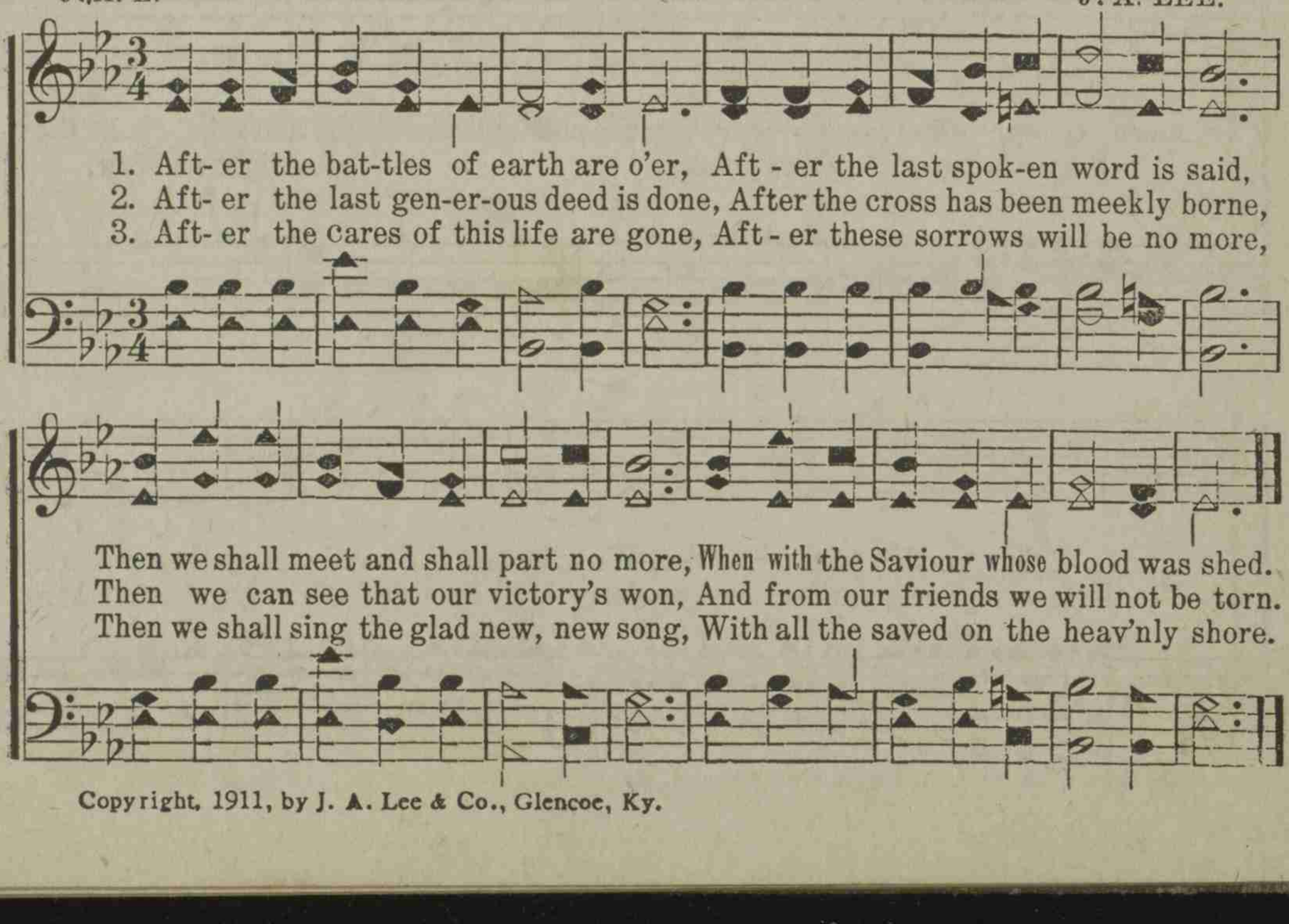
No. 390. After.

J. A. L. J. A. LEE.



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No. 391. Help Somebody To-day.

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

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

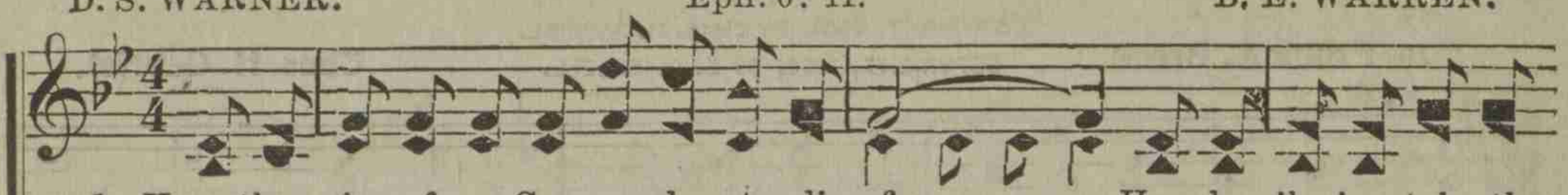
Tho' it be lit - tle— a neigh-bor - ly deed—Help some-bod-y to - day!
Thou hast a mes-sage, O let it be heard, Help some-bod-y to - day!
Grief is the por - tion of some ev -'ry-where, Help some-bod-y to - day!
Some one the jour - ney to heav-en should start, Help some-bod-y to - day!

CHORUS.

