HIS PRAISE

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1939

Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God:

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HIS PRAISE

by

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN

Published in Both Round and Shaped Notes

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Hymn
1916
Till

I have done my best to make it so. If it meets the demands of my deserving friends and patrons and helps to swell His Praise, I shall be satisfied.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN,
Editor and Publisher.

CHILDREN'S AND YOUNG PEOPLE'S SONGS.

7. Brighten the Corner
14. Don't you Know that He
16. If Jesus Goes With Me
20. Reapers, Reapers
32. I Will Follow
55. Let Me Be Thy Messenger
104. I Will Follow
109. I Choose Jesus
110. 'Neath the Skies
129. Soldiers of the Cross
144. I Shall Dwell Forever
159. He is a Friend
166. Whosoever Meaneth Me
174. With Every Passing Day
185. Jesus Looks to You
186. Bring Them In
189. Never Give Up
190. Just a Little Sunshine Song
195. Beautiful Deeds
196. Then We'll Have a Happy
201. He Keeps Me Singing
204. Only a Smile
205. Love Lifted Me
226. Blessed is the Man
215. I Must Tell Jesus
226. O Little Town of Bethlehem
234. A Little Talk With Jesus
239. My Mother's Bible

CHORUS OR CONTEST SONGS.

22. I'm a Pilgrim
26. Crown Him
46. Answer the Harvest King
47. Book of Books
53. Join in Exultation
56. Come, Happy and Free
58. Work On
74. Take the Home Path
101. Sowing for the Harvest
106. Build on the Rock
109. I Choose Jesus
111. The Sure Foundation
120. I'll Be a Soldier
121. Walk in the Light
122. Stand on the Winning Side
123. Victory is Coming
136. To the Harvest Fields
141. Reapers are Needed
171. The Gospel News
172. From Every Stormy Wind
174. With Every Passing Day
176. Come Unto Me
182. The Eyes of God
185. Jesus Looks to You
195. Beautiful Deeds
199. Trusting, I Reach for His Hand
203. Soldiers Strong
211. Master, the Tempest is

DUETS.

15. The Heart That Was Broken for Me
28. When I Get to the End
30. Life's Railway
40. Jesus of Nazareth
49. Jesus is Coming
107. The Spirit-Filled Life
133. Sweet Will of God
149. Communing With Jesus
153. Is Your All on the Altar
154. The Broken Pinion.
162. If Ye Faint Not
187. I Never Need Grieve Him
239. My Mother's Bible
245. I'm Saved
254. Blest Home of Peace

SOLOS,

Some of which can be used as Quartets.

1. I Met Jesus
2. After the Shadows
3. The Clay and the Potter
8. Sometime There Will Never Be Night
9. Some Time, Some How,
11. Have You Prayed Thro'
12. Ye Would Not
15. The Heart That Was
19. Just When I Need Him
23. I Am the Vine
28. When I Get to the End
34. The Wondrous Name
35. Spend the Day
36. For God So Loved
42. The Old Rugged Cross
76. Some One's Last Call
85. The Judgment
112. The Old Account
125. I Have Given Up All
128. That Heavenly Home
133. Sweet Will of God
142. Out of Touch
147. Mother's Songs
158. Somebody Cares
173. Others
178. Remember Your Promise
184. John 3 : 16
191. His Eye is on the Sparrow
193. The Hand That Was
197. Is it You
210. The Child of a King
233. Did You Talk With Jesus
239. My Mother's Bible.

Male Quartets.

116, 117, 118, 182.

Invitation Hymns.

Begin with 59—see also 176.

The Beatitudes.

Blessed are the poor in spirit:
For theirs is the kingdom of God.
Blessed are they that mourn:
For they shall be comforted.
Blessed are the meek:
For they shall inherit the earth.
Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness:
For they shall be filled.
Blessed are the merciful:
For they shall obtain mercy.
Blessed are the pure in heart:
For they shall see God.
Blessed are the peace makers:
For they shall be called the children of God.
Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake:
For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.
Rejoice, and be exceeding glad; for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

The Ten Commandments.

First.—Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

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

Third.—Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain: for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain.

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

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

Sixth.—Thou shalt not kill.

Seventh.—Thou shalt not commit adultery.

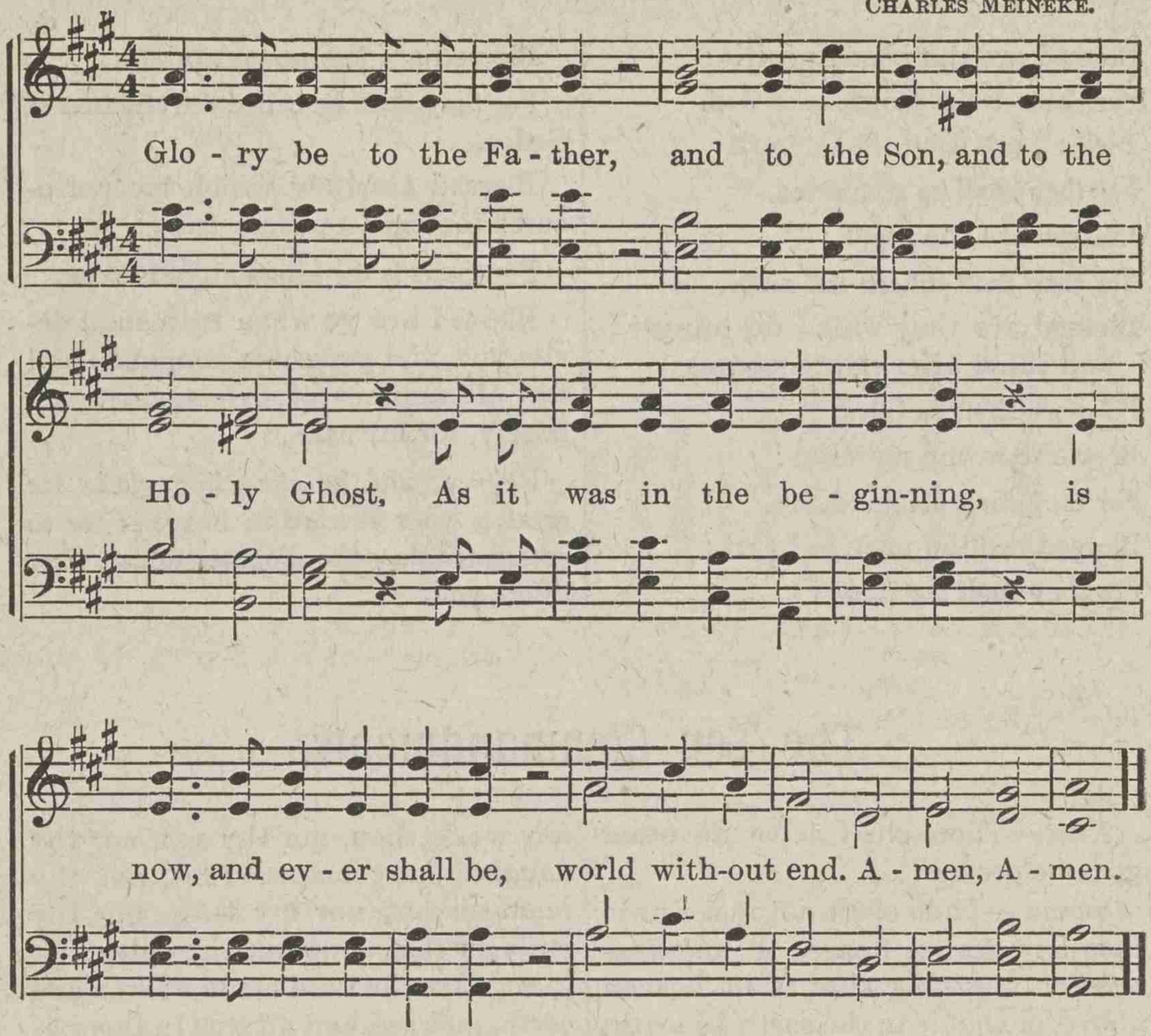
Eighth.—Thou shalt not steal.

Ninth.—Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

Tenth.—Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.

Gloria Patri.

CHARLES MEINEKE.



The Apostles' Creed.

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth. And in Jesus Christ His only Son our Lord: who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary; suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried; the third day He arose from the dead; He ascended into heaven; and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead. I believe in the Holy Ghost, the holy catholic Church, the communion of saints, the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting. Amen.

The Lord's Prayer.

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever and ever. Amen.

HIS PRAISE

No. 1. I Met Jesus.

S. E. L. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. I had walked life's path with an ea - sy tread,
Had followed where comfort and pleas - ure led;
2. With sta - tion and rank and aim for a goal,
Much tho't for the bod - y but none for the soul;
3. I met Him and knew Him and blushed to see,
That His eyes full of sor-row, were fixed on me;
4. My tho'ts are now for the souls of men,
I have lost my life to find it a - gain;

And then by chance in a qui - et place,
I had entered to win in life's mad race,
And I faltered and fell at His feet that day,
E'er since a - lone in that ho - ly place,

I met my Mas - ter face to face.
When I met my Mas - ter face to face.
While my cas - tles van-ished and melt-ed a - way.
My Mas - ter and I stood face to face.

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No. 2.

After the Shadows.

James Rowe.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Aft - er the mid-night, morning will greet us; Aft-er the sad - ness, joy will ap-
2. Aft - er the bat-tle, peace will be giv - en; Aft-er the weeping, songs there will
3. Shadows and sun-shine all thro' the sto - ry, Teardrops and pleasure, day aft-er

pear; Aft - er the tem-pest, sun-light will meet us; Aft - er the jeer - ing,
be; Aft - er the jour - ney there will be heav-en,—Burdens will fall and
day; But when we reach the king-dom of Glo - ry, Tri - als of earth will

CHORUS.

praise we shall hear. Aft - er the shad - ows, there will be sun - shine;
we shall be free.
van - ish a - way. Aft - er the shad-ows, there will be sun-shine.

rit.

Aft-er the frown, the soul-cheering smile;... Cling to the Sav - ior,
After the frown, the soul-cheering, soul-cheering smile; Cling to the Sav - ior,

love Him for - ev - er; All will be well in a lit - tle while.
love Him for - ev - er;

No. 3. The Clay and the Potter.

A. S. Reitz. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN. Jean Howard.

SOLO.

1. I saw in the hands of the pot - ter The whirr-ing wheel of clay
2. He sought to in-still the glo - ry Of the rose and sun-set's glow,
3. In love he gen - tly lift - ed The bro - ken bits of clay,
4. And then a soft voice whis - pered, "My child, I know the pain

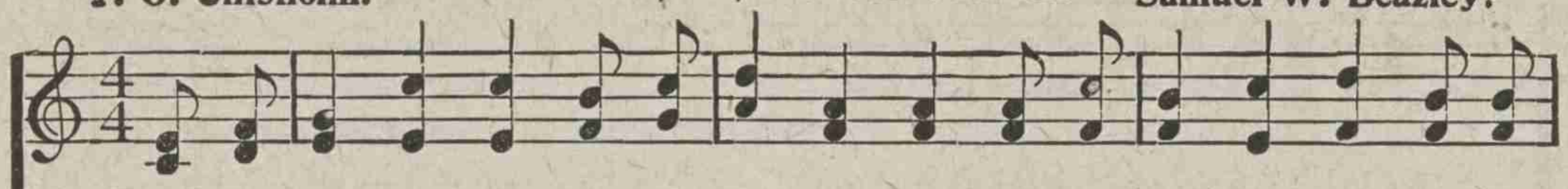
Grow like a grace - ful flow - er In the warmth of sun - ny May;
And prayed that life-giv-ing wa - ter From its fair - y form might flow;
And with his mag - ic fin - gers He brushed the dross a - way;
Of bro - ken hopes, and an - guish Of the struggle that seems in vain;

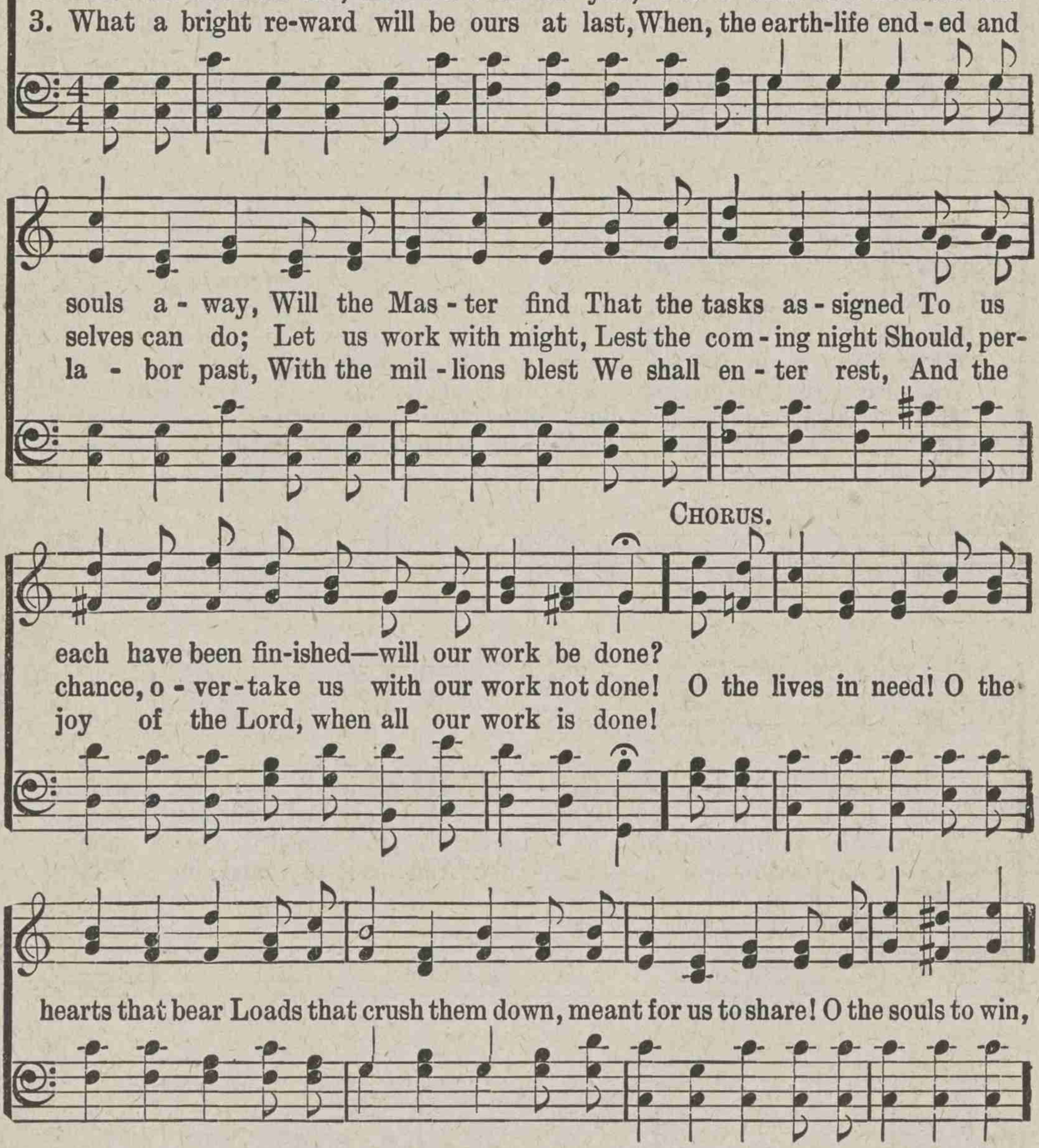
With deft and del - i-cate fin - gers He made it as he willed;
But in - to its slen - der beau - ty A flaw had found its way;
Then lo! with gleam of tri - umph He fash-ioned it a - new
O come, with sweet a - ban - don And place thy hand in Mine;

Till by his touch so ten - der A vase with beau - ty thrilled.
A - las! with hopes all shat-tered At his feet the frag-ments lay.
In - to a thing of beau - ty, As on - ly he could do.
Thy bro - ken vows I'll par - don, My peace shall a-gain be thine."

No. 4. Will Our Work Be Done?

"I must work the works of him that sent me while it is day."
"I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do."—JESUS.

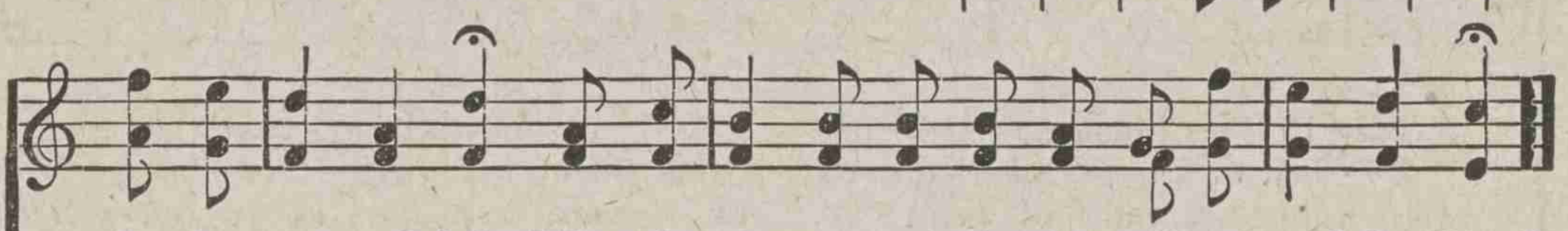
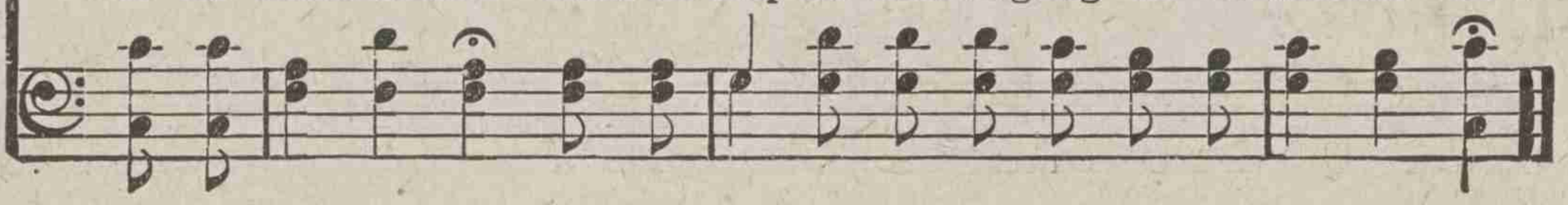
T. O. Chisholm. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. When the last hour comes, in our life's brief day, When we hear a Voice call our
2. There's a work for me, there's a work for you, 'T is a work that none but our-
3. What a bright re-ward will be ours at last, When, the earth-life end-ed and



souls a-way, Will the Mas-ter find That the tasks as-signed To us
selves can do; Let us work with might, Lest the com-ing night Should, per-
la-bor past, With the mil-lions blest We shall en-ter rest, And the

CHORUS.

each have been fin-ished—will our work be done?
chance, o-ver-take us with our work not done! O the lives in need! O the
joy of the Lord, when all our work is done!

hearts that bear Loads that crush them down, meant for us to share! O the souls to win,

In the wastes of sin!—When the reap-ers come sing-ing will our work be done?

5

Through and Through.

S. E. L.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. Je - sus save me through and through, Save me from self mend- ing:
2. Thro' temp-ta-tion save from sin, Self and pride sub - du - ing;
3. Thro' the temp-est, thro' the calm, With my Mas - ter talk - ing;
4. Thro' my tho'ts and thro' my heart, Thro' my flesh and spir - it;

Self sal - va - tion will not do, Pass me thro' the cleans- ing.
Save me thro' and thro' with - in, A spir - it right re - new - ing,
On my own be - lov - ed's arm, Oft' with Him I'm walk- ing.
Save me, Lord thro ev - 'ry part, Thro' Thy sav- ing mer - it.

CHORUS.

Through and through, Save me through and through, Je - sus keep me ho - ly; All the way to glo - ry, Where I will shout the sto - ry, Glo - ry, saved through and through.

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No. 6. The Song of My Soul.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Christ is lead - ing me, Up-ward speed - ing me, Man - na feed - ing me,
2. Foes are press - ing me, But, ca - ress - ing me, Christ is bless - ing me,
3. Sin had hard-ened me, Stained and burdened me, Christ has pardoned me—

Free - ly from day to day; Shield-ing, hid - ing me, Nev - er chid - ing me,
Keeping me brave and strong. Cour - age send - ing me, And de - fend - ing me,
Fet - ters of sin are gone. Now, so near to me, Grow-ing dear to me,

CHORUS.

Safe - ly guid - ing me A - long the way.
Al - ways lend - ing me A hap - py song. Glo - ry
Giv - ing cheer to me, He leads me on. Glo - ry, glo - ry,

glo - - ry! This my soul is singing, While to Him I'm clinging,
glo-ry, hal - le - lu-jah!

Glo - ry! glo - - ry: Sing-ing all a - long the way.
Glo-ry, glo-ry! glo-ry, hal - le - lu-jah, upward way.

7 Brighten the Corner Where You Are.

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HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Ina Duley Ogdon. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Do not wait un - til some deed of great-ness you may do, Do not wait to shed your light a - far, To the ma - ny du - ties ev - er near you
2. Just a - bove are cloud-ed skies that you may help to clear, Let not nar - row self your way de-bar, Tho' in - to one heart a - lone may fall your
3. Here for all your ta-lent you may sure - ly find a need, Here re- flect the bright and morning star, E - ven from your hum-ble hand the bread of

REFRAIN.

now be true, Bright-en the cor-ner where you are.
song of cheer, Bright-en the cor-ner where you are. Bright-en the cor-ner
life may feed, Bright-en the cor-ner where you are.

where you are! Bright-en the cor-ner where you are! Some one far from
Shine for Jesus where you are!

har-bor you may guide a-cross the bar, Bright-en the cor-ner where you are.

No. 8 Sometime There Will Never Be Night.

J. E. M. J. EDWIN MCCONNELL.

1. So great is the love of my Sav - ior, So patient so boundless and
2. Twas long that I wandered in dark - ness, So long was I blind-ed by
3. When the hours seem so heav-y and drear - y, When clouds hide the sun from my

free; Twas won-der-ful that He should suf-fer, And die for a
sin; But He o-pened my eyes and I saw Him, He gave me the
face; I think of my Sav - ior in glo - ry, How I'm saved day by

CHORUS.

sin - ner like me.
light to walk in. Some-time I will gaze on my Sav - ior Some-
day thro' His grace.

time I will dwell in the light;..... Some-time I will meet Him in
in the light;

glo - ry, Some-time, there will nev - er be night.....
will nev - er be night.

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No. 9. Sometime, Somehow, Somewhere.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

James Rowe. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Love di-vine a-maz-es More and more each day, Draw-ing out my prais-es
2. Mor-tal mind can nev-er Solve the mys-ter-y; Vain must each en-deav-or
3. I can on-ly love Him, Trusting His con-trol, Hold-ing none a-bove Him

All a-long the way; But, some hap-py morn-ing, Out of reach of pain,
To un-fold it be; But, be-yond the shad-ows, Where His glo-ries fall
In my heart and soul, Till the land su-per-nal By His grace I gain,

CHORUS.

An-ger, sin, and scorning, He will make it plain.
On the plain and meadows, He will tell me all. Sometime, somehow, somewhere,
When my Friend e-ter-nal Will His love ex-plain.

I shall surely know Why the precious Jesus Loves the sinner so; Why for me He

molto rit.

meekly Bore disgrace and pain: Sometime, somehow, somewhere, He will make it plain.

No. 10. I Am Praying for You.

S. O'Maley Cluff. **Ira D. Sankey.**

1. I have a Sav-ior, He's plead-ing in glo-ry, A dear, lov-ing Sav-
2. I have a Fa-ther: to me He has giv-en A hope for e-ter-
3. I have a robe: 'tis re-splend-ent in whiteness, A-wait-ing in glo-
4. When Jesus has found you, tell oth-ers the sto-ry, That my lov-ing Sav-

ior tho' earth-friends be few; And now He is watch-ing in ten-der-ness
ni-ty, bless-ed and true; And soon will He call me to meet Him in
ry my won-der-ing view; Oh, when I re-ceive it all shin-ing in
ior is your Sav-ior too; Then pray that your Sav-ior may bring them to

CHORUS.

f

o'er me, And oh, that my Sav-ior were your Sav-ior too.
heav-en, But oh, that He'd let me bring you with me too! For you I am
brightness, Dear friends, could I see you re-ceiv-ing one too!
glo ry, And pray'r will be answered—'twas answered for you!

p *f* *pp* *rall.*

praying, For you I am praying, For you I am praying, I'm pray-ing for you.

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No. 11. Have You Prayed It Through?

Rev. W. C. Poole. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY B. D. ACKLEY. B. D. Ackley.

1. Have you prayed all night, Till the break of day, And the morn-ing light
2. Did you pray it thro' Till the answer came? There's a prom-ise true
3. As the Mas - ter prayed In the gar - den lone, Let your prayer be made

Drove the dark a - way? Did you lin - ger there, Till the morning dew, In pre-
For your faith to claim; At the place of prayer, Je-sus waits for you—Did you
To the Father's throne: If you seek His will He will answer you; Are you

CHORUS.

vail - ing prayer—Did you pray it thro'?
meet Him there, Did you pray it thro'? Did you pray till the an-swer
trust - ing still, Have you prayed it thro'?

came, Did you plead in the Sav-ior's name? Have you
till it came, in His name?

prayed all night till the morning light, Did you pray till the an - swer came?

No. 12. "Ye Would Not."

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

T. O. Chisholm. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. All day long hath God in - vit - ed, But ye would not, ye would not;
2. Spite of all His lov-ing-kind-ness, Still ye would not, ye would not;
3. Oth-ers came and were for - giv - en, Yet ye would not, ye would not;
4. God His Well-be-lov-ed gave you, But ye would not, ye would not;
5. You have spurned Love's best endeavor, For ye would not, ye would not;

His en-treat-ies you have slight-ed, And ye would not, would not come.
Wand'ring on in wil-ful blindness,—Strange ye would not, would not come!
Theirs to-day the peace of Heav-en— But ye would not, would not come.
Je - sus died, yes, died to save you, But ye would not, would not come.
Shall it be— a - las —for - ev - er— That ye would not, would not come?

CHORUS.

Ah! what rea - son can you ren - der For re - fus - ing love so ten-der?

Think of what must be your doom, If ye will not, will not come!

13

I Love To Tell the Story.

MISS KATE HANKEY. WILLIAM G. FISCHER. By per.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un-seen things above, Of Je - sus
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won-der-ful it seems Than all the
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleasant to re-peat What seems, each
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hun - ger-

and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry,
gold-en fan - cies Of all our gold-en dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry,
time I tell it, More won - der-ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry,
ing and thirsting To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry,

1. Because I know 'tis true; It sat - is-fies my longings, As nothing else can do.
2. It did so much for me; And that is just the rea-son I tell it now to thee.
3. For some have never heard The message of sal-va-tion From God's own holy word.
4. I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old story, That I have loved so long.

CHORUS.

I love to tell the sto - ry 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry,

To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

14. Don't You Know That He Loves You?

G. H. C. GEORGE H. CARR.

1. He loved you so much that He yielded His life, A ransom for souls that are lost;
2. He loves you so much that perhaps for your good, He shatters the i-dols you love;
3. He loves you so much that for a - ges, a home In heaven has been kept for you;

In death's ag-o-ny, He hung on the tree, No mortal e'er knew what it cost.
To lead you to God, The chastening rod, May point you to glo-ries a - bove.
No sorrows or care, Nor suff'ring are there, But joys that are lasting and new.

CHORUS.

Don't you know that He loves you with a love so true? Don't you know that He

loves you, That He died for you? Don't you know He will save you,

From the pow'r of sin? Don't you know that He loves you, Why not let Him in?

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No. 15. The Heart That Was Broken for Me.

J. W. V.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

J. W. Van De Venter.

1. There came from the skies, in the days long a - go, The Lord with a
2. He came to His own— to the ones that He loved—The sheep that had
3. The birds have their nests, and the fox - es have holes, But He had no
4. I can - not re - ject such a Sav - ior as He, Dis - hon - or and

mes - sage of love; The world knew Him not; He was treat-ed with scorn—
wan-dered a - stray; They heard not His voice, but the Friend of man - kind
place for His head; A pal - let of stone on the cold mountain - side
wound Him a - gain; I'll go to His feet and re-pent of my sin,

CHORUS.

This won-der - ful Gift from a - bove. They crowned Him with thorns, He was
Was hat - ed and driv - en a - way.
Was all that He had for His bed.
Be will - ing to suf - fer the pain.

4th verse only.

I'll take up my cross, I will

beat-en with stripes, He was smit-ten and nailed to the tree; (to the tree;) But the
walk by His side, For the pathway of du - ty I see; (Yes, I see;) I will

rit.

pain in' His heart was the hardest to bear, The heart that was broken for me. (for me.)
fol - low my Lord and a-bide in His heart, The heart that was broken for me. (for me.)

No. 16. If Jesus Goes With Me

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles

1. It may be in the val-ley, where countless dangers hide; It may be iu the sun-shine that I in peace a - bide; But this one thing I know— if
2. It may be I must car-ry the bless-ed word of life, A-cross the burning des - erts to those in sin - ful strife. And tho' it be my lot to
3. But if it be my por-tion to bear my cross at home, While others bear their bur-dens be - yond the bil-low's foam, I'll prove my faith in Him— con-
4. It is not mine to question the judgments of my Lord, It is but mine to fol - low the lead - ings of His word; But if to go or stay, or

it be dark or fair If Je - sus is with me, I'll go an - y - where!
bear my col - ors there If Je - sus is with me, I'll go an - y - where!
fess His judgments fair, And, if He stays with me, I'll stay an - y - where!
whether here or there, I'll be, with my Sav - ior, con - tent an - y - where!

CHORUS.

If Je-sus goes with me I'll go ..... an - y - where! 'Tis heav-en to me, Wher-
I'll go

e'er I may be, If He is there, I count it a priv - - lege here His
His cross His

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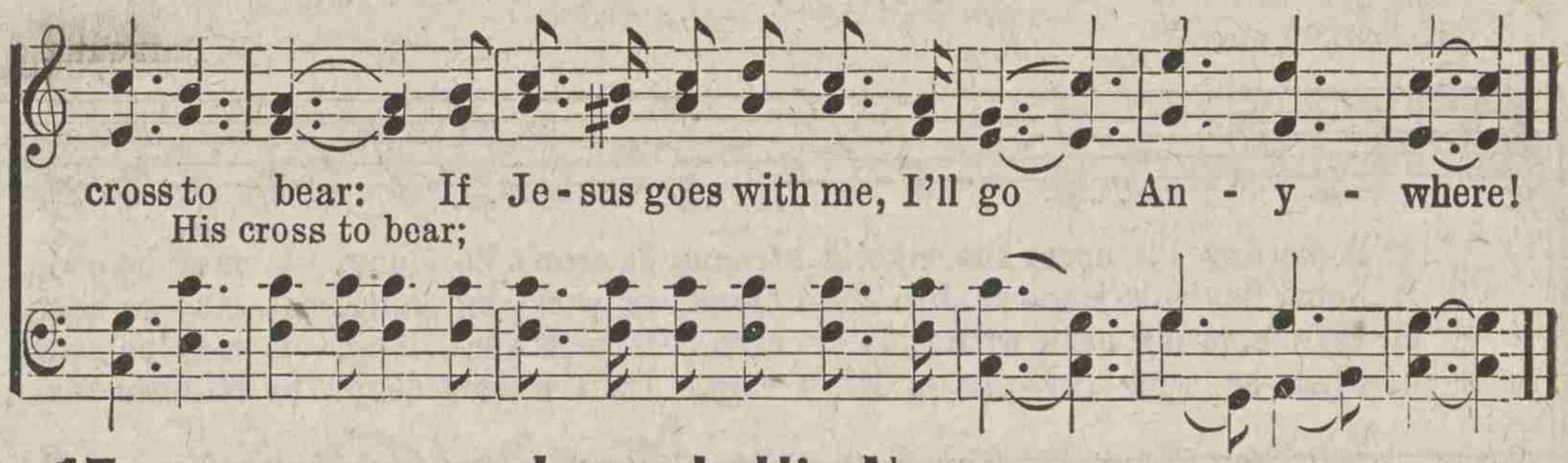
If Jesus Goes With Me.



17 Jesus Is His Name.

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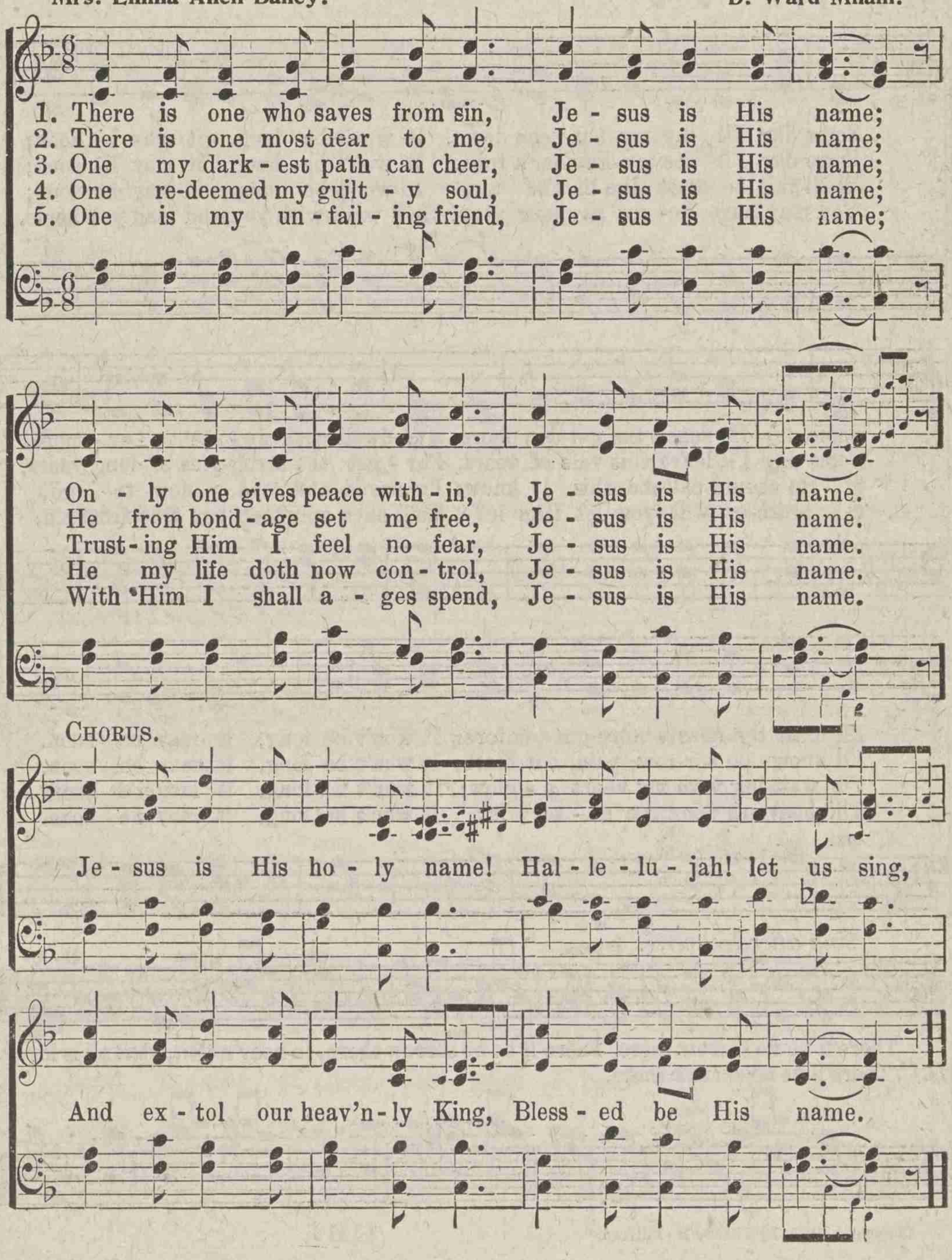
Mrs. Emma Allen Bailey. D. Ward Milam.

Some Day, It Won't Be Long.

L. B. B. L. B. BRIDGERS.

1. Some day I'll cross the mystic stream, It won't be long, it may be soon;
2. Some day this mor-tal life shall cease, It won't be long, it may be soon;
3. He's com-ing back with glo-ry rare, It won't be long, it may be soon;
4. Then as you trav-el on life's way, Thro' waters deep, or bil-lows foam,

Some day I'll lay my bur-dens down, It won't be long, it may be soon;
Some day I'll see my Saviour's face, It won't be long, it may be soon;
We'll rise to meet Him in the air, It won't be long, it may be soon;
You may have Je-sus as your stay, He'll walk with you and lead you home.

Some day I'll reach the gol-den shore, And dwell with Je-sus ev-er-more,
Some day I'll leave this vale of tears, For-get the strug-gles of long years,
If He should call me, this I know: I'm saved and read-y now to go,
O broth-er, will you let Him in? He'll save and keep you free from sin,

I'll meet the ones who've gone before, It won't be long, it may be soon.
I'll know no sor-row, pain, nor fears; It won't be long, it may be soon.
I'm wait-ing with my heart a-glow; It won't be long, it may be soon.
Till heaven's door you en-ter in; It won't be long, it may be soon.

Sing after last verse. **Fine.** **D. C.**

There'll be no sorrow there, There'll be no sorrow there, In heav'n above, where all is love,
D. C. There'll be no sorrow there.

Copyright, 1910, by Charlie D Tillman.

No. 19. Just When I Need Him.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.
THE A. J. SHOWALTER CO., OWNERS.

Florence Jones Hadley. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. I have a Friend who walks with me By wa - ters still or
2. I have a Friend who will not fail Tho' sin may tempt and
3. With such a Friend to help me on, I'm nev - er, nev - er

storm - y sea; Se - rene I go—why need I fear? Just when I
doubts as - sail; What mat-ter, then, what foes ap-pear? Just when I
left a - lone For all the way He gives me cheer, Just when I

CHORUS.

rit.

need Him He is near. Mo - ment by mo - ment He dear - er grows,

Each step of the way His love He shows, He puts with - in my

mp espress. *f* *rit.*

heart a song of cheer, Just when I need Him He is near.

No. 20. Reapers.

Rev. C. R. Piety. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. To those who search the world for joy There's but one way to find:
2. Come, let us toil with all our might, And reap and glean the field,
3. The har-vest wastes up-on the plain, And Je - sus calls to - day,
4. Then i - dle not a-way your time, While Christ for reap-ers pleads!

En - list your life in Christ's em-ploy, And help to save man-kind.
And save the grain be-fore the night, For plen-teous is the yield.
For us to gath-er in the grain; Then let us haste a - way.
O Chris-tian, hear His call sub-lime, And prove your faith by deeds.

CHORUS.

Reap-ers, reap-ers, harvest-time is here; Reapers, reap-ers,
Reap - ers, reap-ers, reap - ers, Reap-ers, reap-ers, reap-ers,
who will vol-un - teer? Souls of men as ripened grain before you waiting stand,
And Je - sus calls for reap-ers to work on ev - 'ry hand.

No. 21.

Love Is the Theme.

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

To my friend, L. E. Jones.

A. C. F. — Albert C. Fisher.

1. Of the themes that men have known, One su-preme-ly stands a - lone; . .
2. Let the bells of Heav - en ring, Let the saints their trib-ute bring, . .
3. Since the Lord my soul un - bound, I am tell - ing all a - round . .
4. As of old when blind and lame To the bless - ed Mas - ter came, . .

Thro' the a - ges it has shone,—'Tis His won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.
Let the world true prais-es sing For His won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.
Par - don, peace and joy are found In His won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.
Sin - ners, call ye on His name,—Trust His won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.

CHORUS.

Love is the theme, Love is su-preme; Sweeter it grows, Glo-ry be - stows;

Bright as the sun Ev - er it glows! Love is the theme, E-ter-nal theme!

No. 22. I'm A Pilgrim.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

Mary S. B. Dana. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. I'm a pil - grim and I'm a stran - ger; I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry
2. There the sun - beams are ev-er shin - ing, O my longing heart, my longing
3. Of that coun - try to which I'm go - ing My Redeemer; my Redeemer

1. I'm a pil-grim and I'm a stranger, I can tar - ry

but a night;..... Do not de - tain me for I am go - - ing
heart is there;..... Here in this coun - try, so dark and drear - y
is the light;..... There is no sor - row nor a-ny sigh - ing,
I can tar - ry but a night; Do not de-tain me for I am go - ing

CHORUS.

To where the fount - ains are ev-er flow - ing.
I long have wan - dered forlorn and wea - ry. I'm a pil - grim and I'm a
Nor a - ny tears there nor a - ny dy - ing.

To where the fountains are ev-er flow-ing.

stran - ger, I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night; I'm a
I can tar - ry, tar - ry, I can tar-ry but a night; For I'm a

tar - ry but a night,.....

rit.

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

No. 23. "I Am the Vine, Ye Are the Branches."

T. O. Chisholm. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. "I am the Vine, ye are the branch-es," Won-der-ful teach - ing,
2. "I am the Vine, ye are the branch-es," He is of life our
3. "I am the Vine, ye are the branch-es," Bar - ren or fruit - ful
4. "I am the Vine, ye are the branch-es," Keep-ing His word, His

won-drous-ly true! Joined un - to Christ in mys - tic - al un - ion,
con-stant sup - ply; Vain, without Him, our high-est en - deav - or;
what shall we say? Bring - ing forth fruit, we hon - or the Fa - ther;
prom-ise we prove, Fruit - ful in prayer and fruit-ful in serv - ice,

CHORUS.

Noth-ing a - part from Him can we do.
Sev-ered from Him, we languish and die.
Withered and bare, He takes us a - way.
One in His life and one in His love.

"I am the Vine, ... ye are the

"I am the Vine,

branch - es,"—Mas - ter, to us Thy mes-sage re - peat, Till we have

ye are the branch-es,"—

learned its full - ness of mean-ing,—With Thee at-tain a un - ion com-plete.

No. 24. Wonderful Love.

Mabel J. Rosemon. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

Unison.

1. Love, love, won-der-ful love hath the Fa - ther shown;..
2. Love, love, love of our Shepherd, so true and strong,..
3. Love, love, love ev - er - last-ing that crowns our way,....

Heirs to His king-dom of glo - ry by grace a - lone,.....
Love that hath sought us and found us, tho' wan - d'ring long,.....
Safe - ly that love doth en - fold us from day to day;.....

Man - sions bright He will give us in fair realms a - bove,.....
Love en - dur-eth for - ev - er, tho' all else shall fail,.....
Love hath brought us sal - va-tion, so full and free,.....

These are the gifts of His goodness, His per - fect love.....
Naught is so might-y as love, and it must pre - - vail.....
God's love will guide us and keep us e - ter - nal - - ly.....

CHORUS. *Parts.*

Love, love, won-der-ful love of the Lord most high,.....
Love, 'tis won-der-ful love, Love, the won-der-ful love of the Lord most high,

Wonderful Love.

Love, love, al-ways He hears when to Him we cry,
Al-ways hear-ing our cry, Hear - ing when un-to Him His chil-dren cry,

Love, love, love nev-er fail-ing, so full and free,.....
Love, 'tis won-der-ful love, Love, 'tis love ne'er-fail - ing, full and free,

Come, oh Sav-ior, in love and a - bide with me.
Come, oh, come in Thy love, Come, oh Lord, a - bide with me, with me.

25

All For Jesus.

Arranged.

Mary D. James.

1. { All for Je-sus, all for Je - sus! All my being's ransomed powers:
   { All my tho'ts, and words and do - ings, All my days and all my [*Omit.*] hours.
2. { Let my hands perform His bidding, Let my feet run in His ways—
   { Let my eyes see Je-sus on - ly, Let my lips speak forth His [*Omit.*] praise.

All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! All my days and all my hours; hours.
All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! Let my lips speak forth His praise; praise.

3 Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,
I've lost sight of all beside:
So enchained my spirit's vision,
Looking for the crucified.
||:All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Looking at the crucified.:||

4 Oh, what wonder! how amazing!
Jesus, glorious King of kings—
Deigns to call me His beloved,
Lets me rest beneath His wings.
||:All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Resting now beneath His wings.:||

26

Crown Him.

Mrs. C. H. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY J. M. HARRIS.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Be - hold one day a wondrous scene; There rode a man of low - ly mien A-
2. He's pass-ing by, just as of yore, And great and small and rich and poor, To-
3. Soon He is com-ing back a - gain; A thou-sand years on earth to reign; We'll

long the dust - y way; A - long the dust-y way; The people thronged Him
day, their Lord de-ny; To - day their Lord de-ny; Oh make of Him su-
see Him by and by; We'll see Him by and by; All the redeemed with

as He passed, Palm branches in His way they cast, And cried, "Ho-san-na
premest choice, And with up - lift - ed heart and voice, "Ho-san - na to the
Him He'll bring, Who in their hearts have crowned Him king, And they shall live and

CHORUS. DUET.

to the King, to-day," to-day!
King of kings," still cry, still cry. Crown Him! Crown Him! Crown the Sav-ior
reign with Him on high, on high.

King of kings; In your hearts en-throne Him, Lord and Mas - ter

Crown Him.

FOUR PARTS.

own Him; Crown Him! Crown Him! While heaven ex - ult-ant
Crown Him to-day, yes crown Him to-day.

rings: Crown the bless - ed Sav - ior King of kings.....
The glo - ri - ous King of kings.

27

The Man of Galilee!

(DUET AND QUARTET.)

Mrs. C. D. Martin.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

W. Stillman Martin.

(have you heard)

1. { Have you heard of that won-der-ful Man, Who lived in Gal - i - lee, / Who came down from the glo - ry a-bove, To set earth's captives free? }
2. { Have you heard of His birth in the stall, The days of ten - der youth, / How He gave as the mes-sage of God, The words of life and truth? }
3. { Have you heard when His garments they touched, The sick at once were whole, / How in love He for-gave men their sins, And healed the sin - sick soul? }
4. { Have you heard how for sin - ners He died Up - on the cru - el tree, / How He lives ev - er - more from the dead, To save e - ter - nal - ly? }

CHORUS.

He came to set me free,..... The Man of Gal - i - lee;..... I'll sing His great fame, And praise His dear name, My Sav-iour and Lord is He.
He came to set me free, The Man of Gal - i - lee:

No. 28. When I Get to the End of the Way.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. The sands have been washed in the fooprints Of the stranger on
2. There are so many hills to climb up-ward, I oft - en am
3. He loves me to well to for - sake me Or give me one
4. When the last feeble step has been tak - en And the gates of that

D. C.—And the toils of the road will seem nothing, When I get to the
Last.—Then the toils of the road will seem nothing, When I get to the

Gal - i - lee's shore, And the voice that subdued the rough hil - low,
longing for rest, But He who ap-points me my pathway,
tri - al too much, All His peo - ple have been dear - ly purchased,
cit - y ap - pear And the beau-ti - ful songs of the an - gels

end of the way, And the toils of the road will seem nothing,
end of the way, Then the toils of the road will seem nothing,

FINE.

Will be heard in Ju - de - a no more. But the path of that
Knows just what is need-ful and best. I know in His
And Sa - tan can nev - er claim such. By and by I shall
Float out on my list - en-ing ear. When all that now seems

When I get to the end of the way.
When I get to the end of the way.

lone Gal - i - lee - an With joy I will fol - low to - day.
word He hath promised That my strength, "it shall be as my day.'
see Him and praise Him, In the cit - y of un-end-ing day.
so mys - te - ri - ous Will be bright and as clear as the day.

D. C.

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No. 29. Jesus Will Save and Keep.

"Thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins."—MATTHEW 1: 21.

T. O. Chisholm. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. As thro' earth's changing scenes I go, Je - sus will save me, Je - sus will keep me; I dread no dan - ger, fear no foe, Je - sus will
2. The name He bears my heart as - sures, Je - sus will save me, Je - sus will keep me; His bleed - ing wounds my hope se - cures, Je - sus will
3. I know in whom I have be - lieved, Je - sus will save me, Je - sus will keep me; In Him I ne'er could be de - ceived, Je - sus will
4. I trust and sing, for, come what may, Je - sus will save me, Je - sus will keep me; Tho' Heaven and earth should pass a - way, Je - sus will
5. O might - y Sav-ior! changeless Friend! Je - sus will save me, Je - sus will keep me; O bound - less love that hath no end! Je - sus will

CHORUS.

save and keep. For me He died on Calv'ry's rug - ged tree,
My cap - tive soul He set at lib - er - ty; He ev - er
lives to in - ter - cede for me, And He will save and keep.

Life's Railway to Heaven.

Respectfully dedicated to the railroad men.

M. E. ABBEY. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

SOLO or DUET. Tempo ad lib.

1. Life is like a mountain rail - road, With an en - gi-neer that's brave;
2. You will roll up grades of tri - al; You will cross the bridge of strife;
3. You will oft - en find ob-struc-tions; Look for storms of wind and rain;
4. As you roll a - cross the tres - tle, Spanning Jor - dan's swell-ing tide,

We must make the run suc - cess-ful, From the cra - dle to the grave;
See that Christ is your con - duc - tor On this light-ning train of life;
On a fill, or curve, or tres-tle, They will al-most ditch your train;
You be - hold the Un - ion De - pot In - to which your train will glide;

Watch the curves, the fills, the tun - nels; Nev - er fal - ter, nev - er quail;
Al - ways mind - ful of ob - struc-tion, Do your du - ty, nev - er fail;
Put your trust a - lone in Je - sus; Nev - er fal - ter, nev - er fail;
There you'll meet the Su - perin-ten-dent, God, the Fa - ther, God, the Son,

Rit.

Keep your hand up - on the throt-tle, And your eye up - on the rail.
Keep your hand up - on the throt-tle, And your eye up - on the rail.
Keep your hand up - on the throt-tle, And your eye up - on the rail.
With the heart - y, joy - ous plaud-it, "Wea - ry pil - grim, welcome home."

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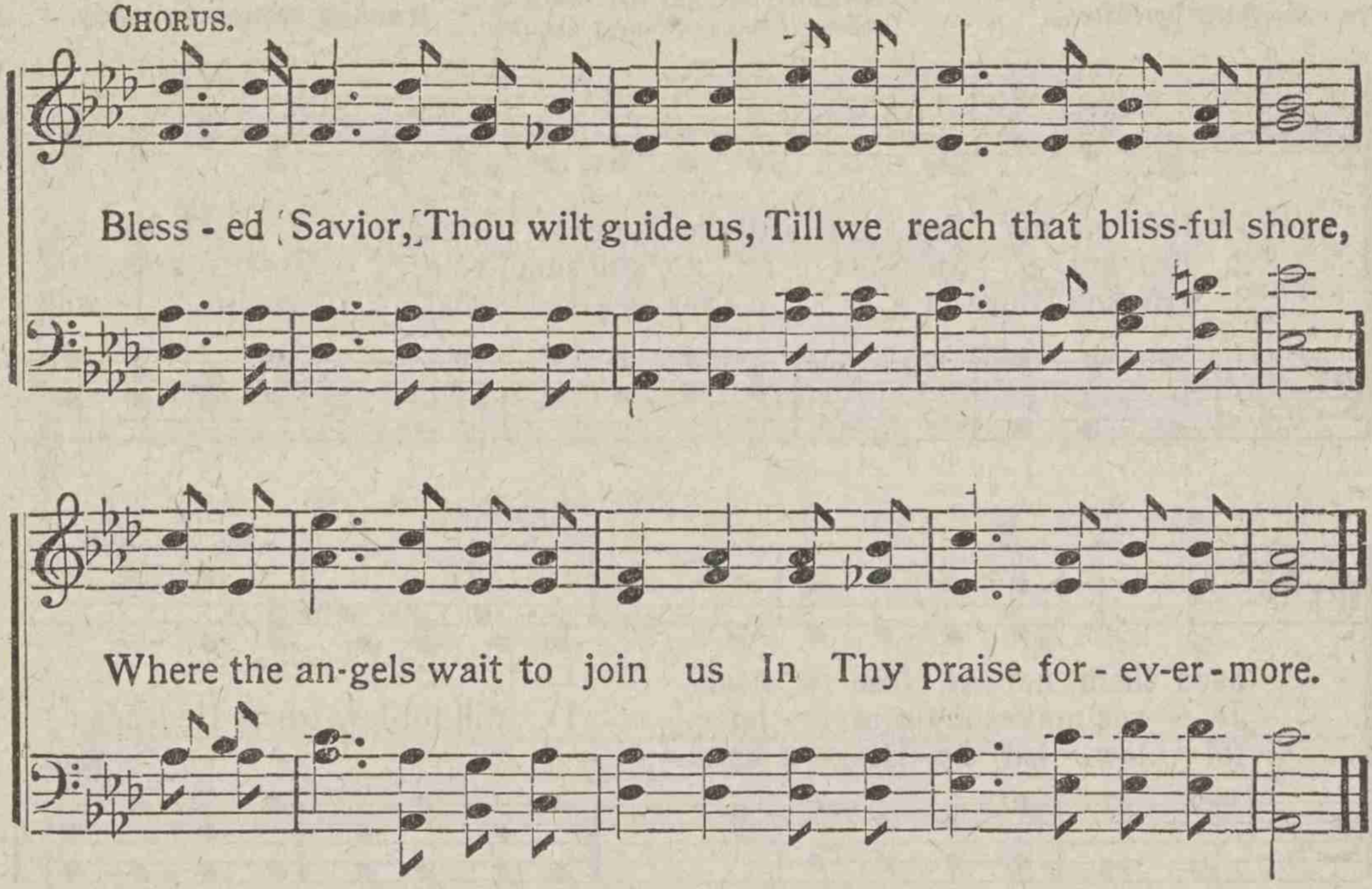
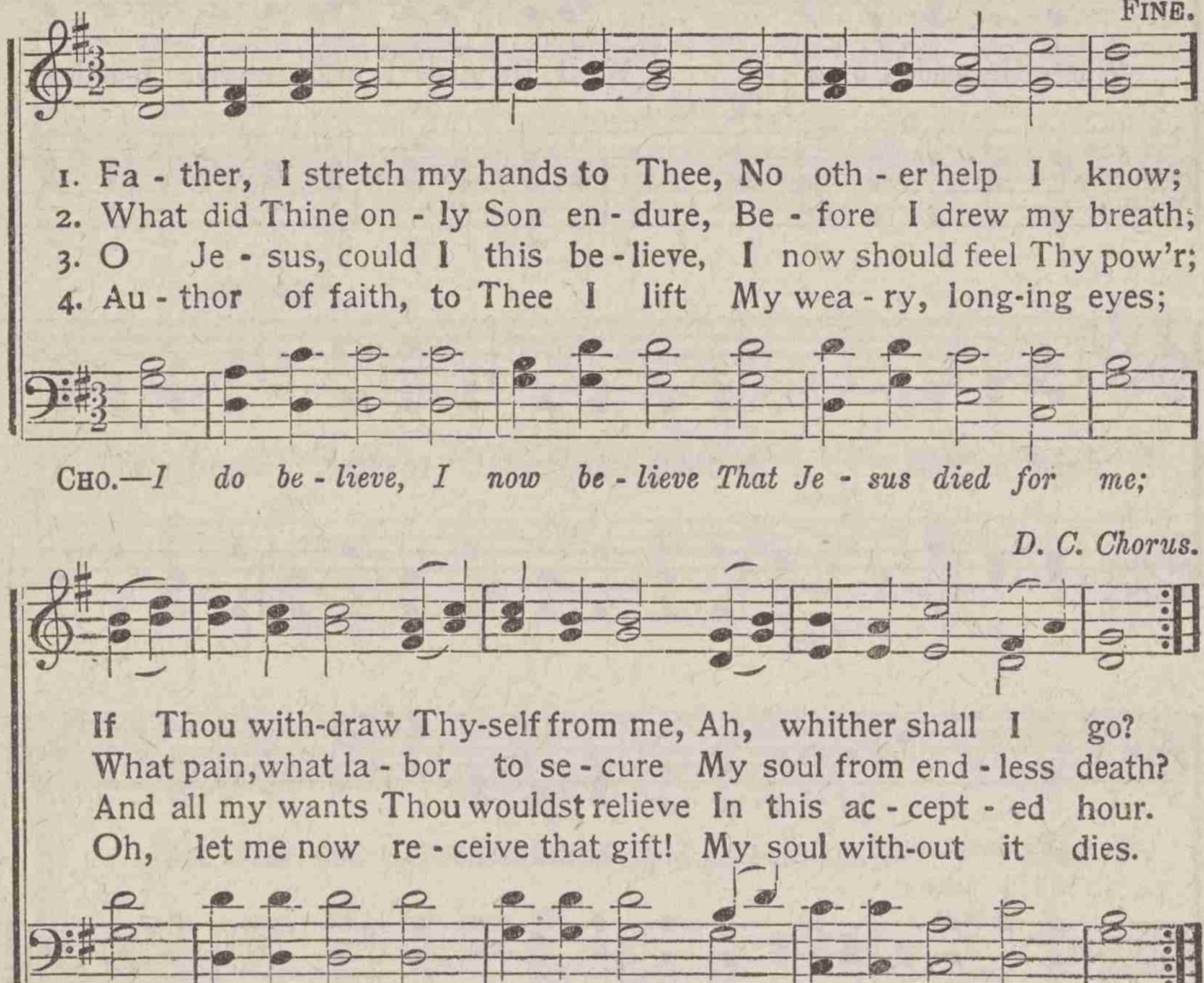
Life's Railway To Heaven.

CHORUS.

31 I Do Believe. C. M.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY. UNKNOWN.

FINE.



D. C. Chorus.

No. 32. I Will Follow.

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C. Austin Miles. **Russell Hancock Miles.**

1. Je - sus my Sav - ior calls in tones so clear, I'll not fail to
2. Tho' but a whis - per or a "still small voice," Just to know 'tis
3. Trusting Him ev - er o - ver sea and land, Glad-ly I will

heed them nor re - fuse to hear.
Je - sus makes my soul re - joice.
fol - low, led by His own hand.

REFRAIN.

I will fol-low where He leads, and
Where He sends I'll go; What He gives I will re-ceive, Wheth-er I'll go;
weal or woe. Nothing asked will I re - fuse, Glad-ly will I or woe. but
take What the God of grace may send, For Je - sus' sake. will I take

33 Footsteps Of Jesus

MARY B. SLADE. A. B. EVERETT.

1. Sweet-ly, Lord, have we heard Thee call-ing, Come, fol - low me!
2. Tho' they lead o'er the cold, dark mountains, Seek - ing His sheep;
3. If they lead thro' the tem-ple ho - ly, Preach-ing the word;
4. Tho' dear Lord, in Thy pathway keeping We fol - low Thee;
5. If Thy way and its sor-rows bear-ing, We go a gain,
6. By and by, thro' the shin-ing por - tals, Turn - ing our feet,
7. Then at last, when on high He sees us, Our jour-ney done,

1. And we see where Thy foot-prints fall - ing, Lead us to Thee.
2. Or a - long by Si - lo - am's foun - tains, Helping the weak.
3. Or in homes of the poor and low - ly, Serv - ing the Lord.
4. Thro' the gloom of that place of weep - ing, Geth-sem - a - ne!
5. Up the slope of the hill - side, bear - ing Our cross of pain.
6. We shall walk with the glad im - mor - tals, Heav'n's golden streets.
7. We will rest where the steps of Je - sus End at His throne.

REFRAIN.

Foot - prints of Je - sus, that make the path - way glow;

We will fol - low the steps of Je - sus wher - e'er they go.

No. 34. The Wondrous Name of Jesus.

T. O. Chisholm. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

rit. *molto rit.*

SOLO. BARITONE OR CONTRALTO. *rit.*

1. There is a Name more dear to me Than an - y oth - er name could be;
2. When sin its dread - ful work had done, When I had reaped what I had sown,
3. That wondrous Name dispels my fears And moves my heart to grate-ful tears;
4. Each promise in that Name I plead, And have sup - ply for all my need;

rit.

rit. *molto rit.*

The Name of One who in my stead His precious blood on Cal-v'ry shed.
To mercy's throne I humbly came, And par-don found in Je - sus' Name.
That Name, all oth - er names a-bove, As-sures me of God's boundless love.
That Name my joy and song will be, In time and thro' e - ter - ni - ty.

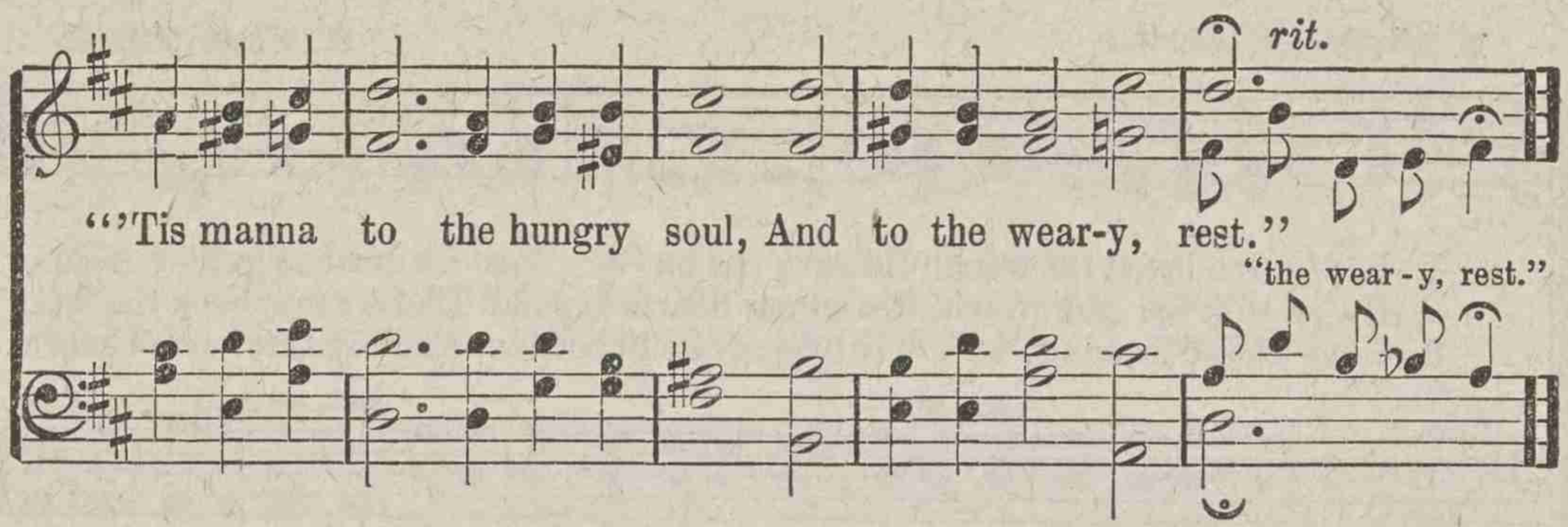
rit. *molto rit.*

CHORUS OR QUARTET.

rit.

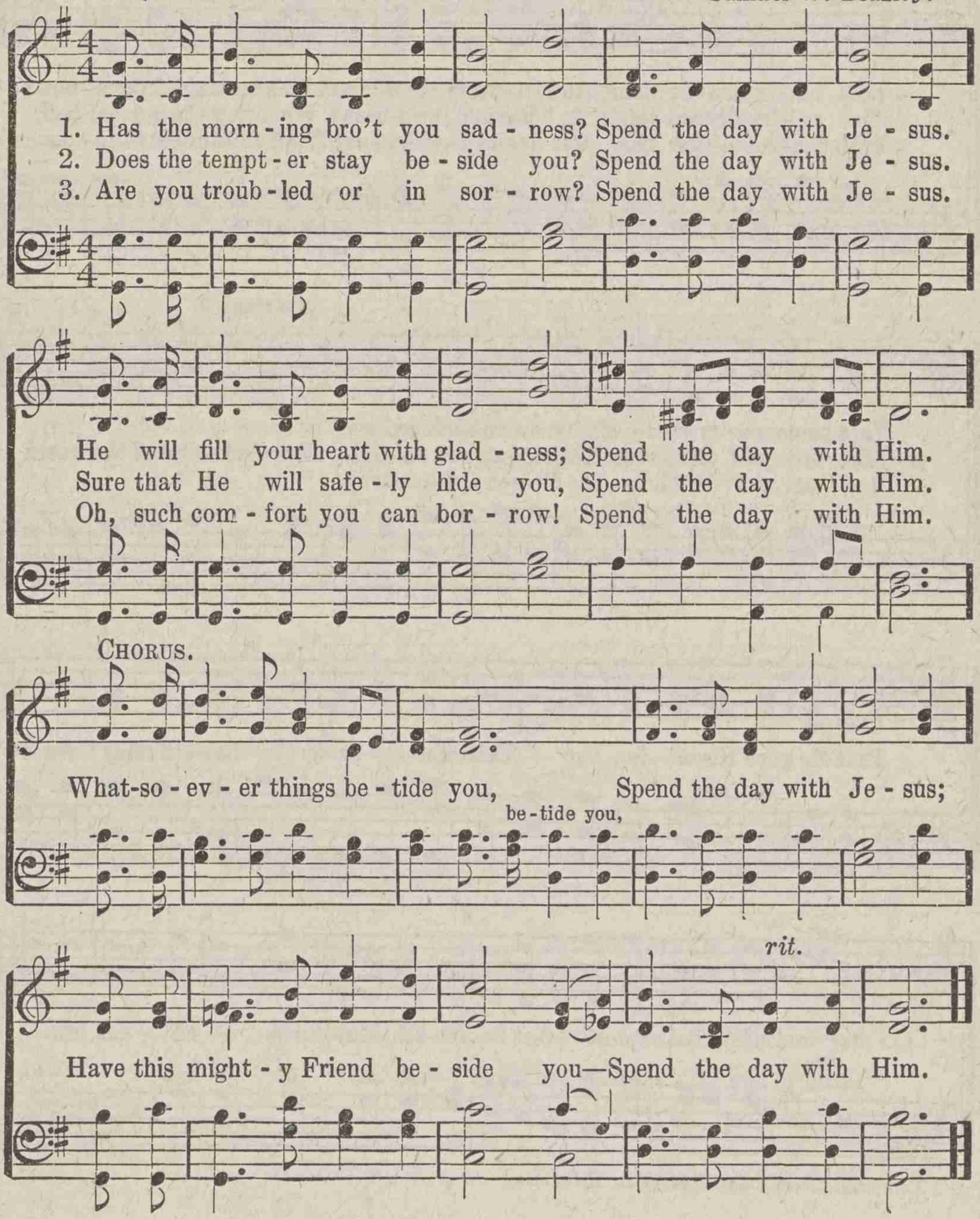
O wondrous Name, O blessed Name! That calms the troubled breast;
wondrous Name, blessed Name!

The Wondrous Name of Jesus.



No. 35. Spend the Day With Him.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. Samuel W. Beazley.



36 For God So Loved the World.

E. E. HEWITT. D. WARD MILAM.

1. For God so loved the world He gave His on - ly Son To res-cue guilt-y souls,
2. If God so loved the world Then let our hearts expand That we may seek the lost
3. Since God so loved the world We'll love our neighbor,too, And comfort burdened hearts

His ho - ly will be done, And let us spread a-broad This message from a - bove,
In ev - 'ry distant land; At home and far a-broad We'll ring the gos-pel bell,
With con - so-la-tion true; Our Je-sus lives to save Each child of earth to - day,

CHORUS.

That sinners ev'rywhere May know redeeming love.
The sto-ry of the cross Re-joic-ing now to tell. For God so loved the world
Let us to ev-'ry shore The blessed truth convey.

That He gave His on - ly Son That who-so - ev - er be - liev-eth May have e-

ter - nal life, That who-so - ev-er be-liev-eth May have e - ter - nal life.

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37

Good Enough for Me.

N. E.
C. D. T.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN

E. L. O.
Charlie D. Tillman.

There's a way that leads to glo - ry, Which long has stood the test, Tho' some have claimed that oth - er ways were ve - ry much the best; Con-
This way is straight and nar - row, And does not suit the world, And they, like Sa - tan, ev - 'ry-thing a - long this way have hurled; But
A - long this way re - joic - ing, While walk - ing in the light, So man - y of - fers Sa - tan makes to lure me from the right; But

tent to fol - low Je - sus And His sal - va - tion see, I find this
when I think how man - y Have found this way to be A safe, and
trust-ing all to Je - sus From such I am set free, So the blessed

CHORUS.

way our fa-thers trod Is good e-nough for me.
sure, and hap-py way, It's good e-nough for me. It's good e-nough for me, it's
way our fa-thers trod Is good e-nough for me.

rall.

good e-nough for me, The same old way our father's trod Is good e-nough for me.

No. 38. Save Them if You Love Them.

Rev. C. R. Piety. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Be fish - ers of men and go forth to - day, And cast your nets in life's sea; And gath - er the lost ones in
2. Be shep - herds for God and go seek lost sheep, Out on the moun-tain so cold; Bring them to the Christ who will
3. God's har - vest has rip - ened, go reap the grain And gar - ner it for the Lord; Go glean ev - 'ry val - ley and
4. Both kin - dred and stran - gers now tread the track That leads to dark-est of doom; Go tell them of Je - sus and

while you may, For time and e - ter - ni - ty.....
save and keep Each one se - cure in His fold.....
hill and plain, And souls shall be your re - ward....
bring them back, For He doth of - fer them room....

CHORUS.

Save them if you love them, Bring the lost to Je - sus;
Save them if you love them, Go save your fel - low - man.

39

Standing On the Promises.

R. K. C.

R. Kelso Carter.

1. Standing on the prom-is - es of Christ my King, Thro' e - ter - nal a - ges let His prais-es ring; Glo - ry in the high-est, I will shout and sing,
2. Standing on the prom-is - es that can - not fail, When the howl - ing storms of doubt and fear as-sail; By the liv - ing Word of God, I shall pre-vail,
3. Standing on the prom-is - es, I now can see Per - fect, pres ent cleansing in the blood for me; Standing in the lib-er-ty where Christ makes free,
4. Standing on the prom-is - es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e - ter - nal-ly by love's strong cord; O - ver-com-ing dai - ly with the Spir-it's sword,
5. Standing on the prom-is - es I can - not fall, Lis-t'ning ev - 'ry mo-ment to the Spir - it's call; Rest-ing in my Sav - ior, as my all in all,

CHORUS.

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

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No. 40. Jesus of Nazareth.

Elsie Duncan Yale.

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Wm. T. Meyer.

DUET.

1. Je-sus of Naz-a-reth, Guide Thou our way; We would Thy children be,
2. Je-sus of Gal-i-lee, Mas-ter and Lord, Tempests of life are stilled,
3. Je-sus of Cal-va-ry, Fath-om-less love, Bro't Thou the sin-less One

Serve Thee for aye; Ten-der, compassionate, God's Ho-ly Son; Where'er Thy
Hushed at Thy word; Still thro' Thy wondrous pow'r, Vict'ries are won; So in Thy
Down from a-bove; Suff'ring that we might live, Thy work is done; Still in Thy

CHORUS.

steps have trod, Fol-low we on.
strength divine, Fol-low we on.
path of love, Fol-low we on.

{ Fain we would follow on, Where Thou hast trod;
Serv-ice is ev-er sweet, His will be done;

1

Joyous the path divine Leading to God;
[*Omit* . . . . .] When He shall lead the way, Follow we on.

2

rit.

No. 41. His Love is Wonderful.

"Thy love to me was wonderful."—2 SAMUEL 1: 26.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

T. O. Chisholm. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. His love is more than all my dreams, A world of light and gladness seems,
2. It sat-is-fies my hun-gry soul, Doth all my life and love con-trol,
3. Such love no earth-ly friend could prove, More ten-der e'en than moth-er's love;
4. When roaring li - ons would de-vour, He safe-ly keeps me by His pow'r,
5. I sleep in peace be-neath His care, And when I wa-ken He is there,

A land of fruits and flow'rs and streams,—His love to me is won-der-ful!
My theme while end-less a - ges roll,—His love to me is won-der-ful!
'Tis high as heav'n the earth a-bove,—His love to me is won-der-ful!
Sup-ports in ev - 'ry try-ing hour,—His love to me is won-der-ful!
He's with me al - ways, ev - 'ry-where! His love to me is won-der-ful!

CHORUS.

His love is won-der-ful, His love is won-der-ful, No

cres.

oth - er love so pre-cious can be,—His love is won-der-ful to me.

No. 42. The Old Rugged Cross.

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

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY GEO. BENNARD.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

G. B. **Rev. Geo. Bennard.**

SOLO AND CHORUS.

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

No. 43. No More Burdens I Bear.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. I am hap-py ev-'ry day, And I'm sing-ing all the way Thro' this
2. O, the joy of be-ing free! O, the bliss of vic-to-ry, Thro' the
3. Ye whom heav-y burdens bend, Make my Savior now your friend, Look to

drear-y des-ert land; Christ is with me all the while, Help-ing
grace of God's dear Son! In His pres-ence now I live, Cease-less
Him for help to-day; At His feet your bur-dens cast, Let Him

CHORUS.

me to sing and smile, For in His He holds my hand.
hap-py praise I give, For my e-vil days are done. No more
hide your e-vil past, Then go sing-ing on your way. No more heav-y

bur-dens I bear, For no long-er from Je-sus in sin I stray; No
No more

more bur-dens I bear, For my sins are all tak-en a-way.
heav-y a-way.

44 Fix Your Eyes Upon The Cross.

A. W. S.

ARTHUR W. SPQONER, D. D.

1. When up-on lifes journey you may think there's none to care, When your heart seems
2. When your sky is darkened with a heav-y cloud of sin, When your soul is
3. When the tempter whispers that the crown is not for you, Tell him you have

break-ing with its sor-row and de-spair; Je-sus stands be-side you, all your
troub-led, and you have no peace with-in; Lift your eyes to heav-en, light and
found the prom-is-es of God are true; Put your trust in Je - sus He will

CHORUS.

bur-dens glad to share, Fix your eyes up-on the cross. Je - sus is
joy will then be - gin, Fix your eyes up-on the cross.
sure-ly help you thro', Fix your eyes up-on the cross. See the blessed Je-sus

near you He comes to be your Guide,
stand-ing at your side, Wait-ing now to help you,

He'll bear your ev - 'ry loss, Fix your eyes up - on the cross.
He will give you com-fort, bear your loss,

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45

God Is Love.

E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT 1914, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

D. Ward Milam.

1. At Calv'ry's cross, by faith I see, That God is love, My
2. His well be - lov - ed Son He gave, For God is love, Our
3. O, come to - day and seek the Lord, For God is love, His
4. He'll save you from the depths of sin, For God is love, O,

is love,

Sav - ior shed His blood for me, For God is love.
wand-'ring souls to seek and save, For God is love.
Word will cheer and peace af - ford, For God is love.
come and life e - ter - nal win, For God is love. (is love.)

CHORUS.

For God is love,..... For God is love,..... His
won - der - ful love, won - der - ful love,
on - ly Son He gave for me, Up - on the cross of Cal - va - ry; How
won - der-ful, how mar-vel-ous, To know that God is love.

No. 46. Answer the Harvest King.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. Samuel. W. Beazley.

1. Lis - ten to the or - der, reap - ers few: Fields are ripe for har-vest,
2. Man - y weeds are growing here and there, In - jur - ing the har-vest
3. With your sick-les gleaming in the light, Speed a - way, as work-ers

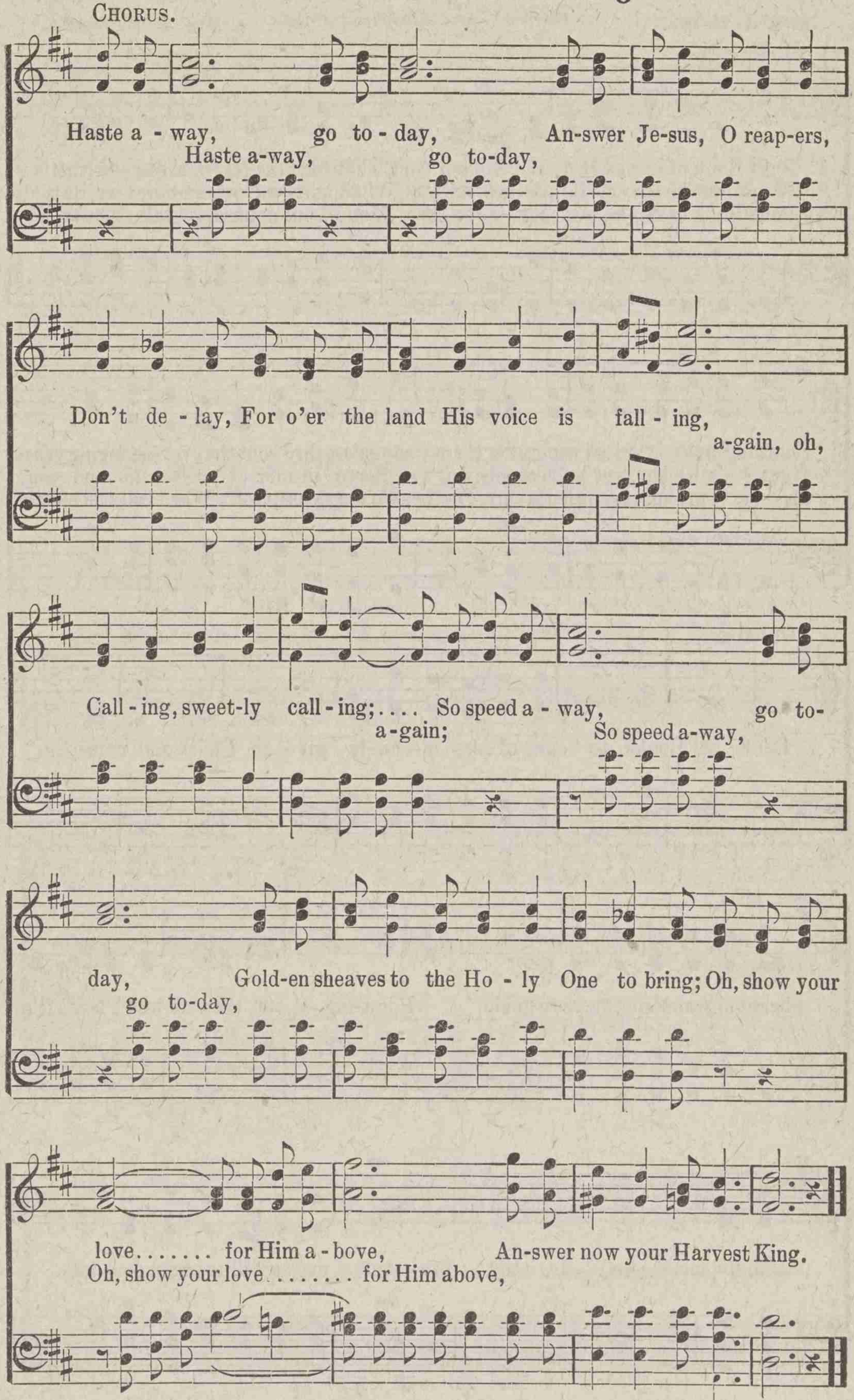
wait - ing too; Pre-cious hours are speed-ing a - way; Heed the call of
rich and fair; Soon may come the wind and the rain, Beat - ing on the
in His sight; He'll be with you out on the field, And will help to

Je - sus to - day. Ere the crown of glo - ry can be won,
beau - ti - ful grain. I - dle stand no lon - ger, heed His voice,
gath - er the yield. Ere the gloom-y shad-ows hide the grain,

La - bor for the Mas-ter must be done; Christ a-gain is sweet-ly call-ing,
Gath - er in the har-vest and re-joice; With a work-song swell-ing clearly,
While the sun is shin-ing on the plain, True to Him who bends a-bove you,

O'er the land His voice is fall - ing!—An-swer the Har - vest King.
Show-ing that you love Him dear - ly, An-swer the Har - vest King.
And will al - ways tru - ly love you, An-swer the Har - vest King.

Answer the Harvest King.

CHORUS.

No. 47. Book of Books.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

Moderato.

1. Blest Book of Books, Holy Word of our God, Thou hast the test of the ages withstood,
2. Wondrous the sto - ry its pa - ges un-fold, Winning its way where-so-ev-er 'tis told;
3. Blest Book of Books, ever loy - al to thee, Man of our counsel we take thee to be;

Soothing earth's sorrows and wiping her tears, Changeless thro'-out the ever-changing years.
Hoar - y with age, yet so bless-ed-ly new, Offered in mer-cy un - to me and you.
Ev - er-y promise recorded is sure, Tho' heav'n may pass, God's Word will still endure.

CHORUS.

Book of Books, to sons of men di-vine-ly giv - en, Chart and com-pass

here our wand'ring steps to guide, Point-ing out the way which leads from

earth to heav - en, In thy pre - cepts ev - er will my soul con-fide.

No. 48. Face Toward the Cross.

W. C. Poole. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN. Charlie D. Tillman.

1. Face tow'rd the cross—'tis a bea-con light To guide thee o'er life's sea,
2. Face tow'rd the cross—'tis a ref - uge sure, When thou art temp-est - tossed,
3. Face tow'rd the cross and thy soul shall find The things it most did crave;—
4. Face tow'rd the cross—when so tried by sin, And think of Him who died,

And pi - lot safe thro' the dark-est night To heav'n's e-ter - ni - ty.
That for all a - ges shall e'er en-dure, When all earth things are lost.
The peace of heart and the peace of mind, And pow - er that can save.
And thou shalt there the full tri-umph win, Thro' Christ the Cru-ci - fied.

CHORUS.

Face tow'rd the cross! Face tow'rd the cross! In it your strength shall be;

shall be;

And from the cross, the hal-lowed cross, New strength shall come to thee!

No. 49. Jesus is Coming.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY J. C. TROWBRIDGE.
WM. J. RAMSAY, OWNER, CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

James M. Gray. J. C. Trowbridge.

1. The Sav - ior who loves me And suf - fered the loss Of heav - en - ly glo - ry To die on the cross, The Babe of the man - ger, Tho'
2. The an - gels, re - joic - ing And sing - ing His praise To Beth - le - hem shep-herds Of ear - li - er days, Will come in the glo - ry, At-
3. The saints will be with Him, O heav - en - ly bliss! How tear-ful the part - ing From fa - ces we miss! But clouds are de-scend - ing, And
4. O hearts that are wear - y, And sin - ful and sad, We car - ry the ti - dings That make us so glad; We pub - lish the Sav - ior O'er

born with-out stain, This Je - sus is com-ing, Is com-ing a - gain!
tend - ing His train, When Je - sus, my Sav-ior, Is com-ing a - gain!
we who re - main, Are caught up to meet them With Je - sus a - gain!
moun-tain and plain; The Lord who redeemed us Is com-ing a - gain!

CHORUS.

Je - sus is coming, is com-ing, is com-ing! Je - sus is coming a - gain!

My heart is so happy, my soul is so glad, For Je-sus is coming a - gain!

At the Cross.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. A - las! and did my Sav-iour bleed, And did my Sovereign die,
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned upon the tree?
3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay, The debt of love I owe;

Would He de-vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y, grace unknown, And love beyond de-gree!
Here Lord, I give my-self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do!

CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the bur-den of my heart rolled away— It was there by faith rolled a - way,

I received my sight, And now I am hap - py all the day.

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51 Let The People Say "Amen."

C. A. M. (NOT "AHMEN.") C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. We be-lieve, O Lord, in the Ho - ly Ghost, And we pray that this hour
2. There are thrist-y souls in Thy pres-ence Lord, Who on Thee plead-ing call;
3. We have wait-ed long for the flood to come, Let the show'r now de-scend;

He will un - to us in His full-ness come, In a Pen-te-cost-al show'r.
O - pen wide the gates of the clouds of grace, Let the show'r of bless-ing fall.
And a - noint us all for Thy service Lord, While the pray'rs and praises blend.

CHORUS.

Then let all the people gladly say "Amen," Then let all the people gladly say "Amen"

If you want the Pente-cost-al pow'r to fall, Let the people say "Amen;"
"Amen."

Then let all the people gladly say "Amen," Then let all the people gladly say "Amen."

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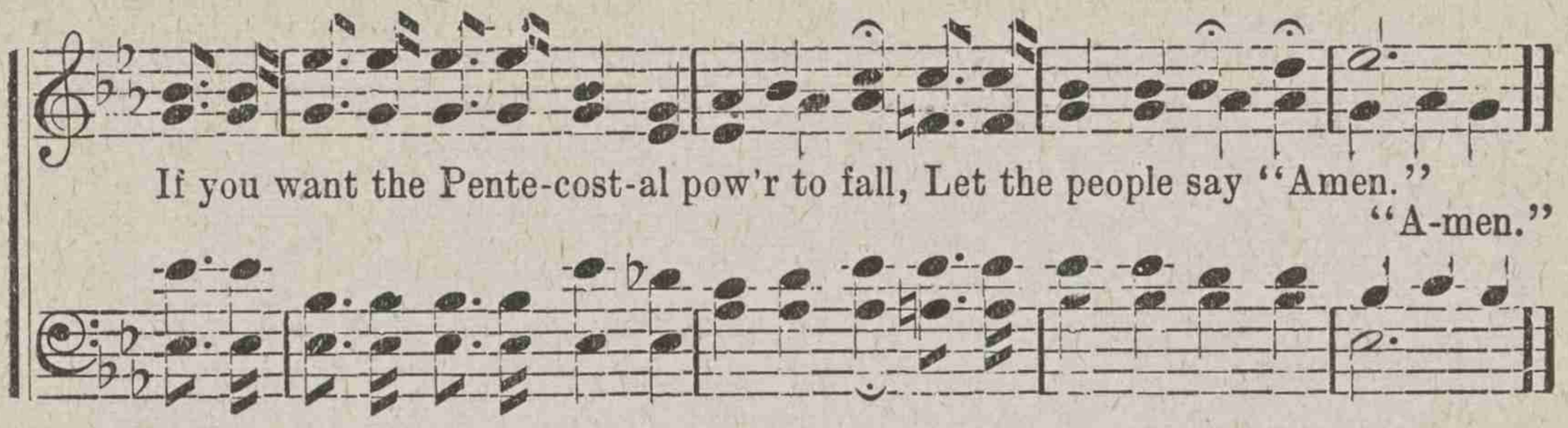
Let The People Say "Amen."

