

DIADEMS

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

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FRANK J. METCALF BEQUEST
TO AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY
JUNE 1945

Chas. G. Gibson.

Diadems

A collection of Religious Songs, new and old, for the Church and Sunday School.

Compiled by W. C. Everett.
Edited by E. O. Excell.

Published in both round and shape notes.

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Hymn
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Preface

In compiling DIADEMS, we offer some new features.

The Opening and Closing Exercises thought out and thoroughly tried by successful Superintendents.

Selected Psalms and Responsive Readings for the Church and Sunday School. The young people especially need to have the Scriptures thoroughly fixed in their minds, and this book, if properly used, will help bring about that result.

The Apostles' Creed, The Beatitudes and The Ten Commandments are frequently used and should be within easy reach of the Superintendent or Leader at all times. This is our reason for placing them in DIADEMS.

In compiling DIADEMS, we have selected the familiar Hymns and Gospel Songs of real merit, new and old, and we believe we offer a very choice selection of the best of the popular songs that can be found anywhere; also a goodly number of new songs that appear for the first time in this book.

Much time, money and thought have been expended to produce the very best book of the kind, and we believe we are able to offer the public a book as a result of our labors that will meet with a cordial reception.

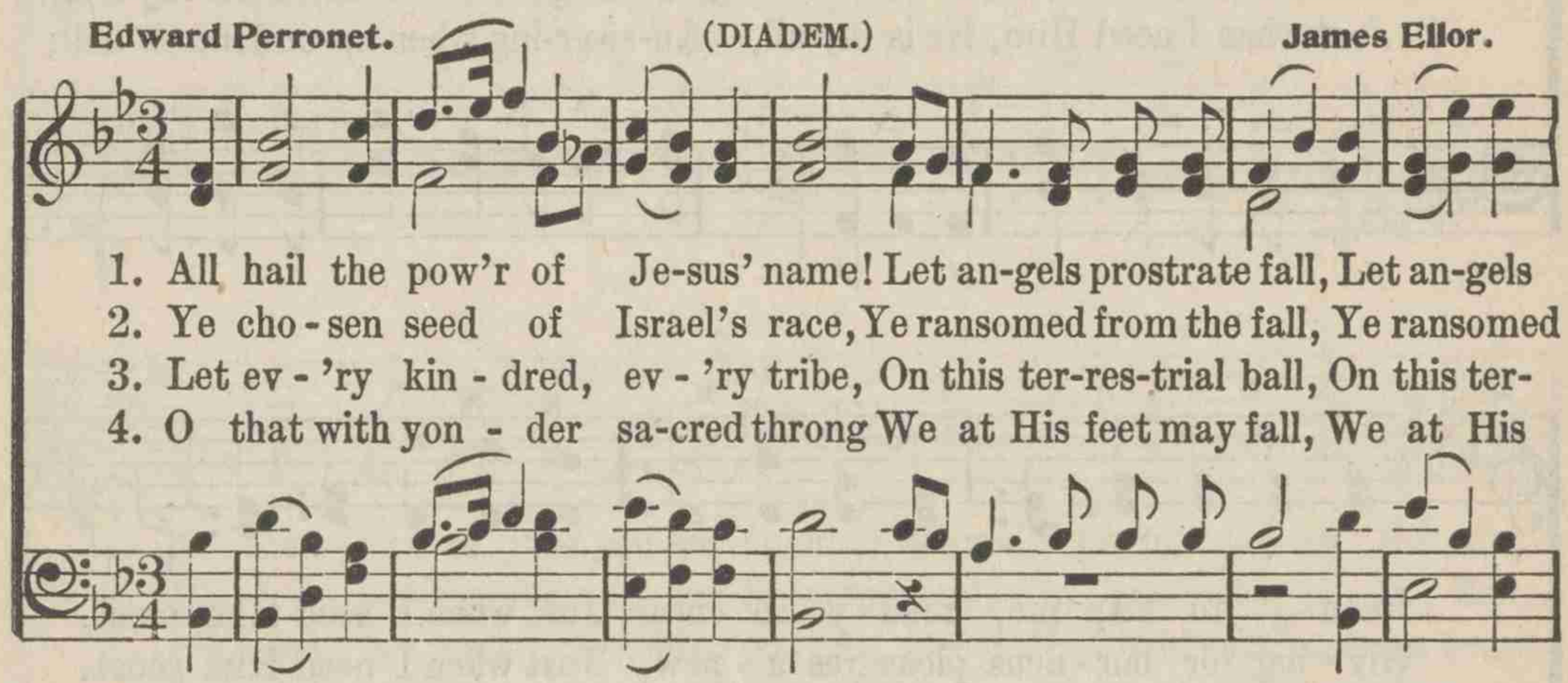
"Let everybody sing!"

THE PUBLISHERS.

Diadems

No. 1. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Edward Perronet. (DIADEM.) James Ellor.



No. 2. Just When I Need Him Most.

Rev. Wm. Pool.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

CHORUS.

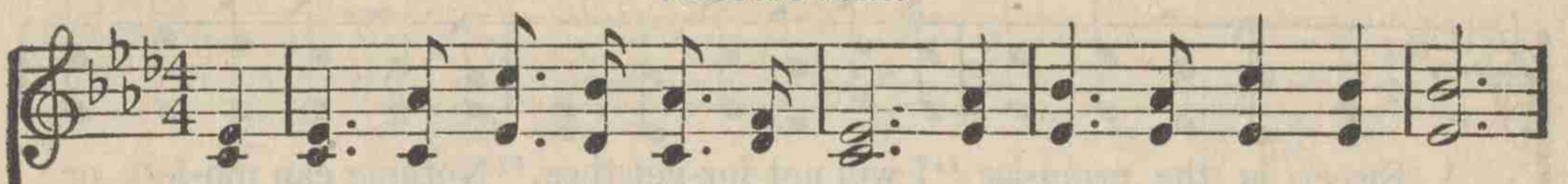
Just when I need Him most, Just when I need Him most;

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

No. 3. The Gifts of God.

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

Jessie Brown Pounds. E. O. Excell.



1. His gifts are great-er than my dreams, The gifts of God to me;
2. I ask a part, He gives the whole—Him-self, and all be-side;
3. "His ways are ways of pleas-ant-ness, His paths are paths of peace;"
4. With-in my heart He shall have place To rule and reign su-preme;





As count-less as the sun-set's gold-en beams, As bound-less as the sea.
His lov-ing-kind-ness o-ver-flows my soul, In-rush-ing as the tide.
His hand is ev-er reaching out to bless; He bids each sor-row cease.
My voice will ev-er praise Him for the grace Of which I ne'er could dream.



CHORUS.



His gifts are greater than my dreams, The gifts of Him who set me free;
His gifts are great-er, they are greater than my dreams.





And more and more a-bun-dant dai-ly seems The grace of God to me.



No. 4. I Will Not Forget Thee.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O EXCELL.

C. H. G. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Sweet is the prom-ise "I will not for-get thee," Nothing can mo-lest or
2. Trust-ing the prom-ise "I will not for-get thee," Onward will I go with
3. When at the gold-en por-tals I am stand-ing, All my trib-u-la-tions,

turn my soul a-way; E'en tho' the night be dark with-in the val-ley,
songs of joy and love, Tho' earth de-spise me, tho' my friends for-sake me,
all my sor-rows past, How sweet to hear the bless-ed proc-la-ma-tion,

CHORUS.

Just be-yond is shin-ing an e-ter-nal day.
I shall be re-mem-bered in my home a-bove. I ..... will not for-
"En-ter faith-ful servant, welcome home at last." I will not for-get thee,

get thee or leave thee, In my hands I'll hold thee, in my arms I'll fold thee, I.....
I will nev-er leave thee, I will not for-

.... will not forget thee or leave thee; I am thy Re-deem-er, I will care for thee.
get thee, for-get

No. 5. Will There Be Any Stars?

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
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E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. I am think-ing to-day of that beau-ti-ful land I shall reach when the
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la-bor and pray, Let me watch as a
3. Oh, what joy it will be when His face I be-hold, Liv-ing gems at His

sun go-eth down; When thro' won-der-ful grace by my Sav-ior I stand,
win-ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glo-ri-ous day,
feet to lay down; It would sweet-en my bliss in the cit-y of gold,

CHORUS.

Will there be an-y stars in my crown?
When His praise like the sea-bil-low rolls. Will there be an-y stars, an-y
Should there be an-y stars in my crown.

stars in my crown When at evening the sun go-eth down? . . . When I
go-eth down?

wake with the blest In the mansions of rest, Will there be any stars in my crown?
an-y stars in my crown?

No. 6. Just the Love of Jesus.

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

James Rowe. Wm. Edie Marks.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

No. 7. Because I Love Jesus.

James Rowe.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. My path may be lone-ly, and dark be the night, The clouds may be hid-ing the sun from my sight, Yet I have as-sur-ance that all will be right,
2. Be-cause I love Je-sus, my Sav-ior and thine, There's peace in my soul, there is comfort di-vine; 'T will al-ways abide, for the promise is mine,
3. Tho' loved ones be ta-ken a-way from my side, Tho' rich-es and hon-or to me be de-nied, Yet if I but trust Him no ill can be-tide,
4. Tho' all that is e-vil a-gainst me com-bine, Tho' Sa-tan a-round me his snares should entwine, Yet if I am faith-ful a crown will be mine,

REFRAIN.

Be-cause..... I love Je-sus. Be-cause I love Je-sus,
Be-cause
Je-sus, Be-cause..... I love Je-sus; My soul is at
Be-cause
rest, and in Him I am blest, Be-cause..... I love Je-sus.
Be-cause

No. 8. Teach Me.

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

Kate Ulmer. **Victor H. Benke.**

1. Teach me, O, Thou Ho - ly Spir - it, How to do my Mas-ter's will;
2. Teach me how to be sub-miss - ive, Free - ly con - se-crat-ing all;
3. Teach me how to trust Him ful - ly, E'en when faith is sore-ly tried;
4. Teach me how to fol - low tru - ly, Nev - er run-ning on be-fore;

In o - be-dience to His bid - ding, Help me His commands ful - fill.
Fondest hopes with joy re - sign - ing, In sur - ren - der to His call.
Teach me how to tell the sto - ry, Of a Sav - ior cru - ci - fied.
Ev - er in His foot-steps walk-ing, Till my serv-ice here is o'er.

CHORUS.

Teach me, teach me, Teach me ev'ry day what to do and what to say;
Teach me, Ho-ly Spir-it, teach me, Ho-ly Spir-it,

Teach me, teach me, How to do my Master's will. . . . . .
Teach me, Ho-ly Spir-it, teach me, Ho-ly Spir-it, my Master's will.

No. 9. God Will Take Care of You.

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

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

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

No. 10. O That Will Be Glory.

C. H. G.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

Rit.

CHORUS.

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

rit.

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

No. 11. * Only Remembered.

Bonar. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY E. O. EXCELL. Mrs. Carrie B. Adams.

1. Fad-ing a-way like the stars of the morn-ing, Los-ing their light
2. So let my name and my place be for-got-ten, On-ly my life-
3. So in the har-vest if oth-ers may gath-er Sheaves from the fields

in the glo-ri-ous sun; So let me steal a-way gen-tly and lov-ing-ly,
race be lov-ing-ly run; So let me pass a-way peace-ful-ly, si-lent-ly,
that in spring I have sown; Who ploughed or sowed matters not to the reap-er,

CHORUS.

On-ly re-mem-bered by what I have done. On-ly re-mem-bered, On-ly re-
On-ly remembered,
mem-bered, On-ly re-mem-bered as the years roll on; On-ly re-
On-ly re-mem-bered,
mem-bered, for-ev-er remembered, On-ly remembered by what I have done.

* While visiting the late Ira D. Sankey, "A sweet singer in Israel," a few days before his death, he repeated to me the words of this beautiful hymn. —E O. E.

No. 12. The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

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

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

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

If the way of the cross I miss.
Where the soul is at home with God.

CHORUS.

The way of the cross leads
Where He waits at the o - pen door.

home, The way of the cross leads home; It is
leads home, leads home;

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

No. 13. Whosoever Means Me!

Lizzie Edwards. FROM "SONGS OF TRIUMPH" BY PER. **Jno. R. Sweney.**

1. Ti-dings, hap-py ti-dings, Hark! hark! the sound! Hear the joyful ech - o
2. Ti-dings, hap-py ti-dings, Hark! hark! they say, Do not slight the warning,
3. Ti-dings, hap-py ti-dings, Hark! hark! a-gain! Rush-ing o'er the mountain,

Thro' the world resound; Christ the Lord proclaims them, Hear and heed the call:
Come, O come to-day. Christ, our lov - ing Sav-ior, Still re-peats the call—
Sweeping o'er the plain; On-ward goes the mes-sage, 'Tis the Sav-ior's call:

CHORUS.

Come, ye starving ones that perish, Room, room for all.
Come, ye wea-ry, heav-y la - den, Room, room for all. Who-so-ev-er ask-eth
Come, for ev-'ry-thing is read-y, Room, room for all.

Je-sus will receive; Who-so-ev-er thirstheth, Jesus will re-lieve. See the liv-ing

wa-ters, Flow-ing full and free; O the blessed who-so-ev-er, That means me.

No. 14. The Bible.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

B. Barton. E. O. Excell.

1. Lamp of our feet, where-by we trace Our path when apt to stray,
2. Bread of our souls, where-on we feed, True man - na from on high;
3. Word of the ev - er - last-ing God, Will of His glo - rious Son,
4. Lord, grant us all a - right to learn The wis - dom it im - parts,

Stream from the fount of heav'n - ly grace, Brook by the trav-'ler's way:
Our guide and chart, wherein we read Of realms be - yond the sky:
With - out thee how could earth be trod, Or heav'n it - self be won?
And to its heav'n - ly teach-ings turn With sim - ple, child - like hearts.

CHORUS.

Beau - ti - ful Lamp, . . brightly shine . . . on the way, . . .
Beau-ti - ful Lamp, beau-ti - ful Lamp, shine on the way, shine on the way,

Guid - ing the soul . . . to the man - sions of day. . . .
Guid-ing the soul, guid-ing the soul to the mansions of day, to the mansions of day.

rit.

No. 15. Since I Found My Savior.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
USED BY PER.

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

1. Life wears a dif - ferent phase to me, Since I found my Sav - ior;
2. He sought me in His wondrous love, So I found my Sav - ior,
3. The pass-ing clouds may in - ter - vene, Since I found my Sav - ior,
4. A strong hand kind - ly holds my own, Since I found my Sav - ior,

Rich mer - cy at the cross I see, My dy - ing, liv - ing Sav - ior.
He brought sal-va - tion from a - bove, My dear, al - might-y Sav - ior.
But He is with me, though un - seen, My ev - er - pres - ent Sav - ior.
It leads me on - ward to the throne, O there I'll see my Sav - ior.

CHORUS.

Gold-en sun-beams 'round me play, Je - sus turns my night to day,

Heav - en seems not far a - way, Since I found my Sav - ior.

No. 16. Once for All.

P. P. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
USED BY PERMISSION.

P. P. Bliss.

1. Free from the law, O hap - py con - di - tion! Je - sus hath bled, and
2. Now we are free—there's no con-dem - na - tion, Je - sus pro - vides a
3. "Children of God," O glo - ri - ous call - ing! Sure - ly His grace will

there is re - mis - sion; Cursed by the law and bruised by the fall,
per - fect sal - va - tion; "Come un - to *Me*," O hear His sweet call,
keep us from fall - ing; Pass - ing from death to life at His call,

CHORUS.

Grace hath re-deemed us once for all.
Come, and He saves us once for all. Once for all, O sin - ner, re-
Bless - ed sal - va - tion once for all.

ceive it; Once for all, O broth - er, be - lieve it; Cling to the

Cross, the bur - den will fall, Christ hath redeemed us once for all.

No. 17. The King's Business.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E O EXCELL.

Dr. E. T. Cassel. WORDS AND MUSIC. Flora H. Cassel.

1. I am a stran-ger here, with - in a for - eign land; My home is far a-way, up - on a gold - en strand; Am-bas - sa - dor to be of
2. This is the King's command: that all men, ev - 'ry-where, Re-pent and turn a-way from sin's se - duc - tive snare; That all who will o-bey, with
3. My home is bright - er far than Shar-on's ro - sy plain, E - ter - nal life and joy thro'-out its vast do - main; My Sov'reign bids me tell how

CHORUS.

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

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

No. 18. Tell it Wherever You Go.

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

Rev. Johnston Oatman, Jr. Wm. Edie Marks.

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

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

CHORUS.

Tell it, ... tell it, ... Tell it wher-ev - er you go; If
Tell it that oth-ers a-round you may know,

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

No. 19. Help Somebody To-day.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

sor-row be end - ed, The friendless befriended, Oh, help somebody to - day!

No. 20. He is So Precious to Me.

C. H. G.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

CHORUS. *Faster.*

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

so

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

me, . . . For He is so pre-cious to me; . . . 'T is heaven be-

rit. - - -

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

No. 21. The Hope Set Before You.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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

E. O. Excell.

1. Lay hold on the hope set before you, And let not a moment be lost,
2. Lay hold on the hope set before you, Of life that you now may receive,
3. Lay hold on the hope set before you, Of joy that no mortal can speak;
4. Lay hold on the hope set before you, A hope that is steadfast and sure:

The Sav-ior has purchased your ransom, But think what a price it hath cost!
If, glad - ly His mer-cy ac - cept-ing, You tru - ly re-pent and be-lieve.
It tell - eth of rest for the wear-y, Thro' Je - sus, the low-ly and meek.
O haste to the bless-ed Re-deem-er, The lov - ing, the perfect and pure.

CHORUS.

Lay hold . . . . . on e - ter - nal sal - va - - tion, Lay
Lay hold, lay hold . . . . . on e - ter - nal sal - va - tion, Lay

hold . . . . on the gift of God's on - ly Son; Lay hold . . . . on His in-
hold, lay hold . . . . . on God's on - ly Son; Lay hold, lay hold . . . . . .

fi - nite mer - cy, Lay hold . . . . . on the Might - y One!
on His mer - cy, Lay hold, lay hold on the Might - y One!

No. 22. Growing Dearer Each Day.

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

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

1. How sweet is the love of my Savior! 'T is bound-less and deep as the sea; And best of it all, it is dai - ly Grow-ing sweet - er and sweeter to me.
2. I know He is ev - er be-side me! E - ter - ni - ty on - ly will prove The height and the depth of His mercy, And the breadth of His in - fi - nite love.
3. Wher-ev - er He leads I will fol-low, Thro' sor - row, or shadow, or sun; And tho' I be tried in the fur-nace, I can say, "Lord, Thy will be it done."
4. Some day face to face I shall see Him, And oh, what a joy it will be To know that His love, now so precious, Will for-ev - er grow sweeter to me!

CHORUS.

Sweet - er and sweeter to me, ... Dear - er and dear - er each day; . . . Oh, won - - der - ful love of my Sav - ior, Grow - ing dear - - er each step of my way!

Sweet-er to me, grow - ing sweet-er to me, Dear - er each day, grow - ing dear - er each day; Oh, won - der - ful love, love of my Sav - ior, Grow - ing dear - er and dear - er each step of my way!

No. 23. Christ at the Door.

J. Grigg. COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL. Frank A. Simpkins.

1. Be-hold, a Stran-ger at the door! He gen-tly knocks, has knocked before;
2. O love-ly at-ti-tude! He stands With melting heart and la-den hands;
3. But will He prove a Friend in-deed? He will—the ver-y Friend you need;
4. Ad-mit Him ere His an-ger burn—His feet, de-part-ed, ne'er re-turn;

Has wait-ed long, is wait-ing still; You treat no oth-er friend so ill.
O matchless kindness! and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes.
The Friend of sin-ners? yes, 'tis He, With garments dyed on Cal-va-ry.
Ad-mit Him, or the hour's at hand You'll at His door re-ject-ed stand.

CHORUS.

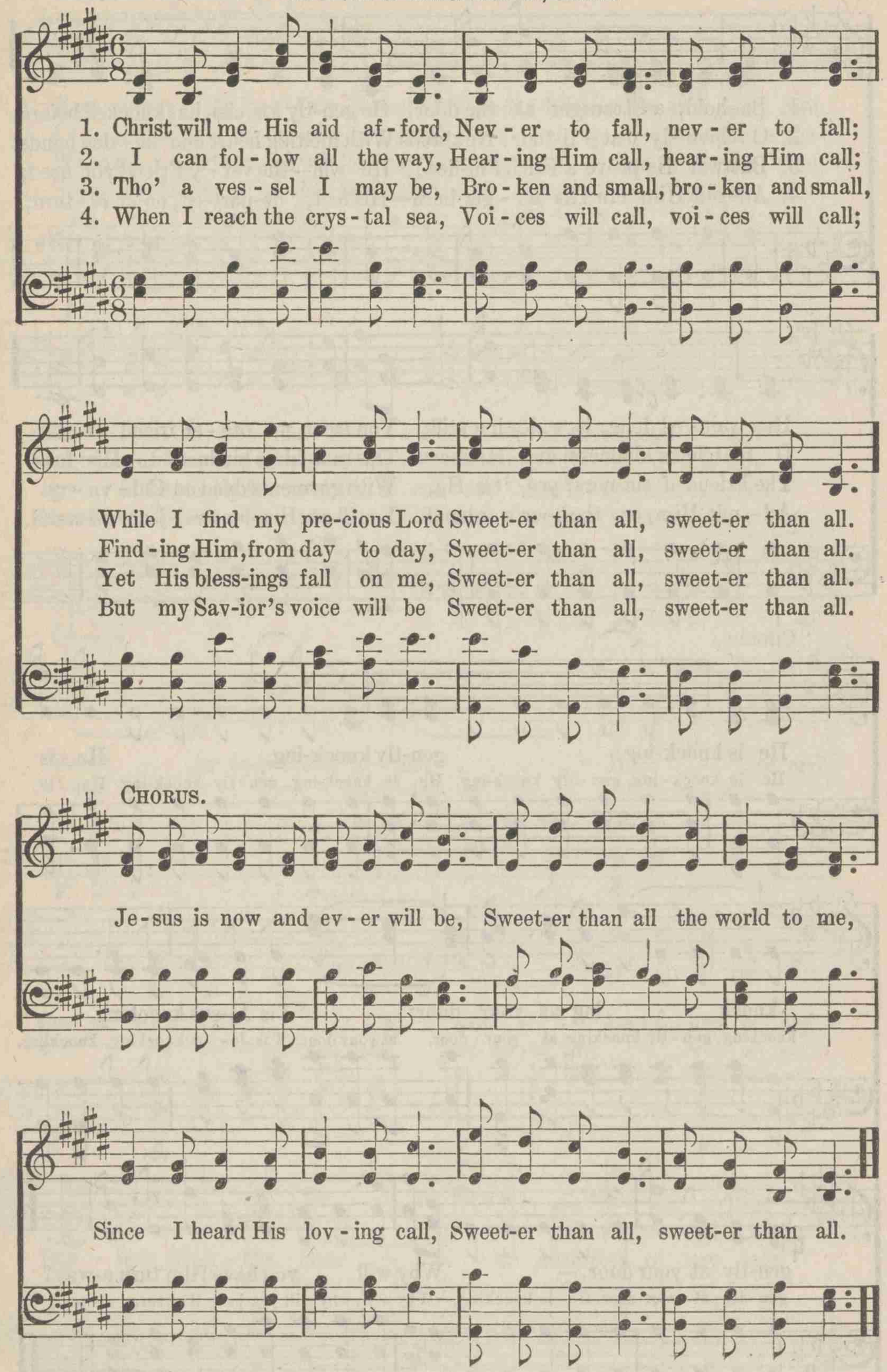
He is knock-ing, gen-tly knock-ing, He is
He is knock-ing, gen-tly knock-ing, He is knock-ing, gen-tly knock-ing, He is

knock - ing at your door; . . . 'Tis Je-sus knocking
knocking, gen-tly knocking at your door, at your door; 'Tis Je-sus knocking, knocking,

gen-tly at your door,— Why will you have Him turn a-way?
gen-tly at your door. He is knocking,—Why will, why will you have Him turn a-way?

No. 24. Sweeter Than All.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.
COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.
USED BY PER. OF JOHN J. HOOD CO., OWNERS.
J. Howard Entwisle.



No. 25. Higher Ground.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. USED BY PER. OF JOHN J. HOOD CO., OWNERS. Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

CHORUS.

Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on heav-en's ta-ble-land;
A high-er plane than I have found, Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground.

No. 26. The Wonderful Story.

C. H. G.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

rit.

No. 27. Faith Will Bring the Blessing.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY W. E. BIEDERWOLF. B. D. Ackley.

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

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

CHORUS.

Faith will bring the blessing ev'ry time..... Faith will bring the blessing
yes, ev-'ry time,
ev-'ry-time, Tho' your faith be simple or sublime; For the Savior knows the heart,

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

No. 28. Grace, Enough for Me.

E. O. E.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY E. O. EXCELL.
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E. O. Excell

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

No. 29. It Was His Love.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. It was His love that reached my soul, It was His grace that made me whole,
2. It was His love, so boundless, free, That moved the Lord to par-don me
3. It was His love impelled my heart To turn from self and sin a part,
4. It was His great a-maz-ing love So well displayed from Heav'n a-bove,

And now He keeps me day by day, And safe-ly leads me all the way.
And own me for His ransomed child, Redeemed, renewed and rec-on-ciled.
And find in Him the wondrous power A Christian life to live each hour.
That bro't to me such peace and rest, And made me so su-preme-ly blest.

CHORUS.

O wondrous and a-maz-ing love! O grace that saved and ransomed me!
My heart and life shall sing of Thee In time and in e-ter-ni-ty.

No. 30. Beulah Land.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

No. 31. Some One is Calling to You.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

G. H. C. George H. Carr.

1. Some one is bear-ing a bur-den of grief, Long-ing and look-ing for rest and re-lief, Bro-ken in spir-it and weak in be-lief;
2. Some one is anx-ious with man-y a care, Grop-ing a-long thro' the gloom of de-spair, Bear-ing a bur-den that you ought to share;
3. Some one is temp-ted by pas-sions with-in, Struggling for vic-t'ry o'er Sa-tan and sin; Haste to the res-cue and help them to win;
4. Some one is wand'ring a-lone in the night, Seek-ing for truth and for heav-en-ly light, Anx-ious to know and to do what is right;

CHORUS.

Some one is call-ing to you. List to the cry from the world's wilderness, Haste to the res-cue to help and to bless; Some one has sig-naled the sign of dis-tress; Some one is call-ing to you.

No. 32. Is Thy Heart Right With God?

USED BY PER. OF E. A. HOFFMAN.
OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

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

1. Have thy af-fect-ions been nail'd to the cross? 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?
3. Is there no more con-dem-na-tion for sin? Is thy heart right with God?
4. Are all thy pow'rs un-der Je-sus' con-trol? Is thy heart right with God?

Dost thou count all things for Je-sus but loss? Is thy heart right with God?
O - ver all e - vil with-out and with-in? Is thy heart right with God?
Does Je - sus rule in the tem - ple with-in? Is thy heart right with God?
Does He each mo-ment a - bide in thy soul? Is thy heart right with God?

CHORUS.

Is thy heart right with God, Wash'd in the crim - son flood, Cleans'd and made

ho - ly, hum - ble and low - ly, Right in the sight of God?

of God?

No. 33. Somebody Needs You.

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

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

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

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

CHORUS.

Somebod-y needs you! needs your love, Seeking a bless-ing from a-bove;

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

No. 34. I Am Satisfied With Jesus.

S. W. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Samuel W. Beazley.

1. The love of Je - sus, oh, how sweet, His name is mu - sic to re-peat,
2. The way may dark and drear - y be, His hand I know is lead - ing me,
3. The world may tempt my feet to stray, But I can nev - er lose my way,
4. The storms of life I will not fear, For He hath said "Be of good cheer;"

His presence makes my joy complete; I am sat - is - fied with Je - sus.
No oth - er friend so good as He; I am sat - is - fied with Je - sus.
For He is with me night and day; I am sat - is - fied with Je - sus.
And since I find Him al - ways near, I am sat - is - fied with Je - sus.

CHORUS.

I am sat - is - fied, I am sat - is - fied, I am sat - is - fied with Je - sus: On the cross of Cal - va - ry, By His death He ransomed me, I am sat - is - fied with Je - sus.

No. 35. What a Wonderful Redeemer!

Mrs. C. D. Martin.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

D. Ward Milam.

1. He is mine, O sweet the word! Mine, the pre-cious gift of God,
2. He is mine, from sin to save; On the cross His life He gave;
3. He is mine, a pre-cious Friend, On His love I may de-pend;
4. He is mine, and this I know,—When to that bright world I go,

My Re-deem-er, and in grace He re-vealed the Fa-ther's face.
Mine, to keep me ev-'ry day In the straight and nar-row way.
Mine, to bless me with His care, Mine, with me His grace to share.
Saved by His re-deem-ing grace—I shall see Him face to face.

CHORUS.

What a won - - der-ful Re-deem-er! On the cross.....
What a won-der-ful Re-deem-er of the world! On the cross
He took my place;..... When He comes..... in clouds of
He took my place, He took my place; When He comes
glo - - ry, I shall see..... Him face to face.
I shall see Him, I shall see

No. 36. Where He Leads I'll Follow.

W. A. O. COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY W. A. OGDEN. W. A. Ogden.

1. Sweet are the prom - is - es, Kind is the word; Dear - er far than an - y mes-sage man ev - er heard; Pure was the mind of Christ, Sin - less, I see; He the great ex - am - ple is, and pat - tern for me.
2. Sweet is the ten - der love Je - sus hath shown, Sweet-er far than an - y love that mor - tals have known; Kind to the err - ing one, Faith-ful is He; He the great ex - am - ple is, and pat - tern for me.
3. List to His lov - ing words, "Come un - to me!" Wear - y, heav - y - lad - en, there is sweet rest for thee; Trust in His prom - is - es, Faith-ful and sure; Lean up - on the Sav - ior, and thy soul is se-cure.

CHORUS.

Where . . . . He leads I'll fol - - - - low,
Where He leads I'll fol - low, Where He leads I'll fol - low,

1. Fol - - low all the way;
2. Follow Jesus ev - 'ry day.

Fol - low all the way, yes, fol - low all the way;

No. 37. Gathering home.

Miss Mariana B. Slade. USED BY PERMISSION OF R. M. MC INTOSH. **R. M. McIntosh.**

1. Up to the boun-ti-ful Giv-er of life, Gath-er-ing home! gath-er-ing home!
2. Up to the cit-y where falleth no light, Gath-er-ing home! gath-er-ing home!
3. Up to the beau-ti-ful mansions above, Gath-er-ing home! gath-er-ing home!

Up to the dwelling, where cometh no strife, The dear ones are gathering home.
Up where the Savior's own face is the light, The dear ones are gathering home.
Safe in the arms of His in-fi-nite love, The dear ones are gathering home.

CHORUS.

Gath-er-ing home . . . . . Gath-er-ing home, ...
Gath-er-ing home, Gath-er-ing home,

Nev-er to sor-row more, nev-er to roam; Gath-er-ing home, ...
Gath-er-ing home,

Gath-er-ing home, ... God's chil-dren are gath-er-ing home.
Gath-er-ing home,

No. 38. Which Side?

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Helen Dungan. J. M. Dungan.

1. When con-flicts are rag - ing and dan - gers are near, Which side of the
2. The world needs the sol - dier with heart brave and true, Which side of the
3. With God for our Lead-er, we nev - er can fail, Which side of the

line are you on? When foes are ad-vanc - ing and hearts faint with fear,
line are you on? With wis - dom and cour-age to dare and to do,
line are you on? For sure - ly His hon - or and truth will pre - vail,

CHORUS.

Which side of the line are you on? Which side are you
of the line

on to-day, When e - vil seeks to tempt you and lead you from the way? Which

side are you on to - day? Which side of the line are you on?
of the line

No. 39. Satisfied.

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

1. When I have fin-ished my pil-grim-age here, When shall have vanished temp-ta-tion and fear, As in the arms of His love I a-bide,
2. When I am troub-led by grief and de-spair, Grace nev-er fail-ing a-waits me up there; Will-ing to trust Him what-ev-er be-tide,
3. When I have trav-eled the way with my Lord, Count-ing the mile-posts by faith in His word, Liv-ing and dy-ing with Him at my side,

CHORUS.

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

rit.

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

No. 40. Land of the Unsetting Sun.

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

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

No. 41. We Shall See the King Some Day.

L. E. J.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

L. E. Jones.

1. Tho' the way we jour-ney may be oft - en drear, We shall see the
2. Aft - er pain and an-guish, aft - er toil and care, We shall see the
3. Aft - er foes are conquered, aft - er bat - les won, We shall see the
4. There with all the loved ones who have gone be-fore, We shall see the

King some day (some day); On that bless-ed morning clouds will dis - ap-pear;
King some day (some day); Thro' the end-less a - ges joy and blessing share,
King some day (some day); Aft - er strife is o - ver, aft - er set of sun,
King some day (some day); Sor-row past for-ev - er, on that peaceful shore,

CHORUS.

We shall see the King some day. We shall see the King some day (some day),

We will shout and sing some day (some day); Gathered round the throne,

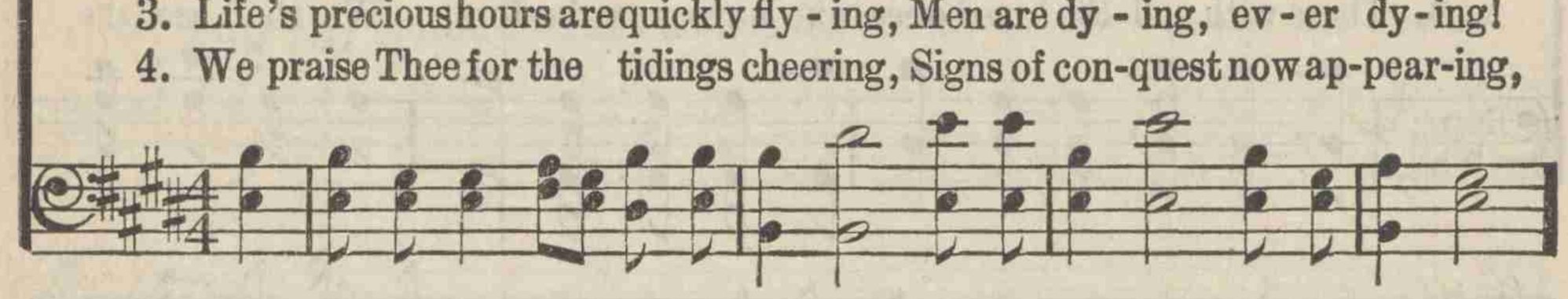
Wher. He shall call His own, We shall see the King some day.

No. 42. Let the Tide Come In.

D. R. Rev. David Ross.



1. We thank Thee, Lord, that pow'r is flowing, Joy is com-ing, sor-row go-ing;
2. Oh, let Thy cross win ev-'ry na-tion, Send the peo-ple Thy sal-va-tion!
3. Life's precious hours are quickly fly-ing, Men are dy-ing, ev-er dy-ing!
4. We praise Thee for the tidings cheering, Signs of con-quest now ap-pear-ing,





Thy ransomed host is grow-ing, grow-ing, But may the tide come in.
A-mong them show Thy new cre-a-tion, Oh, may the tide come in.
Thy plead-ing Church is cry-ing, cry-ing, Now may the tide come in.
Thy day of vic-to-ry is near-ing, Thank God! the tide comes in.



CHORUS.



1–3. Let the tide come in, let the tide come in, Let the mighty flow be-gin,
4. Yes, the tide comes in, yes, the tide comes in; Oh, the mighty flow be-gins,



Small notes after last verse only.

Let it sweep a-way our sin, Oh, let the heav'nly tide come in!
And it sweeps a-way our sins! Re-joice! the glo-rious tide comes in!

No. 43. The Hour of Prayer.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Fanny Crosby. Jno. R. Sweney.



1. Glo - ry to God for the joy to meet, Here at the hour of prayer;
2. Ear from the world we may turn a - way, Here at the hour of prayer;
3. Rich are the blessings that all may seek, Here at the hour of prayer;
4. O what a ho - ly and calm re-pose, Here at the hour of prayer;





Welcome the bliss of com-mun-ion sweet, Here at the hour of prayer.
Glad - ly we rest from the toils of day, Here at the hour of prayer.
Grace for the wea-ry, the faint, the weak, Here at the hour of prayer.
Love in its ful - ness the heart o'er-flows, Here at the hour of prayer.



CHORUS.



Nearer the gate to the soul's bright home, Nearer the vales where the faithful roam,





Near-er to God and the Lamb we come, Here at the hour of prayer.



No. 44. Jesus is All the World to Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY WILL L THOMPSON, EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO.

W. L. T. Will L. Thompson.

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

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

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

f *pp*

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

No. 45. Spend One Hour With Jesus.

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

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

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

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

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

No. 46. Someone is Looking to You.

W. M. Lighthall.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

CHORUS.

look-ing to you! Look-ing to you, yes, look-ing to you!

Let your light shine the dark-ness through; O be faith-ful, be

loy-al, and true, For some-one is look-ing to you!

No. 47. Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

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USED BY PER.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

o - pen the door; Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.

No. 48. Everybody Should Know.

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Mrs. Frank A. Breck. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.

1. I have such a won-der-ful Sav - ior, Who helps me wher-ev-er I go,
2. His mer - cy and love is un - bound-ed, His riv - ers of grace o - ver-flow;
3. He helps me when tri-als surround me, His love and His goodness to show;
4. My life and my love I will give Him, And faith-ful - ly serve Him be - low,

That I must be tell - ing His good-ness That ev - 'ry - bod-y should know.
Yes, He is "The Chief of ten-thousand" That ev - 'ry - bod-y should know.
How can I but love and a - dore Him That ev - 'ry - bod-y should know.
Who bro't me His wondrous sal - va - tion, That ev - 'ry - bod-y should know.

CHORUS.

Ev - 'ry - bod-y should know, Ev - 'ry - bod - y should know;
should know, should know;

I have such a won - der - ful Sav - ior, That ev -'ry - bod-y should know.
rit.

No. 49. Draw Near, O Comforter.

Dr. S. Fillmore Bennett. COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. Draw near, O Com - fort - er, This err - ing heart of mine,
2. Draw near, O Pow'r di - vine, Let me not ask in vain!
3. This ver - y hour I need The guid - ance of Thy hand;
4. Thee on - ly would I know, My Com - fort - er and Friend;

And let it feel the heal - ing pow'r Of love and grace di - vine.
My heart is thirst-ing for Thy love, As des - erts thirst for rain.
I give my all, and yield my life To Thy di - vine com - mand.
I fear the dan - gers by the way, Un - less Thy grace de - fend.

REFRAIN.

Near - er, O bless - ed Com - fort-er, Near - er, still near - er;
By Thy love di-vine, Make and keep me Thine, Near - er, still near - er.

No. 50. Keep the Heart Singing.

C. H. G.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

No. 51. Triumph By and By!

C. R. Blackall.

USED BY PERMISSION OF MRS. H. R. PALMER,
OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

H. R. Palmer.

1. The prize is set be-fore us— To win, our Lord im-plores us, The eye of God is o'er us From on high! His lov-ing tones are fall-ing,
2. We'll fol-low where He lead-eth, We'll pas-ture where He feed-eth, We'll yield to Him who pleadeth From on high. Then naught from Him shall sever,
3. Our home is bright a-bove us, No tri-als dark to move us, But Je-sus dear to love us There on high; We'll give Him best en-deav-or,

While sin is dark, ap-pall-ing; 'Tis Je-sus gen-tly calling—He is nigh (He is nigh).
Our hopes shall brighten ever, And faith shall fail us never—He is nigh (He is nigh).
And praise His name forever; His precious words can never, Never die (Never die).

CHORUS.

By and by we shall meet Him, By and by we shall greet Him, And with

1. Je-sus reign in glo-ry By and by (by and by);

2. Jesus reign in glo-ry by and by.

No. 52. Lighten the Way With a Song.

Julia H. Johnston.

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

Joshua H. Roberts.

1. There are sor - row-ful hearts that are go - ing your way, Crushed by a bur - den of wrong; If you wait on the Lord, He will help you to - day
2. If your own wear-y spir - it needs com-fort and cheer, If you are lone - ly or sad, Let your mer-cies be count - ed, your prais-es ring clear,
3. Un - to each fel - low-pil - grim your feet o - ver - take, Bless - ing and bright-ness be - long; And it may be that you, for the Sav-ior's own sake,

CHORUS.

To light - en the way with a song.
Thus make your own heart to be glad. Then light - en the way with a
May light - en the way with a song.

song, Yes, light - en the way with a song; For the
with a song, with a song;

drear - i - est days there is nothing like praise, Then lighten the way with a song.

No. 53. Steady, Brother, Steady.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY E, O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Ida L. Reed. Haldor Lillenas.

1. Stead-y, broth-er, stead-y, tho' the storm-winds rise, And darkness gath-er o'er you and it veil your skies; Keep your course un-wa-vered, and be
2. Stead-y, broth-er, stead-y tho' the wild waves sweep, Your barque will ride in safe - ty for He rules the deep; Waves shall not o'er-flow you while the
3. Stead-y, broth-er, stead-y, look you o - ver there, Be-yond the cloud and tem-pest see, the port lies fair; There with - in the har - bor with the

brave, be true; Fear not while the Mas - ter holds the helm with you.
Pi - lot's near, By the chart He giv - eth you, your course can steer.
storms all past, You can safe - ly an - chor, sheltered safe at last.

CHORUS.

Steady, steady, tho' clouds veil the sky; Steady, steady, tho' waves roll high;
surging waves are rolling high;
Steady, steady, be brave, be true, Fear not while the Master holds the helm with you.

No. 54. Be Strong in the Lord.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Maggie E. Gregory. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Sol - diers for Je - sus, be ye strong in the Lord, Gird on the ar-mor, take the
2. Fierce-ly the tempter oft op - pos - es the way, Pow-ers of darkness lure the
3. Sol - diers for Je - sus, lo, the vic - t'ry is sure For all the faith-ful, to the

shield and the sword; March forth to bat - tle in the strength of His word,
spir - it a - stray; But Christ is near thee! Hear Him ten - der - ly say:
end who en - dure, Serv - ing the Mas - ter with a heart true and pure;

CHORUS.

Be ye strong in the Lord! Be ye strong in the Lord, be ye
strong in the Lord, To fear - less - ly bat - tle th' appearance of wrong; Oh,
strong, be strong, To bat - tle wrong, to bat - tle wrong;
who will en - list to-day? the vic - t'ry is sure; Be ye strong in the Lord.

No. 55. Let the Sunshine In.

Ada Blenkhorn.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

CHORUS.

wide the door, Let a lit-tle sun-shine in. Let a lit-tle sun-shine

the

in, ... Let a lit-tle sun-shine in; . . . . Clear the dark-ened

sun-shine in, the sun-shine in;

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

No. 56. I Would Not Live Without Him.

A. W. S.

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

Arthur Willis Spooner.

1. Je - sus is a Friend so kind, Tru - er Friend you can-not find; O, I
2. If you turn this Friend a-way, He will fol - low you each day; O, I
3. When your head is bowed with grief, Then this Friend will bring relief; O, I

would not live with-out Him if I could;—He will help you to the end,
would not live with-out Him if I could;—When you fall, this Friend is near,
would not live with-out Him if I could;—When you stand before the throne,

D. S.—*He is lov-ing, ten-der, kind,*

On His love you may de - pend; O, I would not live with-
Call on Him, you need not fear; O, I would not live with-
He will claim you for His own; O, I would not live with-

Tru - er Friend you can - not find; O, I would not live with-

FINE. CHORUS.

out Him if I could. O, I would not live with - out Him if I

out Him if I could.

D. S.

could, if I could, O, I would not live with - out Him if I could;—

No. 57. Jesus is Willing.

Ida L. Reed.

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

Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Je - sus is will - ing to save and to bless you, Hear the glad
2. Je - sus is will - ing to share all your bur - dens, Will - ing His
3. Je - sus is will - ing and a - ble to help you, Bless - ed His

sto - ry,— O tell it a - gain! Will - ing to heal all the
bless - ing each day to be - stow; Free - ly He giv - eth, if
word is, un - fail - ing and sure; Trust in His mer - cy, O

D. S.—*On - ly ac - cept Him and*

griefs that dis - tress you, If you will tell Him your sor - row and pain.
you will but ask Him, He all your sor - rows and tri - als doth know.
friend, and be - lieve Him; Great tho' thy sor - row, His touch it will cure.

FINE.

trust in His mer - cy, Je - sus is will - ing, if you will be - lieve.

CHORUS.

Je - - sus is will - ing, O . . . . . pre-cious sto - ry!
Je-sus is will-ing, Je - sus is will - ing, O pre-cious sto - ry, O pre - cious sto - ry!

D. S.

Je - - - sus is will - - ing your woes . . . to re - lieve; . . .
Je - sus is will - ing, Je-sus is will - ing, Je - sus is will-ing your woes to re-lieve;

No. 58. Sing of Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Fanny J. Crosby. **B. D. Ackley.**

1. Sing of Je - sus, troubled heart; Tho' thy dear - est joys de - part,
2. Sing of Je - sus, wear - y soul, Tho' the bil - lows o'er thee roll;
3. Sing of Je - sus, trust His pow'r To pro-tect each com - ing hour:
4. Sing of Je - sus, do His will; He who led will lead thee still;

And thy path may lone - ly be, He is near - est then to thee.
Sing of Je - sus and His love, Sing of home and rest a - bove.
Ev - 'ry cross we meek-ly bear Makes the crown more bright and fair.
When a few more waves are past Thou shalt win thy crown at last.

CHORUS.

Sing thro' all the storm - y day, Soon the hours will glide a - way,
Clouds will van - ish from thy sight, And at eve it shall be light.

No. 59. Light the Lamps Along the Way.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Lanta Wilson Smith. T. Martin Towne.

1. There are path-ways dark and lone - ly, Where the sun-shine nev - er gleams,
2. For the lives by sor - row dark-ened, There's a path that leads a - bove,
3. Paths of sin may gleam a wel-come, But they lead to dark-est night:
4. Light the lamps of truth and mer - cy, Keep the fire of faith a - glow,

Where no star of hope is shin - ing With its bright and cheer-ing beams.
And the lamps are bright-ly burn - ing—Lamps of sym - pa - thy and love.
Keep the dan - ger-sig - nal burn - ing With a gos - pel - bea - con bright.
Till the light of love shall bright-en Ev - 'ry gloom - y path be - low.

CHORUS.

Light the lamps a-long your path-way, Keep them burning night and day;

With the torch of love up - lift - ed Light the lamps a - long the way.

No. 60. Follow On.

W. O. Cushing.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY.
RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION.

Robert Lowry.

1. Down in the val-ley with my Sav-ior I would go, Where the flow'rs are bloom-ing and the sweet wa-ters flow; Ev-'ry-where He leads me I would fol-low, fol-low on, Walk-ing in His footsteps till the crown be won.
2. Down in the val-ley with my Sav-ior I would go, Where the storms are sweep-ing and the dark wa-ters flow; With His hand to lead me I will nev-er, nev-er fear, Dan-ger can-not fright me if my Lord is near.
3. Down in the val-ley, or up-on the mountain steep, Close be-side my Sav-ior would my soul ev-er keep; He will lead me safe-ly in the path that He has trod, Up to where they gather on the hills of God.

D. S.—*Ev-'ry-where He leads me I would fol-low on!*

REFRAIN.

Fol-low! fol-low! I would fol-low Je-sus! An-y-where, ev-'ry-where, I would fol-low on! Fol-low! fol-low! I would fol-low Je-sus!

No. 61. Sunshine Bearer.

C. M. D.

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

Chas. M. Davis.

1. Dark the way and drear - y, Sad the heart and wear - y, Toil - ing all a-
2. Earth is filled with sad-ness, We should make it glad-ness, And our lives like
3. Speaking words for Je - sus, Foll'wing paths that lead us In - to pla - ces

long life's bus - y, rug - ged way; But kind words and fa - ces Bright-en
rays of sun-shine ev - er be; On the road we're journ'ying, There is
where His name is nev - er heard; Guid-ing those who wan-der, To the

gloom-y pla - ces, And the heart is gladdened by a cheer-ful ray.
no re - turn - ing, Let us not neg - lect an op - por - tu - ni - ty.
home up yon - der, Teach-ing them the bless-ed sun-shine of His love.

CHORUS.

{ Speak-ing lov - ing words, cheer - ful as the birds, Lift - ing
{ Giv - ing sun - ny smiles, short-'ning length-y miles, Mak - ing

heav - y bur-dens from a wear - y heart;
oth - ers hap-py, 'tis the [*Omit . . . . . .*] chil - dren's part.

No. 62. O What a Change!

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

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

No. 63. Nothing Satisfies but Jesus.

C. H. M.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY E. O. EXCELL.
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Mrs. C. H. Morris.

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

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

CHORUS.

Give me Je - sus, give me Je - sus, Take the world, but give me Je - sus,
Give me Je - sus, give me Je - sus,
To sat - is - fy with ev - 'ry bless-ing, His love and peace my soul pos-sess-ing;
To all be - side, my heart re - plies: There's naught but Je-sus sat - is - fies!

No. 64. I Want to Live Closer to Jesus.

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

Jessie Brown Pounds. Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

CHORUS.

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

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

No. 65. If It Were Not So.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Jessie Brown Pounds. WORDS AND MUSIC. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. If it were not so, my Mas-ter would have told me; Like a mother's arms the prom-ise seems to hold me; With a love com-plete, it seems to wrap and fold me:
2. If it were not so,—if He pre-pares no dwell-ing,—He would ne'er to men the word of hope be tell-ing; He who has the Truth, in-carn-ate and ex-cel-ling,
3. If it were not so, would He dare hush our sigh-ing? If it were not so, would He de-ceive the dy-ing? On His ho-ly word my spir-it is re-ly-ing—

CHORUS.

"If it were not so I would have told you."
If it were not so He would have told me. If it were not so He would have
If it were not so He would have told me.

told me, If it were not so He would have told me; Jesus ne'er would grieve me,

He would ne'er deceive me— If it were not so He would have told me.

No. 66. Loyalty to Christ.

Dr. E. T. Cassel.

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

WORDS AND MUSIC.

Flora H. Cassel.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

great Commander; "On!"

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

No. 67. The Story Never Old.

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

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

1. The sweet-est sto - ry told on earth, Or heard in heav'n a - bove,
2. He took up - on Him-self the guilt Of all my sins and thine,
3. "There was no oth - er good e-nough To pay the price of sin;
4. "O dear - ly, dear - ly hath He loved And we must love Him too,

Is told of Je - sus and His birth, Of Je - sus and His love.
And on the cross of Cal - va - ry He paid thy debt and mine.
He on - ly could un - lock the gate Of heav'n and let us in."
And trust in His re-deem - ing love, And try His works to do."

CHORUS

O sto-ry nev - er old, The sweetest ev - er told! Un - til the
O sto - ry nev - er old, The sweet-est ev - er told! Un - til the

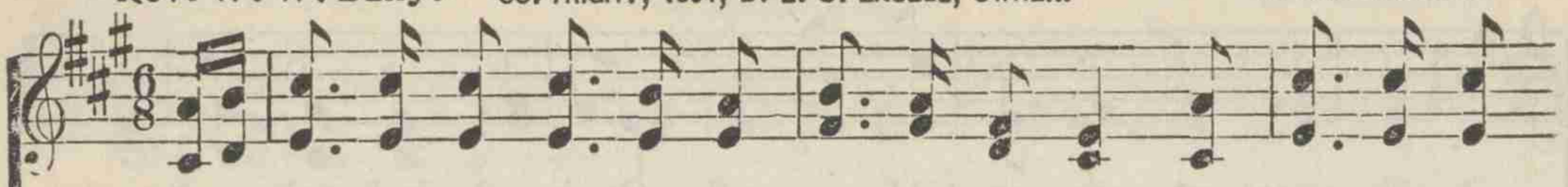
gates of gold swing back for me;..... I'll tell it o'er and o'er, And
gates of gold swing back for me; I'll tell it o'er and o'er, And

then on yon-der shore It still for - ev - er-more my song shall be.
then on yon - der shore, It still for - ev - er - more my song shall be.

No. 68. Where We'll Never Grow Old.

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

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



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





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



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



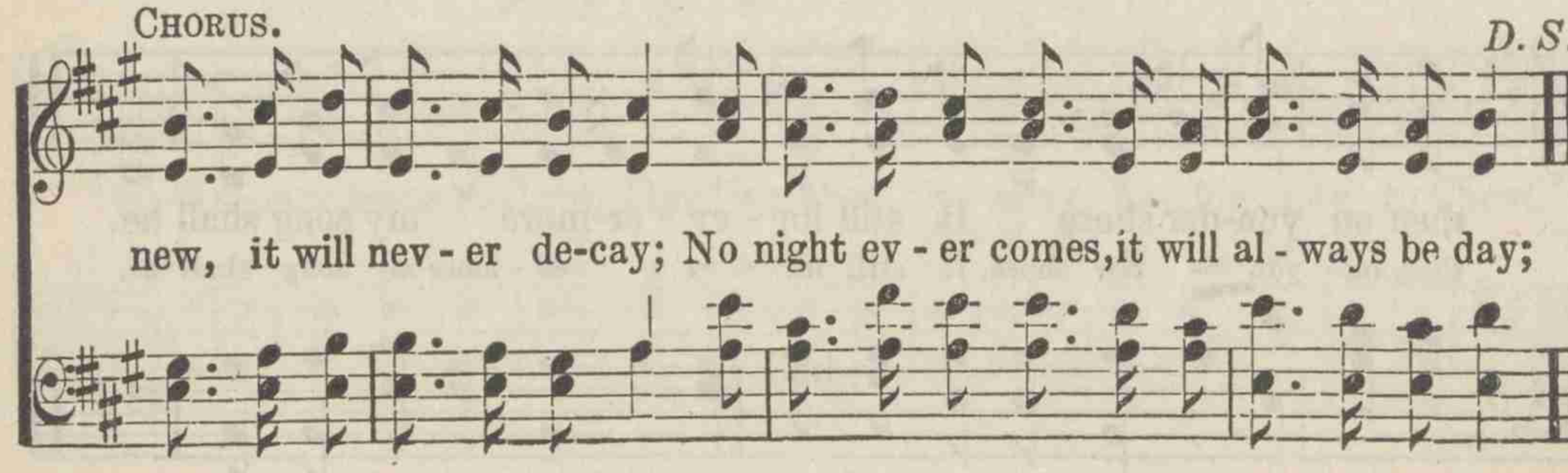
FINE.

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



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

CHORUS. D. S.



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

No. 69. I Must Tell Jesus.

E. A. H. COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY THE HOFFMAN MUSIC CO. Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

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

bur - dens a - lone; In my dis - tress He kind - ly will help me;
pas - sion - ate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will de - liv - er,
bur - dens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus;
tempt-ed to sin! 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. I must tell Je - sus!
He all my cares and sor - rows will share.
O - ver the world the vic - t'ry to win.

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. 70. Jesus Will Help You.

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USED BY PER.

Wm. Stevenson. Rev. Robert Lowry.

