SALVATION ECHOES



A NEW COLLECTION FOR GOSPEL WORK IN GENERAL

EDITED BY

B. E. WARREN, A. L. BYERS, C. F. HUNTER AND D. O. TEASLEY

PRICE 35¢ POST PAID

PUBLISHED BY

THE GOSPEL TRUMPET PUB. CO.

MOUNDSVILLE, W. VA.

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SALVATION ECHOES

A NEW COLLECTION OF SPIRITUAL SONGS

HYMNING THE TIDINGS OF FULL SALVATION

SUITABLE FOR

EVANGELISTIC WORK AND GOSPEL SERVICES

IN GENERAL.

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B. E. WARREN, A. L. BYERS, C. E. HUNTER,

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Hymn
1900
Salv

PREFACE.

The work of the Lord frequently demands a new song-book. Variety is a feature which characterizes not only God's creation of material things, but the administration of the Holy Spirit as well. By the Spirit the truth is presented not only in divers forms and by various figures found in the sacred volume, but by numberless gospel sermons which, though different and ever new, express the same thing; and also by many and different songs that sing the same gospel and sound the praises of the one true God.

Thus variety is a marked law in God's plan and work, and it is for this reason that when the same songs are sung over and over in the same localities there arises a demand for something new in the song line. Variety proves to be very much limited by the lids of a book. This, then, is a sufficient apology for the appearance of another collection of songs, though others might be offered would space permit.

Aside from a few selections from *Echoes from Glory*, and a few other tested songs that have not yet had an extensive use, those found in this collection are almost all new.

A few pages of rudimentary instructions are added for the convenience and encouragement of those wishing to learn to sing by note. More interest and care should be taken in singing, as it accomplishes a prominent part in the Lord's work. Congregational singing should not be the only kind. The occasional singing of a song by a few gifted voices has an effect which congregational singing is not apt to produce. Singing rendered by a few voices is especially in place in salvation meetings where invitations are given to sinners. Greater results could be obtained from music were its various uses given more attention.

A Topical Index is given which classifies the songs according to the subject or topic represented.

We submit SALVATION ECHOES to all God's children, believing it will be found to be the best and most useful collection yet placed in their hands. That it may accomplish its mission in the great gospel field is the prayer of

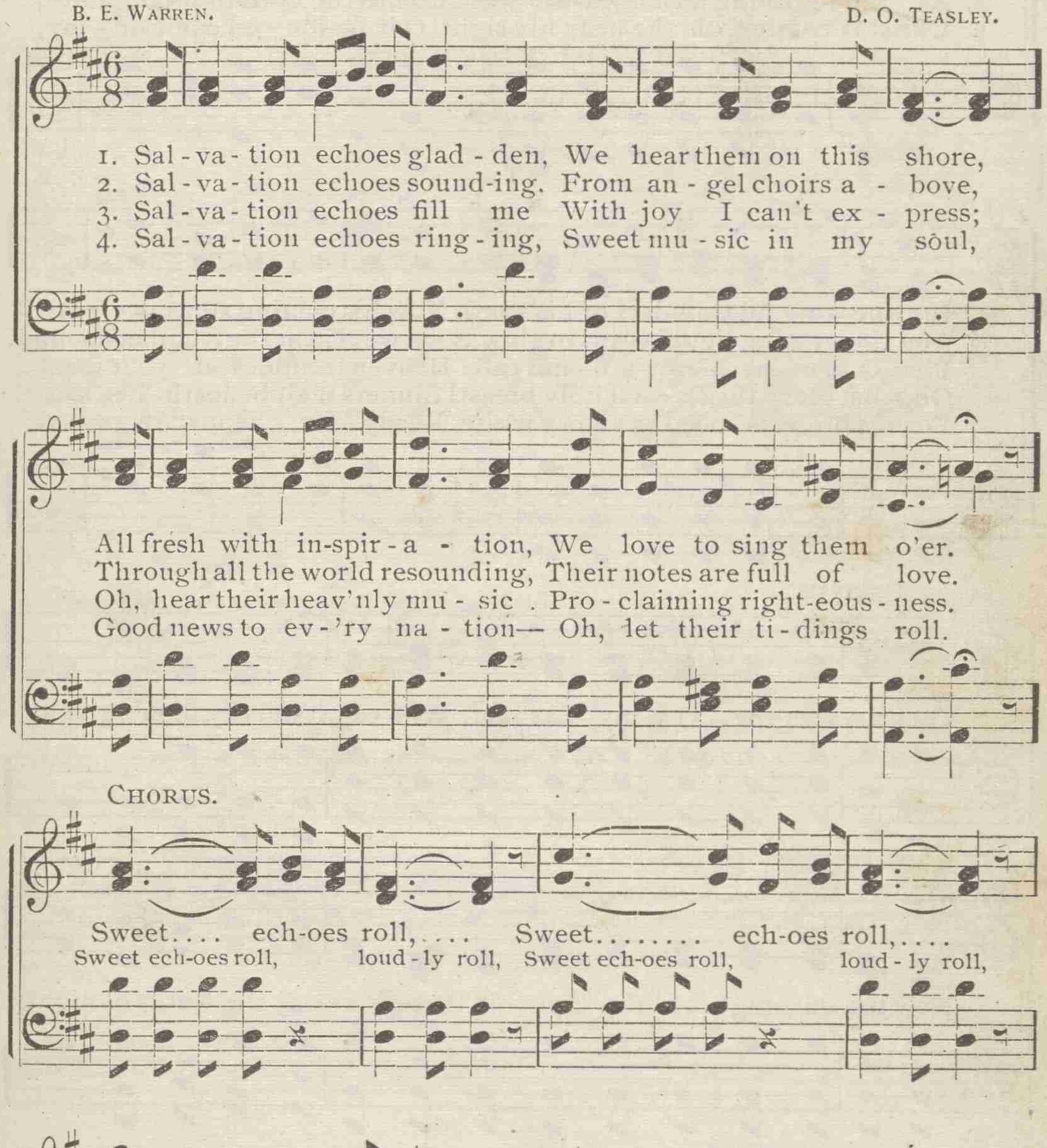
THE EDITORS.

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SALVATION ECHOES.

No. 1. Salvation Echoes.

B. E. WARREN. D. O. TEASLEY.



No. 2. The Lord is Coming.

(Mat. 24: 30.)

D. S. WARNER. Adapted.

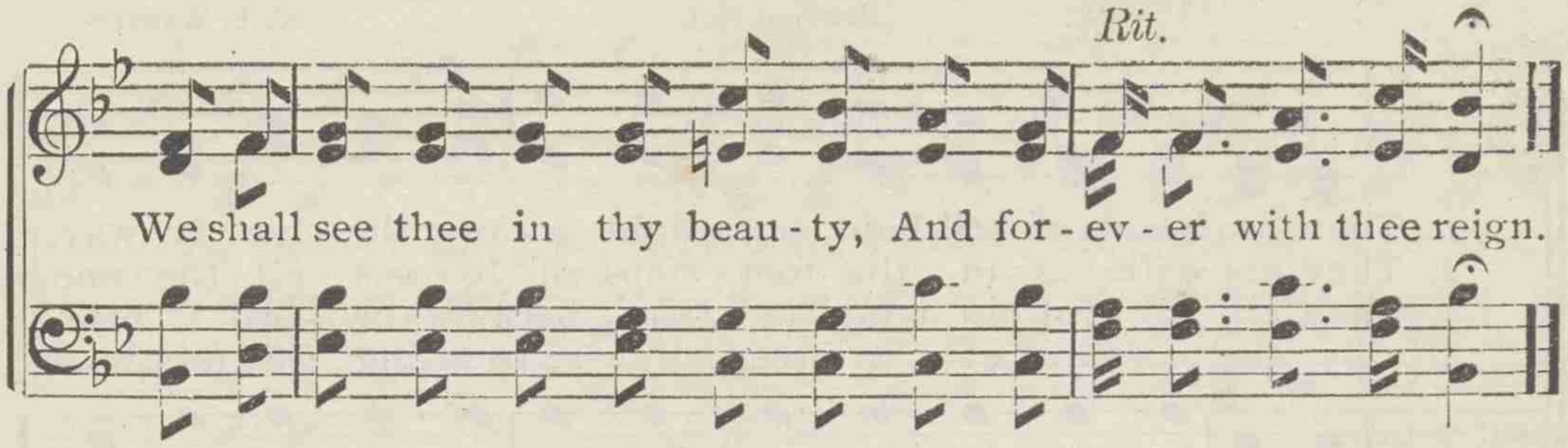
1. Are you read - y, waiting for the Lord? See, the signs proclaim him near;
2. Now are man - y running to and fro, Spreading ho - li-ness a - round;
3. Hark! the solemn warning un- to all, Judgment's coming, oh, how soon!
4. As the lightning flashes east to west, Comes the Lord in flaming fire;
5. Christ is coming, oh, the heav'nly sight! Our Be-lov - ed can't de - lay,

In the aw - ful thunders of his word, Now his coming steps we hear.
And the ev'ning light begins to glow, Soon we'll hear the trumpet's sound.
Flee, O man, at Mercy's fi - nal call, Heaven trembles at your doom.
Oh, what glory thrills each holy breast! Sinners melt beneath his ire.
For his bride is robed in snowy white, Ready for the mar-riage day.

CHORUS.
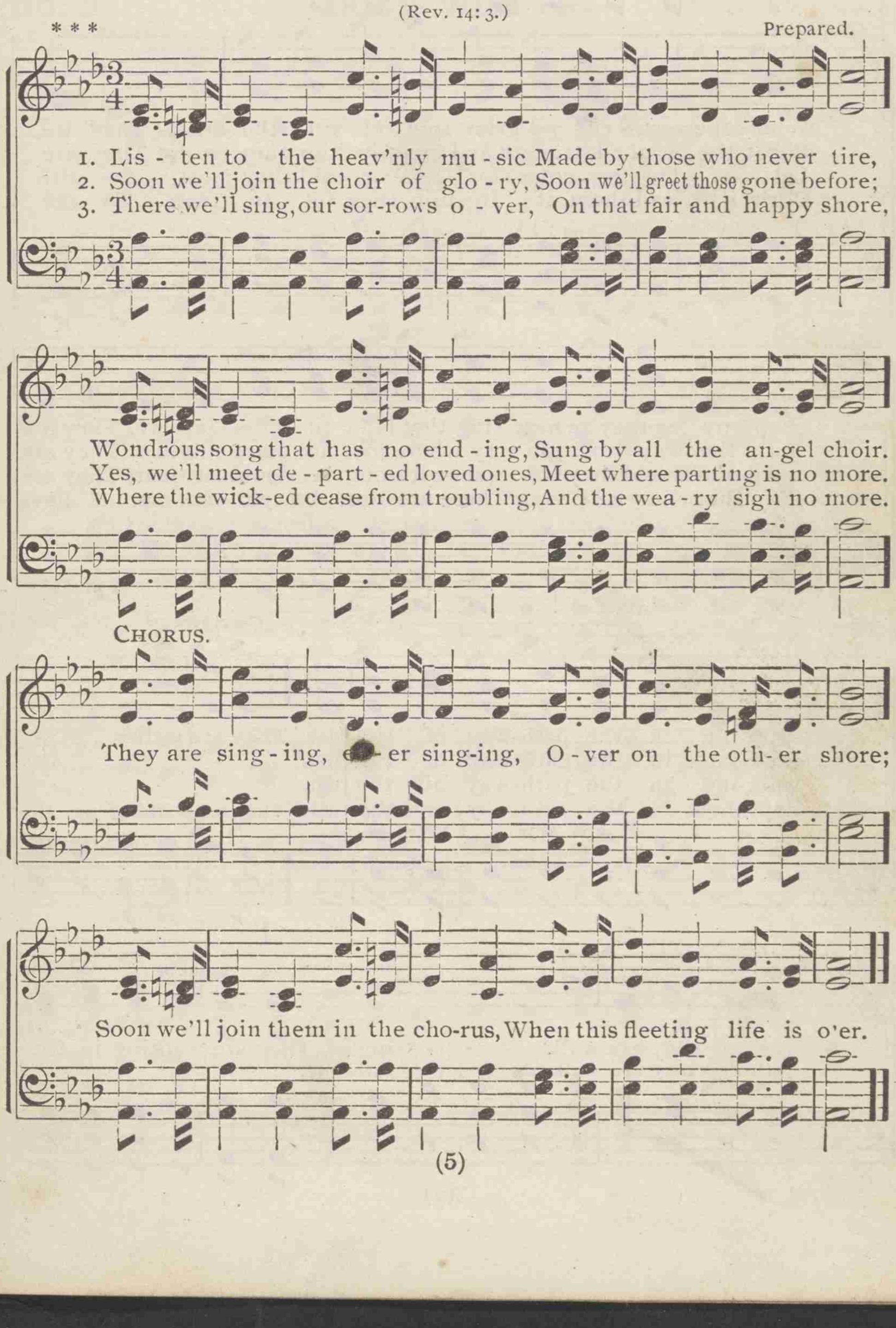
Thou art com-ing, O my Sav - ior, Who can stand thy flaming light?
Now the burning of thy Spir - it Sweeps a - way the works of night;
Quickly com-ing in thy glo - ry, With thy bright an-gel - ic train,

The Lord is Coming—Concluded.



No. 3. Heavenly Chorus.

(Rev. 14: 3.)



No. 4. The Pathway of the Just.

B. E. W. (Prov. 4: 18.) B. E. Warren.

1. There are beams of bril-liant sun - light a - long the ho - ly way,
2. They are walk-ing in the foot - steps of Je - sus all the time,
3. They are joy - ful in temp - ta - tion because the Lord is near,
4. By the pas- tures ev - er green, by re-fresh-ing wa - ters free,

Where the wea - ry pil-grims trav - el in the dust; They are
For the need-ed strength and grace in him they trust; They are
Let of - fen - ces come, for Je - sus said they must; So with
Christ will lead them if in him they ful - ly trust; To the

hap - py as they're near - ing that land of bliss - ful day, They are
on the way to glo - ry where joys are more sublime, They are
sword and shield they con - quer with-out a doubt or fear, They are
Fa - ther he will say, "These are mine thou gav-est me, I have
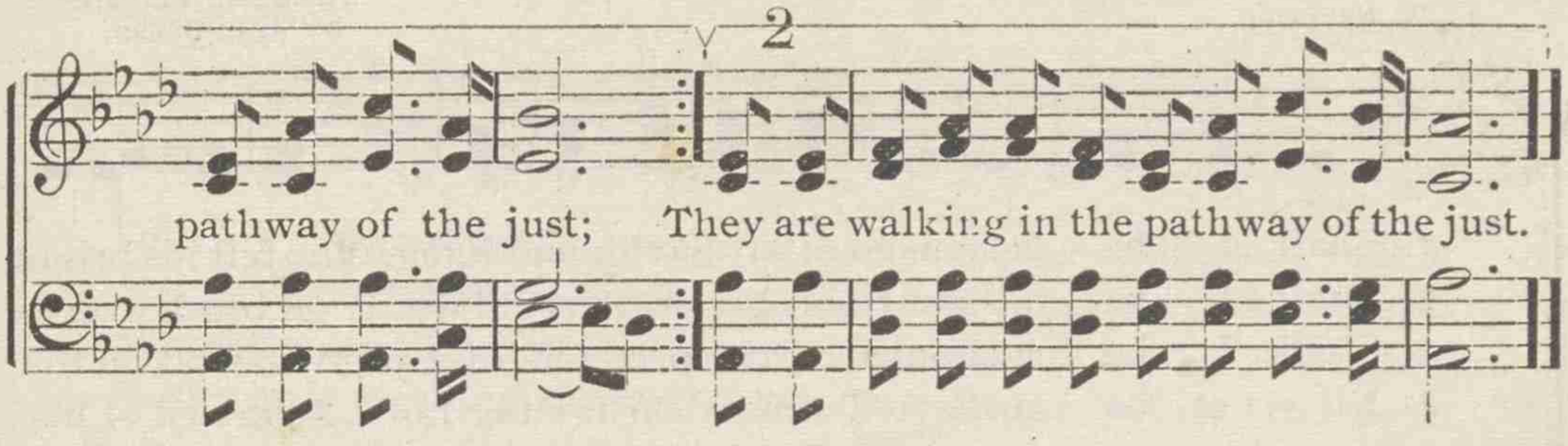
Chorus.

walk-ing in the path-way of the just. They are walk - - -
walk-ing in the path-way of the just.
walk-ing in the path-way of the just.
kept them in the path-way of the just." They are walking in the

1

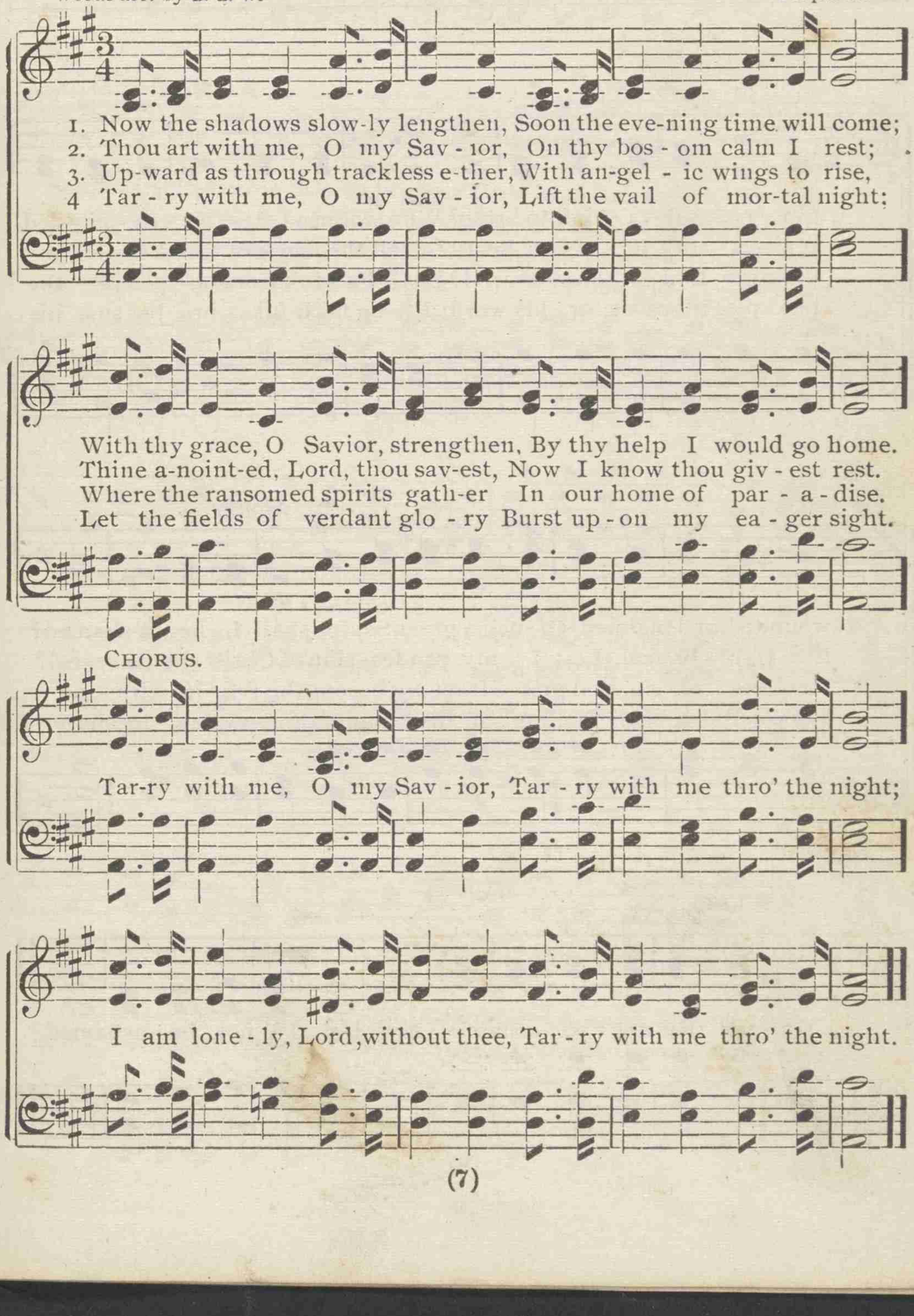
ing, they are walk - - - ing, They are walking in the
path-way, they are walk-ing in the path-way,

The Pathway of the Just—Concluded.



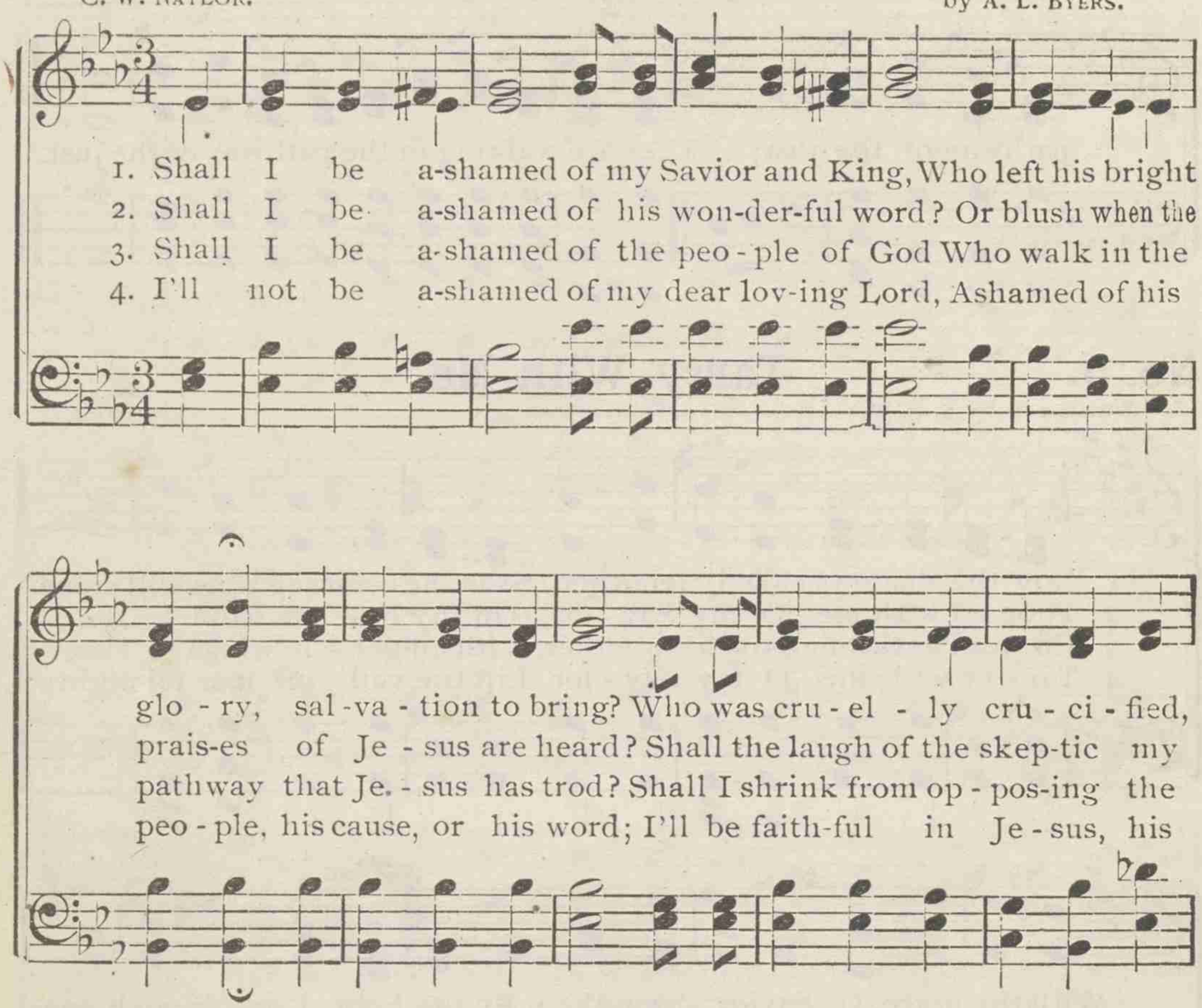
No. 5. Tarry With Me.

Words arr. by B. E. W. Prepared.
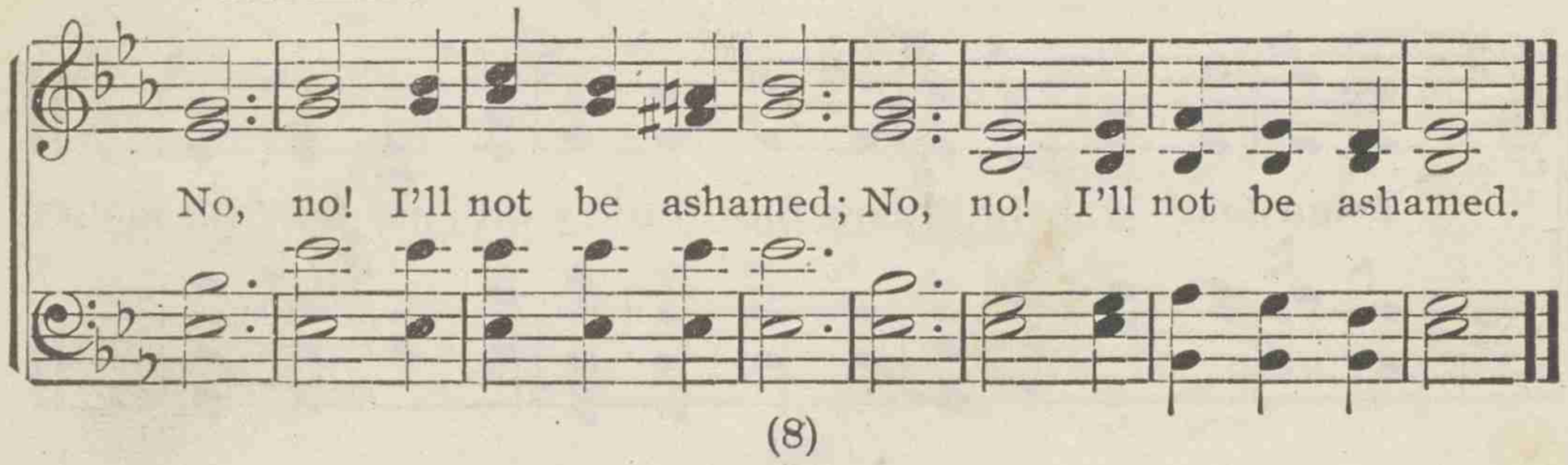


No. 6. Shall I Be Ashamed?

C. W. NAYLOR. Music and Refrain by A. L. BYERS.
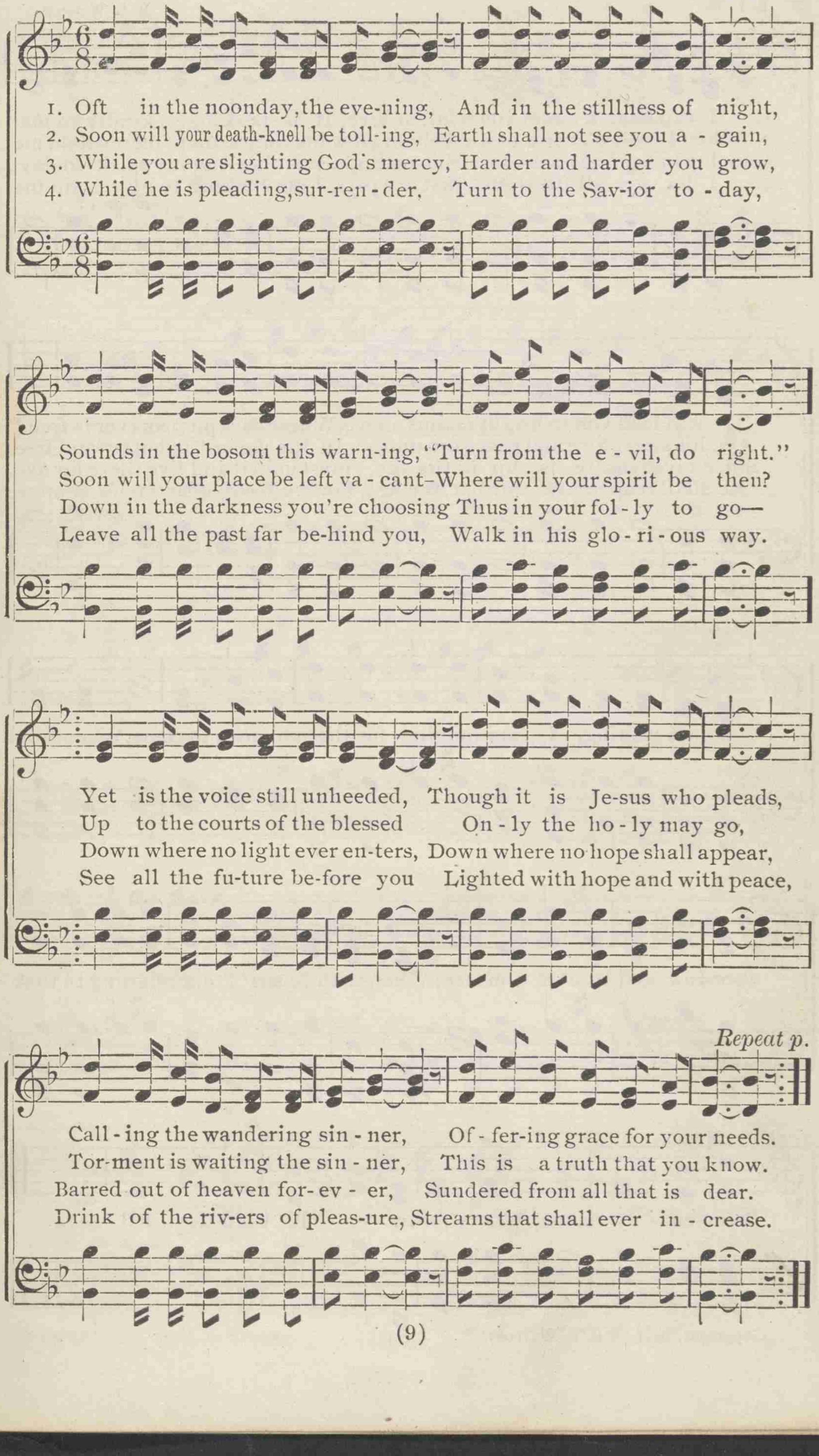


REFRAIN.



No. 7. The Spirit Pleading.

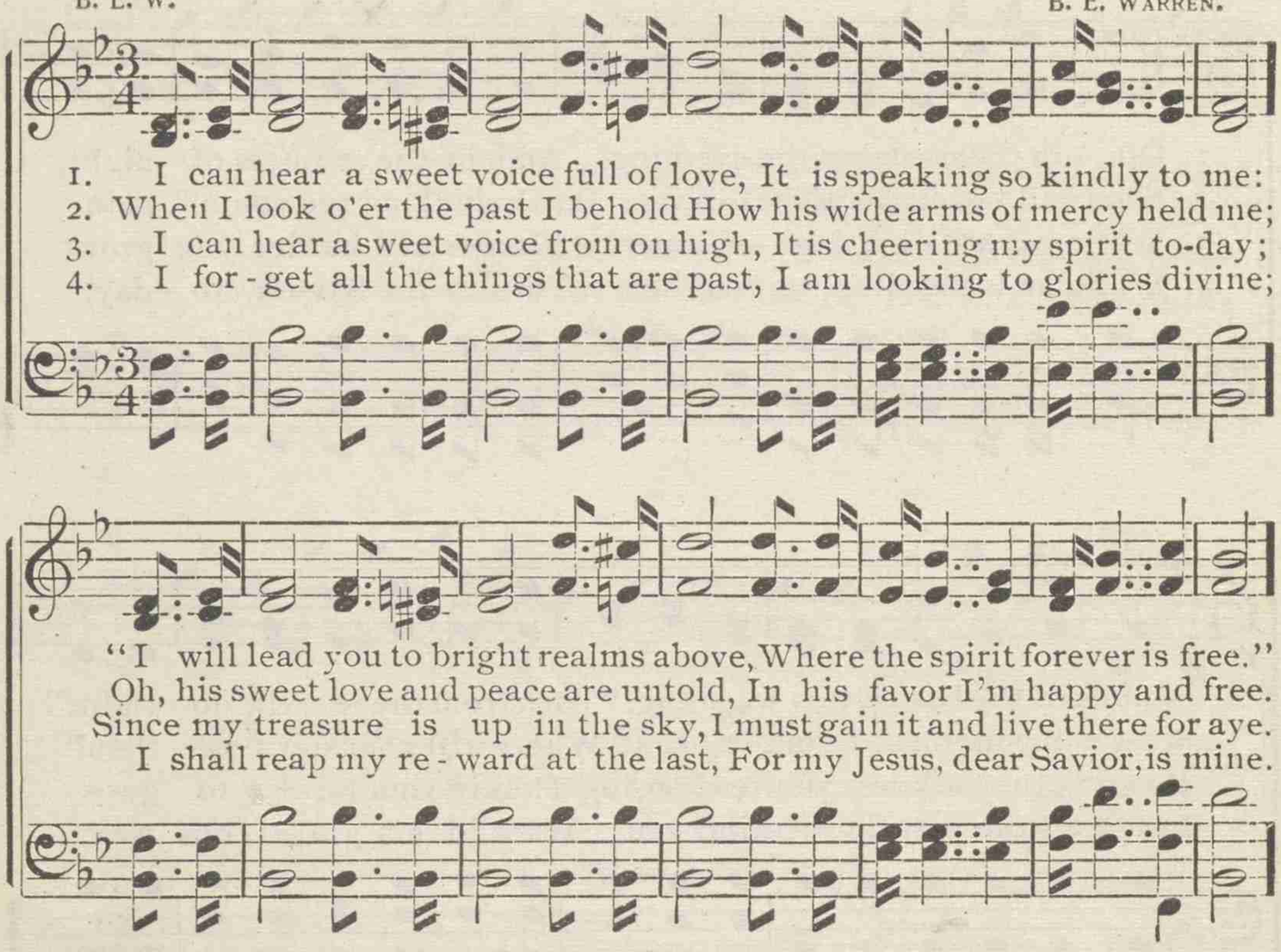
C. W. NAYLOR. D. O. TEASLEY.
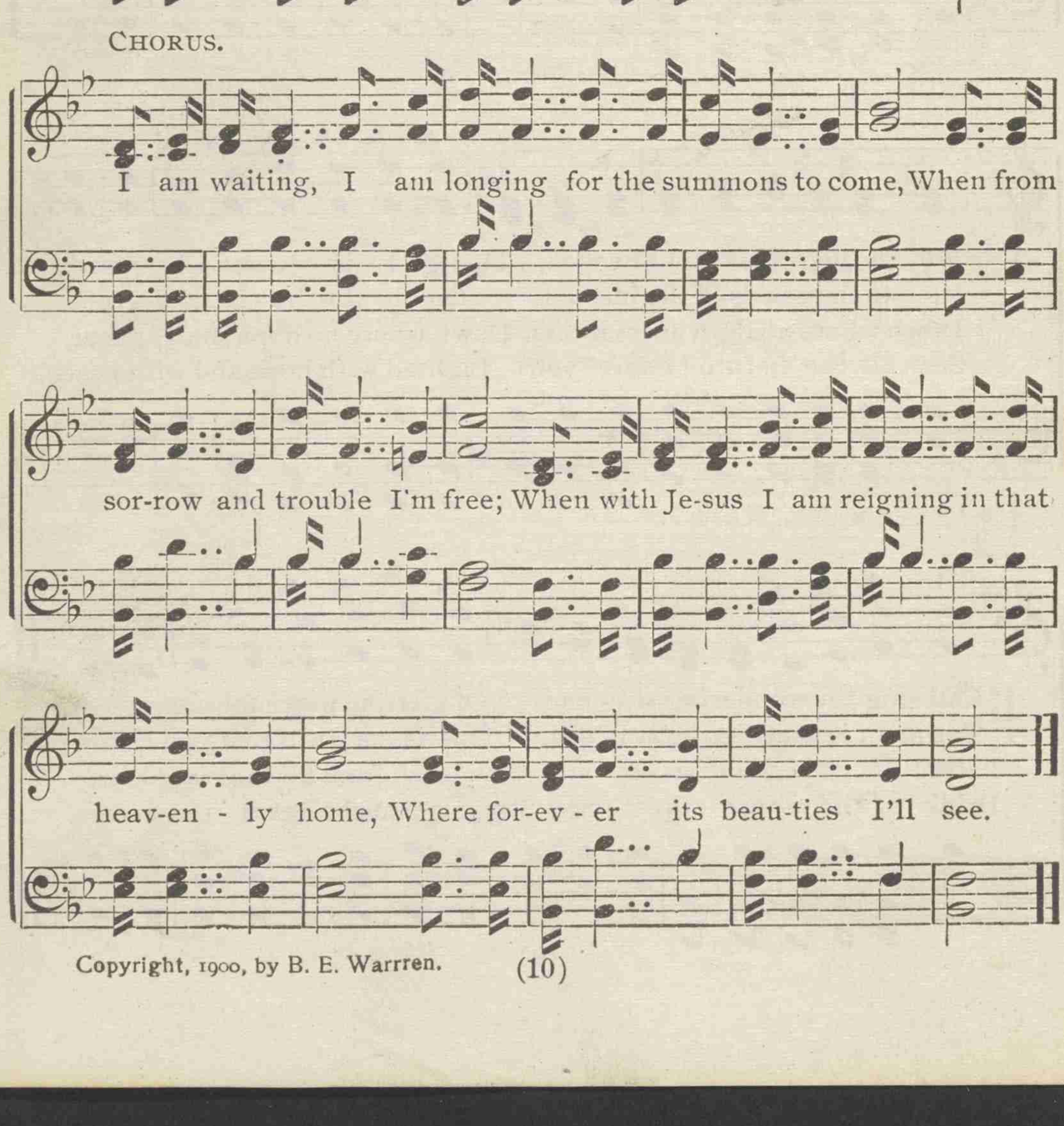


No. 8. Bright Anticipation.

(2 Cor. 5: 8.)

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



CHORUS.



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No. 9. I am Hiding.

B. E. W. (Psa. 31: 20.) B. E. WARREN.

1. Safe - ly hid - ing, should I fear, When the Lord is near? I am
2. Safe - ly hid - ing, I am sure All is now se-cure, Tho' the
3. Safe - ly hid - ing in his grace, What a rest - ing-place! I am
4. Safe - ly hid - ing, I am blest While I sweet-ly rest, Oh, what

hid-ing, safely hiding When the storm-clouds fly, I'm abiding in his
tide should overflow me I am not a-fraid, I am trusting in his
in the Rock of Ages–Should my courage fail? There is not a dark fore-
peace and calm assurance Now a-bide within! I am hap-py in en-

CHORUS.

presence, 'Neath his watchful eye. I am hid - ing, hid - ing,
keep-ing In the cleft he made.
bod-ing In the fierc-est gale.
durance Since I'm free from sin. I am hid-ing, safe-ly hid - ing,

I am safe-ly hiding, Hiding till the billows pass me by;.. I am

Rit.

hid - ing, hiding, I am safely hiding, Hiding when the tempests sweep the sky.
Hiding, safely hiding,

Copyright, 1900, by B. E. Warren.

No. 10. The Home of the Soul.

(Psa. 90: 1.)

D. S. WARNER. A. L. BYERS.

1. Let us sing a sweet song of the home of the soul, The glo - ri-ous
2. He that dwelleth in love ev-er dwelleth in God, Sweet home never
3. We are on - ly at home in the bos - om of God, On earth or in
4. Do not ven-ture the hope that is wait-ing for death To waft you to
5. We will en - ter no door that is o-pened by men Who promise a

place of our rest; It is not far a - way in the heavens un-told,
cloud - ed by fears; And this heaven of love is our na-tive a-bode
heav - en a-bove; Ev'ry one who would enter must pass thro' the blood,
com-fort and peace; There's no rest for a soul in this world or a-bove
home for the soul; For in Christ we abide in the church that will stand
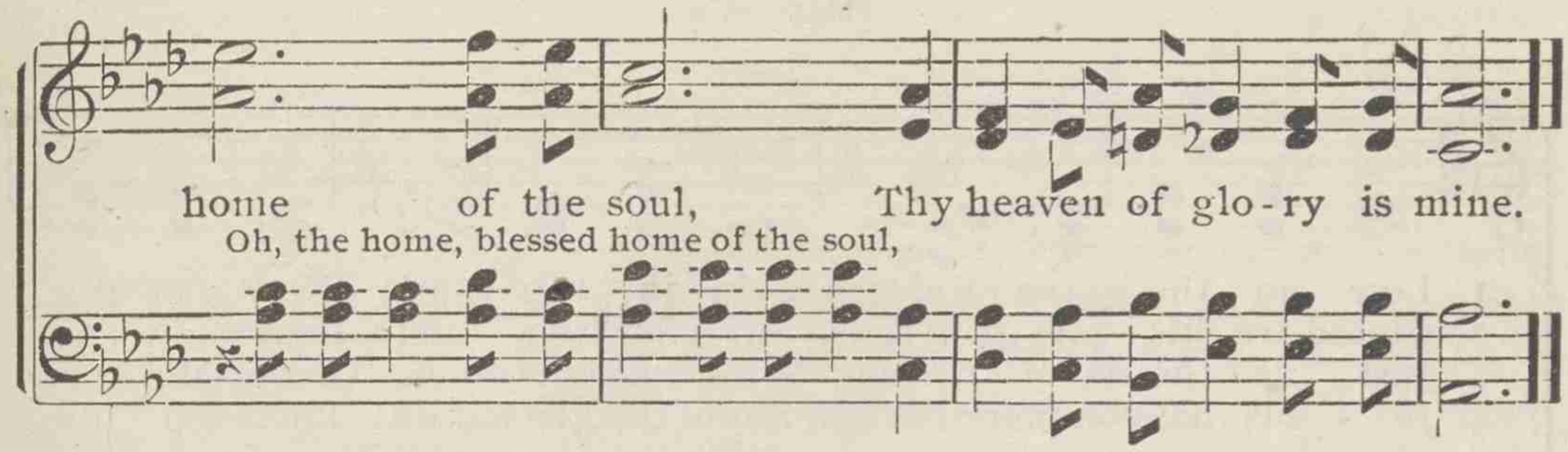
CHORUS.

But deep in the In - fi nite breast. I'm at home, bless-ed
Thro' time and e - ter - ni-ty's years.
And reign in the kingdom of love.
Not, saved in the Father's embrace.
While a - ges e - ter - nal - ly roll.

Bless-ed home,

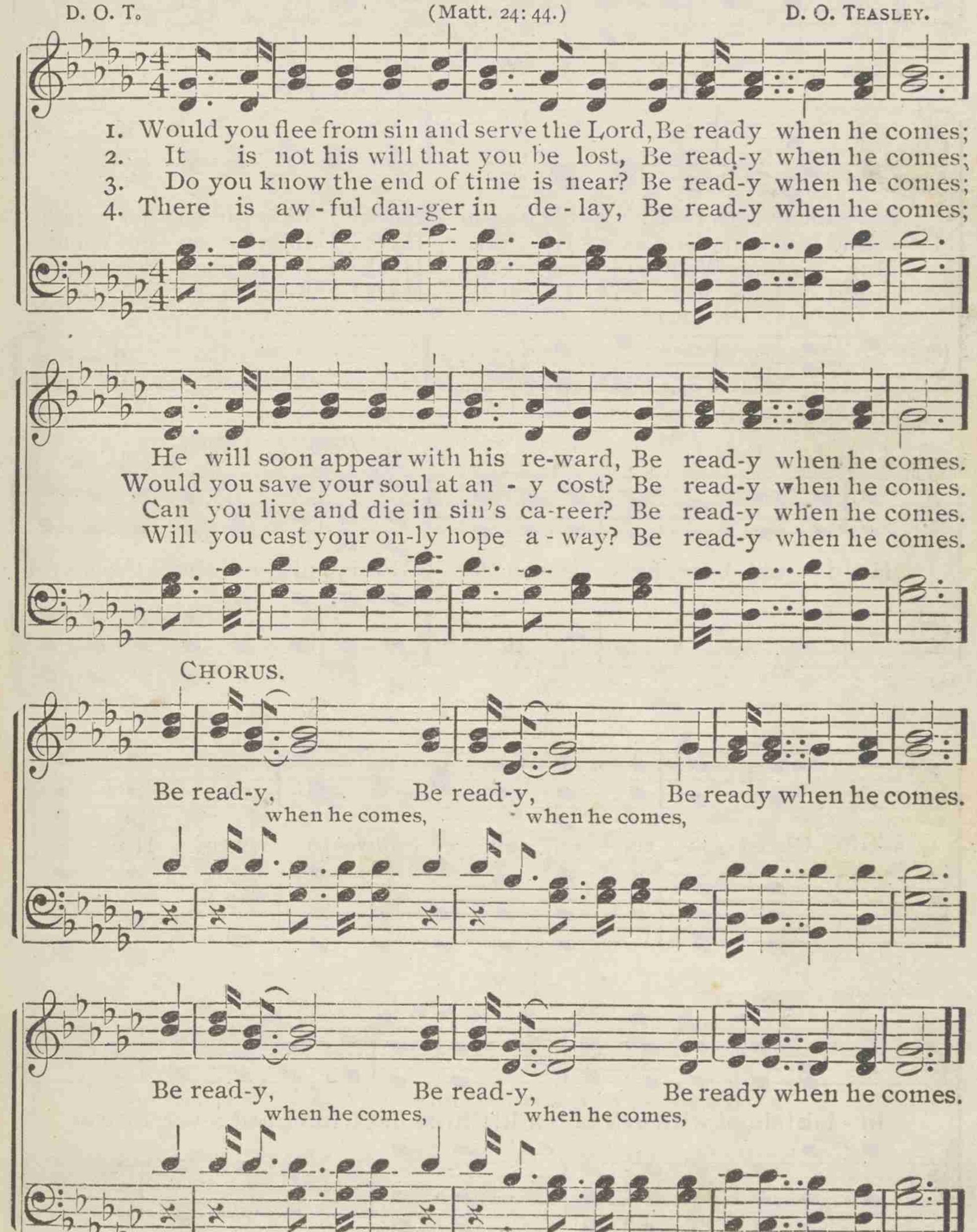
home, I am safe in the bos - om di-vine; Oh, the
sweet home, the bos - om di-vine;

The Home of the Soul—Concluded.



No. 11. Be Ready When He Comes.

D. O. T. (Matt. 24: 44.) D. O. TEASLEY.



No. 12. Death and Resurrection.

(Matt. 28: 6.)

D. O. T. D. O. TEASLEY.

p

1. Low in the grave he sleeps, Cold in the tomb, Now o'er my
2. Closed are his pil - grim toils, Suf - fer - ing one, Death now a -
3. Just as the dawn is seen, With anx-ious feet Comes Ma - ry
4. Je - sus has conquered death, Shout the glad strain! Burst - ed its

DUET. *pp*

Sav - ior sweeps Death's sa-ble gloom. Hark! I hear an an - gel voice:
round him coils, God's on - ly Son. Hark! I hear an an - gel voice:
Mag - da-lene With spi - ces sweet. Hark! I hear an an - gel voice:
might - y bars, Ris - en to reign. Hark! I hear an an - gel voice:

f CHORUS. *Lively.* *ff*
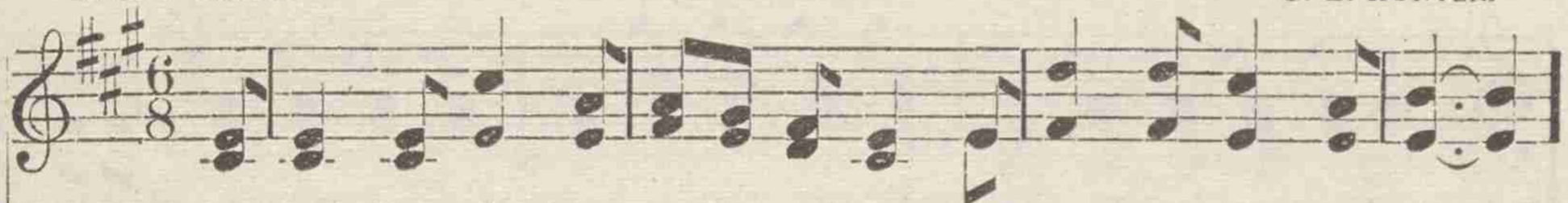
"He is not here, he's ris - en." Glo - ry! glo - ry! shout the joyful

strain! Christ is ris - en, ev - er - more to reign! Hal - le -
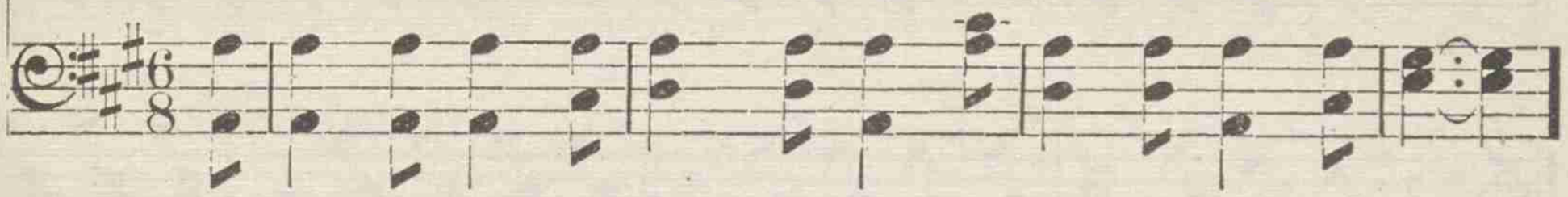
lu - jah! shout with ev'ry breath! Christ has triumphed o-ver death.
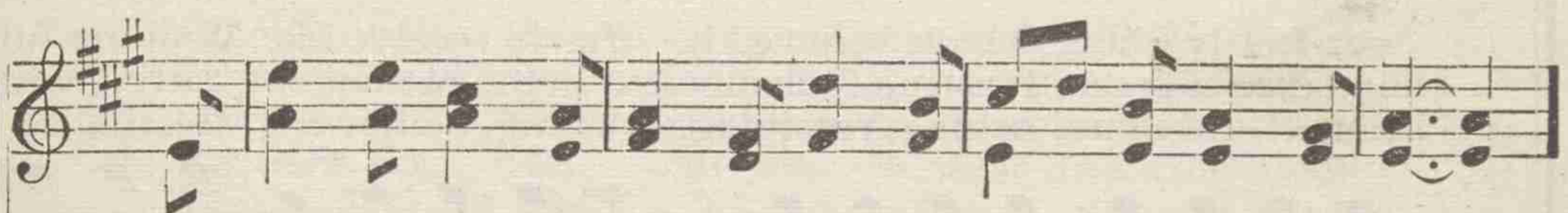
No. 13. A Hymn of Morning Praise.

D. S. WARNER. C. E. HUNTER.
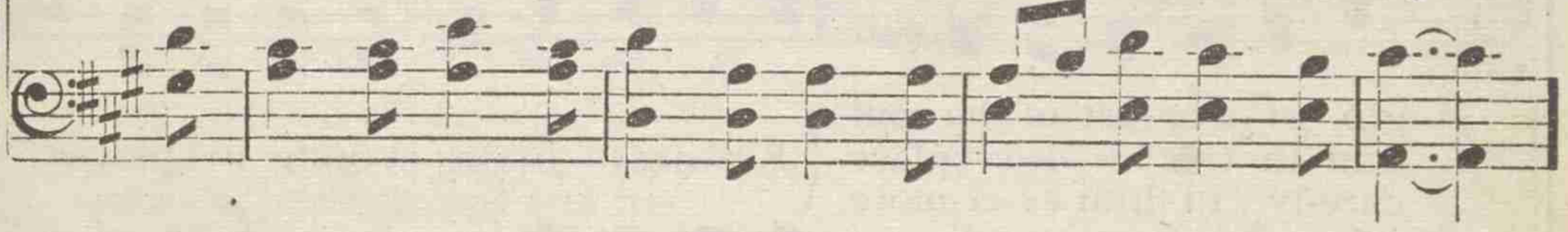


1. O God, in-spire our morning hymn Of love and grat - i - tude;
2. Thy mir - a - cle of love so sweet Preserved us all se - cure;
3. 'Tis blest to rise, O Lord, and join With nature's min-strel-sy,
4. Sweet morning is the time to pray, How love-ly and how meet,
5. The glo-rious sun has driv - en far The mys-tic shades of night;
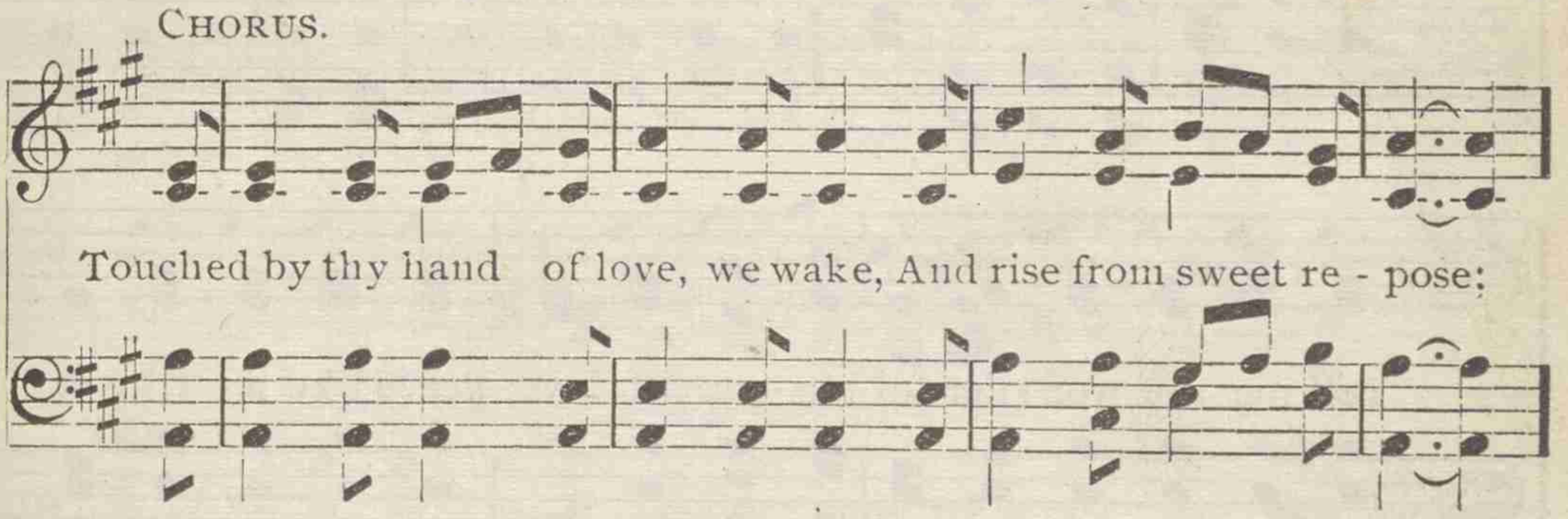




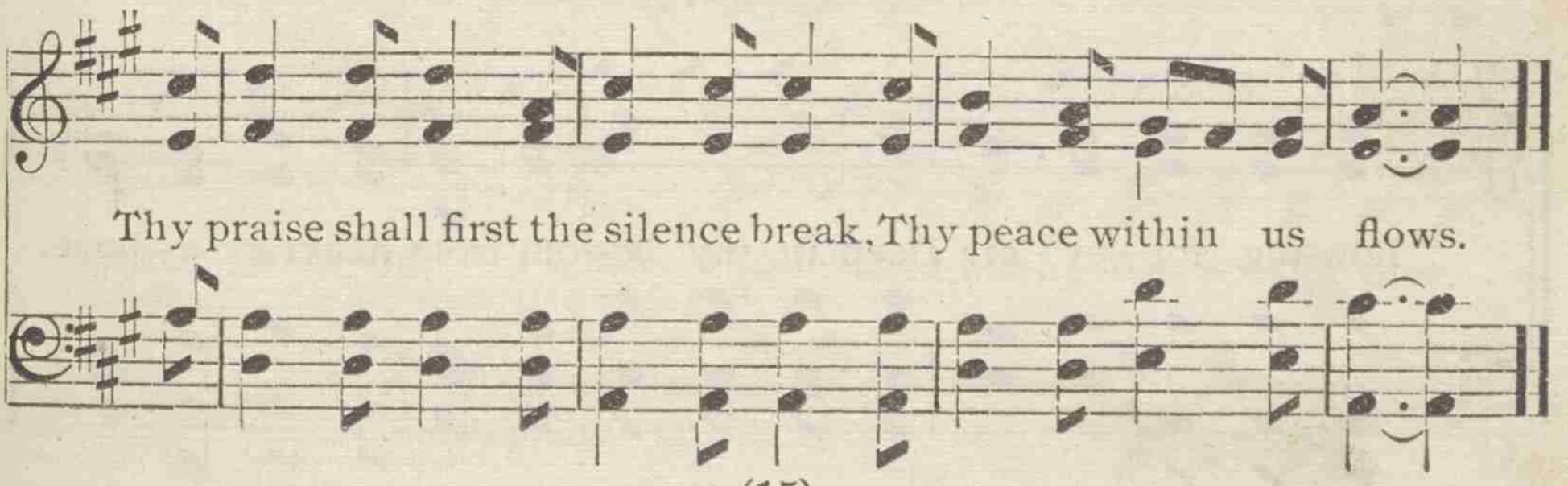
O bless the sac - ri - fice we bring, Thou source of ev - 'ry good.
While help-less in unconscious sleep, Thy presence kept us pure.
To hymn thy praise at ear - ly morn, And of - fer thanks to thee.
To send our ear - ly thoughts away, Up to the mer - cy - seat.
So in our souls the Morning Star Hath shed his wondrous light.



CHORUS.



Touched by thy hand of love, we wake, And rise from sweet re - pose;



Thy praise shall first the silence break, Thy peace within us flows.

No. 14. Resting in Jesus.

THOMAS NELSON. D. O. TEASLEY.

1. Resting in Je - sus, oh, it is precious, Making the wounded heart
2. Resting in Je - sus, sor-row-ing ceas-es, Since I have found an a -
3. Resting in Je - sus when in the tempest, Till I shall land on that

per-fect-ly whole; I have believed it, tru - ly received it, Won-der-ful
bundance of grace; Trusting each moment in the atonement, Sitting with
beau - ti - ful shore, Asking, receiving, trusting, be-liev-ing, Resting se-

CHORUS.

glo - ri - ous rest of the soul.
him in the ho - li-est place.
cure-ly in him ev-er-more.

Resting in Je-sus, singing his praises,

Tell-ing the won - der-ful sto - ry of love; Peace like a riv - er

flow-ing for - ev - er, Deep in my bos-om from heaven a - bove.

No. 15. It is Finished.

B. E. W. (Jno. 19: 30.) B. E. Warren.

Not too fast.

1. "It is finished," said Je - sus, my Sav - ior, Oh, hear these sweet words gently fall; He will save your poor soul, guilt - y sin - ner, He
2. "It is finished," the plan of sal - va - tion, Thro' a cru - ci - fied Sav-ior and King; "It is finished," the law's con-dem-na - tion, Thro'
3. "It is finished" for - ev - er and ev - er, An of - f'ring for sin now is he, Yet if we should re - fuse him he nev - er Can
4. "It is finished," no hope for the guilt - y, Who care - less - ly die in their sin, He wait - eth to save you com-plete-ly, A

Chorus.

died on the cross once for all.... It is fin - - ished, it is
mer-cy he saves us, we sing.
make our hearts happy and free.
new life on earth to be - gin.

Finished, 'tis finished,
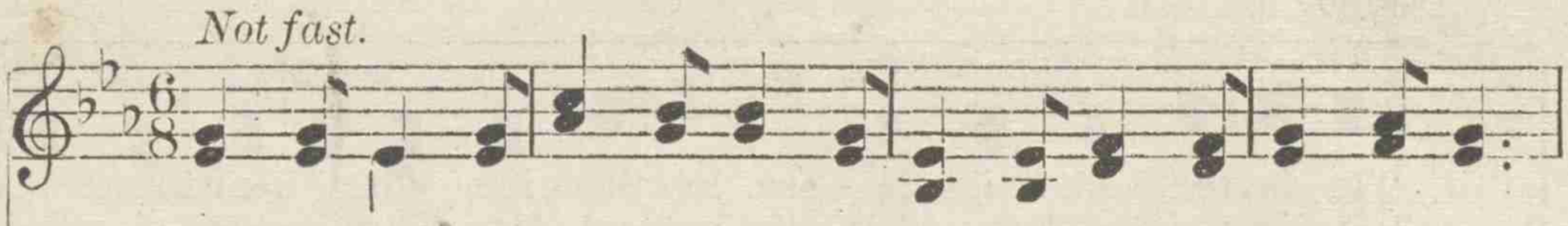
fin - ished. Mer-cy and par-don are free; It is fin - -
finished, 'tis fin-ished, finished, 'tis

ished, it is fin - ished, Je-sus died, but he lives now for thee.
finished, finished, 'tis finished,
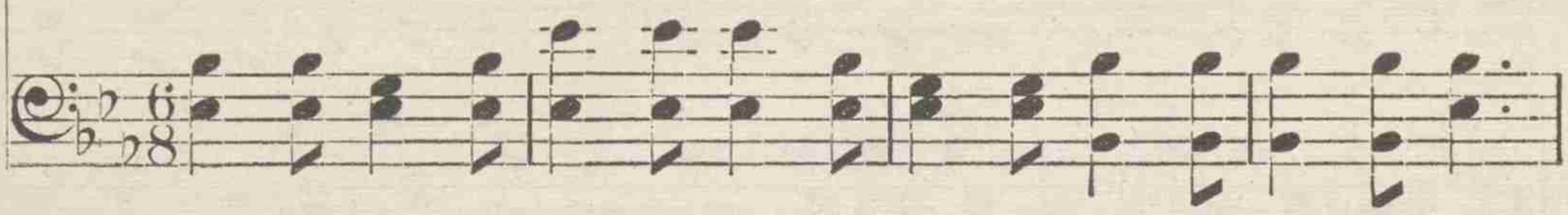
No. 16. Love Each Other.

W. J. and LUELLA E. HENRY. A. L. BYERS.
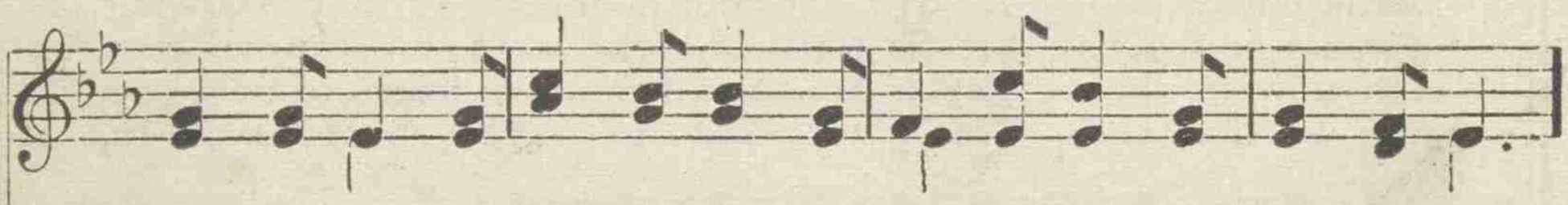
Not fast.



1. Let us ev - er love each oth-er With a heart that's warm and true,
2. When the heart is sad and lone-ly, And the eyes with tears o'erflow,
3. Let us help our fall - en brother, Lift him gen - tly by the hand,
4. In this world of toil and sor- row Man - y hearts are full of care;
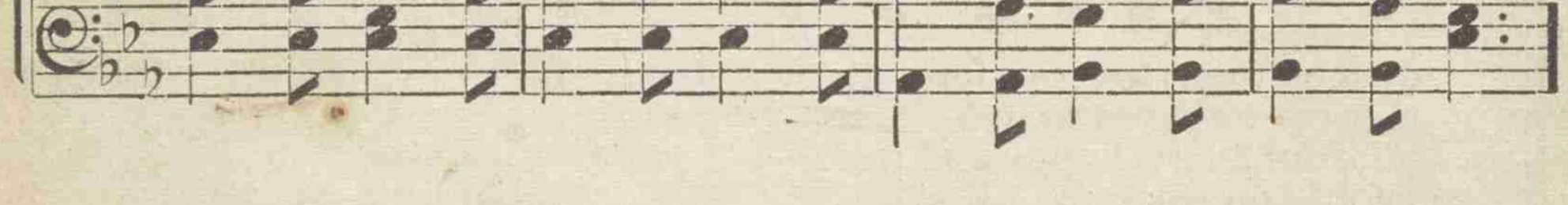


Ev - er do - ing to our broth-er As to us we'd have him do.
Gentle words and deeds of kindness Fall like sunbeams on the snow.
Speaking words of cheer and comfort, Point him to a bet - ter land.
Let us live to serve our Mas-ter, And each oth-er's bur-dens bear.
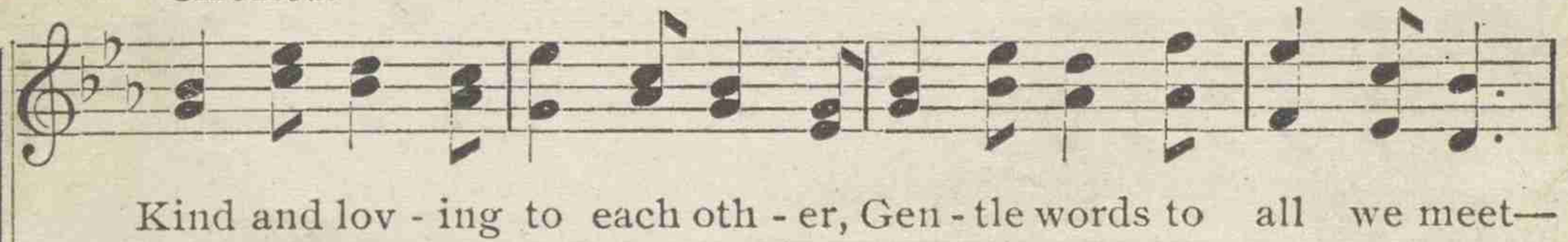


CHORUS.

Kind and lov - ing to each oth - er, Gen - tle words to all we meet—

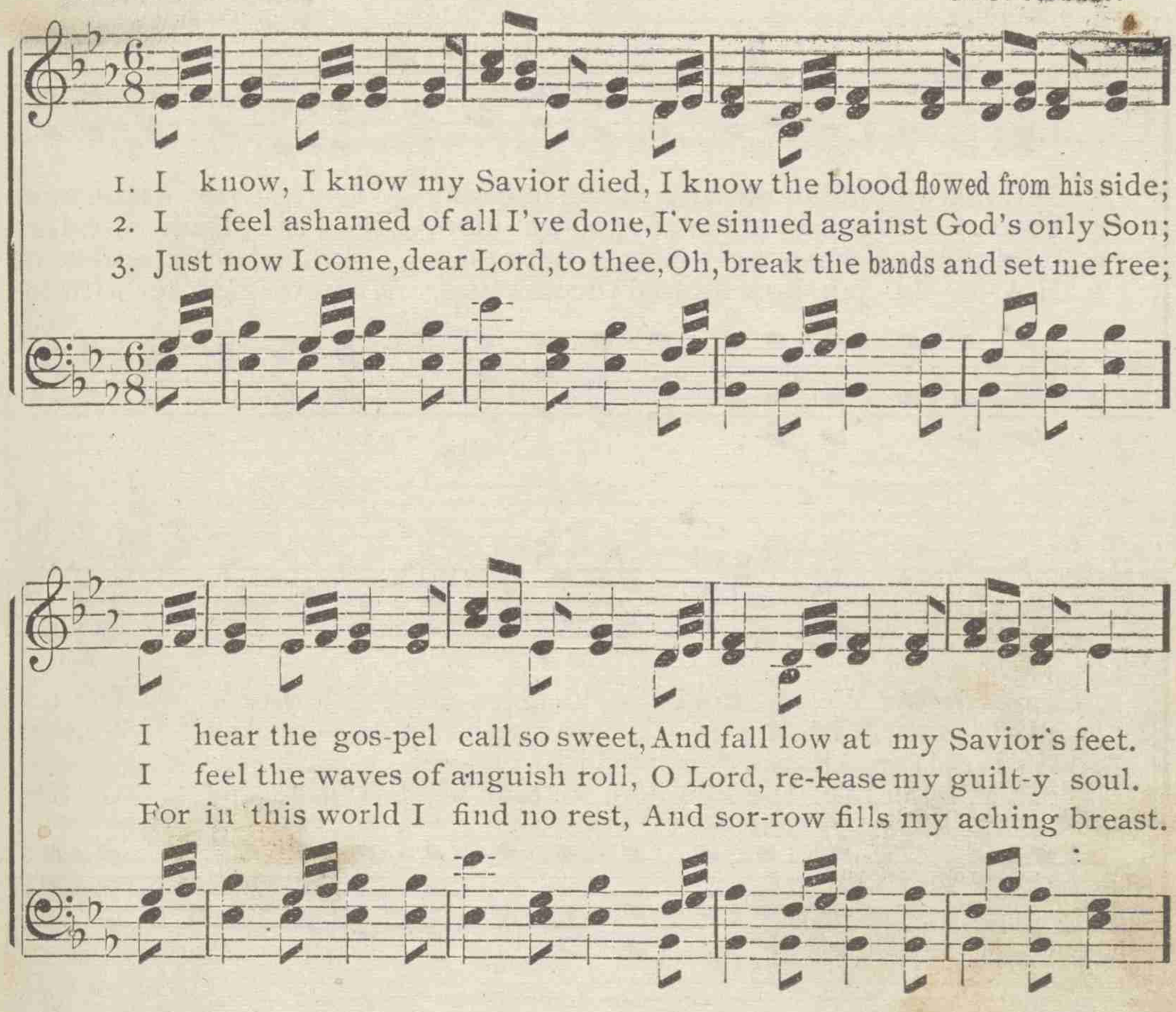


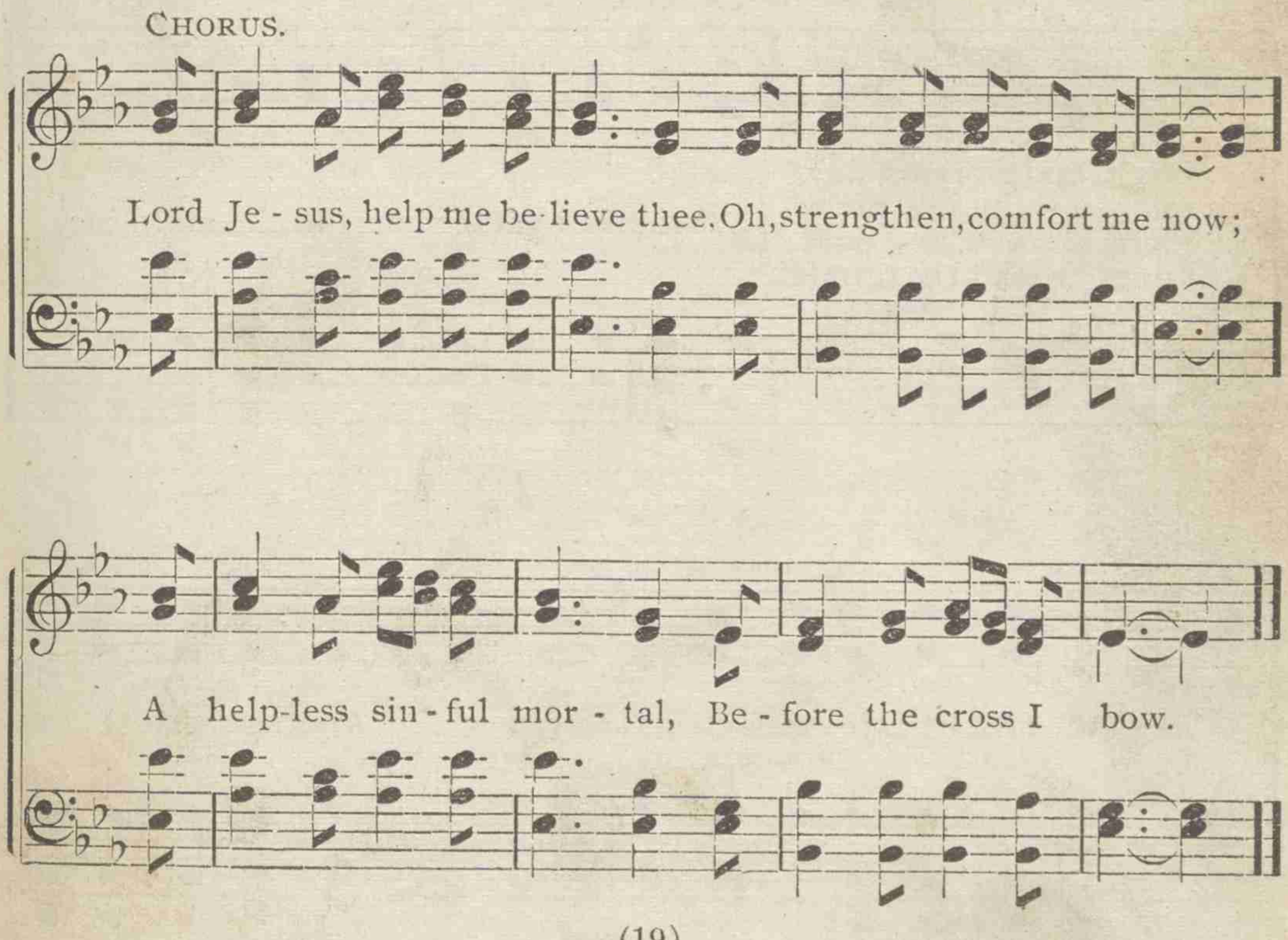
Thus we fol-low Christ our Sav-ior, Proving all his serv-ice sweet.



No. 17. Penitence.

D. O. T. D. O. TEASLEY.
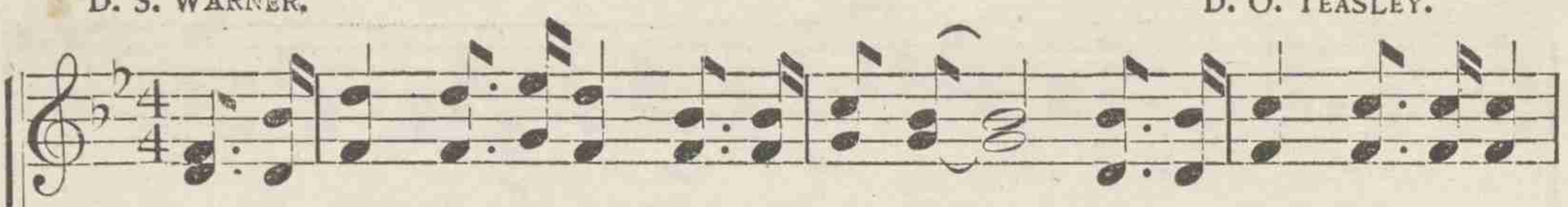




No. 18. Joyful Meeting in Glory.
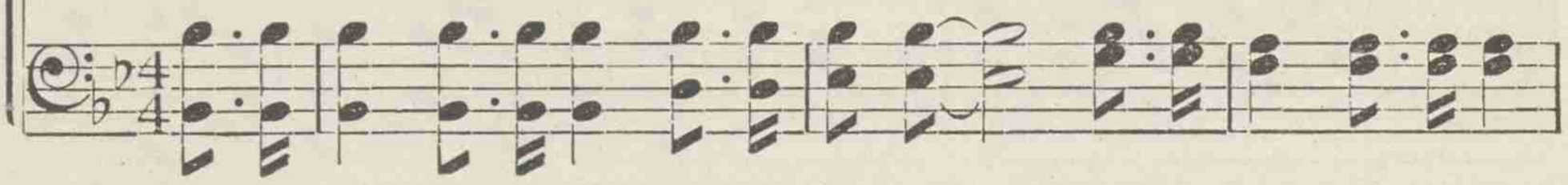
D. S. WARNER.
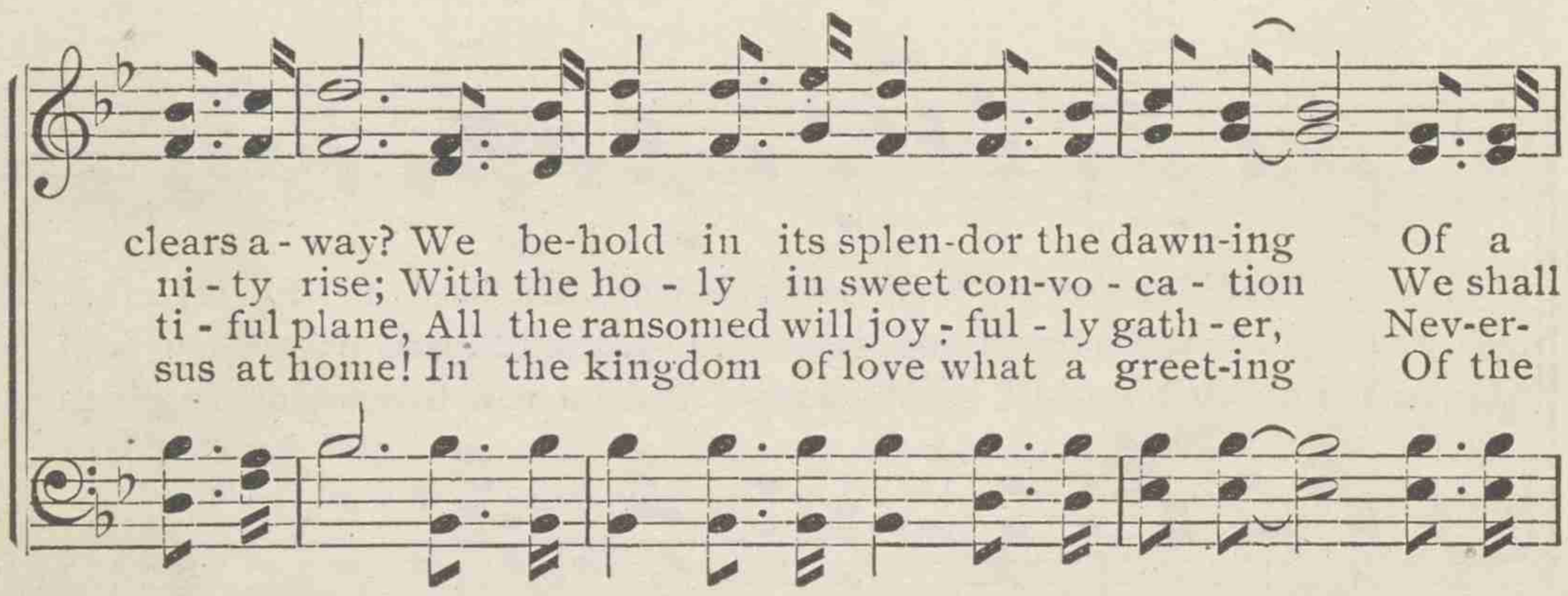
Music and Chorus by
D. O. TEASLEY.



1. Tell me, watchman, oh, what of the morning
2. From the mountain of pure in-spi - ra - tion,
3. 'Mid the rap - tur-ous glo-ries of heav-en,
4. Hal - le - lu - jah! how blessed the meeting,

Do you see as the mist
See the gleams of e- ter-
On im-mor-tal and beau-
When we gath - er with Je-
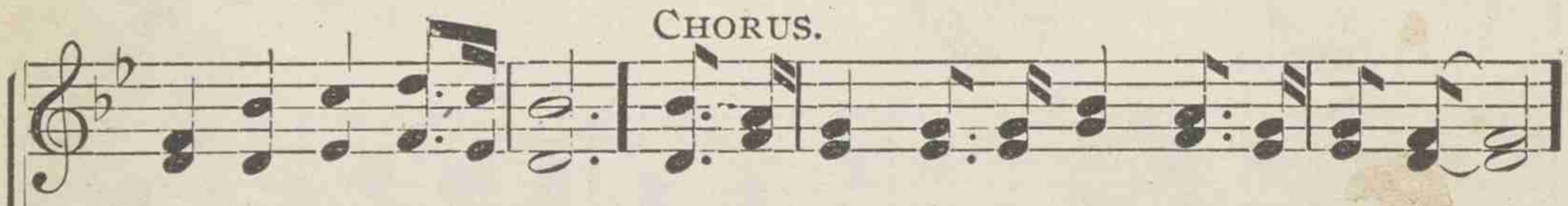




clears a - way? We be-hold in its splen-dor the dawn-ing Of a
ni - ty rise; With the ho - ly in sweet con-vo - ca - tion We shall
ti - ful plane, All the ransomed will joy - ful - ly gath - er, Nev-er-
sus at home! In the kingdom of love what a greet-ing Of the
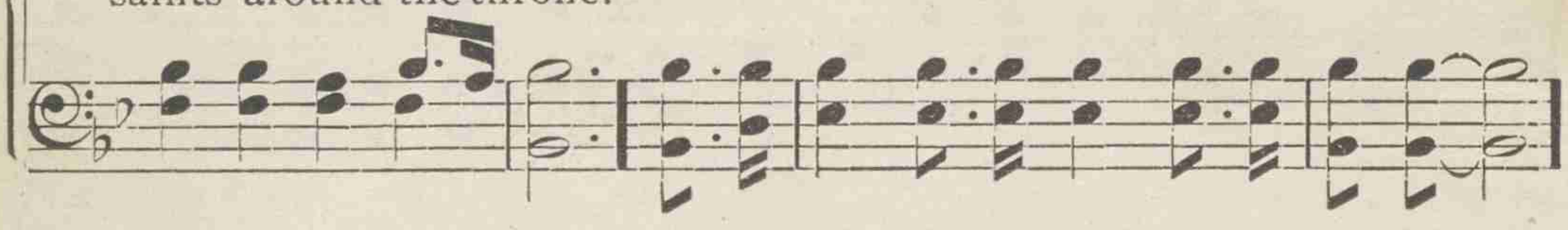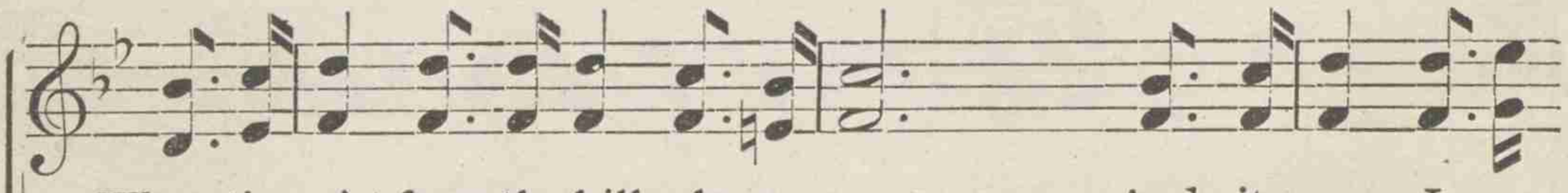


CHORUS.



bright and glorious day.
soon u - nite in praise.
more to part a - gain.
saints around the throne!
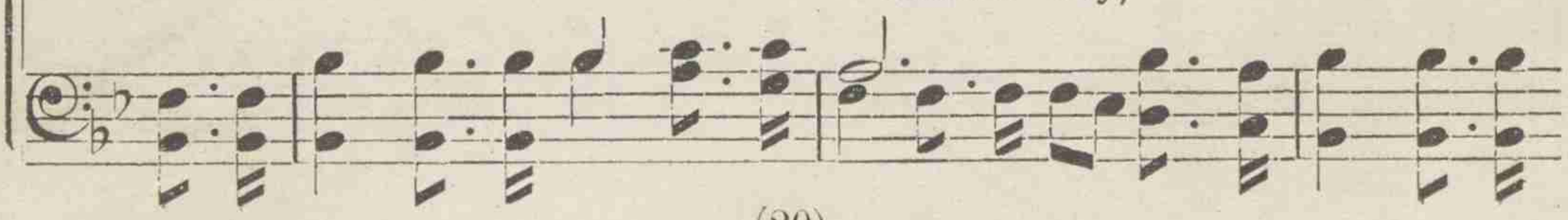
} We shall all gather home in the morn-ing,
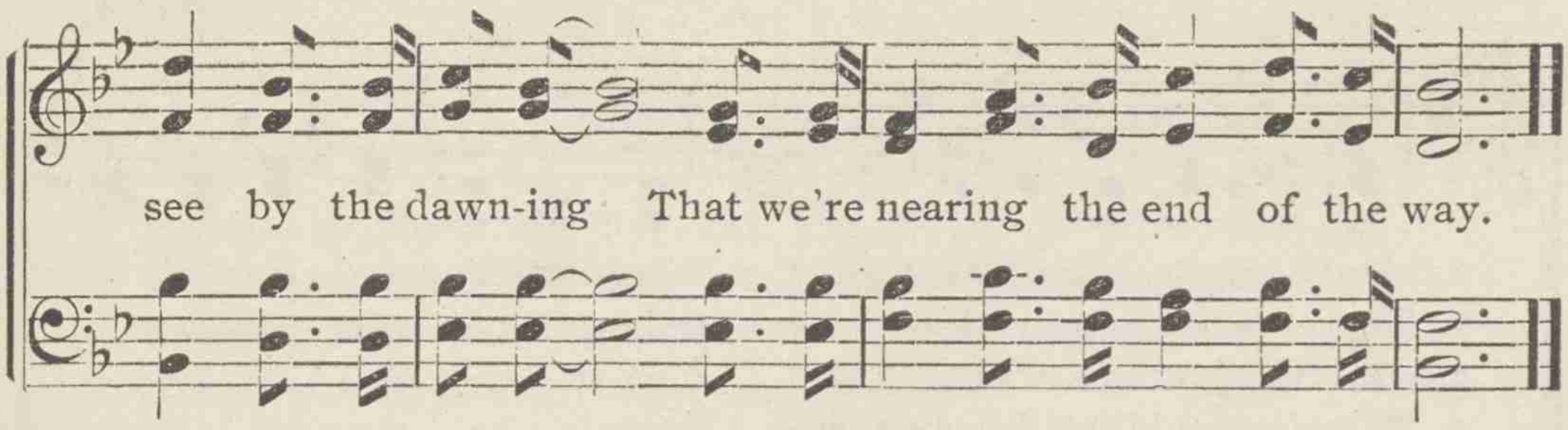




When the mist from the hills clears away, And it seems I can

clears a - way,
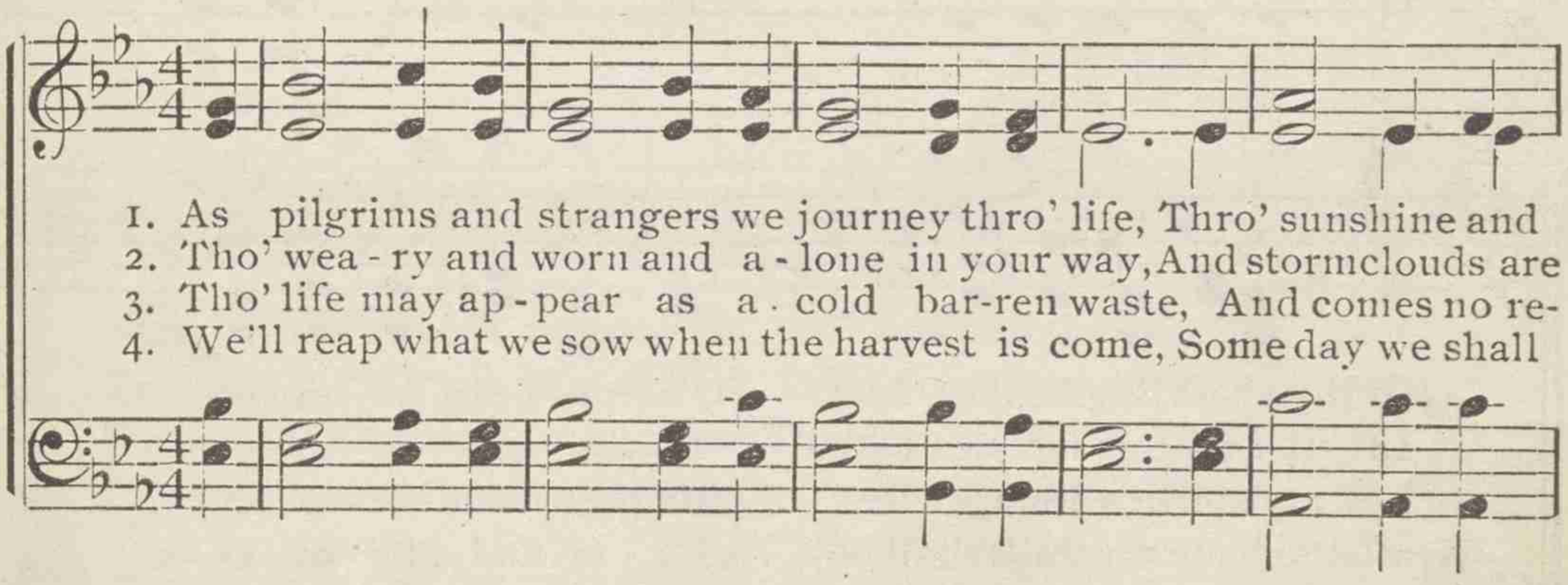


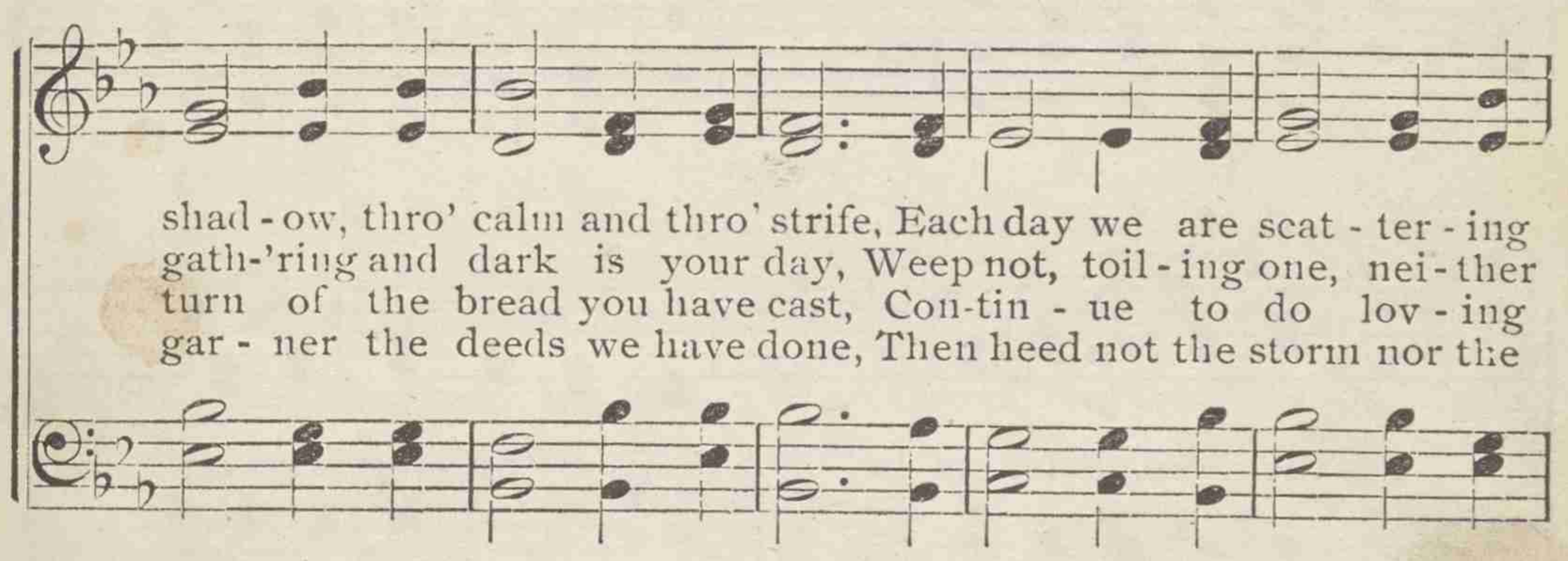
Joyful Meeting in Glory—Concluded.
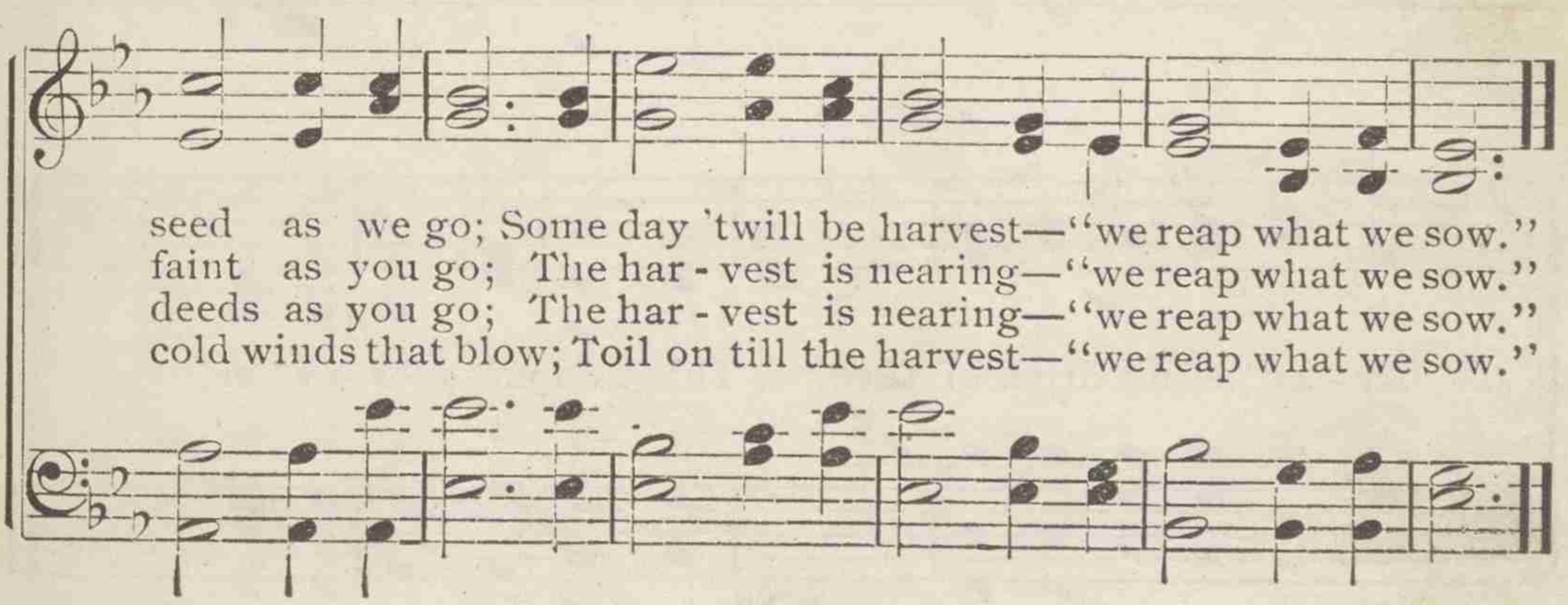


No. 19. Seedtime and Harvest.

C. E. ORR. C. E. HUNTER.
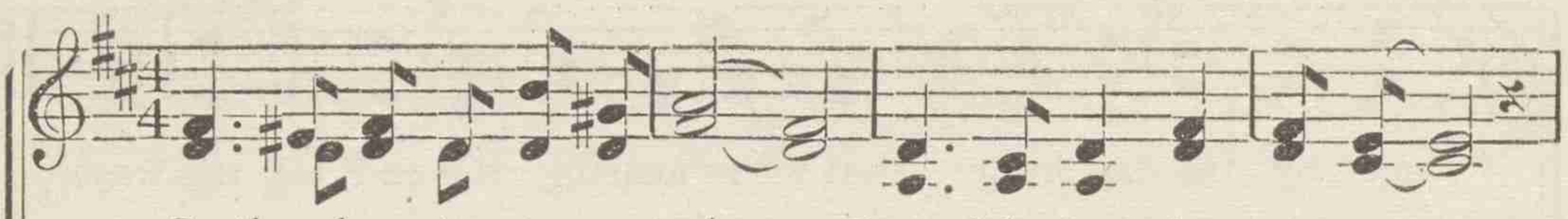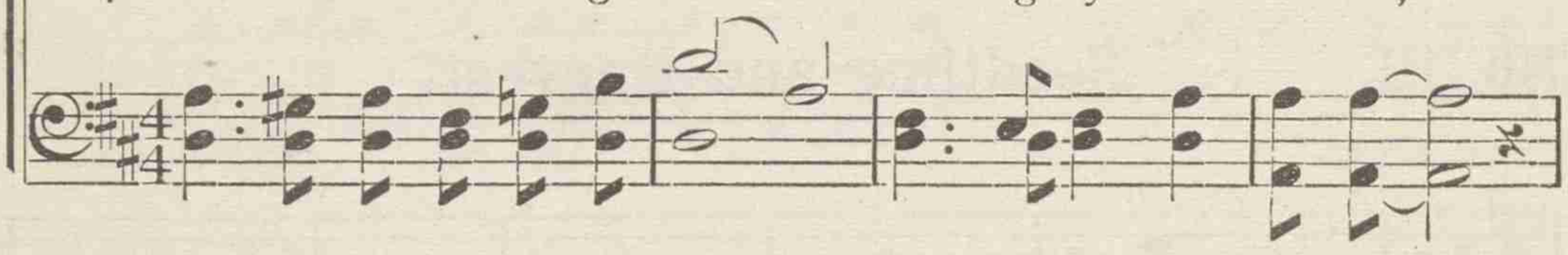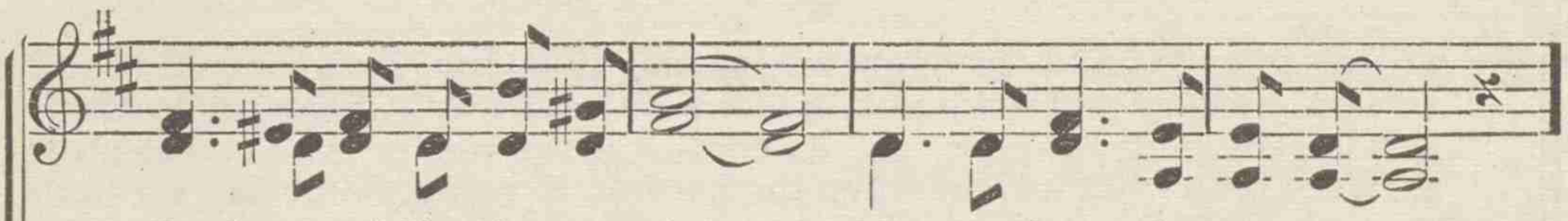






No. 20. River of Zion.

C. E. ORR. A. L. BYERS.
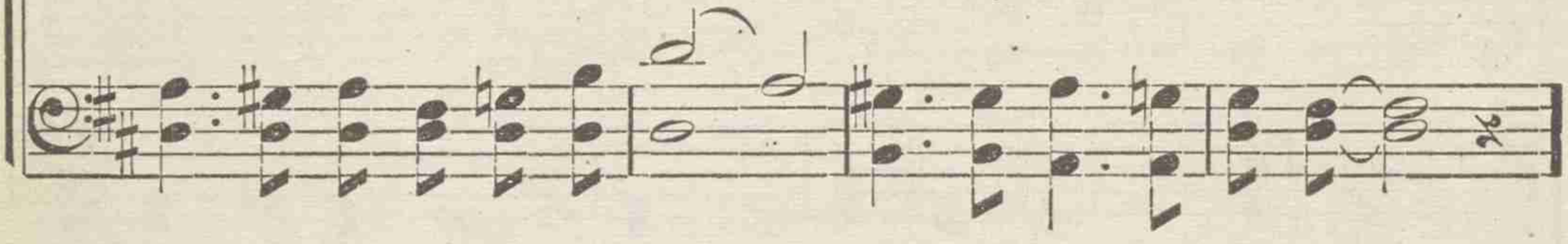


1. In thy clear, transparent glow, Peaceful, cleansing riv - er,
2. There is mu - sic in thy wave, Calm-est, pur - est riv - er;
3. In thy bosom's crystal sea, Gen - tle, tran-quil riv - er,
4. There behold life's fragrant tree Blooming by the riv - er;
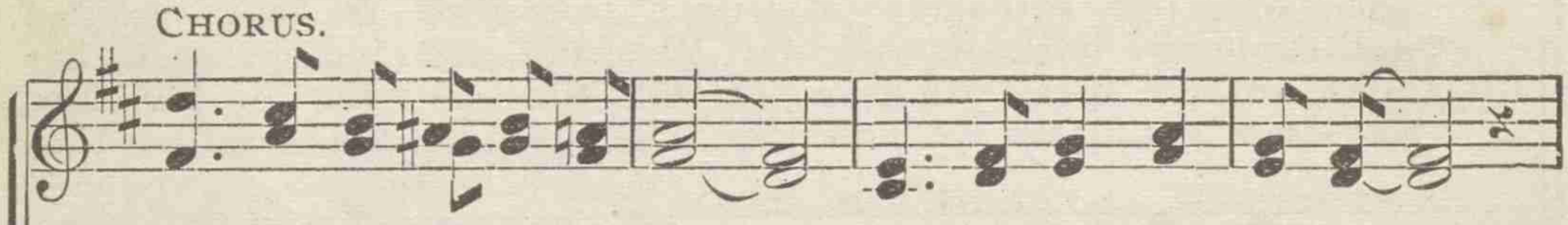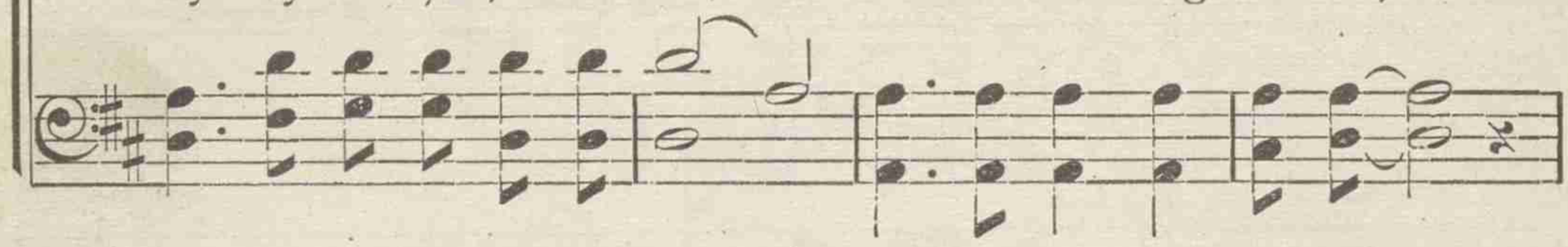




In thy sparkling beauty flow O'er my heart for - ev - er.
In thy wa-ters let me bathe Ev - er and for - ev - er.
Let my spir-it's im-age be Mirrored there for - ev - er.
'Neath its shade my walk shall be Ev - er and for - ev - er.
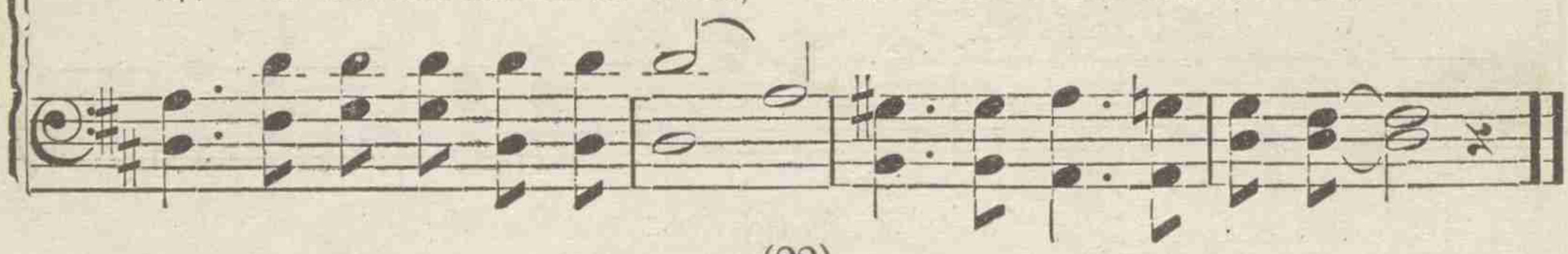


CHORUS.