52 You Can Have The Pentecost Now.

E. E. HEWITT, J. LINCOLN HALL.

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No. 53. Join in Exultation.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY BEAZLEY & VAUGHAN.

James Rowe. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. Peo - ple, join in ex - ul - ta - tion, Voi - ces raise; Let ev - 'ry
2. He has bro't us full sal - va - tion, Sing, friends, sing; Fill earth and
3. We shall reach the home su - per - nal By His grace, And, gath-ered

peo - ple, tribe, and na - tion Sing God's praise. Make all the hills and
sky with ju - bi - la - tion, Praise the King. Oh, wor - thy of our
round the throne e - ter - nal, See His face; Then let us give our

vales to - day With mu - sic ring; Let voi - ces soar with
praise is He, For - ev - er - more; His love pro - claim, give
hearts' best praise—A - dor - ing, sing; With heart and voice pro -

joy, more and more, Ex - tol the e - ter - nal King.....
Our King, our e - ter - nal King.
praise to His name, Till all shall our God a - dore.....
All na - tions our God a - dore.
claim Him our choice, Our great and e - ter - nal King.....
Our King, our e - ter - nal King.

Join in Exultation.

CHORUS.

Sing, tribes and na - tions, Wake the vales and the hills with
Sing, all ye tribes and na - tions,

song: Ex - tol the Sav - ior, Un - to whom prais-es
with song: Ex - tol and bless the Sav - ior,

glad be - long, Till earth and heav - en Shall with
be - long, Till all the earth and heav - en

glad hal - le - lu - jahs ring; Let voi - ces soar with
ring, ring;

joy, more and more, Ex - tol our e - ter - nal King.....
Ex - tol our King, our e - ter - nal King.

our King.....

No. 54. Love is the Keynote.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

Francis McKinnon Morton. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. In ev - 'ry heart there is a chord In tune with all that's
2. It may - be that the gold - en chord Lies bur - ied deep 'neath
3. It may - be that the chord is hid By sin's dark shad - ows
4. The breath of God in ev - 'ry soul Is trem-bling up - ward

good and true, And if you touch the gold - en string, 'T will sing its
toil and care, But if your own heart glows with love, You'll find re-
thick and black, But love can pierce the deep - est gloom, And bring the
pure and strong, And love's the key - note God has giv'n, To blend the

CHORUS.

an - swer back to you.
spon - sive ech - oes there. Love is the key - note, sweet and strong,
gold - en mu - sic back!
dis - cord in - to song!

Love is the key-note, sweet and strong, and strong,

Wak-ing the world to joy and song!..... Love is the key-

Wak-ing the world to joy and song, and song! Love is the

note, pure and true, Bring-ing love's an - swer back to you.

key - note, pure and true, and true, Bring-ing love's an - swer back to you.

No. 55. Let Me Be Thy Messenger.

Ada Blenkhorn. Howard E. Smith.

1. Lord, let me be Thy mes-sen-ger To pub-lish far and wide The glorious gospel's
2. The sheep for whom the Shepherd bled Have wandered from His fold; They perish on the
3. Lord, let me be Thy mes-sen-ger, For this I humbly pray; Bless Thou each step that

message sweet, That Christ for sinners died; And that He triumphed o'er the tomb, As-
trackless waste And on the mountains cold. 'Mid scenes of strife, in haunts of sin, Wher-
I shall take, Each word that I shall say. Give me Thy wis-dom from a-bove, Fill

cended in-to heav'n; That grace and peace and life di-vine To man be free-ly giv'n.
ev - er they may be, Lord, let me be Thy mes-sen-ger To bring them back to Thee.
me with pow'r divine, That I may win some blood-bo't soul Within Thy crown to shine.

CHORUS.

Lord, let . . me be Thy mes-sen-ger Thy gos - pel to pro-claim;

Lord, let pro-claim;

O give . . me grace that I may live To glo - ri - fy Thy name.

O give to glo - ri - fy Thy name.

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No. 56. Come, Happy and Free.

Laurene Highfield. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. Come, hap-py and free, from the bondage of sin, To hon-or the Savior whose hand loosed its chain; He gave you the pow'r a new life to be-gin, His
2. Come, hap-py and free, from a life lived in vain, Re-joice in the Sav-ior and praise Him to-day; Come, grateful that you His ap-prov-al may gain, And
3. Come, hap-py and free, with a song in your heart, De-vote to the Mas-ter the life He redeemed; Come serve Him with gladness, and free-ly im-part The
4. Come, hap-py and free, from all doubting and dread, In perfect as-sur-ance with faith clear and bright; The hand of ful-fill-ment and joy lies a-head, It

CHORUS.

blood washed your robes from pollution and stain. Come, hap-py and free as a child of His kneel in His presence to worship and pray.
light that up-on you in ra-di-ance beamed.
waits at the end of the pathway of right. Come, come, come, come, come, come,

Come,..... Come,.....

grace, Oh, come to the Savior and kneel at His feet; Re-joice that His
come, come, Come to the Sav-ior and kneel at His feet; Come, come,

Come,..... Come,.....

mercy has giv'n you a place In His sanctified throng, redeemed and complete.
come, come, come, come, come, come, Sanc-ti-fied throng, redeemed and complete.

57

It Is Truly Wonderful.

B. E. W.

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B. E. Warren.

1. He par-doned my trans-gres-sions, He sanc - ti - fied my soul,
2. He keeps me ev - 'ry mo - ment By trust - ing in His grace;
3. He brings me thro' af - flic - tion, He leaves me not a - lone;
4. He pros - pers and pro-tects me, His bless-ings ev - er flow;
5. He keeps me firm and faith - ful, His love I do en - joy,
6. There's not a sin - gle bless - ing Which we re - ceive on earth

He hon - ors my con - fes-sions, Since by His blood I'm whole.
'Tis thro' His blest a - tone-ment, That I may see His face.
He's with me in temp - ta - tion, He keeps me for His own.
He fills me with His glo - ry, He makes me white as snow.
For this I shall be grate - ful, And live in His em - ploy.
That does not come from heav - en, The source of our new birth.

CHORUS.

It is tru - ly won - der-ful What the Lord has done! It is

tru - ly won - der - ful! It is tru - ly won - der - ful! It is

tru - ly won - der - ful What the Lord has done! Glo - ry to His name.

No. 58. Work On.

Eben E. Rexford.

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THE QUARTET MUSIC CO., OWNERS.

Samuel W. Beazley.

Work on,..... work on,..... in love.....
Work on, work on, in love

cres. – – – – –

f

work on,..... in love..... work on!.....
work on, in love, in love work on, work on!

1. No time for rest-ing till work is done, Work on,.... work on!.....
2- Tho' hands grow weary that reap and bind,
3. So ear - nest - ly till the task is done Work on, work on!

Till tasks are finished that you've be-gun, Work on,..... work on!.....
Put cares and wor - ry and fret be-hind,
Let night-fall find you with rest well won, Work on, work on!

God's work is wait-ing on ev - 'ry hand, The call to serv-ice goes thro' the land,
And sing a song that will cheer the heart, And make the troubles of life de- part,–
For rest is sweet aft - er toil is past, And rest, sweet rest, shall be ours at last;

Work On.

Shall we not heed the call to-day And work as best we may?
A song of la-bor, brave-ly done, A song of vic-t'ries won.
So do your best—to God be true, And He will work with you.

CHORUS.

Work on,..... work on,..... be dil-i-gent to-day;.....
Work on, work on, to-day;

Work on,..... work on,..... Put sloth-ful dreams a-way.....
Work on, work on, a-way.

Work on,..... work on,..... And each day do your best,.....
Work on, work on, ver-y best,

And find at e-ven-tide, wear-y, sat-is-fied, Love, home, and rest.

No. 59 I Am Coming Home.

REV. A. H. ACKLEY. B. D. ACKLEY.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

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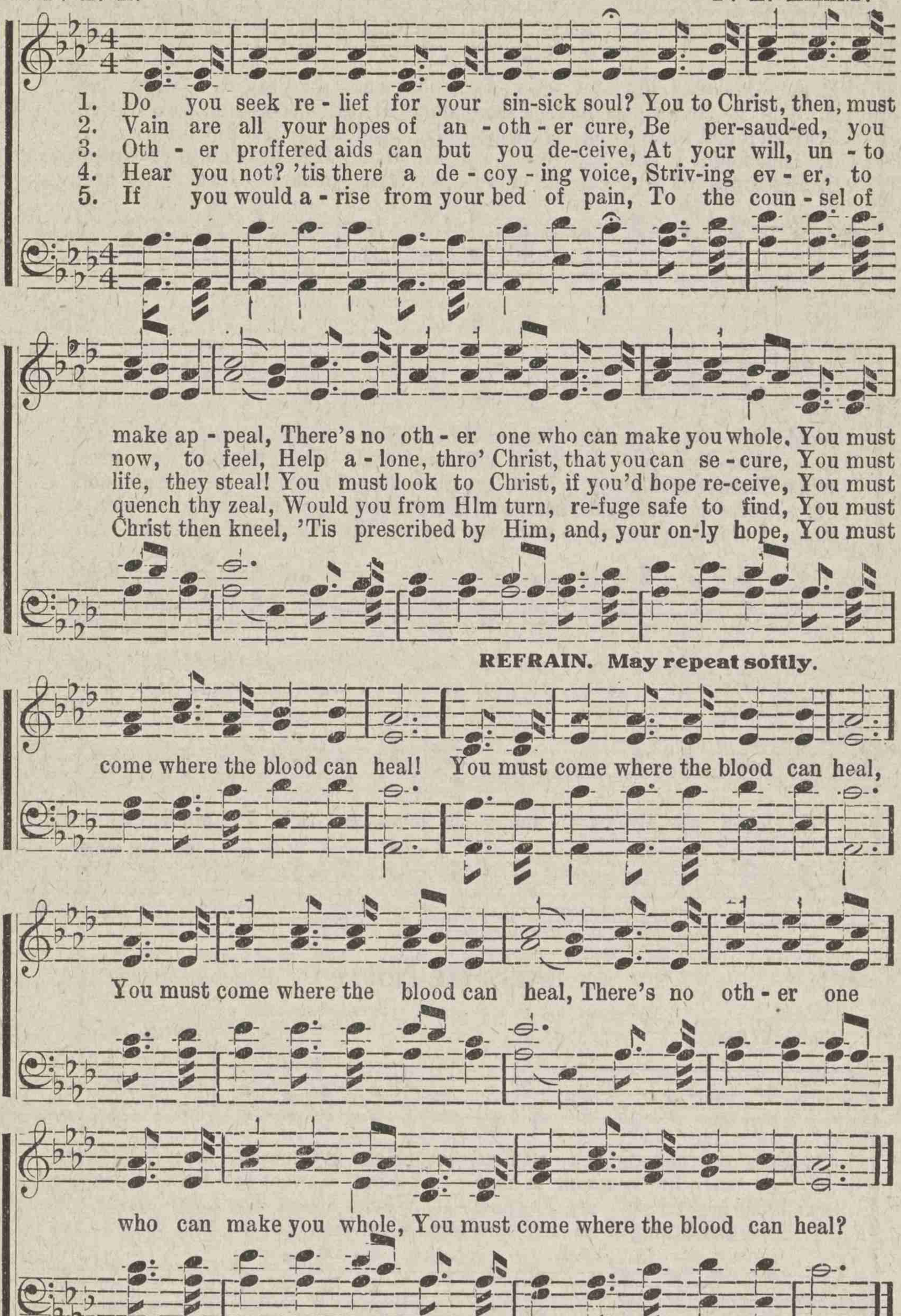
No. 60. Where the Blood Can Heal!

"Yea, when thou hast tried all else but to fail, Make you yet, still the one appeal, with a faith that's strong in the sentence sure, "You must come where the blood can heal.

F. L. E. F. L. EILAND.

Text stanza may be used with the music.

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61 He Loves Me.

Rev. Isaac Watts. Arr.

1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sov-'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up - on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,
4. Thus might I hide my blush - ing face While His dear cross ap - pears;
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe:

Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love be-yond de - gree!
When Christ, the might-y Mak - er, died, For man, the crea-ture's sin.
Dis - solve my heart in thank-ful - ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way,—'Tis all that I can do.

FINE.

D.S.—*He gave Him-self to die for me, Be - cause He loved me so.*

REFRAIN. D. S.

He loves me, He loves me, He loves me, this I know; (I know;)

62 Pass Me Not.

COPYRIGHT, 1870, BY W. H. DOANE. USED BY PERMISSION.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.

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

Pass Me Not.

CHORUS.

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

Hear my hum-ble cry; While on others Thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.

63 Almost Persuaded.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
USED BY PER.

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

1. "Al - most per-suad-ed," Now to be - lieve; "Al-most per-suad-ed,"
2. "Al - most per-suad-ed," Come, come to - day; "Al-most per-suad-ed,"
3. "Al - most per-suad-ed," Har - vest is past; "Al-most per-suad-ed,"

Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go Spir - it,
Turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
Doom comes at last! "Al - most" can - not a - vail; "Al - most" is

go Thy way, Some more con - ve - nient day On Thee I'll call."
lin-g'ring near, Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear: O wan-d'rer, come!
but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail—"Al - most—*but* *lost.*"

No. 64. I AM RESOLVED

PALMER HARTSOUGH. J. H. FILLMORE.

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

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No. 65 Room In His Heart For All.

MISS ADA POWELL. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN. AUSTIN HAZELWOOD.

1. There's room in the heart of the Sav - ior, He head-eth the wan-der-er's call, For the lone - ly of earth and for - sak - en, There's room in His
2. There's room in His heart for the sin-ners, Tho' weak they have been prone to fall, His love is so kind and for - giv - ing, There's room in His
3. There's room in His heart for His chil-dren, He car - eth for them great and small, With mer - cy and lov - ing com-pass-ion, There's room in His

REFRAIN.

heart for them all. There's room in His heart
room e-nough for them all
There's room in His heart for them all, There's room
yes, for all, room e-nough
in His heart, There's room in His heart for them all,
for them all,

No. 66 Why Do You Wait.

G. F. R. GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Why do you wait dear brother, Oh, why do you tar - ry so long? Your
3. What do you hope dear brother, To gain by a fur-ther de - lay? There's
3. Do you not feel dear brother, His Spir - it now striv-ing with-in? Oh
4. Why do you wait, dear brother? The har-vest is pass-ing a - way, Your

Sav - ior is wait-ing to give you, A place in His sanc-ti-fied throng.
no one to save you but Je - sus, There's no oth - er way but His way.
why not ac-cept His sal - va - tion, And throw off thy bur - den of sin?
Sav - ior is long-ing to bless you, There's danger and death in de - lay.

CHORUS.

Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now? now?

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67 Jesus Will Give You Rest.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Will you come, will you come, with your poor broken heart, Burden'd and sin-op-press'd?
   Lay it down at the feet of your Sav-ior and Lord, Je-sus will give you rest.
2. Will you come will you come? there is mer-cy for you, Balm for your aching breast
   On - ly come as you are and believe on His name, Je-sus will give you rest.
3. Will you come, will you come? you have noth-ing to pay; Je-sus who loves you best,
   By His death on the cross purchased life for your soul, Je-sus will give you rest
4. Will you come, will you come, how He pleads with you now, Je-sus will give you rest,
   And what-ev - er your sin or sor - row may be, Je-sus will give you rest.

D. S. Why dont you come in sim-ple trust-ing faith, Je-sus will give you rest.

Jesus Will Give You Rest. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

O hap-py rest, sweet, hap-py rest, Je - sus will give you rest, (happy rest,) O

No. 68 Do not Wait.

RAYMOND BROWNING. CHARLIE. D. TILLMAN.

1. Do not wait a - noth - er moment, Time is swiftly rush-ing on.....
2. Long enough you've med-i-tat-ed, Poor lost souls are thinking still.....
3. Heaven yearns for your re-turn-ing, Bride and Spir-it both say come,..
4. While the tempter says to-morrow, Lis - ten not make no de - lay,...

has-ten,

Soon your strength will turn to ash-es, Soon your chance for - ev - er gone.
Long enough you've doubted, waited, Rouse your-self and say I will
Sin and self and e - vil spurning, Turn to life and God and home.
There's a cure for sin and sor-row, If you'll on - ly start to - day.

has-ten.

CHORUS.

Do not wait a - noth - er moment, 'Tis the Sav-ior call-ing you,

has-ten,

Come re-pent-ing and be-liev-ing, He will save you thro' and thro.

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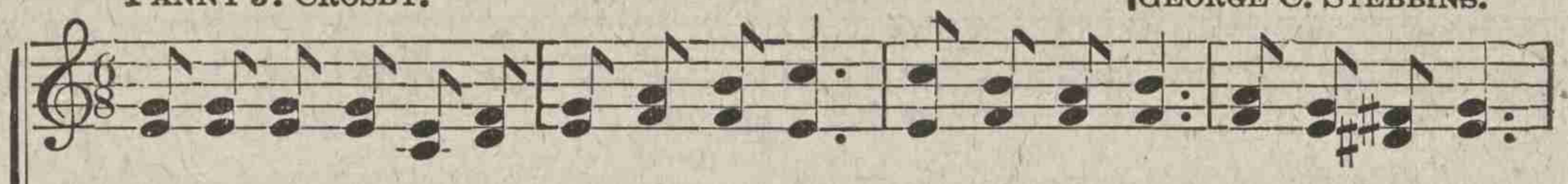
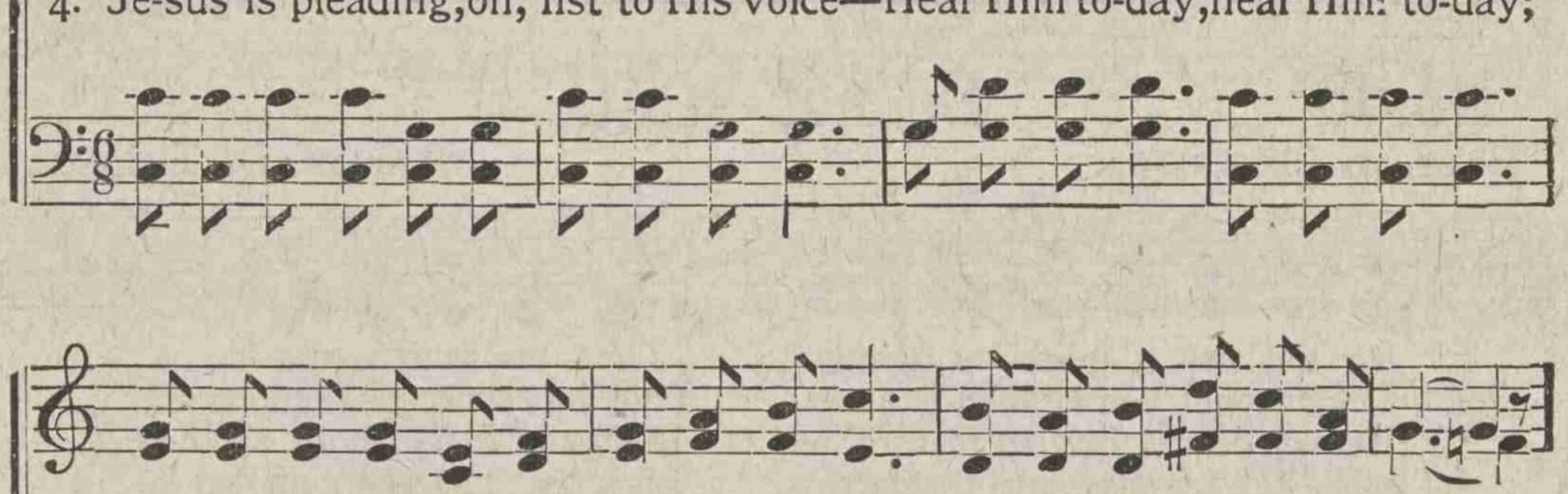
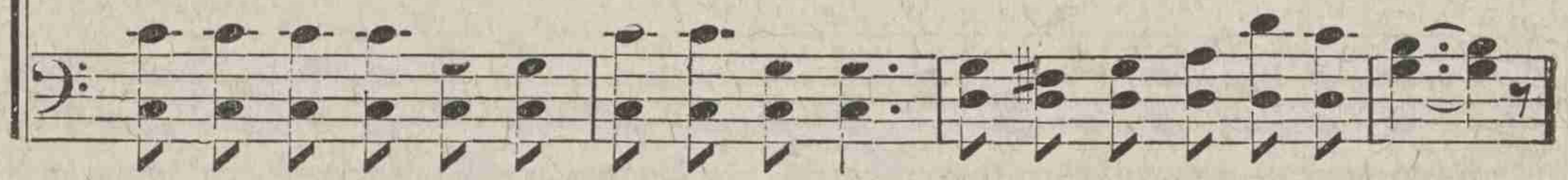
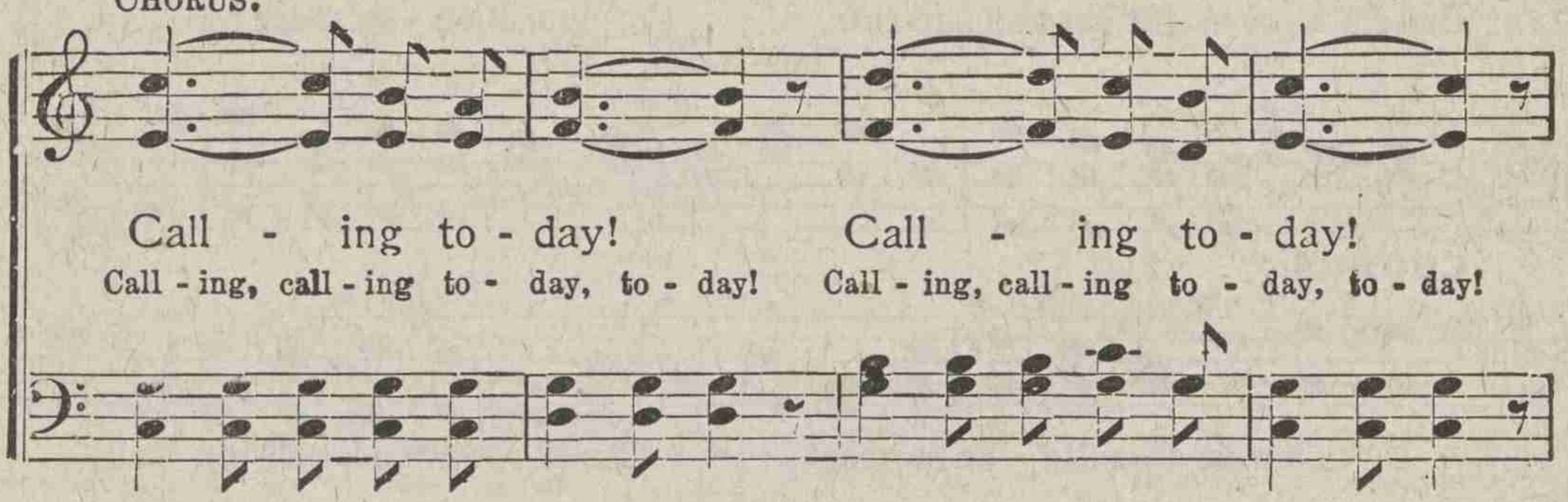
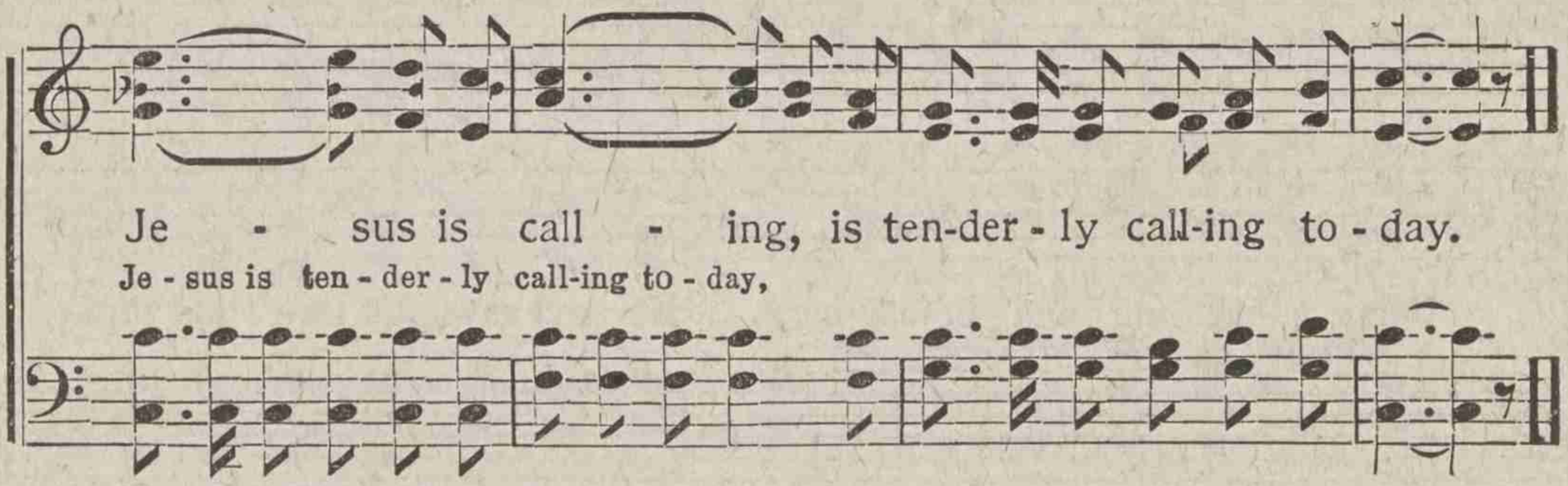
69

Jesus is Calling.

FANNY J. CROSBY. GEORGE C. STEBBINS.

1. Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing thee home—Calling to-day, call-ing to-day;
2. Je-sus is calling the wea - ry to rest—Calling to-day, call-ing to-day;
3. Je-sus is waiting, oh, come to Him now—Waiting to-day, waiting to-day;
4. Je-sus is pleading, oh, list to His voice—Hear Him to-day, hear Him to-day;



Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam Farther and farther a - way?
Bring Him thy burden, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee a-way.
Come with thy sins, at His feet lowly bow; Come, and no long-er de - lay.
They who believe on His name shall rejoice; Quickly a - rise and a - way.

CHORUS.

Call - ing to - day! Call - ing to - day!
Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day! Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day!

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

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70

Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je - sus come
2. If 'tis for pur - i - ty now that you sigh, Let Je - sus come
3. If there's a tempest your voice can - not still, Let Je - sus come
4. If friends, once trusted, have proven un - true, Let Je - sus come
5. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je - sus come

in - to your heart; If you de - sire a new life to be - gin,
in - to your heart; Fountains for cleansing are flow - ing near by,
in - to your heart; If there's a void this world nev - er can fill,
in - to your heart; Find what a Friend He will be un - to you,
in - to your heart; If you would en - ter the mansions of rest,

CHORUS.

Let Je - sus come in - to your heart. Just now, your
Let Je - sus come in - to your heart. Just now, my

doubtings give o'er; Just now, re - ject Him no more; Just now,
doubtings are o'er; Just now, re - ject - ing no more; Just now,

throw o - pen the door; Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.
I o - pen the door; And Je - sus comes in - to my heart.

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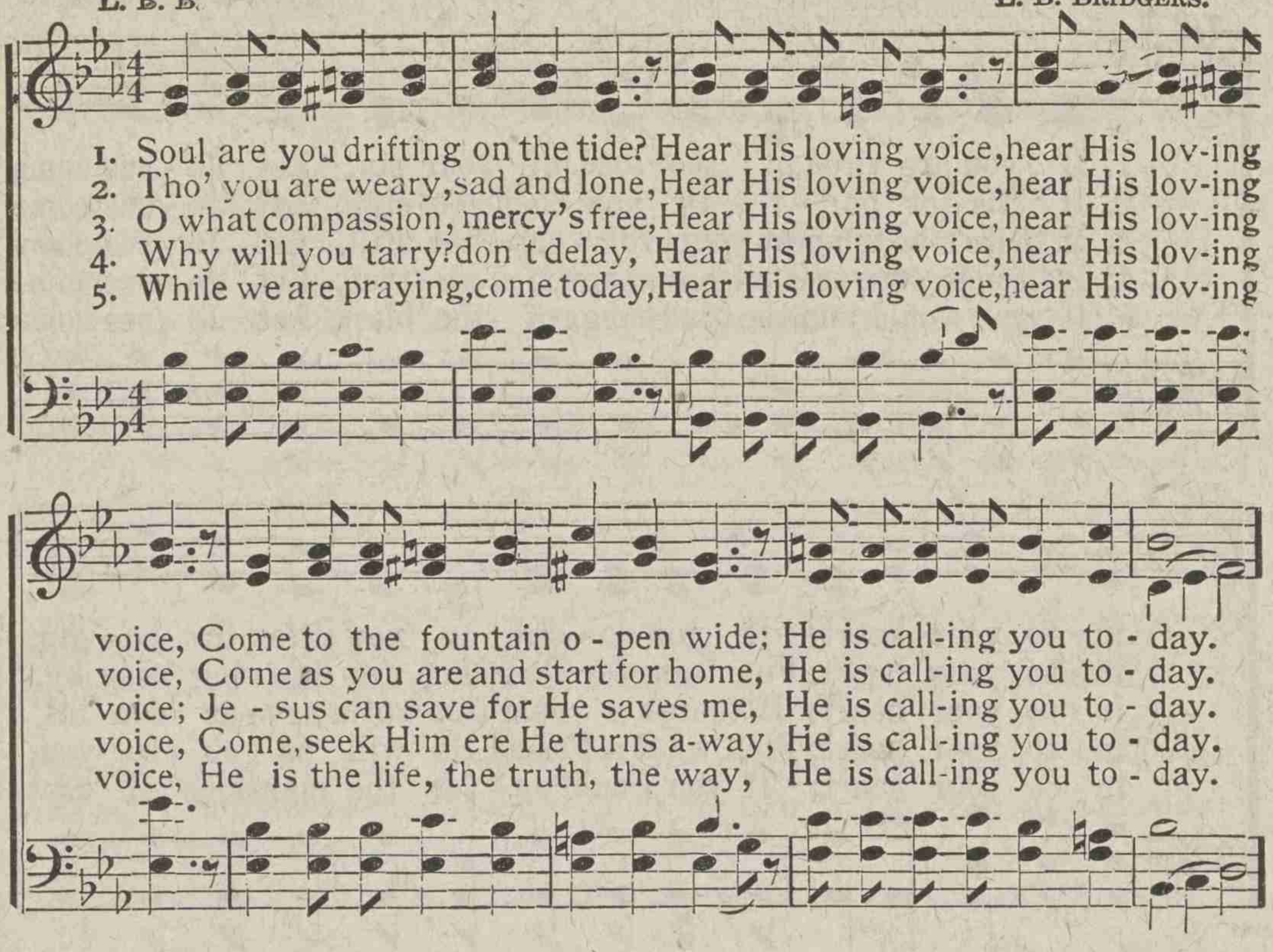
71 Calling You.

L. B. B. L. B. BRIDGERS.



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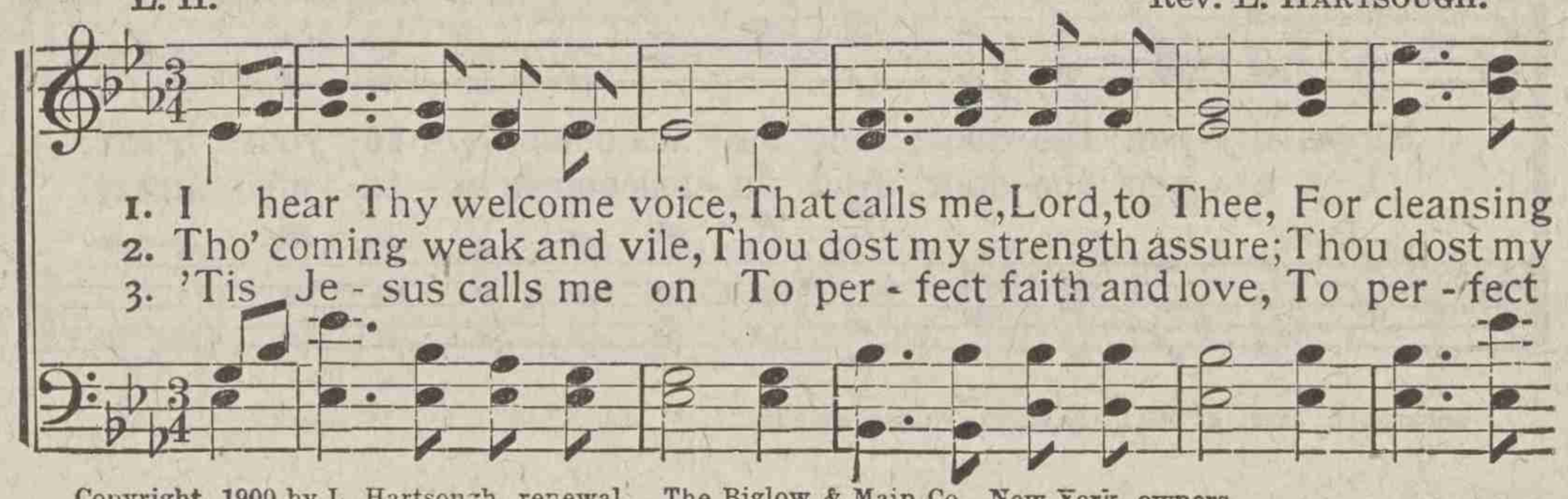
72 I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

L. H. Rev. L. HARTSOUGH.



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I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

CHORUS.

in Thy precious blood That flowed on Cal-va - ry.
vile - ness ful - ly cleanse, Till spotless all and pure. I am coming, Lord!
hope, and peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n above!

Coming now to Thee! Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Cal-va - ry.

73 Is Thy Heart Right With God?

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

1. { Have thy af-fec-tions been nailed to the cross? Is thy heart right with God?
   { Dost thou count all things for Je-sus but loss? Is thy heart right with God? }
2. { Hast thou do - min-ion o'er self and o'er sin? Is thy heart right with God?
   { O - ver all e - vil with-out and with - in? Is thy heart right with God? }
3. { Is there no more con-dem-na-tion for sin? Is thy heart right with God?
   { Does Je-sus rule in the tem-ple with - in? Is thy heart right with God? }
4. { Are all thy pow'rs un-der Je-sus' con-trol? Is thy heart right with God?
   { Does He each mo-ment a-bide in thy soul? Is thy heart right with God? }
5. { Art thou now walk-ing in heaven's pure light? Is thy heart right with God?
   { Is thy soul wear-ing the garment of white? Is thy heart right with God? }

CHORUS.

Is thy heart right with God, Washed in the crim-son flood, Cleansed and made
ho - ly, hum - ble and low - ly, Right in the sight of God? (of God?)

No. 74. Take the Home-Path.

Brown Rowland, A. B. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. You have wandered far on the des - ert lone, And you face an aw - ful
2. You have been al-lured from the peace-ful way By your soul's re - lent - less
3. While the chance is yours turn your back to sin, Seek-ing par - don, hum-bly

fate,(an aw-ful fate,)For a storm is near and the night comes on—Take the
foe; (re-lent-less foe;) Let the Sav - ior true take your hand to - day, For He
bow;(now humbly bow;)You've a soul to save and a crown to win, And the

CHORUS.

home-path ere too late. Take the home - path, take the home-path,
knows the way to go. Take the home - path,.....
time to start is now.

Take the home-path, take it now, take the home-path, take it now,

Night is com-ing, do not wait;(do not wait;)Take the home-path, take the
Take the home-path, ...

Take the home-path, take it now, take the

home - path,

Take the home - path ere too late. (ere too late.)

home-path, take it now,

75

When I See the Blood.

JOHN. J. G. F.

1. Christ, our Re-deem-er, died on the cross, Died for the sin - ner,
2. Chief-est of sin - ners Je - sus can save, As He has promised,
3. Judgment is com - ing, all will be there, Who have re - ject - ed,
4. O what com-pas - sion, O bound-less love! Je - sus hath pow - er,

paid all His due; All who re - ceive Him need nev - er fear,
so will He do; O, sin - ner, hear Him, trust in His word,
who have re-fused? O, sin - ner, has - ten, let Je - sus in,
Je - sus is true; All who be - lieve are safe from the storm,

CHORUS.

Yes, He will pass, will pass o - ver you. When I see the
Then He will pass, will pass o - ver you.
Then God will pass, will pass o - ver you.
O, He will pass, will pass o - ver you. When I

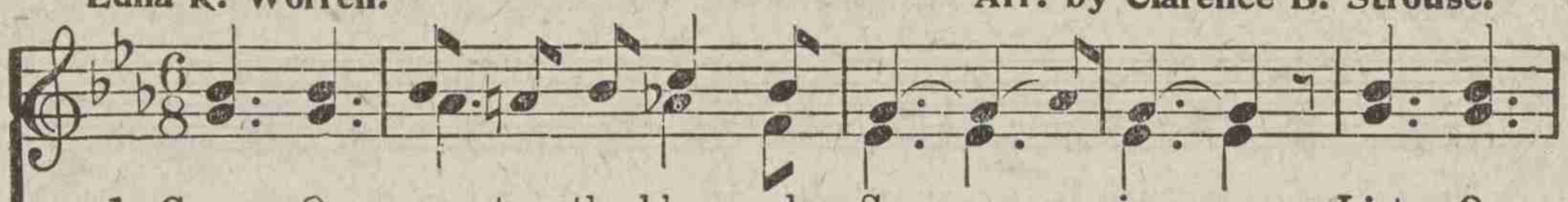
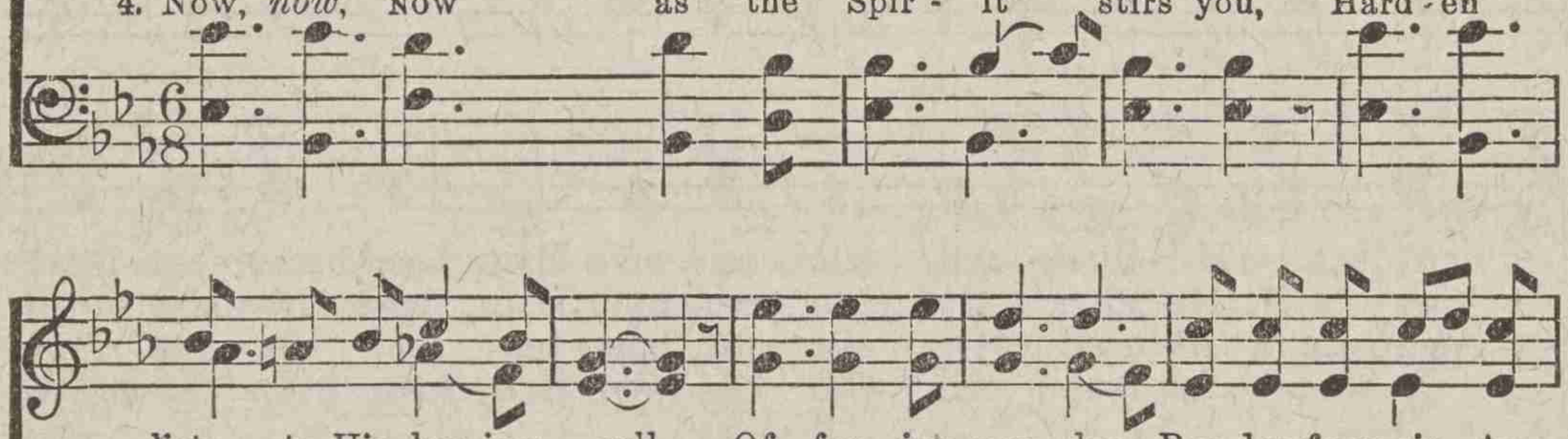
blood, When I see the blood, When I see the
see the blood, When I see the blood, When I

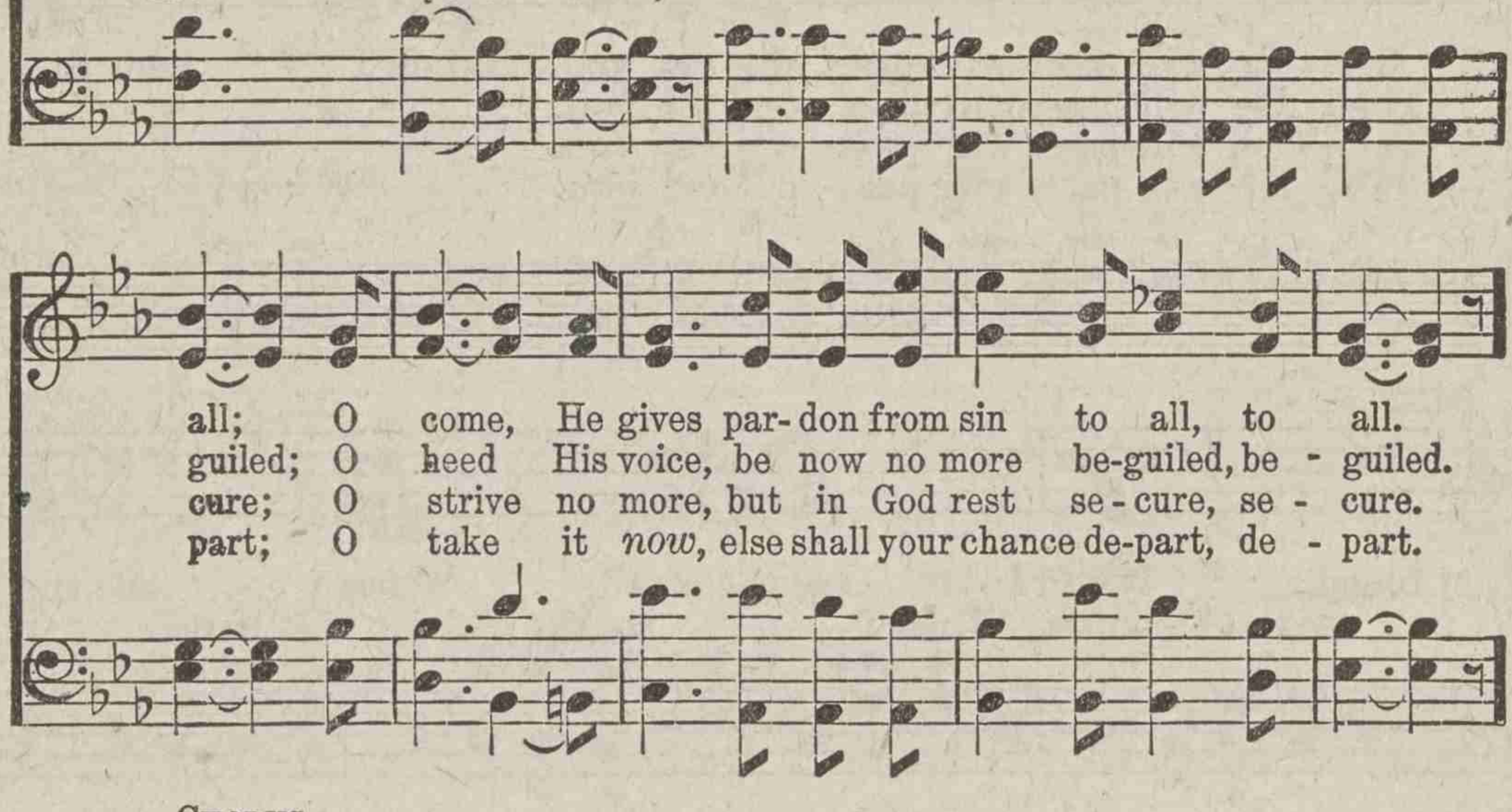
rit.

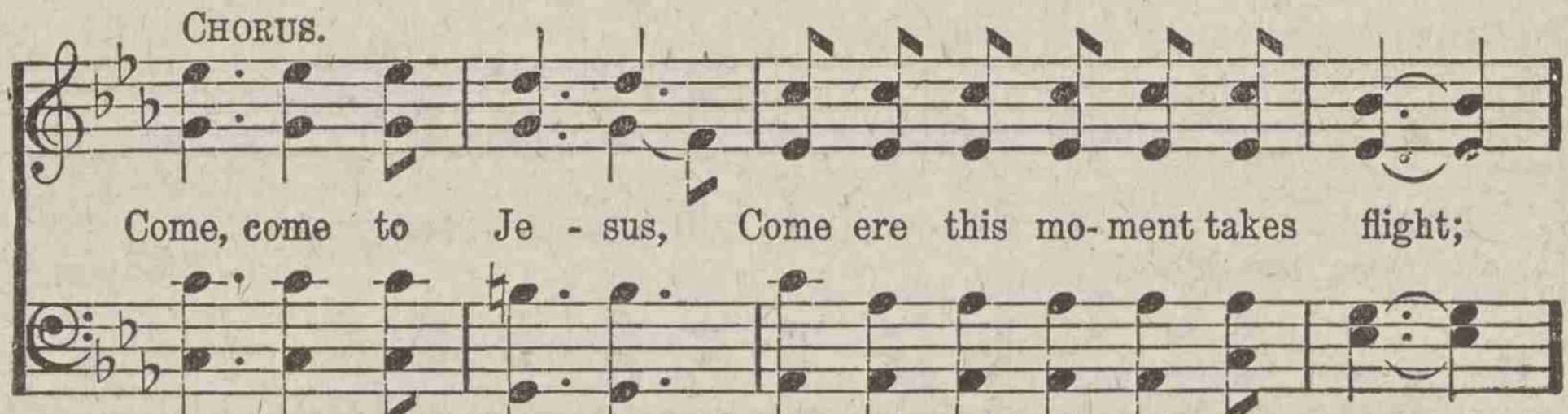
blood, I will pass, I will pass o - ver you.
see the blood, o - ver you.

By Foote Bros , not copyrighted. Let no one do so. May this song ever be free to be published for the glory of God.

Someone's Last Call.

Edna R. Worrell. **Arr. by Clarence B. Strouse.**

1. Come, O come to the bless - ed Sav - - ior, List, O
2. Deep, deep, deep in the heart there whis - - pers God's own
3. Long, long, long have you tried to sti - - fle Yearn-ings
4. Now, *now*, NOW as the Spir - it stirs..... you, Hard - en
1. Come, O come to the bless - ed Sav - ior, List, O
2. Deep, deep, deep in the heart there whis - pers God's own
3. Long, long, long have you tried to sti - fle Yearn-ings
4. Now, *now*, NOW as the Spir - it stirs you, Hard - en

list to His lov-ing call, Of - fer - ing par - don, Par-don from sin to
voice to each wayward child; Heed it! O heed it! Be no more sin - be-
sweet to a life more pure; Quench them no lon - ger, But in God rest se-
not your fast melting heart; Take, take sal - va- tion, Else shall your chance de-
list to His call,
voice to His child;
toward life more pure;
not your heart;



all; O come, He gives par- don from sin to all, to all.
guiled; O heed His voice, be now no more be-guiled, be - guiled.
cure; O strive no more, but in God rest se - cure, se - cure.
part; O take it *now*, else shall your chance de-part, de - part.

CHORUS.

Come, come to Je - sus, Come ere this mo- ment takes flight;

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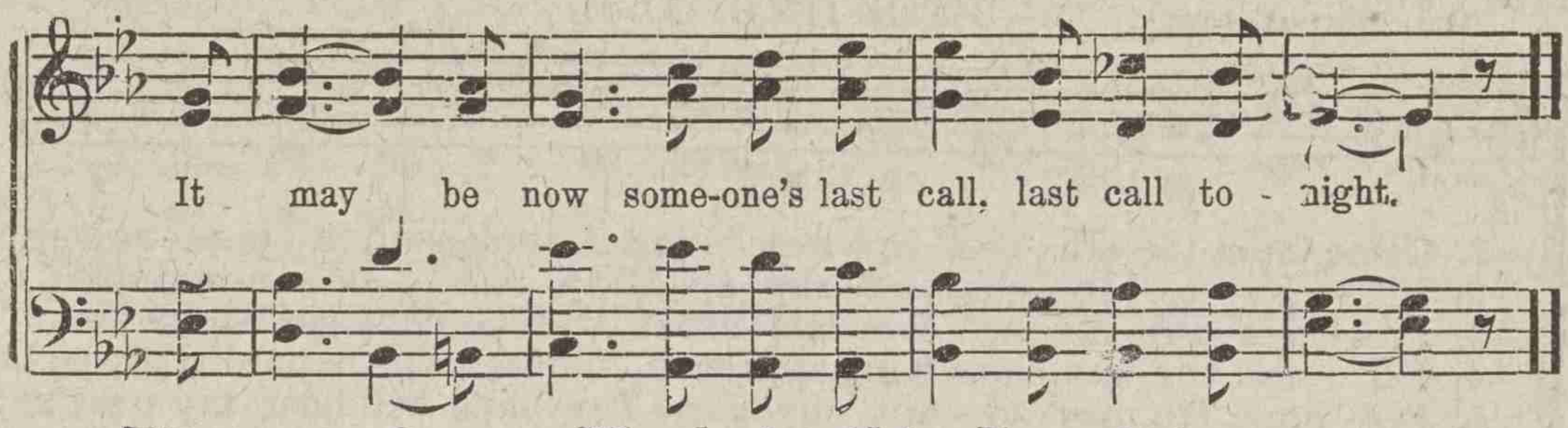
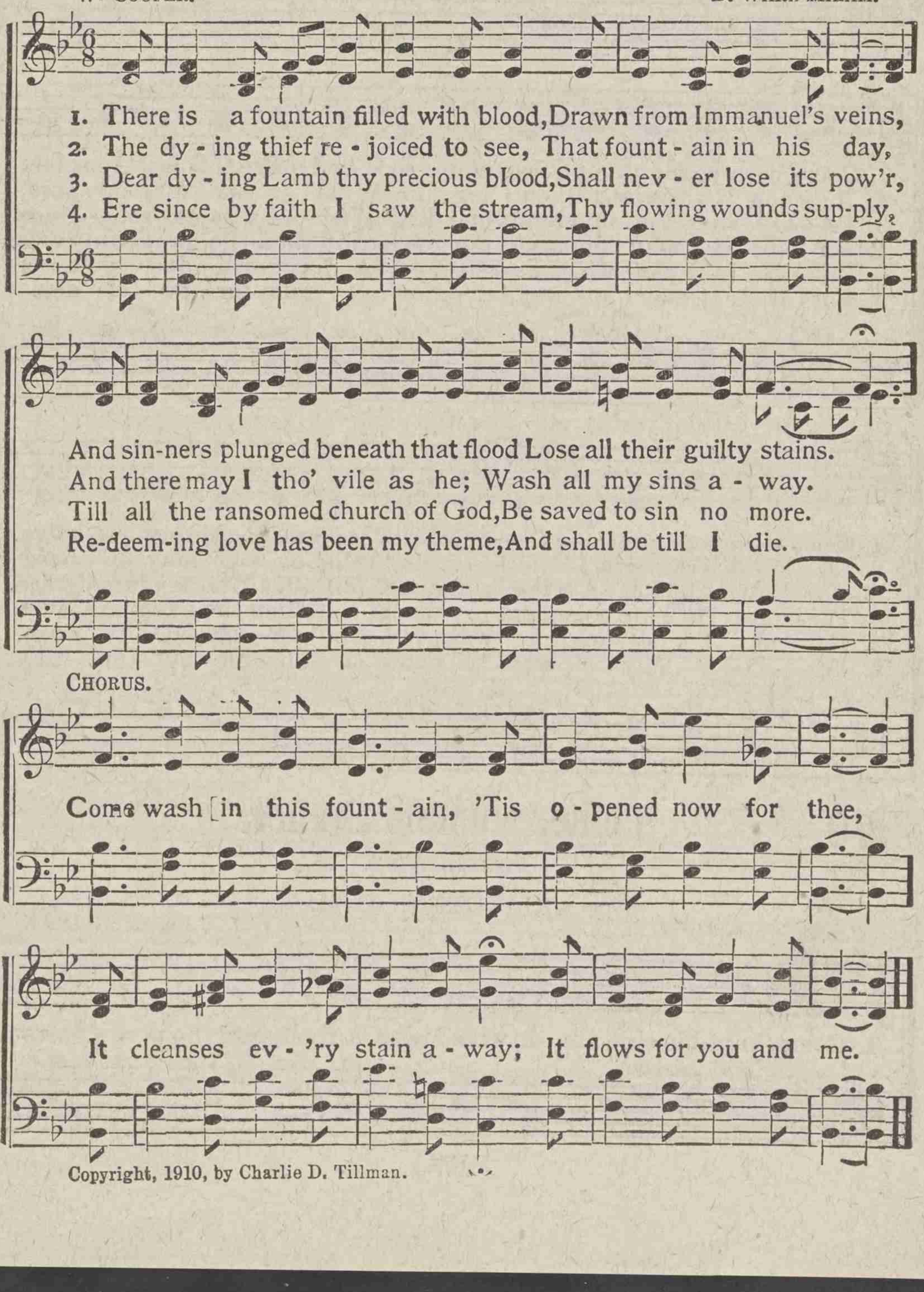
Someone's Last Call.

77 Come, Wash in this Fountain.

W. COOPER. D. WARD MILAM.



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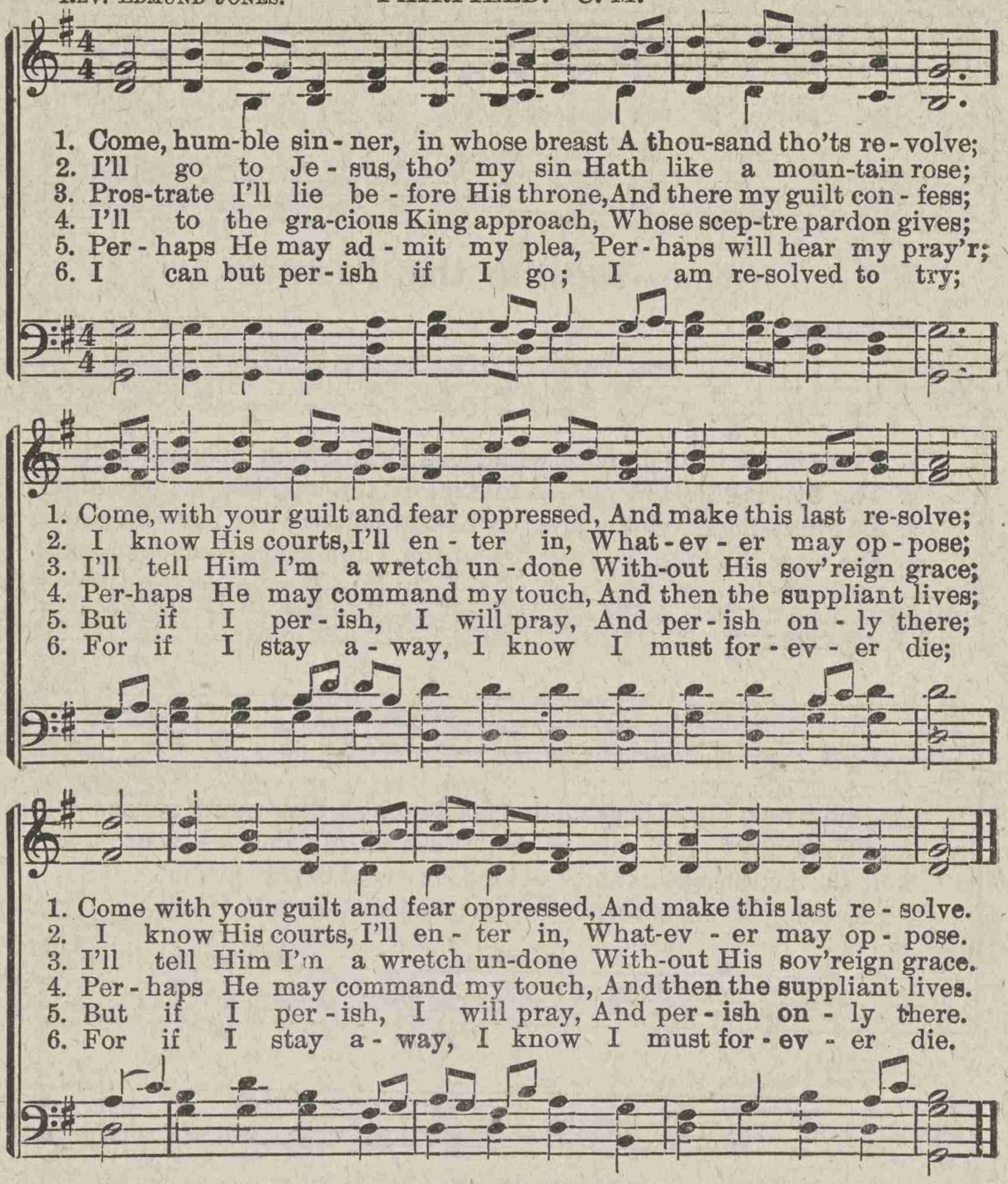
Come, Humble Sinner.

REV. EDMUND JONES. FAIRFIELD. C. M.



1. Come, hum-ble sin - ner, in whose breast A thou-sand tho'ts re - volve;
2. I'll go to Je - sus, tho' my sin Hath like a moun-tain rose;
3. Pros-trate I'll lie be - fore His throne, And there my guilt con - fess;
4. I'll to the gra-cious King approach, Whose scep-tre pardon gives;
5. Per - haps He may ad - mit my plea, Per - haps will hear my pray'r;
6. I can but per - ish if I go; I am re-solved to try;

1. Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed, And make this last re-solve;
2. I know His courts, I'll en - ter in, What - ev - er may op - pose;
3. I'll tell Him I'm a wretch un - done With-out His sov'reign grace;
4. Per-haps He may command my touch, And then the suppliant lives;
5. But if I per - ish, I will pray, And per - ish on - ly there;
6. For if I stay a - way, I know I must for - ev - er die;

1. Come with your guilt and fear oppressed, And make this last re - solve.
2. I know His courts, I'll en - ter in, What-ev - er may op - pose.
3. I'll tell Him I'm a wretch un-done With-out His sov'reign grace.
4. Per - haps He may command my touch, And then the suppliant lives.
5. But if I per - ish, I will pray, And per - ish on - ly there.
6. For if I stay a - way, I know I must for - ev - er die.

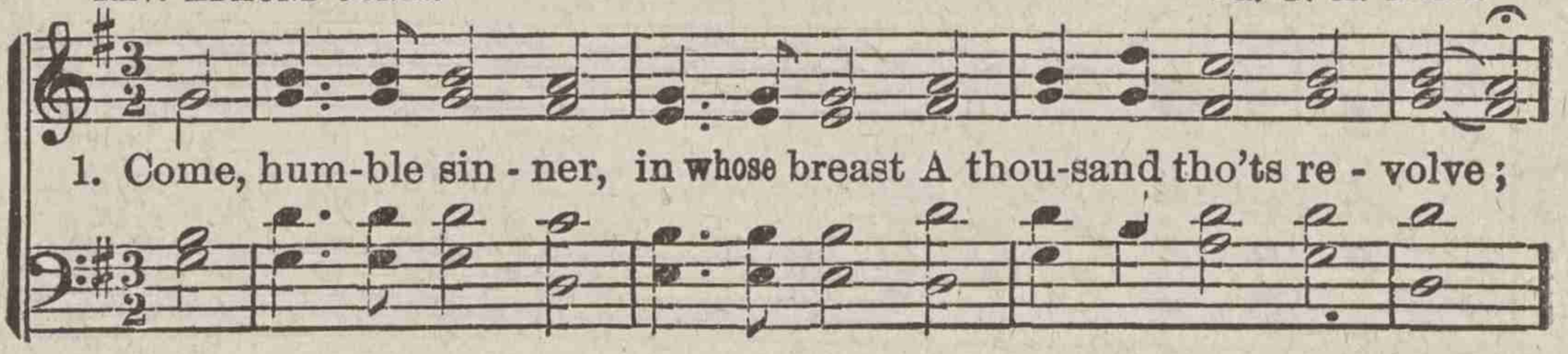
79

Come, Humble Sinner.

SECOND TUNE.

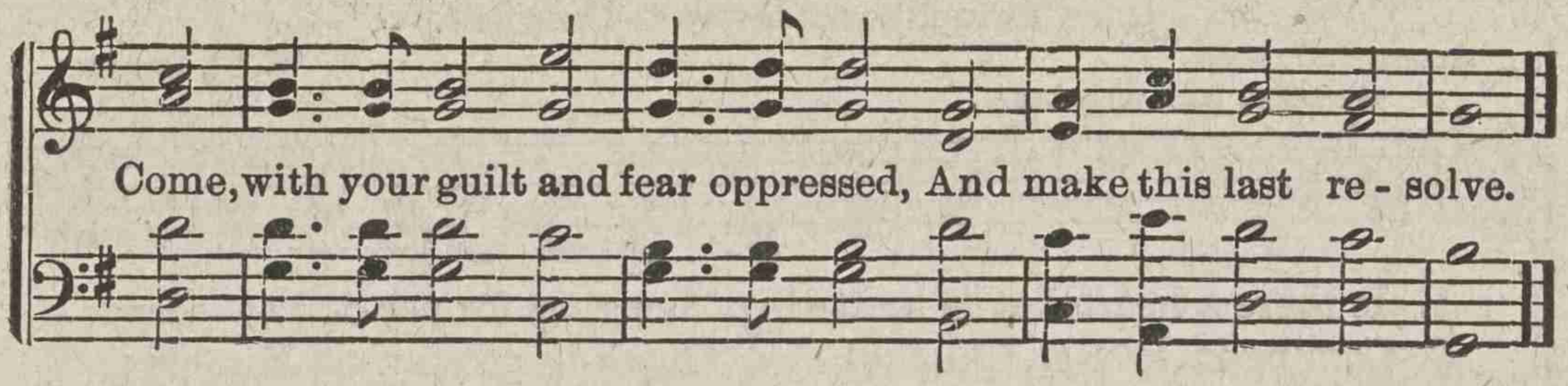
ARLINGTON. C. M.

REV. EDMUND JONES. DR. T. A. ARNE.



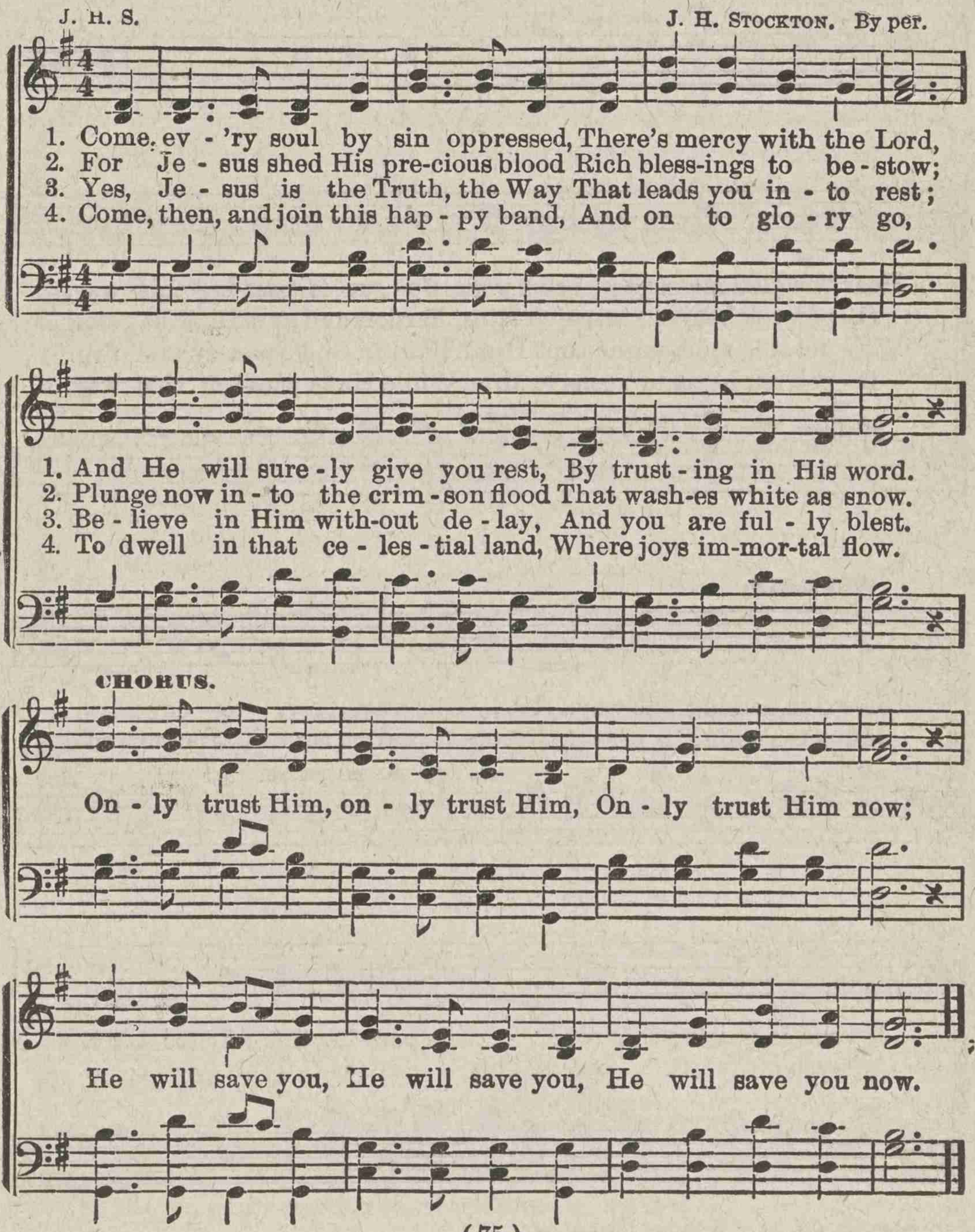
1. Come, hum-ble sin - ner, in whose breast A thou-sand tho'ts re - volve;

Come, Humble Sinner. Concluded.



80 Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. J. H. STOCKTON. By per.



81

Jesus Is Passing This Way.

"He was to pass this way."—LUKE 19: 4.

ANNIE L. JAMES. W. H. DOANE.

Gently, not too fast.

1. Is there a heart that is wait-ing, Longing for par-don to-day?
2. Coming in love and in mer-cy, Quick-ly now un-to Him go;
3. Lis-ten, the Spir-it is call-ing, Je-sus will free-ly for-give,
4. He is so ten-der and lov-ing, He is so near you to-day;

Hear the glad message we bring you, Je-sus is pass-ing this way.
O-pen your heart to re-ceive Him, Pardon and peace He'll be-stow
Why not this moment ac-cept Him? Trust in God's mer-cy and live.
O-pen your heart to re-ceive Him, While He is pass-ing this way.

REFRAIN.

Je-sus is passing this way,..... This way..... to-day;.....
Je-sus is passing, is passing this way, Is passing this way, Is passing to-day;

Je-sus is passing this way,.... Is pass-ing this way to-day.
way to-day,

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There's a Great Day Coming.

W. L. T. Will L. Thompson.

1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day com-ing, There's a great day com-ing by and by; When the saints and the sinners shall be part-ed right and left, Are you read-y for that day to come?
2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day com-ing, There's a bright day com-ing by and by; But its brightness shall on-ly come to them that love the Lord, Are you read-y for that day to come?
3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day com-ing, There's a sad day com-ing by and by; When the sinner shall hear his doom, "de-part, I know ye not," Are you read-y for that day to come?

CHORUS.

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

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83

Where Shall I Be?

C. P. J.

Chas. P. Jones.

Moderato.

1. When judg-ment day is draw - ing nigh, Where shall I be?
   When east and west the fire shall roll, Where shall I be?

2. When wick - ed men His wrath shall see, Where shall I be?
   When hills and mountains flee a - way, Where shall I be?

3. When heav'n and earth as some great scroll, Where shall I be?
   When all the saints redeem'd shall stand, Where shall I be?

When God the works of men shall try, Where shall I be?
How will it be with my poor soul? Where shall I be?

And to the rocks and mount-ains flee, Where shall I be?
When all the works of men de - cay, Where shall I be?

Shall from God's an - gry pres - ence roll, Where shall I be?
For - ev - er blest at God's right hand, Where shall I be?

CHORUS.

O where shall I be when the first trum - pet sounds, O

where shall I be when it sounds so loud? When it sounds so loud

as to wake up the dead? O where shall I be when it sounds?

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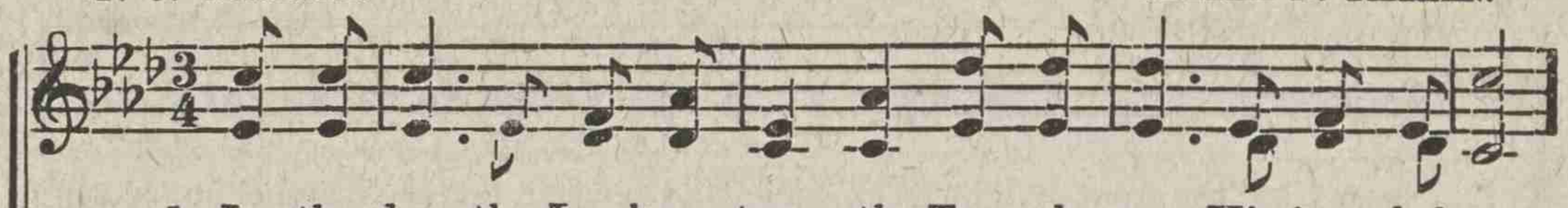
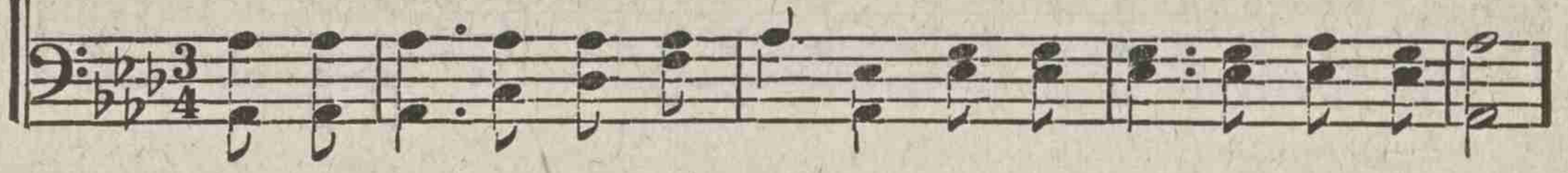
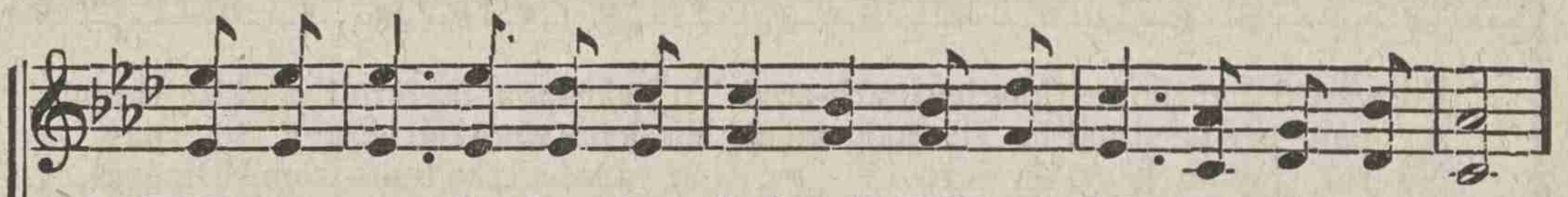
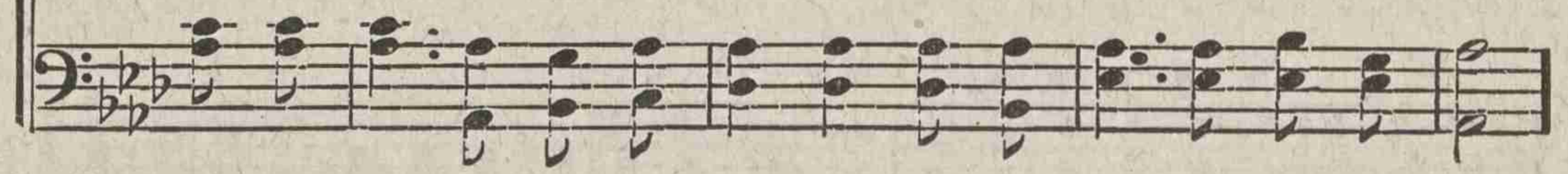
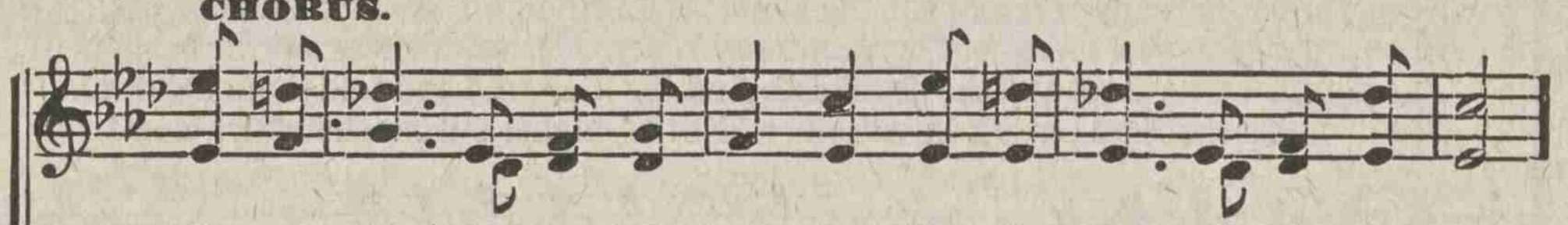
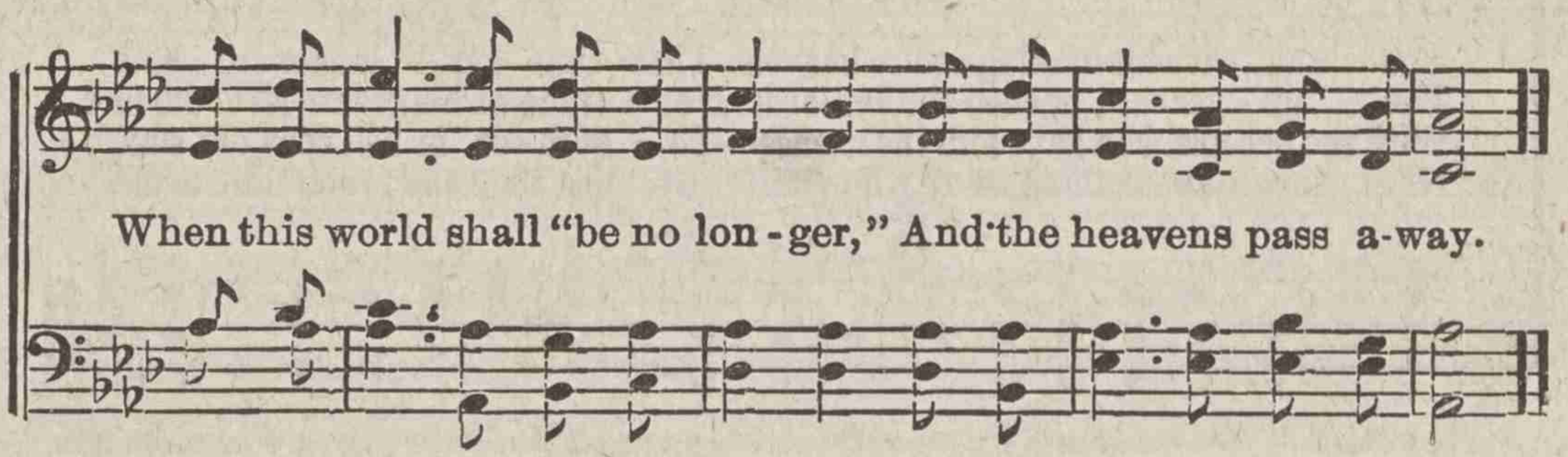
84. Will You Be Among His Jewels?

T. O. CHISHOLM. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. In the day the Lord re - turn-eth, To make up His jew-els here,
2. He is com - ing, sure-ly com-ing, And the time is drawing nigh,
3. Few will be the number cho-sen, Ma - ny will be left behind,
4. Will you be a-mong His je w-els? Does your heart now answer, "Yes,

1. Will your name be then in clud - ed? Will you in His crown appear?
2. Will He find you read-y, wait - ing, For the home be-yond the sky?
3. On - ly those who love and trust Him, Fa-vor in His sight will find.
4. Glad - ly I'll go out to meet Him, Robed in His own righteousness?"

CHORUS.

Will you be a-mong His jew - els When He comes that fi - nal day?

When this world shall "be no lon - ger," And the heavens pass a-way.



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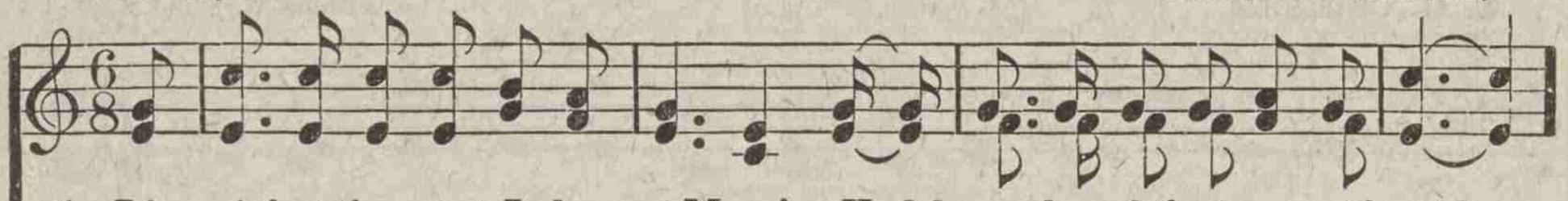
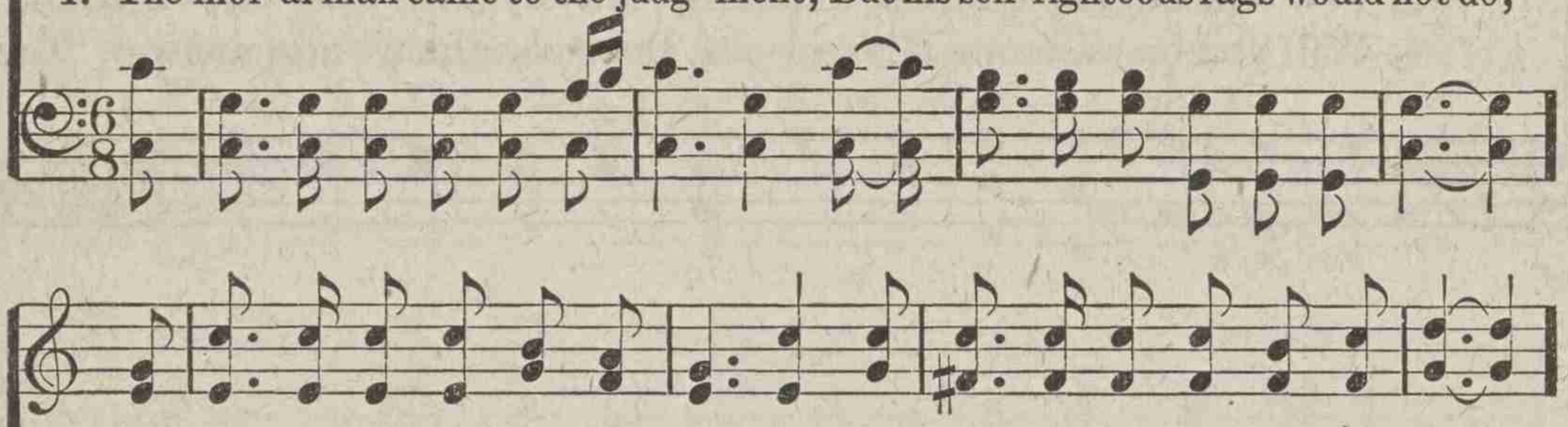
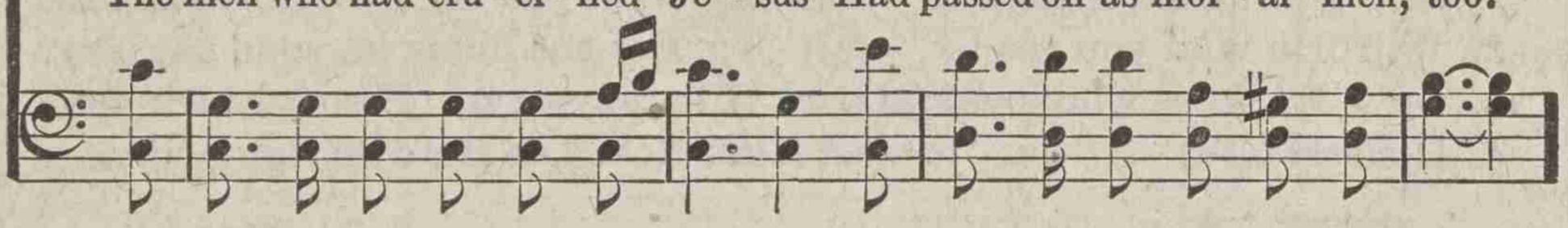
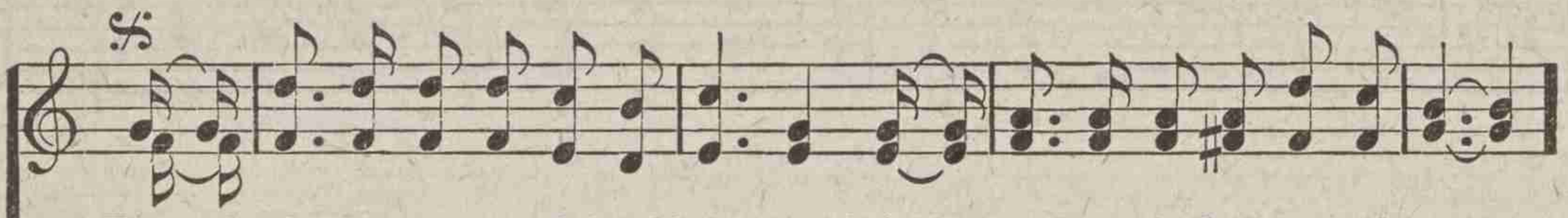
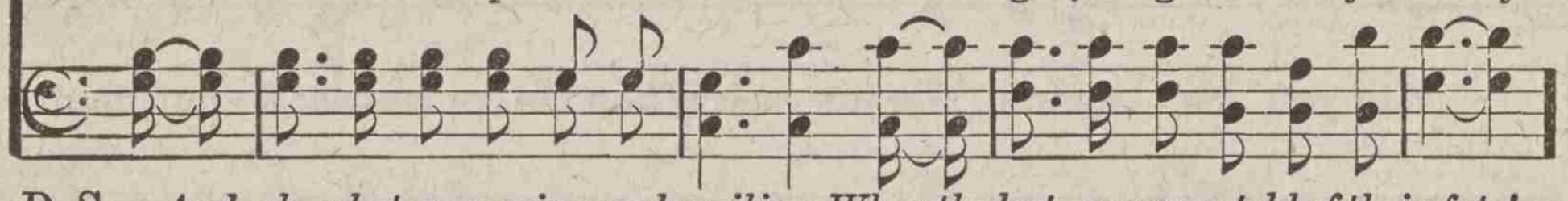
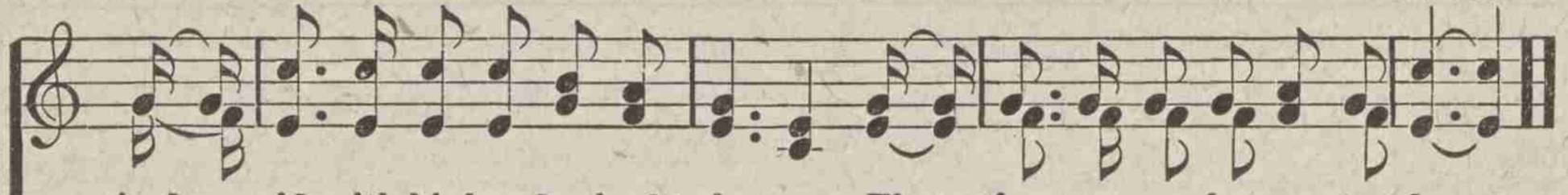
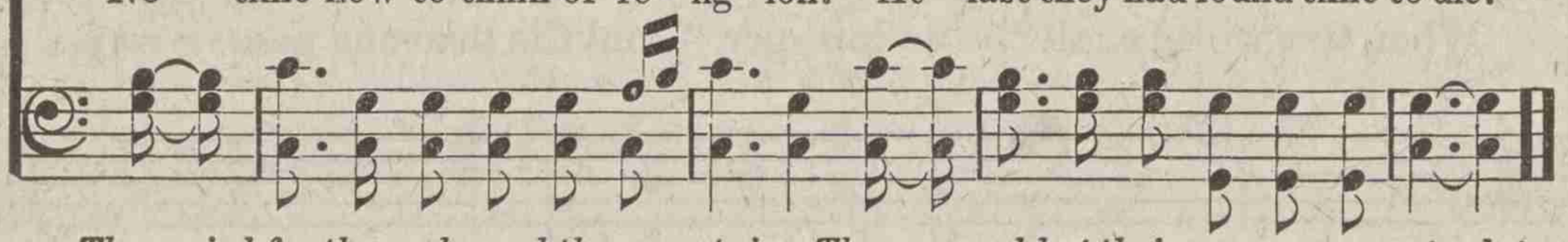
No. 85. The Judgment.