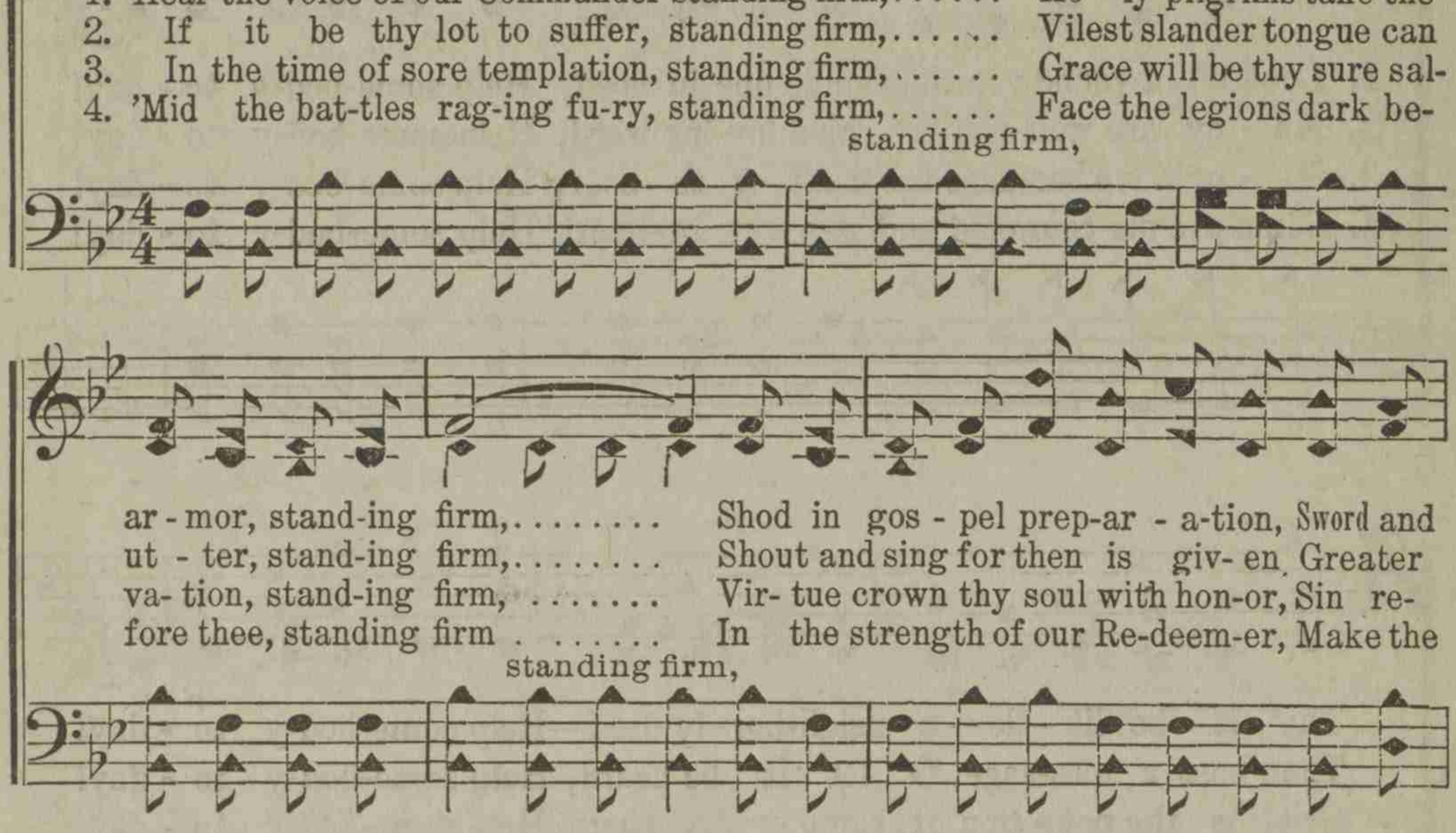
Help some-bod-y to - day,..... Some-bod-y a - long life's way;..... Let
to - day, homeward way;

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

No. 392. Standing Firm.

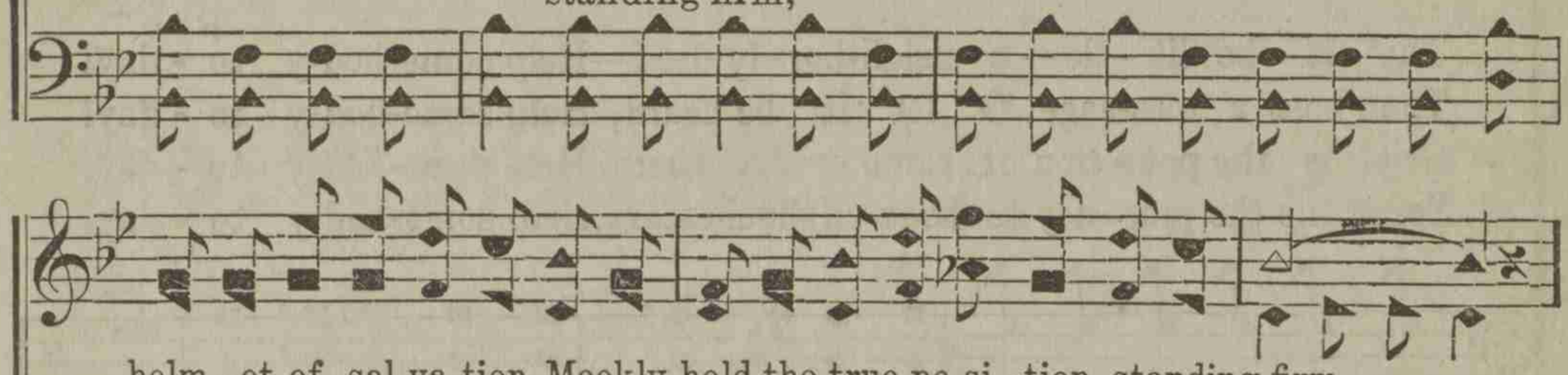
D. S. WARNER. Eph. 6: 11. B. E. WARREN.

