ongs of alvation and ervice

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Songs of Salvation and Service

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A Collection of

Gospel Hymns for Sunday Schools, Young People's Societies, Revivals, Devotional Meetings and the Home.

Compiled by

M. HOMER CUMMINGS
MILLARD F. COMPTON
and L. B. BOWERS

Musical Editor

E. O. EXCELL

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Wheeling, W. Va.

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Hymn
1920
Song

Z7
C9/12
1920

SELECTED READINGS

OFFERTORY SENTENCES

Freely ye have received, Freely give. —Matt. 10:8.

It is more blessed to give than to receive.—Acts 20:35.

Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver. —2 Cor. 9:7.

Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him.—1 Cor. 16:2.

"All things come to thee, O Lord, and of thine own have we given thee."
(May be used in a chant)

THE LORD'S PRAYER

Our Father which art in heaven: Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever Amen.

THE APOSTLES' CREED

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth:

And in Jesus Christ, his only Son our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost; born of the Virgin Mary; suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried; the third day he rose again from the dead: he ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; the holy catholic church. the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body; and the life everlasting. Amen.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

God spake these words saying: I am the Lord thy God;

I. Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

II. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments.

III. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

IV. Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle. nor thy stranger that is within thy gates; for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it.

V. Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

VI. Thou shalt not kill.

VII. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

VIII. Thou shalt not steal.

IX. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

X. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife. nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's.

Songs of Salvation and Service

No. 1. He Died For Me.

Dedicated to Rev. Millard F. Compton, D. D.

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M. H. C. Rev. M. Homer Cummings.

1. I can-not com-pre-hend the won-drous love That caused my Lord to
2. For me He prayed in dark Geth-sem-a - ne; For me He suf-fered
3. I'll ne'er for - get the cross up - lift - ed high, Those groans and tears—that
4. And when I stand be-fore the judg-ment throne, No worth or right-eous-

leave His home a - bove, And come to earth in deep hu - mil - i - ty,
on the cru - el tree; For me they pierced His hands, His feet, His side,—
ag - o - niz - ing cry, The gloom that set - tled o - ver Cal - va - ry
ness to call my own, This then my hope— 'twill be my on - ly plea—

CHORUS.

To bleed and die for me.
It was for me He died. He died for me, He died for me, My Sav-ior
When Jesus died for me.
That Je-sus died for me.

died for me; His life He gave my soul to save,—He died for me.

No. 2. Let Your Light Shine.

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M. H. C.

REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS.

1. Would you la - bor for the Mas-ter in His vine-yard ev - 'ry day? Would you
2. Ma - ny souls are heav - y - la - den, sad and lone - ly, wea-ry, worn; Ma - ny
3. Are you look - ing for the com - ing of the Bride-groom in the air? Are you

seek His err - ing children who have wandered far a-stray? If you long to
hearts are bleeding, ach-ing, by sins ruth-less hands are torn; Would you lead them
warn-ing saint and sin - ner for the summons to pre-pare? Are your garments

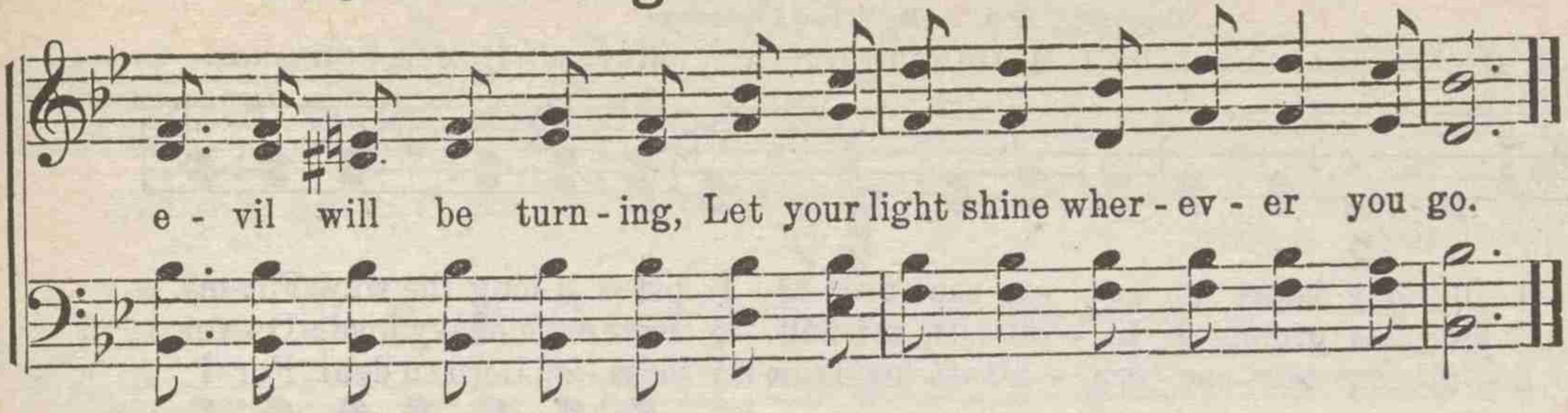
be a bless - ing as you jour - ney here be - low, Let your light shine wher-
to the Sav - iour who can wash them white as snow? Let your light shine wher-
pure and spot - less, is your heart with zeal a-glow? Let your light shine wher-

CHORUS.

ev - er you go. Let your light shine wher-ev - er you go, That lost
you go,

sin-ners His good-ness may know, For when it is bright - ly burning, Souls from

Let Your Light Shine. Concluded.



No. 3. Where'er He Leads.

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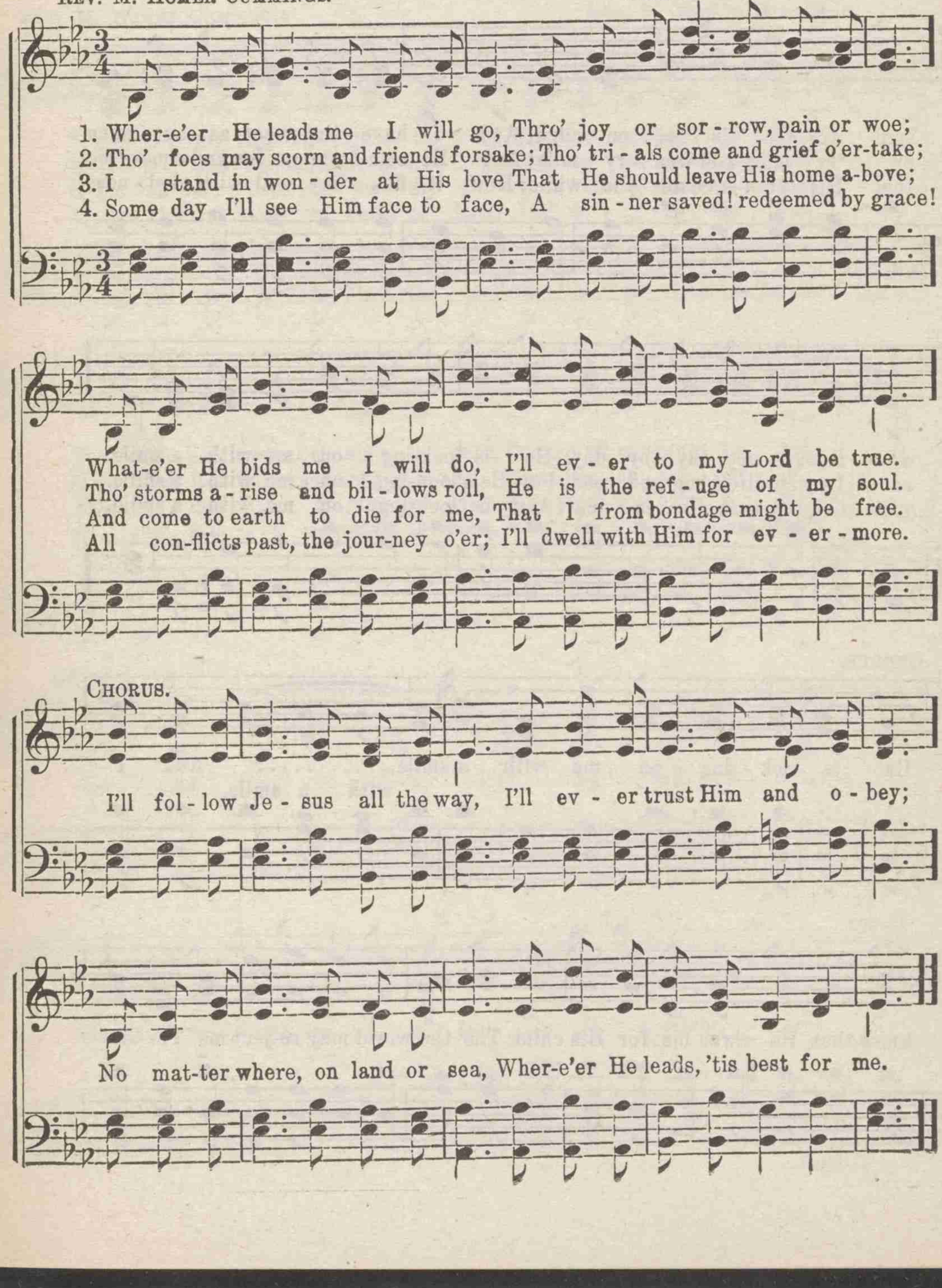
REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS. MRS. M. HOMER CUMMINGS.



No. 4. He is Looking On Me With a Smile.

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M. H. C. Words of Chorus by J. M. Humphrey. REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS.

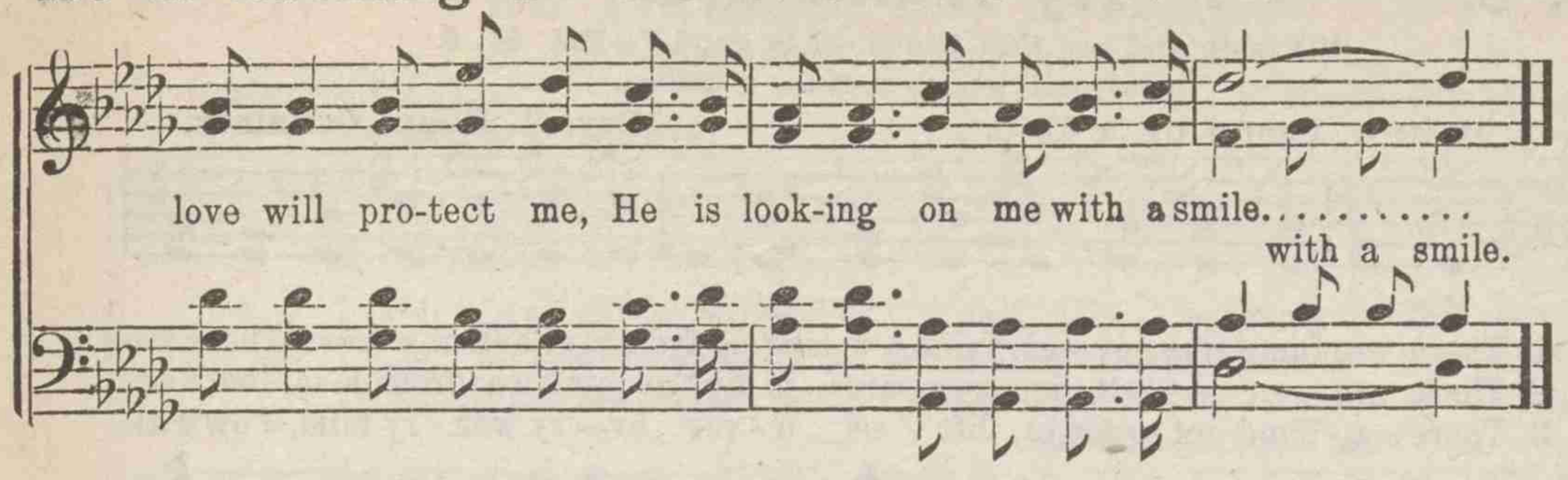
1. Oh! my heart is so en - rapt-ured as I press a-long the way, For my soul to God is rec - on - ciled; And I have the sweet as - sur - ance
2. He has promised to go with me and to bear each heavy load, O - ver ev - 'ry long and wea - ry mile; And He com-forts, guides and cheers me
3. Noth-ing now can sep - a-rate me from my bless - ed Lord so dear, For I feel His pres-ence all the while; How it fills my soul with glad - ness

as I jour - ney day by day, He is look-ing on me with a smile.
as I tread life's rug-ged road, For He's look-ing on me with a smile.
just to know that He is near, And is look-ing on me with a smile.

CHORUS.

He is look - ing on me with a smile,..... And I know that He owns me for His child; Tho' the world may re-ject me, Yet His

with a smile,

He is Looking On Me With a Smile. Concluded.

No. 5. Jesus Is Precious.

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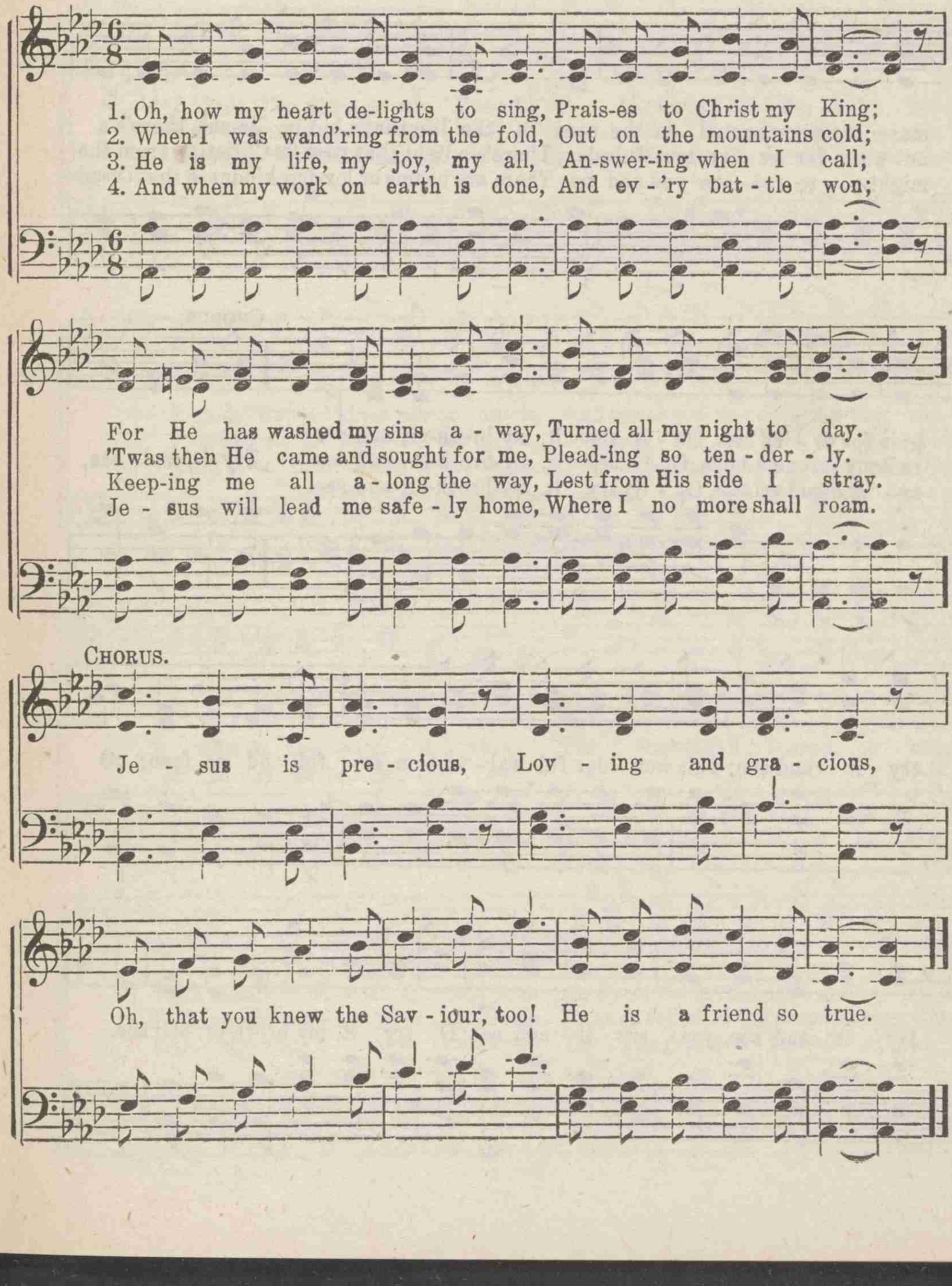

No. 6. Try It And See.

"O taste and see that the Lord is good."—Psa. 34: 8.

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E. E. Hewitt. Chorus by M. H. C. Rev. M. Homer Cummings.

1. There are fountains nev - er failing, springing from my Saviour's cross, There are mer-cies unmeasured as the sea; In the life that's hid in Je-sus, there's a
2. There are ev - er - last - ing treas-ures in my Saviour's wondrous love; There's an an - swer for ev - 'ry trustful plea; There's a light that cheers the Christian from the
3. There's a - bund-ant grace to lift us o - ver ev - 'ry wea - ry mile, Pow'r al- might-y, to res - cue you and me; There are beams of lov-ing kindness that through

Chorus.

gain for ev - 'ry loss, On - ly try it, my broth-er, and see.
radiant throne a-bove, On-ly try it, my broth-er, and see. Try it and see,
ev - 'ry cloud will smile, On - ly try it, my broth-er, and see.

try it and see; This won - der-ful sal - va-tion so full and so free; O

try it and see, yes, try it and see; O try it, my broth-er, and see.

No. 7. No Flowers, But a Crown.

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GEORGE MCDONALD. REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS.

Effective as a Solo.

1. I said, "Let me walk in the fields," He said, "No, but walk in the town,"
2. I said, "But the streets are so black And there's nothing but noise and din;"
3. I cast one more look to the field, Then I turned my face to the town;

I said, "No flowers are there," "No flow-ers," said He, "but a crown,"
He wept and turned me back, He said, "There is more, there is sin."
He said, "My child, do you yield, Do you give up the flow'rs for the crown?"

I said, "But the skies are so thick, And mists are con-ceal-ing the sun,"
I plead-ed for time to be giv'n, He said, "Is it hard to de - cide?
Then in-to His hands went mine, And in - to my heart came He;

He said, "There are souls that are sick, And souls in the dark are un - done;
It will not seem hard in Heav'n To have followed the steps of your Guide;
I walk in the path di - vine, The way that I feared to see;

Rit.

And souls in the dark are un - done, And souls in the dark are un - done."
To have followed the steps of your Guide, To have followed the steps of your Guide."
The way that I feared to see, The way that I feared to see.

No. 8. Mother.

M. H. C.

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REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS.

1. Oft a vis - ion comes to me of my moth-er's dear face As she
2. I can see her an - gel form in - ter - ced - ing for me, In temp -
3. I re - call her ten - der look as she bade me good - by, "Will you
4. Ma - ny years have passed since then, but I can not for - get, All her

knelt be - side the old arm chair; How it beamed with light and peace, shone with
ta - tion's dark and storm - y hour: And I hear her gen - tle voice, with its
meet me in that land so fair?" Then her spir - it took its flight to her
tears of love and pray'rs for me; At the Father's throne a - bove, moth-er

CHORUS.

beau-ty and grace When she brought to Je - sus ev - 'ry care!
sweet mel - o - dy, Ask-ing God to keep me by his pow'r. I am glad moth-er
home in the sky, And I promised her to meet her there.
pleads for me yet, And some day with her a - gain I'll be.

taught me to pray, It has brightened and cheered all my way, Thro' the journey of

life with its bat - tles and strife; Oh, I'm glad moth-er taught me to pray

No. 9. Win Them For Jesus.

(Theme suggested by a sermon of Rev. Jas. C. Grissinger.)

M. H. C. Copyright, 1919, by M. Homer Cummings. REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS.

1. Far a - way from the dear, lov - ing Sav-iour, Souls are stray-ing in dark-ness and sin; Know-ing not of the bless-ed Re - deem - er, He who died their sal - va - tion to win.
2. In the high-ways and hed - ges and by - ways, On the mountains so bar - ren and cold, Souls are wounded and bleed-ing and dy - ing, Far a - way from the shel - ter - ing fold. Will you win them for Je - sus? Will you win them for Je - sus? He will save them if on Him they call; So then while it is day, will you la - bor, Ere the shadows of e - ven-tide fall?
3. Are you striv - ing to be a soul-win - ner? Are you tell - ing His won - der - ful love? Are you seek-ing to lead poor lost sin - ners, To the man-sions in heav - en a - bove?
4. When the Lord shall de - scend in His glo - ry, And the trum-pet of God shall re - sound; Will He find you at work in His vine - yard? Will there be an - y stars in your crown?

CHORUS.

No. 10. The Home Above.

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M. H. C. REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS.

1. There's a home a - bove, In the land of love, That shall nev - er pass a - way;
2. Not a grief nor sigh, None shall ev-er die In the New Je - ru - sa - lem;
3. Many friends are there, Free from pain and care, Who have left me years a-go;
4. O what joy 'twill be, When the face I see Of the Christ who died for me;

In that country bright, There will come no night, For 'tis one e - ter - nal day.
The redeemed shall rest From their labors blest, God Himself shall dwell with them.
But some day we'll meet At the Sav-iour's feet, Where no farewell tears e'er flow.
I will shout and sing Prais-es to the King, Thro' the long e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.

Yes, there is a home, free from sor- row and care, That the Sav - iour

said He has gone to pre - pare; And the good and pure all its

glo - ries shall share, In that cit - y, so bright and fair.

No. 11. When the Shadows Gather Round Me.

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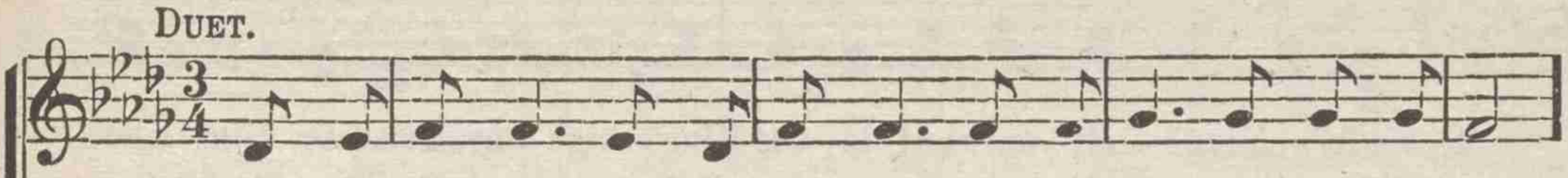
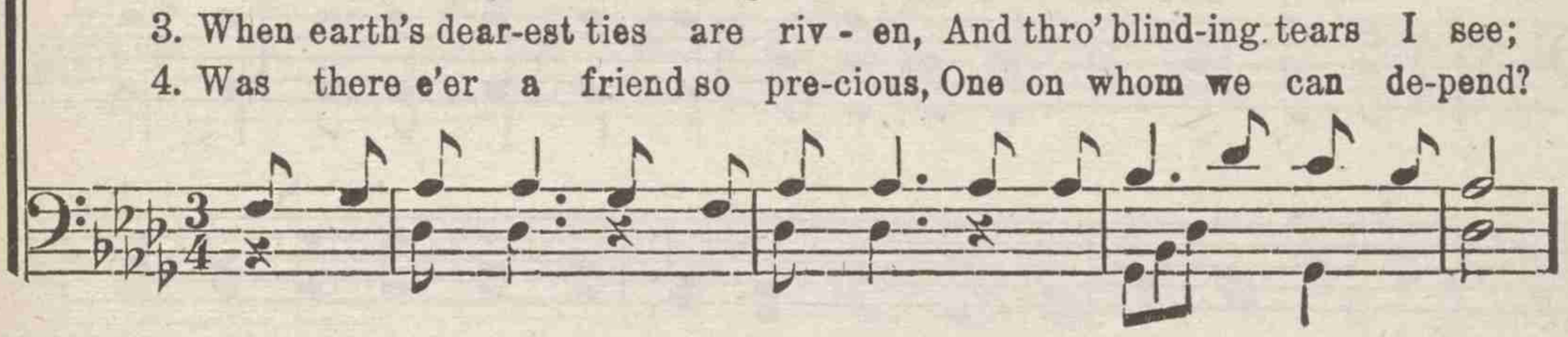
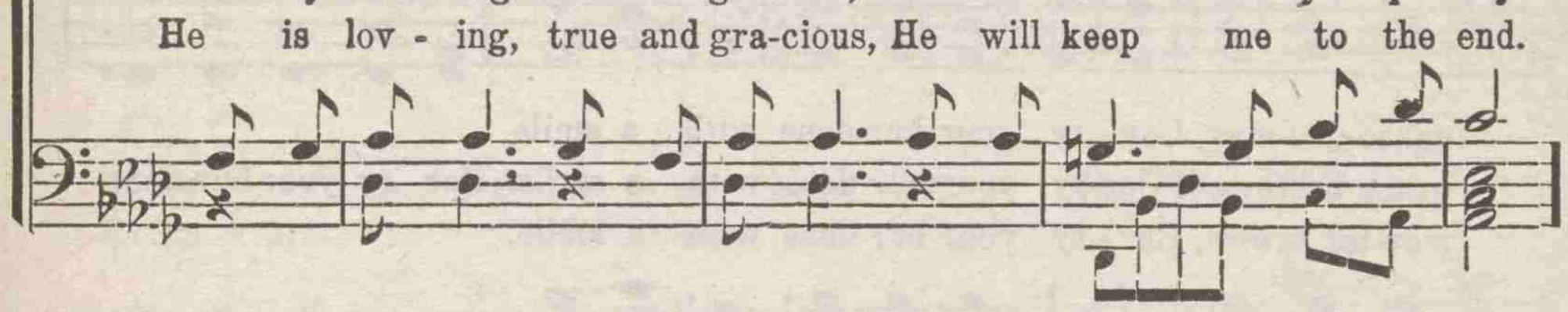
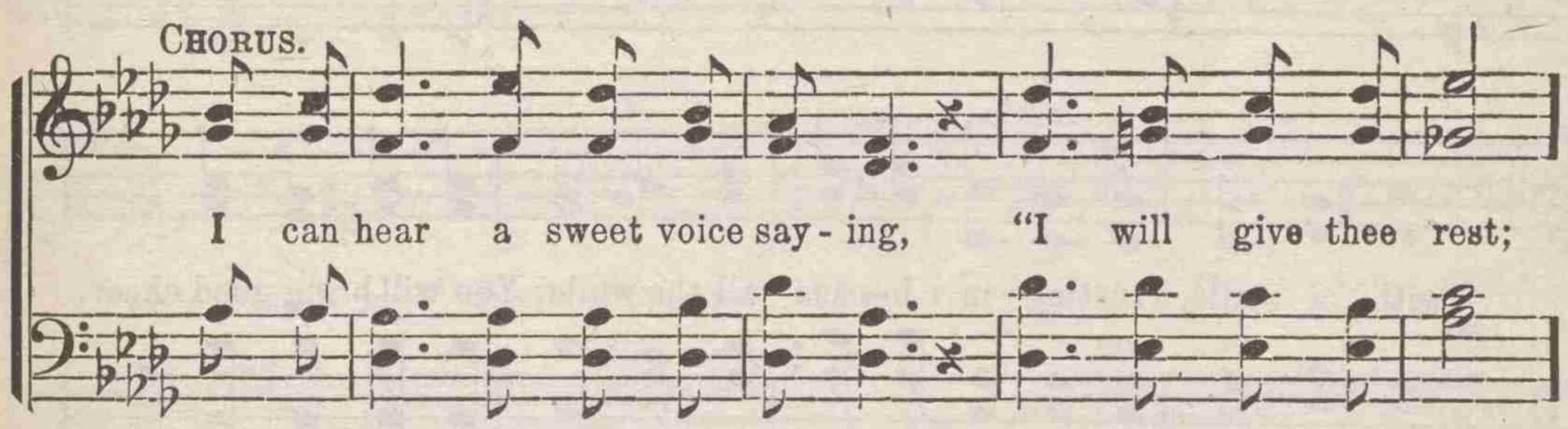
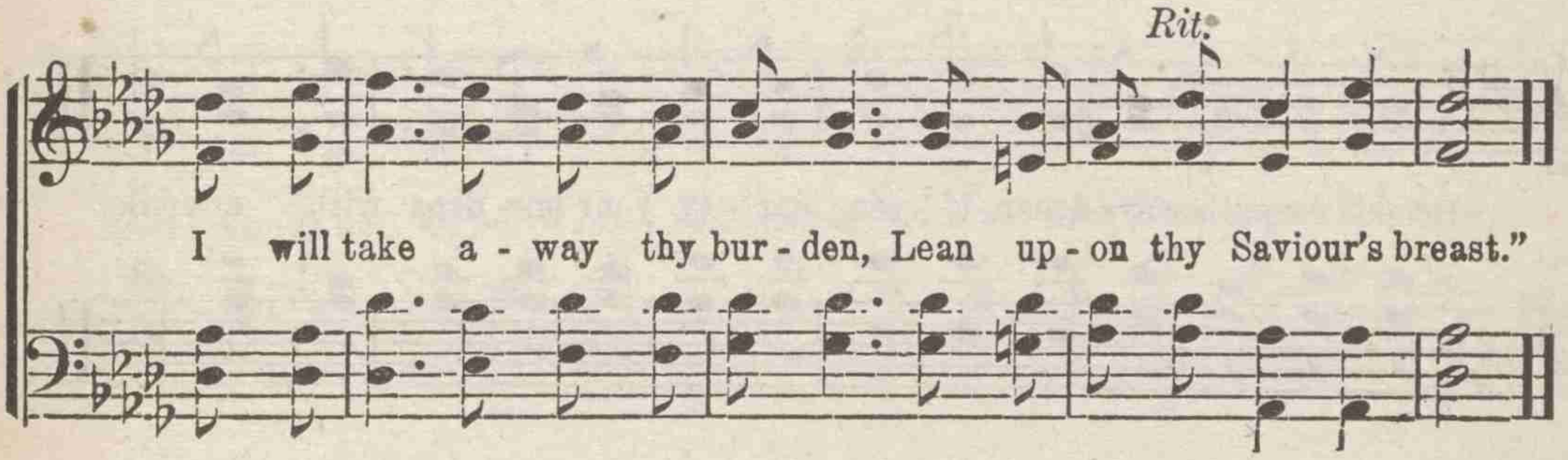
Miss Mollie K. Yocke. Rev. M. Homer Cummings.

Duet.

1. When the shad-ows gath - er round me And my wea - ry soul seeks rest,
2. When the clouds are hov - 'ring o'er me, And the dark-ness veils His face,
3. When earth's dear-est ties are riv - en, And thro' blind-ing tears I see;
4. Was there e'er a friend so pre-cious, One on whom we can de-pend?



When the tri - als thick confound me And the cares of life distress.
Christ will light the way be-fore me, He will give sus-tain - ing grace.
To my bleed - ing heart are giv - en, Words of love and sym - pa - thy.
He is lov - ing, true and gra-cious, He will keep me to the end.



Chorus.

I can hear a sweet voice say - ing, "I will give thee rest;

Rit.

I will take a - way thy bur - den, Lean up - on thy Saviour's breast."

No. 12. Carry Your Burdens With a Smile.

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E. E. HEWITT. REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS.

1. While you trav - el on-ward in the King's high-way, Trust in Him who
2. There is One who journeys on the dark - est road, Com-ing close to
3. Some glad day you'll reach the land of sweet re - nown, All life's heav - y

an - swers when His chil - dren pray; Tho' there's much to grieve you, much to
help you bear the hard - est load; Oh, how free - ly Je - sus has His
cross - es at His feet laid down; Then will Je - sus give you an im-

CHORUS.

cause dis- may, Car - ry your bur-dens with a smile.
grace bestowed! Car-ry your bur-dens with a smile. Car - ry your bur-dens
mor-tal crown, Car - ry your bur-dens with a smile.

with a smile, Trusting in Je - sus all the while; You will bring good cheer,

Bright- en path-ways drear, If you car - ry your bur- dens with a smile.

No. 13. Looking to Jesus.

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E. E. HEWITT. REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS.

1. Look-ing to Je - sus as we jour - ney a - long, Strength and comfort we shall win; E - ven in sor - row, He will give us a song,
2. Look-ing to Je - sus, dark - est clouds dis - ap - pear, By the bright-ness of His love; Or, if the shad-ows should a - gain gath - er near,
3. Look-ing to Je - sus, in temp - ta-tion's dread hour, Vic - t'ry un - to us He'll bring; Joy - ful - ly trust-ing in His mer - cy and pow'r,

CHORUS.

Grace to tri-umph o - ver sin.
There's a "Morning Star" a - bove. Look - ing to Je - sus, prais-ing His
Songs of prais - es we shall sing.

ame, Sing - ing His won - der - ful grace;..... Grace that will

save us from all sor - row and shame, When we see Him face to face.

No. 14. Whatever He Bids Me, I'll Do.

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M. H. C. Last verse by MISS MOLLIE K YOCKE. REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS.

1. I can hear the Sav - iour call - ing me, His voice I will o - bey, What-
2. There are souls that must not perish, There are wand'ring lambs to find, What-
3. Glad - ly will I toil and suf - fer For the Mas - ter while I live, What-
4. I am hap - py in His serv-ice, And rich blessings I re-ceive, What-

ev - er He bids me, I'll do; O'er the mountain, thro' the val-ley I will
ev - er He bids me, I'll do; I will go and seek the lost ones, Bring them
ev - er He bids me, I'll do; Tho' I'm least of all His chil-dren, Ev - 'ry
ev - er He bids me, I'll do; He has said, "I'll never leave thee," And His

CHORUS.

fol - low all the way, What-ev - er He bids me, I'll do.
to the Shepherd kind, What-ev - er He bids me, I'll do. What-ev - er He
tal - ent I will give, What-ev - er He bids me, I'll do.
promise I be-lieve, What-ev - er He bids me, I'll do.

bids me, I'll do,..... I'll ev-er to Je-sus be true,.... I will fol-low
I'll do, be true,

all the way, I will trust Him and obey, What-ev-er He bids me, I'll do.

No. 15. Is He Satisfied With Me?

M. H. C.

Copyright, 1919, by M. Homer Cummings. REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS.

1. I am sat - is - fied with Je - sus, But the question comes to me, As I think of how He suf-fered on the tree. Am I loy - al, true and faithful?
2. He for - sook His home in glo - ry, Left His Father's throne above, Came to earth and died up - on Mount Cal-va-ry; And I stand a-mazed and won-der,
3. O I long to be more earnest, Al-ways pa-tient, ev-er kind, Like the bless-ed Christ who walked in Gal-i-lee; And when life at last is o - ver,

Am I all I ought to be? Is the Mas-ter sat - is - fied with me?
As I pon - der o'er His love? Is the Mas-ter sat - is - fied with me?
May it be my joy to find, That the Lord is sat - is - fied with me.

CHORUS.

Is He sat - is - fied with me? Is He sat - is - fied with me?
I am sat - is - fied with Je - sus, Is He sat - is - fied with me?

No. 16. Six Feet of Earth.

(As sung by James Wood.)

Copyright, 1919, by M. Homer Cummings.

With great expression. Arr. by M. Homer Cummings.

1. Oh, I'll sing you a song of this world and its way, And the ma-ny strange peo - ple we meet; From the rich man that rolls in his mil-lions of wealth, To the poor, struggling wretch on the street. Tho' a man may be poor, in tat-ters and
2. Now, the rich mil - lion-aire, he's got plenty to spare, But con-ceit - ed, he holds up his head; And he thinks he's a - bove the me-chan-ic who toils, And is hon - est - ly earn-ing his bread. But his hous - es and lands, his jew - els and
3. There is ma - ny a coat that is tattered and torn, But be-neath lies a true honest heart; But be-cause he's not dressed like his neighbor in silk, Why so- ci - e - ty keeps them a - part. On the one fortune smiles,—the oth - er one
4. Now, if ev - er you meet a poor fel - low who tries To.... bat - tle the world and its frown; Just lend him a hand— per-chance he'll suc-ceed, Do not crush him and still keep him down. For a cup of wa - ter, in char - i - ty

rags, We know that we ought not de - spise; But think of the ad- age, re-
gold, He can - not take a - way when he dies; For death lev-els all and con-
fails, No mat - ter what venture he tries; Till death in the end brings them
giv'n, Is re - mem-bered with joy in the skies; We all are but hu-man, we

Six Feet of Earth. Concluded.

member, kind friends, That six feet of earth make us all of one size.
clu - sive - ly shows That six feet of earth make all men of one size.
down to the grave, And six feet of earth makes them both of one size.
all have to die, And six feet of earth make us all of one size.

No. 17. Hallelujah, Praise His Name!

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M. H. C. REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS.

1. I was lost, but Je - sus found me, Hal - le - lu - jah, praise His name!
2. O 'twas wondrous grace that bought me, Hal - le - lu - jah, praise His name!
3. I was won to Him com - plete-ly, Hal - le - lu - jah, praise His name!
4. In a world of end - less glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah, praise His name!

Then He threw His arms a - round me, Hal - le - lu - jah, praise His name!
And His love un - fail - ing sought me, Hal - le - lu - jah, praise His name!
For He wooed me, oh! so sweet - ly, Hal - le - lu - jah, praise His name!
I will sing the old, old sto - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah, praise His name!

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah, praise His name, Hal - le - lu - jah, praise His name!

I was lost, but Je - sus found me, Hal - le - lu - jah, praise His name!

No. 18. Something for Jesus.

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MISS MOLLIE K. YOCKE. REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS.

1. I want to do some - thing for Je - sus Each day that He
2. I want to do some - thing for Je - sus, He's been such a
3. I want to do some - thing for Je - sus, He gave His own

lets me live; To be made a bless - ing to oth - ers, And
Friend to me; When dark - ness and tri - als o'er - take me, To
life for me; On Cal - va - ry's cross He was of - fered, That

CHORUS.

show them the love He doth give.
Him with my bur - dens I flee.
I from all sin might be free.

I want to do some-thing for

Je - sus, O may I be faith - ful and true! I long to be

con - stant in serv - ice, And earn - est in all that I do.

No. 19. For the Love of Christ and in His Name.*

Copyright, 1919, by M. Homer Cummings.

M. H. C. REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS.

1. We have heard the Mac-e-don - ian call to - day, We will work for Je - sus
2. Lift - ing up the fal - len helping those in need; Bear - ing heav-y bur-dens,
3. This shall be our watch-word and our daily song, In the homes we en - ter,
4. When our journey's ended and our race is run, When the bat - tle's o - ver

and His will o - bey; "Make us, Lord, a bless-ing;" ev - er - more we pray,
bind-ing hearts that bleed; We will cheer the lone-ly and the hun - gry feed,
in the bus - y throng, "Not ourselves, but oth-ers," as we go a - long,
and the vic - t'ry's won; May we hear the plaud - it ring-ing out, "Well done!"

CHORUS.

For the love of Christ and in His name..... For the love of Christ and

in His name;..... We will win them, We will win them, From a
in His name;

life of dark-ness, sin and shame,..... We will win them one by one.
sin and shame,

*Motto of the Woman's Home Missionary Society of the M. E. Church

No. 20. I Know It is True.

To the Union Mission, Wheeling, W. Va.

M. H. C. Copyright, 1918, by M. Homer Cummings. REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS.

1. Once I did not know the Sav - iour, My life was steeped in sin, And dark - ness o'er - shad-owed all my way; But His love and mer - cy
2. Long I sought for peace and com - fort In earth and earth-ly things, But noth - ing could sat - is - fy my soul; Since I came in faith to
3. Oh, this ut - ter - most sal - va - tion, So bound-less, full and free, I'll ev - er its wond'rous pow'r pro-claim; It can cleanse the vil - est
4. I shall nev - er cease to praise Him For all He's done for me, No oth - er can with my Lord com-pare; And some day when life is

found me, The light of truth shone in, And He turned all my night to day.
Je - sus, My heart enraptured sings—Shouts of glo-ry I can't con - trol.
sin - ner, It reach-es e - ven me, Hal - le - lu - jah! I'll praise His name.
o - ver, His bless-ed face I'll see, In those mansions so bright and fair.

CHORUS.

Oh, I know it is true, Hal - le - lu - jah! He saves me, He saves me,
Yes, I know it is true, Hal - le - lu - jah! I'm saved, saved, saved.

No. 21. I Want my Life to Count for Jesus.

M. H. C. Copyright, 1919, by M. Homer Cummings. REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS.

DUET.

1. I want my life to count for Je - sus, As thro' the world I go;
2. I want my life to speak for Je - sus, In words of love and cheer,
3. I want my life to shine for Je - sus—Lost souls are in the night;
4. I want to go and dwell with Je - sus When life on earth is o'er;

I long to be so true and faith-ful, That oth-ers may His goodness know.
That lone - ly hearts by grief o'er-tak - en May feel His bless - ed presence near.
If I re - flect His beams of mer - cy, I'll lead them to the gos - pel light.
No bit - ter tears, no dis-appointments, I'll be with Him for ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

I want my life (my life) to { count / speak / shine } for Him (for Him), In serv-ice ev - 'ry day;

4th v. I want to go (to go) and dwell with Him (with Him) In Heaven by and by;

In all I do, in all I say, I want my life to { count / speak / shine } for Him.

No flow-ers fade, none ev - er die, I want to go and dwell with Him.

No. 22. Jesus Saves!

Copyright, 1919, by M. Homer Cummings.

REV. J. LEWIS WEST. REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS.

1. There's a pre-cious, lov-ing Sav-iour who has shed His blood for me, Je - sus
2. O the mag - ic of the sto - ry of the Man of Gal - i - lee, Je - sus
3. Won't you now ac-cept the Saviour? He can cleanse your heart to-day, Je - sus

saves! Je - sus saves! I have plunged in-to the foun-tain
saves! Je - sus saves! They are flock-ing by the mil - lions
saves! Je - sus saves! He can fill your soul with glo - ry,
Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

and from sin I am set free, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
to the Christ of Cal - va - ry, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
take your ev -'ry guilt a - way, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

CHORUS.

Je - sus saves!..... Je - sus saves!..... Je - sus saves!.....
Je-sus saves from sin to-day, Jesus saves from sin to-day, Jesus saves from sin to-day,

Je - sus saves!..... We will spread the tidings round Ev'rywhere that man is found.
Jesus saves from sin to-day,

No. 23.

*Not I, But Christ.

GAL. 2: 20.

M. H. C.

Copyright, 1918, by M. H. Cummings. Rev. M. Homer Cummings.

1. "Not I, but Christ who liv - eth in me," I have no mer - it of my own, He is my Right-eous-ness and Sav - iour,
2. "Not I, but Christ who liv - eth in me," O bound-less mer - cy, match-less grace! For me He left His home in glo - ry,
3. "Not I, but Christ who liv - eth in me," His blood has cleansed my heart from sin; His love has filled my soul with glad - ness,
4. "Not I, but Christ who liv - eth in me," My all to Him I have re-signed; And oh, the joy of full sal - va - tion!

CHORUS.

I live by faith in Him a - lone.
On Cal - va - ry, He took my place. "Not I, but Christ who liv - eth in me," O won-drous thought it is to me To know the
He now a - bides and reigns with-in.
What bless-ed peace in Him I find.
to me,
ful - ness of His bless - ing, "Not I, but Christ" my song shall be.

*Composed for the Class of 1918 of the McCrum Missionary-Training-School, Uniontown, Pa

No. 24. The Church in the Wildwood.

W. S. P.

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

Dr. William S. Pitts.

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

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

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

FINE. CHORUS.

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

Come to the

Oh, come, come, come, come, come, come,

lit-tle brown church in the vale.

D. S.

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

No. 25. As a Volunteer.

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

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

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

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

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

FINE. CHORUS.

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

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

D. S.

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

O why not?

No. 26. Tell It Wherever You Go.

Rev. Johnston Oatman, Jr.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
OWNED BY CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE.

Wm. Edie Marks.

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

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

CHORUS.

Tell it,..... tell it,..... Tell it wher-ev - er you go; If
Tell it that others around you may know,

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

No. 27. I Will Tell It Wherever I Go.

Dedicated to my nephew, Keith Cummings.

M. H. C.

Copyright, 1917, by E. E. Cummings.

REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS.

1. When I came to the Sav-iour He redeemed me from sin, I will tell it wher -
2. I am hap - py in Je-sus, my Com-pan-ion and Guide, I will tell it wher -
3. He will nev - er for-sake me while I serve Him each day, I will tell it wher -
4. I'm an heir to a man-sion, to a home in the sky, I will tell it wher -

ev - er I go; All my dark-ness has van-ished since His light has shone in,
ev - er I go; To my soul He is pre-cious, in His love I a - bide,
ev - er I go; And tho' shad-ows may gath - er, He will brighten my way,
ev - er I go; With the blood-washed in glo - ry I shall dwell by and by,

CHORUS.

I will tell it wher-ev-er I go. I will tell it wher-ev - er I go (I go)

I will tell it wher - ev - er I go; (Hal - le - lu-jah)! For I long to win

oth - ers from their sin and their woe, I will tell it wher-ev - er I go.

No. 28. The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

Jessie Brown Pounds.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's no oth - er
2. I must needs go on in the blood-sprinkled way, The path that the
3. Then I bid fare - well to the way of the world, To walk in it

way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light,
Sav - ior trod, If I ev - er climb to the heights sub - lime,
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
leads home, leads home;

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

No. 29. I am Thine, O Lord.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY W. H. DOANE. RENEWAL.
USED BY PERMISSION.

F. J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.

1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me;
2. Con - se-crate me now to Thy service, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di - vine;
3. O the pure de-light of a sin - gle hour That before Thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I can-not know Till I cross the nar - row sea;

But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clo-ser drawn to Thee.
Let my soul look up with a stead-fast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.
When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee, my God, I commune as friend with friend!
There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with Thee.

REFRAIN.

Draw me near - er, nearer, blessed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died;
near-er, near - er,
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, To Thy precious, bleeding side.

No. 30. The King's Business.

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

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

1. I am a stran-ger 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
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,
3. My home is bright-er far than Shar-on's ro-sy plain, E-ter-nal life and joy thro'-out its vast do-main; My Sov'reign bids me tell

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

CHORUS.

This is the mes-sage that I bring, A message angels fain would sing; "Oh, be ye reconciled," Thus saith my Lord and King, "Oh, be ye rec-on-ciled to God."

No. 31. The Gospel According to You.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY M. HOMER CUMMINGS.

M. H. C. Rev. M. Homer Cummings.

1. A gos-pel ac-cord-ing to you Is writ-ten by all that you do;
2. The Bi-ble so sel-dom is read, Your life they are watching in-stead;
3. No ser-mon or mes-sage you preach Will e'er the im-pen-i-tent reach,
4. O will you not let your light shine For Christ the Re-deem-er di-vine,

Men stud-y its pa-ges each day, To learn of the heav-en-ly way.
They see ev-'ry step that you make, And man-y your coun-sel will take.
Un-less by your walk you can show That God in His full-ness you know.
Till lost ones in dark-ness and sin O'er e-vil the vic-to-ry win?

CHORUS.

Does the gos-pel ac-cord-ing to you Re-veal the Sav-ior so true? Can

sin-ners un-done to Je-sus be won, Thro' the gos-pel ac-cord-ing to you?

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COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL.
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3. My home is bright-er far than Shar-on's ro-sy plain, E-ter-nal life and joy thro'-out its vast do-main; My Sov'reign bids me tell

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

CHORUS.

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2. The Bi - ble so sel-dom is read, Your life they are watching in - stead;
3. No ser-mon or mes-sage you preach Will e'er the im-pen - i - tent reach,
4. O will you not let your light shine For Christ the Re-deem-er di - vine,

Men stud - y its pa - ges each day, To learn of the heav-en - ly way.
They see ev -'ry step that you make, And man-y your coun-sel will take.
Un - less by your walk you can show That God in His full-ness you know.
Till lost ones in dark-ness and sin O'er e - vil the vic - to - ry win?

CHORUS.

Does the gos-pel ac-cord-ing to you Re-veal the Sav-ior so true? Can

sin-ners un-done to Je-sus be won, Thro' the gos-pel ac-cord-ing to you?

No. 32. Oh, What a Wonderful Change.

Dedicated to Rev. David C. Bayliss, Charleston, W. Va.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY M. HOMER CUMMINGS.

M. H. C. Rev. M. Homer Cummings.

1. Since Je - sus the Sav-ior spoke peace to my soul, Oh, what a change!
2. My life was once dark-ened and blight-ed by sin, Oh, what a change!
3. He bears all my sor - row, my steps guide a - right, Oh, what a change!
4. And when I be - hold Him in heav - en a - bove, Oh, what a change!

Oh, what a change! Each stain has been cleansed and I'm ev-'ry whit whole,
Oh, what a change! For Christ has redeemed me, the light has shone in,
Oh, what a change! The path is so pleas-ant, the way is so bright,
Oh, what a change! Transformed by the gift of His in - fi - nite love,

CHORUS.

Oh, what a won - der - ful change! Oh, what a won - der - ful

change! . . Oh, what a won - der - ful change! . . Since
won-der-ful change! won - der - ful change!

Je-sus the Savior spoke peace to my soul, Oh, what a won-der-ful change!

No. 33. The Child of a King.

Hattie E. Buell. **Arr. by Rev. John B. Sumner,**

1. My Fa - ther is rich in hous - es and lands, He hold-eth the wealth of the
2. My Fa-ther's own Son, the Sav - ior of men, Once wander'd o'er earth as the
3. I once was an out - cast stran-ger on earth, A sin - ner by choice, and an
4. A tent or a cot-tage, why should I care? They're building a pal - ace for

world in His hands! Of ru - bies and diamonds, of sil - ver and gold, His
poor-est of them; But now He is reign-ing for - ev - er on high, And will
al - ien by birth! But I've been a - dopt-ed, my name's written down,—An
me o - ver there! Tho' ex - iled from home, yet still I may sing: All

cof - fers are full,—He has rich-es un-told.
give me a home in heav'n by and by. I'm the child of a King, The
heir to a man-sion, a robe and a crown.
glo - ry to God, I'm the child of a King.

CHORUS.

child of a King! With Je - sus, my Sav-ior, I'm the child of a King!

Ad lib

No. 34. The Unclouded Day.

Words and Melody by
Rev. J. K. Alwood.

Arr. by
E. O. E.

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

tell me of a home far a-way; O they tell me of a home
tell me of that land far a-way; Where the tree of life
tell me that mine eyes shall be-hold, Where He sits on the throne
smile drives their sor-rows all a-way; And they tell me that no tears

D. S.—*O they tell me of a home*

FINE.

where no storm-clouds rise, O they tell me of an un-cloud-ed day.
in e-ter-nal bloom Sheds its fragrance thro' the un-cloud-ed day.
that is whit-er than snow, In the cit-y that is made of gold.
ev-er come a-gain, In that love-ly land of un-cloud-ed day.

where no storm-clouds rise, O they tell me of an un-cloud-ed day.

CHORUS.

D. S.

O the land of cloud-less day, O the land of an un-cloud-ed sky;

No. 35. Home of the Soul.

USED BY PERMISSION.

Mrs. Ellen H. Gates. **Philip Phillips.**

1. I will sing you a song of that beau - ti - ful land, The far a - way
2. Oh, that home of the soul in my vi-sions and dreams, Its bright, jasper
3. That un-change-a-ble home is for you and for me, Where Je - sus of
4. Oh, how sweet it will be in that beau - ti - ful land, So free from all

home of the soul, Where no storms ever beat on the glit-ter-ing strand, While the
walls I can see; Till I fan - cy but thin - ly the vail in - ter-venes Be-
Naz - a-reth stands; The King of all kingdoms for-ev - er is He, And He
sor - row and pain; With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands, To

years of e - ter - ni - ty roll, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll; Where no
tween the fair cit - y and me, Be - tween the fair cit - y and me; Till I
hold - eth our crowns in His hands, And He holdeth our crowns in His hands; The
meet one an-oth - er a - gain, To meet one an - oth - er a - gain; With

storms ev-er beat on the glit-ter-ing strand, While the years of e-ter-ni - ty roll.
fan - cy but thin-ly the vail in - ter-venes Be - tween the fair cit - y and me.
King of all kingdoms for-ev-er is He, And He holdeth our crowns in His hands.
songs on our lips and with harps in our hands, To meet one an - oth - er a - gain.

No. 36. I Shall Be Like Him.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY M. HOMER CUMMINGS.

M. H. C. Rev. M. Homer Cummings.

1. When I shall reach my home up in glo - ry, Af - ter life's storms and bat - tles are o'er, There 'mid the scenes of splen-dor be - fore me,
2. Sor - row and an - guish nev - er can en - ter That ho - ly land of un - cloud-ed day; For in the bright and heav - en - ly cen - ter,
3. Friends I have loved will be there to greet me, Free from their tri - als, suf-f'ring and woe; But best of all, the Sav - ior will meet me,
4. Then in the song of a - ges e - ter - nal, "Bless-ing and hon - or, wis - dom and praise;" With the re-deemed in man-sions su - per - nal,

CHORUS.

I shall a - bide with Christ ev - er - more.
Je - sus shall wipe each tear-drop a - way. I shall be-hold the King in His
And thro' the gates with Him I shall go.
I shall re - joice thro' un - end - ing days.

beau - ty, Oh, how I long to look on His face! Changed in a mo-ment in - to His im - age, I shall be like Him, saved by His grace.

rit.

No. 37. My Lord and King.

Dedicated to my Mother.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY M. HOMER CUMMINGS.

M. H. C.
DUET.

Rev. M. Homer Cummings.

1. When my jour-ney's end - ed, And tri - als are all o'er;
2. When the strug-gle's o - ver, Its con - flicts sharp and long;
3. When I see the man - sions In yon - der Cit - y fair,
4. When I bear the like - ness Of Him who died for me;

When the toil - and suf - f'ring Are passed for - ev - er - more:
When the peace of Heav - en Shall tune my heart to song:
When I greet with pleas - ure My loved ones wait - ing there:
When I join the cho - rus And sing e - ter - nal - ly:

CHORUS.

I shall be - hold . . . my Lord and King, . . . And sing the song . . . . the ran-somed sing; . . . . Yes, I shall see . . . Him as He is, For He is mine and I am His.

I shall be-hold my Lord and King,
And sing the song the ran-somed sing;
Yes, I shall see

No. 38. I Will Not Forget Thee.

C. H. G.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Sweet is the promise—"I will not forget thee," Nothing can mo-lest or turn my soul a-way; E'en tho' the night be dark with-in the val-ley,
2. Trust-ing the promise—"I will not forget thee," Onward will I go with songs of joy and love; Tho' earth de-spise me, tho' my friends forsake me,
3. When at the gold-en por-tals I am standing, All my trib-u-la-tions, all my sorrows past, How sweet to hear the bless-ed proc-la-ma-tion,

CHORUS.

Just be-yond is shining one e-ter-nal day.
I shall be remembered in my home above. I . . . . . will not forget thee or
"Enter, faithful servant, welcome home at last!" I will not forget thee, I will nev-er leave thee; In my hands I'll hold thee, in my arms I'll fold thee; I. . . . . will
leave thee; I will not for-get not for-get thee or leave thee; I am thy Re-deem-er, I will care for thee.
thee, for-get

No. 39. May I be Faithful.

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

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

1. The Mas-ter has gone to a dis-tant country And left me a charge to keep,
2. There's labor for me that no oth - er can do, A place I a - lone can fill;
3. Shall oth-ers go forth to the field of harvest While I with the i-dlers stand?
4. The day that shall break for my Lord's appearing, He hath not revealed to me,

A work in His vineyard, a field for reaping, A shepherd to guard His sheep.
Then why should I not be among the chosen, Re - joic-ing to do His will?
The tal - ent He gave me, shall I not use it, In fol-low-ing His com-mand?
Yet if He but find me a faith-ful serv-ant A glo - ri - ous day 'twill be,

CHORUS.

May I be faith-ful un - to the trust He as-signed me; Con - stant in
Con-stant in heart and in
service, Earnest in all that I do; May I be faith-ful! Out in the
field may He find me, When He re - turn-eth, pa-tient and loy-al and true!

No. 40. O That Will Be Glory.

C. H. G.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

rit.

CHORUS. *Faster.*

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

rit.

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

No. 41. Faith Will Bring the Blessing.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY W. E. BIEDERWOLF.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

James Rowe. **B. D. Ackley.**

1. If you need up - lift-ing, if you need a song, Strength to help your soul to
2. In some hour un-guard-ed, if the foe as - sail, Tho' you feel your weakness,
3. On the Lord de-pend-ing, sing a - long the way, Naught can ev-er harm you

tri-umph o - ver wrong, Put your faith in Je - sus, He is true and strong;
let not cour-age fail; Trust in Je - sus on - ly and you shall pre - vail;
if He is your stay; Lean up - on His promise till the bet - ter day;

CHORUS.

Faith will bring the blessing ev-'ry time . . Faith will bring the blessing
yes, ev'ry time.

ev'ry time, Tho' your faith be simple or sublime; For the Savior knows the heart,

Ev-'ry need He will impart; Faith will bring the blessing ev'ry time. . .
ev-'ry time.

No. 42. Scatter Sunshine.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Lanta Wilson Smith. E. O. Excell.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

No. 43. I Will Follow All the Way.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY M. HOMER CUMMINGS.

Rev. M. Homer Cummings. D. Ward Miliam.

1. I have heard Thy lov-ing voice, And it makes my heart re-joice, As I fol - low Thee, as I fol - low Thee; Noth-ing can my soul af-fright
2. Tho' the en - e - my as - sail, O - ver him I shall pre-vail, If I fol - low Thee, if I fol - low Thee; In the thick-est of the fray,
3. Tho' earth's sorrows o'er me roll, There's a calm with-in my soul When I fol - low Thee, when I fol - low Thee; Tho' the clouds my way o'er-cast,
4. Then up - on the gold-en shore, When my pil-grim-age is o'er, I will fol - low Thee, I will fol - low Thee; I shall see Thee as Thou art,

While I'm walking in the light, So I'll glad-ly fol - low all the way.
I am sure to win the day, If I fol-low Je - sus all the way.
I shall reach the goal at last If I on - ly fol - low all the way.
Nev - er from Thee to de-part, When I shall have fol-lowed all the way.

CHORUS.

I will fol - low, fol - low, Fol-low Je - sus all the way;
fol - low Je - sus, fol - low Je - sus,
I will fol - low where He leads me, I will fol-low Je-sus all the way.
I will fol - low Him

No. 44. Grace, Enough For Me.

E. O. E.

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E. O. Excell.

1. In look - ing thro' my tears one day, I saw Mount Cal - va - ry;
2. While stand-ing there, my trem-bling 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,

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

CHORUS.

Grace is flowing from Cal-va-ry, . . Grace as fath-om-less 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, e-nough for me.
Grace for time and e - ter - ni-ty, His a-bun-dant grace I see, e-nough for me.

No. 45. I'm Happy With Jesus Alone.

C. P. J. USED BY PERMISSION OF C. P. JONES. C. P. Jones.

Moderato.

1. There's nothing so precious as Je - sus to me; Let earth with her treasures be-gone;
2. When sin-ful, and doom'd to a life of de-spair, No light on my pathway to shine;
3. 'Twas Jesus who call'd me and show'd me the way To peace upon earth and in heav'n;
4. Should fa-ther and mother for-sake me be-low, My bed up-on earth be a stone,

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

CHORUS.

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

a-lone, a-lone;

Tho' friends all forsake me, thank God I can say I'm hap-py with Je-sus a - lone.

No, 46. I've Pitched my Tent in Beulah.

(Respectfully dedicated to the choir at Hollow Rock.)

M. J. H. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY MRS. M. J. HARRIS. Mrs. M. J. Harris.

1. I long a - go left E-gypt, for the promised land, I trust-ed in my Sav-ior and to His guiding hand, He led me out to vic-t'ry thro' the great red sea, I sang a song of tri-umph, and shout-ed I am free.
2. I followed close beside Him and the land soon found, I did not halt or trem-ble, for Ca-naan I was bound, My Guide I ful - ly trust-ed and He led me in, I shout-ed hal-le - lu - jah, my heart is free from sin.
3. I started for the highlands where the fruits abound, I pitched my tent near Hebron, there grapes of eshcol found, With milk and honey flowing, and new wine so free, I have no love for E-gypt, it has no charms for me.
4. My heart is so en-rapt-ured as I press a - long, Each day I find new blessings which fill my heart with song, I'm ev-er marching on-ward to that land on high, Some day I'll reach my mansion that's builded in the sky.

CHORUS.

You need not look for me, down in Egypt's sand, For I have pitched my tent far up in Beu - lah land; You tent far up in Beu-lah land.

No. 47. When We All Get to Heaven.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY MRS. J. G. WILSON.
USED BY PERMISSION.

E. E. Hewitt. Mrs. J. G. Wilson.

1. Sing the won-drous love of Je - sus, Sing His mer-cy and His grace;
2. While we walk the pil - grim pathway, Clouds will o - ver-spread the sky;
3. Let us then be true and faith-ful, Trust-ing, serv-ing ev - 'ry day;
4. On - ward to the prize be - fore us! Soon His beau-ty we'll be - hold;

In the mansions, bright and bless-ed, He'll pre - pare for us a place.
But when trav - ling days are o - ver, Not a shad-ow, not a sigh.
Just one glimpse of Him in glo - ry Will the toils of life re - pay.
Soon the pearl - y gates will o - pen, We shall tread the streets of gold.

for us a place.

CHORUS.

When we all get to Heav - en, What a day of re-
When we all What a

joic - ing that will be! When we all see
day of re - joic - ing that will be! When we all

Je - sus, We'll sing and shout the vic - to - ry. . . . . .
shout, and shout the vic - to - ry.

No. 48. Beulah Land.

Edgar Page. BY PERMISSION OF MRS. JNO. R. SWENEY. Jno. R. Sweney.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

No. 49. My Grace Is Sufficient for Thee.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY M. HOMER CUMMINGS.

M. H. C. Rev. M. Homer Cummings.

1. Tho' sor-rows o'er-take thee and troub-les as - sail, My grace is suf-
2. Tho' Sa - tan a - larm thee, his an - gel de - ride, My grace is suf-
3. Tho' pleasures should leave thee and cherished hopes flee, My grace is suf-
4. Tho' death may soon call thee to re-gions be-yond, My grace is suf-

fi-cient for thee; I'll nev - er for-sake thee, My love can-not fail,
fi-cient for thee; There's naught that can harm thee while I'm by thy side,
fi-cient for thee; My treas-ures I'll give thee, thy por - tion I'll be,
fi-cient for thee; What-e'er shall be - fall thee, with aid I'll re-spond,

CHORUS.

My grace is suf - fi-cient for thee. "My grace is suf - fi - cient for
thee, (for thee,) My grace is suf - fi - cient for thee, (for thee,) For My
strength is made per-fect in weak-ness, My grace is suf - fi-cient for thee."

No. 50. Keep the Heart Singing.

C. H. G.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

FINE.

D.S.

No. 51. If You Just Keep Sweet.

(Theme suggested by a sermon of Rev. G. D. Sampson.)

M. H. C. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY M. HOMER CUMMINGS. M. Homer Cummings.

1. If the storms a - bove you rise, And ob - scure the sun - ny skies,
2. There are man - y souls to - day In the "straight and narrow way,"
3. So then, as you on - ward go Thro' the world of pain and woe,
4. When your la - bors here are past, And you dwell in peace at last,

Let your life with gladness be re - plete; Sing a bright and cheer-y song,
Who are pressing on with wear-y feet; All their sor - rows you can share,
Have a smile for ev - 'ry one you meet; Let your light for Je - sus shine,
You will walk up - on the gold - en street; Then, while an - gels sweet-ly sing,

FINE.

Hap-py as you go a - long, Clouds will van-ish, if you just keep sweet.
And each heav-y bur-den bear, You can help them, if you just keep sweet.
With a ra - di - ance di-vine, You will cheer them, if you just keep sweet.
In the pres-ence of the King, You will praise Him that you just kept sweet.

CHORUS.

If you just keep sweet, If you just keep sweet, Heav-en's smile will

D. S.

shine your soul to greet; If you just keep sweet, If you just keep sweet,

No. 52. I Must Tell Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY THE HOFFMAN MUSIC CO.

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

1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can - not bear these bur-dens a - lone;
2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troub - les; He is a kind, com- pas-sion-ate Friend;
3. Tempted and tried I need a great Sav - ior, One who can help my bur-dens to bear;
4. O how the world to e - vil al - lures me! O how my heart is tempted to sin!

In my dis - tress He kind - ly will help me;
If I but ask Him, He will de - liv - er,
I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus;
I must tell Je - sus, and He will help me

D. S.—*I must tell Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus!*

FINE. CHORUS.

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

I must tell Je - sus!

Je - sus can help me, Je - sus a - lone.

D. S.

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

No. 53. I Want to Live Closer to Jesus.

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

Jessie Brown Pounds. Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

CHORUS.

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

No. 54. I Would Be Like Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

James Rowe. B. D. Ackley.

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

would be like Je - sus;

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

would be like Je - sus.

CHORUS.

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

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

No. 55. The Lily of the Valley.

English Melody.

1. I have found a friend in Je - sus, He's ev - 'ry-thing to me, He's the
2. Oh, He all my griefs has ta - ken, and all my sorrows borne; In temp-
3. He will nev - er, nev - er leave me, nor yet for-sake me here, While I

fair - est of ten thousand to my soul; The Lil - y of the Val - ley, in
ta - tion He's my strong and mighty tow'r; I have all for Him for - sa-ken, and
live by faith and do His bless-ed will; A wall of fire a-bout me, I've

D. S.—Lil - y of the Val-ley, the

FINE.

Him a - lone I see All I need to cleanse and make me ful - ly whole.
all my i - dols torn From my heart, and now He keeps me by His pow'r.
noth-ing now to fear, With His man - na He my hun - gry soul shall fill.

bright and morn-ing star, He's the fair - est of ten thou-sand to my soul.

In sor - row He's my com - fort, in troub - le He's my stay,
Tho' all the world for - sake me, and Sat - an tempt me sore,
Then sweep-ing up to glo - ry to see His bless - ed face,

D. S.

He tells me ev - 'ry care on Him to roll. He's the
Thro' Je - sus I shall safe - ly reach the goal. He's the
Where riv - ers of de - light shall ev - er roll. He's the

No. 56. Let the Sunshine In.

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

Ada Blenkhorn. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. Do you fear the foe will in the con-flict win? Is it dark with-
2. Does your faith grow faint-er in the cause you love? Are your prayers un-
3. Would you go re-joi-cing in the up-ward way, Know-ing naught of

out you—dark-er still with-in? Clear the dark-ened windows, o-pen
an-swered by your God a-bove? Clear the dark-ened windows, o-pen
dark-ness, dwell-ing in the day? Clear the dark-ened windows, o-pen

CHORUS.

wide the door, Let a lit-tle sun-shine in. Let a lit-tle sun-shine
the
in, ... Let a lit-tle sun-shine in; . . . . Clear the dark-ened
sun-shine in, the sun-shine in;
win-dows, o-pen wide the door, Let a lit-tle sun-shine in.

No. 57. Someone is Looking to You.

W. M. Lighthall.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Let your light shine where-so-e'er you go, Some-one is look-ing to
2. Some-one is grop - ing his way to God, Some-one is look-ing to
3. Some-one your coun - sel will sure - ly take, Some-one is look-ing to
4. Some-one has al - most ac - cept - ed Him, Some-one is look-ing to

you! Bright - er each day let it gleam and glow, Some-one is
you! Fol - low - ing on where your feet have trod, Some-one is
you! And by your life his de - ci - sion make, Some-one is
you! And may be lost if your light grows dim, Some-one is

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. 58. We Shall See the King Some Day.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, 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 and care, We shall see the
3. Aft - er foes are conquered, aft - er bal - 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 morning 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,)

When the clouds have rolled a - way; (a - way;) Gathered 'round the throne,

When He shall call His own, We shall see the King some day.

No. 59. Jesus is All the World to Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY WILL L. THOMPSON.
HOPE PUBLISHING CO. OWNERS.

W. L. T. Will L. Thompson.

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

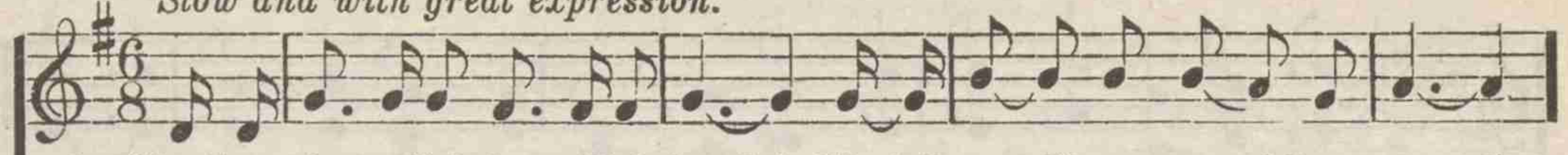
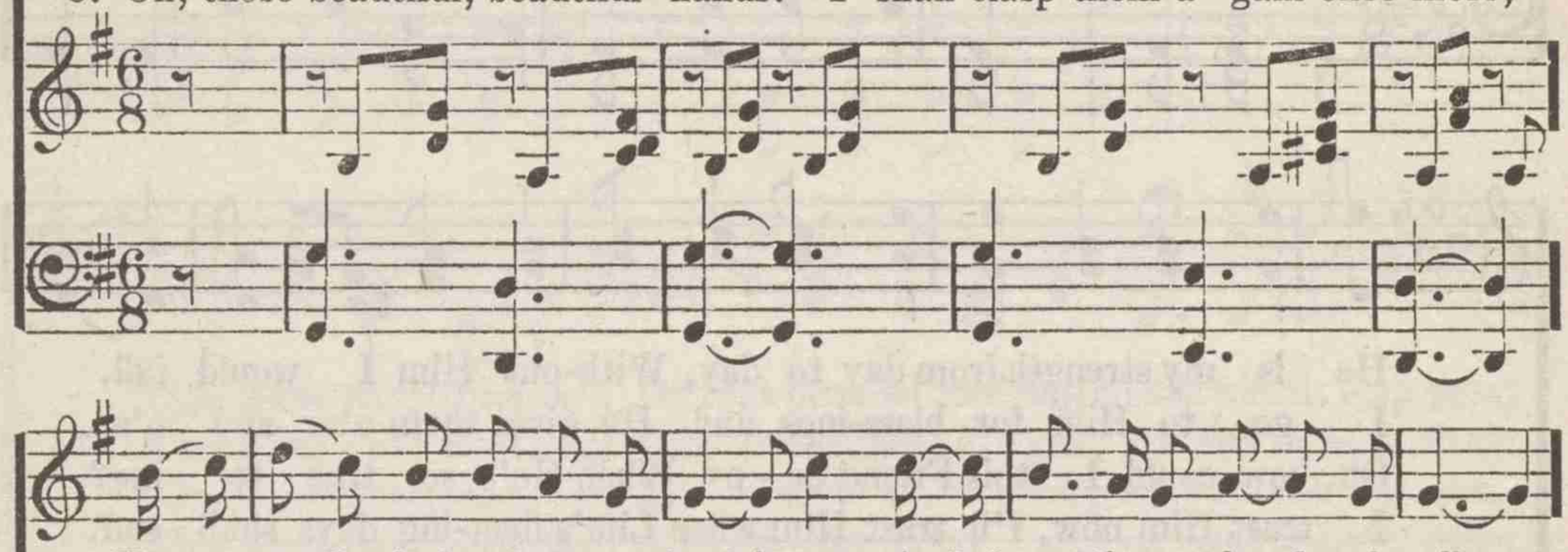
He is my strength from day to day, With-out Him I would fall.
I go to Him for bless-ings, and He gives them o'er and o'er.
Oh, how could I this Friend de - ny, When He's so true to me?
I trust Him now, I'll trust Him when Life's fleet-ing days shall end.

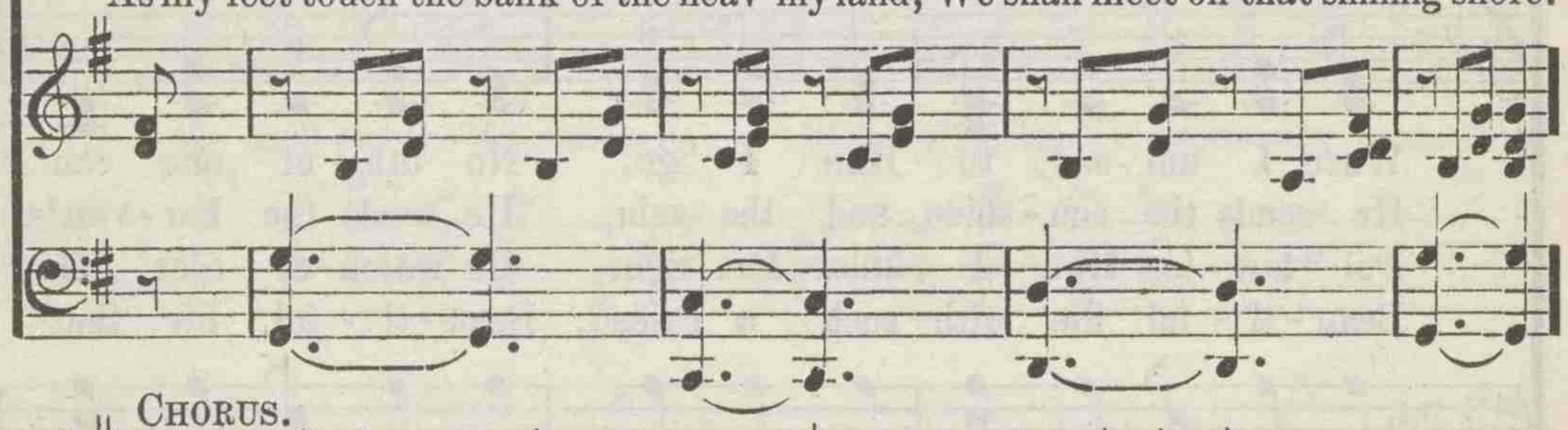
When I am sad, to Him I go, No oth - er one can cheer me so; When I am sad He makes me glad, He's my Friend.
He sends the sun - shine and the rain, He sends the har - vest's gold - en grain; Sun-shine and rain, har - vest of grain, He's my Friend.
Fol - low - ing Him I know I'm right, He watch - es o'er me day and night; Fol-low - ing Him, by day and night, He's my Friend.
Beau - ti - ful life with such a Friend; Beau - ti - ful life that has no end; E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy, He's my Friend.

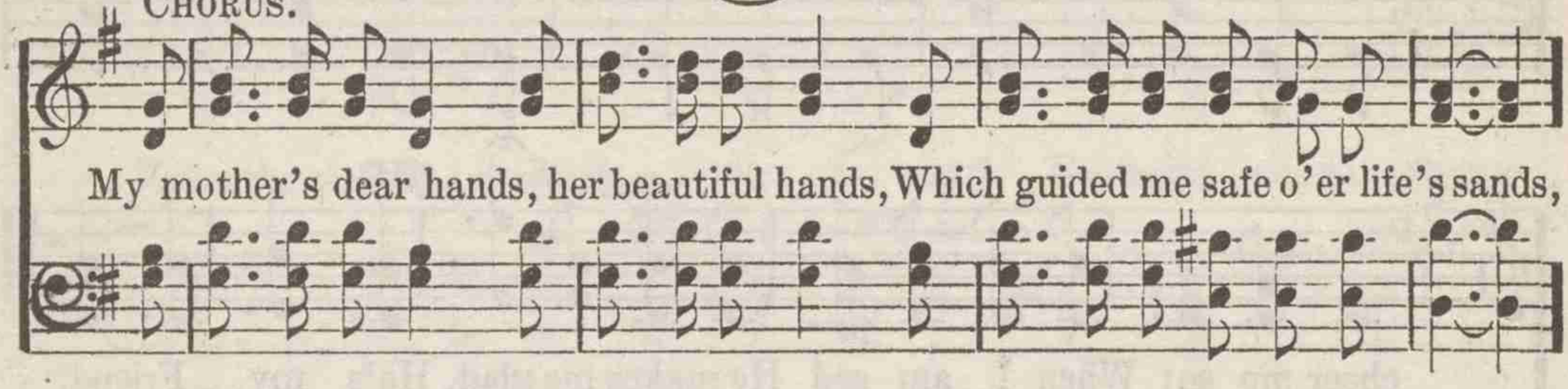
f *pp*

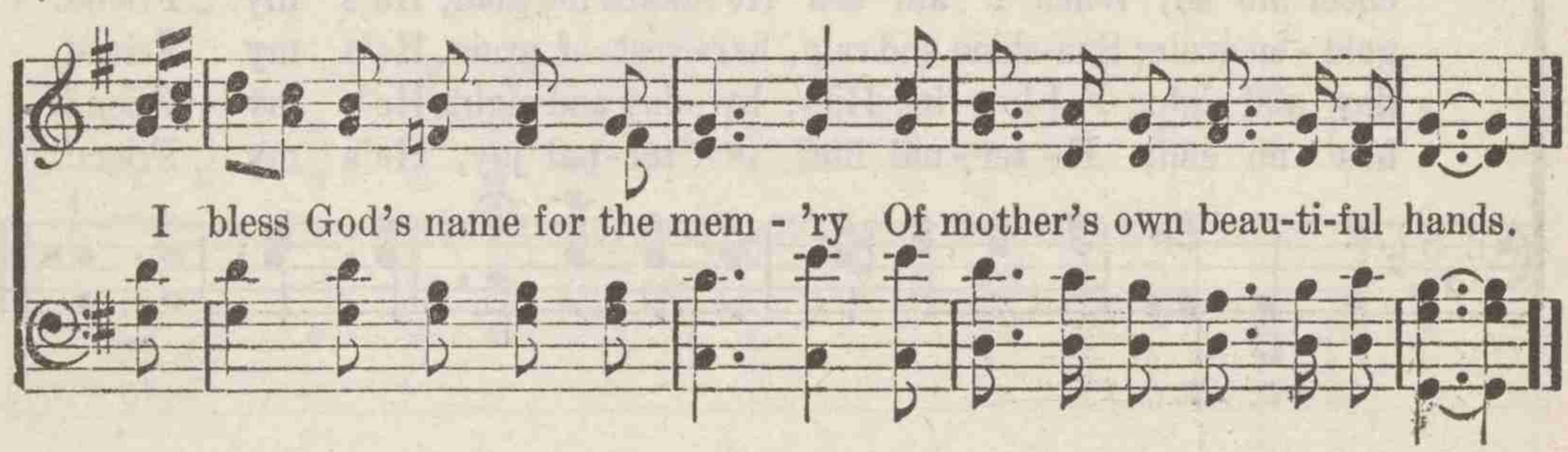
No. 60. My Mother's Hands.

Mrs. M. E. W. USED BY PERMISSION. Mrs. M. E. Wilson.

Slow and with great expression.

1. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! Tho' they neither were white nor small,
2. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! How they cared for my in - fant days!
3. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! As they pressed my ach - ing brow;
4. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! Thin and wrinkled with age they grew;
5. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! I stood by her cof-fin one day,
6. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! I shall clasp them a - gain once more,

Yet my mother's hands were the fair-est And love - li - est hands of all.
They guided my feet in - to pleasant paths And smoothed all the rug-ged ways.
They cooled the fever and eased the pain; Me - thinks I can feel them now.
But still they toiled on for the child so dear, And her love seemed more tender and true.
And I kissed those hands so cold and white, As qui - et and peace-ful she lay.
As my feet touch the bank of the heav'nly land, We shall meet on that shining shore.



CHORUS.

My mother's dear hands, her beautiful hands, Which guided me safe o'er life's sands,



I bless God's name for the mem - 'ry Of mother's own beau-ti-ful hands.

No. 61. Spare My Boy.

Tune:—"JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE."

COYRIGHT, 1916, BY M. HOMER CUMMINGS.

A. N. O.

Arr. by
Rev. M. Homer Cummings.

1. Thro' the in-fant days I watched him, Guard-ed well my dar-ling boy;
   Thro' the nights I soothed and rocked him, On a bos-om filled with joy;
2. Thro' the childhood years I led him, Guid-ed e'er his lit-tle feet;
   Who could harm him, who could dare to Taint the lips so ten-der, sweet?
3. Pa-tient-ly I watched the bud-ding Of the man-hood of the child;
   Can I see the no-ble bloom-ing Blight-ed, ru-ined, or de-filed?

Now, a-las! I may not shield him, Tho' by sin and death be-guiled;
Must I yield my heart's fond treasure To the blighting curse of rum?
Spare my loved one, spare his manhood, Of my life the pride and joy;
I on-ly can en-treat the spoiler, Spare my child, O spare my child.
O rob me of my food and shelter, On-ly spare my dar-ling son.
Ah! you can take the shining gold, yet Spare my loved one, spare my boy.

CHORUS.

Spare my boy, O spare my darling, Spare my own, my precious boy;
Spare, O spare my darling,
For sure the wine-cup will destroy him, Spare, O spare my darling boy.
wine-cup will destroy him,

rit.

No. 62. Only Wait.

WORDS COPYRIGHTED BY
A. B. Simpson, N. Y.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY JNO. T. BENSON.

W. R. Newell.
Chorus, words and Music, by L. B. Haines.

1. Oft I hear a gen-tle whisper o'er me steal-ing, When my tri - als and my
2. When I can-not un-der-stand my Father's leading, And it seems to be but
3. When the promise seems to linger, long de-lay-ing, And I trem-ble lest per-
4. When I see the wicked prosper in their sin-ning, And the righteous pressed by
5. Oh, how lit-tle soon will seem our hardest sorrow, And how tri-fling is our
6. I have cho-sen my e - ter-nal por-tion yon-der, I am press-ing hard to

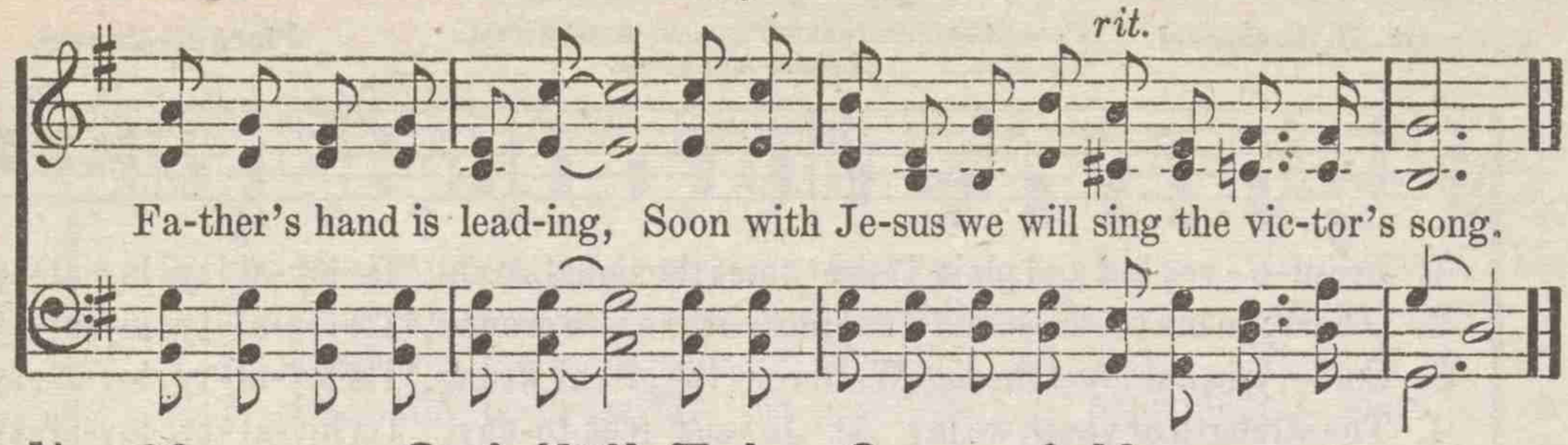
burdens seem too great; Like the sweet-voiced bells of evening softly peal-ing,
hard and cru - el fate, Still I hear that heav'nly whis-per ev - er pleading:
haps it come too late, Still I hear that sweet-voiced angel ev-er say - ing:
many a cru - el strait, I re - mem-ber this is on - ly the be - gin - ning,
pres-ent brief es - tate; Could we see it in the light of heav'n's to - mor - row,
reach yon heav'nly gate; And tho' oft a - long the way I weep and won-der,

rit.

It is say - ing to my spir - it, On - ly wait.
God is faithful, God is work-ing, on - ly wait.
Tho' it tar - ry, it is com - ing, on - ly wait.
And I whis - per to my spir - it, On - ly wait.
Oh, how eas - y it would be for us to wait.
Still I hear that heav'nly whisper, On - ly wait.

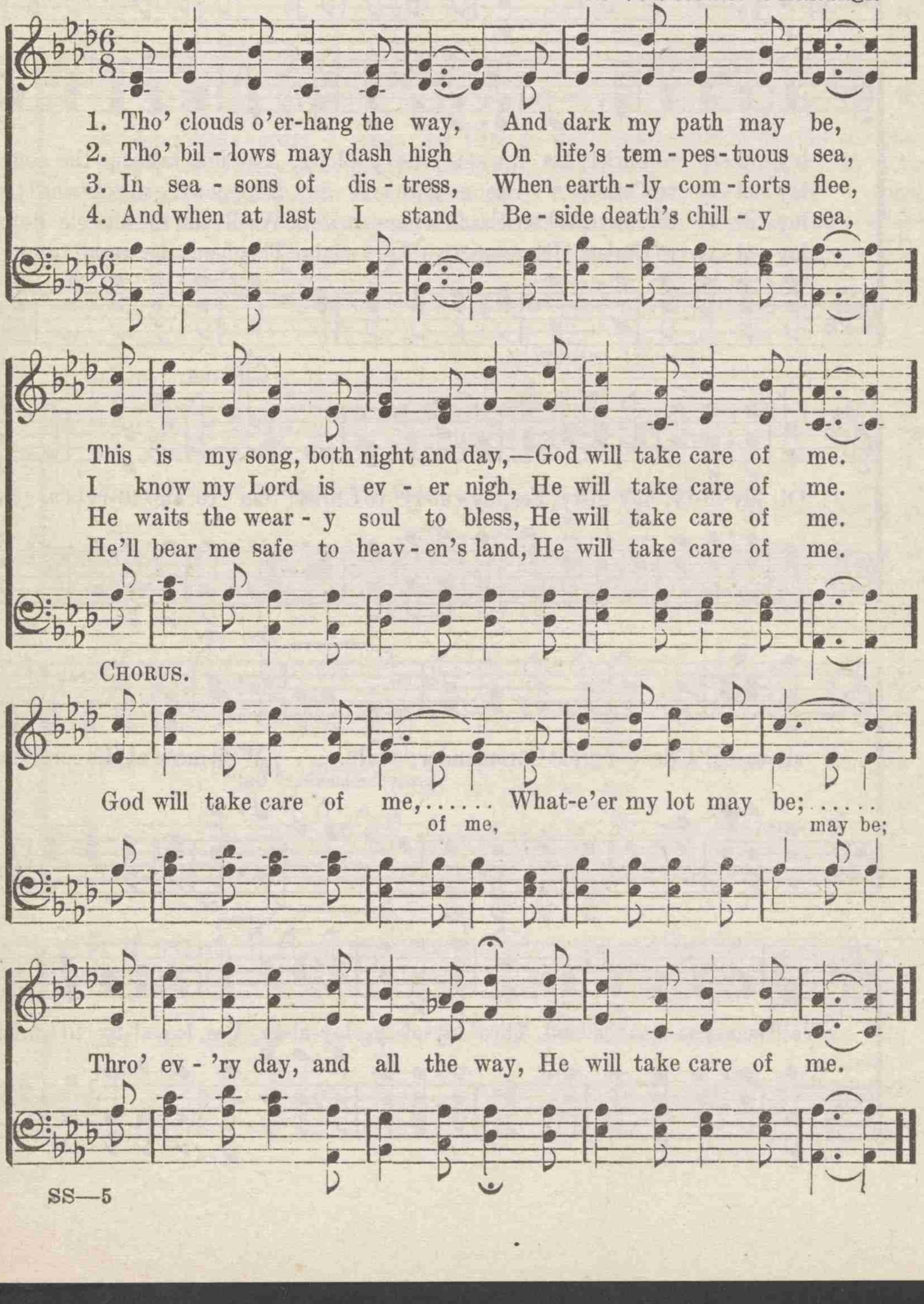
CHORUS.

On-ly wait; again I hear that whis - per, On - ly wait, 'twill not be ver - y long; E - ven now the

Only Wait.

No. 63. God Will Take Care of Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY M. HOMER CUMMINGS.

M. H. C. Rev. M. Homer Cummings.



No. 64. Loyalty to Christ.

Dr. E. T. Cassel.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, 1898, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

Flora H. Cassel.

1. From o - ver hill and plain There comes the signal strain, 'Tis loy-al - ty, loy-al - ty,
2. O hear, ye brave, the sound That moves the earth around, 'Tis loy-al - ty, loy-al - ty,
3. Come, join our loyal 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 watch-word true,
loy - al - ty to Christ; Where Satan's banners float We'll send the bu - gle note,
loy - al - ty to Christ; His gos-pel we'll pro-claim Thro'-out the world's domain,

CHORUS.

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

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

great Commander; "On!"

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

No. 65. He is So Precious to Me.

C. H. G.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

CHORUS. *Faster.*

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

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

rit.

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

No. 66. Growing Dearer Each Day.

C. H. G.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. How sweet is the love of my Savior! 'T is bound-less and deep as the sea; And
2. I know He is ev-er be-side me! E - ter - ni - ty on - ly will prove The
3. Wher-ev - er He leads I will fol-low, Thro' sor - row, or shadow, or sun; And
4. Some day face to face I shall see Him, And oh, what a joy it will be To

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

No. 67. The Better I Love Him.

Dedicated to Rev. Jno. T. Hickman.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY M. HOMER CUMMINGS.

M. H. C. Rev. M. Homer Cummings.

1. I have such a dear, lov-ing Friend, No oth - er can with Him com-pare;
2. My needs He doth dai - ly sup - ply, No mat-ter how great they may be;
3. His pres-ence dis-pels ev - 'ry fear, And brightens my path-way be - low;
4. And when I'm ac-cord-ed a place With Christ in His mansions of gold,

Up - on Him for strength I de - pend, I bring ev -'ry bur-den and care.
His rich - es in glo - ry on high, Are boundless, exhaustless, and free.
His Spir - it, to com-fort and cheer, Is with me wher-ev - er I go.
I'll sing of His mer - cy and grace, And all of His beau-ty be - hold.

CHORUS.

The more I am with Him, the bet - ter I love Him, He's all the world to me; I'll serve Him for - ev - er with ear - nest en - deav - or, Like Je - sus I long to be.....

No. 68. I Want to Go There.

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

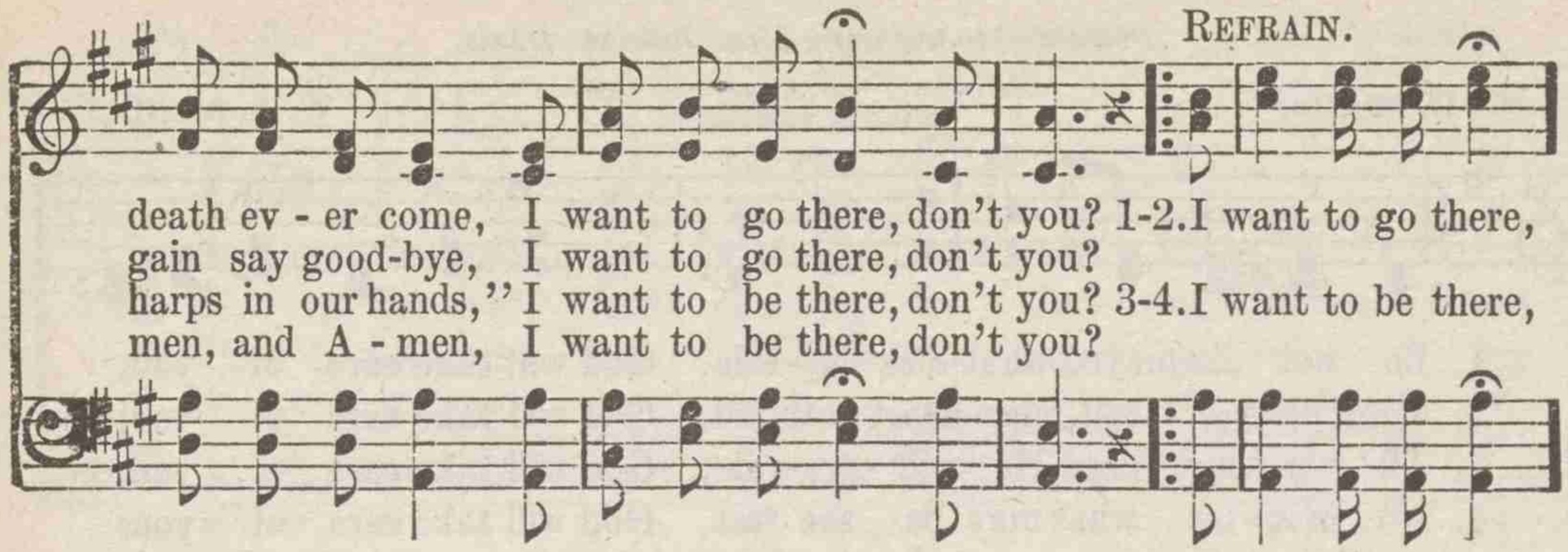
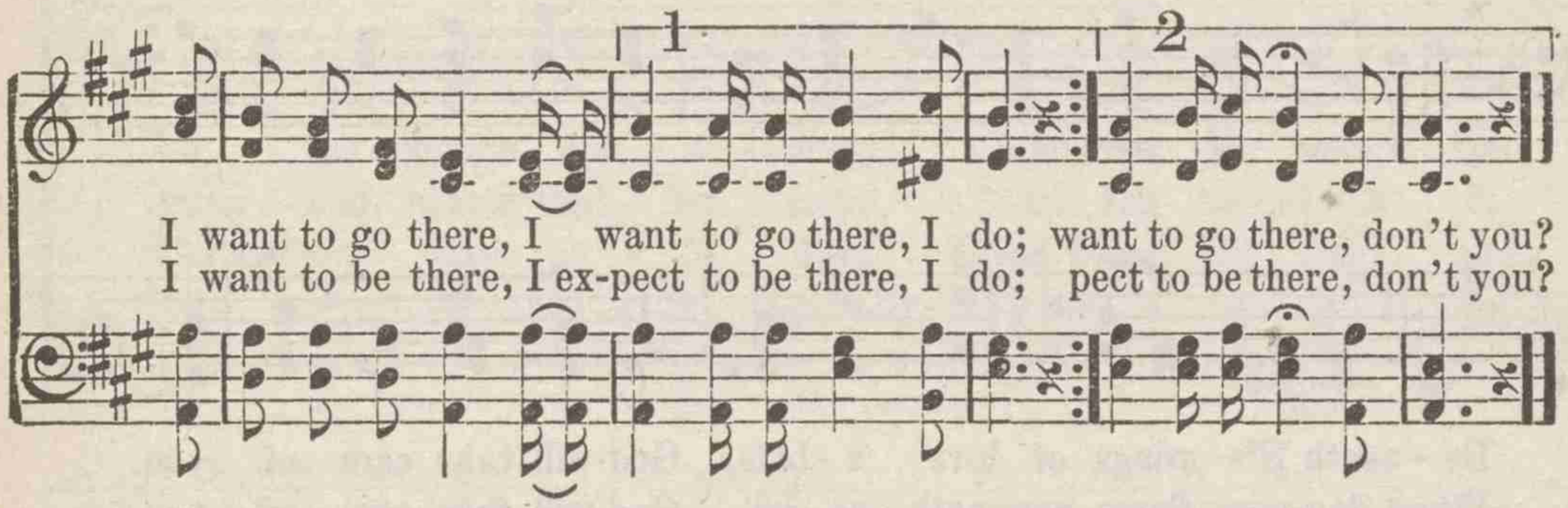
Rev. D. S. Rev. D. Sullins.

1. They tell of a cit - y far up in the sky, I want to go there, I do; 'Tis built in the land of "the sweet by and by," I want to go there, I do; 'Tis built in the land of "the sweet by and by," I
2. Its gates are all pearl, its streets are all gold, I want to go there, I do; The Lamb is the light of that cit - y we're told, I want to go there, I do; The Lamb is the light of that cit - y we're told, I
3. When the old ship of Zi - on shall make her last trip, I want to be there, I do; With heads all un - cov-ered to greet the old ship, I want to be there, I do; With heads all un - cov-ered to greet the old ship, I
4. When Je - sus is crowned the King of all kings, I want to be there, I do; With shout - ing and clap-ping till all heav-en rings, I want to be there, I do; 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.

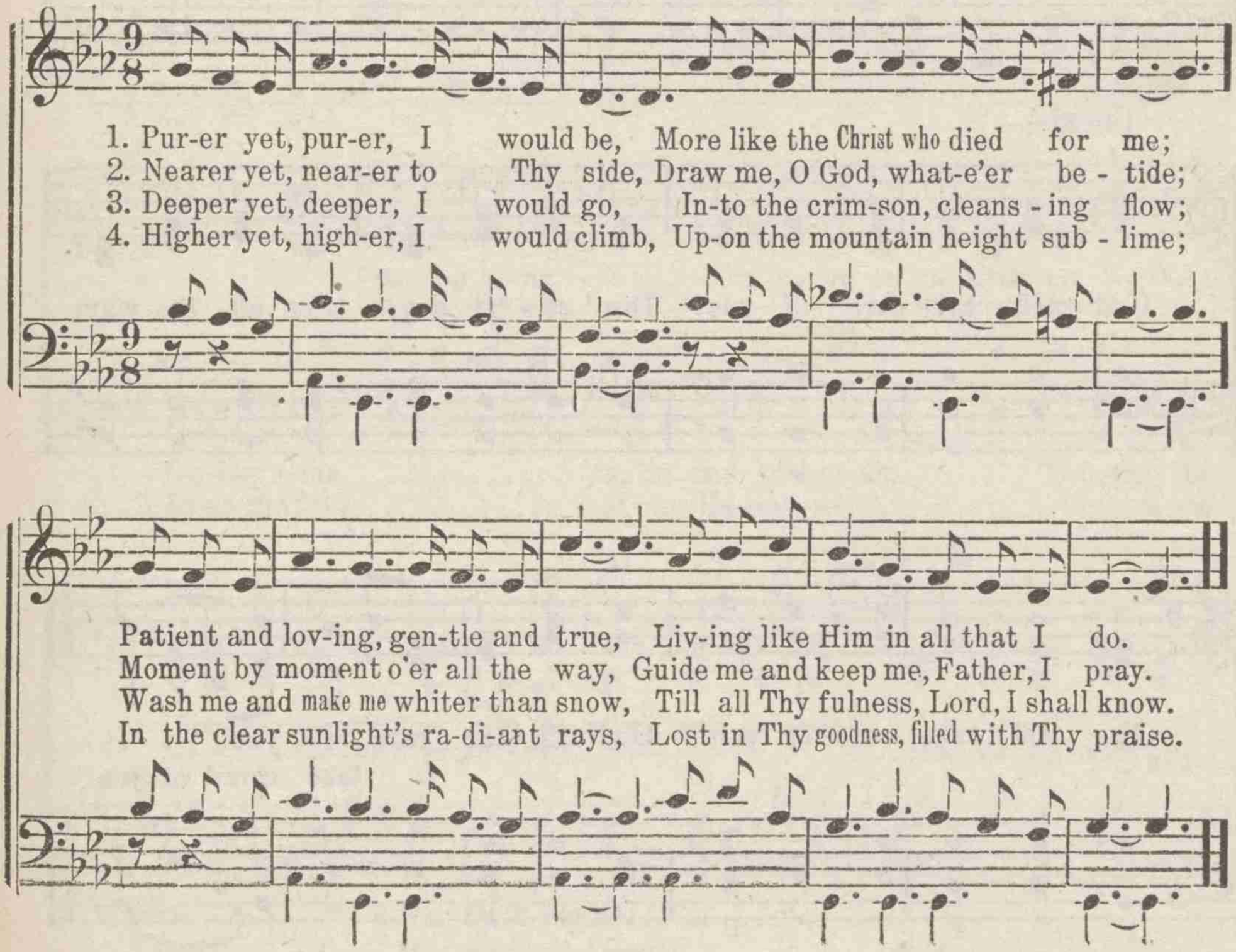
REFRAIN.