War Cry. Charlie D. Tillman.

1. I dreamed that the great Judgment Morning Had dawned, and the trumpet had blown;
2. The rich man was there, but his mon-ey Had melt-ed and vanished a - way,
3. The wid-ow was there and the or-phans, God heard and remembered their cries;
4. The mor-al man came to the judg-ment, But his self-righteous rags would not do;



I dreamed that the na-tions had gath-ered To judg-ment be-fore the white throne.
A pau-per he stood in the judg-ment, His debts were too heav-y to pay.
No sor-row in heav-en for-ev-er, God wiped all the tears from their eyes.
The men who had cru-ci-fied Je-sus Had passed off as mor-al men, too.



From the throne came a bright shining angel And stood on the land and the sea,
The great man was there, but his greatness When death came was left far behind;
The gambler was there and the drunkard, And the man who had sold them the drink,
The souls that had put off salvation—"Not to-night; I'll get saved bye-and-bye:

D. S.—*And oh, what a weeping and wailing When the lost ones were told of their fate!*

D. S.

And said, with his hand raised to heaven, That time was no longer to be.
The an-gel that opened the rec-ords, Not a trace of his greatness could find.
With the peo-ple who gave him the license—To-geth-er in hell they did sink.
No time now to think of re-lig-ion!" At last they had found time to die.

They cried for the rocks and the mountains, They prayed, but their prayers were too late.

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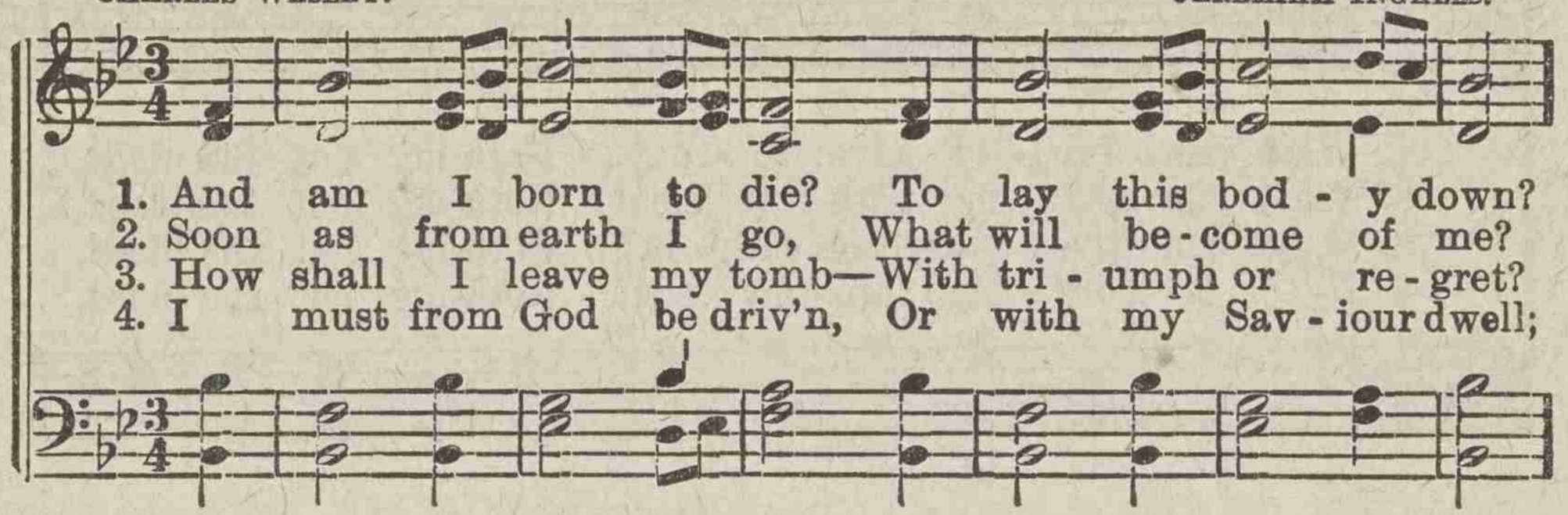
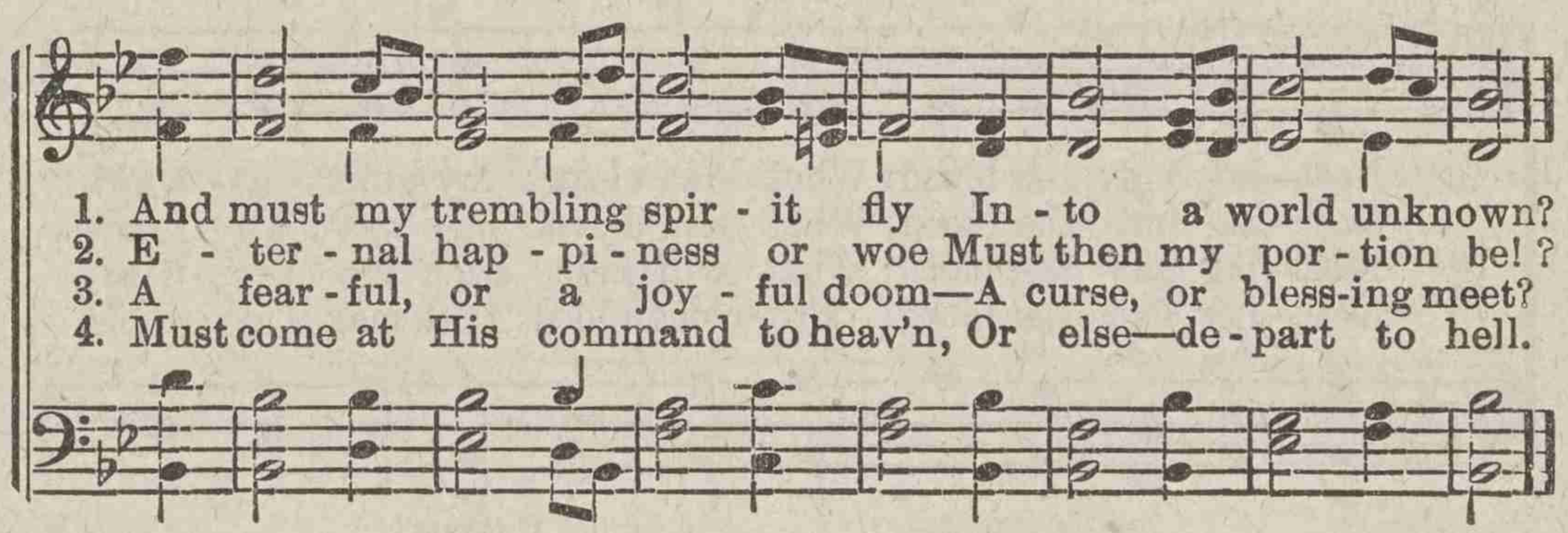
86

And Am I Born To Die?

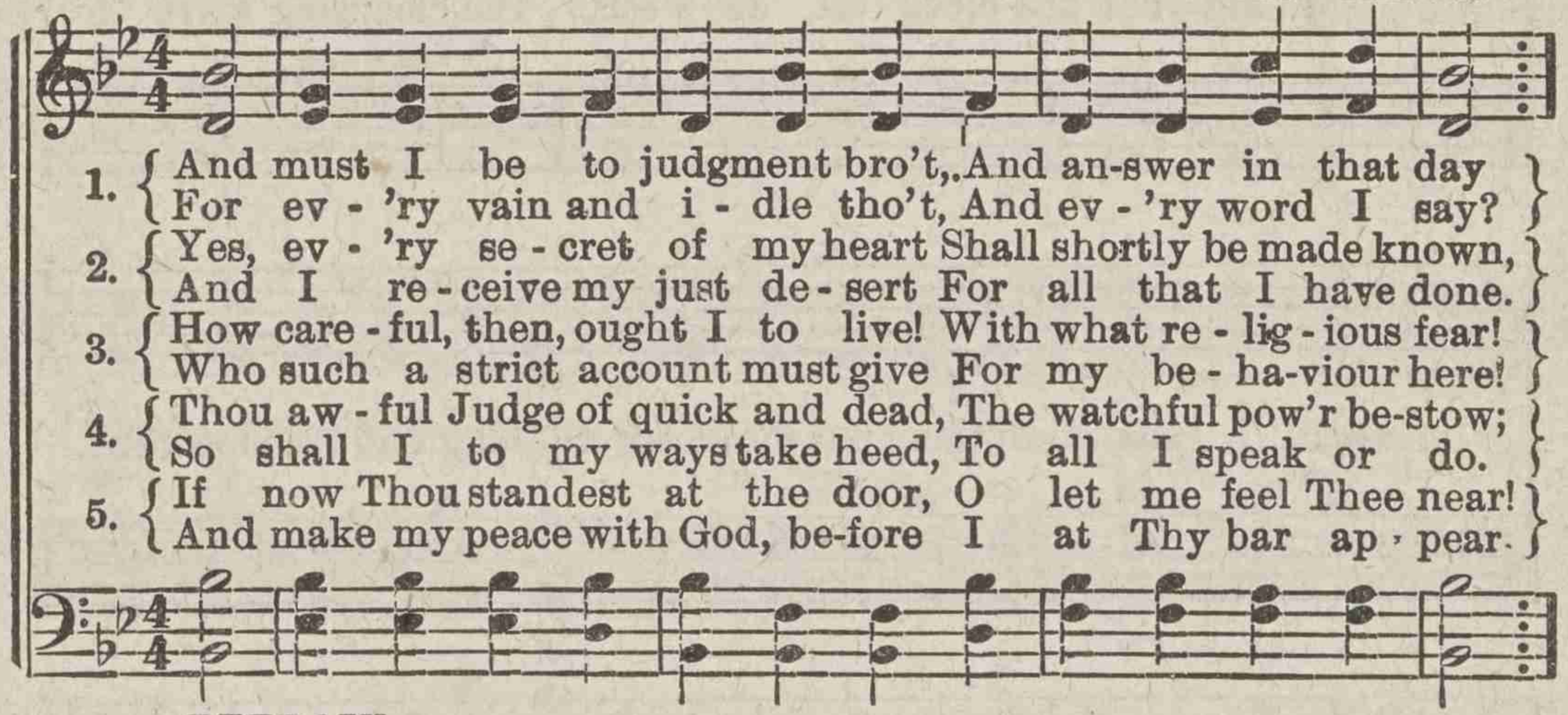
GAVIN. S. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. JEREMIAH INGALLS.

87

The Day Of Judgment.

"WE ARE PASSING AWAY."

CHARLES WESLEY. ARR. TILLMAN.



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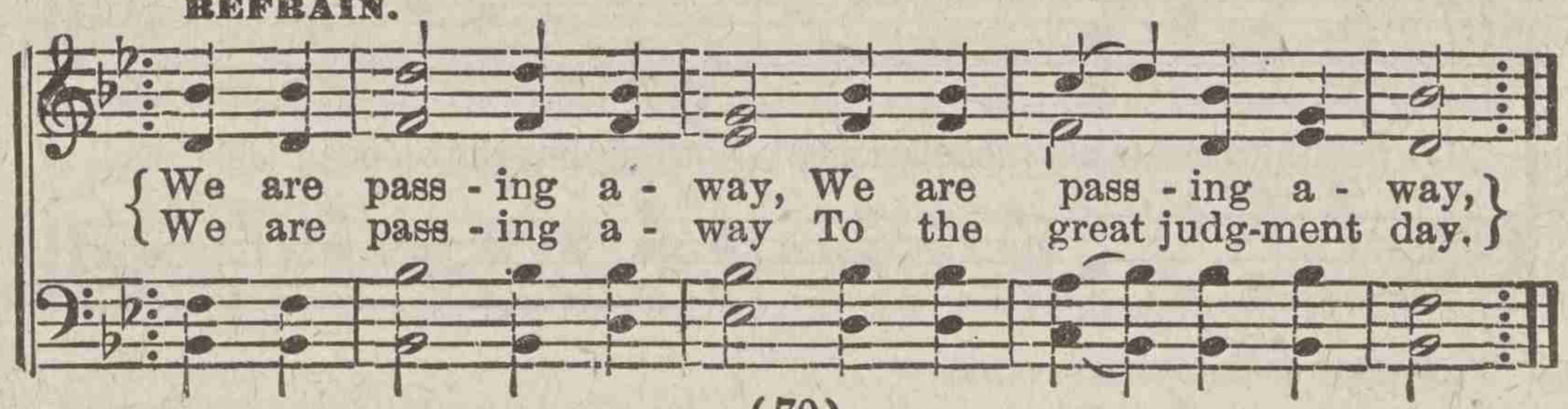
88

The Blood of Jesus.

F. M. Atkinson. Charlie D. Tillman.

1. What can ful - ly save to - day? Noth-ing but the blood,
2. What can make my path-way clear? Noth-ing but the blood,
3. What can give you peace with - in? Noth-ing but the blood,
4. It is flood - ing thro' my soul, Noth-ing but the blood,

Noth-ing but the blood; What can cleanse my guilt a - way?
Noth-ing but the blood; What can drive a - way all fear?
Noth-ing but the blood; What will help each vic - t'ry win?
Noth-ing but the blood; Pre-cious blood that makes me whole,

CHORUS.

Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus. The cleansing wave I

see, I see, Nothing but the blood, Nothing but the blood; The

healing stream now reaches me, Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.

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89

There Is Power In the Blood.

L. E. J. 1 JOHN 1: 7. L. E. Jones.

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

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

CHORUS.

There's won-der-ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r,
There is pow'r,

Won-der-working pow'r in the blood of the Lamb; There is
in the blood of the Lamb,

pow'r, pow'r, Wonder-working pow'r In the precious blood of the Lamb.
There is pow'r,

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90 Oh, Don't Stay Away.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. REV. W. J. STUART, A. M.

With expression.

1. Come, soul, and find thy rest, No long-er be distressed; Come to thy
2. Dark is the world, and cold, Her cares can-not be told; Come to thy
3. Come with thy load of sin, Christ died thy soul to win; Now He will
4. Time here will soon be past, Moments are fly-ing fast, Judgment will
5. Come, oh, we pray thee, come, Come, and no longer roam; Come now and

CHORUS.

Savior's breast, Oh, don't stay a-way.
Savior's fold, Oh, don't stay a-way.
take thee in, Oh, don't stay a-way. Pray'rs are as-cend-ing now, An-
come at last, Oh, don't stay a-way.
start for home, Oh, don't stay a-way.

rit.

gels are bending now, Both worlds are blending now, Oh, don't stay a-way.

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91 No, Not One.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. GEO. C. HUGG.

Slow and with feeling. **Fine.**

1. { There's not a friend like the low-ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!
   { None else could heal all our soul's dis-eas-es, No, not one! no, not one!
2. { No friend like Him is so high and ho-ly, No, not one! no, not one!
   { And yet no friend is so meek and low-ly, No, not one! no, not one!
3. { There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
   { No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
4. { Did ev-er saint find this Friend forsake him, No, not one! no, not one!
   { Or sinner find that He would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!
5. { Was e'er a gift like the Sav-ior giv-en? No, not one! no, not one!
   { Will He re-fuse us a home in heaven? No, not one! no, not one!

D. C.—*There's not a friend like the low-ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!*

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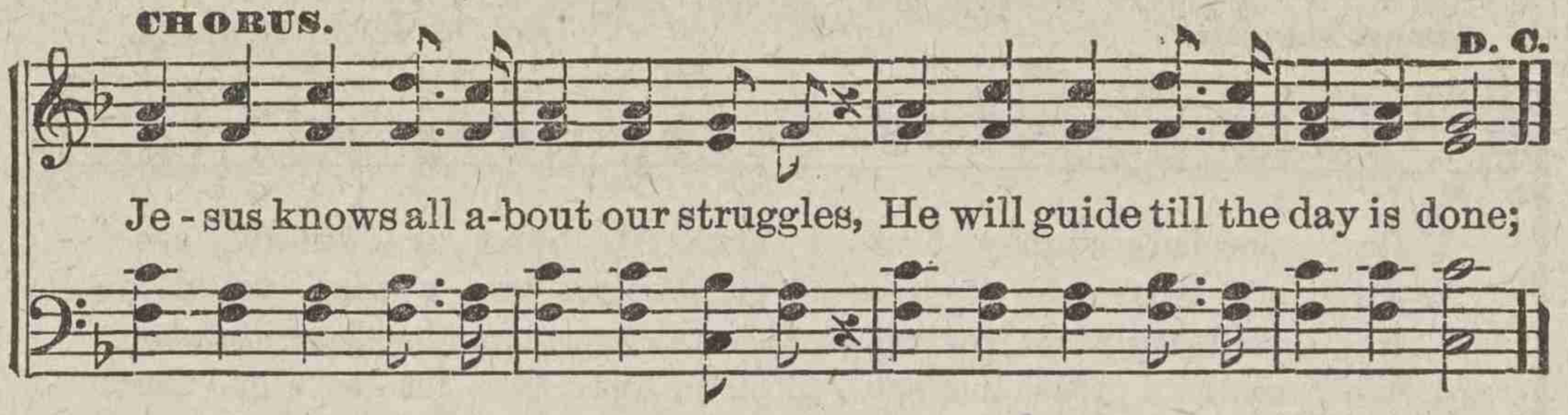
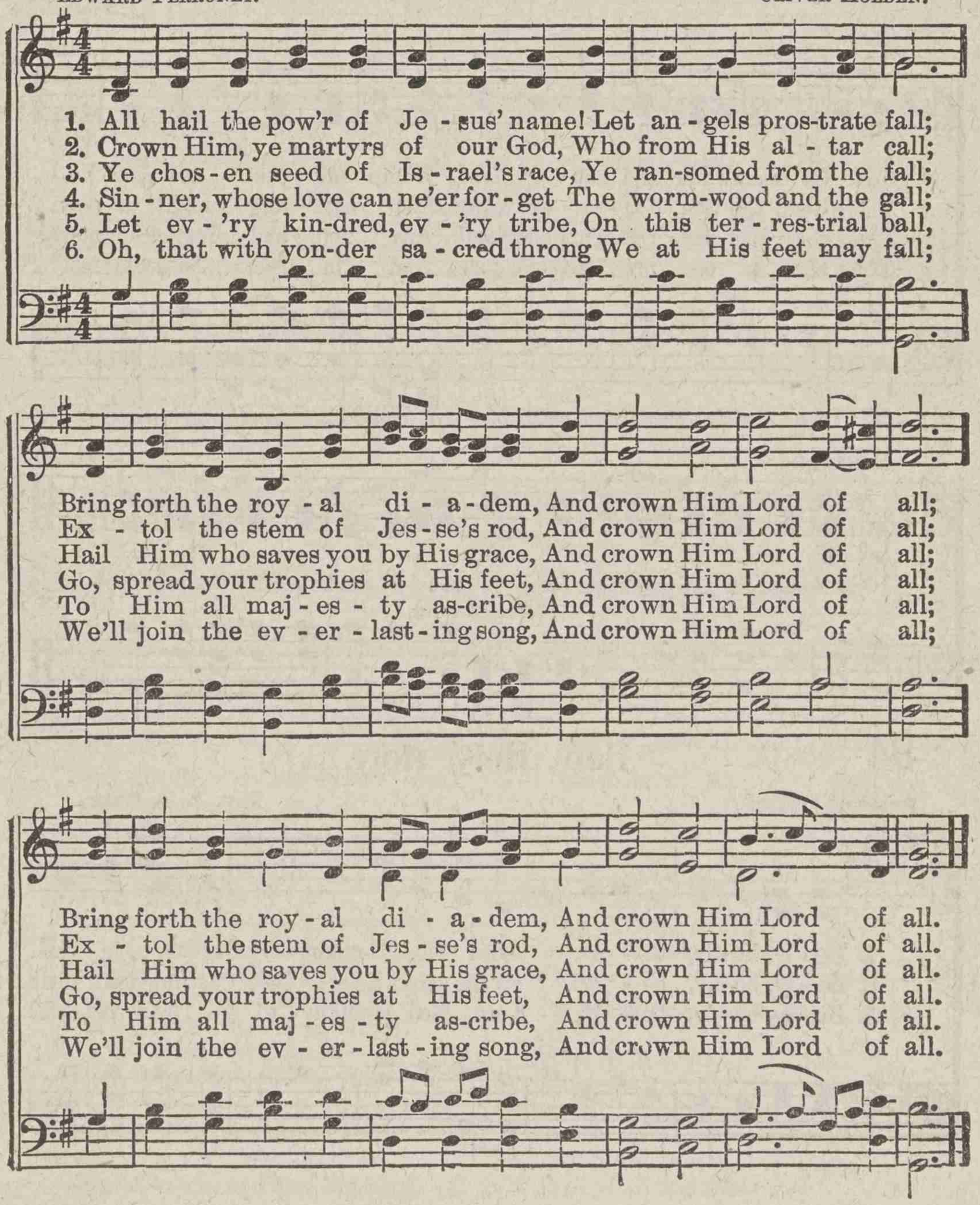
No, Not One. Concluded.



92 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

EDWARD PERRONET. OLIVER HOLDEN.



93 The Promised Land.

Samuel Stennett. **Arr. by R. M. McIntosh.**

1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye
2. All o'er those wide-ex-tend-ed plains Shines one e-ter-nal day;
3. No chill-ing winds, nor pois'nous breath, Can reach that healthful shore;
4. When shall I reach that hap-py place, And be for-ev-er blest?

To Ca-naan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.
There God, the Son, for-ev-er reigns, And scat-ters night a-way.
Sick-ness and sor-row, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.
When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bos-om rest?

D. S.—*O who will come and go with me? I am bound for the promised land.*

REFRAIN.

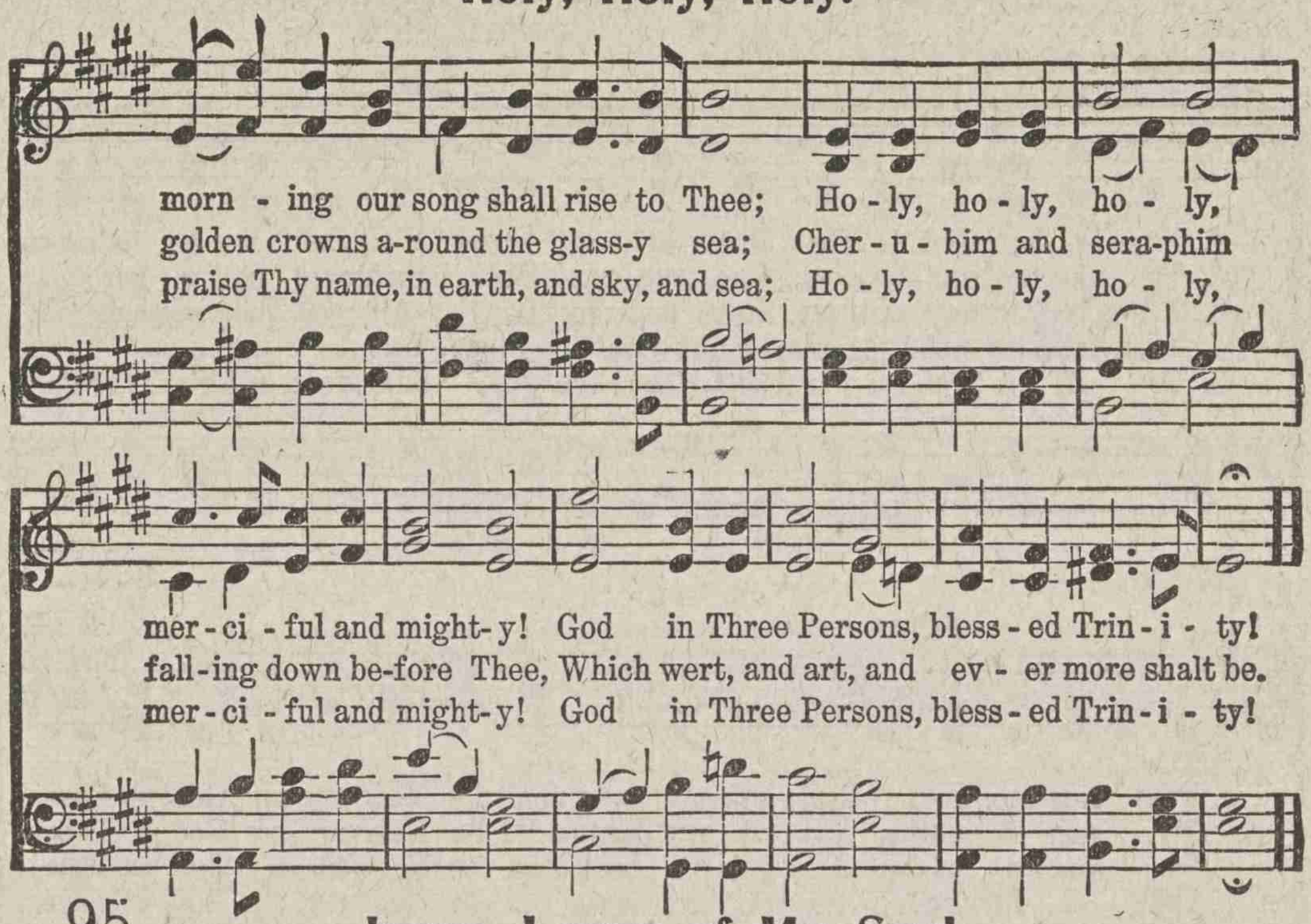
I am bound for the promised land, ... I am bound for the promised land;
promised land,

94 Holy, Holy, Holy.

Reginald Heber. **Rev. J. B. Dykes.**

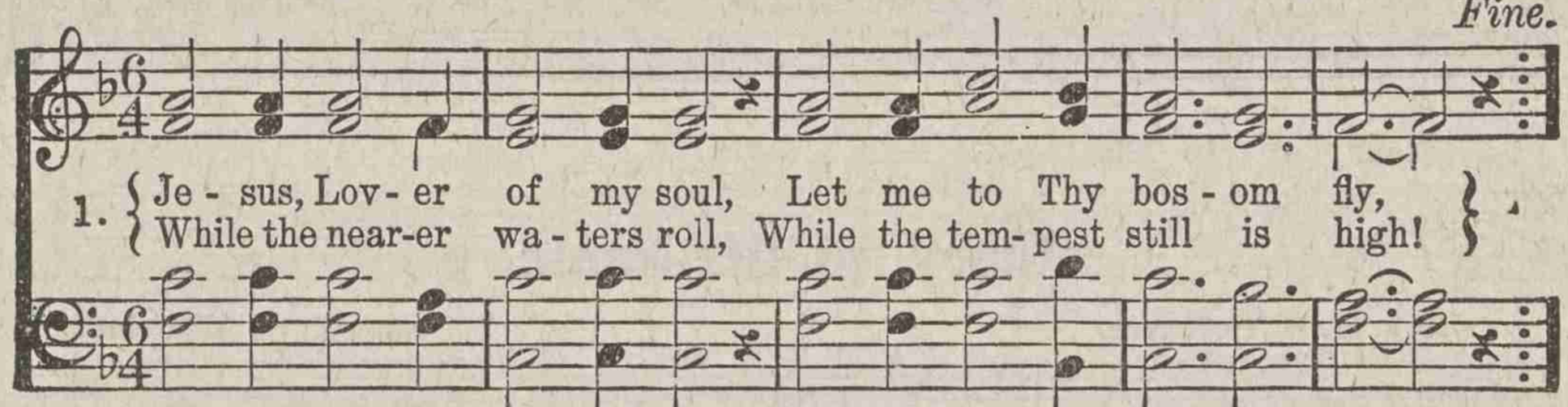
1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y! Ear-ly in the
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! all the saints a-dore Thee, Cast-ing down their
3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y! All Thy works shall

Holy, Holy, Holy.



95

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley. **S. B. Marsh.**

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

96 Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Sarah F. Adams. Lowell Mason.

1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Tho' like the wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Darkness be o-ver me,
3. There let the way ap-pear, Steps un-to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me,
4. Then, with my waking tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my stony griefs
5. Or if, on joy-ful wing, Cleav-ing the sky, Sun, moon and stars for-got,

D. S.–Near-er, my God, to Thee,

FINE. *D. S.*

That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be Near-er, my God, to Thee,
My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be Near-er, my God, to Thee,
In mer-cy giv'n; An-gels to beck-on me Near-er, my God, to Thee,
Beth-el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near-er, my God, to Thee,
Up-ward I fly, Still all my song shall be Near-er, my God, to Thee,

Near-er to Thee!

97 Glory to His Name.

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

1. Down at the cross where my Sav-ior died, Down where for cleans-
2. I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin, Je-sus so sweet-
3. O pre-cious fount-ain, that saves from sin! I am so glad-
4. Come to this fount-ain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul

ing from sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood ap-plied;
ly a-bides with-in; There at the cross where He took me in;
I have en-tered in; There Je-sus saves and keeps me clean;
at the Sav-ior's feet; Plunge in to-day, and be made com-plete;

D. S.–*There to my heart was the blood ap-plied;*

Glory to His Name:

FINE. CHORUS. D. S.

Glo-ry to His name. Glo-ry to His name, Glo-ry to His name;

Glo-ry to His name.

98

There is a Fountain.

W. Cowper. Lowell Mason.

1. There is a fount-ain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Im - man-uel's veins;
2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That fount-ain in his day;
3. Dear dy - ing Lamb, Thy pre-cious blood Shall nev - er lose its pow'r
4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow - ing wounds sup - ply,
5. Then, in a no - bler, sweet-er song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,

f. FINE.

And sin-ners plung'd be - neath that flood Lose all their guilt - y stains.
And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
Till all the ran-somed Church of God Be saved, to sin no more.
Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
When this poor lisp - ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave.

D. S.

Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains,
Wash all my sins a - way, Wash all my sins a - way,
Be saved, to sin no more, Be saved, to sin no more,
And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die,
Lies si - lent in the grave, Lies si - lent in the grave,

99

Save One Soul For Jesus.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman. Charlie D. Tillman.

1. Try to save one soul for Je - sus, Some poor soul by sin de - filed;
2. Try to bring one soul to Je - sus From the wea - ry paths of sin;
3. Try to lead one soul to Je - sus, To the fount of life and light;
4. Try to do some work for Je - sus, Try some pre - cious soul to win;

Bring him to the lov - ing Sav - ior, He will own him as His child.
All will have a heart - y wel - come Who a bet - ter life be - gin.
He can cleanse from all de - file - ment, Make the sin-stained pure and white.
Some poor wan - d'rer in the dark - ness, Waits for thee to bring him in.

CHORUS.

He is call - ing now in ten - der-ness, Stand-ing read - y, wait - ing to for-give; He will wel-come all who come to Him, He the sin - ner will re - ceive.

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100 Bringing In the Sheaves.

KNOWLES SHAW. GEO. A. MINOR.

1. Sow - ing in the morn - ing, sow - ing seeds of kind - ness,
2. Sow - ing in the sun - shine, sow - ing in the shad - ows,
3. Go, then, ev - en weep - ing, sow - ing for the Mas - ter,

1. Sow-ing in the noon-tide and the dew - y eve; Wait-ing for the
2. Fear-ing nei-ther clouds nor winter's chill-ing breeze; By and by the
3. Tho' the loss sustained our spir - it oft - en grieves; When our weeping's

1. har-vest, and the time of reap - ing, We shall come re - joic - ing,
2. har-vest, and the la - bor end - ed, We shall come re - joic - ing,
3. o - ver, He will bid us wel - come, We shall come re - joic - ing,

CHORUS.

bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,

We shall come rejoicing, Bringing in the sheaves;
We shall come re-joic - [*Omit . . . . .*] ing, Bringing in the sheaves.

By permission.

No. 101. Sowing for the Harvest.

Eben E. Rexford. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY HILDEBRAND-BURNETT CO. **Samuel W. Beazley**

1. Sow the good seed of the spir - it, God will send the rain, And He will give us the sunshine, And the rich, ripe grain. Sow in the lives here a-
2. Sow in the cool of the morning, Seed of faith and trust; La - bor on pa - tient- ly, know-ing God is good and just; Sow the sweet gos-pel of
3. Faithful - ly, stead-fast-ly la - bor, While the moments fly, Trusting to God for the har - vest In His by and by. He will re-ward you for

bout you Seed of love, to grow In - to a boun - ti - ful har - vest,—
glad-ness, Ev-'ry-where you go; Drive out the gloom and the sad - ness,—
serv - ice When you homeward go; So be a dil - i - gent work - er,—

CHORUS.

God would have it so. Sow good seed, Sow
Sow the good seed by the wayside, Sow on the
on hill and plain; Sing as you sow for the har- vest—This be the
hill and the plain; . . . .

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Sowing for the Harvest.

joy-ous re - frain: "La - bor on, good and
"La - bor for Je - sus is pleas-ant, For a kind Mas - ter is

kind is He; Pull up the tares when you find them, Come and work with me."
He;.....

No. 102. Work, for the Night is Coming.

Sidney Dyer. Lowell Mason.

1. Work, for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the morn-ing hours; Work while the
2. Work, for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the sun - ny noon; Fill brightest
3. Work, for the night is com-ing, Un - der the sun - set skies; While their bright

dew is spark-ling, Work 'mid springing flow'rs; Work when the day grows brighter,
hours with la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon; Give ev - 'ry fly - ing mo - ment
tints are glow-ing, Work, for day-light flies; Work till the last beam fad - eth,

Work in the glowing sun; Work, for the night is com-ing, When man's work is done.
Something to keep in store; Work, for the night is com-ing, When man works no more.
Fad-eth to shine no more; Work, for the night is dark'ning, When man's work is o'er.

103 The Coming Millions.

W. C. A. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. Hark the tread of com - ing millions Marching on—the hosts of God;
2. God His pro-mise is ful-fil - ing To His well be - lov - ed Son:
3. Christ is see-ing of the tra - vail Of His loving, wait - ing soul,
4. Sol - diers of the cross, long waiting For the com - ing of this day—
5. When the long re-treat has sounded, And our Chieftain leads the way,
6. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb!

Coming from the isles and na - tions, Ransom'd by the Sav-ior's blood.
Heathen nations to Him giv - ing, For a her - i - tage, His own.
In the tri-umphs of the gos - pel O - ver men, from pole to pole,
Toil-ing, weeping, watching, praying—Courage take and march a - way.
By His conqu'ring hosts surrounded, To the realms of end - less day;
All in earth and all in heav - en Sound the prais - es of His name!

Hear them shouting! Hear them shouting! "He hath wash'd us in His blood!"
See them com-ing! See them com-ing! All to wor - ship at His throne,
Hear their prais-es! Hear their prais-es! Like the voice of wa - ters roll,
"We have triumphed!" "We have triumphed!" Soon you'll hear our Captain say,
Then, how bless-ed! Oh, how bless-ed! To have fought to win the day,
Might - y Sav - ior! Might-y Sav - ior! We will con-quer in Thy name,

Hear them shouting! Hear them shouting! "He hath wash'd us in His blood!"
See them com-ing! See them com-ing! All to wor ship at His throne.
Hear their prais-es! Hear their prais-es! Like the voice of wa - ters roll.
"We have triumphed!" "We have triumphed!" Soon you'll hear our Captain say.
Then, how bless-ed! Oh, how bless-ed! To have fought to win the day.
Might-y Sav - ior! Might-y Sav - ior! We will con - quer in Thy name.

Copyright, 1910, by Charlie D. Tillman.

104

I Will Follow.

(Inscribed to the Houston School of the Prophets.)

R. E. W. OWNED BY R. E. WINSETT, CLEVELAND, TENN. R. E. Winsett.

1. I will fol-low Je-sus, bless His name, For His pow'r remaineth just the
2. All on the al-tar laid as sac-ri-fice, Saved by His grace, with new life now I
3. O I will lis-ten to the still small voice, Saying to me, My will must be your
4. The Ho-ly Comfort-er has come to stay, In-to the lives of those who will o-

same, As when followed by the saints of old, To save and cleanse the soul.
rise, With a pure heart, I to Him will be true, His blood hath cleansed me thro'.
choice, Gladly I'll fol-low now my Lead-er true, He fills me thro' and thro'.
bey, Brother, O this is for you, come and go Where liv-ing wat-ers flow.

CHORUS.

I will fol-low, I will fol-low, Follow Je-sus ev'-ry day.
I will fol-low, fol-low on,
I....will fol-low, glad-ly fol-low, Follow Je-sus all the way.
fol-low till He takes me home,

105

We're Marching to Zion.

(Key of G.) I. Watts.

1 Come we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known,
‖:Join in a song with sweet accord,:‖
‖:And thus surround the throne.:‖

CHORUS.
We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful Zion,
We're marching upward to Zion,
The beautiful city of God.

2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
‖:But children of the heavenly King,:‖
‖:May speak their joys abroad.:‖

3 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
‖:Before we reach the heavenly fields,:‖
‖:Or walk the golden streets.:‖

4 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
‖:We're marching through Immanuel's ground,:‖
‖:To fairer worlds on high.:‖

No. 106. Build On the Rock.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.
THE A. J. SHOWALTER CO., OWNERS.

S. W. B. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. Built up - on the sol - id Rock the house will stand; Storms may beat up-
2. Founded on the sol - id Rock the house is strong; Tho' the pow'rs that
3. With a firm foun-da-tion laid up - on the Rock, We can build in

on it and in rage ex - pand, Not pre - vail-ing 'gainst the one Foun-
threaten may a - round it throng, It will stand in gran-deur thro' the
safe - ty, tho' the storms may mock, Fear-ing not the ter - rors of the

da - tion grand; Then build on the Rock of A - ges.
a - ges long; Then build on the Rock of A - ges.
tem - pest's shock; Then build on the Rock of A - ges.

CHORUS.

Build on the Rock, it will stand;
Build on the Rock, it will stand, se - cure - ly stand; oh,
Build on the Rock of A - ges, it will stand; oh,
Build on the Rock, not the sand;
Build on the Rock, not the sand, the sink-ing sand; the
Build on the sol - id Rock and not the sand; the

Build On the Rock.

Storm-y winds may blow you, But can-not o - ver-throw you If on the

Rock you're build-ing right; For sure and stead - y it stands,

firm-ly stands, and

firm, se - cure,

firm - ly and se - cure - ly stands, and Thro' a - ges long

there se - cure, . . Thro' a - ges nev - er end - ing

'twill en - dure;

'twill en-dure, en - dure for - ev - er; Safe are the souls who have

'twill en - dure for - ev - er;

built on the Rock, "They shall not be re - moved."

"They shall not be removed."

re - moved."

No. 107. The Spirit-Filled Life.

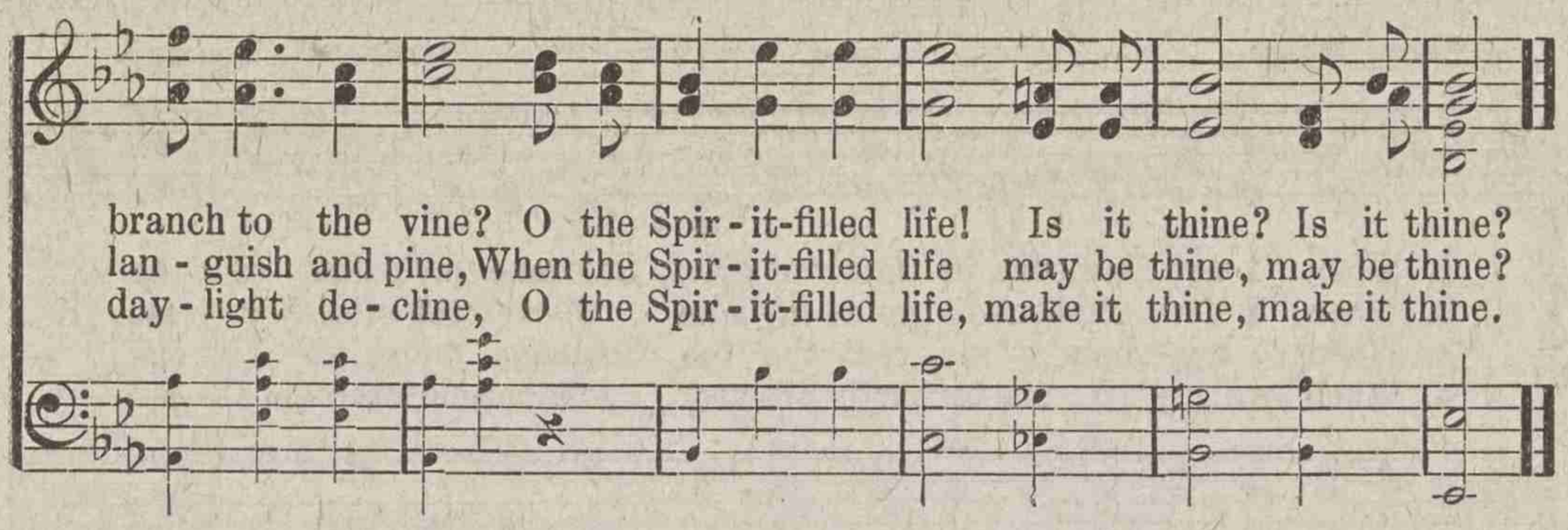
COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

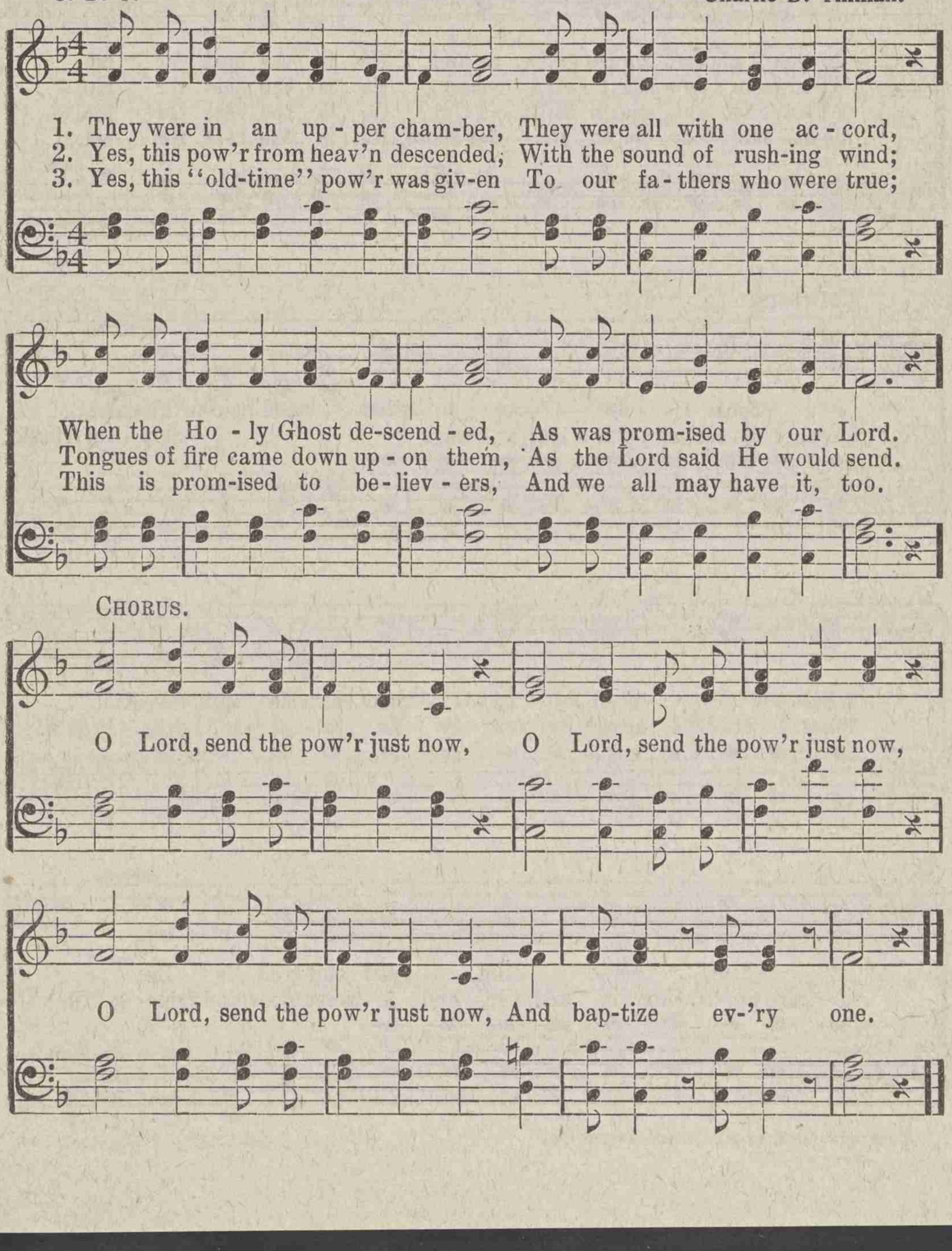
DUET.

1. O the Spir - it-filled life! Is it thine? Is it thine? Has the Com-fort-er come in His full-ness di - vine? To this heav-en - ly Guest have you o - pened the door? Does He dwell in your heart and your life ev - er-
2. For the Spir - it-filled life may be thine, may be thine; You may feast on the corn, and the hon-ey and wine; 'Tis thy her - it - age purchased on Cal - va - ry's tree; 'Tis the Savior's com-mand, "Go, and Spir - it - filled pow - er and bless, Cross the Jor - dan to - day and your Ca-naan pos-
3. O the Spir - it-filled life, make it thine, make it thine; All the dross He'll con- sume and the gold will re - fine; Let the Ho - ly Ghost in to em- more? Just u - nit - ed to Christ, as the branch to the vine, O the be." In the wil - der - ness why will ye lan-guish and pine, When the sess. Ere the night-shad-ows fall and the day-light de - cline, O the

Spir-it-filled life! Is it thine? Is it thine? Just u - nit-ed to Christ, as the
Spir-it-filled life may be thine, may be thine? In the wil-der-ness why will ye
Spir-it-filled life, make it thine, make it thine. Ere the night-shadows fall and the

The Spirit-Filled Life.

No. 108. Old-Time Power.

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

C. D. T. COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN. Charlie D. Tillman.

No. 109. I Choose Jesus.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY HILDEBRAND-BURNETT CO. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. When I need someone in time of grief, Someone my cheer to be,
2. When I need someone to guide my soul O - ver the storm - y sea,
3. When I need help to de - feat the foe, Someone my shield to be,
4. When all my tri - als on earth are o'er, And the dark stream I see,

Je - sus I choose, for He gives re - lief, He is the best for me.
Al - ways to Je - sus I give control, He is the best for me.
Al - ways to Je - sus in faith I go, He is the best for me.
Je - sus shall bear me to yon - der shore, He is the best for me.

CHORUS.

I choose Je - sus when I need a friend,....
Yes, I choose my Sav - iour al - ways help - ful friend,

What I need I know that He will send;.....
What I need I know that sure - ly He to me will free - ly send;

I have proved Him, good and true is He;.....
I have proved Him o'er and o'er, and al - ways good and true is He;

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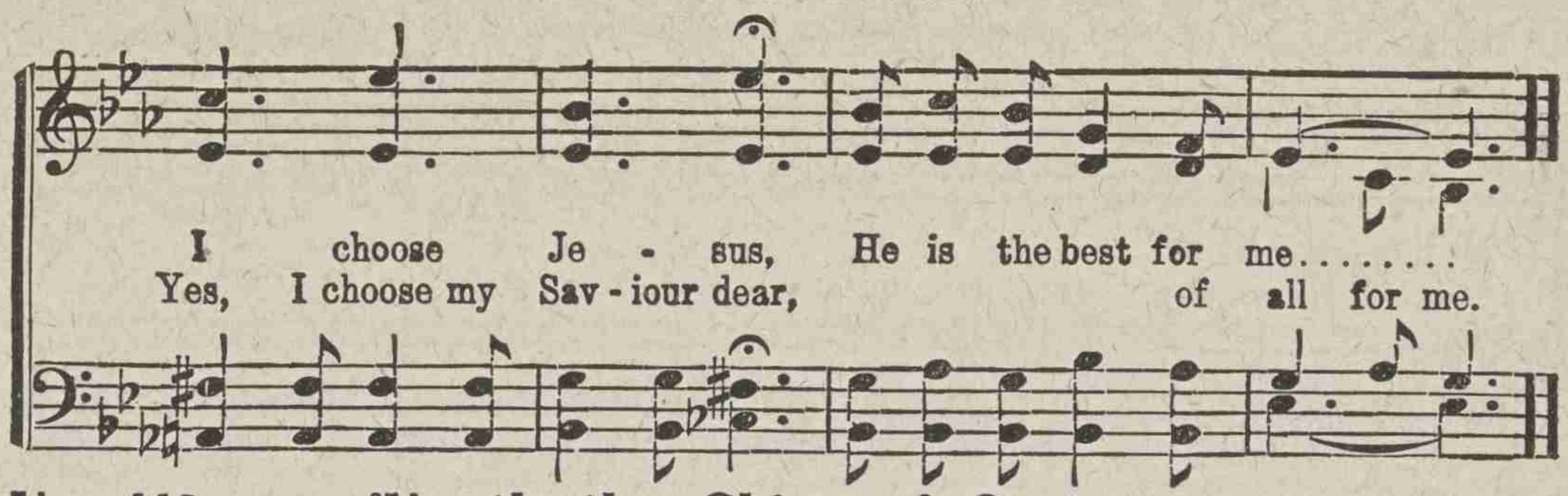
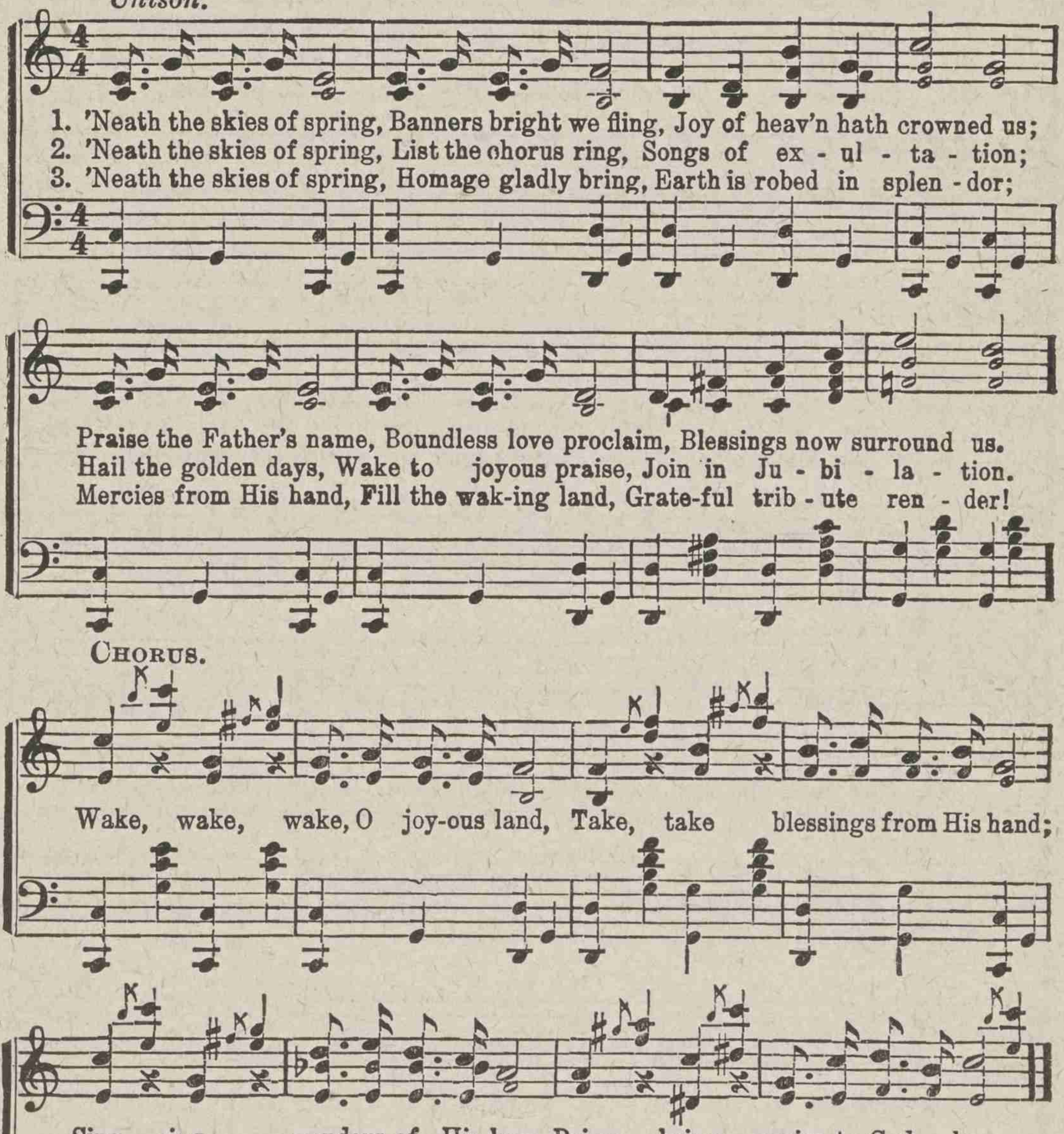
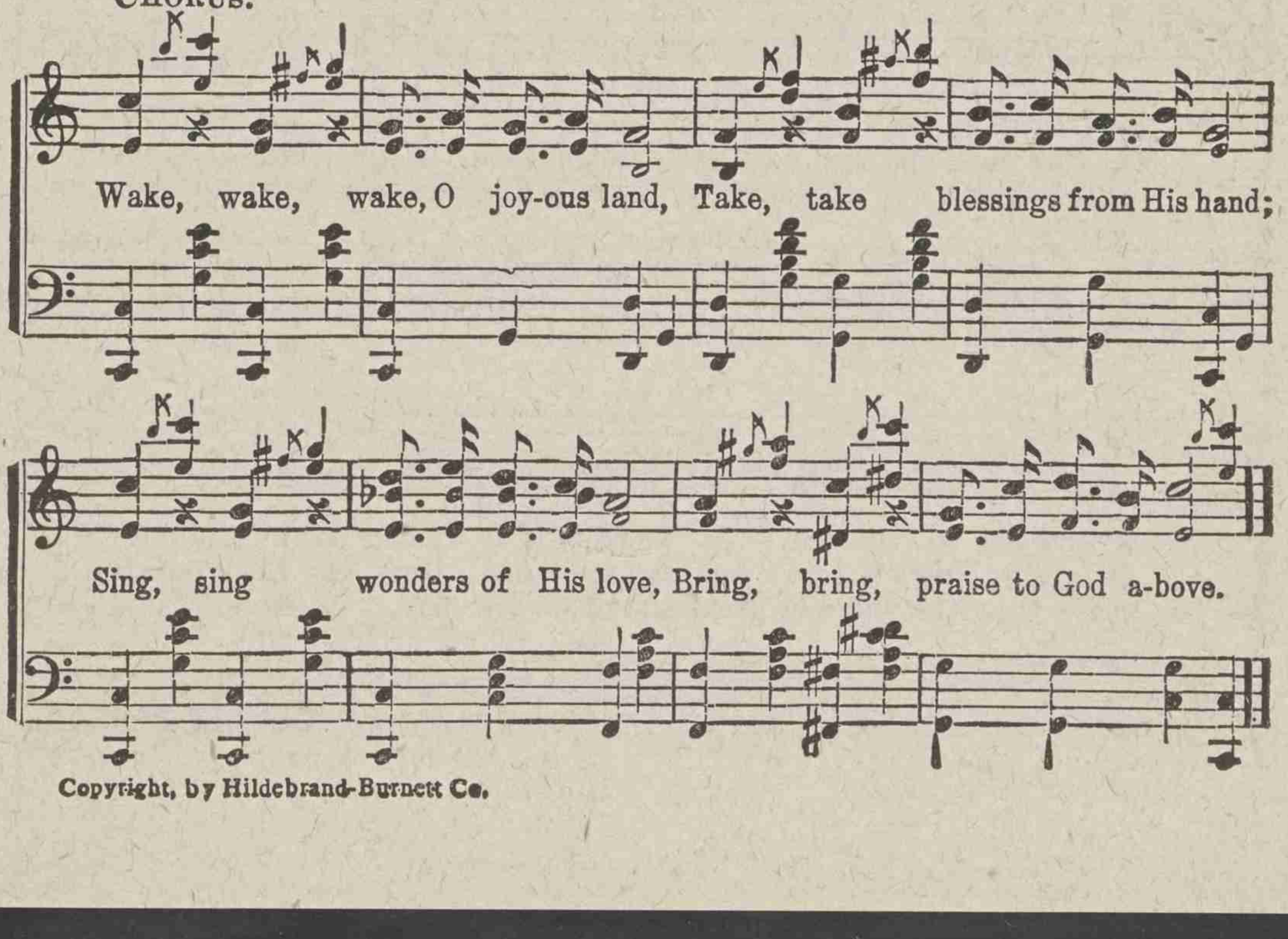
I Choose Jesus.

No. 110. 'Neath the Skies of Spring.

Elsie Duncan Yale. COPYRIGHT, BY HILDEBRAND-BURNETT CO. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

Unison.



CHORUS.



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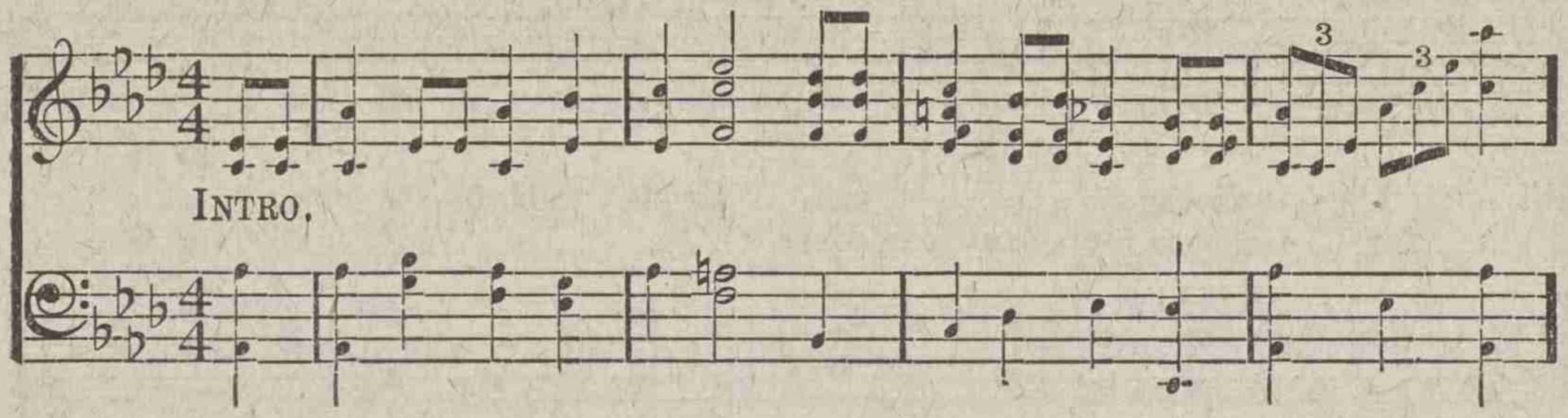
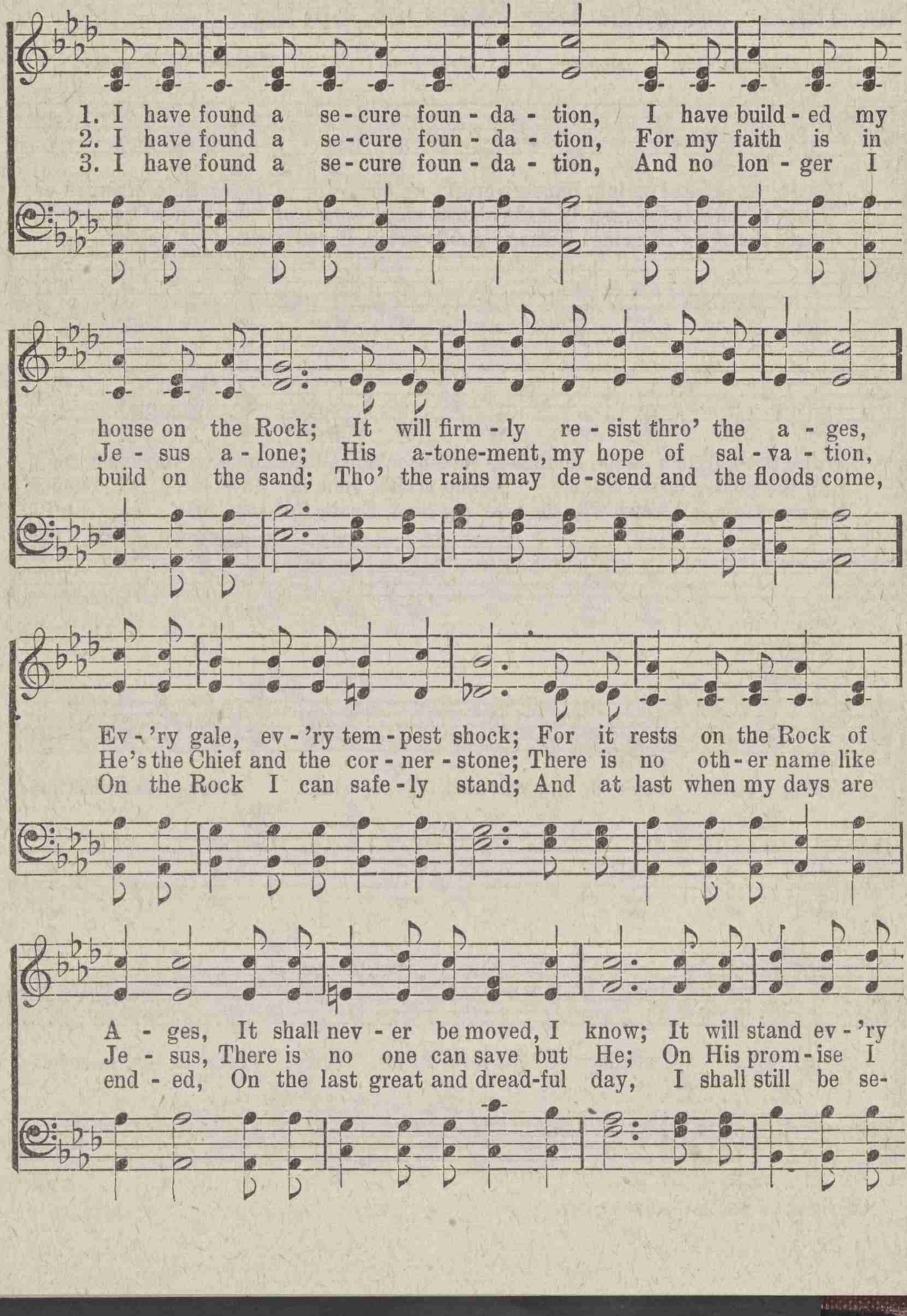
No. 111. The Sure Foundation.

H. L.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

Haldor Lillenas.

1. I have found a se-cure foun-da-tion, I have build-ed my house on the Rock; It will firm-ly re-sist thro' the a-ges,
2. I have found a se-cure foun-da-tion, For my faith is in Je-sus a-lone; His a-tone-ment, my hope of sal-va-tion,
3. I have found a se-cure foun-da-tion, And no lon-ger I build on the sand; Tho' the rains may de-scend and the floods come,



Ev-'ry gale, ev-'ry tem-pest shock; For it rests on the Rock of A-ges, It shall nev-er be moved, I know; It will stand ev-'ry
He's the Chief and the cor-ner-stone; There is no oth-er name like Je-sus, There is no one can save but He; On His prom-ise I
On the Rock I can safe-ly stand; And at last when my days are end-ed, On the last great and dread-ful day, I shall still be se-

The Sure Foundation.

test, on it I may rest, Tho' the howl - ing winds may blow.
rest, it will stand the test, Both in time and e - ter - ni - ty.
cure on foun - da - tion sure, For His word shall not pass a - way.

CHORUS.

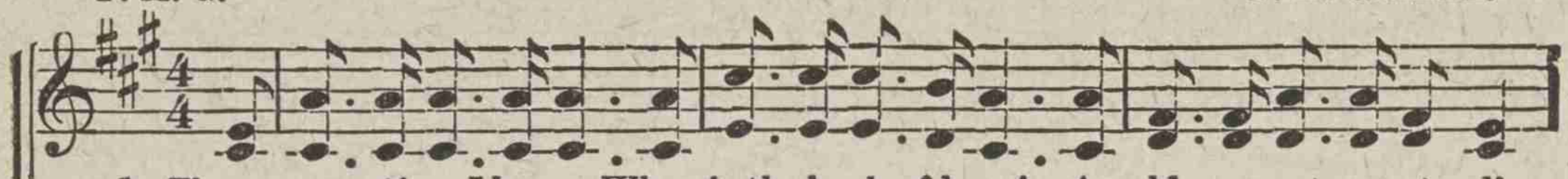
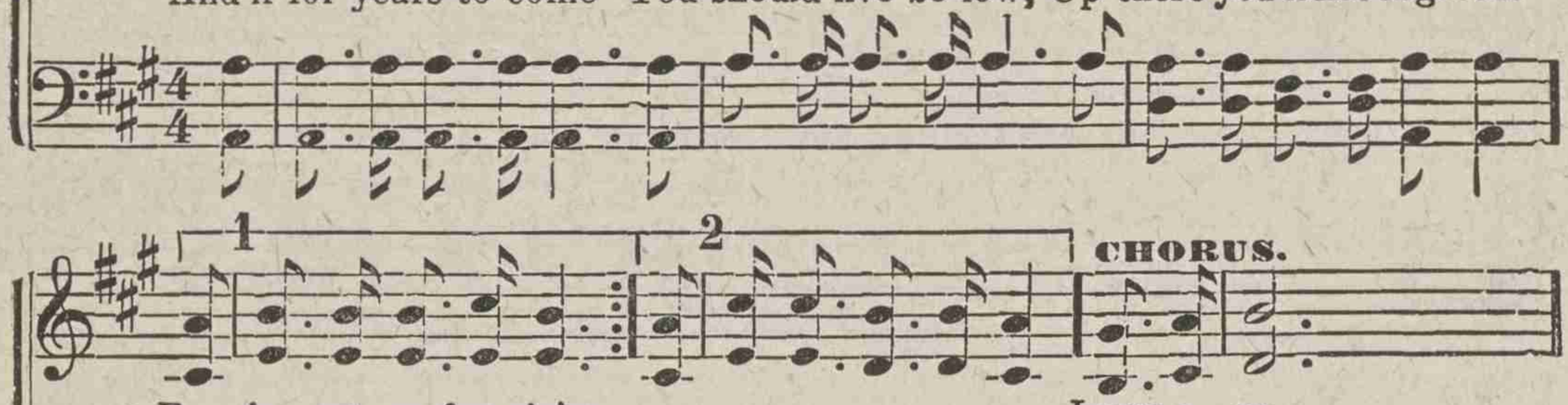
On a sure foun-da - tion I am rest - ing ev - 'ry day;
On a sure foun - da - tion rest - ing

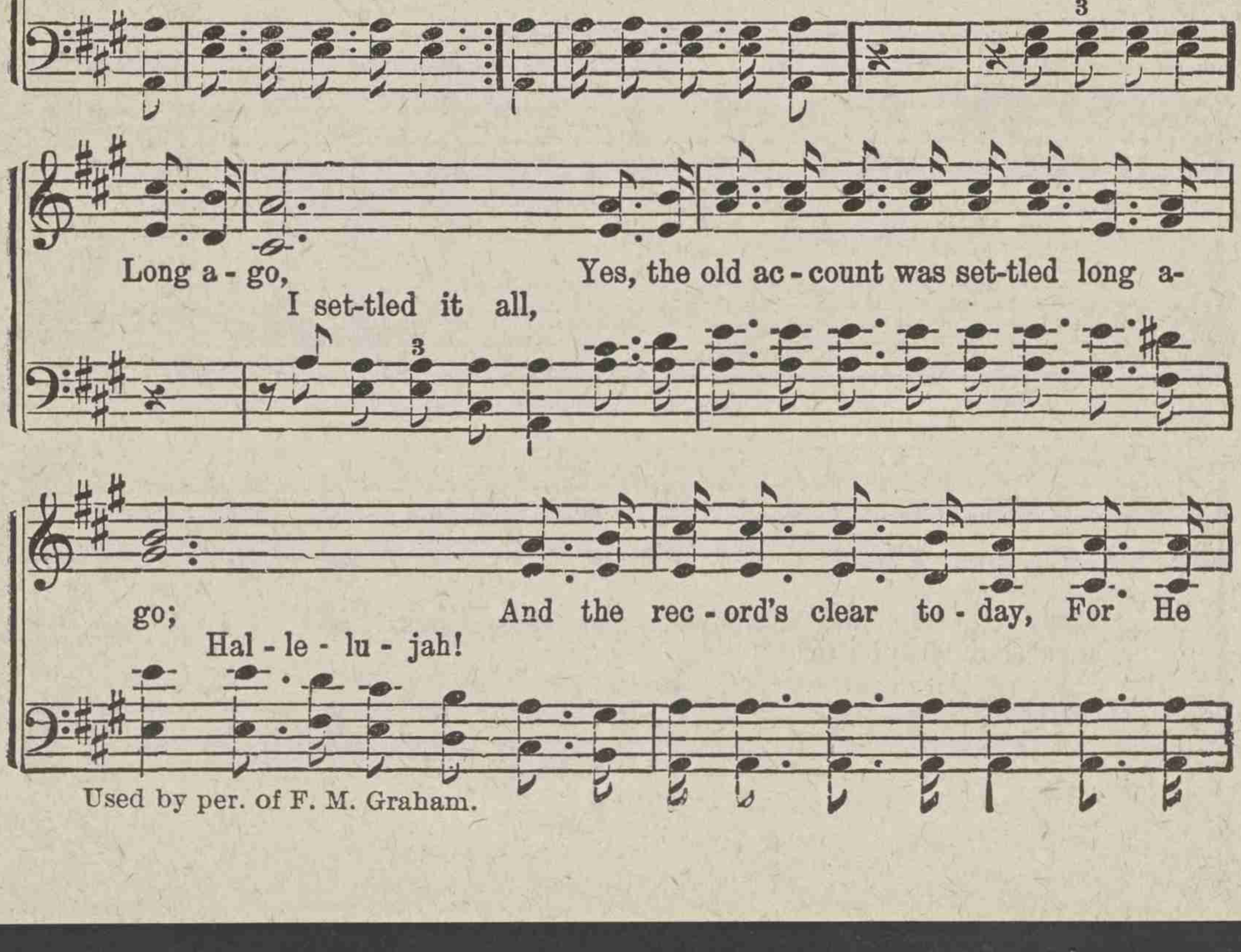
On the Rock of A - ges that can nev - er give a - way;
ev - - - 'ry day, It can nev - er give a - way;

Je - sus is my Sav - ior and my on - ly hope and
Je - sus is my

stay, I am stand-ing on the Rock of A - ges.
hope and stay, I'm

112 The Old Account Settled Long Ago.

F. M. G. F. M. GRAHAM.

1. There was a time I know, When in the book of heav'n, An old account was standing,
   My name was at the top, And many things be-low, But I went to the keep-er,
2. The old account was large, And larg-er ev-'ry day, For I was always sinning,
   But when I looked ahead, And saw such pain and woe, I said that I would set-tle,
3. When at the judgment bar, I stand before my King, And He the book will open,
   Then will my heart be glad, While tears of joy will flow, Be-cause I had it set-tled,
4. When in that happy home, My Saviour's home above, I'll sing redemption's story,
   I'll not forget that book, With pages white as snow, Because I came and settled,
5. O sinner seek the Lord, Repent of all your sin, For thus He has com-mand-ed,
   And if for years to come You should live be-low, Up there you'll not regret it

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

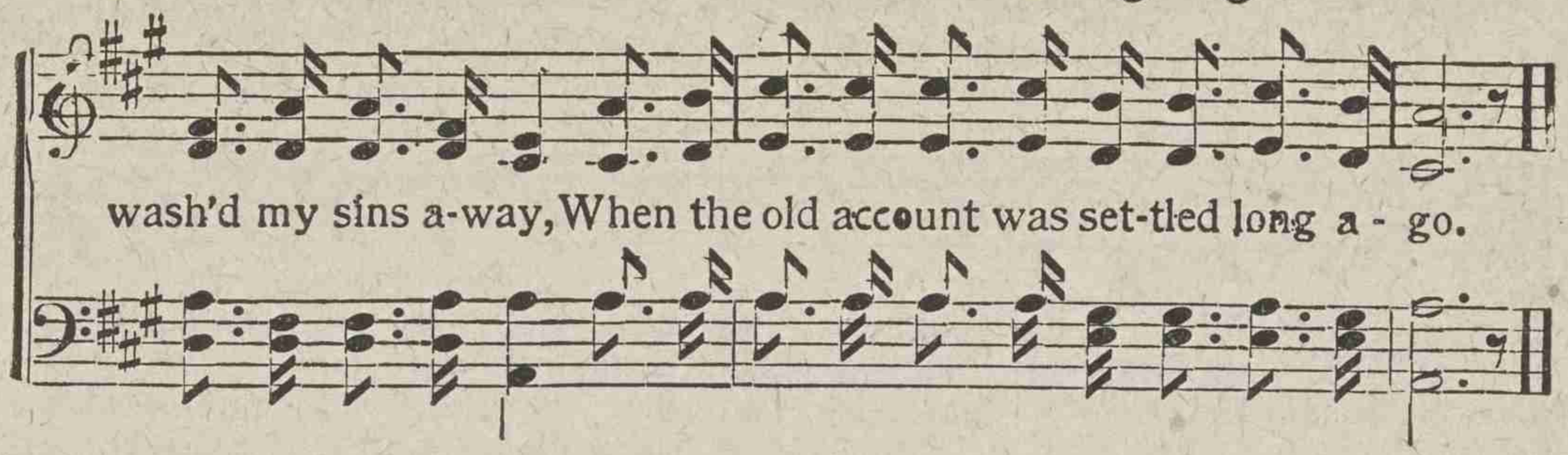


Long a - go, Yes, the old ac - count was set-tled long a-
I set-tled it all,

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

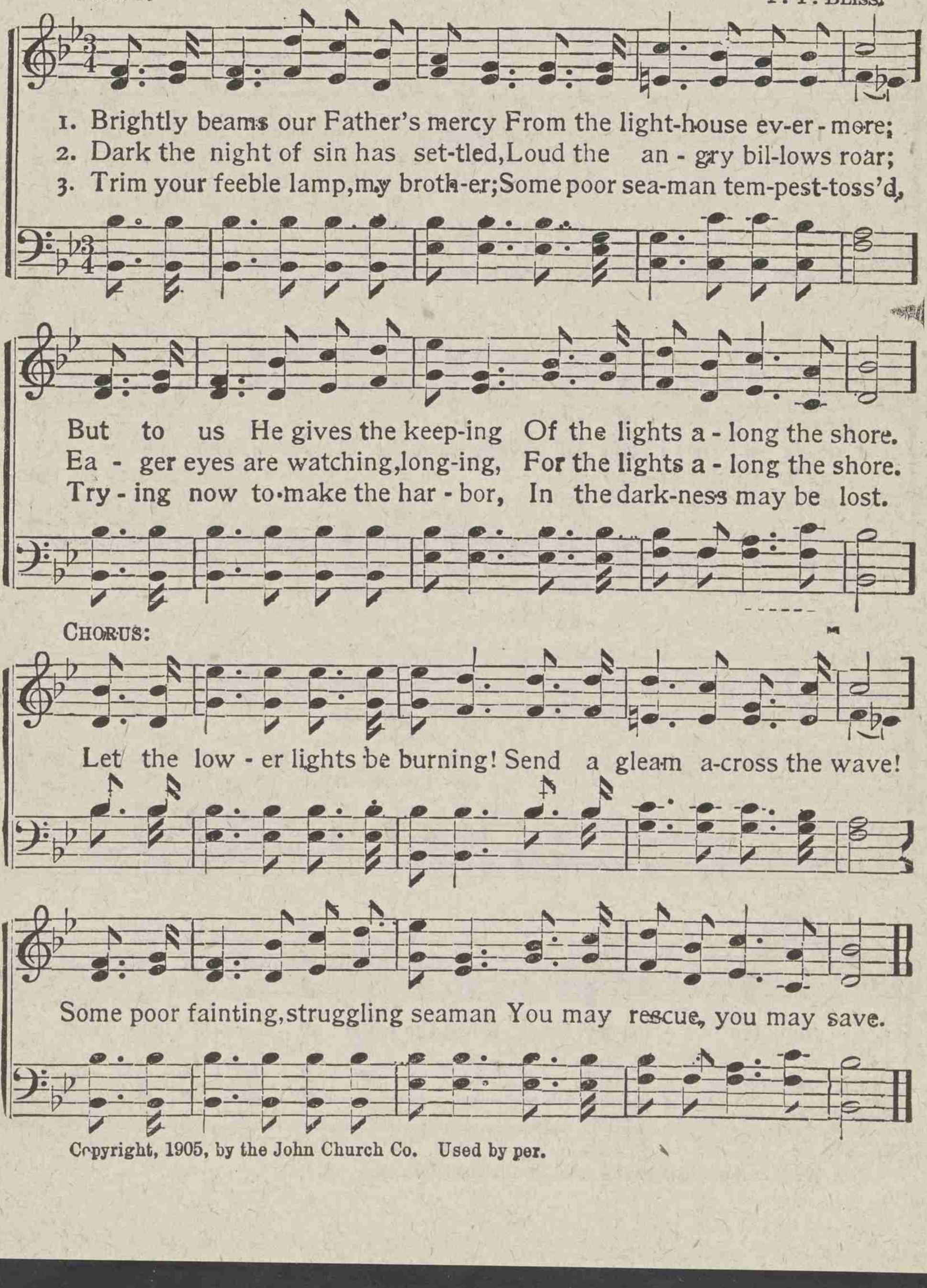
Used by per. of F. M. Graham.

The Old Account Settled Long Ago.



113 Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.



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No. 114. When the Walls of Jericho Fall.

Dedicated to the W. C. T. U. of Rockland, Me.

E. S. U. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY E. S. UFFORD. Rev. E. S. Ufford.

1. Sin's do - min - ion must be ta - ken, God has sent the bat - tle
2. We will trav - el all a - bout them, Fear-ing not if we are
3. 'Round the cit - y march-ing, marching, Ev - er loy - al, one and

call; The foe is trem-bling, and we must wa - ken Till the
small, Un - til by pray - er and faith we rout them, And the
all, *We'll sound the trump - et, and shout, "Sal - va - tion," Till the

CHORUS.

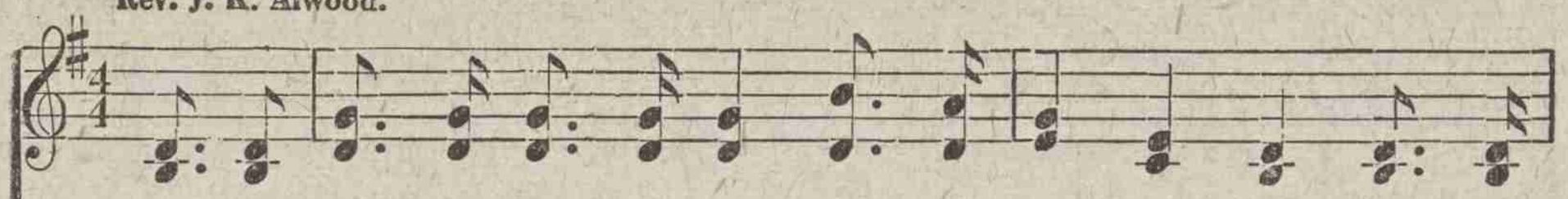
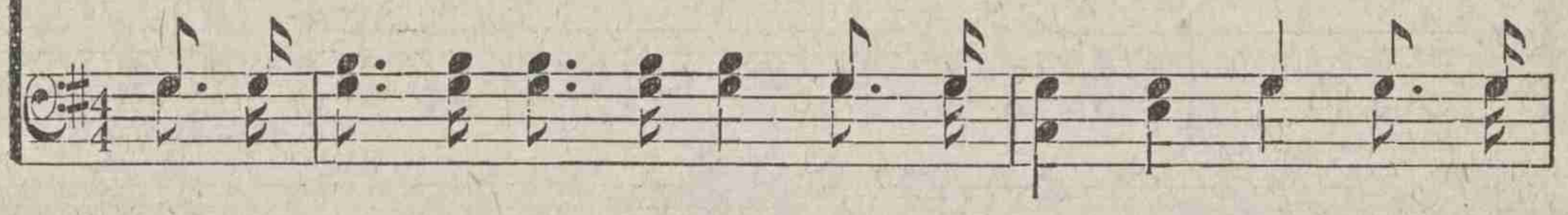
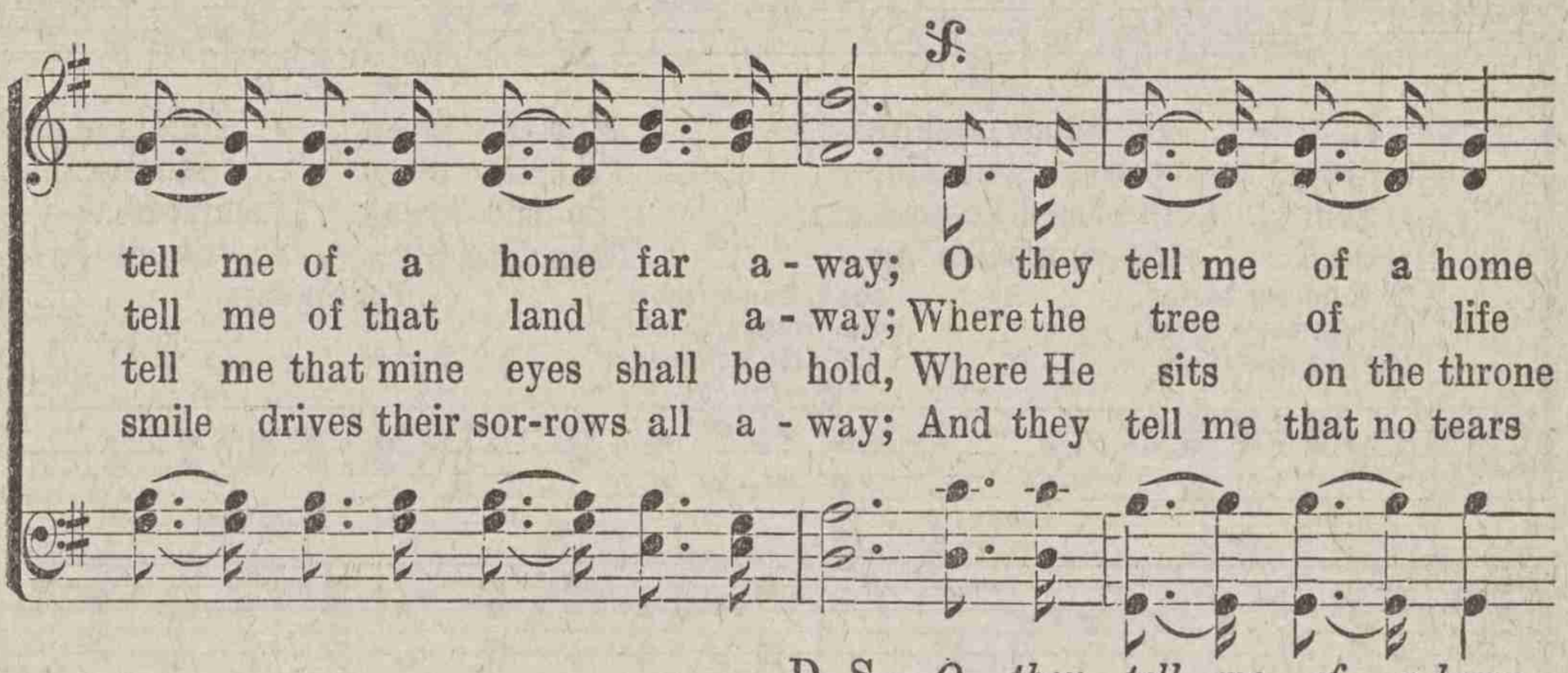
walls of Jer - i - cho fall. When the walls of Jer - i - cho fall,
walls of Jer - i - cho fall.
walls of Jer - i - cho fall.
Jer - i - cho fall,

When the walls of Jer - i - cho fall, Oh, I want to be there,
Jer - i - cho fall,

And the vic - to - ry share, When the walls of Jer - i - cho fall.

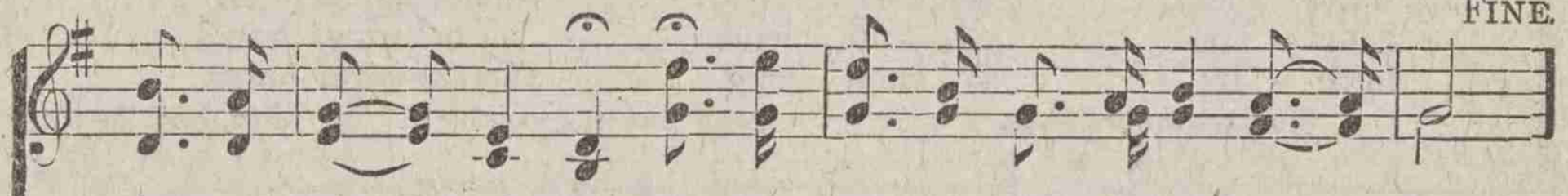
*Or. We'll cast our ballots and vote, No License! Till, etc.