1. Hear the voice of our Commander standing firm,..... Ho - ly pilgrims take the
2. If it be thy lot to suffer, standing firm,..... Vilest slander tongue can
3. In the time of sore templation, standing firm,..... Grace will be thy sure sal-
4. 'Mid the bat-tles rag-ing fu-ry, standing firm,..... Face the legions dark be-

standing firm,

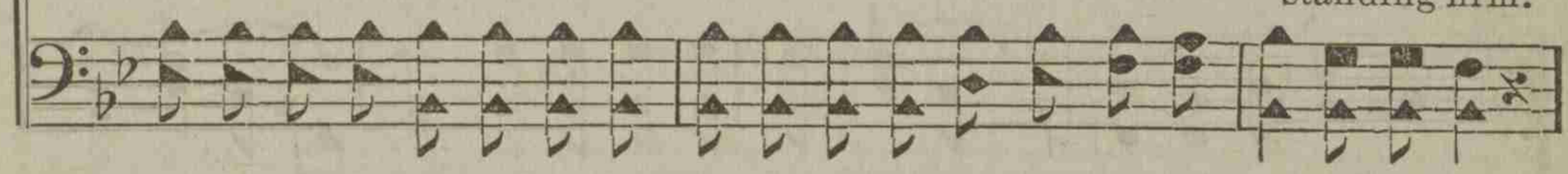


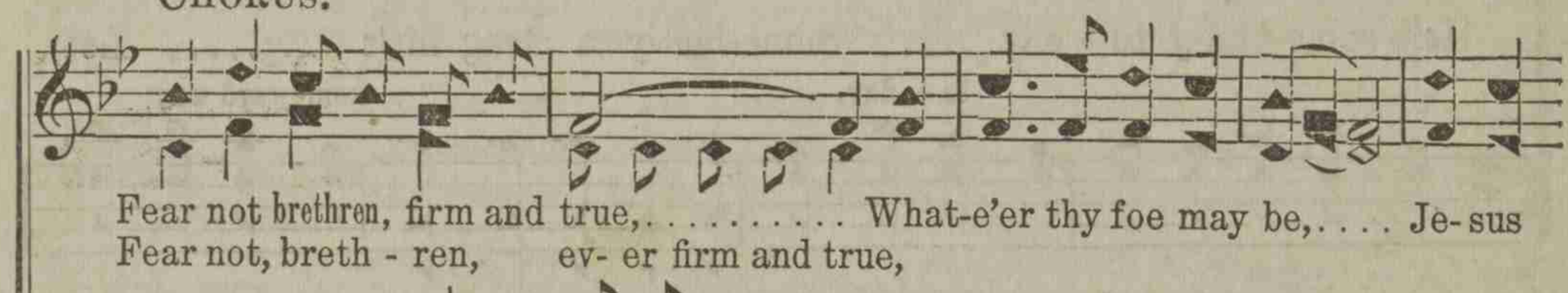
ar - mor, stand-ing firm,..... Shod in gos - pel prep-ar - a-tion, Sword and
ut - ter, stand-ing firm,..... Shout and sing for then is giv- en Greater
va- tion, stand-ing firm,..... Vir- tue crown thy soul with hon-or, Sin re-
fore thee, standing firm ..... In the strength of our Re-deem-er, Make the

standing firm,

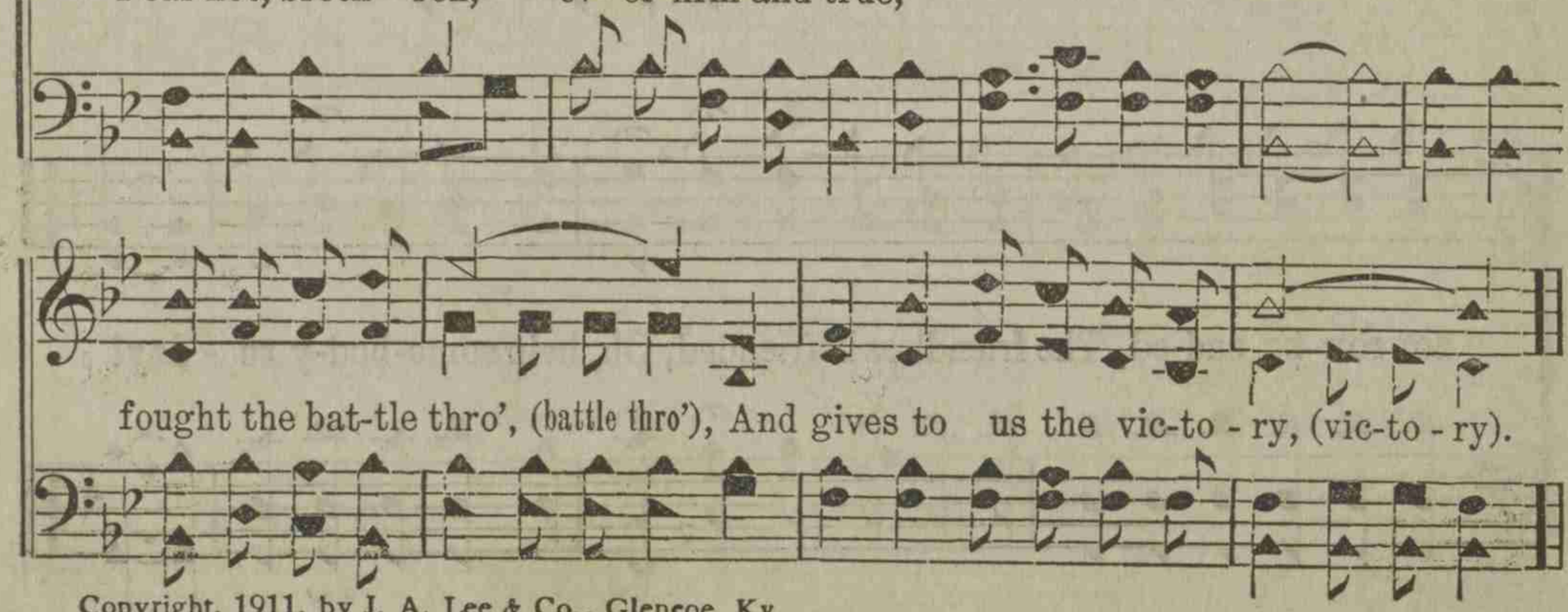


helm - et of sal-va-tion, Meekly hold the true po-si - tion, standing firm.....
thy re-ward in heav-en, When the wick-ed far are driv-en, standing firm.....
sist - ed tempts no longer, Faith in conflict wax-es stronger, standing firm.....
pow'rs of sin surrender, Be a va-liant ov-er-com - er, standing firm.....

standing firm.