1. The Sav - ior is call - ing you, sin-ner— Urg - ing you now to draw
2. Thro' Him there is life in be - liev - ing; Sin - ner, O why will you
3. The Sav - ior is call - ing you, wand'rer— Points you to man-sions on
4. There's danger in lon - ger de - lay - ing, Swift - ly the moments pass

nigh; He asks you by faith to re - ceive Him; Je - sus will
die? Ac - cept Him by faith as your Sav - ior; Je - sus will
high; Re - turn to the path that leads homeward; Je - sus will
by; If now you will come, there is mer-cy; Je - sus will

REFRAIN.

help if you try. Je - sus will help you, Je - sus will help you,

Help you with grace from on high; The weak - est and poor - est the

Sav - ior is call - ing; Je - sus will help if you try.

No. 71. Ye Must Be Born Again.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS. RENEWAL.

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

1. A rul - er once came to Je - sus by night, To ask Him the way of
2. Ye chil-dren of men, at - tend to the word So sol-emn-ly ut-tered
3. Oh, ye who would en-ter that glo-ri-ous rest, And sing with the ransomed
4. A dear one in heaven thy heart yearns to see, At the beau-ti-ful gate may

sal - va-tion and light; The Mas-ter made an-swer in words true and plain,
by Je - sus, the Lord, And let not this mes-sage to you be in vain,
the song of the blest; The life ev - er - last-ing if ye would ob - tain,
be watch-ing for thee; Then list to the note of this sol-emn re-frain,

CHORUS.

"Ye must be born a - gain." a-gain. "Ye must be born a-

gain," "Ye must be born a - gain," I ver - i - ly,
a - gain, a-gain,

ver - i - ly, say un - to thee, "Ye must be born a-gain." a-gain.

No. 72. Victory in Jesus.

COBYRIGHT, 1900, BY LIZZIE E. SWENEY.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

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

1. Sol-diers of King Je-sus, raise the shout a-gain, Vic- to- ry in Je-sus,
2. O'er the pow'rs of darkness, o'er the hosts of sin, Vic- to- ry in Je-sus,
3. Send the hap-py watchword all a-long the line, Vic- to- ry in Je-sus,
4. For his church and kingdom, for each trusting soul, Vic- to- ry in Je-sus,

vic- to- ry! Marching to the mu-sic of the glad re-frain, Vic-to-ry in
vic- to- ry! Trusting, watching, praying, we shall sure-ly win, Vic-to-ry in
vic- to- ry! Let all er-ror per-ish, lives the truth di-vine, Vic-to-ry in
vic- to- ry! From the courts of heaven joy-ful pæ-ans roll, Vic-to-ry in

CHORUS.

Je-sus ev-er-more. Vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry, vic-to- ry in Je- sus!

Sing His o-ver-com-ing blood, sing the grace that frees us; Ring it out more

bold-ly, Song of faith and cheer, Till the whole wide world shall hear.

No. 73. Nobody Told Me of Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
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Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Would you care if some friend you have met day by day Should nev-er be
told a-bout Je-sus? Are you will-ing that He in the judgment shall say;

2. Care you not if one soul of the chil-dren of men Should nev-er be
bro't un-to Je-sus? Or would say in that day when He com-eth a-gain,

3. Would you care if your crown should be star-less-ly dim, Be-cause you led
no one to Je-sus? Make it true that some heart shall not answer to Him:

4. Then be si-lent no long-er! but ear-nest-ly pray For grace to the
tell-ing of Je-sus? So that no one can say on that great judgment day,

CHORUS.

"No one ev-er told me of Je-sus." No-bod-y told me of
Je-sus, No-bod-y told me of Je-sus; So ma-ny I have met—
but they seem'd to for-get To tell me the sto-ry of Je-sus.

No. 74. *Tell It Again.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. R. M. McIntosh.

1. In - to a tent where a gip - sy boy lay, Dy - ing a - lone, at the
2. "Did He so love me, a poor lit - tle boy? Send un - to me the good
3. Bend-ing, we caught the last words of his breath, Just as he en-tered the
4. Smil - ing, he said, as his last sigh was spent, "I am so glad that for

close of the day, News of sal - va - tion we car - ried; said he:
ti - dings of joy? Need I not per - ish?—my hand will He hold?
val - ley of death: "God sent His Son!—who-so - ev - er!" said he;
me He was sent!" Whispered, while low sank the sun in the west:

D. S.—*Till none can say of the chil - dren of men,*

FINE. CHORUS.

"No - bod - y ev - er has told it to me!"
No - bod - y ev - er the sto - ry has told!"
"Then I am sure that He sent Him for me!"
"Lord, I be-lieve! tell it now to the rest!"

Tell it a - gain!

"No - bod - y ev - er has told me be - fore!"

tell it a - gain! Sal - va-tion's sto - ry re - peat o'er and o'er,

*A home missionary visited a dying boy in a gipsy tent; bending over him, he said: "God so loved the world, that He gave His only Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The dying boy heard and whispered: "Nobody ever told me."

No. 75. It Pays to Serve Jesus.

E. G. C. COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY JNO R. SWENEY. Eli G. Christy.

1. It pays to serve Je - sus,—I speak from my heart; He'll al - ways be
2. And oft when I'm tempted to turn from the track, I think of my
3. There's a place that remembrance still brings back to me, 'T was there I found
4. How rich is the bless-ing the world can - not give; I'm sat - is - fied

with us, if we do our part; There's naught in this wide world can
Sav - ior— my mind wan-ders back To the place where they nailed Him on
par-don,—'t was heav-en to me; There Je - sus spoke sweetly to
full - y for Je - sus to live; Tho' friends may for - sake me and

pleas-ure af-ford, There's peace and con-tent-ment in serv - ing the Lord.
Cal - va - ry's tree— I hear a voice say - ing: I suf-fered for thee!
my wear - y soul, My sins were for - giv - en, He made my heart whole.
tri - als a - rise, I'm trust - ing in Je - sus—His love nev - er dies.

D. S.—*ev - er the cost, I'll be a true sol - dier,—I'll die at my post.*

CHORUS.

{ I love Him far bet-ter than in days of yore,
{ I'll serve Him more truly than ev - er be-fore, } I'll do as He bids me, what-

D. S.

No. 76. Sunrise in My Soul.

C. H. G.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. In doubt and darkness long I wan - dered, My will be-yond con - trol,
2. The clouds were rift-ed in a mo - ment, I saw them backward roll;
3. He sat - is - fied my long-ing spir - it, He sweet - ly made me whole;
4. When earth-ly toil and care are end - ed, And I have reached the goal;

Till Je - sus came and bro't the glo - ry Of sun-rise in my soul.
And oh, the beau-ty of the morn-ing! 'T was sun-rise in my soul!
And all the day my heart is sing - ing, 'T is sun-rise in my soul!
I know that morning will for - ev - er Be sun-rise in my soul.

CHORUS.

Sun - - - - rise, when my Sav - ior came!
Sun - rise, bless - ed sun - rise, O glo - rious

Sun - - - - rise, when He made me whole! He
Sun - rise, bless - ed sun - rise,

whispered "Peace!" and O what glo - ry! 'T was sun - rise in my soul!

No. 77. Alone With God.

G. H. C.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

George H. Carr.

1. I love to be a-lone with God, And to lis - ten to His lov-ing voice;
2. I tell Him of my doubts and fears, And He stills the tempest in my breast,
3. I tell Him of my weak-ness-es, Of my sins, my hopes, my fond de-sires;
4. Then let me nev-er seek to know Sweeter friendship than with Him I find,

As He bids my ev' - ry care depart, How His presence makes my heart rejoice!
Bids the raging storms of passion cease, Calms my anxious tho't with quiet rest.
And He cheers my heart to onward press To gain the goal my soul as-pires.
As I choose the qui-et hours with Him, Leav-ing all the bus-y world be-hind.

CHORUS.

A - lone with God, No oth - er friend so dear, A - lone with
A - lone with God, A-
God, What joy when He is near! My heart with rap - ture thrills,
lone with God,
My cup of bless - ing fills, When all a - lone with God.
When all a - lone with God.

No. 78. It is Well With My Soul.

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H. G. Spafford. P. P. Bliss.

1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend - eth my way, When
2. Though Sa - tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let
3. My sin— oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't— My
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The

sor - rows like sea - bil - lows roll; What-ev - er my lot, Thou hast
this blest as - sur - ance con - trol, That Christ hath re-gard - ed my
sin — not in part but the whole, Is nailed to His cross and I
clouds be roll'd back as a scroll, The trump shall re-sound, and the

taught me to say, "It is well, it is well with my soul."
help - less es - tate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul.
bear it no more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh, my soul!
Lord shall de-scend, "E - ven so"— it is well with my soul.

CHORUS.

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

It is well, with my soul,

No. 79. One More Day's Work for Jesus.

Anna B. Warner.

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Rev. Robert Lowry.

1. One more day's work for Je - sus; One less of life for me! But heav'n is near - er, And Christ is dear - er, Than yes - ter - day to me; His love and
2. One more day's work for Je - sus; How sweet the work has been, To tell the sto - ry, To show the glo - ry, When Christ's flock enter in! How it did
3. One more day's work for Je - sus; Oh, yes, a wear-y day; But heav'n shines clear - er, And rest comes near-er, At each step of the way; And, Christ in
4. Oh, bless - ed work for Je - sus! Oh, rest at Je-sus' feet! There toil seems pleas-ure, My wants are treas-ure, And pain for Him is sweet. Lord, if I

CHORUS.

light Fill all my soul to-night.
shine In this poor heart of mine! One more day's work for Je-sus, One more
all, Be - fore His face I fall.
may, I'll serve an-oth - er day.

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

No. 80. Scatter Sunshine.

Lanta Wilson Smith.

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

E. O. Excell.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

No. 81. Held by My Savior's Mighty Hand.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY E. O. EXCELL.

E. E. Hewitt. WORDS AND MUSIC. B. D. Ackley.

1. On-ward will I jour-ney, thro life's rain or shine, Held by my
2. In the paths ap-point-ed, led by change-less love, Held by my
3. In the Sav-ior's car-ing, I will fear no ill, Held by my

Sav-ior's might-y hand;..... Guid-ed by His Spir-it, kept by
Sav-ior's might-y hand;..... Serv-ing Him with gladness, strengthened
Sav-ior's might-y hand;..... In the si-lent val-ley, He'll be

His mighty hand;

pow'r di-vine, Held by my Sav-ior's might-y hand.....
from a-bove, Held by my Sav-ior's might-y hand.....
with me still, Held by my Sav-ior's might-y hand.....

His might-y hand.

CHORUS. UNISON.

Onward, forward, at the King's command, Trusting when I cannot understand,

HARMONY. *rit.*

Till I see His beauty in the Bet-ter Land, Held by my Savior's mighty hand.

No. 82. "We Shall Be Like Him."

Flora Kirkland. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS. **Geo. C. Stebbins.**

1. "We shall be like Him," the Son of God most ho-ly, "We shall be like Him," sweet
2. "We shall be like Him," this promise lights the future, Shedding soft radiance up-
3. "We shall be like Him," the glo-ri-fied Re-deem-er; His lov-ing-kind-ness this

promise of His grace! Christian, press forward! some bright, some glad to-morrow
on our pathway dim. He who redeemed us, the Lamb once slain on Cal-v'ry,
add-ed grace bestows! We shall be-hold Him no more with clouded vi-sion,

REFRAIN.

"We shall be like Him," for we shall see His face. "We shall be like Him,
Shines now in glo-ry;—and we shall be like Him.
Bright-er and bright-er to faith the prospect grows. "We shall be like Him.

We shall be like Him, For we shall see Him as He is; We shall be
We shall be like Him, For we shall see Him as He is; We shall be

like Him, we shall be like Him, For we shall see Him as He is."
like Him, we shall be like Him, For we shall see Him as He is."

No. 83. Memories of Galilee.

H. R. PALMER OWNER OF COPYRIGHT, USED BY PER.

Robert Morris. H. R. Palmer.

1. Each coo - ing dove ..... and sigh - ing bough ..... That makes the
2. Each flow -'ry glen ..... and moss-y dell,..... Where hap - py
3. And when I read ..... the thrill-ing lore ..... Of Him who

eve..... so blest to me, ... Has something far ..... di - vin - er
birds ..... in song a - gree, ... Thro' sun-ny morn ..... the prais - es
walked ... up - on the sea, ... I long, oh, how ..... I long once

now,..... It bears me back ..... to Gal - i - lee.. .....
tell ..... Of sights and sounds ..... in Gal - i - lee.....
more ..... To fol - low Him ..... in Gal - i - lee.....

CHORUS.

O Gal - i - lee! sweet Gal - i - lee! Where Je-sus loved so much to be;

O Gal - i - lee! blue Gal - i - lee! Come, sing thy song a - gain to me!

No. 84. My Soul's Desire.

Charlotte G. Homer.

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Theodore E. Perkins.

1. On - ly one thing my soul de - sires— Just to be what my Lord requires;
2. Just to lay ev - 'ry i - dol by— Read - y to an-swer "Here am I;"
3. Filled with the Ho - ly Ghost may I La - bor for Him as days go by;
4. Je - sus, the prom-ise I would claim! Kin - dle the Pen - te - cost - al flame!

Just to be such as He will own; Just to be His and His a - lone.
Will - ing to let His will de - cree Just what and where my work shall be.
Let me a faith-ful reap - er be, Gath - er - ing for e - ter - ni - ty.
Breathe upon me Thy Spir - it now, As at the mer - cy - seat I bow.

CHORUS.

Just to go where He may lead me, Read - y for Him the cross to bear;

Just to work where He may need me, Just to be faith - ful is my prayer.

No. 85. I Am Listening.

W. S. M. W. S. Marshall.

1. Do you hear the Sav - ior call - ing, By the woo - ings of His voice?
2. By His Spir - it He is woo - ing, Soft - ly draw - ing us to Him,
3. By the Word of Truth He's speaking To the wand'ring, er - ring ones;
4. In His Prov - i - den - tial deal - ings, E - ven in His stern de - crees,

Do you hear the ac - cents fall - ing? Will you make the pre-cious choice?
Thro' the day and night pur - su - ing, With His gen - tle voice to win.
List! the voice the still - ness break-ing! Hear the sweet and sol-emn tones!
In the loud - est thun - ders peal - ing, Or the murm'ring of the breeze.

REFRAIN.

I am lis - t'ning, oh, I'm lis - t'ning, Just to hear the ac-cents fall;

Repeat softly.

I am lis - t'ning, oh, I'm lis - t'ning To the Sav - ior's gen - tle call.

No. 86. The Unclouded Day.

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

Arr. by
E. O. E.

1. O they tell me of a home far be-yond the skies, O they tell me of a home far a-way; O they tell me of a home
2. O they tell me of a home where my friends have gone, O they tell me of that land far a-way; Where the tree of life
3. O they tell me of the King in His beau-ty there, And they tell me that mine eyes shall be-hold, Where He sits on the throne
4. O they tell me that He smiles on His chil-dren there, And His smile drives their sor-rows all a-way; And they tell me that no tears

D. S.—*O they tell me of a home*

FINE.

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

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

CHORUS.

D. S.

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

No. 87. The Church in the Wildwood.

W. S. P.

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

Dr. William S. Pitts.



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





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



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

FINE. CHORUS.



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

Come to the

Oh, come, come, come, come, come, come.



lit-tle brown church in the vale.

D. S.



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

No. 88. Somebody's Boy.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Floy S. Armstrong. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. Homeless and friendless he wan-ders to-day In-to the pathways of shame;
2. Somewhere it may be a moth-er in prayer Whispers the wanderer's name;
3. See how the tempt-er, destructive and bold, Ev-er is seek-ing for prey;
4. Spurn then the gold from the dramseller's hand Buying your sanction to vice;

On - ly a drunkard, an outcast, you say, But he's somebody's boy, just the same.
Tho' he has spurned both her counsel and care He is some mother's boy, just the same.
Tales of wrecked manhood and ruin are told–Of the boys that are ruined each day.
Banish the dramshops that darken our land, For your boy and my boy pays the price.

CHORUS.

Some-bod-y's boy! some-bod-y's boy! What if that boy were mine?
He is Oh,

Some-bod-y's boy, some-bod-y's boy, What if that boy were thine?
He is

No. 89. As a Volunteer.

W. S. Brown.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



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





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



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

FINE. CHORUS.



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



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

D. S.



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

Oh, why not?



No. 90. I've Found a Friend.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS. RENEWAL.

J. G. Small. Geo. C. Stebbins.

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

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

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

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

No. 91. Anywhere With Jesus.

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Marianne F. Heard. **Robert Lowry.**

1. An - y-where with Je - sus, says the Chris-tian heart, Let Him take me
2. An - y-where with Je - sus, tho' He lead - eth me Where the path is
3. An - y-where with Je - sus, tho' He please to bring In - to floods or
4. An - y-where with Je - sus; for it can - not be Drear - y, dark, or

where He will, so we do not part; Al-ways sit - ting at His feet,
rough and long, where the dan-gers be; Tho' He tak - eth from my heart
fierc - est flames in - to suf - fer - ing; Tho' He bid me work or wait,
des - o - late, when He is with me; He will love me to the end,

there's no cause for fears; An - y-where with Je - sus in this vale of tears.
all I love be - low, An - y-where with Je - sus will I glad - ly go.
on - ly bear for Him, An - y-where with Je - sus, this shall be my hymn.
ev - 'ry need sup-ply; An - y-where with Je - sus, should I live or die.

FINE.

D. S.—*Je - sus, I'll fol - low an - y - where.*

REFRAIN. D. S.

An - y-where with Je - sus, an - y-where, an - y-where; An - y-where with

No. 92. Wonderful Words of Life.

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USED BY PERMISSION.

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

1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won-der-ful words of Life;
2. Christ, the bless-ed One, gives to all Won-der-ful words of Life;
3. Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won-der-ful words of Life;

Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won-der-ful words of Life;
Sin - ner list to the lov - ing call, Won-der-ful words of Life;
Of - fer par - don and peace to all, Won-der-ful words of Life;

Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty;
All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en.
Je - sus, on - ly Sav - ior, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er.

CHORUS.

Beau-ti - ful words, won - der - ful words, Won-der - ful words of Life;

Beau-ti - ful words, won - der - ful words, Won - der - ful words of Life.

No. 93. Leaning On the Everlasting Arms.

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USED BY PER.

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 this 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 on Je - sus,

Lean - ing, lean - ing, Lean-ing on the ev - er - last-ing arms.
Lean-ing on Je - sus, lean - ing on Je - sus,

No. 94. Ring the Bells of Heaven.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
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Rev. Wm. O. Cushing. **Geo. F. Root.**

Joyfully.



1. Ring the bells of heav - en! there is joy to - day, For a soul re-
2. Ring the bells of heav - en! there is joy to - day, For the wand'rer
3. Ring the bells of heav - en! spread the feast to - day, An-gels swells the





turn-ing from the wild; See! the Fa-ther meets him out up - on the way,
now is rec - on - ciled; Yes, a soul is res - cued from his sin-ful way,
glad tri-um-phant strain; Tell the joy - ful ti - dings! bear it far a - way,



D. C.—*'Tis a ransomed arm - y, like a might-y sea,*



Wel - com-ing His wea-ry wand'ring child.
And is born a - new a ran-somed child. Glo - ry! glo - ry! how the
For a precious soul is born a - gain.



Peal - ing forth the an - them of the free.

D. S.

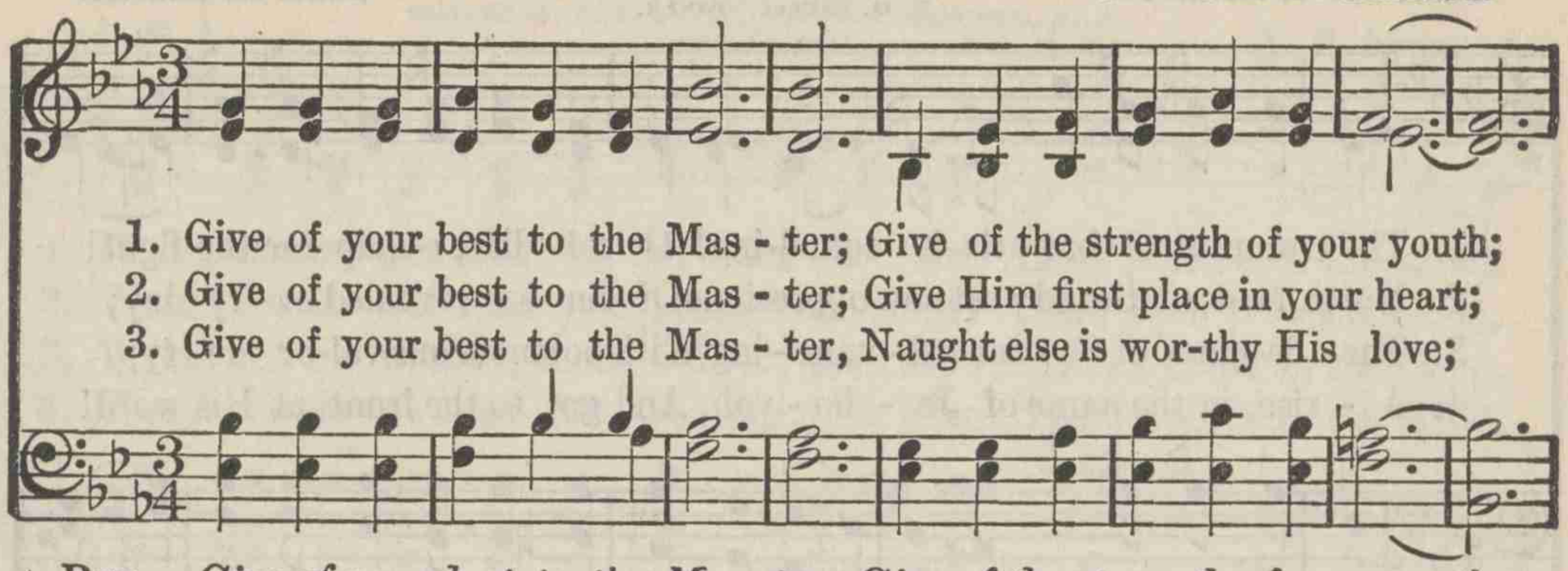


an - gels sing; Glo - ry! glo - ry! how the loud harps ring;



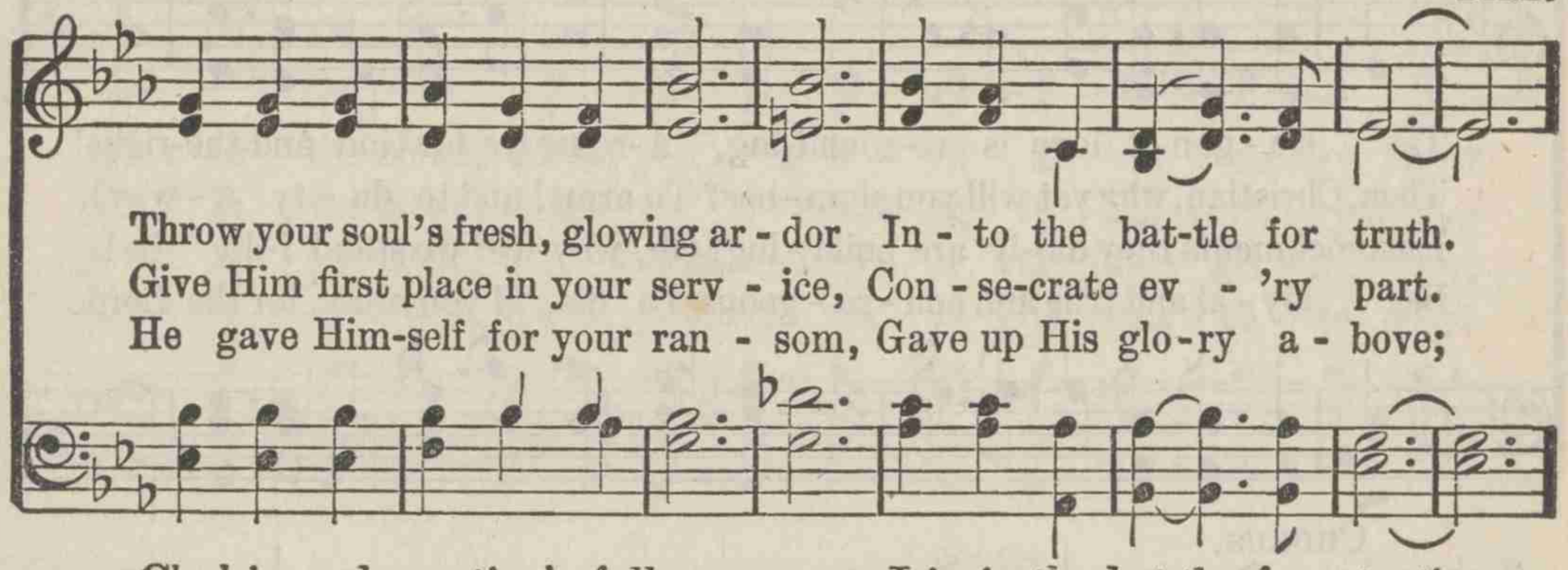
No. 95. Give of Your Best to the Master.

H. B. G. Mrs. Charles Barnard.

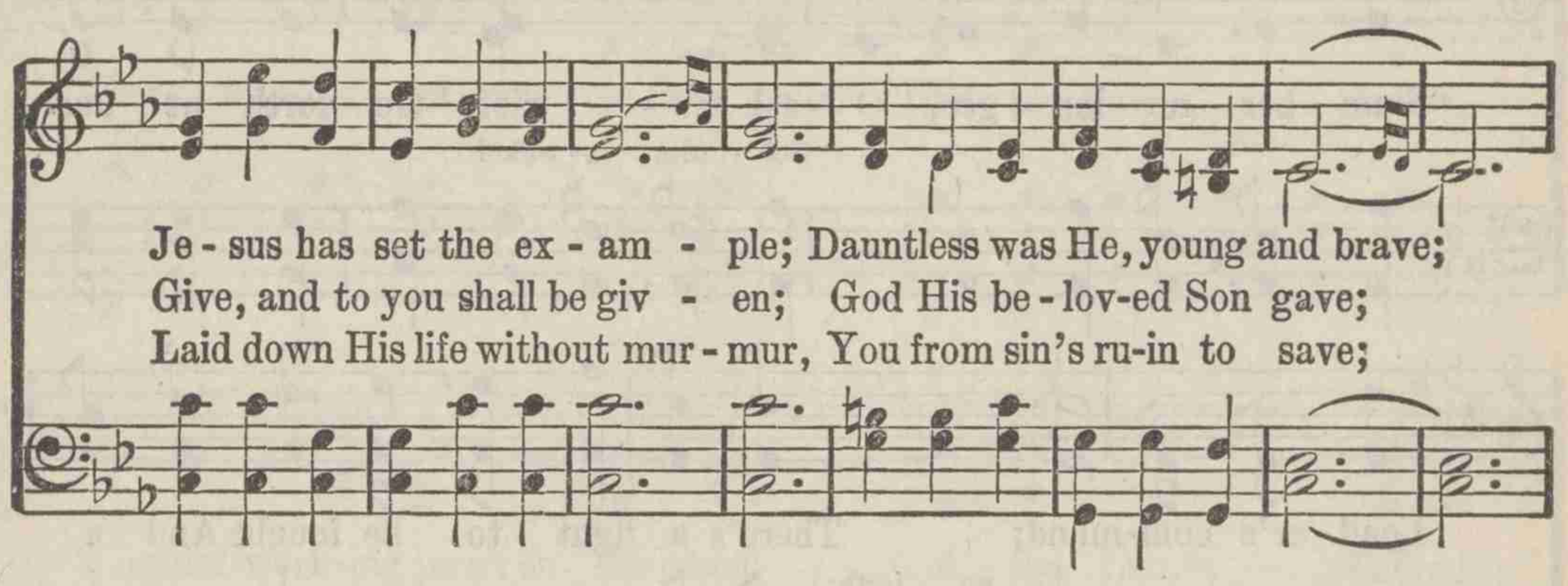


REF.—*Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give of the strength of your youth;*

FINE.



Clad in sal - va-tion's full ar - mor, Join in the bat-tle for truth.



rall. D. C.



No. 96. The Call to Arms.

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

Charlotte G. Homer. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. The trump-et of bat - tle is sound-ing! O sol - dier, e-quip for the fight!
2. North, east, south and west new oppresions Of sin are revealed ev-'ry day;
3. The le-gions of Sa - tan ad - vanc - ing With boldness our val-or de - fy;
4. A - rise, in the name of Je - ho - vah, And go to the front at His word!

The slo - gan of love is re-sound-ing, A-rouse ye for God and the right!
Then, Christian, why yet will you slum - ber? To arms! and to du - ty a - way!
Entrenchments they dai-ly are build - ing! Oh, why will we stand i-dly by!
Be loy - al and true and cou - ra - geous To die, if you must, for the Lord.

CHORUS.

Slum - ber no lon - ger, O sol - dier, Go forth at our
Sol - dier, a - wake!
Lead - er's com-mand; There's a fight to be fought And a
go forth;
work to be wrought, And the king - dom of God is at hand.

No. 97. There is Power in the Blood.

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

L. E. J. L. E. Jones.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

Won-der-work-ing pow'r in the blood of the Lamb; There is
In the blood of the Lamb;

pow'r, pow'r, Wonder-working pow'r In the pre-cious blood of the Lamb.
there is pow'r,

No. 98. Open Thy Windows.

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

E. E. Hewitt. John R. Sweney.

1. Glo - ry to God for His sun-shine is free, Light, blessed light in the
2. Won-der - ful light, for sal - va - tion it brings, Heal - ing and peace from its
3. Light of sal - va - tion, oh, wel-come its ray, Beau - ti - ful to-ken of

Sav - ior for thee; Wait - ing to ban - ish the dark-ness of sin,
life - giv - ing wings; Read - y this mo-ment its work to be - gin,
heav-en's bright day; O - ver all shad-ows the vic - t'ry 'twill win,

CHORUS.

O - pen thy windows and let it shine in. O - pen thy windows, the

light will shine In - to thy soul bring - ing glo - ry di - vine;

Let it shine in, Let it shine in, The sav - ing light of Je - sus.

No. 99. "Whosoever Will."

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
USED BY PERMISSION.

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

1. "Who-so-ev - er heareth," shout, shout the sound! Spread the bless-ed ti - dings
2. Who-so-ev - er com - eth need not de - lay, Now the door is o - pen,
3. "Who-so-ev - er will," the prom - ise se - cure, "Who - so - ev - er will," for

all the world a - round; Spread the joy - ful news wher - ev - er man is found:
en - ter while you may; Je - sus is the true, the on - ly Liv - ing Way:
ev - er must en-dure; "Who - so-ev - er will," 'tis life for - ev - er-more:

CHORUS.

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

Send the proc-la - ma - tion o - ver vale and hill; 'Tis a lov - ing Fa-ther

calls the wan - d'rer home: "Who - so - ev - er will, may come."

No. 100. Service is Our Watchword.

Wm. Shaw and
Jno. R. Clements.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. Serv - ice is our watch - word, Serv - ice for our King;
2. Serv - ice in the home - land Wher - e'er sounds the call;
3. Serv - ice o'er the o - cean, Serv - ing not for gain;

Serv - ice, fruit - ful serv - ice, Dai - ly ours to bring.
Sac - ri - fi - cial serv - ice Reach - ing un - to all;
Meet - ing ev - 'ry du - ty, Be it toil or pain;

Serv - ice for the need - y, Serv - ice for the lost;
Serv - ice pure, ex - alt - ed; Loy - al and un - priced;
Serv - ice that is Christ - ly, Giv - ing up to God

Self up - on the al - tar; Count - ing not the cost.
Liv - ing, lov - ing chan - nels, Bear - ing forth the Christ.
Ev - 'ry self - ish mo - tive; Tread - ing where Christ trod.

No. 101. Keep on Praying.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY E. O. EXCELL.
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Harriet E. Jones. H. P. Danks.

1. Toil - er, have you wear - y grown? Keep on serv-ing; Je - sus will re-
2. Chris-tian, tho' thy path is drear, Keep on trust-ing; Soon will end the
3. Pil - grim, tho' thy prayers seem vain, Keep on pray-ing; At thy mer - cy-

ward His own, Keep on serv-ing: All you do is writ - ten down,
tri - als here, Keep on trust-ing: In the hap - py time to come,
seat re - main, Keep on pray-ing: Christ will an - swer ev - 'ry plea,

In the home of high re - nown, Where a - waits your robe and crown;
'Neath the ev - er - shin-ing dome, Thou shalt dwell with Christ at home;
If it is the best for thee; Faith - ful, just and good is He;

D. S.—*Keep on pray-ing, pil - grim;*

FINE. CHORUS. D. S.

Keep on serving.
Keep on trusting. Keep on serv-ing, toil - er, Keep on trust-ing, Chris-tian;
Keep on praying.

God will an-swer.

No. 102. I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

Mary Brown. COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY C. E. ROUNSEFELL. USED BY PER. **Carrie E. Rounsefell.**

1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm-y sea;
2. Per - haps to - day there are lov - ing words Which Je-sus would have me speak;
3. There's surely somewhere a low - ly place In earth's harvest-fields so wide,

It may not be at the bat-tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now, in the paths of sin, Some wand'rer whom I should seek.
Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus, the Cru - ci - fied.

But if by a still, small voice He calls To paths I do not know,
O Sav - ior, if Thou wilt be my Guide, Tho' dark and rug - ged way,
So, trust - ing my all un - to Thy care, I know Thou lov - est me!

FINE.

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

D.S.–*I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.*

REFRAIN. D. S.

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

No. 103. His Way With Thee.

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

C. S. N. USED BY PER. Rev. Cyrus S. Nusbaum.

1. Would you live for Je - sus and be always pure and good? Would you walk with Him with - in the nar - row road? Would you have Him bear your bur-den,
2. Would you have Him make you free, and follow at His call? Would you know the peace that comes by giv - ing all? Would you have Him save you, so that
3. Would you in His kingdom find a place of constant rest? Would you prove Him true each prov - i - den - tial test? Would you in His serv - ice la - bor

CHORUS.

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

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

Rit.

fill your soul, and you will see 'Twas best for Him to have His way with thee.

No. 104. Why Do You Wait?

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
USED BY PER.

G. F. R. Geo. F. Root.

1. Why do you wait, dear broth-er, Oh, why do you tar - ry so long? Your
2. What do you hope, dear broth-er, To gain by a fur-ther de - lay? There's
3. Do you not feel, dear broth-er, His Spir-it now striv-ing with - in? Oh,
4. Why do you wait, dear broth-er? 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 dan-ger and death in de - lay.

CHORUS.

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

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

No. 105. Softly and Tenderly.

W. L. T.

USED BY PER. WILL L. THOMPSON ESTATE, EAST LIVERPOOL, O.

Will L. Thompson.

1. Soft - ly and ten-der-ly Je - sus is call-ing, Call-ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tar-ry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. Oh! for the wonderful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;

See, on the portals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we lin-ger and heed not His mercies, Mer-cies for you and for me?
Shadows are gath-er-ing, death beds are coming, Coming for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinned, He has mercy and pardon, Pardon for you and for me.

CHORUS.

Come home, come home, Ye who are wear-y, come home,
Come home, come home,
Ear-nest-ly, ten-der-ly, Je - sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sin-ner, come home!

rit.

No. 106. Speed Away.

Jno. R. Clements.

WORDS COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY W. S. WEEDEN.
BY PERMISSION.

I. B. Woodbury, arr.

1. Speed a - way: speed a - way: to the strongholds of sin, In the might of Je-
2. Speed a - way: speed a - way: as a her - ald of light, Go where sin is the
3. Speed a - way: speed a - way: for the day is far spent, When the night-shades have
4. Speed a - way: spend a - way: there are millions to save, And the souls are so

ho - vah a vic-t'ry to win; Fear no foe howe'er bold, trust the Lord and o-
blackest, help ban-ish its night; Great the need of a heart full of love for the
fall - en, no man may re - pent;' Tis the hour to be act - ive, no mo-ment to
pre-cious we ought to be brave; When we think how God loved them and gave up His

bey, With a will marching in to the thick of the fray; He will help us to
lost, That will stand, and will toil, nev - er count-ing the cost; With a life that is
lose, We must urge men to-day the Re-deem-er to choose; With a will we must
Son, It spurs us to ac - tion: the lost must be won! Let us heed each faint

stand, will be with us for aye, Speed away: speed away: speed a - way.
pure, and a face like the day, Speed away: speed away: speed a - way.
work, we must watch, and must pray, Speed away: speed away: speed a - way.
cry, let us help while we may, Speed away: speed away: speed a - way.

No. 107. Home of the Soul.

USED BY PERMISSION.

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

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

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

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

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

No. 108. My Gleansing.

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C. H. G. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.

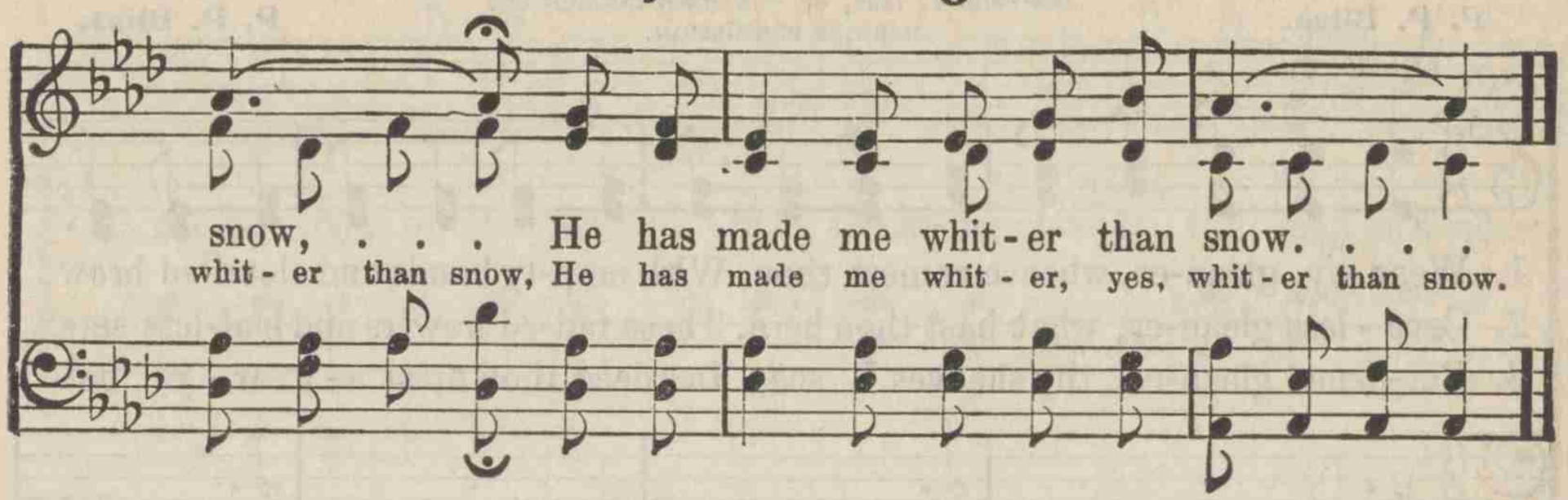
1. My sins, tho' out-num-b'ring the sands on the shore, Are purged from my soul and re - mem-bered no more; The blood of my bless - ed Re-
2. So lov - ing - ly, plead - ing - ly, oft - en He cried: "Soul, 'twas for thy sake that I suf - fered and died; It is for thy cleans-ing the
3. I'll praise Him while here as a pil - grim I roam, And then in my beau - ti - ful, glo - ri - fied home, I'll see and a - dore Him for-

deem-er, I know, Has washed them and made them whit - er than snow.
pure wa - ters flow, To wash thee and make thee whit - er than snow."
ev - er, for oh, He loved me, and made me whit - er than snow.

CHORUS.

Whit - - - - er than snow; . . . . He has
Whit - er than snow He has made me, I know,
made . . . me, I know, . . . Whit - - - - er than
Whit - er than snow He has made me, I know, Whit - er than snow, yes,

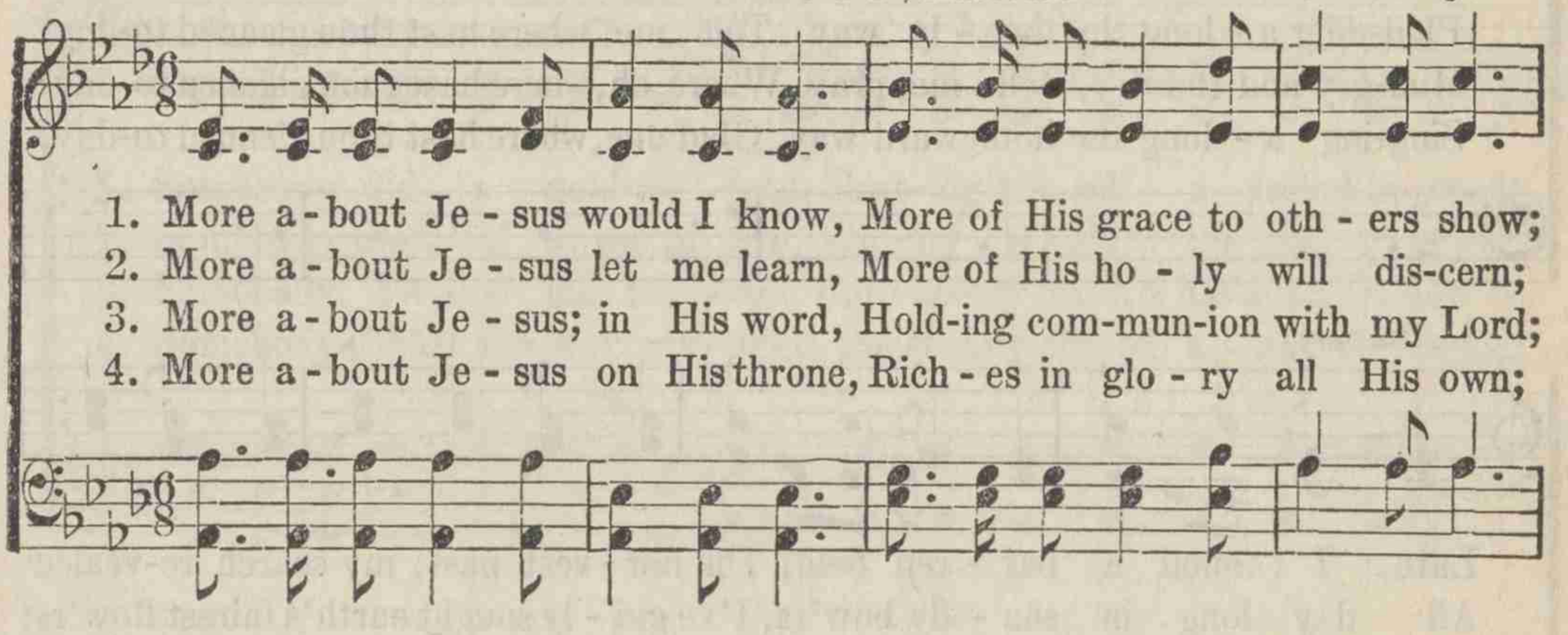
My Cleansing.

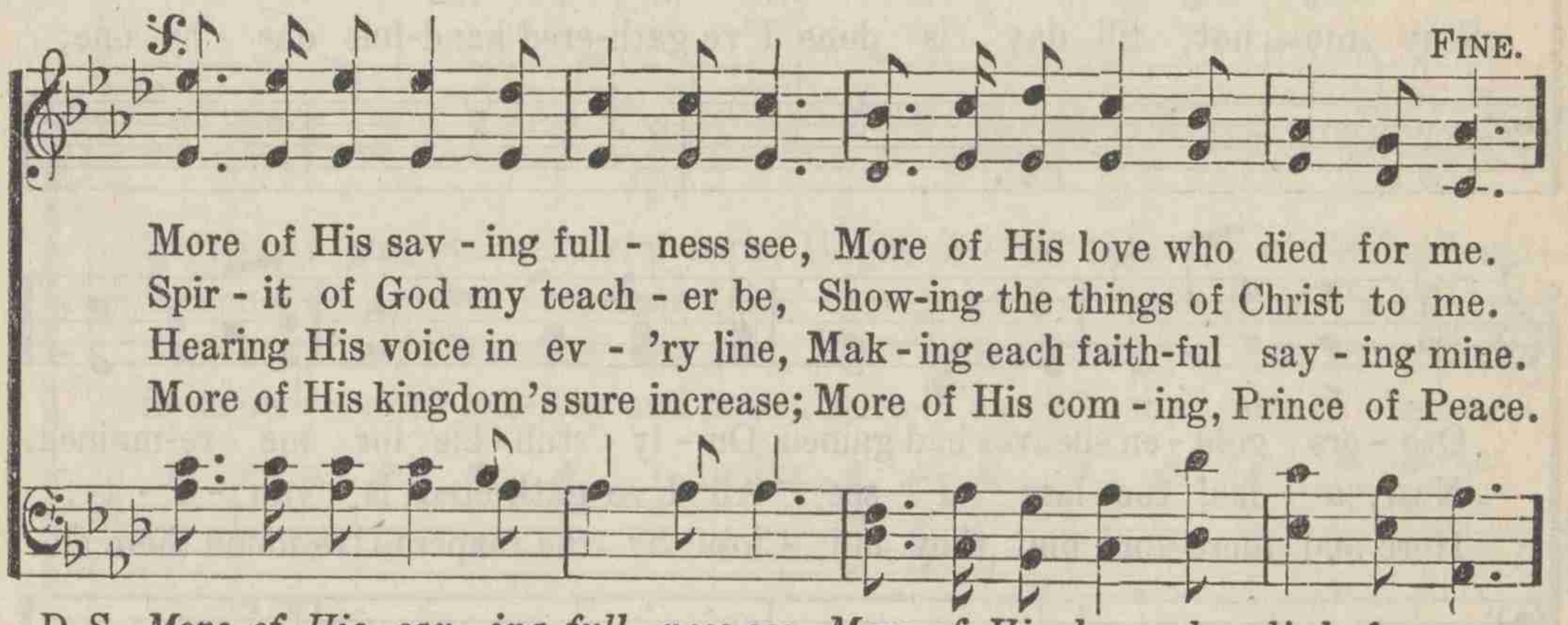


No. 109. More About Jesus.

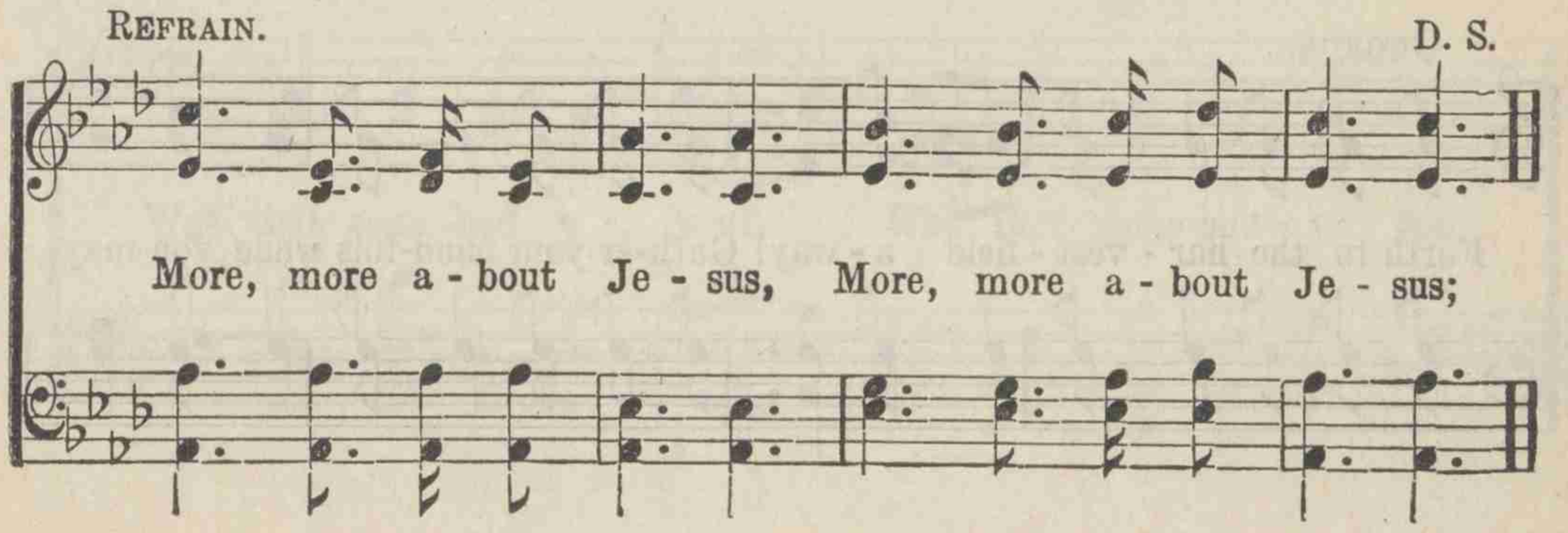
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USED BY PER. OF L. E. SWENEY, EXECUTRIX.

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





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



No. 110. Where Hast Thou Gleaned To-Day?

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USED BY PERMISSION.

P. P. Bliss. P. P. Bliss.

Question.

1. Wear - y glean-er, whence comest thou, With emp-ty hands and cloud-ed brow?
2. Care - less glean-er, what hast thou here, These fad-ed flow'rs and leaf-lets sere?
3. Bur-dened glean-er, thy sheaves I see; In - deed thou must a - wear - y be!

Plod-ding a - long thy lone - ly way, Tell me, where hast thou gleaned to-day?
Hun-gry and thirst-y, tell me, pray, Where, oh, where hast thou gleaned to-day?
Sing-ing a - long the homeward way, Glad one, where hast thou gleaned to-day?

Answer.

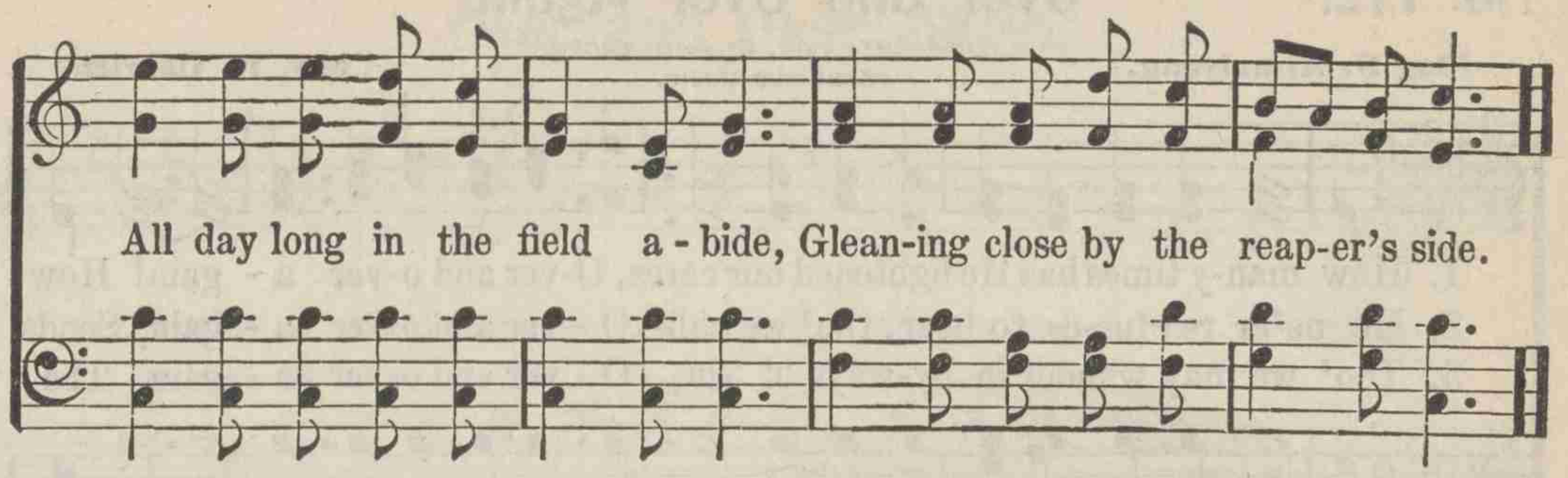
Late I found a bar - ren field, The har - vest past, my search re-vealed
All day long in sha - dy bow'rs, I've gai - ly sought earth's fairest flow'rs;
Stay me not, till day is done I've gath-ered hand-fuls one by one;

Oth - ers gold - en sheaves had gained, On - ly stub - ble for me re-mained.
Now, a - las! too late I see All I've gath-ered is van - i - ty.
Here and there for me they fall, Close by the reapers I've found them all.

CHORUS.

Forth to the har - vest - field a - way! Gath-er your hand-fuls while you may;

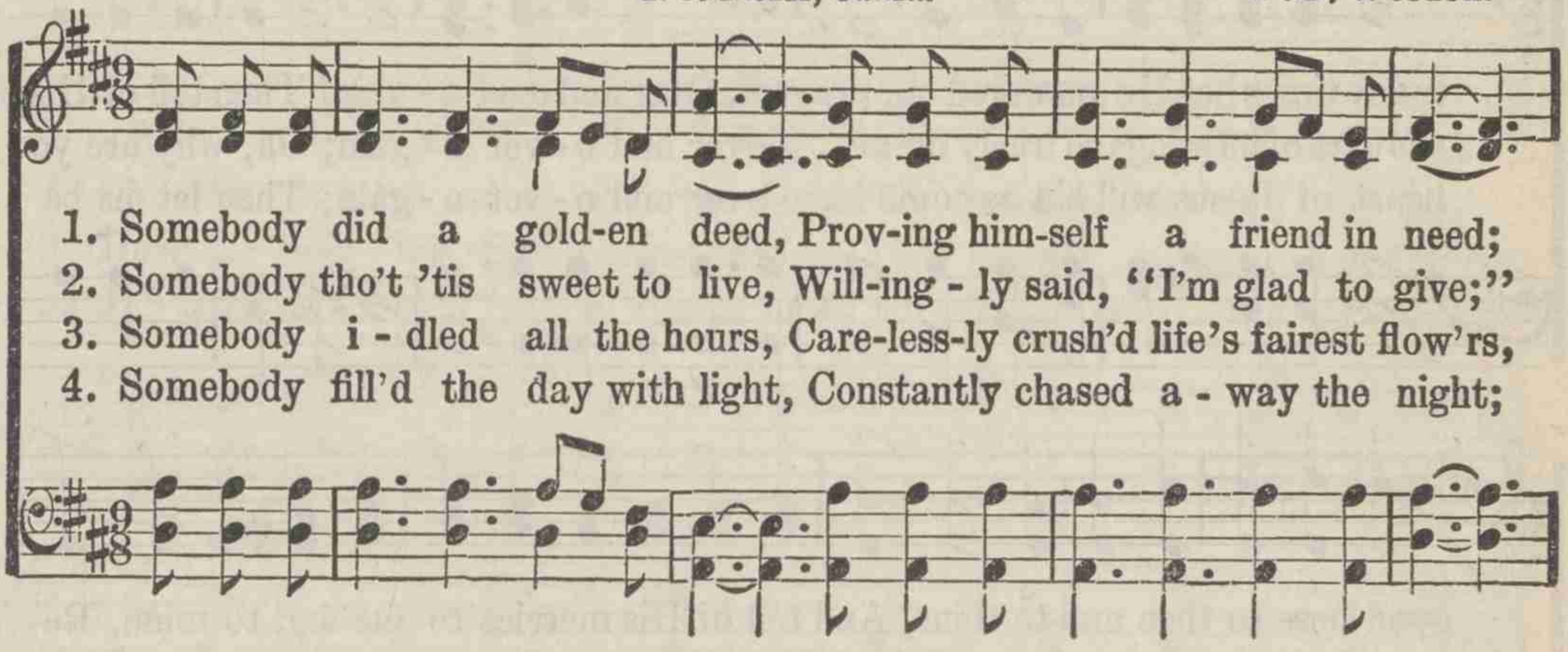
Where Hast Thou Gleaned To-Day?