115 The Unclouded Day.

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

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



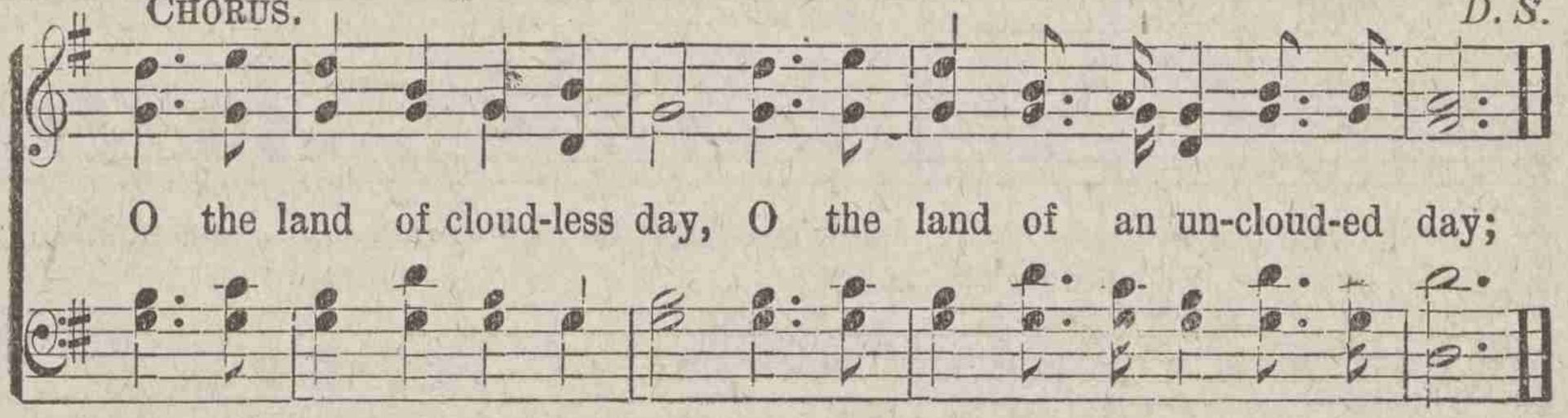
tell me of a home far a - way; O they tell me of a home
tell me of that land far a - way; Where the tree of life
tell me that mine eyes shall be hold, Where He sits on the throne
smile drives their sor-rows all a - way; And they tell me that no tears

D. S.—*O they tell me of a home*

FINE.

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

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

CHORUS. *D. S.*



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

No. 116. For Jesus' Sake.

(MALE QUARTET.)

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. Haste we on, . . . the Mas-ter call - eth, Fold our
2. Haste we on . . . to those that per - ish, On the
3. Haste we on . . . with zeal and cour - age, Hear a-
4. Haste we on . . . our sheaves to gath - er, For the

(1) Haste we on, the Mas - ter call - eth,

i - dle hands no more, For the work - ing days are
drear - y wastes of sin, To the feast . . of love that
gain . . our Lord's command, To the weak . . and heav-y-
reap - ing soon will come, Then with joy, . . if we are

(1) Fold our hands, our hands no more, For the days,
(2) On the wastes, the wastes of sin,
(4) For the time, the time will come,

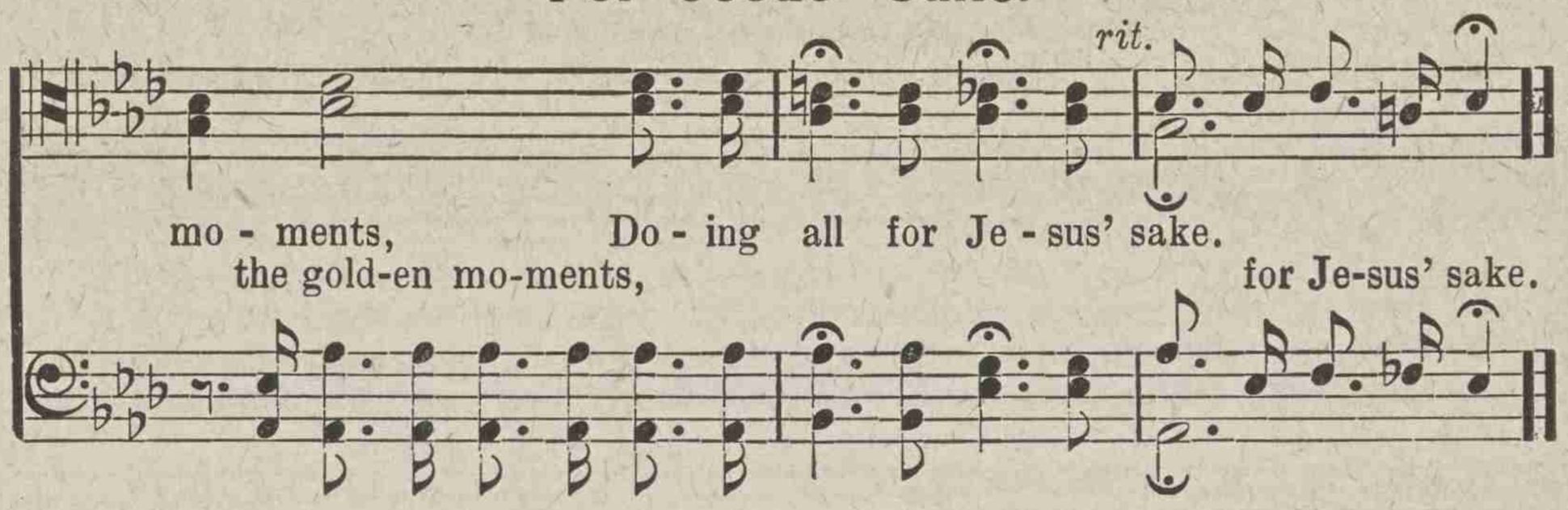
wan - ing, Soon the har - vest will be o'er.
waits them, Quick-ly go . . . and bring them in.
heart - ed, Go and lend . . a help-ing hand.
faith - ful, We shall sing . . the har-vest home.

the days are wan-ing, Soon the har - vest will be o'er, will be o'er.

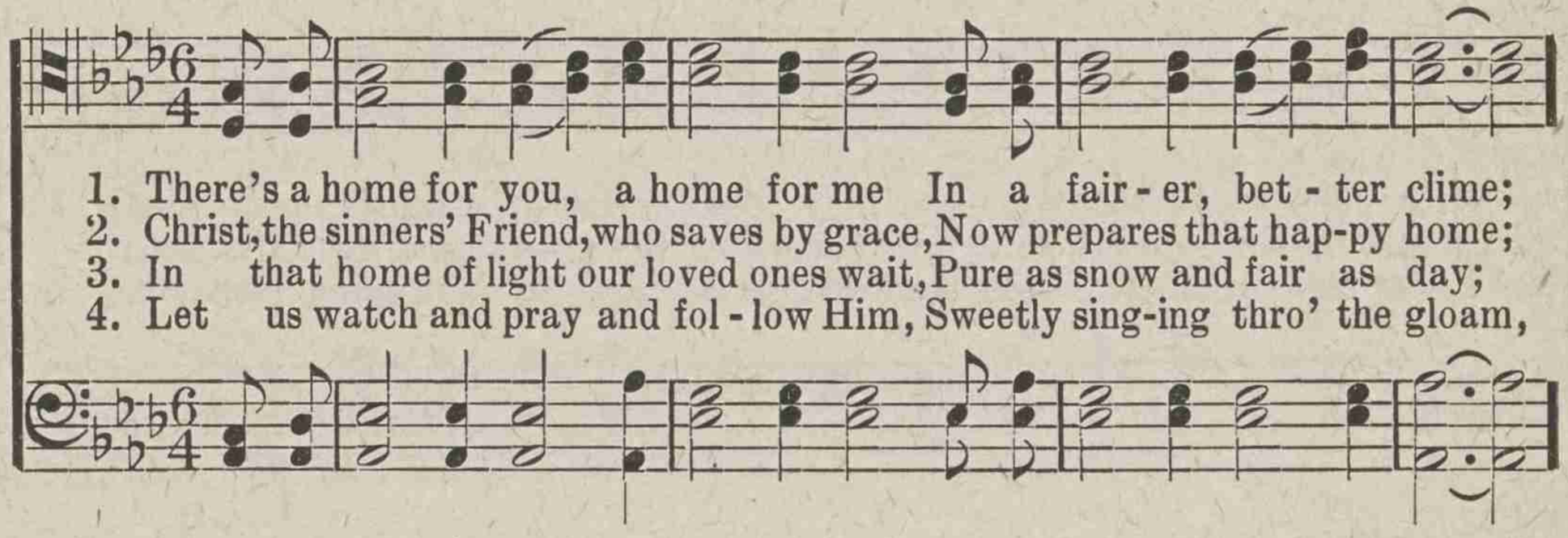
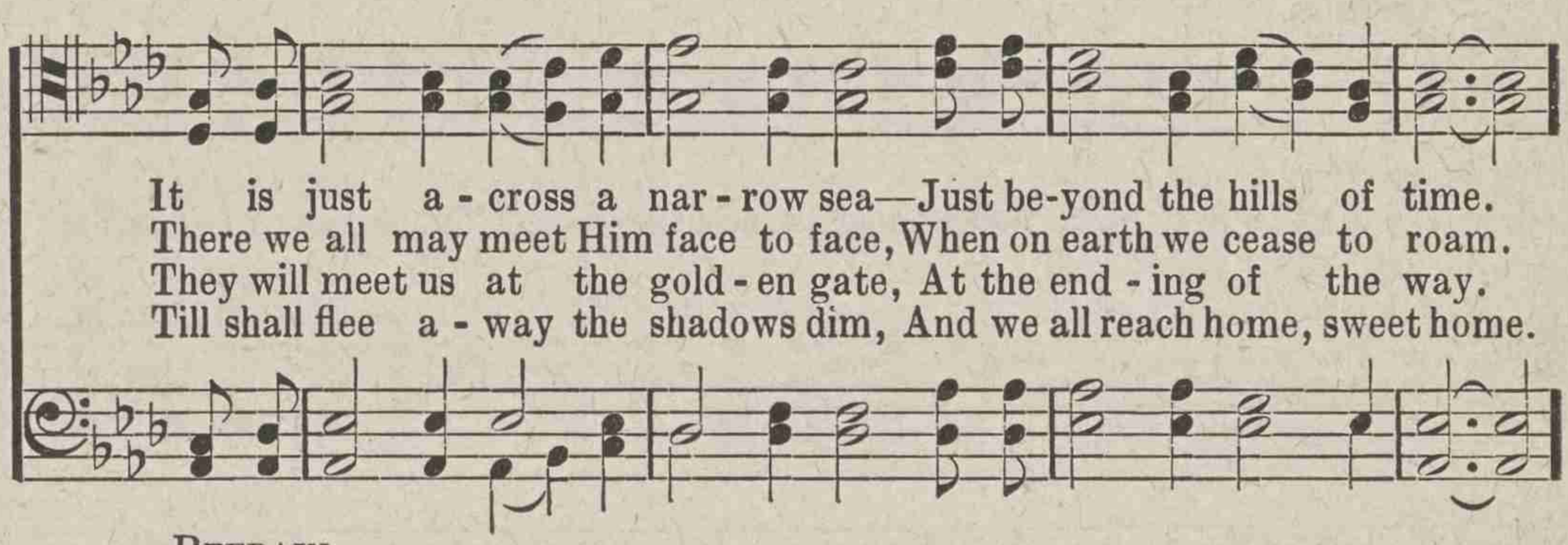
CHORUS.

Slum-ber not, the time is pre-cious,
Slum-ber not, . . . the time is pre - cious, Bid our
Bid our ev-'ry pow'r awake; O im - prove . . the gold-en
ev - 'ry pow'r a-wake; O improve

For Jesus' Sake.



No. 117. Just Beyond the Hills of Time.

James Rowe. Will H. Ruebush.



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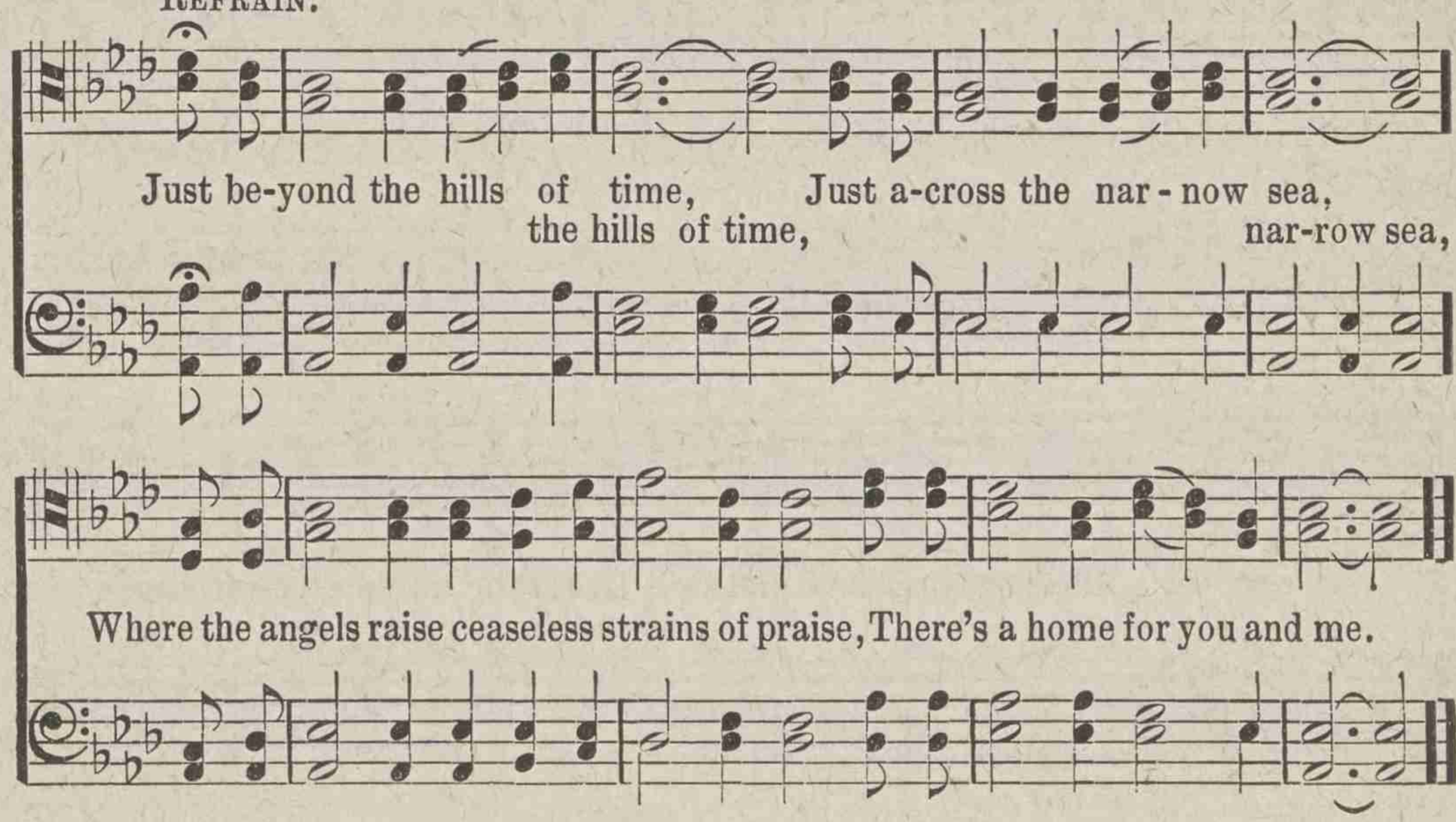


No. 118. Baraca Song.

(Adopted by the Baraca State Convention of N. C.)

G. W. L. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY GEO. W. LASSITER. Geo. W. Lassiter.

Animato.

1. Man - y the bless-ings we hope to be, As thro' the world we go;
2. "We do things," is our slo - gan true, And by this sign we win;
3. Stand-ing firm by the Bi - ble school, Fighting as sol - diers bold;

Help - ing each brother whom we may see Burdened with sin and woe.
Help - ing the fel - low some good thing do, Who would have died in sin.
"Young men for Christ," is our work-ing rule, "And to the Church," the fold.

CHORUS.

B - A - R - A - C - A, Which means a bless - ing grand, "Young men at work for

young men," Thro'-out this broad, broad land; B - A - R - A - C - A, So may it

ev - er be Blessings to Church and na - tion, thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.

119 Onward, Christian Soldiers.

S. B. GOULD. A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. Onward, Chris-tian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of
2. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are
3. Crowns and thrones may per-ish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of
4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your

Je - sus Go-ing on be-fore; Christ, the royal Mas-ter, Leads a-
tread-ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di-vid-ed, All one
Je - sus Constant will re-main; Gates of hell can nev-er 'Gainst that
voi - ces In the triumph-song; Glo-ry, laud and hon-or Un-to

gainst the foe; For-ward in-to bat-tle, See, his ban-ners go!
bod - y we, One in hope and doc-trine, One in char-i-ty.
Church prevail, We have Christ's own prom-ise, And that can-not fail.
Christ, the King, This thro' countless a - ges, Men and an-gels sing.

CHORUS.

Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the

With the cross of Je - sus go - ing on be-fore.
cross of

No. 120 I'll Be A Soldier For Jesus.

ISAAC WATTS. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

2nd verse & Cho, by Mrs. C. H. M.

Introduction.

Unison.

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol-low-er of the Lamb,
2. The fight is on, the call to arms, Is sound-ing far and near.
3. Sure I must fight if I would reign; In-crease my cour-age Lord.

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
And to the bat-tle's front a - way, We hast - en with a cheer.
I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by Thy word.

Feamale voices.

Must I be car - ried to the skies, On flow'r - y beds of ease,
For God and ho - li - ness we fight, Nor lay our ar - mor down,
When that il-lus-trious day shall rise, And all His ar - mies shine,

Male voices.

Play in octaves

While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood-y seas?
Till faith has been exchanged for sight, And we've ob - tain the crown.
In robes of vic - t'ry thro' the skies, The glo - ry shall be thine.

Copyright, 1912, by J. M. Harris.

I'll Be A Soldier For Jesus. Concluded.

CHORUS.

I'll be a sol-dier for Je-sus, No mat-ter what oth-ers may
I'll be a sol-dier, a sol dier for Je-sus, No mat - ter what

do;..... ..... I've in His ar - my en - list - ed, And
oth-ers may do; I've in His ar - my, His ar - my en - list - ed, And

Unison.

sworn Him al - le - giance true;..... ..... Here by His grace let me
sworn Him al - le - giance true;

Parts.

bat - tie, un - til the vic-t'ry I see..... ..... I'll be a
sol-dier for Je - sus, He can de-pend up - on me. ... .
sol-dier, a sol-dier for Je - sus.

No. 121. Walk in the Light of God.

Laurene Highfield. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY BEAZLEY & VAUGHAN. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. Like a lamp un - to your feet, a light from heav - en glows,
2. Like a lamp un - to your feet, the ho - ly light-beams shine,
3. Like a lamp un - to your feet, the light makes plain the way;

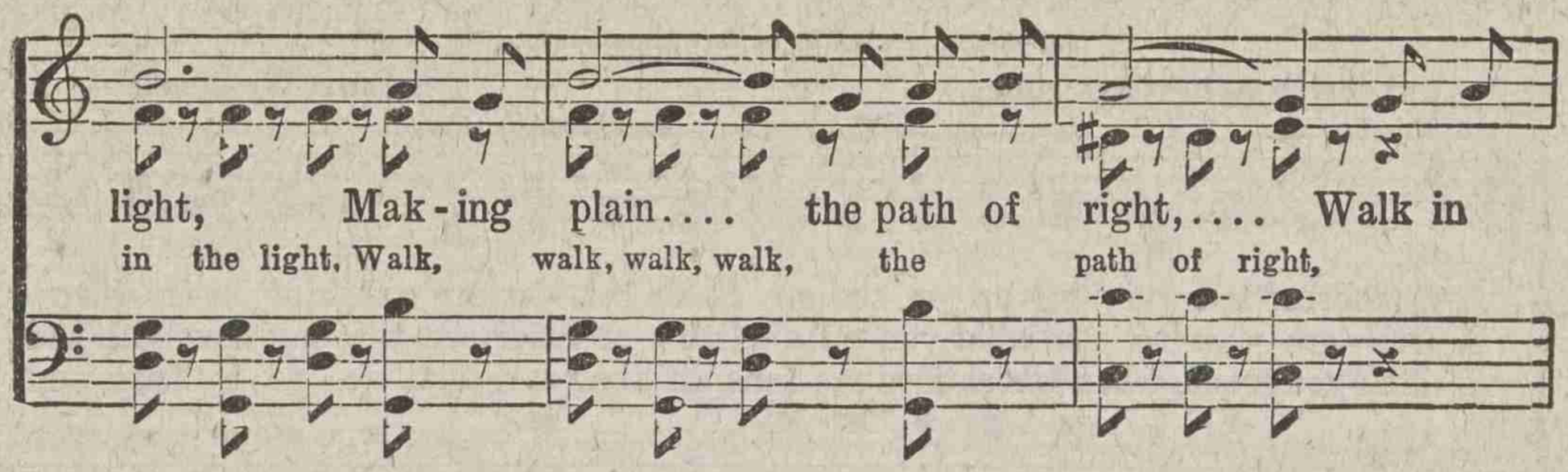
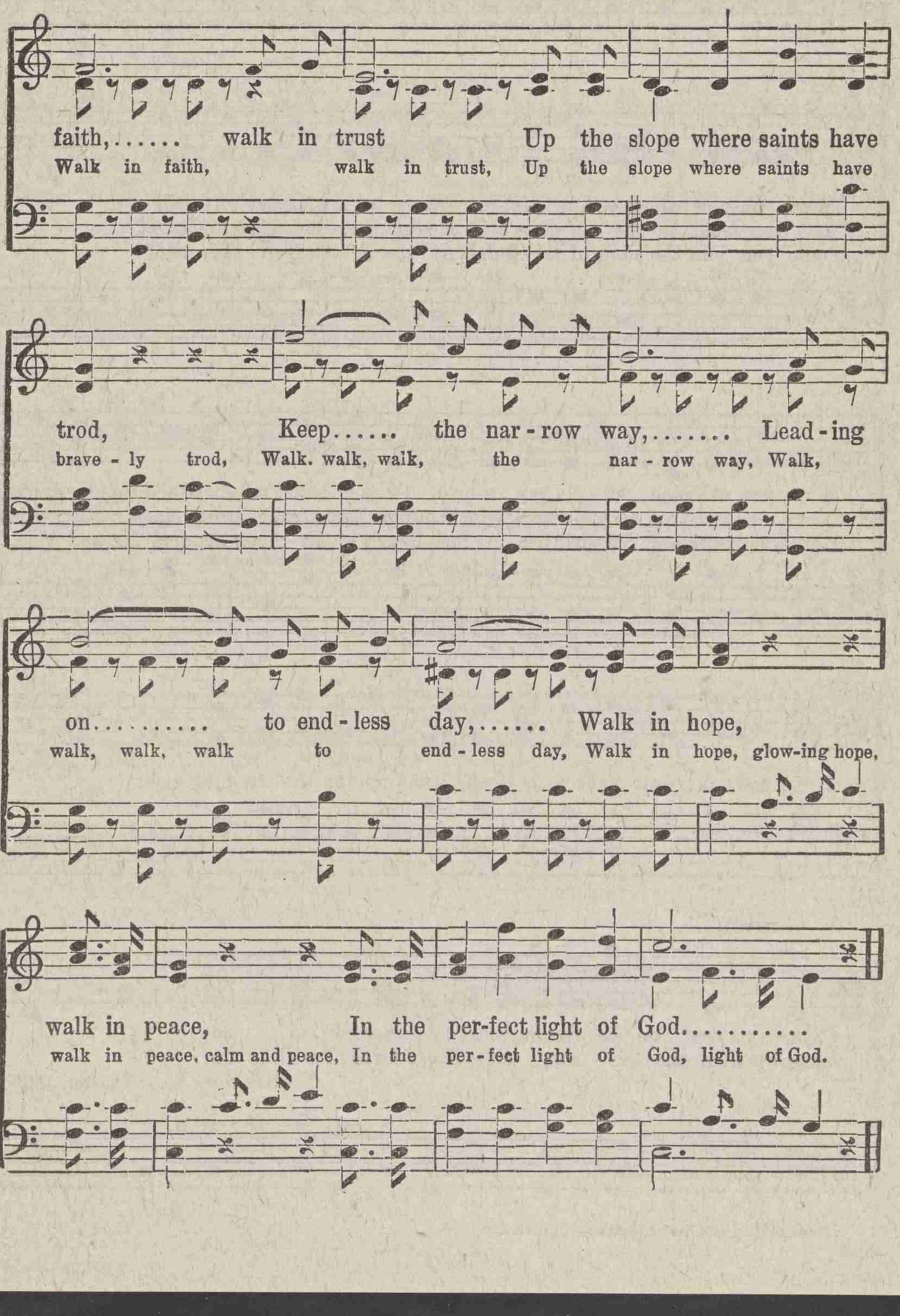
From the land which needs no sun or moon nor ev - er dark-ness knows,
With the bright-ness of a cloud-less sun, a glo - ry all di - vine:
Turn - ing not a - side where shad-ows lin - ger, lest a - far you stray,

And rad - iant with a liv - ing splen - dor makes the way so bright.
Though you must go 'mong bri'rs and bram-bles, noth - ing shall you fear,
Keep in the path, though it is ston - y, nev - er need you fall,

You can walk, safe - ly walk, on the up-ward path of right.
you can walk, safe - ly walk,
Ev - er walk, safe - ly walk, in the light so white and clear.
ev - er walk, safe - ly walk,
Ev - er walk, safe - ly walk, in the light that shines for all.
ev - er walk, safe - ly walk,

CHORUS.

Oh, walk, walk, walk in the light of God; In the light.... the per-fect
Walk. walk, walk, walk,

Walk in the Light of God.



No. 122. Stand On the Winning Side.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY HILDEBRAND-BURNETT CO.

Katherine Atherton Grimes. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. Sounds of bat- tle ring up- on the air, Hosts for war are gath'ring ev-'ry-where;
2. Oth - ers wait to see what you will do, Oth - er fates are rest-ing now with you;
3. Would you stand, when fighting days are done, In the ranks that vic - to - ry have won?

Choose you now whom you will fol-low, For you have a part to bear.
Can you bear to be a cow- ard? Must you not be strong and true?
Would you join the song of tri - umph At the set- ting of the sun?

Will you with the en - e - my a-bide, Or your heart will bet-ter im-pulse guide?
Come, for- get-ting all your worldly pride, Come, and strength your Master will provide,
Come, and with the Sav-iour cru- ci - fied, Bear vic - to - rious banners far and wide,

Come and take your place with Jesus, Stand up - on the win-ning side.

CHORUS.

Stand, stand on the winning side, There's work to do;
Stand, stand on the win - ning side, There's work for all to do;
There's work for all to do, and

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Stand On the Winning Side.

It may be the battle tide Depends on you.
It may be the bat - tle tide Depends on you, on you.
My friend, depends on you.

'Tis no time for fearing, Nor for weak despairing, Christ demands your service true;

O hear Him say, "Be not afraid What-e'er be - tide,
O hear Him say, "Be not a - fraid What-ev-er may be-tide,
Whatever may betide, For

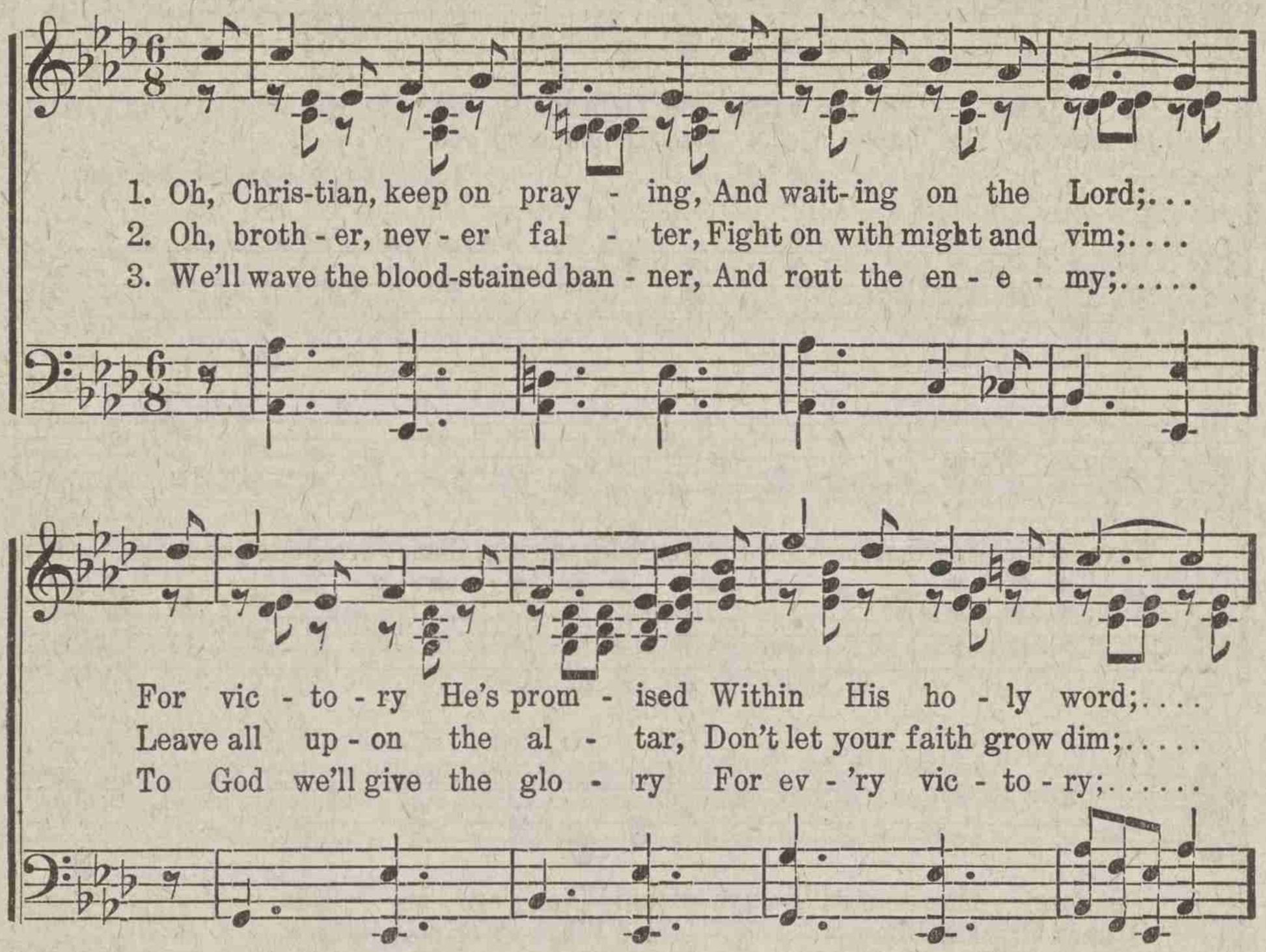
Hearts should nev- er be dismayed That in Me a - bide;
Hearts should never be dis - mayed That in Me here a - bide;
That in Me here a-bide;

Those who stand with me are always sure to be On the win - ning side."
win-ning, winning side."

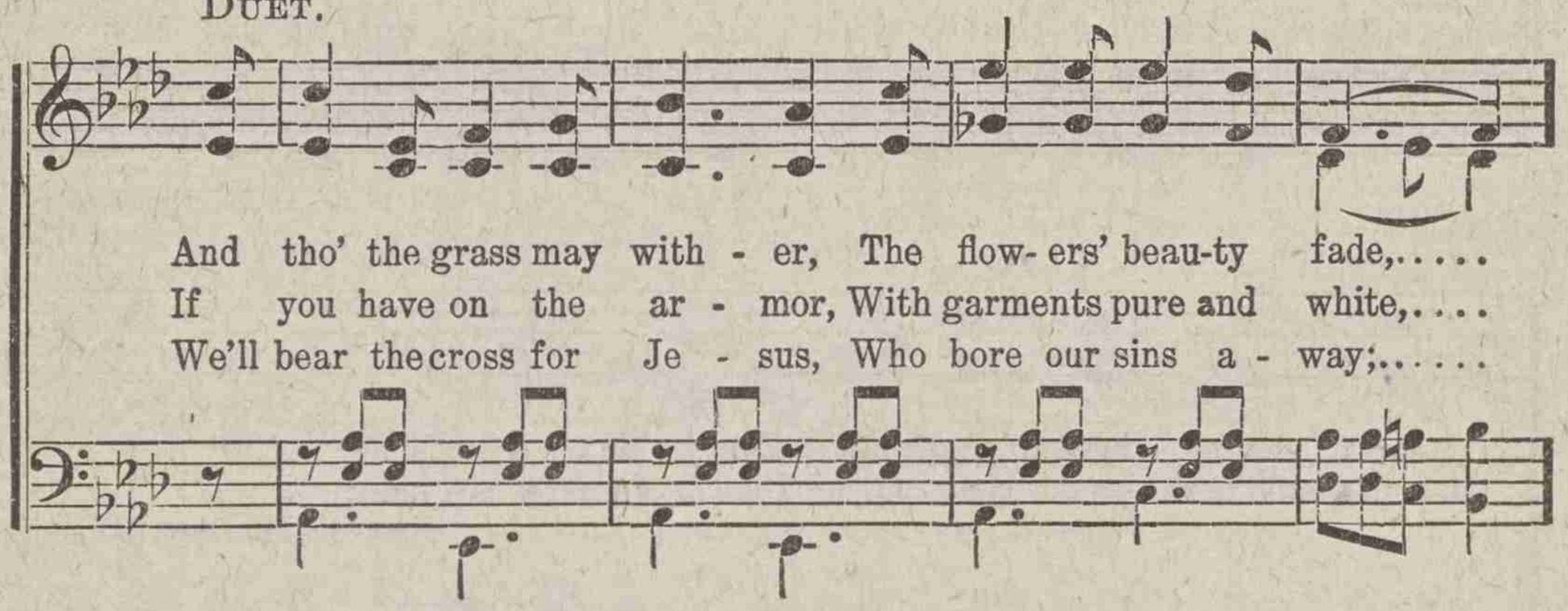
123 Victory Is Coming.

MRS. IDA C. REID. JAS. V. REID.

UNISON.



DUET.



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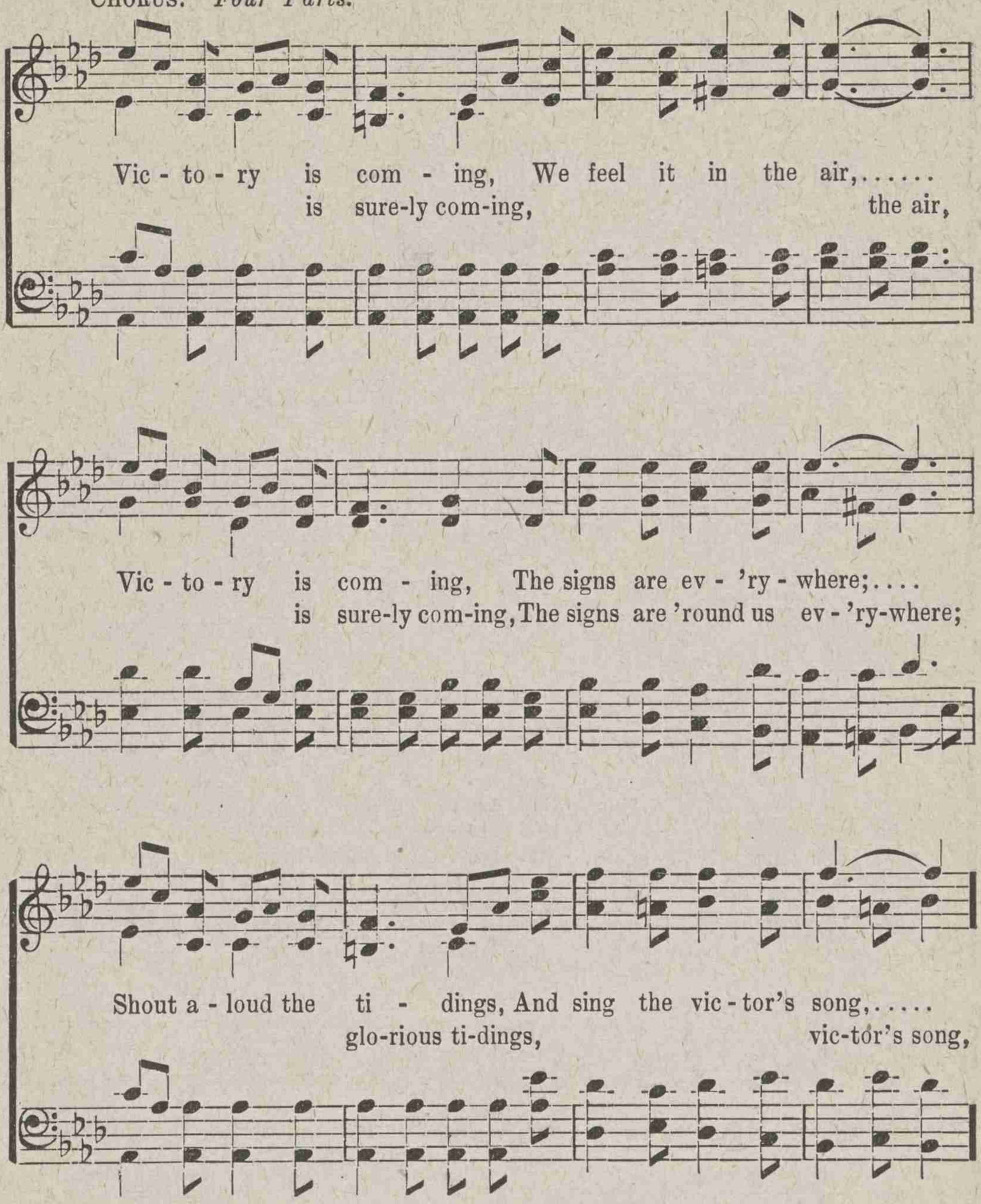
Victory Is Coming.

CHORUS. *Four Parts.*

124 Christ Is Crowded Out.

COPYRIGHT, 1905. BY PROF. J. H. WEBER.
USED BY PER.

J. H. W. Prof. J. H. Weber.

Slowly. With expression.

1. In the bus - y marts, in the crowd-ed streets, The world goes
2. We're bus - y at home with our friends and cares, And there's no
3. The world, with its song, goes march - ing on, You join the

hur-ry - ing on; It craves for wealth and pomp and show, And
time to pray; Its lodge, or club and world - ly things, In
glad re - frain; With soul and mind and ev - 'ry nerve, You

heeds the si - ren's song. It's pleas - ure first, it's self and gold,
this gay world to - day: But death will come, and you will die,
plan for earth - ly gain. O stop! and think, some day you'll die,

And Christ is crowd-ed out, And Christ is crowd-ed out;

O what will you say in the judgment day, If Christ is crowd-ed out?

125 WHEN THE PEARLY GATES UNFOLD.

H. H. B. H. H. Booth.

1. I have giv'n up all for Je - sus; This vain world is naught to me;
2. When the voice of Je - sus calls me, And the an - gels whis - per low,
3. Just be - yond the waves of Jor - dan, Just be-yond the chill - ing tide,

All its pleas-ures are for - got - ten In re-mem-b'ring Cal - va - ry.
I will lean up - on my Sav-iour, Thro, the val - ley as I go;
Blooms the tree of life im - mor - tal, And the liv - ing wa - ters glide;

Tho' my friends de - spise, for-sake me, And on me the world looks cold,
I will claim His prec-ious prom-ise, Worth to me a world of gold,
In that hap - py land of spir - its, Flow - ers bloom on hills of gold,

I've a Friend that will stand by me When the pear - ly gates un - fold.
"Fear no e - vil, I'll be with thee When the pear - ly gates un - fold.
And the an - gels are a - wait - ing When the pear - ly gates un - fold.

D. S. *But my heart will know no sad - ness, When the pear - ly gates un - fold.*

CHORUS.

Life's morn will soon be wan - ing, And its eve - ning bells will toll;

By per. Ballington Booth, N. Y., owner of copyright.

126 Will I Be Remembered?

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY C. H. MARSH.
CHARLIE D. TILLMAN, OWNER.

Neal A. McAulay. **Charles H. Marsh.**

1. Will I be re - mem-ber'd when my work is done? Will I live for-
2. Will I be re - mem-ber'd with a love sin - cere? Will I leave be-
3. Will I be re - mem-ber'd in the voice of song? Will the joys of
4. Will I be re - mem-ber'd on that shin - ing shore? Will I see the

ev - er in the souls I've won? Will I leave be - hind me gold - en
hind me words of hope and cheer? Will the poor and need - y claim me
mu - sic to my name be - long? Will the friends that knew me kind - ly
ransomed that have gone be.- fore? Will my Sav - ior greet me with a

deeds of love, That shall lead the way-ward to the home a - bove?
as their friend, With a pre-cious fra-grance that shall know no end?
tri - bute pay, When my work is end - ed and I pass a - way?
smile of love, When I rise "im - mor - tal" to that home a - bove?

D. S.—*By the souls in glo - ry I have helped to save?*

FINE.

CHORUS.

Will I be re-mem-ber'd, will I be re-mem-ber'd, When my dust is sleeping
in the si-lent grave? Will I be re-member'd, will I be re-mem-ber'd,

D. S.

No. 127. His Cleansing Power.

W. T. M. Mrs. W. T. Morris.

1. I was lost but Je - sus sought and found me, Ten - der - ly lift - ed me from de - spair; Now His love and mer - cy are a-round me,
2. Where, O where can there be oth - er ref - uge, Save in the shel - ter of Christ my Lord! Where a ha - ven from the sin - ful del - uge
3. Why, O why, dear sin - ner will you tar - ry, Why will you lin - ger out-side the fold? On the mountain hear the Shepherd call-ing,

Chorus.

And I am hap - py an - y - where.
But in the prom - ise of His word. Hal - le - lu - jah!
Come, for the night is dark and cold.

glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! I am the Lord's, and He is mine! In my soul I feel His cleansing pow-er, I've been re-deemed by grace di - vine!

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No. 128. That Heavenly Home.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

Raymond Browning. (Not the home but the song.) Charlie D. Tillman.

1. I've longed for a home on a hill-side, With a brook in the valley be - low;
2. And tho' I live landless and homeless, A pilgrim and stranger down here,
3. There we'll sit on the beautiful porch-es And welcome the saints as they come,

For shade-trees and birds singing blithely, And a garden where sweet flowers grow;
I can bear all pri-va-tion and sor-row When I think of my home o-ver there:
And won't it be grand just to have them Come vis - it us there in our home?

Where friends and kindred and loved ones Can always find welcome and cheer,
How it stands on a hill-top in heav-en, And the wa-ters of life gen-tly flow,
We'll know all the heroes and martyrs And saints who've been saved since the fall;

Where children can play without danger, And Je - sus to dwell with us there.
Where flow-ers un-fad-ing are blooming In the beau-ti - ful val-ley be - low.
And al-ways the Master will be there, And that will be sweetest of all.

CHORUS. (Arr. from O'Kane.)

O - ver there, over there, over there, O think of the home over there.

O - ver there,

129 The Soldiers of the Cross.

Anon. HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. A mighty throng with bat-tle song is marching by. The flag that is their
2. Shall pleasures please and selfish ease our days consume? For brave and no - ble
3. A he - ro life 'mid toil and strife we each may live, By fight-ing in the

1. guide portrays the Cru - ci - fied; Then spread His fame who lives a - gain, O
2. deeds a lov - ing Saviour pleads, That each bond slave He came to save from
3. host led by the Ho - ly Ghost, For truth and right, in garments white that

CHORUS.

1. hear their cry, "In Christ there is salvation free for all."
2. endless doom, May know the freedom grace alone can give. O who will join the
3. Christ will give, His trumpet call attend and march away.

sol-diers of the cross? Let brave ones take the sword, And battle for the Lord

O who will join the sol-diers of the cross? Say, "Mas-ter, here am I."

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No. 130. Walking With Jesus.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. CHAS. H. GARRIEL.

1. Walk-ing with Je - sus, O how de - light - ful! Lean-ing up - on Him
2. Walk-ing with Je - sus, fear-ing no e - vil! Thus we to - geth - er
3. Walk-ing with Je - sus, on-ward and up - ward, Dread-ing no dan - ger,

day aft-er day; Beau-ties a - new to me are un - fold - ing, As to my
jour-ney a - long; Bright-er the sun-shine, light-er the bur-den, Clear-er the
fear-ing no foe; Bless-ing I need He show-ers up - on me, As with re-

soul He talks by the way.
sight, and sweet-er the song.
joic - ing on - ward I go.

CHORUS.

Walk-ing with Je - sus, safe in His shel - ter Kept by His pow'r, up - held by His grace; Nev - er to leave Him, nev - er to wan - der, Un - til in heav'n I look on His face.

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No. 131. To Be a Friend of Jesus.

Rev. M. S. BROWN. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Since the Lord has saved me from a life of sin, Since His Spir-it came to me and dwells within, I have peace I nev-er could have bought with gold—To be a friend of Je - sus is a joy un - told. There's no oth - er one so dear can be, For He gave His life for me;.... No dan-ger do I fear, He is al-ways near; To be a friend of Je - sus is a joy un - told.

2. Are there words un-spo-ken I should speak for Him? Is there kindness need-ed for the path-way dim? Not an hour of serv-ice, Lord, would I be - hold—To be a friend of Je - sus is a joy un - told. There's no oth - er one so dear can be, For He gave His life for me;.... No dan-ger do I fear, He is al-ways near; To be a friend of Je - sus is a joy un - told.

3. Years are pass - ing swift - ly with their toil and pain, And a life with-out Him is a life in vain; Ev - 'ry day new beau-ties un - to me un - fold—To be a friend of Je - sus is a joy un - told. There's no oth - er one so dear can be, For He gave His life for me;.... No dan-ger do I fear, He is al-ways near; To be a friend of Je - sus is a joy un - told.

4. Some day He will call me, when the toil is o'er, To a life im - mor - tal on a fair - er shore, Then I'll know in heav-en, and His face be - hold—To be a friend of Je - sus is a joy un - told. There's no oth - er one so dear can be, For He gave His life for me;.... No dan-ger do I fear, He is al-ways near; To be a friend of Je - sus is a joy un - told.

CHORUS.

be a friend of Je - sus is a joy un - told. There's no oth - er one so dear can be, For He gave His life for me;.... No dan-ger do I fear, for He is al-ways near; To be a friend of Je - sus is a joy un - told.

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No. 132. Let the Holy Ghost Come In.

(Companion to "Let a Little Sunshine In.")

R. F. Reynolds. **C. E. Rowley.**

Rather slow.

1. Would you be redeemed from ev - 'ry in-born sin, Have the Ho - ly Spir - it
2. Would you have the Spir - it in your heart to cheer? Would you be re-lieved from
3. Do you want the "fire of God" to fill your soul, Burn up all the dross, and
4. Do you want the "pow'r" to make you true and brave, So that you can res - cue

con - stant-ly with - in? Make the con - se - cra - tion, trust in God, and then,
ev - 'ry doubt and fear? Make the con - se - cra - tion, trust in God, and then,
sanc - ti - fy the whole? Make the con - se - cra - tion, trust in God, and then,
those that Christ would save? Make the con - se - cra - tion, trust in God, and then,

REFRAIN.

Let the Ho - ly Ghost come in. Let the Ho - ly Ghost come

come in.

in, Let the Ho - ly Ghost come in, Make the con - se-

come in, come in,

cra - tion, trust in God, and then, Let the Ho - ly Ghost come in.

come in.

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133 SWEET WILL OF GOD.

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

DUET.

1. My stubborn will at last hath yield-ed; I would be Thine and
2. I'm tired of sin, foot-sore and wea-ry, The darksome path hath
3. Thy precious will, O conqu'ring Sav-iour, Doth now embrace and
4. Shut in with Thee, O Lord, for-ev-er, My wayward feet no

Thine a-lone; And this the pray'r.... my lips are bringing,
drear-y grown, But now a light..... has ris'n to cheer me;
com-pass me; All discords hushed... my peace a riv-er,
more to roam; What pow'r from Thee... my soul can sev-er?

Rit.

"Lord, let in me Thy will be done."

CHORUS.

I find in Thee my Star, my Sun. Sweet will of God, still
My soul a pris-oned bird set free.
The cen-tre of God's will my home.

fold me clos-er, Till I am whol-ly lost in Thee. Sweet will of

God still fold me clos-er, Till I am whol-ly lost in Thee.

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No. 134. He Leadeth the Blood-Washed.

F. M. Graham. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN. Charlie D. Tillman.

1. Dear broth-er, take cour-age and keep in the race; God lead-eth the
2. Tho' hard be your tri - als, and Sa - tan may roar, God lead-eth the
3. I'll be a true sol - dier, and stand for the right; God lead-eth the
4. My soul is re- joic - ing, my sins are for-giv'n; God lead-eth the

blood-washed a - long; For Je - sus will aid you and give you the grace;
blood-washed a - long; He'll lead you to glo - ry and rest ev - er-more;
blood-washed a - long; And fol - low - ing Je - sus, I'll walk in the light;
blood-washed a - long; And trust-ing in Je - sus, my foes backward driv'n,

CHORUS.

He leadeth the blood-washed along. Some thro' the waters, some thro' the flood;

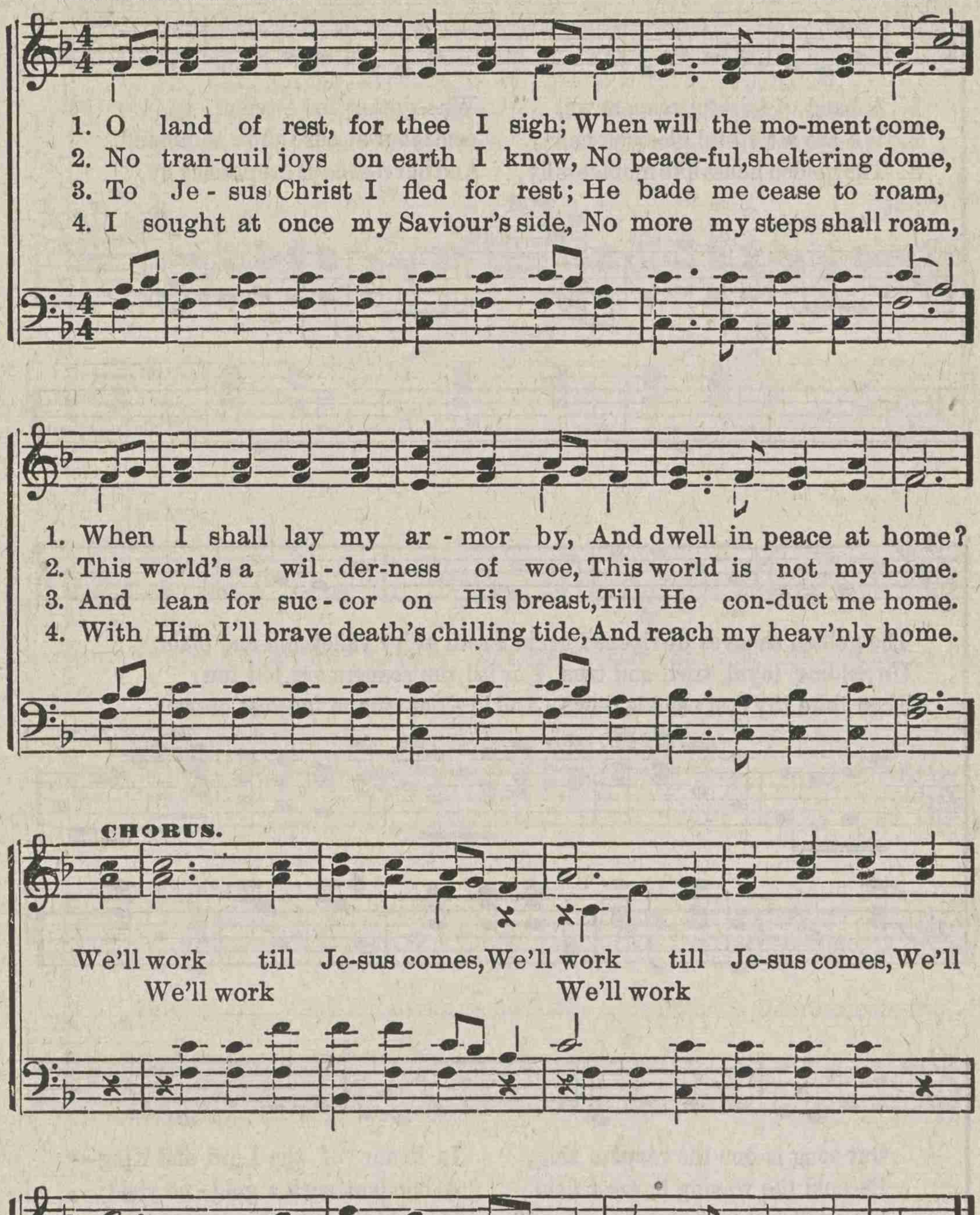
Some thro' the fire, but all thro' the blood; Some thro' great sorrow, but

still with a song, The sanc - ti - fied ar - my God lead - eth a - long.

135 We'll Work Till Jesus Comes.

"Thy work shall be rewarded."—JER. 31: 16.

MRS. ELIZABETH MILLS. DR. WM. MILLER.



136

To the Harvest Field.

C. H. G.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

UNISON

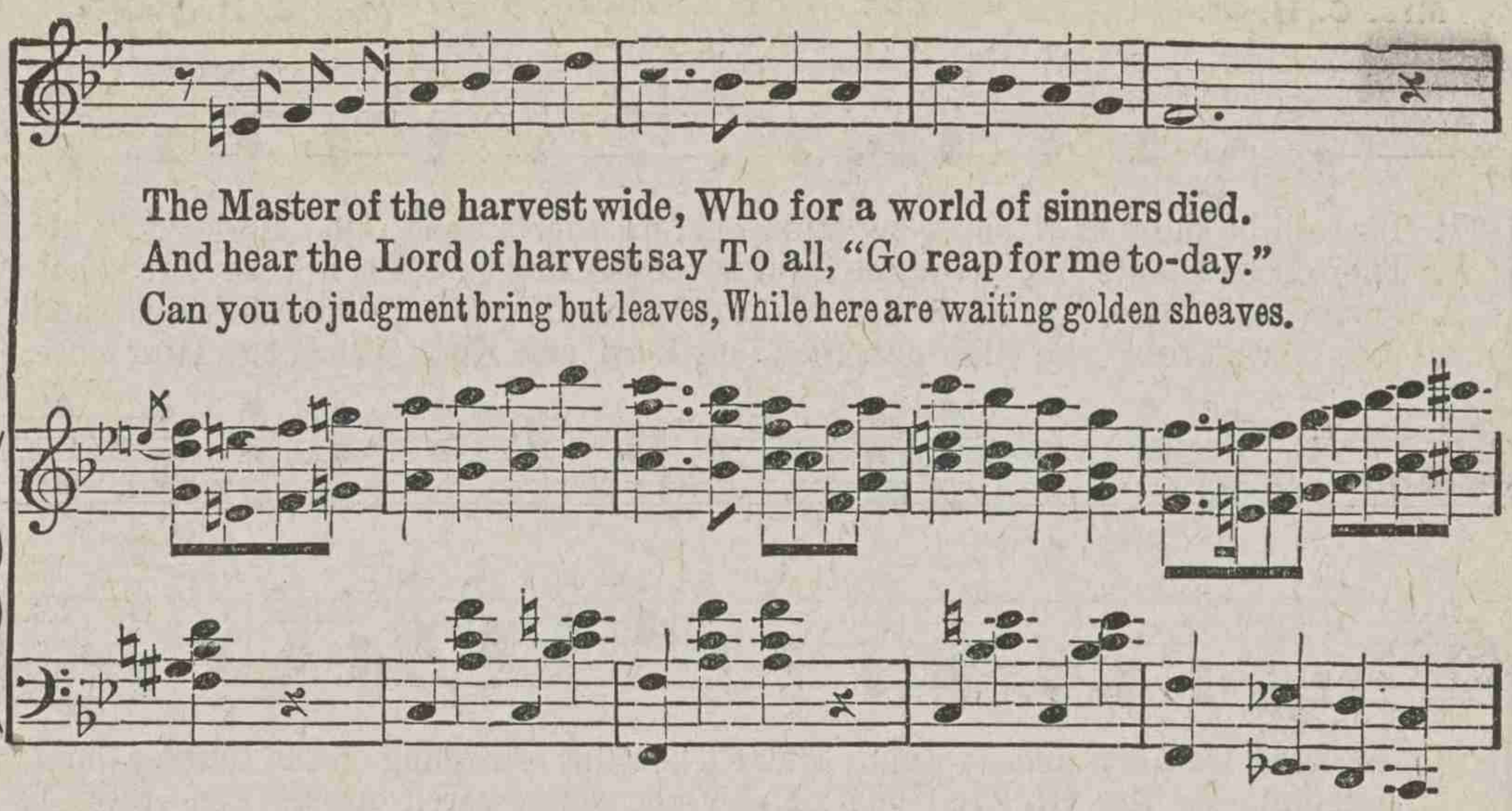
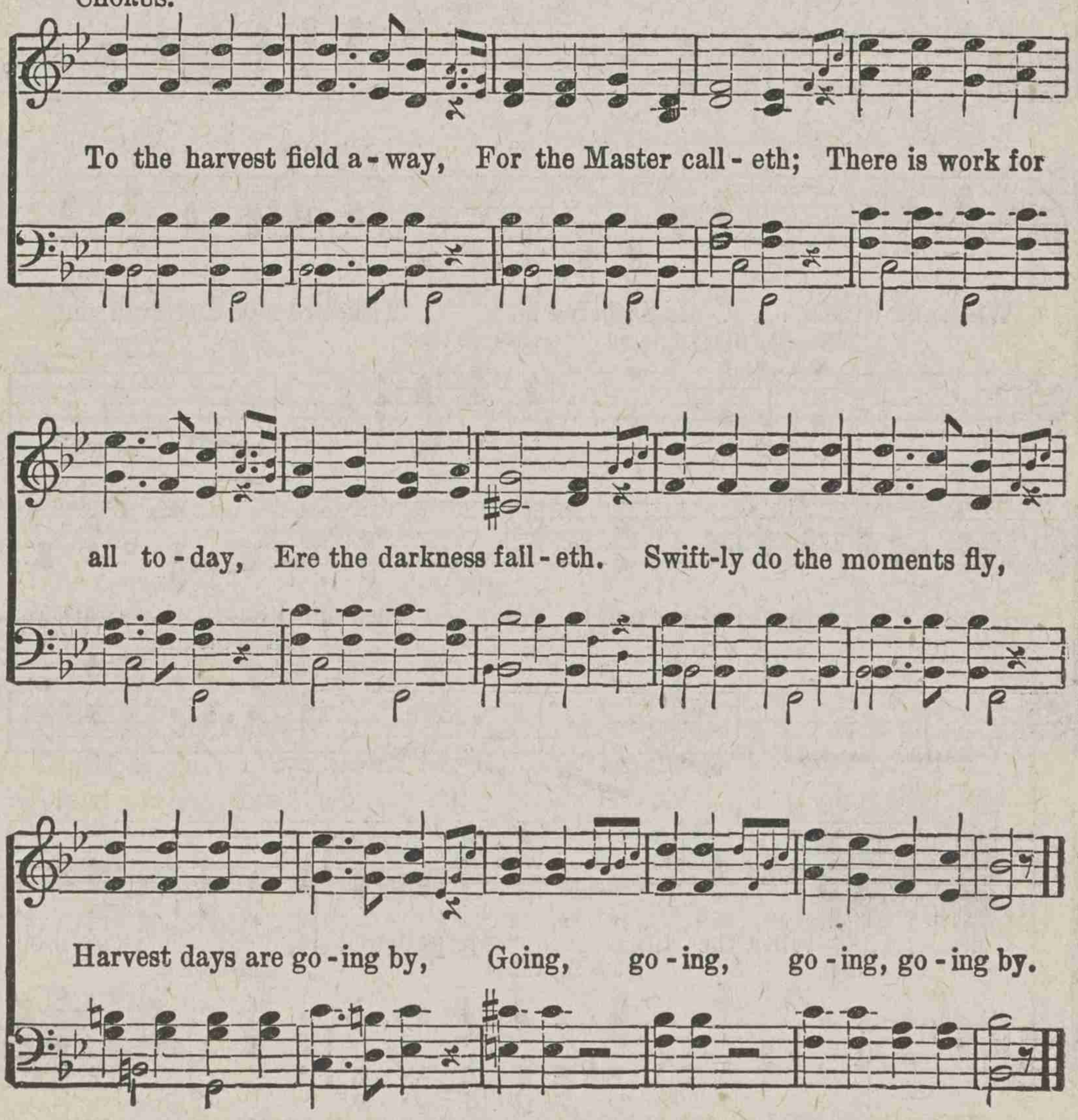
1. A band of faithful reapers we, Who gather for e-ter-ni - ty,
2. We are a faithful gleaning band, And labor at our Lord's command,
3. The golden hours like moments fly, And harvest days are passing by,

The golden sheaves of ripened grain From ev'ry valley, hill and plain;
Unyielding, loyal, tried and true, For lo! the reapers are but few;
Then take thy rusty sickle down, And la - bor for a fadeless crown;

Our song is one the reapers sing, In honor of the Lord and King—
Be-hold the waving harvest field A-bundant with a gold - en yield;
Why will you idly stand and wait? Be-hold the hour is growing late!

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY E. O. EXCELL. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN, OWNER.

To the Harvest Field.



No. 137. When the Tithes are Gathered In.

MALACHI 3: 8-10.

Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY J. M. HARRIS. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. There'll be show'rs of bless-ing from our Fa-ther's hand, On His word of promise we may firm-ly stand; There'll be rains refreshing on the thirst-y land
2. There'll be shouts of tri-umph from the con-q'ring host, There'll be per - fect freedom in the Ho - ly Ghost; Ev'ry one empowered as at Pen - te-cost,
3. Then will come the dawning of the reign of peace, When the wars and conflicts shall for-ev - er cease, And for struggling saints shall come a sweet release,
4. We will rob no lon-ger, then, our Lord and King, What to Him be- long-eth we will glad - ly bring, And we'll shout hosanna, while the glad harps ring,

CHORUS.

When the tithes..... are gathered in. Tithes of love and will - ing

When the tithes are gath-ered in.

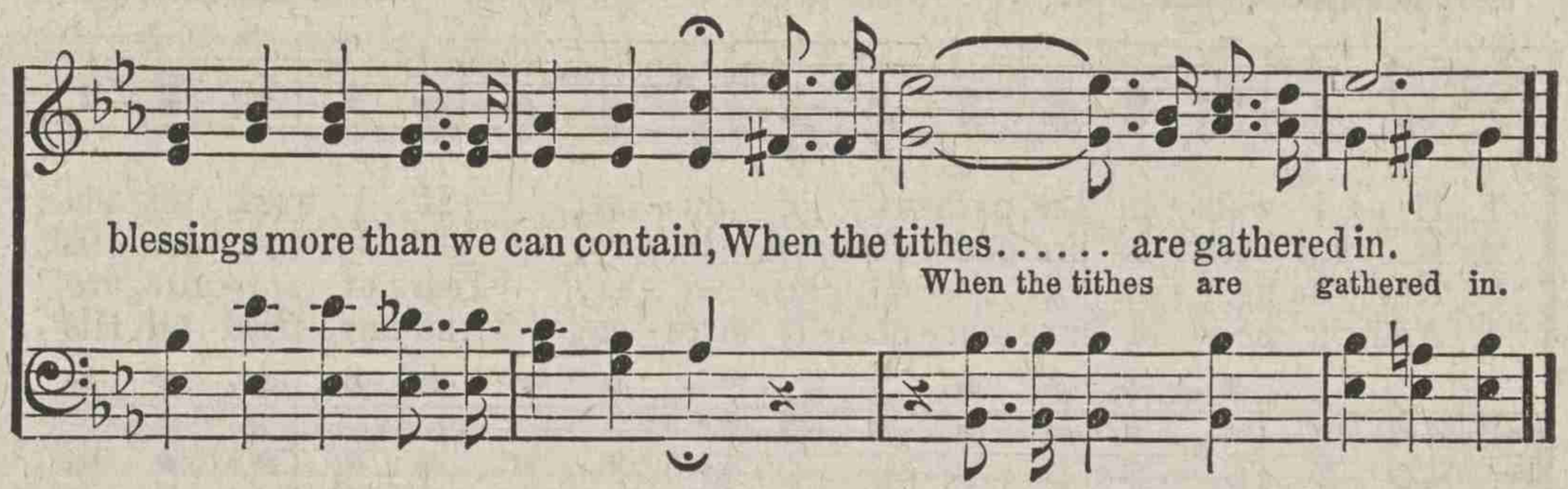
serv - ice, Tithes of sil-ver and of gold; When the tithes.... are gathered

When the tithes

in, When the tithes..... are gathered in, There'll be

gath-ered in, When the tithes gath-ered in,

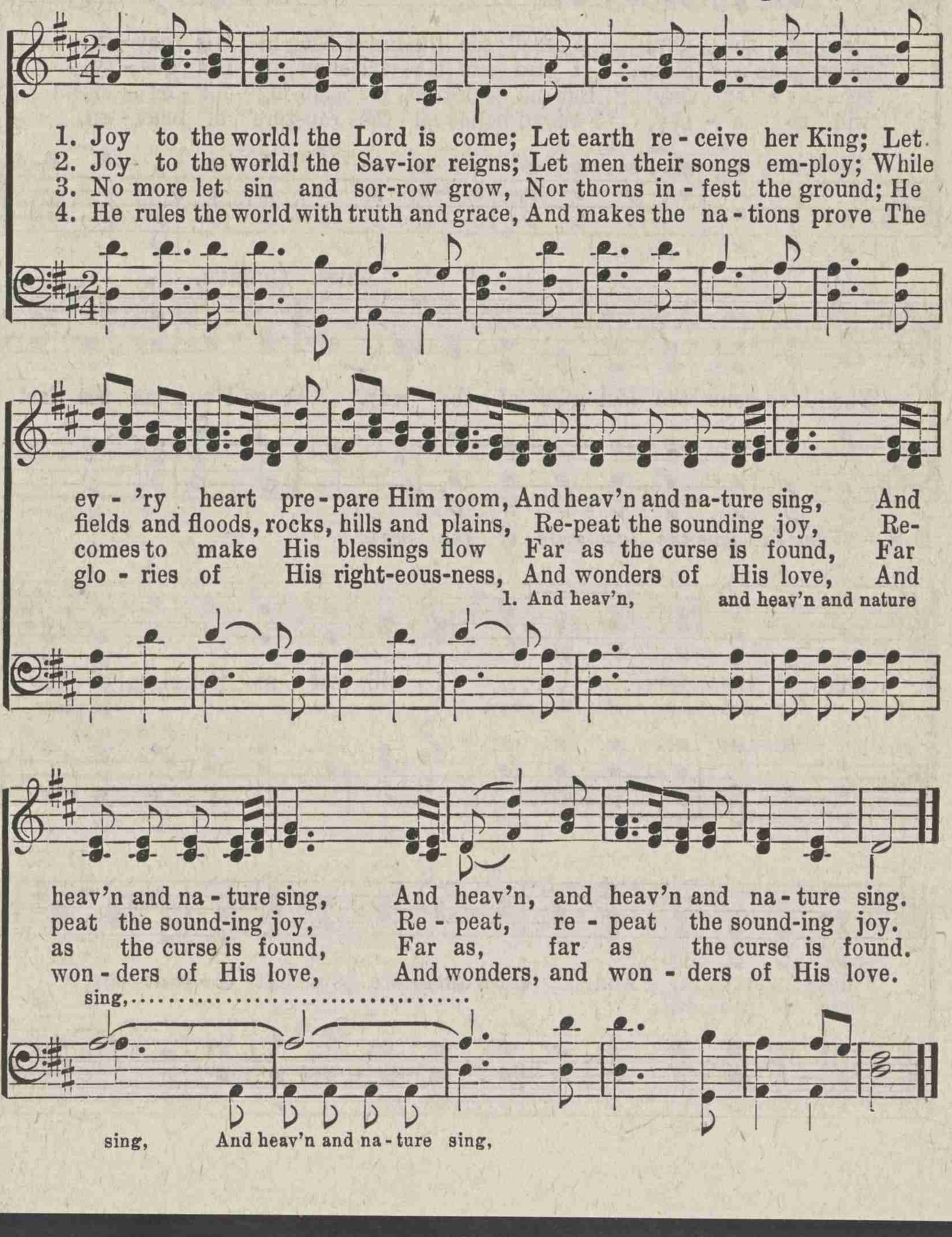
When the Tithes are Gathered In.



No. 138. Joy to the World.

ANTIOCH. C. M.

Isaac Watts. **Arr. from George F. Handel.**



No. 139. The Last Mile of the Way.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY W. E. MARKS. Wm. Edie Marks.

1. If I walk in the path-way of du - ty, If I work till the close of the day,
2. If for Christ I pro-claim the glad sto - ry, If I seek for His sheep gone a - stray,
3. Here the dear - est of ties we must sev - er, Tears of sor - row are seen ev - 'ry day;
4. And if here I have ear - nest - ly striv - en, And have tried all His will to o - bey,

I shall see the great King in His beau - ty,
I am sure He will show me His glo - ry,
But no sick-ness, no sigh-ing for - ev - er,
'Twill en-hance all the rap-ture of heav - en,

FINE. CHORUS.

When I've gone the last mile of the way. When I've gone the last

D.S.—*When I've gone the last mile of the way.*

mile of the way,..... I will rest at the close of the day;.....
the last mile of the way, at the close of the day;

And I know there are joys that a - wait me,

D. S.

140. Love That Passeth Knowledge.

G. A. G. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Rev. Geo. A. Griswold.

1. Love that passeth knowledge, Grace beyond de-gree, Oh, my bless-ed Sav-ior,
2. Naught had I to give Thee, But my load of guilt, Yet Thy precious life-blood,
3. Oh, the bliss un-meas-ured, Held in store for me, When with all the ransomed

Thou hast giv-en me; Day by day re-veal-eth Tokens of Thy care;
For my soul was spilt; Thro' Thy grace a-ton-ing, Thro' Thy Spir-t's night
Thy dear face I see, From Thy glorious pres-ence Nev-er-more to move,

CHORUS.

Mar-vels of Thy goodness, Meet me ev'ry-where. Never shall I wea-ry of Thy
Joint heir am I with Thee To the realm of light.
Fixed in the en-joy-ment Of im-mor-tal love.

wea - ry,

serv - ice, Spotless Son of God who died for me;
weary of Thy service, who died for me,

Nev-er will I cease to sing Thy prais-es Bless-ed Lamb of Cal - va - ry.

141 Reapers are Needed.

C. H. G. The original imitation of which is attempted in some other books. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Stand-ing in the mark-et plac-es all the sea-son thro', Id-ly say-ing
2. Ev - 'ry sheaf you gath-er will be-come a jew-el bright In the crown you
3. Morn-ing hours are pass-ing and the ev'n-ing fol-lows fast; Soon the time of

"Lord, is there no work that I can do;" O how ma-ny loi-ter, while the
hope to wear in yon-der world of light; Seek the gems im-mor-tal that are
reap-ing will for-ev-er-more be past; Emp-ty hand-ed to the Mas-ter

Mas-ter calls a-new "Reap-ers! reap-ers! Who will work to-day?"
pre-cious in His sight! "Reap-ers! reap-ers! Who will work to-day?"
will you go at last? "Reap-ers! reap-ers! Who will work to-day?"

CHORUS.

Lift thine eyes and look up-on the fields that stand
Lift thine eyes and look up - on the fields that stand all read-y

Lift thine eyes to fields that stand all

Ripe and read-y for the will-ing gleaner's hand, Rouse ye, O
Ripe and read-y for the will-ing gleaner's hand, O rouse ye,

Read - y for the glean - er's hand, O

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN. OWNER.

Reapers are Needed.

sleep-ers! Ye are need-ed as reap-ers! Who will be the first to answer, "Mas-ter, quickly,

here am I." Far and wide the rip-ened

"Mas-ter, here am I." O an-swer! Far and wide the rip - ened

Far and wide the

grain is bend-ing low, In the breez-es gen-tly

grain is bend-ing low, In breez-es, In the breez-es gen - tly

grain bends low, and [In the breeze waves

wav-ing to and fro, Rouse ye, O sleep-ers! Ye are need-ed as

wav-ing to and fro, O rouse ye,

to and fro, O

reap-ers, And the gold-en har-vest days are swift-ly pass-ing by.

142

Out of Touch.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHARLIE. D. TILLMAN.

Jean H. Watson. J. H. Stephens.

1. On - ly a smile, yes, on - ly a smile That a wom - an o'er - bur-dened with grief, Ex - pect-ed from you, 'twould have giv'n her re-lief, For her heart ached
2. On - ly a word, yes, on - ly a word That the Spir-it's small voice whispered speak; But the work-er passed on-ward, unblessed and weak, Whom you were meant
3. On - ly a note, yes, on - ly a note To a friend in a dis - tant land, The Spir - it said, write,—but then you had planned Some dif - f'rent
4. On - ly a song, yes, on - ly a song That the Spir - it said "Sing it to - night; Thy voice is thy Mas - ter's by pur - chased right!" But you tho't, "'Mid this
5. On - ly a day, yes, on - ly a day— But, oh! can you guess, my friend, Where the in-flu-ence reach-es, and where it will end, Of the hours you have

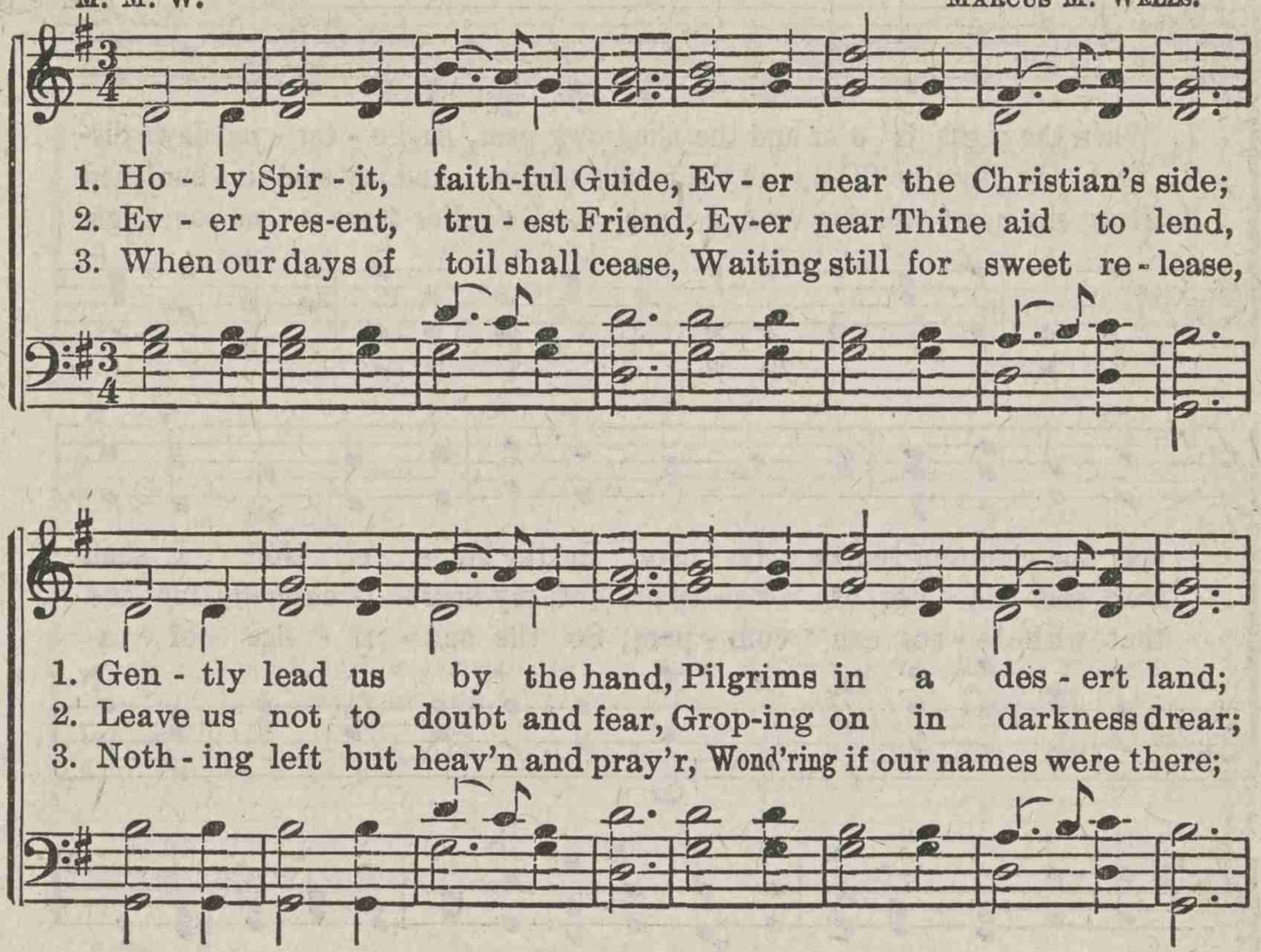
sore the while; But, wea - ry and cheer-less she went a-way, Be-cause, as it
to have stirred To courage, de - vo - tion and love a-new, Be-cause, when the
word, and you tho't It mat-tered lit - tle. You did not know 'Twould have saved a
mot - ley throng I care not to sing of the Cit-y of gold;" And the heart you
frittered a - way? The Master's command is "A-bide in me," And fruitless and

hap-pened that ver - y day, You were out of touch with your Lord.
mes - sage came to you, You were out of touch with your Lord.
soul from sin and woe, You were out of touch with your Lord.
might have reached grew cold, You were out of touch with your Lord.
vain, will your serv - ice be, If you're out of touch with your Lord.

143 Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

FAITHFUL GUIDE. 7s, D.

M. M. W. MARCUS M. WELLS.



144 I Shall Dwell Forever There.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO.
HOMER RODEHEAVER, OWNER

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

1. When the night is o'er and the shad-ows past, And e - ter - nal dawn dis-
2. Tho' my sky be filled with the clouds of time, And my soul is burdened
3. How my heart will sing when I see the King, For there is no sovereign

pels the gloom of earth - ly care, In the home of God I shall
with fore-bod - ings of de - spair, Yet, my heart is cheered, for the
that with Je - sus can com - pare; So the sac - ri - fice of a

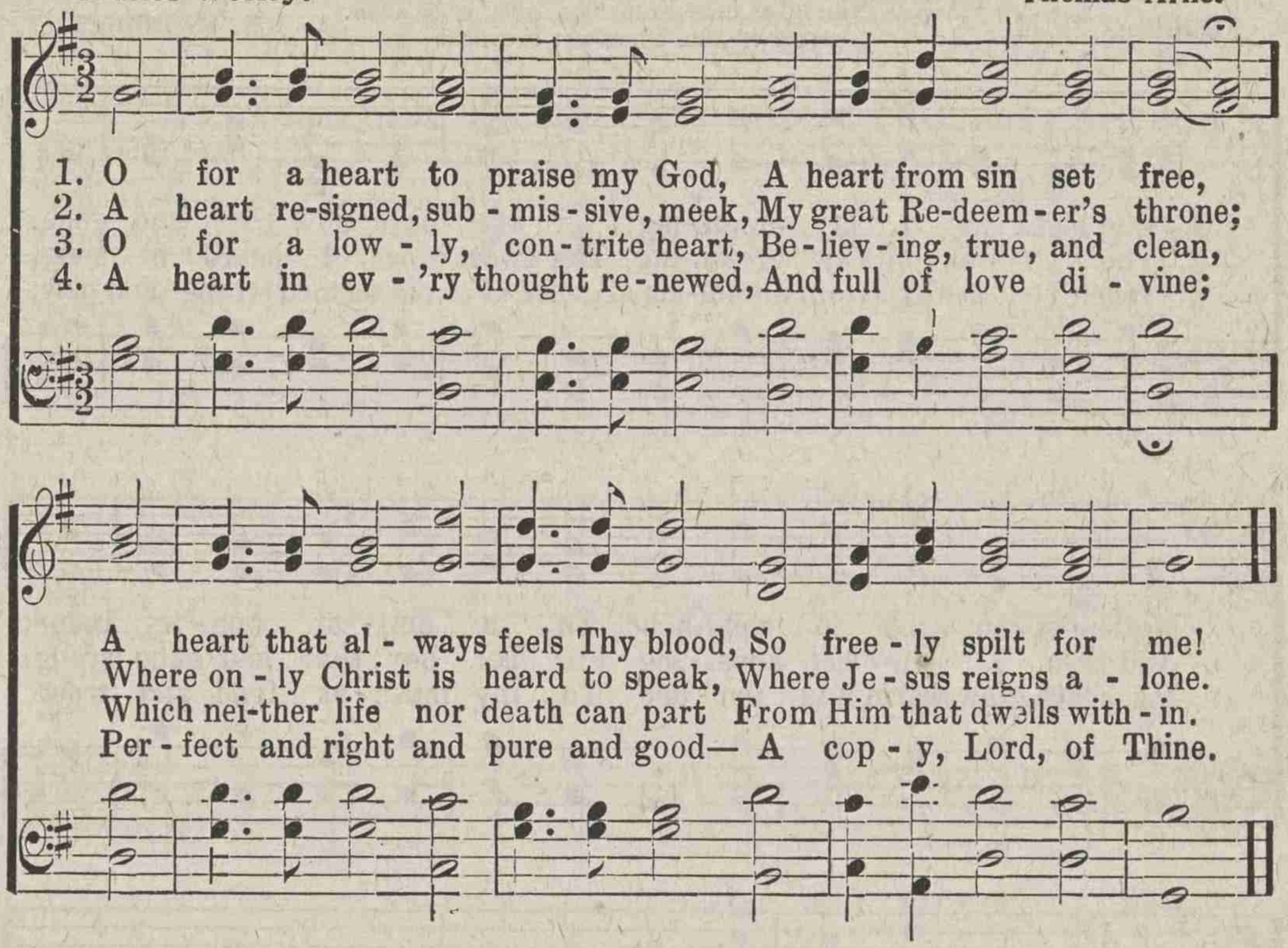
rest at last, In the land of E - den I shall dwell for-ev - er there.
hope is mine, If I trust in Je - sus I shall dwell for-ev - er there.
life I'll bring, And with Him in glo - ry I shall dwell for-ev - er there.

CHORUS.

I shall walk the streets of the Cit-y of God With its Tree of Life so bright, so fair;
There will be no night—Je-sus is the Light—I shall dwell for-ev - er there.

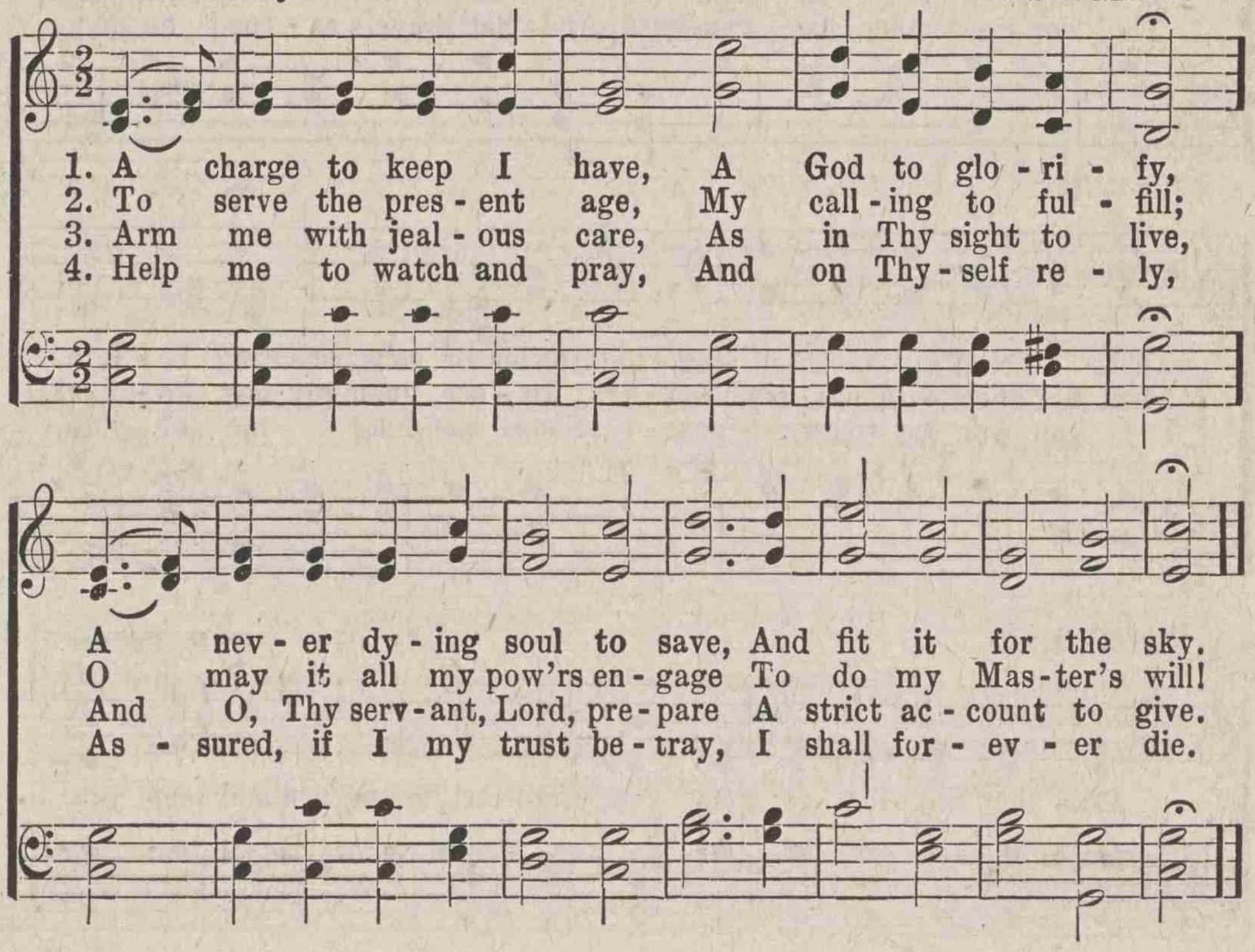
145 O for a Heart to Praise My God.