By thy shore, oh, let me be, Soul re - fin - ing riv - er;

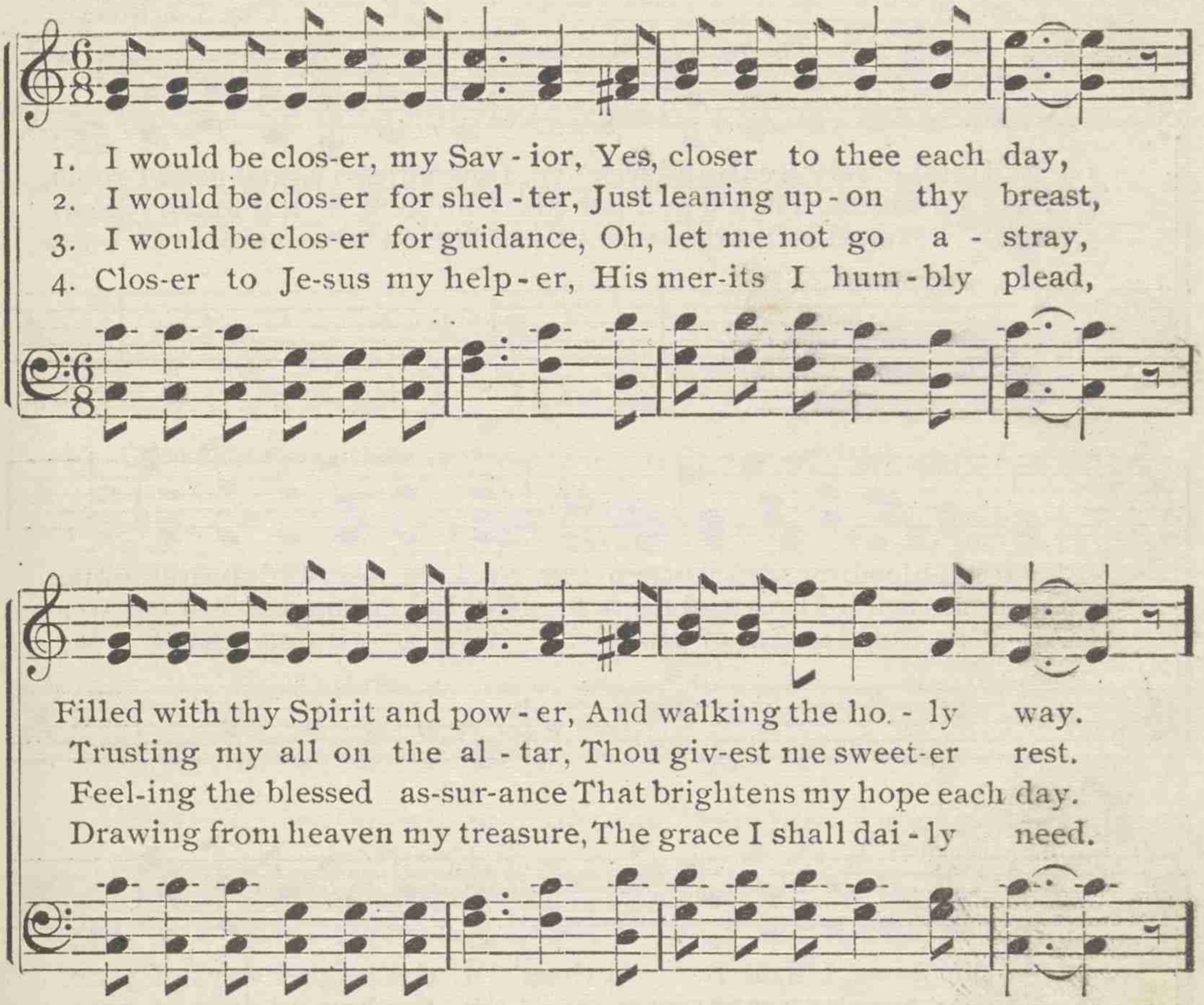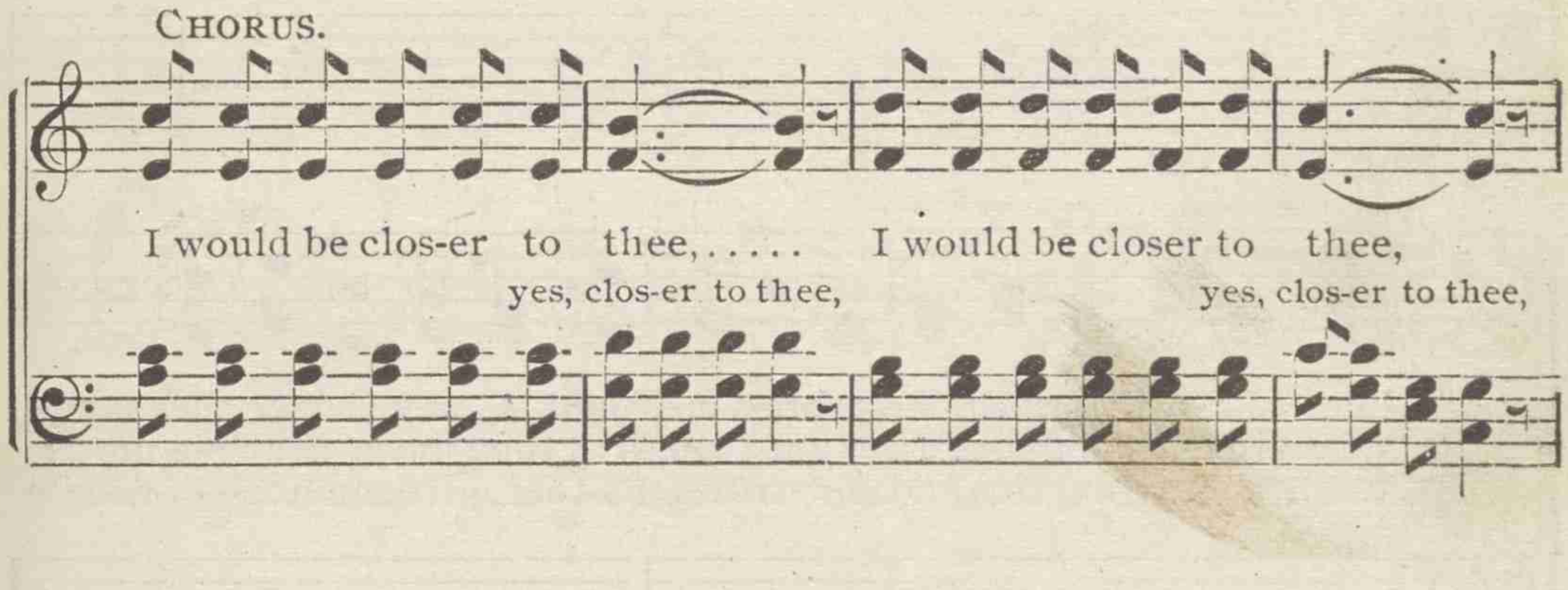


Ev - er let me drink of thee, Thirst no more for - ev - er.



No. 21. I Would be Closer to Thee.

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



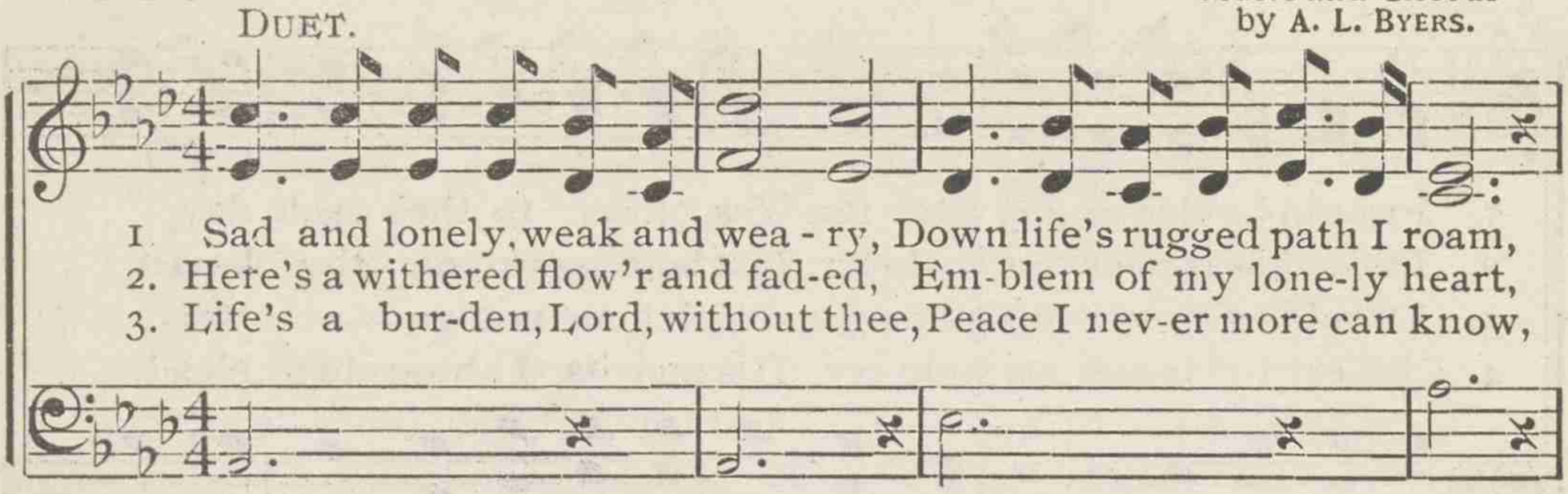


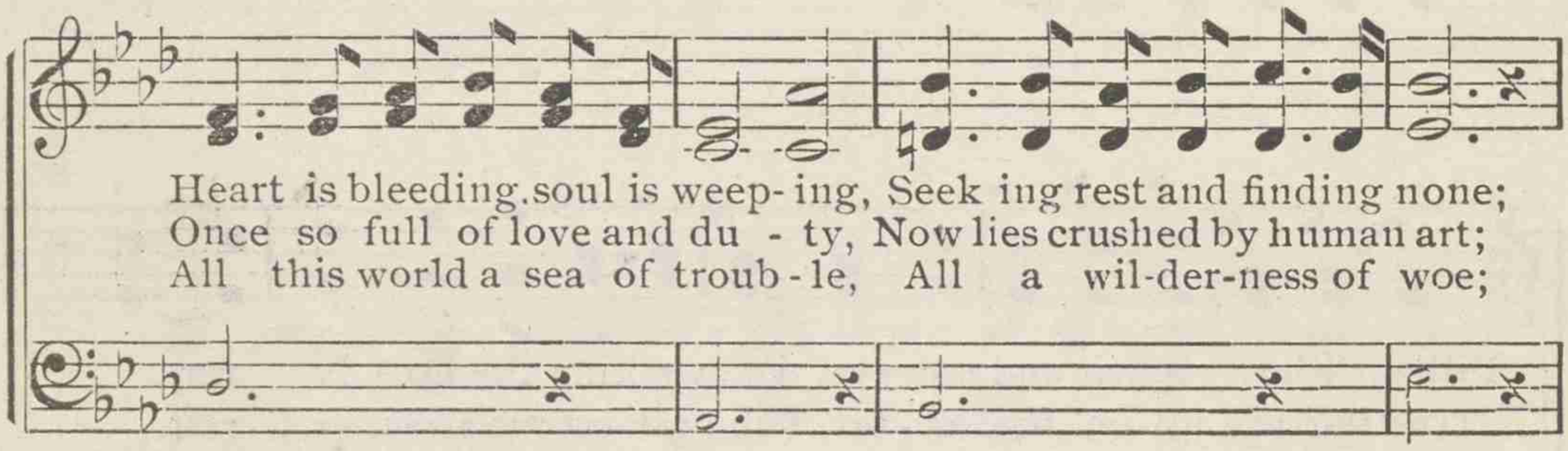
No. 22. The Backslider.
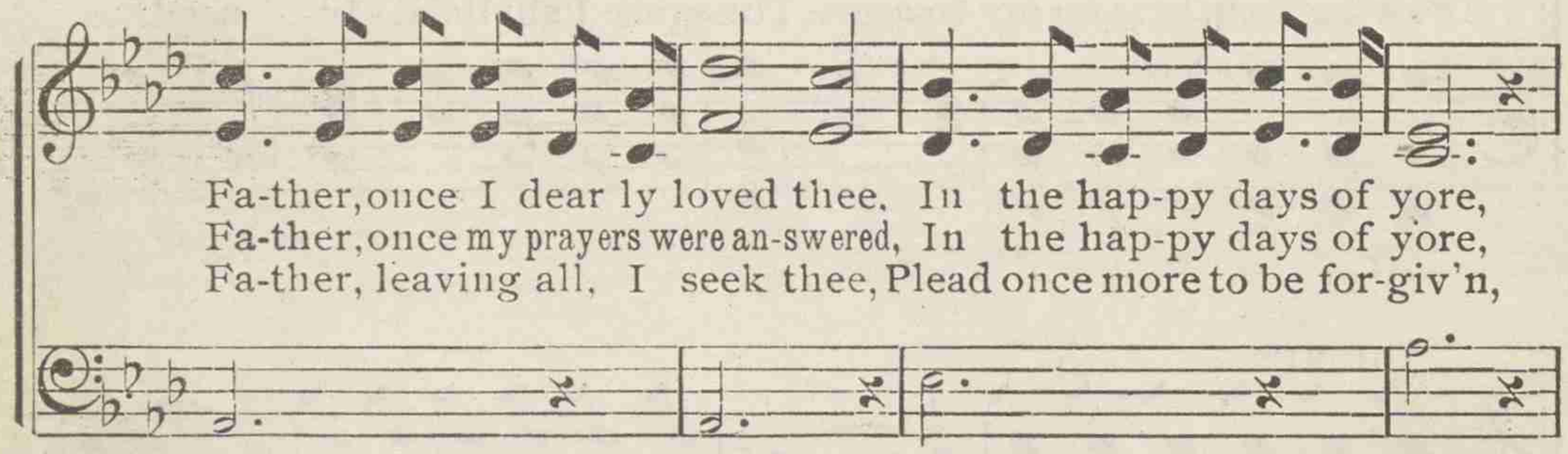
C. E. ORR.

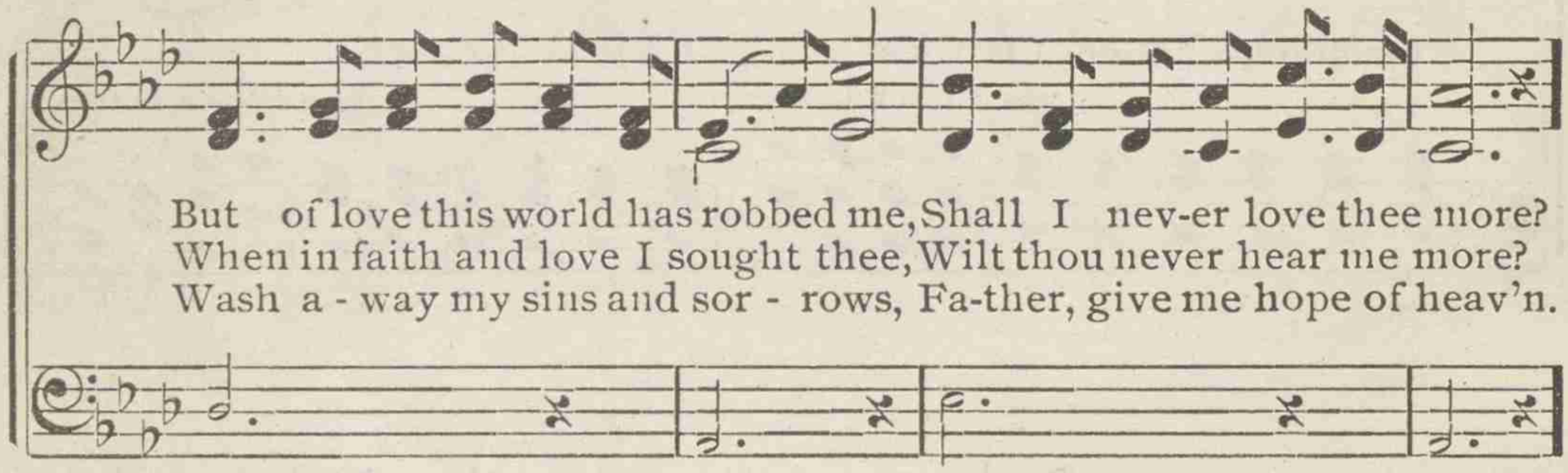
Music and Chorus
by A. L. BYERS.

DUET.
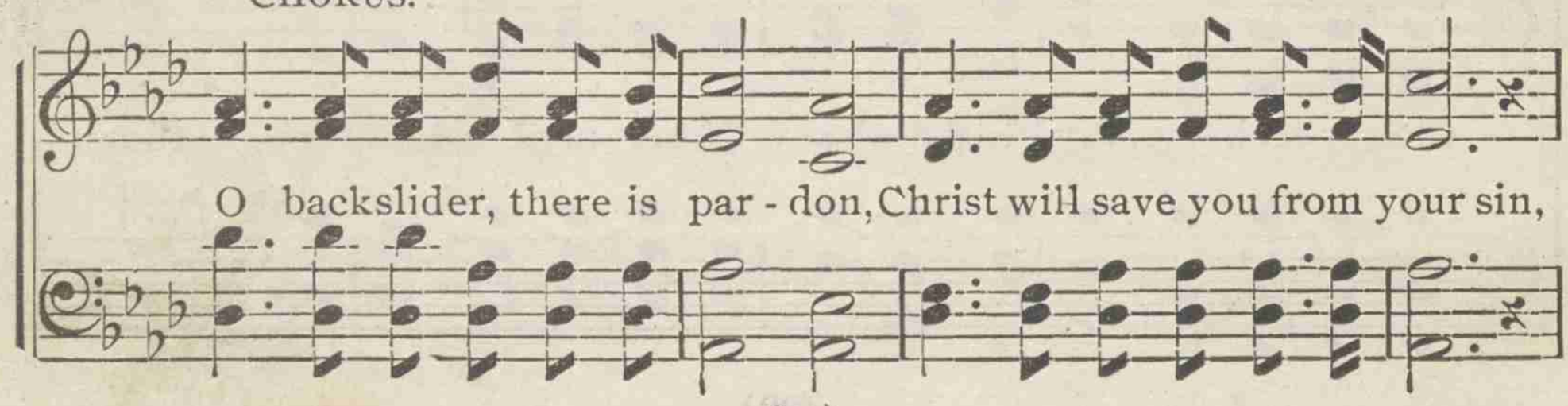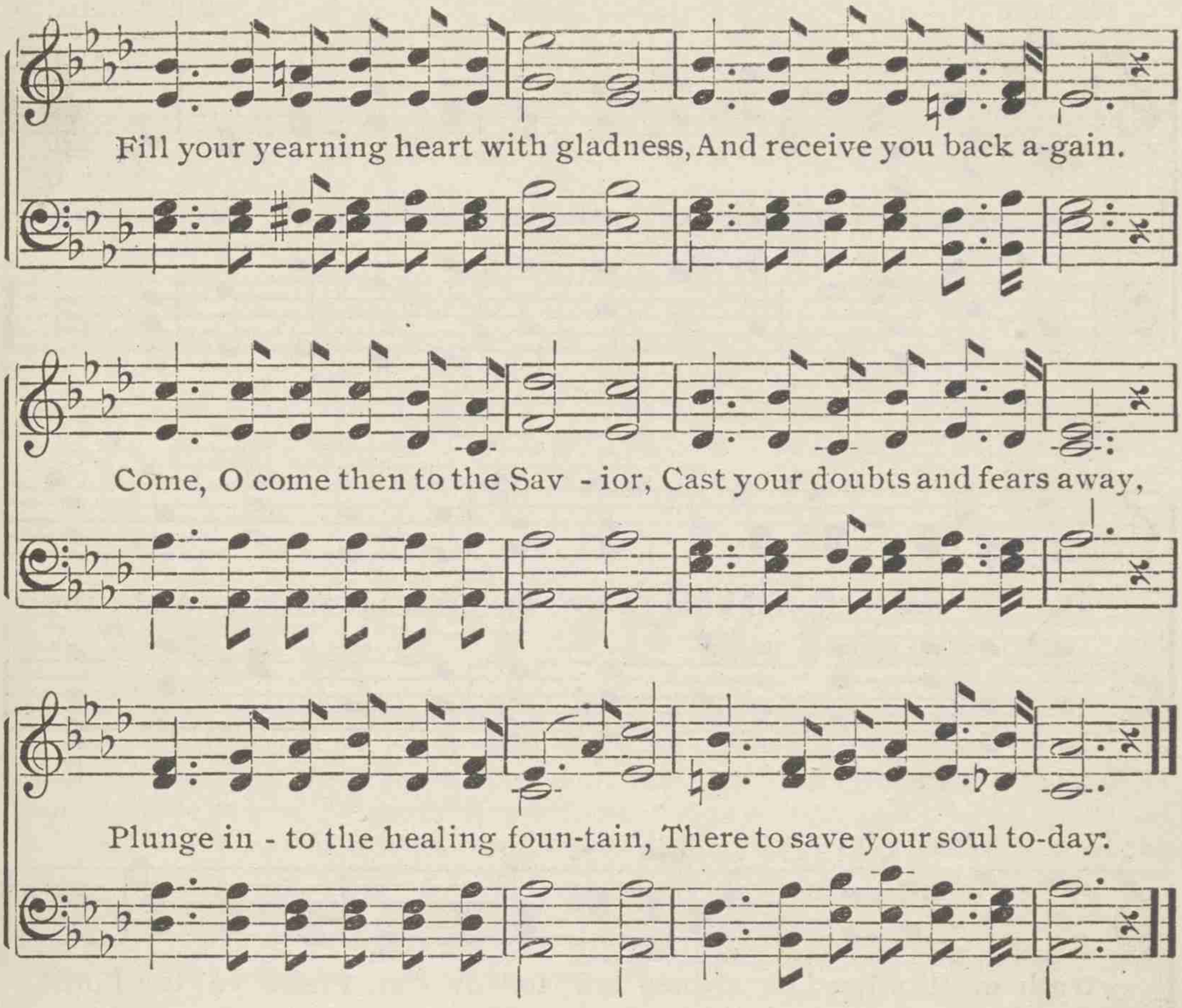








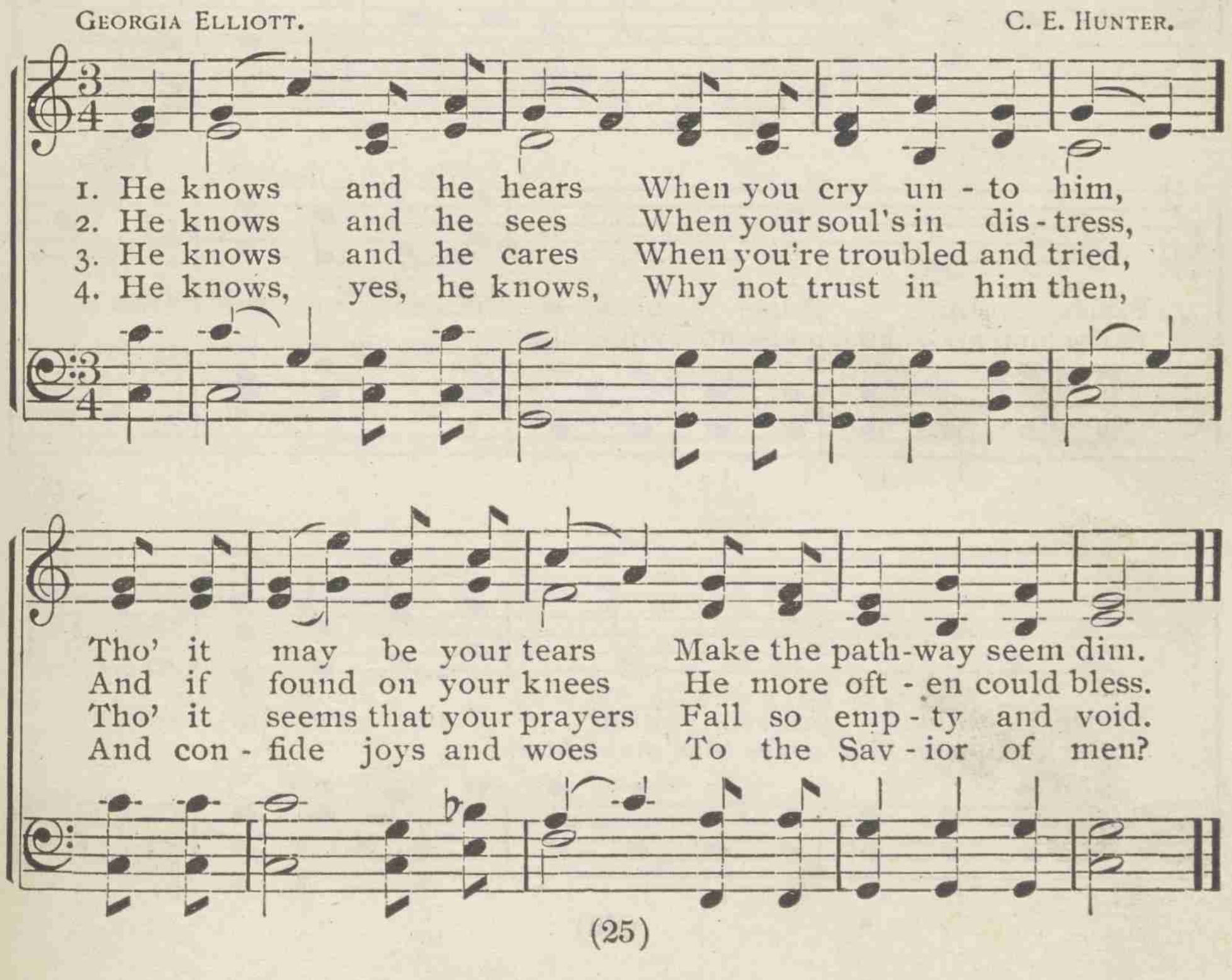
CHORUS.



The Backslider—Concluded.



No. 23. He Knows.
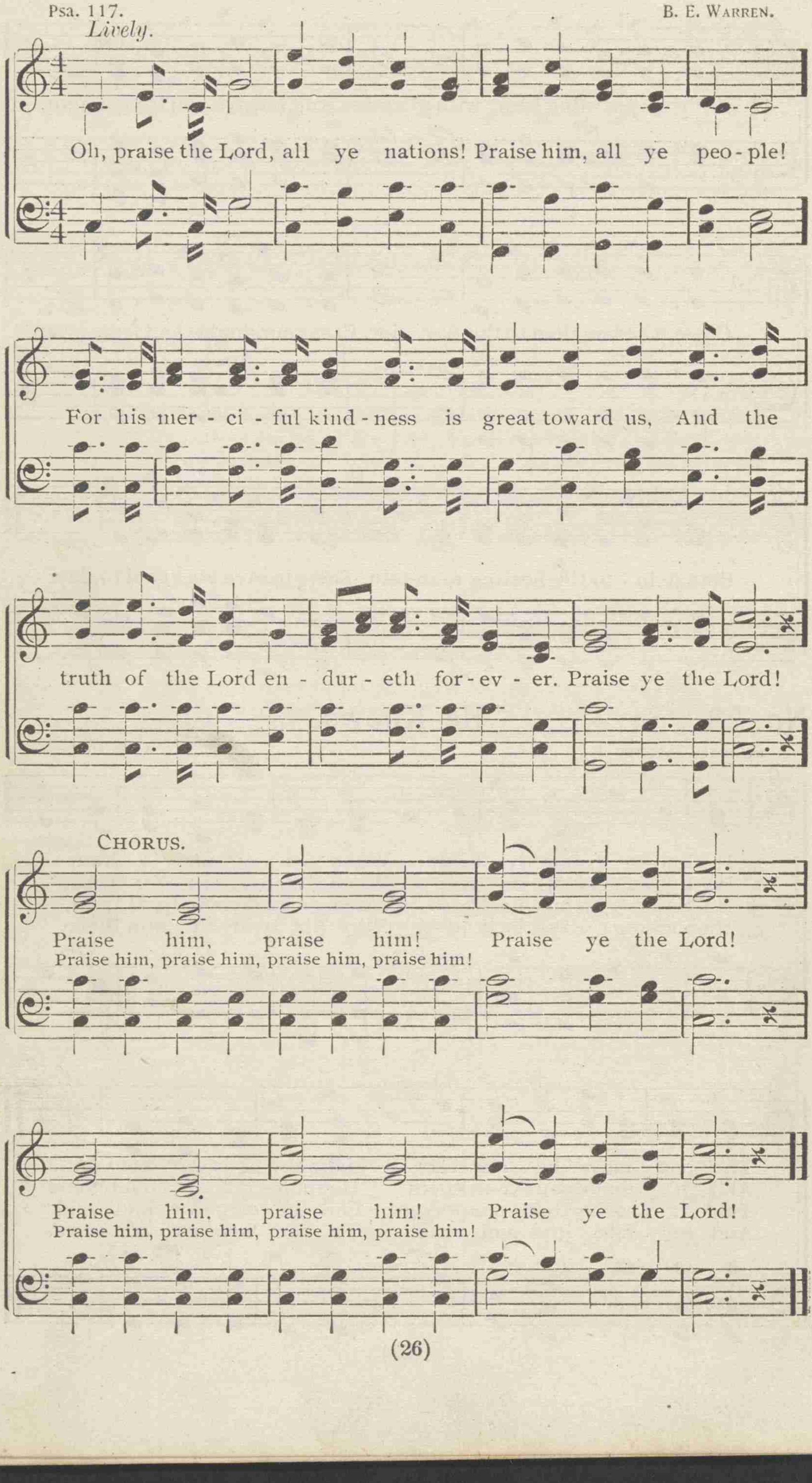


No. 24. Oh, Praise the Lord!

Psa. 117.

B. E. WARREN.

Lively.



No. 25. He is Able to Deliver.

(Eph. 3: 20.)

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

Boldly.

1. He is a - ble to de - liv - er thee, O sin - ner; He will
2. He is a - ble to de - liv - er thee, O sin - ner; See the
3. He is a - ble to de - liv - er thee, O sin - ner; See, your
4. He is a - ble to de - liv - er thee, O sin - ner; He has
5. He is a - ble to de - liv - er thee, O sin - ner; For he

drive the night a - way; He's the Star of per - fect day; He will
myr - iad worlds a - bove, And the one on which we move; They were
life is in his hand, Thus you live at his command; He's the
quenched the fire of yore, Stopped the li - on's rage and roar; He has
told the king his dream, Stopped the Jordan's flowing stream; Healed the

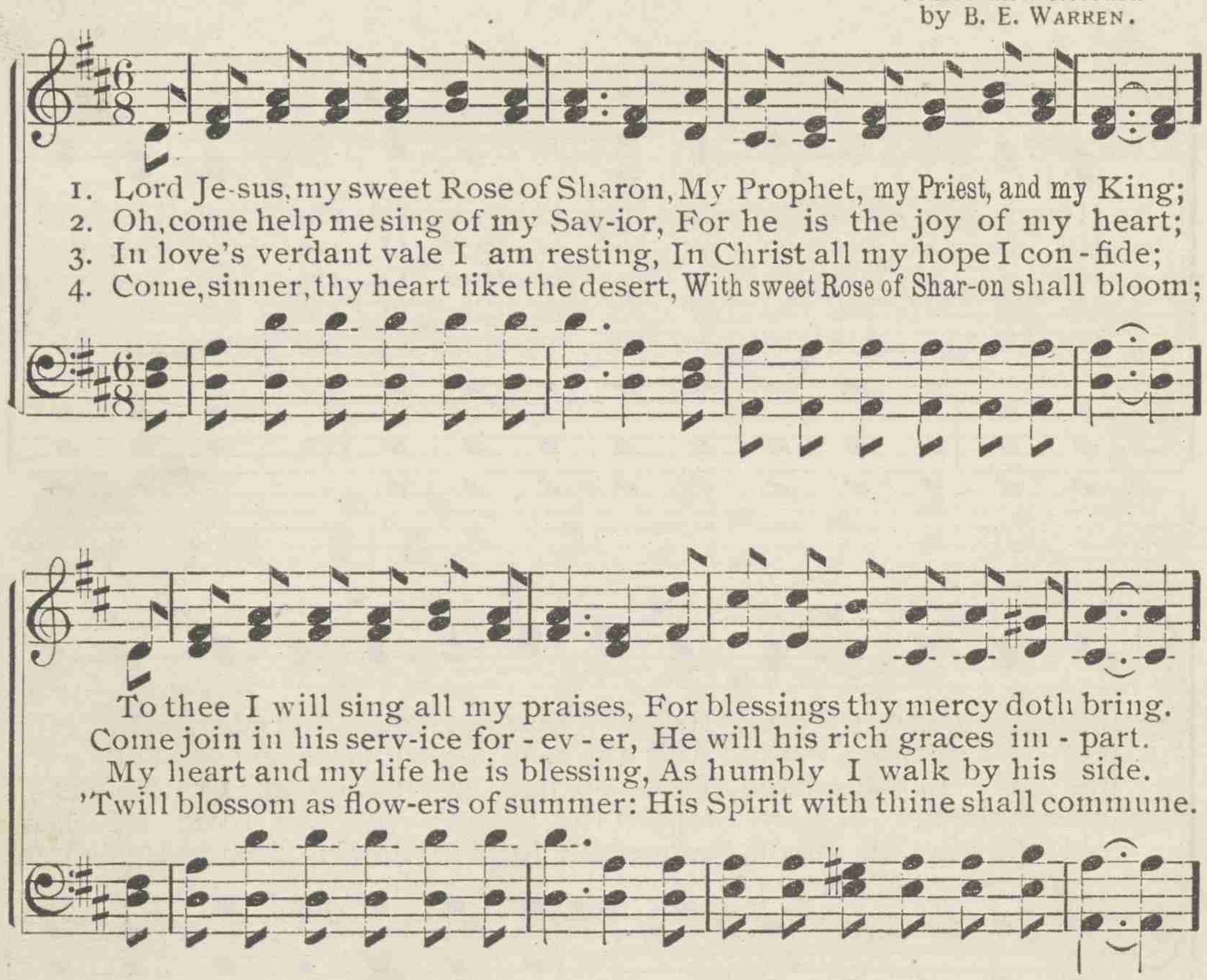
CHORUS.

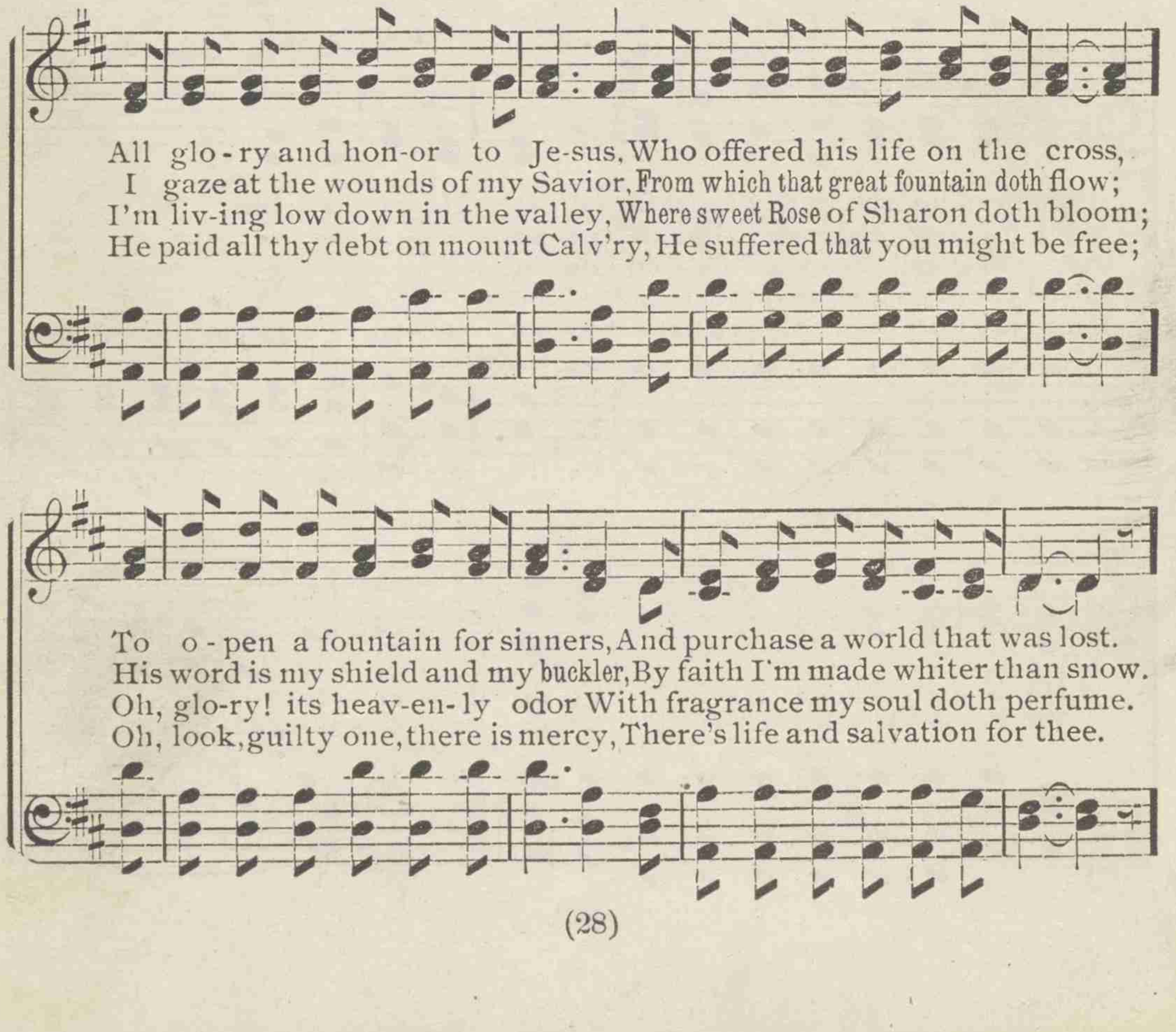
shine from heaven in thy heart for-ev - er. He is a - ble,
made by our E-ter-nal God of pow-er.
source of good, the ev- er bless-ed Giv - er.
raised the dead and healed the spotted leper.
lame, the blind, the pal-sy, what a Sav- ior! He is a - ble, he is a - ble,

He is a - ble To de - liv - er thee.....
He is a - ble, he is a - ble To de - liv - er thee, de - liv - er thee.

No. 26. The Rose of Sharon.

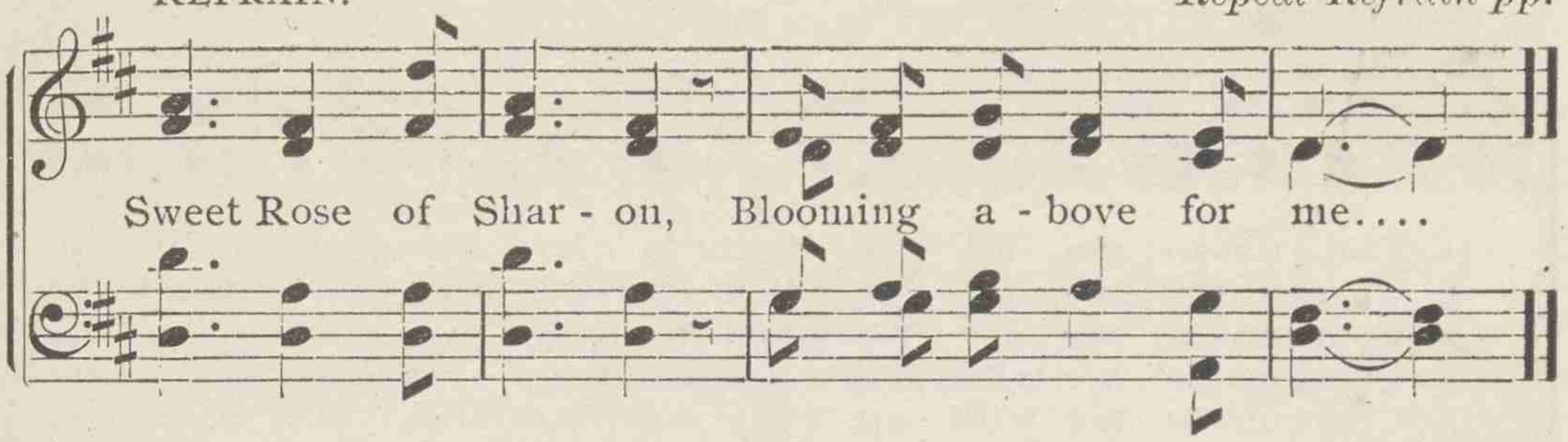
Music and Refrain
by B. E. WARREN.





The Rose of Sharon—Concluded.

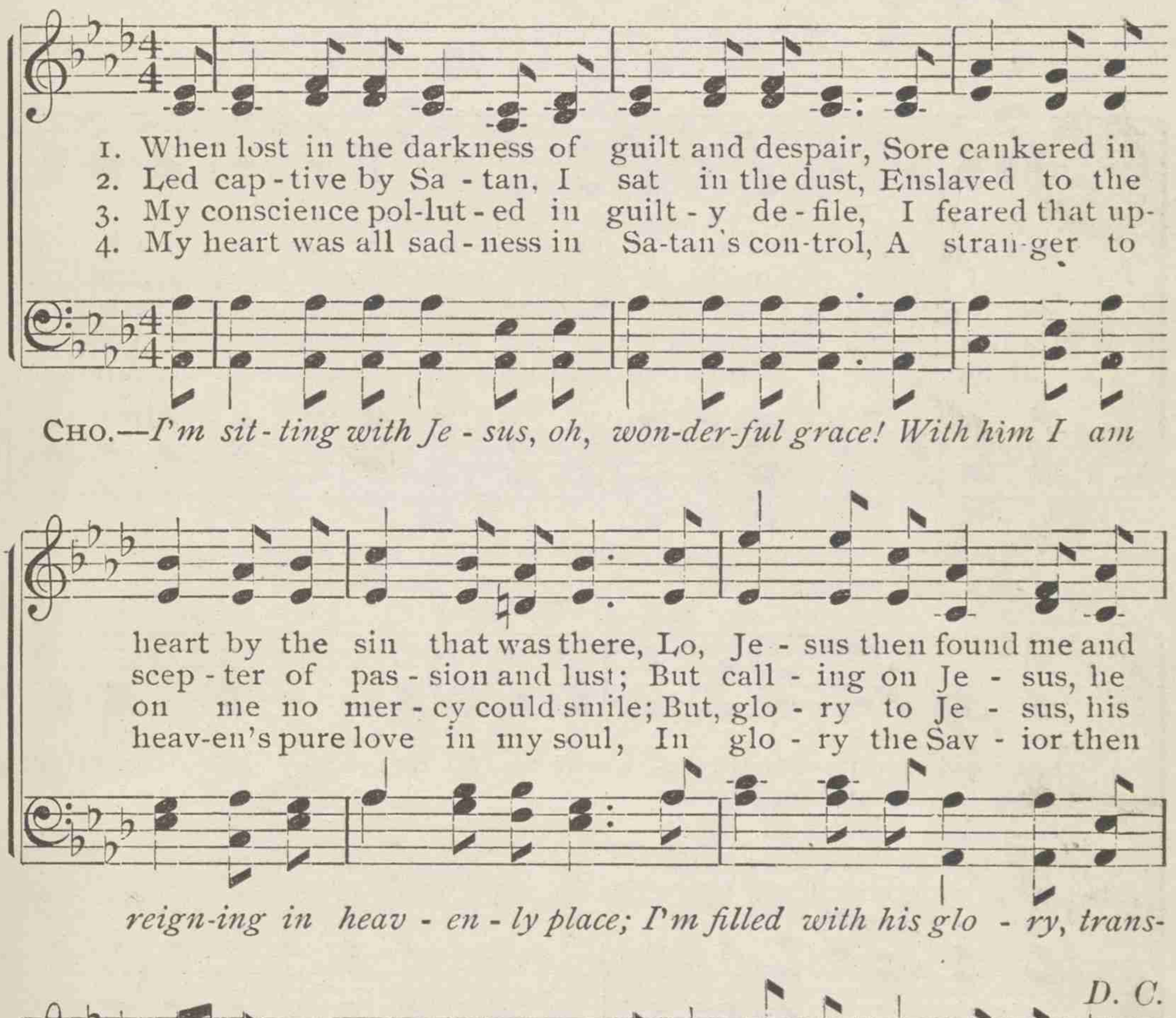
REFRAIN. *Repeat Refrain pp.*



No. 27. I'm Sitting with Jesus.

(Eph. 2: 6.)

D. S. WARNER. B. E. WARREN.



No. 28. Come Unto Me.

W. J. HENRY.

Air by GRANVILLE WRIGHT.
Harmonized.
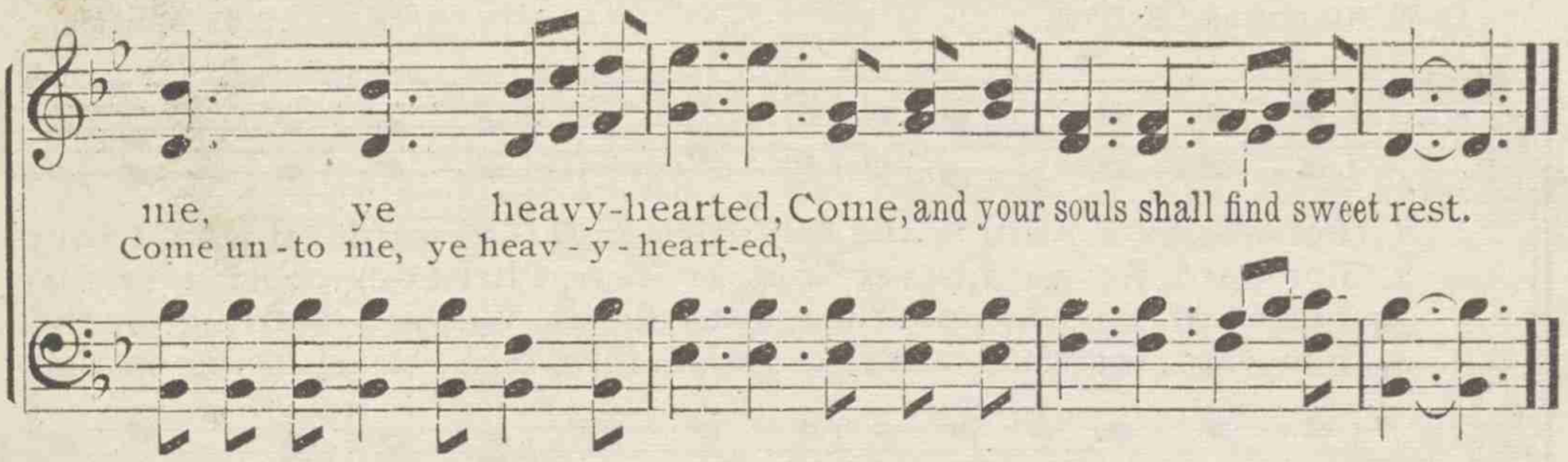
1. Come un-to me, all ye that la-bor, Ye who in guilt and sin de-spair;
2. Come un-to me, all ye that hun-ger, Free-ly the bread of life I give;
3. Come un-to me for per-fect cleansing, Come, and the blood shall be ap-plied;
4. Come un-to me when sore-ly tempt-ed, I will sus-tain thy fainting soul;
5. Come un-to me with all thy sor-rows, Glad-ly I'll bear them all for thee;

Cast up-on me your heav-y bur-dens, I will your sins and troub-les bear.
On-ly be-lieve on him that sent me, Hear, and your thirst-y souls shall live.
Per-fect sal-va-tion I have purchased When on the cross I bled and died.
Thou shalt for-ev-er feel my presence, Deep tho' the wa-ters round thee roll.
Pil-low thy head up-on my bos-om, Peaceful and sweet thy rest shall be.

CHORUS.

Come un-to me, all ye that la-bor, Come un-to me, oh, come and be blest; Come un-to me, all ye that

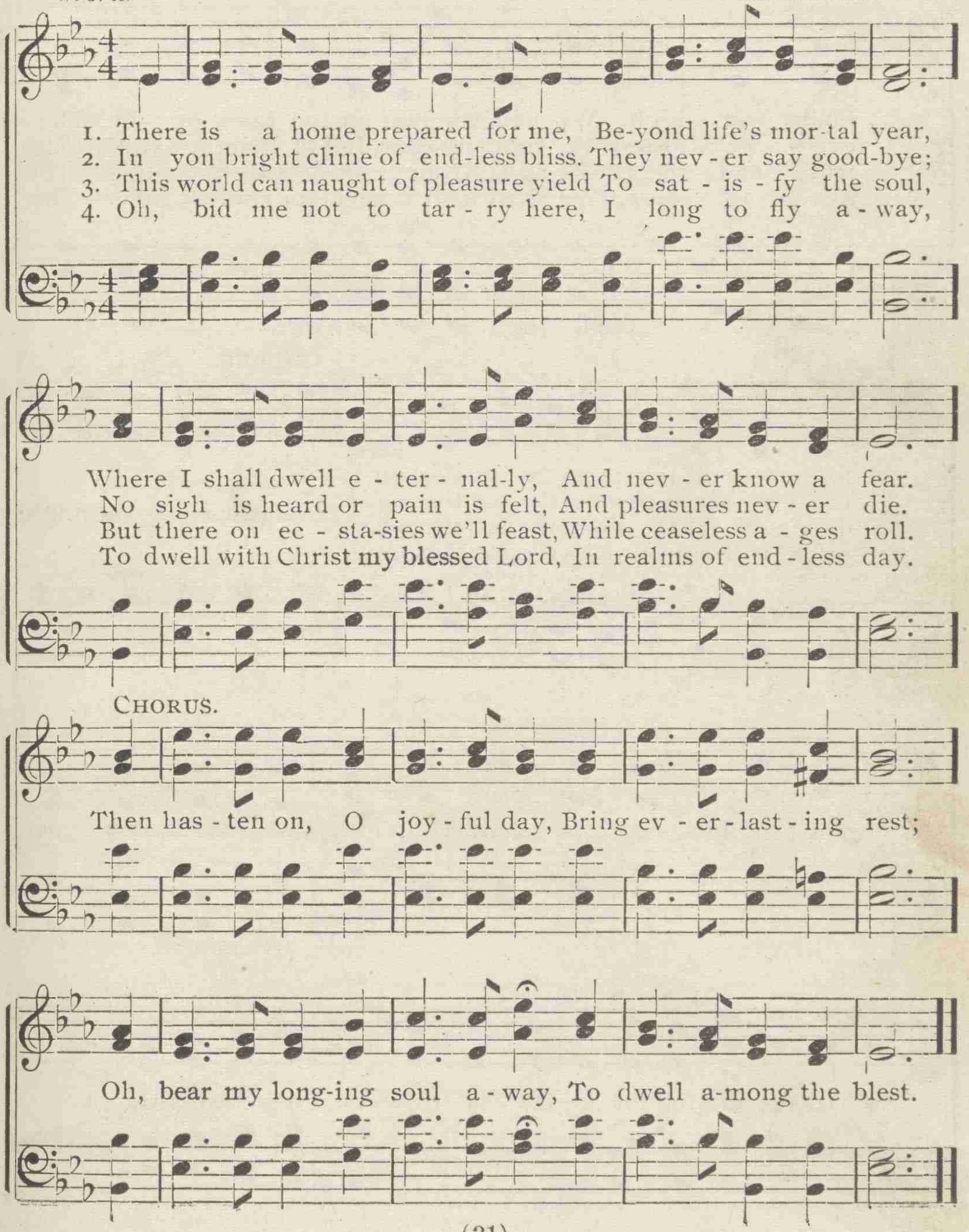
Come Unto Me—Concluded.



No. 29. My Home Above.

(Jno. 14: 3.)

W. J. H. Air by W. J. Henry. Harmonized.



No. 30. Press the Battle On.

C. W. NAYLOR and B. E. W. B. E. WARREN.

1. For-ward, for-ward is the bat - tle - cry, On-ward, on-ward to our
2. For-ward, for-ward, never faint or fear, Christ our captain is for-
3. For-ward, for-ward. put the foe to flight, We are battling for the
4. For-ward, for-ward, there's a crown be - fore, See it shin-ing on that

home on high, We will conquer for the Lord or die, The
ev - er near; Be cour - ag-eous, full of hope and cheer, With
truth and right, We shall triumph in Je - ho-vah's might, Then
heav'n - ly shore, We shall wear it when the conflict's o'er—The

CHORUS.

foe's re-treat-ing. press the bat-tle on.
full as - sur-ance press the bat-tle on.
do not fal-ter, press the bat-tle on.
prize is waiting, press the bat-tle on.

Strengthened by the mighty

pow'r of heav - en, We shall con - quer, we shall con - quer,

Till the ra-ging foe a - far is driv - en, Press the bat-tle on.

No. 31. Weeping Jesus.

(Jno. 11:35.)

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

1. Weep - ing Je - sus, suf - f'ring One, Whose tears and sor - rows we may trace; In the book of
2. Weep - ing Je - sus, roy - al King, And yet an hum - ble sac - ri - fice; Thou hast lost thy
3. Weep - ing Je - sus, oh, what love Was shown thro' thee to men in sin! Is the hu - man
4. Weep - ing Je - sus, more each day I would be filled with on - ly thee; Grace my heart and
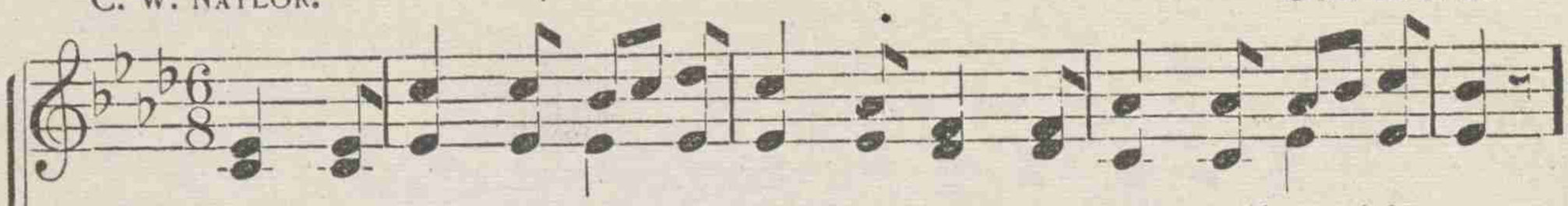
God's dear Son, We see his marred yet smil - ing face.
life to pay For us the great re - demp-tion price.
heart too hard For this great love to melt and win?
life, I pray, With meek - ness for the world to see.

REFRAIN. *Slow.* *Slower.*
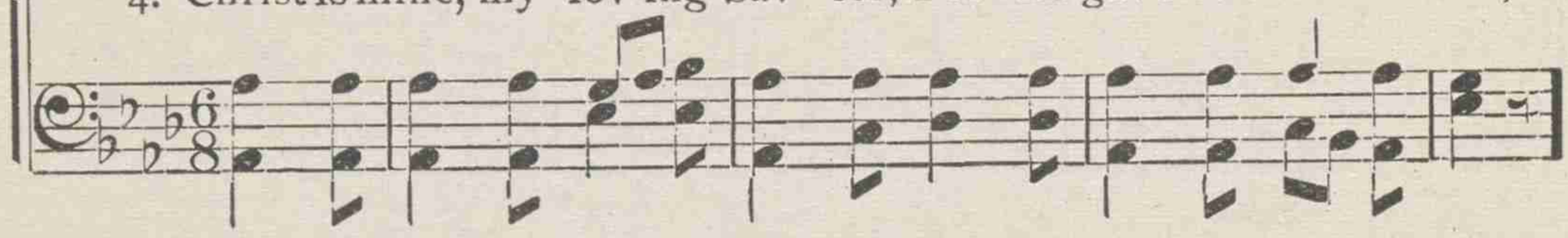
Weep - ing Je - sus, Weep - ing Je - sus,—died for me.
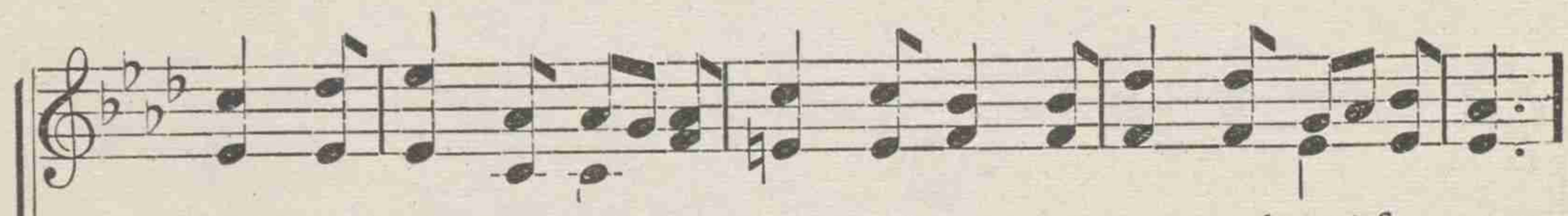
No. 32. Christ is Mine.

C. W. NAYLOR. C. E. HUNTER.
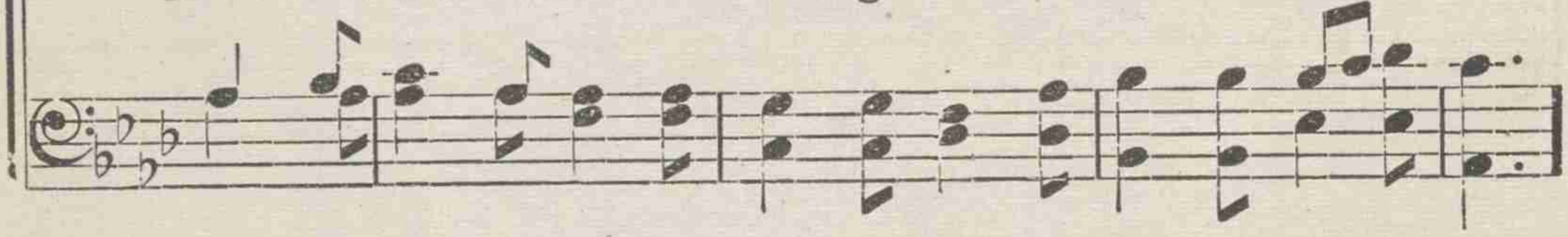


1. Christ is mine, my heart's dear treasure, Greater than all earthly store,
2. Christ is mine, my hope of glo - ry, An-chor of my trusting soul,
3. Christ, the source of all my pleasure, Now in him my soul doth find
4. Christ is mine, my lov-ing Sav - ior, For he gave his life for me;
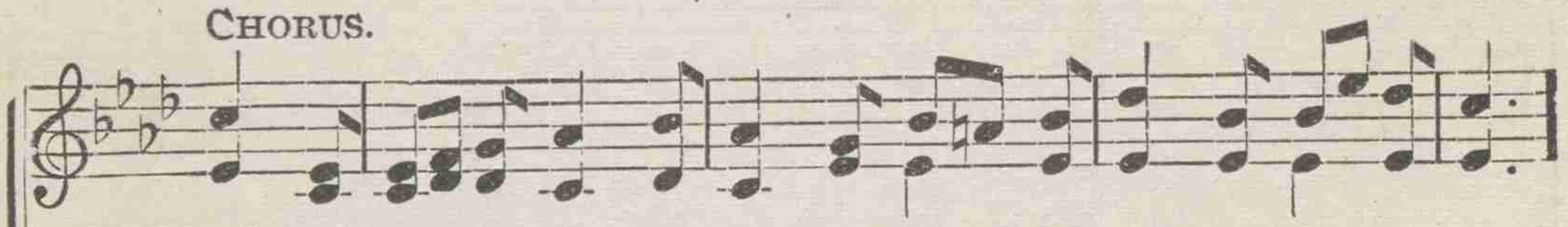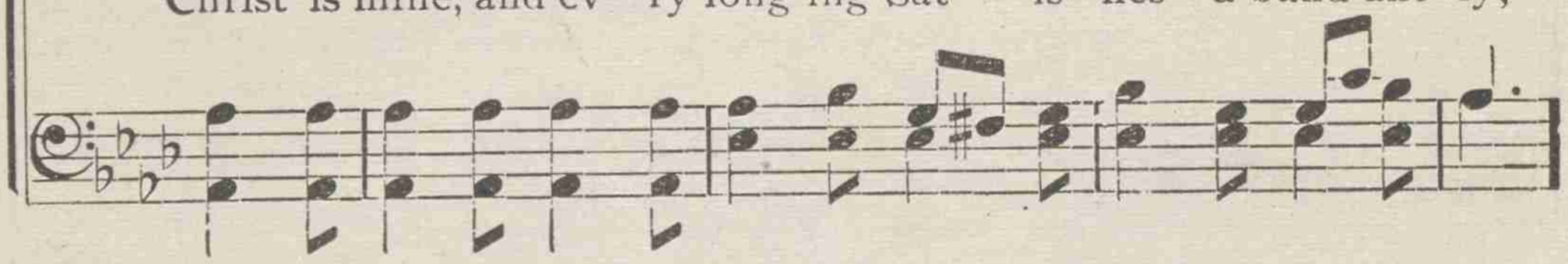




Filled with his un-told abundance, Yearns not now my heart for more.
Hold - ing fast while in the tempest, Stormy waves around me roll.
Joy un-speak - a - ble, ex - ceed-ing Earth-ly pleasures all combined.
Ransomed thus from sin-ful bond-age I am his e - ter - nal - ly.
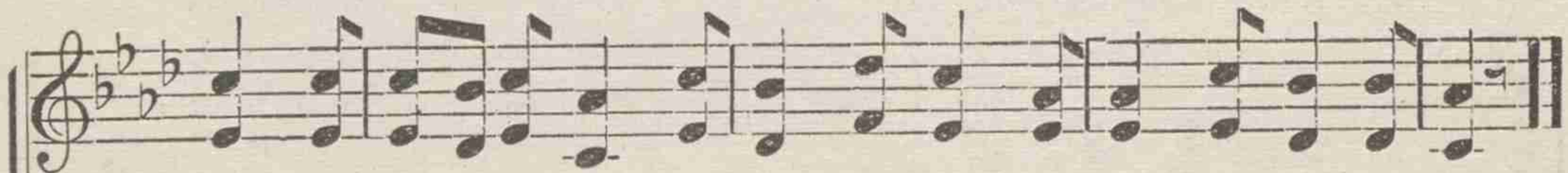


CHORUS.
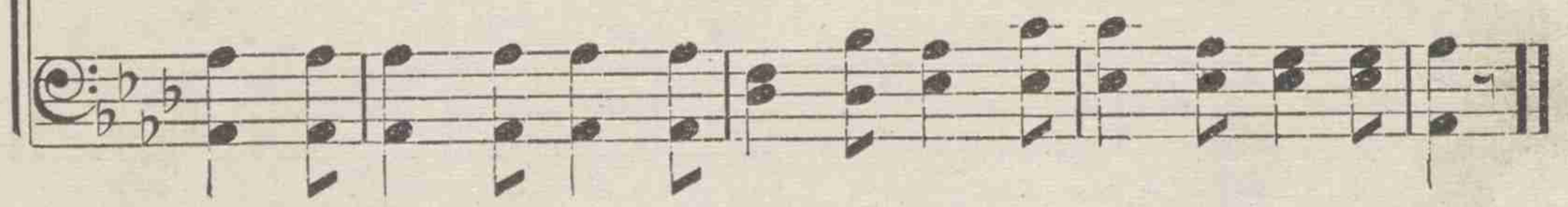


Christ is mine, and ev - 'ry long-ing Sat - is - fies a-bund-ant - ly;





He's my joy, my hope, my glo - ry, He is all, yes, all to me.



No. 33. We Shall Reign Forever.

C. W. NAYLOR. B. E. WARREN.

1. Death is not a val - ley dark that we should fear, Not a monster grim unknown; But a gateway filled with heaven's golden light, That ad-
2. When our house of clay has crumbled in - to dust, And the end of time has come, We shall hear God's great re-an - i -mat-ing voice Bidding
3. Then with soul and bod - y per-fect-ly redeemed From the curse of Ad - am's fall, We shall en - ter in - to ev-er-lasting bliss. Crowned as
4. Then a-round the throne thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, In the pres-ence of our Lord, We'll en- joy the treasures there reserved for us, All that

CHORUS.

mits us to our home.
us a - rise, come home.
vic - tors o - ver all.
heav - en can af - ford.
} We shall reign for-ev - er with Christ a - bove,
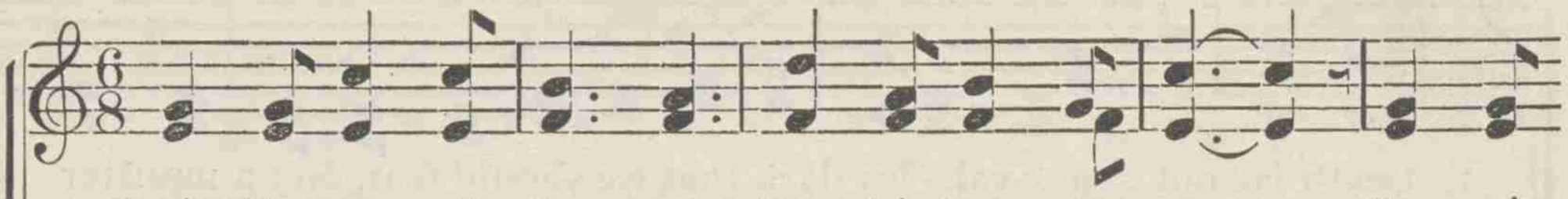
In our hap-py home so bright and fair; We shall know no sor-row, but joy and love From a fount un - fail-ing we all may share.

bright and fair;
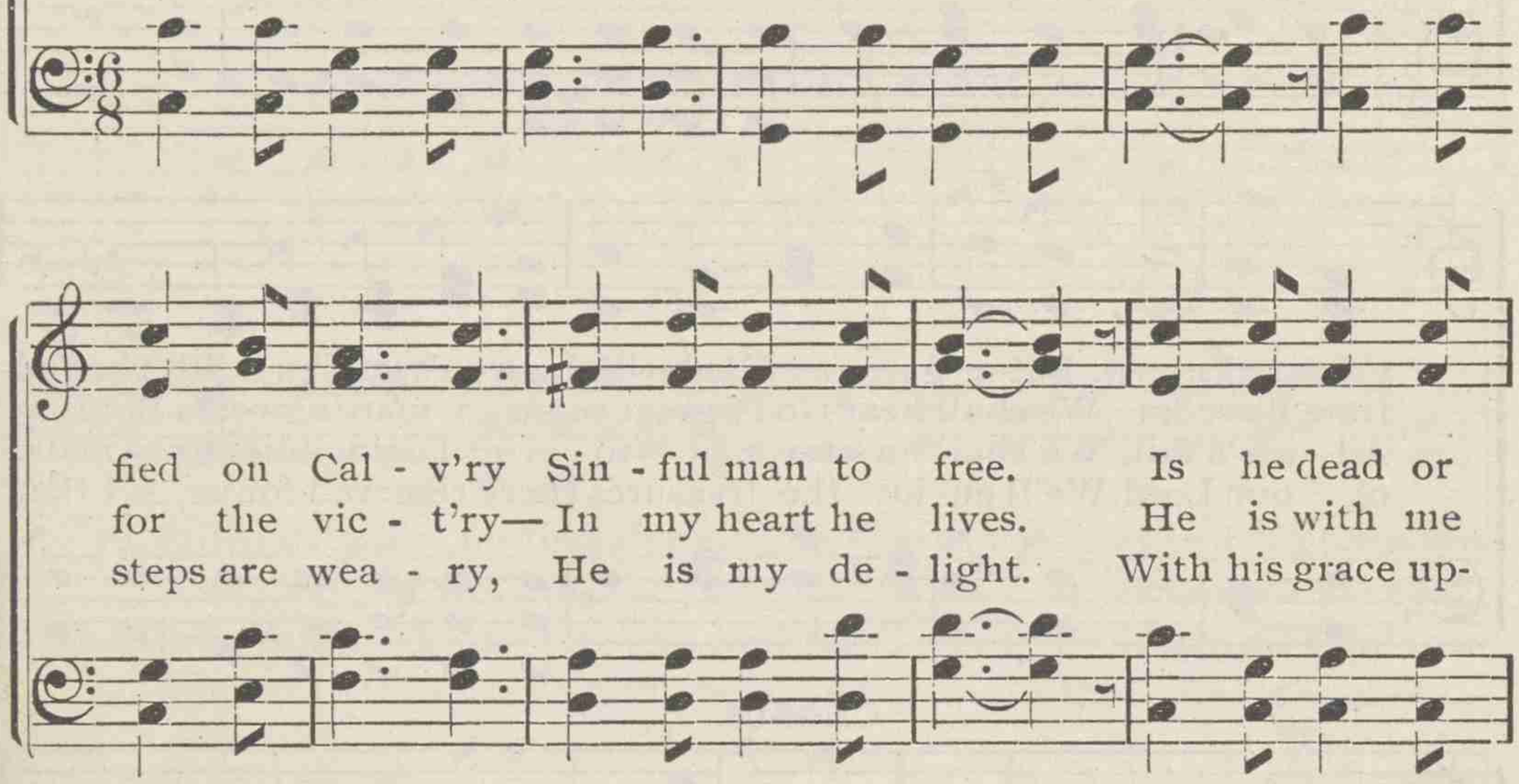
No. 34. Praise the Name of Jesus.

(Psa. 50: 23.)
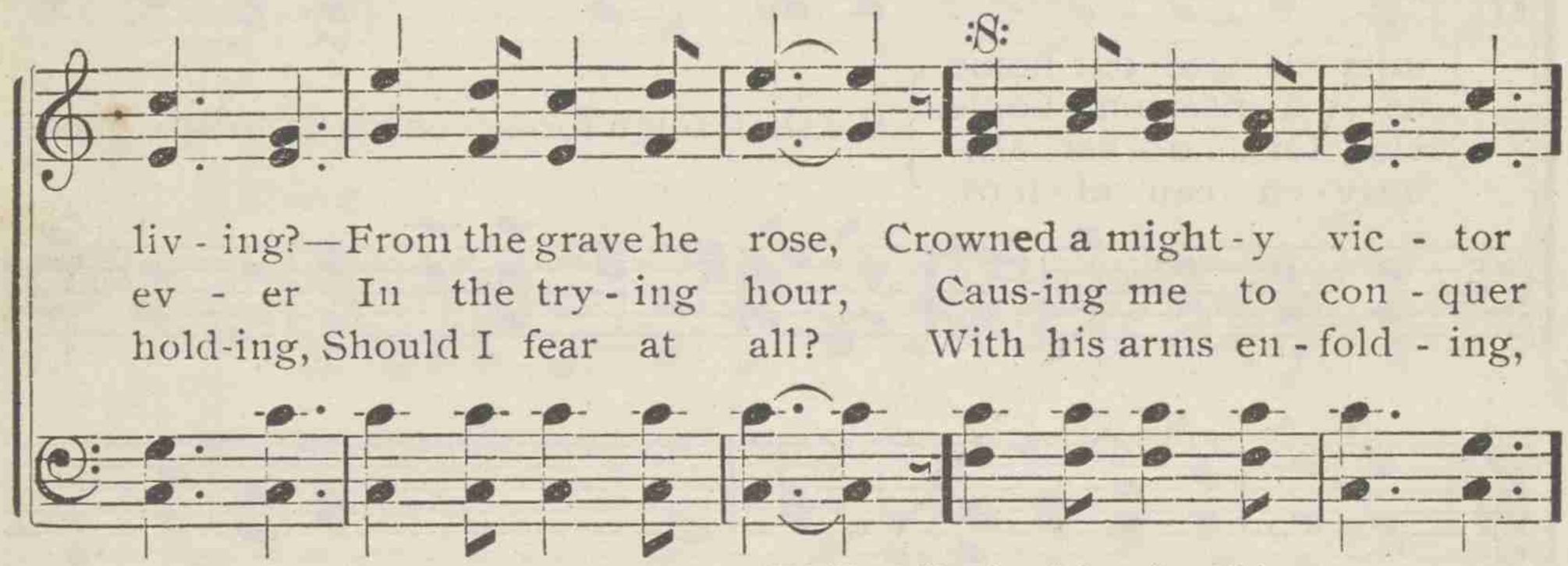
B. E. W. B. E. WARREN.



1. Praise the name of Je - sus For his love to me, Cru - ci -
2. Praise Him for his mer - cy, For the life he gives; Praise him
3. When my heart is heav - y, Je - sus makes it light; When my
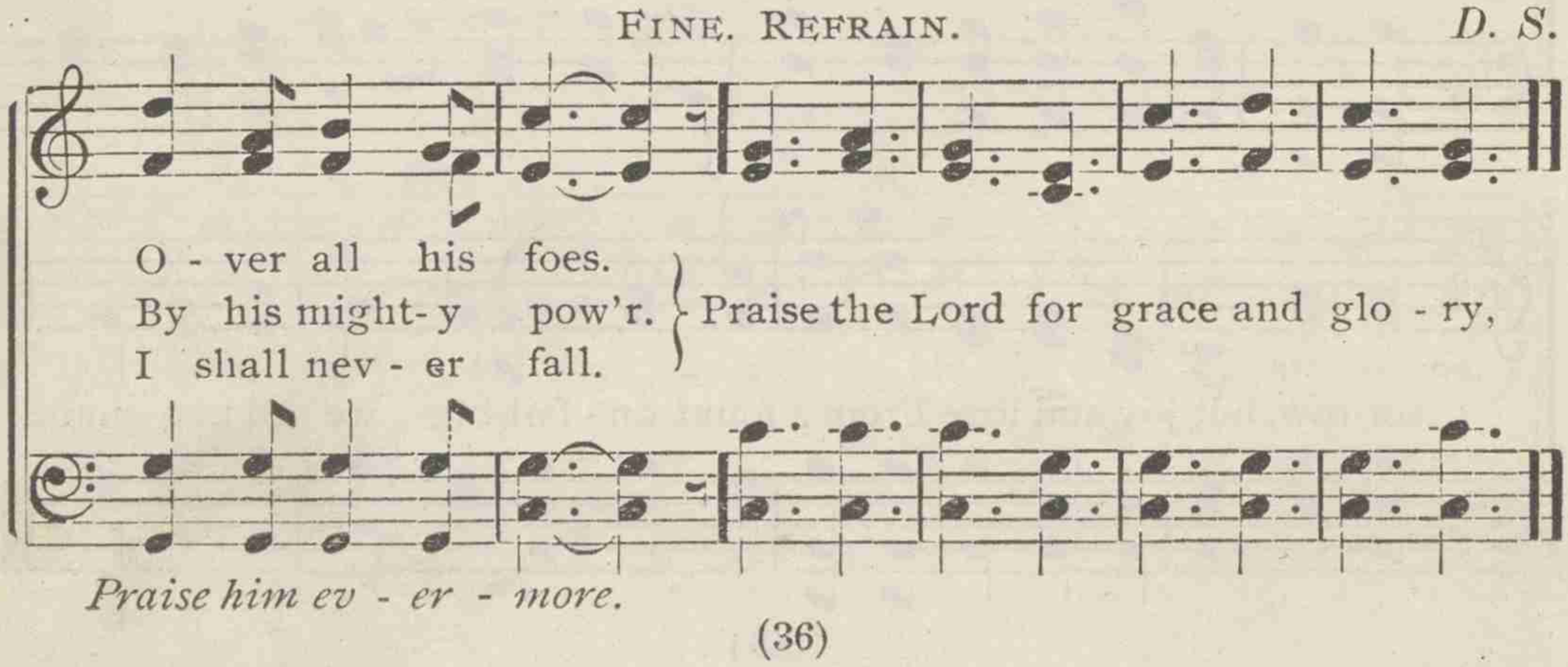


fied on Cal - v'ry Sin - ful man to free. Is he dead or
for the vic - t'ry— In my heart he lives. He is with me
steps are wea - ry, He is my de - light. With his grace up-



liv - ing?—From the grave he rose, Crowned a might - y vic - tor
ev - er In the try - ing hour, Caus-ing me to con - quer
hold-ing, Should I fear at all? With his arms en - fold - ing,

D. S.—Praise him for his mer - cy,

FINE. REFRAIN. *D. S.*



O - ver all his foes.
By his might- y pow'r. } Praise the Lord for grace and glo - ry,
I shall nev - er fall.

Praise him ev - er - more.

No. 35. Come and be Saved.

D. S. WARNER. (Zech. 8: 13.) AMANDA L. SPECK. ARR.

1. Lis - ten, sin-ner, to the voice Of thy reason's no-ble choice, For thy better judgment calls thee to repent; Reason tells thee there's a God, Bids thee trem-ble at his word, And invites thee to the Sav - ior he has sent.
2. There's conviction in thy heart That from sin you should depart, Oh, that mon - i - tor in mercy do o - bey; 'Tis a canker in thy breast That will nev - er let thee rest, If you do not turn from sin's destructive way.
3. Je - sus came, the Son of God, Shed for you his precious blood, Oh, be- hold him dying on the cursed tree! Can you slight his love so true, Holding out a crown for you? Hasten, sinner, Christ is calling loud for thee.
4. Je - sus comes in melting love, Drawing you to joys a-bove, Gen-tly knocking for admittance in thy soul; Harken to his voice within, Warning thee to flee from sin. To the kingdom of the Savior's sweet control.
5. Heav - en wills to thee a crown, Hell is moved to cast thee down, And this moment may decide thy endless state; Father, Son, and Spirit call, Reason, conscience, thunder all, Sinner, wake and turn to God before too late.

CHORUS.

Come and be saved, come and be saved, Take the cross and you shall wear a star-ry crown; Take the cross and you shall wear a star - ry crown.

in the Lord, in the Lord,

No. 36. In the Shadow of the Cross.

W. J. HENRY. A. L. BYERS.

1. In the shad-ow of the cross let me hide (let me hide), There the
2. In the shad-ow of the cross let me stay (let me stay), On - ly
3. In the shad-ow of the cross I'll a - bide (I'll a-bide), Ev - er

Sav-ior for my sins bled and died; There the precious cleansing fount
liv-ing for the Lord ev-'ry day; What he says I'll glad-ly do,
sit-ting low-ly at Je-sus' side; While his presence is so near,
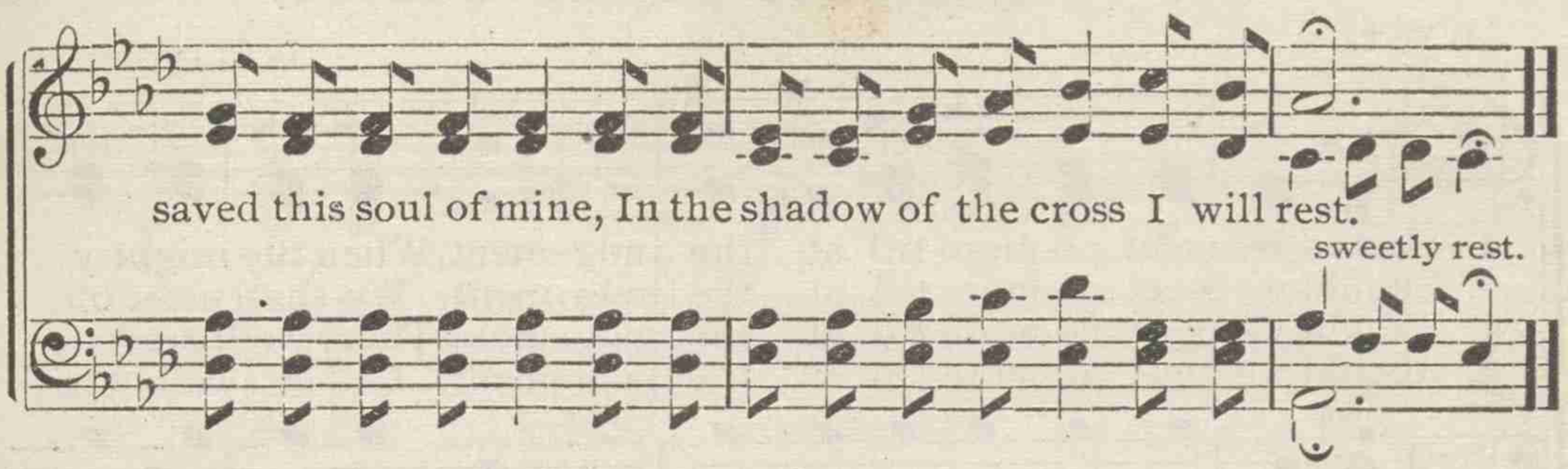
he bled and died;
yes, ev'ry day;
at Je-sus' side;

Flows so free from Calv'ry's mount, In the shadow of the cross let me hide (let me hide).
Ev-er standing firm and true, In the shadow of the cross let me stay (let me stay).
I shall never, never fear, In the shadow of the cross I'll a-bide (I'll a-bide).

CHORUS.
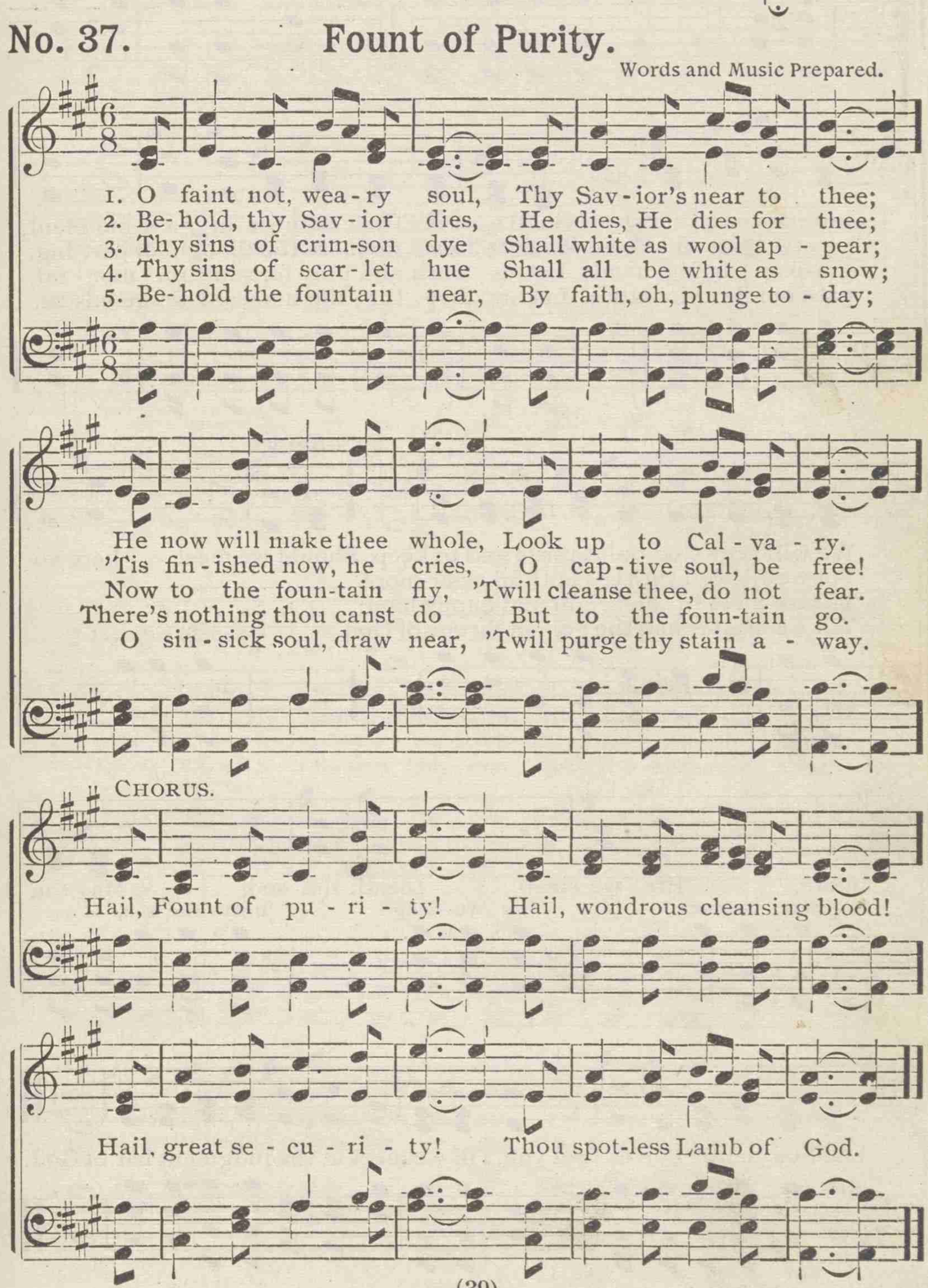
In the shadow of the cross I will rest, For with ev - er-last-ing
yes, I will rest,
peace I am blest, I am hap-py all the time, Since he
I am blest,

In the Shadow of the Cross—Concluded.



No. 37. Fount of Purity.

Words and Music Prepared.



No. 38. Should We Meet Here No More.

D. O. T. D. O. TEASLEY.

1. Should we meet no more till at the judg-ment, When the might-y
2. Should we meet no more till at the judg-ment, We shall meet on
3. Should we meet no more till at the judg-ment, There we'll meet to
4. Should we meet no more till at the judg-ment, Let us walk the

millions now that sleep, Shall a-wake from slumber in a mo-ment,
yonder bliss-ful shore, Where we'll know no more the thought of part-ing,
grasp no parting hand; Let us work and pray for souls im-mor-tal,
path our Sav-ior trod; Let us live the life his word de-mands us,

CHORUS.

We will pray God our ransomed souls to keep. Should we meet here no more,
For we'll dwell with the faithful ev-er-more.
Till we meet in the bright and happy land.
Till we meet round the golden throne of God.

Should we meet here no more, Ere we sleep 'neath the sod, May the
more, Ere we sleep 'neath the sod,
hand of mercy ev-er lead you, Till we meet at the judgment bar of God.

No. 39. The Gospel Trumpet.

B. E. WARREN. C. E. HUNTER.

1. Blow the gos - pel trump-et, broth-er, o - ver land and sea,
2. Sing, and pray, and preach for Je - sus ev - 'ry-where you go,
3. In the Spir - it's ho - ly unc-tion preach the word of God,
4. Send the gos - pel proc - la - ma-tion all a - round the globe,

Sound the news to all cre - a - tion, Christ will set you free,
Wake the slumb'ring sin - ful na-tions on the brink of woe;
Till its melt - ing pow - er brings the lost to Je - sus' blood;
Free - dom, free-dom for the cap - tive in his sin - ful robe;

Free and hap - py ev - 'ry mo - ment, tho' by Sa - tan bound,
Tell them of that cleansing foun-tain flow - ing deep and wide
Com - pass ev - 'ry heathen na - tion filled with sin - ful dearth,
Search in ev - 'ry hid - den cor - ner for the hon - est ones,

He is a - ble, do not doubt him, let his grace a-bound.
From mount Calv'ry's sa - cred sum-mit, from his pierc - ed side.
Scat - ter light and truth from heav-en o - ver all the earth.
Use the time and work for Je - sus till the judg-ment comes.

No. 40. Nothing but Leaves.

W. J. HENRY. (Matt. 11: 13.) B. E. WARREN.

1. Nothing but leaves I've gathered, Yes, nothing but worthless leaves,
2. Nothing but leaves I've gathered, So sad, but a - las, 'tis true,
3. Nothing but leaves I've gathered, Dear sinner, oh, hear the cry;

When from the field of la - bor Others bring golden sheaves;
What I have done I nev - er, Nev-er-more can un - do.....
Swift - ly your days are pass-ing, Soon you'll be called to die; .....
gold - en sheaves;
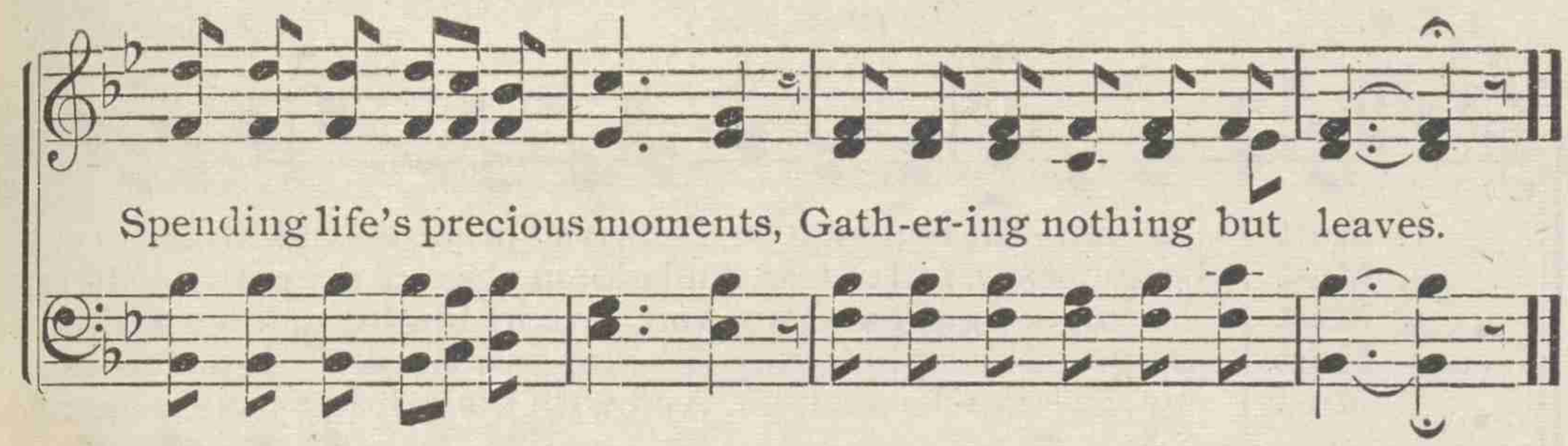
Then in the day of judg - ment, Shall I be found with tares,
Past is the har-vest sea - son, The summer has come and gone;
What are the seeds you're sowing? What will you reap at last?

When God rewards the faith-ful With crowns of shining stars.....
I've reaped for fu-ture burn-ing The thorns and briers I've sown.....
Sometime you'll surely gath-er Sheaves from the seeds you've cast.....
shin - ing stars.

CHORUS.

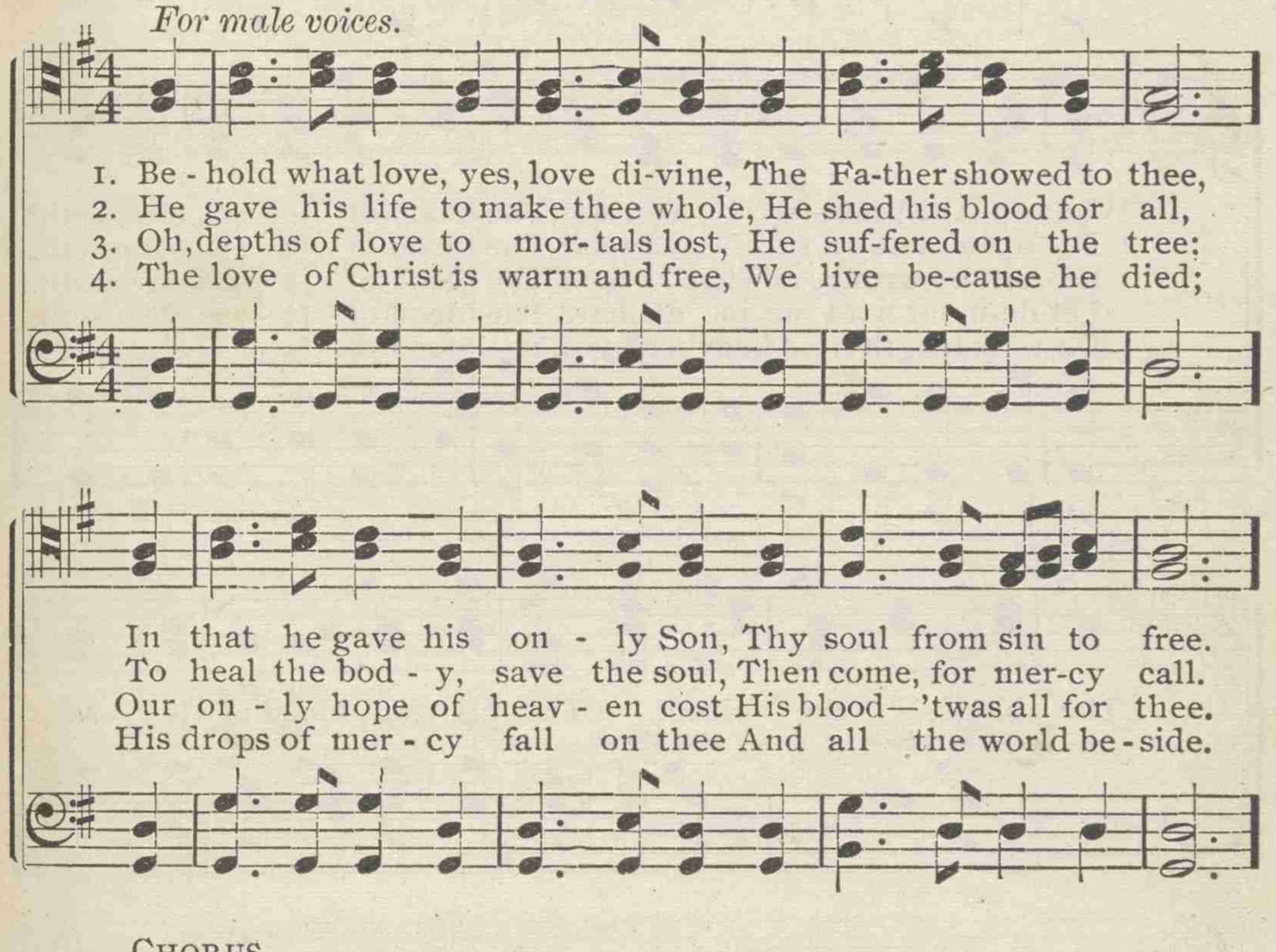
Gathering nothing but leaves, ... Gathering nothing but leaves; ...
yes, nothing but leaves, yes, nothing but leaves;

Nothing but Leaves—Concluded.



No. 41. Behold What Love.

B. E. WARREN. (1 JNO. 3: 1.) D. O. TEASLEY.



No. 42. The Blood of Jesus.

B. E. W. (Heb. 9: 22.) B. E. WARREN.

1. Must I in sin - ful bondage be, Deprived of peace and lib - er - ty,
2. Must I be doubting, full of fear, And gloom obscure my pathway here,
3. Must I be un-der guilt and sin, And have its blighting force within,
4. Must I sup-pose I'm right to-day, To-mor-row think I've gone astray,
5. Must I by Sa - tan be accused, And with his gall-ing yoke a-bused,

When in the prom-ise I can see The blood of Je - sus cleanseth?
Be up and down in life's ca-reer? The blood of Je - sus cleanseth.
Be - set by wrong, no vic-t'ry win? The blood of Je - sus cleanseth.
Let de-mons hold me in dismay? The blood of Je - sus cleanseth.
Un-til at length from heav'n refused? The blood of Je - sus cleanseth.

CHORUS.

The blood, the blood, The pre-cious blood of Je - sus,
The blood, the blood,

The blood will work a perfect cure, Will cleanse the heart and keep it pure,

The blood, the blood, The precious blood of Je - sus.
The blood, the blood,

No. 43. Satisfied in Jesus.

B. E. WARREN. C. E. HUNTER.

1. I am sat - is - fied in Je - sus, What a sweet soul-rest I feel!
2. I can sing redemption's sto - ry, Peace within my bos - om reigns;
3. I am sat - is-fied com-plete-ly, In his love su-preme- ly blest,
4. Sat - is - fied in Je-sus' keep-ing, He's my choice for - ev - er - more;

When life's greatest burdens press me, He doth all my sor - rows heal.
I am sat - is-fied, oh, glo - ry! In my heart his grace re - mains.
Since his arms are un-der-neath me, Soul and bod - y are at rest.
Fade, life's joys, so short and fleeting, Mine are o - ver on that shore.

CHORUS.

I..... am sat - is - fied,.....
I am sat - is - fied, I am sat - is - fied,

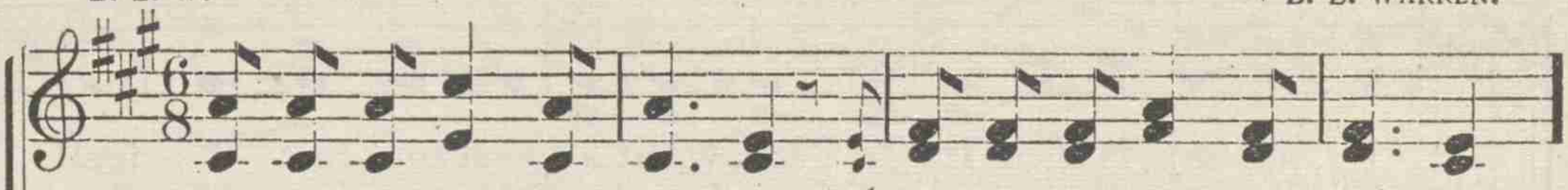
I..... am sat - is - fied;..... If by
I am sat - is - fied, I am sat - is - fied;

simple faith in Je-sus I a-bide, Then my soul is ful-ly sat - is - fied.
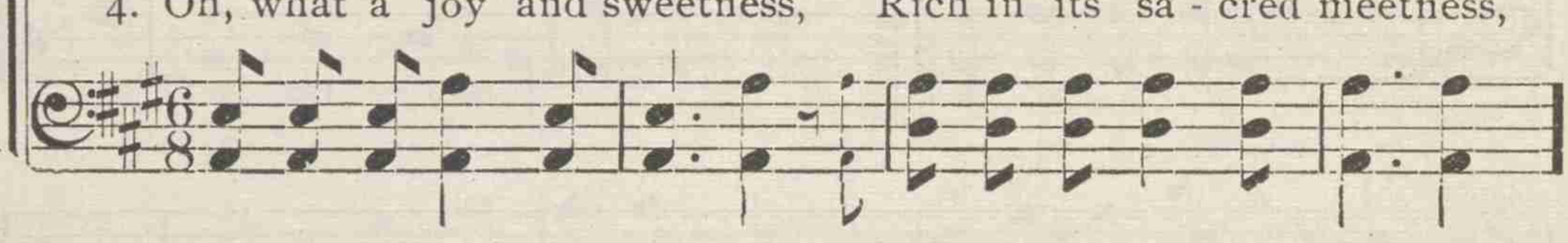
No. 44. I'm Happy as I Can Be.
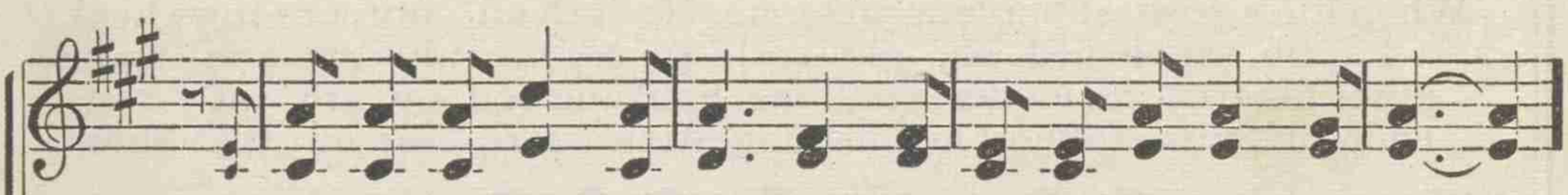
(2 Cor. 7: 4.)

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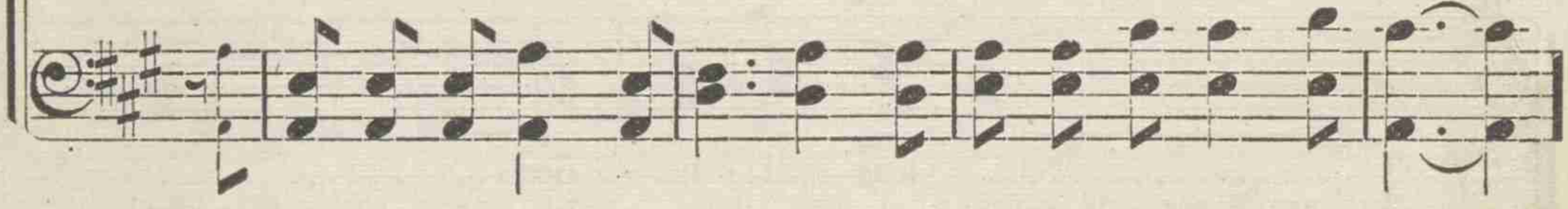


1. How can you part with Je - sus, So löv-ing, so kind and grá-cious?
2. Bless-ed as - sur-ance feel - ing, While in com-mun-ion kneel-ing,
3. Oh, what a glad e - mo - tion, Liv-ing in pure de - vo - tion,
4. Oh, what a joy and sweetness, Rich in its sa - cred meetness,
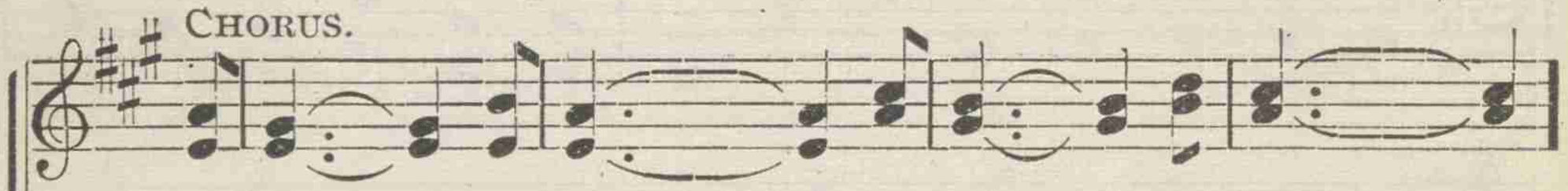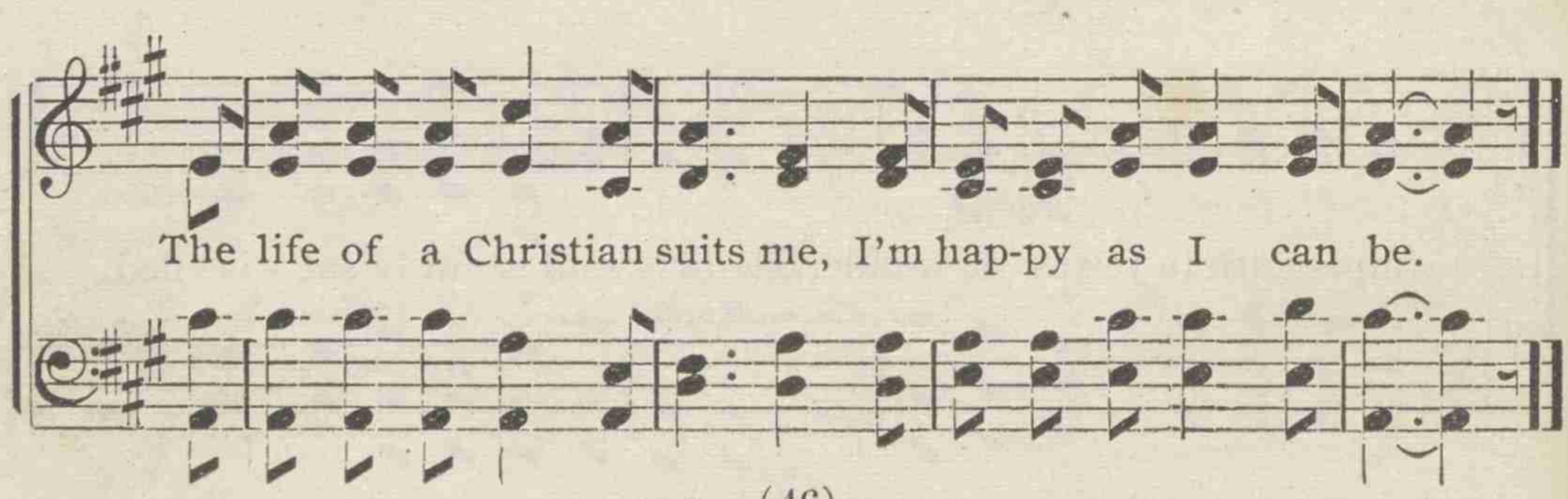




His serv-ice to me is precious, I'm hap-py as I can be.
Father's own will re-veal - ing, I'm hap-py as I can be.
Peace like the might-y o - cean! I'm hap-py as I can be.
Feel-ing its blest completeness! I'm hap-py as I can be.



CHORUS.



I love.... my Lord,..... He lov - eth me;.....
I love my Lord be-cause he loves me, I love my Lord be-cause he loves me;



The life of a Christian suits me, I'm hap-py as I can be.

No. 45. Since I am Sanctified.

B. E. WARREN. C. E. HUNTER.

1. The Com - fort-er a-bides with - in, Since I am sanc - ti - fied;
2. The Com - fort-er is all I need, Since I am sanc - ti - fied;
3. The Com - fort-er is life and peace, Since I am sanc - ti - fied;
4. The Com - fort-er is life com-plete, Since I am sanc - ti - fied;

He cleanseth all my heart from sin, Since I am sanc - ti - fied.
I've noth-ing but his grace to plead, Since I am sanc - ti - fied.
His grace and glo-ry do in-crease, Since I am sanc - ti - fied.
In his rich fa-vor I'm re - plete, Since I am sanc - ti - fied.

The blood by faith now reaches me, In soul and bod- y I am free,
He guides me in the truth and right, He helps me conquer in the fight,
My heart with rapture overflows, My life on earth much sweeter grows,
I'm nev - er lone-ly, tired with care, For he, a present help, is there,

And now I've con-stant vic - to - ry, Since I am sanc - ti - fied.
His serv - ice is my heart's delight, Since I am sanc - ti - fied.
And in me dwell no hind'ring foes, Since I am sanc - ti - fied.
And all my bur-dens he doth bear, Since I am sanc - ti - fied.

No. 46. In His Steps.

D. O. T. D. O. Teasley.

1. Are you walking where the Master's feet have trod? In his
2. Are you walking in the high-way of the King? In his
3. Do you trav - el where his bless-ings ev - er fall? In his
4. Are you walking where no sin can e'er be - tide? In his

steps, blessed steps; Is your life and all now hid with
steps, blessed steps; When the trials of life surround you,
steps, blessed steps; Do you hear the gen-tle Spir-it
steps, blessed steps; High a-bove this world with Jesus

In his steps, bless-ed steps;

Christ in God? In his steps, bless - ed steps.
can you sing? In his steps, bless - ed steps.
sweet-ly call? In his steps, bless - ed steps.
cru - ci - fied? In his steps, bless - ed steps.

In his steps, bless-ed steps.