CHORUS.



Fear not brethren, firm and true,..... What-e'er thy foe may be,.... Je- sus
Fear not, breth - ren, ev- er firm and true,



fought the bat-tle thro', (battle thro'), And gives to us the vic-to - ry, (vic-to - ry).

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No. 393. You May Have the Joybells.

J. Edw. Ruark. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. You may have the joy-bells ring-ing in your heart, And a peace that
2. Love of Je-sus in its ful-ness you may know, And this love to
3. You will meet with tri-als as you jour-ney home, Grace suf-fi-cient
4. Let your life speak well of Je-sus ev-'ry day, Own His right to

from you nev-er will de-part; Walk the straight and narrow way, Live for
those a-round you sweet-ly show; Words of kindness al-ways say, Deeds of
He will give to o-ver-come; Tho' un-seen by mor-tal eye, He is
ev-'ry serv-ice you can pay; Sin-ners you can help to win If your

Fine.

Je-sus ev-'ry day, He will keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.
mer-cy do each day, Then He'll keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.
with you ev-er nigh, And He'll keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.
life is pure and clean, And you keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.

D. S.—*He will keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.*

Chorus.

Joy - bells ring-ing in your heart, Joy - bells ring-ing
Ring-ing in your heart, You may have the joy

D. S.

in your heart; Take the Savior here below, With you ev-'ry-where you go,

No. 394. The Church in the Wildwood.

W. S. P.

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

Dr. Wm. S. Pitts.

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

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

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

FINE. CHORUS.

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

Come to the
Oh, come, come, come, come, come, come,

lit-tle brown church in the vale.

D. S.

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

No. 395. Somebody Knows.

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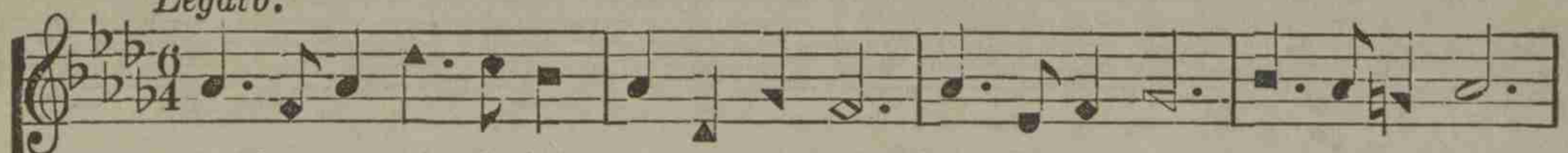
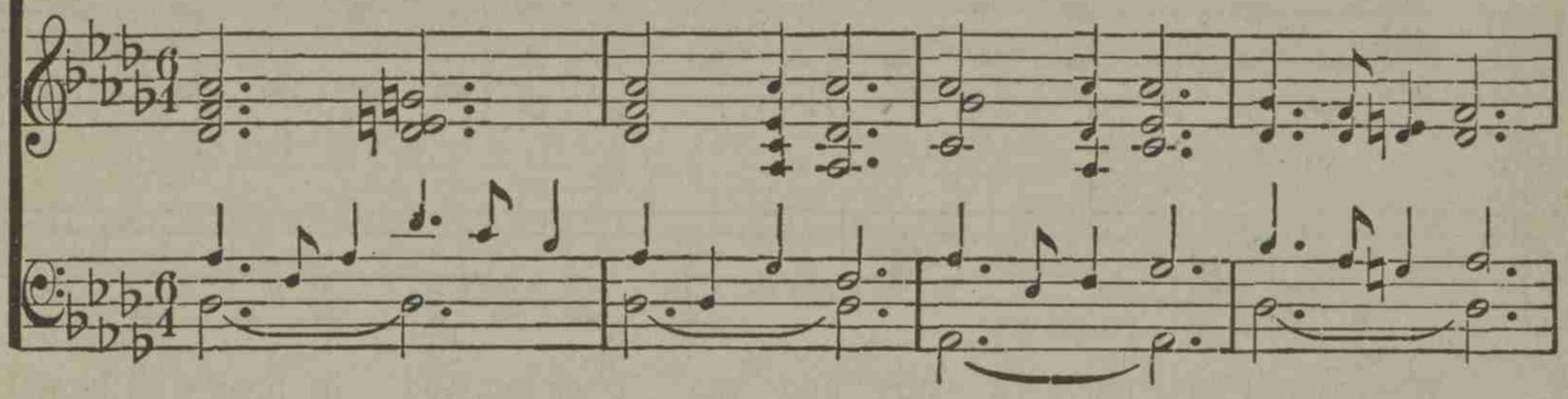
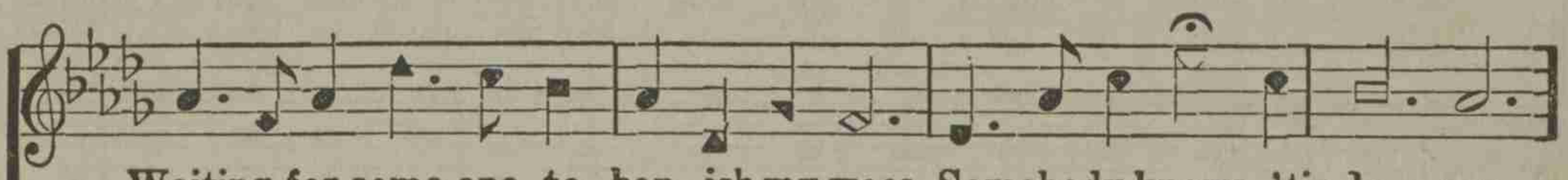
WORDS AND MUSIC, E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Alfred H. Ackley