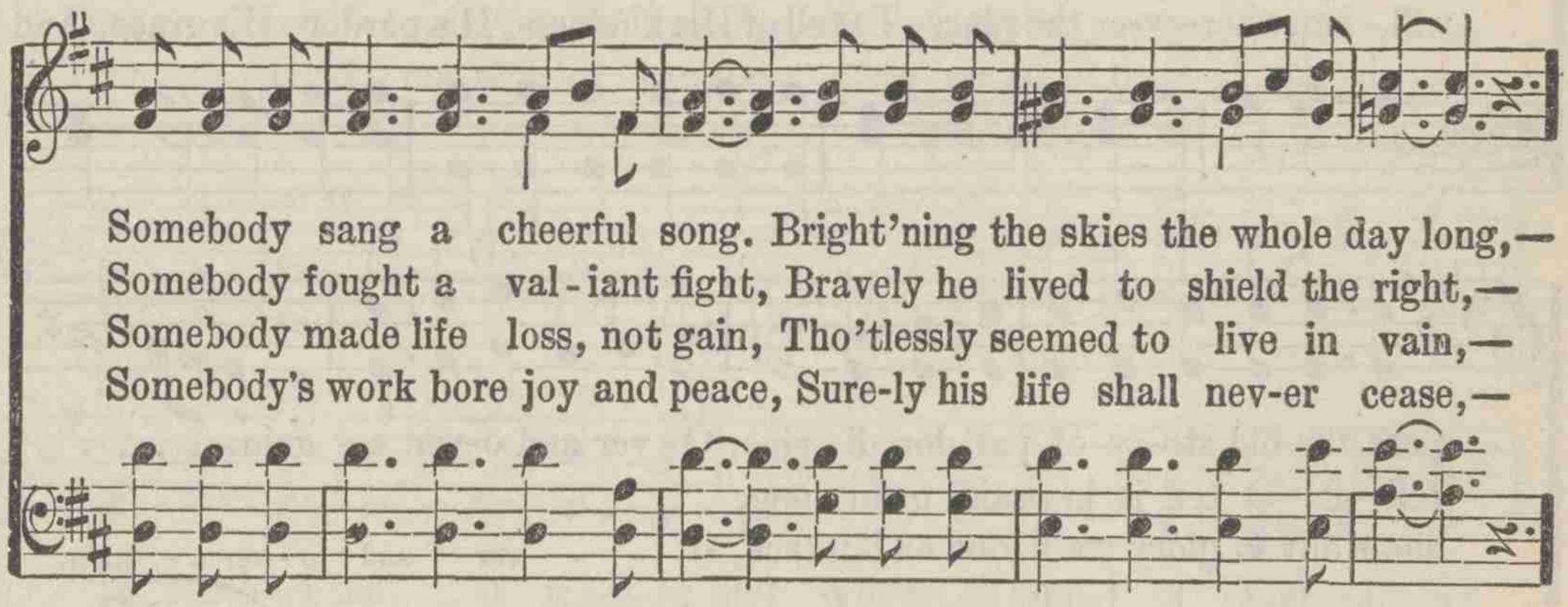


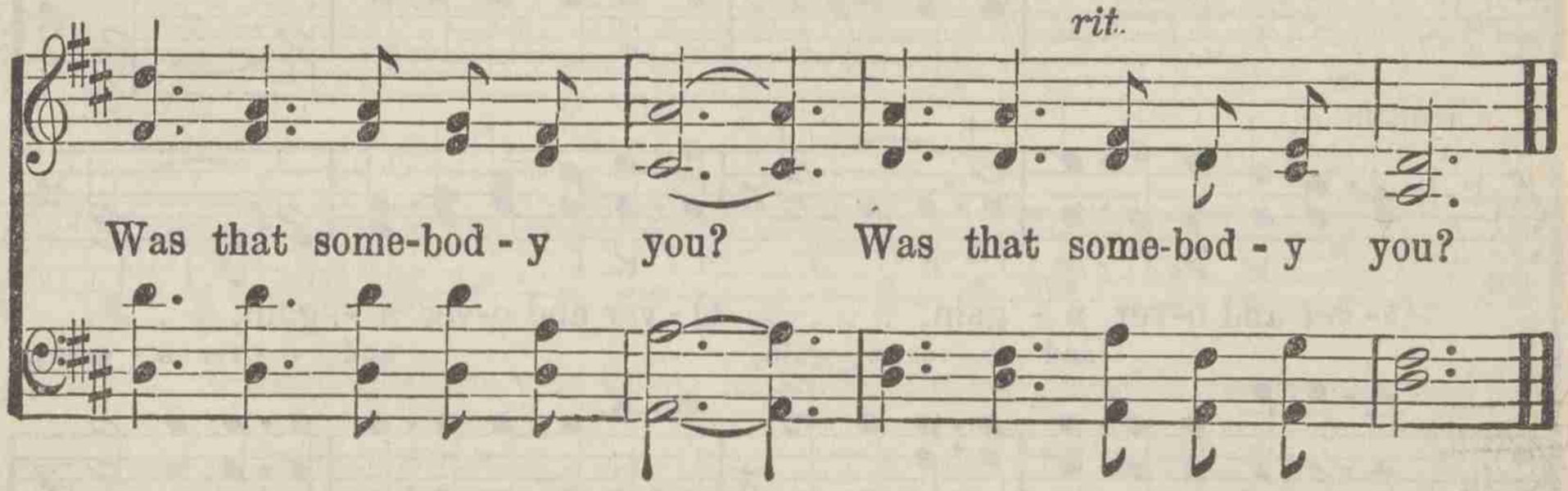
No. 111. Somebody.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

John R. Clements. W. S. Weeden.







No. 112. Over and Over Again.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Floy S. Armstrong. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. How man-y times has He lightened our cares, O-ver and o-ver a - gain! How
2. He ne'er re - fus-es to hear, tho' we call O - ver and o-ver a - gain, Sends
3. Tho' we may wander in by-ways of sin, O - ver and o-ver a - gain, The

many times has He answered our prayers, Over and over a - gain! Then tell of His
show'rs of blessings so freely on all, O-ver and o - ver a - gain; Oh, why are you
heart of Je-sus will bid us come in, O-ver and o - ver a - gain; Then let us be

good-ness to thee and to thine, And tell of His mercies to me and to mine, Re-
si - lent so often, so long, When telling the story will turn them from wrong? Then
will - ing, wher-ev-er the place, To tell of His kindness, His pardon, His grace, And

peat the old sto-ry of par-don di - vine, O - ver and o-ver a - gain. . . . .
tell it, O tell it in praise or in song,
some day in glory we'll look on His face, o - - - ver and o - ver a - gain.

CHORUS.

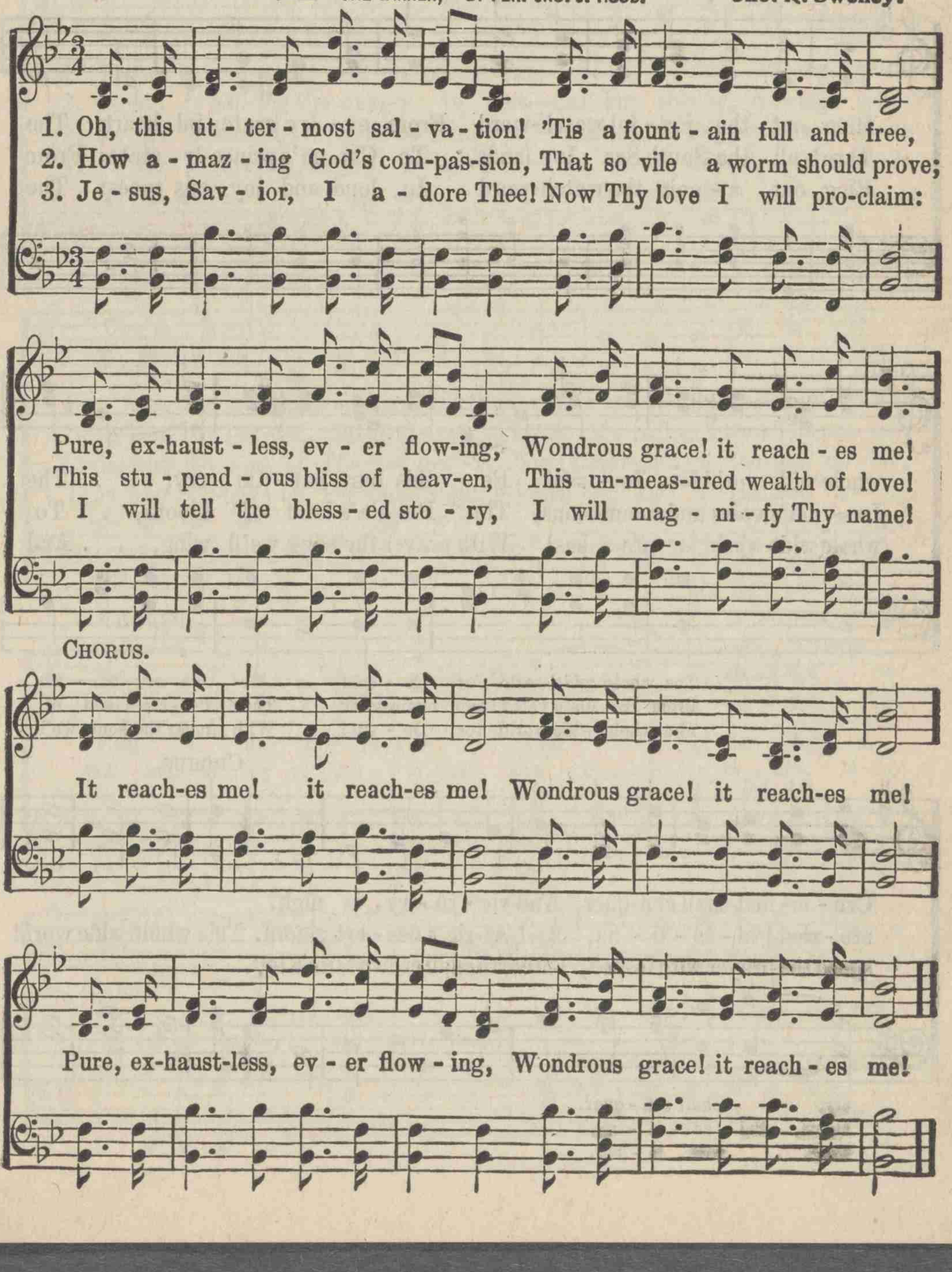
O - ver and o-ver a - gain, . . . O - ver and o-ver a - gain, ...
and o - ver a - gain, and o - ver a - gain,

Over and Over Again.



No. 113 It Reaches Me.

Mary D. James. FROM "THE GARNER," BY PER. JNO. J. HOOD. Jno. R. Sweney.



No. 114. The Whole Wide World for Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY WILL L. THOMPSON,
EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO.

Will L. Thompson.

1. The whole wide world for Je - sus! Once more, be - fore we part,
2. The whole wide world for Je - sus! From out the Gold - en Gate,
3. The whole wide world for Je - sus! Its hearts, and homes, and thrones;

Ring out the joy - ful watch-word From ev - 'ry grate - ful heart; The
Thro' all the South Sea Is - lands, To Chi - na's prince-ly state; From
Ring out a - gain the watch-word In loud and joy - ous tones: The

whole wide world for Je - sus! Be this our bat - tle cry; . . The
In - dia's vales and moun-tains, Thro' Per-sia's land of bloom, . To
whole wide world for Je - sus! With prayer the song we'll wing, . . And

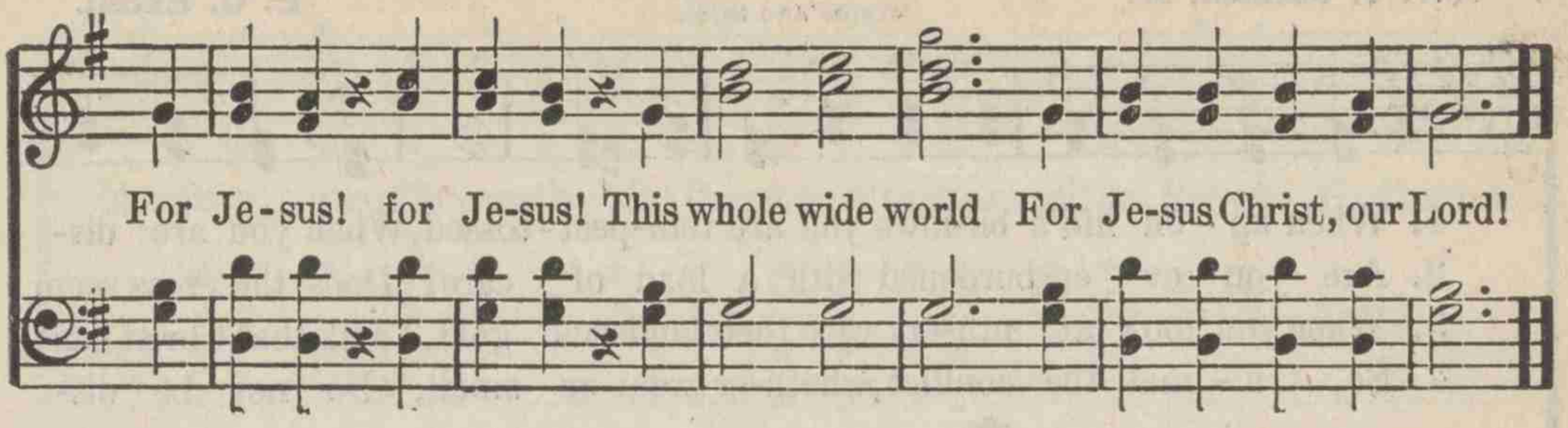
The whole wide world for Je - sus! Be this our bat - tle
From In - dia's vales and moun-tains, Thro' Per - sia's land of
The whole wide world for Je - sus! With prayer the song we'll

CHORUS.

Cru - ci - fied shall con-quer, And vic - to - ry is nigh.
sto - ried Pal - es - ti - na, And Af-ric's des - ert gloom. This whole wide world
speed the prayer with la-bor, Till earth shall crown Him King.

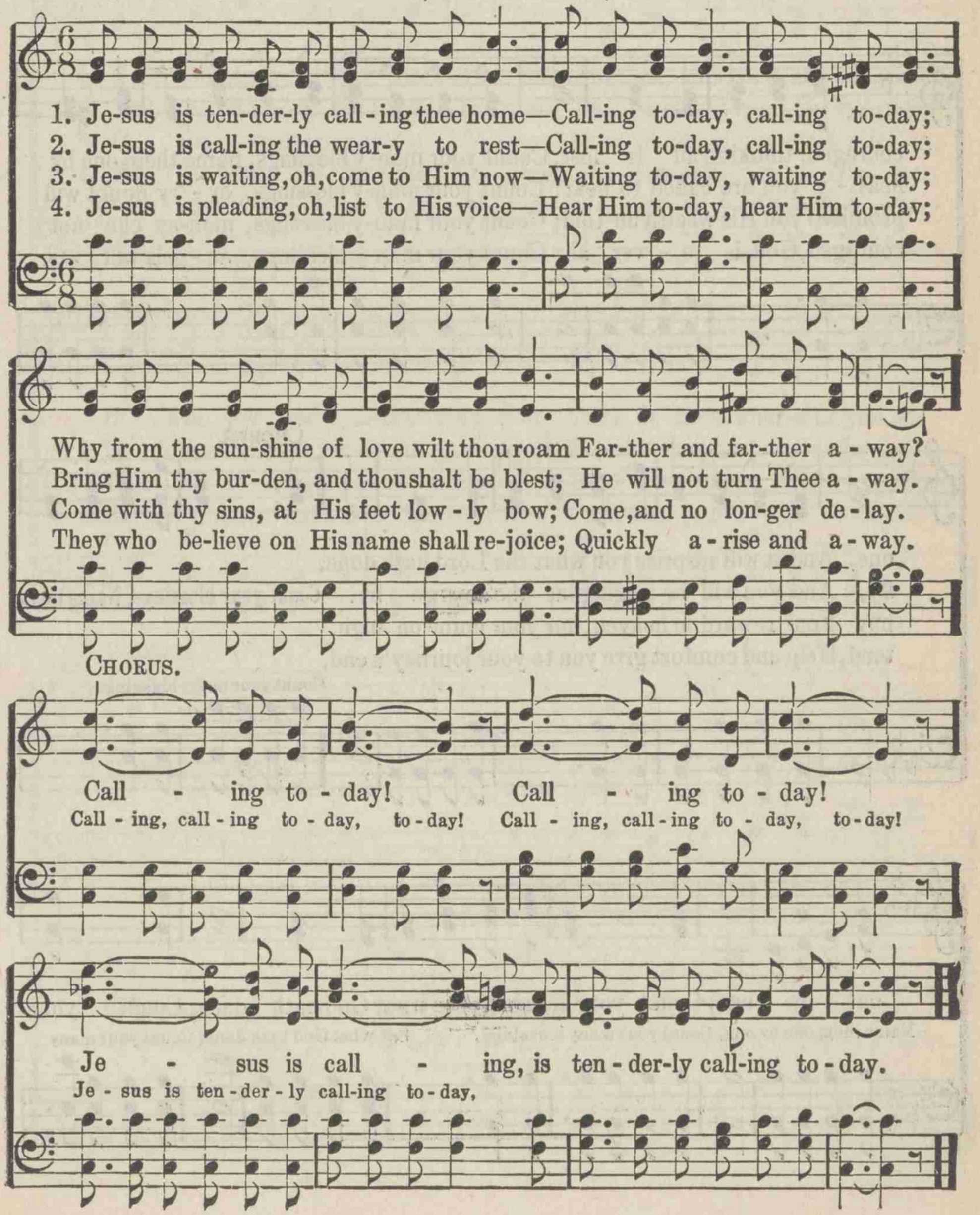
cry; . . shall con - quer,
bloom, Pal - es - ti - na,
wing, . . with la - bor,

The Whole Wide World for Jesus.



No. 115. Jesus is Calling.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS, RENEWAL. Geo. C. Stebbins.

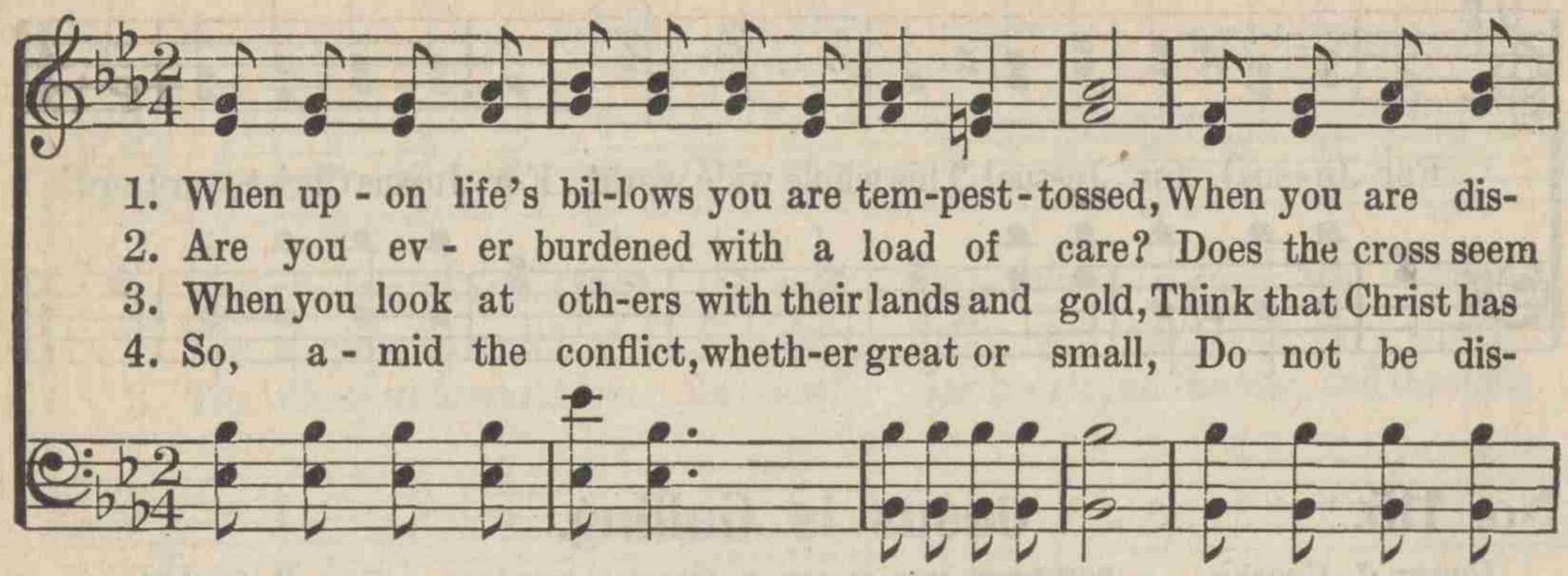


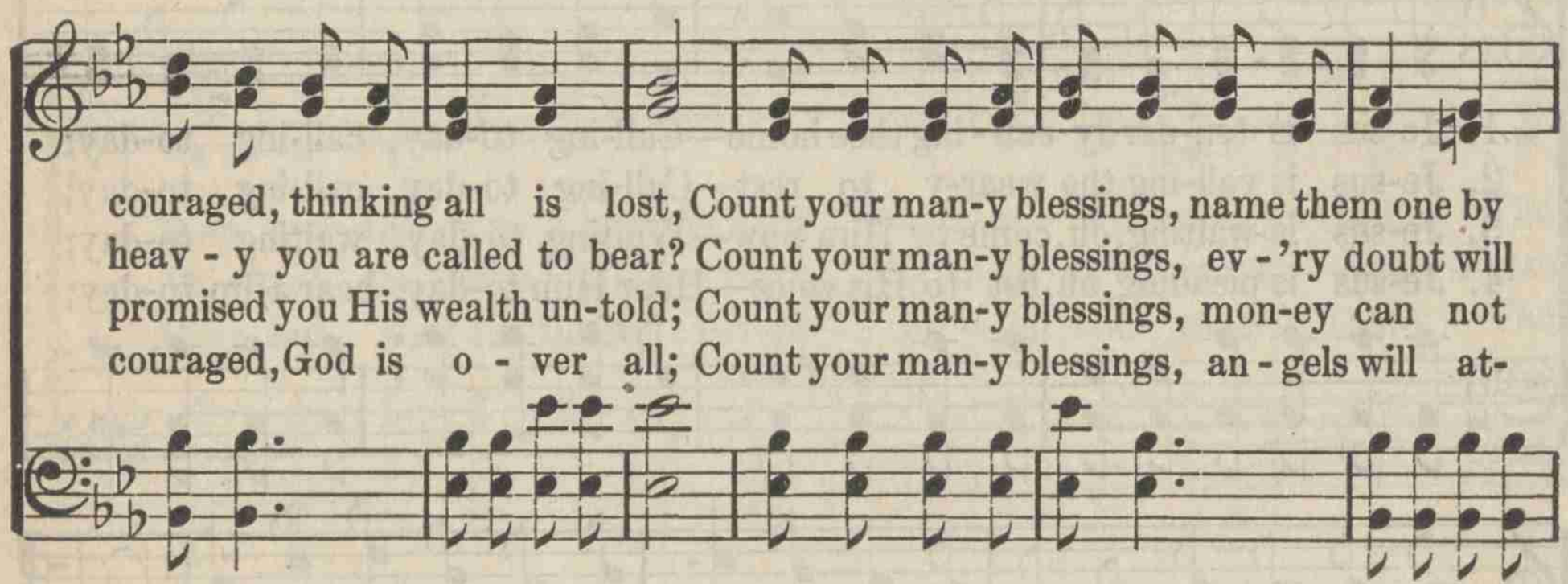
No. 116. Count Your Blessings.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

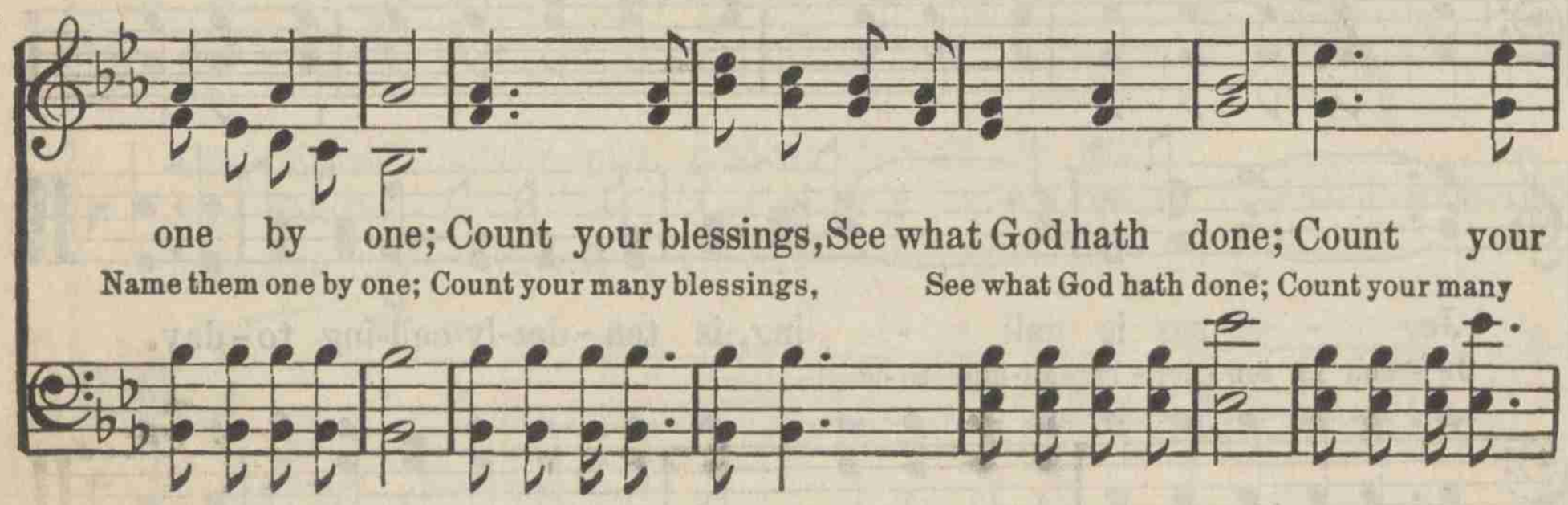
COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC

E. O. Excell.









Count Your Blessings.

rit.

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

No. 117. Take the Name of Jesus With You.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

No. 118 Come Today.

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

R. L. B. R. L. Blowers.

1. Do you hear the Savior's voice so sweet-ly call - ing, Come to-day,
2. If you trust Him He will take a - way your sor - row, Day by day,
3. He a - lone can give you par-don and sal - va - tion, Full and free,

Come to - day,

come to-day; He will wipe the teardrops now so swift-ly fall - ing,
day by day; And in safe - ty lead you to that bright to-mor - row,
full and free; "Who - so - ev - er," is the bless-ed in - vi - ta - tion,

come to - day;

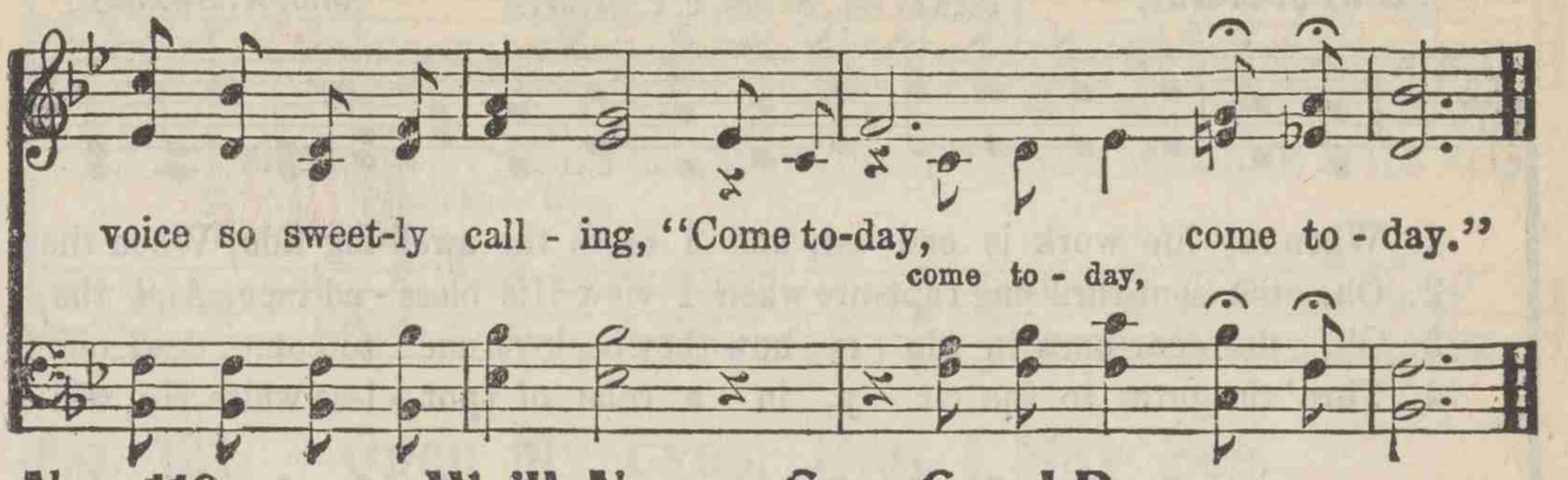
All a - way, all a - way; Come to Him now with all your
All the way, all the way; His arms are o - pen to re-
"Come to me, come to me;" Then wait no long-er, night is

All a - way, all a - way;

CHORUS.

sor - row, No long - er turn from Him a - way;
ceive you; From sin and dark-ness turn a - way; List - en to His lov-ing
fall - ing, Too late, too late, He soon may say;

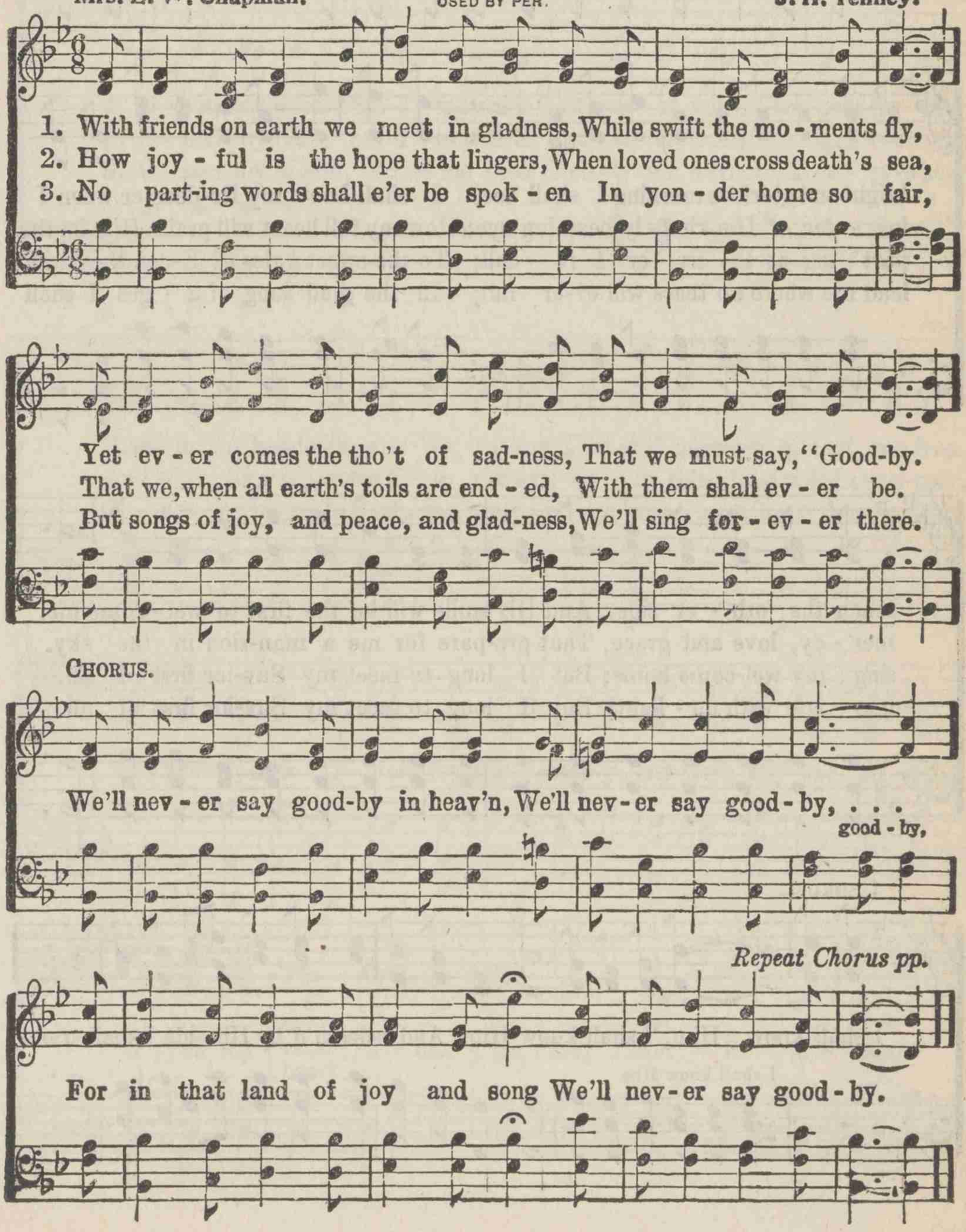
Come Today.



No. 119. We'll Never Say Good-By.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY JOHN J. HOOD.
USED BY PER.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. J. H. Tenney.



No. 120. My Savior First of All.

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
USED BY PER. OF MRS. L. E. SWENEY.

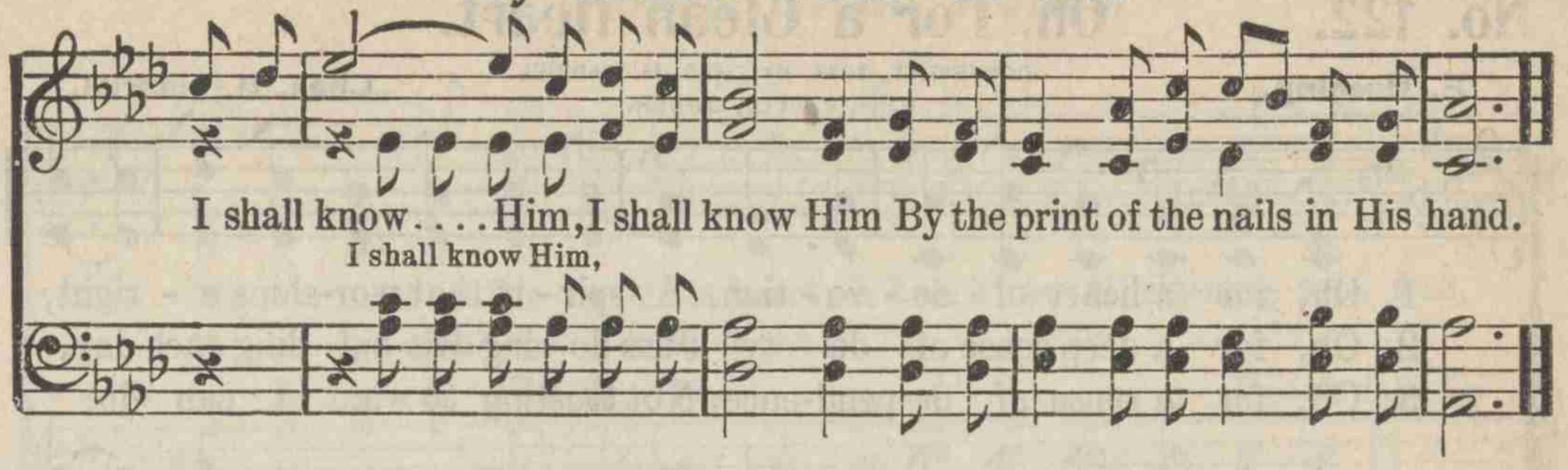
Fanny J. Crosby. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. When my life work is end - ed, and I cross the swell-ing tide, When the bright and glorious morning I shall see, I shall know my Re-deemer when I reach the oth - er side, And His smile will be the first to wel - come me.
2. Oh, the soul-thrill-ing rapt-ure when I view His bless - ed face, And the lus - ter of His kind - ly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the mer - cy, love and grace, That pre-pare for me a man-sion in the sky.
3. Oh, the dear ones in glo - ry, how they beck-on me to come, And our part - ing at the riv - er I re - call; To the sweet vales of E-den they will sing my wel-come home; But I long to meet my Sav-ior first of all.
4. Thro' the gates to the cit - y, in a robe of spot - less white He will lead me where no tears will ev-er fall; In the glad song of a - ges I shall min - gle with de - light; But I long to meet my Sav-ior first of all.

CHORUS.

I shall know Him, I shall know Him, And redeem'd by His side I shall stand,
I shall know Him

My Savior First of All.

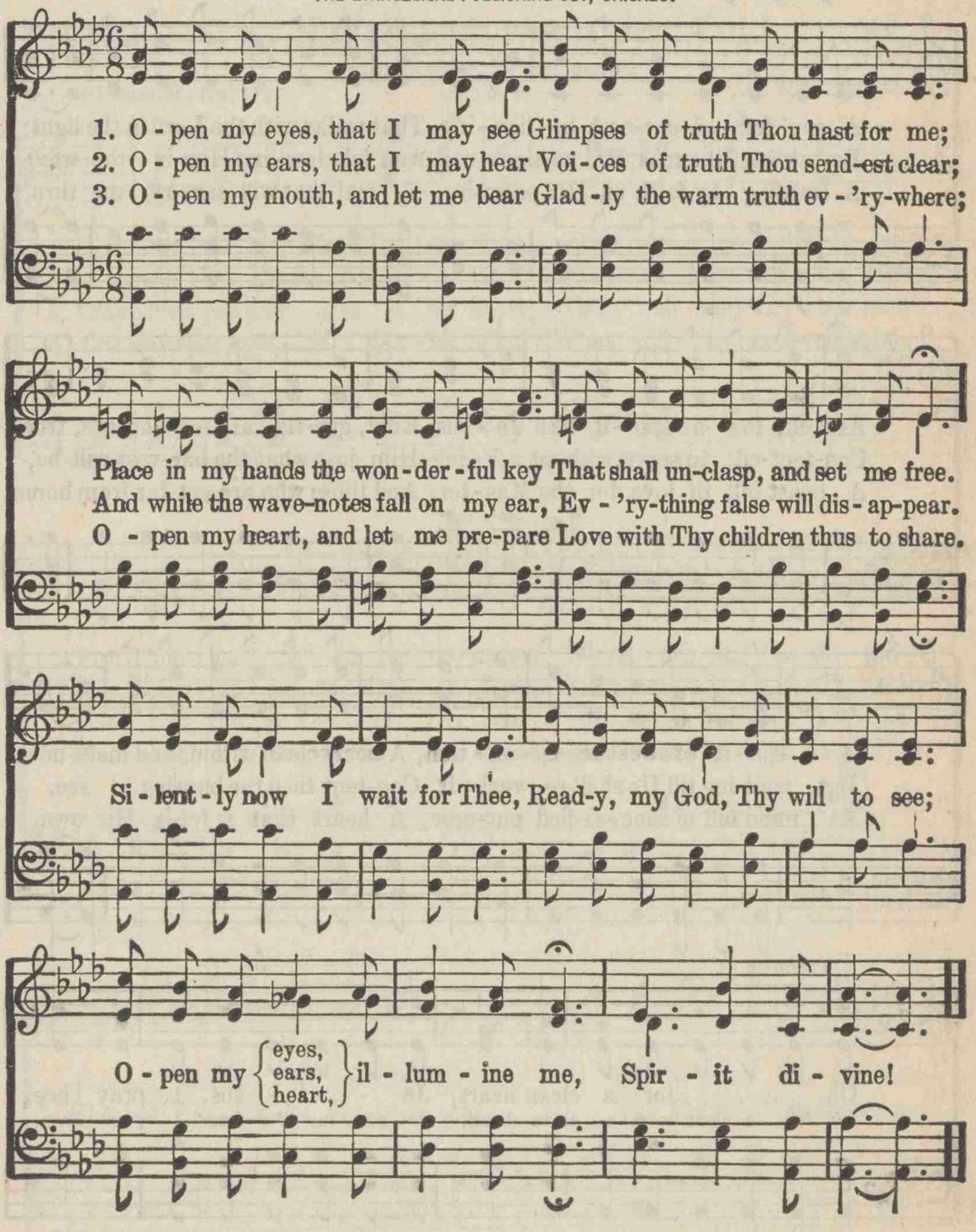


No. 121. Open My Eyes, That I May See.

C. H. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY CLARA M. SCOTT. OWNED BY THE EVANGELICAL PUBLISHING CO., CHICAGO.

Chas. H. Scott.



No. 122. Oh, For a Clean Heart.

E. Hoening.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Oh, for a heart of de - vo - tion, A spir - it that wor-ships a - right,
A soul full of ear-nest be - liev - ing, That walks with the Lord in the light;
And oh, for a spir - it like Je - sus, Kind, gen-tle, af - fec-tion-ate, true,
A heart full of love for the Mas - ter, And those who are yet far from home;

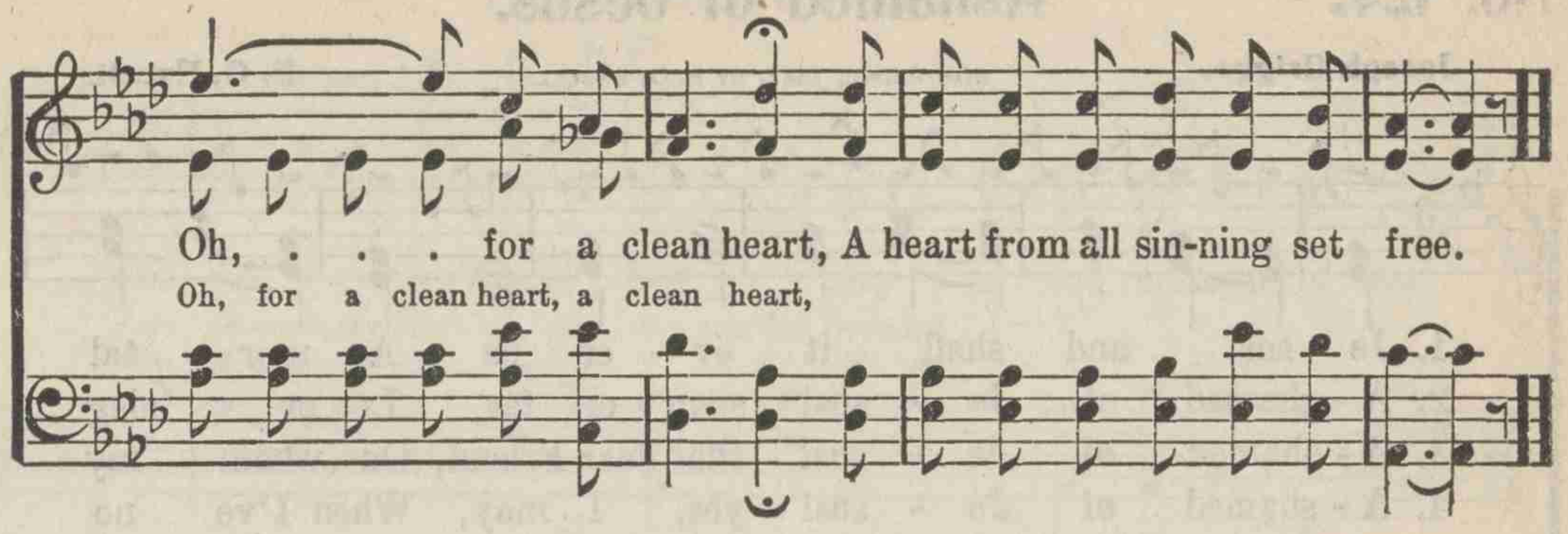
2. Oh, for a deep sense of du - ty—Just do - ing His bid - ding each day,
By tak-ing the task He as-signs me, And fol - low - ing Him in the way;
Con-tent-ed to serve, without ask - ing Him just what the har-vest will be,
A spir - it of sweet res-ig - na - tion, A heart clean within, and made new.

3. Oh, for a sense of de-pend-ence, Not trusting to what I can do;
A lean-ing by faith on His prom-ise, A zeal that will car - ry me thro';
But wait-ing till He shall re - veal it, Con-tent then the blessing to see.
A mind full of sanc - ti-fied pur-pose, A heart that is ful-ly His own.

CHORUS.

Oh, . . . for a clean heart, Je - - - sus, I pray Thee,
Oh, for a clean heart, a clean heart, Je - sus, my Sav - ior, I pray Thee,

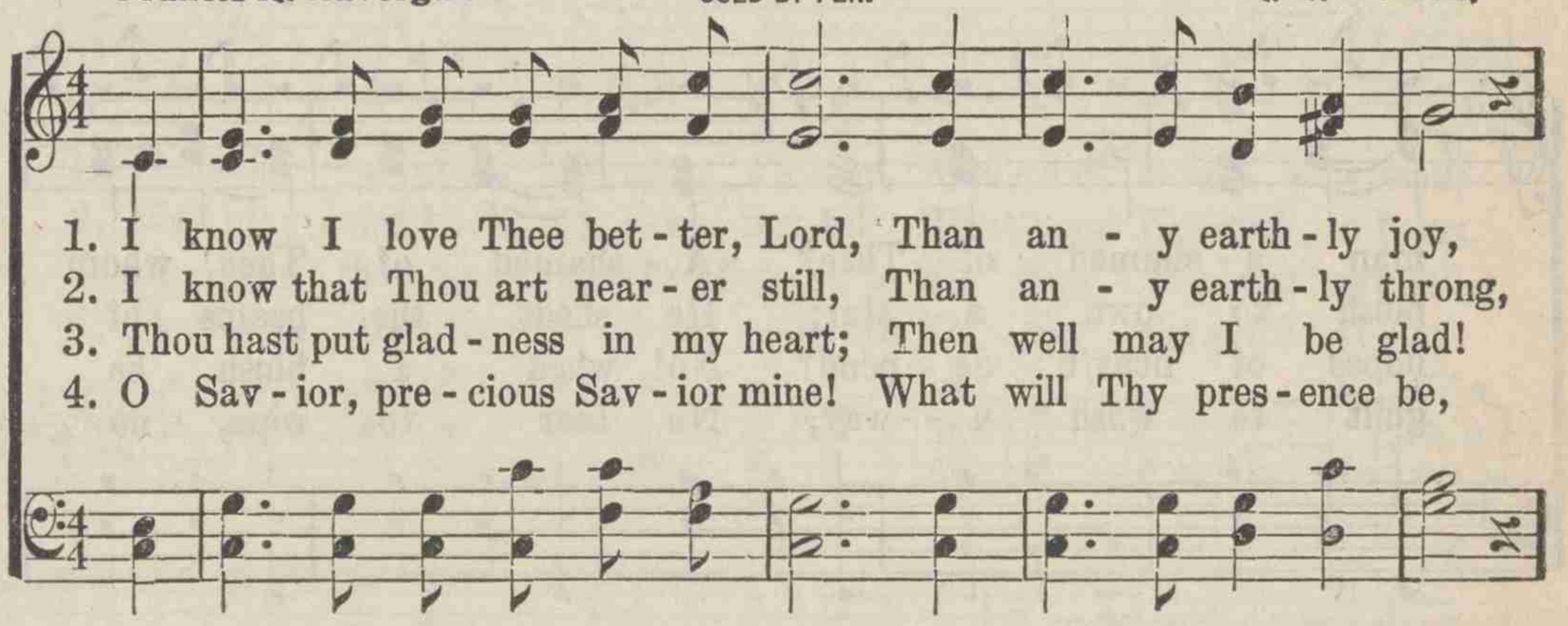
Oh, For a Clean Heart.

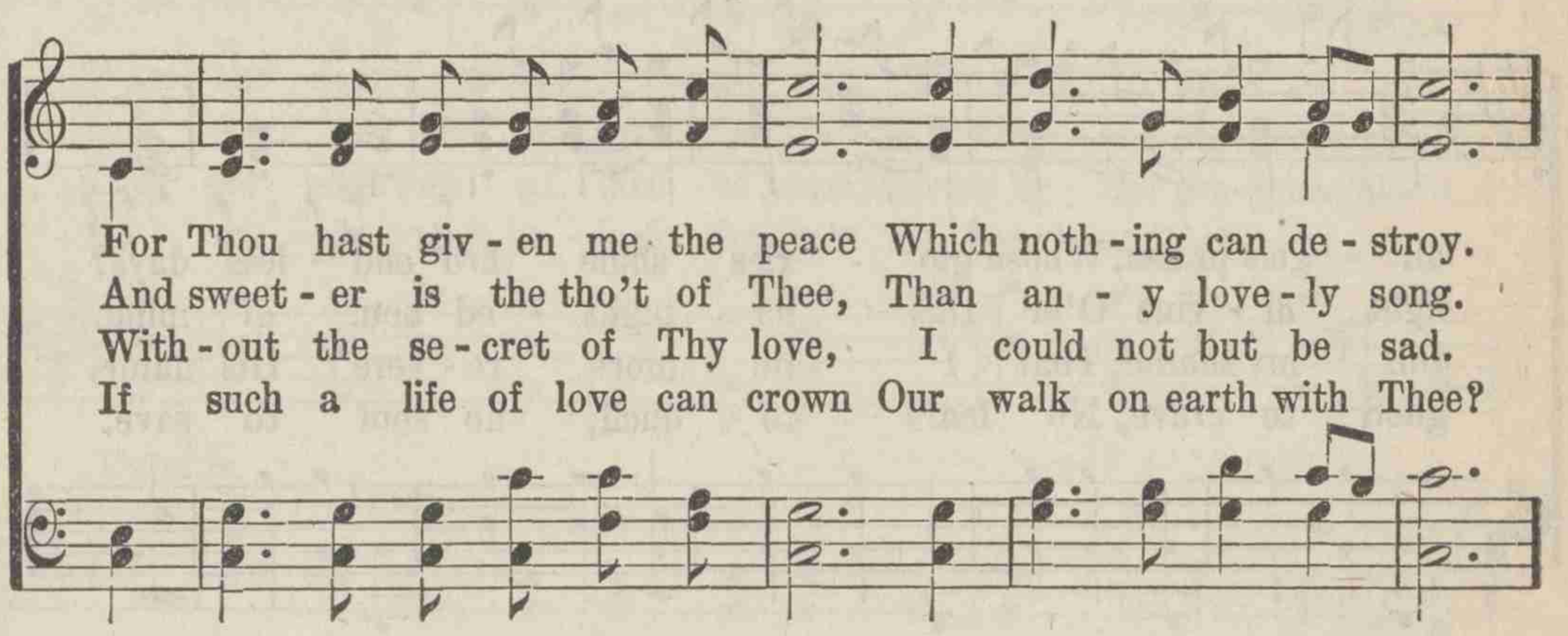


No. 123. The Half Has Never Been Told.

COPYRIGHT, 1883, BY R. E. HUDSON.
USED BY PER.

Frances R. Havergal. **R. E. Hudson.**





CHORUS.



No. 124. Ashamed of Jesus.

Joseph Griggs. COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O. EXCELL. **E. O. Excell.**

1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be A mor - tal
2. A - shamed of Je - sus! soon - er far Let ev - 'ning
3. A - shamed of Je - sus! that dear Friend, On whom my
4. A - shamed of Je - sus! yes, I may, When I've no

man a - shamed of Thee? A - shamed of Thee, whom
blush to own a star; He sheds the beams of
hopes of heav'n de - pend? No! when I blush be
guilt to wash a - way, No tear to wipe, no

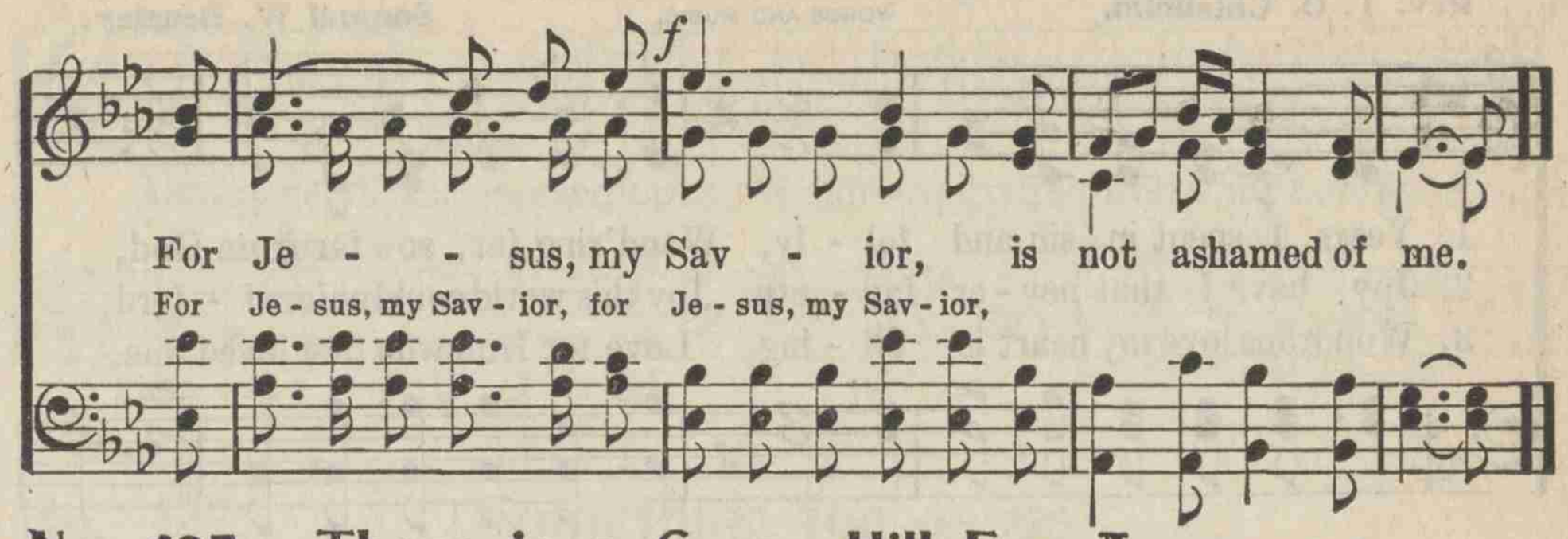
an - gels praise, Whose glo - ries shine thro' end - less days?
light di - vine O'er this be - night - ed soul of mine.
this my shame, That I no more re - vere His name.
good to crave, No fears to quell, no soul to save.

CHORUS.

A-shamed .... of Je - sus, I nev-er, I nev-er will be;
A-shamed of Je-sus, a-shamed of Je - sus, I nev - er, I nev - er, I nev-er will be;

* Tenor and Bass sing the upper *large* notes; the Sop. and Alto the lower. Small notes with the large ones for organist.