CHORUS.
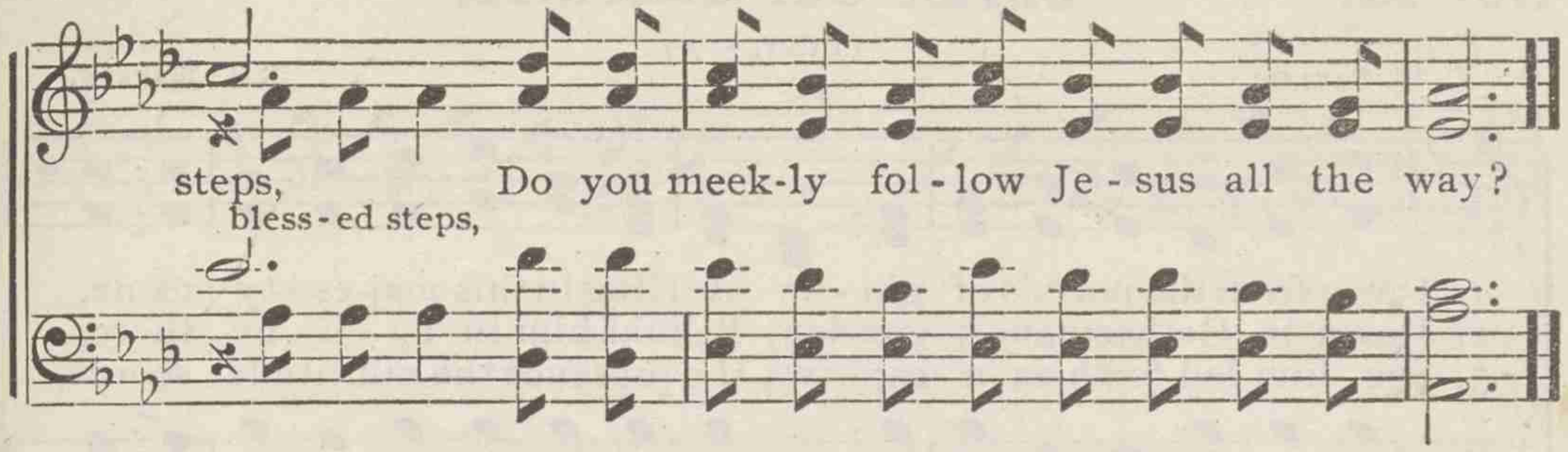
In his steps, bless-ed steps, Do you meekly fol-low

In his steps, bless-ed steps,

Je - sus ev-'ry day? In his steps, bless-ed

ev - 'ry day? In his steps,
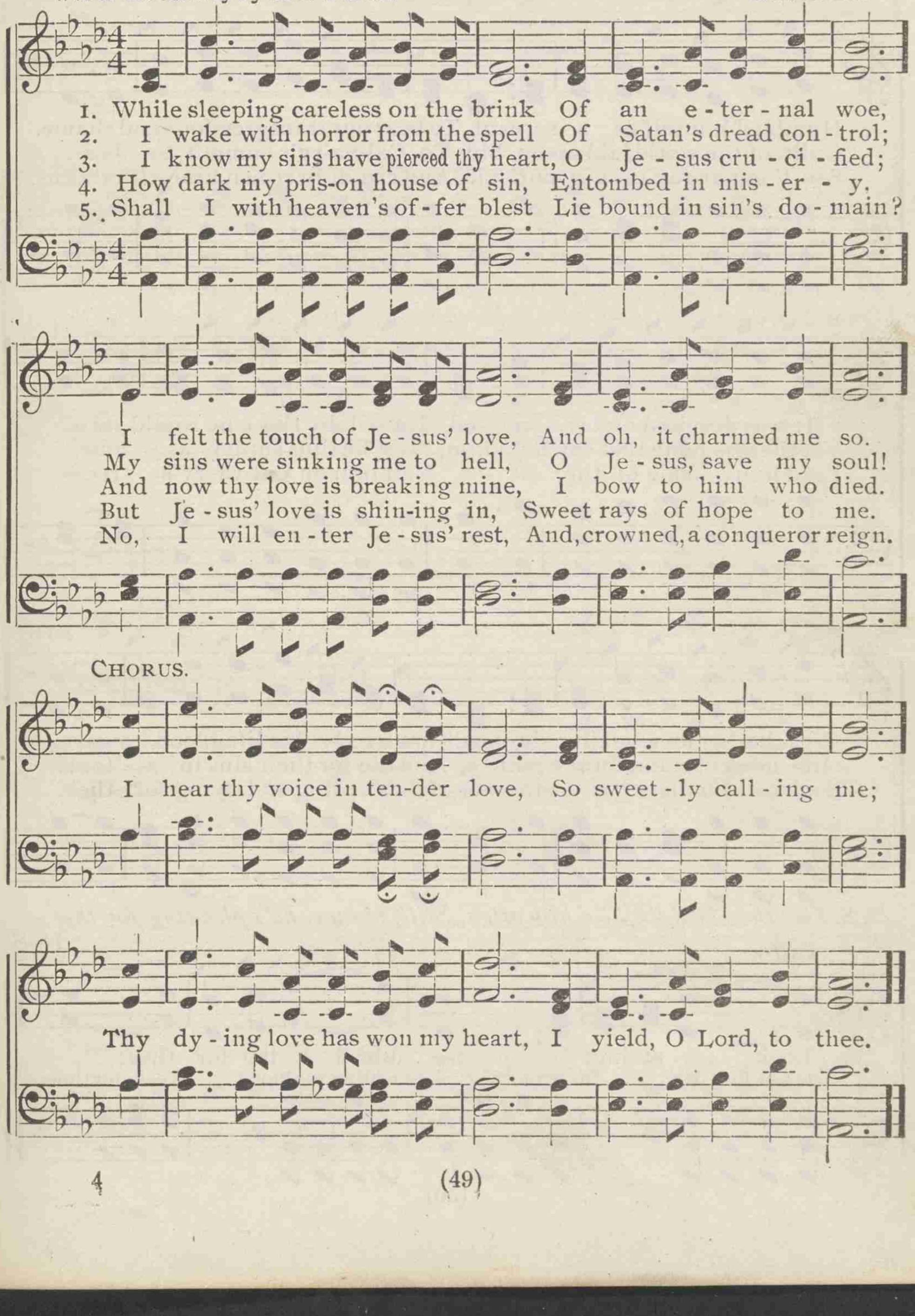
Copyright, 1900, by D. O. Teasley.



No. 47. Won by Dying Love.

(Jno. 3: 16.)

Words and Melody by D. S. WARNER. Harmonized.



No. 48. Christ Our Sacrifice.

(1 Cor. 5: 7.)

C. W. NAYLOR. B. E. WARREN.

1. Down from the portals of glo - ry A King in his maj-es - ty came,
2. Down in Gethsemane's gar-den, Behold him in ag - o - ny there,
3. See him led forth as a cap-tive, His presence the multitude scorns,

Humbled himself as a servant, To bear our transgressions and shame.
Guilt of the world laid up-on him To Cal-va-ry's summit to bear.
See them ar-ray him in pur - ple, And cru-el-ly crown him with thorns,

He was despised and re - ject - ed, Hat-ed by those he would save,
Yet there is none that can help him, Must he thus suf-fer a - lone,
Lead him outside of the cit - y, Nail him on Cal-va- ry's tree—

Yet he so loved guilty sin-ners, That free-ly his life-blood he gave.
In - no-cent stand for the guilt-y, And die for their sins to a - tone?
Look on him there, guilty sin - ner, He's bleeding and dying for thee.

D. S. Tho' thou hast slighted him often, Still, sinner, he's pleading for thee.

D. S.
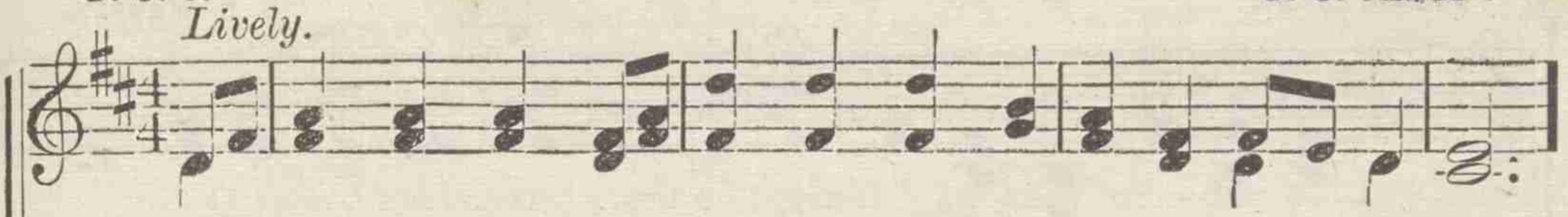
CHORUS.

Look..... at him dy - ing. Bleed - ing for thee;....
Look at him now, there on the tree, Shedding his blood freely for thee;
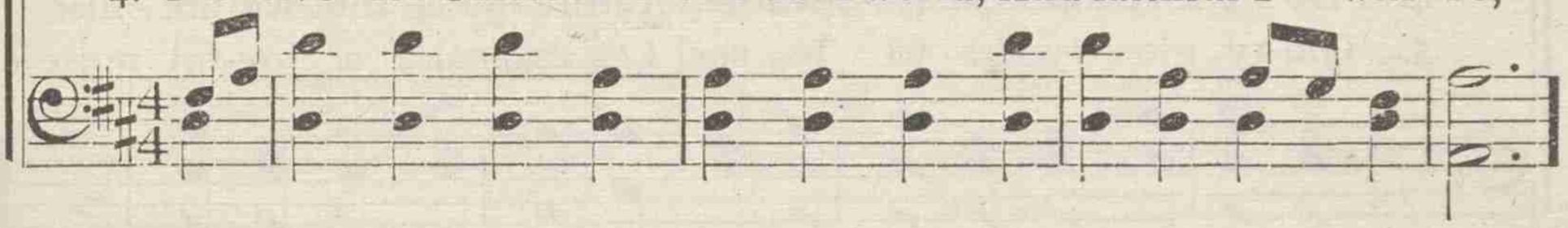
No. 49. A Song of Joy.
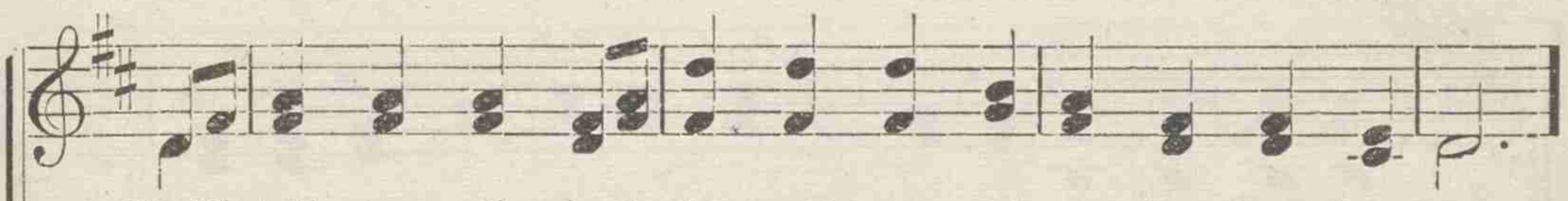
D. O. T. D. O. TEASLEY.

Lively.
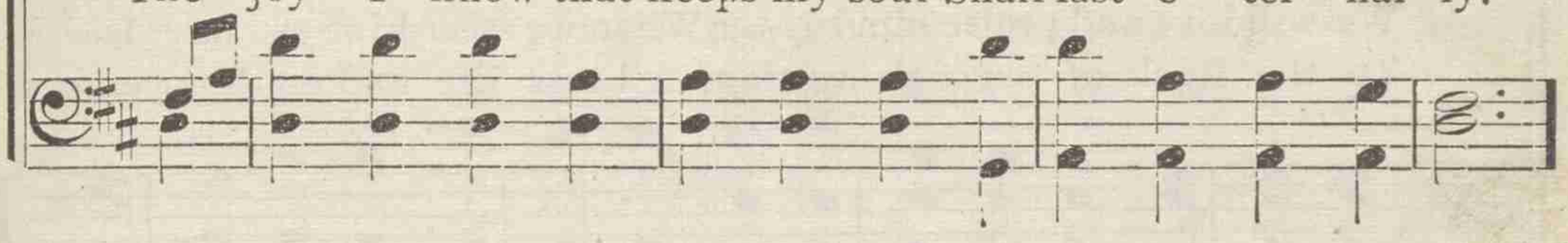


1. Sal - va-tion's free, glad joy to all Of Ad-am's fall - en race;
2. From wells of ev - er - last - ing joy, Our strength by faith we bring;
3. How sweet the soul that's purged as pure As gold without al - loy!
4. I'll live for Christ thro' this dark world, And faithful I will be;
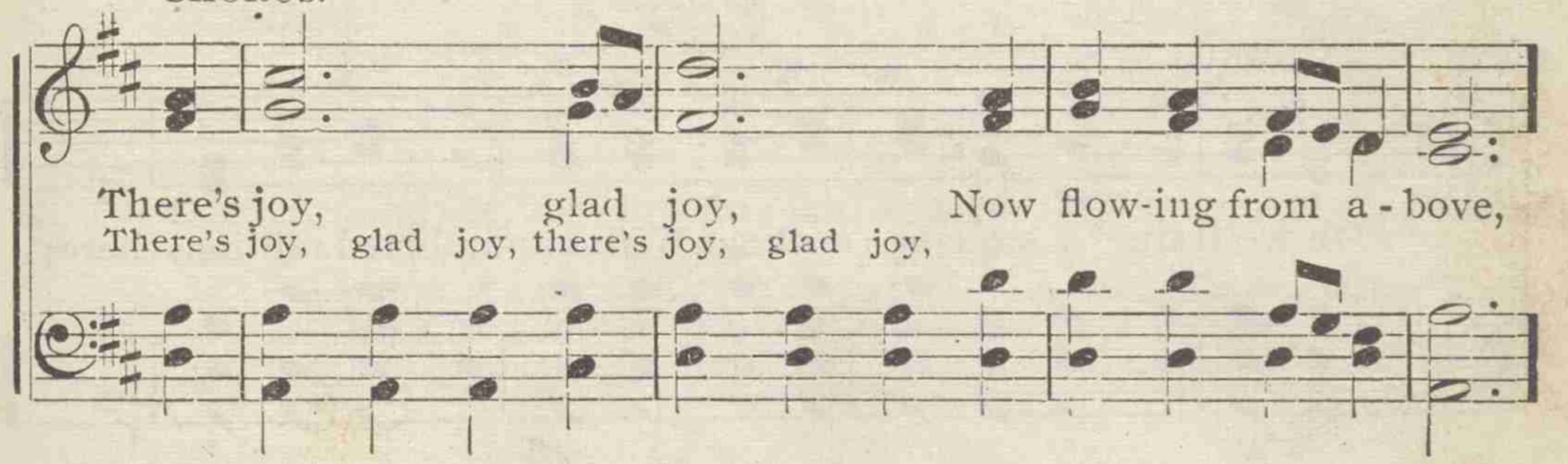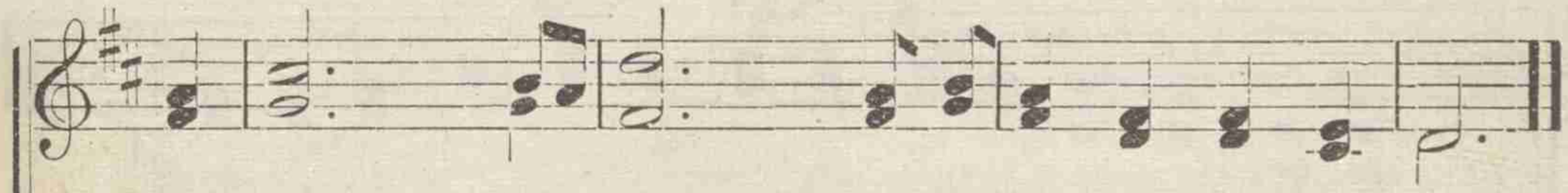




We'll tell to all both far and near Of sav - ing, keep-ing grace.
The joy that thrills my ransomed soul Can make the dumb heart sing.
How peace-ful is the flow-ing stream Of deep e - ter - nal joy!
The joy I know that keeps my soul Shall last e - ter - nal - ly.
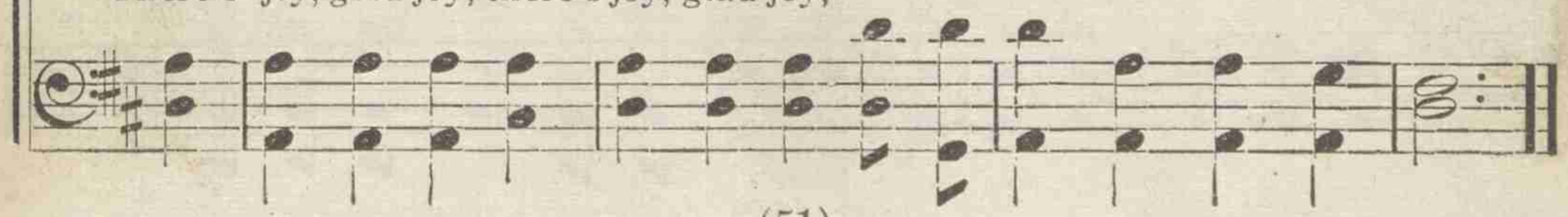


CHORUS.



There's joy, glad joy, Now flow-ing from a - bove,
There's joy, glad joy, there's joy, glad joy,
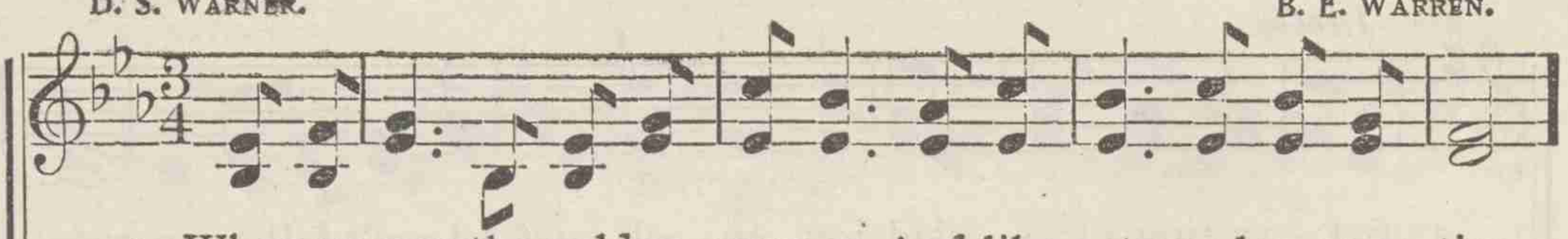


There's joy, glad joy, In the ful - ness of his love.
There's joy, glad joy, there's joy, glad joy,
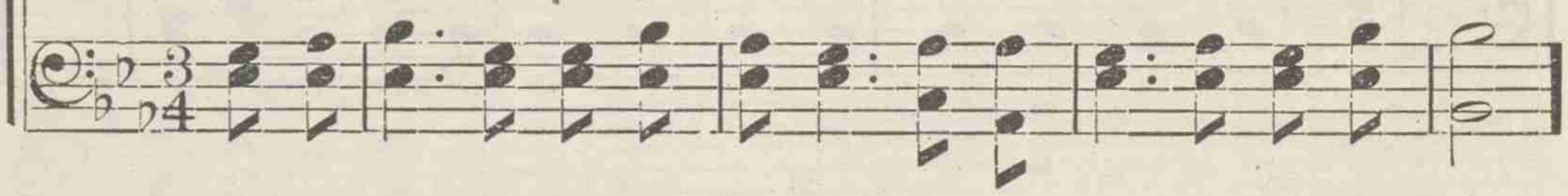


No. 50. A Sweeter Anthem.
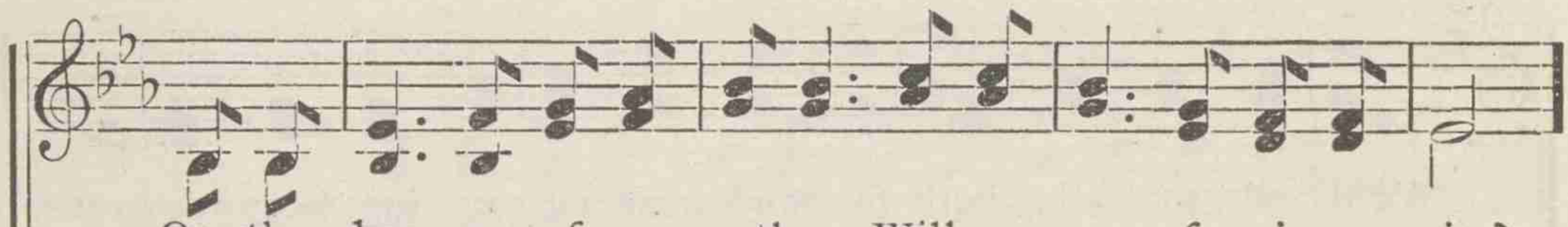
(Psa. 100: 2.)

D. S. WARNER. B. E. WARREN.
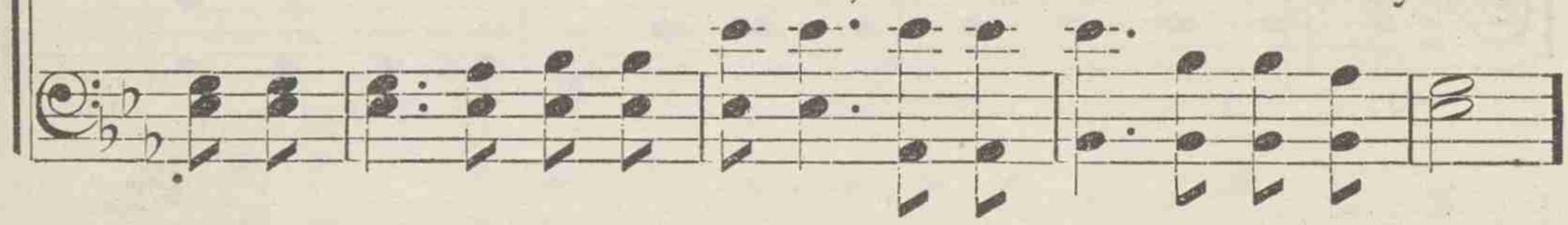


1. When we pass the golden summer, And, like autumn leaves, re-tire,
2. If our soul is blest in singing, In this fee-ble house of clay,
3. Is it sweet to hymn the sto-ry Of sal-va-tion here be-low?
4. Do we love our dear Re-deem-er, And re-joice that we are his?
5. Glo-ry, glo-ry be to Je-sus! Let us make a joy-ful noise
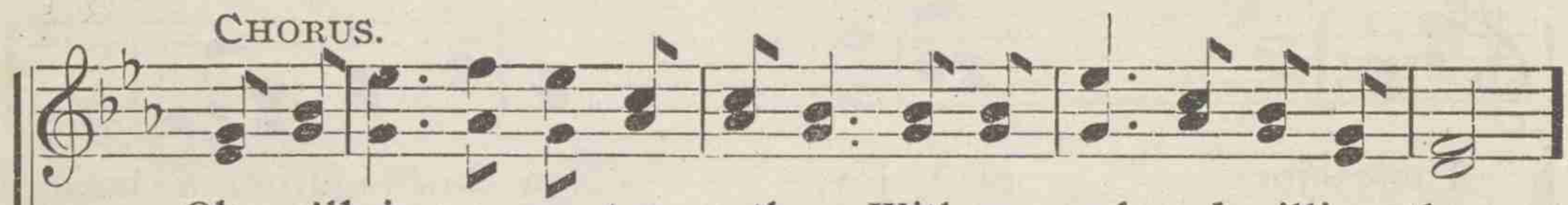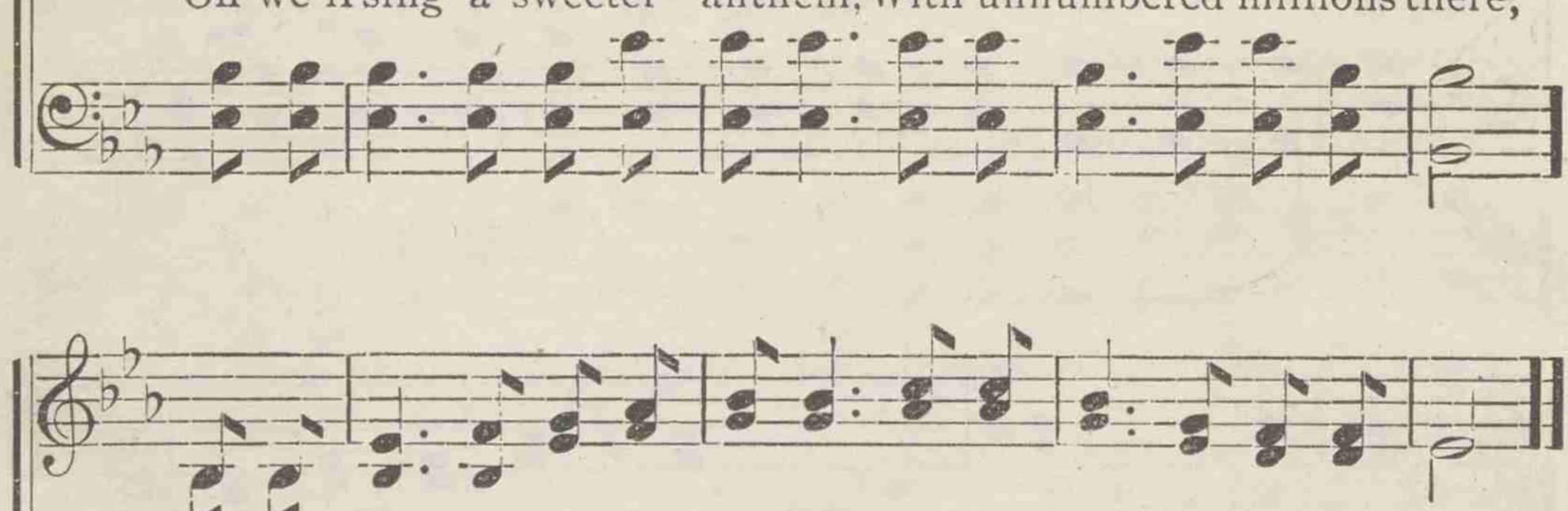




On the bos-om of our mother, Will our song of praise ex-pire?
Who can tell the bliss of reigning In our home of end-less day?
Oh what anthems filled with glory From the throne of God shall flow!
We will love and praise him bet-ter When we see him as he is.
To the Rock of our sal-va-tion, All this life and endless years.
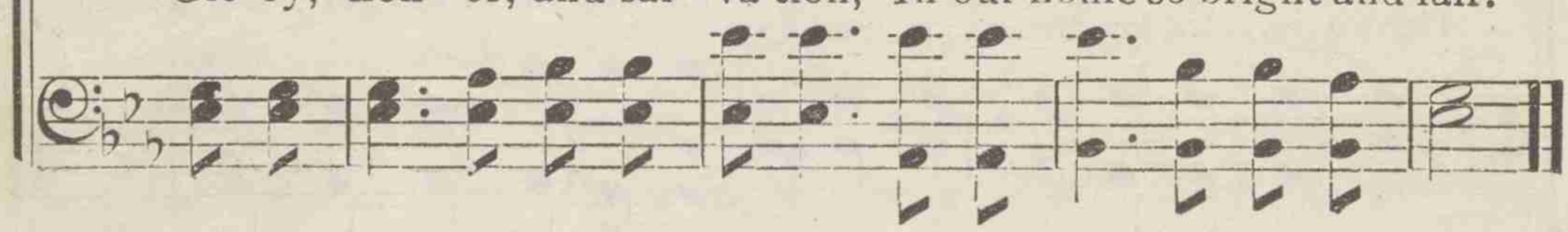


CHORUS.



Oh we'll sing a sweeter anthem, With unnumbered millions there;
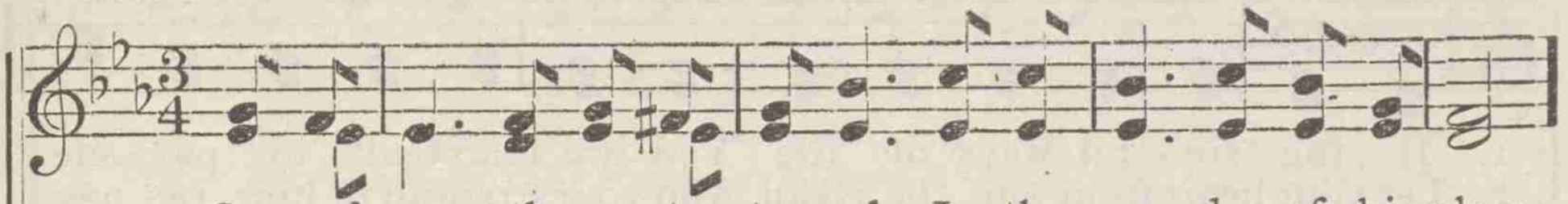


Glo-ry, hon-or, and sal-va-tion, In our home so bright and fair.
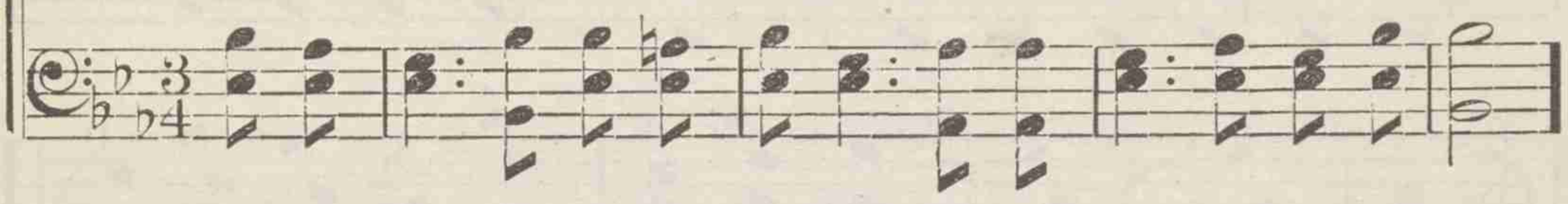


No. 51. Louder, Louder.
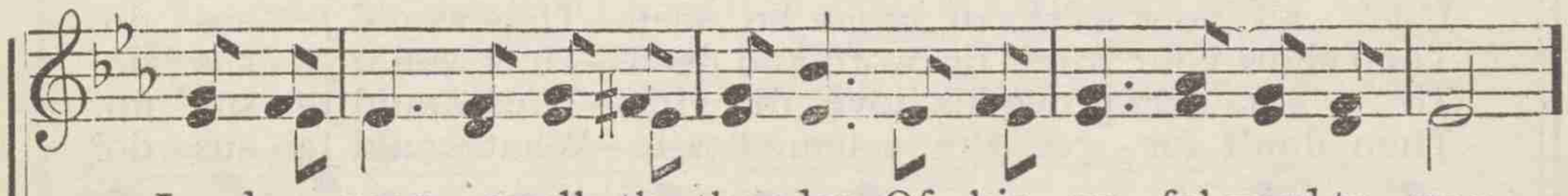
(Rev. 14.)

D. S. WARNER. Adapted.
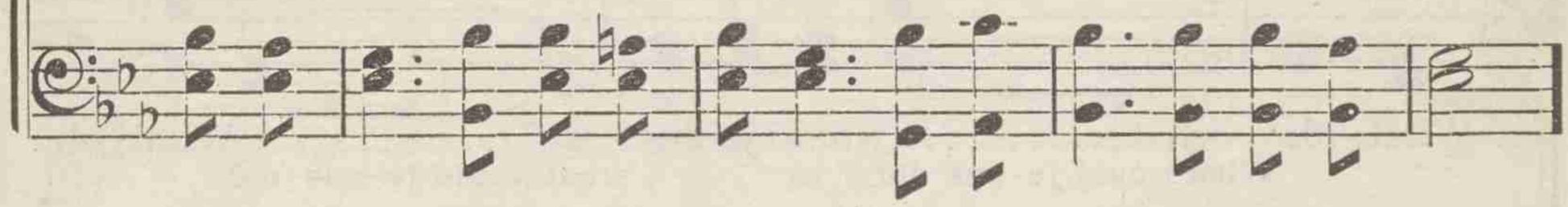


1. Onward moves the great e - ter-nal In the or - der of his plan;
2. Since by sin this earth was blighted, God has whispered of his love,
3. Loud-er speaks his love in Je-sus, Heaven sweet-ly chants his fame;
4. Yet the world is wrapped in slumber, Louder raise the trumpet's blast;
5. In the cag - es of de-cep-tion Souls are pin - ing to be free;
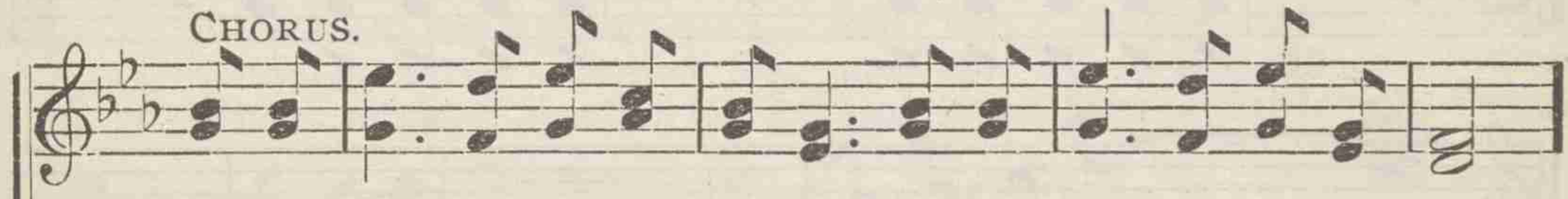




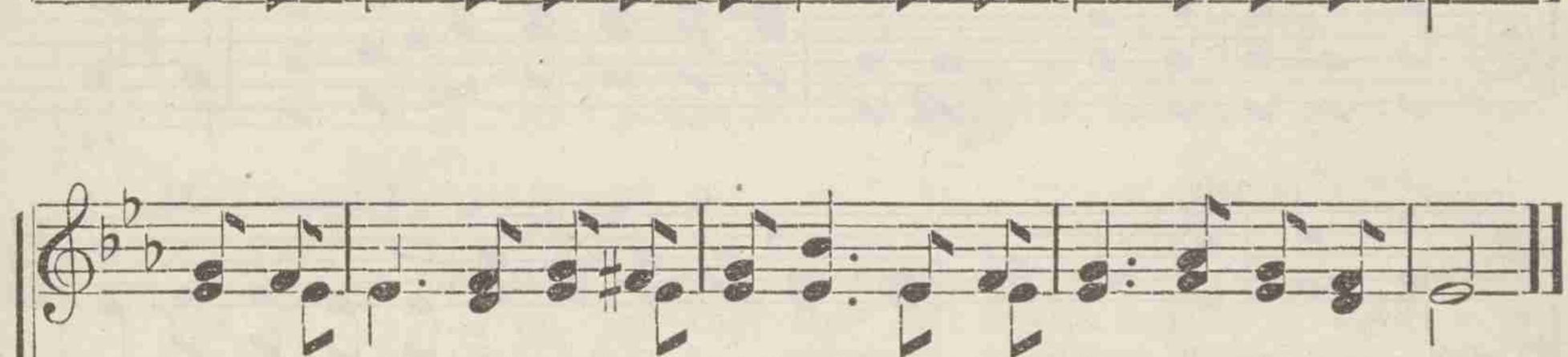
Loud-er, near - er rolls the thunder Of his aw - ful word to man.
Dreams and vi-sions by his prophets Breathed of mer-cy from a - bove.
Earth re-ceives its glorious Sav-ior, Hal - le - lu - jah to his name!
Oh in mer - cy let it thunder, Ere the day of mer-cy's past.
Quick- ly sound the proc- la - ma-tion Of the glo-rious ju - bi - lee.
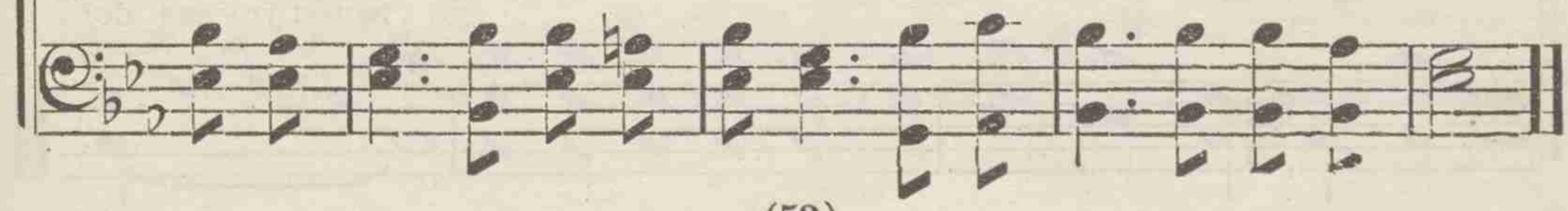


CHORUS.



Louder, loud - er, hal - le - lu - jah! See the glorious fountain flow;



From the midst of heav'n proclaim it, Oh it makes me white as snow.



No. 52. What Would Jesus Do?

D. O. TEASLEY. B. E. WARREN.

1. If the sin - ful ways of life You are tempt-ed to pur - sue,
2. Let your heart from sin be clean, And your strength in him re - new;
3. If your broth-er is in need, And to him you would be true,
4. Let your light for - ev - er shine, Keep the will of God in view;
5. When you're to the judgment brought, Will you al - ways have been true?

Just stop and think be - fore you yield, What would Je - sus do?
Let all your works of grace be seen—Thus would Je - sus do.
Then show your love by word and deed—Thus would Je - sus do.
To sin - ners prove his love di - vine—Thus would Je - sus do.
Then don't for - get the solemn thought—What would Je - sus do?

CHORUS.

What, oh what..... would Je-sus do?..... What, oh
What would Je - sus do? what would Je - sus do?

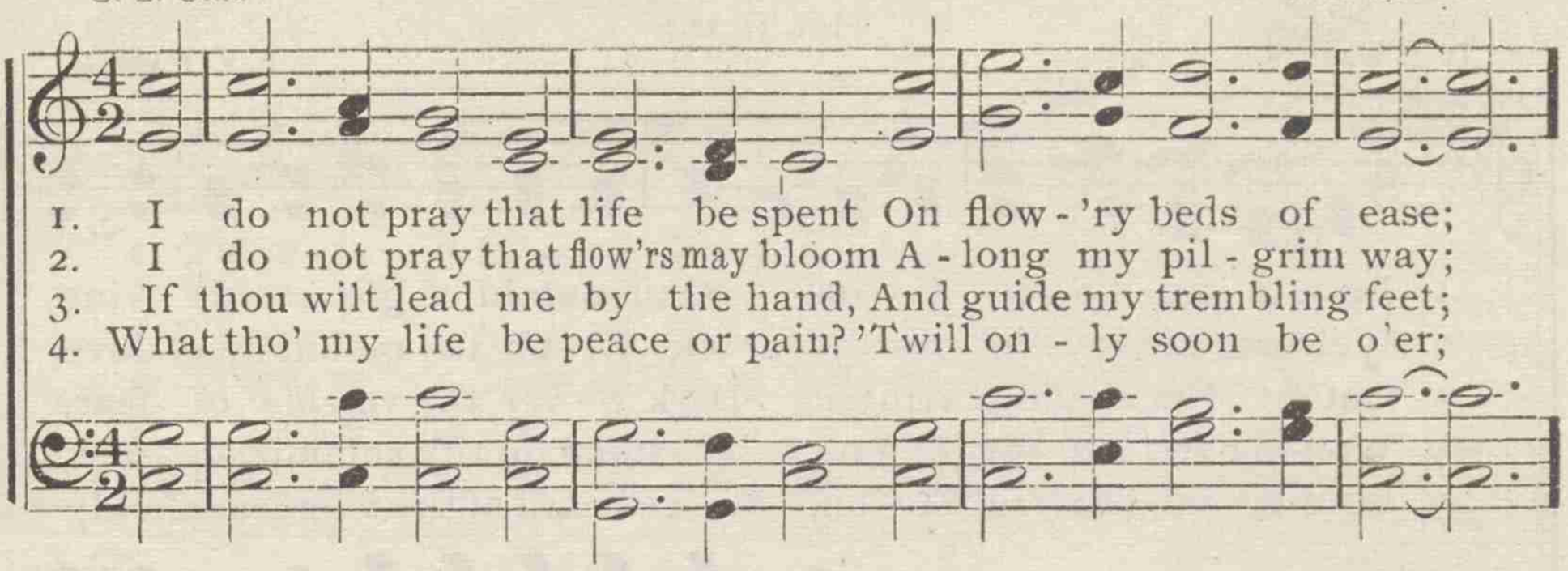
what..... would Je-sus do?.....When you're tempted,
What would Je - sus do? what, oh what would Je - sus do?

al - ways stop and think, What, oh what would Jesus do?
would Je - sus do?

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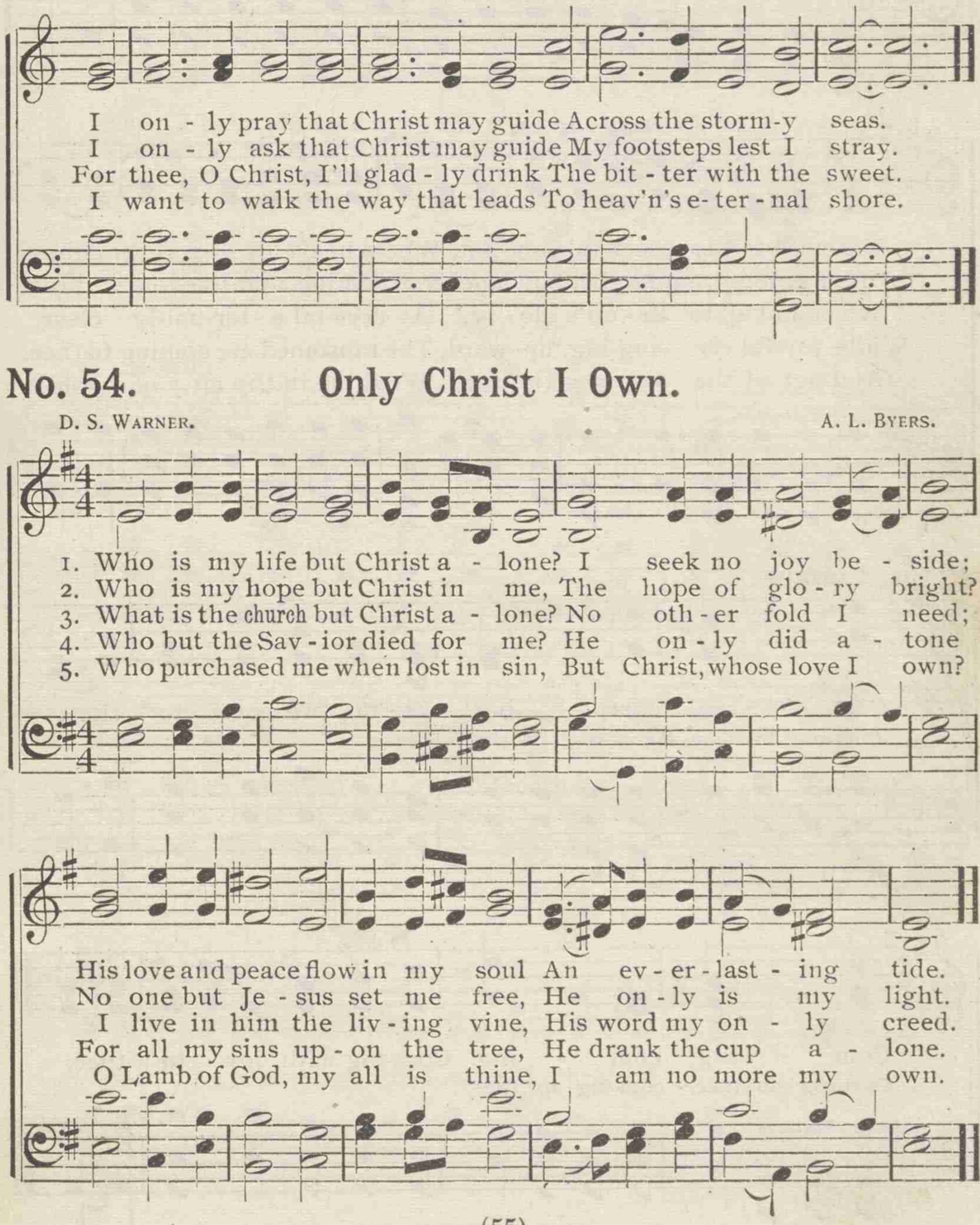
No. 53. Savior, Lead Me.

C. E. ORR. C. E. HUNTER.



No. 54. Only Christ I Own.
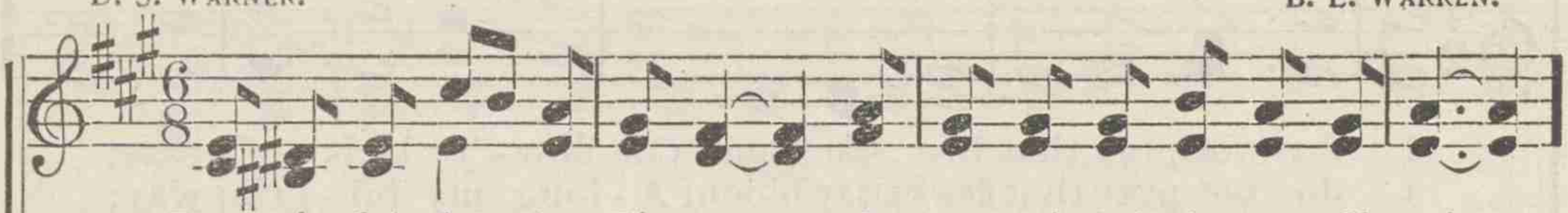
D. S. WARNER. A. L. BYERS.
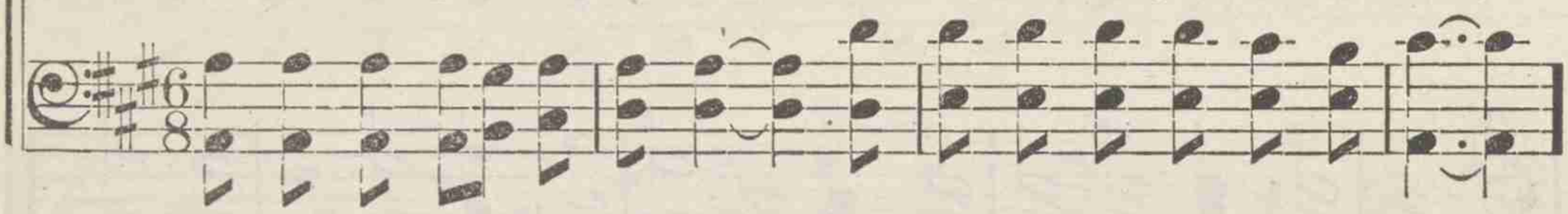


No. 55. Beautiful Zion.
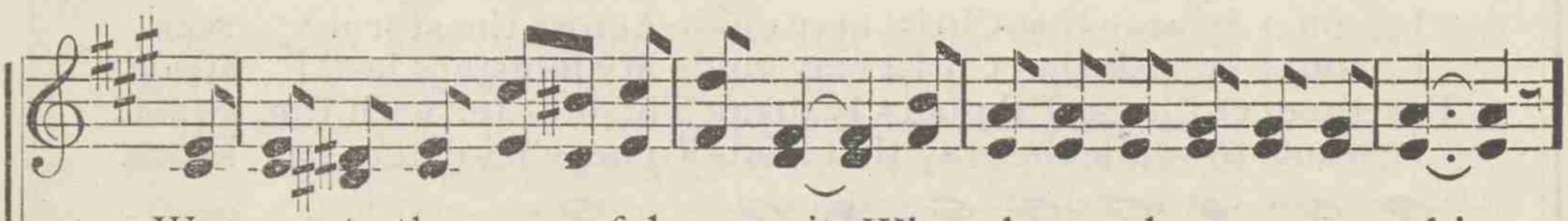
(Jer. 31: 12.)

D. S. WARNER. B. E. WARREN.
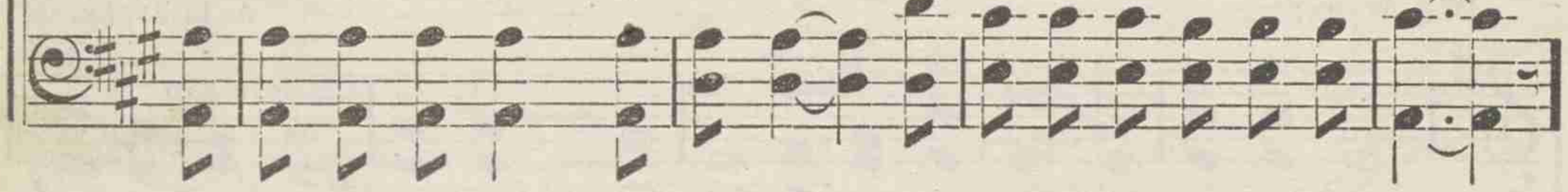


1. Beau-ti - ful, ho - ly Zi - on, O mountain of glo - ry di - vine,
2. Welcome the joy - ful ti - dings, Of Zi - on the mountain of love;
3. Out of the shadows hanging Dark o - ver the val-ley of fear,
4. Won-der-ful, hap - py Zi - on, We stand on thy summit so free,
5. Beau-ti - ful, peaceful Zi - on, We've heard of thy wonders of old;

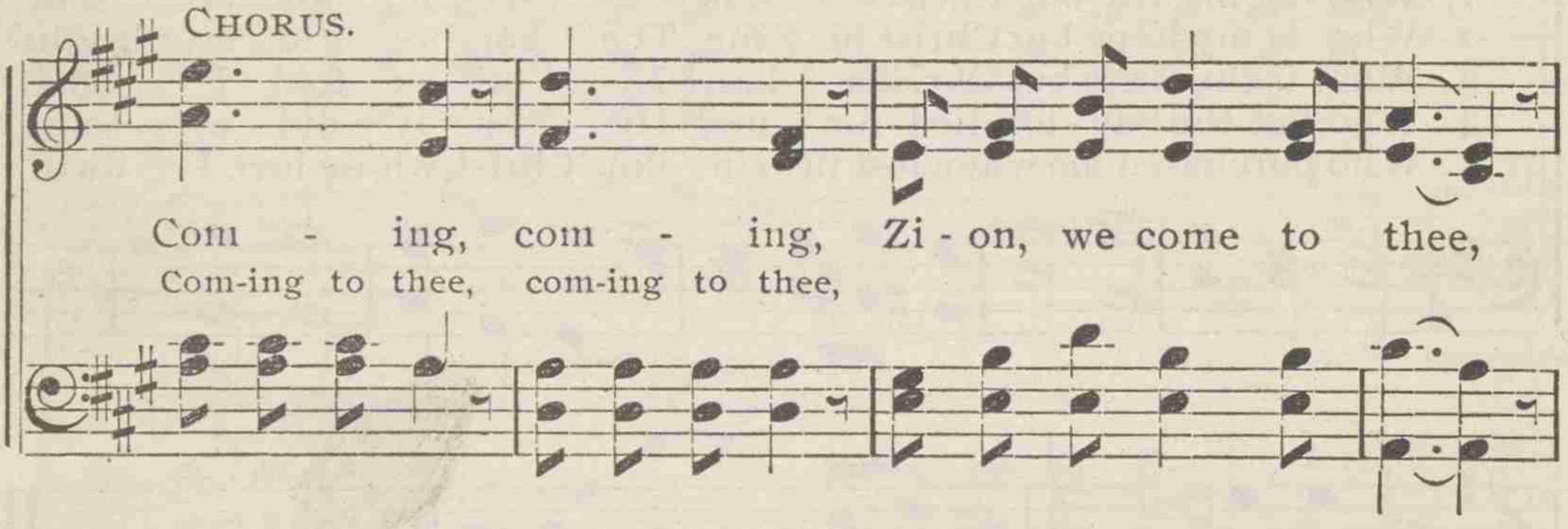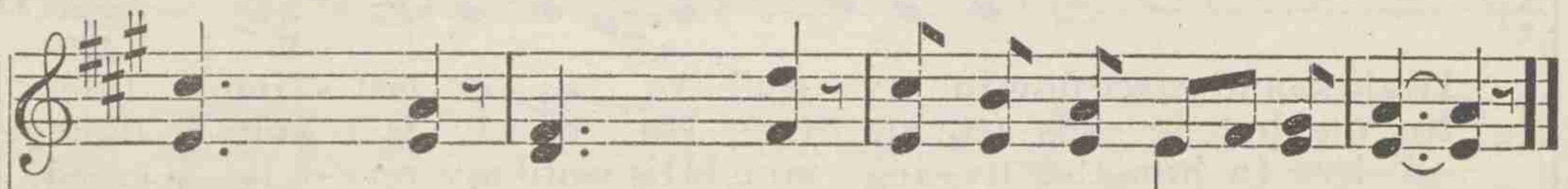




We come to thy peace-ful sum-mit, Where heavenly songs ever chime.
'Tis freedom from Ba - bel bondage, And coming, that freedom we prove.
We mount up to Zi - on's glo - ry, As crys-tal e - ter-nal-ly clear.
While joy-ful - ly sing-ing, up- ward, The ransomed are coming to thee.
And out of the a - ges ris - ing, We shine in thy cit-y of gold.
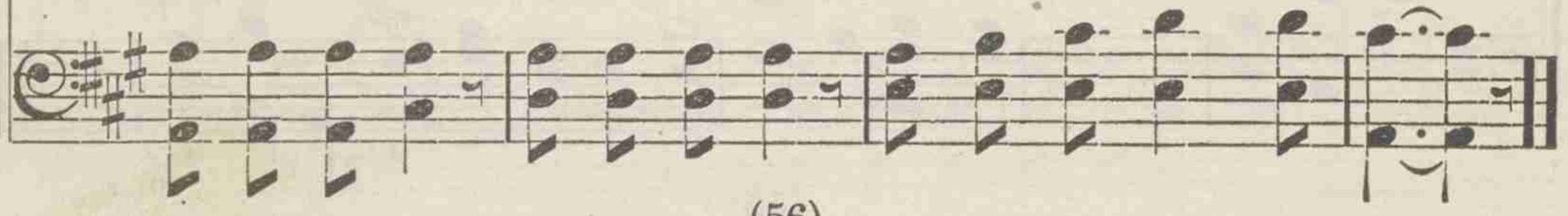


CHORUS.



Com - ing, com - ing, Zi - on, we come to thee,
Com-ing to thee, com-ing to thee,



Com - ing, com - ing, Com-ing with joy to thee.
Com-ing to thee, com-ing to thee,



No. 56. Blessed Fountain of Blood.

D. O. T. D. O. Teasley.

1. There is a bless-ed fount of blood, It flows from Je - sus' side,
2. There is a bless-ed fount of blood, 'Tis streaming o'er my heart,
3. There is a bless-ed fount of blood Whose virtue stands be-tween
4. There is a bless-ed fount of blood Which gladdens all my life;

And I have plunged my guilt-y soul Be-neath its cleansing tide.
Thro' all my soul its tran-quil joy En - liv - ens ev - 'ry part.
A bar - ren land of sin and shame, And fields of liv - ing green.
It saves me now, oh joy to know, From sor-row, sin and strife.

Chorus.

Bless - ed foun - - - tain of blood,.....
Bless - ed foun - tain of blood, bless - ed foun - tain of blood,

I have plunged..... 'neath its flood,..... And
I have plunged 'neath its flood, I have plunged 'neath its flood,

now its cleansing bil - lows roll Thro' all my hap - py soul.

No. 57. Jesus Will Save Thee.

D. S. WARNER. (Luke 19: 10.) B. E. WARREN.

1. Hear ye the moan of a soul that is lost, O wretched sin-ner, that spir - it is thine: Je - sus will en - ter thy bos-om to - day, Turning thy
2. Sin - ner, a-wake to the doom of thy soul, Fettered by sin, and how soon you must die; Fly to the Sav-ior this moment, behold, Je - sus in -
3. Hark! from the garden and Cal-va-ry's cross, Voi - ces that ut - ter God's won-der-ful love; Val-ue, poor sin-ner, thy soul at its cost, Seek first its
4. Think of e-ter - ni - ty, oh what a word! A - ges un-end - ing of darkness or day; Where will you fix your e-ter-nal a-bode? Take thy re-
5. Past mercies slighted can nev - er re-turn, Fu - ture re-cord-eth no promise for thee; Now is the day of sal - va-tion we learn, Now is the

CHORUS.

darkness to glo - ry di-vine. Je - - sus will save thee from
vites you to mansions on high.
ti - tle to heav-en a - bove.
demption, ere life speeds a-way.
moment, oh come and be free. Je-sus will save thee, Je-sus will save thee,

dark - - - ness and woe, He will re-
Je - sus will save thee from dark-ness and woe, He will re - deem thee,

deem thee till whi - - - ter than snow.....
He will re-deem thee till whi - ter, yes, whi - ter, yes, whit-er than snow.

No. 58. Jesus, Have Mercy on Me.

C. W. NAYLOR. (Mark 10: 47.) B. E. WARREN.

1. Out on the des - ert in dark-ness and sin, Long have I wandered, my Sav - ior, from thee; Hope-less and wretched, so long have I been, Je - sus, have mer - cy on me.
2. Great are my sins as a moun-tain of woe, Loom-ing be-fore in my path-way I see; Yet thou canst save me for-ev - er, I know, Je - sus, have mer - cy on me.
3. Lord, I for - sake my re - bel - lion and sin, Fain would I fly from my troubles to thee; Oh, how I long for thy glo - ry with - in! Je - sus, have mer - cy on me.
4. Lord, I am yearning for mer - cy to - day, Now as I come in re - pent-ance to thee, Take all the guilt of my sins far a - way, Je - sus, have mer - cy on me.

CHORUS.

Hopeless and wretched am I, Je-sus, have mercy on me (on me);
Save, or I per-ish and die, Je-sus, have mer-cy on me.

No. 59. Crucified for Me.

B. E. W. (2 Cor. 13: 4.) B. E. WARREN.

1. Prince of glo-ry condescended, he has favored me; On the cross he meek-ly suffered my poor soul to free; He has cleansed my inner being,
2. Oh, what con-so - la-tion offered in his righteousness, From the highest realm of glo - ry coming down to this; Here in gloomy maze he found me
3. When the pall of night was lifted, hope began to start; When the clouds so thick were rifted, light broke in my heart, When the shock from Calv'ry's moun-tain
4. See the Sov'reign of cre - a-tion, King of earth and skies, All for sinful man's salvation thus he dies, he dies; Yet he lives, a mighty monarch,

changed my life of wrong; How his touch of healing virtue fills my heart with song!
languishing to die, But the light from heaven streaming cleared my mortal sky.
shook my sinful soul, Then the stream from that blest fountain o-ver me did roll.
reigns o'er ev'ry foe, Causing mortal man to tri-umph o - ver sin be-low.

CHORUS.

He was cru-ci - fied for me, He was cru - ci - fied for me,
*He is liv-ing now for me, He is liv-ing now for me,

He was cru - ci-fied for me On the cross of Cal - va - ry.
He is liv-ing now for me, Praise him for his love so free!

* After last stanza.

No. 60. Coming Home.

D. O. T. D. O. Teasley.

1. Com - ing home all wea-ry, brok-en-heart - ed, I have glad - ly left the path of wrong; Oh, I long to join the hap-py cho - rus,
2. Com - ing home to Father's arms of mer - cy, I am tired of sin's de-cep-tive way; I will humbly bow and plead for par - don,
3. Com - ing home to-night to friends and loved ones, For their prayers and tears have won my heart; Long I've wandered on in sin and sor - row,
4. Com - ing home to Father's house re-pent - ing, Coming heav - y - la-den, sick and sore, And I know that if I come be-liev - ing,

Chorus.

Where they're singing sweet redemption's song. Coming home, coming home,
coming home,
With the ransomed ev - er-more to be, Com-ing home,
coming home,
Je - sus, Savior, com-ing home to thee.

At his bless-ed feet I'll weep and pray.
Je - sus, save me now, ere hope de-part.
An - gels wait to meet me at the door.

Coming home,

Coming home,

Rit.

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No. 61. The Resurrection Morn.

B. E. W. (Jno. 5:28, 29.) B. E. Warren.

Not too fast.

1. In the res - ur-rec-tion morning, When the Sav-ior comes, 'tis said,
2. In the res - ur-rec-tion morning, Time will end for - ev - er here,
3. In the res - ur-rec-tion morning, All the dead of a - ges past,
4. Then he'll say un - to the righteous: "Come, ye blessed, live for aye,

Robed in all his white a - dorn - ing, He will raise the si - lent dead;
And the rec - ords we are mak - ing, At the judgment shall ap - pear.
Both the righteous and the wick - ed, Each shall hear the trumpet blast.
In the brightest realms of glo - ry, Where there shines one lasting day."

Faster.

With the might - y trumpet sound, Wake the na-tions from the ground,
All our mor - tal life be - low Must de - ter-mine where we'll go,
They shall stand be-fore the Lord, And re - ceive their own re - ward,
Turn - ing to the lost he'll say: "There in out - er darkness stay,

Slower.

Lost of a - ges shall be found, In the res - ur - rec - tion morn.
Home a - bove, or down to woe, In the res - ur - rec - tion morn.
Judged by his e - ter - nal word, In the res - ur - rec - tion morn.
You have tri - fled time a - way"—Sin-ner, this is your re - ward.

Refrain.

In the resurrection morning, We shall hear the trumpet sound;
Christ will come in white adorning, With ma - - - - - jes-tic glory crowned.

No. 62. Jesus in Mercy is Calling.

D. O. T. D. O. TEASLEY.

1. Je - sus in mer - cy is call - ing, Hear the kind mes-sage of
2. Je - sus in mer - cy is call - ing, Leave the dark fol - lies of
3. Je - sus in mer - cy is call - ing, He has been wait-ing so
4. Je - sus in mer - cy is call - ing, Has-ten, O sin - ner, and

love; Come, he is wait - ing to save you, For the bright
sin; Heav - en will o - pen its por - tals, Je - sus will
long; He will dis - pel all your sor - row, Mourning he'll
bow; Leave all the world and its pleas - ure, Par - don is

CHORUS.

man-sions a - bove. Call - - - - ing for thee,.....
wel - come you in.
turn to a song.
wait - ing you now. Je - sus in mer - cy is call - ing for thee,
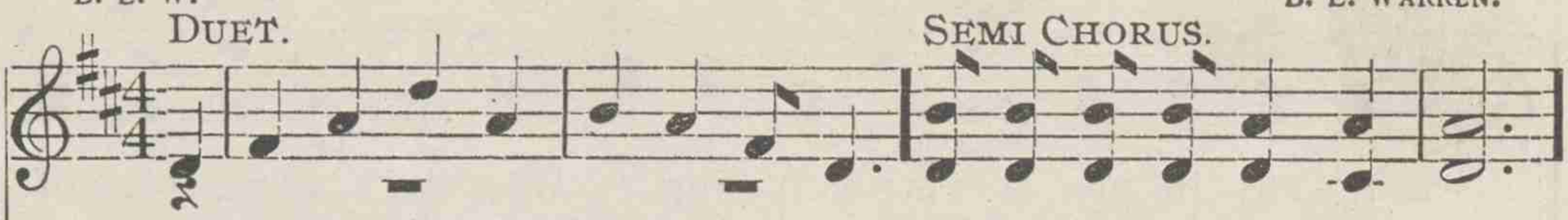
Come..... and be free,..... Je - - - - sus in
Come, for his mer - cy is boundless and free, Je - sus in mer - cy is

mer - - - - cy Is call - - - - - ing for thee.....
call - ing for thee, Is call - ing, yes, call - ing for thee, for thee.
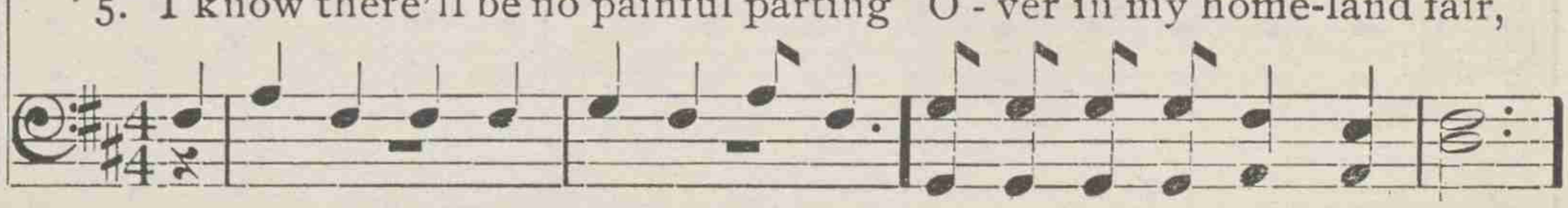
No. 63. My Homeland Fair.
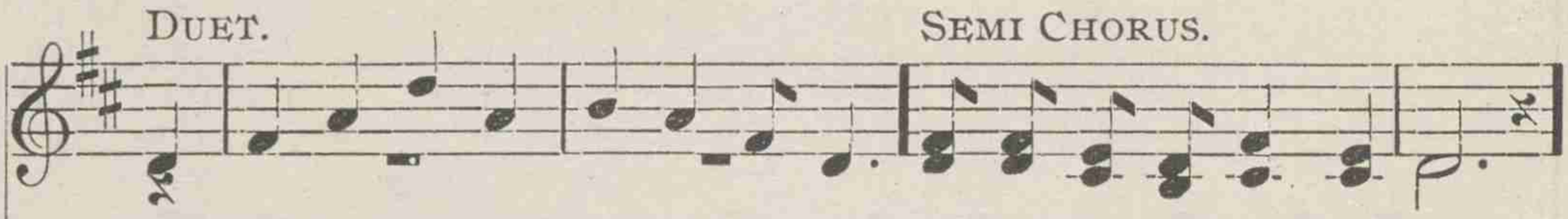
(May be used as a Solo.)

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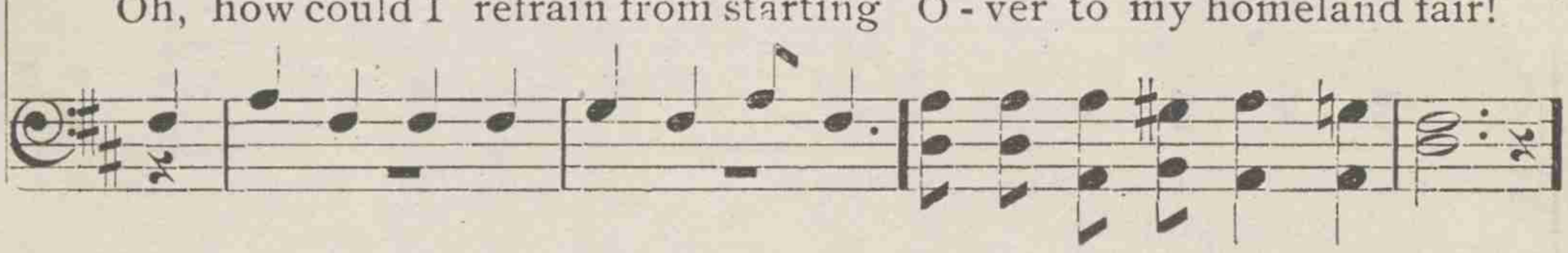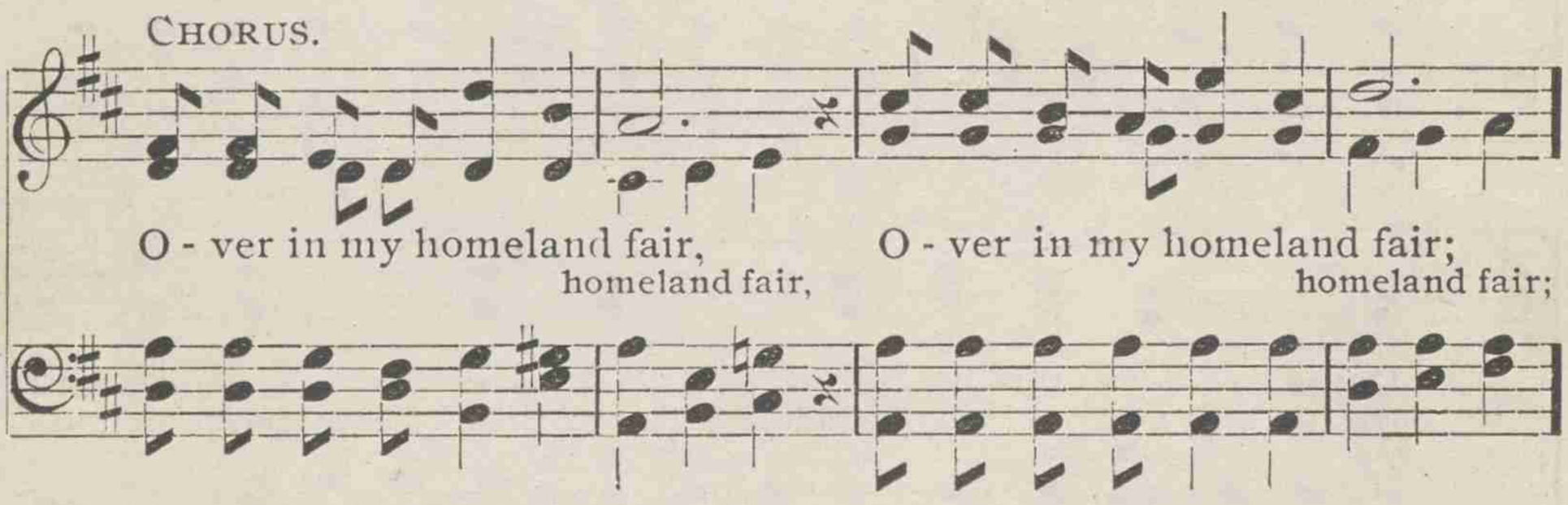


1. I know there'll be no earthly du - ty O - ver in my home-land fair,
2. I know there'll be no tempting power O - ver in my home-land fair,
3. I know there'll be no sad hearts sighing O - ver in my home-land fair,
4. Su-per-nal glo-ries have no end-ing, O - ver in my home-land fair,
5. I know there'll be no painful parting O - ver in my home-land fair,



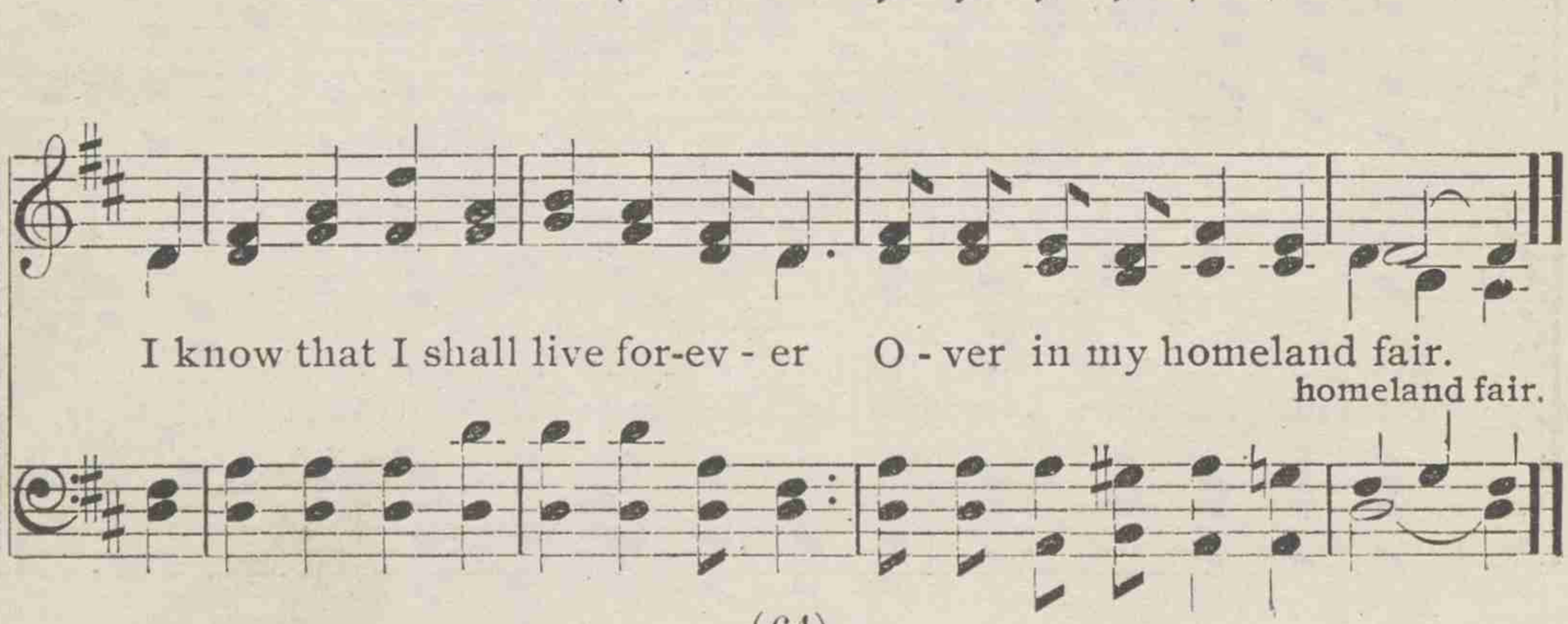


But Christ we'll see in all his beau-ty, O - ver in my homeland fair.
But joy and peace a constant shower, O - ver in my homeland fair.
No sick-ness, pain, or thought of dying, O - ver in my homeland fair.
In ceaseless songs our voices blending, O - ver in my homeland fair.
Oh, how could I refrain from starting O - ver to my homeland fair!

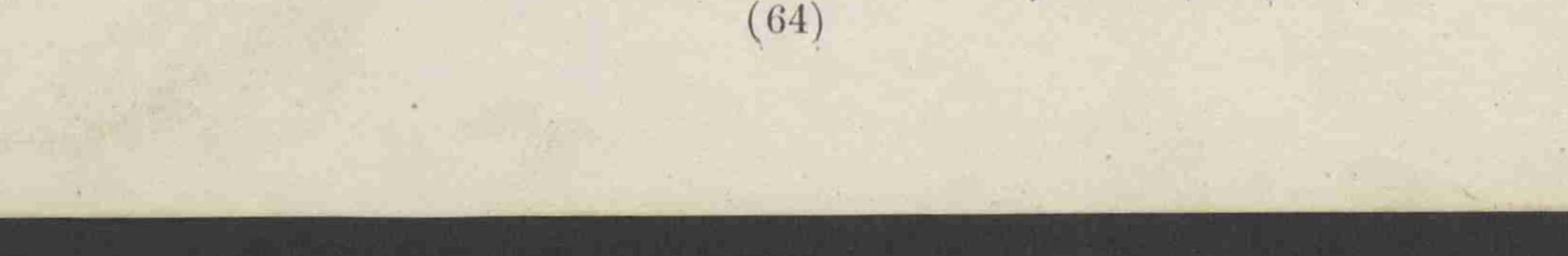




O - ver in my homeland fair, O - ver in my homeland fair;
homeland fair, homeland fair;



I know that I shall live for-ev - er O - ver in my homeland fair.
homeland fair.



No. 64. A Solemn Charge.

D. S. WARNER. B. E. WARREN.

1. O ye pil - grims, sing an ex - hor - ta - tion, Let its mu - sic
2. Millions lost to - day have stumbled downward O'er re - li - gion
3. God has called us to a high pro - fes-sion, And the world is
4. If we tru - ly love the dear Re - deem-er, Meek-ly suf - fer
5. Oh by all the sa - cred bliss of heav-en, And by all the

sound with - in your heart; Life or death, or storms of per - se -
blent with shades of night; Oh, let not our Lord be thus dis -
watch-ing ev - 'ry day; If ill - tem - pered in the prov - o -
with him loss and shame; If we say that he a - bid - eth
love we owe to God, Keep the sol - emn charge the Lord has

CHORUS.

cu- tion, Nev-er, nev - er from the Lord depart.
honored, While we're in this golden evening light.
ca-tion, Then a - las, you do the Lord be-tray.
in us, As he walked, so we should walk the same.
given, Watch and pray, and live beneath the blood.

O my brethren,

be ye ho - ly, Live for Christ and souls he died to save; Be

firm and true to God for - ev - er, Till his praise around the throne we sing.

No. 65. Sowing the Seed.

D. S. WARNER. (Isa. 32: 20.) B. E. WARREN.

1. Un-heed-ing winter's cru-el blast, We venture heaven's seed to cast,
2. Shall we be found with only leaves When Jesus comes to gather sheaves?
3. Nor is the precious la-bor hard, Its glo - ry is its own re - ward;
4. Oh, were this life the utmost span, The closing des-ti - ny of man,
5. But Heaven's bright eternal years Have bottled up our sowing tears;

Both late and ear-ly plant the truth In a-ged hearts and tender youth.
Nay, sowing dai-ly o'er the land, We'll come with joyful sheaves in hand.
We plant in hearts of grim despair, A life that blooms as E-den fair.
No toil could half so blessed prove, As sowing seeds of peace and love.
There we shall greet in holy bliss, The souls we turned to righteousness.

CHORUS.

Then sow the seed..... in ev - 'ry field,.....
Then sow the seed, the pre - cious seed, Oh sow the seed in ev - 'ry field,
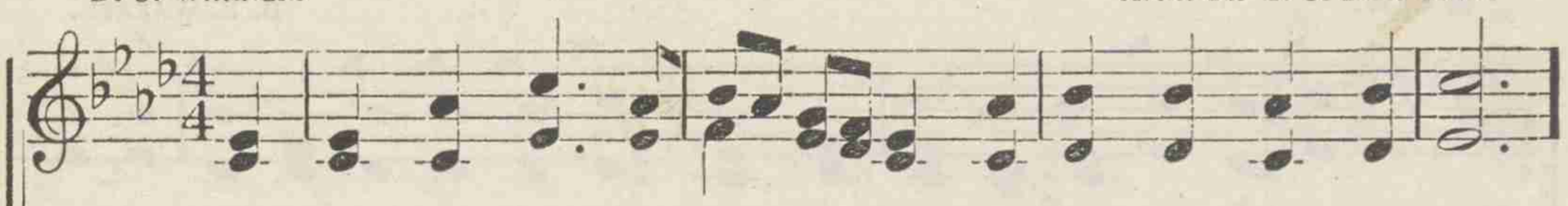
And grace will bring the golden yield;..... We soon will
gold - en yield;

sing the joy-ful song, And shout the bless-ed harvest - home.....
harvest-home.
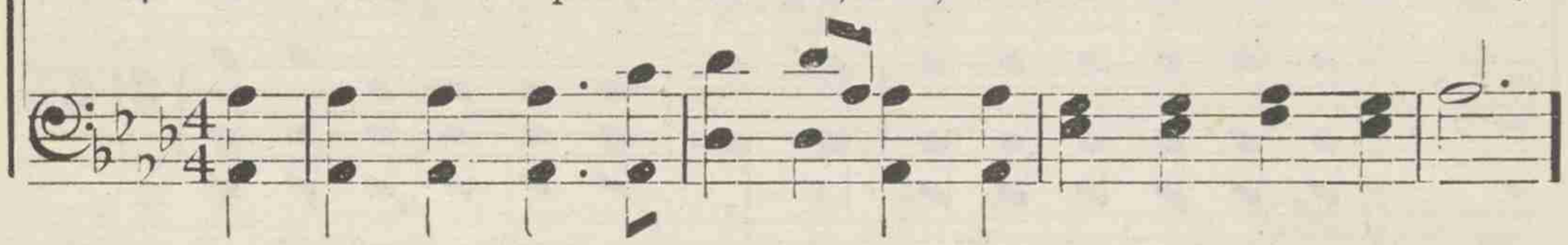
No. 66. Holy Fellowship.
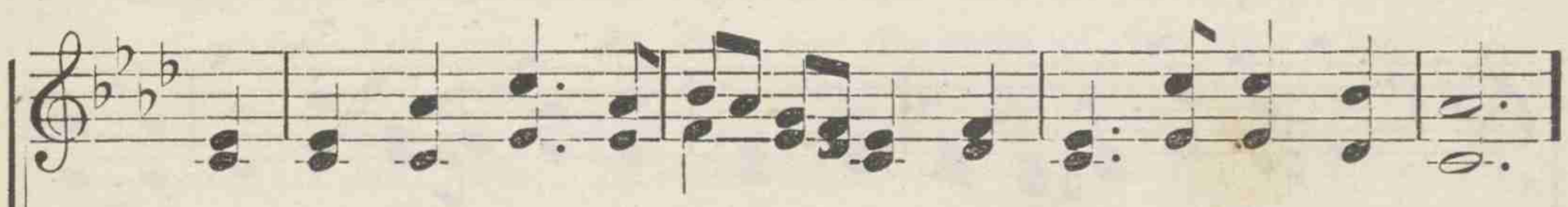
(1 Jno. 1: 3.)

D. S. Warner. Amanda L. Speck. Har.
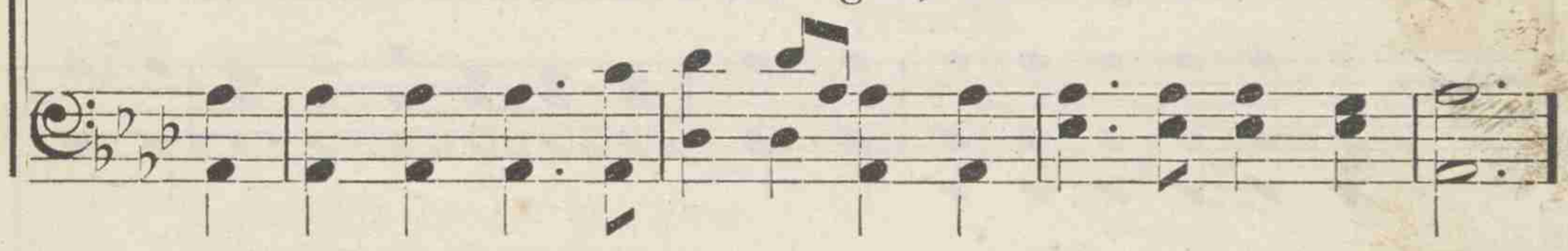


1. Sweet fel - low-ship, thy crys - tal tide, Sings joy-ful in our soul;
2. God o - ver all, and thro' us all, In floods of bliss - ful light,
3. O fel - low-ship, my brethren dear, In bonds of per - fect love;
4. This fel - low-ship with Fa-ther, Son, And all who love the Lord,
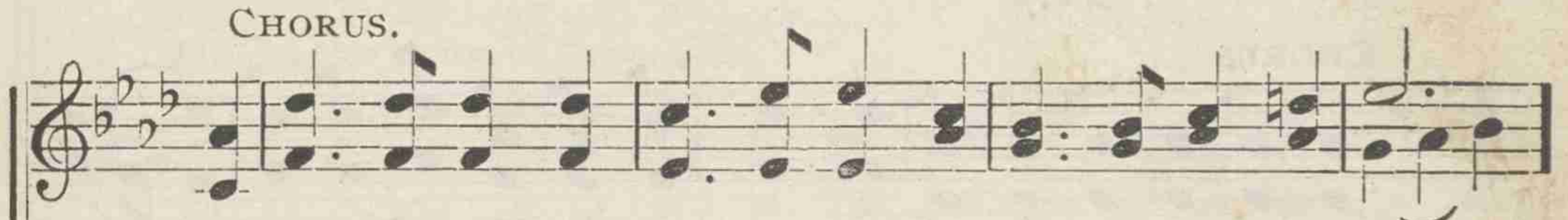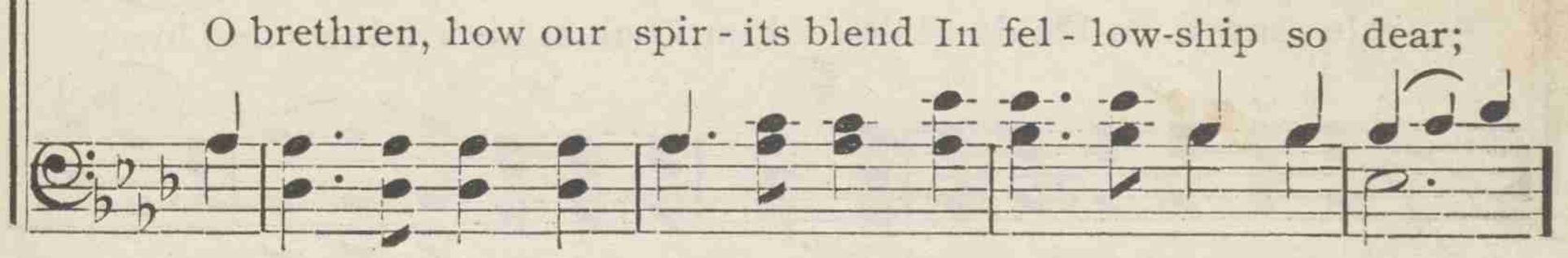




Bap - tized in one, naught can divide, While love and peace con-trol.
Is fel - low - ship in ev - 'ry soul That's pure in heaven's sight.
How blest the seal of un - ion here With all the saints a - bove!
Is heav - en here on earth be - gun, 'Tis Par - a - dise re - stored.
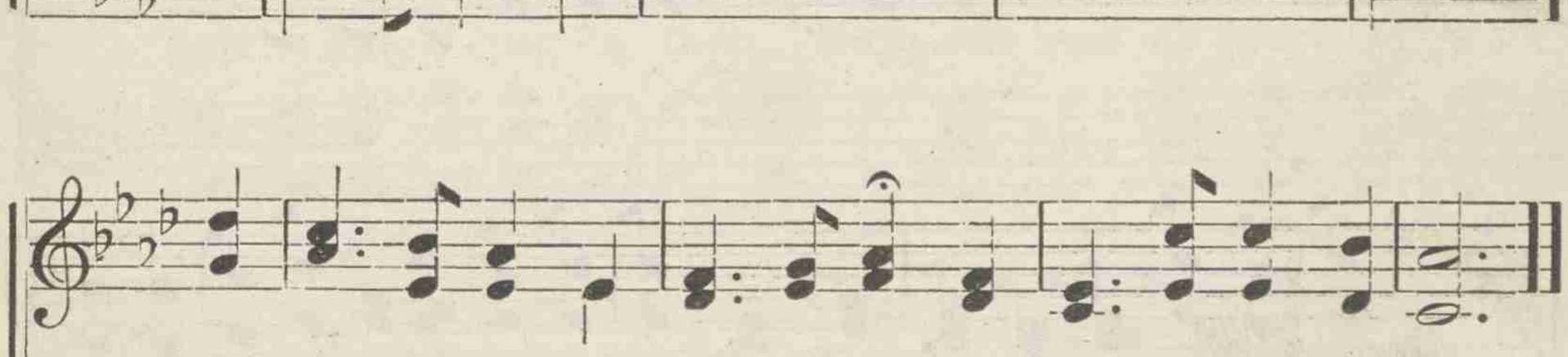


Chorus.



O brethren, how our spir - its blend In fel - low-ship so dear;



Tho' sundered far by God's command, We feel you still so near.



No. 67. Jesus is Able to Save You.

(Heb. 7: 25.)

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

1. Je - sus is a - ble to save you, He is so lov-ing and kind;
2. Je - sus is a - ble to keep you, Think of his pow-er and grace;
3. Je - sus is a - ble to bless you, In him are all things we need;
4. Je - sus is a - ble to bring you Home to yon heav-en-ly clime,

Oh let his mer-cy now win you, Peace in his service you'll find.
He is so anxious to help you, Come to his lov-ing em - brace.
How can you carelessly slight him, Since for your life he doth plead?
Filled with his goodness for-ev - er, Feasting with him all the time.

CHORUS.

Je - sus is a-ble, don't doubt him, Look at his kindness and love;
Seek him, o-bey him, and trust him, Then he will receive you a - bove.

No. 68. The Good Shepherd.

O. A. PRATT C. E. HUNTER.

1. A - far on the mountain the Shep - herd Is seek-ing the lost ones to save; Oh flee to the arms of his mer - cy, For
2. Though far from the fold thou hast wan - dered In by - ways of sor - row and sin, Fear not, 'tis the Shepherd that's call - ing, He's
3. Though darkness and dan - ger as - sail thee On des - erts so drear-y and cold, The light of his presence will guide thee Safe
4. There in the green pas-tures he'll give thee A place of sweet comfort and rest; Be - side the still wa-ters he'll lead thee Till

CHORUS.

thee his life free-ly he gave.
longing to welcome thee in....
in - to the shel-ter-ing fold.
safe in the home of the blest.

Then come, wanderer, come, The gate is wide o - pen for thee; Borne safe from all harm On the Shepherd's strong arm, A rock and a ref - uge is he.

No. 69. Every Hour for Jesus.

B. E. W. (Eph. 5: 15, 16.) B. E. Warren.

1. Ev - 'ry hour for Je - sus! shall my mot - to be, There is plen - ty of work we may do; We may all keep bus - y till the
2. Ev - 'ry hour for Je - sus! we must work and pray, We should nev - er be sloth-ful, or tire; For the time is coming, so his
3. Ev - 'ry hour for Je - sus! and what-e'er I do, I must have his ap-prov - al on me; If I do heart service with the
4. Ev - 'ry hour for Je - sus! there is work for all, Spend your time in his serv - ice a - lone; Be ye read - y, wait-ing for his

Chorus.

Lord we see, Till he comes for his faith-ful few. Ev-'ry hour
Word doth say, When our work shall be tried by fire.
Lord in view, He will bless me and keep me free.
ev - 'ry call, Soon he'll say, "'Tis enough, come home." Ev'ry hour

for the Lord, Ev-'ry hour for the Lord let us spend; Ev'ry hour for the Lord,

hour for Je - sus till he comes again, When the labor of life shall end.

No. 70. Rays of Hope.

D. S. WARNER. D. O. TEASLEY.

1. There are some rays of hope di - vine, To cheer the darkest heart;
2. De-spond-ent soul, can you not see Hope gleam-ing from a - bove?
3. Though shame and guilt op-press thy soul, Thy heart as ad - a - mant,
4. Thy life of sin now weighs thee down, And death and hell are near;
5. O guilt-y one, tho' bound in chains Of dark in - fer-nal pow'r;

Around the cross they ev - er shine, Where life a - new may start.
Oh look once more to Cal - va - ry, And know that God is love.
Yet Je - sus will thy name en - roll, If thou wilt but re - pent.
But heaven wills thee yet a crown, And an - gels want thee there.
The grace of God su-preme-ly reigns, To save thee in this hour.

CHORUS.

Heaven is free,..... heaven is free,.....
Heav-en is free for thee, heav - en is free for thee,

Sinner, believe, in heaven you may shine; Come and be free,.....
Come and be free, be free,

Come and be free;..... Wonderful love, that heaven may be thine.
Come and be free, be free;

No. 71. Come Closer to Me.

B. E. W. B. E. Warren.

1. When I get wea-ry with toils of the day, Off in the se - cret I
2. When all a-round in this cold dark land, Nothing en - cour - a - ges
3. When in af-flic-tions I suf - fer long, Je - sus comes bringing this
4. When I am meeting with tri - als se - vere, When I am part-ing with

kneel and pray; There I can hear my Lord sweet - ly say, "Come
me to stand, Je - sus says, hold-ing me by the hand, "Come
love - ly song: "Trust in my grace and you shall be strong; Come
loved ones here, Look-ing to Je - sus, his voice I can hear: "Come

Chorus.

clos - er, my child, to me." Clos - er, my child, to me,

Clos - er, my child, to me, Clos - er, my child, to me,

Rit.

Come clos-er, ... come clos-er, ... Clos-er, my child, to me.
Come clos-er, come clos-er,

No. 72. The Church.

(Acts 20: 28.)

C. W. NAYLOR. B. E. WARREN.

1. The church of God from heaven came, Je-sus, her glo - ri-ous founder,
2. As wide as earth her boun-da - ry, Upward she reaches to heav- en,
3. The pil - lar and the ground of truth, Built without hand of a mor - tal;

Hath dressed her in ce - les - tial robes, Gird-ed his truth a-round her,
The fa - vor of the Lord is hers, Free - ly in love 'tis giv - en.
No man with heart by sin de- filed Standeth within her por - tal.

Clothed her in wonderful beau - ty, Taught her the pathway of du - ty,
Thus by his mer-cy se - cur - ing, Her - it - age ev - er en - dur - ing,
None but the pure and the ho-ly, Hum-ble and meek and the low - ly,

Keeps her each moment se-cure-ly, Her foes he casts down to the ground.
God by his promise as - sur - ing That she shall for-ev - er pre - vail.
Dwell in the light of her glo - ry, The Lord is her judge and her king.

No. 73. What if the Master Should Come?

B. E. WARREN. C. E. HUNTER.

1. What if the Mas-ter should come to-night? Would you be read-y to go? Can you now say you have done the right, Or must you with shame say no?
2. What if the Mas-ter should come to-night? Would you not tremble with fears? Or could you welcome that bliss-ful sight With-out bit-ter sighs or tears?
3. What if the Mas-ter should come to-night? What if he'd say un-to thee: "Are you in darkness or in the light?" Then what would your an-swer be?
4. What if the Mas-ter should come to-night? Summon you up to his throne, O-pen the books in his judgment light, And sentence to woe-ful doom?

CHORUS.

What if the Mas-ter should come?..... What if the Mas-ter should come?..... What if the Mas-ter should come?..... Will you be read-y, wait-ing to go? Oh what if the Mas-ter should come?.....

No. 74. Buried with Jesus.

D. S. WARNER. (Col. 2: 12.) B. E. WARREN.

1. Down in - to the flow - ing riv - er, Lo, the Lamb of God we see; There he speaks in clear ex - am - ple:
2. Now the sa - cred wa - ters cov - er O'er the ho - ly Son of God; Thus he washed me in that foun - tain
3. Cru - ci - fied with my Re-deem - er, Now I sink in- to the grave; I am dead to sin for - ev - er
4. Here I wit - ness a con - fes - sion, As I merge from hu - man sight, In the tomb of yield - ing wa - ter,
5. Oh, how sweet to fol - low Je - sus, In this or - di- nance to show That we're cleansed in life's pure riv - er,

pp CHORUS. *With expression.*

Take the cross and fol - low me.
Of his sin - a - ton - ing blood.
By the life of God I live.
That the blood has made me white.
E - ven whit - er than the snow.

} Gen-tly bur - ied with my

f *ff*

Sav - ior, Let me sink be - neath the wave; Cru - ci- fied to earth for- ev - er, Hence a - lone to God I live.

No. 75. All in Jesus.

B. E. W. (1 Cor. 2: 9, 10.) B. E. Warren.

Fast.

1. There is peace and joy in the Lord to-day, More than all in this
2. I am blest to-day, I am free in-deed, What a pleas-ure to
3. Since my cross is gone and my heart is right, Oh how bless-ed to
4. If you're o-ver-come when you would do right, If a deep ach-ing
5. All his grace is free as the air we breathe, We may each have a

world of sin; There's a hap-py life in the ho-ly way,
serve the Lord! How it fills my soul with de-light to read
do his will! Now his yoke is eas-y, his bur-den light,
void with-in, There's a sting of guilt and a sin-ful blight
full sup-ply; If we will o-bey and his word be-lieve,

Chorus.

Praise the Lord, I have en-tered in. Praise the Lord, I am
In his sa-cred and ho-ly word!
And his Spir-it my soul doth fill.
That will keep you from en-t'ring in.
He'll pre-pare us to dwell on high. Praise the Lord, I'm free, I am

free In his love and grace; Oh his
free in-deed, In his love, sweet love, and grace for grace; Oh his

blood reach-es me, I a-bide 'neath his smiling face.
precious blood reaches e-ven me,

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No. 76. Some Blessed Day.

W. W. TITLEY.

Music and Chorus by
D. O. TEASLEY.

1. Some day we'll cease our toiling here, Our hopes are now on things a-bove,
2. Some day the cord of life will break, That holds us to our house of clay,
3. Oh glorious hope, the sweet some day! That hope the an-chor of our soul,
4. Some day, the time seems strangely near, When life's frail thread shall sev-ered be,

Some day with-out a doubt or fear, We'll gather home to those we love.
In which we groan till we shall wake In that fair home of endless day.
To keep us saved in Christ the way, And trusting him tho' billows roll.
And we shall see that home so dear, From earthly cares for-ev-er free.

CHORUS.

Some blessed day,..... oh, joy-ful day,.....When we shall
Some blessed day, oh, joy-ful day,

speed.....from earth a - way!..... Our feet shall press .....
When we shall speed from earth away! Our feet shall press

that gold-en shore,..... To be with Christ for-ev-er - more.
that gold-en shore,

No. 77. Jesus will Save.

C. W. NAYLOR. B. E. WARREN.

1. Je - sus will save, for your soul he hath giv - en His pre-cious life as a ran - som from sin, That he might o - pen an
2. Je - sus will save, put an end to your mourning, Bid you re - joice in his fa - vor and love, Robe you to - day in his
3. Je - sus will save, throw your heart's door wide o - pen, Long he has called while you slumbered in sin; If you give heed to the
4. Je - sus will save, shout the won-der-ful sto - ry, O - ver and o - ver the glad news pro-claim; Je - sus will save, fill your

entrance to heav-en, And for you life ev - er - last - ing to win.
righteous a - dorn-ing, Fit you to dwell in his pres-ence a - bove.
word he hath spoken, He'll make you pure both without and with-in.
heart with his glo - ry, Yes-ter-day, now, and for - ev - er the same.

ff CHORUS. *pp* *f*
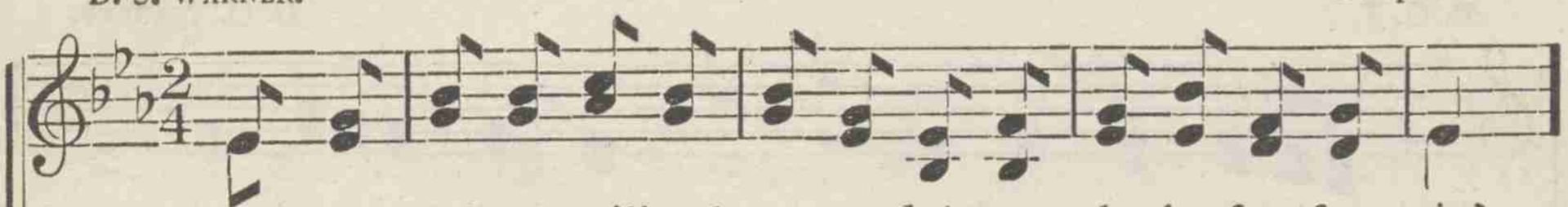
Jesus will save, Jesus will save, He will forgive your transgressions to-day;

f *pp* *ff*
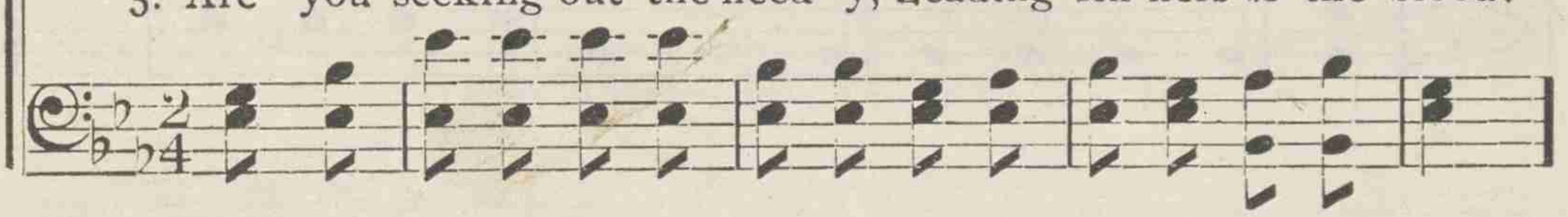
He pleads for you, He pleads for you, Jesus will save you, oh, come while you may.
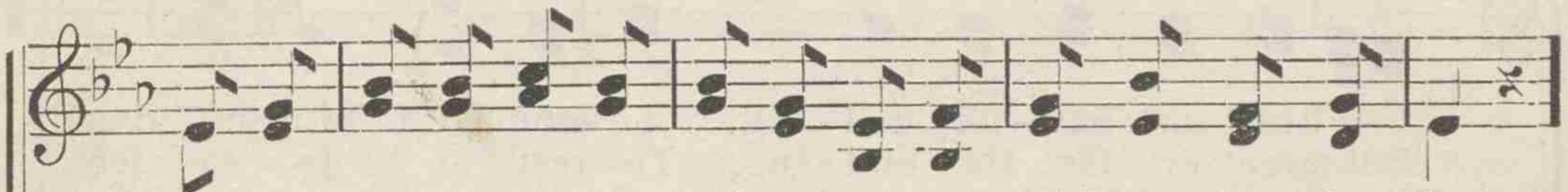
No. 78. The Redemption Story.

D. S. WARNER. Prepared.
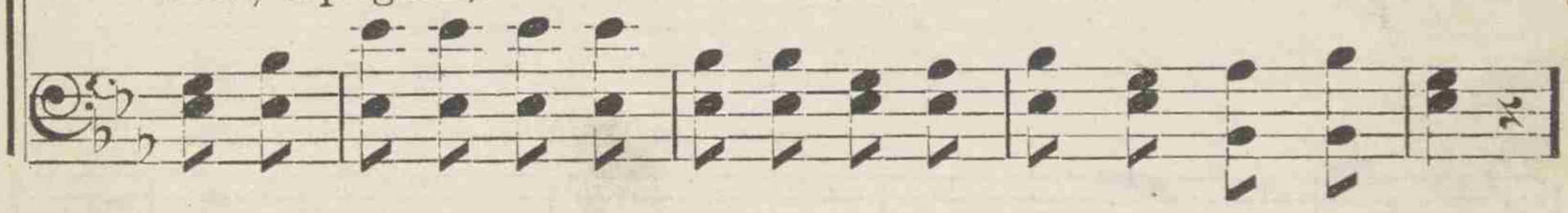


1. Tell me, pilgrim, trav'ling homeward, Are you ho-ly, free from sin?
2. Have you made a con-se - cra-tion Of your-self and earthly store?
3. Do you love to read the Bi-ble? Feel the Spirit's ho - ly fire?
4. Do you glad-ly tell the sto - ry Of the Savior's wondrous love?
5. Are you seeking out the need - y, Leading sin-ners to the blood?
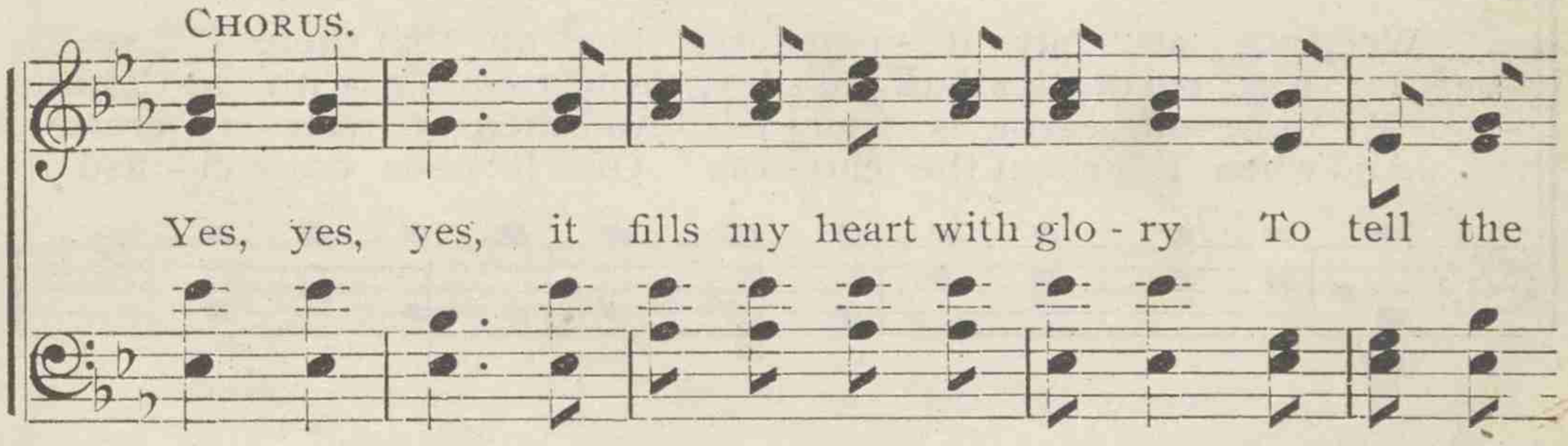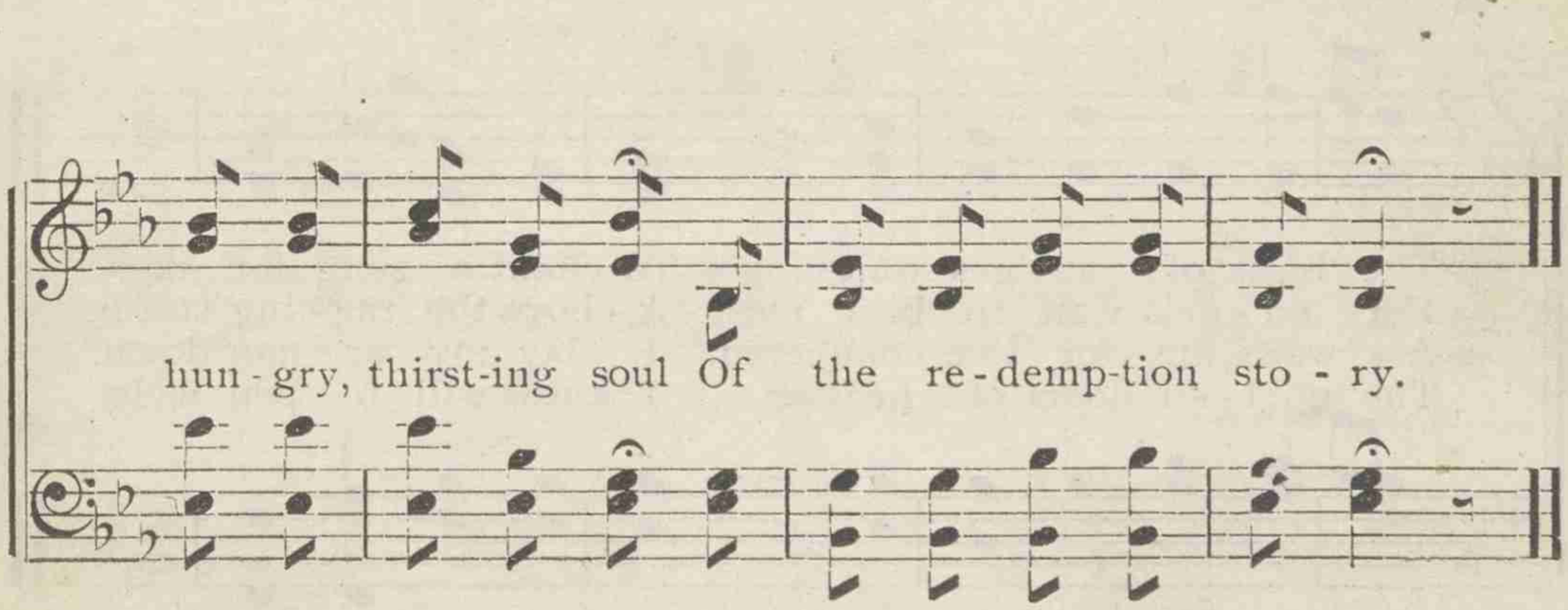




Are you flashing light around you? Are you wit-ness - ing for him?
Have you died to all but Je-sus, And his will for - ev - er - more?
Do you measure to its standard? Does each du-ty you in - spire?
How he fills the soul with glo-ry, Pure as heaven's light a - bove?
Thus, O pilgrim, should we ev - er Live and work a - lone for God.