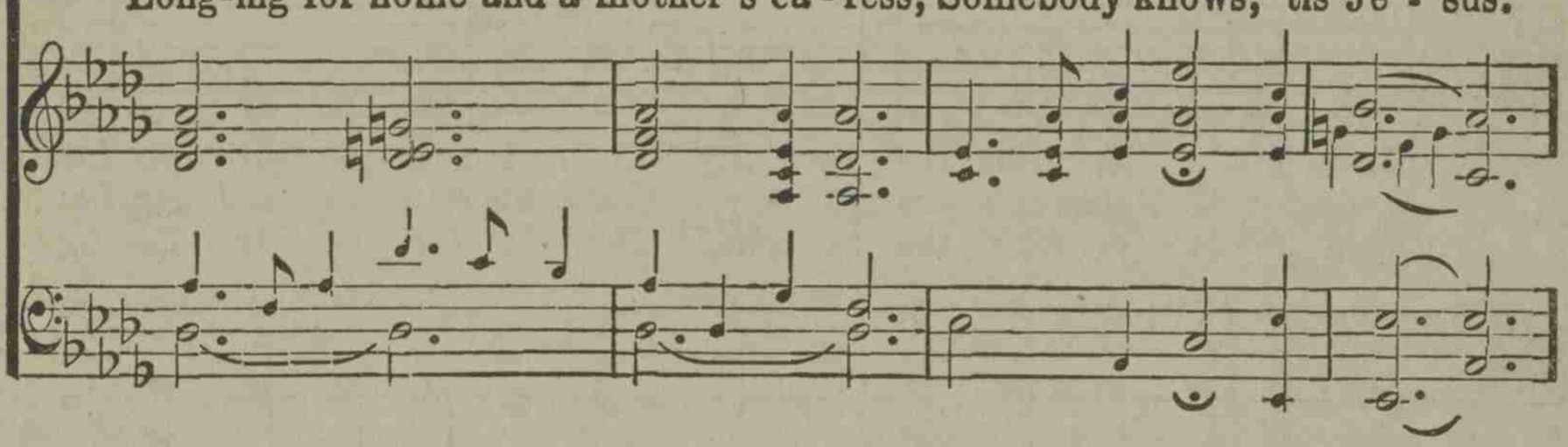
B. D. Ackley.

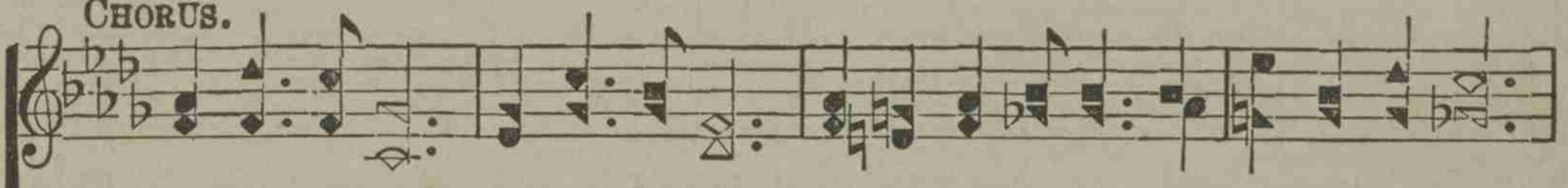
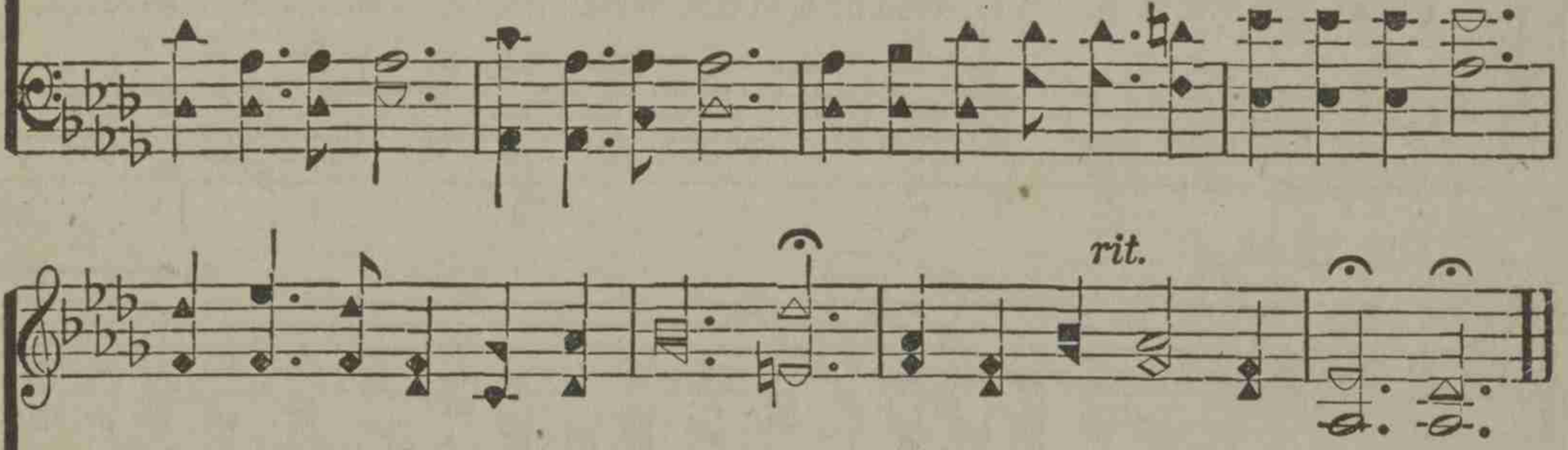
Legato.