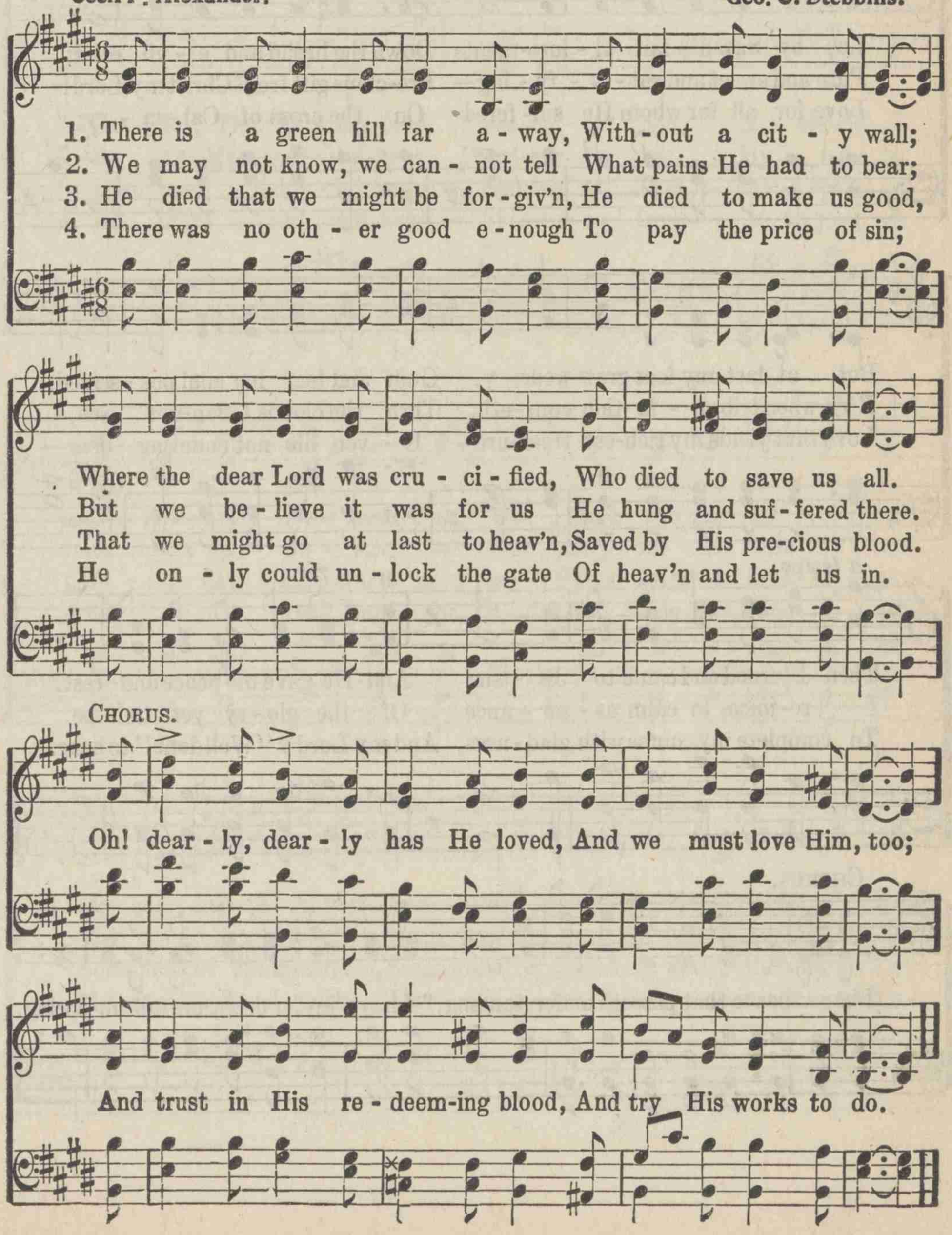
Ashamed of Jesus.



No. 125. There is a Green Hill Far Away.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS. RENEWAL.

Cecil F. Alexander. Geo. C. Stebbins.



No. 126. His Wondrous Gifts To Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Rev. T. O. Chisholm. WORDS AND MUSIC. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Years I spent in sin and fol - ly, Wand'ring far, so far from God,
2. Joy have I that nev - er fail - eth, Joy this world could ne'er af - ford,
3. Wondrous love my heart is fill - ing, Love for Him who first loved me,

Led by Satan's fair al - lure-ments Down the broad and e - vil road;
Pure and sweet and sat - is - fy - ing— Pre-cious gift from Christ my Lord!
Love for all for whom He suf - fered On the cross of Cal - va - ry;

rit.

But at last my feet grew wear - y, Guilt and fear my soul pos - sessed,
E'en when trib - u - la - tion com - eth, Thro' the clouds I can-not see,
Love that yields my rich-est treas-ure— E - ven life not counting dear—

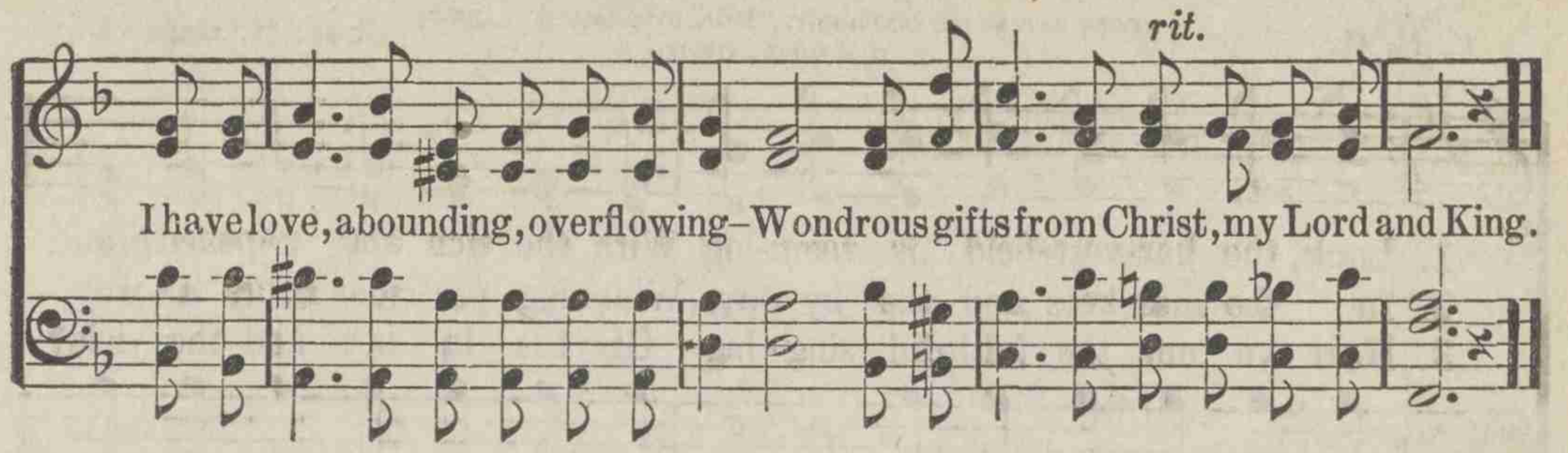
a tempo. *rit.*

Then I turned and came to Je - sus And He gave me peace and rest.
I re-joice in calm as - sur - ance Of the glo - ry yet to be.
To complete my course with glad - ness, And my Lord's "Well done" to hear.

CHORUS.

I have "peace that passeth understanding," I have joy, a deep, un-fail-ing spring,

His Wondrous Gifts To Me.

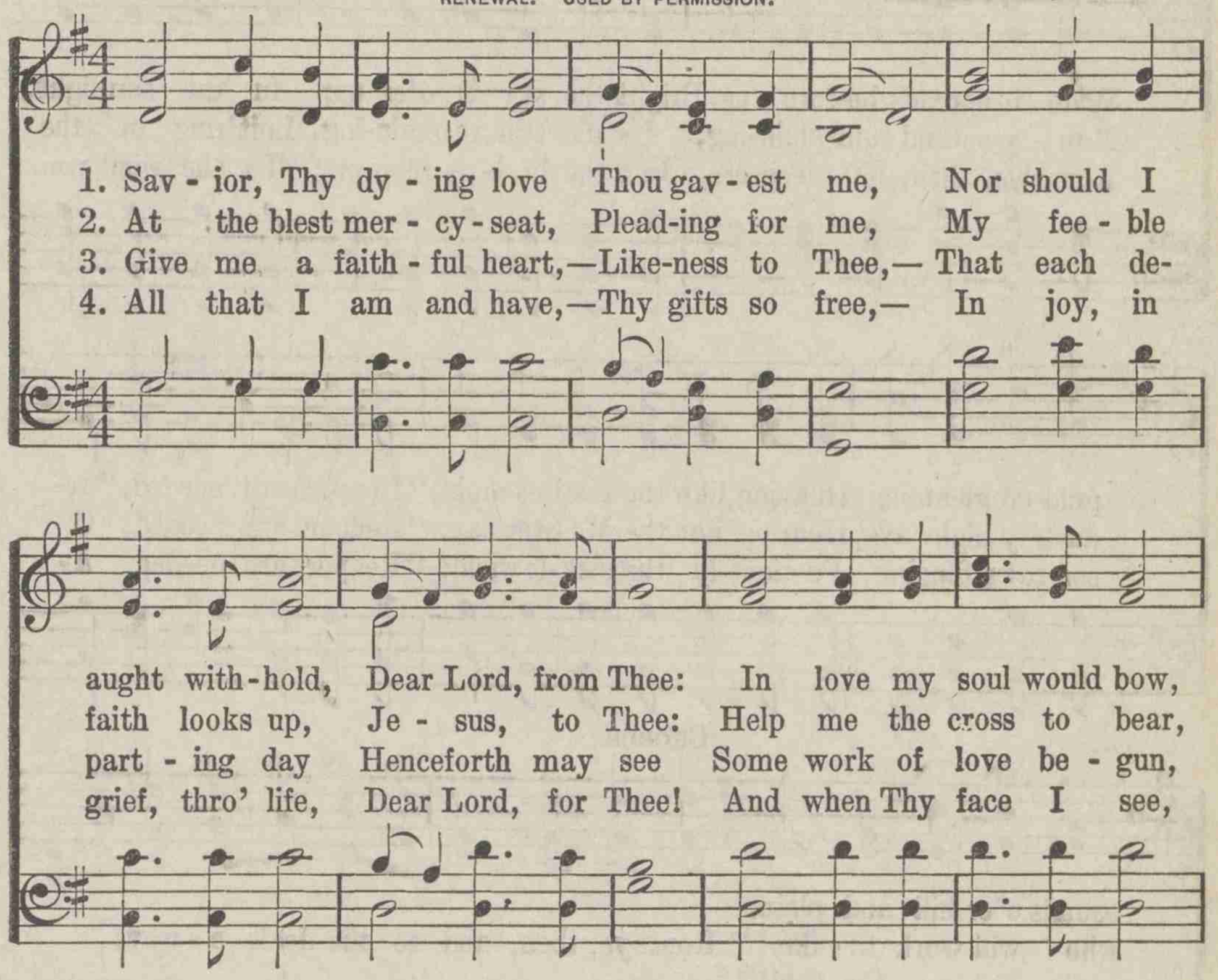


No. 127. Something for Jesus.

S. D. Phelps, D. D.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY ROBERT LOWRY.
RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION.

Robert Lowry, D. D.



No. 128. Harvest Song!

C. H. G.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Look, the har-vest-field is teem-ing With the rich and ri-pened grain;
2. In the mar-kets and the by-ways, Whil-ing pre-cious hours a-way,
3. Hear ye not the faith-ful sing-ing Of the la-bor and the yield?

Wide it spreads be-fore us, Bright the sky is o'er us; In the sun-light,
Man-y stand com-plain-ing, I-dle still re-main-ing, Loit'ring in the
Rouse ye, then, O sleep-ers, Join the hap-py reap-ers; To the wind your

gold-en gleaming, Heaving like the restless main, "Reapers are needed," re-
dust-y highways, Hearing not the Mas-ter say: "Reapers are needed, O
sor-rows flinging, Pa-tient-ly the sick-le wield: "Reapers are needed, A-

CHORUS.

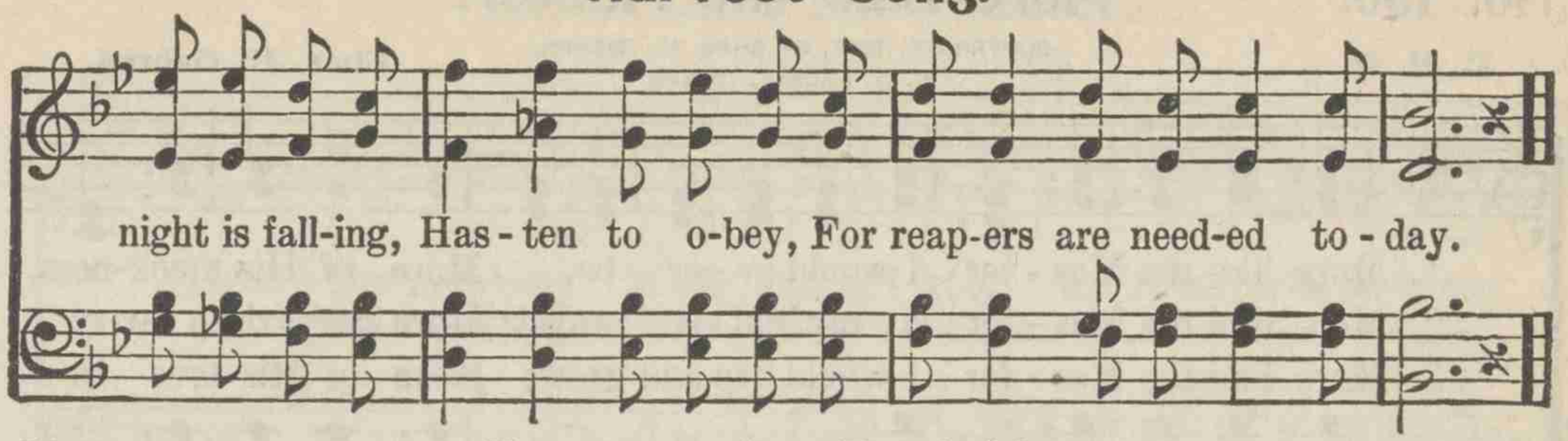
sounds o'er hill and plain.
who will work to-day?" Rouse ye, then, and to the fields a-way,
wake, and to the field!"

to the fields a-way,

Go la-bor for the Mas-ter while you may; Lo! He is call-ing,

Mas - - ter while you may;

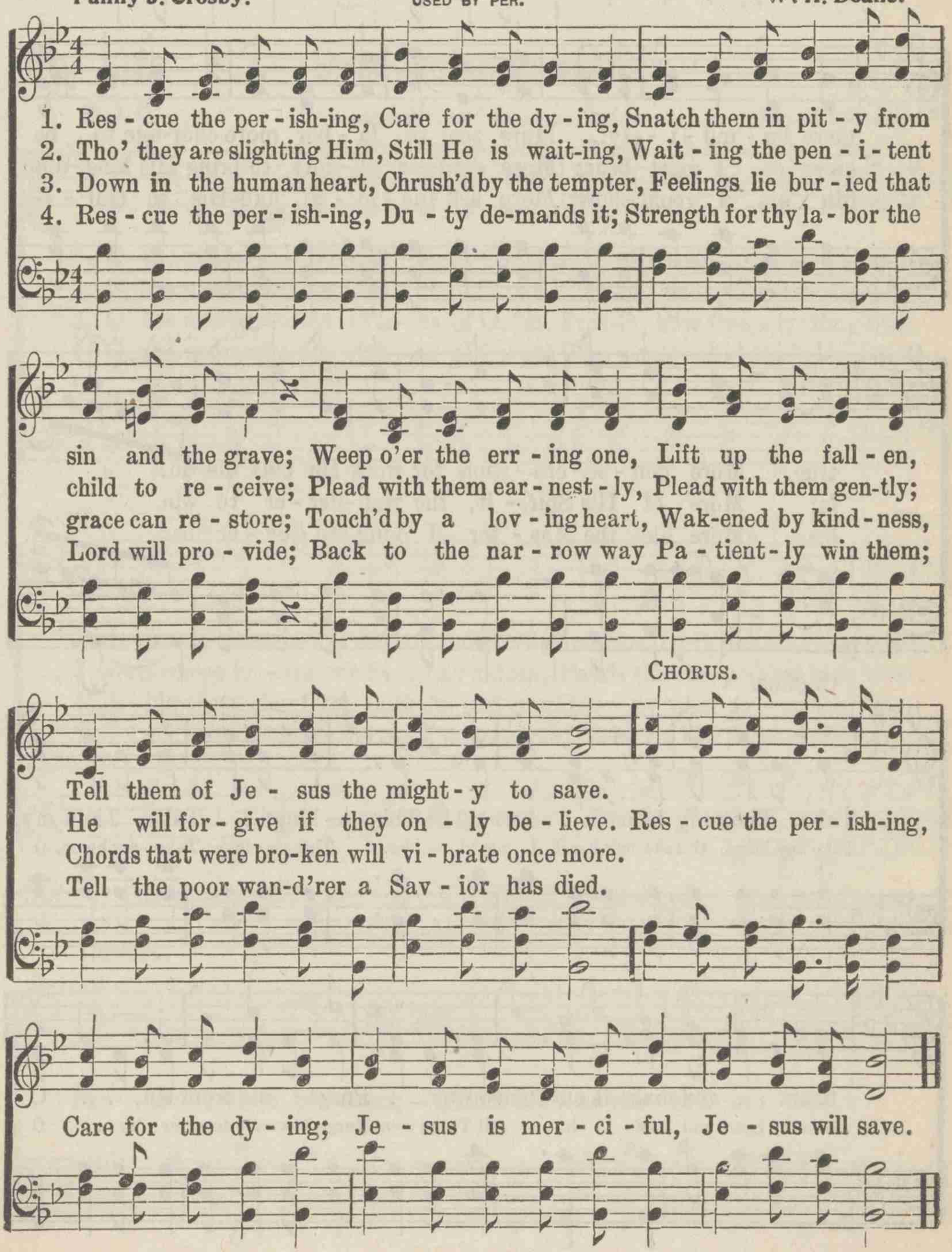
Harvest Song.



No. 129. Rescue the Perishing.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY W. H. DOANE.
USED BY PER.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.



No. 130. More Like the Master.

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

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

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

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

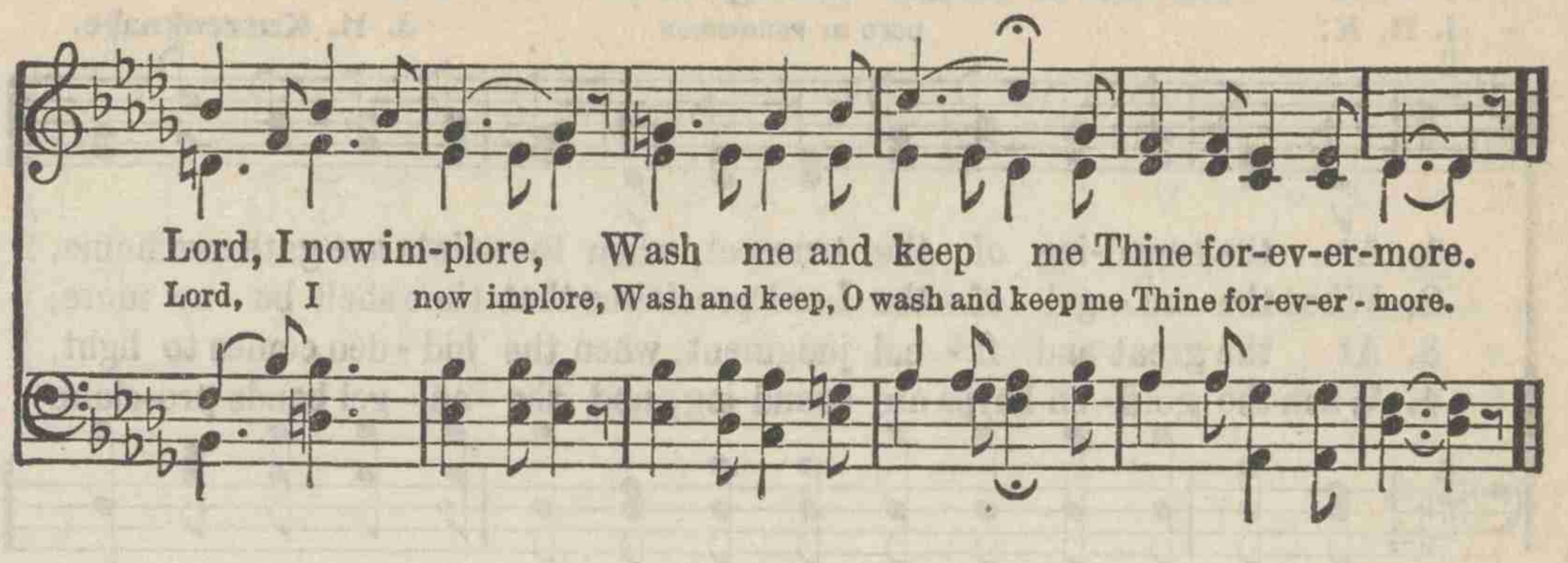
rit.

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

CHORUS.

Take Thou my heart, . . I would be Thine a - lone; . . Take Thou my
Take my heart, O take my heart, I would be Thine a - lone; Take my heart, O
heart . . and make it all Thine own; . . Purge me from sin, . . O
take my heart and make it all Thine own; Purge Thou me from ev - 'ry sin, O

More Like the Master.

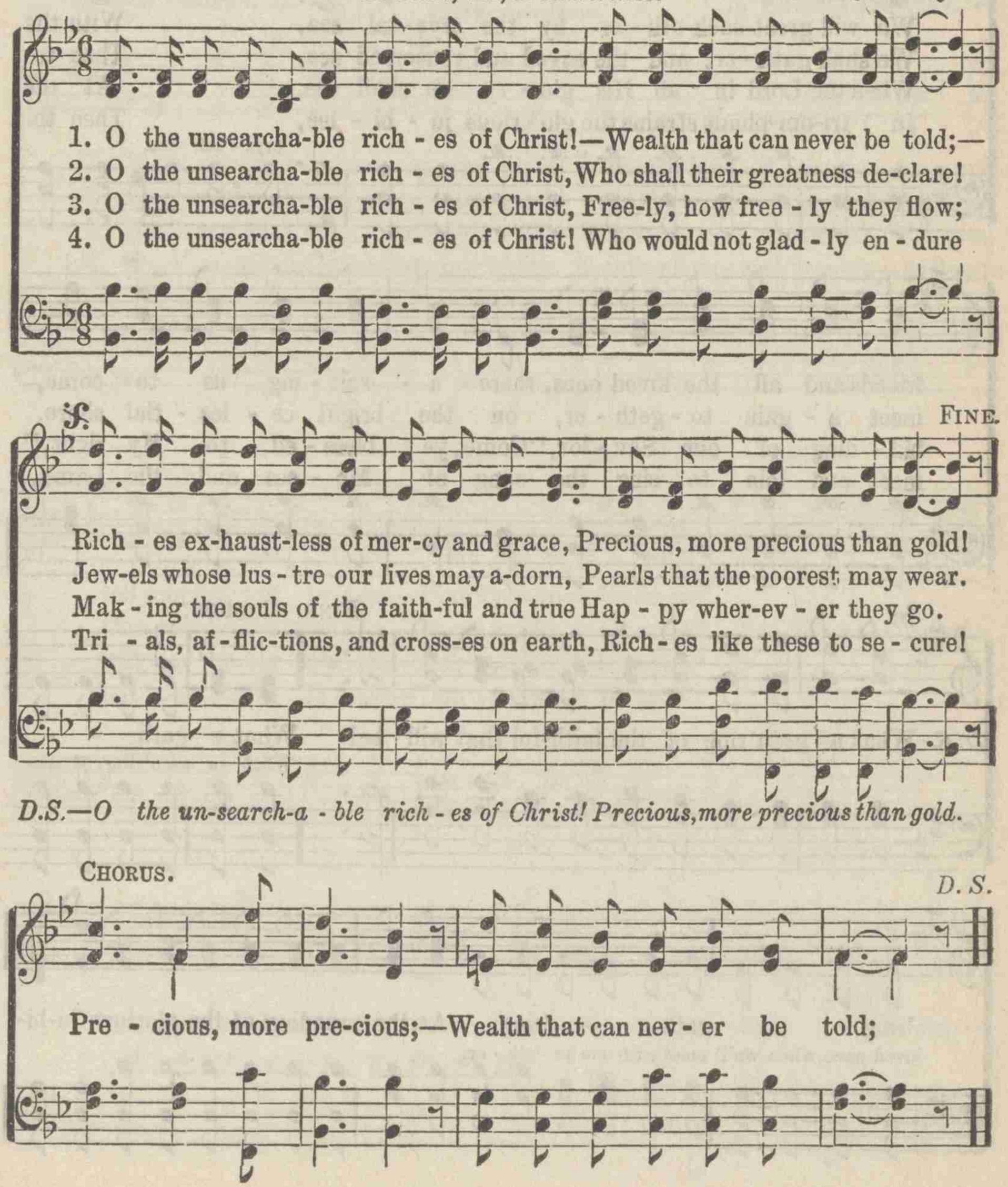


No. 131. Unsearchable Riches.

F. J. C.

COPYPIGHT, 1882, BY JOHN J. HOOD.

Jno. R Sweney.



No. 132. What a Gathering That Will Be.

J. H. K. USED BY PERMISSION. J. H. Kurzenknabe.

1. At the sound-ing of the trumpet, when the saints are gathered home,
2. When the an - gel of the Lord proclaims that time shall be no more,
3. At the great and fi - nal judgment, when the hid - den comes to light,
4. When the gold - en harps are sound-ing, and the an - gel bands pro-claim

We will greet each oth - er by the crys - tal sea, With the
We shall gath - er, and the saved and ransomed see, Then to
When the Lord in all His glo - ry we shall see, At the
In tri-um-phant strains the glo - rious ju - bi - lee, Then to
crys - tal sea,

friends and all the loved ones, there a - wait - ing us to come,
meet a - gain to - geth - er, on the bright ce - les - tial shore,
bid - ding of our Sav - ior, "Come, ye bless - ed, to My right,"
meet and join to sing the song of Mo - ses and the Lamb,

FINE. CHORUS.

D. S.—What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be! What a gath - -
What a gath'ring of the

'ring, gath - - 'ring, At the sounding of the glorious ju-bi-
loved ones, when we'll meet with one an - oth - er,

What a Gathering That Will Be.

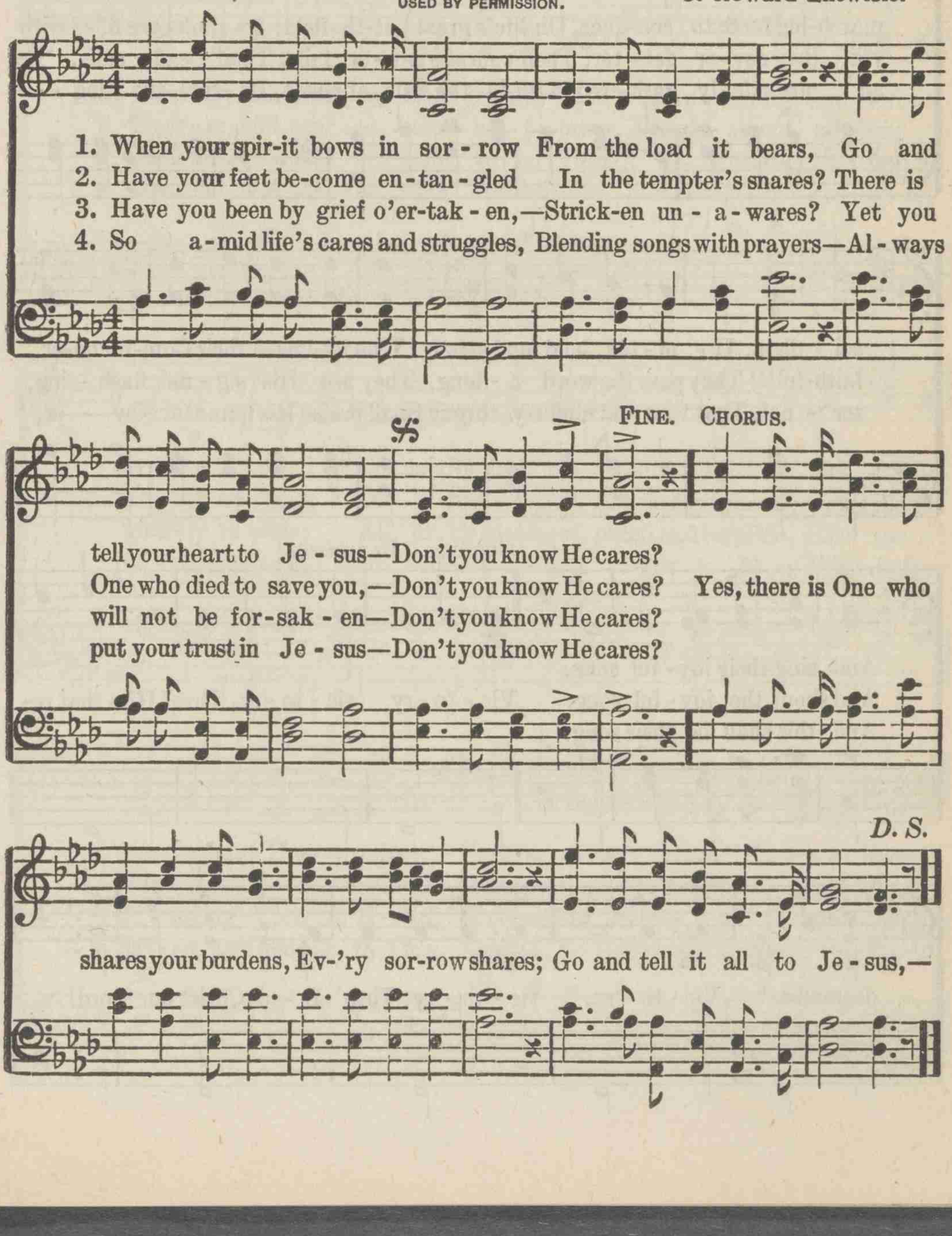


No. 133. Don't You Know He Cares?

Johnson Oatman, Jr.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY JOHN J. HOOD.
USED BY PERMISSION.

J. Howard Entwisle.



No. 134. The Joyful Song.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
USED BY PERMISSION OF L. E. SWENEY, EXECUTRIX.

Fanny J. Crosby. Adam Geibel.

1. Be - hold! a roy - al ar - my, With ban - ner, sword and shield, Are
2. And now the foe, ad - vanc - ing, That val - iant host as - sails, And
3. Oh, when the war is end - ed, When strife and con - flict cease, When

march-ing forth to con-quer, On life's great bat-tle-field; Its ranks are filled with
yet they nev - er fal - ter, Their courage nev - er fails; Their Leader calls, "Be
all are safe - ly gath-ered With-in the vale of peace, Be - fore the King e-

sol - diers, U - ni - ted, bold and strong, Who fol-lowed their Com-mand-er,
faith-ful!" They pass the word a - long, They see His sig - nal flash - ing,
ter - nal, That vast and might-y throng Shall praise His name for - ev - er,

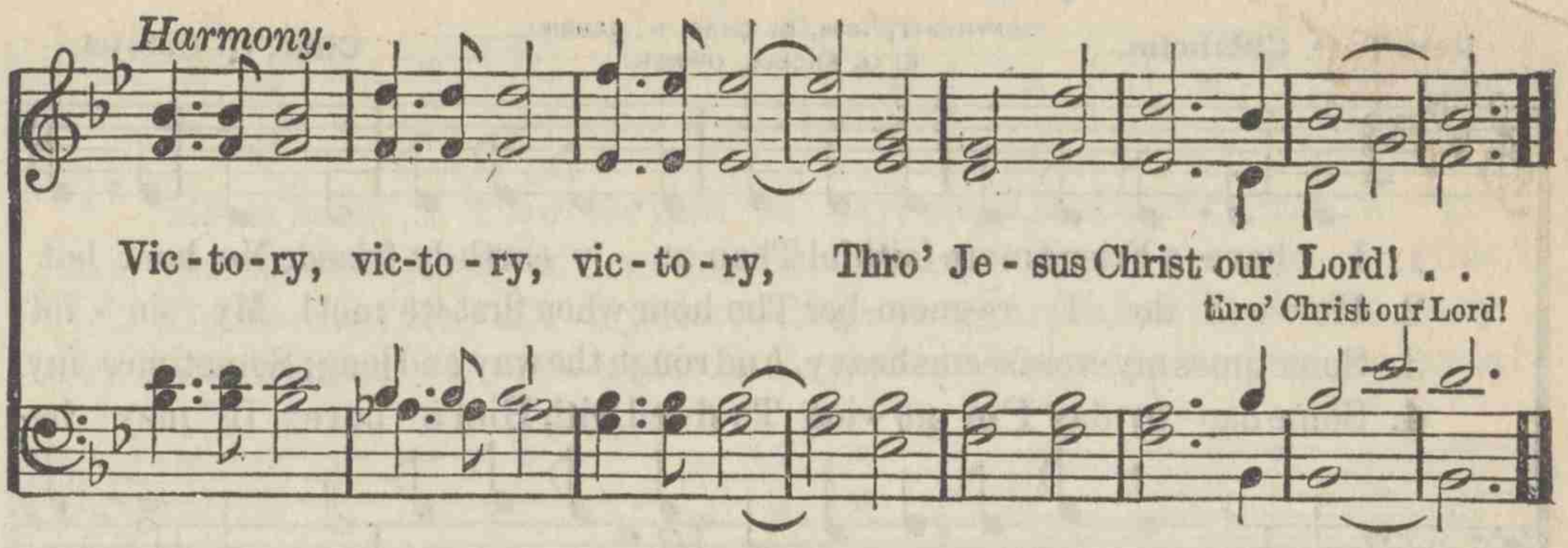
CHORUS. *In unison.*

And sing their joy - ful song.
And shout the joy - ful song. Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry, Thro' Him that re-
And this shall be their song:

deemed us! Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry, Thro' Je - sus Christ our Lord!

The Joyful Song.

Harmony.

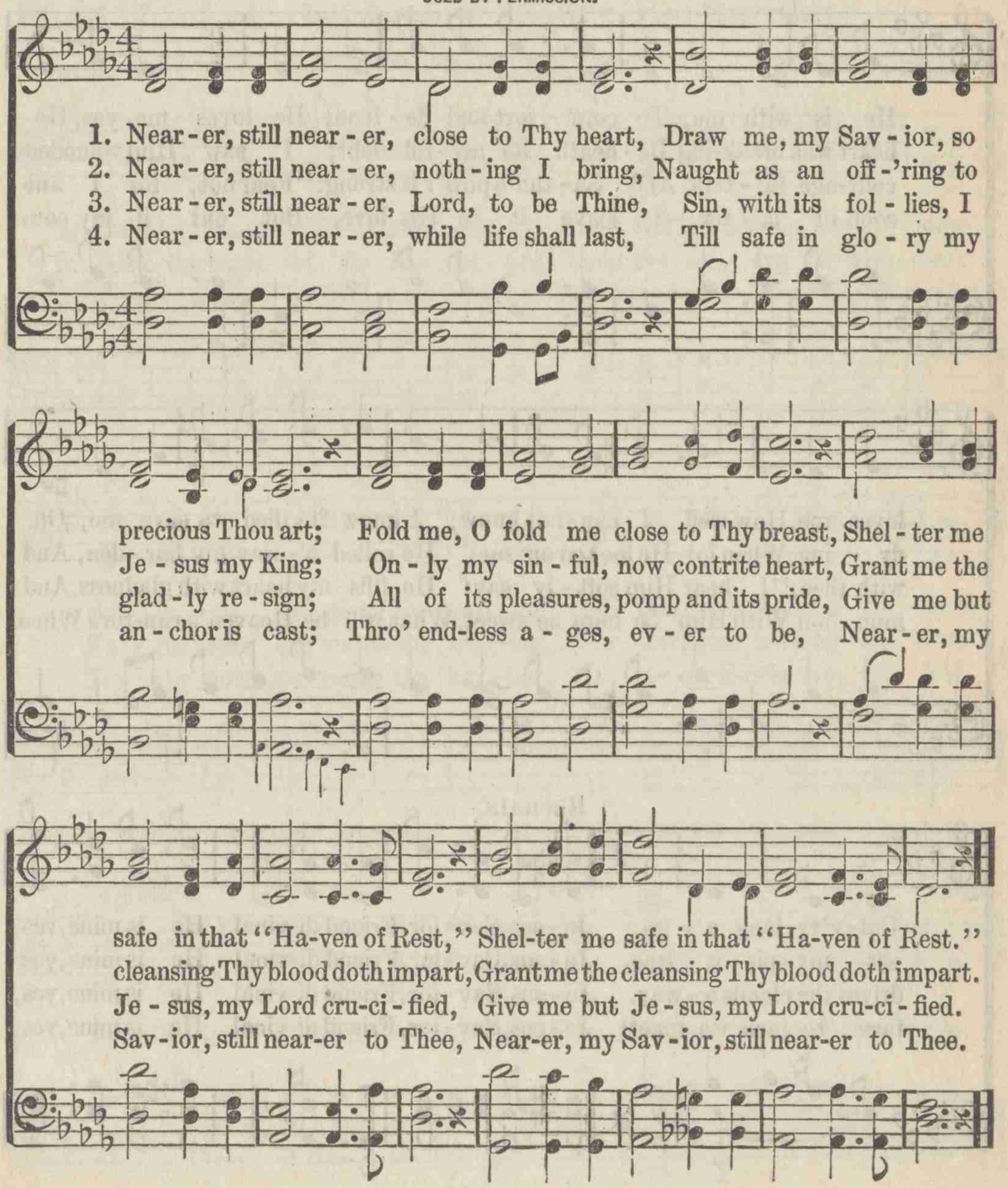


No. 135. Nearer, Still Nearer.

C. H. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY H. L. GILMOUR, WENONAH, N J.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.



No. 136. My Ever Faithful Friend.

Rev. T. O. Chisholm.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I have a Friend more faithful Than an - y earth-ly friend; No hour but
2. How well do I re-mem-ber The hour when first we met! My sin - ful
3. Sometimes my cross seems heavy, And rough the way and long; Sometimes my
4. Some hap - py day I'm go - ing To dwell with Him a - bove; It may be

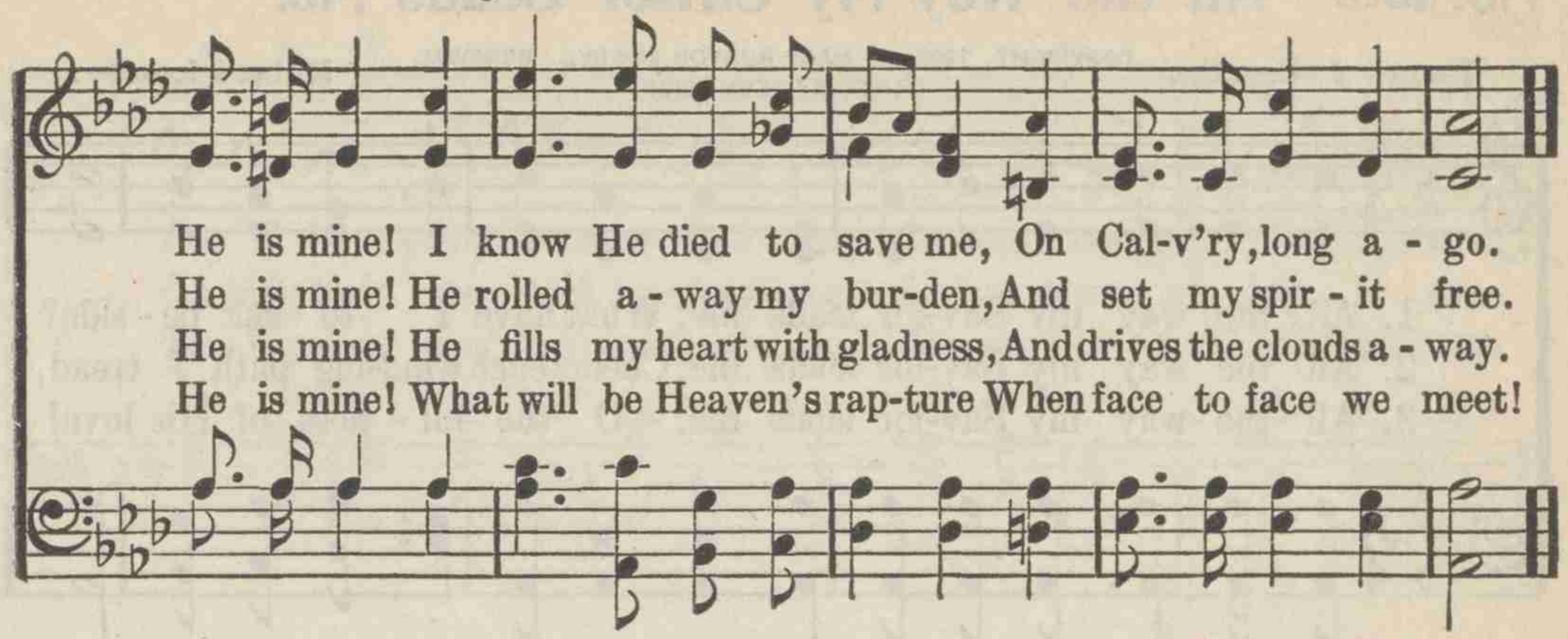
He is with me, To com - fort and de - fend; He loves me, yes, He
heart was break-ing Be - neath its aw - ful debt; I saw Him wounded,
cour-age fal - ters, And Sa - tan's pow'r is strong: "Fear not, for I am
soon or la - ter,—I leave it to His love,—But oh! if my com-

loves me, How well I can - not know; I know He died to save me, On
dy - ing, When lo! He looked on me; He rolled a - way my bur - den, And
with thee," I hear Him soft - ly say; He fills my heart with gladness, And
mun - ion With Him be here so sweet, What will be Heaven's rap-ture When

REFRAIN.

Cal - v'ry, long a - go. Je - sus, Sav - ior, Friend di-vine! He is mine, yes,
set my spir - it free. Je - sus, Sav - ior, Friend di-vine! He is mine, yes,
drives the clouds a - way. Je - sus, Sav - ior, Friend di-vine! He is mine, yes,
face to face we meet! Je - sus, Sav - ior, Friend di-vine! He is mine, yes,

My Ever Faithful Friend.

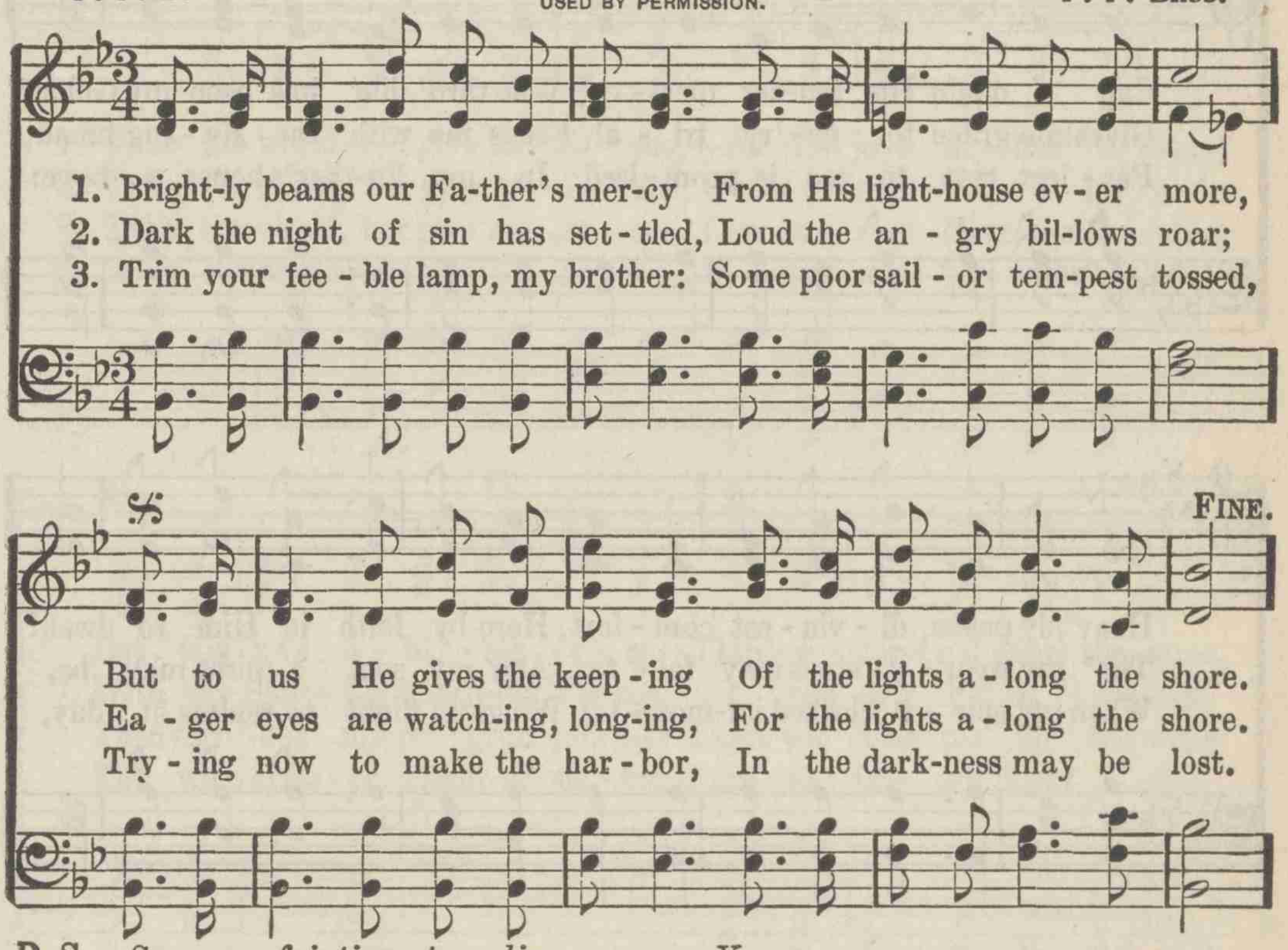


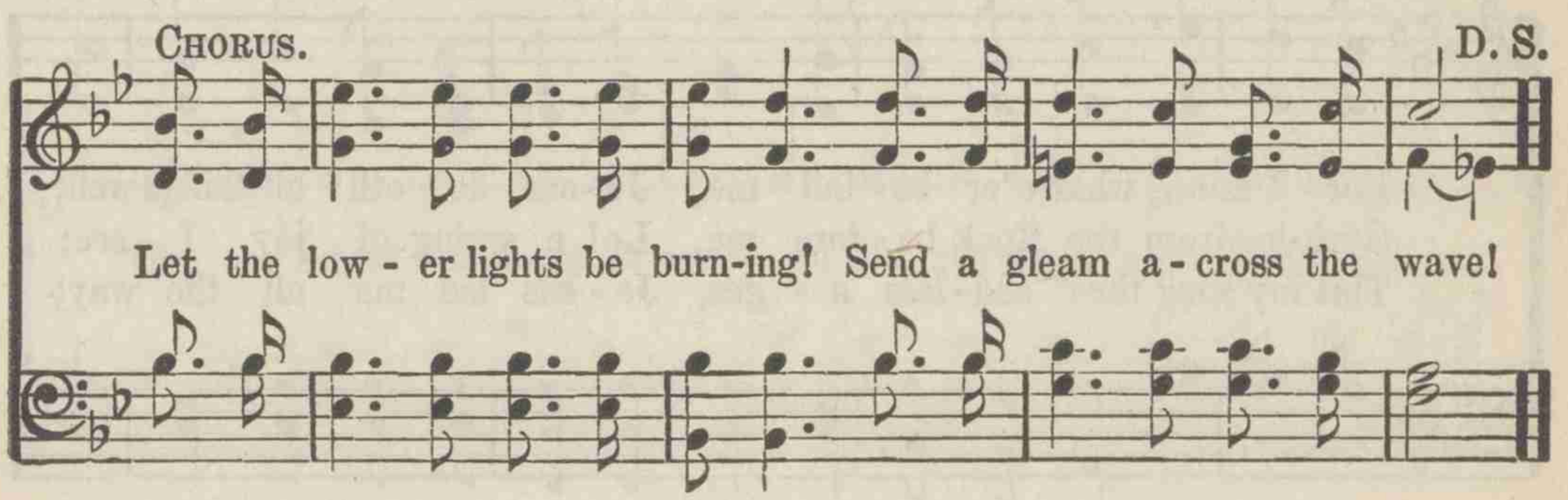
No. 137. Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

P. P. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
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P. P. Bliss.





No. 138. All the Way My Savior Leads Me.

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

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

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

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

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

All the Way My Savior Leads Me.

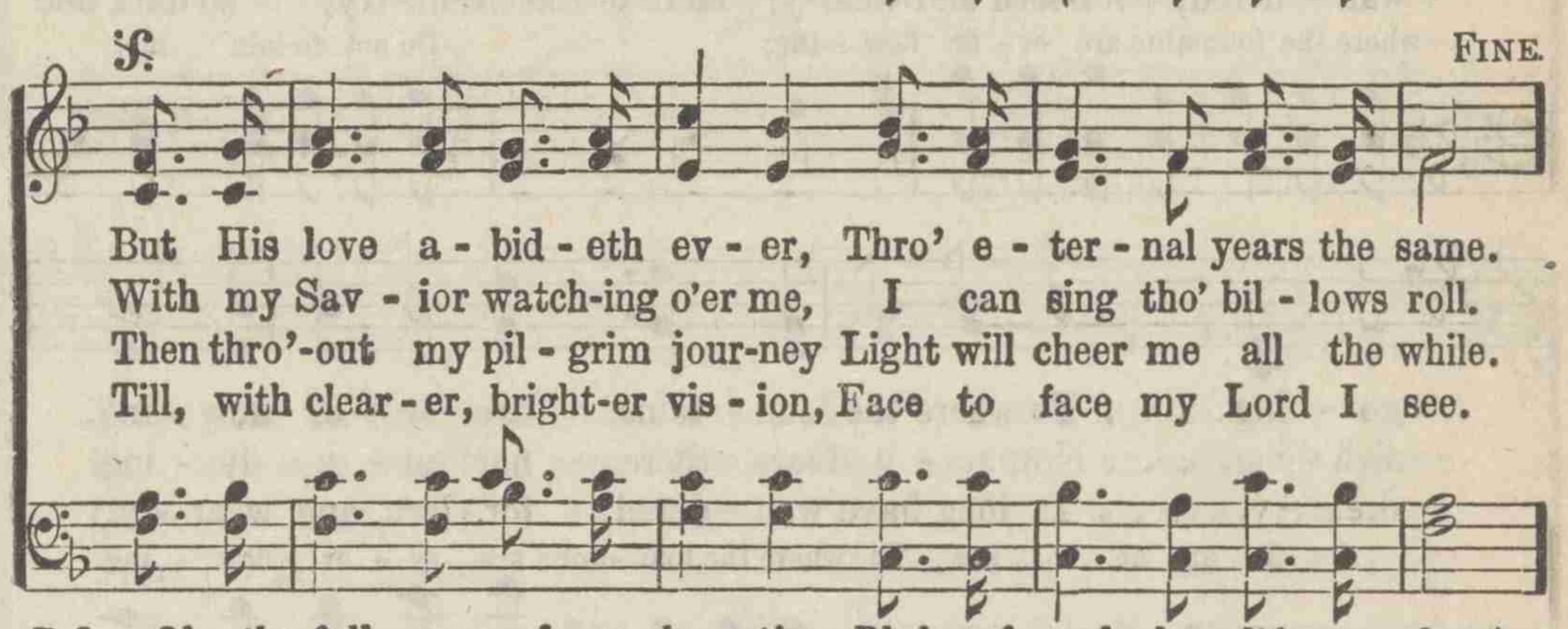


No. 139. Give Me Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1878, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
USED BY PER. OF L. E. SWENEY, EXECUTRIX.

Fanny J. Crosby. Jno. R. Sweney.







No. 140. I'm a Pilgrim.

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

1. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stranger; I can tar - ry . . . . . but a
2. Of that cit - y to which I jour-ney, My Re-deem-er . . . . . is the
3. There the sun-beams are ev-er shining,—O my long-ing . . . . . heart is

I can tar - ry, I can tar - ry, I can

night!. . . . . Do not de-tain me, for I am go - ing To where the
Light; . . . . There is no sor - row, nor an - y sigh - ing, Nor an - y
there;. . . . . Here in this coun-try, so dark and dreary, I long have

tar - ry but a night! Do not de - tain me, for I am go - ing To

foun - tains are ev - er flow - ing; Do not de - tain me, for I am
tears there, nor an - y dy - ing; There is no sor - row, nor an - y
wan - dered, for-lorn and wear-y; Here in this coun - try, so dark and

where the fountains are ev - er flow - ing; Do not de-tain me,

go - ing. . . . To where the foun - tains are ev - er flow - ing.
sigh - ing, . . . Nor an - y tears there, nor an - y dy - ing.
drear - y, ... I long have wan - dered, for - lorn and wear - y.

for I am go - ing To where the foun - tains are ev - er flow - ing.

CHORUS.

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

I'm a pil-grim and a stranger, I'm a pil-grim and a stranger; I can tar - ry but a

I'm a Pilgrim.

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

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

No. 141. Why Not Now?

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY C. C. CASE.
USED BY PER.

El Nathan. C. C. Case.

1. While we pray, and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wan-dered far a - way; Do not risk an - oth - er day;
3. In the world you've failed to find Aught of peace for troub-led mind:
4. Come to Christ, con-fes - sion make; Come to Christ and par-don take;

While your Fa-ther calls you home, Will you not, my broth-er, come?
Do not turn from God your face, But, to - day, ac - cept His grace.
Come to Christ, on Him be - lieve, Peace and joy you shall re - ceive.
Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.

CHORUS.

Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Jesus now?
Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Je - - - sus now?

No. 142. 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 love is ev - er true;..... I love to tell.. how He
2. He saves me from ev - 'ry sin and harm,.. Se- cures my soul each day;..... I'm lean - ing strong on His
3. When poor and need - y, and all a - lone,... In love He said to me,..... "Come un - to Me... and I'll

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

Saved! Saved!

CHORUS.

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

cres. *rit.*

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

No. 143. Come, Sinner, Come!

W. E. Witter. COPYRIGHT, 1879, BY H. R. PALMER. H. R. Palmer.

1. While Je - sus whisp - ers to you, Come, sin - ner, come! While we are
2. Are you too heav - y lad - en? Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will
3. Oh, hear His ten - der plead-ing, Come, sin - ner, come! Come and re -

pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner come! Now is the time to own Him,
bear your bur-den, Come, sin - ner come! Je - sus will not de-ceive you,
reive the blessing, Come, sin - ner come! While Je - sus whisp - ers to you,

Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sin - ner come!
Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus can now re-deem you, Come, sin - ner come!
Come, sin - ner, come! While we are pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner come!

No. 144. A Little Bit of Love.

To my Friend, Marion Lawrance.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

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

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

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

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

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

A Little Bit of Love.

REFRAIN.



No. 145. Where He Leads Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY J. S. NORRIS.
USED BY PER.