No. 69. Purer Yet, Purer.

Copyright, 1919, by M. Homer Cummings.

M. H. C.

REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS.



No. 70. God Will Take Care of You.

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

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY JOHN A. DAVIS.
USED BY PERMISSION.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

No. 71. Seeking the Lost.

W. A. O. USED BY PER OF MRS. W. A OGDEN. W. A. Ogden

1. Seek-ing the lost, yes, kind - ly en - treat - ing, Wan - der-ers on the mount - ain a - stray; "Come un - to me," His mes-sage re-peat - ing, Words of the Mas - ter speak-ing to - day.
2. Seek-ing the lost, and point-ing to Je - sus, Souls that are weak and hearts that are sore; Lead - ing them forth in ways of sal - va - tion, Show-ing the path to life ev - er - more.
3. Thus I would go on mis-sions of mer - cy, Fol - low - ing Christ from day un - to day; Cheer - ing the faint, and rais - ing the fall - en; Point-ing the lost to Je - sus, the Way.

CHORUS.

{ Go - ing a - far
{ In - to the fold
up - on the mount-ain
of my Re-deem - er,

{ Go-ing a-far..... up-on the mount-ain..... Bringing the
{ In-to the fold..... of my Re-deem-er,..... Je-sus the

1 2

Bring-ing the wan-d'rer back a - gain, back a - gain }
Je - sus the Lamb for sin - ners (*Omit.*) } slain, for sin - ners slain.

wan - d'rer back a-gain..... }
Lamb..... for sin-ners (*Omit*) } slain. . . . . .

No. 72. My Mother's Bible.

M. B. Williams. COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN. Charlie D. Tillman.

DUET.

1. There's a dear and precious Book, Tho' it's worn and fad-ed now, Which re-
2. As she read the sto-ries o'er, Of those might-y men of old, Of
3. Then she read of Je-sus' love, As He blest the chil-dren dear, How He
4. Well, those days are past and gone, But their mem-'ry lin-gers still, And the

calls those happy days of long a-go; When I stood at mother's knee,
Jo-seph and of Dan-iel and their trials; Of lit-tle Da-vid bold,
suf-fered, bled and died up-on the tree; Of His heav-y load of care,—
dear old Book each day has been my guide; And I seek to do His will,

With her hand up-on my brow, And I heard her voice in gentle tones and low.
Who be-came a king at last; Of Sa-tan with his man-y wicked wiles.
Then she dried my flowing tears With her kiss-es as she said it was for me.
As my mother taught me then, And ev-er in my heart His words a-bide.

CHORUS.

Bless-ed Book, pre-cious Book, On thy dear old tear-stained

Blessed Book, precious Book,

My Mother's Bible.

leaves I love to look; (love to look;) Thou art sweet-er day by day, As I

walk the nar-row way That leads at last to that bright home a-bove.

No. 73. It Reaches Me.

FROM "THE GARNER." USED BY PERMISSION.

Mary D. James. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Oh, this ut-ter-most sal-va-tion! 'Tis a foun-tain full and free,
2. How a-maz-ing God's com-pas-sion That so vile a worm should prove
3. Je-sus, Sav-ior, I a-dore Thee! Now Thy love I will pro-claim,

Pure, ex-haust-less, ev-er flow-ing, Wondrous grace! it reach-es me!
This stu-pen-dous bliss of Heav-en, This un-meas-ured wealth of love!
I will tell the bless-ed sto-ry, I will mag-ni-fy Thy name!

FINE.

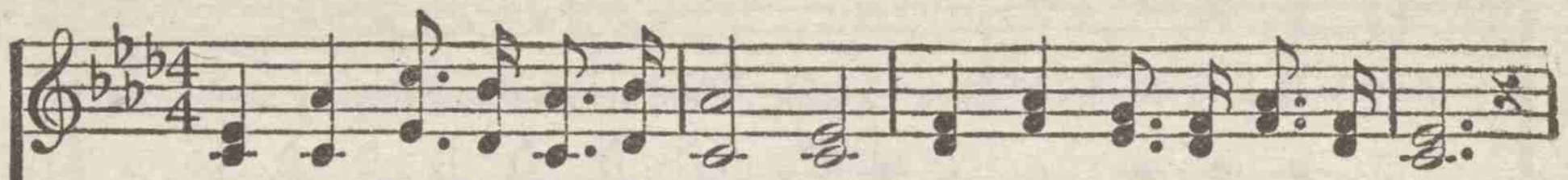
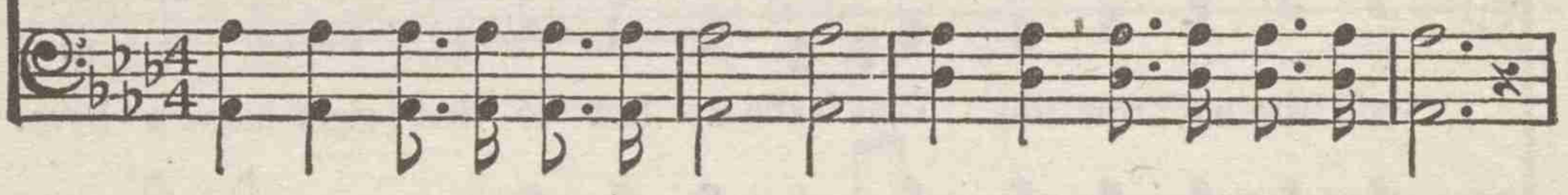
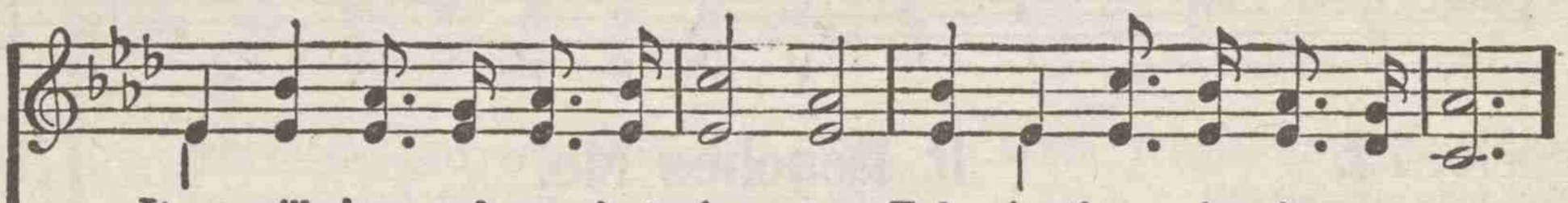
D.S.—*Pure, ex-haust-less, ev-er flow-ing, Wondrous grace! it reach-es me!*

CHORUS. D. S.

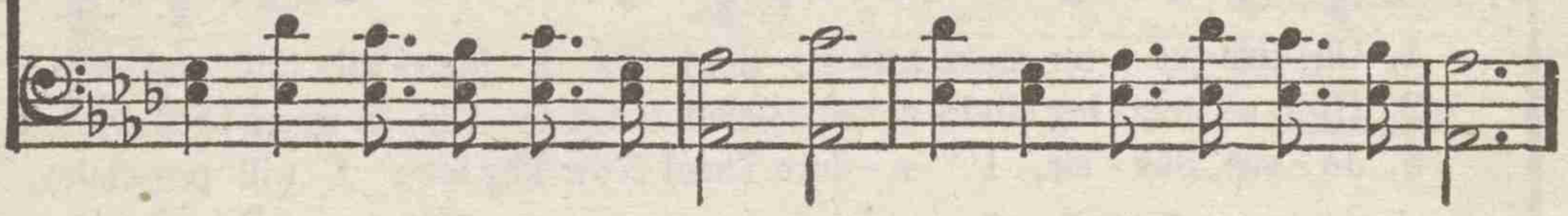
It reach-es me! it reach-es me! Wondrous grace! it reach-es me!

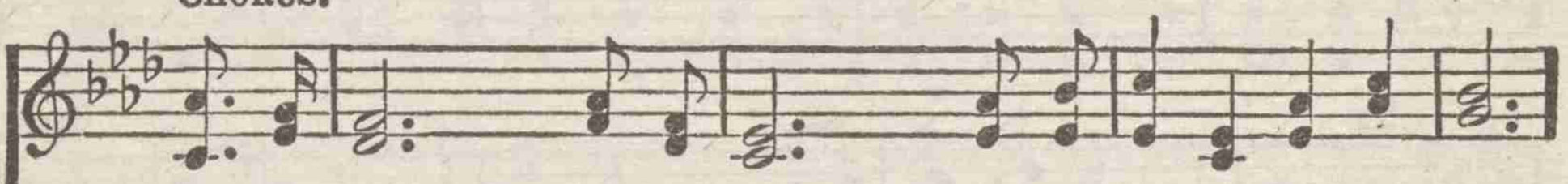
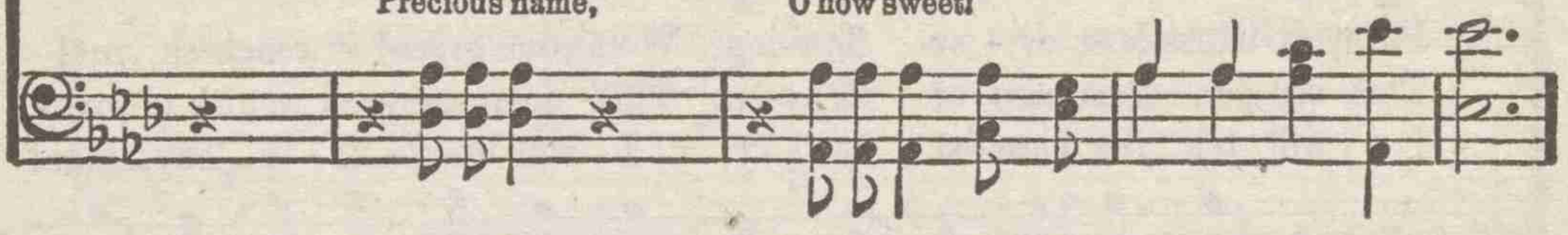
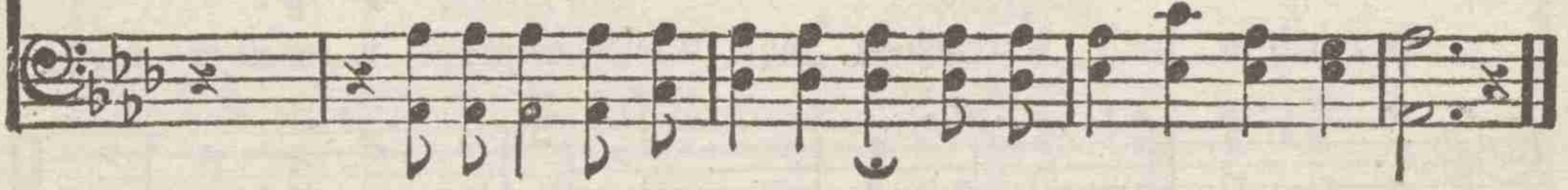
No. 74. Take the Name of Jesus With You.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY W. H. DOANE. RENEWAL.

Mrs. Lydia Baxter. W. H. Doane.

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



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



CHORUS.

Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of Heav'n;
Precious name, O how sweet!

Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of Heav'n.
Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet!

No. 75. Because I Love Jesus.

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

James Rowe. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. My path may be lone-ly, and dark be the night, The clouds may be
2. Be-cause I love Je-sus, my Sav-ior and thine, There's peace in my
3. Tho' loved ones be ta-ken a-way from my side, Tho' rich-es and
4. Tho' all that is e-vil a-gainst me com-bine, Tho' Sa-tan a-

hid-ing the sun from my sight, Yet I have as-sur-ance that all will be right,
soul, there is comfort di-vine; 'T will al-ways abide, for the promise is mine,
hon-or to me be de-nied, Yet if I but trust Him no ill can be-tide,
round me his snares should entwine, Yet if I am faith-ful a crown will be mine,

REFRAIN.

Be-cause..... I love Je-sus. Be-cause I love Je-sus,

Be-cause

Je-sus, Be-cause..... I love Je-sus; My soul is at

Be-cause

rest, and in Him I am blest, Be-cause..... I love Je-sus.

Be-cause

No. 76. Spend One Hour With Jesus.

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

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

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

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

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

No. 77. The Touch of His Hand on Mine.

Jessie Brown Pounds.

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Henry P. Morton.

1. There are days so dark that I seek in vain For the face of my
2. There are times, when tired of the toil-some road, That for ways of the
3. When the way is dim, and I can-not see Thro' the mist of His
4. In the last sad hour, as I stand a-lone Where the pow-ers of

Friend Di-vine; But tho' dark-ness hide, He is there to guide
world I pine; But He draws me back to the up-ward track
wise de-sign, How my glad heart yearns and my faith re-turns
death com-bine, While the dark waves roll He will guide my soul

FINE. CHORUS.

By the touch of His hand on mine. Oh, the touch of His hand on mine,

D. S.–*In the touch of His hand on mine.*

on mine,

D. S.

Oh, the touch of His hand on mine! There is grace and pow'r, in the trying hour,

on mine!

No. 78. Just When I Need Him Most.

Rev. Wm. Pool.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

No. 79. There is Gladness in My Soul.

Dedicated to the Union Mission, Charleston, W. Va.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY PAT. B. WITHROW, CHARLESTON, W. VA.

M. H. C. Rev. M. Homer Cummings.

1. O, my heart is full of mu-sic and of glad-ness, Since the Savior came in-
2. When I wandered far away from Him, He sought me; Oft I felt His bless-ed
3. He has bro-ken ev-'ry bondage, chain, and fet-ter, From the pow-er of the
4. I am praying now that others lost may know Him, That they, too, may feel sal-

to my soul to dwell; He has banished all my sorrow and my sadness, And so
Spirit strive within; Now unto the cleansing fountain He has brought me, And His
en-e-my I'm free; And each day I want to love and serve Him better; More and
va-tion's wondrous joy; All I am or ev - er hope to be I owe Him; In His

CHORUS.

sweetly tells me now that all is well. There is glad - ness, There is
precious blood has washed away my sin.
more like Christ my Lord I long to be.
ser - vice all my time I shall em-ploy. There is gladness,

glad - ness, There is gladness in my soul to - day; Waves of
There is gladness, Hal- le- lu- jah!

glory o'er me roll, Shouts of joy, I can't control, For my sins have all been washed away.

No. 80. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Baring-Gould. **Arthur Sullivan.**

1. On-ward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. At the sign of tri - umph Sa-tan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian sol-diers,
3. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread - ing
4. On-ward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our hap-py throng; Blend with ours your voices

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

For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban-ner go!
Brothers, lift your voi - ces, Loud your anthems raise. Onward, Christian sol - diers!
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
This thro' countless a - ges Men and an-gels sing.

REFRAIN.

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

No. 81.

Rock of Ages.

Tune:—"JUANITA."

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY M. HOMER CUMMINGS.

A. M. Toplady. Arr. by M. Homer Cummings.

1. Rock of A-ges, Rock of A-ges, cleft for me, Let me
2. Could my tears, Could my tears for-ev-er flow, Could my
3. While I draw, While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When my

hide my-self in Thee; Let the wa-ter and the blood,
zeal no lan-guor know, These for sin could not a-tone;
eyes shall close in death, When I rise to worlds un-known,

From Thy wounded side which flowed, Be of sin the doub-le cure,
Thou must save, and Thou a-lone: In my hand no price I bring;
And be-hold Thee on Thy throne, Rock of A-ges, cleft for me,

f Slower. CHORUS. *mf a tempo.*

Save me from its pow'r,
To Thy cross I cling. Rock of A-ges, Rock of A-ges,
Let me hide in Thee.

Tenderly. rit:

cleft for me, Let me hide, Let me hide in Thee.

No. 82. Where We'll Never Grow Old.

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

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

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

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

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

FINE.

told; Oh, will it a - bide—will we nev-er grow old?
hold, And join in the song that will nev-er grow old. 'Twill al-ways be
cold, Will greet us a - gain where we'll never grow old.
rolled, I read of that land where we'll never grow old.

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

CHORUS. D. S.

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

No. 83. My Burdens Rolled Away.

M. A. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY I. G. MARTIN.
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Mrs. Minnie A. Steele.

1. I re-mem-ber when my burdens rolled a - way, I had car-ried them for
2. I re-mem-ber when my burdens rolled a - way, That I feared would nev-er
3. I re-mem-ber when my burdens rolled a - way, That had hin-dered me for
4. I am sing-ing since my burdens rolled a - way, There's a song with-in my

years, night and day; When I sought the blessed Lord, and I took Him at His word,
leave night or day; Je - sus showed to me the loss, so I left them at the cross;
years, night and day; As I sought the throne of grace, just a glimpse of Jesus' face,
heart night and day; I am liv - ing for my King, and with joy I shout and sing

CHORUS.

Then at once all my burdens rolled a - way.
I was glad when my burdens rolled a - way. Rolled a-way, rolled a-
And I knew that my burdens could not stay.
Hal - le-lu-jah! all my burdens rolled a - way.

Rolled a - way,

way, I am happy since my burdens rolled a-way; Rolled a-

rolled a - way, since my burdens rolled a-way;

way, rolled a - way, I am hap-py since my burdens rolled away.

Rolled a - way, rolled a - way,

No. 84. The Old Rugged Cross.

"The Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—GAL. 6: 14.

G. B. WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY GEO. BENNARD. Rev. Geo. Bennard.

SOLO AND CHORUS.

1. On a hill far a - way stood an old rug-ged cross, The emblem of suf-f'ring and shame; And I love that old cross, where the dearest and best
2. Oh, that old rug-ged cross, so de-spised by the world, Has a wondrous at- trac-tion for me; For the dear Lamb of God left His glo - ry a - bove,
3. In the old rug-ged cross, stained with blood so divine, A won - drous beau - ty I see; For 'twas on that old cross Je - sus suf-fered and died,
4. To the old rug-ged cross, I will ev - er be true, Its shame and re- proach glad-ly bear; Then He'll call me some day to my home far a - way,

CHORUS.

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

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

old rugged cross,..... And ex-change it some day for a crown.

cross, the old rug-ged cross,

No. 85. Rescue the Perishing.

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

1. Res-cue the per-ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit-y from
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait-ing, Wait-ing the pen - i - tent
3. Down in the hu-man heart,Crush'd by the tempter, Feel-ings lie bur-ied that
4. Res-cue the per-ish - ing, Du - ty de-mands it;Strength for thy la-bor the

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

CHORUS.

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

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

No. 86. Somebody Needs You.

E. E. Hewitt.

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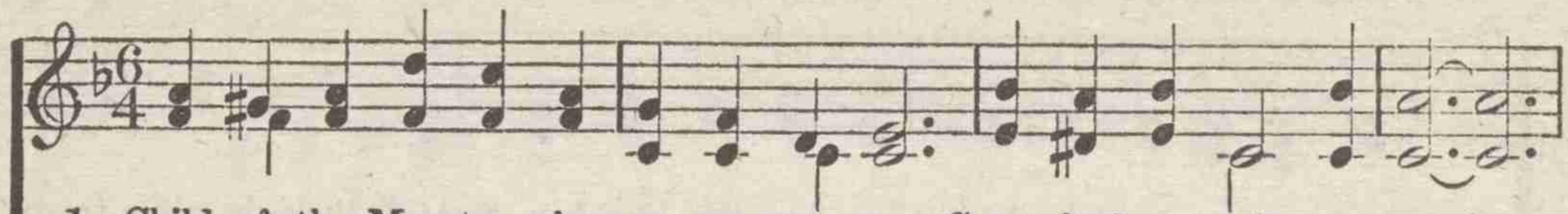
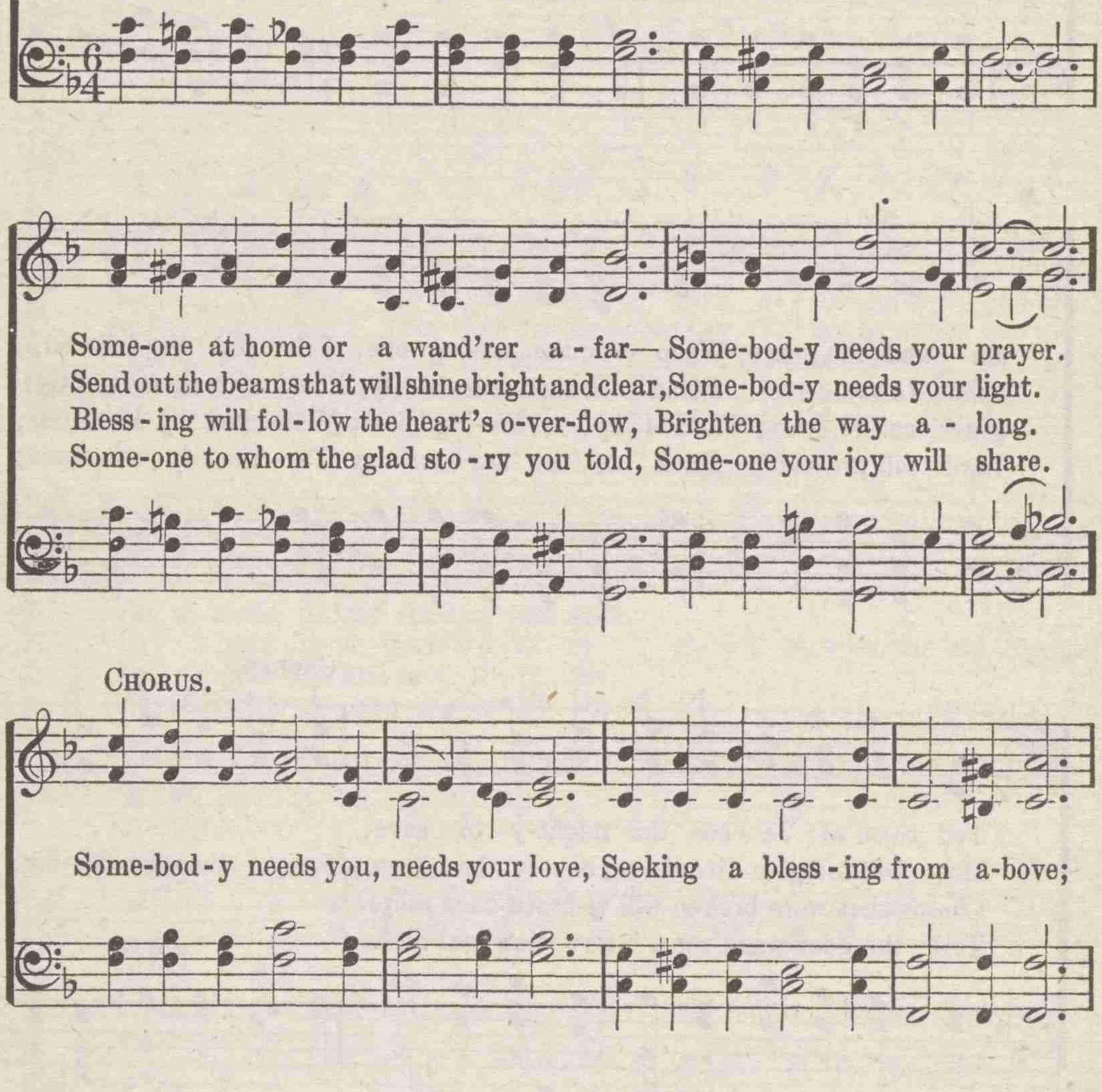
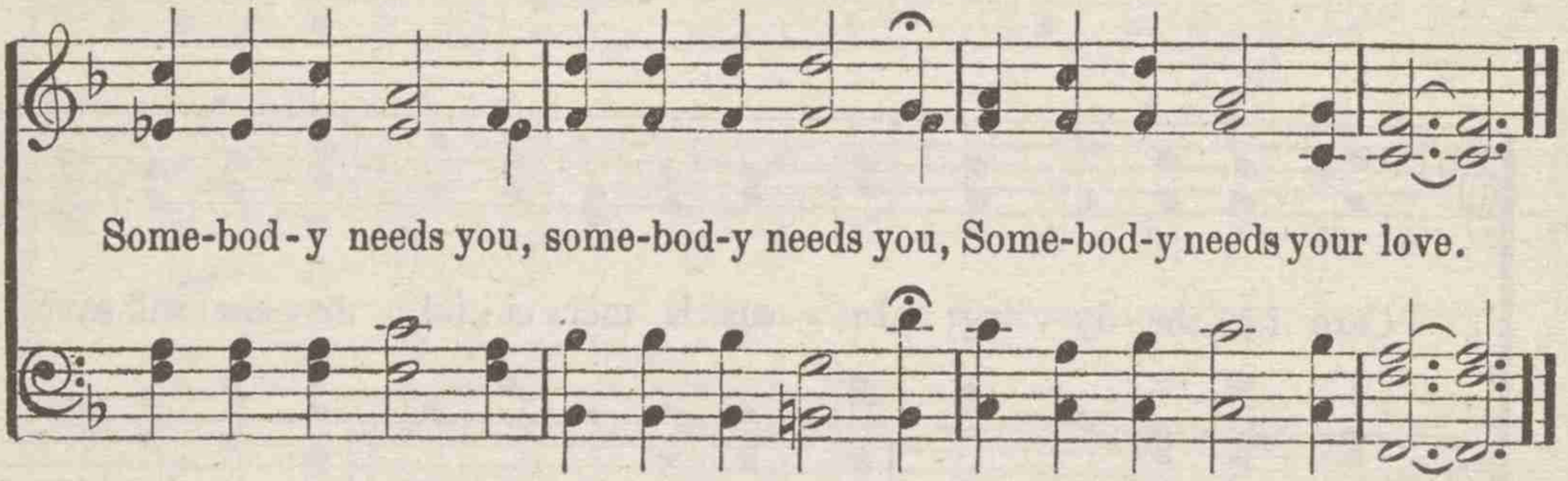
Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Child of the Mas-ter, wher-ev - er you are, Some-bod-y needs your care!
2. Shine for the Mas-ter with deeds of good cheer, Some-one is in the night;
3. Sing of your Sav-ior with heart all a-glow, Some-bod-y needs your song;
4. Then, when you enter the Cit - y of gold, Some-one will meet you there;



Some-one at home or a wand'rer a - far— Some-bod-y needs your prayer.
Send out the beams that will shine bright and clear, Some-bod-y needs your light.
Bless - ing will fol - low the heart's o-ver-flow, Brighten the way a - long.
Some-one to whom the glad sto - ry you told, Some-one your joy will share.

CHORUS.

Some-bod - y needs you, needs your love, Seeking a bless - ing from a-bove;

Some-bod - y needs you, some-bod-y needs you, Some-bod-y needs your love.

No. 87. 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? Ev-'ry-
2. From the poor of ev-'ry cit-y, For a lit-tle bit of love, Hands are
3. Down be-fore their i-dols fall-ing, For a lit-tle bit of love, Man-y
4. While the souls of men are dy-ing For a lit-tle bit of love, While the

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

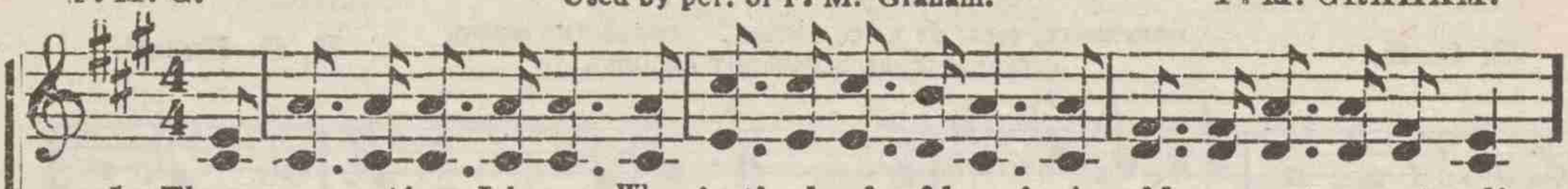
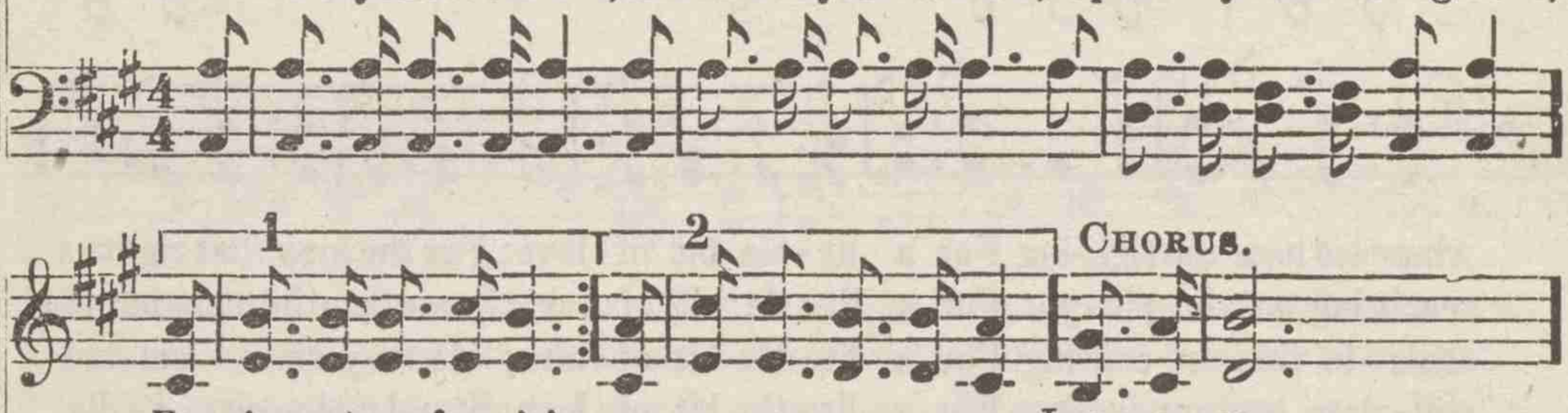
wrong, Fills the heart with hope and song; They have waited, oh, so long, For a
bear, Some have sorrows we should share; Shall they falter and de-spair For a
shame, Some one sure-ly is to blame For not go-ing in His name, With a
by, You can help them if you try; Go, then, saying, "Here am I," With a

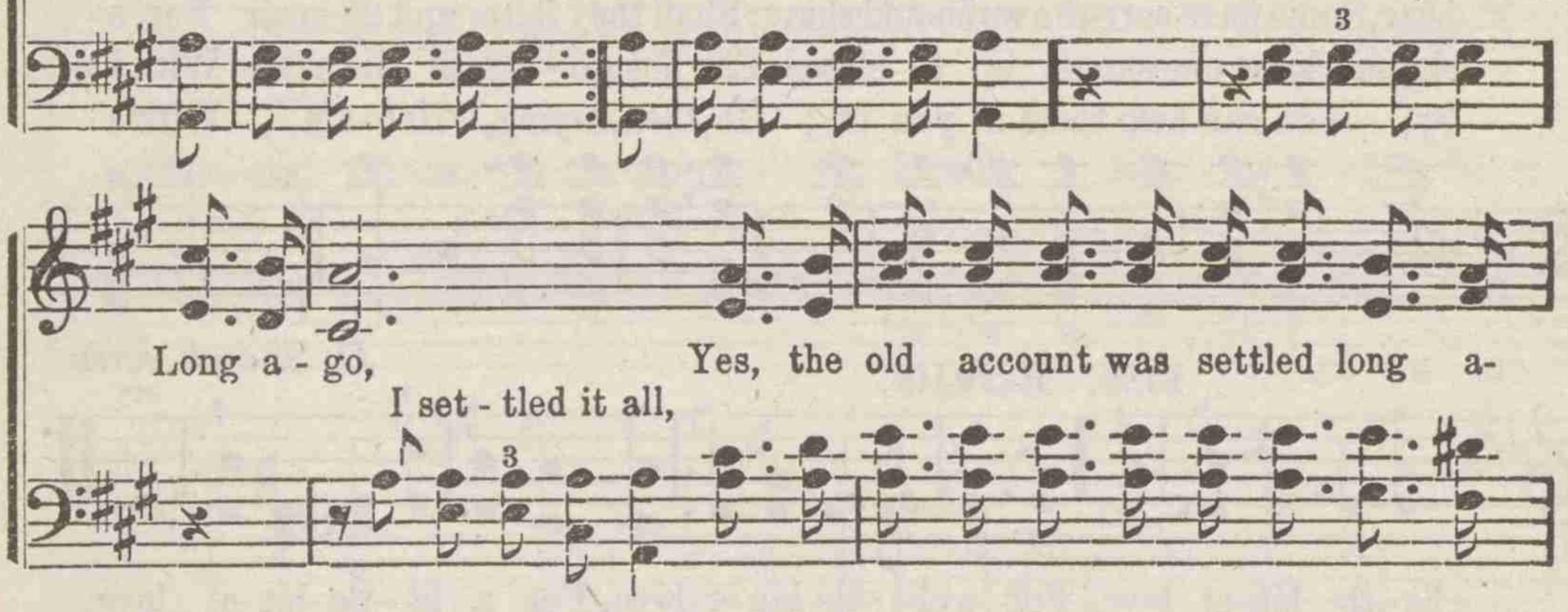
D. S. each verse.

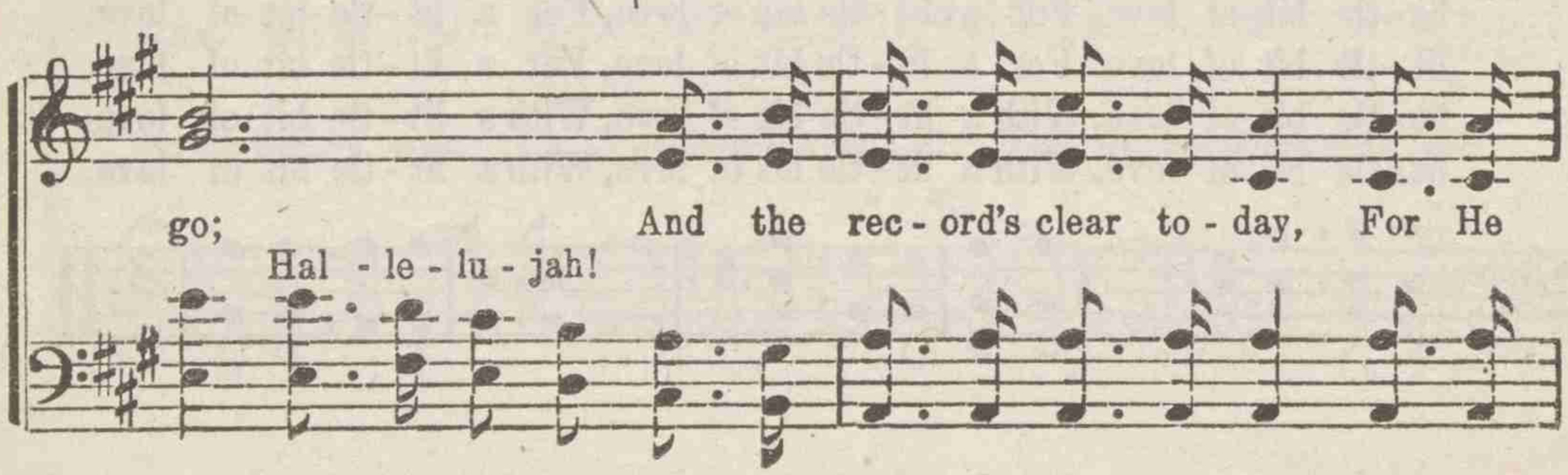
FINE. REFRAIN.

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

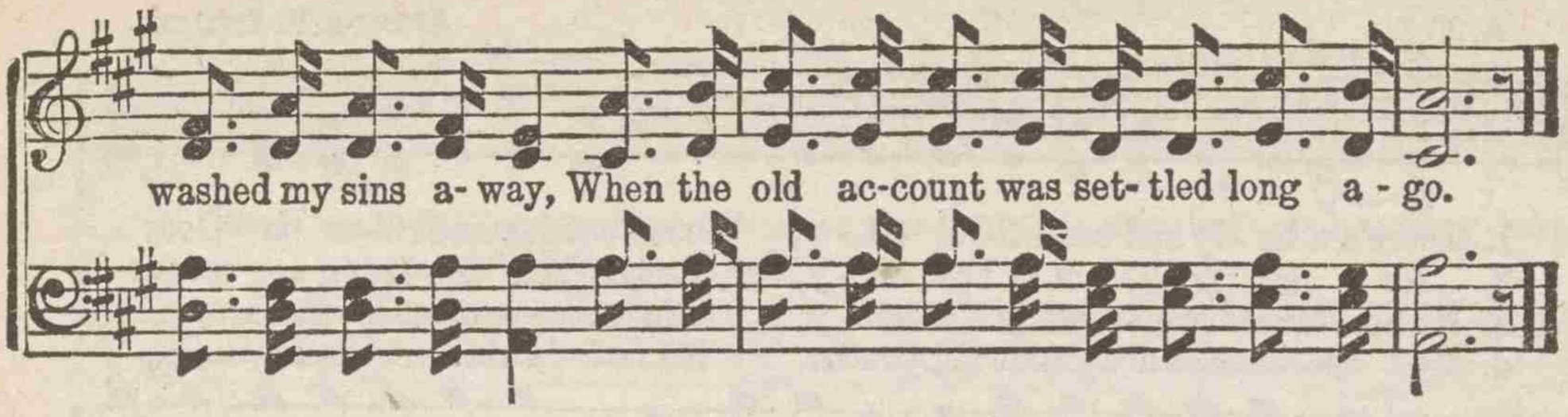
No. 88. The Old Account Settled Long Ago.

F. M. G. Used by per. of F. M. Graham. F. M. GRAHAM.

1. There was a time I know, When in the book of heav'n An old account was standing,
   My name was at the top, And ma-ny things below, But I went to the keep-er,
2. The old account was large, And lar-ger ev - 'ry day, For I was always sin-ning,
   But when I looked ahead, And saw such pain and woe, I said that I would settle,
3. When at the judgment bar, I stand be - fore my King, And He the book will o-pen,
   Then will my heart be glad, While tears of joy will flow, Because I had it set-tled,
4. When in that happy home, My Saviour's home a-bove, I'll sing redemption's story,
   I'll not for-get that book, With pages white as snow, Because I came and settled,
5. O sin-ner, seek the Lord, Re - pent of all your sin, For thus He has commanded,
   And then if you should live, A hundred years be-low, Up there you'll not regret it,

For sins yet un-for-giv'n; Long a - go,
(*Omit* . . . . .) And settled long a - go.
And nev-er tried to pay;
(*Omit* . . . . .) And settled long a - go.
And can not find a thing;
(*Omit* . . . . .) And settled long a - go.
And praise Him for His love;
(*Omit* . . . . .) And settled long a - go.
If you would en-ter in;
(*Omit* . . . . .) You settled long a - go. Down on my knees,



Long a - go, Yes, the old account was settled long a-
I set - tled it all,

go; And the rec - ord's clear to - day, For He
Hal - le - lu - jah!

THE OLD ACCOUNT SETTLED LONG AGO. Concluded.



No. 89. Nearer, Still Nearer.

C. H. M.

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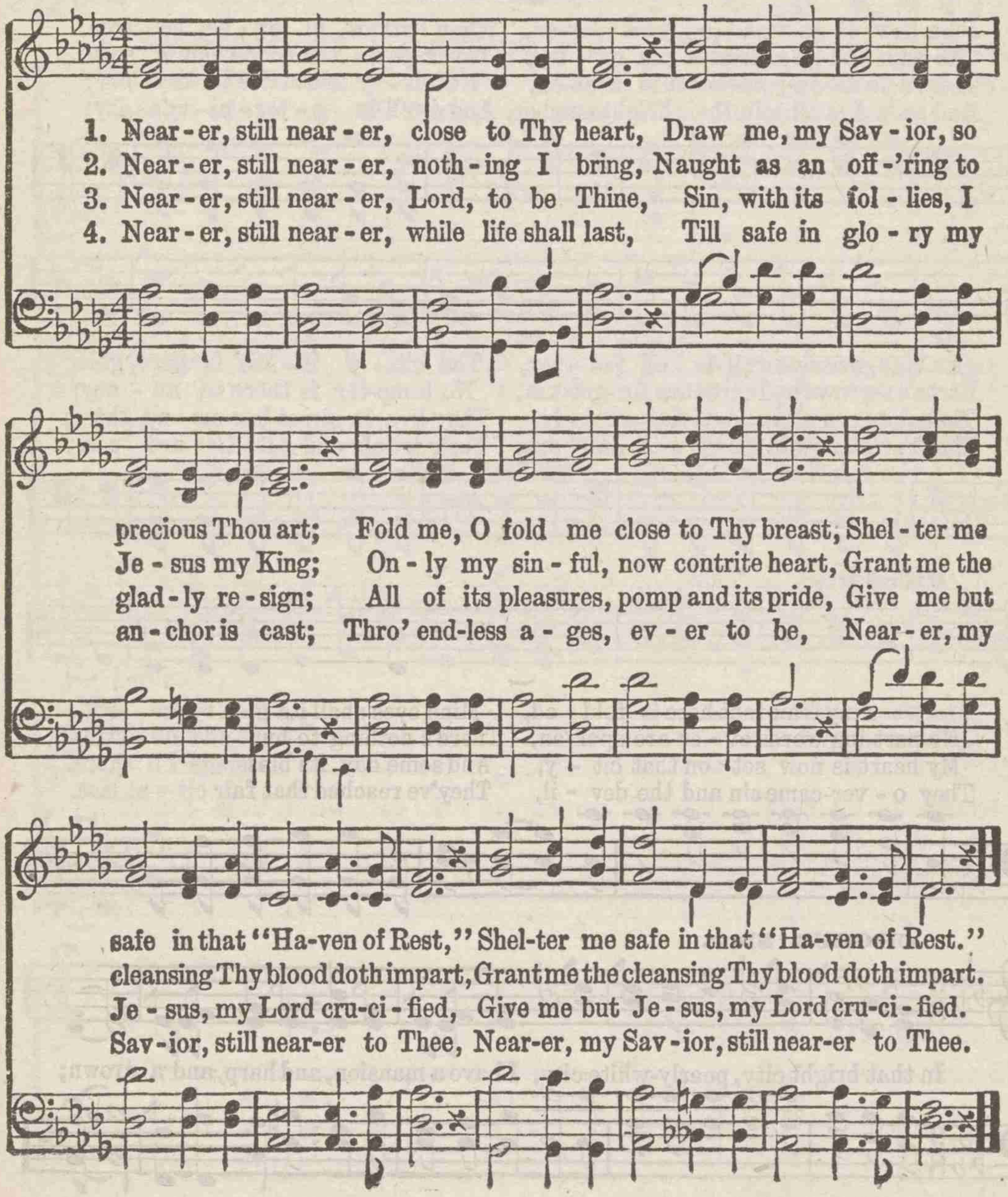
Mrs. C. H. Morris.

No. 90. THE CITY THAT'S COMING DOWN.

A. F. I. ARTHUR F. INGLER.

Moderato.

1. There's a ho - ly and beau-ti-ful cit - y, Whose builder and rul-er is God;
2. No sin is allowed in that cit - y, And nothing de - fil-ing nor mean;
3. No heartaches are known in that cit - y, No tears ev-er moisten the eye;
4. My loved ones are gathering yonder, My friends are fast passing away;

John saw it de-scend-ing from heav-en, When Patmos, in ex - ile, he trod;
No pain and no sick-ness can en - ter, No crape on the door-knob is seen;
There's no dis-ap-point-ment in heav-en, No en - vy and strife in the sky;
And soon I shall join their bright number, And dwell in e - ter - ni - ty's day;

Its high, massive wall is of jas - per, The cit - y it - self is pure gold;
Earth's sorrows and cares are for-got-ten, No temp-ter is there to an - noy;
The saints are all sanc - ti-fied whol - ly, They live in sweet har-mo - ny there;
They're safe now in glo-ry with Je - sus, Their tri-als and bat - tles are past;

Rit ad lib.

And when my frail tent here is fold - ed, Mine eyes shall its glo - ry be - hold.
No part-ing words ev - er are spok-en, There's nothing to hurt and de - stroy.
My heart is now set on that cit - y, And some day its blessings I'll share.
They o - ver-came sin and the dev - il, They've reached that fair cit-y at last.

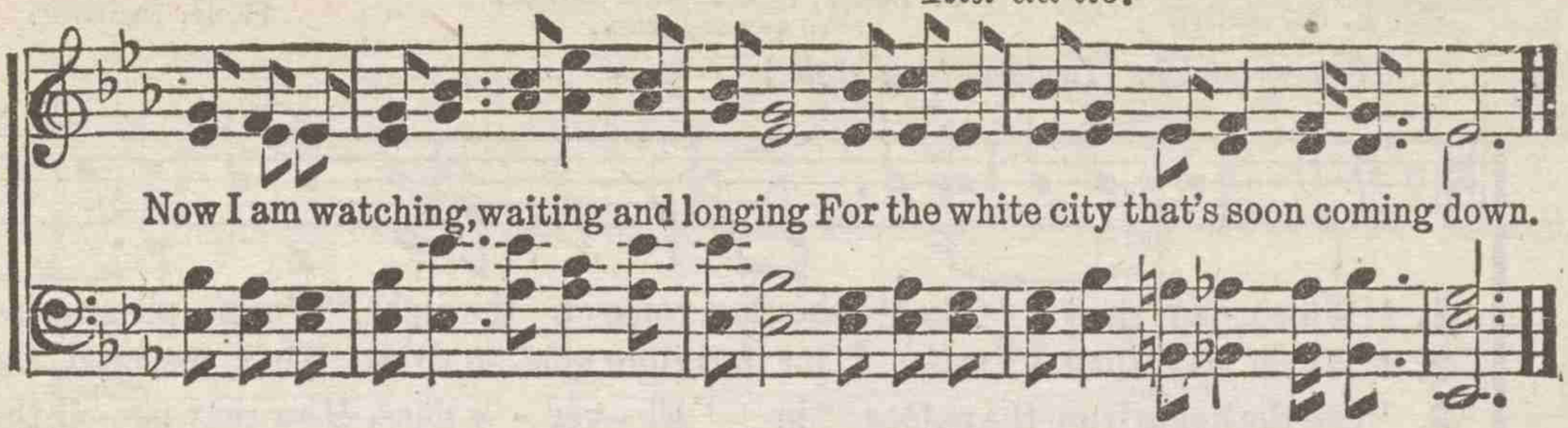
CHORUS. Slow.

In that bright city, pearly-white city, I have a mansion, and harp, and a crown;

Copyright, 1902, by A. F. Ingler, By per.

THE CITY THAT'S COMING DOWN. Concluded.

Rit. ad lib.



No. 91. Some Other Day.

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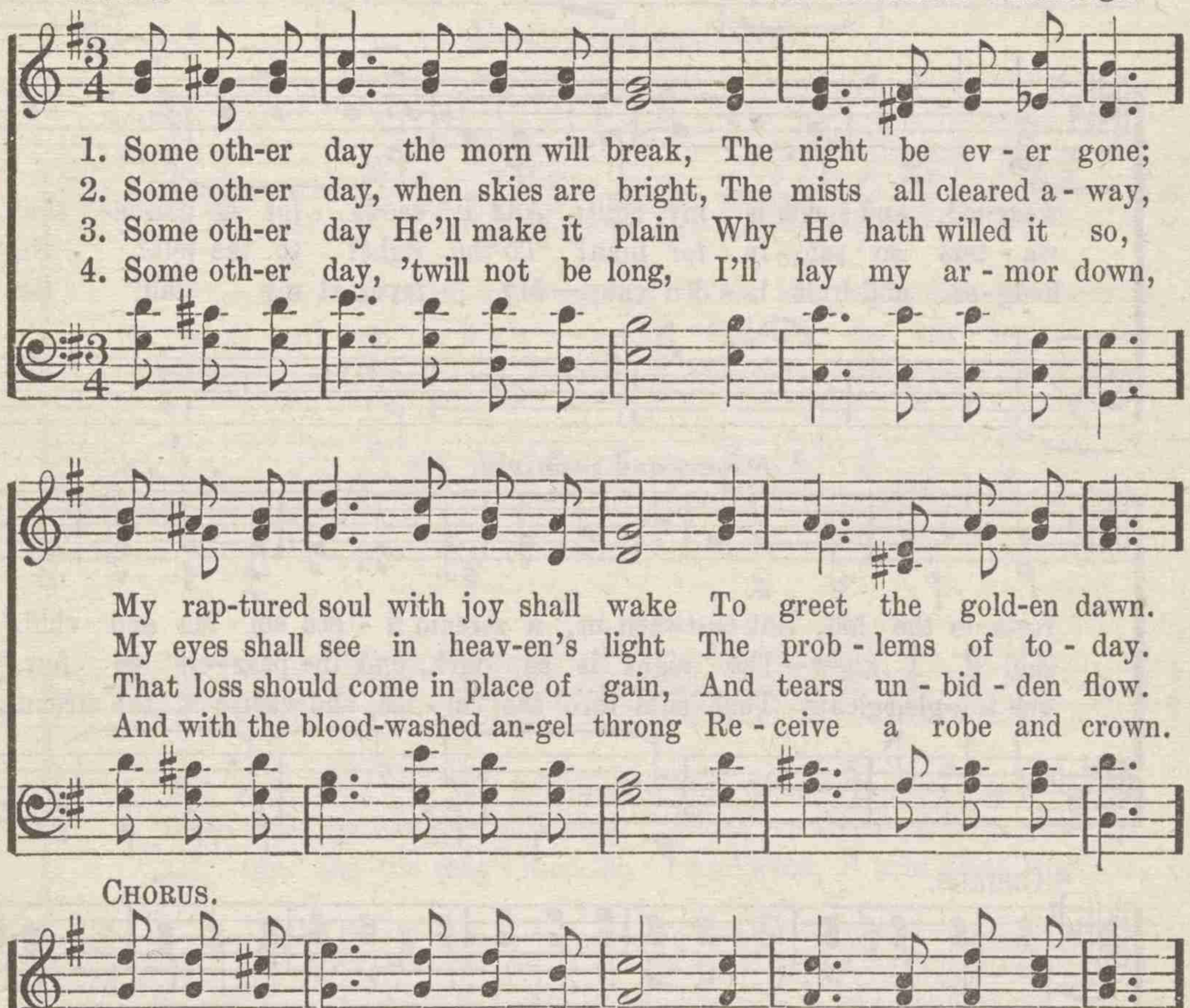
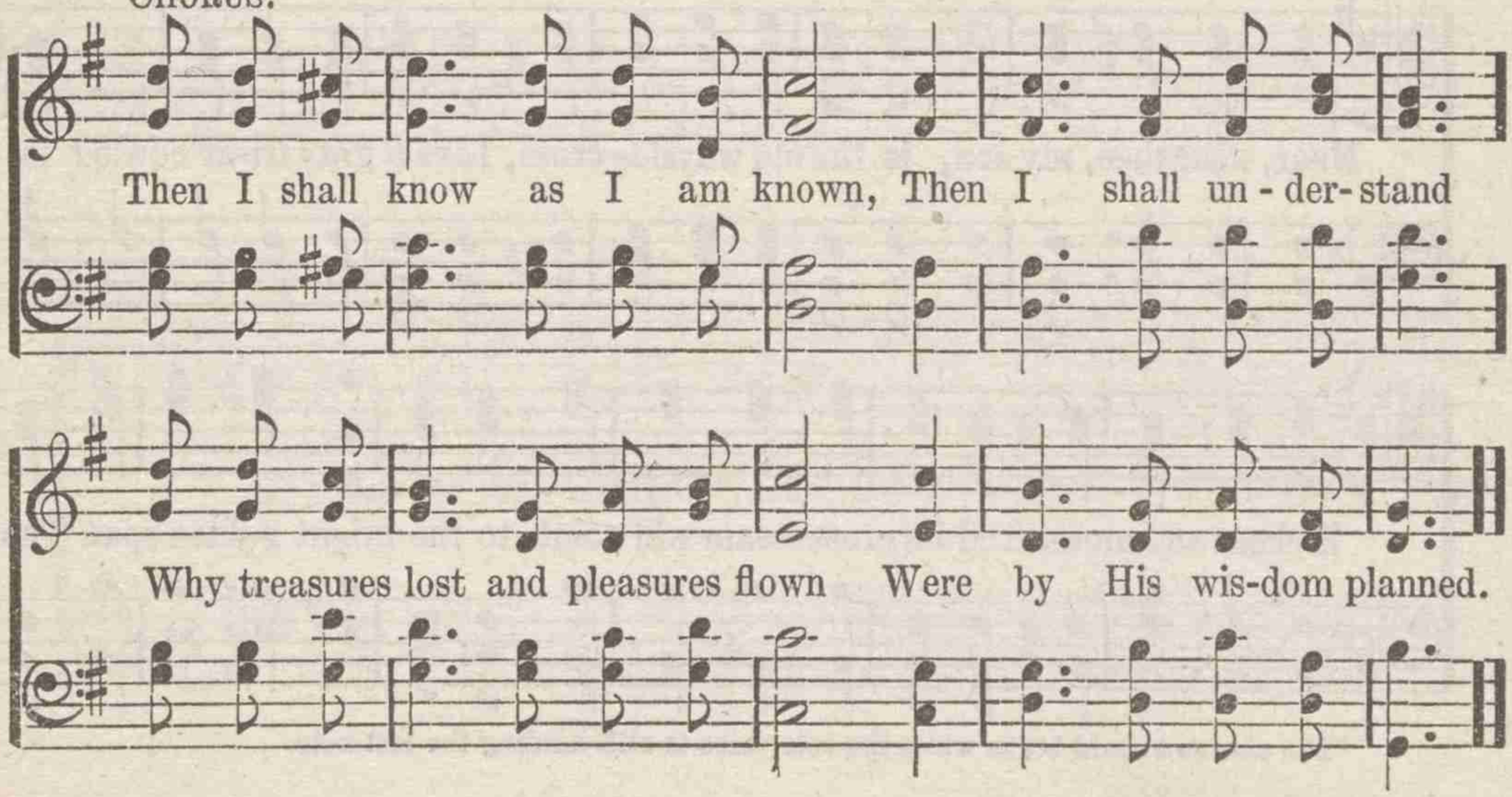
M. H. C. Rev. M. Homer Cummings.



CHORUS.



No. 92. The Wayside Cross.

COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY H. R. PALMER.
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C. L. St. John. H. R. Palmer.

SOLO, *ad lib.* (*Declamatory style.*)

1. "Which way shall I take?" shouts a voice on the night, "I'm a pil-grim a-
2. "Which way shall I take for the bright gold-en span That bridg-es the
3. "See the lights from the palace in sil - ver - y lines, How they pen-cil the

wear-ied, and spent is my light; And I seek for a pal-ace, that
wa - ters so safe - ly for man? To the right? to the left? ah,
hedg - es and fruit la - den vines—My fortune! my all! for

Slower, and sustained.

rests on the hill, But be-tween us, a stream li - eth sul - len and chill."
me! if I knew—The night is so dark, and the pass - ers so few."
one tan-gled gleam That sifts thro' the lil - ies, and wastes on the stream."

* CHORUS.

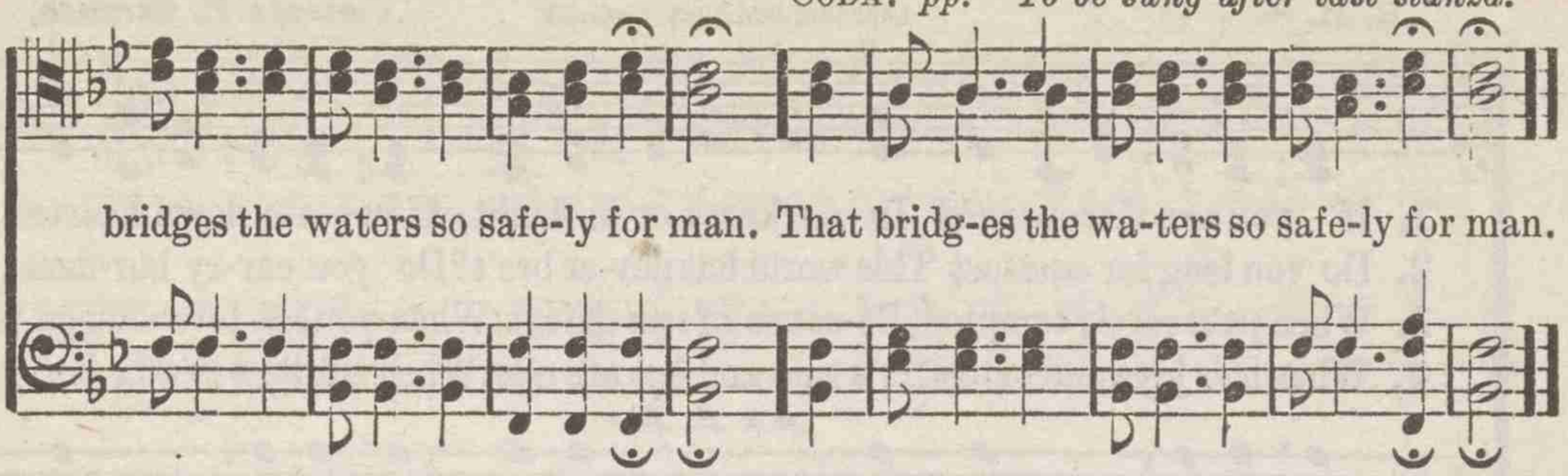
Near, near thee, my son, is the old wayside cross, Like a gray fri-ar cowled in

li-chens and moss; And its cross-beam will point to the bright golden span That

*The chorus should begin while the solo voice is still holding the last note.

The Wayside Cross.

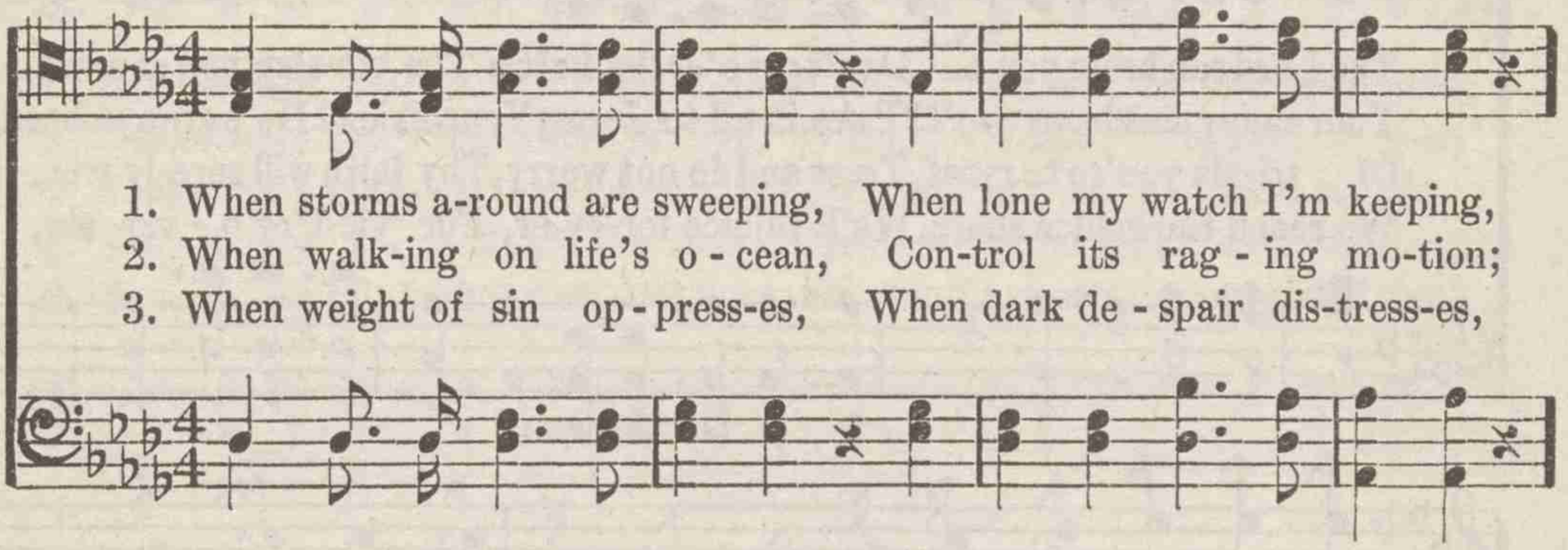
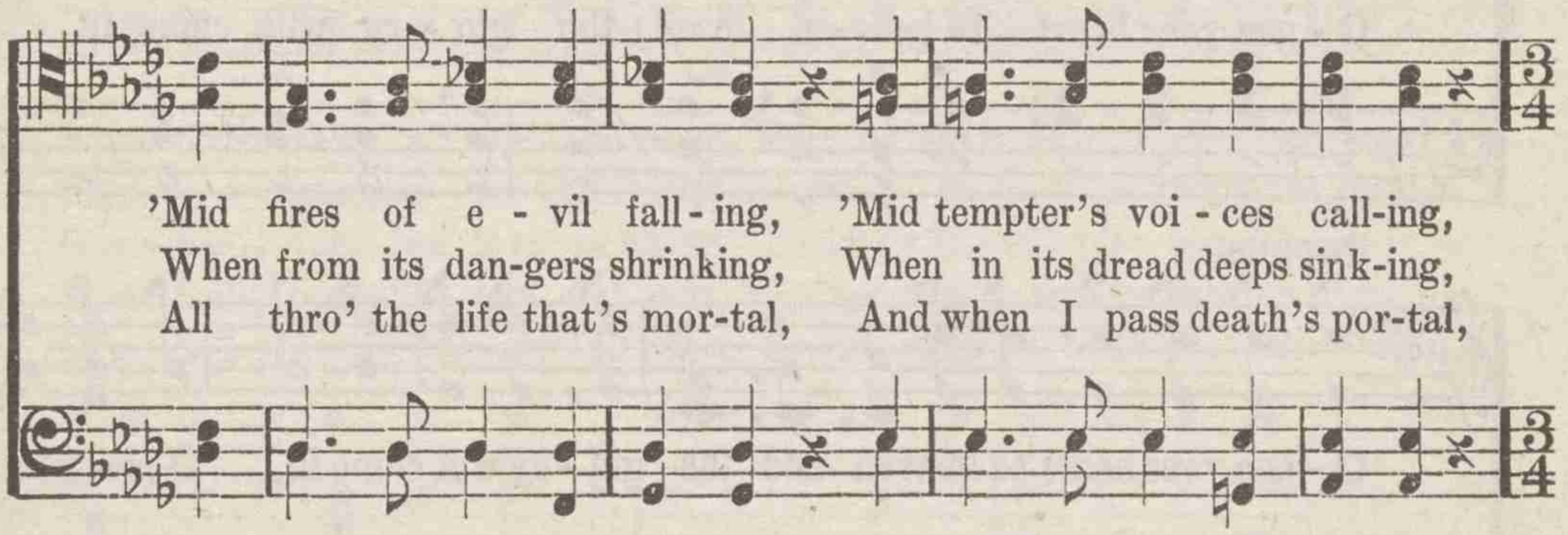
CODA. *pp.* *To be sung after last stanza.*

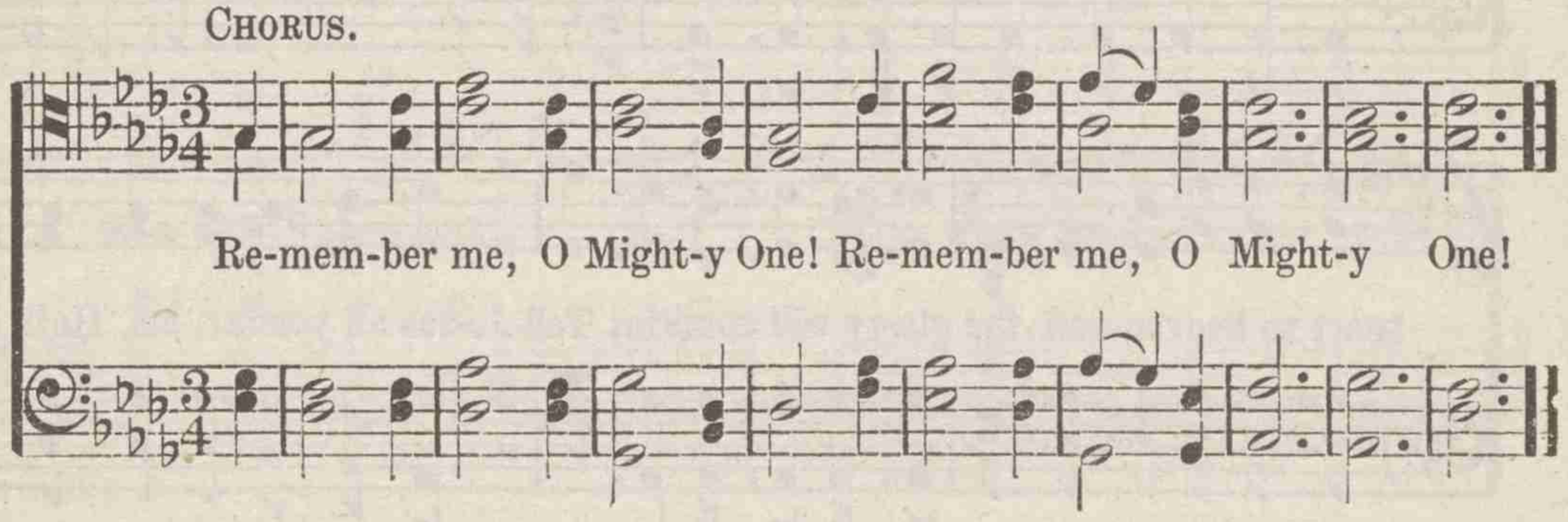


No. 93. Remember Me.

USED BY PERMISSION.

Anon. Joanna Kinkel.



CHORUS.

No. 94. The New Glory Song.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY BIEDERWOLF & STROUSE.

C. B. S. LAKESIDE BUILDING CHICAGO. Clarence B. Strouse.

1. If you are discouraged In darkness or in doubt, If you are down-hearted,
2. Do you long for comfort This world has nev-er bro't? Do you car-ry bur-dens,
3. When you're sorely tempted, Be-cause of some defeat, When you have forebodings,
4. When life's joys and sorrows, It's hopes and fears are o'er, When with those we've la-bored,

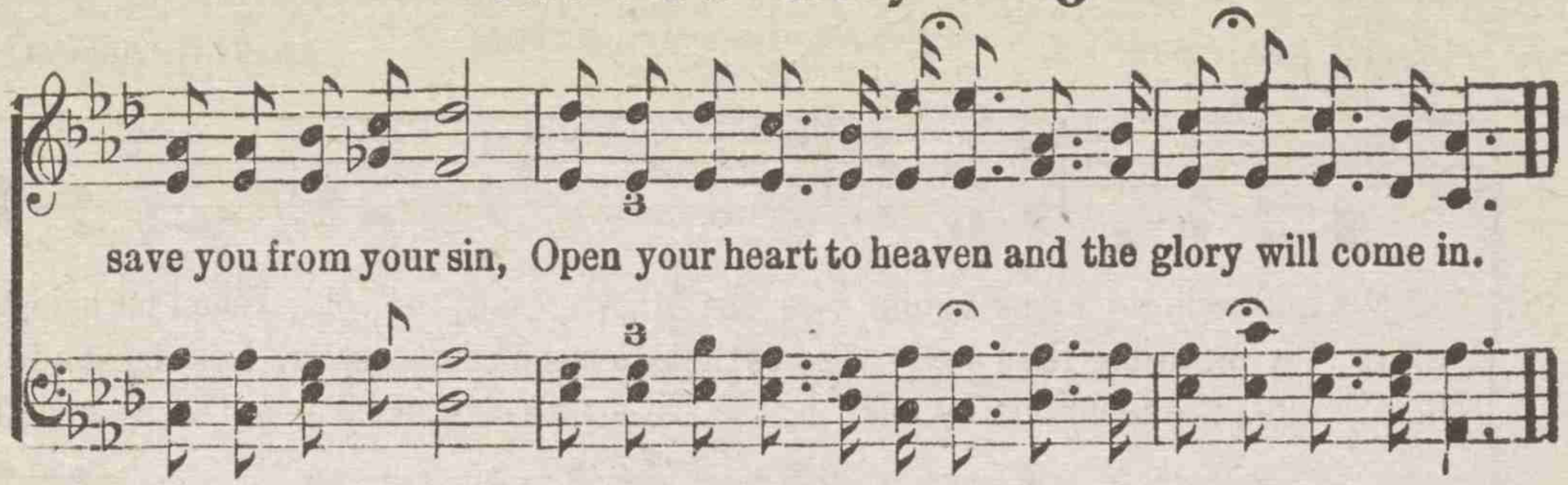
The Lord can bring you out, Don't give o'er the battle The vic-t'ry you can win,
Your many sins have wro't? Take it all to Jesus; Your Friend He's always been,
Of tri-als you're to meet, Trust and do not worry, Thy faith will sure-ly win,
We reach the golden shore, We'll rejoice for-ev-er, For vic-t'ry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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

The New Glory Song.

No. 95. Somebody.

John R. Clements.

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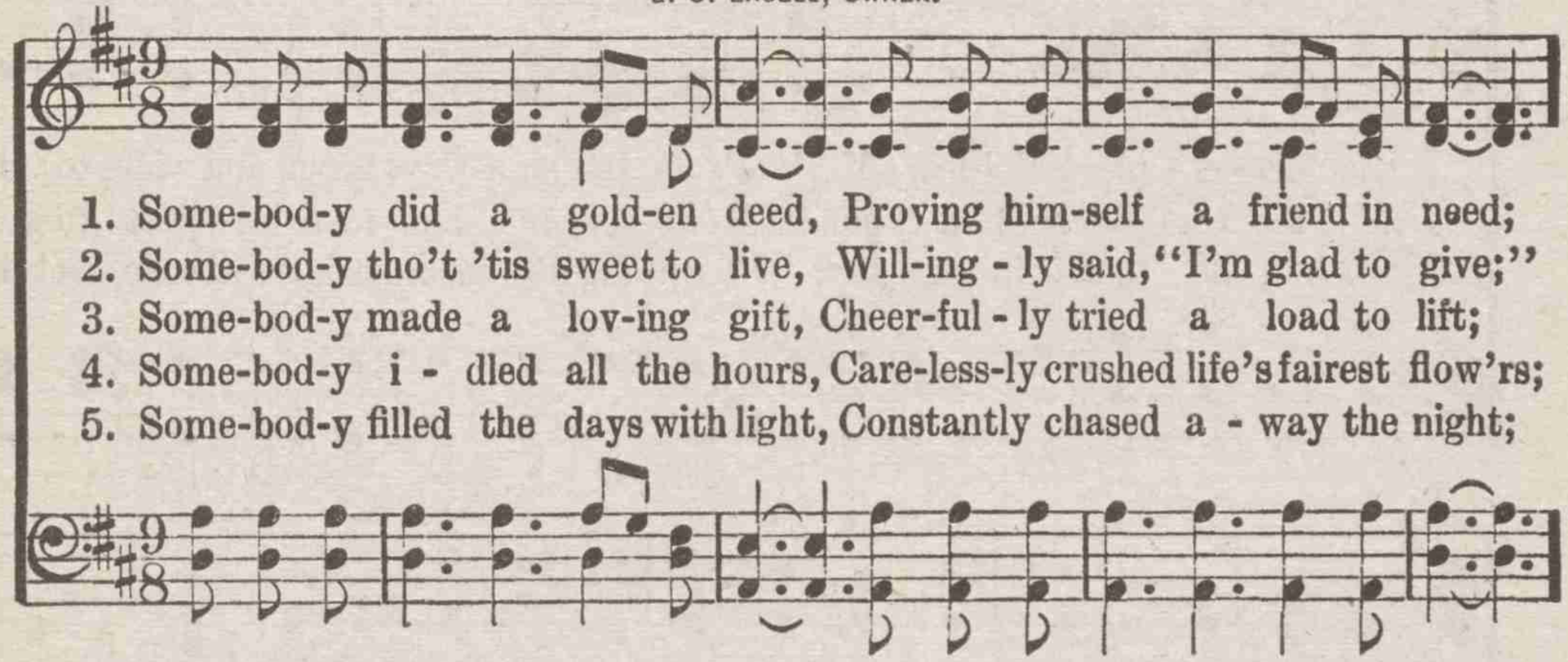
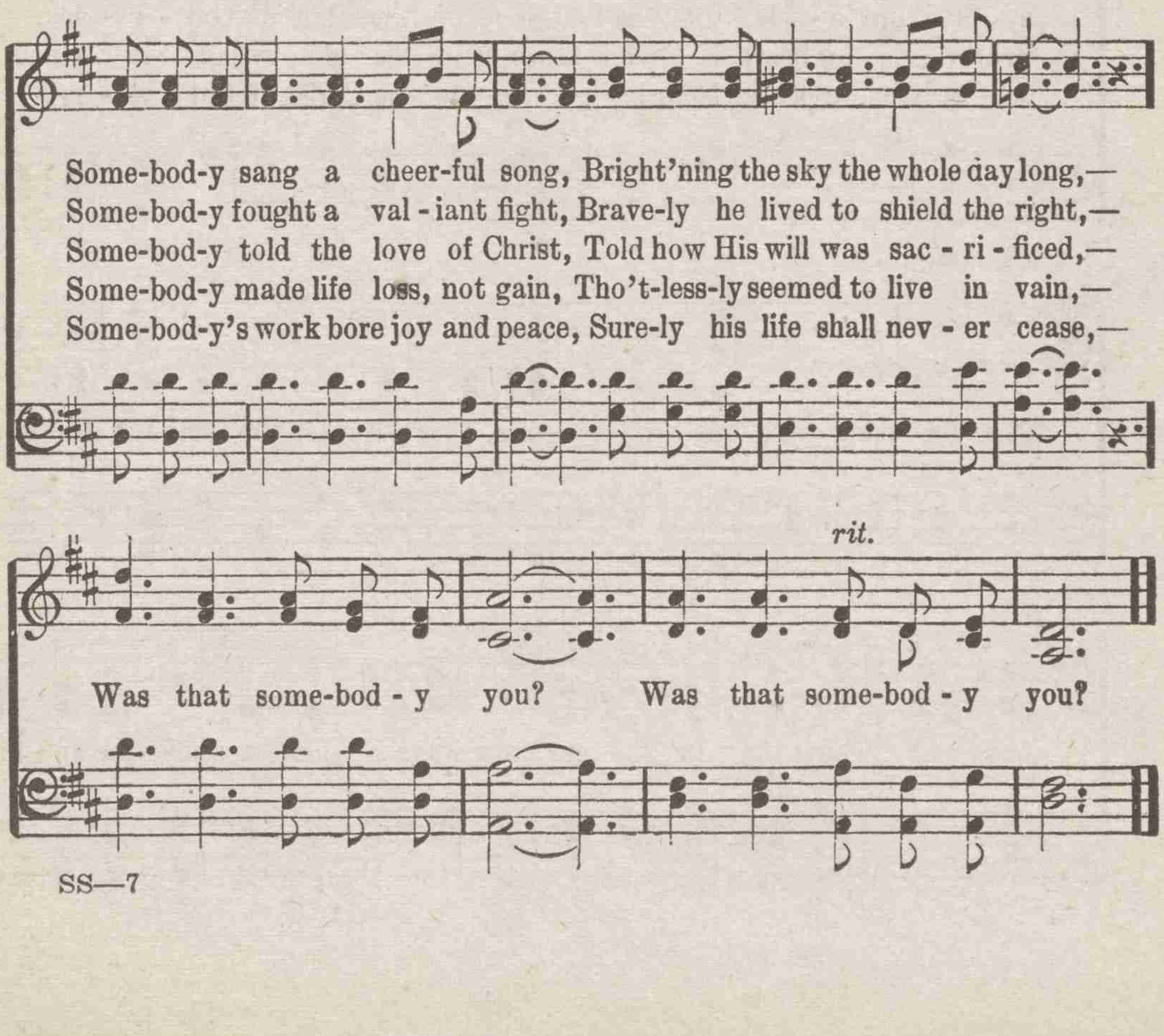
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

W. S. Weeden.





No. 96. Win Them One By One.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY E. O. EXCELL.

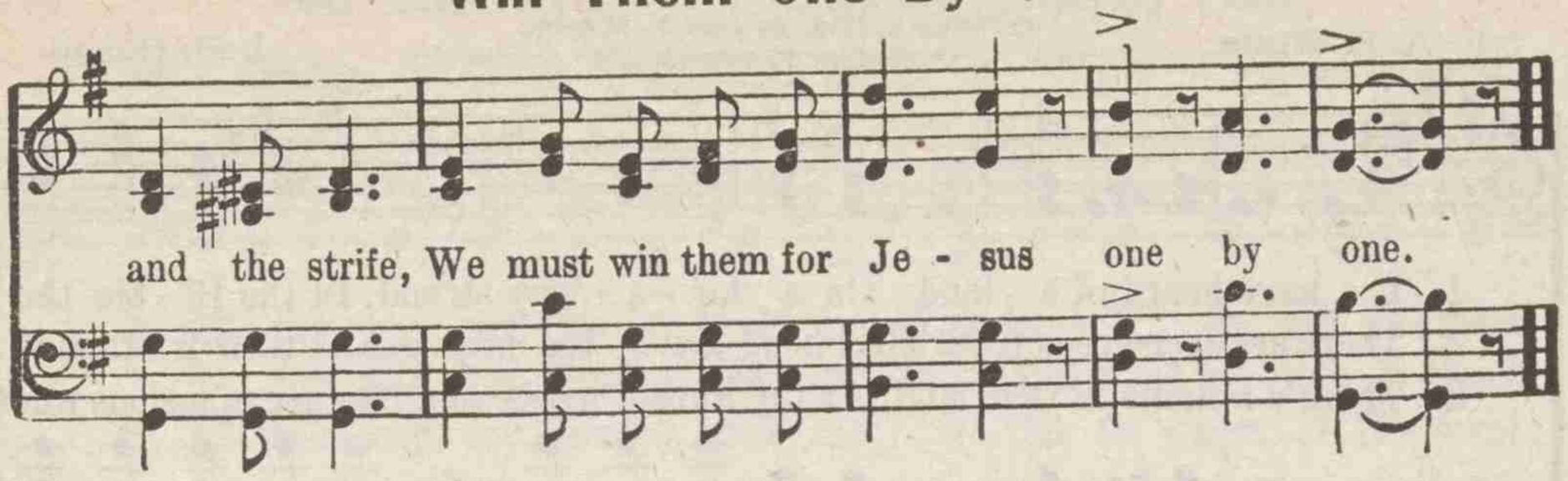
Lizzie DeArmond. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. We must win them one by one as the Mas-ter did of old, When He said to His dis - ci - ples "Fol-low Me;" From the high-ways broad and wide, to the by-ways turn a - side, In the foot-steps of the Man of Gal - i - lee.
2. Is it noth-ing they are lost, souls that Je-sus died to save? Let us glad-ly in the res - cue lend a hand; News of life and love im - part to some wear-y, sin - ful heart, Help some broth-er in the glo - ry light to stand.
3. We must win them one by one by a lit - tle kind-ness shown, Or a gen-tle touch of hu - man sym-pa - thy; Stoop - ing down from heigths of ease, seek-ing on - ly God to please, Pointing ev - er to the Christ of Cal - va - ry.

CHORUS.

One by one, yes, one by one, We must win them for Je - sus one by one; In the nar - row ways of life, a - mid the tu - mult

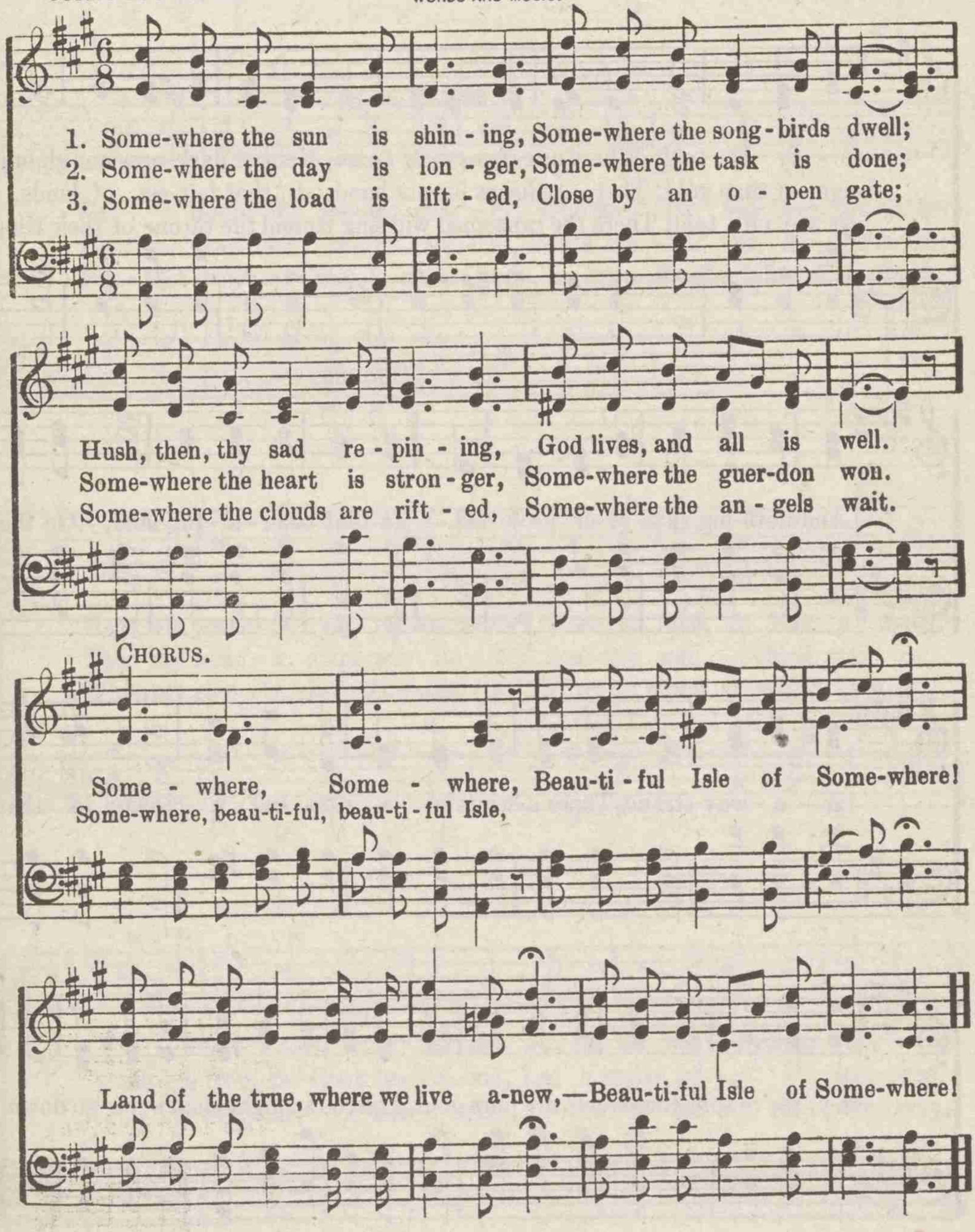
Win Them One By One.



No. 97. Beautiful Isle.

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

Jessie B. Pounds. J. S. Fearis.



No. 98. That Beautiful Land.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY JNO. T. BENSON.
USED BY PERMISSION.

F. A. F. White. J. M. Hagan.

1. I have heard of a land On a far - a - way strand, In the Bi - ble the
2. There are ever-green trees That bend low in the breeze, And their fruitage is
3. There's a home in that land, At the Father's right hand; There are mansions whose

sto - ry is told, Where no cares ev - er come, Neither dark-ness nor gloom,
bright-er than gold; There are harps for our hands, In that fair-est of lands,
joys are un - told; There the ransomed will sing Round the throne of their King,

CHORUS.

And noth-ing shall ev-er grow old. In that beau - ti - ful land, On the
far - a - way strand, There a-waits us a robe and a crown; In that
cit-y, we're told, the streets are pure gold, And the sunlight shall never go down.

No. 99. All the Way My Savior Leads Me.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION. **Robert Lowry.**

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

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

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

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

No. 100 Count Your Blessings.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

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

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 conflict, wheth-er great or small, Do not be dis-

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

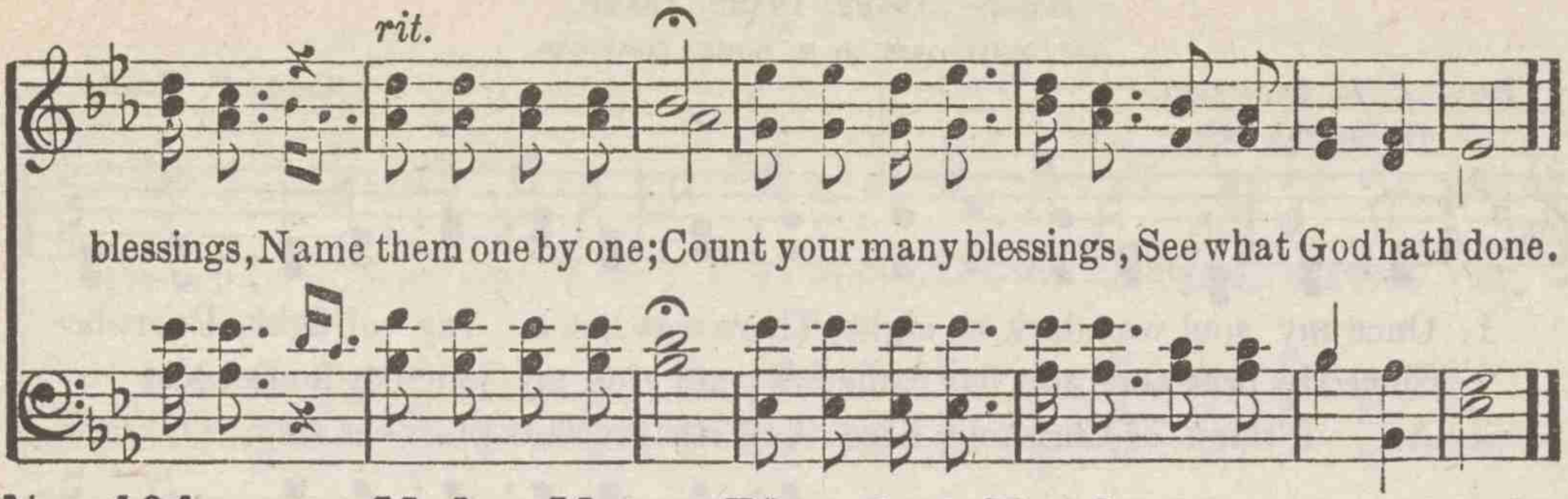
one, And it will surprise you what the Lord hath done.
fly, And you will be singing as the days go by. Count your blessings, Name them
buy Your reward in heaven, nor your home on high.
tend, Help and comfort give you to your journey's end.

CHORUS.

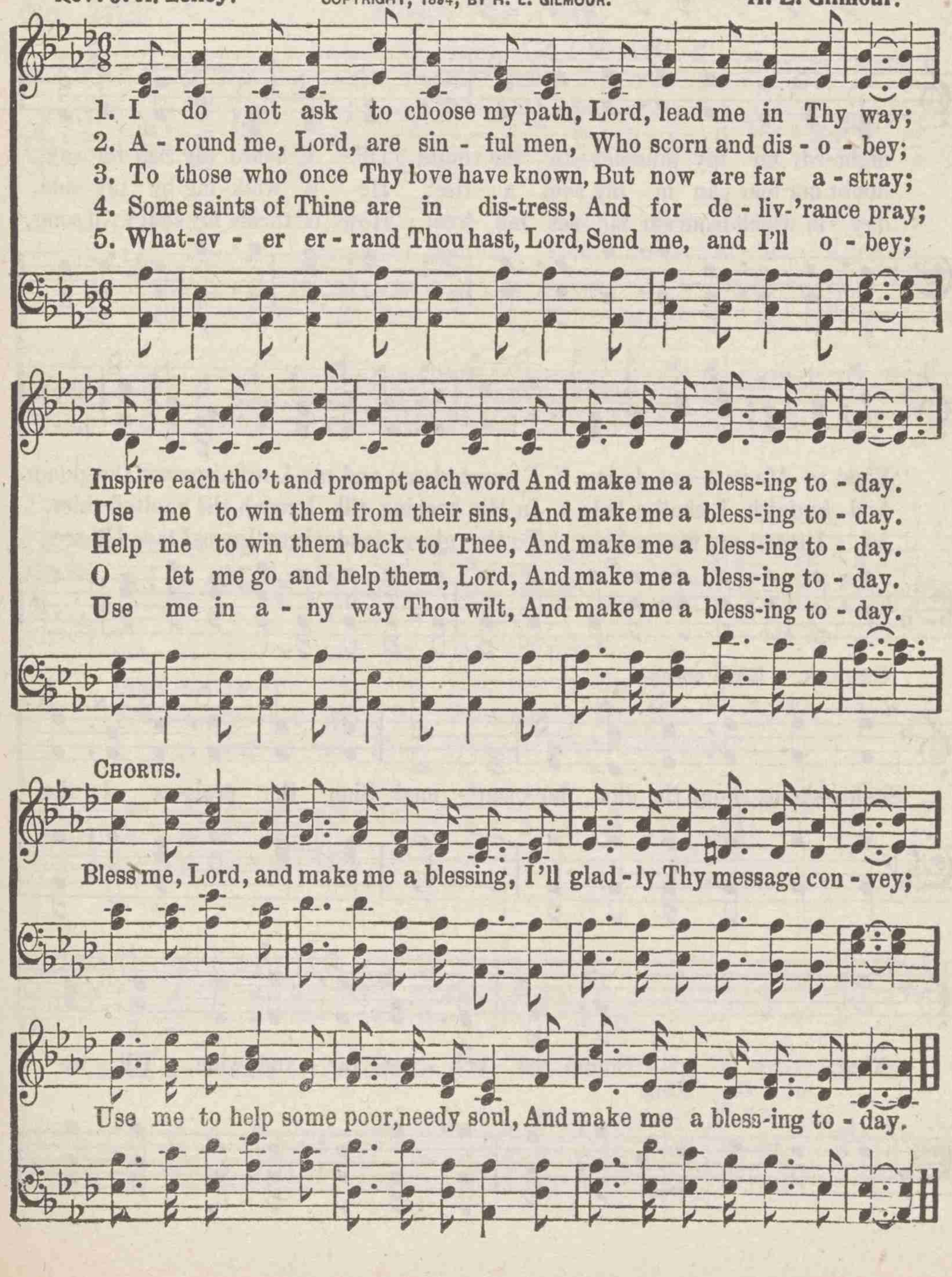
Count your many blessings,

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

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

Count Your Blessings.

No. 101. Make Me a Blessing To-day.

Rev. J. H. Zelley. COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY H. L. GILMOUR. H. L. Gilmour.



No. 102. Shout! Shout! Shout!

Tune:—"TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP."

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY M. HOMER CUMMINGS.

Rev. J. W. Dawson. Geo. F. Root.

In march time.

1. Once my soul was dark as night, There was not a ray of light, Poor, be-
2. Since His pres-ence now has come, I am on my jour-ney home, Not a
3. As I think of Christ my King, And His precious prais - es sing, Of the

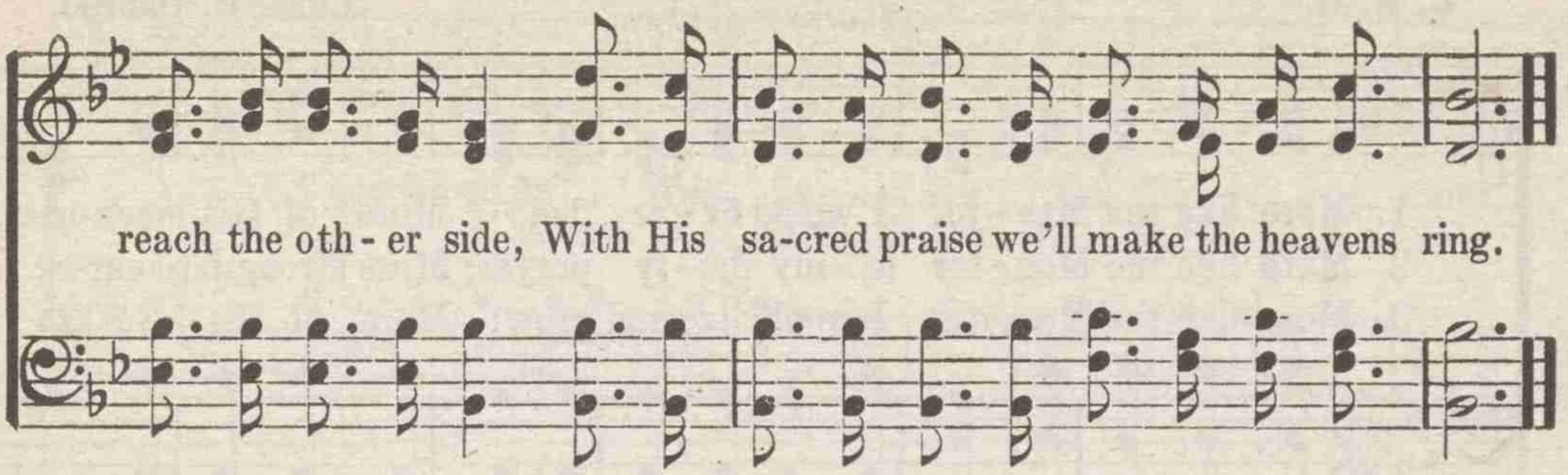
night-ed, on my jour-ney to the tomb; Till I heard my Sav-ior say,
doubt nor fear can in my soul a - rise; He is walk-ing by my side,
day in which from sin He set me free; How it thrills my soul with song,

"Yield to Me with-out de-lay," I surrendered and my Lord dispersed the gloom.
And by faith I shall a-bide In His keeping till I reach the vaulted skies.
As I tread my way a-long To the glo-ry land where Je-sus' face I'll see.

CHORUS. *With accent.*

Shout, shout, shout the glad ho - san - nas! Sing the prais-es of the
King; Sound the ech - oes far and wide, Till we
of the King;

Shout! Shout! Shout!

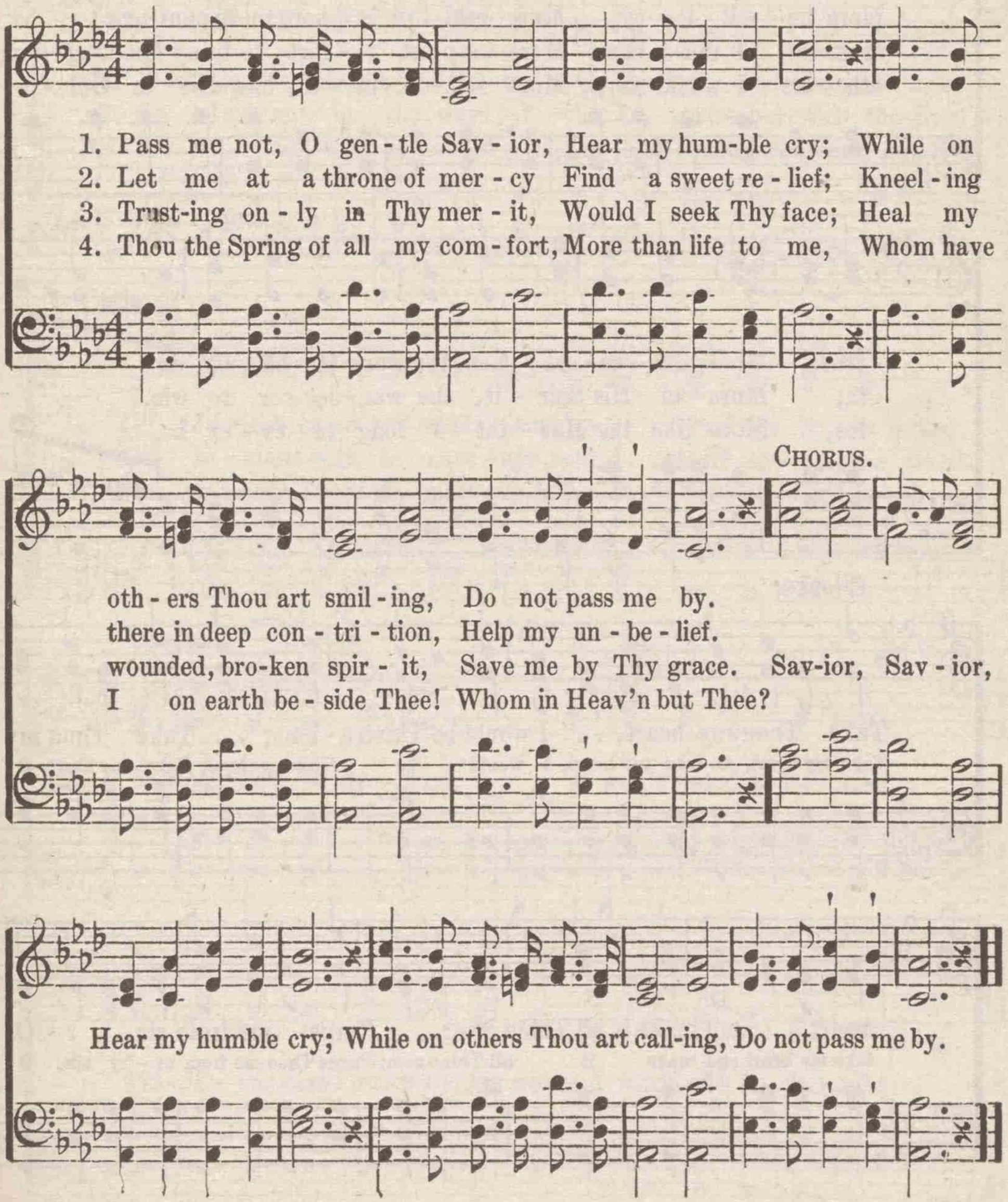


No. 103. Pass Me Not.

Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, RENEWED 1899, BY W. H. DOANE.
USED BY PERMISSION.

W. H. Doane.



No. 104. More Like the Master.

C. H. G.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

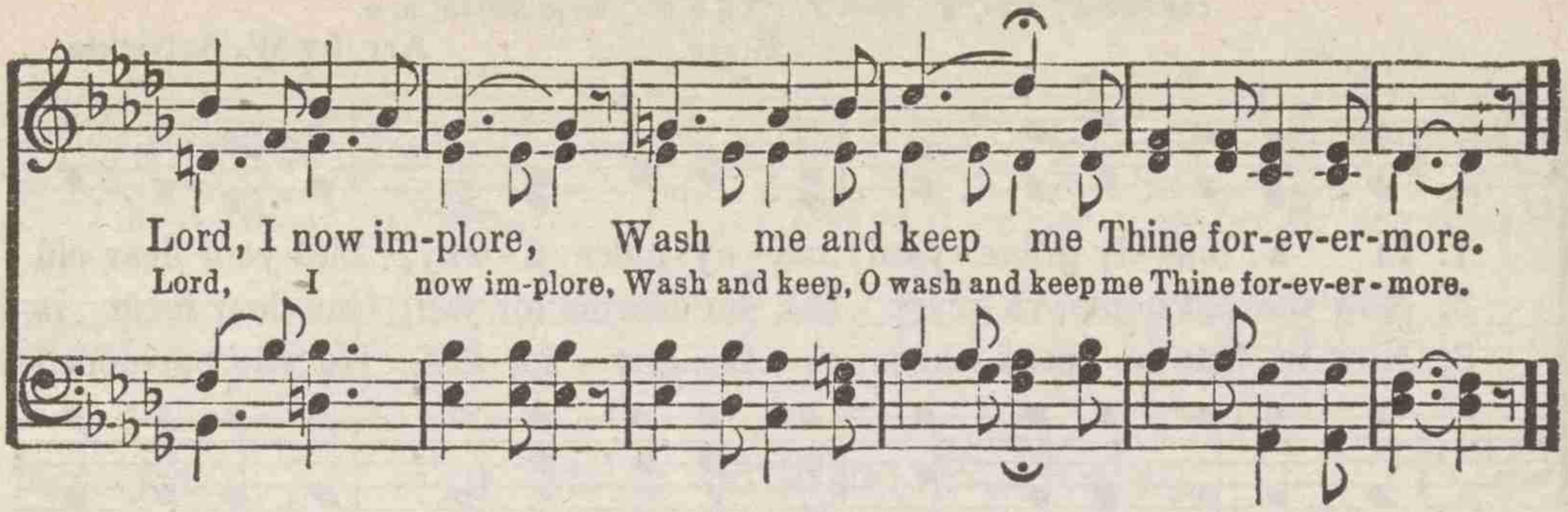
true, More con - se - cra - tion for work He bids me do.
in; More of His Spir - it, the wan - der - er to win.
lee, More like the Mas - ter I long to ev - er be.

CHORUS.

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

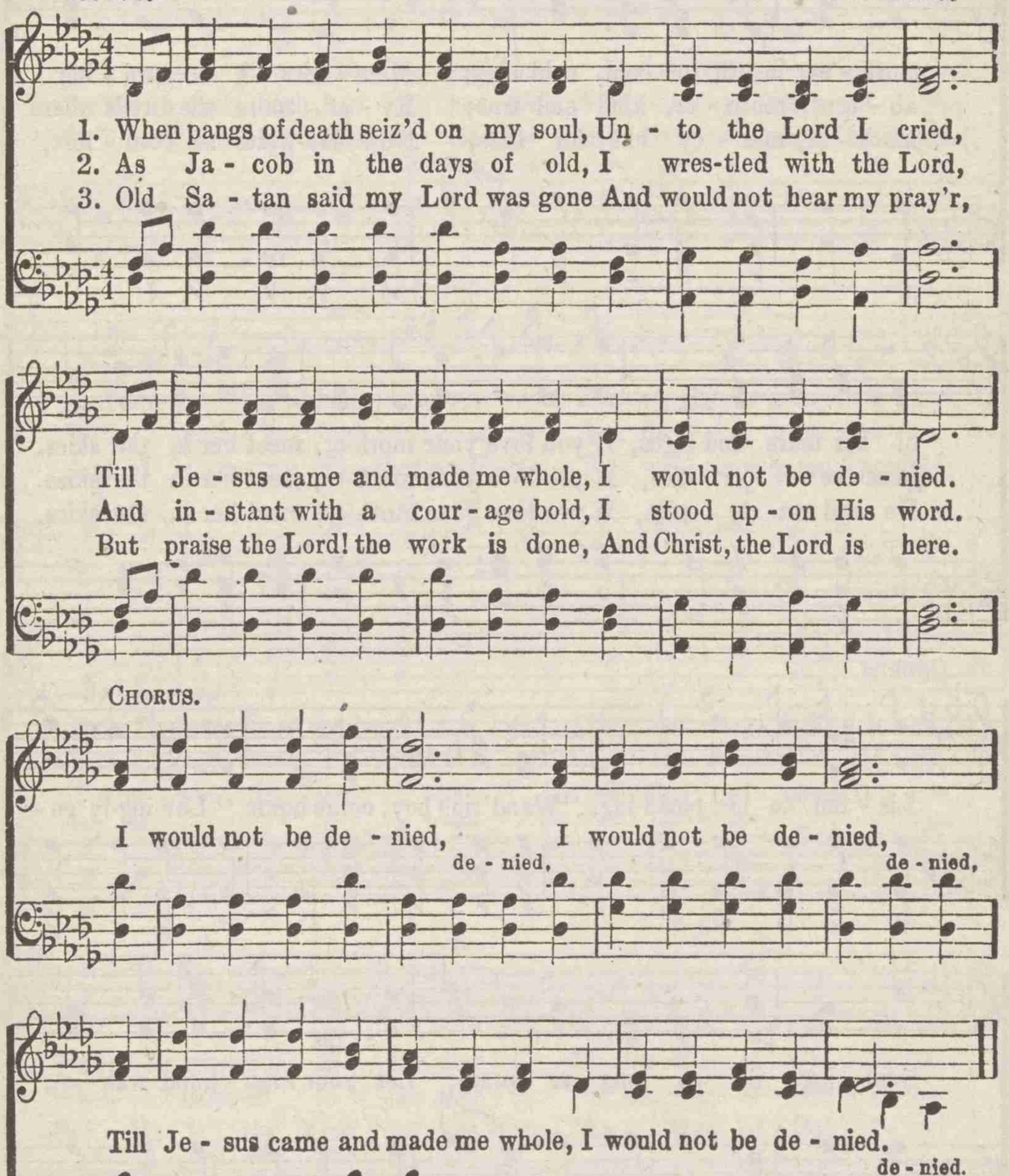
heart . . and make it all Thine own; . . Purge me from sin, . . O
take my heart and make it all Thine own; Purge Thou me from ev - 'ry sin, O

More Like the Master.



No. 105. I Would Not Be Denied.

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



No. 106 Meet Mother in the Skies.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY JOHN F. ELLIS & CO., WASHINGTON, D. C.
USED BY PER.

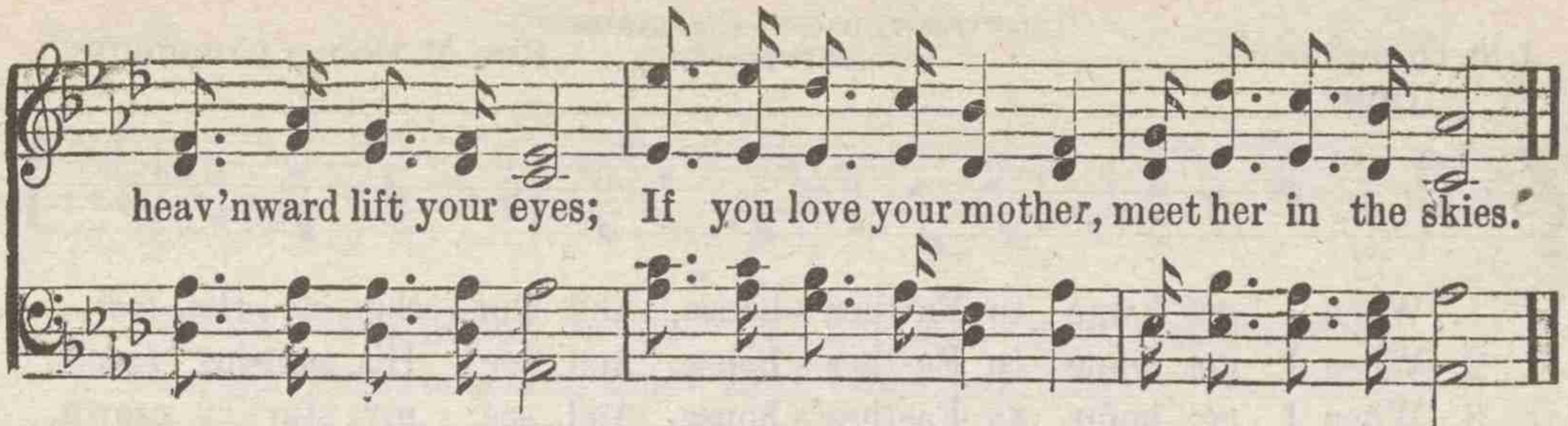
Arr. by W. S. Nickle.

1. In a lone-ly grave-yard, ma-ny miles a-way, Lies your dear old moth-er, 'neath the cold, cold clay; Mem-'ries oft re-turn-ing
2. Now the old home, va-cant, has no charms for you; One dear form is ab-sent, moth-er, kind and true; Ev-er-more she dwells where
3. Now in true re-pent-ance to the Sav-ior flee, He who par-doned moth-er, mer-cy has for thee; Now He waits to com-fort,

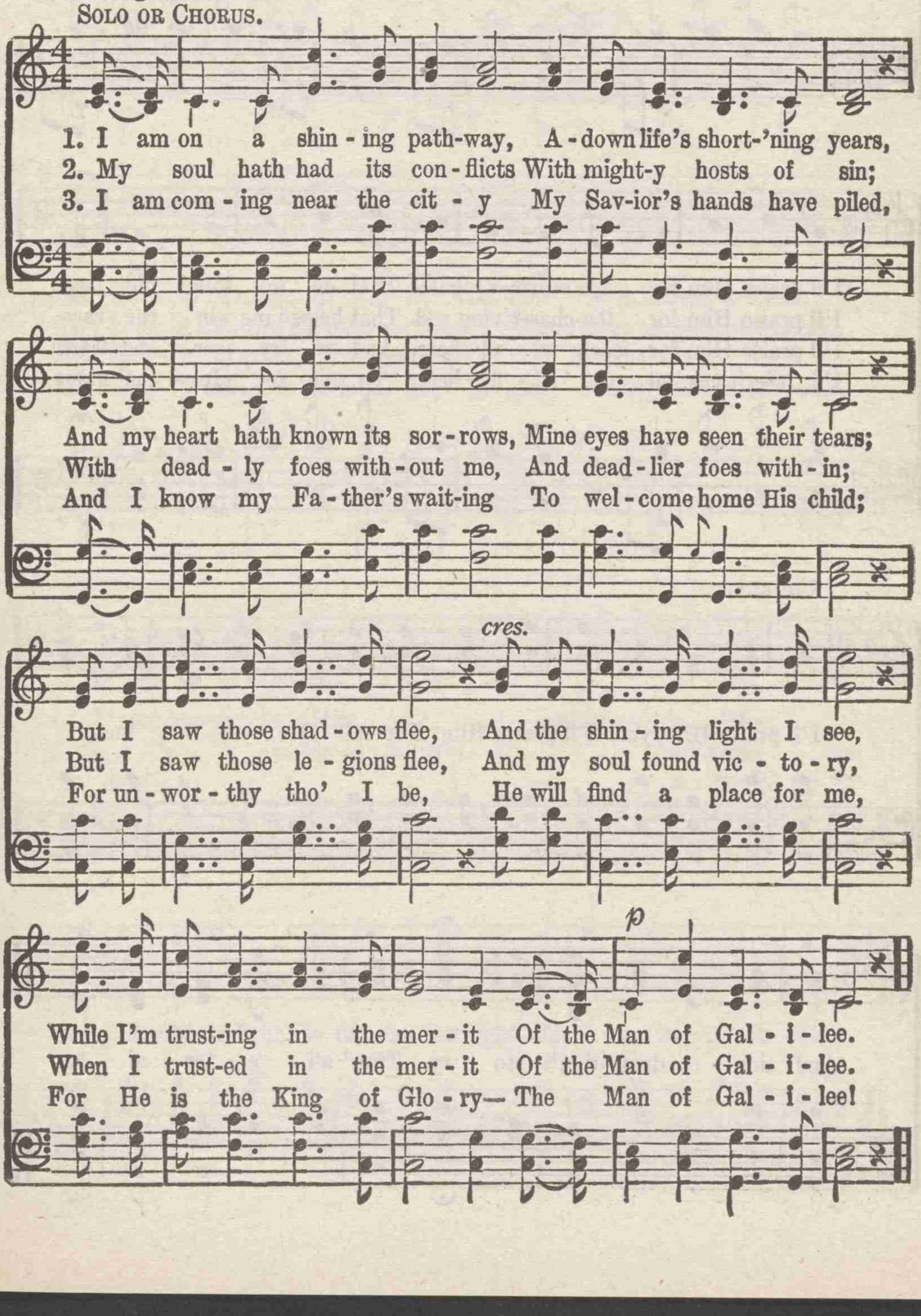
of her tears and sighs, If you love your moth-er, meet her in the skies.
pleas-ure nev-er dies, If you love your moth-er, meet her in the skies.
He will not de-spise, If you love your moth-er, meet her in the skies.

CHORUS.

Lis-ten to her plead-ing, "Wand'ring boy, come home," Lov-ing-ly en-treat-ing, do no long-er roam; Let your man-hood wak-en,

Meet Mother in the Skies.

No. 107. I'm On a Shining Pathway.

John Hogarth Lozier.

SOLO OR CHORUS.

No. 108. When I Get Home.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY S. P. CARTER.
USED BY PERMISSION.

J. M. Humphrey. Rev. M. Homer Cummings.

DUET.

1. When I get home to Fa-ther's house, And wor - ship at His feet,
2. When I get home to Fa-ther's house, And see His smil-ing face,
3. When I get home to Fa-ther's house, And see my star - ry crown,
4. When I get home to Fa-ther's house, And view the mar-tyr's fame,

I'll praise Him for each storm-y gale That on my soul did beat.
I'll praise Him for the chas-t'ning rod That helped me win the race.
I'll praise Him for each tri - al here, And ev - 'ry jeer and frown.
I'll see 'twas but a tri - fle here To die for Je - sus' name.

CHORUS.

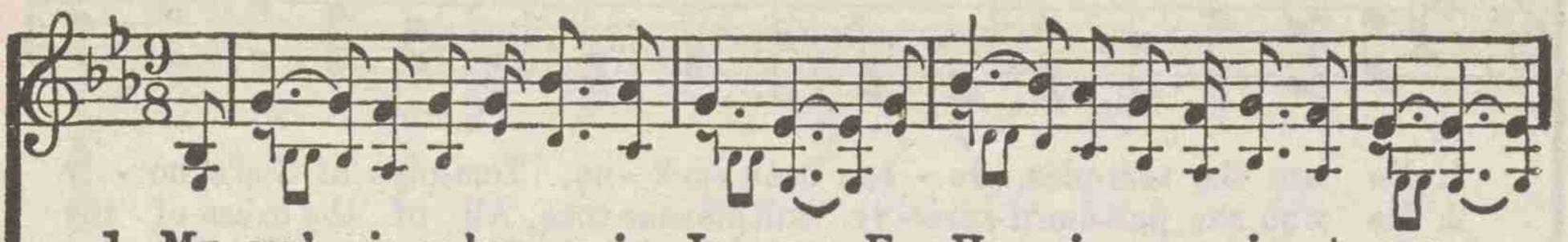
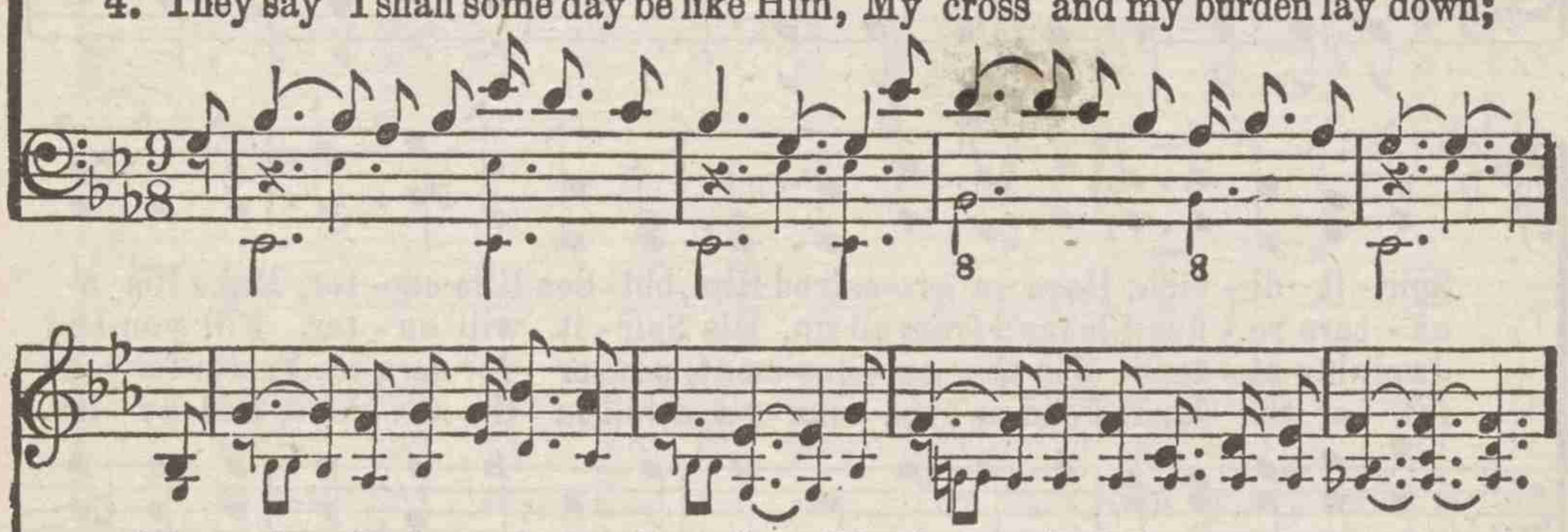
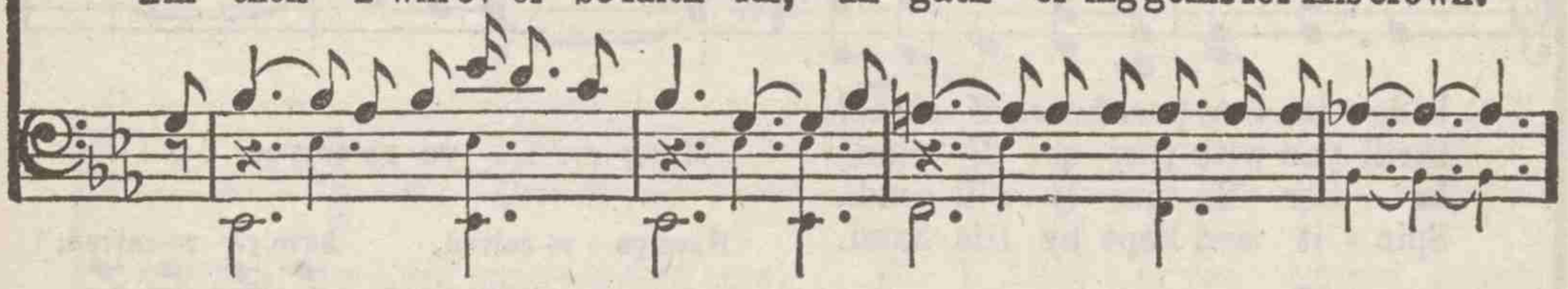
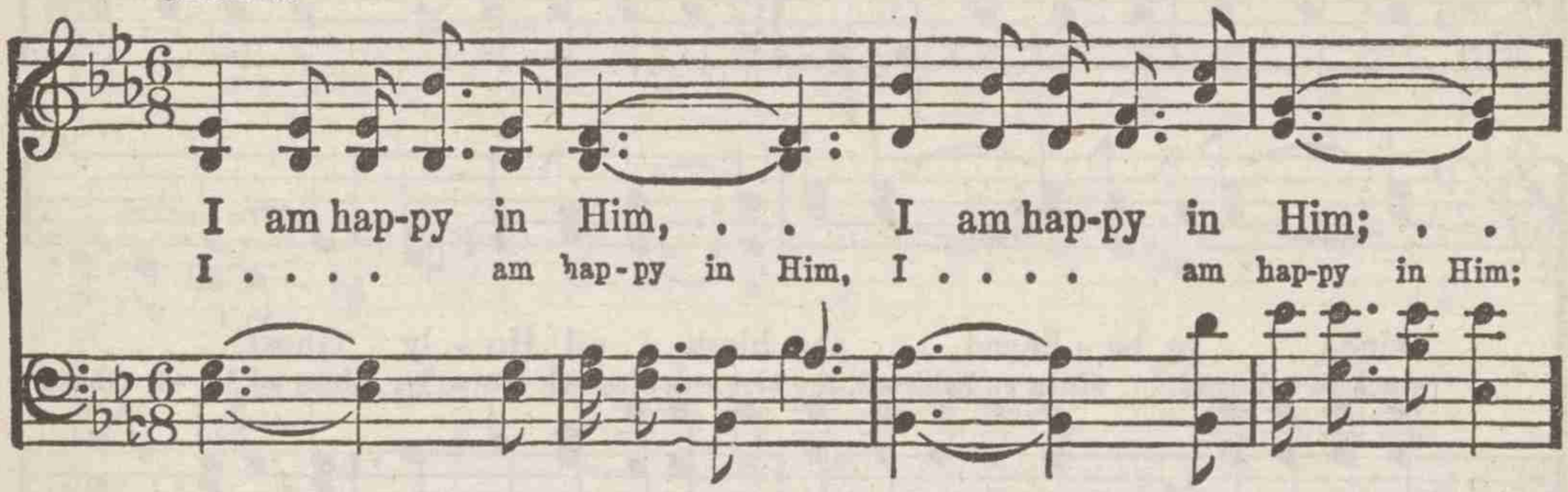
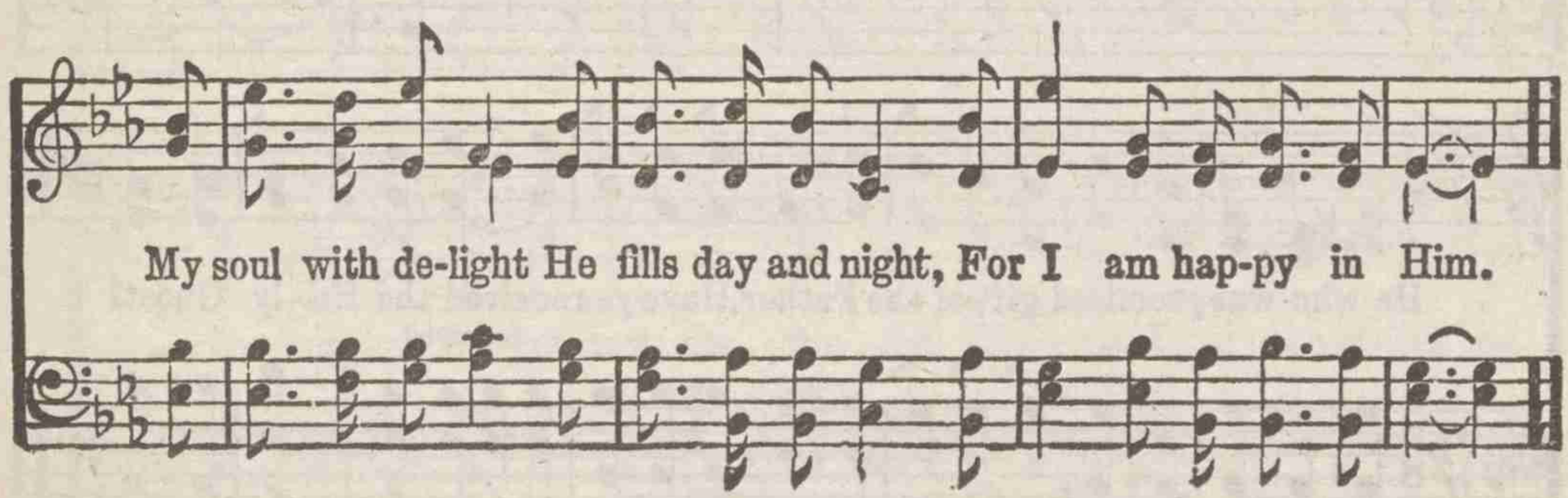
I'll praise Him, yes, I'll praise Him For all He sent to me,

And sing re - demp-tion's sto - ry Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 109. I Am Happy in Him.

B. O. B.

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

B. 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 surround 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 music 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 de-light He fills day and night, For I am hap-py in Him.

No. 110. Have Ye Received the Holy Ghost?

C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY H. L. GILMOUR. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Ye are the tem-ples, Je - sus hath spok - en, Tem-ples of God's ho - ly
2. He who has par-don'd sure - ly will cleanse thee, All of the dross of thy
3. Show-ers of mer - cy, ful - ness of bless - ing, Ev - er the Spir-it's in-
4. Wea - ry of wan-d'ring, come in - to Ca - naan, Feast on the ful-ness and

Spir - it di - vine; Have ye re-ceived Him, bid - den Him en - ter, Make His a-
na - ture re - fine; Cleans'd from all sin, His Spir - it will en - ter, Fill you and
dwell-ing at - tend; 'Tis the en - due-ment, pow-er for serv-ice, Fruits for your
fat of the land; Feed on the man - na, dwell in the sun-shine, Led by His

bode in that poor heart of thine?
thrill you with pow - er di - vine.
la - bor He sure - ly will send.
Spir - it and kept by His hand.

CHORUS.

Have . . . . ye re-ceived, ...

Have ye re-ceived, have ye re-ceived,
since . . . ye be - lieved, . . the bless - ed Ho - ly Ghost? . . . . .
since ye believed, since ye believed, the blessed, blessed Ho - ly, bless-ed Ho - ly Ghost?

He who was promised, gift of the Father, Have ye received the Ho - ly Ghost?
received

No. 111. How the Fire Fell.

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

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. Miriam E. Oatman.

1. O I love to tell the bless - ed sto - ry, Since the Lord
2. All my doubts and fears are gone for - ev - er, Since the Lord
3. To the world no more my heart is turn - ing, Since the Lord
4. There's a crown a - wait - ing me in heav - en, Since the Lord

sanc-ti - fied me; For my soul re - ceived a flood of glo - ry,
sanc-ti - fied me; For His peace flow'd o'er me like a riv - er,
sanc-ti - fied me; For on me His Spir - it fell with burn - ing,
sanc-ti - fied me; For a heart made clean to me was giv - en,

CHORUS.

When the Lord sanc - ti-fied me. O I nev - er can for-get how the

fire fell, How the fire fell, how the fire fell, O I

nev - er can for-get how the fire fell, When the Lord sanc-ti-fied me.

No. 112. He Tenderly Looked at Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY F. F. DAWDY.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

F. F. D. F. F. Dawdy.

SOLO.

1. When Je - sus a - lone was stand - ing, By all His friends for - got,
2. When drift-ing a - way in dark - ness, Lost in the black - est night,
3. They took my bless - ed Sav - ior Out to the moun-tain side,

And Pe - ter, near by, de - ny - ing, Say - ing, "I know Him not,"
Out on the sea of sor - row, Far from the Bless - ed Light,
And nailed Him there to the cross - tree, Je - sus, the Cru - ci - fied.

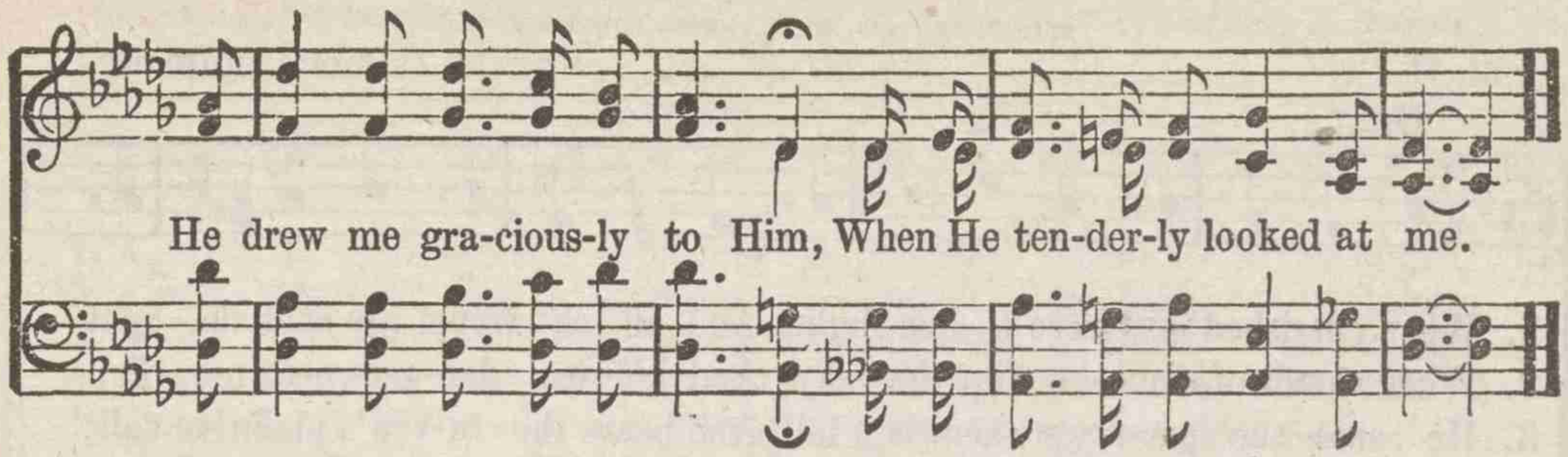
'Twas then he saw the Sav - ior Look at him ten - der - ly;
I heard a sweet voice call - ing, Call - ing from o'er the sea,
And when I saw my Sav - ior, Dy - ing on Cal - va - ry,

And then, re-mem-b'ring the say - ing, Went and wept bit - ter - ly.
And then I saw my Sav - ior Ten - der - ly look at me.
He drew me gra-cious-ly to Him, By His kind look at me.

CHORUS.

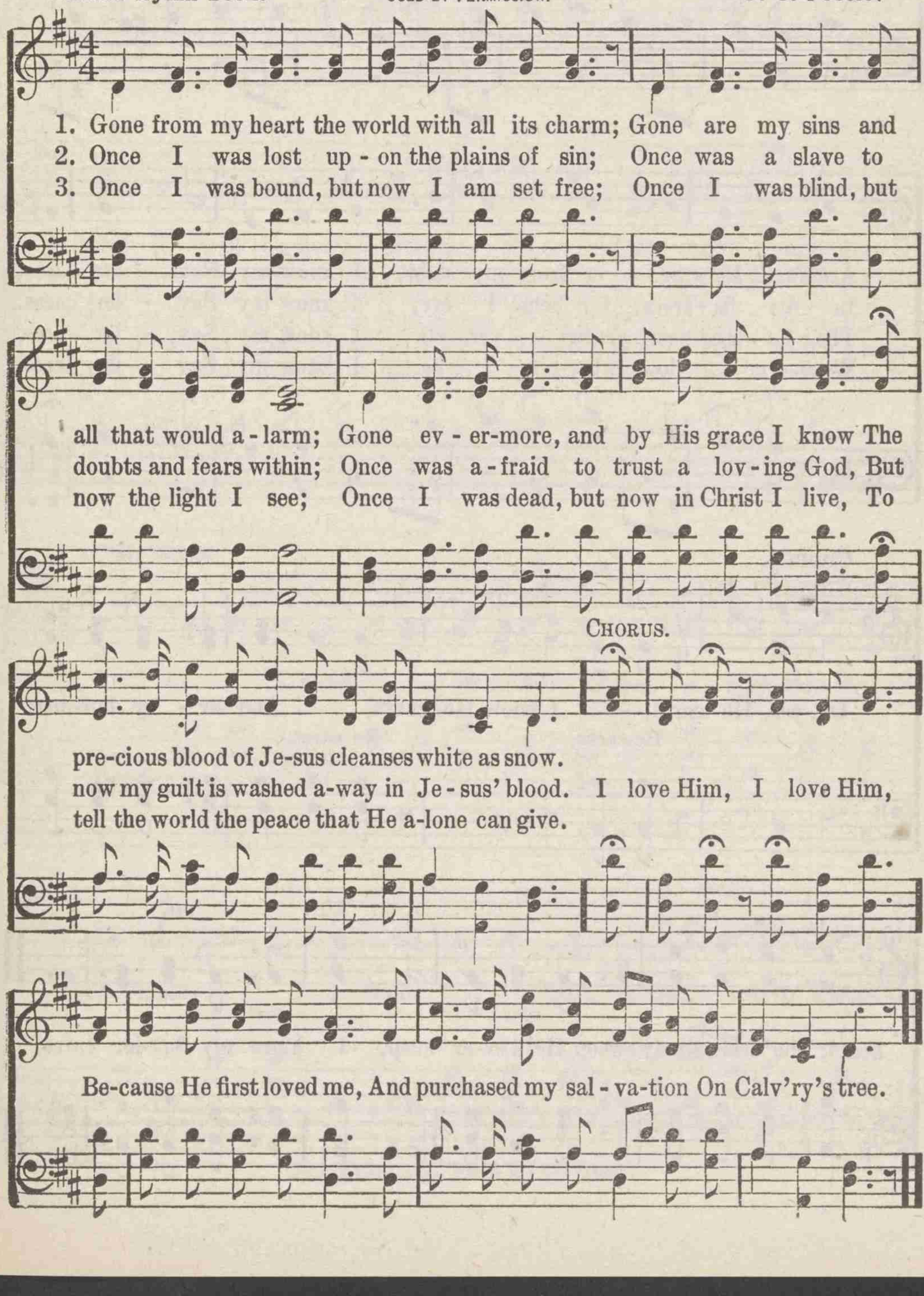
He ten - der - ly looked at me, He ten - der - ly looked at me,
at me, at me,

He Tenderly Looked at Me.



No. 113. I Love Him.

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



No. 114. My Savior Cares.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY M. HOMER CUMMINGS.

M. H. C. Rev. M. Homer Cummings.

DUET.

1. When cherished joys have ta-ken flight, And all that would my soul de - light
2. When clouds of troub-le dim the sky, And hid-den dan-gers near me lie,
3. He sees the spar-rows when they fall, And hears the ra-ven's plaintive call;
4. His love, far deep - er than the sea, In con - de - scen-sion reach-es me;

Are swept for - ev - er from my sight, I know my Sav - ior cares.
In my dis - tress for help I cry, I know my Sav - ior cares.
The Fa - ther-heart yearns o - ver all, I know my Sav - ior cares.
What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, I know my Sav - ior cares.

CHORUS.

Oh, yes, He cares, I know He cares, And ev - 'ry bur-den
He cares, He cares,
bears; Tho' storms may sweep, He'll ev-er keep, I know my Sav-ior cares.

rit.

No. 115 NOT MADE WITH HANDS.

Rev. E. A. Fergerson, Arr. Arr. by Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

1. Christ Je - sus went a building to pre-pare In heav'n's fair lands,
2. Look yon - der and a mansion you can see, All fair it stands,
3. I've nev - er been to heaven, but I'm told In those fair lands
4. The ho - ly an - gels, beau-ti-ful and bright, Dwell in those lands,
5. Some of my friends have journeyed on before, From earth's dark lands,
6. Some morning fair, some bright and golden day, When God commands,
   In heav'n's fair lands,

And it will be decked with jew- els rare Not made with hands.
A beau - ti - ful home pre-pared for me Not made with hands.
The streets all are paved with shin-ing gold Not made with hands.
And soon we shall reach that home of light Not made with hands.
To dwell in that home for - ev - er - more Not made with hands.
I'll go to the home not far a - way Not made with hands.

CHORUS.

I know, I know In heav'n for me a man-sion stands,
I know, I know

A home, a home Not made.... with hands.
A home, a home

Copyright, 1903, by E. A. Hoffman.

No. 116. Why Stand Ye Here Idle?

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY E. O. EXCELL.

J. L. McDonald. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.

1. Why stand ye here i - dle? there's la - bor for all, The vine - yard needs
2. Why stand ye here i - dle? a bro-ther's in need, His cries as - cend
3. Why stand ye here i - dle? a soul's be - ing lost, Speak, speak words of
4. Why stand ye here i - dle? O la - bor each day, To lead men to

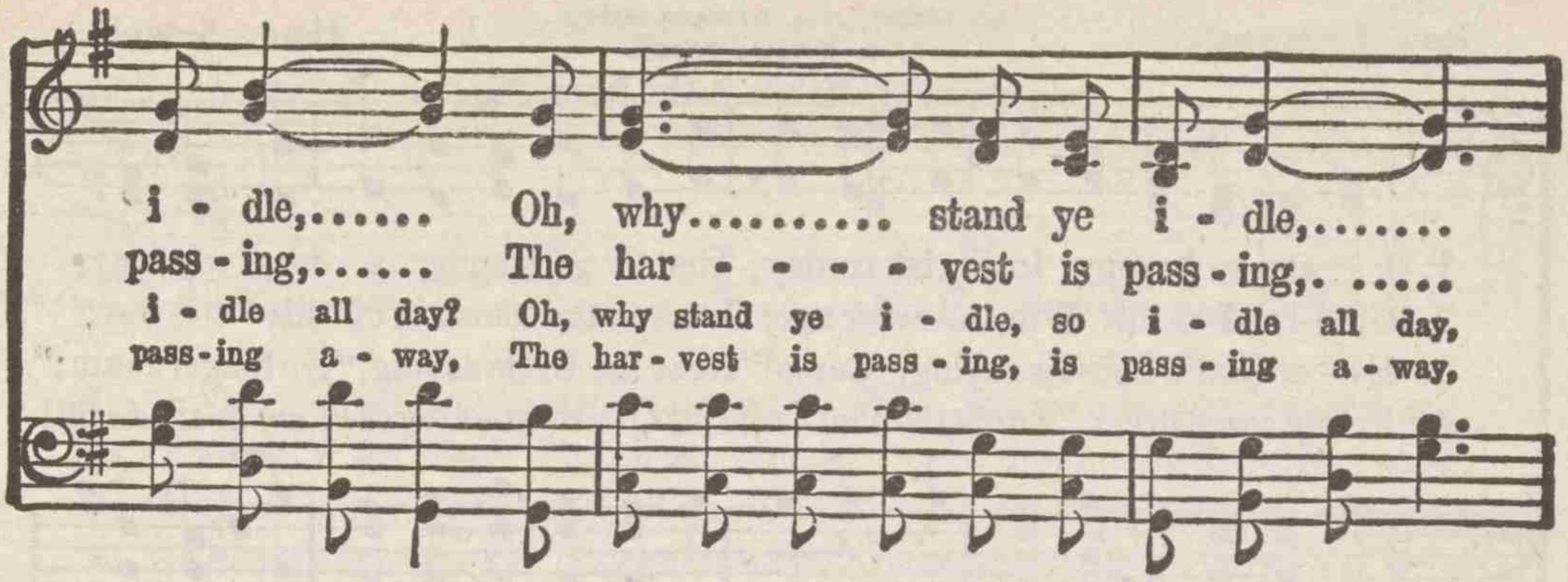
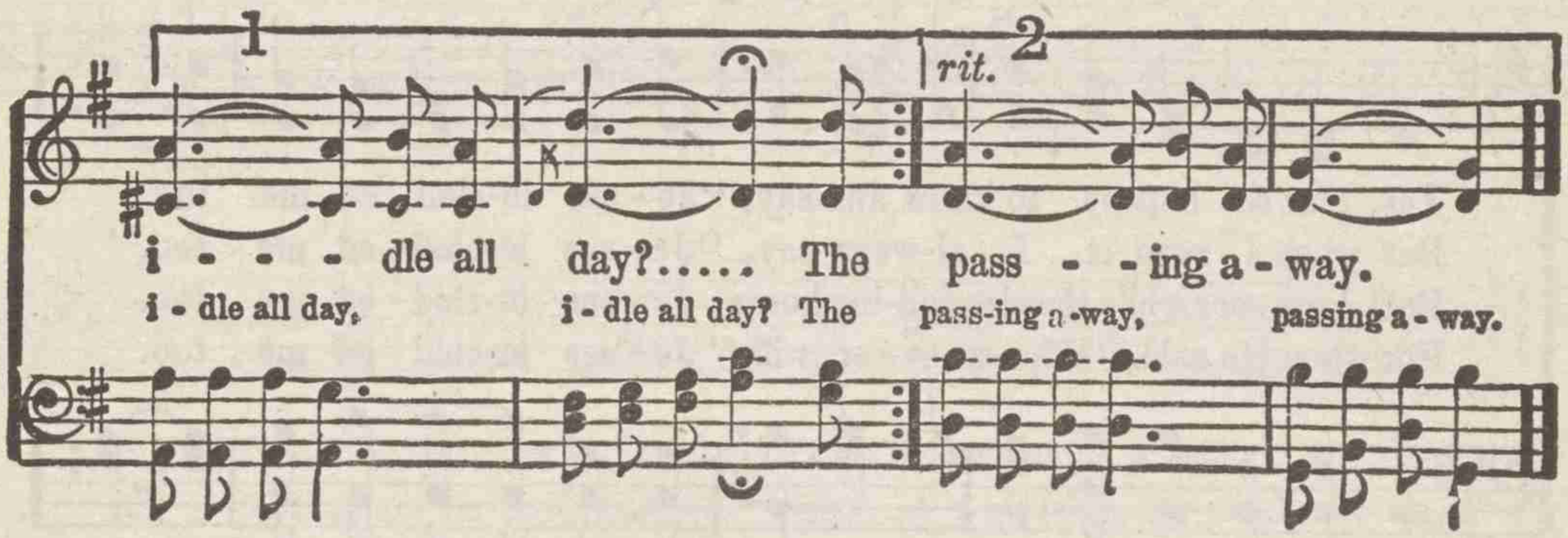
work-men, the weeds are grown tall; The ripe fruit is wast - ing for
heav'nward, then pray you, give heed; For food and for rai - ment he
warn - ing, what - ev - er the cost; The soul you may res - cue from
Je - sus, the Truth, Life and Way; The Spir - it has promised its

lack of strong hands, Why stand ye here i - dle? the Mas - ter de-mands.
suf - fers to - night, Then ren - der as - sist - ance; O, dare to do right.
sin and from shame, And give to the Sav - ior to praise His dear name.
pres - ence to lend, To com - fort and strengthen, till la - bors shall end.

CHORUS.

Oh, { why.....stand ye i - dle,..... Oh, why ..... stand ye
{ har - - vest is pass-ing,.... The har - - - vest is

Oh, { why stand ye i - dle, so i - dle all day? Oh, why stand ye i - dle, so
{ har - vest is pass-ing, is pass - ing a - way. The har - vest is pass - ing, is

Why Stand Ye Here Idle?



No. 117.

No Dying There.

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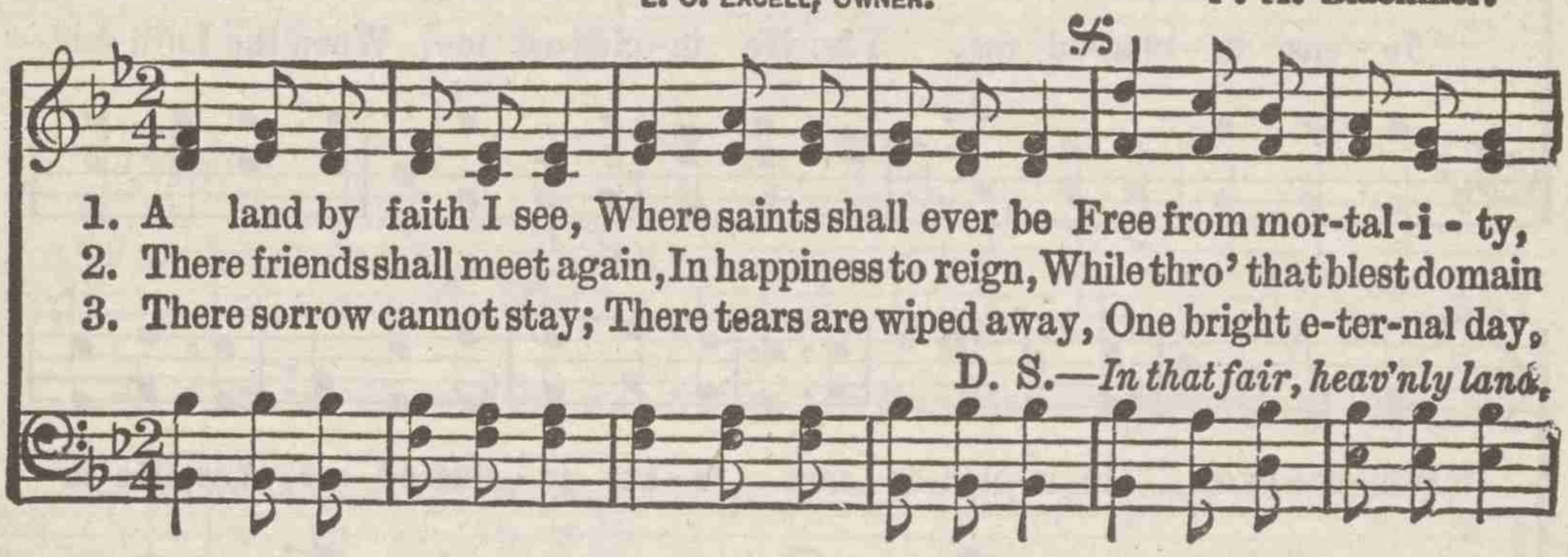
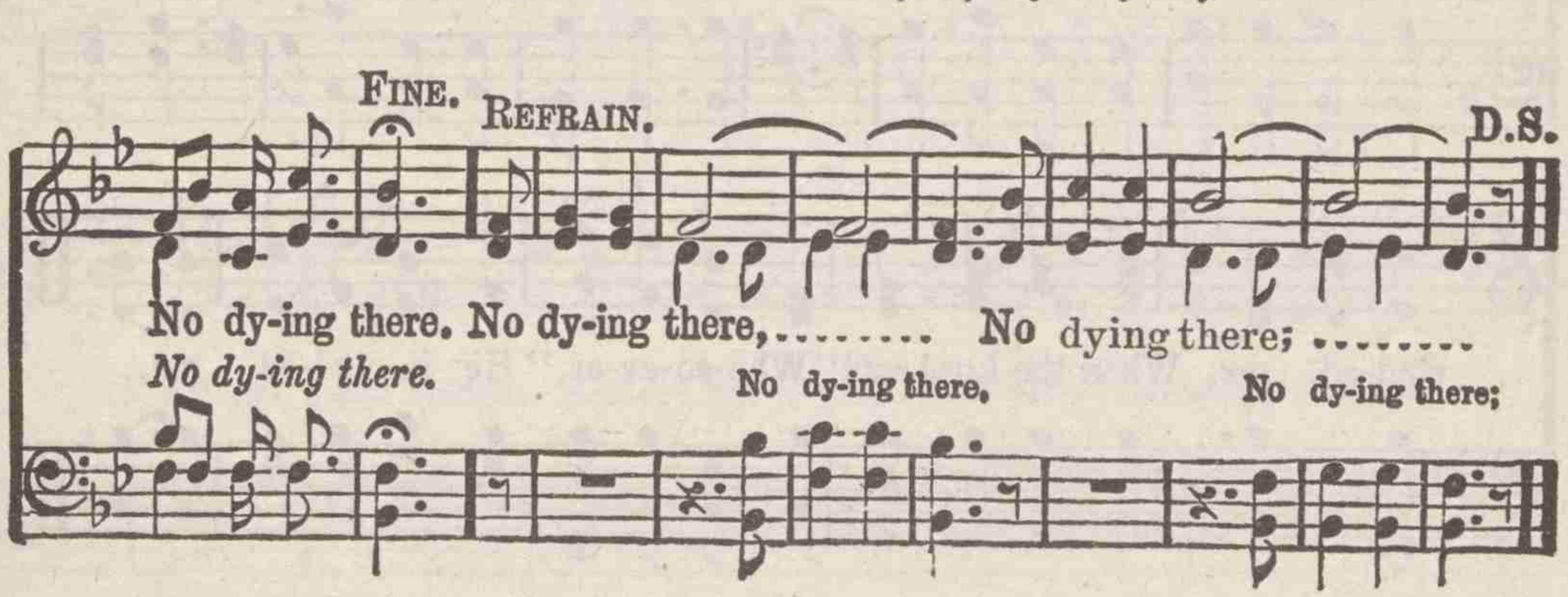
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

F. A. B. F. A. Blackmer.





No. 118. He Included Me.

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

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. Hamp Sewell.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

No. 119. Where Is My Girl Tonight?

(Companion to "Where Is My Boy?")

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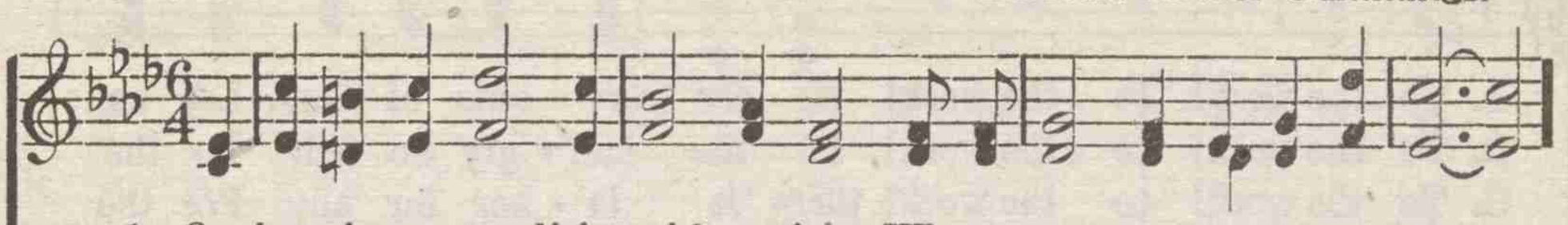
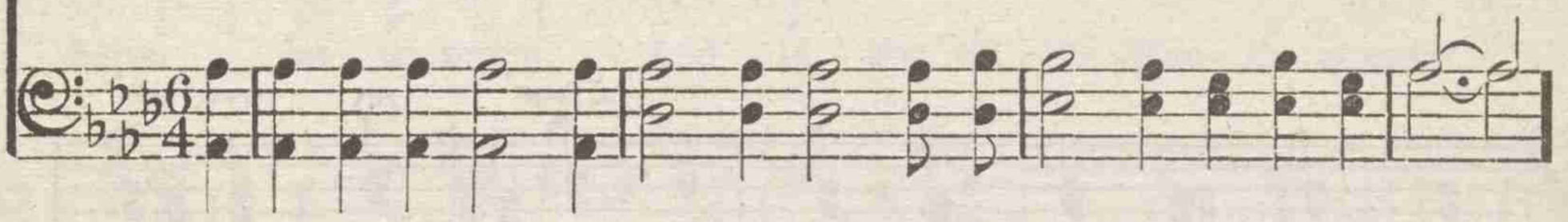
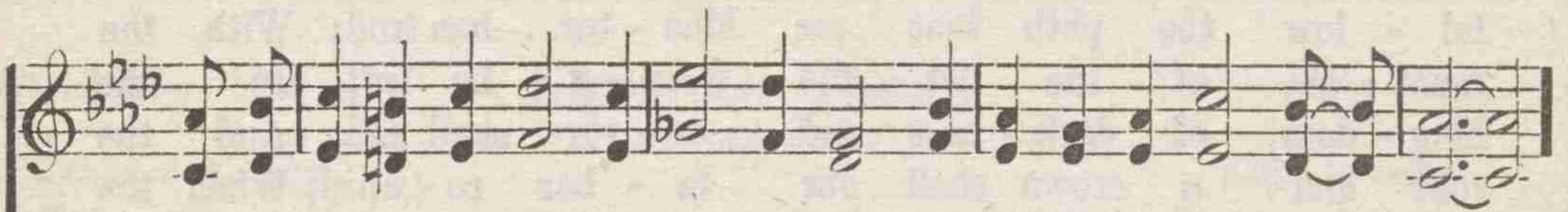
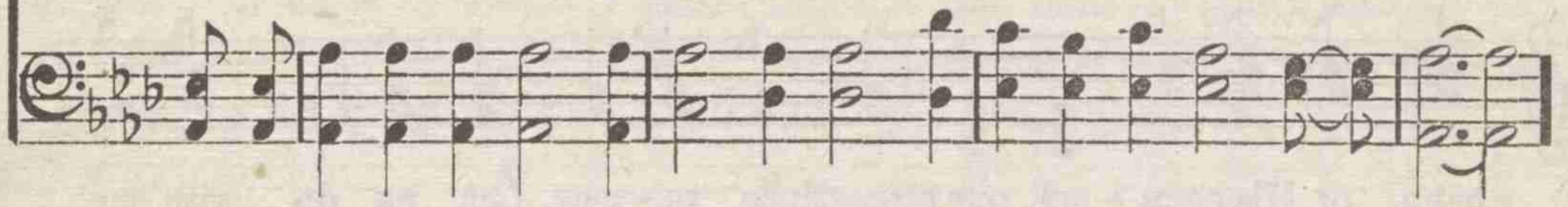
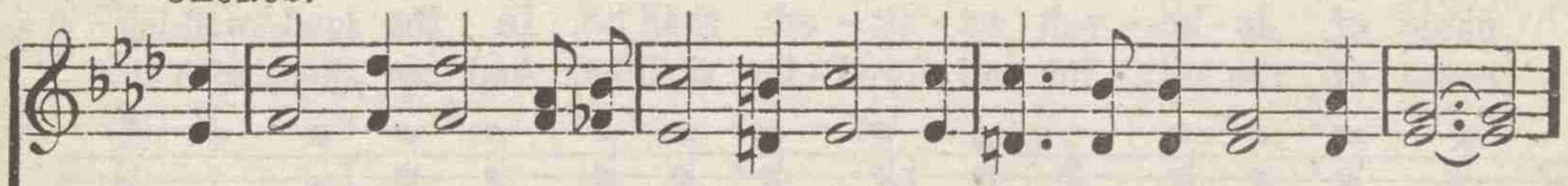
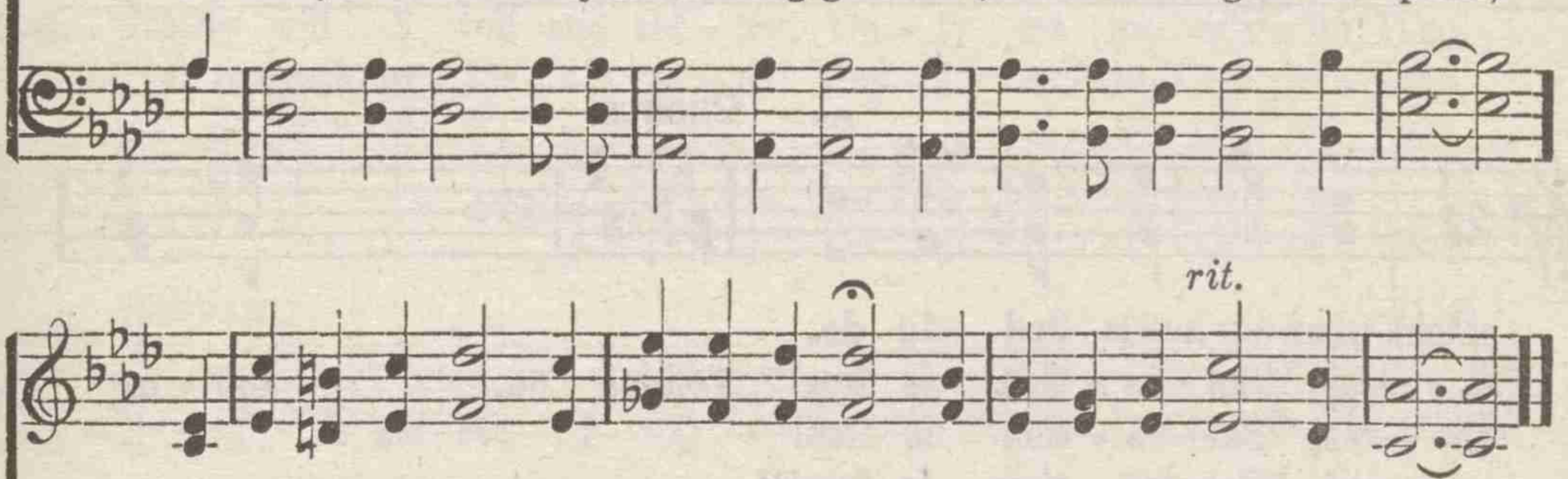
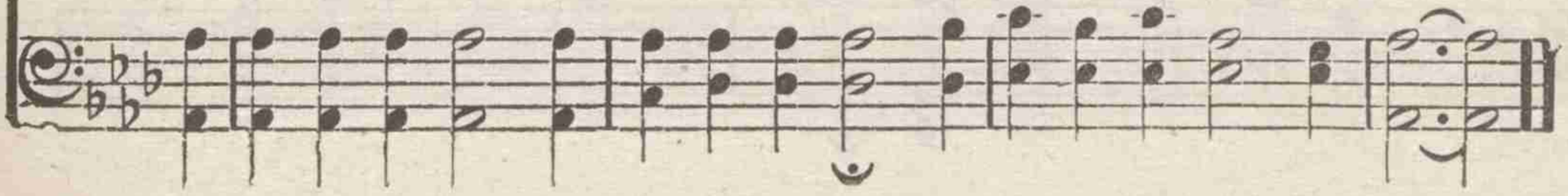
M. H. C. Rev. M. Homer Cummings.

1. O where is my wand'ring girl to-night, Who was once so spotless and fair,
2. O where is my wand'ring girl to-night? In the drear-y halls of de - spair;
3. O where is my wand'ring girl to-night? She is lost to loved ones and home;
4. Go, search for my wand'ring girl to-night; Save her soul from ev-er-y snare;

With her vel-vet-y cheek and eyes so bright, The sunshine of gold in her hair?
She is drifting a - far from paths of right, A-way from my tend'rest care.
On-ly Je-sus Himself can wash her white, And bid the poor prod-i-gal come.
O re - store her to me, with all her blight, The child of my love and prayer.

CHORUS.

O where, O where is my wan-d'ring girl? Far, far from the gates of pearl;



rit.

My heart's sad refrain, re-store her a-gain, God pit-y the wand'ring girl.

No. 120. To the Work.

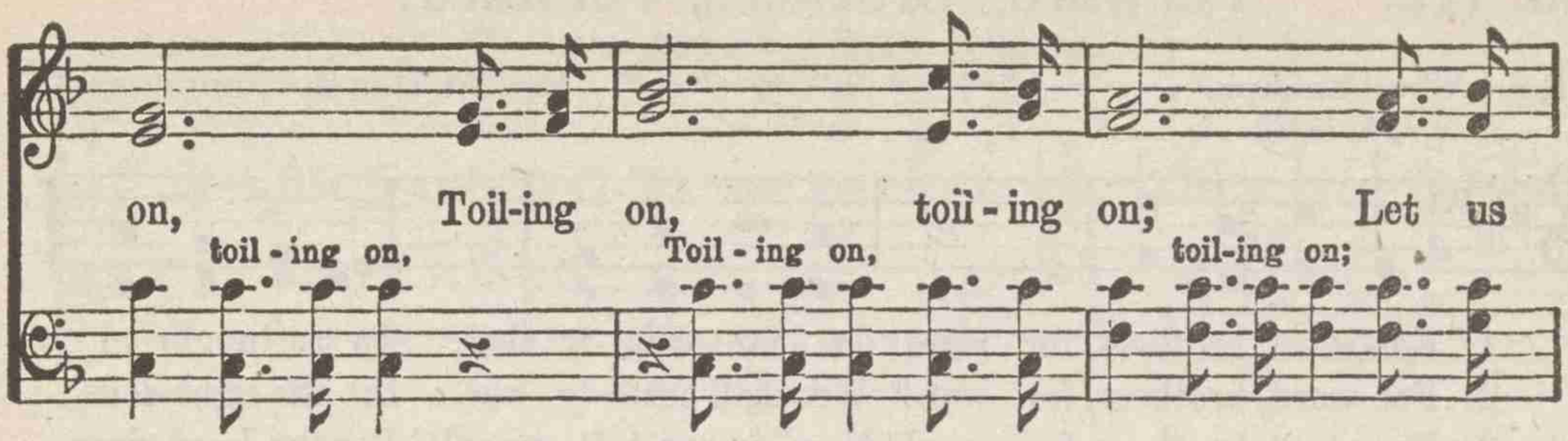
Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY W. H. DOANE. W. H. Doane.

1. To the work! to the work! we are serv - ants of God, Let us fol - low the path that our Mas - ter has trod; With the
2. To the work! to the work! let the hun - gry be fed; To the fount - ain of life let the wear - y be led; In the
3. To the work! to the work! there is la - bor for all; For the king - dom of dark - ness and er - ror shall fall; And the
4. To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord, And a robe and a crown shall our la - bor re - ward; When the

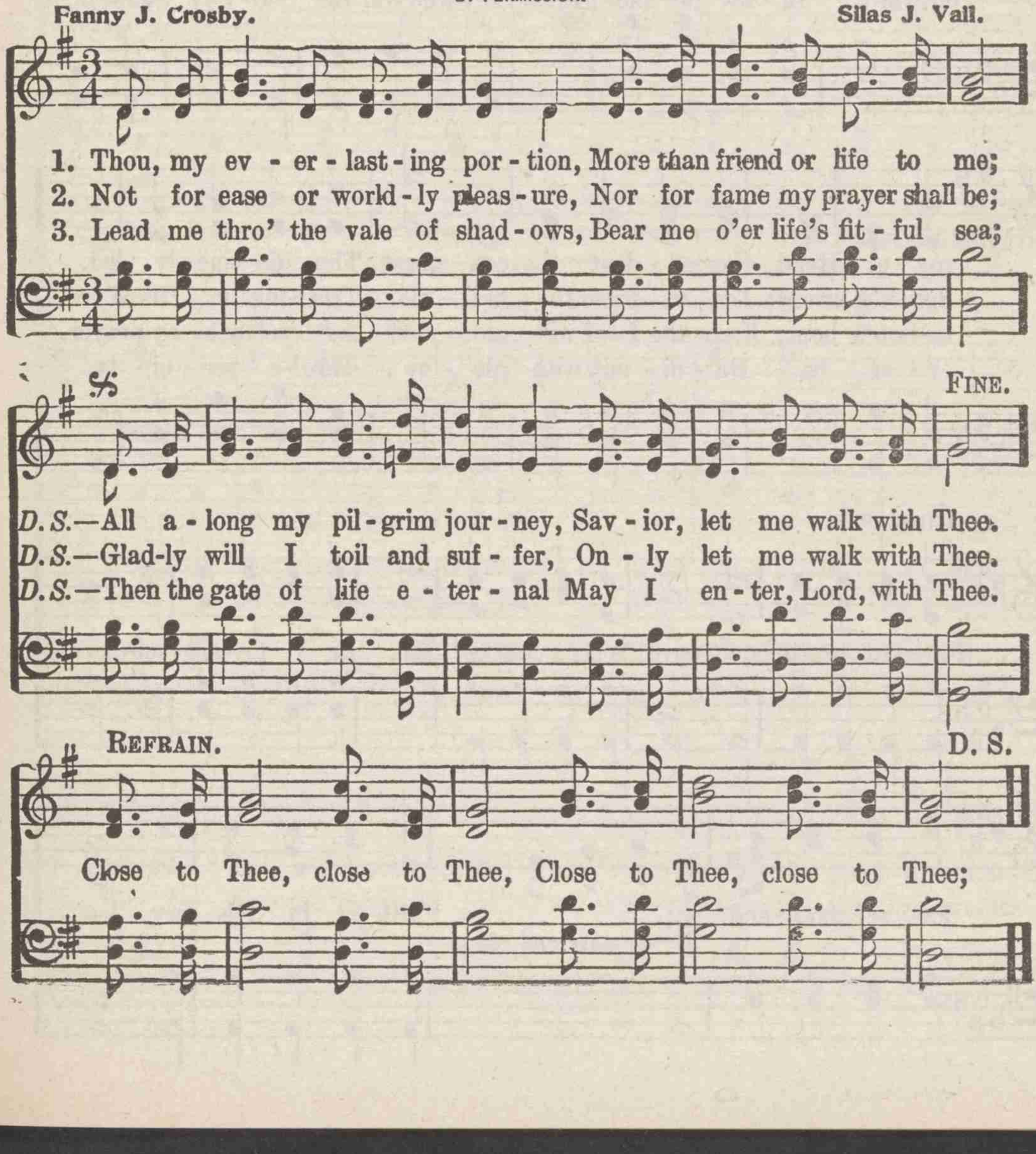
balm of His coun - sel our strength to re - new, Let us do with our
cross and its ban - ner our glo - ry shall be, While we her - ald the
name of Je - ho - vah ex - alt - ed shall be, In the loud-swell-ing
home of the faith - ful our dwell - ing shall be, And we shout with the

CHORUS.

might what our hands find to do.
ti - dings, "Sal - va - tion is free!" Toil-ing on, toil - ing
cho - rus, "Sal - va - tion is free!" Toil - ing on,
ransomed, "Sal - va - tion is free!"

To the Work.

No. 121. Close to Thee.

BY PERMISSION.

Fanny J. Crosby. Silas J. Vail.

No. 122. Forward, Brothers, Forward!

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY M. HOMER CUMMINGS.
BACKUS & CUMMINGS, OWNERS.

Rev. Alfred Backus. Rev. M. Homer Cummings.

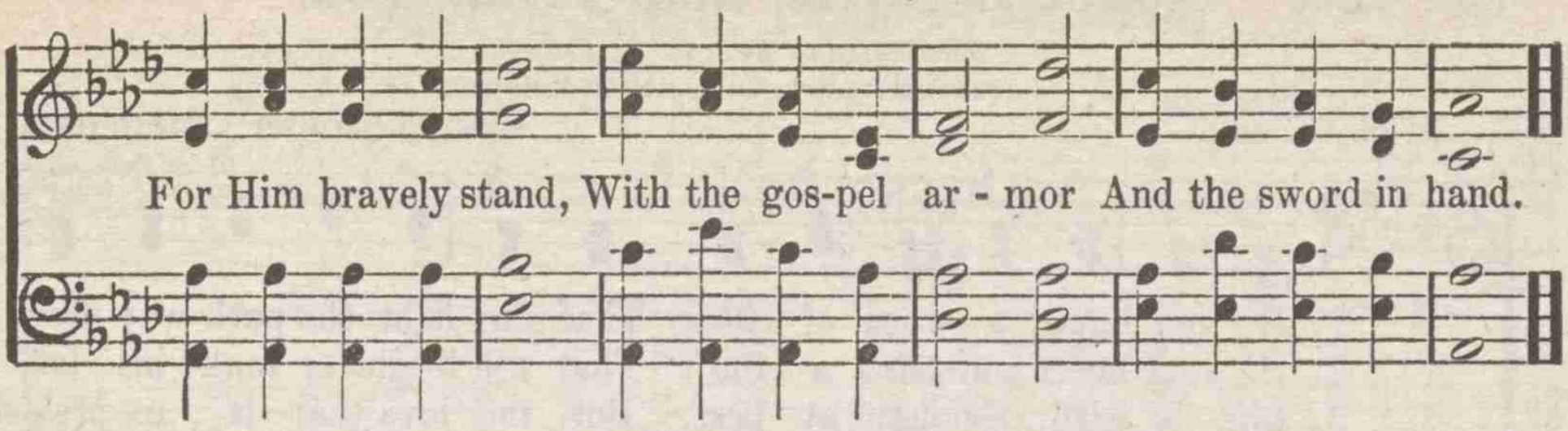
Vigorously.

1. For-ward, brothers, for - ward! Tri - um-phant-ly sing; To the might-y con - flict For the Lord our King; Let us no - bly fol - low Christ, our
2. For-ward, brothers, for - ward! We shall sure - ly win, In the right-eous strug-gle 'Gainst the hosts of sin. We can fight and tri-umph With the
3. For-ward, brothers, for - ward! Nev - er say, "Re-treat!" For the Lord gives pow - er, From His mer-cy - seat. Do not ev - er weak - en In temp-
4. For-ward, brothers, for - ward! Tread the paths of right; Ev - er press-ing on-ward In - to joy and light. They who win the vic - t'ry Shall for-

roy - al Head, Con - fi - dent of con - quest, Thus di - vine - ly led.
Spir-it's sword; Let us press the bat - tle, Trust-ing in His Word.
ta-tion's hour; Know the Lord will aid you, As ye ask by prayer.
ev - er be Ra - di - ant with glo - ry Thro' e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.

Forward, brothers, forward! With a courage true, Be ye loy-al sol-diers,
Ev - er dare and do; Faith-ful in His serv - ice,
Ev - er dare and do;

Forward, Brothers, Forward!

No. 123. The Old-Time Power.

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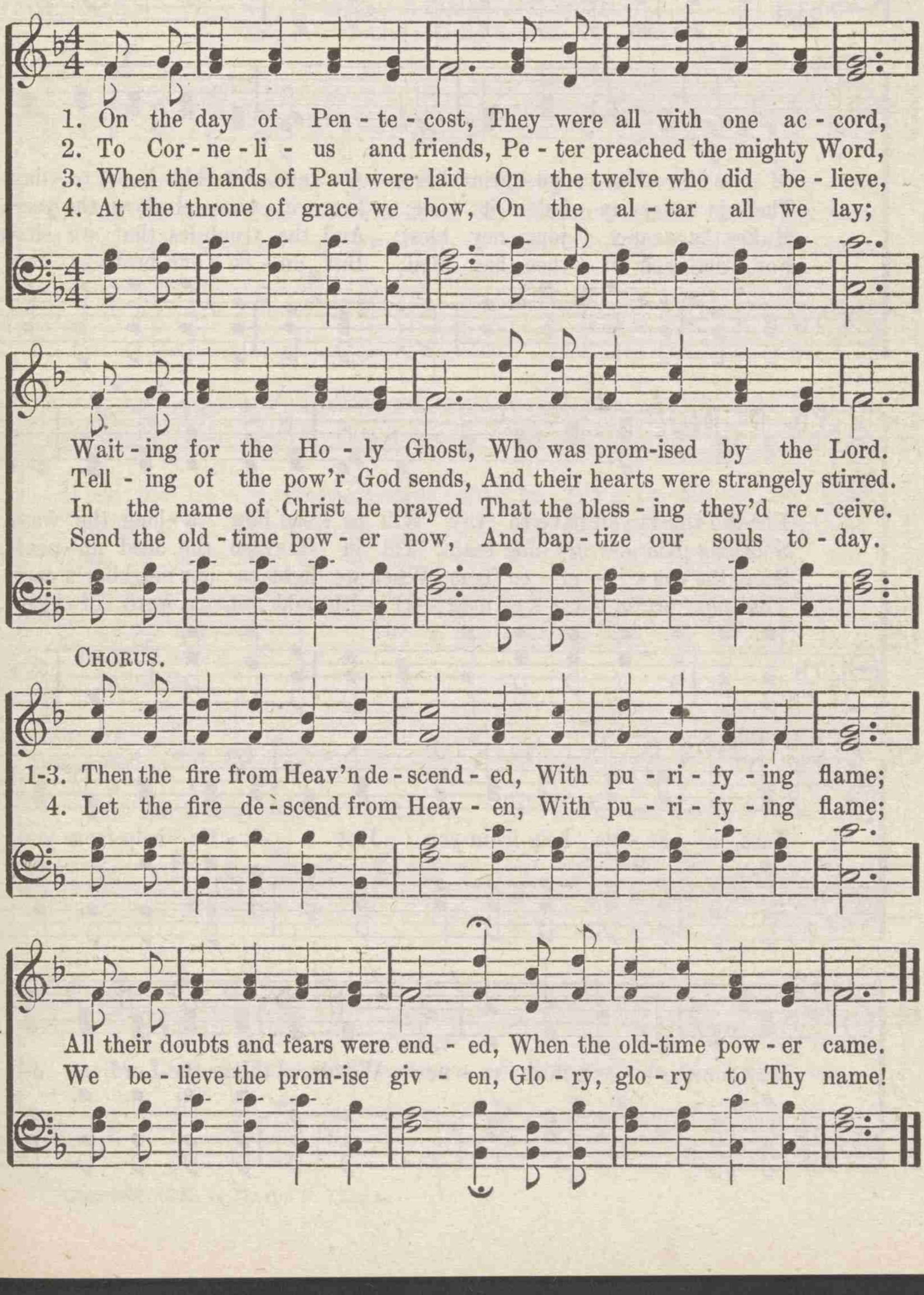
M. H. C. Rev. M. Homer Cummings.



No. 124. Just a Little Help From You.

Dedicated to Rev. P. Y. Debolt.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY M. HOMER CUMMINGS.

M. H. C., arr. Rev. M. Homer Cummings.

1. If you have a word of cheer That may light the path-way drear
2. If your heart con-tains a tho't That will bright-er make his lot,
3. Life is hard e-nough at best, But the love that is ex-pressed
4. Wait not till your friend is dead Ere your com-pli-ments are said,

Of a broth-er pil - grim here, Go and let him know to - day;
Then in mer - cy hide it not; Let it trav - el down the years,
Makes the wear-y jour - ney blest; And the troub-les that we share
For the spir - it then has fled; But un - to our broth-er here

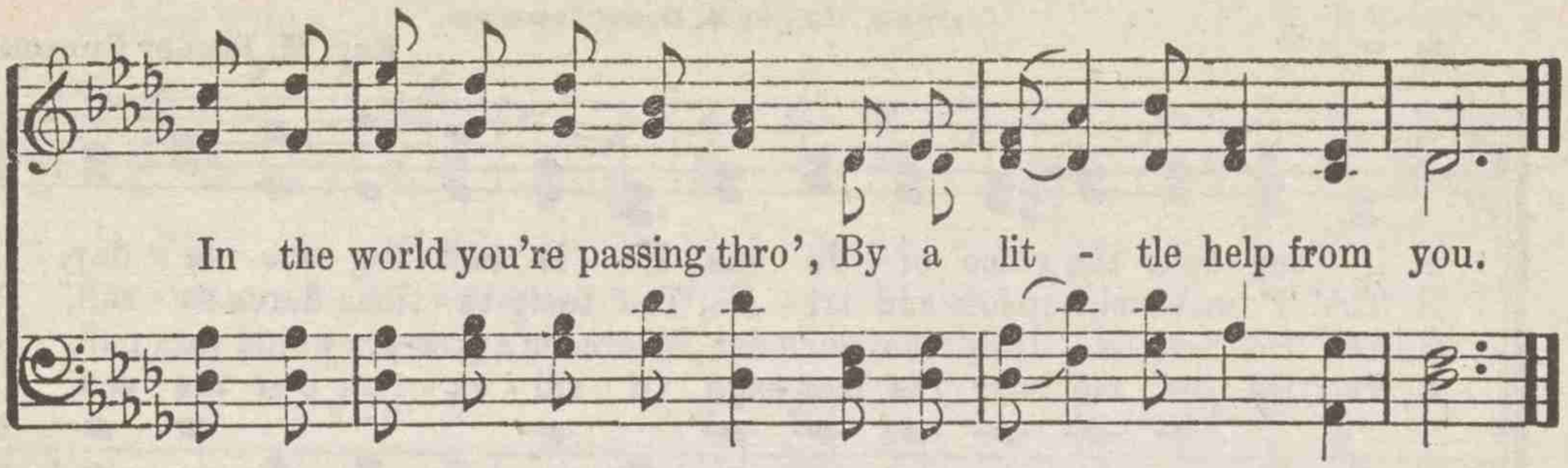
For the things you have to say Will as - sist him a - long the way.
Soothing pain and dry - ing tears, Till in Heav-en the deed ap - pears.
Seem the eas - i - er to bear When we light-en our neighbor's care.
That poor praise is ver - y dear,—O with-hold not a word of cheer.

CHORUS.

Just a lit - tle help from you, Just a lit - tle help from you

May some oth - er's faith re - new; Wondrous things the Lord can do

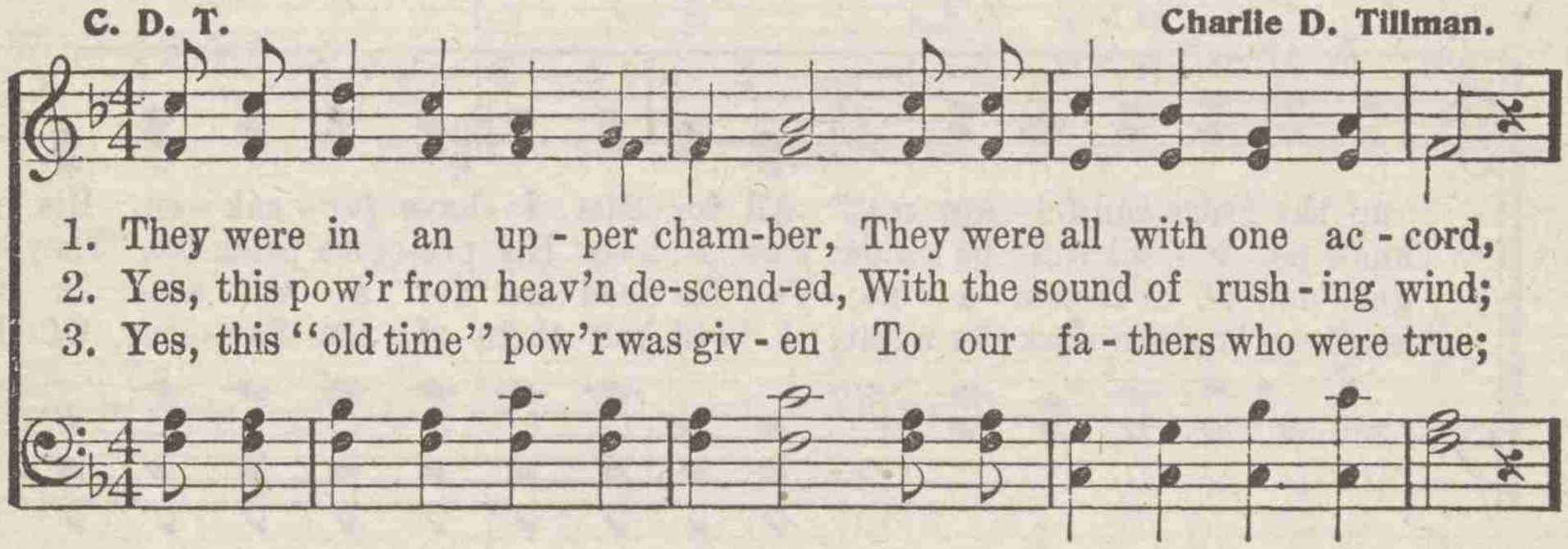
Just a Little Help From You.



No. 125. Old Time Power.

"They were all filled with the Holy Ghost."—Acts 2: 4.

C. D. T. Charlie D. Tillman.



Copyright, 1895, by Charlie D. Tillman.

No. 126. All the Way.

Copyright, 1920, by M. Homer Cummings.

M. H. C. Rev. M. Homer Cummings.

1. I can hear the voice of Je - sus, He is call - ing me to - day, "Take up thy cross and fol - low me;" All for Him I have for - sak - en, His com-
2. Tho' I meet with griefs and tri - als, Tho' temp-ta - tions fierce as - sail, I know no e - vil will be - tide; For I have His pre-cious prom-ise, "They shall
3. Tho' He lead me thro' the gar - den Where sin's pow-ers would ap - pall, The gar - den of Geth-sem - a - ne; Tho' He need me for a wit - ness In the
4. Tho' He bid me bear the mes-sage Of sal - va - tion o'er the sea, To heath-en lands in dark-est night; I will tell them of the Sav - iour, Of His

mand I will o - bey, No mat-ter what the cost may be.
not o'er thee pre-vail, While I am walk-ing by Thy side." I will go all the
scornful judgment hall, I pray that I may faith-ful be.
love so full and free, I'll point them to the gos - pel light.

CHORUS.

way, I will go all the way With the blessed Christ of Cal - va - ry; I will go all the way, I will go all the way, For He went all the way for me.

No. 127. March Steadily On.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY M. HOMER CUMMINGS.
P. W. ARBOGAST, OWNER.

Jennie Wilson. P. W. Arbogast.

1. March-ing a-long, soldiers, has - ten a - way, Fear not the foe drawn in bat - tle ar - ray; You are the sol-diers of heaven's great King, Who will sure
2. While you are marching a - way to the field, Pray for the courage that nev - er will yield; Then when you bravely en-gage in the fight, O - ver-come
3. March-ing a-long, comrades, keep in your sight Cal - va - ry's beau-ti - ful ban - ner of light, Sing-ing the praise of your Leader's great love, Which will re-

CHORUS.

vic - to - ry un - to you bring. March stead-i-ly on in the King's ho-ly name,
wrong by the pow-er of right.
ward all the faith-ful a - bove. March-ing on - ward in His name,

March stead-i - ly on till the triumph you claim; March, forward march, bravely on, con-quer sin, Then you will crowns bright and glo - ri - ous win.
March - ing on - ward, tri - umph claim;

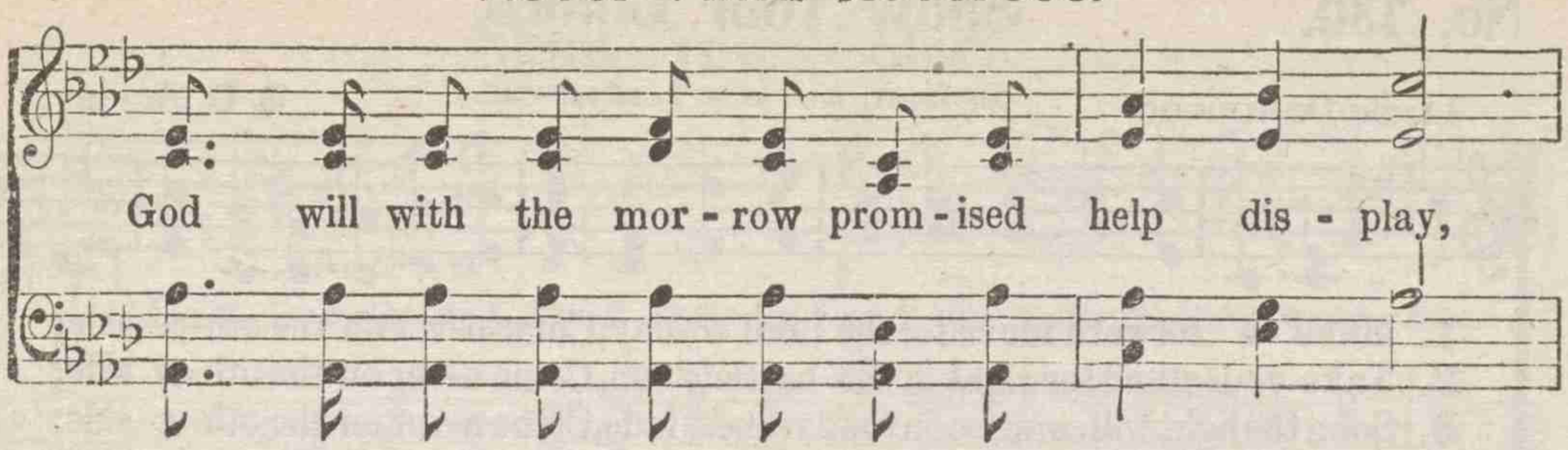
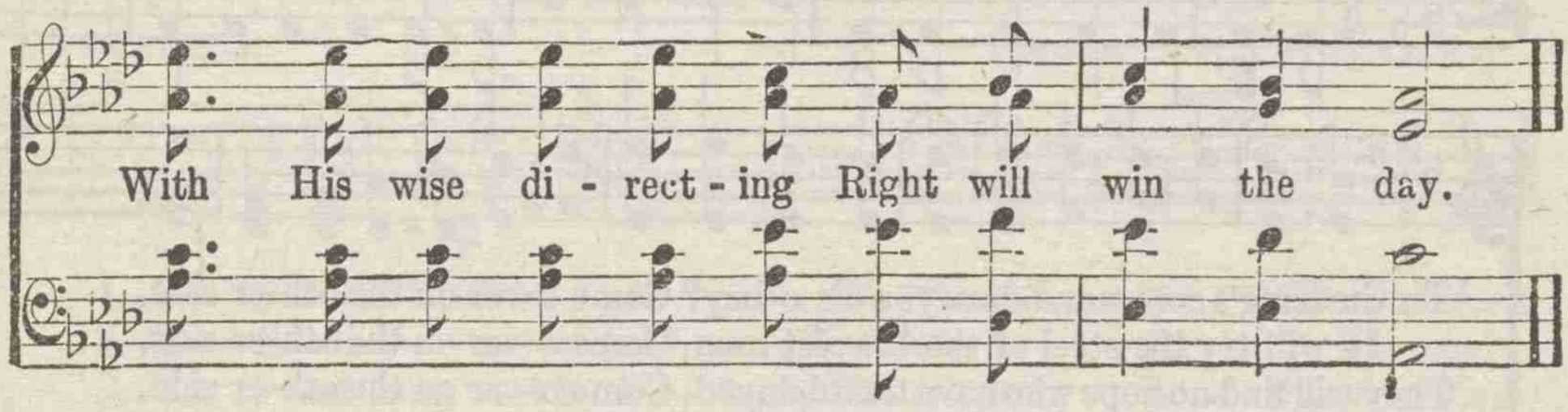
No. 128. Never Mind Reverses.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY E. A. HOFFMAN. **William J. Ramsay.**

1. Nev - er mind re-vers - es When they come to you; Up with daunt-less cour - age and the fight re - new; It is al-ways dark - est just be-fore the day; Wait the Lord's arrangement, Right will have its way.
2. Nev - er mind re-vers - es! Fret not o'er de - feat! From the field of con - flict you must not re - treat! God is pledged to help you, then cour-a - geous be, You will soon be sing - ing songs of vic - to - ry.
3. Nev - er mind re-vers - es! Yield no place to doubt! You may be de- feat - ed, but our God is not! In His name go for - ward and the fight re - new, And the Lord Je - ho - vah won-drous things will do.
4. Nev - er mind re-vers - es! Why dis-heart-ened be? Great dis-plays of pow - er soon your eyes shall see! For the Lord Je - ho - vah, from the great White Throne, Will to all the na-tions make His glo - ry known.

CHORUS.

Nev-er mind re-vers - es! Put your fears a - way!
Put your fears a - way!
Buck - le on the ar - mor for an - oth - er fray!.....
for an - oth - er might - y fray!

Never Mind Reverses.

No. 129. Where He Leads Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY J. S. NORRIS.
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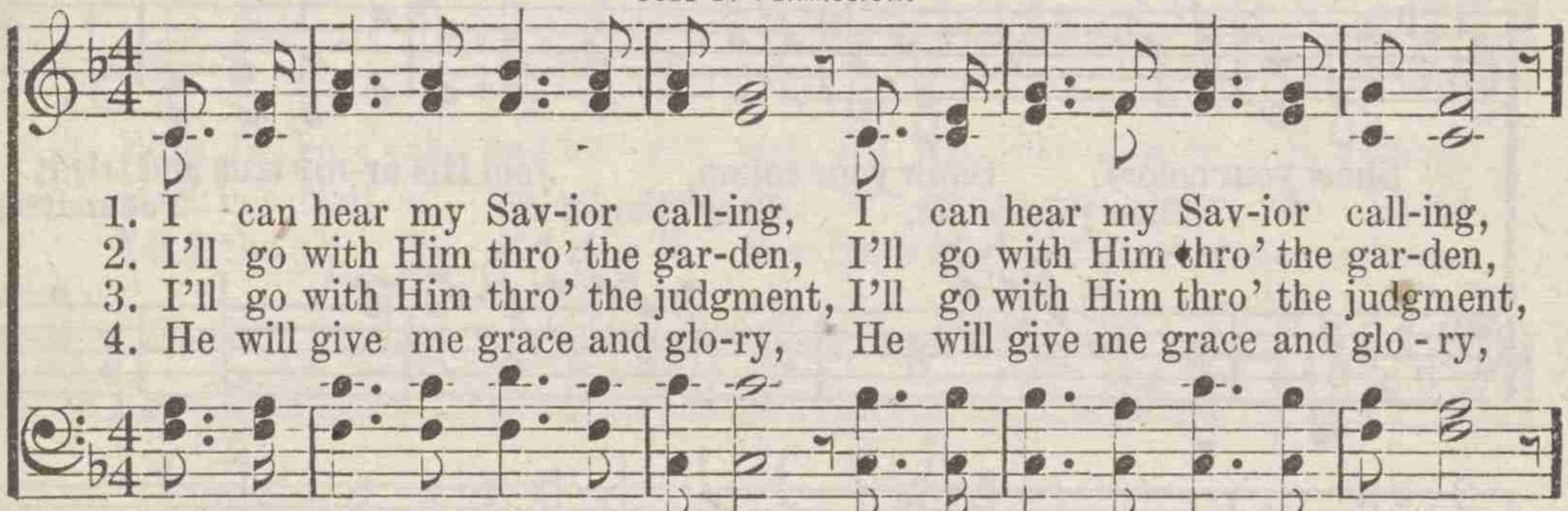
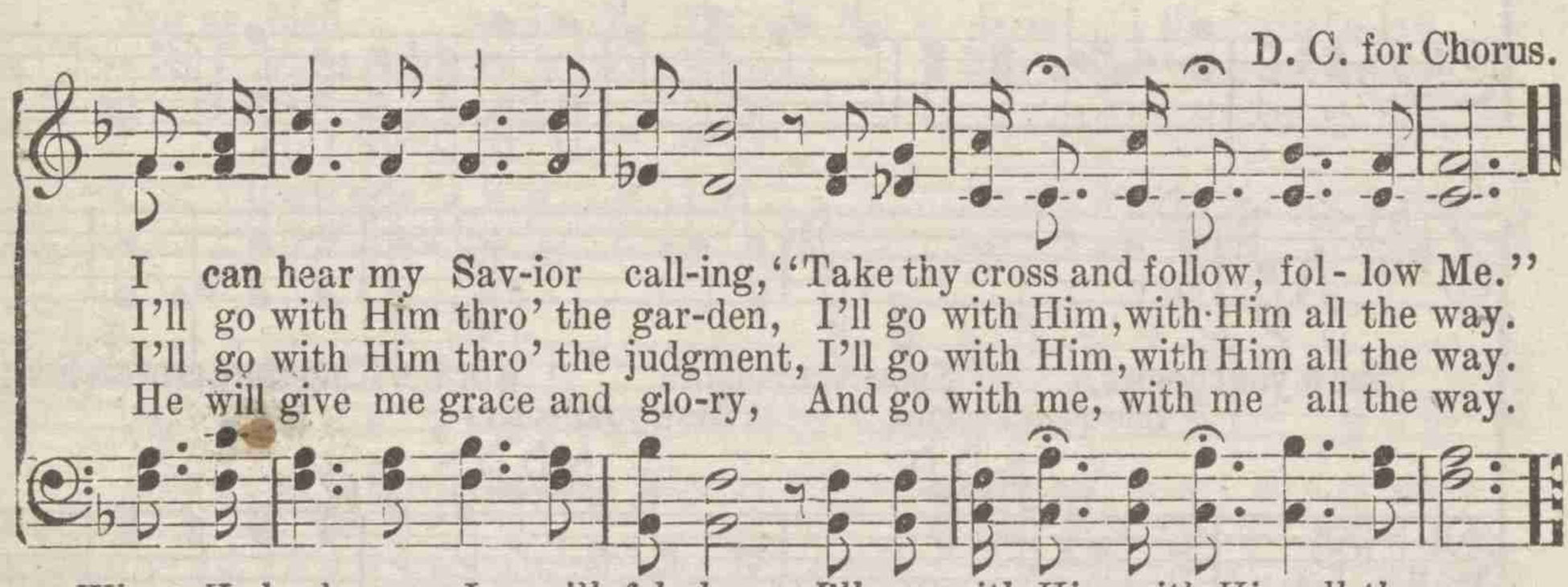
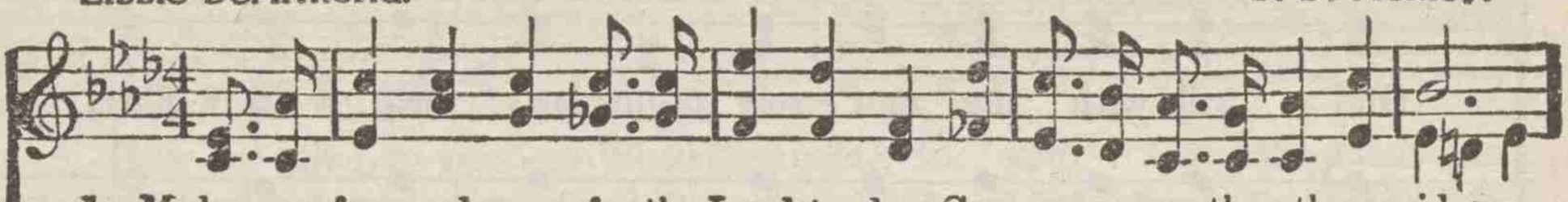
E. W. Blandly. J. S. Norris.

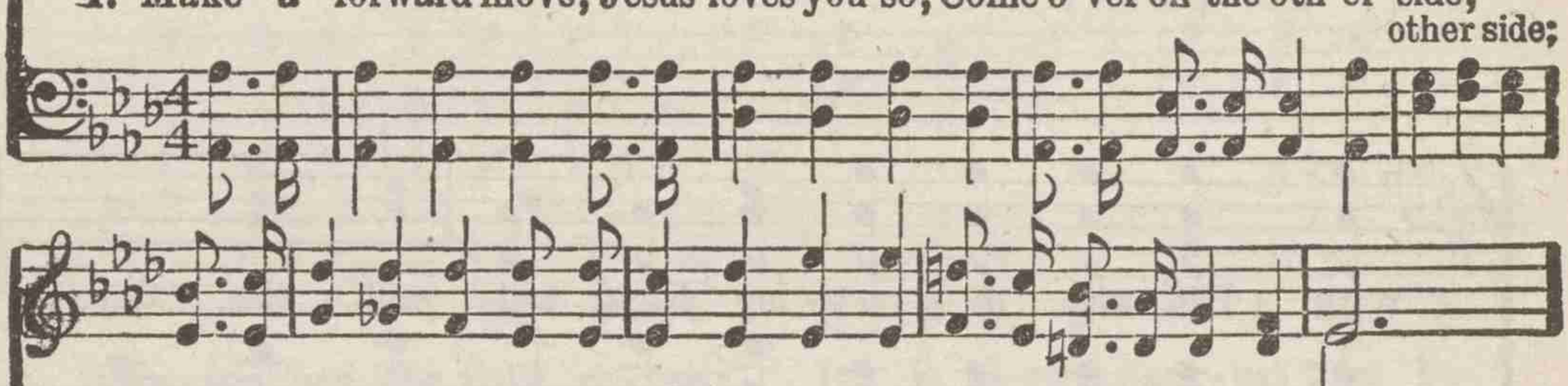
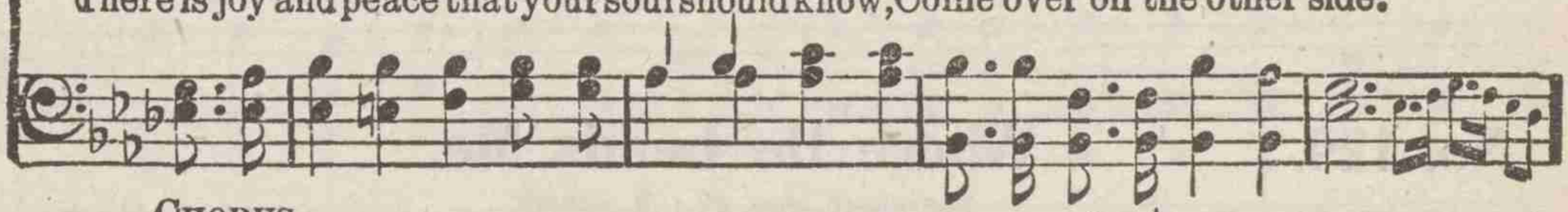


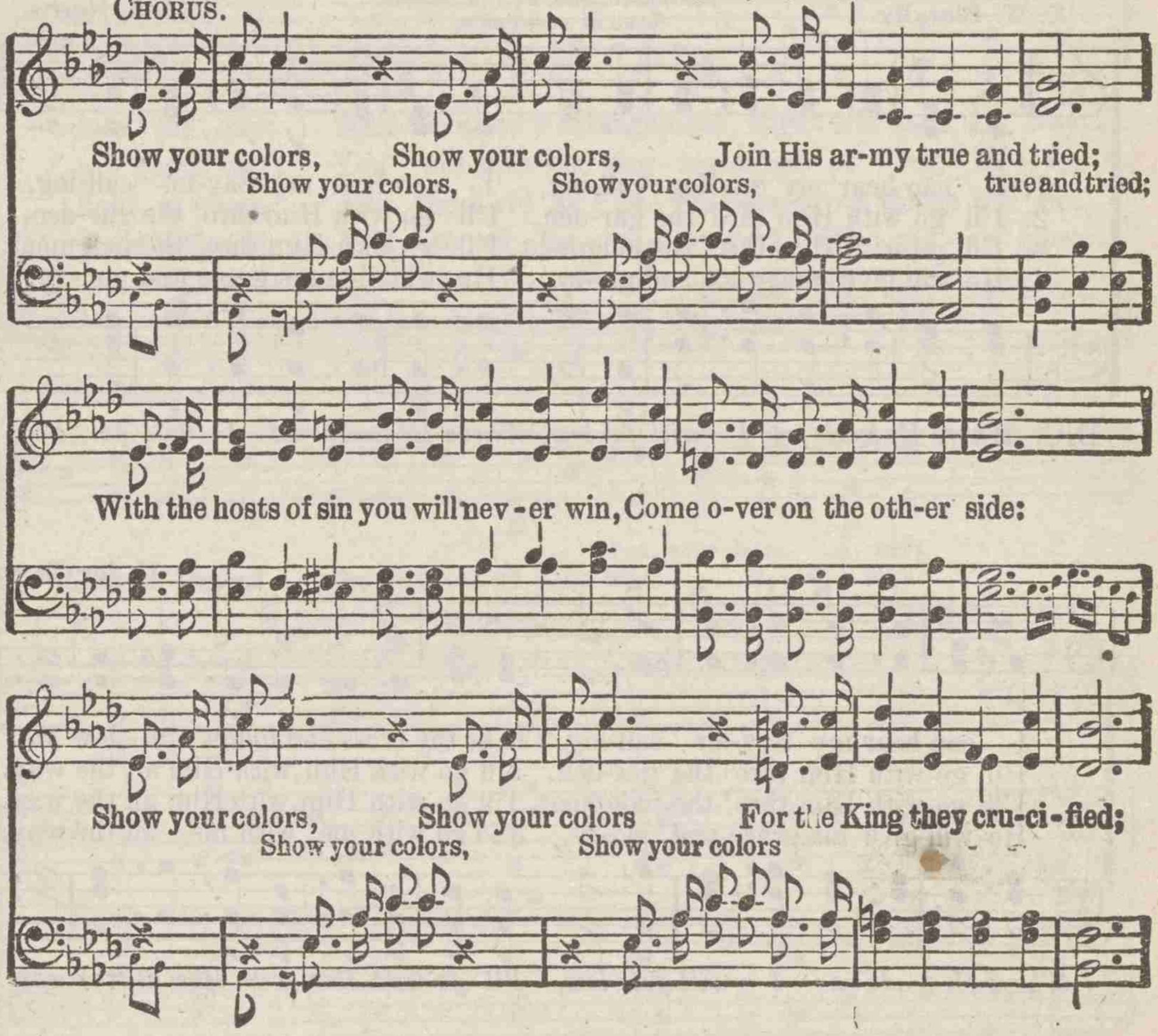
D. C. for Chorus.