1. Failing in strength when oppress 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;





Waiting 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.



CHORUS.

Somebody knows, Somebody knows, When I am tempted and tried by my foes;

rit.

He is the One who will keep me—Some-bod-y knows, 'tis Je - sus.

No. 396. The Future.

MISS JENNIE STOUT. A. A. ARMEN.

1. Oh, I oft - en sit and pon - der, When the sun is sink - ing low,
2. Shall I be at work for Je - sus, Whilst He leads me by the hand,
3. But per-haps my work for Je - sus Soon in fu - ture may be done,

Where shall yon - der fu - ture find me: Does but God in heav - en know?
And to those a - round be say - ing, Come, and join this hap - py band?
All my earth - ly tri - als end - ed, And my crown in heav - en won;

Shall I be a - mong the liv - ing? Shall I min - gle with the free?
Come, for all things now are read - y, Come, His faith-ful follower be;
Then for - ev - er with the ran - somed Thro' e - ter - ni - ty I'd be,

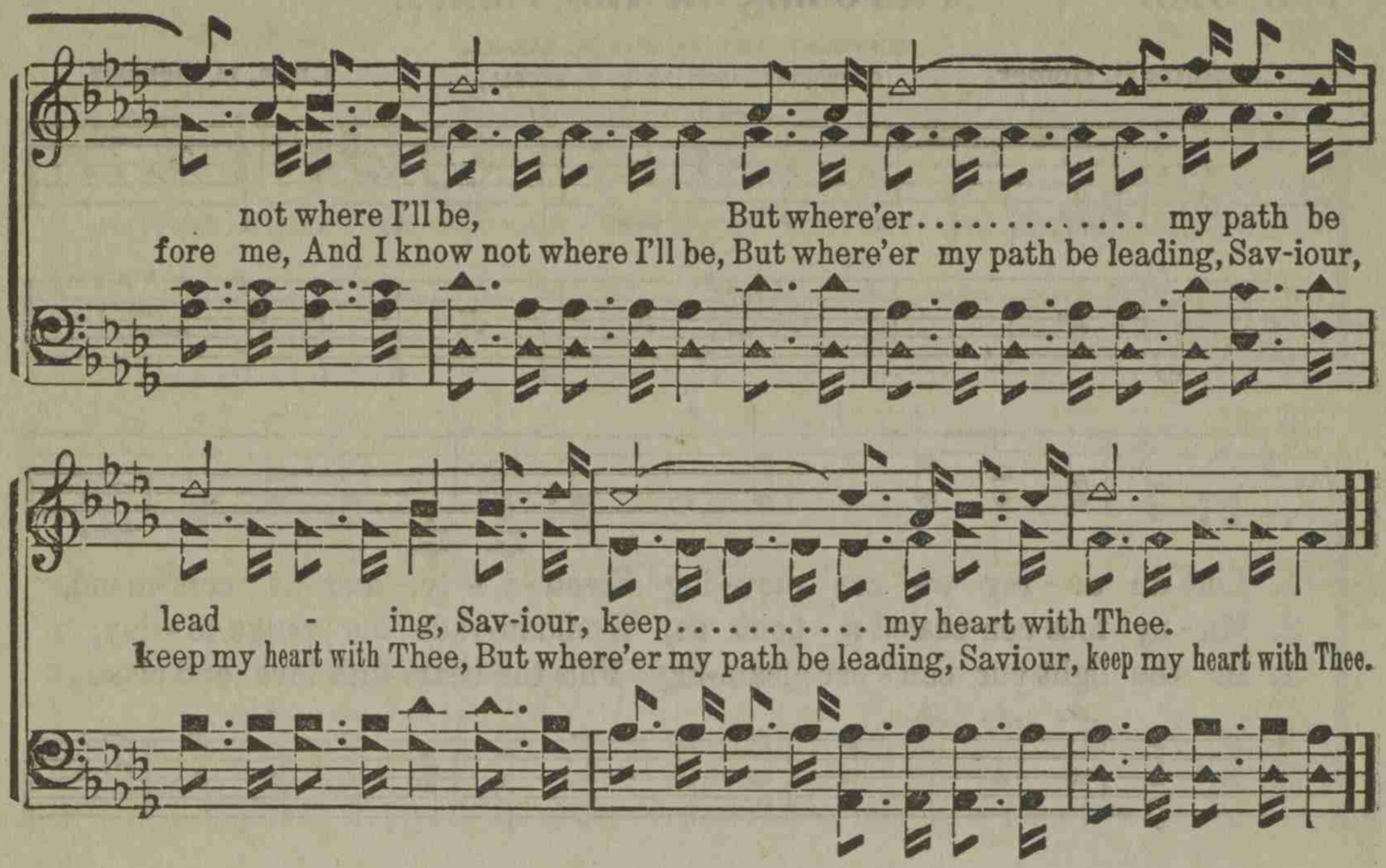
Where - so - e'er my path be lead - ing, Sav-iour, keep my heart with Thee.
Oh, where'er my path be lead - ing, Sav-iour, keep my heart with Thee.
Chant - ing hymns to Him who bought me, With His blood shed on the tree.

CHORUS.