CHORUS.



Yes, yes, yes, it fills my heart with glo - ry To tell the



hun - gry, thirst-ing soul Of the re - demp-tion sto - ry.

No. 79. The Last Farewell.

D. O. T. D. O. TEASLEY.

1. Farewell, dear friends, I bid you A lov - ing, last fare well;
2. Farewell, dear friends, re-mem-ber, Our walk on earth was sweet,
3. Farewell, oh, will you meet me In that ce - les - tial land,
4. Farewell, dear friends, I'm nearing The mansions bright a - bove,

I hear my Sav - ior call - ing, I soon with him shall dwell.
But sweet-er far the end - ing, To rest at Je - sus' feet.
Where we shall dwell for - ev - er, And grasp no part - ing hand?
My on - ly plea for entrance— My Sav-ior's dy - ing love.

Weep not at my de - part - ure, For on that shore I see
I fear not death's dark val - ley, Nor trem-ble with a - larm;
My work on earth is end - ed, And there a star - ry crown
And when I shout the cho - rus Of Je - sus cru - ci - fied,

The blest of a - ges wait - ing To chant a song for me.
For an - gels wait to bear me A - bove the rag - ing storm.
A - waits me, for I've conquered, I lay my ar - mor down.
The gold - en doors of heav-en I know will o - pen wide.

No. 80. Alone with Jesus.

C. W. NAYLOR. C. E. HUNTER.

1. A - lone with Je - sus, oh, how sweet The sea - sons
2. A - lone with Je - sus, sweet - est place, So hal - lowed
3. A - lone with him, 'tis there I gain The grace in
4. A - lone with him, I find sweet rest From all my

spent low at his feet In hum-ble, fer - vent, se - cret prayer! My
by his rich-est grace; Where heaven seems all 'round a - bout, And
heav'nly place to reign; 'Tis there I gain the strength to live; 'Tis
troub-les, on his breast; I cast on him my ev - 'ry care, And

CHORUS.

soul would e'er be feasting there. All a - lone with my
ev - 'ry earthly thing shut out.
there the Lord delights to give.
find sweet peace and comfort there.

All a - lone

Lord, We converse as lov - ing friends; There I
with my Lord, lov - ing friends;

drink with my Sav - ior, Of the joy that nev - er ends.
There I drink

No. 81.

Hide Me.
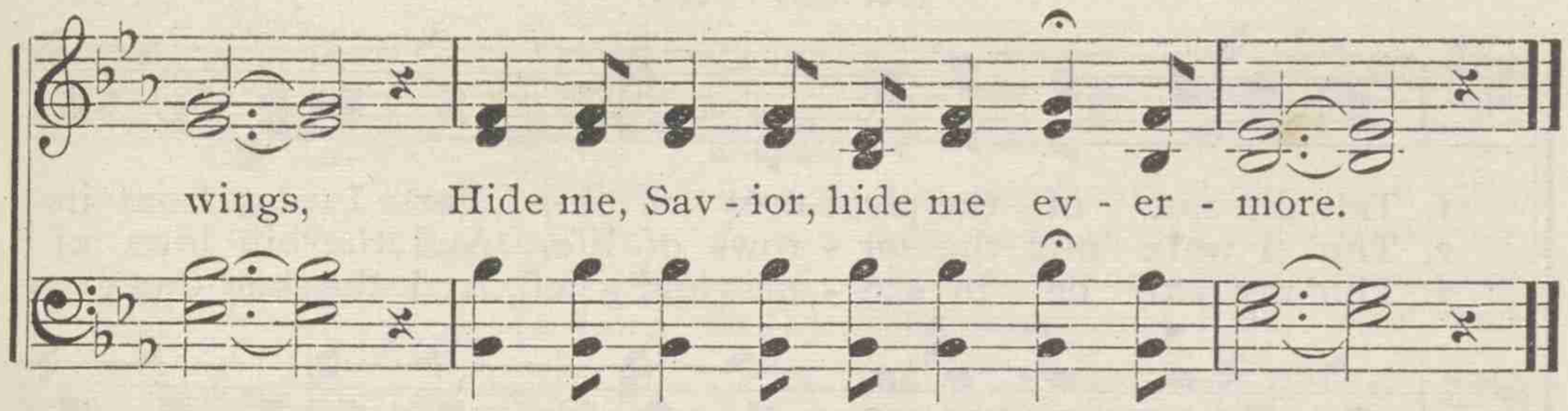
B. E. W. (Psa. 17:8.) B. E. WARREN.

1. Keep me as the ap - ple of thine eye, Joy - ful in the glo - ry par - don brings; Help me, Lord, to trust thee, tho' I die, Hide me in the shad - ow of thy wings.
2. Keep me as the ap - ple of thine eye, Un - to thee by faith my spir - it clings; Help me at thy feet to pas - sive lie, Hide me in the shad - ow of thy wings.
3. Keep me as the ap - ple of thine eye, From the aw - ful blight of sin - ful things; Firm - ly on thy prom-ise I re- ly, Hide me in the shad - ow of thy wings.
4. Keep me as the ap - ple of thine eye, While my faith in full as - sur - ance sings; Vic - to - ry as up - ward I shall fly, Cov - ered with the shad - ow of thy wings.

CHORUS.

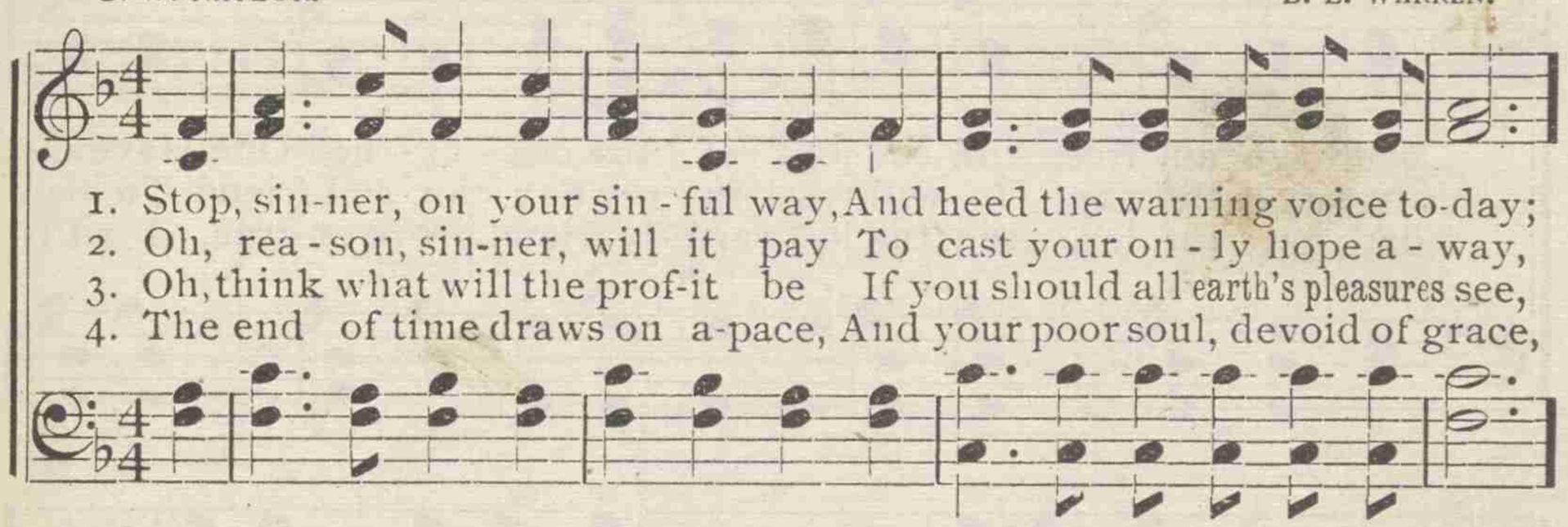
Hide me in the shadow of thy wings, Hide me till this storm-y life is o'er; Hide me in the shadow of thy

Hide Me—Concluded.

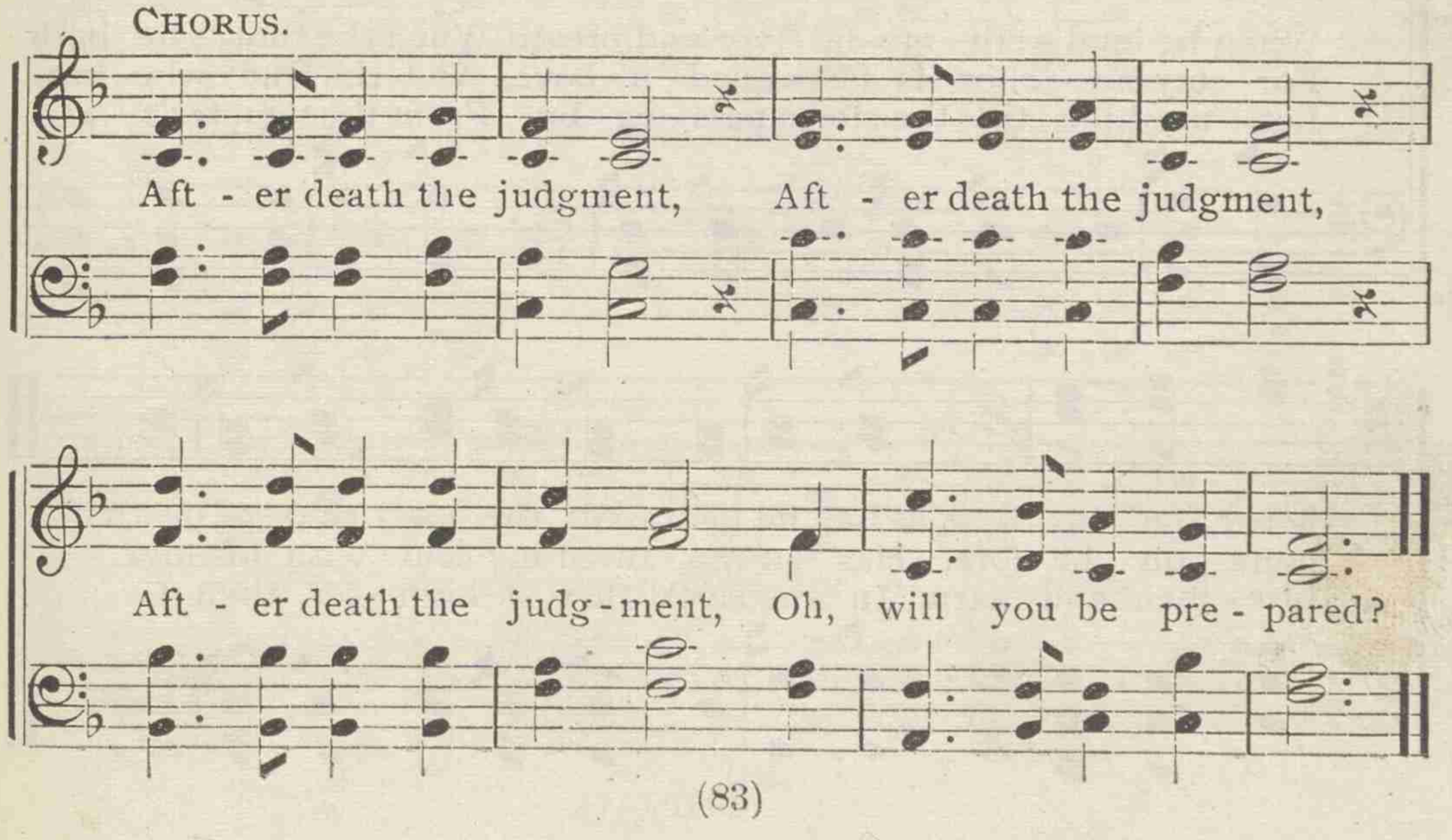


No. 82. After Death the Judgment.

C. W. NAYLOR. B. E. WARREN.



CHORUS.



No. 83. Assurance in Christ.

D. O. T. (For Male Voices.) D. O. TEASLEY.

1. Tell me not of the pleas-ures of sin, For I now from its
2. Tho' I walk 'mid the sor - rows of life, And the bil - lows of
3. Tho' my path be in sad - ness and grief, And the shad-ows grow

bond-age am free, And the joys of the cru - ci - fied One Have e -
sin sweep the sky, I will trust in my Sav - ior and friend, To his
dark on the lea, And the last earth-ly friend prove un-true, I will

clipsed all its fol - lies to me. Shall I shrink from the thorns in the way,
wide o-pen arms I will fly. Oh, I fear not the breakers of sin,
trust in the blood shed for me. When my trials like the sea-billows foam,

When he lend - eth me fa - vor and breath, When the thorns he hath
For my an - chor is fast - ened a - bove, And the One who has
Let me hide till the storm pass - es by, From the tempter's al -

borne on his brow, When he tast - ed the sor - rows of death?
gone on be - fore, Has en-rap - tured my soul with his love.
lure - ment and charm, In the Rock that is high - er than I.

No. 84. Waiting at the Cross.

B. E. W. B. E. Warren.

1. Lord, I come to thee with an ach - ing heart, I am wait - ing
2. I for - sake the way I am walk - ing in, I am wait - ing
3. I am bound, O Lord, but I come to thee, I am wait - ing
4. I re - pent, O Lord, as thy word commands, I am wait - ing

at the cross; I con-fess my guilt and with sin I part, I am
at the cross; Save me now, I pray, from this load of sin, I am
at the cross; It was there Christ suffered to par - don me, I am
at the cross; Oh, re-lease my heart from its sin - ful bands, I am

Chorus.

wait-ing at the cross. Waiting at the cross, wait-ing at the cross,

Wait-ing at the cross for thee; Wait-ing at the cross,

wait-ing at the cross, Wait-ing at the cross for thee.

No. 85. Sowing and Reaping.

B. E. W. (Psa. 126: 6.) B. E. WARREN.

1. He that go-eth forth and weepeth, Bearing seeds to ev - 'ry land,
2. Let us sow be - side all wa-ters, Joy-ful will the reap-ing be,
3. We may sow and reap to-geth - er, Let us work and nev - er cease;
4. While the golden grain is sway-ing In the har-vest field so great,

Shall re-turn with great re-joic-ing, Bringing golden sheaves in hand.
And when God rewards his servants, We'll be blest e - ter - nal - ly.
Paul may plant, A - pol-los wa - ter, God will give the sure in - crease.
Let us reap with anxious pray-ing, Time is fly - ing, do not wait.

CHORUS.

Sowing and reap-ing, sowing and reap-ing,
Sow - ing and reap - - ing, sow - ing and reap - - ing, Now is the
Now is the harvest, gather the sheaves; Sowing and reaping,
har - - vest, gather the sheaves;..... Sowing and reap - ing, Sowing and
sowing and reaping, Watch, for some gather nothing but leaves.
reap - - ing, Watch, for some gath - - er noth-ing but leaves.....

p Rit. *pp*

No. 86. Charity Never Faileth.

B. E. WARREN. C. E. HUNTER.

1. Char - i - ty suf - fer-eth long and is kind, Char - i - ty e'er pre-
2. Char - i - ty nev - er is seek-ing her own, Char - i - ty long en-
3. Char - i - ty! sweetest of heav-en - ly sounds! I'm in her mer - cy
4. Char - i - ty hold-eth me in her em-brace, An - gel of God from
5. Char - i - ty ev - er a - bid-eth for all, Dur-ing life's hours till

vail - eth; Char - i - ty opened the eyes of the blind, Char - i - ty
dur - eth; Char - i - ty mov-eth the Lord on his throne, Grace thro' his
hid - ing; She is the Father's great love that abounds, Char - i - ty
glo - ry; Char - i - ty bringeth a-bund-ance of grace—This is my
lat - est; Of all the blessings for which we may call, Char - i - ty

CHORUS.

nev - er fail - eth.
Son se - cur - eth.
is a - bid - ing. } Char - i - ty nev - er fail - eth, Char - i - ty
end - less sto - ry.
is the great-est.

Rit.

nev - er fail - eth, Char - i - ty nev - er fail - eth, For God is love.

No. 87. Who shall Abide in Thy Tabernacle?

Psa. 15. B. E. Warren.

1. Who shall a-bide in thy tab - er - na cle? Who shall dwell in thy
2. Who shall a-bide in thy tab - er - na-cle? Who shall dwell in thy
3. Who shall a-bide in thy tab - er - na-cle? Who shall dwell in thy

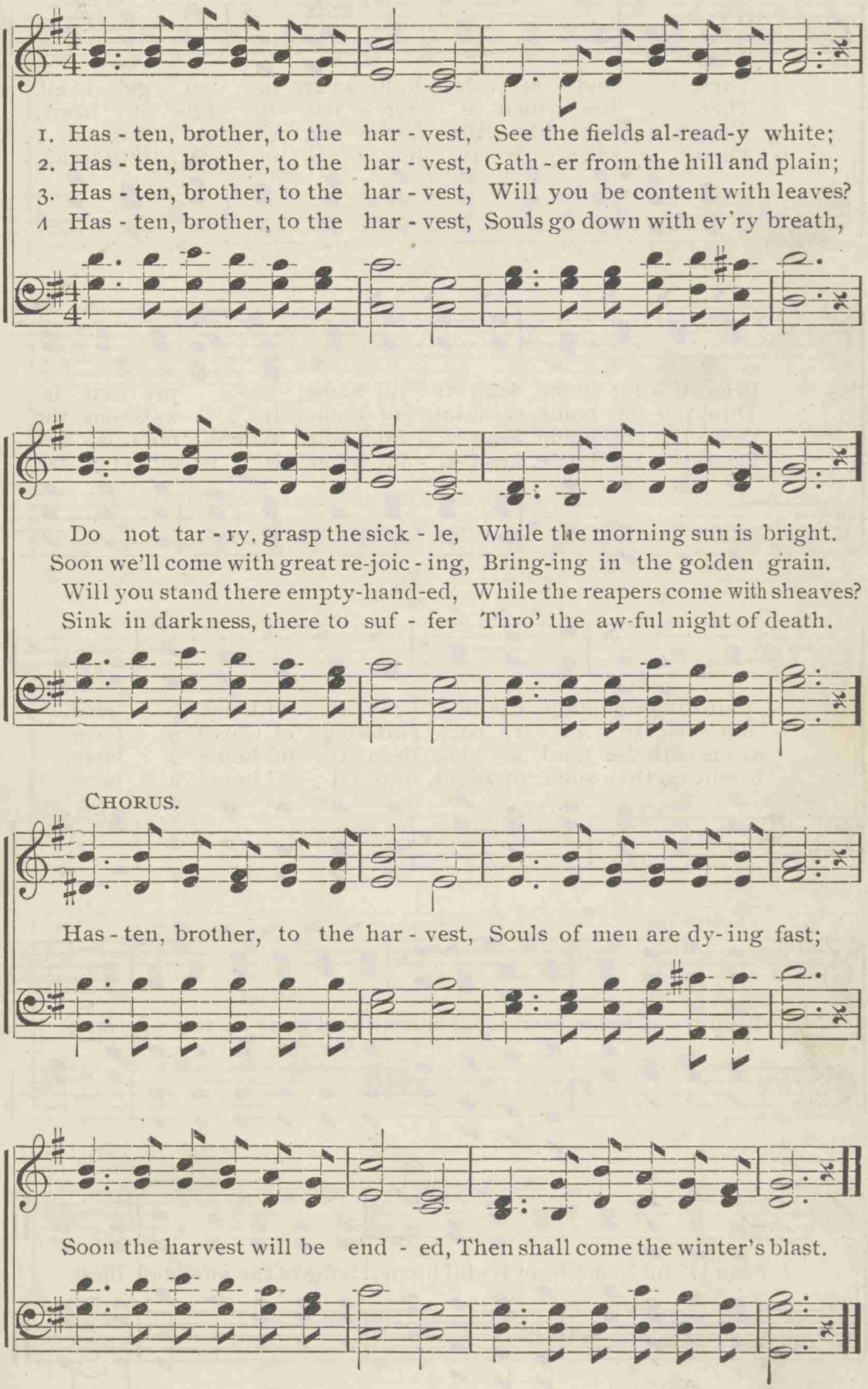
ho - ly hill? He that walketh up-right - ly, He that walketh up-
ho - ly hill? He that do - eth no e - vil, He that do-eth no
ho - ly hill? He that fear-eth his Mak - er, He that feareth his

right - ly, He that walketh up-right-ly Nev-er shall be moved;
e - vil, He that do-eth no e - vil Nev-er shall be moved;
Mak - er, He that feareth his Mak - er Nev-er shall be moved;

He that walketh uprightly Nev-er, nev-er shall be moved.
He that do-eth no e - vil Nev-er, nev-er shall be moved.
He that feareth his Mak-er Nev-er, nev-er shall be moved.

No. 88. Hasten to the Harvest.

D. O. T. D. O. TEASLEY.



No. 89. Beautiful Home.

B. E. W. (Eccl. 12: 5.) B. E. WARREN.

1. There's a land of de - light where the an - gels dwell,
2. There's a joy which e - ter - nal - ly fills my heart,
3. There's a peace like the flow - ing of o - cean-tide,
4. There's a crown with its jew - els of spark- ling light,

Beau - ti - ful home, beau - ti - ful home; The.... joy that is
Thinking of home, thinking of home; It..... wak - ens the
Beau - ti - ful home, beau - ti - ful home, Where pu - ri - fied
Beau - ti - ful home, beau - ti - ful home; It is shin - ing far

wait - ing no tongue can tell, Beau - ti - ful home a - bove.
mu - sic in ev - 'ry part, Thinking of Christ a - bove.
saints with the Lord a - bide, Beau - ti - ful home a - bove.
bright-er than stars of night, Beau - ti - ful home a - bove.

CHORUS.

Beau-ti - ful home, beau-ti-ful home, Sweet is my ha-ven of rest;

Beau-ti - ful home, beau-ti - ful home, Home of the pure and blest.

No. 90. We shall Never Say Good-Bye.

D. O. T. D. O. TEASLEY.

1. Fare-well, brother, we shall nev-er, In our home beyond the sky,
2. Fare-well, brother, we shall an-chor In that morning by and by,
3. When our tri - als here are · end-ed, And we reach our home on high,
4. Oh, how sweet the tho't at part-ing, We've a man-sion in the sky,

Speak the pain-ful word at part-ing, We shall nev - er say good - bye.
With our storm- y voy-age o - ver, We shall nev - er say good - bye.
Where the blest shall part, no, nev-er, We shall hear no sad good - bye.
Where the hap - py saint-ed millions Never speak the word "good - bye"!

CHORUS.

No fare - well word..... shall e'er be, heard,
No fare-well word shall e'er be heard,

Be - yond the vault - ed sky; In heav-en blest,..... the
In heav-en blest,

soul shall rest, No more to say good-bye.
the soul shall rest,

No. 91. Buried with Him in Immersion.

W. G. SCHELL. C. E. HUNTER.

1. Bur - ied with him in im - mer - sion, How sa - cred to sink 'neath the wave; We wit - ness a pure tes - ti - mo - ny,
2. Bur - ied with him in im - mer - sion, Ac - cord - ing to Heav-en's com-mands; To fol - low the Sav-ior's ex - am - ple,
3. Bur - ied with him in im - mer - sion, To show that our conscience with - in Is freed from the dread con-dem - na - tion
4. Bur - ied with him in im - mer - sion, To show we are dead to all sin, Yes, dead to the world and its pleas - ures,

CHORUS.
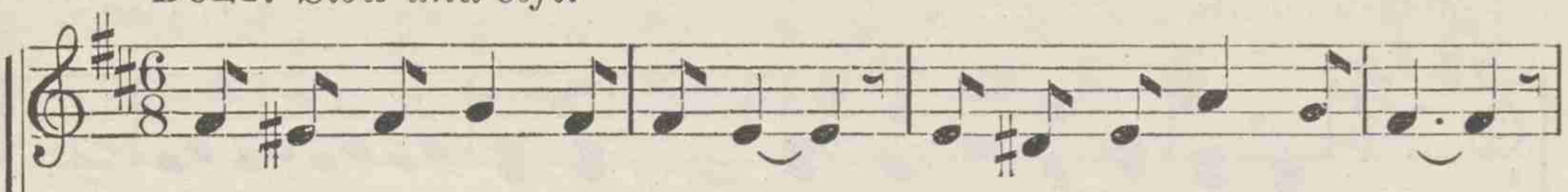
When low'red in the sym - bol - ic grave. }
Who bless - eth the work of our hands. }
In - curred in the thrall-dom of sin. } I bid the world a
And liv - ing to glo - ri - fy him. }

last fare - well, No more in sin I'll ev - er dwell; Joined to the Lord like saints of yore, Nev-er to part, no, nev-er - more.
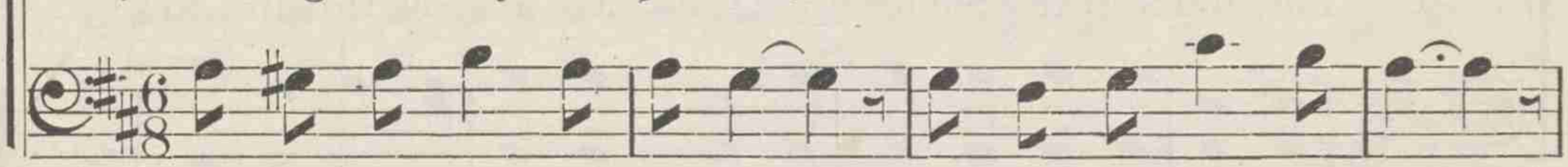
No. 92. Drifting Away from Jesus.

D. O. T. D. O. TEASLEY.
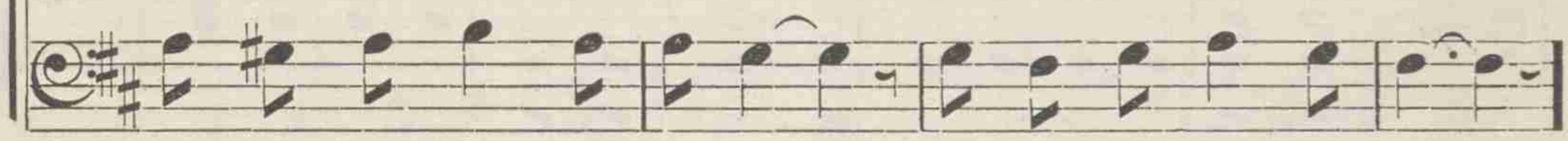
DUET. *Slow and soft.*
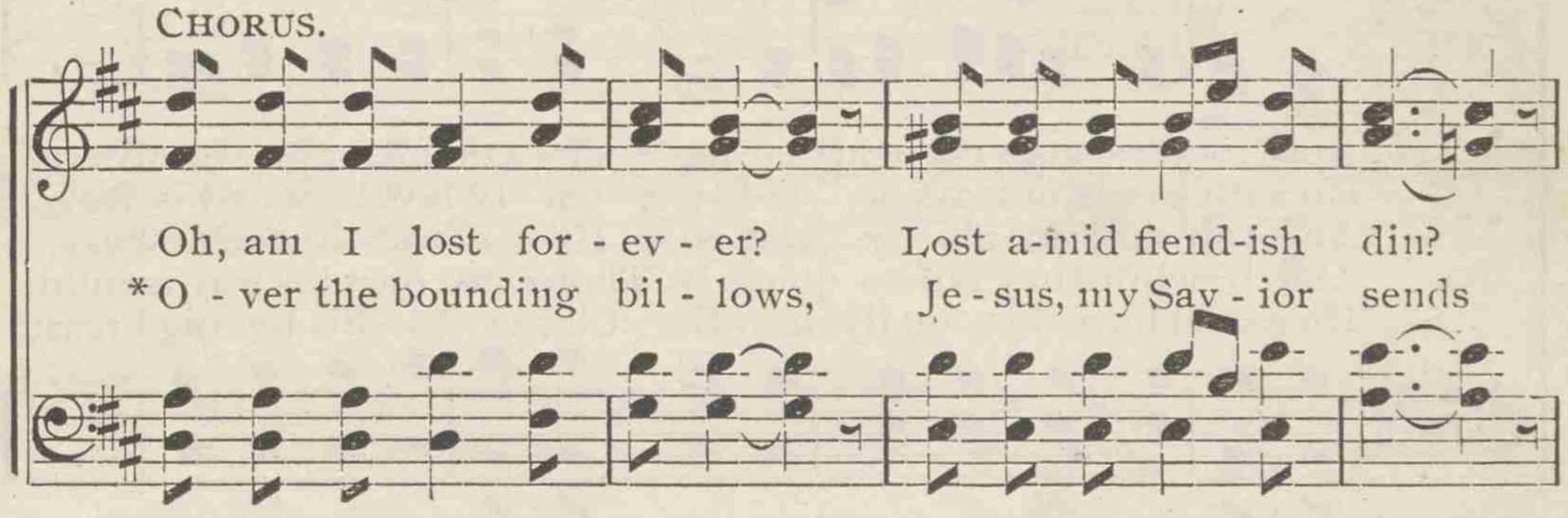


1. Drifting a - way from Je - sus, Far from his gen - tle fold,
2. Drifting a - way from Je - sus, Day aft - er day I glide,
3. Drifting a - way from Je - sus, Help-less and tossed with care,
4. Drifting a - way from Je - sus, Far from his courts of love—



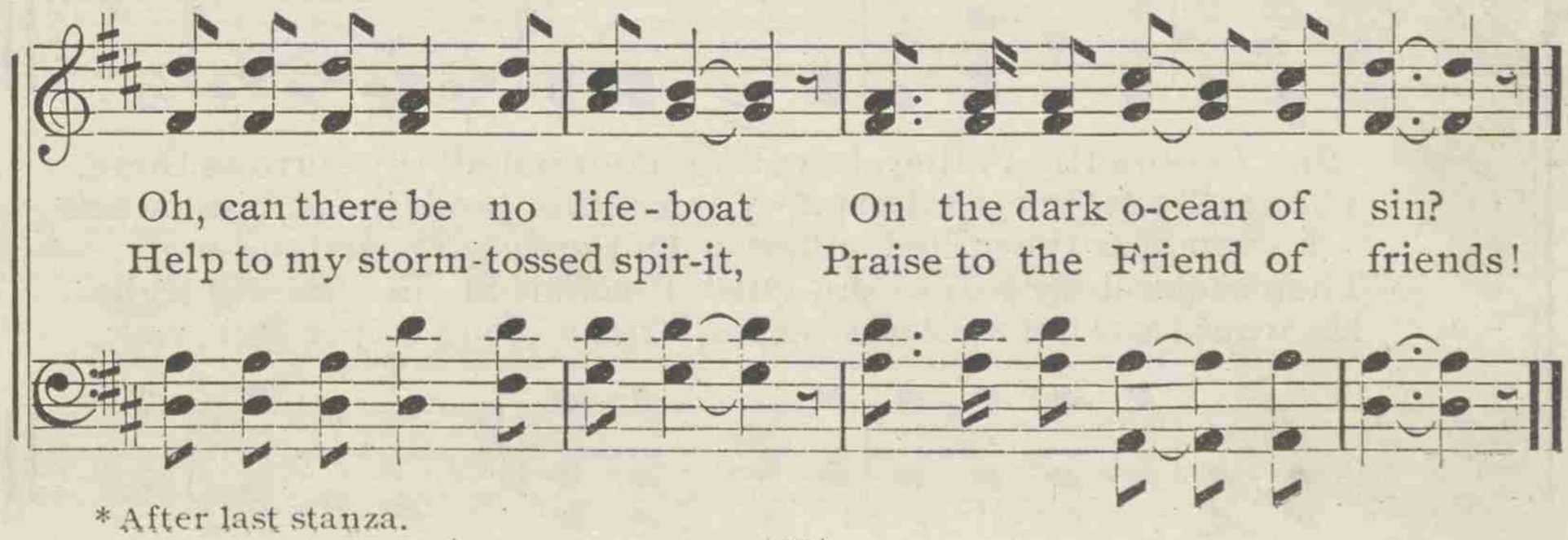
Wrecked on the waves of sor - row, Out in the night so cold.
Swift - ly the bil - lows bear me O - ver the surg-ing tide.
Soon I shall land for - ev - er Somewhere, I know not where.
Oh, do you see! a life - boat Sails from the ports a - bove!



CHORUS.



Oh, am I lost for - ev - er? Lost a-mid fiend-ish din?
*O - ver the bounding bil - lows, Je - sus, my Sav - ior sends



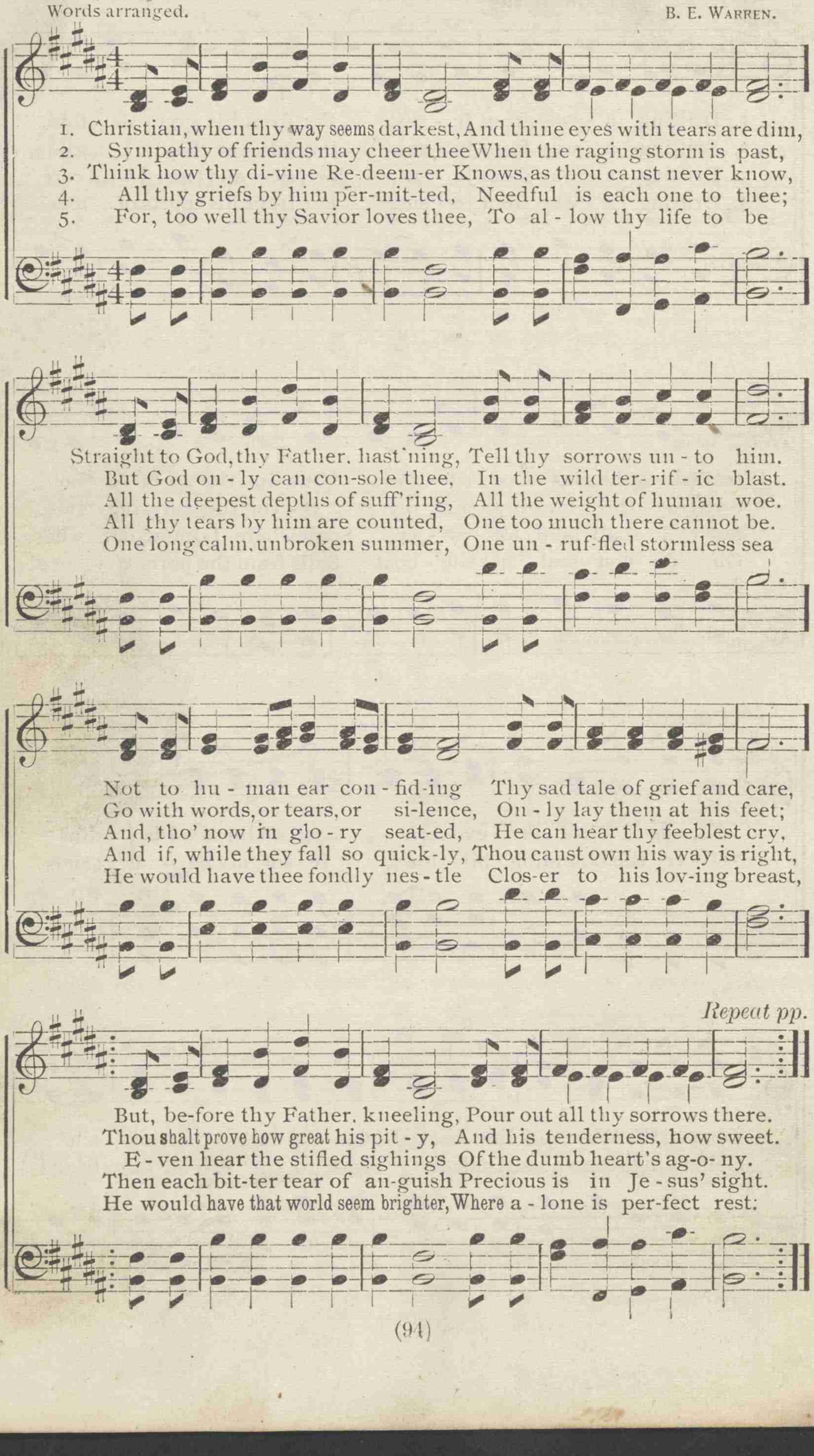
Oh, can there be no life - boat On the dark o-cean of sin?
Help to my storm-tossed spir-it, Praise to the Friend of friends!

*After last stanza.

No. 93. Cast Thy Burden On the Lord.

("Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you.")

Words arranged. B. E. WARREN.



No. 94. Sin can Never Enter There.

C. W. NAYLOR. (Rev. 21: 27.) B. E. WARREN.

1. Heaven is a ho-ly place, Filled with glo-ry and with grace; Sin can
2. If you hope to dwell at last, When your life on earth is past, In that
3. You may live in sin be-low, Heaven's grace re-fuse to know, But you
4. If you cling to sin till death, When you draw your latest breath, You will

nev - er en - ter there; All with-in its gates are pure, From de -
home so bright and fair, You must here be cleansed from sin, Have the
can - not en - ter there; It will stop you at the door, Bar you
sink in dark de - spair, To the re - gions of the lost, Thus to

filement kept se-cure, Sin can nev - er en - ter there.
life of Christ within, Sin can nev - er en - ter there.
out for - ev - er-more, Sin can nev - er en - ter there.
prove at aw - ful cost, Sin can nev - er en - ter there.

CHORUS.

Sin can nev-er en - ter there, Sin can nev-er en - ter there; So if at the judgment bar,

Sin - ful spots your soul shall mar, *You* can nev - er en - ter there.

No. 95. I Never Will Leave Thee.

B. E. WARREN. C. E. HUNTER.

1. I nev - er will leave thee, oh, be not a - fraid, I'll
2. I nev - er will leave thee, be strong in my grace, I'll
3. I nev - er will leave thee, de - cide to be true, Then
4. I nev - er will leave thee, give heed to my call, Then

cause thee to con-quer, then trust me for aid; While a - ges roll
hold thee for - ev - er with - in my em-brace; Oh, faith-ful - ly
let me con-trol thee, thy cour-age re - new; Oh, pa - tient - ly
bless - ings from heav-en up - on thee shall fall; Thy soul in my
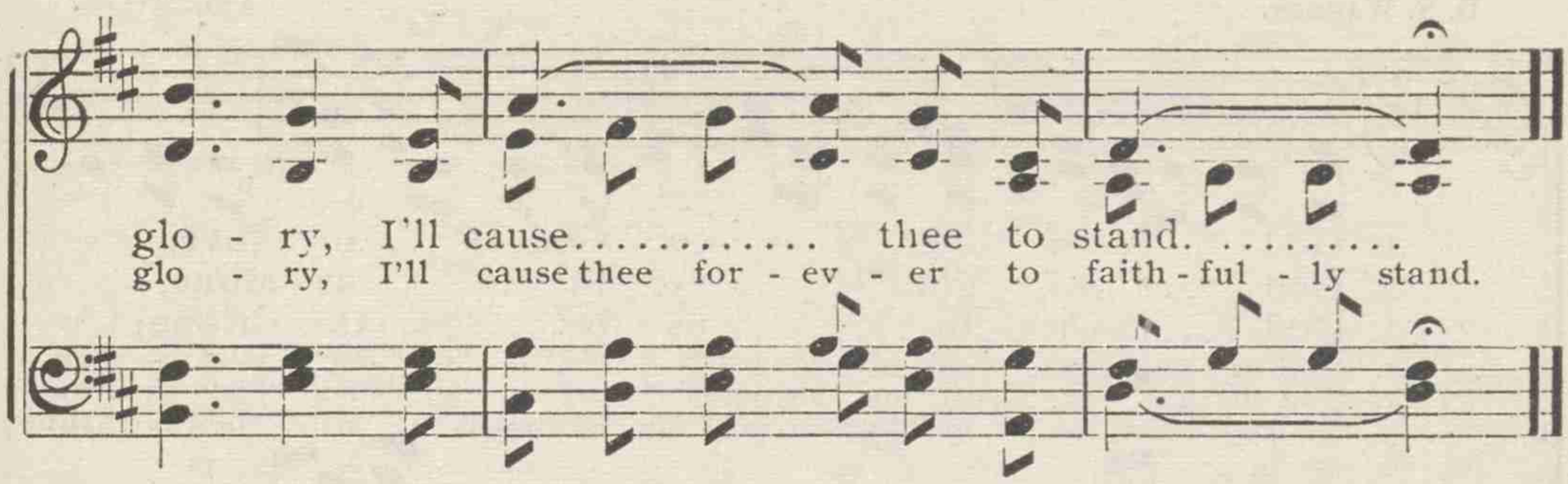
on to e - ter - ni - ty's shore, My prom-ise un - fail - ing, thy
serve me, what - ev - er may come, Then an - gels of glo - ry will
bear ev - 'ry tri - al you meet, Then I will be with thee, the
fa - vor shall flour-ish al - way, My child, I will keep thee, oh,

CHORUS.

heart shall a - dore. I nev - - - er will leave thee, Then
wel - come thee home.
foe to de - feat.
trust and o - bey. I nev - er, I nev - er will leave thee, Then
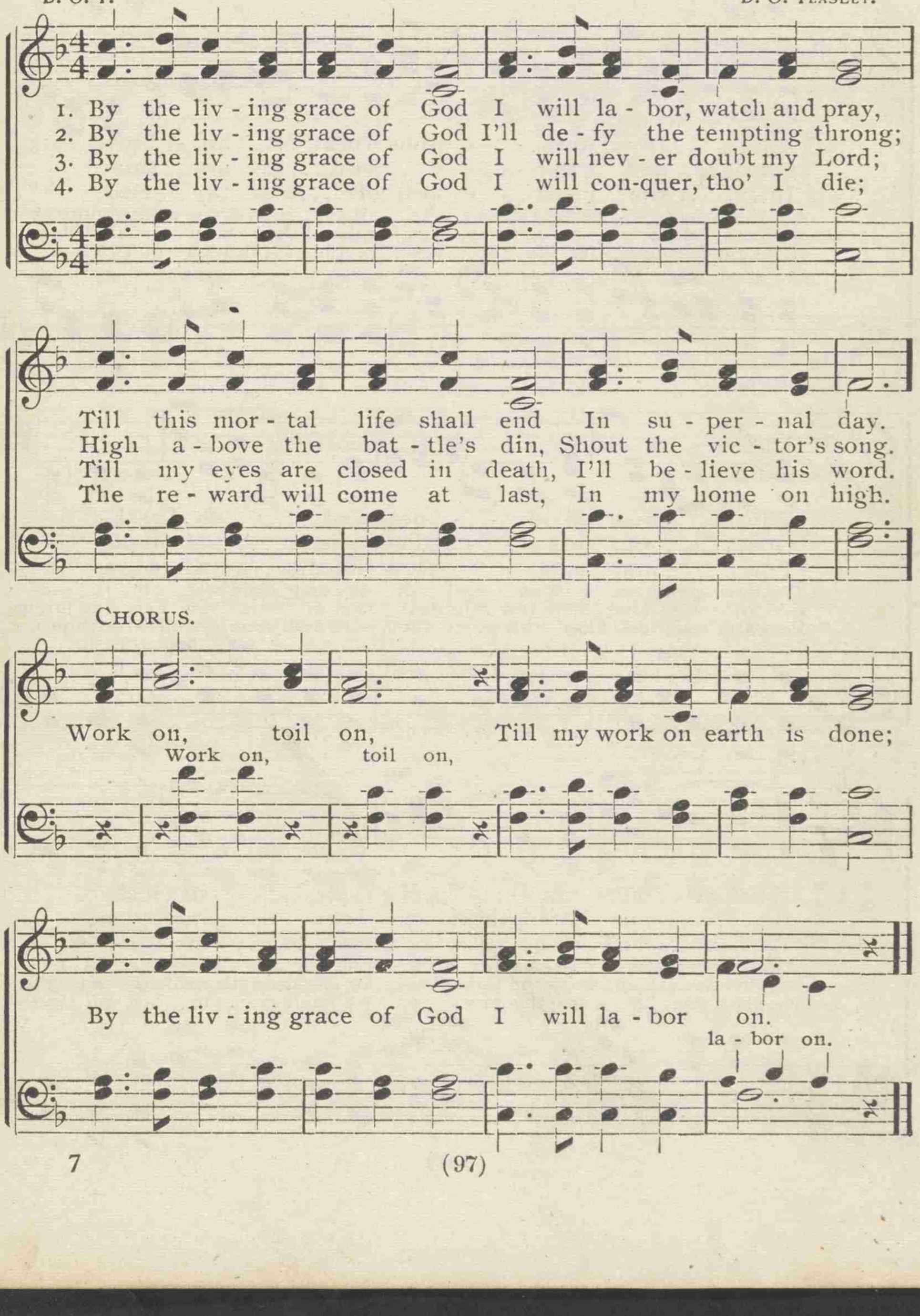
hold - - to my hand;..... I'll lead..... thee to
trust me and hold to my un - er-ring hand; I'll lead thee, yes, lead thee to

I Never Will Leave Thee—Concluded.



No. 96. By the Living Grace of God.

D. O. T. D. O. TEASLEY.



No. 97. God of Mercy.

D. S. WARNER. A. L. BYERS.

1. God..... of mer - - cy, God..... of love,
2. God..... of glo - - ry, in..... .. us shine,
3. God..... with - in..... us be..... thy throne;

1. God of mer - cy, God of love, O God of mer - cy, God of love,
2. God of glo - ry, in us shine, O God of glo - ry, in us shine,
3 God within us be thy throne, thou, God, with - in us be thy throne;

All..... thy won - - drous works..... ap - prove
Soul..... and bod - - y we..... are thine;
In..... the meek - - ness of..... thy Son,

All thy won-drous works approve, yes, all thy won-drous works approve
Soul and bod - y we are thine, yes, soul and bod - y we are thine;
In the meek-ness of thy Son, yes, in the meek-ness of thy Son,
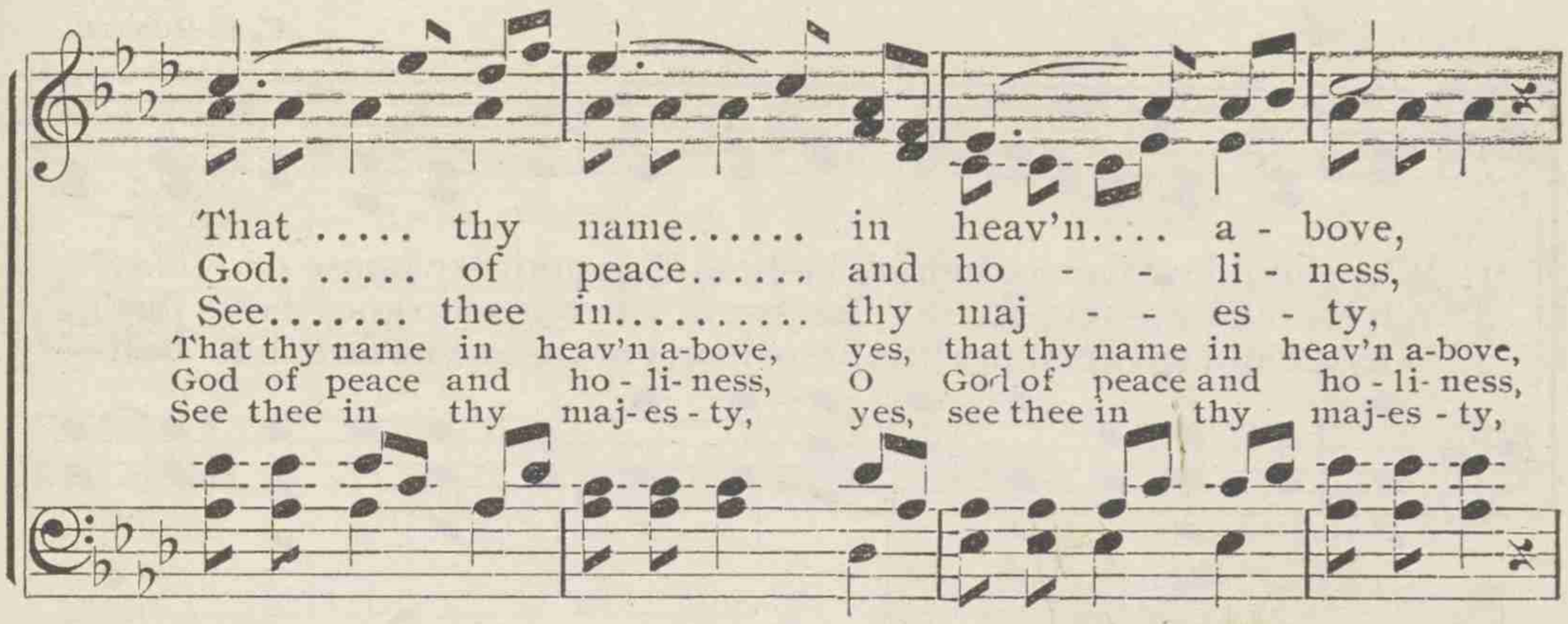
Thy..... own good - - ness, and..... re - veal
God..... of wis - - dom, love..... and might,
Pure..... and spot - - less, filled..... with peace,
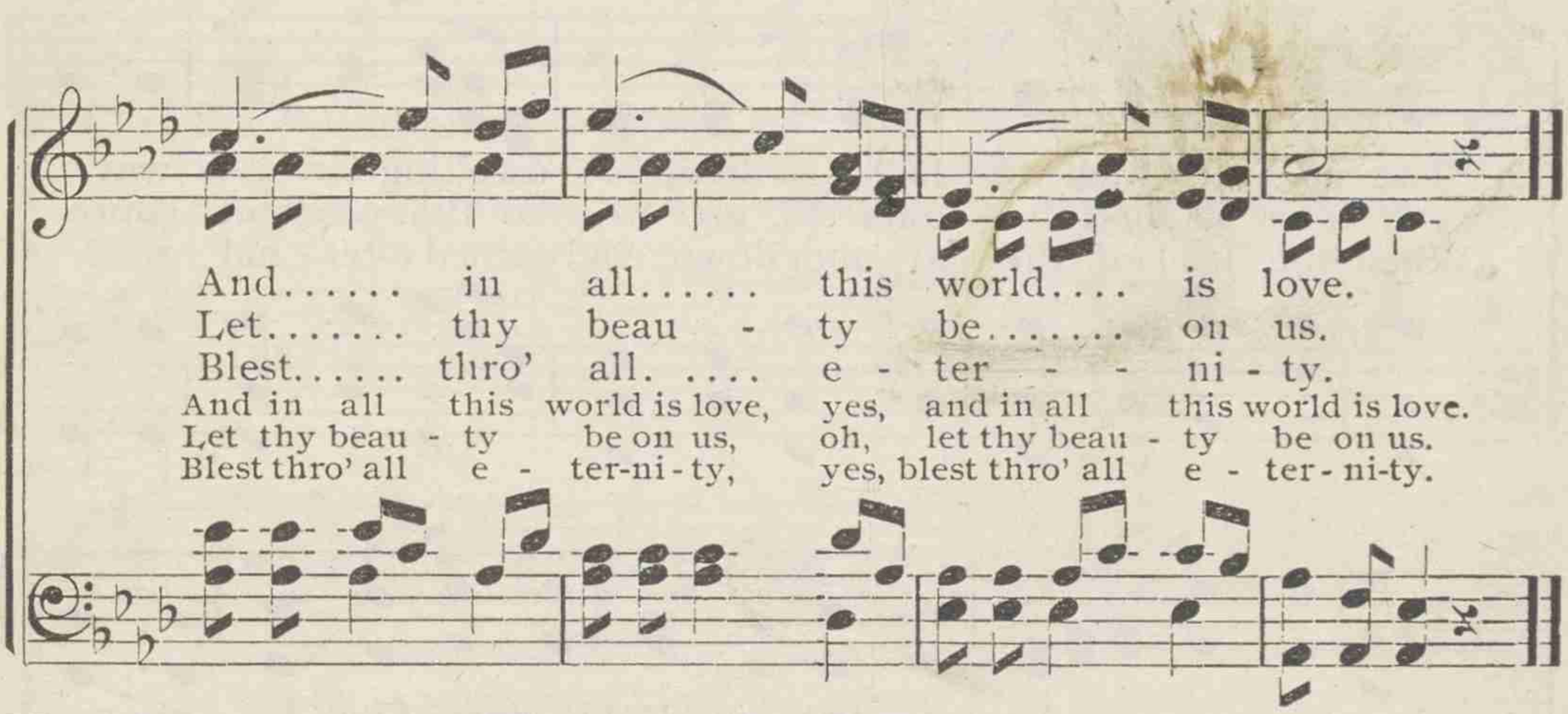
Thy own goodness, and re - veal, all thy own goodness, and re - veal
God of wis - dom, love and might, O God of wis - dom, love and might,
Pure and spot-less, filled with peace, then, pure and spot-less, filled with peace,

What..... our ran - - somed spir - - its feel,
Be..... our strength... and burn - - ing light;
We..... shall rise..... to see..... thy face—

What our ran-somed spir - its feel, oh, what our ran - somed spir- its feel,
Be our strength and burn-ing light, yes, be our strength and burn-ing light;
We shall rise to see thy face, yes, we shall rise to see thy face—
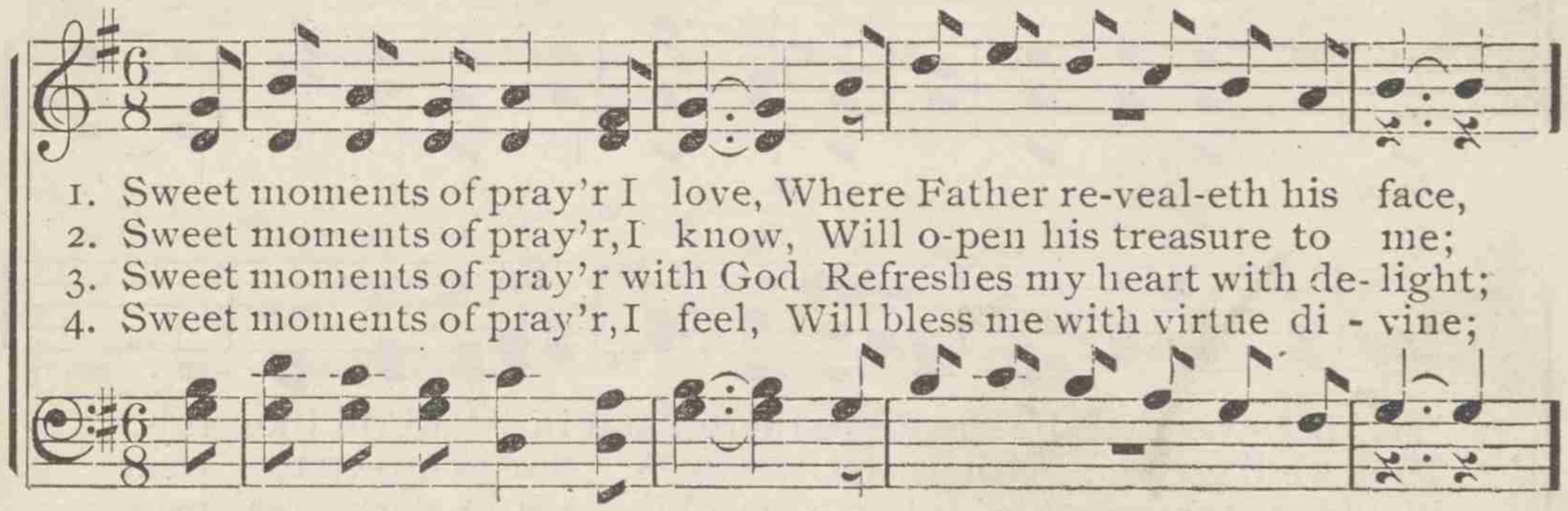
God of Mercy—Concluded.
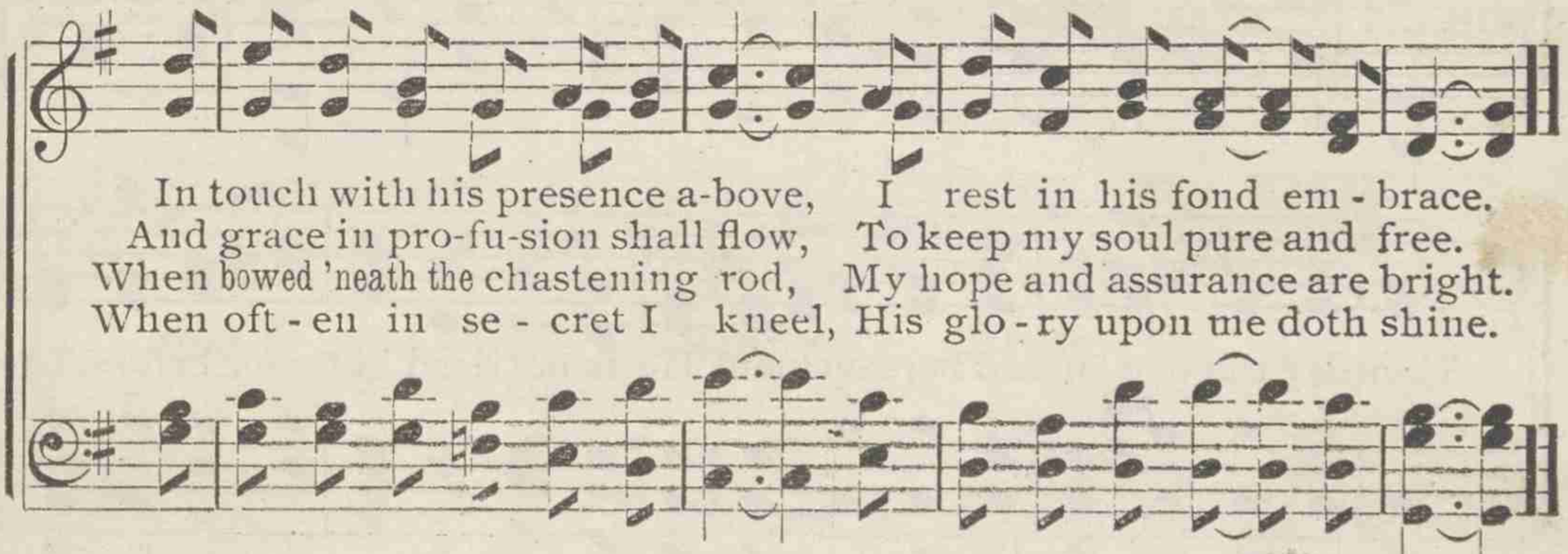




No. 98. Moments of Prayer.

B. E. WARREN. C. E. HUNTER.





No. 99. Why Should We Weep?

W. G. SCHELL. C. E. HUNTER.

1. Why should we weep when we be-hold This emp - ty house of clay?
2. Why should we weep to say fare-well To one who goes be - fore?
3. Why should we weep, my brethren dear, For those who fare the best—

The spir - it which we loved so dear, Is dwelling far a - way.
For soon it shall be ours to go Un - to that peaceful shore.
When one has laid the ar - mor down, And gained e-ter - nal rest?

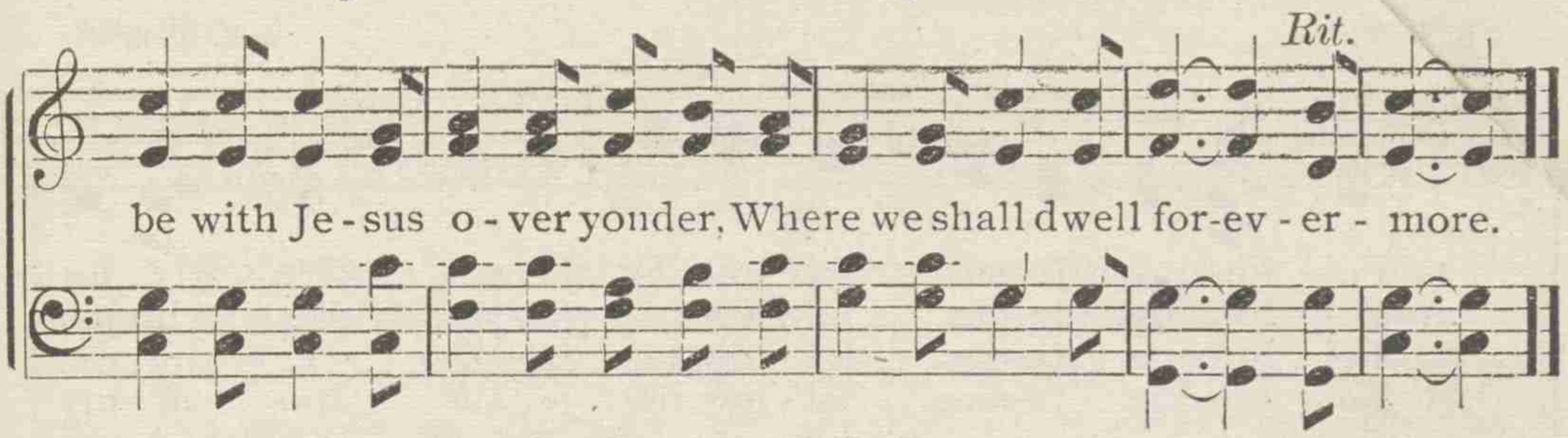
In Par - a - dise he safe - ly roams, 'Mid scenes of ho - ly bliss;
We on - ly have a lit - tle while These earthly griefs to bear,
Why should we mourn departed friends, Like those who have no hope?

'Tis bet - ter that he should be there Than in a world like this.
Then we'll go home with parted friends, A star-ry crown to wear.
We'd bet - ter weep for liv - ing men Who yet in dark-ness grope.

CHORUS.
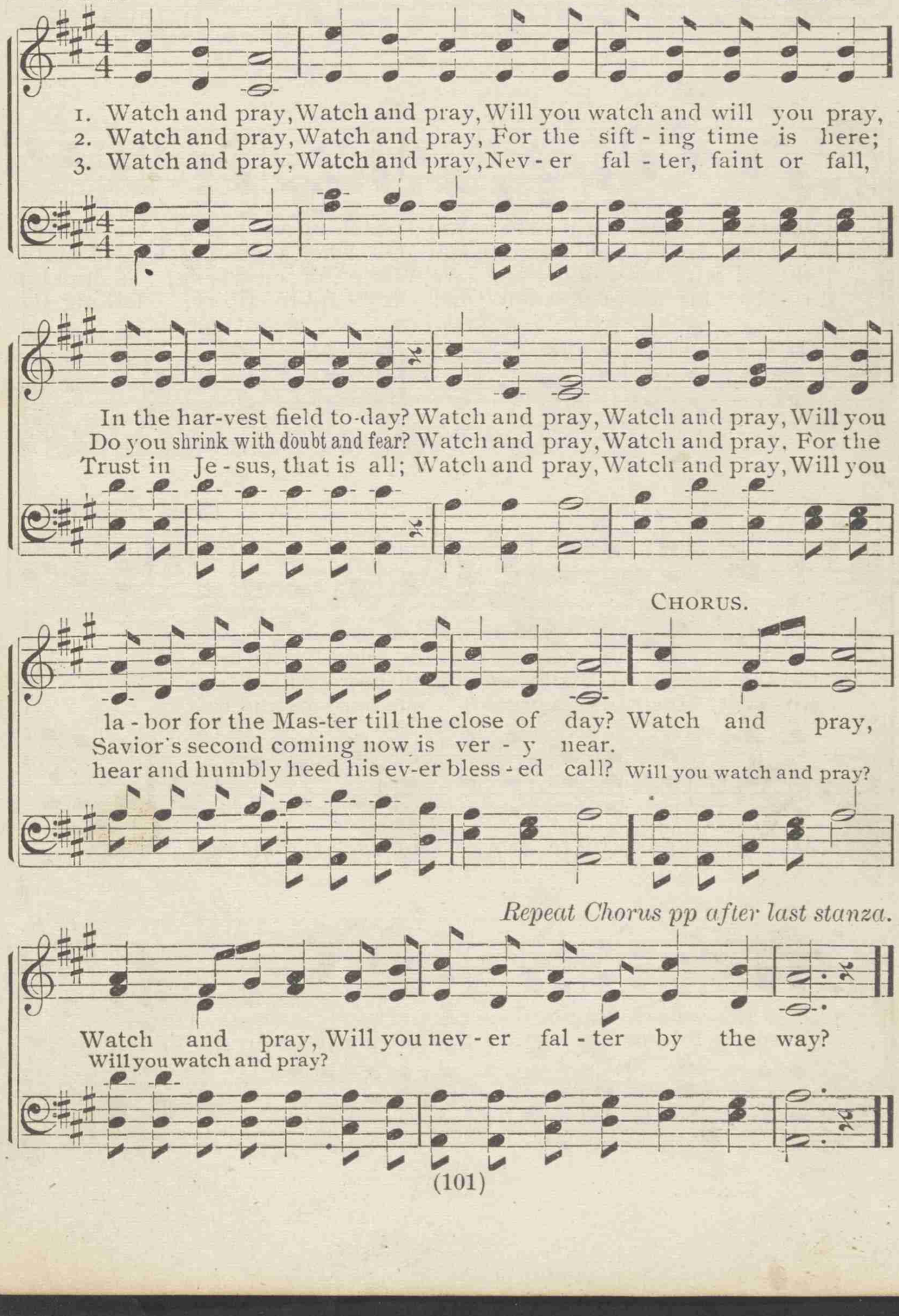
Then dry the tear of sad bereavement, He is not dead, but gone before, To

Why Should We Weep?—Concluded.



No. 100. Watch and Pray.

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



No. 101. Following Jesus.

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

1. Fol - low-ing Je-sus, fol - low-ing Je - sus, Gen - tly he
2. Fol - low-ing Je-sus, fol - low-ing Je - sus, He who has
3. Fol - low-ing Je-sus, fol - low-ing Je - sus, I am de-
4. Fol - low-ing Je-sus, fol - low-ing Je - sus, This is my

guides me in the straight, narrow way; Watching and praying, trusting, o-
suf - fered to re-deem me from sin; Oh, what a blessing, while I'm con-
light - ed with his won-der - ful love; While I'm con-fid-ing, in him I'm
du - ty for his goodness to me; Joy - ful in glo ry, tell-ing the

D. S.—Watching and praying, trust-ing, o-

FINE. CHORUS.

bey-ing, He will re-strain me from go - ing a-stray.
fess-ing, He in his full ness is reign-ing with-in.
hid-ing, Soon I shall meet him in heav - en a - bove.
sto - ry, How in his grace I am hap - py and free.

} Fol-low-ing

bey-ing, He is my help-er in do - ing the right.

D. S.

Je-sus, fol-low-ing Je-sus, Fol-low-ing Je-sus by day and by night;

No. 102. Closer to My Loving Savior.

C. E. ORR. C. E. HUNTER.

1. Fold-ed in the arms of Je-sus, Sweetly there am I at rest;
2. When my way is dark and lone-ly, And the hosts of sin draw near,
3. When the storms are raging round me, And the winds are blowing wild,
4 Lean-ing on the arm of Je-sus, I will bold-ly face life's storm;

Heav'nly glo-ry, oh, so precious, Since my soul is ful-ly blest.
Let me feel thy arms a-round me, Thus my trust-ing soul to cheer.
Fold me clos-er to thy bos-om, Whis-per to thy trusting child.
With my faith and hope in heav-en, Noth-ing can my soul a-larm.

CHORUS.

Clos-er to my lov-ing Sav-ior, Clos-er, clos-er I would be;

Rit.

Throw thy arms of love around me, Fold me clos-er, still, to thee.

No. 103. In the Holy Land.
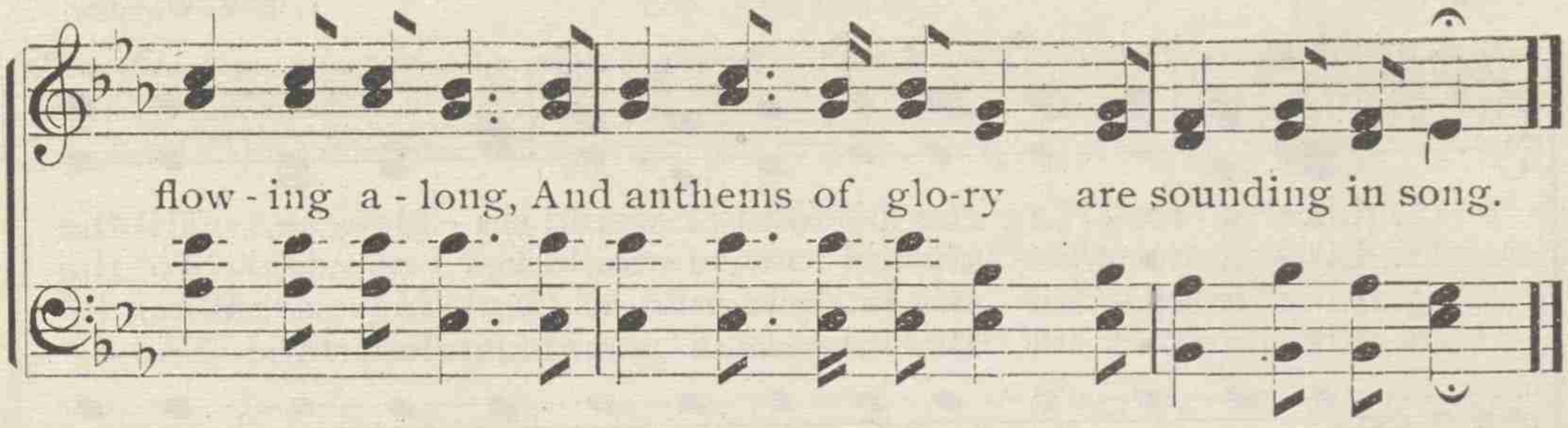
D. S. WARNER. C. E. HUNTER.

1. Far down o'er the a - ges a prom-ise di-vine De-scend-ed to us in the ful - ness of time, A seed should ap - pear as the stars of the heav'n, And they should in-her-it a land to be giv'n.
2. From E - gypt we start - ed, resolved to be free, And God cast our foes all be - hind in the sea; Then straight thro' the wil - der - ness on - ward we moved, No halt, we de-ter-mined, till Canaan we proved.
3. The wide sev-ered wa - ters of Jor - dan we past, Our lot in the land of all blessings we've cast; The "ites" are destroyed, and the land is our own, One King, our Re-deem-er, we wor - ship a - lone.
4. This land is sal - va-tion, and ho - li - ness pure, We find it in Je - sus, our ti - tle is sure; O sweet land of Beu - lah, thy glo - ry di-vine For - ev - er and ev - er un-cloud-ed shall shine.

CHORUS.
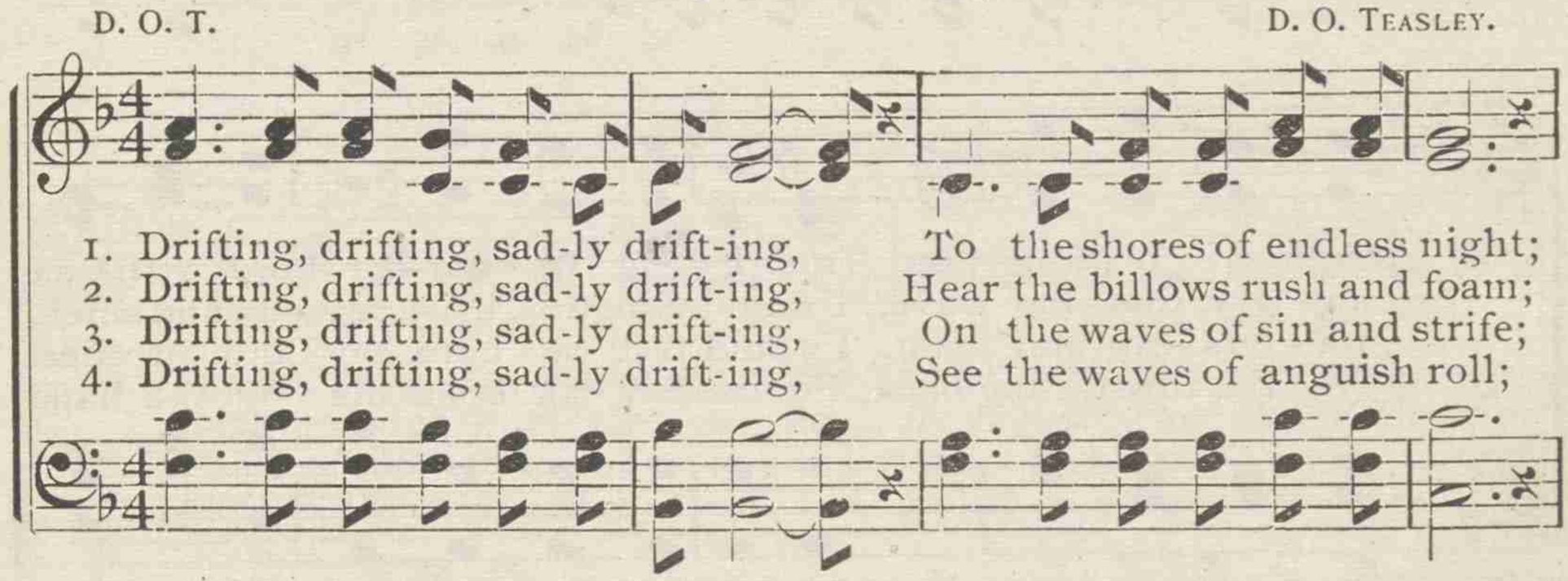
Oh, we are the seed so hap - py and blest, That dwell in the land of Ca - naan's ho - ly rest; Here streams of pure love are

In the Holy Land—Concluded.



No. 104. Sadly Drifting.

D. O. T. D. O. TEASLEY.



No. 105. Like a Rock in the Billows.

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

1. Like a rock in the bil-lows I would sta - ble be, Till the
2. Like a rock in the bil-lows, I would nev - er yield To the
3. Like a rock in the bil-lows of a boil - ing sea, When its
4. Like a rock in the bil-lows I would fear- less stand And de -

storm is o - ver - past; Then I long to har-bor, Lord, with thee,
an - gry toss - ing wave; I would cling to Christ, my sun and shield,
wa - ters leap and foam, I would rest se - cure, my Lord, in thee,
fy the threat'ning blast; For the Sav - ior holds me by the hand,

CHORUS.

In my heav'nly home at last.
For his pow'r a - lone can save.
Till the trumpet calls me home.
Till the rag - ing storm is past.

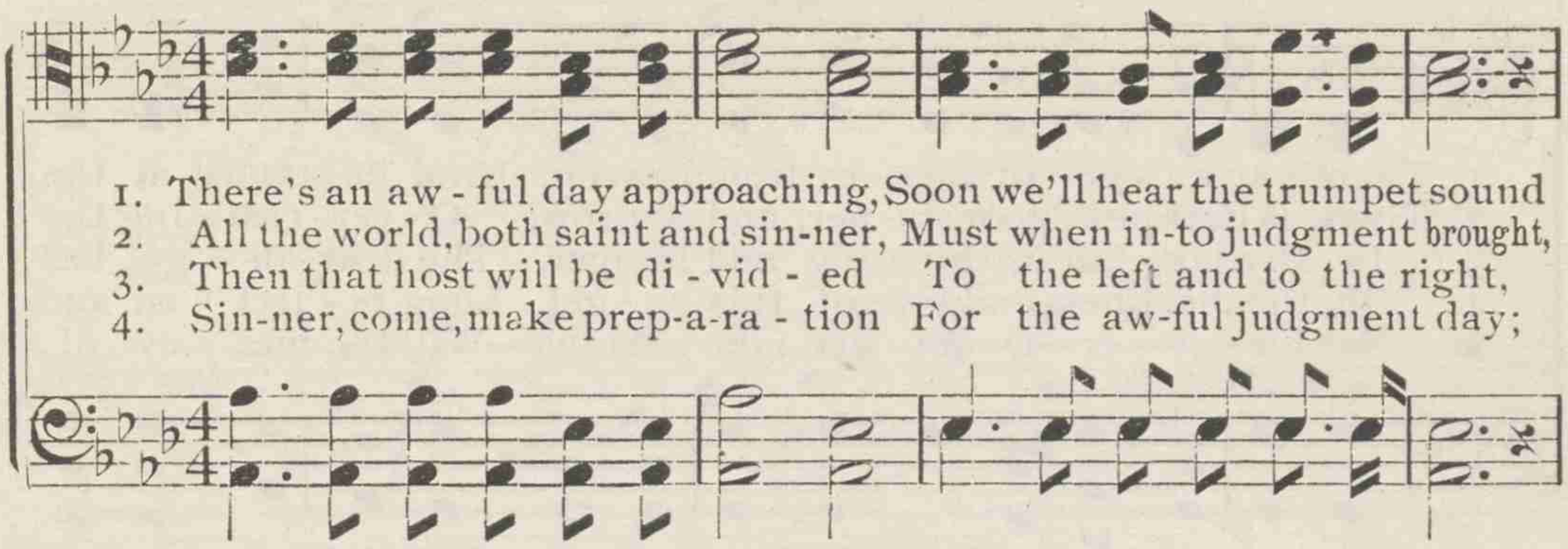
If I trust in Je - sus and o -

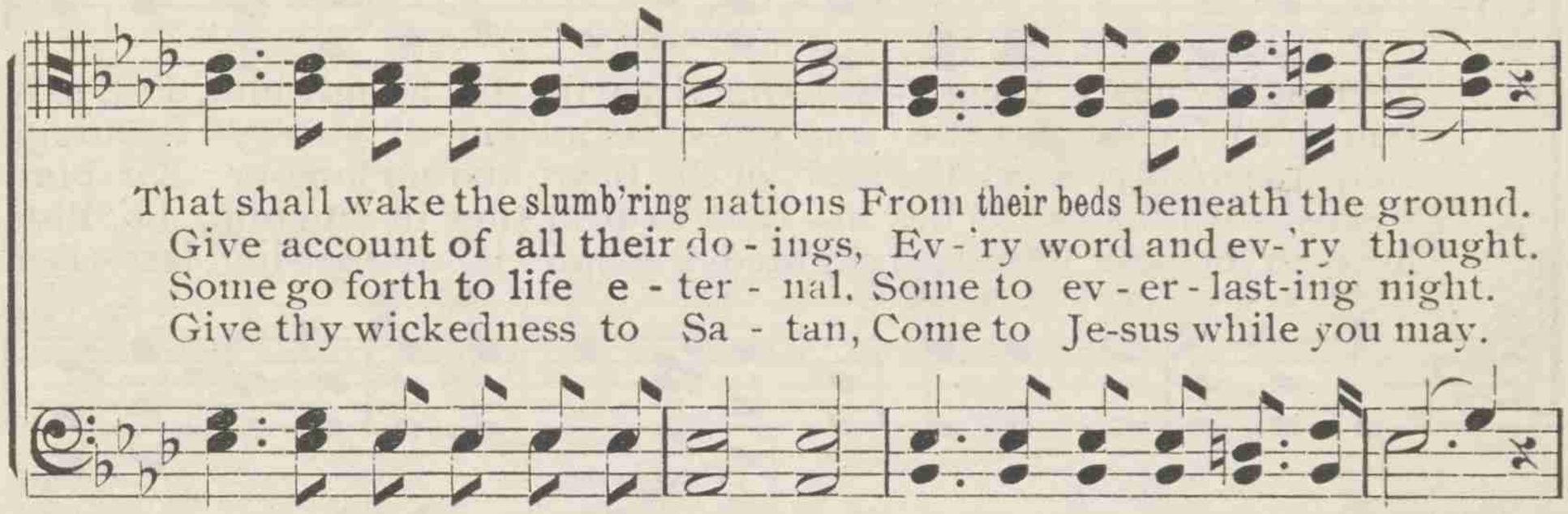
bey his Word, If I lean up - on his breast, If I keep low

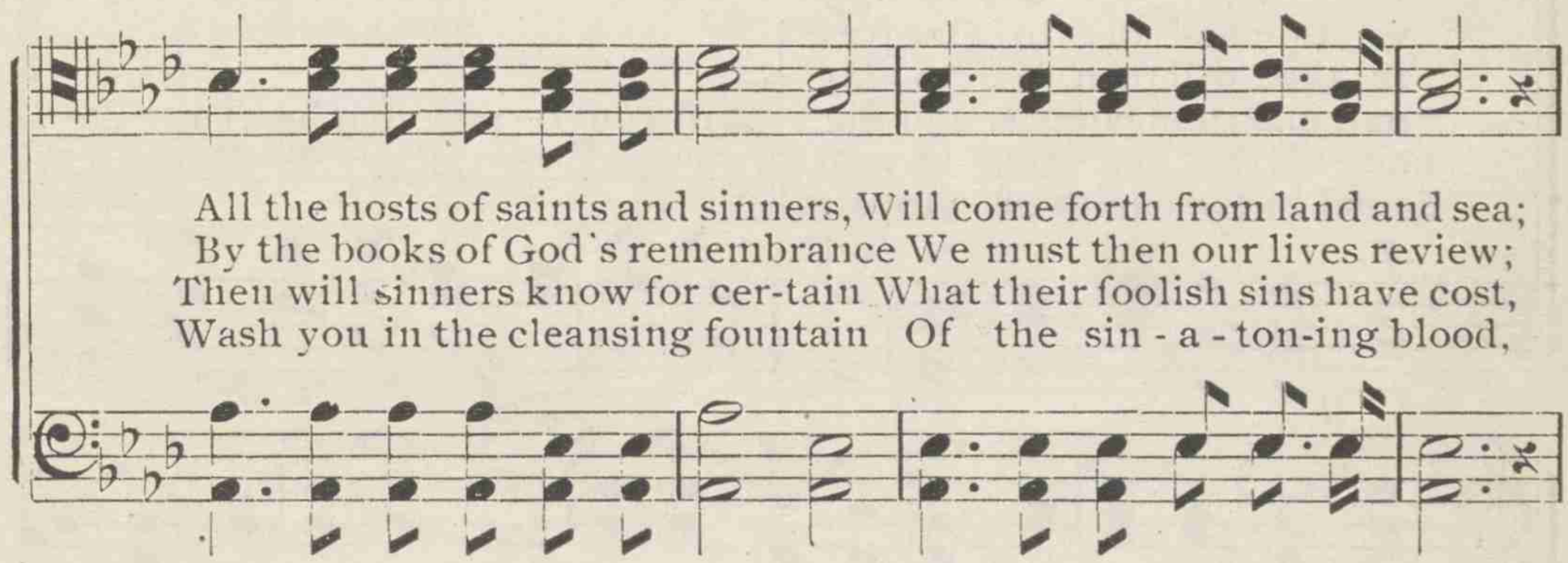
down at his feet, I know He will give me peace and rest.

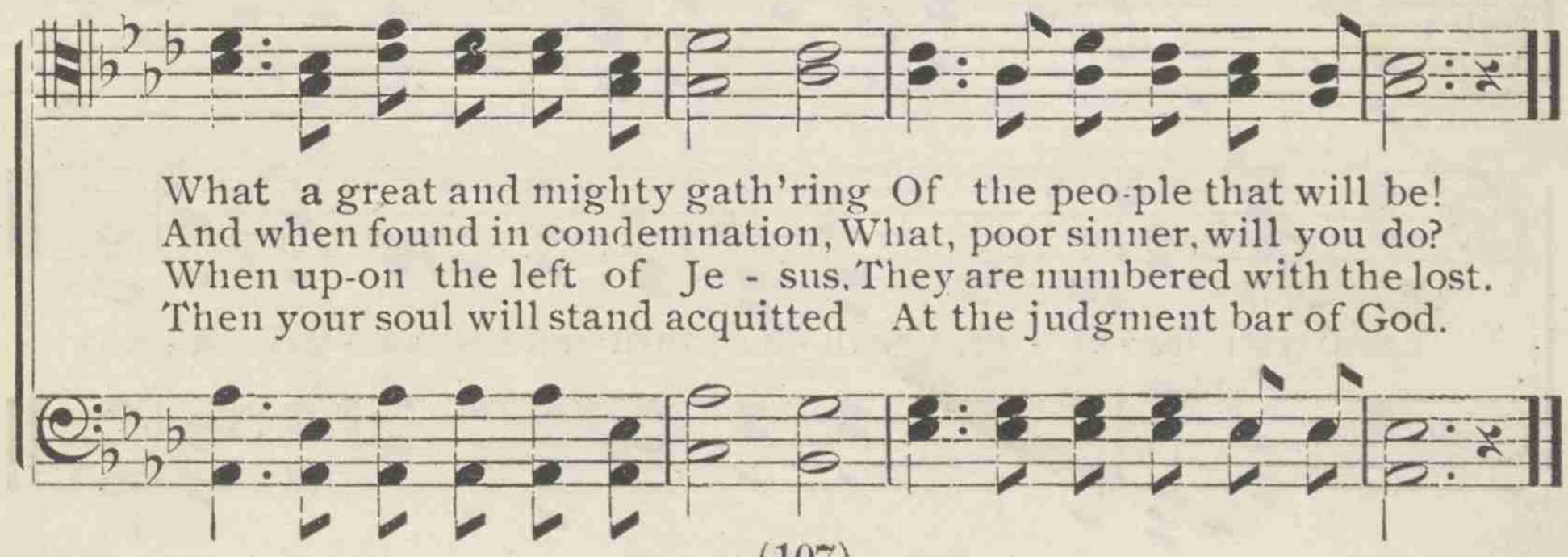
No. 106. The Judgment Day.

W. G. SCHELL. (For Male Voices.) C. E. HUNTER.









No. 107. The Angel of Mercy.

D. S. WARNER. A. L. BYERS.

1. There's an an - gel of mer - cy from heaven, And he stands at the door of thy heart; Long a - wait - ing thy will to ad-mit him, Full sal-
2. There is darkness, poor sin - ner, and sor-row, O - ver - cast - ing thy tem - ple of clay; Lo, the an - gel, sweet an - gel of glo - ry Shining
3. In thy bos - om is thirst-ing and hunger, The dear an - gel has come to sup-ply; Break the seal of thy heart, and no long-er Bar him
4. Oh, the meekness and love of this an - gel, Long re - ject - ed and treated with shame; As he lis - tens to hear thee in-vite him, Lo, his
5. Not for - ev - er—O sin - ner, take warning—Will the mer - cy of heav-en for-bear; Grieved and slighted, the Spir - it, de-part-ing, Leaves thee

CHORUS.

va - tion and love to im-part.
in thee, will turn it to day.
out, and thou famish and die.
name is but spo - ken in vain.
bound in the chains of despair.

Will you o - pen your heart to the Sav-ior? He will en - ter and bless you to - day; He will save you and keep you for - ev - er, Sin - ner, turn not this an - gel a - way.

No. 108. The Glorious Invitation.

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

1. Heed the glo-rious in - vi - ta - tion, come,..... Oh,
2. Hear the glo-rious in - vi - ta - tion, come,..... Oh,
3. Sound the glo-rious in - vi - ta - tion, come,..... Oh,

Oh, will you come?

come,..... oh, come;..... Now's the day of full sal-
come,..... oh, come;..... Let it sound in all cre-
come,..... oh, come;..... Oh, re-ceive it, ev-'ry

oh, will you come? oh, will you come?

va-tion, come,..... Oh, come,..... oh, come.....
a - tion, come,..... Oh, come,..... oh, come.....
na-tion, come,..... Oh, come,..... oh, come.....

Oh, will you come? oh, will you come? oh, will you come?

Will you come without de - lay? He will save your soul to - day,
Come and join that hap - py band, For the truth and right to stand,
Will you start the prize to win? He will save your soul from sin,

'Tis the on - ly Bi - ble way, Sinner, come, oh, will you come?
Journey with us to that land, Sinner, come, oh, will you come?
Come to-day and en - ter in, Sinner, come, oh, will you come?

No. 109. The Harvest is Past.

W. J. HENRY. (Jer. 8: 20.) B. E. WARREN.

1. The har-vest is past and the sum-mer is end - ed, A -
2. The har-vest is past and the sum-mer is end - ed, The
3. The har-vest is past and the sum-mer is end - ed, Re-
4. The har-vest is past and the sum-mer is end - ed, A -

las, precious soul, this may be thy sad cry; The Spir - it is
last call of mer - cy for - ev - er is gone; And down to the
fus - ing en - treat - ies, still hard-er I've grown; Sal - va - tion I've
wak - en, dear soul, ere it be thy sad moan; The Sav - ior is

gone, I've so oft - en of - fend - ed, And now with the lost
re - gions of dark-ness e - ter - nal, In an - guish I take
slight - ed, and now, un - for - giv - en, I reap for my soul
will - ing and wait - ing to save you, Oh, come, ere his Spir-

CHORUS.

I must per - ish and die.
my sad jour - ney a - lone.
of the seed I have sown.
it for - ev - er has flown.

} The har - vest is past, And

Rit.

I am not saved; How fearful the cost, For a soul to be lost!

No. 110. The Plucked Rose-bud.

B. E. WARREN. C. E. HUNTER.

1. A precious rose-bud, plucked from earth, Has gone to bloom in yon - der sky; To us no one can tell its worth, Oh,
2. 'Twas planted here by him whose love Would draw our hearts to yon - der shore; 'Twas tak - en to the courts a - bove, Where
3. Bright hope we cherish in our heart, Of meet- ing loved ones gone be - fore; We wait with ea - ger - ness to start, When

let us meet it by and by! A les - son God would have us learn, His bless - ed prov - i - dence we own; By
joys a - bound for - ev - er - more. In yon - der flo - ral clime so fair, Its fragrance ev - er shall in - crease; No
this short life on earth is o'er. Then let us say, "Thy will be done," And meek - ly bear this tri - al great; O

this he bids us here be firm, And meet the child around his throne.
hand can pluck it o - ver there, Its an - gel voice shall nev-er cease.
Sav - ior, leave us not a - lone, For help and grace on thee we wait.

No. 111. Patiently Waiting.

W. G. SCHELL.

Chorus and Music by
B. E. WARREN.

1. Long have they wait-ed in the dark hea-then lands For the
2. Long have they wait-ed for the pure liv-ing word, Since the
3. Pa-tient-ly wait-ing for the heav-en-ly light, Pre-cious
4. Long have they wait-ed, near-ly two thou-sand years, Still we

pure liv-ing wa-ter from the dear Savior's hands; Still they are wait-
gos-pel of heav-en was proclaimed by the Lord; "Teach ev-'ry na-
souls still are sleeping in a dark sin-ful night; Pit-y them, broth-
leave them in darkness and in dread sin-ful fears; Where is the work-

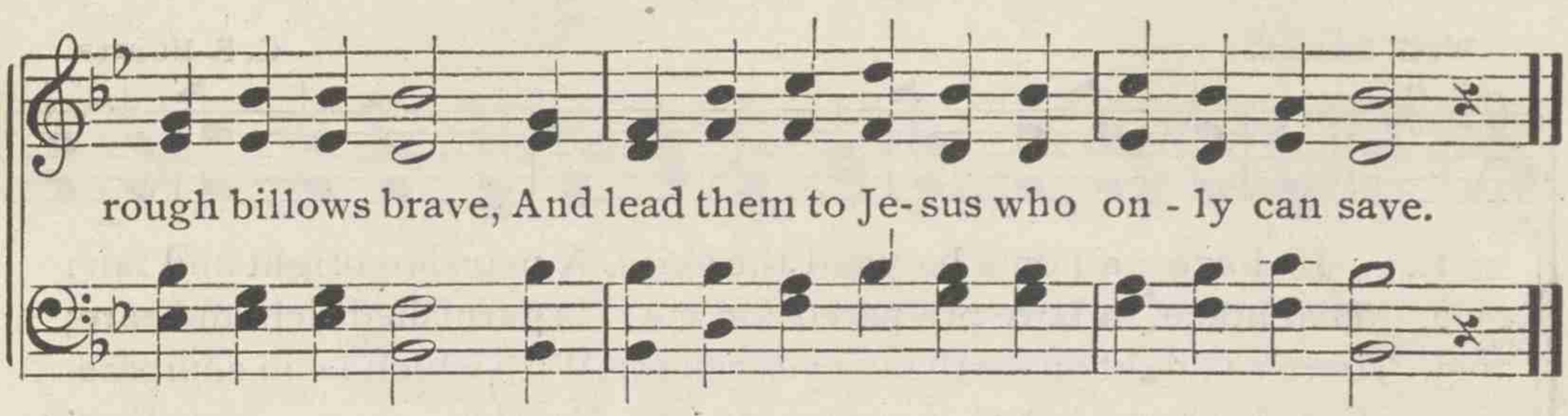
ing for the gos-pel to come, Let us has-ten to tell them of our
tion," was the hast-y command, Yet we have not enlightened ev-'ry
er, oh, how great is their need! They have no one to teach them, and no
er who will leave friends and home, To de-liv-er poor heathens from the

CHORUS.

heav-en-ly home.
dark hea-then land.
Bi-ble to read.
wrath that's to come.
} Hark! hear them call-ing from ev-'ry dark land,

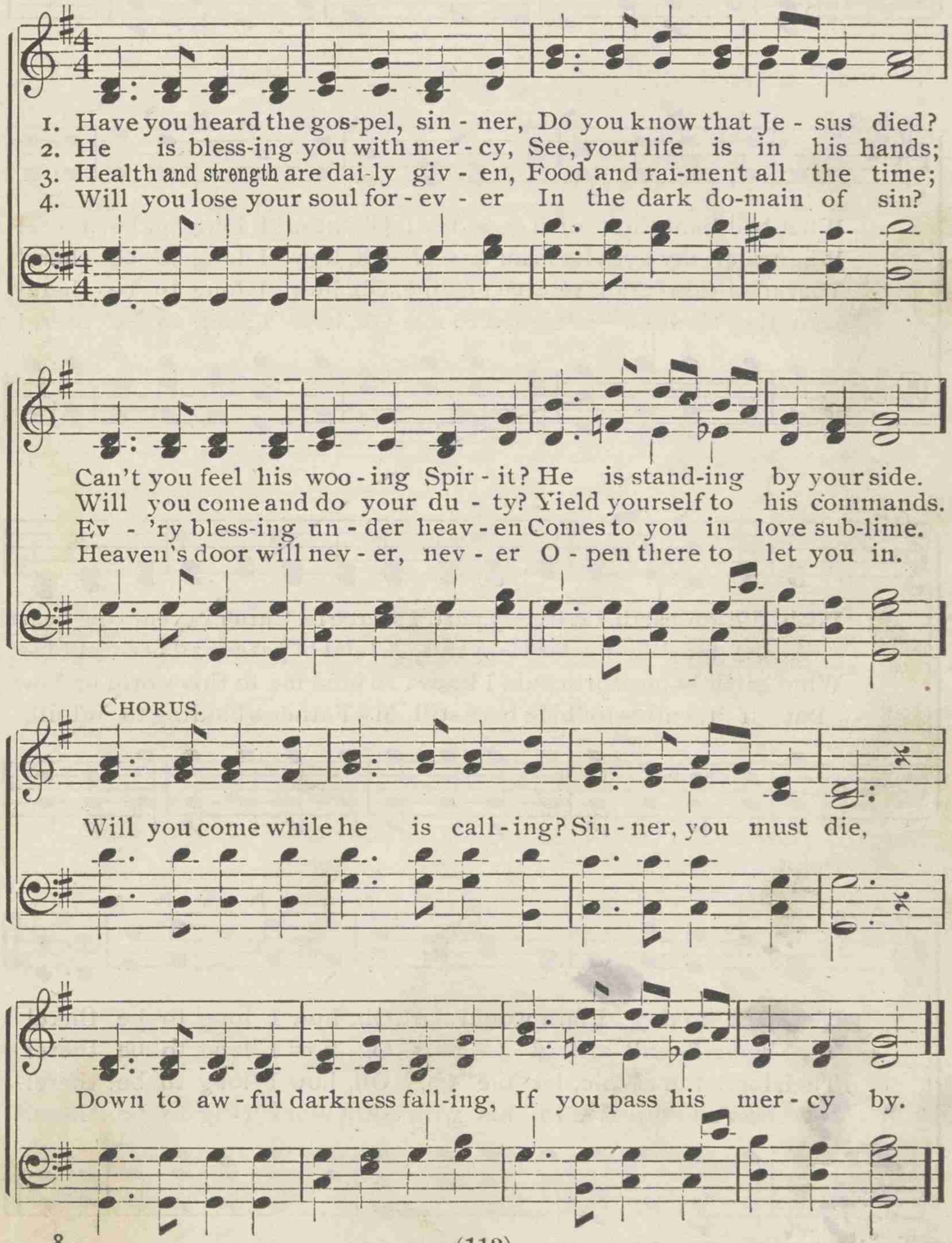
Who will o-bey the dear Savior's command? Go with the gospel, the

Patiently Waiting—Concluded.



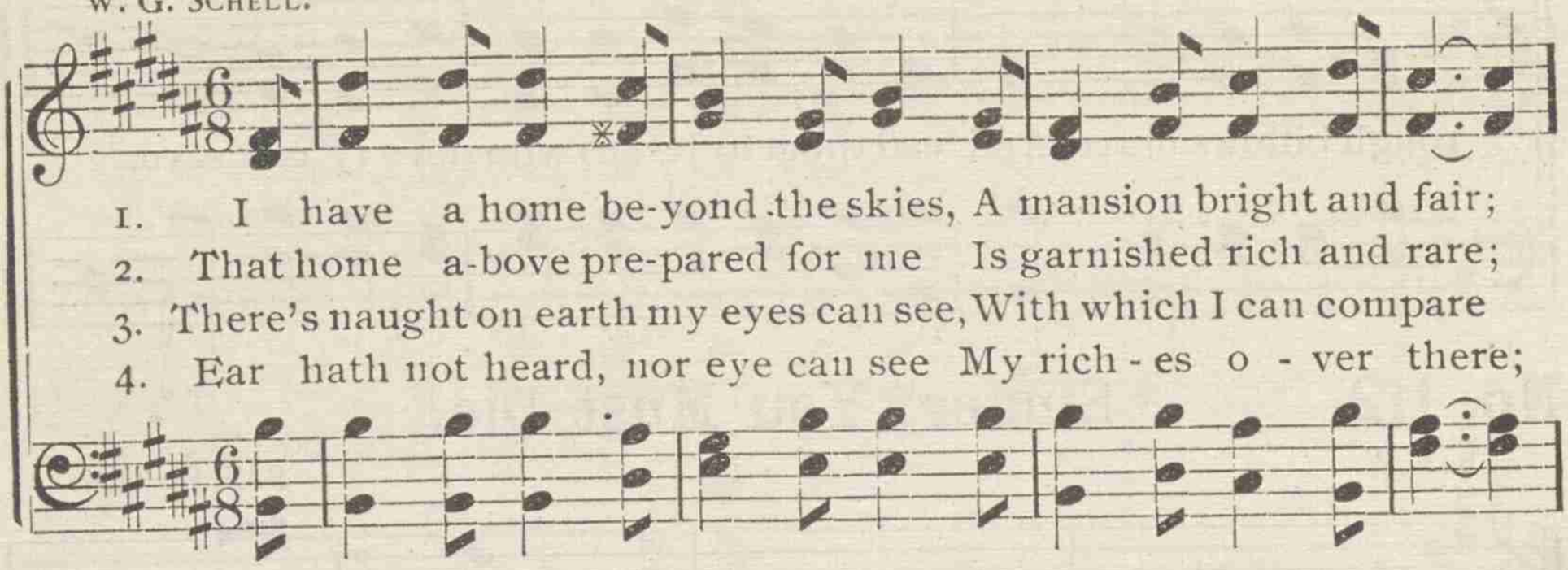
No. 112. Sinner, You Must Die.

B. E. W. B. E. Warren.

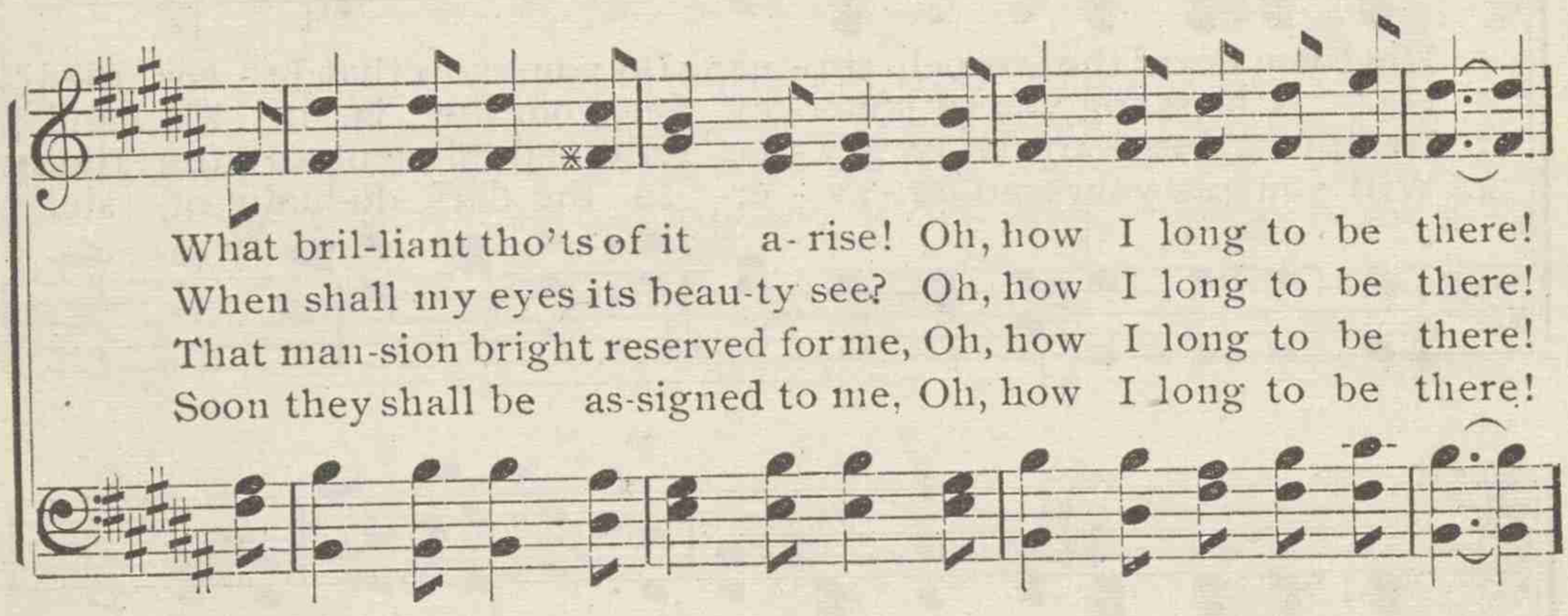


No. 113. I Long to be There.

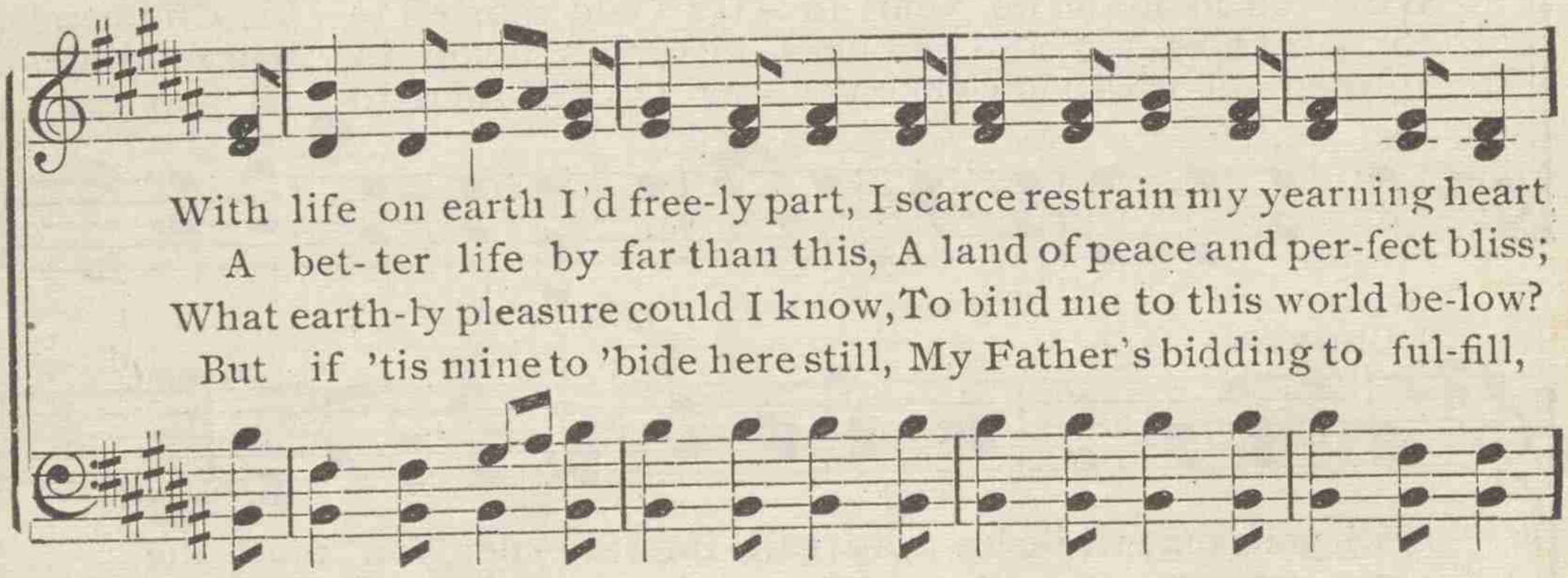
W. G. SCHELL. C. E. HUNTER.