No. 130. Show Your Colors.

Lizzie DeArmond. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY W. E. BIEDERWOLF. B. D. Ackley.

1. Make a forward move for the Lord to-day, Come o-ver on the oth-er side;
2. Take your stand for right in the battle's van, Come o-ver on the oth-er side;
3. Soon the light will come, soon the darkness fade, Come o-ver on the oth-er side;
4. Make a forward move, Jesus loves you so, Come o-ver on the oth-er side;

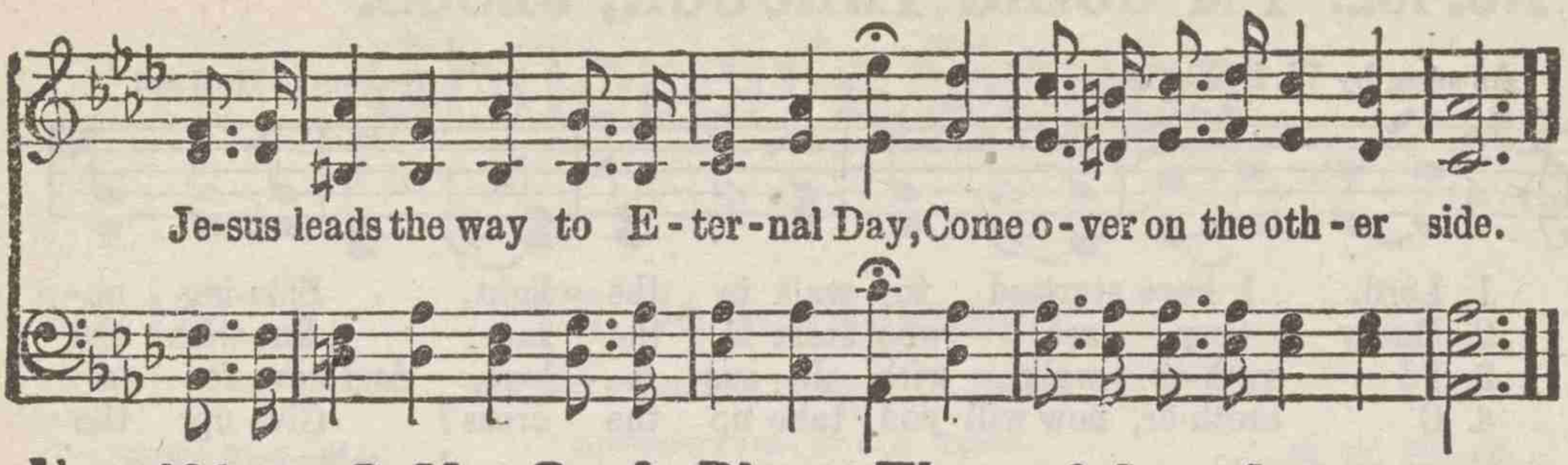
other side;

'Tis the King's command, dare you dis-o-bey? Come o-ver on the oth-er side.
It will try the steel of the bravest man, Come o-ver on the oth-er side.
They will find no hope who have then delayed, Come o-ver on the oth-er side.
There is joy and peace that your soul should know, Come over on the other side.

CHORUS.

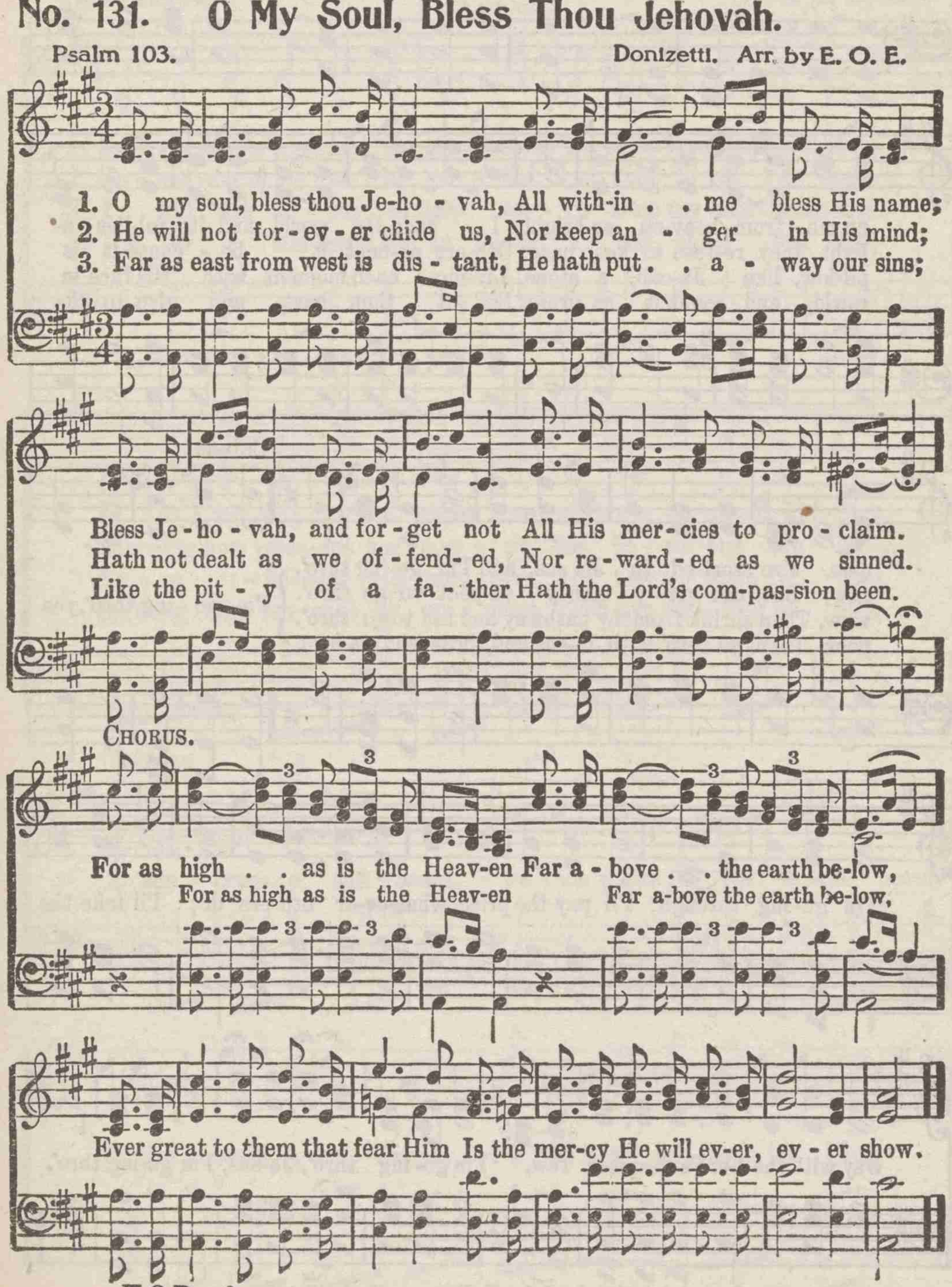


Show your colors, Show your colors, Join His ar-my true and tried;
Show your colors, Show your colors, true and tried;

With the hosts of sin you will nev-er win, Come o-ver on the oth-er side:

Show your colors, Show your colors For the King they cru-ci-fied;
Show your colors, Show your colors

Show Your Colors.

No. 131. O My Soul, Bless Thou Jehovah.

Psalm 103. Donizetti. Arr. by E. O. E.

No. 132. I'M GOING THROUGH, JESUS.

As sung by W. B. YATES. Herbert Buffum

1. Lord, I have start-ed to walk in the light, Shin-ing up-on me from heav-en so bright; I bade the world and its fol-lies a-
2. Man-y they are who start in the race; But with the light they re-fuse to keep pace; Oth-ers ac-cept it be - cause it is
3. I'd rath-er walk with Je - sus a - lone, And have for a pil-low, like Ja-cob, a stone, Liv-ing each moment with His face in
4. O broth-er, now will you take up the cross? Give up the world, and count it as dross; Sell all thou hast, and give to the

CHORUS.

dieu, I've start-ed in Je-sus, and I'm go-ing thro'.
new, But not ver-y man-y ex-pect to go thro'.
view, Than shrink from my pathway and fail to go thro'.
poor, Then go thro' with Je-sus and those who en-dure.

} I'm go - ing thro', yes,

I'm go-ing through; I'll pay the price, what-ev-er oth-ers do; I'll take the way with the Lord's despised few, I'm go-ing thro', Je-sus, I'm go-ing thro'.

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Children's Songs.

No. 133. I'll Be a Sunbeam.

To my grandson, Edwin O. Excell, Jr.

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

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

No. 134. Open the Door for the Children.

Mary E. Kidder. COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY E. O. EXCELL. **E. O. Excell.**

1. O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Ten - der - ly gath - er them in,—
2. O - pen the door for the chil-dren, See, they are com - ing in throngs!
3. O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Take the dear lambs by the hand;

In from the high-ways and hedg - es, In from the plac - es of sin;
Bid them sit down to the ban - quet, Teach them your beau-ti - ful songs;
Point them to truth and to good-ness, Lead them to Ca-naan's fair land.

Some are so young and so help-less, Some are so hun - gry and cold;
Pray for the Fa - ther to bless them, Pray you that grace may be giv'n;
Some are so young and so help-less, Some are so hun - gry and cold;

FINE.

D. S.—O - pen the door for the chil - dren, Gath - er them in - to the fold.
O - pen the door for the chil - dren, Theirs is the king-dom of heav'n.
O - pen the door for the chil - dren, Gath - er them in - to the fold.

CHORUS. *D. S.*

O - pen the door, . . Gath - er them in, . . .
O - pen the door, o - pen the door, Gath - er them in, gath - er them in,

No. 135. Angry Words! Oh, Let Them Never.

H. R. P.

USED BY PERMISSIOM OF DR. H. R. PALMER,
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Dr. H. R. Palm...

1. An - gry words! oh, let them nev - er From the tongue un-bri - dled slip;
2. Love is much too pure and ho - ly; Friendship is too sa - cred far,
3. An - gry words are light - ly spo - ken; Bit-t'rest tho'ts are rash-ly stirred—

May the heart's best im-pulse ev - er Check them, ere they soil the lip.
For a mo-ment's reckless fol - ly Thus to des - o - late and mar.
Bright-est links of life are bro - ken By a sin - gle an - gry word.

CHORUS.

"Love one an - oth - er," thus saith the Sav - ior, Chil - dren, o-
Love each oth - er, love each oth - er,

bey the Fa - ther's blest com - mand: bey His blest com - mand.
'Tis the Fa - ther's blest com - mand: 'Tis His blest com - mand.

No. 136 Sunshine and Rain.

C. H. G.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

of re-fresh-ing rain,
bur-den of our sin,
days are dark and drear?

Would we scat-ter seed up-on the fallow ground,
Would we know the sweetness of His love and care,
Can we hope for pleasures, yet de-ny the pain,

CHORUS.

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

Sun-shine and rain, re -

freshing, reviving rain, Light of faith and love, Showers from above! Sunshine and

rain, to nour-ish the growing grain, Send us, Lord, the sunshine and the rain.

No. 137. 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 love in the Book He has giv'n; Won - der - ful things in the Bi - ble I see;
2. Tho' I for - get Him and wan - der a - way, Still He doth love me wher- ev - er I stray; Back to His dear lov - ing arms would I flee,
3. Oh, if there's on - ly one song I can sing, When in His beau-ty I see the Great King, This shall my song in e - ter - ni - ty be:

CHORUS.

This is the dear-est—that Je - sus loves me.
When I re - mem-ber that Je - sus loves me. I am so glad that
"Oh, what a won - der that Je - sus loves me!"

1 2

Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me; e - ven me.

No. 138. Jesus Loves Me.

1 Jesus loves me, and I know I love Him,
Love brought Him down my poor soul to redeem:
Yes, it was love made Him die on the tree,
Oh, I am certain that Jesus loves me.
CHO.—I am so glad, etc.

2 If one should ask of me, how could I tell!
Glory to Jesus, I know very well;
God's Holy Spirit with mine doth agree,
Constantly witnessing—Jesus loves me.
CHO.—I am so glad, etc.

3 In this assurance I find sweetest rest,
Trusting in Jesus, I know I am blest;
Satan, dismayed, from my soul now doth flee.
When I just tell Him that Jesus loves me.—CHO.

No. 139. It's Just Like His Great Love.

Edna R. Worrell.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY CLARENCE B. STROUSE.
ENTERED AT STATIONER'S HALL.

Clarence B. Strouse.

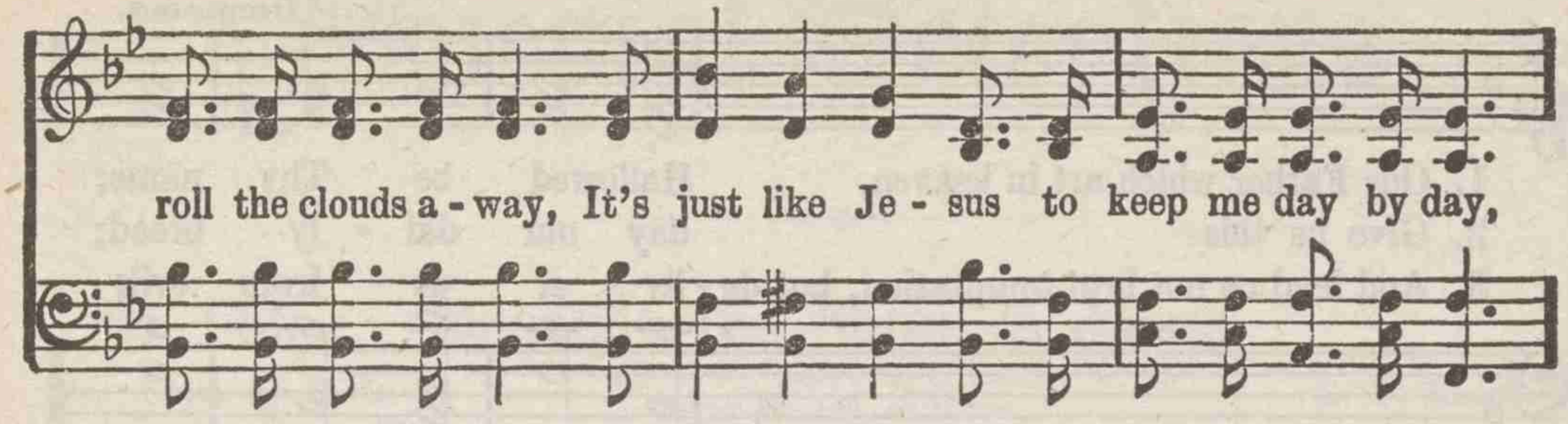
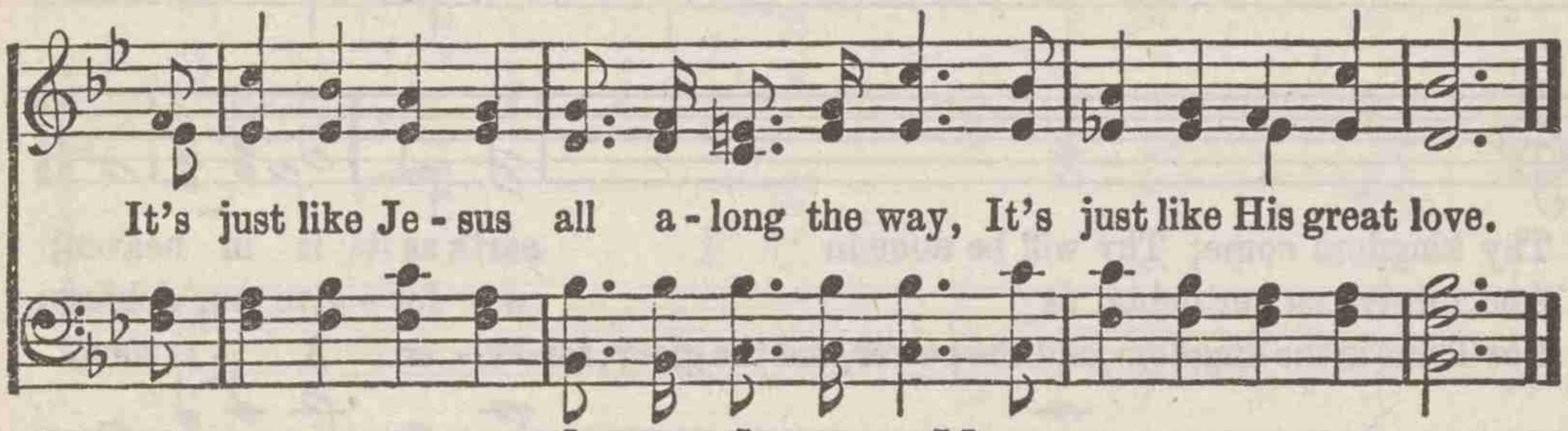
1. A Friend I have called Je-sus, Whose love is strong and true, And nev - er fails how-e'er 'tis tried, No mat - ter what I do; I've sinned a-gainst this love of His, But when I knelt to pray, Con - fess - ing all my guilt to Him, The sin-clouds rolled a - way.

2. Sometimes the clouds of troub-le Be - dim the sky a - bove, I can - not see my Sav-ior's face, I doubt His won-drous love; But He, from Heav-en's mer - cy - seat, Be - hold-ing my de - spair, In pit - y bursts the clouds be-tween, And shows me He is there. It's just like Je - sus to

3. When sorrow's clouds o'ertake me, And break up - on my head, When life seems worse than use-less, And I were bet - ter dead; I take my grief to Je - sus then, Nor do I go in vain, For heav'n - ly hope He gives that cheers Like sun-shine aft - er rain.

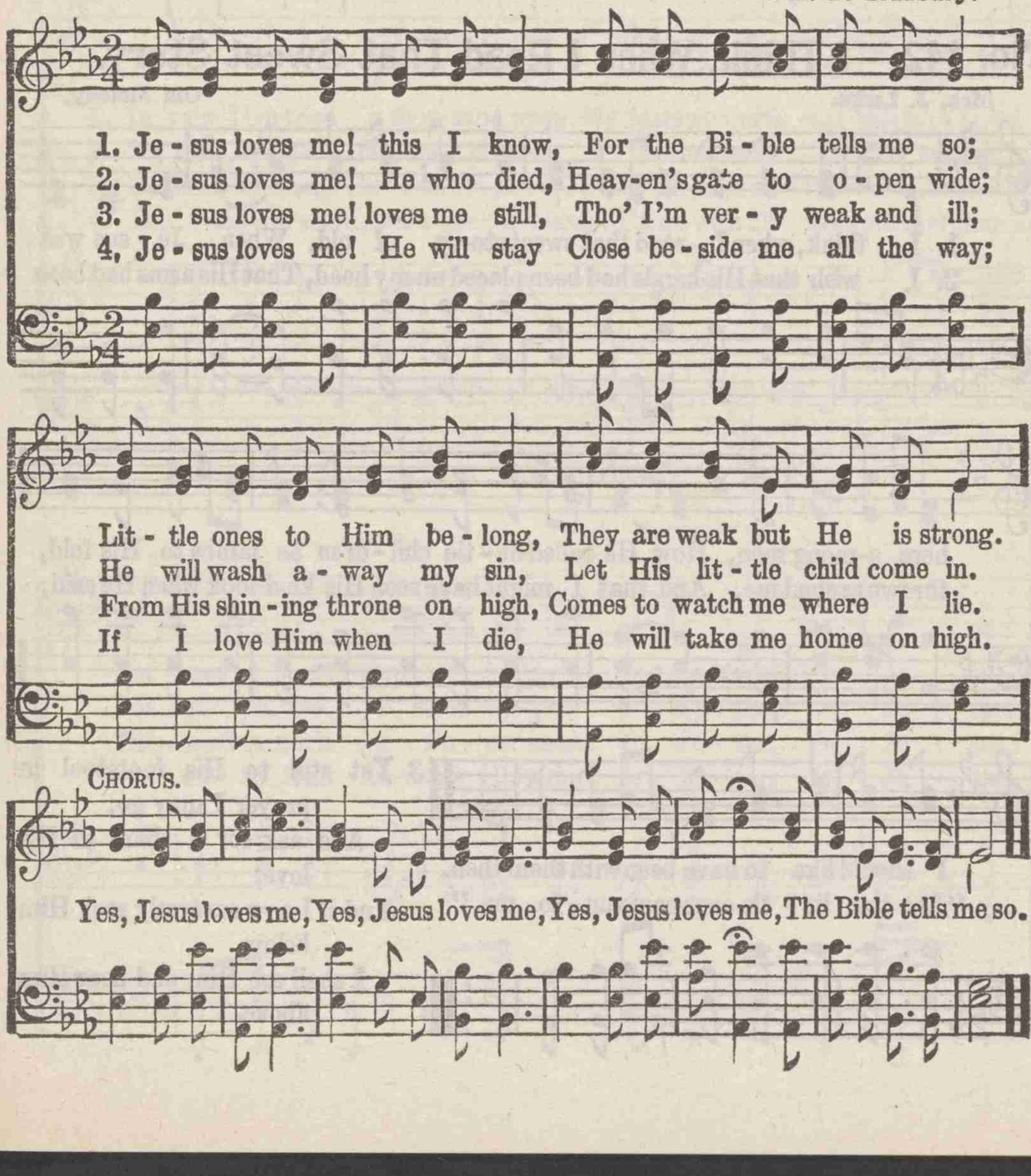
4. O, I could sing for - ev - er Of Je - sus' love di - vine, Of all His care and ten - der-ness For this poor life of mine; His love is in and o - ver all, And wind and waves o - bey, When Je - sus whis-pers "Peace, be still!" And rolls the clouds a - way.

CHORUS.

It's Just Like His Great Love.



No. 140. Jesus Loves Me.

Wm. B. Bradbury.



CHORUS.

No. 141. The Lord's Prayer.

Gregorian.

1. Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy name;
2. Give us this day our dai - ly bread;
3. And lead us not into temptation, but de - liv - er us from evil;

Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven;
And forgive us our debts, as we for - give our debtors;
For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for-ev - er. A - men.

No. 142. I Think, When I Read That Sweet Story.

Mrs. J. Luke. Old Melody.

1. I think, when I read that sweet sto-ry of old, When Je - sus was here a-mong men, How He called lit - tle chil - dren as lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then. "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me."

2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His arms had been thrown around me, And that I might have seen His kind look when He said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me."

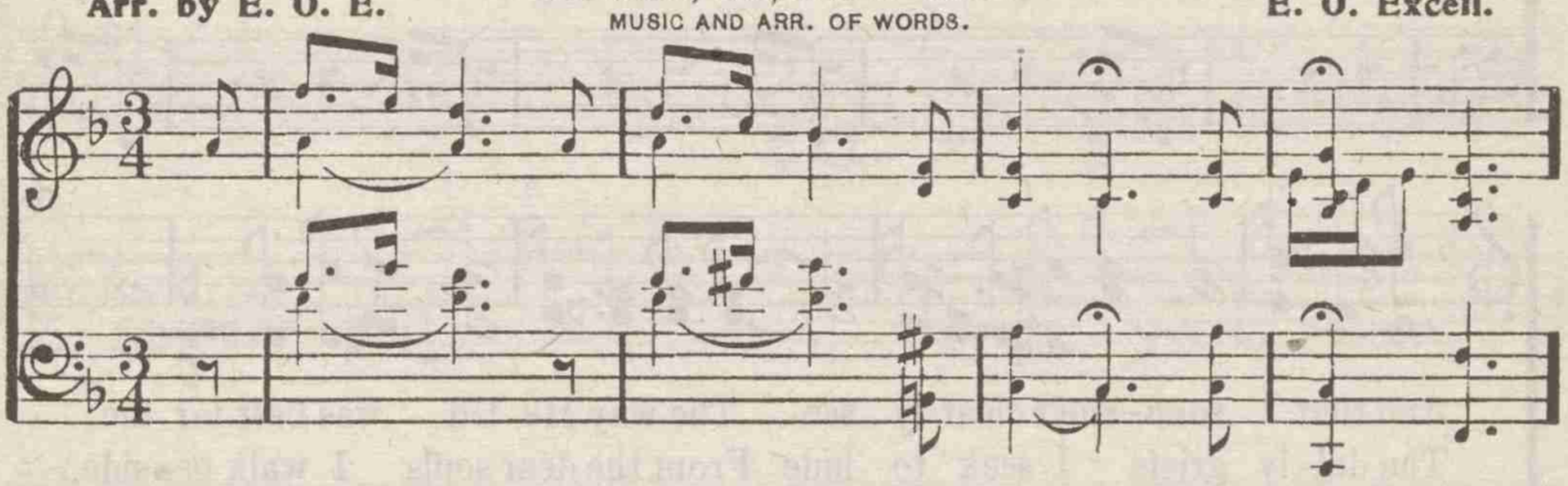
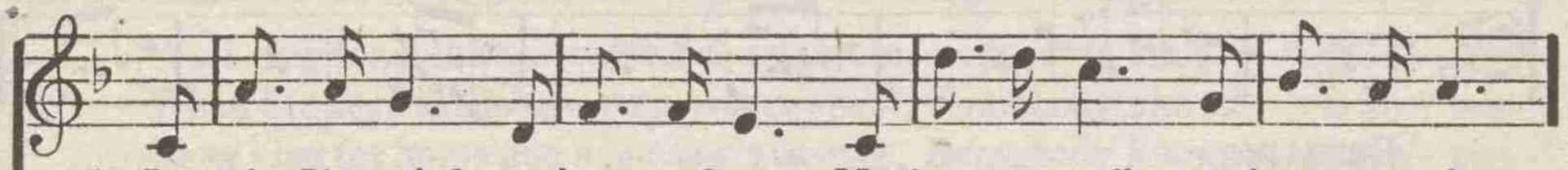
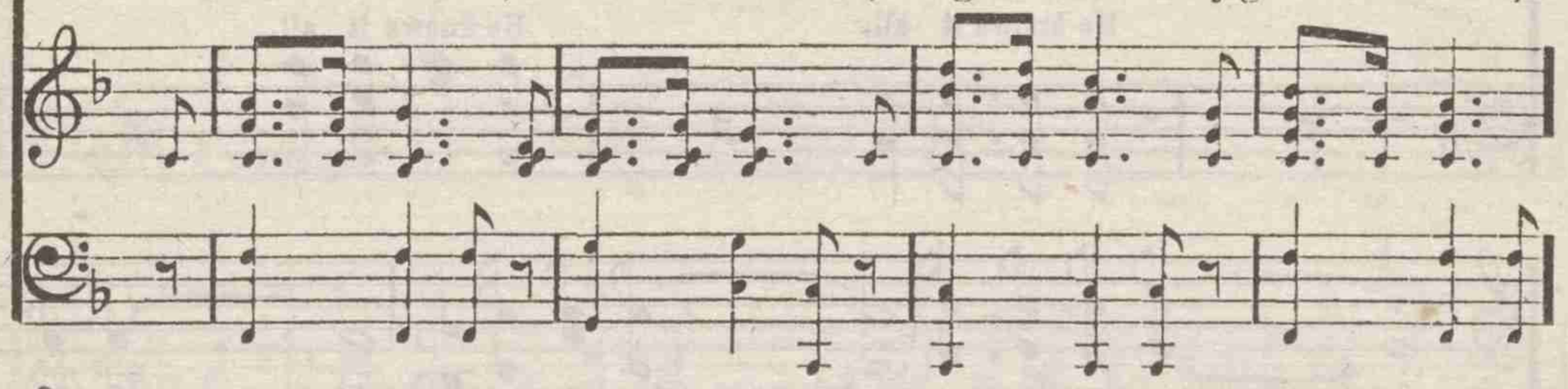
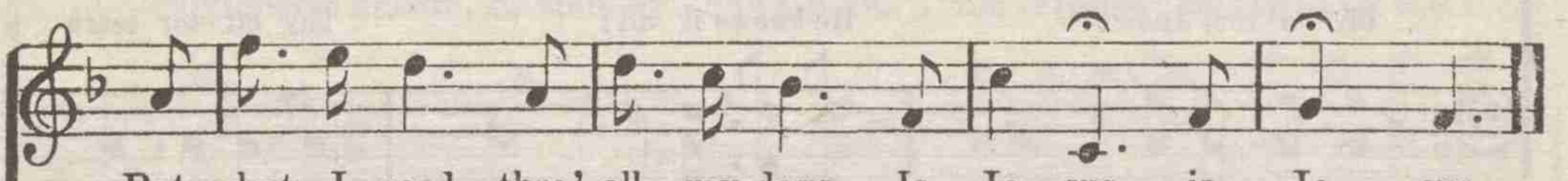
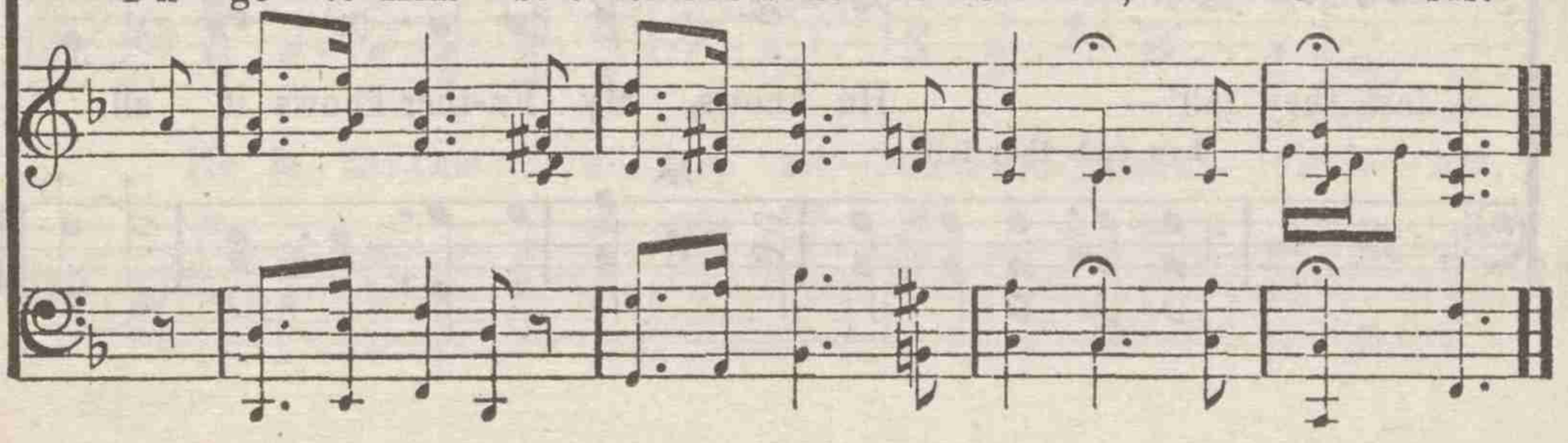
3 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I now earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above.

Special Selections

No. 143. Because His Name is Jesus.

Arr. by E. O. E.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.
MUSIC AND ARR. OF WORDS.

E. O. Excell.

1. In vain I've tried a thou-sand ways My fears to quell, my hopes to raise,
2. My soul is night, my heart is steel, I can-not see, I can - not feel;
3. He died for me, He lives, He pleads, There's love in all His words and deeds;
4. Tho' some will scorn, and some will blame, I'll go with all my guilt and shame,

But what I need thro' all my days Is Je - sus, is Je - sus.
For light, for life I must ap-peal To Je - sus, to Je - sus.
There's all a guilt - y sin - ner needs In Je - sus, in Je - sus.
I'll go to Him be-cause His name Is Je - sus, is Je - sus.

No. 146. My Father Knows.

S. M. I. Henry.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

Introduction. *mf*

1. I know my heav'nly Father knows The storms that would my way oppose; But He can drive the
2. I know my heav'nly Father knows The balm I need to soothe my woes, And with His touch of
3. I know my heav'nly Father knows How frail I am to meet my foes, But He my cause will
4. I know my heav'nly Father knows The hour my journey here will close, And may that hour, O

ad lib.

clouds a-way, And turn my dark-ness in - to day, And turn my darkness in - to day.
love di-vine, He heals this wound-ed soul of mine, He heals this wound-ed soul of mine.
e'er de-fend, Up - hold and keep me to the end, Up - hold and keep me to the end.
faith-ful Guide, Find me safe sheltered by Thy side, Find me safe sheltered by Thy side.

REFRAIN.

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

He knows, He knows, And tempers ev-'ry wind that blows.
My Fa-ther knows, I'm sure He knows, the wind that blows.

No. 147. I'm a Pilgrim.

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

1. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stran-ger; I can tar - ry but a night!
2. Of that Cit - y to which I jour - ney, My Re-deem - er is the Light;
3. There the sun-beams are ev - er shin - ing,— O my long - ing heart is there;

(1.) I can tar - ry but a night, I can tar-ry but a night!

Do not de-tain me, for I am go - ing To where the foun-tains are ev - er flow - ing;
There is no sor - row, nor an - y sigh - ing, Nor an - y tears there, nor an - y dy - ing;
Here in this coun - try, so dark and drear - y, I long have wan-dered, forlorn and wear - y;

(1.) Do not de-tain me, for I am go - ing To where the fountains are ever flow - ing;

rit.

Do not de-tain me, for I am go - ing To where the foun-tains are ev - er flow - ing.
There is no sor - row, nor an - y sigh - ing, Nor an - y tears there, nor an - y dy - ing.
Here in this coun - try, so dark and drear - y, I long have wan-dered, forlorn and wear - y.

(1.) Do not de-tain me, for I am go - ing To where the fountains are ever flow - ing.

CHORUS.

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

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

No. 148. The Good Old-Fashioned Way.

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

1. I am on the Gos-pel highway, Pressing for-ward to the goal, Where for me a rest re-
2. From the snares of sin-ful pleas-ure, Here my feet are al - ways free; Tho' the way may be called
3. Man - y friends have gone before me, They have laid their ar-mor down, With the pil-grims and the
4. Just a few more steps to fol-low, Just a few more days to roam; But the way grows more de-

main-eth In the home-land of the soul: Ev-'ry hour I'm mov-ing on-ward, Not a
nar - row, It is wide e-nough for me; It was wide e-nough for Dan - iel, And for
mar-tyrs Have ob-tained a robe and crown; On this road they fought their battles, Shouting
light-ful As I'm draw-ing near - er home; When the storms of life are o - ver, And the

mo - ment to de - lay; I am go - ing home to glo - ry In the good old-fashioned way.
Da - vid in his day; I am glad that I can fol - low In the good old-fashioned way.
vic - t'ry day by day: I shall o - ver-come and join them In the good old-fashioned way.
clouds have rolled a - way, I shall find the gates of Heav-en In the good old-fashioned way.

CHORUS or QUARTET.

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

No. 149. Over the Top for Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY JAMES V. REID,
OAKLAND CITY, IND.

J. V. R. Jas. V. Reid.

1. There's a bat-tle ra-ging o-ver the land and sea, True to Christ our Captain
2. There's a cry of sor-row rising from hearts oppressed, There's a world in sadness
3. When the pow'rs of earth before our Redeemer shall kneel; When the joy of tri-umph

we will be; Sa-tan's host is might-y, fight-ing for ru-in and sin,
and un-rest; But the hope that thrills us, look-ing out in-to the night,
we shall feel; Then with Christ who conquered, in-to the realms of the blest,

CHORUS.

But in this great conflict right is sure to win.
Christ, the Lord of battles, leads us in the fight.
We shall march in vic-t'ry to e-ter-nal rest.

{ O-ver the top for Je-sus
{ Never de-lay-ing when we

brave-ly we will go; O-ver the top for Je-sus, rout-ing ev-'ry foe;
hear the bu-gle blow, (*Omit*.....)

We'll fight for right with all our might, As o-ver the top we go.

No. 150. That Old, Old Story is True.

D. B. Watkins.

COPYRIGHT, 1886, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. There's a won-der-ful sto - ry I've heard long a - go, 'T is called "The sweet sto-ry of old;"
2. They told of a Be - ing so love - ly and pure, That came to the earth to dwell,
3. He a - rose and as-cend - ed to Heav-en, we're told, Tri - um-phant o'er death and hell;
4. Oh, that won-der-ful sto - ry I love to re - peat, Of peace and good-will to men;

I hear it so oft - en, wher-ev - er I go That same old sto - ry is told;
To seek for His lost ones, and make them se-cure From death and the pow - er of hell;
He's pre-par - ing a place in that cit - y of gold, Where loved ones for-ev - er may dwell:
There's no sto - ry to me that is half so sweet, As I hear it a - gain and a - gain.

And I've tho't it was strange that so oft - en they'd tell That sto - ry as if it were new;
That He was despised, and with thorns He was crowned, On the cross was ex-tend-ed to view;
Where our kindred we'll meet, and we'll nev-er-more part, And oh, while I tell it to you,
He in-vites you to come—He will free - ly re-ceive, And this mes-sage He send-eth to you,

rit.

But I've found out the rea - son they loved it so well,—That old, old sto - ry is true.
But oh, what sweet peace in my heart since I've found That old, old sto - ry is true.
It is peace to my soul, it is joy to my heart, That old, old sto - ry is true.
"There's a man-sion in Glo - ry for all who believe!" That old, old sto - ry is true.

That Old, Old Story is True.

REFRAIN.

That old, old sto - ry is true, ... That old, old sto - ry is true; . . . .

But I've found out the rea - son they loved it so well,—That old, old sto - ry is true.

No. 151. Day is Dying in the West.

Mary Ann Lathbury. COPYRIGHT, 1877, BY J. M. VINCENT. William F. Sherwin.

1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heav'n is touching earth with rest; Wait and worship while the night
2. Lord of life be-neath the dome Of the u - ni - verse, Thy home, Gath-er us who seek Thy face
3. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of love, en - fold - ing all, Thro' the glo - ry and the grace
4. When for-ev - er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of an - gels, on our eyes

REFRAIN

Sets her evening lamps a - light Thro' all the sky.
To the fold of Thy em-brace, For Thou art nigh. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of
Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts as - scend.
Let e - ter - nal morn - ing rise, And shad - ows end.

Hosts! Heav'n and earth are full of Thee; Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord Most High!

No. 152. A Sinner Made Whole.

W. M. Lighthall. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL. Chas. H. Gabriel.

DUET. Tenor and Baritone. (As sung by Gabriel & Excell.)

1. There's a song in my heart that my lips can-not sing, 'T is praise in the

SOLO or QUARTET.

2. I shall stand one day fault-less and pure by His throne, Trans-formed from my
3. All the mu-sic of heav-en, so per-fect and sweet, Will blend with my

high-est to Je-sus, my King; Its mu-sic each mo-ment is thrill-ing my soul,
im-age, con-formed to His own; Then I shall find words for the song of my soul,
song and will make it com-plete; Thro' a-ges un-end-ing the ech-oes will roll,

D. S.—*My heart it is sing-ing, the an-them is ring-ing,*

FINE. CHORUS.

For I was a sin-ner, but Christ made me whole. A sin-ner made whole! a
For I was a sin-ner, but Christ made me whole. A sin-ner made whole! a
For I was a sin-ner, but Christ made me whole.

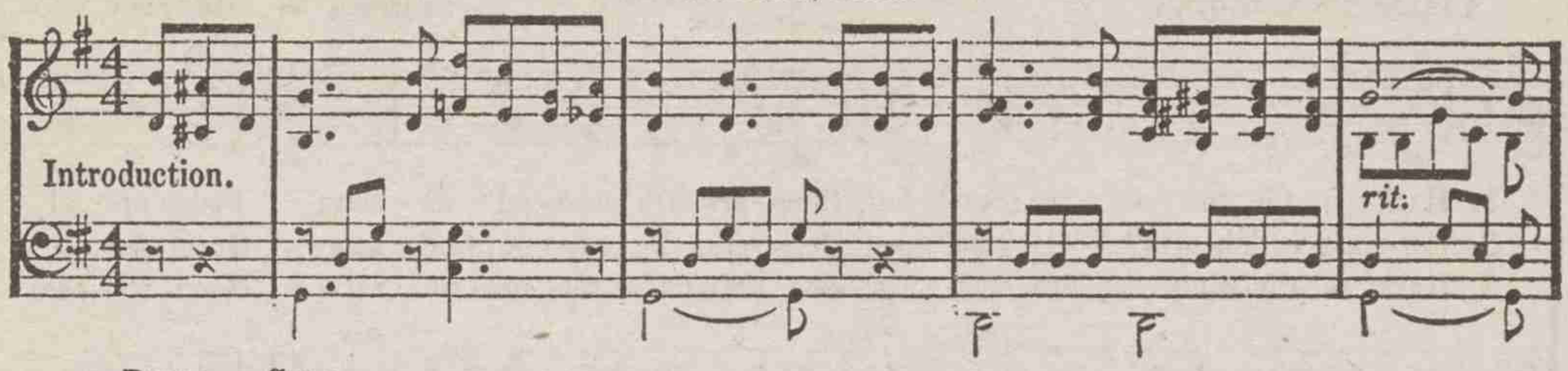
sin-ner made whole! The Sav-ior hath bought me and ran-somed my soul!
sin-ner made whole! The Sav-ior hath bought me and ran-somed my soul!

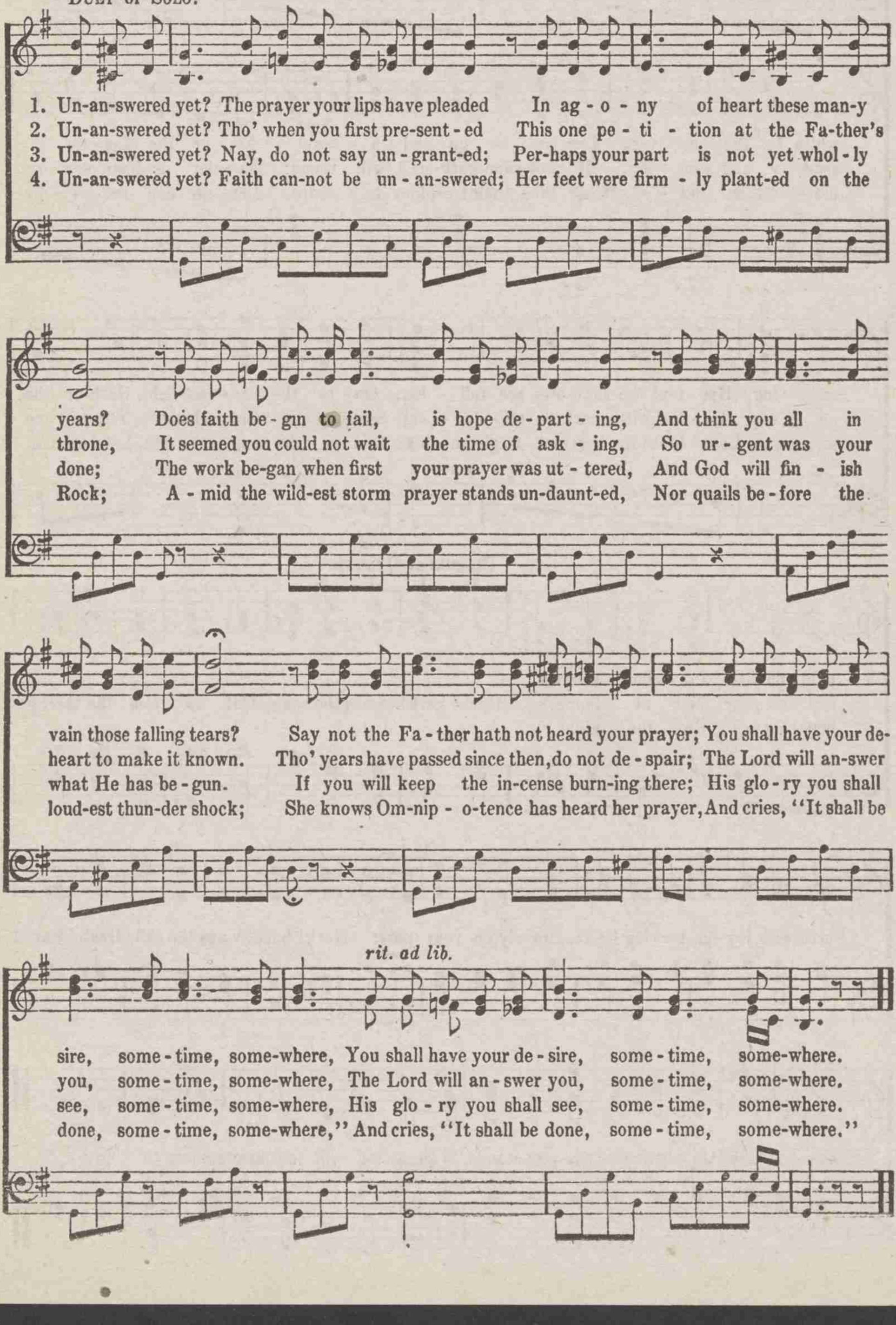
D. S.

No. 153. Sometime, Somewhere.

Mrs. Ophelia G. Adams.

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

Charlie D. Tillman.

DUET or SOLO.



1. Un-an-swered yet? The prayer your lips have pleaded In ag - o - ny of heart these man-y years? Does faith be-gin to fail, is hope de-part - ing, And think you all in
2. Un-an-swered yet? Tho' when you first pre-sent - ed This one pe - ti - tion at the Fa-ther's throne, It seemed you could not wait the time of ask - ing, So ur - gent was your
3. Un-an-swered yet? Nay, do not say un - grant-ed; Per-haps your part is not yet whol - ly done; The work be-gan when first your prayer was ut - tered, And God will fin - ish
4. Un-an-swered yet? Faith can-not be un - an-swered; Her feet were firm - ly plant-ed on the Rock; A - mid the wild-est storm prayer stands un-daunt-ed, Nor quails be - fore the

vain those falling tears? Say not the Fa - ther hath not heard your prayer; You shall have your de-
heart to make it known. Tho' years have passed since then, do not de - spair; The Lord will an-swer
what He has be - gun. If you will keep the in-cense burn-ing there; His glo - ry you shall
loud-est thun-der shock; She knows Om-nip - o-tence has heard her prayer, And cries, "It shall be

rit. ad lib.

sire, some - time, some-where, You shall have your de - sire, some - time, some-where.
you, some - time, some-where, The Lord will an - swer you, some - time, some-where.
see, some - time, some-where, His glo - ry you shall see, some - time, some-where.
done, some - time, some-where," And cries, "It shall be done, some - time, some-where."

No. 154. Reapers Are Needed.

Lizzie DeArmond. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E O EXCELL
WORDS AND MUSIC. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. Hark to the mu - sic re - sound - ing, Reap - ers are need - ed to - day; Fields are all white, to the har - vest Let us be up and a - way! Ev - er the Mas - ter is
2. For-ward with hearts full of glad - ness, Reap - ers, I pray you, make haste; Grain there is read - y and wait - ing, If not soon gath-ered, will waste; Then let us hear you re-
3. Hark to the song they are sing - ing! See, they have treas-ures so rare; Soon will the har - vest be end - ed, Haste, then, their tro-phies to share. Let no one be i - dly

call - ing, Has - ten! the shad-ows are fall - ing; On to the har - vest-field, Gath-er the
ply - ing, La - bor with cour-age un - dy - ing, Send up a word of cheer, Tell of the
dream-ing, Look! look! the har-vest is gleam - ing, Join ye the reap - ing band, Lend them a

CHORUS or QUARTET.

gold - en yield, Pre - cious sheaves.
rest so near, Rest at home. Hark! hark! comes the song, On! on! join the throng;
help - ing hand, Ere the night.

Forth with joy-ful, lov - ing heart, Bravely do your part; Hark! hark! rings the call; Haste! haste!

one and all; On where the har-vest stands, Waiting for will - ing hands Souls to win.

No. 155. How Sweet is His Love.

James Rowe.

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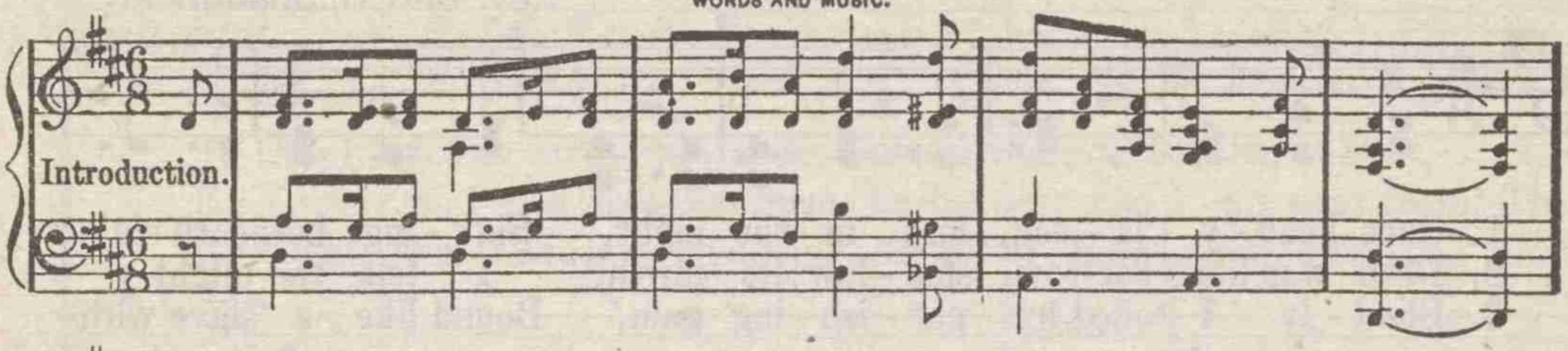
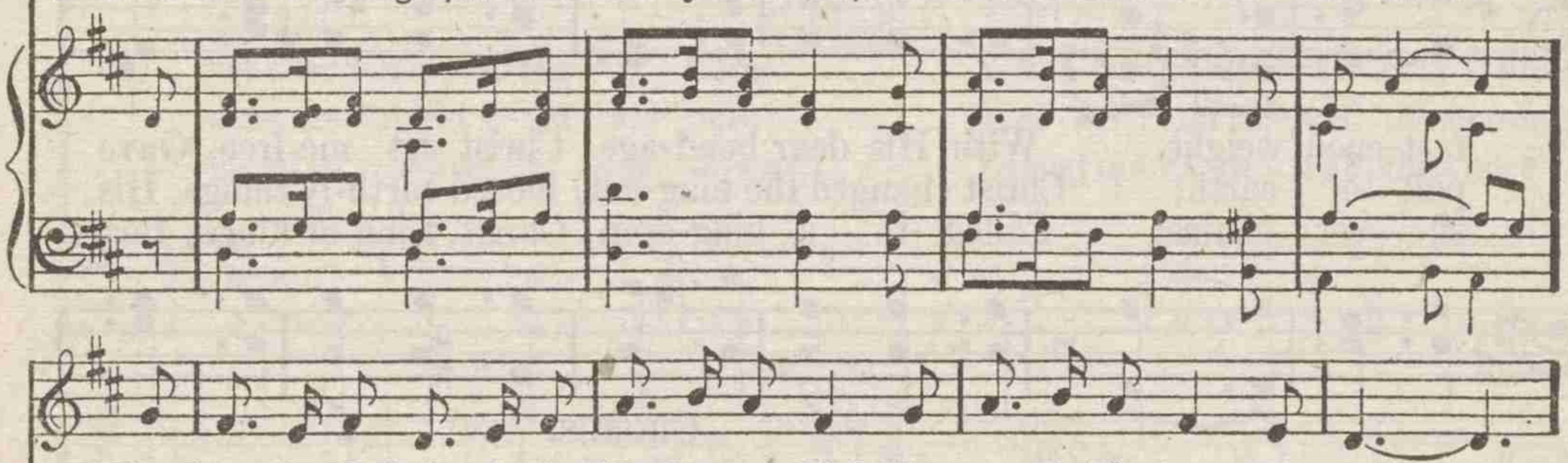
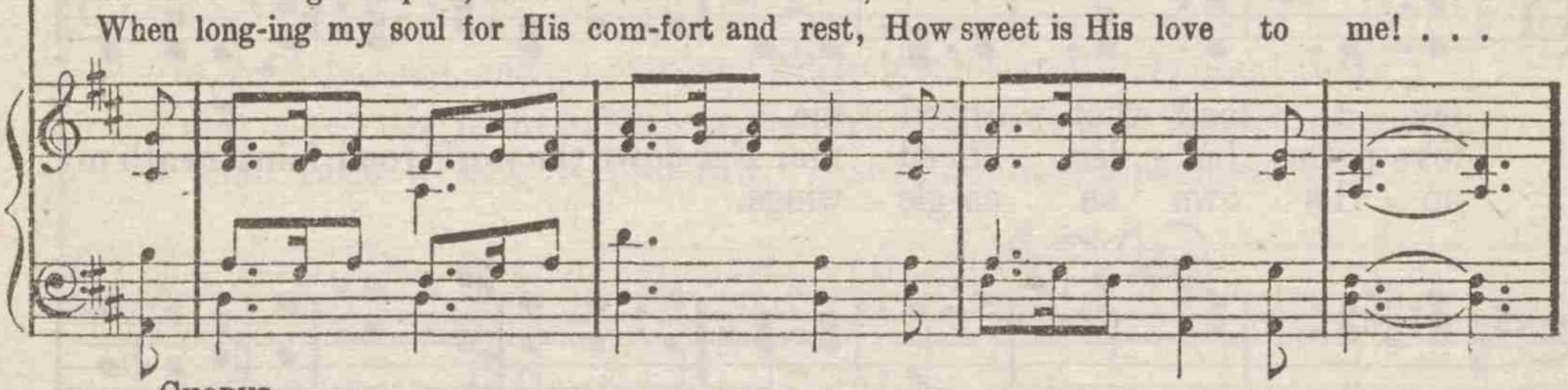
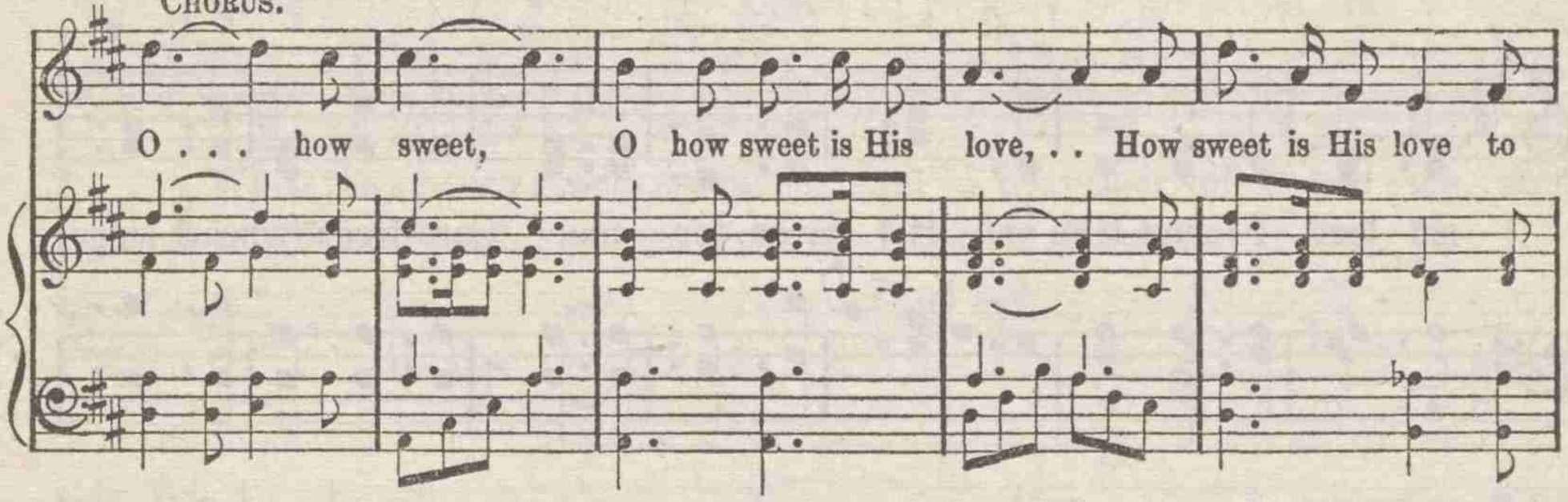
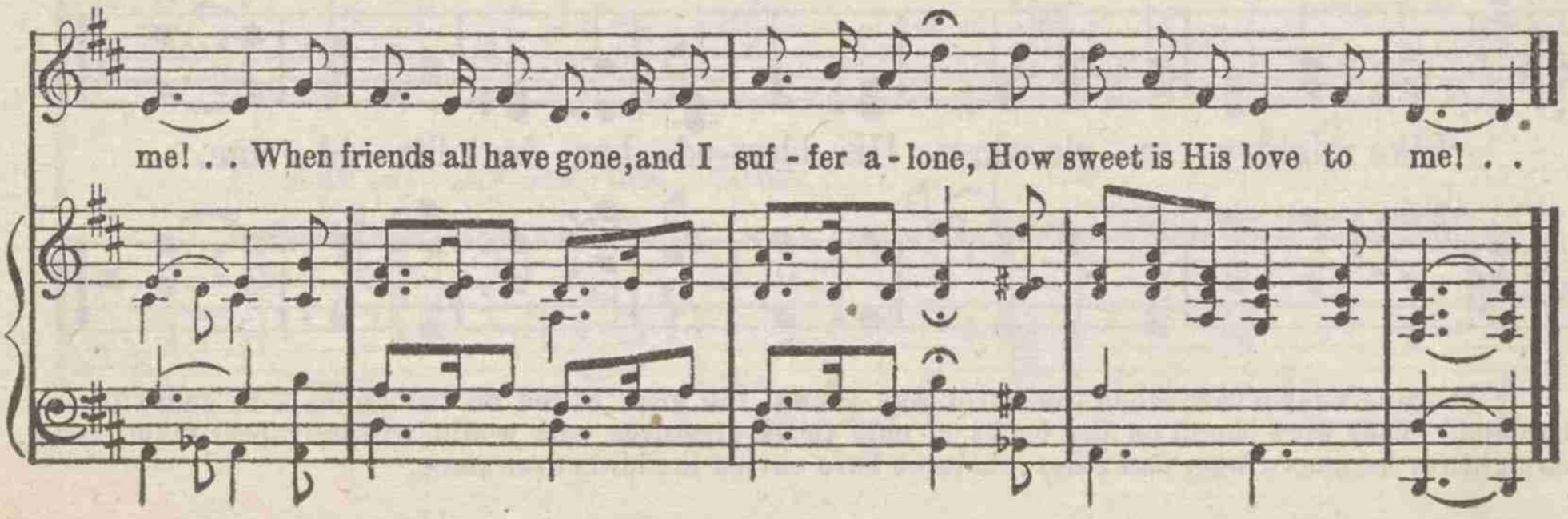
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. When troub-led my soul, and when peace I would find, How sweet is the love of Je - sus! . .
2. When faint - ing and help-less I fall in de - spair, How sweet is the love of Je - sus! . .
3. When dark is the night, and when sore-ly distressed, How sweet is the love of Je - sus! . .

When lone - ly I feel, and when friends are un-kind, How sweet is His love to me! . . .
When suf-f'ring with pain, and when sor-row I bear, How sweet is His love to me! . . .
When long-ing my soul for His com-fort and rest, How sweet is His love to me! . . .



CHORUS.

O . . . how sweet, O how sweet is His love, . . How sweet is His love to



me! . . When friends all have gone, and I suf - fer a - lone, How sweet is His love to me! . .

No. 156. His Burden Lifted Me.*

"My burden is light."—MATT. 11: 30.

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B. H. SHADDUCK, OWNER.

B. H. S. Rev. Burt H. Shadduck.

1. Once heav - y - la - den, lost in the night, Sink - ing be-neath sin's fast-ened weight,
2. Deep was life's sor-row, shal - low its mirth, I felt the might-y pull of earth;
3. Blind - ly I toiled for per - ish - ing gain, Bound like a slave with sil - ver chains;

With His dear bond-age Christ set me free, Gave
Christ changed the mag-net, loosed earth-ly things, His
Called to a king-dom, Christ, King of kings, Bears

CHORUS.

me a load that lift-ed me.
love-borne bur - den lift-ed me. Far down the world road, faint 'neath my
up His own on ea-gle wings.

sin - load I found Him and His cross for me; Care-free my heart sings;

Like might-y ea - gle wings His bless-ed bur - den lift - ed me.

* There is a fable that when the world was young, the gods called on the animals to share their burdens. They were bound on the backs of only those creatures who would willingly bear them, and straightway became wings, and other creatures have envied the birds ever since.

No. 157. Night and Home.

"When even was come He saith unto them, Let us pass over unto the other side."—MARK 4.

B. H. S. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY B. H. SHADDUCK. Rev. Burt H. Shadduck.

DUET.

1. On - ly once an earth way-far-er, Just a while a bur-den bear-er, I
2. Voices call, I soon shall hear them; Fa-ces dear, and I am near them; These
3. Mighty saints have gone before me, An-gel ar - mies hov-er o'er me, God's

seek no borrowed glo - ry here:..... What to me earth's beauty fading,
eyes see naught e- ter - nal here;..... Just be-yond this veil of seeming,
cloud of wit-ness- es look down;..... I need not earth's trappings borrow,

Its vain pos-ing and pa-rad-ing? Night shadows fall and home is near.....
Faith can see the home lights beaming, At e-ven-tide they'll greet me there.....
I shall reign a king to-mor-row, I seek not here a paint-ed crown.....

CHORUS.

When the evening shades are falling, And I hear their voi-ces call - ing, And
What to me earth's crowns or crosses, What are all its gains or loss - es, If

I shall lay my bur - den down,.....
I may hear Him [*Omit.* . . . . .] say, "Well done" ("well done")?

No. 158. Alone.

"I have trodden the wine press alone * * I looked and there was none to help."—ISA. 43.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY B. H. SHADDUCK.

B. H. S. Rev. Burt H. Shadduck.

1. Who cared that Je - sus wept alone for men? Seek - ing His bless - ings,
2. A - lone He bore the curs-ed cross and shame, No will-ing ones the
3. A - lone He wres - tled, wet with bloody sweat, Mid-night, His foes a-

from His burden free; Still careless men pray, "Master, oh, bless me," Oh, burdened
heav-y load to bear; Still bless-ing seek - ers go the crossless way; Oh, Christ re-
wake, His friends asleep; Still prayerless ones would share His throne and crown, Oh, Man of

CHORUS.

One, shall mine eyes tear-less be?
fused, let me Thy bur - den share. Bind me, Je-sus, to the burdens that you
Sor - rows, let me vig - il keep.

bear; Let the ones who smite Thee find me ready, always near; While the crossless

crowds are dreaming of a crown, Let me be a comrade true, O mighty One.

No. 159. 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 done; . . A place that is filled with His mar-vel-ous grace, In the land of the Un-set-ting Sun.
2. Yes, the bur-dens of life can be borne, When I think of the prize to be won; . . Of the beau-ti-ful robe and the crown to be worn, In the land of the Un-set-ting Sun.
3. I can peace-ful-ly welcome the night When the hours of my life shall be run; . . . It will bring me no grief, but su-per-nal de-light, In the land of the Un-set-ting Sun.
4. O what joy! mor-tal tongue cannot tell, With e-ter-ni-ty on-ly be-gun; . . One an-oth-er to meet, with the Sav-ior to dwell, In the land of the Un-set-ting Sun.

CHORUS.

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

jour - - ney on earth has been run;

of de-light,

No. 160. A Song of Victory.

Charlotte G. Homer.

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COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Loud - ly un - to the world is a cho - rus re-sound - ing,
2. Press - ing on to the bat - tle, each sol - dier re - joi - ces,
3. Glo - ry! glo - ry to God in the high - est for - ev - er!

From the hosts of the Lord as they march a - long,
Sing - ing joy - ful - ly un - to the gra - cious King;
For the King in His beau - ty shall yet ap - pear;

Rich in har - mo - ny, send-ing the ech - oes re - bound - ing,
Earth is join - ing her praise with the tu - mult of voi - ces,
Shout a - loud, for Je - ho - vah, our God, will de - liv - er;

Swell - ing might - i - ly from the vic - to - rious throng.
While the arch - es of Heav - en with mu - sic ring.
His the bat - tle, and vic - to - ry draw - eth near.

A Song of Victory.

CHORUS.

Vic - to-ry! rings aloud the bat-tle-cry, bat-tle-cry! Till the glad

Vic - to - ry! vic-to - ry! rings a-loud the bat - tle - cry, . . Un-til the glo - ri - ous

echoes reach the vaulted sky, vaulted sky; O'er the world be un-furled

ech - oes reach the vault - ed sky; . . O - ver the world now be un-furled His

now His flag from shore to shore; Loy - al, true, in the ranks each

flag from shore to shore; . . Loy - al and true, in the ranks each faith - ful

soldier stands, bravely stands, Glad-ly His will o-bey-ing in what-e'er

sol - - dier stands, . . Glad-ly o - bey-ing in what - so-ev - er He . . com-

He commands; He the King, the kingdom His for - ev - er - more.

mands; . . He is the King, and the king - dom His for - ev - er - more.

No. 161. Crown Him King of Kings.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

E. E. Rexford. WORDS AND MUSIC. De Loss Smith.

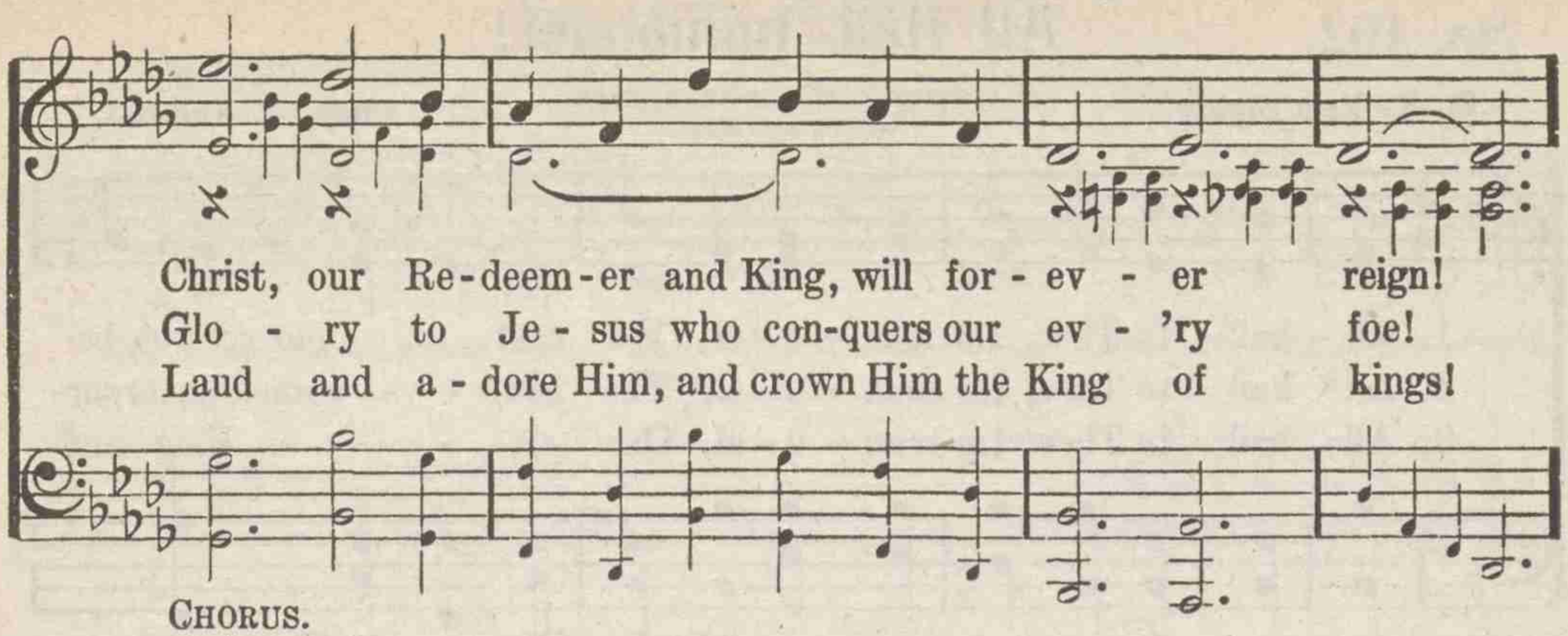
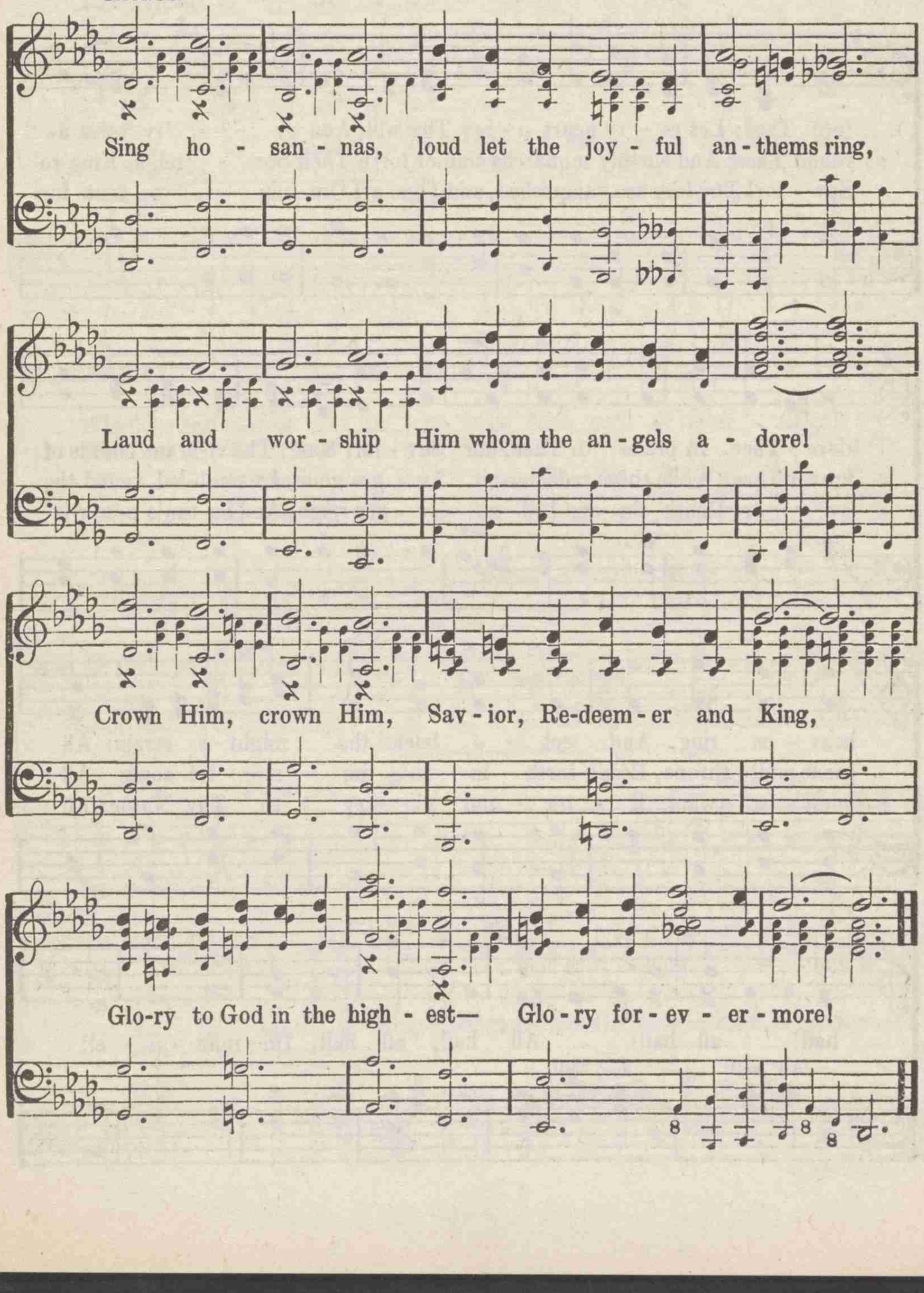
INTRODUCTION.

VOICES IN UNISON.

1. Crown Him, crown Him with glo - ry the King of kings;
2. He who reigns o'er the king-doms of earth to - day,
3. Praise Him, praise Him, the King on the great white throne;

Praise and hom - age each heart as its trib - ute brings;
Sends His bless-ings to those in the heav'n - ward way;
Love Him, serve Him, who rul - eth by love a - lone;

Sing, O earth, and u - nite in the might - y re - frain—
Sing we prais-es with hearts that with love o - ver - flow—
Up to heav - en the shout of the glo - ri - fied rings—

Crown Him King of Kings.

CHORUS.

No. 162. All Hail, Immanuel!

D. R. Van Sickle.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, We cast.....our crowns be-
2. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, The ran - - somed hosts sur-
3. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, Our ris - - en King and

fore Thee; Let ev - 'ry heart o - bey Thy will, And ev - - 'ry voice a-
round Thee; And earthly monarchs clamor forth Their Sov - 'reign, King to
Sav - ior! Thy foes are vanquished, and Thou art Om - nip - o - tent for-

dore Thee. In praise to Thee, our Sav - ior, King, The vi-brant chords of
crown Thee. While those redeemed in a - ges gone, As-semb-led round the
ev - er. Death, sin and hell no lon - ger reign, And Sa-tan's pow'r is

heav - en ring, And ech - o back the might - y strain: All
great white throne, Break forth in - to im - mor - tal song: All
burst in twain; E - ter - nal glo - ry to Thy Name: All

ff

hail! all hail! All hail, all hail, Im - man - u - el!

All hail! all hail!

All Hail, Immanuel!

CHORUS.

Hail, ... Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el! Hail, ...

Hail to the King we love so well, Hail, Im - man - u - el! Hail to the King we love so well,

Hail! . . . . . .

Im-man - u - el, Im-man - u - el!

Hail, Im - man - u - el!

Hail! . . . . . .

Glo - ry and hon - or and maj - es - ty,

Glo - - ry and maj - es - ty,

Wis-dom and pow-er be un - to Thee, Now and ev - er - more!

Wis - - dom be un - to Thee,

Hail, ... Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el! Hail, ...

Hail to the King we love so well, Hail, Im - man - u - el! Hail to the King we love so well,

Hail! . . . . . .

Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el!

Hail, Im - man - u - el!

Hail! . . . . . .

King of kings and Lord of lords, All hail, Im-man-u-el!

No. 163. Master, the Tempest is Raging.

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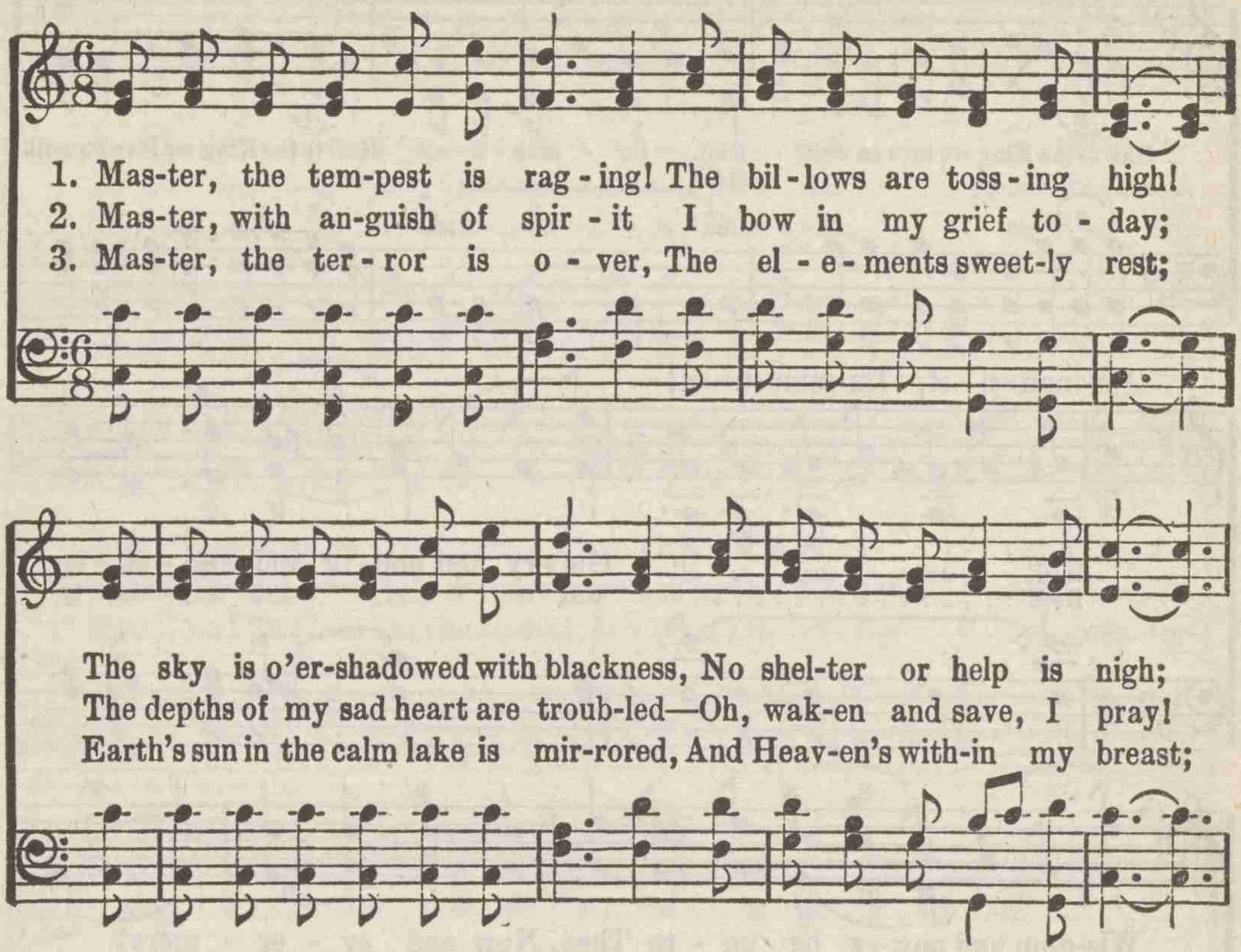
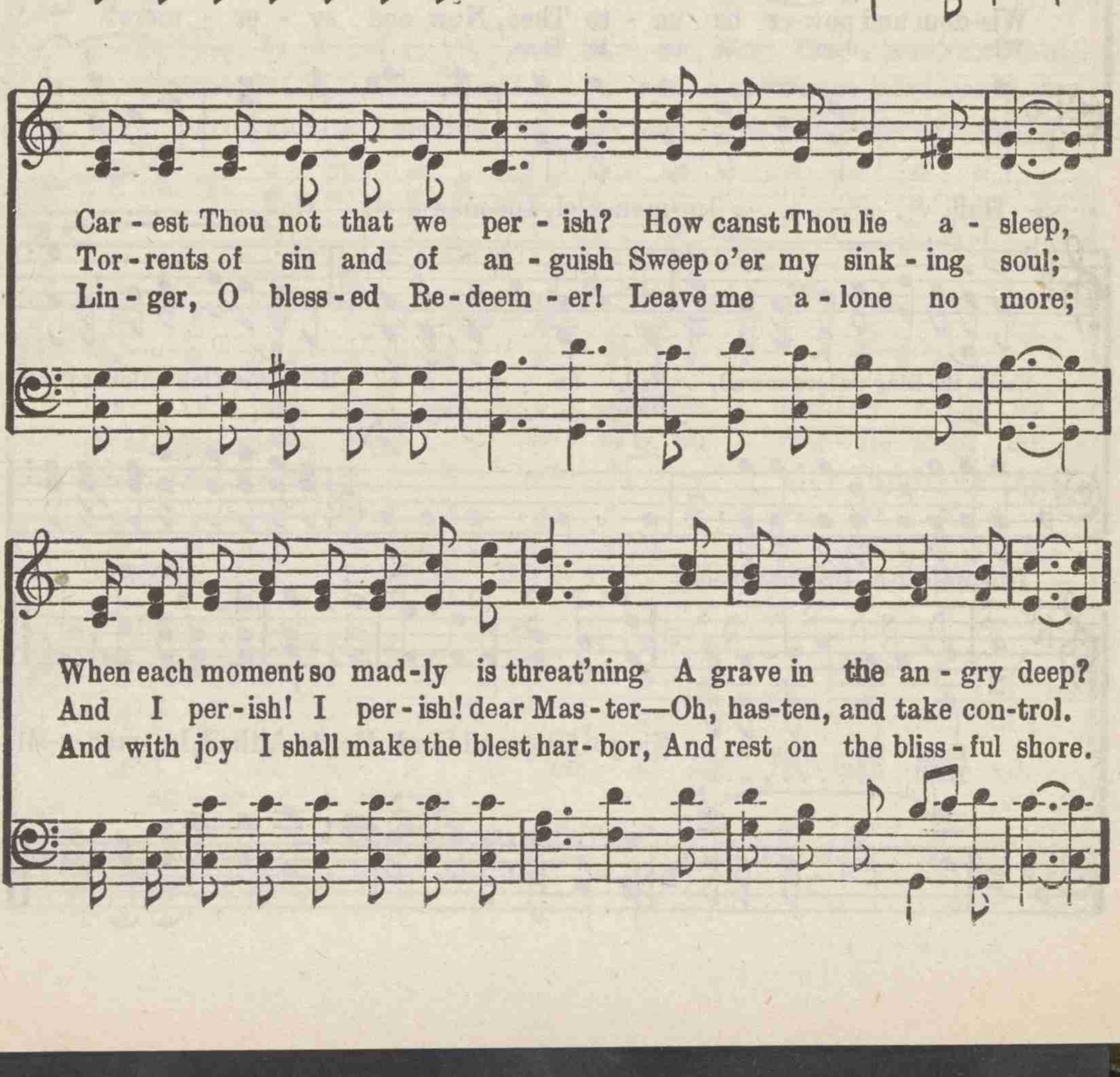
H. R. Palmer.

1. Mas-ter, the tem-pest is rag-ing! The bil-lows are toss-ing high!
2. Mas-ter, with an-guish of spir-it I bow in my grief to-day;
3. Mas-ter, the ter-ror is o-ver, The el-e-ments sweet-ly rest;



The sky is o'er-shadowed with blackness, No shel-ter or help is nigh;
The depths of my sad heart are troub-led—Oh, wak-en and save, I pray!
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mir-rored, And Heav-en's with-in my breast;



Car-est Thou not that we per-ish? How canst Thou lie a-sleep,
Tor-rents of sin and of an-guish Sweep o'er my sink-ing soul;
Lin-ger, O bless-ed Re-deem-er! Leave me a-lone no more;

When each moment so mad-ly is threat'ning A grave in the an-gry deep?
And I per-ish! I per-ish! dear Mas-ter—Oh, has-ten, and take con-trol.
And with joy I shall make the blest har-bor, And rest on the bliss-ful shore.

Master, the Tempest is Raging.

CHORUS.

p *pp*

The winds and the waves shall o-bey Thy will, Peace, . . be still! . . .
Peace, be still! Peace, be still!

Wheth-er the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or de-mons or men, or what-

cres.

ev-er it be, No wa-ters can swal-low the ship where lies The Mas-ter of

ff *m* *m*

o-cean, and earth, and skies; They all shall sweetly o-bey Thy will, Peace, be still!

p *p* *pp*

Peace be still! They all shall sweetly o-bey Thy will, Peace, peace, be still!

No. 164. Harvest-Time is Here.

C. H. G.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

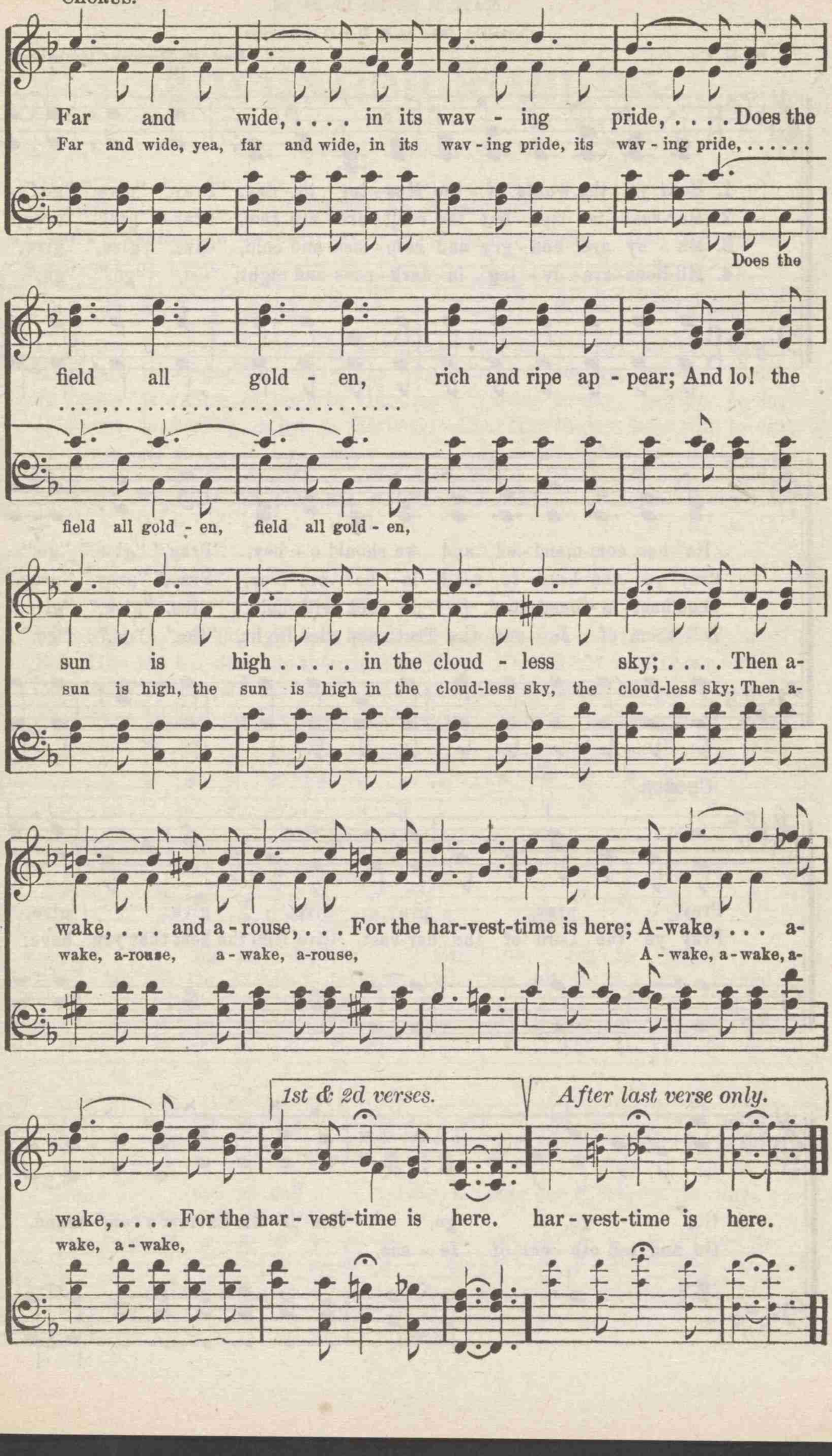
1. Glad is the song that the reap-ers sing, As they are joy - ful - ly mow-ing!
2. Bright is the sun, and the sky is clear, Swift-ly the mo-ments are fly - ing;
3. Look ye, the har - vest is tru - ly great, Gold-en and ripe it is gleam-ing!

Hith-er and thith-er they bend and swing, Zeal to the ef - fort be - stow-ing;
Hark-en! the voice of the Mas - ter hear, Loud-ly for la - bor-ers cry - ing;
Won-drous-ly wide is thy Lord's es-tate, In its mag-ni - fi - cence teem-ing;

Loud-er and sweet-er the ech - oes ring, Pa-tience and loy - al - ty show-ing,
While in the mark-ets, a - far and near, Man - y are wait-ing, de - ny - ing
Reap-ers are need-ed, and still you wait, I - dle and care-less-ly dreaming!

As in the field the sick - le they wield, Gath-er-ing sheaves for the King.
Service they might, with joy and de - light, Give ere the shad-ows ap - pear.
Go ye to - day, and reap while you may! Go, ere you en - ter too late!

Harvest-Time is Here.

CHORUS.

No. 165. "Pray," "Give," "Go."

MATT. 9: 38; 14: 16; 28: 19.

Copyright, 1920, by M. Homer Cummings.

M. H. C. Rev. M. Homer Cummings.

1. Hear ye the words of the Mas - ter to - day, "Pray," "give," "go;"
2. Har-vest is ripe but the reap - ers are few, "Pray," "pray," "pray;"
3. Ma - ny are hun - gry and help - less and cold, "Give," "give," "give;"
4. Mil-lions are dy - ing in dark - ness and night, "Go," "go," "go;"

He has com-mand - ed, and we should o - bey, "Pray," "give," "go."
Pray ye the Lord to send la - bor - ers true, "Pray," "pray," "pray."
Thou hast a - bund-ance, O do not with-hold, "Give, "give," "give."
Tell them of Je - sus, the Truth and the Light, "Go," "go," "go."

CHORUS.

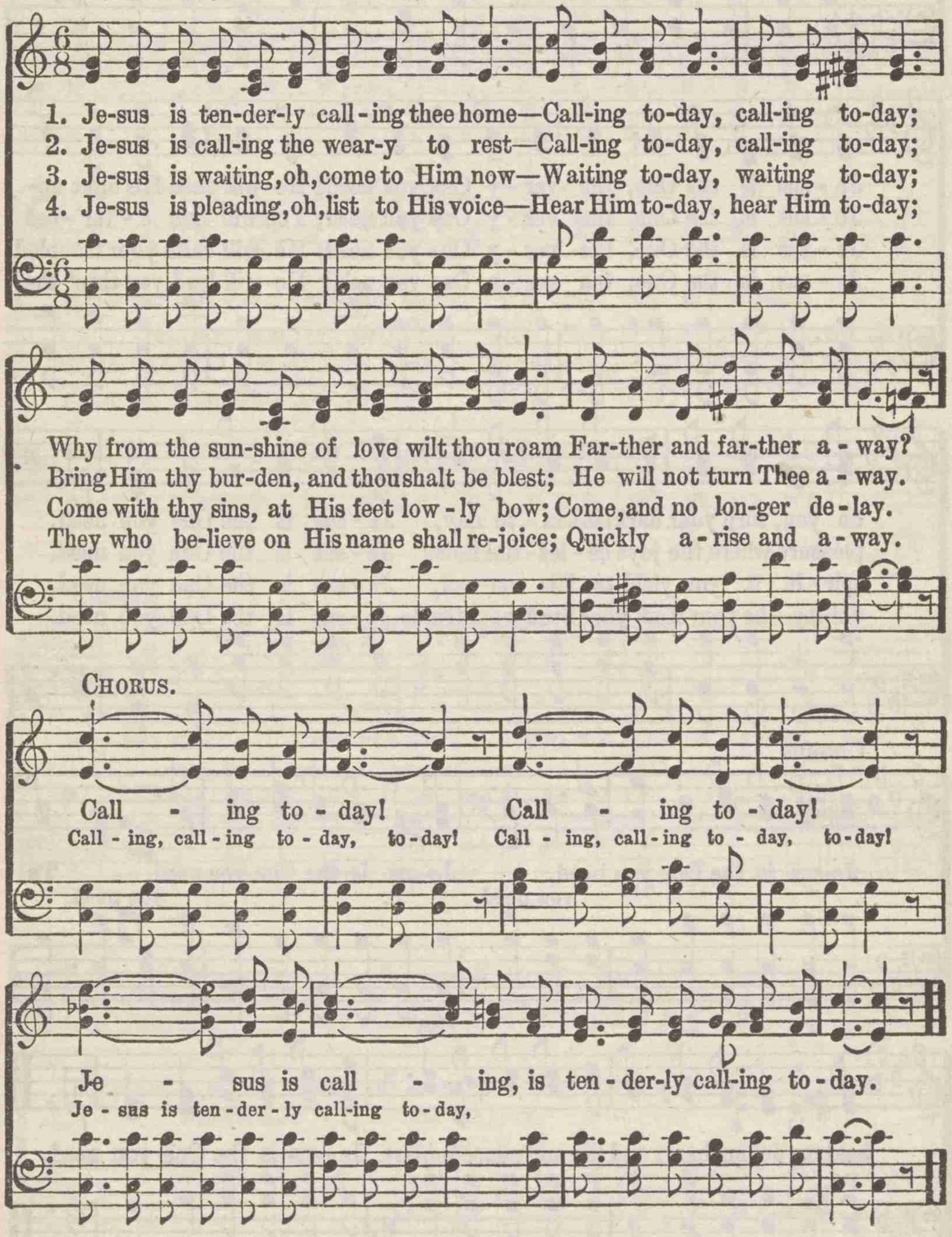
Pray, pray, pray, Give, give, give,
Pray ye the Lord of the har-vest, Give Him the best that you have;

Go, go, go, This is the Saviour's com - mand.
Go and tell oth - ers of Je - sus,

Invitation Hymns.

No. 166. Jesus is Calling.

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



No. 167 Jesus is the One You Need.

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M. H. C. Rev. M. Homer Cummings.

1. Are you long-ing for a Sav-ior who can wash your sins a-way?
2. Have you sought in vain for hap-pi-ness the world can-not be-stow?
3. Do you want a friend to help you when af-flic-tions press the soul?
4. Who will be your hope and comfort when you near death's chill-ing tide?

Je-sus is the One, the ver-y One you need; He will shed His light up-
Je-sus is the One, the ver-y One you need; You will find e-ter-nal
Je-sus is the One, the ver-y One you need; He will calm your troubled
Je-sus is the One, the ver-y One you need; He will lead you thro' the

on you, turn your darkness in-to day, Je-sus is the One you need.
pleasure where the joys ce-les-tial flow, Je-sus is the One you need.
spir-it if you yield to His con-trol, Je-sus is the One you need.
val-ley—be your Rod, your Staff, your Guide, Je-sus is the One you need.

CHORUS.

Je-sus is the One you need, Je-sus is the One you need, To
you need, you need,
heal an aching heart and life and peace impart, Je-sus is the One you need.

No. 168. Why Not Now?

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

El Nathan. C. C. Case.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

No. 169. Jesus Will!

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY W. E. BIEDERWOLF.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Ina Duley Ogdon. **B. D. Ackley.**

DUET.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

No. 170. Jesus Is Calling Thee Now.

Tune: "JESUS, THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD."