Oh, the fu - ture lies be-fore me, And I know.....
Oh, the future lies before me, And I know not where I'll be, Oh, the fu-ture lies be-

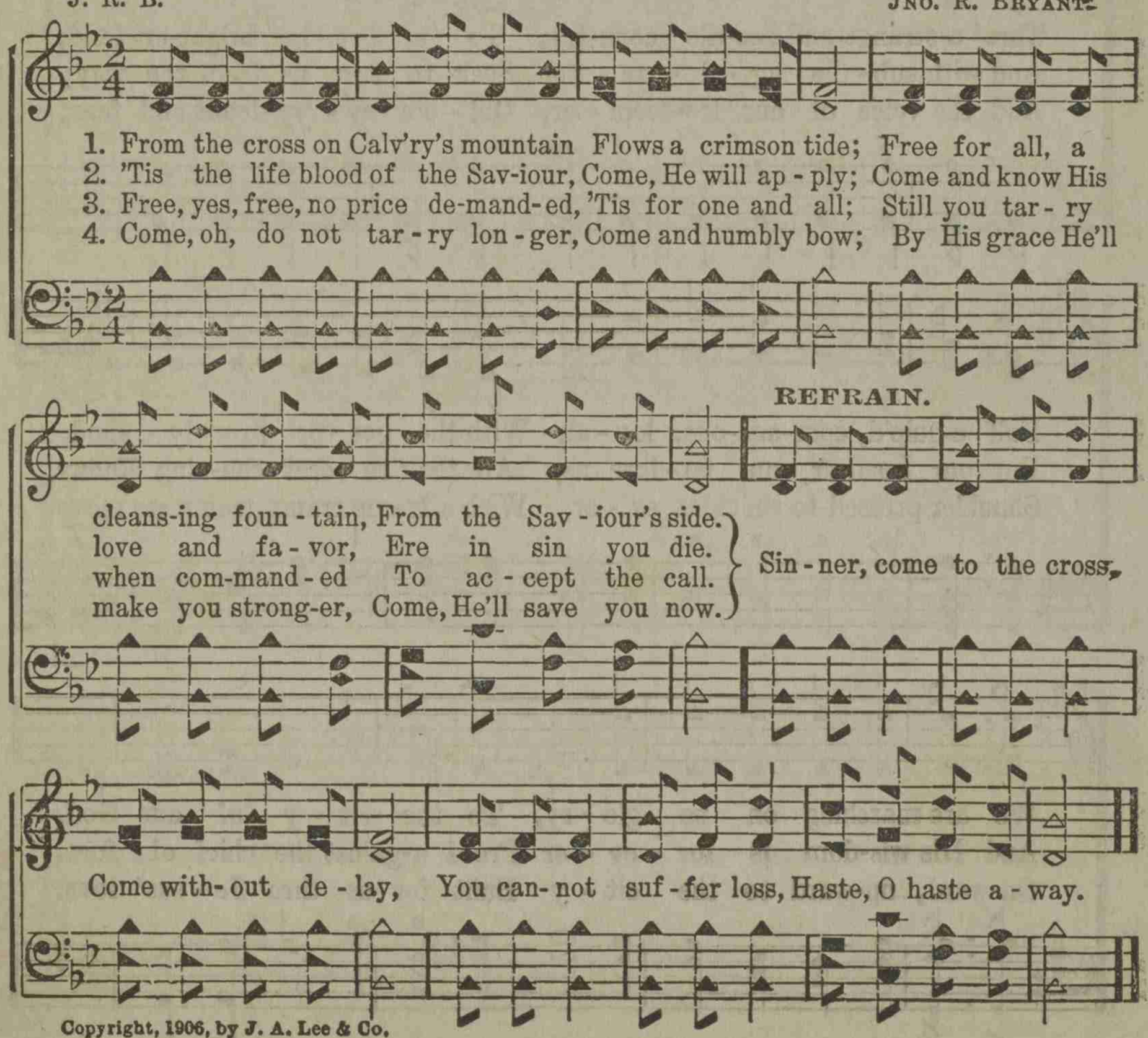
From "Our Sabbath Home." By per.

The Future.



No. 397. Come to the Cross.

J. R. B. JNO. R. BRYANT.



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No. 398. Marching in His Name.

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Charlotte G. Homer. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Like an ar - my we are mov - ing Stead - i - ly, and at com-mand,
2. Ma - ny foes con-cealed a - bout us, Would in-vade our ranks to - day,
3. In the light our ban - ner gleam-ing Fills the heart with love and cheer,

Thro' a strange and hos-tile coun-try, To a bet - ter, bright-er land;
And with sub - tile ag - i - ta - tion, Seek to turn us from the way;
And the voice of our Re-deem - er, Qui - ets ev - 'ry doubt and fear;

Full e-quip'd, cour-age-ous, loy - al, With the gos - pel firm - ly shod,
But our Lead-er, on be - fore us, All their se - cret cun-ning knows,
Shoulder pressed to shoulder ev - er, With a tramp, tramp, tramp we move,

We are marching on to glo - ry, To the cit - y of our God.
And His wis-dom is for - ev - er Proof a-gainst the chief of foes.
On-ward, up-ward to the cit - y Built for us thro' Je - sus' love.

Marching in His Name.

CHORUS.

With a firm de - ter - mi - na - tion, And a trust that shall not wane,

For the King we have en - list - ed, And are march-ing in His train;

Our song of joy is ev - er ring-ing, while mov-ing up the great high-way

To a cit - y bright, e - ter - nal, In a land of cloud-less day,

land of cloudless day,

To a cit - y bright, e - ter - nal, In a land of cloud-less day.

399. REAPERS ARE NEEDED.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Stand-ing in the mark-et plac-es all the sea-son thro', Id-ly say-ing
2. Ev-'ry sheaf you gath-er will be-come a jew-el bright In the crown you
3. Morn-ing hours are pass-ing, and the evening fol-lows fast; Soon the time of

"Lord, is there no work that I can do;" O how ma-ny loi-ter, while the
hope to wear in yon-der world of light. Seek the gems im-mor-tal that are
reap-ing will for-ev-er-more be past. Emp-ty hand-ed to the Mas-ter

Mas-ter calls a-new—"Reapers! reap-ers! Who will work to-day?"
pre-cious in His sight! "Reapers! reap-ers! Who will work to-day?"
will you go at last? "Reapers! reap-ers! Who will work to-day?"

CHORUS.