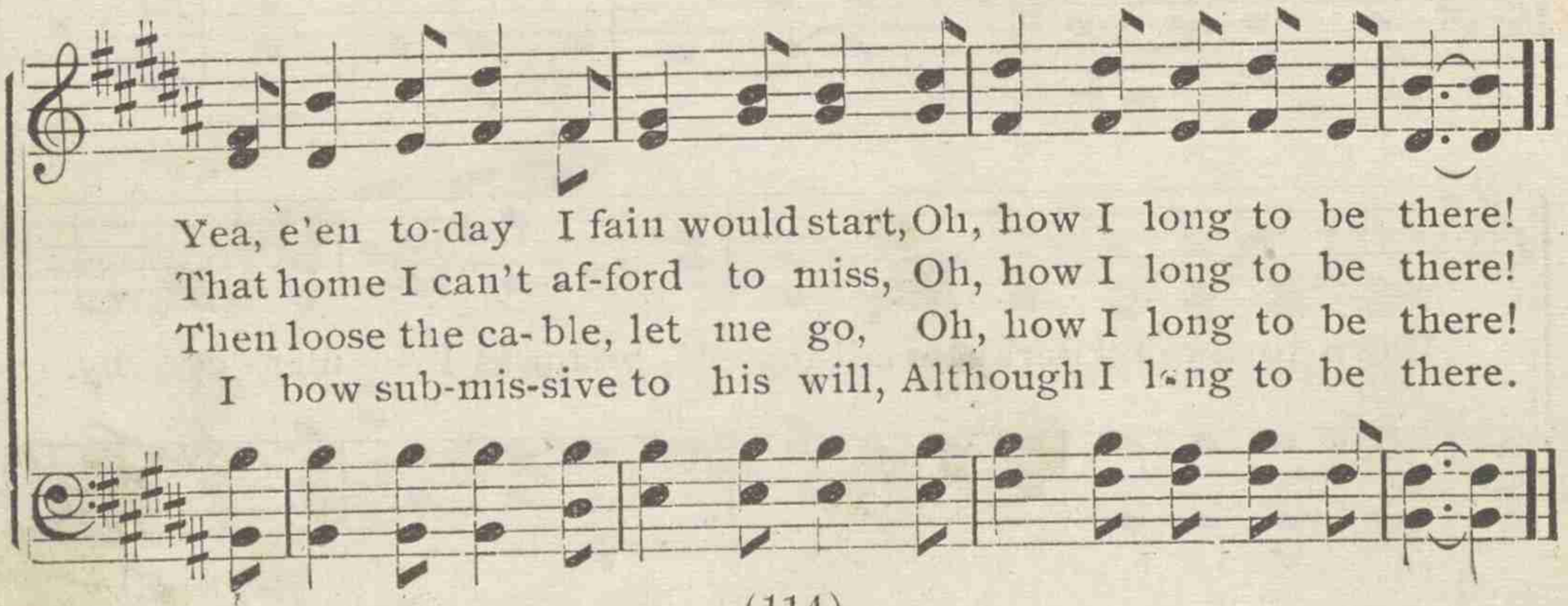
1. I have a home be-yond the skies, A mansion bright and fair;
2. That home a-bove pre-pared for me Is garnished rich and rare;
3. There's naught on earth my eyes can see, With which I can compare
4. Ear hath not heard, nor eye can see My rich - es o - ver there;



What bril-liant tho'ts of it a- rise! Oh, how I long to be there!
When shall my eyes its beau-ty see? Oh, how I long to be there!
That man-sion bright reserved for me, Oh, how I long to be there!
Soon they shall be as-signed to me, Oh, how I long to be there!
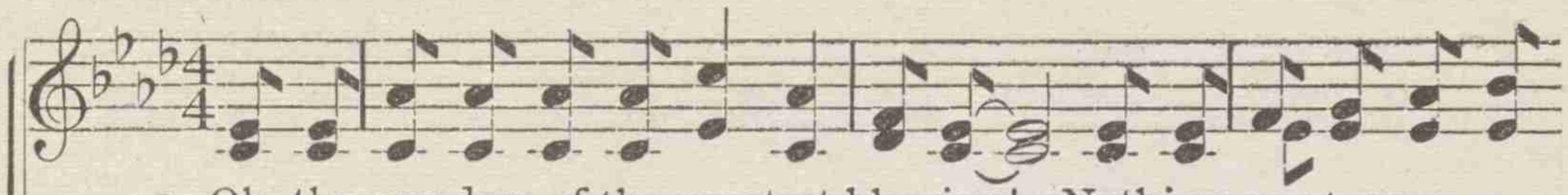


With life on earth I'd free-ly part, I scarce restrain my yearning heart
A bet- ter life by far than this, A land of peace and per-fect bliss;
What earth-ly pleasure could I know, To bind me to this world be-low?
But if 'tis mine to 'bide here still, My Father's bidding to ful-fill,
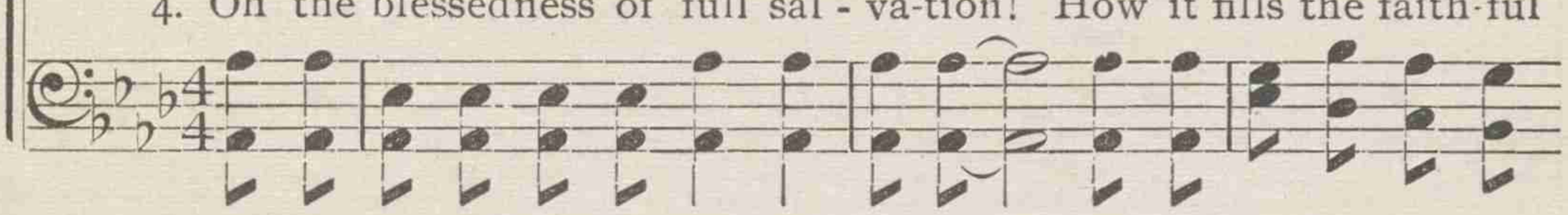


Yea, e'en to-day I fain would start, Oh, how I long to be there!
That home I can't af-ford to miss, Oh, how I long to be there!
Then loose the ca- ble, let me go, Oh, how I long to be there!
I bow sub-mis-sive to his will, Although I long to be there.

No. 114. The Blessedness of Salvation.
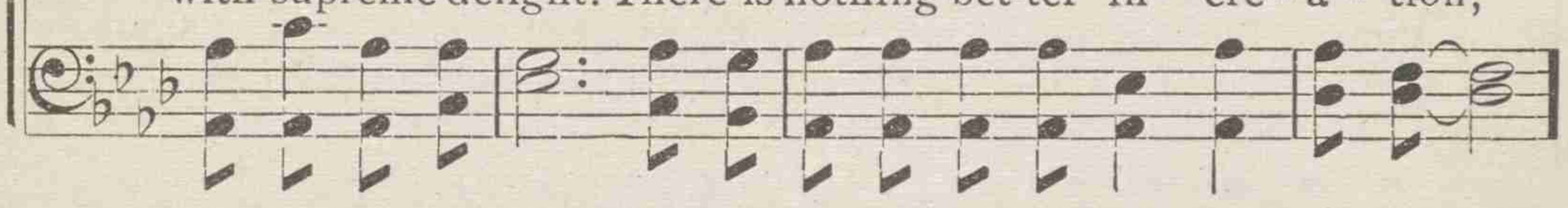
B. E. W. B. E. WARREN.



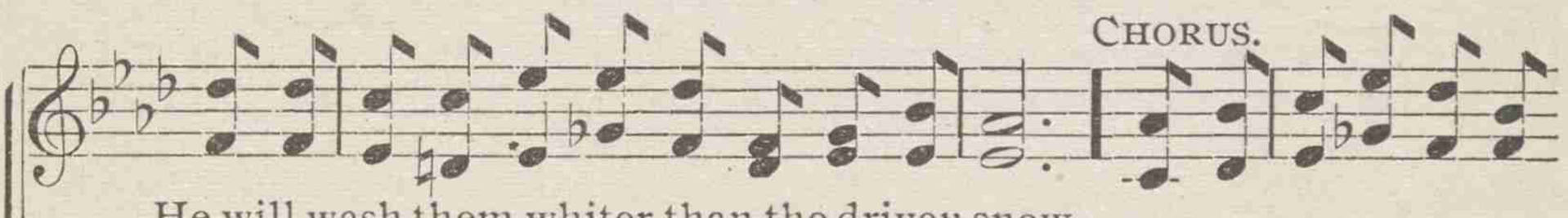
1. Oh, the wonders of the greatest blessing! Nothing greater can we
2. Oh the blessedness of God's sal - va-tion! How ex-haustless is its
3. Oh the blessedness of full sal - va-tion! Richest pearls for poorest
4. Oh the blessedness of full sal - va-tion! How it fills the faith-ful
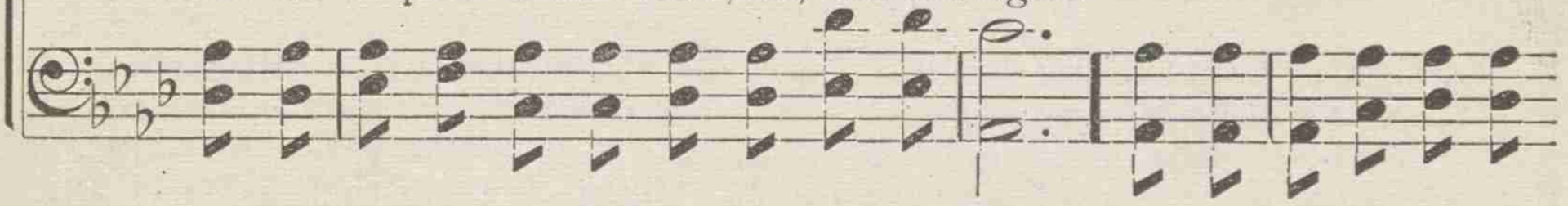


ev - er hope to know, When to Je-sus all your sins con-fess - ing
fount of liv-ing grace! How its priceless rich-es in ro - ta - tion
creatures here to wear; Oh the sweetness of such con-so - la - tion!
with supreme delight! There is nothing bet-ter in cre - a - tion;
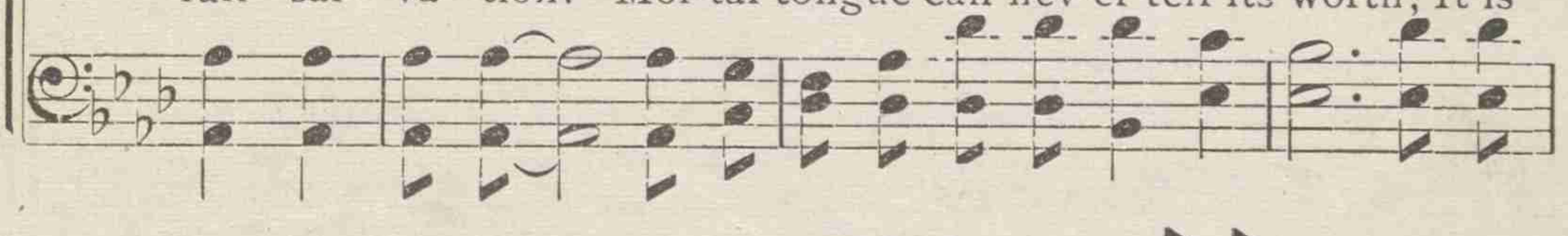


CHORUS.



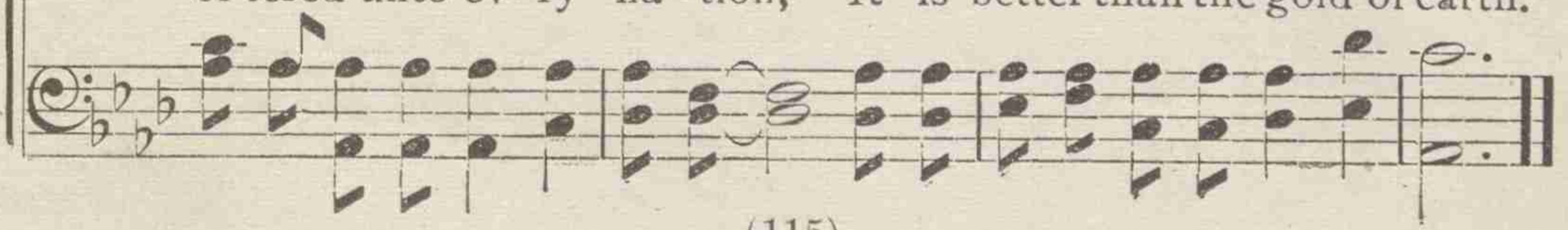
He will wash them whiter than the driven snow.
Are un-fold-ing worlds of bliss before my face.
It is more than earthly language can de - clare.
Heav-en o - pens to our view, oh, blessed sight!
} Oh, the blessedness of



full sal - va - tion! Mor-tal tongue can nev-er tell its worth; It is



of-fered unto ev-'ry na - tion, It is better than the gold of earth.



No. 115. Saints' Reward.

W. G. SCHELL. C. E. HUNTER.

1. Life on earth is but a va - por, Soon we'll lay these bodies down;
2. We shall not a - bide for- ev - er In this gloomy vale of tears;
3. I would not give up my ti - tle To that fu-ture world of bliss,
4. Let us then be up and do - ing, We have but a few more days,

But if we con-tin - ue faith - ful We shall wear the vic - tor's crown.
For our life shall at the long - est On - ly last a few short years.
For the shining gold and sil - ver Of a thousand worlds like this.
Priceless souls of men to res-cue From their dark and sin - ful ways.

Brighter than the stars of heav - en, Brighter than the dazzling sun,
Then we'll fly a - way to glo - ry, At our Father's own right hand;
I would rather bear af - flic - tion, Be a hat - ed pil - grim here,
Courage, brother, work and suf - fer, Till this fleeting life is past;

We shall shine among the ransomed, When our work on earth is done.
Help to sing redemption's sto - ry With the blood washed an-gel band.
Miss the di - a - dems ter-res-trial, And ob-tain a crown up there.
God will rec-om-pense our la - bors With a great re - ward at last.

No. 116. My Blessed Happy Home.

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

DUET. *Slow and soft.*

1. In that hap - py home in glo - ry I would dwell e-ter - nal - ly;
2. Bless-ed home, for thee I'm wait-ing, Ev - er read - y to de-part;
3. Sweetest home, with Je-sus reign-ing, When this mortal life is o'er;
4. End-less home, I long to see thee, Here I look with ea-ger eye,

Keep its ban - ner float-ing o'er me, Till I rise to rest with thee.
And the tho't is so trans-porting Since God's love has won my heart.
All our promised priz - es claim-ing When we reach yon blissful shore.
Till thy lasting splendors greet me, Where we'll nev-er say good-bye.

ff CHORUS.

Hap - py home, my bless - ed hap - py home, Hap - py
Home, hap - py home,

home, my bless - ed hap - py home; Oh, the
Home, hap - py home;

joys that are a - wait - ing In my bless - ed hap - py home.

No. 117. Faith.

(Mark 11: 22.)

D. S. WARNER. B. E. WARREN.

1. If thou wilt know the fountain deep, Of sweet un - broken rest,
2. The gift of faith no lim - it knows, Save God's unbounded word;
3. Stay not in fee - ble un - be-lief, When God commands be strong;
4. I can do all in Je - sus' name, Thus sings the faith of God;

The rest of faith thy soul shall keep, He that believes is ev - er blest.
It triumphs o'er its gi - ant foes, And glo - ri - fies the blessed Lord.
Be strong in him, the word believe, And shout the o-ver-comer's song.
It sings, and hills of troub-le flee, It rides triumphant on the flood.

CHORUS.

Put on thy strength, O Zi-on, rise, And fix thy trust a-bove the skies;

Move out on faith's almighty plane, Thro' him that loved us dare to reign.

No. 118. Abiding in Jesus.

B. E. WARREN. D. O. TEASLEY.

1. I'm a - bid-ing in Je - sus, what a bless-ed place! I am sure he
2. I'm a - bid-ing in Je - sus, what a cheering thought! Earth-ly joys grow
3. I'm a - bid-ing in Je - sus ev-'ry-where I go, In his sweet em-
4. I'm a - bid-ing in Je - sus, oh, his rest is sweet! And his grace will

kind-ly cares for me; He will nev-er for-sake me if I trust his grace,
dim and pass a - way; I am hap-py in knowing that his grace has brought
brace I'm safe from harm; Of his Spir-it in fullness we may surely know,
foil the tempter's pow'r; Life e-ter-nal with gladness in my soul complete,

CHORUS.

In his cleansing blood I now am free. I'm a - bid - - ing in the
Pleasures rich that never will decay.
I'm a - bid-ing in the Savior's love.
Is a source of bliss to me each hour. I'm a - bid-ing, I'm a-bid - ing

Sav-ior's love, He kind - - ly cares for me; I'm a -
He kindly cares for me, He kindly cares for me; I'm a -

bid - - ing in the Savior's love, In him my soul is free.
bid-ing, I'm a-bid - ing

No. 119. Happy in the Savior.

B. E. W. B. E. Warren.

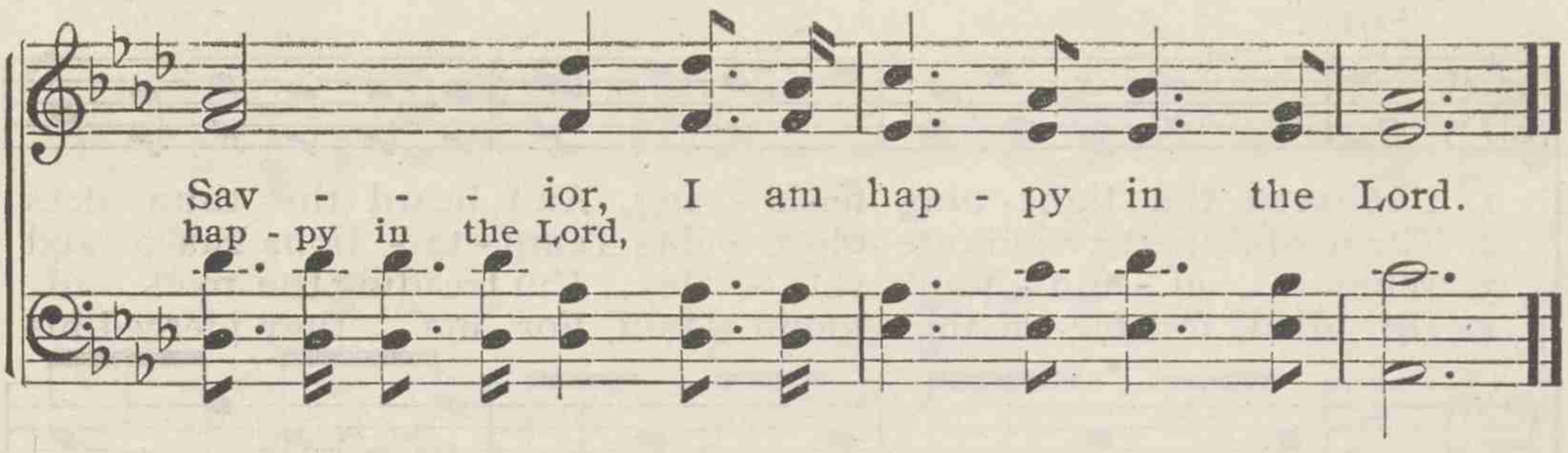
1. I am hap-py in the Lord for the love he showed to me, And I'm rest-ing on his precious prom-ise, Con-fid-ing in his Word, he will keep me pure and free, And for-ev - er in his grace vic - to - rious.
2. I am hap-py in the Lord since my sins are washed away, I've his peace within my heart a - bid - ing; He sanc-ti - fied my soul and the Bless- er came to stay, In the bos - om of his love I'm hid - ing.
3. I am hap-py in the Lord, for he gives me life and breath, And he sweetens all my days with pleasure; He's all I need on earth, he's my vic - t'ry o - ver death, He's the se - cret of that hid - den treas - ure.
4. I am hap-py in the Lord for the place prepared for me, Oh, how sweet the blessed con-so - la - tion! And tho' I fall a - sleep I shall wake e - ter - nal - ly In his likeness with his great sal - va - tion.

CHORUS.

Hap - - - - py in the Sav - - - ior, Hap - - - - py in the Sav - - - ior, Hap - - - - py in the Sav - - - ior, Hap - - - - py in the Sav - - - ior,

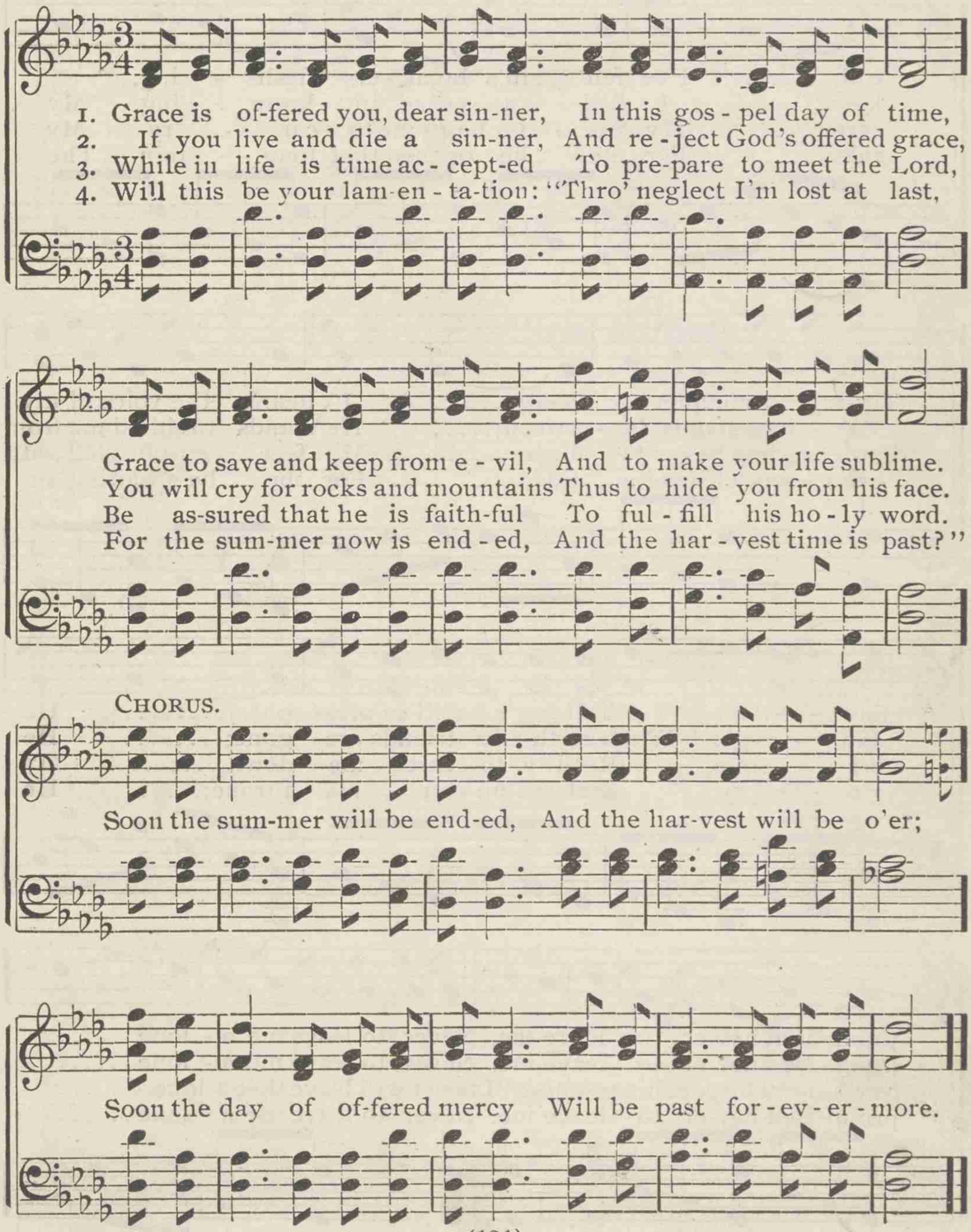
Hap - py in the Sav - ior, I am hap - py in the Lord, Hap - py in the Sav - ior, I am hap - py in the Lord,

Happy in the Savior—Concluded.



No. 120. Soon the Summer Will be Ended.

LORENZO COOK. B. E. WARREN.



No. 121. Never Alone.

Anon. Arr. by B. E. W.

SOLO.

1. I've seen the light - ning flash - ing, And heard the thun - ders roll;..... I've felt sin's break - ers dash - ing,
2. The world's fierce winds are blow - ing Temp - ta - tions sharp and keen;..... I feel a peace in know - ing My
3. When in af - flic - tion's val - ley, I'm treading the road of care,..... My Sav - ior helps me to car - ry My
4. He died for me on the moun - tain, For me they pierced his side;..... For me he opened that foun - tain, The
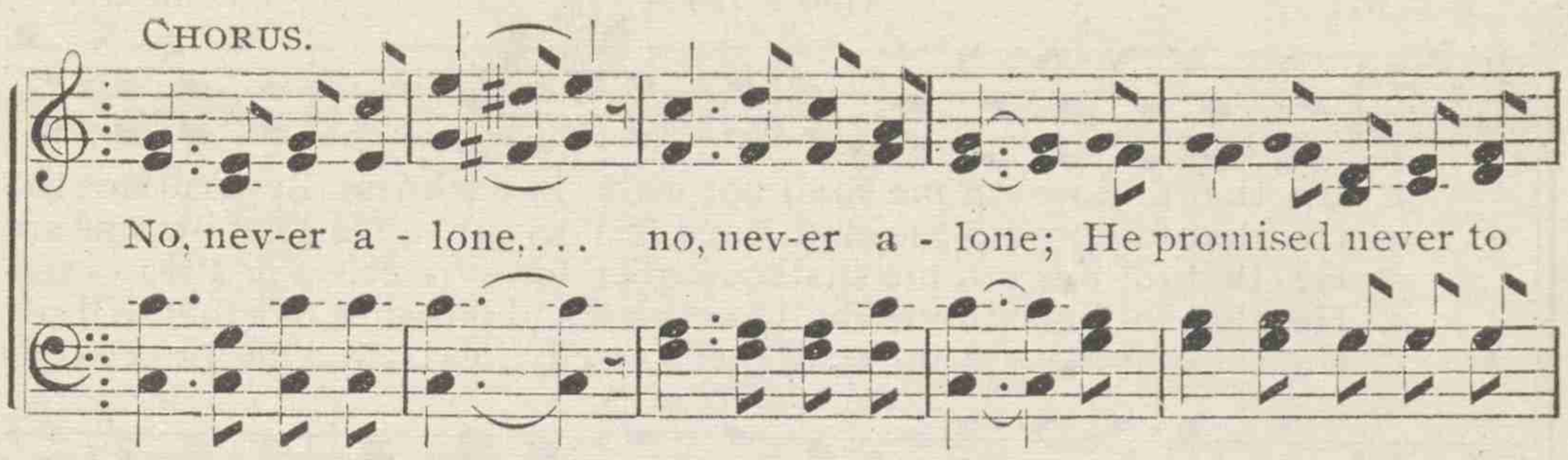
Try-ing to conquer my soul;..... I heard the voice of my
Sav - ior stands be - tween;..... He stands to shield me from
burdens when heavy to bear;..... My feet, en-tan-gled with
crim - son, cleans-ing tide;..... For me he's waiting in
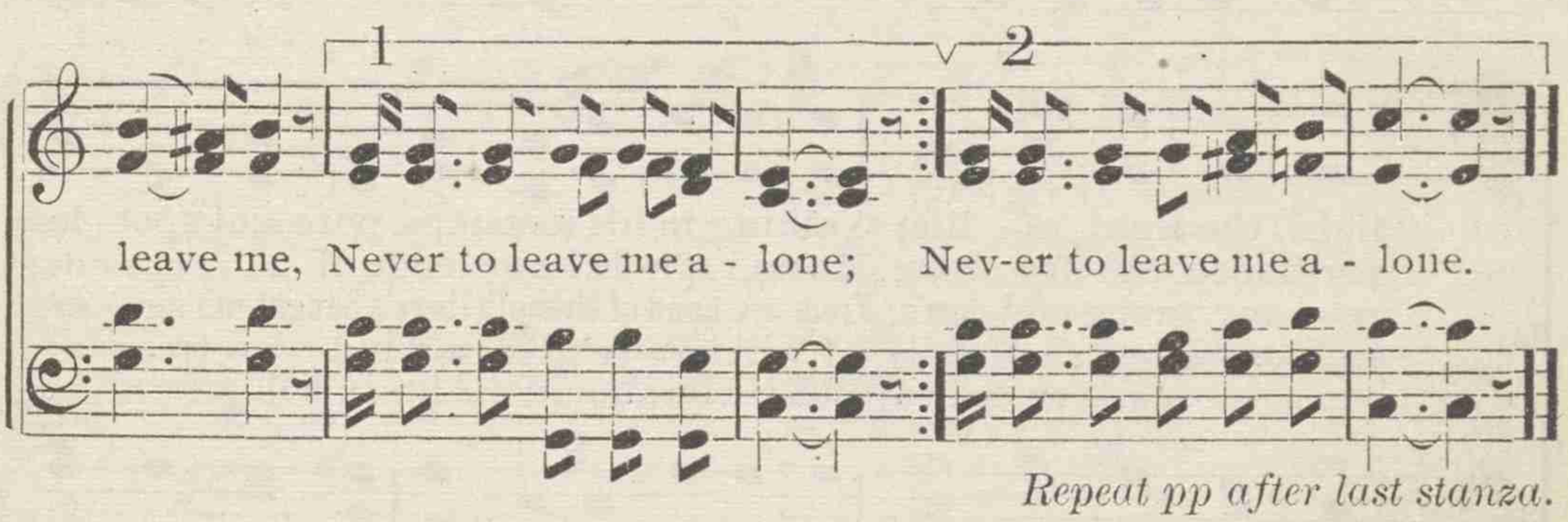
Sav - - ior Tell-ing me still to press on;..... He
dan - ger When earth - ly friends are gone;..... He
bri - - ers, Read - y to cast me down,..... My
glo - - ry, Seat - ed up - on his throne;..... He

prom - ised nev-er to leave me, Never to leave me a - lone.....
prom - ised nev-er to leave me, Never to leave me a - lone.....
Sav - ior whispers his promise, "I never will leave thee a-lone." .....
prom - ised nev-er to leave me, Never to leave me a - lone.....

Never Alone—Concluded.

CHORUS.





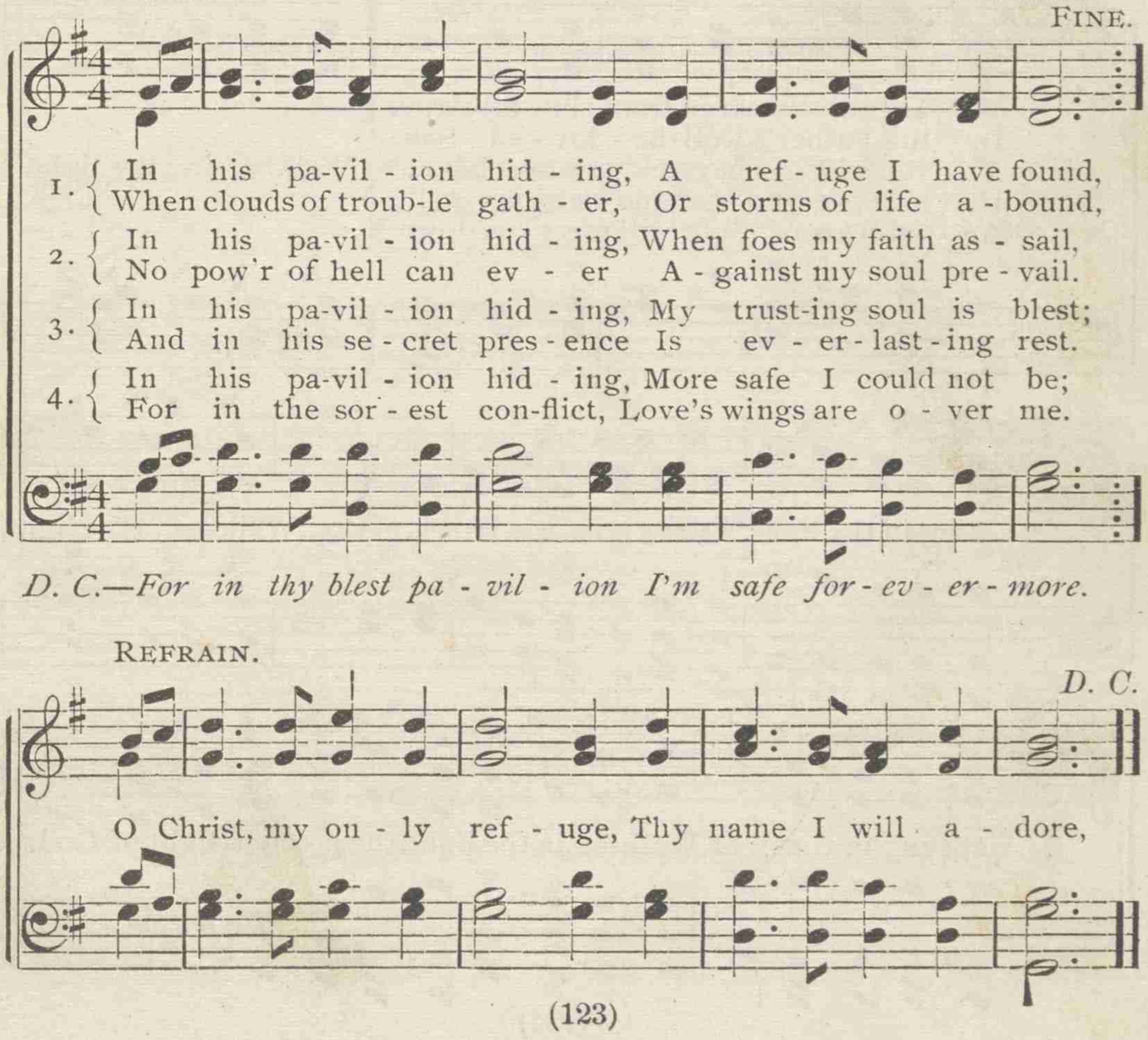
Repeat pp after last stanza.

No. 122. In His Pavilion Hiding.

W. J. HENRY.

Air by W. J. H.
Harmonized.

FINE.



D. C.—For in thy blest pa - vil - ion I'm safe for - ev - er - more.

REFRAIN.

D. C.

No. 123. Walking in the Light.

B. E. W. (Jno. 8: 12.) B. E. Warren.

1. He that fol-low-eth me shall not walk in darkness, But shall have the light, the light of life; Walking in his footsteps, pure and spot - less,
2. He that fol-low-eth me shall have full as-sur - ance That his sins are par-doned, ev - 'ry one; He shall have the knowledge of ac - cept-ance
3. He that fol-low-eth me shall con-quer for-ev - er, For I'll in - ter- pose my grace and pow'r; From my hand of strength there's naught can sev - er,
4. He that fol-low-eth me shall have peace and pleasure, He that will re- ject my word shall fall; I will free-ly give my hid - den treas - ure
5. He that fol-low-eth me shall dwell safe in heav-en, And for - ev - er wear a star - ry crown; But if you should die in sin's do - min - ion,

Chorus.

We are ful - ly saved from sin - ful strife.
In the Father's well- be - lov - ed Son.
If you will o - bey and trust each hour.
Un - to those who hear and heed my call.
Aw - ful fears of night will press you down.
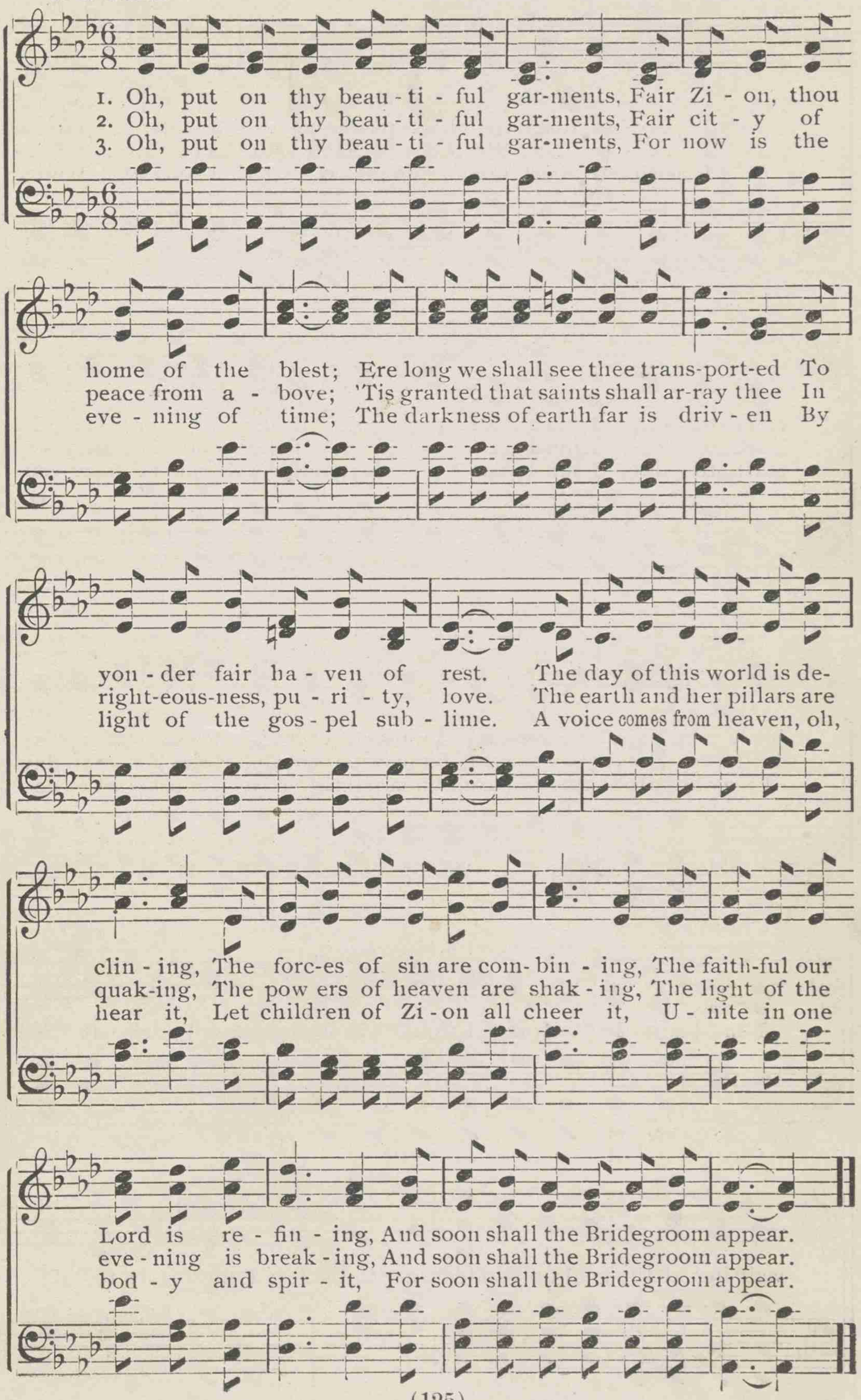
} Walking in the light,

walking in the light, Walking in the light, the light of God; Walking in the light,

walk-ing in the light, Walking in the light, the precious light of God.

No. 124. Oh, Put on Thy Beautiful Garments.

W. G. SCHELL. C. E. HUNTER.



No. 125. I Must Start To-day.

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

1. If I ev - er reach that hap - py home a - bove (above), I must
2. If I ev - er have the peace of God with - in (within), I must
3. If I wish to meet my loved ones o - ver there (o'er there), I must

start to - day, I must start to - day; If I ev - er feel the
start to - day, I must start to - day; If my soul is ev - er
start to - day, I must start to - day; If a home in heav - en
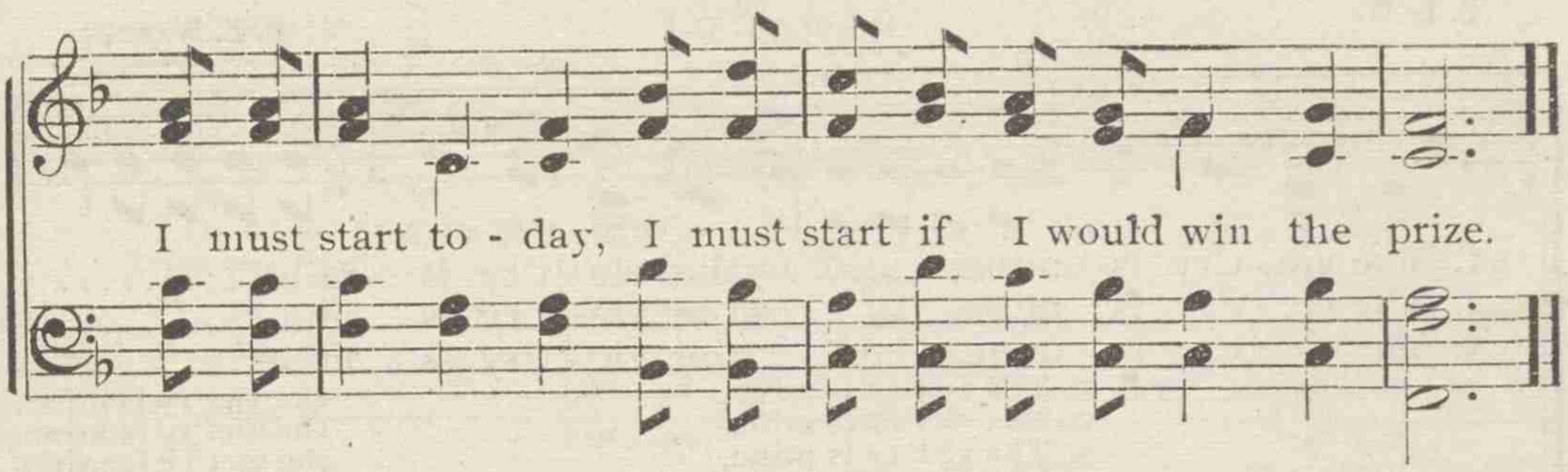
joy of pard'ning love (sweet love), I must start to-day, I must start to-day.
saved from all its sin (its sin), I must start to-day, I must start to-day.
I may hope to share (to share), I must start to-day, I must start to-day.

CHORUS.

I must sure - ly start if I would win that promised prize, It is

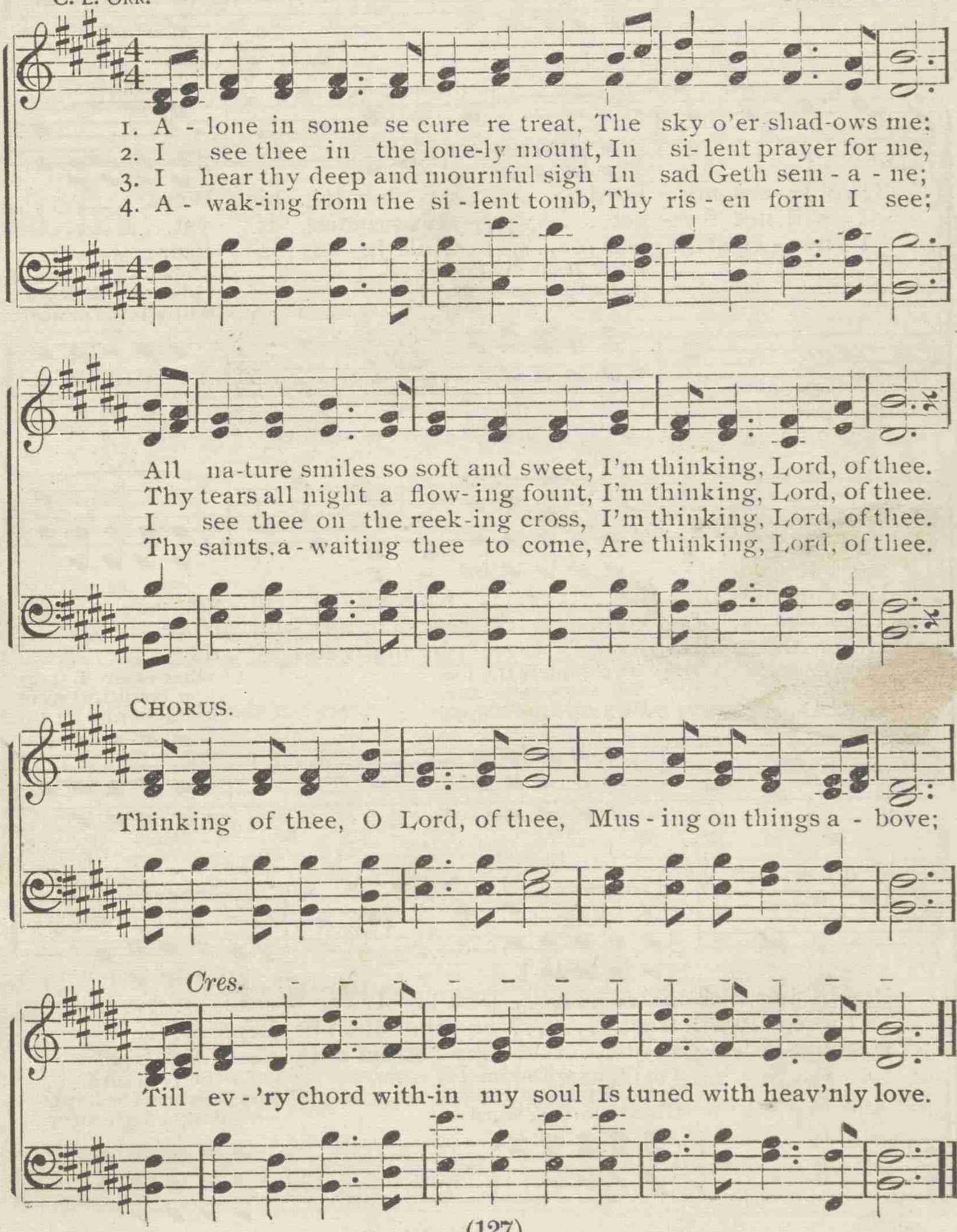
wait-ing at the goal up yonder in the skies; I must start to - day,

I Must Start To-day—Concluded.



No. 126. Thinking, Lord, of Thee.

C. E. ORR. C. E. HUNTER.



No. 127. The Victory is Mine.

B. E. W. (1 Cor. 15:57.) B. E. Warren.

1. The vic - t'ry is mine,..... the vic - t'ry is mine,.....
2. The vic - t'ry is mine,..... the vic - t'ry is mine,.....
3. The vic - t'ry is mine,..... the vic - t'ry is mine,.....

1. The vict'ry is mine,
2. The vict'ry is mine,
3. The vict'ry is mine,

the vict'ry is mine,
the vict'ry is mine,
the vict'ry is mine,

Thro' Je - sus my Lord,..... o - bey-ing his Word;.....
I will not for - get..... his promise is yet.....
I nev - er shall fear ..... while Je - sus is near;.....

Thro' Jesus my Lord,
I will not forget
I never shall fear

obeying his Word
his promise is yet
while Jesus is near;

He conquers the foe,..... wher-ev - er I go,.....
The same as of yore,..... a boun-ti - ful store .....
He's with me al - way,..... by night and by day,.....

He conquers the foe,
The same as of yore,
He's with me alway,

wher-ev-er I go,
a bountiful store
by night and by day,
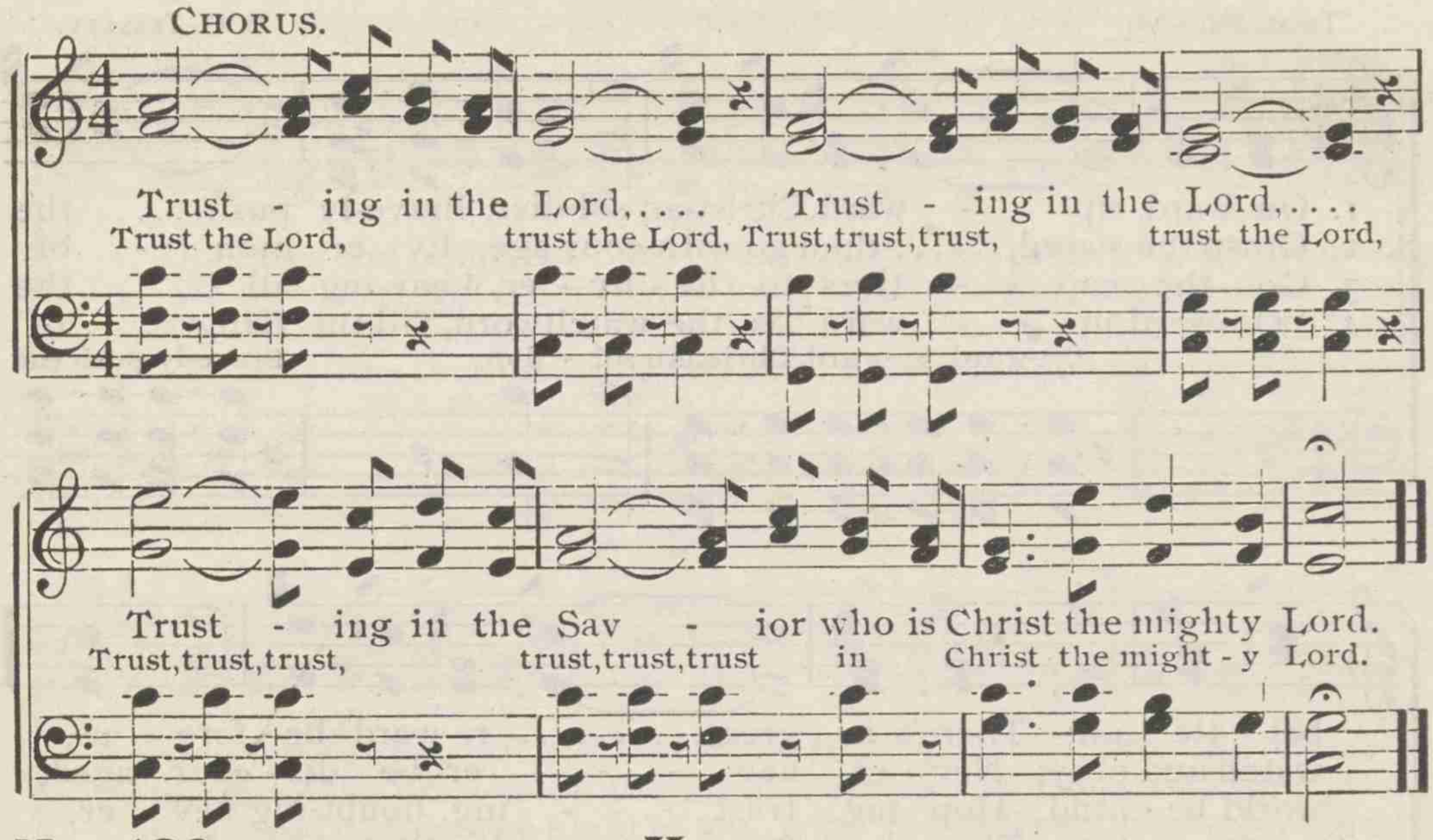
I'm liv-ing with him..... in ho - ly ac - cord.....
To those who will trust,..... and they shall be kept.....
His com-fort-ing word..... my bos-om doth cheer.....

I'm living with him
To those who will trust,
His comforting word

in ho - ly accord.
and they shall be kept.
my bosom doth cheer.
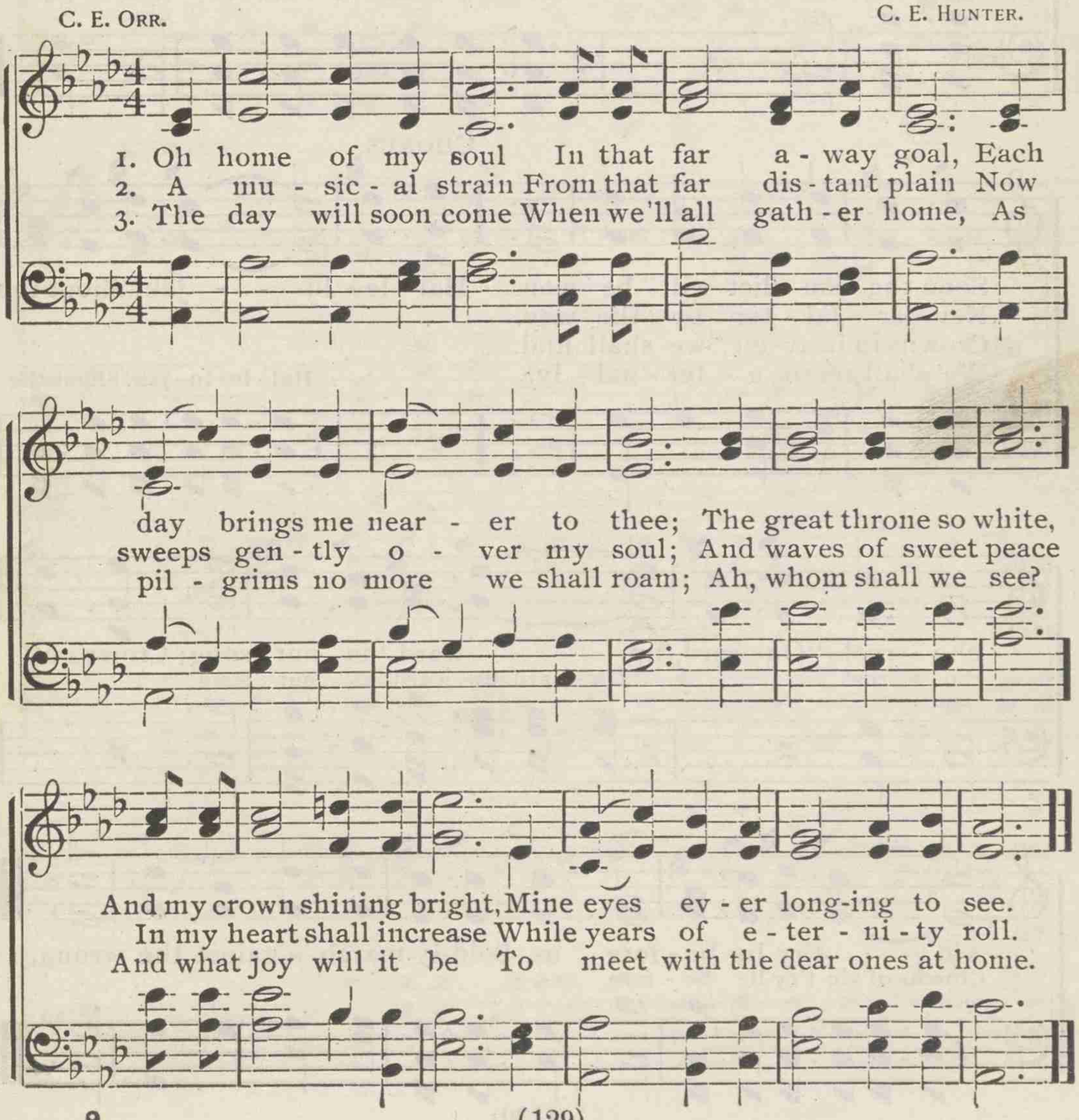
The Victory is Mine—Concluded.

CHORUS.



No. 128. Home.

C. E. ORR. C. E. HUNTER.



No. 129. Onward, Upward.

THOS. NELSON. D. O. TEASLEY.

1. On- ward, up - - ward, Christian sol-dier, Brave-ly push..... the
2. Grasp the sword,..... then go with cour-age, Ev - er hum - bly
3. Go the cap - - tives to de - liv - er, Leav-ing all..... the
4. "On-ward, up - - ward" is the watchword, Till the King..... of

On-ward, up-ward, Christian sol - dier, Brave-ly push the

bat - tle on; There's a great..... re-ward be - fore us,
watch and pray; Nev - er, nev - - - - er be dis - cour - aged,
world be - hind, Hop - ing, trust - - - ing, doubt-ing nev - er,
saints we see; Then be - fore..... his throne in glo - ry

bat - tle on; There's a great re-ward be - fore us,

CHORUS.

Soon the con - flict will be won. Hal - le - lu - - jah! Shout the
Nev - er fal - ter by the way.
Crowns in heav- en we shall find.
We shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Shout the

cho - rus! "On- ward, up - - - ward" is our song; Crowns of
cho - rus! "On - ward, up - ward" is our song;

vic - - t'ry lie be - fore us, Bold-ly march a-gainst the wrong.
Crowns of vic- t'ry lie be - fore us,

No. 130. Lift Up Your Hands.

("Lift up your hands in the sanctuary and bless the Lord."—Psa. 134: 2.)

D. S. WARNER. A. L. BYERS.

1. Oh, come and praise the Lord to-day, And to - geth- er laud his name;
2. All ye that feel his might-y love, And the Spir-it's burn-ing fire,
3. Ye hap - py pil-grims, let us sing, And be joy - ful in the Lord
4. Oh, sing like thunder's might-y sound, Sing the sto- ry of the blood;

Break forth in joy - ful mel - o - dy, Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb!
Oh, sound the prais-es of the Lord, That his wondrous works in-spire.
Who saved us from the night of sin, In the light of heav-en's word.
Sal - va - tion ti-dings ech - o round, Glo- ry, glo - ry be to God!

CHORUS.

Lift up your hands.....and bless the Lord,..... Oh, shout for
Lift up your hands and bless the Lord,
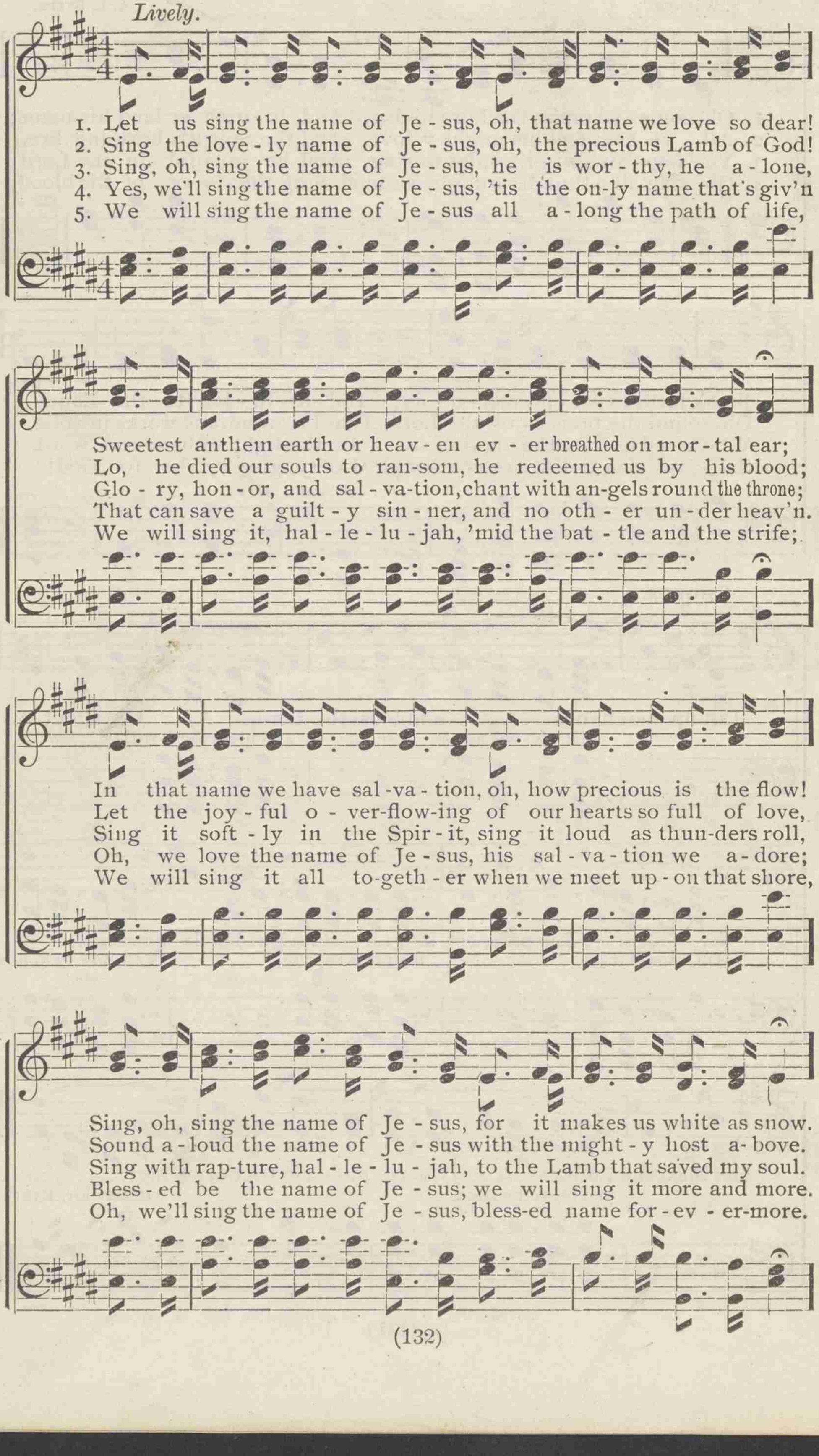
joy,..... .. his prais-es sing;... .... Lift ho - ly hands..... ...
Oh, shout for joy, his prais-es sing; Lift ho - ly hands

and bless the Lord,..... Glo- ry, glo - ry to our King!.....
and bless the Lord, our Sav-ior, King!

No. 131. Sing It Again.

D. S. WARNER. B. E. WARREN.

Lively.



Sing It Again—Concluded.

CHORUS.

1

Sing it a - gain, ... sing it a - gain, ... Sweetest of all the names that
The precious name, the precious name,

2

angels sing a - bove; . . . . Jesus, thy name's a fountain of redeeming love. . . .

No. 132. O Precious Savior!

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

1. O pre cious Sav - ior! O pre-cious Sav - ior!
2. O pre-cious Sav - ior! O pre-cious Sav - ior!
3. O pre-cious Sav - ior! O pre-cious Sav - ior!
4. O pre-cious Sav - ior! O pre-cious Sav - ior!

Wear-ing the thorns on thy brow; Help me to love thee,
Bleed-ing on Cal - va - ry's tree; Bear- ing such tor-ment,
In the cold grave thou didst lie; But thou hast ris - en
Reigning o'er sin and the grave; Grant us each mo-ment,

Could I despise thee? No, for thou lov-est me now.
Suf-f'ring so free-ly, All for to save e - ven me.
And gone to heav-en, Our home pre-par-ing on high.
Thro' thy a-tone-ment, Grace all- abounding to save.

No. 133. Let Not Your Heart be Troubled.

B. E. W. (Jno. 14: 1.) B. E. Warren.

1. Let not your wea - ry heart be troub - led, Be - lieve in God, believe in me; For in my Father's house are mansions, I
2. Let not your peace in calm as - sur - ance Be ruf - fled by the storms of life, But, sol - dier-like, with firm en-dur-ance, Just
3. Let not your hope be dimmed with doubting, Let not life's burdens foil your grace; But in each conflict vict'ry shout-ing, Like

Chorus.
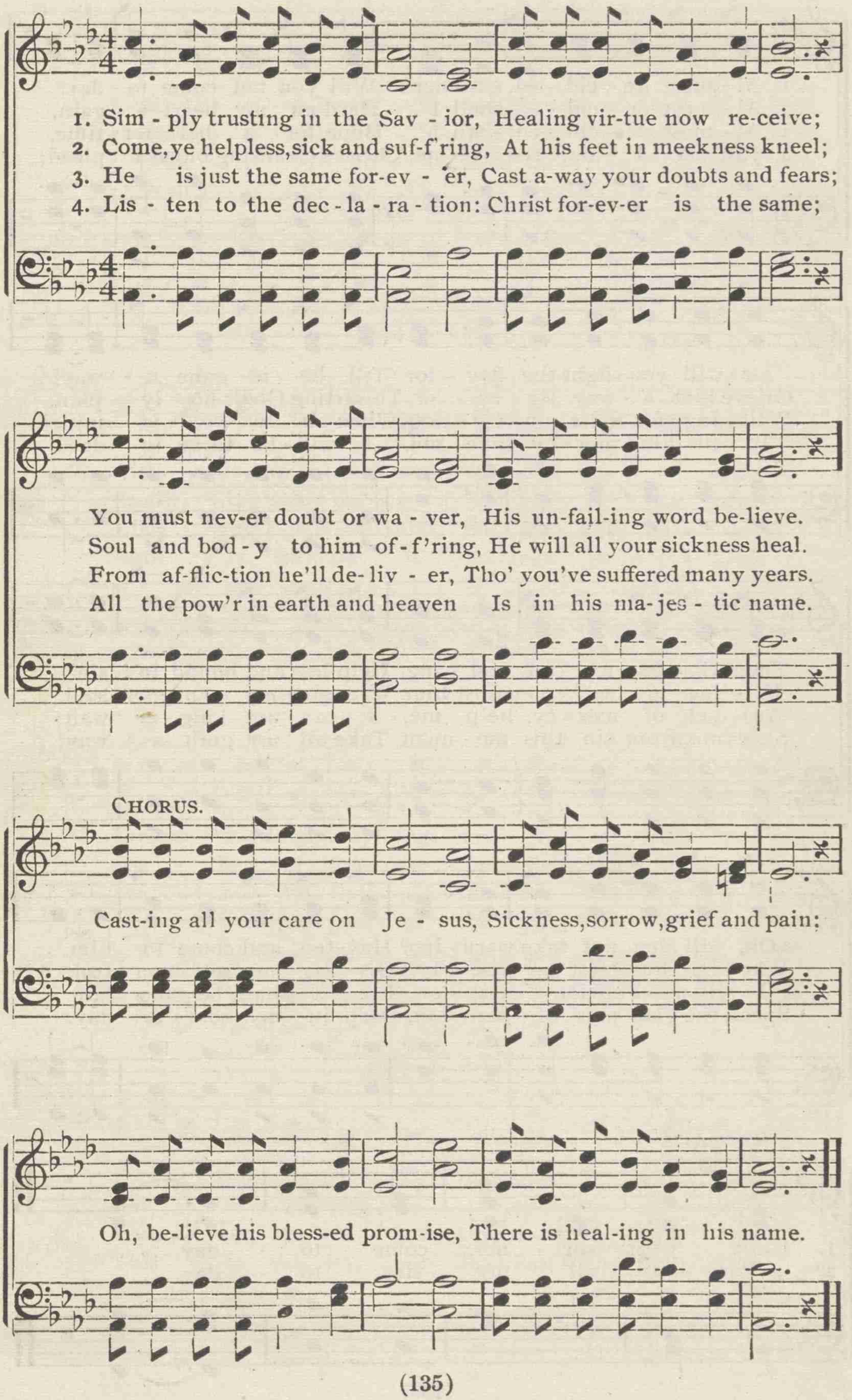
will pre - pare a place for thee. Let not..... your heart be
glo - ry in the ho - ly strife.
he who runs to win a race. Let not your heart be
troub - led, Let not..... your heart be troub - led, Let
troub - led, Let not your heart be troub - led,

Rit.

not..... your heart be troub-led, Nor let it be a - fraid.
Let not your heart be troub - led,

No. 134. There is Healing In His Name.

B. E. W. C. E. HUNTER.



No. 135. Almost Decided.

B. E. W. (May be sung as a Solo.) B. E. WARREN.

1. Al - most de - cid - ed, sin - ner, Will you not come to - day?
2. Al - most de - cid - ed, shall I Hard-en my heart a - gain,
3. Al - most de - cid - ed, shall I Hope for a bet - ter time,
4. Just as I am, re-ceive me, Christ's cleansing blood I plead;

Or will you slight the Sav - ior Till he is gone a - way?
Grieve him a - way for - ev - er, Thwarting God's ho - ly plan,
Wait - ing for more con - vic - tion, When on - ly *now* is mine?
In his kind mer - cy hide me, I will be thine in - deed.

Then what an aw - ful feel - ing, Help-less and bound in sin?
Us - ing my will a - gainst him, Wronging my own poor soul,
An - gel of mer - cy, help me, I can - not long - er wait;
Save me from sin this mo - ment, Take all my guilt a - way;

Oh, will you not take warn - ing? Has - ten and come to him.
When he thus blest me wise - ly, Giv - ing me self - con - trol.
I will make choice of heav - en, Ere it shall be too late.
Speak the glad joys of par - don, Deep in my soul to - day.

REFRAIN.

1. Guilt - y sin - ner, come to - day.....
2, 3, 4. Par - don all my sins to - day.. ...

No. 136. Holiness.

B. E. WARREN. C. E. HUNTER.

1. Beau - ti - ful ho - li - ness! theme of the Bi - ble,
2. Beau - ti - ful ho - li - ness! fair as the morn - ing,
3. Beau - ti - ful ho - li - ness! com - ing from heav - en,
4. Beau - ti - ful ho - li - ness! bliss - ful, e - ter - nal,
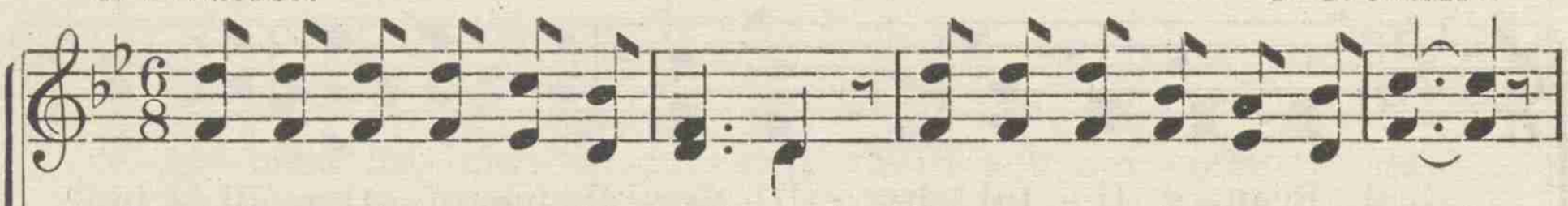
Fill - ing my heart with its rich - es of grace;
Spark - ling with jew - els of pu - ri - ty bright;
Like - ness of God and the an - gels a - bove;
Sure - ly with-out it no man se - eth God;

Cleans - ing and keep - ing me ev - er from e - vil,
Ru - bies of grace in their splen - did a - dorn - ing,
Je - - sus the way, and the Bi - ble, are giv - en—
It will pre - pare us for glo - ries im - mor - tal—
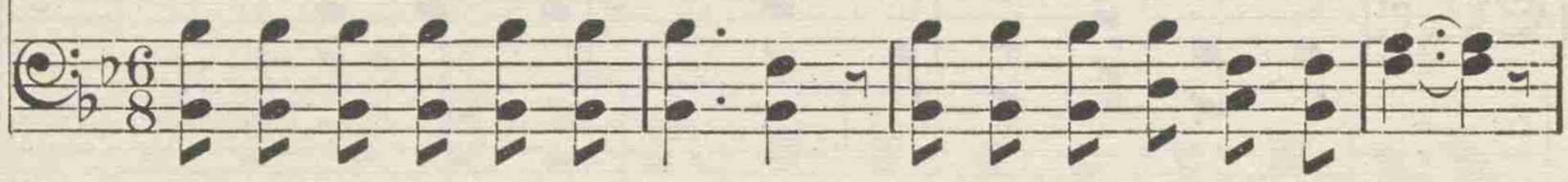
Fit - ting my soul for that heav - en - ly place.
Cov - er me here as I walk in the light.
Won - der - ful fa - vor thro' in - fi - nite love!
This is the way our dear Sav - ior hath trod.
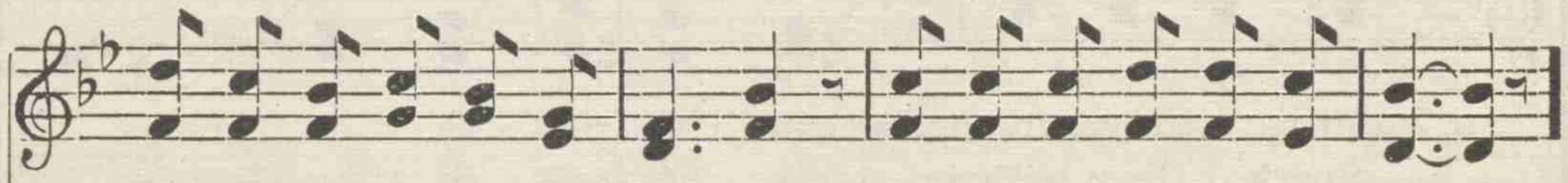
No. 137. Cross Over Jordan To-day.

C. W. NAYLOR. D. O. TEASLEY.
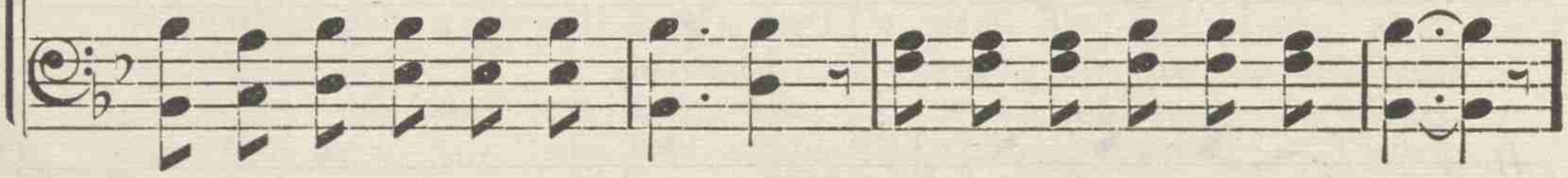


1. Dost thy soul, ransomed from E-gypt, Yet in the wil-der-ness stay?
2. Spend not thy life thus for - ev - er Treading the wil-der-ness way;
3. Life will be pleas-ant-er, sweet-er, Ston - y no long-er the way;
4. Why dost thou shrink from the crossing? Thinkest thou still of delay?
5. Thou art a-bund-ant - ly a - ble, Fal - ter not now by the way;
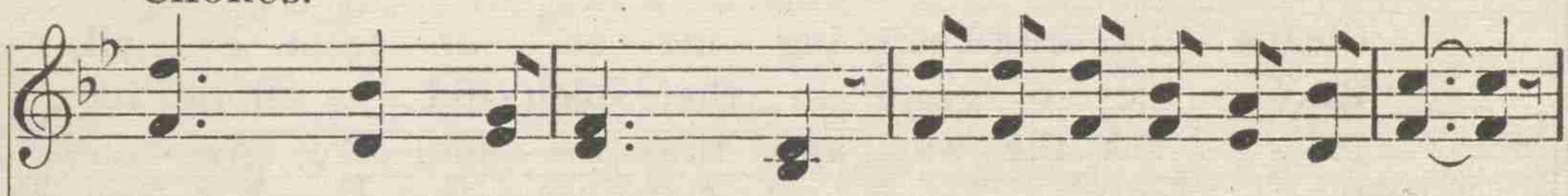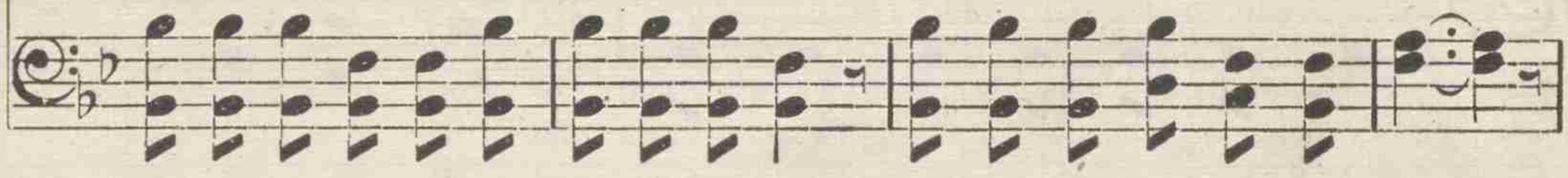




Ca-naan's fair land is be - fore thee, Cross o - ver Jor-dan to - day.
En - ter the full-ness of fa - vor, Cross o - ver Jor-dan to - day.
Man - y the foes left be- hind thee—Cross o - ver Jor-dan to - day.
Wait-ing will not make thee stronger, Cross o - ver Jor-dan to - day.
Grace all a-bound-ing is wait - ing, Cross o - ver Jor-dan to - day.
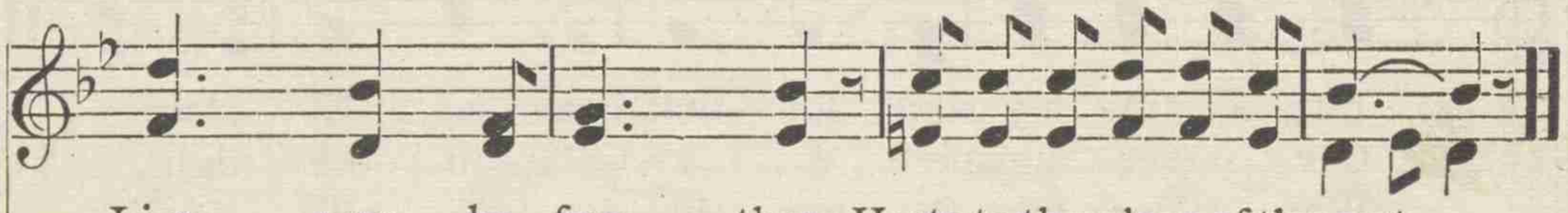


CHORUS.
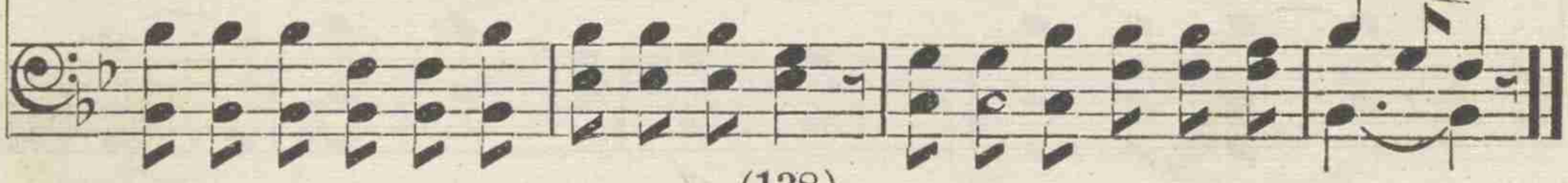


Look, O my broth - er, Ca-naan, the land of the blest,
Look, O my broth-er, be-hold that fair clime;





Lies now be - fore thee; Haste to the place of thy rest.....
Lies now before thee, that home of the free;



No. 138. Counting the Cost.

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

1. My heart with sin is bro - ken, I'm nev - er sat - is - fied;
2. If I should wait for knowledge To stand be-fore I start,
3. Should I so vain - ly rea - son, When God who rul - eth all,

For I see Love's graceful to - ken In Christ the cru - ci - fied.
I know that I shall per - ish And bar him from my heart.
Has prom-ised grace for keep-ing, So I may nev - er fall.

Yet, I'm a - fraid in start-ing, That I may fail to stand,
I'm sure of nev - er fall-ing, By count-ing all the cost;
I know that those who fal- ter Neg - lect to watch and pray;
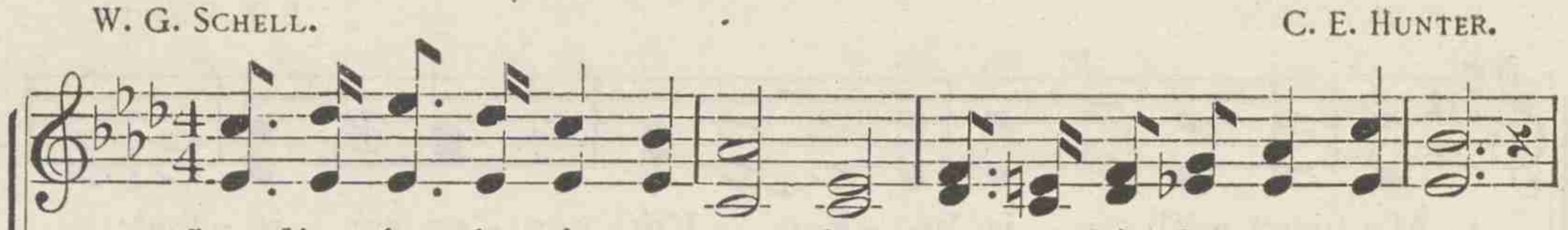
Be - cause I see some fall - ing From grace in all the land.
By heed-ing Je - sus' call - ing, I nev - er can be lost.
If we are on the al - tar, He'll keep us ev - 'ry day.

REFRAIN.
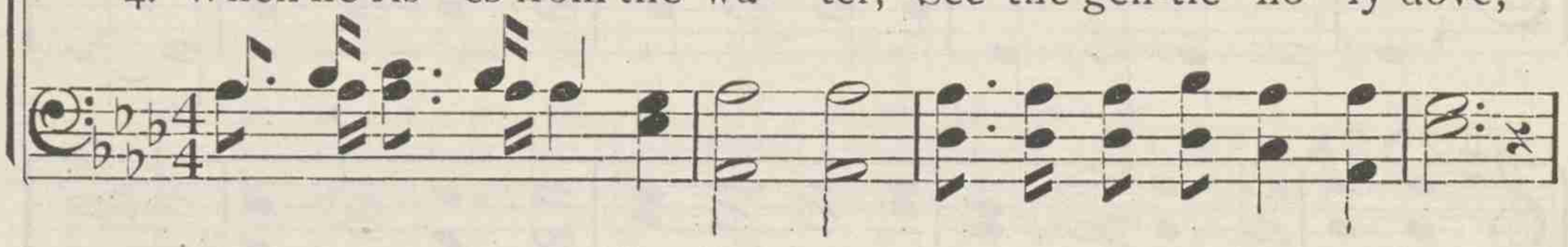
Will you be saved in Je - sus? Will you pre-pare to die?
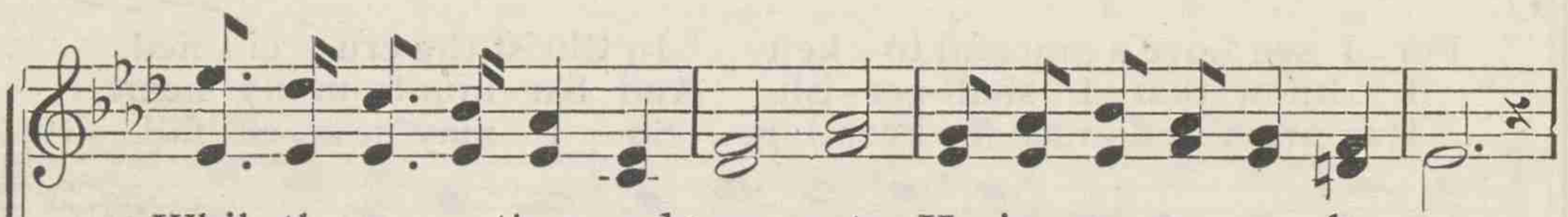
No. 139. Baptism Exemplified.

W. G. SCHELL. C. E. HUNTER.

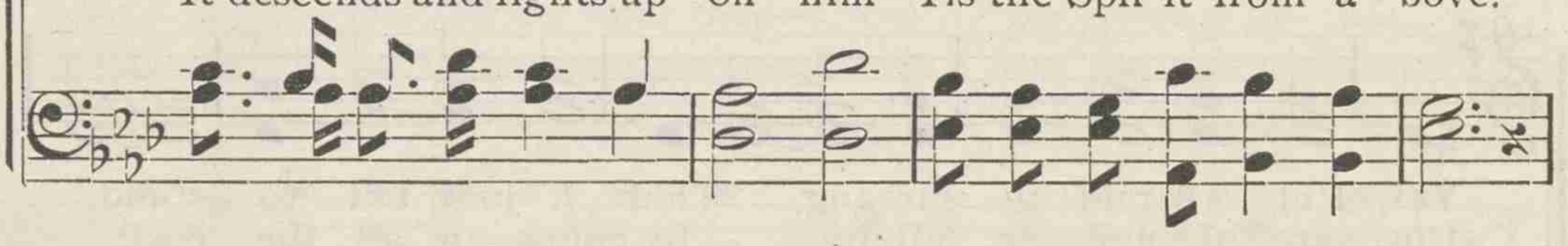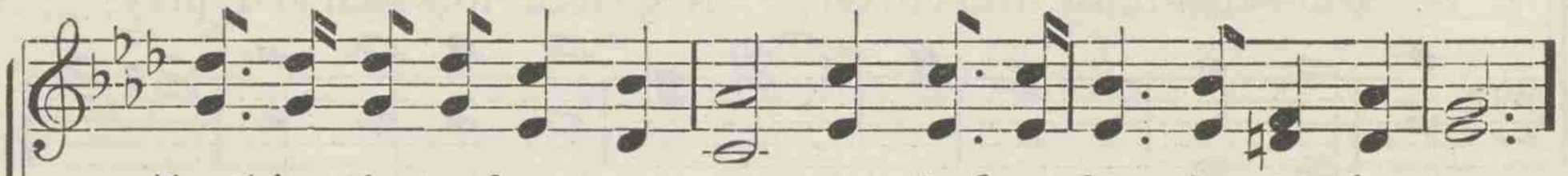


1. Standing in the riv - er Jor - dan, See the faithful prophet John,
2. In that throng up on the Jor - dan Christ the Lamb of God doth stand;
3. Je - sus said un - to the proph-et, While his visage shone with bliss,
4. When he ris - es from the wa - ter, See the gen-tle ho - ly dove;
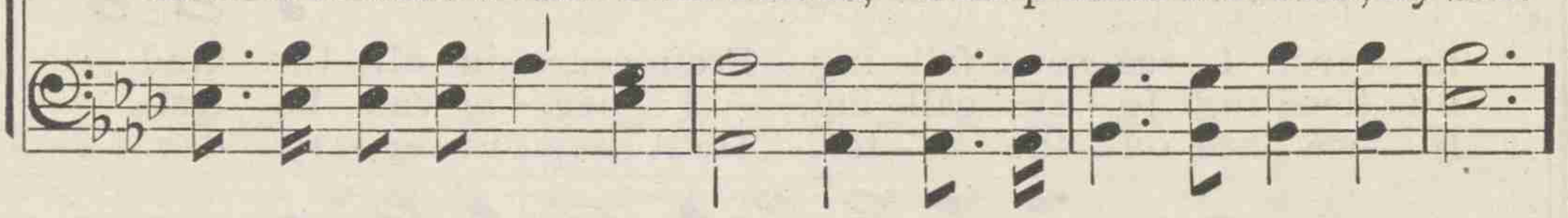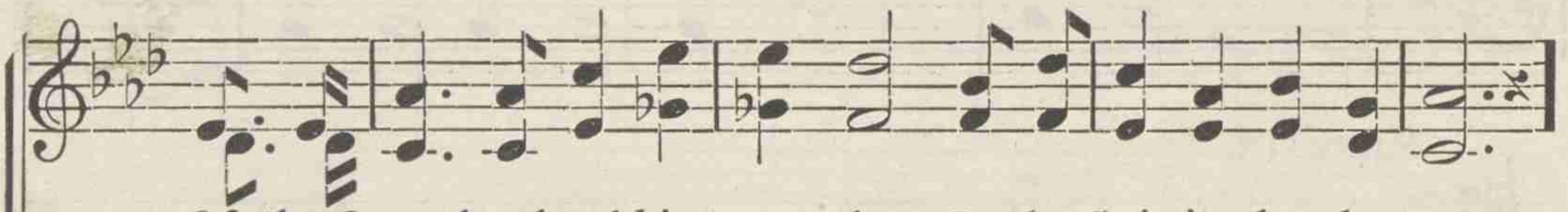




While the man-y thousand con-verts He im-mers-es one by one,
Now he comes un-to the proph-et—Asks im-mer-sion at his hand.
"Thou shalt suf-fer my im - mer - sion To ful - fill all right-eous-ness."
It descends and lights up - on him–'Tis the Spir-it from a - bove.
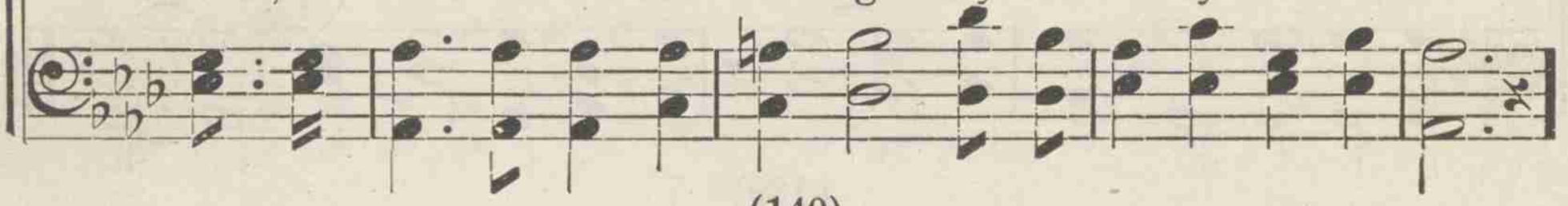




Teaching them of true re - pent-ance, And to fear the wor-thy name,
John re - fus - es Je - sus, say - ing, "I should be immersed by thee;
Then he took the hand of Je - sus, Led him forth in - to the wave;
Hear the Father's voice from heaven, "I am pleased with thee, my Son."
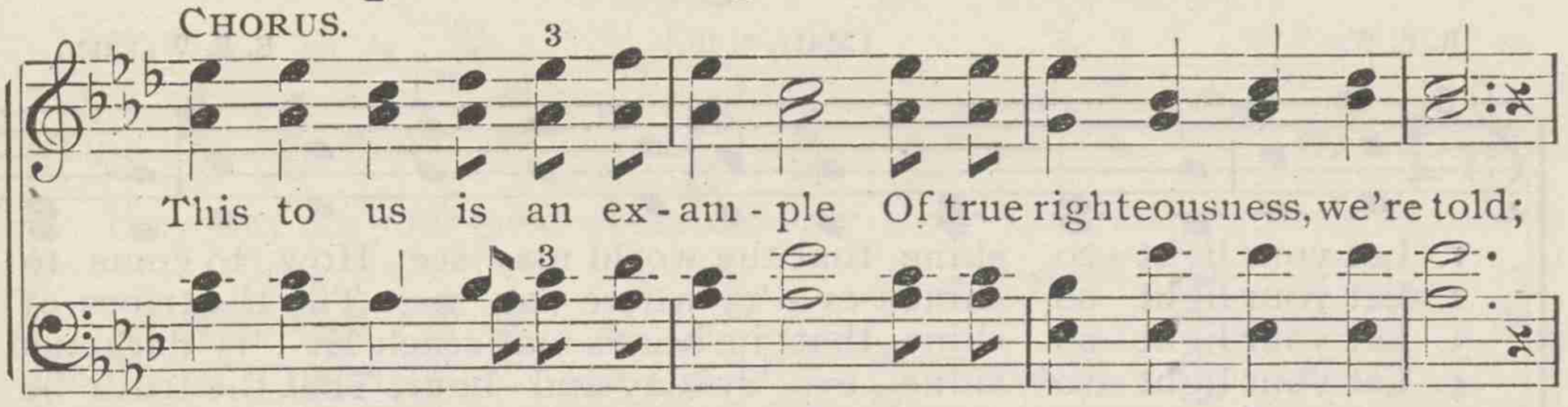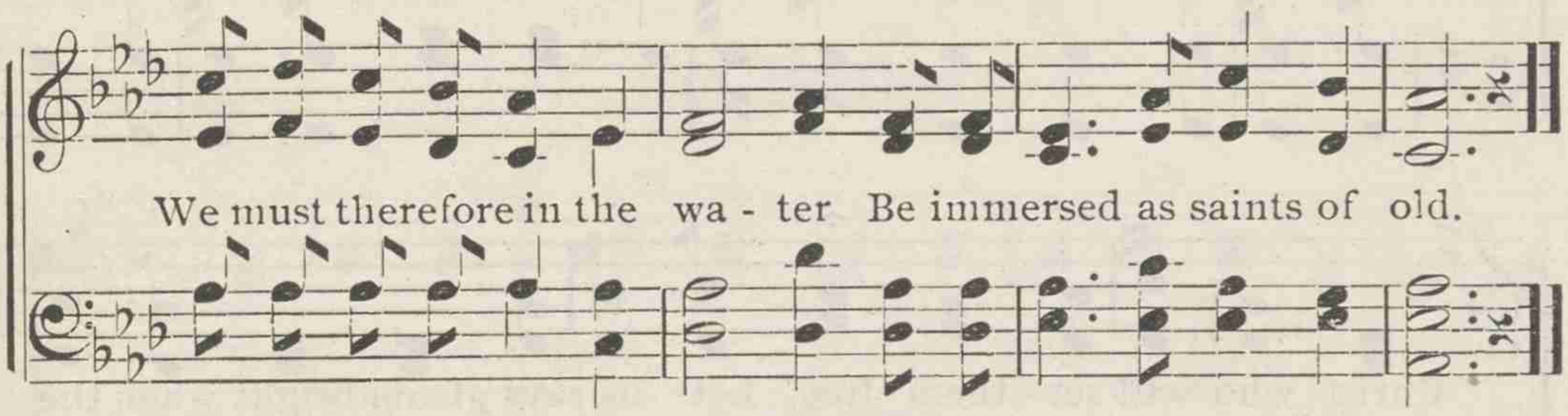




Of the One who should immerse them In the Spir-it when he came.
I am but thy hum-ble servant, Why, then, comest thou to me?"
Oh, be - hold the Sav - ior sink-ing In - to his sym-bol-ic grave!
Thus, im-mer - sion was acknowledged By the Ho - ly Three in one.



Baptism Exemplified—Concluded.
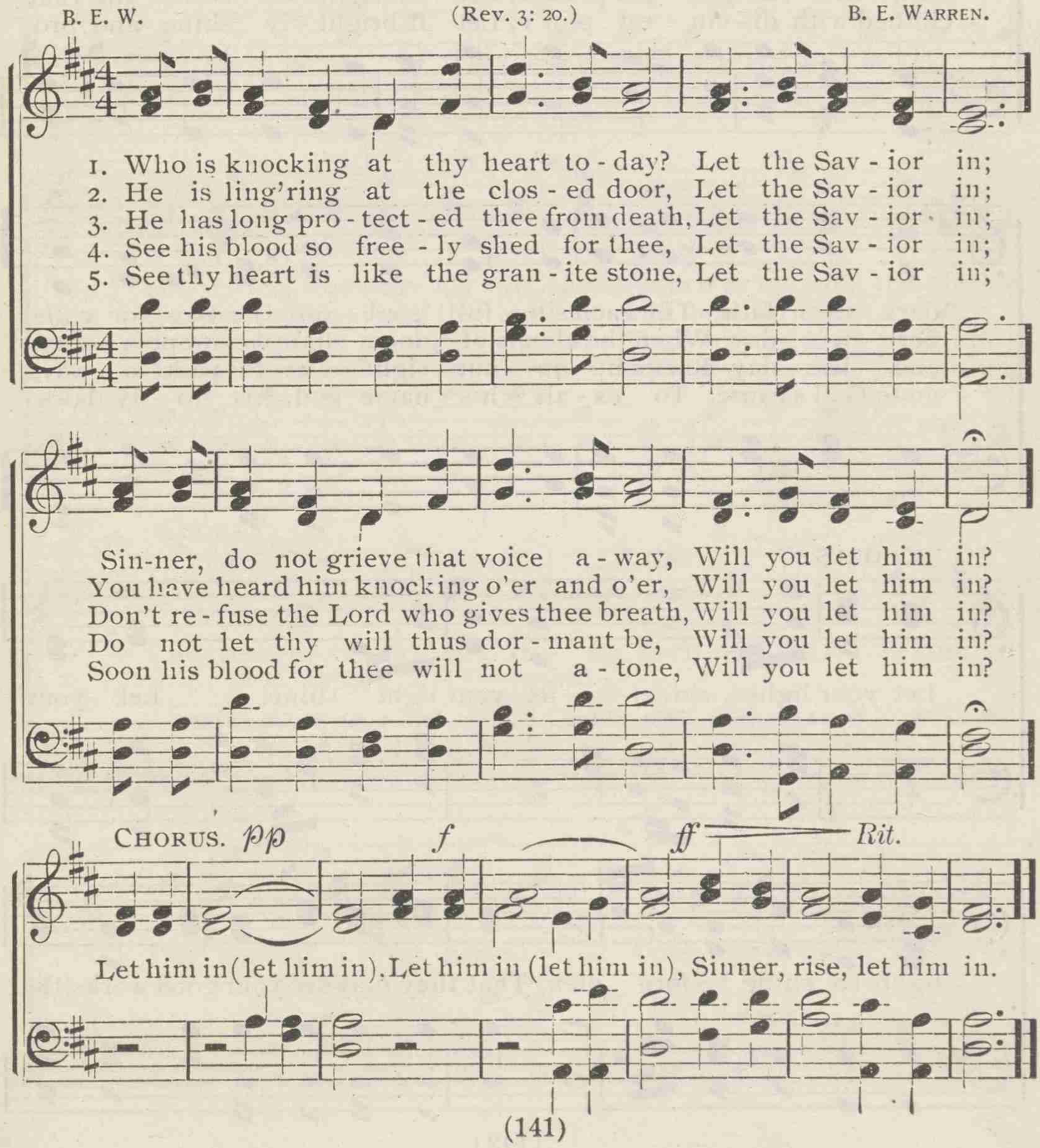
CHORUS.





No. 140. Let Him In.

B. E. W. (Rev. 3: 20.) B. E. WARREN.



No. 141. Let Your Light Shine.

B. E. W. (Matt. 5: 16.) B. E. WARREN.

1. Let your light so shine that the world may see How to come to
2. Let your light so shine ev - 'ry-where you go, Till the tribes of
3. Let your light so shine that its beams may reach Ev - 'ry darkened
4. Let your light so shine ev - 'ry day and hour, That the truth be
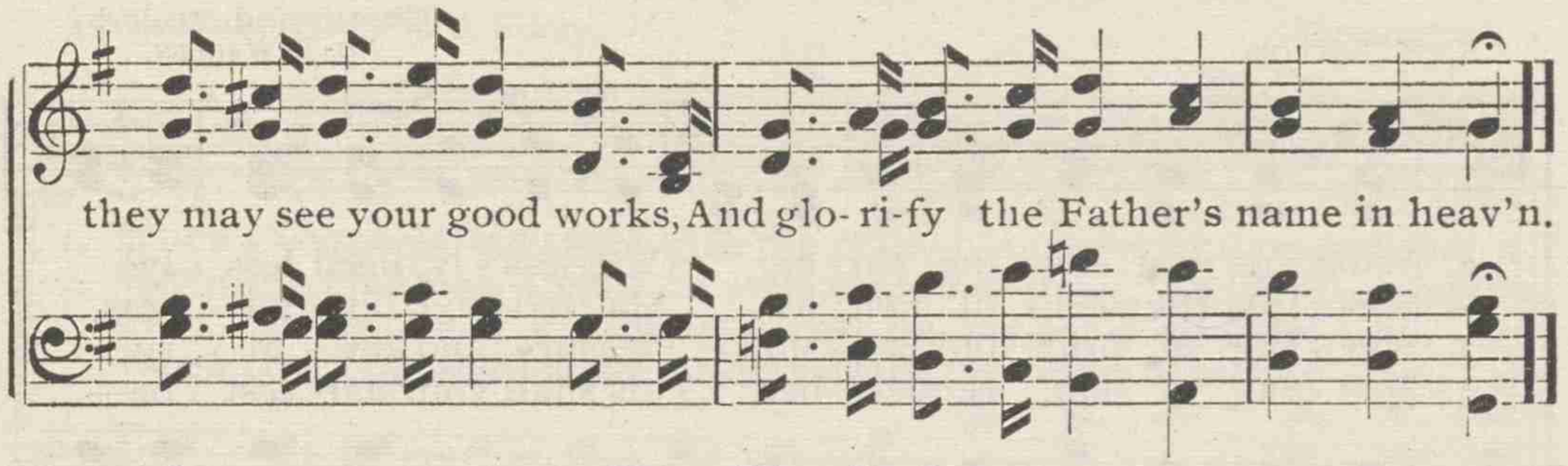
Christ who will set them free, Let its rays gleam bright when the
earth Je - sus Christ may know; Let its rays trans - pose in - to
soul, thus the gos - pel preach; Let it bright - er shine till that
clothed with di - vin - est pow'r; Let it bright - ly shine and pro-

dark - ness falls, Till each sin - ful soul for the Sav - ior calls.
per - fect day, When the clouds of gloom shall be swept a - way.
end - less day Bursts up - on our sight ne'er to pass a - way.
mote God's cause, To ex - alt his name and his ho - ly laws.

CHORUS.

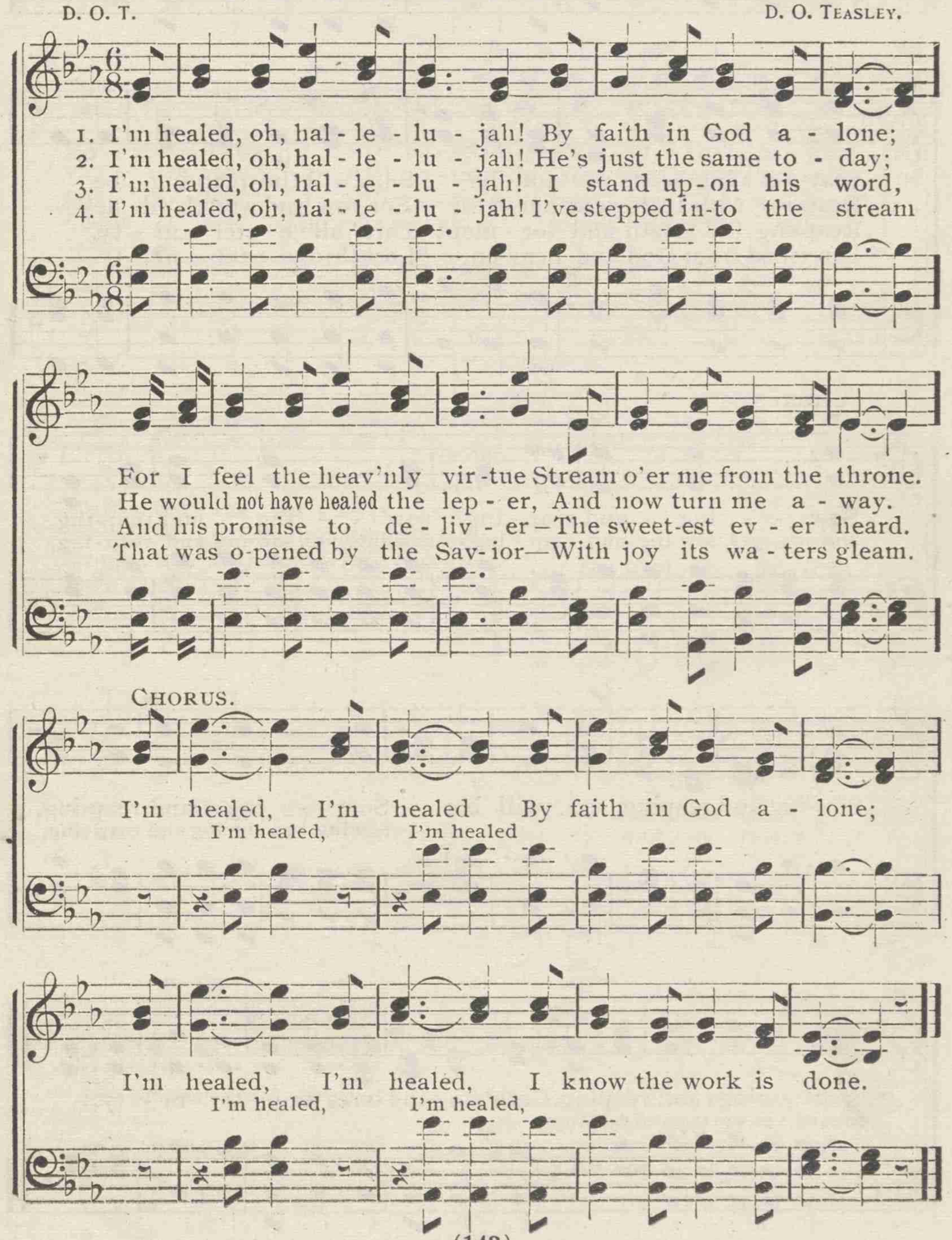
Let your light shine, let your light shine, Let your
Let your light shine, let your light shine,
light so shine be-fore men, That they may see your good works, that

Let Your Light Shine—Concluded.