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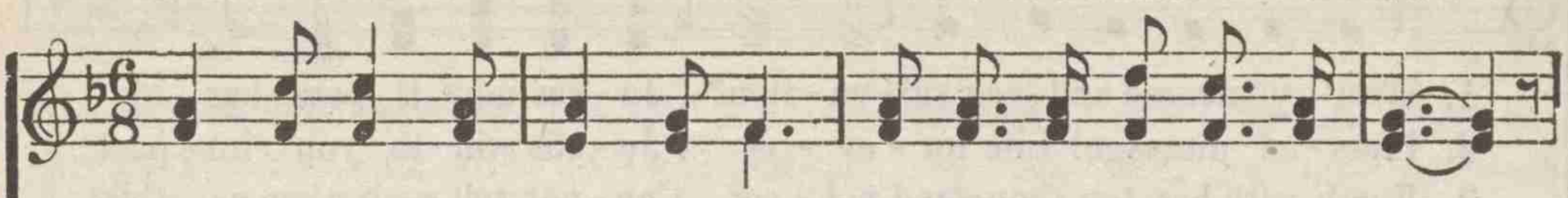
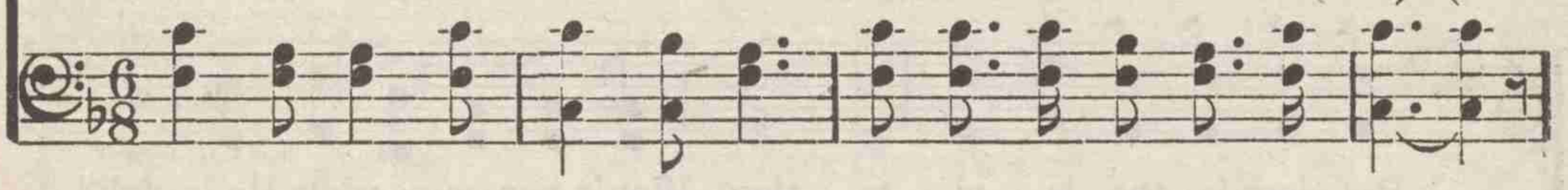
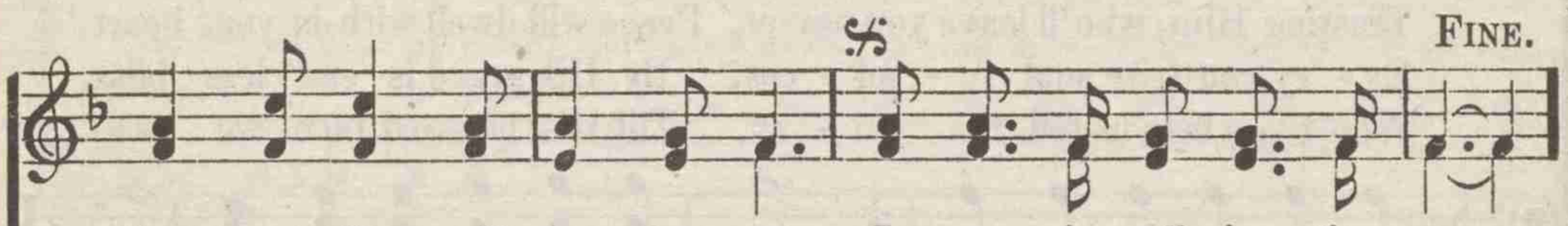
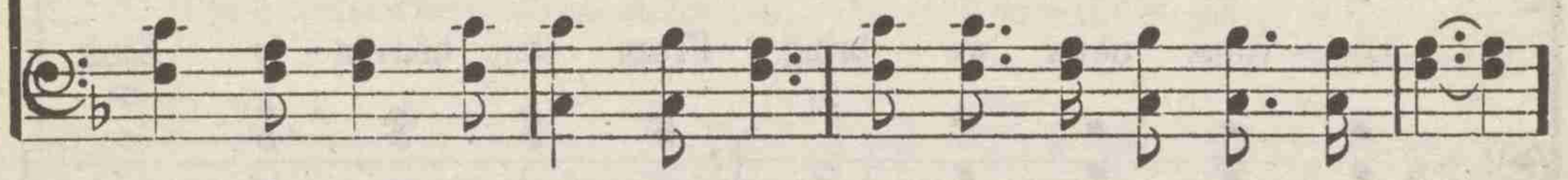
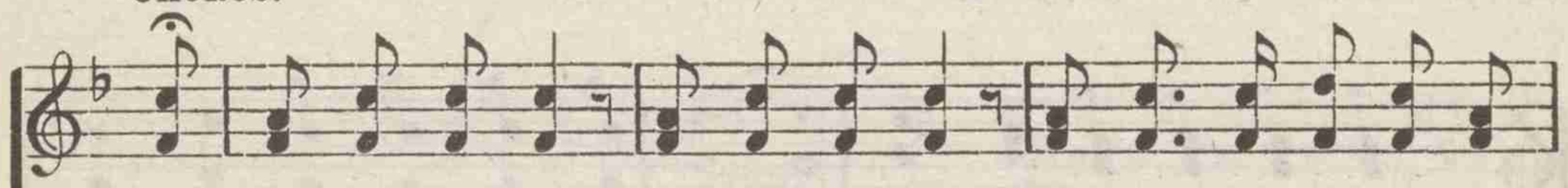
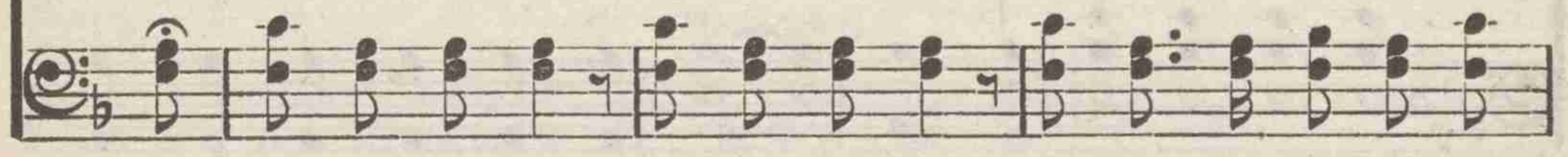
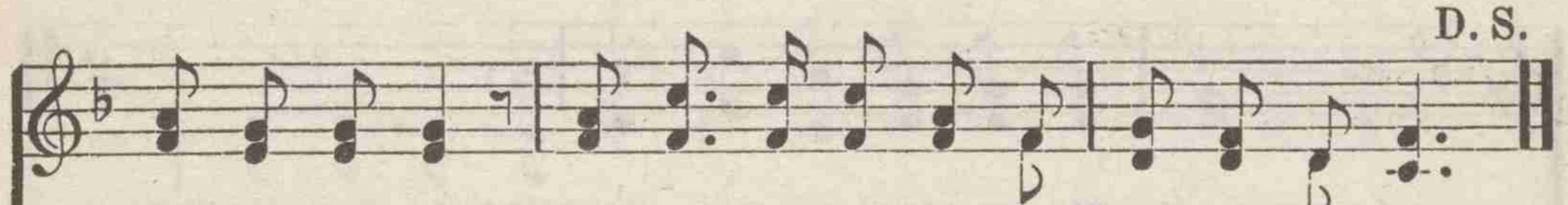
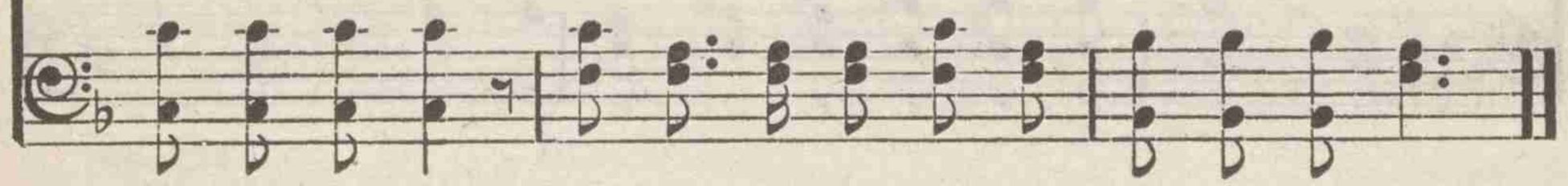
M. H. C. Rev. M. Homer Cummings, arr.

1. Wear - y soul, by sin op-pressed, Je - sus is call - ing thee now;
2. Plunge in - to the foun-tain wide, Je - sus is call - ing thee now;
3. Tho' you've wandered far a - way, Je - sus is call - ing thee now;
4. He will hear thy heart's faint cry, Je - sus is call - ing thee now;
5. O, ac - cept Him while you may, Je - sus is call - ing thee now;

Come, and He will give thee rest, Je - sus is call - ing thee now.
Flow - ing from the Sav - ior's side, Je - sus is call - ing thee now.
From the Fa-ther's house a - stray, Je - sus is call - ing thee now.
Ev - 'ry need He will sup - ply, Je - sus is call - ing thee now.
Lin - ger not an - oth - er day, Je - sus is call - ing thee now.

CHORUS.

Come, wan - der - er, come, come to Him now, Spurn not His mer-cy, in

pen - i - tence bow, Think of His suf-f'ring on Cal - va - ry's brow:

No. 171. The Glorious News.

E. E. Hewitt. R. G. ARBOGAST, OWNER. R. G. Arbogast.

1. Won't you come and seek sal - va - tion? Je - sus now is pass - ing by;
2. Bless - ed message! Life for - ev - er Je - sus will to you im - part;
3. Earth, with her ten thou-sand voi - ces, Can - not tell such news as this;
4. He is com-ing soon from Glo - ry: Pre-cious is the thought to me;

Pre-cious is the in - vi - ta - tion; Won't you come while He is nigh?
Trusting Him, who'll leave you nev-er, Peace will dwell with-in your heart.
Ev - 'ry con-trite soul re - joi - ces; By His grace is end - less bliss.
Won't you help us tell the sto - ry, Till His bless-ed face we see?

CHORUS.

Glo - rious news we bring From the heav'n - ly King,

Je - sus now is pass - ing by; Call, and He will hear and

save you; Glo - ry be to God on high! (to God on high!)

No. 172. Come Where the Blessings Fall.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY M. HOMER CUMMINGS.

M. H. C. Rev. M. Homer Cummings.

1. You may know the pow - er of an end - less life—Joy and peace re-
2. You may walk with Je - sus, jour-ney by His side, And may hear each
3. You may find a ref - uge for your storm-tossed soul, Where no rag - ing

ceive by giv - ing all; You may have the vic-t'ry o - ver sin and strife,
day His lov - ing call; You may bring your bur-dens and in Him con-fide,
tem-pest can ap - pall; You may dwell in safe-ty while the bil - lows roll,

CHORUS.

If you come where the blessings fall. Come where the blessings fall, ...
blessings fall,
Come where the bless-ings fall; . . . . . God will cleanse your heart from sin,
blessings fall;
And will keep you pure with - in, If you come where the bless - ings fall.

No. 173. Should He Come.

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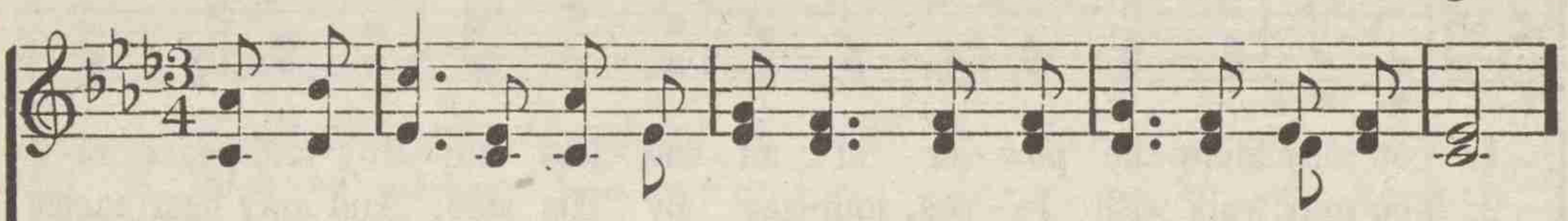
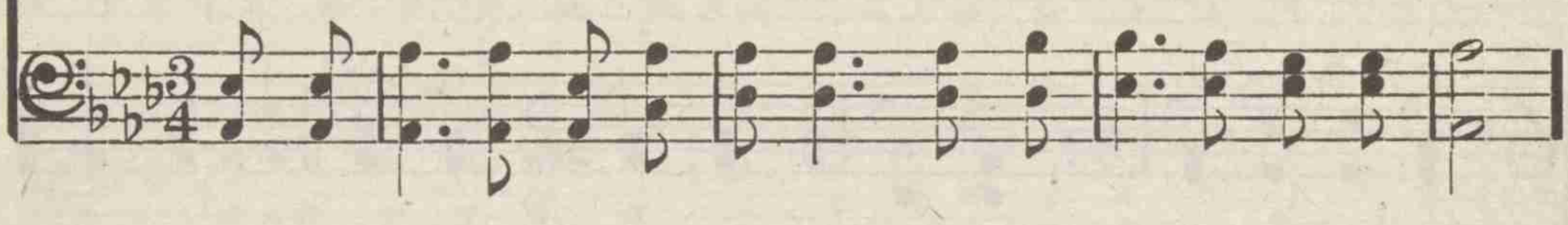
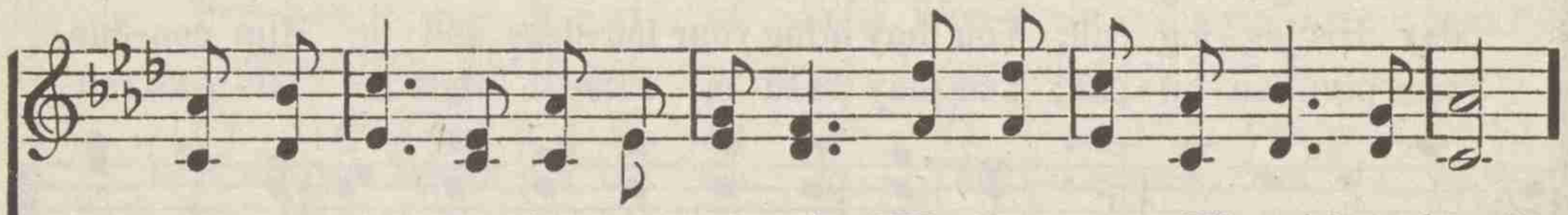
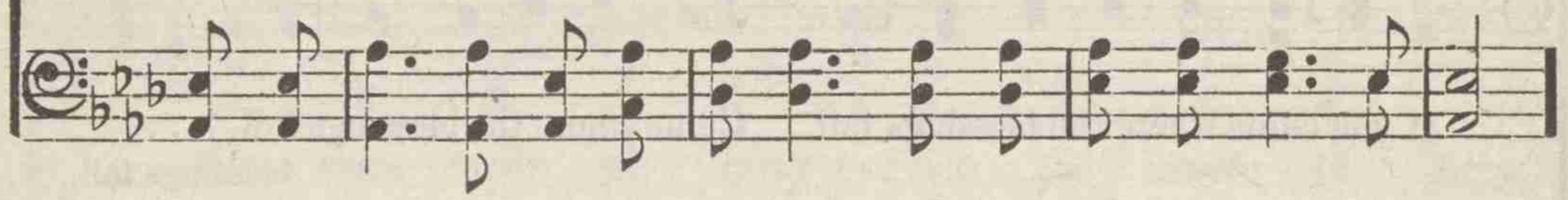
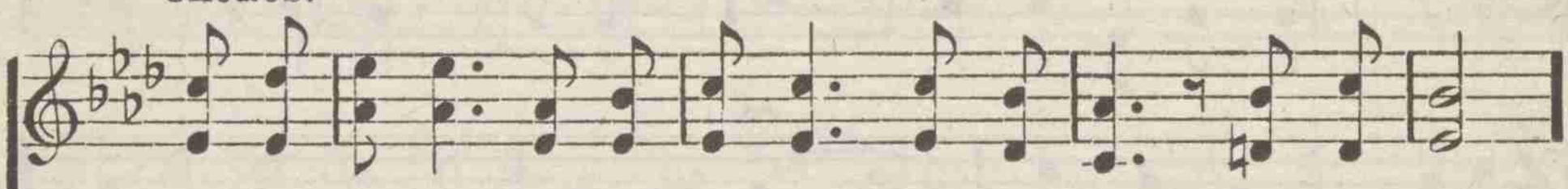
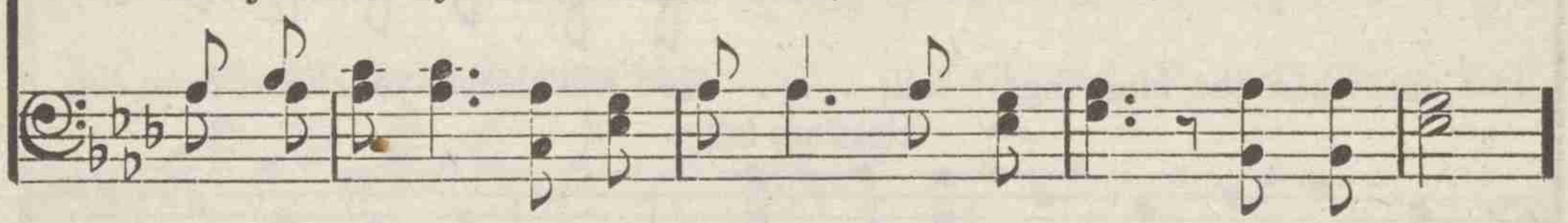
M. H. C. Rev. M. Homer Cummings.

1. Should the Sav - ior come this mo-ment, Would your loins be gird a - bout?
2. Should He come in king-ly splen-dor, From His re - gal throne so bright,
3. Should the sun and moon be darkened, Should the mountains flee a - way,
4. Should the Lord de-scend from glo-ry And the dead in Christ a - rise,

Would your lamp be trimmed and burning? Would you greet Him with a shout?
Would you glad - ly go to meet Him, Hail His ad - vent with de-light?
Should the stars fall from the heav-ens, Could you in His pres-ence stay?
Would you, too, be caught up with Him To the meet-ing in the skies?

CHORUS.

Are you read - y now to meet Him, Should He come, Should He come?

rit.

Would you has - ten now to greet Him, Should He come, Should He come?

No. 174. There is Power in the Blood.

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

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

No. 175. His Way With Thee.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

Rit.

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

No. 176. Jesus Is Seeking the Lost Ones.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY M. HOMER CUMMINGS.

M. H. C., arr. Rev. M. Homer Cummings.

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

Long-ing to find them and bring them In - to His shel-ter - ing fold.
Pleading with them, and en-treat-ing, "O My be - lov - ed, come in!"
Long-ing to gra-cious-ly guide them In - to life's beau-ti - ful way.
Call - ing to them with com-pas - sion, "En - ter My dwellings of light."

CHORUS.

Lov-ing - ly, ten-der - ly call - ing, Hear the good Shepherd to - day,

Anx-ious - ly wait-ing to save you,—Why do you wan-der a - way?

No. 177. Come To Jesus.

Unknown.

1. Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus,

2. He will save you.
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. Jesus loves you.
10. Only trust Him.

No. 178. O Why Not To-night?

COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY J. H. HALL. USED BY PER.

J. CALVIN BUSHBY.

1. O do not let the word depart, And close thine eyes against the light; Poor sinner harden
2. To-mor-row's sun may nev-er rise, To bless thy long de-lud - ed sight; This is the time, oh,
3. Our Lord in pit-y lingers still, And wilt thou thus His love requite? Renounce at once thy
4. Our bless-ed Lord re-fuses none Who would to Him their souls unite; Believe, o - bey, the

CHORUS.

not your heart, Be saved, O to-night.
then be wise, Be saved, O to-night.
stub-born will, Be saved, O to-night.
work is done, Be saved, O to-night.

O why not to-night? O why

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

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

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

No. 179. Yield Not to Temptation.

H. P. 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 passions sub - due, Look ev - er to Je - sus,
2. Shun e - vil com-pan - ions, Bad language 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-iour, Our strength will re-new, Look ev - er to Je - sus,

CHORUS.

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

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

No. 180. Thy Spirit's Call.

Mrs. P. W. Arbogast.

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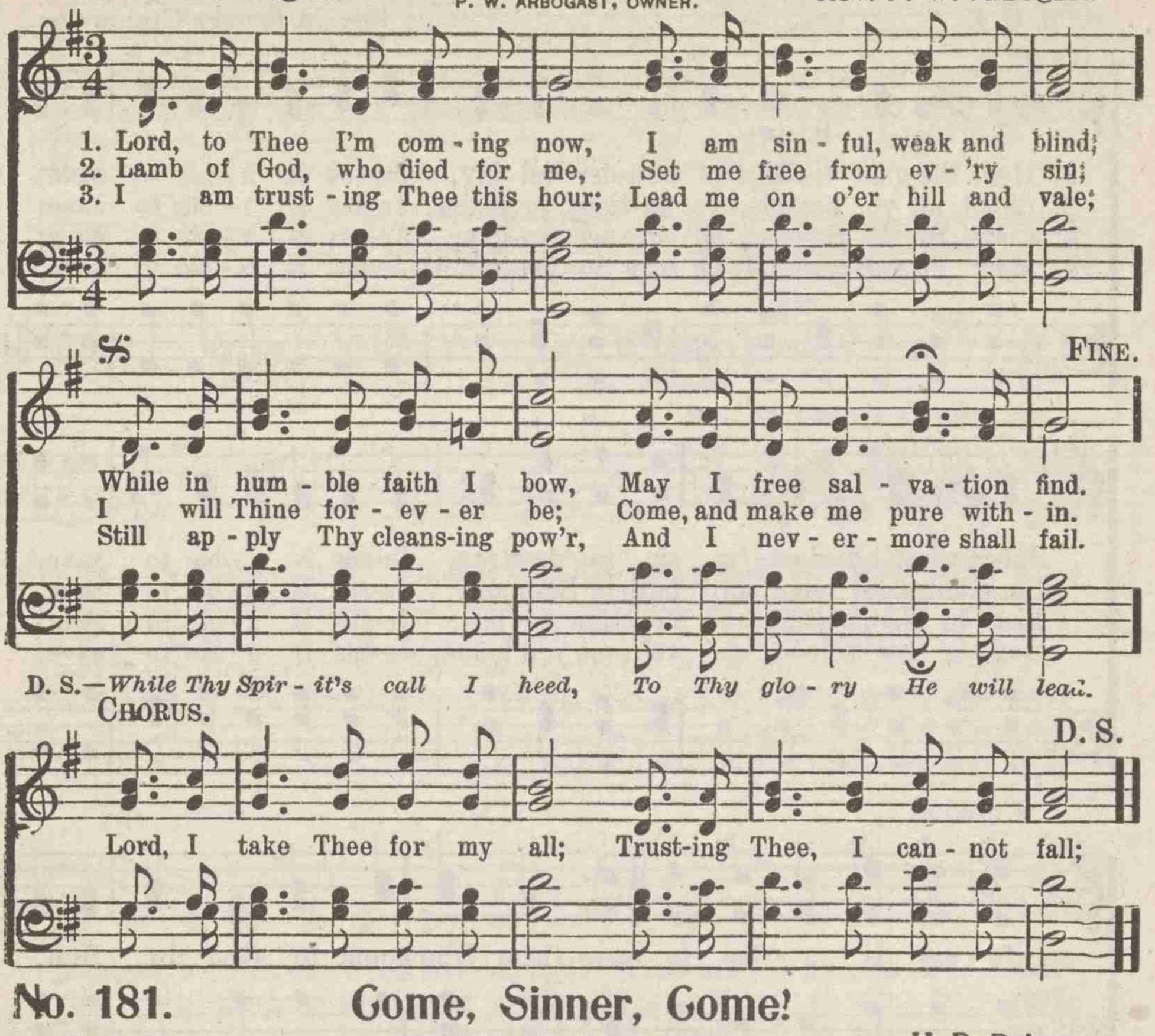
P. W. ARBOGAST, OWNER.

Rev. P. W. Arbogast.



No. 181. Come, Sinner, Come!

W. E. Witter.

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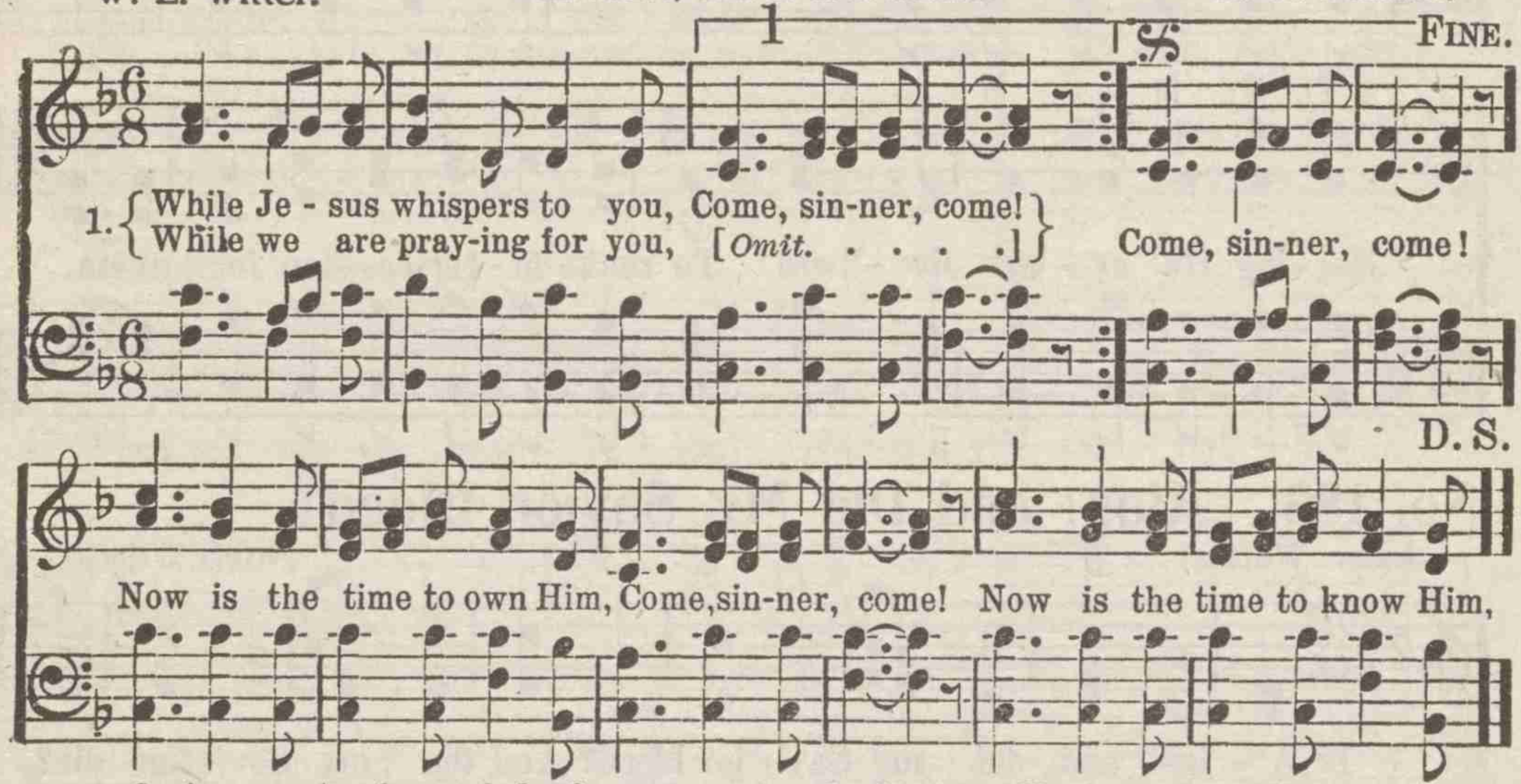
H. R. Palmer.



2. Are you too heavy-laden?
Come, sinner, come!
Jesus will bear your burden,
Come, sinner, come!
Jesus will not deceive you,
Come, sinner, come!
Jesus can now redeem you,
Come, sinner, come!

3. Oh, hear His tender pleading,
Come, sinner, come!
Come, and receive the blessing,
Come, sinner, come!
While Jesus whispers to you,
Come, sinner, come!
While we are praying for you,
Come, sinner, come!

No. 182. Jesus Is Able To Save.

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M. H. C. Rev. M. Homer Cummings.

1. Hear the glad ti-dings of won-der-ful joy, Je-sus is a-ble to save;
2. Shout, all ye peo-ple, ye na-tions, proclaim, Je-sus is a-ble to save;
3. Come to the Sav-ior, O sin-ner, to-day, Je-sus is a-ble to save;
4. Why do you wan-der, O why do you roam? Je-sus is a-ble to save;

Suf-fered and died ev-'ry sin to de-stroy, Je-sus is a-ble to save.
Par-don, deliv'rance thro' faith in His name, Je-sus is a-ble to save.
List to His pleading, the mes-sage o-bey, Je-sus is a-ble to save.
God is now wait-ing to welcome you home, Je-sus is a-ble to save.

CHORUS.

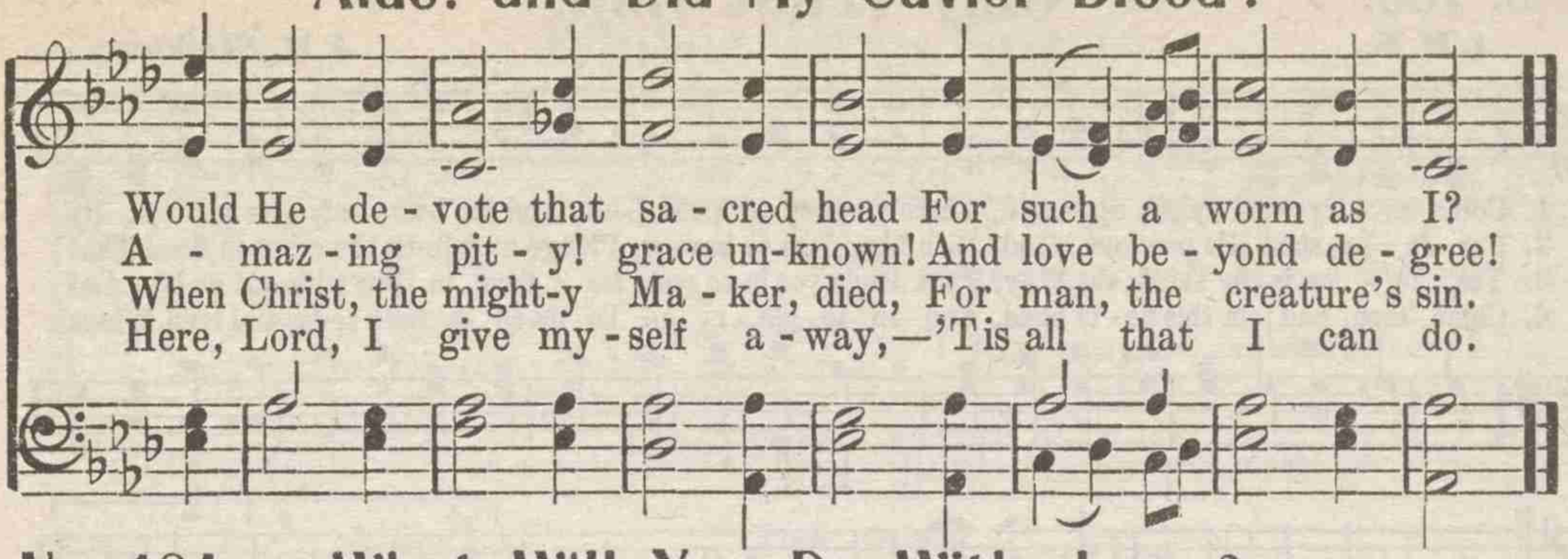
Je-sus is a-ble to save them Who come to God by Him,

See-ing He ev-er liv-eth To make in-ter-ces-sion for them.

No. 183. Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?

Isaac Watts. Hugh Wilson.

1. A-las! and did my Sav-ior bleed? And did my Sov'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up-on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut His glo-ries in,
4. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe:

Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?

No. 184. What Will You Do With Jesus?

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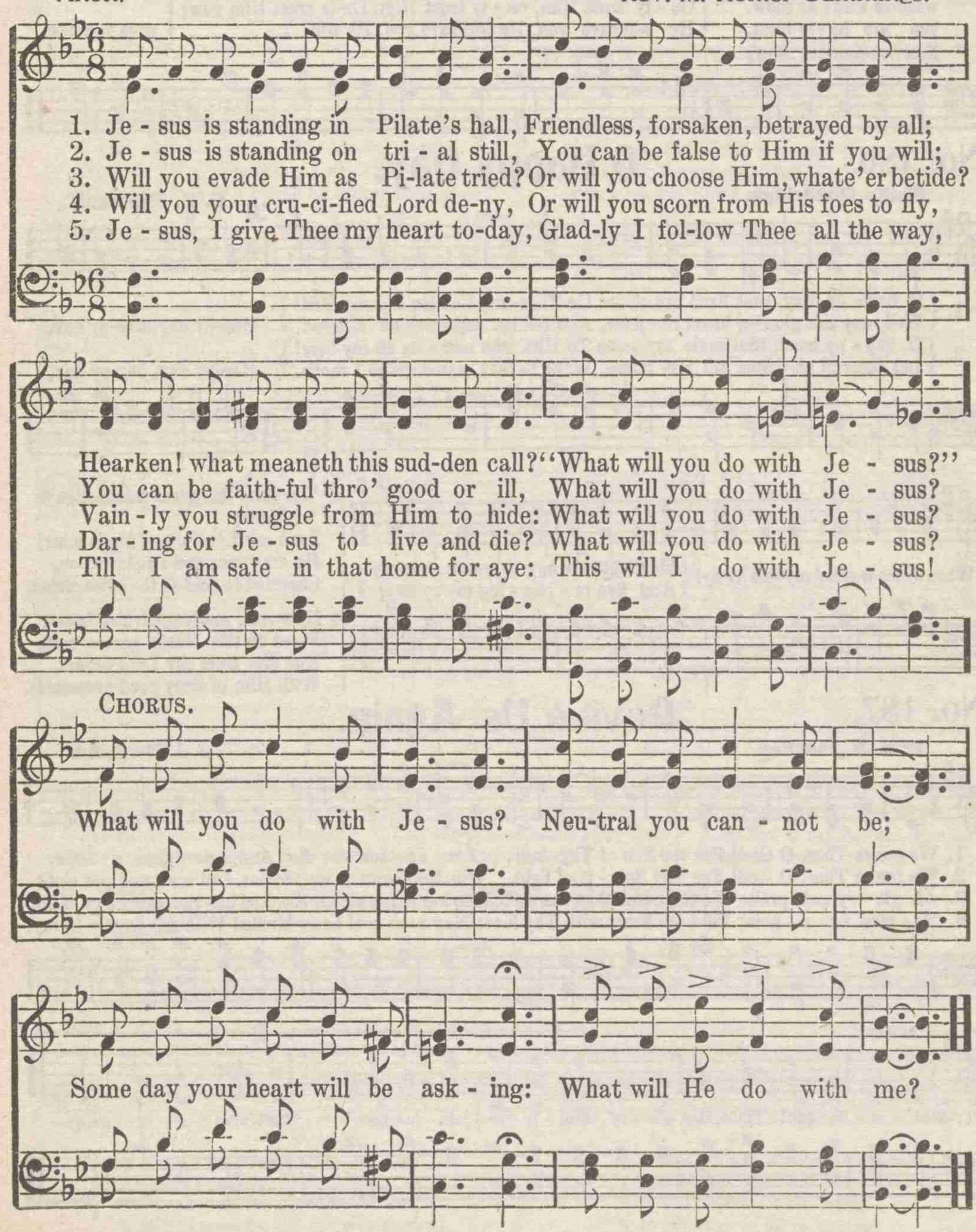
Anon. Rev. M. Homer Cummings.



No. 185. 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.

{ 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. 186. 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; }

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. 187. 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. 188. Whiter Than Snow.

James Nicholson. Wm. G. Fischer.

1. { Lord Je - sus, I long to be per-fect-ly whole; / I want Thee for - ev - er to live in my soul; } Break down ev-'ry i - dol, cast out ev-'ry foe;
2. { Lord Je-sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, / And help me to make a com-plete sac-ri - fice; } I give up my-self, and what-ev - er I know;

FINE CHORUS. D. S.

Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow; Now wash me, and
D. S.—I shall be whiter than snow.

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. 189. Make Me White as Snow.

F. A. S. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY E. O. EXCELL, WORDS AND MUSIC. Frank A. Simpkins.

FINE

1. { Lead me, O my Sav-ior, lead me, To the fountain's crystal flow; / Wash me, O my Sav-ior, wash me; } O make. Make....me white as snow.
D.S.—Wash me, O my Sav-ior, wash me, Make....me white as snow.

REFRAIN. D. S.

Whit - - - er than the snow, Whit - - - er than the snow,
Whit - er than the snow, yes. whit - er than the snow; Whit-er than the snow, yes. whit - er than the snow.

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. 190. The Old Time Religion.

Unknown. E. O. E. Arr.

CHO—'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, Tis the old time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, And it's good enough for me.
1. It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, And it's good enough for me.

3 Makes me love everybody.
3 It has saved our fathers..
4 It was good for the Prophet Daniel.
5 It was good for the Hebrew children.
6 It was tried in the fiery furnace.
7 It was good for Paul and Silas.
8 It will do when I am dying.
9 It will take us all to heaven.

No. 191. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

(GORDON. 11s.) A. J. GORDON,

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the
2. I love Thee be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And pur-chased my
3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a-

fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the
long as Thou lend - est me breath, And say when the death - dew lies
dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

Sav - iour art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
cold on my brow: "If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now."
crown on my brow: "If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.

No. 192. Almost Persuaded.

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

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

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

go Thy way, Some more con - ven - ient day On Thee I'll call."
lin - g'ring near; Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear; O wan - d'rer come!
but to fail; Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail: "Al - most—but lost."

No. 193. Wash Me in the Blood.

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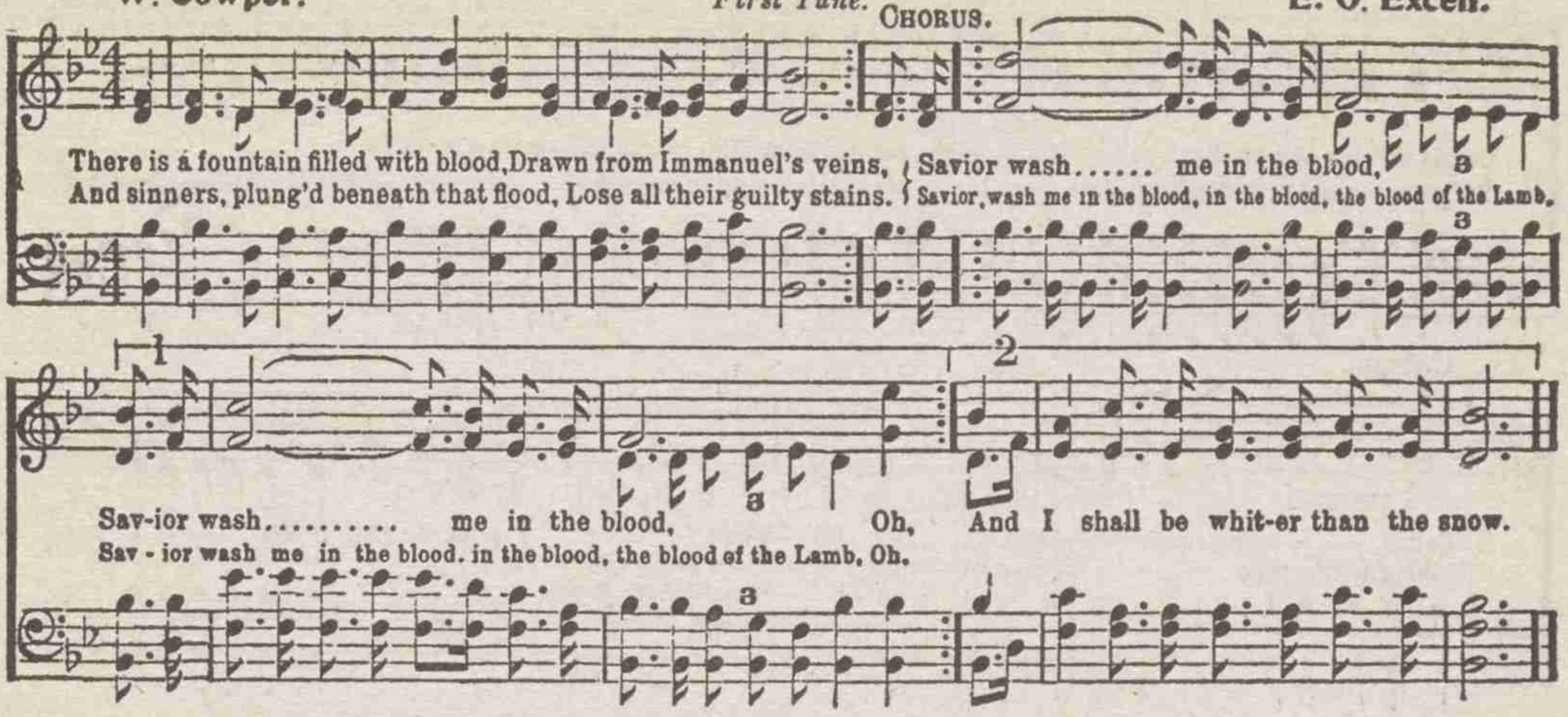
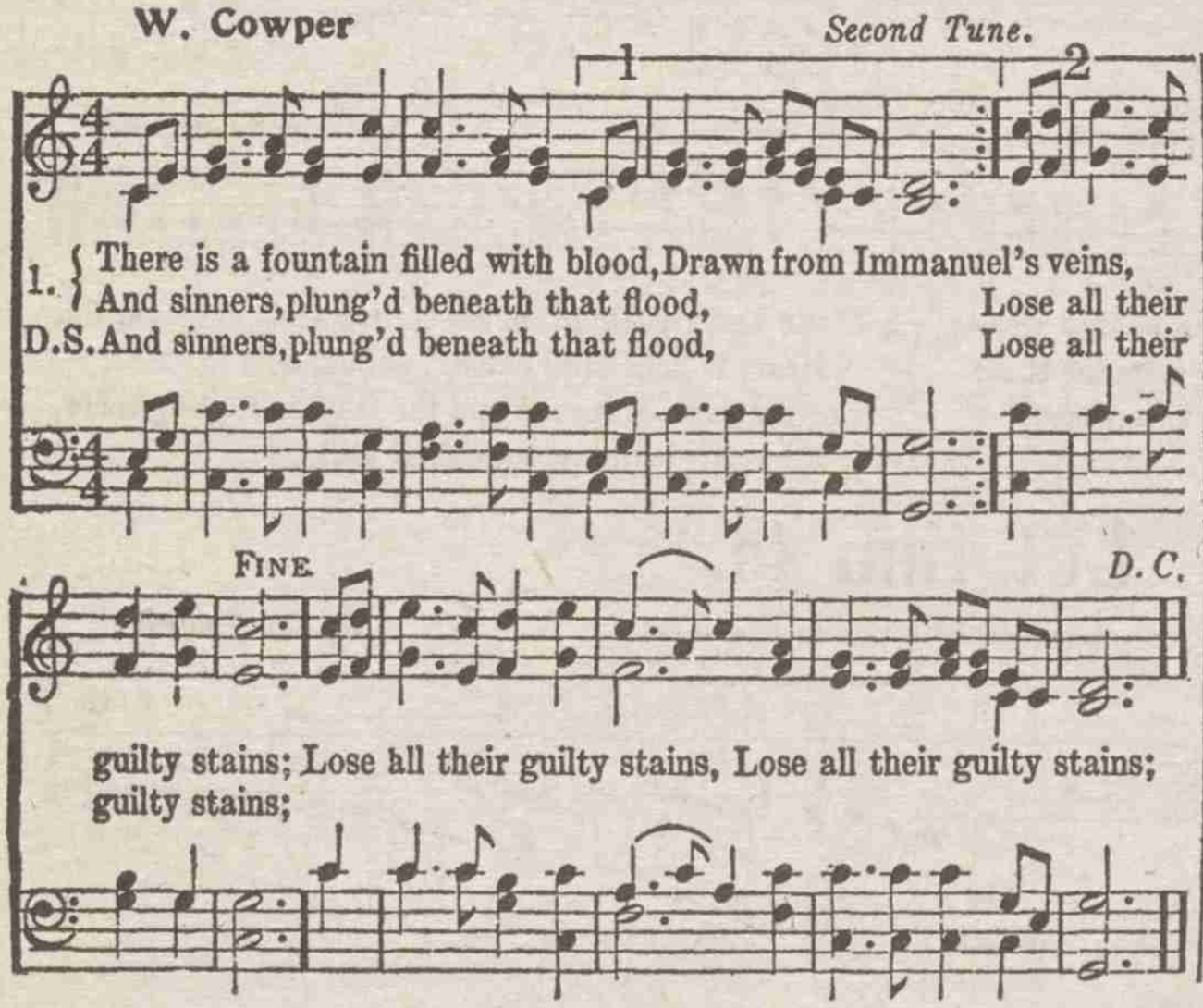
W. Cowper. *First Tune.* E. O. Excell.



No. 194. 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.

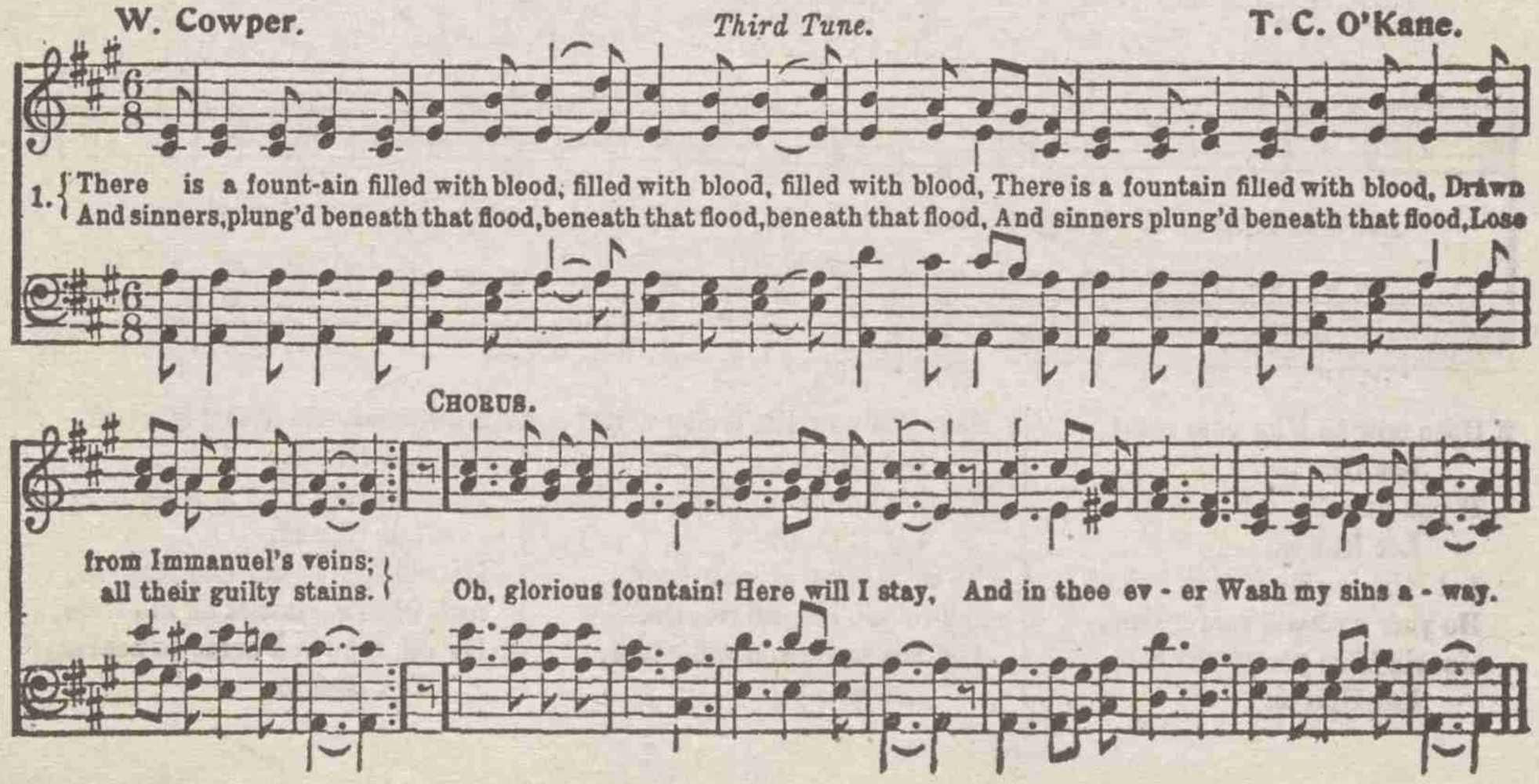
3 Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more

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. 195. Glorious Fountain.

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



No. 196. Calling the Prodigal.

C. H. G.

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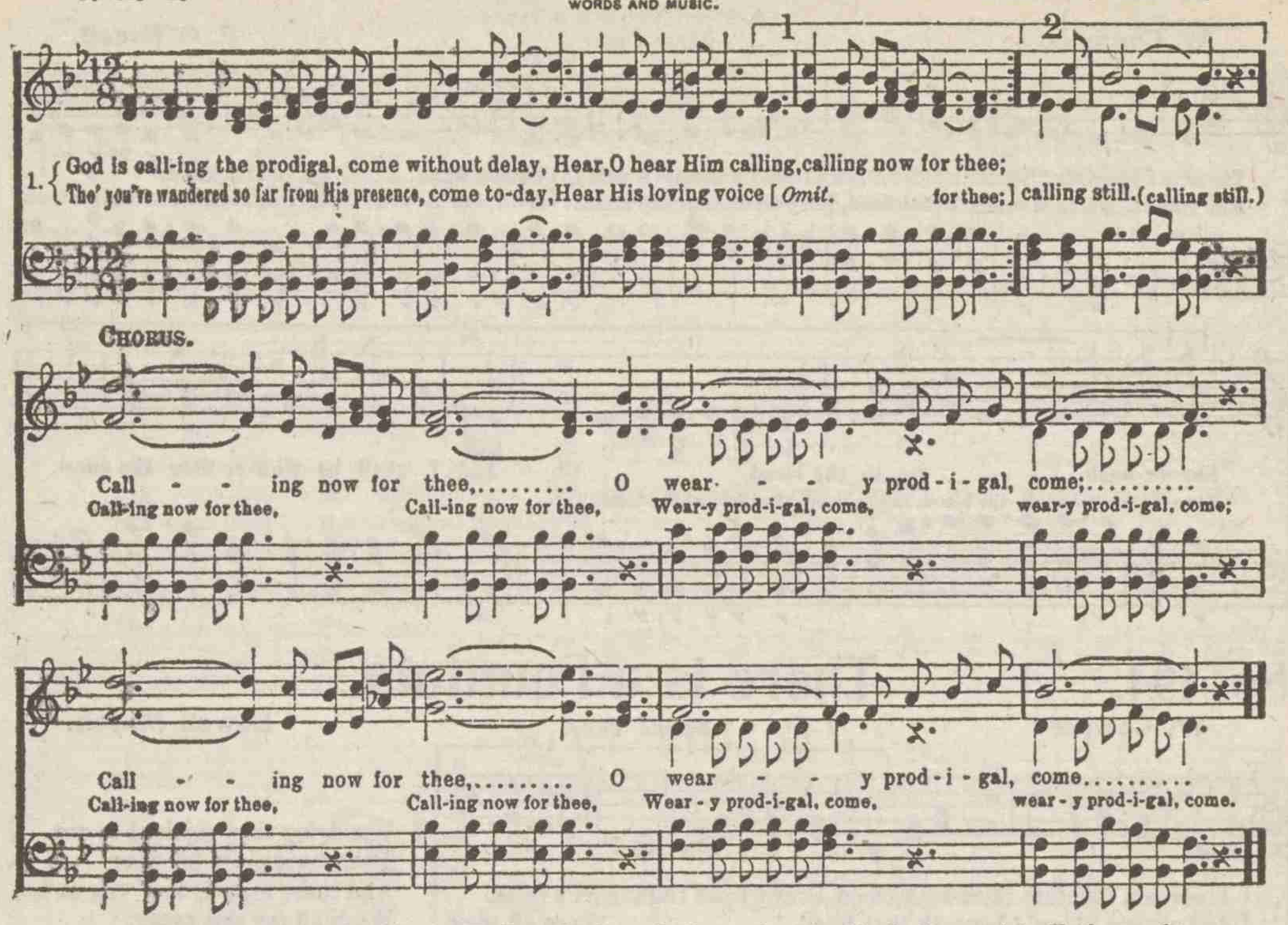
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



2 Patient, loving, and tenderly still the Father pleads,
Hear, O hear Him calling, calling now for thee;
Oh! return while the Spirit in mercy intercedes,
Hear His loving voice calling still.

3 Come, there's bread in the house of thy Father, and to spare,
Hear, O hear Him calling, calling now for thee;
Lo! the table is spread and the feast is waiting there,
Hear His loving voice calling still.

No. 197. Let Him In.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson.

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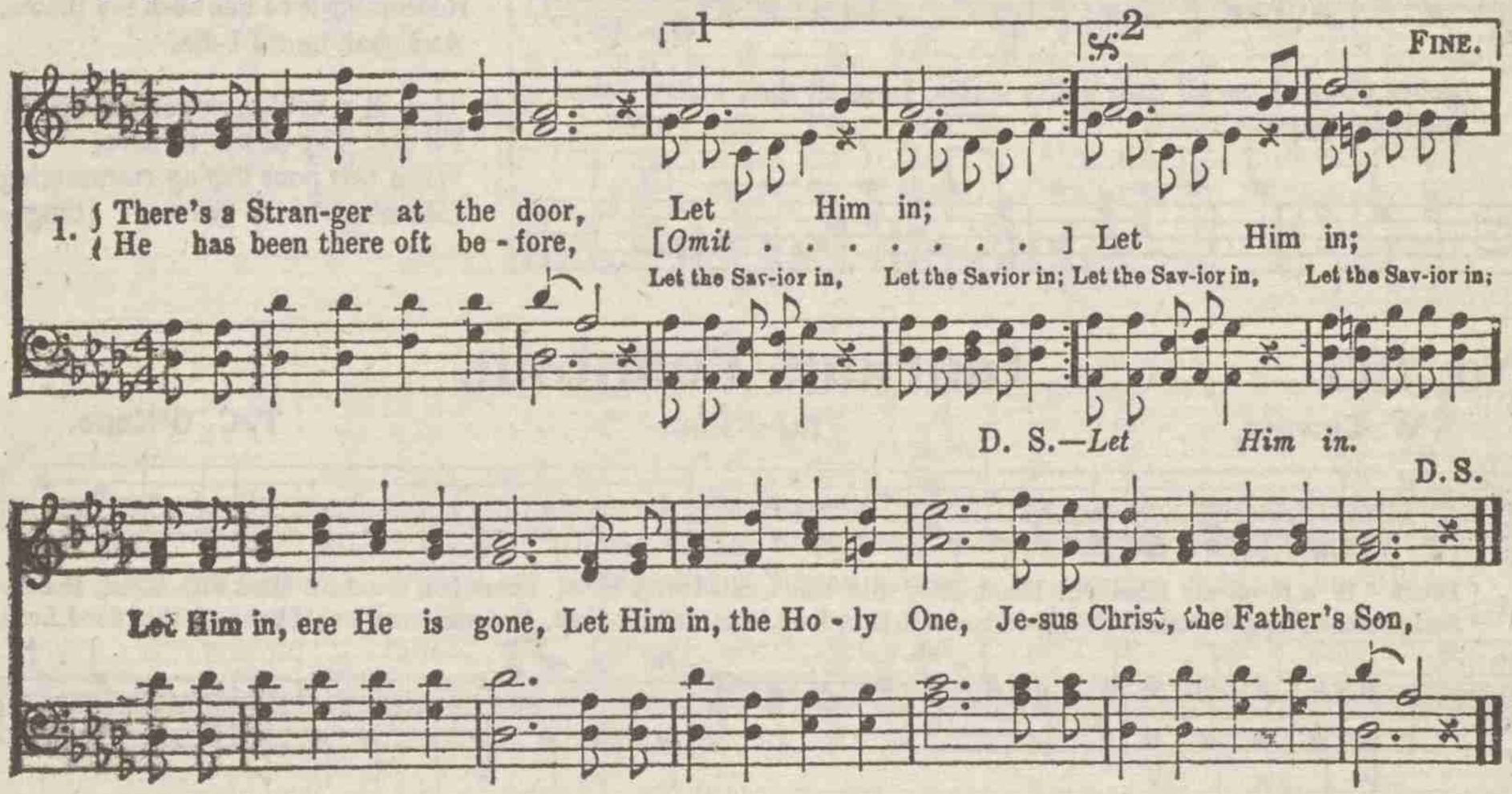
E. O. Excell.



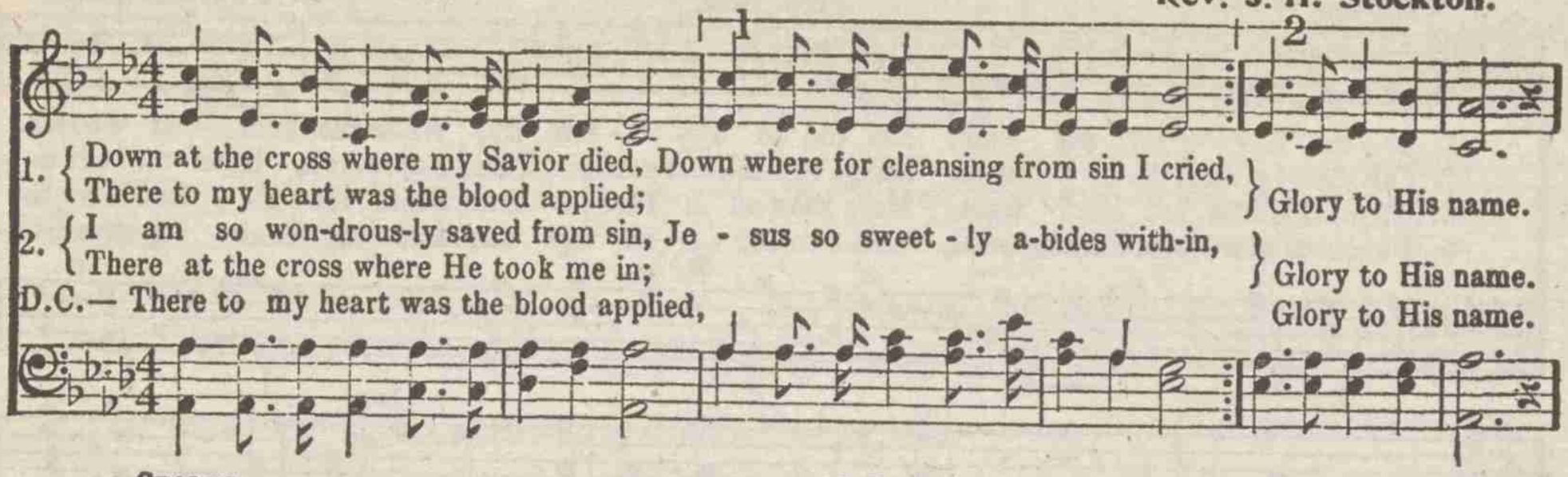
2 Open now to Him your heart,
Let Him in;
If you wait He will depart,
Let Him in;
Let Him in, He is your Friend,
He your soul will sure defend,
He will keep you to the end,
Let Him in.

3 Hear you now His loving voice?
Let Him in;
Now, oh, now make Him your choice,
Let Him in;
He is standing at your door,
Joy to you He will restore,
And His name you will adore,
Let Him in.

4 Now admit the heavenly Guest,
Let Him in;
He will make for you a feast,
Let Him in;
He will speak your sins forgiven,
And when earth-ties all are riven,
He will take you home to heaven,
Let Him in.

No. 198. Glory to His Name.

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

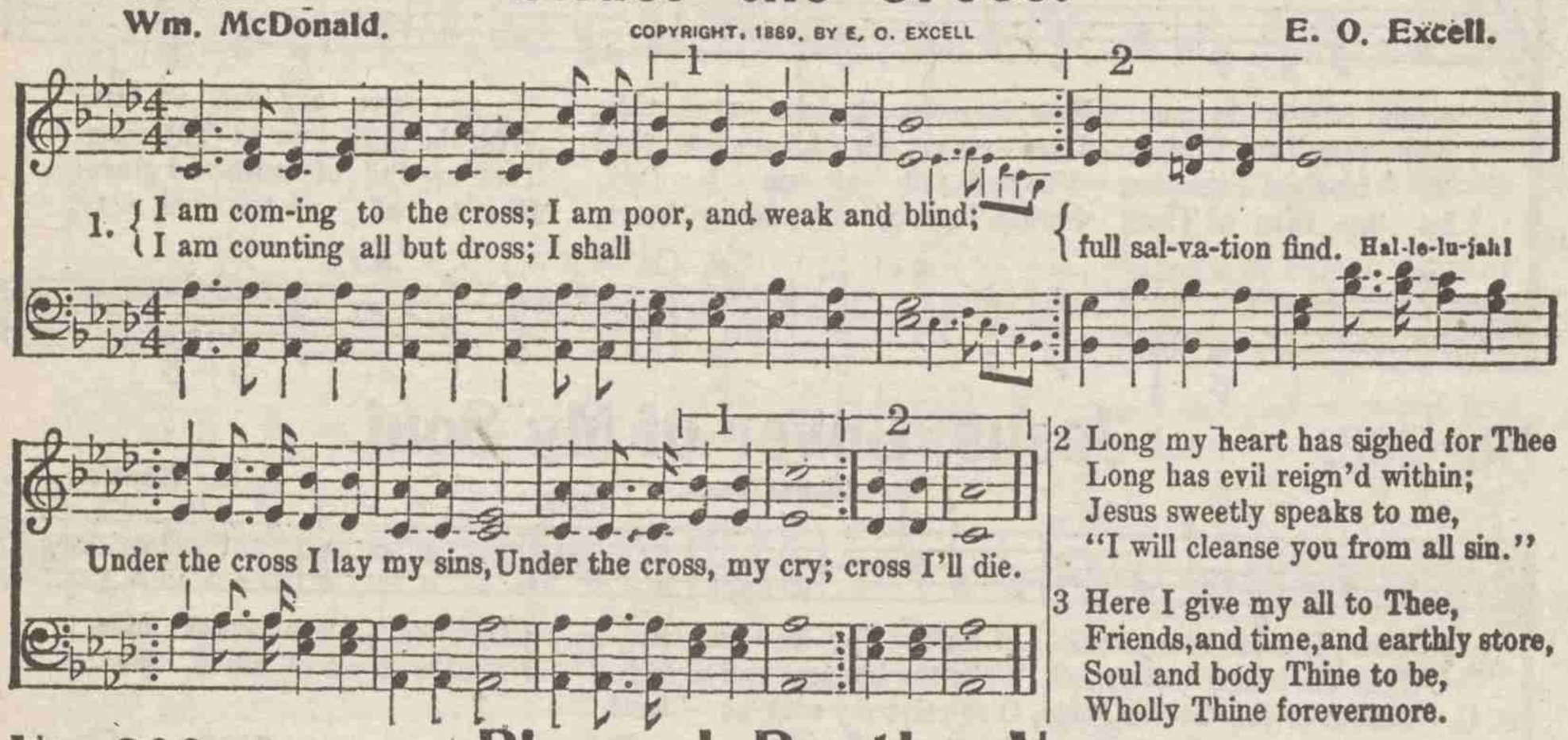


3 Oh, precious fountain that saves from sin,
I am so glad I have entered in;
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean;
Glory to His name.

4 Come to this fountain so rich and sweet;
Cast thy poor soul at the Savior's feet;
Plunge in to-day, and be made complete;
Glory to His name.

No. 199. Under the Cross.

Wm. McDonald. COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL E. O. Excell.

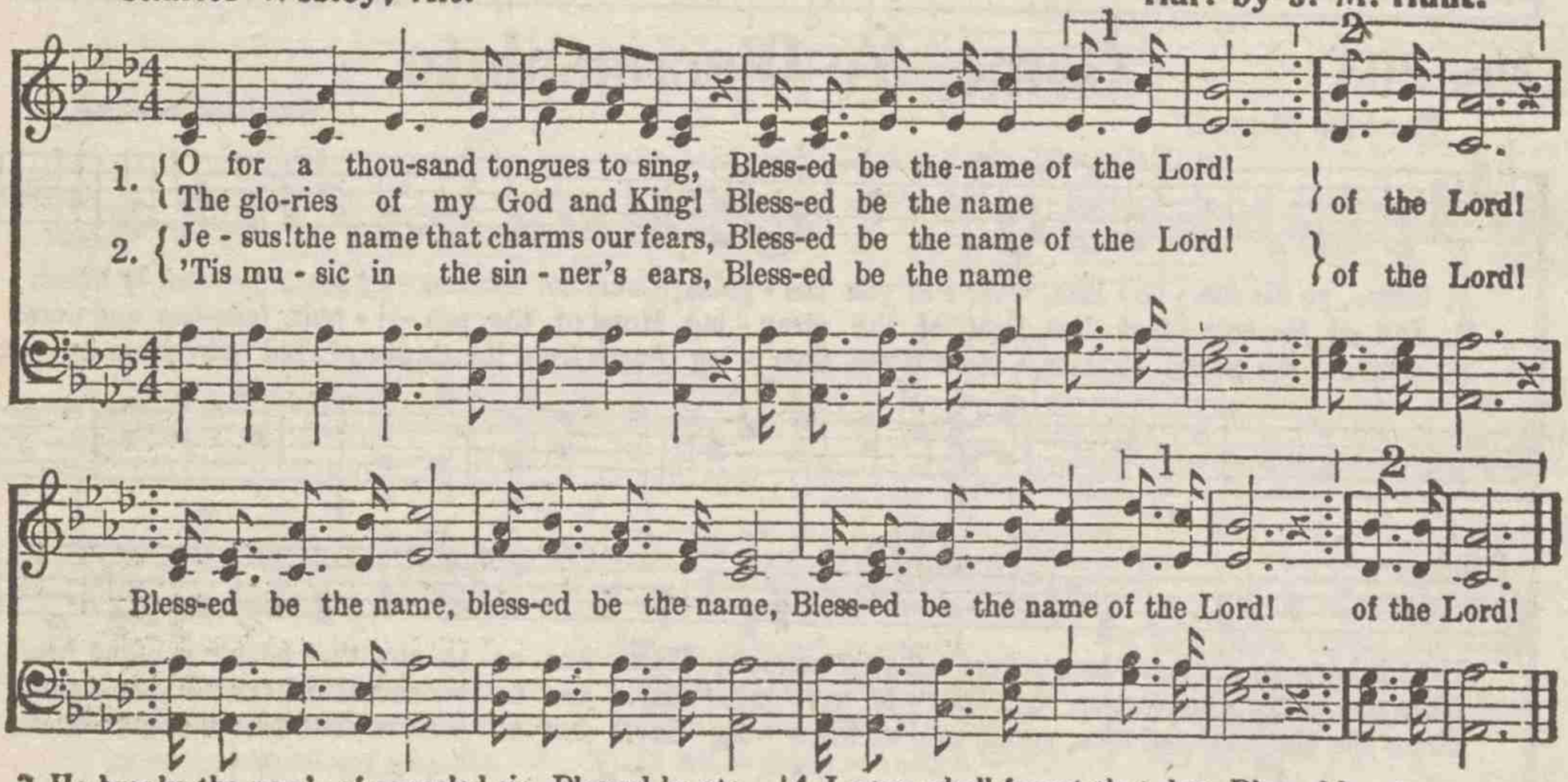


2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee
Long has evil reign'd within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
"I will cleanse you from all sin."

3 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store,
Soul and body Thine to be,
Wholly Thine forevermore.

No. 200. Blessed Be the Name.

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



3 He breaks the pow'r of canceled sin, Blessed be etc,
His blood can make the foulest clean, Blessed be etc,

4 I never shall forget that day, Blessed be etc,
When Jesus washed my sins away, Blessed be etc,

No. 201. 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. 202. 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. 203. Come, Ye Disconsolate.

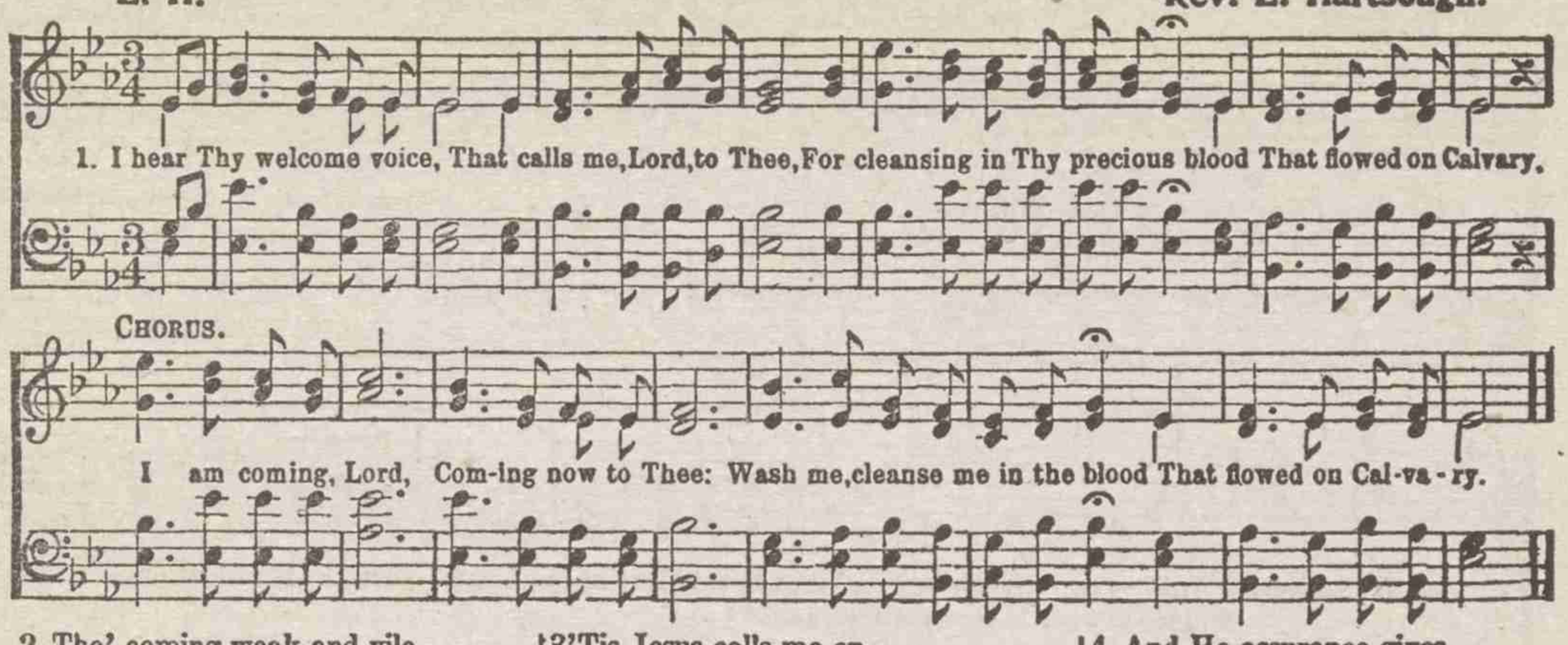
Thomas Moore. Samuel Webbe.

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. 204. I Am Coming, Lord.

L. H. Rev. L. Hartsough.



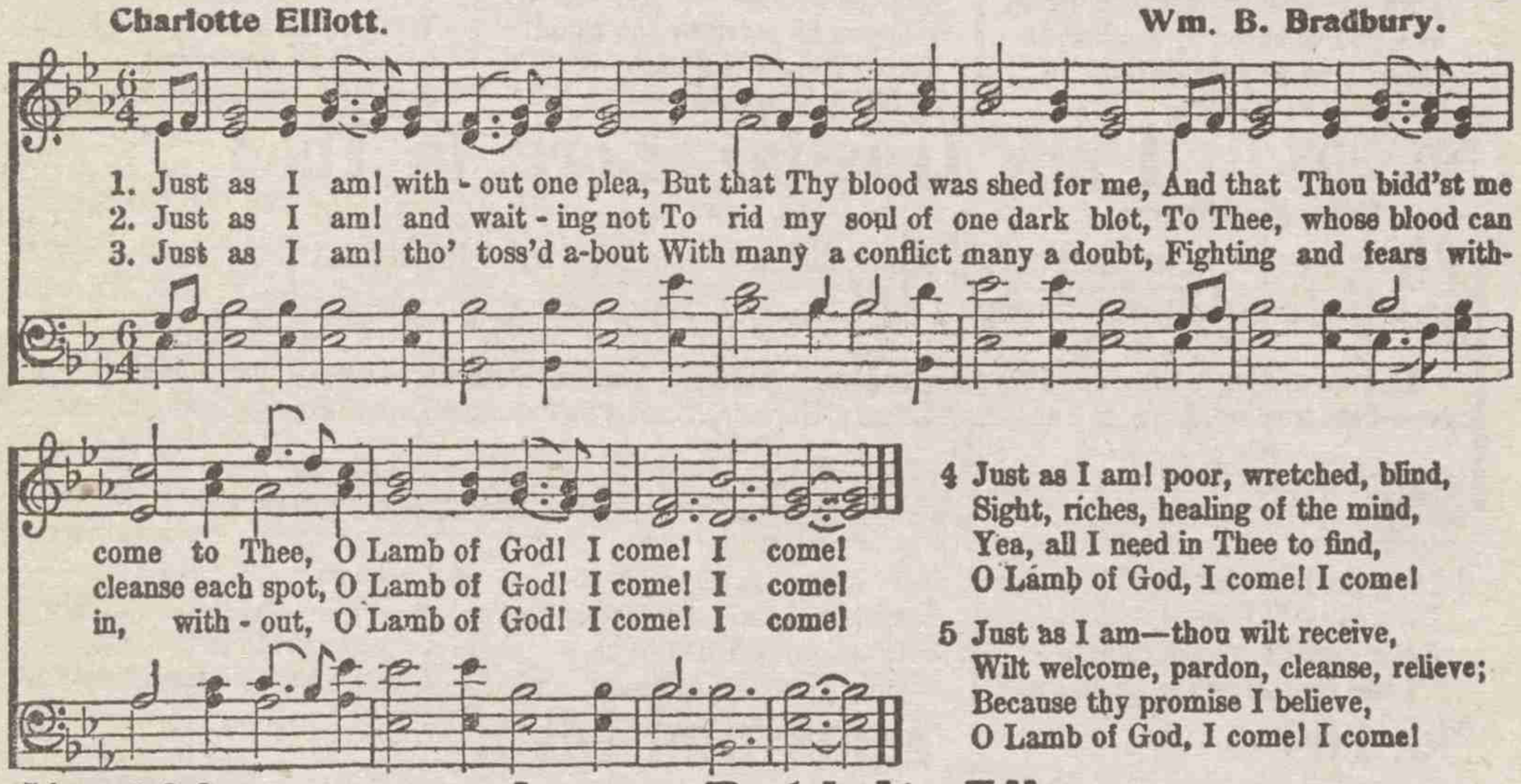
2 Tho' coming weak and vile
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all, and pure.

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. 205. Just As I Am.

Charlotte Elliott. Wm. B. Bradbury.

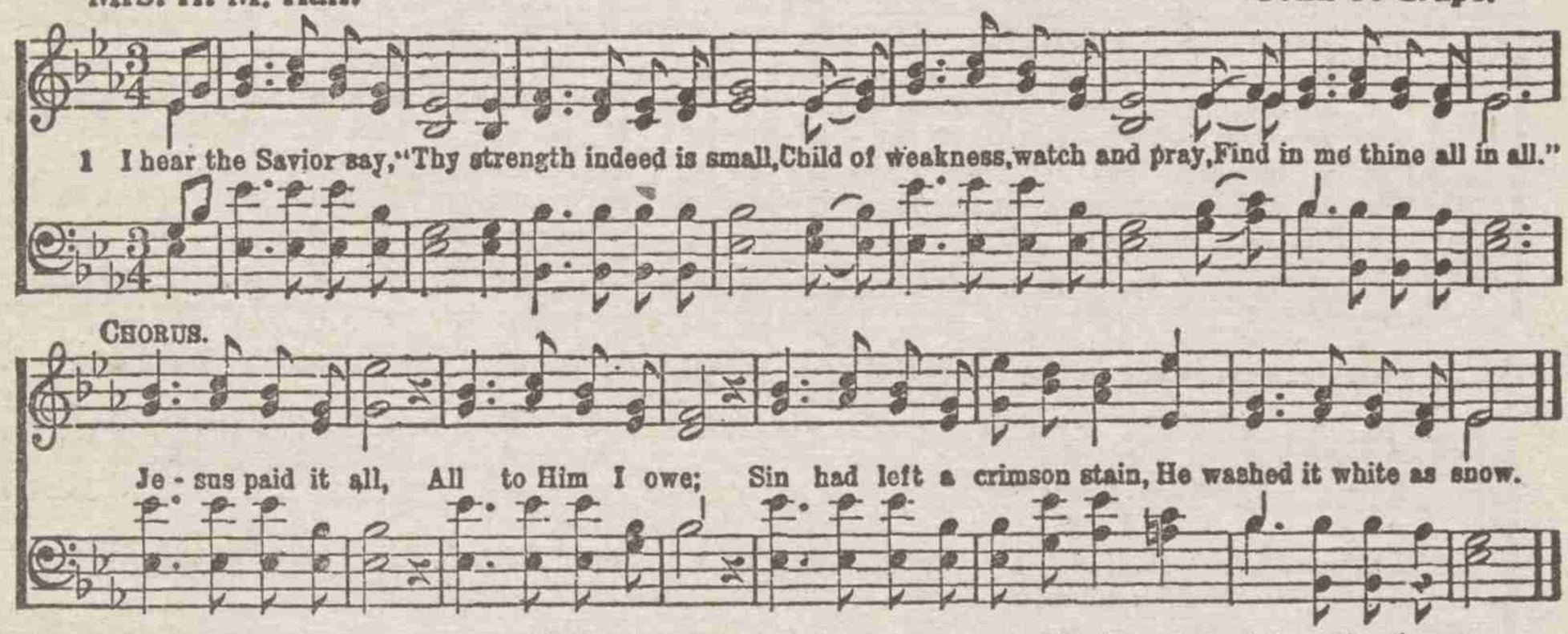


4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

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. 206. 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. 207. Will You be Saved by the Blood?

E. O. E. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL. RENEWAL. E. O. Excell.

1. List, the Spir-it calls to thee, Will you be saved by the blood?
Je - sus died to make you free, Will you be saved by the blood?
Par-don free - ly giv-en, Cleans-ing

CHORUS.

you for heav-en. Will you be saved, Saved by the blood of the Lamb; Saved by the blood of the Lamb.
Will you be saved by the blood of the Lamb?

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. 208. I am Trusting, Lord, in Thee.

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

1. I am coming to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind; I am counting all but dross, I shall full salvation find.
CHO.—I am trusting, Lord, in Thee; Blest Lamb of Calvary; Humbly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Jesus, save me now.

2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,—
"I will cleanse you from all sin."

3 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body Thine to be,
Wholly Thine forevermore.

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

No. 209. Look and Live.

W. A. O. COPYRIGHT, 1887 BY E. O. EXCELL. W. A. Ogden. FINE

1. I've a mes-sage from the Lord, Hal - le - lu - jah! The mes-sage un - to you I'll give;
'Tis re - cord - ed in His Word, Hal - le - lu - jah! It is on - ly that you "look and live,"
2. I've a mes-sage full of love, Hal - le - lu - jah! A mes-sage, O my friend, for you;
'Tis a mes-sage from a - bove, Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus said it, and I know 'tis true.

D. C.—'Tis re - cord - ed in His Word, Hal - le - lu - jah! It is on - ly that you "look and live."

D. C.

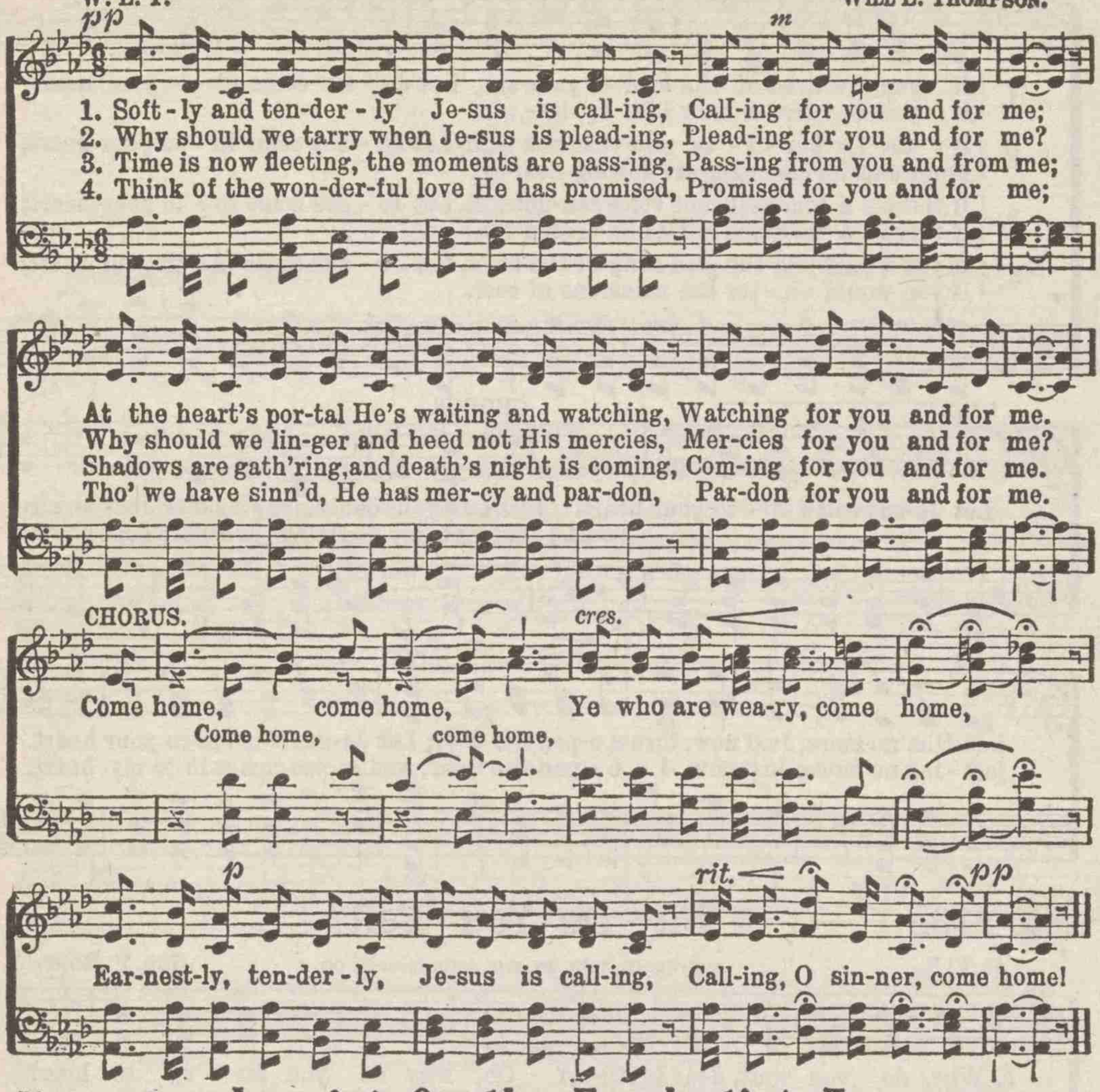
"Look and live"..... my broth-er, live, live, live, Look to Je - sus now and live,
"Look and live," my broth - er, live. "Look and live."

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. 210. Softly and Tenderly.

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

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

No. 211. Leaning On the Everlasting Arms.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. USED BY PERMISSION. A. J. SHOWALTER.

No. 212. Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY H. L. GILMOUR.
USED BY PERMISSION.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;
   If you de - sire a new life to be - gin,
2. If 'tis for pur - i - ty now that you sigh, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;
   Fountains for cleansing are flowing near by,
3. If there's a tem-pest your voice can-not still, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;
   If there's a void this world nev-er can fill,
4. If you would join the glad song of the blest, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;
   If you would en - ter the mansions of rest,

CHORUS.

Let Je-sus come in - to your heart. Just now your doubtings give o'er, Just now, re-
[*Last.*] Just now my doubtings are o'er; Just now, re-
ject Him no more, Just now, throw o-pen the door; Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.
ject - ing no more; Just now, I o - pen the door, And Je-sus comes in-to my heart.

No. 213. Why Do You Wait?

G. F. R. COPYRIGHT, 1878, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. GEO. F. ROOT.

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

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

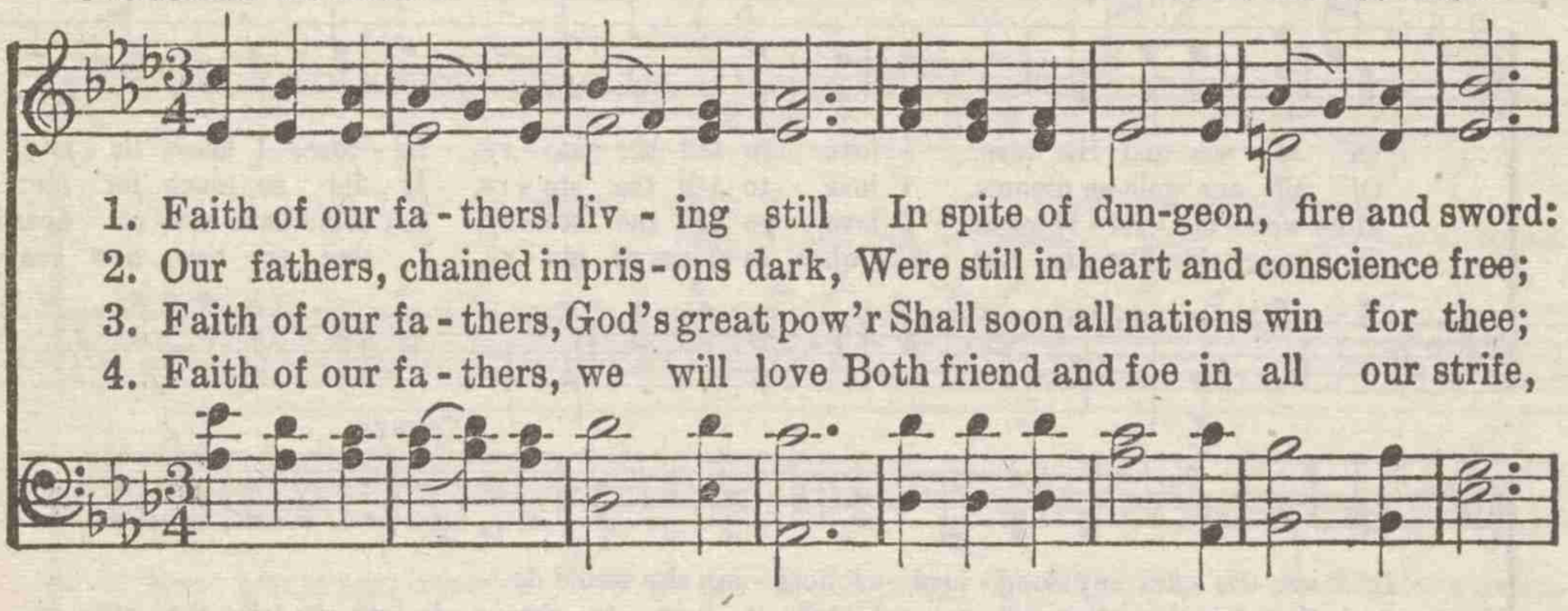
CHORUS.

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

Devotional Hymns

No. 214. Faith of Our Fathers!

Frederick W. Faber. H. F. Hemy, adpt.



No. 215. 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. 216. 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. 217. Since I Have Been Redeemed.

E. O. E.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC.
COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY E. O. EXCELL. RENEWAL.

E. O. Excell.

1. I have a song I love to sing, Since I have been re-deemed, Of my Re-deem-er, Sav-ior, King,
2. I have a Christ that sat-is-fies, Since I have been re-deemed, To do His will my high-est prize,
3. I have a wit-ness bright and clear, Since I have been re-deemed, Dis-pel-ling ev-'ry doubt and fear,
4. I have a home pre-pared for me, Since I have been re-deemed, Where I shall dwell e-ter-nal-ly,

CHORUS.

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

1 2

Since I have been redeemed, I will glo-ry in His name; I will glo-ry in my Sav-ior's name.

No. 218. There is Glory in My Soul.

Grace Weiser Davis.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Since I lost my sins, and I found my Sav-ior, There is glo-ry in my soul! Since by faith I
2. Since He cleansed my heart, gave me sight for blindness, There is glo-ry in my soul! Since He touched and
3. Since with God I've walked, having sweet communion, There is glo-ry in my soul! Brighter grows each
4. Since I en-tered Ca-naan on my way to heav'n, There is glo-ry in my soul! Since the day my

CHORUS.

sought and obtained God's fa-vor, There is glo-ry in my soul.
healed me in lov-ing-kindness, There is glo-ry in my soul. There is glo-ry, glo-ry, there is
day in this heav'n-ly un-ion, There is glo-ry in my soul.
life to the Lord was giv-en, There is glo-ry in my soul.

1 2

glo-ry in my soul! Ev'ry day brighter grows, And I conquer all my foes; There is glo-ry in my soul!
glo-ry in my soul!

No. 219. 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. 220. 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. 221. To Calvary I Will Go.

E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY LIZZIE E. SWENEY.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Down in - to the foun - tain I would deep-er go; Down in - to the foun - tain, mak-ing white as snow;
2. Down in - to the foun - tain, deep-er, deep-er still, Till the grace of Je - sus all my be - ing fill,
3. Down in - to the foun - tain flow-ing from the cross, Let the might-y cur - rents sweep a - way all dross;

Tho' with sins of scar - let, and of crim - son dyed, I shall come up spot - less from the sav - ing tide.
Till the Ho - ly Spir - it works the change di-vine, Mak-ing "earth-en ves - sels" with His glo - ry shine.
Ev - er there a - bid - ing thro' His wondrous love, Wash-ing there the gar-ments for the feast a - bove.

CHORUS.

To Cal-v'ry I will go, The bless-ed Word I know, The precious blood of Je - sus cleanseth white as snow;
His voice is call - ing still, To "Who-so-ev-er will;" Down in - to the foun-tain I would deep - er go.

No. 222. No, Not One.

Johnson Oatman, Jr.

USED BY PERMISSION OF GEO. C. HUGG,
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Geo. C. Hugg.

Slow, and with feeling.

1. { There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!
   { None else could heal all our souls' dis - eas - es, No, not one! [*Omit . . .*] no, not one!

D. C.—*There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one!* [*Omit . . .*] *no, not one!*

CHORUS.

Je - sus knows all a - bout our strug-gles, He will guide till the day is done;

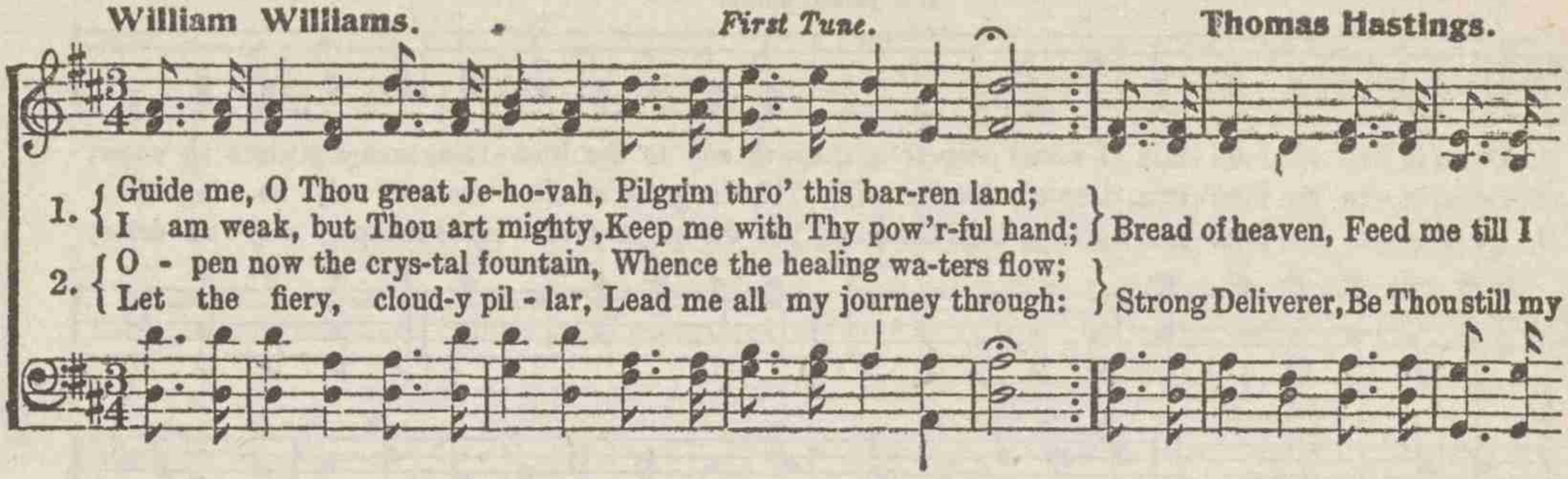
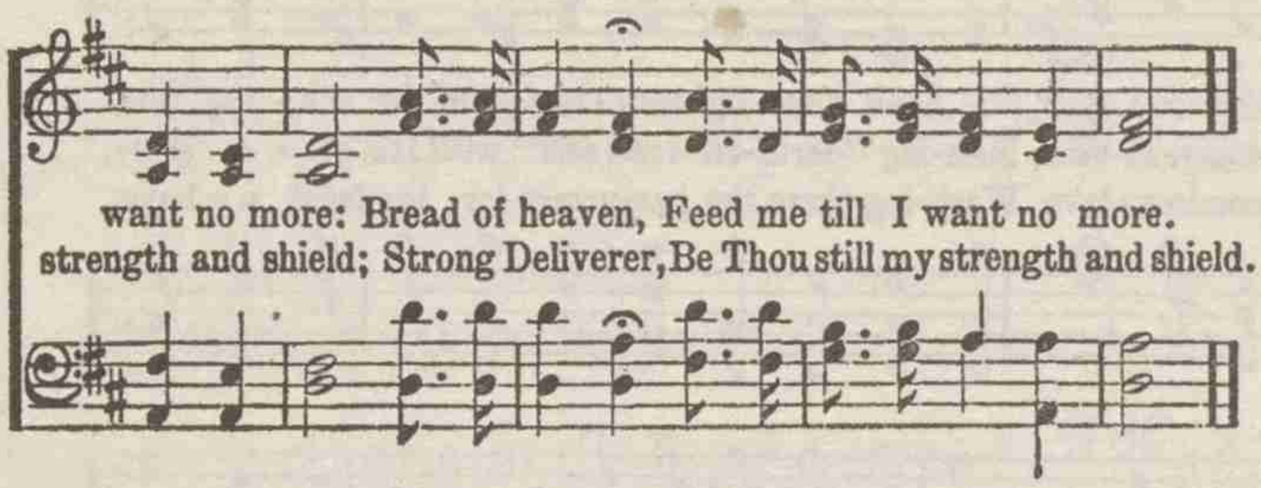
2 No friend like Him is so high and holy, No, etc.
And yet no friend is so meek and lowly, No, etc.

3 There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, etc.
No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, etc.

4 Did ever saint find this Friend forsake him? No, etc.
Or sinner find that He would not take Him? No, etc.

5 Was e'er a gift like the Savior given? No, etc.
Will He refuse us a home in heaven? No, etc.

No. 223. 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. 224. 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. 225. Hallelujah!

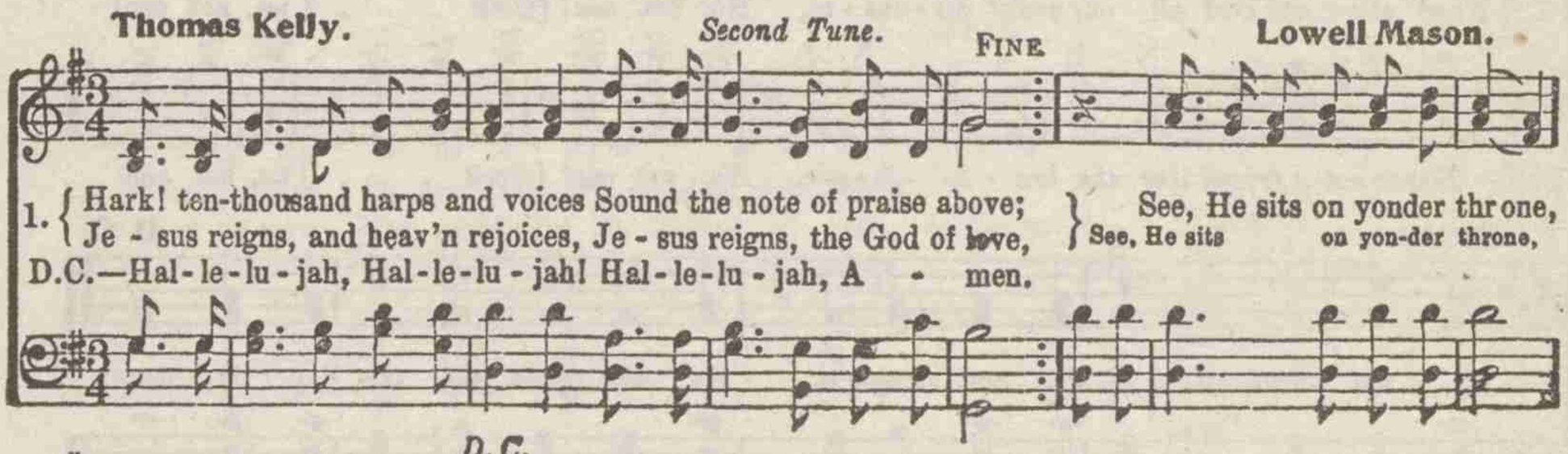
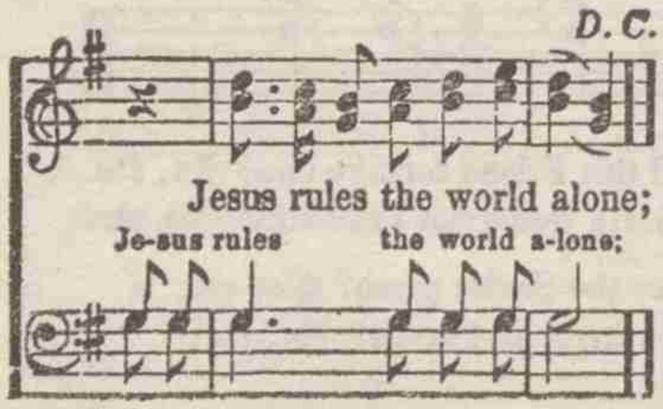
First or Second Tune.

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. 226. Hark! Ten Thousand.

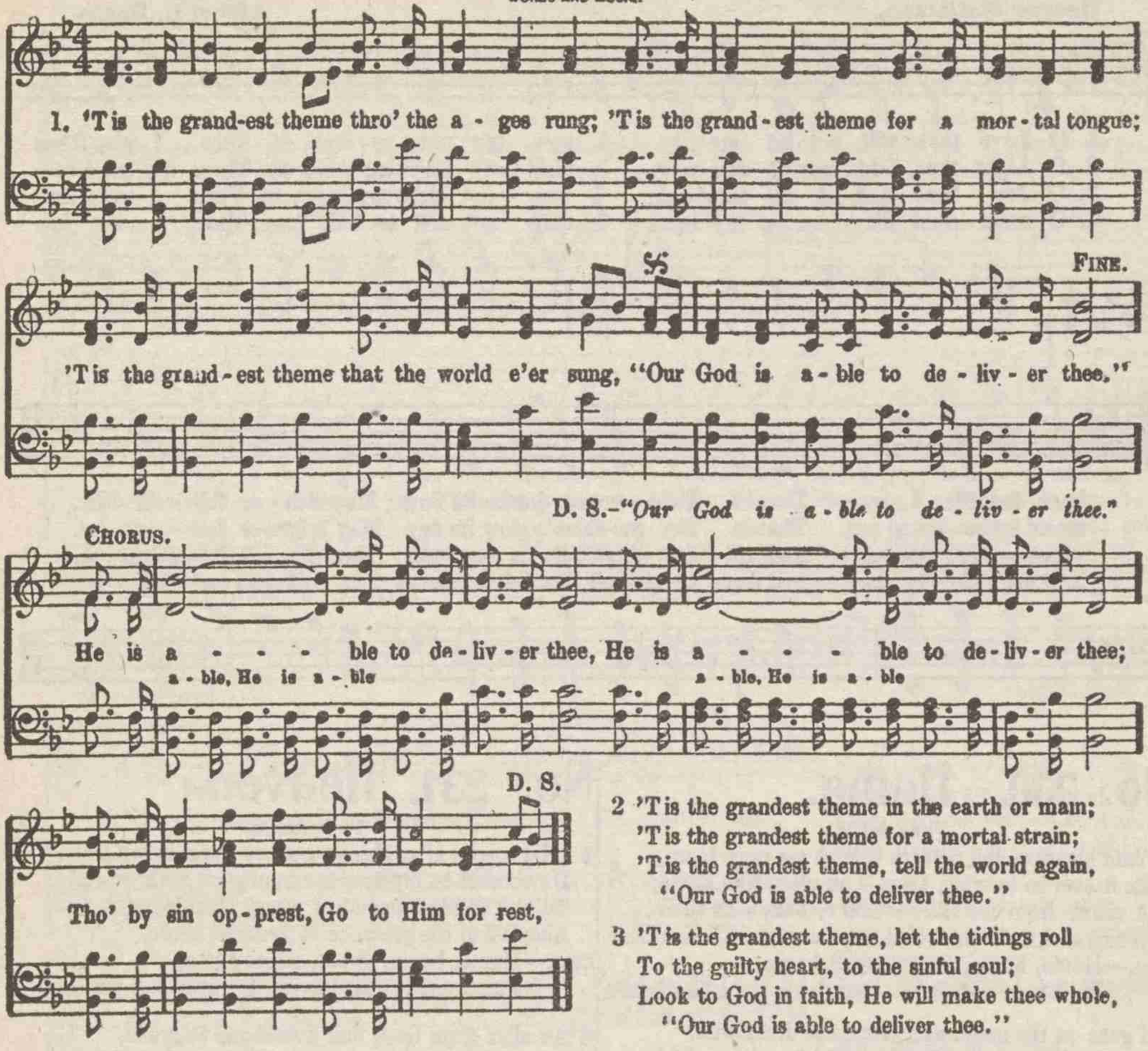
Thomas Kelly. *Second Tune.* FINE. Lowell Mason.