Lift thine eyes and look up-on the fields that stand
Lift thine eyes and look up-on the fields that stand all read-y

Lift thine eyes to fields that stand all
Ripe and read-y for the will-ing gleaner's hand, Rouse ye, O
Ripe and read-y for the will-ing gleaner's hand, O rouse ye,

Read-y for the glean-er's hand, O

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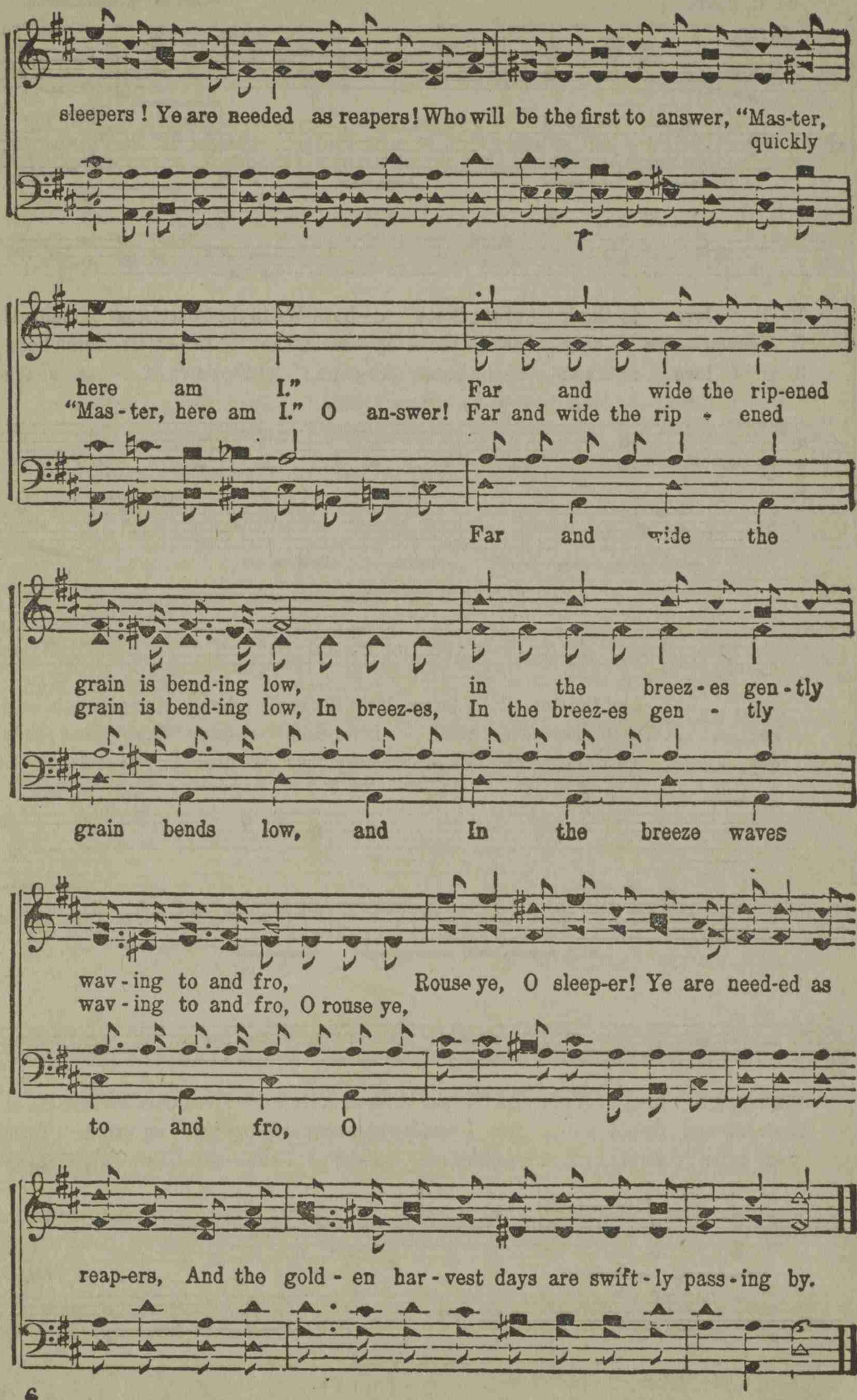
REAPERS ARE NEEDED. Concluded.

No. 400. At the Twilight Hour.

IDA L. REED. FRED A. FILLMORE.

INTRO. 8va.

1. O I love to think of the home a - bove When the twilight gray curtains the
2. Heaven seems so near at the twi - light hour, That I fan-cy its shores I can
3. O I love to dream of the home be-yond, Of the dawn of e - ter - ni-ty's

sea,..... And the stars, silv'ry lamps, light the vault a-bove, Tender mem'ries come
see,..... When the world li-eth still in its calm re-pose 'Neath the star's silv'ry
day,..... Of the time when this life's weary days are done, And the earth scenes have

throngingto me,..... And I see them again, all the loved ones there, Safe at
light fair and free,..... And I wonder how soon will the gates un - fold Of the
fad - ed a - way..... At the twi - light hour I shall watch and wait For the

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At the Twilight Hour.

home on the beau-ti-ful shore,..... With a bright, lov-ing smile on the
beau-ti-ful cit-y for me,..... And the mel-o-dies sweet from the
song of the an-gels so sweet,..... And the o-pen-ing wide of the

fac-es fair, That on earth I shall see no more.....
harps of gold, Will they wel-come me joy-ful-ly?.....
gold-en gate, When the loved ones a-gain I shall meet.....

CHORUS.

At the twi-light hour, at the twi-light hour, I love to dream of the cit-y fair,

Of my hap-py home on the farther shore, And the loved ones a-wait-ing me there.

rit.

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* M 2117 .L44 G78 1911

Did she tell something
to make us mad at each
other? She'll never tell
nothing to make me mad
at <u>You</u>.