Charles Wesley. **Thomas Arne.**



146 A Charge to Keep I Have.

Charles Wesley. **Lowell Mason.**



No. 147. One Night as I Lay Dreaming.

(MOTHER'S SONGS.)

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY P. P. BILHORN.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

Bilhorn. P. P. Bilhorn.

1. One night as I lay dream-ing Of the days now past and gone,
2. Tho' I was on - ly dream-ing, Her sweet voice I heard in song,
3. When I a-woke from dream-ing, Scenes of old seemed strange and new;

My tho'ts ran back to child-hood, To a qui - et coun - try home;
And then I saw her kneel - ing For her boy that had gone wrong:
My heart grew warm and ten - der To my moth - er fond and true:

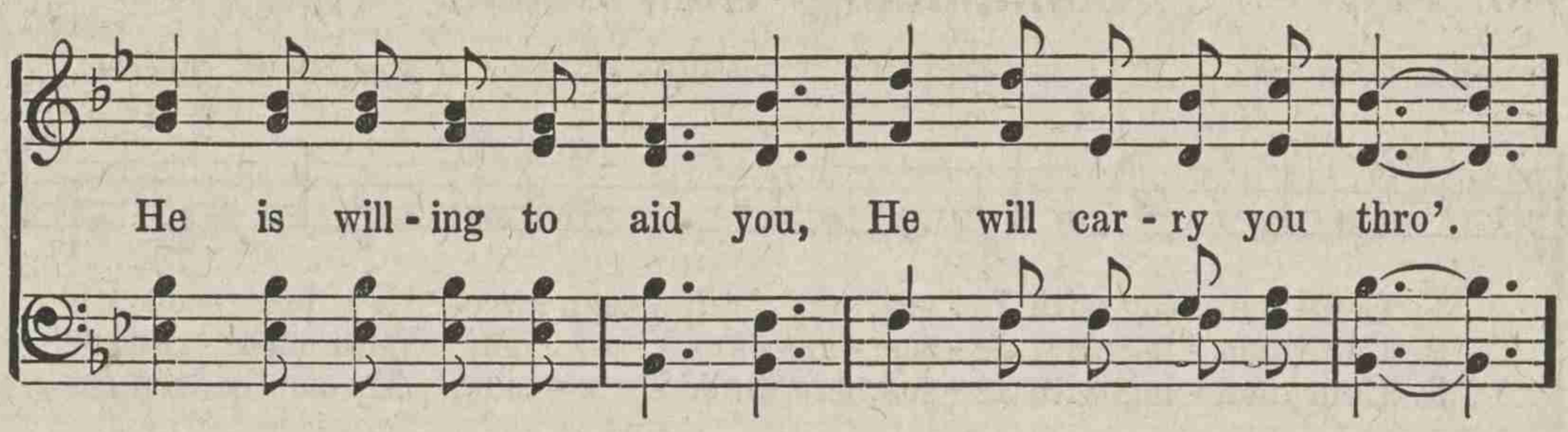
'Mid years of care - less wand'ring I had sought my home once more,
A prayer of love as - cend - ed To the throne of love and light,
Tho' her sweet voice has van-ished, And her prayers as - cend no more,

There I heard my moth-er sing - ing Strains of songs she sang be - fore.
Then her voice with mu - sic blend - ed: Je - sus, guide my boy to - night.
I can hear the songs re - peat - ed, Songs she sang to me of yore.

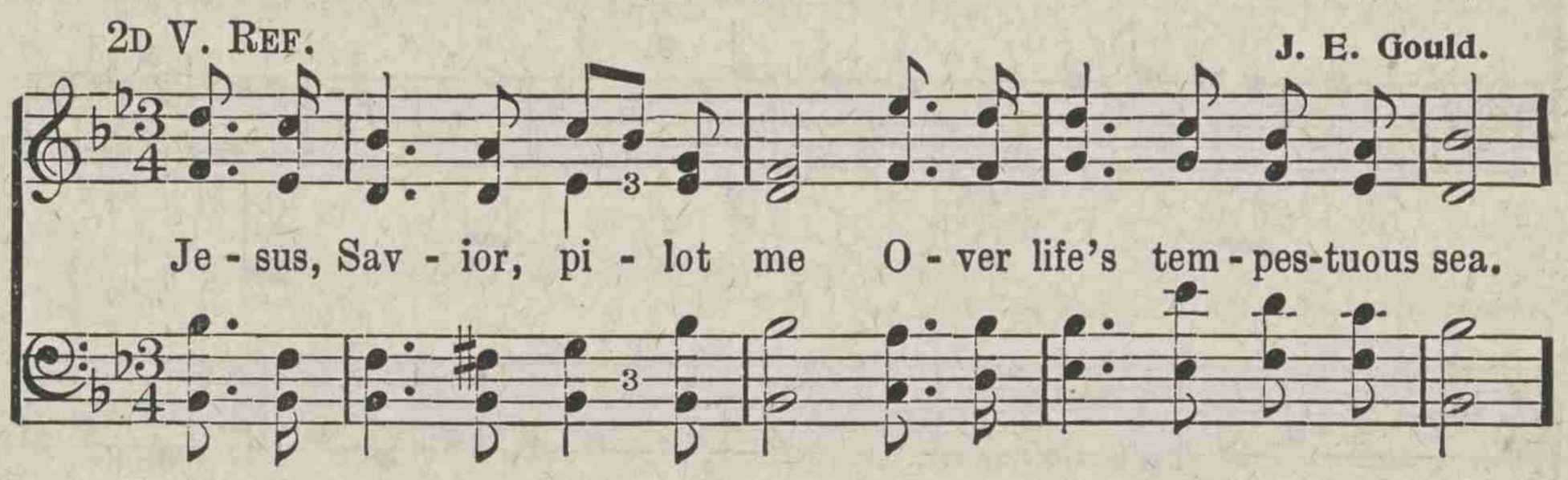
1ST V. REF. H. R. Palmer.

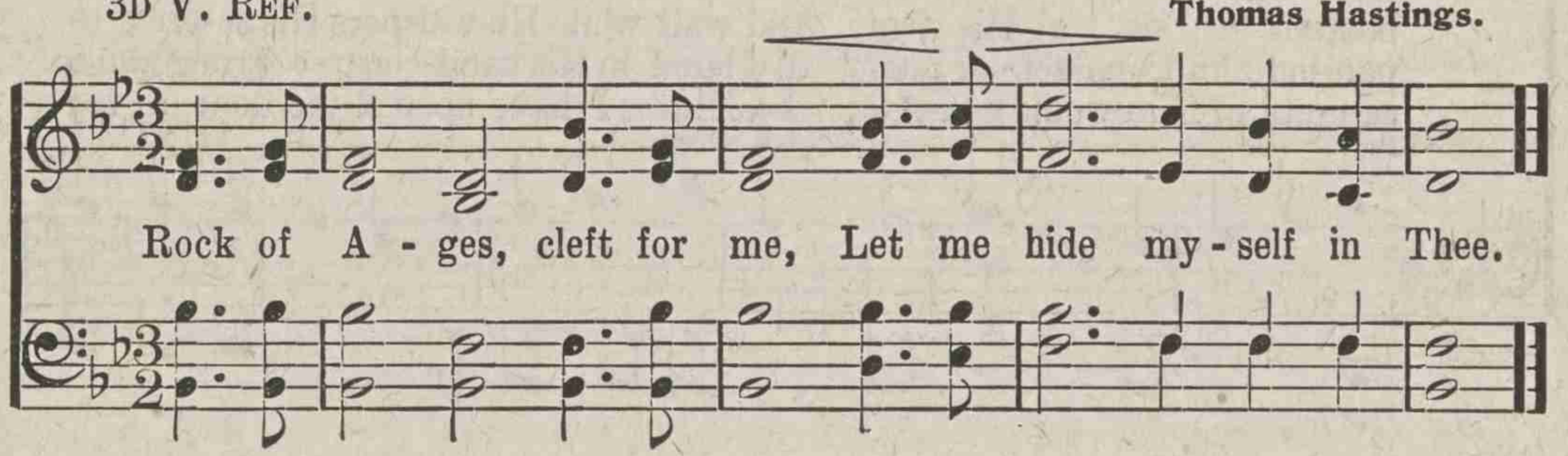
Ask the Sav - ior to help you, Com-fort, strengthen and keep you;

One Night as I Lay Dreaming.



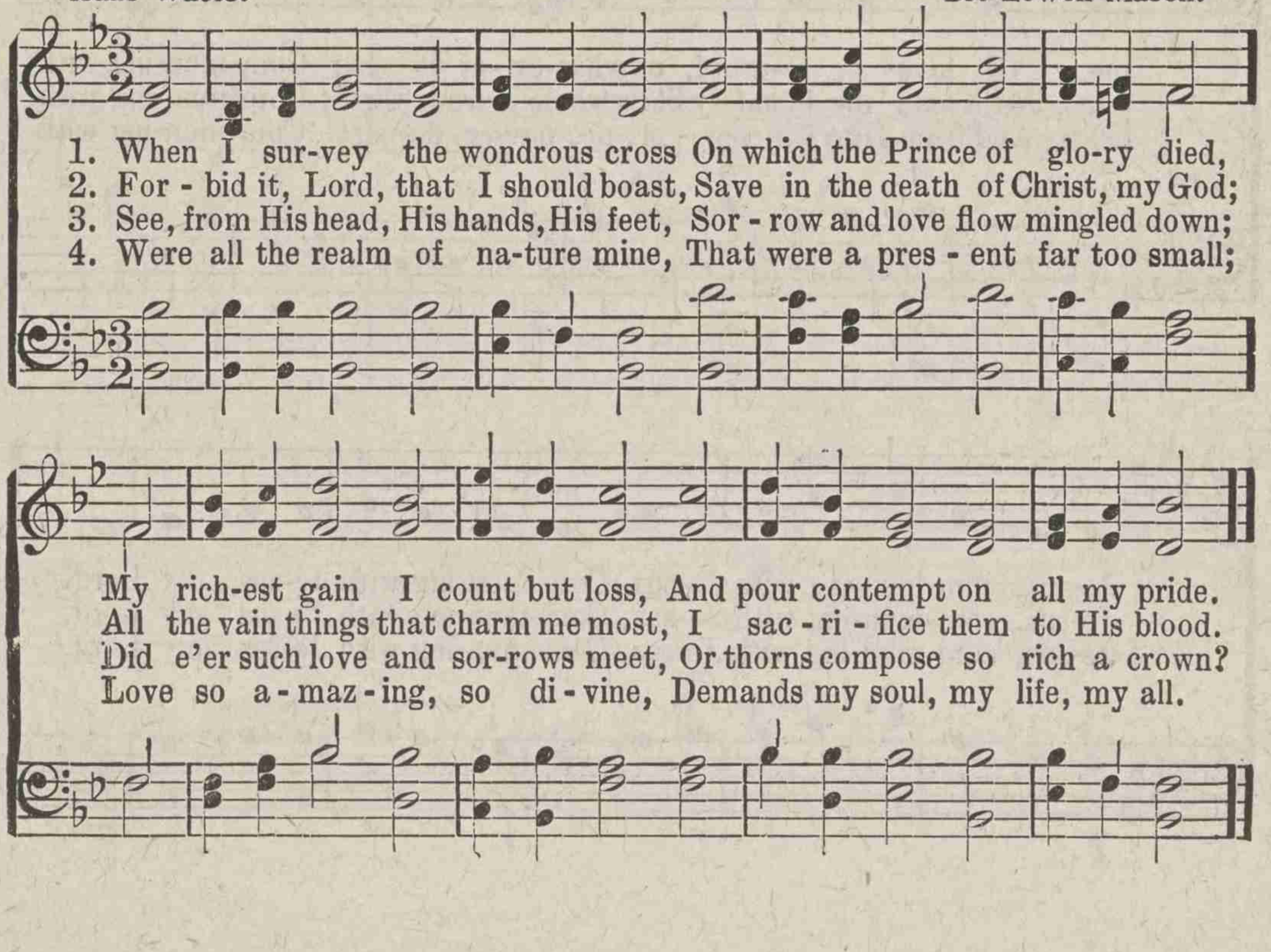
2D V. REF.

J. E. Gould.

3D V. REF.

Thomas Hastings.

No. 148. When I Survey.

Isaac Watts.

Dr. Lowell Mason.



No. 149. Communing With Jesus.

Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Com-mun - ing with Je - sus, oh, fel-low-ship sweet, To lean on His bos-om or sit at His feet, And wait while He whispers His se-crets to
2. Com-mun - ing with Je - sus, what have I to fear With such a Com- pan-ion and Coun-sel - or near? My hand in His hand-clasp so strong and so
3. Com-mun - ing with Je - sus, here would I a - bide, My soul's deep-est se-crets to Him would con-fide; To Him I have opened the door of my

me, Of love or re-proof, or what-ev - er it be: Com-mun-ing with
true, He'll lead me in safety life's whole journey thro': Com-mun-ing with
heart, And from Him will nev - er, no, nev-er de-part: Com-mun-ing with

Je-sus, com-mun-ing with Je-sus, Com-mun-ing with Je-sus my Lord.
Je-sus, com-mun-ing with Je-sus, Com-mun-ing with Je-sus my Lord.
Je-sus, com-mun-ing with Je-sus, Com-mun-ing with Je-sus my Lord.

Communing with Jesus.

CHORUS.

What hours of sweet com-mun - ion that with my Lord I spend;
I spend;

He walks with me, He talks with me as friend with friend.
as friend ev - er talks with friend, with friend.

No. 150. Every Day and Hour.

Fanny J. Crosby.

W. H. DOANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.
USED BY PERMISSION.

W. H. Doane.

1. Sav - ior, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to Thee;
2. Thro' this changing world be - low, Lead me gen-tly, gen-tly as I go;
3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;

FINE.

Let Thy pre-cious blood ap-plied, Keep me ev - er, ev - er near Thy side.
Trust-ing Thee I can - not stray, I can nev-er, nev-er lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love, In a brighter, brighter world a - bove.

D.S.—*May Thy ten - der love to me Bind me clo-ser, clo-ser, Lord, to Thee.*

REFRAIN.

D. S.

Ev - 'ry day, ev - 'ry hour, Let me feel Thy cleansing pow'r;
Ev - 'ry day and hour, ev - 'ry day and hour,

No. 151. "Holiness Unto the Lord."

C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY H. L. GILMOUR. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. "Called un - to ho - li - ness," church of our God, Pur - chase of
2. "Called un - to ho - li - ness," chil - dren of light, Walk - ing with
3. "Called un - to ho - li - ness," praise His dear name! This bless - ed
4. "Called un - to ho - li - ness," glo - ri - ous tho't! Up from the
5. "Called un - to ho - li - ness," Bride of the Lamb, Wait - ing the

Je - sus, re - deemed by His blood; Called from the world and its
Je - sus in gar-ments of white; Rai - ment un - sul - lied, nor
se - cret to faith now made plain, Not our own right-eous - ness
wil - der-ness wan - der-ings brought, Out from the shad - ows and
Bride-groom's re-turn - ing a - gain; Lift up your heads, for the

i - dols to flee, Called from the bond - age of sin to be free.
tar - nished with sin, God's Ho - ly Spir - it a - bid - ing with - in.
but Christ with - in, Liv - ing and reign-ing and sav - ing from sin.
dark - ness of night, In - to the Ca-naan of per - fect de - light.
day draw-eth near When in His beau - ty the King shall ap - pear.

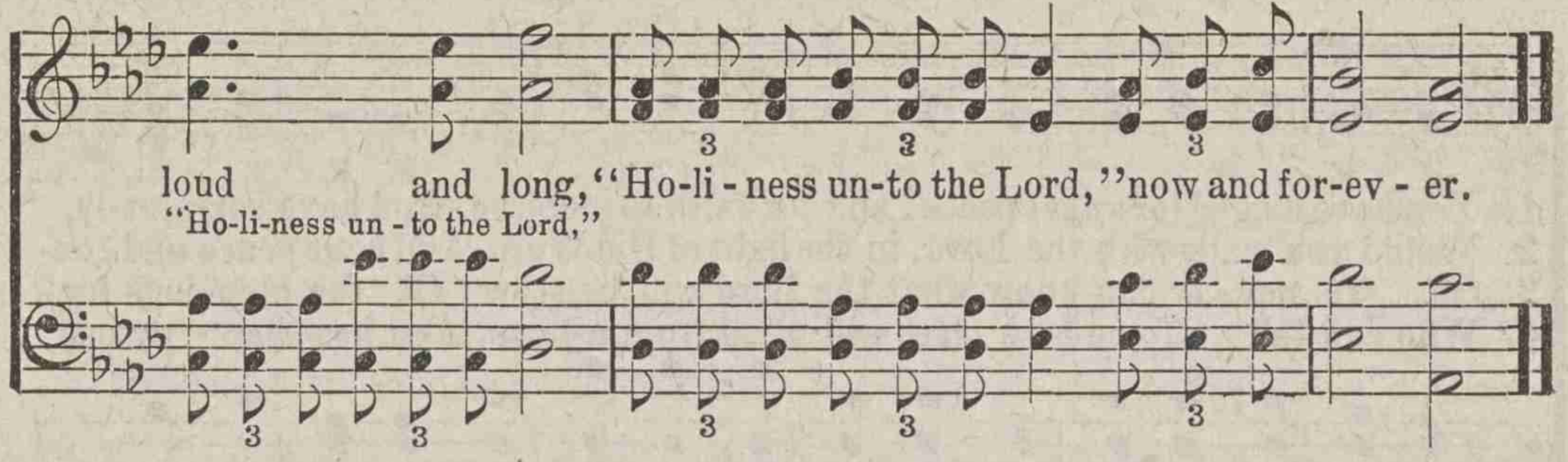
CHORUS.

"Ho - li - ness un - to the Lord," is our watch-word and song, "Ho-li - ness

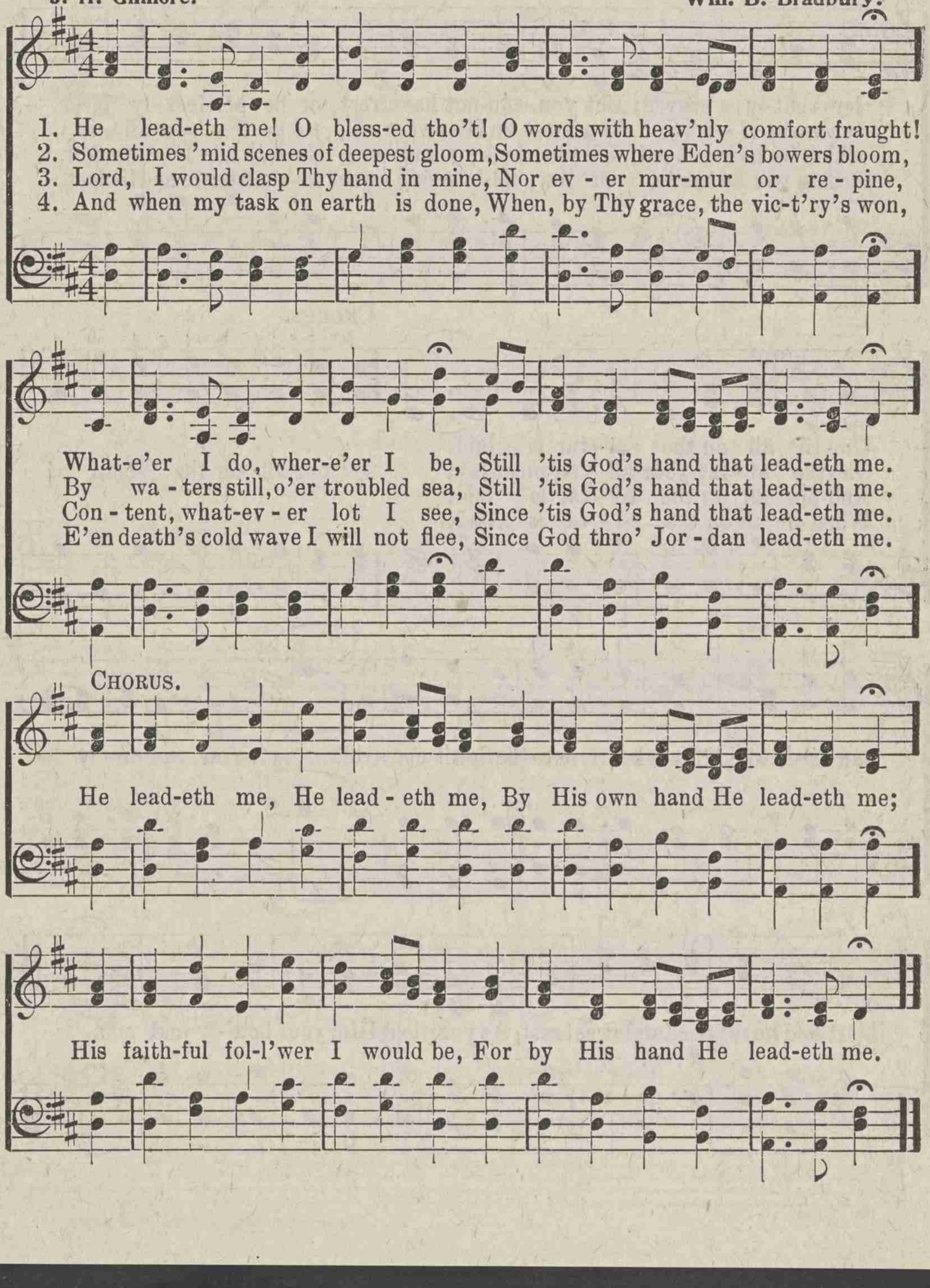
un-to the Lord," as we're marching a - long; Sing it, shout it

cres.

"Ho - li - ness un - to the Lord," Sing

"Holiness Unto the Lord."

No. 152. He Leadeth Me.

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



153 Is Your All on the Altar?

E. A. H. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. A. HOFFMAN. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

1. You have longed for sweet peace, and for faith to increase, And have ear-nest-ly,
2. Would you walk with the Lord, in the light of His Word, And have peace and con-
3. Oh, we nev-er can know what the Lord will be-stow Of the bless-ings for
4. Who can tell all the love He will send from a-bove, And how hap-py our

fer-vent-ly prayed; But you can-not have rest, or be per-fect-ly blest
tentment al-way, You must do His sweet will, to be free from all ill,
which we have prayed, Till our bod-y and soul He doth ful-ly con-trol,
hearts will be made, Of the fel-low-ship sweet we shall share at His feet,

CHORUS.

Un-til all on the al-tar is laid.
On the al-tar your all you must lay.
And our all on the al-tar is laid.
When our all on the al-tar is laid.

Is your all on the al-tar of sac-ri-fice laid? Your heart, does the Spirit con-trol?..... You can on-ly be blest and have peace and sweet rest, As you yield Him your bod-y and soul.

No. 154. THE BROKEN PINION.

Tenor and Soprano Duet, Tenor sing small notes. C. S. COLBURN.

1. I walked thro' the woodland meadows, Where sweet the thrushes sing,
2. I found a young life stricken By sin's se-duc-tive art,
3. But the bird with a broken pin - ion Kept an-oth-er from the snare,

And found on a bed of moss - es, A bird with a broken wing;
And touched with a Christ-like pit - y I took him to my heart;
And the life that sin had strick-en Raised an-oth-er from de - spair;

I healed its wound and each morning It sang its old sweet strain.
He lived with a no - ble pur - pose And struggled not in vain.
For Christ the might-y heal - er Has a balm for ev -'ry pain.

But the bird with a broken pin - ion, Never soared as high a - gain,
But the life that sin had strick-en Never soared as high a - gain,
And the soul that He has heal - ed, Higher still shall soar a - gain.

Rit

But the bird with a broken pin - ion Never soared as high a - gain.
But the life that sin had strick-en Never soared as high a - gain.
And the soul that He has heal - ed Higher still shall soar a - gain.

Copyright, 1897, by Charlie D. Tillman

155 I Want To Be a Worker.

Words and music by I. BALTZELL.

1. I want to be a work-er for the Lord, I want to love and
2. I want to be a work-er ev-'ry day, I want to lead the
3. I want to be a work-er strong and brave, I want to trust in
4. I want to be a work-er, help me, Lord, To lead the lost and

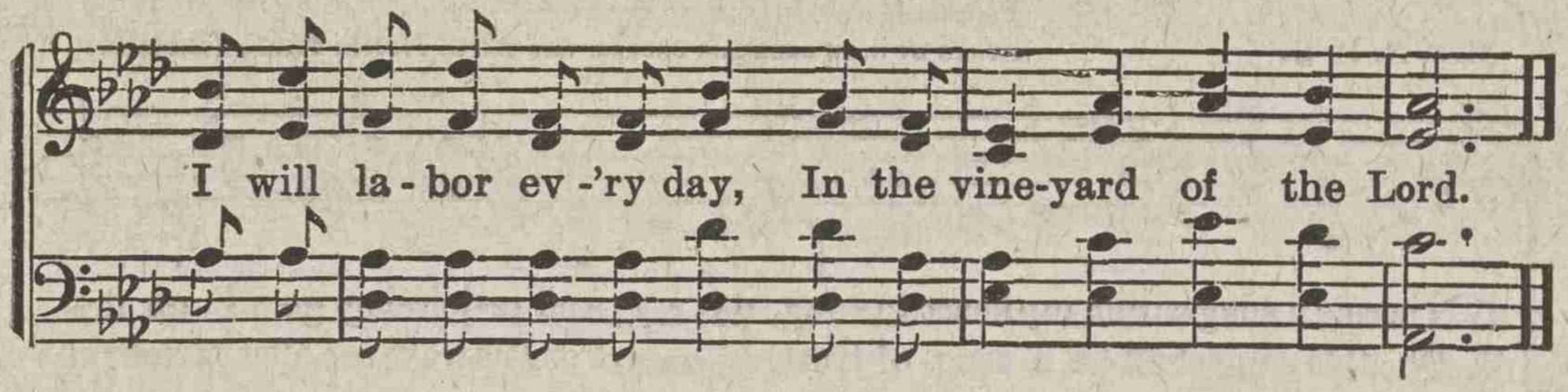
1. trust His ho - ly word, I want to sing and pray, and be
2. err - ing in the way That leads to heav'n a - bove, where
3. Je - sus' pow'r to save, All who will tru - ly come shall
4. err - ing to Thy word That points to joys on high, where

1. bus - y ev - 'ry day, In the vine - yard of the Lord.
2. all is peace and love, In the king - dom of the Lord.
3. find a hap - py home In the king - dom of the Lord.
4. pleasures nev - er die, In the king - dom of the Lord.

CHORUS.

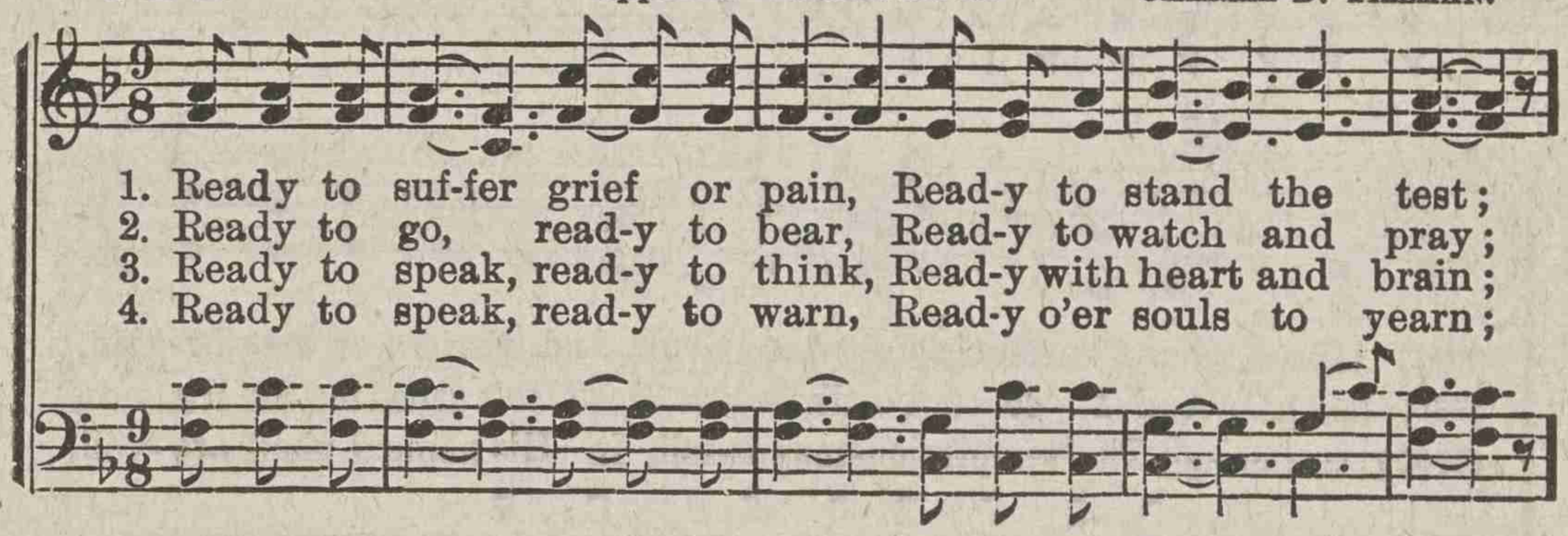
I will work, I will pray, In the vineyard, in the
I will work and pray, I will work and pray,
vine-yard of the Lord (of the Lord), I will work, I will pray,

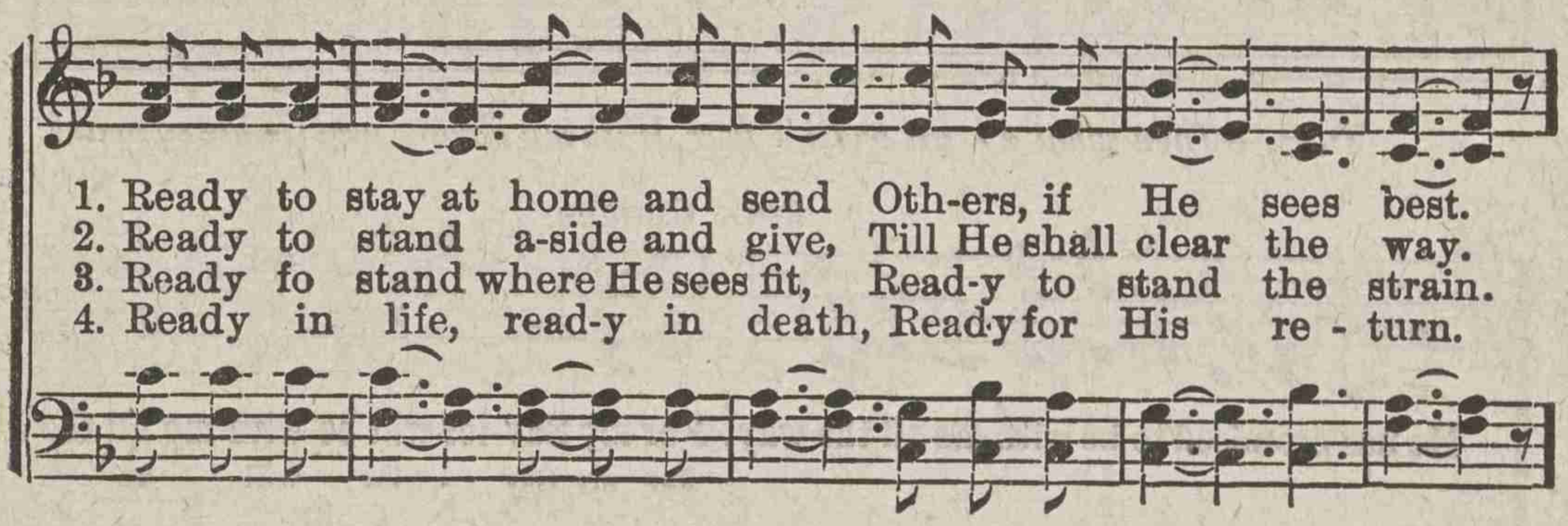
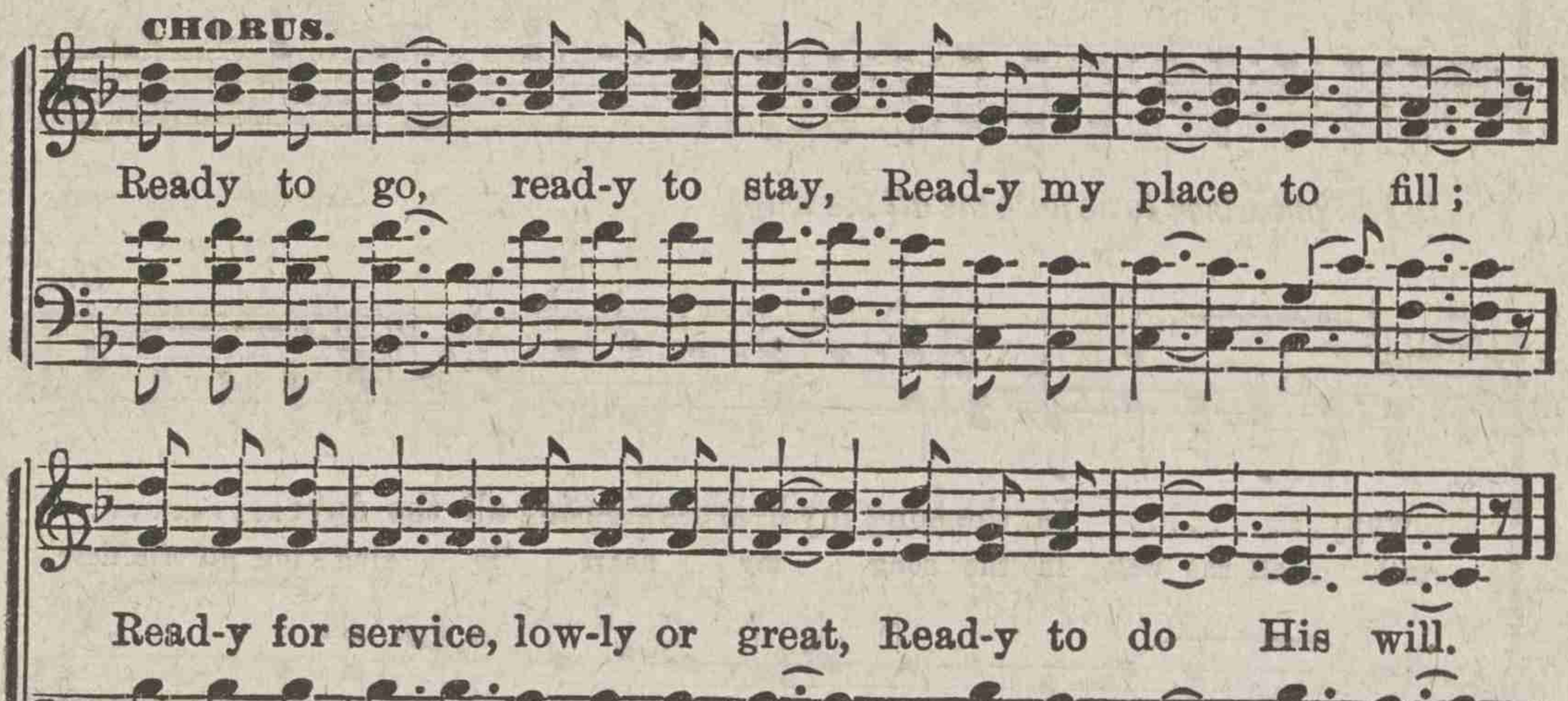
By permission.

I Want To Be a Worker. Concluded.

156 Ready.

"Behold thy servants are ready to do whatsoever my Lord the King shall appoint."—2 SAM. 15: 15.

S. E. L. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.





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157 With Me All the Way.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H GABRIEL.
OWNED BY R. H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEX.

Mrs. N. P. C. **Mrs. Nellie Place Chandler.**

1. There's a song within my heart to - day, (to - day,) And re-joic-ing go I on my
2. Oh, this song shall be a song of trust, (of trust,) For His ways are always right and
3. Thro' His grace I'll sing the victor's song, In His strength, for right be firm and

vic - tor's song,

way; (my way;) For I've found a Friend and Guide, And, what-ev-er may be - tide,
just; (and just;) And I do not walk a-lone Since He's called me for His own,
strong; (and strong;) Tho' temptations may as-sail, In His name I shall pre-vail,

D. S.—*Then what e - vil shall I fear, With my Friend and Guide so near?*

FINE. CHORUS.

He has promised to be with me all the way. For my Sav-ior will be with me all the

For my Sav - ior will be

He has promised to be with me all the way.

D. S.

way,..... Is the song my heart is sing-ing all the day;.....

with me all the way, Is the song my heart is sing - ing all the day;

158 Somebody Cares.

Fannie Edna Stafford. COPYRIGHT, 1910. BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. Homer Rodeheaver.

1. Some-bod-y knows when your heart aches, And ev-'ry-thing seems to go wrong;
2. Some-bod-y cares when you're tempted, And your mind grows diz-zy and dim;
3. Some-bod-y loves you when wea - ry; Some-bod-y loves you when strong;

Some-bod - y knows when the shad-ows Need chas-ing a - way with song;
Some-bod - y cares when you're weakest, And farth-est a - way from Him;
Al - ways is wait - ing to help you, He watch-es you—one of the throng;

Some-bod - y knows when you're lone-ly, Ti - red, dis-cour-aged and blue;
Some-bod - y grieves when you're fall-en, You are not lost from His sight;
Need - ing His friend-ship so ho - ly, Need-ing His watch-care so true;

Some-bod - y wants you to know Him, And know that He dear-ly loves you.
Some-bod - y waits for your com - ing, And He'll drive the gloom from your night.
His name? We call His name Je - sus; He loves ev - 'ry one, He loves you.

No. 159. He is a Friend of Mine.

C. A. M. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY HALL-MACK CO. C. Austin Miles.

1. I have a Friend in - deed, A Friend I oft - en need, And when I need Him
2. Now Je-sus is His name, His love is e'er the same; And tho' my love for
3. It is e-nough for me To know that He will be A Friend when all the

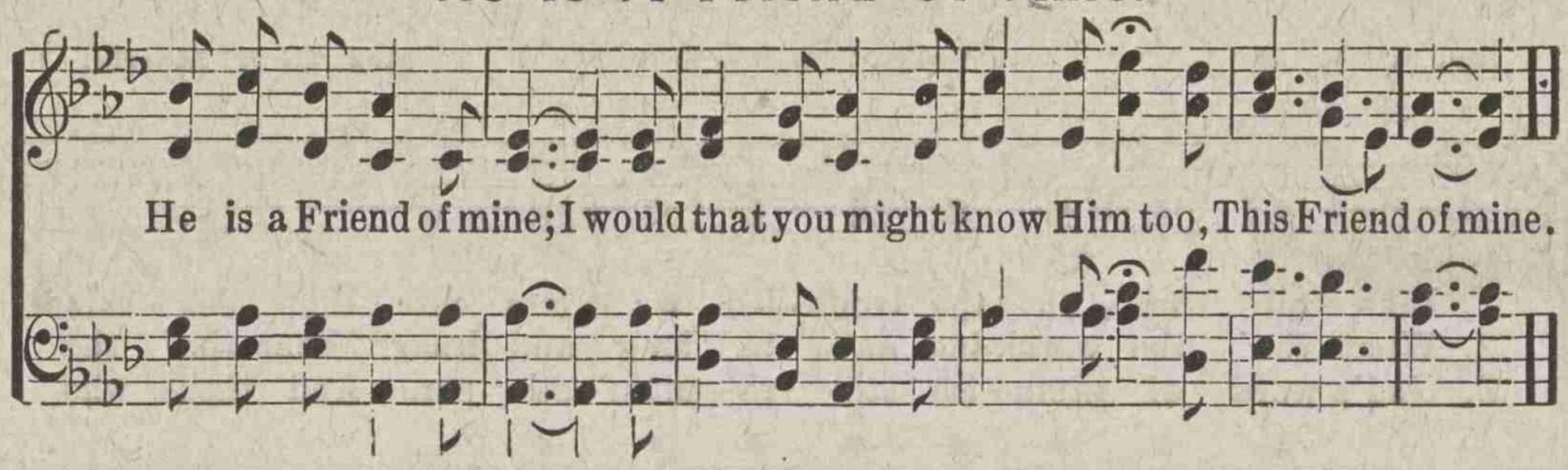
He is al-ways near, (al-ways near,) To chide me when I'm wrong,
Him may fee-ble grow, (fee - ble grow,) Still thro' my tears I see
rest for-get my name; (for-get my name;) When thro' the gates of gold

To fill my heart with song, Or make the hid-den way seem clear. (seem clear.)
My Friend a-wait-ing me, And hand in hand we on-ward go. (onward go.)
My chariot wheels have rolled, He'll be my lov-ing Friend the same. (the same.)

CHORUS.

He is a Friend of mine, He is a Friend of mine, The Ru - ler of the
yes,
land and sea, And yet He lov - eth me; He is a Friend of mine,
yes,

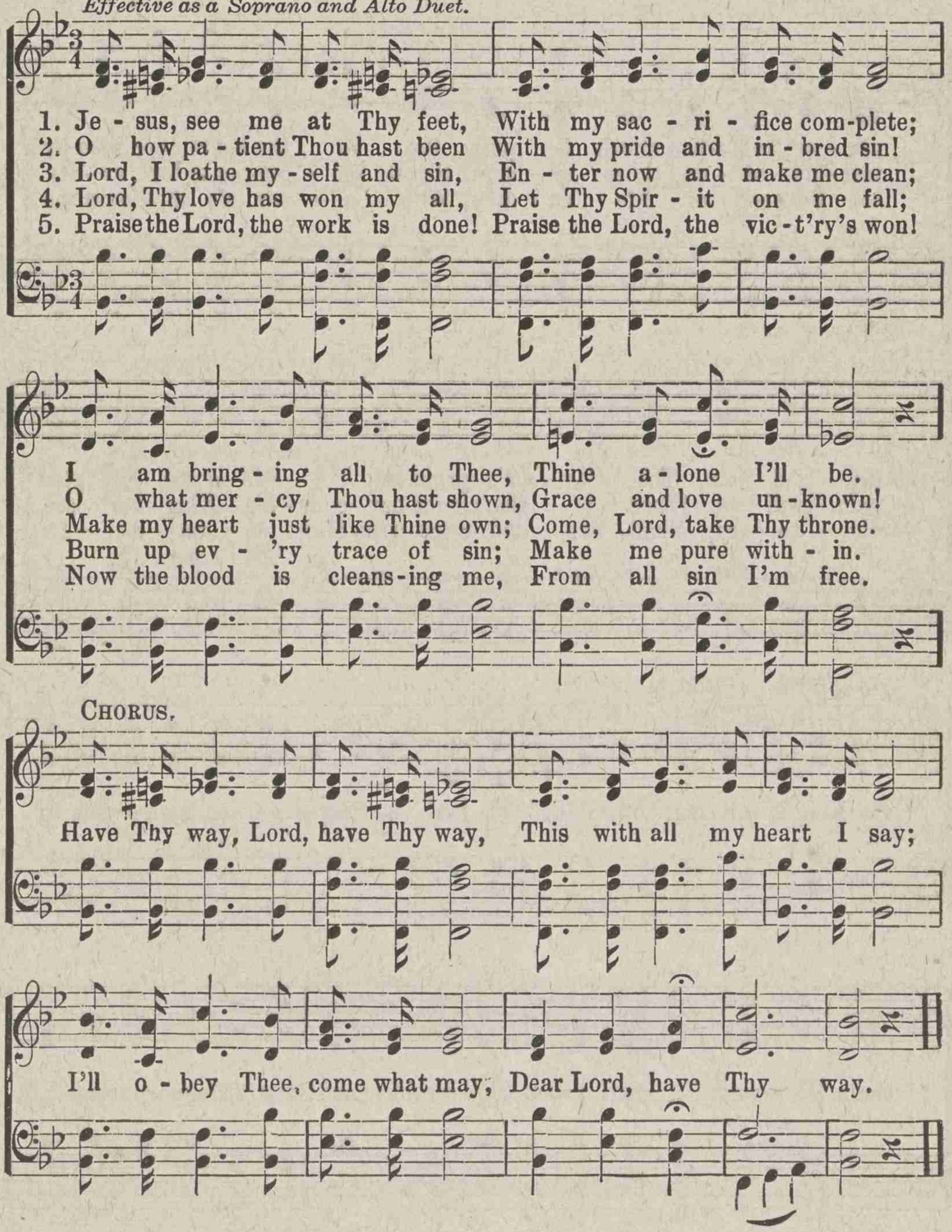
He Is A Friend Of Mine.



160 Have Thy Way, Lord.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY GEO. BENNARD, ALBION, MICH. **Rev. Geo. Bennard.**

Effective as a Soprano and Alto Duet.



No. 161. The King is Coming.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY J. M. HARRIS.

Mrs. C. H. M. **Mrs. C. H. Morris.**

Moderato.

1. Like oil up - on the troub - led wa - ters cast, Like sun - shine
2. What tho' the watch-ing days be long and drear? What tho' the
3. God's word of prom - ise still re - main - eth sure, And those who

aft - er rain when storm is past, So to the heart oppressed by
test - ing oft - en - times se - vere? Sweet rec - om-pense for ev - 'ry
to the end of life en - dure, Who o - ver sin shall gain the

sin and pain, The Sav - ior's prom-ise, "I will come a - gain."
pain 'twill be When in the clouds our com - ing King we see.
vic - to - ry, Shall live and reign with Him e - ter - nal - ly.

CHORUS. DUET.

The King is com-ing, oh, hal-le - lu - jah! The King is com-ing back a-gain to

claim His own; His chariot wheels are rumbling and Satan's kingdom crumbling,

The King is Coming.

CODA. *ad lib.*

The King is com-ing back a-gain to claim His own, To claim His own.

No. 162. If Ye Faint Not.

S. S. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

Ran. C. Story.
Chorus by C. D. T.

DUET.

1. Ye who sow with anx-ious yearning, Till the ti - ny leaf-lets peep,
2. Tho' the heav-ens long de - lay-ing, Cause you, sor-row - ing, to weep,
3. Fields now dead and bar - ren seeming, Bloom-ing, shall a - wake from sleep;
4. Seeds of truth a-round you fling-ing On fair mead and rug-ged steep;

Wait-ing, watch-ing, pa-tience learning, "If ye faint not ye shall reap."
Still be - lieve this faith-ful say-ing, "If ye faint not ye shall reap."
For the prom-ise ris - es beam-ing, "If ye faint not ye shall reap."
In your ears a truth be ring-ing, "If ye faint not ye shall reap."

CHORUS.

Then fearless tread the path of du-ty, His promise e'er in view to keep;

Some day in fields of gold-en beau-ty, "You'll join with faithful ones to reap."

163 Since Jesus Came Into My Heart.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

R. H. McDaniel. Chas H. Gabriel.

1. What a won-der-ful change in my life has been wrought Since Je-sus came
2. I have ceased from my wand'ring and go - ing a-stray, Since Je-sus came
3. I'm pos-sessed of a hope that is stead-fast and sure, Since Je-sus came
4. There's a light in the val - ley of Death now for me, Since Je-sus came
5. I shall go there to dwell in that Cit - y I know Since Je-sus came

in - to my heart! I have light in my soul for which long I had sought,
in - to my heart! And my sins which were ma - ny are all washed a - way
in - to my heart! And no dark clouds of doubt now my path-way ob-scure,
in - to my heart! And the gates of the Cit - y be - yond I can see,
in - to my heart! And I'm hap - py, so hap - py as on - ward I go,

CHORUS.

Since Je - sus came in - to my heart! Since Je-sus came in - to my
Since Je-sus came in, came

heart, Since Je-sus came in - to my heart, Floods of joy o'er my
in - to my heart, Since Je - sus came in, came in - to my heart,

soul like the sea bil-lows roll, Since Je - sus came in - to my heart.

No. 164. In the Resurrection Morning.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. When the res-ur-rec-tion morning makes the hills and valleys bright, We shall
2. With our faces bright with glo-ry in the pres-ence of the Lord, We shall
3. With our garments bright and spotless and our souls made pure by grace, We shall
4. To a-bide with Him for-ev-er in the kingdom of the blest, We shall

We shall rise, we shall rise;
rise, we shall rise; When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound o'er
rise, we shall rise; To as-cend with Him to heaven, there to
rise, we shall rise; To be-hold Him in His beau-ty with the
rise, we shall rise; To ex-tol Him thro' the a-ges, in our

ev'ry plain and height, We shall rise, we shall rise.
have the true reward,
ran-somed of the race, We shall rise, we shall rise.
pal-ac-es of rest,

CHORUS.

We shall rise, we shall rise, We shall rise to meet our
We shall rise, we shall rise, In the res-ur-rec-tion
Sav-ior in the skies, hal-le-lu-jah! morn-ing we shall rise.
we shall rise.

No. 165. Saved, Saved!

J. P. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

J. P. Scholfield.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

Saved by His pow'r, Saved to new life,

rit.

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

No. 166. "Whosoever" Meaneth Me.

J. E. M. COPYRIGHT, 1914. J. Edwin McConnell.

1. I am hap - py to - day and the sun shines bright, The clouds have been rolled a - way; For the Sav - ior said Who - so - ev - er will, May
2. All my hopes have been raised, O His name be praised, His glo - ry has filled my soul; I've been lift - ed up and from sin set free, His
3. O what won - der - ful love, O what grace di - vine, That Je - sus should die for me; I was lost in sin, for the world I pined, But

CHORUS.

come with Him to stay. (to stay.)
blood hath made me whole. (me whole.) "Who-so - ev - er," sure-ly meaneth me,
now I am set free. (set free.)

Sure - ly meaneth me, O sure - ly meaneth me; "Who - so - ev - er,"

sure - ly mean-eth me, "Who - so - ev - er," mean - eth me.

mean - eth me.

No. 167. The Parting of the Ways.

Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Just two pathways lie be-fore us as we onward go, Just two roads that we may travel—you and I;— One is ev-er leading downward, and its end we know, And the oth - er to that happy land on high.
2. Just one Master we can serve, and we the choice must make; Serving God, or serving Mammon shall it be? To the right hand, or to the left hand, which way shall we take? 'Tis a choice for time and for e - ter - ni - ty. You are standing at the parting of the
3. Take the narrow road with Jesus, tho' the world oppose, And the trav-el-ers up- on this path be few; Ev'ry step He's gone before us and the way He knows, And will safe - ly guide us all life's journey thro'.

CHORUS.

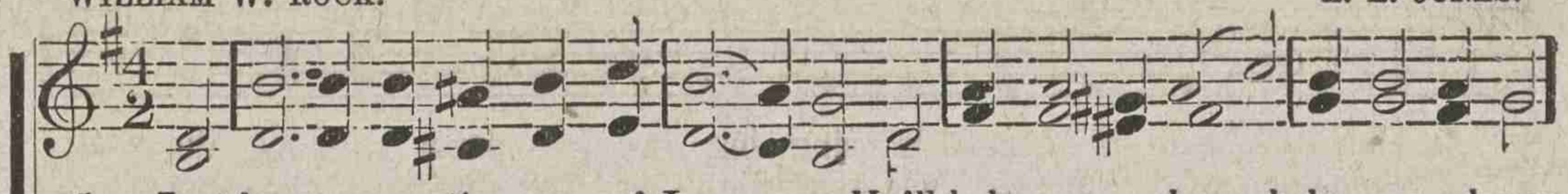
ways, brother, Final choice we all must make one of these days; Christ the Man of Gali- lee, or the world, which shall it be? You are standing at the parting of the ways.

No. 168. Lean Upon His Arms.

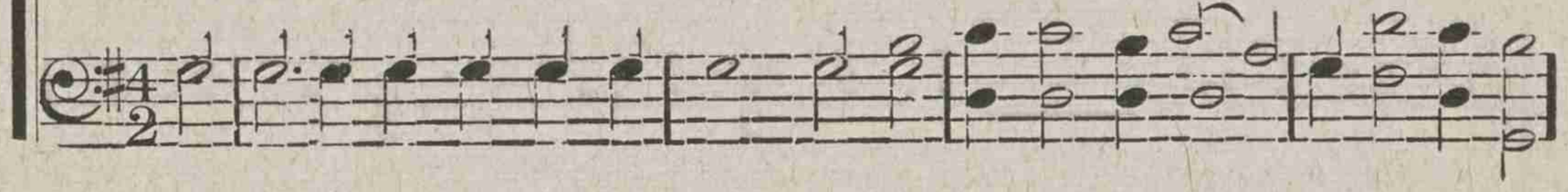
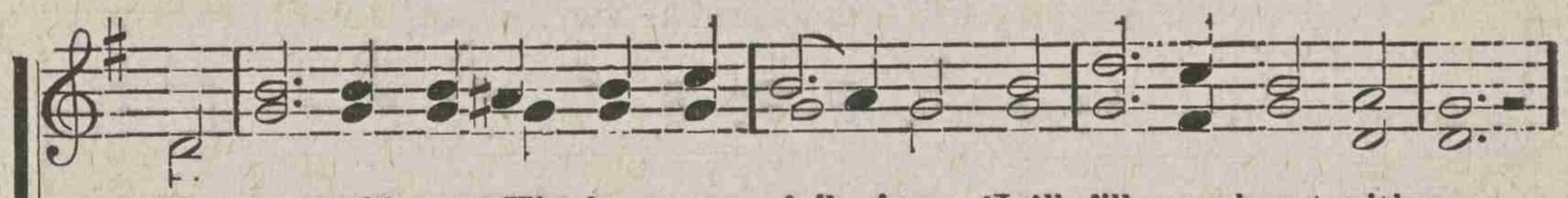
"Underneath are the everlasting arms."—Deut. xxxiii: 27.

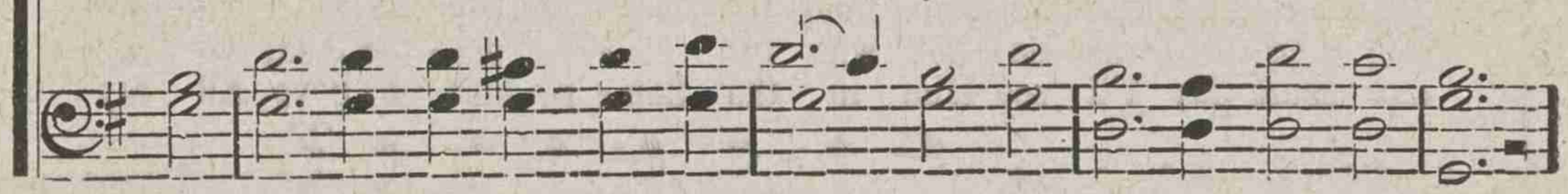
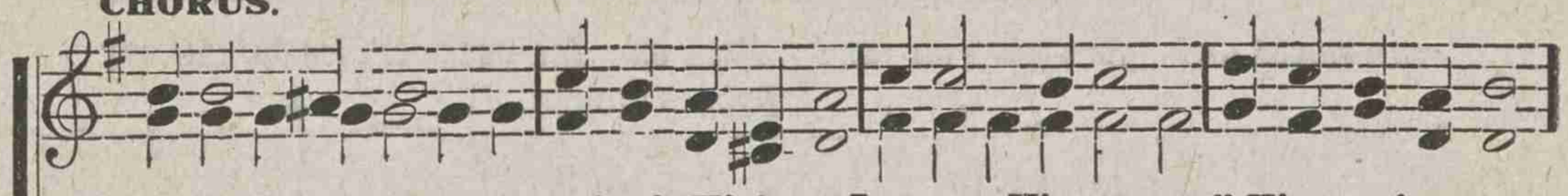
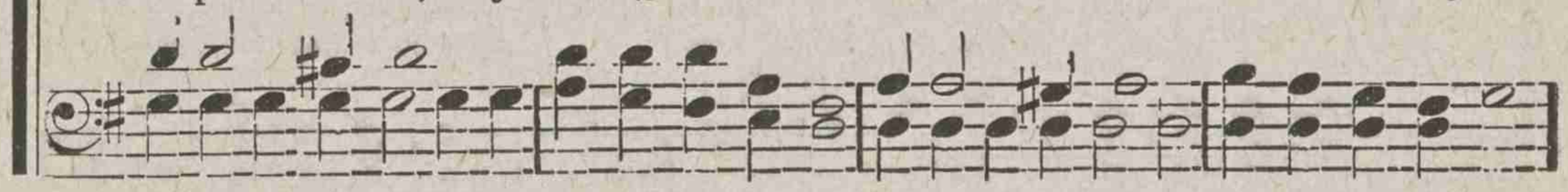
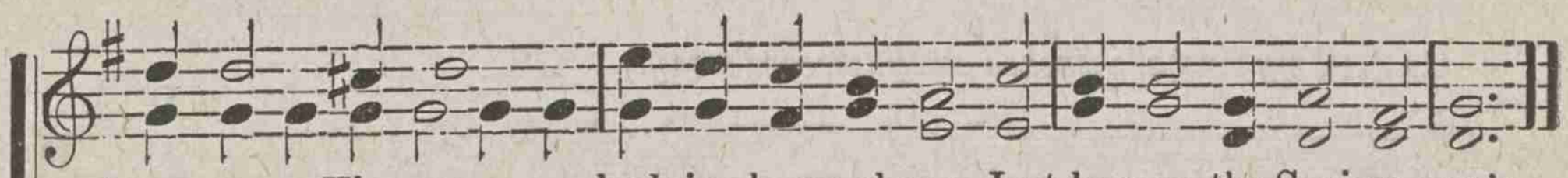
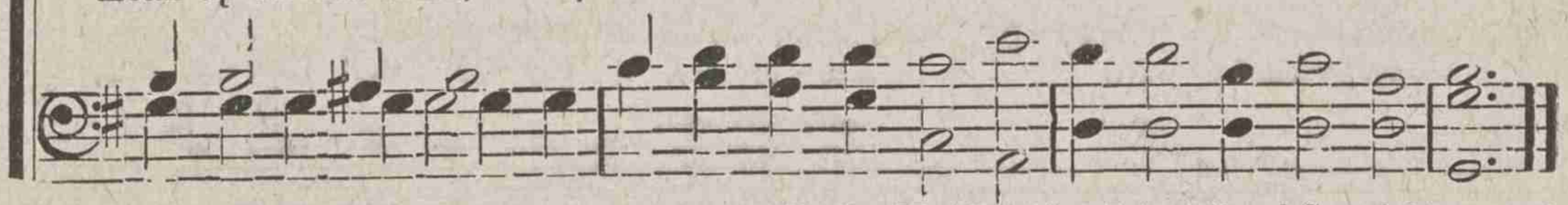
EDGAR LEWIS.
WILLIAM W. ROCK.

L. E. JONES.



1, Just lean up-on the arms of Je - sus, He'll help you a - long, help you a-long;
2. Just lean up-on the arms of Je - sus, He'll brighten the way, brighten the way;
3. Just lean up-on the arms of Je - sus, Oh, bring ev-'ry care, bring ev-'ry care!
4. Just lean up-on the arms of Je - sus, Then leave all to Him, leave all to Him;
5. Just lean up-on the arms of Je - sus, He meets ev-'ry need, meets ev-'ry need;



If you will trust His love un - fail - ing, He'll fill your heart with song.
Just fol - low glad-ly where He lead-eth, His gen - tle voice o - bey.
The bur - den that hath seemed so heav - y, Take to the Lord in prayer.
His heart is full of love and mer - cy, His eyes are nev - er dim.
To all who take Him as a Sav - ior, He is a Friend in - deed.

CHORUS.

Lean on His arms, trusting in His love; Lean on His arms, all His mercies prove;
Lean upon His arms, fully trusting in His love; Lean upon His arms, and all His mercies prove;

Lean on His arms look-ing home above, Just lean on the Saviors arm's.
Lean up-on His arms, ev-er,

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No. 169 My Sins Are All Washed Away.

Dr. George Lytton. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. Hear the song my heart is sing-ing as I press a-long the road:
2. Some one lead me to the foun-tain, to the precious, cleansing tide,
3. Thro' the a-ges I shall praise Him for His soul-re-deem-ing love,

All my sins ..... are washed a-way; Je-sus
And I'm
All my sins are washed a-way;(washed a-way;) Face to

D. S.—*I've been*

found me lost and bur-dened, and He took a-way my load; All my
sing-ing of the Sav-ior who for ev-'ry sin-ner died, All my
face some day I'll see Him in the hap-py land a-bove, All my

ran-somed and for-giv-en and I'm on the road to Heav'n! All my

FINE. CHORUS.

sins..... are washed away. Washed a-way,..... all washed a-
All my sins are washed a-way. (washed away.) Washed a-way, all washed a-

sins(All my sins)are washed away.(washed away.)

D. S.

way, Hap-py day,..... oh, hap-py day!
way, (washed a-way,) Hap-py day, oh, hap-py day! (hap-py day!)

No. 170. The Gift of God's Love to Me.

Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. A won-der-ful treasure of val-ue untold, Which could not be purchased with
2. A trai-tor to grace and a reb-el was I, Condemned under God's righteous
3. His blood was the fountain which saved me from sin; His blood is the fountain which

sil-ver or gold, Is mine as the gift of my Sav-ior and King: A
sen-tence to die; But mer-cy the plan of sal-va-tion conceived, That
still keeps me clean; My pass-port to heav-en, my hope in death's flood, I'll

CHORUS.

per-fect sal-va-tion—His praise will I sing.
all might be saved who on Je-sus be-lieved. Sal-va-tion so full and so
sing it for-ev-er, there prais-ing the blood.

free, The gift of my Sav-ior to me; This word He hath
so free, to me;

spo-ken which can-not be bro-ken, 'Tis the gift of His love to me.

No. 171. The Gospel News.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY

S. W. B. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Dy - ing souls that per - ish on the wastes of sin Need to hear the gos - pel of re - demp-tion free; We must do our part to
2. Wear - y ones that wan - der on the des - ert wild Must be found and led back to the path of right; Tell them of the Sav - ior,
3. Tell the Word of Life to all who may be found Wand'ring far from God in sor - row, strife and sin; Touch the hearts that sigh for

spread the Word a - broad, That the souls of men from sin may res-cued be.
teach His Word of Truth, That their blinded eyes may see the Gos-pel light.
sym - pa - thy and love With the Truth Divine, 't will give them peace within.

CHORUS.

Preach it, teach it, His Truth de - clare; Preach it, teach it
Preach it, teach it, His won-drous Truth in faith de - clare; Oh, preach it, teach it

ev - 'ry - where; To the lost of ev - 'ry na - tion,
to the peo - ple ev - 'ry - where; Yes,

The Gospel News.

To the bounds of all cre - a - tion, Tell out the Gos - pel

news; Preach it, teach it, that all may

news that shall free the peo - ple; Preach it, teach it, that all may know Him,

know Je - sus the Sav - ior, who loves them so;

tru - ly know Him, Je - sus the Sav - ior, who in His mer - cy loves them so; Oh,

Keep the ti - dings go - ing, Life e - ter - nal

keep the ti - dings go - ing, Life e-

show-ing, Spread a - broad the Gos - pel news. (the Gos - pel news.)

ter - nal show - ing,

No. 172. From Every Stormy Wind.

H. STOWELL. S. WILDER.

Solo Obligato.

1. From ev - 'ry storm - y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry
2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of

Accompanying voices pp.

3. There is a scene where spir - its blend, Where friend holds
4. Oh, let my hand for - get her skill, My tongue be

swell - ing tide of woes, There is a calm, a
glad - ness on our heads; A place than all be-

fel - low - ship with friend; Tho' sun - dered far, by
si - lent, cold, and still, This bound - ing heart for-

sure re-treat; 'Tis found be-neath the mer - cy - seat.
sides more sweet; It is the blood - bought mer - cy - seat

faith they meet A - round one com - mon mer - cy - seat.
get to beat, If I for - get the mer - cy - seat

No. 173. Others.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
CHARLIE D. TILLMAN, OWNER.

Nella F. Ford. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Would you know the joy of liv-ing on the higher ground of love? Would you know the Savior's friendship, would you ev'ry promise prove? Would you gather
2. Would you have the world the better that you lived in it to-day? Would you let a lit-tle sun-shine in upon some darkened way? Would you bring a
3. Would you cheer an-oth-er fainting in the bat-tle for the right? Would you stay the foot that falters as it climbs the mountain's height? Would you speak the
4. Would you feel the se-cret presence of the Mas-ter as you go? Would you walk with faith un-shak-en on your mis-sion here be-low? Would you face your

pre-cious jew-els for your crown of life a-bove? Live, work, pray for oth-ers.
soul to Jesus, would you seek for those a-stray? Live, work, pray for oth-ers.
word of kindness that shall make a dark day bright? Live, work, pray for oth-ers.
Lord unfearing, His "Well done!" at last to know? Live, work, pray for oth-ers.

CHORUS.

Oth - ers! oth - ers! Live to work, and watch and pray for oth-ers;
Oth - ers! oth - ers! oth - ers!

Let the blessed Master our ex-am-ple ev-er be; Live, work, pray for oth-ers.

174 With Every Passing Day.

L. Z. LOUIS ZIMMERMAN.

1. When first the Saviour found me, When first the light shone round me, A
2. I tho't when first I knew Him,—When first He bound me to Him,—I
3. If here on earth 'tis glo-ry To tell the won-drous sto-ry Of

1. flood of joy came o-ver me, as bil-lows sweep the sea; He
2. could not serve Him bet-ter, nei-ther could I love Him more; But
3. His re-deem-ing love, what will it be when, by His grace At

1. spoke to me so sweet-ly, He won my heart completely, And ev-er
2. ev-'ry morn-ing near-er He seems to me and dear-er, And ev-'ry
3. last, I stand be-fore Him, To wor-ship and a-dore Him, And thro' e-

CHORUS.

1. since that happy day He walks and talks with me. Ev - - 'ry
2. ev'ning brings me peace I nev-er knew be-fore.
3. ter-nal years to look up-on His blessed face? Ev'ry passing day

day my Lord to me is dear-er! Ev - - - 'ry day my
my dear-er! Ev-'ry passing day my

Copyright, 1910, by Chas. H. Gabriel. Charlie D. Tillman, owner.

With Every Passing Day.

faith is grow-ing clear-er! Ev - - - 'ry day to Him I'm
Ev-'ry pass-ing day to

draw-ing near-er, Near-er with ev-'ry pass-ing day.....
Near-er, near-er, ev-'ry pass-ing day.

No. 175. Close To Thee.

Fanny J. Crosby. Silas J. Vail.

1. Thou my ev - er-last-ing por-tion, More than friend or life to me,
2. Not for ease or world-ly pleas-ure, Nor for fame my prayer shall be;
3. Lead me thro' the vale of shad-ows, Bear me o'er life's fit-ful sea;

FINE.

All a-long my pil-grim jour-ney, Sav-ior, let me walk with Thee.
Glad-ly will I toil and suf-fer, On-ly let me walk with Thee.
Then the gate of life e-ter-nal, May I en-ter, Lord, with Thee.

D. S.–*All a-long my pil-grim jour-ney, Sav-ior, let me walk with Thee.*
Glad-ly will I toil and suf-fer, On-ly let me walk with Thee.
Then the gate of life e-ter-nal, May I en-ter, Lord, with Thee.

REFRAIN. D. S.

Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee;

No. 176. Come Unto Me.

E. E. Hewitt. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY D. W. MILAM. D. Ward Milam.

SOLO.

1. Come, all ye wear - y and oppressed, O come and I will give you rest;
2. Come, ye that feel the weight of sin, And I will breathe sweet peace within;
3. Come, ye that seem to toil in vain, Beneath a load of grief and pain;
4. So ten - der - ly my Sav - ior pleads, For all His own He in - ter-cedes;

I'll bid your anx - ious fears de-part, For I am meek and low-ly in heart,
I'll lift the bur-den from your heart, Forgiveness I will free-ly im-part,
Come, cast on Me your ev - 'ry care, The yoke of bless - ed fel-low-ship wear,
And still He's call - ing, Come to Me, And ye shall find rest un - to your soul,

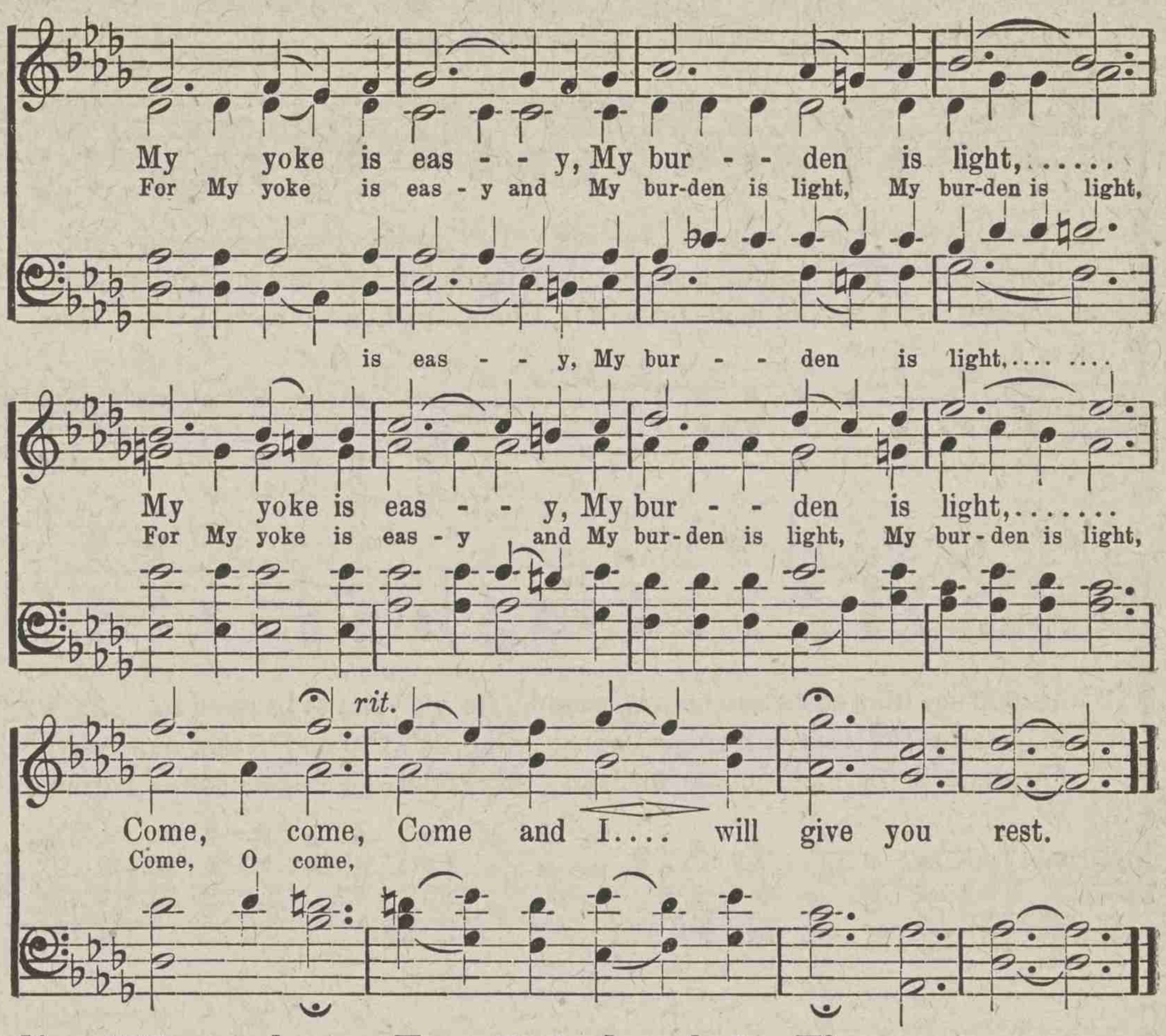
ad lib.

For I am meek and low-ly in heart, And I will give you rest.
For-give - ness I will free-ly im-part, And I will give you rest.
The yoke of bless-ed fellowship wear, And I will give you rest.
For I am meek and low-ly in heart, And I will give you rest.

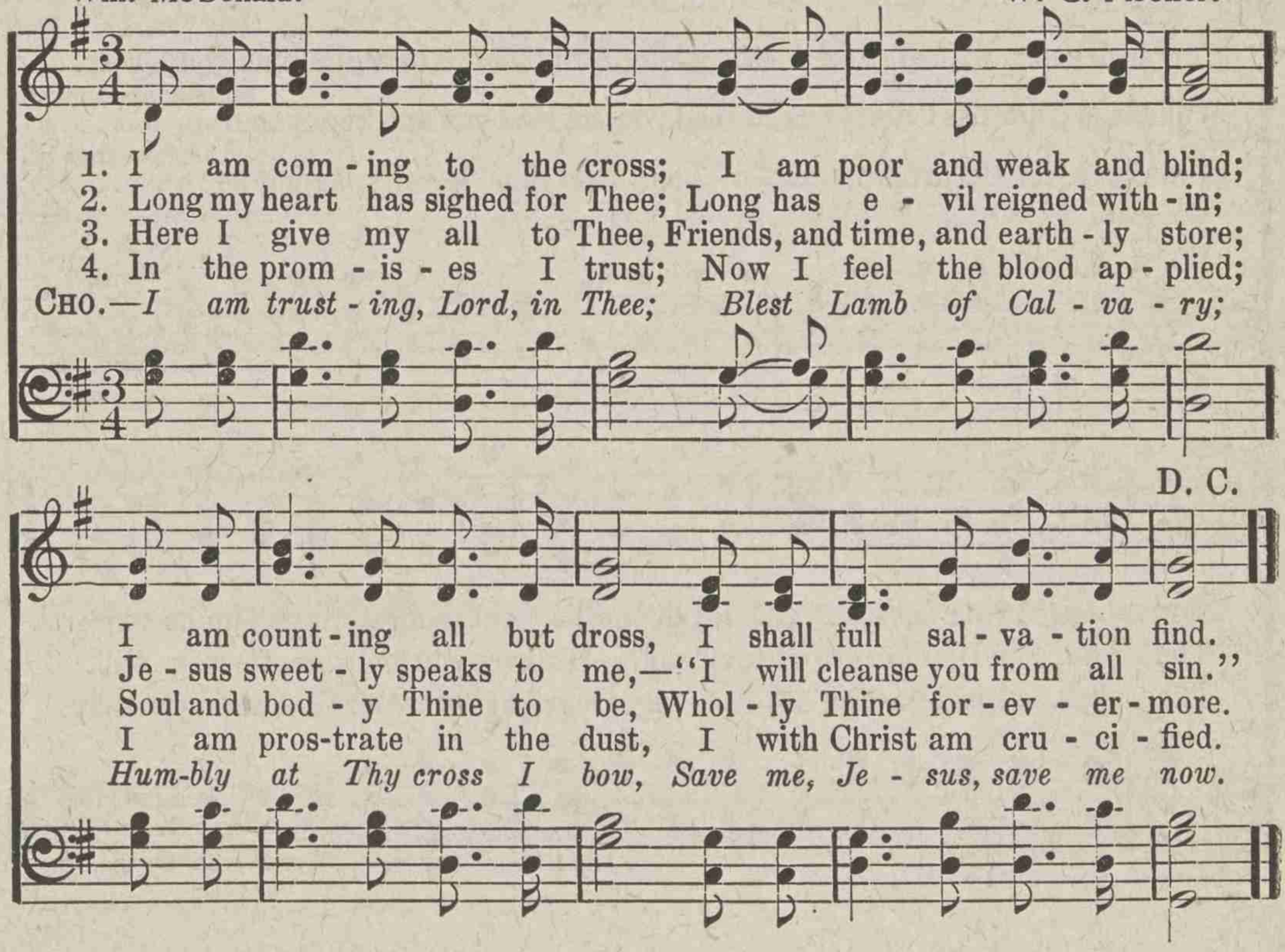
CHORUS.

Ye that la - bor and are heav - y - la - den, come to Me, (to Me,)

Come, come, come,.....and learn of Me;.....
Take My yoke, My yoke up - on you, and learn, and learn of Me, of Me;

Come Unto Me.

No. 177. I am Trusting, Lord, in Thee.

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



No. 178. Remember Your Promise to Jesus.

Ruby Davis.
Mrs. C. H. Morris, Arr.

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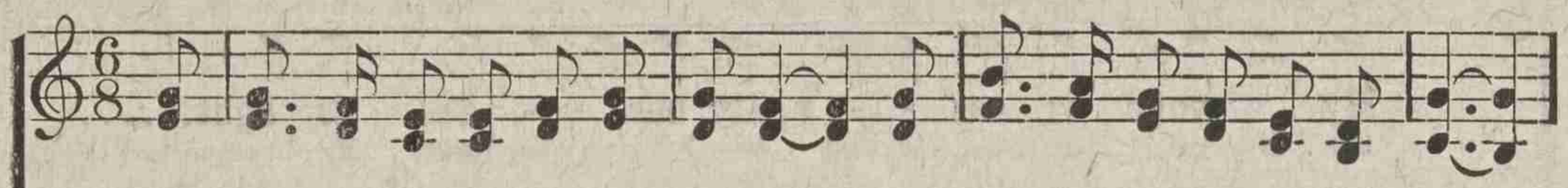
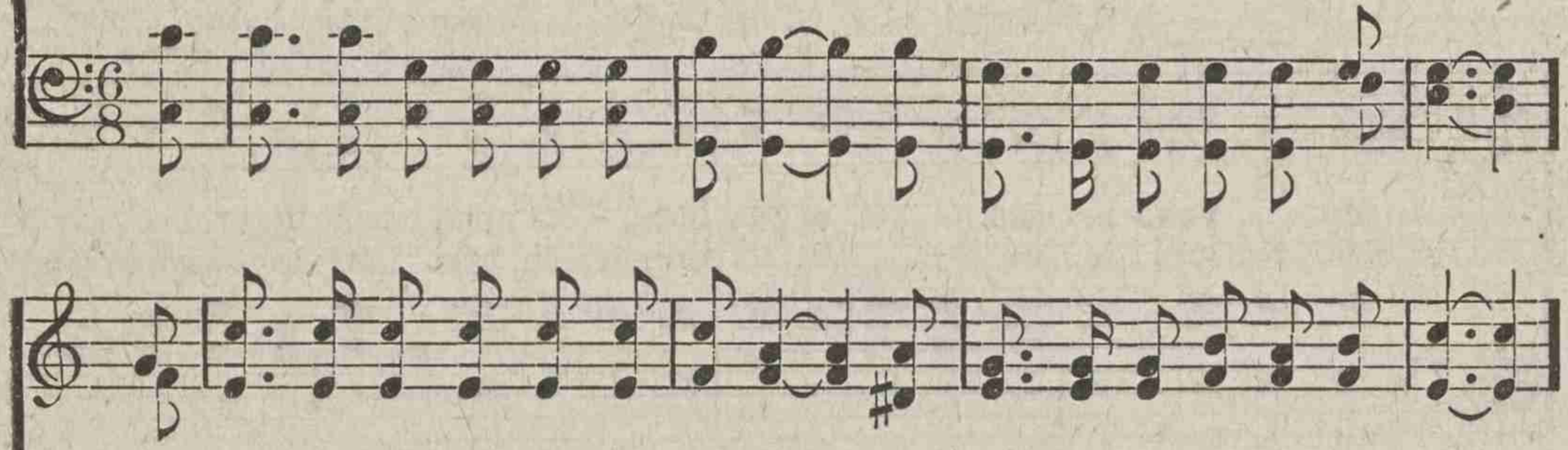
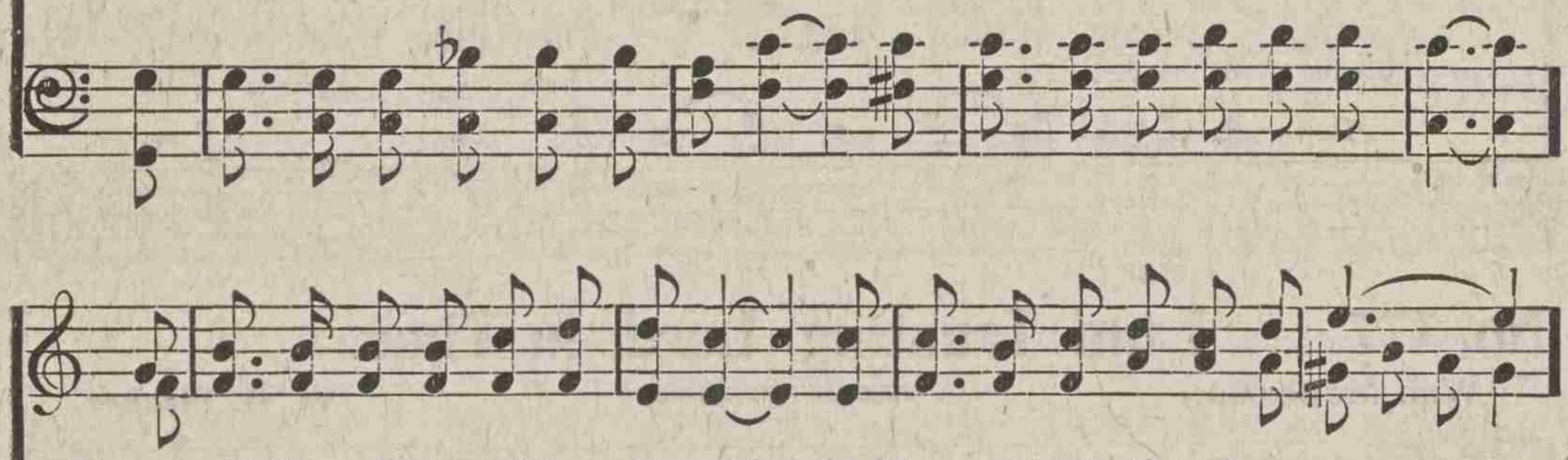
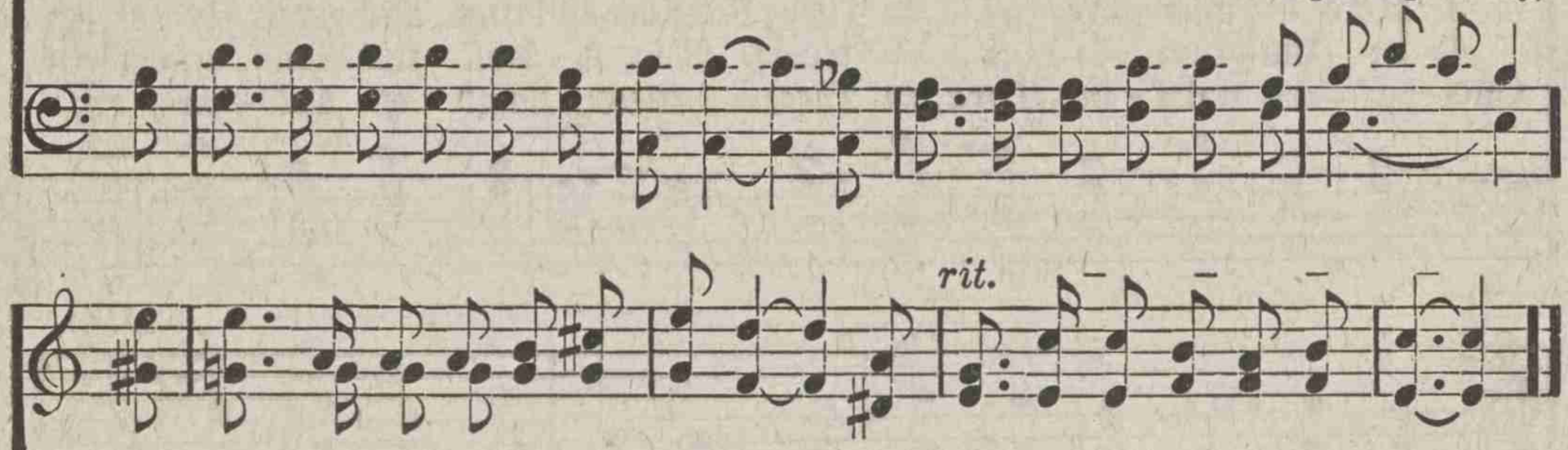
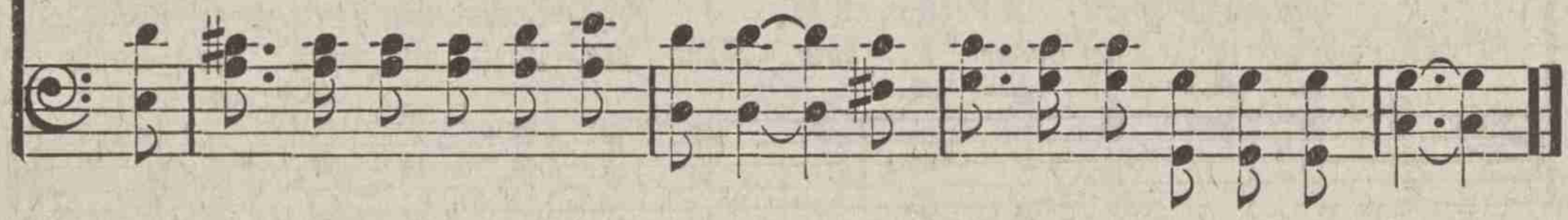
C. H. M.
Jewel D. Tillman.