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



No. 146. Marching on to Canaan.

Rev. M. L. Hofford. USED BY PERMISSION. W. A. Ogden.

1. We are marching on to Ca-naan, And Je-ho-vah is our Guide;
2. We are marching thro' the des-ert, And the man-na all a-round
3. We are marching thro' the des-ert, To the promised land di-vine,

We are marching thro' the des-ert, He is ev-er at our side.
With the dew of night is fall-ing, And is cov-'ring all the ground.
To the land of milk and hon-ey, To the land of corn and wine.

DUET.

In the darkness, or the dan-ger, We can nev-er go a-stray,
From the smitten rock the wa-ters In their sparkling ful-ness flow,
We are marching thro' the des-ert, We approach the shining shore;

With Je-ho-vah for our Lead-er And our Guide up-on the way.
Thus de-light-ing and re-fresh-ing Us the wear-y jour-ney thro'.
From our home be-yond the Jor-dan We shall wan-der nev-er-more.

CHORUS. *f*

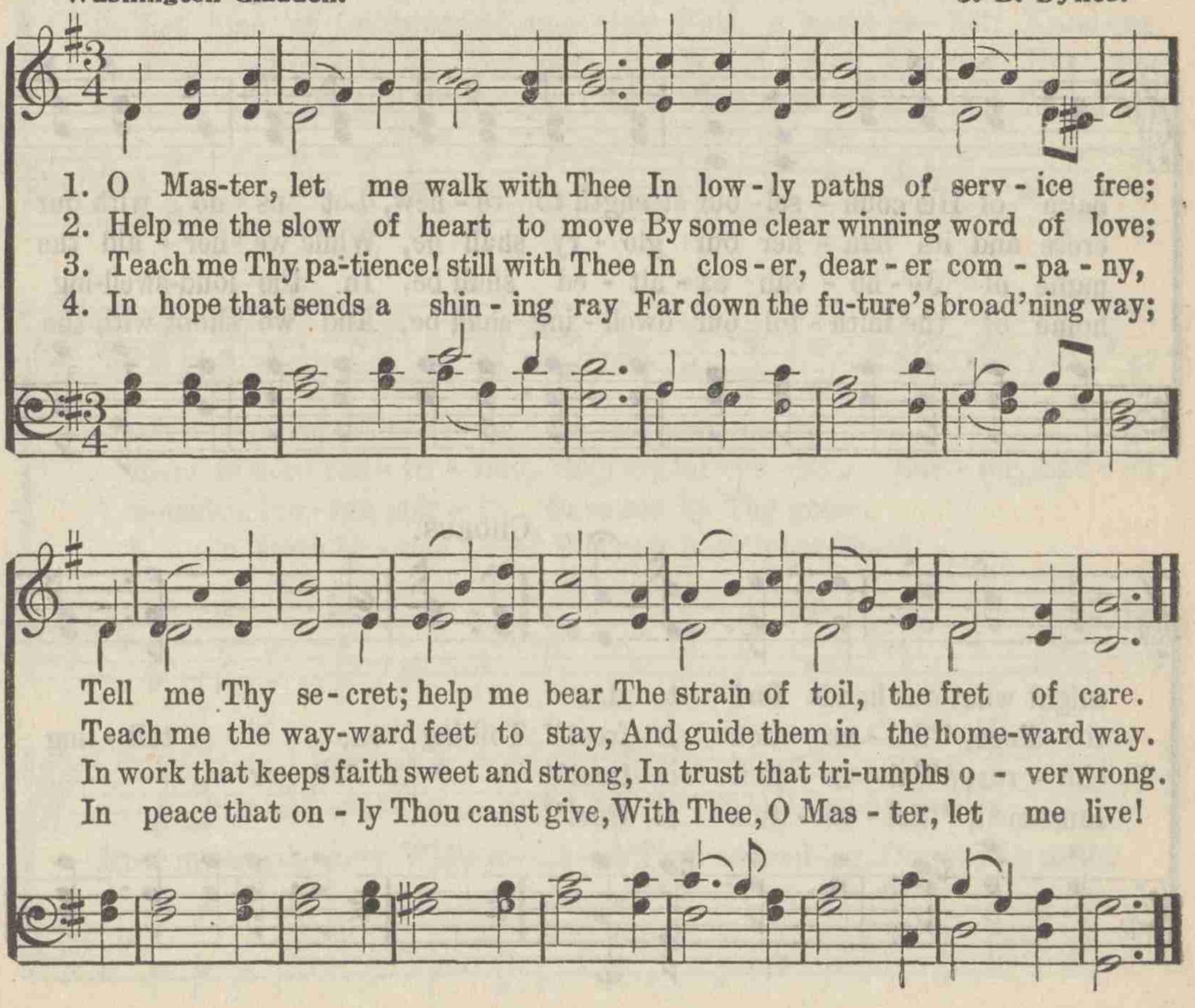
On! stead-i-ly on! Stead-i-ly marching to the hap-py land of
March-ing on! march-ing on! March-ing to the hap-py land, we're

Marching on to Canaan.



No. 147. O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee.

Washington Gladden. **J. B. Dykes.**



No. 148. To the Work.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY W. H. DOANE. W. H. Doane.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

To the Work.

on, Toil-ing on, toil - ing on; Let us
toil - ing on, Toil - ing on, toil-ing on;

hope, let us watch, And la - bor till the Mas - ter comes.
and trust, and pray,

No. 149. Pass Me Not.

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

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - ior, Hear my hum - ble 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

CHORUS.

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

Hear my humble cry; While on oth-ers Thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.

No. 150. I Want to Go There.

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

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

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

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

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

I Want to Go There.

REFRAIN.

death ev-er come, I want to go there, don't you?
gain say good-bye, I want to go there, don't you? 1-2 I want to go there,
harps in our hands," I want to be there, don't you? 3-4 I want to be there,
men, and A-men, I want to be there, don't you?

1 2

I want to go there, I want to go there, I do; want to go there, don't you?
I want to be there, I expect to be there, I do; pect to be there, don't you?

No. 151. Book of Grace.

Thomas MacKellar. Lowell Mason.

1. Book of grace, and book of glo-ry! Gift of God to age and youth;
2. Book of love! in ac-cents ten-der, Speak-ing un-to such as we;
3. Book of hope! the spir-it, sigh-ing, Con-so-la-tion finds in thee;
4. Book of life! when we, re-pos-ing, Bid fare-well to friends we love,

1 2

Wondrous in thy sacred story, Bright, bright with truth. Bright, bright with truth.
May it lead us, Lord, to render All, all to Thee. All, all to Thee.
As it hears the Savior crying—"Come, come to Me." "Come, come to Me."
Give us for the life then clos-ing, Life, life a-bove. Life, life a-bove.

No. 152. Awake! Awake!

COPYRIGHT, 1883, BY JOHN J. HOOD.
USED BY PERMISSION OF MRS. L. E. SWENEY.

Fanny J. Crosby. **John R. Sweney.**

1. A - wake! a - wake! the Mas - ter now is call - ing us, A - rise! a -
2. A cry for light from dy - ing ones in heathen lands; It comes, it
3. O Church of God, ex - tend thy kind, ma - ter - nal arms To save the
4. Look up! look up! the prom - ised day is draw - ing near, When all shall

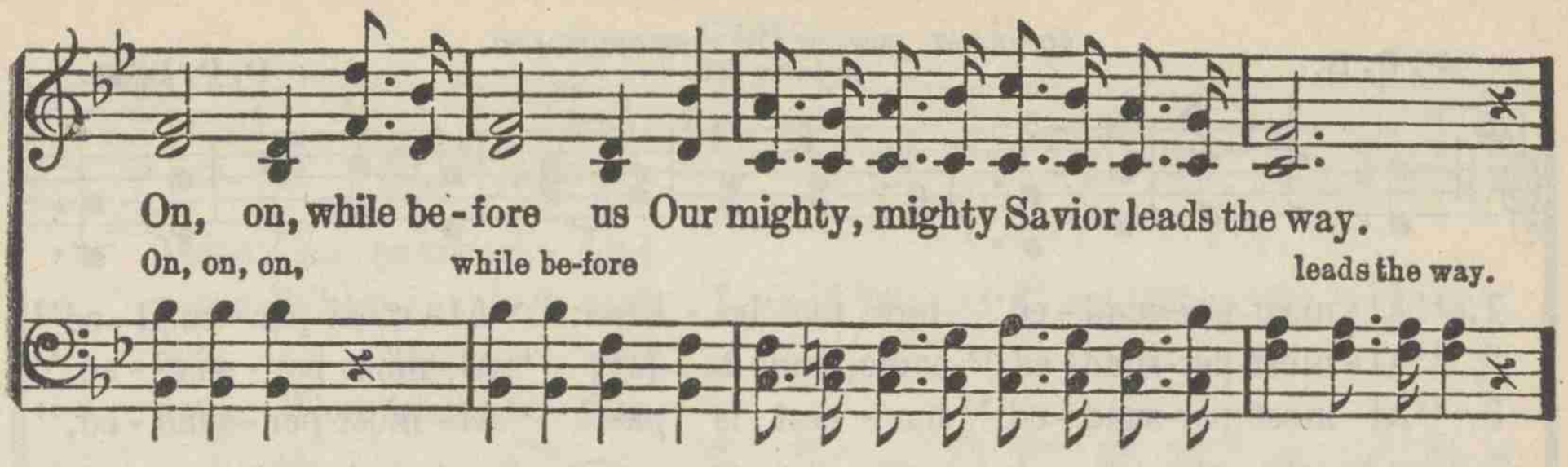
rise! and, trust-ing in His word, Go forth! go forth! pro-claim the year of
comes a - cross the ocean's foam; Then haste! oh, haste to spread the words of
lost on mountains dark and cold; Reach out thy hand with lov - ing smile to
hail, shall hail the Sav - ior King; When peace and joy shall fold their wings in

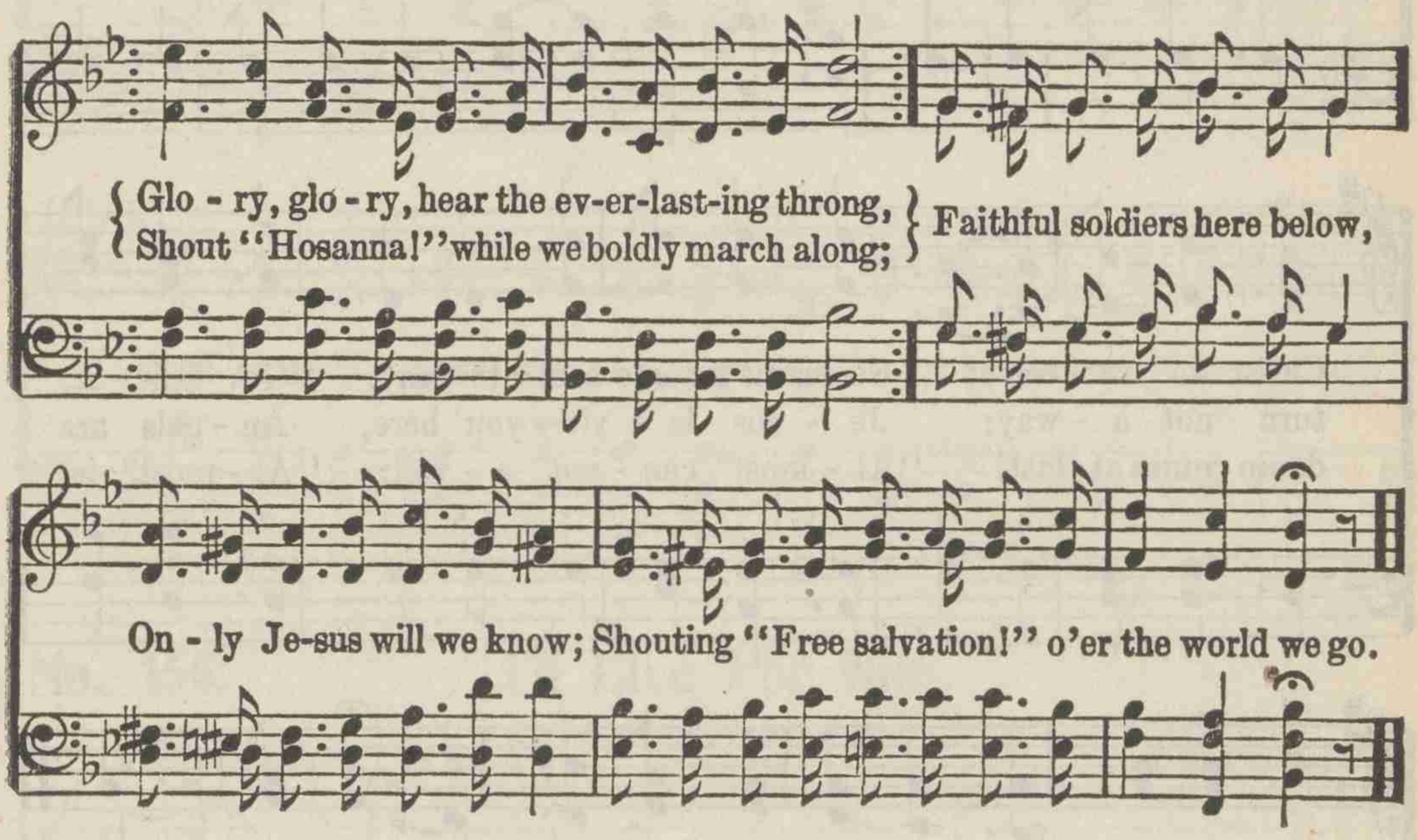
ju - bi - lee, And take the cross, the bless-ed cross of Christ our Lord.
truth a-broad, For - get - ting not the starving poor at home, dear home.
res - cue them, And bring them to the shel - ter of the Sav - ior's fold.
ev - 'ry clime, And "Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!" o'er the earth shall ring.

CHORUS.

On, on, swell the cho - rus; On, on, the morning star is shin-ing o'er us;
On, on, on, swell the cho-rus; On, on, on,

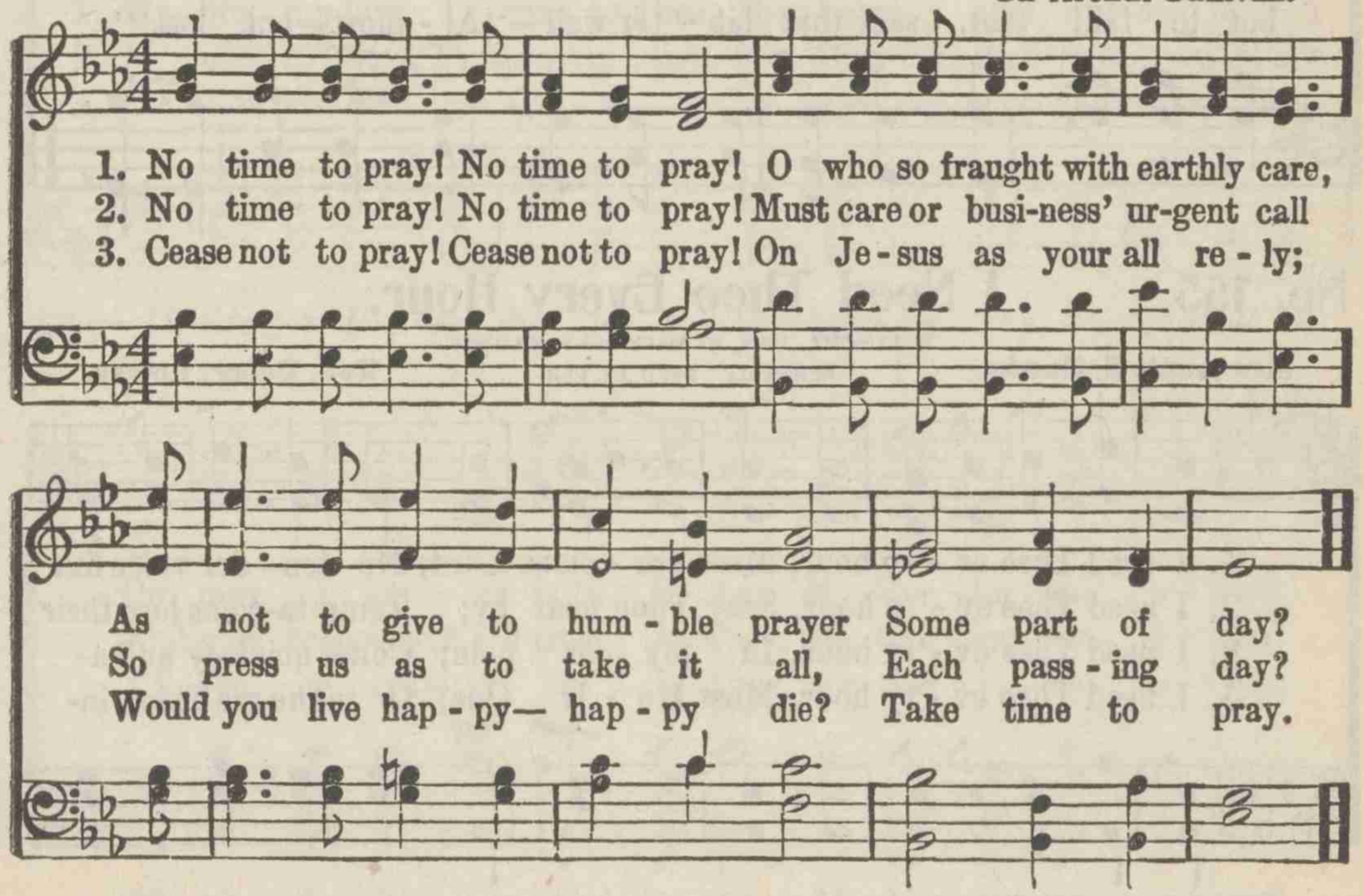
Awake! Awake!





No. 153. No Time to Pray.

Anon. Sir Arthur Sullivan.



No. 154. "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-snad - ed," come, come to - day; "Al - most per - suad - ed,"
3. "Al - most per-suad - ed," har - vest is past! "Al - most per - suad - ed,"

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

go Thy way, Some more con - ven - ient day On Thee I'll call."
lingering near, Prayers rise from heart so dear, O wanderer, come.
but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail—"Al - most—but lost!"

No. 155. I Need Thee Every Hour.

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

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks, Rev. Robert Lowry.

1. I need Thee ev -'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der voice like
2. I need Thee ev -'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp-ta-tions lose their
3. I need Thee ev -'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick-ly and a-
4. I need Thee ev -'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; O make me Thine in-

I Need Thee Every Hour.

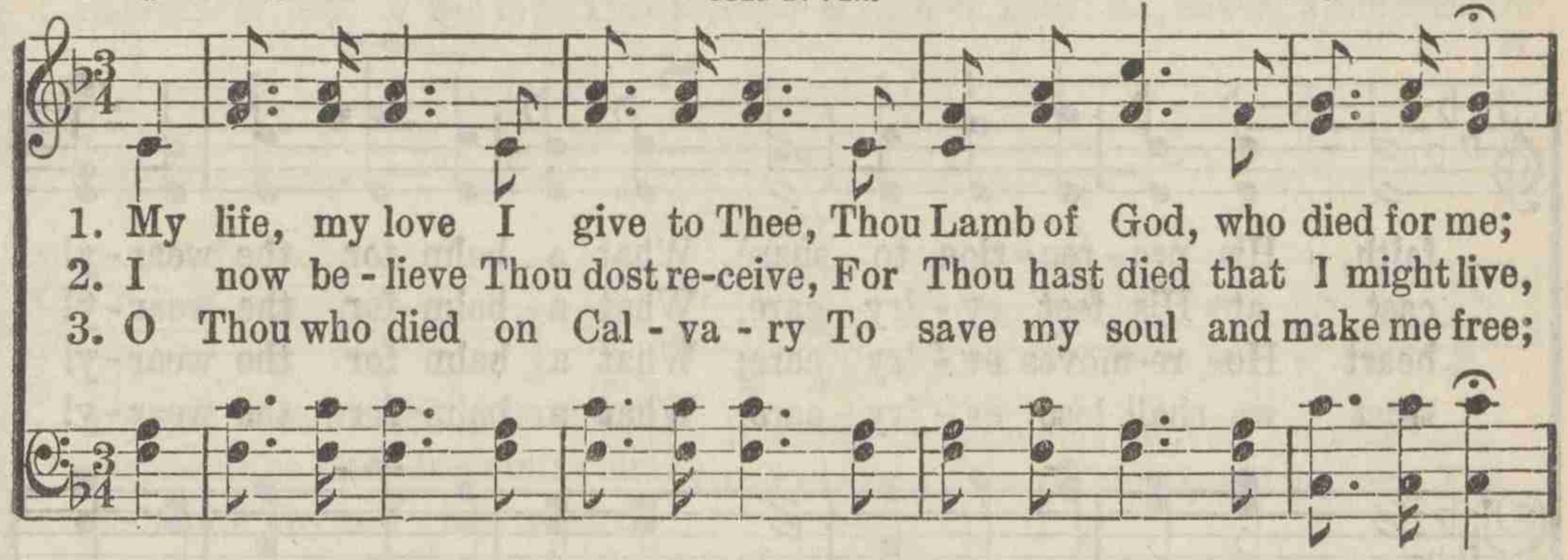
CHORUS.



No. 156. I'll Live For Him.

COPYRIGHT, 1882, BY R. E. HUDSON.
USED BY PER.

R. E. Hudson. C. R. Dunbar.



CHO.—*I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap - py then my life shall be!*



No. 157. 'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer.

COPYRIGHT, 1880, BY THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO.
USED BY PER. OF W. H. DOANE.

Fanny J. Crosby. **W. H. Doane.**

1. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of prayer, when our hearts low - ly bend, And we
2. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of prayer, when the Sav - ior draws near, With a
3. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of prayer, when the tempt-ed and tried To the
4. At the bless - ed hour of prayer, trust-ing Him, we be - lieve That the

gath - er to Je - sus, our Sav - ior and Friend; If we come to Him in
ten - der com - pas - sion His chil - dren to hear; When He tells us we may
Sav - ior who loves them their sor - row con - fide; With a sym - pa-thiz - ing
bless - ing we're need-ing we'll sure - ly re - ceive; In the full-ness of this

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

D. S.—*What a balm for the wear - y!*

FINE. CHORUS. D. S.

O how sweet to be there! Bless-ed hour of prayer, bless-ed hour of prayer;

O how sweet to be there!

Children's Songs

No. 158. Dear Little Stranger.

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

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

1. Low in a man - ger—dear lit - tle Stran - ger, Je - sus, the won-der - ful
2. An - gels de-scend - ing, o - ver Him bend - ing, Chant-ed a ten - der and
3. Dear lit - tle Stran - ger, born in a man - ger, Mak - er and Monarch, and

Savior, was born; There was none to receive Him, none to believe Him, None but the
si - lent refrain; Then a won-der-ful sto - ry told of His glo - ry, Un - to the
Sav-ior of all; I will love Thee for-ev - er! grieve Thee? no, never! Thou didst for

CHORUS.

an - gels were watching that morn.
shepherds on Beth-le-hem's plain.
me make Thy bed in a stall.

{ Dear lit - tle Stranger, slept in a man - ger,
{ But with the poor He slumbered se-cure, The

1 2

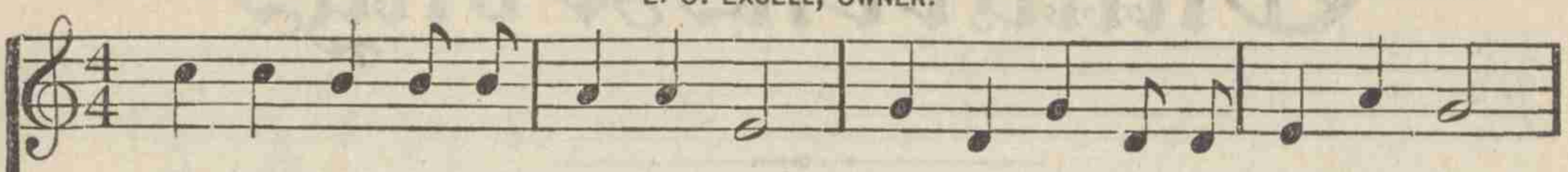
No down - y pil - low un - der His head; dear lit - tle Babe in His bed.

No. 159. Slumber Song.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY CHAS H GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

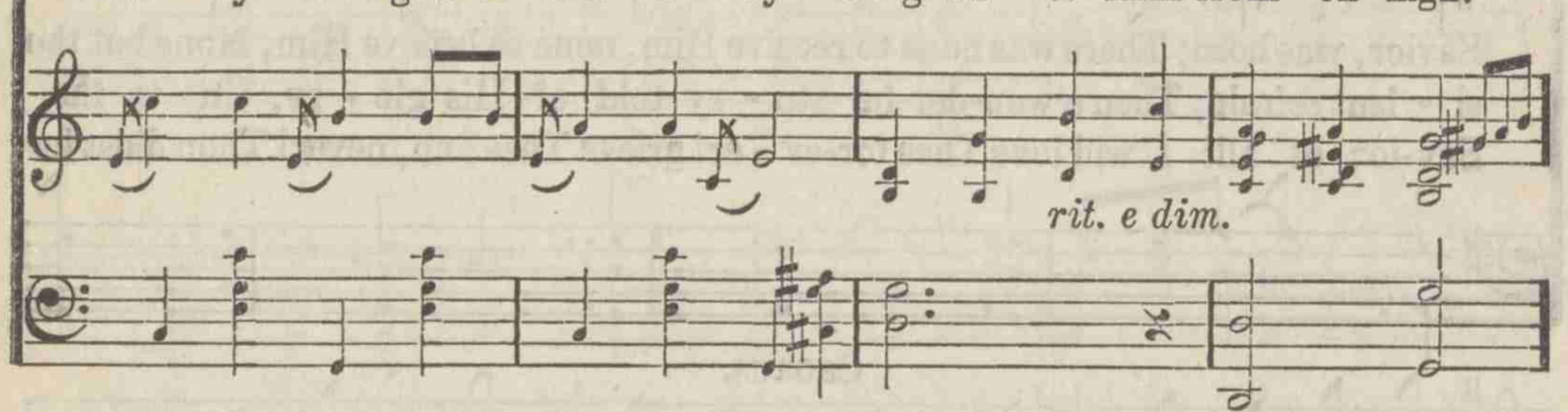
Chas. H. Gabriel.



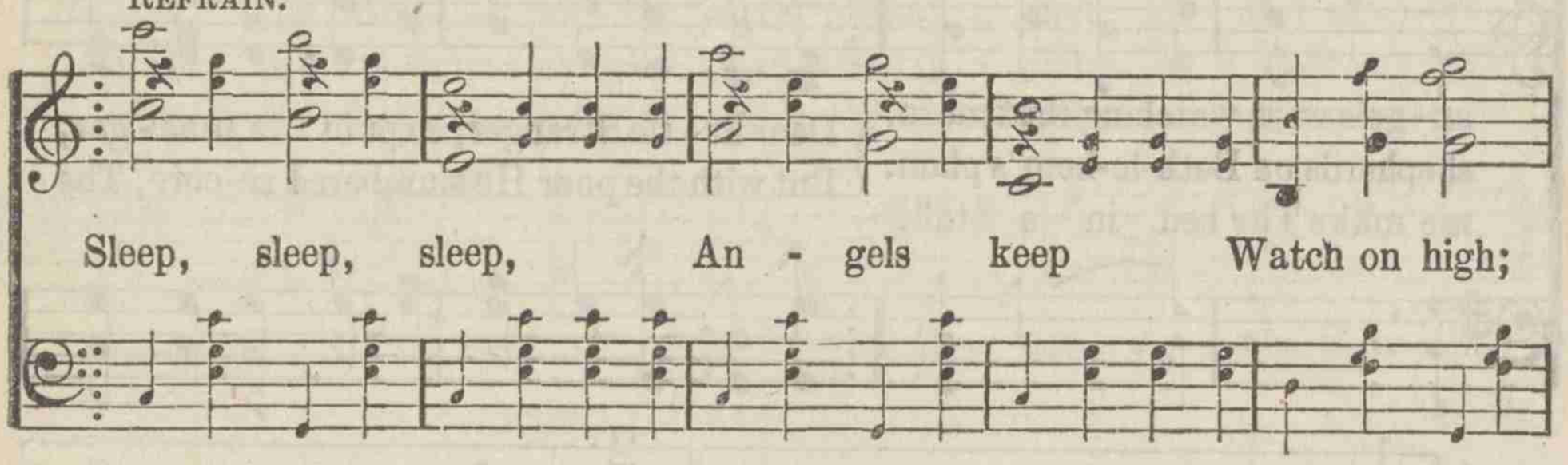
1. In a man-ger a Ba - by slept, While the an-gels a vig - il kept
2. Nowhere else for Him room was found! There He lay, while a-bout, a - round,
3. Who was He? 'twas the Lord of all, Born to earth in a lone-ly stall!



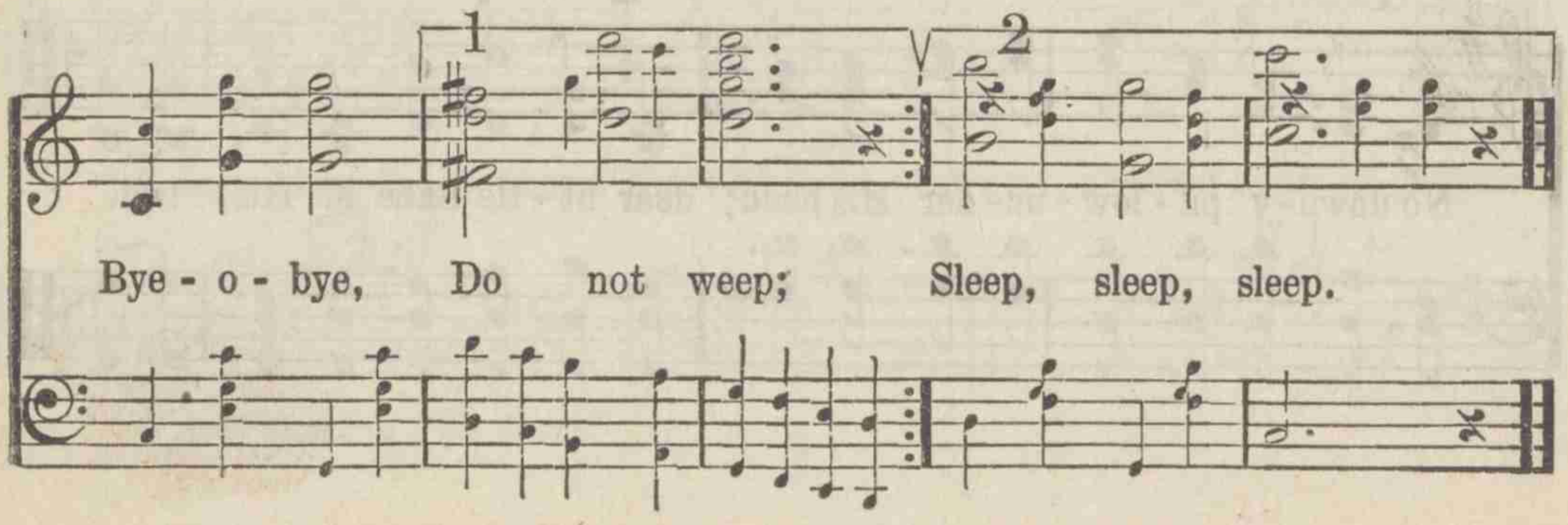
O'er the Child that was heav-en - born, Born to earth that Christmas morn.
Surg - ing, nois - y, the peo - ple swept, All the while this Ba - by slept.
Ho - ly an - gels a lull - a - by Sang un - to Him from on high.



REFRAIN.



Sleep, sleep, sleep, An - gels keep Watch on high;



Bye - o - bye, Do not weep; Sleep, sleep, sleep.

No. 160. Angry Words! Oh, Let Them Never.

H. R. P.

USED BY PERMISSIOM OF DR. H. R. PALMER,
OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

Dr. H. R. Palmer.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

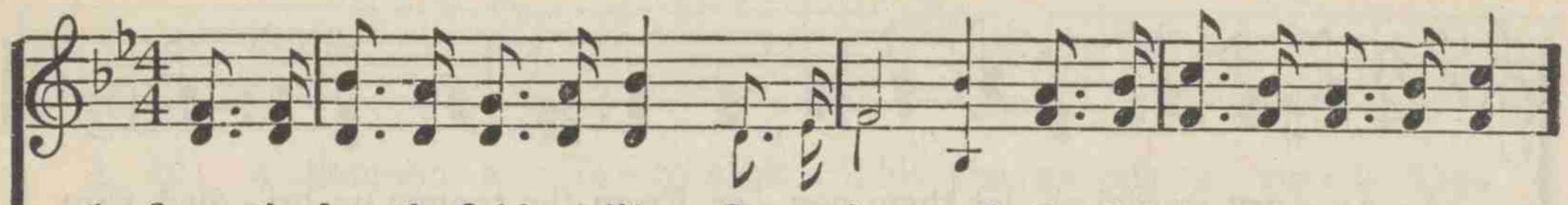
bey the Fa - ther's blest com - mand: bey His blest com - mand.
'Tis the Fa - ther's blest com - mand: 'Tis His blest com - mand.

No. 161. Be a Hero.

Adam Craig.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

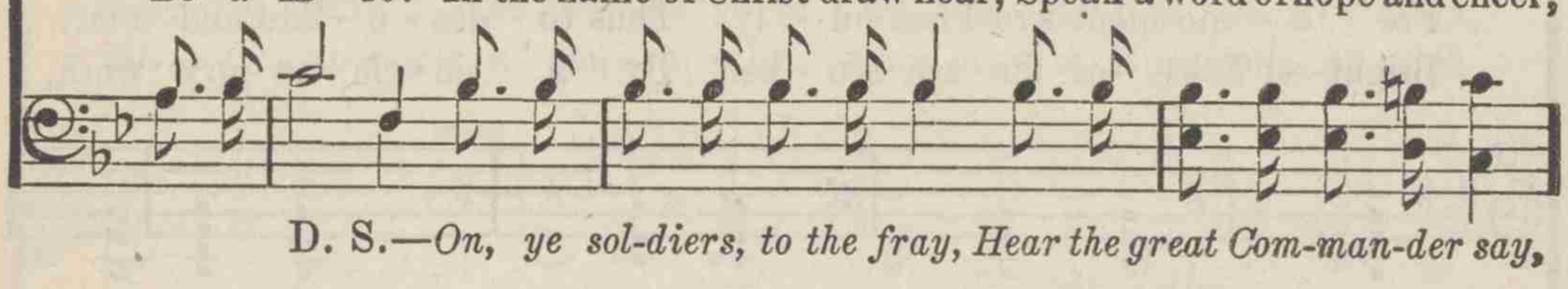
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. On the bat-tle-field of life Be a he - ro! In its tur-moil and its strife
2. There are gi-ants in the land, Be a he - ro! In the strength of Jesus stand,
3. When you see a broth-er fall, Be a he - ro! Lend a help-ing hand to all,



Be a he - ro! Show your col-ors in the fight, And, with sword and armor bright,
Be a he - ro! In the dark-ness and the light, Fight like Da-vid for the right,
Be a he - ro! In the name of Christ draw near, Speak a word of hope and cheer,

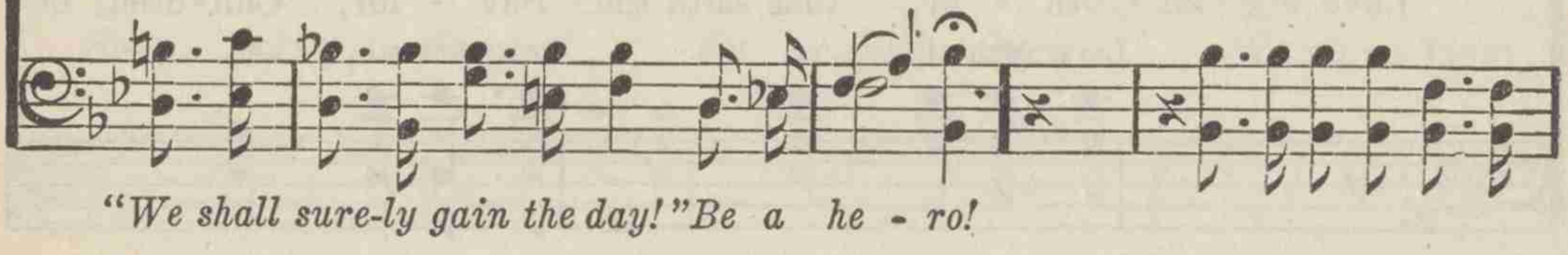


D. S.—*On, ye sol-diers, to the fray, Hear the great Com-man-der say,*

FINE. CHORUS.



Strike out brave-ly for the right; Be a he - ro!
Stay the tempt-er in his might; Be a he - ro! Be a he - ro! Trust in
Do what good you can while here; Be a he - ro!
Be a he - ro!



"We shall sure-ly gain the day!" Be a he - ro!

D. S.



God and nev-er fear! Be a he - ro! He will help you, He is near;
Be a he - ro!

No. 162. Yield Not to Temptation.

H. R. P.

DR. H. R. PALMER, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.
USED BY PER.

H. R. Palmer.

1. Yield not to temp-ta - tion, For yield-ing is sin, Each vic-t'ry will help you Some oth - er to win; Fight man - ful - ly on - ward, Dark pas-sions sub - due, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll carry you through.
2. Shun e - vil com-pan - ions, Bad language dis-dain, God's name hold in rev'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and earn - est, Kind-heart-ed and true, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll carry you through.
3. To him that o'er-com - eth God giv - eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall con-quer, Though oft - en cast down; He who is our Sav - ior, Our strength will re-new, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll carry you through.

CHORUS.

Ask the Sav - ior to help you, Com - fort, strengthen and keep you; He is will - ing to aid you, He will car - ry you through.

No. 163. Sunshine and Rain.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

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

1. Had we on - ly sun-shine all the year a-round, With-out the bless-ing of re-fresh-ing rain,
2. Had we not a sor - row or a cross to bear, For Him who bore the bur-den of our sin,
3. Can we prize the sun-shine and de-plore the rain, Re - pin - ing when the days are dark and drear?

Would we scatter seed up - on the fal-low ground, And hope to gather flow-ers, fruit and grain?
Would we know the sweetness of His love and care, Or e - ven strive e - ter-nal joys to win? Sun-shine and rain re-
Can we hope for pleasures, yet de-ny the pain, Or share the joys of life with-out the tear?

CHORUS.

freshing, reviving rain, Light of faith and love, Showers from above! Sunshine and rain, to nourish the growing grain, Send us, Lord, the sunshine and the rain.

No. 164. Sing With Tuneful Lay.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL.

F. L. B. Frank L. Bristow.

1. Sing with tune-ful lay, Je-sus is the Way To the gold-en
2. In the days of youth, Je-sus is my Truth! Fol-l'wing by His
3. In the shades of night, He will be my Light, He will vig-il

strand Of the hap-py land. I can nev-er stray From that
side, He shall be my Guide; By the wa-ters sheen, In-to
keep O'er me when a-sleep; Then when 'peeps o' day', Round-ing

pleas-ant way, While I faith-ful stand, Hold-ing to His hand.
pas-tures green, Man-na un-for-seen Dai-ly He'll pro-vide.
pil-lows play, Ev-er will I pray Truth to Light my Way.

UNISON. DUET. CHORUS.

Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! I am in the way,

UNISON. DUET. CHORUS.

Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Je-sus saves to-day. day!

No. 165. I'll Be a Sunbeam.

To my grandson, Edwin O. Excell, Jr.

Nellie Talbot.

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

E. O. Excell.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

No. 166. Rose, Rose, Rose.

Charlotte G. Homer.

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WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. What is sweeter, tell me, Than a pret-ty
2. If a rose could whisper, Could it, think you,
3. Je - sus, keep me ev - er Like un - to this

Waltz time.

rose? Fra-grant in its beau - ty, Loveliest flow'r that grows.
tell Of that bless-ed coun - try Where the an - gels dwell?
flow'r— Pure and sweet and mod - est, Ev - 'ry day and hour.

REFRAIN.

{Rose, rose, rose, Pret - ti - est flow'r that grows, Em-blem of
{Rose, rose, rose, Not till the whole world knows Of my dear

1

love that came from heaven, Thro' which a Savior, Christ, was giv-en;

2

Sav - ior King, Will I cease to sing, Sweet rose, rose, rose. . .

No. 167. What They Seem to Say.

Eleanor Allen Schroll.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Have you seen the sunbeams shin-ing, Shin - ing all a - long the way?
2. Have you heard the wild birds sing-ing, Sing - ing all a - long the way?
3. Have you seen the flow - ers grow-ing, Grow - ing all a - long the way?

Have you ev - er stopped to lis - ten What they al - ways seem to say?
Have you ev - er stopped to lis - ten What they al - ways seem to say?
Have you ev - er stopped to lis - ten What they al - ways seem to say?

Ev - 'ry beam of beau - ty gives us Just a glimpse of heav'n a - bove;
Ev - 'ry lit - tle song-ster gives us Just a glimpse of heav'n a - bove;
Ev - 'ry pret - ty blos-som gives us Just a glimpse of heav'n a - bove;

FINE.

Ev - 'ry lit - tle sunbeam whispers: God is wis-dom, God is love.
Ev - 'ry lit - tle wild bird whispers: God is wis-dom, God is love.
Ev - 'ry lit - tle flow - er whispers: God is wis-dom, God is love.

D. S.—*May the children's hearts re-ech - o: God is wis-dom, God is love.*

CHORUS. D. S.

God is wis-dom, God is love; Read it in the stars a - bove;

No. 168. Little Evangels.

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Ida L. Reed. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Lit - tle e - van-gels for Thee, dear Sav-ior, Glad - ly we of - fer life's morn - ing hours, Tell - ing to oth - ers Thy grace and mer - cy,
2. Lit - tle e - van-gels for Thee, dear Sav-ior, Strew-ing glad bless-ings a- long our way, Shin - ing for Thee in the shad - y pla - ces,
3. Lit - tle e - van-gels for Thee, dear Sav-ior, Faith-ful and loy - al through all our days, Un - der Thy stand-ard we march to - geth - er,

CHORUS.

Scatt'ring for Thee love's sweet fra-grant flow'rs.
Show-ing Thy good-ness to us each day. Lit - tle e - van-gels for
Joy - ful - ly sing - ing a song of praise.
Thee to - day, Do - ing for oth - ers the good we may; Guide Thou our
steps in Thine own safe path-way, Bless Thou our service, dear Lord, we pray!

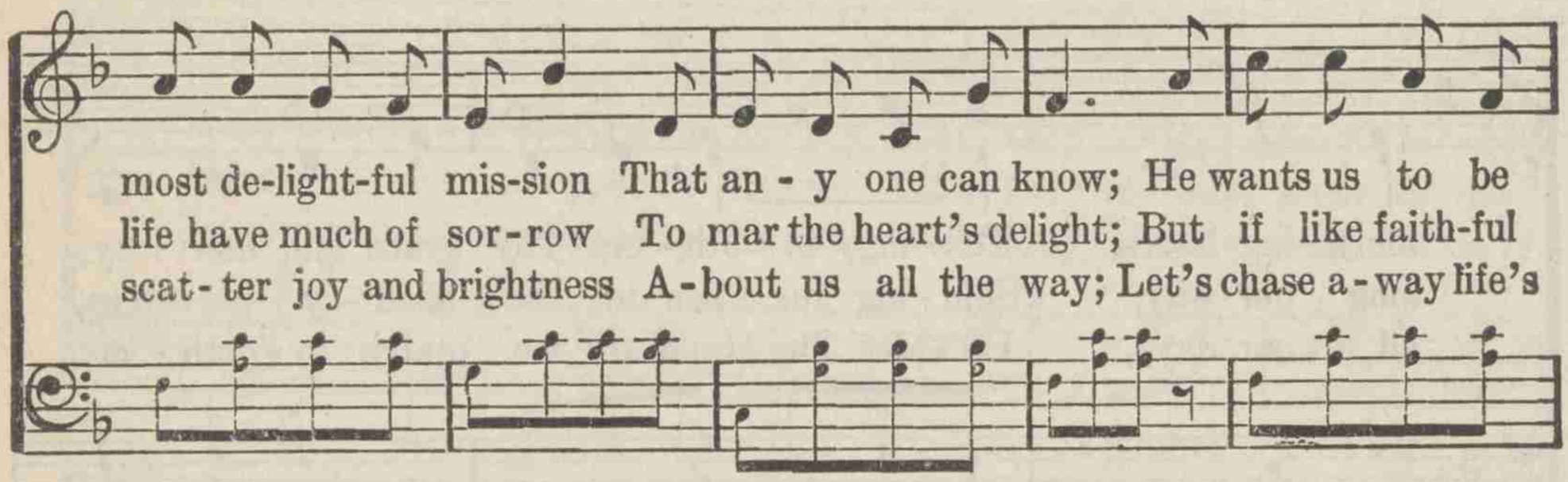
No. 169. Little Sunbeams.

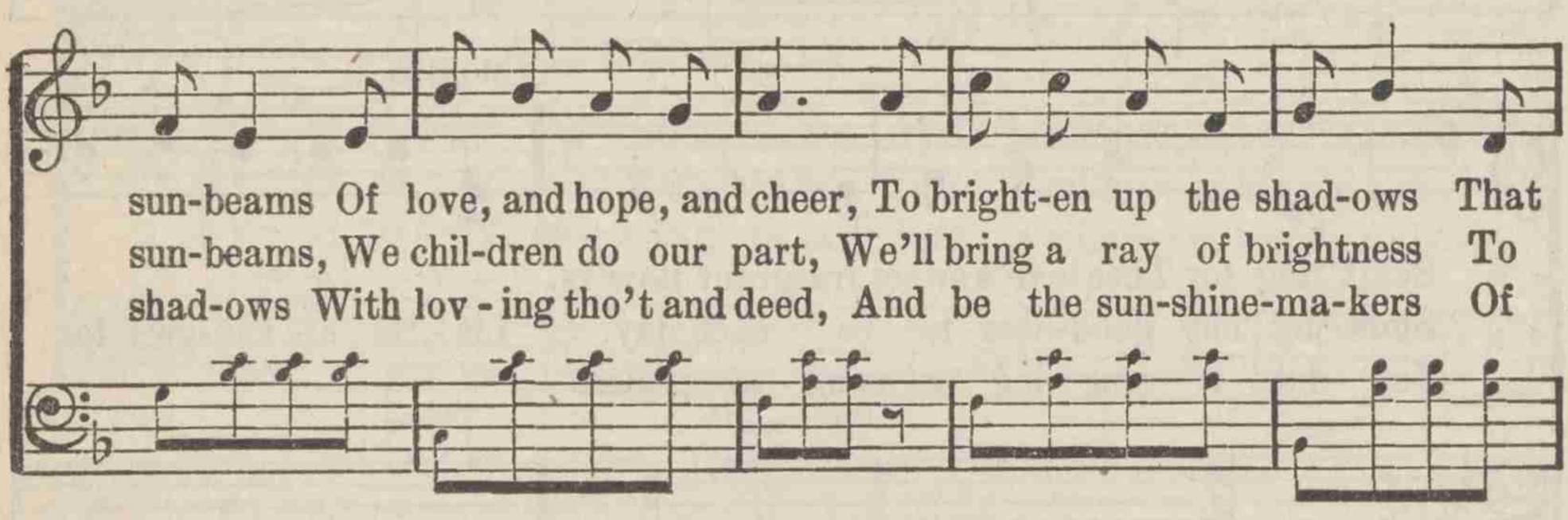
Eben E. Rexford.

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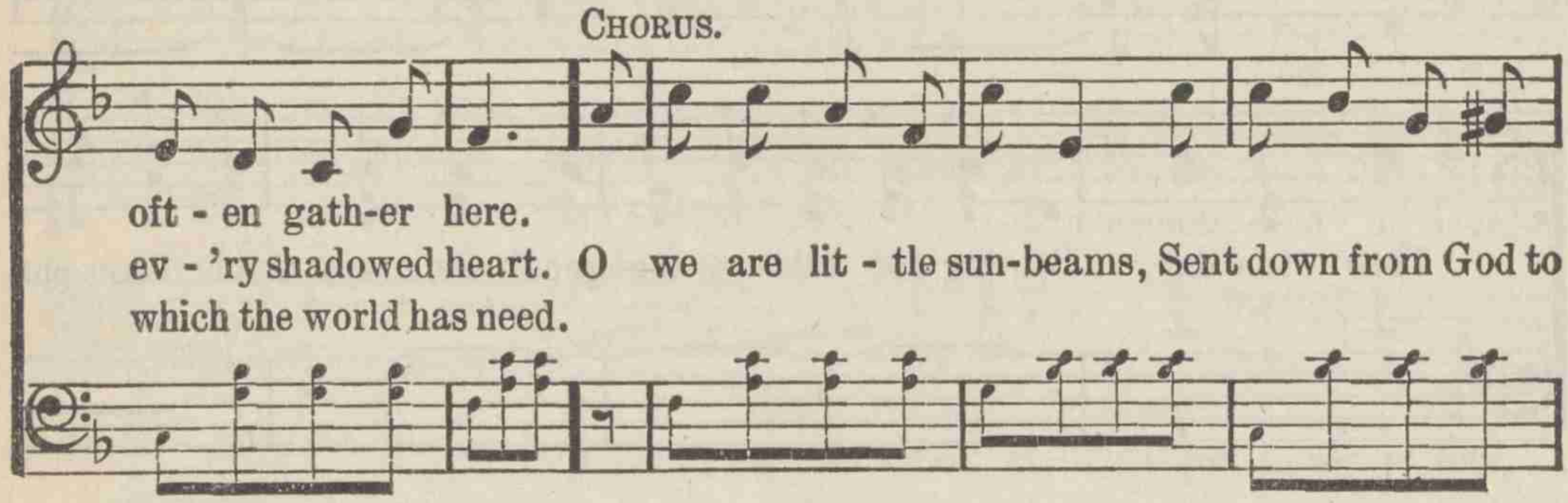
Chas. H. Gabriel.







CHORUS.





No. 170. Luther's Cradle Hymn.

Martin Luther.

COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. A - way in a man - ger, No crib for His bed, The lit - tle Lord
2. The cat - tle were low - ing—The poor Ba - by wakes; But lit - tle Lord
3. Be near me, Lord Je - sus, I ask Thee to stay Close by me for-

rit. *a tempo.*

Je - sus Lay down His wee head; The stars in the heav - ens Looked
Je - sus, No cry - ing He makes: I love Thee, Lord Je - sus, Look
ev - er, And love me, I pray; Bless all the dear chil - dren In

down where He lay, The lit - tle Lord Je - sus, A - sleep on the hay.
down from the sky, And stay by my cra - dle, To watch lull - a - by.
Thy ten - der care, And take us to heav - en, To live with Thee there.

CHORUS.

A - sleep, a - sleep, A - sleep, the Sav - ior in a stall!

A - sleep, a - sleep,

A - sleep, a - sleep, A - sleep, the Lord of all! . . .

A - sleep, a - sleep, the Lord of all!

No. 171. The Children's Hosanna.

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

Neal A. McAuley. J. S. Fearis.

1. I dreamed one night, not long a - go, Of man-sions in the skies, Where those who love the Lord ob-tain A rich and glo-rious prize; I saw a-mong the hap - py throng The children bright and fair; I heard their voi-ces clear and sweet
2. And, as I mused, I heard a voice, In sweet - er tones than all, Di- rect - ing Christian workers here, In words I now re - call: "Forbid them not," He gen - tly said, "The children bring to Me; Their por-tion in the World of Light
3. And when from slumber I a - rose, To serve my Lord and King, I felt that I the lit - tle lambs To Christ in love might bring; And then I cried for dai - ly grace Their precious souls to cheer, Till they could sing, like yonder choir,

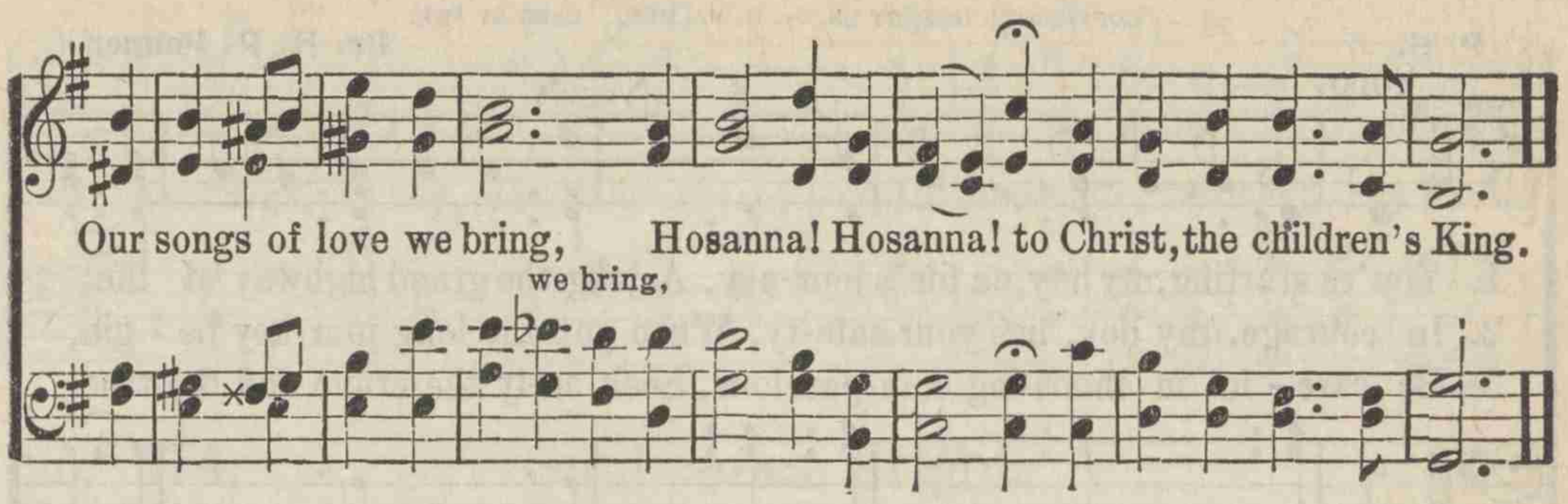
REFRAIN. *Faster.*

With mu - sic fill the air.
Redeemed shall ev - er be." Ho-san-na! Ho-san-na! Our songs of love we bring!
Ho - san - na! bright and clear.

we bring!