No. 142. I'm Healed.
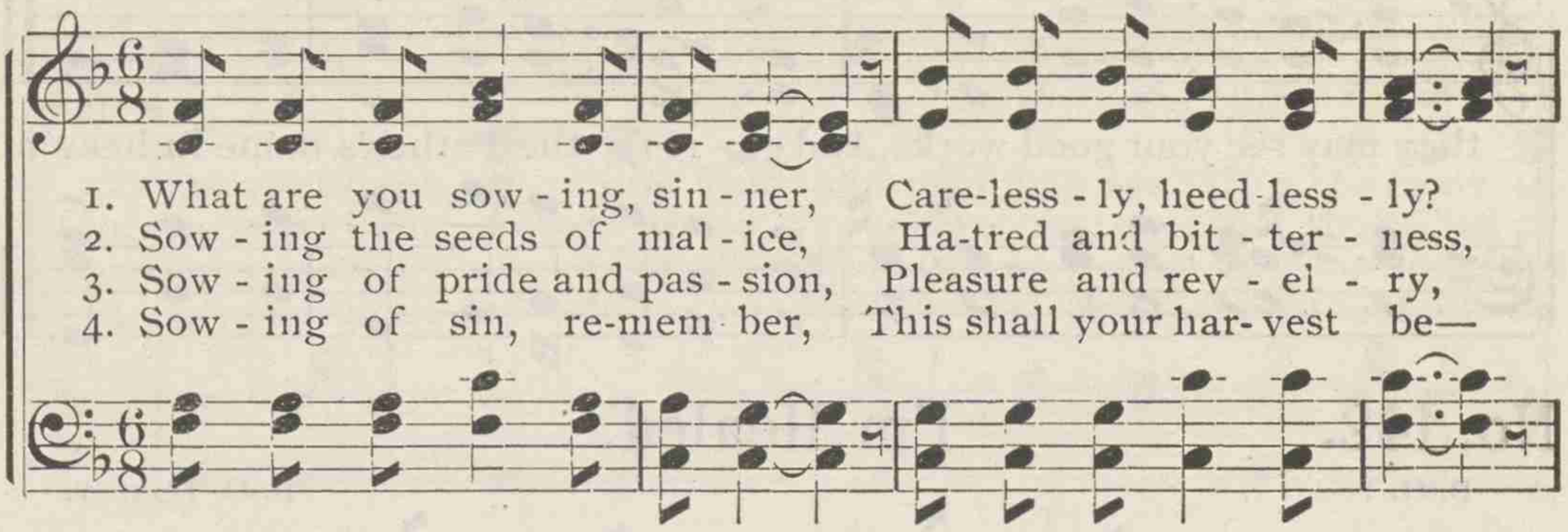
D. O. T. D. O. TEASLEY.
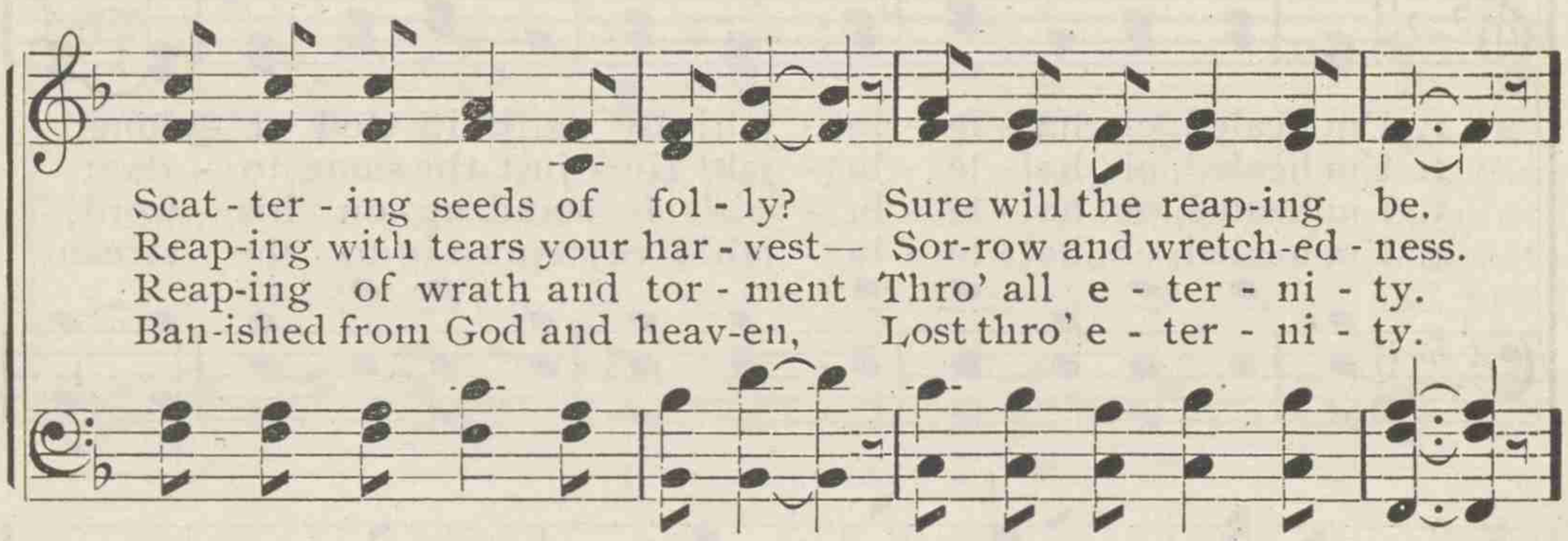


No. 143. What are You Sowing, Sinner?

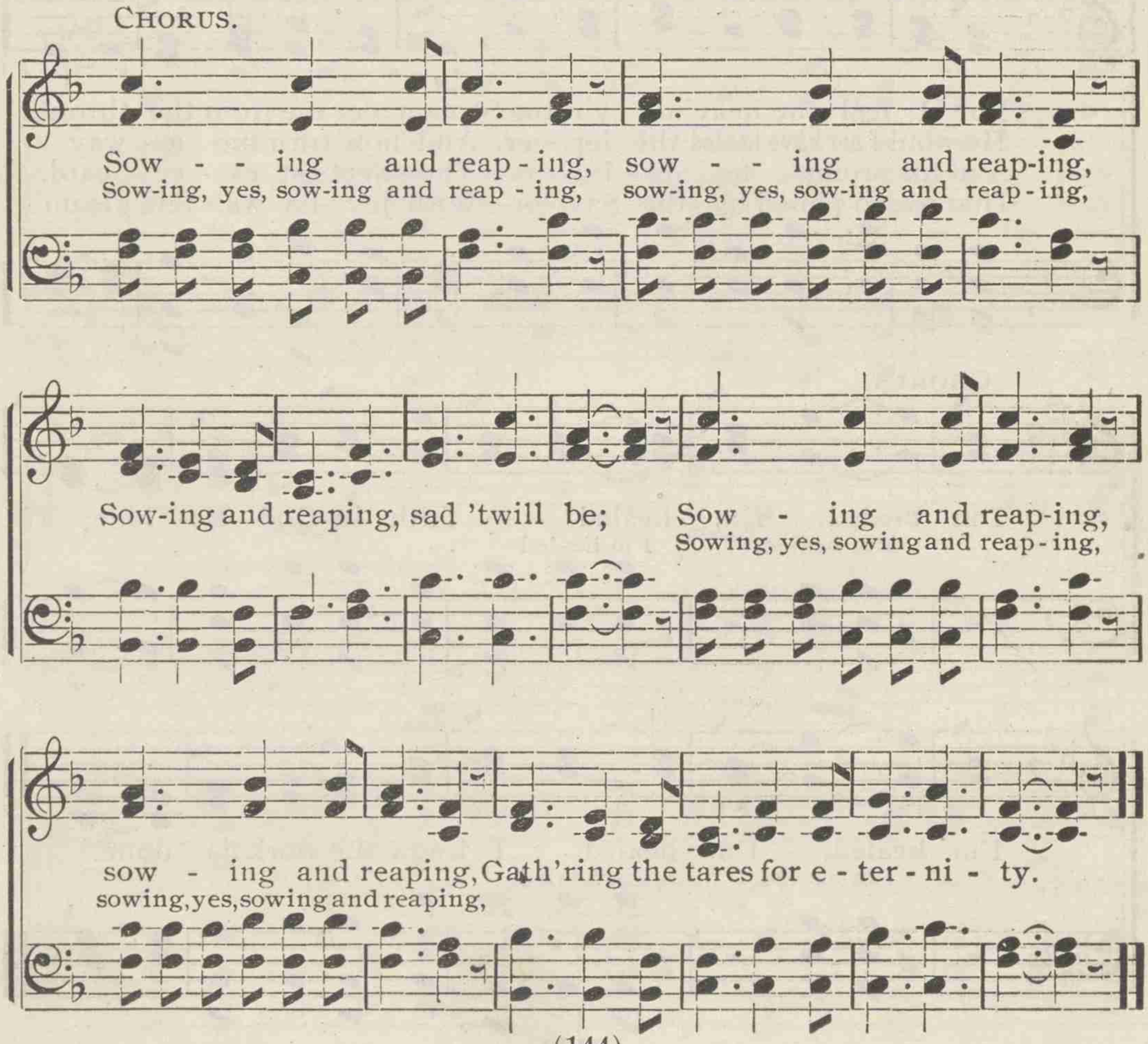
C. W. NAYLOR.

Chorus and Music by
B. E. WARREN.





CHORUS.



No. 144. Patiently Trust in God.

Words and Air by W. J. HENRY. Harmonized.

1. When I've preached God's word with the Spir-it's pow'r, And prayed that it reach some heart, I will pa-tient-ly trust in God a-lone; I know he will do his part. I'll pa - - tient-ly wait till the an-swer come.
2. When my pray'r as-cends to the throne a-bove, And faith claims the vic-t'ry won, I will pa-tient-ly trust, tho' doubts as-sail, And know he will bring me through.
3. Tho' the storms of life should o'erwhelm my soul, And tri-als are not a few, I will pa-tient-ly trust in God a-lone, I know he will com-fort me.
4. When the end shall come and my work is done, The riv-er of death I see, Tho' its storm-y.... waves like mountains rise, I Pa-tient-ly, pa-tient-ly trust in God, Pa - - - tient-ly wait on God, I will pa-tient-ly trust in God a-lone, I know he will do his part.

CHORUS.

trust in God, Pa - - - tient-ly wait on God, I will
trust in God, Pa-tient-ly, pa-tient-ly wait on God,
pa-tient-ly trust in God a-lone, I know he will do his part.

No. 145. I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

MARY BROWN. (CONSECRATION.) CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

Andante.

1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o-ver the storm- y sea;
2. Per-haps to day there are loving words Which Jesus would have me speak;
3. There's sure-ly some-where 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.
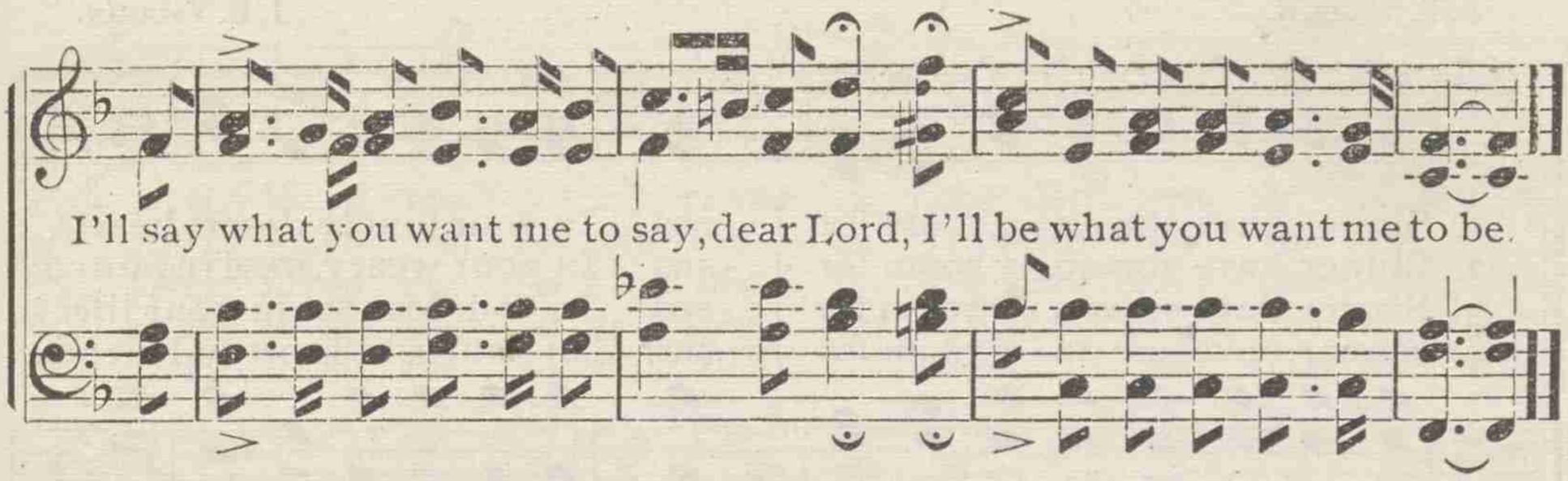
But if by a still small voice he calls To paths that I do not know,
O Sav - ior, if thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way,
So trust-ing my all to thy ten-der care, And knowing thou lov - est me,

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

CHORUS.

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

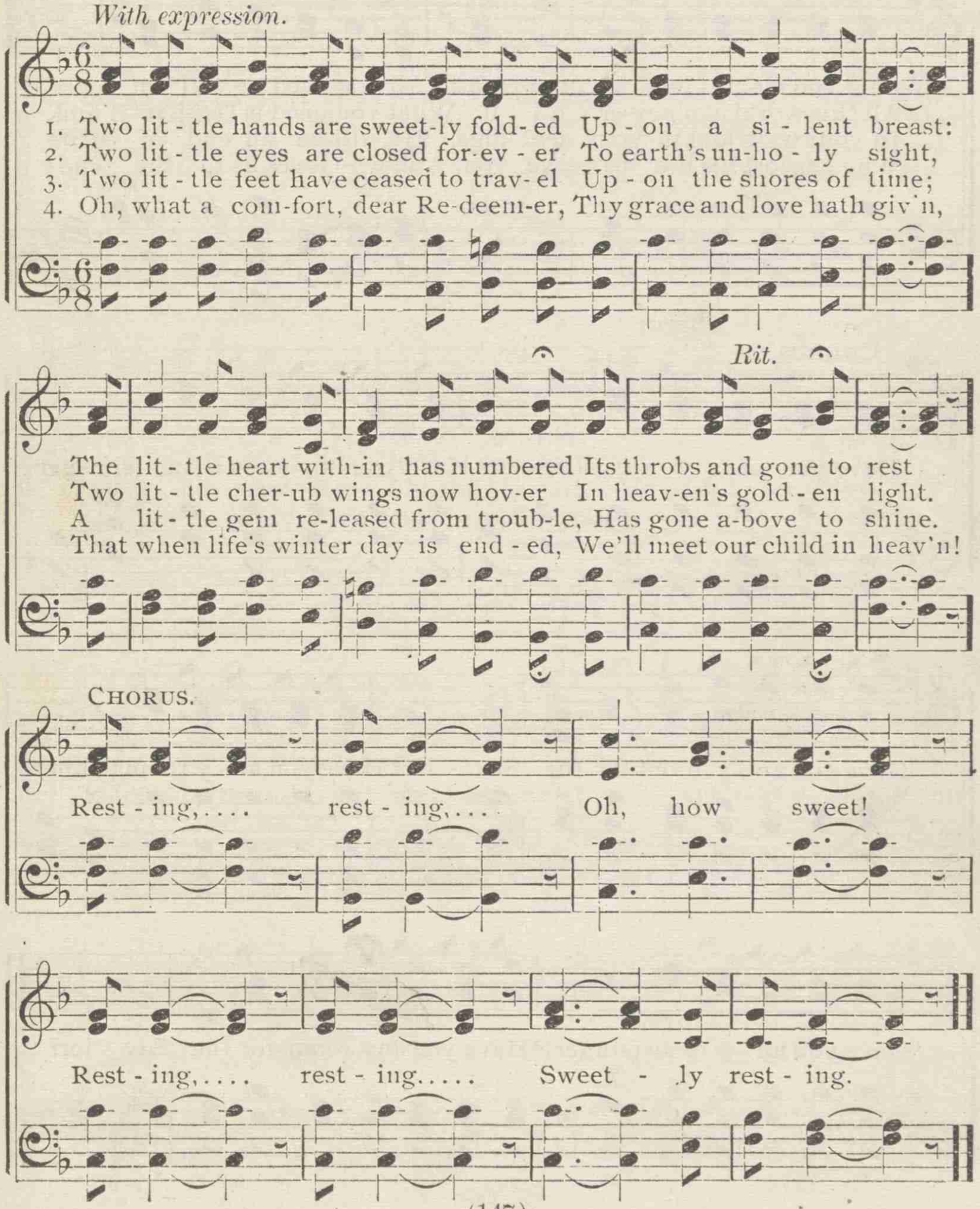
I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go—Concluded.



No. 146. Two Little Hands.

D. S. WARNER. B. E. WARREN.

With expression.



No. 147. Have You Any Room?

B. E. WARREN. J. B. VAUGHN.

1. Sinner, have you an - y room for Je - sus In your lonely desert heart?
2. Sinner, have you an - y room for Je - sus In your weary, wand'ring mind?
3. Sinner, have you an - y room for Je - sus In your home and in your life?
4. Sinner, have you an - y room for Je - sus? Can you slight the on-ly Friend

Would you feel his love so pre-cious? All you need he will im - part.
All this world can nev-er fill it; What you need is Christ, you'll find.
In your walk and in your deal-ings, He will be an end of strife.
Who has lost his life to save you, And who loves us to the end?

CHORUS.

Have you an - y room (sinner)? Have you an - y room (sin - ner)?

Have you an - y room for the Sav - ior? Have you an - y room (sinner)?

Have you an - y room (sinner)? Have you any room for the Sav - ior?

No. 148. He Loved Me So.

THOMAS NELSON. (For Male Voices.) B. E. WARREN.

1. He loved me so! oh, praise his name! He bore my sick-ness,
2. He loved me so! no love so great! No love has ev - er
3. He loved me so when lost in sin, He called me home and
4. He loved me so, and loves me still, And helps me do his
5. He loved me so! what do I owe Of love to him who

sin and shame, He gave up all his life, his blood, To
borne such weight, The crown of thorns, the pangs of hell, Were
took me in, He par - doned me and cleansed my heart, That
bless - ed will; His per - fect love dis - pels my fear, Thro'
loved me so? Though I be grate - ful all my days, He

CHORUS.

rec - on - cile my soul to God.
not e - nough his love to quell.
I no more from him might part.
him I more than con - quer here.
still de-serves e - ter - nal praise.

} He loved me so! oh,

bless - ed thought! I'm now redeemed, my soul is bought, From

sin and end-less mis - er - y, To life and peace e - ter - nal - ly.

No. 149. Sing of Salvation.

D. S. WARNER.

Air by A. RADEBAUGH.
Harmonized.

1. Sing of sal-va-tion, oh, it was love. Bro't the dear Savior down from a-
2. Sing of sal-va-tion, oh, how it fills Pu-ri-fied hearts with heavenly
3. Sing of sal-va-tion, worthy the Lamb, Fully redeemed in Je-sus I
4. Sing of sal-va-tion, wonderful theme! See from the throne a heav-en-ly

bove; Oh, what compassion heaven has shown, Lifting the sin-ner
thrills' Hap-py in Je-sus, resting in him, Sweetly his kingdom
am; Filled with his glo-ry, pure in his blood, Glo-ry to Je-sus!
stream; Oh, it is flow-ing deep in my soul, Flashing with glo-ry
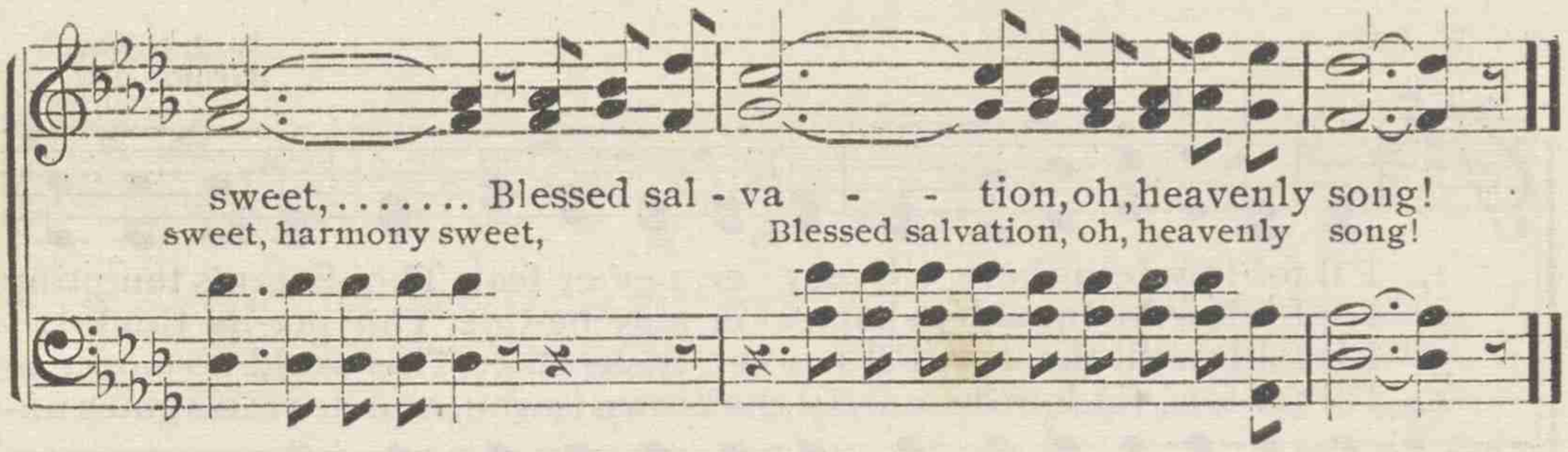
CHORUS.

up to the throne. Sing of sal-va - - tion so full and com-
reigning within.
glo-ry to God!
as it doth roll.

Sing of sal-va-tion so full and com-

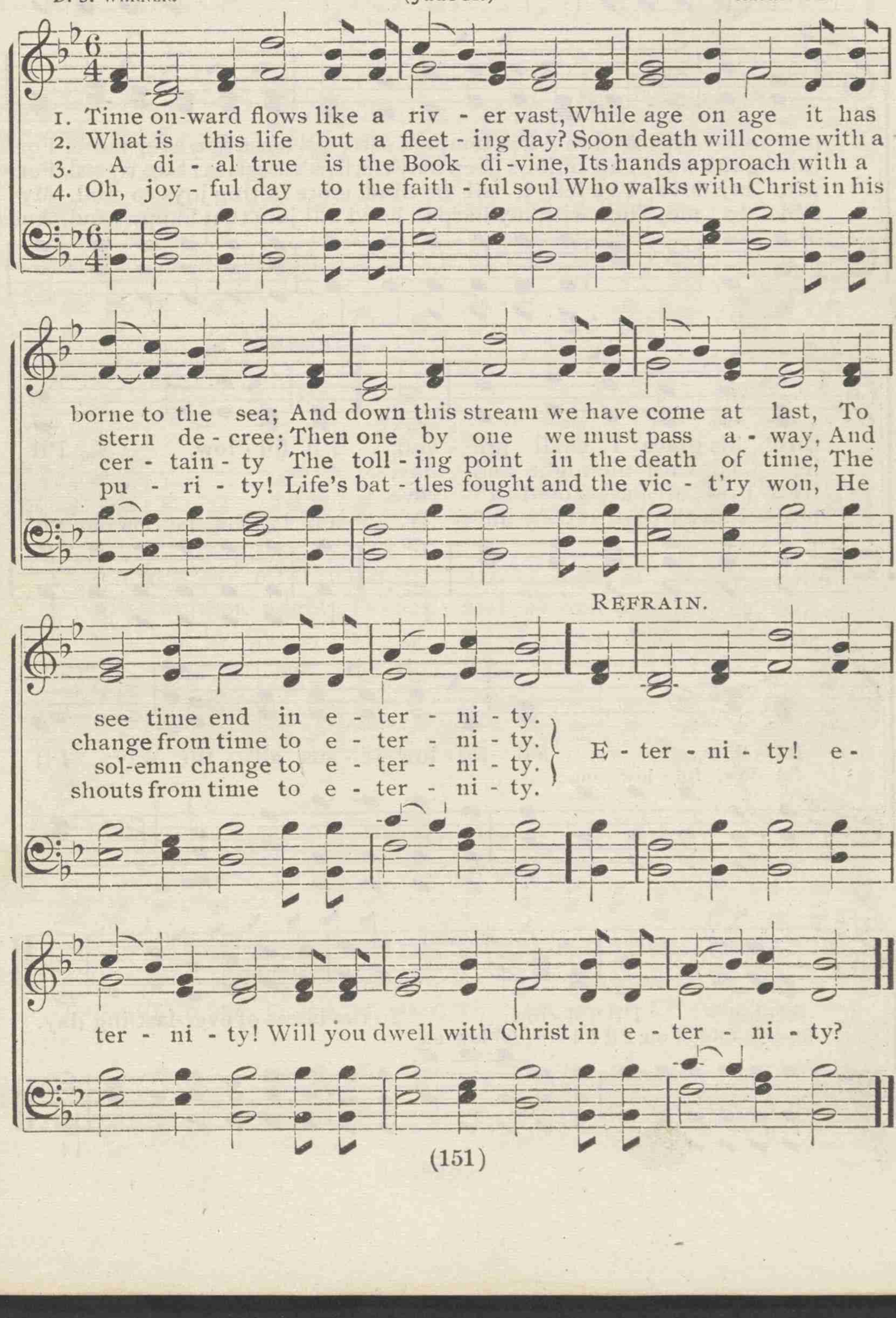
plete,..... Sing of sal-va - - tion, yes, all the day
plete, full and complete, Sing of sal-va-tion, yes, all the day

long;..... Sing in the Spir - - - - it in har-mo-ny
long, all the day long; Sing in the Spir-it in har-mo-ny



No. 150. From Time to Eternity.

D. S. WARNER. (Jude 21.) Harmonized.



No. 151. I'll Follow Jesus.

W. J. H.

W. J. Henry.
Harmonized.

1. I'll fol-low Jesus here, I'll nev - er, nev-er fear, Tho' Satan's tempting
2. I'll fol-low by his side, what-ev - er may be-tide, Tho' per-ils thick-ly
3. I'll fol-low all the way, I'll nev - er, never stray, This world no more can
4. I'll fol-low, fol-low on un - til the crown is won, And heaven's gates un-

pow'rs as - sail; And tho' I'm tempted sore, I'll trust him ever-more, For
throng the way; Tho' billows deep may roll, there's naught can harm my soul, For
win my love; I've left it all be-hind, more lasting joys to find, My
fold to me; Then with my harp in hand I'll join that happy band, And

Chorus.

thro' his grace I shall pre - vail. I'll fol - low, I'll
he is with me night and day.
treas- ures all are stored a - bove.
praise him thro' e - ter - ni - ty. I'll fol - low, fol - low on, I'll

fol - low, I'll fol - low Je - sus all the way; I'll
fol - low, fol - low on,

fol- low, I'll fol - low, To the home of ever-last-ing day.
fol-low, fol-low on, I'll fol-low, fol-low on,

No. 152. I Will Trust Thee.

D. S. WARNER. C. E. HUNTER.

1. I will trust thee, O my Fa - ther, For thy love shall nev-er fail;
2. I will trust thee, loving Sav - ior, For sal - va - tion all the time;
3. I will trust thee, fearing nev - er, All my doubts have fled a- way;

In thy arms I rest for- ev - er, Safe with-in the sec - ond vail.
And I'm joy - ful in thy fa - vor, Thy e - ter - nal glo - ry mine.
In my Je - sus trust-ing ev - er, I a - bide in per - fect day.

Thee I trust for ev -'ry bless-ing, All I need is in thy will;
I will trust thee, mighty Je - sus, And my soul can nev - er fall;
I will trust in ev -'ry tri - al, In thy prov - i - dence con-fide;

On thy prom-ise calm-ly rest - ing, Thou dost ev-'ry want ful - fill.
Oh, I'm hid in God's pa-vil - ion, Trust-ing him, my all in all.
Thou art with me in the fur- nace, Thou art ev - er by my side.

No. 153. We Know Our Home Above.

D. S. WARNER. (2 Cor. 5: 1.) B. E. WARREN.

1. Life is not a mystic dream, Bounded by a sullen stream, Leaving
2. Fools who doubt within the heart Take a leap in - to the dark, Knowing
3. Heaven's seal with-in us proves, When our earthly house dissolves, There's a
4. Oh, how blest to sure - ly know, As we journey here be-low, We shall

all in doubt and fear, o - ver there. Nay, the light is shining c'ear, From our
not our home above, o - ver there; But we taste and ful-ly prove A sweet
house not made with hands, o - ver there; For our spir - it ready stands In the
gain e - ter-nal rest o - ver there, Where no foe can e'er molest, In the

CHORUS.

home we love so dear, o - ver there.... .. Oh, we know.... there's a
par - a-dise of love, o - ver there.....
sweet and vernal lands, o - ver there.....
mansions of the blest, o - ver there.....

o-ver there. Yes, we know

home,... . High around our Father's throne, oh, joy-ful home!.....

hap - py home, joy- ful home!

For the light is streaming down, And we see our golden crown; Soon the

We Know Our Home Above—Concluded.

Rit.

Lord will bid us come, To our bright e-ter-nal home, o - ver there.....

o-ver there.

No. 154. Along the Silent Path.

(For the funeral of a child.)

M. B. C. S. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, by per.

Tenderly.

1. A - long the si - lent path By viewless spir-its trod, An - oth - er
2. Gone up from hu - man love To high-er love and care; From pain be-
3. At - tune our hearts, O Lord, Tho' they with sorrow swell, To say this

lit - tle trav - el - er Hath gone to be with God.
low to peace a-bove, In mansions, oh, so fair!
meek, submissive word—"Thou do - est all things well."

CHORUS.

Bid us, O Lord, to go, Or bid us here to stay; We'll walk with thee while to go, to stay;

Coda after last verse. pp.

here be-low, Or up the si-lent way. Farewell, darling, fare thee well.

No. 155. The Valley of Judgment.

D. S. WARNER. (Joel 3: 2, 9, 12.) B. E. WARREN.

1. God is sit - ting in the aw - ful val - ley, Near his fi - nal
2. Go, ye her-alds, shout a-loud the summons, Let the stand-ard
3. Bring the might-y down to ut - ter noth - ing, Let the weak-est

judgment - seat; And his pres-ent mighty truth is call - ing Ev - 'ry
be un-furled; Judgment to the gos-pel line and plummet, To the
say, "I'm strong;" Beat your plow-shares in-to ho - ly weapons, Press the
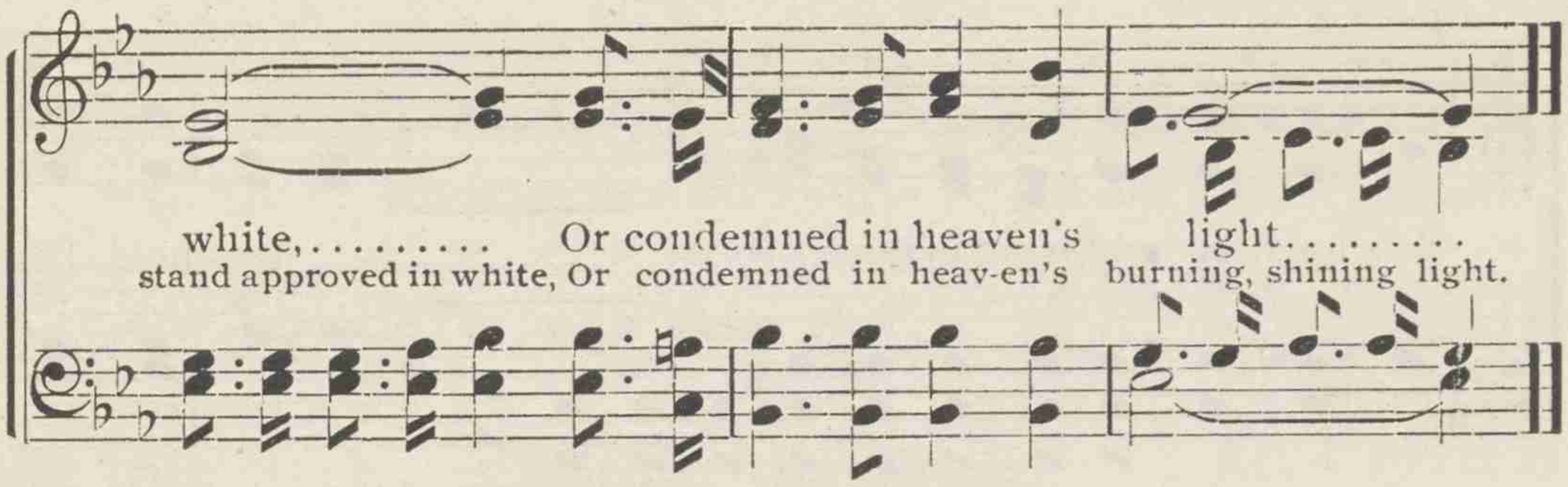
CHORUS.

na - tion at his feet. Wake, ye na - - - - tions, gath-er
ends of all the world.
bat-tle 'gainst the wrong. Wake, ye na-tions, gath-er near, Oh, wake, ye

near,..... Heaven's truth..... you now must
na - tions, gath - er near, Heav-en's truth you now must hear, yes, heav - en's

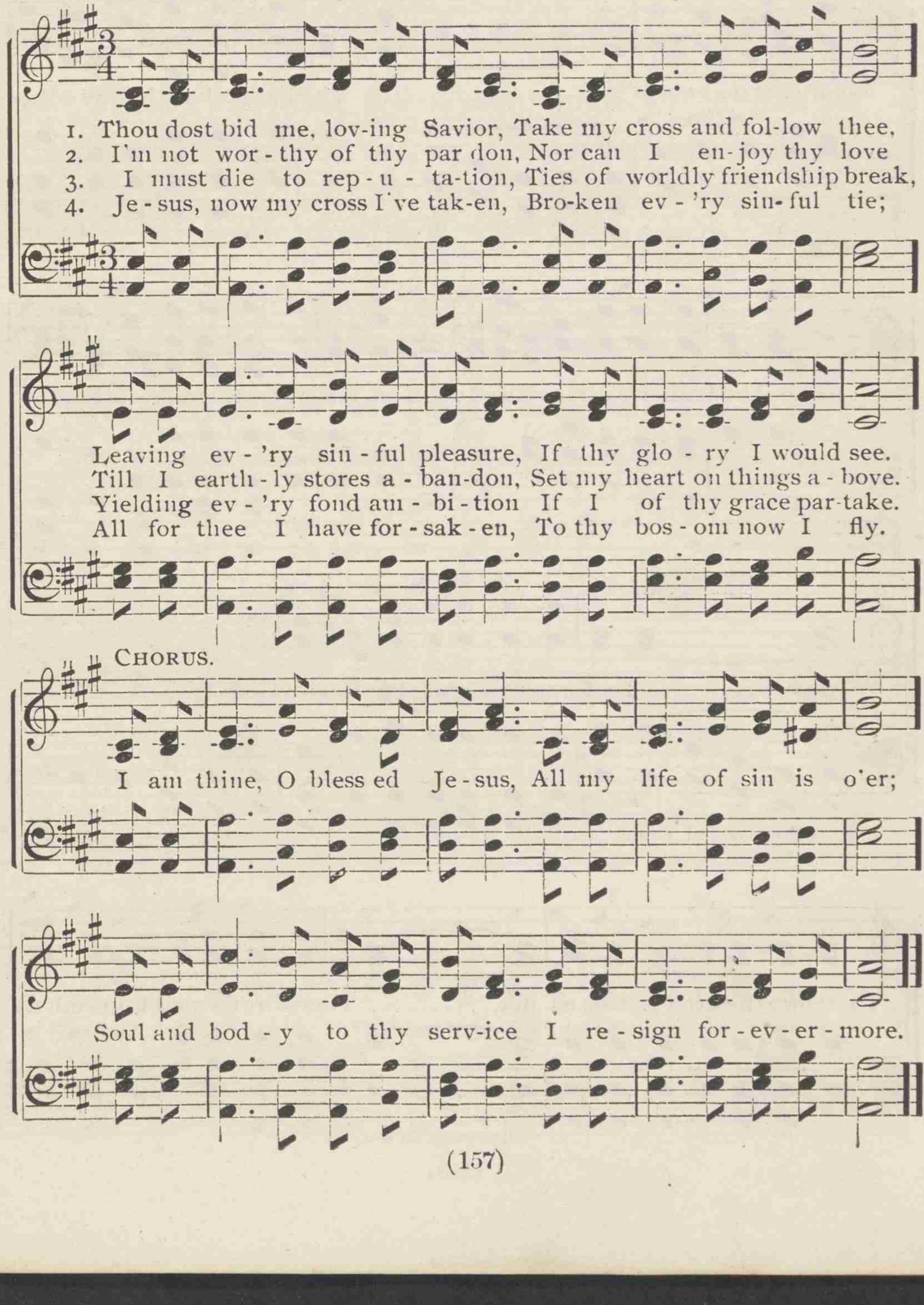
hear;..... By it stand..... approved in
truth you now must hear; By it stand approved in white, yes, by it

The Valley of Judgment—Concluded.
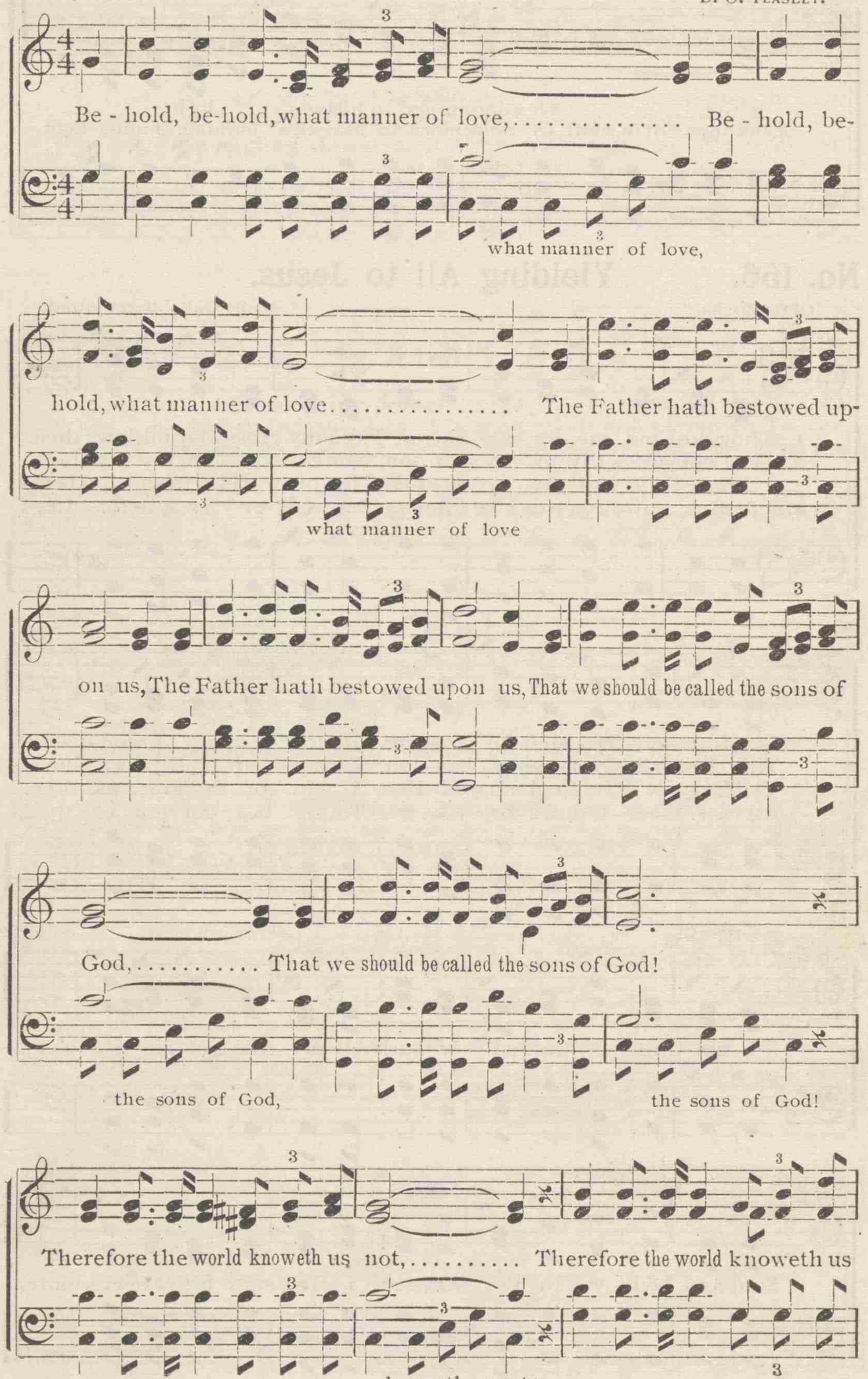


No. 156. Yielding All to Jesus.

OTTO BOLDS. Air by O. B. Harmonized.
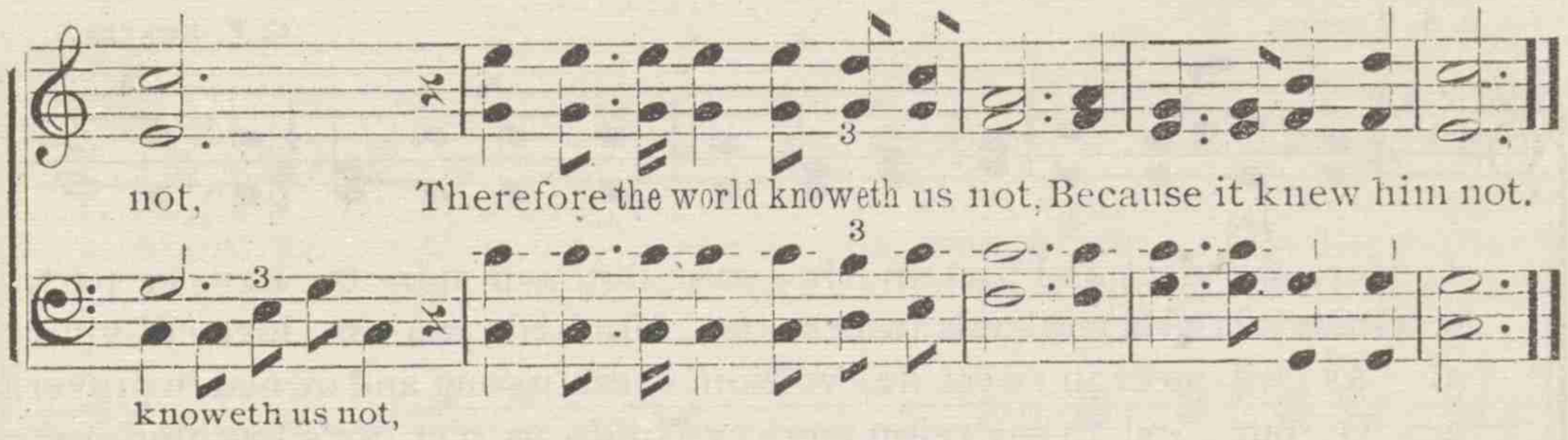


No. 157. What Manner of Love.

1 Jno. 3: 1. D. O. Teasley.
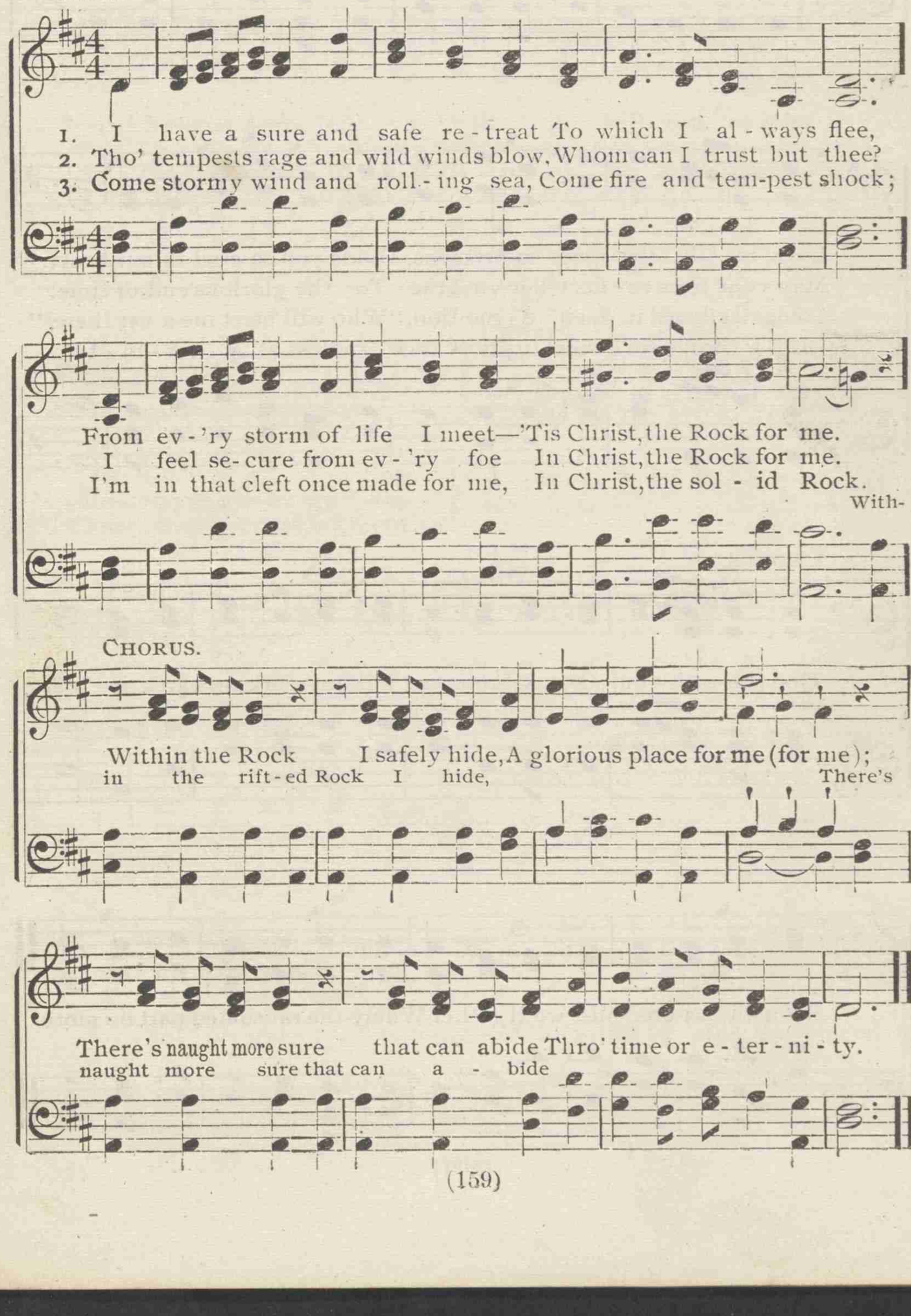


What Manner of Love—Concluded.
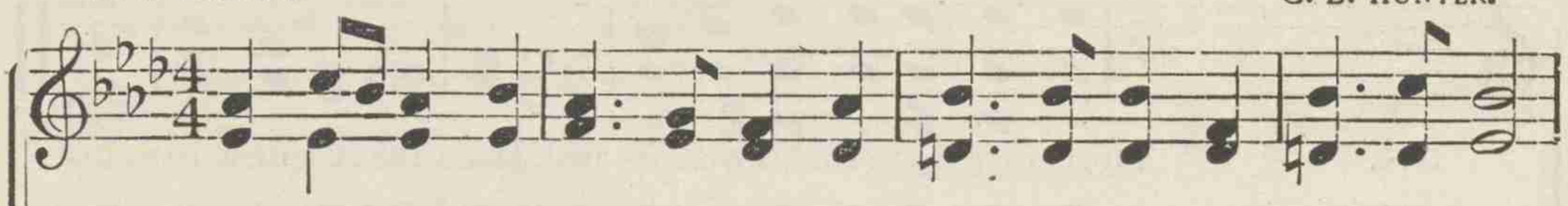


No. 158. Within the Rock.

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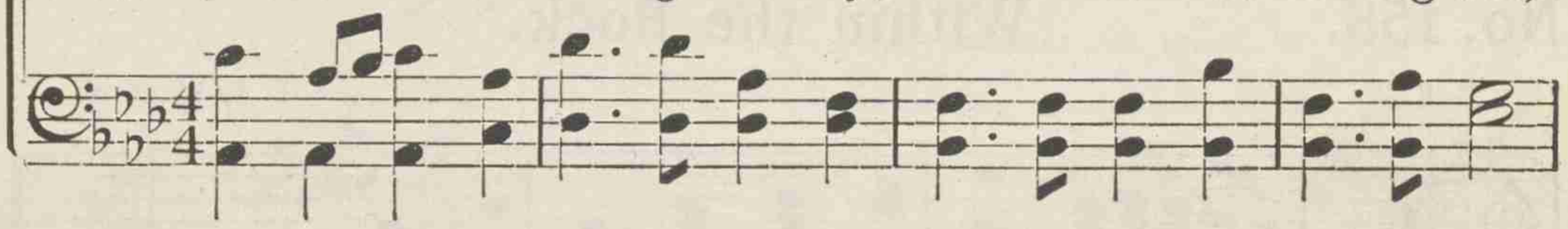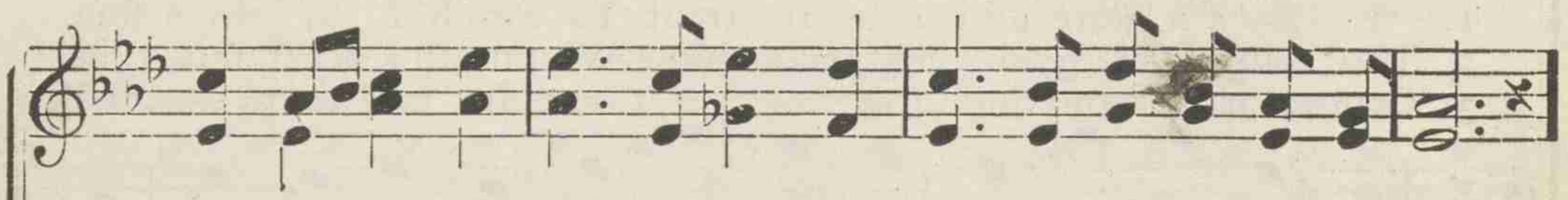


No. 159. Who will Meet Me There?

D. S. WARNER. C. E. HUNTER.
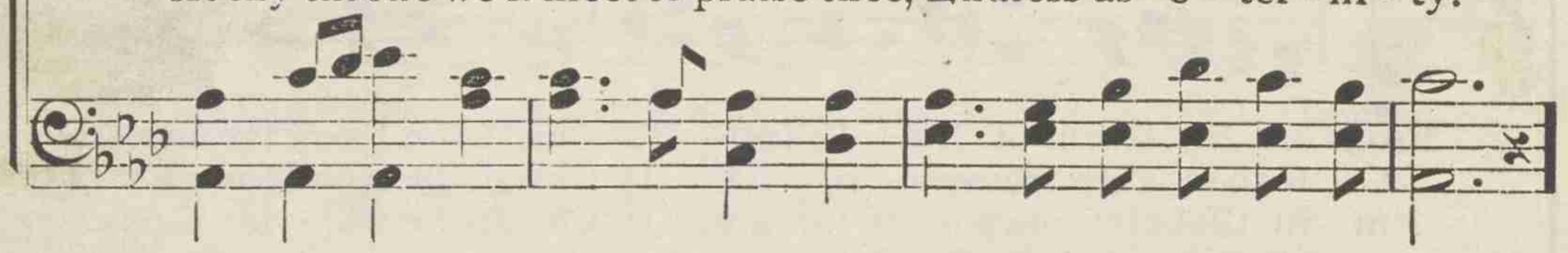


1. Here we meet and part in Je - sus, But our spir-its nev - er part;
2. Grace hath robed your souls in beau-ty, Mold-ed you in love di-vine;
3. As we meet in sweet de - vo-tion, Blest in song and owned in prayer,
4. O our God in sov'reign mer - cy, Guide us o'er life's toss-ing sea;
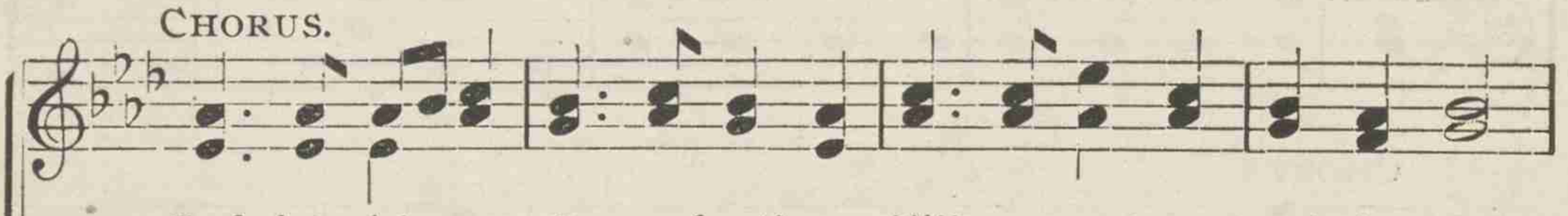




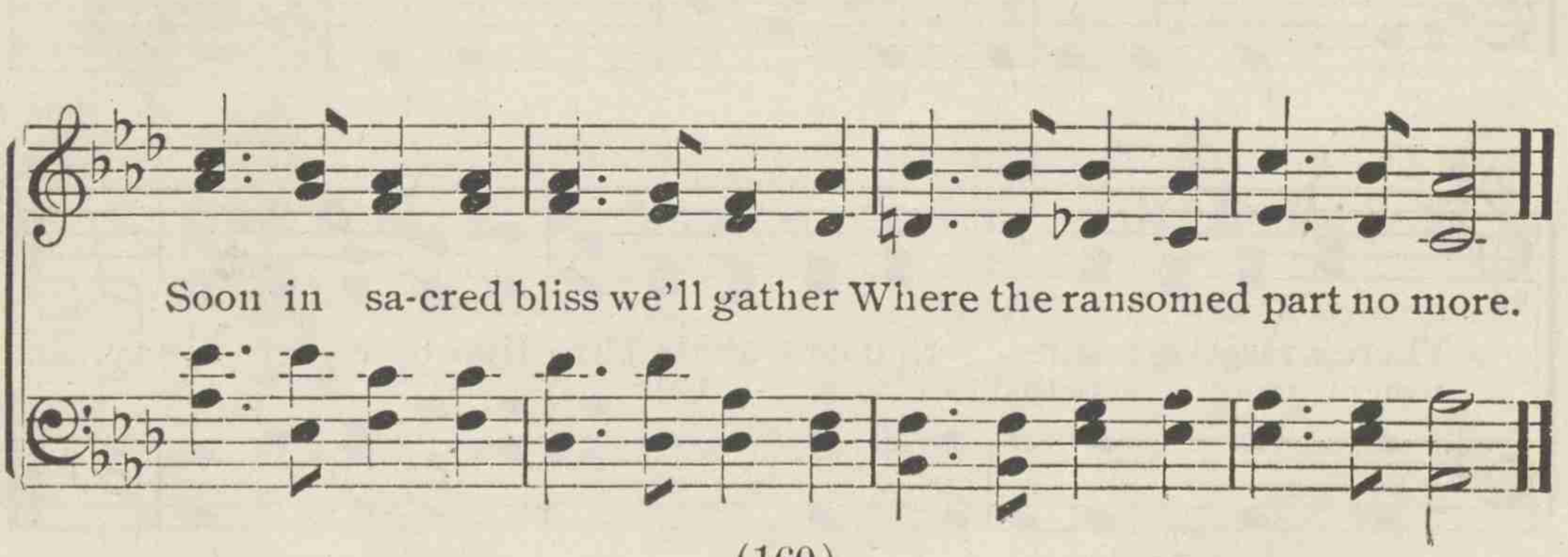
Love, un - dy - ing love, so precious, Holds you sa-cred in our heart.
May your lives re - flect her vir - tue To the glorious end of time.
Comes the thought in deep e - mo-tion, "Who will meet me o-ver there?"
At thy throne we'll meet to praise thee, Endless as e - ter - ni - ty.



CHORUS.



God be with you, O my brethren, Till our work on earth is o'er;



Soon in sa-cred bliss we'll gather Where the ransomed part no more.

No. 160. Mighty to Save and Keep.

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

1. Might y to save and might - y to keep, Grace like the o - cean,
2. Might-y to save by pow - er di - vine, Might - y to keep in
3. Might-y to save from sin here be - low, Might - y to con-quer
4. Might-y to keep in life's dark-est hour, Might - y to shield us

bound-less and deep; Will you be-lieve it? will you re-ceive it?
this e - vil time; Watching and pray-ing, trust- ing, o - bey - ing,
Sa - tan, we know; In ev - 'ry tri - al or self - de - ni - al
from Sa-tan's pow'r; Then do not fal - ter, stay on the al - tar,

CHORUS.

Life ev - er-last - ing reap?
Thus life is all sub - lime.
Christ reigns o'er ev-'ry foe.
Christ is our strong high tow'r.
} Glo - ry to God, I know I'm saved,

This is a bless - ing I have craved; Now I am hap - py,

joy - ful in glo - ry, Reign-ing o'er the world by sin de - praved.

No. 161. Evening and Morning.

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

1. When the eve-ning is com-ing, And the dark clouds appear, I am
2. When the eve-ning is com-ing, And the sunlight grows dim, How my
3. When the eve-ning is com-ing, And I look o'er the past, What as-
4. When our life's evening end-eth In one bright lasting day, When our

hap-py in knowing My Re-deem-er is near; He hath blest me with
heart in de-vo-tion Loves to cling un-to him! He hath blest me with
sur-ance in-creas-ing—I have triumphed at last! Not an e-vil fore-
Sav-ior de-scend-eth In his roy-al ar-ray, We'll be caught up to

keep-ing, 'Mid the toils of the day; He will watch me while sleeping,
par-don, He hath cleansed me, I know, He will keep me while trust-ing,
bod-ing, Not a doubt in my soul, Not a sin that's cor-rod-ing—
meet him In the air, we are told, To a-bide with him ev-er

CHORUS.

He will not go a-way. When the morning has come, When the
From the dark cru-el foe.
I am whole, I am whole.
In that cit-y of gold.

When the morning has

morning has come, We will meet him in glory When the morning has come.
come, has come,

No. 162. The Harvest Call.

W. J. HENRY. A. L. BYERS.

1. Why stand ye all day i - dle? the har - vest time is here,
2. Why stand ye all day i - dle? the la - b'rers are so few,
3. Why stand ye all day i - dle? the sun is sink - ing fast,
4. No, I shall not be i - dle, Lord, here am I, send me,

Be - hold, with flam-ing sick - le the reap - ers gath - er near;
The har - vest is in - creas-ing, and there's so much to do;
The day will soon be o - ver, the har - vest time is past;
I care not how you use me, I care not where it be;

:S:

Oh, hear the ear-nest pleadings which come from ev - 'ry land, "Lord,
The Mas - ter calls for work-ers, then, broth-er, heed the cry, Go
Go, work to - day for Je - sus, bring in the gold-en sheaves, And
Con - tent with this as - sur - ance, that I'm in thy em - ploy, Then

D. S.–Oh, who will go in highways and in the haunts of sin, With

FINE. CHORUS.

send us gos-pel workers, to lend a helping hand."
quickly join the reapers, and in his serv-ice die.
in the day of crowning, a penny you'll receive.
gath'ring souls for Jesus shall be my greatest joy.
} Oh, who will go for

mes-sag-es from heaven, and gen-tly lead them in?

D. S.

Jesus across the stormy wave, And o'er the rugged mountains some precious soul to save?

No. 163. Kept by the Power of God.

B. E. W. B. E. Warren.

1. We are kept by the pow-er and fa-vor of God From all the do-
2. We are kept by the pow-er of God thro' faith, So long as we
3. We are kept by the pow-er of God if we trust, We nev-er need
4. We are kept by the pow-er of God each day, The sto-ry of

min-ion of sin; He cleanseth by faith in his own precious blood,
walk in the light; Our help-er is Je sus, who faith-ful-ly saith,
faint by the way; Then do as he bids you, his counsel is just,
grace we'll re-peat; Thro' him we are conquerors if we o-bey,

Chorus.

His spir-it is reigning with-in. We are kept by the pow-er of
"I'm with you by day and by night."
Be humble, be watchful, and pray.
The foe we will ev-er de-feat. the

God,..... We are kept by the pow-er of God;..... By
pow-er of God, the pow-er of God;

trusting, obeying, By watching and praying, We are kept by the power of God.

No. 164. Church of God.

(Heb. 12: 22, 23.)

D. S. WARNER. Air by H. E. ROGERS. Har. by B. E. W.

1. Church of God, thou spotless vir-gin, Church of Christ for whom he died,
2. God him-self has set the members In his bod - y all complete,
3. Church of God, "be - lov - ed cit - y," Thou art of ce - les-tial mold;
4. God's own ho - li-ness with - in thee, His own beau - ty on thy brow;
5. Church of God, in heav-en writ-ten, Thine the ris - en life of Christ,

Thou hast known no human founder, Je-sus bought thee for his bride.
Or - gan - ized by Je-sus on - ly, Oh, the un - ion pure and sweet!
Lo! from God and out of heav-en, Came the cit - y of pure gold.
Glo - ri - fied in his own im-age, This thy wondrous por-tion now.
And the treas - ures to thee giv- en, Nev - er, nev - er can be priced.

Sanc - ti - fied by God, the Fa-ther, Built by Je - sus Christ, the Son,
Church of God, the an-gels mar-vel At the mu - sic of thy song;
Stones of jas - per, clear as crys-tal, Is the build-ing of thy wall·
In thee dwells the tri-une full-ness, Blessing all thy pil-grim days;
Far a-bove this world's con-fu-sion, Walking close by Je - sus' side,

Repeat pp for Refrain.

Tempered by the Ho-ly Spir-it, Like the Ho - ly Three in One.
Earth and hell in ter-ror trem-ble, As thy ar - my moves a-long.
And the Lamb, thy light for-ev - er, Je - sus, Je - sus, all in all.
All a-round thee his sal - va-tion, And be - fore thee gates of praise.
Lean-ing on his lov-ing bos-om, Is the church, his chosen bride.

No. 165. There is Joy in the Lord.

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

1. I will sing hal - le - lu - jah, for there's joy in the Lord,
2. I will live for the Sav - ior, I am his ev - er more,
3. When I reach heav-en's por - tals in that land of the blest,

And he fills my heart with rap - ture as I rest on his word;
I am rest - ing in his fa - vor, I am safe and se - cure;
I shall sing with ho - ly an - gels of this rest, hap - py rest;

I will trust in his prom - ise, I will shout I am free,
For the light shin - ing bright - er on my path ev - 'ry day,
I shall dwell there for - ev - er with my Lord and my King,

In my bless - ed lov - ing Sav - ior I have sweet vic - to - ry.
Cheers my hap - py soul with rap - ture as I walk in the way.
And with ev - er - last - ing prais - es make those high arch-es ring.

CHORUS.

There is joy in the Lord, there is joy in the Lord, Hal-le-lu-jah, glo-ry,

There is Joy in the Lord—Concluded.

glo - ry! there is joy in the Lord; There is joy in the Lord, there is

joy in the Lord, Halle-lu-jah, glory, glory! there is joy in the Lord.

No. 166. The Precious Word of God.

B. E. WARREN. C. E. HUNTER.

1. Standing on the promise it is right, I know, We are safe - ly
2. Standing on the promise we shall nev- er fall, Firm - ly we be-
3. Standing on the promise, nothing is more sure, Things of earth may
4. Standing on the promise we're prepared to die, We are read - y,

guard-ed from the rag-ing foe; Onward, then, and upward, let us
lieve that Christ is all in all; We re - gard with pleasure e'en his
crum-ble, we are all se - cure, And with liv - ing grace in Christ we
wait - ing for our home on high, Pass-ing thro' the vale of death there's

ev - er go, Stand- ing on the pre-cious word of God.
faint- est call, Stand- ing on the pre-cious word of God.
shall en - dure, Stand- ing on the pre-cious word of God.
not a sigh, Stand- ing on the pre-cious word of God.

No. 167. Those Who Love the Lord.

ABBIE L. MEYERS. B. E. WARREN.

Not too slow.

1. Fol - low Je - sus all the way, Let him ev - er be your stay;
2. Fol - low in the path of good, Walk-ing hum - bly as you should;
3. Fol - low Christ as chil-dren dear, Soon in glo - ry he'll ap - pear;

Trust in his grace for keep - ing, Trust while a-wake or sleep - ing,
What is there that can harm thee? Sa - tan with all his ar - my
Then you'll ad-mire his com - ing, Fear and con-fu - sion shun-ning,

Trust though in sad - ness weep - ing, If you love the Lord.
Shall nev - er-more a - larm thee, Hid - ing in the Lord.
Joy in your heart o'er-run - ning, If you love the Lord.

All that re-ceive ho - ly call - ing Face bit - ter tri - als ap-
Je - sus the light of the na - tion, The liv - ing God of cre-
Cour-age is strong-ly a - bid - ing, If in his name you are

pall - ing, He will protect from falling—Those who love the Lord.
a - tion, Keeps by his great sal - va - tion Those who love the Lord.
hid - ing, Meek - ly in Christ con-fid - ing, If you love the Lord.

No. 168. The Crucifixion Scene.

D. S. WARNER. B. E. WARREN.

Slow and with expression.

1. Borne a - way in mind and spirit, To the sol - emn, aw-ful scene,
2. Hark! we seem to hear him ut-ter Pray'r of love so warm and true,
3. O my Lord, what dreadful darkness, Spreading sa - ble gloom a - round,
4. Round thy ta - ble here we gather, And commune, dear Lord, with thee,

Rit. _ _ _ _

Of Mount Calv'ry's sacred summit, Where we see the crim-son stream
Do "for-give them, O my Fa-ther For they know not what they do."
Lo, thy death the rocks are rending, Shaking deep the sol - id ground;
In the con - se-crat-ed em-blems, Lo! thy pre-cious blood we see—

Flowing from the side of Je-sus, That has washed us snowy white;
Once a - gain the Sav-ior cry-ing, Nature's pil - lars shake and give;
Suf-fered so cre - a-tion's Author, Sin-ful crea - tures to a - tone?
See thy dear a-ton-ing pas-sion, And our ho - ly u - ni - ty.

Rit. _ _ _ _

Here we seem in awe to compass, Round the reek-ing cross to - night.
Lo! the Son of God is dy-ing: Guilt-y sin - ner, look and live.
Can the hu-man heart be harder Than the flint - y gran-ite stone?
Oh, we'll keep thy blest memorial, Till a - new we sup with thee.

REFRAIN. *Rit.* _ _ _ _

Behold, he dies, oh, wondrous love! He dies, he dies for me.

No. 169. I'll Tell It to Jesus.

W. J. HENRY. W. J. H. and A. L. BYERS.

1. I'll tell it all to Je - sus, my troubles I can - not bear,
2. I'll tell it all to Je - sus, for he is my dear - est friend,
3. I'll tell it all to Je - sus, the tri- als and cares of life,
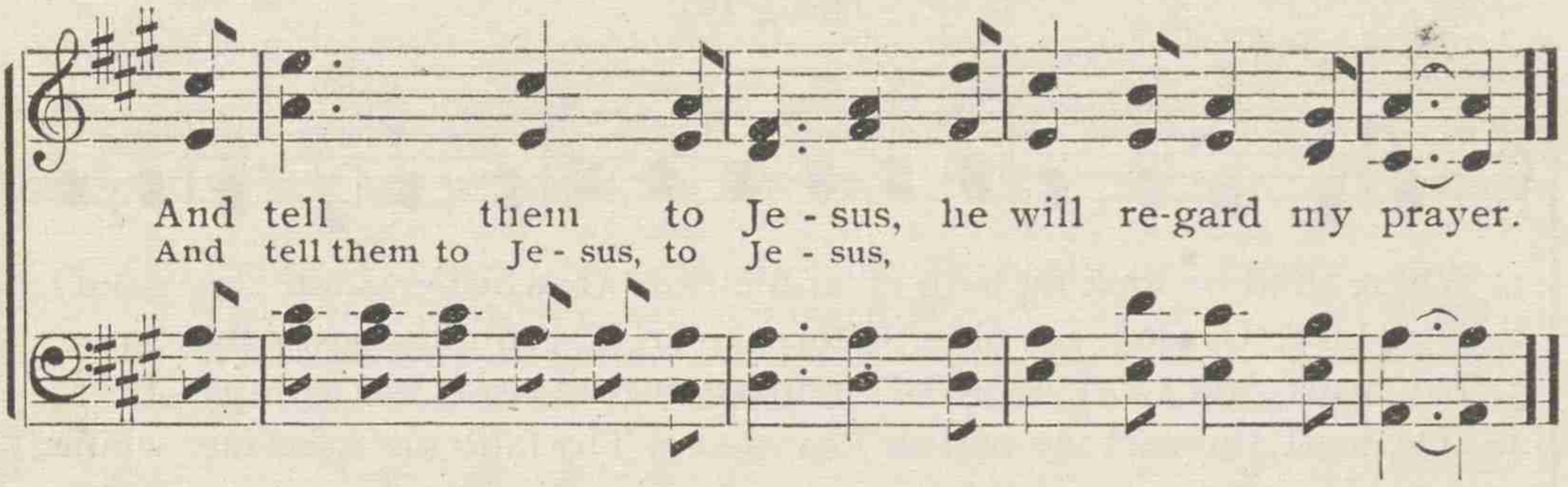
In tri - als and temp-ta - tions he will all my sor - rows share;
Tho' oth - ers may for - sake me, he's with me un - til the end;
He'll give me grace to con-quer, and vic - t'ry in all the strife;

I'll cast on him my burdens, he's borne them so oft be - fore,
His love and ten-der pit - y are balm for my ach - ing breast,
And when this life is end - ed, my work on this earth all o'er,

And, lean-ing on his prom-ise, I'll trust in him ev - er - more.
I'll lean up-on his bos - om, and sink in - to per - fect rest.
With him I'll reign for - ev - er on yonder bright hap - py shore.
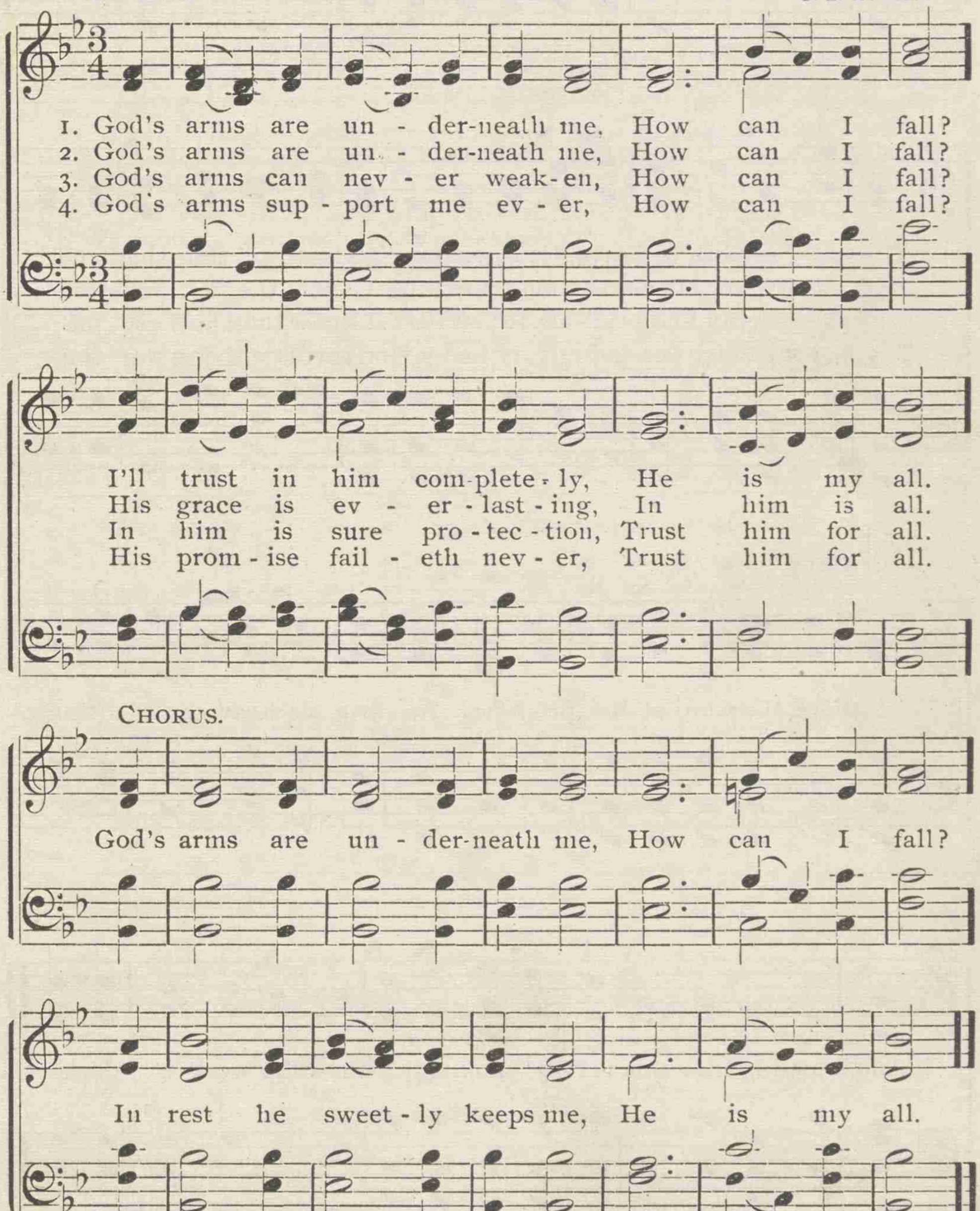
CHORUS.

I'll car - - - ry my bur-dens, my troub-le and my care,
I'll car - ry, I'll car - ry my bur - dens,



No. 170. How Can I Fall?
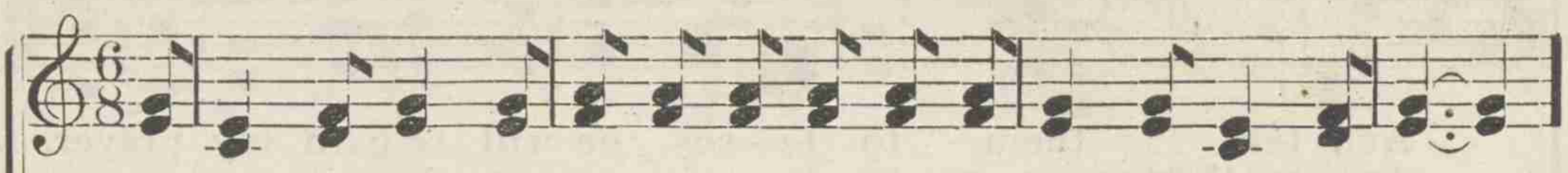
B. E. WARREN. C. E. HUNTER.
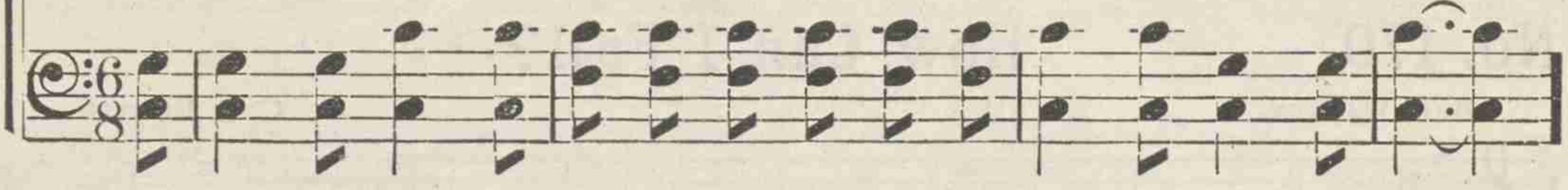


No. 171. O Lord, Thou Healest Me!
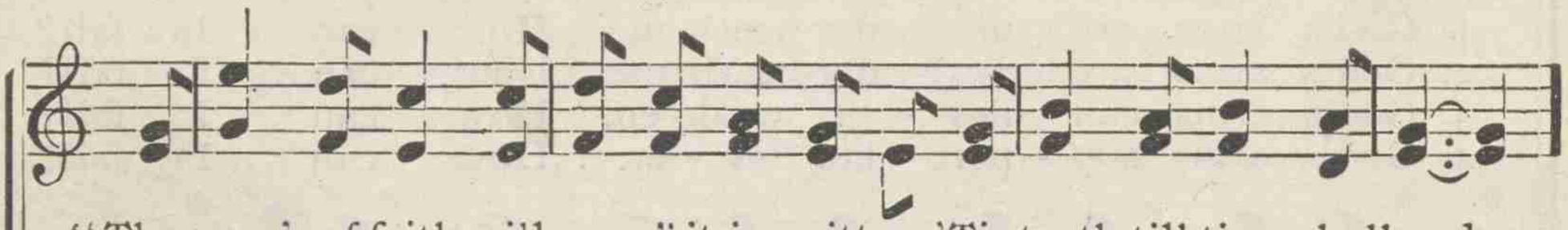
(Jas. 5: 15.)

D. S. WARNER. B. E. WARREN.
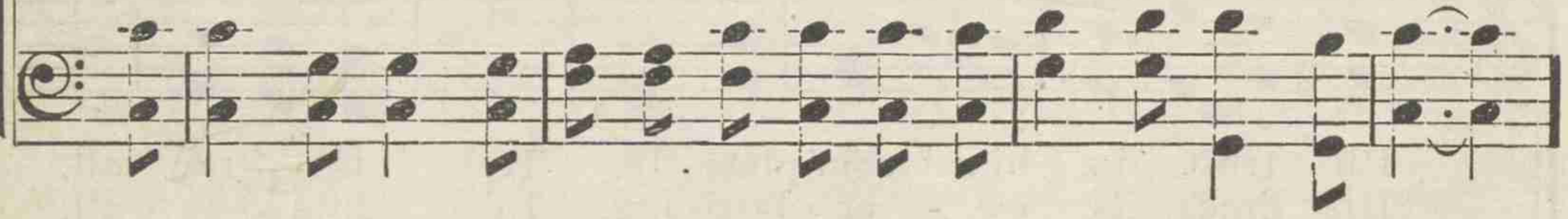


1. Where shall we look for help in af-flic-tion? Or whither shall we send?
2. Thy love, O God, a - bid-eth for- ev - er, Thy mighty pow'r the same;
3. Thy heart, dear Lord, is full of compassion, And touched with sym-pa - thy;
4. O Christ, thou art my perfect Phy-si-cian, Thy faith now makes me whole;
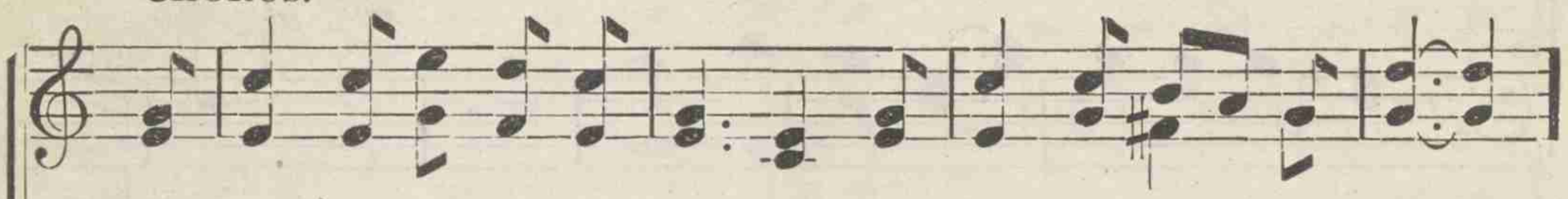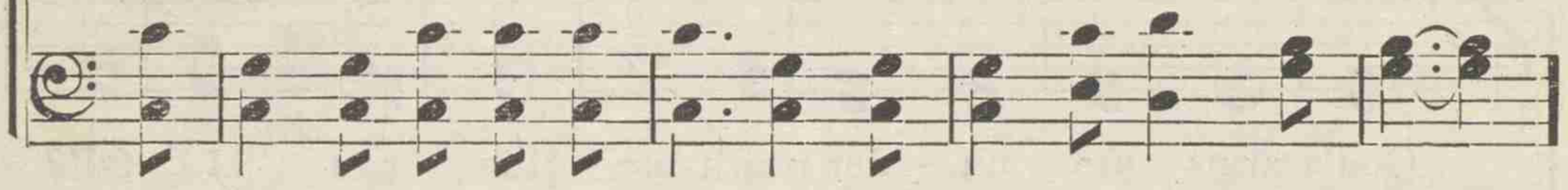




"The pray'r of faith will save," it is written, 'Tis truth till time shall end.
And all thy word declares thou art willing To heal the sick and lame.
Why then should I con-tin - ue to suf-fer? I know thou heal-est me.
Thy healing touch per-vad-eth my bod-y, And thrills with joy my soul.
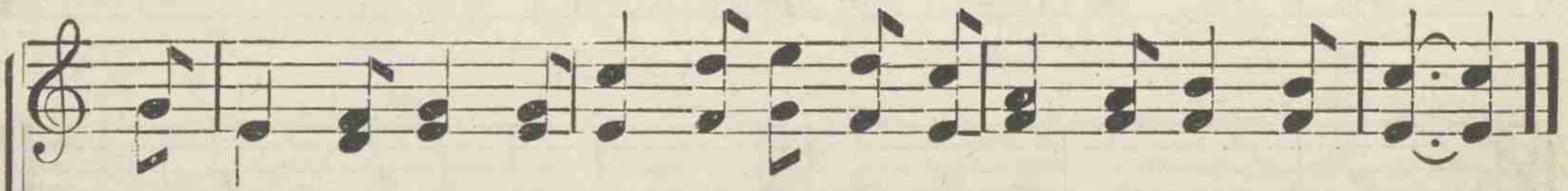


CHORUS.
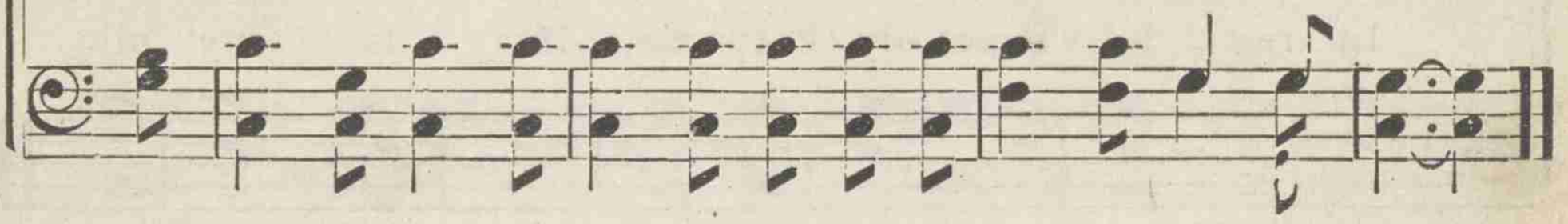


I touch the word of his prom-ise, As firm as heav - en's throne;





And trust-ing him this ver - y moment, I know the work is done.



No. 172. Farewell to Sin.

D. S. WARNER. (Rom. 6: 23.) B. E. WARREN.

1. I will part with thee, old Mas-ter; This is my firm re - solve;
2. I have served thee long and faithful, Confessed you was my Lord;
3. I have giv - en time and tal - ents, My health and hon-or, too;
4. You have flattered me, and promised Much pleasure in your reign;
5. While beneath your doleful bond-age, How oft your fa - ther came,
6. But the blood of my Re-deem-er Has saved me thro' and thro',

And I'll bold - ly state my rea - son, Why we must *now* dis - solve.
All your way was dark and pain-ful, And what is my re - ward?
And ex-posed my soul to tor-ments, And what did you be - stow?
I have sowed and reaped your har-vest, Now what my wretched gain?
Preaching, "there is here no pas - sage, Out from your dark do - main."
So, in Je-sus' name, for-ev - er, I bid all sin a - dieu.

m CHORUS.

f

The wa-ges of sin is death, The wa-ges of sin is death,

Rit. *Ad lib.*

ff

The wa-ges of sin is death and woe, And bit-ter remorse: I've

Rit. pp

p

found it so. Bit-ter,..... bit-ter,..... Bit-ter remorse and woe.
Bit-ter remorse, bit-ter remorse,

No. 173. The Last Great Day.

D. S. WARNER. (2 Pet. 3: 10–12.) B. E. WARREN.

1. The earth shall melt with fervent heat, The heavens pass a - way,
2. The trump will sound, the Lord re-turn, And time no long - er be.
3. So all who make this world their God, Can here no long- er stay;
4. The quick and dead o'er land and sea, Will leave their mor-tal clay;
5. The Church of God no more shall need This poor ter-res - trial home;

And all mankind their doom shall meet, In that last great day.
The world in judgment flames con-sume, In that last great day.
Their fondest hopes will all have fled, In that last great day.
And put on im - mor - tal - i - ty, In that last great day.
For she shall dwell with Christ, her head, At the great white throne.

CHORUS.

Oh, that last great day is com - ing ver - y soon, 'Tis the judg-ment day, and the lost shall weep; 'Tis the crown - ing day, and the saints shall greet, In that last great day.

No. 174. Never Leave Me.

B. E. WARREN. Arr. by B. E. W.

May be used as a Solo.

1. Lead me, my Sav-ior, Lead me thro' this world of care; Shield me from dan-ger, From sin's awful snare. Let me nev-er fal-ter, Never fear the
2. Nev - er forsake me While I cross life's trackless plain; On - ly pro- tect me From sin's loathsome stain. When the billows surging Beat up- on my
3. Lord, I will trust thee, I'll o - bey thy word each hour; Tho' Sa-tan tempts me, He has lost his pow'r. Why should I be fearful? Christ is King o'er
4. Oh, what a treas-ure! Precious se - cret I have found! Life is a pleasure, Let its joys a-bound. Tho' I walk in tri- al, Grace sufficient

Rit.

rag-ing storm; Rest-ing on the al - tar, Keep my soul from harm.
trusting soul, Guide me, lest, di - verg-ing, I should miss the goal.
ev - 'ry foe; He will nev - er leave me, To the end he'll go.
he will give, Tho' in self - de - ni - al, Christ will in me live.

CHORUS.

Keep me, my Sav-ior, Let me nev - er go a - stray;

Rit.

Guide me for - - ev - er In the ho - ly way.

No. 175. Gone to Return No More.

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

With expression.

1. Think of your soul, poor sin - ner, to - day, In dread-ful death in
2. How can you die so hope-less of heav'n, When Je - sus' life on
3. Think how e - ter - nal a - ges shall roll, And fier - y bil - lows

sin's dark-est way; Can you be eas - y when aw - ful the cost?—
Cal - v'ry was giv'n? Bleeding and dy-ing, he purchased for all,
sweep your poor soul Down to the re-gions of aw - ful de - spair,

Rit. *A tempo.*

Sink-ing still low-er to die and be lost. How can you plead for
Life and sal - va-tion for those who will call. Then do not grieve his
Banished for - ev - er in mis - er - y there. How can you be so

mer-cy When he has shut to the door? How can you plead for
Spir-it, Oh, let him come in your heart; Then do not grieve his
thoughtless, When time is so short, you know? How can you be so

Rit.

mer - cy?— Gone to re- turn no more, Gone to re-turn no more.
Spir - it, Lest he for-e'er de-part, Lest he for-e'er de - part.
thoughtless? You must reap what you sow, You must reap what you sow.

No. 176. Oh, How are You Living, My Brother?

W. J. HENRY. D. O. TEASLEY.

1. Oh, how are you liv - ing, my broth - er? For pleas-ures of fol - ly and sin? Or on - ly to please the dear Sav - ior,
2. Oh, how are you spending the mo-ments, Which swift-ly are pass - ing a - way? List now to the voice of the Mas - ter:
3. Say, where are your heart and af - fec - tions—On things in the world, or a - bove? And where are you lay - ing up treas - ures—

By spending each moment for him? Re-mem-ber, we'll reap what we're sow - ing, Oh, will it be sunshine or tears? God help us to
"Go work in my vineyard to - day." The past is for - ev - er be - hind us, To - mor-row we nev - er may see; The Mas-ter has
In earth, or the storehouse of love? The wealth of the world and its pleas-ure Will soon all have vanished a - way; Then gather bright

sow seeds of kindness, To reap in e - ter - ni - ty's years.
need of more workers, There's la - bor for you and for me.
jew - els for heav-en, Wher - ev - er you find them to - day.

No. 177. Fully Saved To-day.

W. J. HENRY. C. E. HUNTER.

1. I am ful - ly saved to-day, All my guilt is washed away, And the
2. I am ful - ly saved to-day, And I'm in the nar-row way, Walking
3. I am ful - ly saved to-day. While his word I do o - bey, On the

love of God is flooding all my soul; For his grace a-bides within,
with my bless-ed Sav-ior hour by hour; Tho' the way seems sometimes drear,
promise now by faith I calm-ly rest; Not a doubt or fear I know,

Since I've been redeemed from sin, And the pre-cious blood of Jesus makes me whole.
And the hosts of hell appear, I shall ev - er conquer by his mighty pow'r.
While I walk with him below, For I'm leaning on my Savior's loving breast.

CHORUS.

I am ful - - - - ly saved to-day, I am
Ful - ly saved to - day, ful - ly saved to - day, I am

in..... the nar - row way; And no
in the nar - row way, in the nar - row way; And no

Fully Saved To-day—Concluded.

e - - - vil can be-tide, For I'm walking by my Savior's side.
e-vil can be-tide, and no e-vil can be-tide,

No. 178. Obedience.

D. S. WARNER. (John 14: 23, 24.) A. L. BYERS.

1. By thy bless-ed word o - bey-ing, Lord, we prove our love sin-cere,
2. Feign-ed hearts thy name professing, Thy commandments cast a-side;
3. Ev - 'ry word thy mouth hath spoken Is es - sen - tial to our life;
4. In thy wis-dom, Lord, con-fid-ing, We will fol - low in thy way;
5. Each commandment thou hast giv-en Is a way-mark on the road,
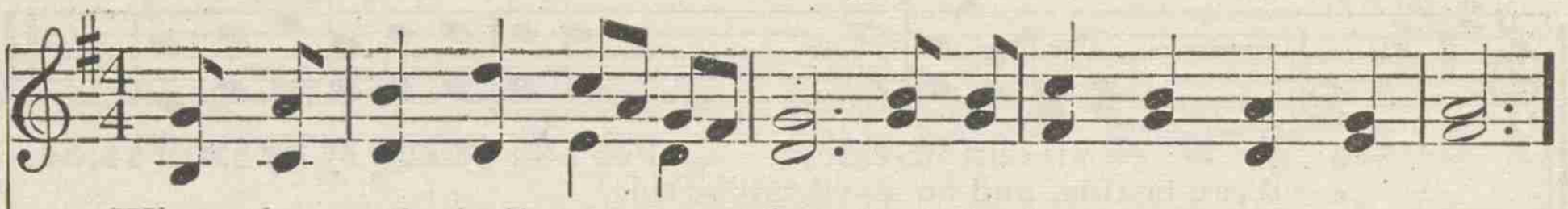
For we hear thee gen-tly say-ing, "Love will do as well as hear."
But we feel thy great sal - va-tion, And in all thy truth a - bide.
All thy man-dates love be - to-ken, To op-pose them is but strife.
With thy love in us a - bid-ing, 'Tis de-light - ful to o - bey.
Lead-ing up from earth to heav-en, To the bless-ed throne of God.

CHORUS.
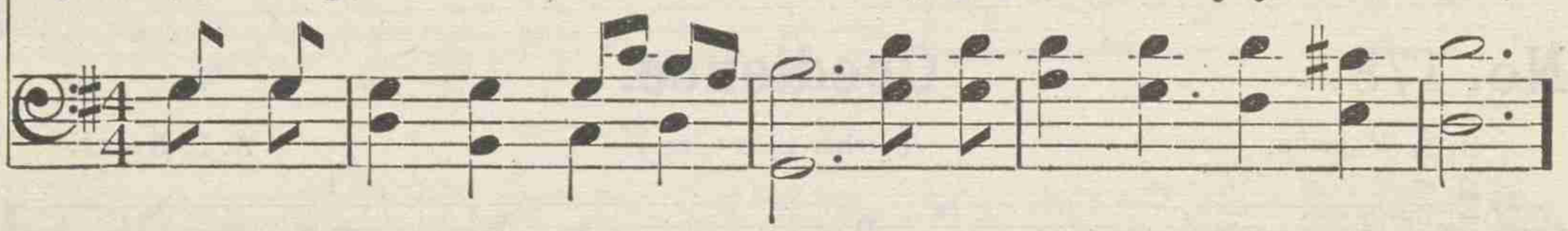
Dear Re-deem - er, we would hal-low, All thy word, so firm and true;
In thy foot-steps meek-ly fol - low, Thy commands we love to do.
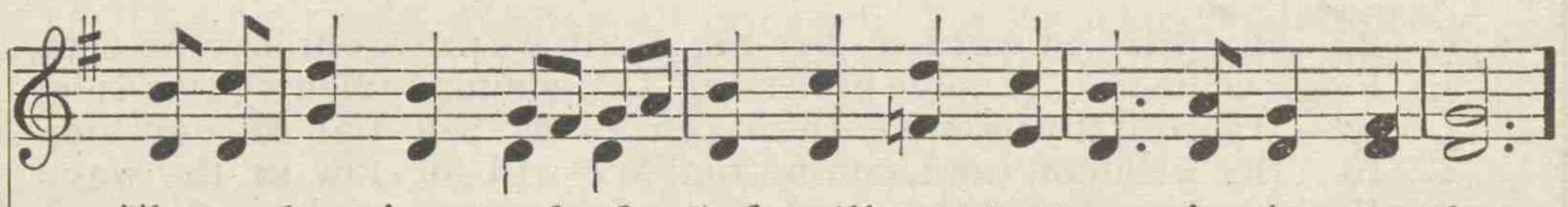
No. 179. The Unchanging Word.

C. W. NAYLOR. (1 Pet. 1: 23.) B. E. WARREN.
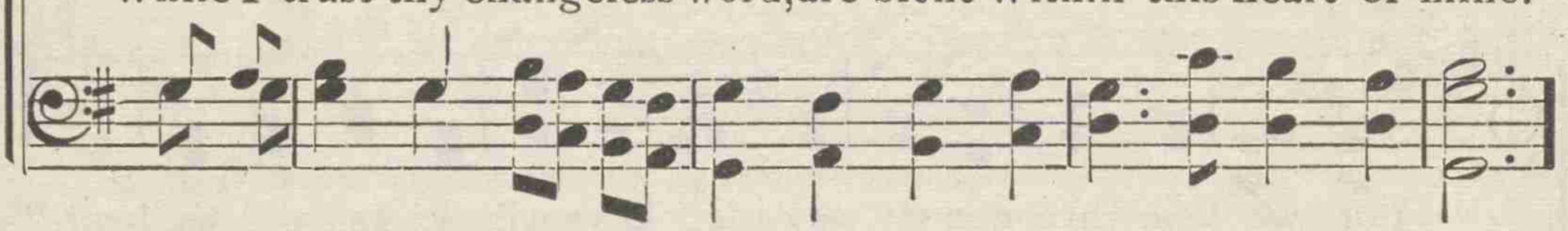


1. When the earth shall cease to be, And the heavens pass a - way,
2. Since the morn when time be - gan, Hath his word ceased to pre - vail?
3. Hath a mor - tal yet been found Who hath trusted him in vain?
4. Trust - ing him, I'm not a - fraid, For he car - eth still for me;
5. Oh, what peace and calm con - tent! Oh, what love and joy di - vine,
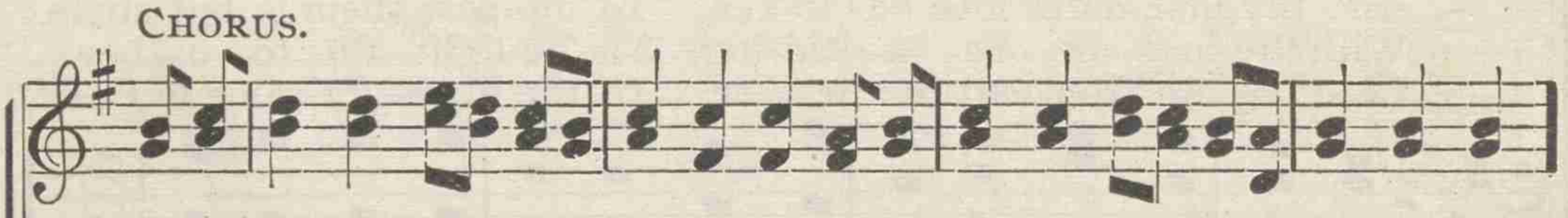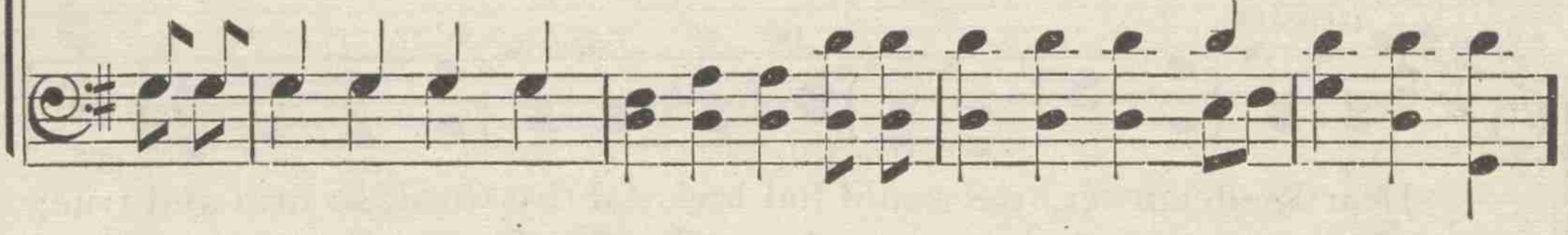




The unchanging word of God we'll see Just as it is to - day.
Is the God of heav - en weak as man? Or can his promise fail?
Search the whole broad space of earth around, And search it once a - gain.
And for me the promise sure was made And sealed on Cal - va - ry.
While I trust thy changeless word, are blent Within this heart of mine!



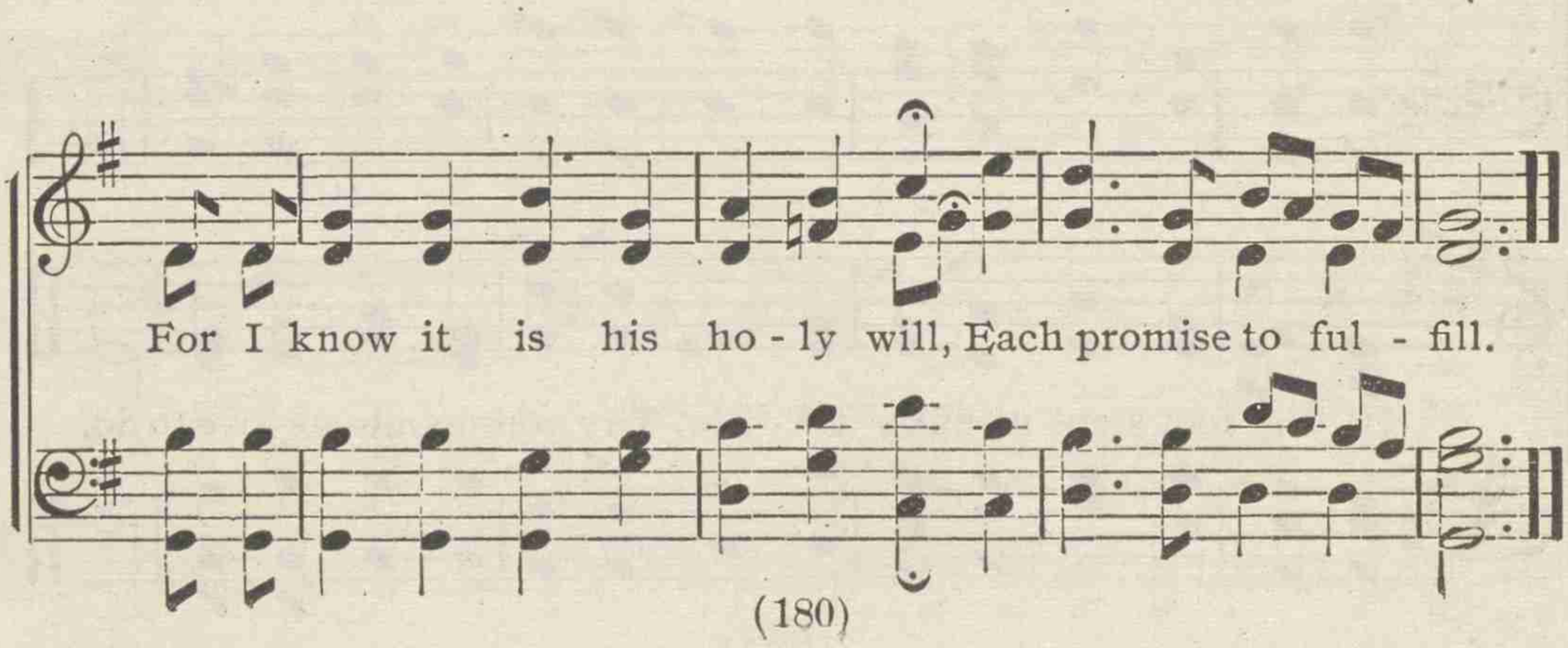
CHORUS.



On the word of God I calmly rest, With a sweet as-sur-ance in my breast;
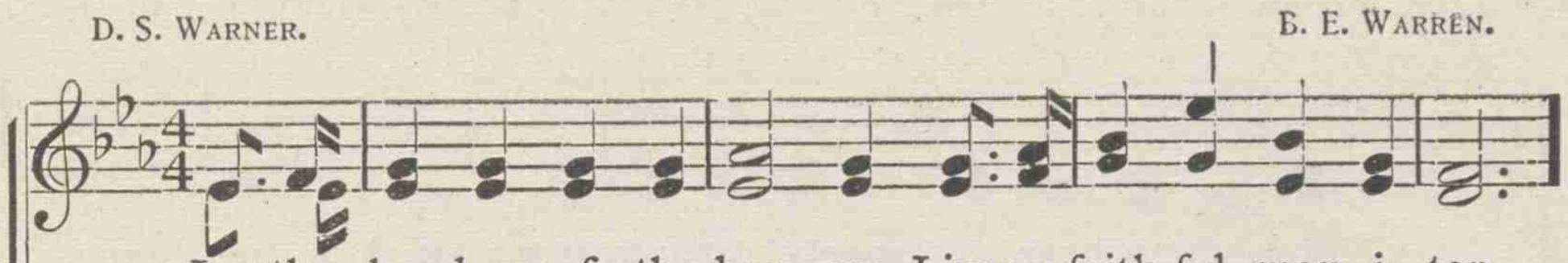


For I know it is his ho - ly will, Each promise to ful - fill.

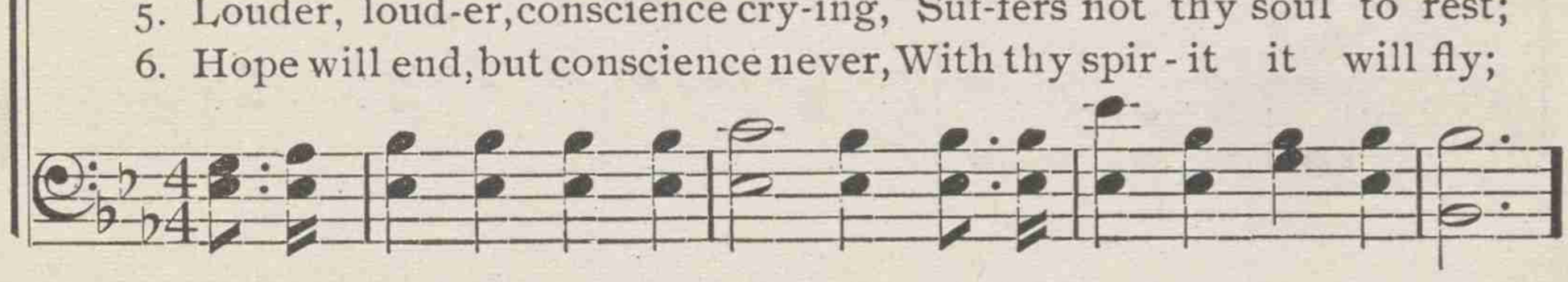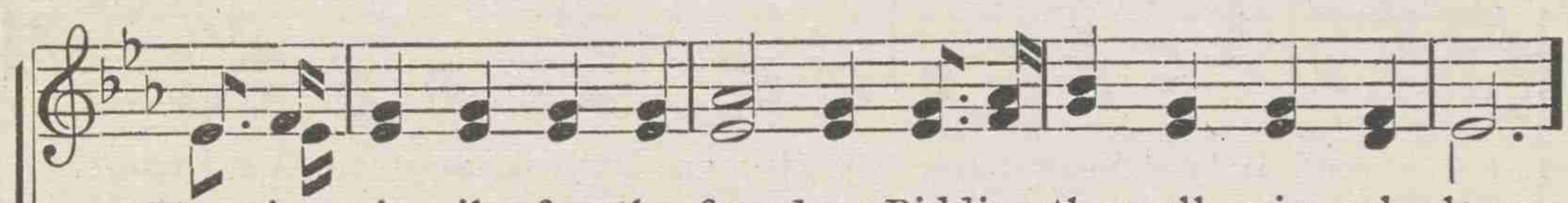


No. 180. Conscience Stings.