1. Re-mem-ber your promise to Je - sus You made in the years long a - go;
2. The world with its business and pleasures Has claimed all your tho't ev'ry day;
3. Re-new now your vow made to Je - sus, Come, trusting His pow-er to save;

A loved one from earth's scenes was passing, The glo - ries of heav-en to know.
A leaf on life's current, you've drifted Still far - ther and farther a - way.
For there is no hope, and no mer-cy Ex - tend - ed be-yond the dark grave.

Your heart then with anguish was breaking, And tears were bedimming your eyes; . . .
bedimming your eyes;
While God from His bounty has clothed you, And fed you and kept you from ill, ...
and kept you from ill,
Come back, for His arms are wide o - pen, And time is swift passing a- way; . . . . .
swift passing a-way;

You promised your Lord and your loved one To meet them some day in the skies.
Tho' you of His care are un-mind-ful, He loves you and cares for you still.
The days of pro-ba-tion are end - ing, Get right with your God while you may.

No.179 The Way Within The Way.

MRS. C. H. M. (Isaiah 35: 8-10.) MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. I have chos - en to walk in the nar-row way, Which the saints of old once trod; 'Tis a glo - ri - ous way for it leads at last, To a
2. 'Tis the way of the pure and the sanc-ti-fied, "Naught unclean shall o'er it pass; And the way-far-ing man shall not err there-in," This
3. "And the shouts of the ransom'd shall there re-sound As to Zi - on they re-turn;" Praise the Lord, hal - le - lu - jah! the way I've found, And to

CHORUS.

place by the throne of God. There's a way..... ..... with-in the highway,
plain way to ho - li - ness.
glo - ry am press-ing on. There's a way, a blessed way,

A narrow way..... ..... with-in the highway, And by His grace.....
Yes, there's a way, a narrow way, And by His grace, His wondrous

it shall be my way, This narrow way of ho - li - ness.
grace, This narrow way, this nar-row way of ho-li-ness.

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180. Whiter Than Snow.

JAMES NICHOLSON. WM. G. FISCHER.

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole;
2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies,
3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum - bly en - treat;
4. Lord Je - sus, Thou seest I pa - tient - ly wait:

I want Thee for - ev - er to live in my soul;
And help me to make a com - plete sac - ri - fice;
I wait, bless - ed Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet,
Come now, and with - in me a new heart cre - ate;

Break down ev - 'ry i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe; Now
I give up my - self, and what ev - er I know: O
By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow: O
To those who have sought Thee, Thou nev - er said'st "No;" O

CHORUS.

wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow. Whiter than snow, yes,

whit - er than snow; O wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

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No. 181. You Must Be Redeemed by the Blood.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY BIEDERWOLF & STROUSE.
LAKESIDE BUILDING, CHICAGO.

C. B. S. **Clarence B. Strouse.**

1. If you want to live a-bove this world of sin, You must be re-
2. Would you know the bless-ed-ness of Je-sus' love? You must be re-
3. Would you seek the land where sorrows come no more? You must be re-
4. Would you taste the joy that for the saved a-wait? You must be re-

deemed by the blood; If you'd have God's Spir-it reign su-preme with-in,
deemed by the blood; Would you know the joy that com-eth from a-bove?
deemed by the blood; Would you meet the loved ones who have gone be-fore?
deemed by the blood; Would you pass in tri-umph thro' the pearl-y gate?

CHORUS.

You must be redeemed by the blood. You must be redeemed by the

blood, You must be redeemed by the blood; For there's
by the blood, by the blood;

no other way, And there's nothing to pay, You must be redeemed by the blood.

No. 182. The Eyes of God Are On You.

T. O. Chisholm. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

SOLO. Baritone or Contralto.

1. The eyes of God are on you, Be - hold - ing all your ways;
2. The eyes of God are on you, He slum-bers not nor sleeps,
3. "The eyes of God are on me," The saint, ex - ult - ing sings;

No se - cret tho't or mo - tive Is hid - den from His gaze.
But o'er His trust - ing chil - dren Un - wear - ied vig - il keeps;
The tho't to him is pre - cious, Un - meas-ured com-fort brings;

Tho' borne on swift - est pin - ions O'er land or o - cean wide,
And if your path be hid - den By shad-ows deep and dim,
But thou whose life is e - vil, Doth fear not fill thy heart?

You can - not flee His Spir - it, Nor from His pres-ence hide; . . .
Fear not! the light and dark - ness Are both a - like to Him; . . .
The eyes of God are on thee! He sees thee as thou art! . . . .

Copyright, 1912, by Charlie D. Tillman.

The Eyes of God Are On You.

rit.

You can-not flee His Spir - it, Nor from His pres-ence hide. . .
Fear not! the light and dark - ness Are both a - like to Him. . .
The eyes of God are on thee! He sees thee as thou art! . .

rit.

CHORUS.

He se - eth you, ... He se - eth me, ...

He se - eth you, He se - eth me,

His eyes dis - cern the false, the true; . . . . . All things are

the false, the true;

o - - pen to the gaze . . . . Of "Him with whom we have to do."

All things are o - pen to the gaze

No. 183. Dwelling in Beulah Land.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY HALL-MACK CO.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

1. Far a-way the noise of strife up-on my ear is fall-ing, Then I know the
2. Far be-low the storm of doubt up-on the world is beat-ing, Sighs of men in
3. Let the stormy breez-es blow, their cry can-not a-larm me, I am safe-ly
4. Viewing here the works of God, I sink in con-tem-pla-tion, Hearing now His

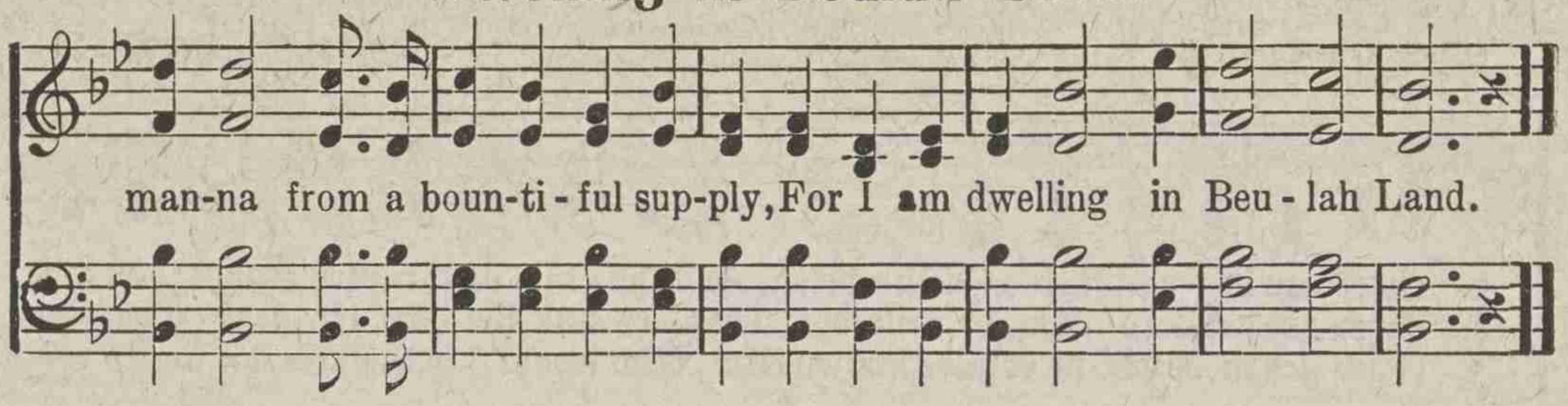
sins of earth be-set on ev-'ry hand; Doubt and fear and things of earth in
bat-tle long the en-e-my with-stand; Safe am I with-in the cas-tle
sheltered here, pro-tect-ed by God's hand; Here the sun is al-ways shin-ing,
bless-ed voice, I see the way He planned; Dwell-ing in the Spir-it, here I

vain to me are call-ing, None of these shall move me from Beu-lah Land.
of God's word re-treat-ing, Noth-ing there can reach me—'tis Beu-lah Land.
here there's naught can harm me, I am safe for-ev-er in Beu-lah Land.
learn of full sal-va-tion, Glad-ly will I tar-ry in Beu-lah Land.

CHORUS.

I'm liv-ing on the mountain, un-der-neath a cloud-less sky, I'm
Praise God!
drink-ing at the fountain that nev-er shall run dry, O yes! I'm feasting on the

Dwelling in Beulah Land.



No. 184.

John iii: 16.

J. Manton Smith. USED BY PERMISSION. W. H. Harper.

No. 185. Jesus Looks to You.

Elsie Duncan Yale.

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Samuel W. Beazley.

1. There are har-vest-fields which whiten, And the grain ungarnered stands; Love di-
2. There are souls to dan-ger drift-ing, They are sink-ing day by day; Then the
3. There are those who ne'er have known Him, Who would fain their Savior find, Ever

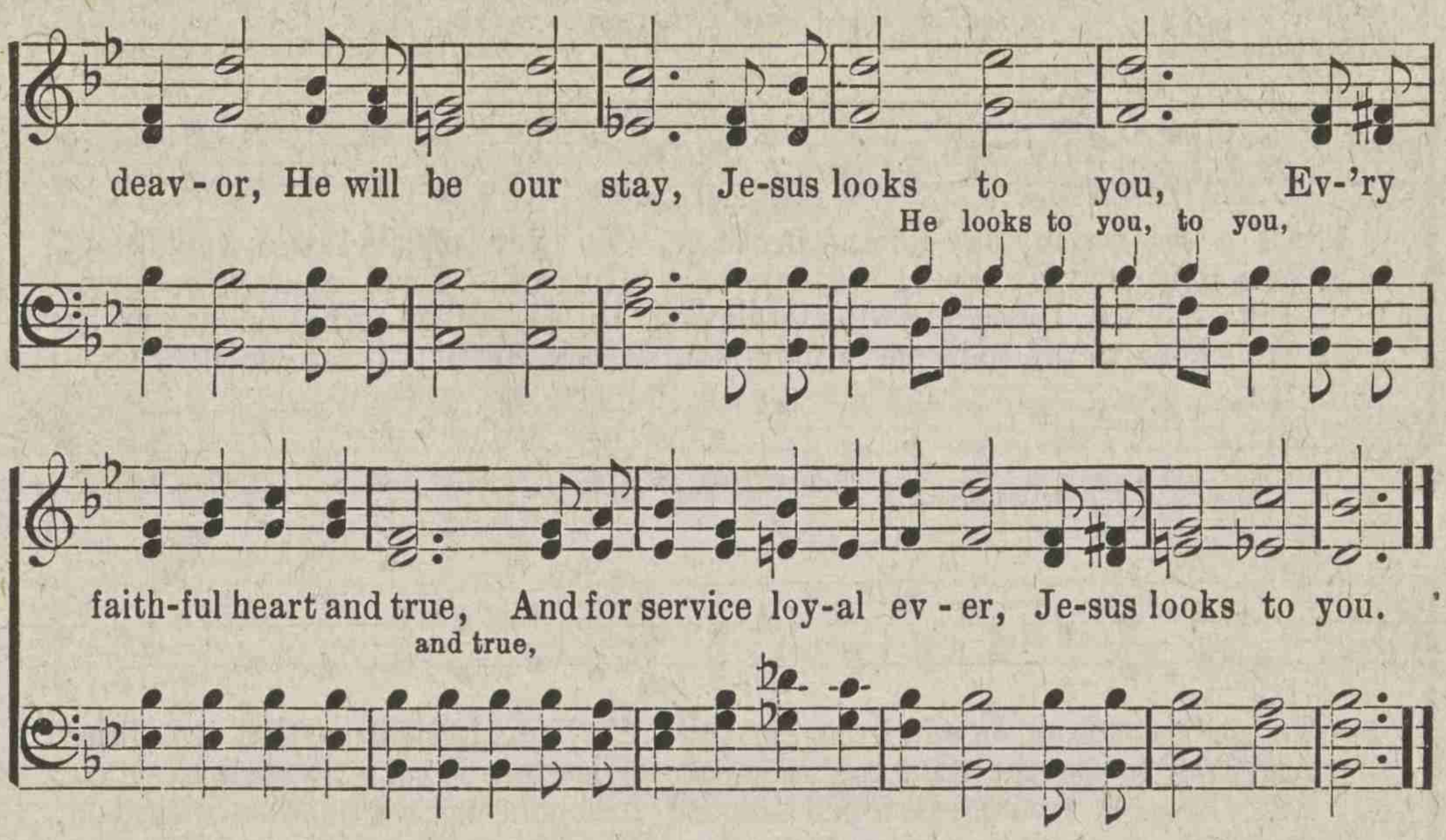
vine your task shall light-en, Haste to toil with ea-ger hands. Heed the
bless-ed bea-con lift-ing, To the res-cue haste a-way. For His
strive that all may own Him, Who has come to bless man-kind. Glad-ly

call that comes from heav-en, To His serv-ice, ev-er true, For the
con-stant care shall cher-ish, And your strength shall He re-new; For the
wit-ness to His glo-ry, And His grace shall e'er im-bue, For to

CHORUS.

sheaves of souls for-giv-en, Je-sus looks to you. Je-sus looks to
souls who else would per-ish, Je-sus looks to you.
tell His bless-ed sto-ry, Je-sus looks to you. He looks to

you, Ev-er-more His word o-bey; He will bless our each en-
you, to you, o-bey;

Jesus Looks to You.

No. 186. Bring Them In.

COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY W. A. OGDEN.
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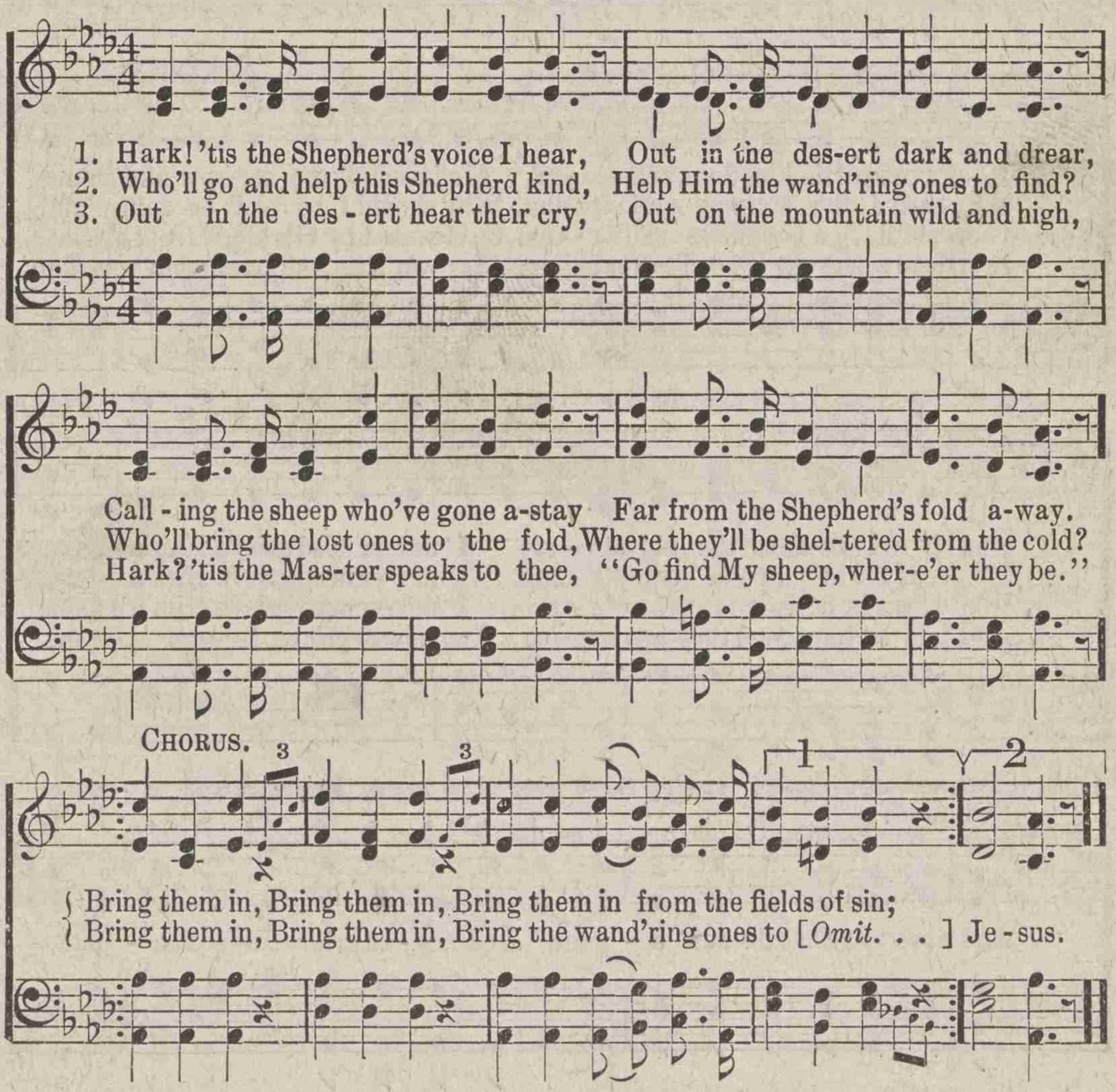
Alexcenah Thomas. **W. A. Ogden.**

No. 187. I Never Need Grieve Him Again.

ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

English Song. **Arr. by Charlie D. Tillman.**

1. Of Je - sus, my Sav-ior and Broth-er, To you of His love I would sing;
2. The light that He gives I will fol - low, His will I will al-ways o - bey,
3. Like E-noch, I would be found walk-ing In paths that Je-ho-vah has trod;
4. He's gone to pre-pare me a man-sion; Where He is, I al - so shall be,

To save me from sin and from sor-row, He came full sal-va-tion to bring.
And take lit-tle tho't for the mor-row—His grace is suf - fi - cient to - day.
Like E-noch, I would be found talk-ing And hold-ing communion with God.
And join in the songs of re-demp-tion, When face to face Je - sus I'll see.

He gave up His kingdom and glo - ry, He faced all the sor-row and shame,
Why need I live sin-ning and sigh-ing, Why should I be sad or com-plain?
I would have a boundless sal-va - tion, Be cleansed by His blood from all sin;
In streets where the joy-bells are ringing, I'll crown Him, the Lamb that was slain,

And if I be-lieve the old sto - ry, I nev-er need grieve Him a - gain.
My needs He is ev - er sup-ply - ing, I nev-er need grieve Him a - gain.
Like E-noch, be-fore my trans-la - tion, I nev-er need grieve Him a - gain.
And join in the songs they are sing-ing, And nev-er grieve Je - sus a - gain.

FINE.

D. S.—*But lay at His feet ev - 'ry treas-ure, And nev-er grieve Je-sus a - gain.*

CHORUS. D. S.

And nev - er grieve Je-sus a - gain, And nev - er grieve Je - sus a - gain,

No. 188. My Father Leads Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY ROBT. H. COLEMAN.

L. G. P. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. My Fa-ther leads me, and con-tent, I trust in Him to choose my way;
2. My Fa-ther leads, and oft - en-times, Thro' thorny paths, my wea-ry feet,
3. And when I reach the riv - er wide Whose stormy wa-ters dark - ly flow,

I know that walk-ing by His side My feet may nev - er go a - stray,
But by His side I need not fear Tho' blind-ing storms a- round me beat
He'll hold my hand and guide me safe In - to the ha - ven I would go,

I know my Fa-ther lead-eth me, He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me.
For as my days my strength shall be– I know my Fa - ther lead-eth me.
And there my song shall ev - er be I know my Fa - ther lead-eth me.

REFRAIN.

He lead - - eth me,..... I know my Fa-ther lead-eth me.
He lead - eth me, He lead - eth me,

No. 189. Never Give Up.

FANNY J. CROSBY. I. ALLAN SANKEY.

1. Nev - er be sad or de - spond - ing If thou hast faith to be - lieve;
2. What if thy bur-dens op - press thee, What tho' thy life may be drear;
3. Nev - er be sad or de - spond - ing, There is a mor-row for thee;

Grace for the du - ties be-fore thee, Ask of thy God and re - ceive.
Look on the side that is brightest, Pray, and thy path will be clear.
Soon thou shalt dwell in its brightness, There with the Lord thou shalt be.

CHORUS.

Nev - - er give up,..... Nev - - er give up, ...
Never give up, never give up, Never give up, never give up,

Nev-er give up to thy sor-rows, Je - sus will bid them de - part;

Trust..... in the Lord..... ..... Trust..... in the Lord,.....
Trust in the Lord, trust in the Lord, Trust in the Lord, Trust in the Lord,

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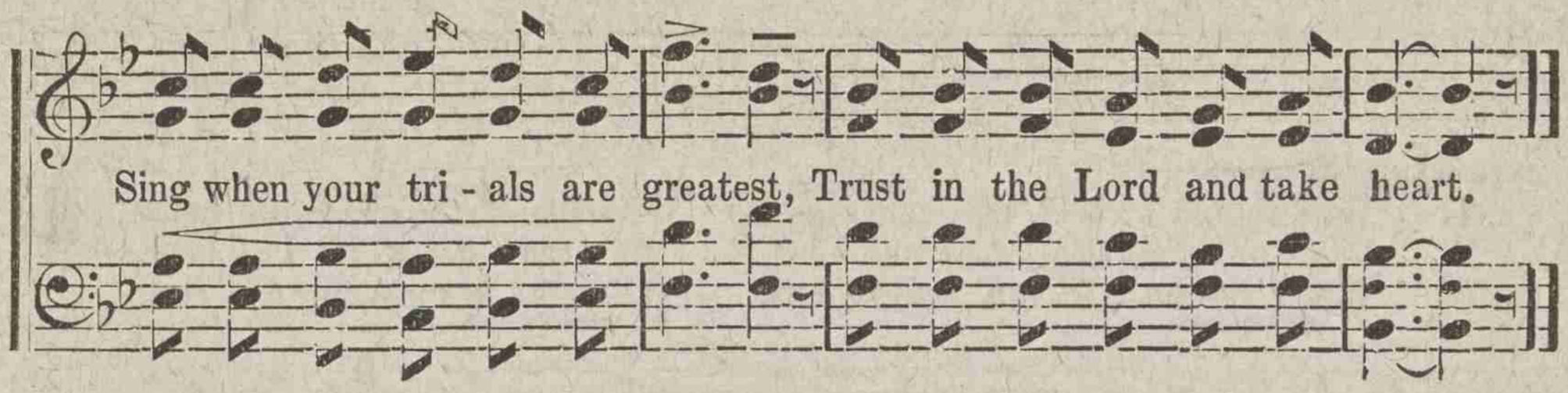
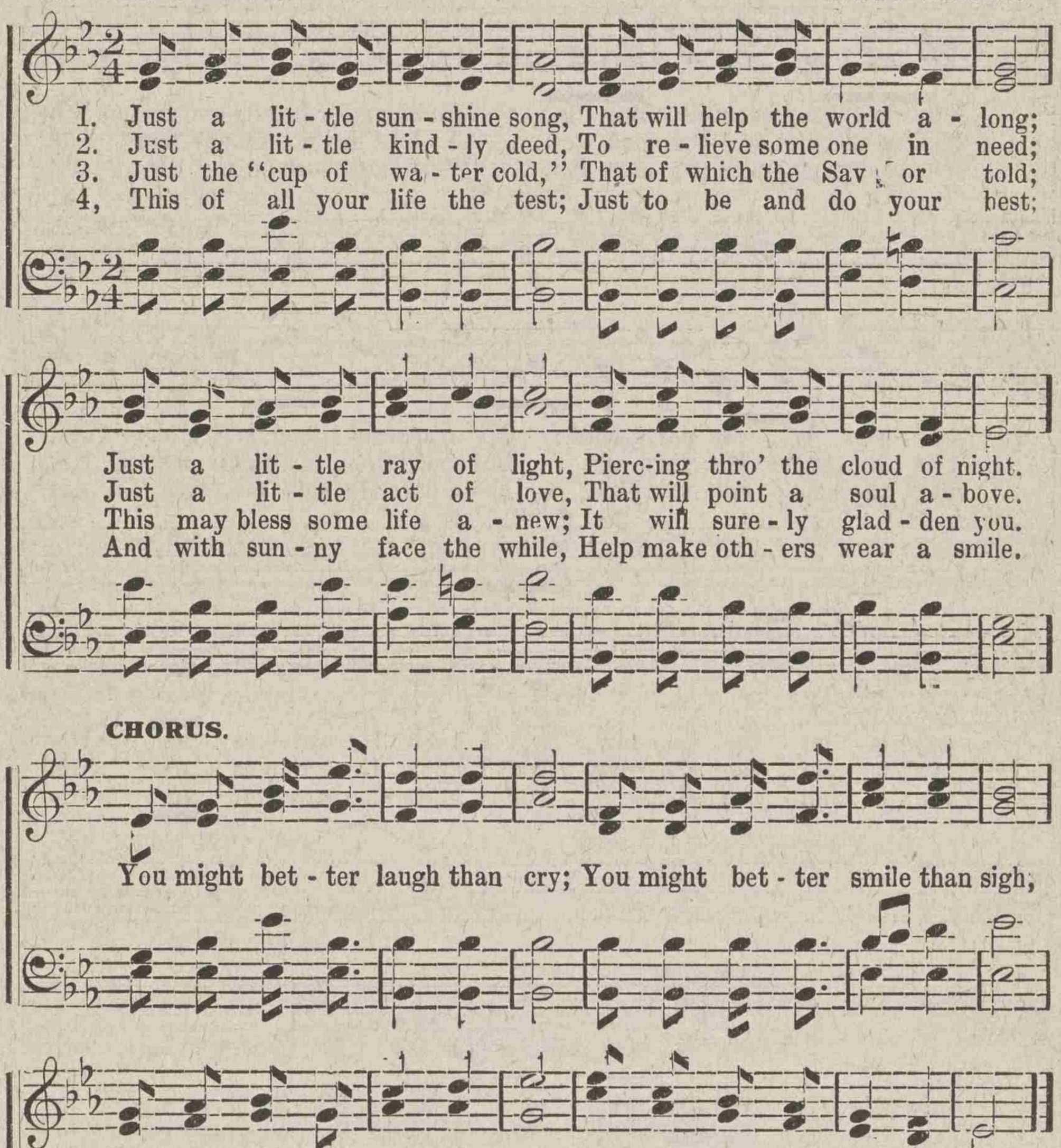
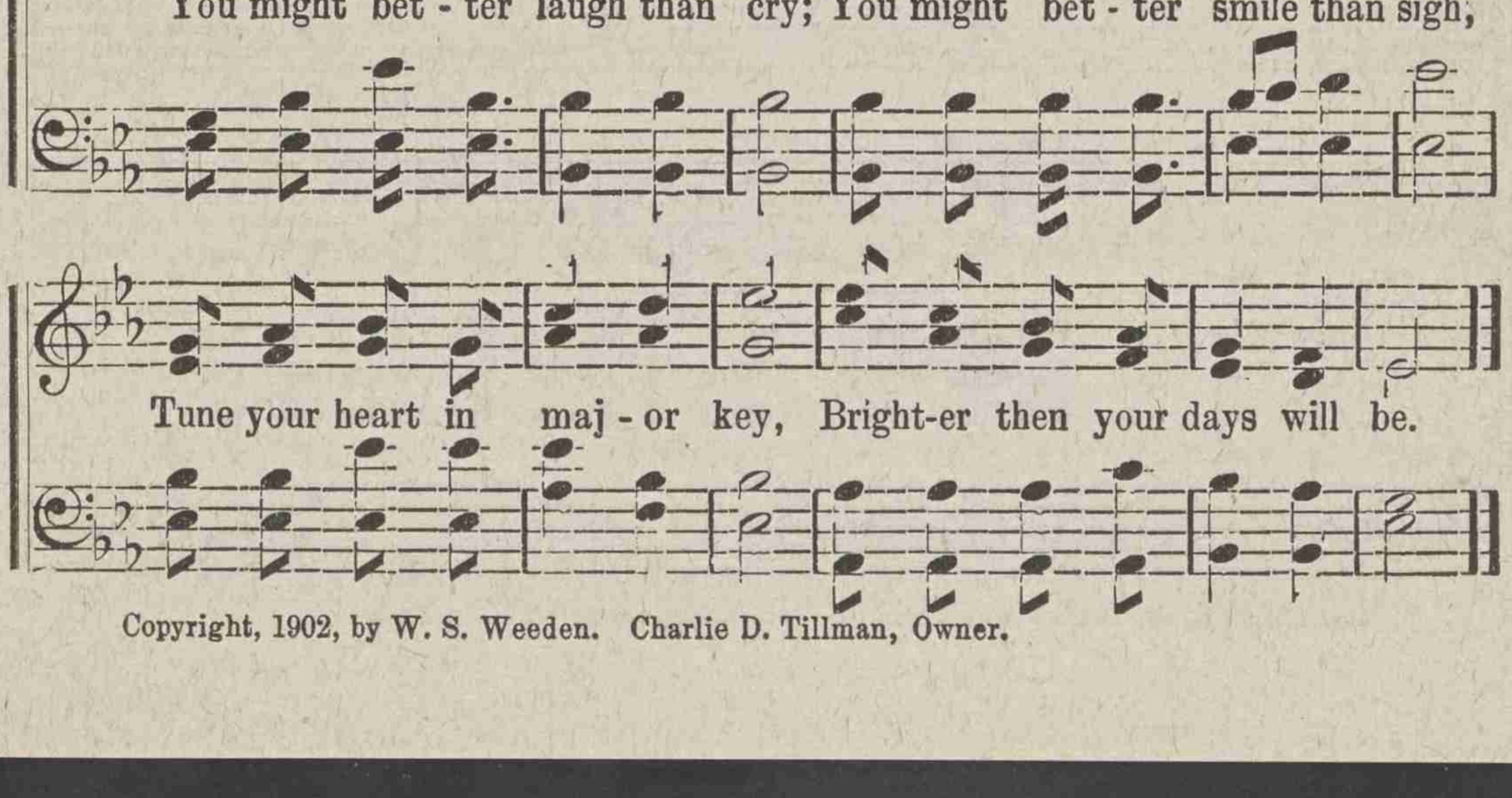
Never Give Up. Concluded.

No. 190. Just A Little Sunshine Song.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. W. S. WEEDEN.



CHORUS.



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No. 191. His Eye Is on the Sparrow.

MRS. C. D. MALTIN. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Why should I feel dis- cour- aged, Why should the shad-ows come,
2. "Let not your heart be troub - led," His ten - der word I hear,
3. When- ev- er I am temp - ted, When- ev - er clouds a - rise,

Why should my heart be lone - ly, And long for heav'n and home, When
And rest - ing on His good- nes, I lose my doubts and fears, Tho'
When songs give place to sigh- ing, When hope with-in me dies, I

Je - sus is my por - tion? My con-stant friend is He: His
by the pathe He lead-eth, But one step I may see: His
draw the clos - er to Him; From care He sets me free; His

eye is on the spar-row, And I know He watch-es me; His
eye is on the spar-row, And I know He watch-es me; His
eye is on the spar-row, And I know -He cares for me; His

eye is on the spar-row, And I know He watches me.
eye is on the spar-row, And I know He watches me.
eye is on the spar-row, And I know He cares for me.

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His Eye Is on the Sparrow. Concluded.

Chorus

I sing be-cause I'm hap-py, ... I sing be-cause I'm free .....
I'm hap-py, I'm free,

rall.

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

No. 192. O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

GEORGE MATHERSON. ALBEKT F. PEACE.

1. O love that wilt not let me go, I rest my wea - ry
2. O light that followest all my way, I yield my flick'ring
3. O joy that seek-eth me thro' pain, I can - not close my
4. O cross that lift - est up my head, I dare not ask to

soul in thee; I give thee back the life I owe, That
torch to thee, My heart re - stores its bor-rowed ray, That
heart to thee; I trace the rain- bow thro' the rain, And
hide from thee; I lay in dust life's glo - ry dead, And

in thine o - cean depths its flow May rich - er, ful - ler be!
in thy sun-shine's glows its day May bright-er, fair - er be!
feel the prom - ise is not vain, That morn shall tear - less be!
from the ground there blossoms red, Life that shall end - less be!

No. 193. The Hand that was Wounded for Me.

HATTIE H. PIERSON. D. B. TOWNER.

1. The hand that was nailed to the cross of woe, In love reach-es
2. E'en now I can see, thro' a mist of tears, That hand still out-
3. The hand that wrought wonders in days of old, Holds treasures more

down to the world be - low; 'Tis beck - on - ing now to the souls that roam,
stretched o'er the gulf of years, With heal-ing and hope for my sin - sick soul,
pre-cious than gems of gold, The price of re-demp-tion from sin and shame,

Chorus.

And pointing the way to the heav'n-ly home.
One touch of its fin - ger will make me whole! The hand of my Sav - ior I
The gift of sal - va - tion thro' Je - sus' name. my

see, ... The hand that was wounded for me; ..... 'Twill lead me in
Sav-ior I see, was wounded for me;

love to the mansions a-bove, The hand that was wounded for me! ....
was wounded for me!

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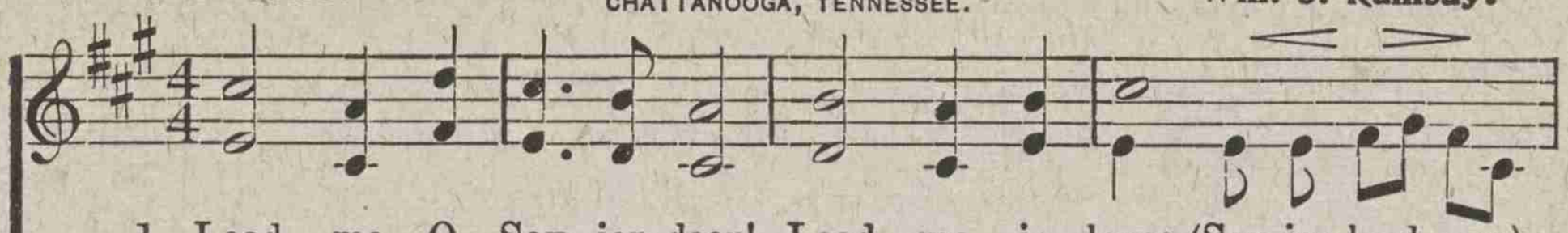
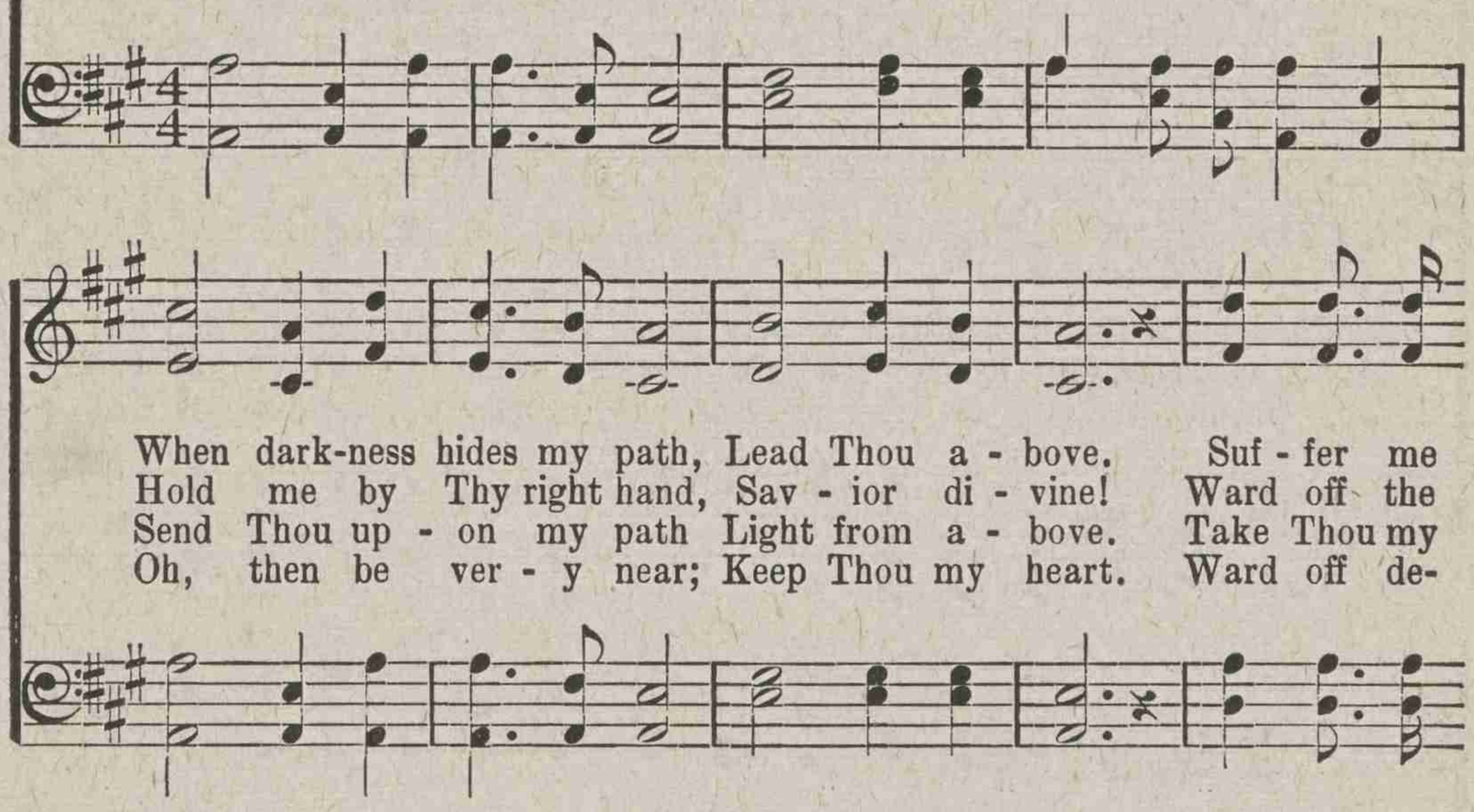
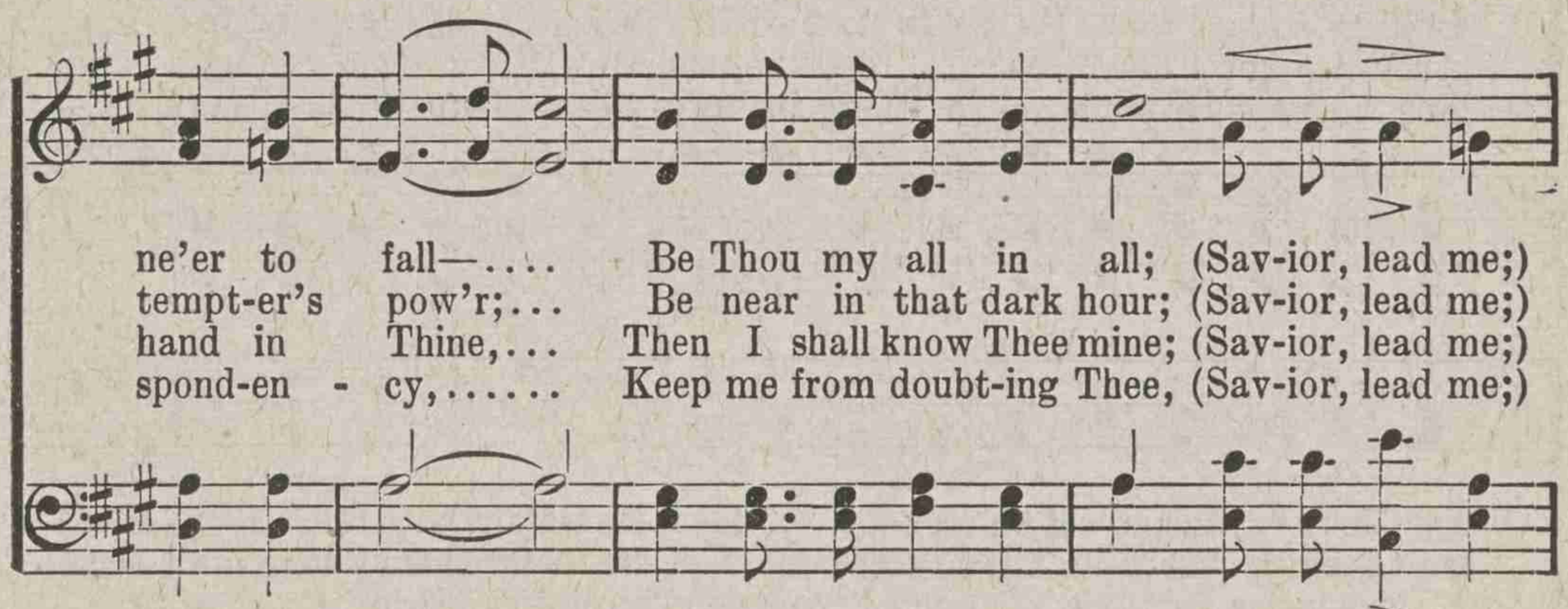
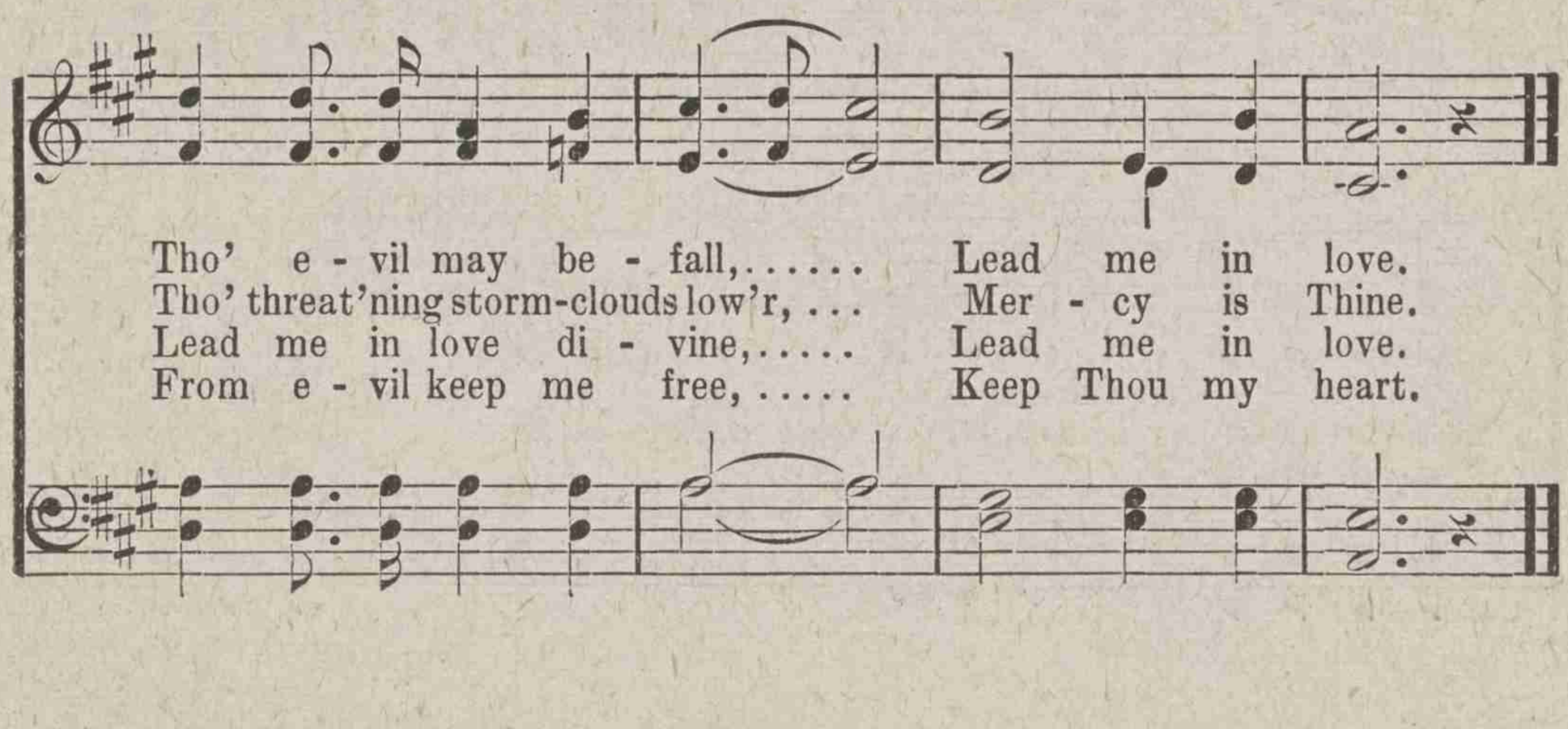
No. 194. Lead Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY WILLIAM J. RAMSAY.
CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE.

John M. Morse. **Wm. J. Ramsay.**

1. Lead me, O Sav - ior dear! Lead me in love; (Sav-ior, lead me;)
2. When tempted sore to swerve From plumb and line, (Sav-ior, lead me;)
3. Give me the strength I need, More grace and love; (Sav-ior, lead me;)
4. When sor-rows try me sore, When joys de - part, (Sav-ior, lead me;)

When dark-ness hides my path, Lead Thou a - bove. Suf - fer me
Hold me by Thy right hand, Sav - ior di - vine! Ward off the
Send Thou up - on my path Light from a - bove. Take Thou my
Oh, then be ver - y near; Keep Thou my heart. Ward off de-

ne'er to fall—.... Be Thou my all in all; (Sav-ior, lead me;)
tempt-er's pow'r;... Be near in that dark hour; (Sav-ior, lead me;)
hand in Thine,... Then I shall know Thee mine; (Sav-ior, lead me;)
spond-en - cy,..... Keep me from doubt-ing Thee, (Sav-ior, lead me;)

Tho' e - vil may be - fall,..... Lead me in love.
Tho' threat'ning storm-clouds low'r, ... Mer - cy is Thine.
Lead me in love di - vine,..... Lead me in love.
From e - vil keep me free, ... Keep Thou my heart.

No. 195. Beautiful Deeds.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

Francis McKinnon Morton. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. I looked for the print of the Mas-ter's steps, Far on the high-way of life,
2. I lis-tened so long for His bless - ed voice, Speaking to me from His word,
3. And so I am sure that He meant for me, Here on my jour-ney be - low,

And sought for the signs of His ho - ly peace Here in the con-flict and strife;
And prayed that some beam of His light divine, Show me the will of my Lord;
To fol-low the way of His foot-steps kind, Helping the world as I go;

But ev - er I found there was *work* to do Where'er the Mas-ter had been,
And ev - er I found, as I read the tale, How He was *bus - y* each day;
For al-ways He sends me a - long the way, Beau - ti - ful deeds I may do,—

That here in this world on serv-ice of love, He walked with the *bus - y* men!
How seeking the poor, the sick and the sad, He *helped* them a-long life's way!
A neigh-bor in need, a friend I may aid, Some serv-ice of love so true!

CHORUS.

Beau - ti - ful deeds, . . serv - ice of love, . .
Beau - ti - ful deeds, beau - ti - ful deeds, serv-ice of love, serv-ice of love,

Beautiful Deeds.

This is the message I read in His word from day to day!....
day to day, from day to day!

Beau - ti - ful deeds,..... serv - ice of love,.....
Beau-ti - ful deeds, beau - ti - ful deeds, serv-ice of love, serv-ice of love,

Mark out the path I must fol-low if I would walk His way!....
walk His way, His way, His way!

No. 196. There We'll Have a Happy Time.

(For Small Children.)

Arr. Charlie D. Tillman.

Soprano & Alto.

1. Chil-dren, won't you come a - long, Chil-dren, won't you come a - long,
2. There we'll sing a - round the throne, There we'll sing a - round the throne,
Cho.—There we'll have a hap - py time, There we'll have a hap - py time,

Chil - dren, won't you come a - long, To the New Je - ru - sa - lem?
There we'll sing a - round the throne, In the New Je - ru - sa - lem.
There we'll have a hap - py time, In the New Je - ru - sa - lem.

For children's song service, substitute different names of boys and girls, after the leader asks for a name. For example, "Henry," won't you come along? etc., "Mamie," won't you come along? etc. This awakens interest.—Try it.

No. 197. Is it You?

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Rev. W. C. Martin. Francis Foster.

1. Some-one is clos-ing the door of his heart, Some-one is bid-ding the Sav - ior de-part, Some-one re - ject - ing a Friend who is true— Is it
2. Some-one is here whom He longs to for - give, Some-one is per - ish - ing now who may live, Scorn-ing such love as this world nev - er knew—Is it
3. Some-one is griev-ing the Spir - it to - day, Some-one is drift-ing still fur - ther a - way, Some-one, too late, for God's mer - cy will sue— Is it
4. Some-one may still turn a - way from his sin, Some-one may bid the Re- deem-er come in, Some-one have par - don and some-one live true— It is

CHORUS.

1–3. you, my friend, is it you? Is it you? (Is it you?) Is it you? (Is it you?)
4. you, my friend, yes, it's you. Yes, it's you, (Yes, it's you,) It is you! (It is you!)

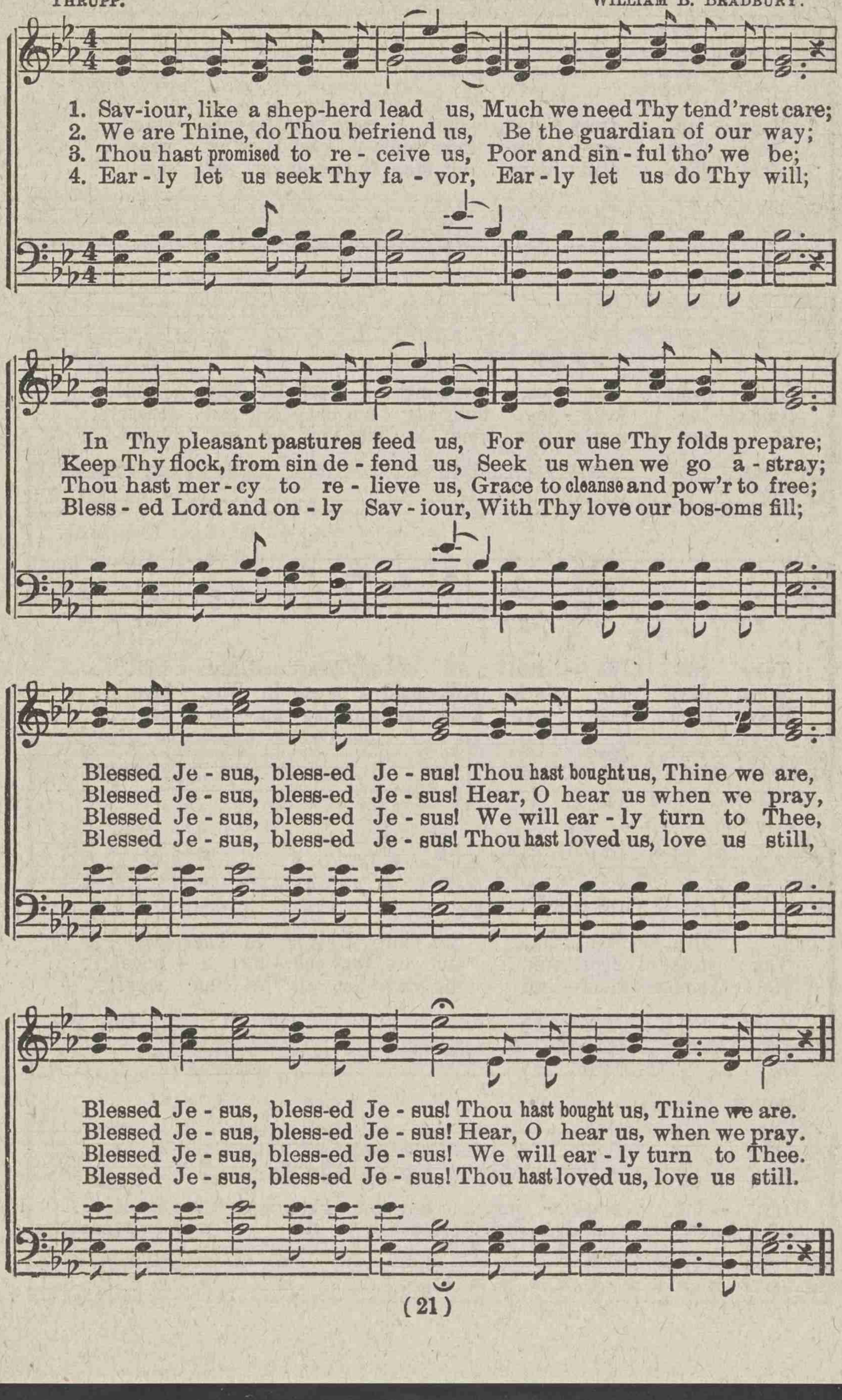
Is it you, my friend, is it you? (Is it you?) Is it you in your blindness, Spurning God's loving-kindness? Is it you, my friend, is it you?
It is you, my friend, it is you! (It is you!) It is you who now grieve Him, Who may truly re-ceive Him, It is you, my friend, yes, it's you!

rit.

rit.

198 Saviour, Like a Shepherd.

(BRADBURY. 8s, 7s.)

THRUPP. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

No. 199. Trusting, I Reach for His Hand.

Francis McKinnon Morton. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

Unison.

1. Trust - ing, trust - ing, tho' I may not un - der - stand,..
2. When skies are fair, then would I feel Thou art near,....
3. Thro' life's glad days, oh, stay Thou near at my side!....

Gra - cious Sav - ior, trust-ing I reach for Thy hand!...
Guid - ing, keep - ing, bring-ing me com-fort and cheer!..
In sor - row's night, close in Thy love let me hide! ...

Take me Je - sus! All of my heart and my will....
When days are dark, still would I trust in Thy love;...
Stay Thou near by: keep me from day un - to day!....

I give to Thee: Oh, Sav - ior I trust in Thee still!....
Thy stars of light, still, still are they shin - ing a - bove!...
Hold Thou my hand—lead me Sav - ior, all of the way!....

CHORUS. *Parts.*

Trust - ing, trust - ing, Sav - ior I reach for Thy hand!....
Trust-ing, yes, trusting completely in Thee, Oh, my Sav - ior I reach for Thy hand!

Trusting, I Reach for His Hand.

Guide me, keep me, safe thro' the conflict and strife; . . . . . .
Guide me and keep me, my Lord and Redeemer, safe, safe thro' the con-flict and strife;

Trust - ing, trust - ing, all of the days of my life, ...
Trusting Thee, trusting Thee, trusting completely all, all of the days of my life,

Gra - cious Sav - ior, trusting, I reach for Thy hand. . . . .
Gracious Redeemer, my won-der-ful Sav-ior, while Thy hand.

No. 200. Father, I Stretch My Hands to Thee.

Charles Wesley. I DO BELIEVE. Unknown.

1. Fa - ther, I stretch my hands to Thee, No oth-er help I know;
2. What did Thine on - ly Son en-dure, Be - fore I drew my breath;
3. O Je-sus, could I this be-lieve, I now should feel Thy pow'r;
4. Au - thor of faith, to Thee I lift My wear - y, long - ing eyes;

CHO.—*I do be-lieve, I now be-lieve That Je-sus died for me;*

If Thou withdraw Thy - self from me, Ah! whith-er shall I go?
What pain, with la - bor to se-cure My soul from end - less death?
And all my wants Thou would'st relieve In this ac-cept - ed hour.
O let me now re - ceive that gift! My soul with-out it dies.

And thro' His blood, His precious blood I shall from sin be free!

201. He Keeps Me Singing.

L. B. B. L. B. BRIDGERS.

1. There's within my heart a mel - o - dy Je - sus whispers sweet and low,
2. All my life was wrecked by sin and strife, Discord filled my heart with pain,
3. Feast-ing on the rich - es of His grace, Resting 'neath His shelt'ring wing,
4. Tho' sometimes He leads thro' waters deep, Trials fall a - cross the way,
5. Soon He's com-ing back to wel-come me Far be-yond the star-ry sky;

1. Fear not, I am with thee, peace, be still, In all of life's ebb and flow.
2. Je - sus swept across the broken strings, Stirred the slumb'ring chords again.
3. Al-ways look-ing on His smil-ing face, That is why I shout and sing.
4. Tho' sometimes the path seems rough and steep, See His footprints all the way.
5. I shall wing my flight to worlds unknown, I shall reign with Him on high.

CHORUS.

Je - sus, Je - sus, Je - sus,— Sweet - est name I know,

Fills my ev - 'ry long - ing, Keeps me sing - ing as I go.

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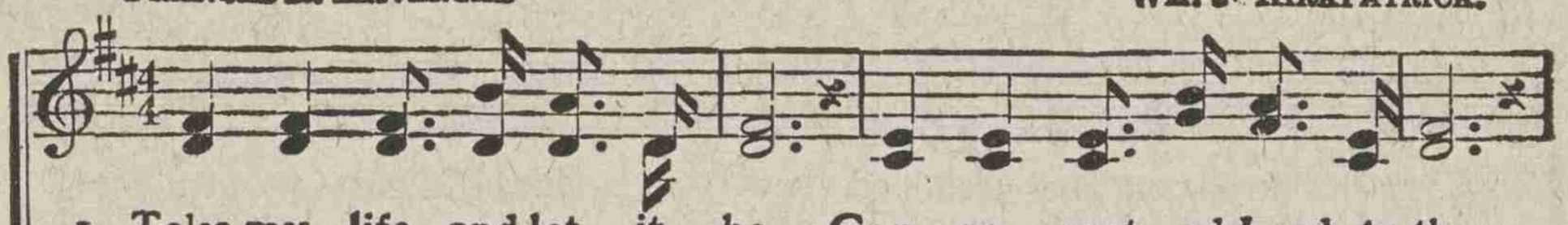
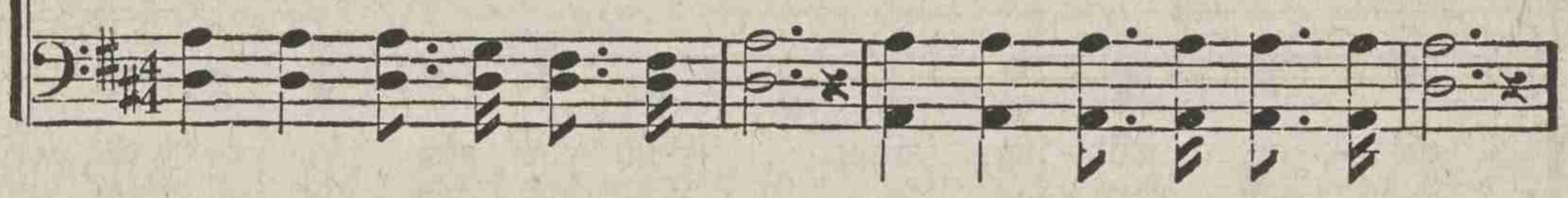
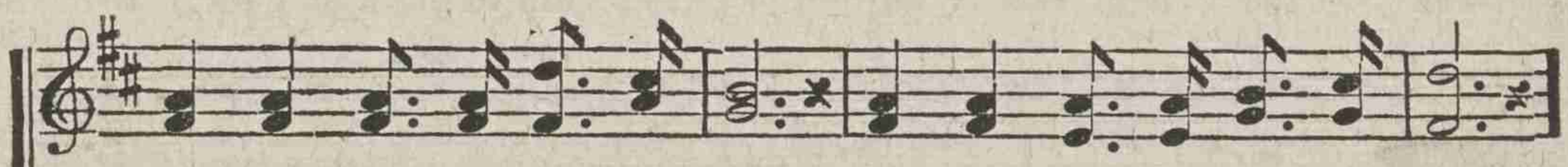
Charlie Tillman, owner.

202 Entire Consecration.

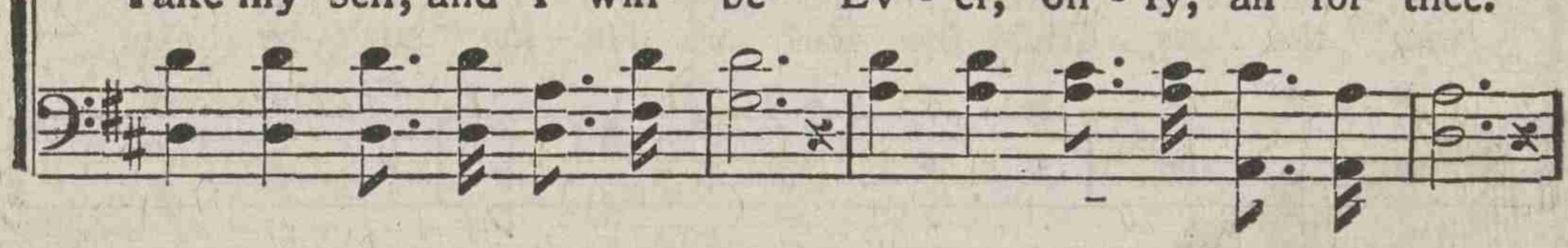
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

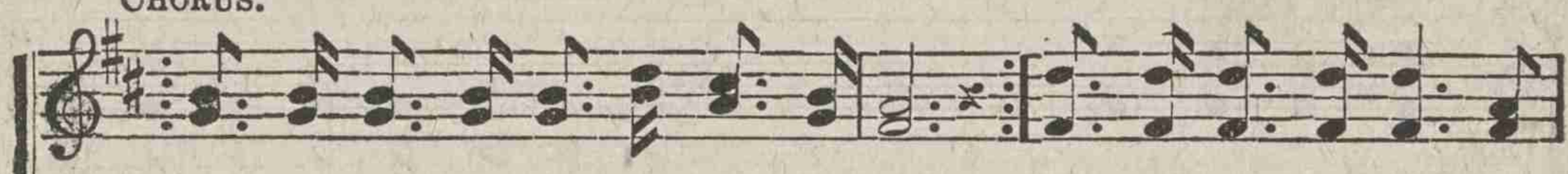
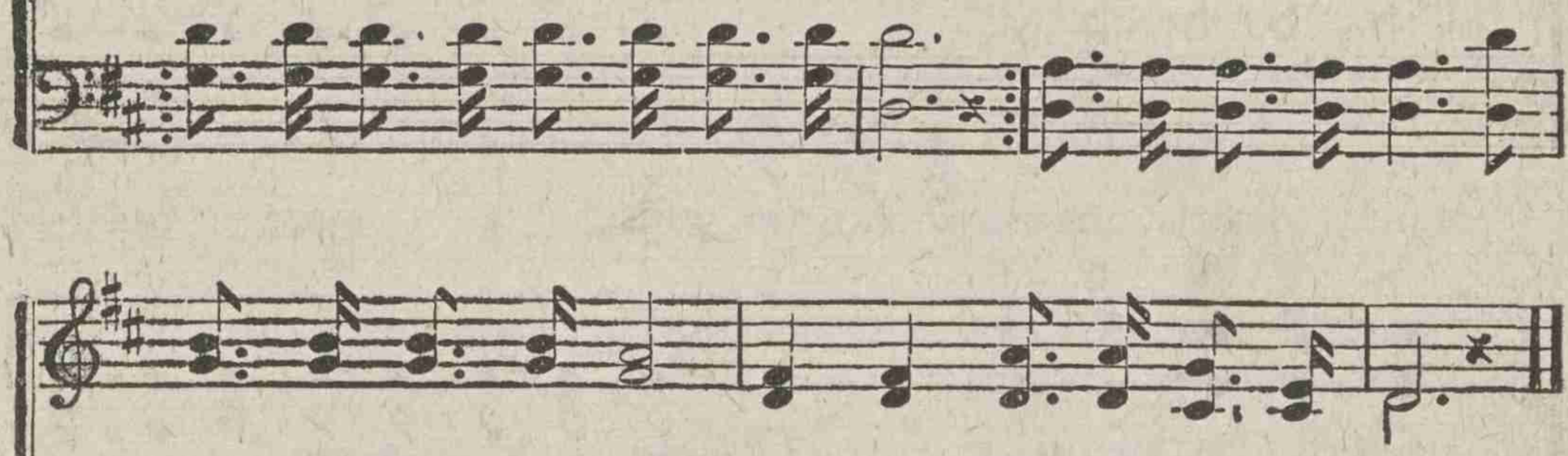
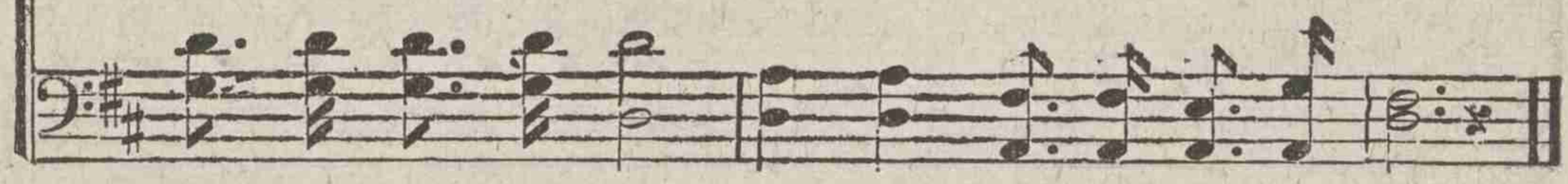


1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to thee;
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for thee;
3. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes-sag - es from thee;
4. Take my will, and make it thine, It shall be no long - er mine;
5. Take my love, my Lord, I pour At thy feet its treas-ure store;



Take my hands, and let them move At the im-pulse of thy love.
Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly for my King.
Take my mo-ments and my days, Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
Take my heart, it is thine own, It shall be thy roy - al throne.
Take my self, and I will be Ev - er, on - ly, all for thee.



CHORUS.

{ Wash me in the Sav-ior's precious blood, / Cleanse me in its pur - i - fy ing flood; } Lord, I give to thee my

life and all, to be Thine, hence-forth e - ter - nal - ly.

From "Ark of Praise." By per.

No. 203. Soldiers Strong.

S. W. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Sol - diers strong are need - ed now to - day, Might - y men of val - or, will - ing, true; Will you step in - to the
2. Tri-umphs must be won in con - flicts hard, On - ly stur - dy men can serv - ice do; Will you bat - tle on the
3. Tho' the strug - gle may be hard and long, Nev - er wa - ver in the fight that's on; God will strength-en you to

march - ing line With a heart the bat - tle to re - new?
win - ning side With a pur - pose born of God in you?
win the day While the foes are fall - ing one by one.

CHORUS.

Glad - ly march a - way with a song;
with a song, a warrior's song, and

March, march, march a - way, Go with a song, and

To the bat - tle's front press a - long;
With your Cap-tain press a - long, and

To the bat-tle's front, go, press a - long, and

Soldiers Strong.

Fight with nothing fear - ing, Vic - to - ry is near-ing, On-ward go and
Rout the

rout the foe and back-ward hurl them. Fur-ther in the field
foe and back-ward hurl them.

Fur - ther in the field go

plant the flag; Fight with courage strong,
proud-ly plant the glo - rious flag, go

plant the flag, and Fight with cour-age strong and

nev - er lag; With your Lead - er mov - ing,
nev - er faint nor back-ward lag, and

nev - er back-ward lag;

And your val - or prov-ing, Take the land in Je - sus' name. (in Je-sus' name.)

No. 204. If We Can Give Only a Smile.

Ada Blenkhorn. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. We shall find as we pass o - ver life's long road, There is man - y a wear - i - some mile; It will strengthen an - oth - er to bear his load,
2. Ev -'ry day may we live as the Mas - ter would, As we tar - ry on earth for a while; Glad - ly do for His sake un - to all some good,
3. O - ver life's storm-y sea we by faith can trace, In its beau-ty, God's heav - en - ly isle; It will help some one else to that bless - ed place,

CHORUS.

If we can give on - ly a smile. On - ly a smile, on - ly a smile, But sure-ly it will be worth while; To some des - o-late heart it will hope and joy impart, If we can give on-ly a smile.
On - ly a smile,
on - ly a smile,
worth while;

205. Love Lifted Me.

JAMES ROWE. HOWARD E. SMITH.

1. I was sinking deep in sin, Far from the peaceful shore, Ver - y deep-ly
2. All my heart to Him I give, Ev - er to Him I'll cling, In His blessed
3. Souls in danger, look a-bove, Je-sus complete-ly saves; He will lift you

1. stained within, Sink-ing to rise no more; But the Mas-ter of the sea
2. pres-ence live, Ev - er His prais-es sing. Love so mighty and so true
3. by His love Out of the an - gry waves. He's the Mas-ter of the sea,

1. Heard my despairing cry, From the waters lift - ed me, Now safe am I....
2. Merits my soul's best songs, Faithful, lov-ing serv-ice, too, To Him be - longs.
3. Billows His will o - bey; He your Saviour wants to be—Be saved to - day.

CHORUS.

Love lift - ed me!..... Love lift - ed me!.....
e - ven me! e - ven me!

When nothing else could help, Love lift-ed me. Love lift - ed me.

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206 Blessed Is the Man.

1s Psalm. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. How blest and hap - py is the man Who walk-eth not a - stray,
2 Nor sit - teth in the scor-ner's chair, But plac - es his de - light
3. He shall be like a tree that grows, Set by a riv - er's side,
4. And all he does shall pros-per well: The wick-ed are not so,

In coun-sel of un-god - ly men, Nor stands in sinner's way.
Up on God's law, and med-i - tates On His law day and night.
Which in its sea-son yields its fruit, And green its leaves a - bide.
But like the chaff be-fore the wind, Are driv-en to and fro.

CHORUS.

Bless ed is the man that walk-eth not In the coun - sel of the

wick-ed, But his de - light is in the law of the Lord, His de -

light is in the law of the Lord, In the law of the Lord.

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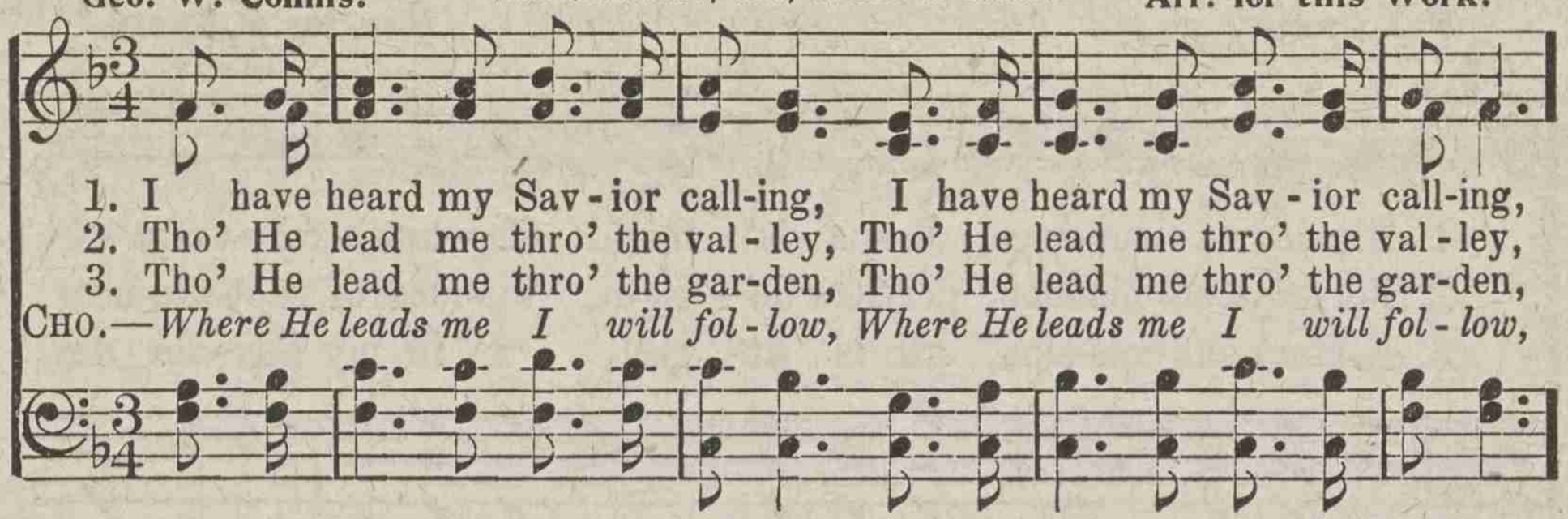
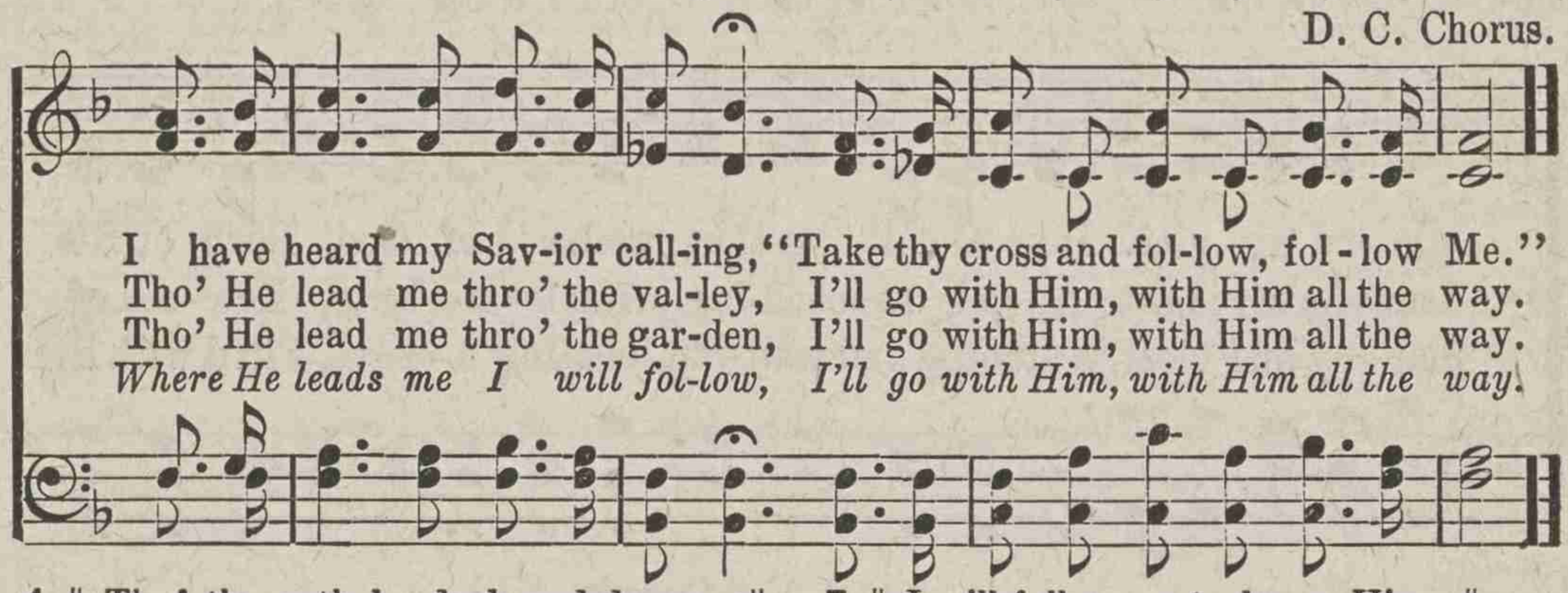
No. 207. I'll Go With Him.

Geo. W. Collins. ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY JNO. R. BRYANT. Arr. for this Work.

1. I have heard my Sav-ior call-ing, I have heard my Sav-ior call-ing,
2. Tho' He lead me thro' the val-ley, Tho' He lead me thro' the val-ley,
3. Tho' He lead me thro' the gar-den, Tho' He lead me thro' the gar-den,

CHO.—*Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low,*

D. C. Chorus.



I have heard my Sav-ior call-ing, "Take thy cross and fol-low, fol-low Me."
Tho' He lead me thro' the val-ley, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
Tho' He lead me thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
Where He leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

4 ‖:Tho' the path be dark and dreary,:‖
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

5 ‖:Tho' He lead me to the conflict,:‖
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

6 ‖:Tho' He lead thro' fiery trials,:‖
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

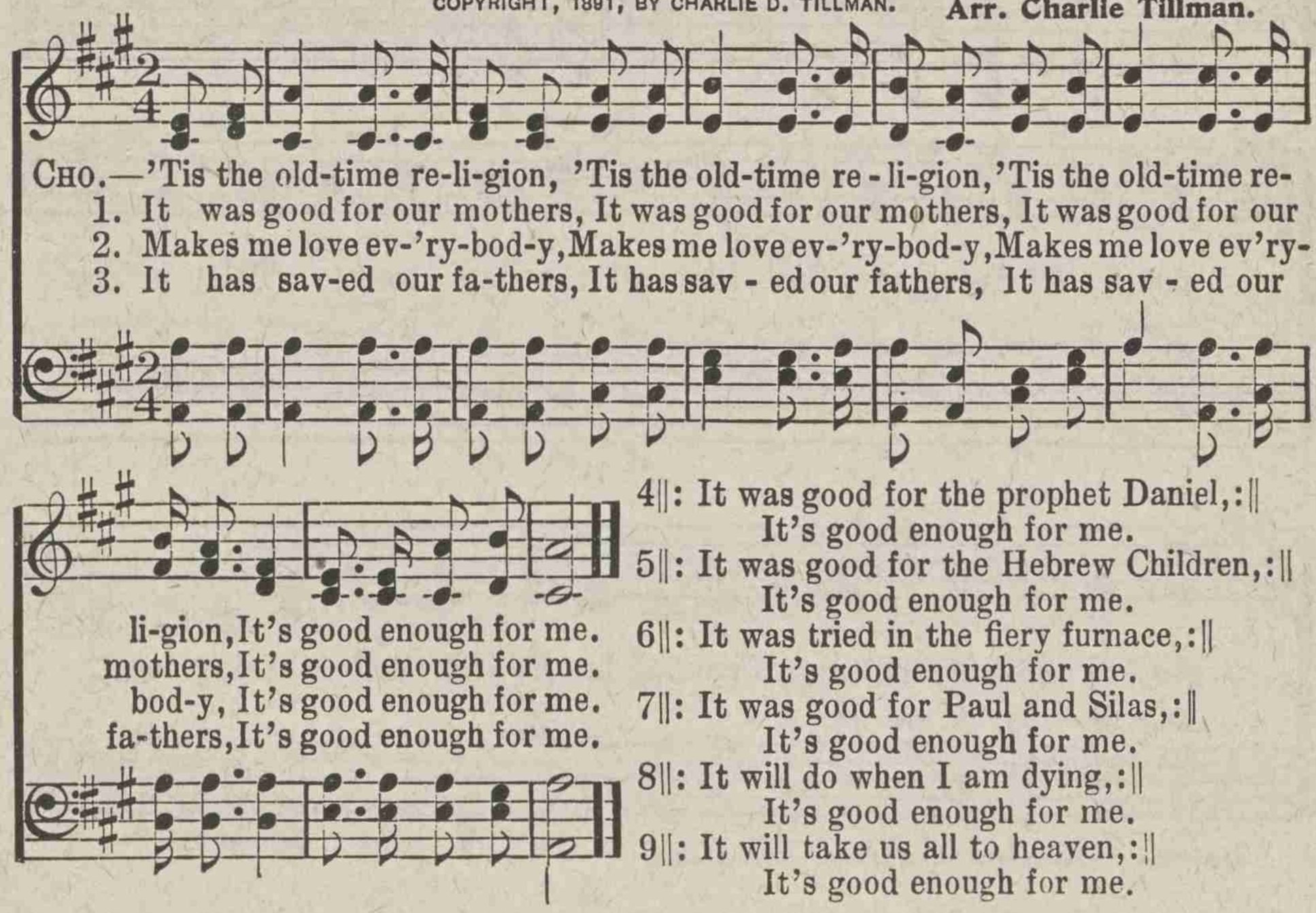
7 ‖:I will follow on to know Him,:‖
He's my Savior, Savior, Brother, Friend.

8 ‖:He will give me grace and glory,:‖
He will keep me, keep me all the way.

9 ‖:Oh, 'tis sweet to follow Jesus,:‖
And be with Him, with Him all the way.

No. 208. Old-Time Religion.

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN. Arr. Charlie Tillman.



CHO.—'Tis the old-time re-li-gion, 'Tis the old-time re-li-gion, 'Tis the old-time re-li-gion, It's good enough for me.

1. It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, It's good enough for me.
2. Makes me love ev-'ry-bod-y, Makes me love ev-'ry-bod-y, Makes me love ev'ry-bod-y, It's good enough for me.
3. It has sav-ed our fa-thers, It has sav-ed our fathers, It has sav-ed our fa-thers, It's good enough for me.

4‖: It was good for the prophet Daniel,:‖
It's good enough for me.

5‖: It was good for the Hebrew Children,:‖
It's good enough for me.

6‖: It was tried in the fiery furnace,:‖
It's good enough for me.

7‖: It was good for Paul and Silas,:‖
It's good enough for me.

8‖: It will do when I am dying,:‖
It's good enough for me.

9‖: It will take us all to heaven,:‖
It's good enough for me.

209

Blessed Assurance.

F. J. Crosby. Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.

1. Blessed as - sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of
2. Perfect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de - light, Vis-ions of rapt-ure now
3. Perfect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - ior am

glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va-tion, purchas'd of God, Born of His
burst on my sight, An-gels de-scend-ing, bring from a-bove, Ech - oes of
hap - py and blest, Watching and wait-ing, look-ing a - bove, Filled with His

CHORUS.

Spir - it, wash'd in His blood.
mer - cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto - ry, this is my
good-ness, lost in His love.

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

COPYRIGHT, 1873, BY JOSEPH F. KNAPP. USED BY PER.

210 The Child Of a King.

"Heirs of the kingdom."—JAMES 2: 5.

HATTIE E. BUELL. JOHN B. SUMNER. ARR.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

ad lib.

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

211 Master, the Tempest is Raging.

USED BY PER. OF H. R. PALMER, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT, **H. R. Palmer.**

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

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

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

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

CHORUS.

p *pp*

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

Master, the Tempest is Raging.

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

cres.

ev - er it be, No wa - ters can swal - low the ship where lies The

ff *m*

Mas - ter of o - cean, and earth, and skies; They all shall sweet-ly o-

m *p*

bey Thy will, Peace, be still! Peace, be still! They all shall

p *pp*

sweet - ly o - bey Thy will, Peace, peace, be still!

No. 212. Jesus, I Come.