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. 227. He is Able to Deliver Thee.

W. A. O.

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

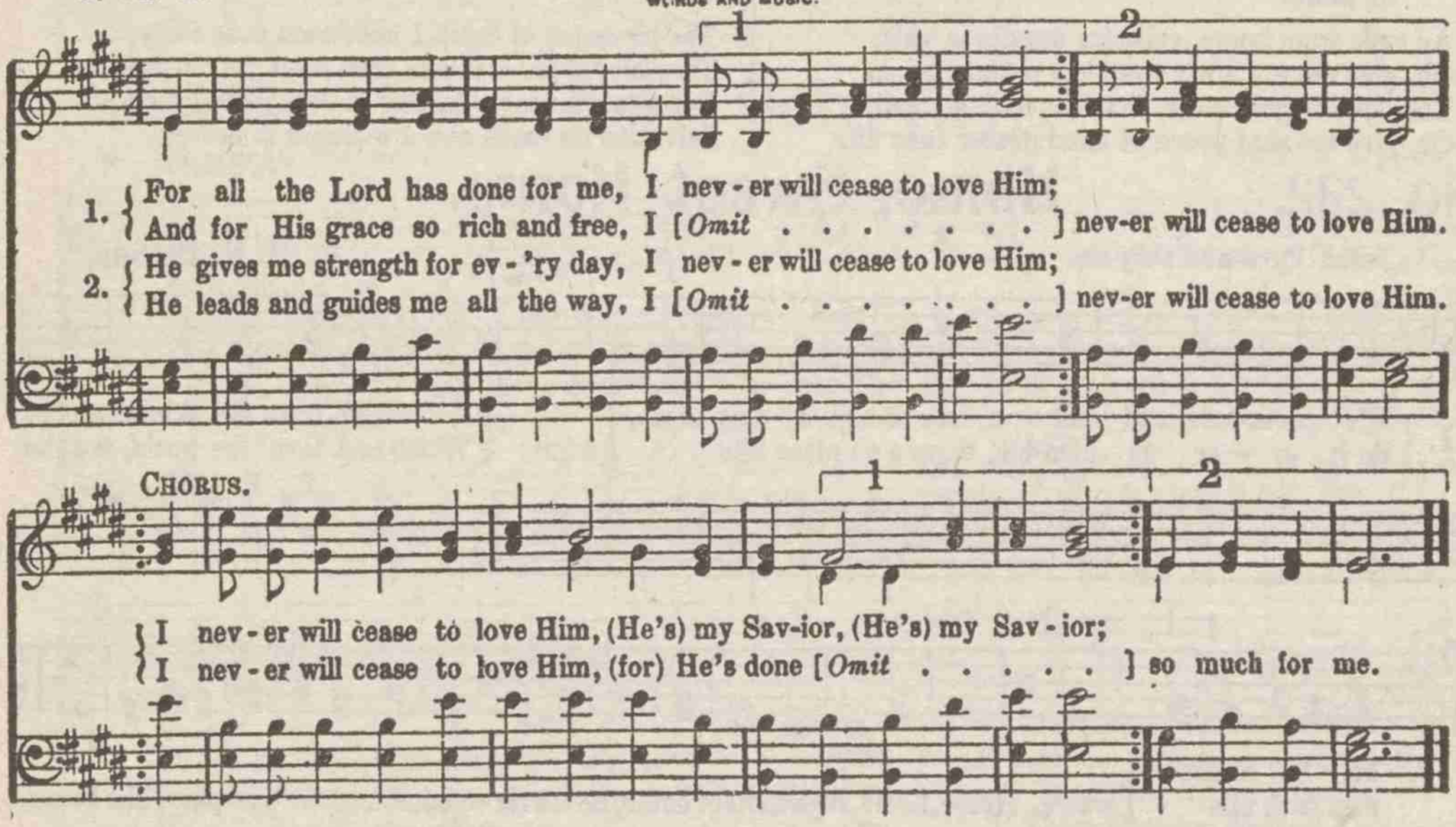
W. A. Ogden.

2 'T is the grandest theme in the earth or main;
'T is the grandest theme for a mortal strain;
'T is the grandest theme, tell the world again,
"Our God is able to deliver thee."

3 'T is the grandest theme, let the tidings roll
To the guilty heart, to the sinful soul;
Look to God in faith, He will make thee whole,
"Our God is able to deliver thee."

No. 228. I Never Will Cease to Love Him.

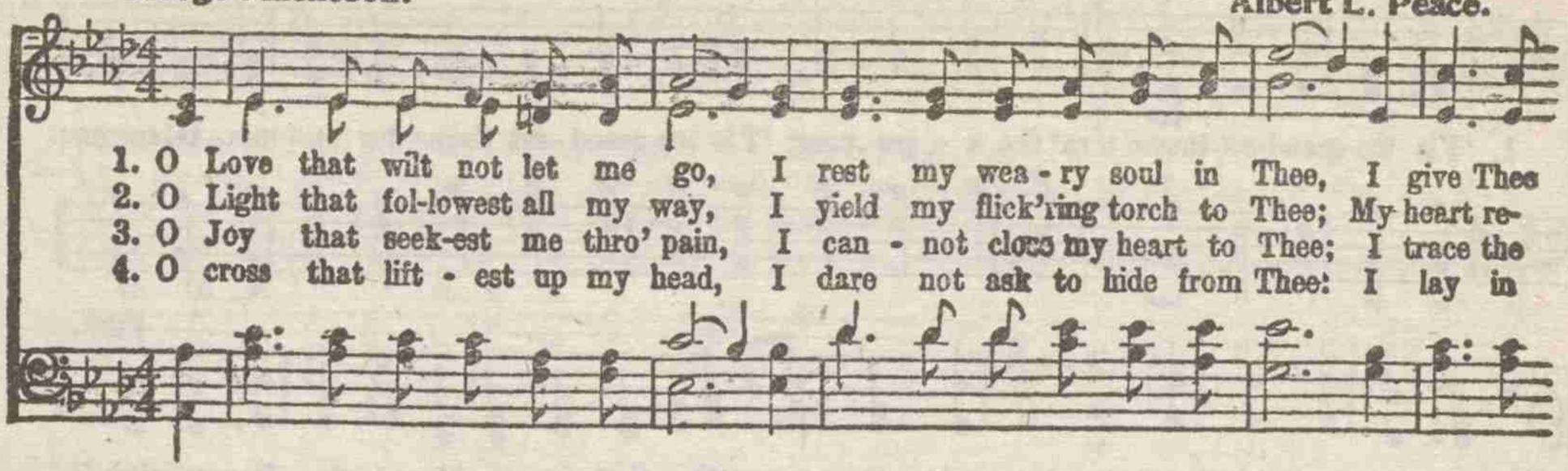
C. H. G.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.

3 He saves me every day and hour,
I never will cease to love Him;
Just now I feel His cleansing power,
I never will cease to love Him.

4 While on my journey here below,
I never will cease to love Him;
And when to that bright world I go,
I never will cease to love Him.

No. 229. O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

George Matheson. Albert L. Peace.

No. 230. 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. 231. 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.

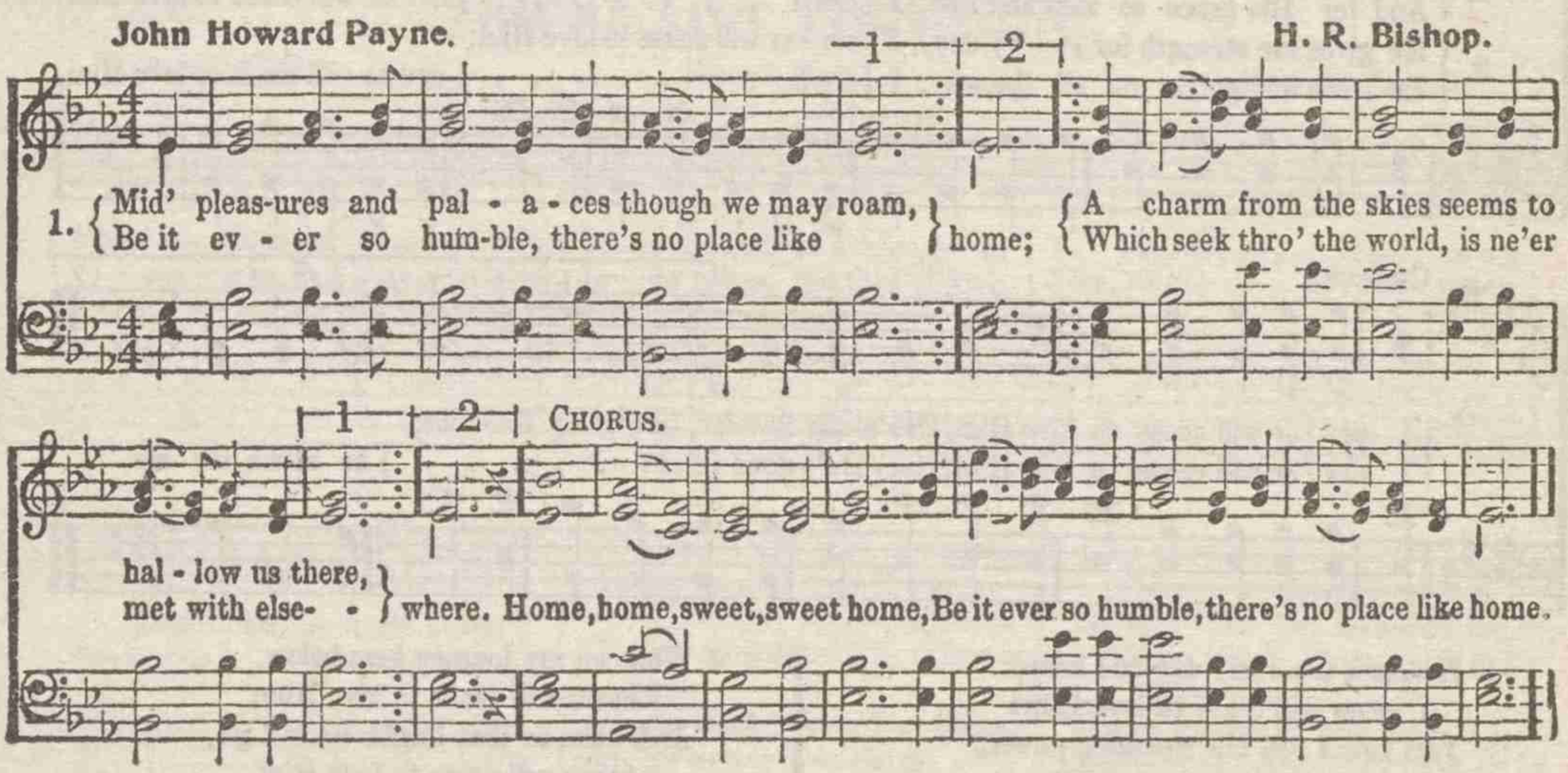
CHO.—Home, home, sweet, sweet home;
Prepare me, dear Savior, for heaven my home.

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. 232. Home, Sweet Home.

John Howard Payne. H. R. Bishop.



No. 233. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

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

FINE

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. 234. Holy Ghost, with Light 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.

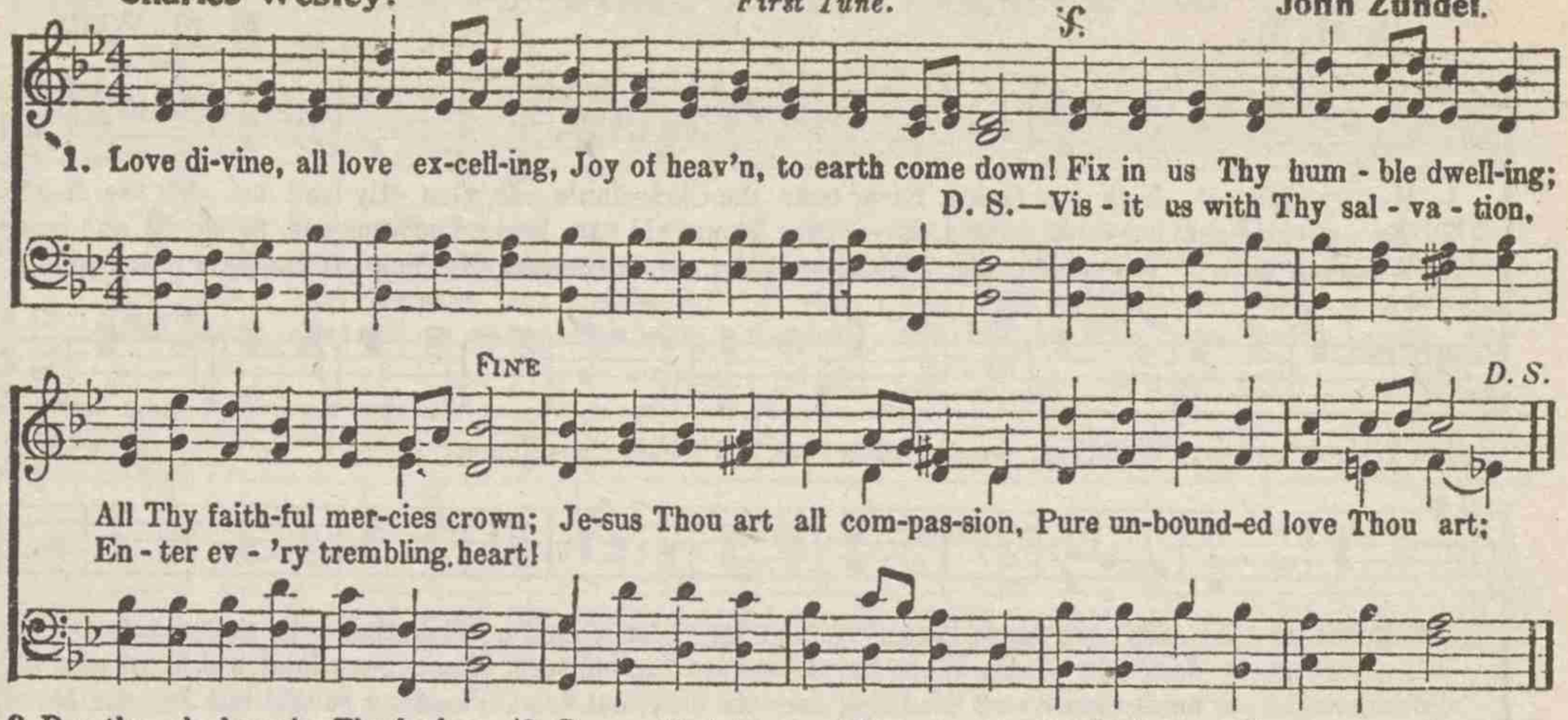
No. 235. Holy, Holy, Holy.

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. 236. 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. 237. Hark! the Voice of Jesus Calling.

First or Second Tune.

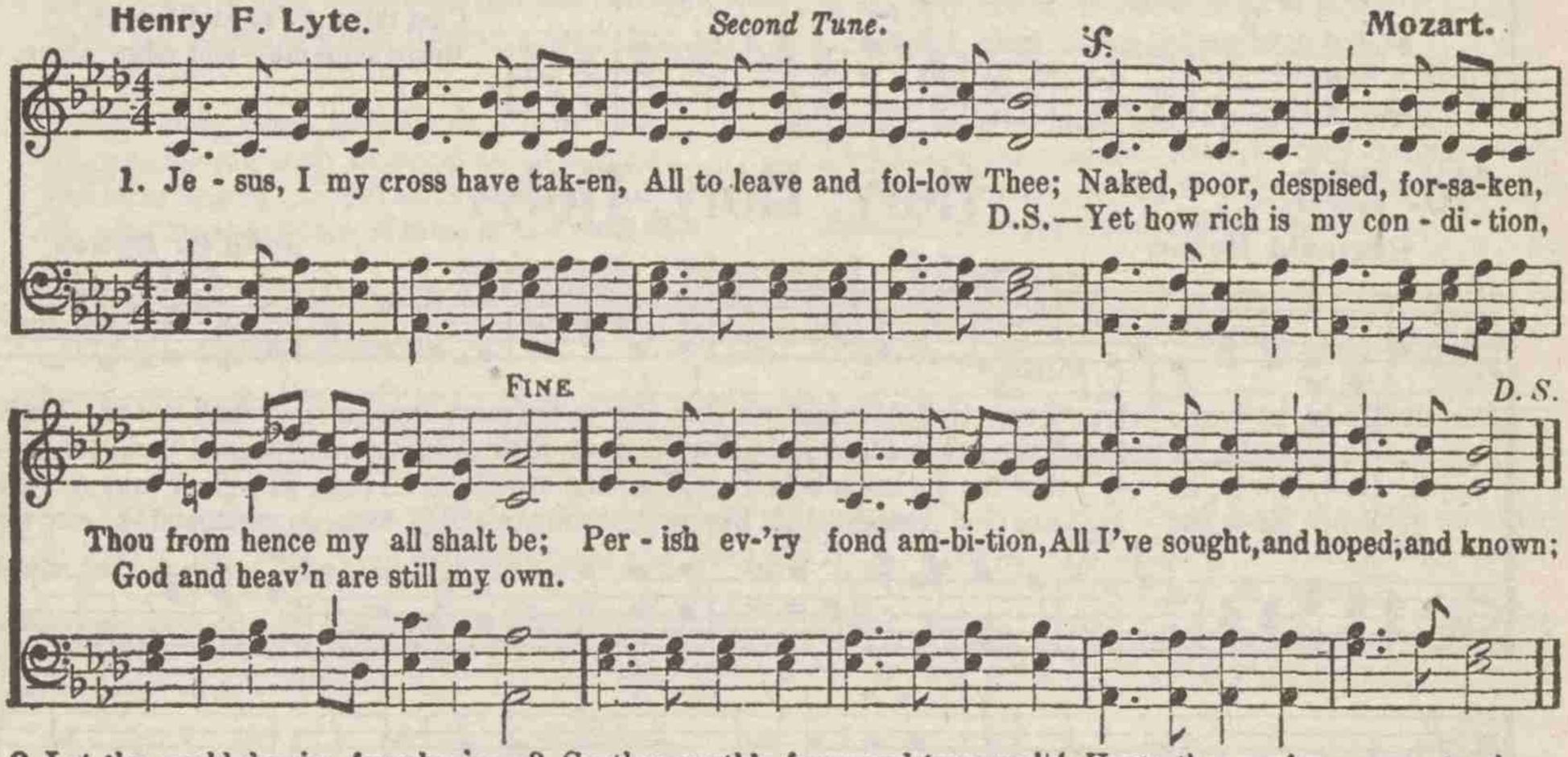
1 Hark! the voice of Jesus calling,
Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white, the harvest waiting
Who will bear the sheaves away!
Loud and long, the Master calleth
Rich reward He offers free;
Who will answer, gladly saying,
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."

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. 238. Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

Henry F. Lyte. *Second Tune.* Mozart.



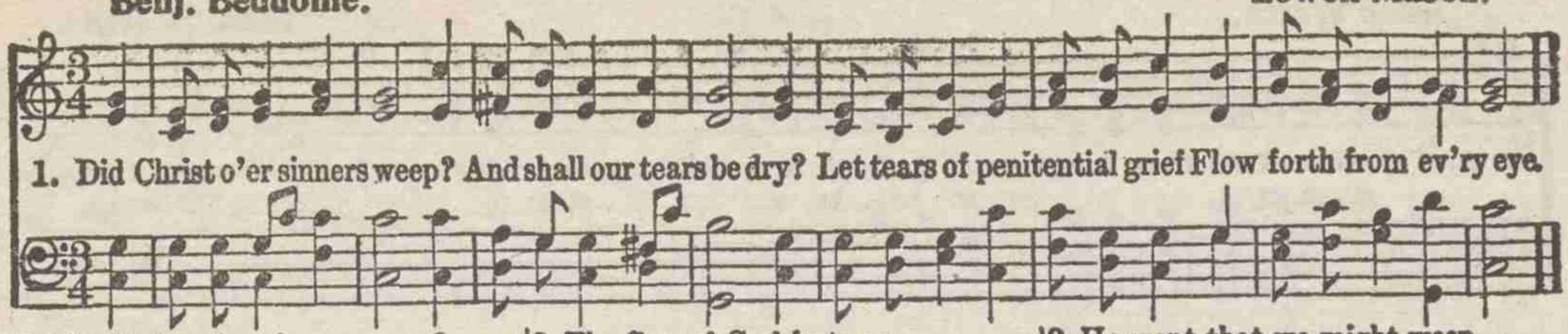
2 Let the world despise, forsake me,
They have left my Savior, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not, like man, untrue:
And, while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me,
Show Thy face and all is bright

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;
Stormy clouds may o'er me gather,
All must work for good to me.

4 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Led by faith, and winged by prayer
Heav'n's eternal day's before thee
God will safely guide thee there,
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

No. 239. Did Christ O'er Sinners Weep?

Benj. Beddome. Lowell Mason.

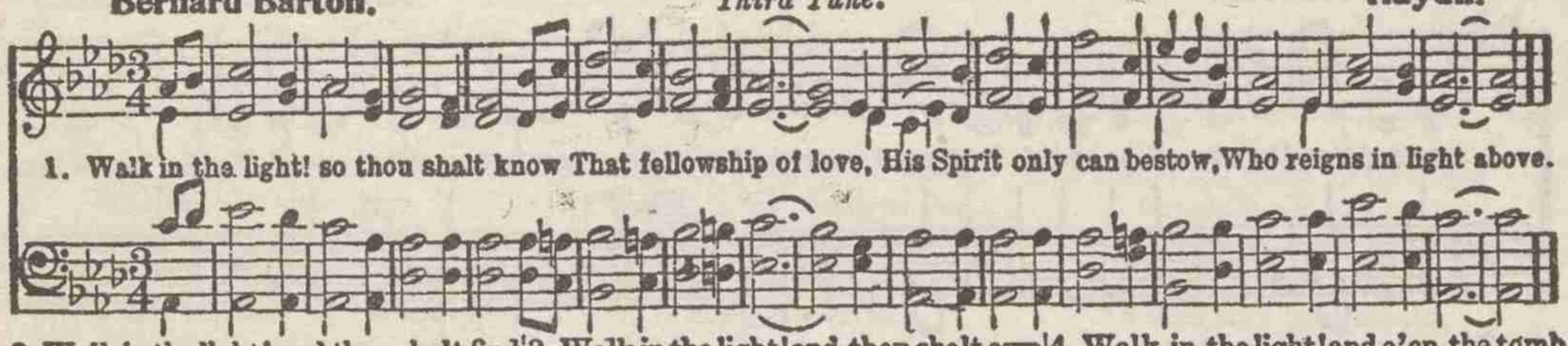


1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep?
And shall our tears be dry?
Let tears of penitential grief
Flow forth from every eye.

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. 240. Walk in the Light.

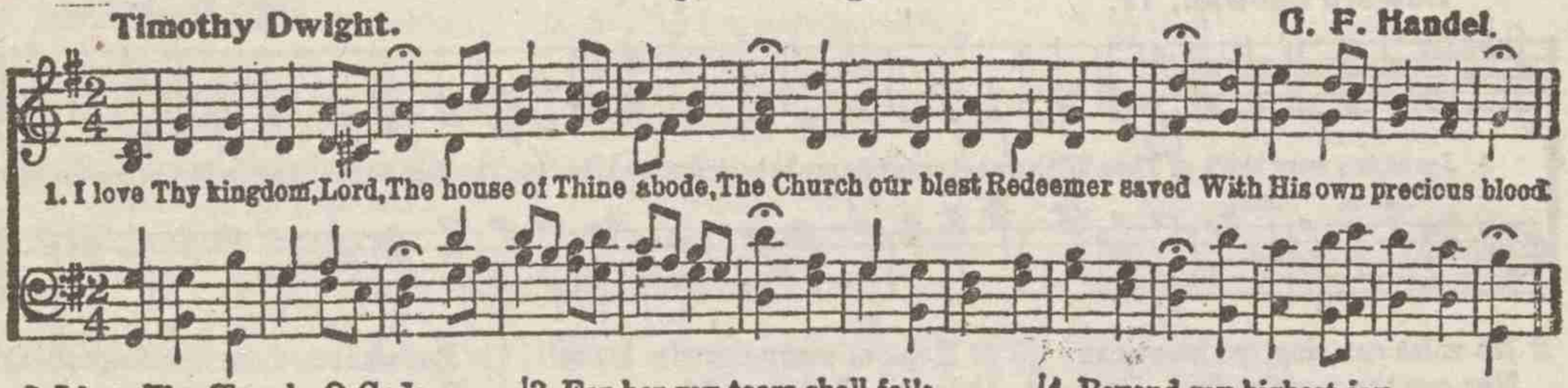
Bernard Barton. *Third Tune.* Haydn.

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. 241. I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

Timothy Dwight. G. F. Handel.



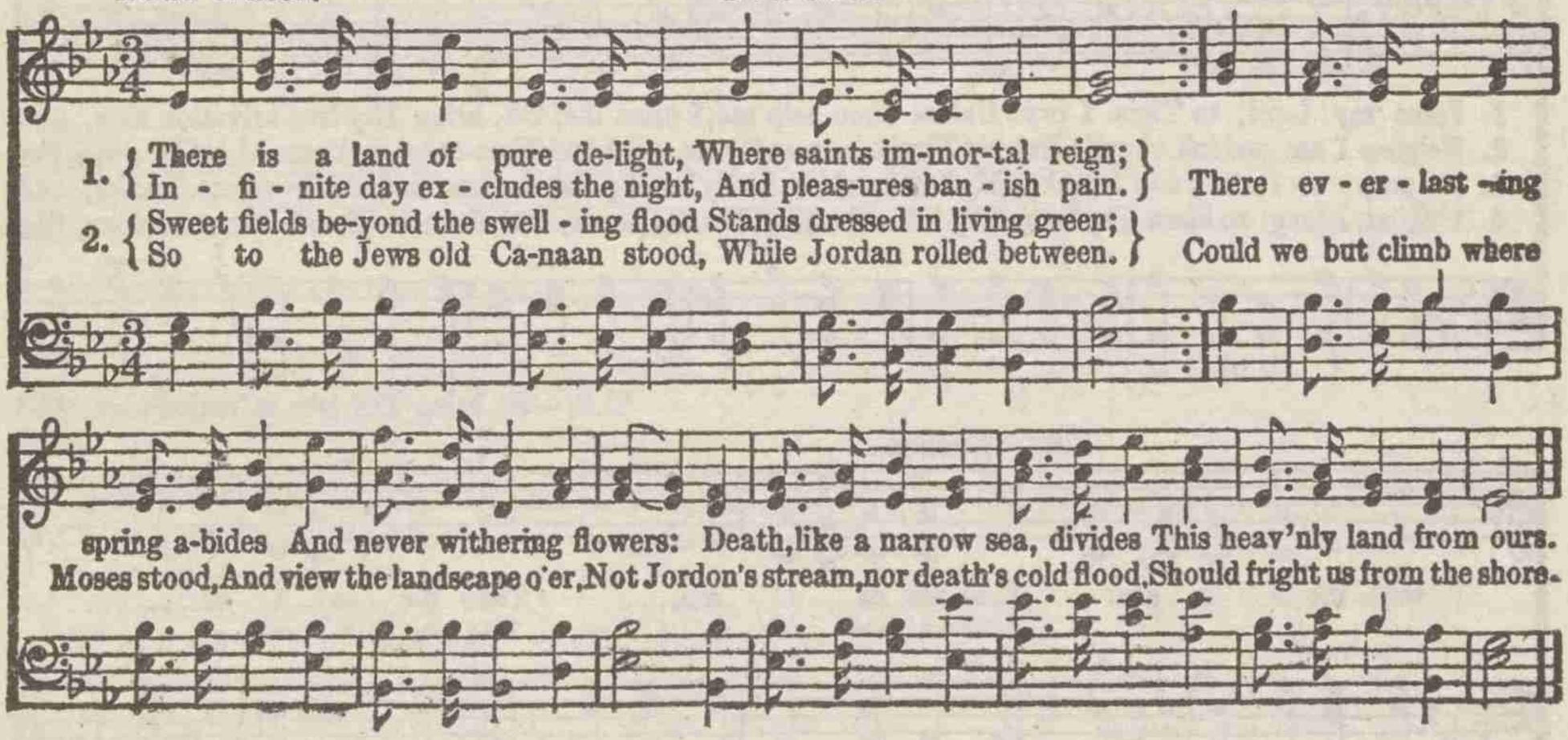
2 I love Thy Church, O God;
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

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.

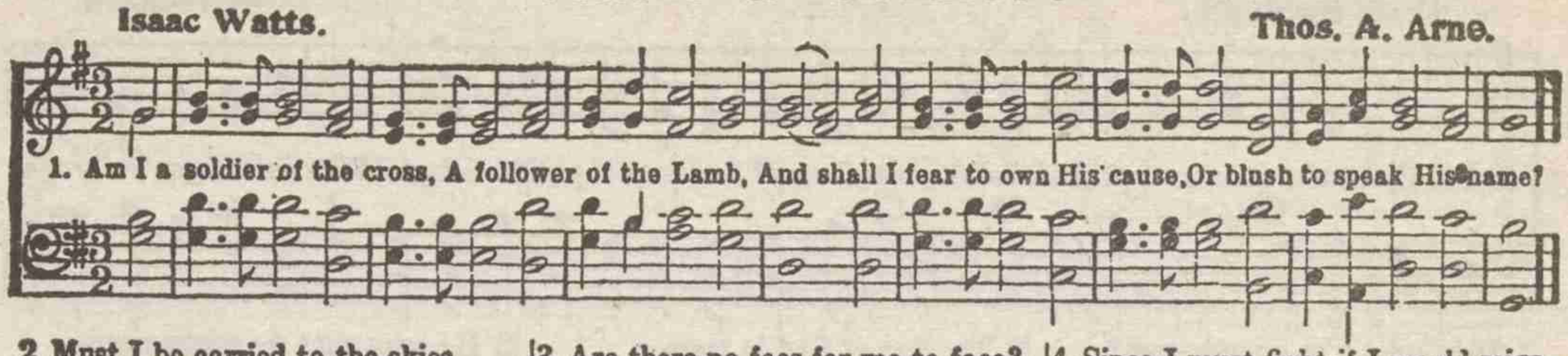
No. 242. There Is a Land Of Pure Delight.

Isaac Watts. *First Tune.* J. C. H. Rink.



No. 243. Am I a Soldier?

Isaac Watts. Thos. A. Arne.



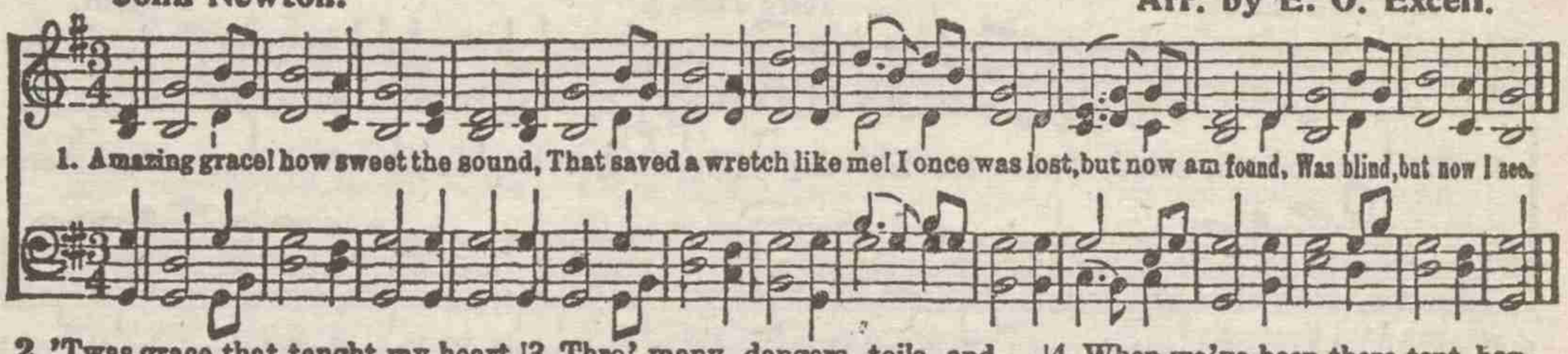
2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease, [prize,
While others fought to win the
And sailed thro' bloody seas?

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. 244. Amazing Grace.

John Newton. Arr. by E. O. Excell.



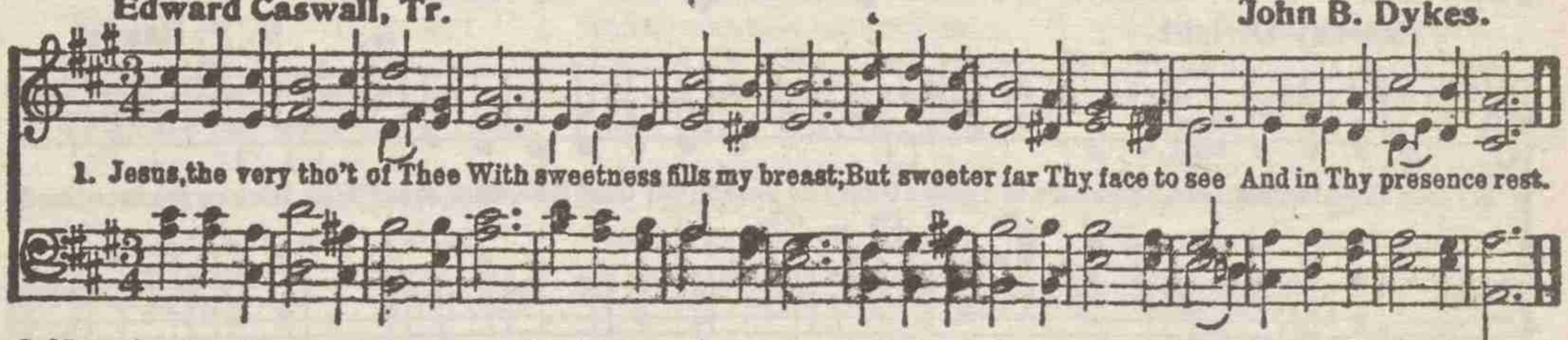
2 'Twas grace that taught my heart
And grace my fears relieved; [to fear
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!

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 ten thou-
Bright shining as the sun, [sand years
We've no less days to sing God's
Than when we first begun. [praise

No. 245. The Thought of Thee.

Edward Caswall, Tr. John B. Dykes.

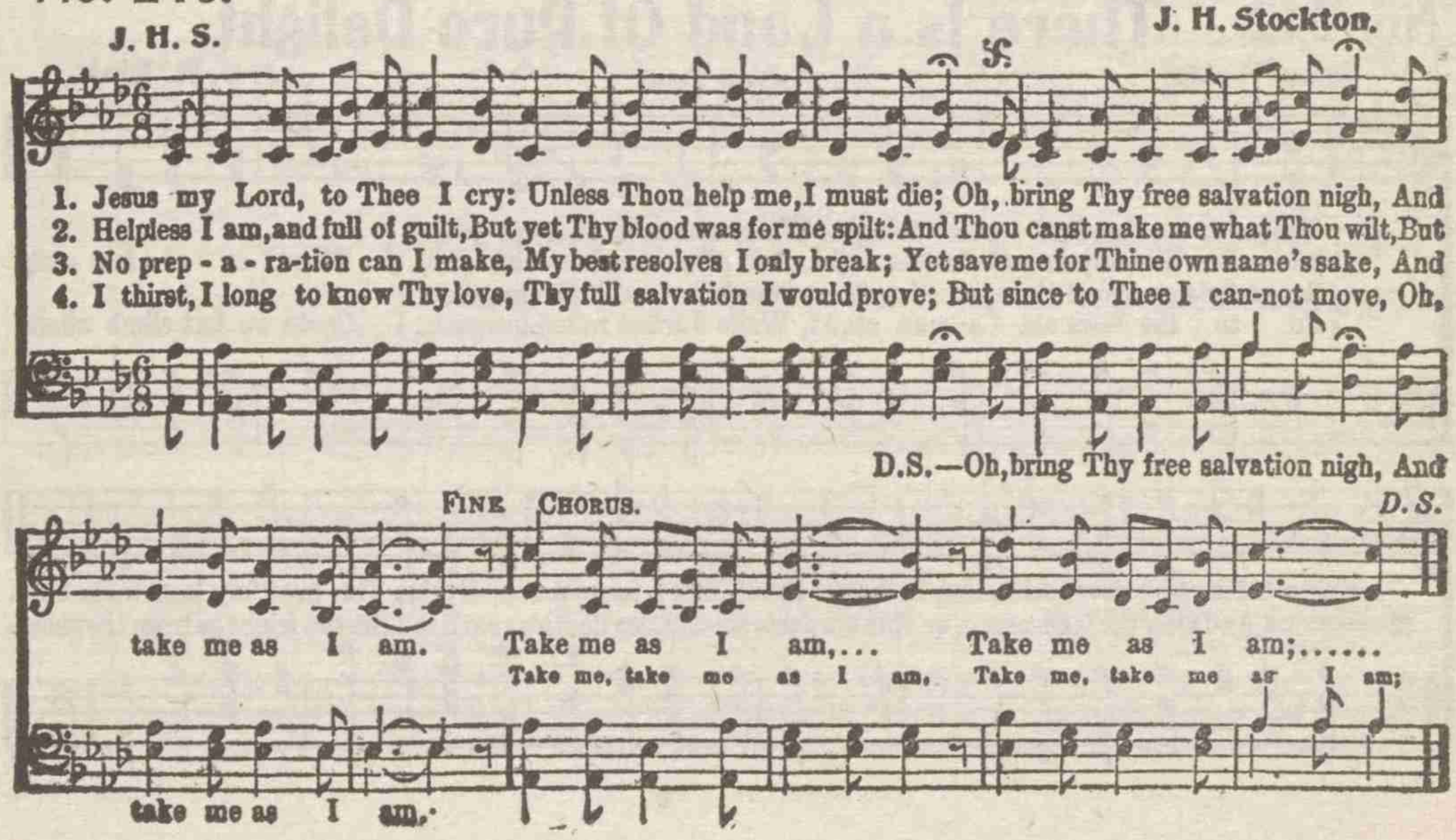


2 No voice can sing, no heart can
Nor can the mem'ry find [frame,
A sweeter sound than Thy blest
O Savior of man-kind! [name,

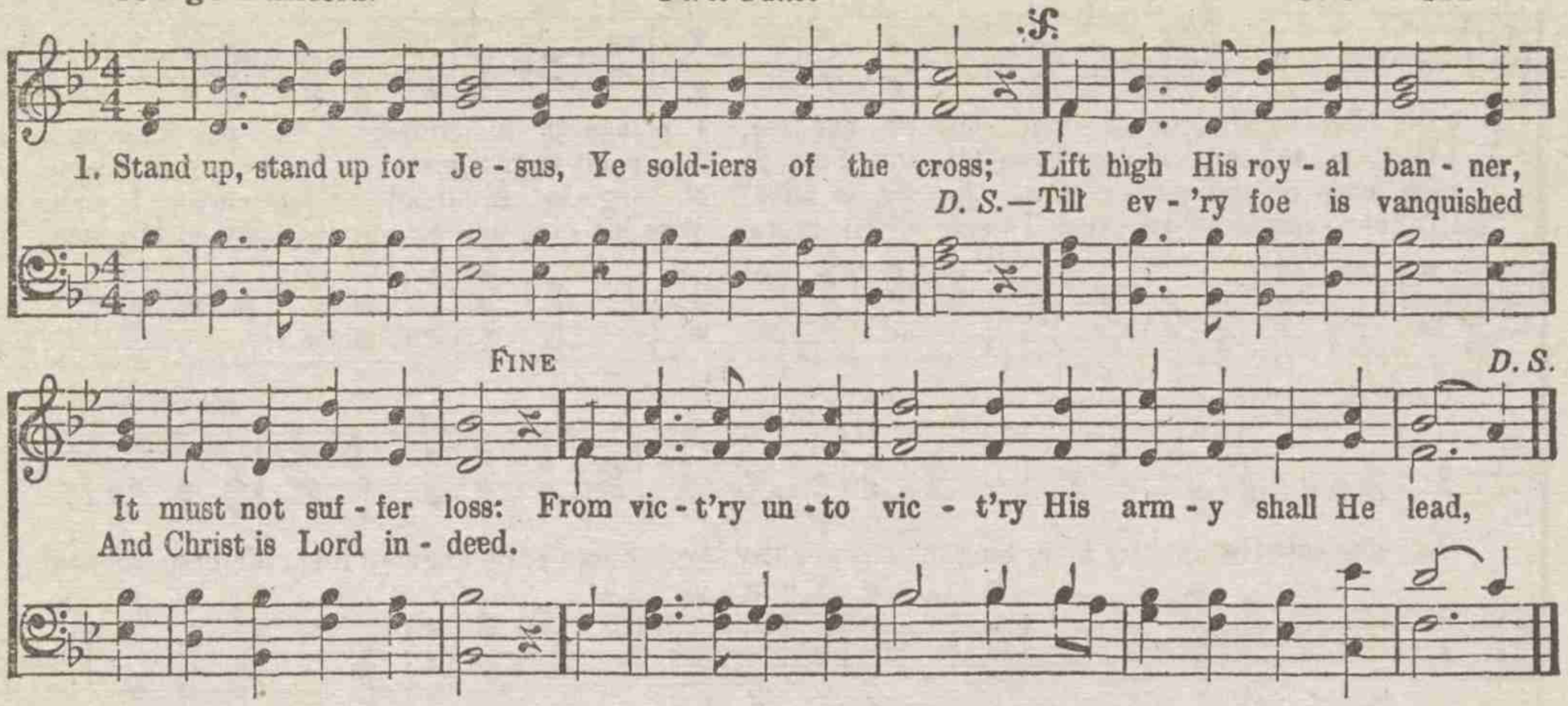
3 O Hope of every contrite heart!
O joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind Thou
How good to these who seek! [art!

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. 246. Take Me As I Am.

J. H. S. J. H. Stockton.

No. 247 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. 248 The Morning Light is Breaking.

First or Second Tune.

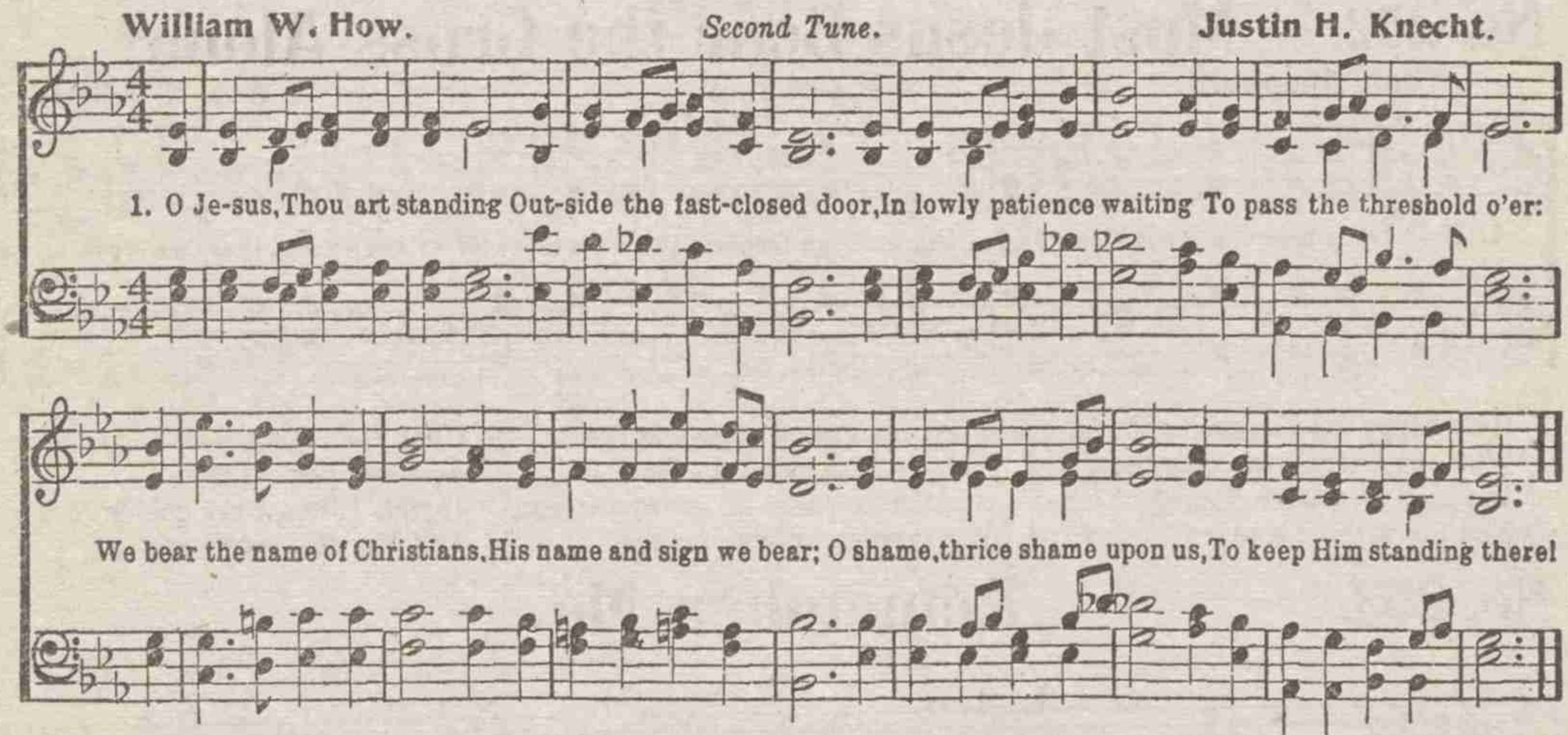
1 The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears,
The sons of earth are waking,
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

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. 249 O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.

William W. How. *Second Tune.* Justin H. Knecht.

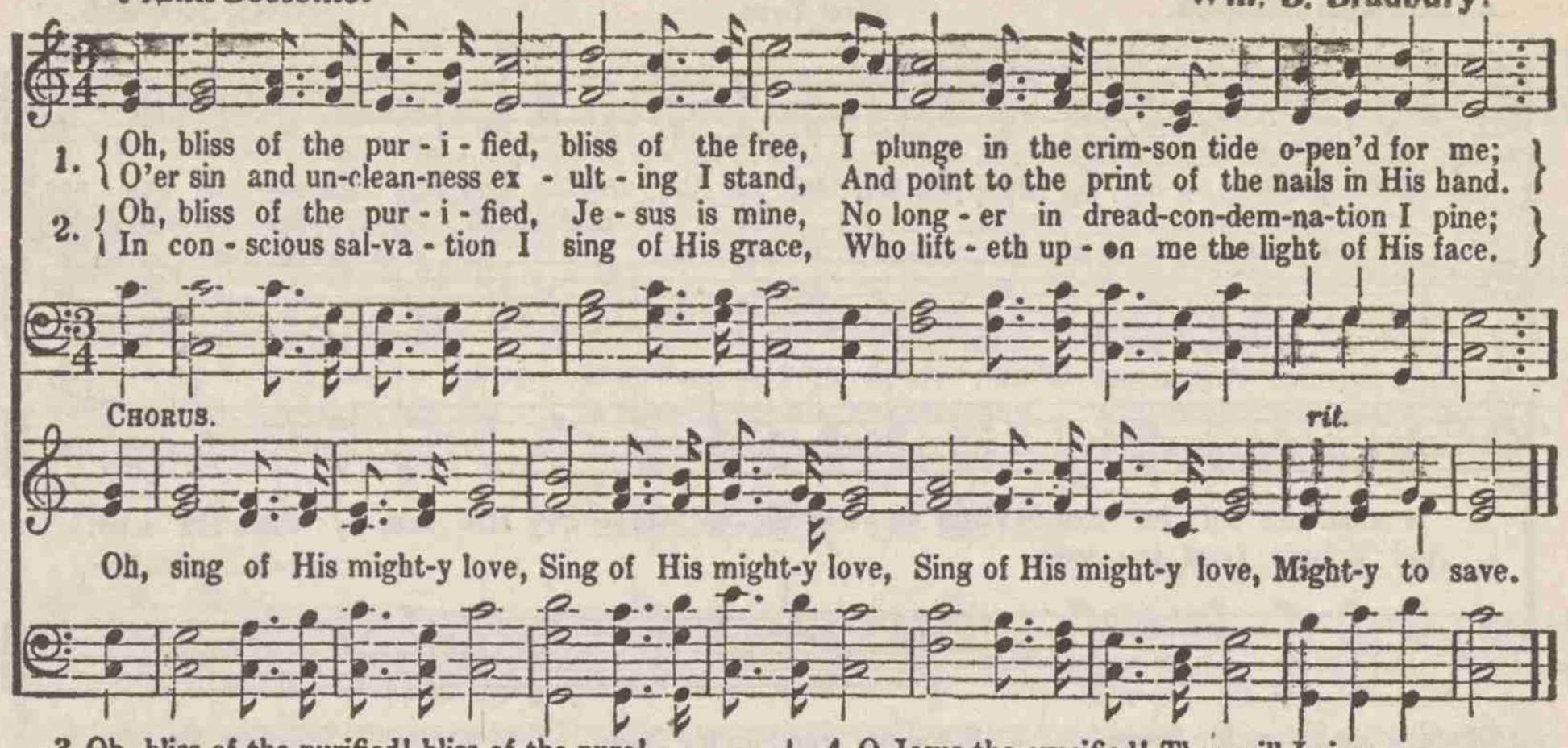


1 O Jesus, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
We bear the name of Christians,
His name and sign we bear;
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there!

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!

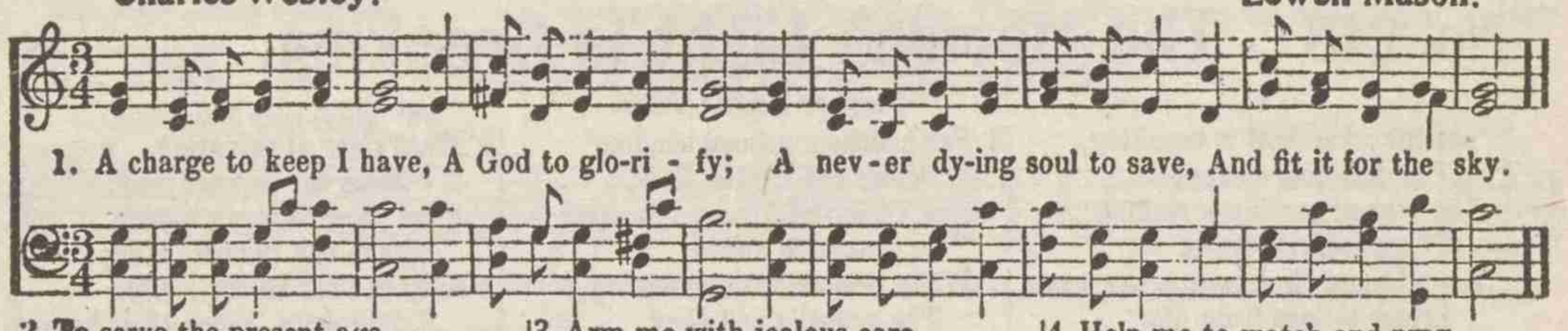
No. 250. O Sing of His Mighty Love.

Frank Bottome. Wm. B. Bradbury.

3 Oh, bliss of the purified! bliss of the pure!
No wound hath the soul that His blood cannot cure;
No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest,
No tears but may dry them on Jesus' breast.

4 O Jesus the crucified! Thee will I sing,
My blessed Redeemer, my God and my King;
My soul, filled with rapture, shall shout o'er the grave,
And triumph in death in the "Mighty to Save."

No. 251. A Charge to Keep.

Charles Wesley. Lowell Mason.



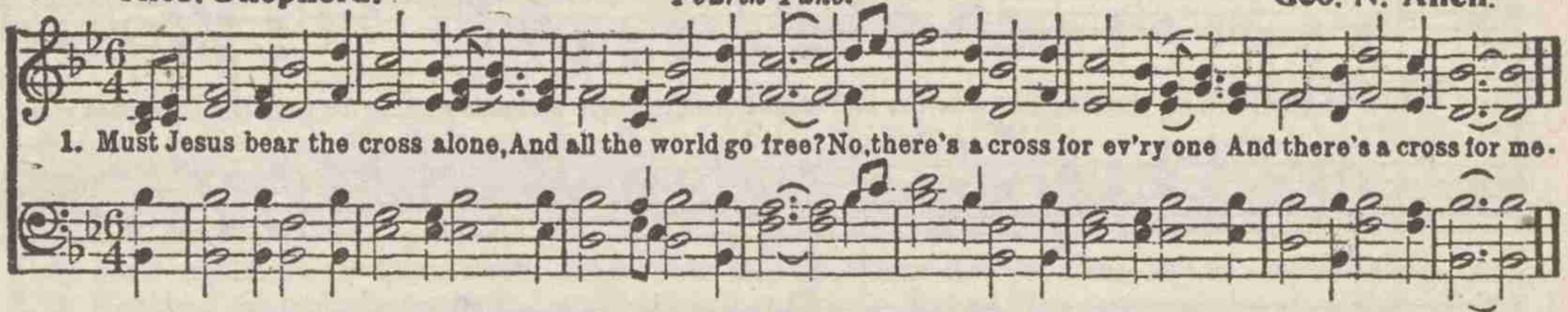
2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
Oh, may it all my pow'rs engage,
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As 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. 252. Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

Thos. Shepherd. *Fourth Tune.* Geo. N. Allen.

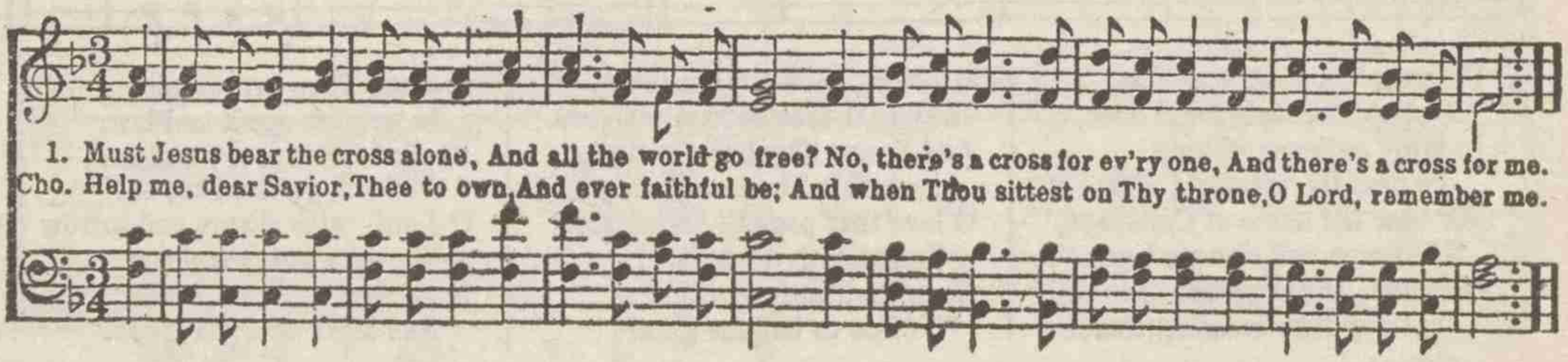


2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

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.

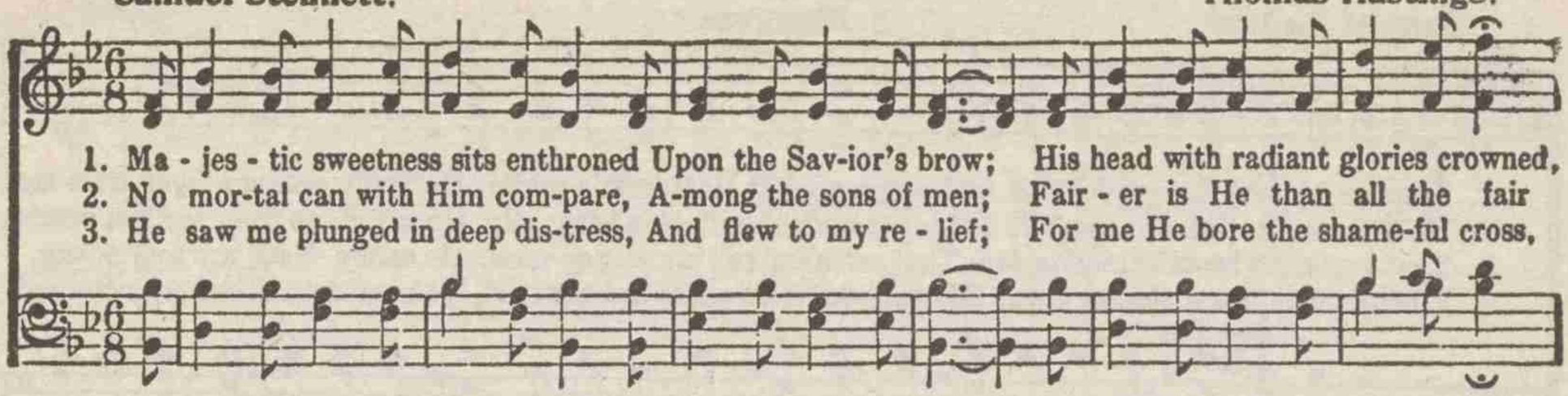
4 Upon the crystal pavement, down,
At Jesus pierced feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown
And His dear name repeat.

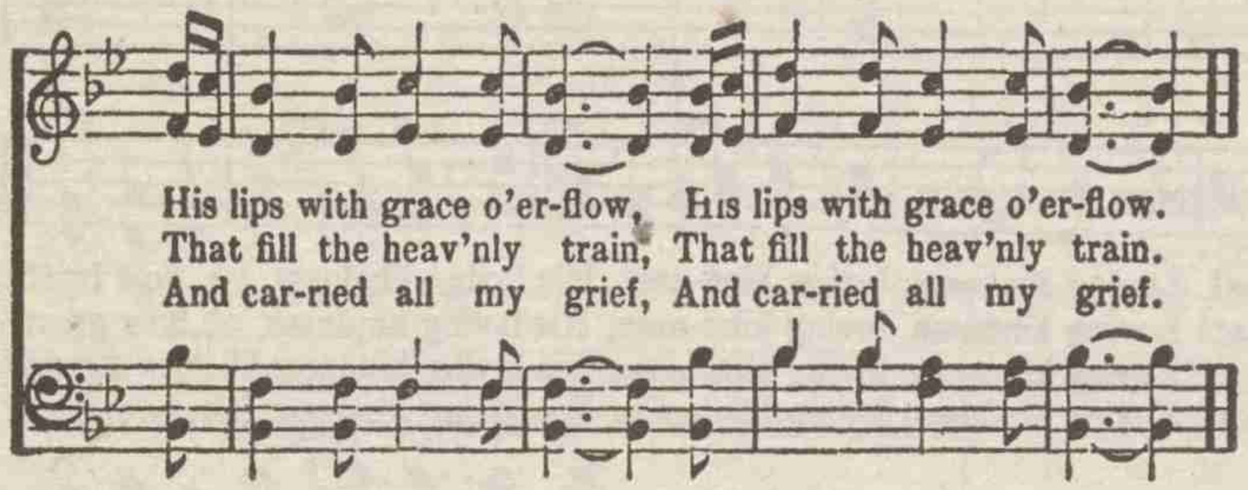
No. 253. Remember Me.



No. 254. Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned,

Samuel Stennett. Thomas Hastings.

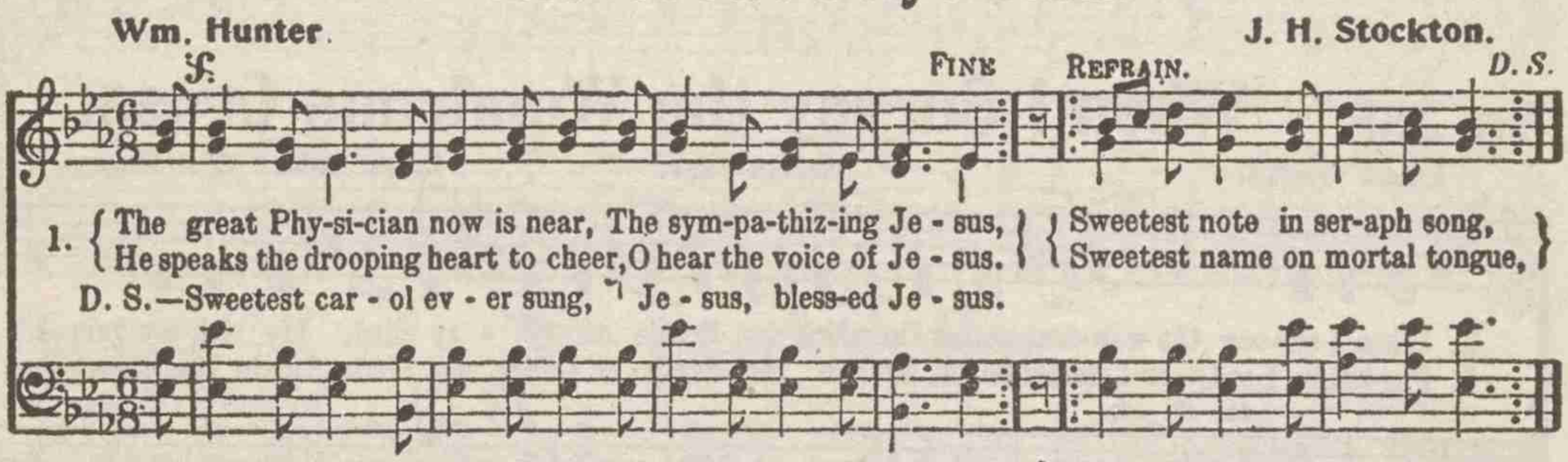




4 To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have:
He make me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

5 Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

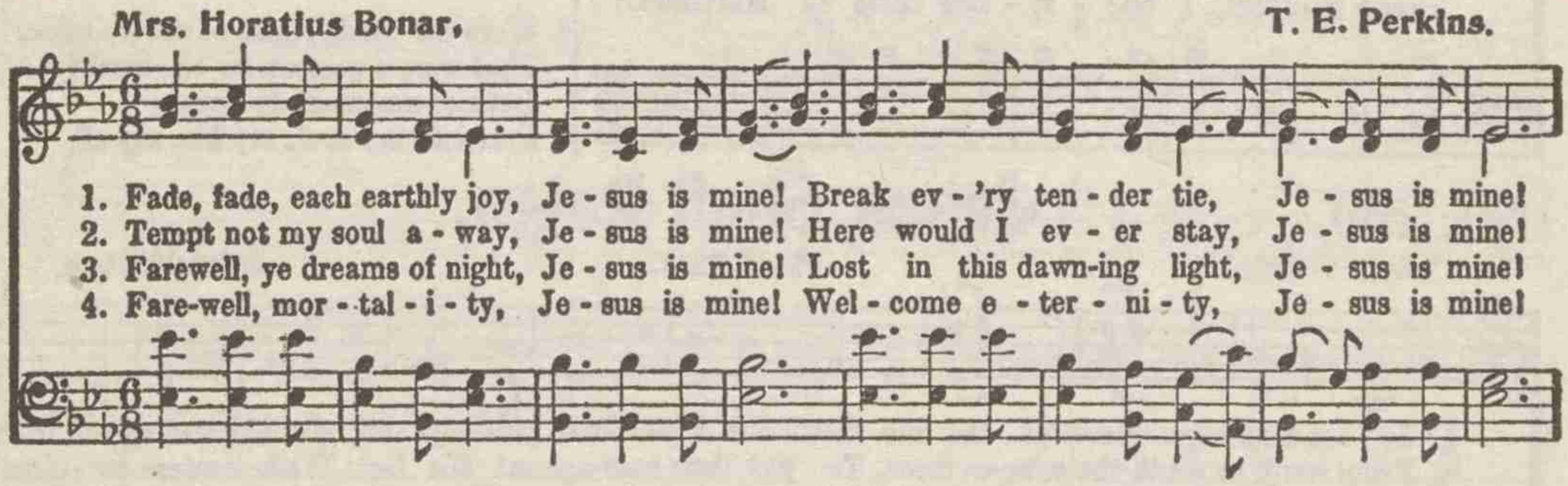
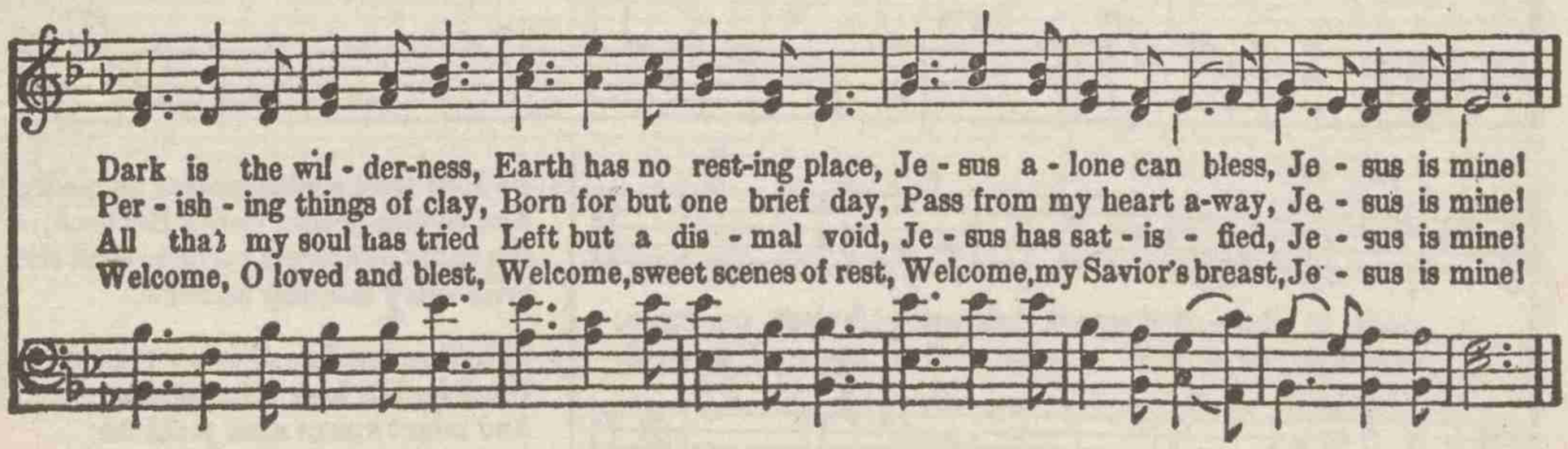
No. 255. The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter. J. H. Stockton.

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

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh! how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.

No. 256. Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy.

Mrs. Horatius Bonar. T. E. Perkins.

No. 257. 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. 258. When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

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
2. For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God; All the vain things that

count but loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride.
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. 259. 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
2. From north to south the prince-es meet, To pay their hom-age at His feet: While western em - pires

shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
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. 260. Blessed Assurance.

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

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

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

FINE CHORUS.

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

D. S.

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

No. 261. He Leadeth Me.

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

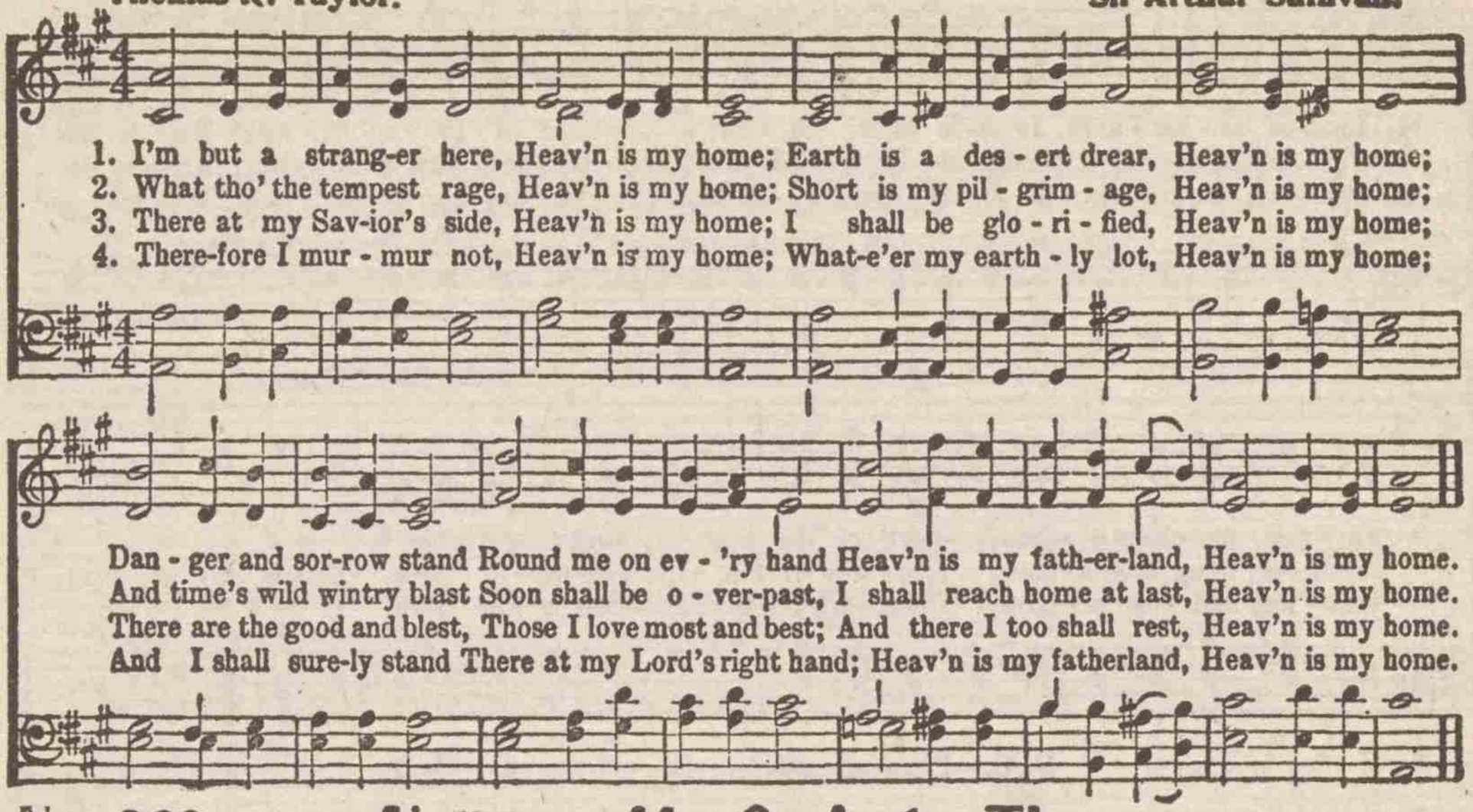
1. He lead-eth me! O bless - ed tho't! O words with heav'nly com-fort fraught! What-e'er I do, wher-
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom, By waters still, o'er
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur or re - pine, Con - tent, what-ev -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

CHORUS.

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

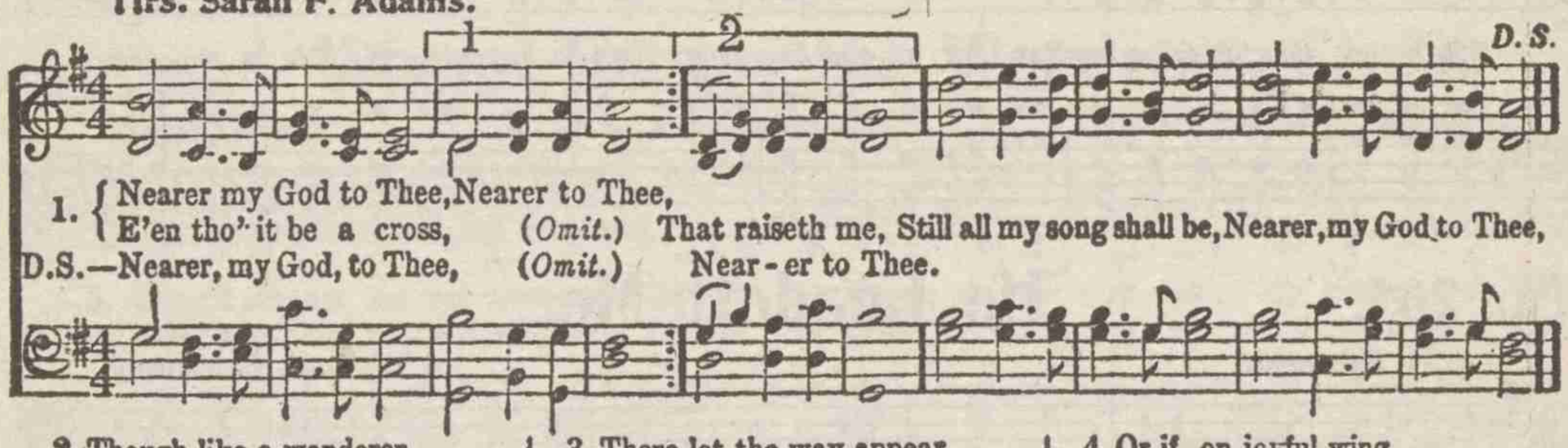
hand He lead-eth me; His faith - ful fol-low'r I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.

No. 262. Heaven is My Home.

Thomas R. Taylor. 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. 263. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams.

1. { Nearer my God to Thee, Nearer to Thee,
   { E'en tho' it be a cross, (*Omit.*) That raiseth me, Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God to Thee,

D.S.—Nearer, my God, to Thee, (*Omit.*) Near - er to Thee.

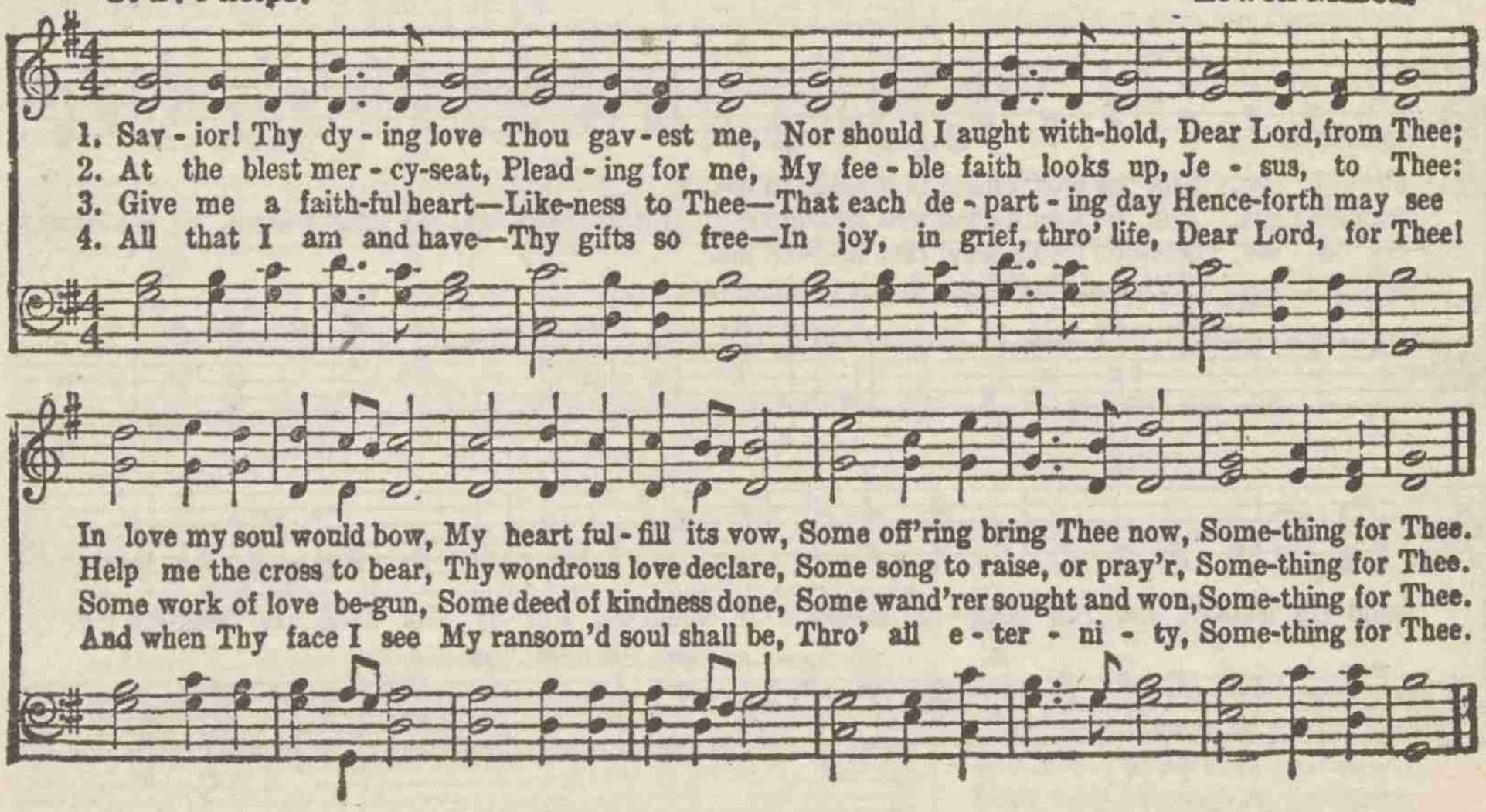
2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee!

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

No. 264. Something for Jesus.

S. D. Phelps. Lowell Mason.

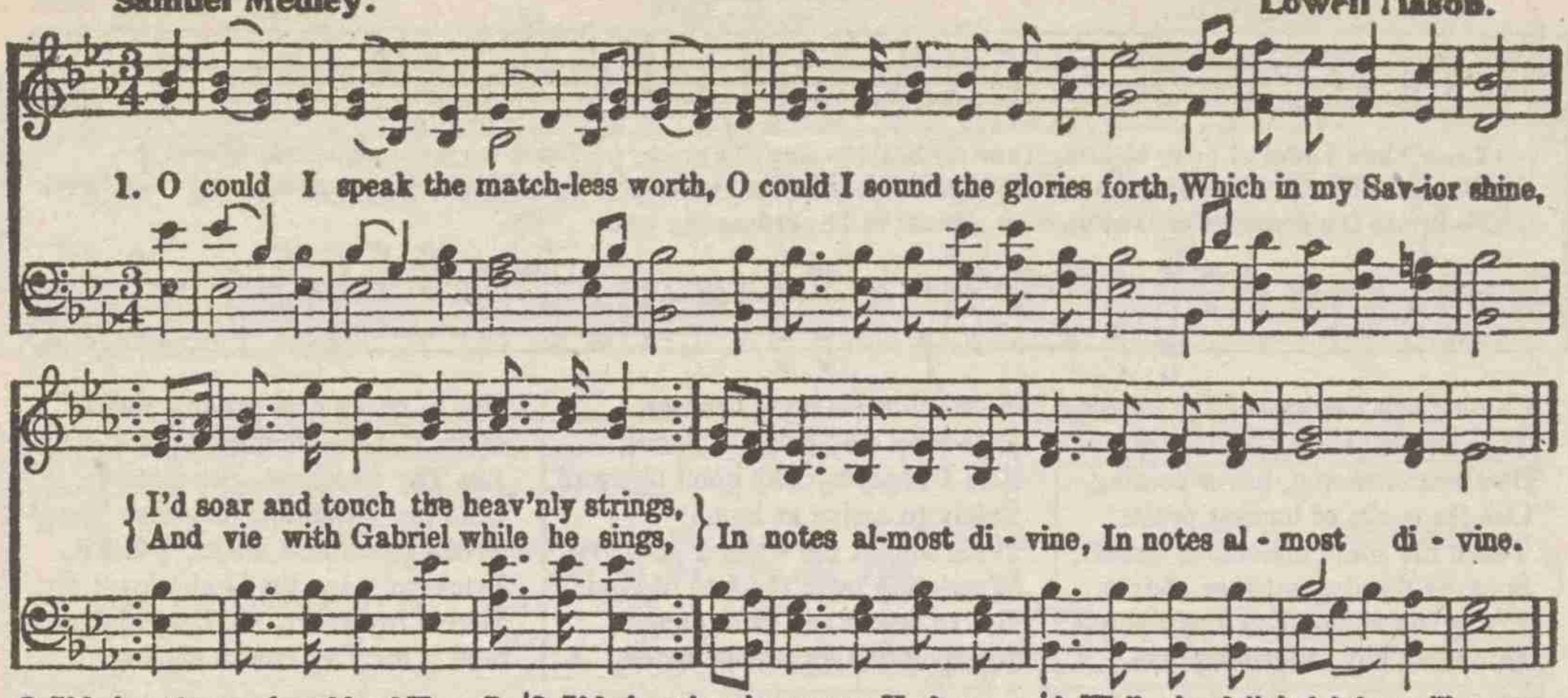


1. Sav - ior! Thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me, Nor should I aught with-hold, Dear Lord, from Thee;
2. At the blest mer - cy-seat, Plead - ing for me, My fee - ble faith looks up, Je - sus, to Thee:
3. Give me a faith-ful heart—Like-ness to Thee—That each de - part - ing day Hence-forth may see
4. 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. 265. O Could I Speak.

Samuel Medley. Lowell Mason.

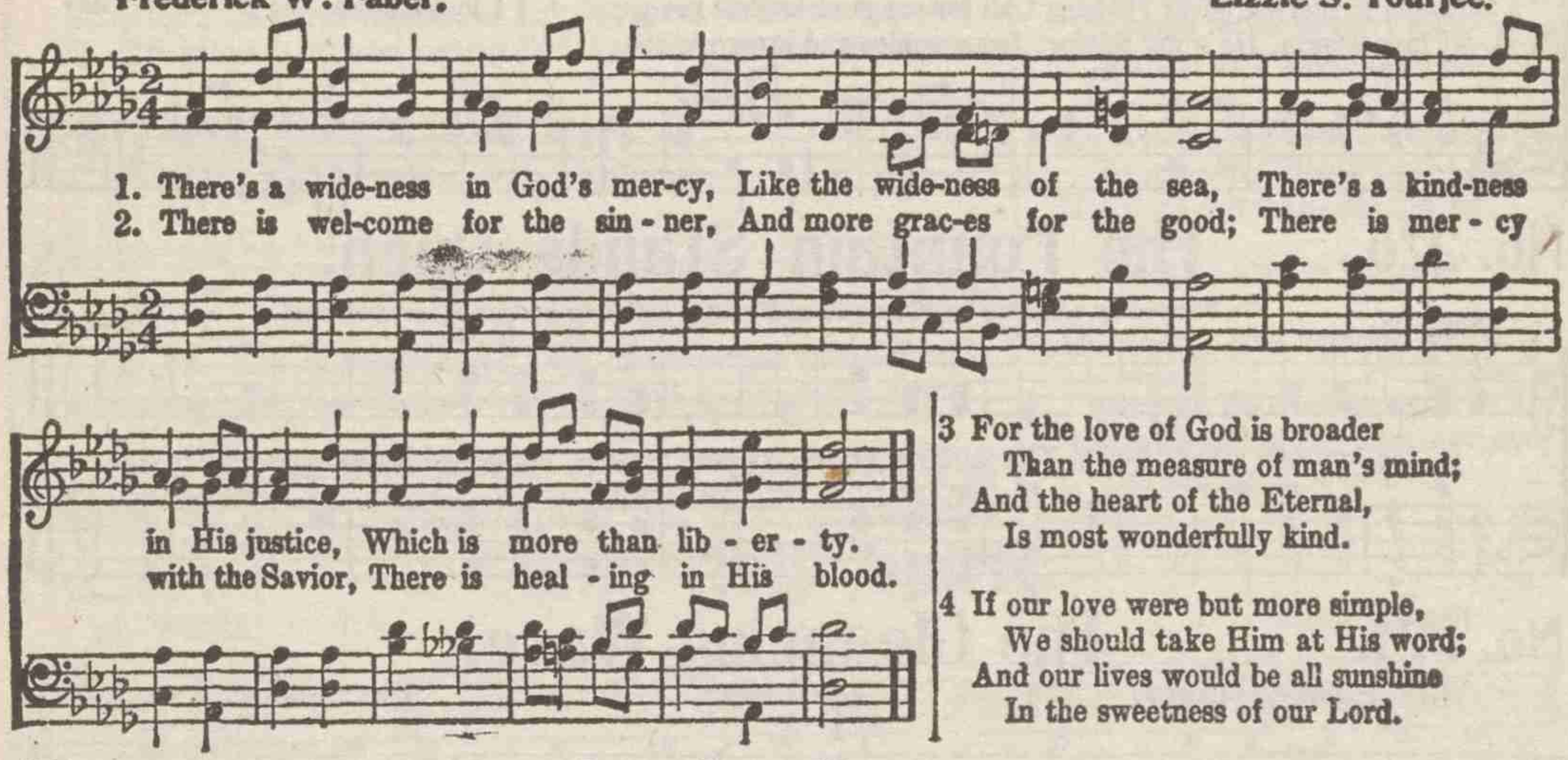


2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine;
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

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, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

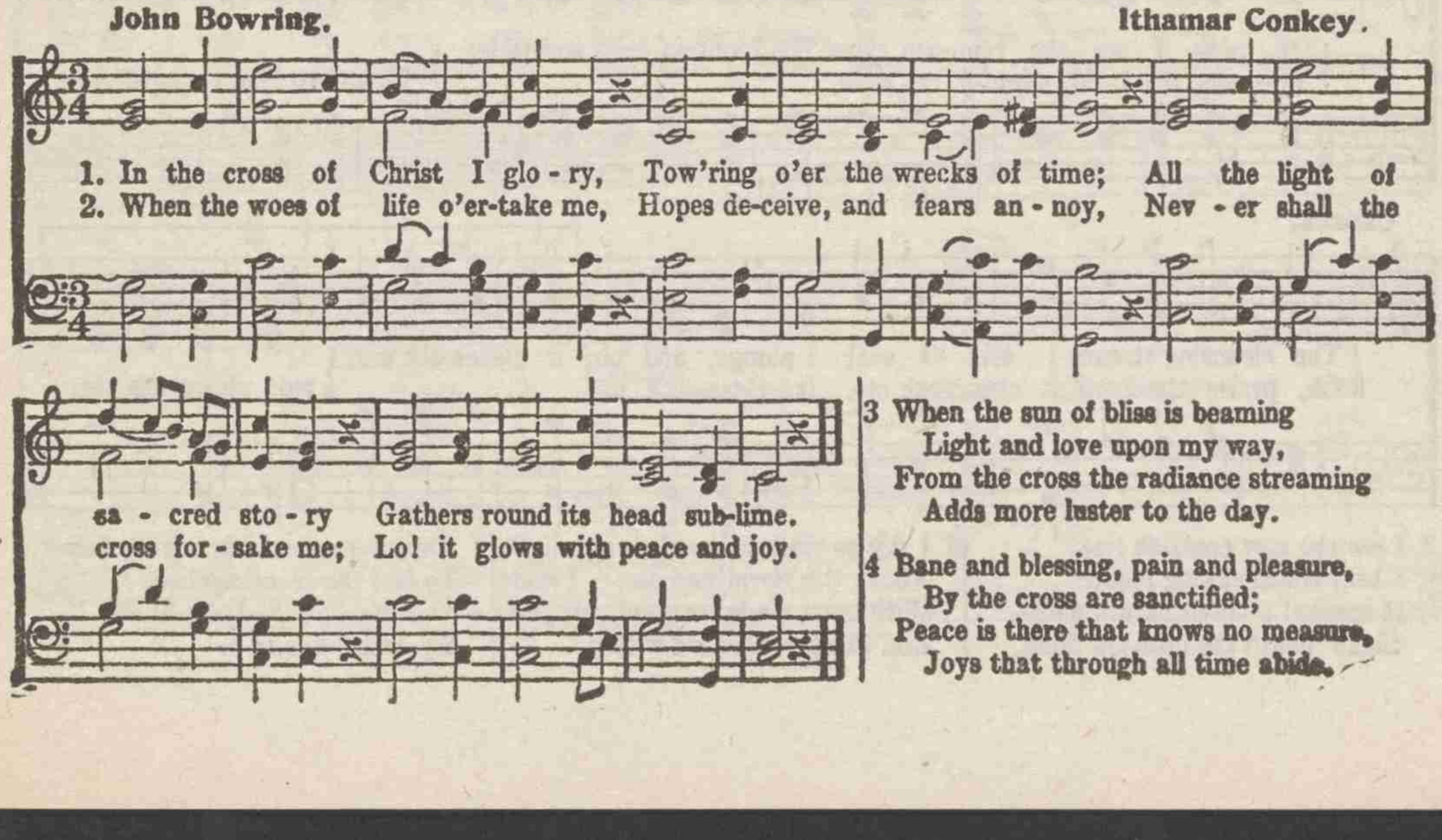
No. 266. There's a Wideness.

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. 267. In the Gross.

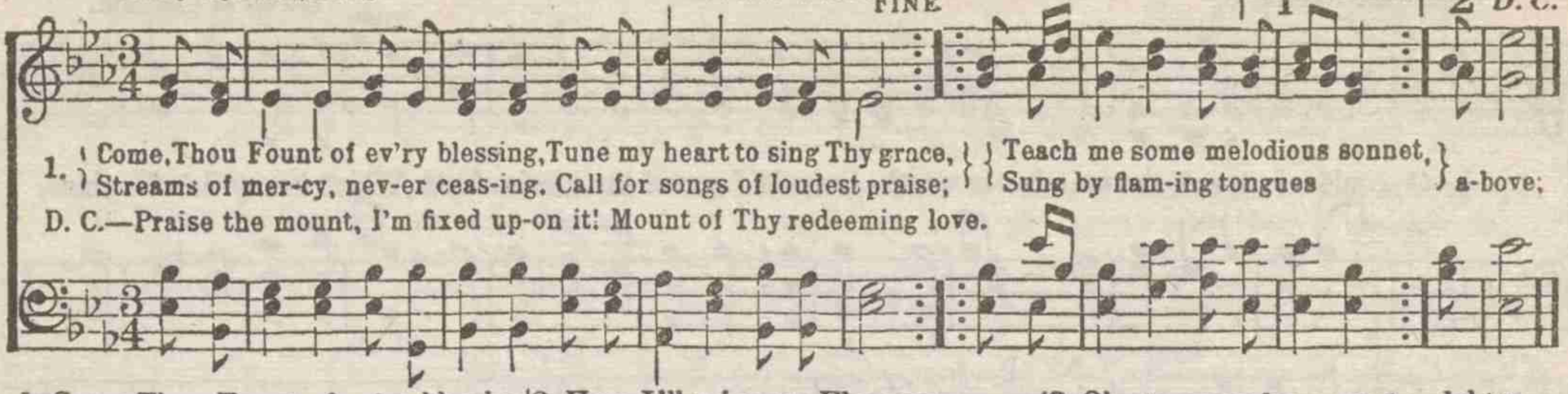
John Bowring. Ithamar Conkey.



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. 268. Come, Thou Fount.

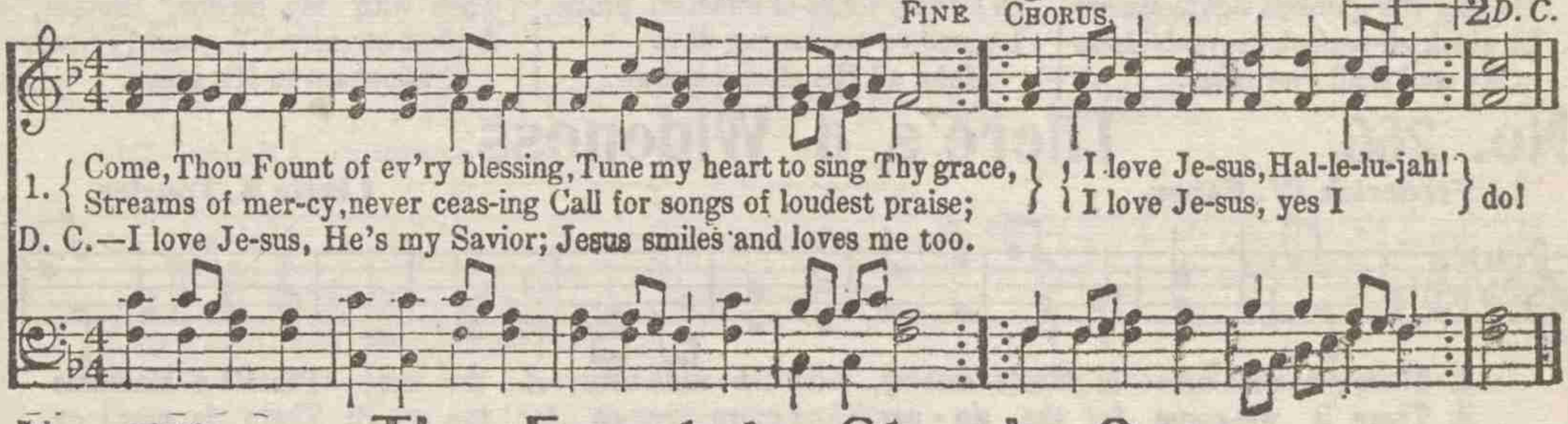
Geo. Robinson. *First Tune.* FINE John Wyeth. 1 2 D. C.

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.

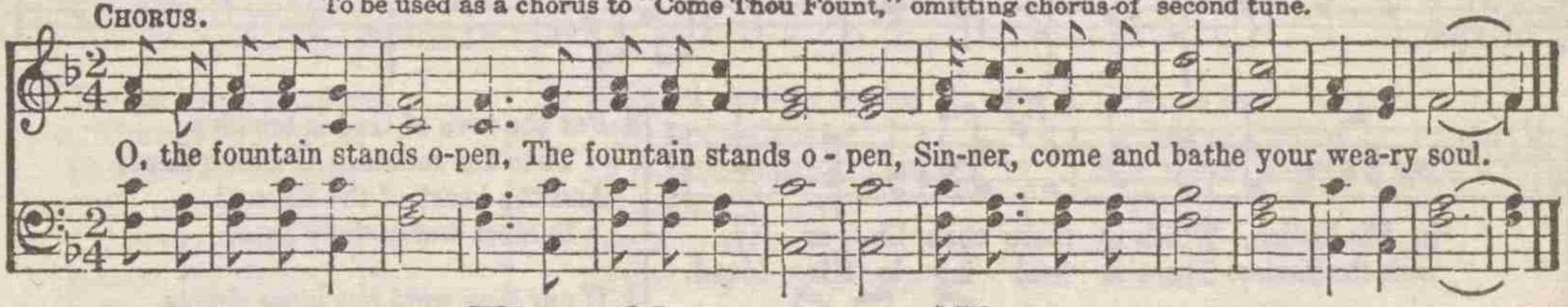
3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love; [it,
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal
Seal it for Thy courts above.

No. 269. I Love Jesus, He's My Savior.

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

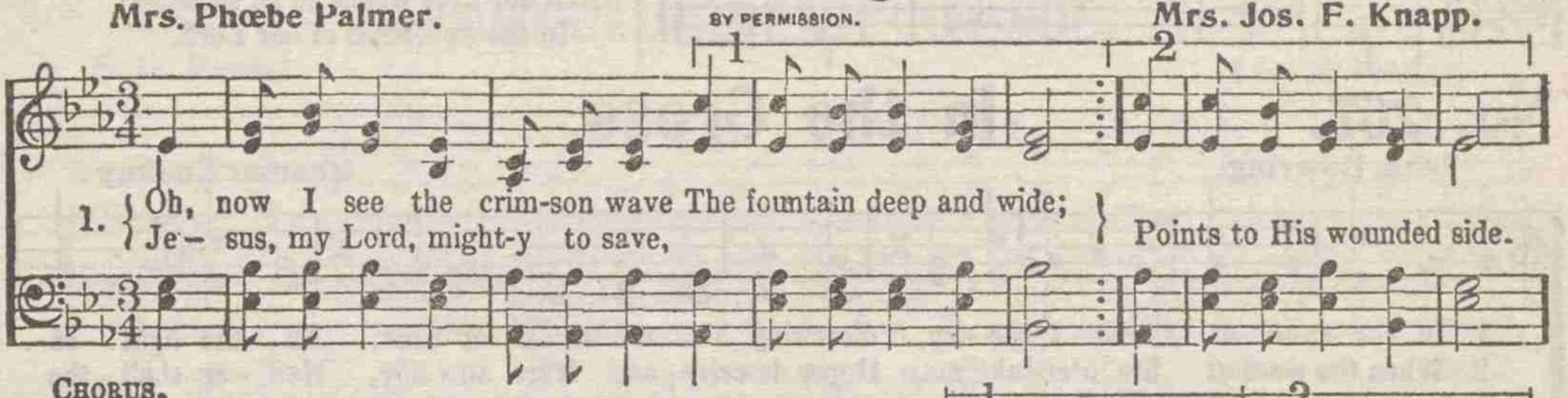
FINE CHORUS. 1 2 D. C.

No. 270. The Fountain Stands Open.

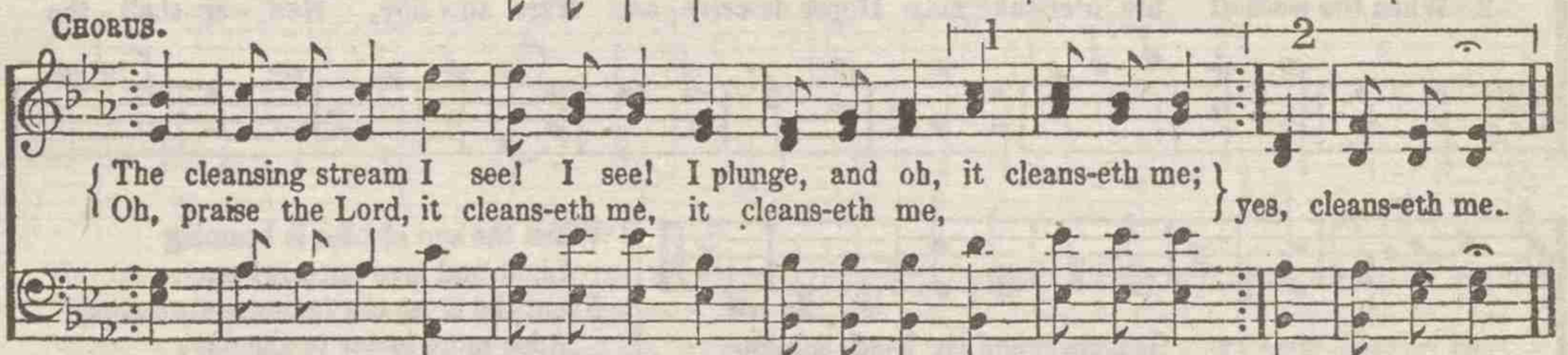
CHORUS. To be used as a chorus to "Come Thou Fount," omitting chorus of second tune.