D. S. WARNER. B. E. WARREN.
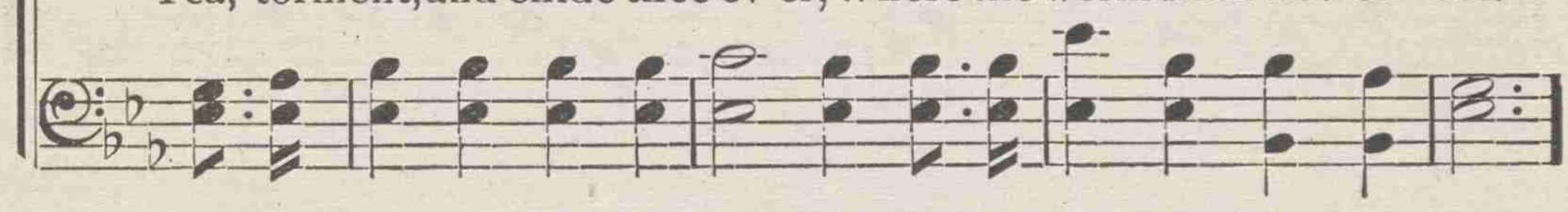


1. In the chambers of thy bos - om, Lives a faith-ful mon - i - tor,
2. In thy heart, O wretched sin - ner, Heaven placed that sen-ti - nel,
3. See the pre-cious blood of Je - sus, It will purge thy conscience pure,
4. Oh, re - mem-ber thou art sinning 'Gainst the ver - y love of God;
5. Louder, loud-er, conscience cry-ing, Suf-fers not thy soul to rest;
6. Hope will end, but conscience never, With thy spir - it it will fly;
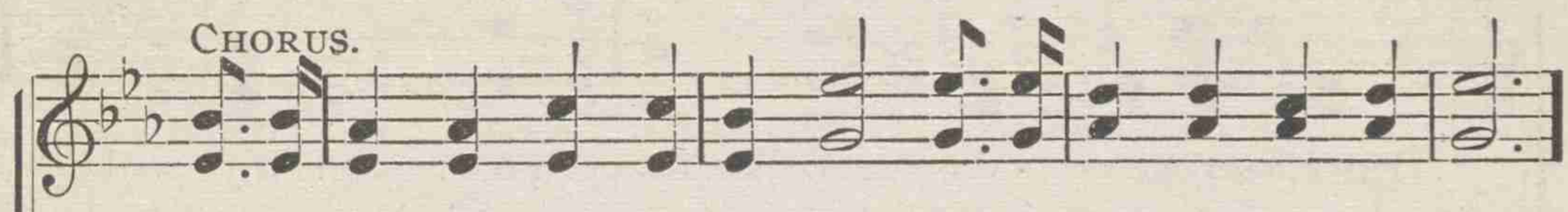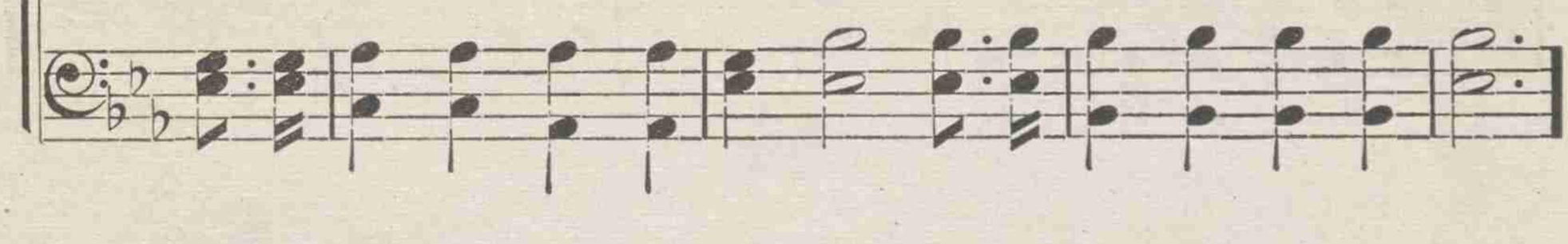




Keep-ing vig - il for thy free-dom, Bidding thee all sin ab - hor.
Thee to guard and keep for - ev - er From the aw - ful road to hell.
Then in heaven's sweet ap-prov - al, Peace will flow for - ev - er - more.
Hence thy guilty conscience, stinging, Smites thee with an an-gry rod.
Near - er, near-er, comes thy dy - ing, Can you face the sol-emn test?
Yea, torment, and chide thee ev-er, Where the worm shall nev-er die.
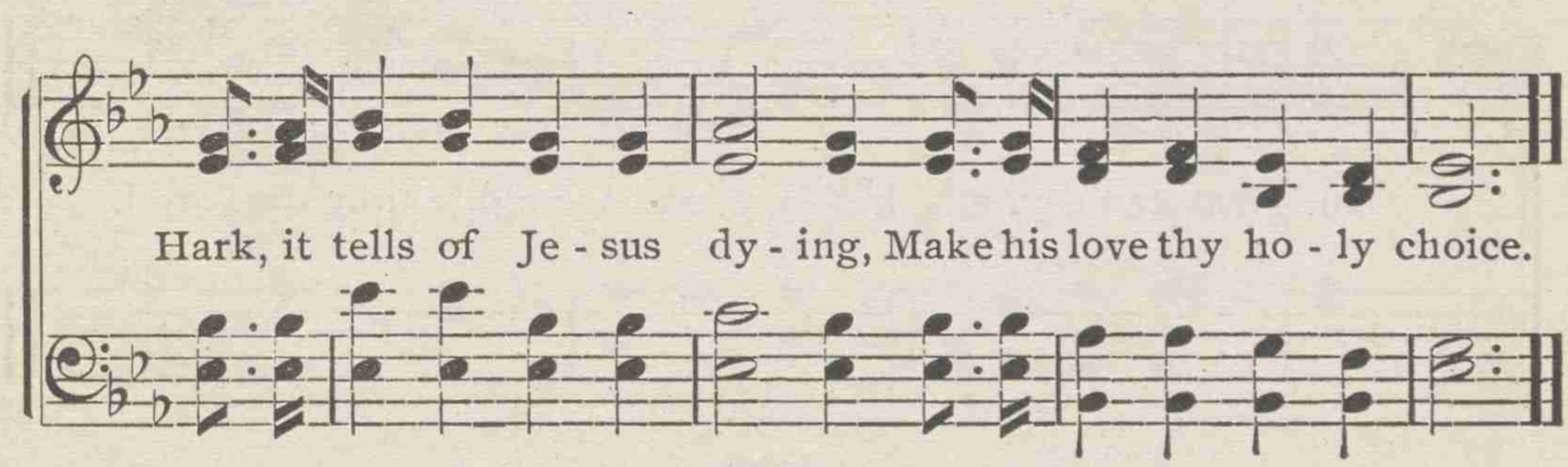


CHORUS.



Come, poor sin-ner, lost and sigh-ing, Do o - bey that in - ner voice;
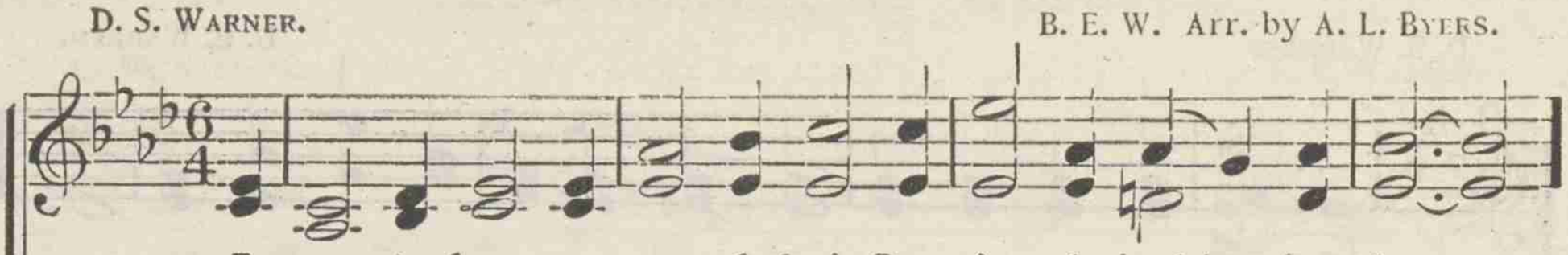


Hark, it tells of Je - sus dy - ing, Make his love thy ho - ly choice.
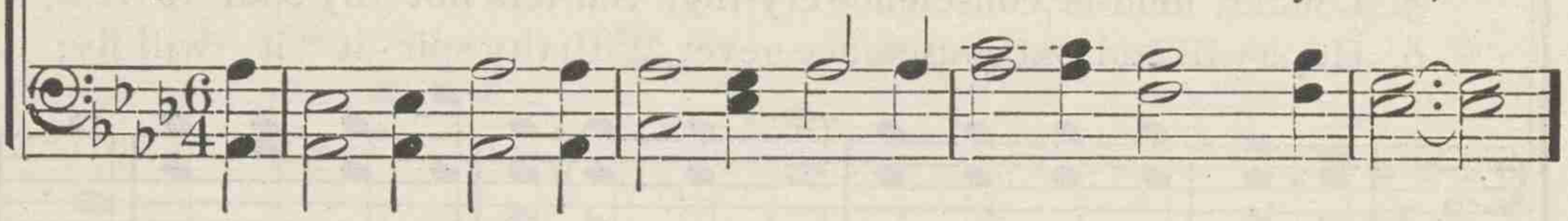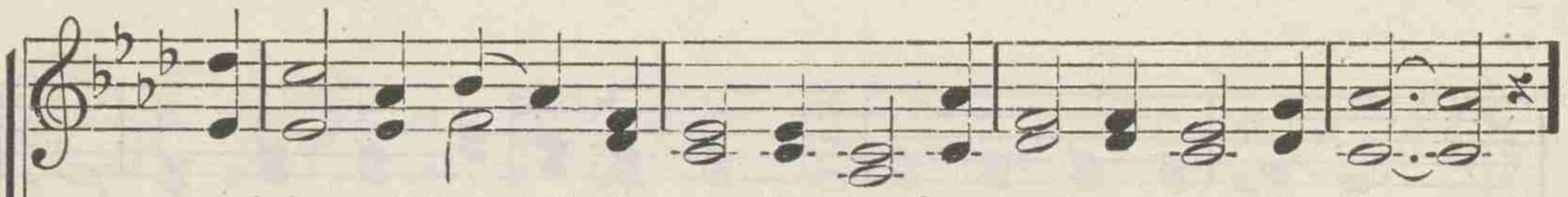


No. 181. The Angel Choir.

D. S. WARNER. B. E. W. Arr. by A. L. BYERS.
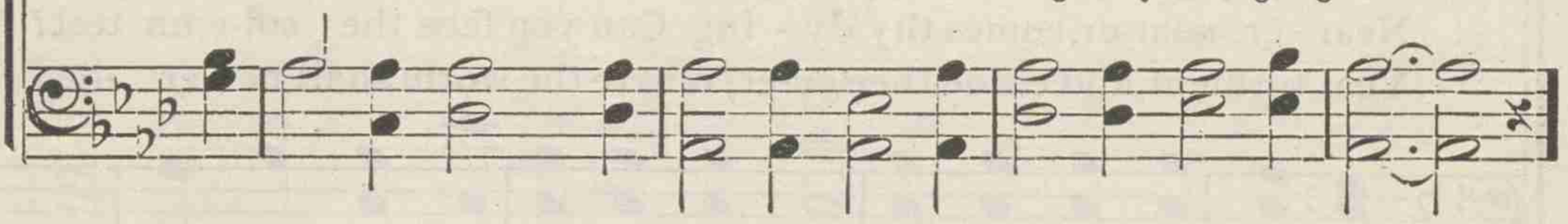


1. I seem to hear an an-gel choir, Down from their shin - ing home,
2. Up - on the mount of ho - li - ness We live in heav - en's view;
3. A - bove, be-low, one fam - i - ly, A thousand chords of love
4. I catch the pure ce - les-tial strain That heaven wafts to me;
5. We ech - o back the sounds that float Thro' Eden's balm - y air;
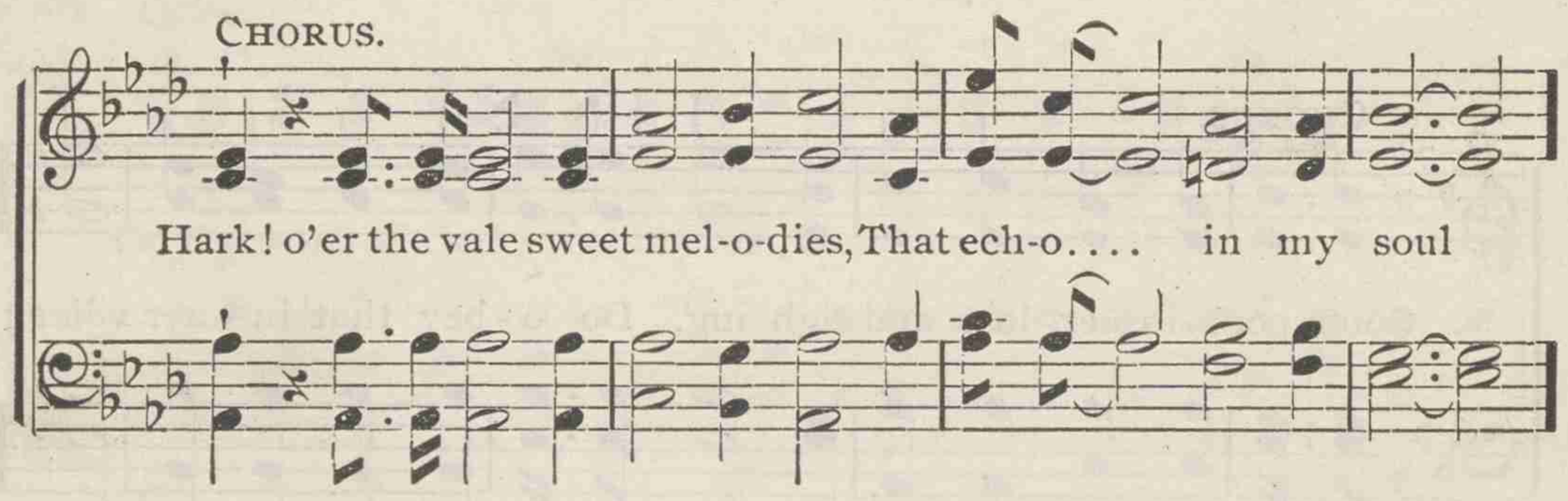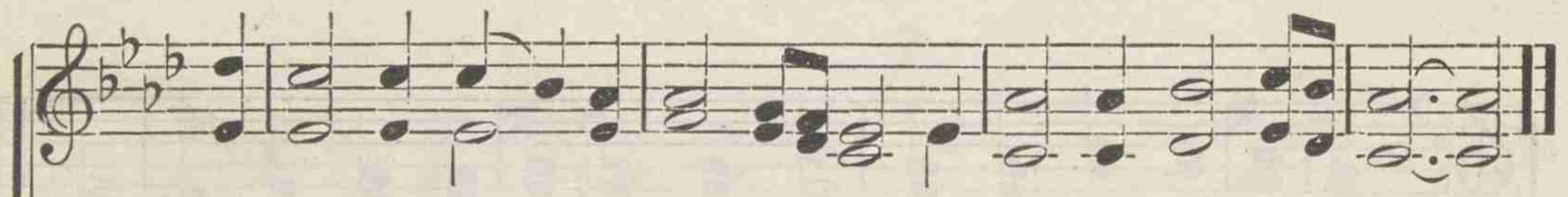




And in my heart their notes inspire, Sweet anthems from the throne.
And o'er the shad - ed val-ley come Their songs for-ev - er new.
Now thrill my soul with mel - o-dies They chant in praise a - bove.
And then my hap - py spir - it sings, "Oh, glo-ry, I am free!"
And heaven shouts to hear on earth The songs they're sing-ing there.
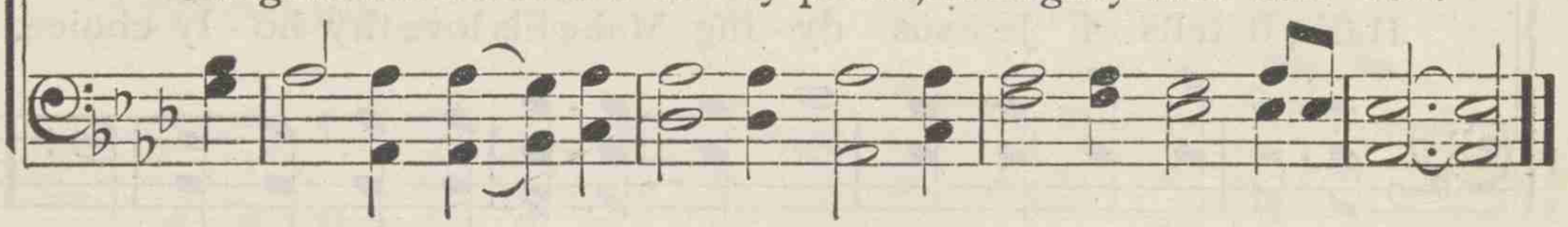


CHORUS.



Hark! o'er the vale sweet mel-o-dies, That ech-o.... in my soul
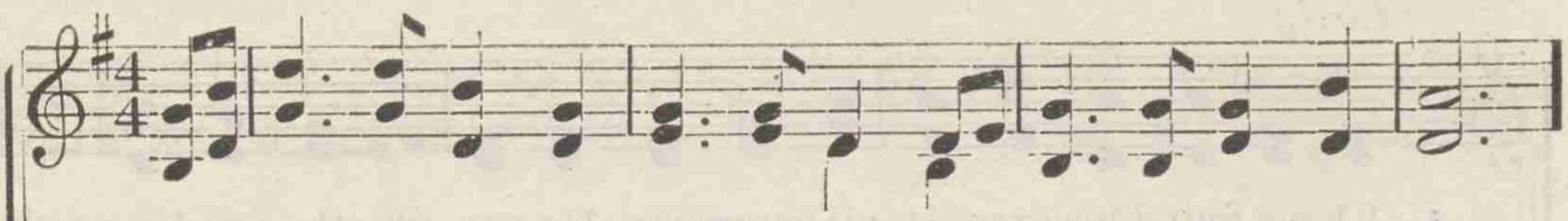


Our great Re-deem-er's ho - ly praise, As mighty thun-ders roll.
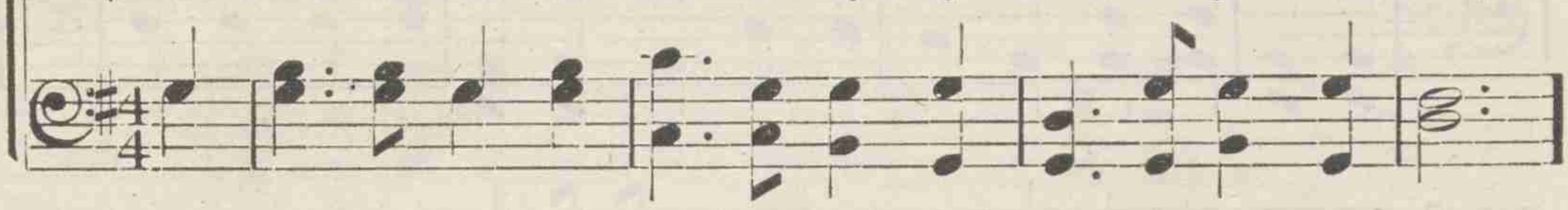


No. 182. Complete in Him.
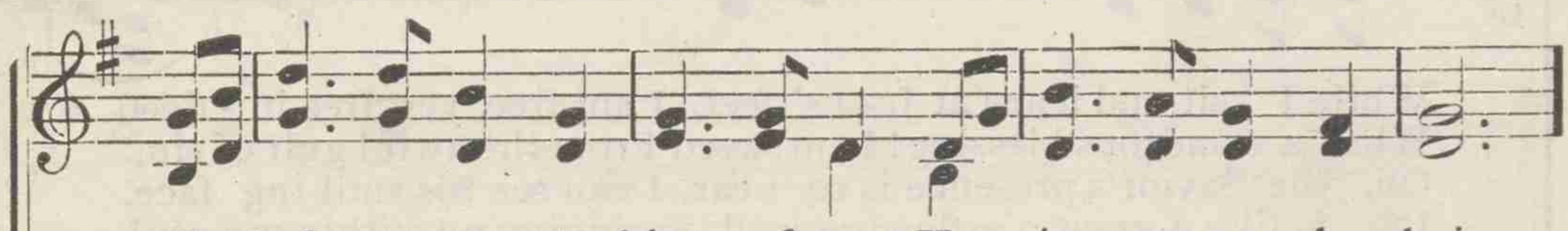
Words and Air by
C. O. DODGE.

Harmonized.
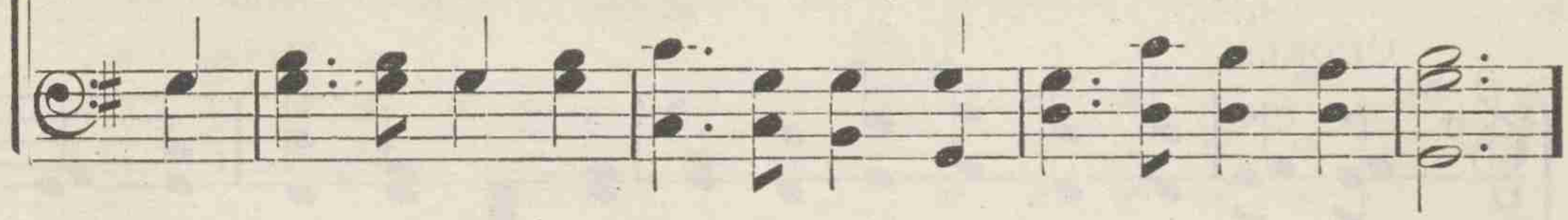


1. While in this sin - ful world of woe, I heard my Sav-ior's voice;
2. I yield-ed then my all to him, He took me in his care;
3. He pardoned all my man - y sins, Then sanc - ti - fied my soul;
4. I now am in the nar-row way, My heart made pure and free,
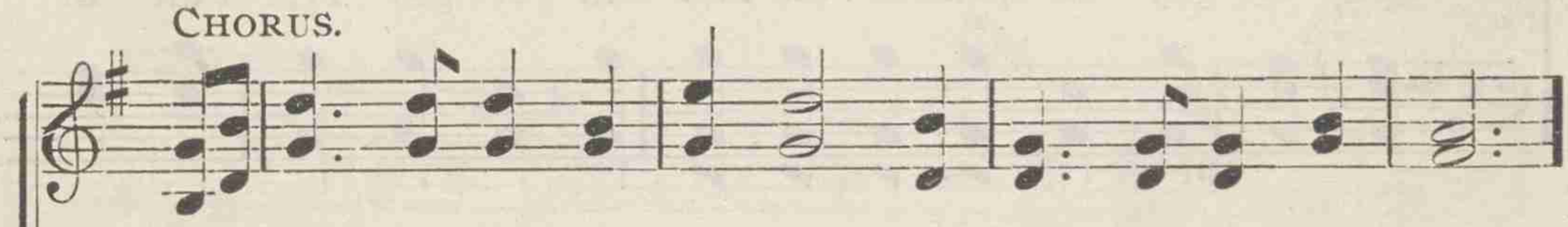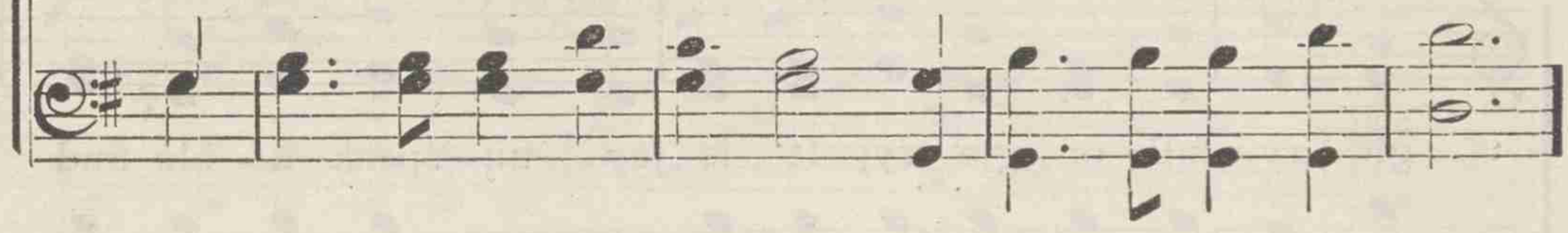




He bade me come to him, and now He is my on - ly choice.
He sat - is - fied my long-ing heart And did my bur - den bear.
Thro' faith in his a - ton-ing blood He tru - ly makes me whole.
My garments spotless thro' the blood That flows from Cal - va - ry.



CHORUS.



Oh, glo - ry! what a bless-ing! In him I am com - plete;



'Tis won-drous grace in plen - ty I find low at his feet.

No. 183. Joy Unspeakable.

B. E. W. (1 Pet. 1: 8.) B. E. WARREN.

Lively.

1. I have found his grace is all complete, He sup- pli-eth ev - 'ry need;
2. I have found the pleasure I once craved, It is joy and peace with-in;
3. I have found that hope so bright and clear, Living in the realm of grace;
4. I have found the joy no tongue can tell, How its waves of glo - ry roll!
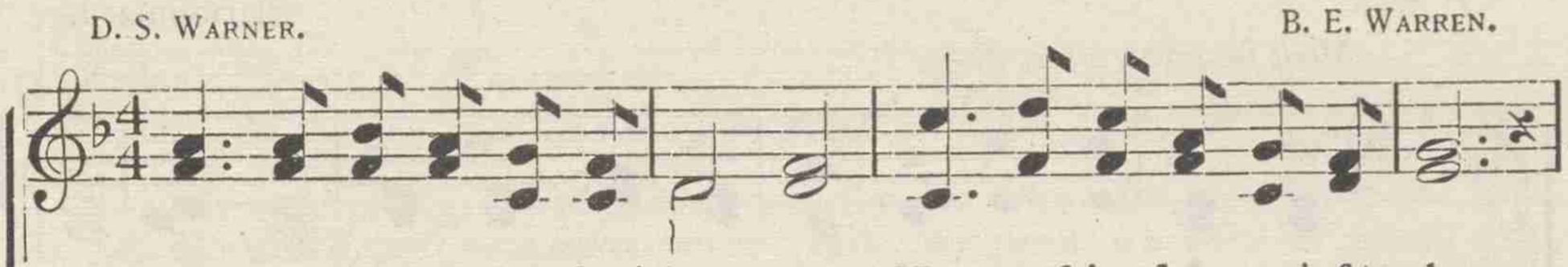
While I sit and learn at Je-sus' feet, I am free, yes, free in - deed.
What a wondrous blessing! I am saved From the awful gulf of sin.
Oh, the Savior's presence is so near, I can see his smil-ing face.
It is like a great o'erflowing well, Springing up within my soul.

CHORUS.

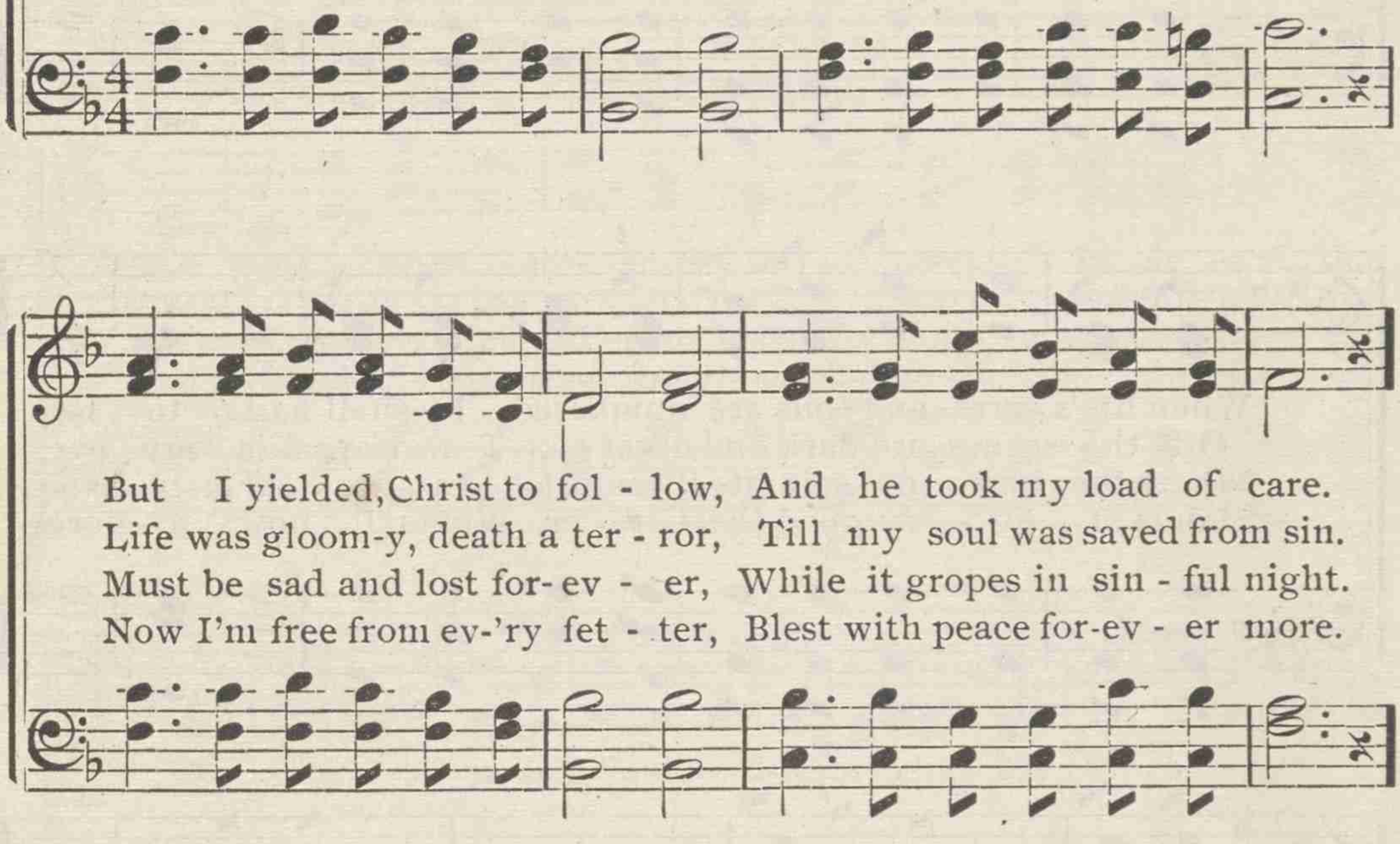
It is joy un-speak-a - ble and full of glo - ry, Full of glo - ry, full of glo - ry; It is joy un - speak - a - ble and full of glo - ry, Oh, the half has nev - er yet been told.

No. 184. Christ the Friend We Need.

D. S. WARNER. B. E. WARREN.

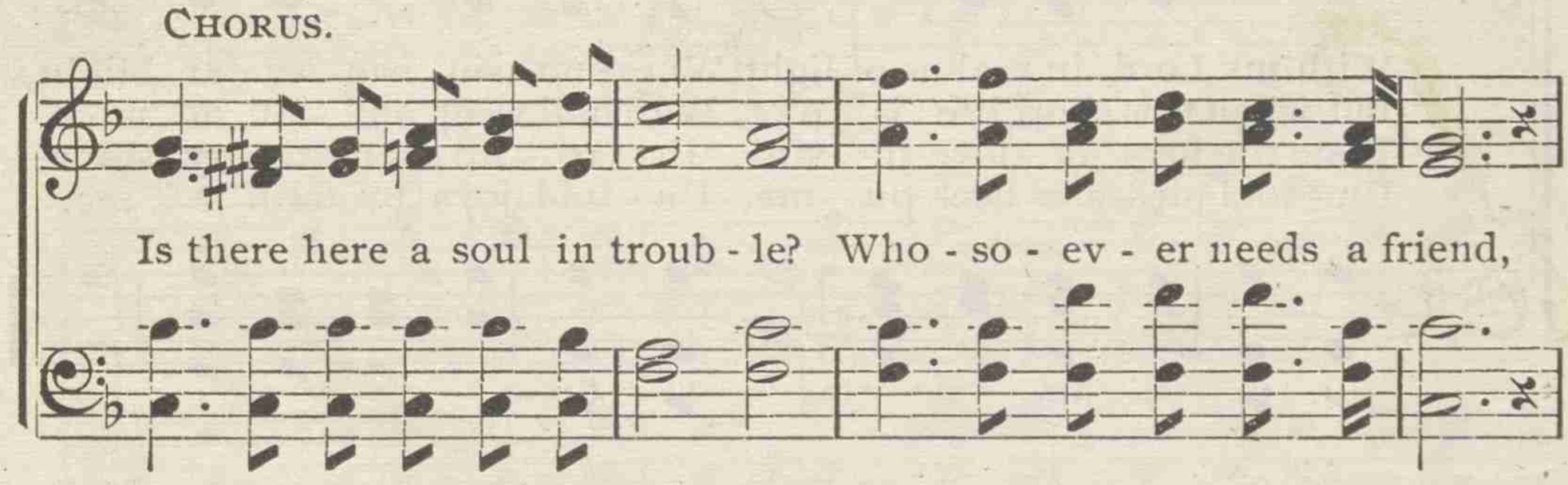


1. Oft my heart has bled with sor-row, Not a friend my grief to share;
2. Once I sighed for peace and pleasure, Felt a pain-ful void with-in;
3. All this world is dark and drear - y, And the soul, designed for light,
4. Sin made all my life so bit - ter, Je - sus makes it sweet and pure;
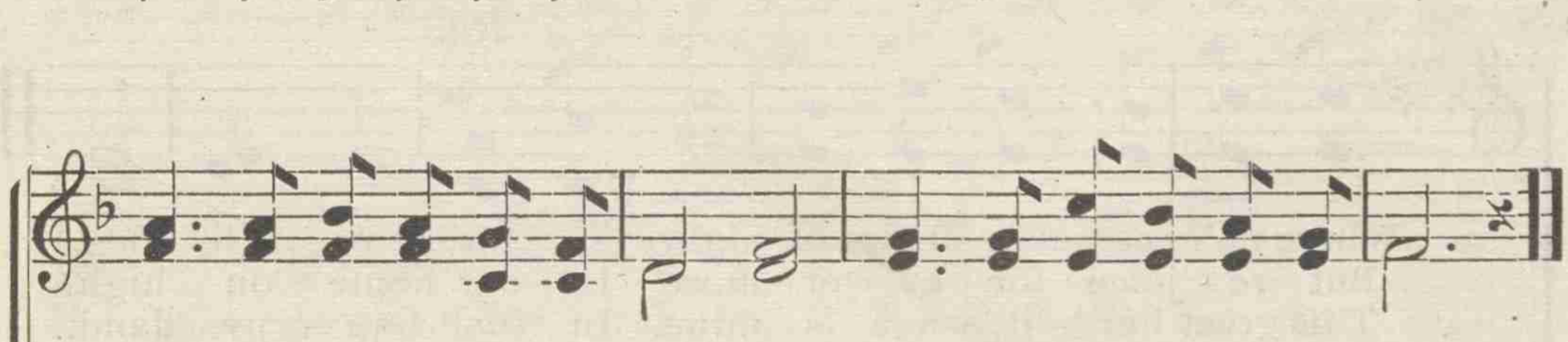


But I yielded, Christ to fol - low, And he took my load of care.
Life was gloom-y, death a ter - ror, Till my soul was saved from sin.
Must be sad and lost for-ev - er, While it gropes in sin - ful night.
Now I'm free from ev-'ry fet - ter, Blest with peace for-ev - er more.
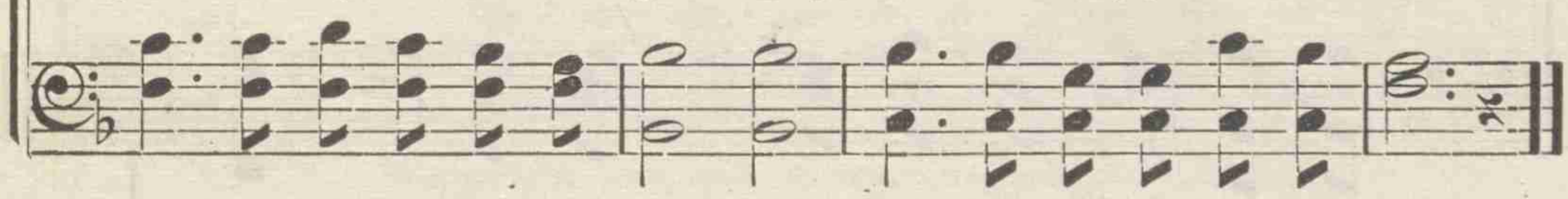
CHORUS.



Is there here a soul in troub - le? Who - so - ev - er needs a friend,



Je-sus' love your heart will glad-den, Bless and keep you to the end.
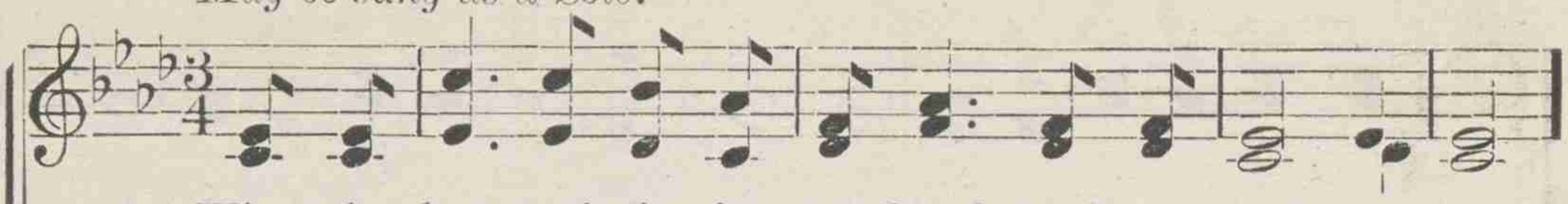


No. 185. Anticipation.

(Phil. 3: 13, 14.)
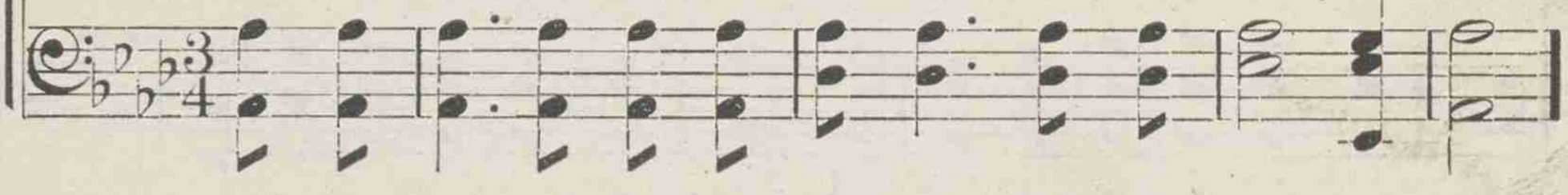
C. W. N.

C. W. Naylor.
Harmonized.
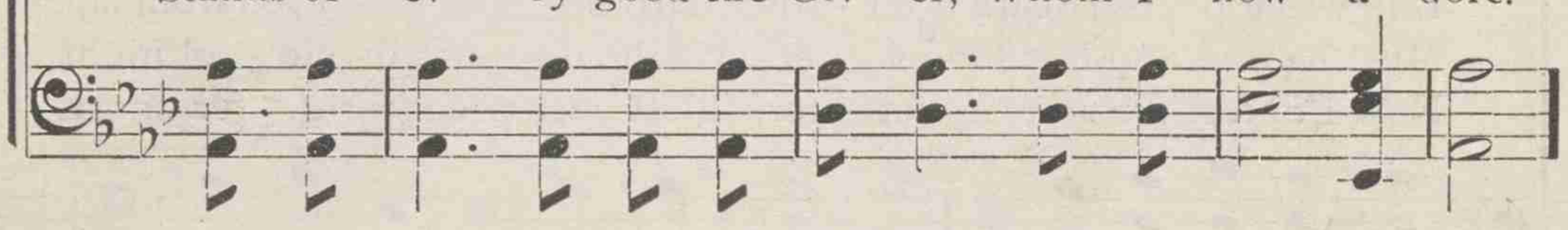
May be sung as a Solo.
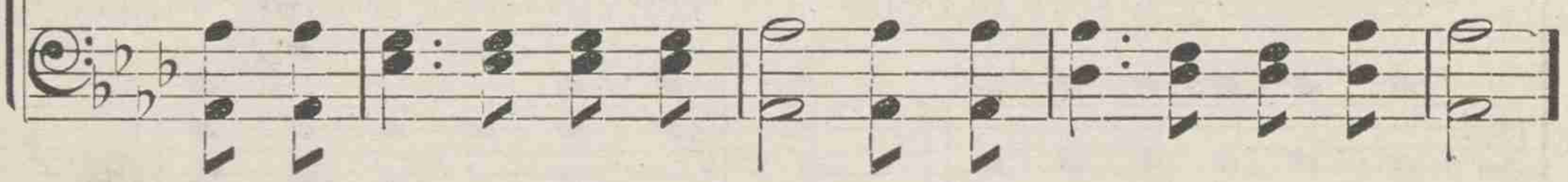


1. When the last earth-tie is sun-dered, And my soul set free;
2. Oft - en here I'm sad and wea - ry, As the days go by;
3. Now I look with ea - ger long-ing Where I soon shall stand,
4. Shall I shrink at death's cold riv - er, When on yon - der shore



When life's cares and toils are numbered, I shall haste to be
Oft the scenes are dark and drear - y, Tear-drops dim my eye.
Where the hap - py spir - its throng-ing, In the heav'n-ly band,
Stands of ev - 'ry good the Giv - er, Whom I now a - dore?



With my Lord in realms of light, Where no sin can ev - er blight,
But when this short life is o'er, We shall weep and sigh no more,
Taste the joys of love di - vine, In re - ful - gent glo - ry shine—
Un - told pleasures beck-on me, Un - told joys by faith I see,



Rit.

Where ne'er come the shades of night; To his arms I'll flee.
But re - joice for - ev - er - more In our home on high.
This great her - it - age is mine, In that hap - py land.
Un - told hap - pi - ness to be Mine for - ev - er - more.

No. 186. Sufficient Grace.

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

1. My grace, my grace for thee, my child, Is like the boundless o - cean;
2. My grace, my grace can nev - er fail, My prom-ise sure is stand-ing;
3. My grace, my grace, a full sup - ply To thee is free - ly giv - en
4. My grace, my grace flows ev'ry day Thro' Christ, a con-stant riv - er,

'Mid raging storms and bil - lows wild, I'll keep thee in de - vo - tion.
O'er life's rough sea thy bark shall sail To heaven's peaceful land - ing.
To save and bring thee home on high, To yon - der glorious heav - en.
And those who in its stream may stay Shall drink its joys for - ev - er.

CHORUS.

My grace.... is sufficient for thee, my child, My grace.... is suf-

my grace my grace

fi - cient for thee, my child, My grace..... is suf - fi-cient for

my grace

thee, my child, My grace..... is suf - fi-cient for thee.....

my grace for thee.

Rit.

Copyright, 1900, by B. E. Warren, Springfield, Ohio.

No. 187. Waiting for Me.

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

1. Sweet *love* that moved the heart of God, Waiting for me, waiting for me;
2. Sweet *peace* in Christ who died to save, Waiting for me, waiting for me;
3. Sweet *joy* in him shall e'er a-bide, Waiting for me, waiting for me;
4. Sweet *home* a-bove where I shall rest, Waiting for me, waiting for me;

If I shall walk the path he trod, 'Tis wait-ing for e-ven me.
On Calv'ry's cross his life he gave, To par-don and set me free.
Where flowed that stream from Je-sus' side, 'Tis wait-ing for e-ven me.
With all the pure in heav-en blest, 'Tis wait-ing for e-ven me.

CHORUS.

It is wait-ing, It is wait-ing, It is
It is wait-ing, it is wait-ing, It is wait-ing there for me, It is

waiting there for me; It is wait-ing,
wait-ing there, yes, wait-ing there for me; It is wait-ing, it is wait-ing,

It is wait-ing At the cross of Cal-va-ry.
It is wait-ing there for me,

No. 188. Come Home, Poor Sinner.

(Matt. 11: 28.)

* * *

Adapted.

1. Come home, poor sin - ner, Why long - er roam?
2. He died to save you On Cal - va - ry;
3. Oh, come to Je - sus, Do not de - lay;
4. Oh, come to Je - sus, He's wait - ing still
5. Oh, come to Je - sus, How can you stay?

Thy Sav - ior's call - ing: "Come home, come home."
Be - hold what suf - f'ring! 'Twas all for thee.
Come, and he'll save you, Come while you may.
With his sal - va - tion Thy soul to fill.
He's plead - ing, plead - ing, Come, come to - day.
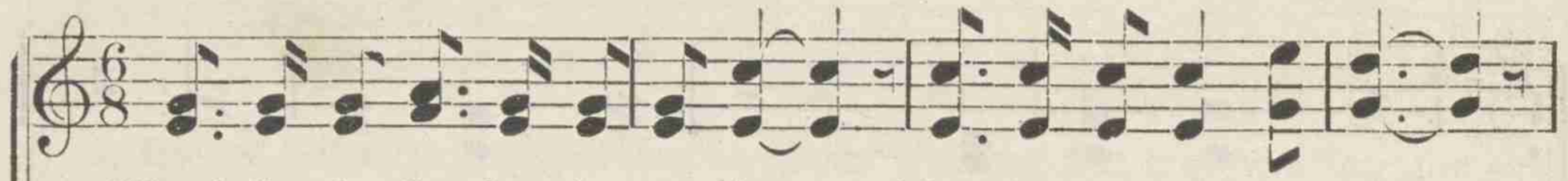
CHORUS.

Je - sus is pleading, He's in - ter-ced-ing; Yes, pleading, pleading
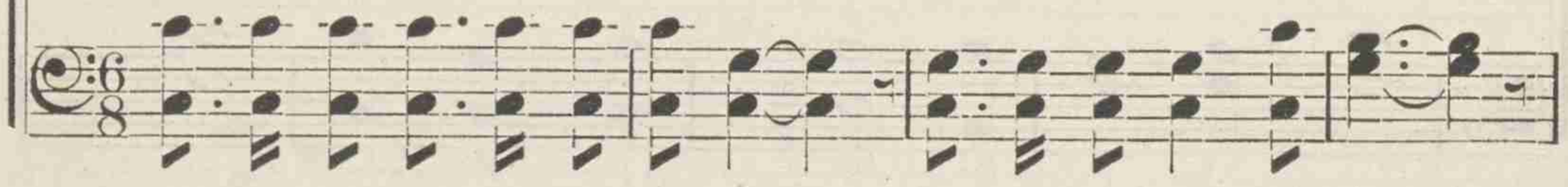
For thee to come; Come home, poor sinner, Come home, come home.
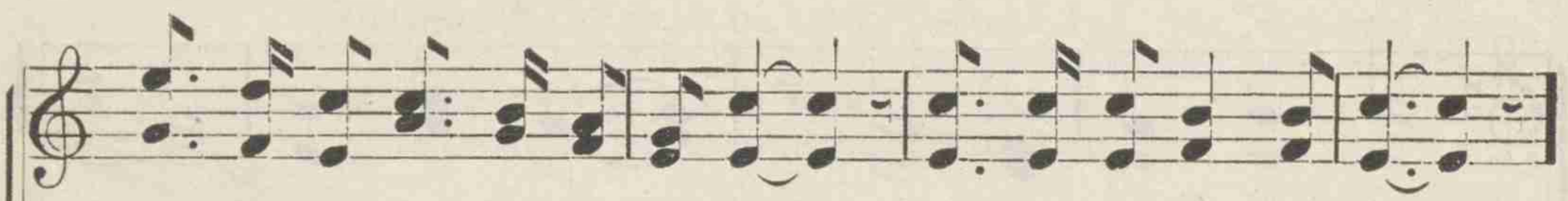
No. 189. Watch, for the Savior is Coming.

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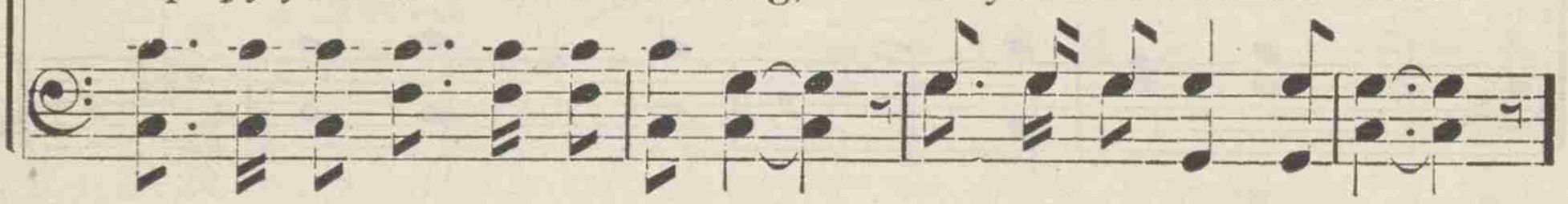


1. Watch, for the Sav-ior is com-ing, Thus he has said be - fore;
2. Will you be read - y and wait-ing For the great trumpet's sound?
3. Com - ing in pow'r and great glory, Gath'ring us home to dwell,
4. Down to e - ter - nal de-struc-tion, Oh, what an aw - ful sight!
5. Sin - ners, o - bey and take warning, Will you now make the choice?
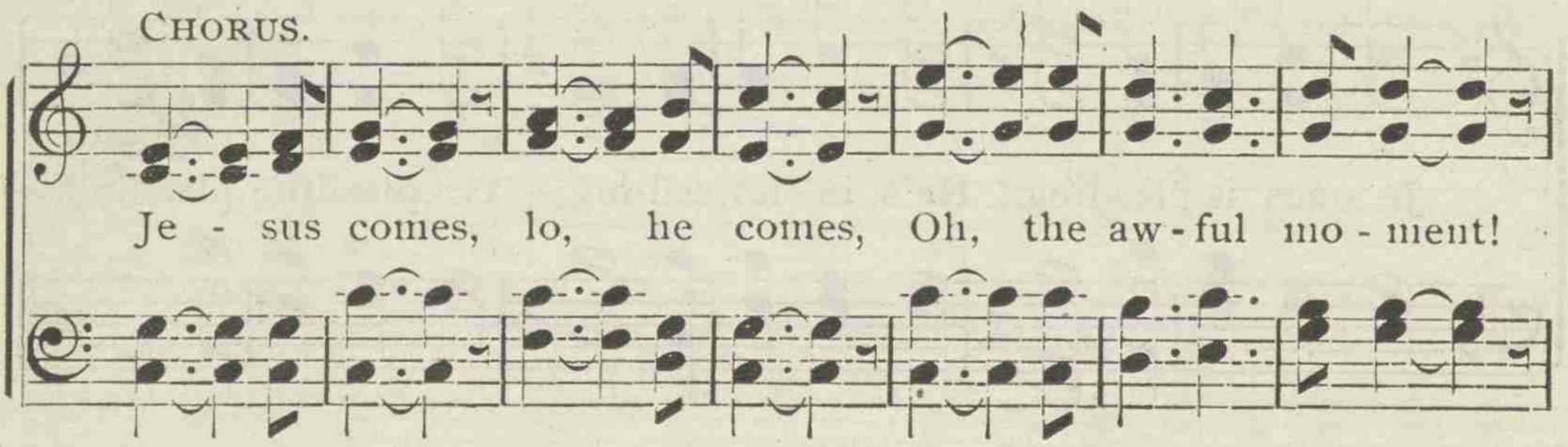




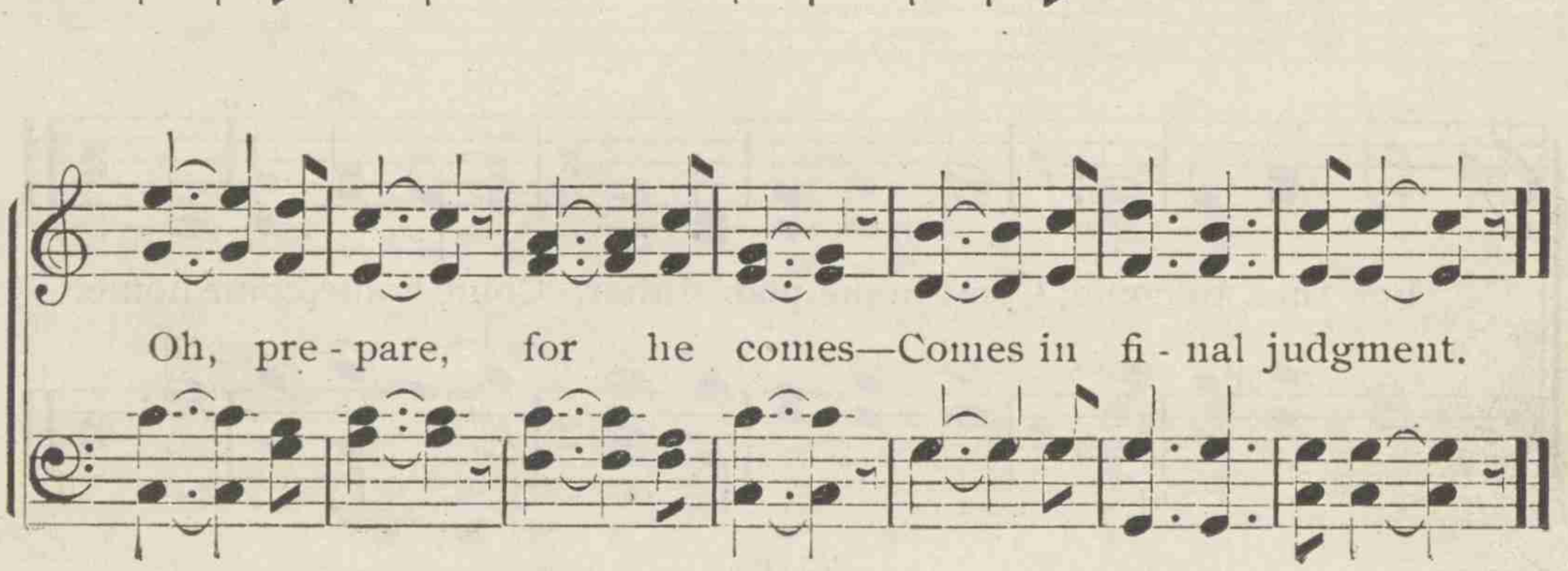
Soon we shall hear him, not knowing, Till he is at the door.
When the lost world will be shak-ing, Where will you then be found?
Sin - ners are banished for-ev - er Down to a woe - ful hell.
Mak-ing your fi - nal de - ci - sion Where it's for - ev - er night.
Hap - py you'll be in that morning, If you will hear his voice.



CHORUS.



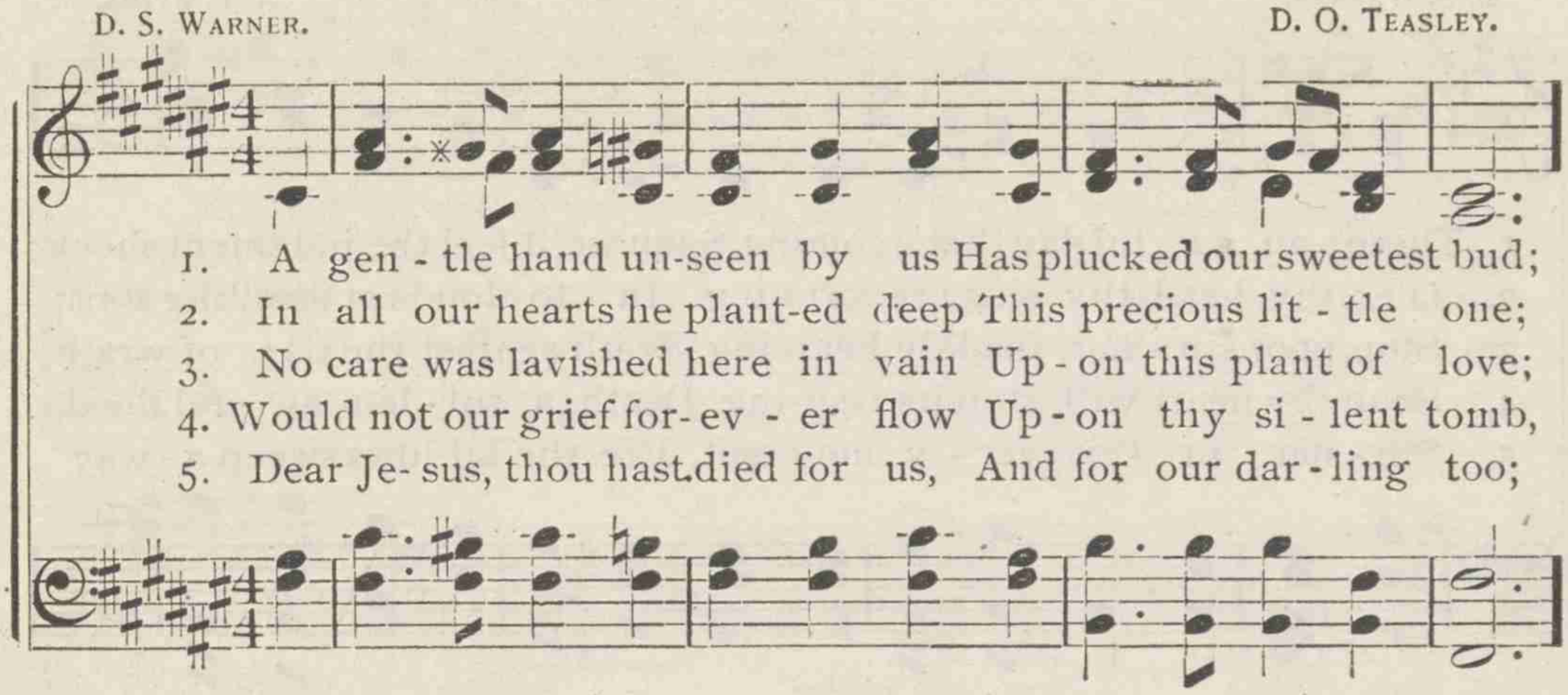
Je - sus comes, lo, he comes, Oh, the aw - ful mo - ment!

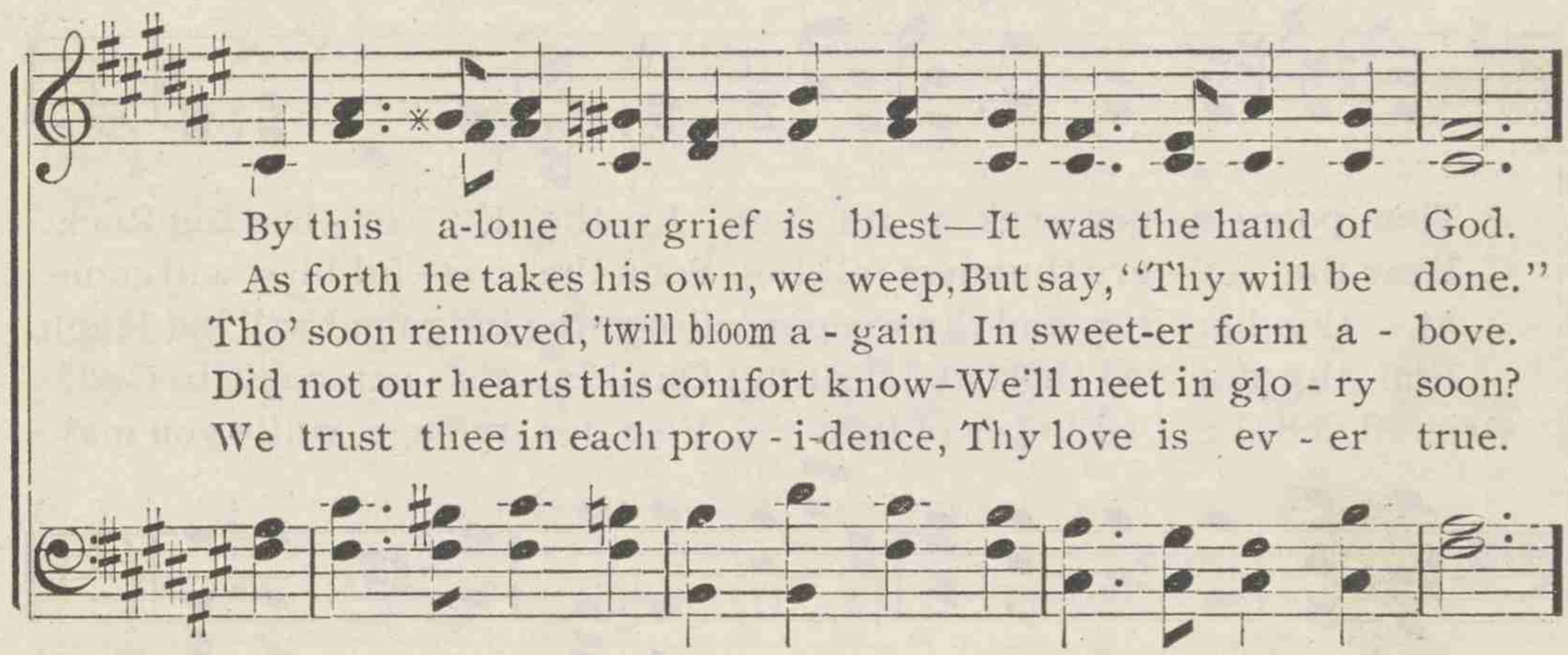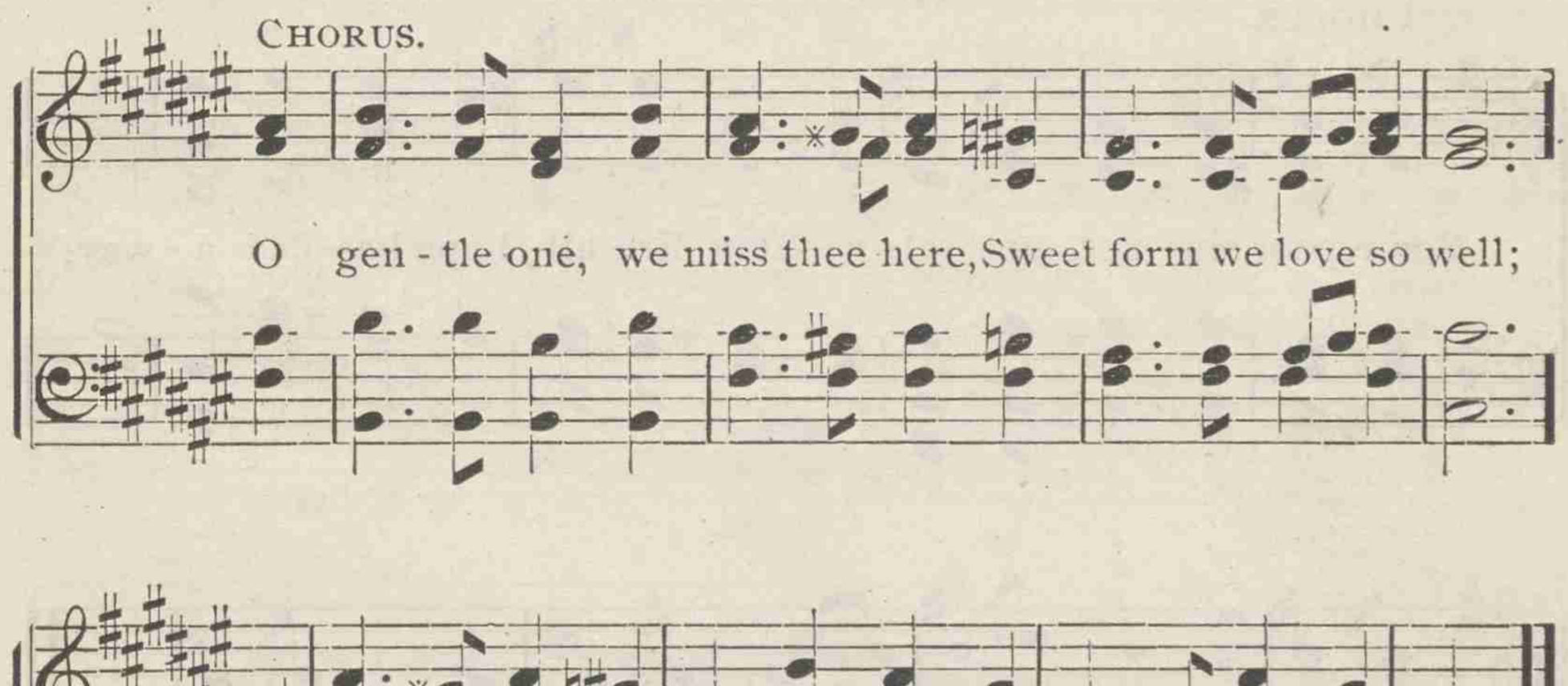


Oh, pre - pare, for he comes—Comes in fi - nal judgment.

No. 190. Gone to Bloom Above.

D. S. WARNER. D. O. TEASLEY.
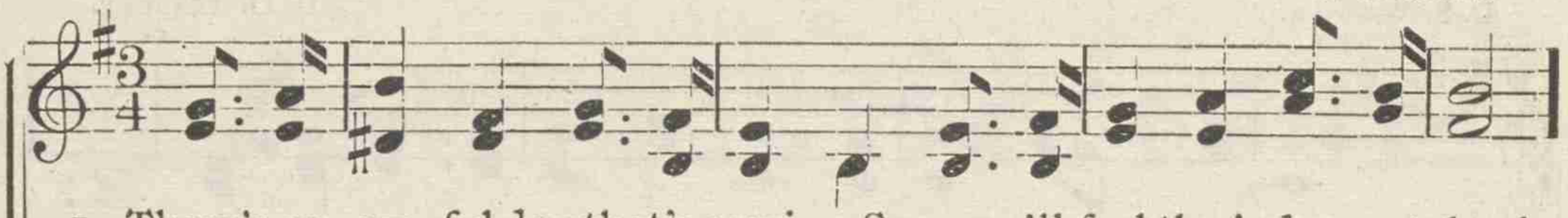




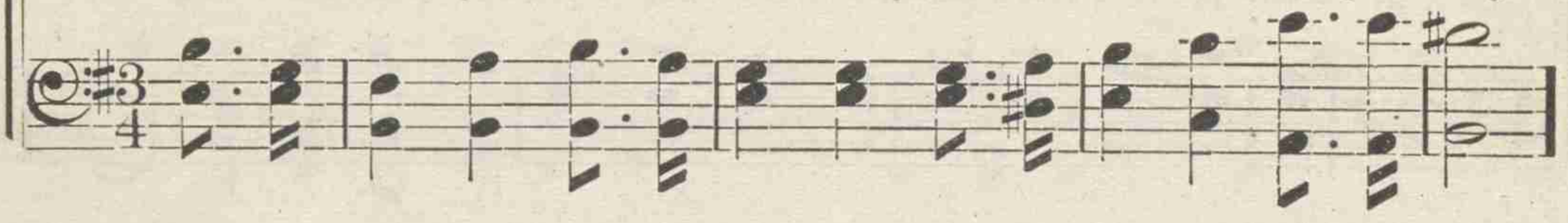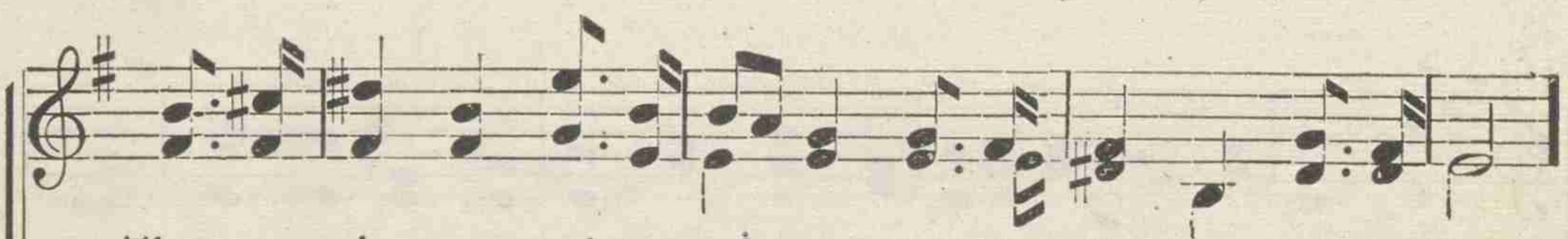


No. 191. Flee to the Refuge.

D. S. WARNER. A. L. BYERS.
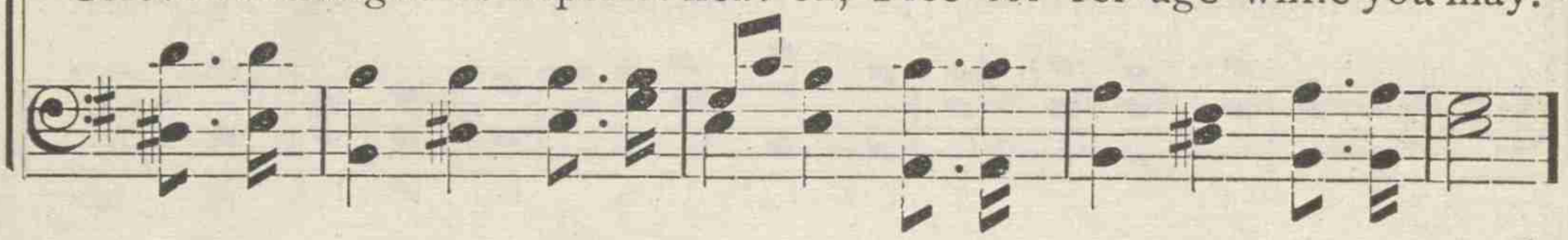


1. There's an aw - ful day that's coming, Soon we'll feel the judgment shock;
2. O'er thy head thy sins are form-ing In - to clouds of threat'ning storm;
3. Stop, poor sin - ner, mad- ly heap-ing Wrath against the day of wrath;
4. Soon thy heart will stop its beat-ing, Death, a sul - len, aw - ful flood,
5. Sin - ner, in this ver - y mo-ment, Ere the bil-lows sweep a - way
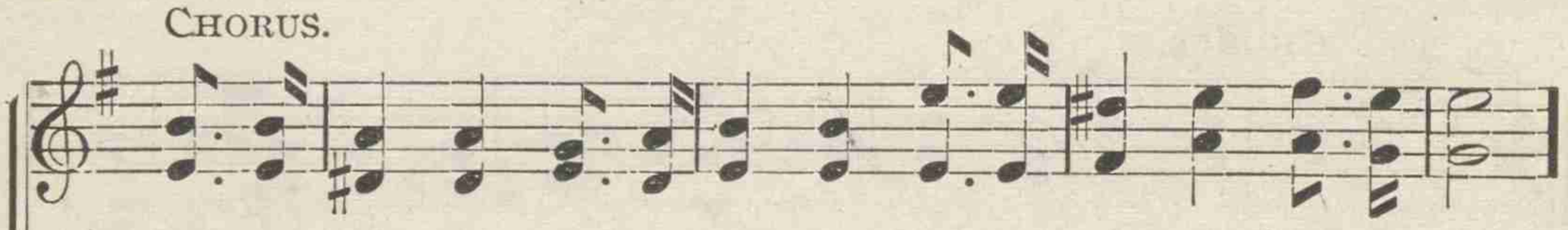




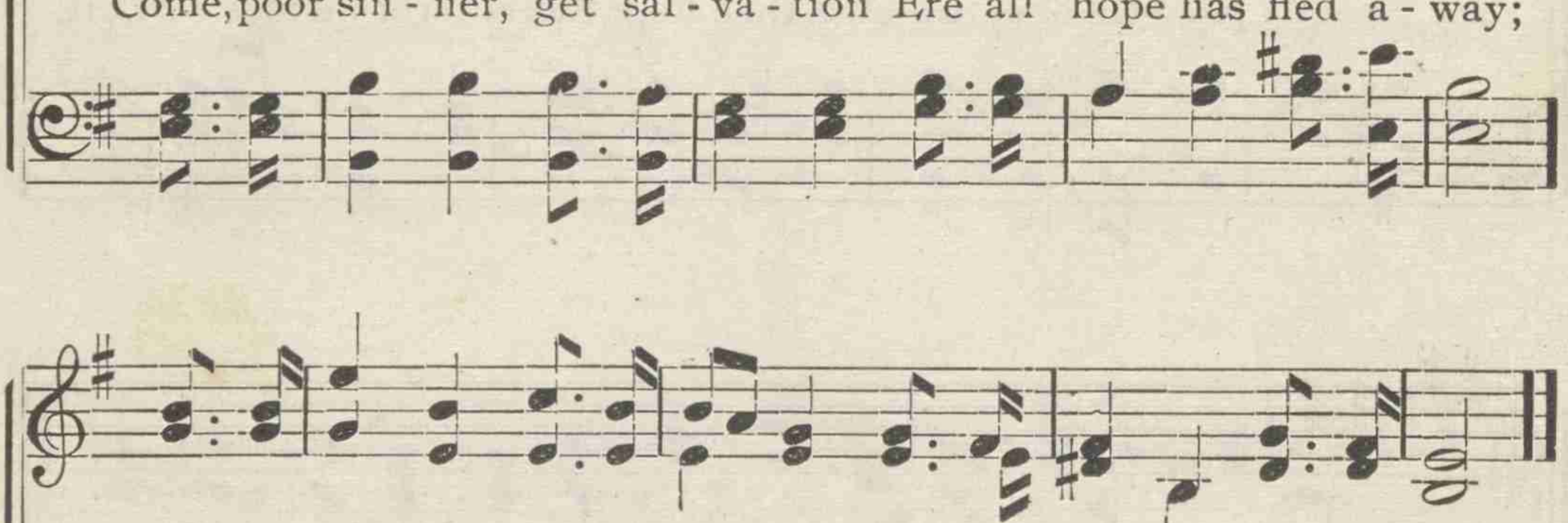
Then, poor sin - ner, seek a ref - uge In the Ev - er - last-ing Rock.
Hear the an - gry thunders roll-ing, Soon the woe - ful blast will come.
At thy hor - ror and thy weeping, Frowning judgment will but laugh.
End thy day so short and fleeting; Quickly, sin - ner, come to God.
Grieved and slight-ed hopes of heav-en, Flee for ref-uge while you may.
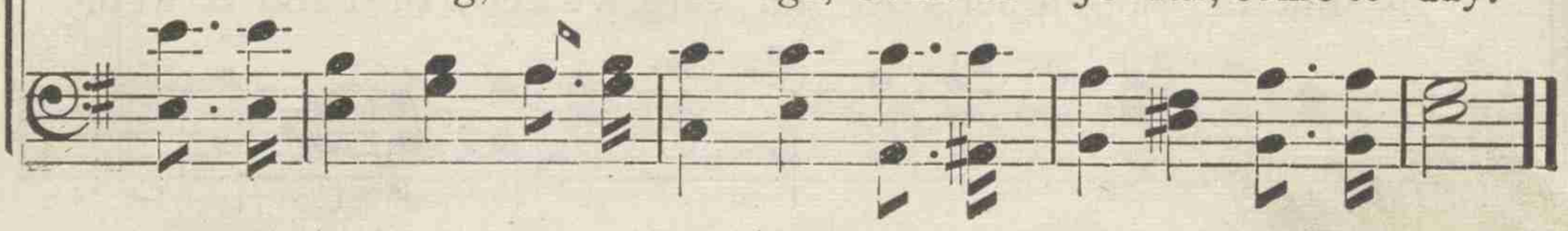


CHORUS.



Come, poor sin - ner, get sal - va - tion Ere all hope has fled a - way;



Heed the warning, flee for ref - uge, Come to Je - sus, come to - day.



No. 192. When He Comes.

EDGAR FLEENOR. (2 Thes. 1: 7, 10.) B. E. WARREN.

1. Oh, the Lord will soon re-turn, And the earth in flames shall burn,
2. Hear his voice from shore to shore, Crying, "Time shall be no more,"
3. Wake, ye nations from the ground, Gabriel's trumpet then shall sound,
4. Seek sal - va - tion while 'tis day, Earth will melt and pass a - way,

When he comes,..... when he comes;..... We shall see him, ev - 'ry eye, Swift - ly fly - ing thro' the sky, When he
When he comes,..... when he comes;..... Then if you are found in sin, You can nev - er dwell with him, When he
When he comes,..... when he comes;..... All the dead in sea and land, Shall a - rise at his command, When he
When he comes,..... when he comes;..... You'll be lost in hope of grace, And a fu - ture rest-ing-place, When he

When he comes, when he comes;

CHORUS.

comes,.... when he comes.... When he comes,..... when he comes, when he comes. When he comes,

comes,..... He will judge the quick and dead, when he comes..... when he comes, when he comes.

No. 193. I'll Say the Great Word.

D. S. WARNER. A. L. BYERS.

1. How oft - en I've pondered my struggles within Be-tween the good
2. All rest - ing on Je - sus, the Al - tar di-vine, There can be no
3. My feelings are giv - en to Fa-ther's con-trol, His wis-dom shall
4. The tide of e - mo-tion may run as it will, The Son and the
5. All na- ture may per-ish, the heav-ens may fall, But Je - sus is

Spir - it and in - dwell- ing sin, A foe in the tem-ple, not
fail - ure, sal - va - tion is mine; Tho' Sa-tan should whisper, "It
gov - ern my bod - y and soul; His word is suf - fi- cient, I
Fa - ther a - bide in me still; I dare not con-fide in a
ev - er my all and in all; The u - ni-verse crumble to
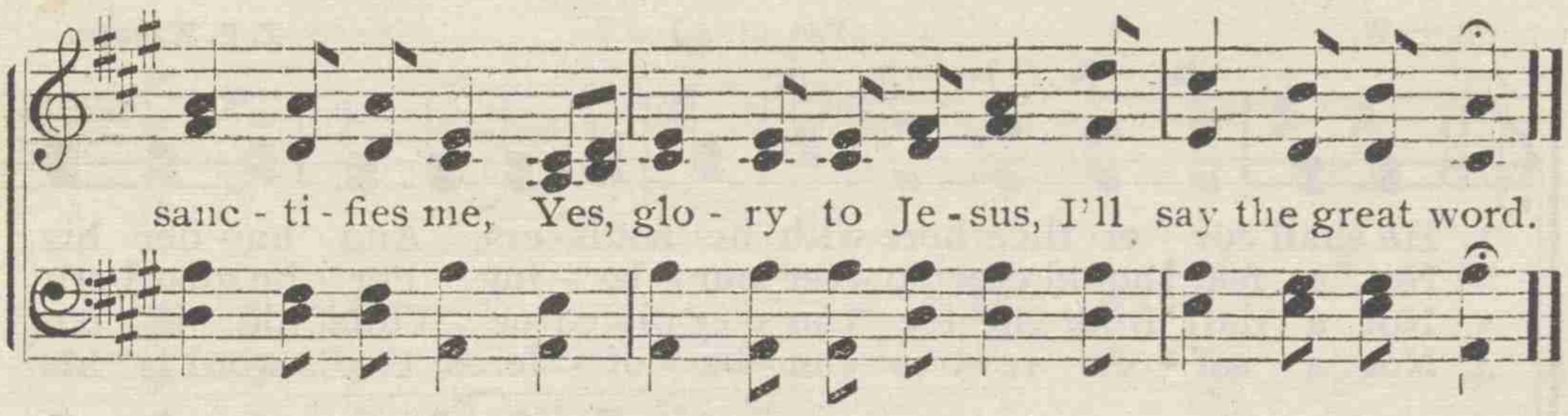
sub - ject to God; But now I am ful - ly redeemed by his blood.
may not be so," I'll tes - ti - fy strong-er, I'm whit-er than snow.
seek not a sign, I grasp but the prom-ise, and Je - sus is mine.
rap - tur-ous frame, But stand on the prom-ise for- ev - er the same.
cha - os and dust, In God my sal- va - tion se - cure- ly I trust.

CHORUS.

By trust- ing the prom-ise I know I am free, I'll tell it for-

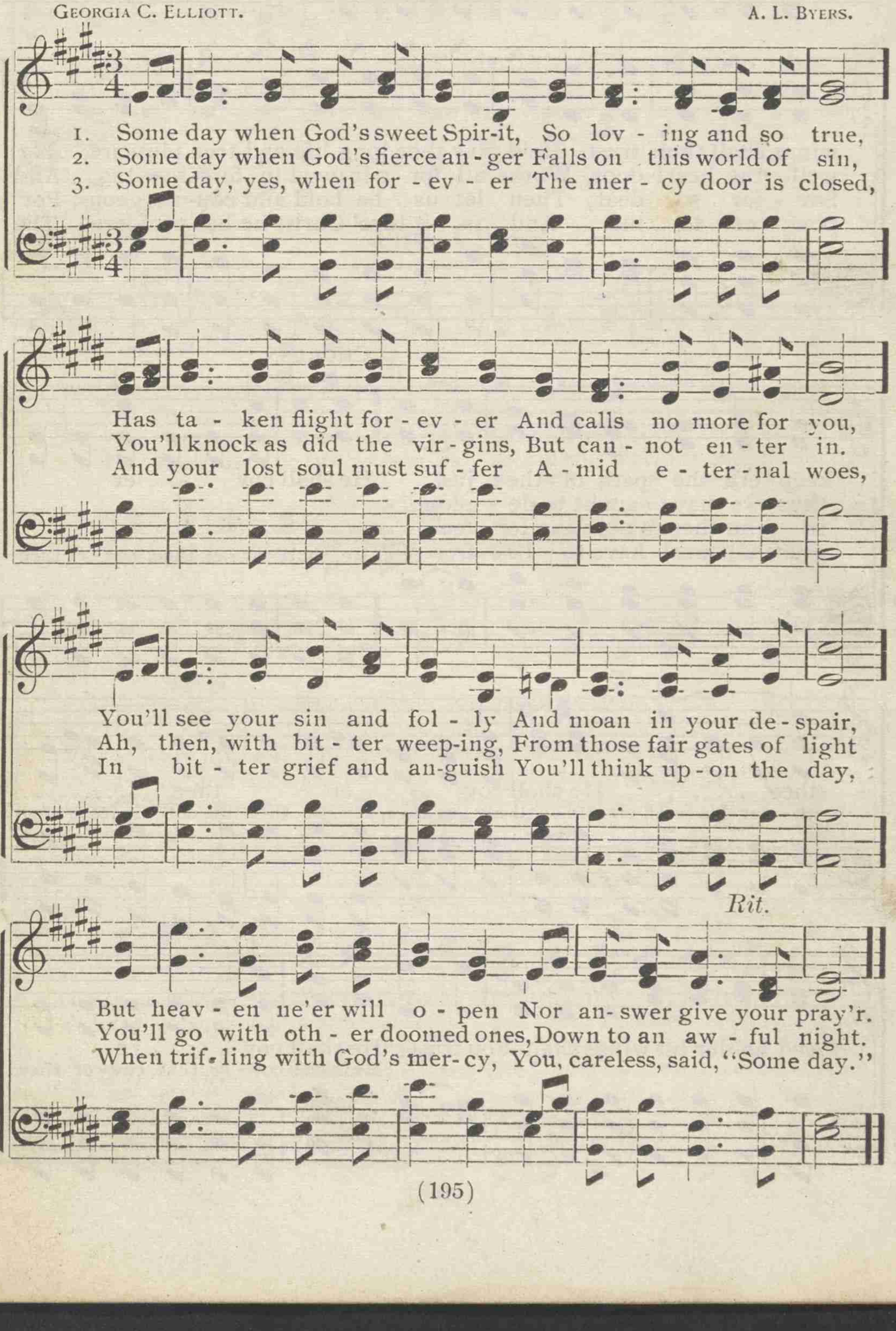
ev - er and hon - or my Lord; I'm all on the al - tar that

I'll Say the Great Word—Concluded.



No. 194. Some Day.

GEORGIA C. ELLIOTT. A. L. BYERS.



No. 195. He Shall Cover Thee.

B. E. W. (Psa. 91: 4.) B. E. WARREN.

1. He shall cov - er thee here with his feath - ers, And un - der his
2. Not a fear should creep o - ver our be - ing, For he guard-eth
3. Not a dart from the foe can e'er pierce us While hid in our
4. Not a saf - er re - treat can be of - fered, God's word is his
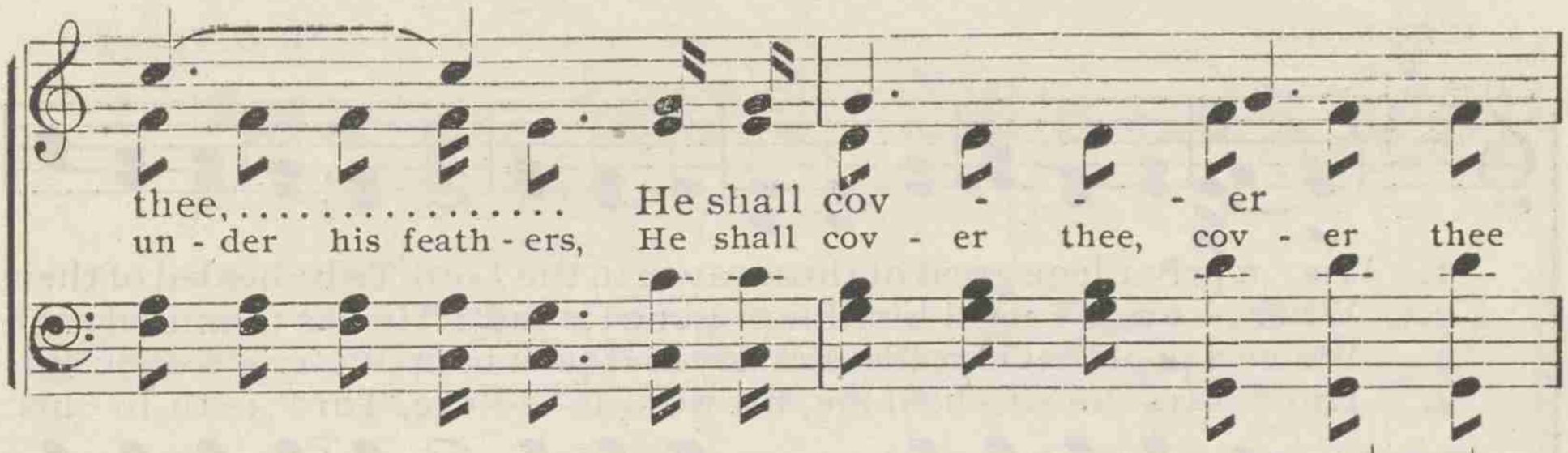
wings shalt thou trust; He'll give thee long life and true pleasure, He
well the heart-door, Works all for our good in fore-see - ing, And
Sav - ior so dear; Then let us be bold and cou- ra- geous, For
pow - er to me, And in it thro' Christ he has prof-fered The
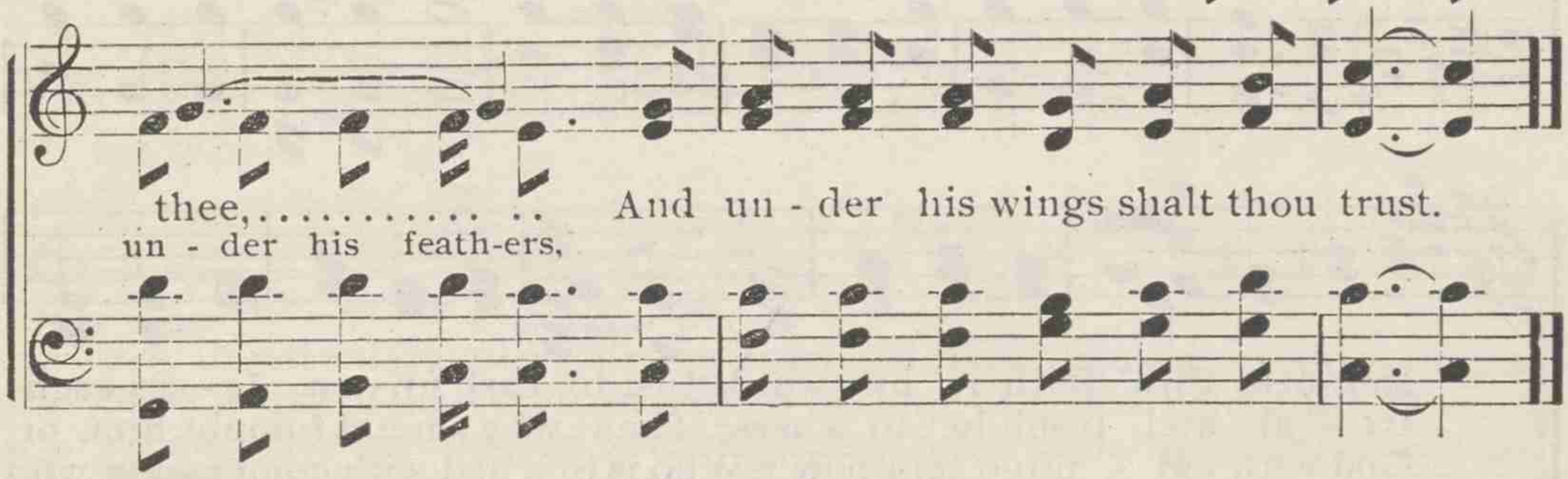
CHORUS.

keep - eth the path of the just. He shall cov - er
thus we have naught to de - plore.
in him there's noth-ing to fear.
grace all must have to be free.

He shall cov - er thee, cov - er thee
thee, ... He shall cov - er thee, ...
un - der his feath-ers, He shall cov - er thee, cov - er thee un - der his feath-ers,
And un-der his wings shalt thou trust; He shall cov - er
He shall cov - er thee, cov - er thee

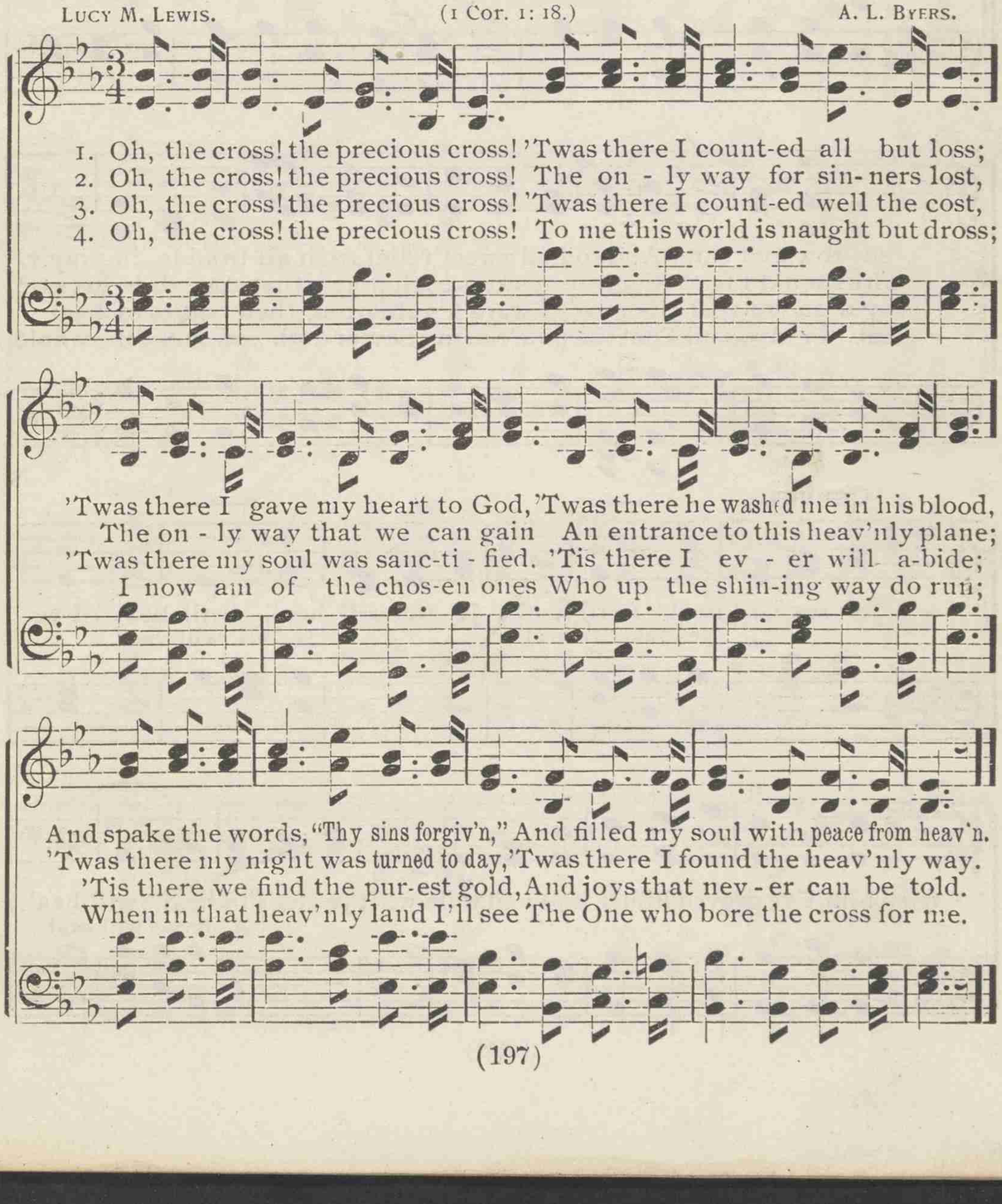
He Shall Cover Thee—Concluded.





No. 196. The Cross.

LUCY M. LEWIS. (1 Cor. 1: 18.) A. L. BYERS.



No. 197. Jesus Will Heal.
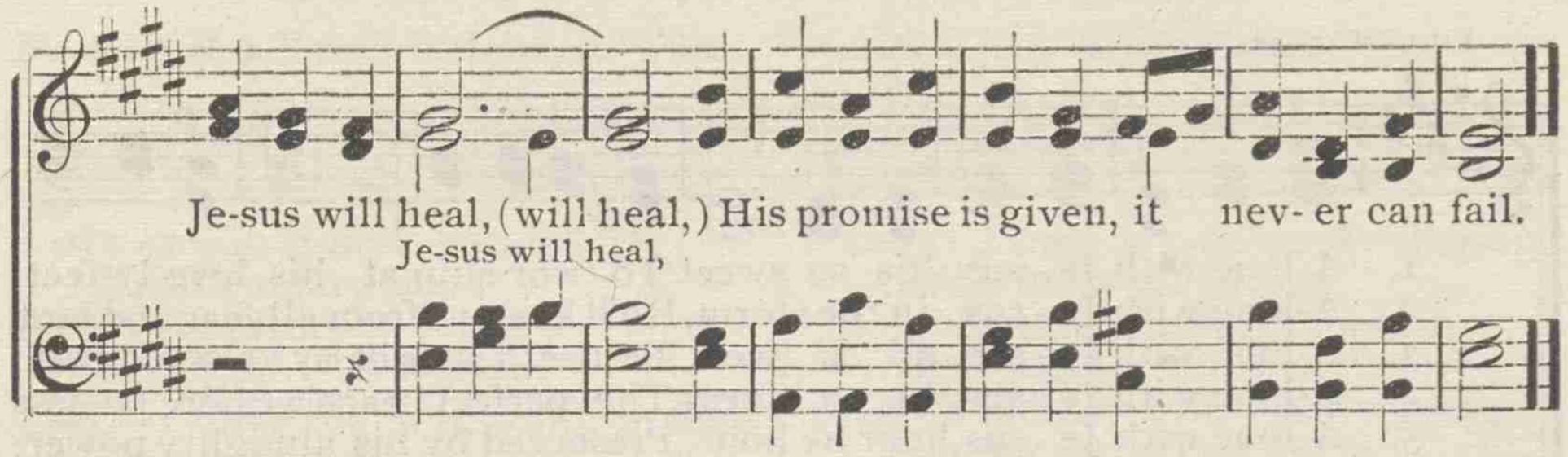
C. W. NAYLOR. D. O. TEASLEY.

1. 'Tis a priv-i-lege great of those saved in the Lord, To be healed of their sick-ness thro' faith in his word, Just to cast up-on Je-sus each sor-row and care, And to find sweet relief from all trouble in pray'r.
2. Wher - ev-er I need him, his presence is there, He has promised each tri - al and troub-le to share; Then why should I doubt him, or why should I fear, Since he answers each pray'r that ascends to his ear?
3. We've a pool that is troubled each day and each hour, We've a wonderful God with om - nip-o-tent pow'r, Who is touched with compassion, who loves to re-veal His pow'r t'ward his children, their bodies to heal.
4. He says he will heal me, his word I be-lieve, Thro' faith in his name I the heal-ing re-ceive; Oh, glo-ry to Je-sus! I feel in my soul That the pow'r of my Savior doth now make me whole.

CHORUS.

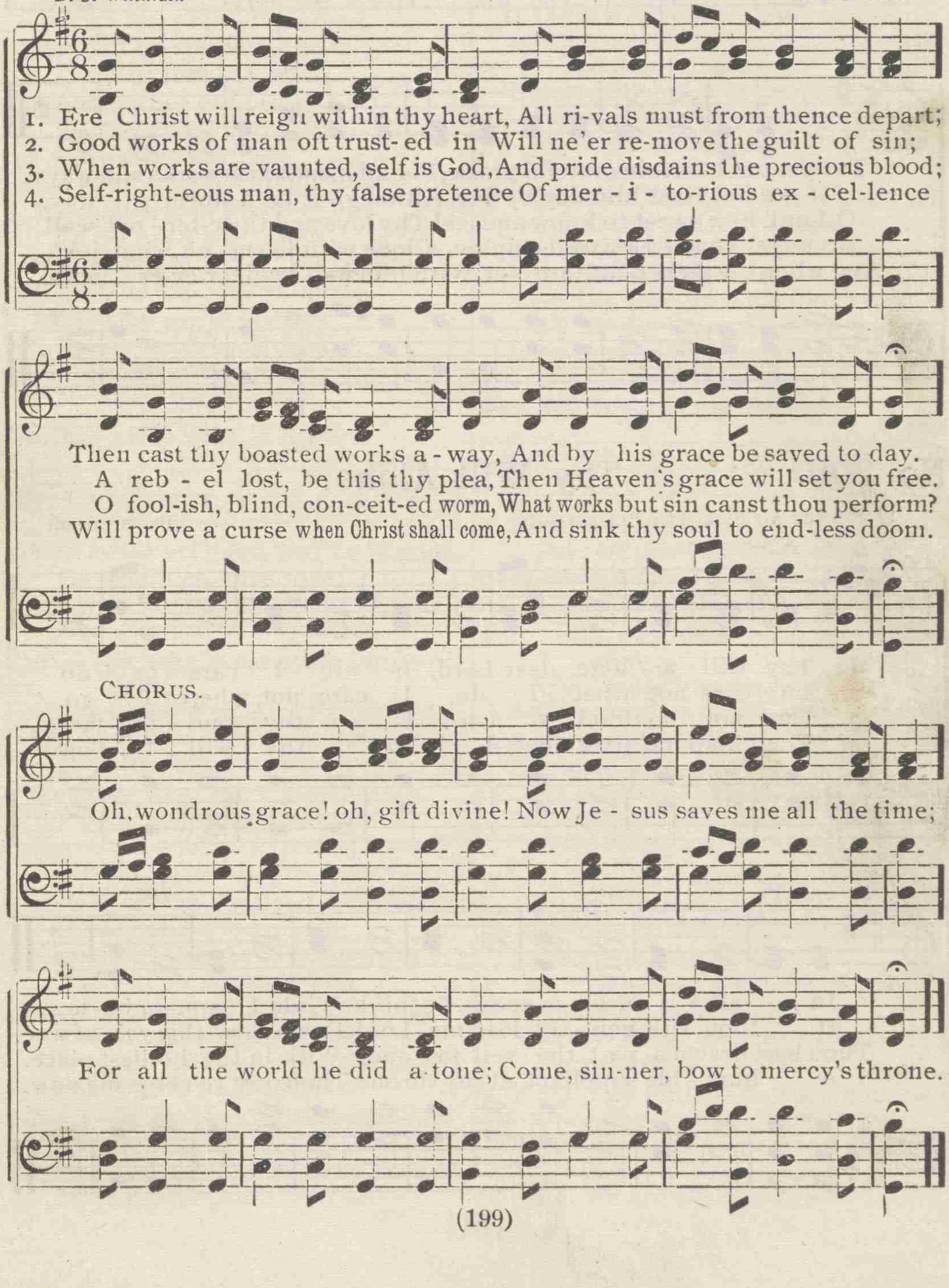
Je - sus will heal, (will heal,) Je - sus will heal, (will heal,) I've tried him, I've proved him, I know that he will; Je-sus will heal, (will heal,)
Je - sus will heal, Je - sus will heal, Je-sus will heal,

Jesus Will Heal—Concluded.



No. 198. Not Saved by Works.

D. S. WARNER. A. L. BYERS.



No. 199. Alone With Jesus, 'Tis so Sweet.

EMILY BARNER. A. L. BYERS.

1. A-lone with Je - sus, 'tis so sweet To wor-ship at his love-ly feet,
2. A-lone with Je - sus in the storm, He'll keep us from all fear and harm
3. A-lone with Je - sus, all is well, Be-neath his smile my soul would dwell;
4. A-lone with Je - sus, to ex - press The perfect peace we here possess
5. A-lone with Je - sus, hour by hour, Preserved by his almighty power;

To raise our hearts in grateful praise, For all his wondrous works and ways!
If we but trust him day by day, Although it be a storm- y way.
O Lord, how sweet to know and feel Thy love and thy e-ter - nal seal!
An angel's tongue might well employ, A-lone with Je-sus, oh, what joy!
And when the storms of life are o'er, With him we'll dwell for-ev-er - more.

No. 200. Thy Will Alone.

Words and Air by LOTTIE BLACKWOOD. Harmonized.

Slow.

1. Thy will a - lone, dear Lord, Is all I care to do
2. I care not what I do, I care not where I go,
3. I'm not a - fraid to trust, I see thy smil - ing face;
4. Then help me trust thee, Lord, To all thy will I bow,

Rit.

In all I act, or speak, or think, While I re-main be- low.
If thou wilt gen - tly lead me, Lord, Down thro' this vale of woe.
Thou hast drawn a- part the veil for me, With-in the ho-liest place.
A hum - ble suppliant at thy throne, Thou dost re-ceive me now.

No. 201. I've Found It, Lord, in Thee.



1 My soul in trouble roamed
Upon a weary plain,
And ever restless, longed
A perfect bliss to gain.

CHO.—I have found it, Lord, in thee,
An everlasting store
Of comfort, joy and bliss to me—
How can I wish for more?

2 Oppressed with guilt and woe,
With fears of hell o'ercast,
My soul no comfort knew,
Until I came to Christ.

3 I bore within my breast
A deep and painful void;
I wanted inward rest,
And peace that would abide.

4 My foolish soul had thought
To fill itself with mold
From earthly mines, yet bought
No true and lasting gold.

5 All in this world is dross,
Its pleasures soon decay;
Its honors prove a snare,
Its treasures fly away.

No. 202. His Yoke is Easy.



1 I've found my Lord and he is mine,
He won me by his love;
I'll serve him all my years of time,
And dwell with him above.

CHO.—His yoke is easy, his burden is light,
I've found it so, I've found it so;
His service is my sweetest delight,
His blessings ever flow.
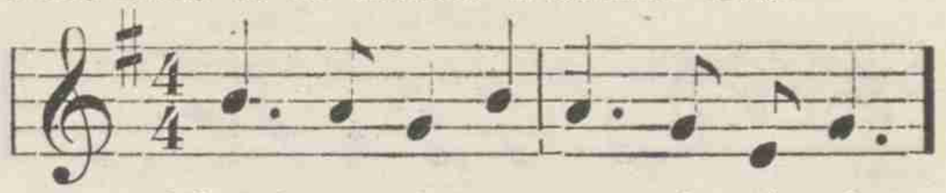
2 No other Lord but Christ I know,
I walk with him alone;
His streams of love forever flow
Within my heart, his throne.

3 He's dearer to my heart than life,
He found me lost in sin;
He calmed the sea of inward strife,
And bid me come to him.

4 My flesh recoiled before the cross,
And Satan whispered there:
"Thy gain will not repay the loss,
His yoke is hard to bear."

5 I've tried the road of sin and found
Its prospects all deceive;
Ive' proved the Lord and joys abound,
More than I could believe.

No. 203. It is Better Farther On.
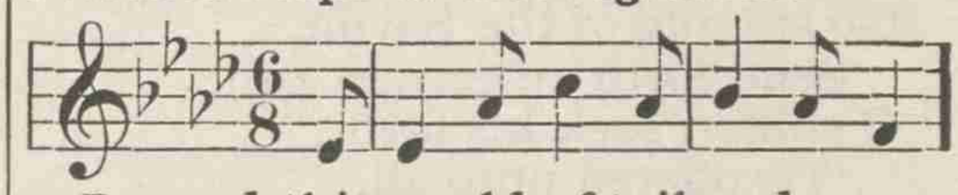


1 Hark! I hear hope sweetly singing,
Softly in an undertone,
Singing as if God had taught her,
"It is better farther on."
Night and day I hear her singing,
Singing while I sit alone,
Singing so my heart may hear it,
"It is better farther on."