W. T. Sleeper. COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY IRA D. SANKEY. Geo. C. Stebbins.

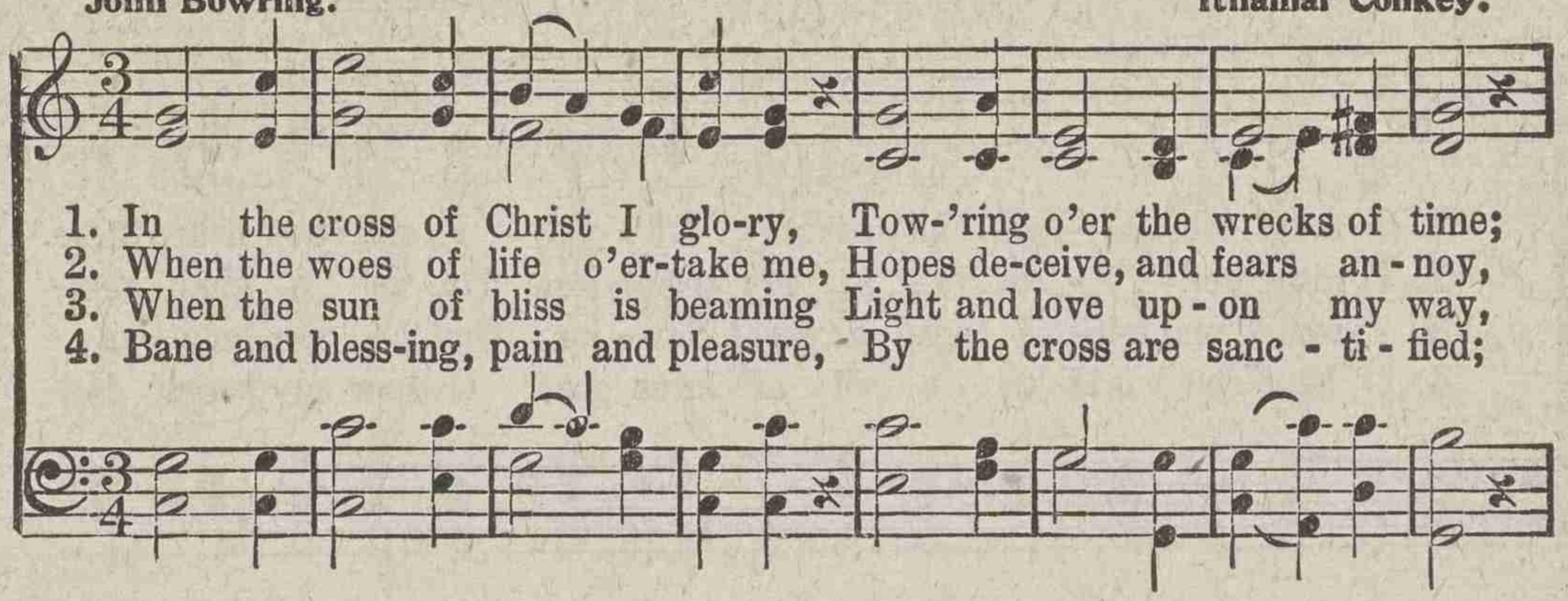
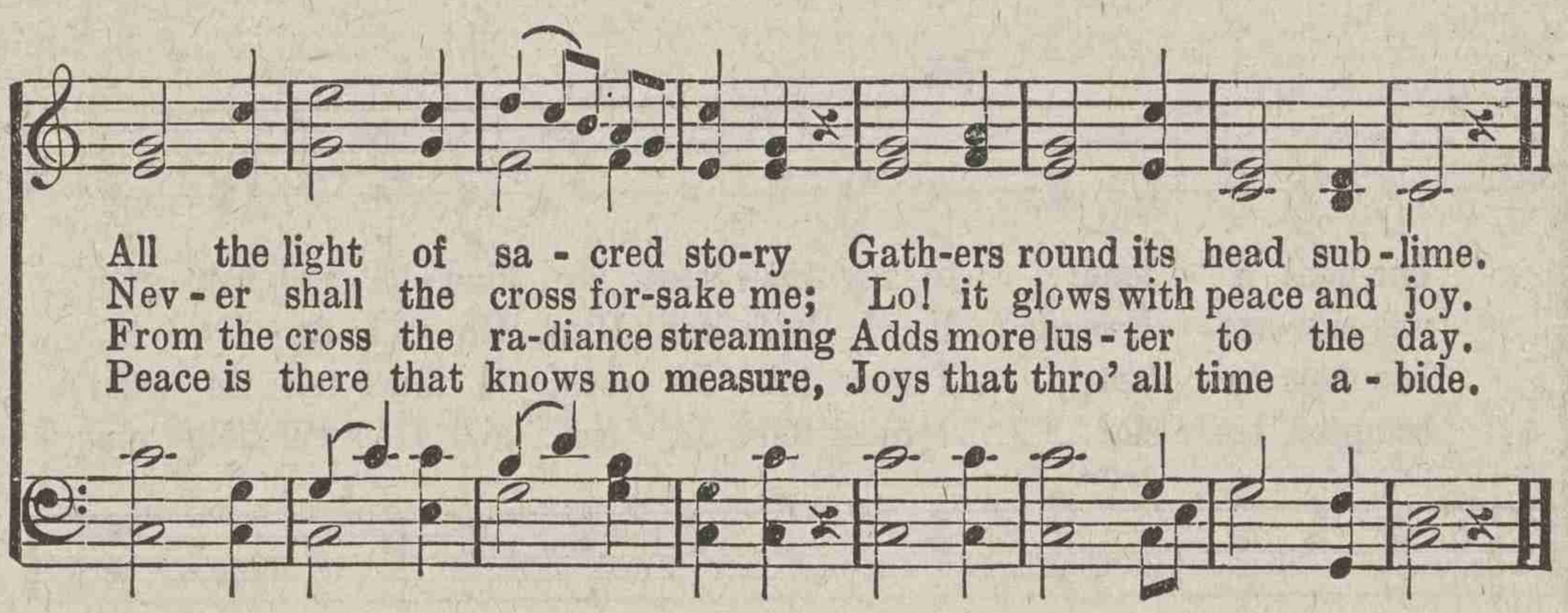
1. Out of my bond-age, sorrow and night, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
2. Out of my shame-ful fail-ure and loss, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
3. Out of un - rest and ar - ro-gant pride, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
4. Out of the fear and dread of the tomb, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;

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

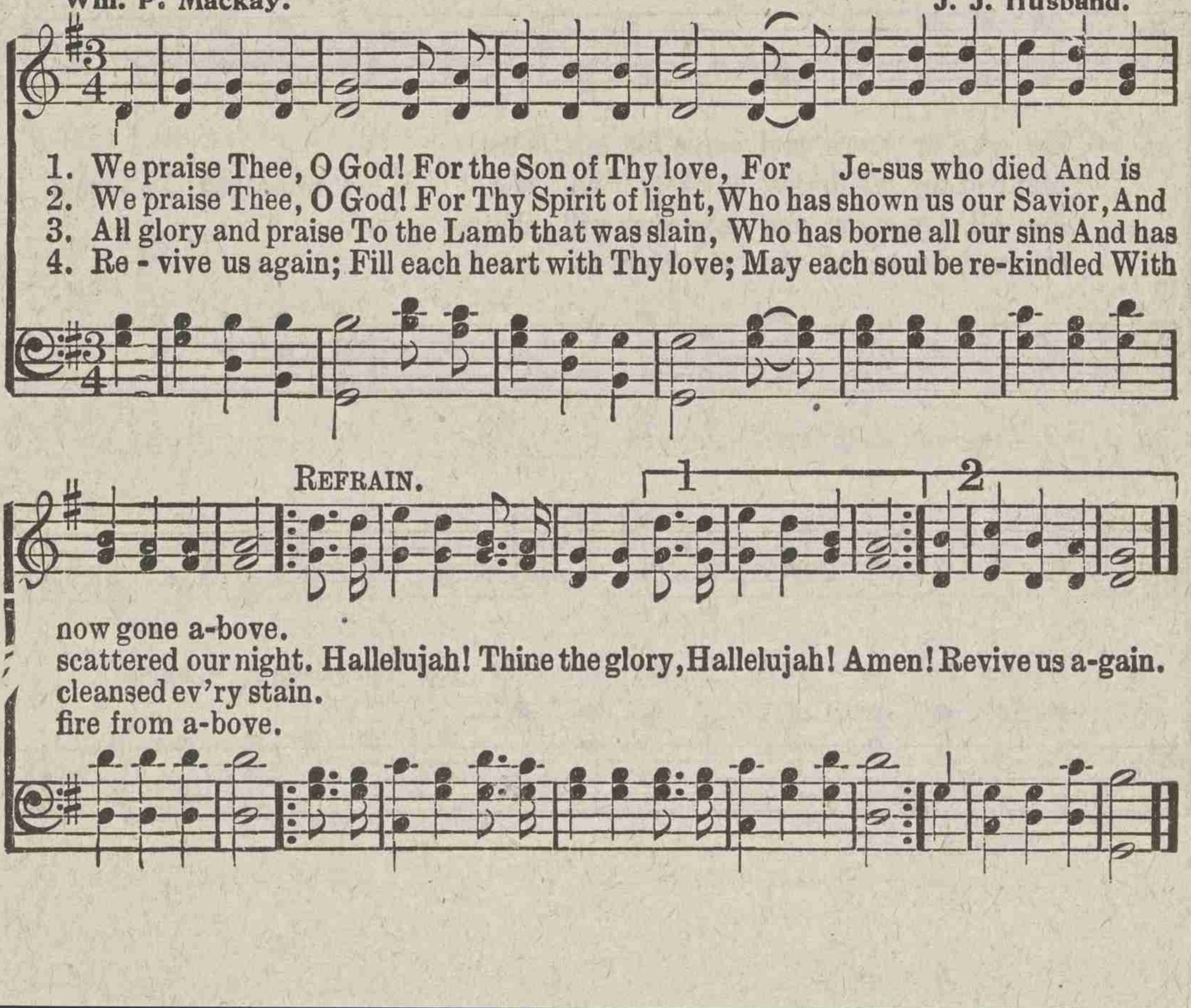
Out of my sick-ness in - to Thy health, Out of my want and in - to Thy wealth,
Out of earth's sorrows in-to Thy balm, Out of life's storms and in-to Thy calm,
Out of my - self to dwell in Thy love, Out of de-spair in-to raptures a-bove,
Out of the depths of ru - in un-told, In-to the peace of Thy shel-ter-ing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

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

No. 213. In the Cross.

John Bowring. Ithamar Conkey.

No. 214. Revive Us Again.

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



No. 215. I Must Tell Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY THE HOFFMAN MUSIC CO.

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

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

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

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

FINE. CHORUS.

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

I must tell Je - sus!

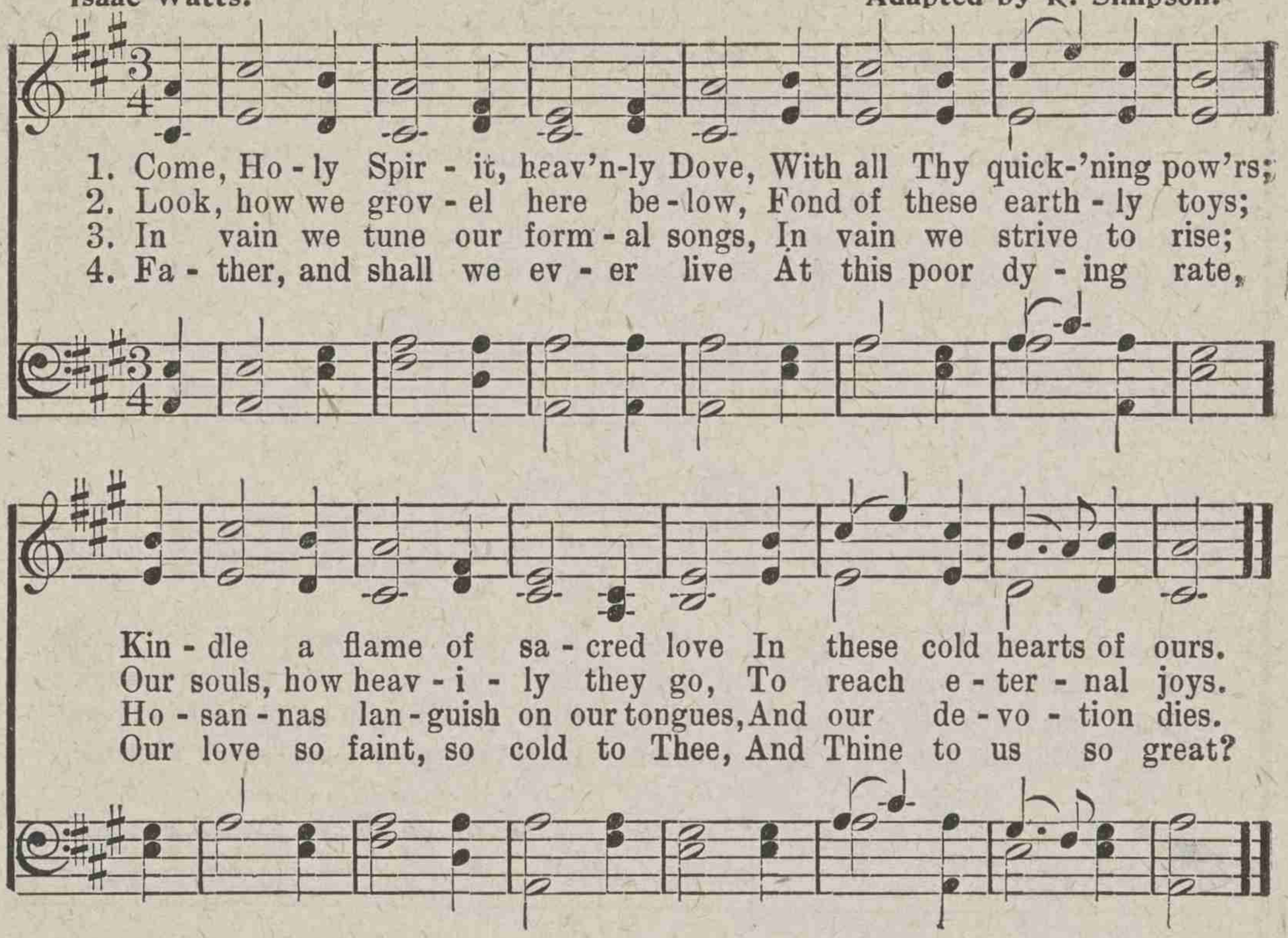
Je - sus can help me, Je - sus a - lone.

D. S.

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

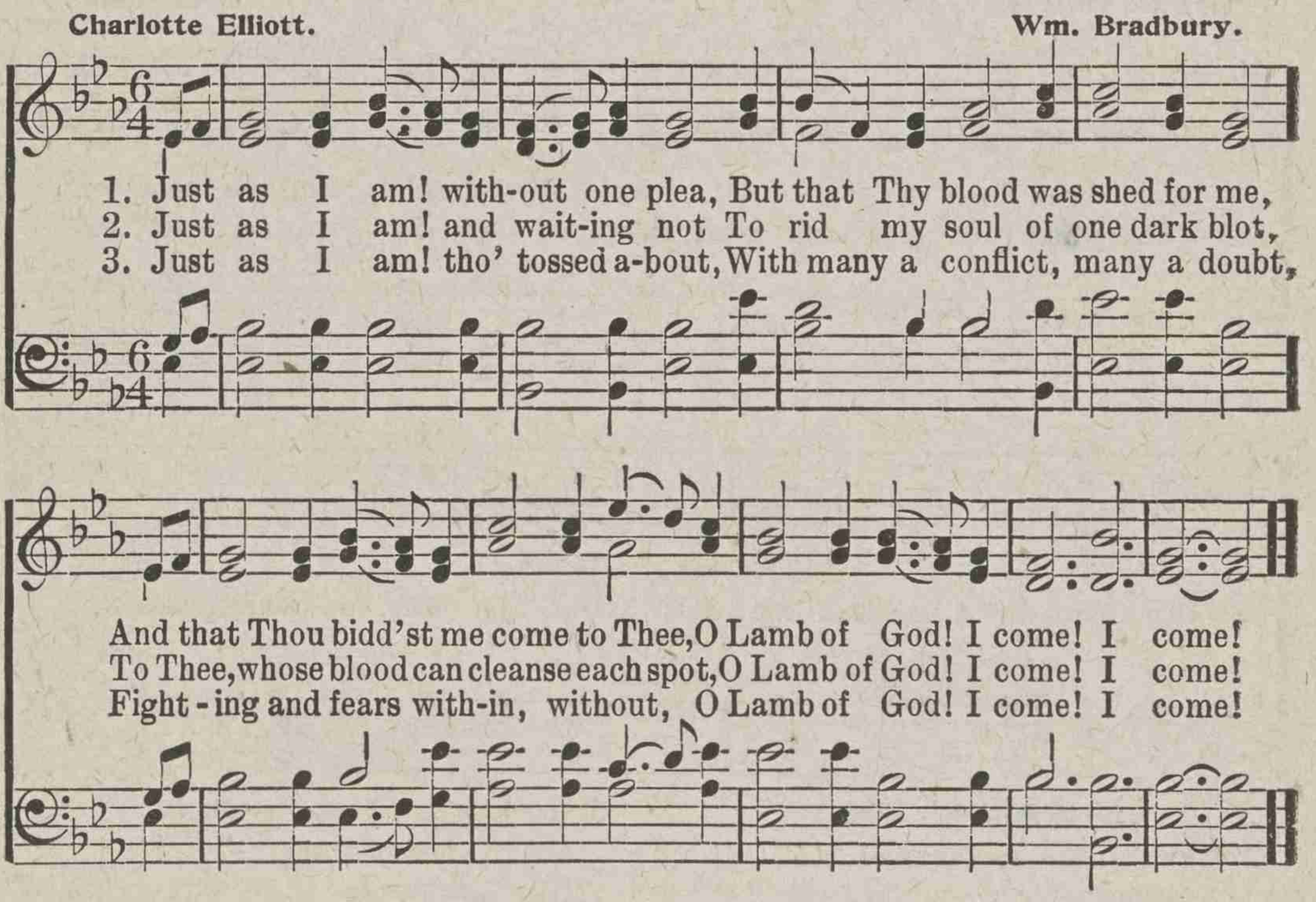
No. 216. Come, Holy Spirit.

Isaac Watts. Adapted by R. Simpson.



No. 217. Just As I Am.

Charlotte Elliott. Wm. Bradbury.

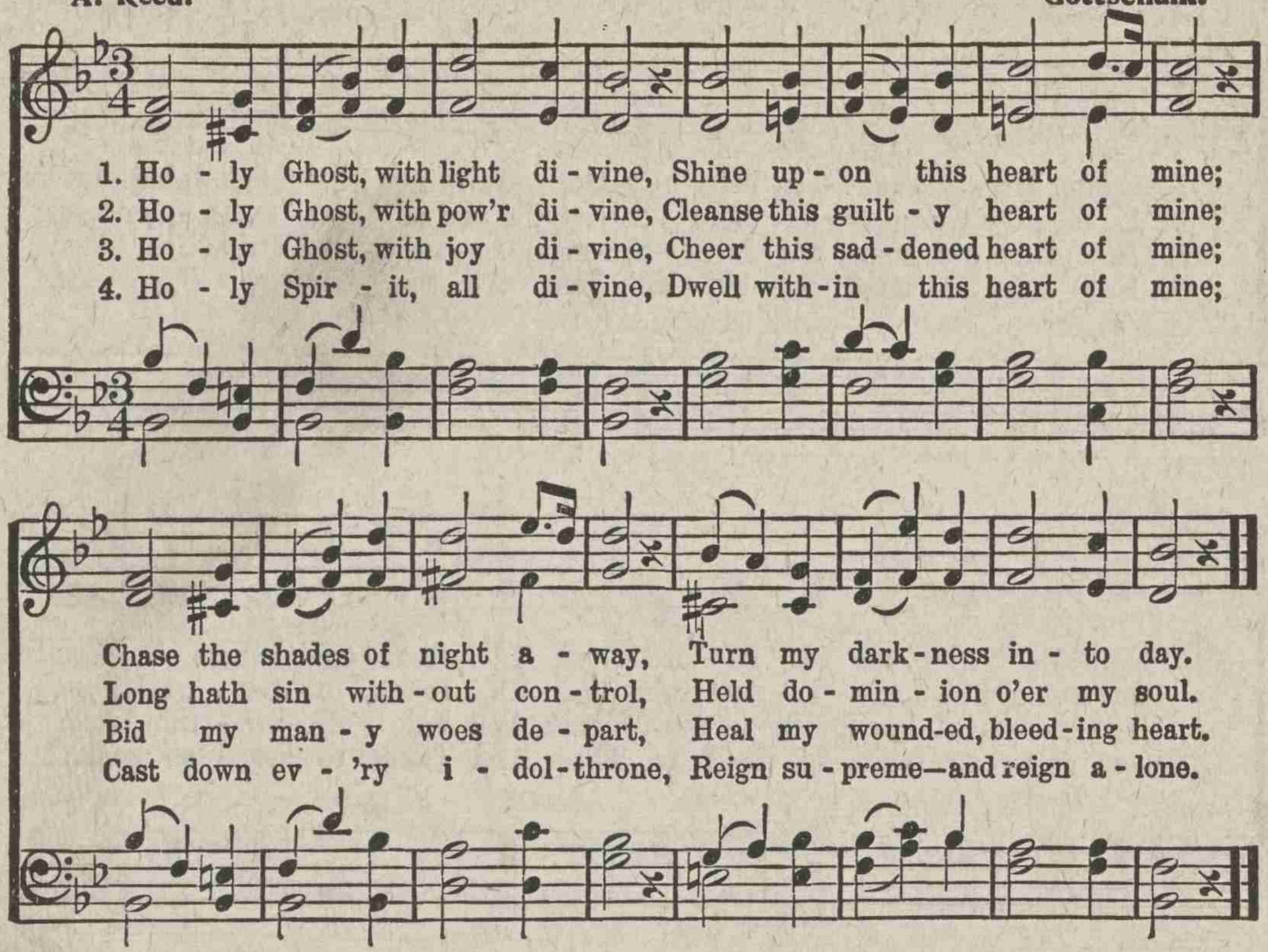


4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

5 Just as I am! Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe:
O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

No. 218. Holy Ghost, With Love Divine.

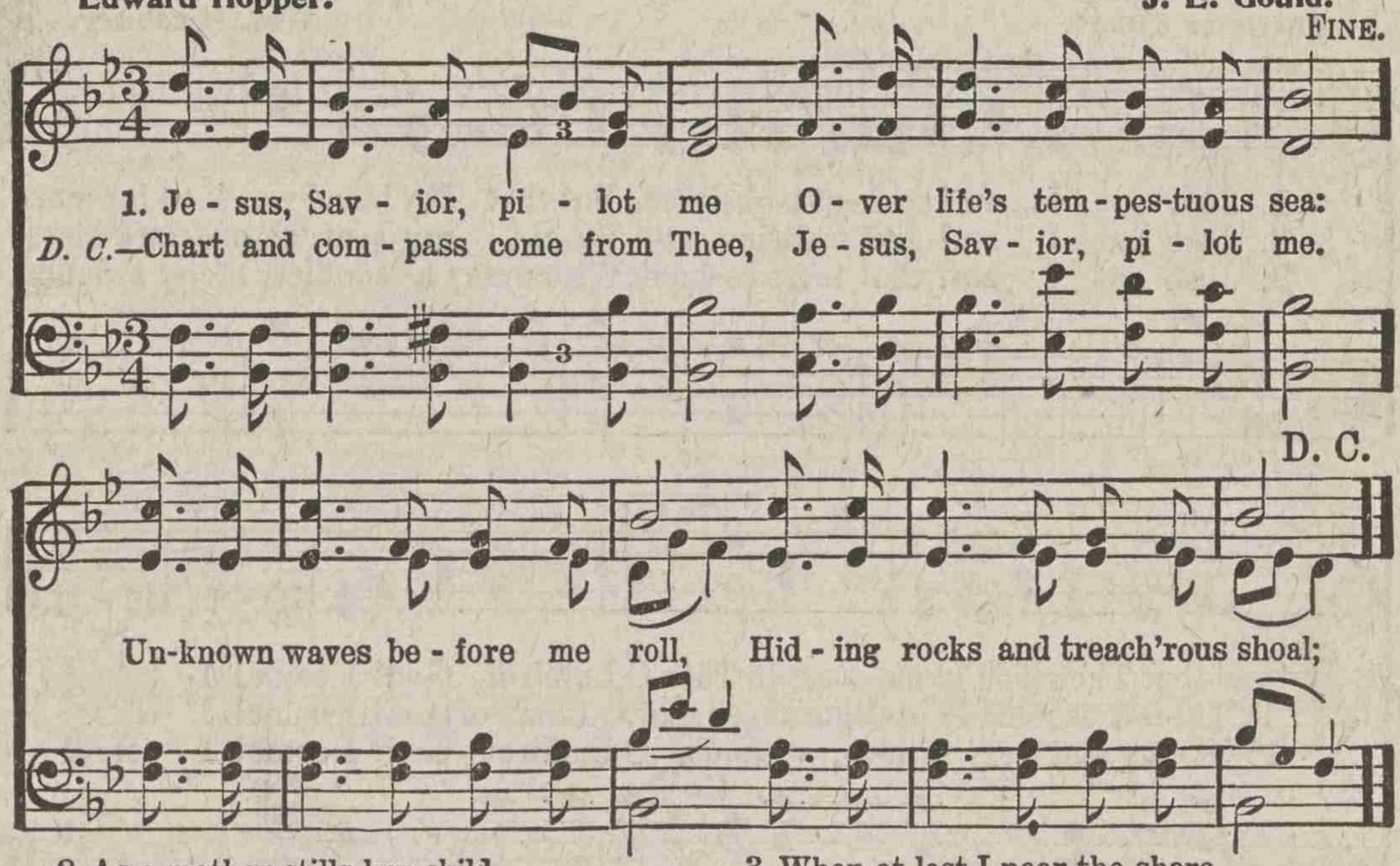
A. Reed. Gottschalk.



No. 219. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper. J. E. Gould.

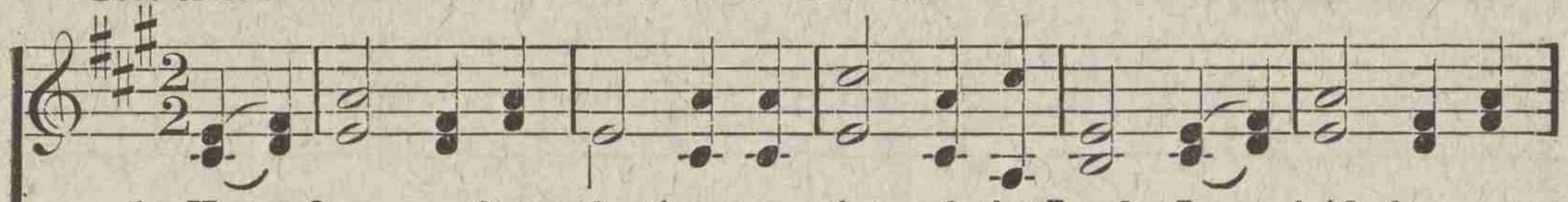
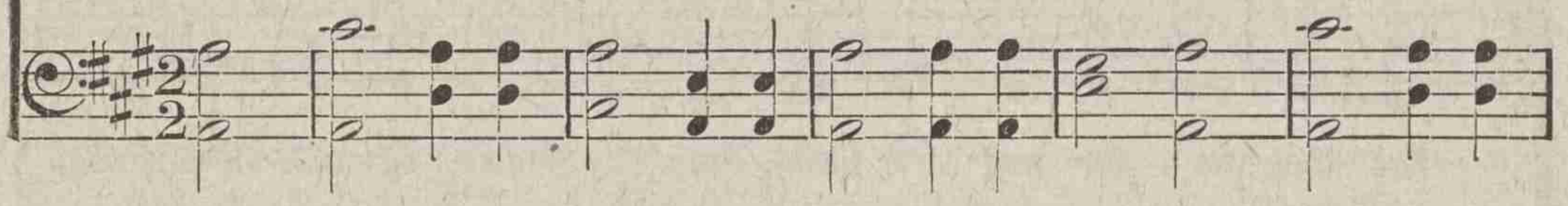
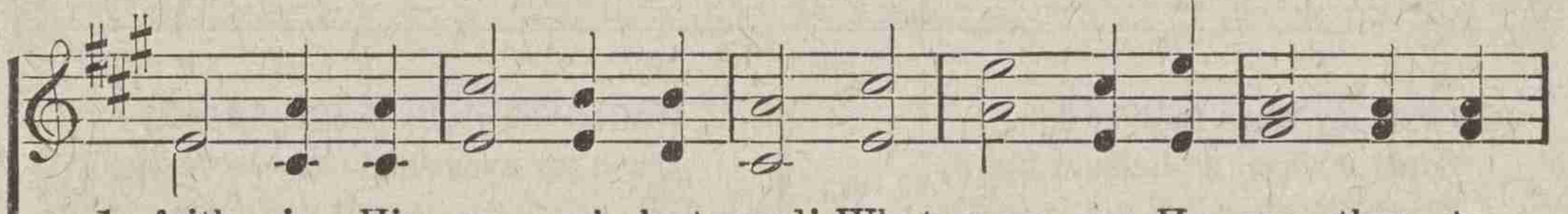
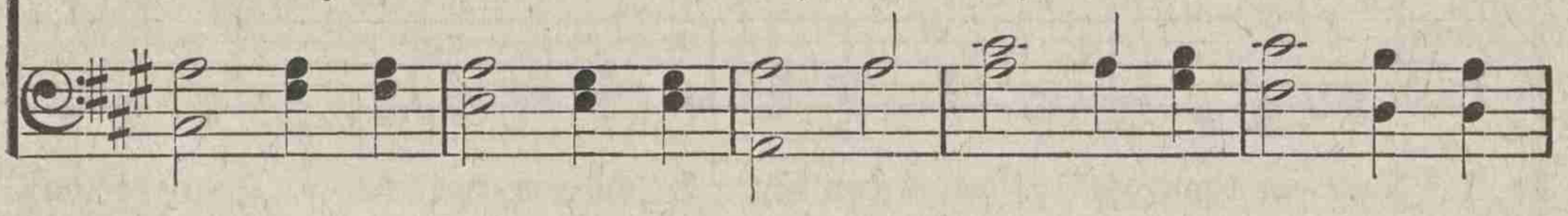
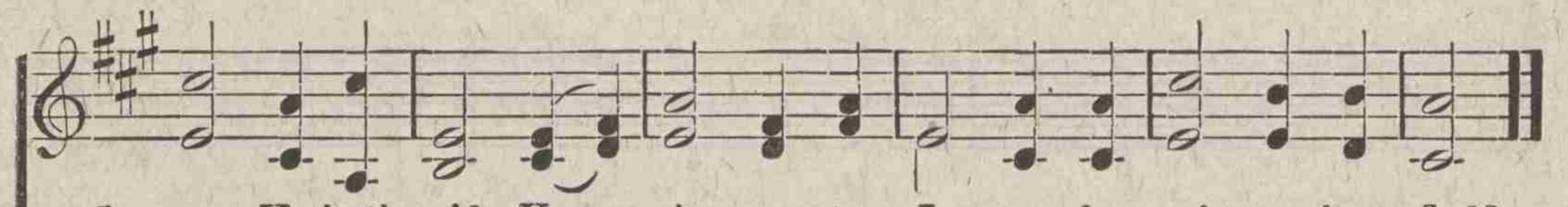
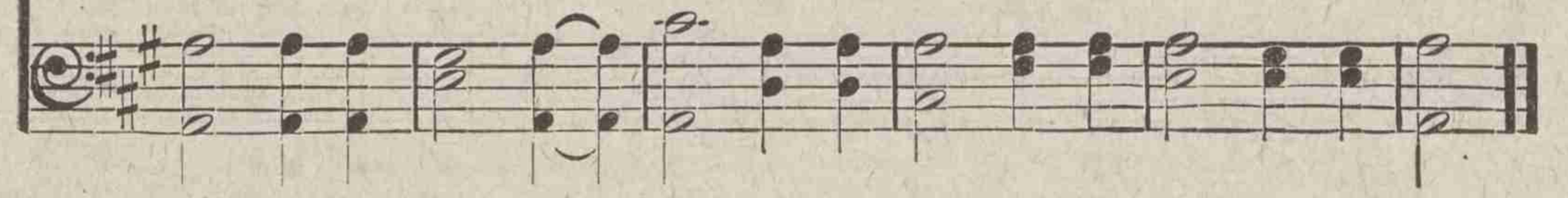
FINE.



2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

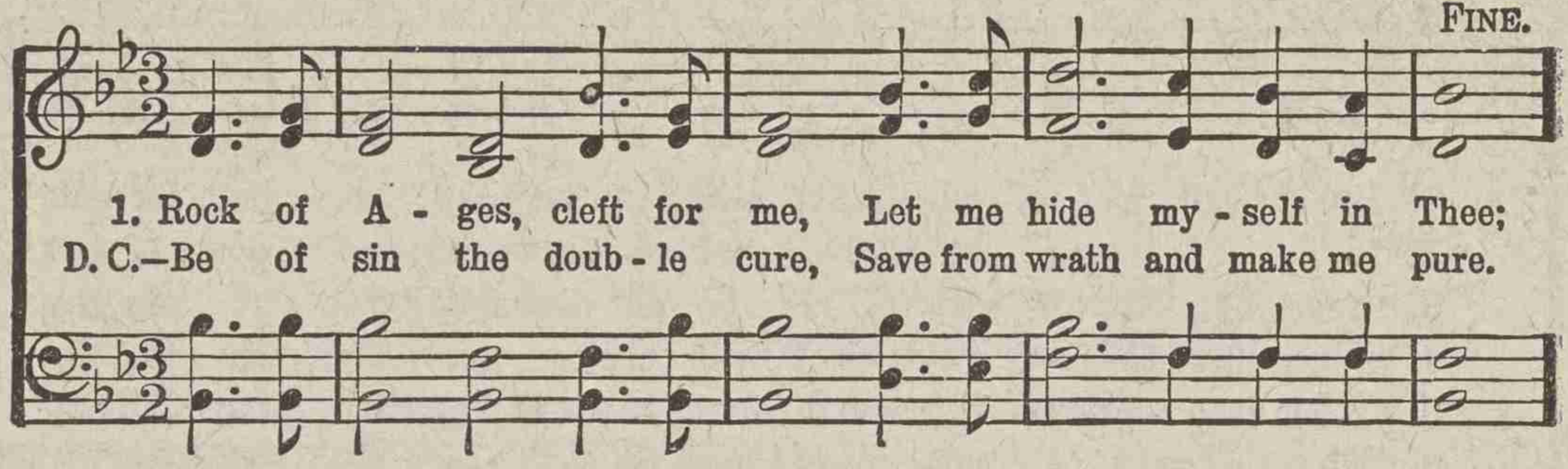
3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

No. 220. How Firm a Foundation.

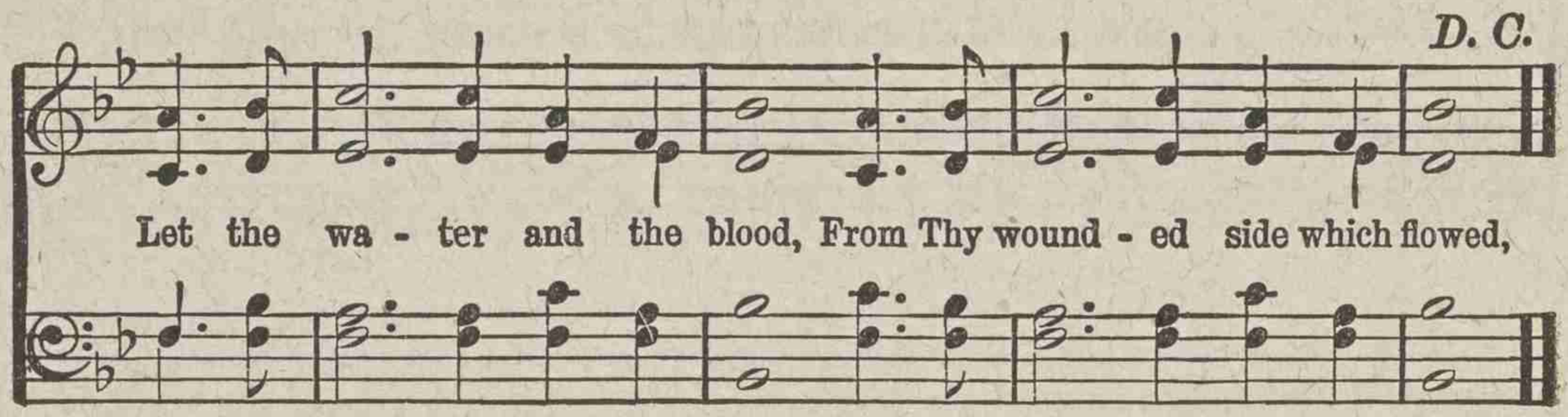
Geo. Keith. FOUNDATION. 11s.

1. How firm a foun - da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. In ev - 'ry con - di - tion—in sick-ness, in health; In pov - er-ty's
3. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed, For I am thy
4. "When thro' the deep wa - ters I call thee to go, The riv - ers of
5. "When thro' fier - y tri - als thy path-way shall lie, My grace, all-suf-
6. "E'en down to old age all My peo - ple shall prove My sov'reign, e-
7. "The soul that on Je - sus still leans for re - pose, I will not, I

1. faith in His ex - cel - lent word! What more can He say than to
2. vale, or a - bound-ing in wealth; At home and a - broad, on the
3. God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strength-en thee, help thee, and
4. woe shall not thee o - ver - flow; For I will be with thee, thy
5. fi - cient, shall be thy sup - ply, The flame shall not hurt thee; I
6. ter - nal, un-change-a - ble love; And when hoar - y hairs shall their
7. will not, de - sert to His foes; That soul, tho' all hell should en-

1. you He hath said, You who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled?
2. land, on the sea—"As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ev-er be.
3. cause thee to stand, Up - held by My righteous, om - nip - o - tent hand.
4. troub-les to bless, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep-est dis - tress.
5. on - ly de - sign Thy dross to con-sume and thy gold to re - fine.
6. tem - ples a - dorn, Like lambs they shall still in My bos - om be borne.
7. deav - or to shake, I'll nev - er, no nev - er, no nev - er for - sake!"

No. 221. Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady. **Thomas Hastings.**

FINE.



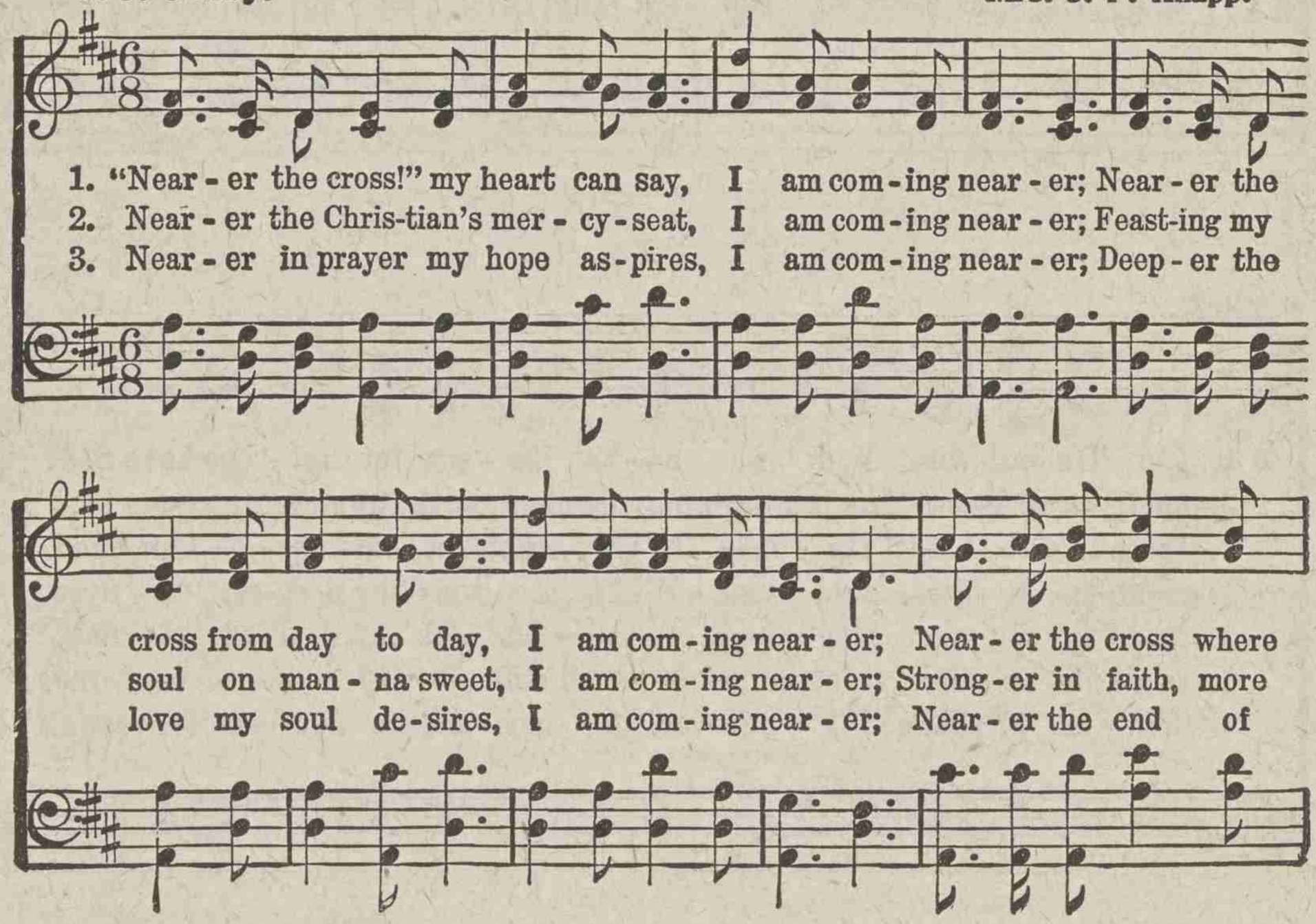
D. C.

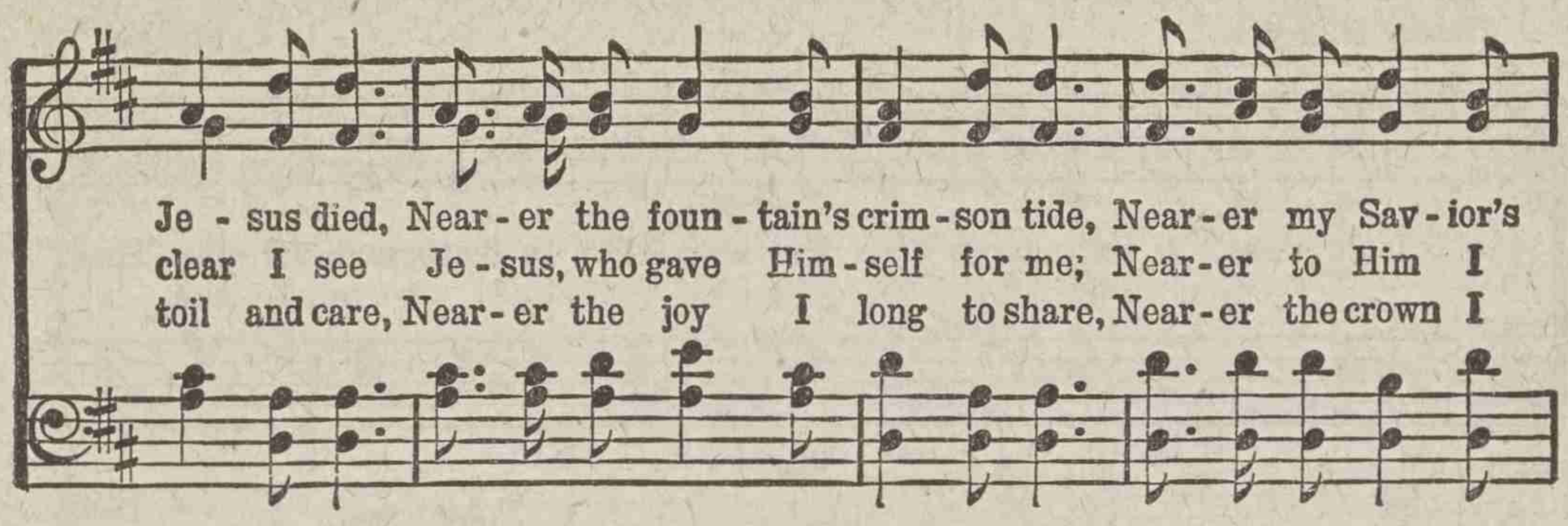
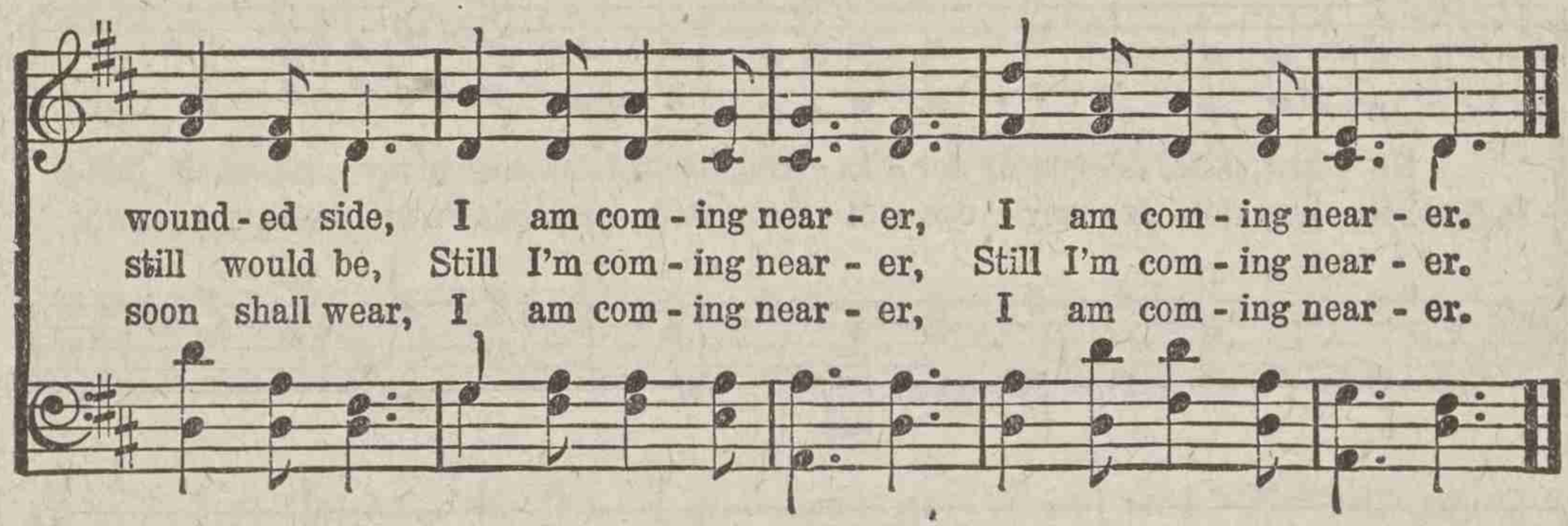


2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

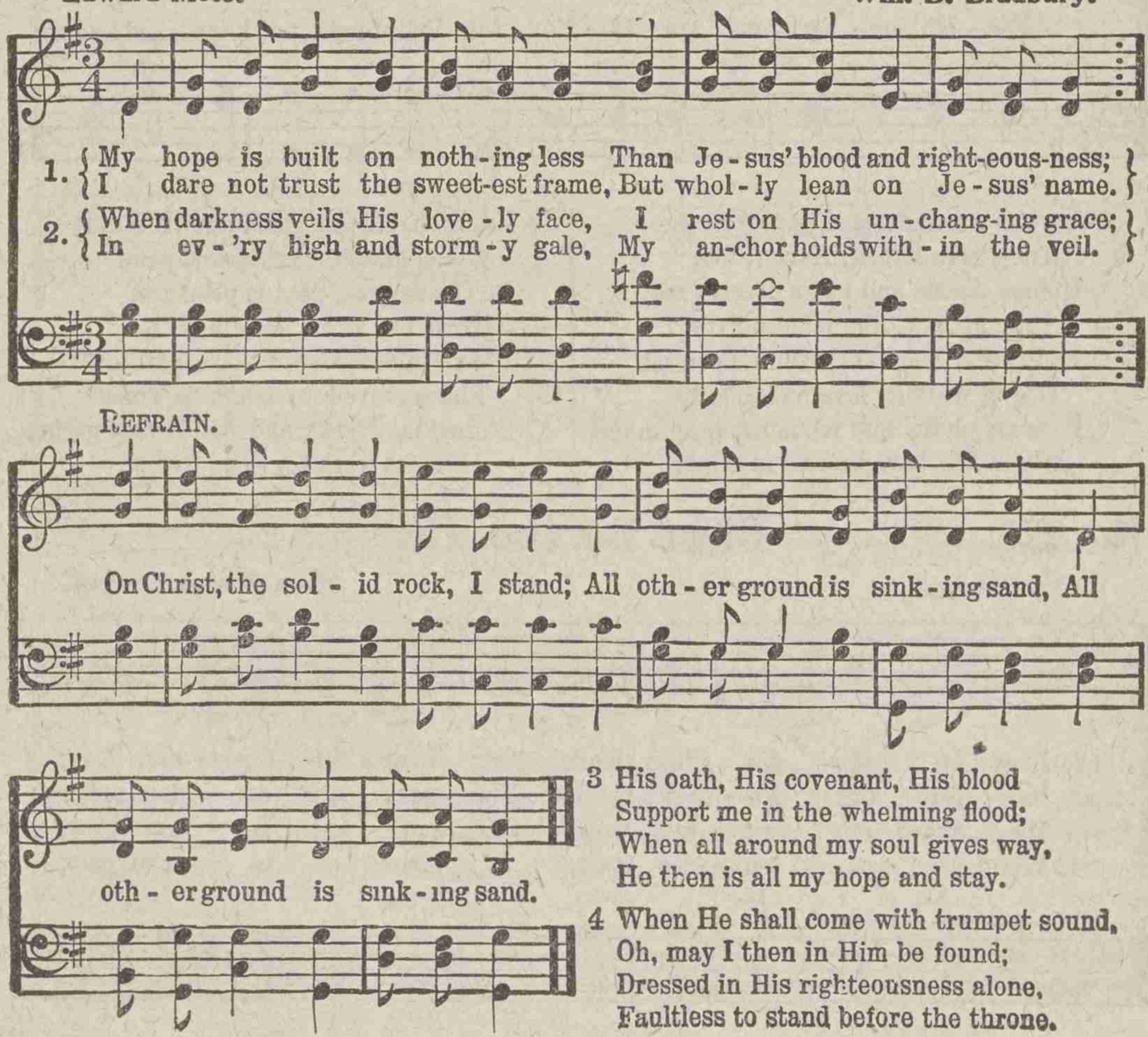
No. 222. Nearer the Cross.

F. J. Crosby. USED BY PERMISSION. **Mrs. J. F. Knapp.**

Nearer the Cross.



No. 223. My Hope is Built.

Edward Mote. Wm. B. Bradbury.

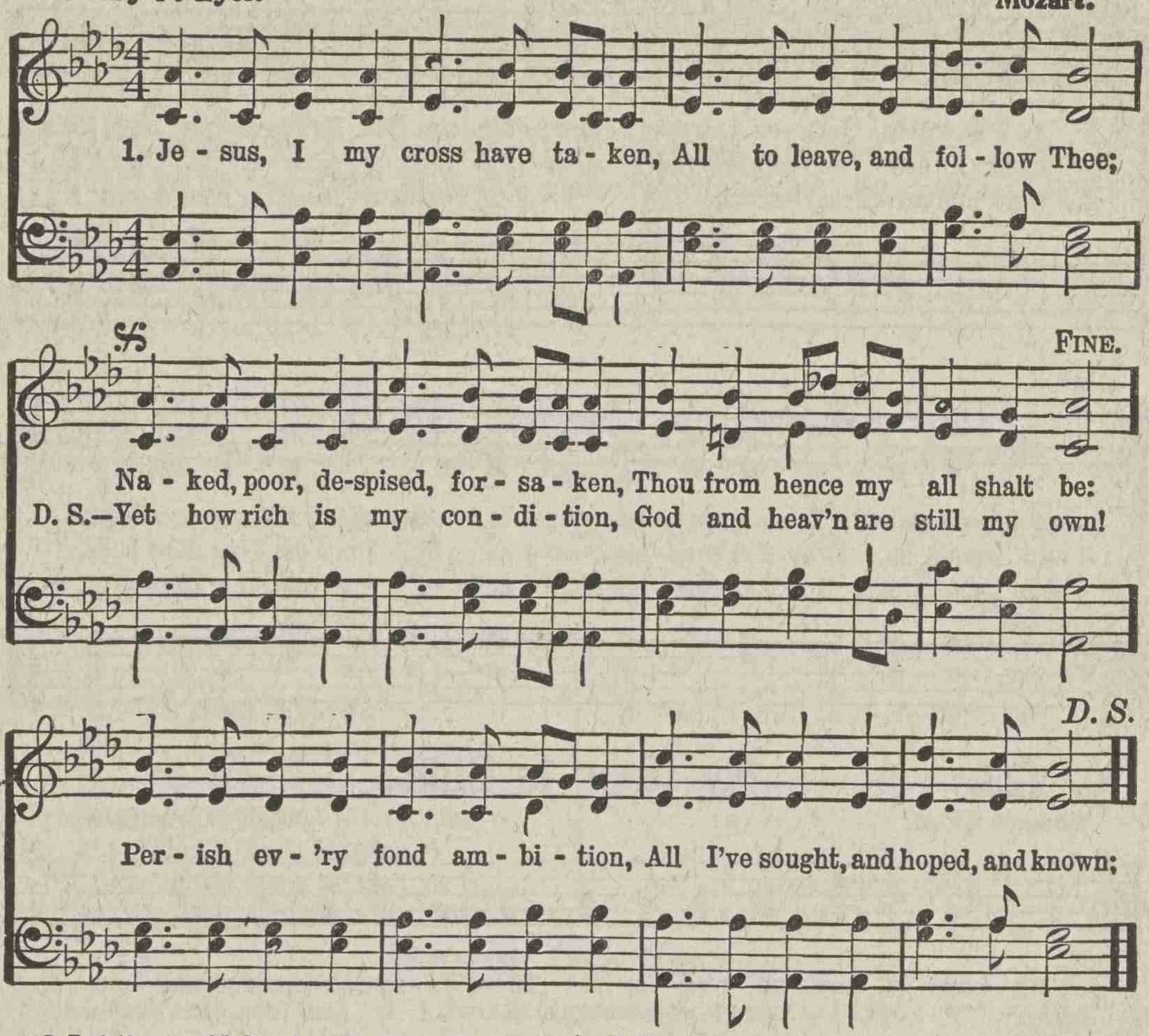


3 His oath, His covenant, His blood
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

4 When He shall come with trumpet sound,
Oh, may I then in Him be found;
Dressed in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.

No. 224. Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

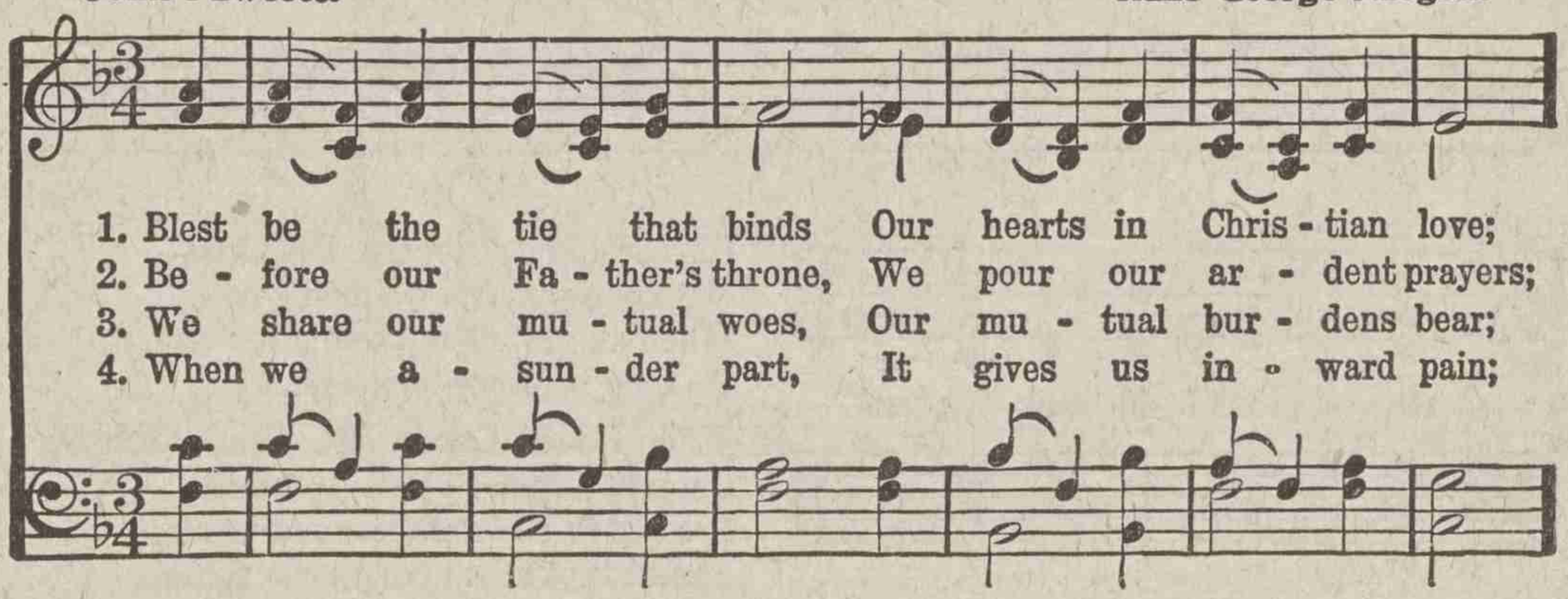
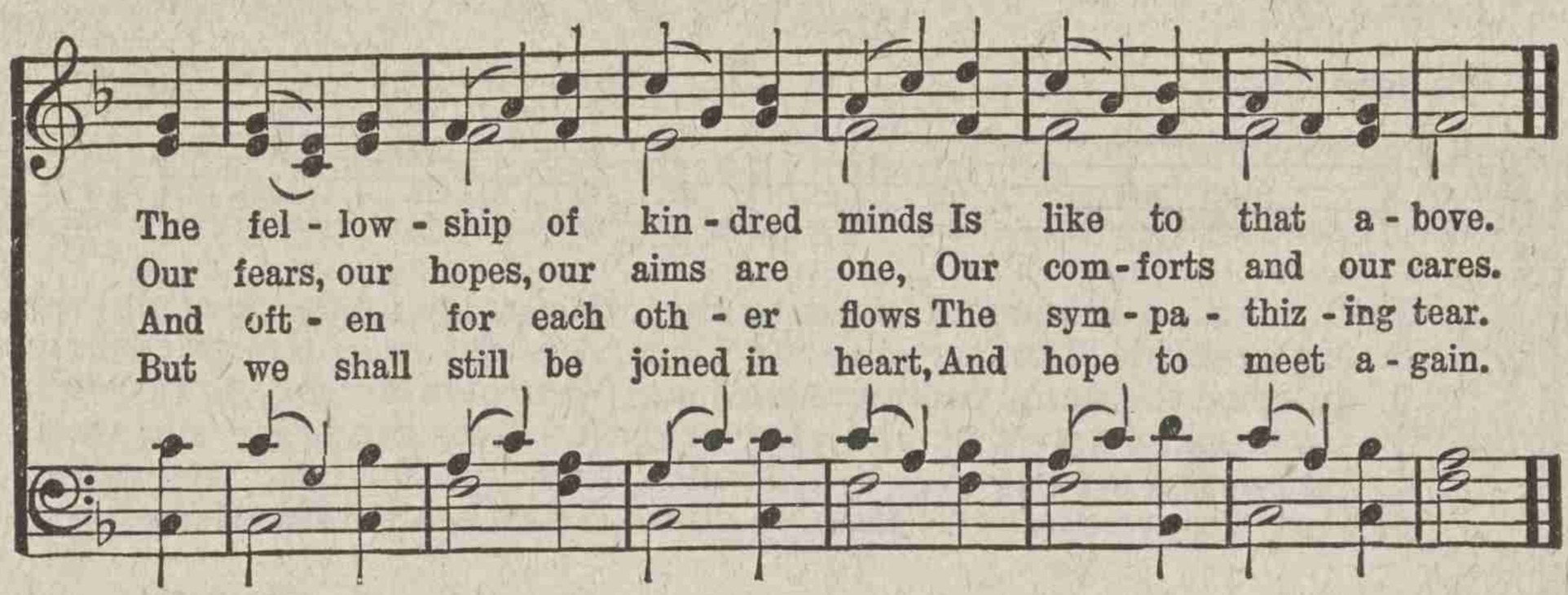
Henry F. Lyte. **Mozart.**



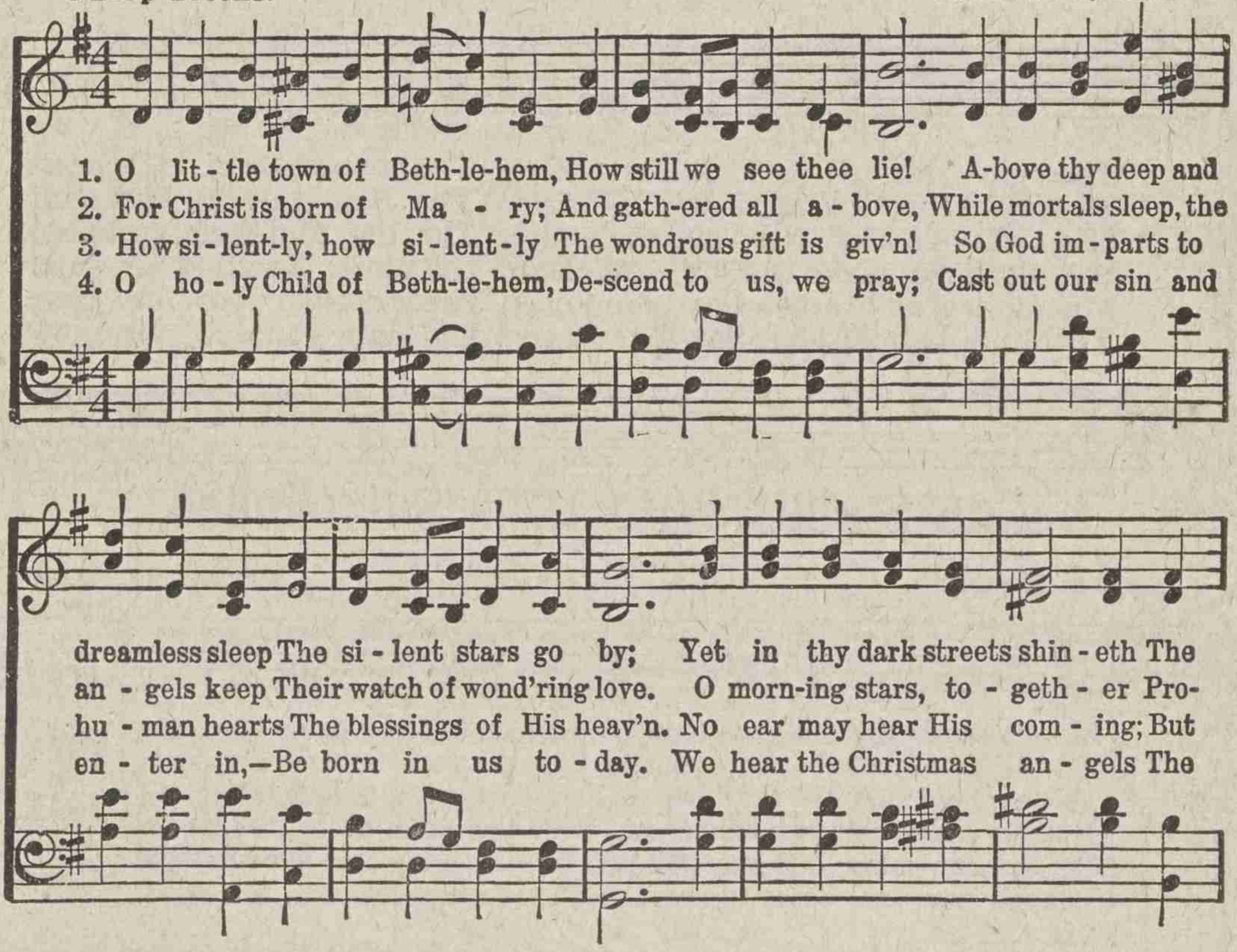
2 Let the world despise, forsake me,
They have left my Savior, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like man, untrue:
And, while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me;
Show Thy face, and all is bright.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn and pain!
In Thy service, pain is pleasure;
With Thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called Thee, "Abba, Father,"
I have stayed my heart on Thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

No. 225. Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett. **Hans George Naegeli.**

Blest Be the Tie.

No. 226. O Little Town of Bethlehem.

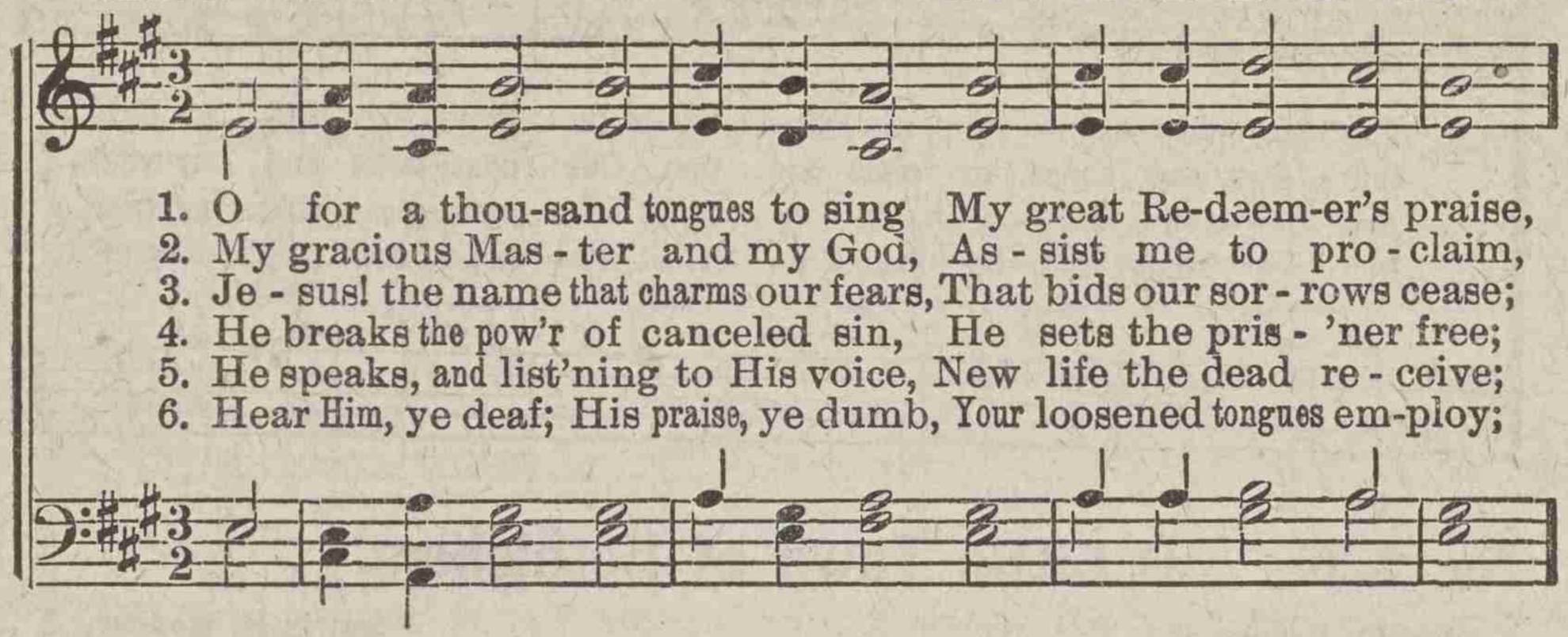
Phillip Brooks. **Lewis H. Redner.**

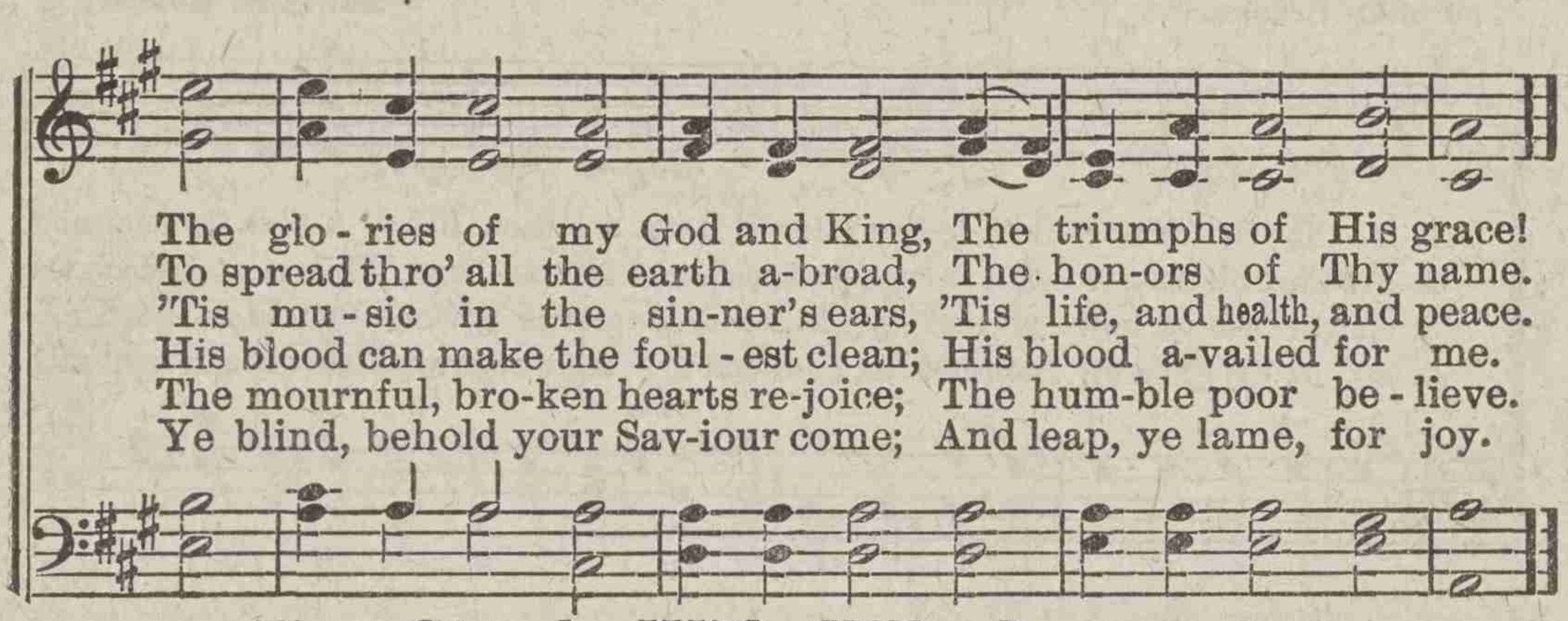


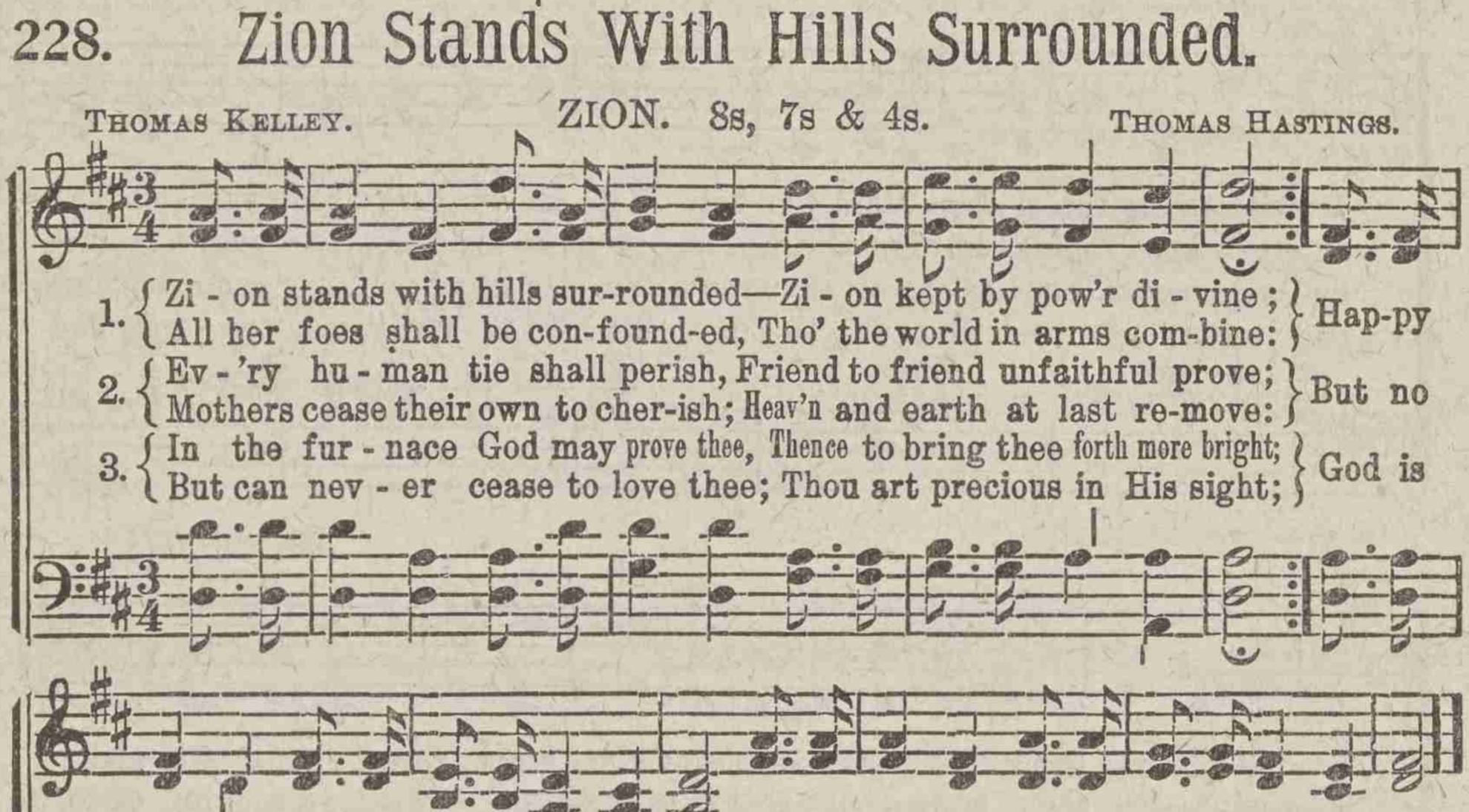
227. O For a Thousand Tongues.

(AZMON. C. M.)

CHARLES WESLEY. CARL G. GLASER. LOWELL MASON.

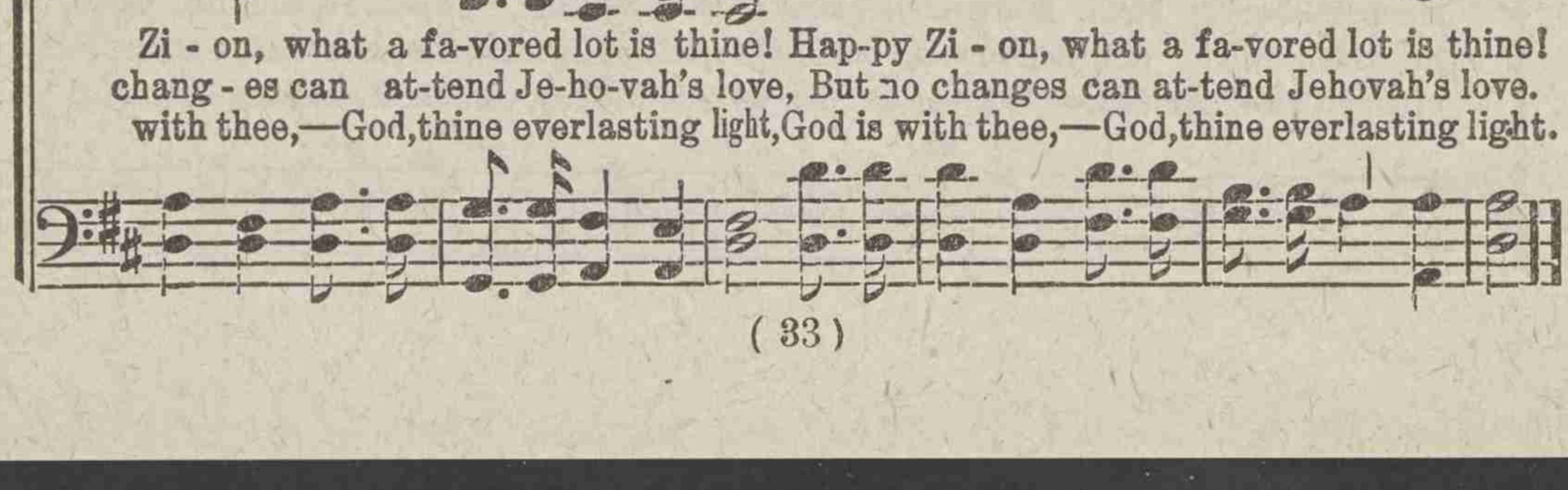


1. O for a thou-sand tongues to sing My great Re-deem-er's praise,
2. My gracious Mas - ter and my God, As - sist me to pro - claim,
3. Je - sus! the name that charms our fears, That bids our sor - rows cease;
4. He breaks the pow'r of canceled sin, He sets the pris - 'ner free;
5. He speaks, and list'ning to His voice, New life the dead re - ceive;
6. Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb, Your loosened tongues em-ploy;

The glo - ries of my God and King, The triumphs of His grace!
To spread thro' all the earth a-broad, The hon-ors of Thy name.
'Tis mu - sic in the sin-ner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
His blood can make the foul - est clean; His blood a-vailed for me.
The mournful, bro-ken hearts re-joice; The hum-ble poor be - lieve.
Ye blind, behold your Sav-iour come; And leap, ye lame, for joy.



228. Zion Stands With Hills Surrounded.

THOMAS KELLEY. ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s. THOMAS HASTINGS.



1. Zi - on stands with hills sur-rounded—Zi - on kept by pow'r di - vine;
   All her foes shall be con-found-ed, Tho' the world in arms com-bine: } Hap-py
2. Ev - 'ry hu - man tie shall perish, Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
   Mothers cease their own to cher-ish; Heav'n and earth at last re-move: } But no
3. In the fur - nace God may prove thee, Thence to bring thee forth more bright;
   But can nev - er cease to love thee; Thou art precious in His sight; } God is

Zi - on, what a fa-vored lot is thine! Hap-py Zi - on, what a fa-vored lot is thine!
chang - es can at-tend Je-ho-vah's love, But no changes can at-tend Jehovah's love.
with thee,—God, thine everlasting light, God is with thee,—God, thine everlasting light.

No. 229. A Penitent Heart.

Charles Wesley. BALERMA. C. M. R. Simpson.

1. O for that ten-der-ness of heart Which bows be-fore the Lord,
2. O for those hum-ble, con-trite tears, Which from re-pent-ance flow;
3. Sav-ior, to me in pit-y give The sen-si-ble dis-tress;
4. Wilt from the dread-ful day re-move, Be-fore the e-vil come;

Ac-knowl-edg-ing how just Thou art, And trembling at Thy word!
That con-scious-ness of guilt which fears The long sus-pend-ed blow!
The pledge Thou wilt at last re-ceive, And bid me die in peace.
My spir-it hide with saints a-bove, My bod-y in the tomb.

No. 230. O For a Closer Walk With God.

William Cowper. ORTONVILLE. C. M. Thos. Hastings.

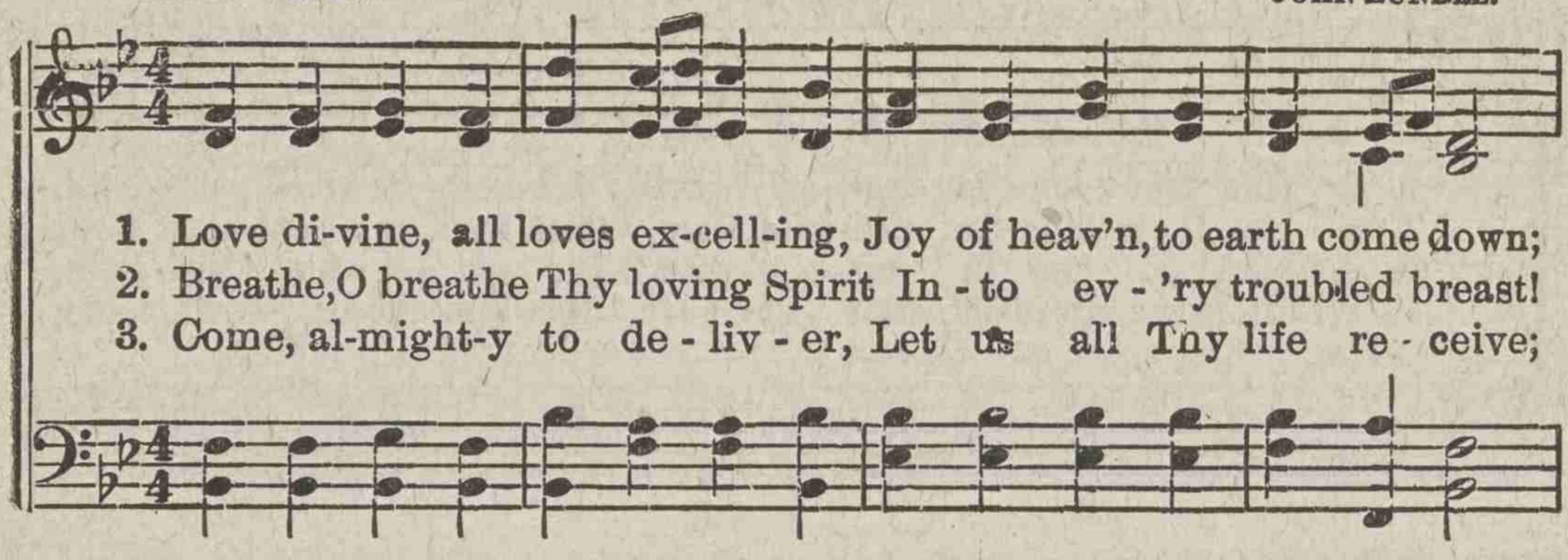
1. O for a clo-ser walk with God, A calm and heav'nly frame; A light to
2. Where is the bless-ed-ness I knew When first I saw the Lord? Where is the
3. What peaceful hours I once enjoyed! How sweet their mem'ry still! But they have
4. Re-turn, O ho-ly Dove, return, Sweet Mes-sen-ger of rest! I hate the
5. The dear-est i-dol I have known, Whate'er that i-dol be, Help me to
6. So shall my walk be close with God, Calm and se-rene my frame; So pur-er

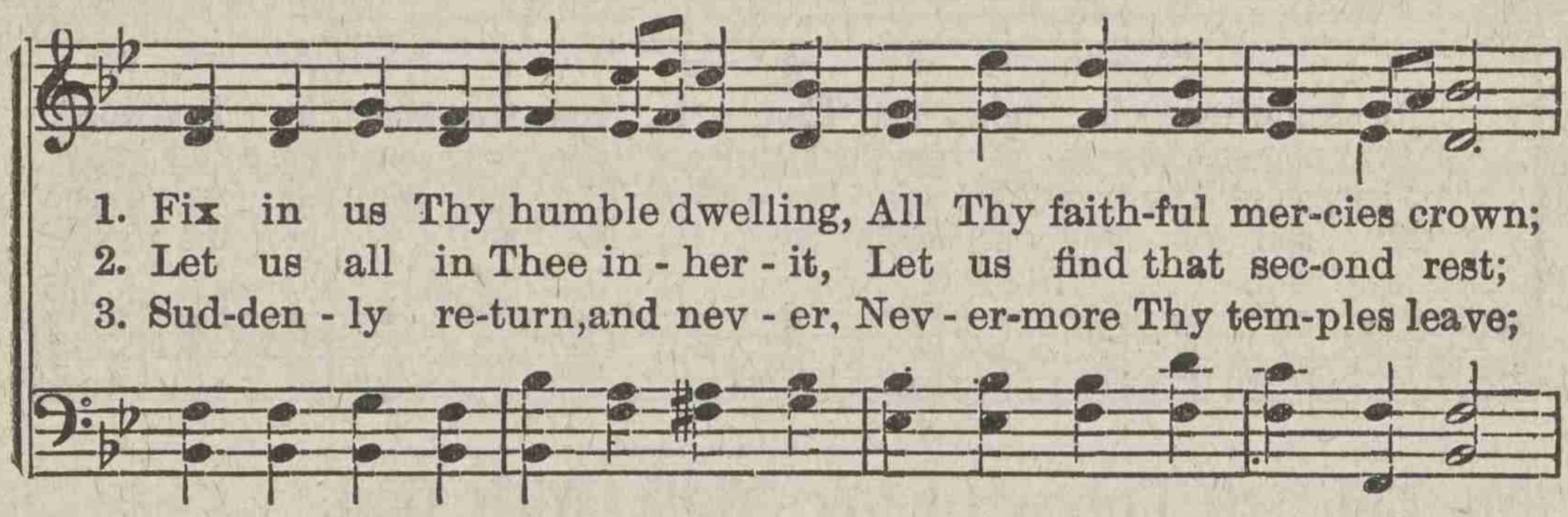
shine up-on the road That leads me to the Lamb! That leads me to the Lamb!
soul-re-fresh-ing view Of Je-sus and His word, Of Je-sus and His word?
left an ach-ing void The world can never fill, The world can never fill.
sins that made Thee mourn, And drove me from Thy breast, And drove me from Thy breast.
tear it from Thy throne, And worship on-ly Thee, And worship on-ly Thee.
light shall mark the road That leads me to the Lamb, That leads me to the Lamb!