No. 271. The Gleansing Wave.

Mrs. Phœbe Palmer. BY PERMISSION. Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.

1 2

CHORUS. 1 2



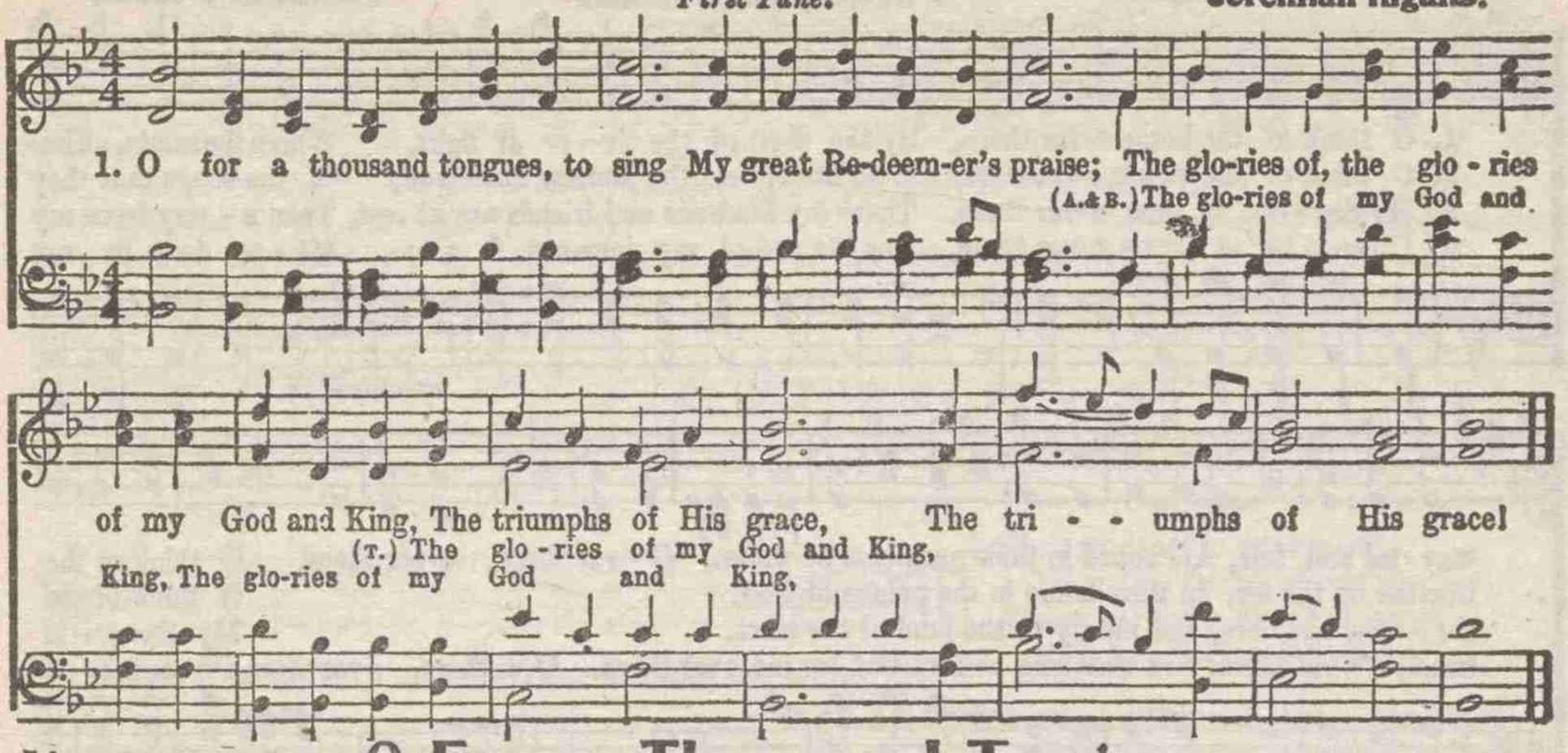
2 I see the new creation rise,
I hear the speaking blood:
It speaks! poluted nature dies—
Sinks 'neath the crimson flood.

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.

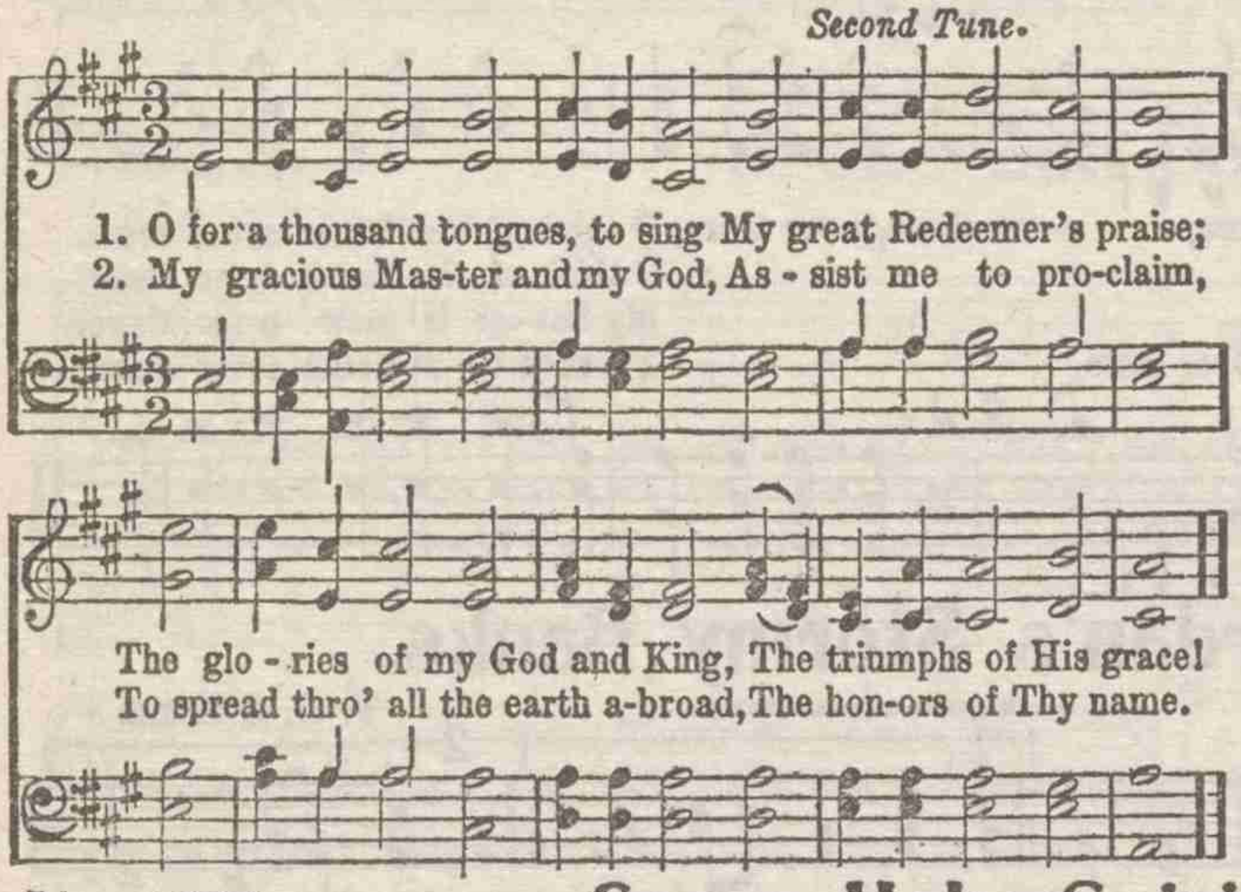
No. 272. O For a Thousand Tongues.

First Tune. **Jeremiah Ingalls.**



No. 273. O For a Thousand Tongues.

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



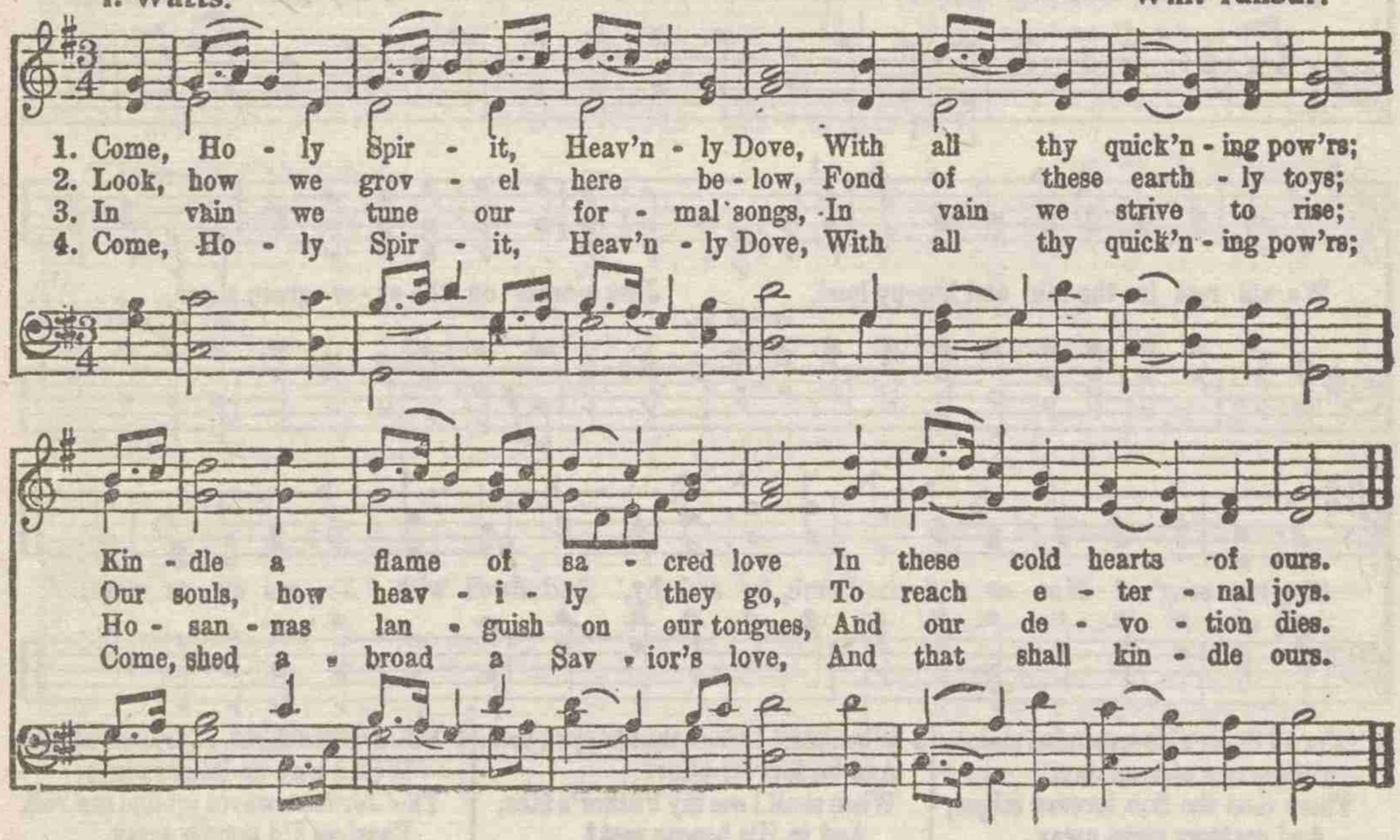
3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

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

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

No. 274. Come Holy Spirit.

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



No. 275. 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. 276. 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, } 1 2
   { 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.

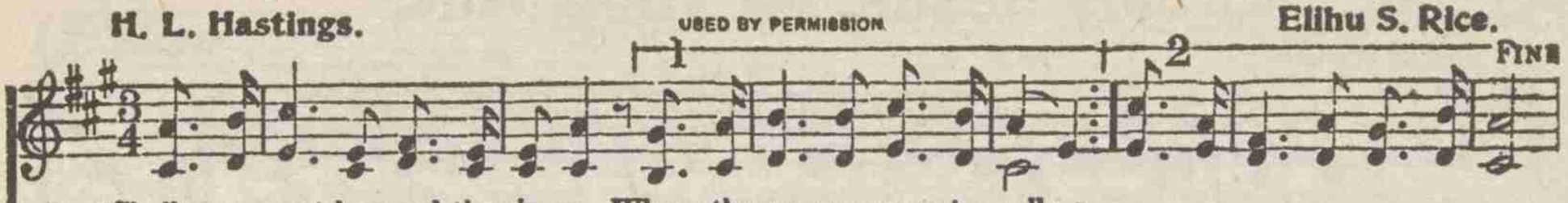
Sing the song of Mos - es and the Lamb, by and by, And dwell with Je - sus ev - er more.

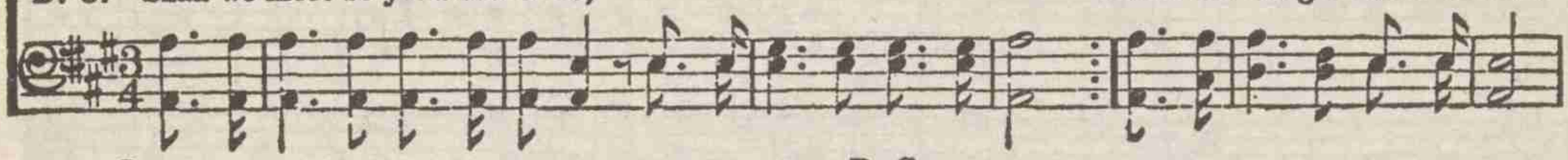
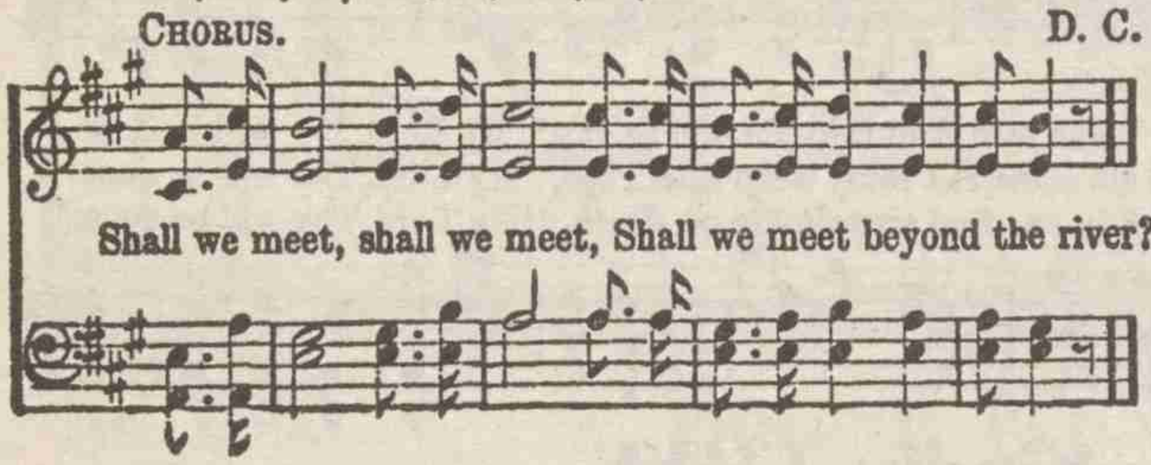
2 O'er all those wide-extended plains,
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

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. 277. 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? / Where the sur-ges cease to roll?

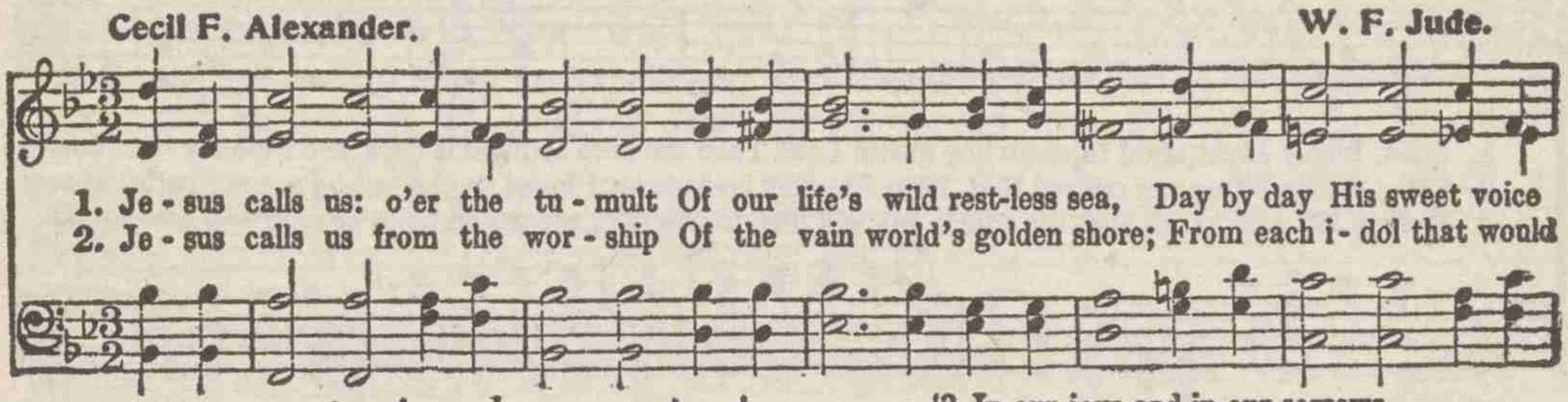
D. C.—Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er,

CHORUS. D. C.

Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet beyond the river?

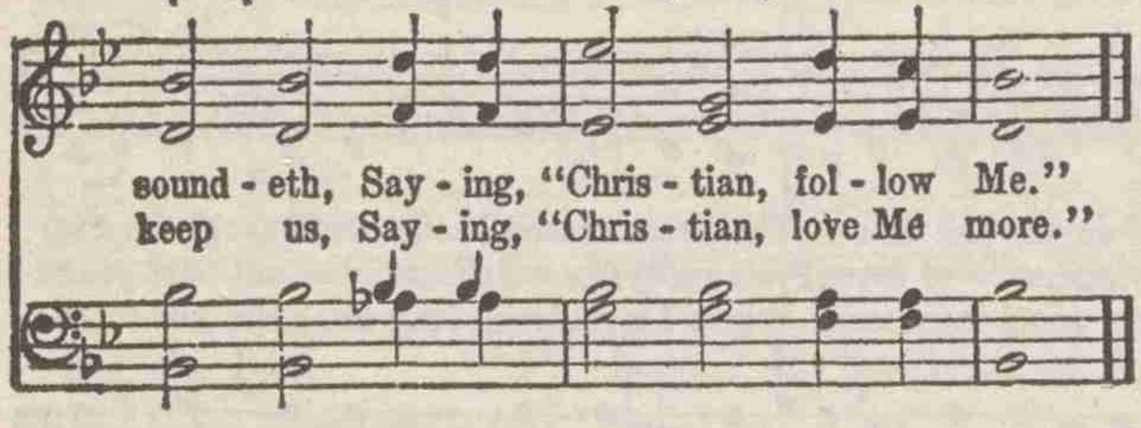
3 Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the tow'rs of crystal shine;
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine?

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. 278. Jesus Call Us.

Cecil F. Alexander. W. F. Jude.



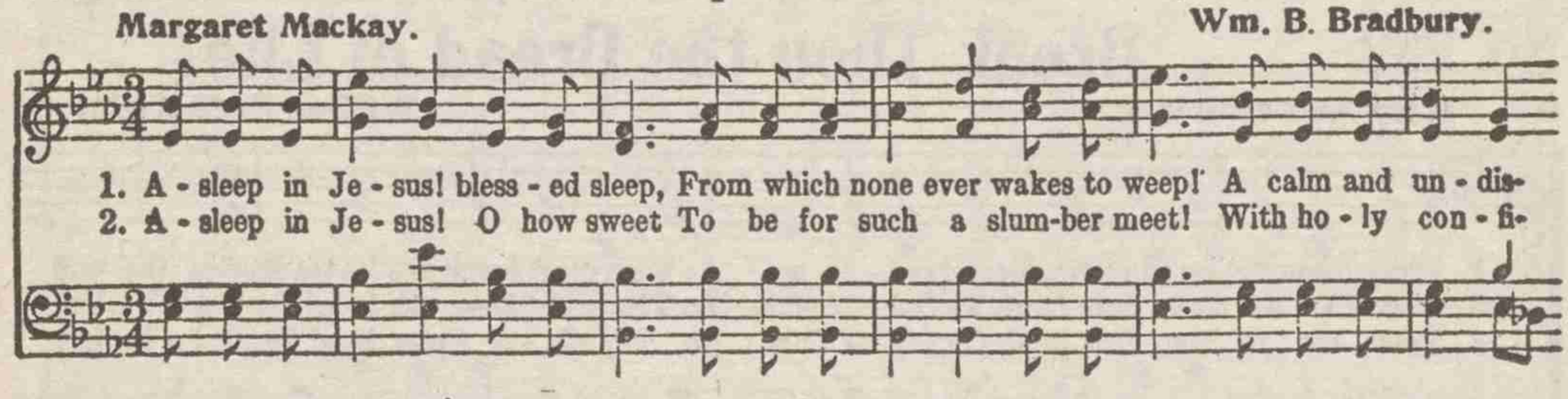
1. Je - sus calls us: o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild rest-less sea, Day by day His sweet voice
2. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the vain world's golden shore; From each i - dol that would

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.

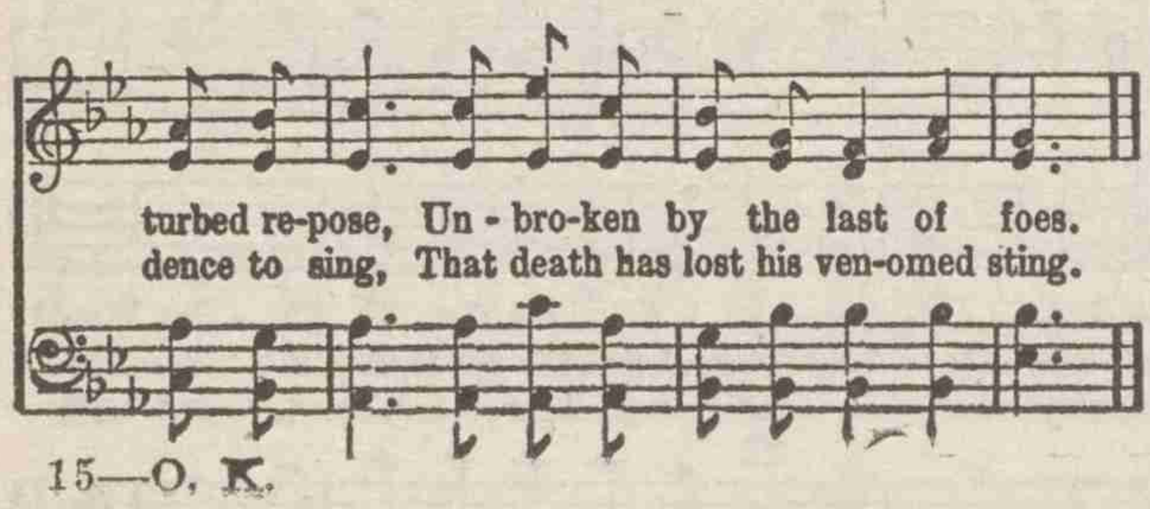
4 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Savior, make us hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

No. 279. 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-



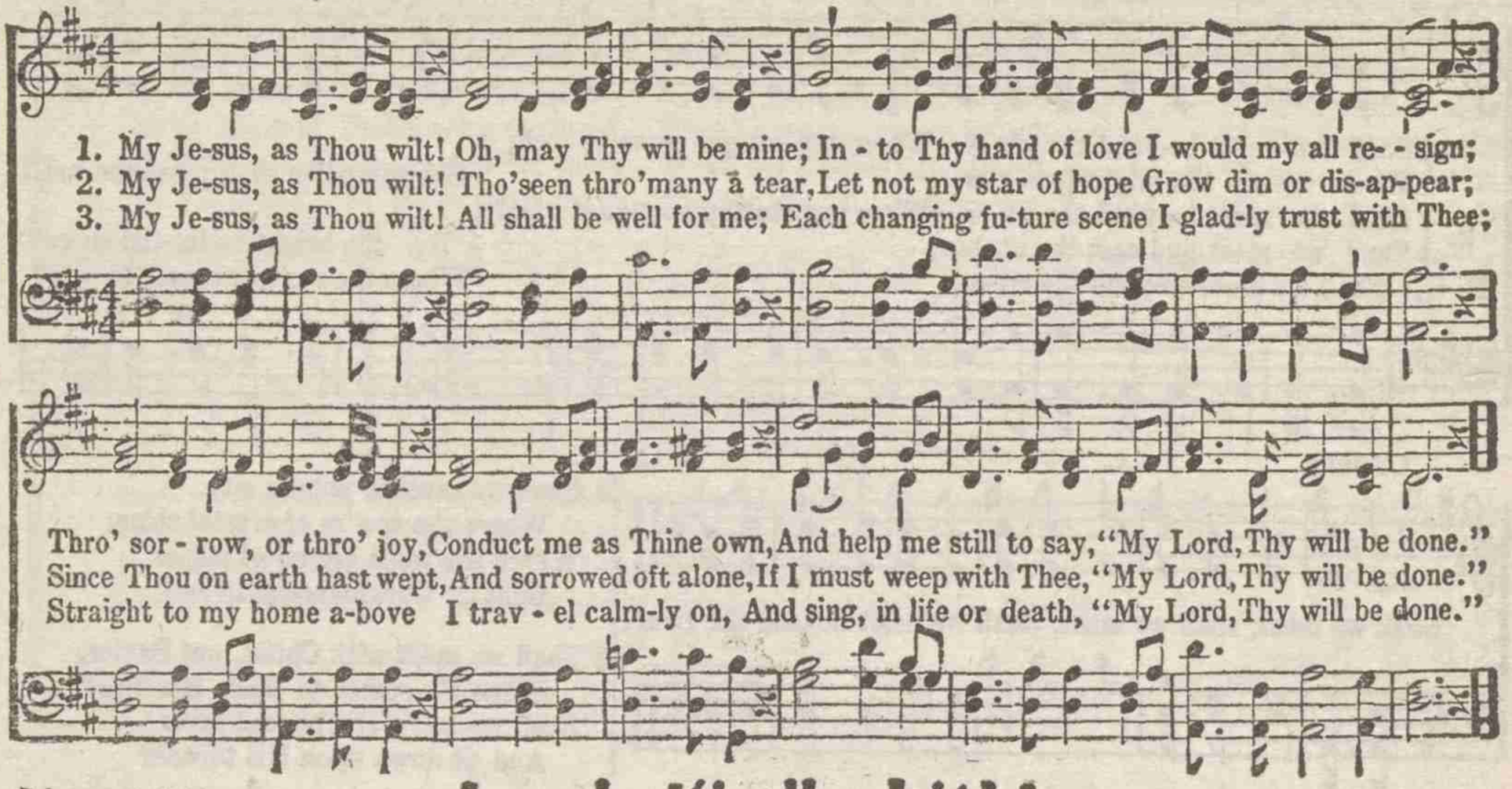
turbed re-pose, Un - bro-ken by the last of foes.
dence to sing, That death has lost his ven-omed sting.

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.

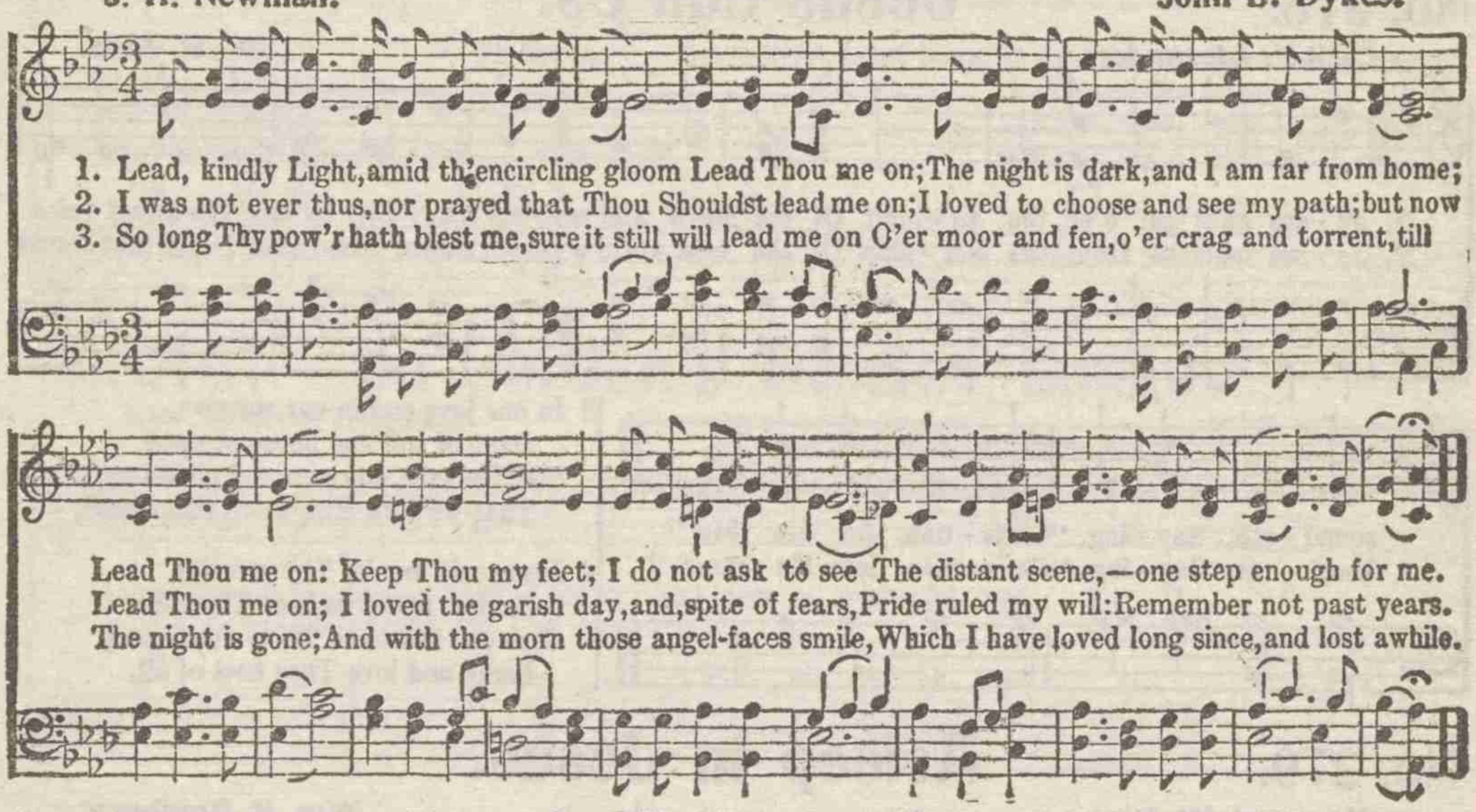
4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

No. 280. My Jesus, as Thou Wilt.

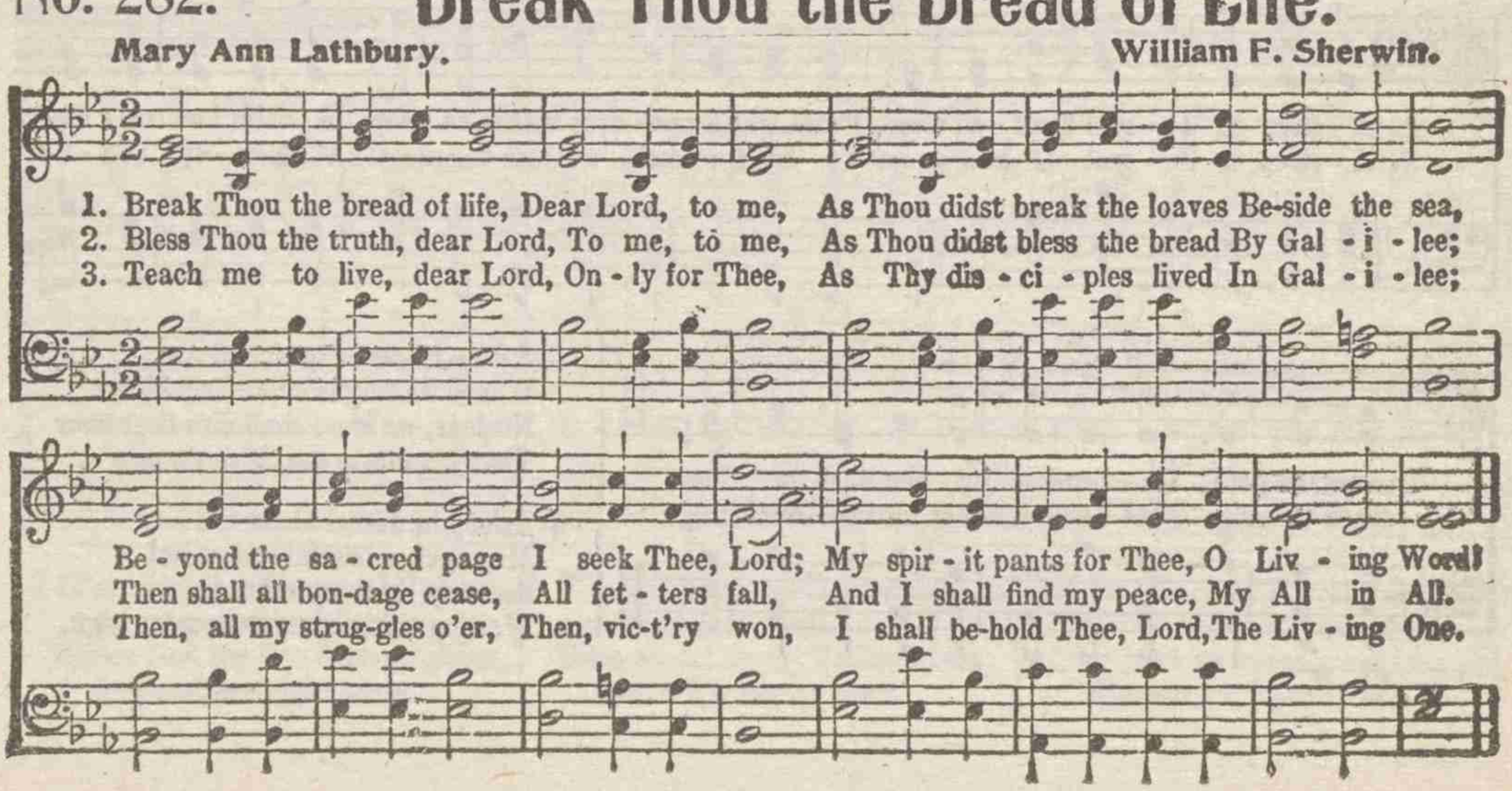
B. Schmolke. Weber.



No. 281. Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman. John B. Dykes.

No. 282. Break Thou the Bread of Life.

Mary Ann Lathbury. William F. Sherwin.



No. 283. 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. 284. 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. 285. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

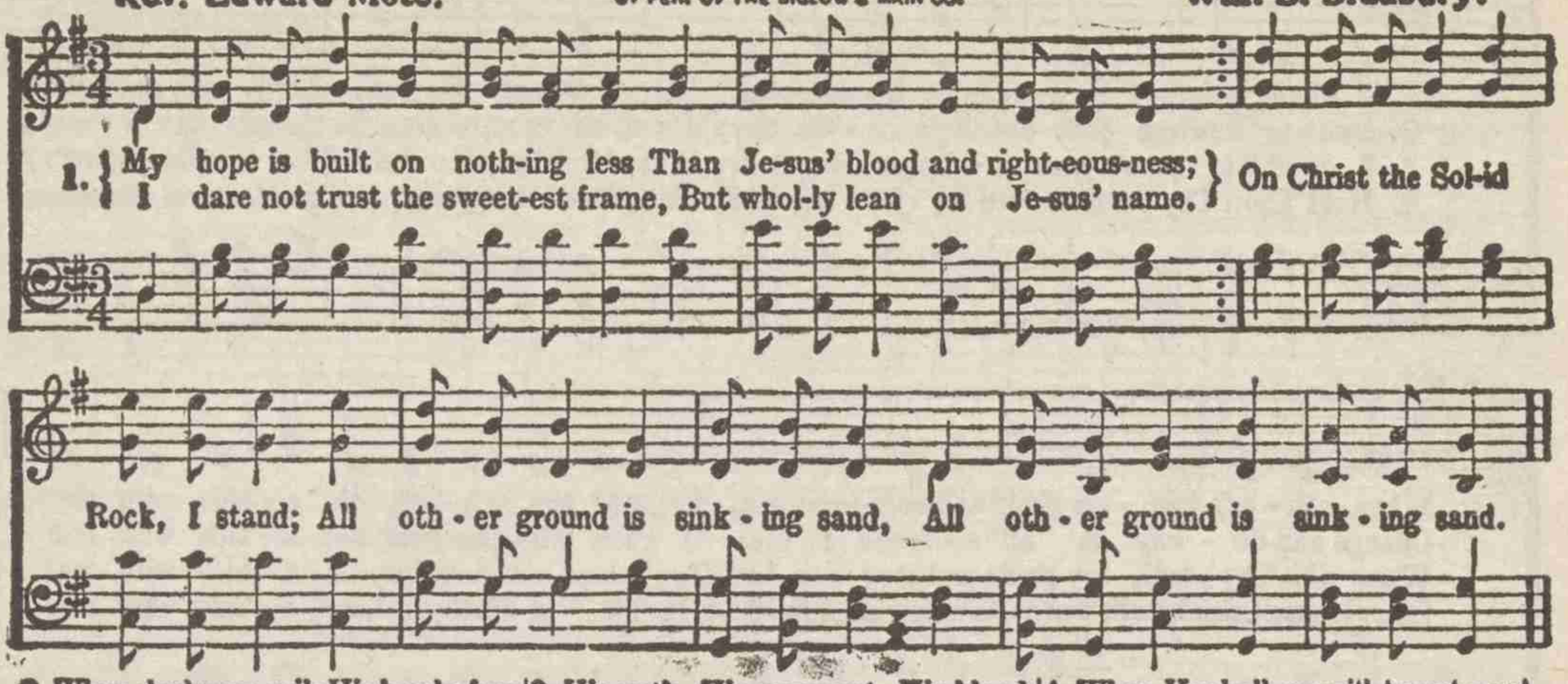
Ray Palmer. Lowell Mason.

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. 286. The Solid Rock.

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

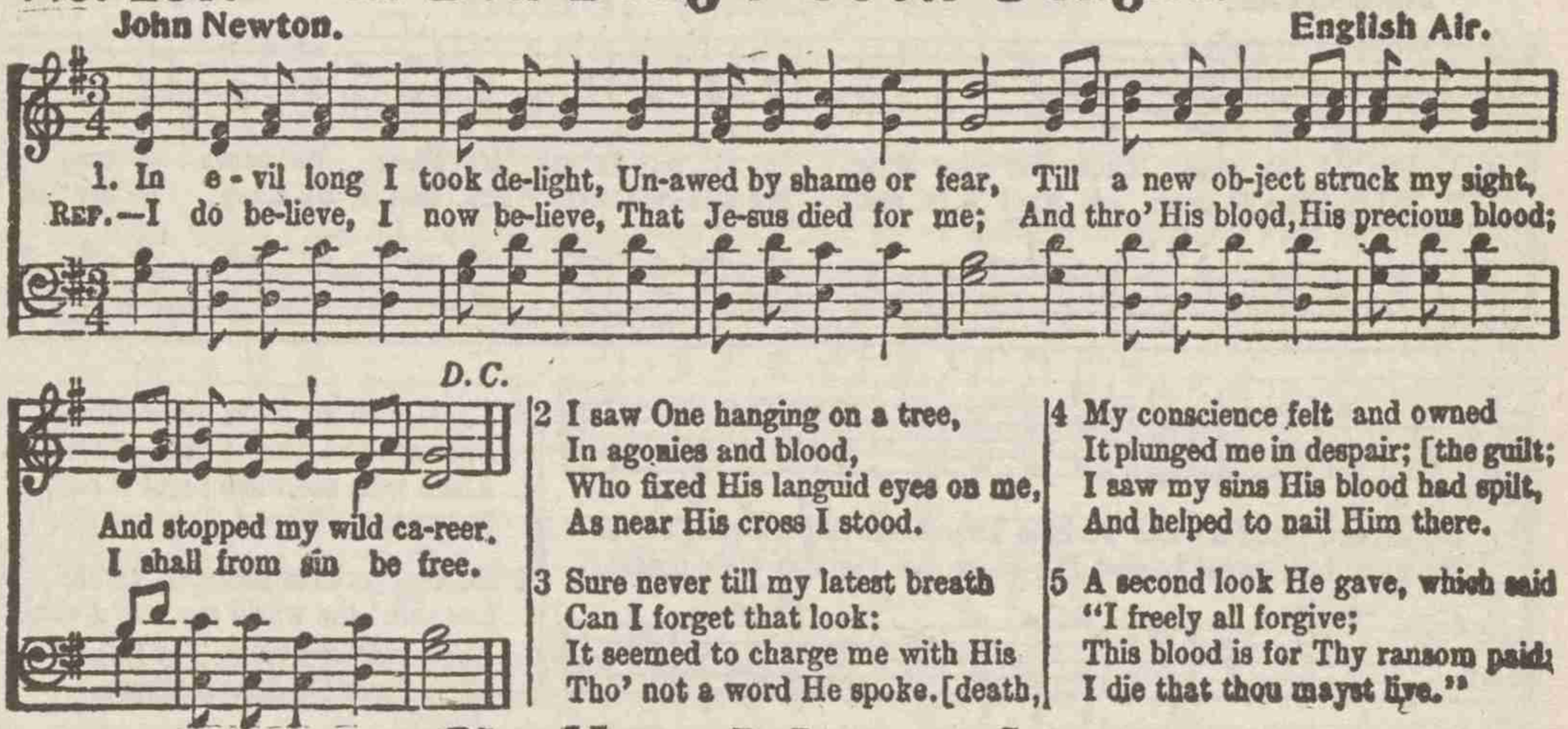


2 When darkness veils His lovely face
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vail.

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. 287. In Evil Long I Took Delight.

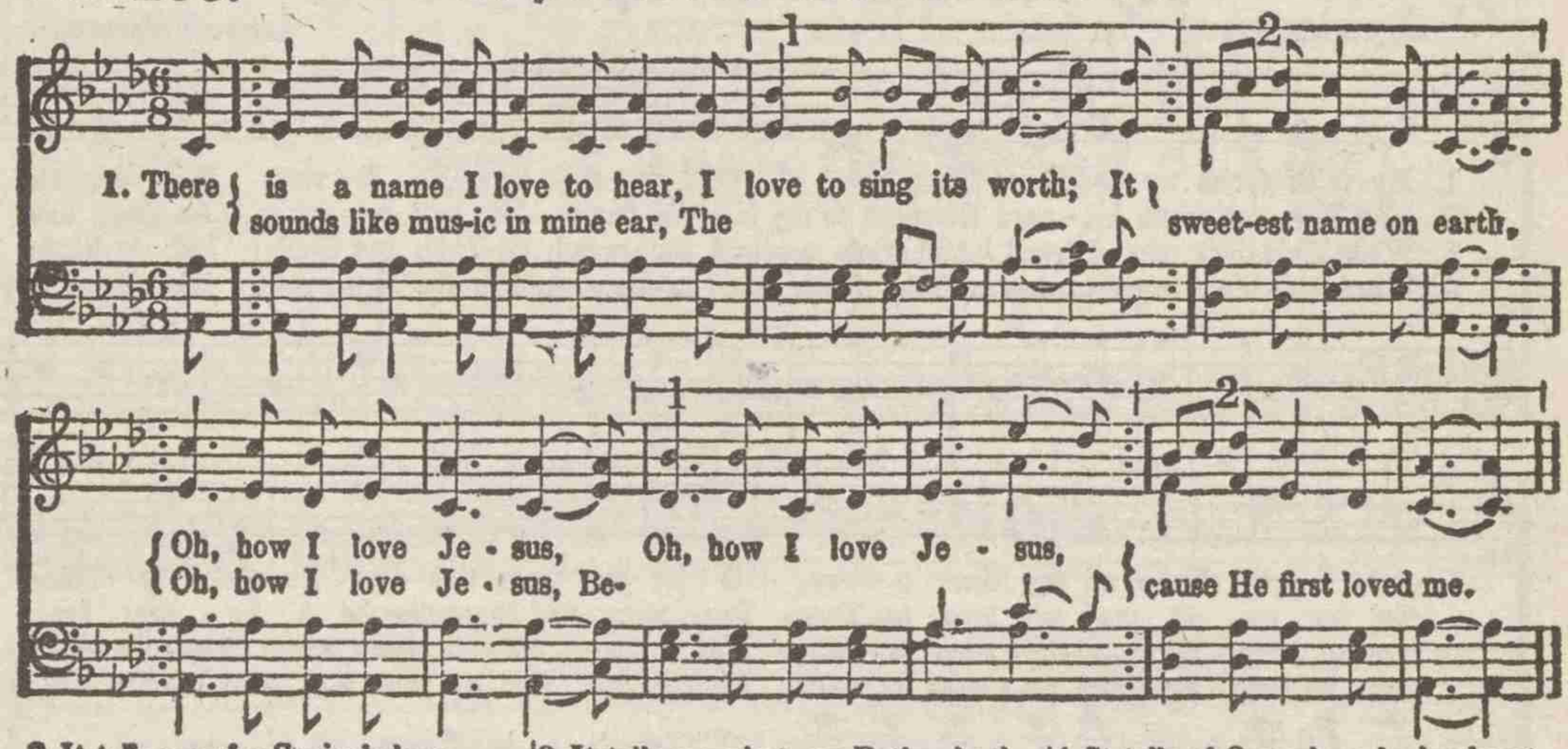
John Newton. English Air.

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. [the guilt;

4 My conscience felt and owned
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. 288. 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. 289. Never Lose Sight of Jesus.

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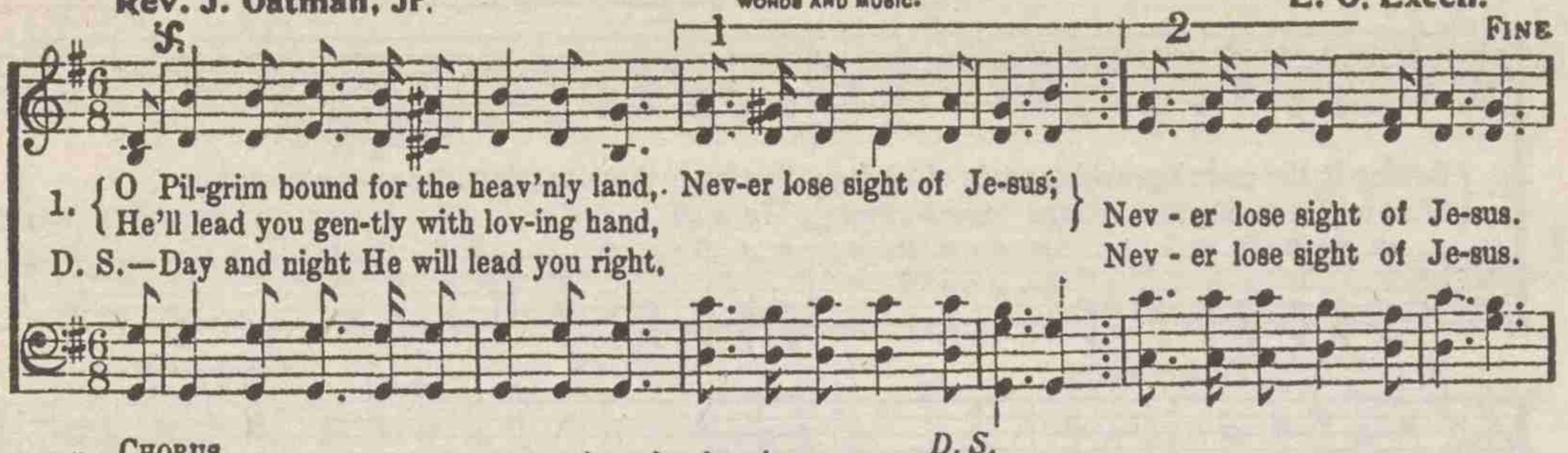
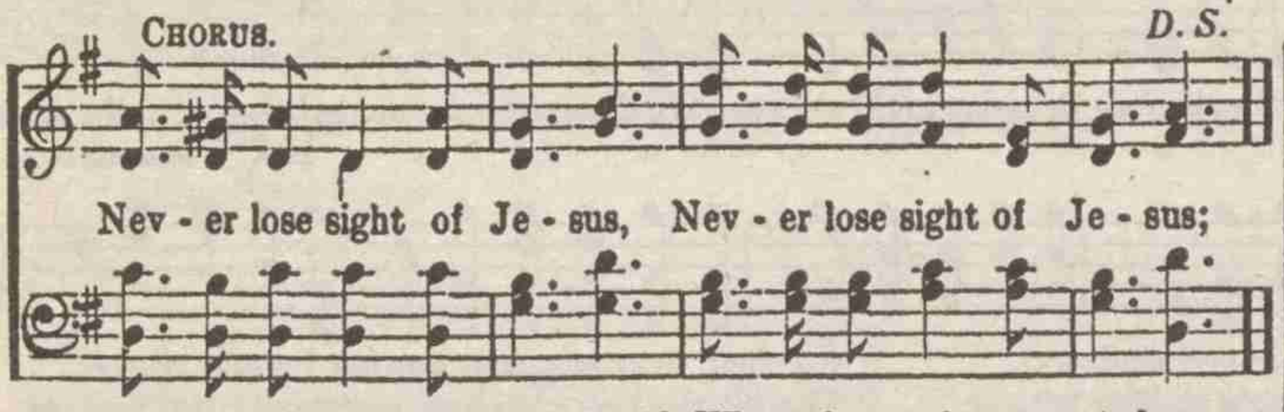
WORDS AND MUSIC.

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

1. { O Pil-grim bound for the heav'nly land,. Nev-er lose sight of Je-sus; / He'll lead you gen-tly with lov-ing hand, }

CHORUS.



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.

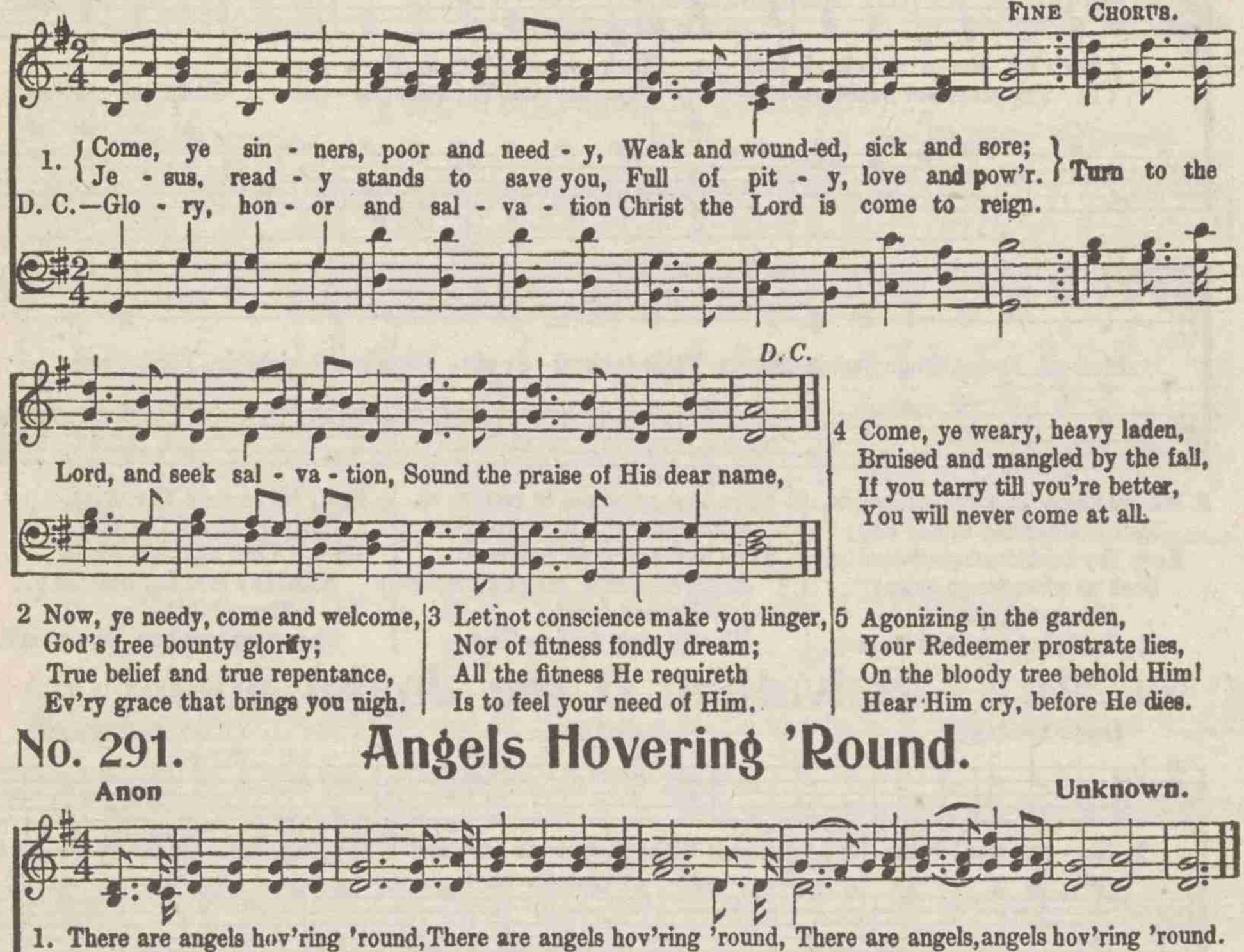
2 When-e'er you're tempted to go astray,
Never lose sight of Jesus;
Press onward, upward, the narrow way,
Never lose sight of Jesus.

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. 290. Come, Ye Sinners.

Hart. J. Ingalls.



1. { Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore; / Je - sus, read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r. } Turn to the

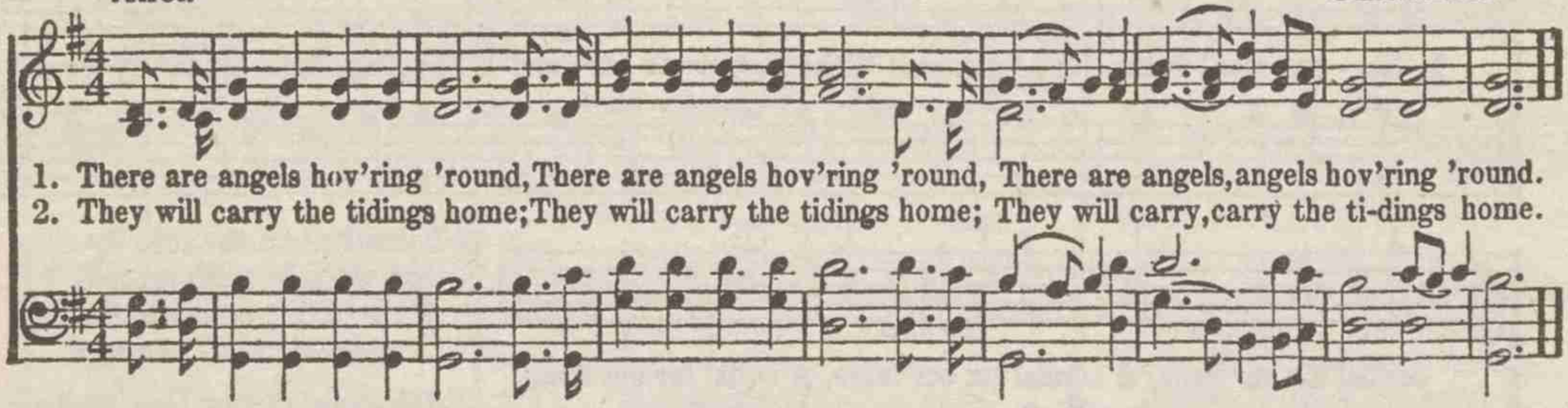
2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh.

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.

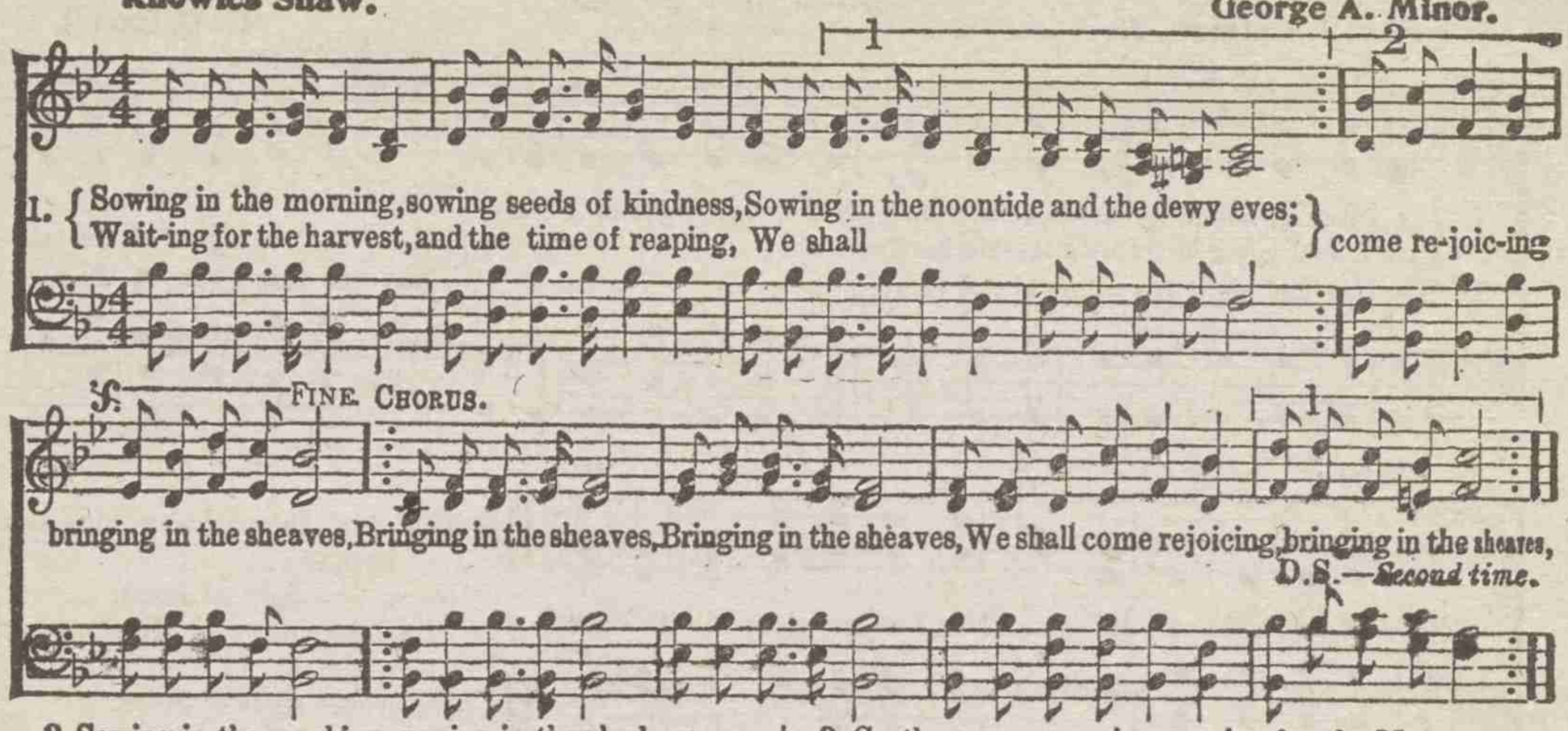
No. 291. Angels Hovering 'Round.

Anon Unknown.

1. There are angels hov'ring 'round, There are angels hov'ring 'round, There are angels, angels hov'ring 'round.
2. They will carry the tidings home; They will carry the tidings home; They will carry, carry the ti-dings home.

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. 292. Bringing in the Sheaves.

Knowles Shaw. George A. Minor.

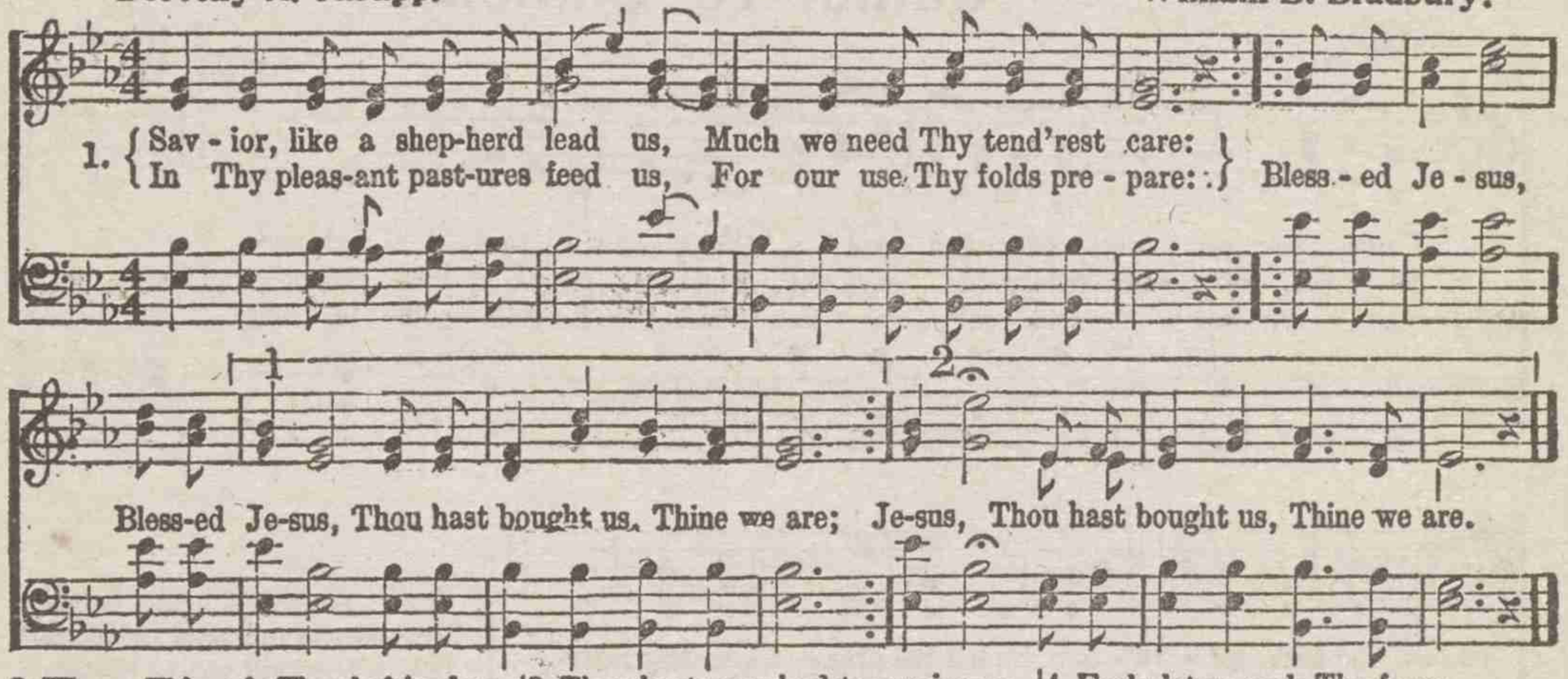


2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
By and by the harvest and the labor ended,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

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. 293. Savior, Like a Shepherd.

Dorothy A. Thrupp. William B. Bradbury.



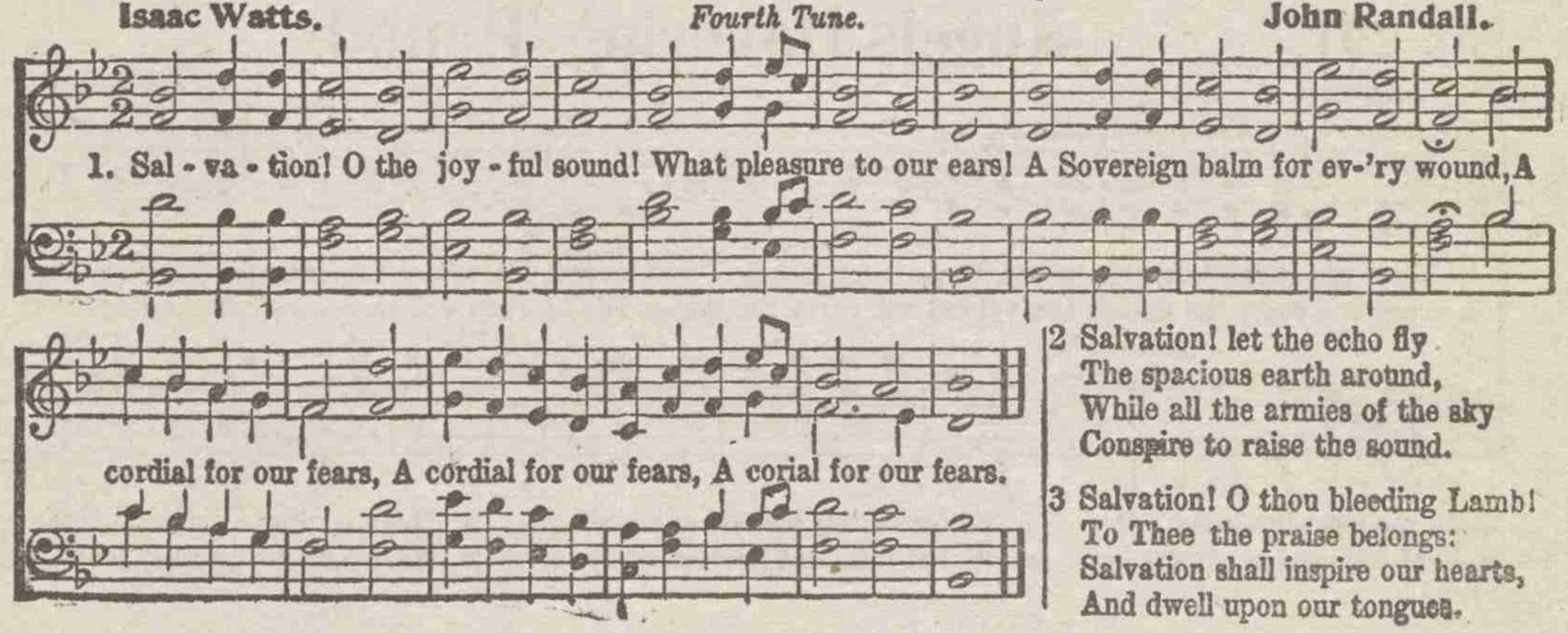
2 We are Thine; do Thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray:
Blessed Jesus,
Hear, oh, hear us when we pray.

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. 294. Salvation! O the Joyful Sound.

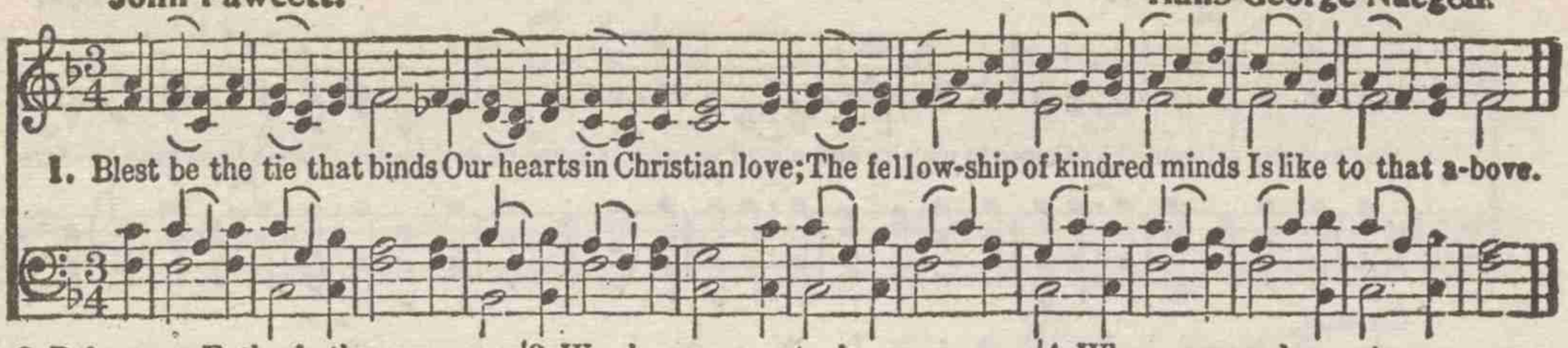
Isaac Watts. *Fourth Tune.* John Randall.



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. 295. Blest Be the Tie.

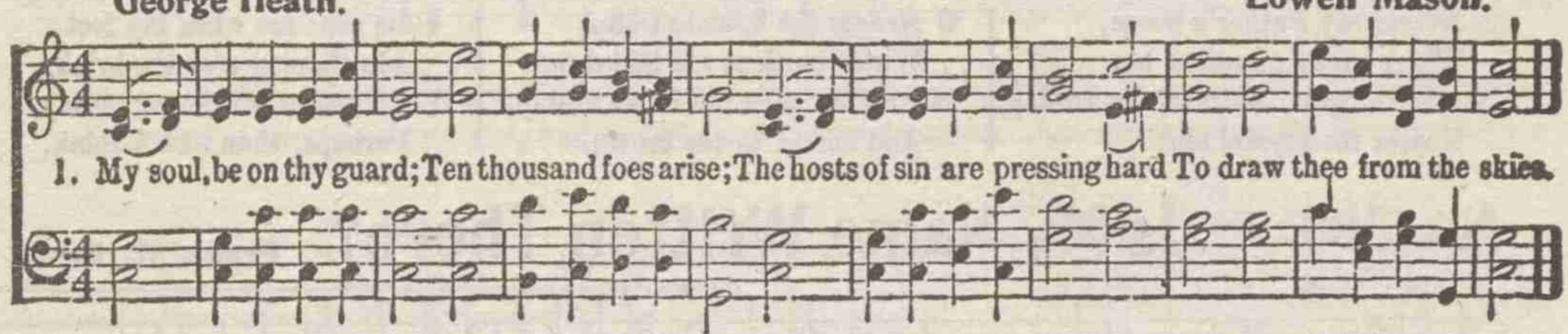
John Fawcett. Hans George Naegeli.

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. 296. My Soul, Be on Thy Guard.

George Heath. Lowell Mason.



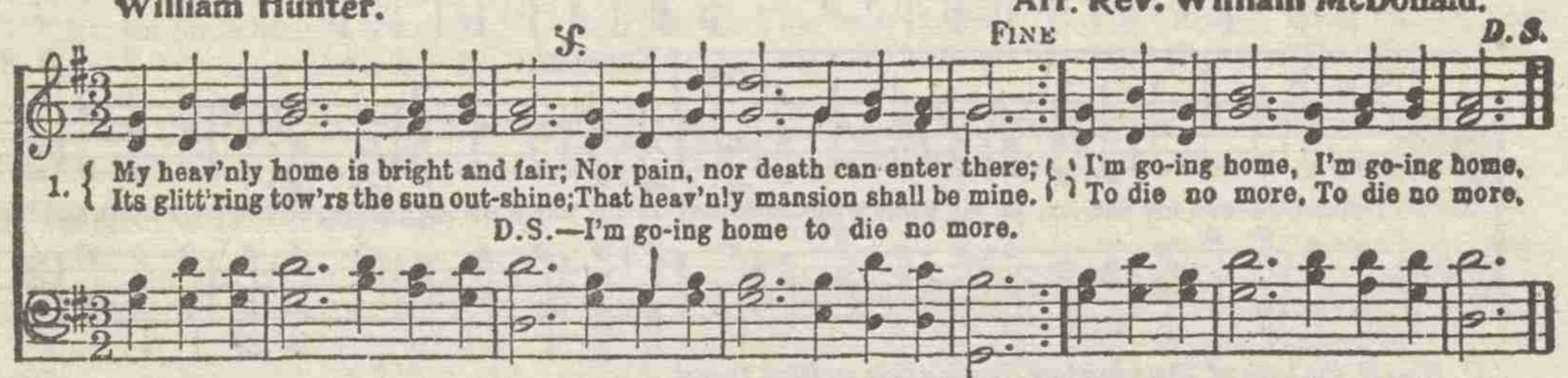
2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

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. 297. The Heavenly Home.

William Hunter. Arr. Rev. William McDonald.



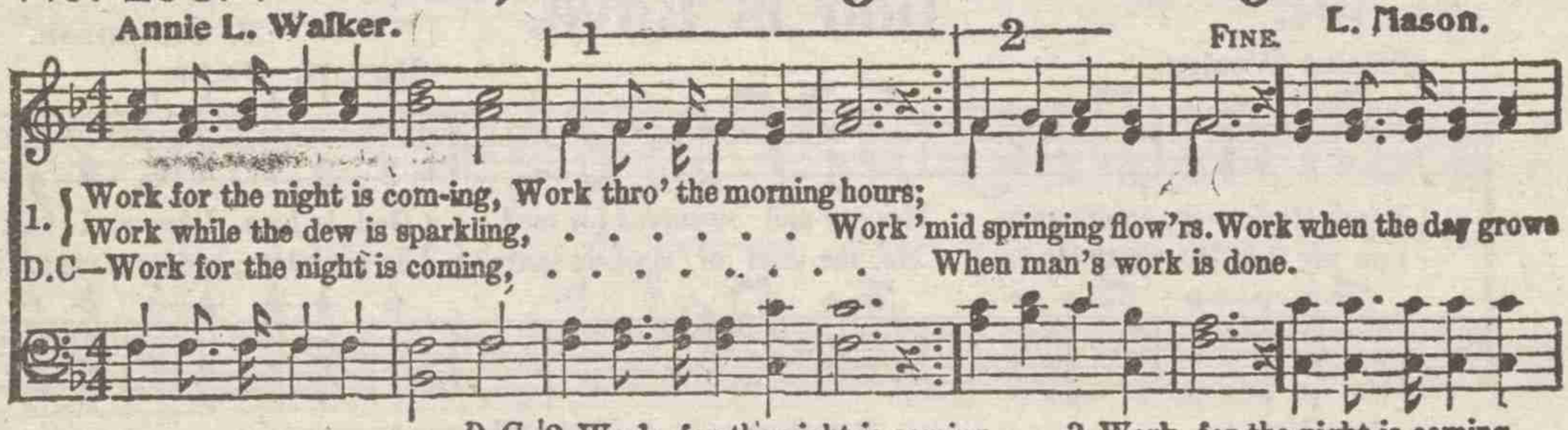
2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be

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 owe
A heav'nly mansion near the throne.

No. 298. Work, for the Night is Coming.

Annie L. Walker. L. Mason.

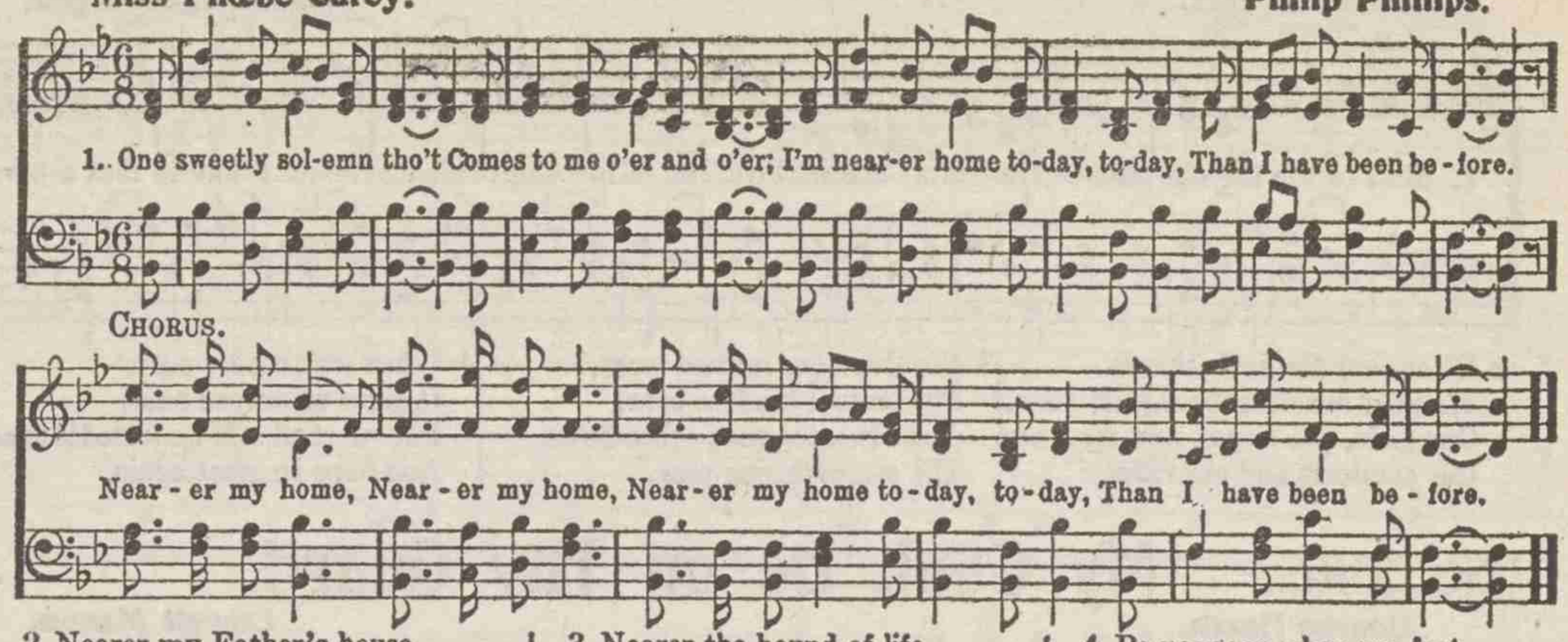


2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute;
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

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. 299. One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

Miss Phœbe Carey. Philip Phillips.



2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne to-day,
Nearer the crystal sea.

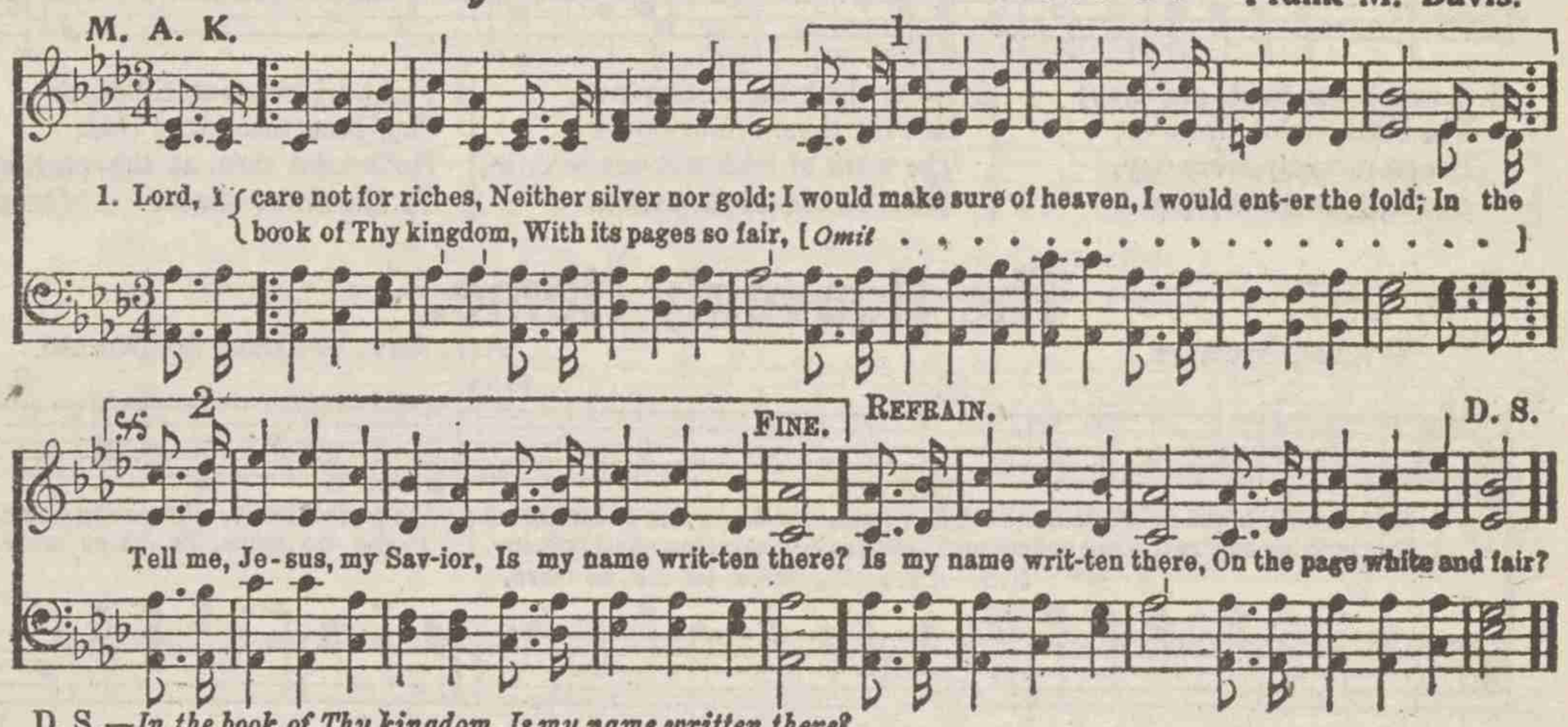
3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where burdens are laid down;
Nearer to leave the cross to-day,
And nearer to the crown.

4 Be near me when my feet
Are slipping o'er the brink;
For I am nearer home to-day,
Perhaps, than now I think.

No. 300. Is My Name Written There?

Frank M. Davis.

M. A. K.



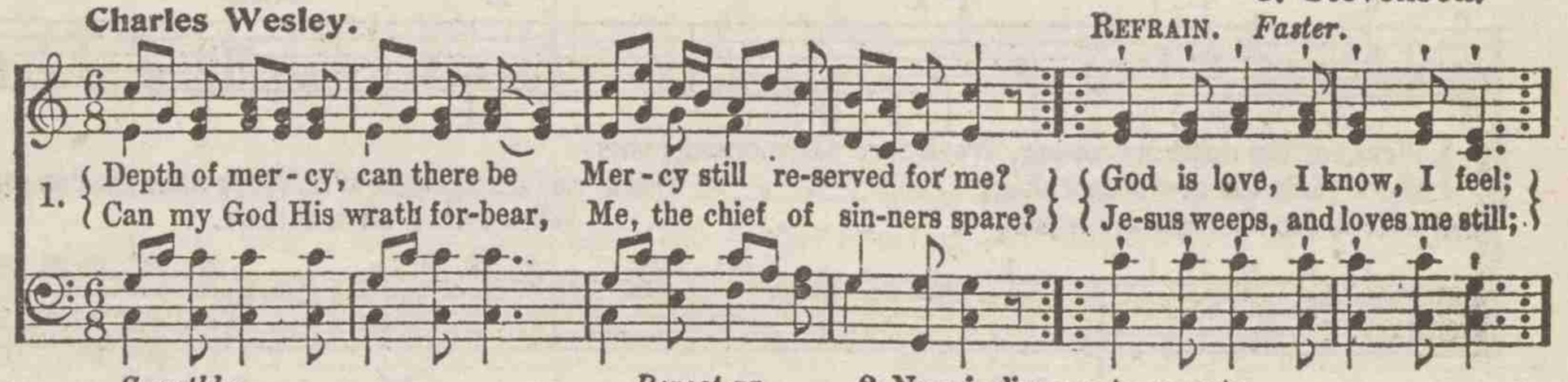
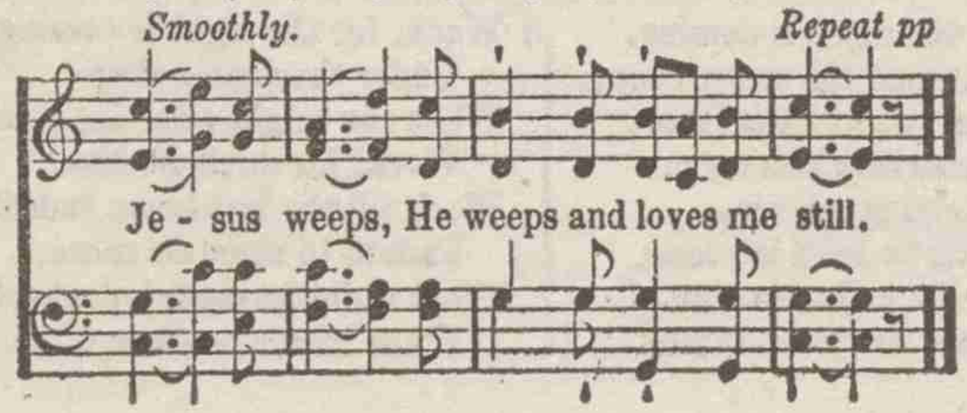
D. S.—*In the book of Thy kingdom, Is my name written there?*

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

3 Oh! that beautiful city, With mansions of light,
With its glorified beings, In pure garments of white;
Where no evil thing cometh To despoil what is fair;
Where the angels are watching, Is my name written there?

No. 301. God is Love.

Charles Wesley. J. Stevenson.

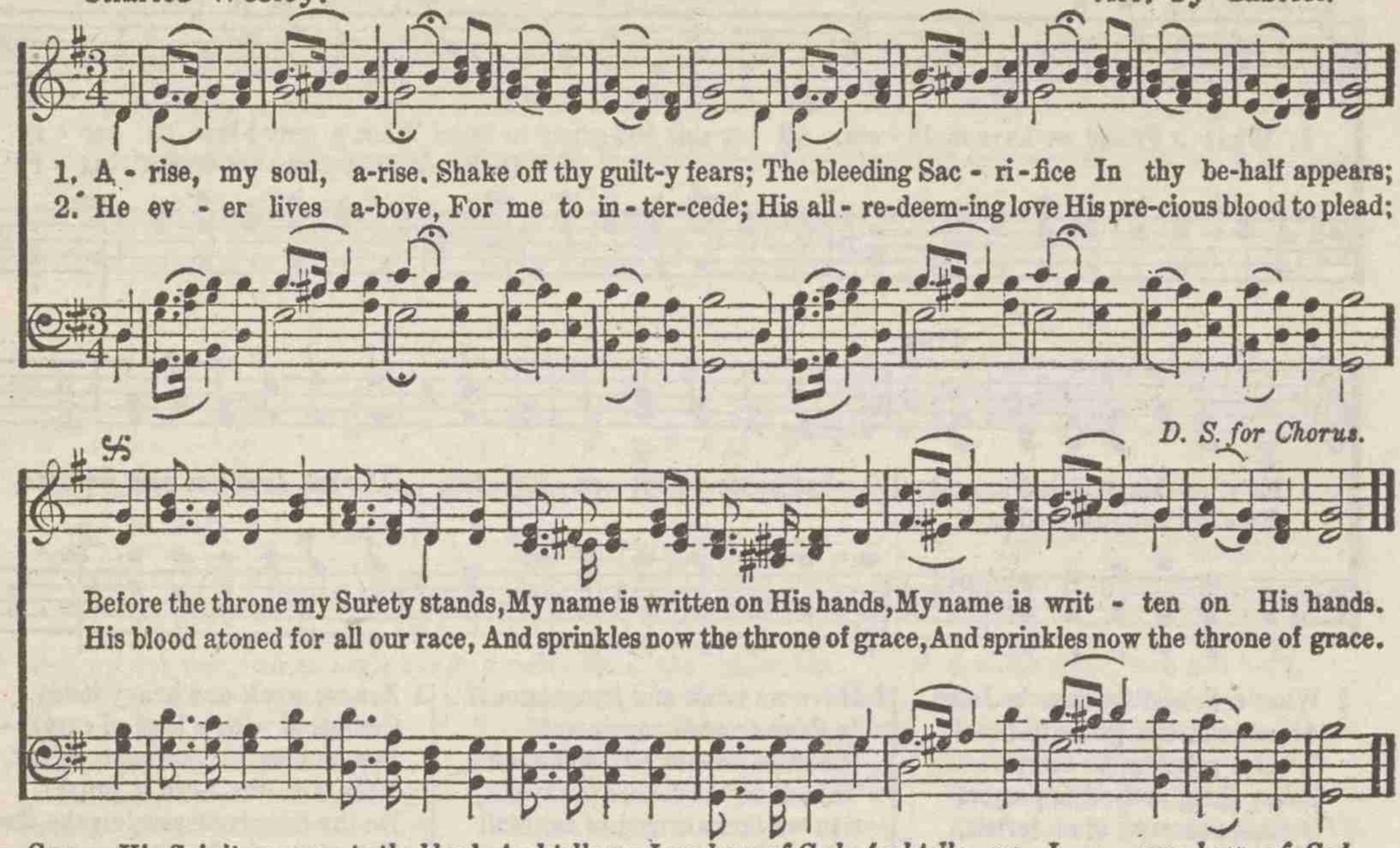


2 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my sin lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

3 There for me the Savior stands;
Shows His wounds and spreads His hands;
God is love, I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

No. 302. Arise, My Soul, Arise.

Charles Wesley. Arr. by Gabriel.



3 Five bleeding wounds He bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me;
"Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,
"Nor let the ransomed sinner die,"
"Nor let the ransomed sinner die."

4 The Father hears Him pray,
His dear Anointed One;
He cannot turn away
The presence of His Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 To God I'm reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for His child;
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And "Father, Abba, Father," cry.
And "Father, Abba, Father," cry.

No. 303. All For Jesus.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson.

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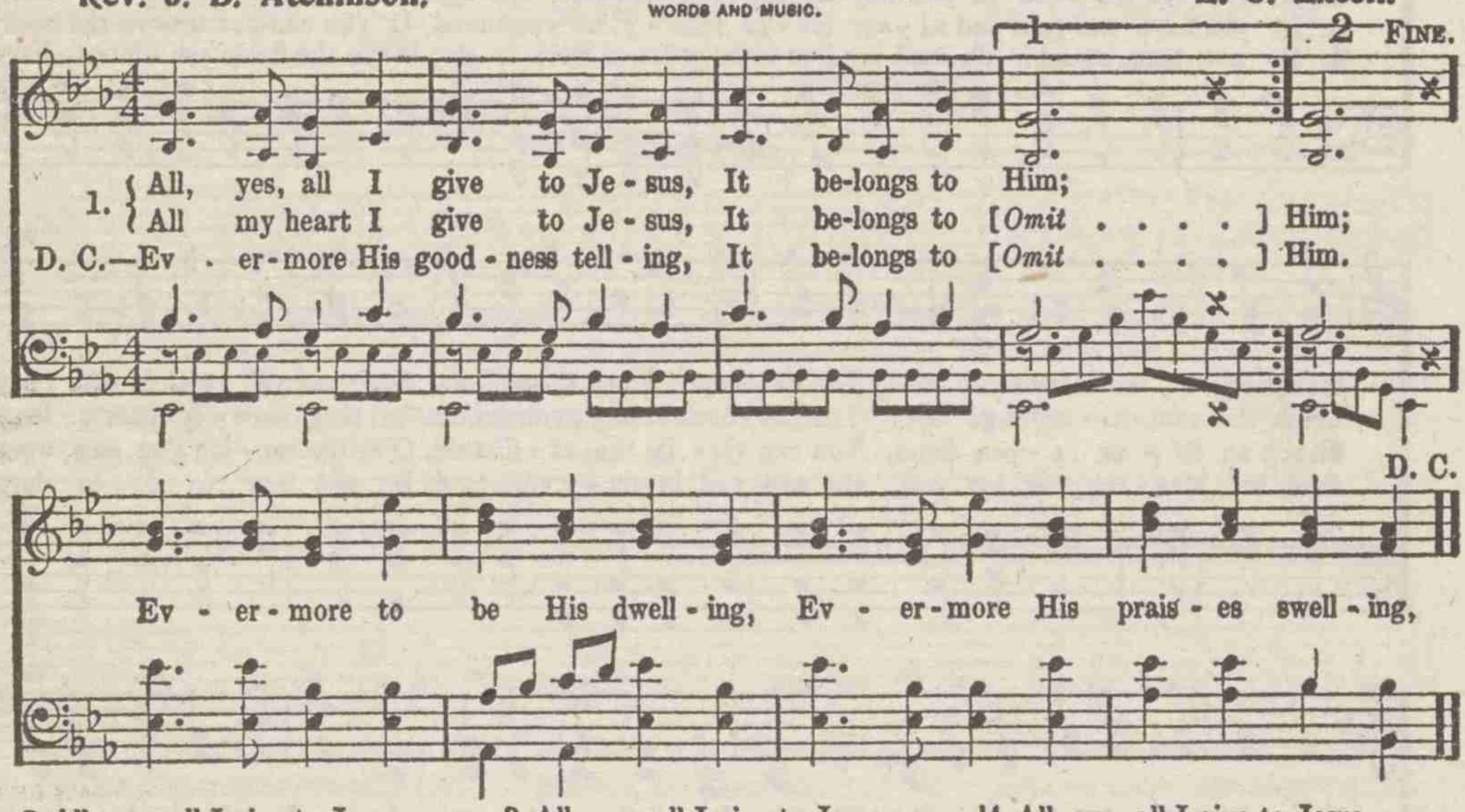
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.



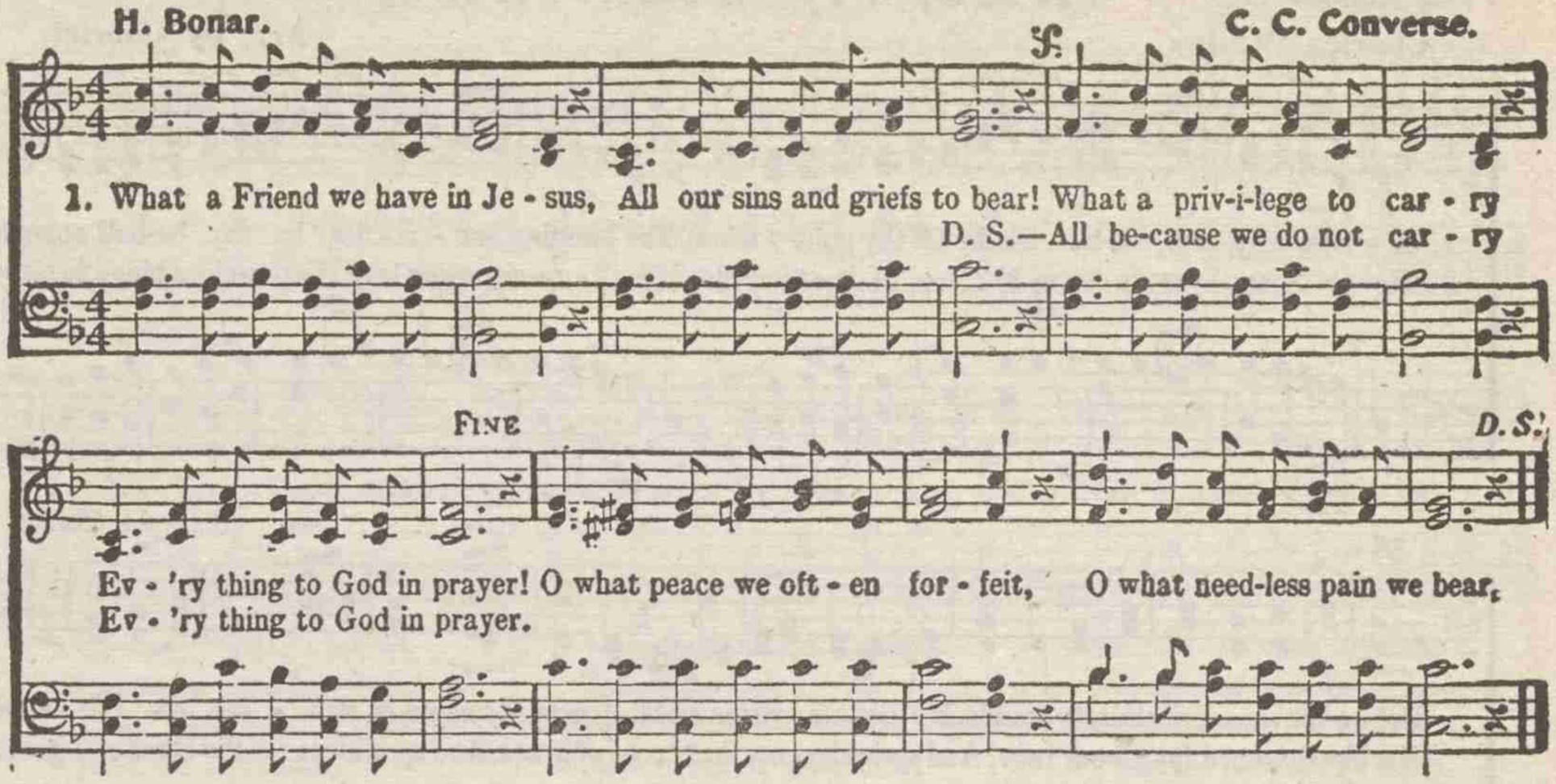
2 All, yes, all I give to Jesus,
It belongs to Him;
All my voice I give to Jesus,
It belongs to Him;
Pleading for the young and hoary,
Telling of His power and glory,
Singing o'er and o'er the story,
It belongs to Him.

3 All, yes, all I give to Jesus,
It belongs to Him;
All my love I give to Jesus,
It belongs to Him;
Loving Him for love unceasing,
For His mercy e'er increasing,
For His watch-care never ceasing,
It belongs to Him.

4 All, yes, all I give to Jesus,
It belongs to Him;
All my life I give to Jesus,
It belongs to Him;
Hour by hour I'll live for Jesus,
Day by day I'll work for Jesus,
Evermore I'll honor Jesus,
It belongs to Him.

No. 304. What a Friend.