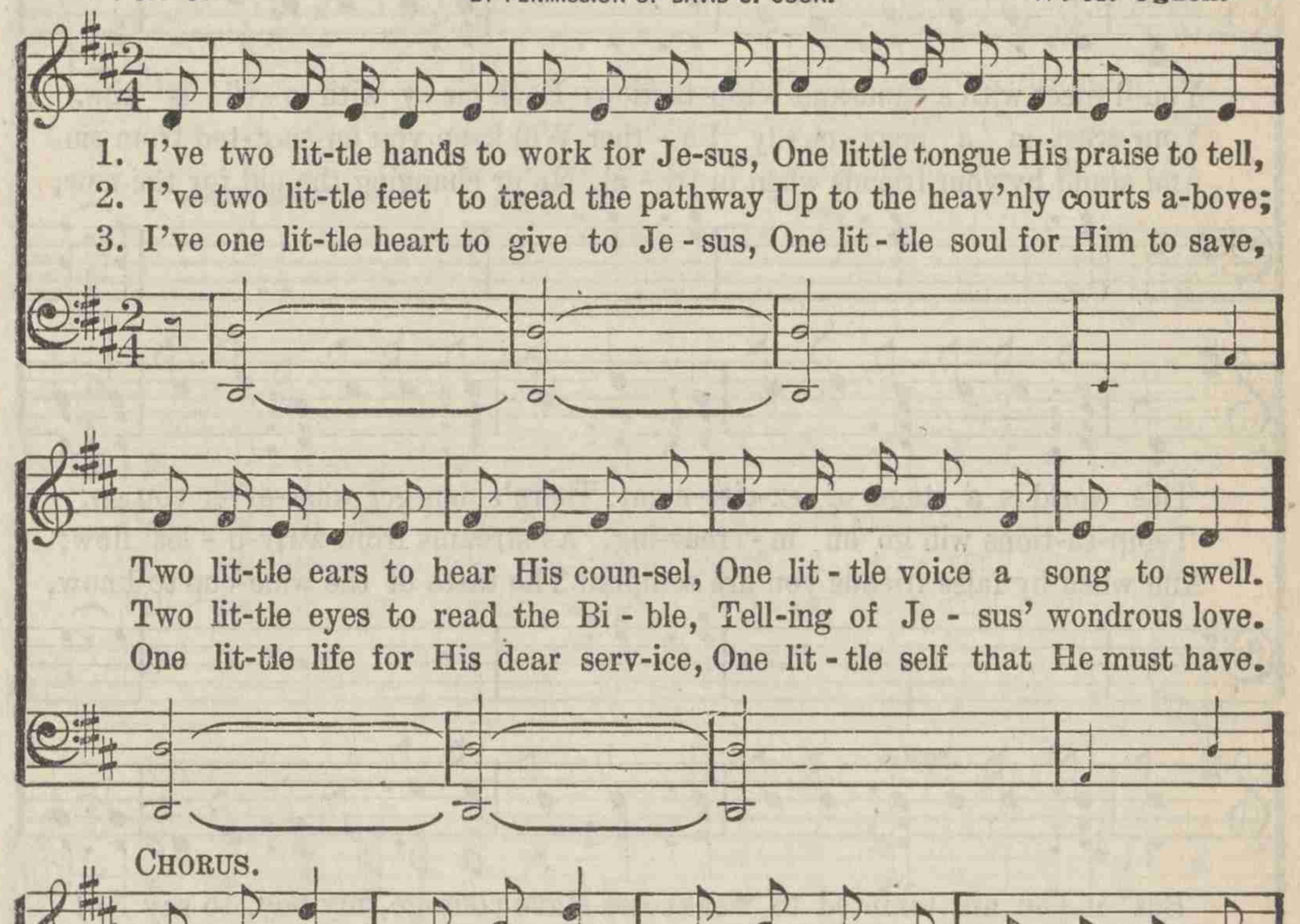
Ho-san-na! Ho-san - na! To Christ, the children's King; Ho-san-na! Ho-san - na!

The Children's Hosanna.



No. 172. Two Little Hands.

W. A. O. BY PERMISSION OF DAVID C. COOK. W. A. Ogden.



No. 173. Have Courage to Say No!

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY DR. H. R. PALMER. USED BY PER.

P. S. SOLO. Dr. H. R. Palmer.

1. You're starting, my boy, on life's jour-ney, A-long the grand highway of life;
2. In courage, my boy, lies your safe-ty, When you the long jour-ney be - gin,
3. Be care - ful in choos-ing com-pan-ions, Seek on-ly the brave and the true,

You'll meet with a thousand temp-ta-tions–Each cit - y with e - vil is rife.
Your trust in a heav - en - ly Fa - ther Will keep you un-spot-ted from sin.
And stand by your friends when in tri - al, Ne'er changing the old for the new;

This world is a stage of ex-cite-ment, There's dan-ger wher-ev-er you go;
Temp-ta-tions will go on in - creas-ing, As streams from a riv-u - let flow;
And when by false friends you are tempted The taste of the wine-cup to know,

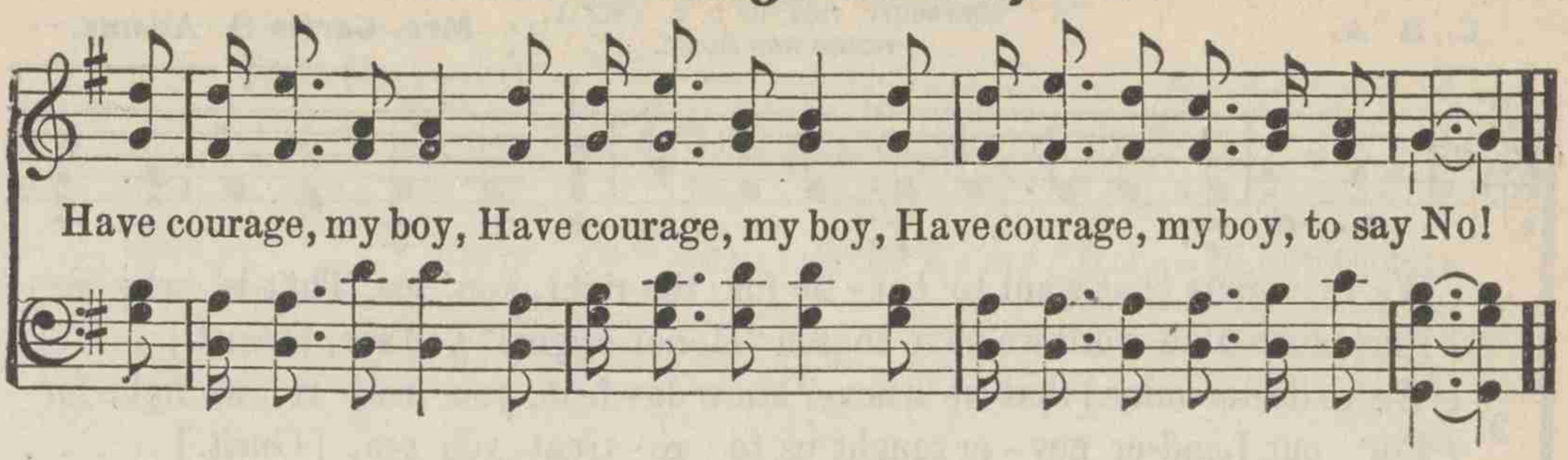
But if you are tempted to weakness, Have courage, my boy, to say No!
But if you'd be true to your man-hood, Have courage, my boy, to say No!
With firmness, with patience and kindness, Have courage, my boy, to say No!

CHORUS.

Have courage, my boy, to say No!... Have courage, my boy, to say No!....

say No! say No!

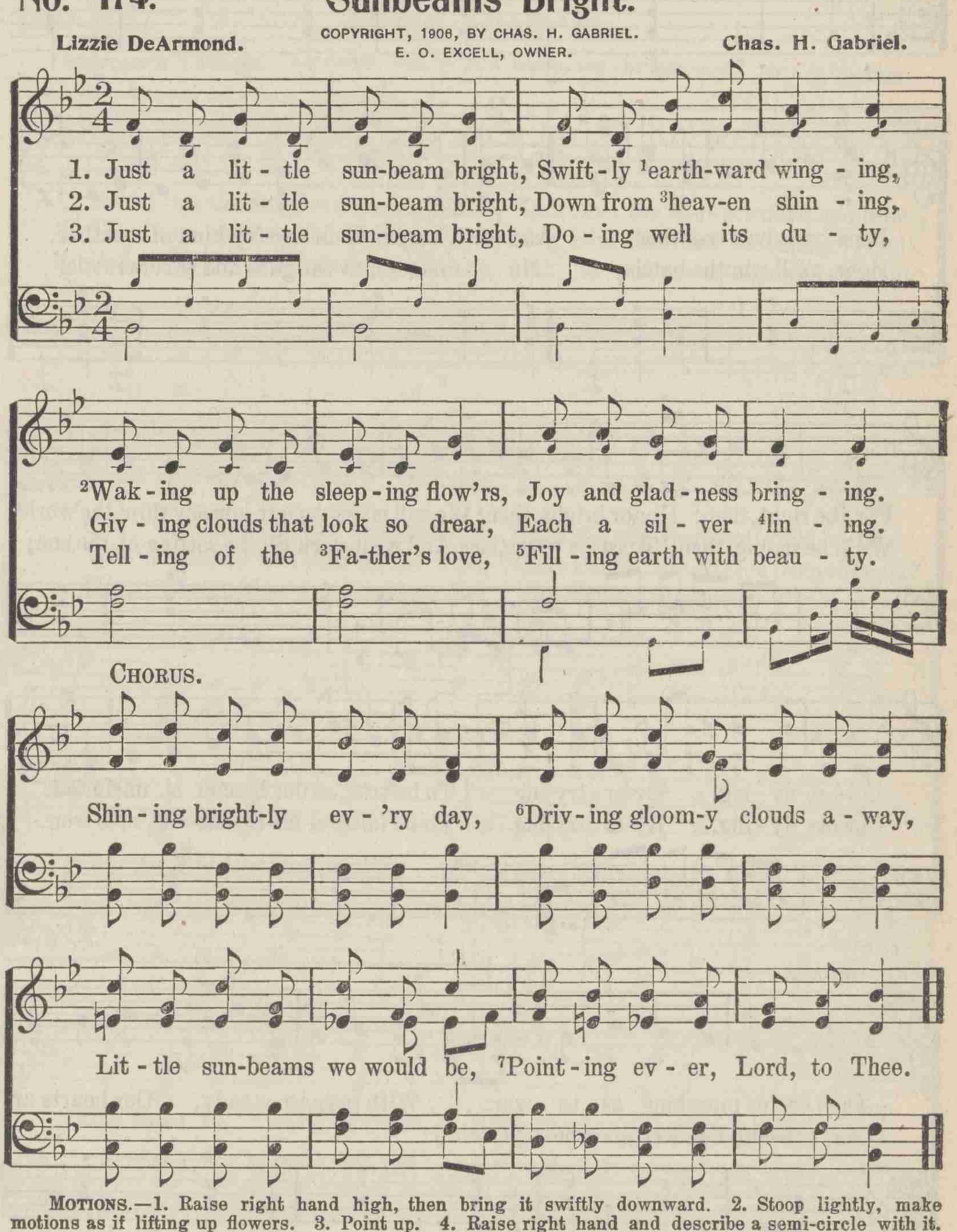
Have Courage to Say No!



No. 174. Sunbeams Bright.

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

Lizzie DeArmond. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**



MOTIONS.—1. Raise right hand high, then bring it swiftly downward. 2. Stoop lightly, make motions as if lifting up flowers. 3. Point up. 4. Raise right hand and describe a semi-circle with it. 5. Hold arms out wide and bring them slowly together, till palms of hands touch. 6. Move right hand and arm with sweeping motion from left to right. 7. Pointing right hand slowly upwards.

No. 175. Honor-Bright Cadets.

C. B A.

COPYRIGHT, 1802, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. Carrie B. Adams.

1. We're ca-dets that want to bat-tle for the right, you see; That is why we band ourselves together;
   For our watch-word we have chosen "Honor bright!" you see, [*Omit.*] . . . . right, we'll win the battle;

2. We're de-ter-mined that we'll never know de-feat, you see; If we fight for And we'll keep it up in ev-'ry kind of weather.
   For our Lead-er nev-er taught us to re-treat, you see, [*Omit.*] . . . . No matter how the guns and sabers rattle.

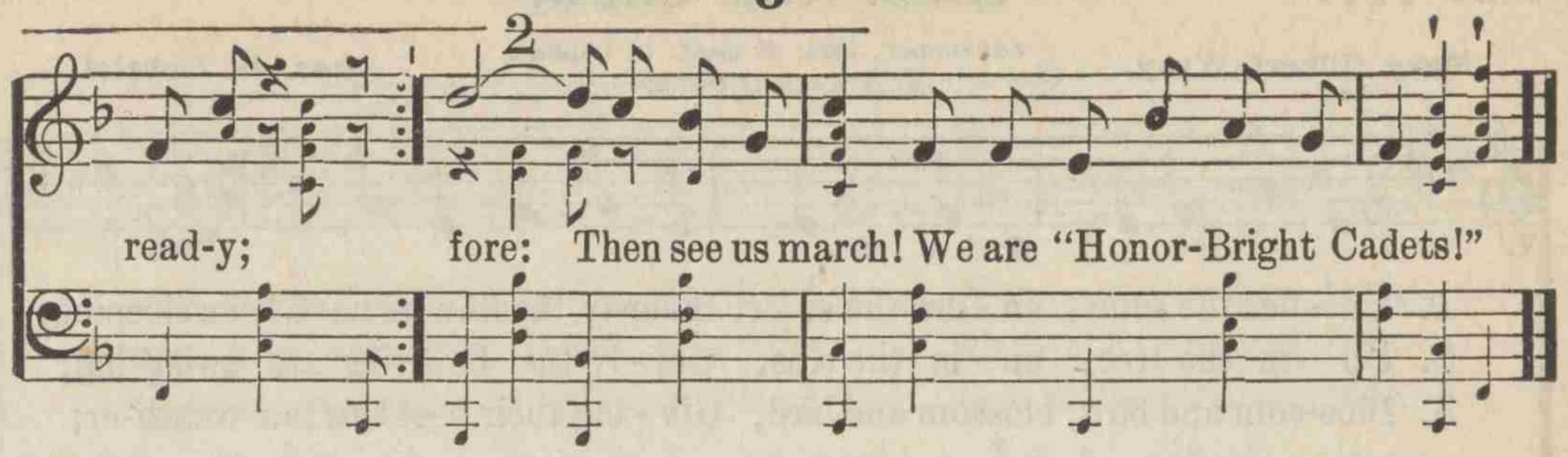
For the right, then; Honor bright, then; We will march on our journey thro' the world;
We'll be strong, then, 'Gainst the wrong, then, And we'll work till the setting of the sun;

Col-ors fly-ing, Ev-er try-ing To be true, as our banner is un-furled.
Col-ors fly-ing, Ev-er try-ing To be faithful un-til the vict'ry's won.

CHORUS.

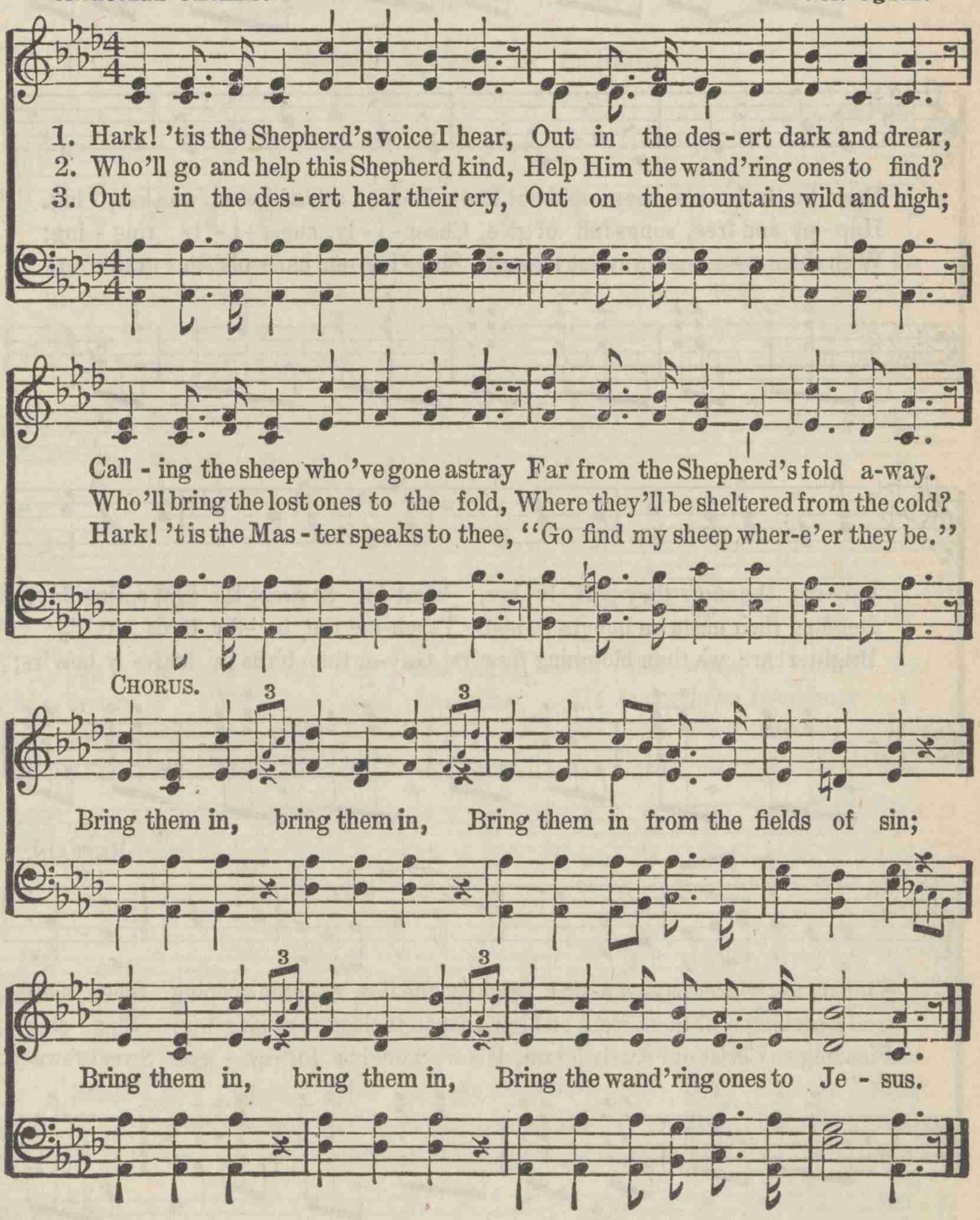
Then see us marching as to war; . . . With purpose steady, Our hearts are
Our gal-lant Lead-er goes be- [*Omit.*] . . . . . .

Honor-Bright Cadets.



No. 176. Bring Them In.

Alexcenah Thomas. COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY W. A. OGDEN. USED BY PERMISSION. **W. A. Ogden.**



No. 177. Under the Snow.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Mary Gilbert-Wray. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Un - der the snow, un - der the snow, Snug-ly the flow'rs have been sleeping;
2. Up in the tree, up in the tree, Gai - ly the bird - ies are swing-ing;
3. Blos-som and bird, blossom and bird, Giv - ing their best this fair weath-er;

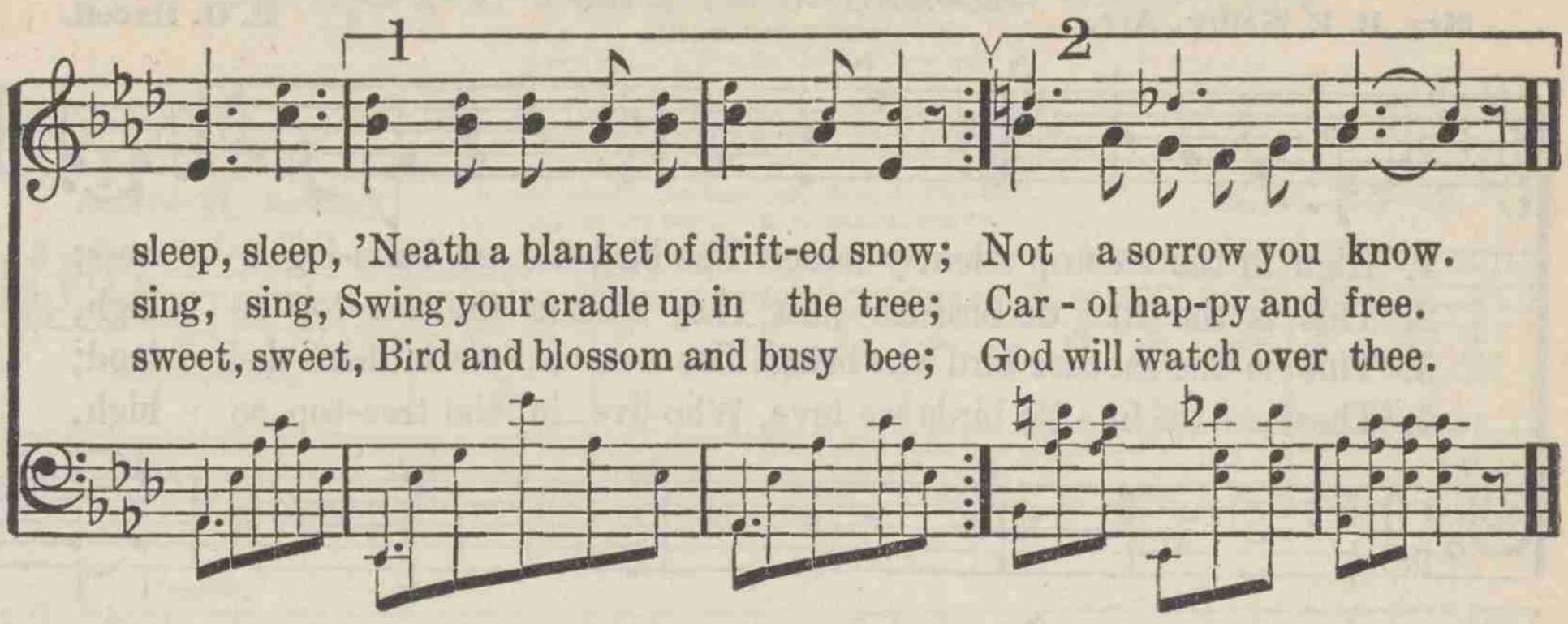
Dear lit-tle flowr's, they could not know Je-sus a kind watch was keep - ing.
Hap - py and free, songs full of glee, Cheer - i - ly, cheer - i - ly ring - ing;
With them we come in sweet ac-cord, Sing - ing our car - ols to - geth - er;

Un - der the snow they soft - ly lay, Wait-ing to greet the first spring day;
Building their nests on boughs so high, Teach-ing the ba - by birds to fly;
Brighter are we than blooming flow'rs, Gay-er than birds in leaf - y bow'rs;

REFRAIN.

Soon as the winter passed a-way Brightly the flow'rs came peeping. Sleep, sleep,
God watching o'er them from on high, List to their mer-ry sing-ing. Sing, sing,
Pleading to Christ our ear-ly hours, His we would be for - ev - er. Sweet, sweet,

Under the Snow.



No. 178. Jesus Bids Us Shine.

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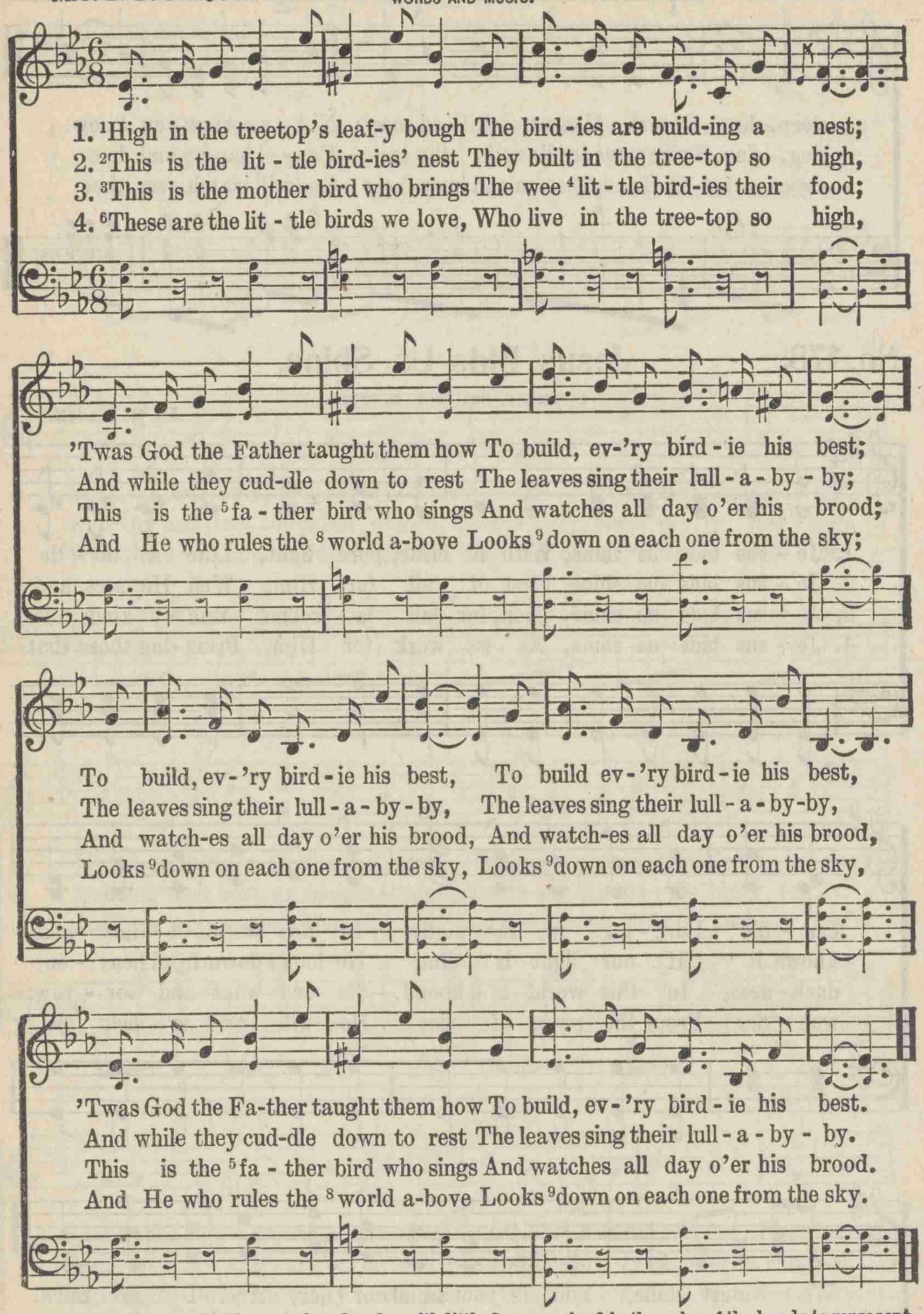
E. O. Excell.



No. 179. The Birds' Nest.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. B. B. Selby, Arr. E. O. Excell.



NOTE—To form bird's nest clasp hands, with little fingers raised in the palm of the hands to represent the baby birds. Let the thumbs represent the father and mother bird sitting on the forefingers which form the edge of the bird's nest.

MOTIONS—1, Point upward to treetop; 2, Hands clasped to form bird's nest; 3, Raise left hand thumb to represent the mother bird; 4, Raise little fingers representing the baby birds; 5, Raise right hand thumb representing the father bird; 6, Raise little fingers and thumbs representing the family of birds in the nest; 7, Point upward to treetop; 8, Look upward toward the sky; 9, Look down on the birds in the nest.

Special Selections

No. 180. Somebody Knows.

Alfred H. Ackley. COPYRIGHT, 1908 AND 1909, BY F. G. FISCHER.
WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. EXCELL, OWNER. **B. D. Ackley.**



Legato.

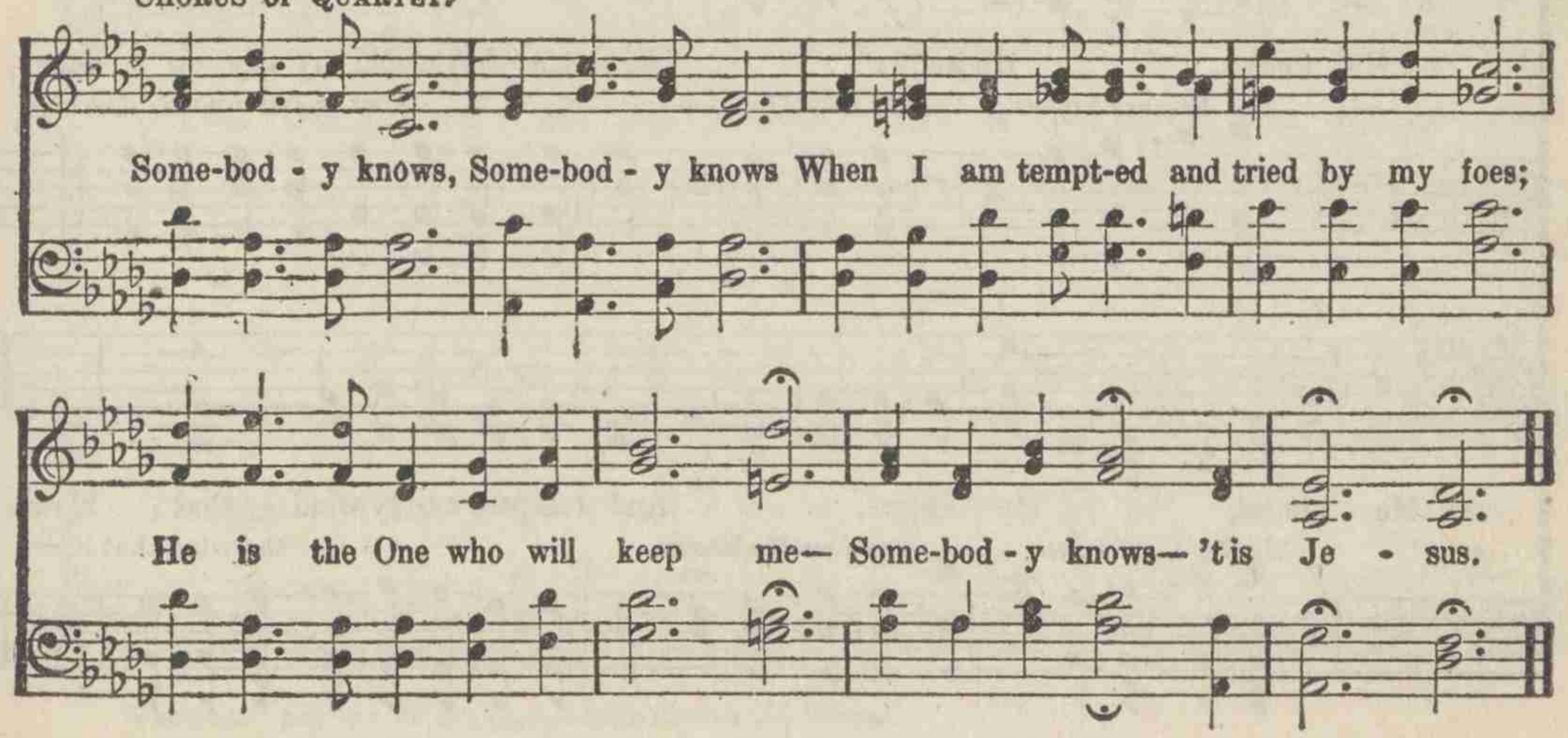
1. Fail - ing in strength when op - prest by my foes, Some - bod - y knows, Some-bod-y knows;
2. Why should I fear when the care - bil-lows roll? Some - bod - y knows, Some-bod-y knows;
3. Wound-ed and help - less and sick with dis - tress, Some - bod - y knows, Some-bod-y knows;



Wait - ing for some one to ban - ish my woes, Some-bod-y knows,—'t is Je - sus.
When the deep shad - ows sweep o - ver my soul, Some-bod-y knows,—'t is Je - sus.
Long - ing for home and a moth-er's ca - ress, Some-bod-y knows,—'t is Je - sus.



CHORUS or QUARTET.



Some-bod - y knows, Some-bod - y knows When I am tempt-ed and tried by my foes;

He is the One who will keep me— Some-bod - y knows— 't is Je - sus.

No. 181. My Father Knows.

S. M. I. Henry.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

Introduction. *mf*

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

ad lib.

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

REFRAIN.

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

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

No. 182. His Love For Me.

F. M. Eastwood.

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Fred H. Byshe.

Introduction.

1. You have heard of the sto - ry of Je - sus—Of His grace flowing boundless and free, ...
2. You have heard how He blessed lit - tle chil-dren: "Come, all ye that are weary," said He; . .
3. You have heard how the blind as they sought Him, Found their sight, when He bade them to see; . .
4. You have heard how He spake to the tem - pest—How His words, "Peace, be still!" calmed the sea;

But there's no one can tell you the ful - ness Of His won - der - ful love for me. . . . .
So I came, and He gave me the bless - ing Of His won - der - ful love for me. . . . .
So my sin-blind-ed eyes have been o - pened By His won - der - ful love for me. . . . .
So my soul found the peace that it longed for In His won - der - ful love for me. . . . .

CHORUS.*

His love for me, His love for me! High as the heav'n, deep as the sea;

Love that will last thro' e - ter - ni - ty, His love for me, His love for me!

*Small notes may be used as a Soprano Obligato after last stanza.

No. 183. Sometime, Somewhere.

Mrs. Ophelia G. Adams. COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER. **Charlie D. Tillman,**

DUET or SOLO.

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

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

rit. ad lib.

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

No. 184. I'm Not Your Judge.

Sarah Spencer-Ruff. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

Introduction. *f*

1. I'm not your judge, Nay! God for - bids Me judge the rec-ord of your deeds; But
2. I'm not your judge, Nay! I'm un - fit, God plainly tells in ho - ly writ; He
3. I'm not your judge, Nay! One on high Will read your sentence by and by; But
4. I'm not your judge, Nay! One up - on His throne will judge in love, His own; So,

tells me wait, with read - y hand, To love and help and un - der - stand; But tells me
bids me raise and lift you up, Then pass to you the lov - ing - cup; He bids me
while we jour - ney side by side, I am your friend what-e'er be - tide; But while we
o - ver all your faults I cast Love's sa-cred man - tle to the last; So o - ver

wait, with read - y hand, To love, and help, and un - der - stand.
raise and lift you up, Then pass to you the lov - ing - cup.
jour - - ney side by side, I am your friend what-e'er be - tide.
all your faults I cast Love's sacred man - tle to the last.

RESPONSE.

Judge not, that ye be not judged; Judge not, that ye be not judged.

No. 185. Beautiful Isle.

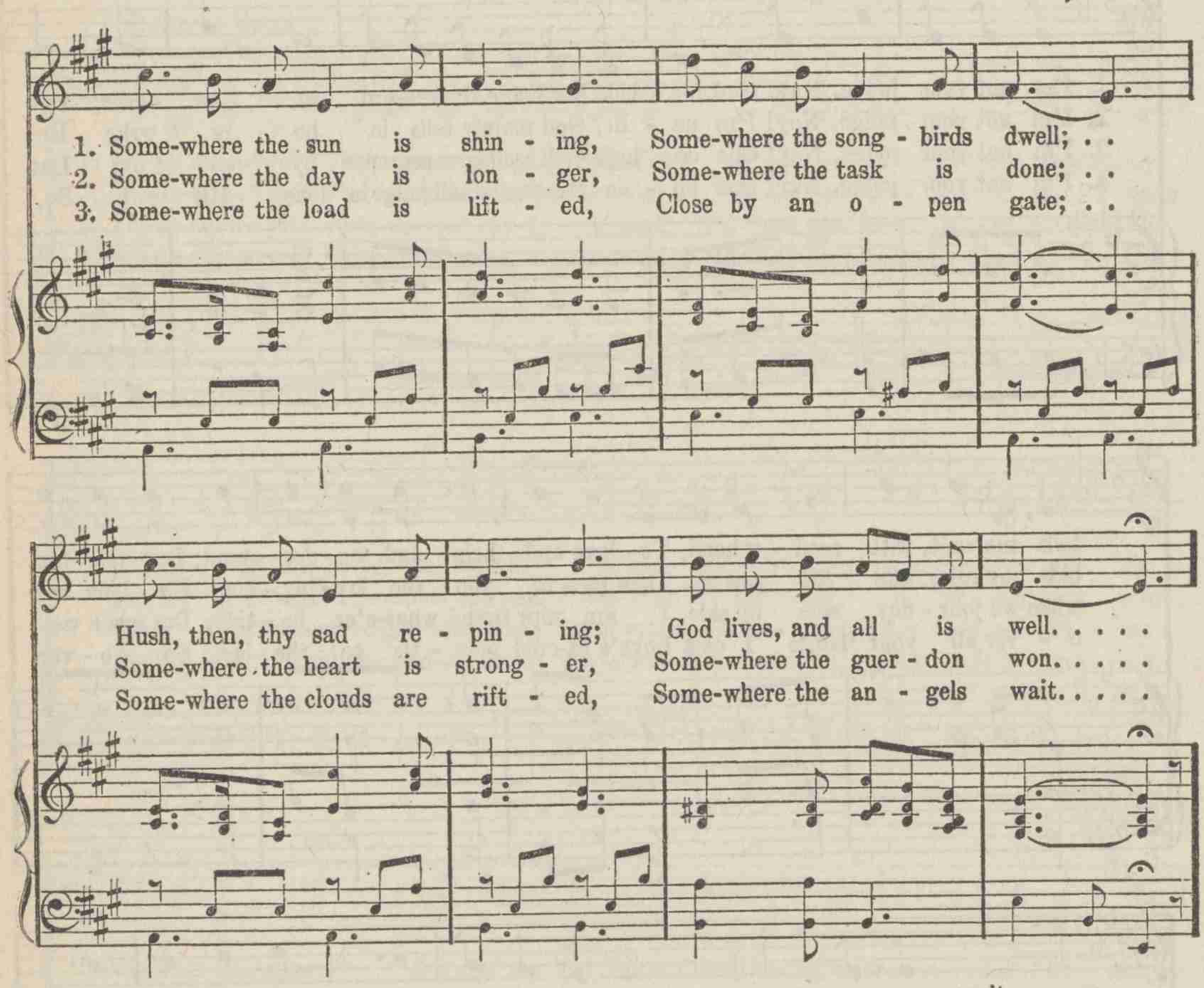
Jessie B. Pounds.

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

J. S. Fearis.



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



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



CHORUS or QUARTET.

rit.

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

rit.

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

No. 186. I Am Happy In Him.

E. O. E.

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

E. O. Excell.



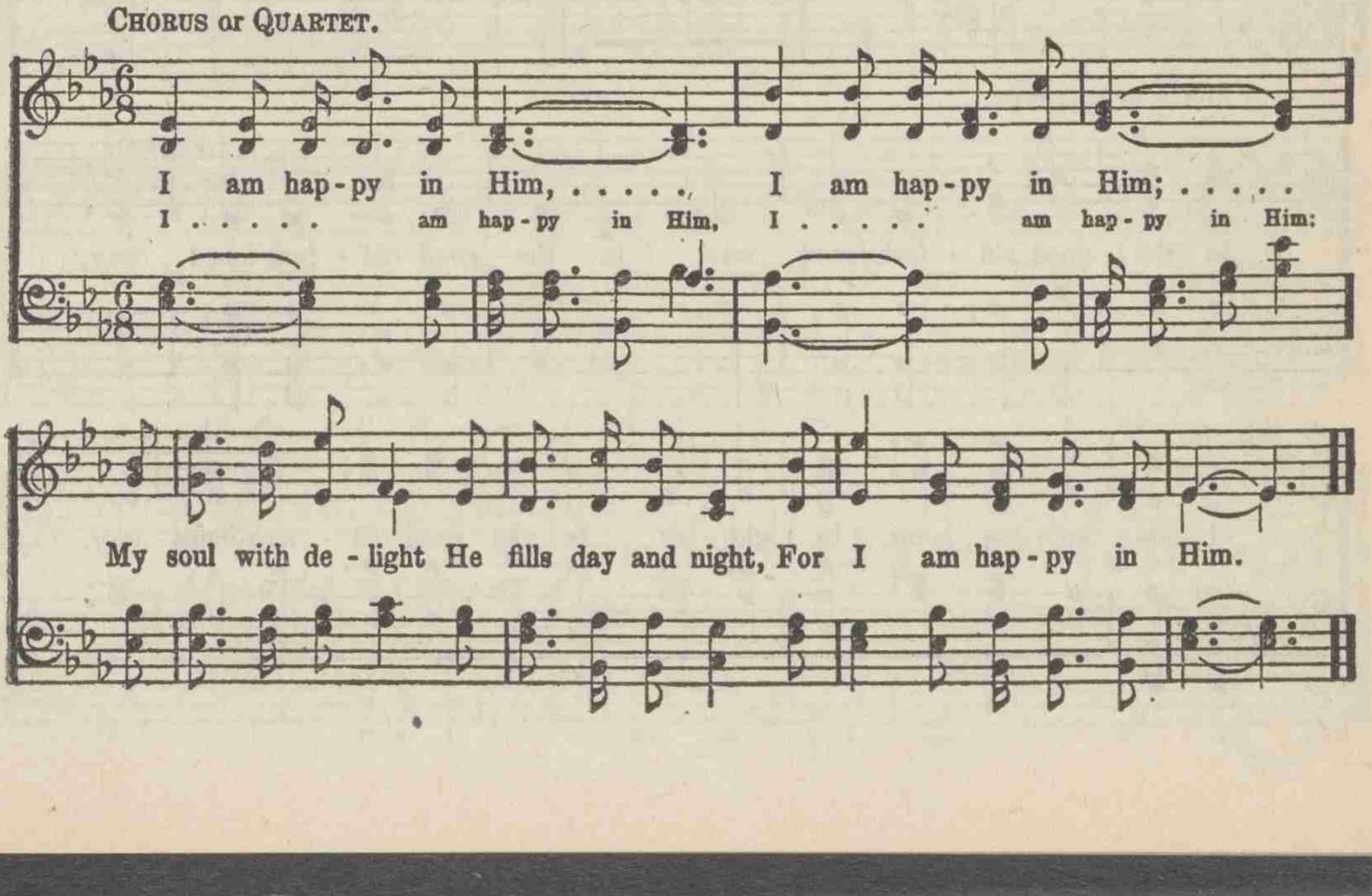
1. My soul is so hap-py in Je - sus, For He is so pre-cious to me;
2. He sought me so long ere I knew Him, When wan - d'ring a-far from the fold;
3. His love and His mer-cy sur-round me, His grace like a riv-er doth flow;
4. They say I shall some day be like Him, My cross and my bur-den lay down;



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



CHORUS or QUARTET.



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

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

No. 187. The Good Old-Fashioned Way.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY E O EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC.
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Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. E. O. Excell.

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

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

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

CHORUS or QUARTET.

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

No. 188. It Is Jesus.

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

T. O. Chisholm. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. Be - hold! One com-eth in the way, In hum-ble garments clad; The poor-est of the
2. What words of grace and truth He speaks, Ne'er heard on earth before: The burdened sin-ner
3. They lead Him forth to Cal-va - ry,— O see Him bleed and die! His parch-ed lips are
4. But lo! what wondrous thing is done? The grave has lost its dead! To weep-ing ones He

poor is He, No pil - low for His head; The hun - gry, wea - ry, sick and sad In
hears that voice, And feels his sins no more; He calls the dead to life a-gain, Bids
plead-ing now For those who cru-ci - fy! His head is bowed, the cup has passed, His
re - ap-pears, When all their hopes had fled; He lin - gers but a lit - tle while, To

crowds about Him press,— To ev - 'ry one He gives re-lief,—What manner of man is this?
winds and bil-lows cease,—None other man such works hath done,—What manner of man is this?
Spir - it finds re - lease,— He suf-fered thus for you and me,—What manner of man is this?
com - fort and to bless; The heav'ns receive Him from their sight,—What manner of man is this?

CHORUS.

It is Je - sus, it is Je - sus, The Man of Gal - i - lee; It is Je - sus, bless-ed

Je - sus who died on Cal-va-ry.

Introduction. *rit.* *dim.*

No. 189. Jesus and His Love.

John R. Clements. WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY E. O. EXCELL.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED. **E. O. Excell.**

Solo. *For Introduction see last brace.*

1. A voice is sweet-ly sing - ing Its mes - sage in my heart, And oft - en, o'er it
2. How oft-en, when life's path-way Is heaped a-bout with care, And ev - 'ry step that's
3. I fan-cy, when the morn-ing Of heav-en's day shall break, And I from earth for-

mu-sing, The tears un-bid - den start; No day can be so drear-y But this a balm will
tak - en Re-veals some hid-den snare, Will this sweet song of com-fort A ben - e-dic - tion
ev - er My journey thence shall take, No song of an-gel voic-es More sweet to me shall

prove: Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Of Je-sus and His love;

CHORUS. This Chorus used by permission of the Author, Dr. W. H. Doane.

Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old

sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

FINE. Introduction.

Moderato.

No. 190. Reapers Are Needed.

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

1. Hark to the mu - sic re - sound - ing, Reap - ers are need - ed to - day; Fields are all white, to the har - vest Let us be up and a - way! Ev - er the Mas - ter is call - ing, Has - ten! the shad-ows are fall - ing; On to the har - vest-field, Gath-er the gold - en yield, Pre - cious sheaves.

2. For-ward with hearts full of glad - ness, Reap - ers, I pray you, make haste; Grain there is read - y and wait - ing, If not soon gath-ered, will waste; Then let us hear you re- ply - ing, La - bor with cour-age un - dy - ing, Send up a word of cheer, Tell of the rest so near, Rest at home.

3. Hark to the song they are sing - ing! See, they have treas-ures so rare; Soon will the har - vest be end - ed, Haste, then, their tro-phies to share. Let no one be i - dly dream-ing, Look! look! the har-vest is gleam - ing, Join ye the reap - ing band, Lend them a help - ing hand, Ere the night.

CHORUS or QUARTET.

Hark! hark! comes the song, On! on! join the throng; Forth with joy-ful, lov - ing heart, Bravely do your part; Hark! hark! rings the call; Haste! haste! one and all; On where the har-vest stands, Waiting for will - ing hands Souls to win.

No. 191. Raise Me, Jesus, to Thy Bosom.

Geo. Birdseye.

COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY W. F. SHAW.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Wm. A. Huntley.

DUET.

1. Raise me, Je - sus, to Thy bos - om, From this world . . . of sin and woes; . .
2. Raise me, Je - sus, to Thy bos - om, For my heart . . . is slave to fear, . .
3. Raise me, Je - sus, to Thy bos - om, Hear a con - trite spir-it's prayer; .

Let me feel Thine arms a - round me, Then my soul may know re - pose. . .
That will van - ish as a shad - ow, When it feels Thy pres - ence near. . .
Raise me from the sin a - round me Ere I yield me to de - spair. . .

SOLO.

I am wear-y with my bur-den, And I come to Thee for rest; . . Knee-ling at Thy feet, I
In my anguish deign to hear me All my sin and grief con - fess; . . By the promise Thou hast
Oh, I feel that Thou wilt hear me, And will give me ho - ly rest; . . Now I feel Thy glo - ry

CHORUS or QUARTET.

pray Thee Lift me, Je - sus, to Thy breast. . .
giv - en, Lift me, Je - sus, to Thy breast. . . Raise me, Je-sus, to Thy bos - om, From this
near me, Lift me, Je - sus, to Thy breast. . .

world of sin and woes; Let me feel Thine arms a - round me, Then my soul may know re-pose.

No. 192. Clinging Close to His Hand.

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

1. As I cling to the hand of my Lord each day, . . What a
2. If I cling to His hand when the way grows dim, . . What is
3. I will cling to the hand whose nail-prints I see, . . And will

glad-ness is mine in the heav'nward way! . . Bless - ed fel-low-ship ours
there I need fear, since I trust in Him? . For His love lights the way
rest in the love that is full and free; . . Cling - ing ev - er to Him,

all the way a - long, As my glad - ness voi - ces it - self in song. . .
that my feet must tread, And Faith's day - star bright-ens the path a - head. . .
of His grace I sing, Christ, my Sav - ior, ev - er to be my King. . .

CHORUS.

Clinging, clinging by faith to my Savior's hand; Clinging, clinging to Him who my way hath planned;

Cling-ing, cling-ing to Je-sus, my Hope, my All; Cling-ing, clinging, clinging, I can-not fall.

No. 193. No Room in the Inn.

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY R. KELSO CARTER.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

A. L. Skilton. E. Grace Updegraff.

Introduction. *Andante.* *poco rit.*

1. No beau-ti-ful cham-ber, No soft cra-dle bed, No place but a man-ger,
2. No sweet con-se-cra-tion, No seek-ing His part, No hu-mil-i-a-tion,
3. No one to re-ceive Him, No wel-come while here, No balm to re-lieve Him,

No-where for His head; No prais-es of glad-ness, No tho't for their sin,
No place in the heart; No tho't of the Sav-ior, No sor-row for sin,
No staff but a spear; No seek-ing His treas-ure, No weep-ing for sin,

rit. CHORUS.

No glo-ry but sad-ness, No room in the inn.
No pray'r for His fa-vor, No room in the inn. No room, no room for Je-sus, Oh,
No do-ing His pleas-ure, No room in the inn.

rit. *rit.*

give Him wel-come free, Lest you should hear at heaven's gate, "There is no room for thee."

rit.

No. 194. My Mother's Song.

J. E. Ramsey.

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

E. O. Excell.

1. Sing me the song my moth-er sang In ac-cents sweet and low, That dear old song she sang to me In childhood long a - go; Me thinks I hear her voice a-gain, And
2. O sing it as she sang that day, So tender and so sweet, When pen - i - tent I knelt to pray, Be - fore the mer - cy - seat; It seemed a song from angel tongue, My
3. Sing me the dear old song a-gain, It brings a sweet re - lief; 'Twas mother's song in joy or pain, Her balm for ev - 'ry grief; In vale or on the mountain steep, She
4. Sing as she sang, with faith so strong, When called by an - gel band, To join her song with ser-aph throng, In heav'n's sweet sum-mer land; Still sing-ing God's re-deem-ing love, His

see her smil - ing face, As when she sang that sweet re-frain .Of God's A-maz - ing Grace.
bro-ken heart to bless, When mother sang that dear old song Of God's A-maz - ing Grace.
sang her song of praise,—The Lord my soul will safe-ly keep, Thro' His A-maz - ing Grace.
glo - ry on her face, She winged her way to realms a-bove, Thro' God's A-maz - ing Grace.

After each stanza sing the corresponding stanza of the following hymn: "Amazing Grace,"

No. 195. Amazing Grace.

John Newton.

Arr. by E. O. Excell.

1. { Amazing grace! how sweet the sound,
   { That saved a wretch like me! I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart
And grace my fears relieved; [to fear
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!

3 Thro' many dangers, toils and
I have already come; [snares,
'Tis grace hath bro't me safe thus
And grace will lead me home. [far,

4 When we've been there ten thou-
Bright shining as the sun, [sand years
We've no less days to sing God's
Than when we first begun. [praise

No. 196. Drifting Away From God.

F. A. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Frank A. Simpkins.

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

1. Drift - ing a - way from the Sav - ior, Drift - ing to lands un - known,
2. Drift - ing a - way from the Sav - ior, He who would bear your load;

SOLO or QUARTET.

3. Drift - ing a - way from the Sav - ior, Fear - less - ly on you go;
4. Drift - ing a - way from the Sav - ior, E - ven the an - gels weep;

Drift - ing a - way by night and by day, Drift - ing, yes, drift - ing a - lone.
Drift - ing a - way by night and by day, Drift - ing, yes, drift - ing from God.

Drift - ing a - way by night and by day, Drift - ing to re - gions of woe.
Still you drift on with mirth and with song, Out on the fath - om - less deep.

REFRAIN.

Drift - ing a - way from the Sav - ior, Drift - ing a - way from His love, While the

Drift - ing a - way from the Sav - ior, Drift - ing a - way from His love, While the

Sav - ior is ten - der - ly call - ing, You are drift - ing a - way from God.

Sav - ior is ten - der - ly call - ing, You are drift - ing a - way from God.

No. 197. A Sinner Made Whole.

W. M. Lighthall.

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COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

1. There's a song in my heart that my lips can-not sing, 'T is praise in the high-est to Je-sus, my King; Its mu-sic each mo-ment is thrill-ing my soul,

SOLO or QUARTET.

2. I shall stand one day fault-less and pure by His throne, Trans-formed from my im-age, con-formed to His own; Then I shall find words for the song of my soul,
3. All the mu-sic of heav-en, so per-fect and sweet, Will blend with my song and will make it com-plete; Thro' a-ges un-end-ing the ech-oes will roll,

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

FINE. CHORUS.

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

rit. D. S.

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

No. 198. "Heaven Is Not Far Away."

J. E. Ramsey.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Roger Cox.

1. Kneel - ing by my trun-dle bed, Moth - er's hand up - on my head, She would kiss my cheek and say, "Heav'n is not far a - way."
2. Dark-ness comes with guilt-y fears, Sin and shame bring bit - ter tears, Pray - ing there, night turns to day;— "Heav'n is not far a - way."

Man-y years have rolled be-tween, Ho - ly now, my Beth - el ground, Mother's feet have en-tered in, Still that whis-per when I pray, "Heav'n is not far a - way." An-gel hosts en-camped a-round, In my dreams I hear them say, "Heav'n is not far a - way." Dear-er than a moth-er's kiss—On His breast my head to lay, "Heav'n is not far a - way."

D. S.—Then how sweet will be my bliss;

FINE.

Still that whis-per when I pray, "Heav'n is not far a - way."
In my dreams I hear them say, "Heav'n is not far a - way."
On His breast my head to lay, "Heav'n is not far a - way."

3. When at last 'mid shadows deep,

D. S. 𝄋 AL FINE.

I shall "lay me down to sleep," He who keeps my soul will say, "Heav'n is not far a - way."

No. 199. The Handwriting On the Wall.

K. Shaw.

ANR. COPYRIGHT 1894. PROPERTY OF E. O. EXCELL.

Knowles Shaw.
Arr. by E. O. Excell.

1. At the feast of Bel-shaz-zar and a thou-sand of his lords, While they drank from gold-en ves-sels, as the Book of Truth re-cords; In the night, as they rev-el in the
2. See the brave captive Dan-iel, as he stood be-fore the throng, And re-buked the haught-y mon-arch for his might-y deeds of wrong; As he read out the writ-ing, 't was the
3. See the faith, zeal and courage, that would dare to do the right, Which the Spir-it gave to Dan-iel, this the se-cret of his might; In his home in Ju-de-a, or a
4. So our deeds are re-cord-ed, there's a Hand that's writing now, Sin-ner, give your heart to Je-sus, to His roy-al man-date bow; For the day is ap-proach-ing, it must

roy-al pal-ace hall, They were seized with con-ster-na-tion,—'t was the hand up-on the wall.
doom of one and all, For the king-dom now was fin-ished,—said the hand up-on the wall.
cap-tive in the hall— He un-der-stood the writ-ing of his God up-on the wall.
come to one and all, When the sin-ner's con-dem-na-tion will be writ-ten on the wall.

CHORUS or QUARTET.

'T is the hand of God on the wall, on the wall, 'T is the hand of God on the wall; on the wall; Shall the record be, "Found wanting," or shall it be "Found trusting?" While that hand is writing on the wall.

writing on the wall.

No. 200. 'Twas Rum that Spoiled my Boy.

Rev. L. F. Cole. USED BY PER. OF THE AUTHOR. T. Martin Towne.

With pathos.

1. I have seen a moth-er weep-ing, O'er a lit - tle pal - lid face;
2. I have known a moth-er wait-ing, Wait-ing while the years roll'd by,
3. I have seen a moth-er pac - ing On the shore where breaks the sea,
4. Gaze in - to the eyes cher - u - bic; Rain your kiss - es on his cheek;

I have seen her kiss the fore-head, Seen the last, sad, fond em - brace;
Start - ing from her dreams at mid-night, Wait - ing, watch - ing ea - ger - ly,
Plead - ing with the storm - y wa-ters, "Give, oh, give my boy to me!"
Clasp him fond - ly to your bos - om, Feel the thrill you can - not speak;

rit.