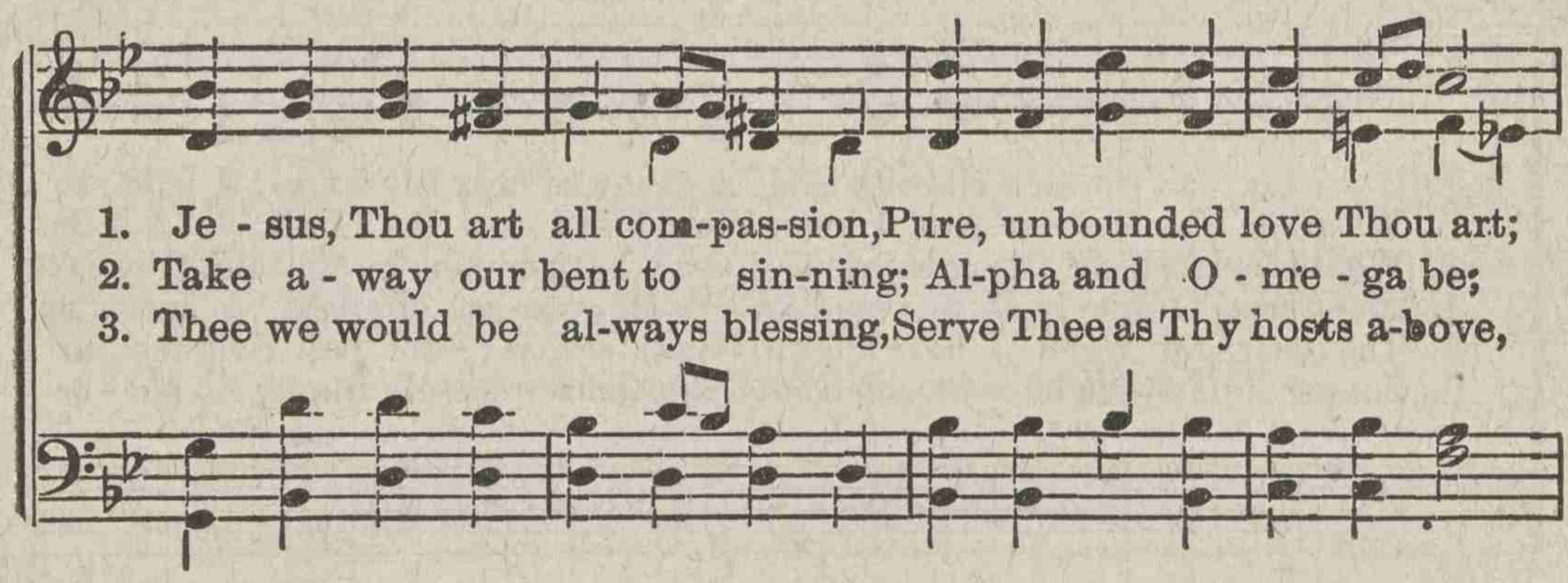
231

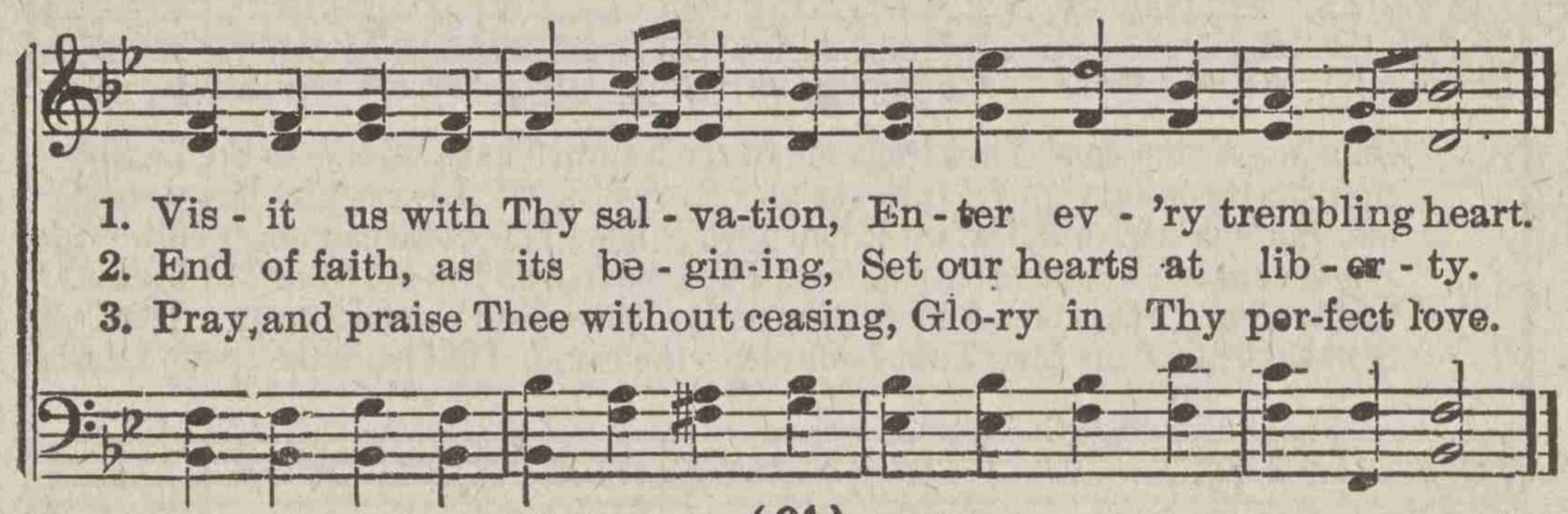
Love Divine.

CHARLES WESLEY. JOHN ZUNDEL.









No. 232. Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

COPYRIGHT BY A. J. SHOWALTER. USED BY PERMISSION.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. A. J. Showalter.

1. What a fel - low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Lean-ing on the ev - er-
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in the pil-grim way, Lean-ing on the ev - er-
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the ev - er-

last - ing arms; What a bless - ed - ness, what a peace is mine,
last - ing arms; Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
last - ing arms; I have bless - ed peace with my Lord so near,

REFRAIN.

Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. Lean - ing,
Lean - ing on Je - sus,

lean - ing, Safe and se-cure from all a-larms; Lean - ing,
Lean - ing on Je - sus, Lean-ing on Je - sus,

lean - ing, Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms.
lean - ing on Je - sus,

No. 233. Did You Talk With Jesus About It?

Herbert Buffum. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN. **Charlie D. Tillman.**

1. When la-den with sin and bowed down with grief, When you've tried in vain to ob-
2. Did you choose your way without asking Him, And then wondered why you were
3. Did you talk with Je - sus a - bout that sin? You failed to o'er-come it a-
4. Did you talk with Je - sus about that wrong That came to you once when you

tain re - lief, Did you talk with Je - sus a - bout the load And
o'er - come by sin? Do you know that God has a plan for you? Have
gain and a - gain; Or try - ing to con-quer in your own strength, You
mixed with the throng? Or did you for - get what He said you must do When

ask Him to help you a - long life's road?
you asked Him what He would have you do? Did you talk with Je - sus, and
gave up the strug-gle and failed at length.
oth - ers you trust-ed mis-treat-ed you?

CHORUS.

what did He say? Did you ask Him to help you a - long life's way? Did you

talk with Him, did He talk with you? Then surely you know what He'd have you do!

No. 234. A Little Talk With Jesus.

And behold, there talked with Him two men.—LUKE 9: 30.

Anon. **Arranged.**

1. Tho' dark the night, and clouds look black, And stormy o - ver-head, And
2. When those who once were dear-est friends Be - gin to per - se - cute, And
3. And thus by fre-quent lit - tle talks I gain the vic - to - ry, And

trials of al - most ev - 'ry kind A - cross my path are spread; How
more who once pro - fessed to love, Have dis-tant grown, and mute, I
march a - long with cheer - ful song, En - joy - ing lib - er - ty; With

soon I con-quer all, As to the Lord I call,—A lit - tle talk with
tell Him all my grief, He quick-ly sends re - lief,—A lit - tle talk with
Je - sus as my Friend, I'll prove un - til the end, A lit - tle talk with

D. S.—*trials of ev - 'ry kind, Praise God, I al - ways find, A lit - tle talk with*

FINE. CHORUS.

Je - sus makes it right, all right. A lit - tle talk with Je-sus makes it

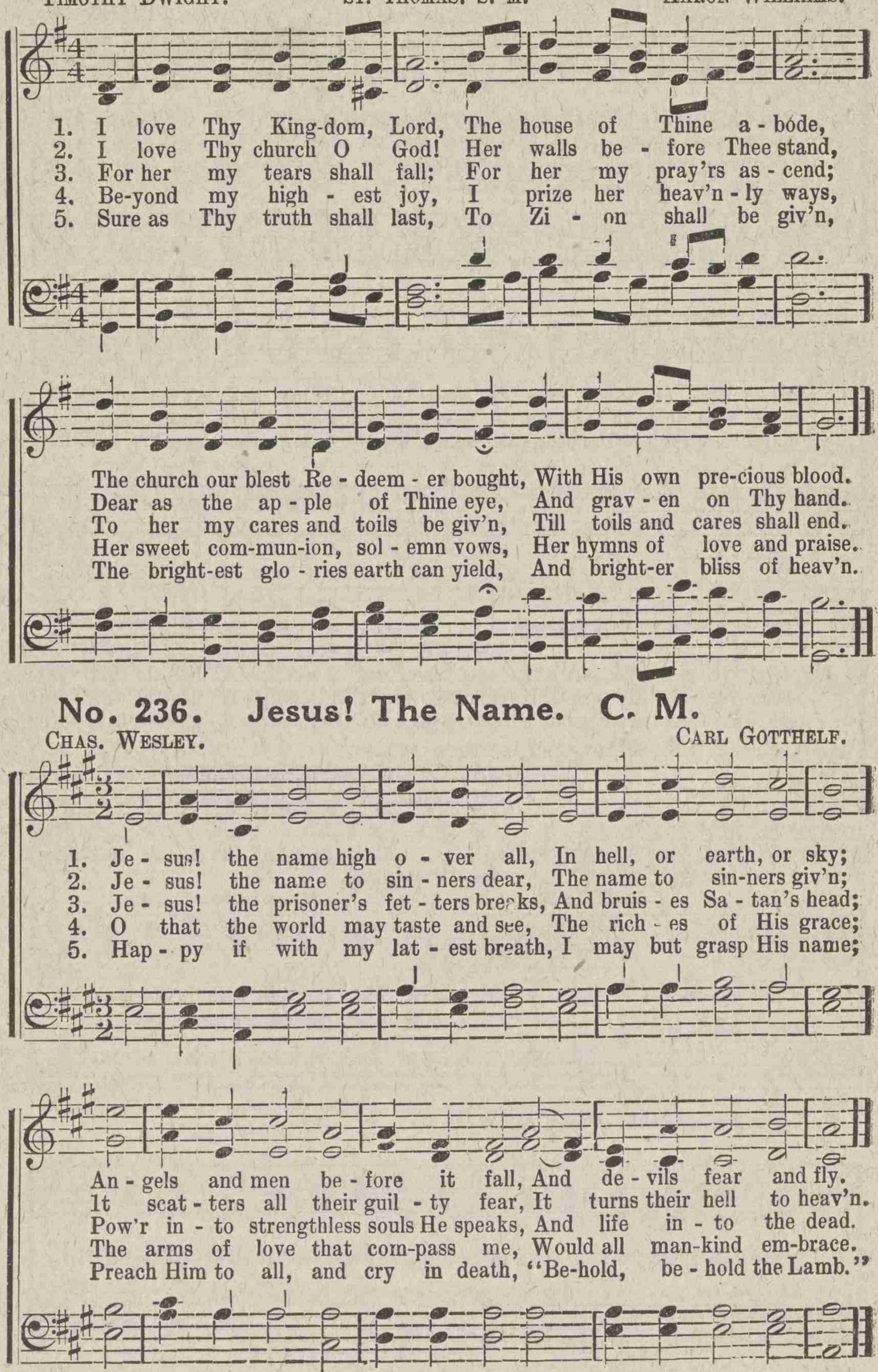
Je - sus makes it right, all right.

D. S.

right, all right, A lit - tle talk with Je - sus makes it right, all right; In

No. 235. I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

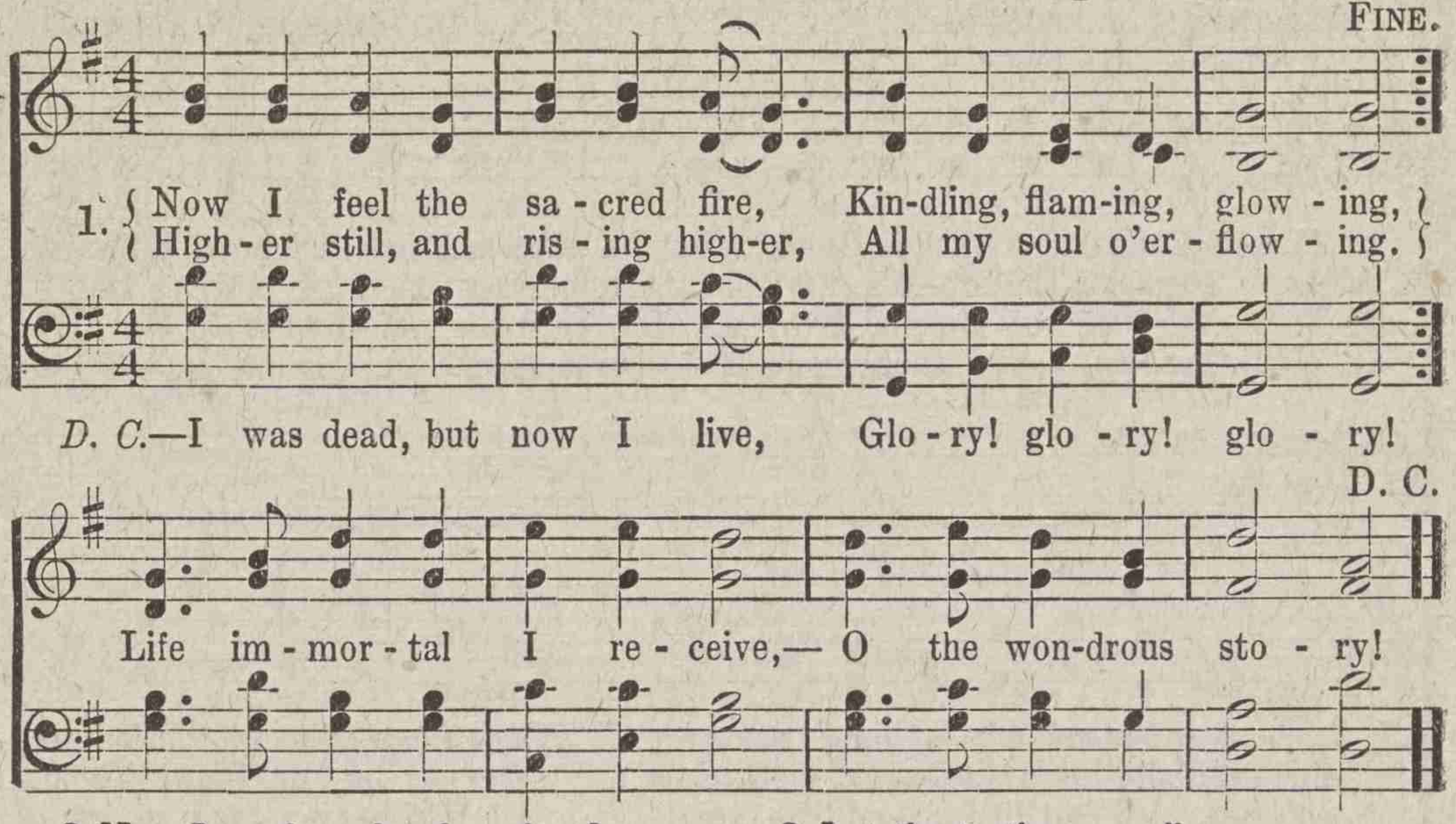
TIMOTHY DWIGHT. ST. THOMAS. S. M. AARON WILLIAMS.



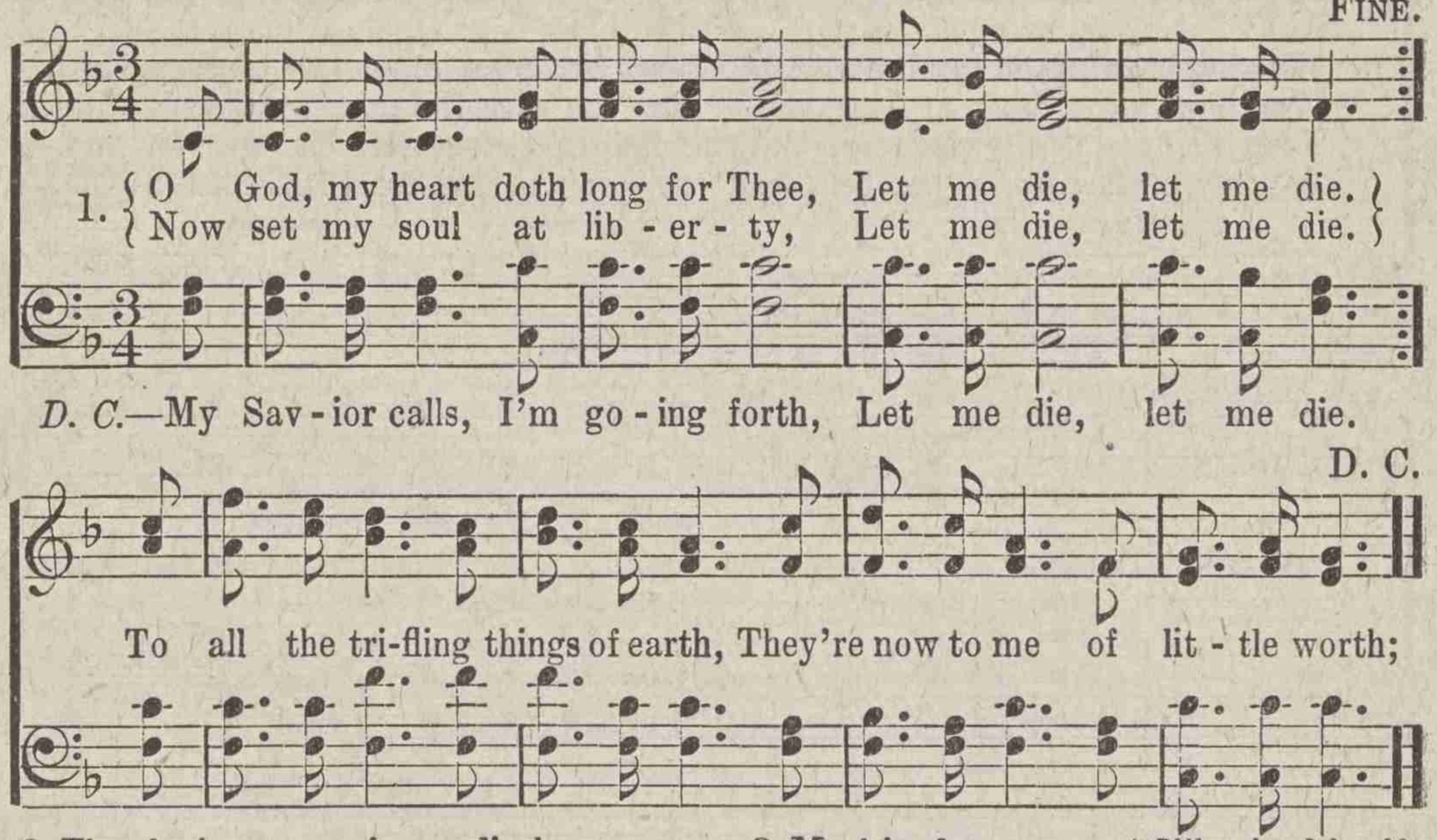
No. 236. Jesus! The Name. C. M.

CHAS. WESLEY. CARL GOTTHELF.

No. 237. Now I Feel the Sacred Fire

Arranged for this Work.

2 Now I am from bondage freed,
Every bond is riven;
Jesus makes me free indeed,
Just as free as heaven.
'Tis a glorious liberty—
O the wondrous story!
I was bound, but now I'm free,
Glory! glory! glory!

3 Let the testimony roll,
Roll through every nation;
Witnessing from soul to soul
This immense salvation.
Now I know it's full and free—
O the wondrous story!
For I feel it saving me,
Glory! glory! glory!

No. 238. Let Me Die.

2 The slaying power in me display,
Let me die, let me die.
I must be dead from day to day,
Let me die, let me die.
Unto the world and its applause,
To all the customs, fashions, laws,
Of those who hate the humbling cross,
Let me die, let me die.

3 My friends may say, "I'll ruined be,"
Let me die, let me die.
But all I leave and follow Thee,
Let me die, let me die.
Their arguments will never weigh,
Nor stand the trying judgment day:
Help me to cast them all away,
Let me die, let me die.

No. 239. My Mother's Bible.

COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

Evangelist M. B. Williams. **Charlie D. Tillman.**

DUET.

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

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

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

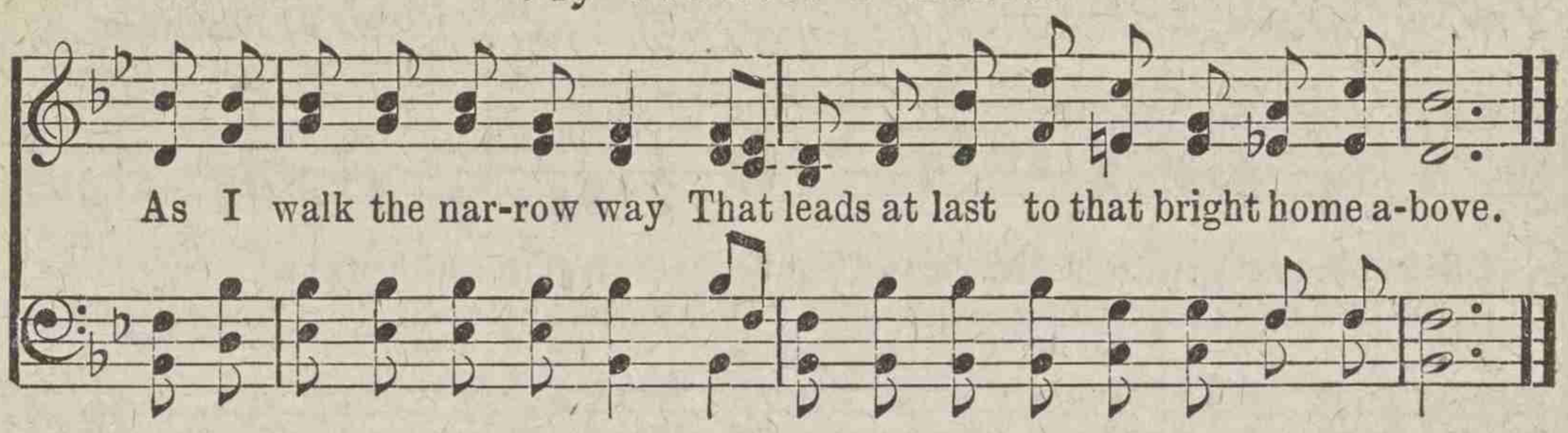
CHORUS.

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

Bless-ed Book, pre-cious Book.

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

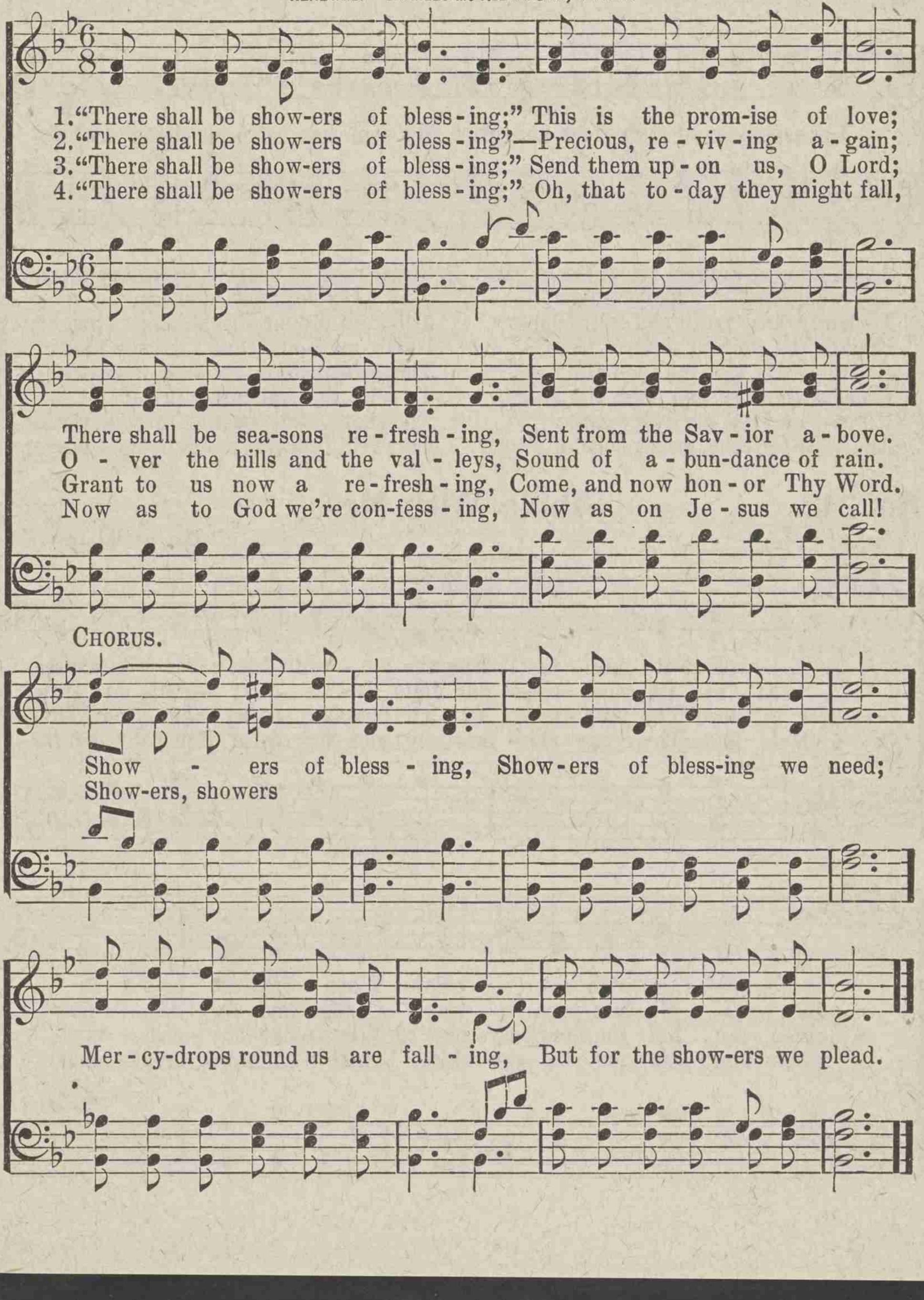
My Mother's Bible.



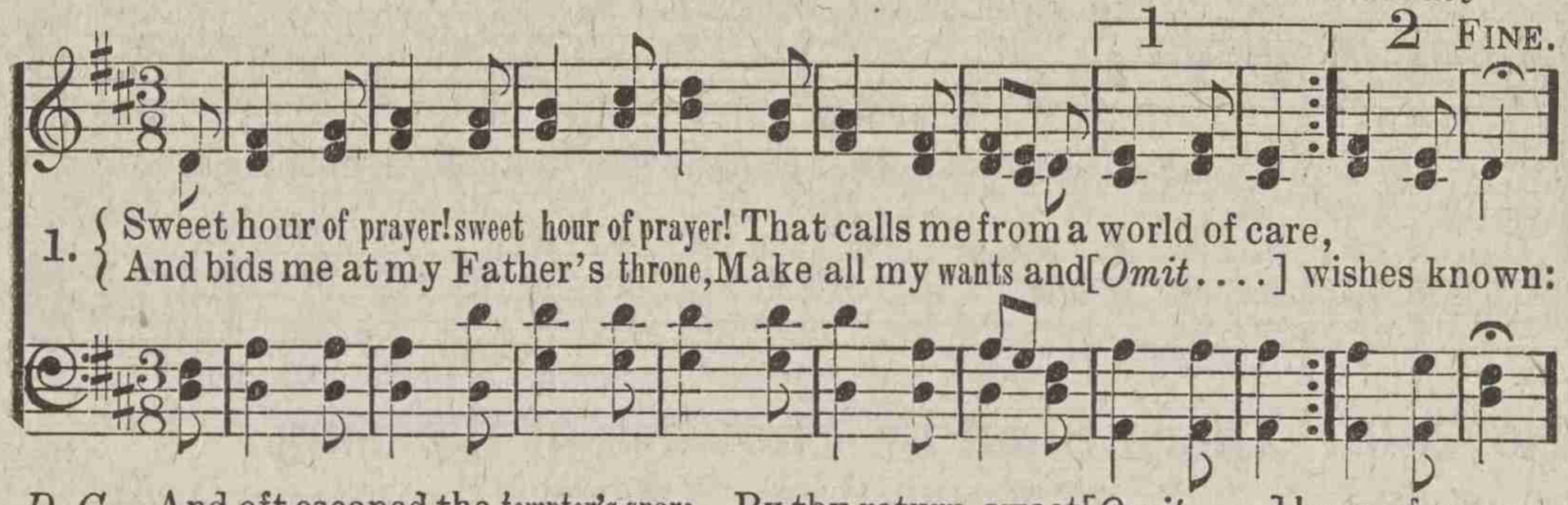
No. 240. There Shall Be Showers of Blessing.

El Nathan.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY MRS. ADDIE MC GRANAHAN.
RENEWAL. CHARLES M. ALEXANDER, OWNER.

James McGranahan.

No. 241. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

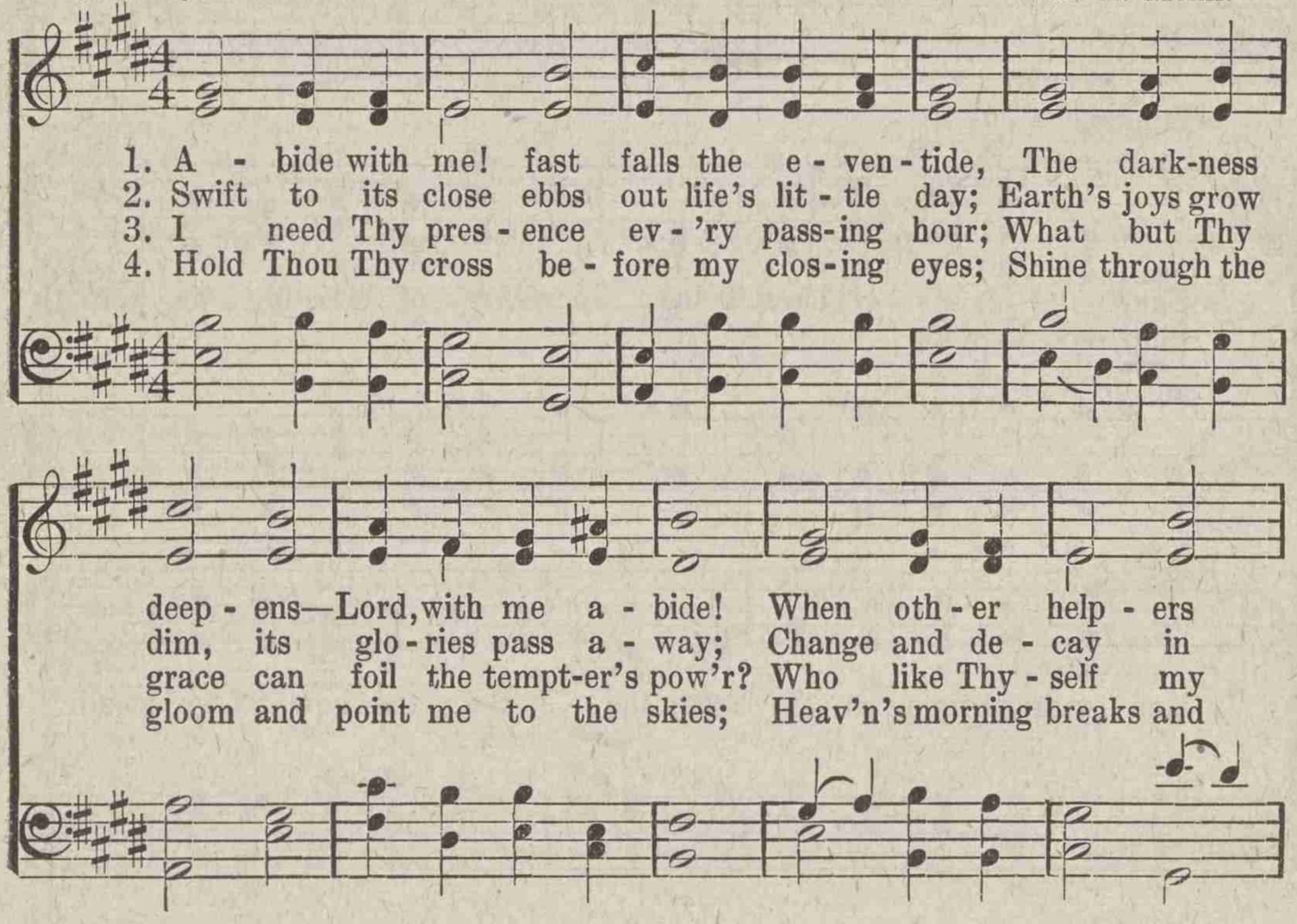
W. W. Walford. W. B. Bradbury

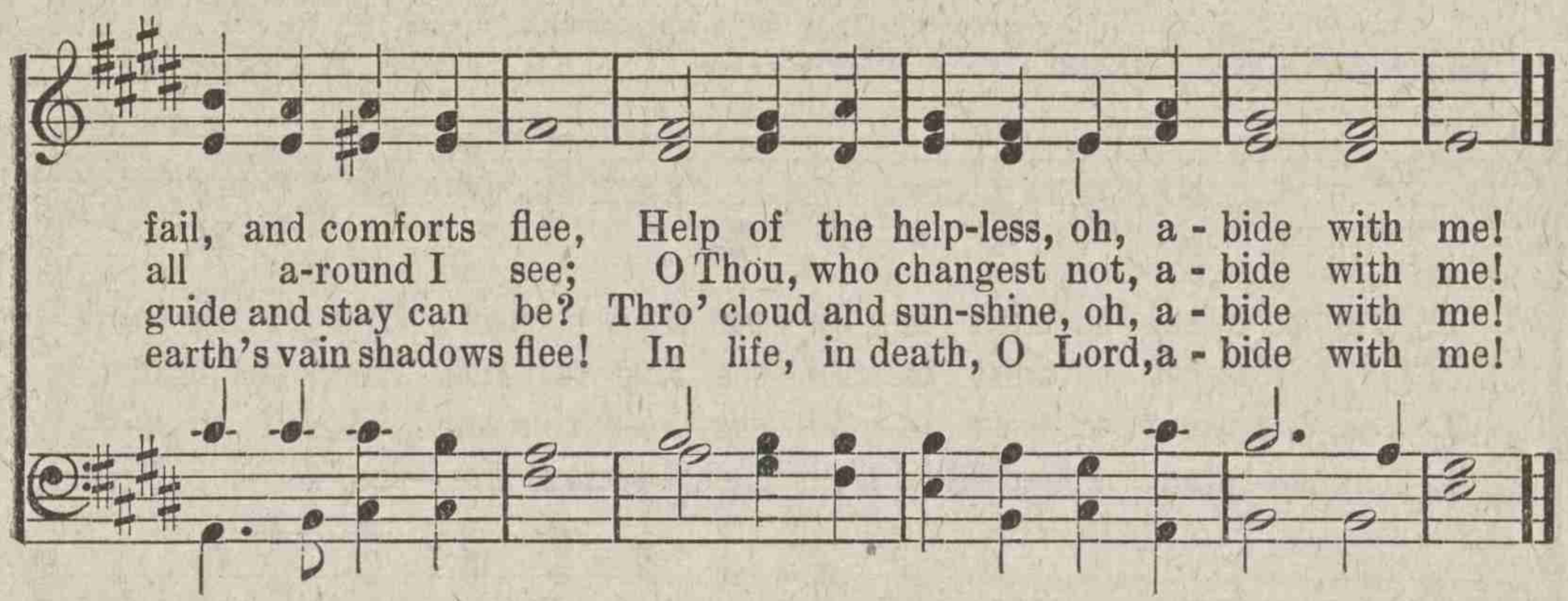


2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting souls to bless;
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

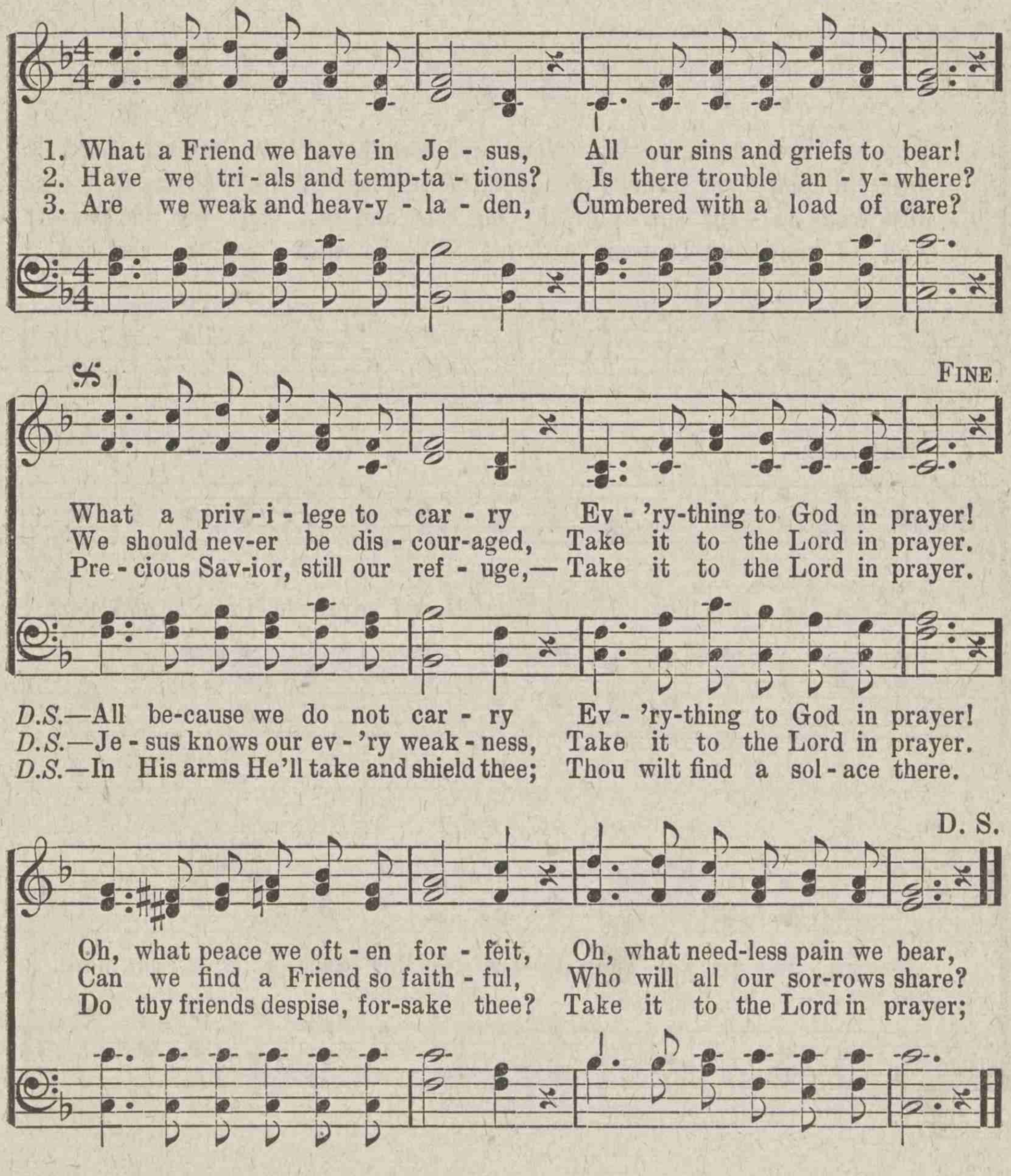
3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share,
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight;
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

No. 242. Abide With Me.

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

Abide With Me.



No. 243. What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

Joseph Scriven. **C. C. Converse.**

244 'Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1882, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Mrs. Louisa M. R. Stead. USED BY PER. **Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.**

1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take Him at His word;
2. Oh, how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust His cleansing blood;
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
4. I'm so glad I learned to trust Thee, Precious Je - sus, Sav-ior, Friend;

Just to rest up - on His prom-ise; Just to know "Thus saith the Lord."
Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal - ing, cleansing flood.
Just from Je - sus sim - ply tak - ing Life and rest, and joy and peace.
And I know that Thou art with me, Wilt be with me, to the end.

REFRAIN.

Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust Him! How I've proved Him o'er and o'er!

Je - sus, Je - sus, pre - cious Je - sus! O for grace to trust Him more.

No. 245. I'm Saved.

SOLO or DUET. **Words and Music by J. Edwin McConnell.**

1. I once was lost and steeped in sin, But Je - sus came and took me in;
2. 'Twas long I spurned His precious blood, Ig-nored His call, re-fused His love;
3. I praise Him for His wondrous grace; Some day I'll look up - on His face,

My soul is saved, my heart is clean, For, praise His name, He saved me.
But now I'm walk-ing in the light, For, praise His name, He saved me.
And thus my heart will sing His praise, For, praise His name, He saved me.

CHORUS.

I'm saved, I'm saved, I'm saved by Je - sus' blood;.....
I'm saved, I'm saved, by Je-sus' blood;

I'm saved, I'm saved, I'm saved by Je - sus' blood.
I'm saved, I'm saved,

No. 246. Confess Him Now.

C. D. T. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN. Charlie D. Tillman.

1. Oh, soul so long bound down by sin, Have you be-lieved and let Him in?
2. Have you for-sak - en all that's wrong? Then with God's children you be-long;
3. When-e'er we speak for Him a word, Our heart with-in is al-ways stirred,

If you have peace and joy with-in, Con-fess Him now, confess Him now.
And you can join the vic-tor's song, Con-fess Him now, confess Him now.
And strength He gives as our re-ward; Con-fess Him now, confess Him now.

CHORUS.

Give praise to Him who saves you now, He paid the price on Calv'ry's brow;

As oth - ers speak, then so must thou, Con-fess Him now, con-fess Him now.

No. 247. Open Your Heart to the Savior.

Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. O - pen your heart to the Sav - ior, Glad - ly the door o - pen wide;
2. O - pen your heart to the Sav - ior, Life and sal - va-tion now choose;
3. Welcome the heav-en - ly Stran - ger Now while He waits at the door;

Open Your Heart to the Savior.

Trust Him from sin to de - liv - er, Bid Him come in and a - bide.
Will you, for earth's fleeting pleas - ures, Life ev - er - last-ing re - fuse?
Lest He should leave you in an - ger, And should re-turn nev-er - more.

CHORUS.

O - pen your heart,..... O - pen your heart,.....
O - pen the door of your heart, O - pen the door of your heart,

O - pen your heart to the Sav - ior, He is the Friend you need.

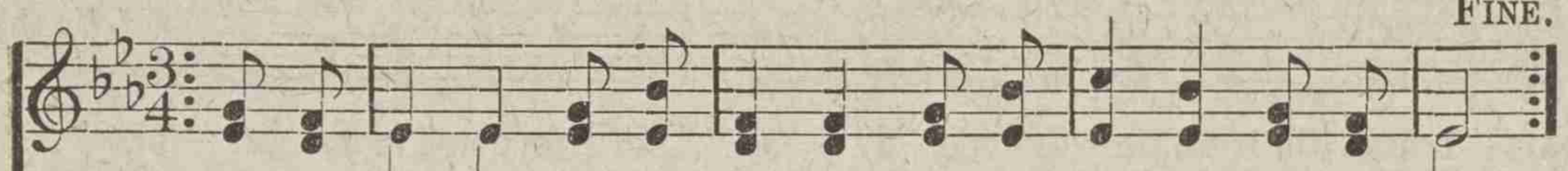
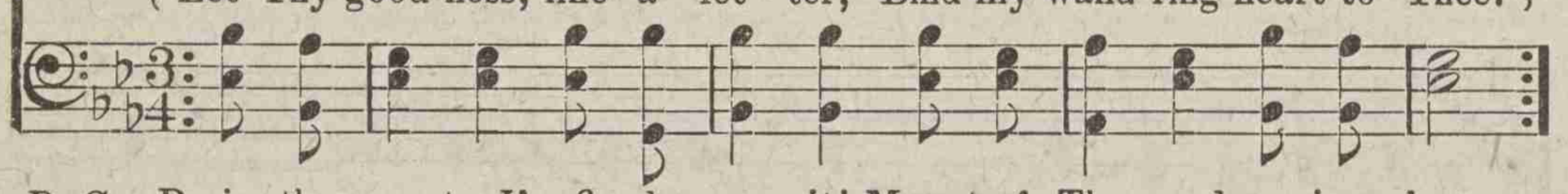
No. 248. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

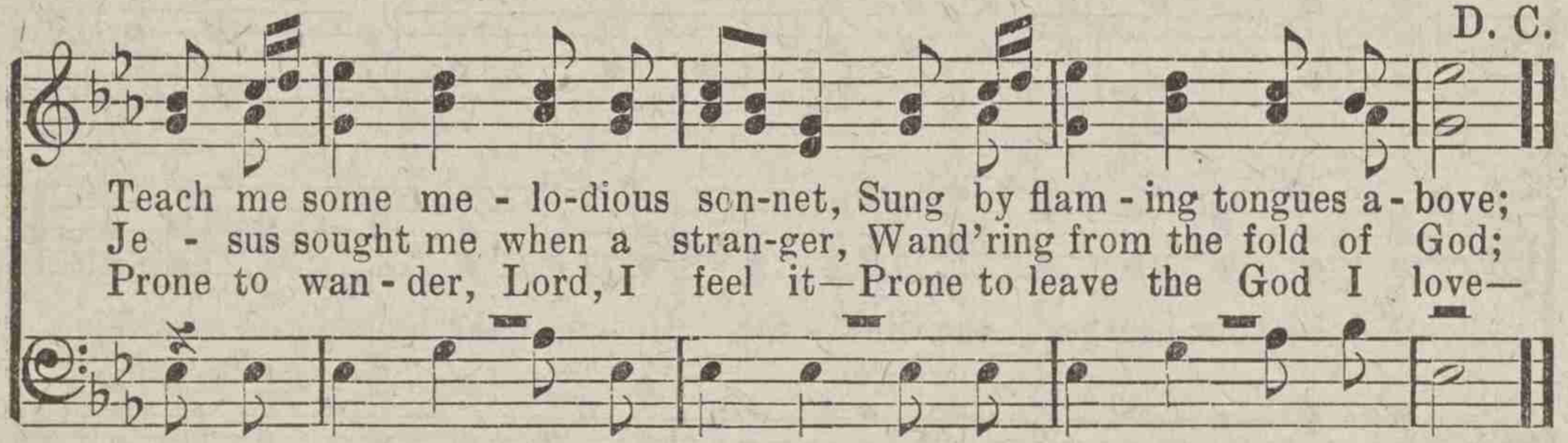
1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou are mine;
   For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re-sign;
   My gracious Re-deem - er,
2. I love Thee, be-cause Thou hast first lov-ed me,
   And purchased my par - don on Cal - va-ry's tree;
   I love Thee for wear-ing
3. In man-sions of glo - ry and end-less de-light,
   I'll ev - er a - dore Thee in heav - en so bright;
   I'll sing with the glit - ter-

my Sav - ior art Thou, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
the thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
ing crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

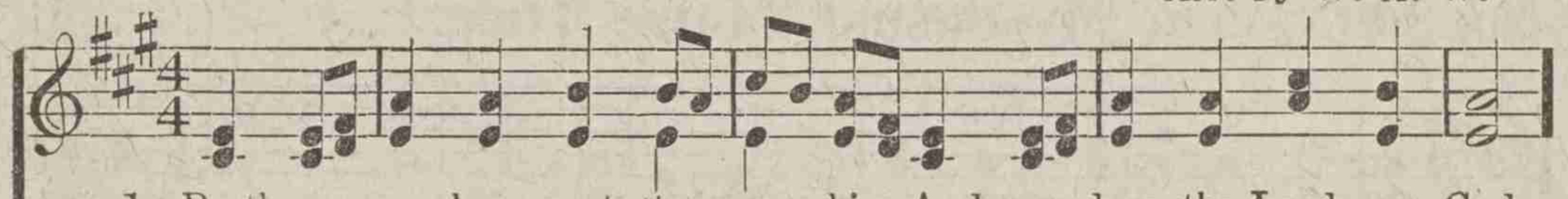
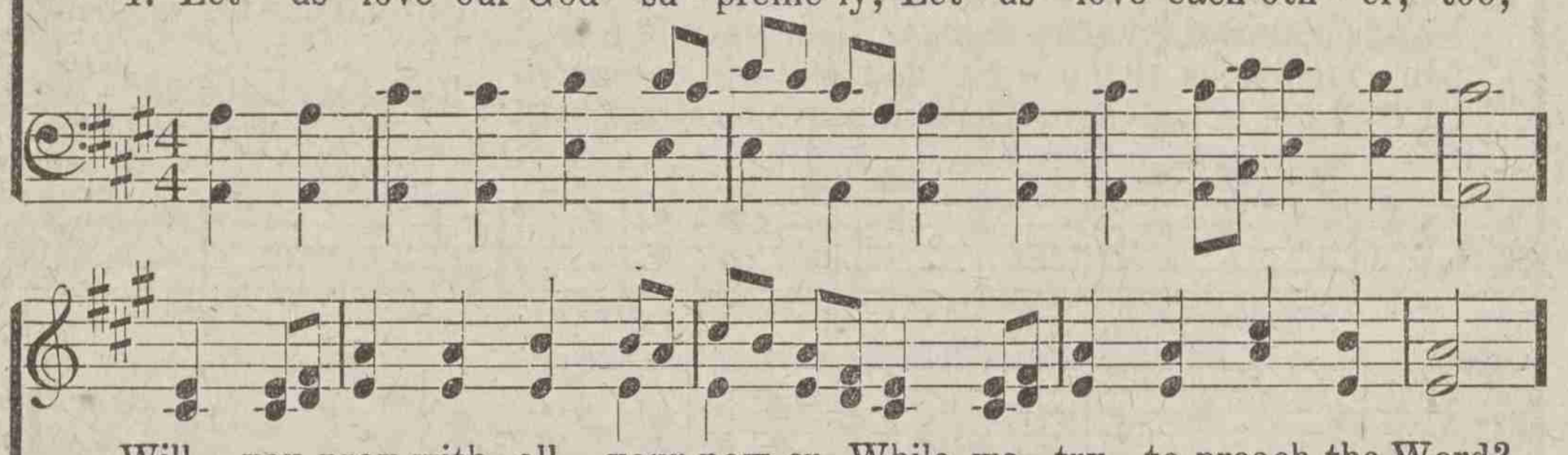
No. 249. Come, Thou Fount.

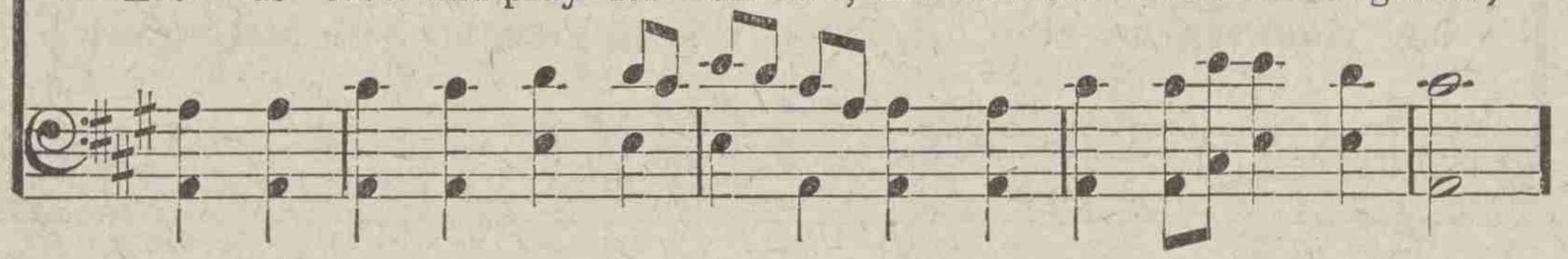
Geo. Robinson. **Unknown.**

FINE.

1. { Come, Thou Fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace; }
   { Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise. }
2. { Here I'll raise my Eb-en-e-zer; Hith-er by Thy help I'm come; }
   { And I hope, by Thy good pleasure, Safe-ly to ar-rive at home. }
3. { Oh, to grace how great a debt-or Dai-ly I'm constrained to be! }
   { Let Thy good-ness, like a fet-ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee. }

D. C.—Praise the mount—I'm fixed up-on it! Mount of Thy re-deem-ing love.
D. C.—He, to res-cue me from dan-ger, In-ter-posed His pre-cious blood.
D. C.—Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts a-bove.

D. C.

Teach me some me-lo-dious son-net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove;
Je-sus sought me when a stran-ger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;
Prone to wan-der, Lord, I feel it—Prone to leave the God I love—

No. 250. Lord, Revive Us.

Arr. by W. A. W.

1. Breth-ren, we have met to wor-ship And a-dore the Lord our God;
2. Breth-ren, see poor sin-ners round you, Slumb'ring on the brink of woe!
3. Breth-ren, here are poor back-slid-ers, Who were once near heaven's door;
4. Let us love our God su-preme-ly; Let us love each oth-er, too;

Will you pray with all your pow-er, While we try to preach the Word?
Death is com-ing, hell is mov-ing, Can you bear to let them go?
But they have betrayed their Sav-ior, And are worse than e'er be-fore;
Let us love and pray for sin-ners, Till our God makes all things new;



Lord, Revive Us.

All is vain un-less the Spir-it Of the Sav-ior doth a-bound;
See our fa-thers, moth-ers, chil-dren, For e-ter-nal dark-ness bound;
Yet the Sav-ior of-fers par-don, If they will la-ment their wound;
Then He'll call us home to heav-en, At His ta-ble we'll be found:

CHO.—*Lord, re-vive us, oh, re-vive us, All our help must come from Thee;*

D. S. Chorus.

Breth-ren, pray, and ho-ly man-na Will be show-ered all a-round.
Breth-ren, pray, and ho-ly man-na Will be show-ered all a-round.
Breth-ren, pray, and ho-ly man-na Will be show-ered all a-round.
Christ will gird Him-self and serve us, With sweet man-na all a-round.

Lord, re-vive us, oh, re-vive us, All our help must come from Thee.

No. 251. The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter. **Arr. by J. H. Stockton.**

FINE.

1. The great Phy-si-cian now is near, The sym-pa-thiz-ing Je-sus;
   He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, Oh! hear the voice of Je-sus.
2. Your man-y sins are all for-giv'n, Oh! hear the voice of Je-sus;
   Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je-sus.
3. All glo-ry to the dy-ing Lamb! I now be-lieve in Je-sus;
   I love the bless-ed Sav-ior's name, I love the name of Je-sus.
4. His name dis-pels my guilt and fear, No oth-er name but Je-sus;
   Oh! how my soul de-lights to hear The charming name of Je-sus!

D. C.—*Sweet-est car-ol ev-er sung, Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus.*

REFRAIN.

D. C.

Sweet-est note in ser-aph song, Sweetest name on mor-tal tongue;

No. 252. Amazing Grace.

John Newton. **Arr. by R. M. McIntosh.**

1. A - maz - ing grace, how sweet the sound! That saved a wretch like me!
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved;
3. Thro' man - y dan-gers, toils, and snares, I have al - read - y come;

I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
How pre - cious did that grace ap-pear, The hour I first be-lieved!
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.

No. 253. Going Away Without Jesus.

Nellie Edwards. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN. **W. G. Aleshine.**

1. Go - ing a - way to-night with-out Je - sus, Go - ing a - way in sin,
2. Go - ing a - way to-night with-out Je - sus, Soul-hardened by de - lay,
3. Go - ing a - way to-night with-out Je - sus, While others have His care;

Oth - ers have found Him precious un-to them, And from their sins are clean.
Yield-ing to Sa-tan's fa - tal en-tice-ments, Hopeless must turn a - way.
Nev - er a prom-ise more of His mer - cy, Per-haps to dark de - spair.

FINE.

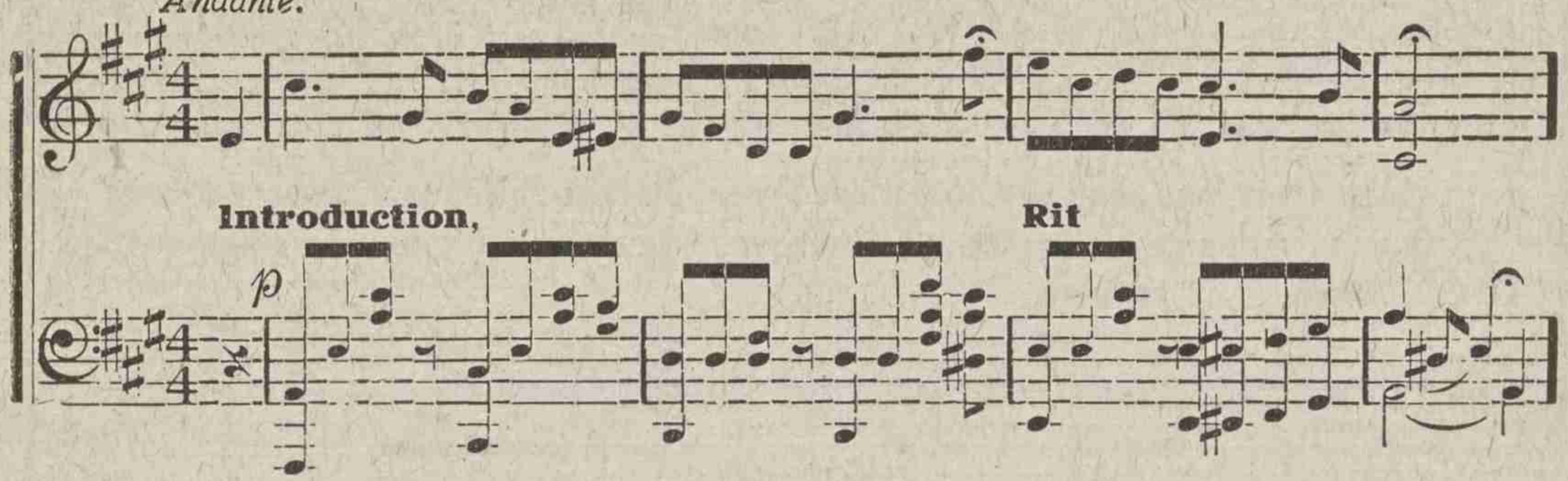
D.S.—*Go-ing a - way to-night from His pres-ence, Out from the pre-cious light.*

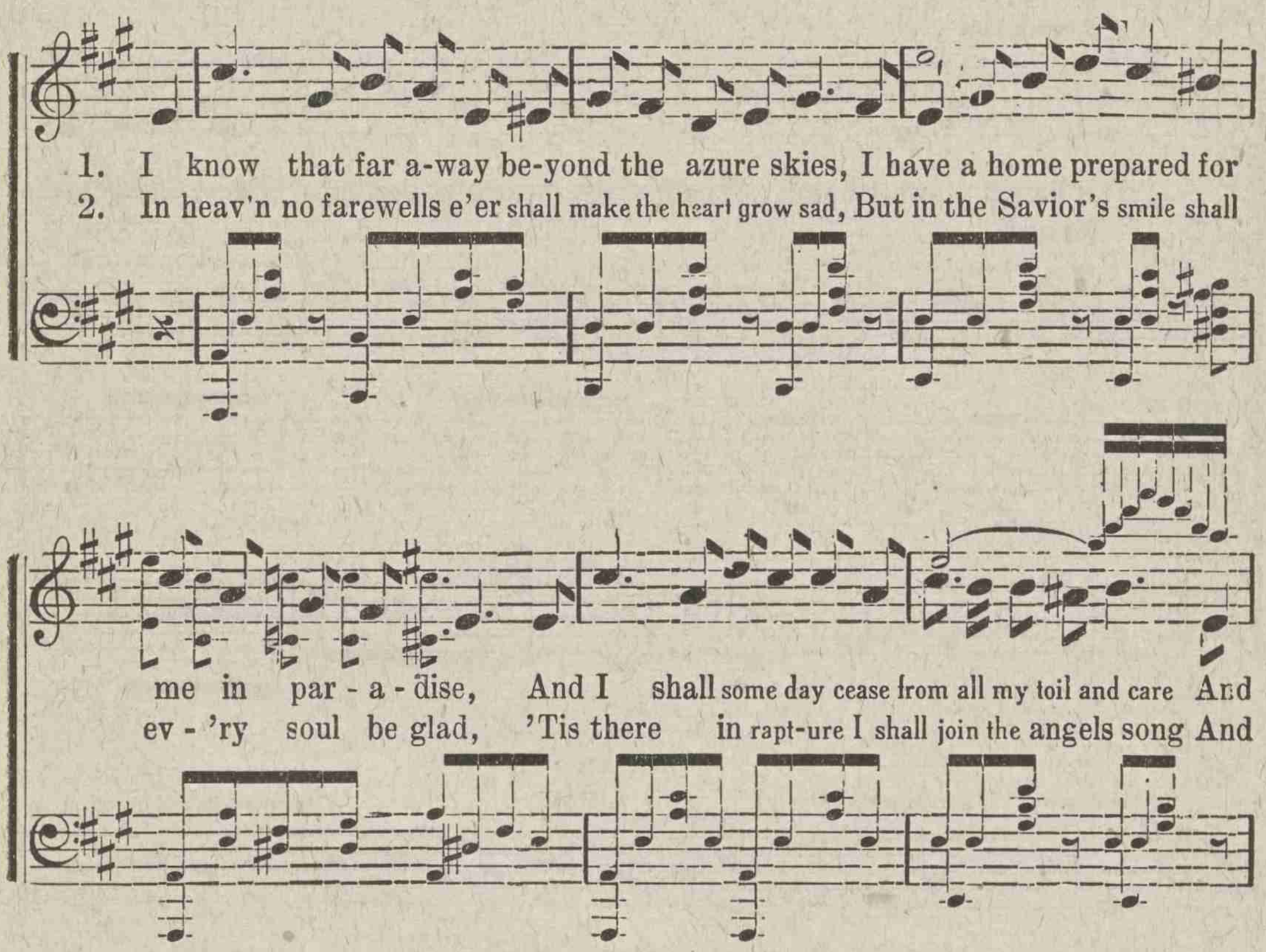
CHORUS. D. S.

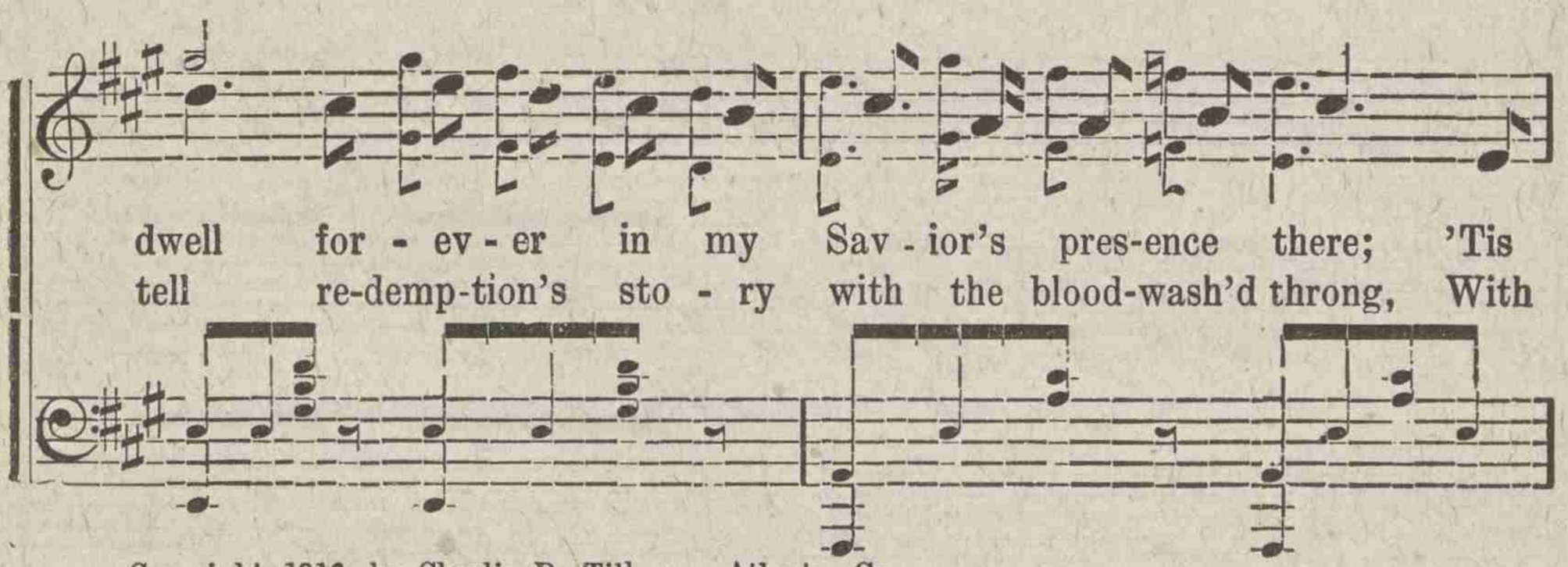
Go-ing a - way to-night without Je - sus, Oth-ers in Him de - light;

No. 254. Blest Home of Peace.

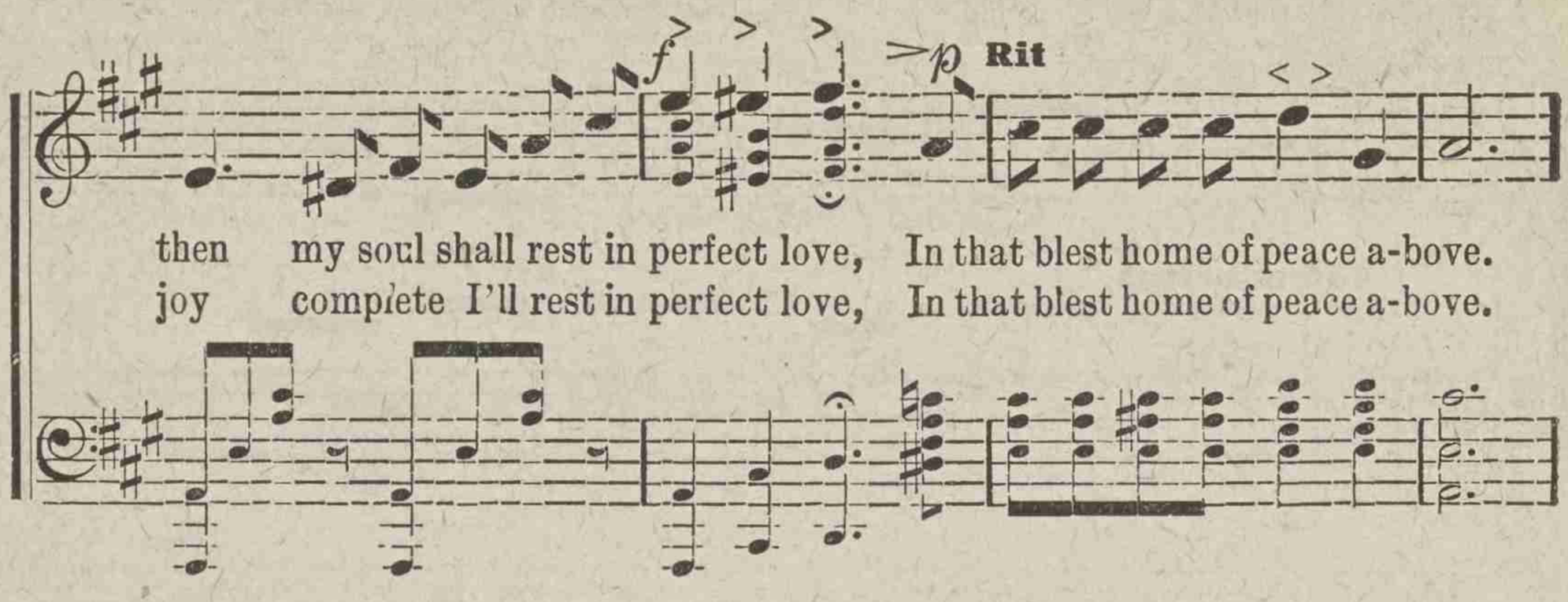
Soprano and Tenor Duet. Words and Music by JAMES V. REID.

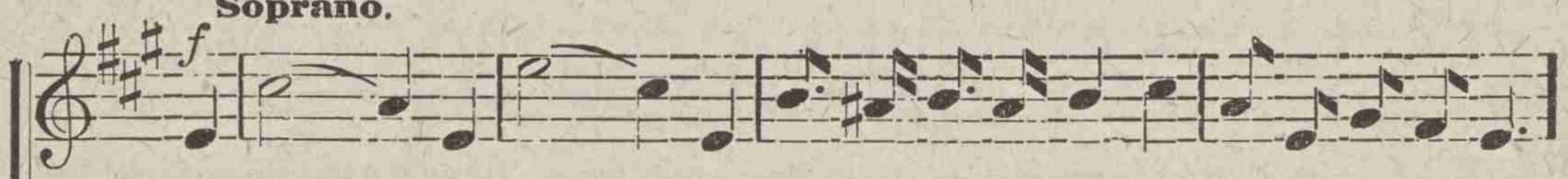
Andante.

Sop. or Tenor Solo, *tr*

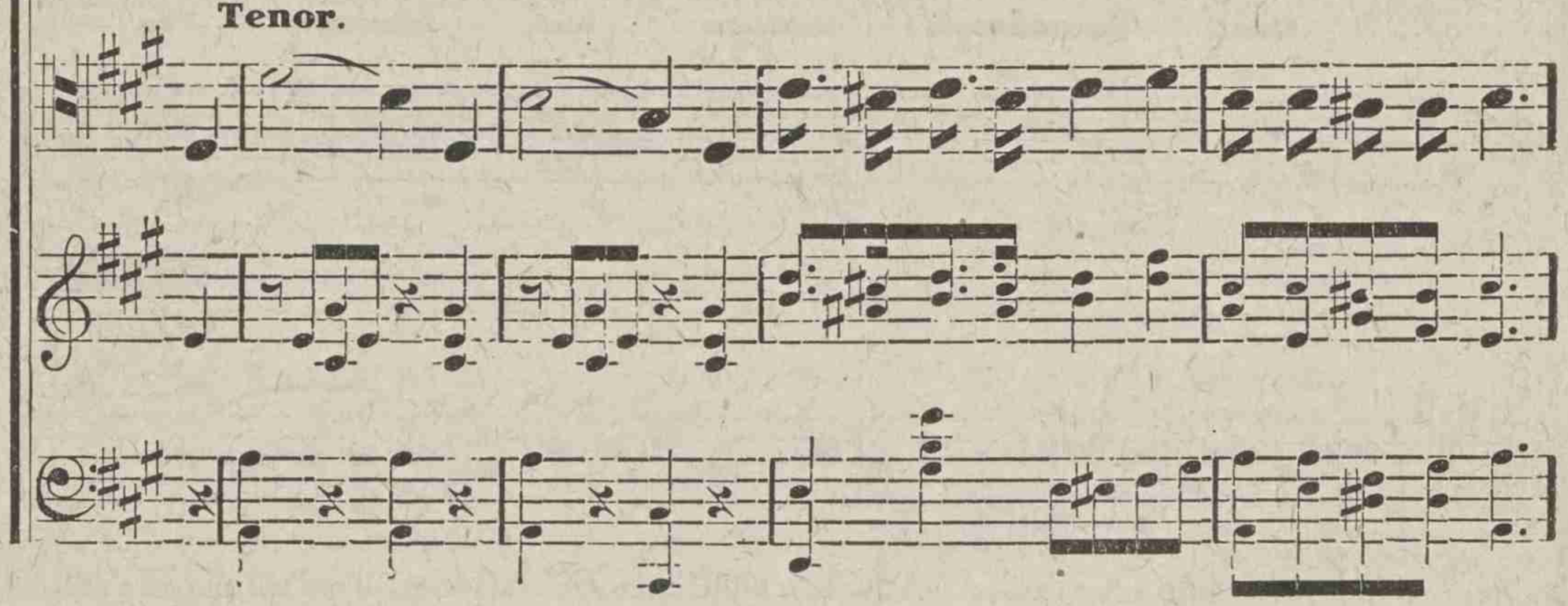


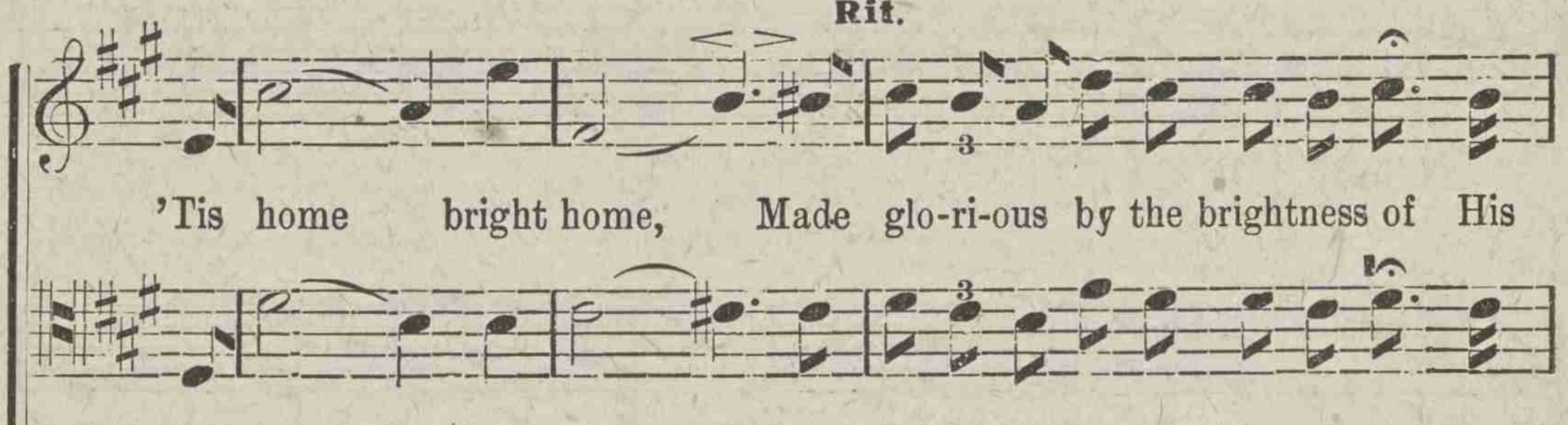
1. I know that far a-way be-yond the azure skies, I have a home prepared for me in par - a - dise, And I shall some day cease from all my toil and care And
2. In heav'n no farewells e'er shall make the heart grow sad, But in the Savior's smile shall ev - 'ry soul be glad, 'Tis there in rapt-ure I shall join the angels song And

dwell for - ev - er in my Sav - ior's pres-ence there; 'Tis
tell re-demp-tion's sto - ry with the blood-wash'd throng, With

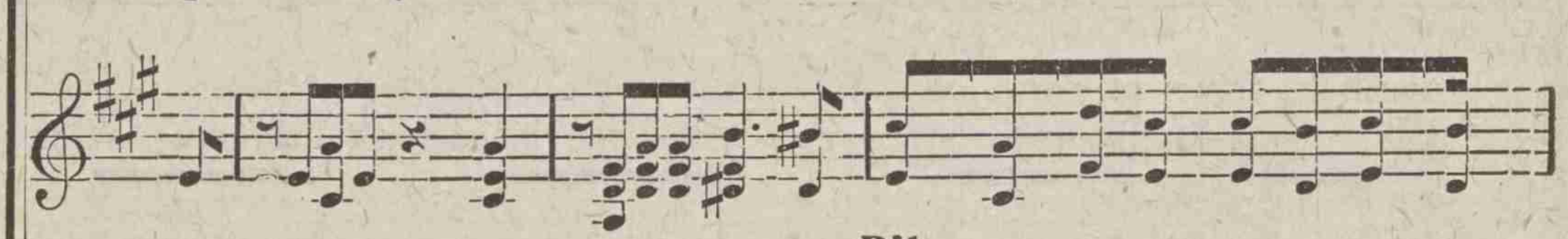
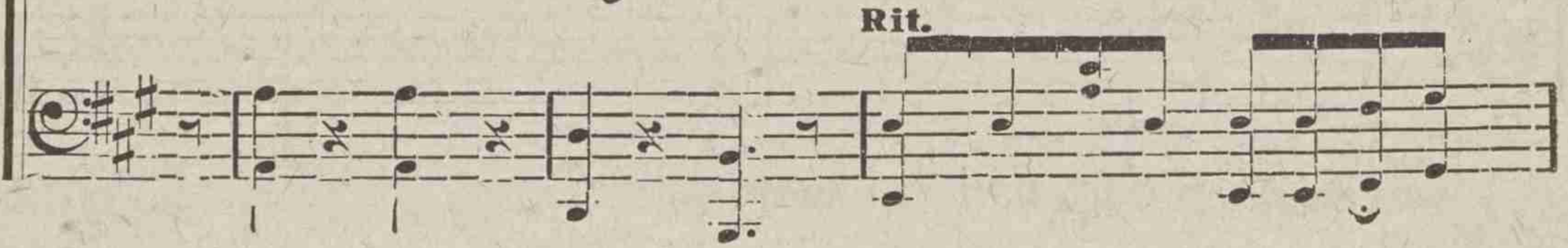
Copyright, 1916, by Charlie D. Tillman, Atlanta. Ga.

Blest Home of Peace. Continued.

then my soul shall rest in perfect love, In that blest home of peace a-bove.
joy complete I'll rest in perfect love, In that blest home of peace a-bove.

Soprano.

'Tis home sweet home Where weary hearts at last may find a resting place

Tenor.

Rit.



'Tis home bright home, Made glo-ri-ous by the brightness of His

Rit.

Blest Home of Peace. Concluded.

face: And I some day shall dwell with Je - sus, Then
And I..... shall dwell with Je - sus,

I .... shall like Him be; .... .. And with the ho-ly an-gels
Then thro' His grace shall like Him be;..... And with ..... the an-gels

and the saints im - mor - tal Live e - ter - nal - ly

Rit.

Rit.

255. God Be With You.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D. W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet again; By his counsels guide, uphold you,
2. God be with you till we meet again, 'Neath his wings securely hide you;
3. God be with you till we meet again, When life's perils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet again, Keep love's banner floating o'er you;

With his sheep securely fold you, God be with you till we meet again.
Dai - ly manna still pro-vide you, God be with you till we meet again.
Put his arms unfailing round you, God be with you till we meet again.
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet again.

CHORUS.

Till we meet, . . Till we meet, Till we meet at Je-sus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet again, till we meet;

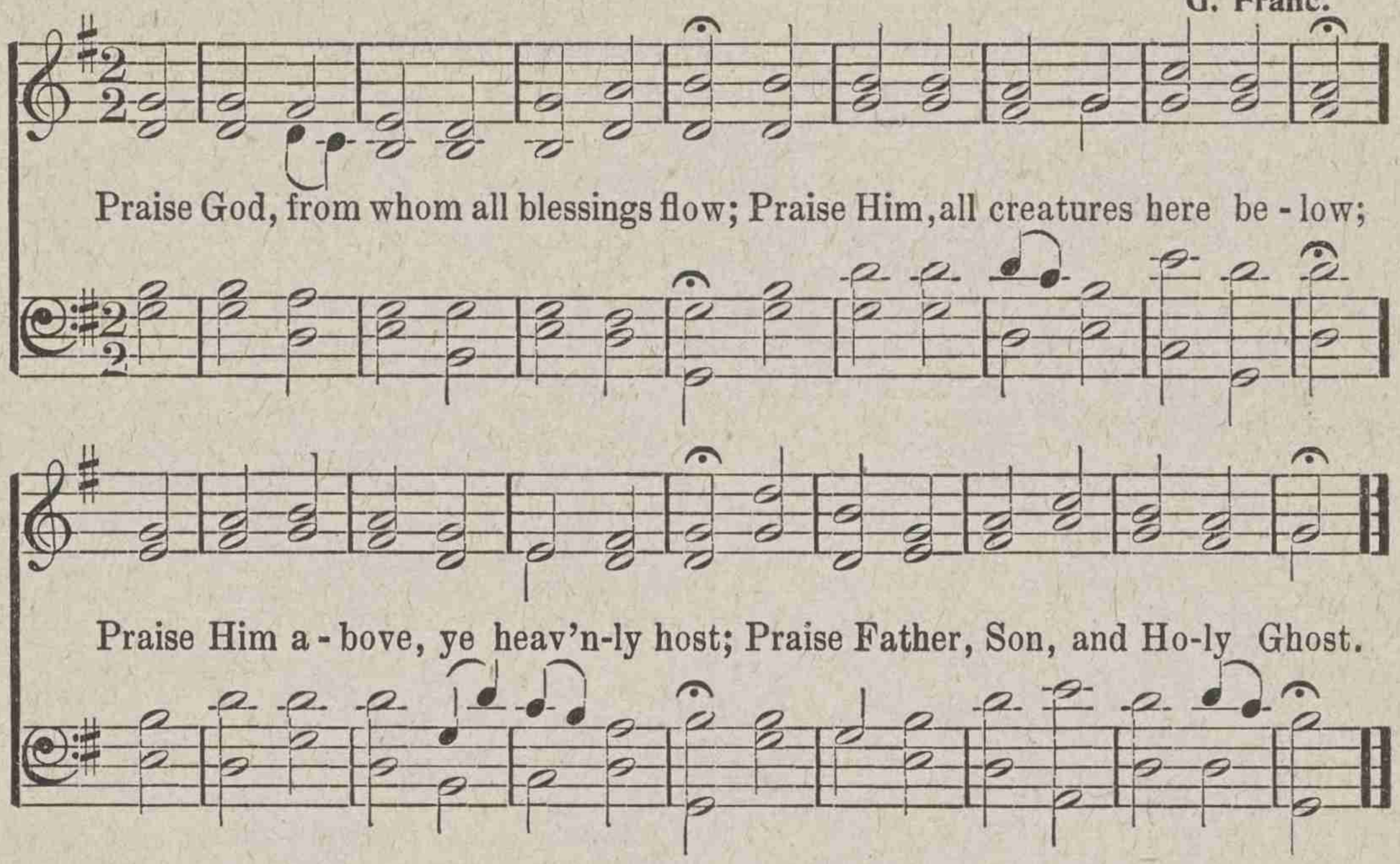
Till we meet, . . Till we meet, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Till we meet, till we meet again,

By permission.

No. 256. Doxology.

(OLD HUNDRED. L. M.)

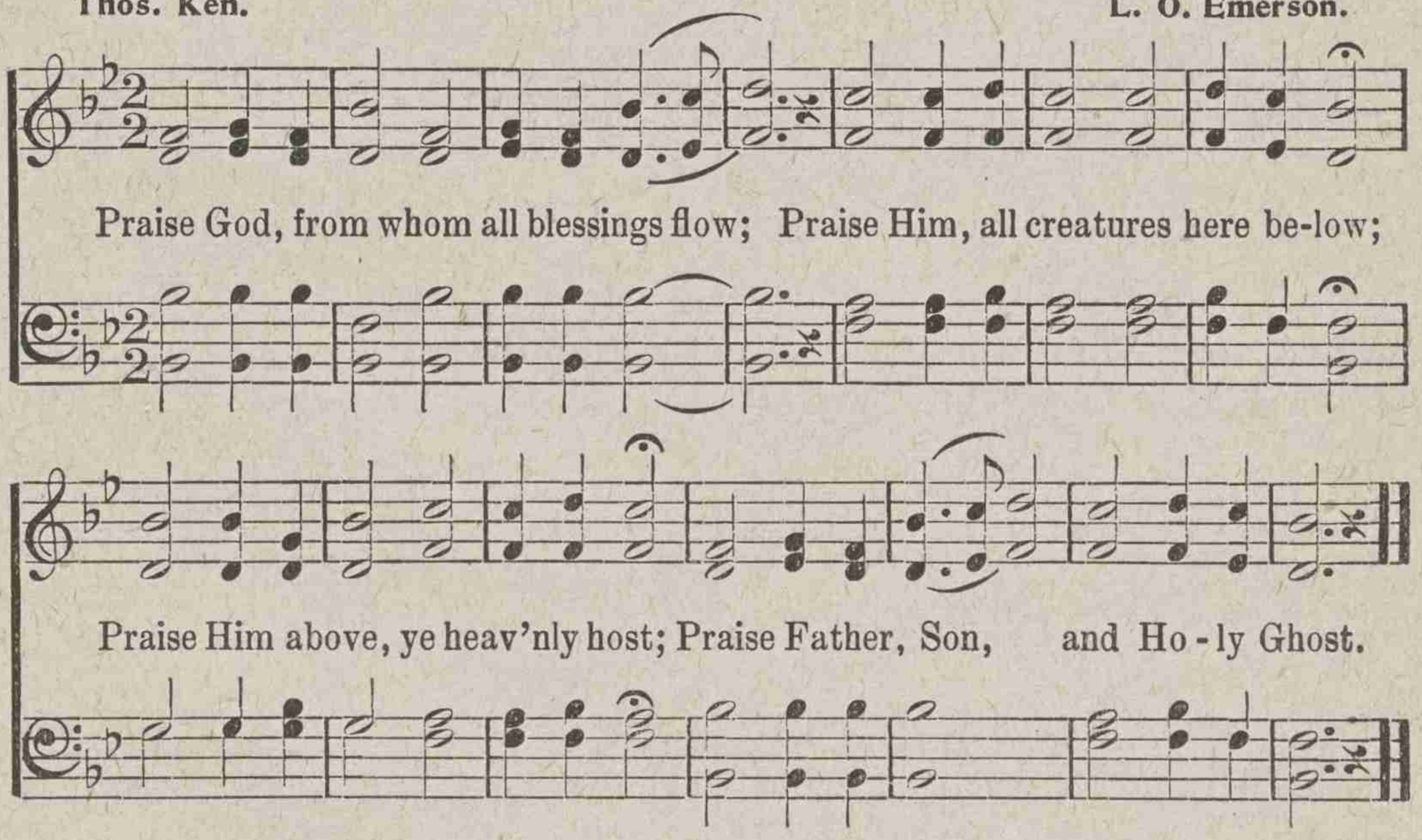
G. Franc.



No. 257. Doxology.

(SESSIONS. L. M.)

Thos. Ken. L. O. Emerson.



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