2 When my faith took hold on Jesus,
Light divine within me shone;
And I know since that glad moment
It is better farther on.
I have plunged into the fountain,
Flowing free for every one;
I am saved, and Hope is singing,
"It is better farther on."

3 Farther on, but how much farther?
Count the milestones one by one;
No, no counting, only trusting,
It is better farther on.
Rest, my soul, in hope forever,
All my doubts and fears are gone;
Jesus is my Savior, keeper,
It is better farther on.

No. 204. Hope of the Righteous.



1 Beyond this world of toil and care,
Beyond this vale of gloom,
There is a land, a happy land,
A place we call our home.

CHO.—Oh, yes, we'll trust him while we live,
We'll trust him when we die;
And then when all our work is done,
We'll reign with him on high.
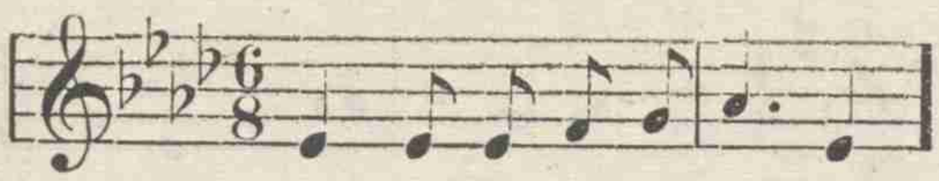
2 Oh, what a blessed hope is this,
An anchor to the soul!
And if we do our Savior's will,
We'll safely reach the goal.

3 God says, "Ye must be born again,"
To us this truth is given;
And if we do not his commands,
We shall not enter heaven.

4 To enter heaven we must be pure
And holy in his sight;
And every day we surely must
Be walking in the light.

5 We'll pray for God to keep our feet
Upon the Corner-stone;
We'll give our hearts and lives to him,
For we are not our own.

No. 205. Songs of Victory.



1 Songs of victory bringing
Unto the Lord most high,
Victory, victory, singing,
Let all the saints draw nigh;
For there can be no failure
While Jesus leads the van,
And victory! victory! victory!
Is heard on every hand.

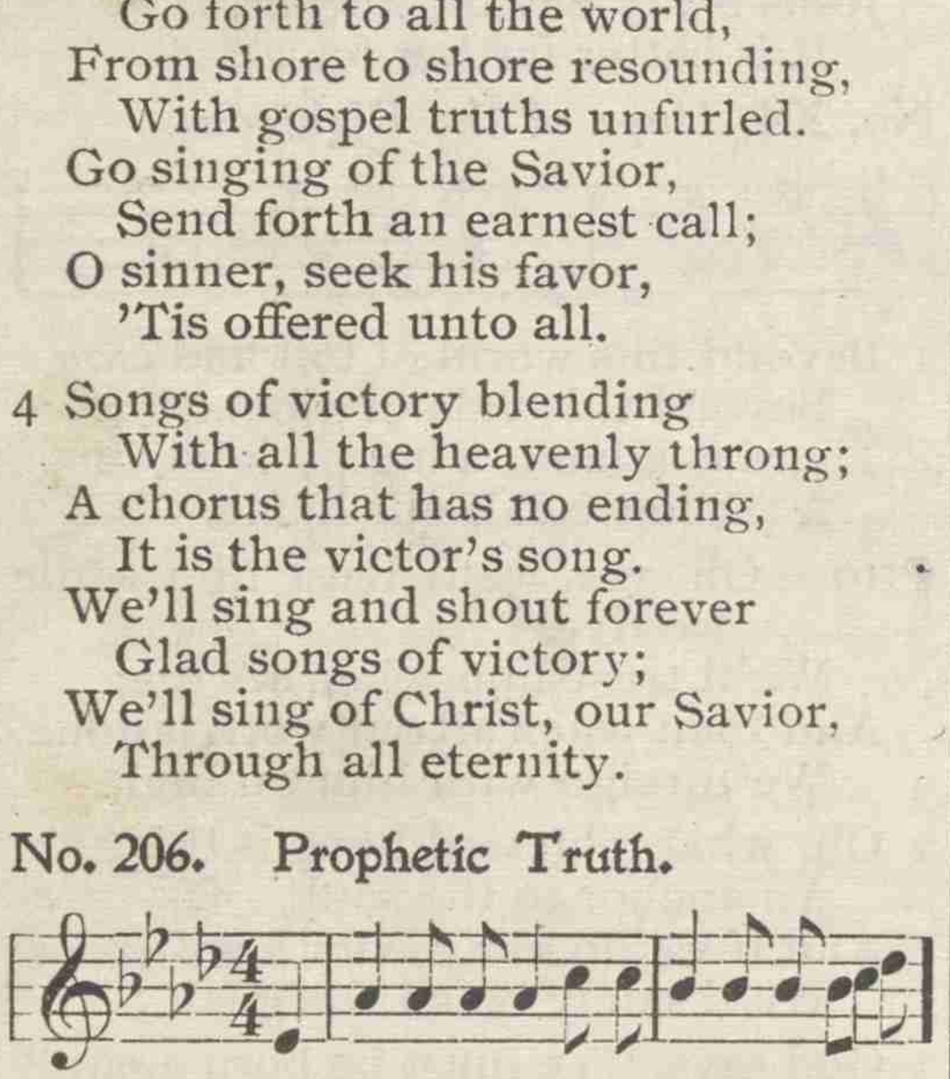
CHO.—Vict'ry shall be the chorus,
Vict'ry our watchword and song;
Jesus is marching before us,
Leading his army along.

2 Songs of victory ever
Shall be our hearts' delight;
Sing of defeat, no, never,
Sing vict'ry with all our might.
We'll raise our voices higher,
Upon the battlefield;
Our victory draweth nigher,
When Christ shall be revealed.

3 Songs of victory sounding,
Go forth to all the world,
From shore to shore resounding,
With gospel truths unfurled.
Go singing of the Savior,
Send forth an earnest call;
O sinner, seek his favor,
'Tis offered unto all.

4 Songs of victory blending
With all the heavenly throng;
A chorus that has no ending,
It is the victor's song.
We'll sing and shout forever
Glad songs of victory;
We'll sing of Christ, our Savior,
Through all eternity.

No. 206. Prophetic Truth.



1 'Twas sung by the poets, foreseen in the Spirit,
A time of refreshing is near;
When creeds and divisions would fall to demerit,
And saints in sweet union appear.

CHO.—Oh, glory to Jesus! we hail the bright day,
And high on our banners salvation display,
The mists of confusion are passing away.
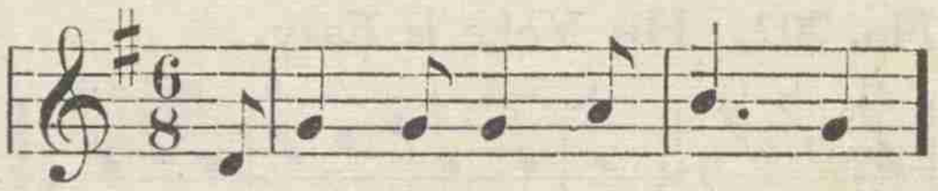
2 We stand in the glory that Jesus has given,
The moon as the dayspring doth shine;
The light of the sun is now equal to seven,
So bright is the glory divine.

3 Now filled with the Spirit and clad in the armor
Of light and omnipotent truth,
We'll testify ever and Jesus we'll honor,
And stand from sin Babel aloof.

4 The prophet's keen vision transpiercing the ages,
Beheld us to Zion return;
We'll sing of our freedom, though Babylon rages,
We'll shout as her city doth burn.

5 The fig-tree is budding, the evening is shining,
We welcome the wonderful light;
We look for the Savior, for time is declining,
Eternity's looming in sight.

No. 207. The Golden Harvest.



1 Oh, why should I be idle,
While there's so much to do?
The wheat is ripe to harvest,
And the laborers are few.

CHO.—The laborers are few (*too few*),
And still there's much to do (*to do*);
The wheat is ripe to harvest,
And the laborers are few.
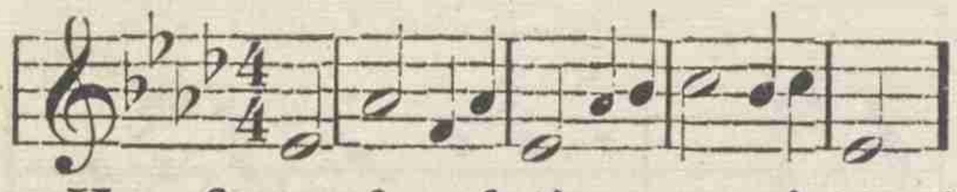
2 Oh, why should I be idle?
The morning sun is high
And soon it will be sinking
Low in the western sky.

3 No, I shall not be idle,
For in God's word I see:
"No idlers in my vineyard,
Go thou and work for me."

4 I'll be no longer idle,
But faithful I will be;
I'll go and work for Jesus,
I hear him calling me.

5 Why stand ye all day idle?
There's harvesting for all;
Oh, grasp the flaming sickle,
And heed the Master's call.

No. 208. How Firm a Foundation.
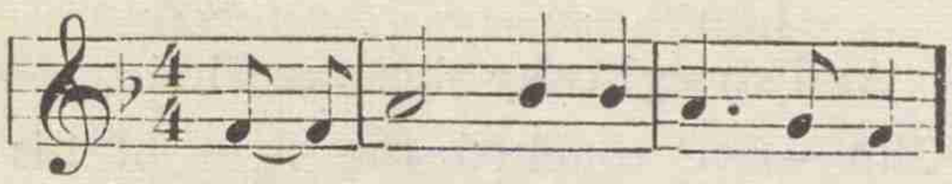


1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he hath said,
Ye, who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

2 Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismayed;
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid:
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

3 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not harm thee, I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

4 The soul that on Jesus doth lean 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. 209. My Jesus, I Love Thee.



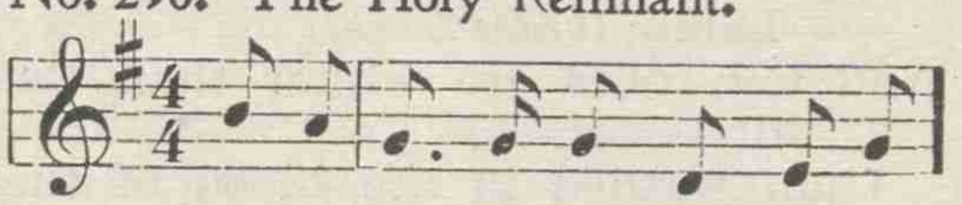
1 My Jesus, I love thee, I know thou art mine;
For thee all the follies of sin I resign;
My gracious Redeemer, my Savior art thou,
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

2 I love thee because thou hast first lovèd me,
And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree;
I love thee for wearing the thorns on thy brow,
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

3 I will love thee in life, I will love thee in death,
And praise thee as long as thou lendest me breath;
And say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow,
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

4 In mansions of glory and endless delight,
I'll ever adore thee in heaven so bright;
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow,
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

No. 210. The Holy Remnant.



1 Are you of the holy remnant,
Gathered to the King of peace?
Have you found the full atonement
And abundance of his grace?
Yes, my soul has come to Zion,
On the high and holy way,
And I've seen all darkness flying,
Driven by the light of day.
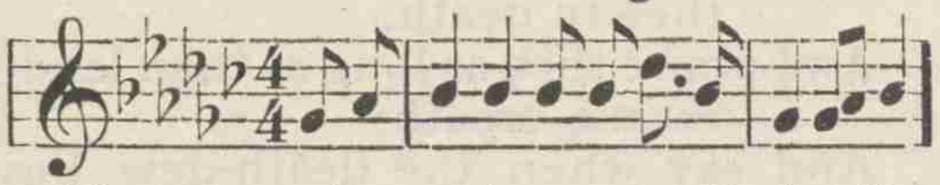
2 Have you heard a voice from heaven,
Calling in a solemn tone,
"Come, my people, from confusion,
This is not your native home?"
Yes, I heard, and to my vision
Zion's glory brightly shone,
Then I rose and fled the ruin,
Taking not a Babel stone.

3 Have you learned that all this remnant
Must be dressed in uniform?
Are you clothed in that white raiment
That will shine before the throne?
Yes, I've found the precious fountain,
Opened when the Savior died;
Here I washed my stains of crimson,
And my soul is sanctified.

4 Do you know the saints inherit,
Since we're gathered into one,
All the greatness of the kingdom
Under all the shining sun?
Yes, all glory be to Jesus!
By his might I overcame;
In the fullness of his blessing,
On his throne of love I reign.

5 Do you know, O ransomed brother,
That we stand upon the verge,
Where old Time fills up his ages,
And the lost will mourn his dirge?
Oh, what myriad souls are sleeping,
Soon to wake in judgment fires!
"Help, O God, thy remnant gleaning,
Until time indeed expires.

No. 211. The All-Cleansing Fountain.



1 There's a fountain opened in the house of God,
Where the vilest of sinners may go,
And all test the power of that crimson flood,
Of the blood that makes whiter than snow.

Cho.—Praise the Lord, (*praise the Lord,*)
I am washed (*I am washed*)
In the all-cleansing blood of the Lamb; (*of the Lamb;*)
And my robes are whiter than the driven snow,
I am washed in the blood of the Lamb.

2 When that fount was opened in the Savior's side,
How the thief did rejoice in that day!
And when dying, "Lord, remember me," he cried,
Oh, the blood washed his sins all away.

3 "Will you come and reason," saith the Lord, "with me,
Though your sins red like crimson may glow,
And if dyed with scarlet stains your heart may be,
I will make it as white as the snow."
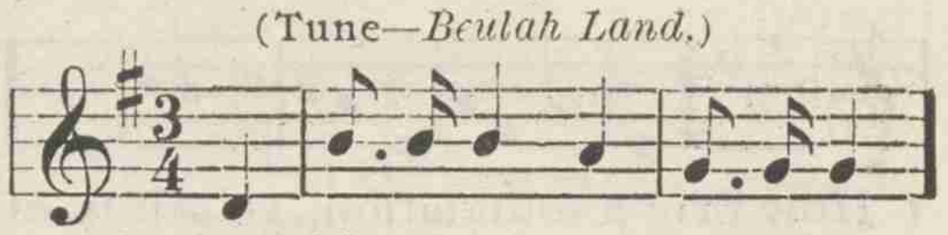
4 Yes, a broken spirit and a contrite heart
Thou wilt never despise, O my God,
But wilt fully cleanse it now in every part,
Till I'm whiter than snow by the blood.

5 I have overcome now by the blood of the Lamb,
And I'm clothed in my raiment so white,
And I'm on my journey to that glorious land
Where forever I'll dwell in the light.

6 What are these in spotless robes, and whence came they?
As they're singing with palms in their hands?
These through tribulation gained the victory,
Having washed in the blood of the Lamb.

No. 212. Sanctified by Faith.

(Tune—*Beulah Land.*)



1 Why should a doubt or fear arise,
As this poor little all of mine
I lay a living sacrifice,
All on the altar, Christ divine?
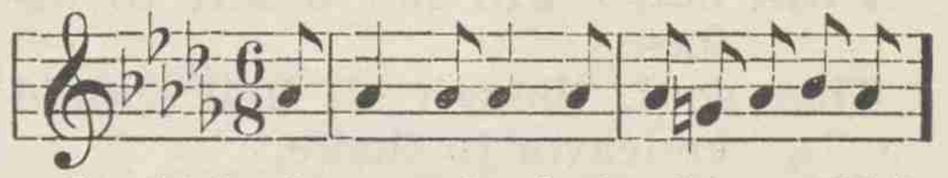
Cho.—I'm fully thine, yes, wholly thine,
All on the altar, Christ divine.
The word of Jesus I believe,
The Sanctifier I receive;
All on the altar I abide,
And Jesus says I'm sanctified.

2 Ah, not a moment more I'll doubt,
And not a moment longer wait;
He shed his blood to sanctify,
He suffered death without the gate.

3 By faith I venture on his word,
My doubts are o'er, the vict'ry won;
He said the altar sanctifies,
I just believe him, and 'tis done.

4 Thro' all my soul I feel his power,
And in the precious cleansing wave
I wash my garments white this hour,
And prove his utmost power to save.

No. 213. I've Touched the Hem of His Garment.
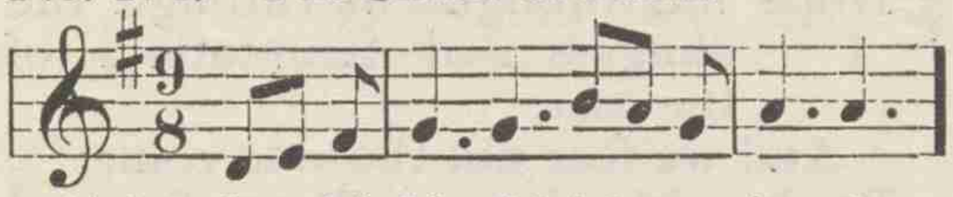


1 In faith she touched the hem of his garment,
As to his side she stole,
Amid the crowd that gathered around him,
And straightway she was whole.

Cho.—I've touched the hem of his garment,
And now I too, am free;
His healing power this very hour
Gives life and health to me.

2 She came with fear and trembling before him,
She knew her Lord had come;
She felt that from him virtue had healed her,
The mighty deed was done.

3 He turned with, "Daughter, be of good comfort,
Thy faith hath made thee whole;"
And peace which passeth all understanding
With gladness filled her soul.

No. 214. The Shield of Faith.



1 Take the shield of faith, my brother,
Hold it boldly in the light;
And its awful burnished glory
Will put every foe to flight.
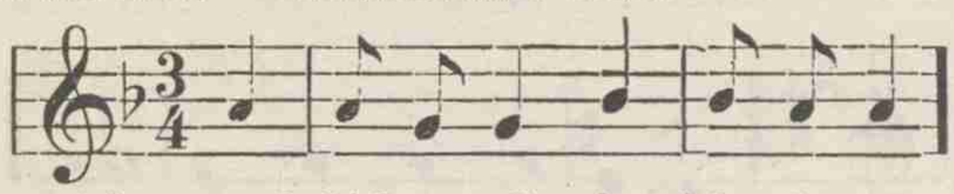
CHO.—In the mighty name of Jesus
Ever lift up the shield of faith;
Wield the sword of truth, my brother,
Heaven will crown thy fight of faith.

2 Faith is mighty and will conquer,
Bind it firmly on thy heart;
On the hottest field of battle,
Thou shalt quench the vilest dart.

3 And when trouble specters round thee,
Come, thy spirit to depress,
Lift the shield of faith abounding,
And thy soul shall calmly rest.

4 Then put on the holy armor,
And defy the tempting throng;
Over all the foes that gather,
Shout and sing the victor's song.

No. 215. Remember Me.



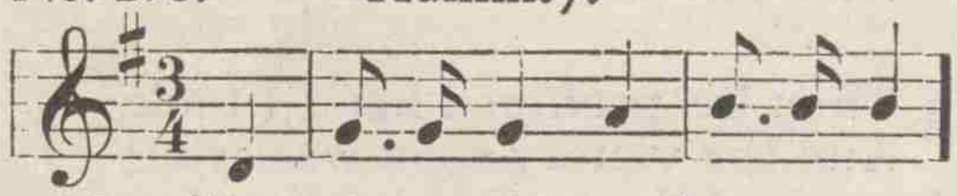
1 Alas, and did my Savior bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

CHO.—Help me, dear Savior thee to own,
And ever faithful be;
And as thou sittest on thy throne,
Dear Lord, remember me.

2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown,
And love beyond degree?

3 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself to thee,
'Tis all that I can do.

No. 216. Humility.



1 Humility, thou secret vale,
Unknown to proud in heart,
Where showers of blessing never fail,
And glories ne'er depart.
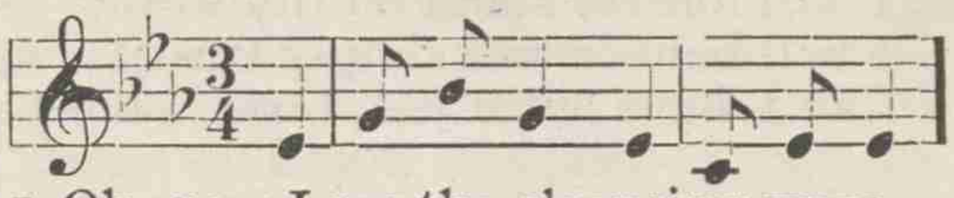
CHO.—Oh, make thy blest abode with me,
Thou angel of the sky;
If I may ever dwell with thee,
My soul shall never die.

2 Humility, how pure thy place!
Thou seat of holiness!
Thou door of entrance into grace,
And everlasting bliss!

3 Humility, how calm the breast
That knows thy peace sublime!
Within thy courts our perfect rest
Grows sweeter all the time.

4 Humility, thou shoreless sea
Of perfect love so deep!
Thy crystal waters cover me,
My helpless soul to keep.

No. 217. The Cleansing Wave.
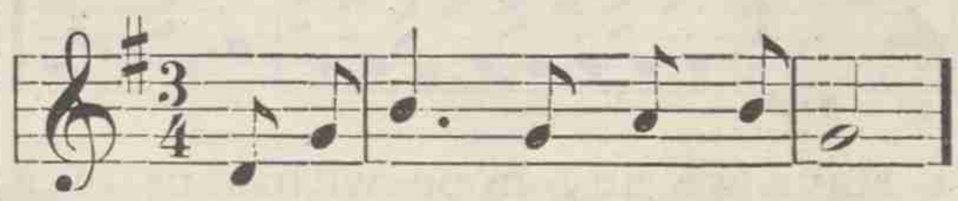


1 Oh, now I see the cleansing wave,
The fountain deep and wide;
Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save,
Points to his wounded side.

CHO.—The cleansing stream, I see, I see,
I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me!
Oh, praise the Lord, it cleanseth me!
It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me.

2 I rise to walk in heaven's own light,
Above the world of sin,
With heart made pure and garments white,
And Christ enthroned within.

3 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below
To feel the blood applied;
And Jesus, only Jesus know,
My Jesus crucified.

No. 218. Consecration.



1 Yes, I yield at Jesus' call,
On the altar lay my all—
Heart and hand, and time and voice,
Now a living sacrifice.
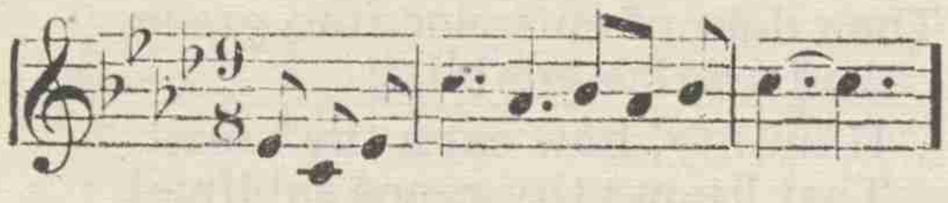
CHO.—I am saved by power divine,
I am thine, entirely thine;
Jesus now from sin sets free,
Sanctifies and cleanses me.

2 All I think of, here I give,
All unthought of, too, receive;
Counted all thine own shall be,
As it comes, I'll give to thee.

3 Blessed altar Christians have,
Wondrous is thy power to save;
Doubts and fears and Satan flee,
As I claim my purity.

4 Resting on what Jesus saith,
Resting now by simple faith,
I the gift am sanctified
By the cleansing blood applied.

No. 219. I Will No Longer Doubt Thee.



1 Can I defeat my Savior's plan,
Trample his mercy in the dust?
Were I to act the part of a man,
Could I but do what's right and just?
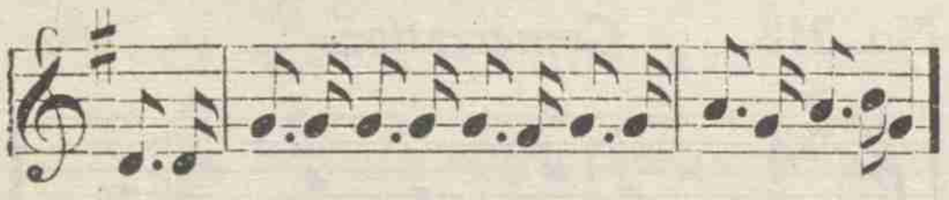
CHO.—I will no longer doubt thee, O Lord,
I will forever stand on thy word;
I will believe and simply trust;
Can I have faith? yes, Lord, I must.

2 I will reject all doubts and fears,
I will believe and simply trust;
Thou hast said, "Cast on me thy cares:"
Can I obey? yes, Lord, I must.

3 Since I'm dependent, Lord, on thee,
Why should I doubt thy saving grace?
If by resisting, Satan must flee,
Then I behold thy smiling face.

4 Shall I bring grief and sorrow again
Into the heart of my dear Lord?
No, I'll confess and honor his name,
I will believe his precious word.

No. 220. Hope.



1 Have we any hope within us of a life beyond the grave,
In the sweet and vernal lands?
Do we know if this, our tabernacle, were to be dissolved,
We've a house not made with hands?

CHO.—We have a hope within our soul,
Brighter than the perfect day;
God has given us his Spirit, and we want the world to hear it,
All our doubts are passed away.
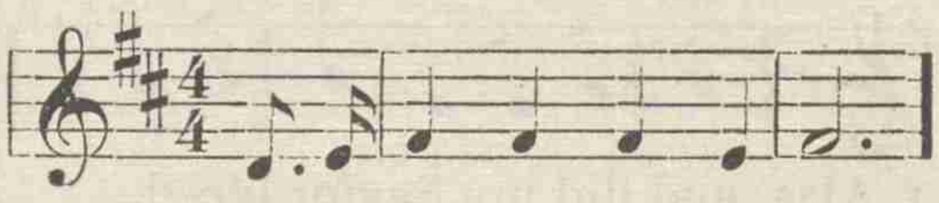
2 Blessed hope we have within us is an anchor to the soul,
It is both steadfast and sure;
It is founded on the promises of Father's written word,
And 'twill evermore endure.

3 Hope has brought us through the dangers and temptations of the past,
And we fear not those to come;
By her blessings we'll go forward while this mortal life shall last,
Then we'll joyously go home.

4 Since we've walked the straight and narrow way our path has ever shone
Brighter, brighter day by day;
Hope within our hearts assures us it is better farther on,
It is brighter all the way.

5 Life will end in joyful singing, "I have fought a faithful fight,"
Then we'll lay our armor down;
And our soul will break the cable here and take its happy flight,
To possess a starry crown.

No. 221. I Am Healed.



1 With afflictions great and sore,
As if bound by Satan's hand,
For thy healing mercy to implore,
Lord, I came at thy command.

CHO.—I am healed, I know I am,
(*Bass.—I am healed, I'm healed, I know I am,*)
I am healed this very hour;
(*I am healed, I'm healed this very hour;*)
For my Jesus says I am,
(*For my Jesus tells me that I am,*)
And I feel his mighty power.
(*And I feel his mighty power.*)

2 Though my faith was very weak,
Jesus said so sweet and kind,
I will surely heal you every whit,
And will break the chains that bind.

3 Then his proffered hand I took,
And the victory soon was won;
I received the perfect healing touch,
And the work was quickly done.

4 Praise his name forever more!
I will tell to all around
How the precious gift of healing power
Through the Spirit we have found.

RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC.

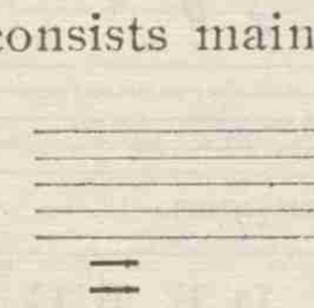
The following rudimentary instructions are for the assistance and encouragement of those who desire to learn to read music. It is a mistake to suppose that the ability to read music should be limited to those who may be specially gifted with musical talent. Music may be considered a language, and, like other languages, may be learned (in theory at least) by any who will apply themselves to its study. The learner is advised to adopt as exercises some of the easier pieces found in this book. *Thorough daily practice is indispensible to success.*

That which may be *heard* is called sound, whether it be musical or not musical. A sound in which pitch is perceptible is called a tone, and is considered musical. Every tone has three properties; namely, pitch, length, and power. Pitch is the highness or lowness of a tone. Length is the duration of a tone. Power is the loudness or softness of a tone. These three properties of a tone give rise to the three divisions of music known as Melodics, Rhythmics, and Dynamics. The first mentioned treats of pitch, the second of length, and the third of power. These three divisions will be taken up in the order given.

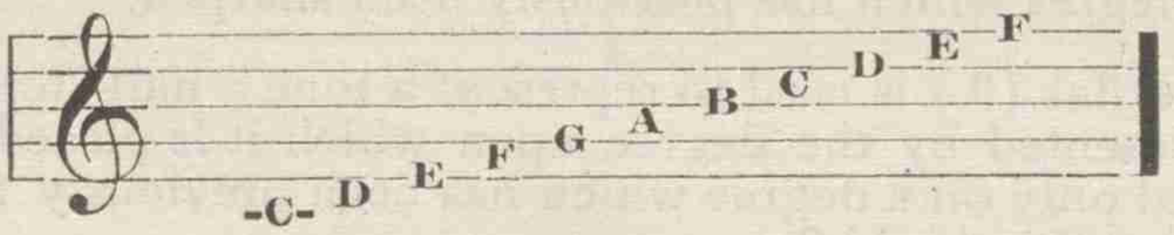
MELODICS.

Pitch Names. The first seven letters of the alphabet, A B C D E F G, are used as the absolute names of tones, with reference to pitch. These names are absolute names because they never change. The syllables, *do re mi fa sol la ti*, are used as relative names of tones. They may be relatively applied. Sometimes A is called *do* and sometimes B is called *do*, but A is always A and B is always B.

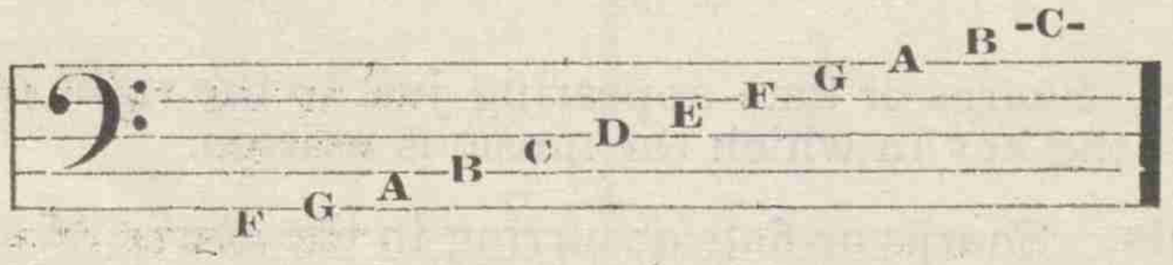
Staff. The staff consists mainly of five parallel lines and the spaces which belong to them. It is frequently enlarged by means of short lines, of which, in speaking, we say, "first line below," "first space below," "first line above," etc.



Clef. The G or Soprano Clef  fixes the arrangement of letters on the staff so that Middle C is on the first short line below, thus:

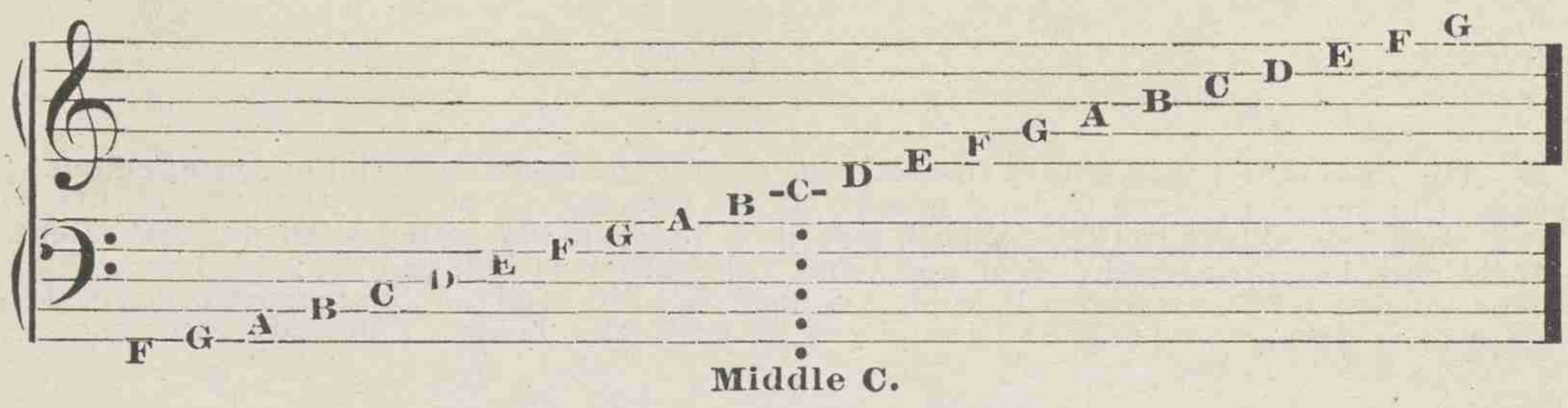


The parts written on the staff having the G Clef are called Soprano and Alto. Ladies and children sing these parts. The F or Bass Clef fixes the arrangement of letters on the staff so that Middle C is on the first line above, thus:



The parts written on the staff having this clef are called Tenor and Bass, and

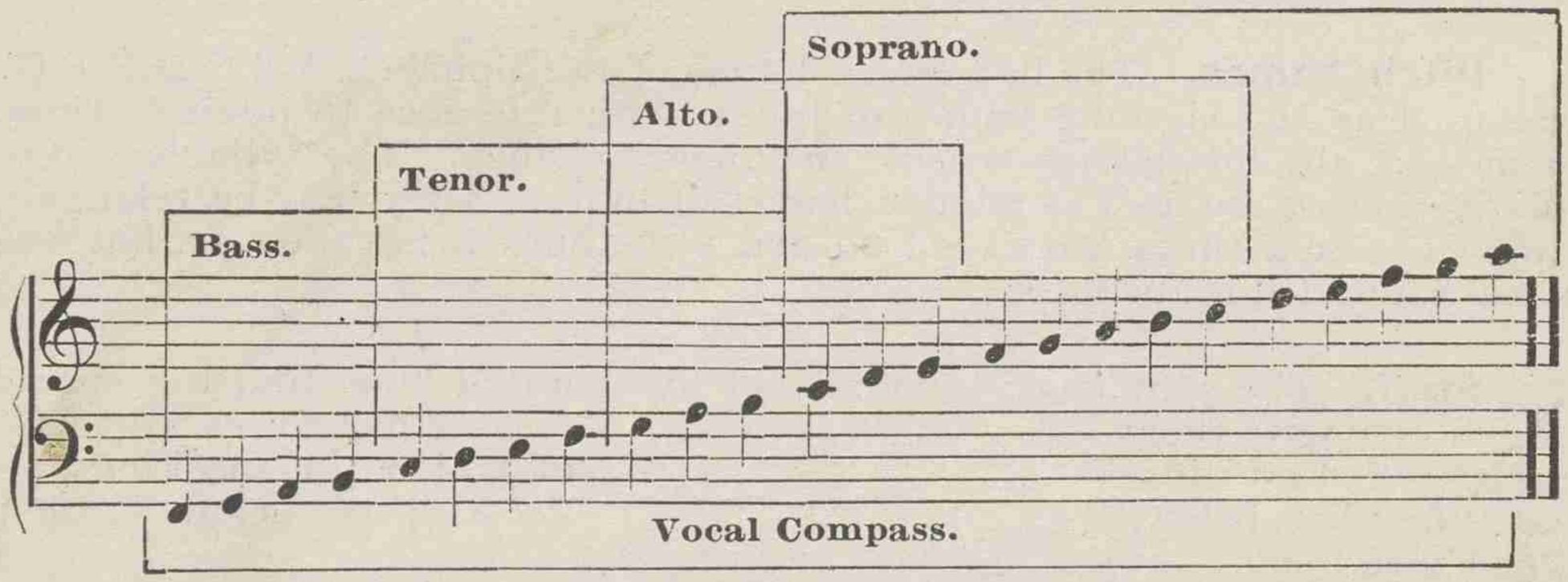
are sung by male voices. The order of the letters throughout the two staffs when joined together is as follows:



Another clef called the C or Tenor Clef  is sometimes used, fixing Middle C on the third space. This clef is often used when the four parts are written in score, that is, each on a separate staff. It is also used in pieces that are written exclusively for male voices. For examples see Nos. 41, 83, 106 and 148 in this book.

Vocal Compass. The average voice has a compass of two octaves. The female voice is an octave higher than the male voice. Middle C is so called because it is the middle of the compass of the human voice.

VOCAL COMPASS ILLUSTRATED.



Sharp. A character called a sharp (♯) is used to represent a tone a half-step higher than is otherwise represented by the degree upon which it is placed. The double sharp (𝄪) is used for the same purpose as the sharp but only on a degree which has previously been sharped.

Flat. The flat (♭) is used to represent a tone a half-step lower than is otherwise represented by the degree upon which it is placed. The double flat (𝄫) is used only on a degree which has been previously flatted. It has the same effect as the single flat.

Cancel. The cancel (♮) is used to counteract the effect of a sharp or flat. A character called a Restoral Sharp (♮♯) is used to counteract the effect of the double sharp. A Restoral Flat (♮♭) is used to counteract the double flat.

Signature. Sharps or flats appearing just to the right of the clef form the signature of the key in which the music is written.
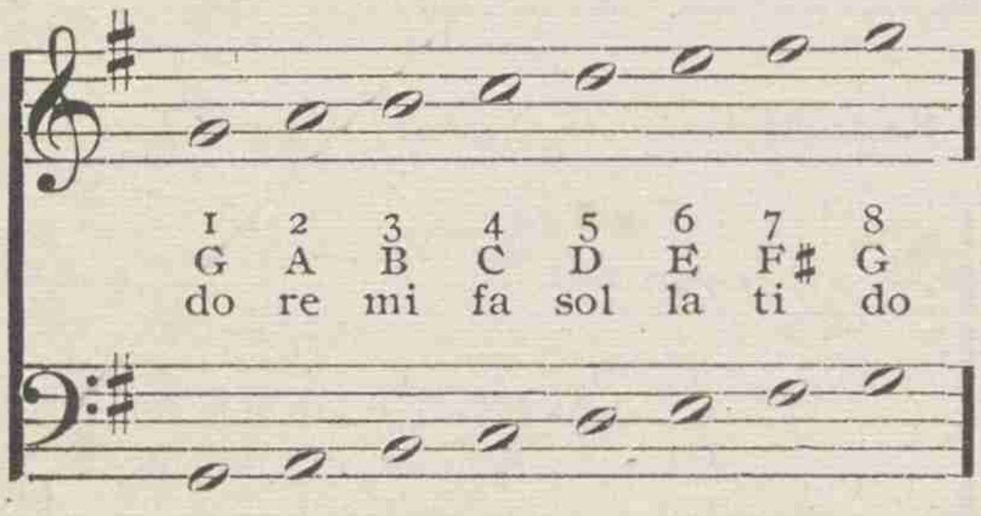
Accidentals. Sharps or flats occurring in the course of a piece of music are called accidentals. Accidentals affect only the measure in which they are written.

Keys. When there are no sharps or flats in the signature of a piece of music, the music is in the key of C. 1 or *do* is placed on C. D becomes 2 or *re*, E becomes 3 or *mi*, etc. Going down the scale, C being 8 or *do*, B becomes 7 or *ti*, A becomes 6 or *la*, and so on. When any number of sharps or flats appears as the signature, another key than C is represented. Thus one sharp represents the key of G, two sharps D, three sharps A, four sharps E, five sharps B, and six sharps F♯. We then have the following order of keys as the sharps increase in number: G D A E B F, represented by the initial letters of the words in the following sentence: "*G*rass *D*ies *A*fter *E*very *B*ig *F*rost," which will aid in determining any key in sharps. Just why any key has so many sharps or flats will be explained under Transposition of the Scale.
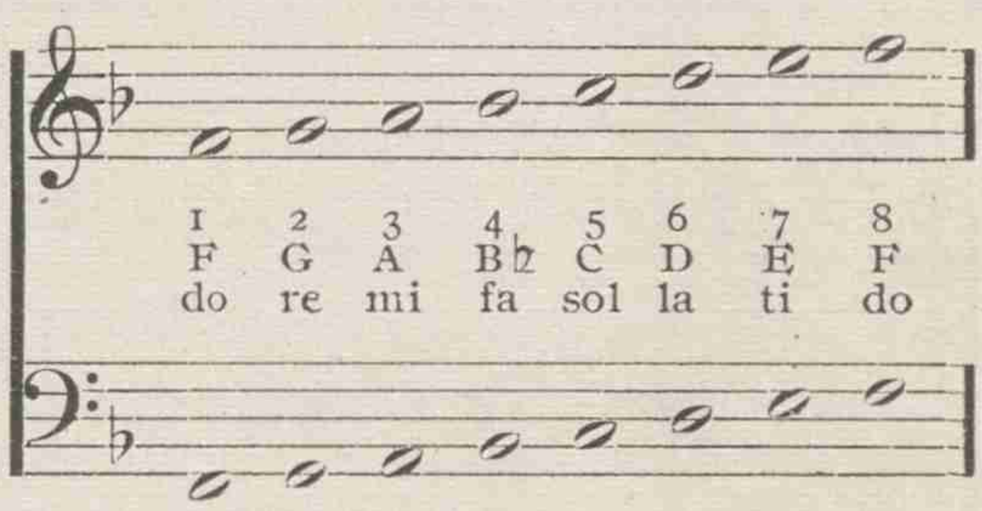
The keys in flats form the following order as the flats increase in number in the signature: F B E A D G. This sentence will aid in determining the keys in flats: "*F*ine *B*ooks *E*dify *A*nd *D*o *G*ood."

We will now illustrate the various keys and show the position of the syllables in each.
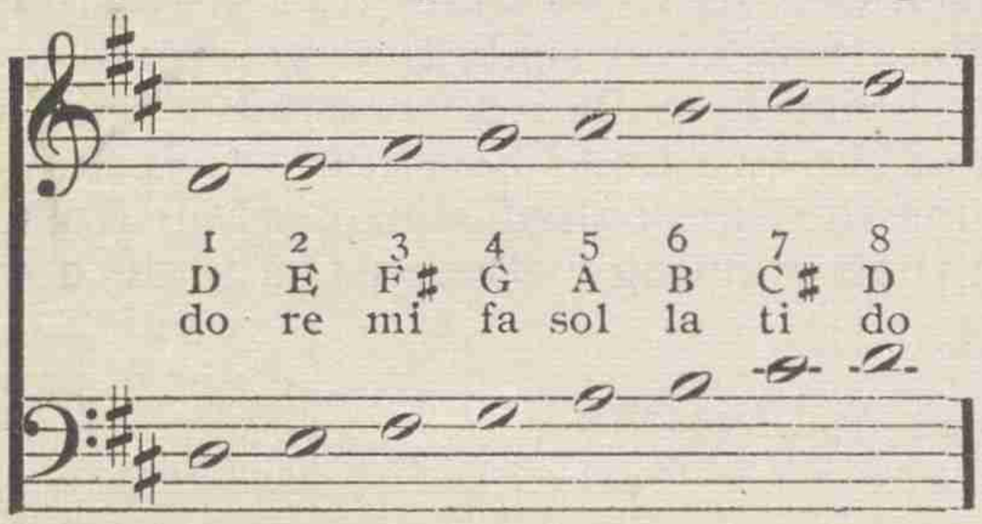
Key of G. *Signature, One Sharp.*
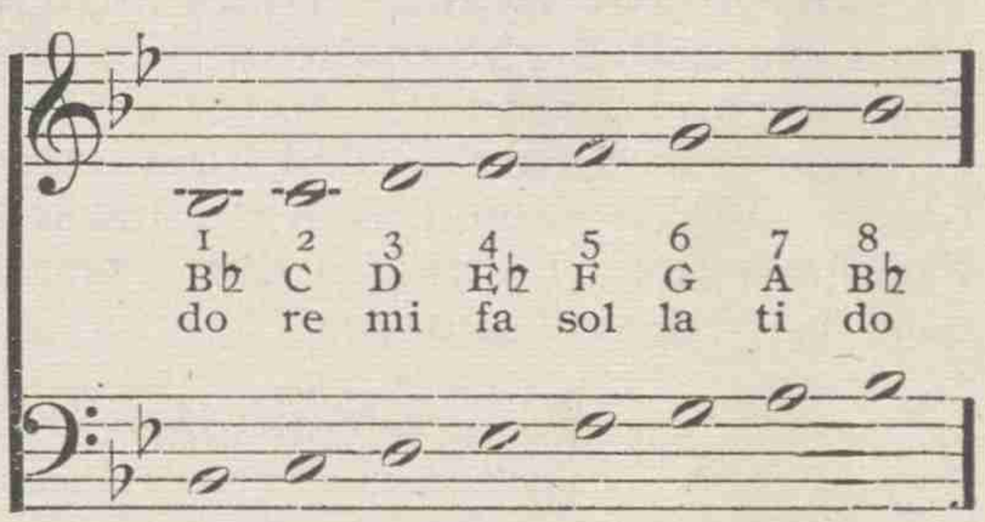


Key of F. *Signature, One Flat.*
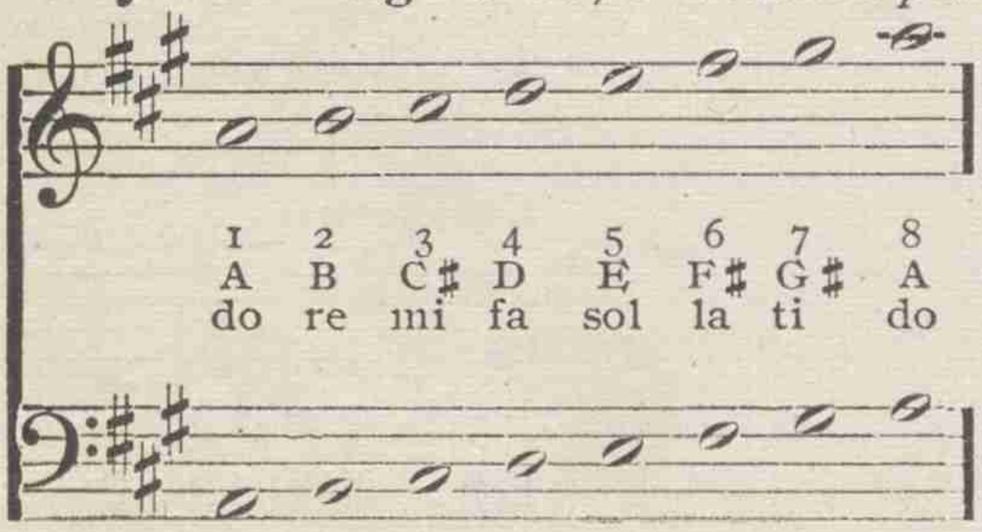


Key of D. *Signature, Two Sharps.*



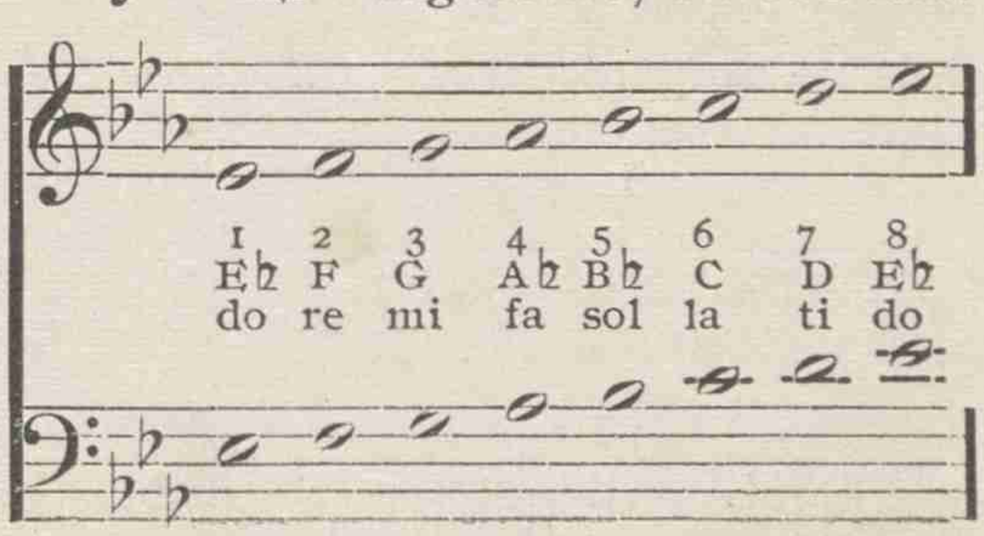
Key of B♭. *Signature, Two Flats.*
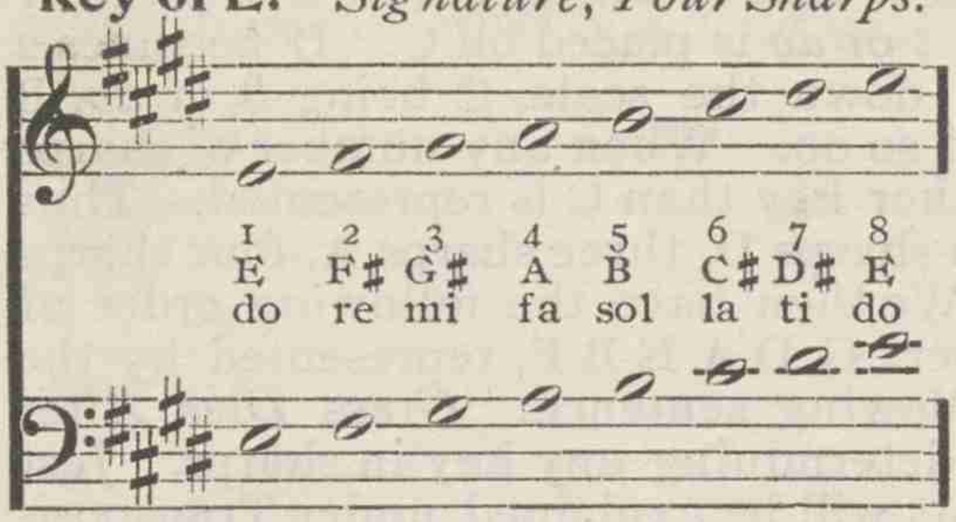


Key of A. *Signature, Three Sharps.*



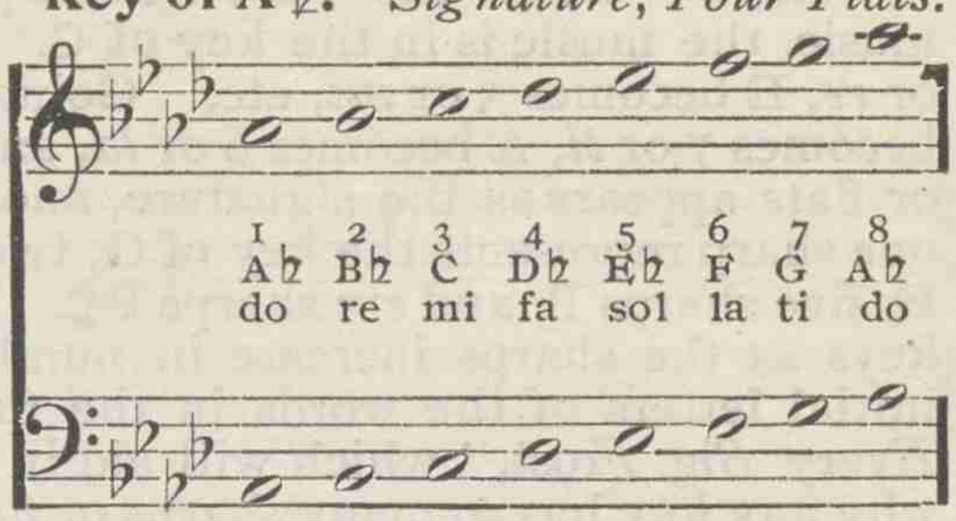
Key of E♭. *Signature, Three Flats.*
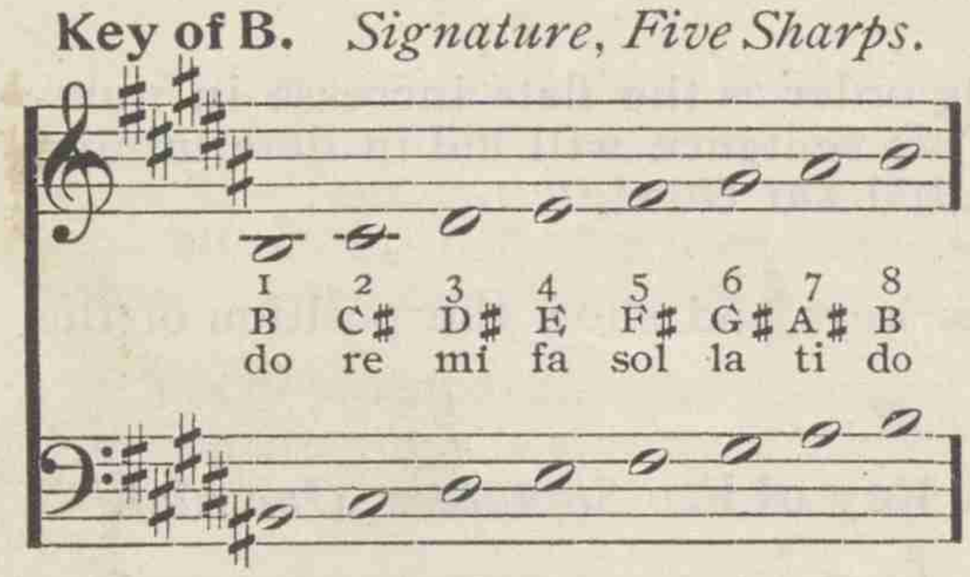


Key of E. *Signature, Four Sharps.*
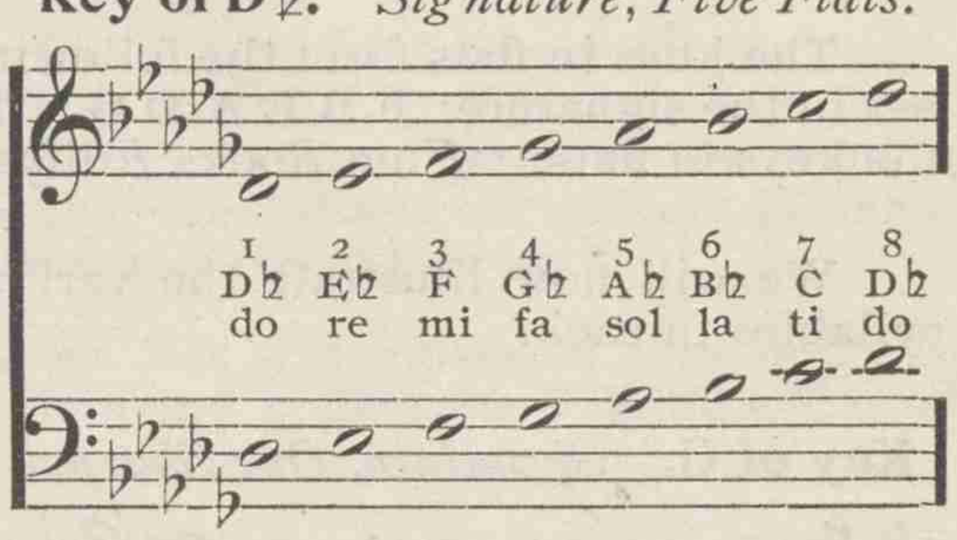


Key of A ♭. *Signature, Four Flats.*
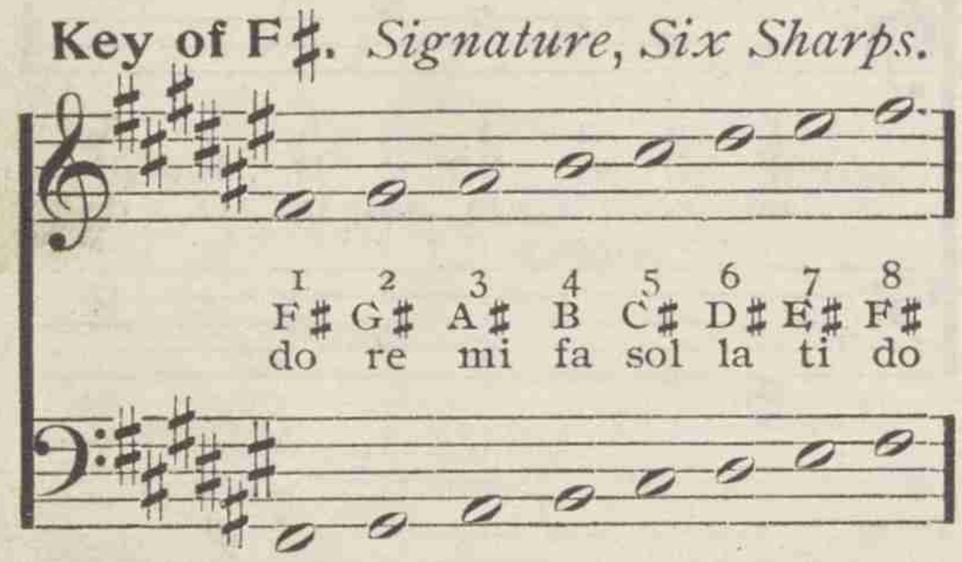


Key of B. *Signature, Five Sharps.*
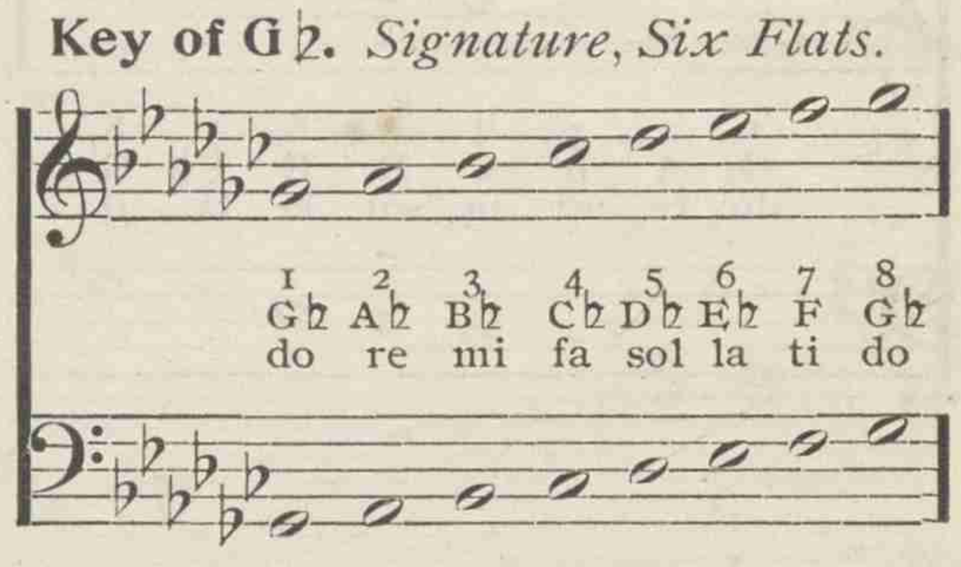


Key of D ♭. *Signature, Five Flats.*



Key of F ♯. *Signature, Six Sharps.*

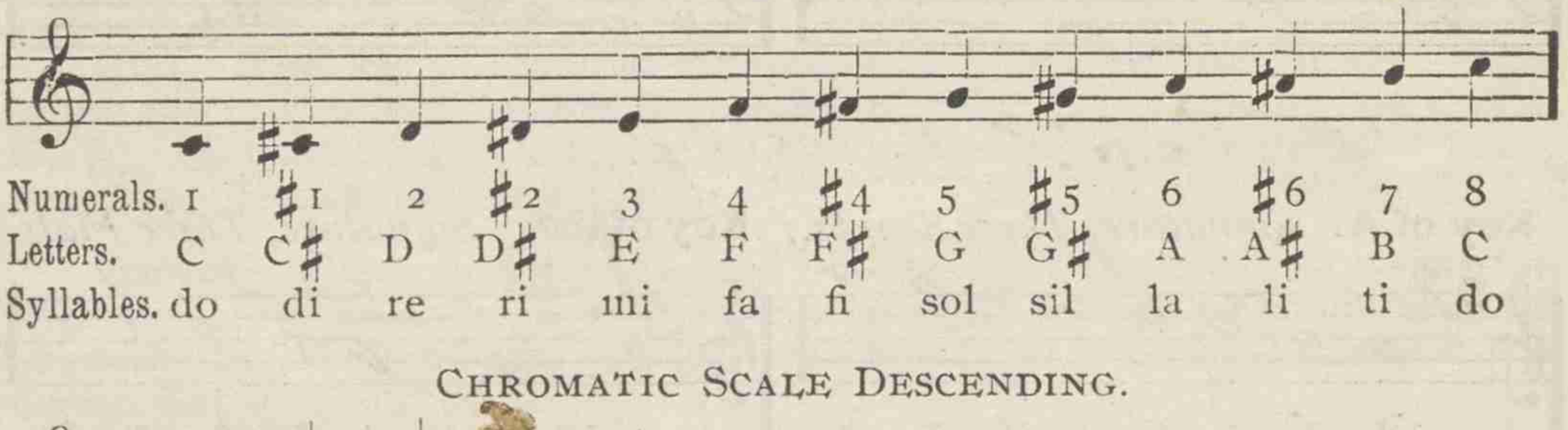


Key of G ♭. *Signature, Six Flats.*
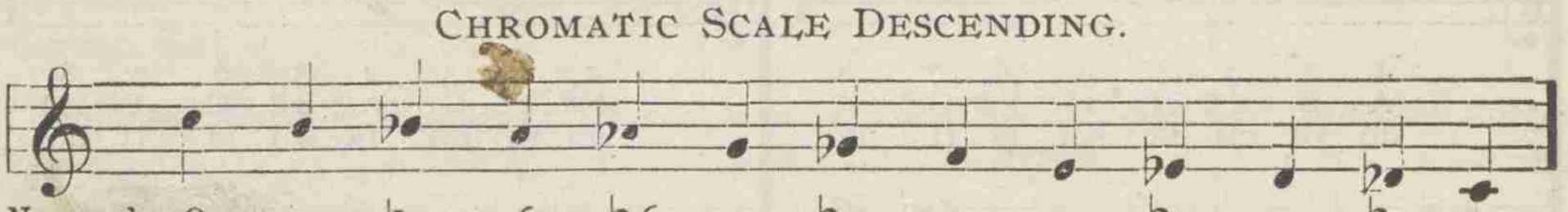


Chromatic Scale. Tones introduced between two tones that are a step apart are called chromatic or intermediate tones. A scale that is formed of diatonic and chromatic tones in their order is called a chromatic scale. Chromatic tones are named from either of the two tones between which they occur. When named from the lower tone they are called sharp, when from the upper, flat; hence the difference in their naming between the scale ascending and descending.

CHROMATIC SCALE ASCENDING.



CHROMATIC SCALE DESCENDING.

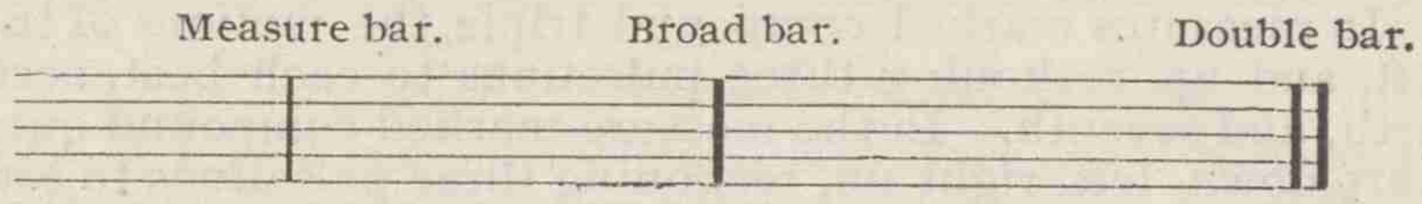


RHYTHMICS.

Pulse. The unit of time measurement in music is the mental throb or pulse which one feels while listening to music. This is what often causes an unconscious motion of the hand or tap of the foot on the floor while singing.

Beat. As an outward manifestation of the mental pulse, motions of the hand are used, called beats.

Measure. Beats are grouped into measures. A measure is a group of two or more pulsations certain of which are accented. A measure is represented by the space between two vertical bars drawn across the staff, thus:



Bars. The double bar indicates the close of a composition, while the broad or heavy bar is used at the end of a phrase.

Notes. There are in general use six different kinds of notes; *viz.*, whole note 𝅝, half note 𝅗𝅥, quarter note ♩, eighth note ♪, sixteenth note 𝅘𝅥𝅯, and thirty-second note 𝅘𝅥𝅰. The last named is not used in vocal music. A whole note 𝅝 equals two half notes 𝅗𝅥 𝅗𝅥 or four quarter notes ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ or eight eighth notes ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ or sixteen sixteenth notes 𝅘𝅥𝅯 𝅘𝅥𝅯 𝅘𝅥𝅯 𝅘𝅥𝅯 𝅘𝅥𝅯 𝅘𝅥𝅯 𝅘𝅥𝅯 𝅘𝅥𝅯 𝅘𝅥𝅯 𝅘𝅥𝅯 𝅘𝅥𝅯 𝅘𝅥𝅯 𝅘𝅥𝅯 𝅘𝅥𝅯 𝅘𝅥𝅯 𝅘𝅥𝅯. Each note has its corresponding rest.

Rests. A whole rest 𝄻 equals a 𝅝; a half rest 𝄼 equals a 𝅗𝅥; a quarter rest 𝄽 or 𝇽 equals a ♩, an eighth rest 𝄾 equals an ♪; a sixteenth rest 𝄿 equals a 𝅘𝅥𝅯; and a thirty-second rest 𝅀 equals a 𝅘𝅥𝅰.

Dots. A dot placed after a note, or rest, prolongs it one half over its original value; thus, 𝅗𝅥. equals 𝅗𝅥 ♩ or ♩. equals ♩ ♪

Notes are characters used to represent tones and their length; rests are characters used to represent silence and its duration. Notes and rests have no *absolute* length; their length is governed by the kind of measure in which they appear. The different kinds of measure are represented by the figures which appear on the staff to the right of the clef.

Fractions. These figures are called fractions. The upper figure indicates the number of pulses or beats to each measure, while the lower figure

SIMPLE MEASURE.

Double measure.	Triple measure.	Quadruple measure.
2 2 2 2 4 8	3 3 3 2 4 8	4 4 4 2 4 8

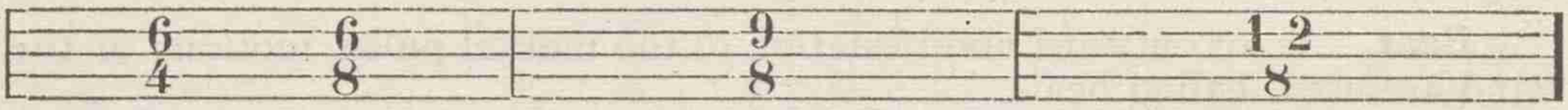
indicates the kind of note reckoned to each beat. This sign 𝇵 is sometimes used to indicate quadruple measure.

Beats and Accent. In all the measures marked double measure the motions of the hand in beating the pulsations are down and up, the accent falling on the first pulsation. In all measures marked triple measure the

motions of the hand are down, left, and up, the accent falling on the first. In all measures marked quadruple the motions of the hand are down, left, right, and up, the accent falling on the first and third pulsations.

Compound Measure.

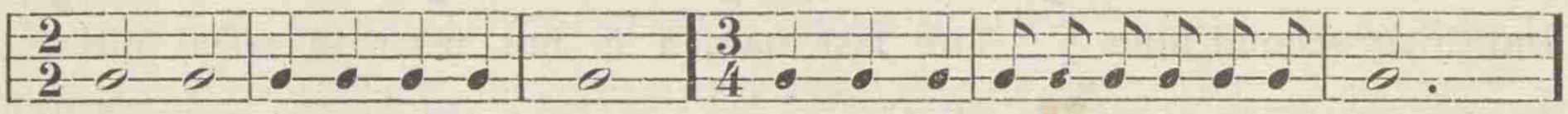
Compound double measure. Compound triple measure. Compound quadruple measure.



In the measure above marked compound double the motions of the hand are down, left, left, right, up, up; or, they may be simply down and up, reckoning three pulsations to each beat, accenting first and fourth pulsations. In measures marked compound triple the motions of the hand are down, left, and up, reckoning three pulsations to each beat, accenting the first, fourth, and seventh. In the measure marked compound quadruple the motions are down, left, right up, reckoning three pulsations to each motion, the first, fourth, seventh, and tenth pulsations being accented.

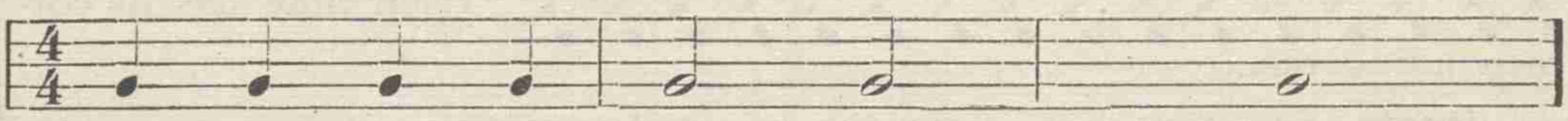
As beating the pulse is of much importance and is also much neglected in singing, we feel like adding a few more illustrations.

Measure, measure, measure, measure, measure, measure.
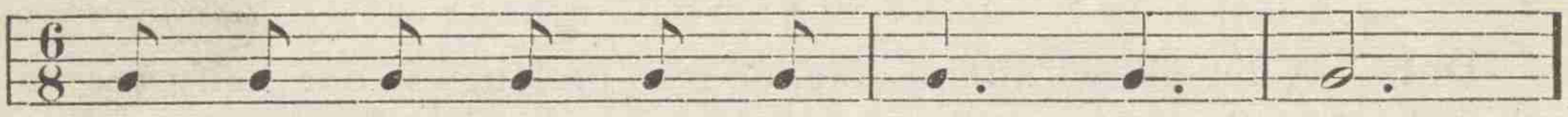


Down Up, Down Up, Down Up. Down Left Up, Down Left Up, Down Left Up.

Measure, measure, measure.
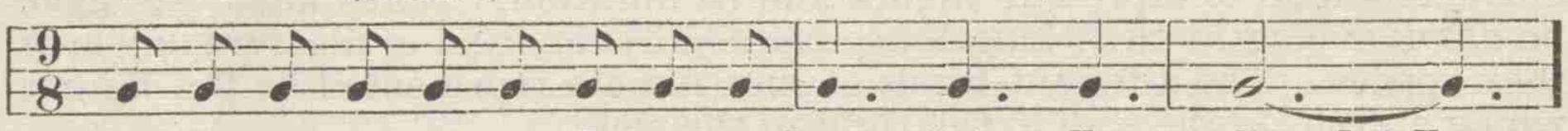


Down Left Right Up, Down Left Right Up, Down Left Right Up.

Measure, measure, measure.
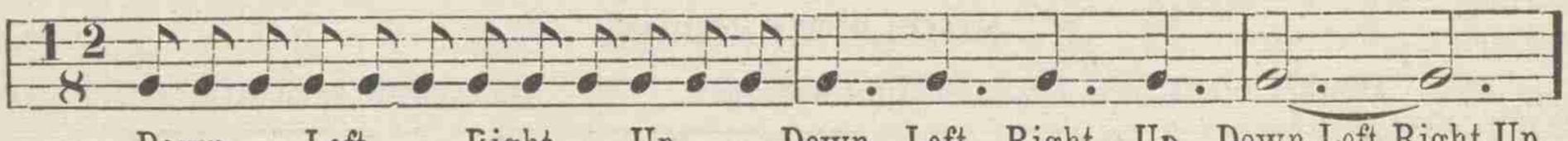


Down Up, Down Up, Down Up.

Measure, measure, measure.



Down Left Up, Down Left Up, Down Left Up.

Measure, measure, measure.
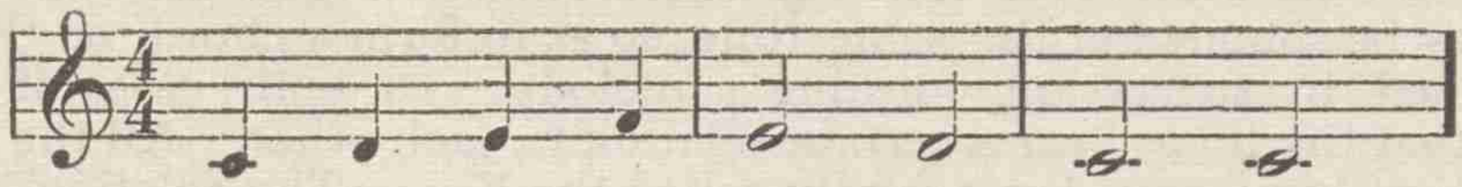


Down Left Right Up, Down Left Right Up, Down Left Right Up.

Syncopation. When a tone begins on an unaccented pulse and continues into or through an accented one the effect is called syncopation.
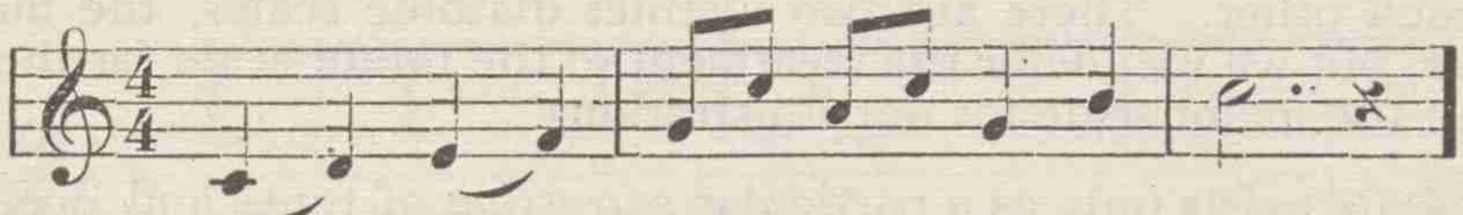
Pause and Hold. This character (𝄐) is called a hold when placed above a note and signifies that the tone is to be prolonged, the length being governed by the taste of the performer or leader. When placed over a rest or bar it is called a pause, and signifies that silence is to be prolonged.

Tie. The tie is a curved line drawn above or below two or more notes which occupy the same degree of the staff, one syllable of a word being applied to as many notes as are so connected.
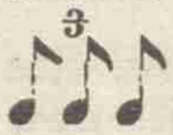
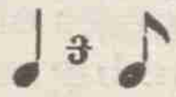


Hal - le - lu - jah to his name!

Slur. The slur is a curved line above or below two or more notes on different degrees of the staff to which are sung one word or syllable.



- Je - sus saves from sin to - day.
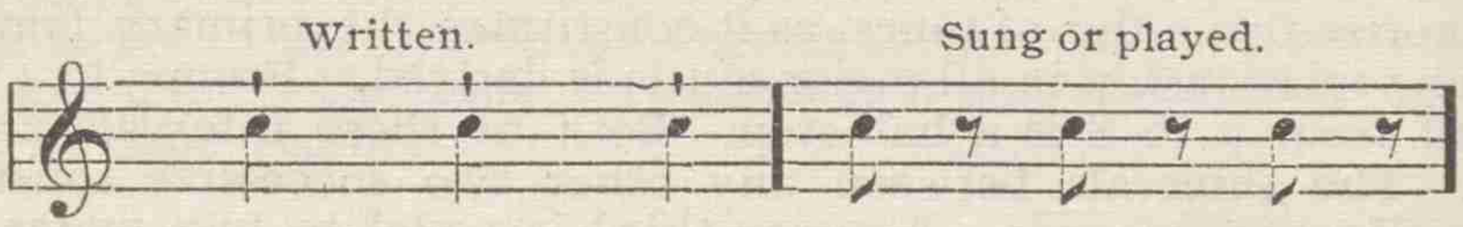
Triplet. A triplet is a pulse divided into three equal parts and is represented by placing a figure 3 above or below three notes of equal length, thus:  which are to be sung to one motion of the hand. Sometimes a triplet is represented by two notes, thus: 

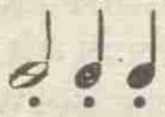
DYNAMICS.

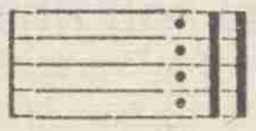
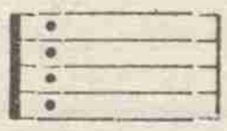
Signs of Power. *pp* or *pianissimo* indicates very soft.
p or *piano* " soft.
m or *mezzo* " medium.
f or *forte* " loud.
ff or *fortissimo* " very loud.

 or *crescendo* or *cres.* means gradually increasing in power.
 or *diminuendo* or *dim.* means decreasing in power.
The Swell  is a union of *crescendo* and *diminuendo.*
fz or > indicates a suddenly diminishing of power.
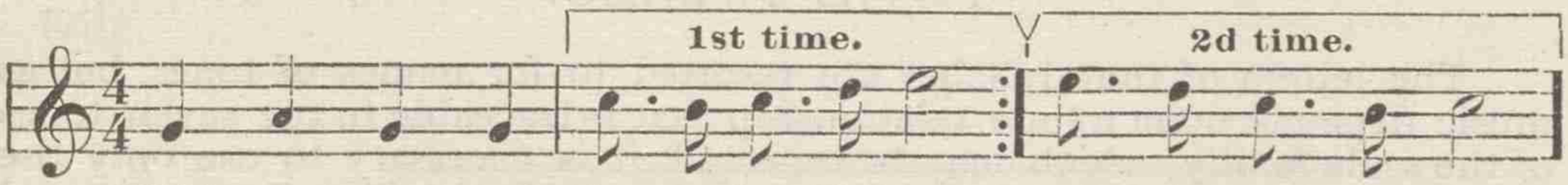
Staccato and Marcato. *Staccato* means short, detached; its sign is a point.



Marcato is not quite so short as *staccato.* Its sign is a dot over or under a note. 

Repeats. Dots to the left of a bar  mean a return to the beginning or to dots to the right of the bar,  repeating the music.

First and Second Time. The enclosed [1st time.] and [2d time.] has reference to first and second ending, and in repeating, omit *1st time*, and pass to *2d time*, thus:



{ Will you come and sing a joy - ful lay? }
{ Will you come and (*Omit.* . . . .) } praise the Lord to - day?

Rit. or *Ritard* means gradually slower. *D. C.* or *Da Capo* means, return to the beginning and sing to the word *Fine.* *D. S.* or *Dal Segno* means, return to the sign (𝄋) or (:𝄋:) and sing to the word *Fine.* *Fine* means end.

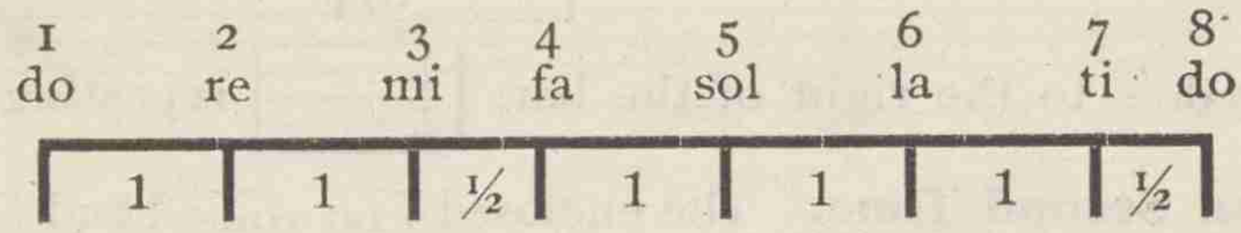
RELATIONSHIP OF TONES.

We will now consider tones in their family or group form. Several tones may be sounded at the same time, so as to form a chord, or they may be sounded in succession, forming a melody. In both cases it will be noticed that the tones bear a certain relation to each other. All the tones of any relationship form a large family called the Key. The relationship may be traced to a particular succession of tones, seven in number, which constitute the real family. The tones of this (smaller) family form the degrees of what is called the Diatonic Scale, and of course possess a certain fixed relation to each other. There are two distinct diatonic scales, the major and the minor, but we will defer the treatment of the minor scale for the present and adopt the major scale for our illustrations.

The scale exists only as a particular *succession* of tones and does not imply that there are no tones between any of these tones. The succession of tones in the scale may be repeated, but it is always by sevens in the same peculiar order, the *eighth* tone becoming the *first* of the scale repeated.

The tones or degrees of the scale are numbered in their order from the lowest in pitch to the highest, the keytone being always *one*. We will now examine their order with reference to the distance between any two successive degrees. These distances form what are called Intervals, and in measuring them we employ the term Step. The distance from the 1st to the 2d degree of the scale is a step and forms an interval called a major second. The distance from the 2d to the 3d degree is also a step and forms another major second. Beginning with the 3d degree we pass to the 4th and find the distance only a *half-step*, forming a *minor* second. (Minor means lesser and major means greater.) Then between the 4th and 5th degrees is the interval of a major second again; from the 5th to the 6th is a major second; from the 6th to the 7th another major second. This brings us to the interval between the 7th degree and the 1st (of the scale repeated), which for convenience we call 8. We find the distance only a half-step, forming the interval of a minor second.
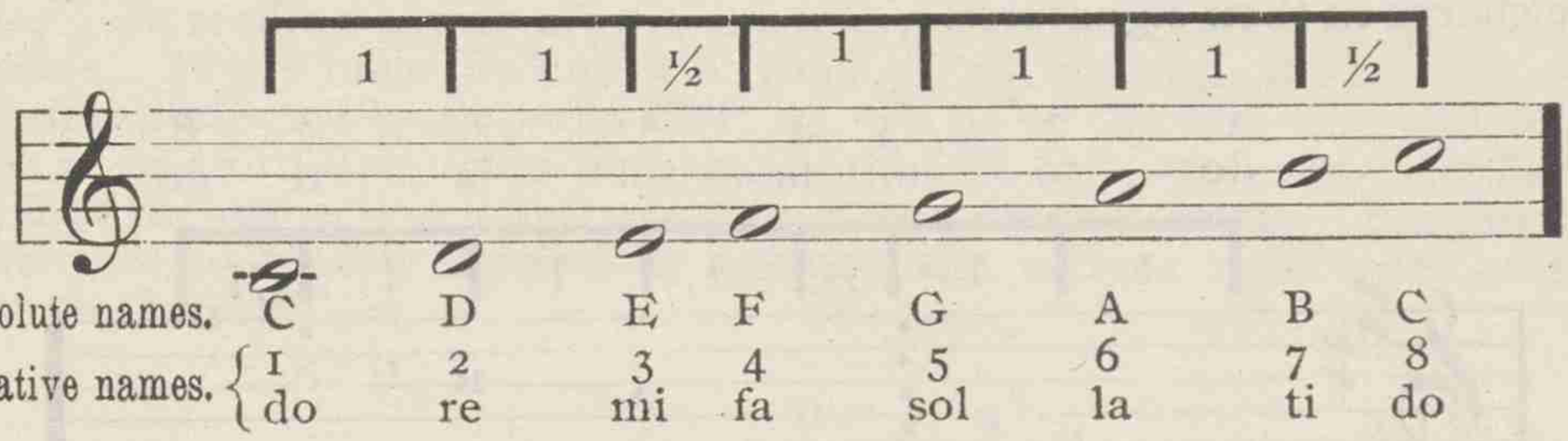
Memorize this order of tones, as it constitutes the primary family from which tone relationship in all major music is derived. From 3 to 4 is a half-step, and from 7 to 8 is a half-step. Both of these intervals are minor seconds. The intervals between any other two successive tones of the scale are all major seconds. A major third is equal to two major seconds (two steps); a minor third is equal to a major second and a minor second (a step and a half). The interval between the 1st and 8th degrees is an Octave. The accompanying diagram will illustrate the relative distances between the tones of the scale.



TONE NAMES.

The letters of the alphabet are resorted to for names of tones, but as music depends upon a tone relationship that is traceable to the seven tones of the scale family, which may be repeated, it is necessary to use only the first seven of the alphabet letters. The letters C D E F G A B are arranged in scale order, the minor seconds occurring between E & F and B & C. These are the absolute or fixed names of tones. Tones also have relative names which belong to the degrees of the scale. Thus, the numerals 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 are relative names. The syllable names are *do re mi fa sol la ti.* The absolute (letter) names never change; A is always A and never B or any
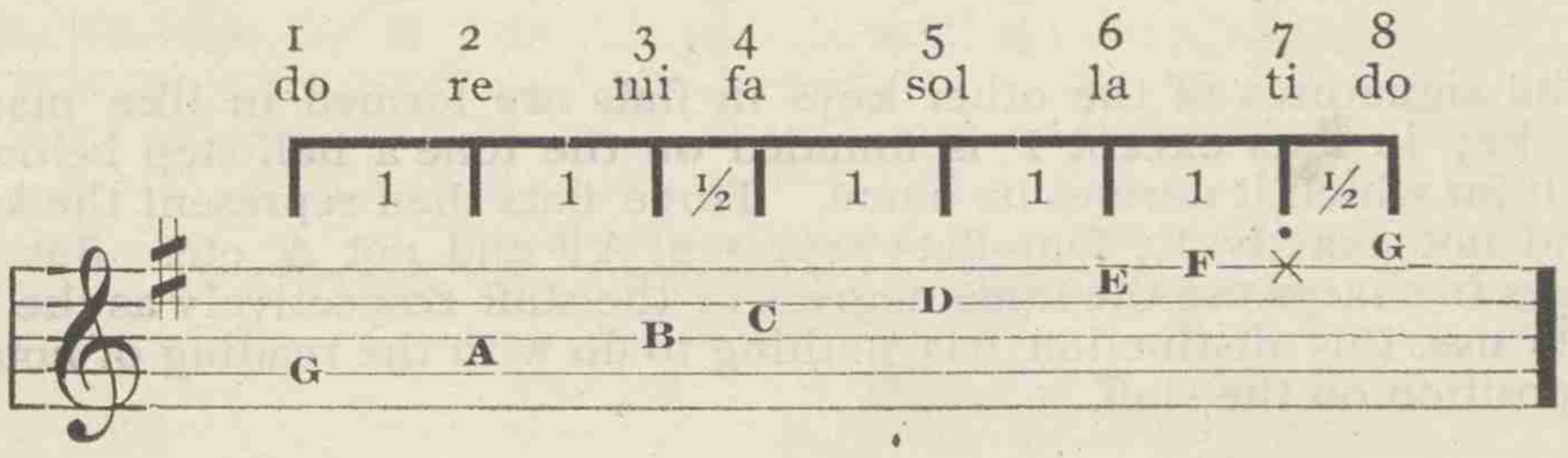
other letter. But as any letter may be taken as the basis of the scale, that is, it may be *do* or the tone on which a key is built, it follows that any letter or tone may have a certain relative name in one key and a different relative name in another key. A man may have the absolute name of Brown by which he is distinguished among men, but in his relationship to his children he is called father; to his sisters he becomes brother; to his brother's children he is uncle; to his own father he is son, etc., but his name is Brown all the while. So it is with tones. In the key of G, G is *do;* in the key of F it is *re;* in the key of C it is *sol;* in the key of D it is *fa;* but it is G all the while. Thus we see the difference between the absolute and relative names of tones.
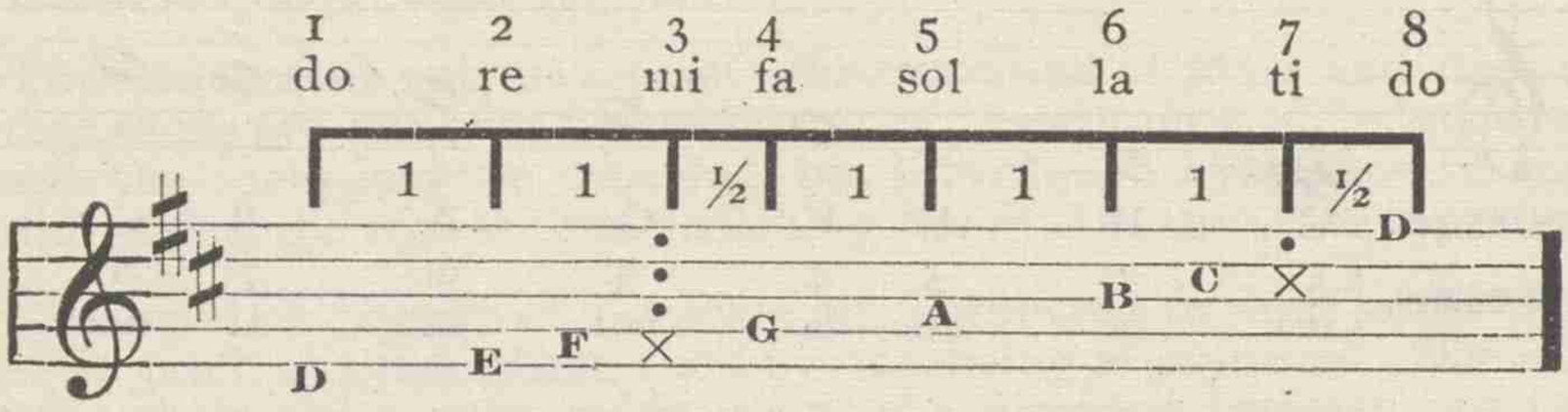


TRANSPOSITION OF THE SCALE.

A minor second is the smallest interval perceptible between two tones. Every minor second or half-step brings us to a new tone. It follows, then, that between any of the tones of the scale which are a step apart there are intermediate tones. Between C & D, D & E, F & G, G & A, A & B, are intermediate tones. Whenever the scale is based upon any other letter than C it becomes necessary to use one or more of these intermediate tones to preserve the particular succession of tones in the scale. In singing we pay no attention to what intermediate tones we are using; we simply sing according to the scale relationship of tones, and therefore it is just as easy to sing in one key as another. But when we come to represent these intermediate tones to the eye on the degrees of the staff, it is neccessary to use sharps and flats. The tone between A & B may be taken as A ♯ or B ♭ according as usage requires.
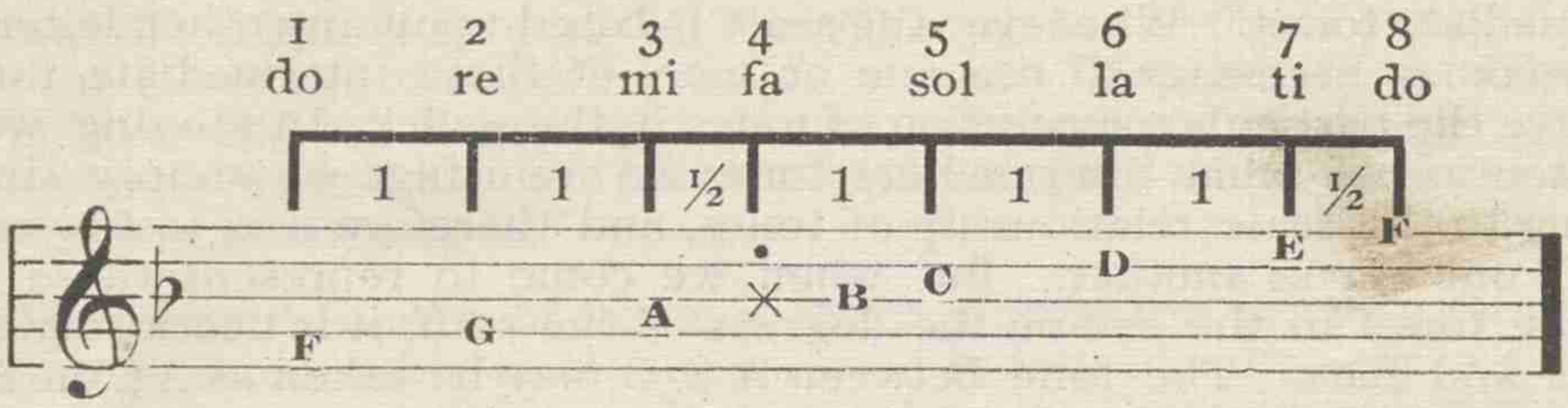
Suppose we found the scale on the tone G. We are now in the key of G which becomes keytone or *do*. A step brings us to A the 2d of the scale, which is *re*; another step is B (*mi*), a half-step is C (*fa*), a step D (*sol*), a step E (*la*), another step, required by the scale, is F ♯, and another half-step G. Remember there is always but a half-step between E & F and B & C. In the key of G we are compelled to use F ♯ instead of F for the 7th of the scale (*ti*). Accordingly we place in the signature a sharp on the degree F of the staff. That means that wherever F occurs on the staff it represents a tone a half-step higher than F. It would not be proper here to call this tone G♭ instead of F ♯, for G is already used as 1 or 8 of the scale, and a flat placed upon the G degree would conflict with our use of G, which we need as keytone. We will illustrate this transposition by a diagram. Study it carefully.
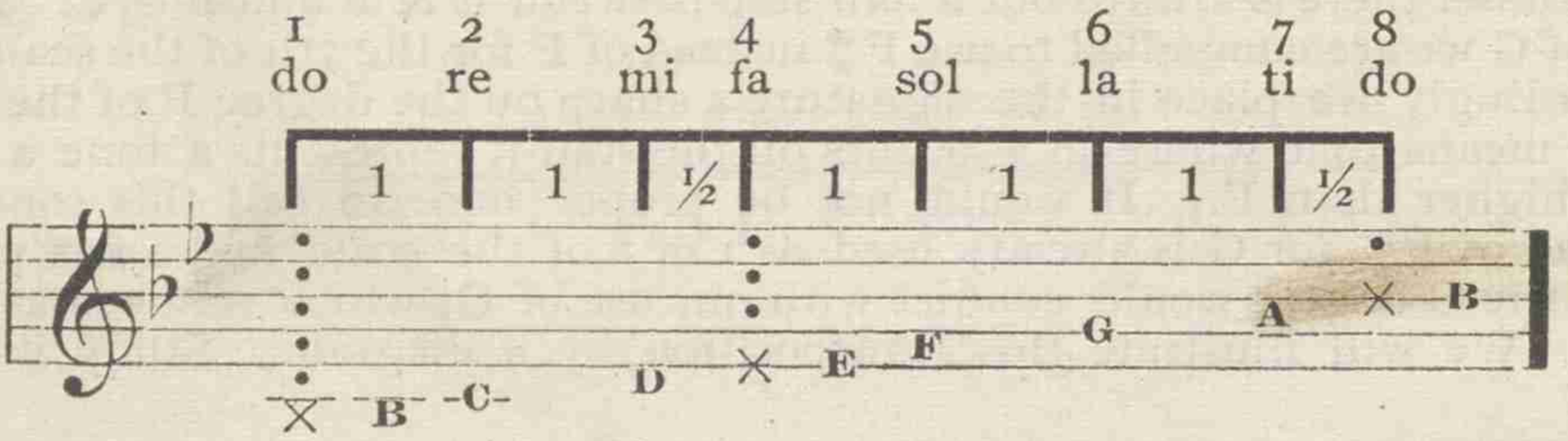


We will now transpose the scale to the key of D and it will be seen that the minor seconds (half-steps) between *mi* and *fa*, and *ti* and *do*, of the scale, must come between F & G and C & D. As F and G are a step apart and G is *fa* (F being not used) we take for *mi* the tone a half-step above F. So we place a sharp in the signature on the F degree again. But our scale is not completed. As C and D are also a step apart we sharp C for the 7th of the scale (ti) in the same manner that we did F, and place another sharp in the signature. This is why there are two sharps in the signature of the key of D. In like manner the transposition of the scale to A gives rise to the use of three sharps in the signature. A is *do*, B *re*, C♯ *mi*, D *fa*, E *sol*, F♯ *la*, and G♯ *ti*. This illustration is sufficient for the rest of the keys that have sharps in their signatures.



Now let us transpose to the key of F. Here the 4th (*fa*) uses the tone a half step below B, and we place a flat in the signature on the degree B. A is already used (*mi*), so we cannot represent the intermediate tone as A♯ by placing a sharp on the A degree of the staff. The key of F therefore has one flat in its signature.



We may also found the scale on any of these intermediate tones. Let us try B♭. The first and 8th degrees are then on B♭ (*do*). This key also uses E♭ for its 4th (*fa*), and so we place two flats in its signature.



The signatures of the other keys in flats are formed in like manner. Every key in flats except F is founded on the tone a half-step below the letter from which it derives its name. Three flats then represent the key of E♭ and not exactly E; four flats represent A♭ and not A, etc. But since the keys in sharps use the same degrees of the staff respectively as the keys in flats use, this distinction has nothing to do with the reading of notes by their position on the staff.

The various keys that have sharps in their signatures arrange themselves in the following order, as the number of sharps increases: G D A E B F. Every key is founded on the 5th of the preceding key. Beginning with C count 5 (In music the starting point always counts one.) and we come to G (one sharp). The 5th above G is D (two sharps), etc.

The keys in flats arrange themselves in the same order reversed—F B E A D G. Each one is founded on the 4th of the preceding key. Taking the 4th from C we have F (one flat); the 4th from F gives us B (two flats), etc.
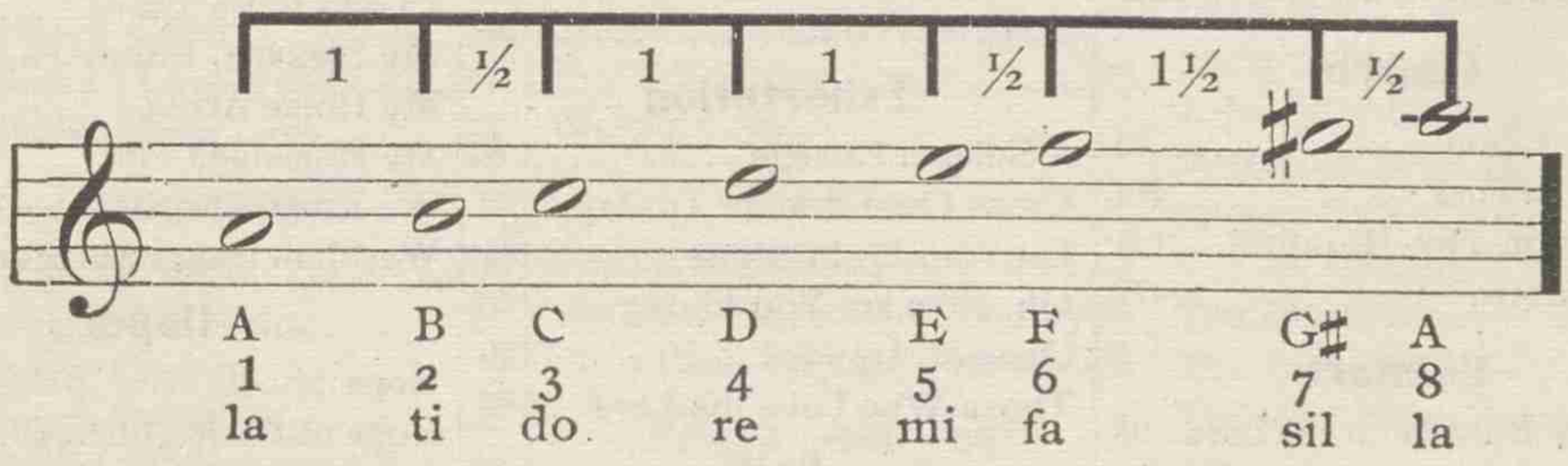
Memorize the signatures of the various keys so you will know them at a glance. In reading music always keep in mind the location of the tones of the scale. If you have the key of A, then *do* will be on A, the second space on staff represented by Soprano Clef; *sol* will be on the first line and fourth space, *re* on third line, *la* on first space and fifth line, etc. On staff having Bass Clef the respective letters are placed two degrees lower. Practice will enable you to readily discern by position the various scale tones as they occur on the staff.

THE MINOR SCALE AND KEYS.

The Minor Diatonic scale is founded on the 6th degree of the major scale. The syllable for this degree is *la*. It is a step and a half (a minor third) below *do*, the first of the major scale. The syllable (relative) names are *la ti do re mi fa sil*. The 7th (*sol*) is generally raised with an accidental (making it *sil*), but this accidental is not placed in the signature. The regular half-step measurements (minor seconds) are found between degrees 2 & 3 and 5 & 6. The only order of letters that perfectly conforms to this scale with reference to the position of the minor seconds is as follows: A B C D E F G♯; therefore the key of A minor has no sharps or flats for its signature.

The best way of finding the minor key is to always count a minor third down from the major key represented by the same signature. One sharp would therefore be the signature of the key of E minor. Three sharps would be the key of F♯ minor. Five flats would represent the key of B♭ minor, etc. Practice the minor scale until you are able to sing in a minor key.

MINOR SCALE.



ANDERSON BROS., MUSIC TYPOGRAPHERS, 325 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

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God's Car of Salvation is now passing by,
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Ye wretched, ye weary, ye lame and ye blind
A right hearty welcome on board you will find.

Our blessed condnctor will help you on board
With greatest as-istance and comfort afford
He'll see to your baggage that nothing be lost
And grant a free passage without price or cost.

Then see that your treasures are every one given
To Christ the Conductor and laid up in Heaven
For you and your treasures at whatever cost
Must all go together be saved or be lost.

O come weary waiting ones take the first train
For day light is passing and night comes again
No time to turn homeward to bid friends adieu.
All heaven is waiting to see this train through.

No time to turn backward to bury the dead
This train never waits for the funeral tread
But dashes right onward and keeps steady pace
Like a giant determined to win in the race.

This train has no depot no station or town
For worldly professors of fame or renown
Unless they are willing to leave their abode
And travel with pilgrims this narrow straight road.

Its down by the highways and hedges beside
There where the poor wretched and needy abide.
Its there this train pauses and takes its supplies
Of pilgrims enrouted for the home in the skies.

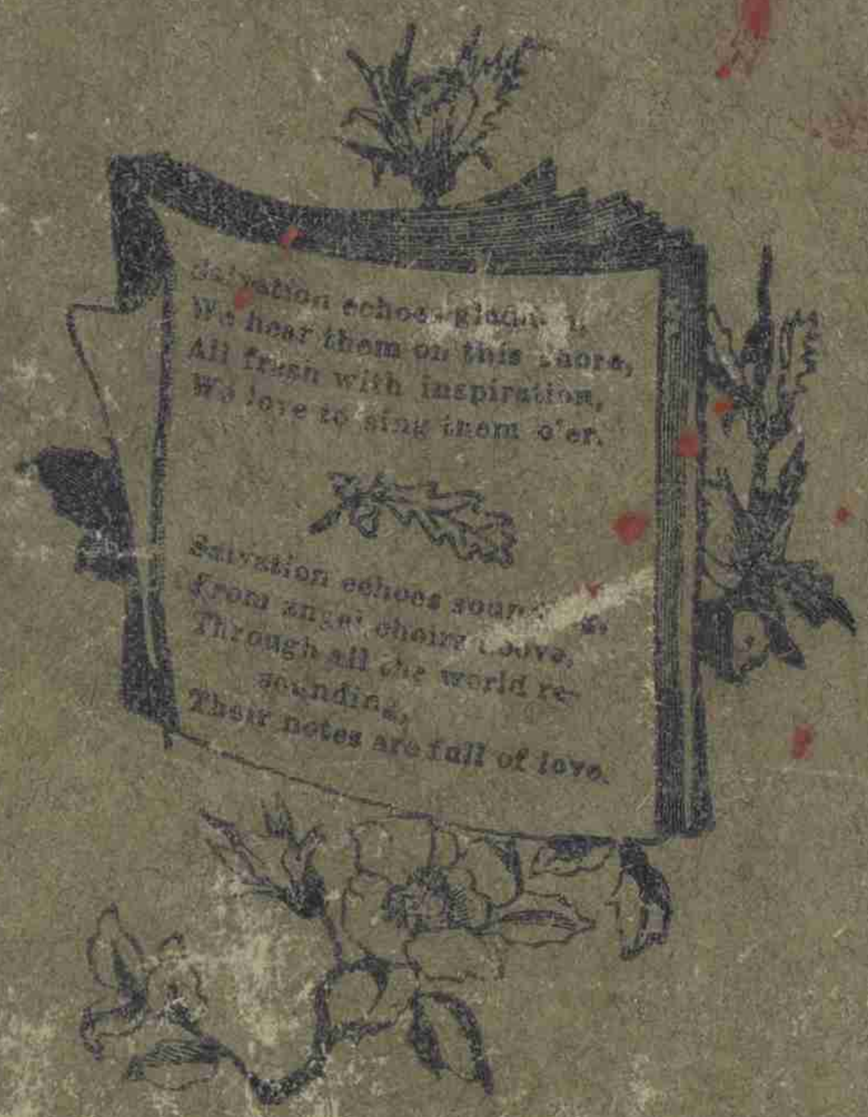
Thus onward right onward past traffic and trash
Past jobbers and merchant men scrambling for cash
Past tall steepled churches and high rented pews
Past loud sounding organs and close-fisted jews.

For no such are wanted no room on this train
For mixing salvation with ill gotten gain
No traffic in churches, no pews bought and sold
No preaching or praying for silver or gold.

No room for dame fashions, for ruffles and curls
And outward adornment gold, silver or pearls
No room for earth's pleasures, for picknicks and sprees
Although the poor preachers they pocket the fees.

No room for indulging in any known sin
In snuff or tobacco or brandy or gin
No room for a Mason, Oddfellow or Knight
No walking in darkness and calling it light.

No running to Egypt for barley and corn
But going to heaven through tempest and and storm
On on through the battle the sin and the strife
On on to the ever green Mountain of Life.


Salvation echoes glad-
We hear them on this shore,
All fraught with inspiration,
We love to sing them o'er.
Salvation echoes
from angel choirs above,
Through all the world re-
sounding,
Their notes are full of love.