H. Bonar. C. C. Converse.

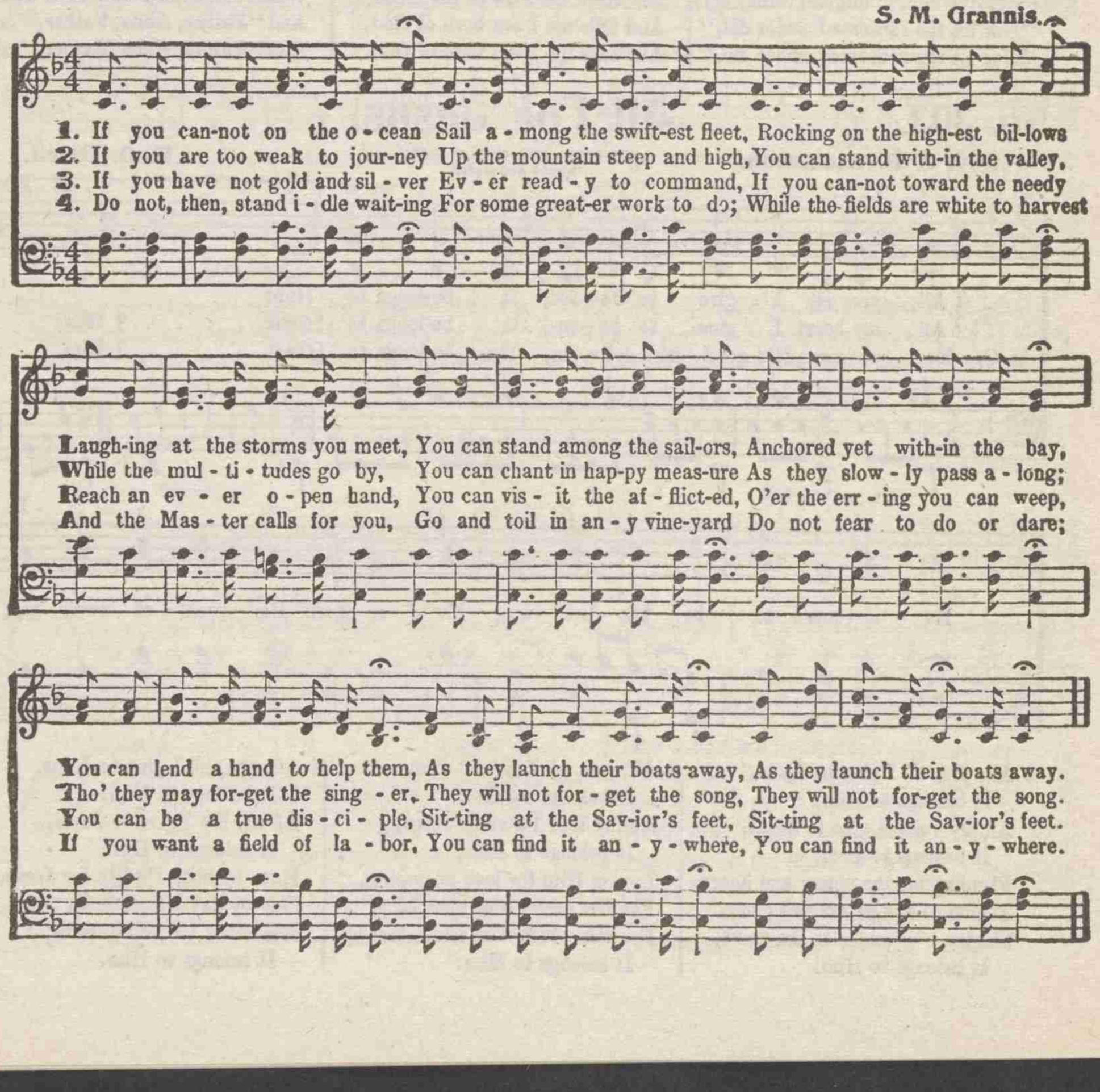


1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry,
Every thing to God in prayer!

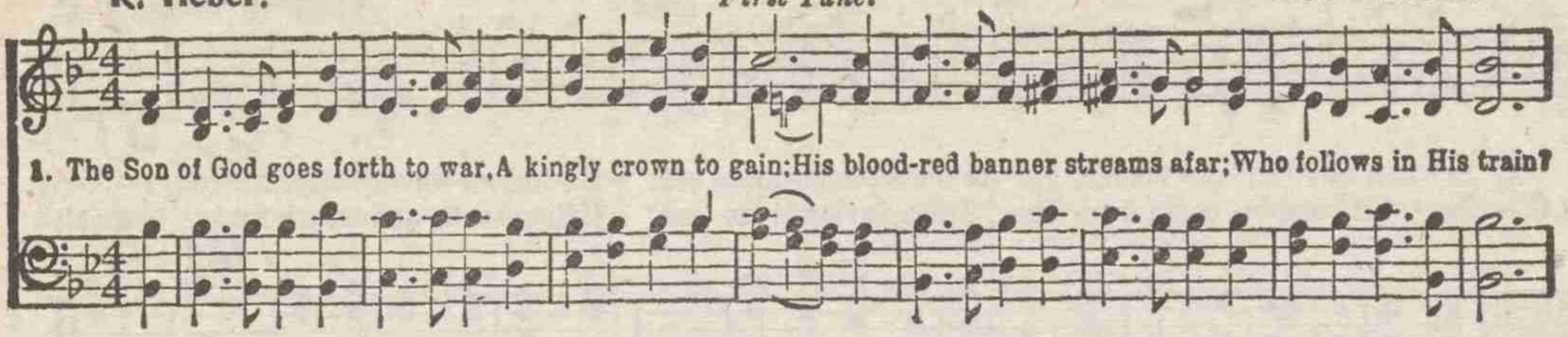
2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

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 thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

No. 305. Your Mission.

S. M. Grannis.

No. 306. 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. 307. 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.

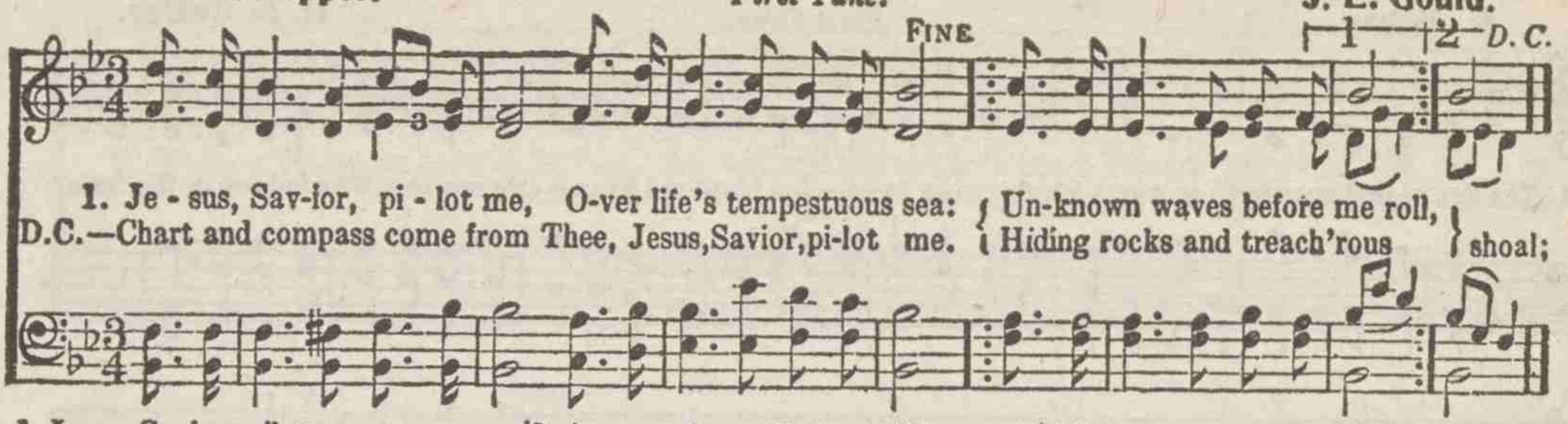
3 I of Thy testimonies have
Above all things made choice,
To be my heritage for aye,
For they my heart rejoice.
With care I have my heart inclined,
That it should still attend
Thy statutes always to observe,
And keep them to the end.

No. 308. Joy to the World.

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

No. 309. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper. *First Tune.* J. E. Gould.



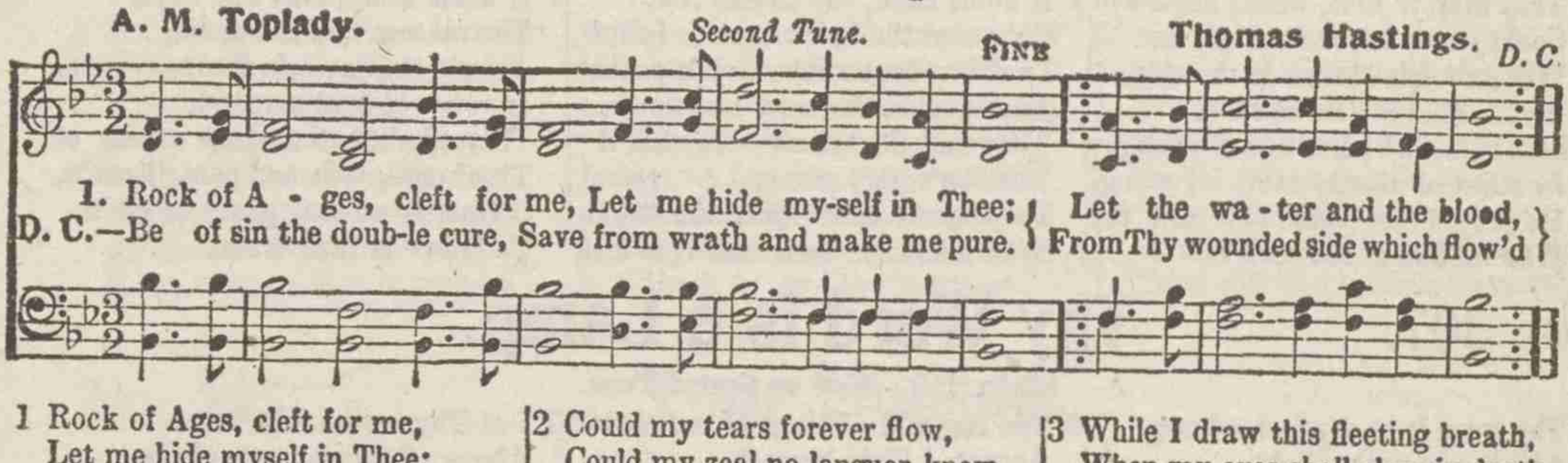
1. Je - sus, Sav-ior, pi - lot me, O-ver life's tempestuous sea: { Un-known waves before me roll,
D.C.—Chart and compass come from Thee, Jesus, Savior, pi-lot me. { Hiding rocks and treach'rous } shoal;

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
'Twix me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

No. 310. Rock of Ages.

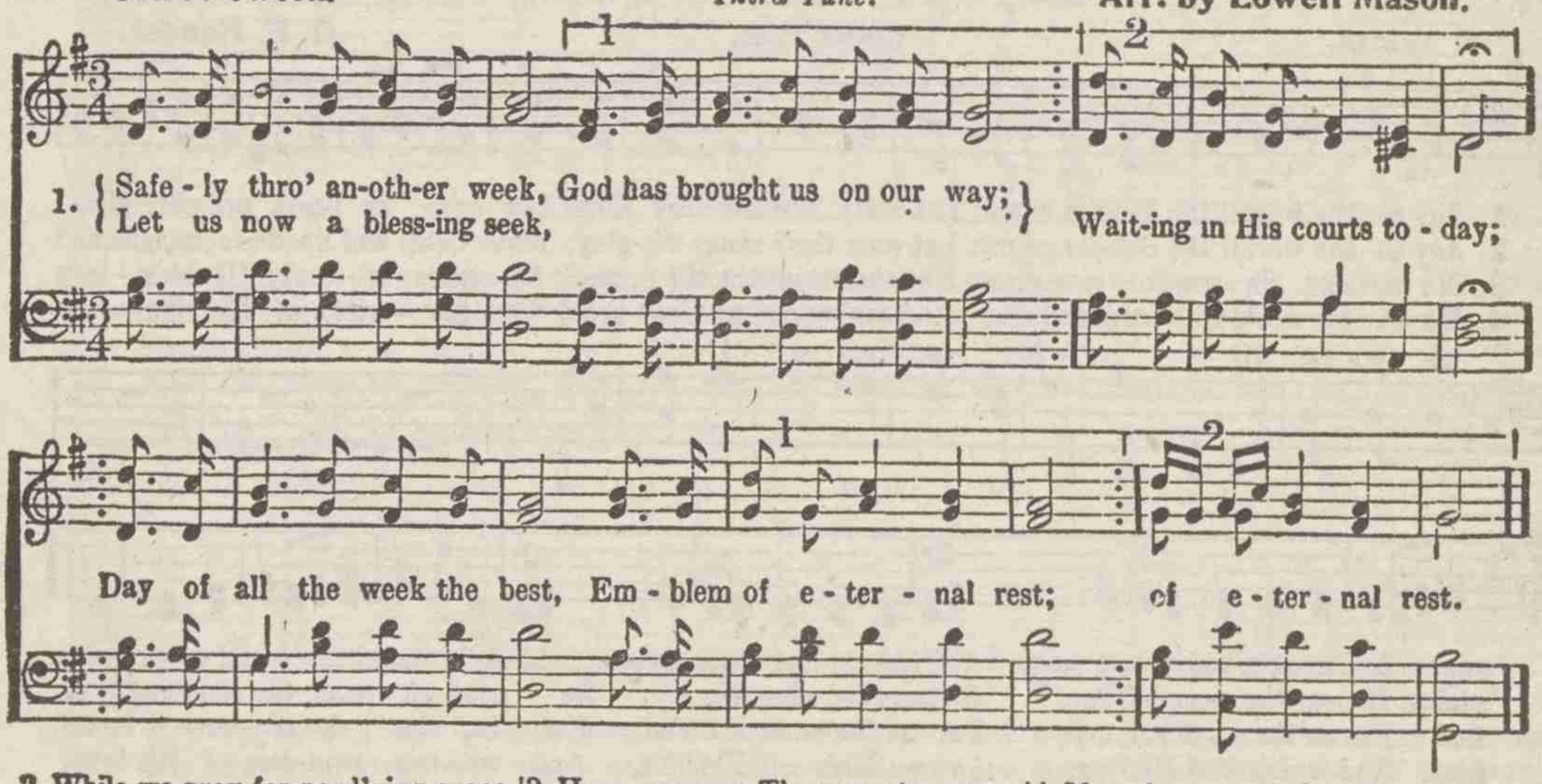
A. M. Toplady. *Second Tune.* Thomas Hastings.

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. 311. Safely Through Another Week.

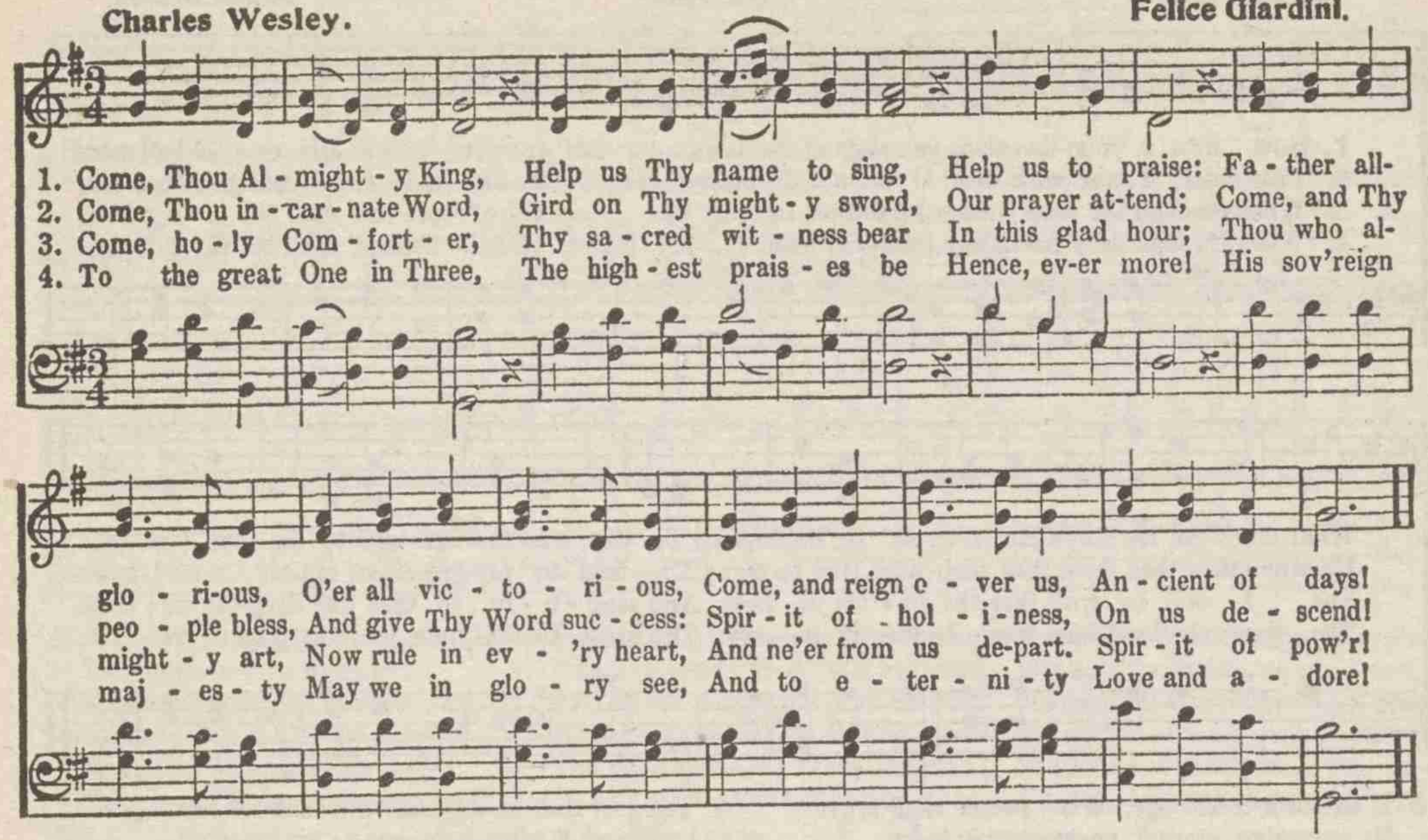
John Newton. *Third Tune.* Arr. by Lowell Mason.

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. 312. Come, Thou Almighty King.

Charles Wesley. Felice Giardini.



No. 313. 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. 314. 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.

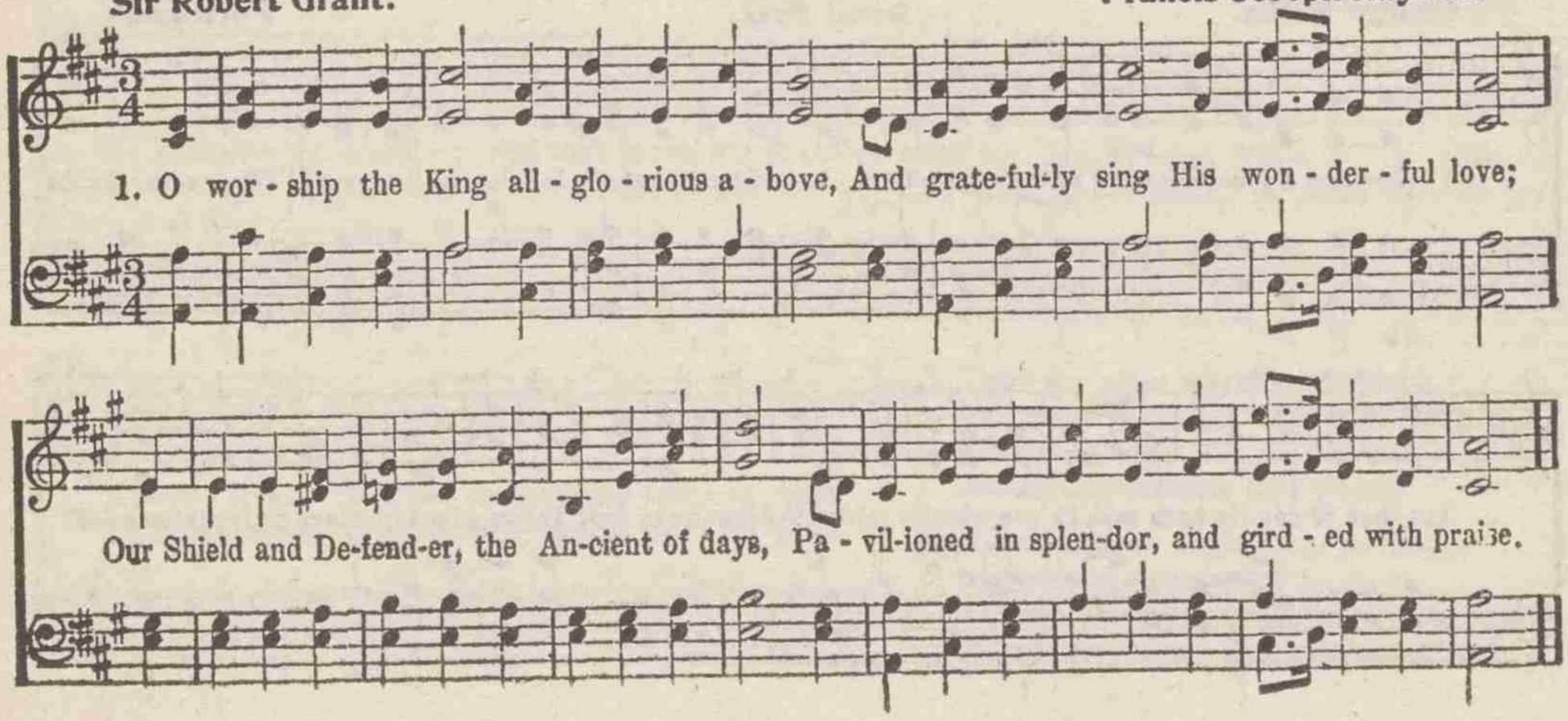
2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still He is nigh: His presence we have;
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus, our King.

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.

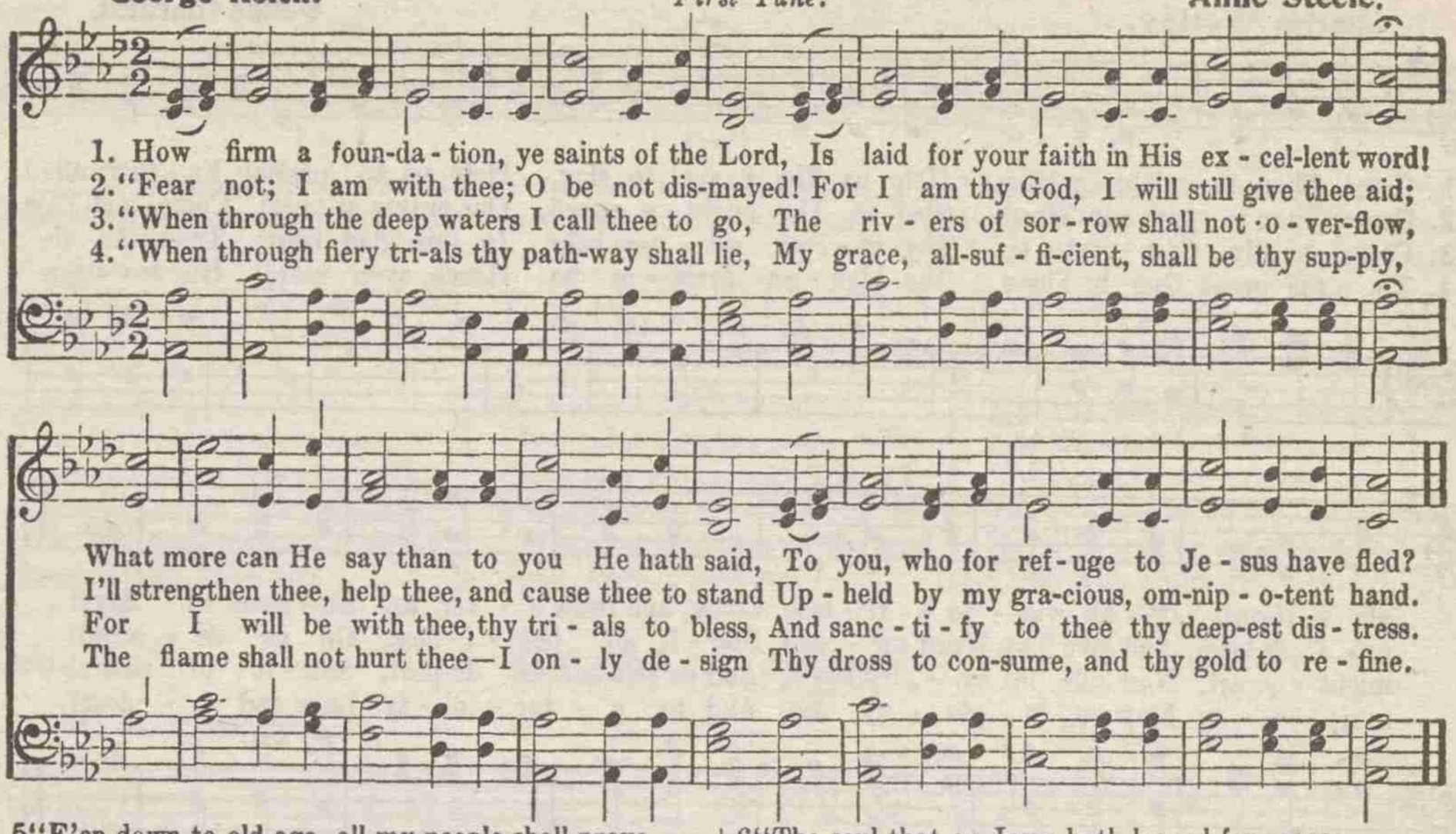
No. 315. Lyons. 10s, 11s,

Sir Robert Grant. Francis Joseph Hayden.



No. 316. 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. 317. 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. 318. 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.

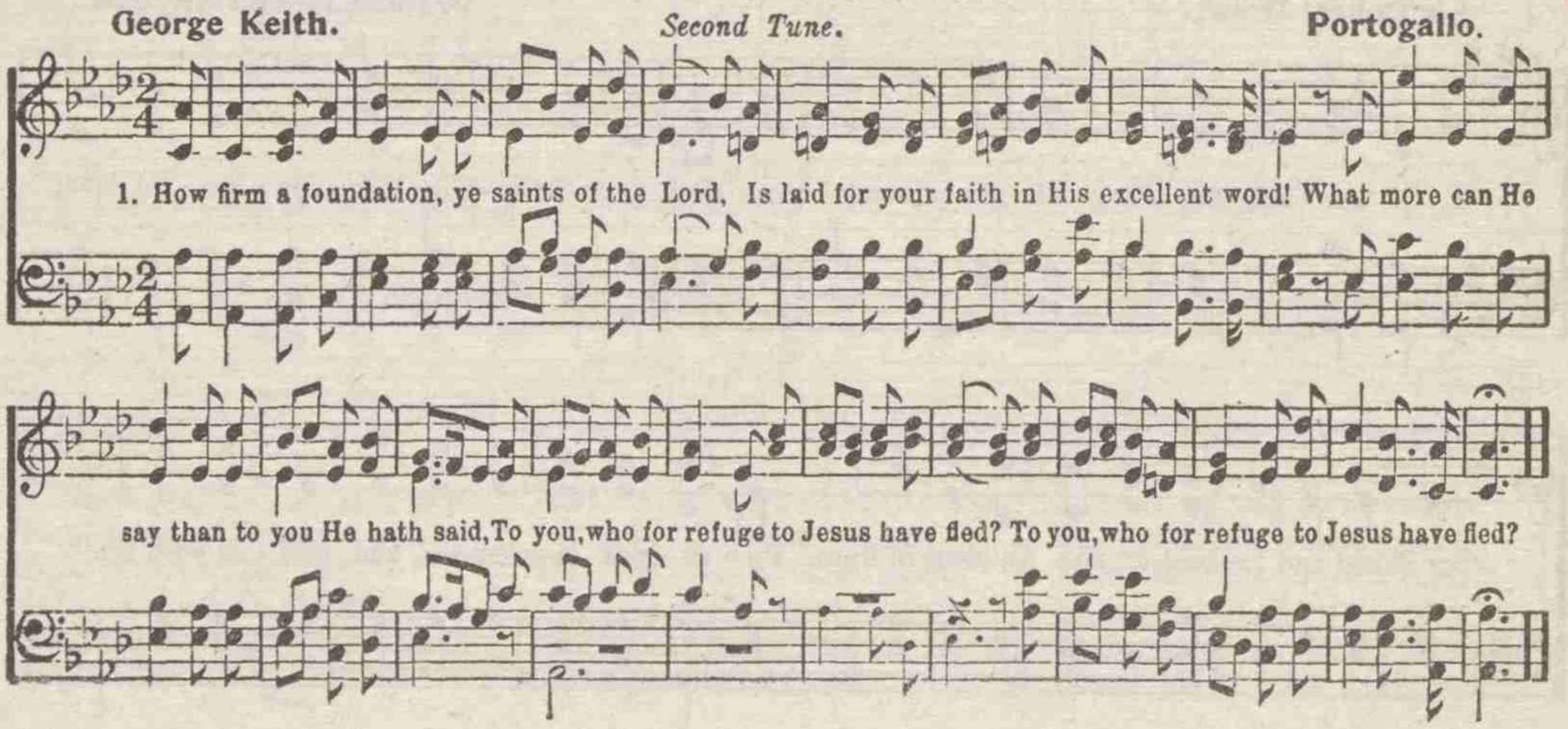
2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?
A fountain is open, how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in His pardoning blood?

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.

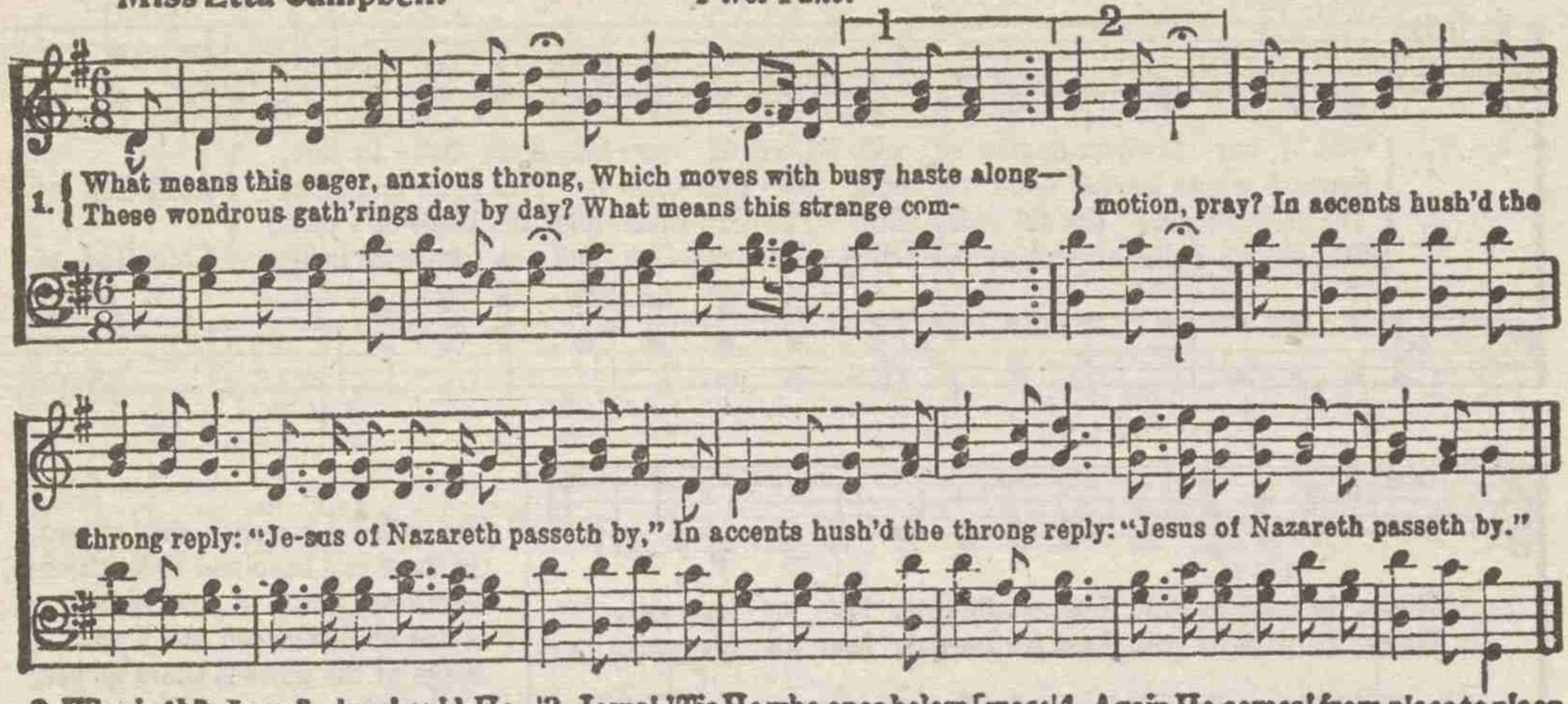
No. 319. How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. *Second Tune.* Portogallo.



No. 320. Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By.

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



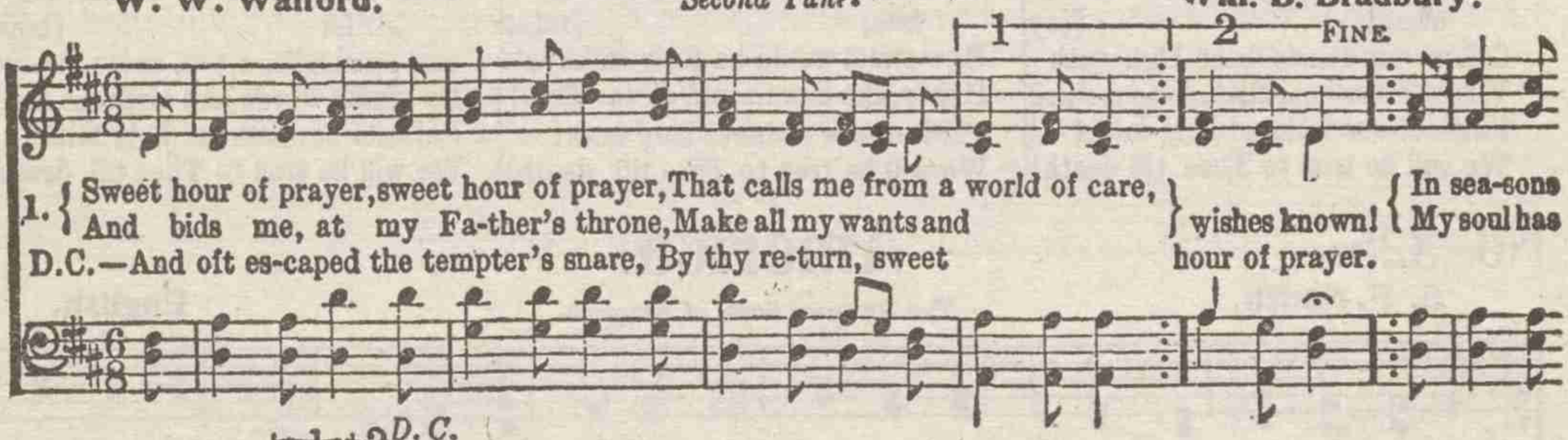
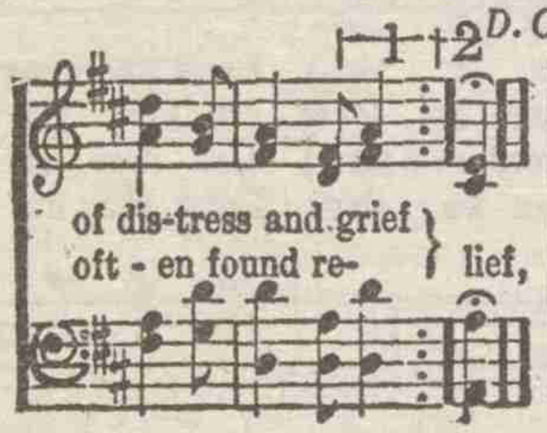
2 Who is this Jesus? why should He
The city move so mightily?
A passing stranger, has He skill
To move the multitude at will?
Again the stirring notes reply:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

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. 321. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

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

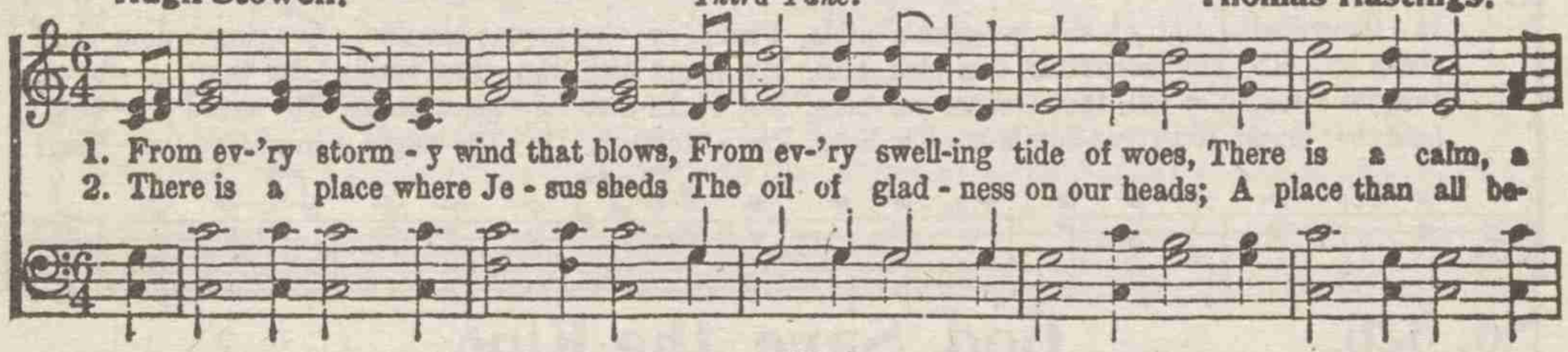


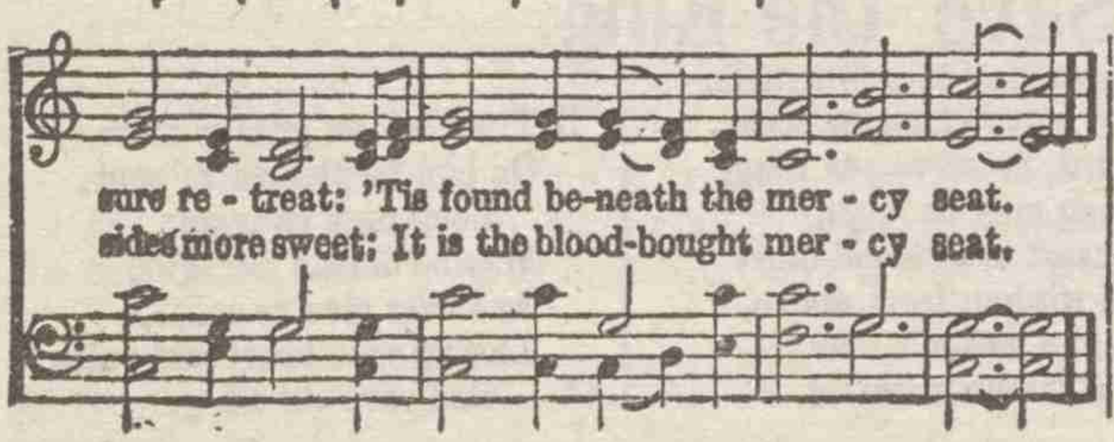
2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
The joys I feel, the bliss I share, [prayer,
Of those whose anxious spirits burn
With strong desires for thy return!
With such I hasten to the place
Where, God, my Savior, shows His face,
And gladly take my station there,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of 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. 322. From Every Stormy Wind that Blows.

Hugh Stowell. *Third Tune.* **Thomas Hastings.**

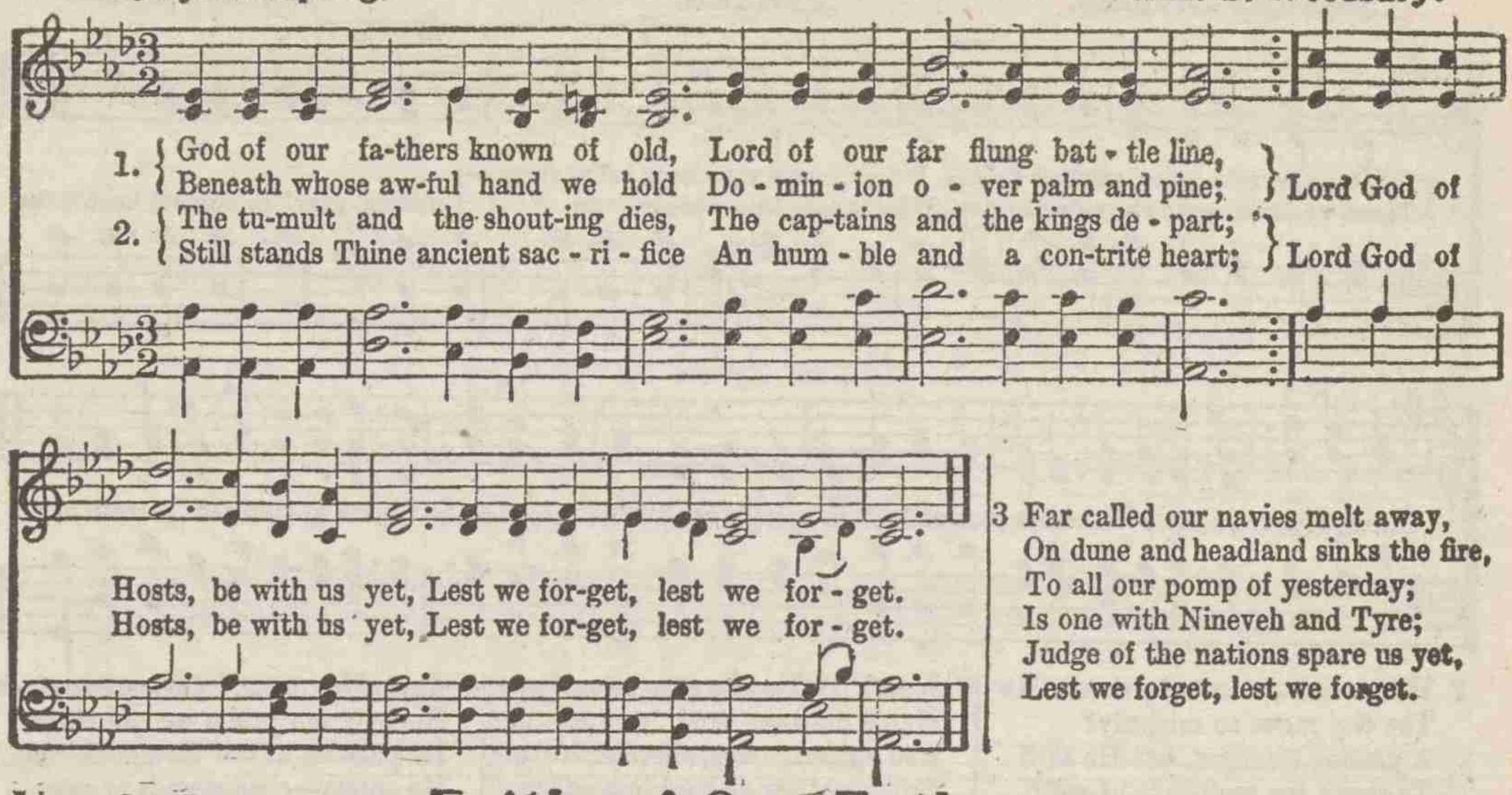




3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

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. 323. 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. 324. Faith of Our Fathers.

Tune above.

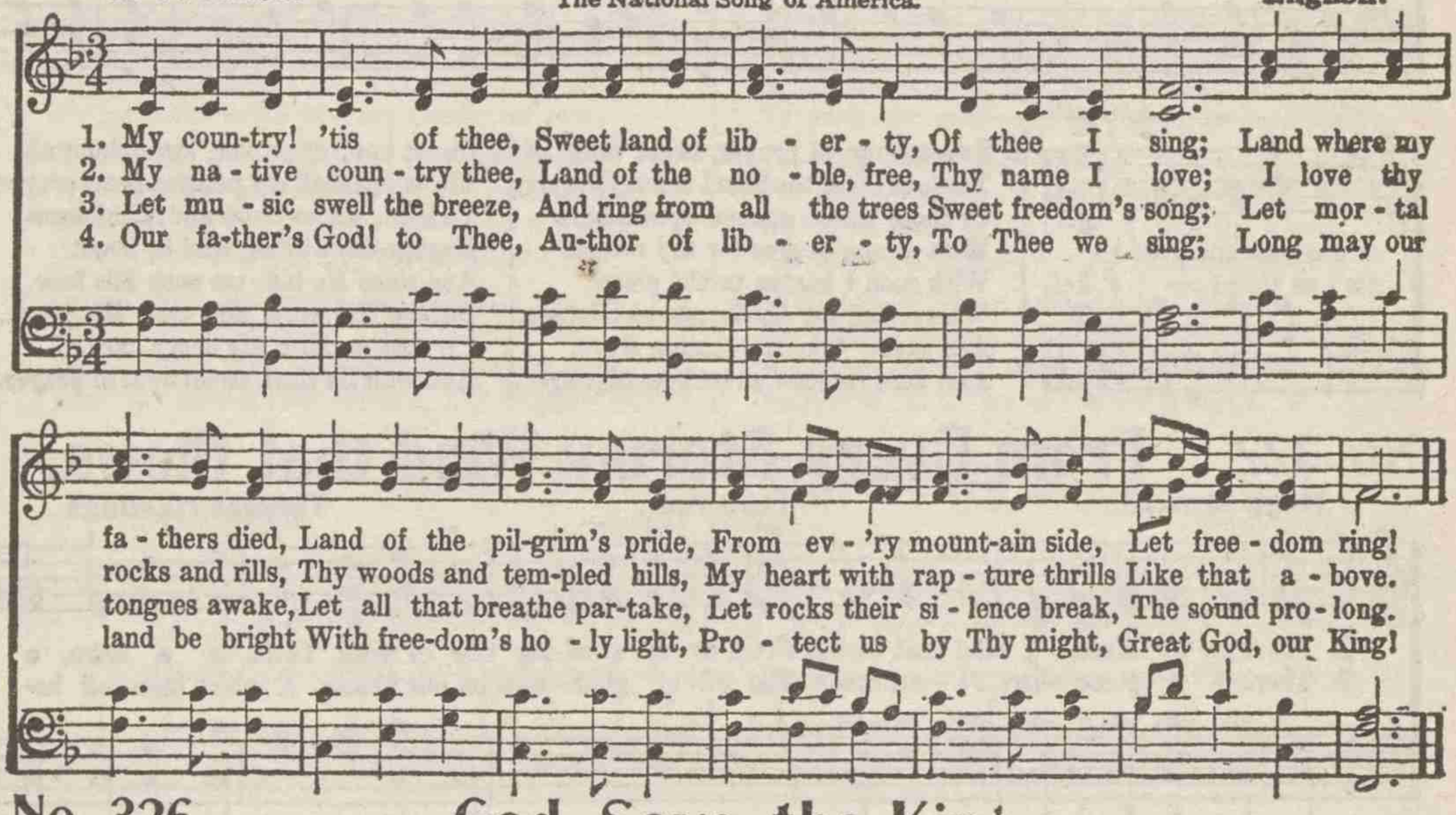
1 Faith of our fathers! living still
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword:
O how our hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er we hear that glorious word
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to Thee till death!

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. 325. America.

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



No. 326. God Save the King.

The National Song of Britain.

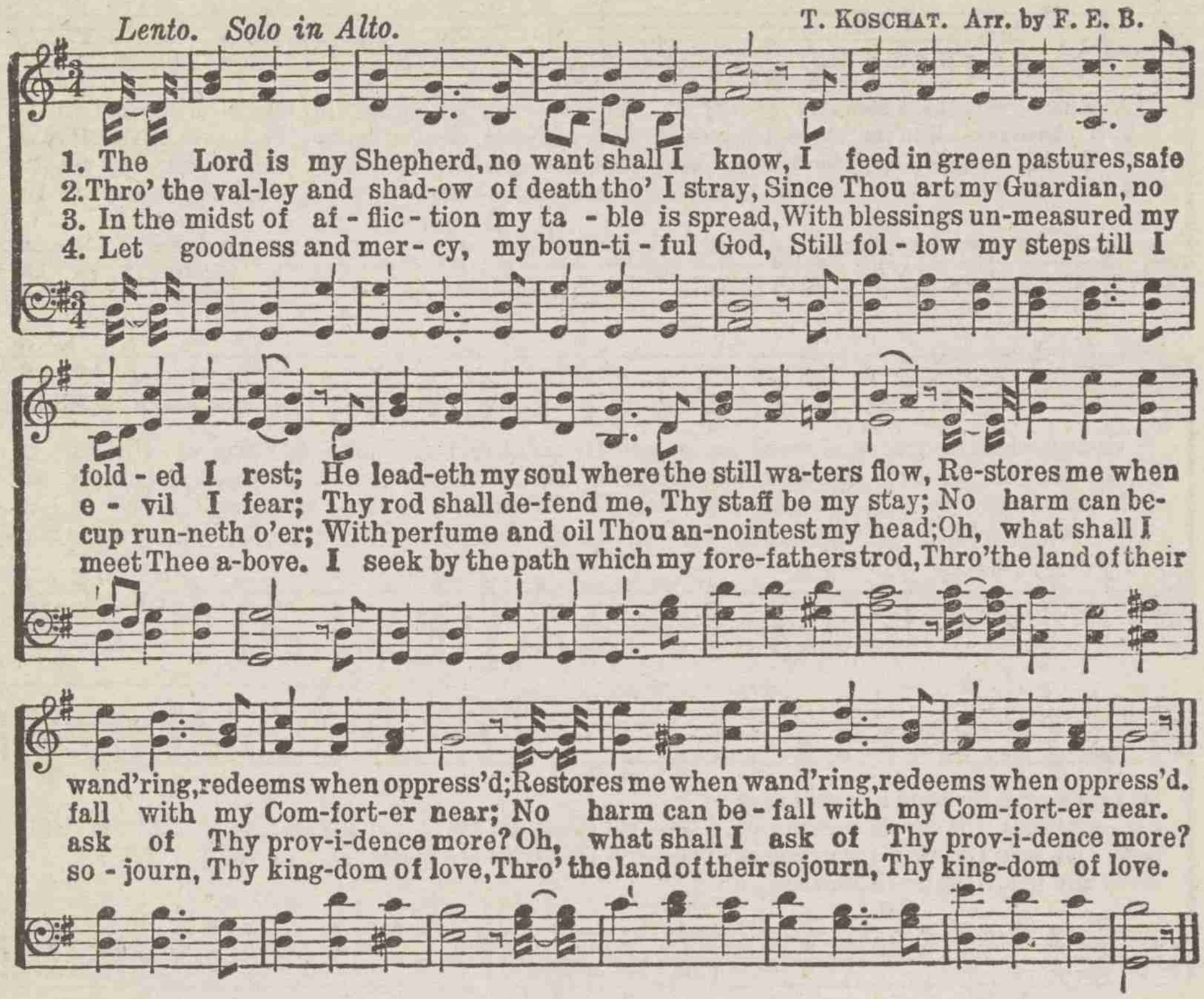
1 God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King;
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King.

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.

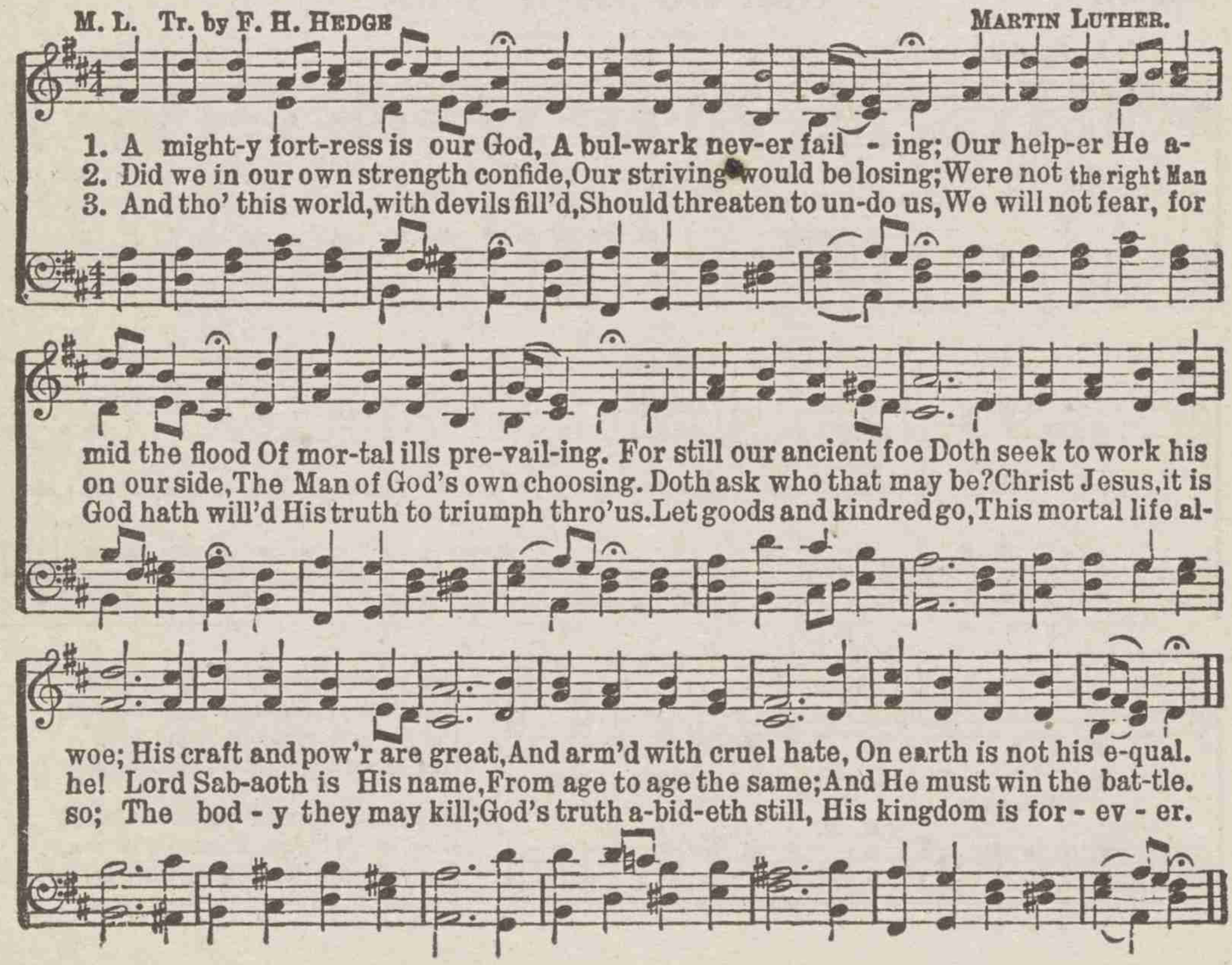
No. 327. The Lord is My Shepherd.

Lento. Solo in Alto. T. KOSCHAT. Arr. by F. E. B.



No. 328. A Mighty Fortress.

M. L. Tr. by F. H. HEDGE MARTIN LUTHER.



No. 329. Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Julia Ward Howe. **Melody, "Glory Hallelujah."**

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

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

ble swift sword; His truth is marching on.
flar - ing lamps, His day is marching on.
lant my feet, Our God is marching on.
make men free, While God is marching on.

FINE. CHORUS.

Glo - ry! glo-ry, hal-le - lu-jah! Glo-ry! glo-ry, hal-le - lu - jah!
Glo - ry! glo-ry, hal-le - lu-jah! (*D.S.2d time.*)

No. 330. God Be With You.

COPYRIGHT, BY J. E. RANKIN. D. D.
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J. E. Rankin. D. D. **W. G. Tomer.**

1. God be with you till we meet again, By His counsels guide, uphold you, With His sheep securely fold you,
2. God be with you till we meet again, 'Neath His wings securely hide you, Daily manna still di - vide you,

CHORUS.

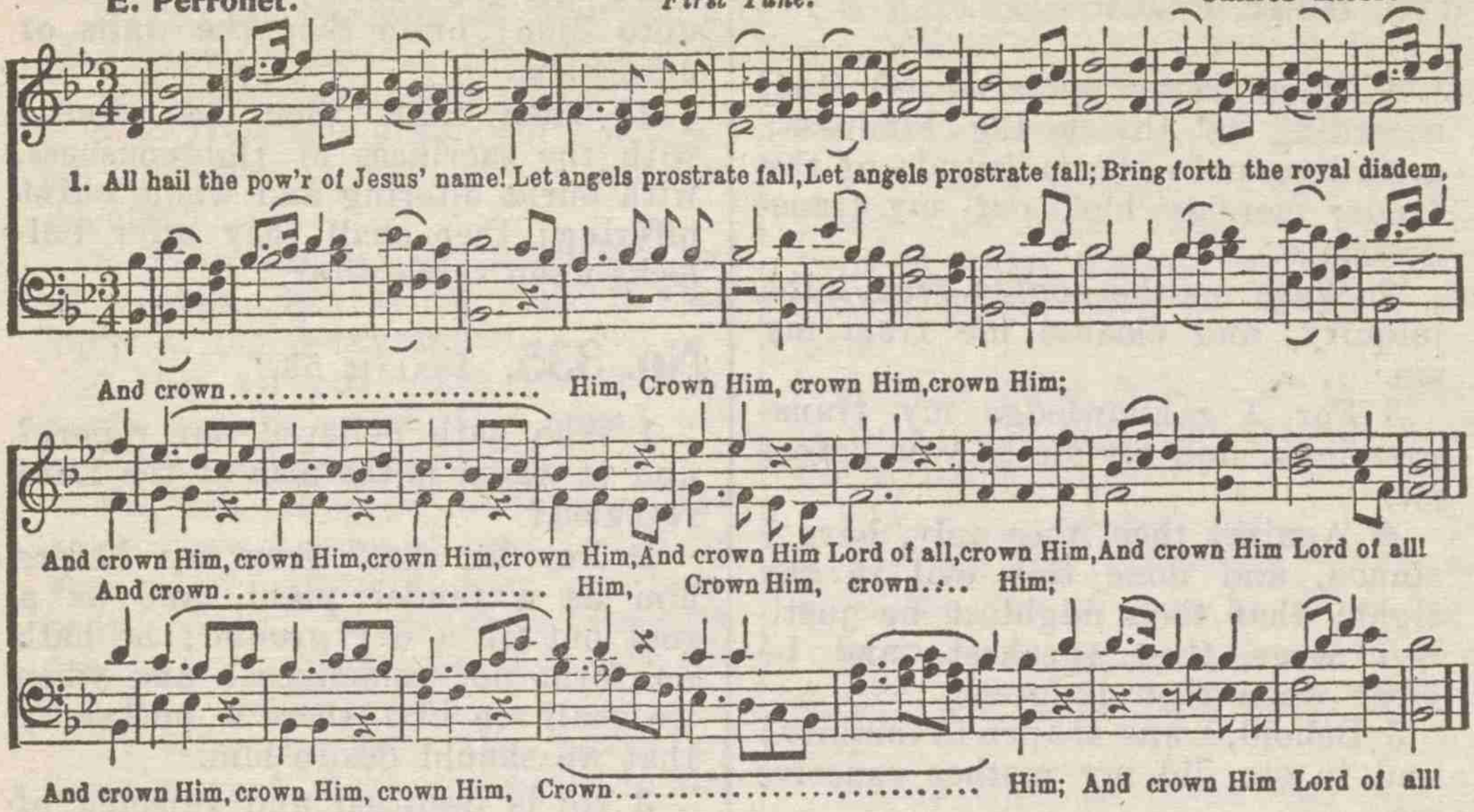
God be with you till we meet a-gain. Till we meet.... till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus'
Till we meet, till we meet a-gain,
feet; God be with you till we meet a - gain.
till we meet;

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. 331. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name,

E. Perronet. *First Tune.* **James Ellor.**



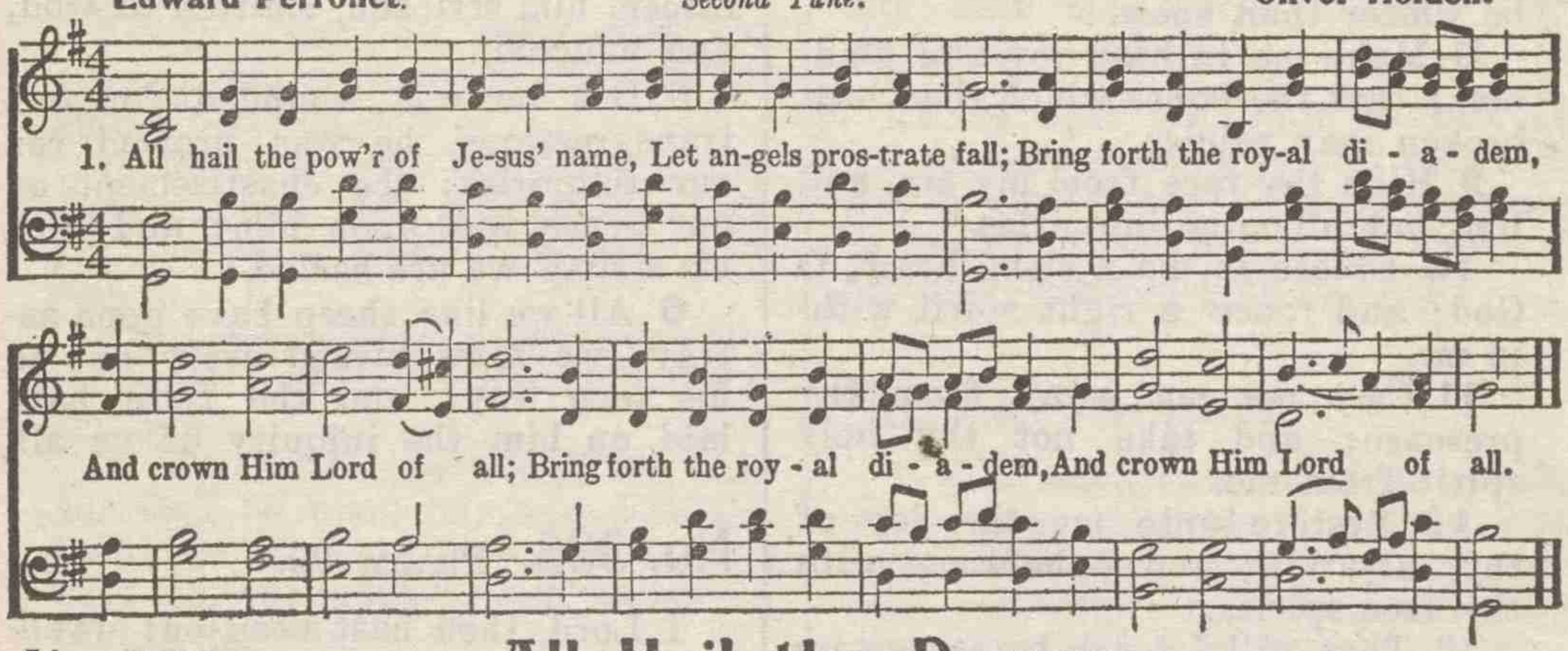
2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

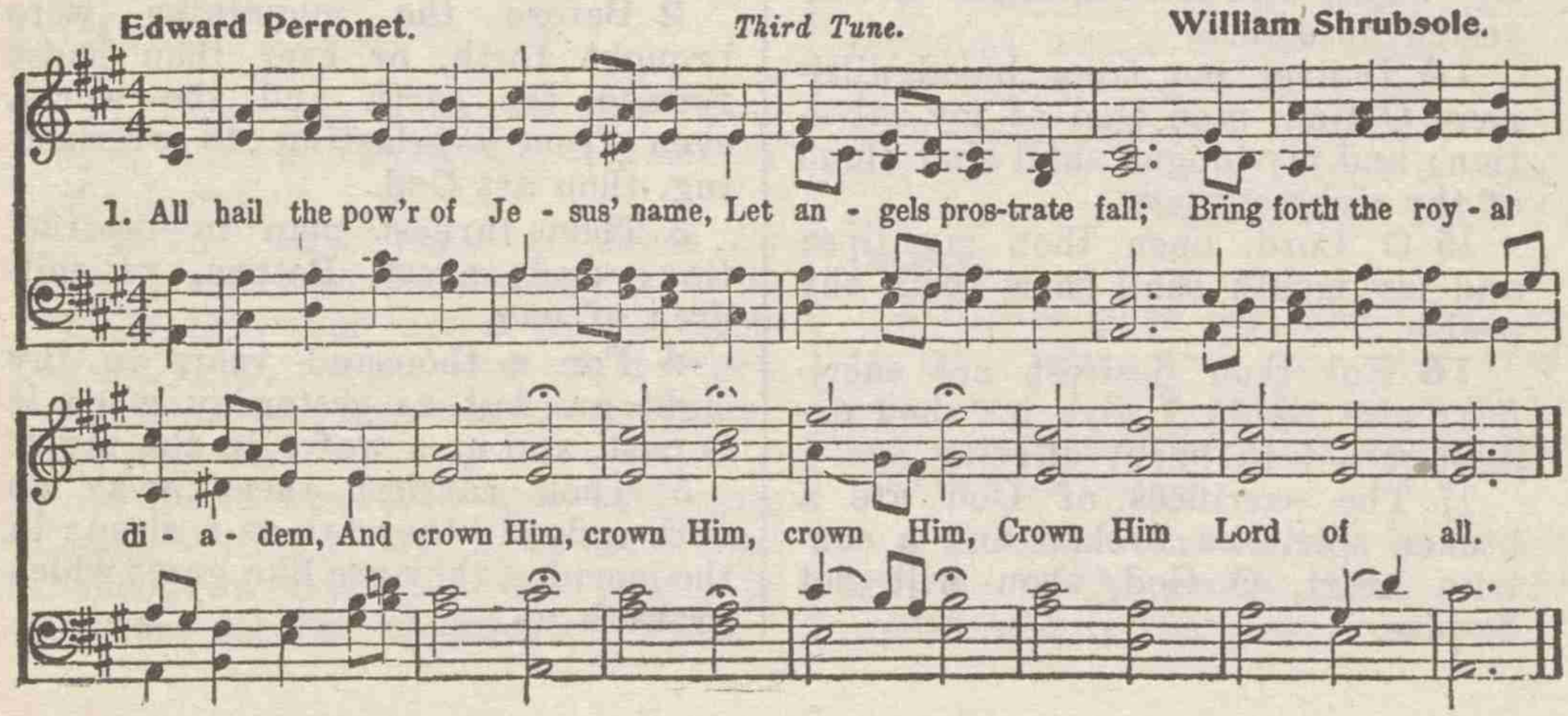
4 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall,
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 332. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Edward Perronet. *Second Tune.* **Oliver Holden.**



No. 333. All Hail the Power.

Edward Perronet. *Third Tune.* **William Shrubsole.**

No. 334. Psalm 51.

1 Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving kindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

2 Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

3 For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me.

4 Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight: that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest.

5 Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.

6 Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts: and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom.

7 Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

8 Make me to hear joy and gladness; that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.

9 Hide thy face from my sin, and blot out all mine iniquities.

10 Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.

11 Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy holy spirit from me.

12 Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free spirit.

13 Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee.

14 Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation: and my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.

15 O Lord, open thou my lips; and my mouth shall shew forth thy praise.

16 For thou desirest not sacrifice; else would I give it: thou delightest not in burnt offering.

17 The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

18 Do good in thy good pleasure unto Zion: build thou the walls of Jerusalem.

19 Then shalt thou be pleased with the sacrifices of righteousness, with burnt offering and whole burnt offering; then shall they offer bullocks upon thine altar.

No. 335. Isaiah 53.

1 Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?

2 For he shall grow up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground; he hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him.

3 He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised, and we esteemed him not.

4 Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows; yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.

5 But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.

6 All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

No. 336. Psalm 90.

1 Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations.

2 Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.

3 Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye children of men.

4 For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.

5 Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep; in the morning they are like grass which groweth up.

6 In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth.

7 For we are consumed by thine anger, and by thy wrath are we troubled.

8 Thou has set our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.

9 For all our days are passed away in thy wrath: we spend our years as a tale that is told.

10 The days of our years are three-score years and ten: and if by reason of strength they be four-score years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.

11 Who knoweth the power of thine anger? Even according to thy fear, so is thy wrath.

12 So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

13 Return, O Lord, how long? And let it repent thee concerning thy servants.

14 O satisfy us early with thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

15 Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil.

16 Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children.

17 And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us: and establish thou the work of our hands upon us: yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.

No. 337. John 3: 1-18.

1 There was a man of the Pharisees, named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews:

2 The same came to Jesus by night, and said unto him, Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God; for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him.

3 Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.

4 Nicodemus said unto him, How can a man be born when he is old? can he enter the second time into his mother's womb, and be born?

5 Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.

6 That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit.

7 And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness; even so must the Son of man be lifted up:

8 That whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life.

9 For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

10 For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved.

11 He that believeth on him is not condemned; but he that believeth not is condemned already; because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God.

No. 338. Isaiah 55.

1 Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.

2 Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labour for that which satisfieth not? hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.

3 Incline your ear, and come unto me; hear, and your soul shall live; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David.

4 Behold, I have given him for a witness to the people, a leader and commander to the people.

5 Behold, thou shalt call a nation that thou knowest not, and nations that knew not thee shall run unto thee because of the Lord thy God, and for the Holy One of Israel; for he hath glorified thee.

6 Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near:

7 Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.

No. 339. Psalm 142.

1 I cried unto the Lord with my voice; with my voice unto the Lord did I make my supplication.

2 I poured out my complaint before him; I shewed before him my trouble.

3 When my spirit was overwhelmed within me, then thou knewest my path. In the way wherein I walked have they privily laid a snare for me.

4 I looked on my right hand, and beheld, but there was no man that would know me: refuge failed me; no man cared for my soul.

5 I cried unto thee, O Lord: I said, Thou art my refuge and my portion in the land of the living.

6 Attend unto my cry; for I am brought very low; deliver me from my persecutors; for they are stronger than I.

7 Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise thy name: the righteous shall compass me about: for thou shalt deal bountifully with me.

No. 340. Psalm 121.

1 I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

2 My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.

3 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

4 Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

5 The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.

6 The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

7 The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.

8 The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.

No. 341. Psalm 1.

1 Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

2 But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

4 The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

5 Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

6 For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

No. 342. Matthew 11: 20-30.

1 Then began he to upbraid the cities wherein most of his mighty works were done, because they repented not:

2 Woe unto thee, Chorazin! woe unto thee, Bethsaida! for if the mighty works which were done in you had been done in Tyre and Sidon, they would have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes.

3 But I say unto you, It shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon at the day of judgment, than for you.

4 And thou Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shall be brought down to hell; for if the mighty works, which have been done in thee, had been done in Sodom, it would have remained until this day.

5 But I say unto you, That it shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom in the day of judgment, than for thee.

6 At that time Jesus answered and said, I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth; because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes.

7 Even so, Father: for so it seemed good in thy sight.

8 All things are delivered unto me of my Father; and no man knoweth the Son, but the Father; neither knoweth any man the Father, save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal him.

9 Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

10 Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

11 For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.

No. 343.

MATTHEW 13: 24-30; 36-43.

1 Another parable put he forth unto them, saying, The kingdom of heaven is likened unto a man which soweth good seed in his field:

2 But while men slept, his enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat, and went his way.

3 But when the blade was sprung up, and brought forth fruit, then appeared the tares also.

4 So the servants of the householder came and said unto him, Sir, didst not thou sow good seed in thy field? from whence then hath it tares?

5 He said unto them, An enemy hath done this. The servants said unto him, Wilt thou then that we go and gather them up.

6 But he said, Nay; lest while ye gather up the tares, ye root up also the wheat with them.

7 Let both grow together until the harvest; and in the time of harvest I will say to the reapers, Gather ye together first the tares, and bind them in bundles to burn them; but gather the wheat into my barn.

8 Then Jesus sent the multitude away, and went into the house: and his disciples came unto him, saying, Declare unto us the parable of the tares of the field.

9 He answered and said unto them, He that soweth the good seed is the Son of man;

10 The feld is the world; the good seed are the children of the kingdom; but the tares are the children of the wicked one;

11 The enemy that soweth them is the devil; the harvest is the end of the world: and the reapers are the angels.

12 As therefore the tares are gathered and burned in the fire; so shall it be in the end of this world.

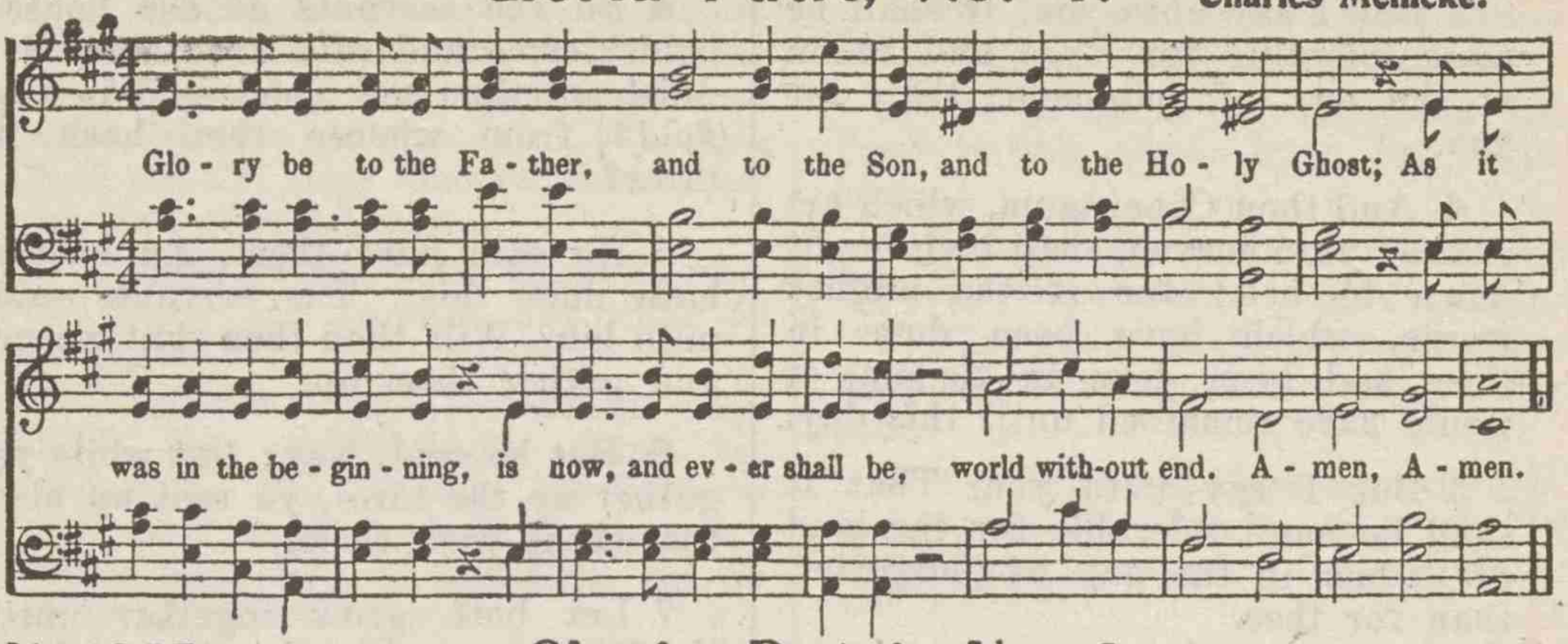
13 The Son of man shall send forth his angels, and they shall gather out of his kingdom all things that offend, and them which do iniquity;

14 And shall cast them into a furnace of fire; there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth.

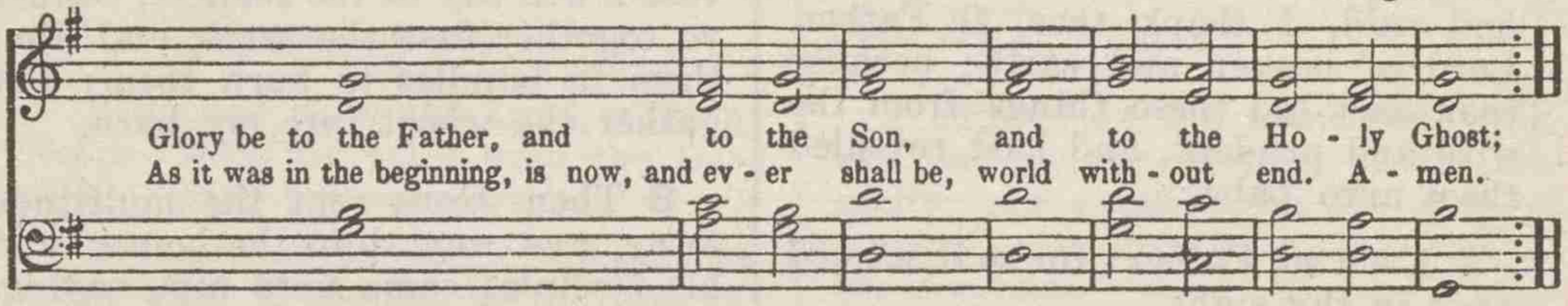
15 Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father. Who hath ears to hear, let him hear.

No. 344. Gloria Patri, No. 1.

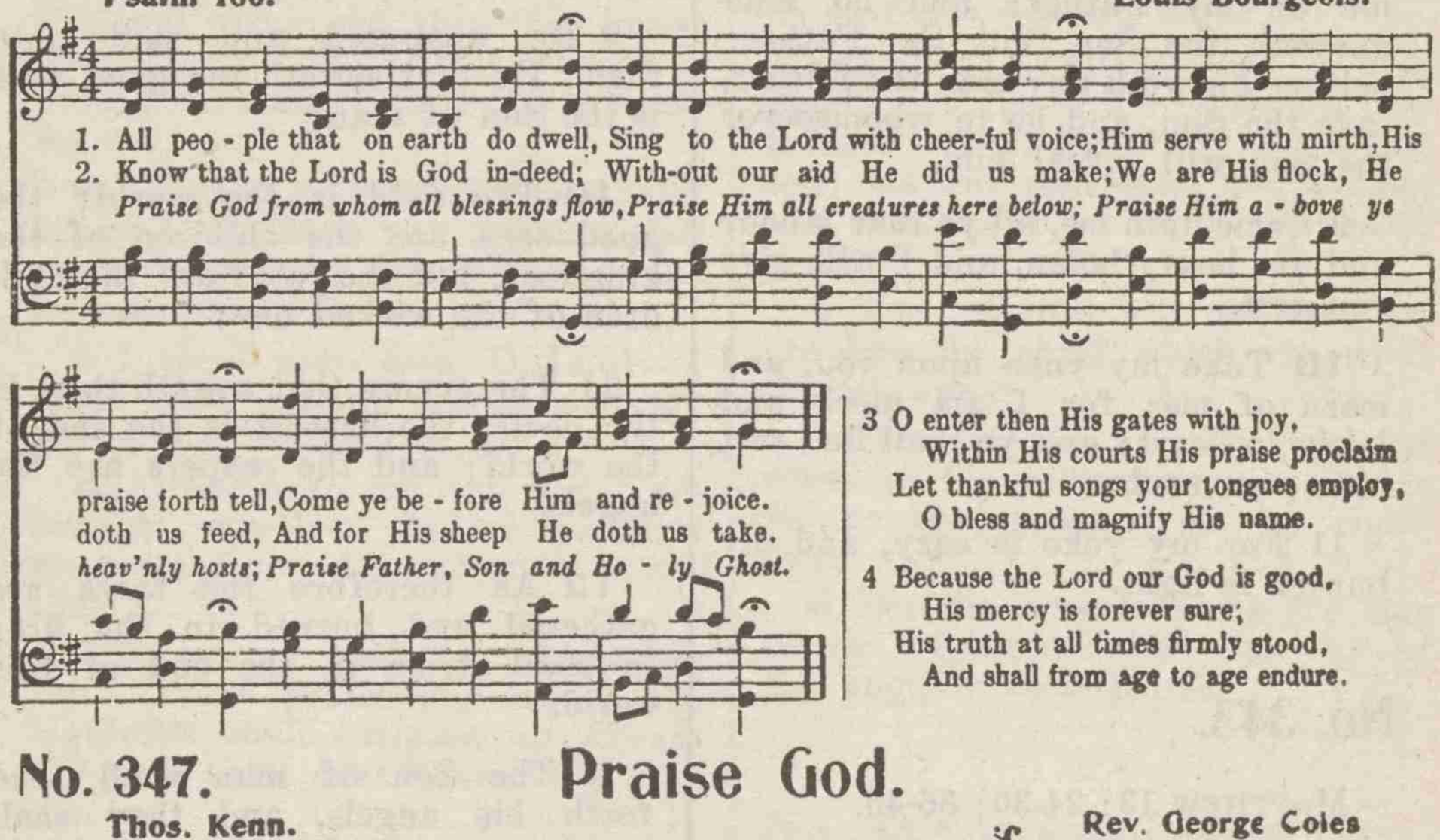
Charles Meineke.



No. 345. Gloria Patri, No. 2.

Gregorian.

No. 346. All People that on Earth do Dwell.

Psalm 100.

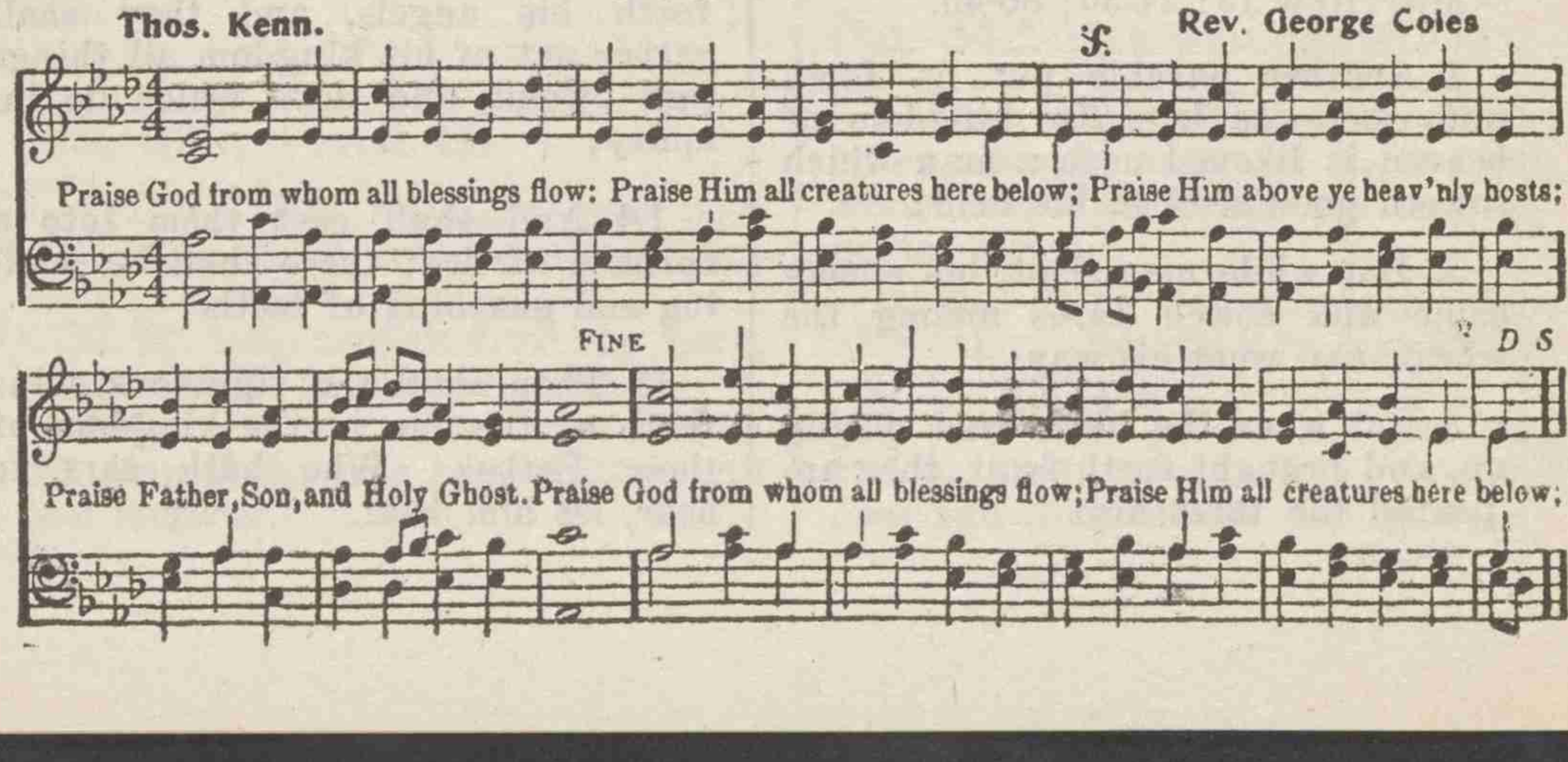
Louis Bourgeois.

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



PATRIOTIC AND MISSIONARY.

No. 348 O Zion, Haste.

James Walch.

1. O Zi - on, haste, thy mis-sion high ful - fill - ing, To tell to all the
2. Be - hold how man - y thousands still are ly - ing, Bound in the dark-some
3. Pro-claim to ev - 'ry peo-ple, tongue and na-tion That God in Whom they
4. Give of Thy sons to bear the message glorious; Give of thy wealth to

world that God is Light; That He who made all na-tions is not will - ing
pris - on-house of sin, With none to tell them of the Sav-ior's dy - ing,
live and move is love: Tell how He stooped to save His lost cre - a - tion,
speed them on their way; Pour out thy soul for them in prayer vic - to - rious;

REFRAIN.

One soul should per - ish, lost in shades of night.
Or of the life He died for them to win. Pub - lish glad ti - dings,
And died on earth that man might live a - bove.
And all thou spend-est Je - sus will re - pay.

Ti - dings of peace; Ti - dings of Je - sus, Redemption and re - lease.

No. 349 Send the Light.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

Send the light!

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

Send the light!

REFRAIN.

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

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

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

the bless - ed gos - pel light; Let it shine

1

2

shore!..... shine..... for-ev - er - more.....

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

No. 350. Will You Go?

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY M. HOMER CUMMINGS.
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Rev. M. Homer Cummings. Will H. Adams.

1. Lo, a cry to-day is heard, Will you go? 'Tis an echo from the Word,
2. Send the message o'er the sea, Will you go? Of sal - va-tion, full and free,
3. Bear the news o'er all the world, Will you go? Let His banner be unfurled,
4. There is dan-ger in de-lay, Will you go? Souls are dy-ing ev'ry day,

go, go?

Will you go? Tell to nations far and wide That the Lord was cru-ci-fied,
Will you go? Bid the lost ones, bound by sin, Per-fect peace and freedom win,
Will you go? Shout a-loud the glad refrain, O-ver mountain, hill and plain,
Will you go? They are sink-ing in despair, With no word from you or prayer;

go, go?

CHORUS.

That for them He bled and died, Will you go?
Bring, O bring the wand'rers in, Will you go? Will you go?....
Christ our King shall come to reign, Will you go?
Go and tell them that you care, Will you go? go, go? Will you go?

Will you go?.... With the tidings of great joy, Will you go? Christian

Will you go? go, go, go?

workers, we call on you, Will you go, go, go? Will you go, go, go?

go, go, go, go, go?

No. 351. The Red, White and Blue.

1. O Co-lum-bia! the gem of the o-cean, The home of the brave and the free;
2. When war winged its wide des-o-la-tion, And threatened the land to de - form,
3. Then, sons of Co-lum-bia, come hither, And join in our nation's sweet hymn;

The shrine of each patriot's de-vo-tion, A world offers homage to thee.
The ark then of freedom's foundation, Co - lum-bia rode safe thro' the storm;
May the wreaths they have won never wither, Nor the stars of their glory grow dim!

Thy mandates make heroes assemble, When Lib-er-ty's form stands in view;
With her garlands of vic-t'ry around her, When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
May the serv-ice, u - nit-ed, ne'er sev-er, But they to their col-ors prove true!

Thy banners make tyr-an-ny tremble, When borne by the red, white and blue.
With her flag proudly waving before her, The boast of the red, white and blue.
The Ar-my and Na-vy for-ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

FINE.

CHORUS.

When borne by the red, white and blue, When borne by the red, white and blue;
The boast of the red, white and blue, The boast of the red, white and blue;
Three cheers for the red, white and blue. Three cheers for the red, white and blue;

D. S.

No. 352. America the Beautiful.

Katharine Lee Bates. S. A. Ward.

1. O beau-ti-ful for spa-cious skies, For am-ber waves of grain,
2. O beau-ti-ful for pil-grim feet, Whose stern, im-pas-sioned stress
3. O beau-ti-ful for he-roes proved In lib-er-at-ing strife,
4. O beau-ti-ful for pa-triot dream That sees be-yond the years

For pur-ple mountain maj-es-ties A-bove the fruit-ed plain!
A thor-ough-fare for free-dom beat A-cross the wil-der-ness!
Who more than self their coun-try loved, And mer-cy more then life!
Thine al-a-bas-ter cit-ies gleam, Undimmed by hu-man tears!

A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God shed His grace on thee,
A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God mend thine ev-'ry flaw,
A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! May God thy gold re-fine,
A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God shed His grace on thee,

And crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea to shin-ing sea!
Con-firm thy soul in self-con-trol, Thy lib-er-ty in law!
Till all suc-cess be no-ble-ness, And ev-'ry gain di-vine!
And crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea to shin-ing sea!

No. 353. The Star-Spangled Banner.

Francis Scott Key.

SOLO OR QUARTET.

1. Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light, What so proudly we hailed at the
2. On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread
3. And where is that band who so vauntingly swore, That the hav-oc of war and the
4. Oh, thus be it ev-er when freemen shall stand Between their loved homes and the

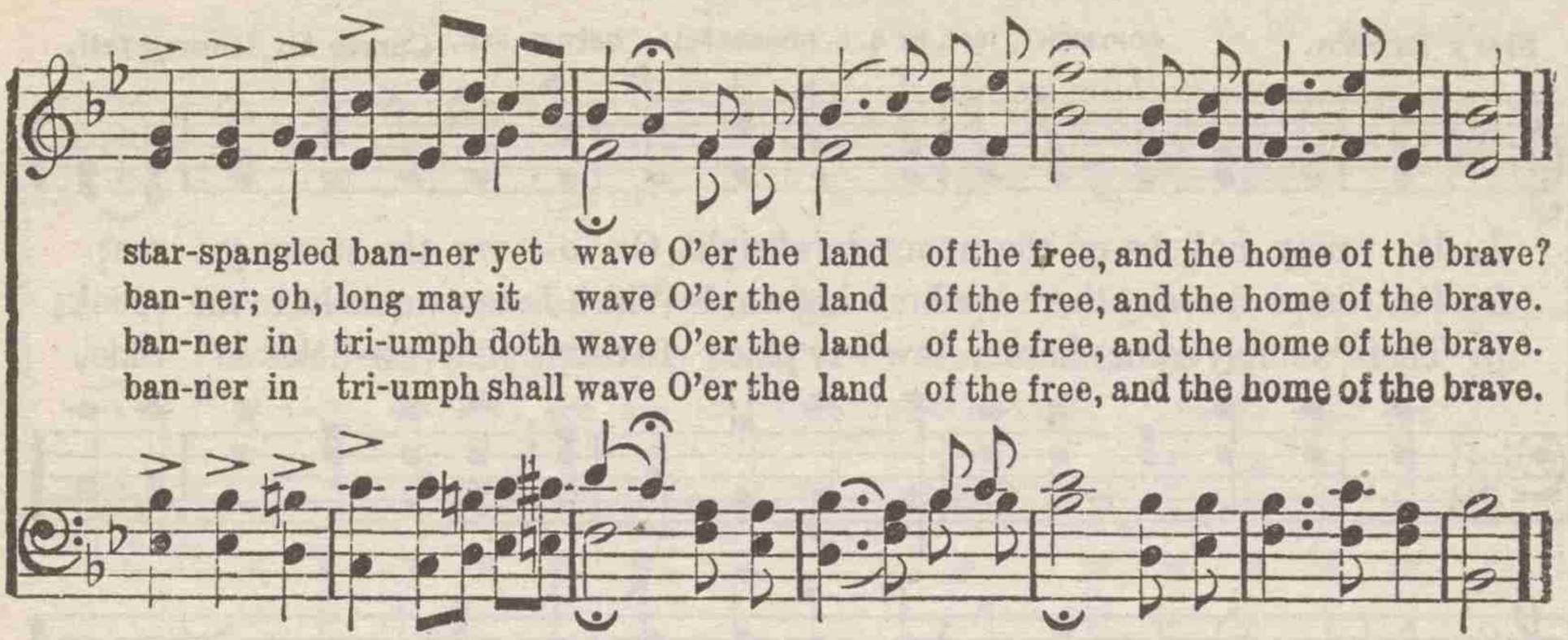
twilight's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight, O'er the
si - lence re-pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow-er-ing steep, As it
bat - tle's con - fu - sion, A home and a coun-try should leave us no more? Their
war's des - o - la-tion; Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land Praise the

ramparts we watched, were so gal-lant-ly streaming? And the rockets' red glare, the bombs
fit - ful - ly blows, half conceals, half dis-clos-es? Now it catch-es the gleam of the
blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution; No ref-uge could save the
Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a na-tion.. Then con-quer we must, when our

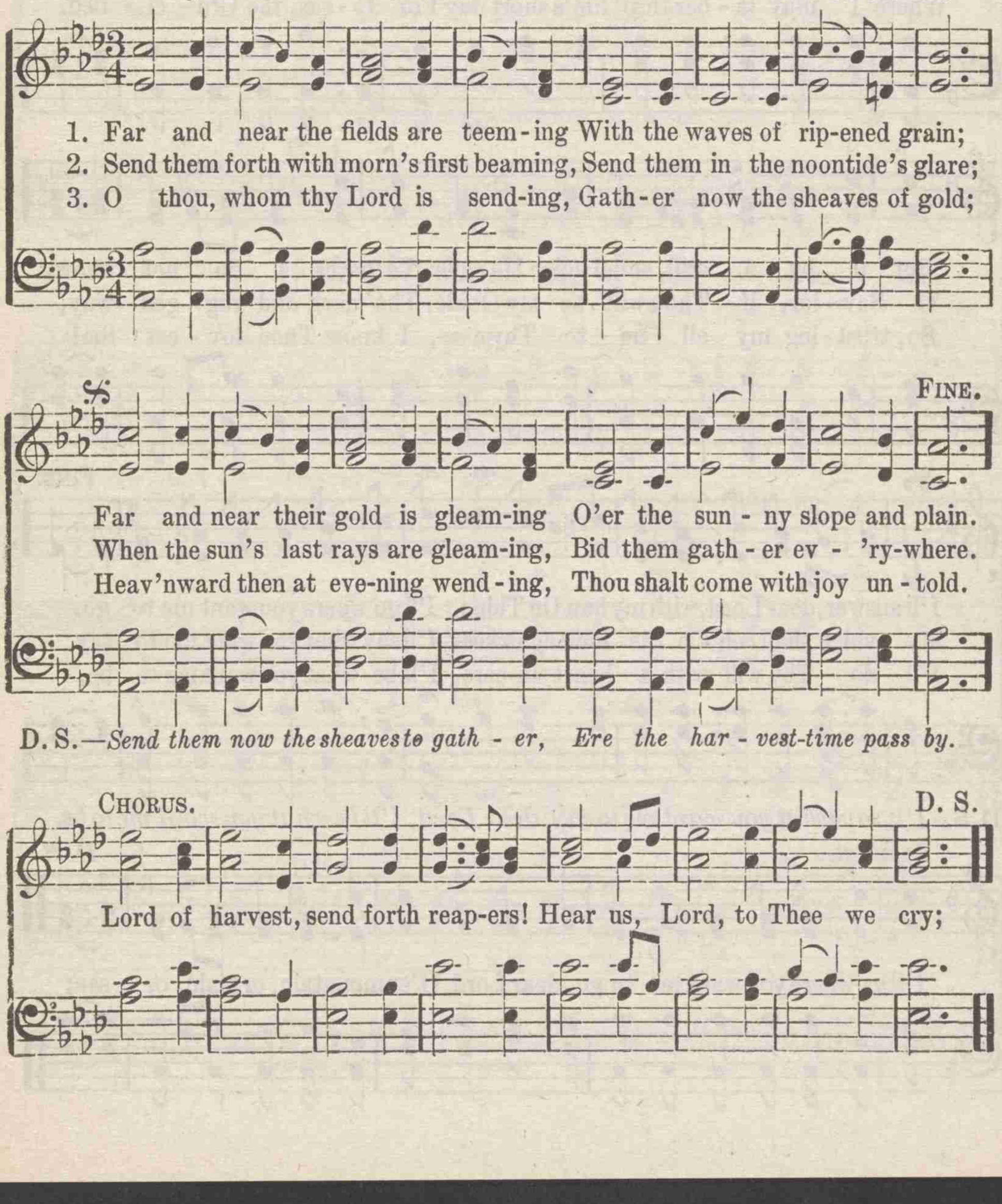
CHORUS.

ff

burst-ing in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that
morning's first beam, In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream; 'Tis the star-spangled
hireling and slave From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave. And the star-spangled
cause it is just, And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!" And the star-spangled

The Star-Spangled Banner.

No. 354. The Call for Reapers.

J. O. Thompson. J. B. O. Clemm.



No. 355. I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

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

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

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

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

FINE.

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

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

REFRAIN. D. S.

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

No. 356. *Tell It Again.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. R. M. McIntosh.

1. In - to a tent where a gip - sy boy lay, Dy - ing a - lone, at the
2. "Did He so love me, a poor lit - tle boy? Send un - to me the good
3. Bend-ing, we caught the last words of his breath, Just as he en-tered the
4. Smil - ing, he said, as his last sigh was spent, "I am so glad that for

close of the day, News of sal - va - tion we car - ried; said he:
ti - dings of joy? Need I not per - ish?—my hand will He hold?
val - ley of death: "God sent His Son!—who-so - ev - er!" said he;
me He was sent!" Whispered, while low sank the sun in the west:

D. S.—*Till none can say of the chil - dren of men,*

FINE. CHORUS.

"No - bod - y ev - er has told it to me!"
No - bod - y ev - er the sto - ry has told!"
"Then I am sure that He sent Him for me!"
"Lord, I be - lieve! tell it now to the rest!"

Tell it a - gain!

"No - bod - y ev - er has told me be - fore!"

tell it a - gain! Sal - va-tion's sto - ry re - peat o'er and o'er,

*A home missionary visited a dying boy in a gipsy tent; bending over him, he said: "God so loved the world, that He gave His only Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The dying boy heard and whispered: "Nobody ever told me."

No. 357. Help Somebody To-day.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

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