A tempo.

I have seen her heav - y, heart-sore, Turn - ing t'ward her home a - gain;
For her boy, long lost and wand'ring In some strange and dis - tant land,
But by waves by far more cru - el, Waves that drown my sweet-est joy,
Link your - self to God and heav - en, All your moth - er - love em - ploy,

And I've en - vied her her sad - ness, There was much to soothe her pain.
And I've tho't, oh, blest the watch-er! Hop - ing yet to clasp his hand.
I am sit - ting and la - ment - ing, Oh, 'twas rum that spoiled my boy!
That your lips may nev - er fal - ter, Oh, 'twas rum that spoiled my boy!

'Twas Rum that Spoiled my Boy.

CHORUS.

Oh, 'twas rum that spoil'd my dar - ling, Rum, en - thron'd but to de - stroy:
Drive the mon - ster from the na - tion, Then you'll shout, "We've sav'd the boy!"

No. 201. Some Happy Day.

Charlotte G. Homer.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas H. Gabriel.

1. Some day I'll reap what I have sown, Some day— I know not when.
2. Some day my deeds of good and wrong, Some day— it may be soon,
3. Some day the Judge up - on the throne, Some day— will speak to me,

But fruit and tares ma - ture - ly grown Will all be gath - er'd then.
Will rise be - fore me in a throng, Clear as the light of noon.
Will ei - ther wel - come or dis - own Me for e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.

Some day— I can-not tell.... ..... Just when, but, Lord, I pray,
but oh, I can-not tell Just when 'twill be, but this, O Lord, I pray,
That I may go to dwell With Thee some hap-py day.
may go, with Thee, With Thee some hap-py, hap-py, hap-py day.

No. 202. Echoes of Old Hymns.

Rose Keene.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. A lit - tle maid with soft blue eyes Was sing - ing at her play The lull - a - by her
2. A stranger chanced to pass that way, His heart was lone and sad; "I used to hear that
3. The stranger's life had sin - ful been, It pierced him like a dart; His eyes were run - ning
4. The stranger knelt, and as he prayed He fixed his eyes on Heav'n; "O God," he cried, "I
5. The lit - tle maid kept sing - ing on While at her child-ish play, And who but God can

moth - er sang To her at close of day; Her child-ish voice rose sweet and clear, Up-
song," he said, "When I was but a lad." Then like a flash there came to him The
o'er with tears, The song had reached his heart; He heard a - gain his moth-er's voice, In
come to Thee, And ask to be for - giv'n." An - oth - er song came float - ing near, While
tell the hearts Her songs had reached that day. The stran-ger rose with sins for-giv'n, The

on the sum-mer air, . . . And o'er and o'er these words she sang: (*Omit, see No. 1.....*)
mem - 'ries of the past; . . . He saw his lov-ing moth-er's face, With sor-row o - ver-cast.
hum - ble, earnest prayer, . The while the lit - tle maid sang on, (*Omit, see No. 2.....*)
there on bend-ed knee; . . He heard the lit - tle maid-en sing, (*Omit, see No. 3.....*)
Sav - ior heard his plea, . . And then he sang that pre-cious song, (*Omit, see No. 4.....*)

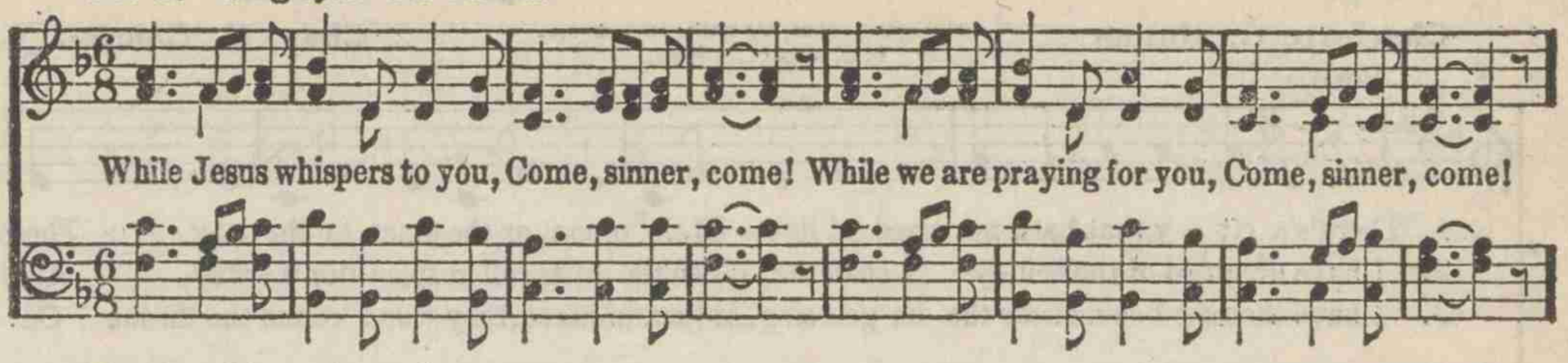
No. 1. · *Sing after 1st stanza.*

No. 2. *Sing after 3rd stanza.*

Hush, my babe, lie still and slum-ber, Ho-ly an - gels guard thy bed. Ho-ly an-gels guard thy bed.

Echoes of Old Hymns.

No. 3. *Sing after 4th stanza.*



No. 4. *Sing after 5th stanza.*



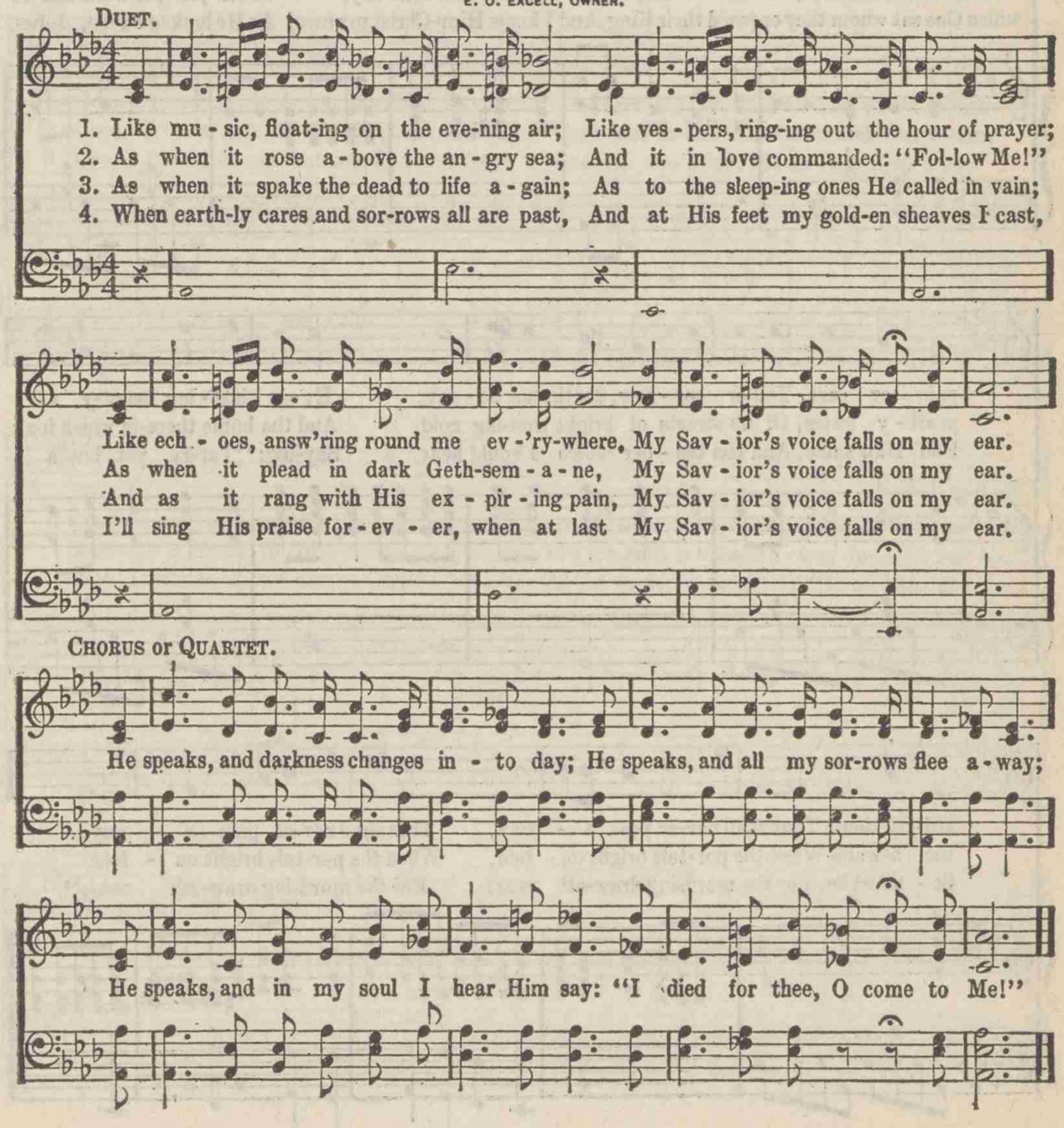
No. 203. My Savior's Voice.

C. H. G.

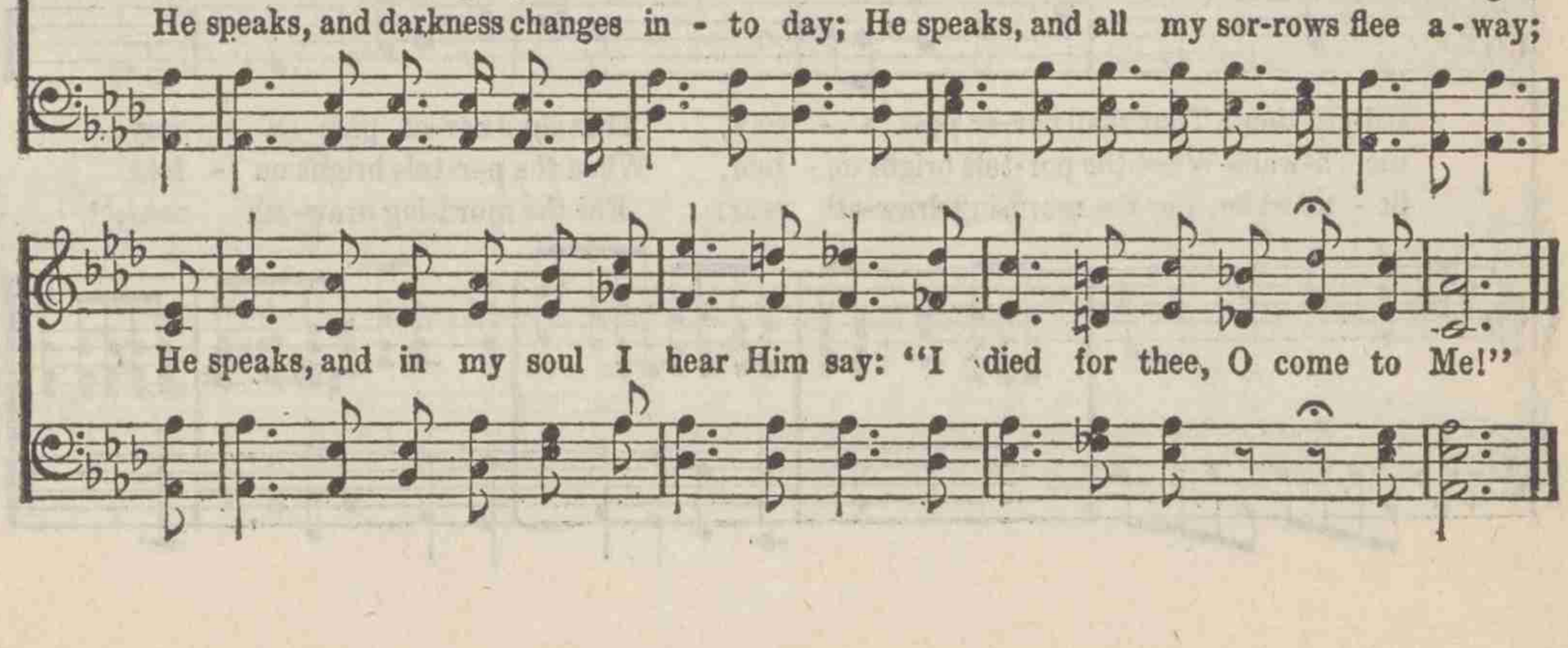
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Chas. H. Gabriel.

DUET.



CHORUS or QUARTET.



No. 204. The Dream City.

Charlotte G. Homer.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

SOLO.

1. There's a cit - y that hath no need of light Of the moon, or the stars, or the sun; There
2. I have dreamed of that cit - y I shall see, When the mists roll in splen-dor a - way, And
3. I have thought I could hear the an-gels sing, As, unnumbered, they stood 'round the throne On

For Introduction see first four measures.

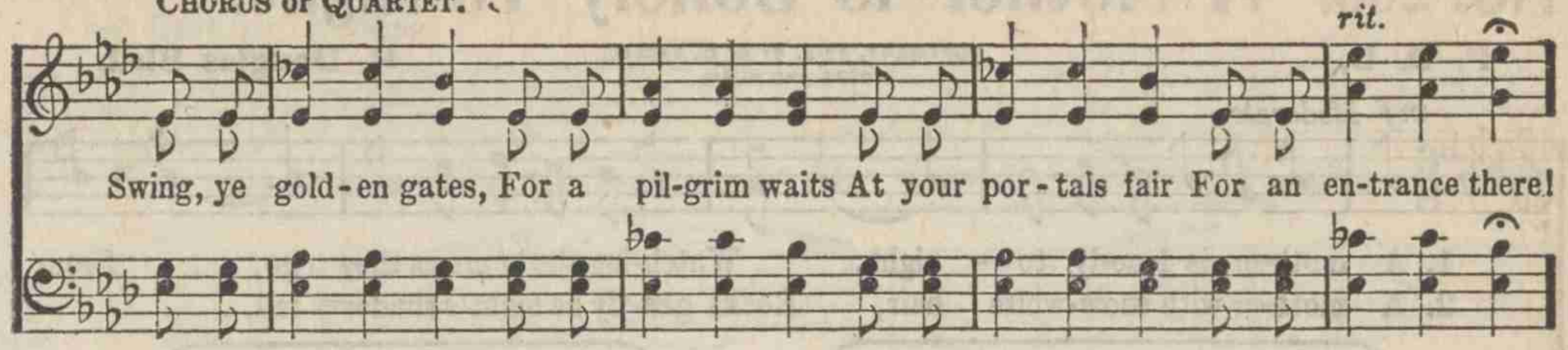
is no noon, neither is there night, For the day and night are one; There is no sin there, neither
morning dawns, as it will for me, At the close of life's brief day; Of its jas - per walls and its
which One sat whom they crown'd their King, And I knew Him–Christ my own! As He looked on me, I be-

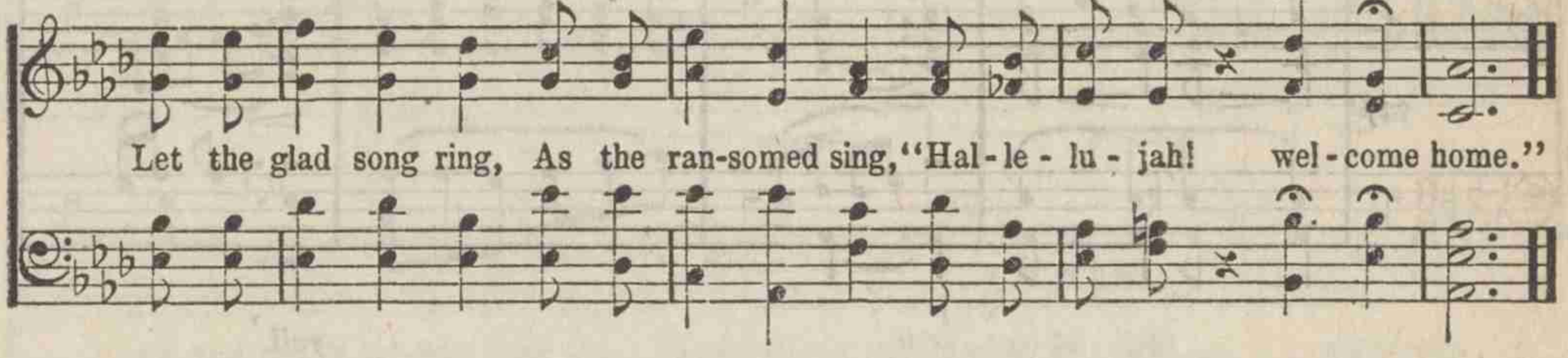
pain or care, Toil or sor - row, death, nor de - cay; Ev - er - last - ing beaut-y a-
pearl - y gates, Of its streets of bright shin-ing gold, And the home there-in which for
held Him smile, And His ten - der voice I could hear, Say-ing: "Tar-ry yet but a

bid-eth there, That shall nev-er pass a - way, That shall nev-er pass a - way.
me a-waits When the por-tals bright un - fold, When the por-tals bright un - fold.
lit - tle while, For the morn-ing draw-eth near, For the morn-ing draw-eth near."

The Dream City.

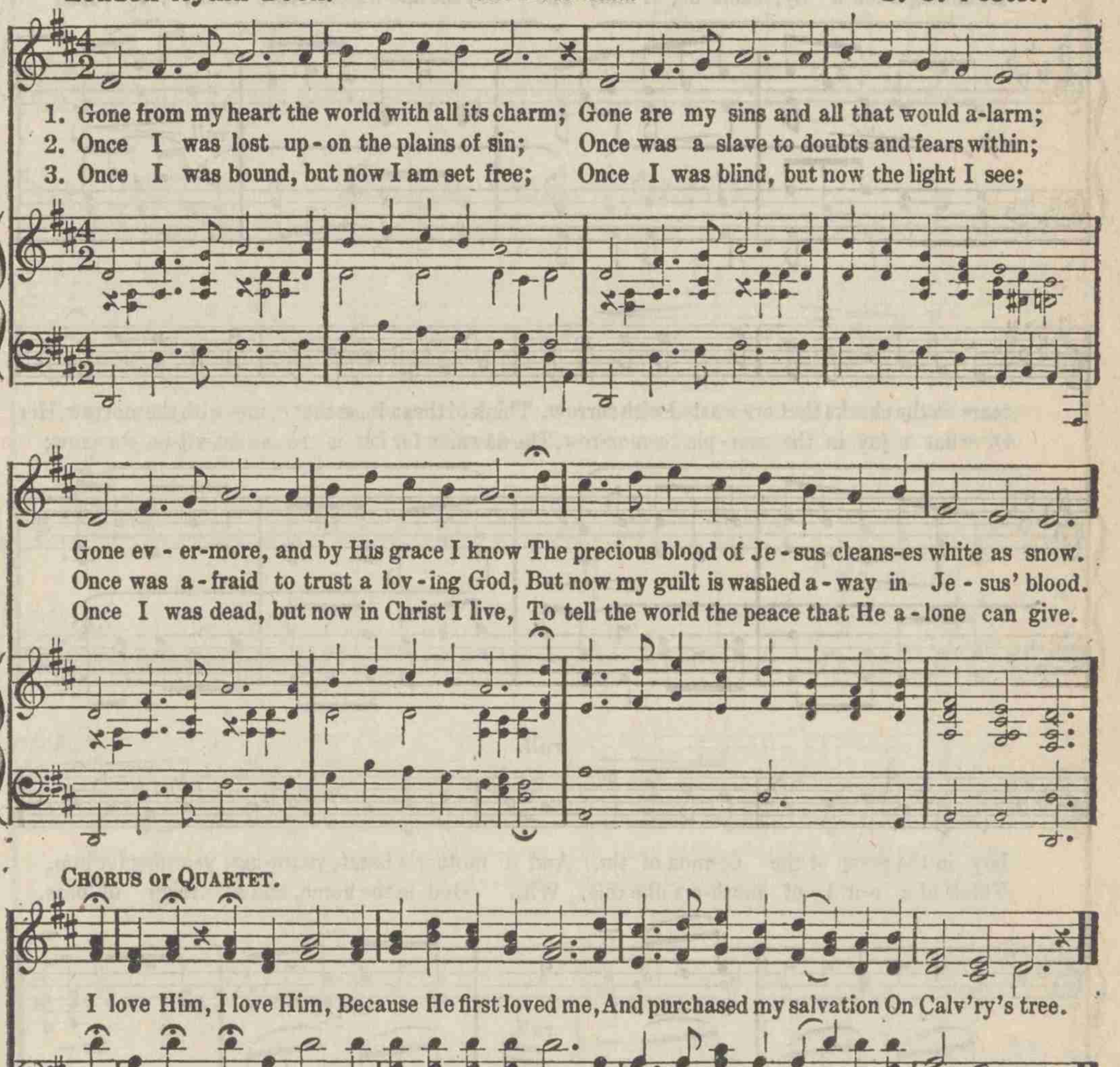
CHORUS or QUARTET.



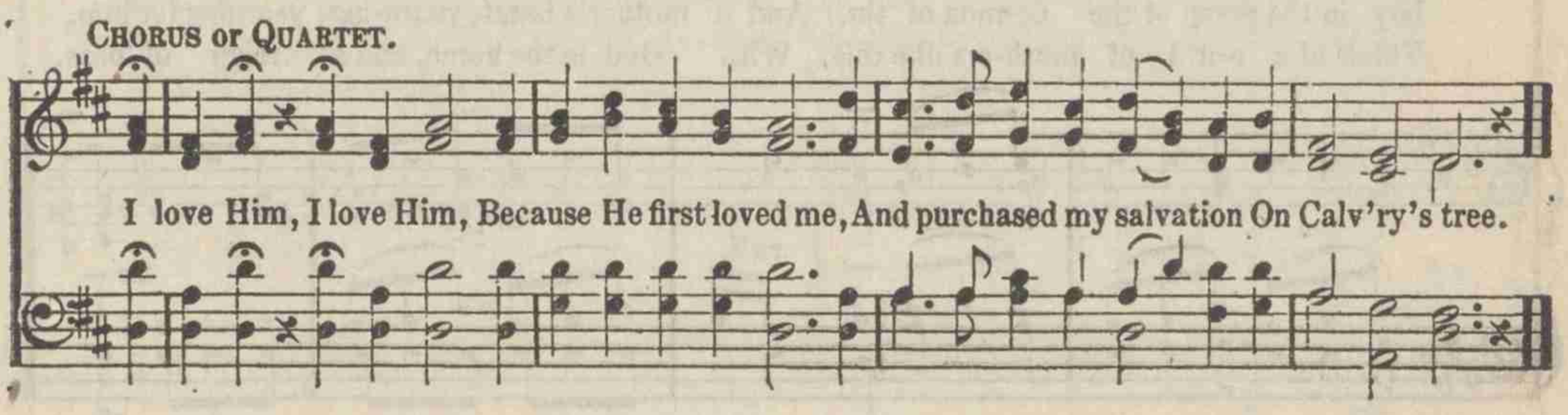


No. 205. I Love Him.

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



CHORUS or QUARTET.



No. 206. A Mother is Lonely To-Night.

P. D. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

P. Douglas Bird.

mf Moderato.

1. A moth-er is lone-ly to - night, Watch-ing the hours as they go, . . . From
2. A moth-er with snow-white hair, Rocks gen-tly as night's shadows fall, . . .

mp

rall.

twi-light to shadow, from shadow to dark, And the light flutters dim-ly and low; . . See the
Humming a lull-a - by, think-ing of him, The boy she had watched thro' it all; . . And

mp

rall.

tears on the cheeks that are wasted with sorrow, Think of the sadness that comes with the morrow, Her
O, what a joy in the sim - ple to-mor-row, The dawning for her is so sweet aft-er sor - row;

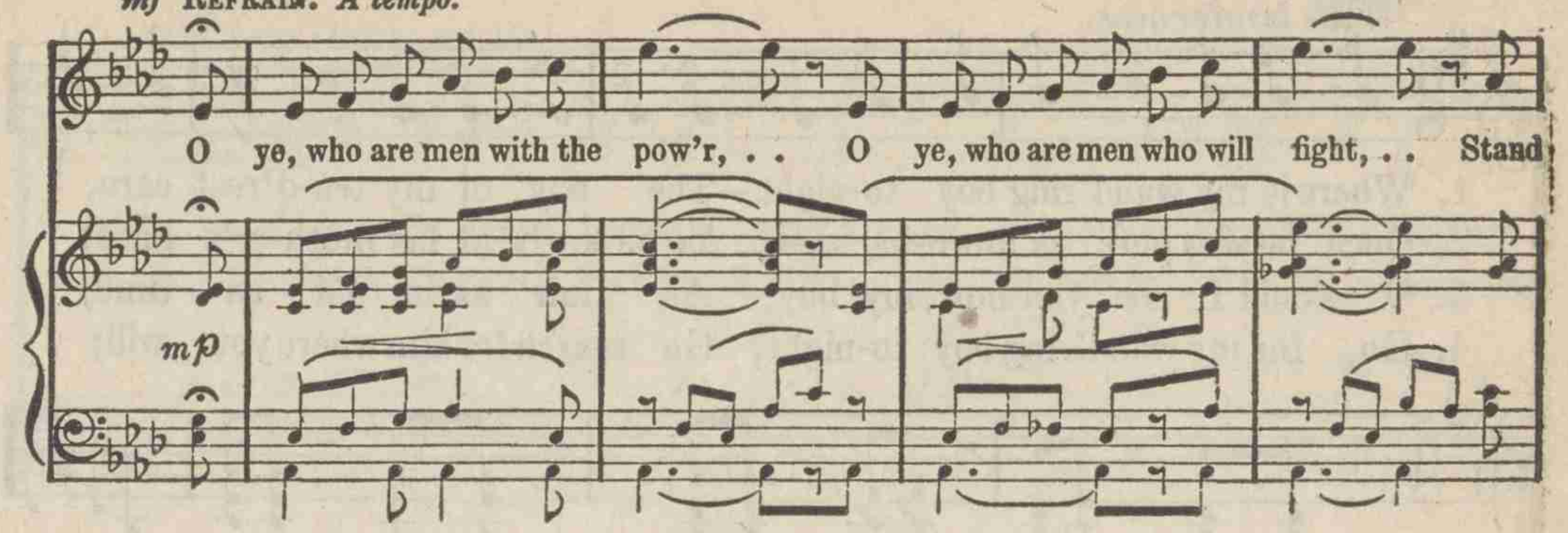
rall.

boy in the grasp of the de-mon of sin, And a mother's heart, yearn-ing, yearning for him.
Think of a world of moth-ers like this, With God in the home, and a reign of bliss.

rall.

A Mother is Lonely To-Night.

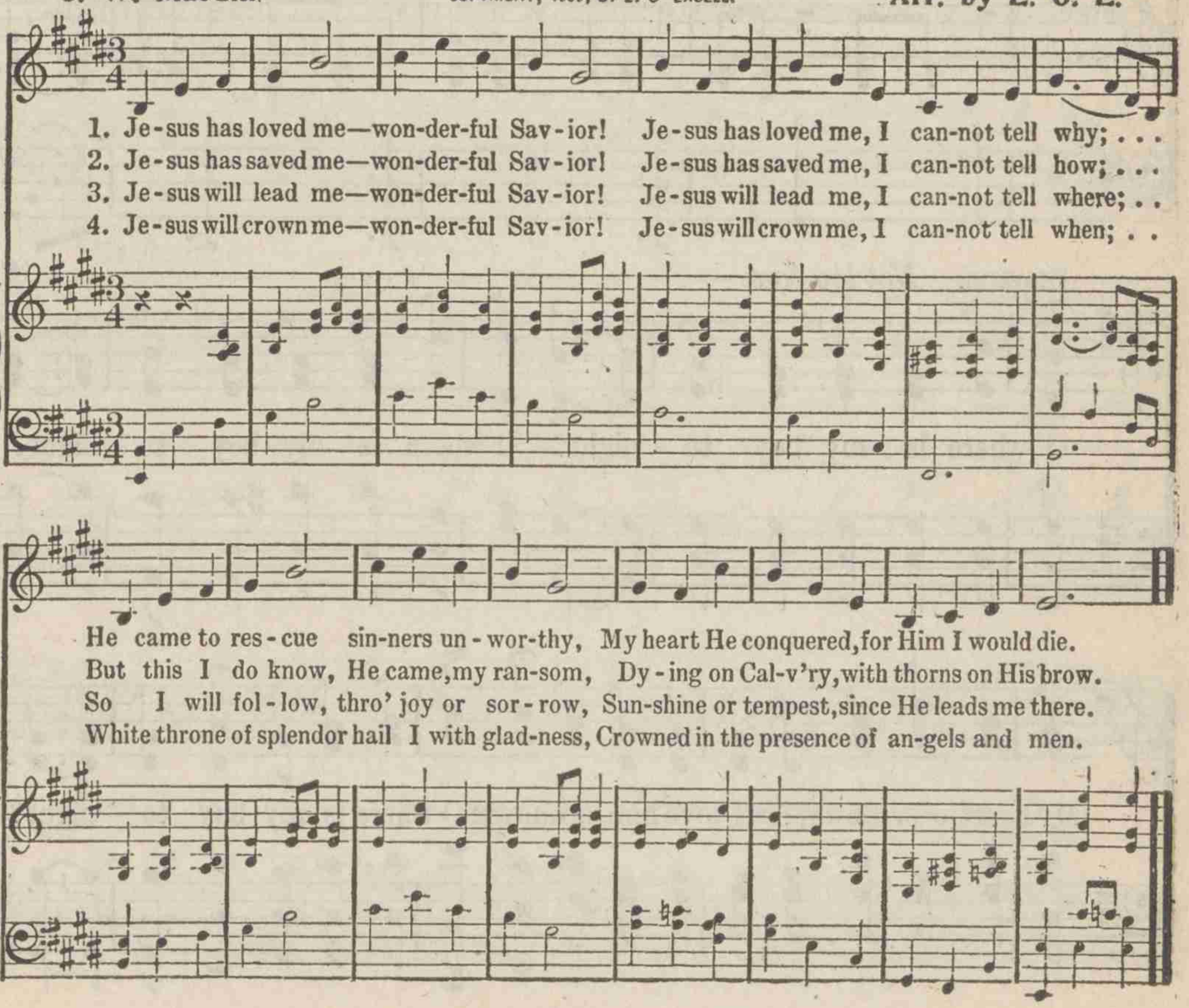
mf REFRAIN. *A tempo.*





No. 207. Wonderful Savior.

J. W. MacGill. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O EXCELL. Arr. by E. O. E.



No. 208. Where is My Boy To-Night?

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY.
RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION.

R. L. Rev. R. Lowry.

With tenderness.

1. Where is my wand'ring boy to-night—The boy of my ten-d'rest care,
2. Once he was pure as morn-ing dew, As he knelt at his moth-er's knee;
3. O could I see you now, my boy, As fair as in old - en time,
4. Go for my wand'ring boy to-night; Go search for him where you will;

The boy that was once my joy and light, The child of my love and prayer?
No face was so bright, no heart more true, And none was so sweet as he.
When prat-tle and smile made home a joy, And life was a mer - ry chime!
But bring him to me with all his blight, And tell him I love him still.

CHORUS. *Not too fast.*

O where is my boy to - night? O where is my boy to - night?

My heart o'er-flows, for I love him he knows; O where is my boy to - night?

No. 209. Lead Me Gently Home, Father.

BY PER. OF WILL L. THOMPSON & CO., OWNERS OF COPYRIGHT.

W. L. T.

W. L. Thompson.

SOLO OR DUET. *ad lib.*

1. Lead me gen-tly home, Father, Lead me gen - tly home, When life's toils are end - ed, And parting days have come, Sin no more shall tempt me, Ne'er from Thee I'll roam, If Thou'lt on - ly lead me, Father, Lead me gen-tly home.

2. Lead me gen-tly home, Father, Lead me gen - tly home, In life's dark-est hours, Father, When life's troubles come, Keep my feet from wand'ring, Lest from Thee I roam, Lest I fall up - on the wayside, Lead me gen-tly home.

rit. *p*

REFRAIN.

Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther Lead me gen - tly,
Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther, Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther,
Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther Lead me gen - tly,
Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther, Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther,
Lest I fall up - on the way - side, Lead me gen - tly home.
gen - tly home.

No. 210. Before the Cross.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Rev. Neal A. McAulay. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I stood before the cross! And lo! 't was stained with blood; I saw the Sav-ior
2. I bowed in deep despair: My sins had nailed Him there! His brow was pierced with
3. I rose, by grace di-vine, Renewed in heart and soul; My sins no more to

hang there-on To bring my soul to God. I heard His dy - ing cry As-
cru - el thorns, That I His love might share. My soul from ev - 'ry stain His
weigh me down, For Je-sus makes me whole: Oh, lov - ing Lamb of God, I

cend to God a-bove; I knew He drank the cup of woe That I might taste His love.
blood a-lone could clean; I felt my stony, sin-ful heart Dissolve before the scene!
own Thee Lord and King; For-ever-more, in life or death, Thy glory I will sing.

CHORUS.

Oh, where is love like this? 'T is love be-yond com - pare, . . .
Oh, where is love like this? 'T is love be - yond com - pare,

That He should die up - on the cross, My sin and guilt to bear.

No. 211. If I Were a Voice.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY E. O. EXCELL.

J. Calvin Bushey.

SOLO.

1. If I were a voice, a per-sua-sive voice, I would travel the wide world thro',
2. If I were a voice, a con-sol-ing voice, I would fly on the wings of air;
3. If I were a voice, an im-mor-tal voice, I would travel the earth a-round,

I would fly on the beams of the morn-ing light, And tell men to be true.
The dwell-ings of sor-row and guilt I'd seek, To save them from de-spair.
And wher-ev-er a man to his i-dols bowed, The gos-pel note I'd sound.

CHORUS.

I would fly . . . . . Far a-way, ...
Far a-way I would fly, O'er the land and sea, I would fly far a-way, O'er the land and sea,

I would fly Far a-way,

I'd point to the light, Show sin's darksome night, That men might take heed and be free.

No. 212. But For a Moment.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Jno. R. Clements. E. O. Excell.

1. "But for a mo-ment" this weight of af-flic-tion; "But for a mo-ment" this darkness, this gloom; Then the bright to-mor-row, Then
2. "But for a mo-ment" this bond of re-strain-ing; "But for a mo-ment" this tri-al, this care; Then the glad a-wak-ing, Then
3. "But for a mo-ment" this day of a-lone-ness; "But for a mo-ment" this pa-thos, this blight; Then the morn of glo-ry, Then,

no more sin or sor-row; Morn-ing of bliss be-yond the
Heaven's glo-ry break-ing; Dawn-ing of life be-yond com-
then the new, new, sto-ry; Heav-en, and joy with-out a

tomb, Morn-ing of bliss be-yond the tomb.
pare, Dawn-ing of life be-yond com-pare.
night, Heav-en, and joy with-out a night.

No. 213. Hold My Hand Fast, O Savior.

Florence Jones Hadley.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Roger Cox.

SOLO or DUET.

1. The night shadows gather a - round me, And I am weary, sad and lone,
2. 'T is the hand that was pierced on Cal-va-ry, So ten-der and strong and true;
3. Then straightway the shadows are lift - ed, The fear and the doubts de-part;

But a hand reaches out of the darkness And lov-ing-ly folds o'er my own. . .
o'er my own.
A hand that will lift me when I fall, And safe - ly lead me thro'. . .
lead me thro'.
I know that a Friend is close beside me Whose presence gives strength to my heart.
to my heart.

CHORUS.

Then hold my hand fast, O Sav - ior, Lest I fal - ter and lose the way;

O, hold my hand fast till the dark-ness Gives place to e - ter - nal day;

O, hold my hand fast till the dark-ness Gives place to e - ter - nal day.

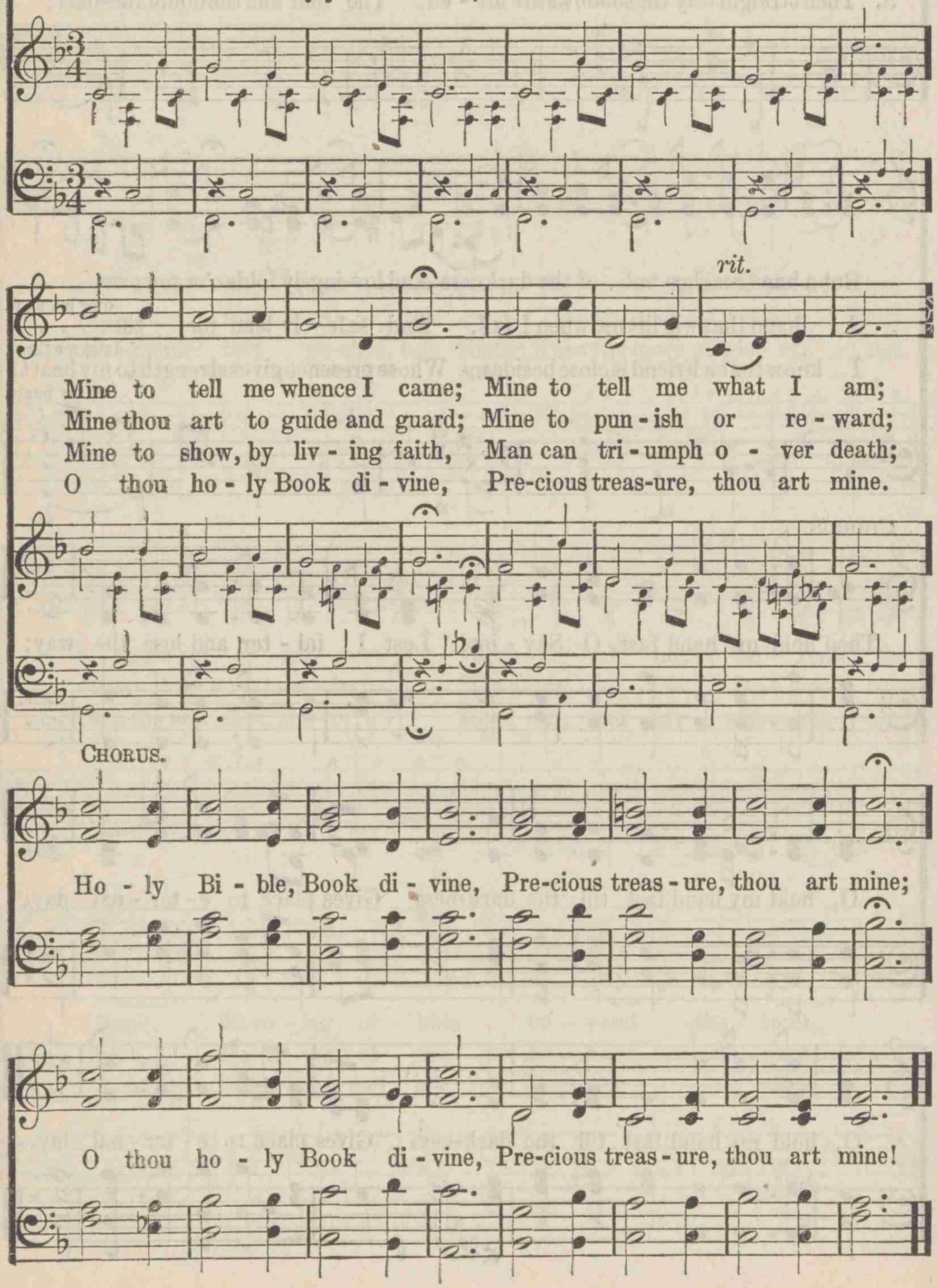
No. 214. Holy Bible, Book Divine.

John Burton. COPYRIGHT 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL. **E. O. Excell.**

Slow, with dignity.



1. Ho - ly Bi - ble, Book di - vine, Pre-cious treas-ure, thou art mine:
2. Mine to chide me when I rove; Mine to show a Sav-ior's love;
3. Mine to com-fort in dis-tress, Suf-f'ring in this wil - der-ness;
4. Mine to tell of joys to come, And the reb - el sin-ner's doom:



Mine to tell me whence I came; Mine to tell me what I am;
Mine thou art to guide and guard; Mine to pun - ish or re - ward;
Mine to show, by liv - ing faith, Man can tri - umph o - ver death;
O thou ho - ly Book di - vine, Pre-cious treas-ure, thou art mine.

CHORUS.

Ho - ly Bi - ble, Book di - vine, Pre-cious treas - ure, thou art mine;

O thou ho - ly Book di - vine, Pre-cious treas - ure, thou art mine!

No. 215. Some Sweet Morn.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS.
WORDS COPYRIGHT BY A. B. SIMPSON. USED BY PER.

A. B. Simpson, D. D. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Some sweet morn the day will break, Nev-er-more to sink in night;
2. Some sweet day the end shall come To our part - ing and our pain;
3. Some sweet hour our mor-tal frame Shall His glo - rious im-age wear;

1. Some sweet morn the day will break, Never-more to sink in night;

Some sweet morn we shall a - wake Mid the ev - er - last-ing light.
Some sweet day we'll all go home, Nev-er - more to part a - gain.
Some sweet hour our worthless name All His maj - es - ty shall share.

Some sweet morn we shall a-wake Mid the ev - - er-last-ing light.

REFRAIN.

We are wait-ing for "the turn-ing of the morn - ing," We are

morn-ing, of the morning,"

watch-ing for the breaking of the dawn; Morn of morns, O

of the dawn; Morn of morns,

ritard.

haste thy glad ap-pear-ing! Day of days, speed on, speed on, speed on!

appearing, glad appearing! Day of days, speed on, speed on, speed on!

4 Some sweet day our tongue shall tell
All the story of His love;
Some sweet day our song shall swell
Loud and sweet as songs above.

5 Some sweet morn we'll see His face,
And we shall be satisfied;
Some sweet day in His embrace
We shall evermore abide.

No. 216. All Hail, Immanuel!

D. R. Van Sickle.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

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

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

ff

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

All hail! all hail!

All Hail, Immanuel!

CHORUS.

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

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

Hail! . . . . . .

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

Hail, Im - man - u - el! Glo - ry and hon - or and maj - es - ty,

Hail! . . . . . Glo - - - ry and maj - es - ty,

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

Wis - - - dom be un - to Thee,

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

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

Hail! . . . . . .

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

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

Hail! . . . . . .

No. 217. Crown Him King of Kings.

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

E. E. Rexford. De Loss Smith.

INTRODUCTION.

VOICES IN UNISON.

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

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

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

Crown Him King of Kings.

Christ, our Re-deem-er and King, will for-ev-er reign!
Glo-ry to Je-sus who con-quers our ev-'ry foe!
Laud and a-dore Him, and crown Him the King of kings!

CHORUS.

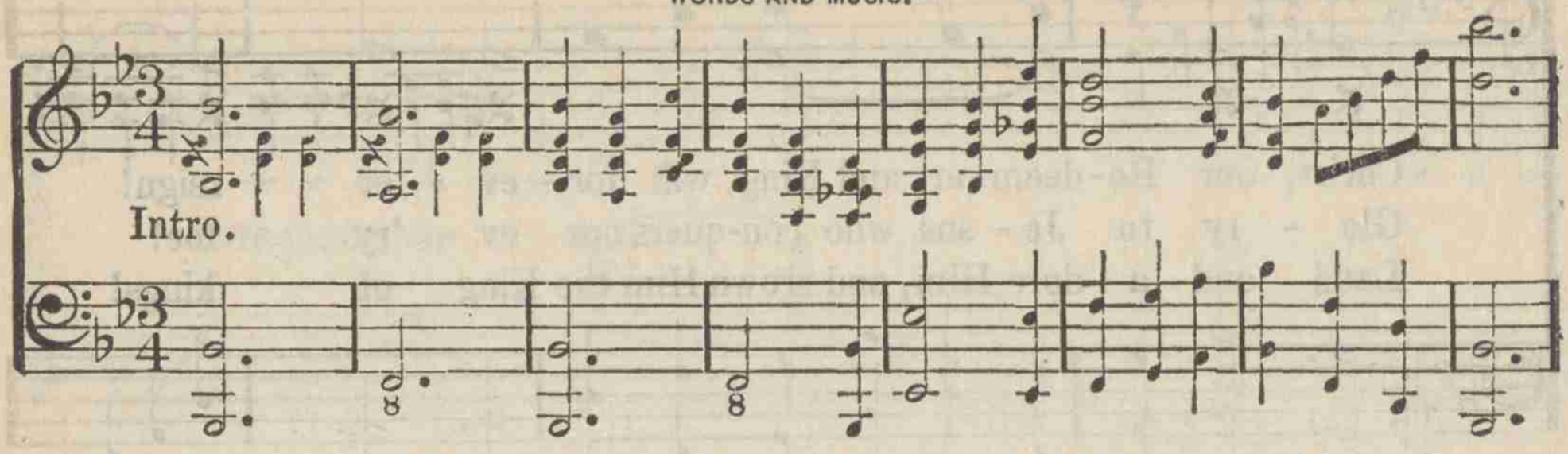
Sing ho-san-nas, loud let the joy-ful an-thems ring,
Laud and wor-ship Him whom the an-gels a-dore!
Crown Him, crown Him, Sav-ior, Re-deem-er and King,
Glo-ry to God in the high-est— Glo-ry for-ev-er-more!

No. 218. Homeward and Heavenward.

Eben E. Rexford.

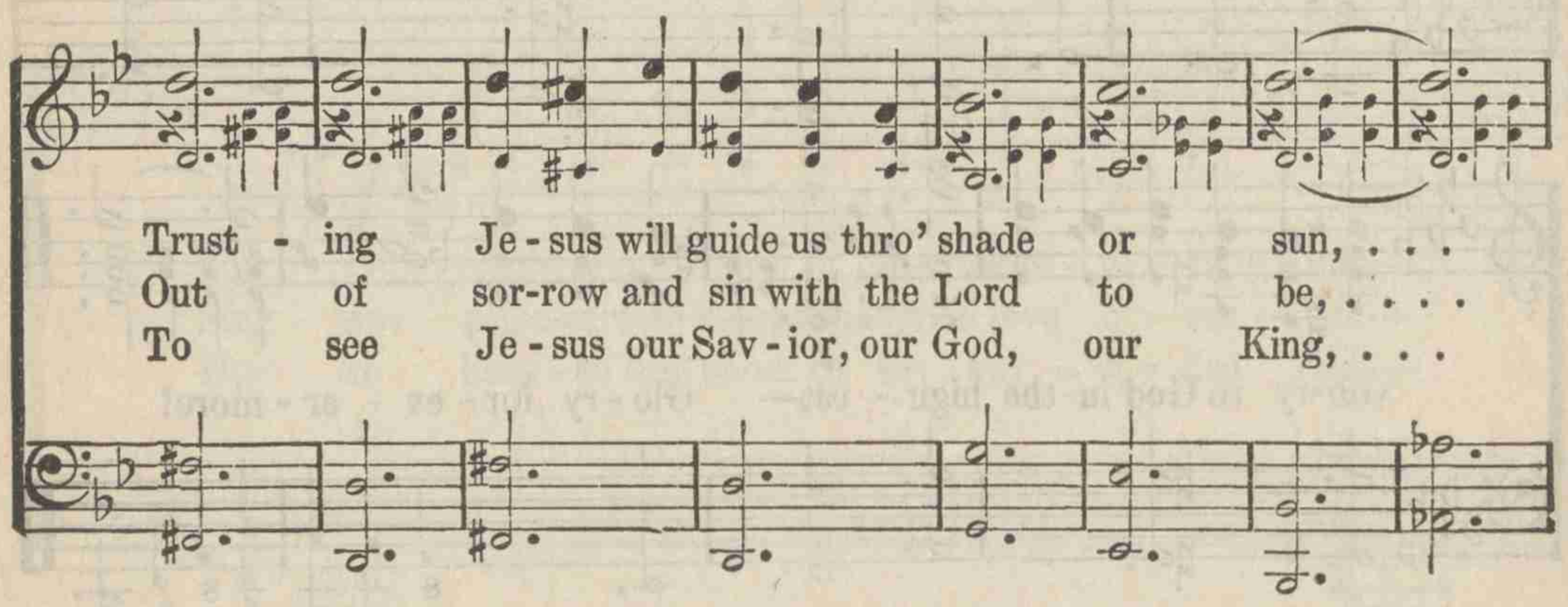
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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Samuel W. Beazley.









Homeward and Heavenward

Till the jour-ney is o - ver and rest is won. . . .
If He say-eth, "Well done," unto you and me. . . .
Where the songs of re-demp-tion and glo - ry ring. . . .

CHORUS.

O Heav'n, where Christ my Redeemer has gone, In the sin - less land, . .
sin - less land,
From thy hills those gone on be - fore Wave a beck-on-ing hand. . . . .
beck-on - ing hand.
Some glad day the message will come From that land to me, ...
that land to me,
rit. cres.
"Child of earth, come home–come home, Heav'n has need of thee!"

No. 219. A Song of Victory.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Charlotte G. Homer — Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

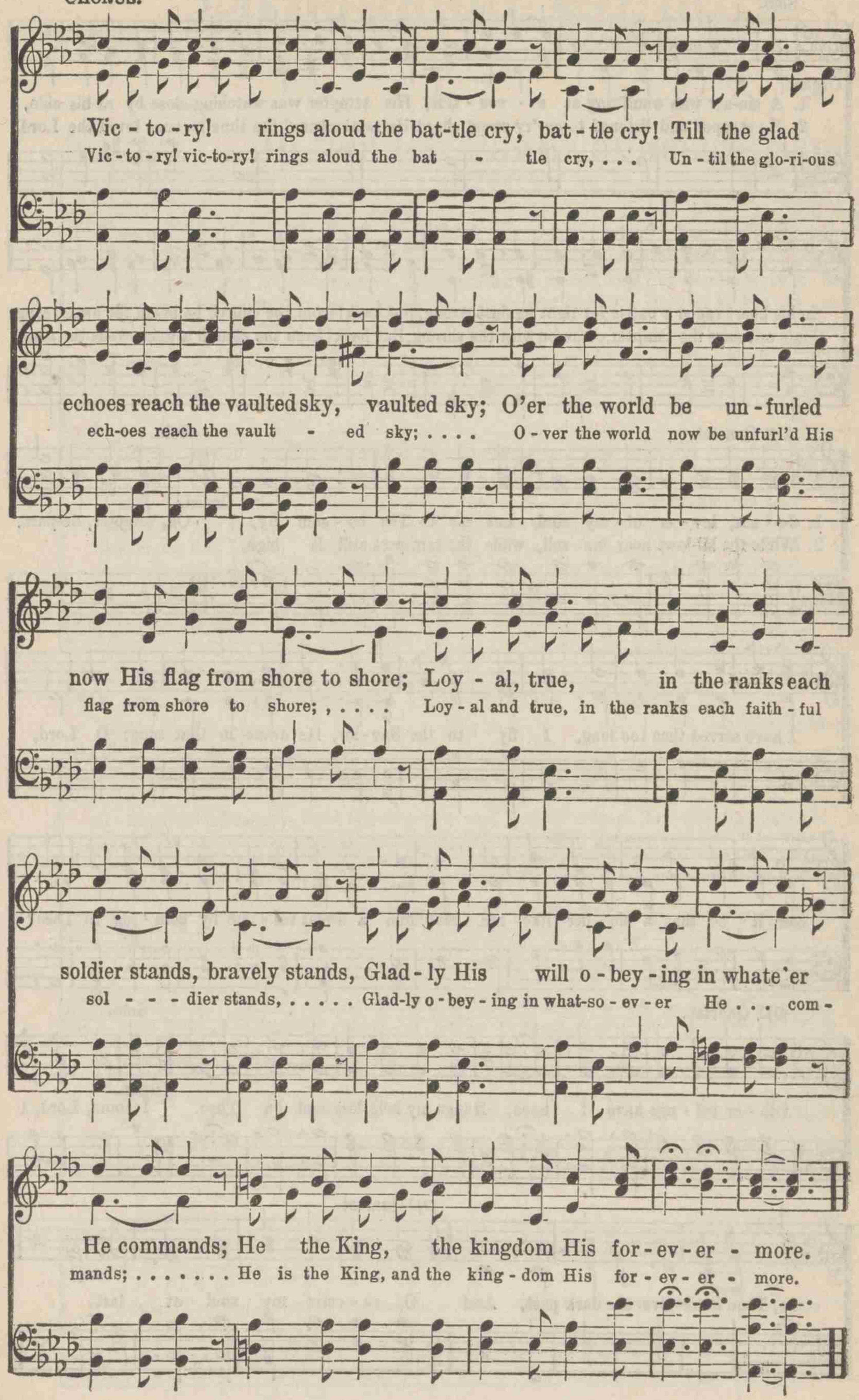
From the hosts of the Lord as they march a - long,
Sing - ing joy - ful - ly un - to the gra - cious King,
For the King in His beau - ty shall yet ap - pear;

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

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

A Song of Victory.

CHORUS.



No. 220. The Sinner and the Song.

W. L. T. BY PER. W. L. THOMPSON & CO. Will L. Thompson.

Solo.

Organ.

1. A sin-ner was wand'ring at e - ven - tide, His tempter was watching close by at his side,
2. He stopped and listened to ev-'ry sweet chord, He remembered the time he once loved the Lord,

In his heart raged a battle for right against wrong, But hark! from the church he hears the sweet song;
Come on! says the tempter, come, on with the throng, But hark! from the church a-gain swells the song,

pp Quartet. Solo.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, Organ. Oh, tempter, de-part,
2. While the bil-lows near me roll, while the tem-pest still is high,

I have served thee too long, I fly to the Sav - ior, He dwells in that song, O Lord,

can it be that a sin - ner like me, May find a sweet ref - uge by com - ing to Thee?

pp Quartet. Solo.

Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help-less soul on Thee. Organ. I come, Lord, I

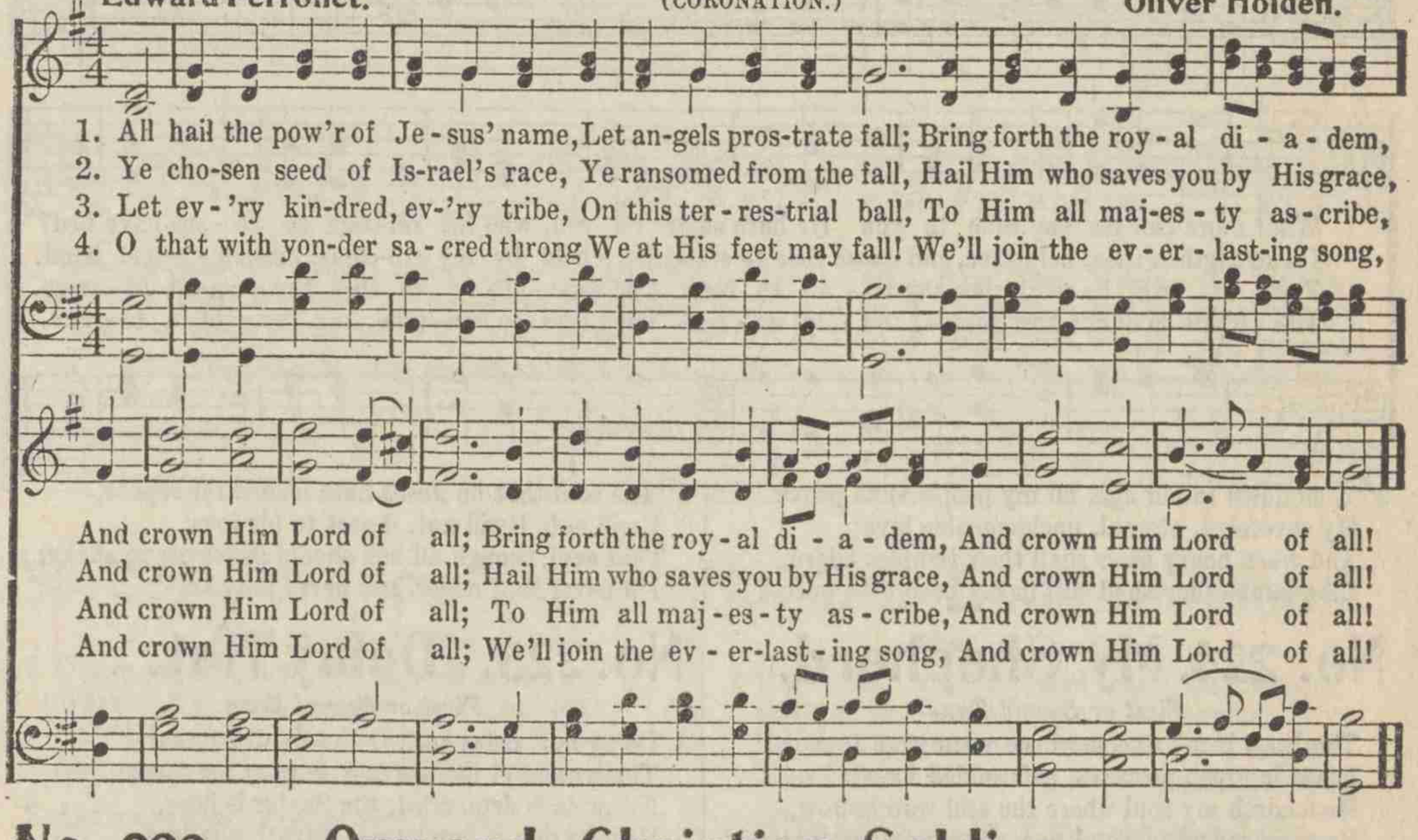
pp Quartet.

come, Thou'lt for-give the dark past, And O, re - ceive my soul at last.

Devotional Hymns

No. 221. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Edward Perronet. (CORONATION.) Oliver Holden.



1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an-gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,
2. Ye cho-sen seed of Is-rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin-dred, ev-'ry tribe, On this ter - res-trial ball, To Him all maj-es - ty as - cribe,
4. O that with yon-der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song,

And crown Him Lord of all; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all!
And crown Him Lord of all; Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all!
And crown Him Lord of all; To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all!
And crown Him Lord of all; We'll join the ev - er-last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all!

No. 222. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Gould. *First Tune.* Arthur Sullivan.

1: Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore;
2. At the sign of tri - umph, Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers, On to vic - to - ry!
3. Like a might-y ar-my Moves the Church of God; Brothers we are treading Where the saints have trod;
4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your voices In the triumph song;

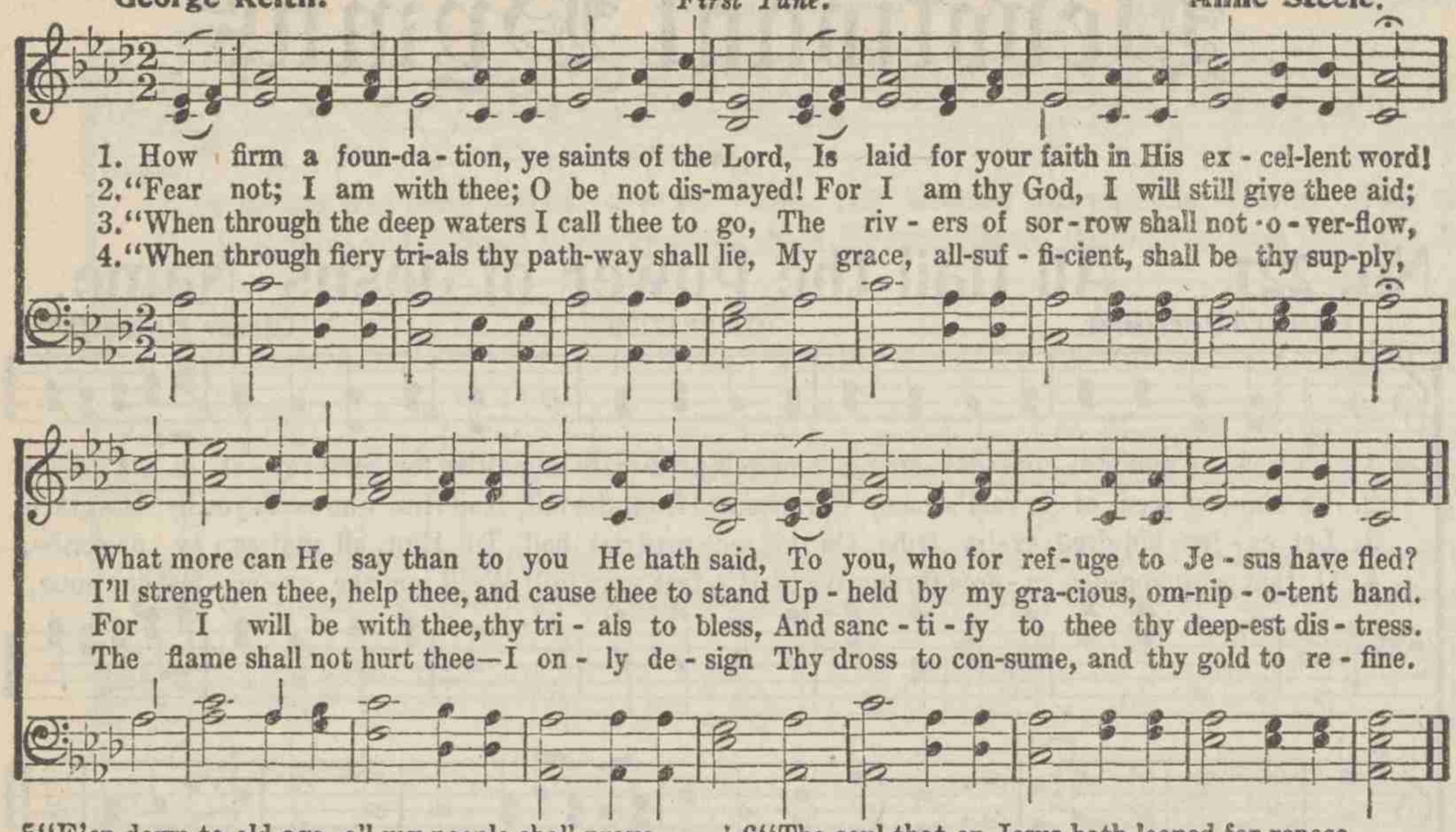
Christ the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads against the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban-ner go!
Hell's foun-da-tions quiv - er At the shout of praise, Brothers, lift your voic-es, Loud your anthems raise.
We are not di - vid - ed; All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ, the King, This thro' countless a - ges Men and angels sing.

REFRAIN.

Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be-fore.

No. 223. How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. *First Tune.* Anne Steele.



5"E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

6"The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake."

No. 224. My Shepherd.

First or Second Tune.

1 The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppress'd.

2 Thro' the valley and shadow of death tho' I stray,
Since Thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall with my Comforter near.

3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil Thou annointest my head;
O what shall I ask of Thy providence more?

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above.
I seek by the path which my fore-fathers trod,
Thro' the land of their sojourn, Thy kingdom of love.

No. 225. Delay Not.

First or Second Tune.

1 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, draw near,
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded, the Savior is here,
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

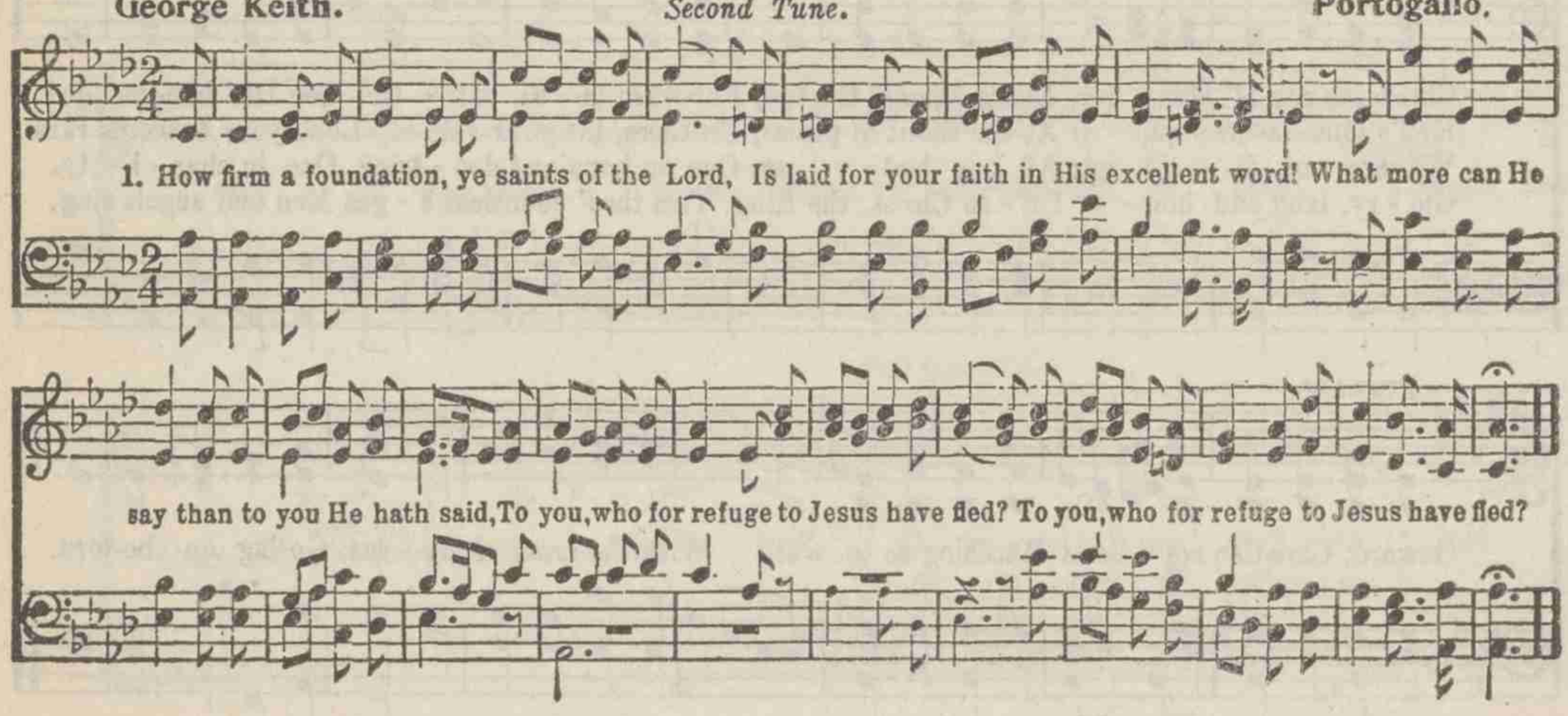
2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?
A fountain is open, how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in His pardoning blood?

3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For Mercy still lingers and calls thee today:
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

4 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace
Long grieved and resisted, may take his sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

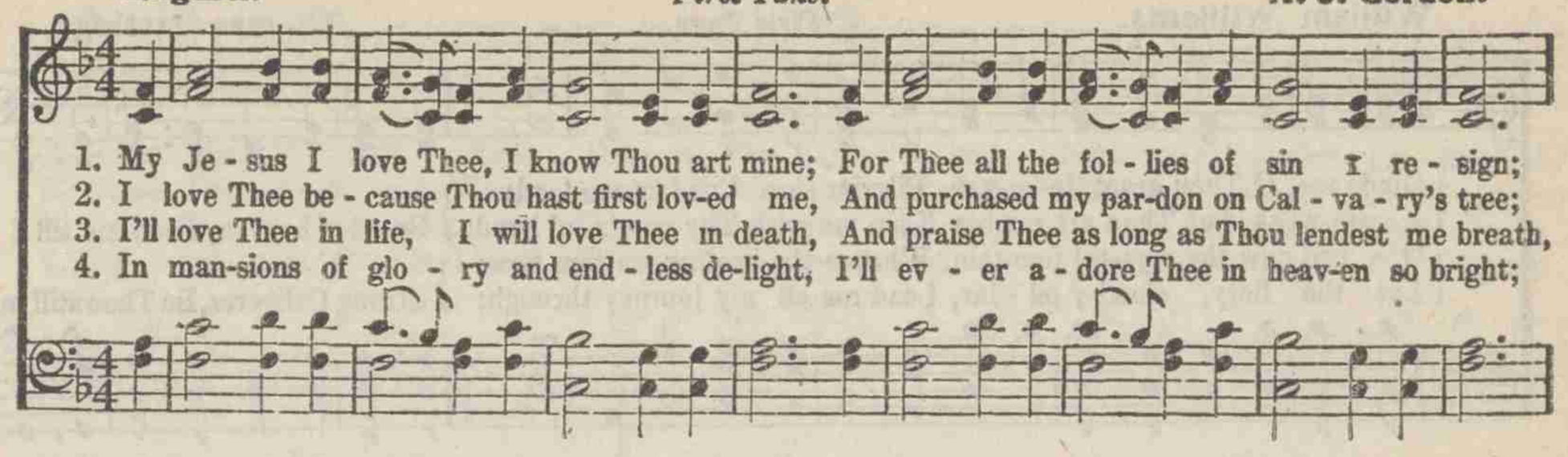
No. 226. How Firm a Foundation.

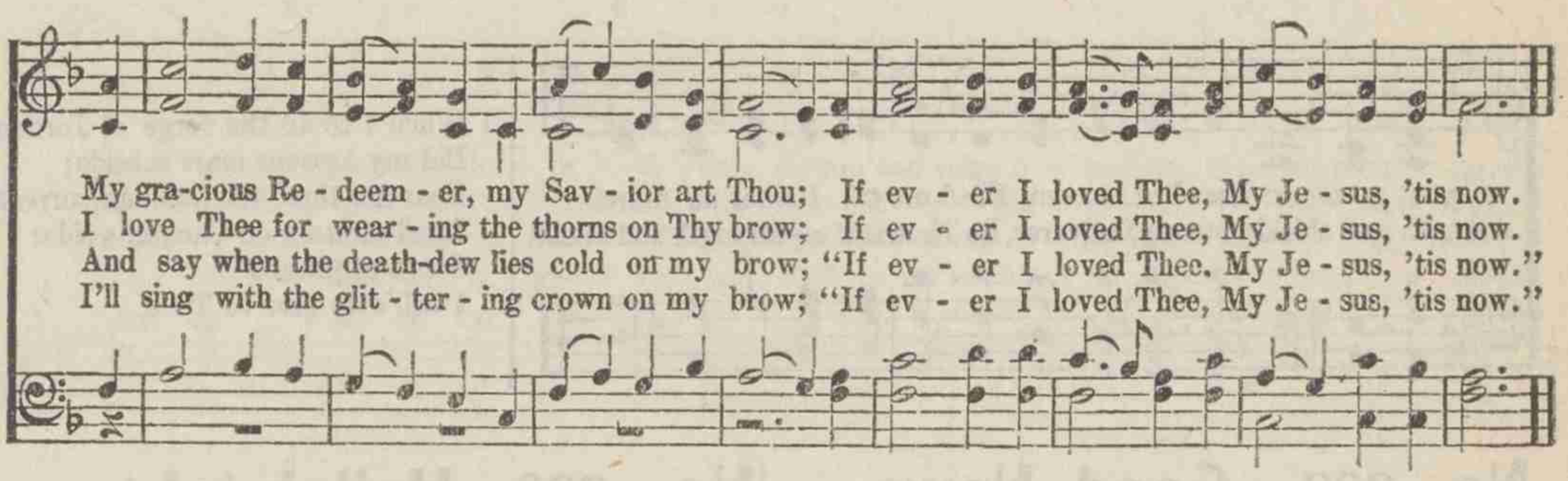
George Keith. *Second Tune.* Portogallo.



No. 227. My Jesus I Love Thee.

English. *First Tune.* A. J. Gordon.





No. 228. O Turn Ye.

First or Second Tune.

1 O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die,
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, "Come,"
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

2 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,
O how can you question, if you will believe?
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'Tis you He bids welcome; He bids you come home.

3 In riches, in pleasures, what can you obtain,
To soothe your affliction, or banish your pain?
To bear up your spirit when summoned to die,
Or waft you to mansions of glory on high?

4 Why will you be starving, and feeding on air?
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;
If still you are doubting, make trial and see,
And prove that His mercy is boundless and free.

No. 229. Look to Jesus.

First or Second Tune.

1 O eyes that are weary, and hearts that are sore,
Look off unto Jesus, now sorrow no more;
The light of His countenance shineth so bright,
That here, as in Heaven, there need be no night.

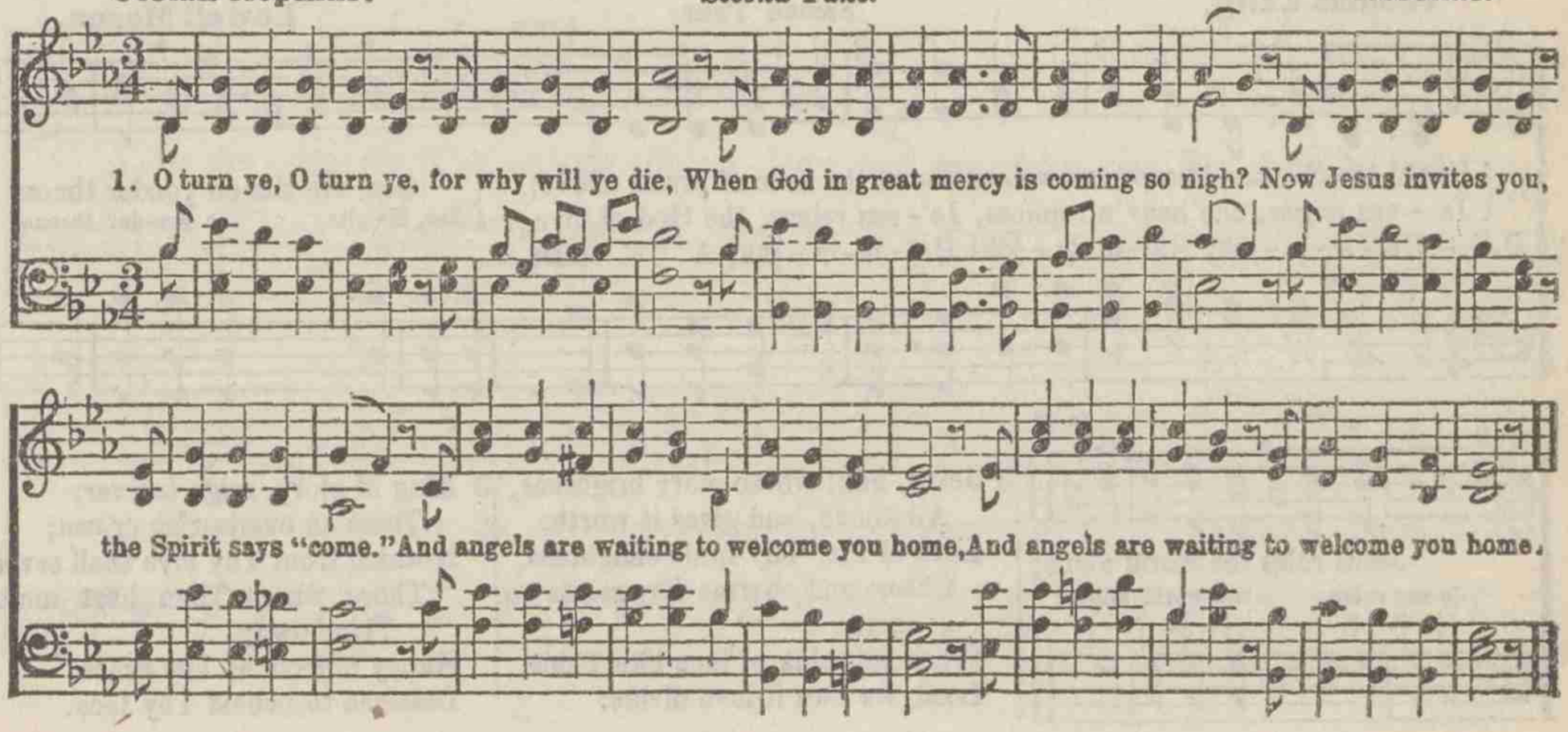
2 While looking to Jesus, my heart cannot fear,
I tremble no more when I see Jesus near,
I know that His presence my safe-guard will be,
For, "Why are ye troubled?" He saith unto me.

3 Still looking to Jesus, oh, may I be found,
When Jordan's dark waters encompass me round;
They bear me away in His presence to be
I see Him still nearer whom always I see.

4 Then, then shall I know the full beauty and grace
Of Jesus, my Lord, when I stand face to face
Shall know how His love went before me each day,
And wonder that ever my eyes turned away.

No. 230. Expostulation.

Josiah Hopkins. *Second Tune.* Koschat.



No. 231. Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

William Williams. *First Tune.* Thomas Hastings.





3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me thro' the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

No. 232. Good News.

First or Second Tune.

1 On the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion, long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive!
God himself shall loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.

No. 233. Hallelujah!

First or Second Tune.

1 O Thou God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin;
Moved by Thy divine compassion,
Who hast died my heart to win,
I will praise Thee;
Where shall I Thy praise begin?

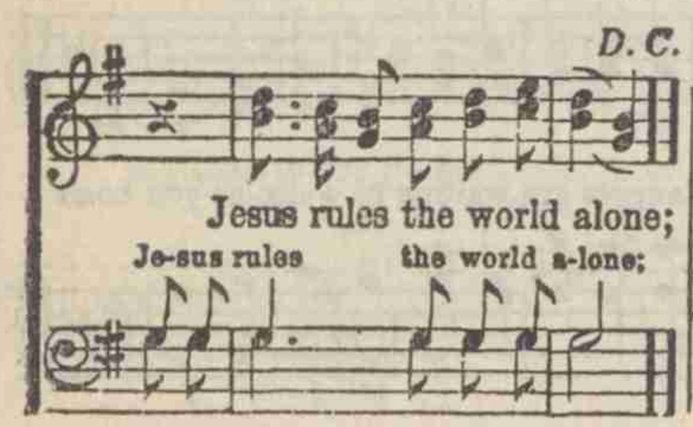
2 Though unseen, I love the Savior;
He hath brought salvation near;
Manifests His pardoning favor;
And when Jesus doth appear,
Soul and body
Shall His glorious image bear.

3 While the angel choirs are crying,
"Glory to the great I AM,"
I with them will still be vying—
"Glory! glory to the Lamb!"
O how precious
Is the sound of Jesus' name!

No. 234. Hark! Ten Thousand.

Thomas Kelly. *Second Tune.* FINE Lowell Mason.



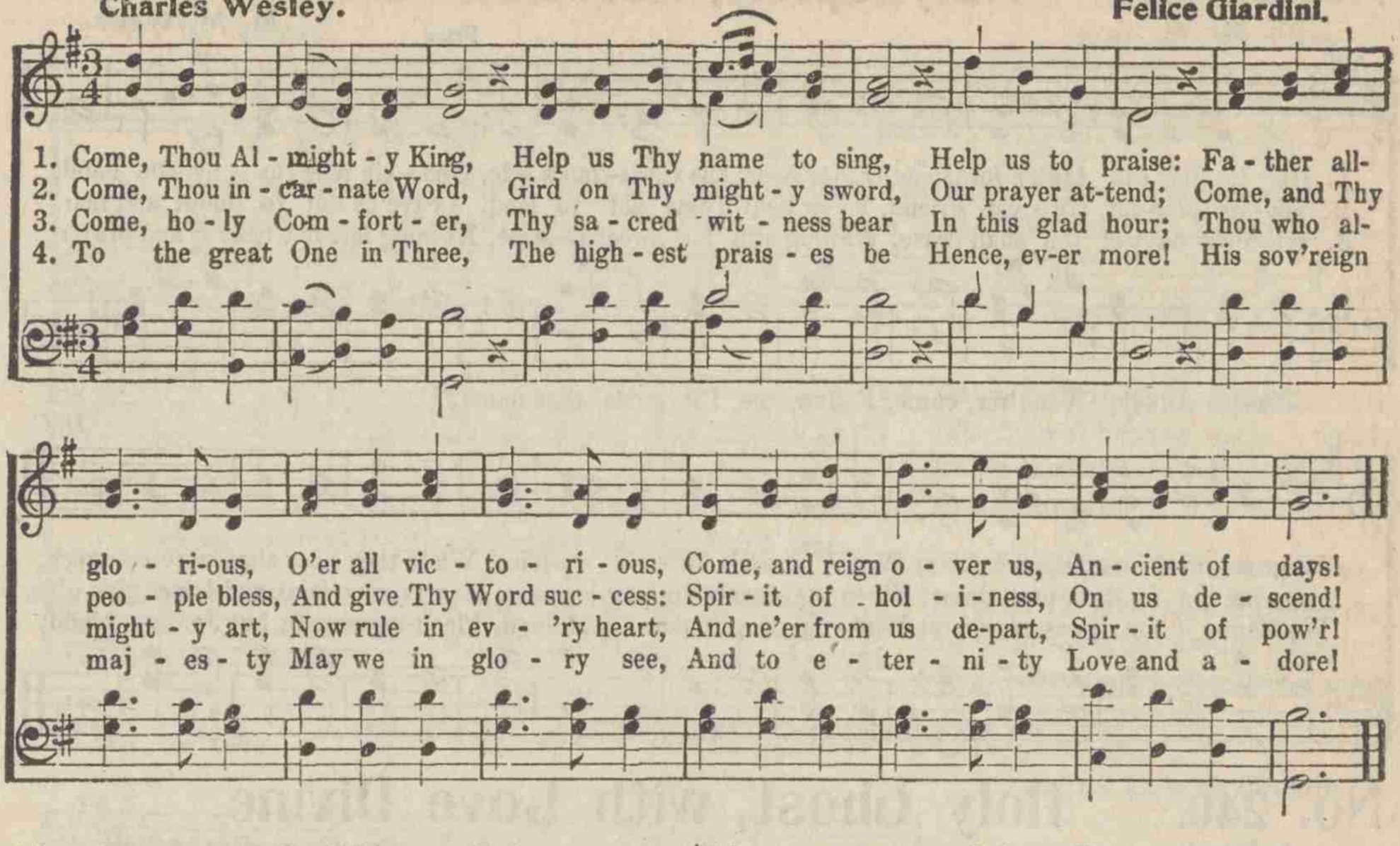


2 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens,
All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of life, Thy smile enlightens,
Cheers and charms Thy saints on earth;
When we think of love like Thine,
Lord, we own it love divine:

3 King of glory, reign forever;
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from Thy love shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made Thine own;
Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destined to behold Thy face.

No. 235. Come, Thou Almighty King.

Charles Wesley. Felice Giardini.



No. 236. O Worship.

Tune Lyons.

1 O worship the King all glorious above,
And gratefully sing His wonderful love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

2 O tell of His might, and sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunderclouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.

4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

No. 237. Ye Servants.

Tune Lyons.

1 Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad His wonderful name;
The name all victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious: He rules over all.

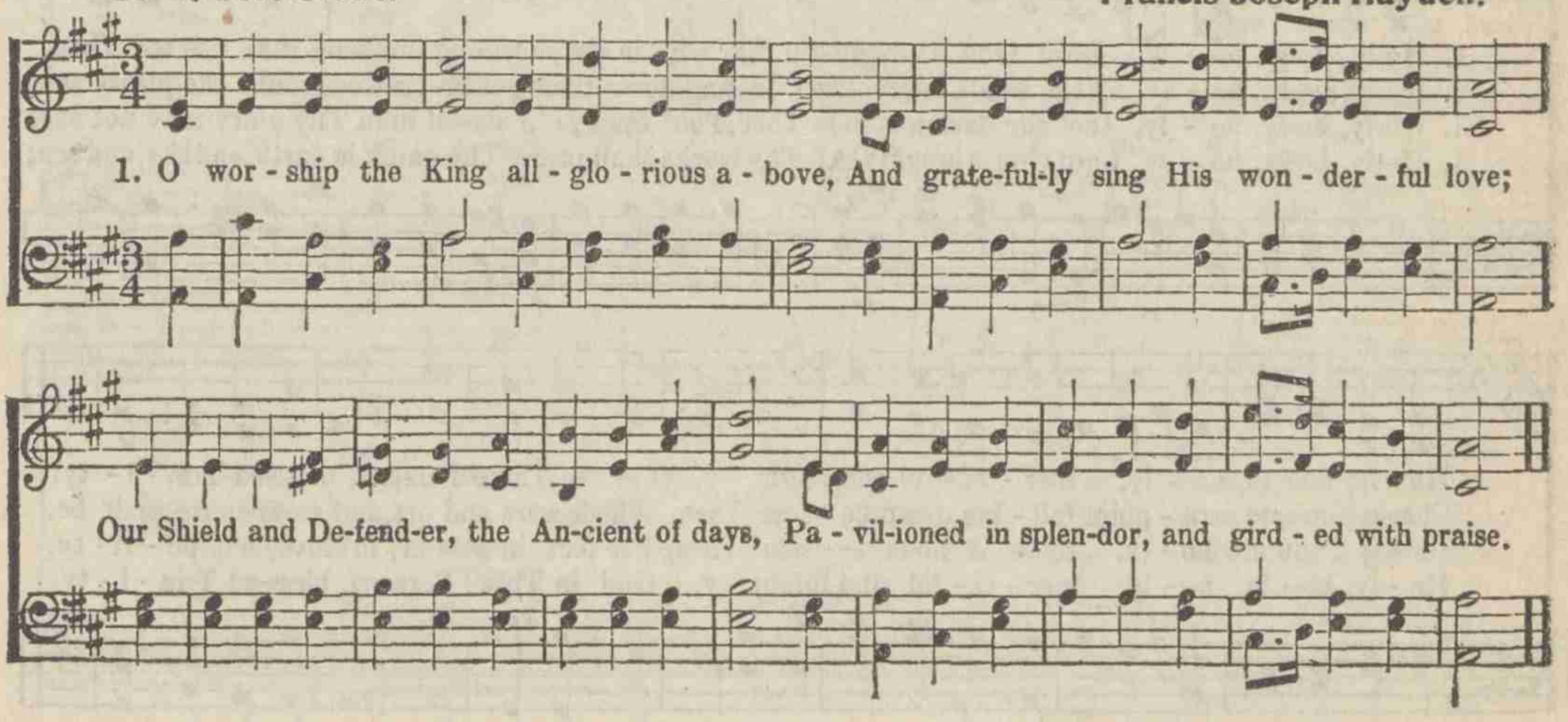
2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still He is nigh: His presence we have;
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus, our King.

3 "Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,"
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son,
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore, and give Him His right—
All glory and power, and wisdom and might;
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, for infinite love.

No. 238. Lyons. 10s, 11s,

Sir Robert Grant. Francis Joseph Hayden.



No. 239. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W. M. M. Wells.

FINE.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev-er near the Chris-tian's side, Gen - tly lead us by the hand,
2. Ev - er pres-ent, tru - est Friend, Ev-er near Thine aid to lend, Leave us not to doubt and fear,
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Waiting still for sweet re-lease, Nothing left but heav'n and pray'r,

D.C.—Whisper soft-ly, "Wand'rer, come, Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

D.C.

Pil-grims in a des - ert land; Wea - ry souls for - e'er re-joice, While they hear that sweetest voice,
Grop-ing on in dark-ness drear; When the storms are rag-ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Wondering if our names are there; Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead-ing naught but Je.- sus blood;

No. 240. Holy Ghost, with Love Divine.

A. Reed. Gottschalk.

1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light divine, Shine up-on this heart of mine;

Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark-ness in - to day.

2 Holy Ghost, with pow'r divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine,
Long hath sin without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down ev'ry idol throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

No. 241. Holy, Holy, Holy.

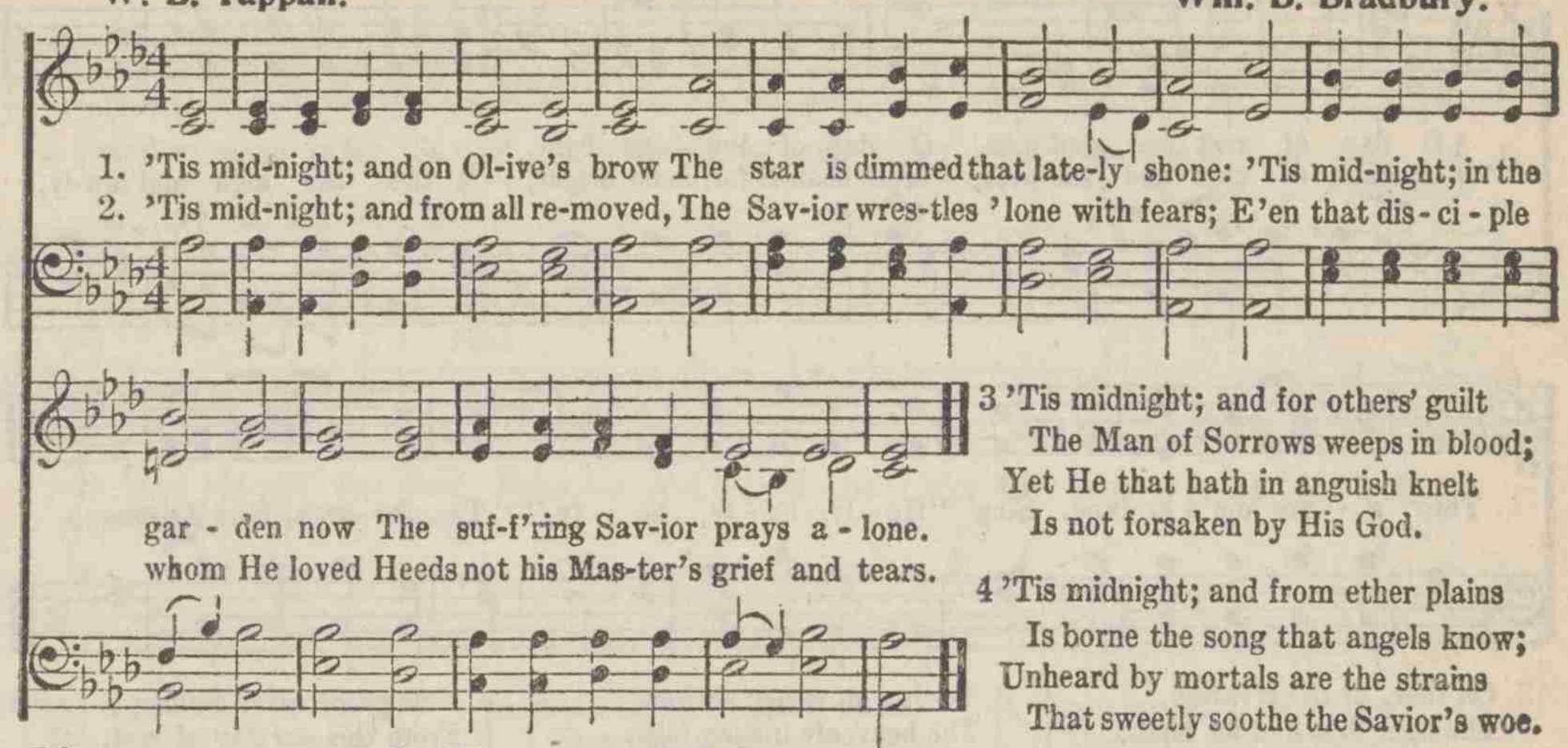
Reginald Heber. John B. Dykes.

1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might-y! Ear - ly in the morn-ing our song shall rise to Thee;
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, all the saints adore Thee, Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of sin-ful man Thy glory may not see;
4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Almighty! All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty!
Cher-u-bim and sera - phim fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert and art, and ev-er-more shalt be.
On - ly Thou art ho - ly, there is none be - side Thee, Per-fect in pow-er, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty.

No. 242. 'Tis Midnight, and on Olive's Brow.

W. B. Tappan. Wm. B. Bradbury.

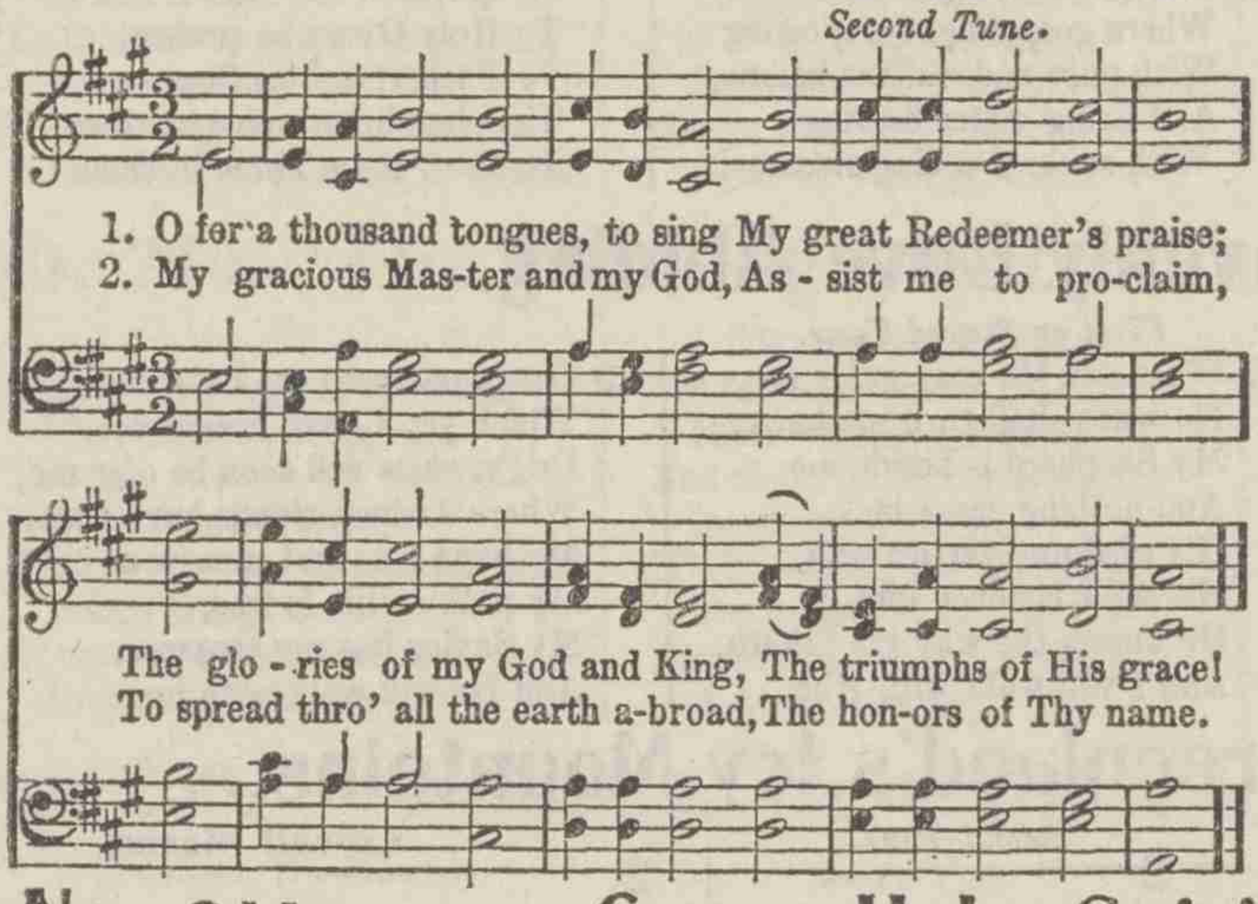


3 'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet He that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by His God.

4 'Tis midnight; and from ether plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Savior's woe.

No. 243. O For a Thousand Tongues.

Second Tune. Arr. by Lowell Mason.



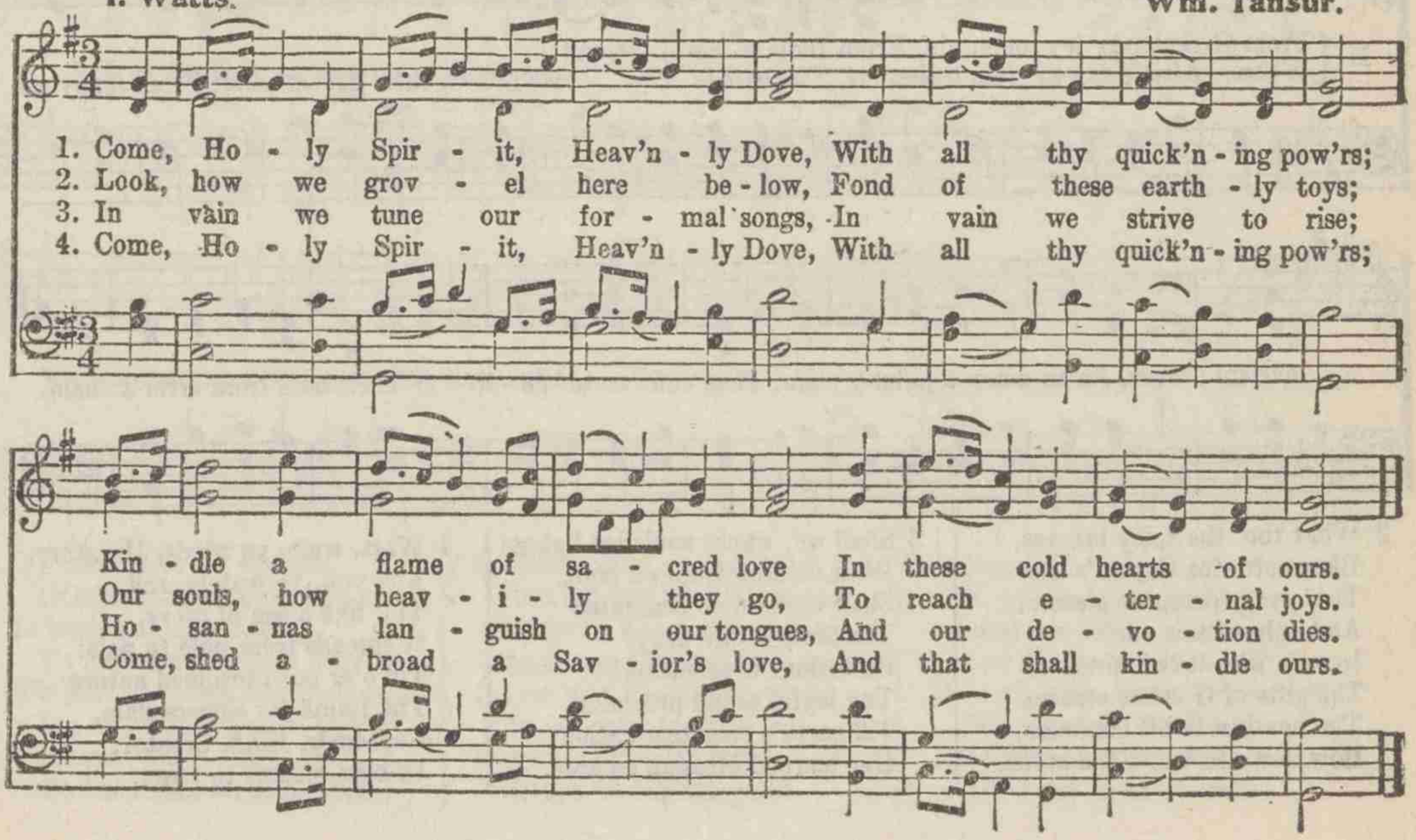
3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

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

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

No. 244. Come Holy Spirit.

I. Watts. Wm. Tansur.



No. 245. O Day of Rest and Gladness.

Wordsworth. *First Tune.* **Lowell Mason.**



2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth
On thee, our Lord, victorious,
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

3 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

4 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The church her voice upraises
To thee, blest Three in One.

No. 246. In Heavenly Love Abiding.

First or Second Tune.

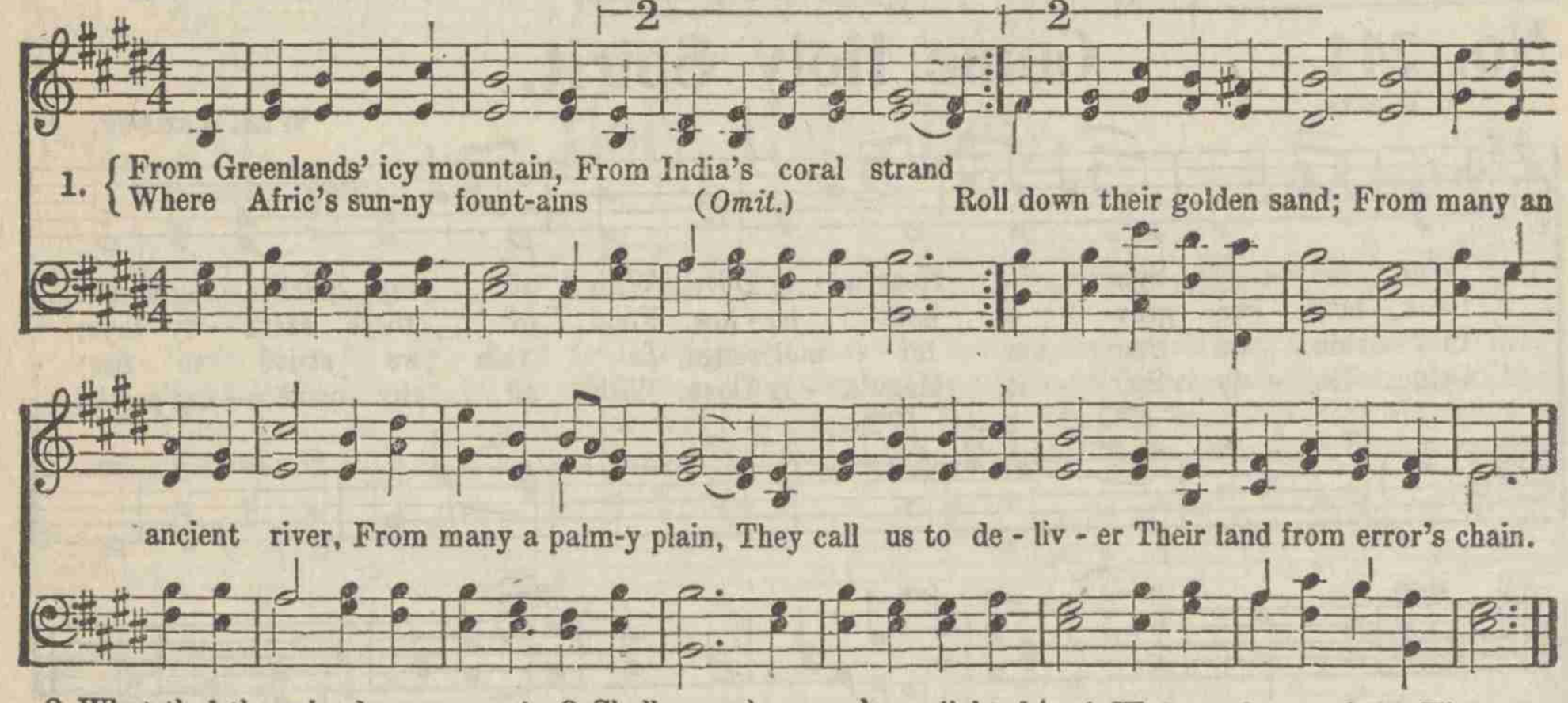
1 In heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear;
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here.
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

2 Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim,
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free,
My Savior has my treasure,
My Savior has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

No. 247. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

R. Heber. *Second Tune.* **Lowell Mason.**



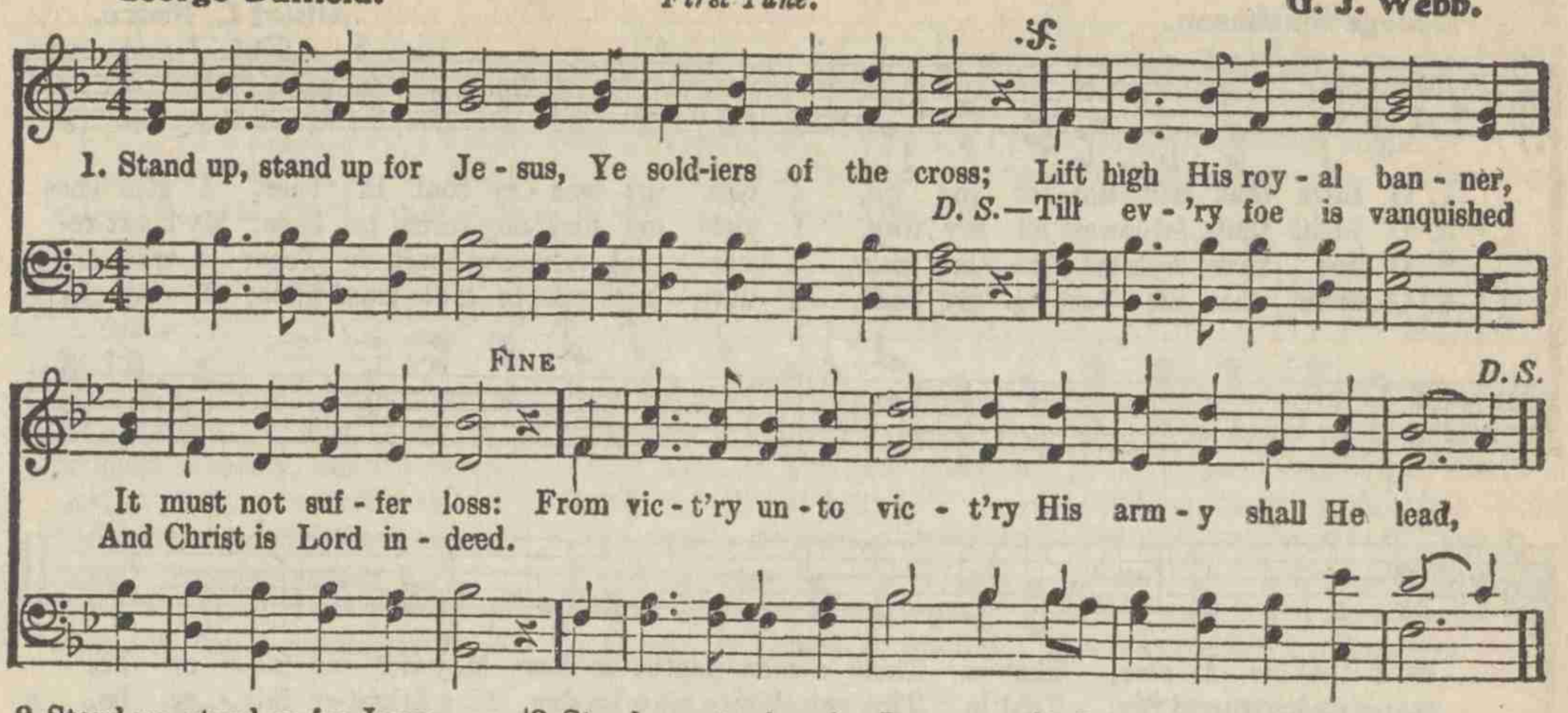
2 What tho' the spicy breezes,
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Tho' every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness,
Bow down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

No. 248. Stand Up for Jesus.

George Duffield. *First Tune.* G. J. Webb.



2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day,
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own,
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song;
To Him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

No. 249. The Morning Light is Breaking.

First or Second Tune.

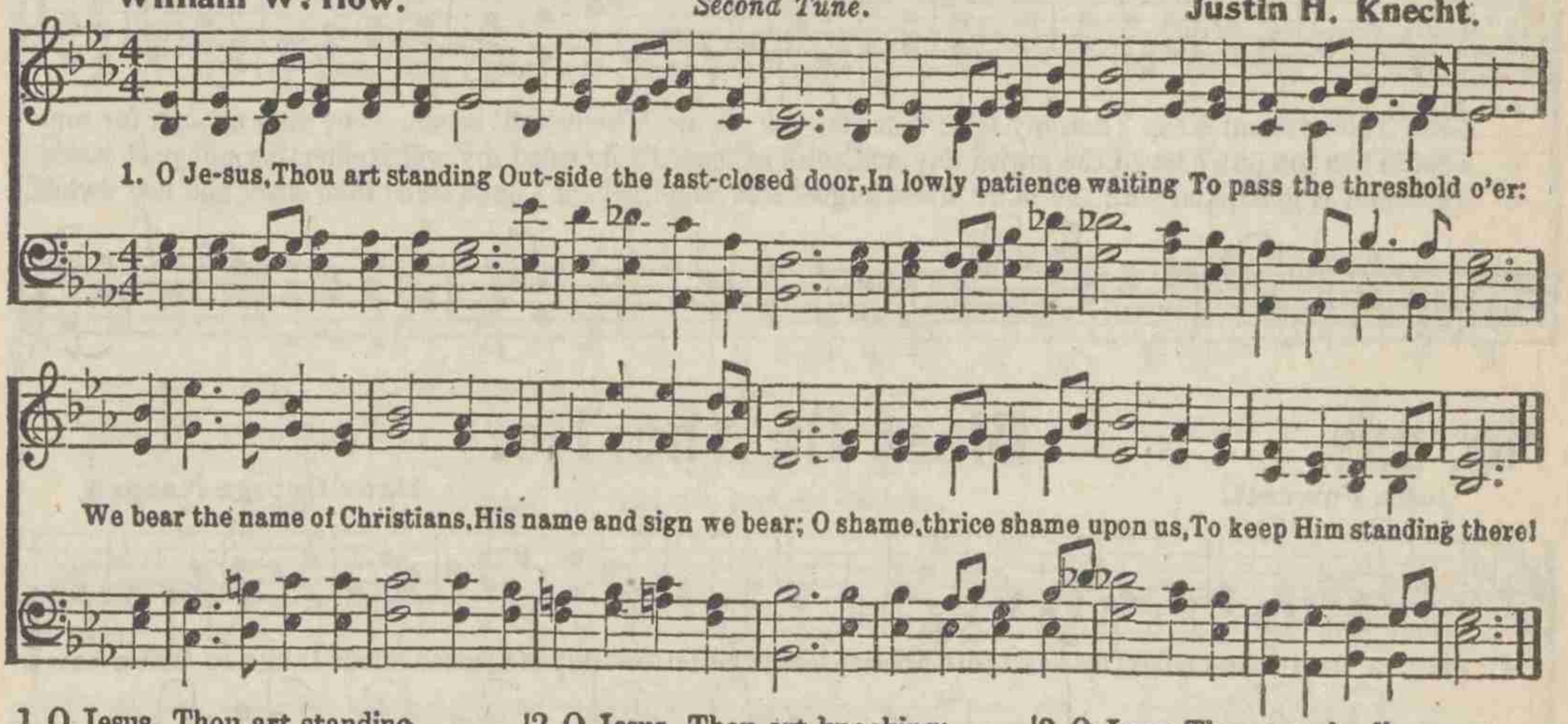
1 The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears,
The sons of earth are waking,
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God of love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners now confessing,
The gospel's call obey,
And seek a Savior's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly,
Triumphant, reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

No. 250. O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.

William W. How. *Second Tune.* Justin H. Knecht.



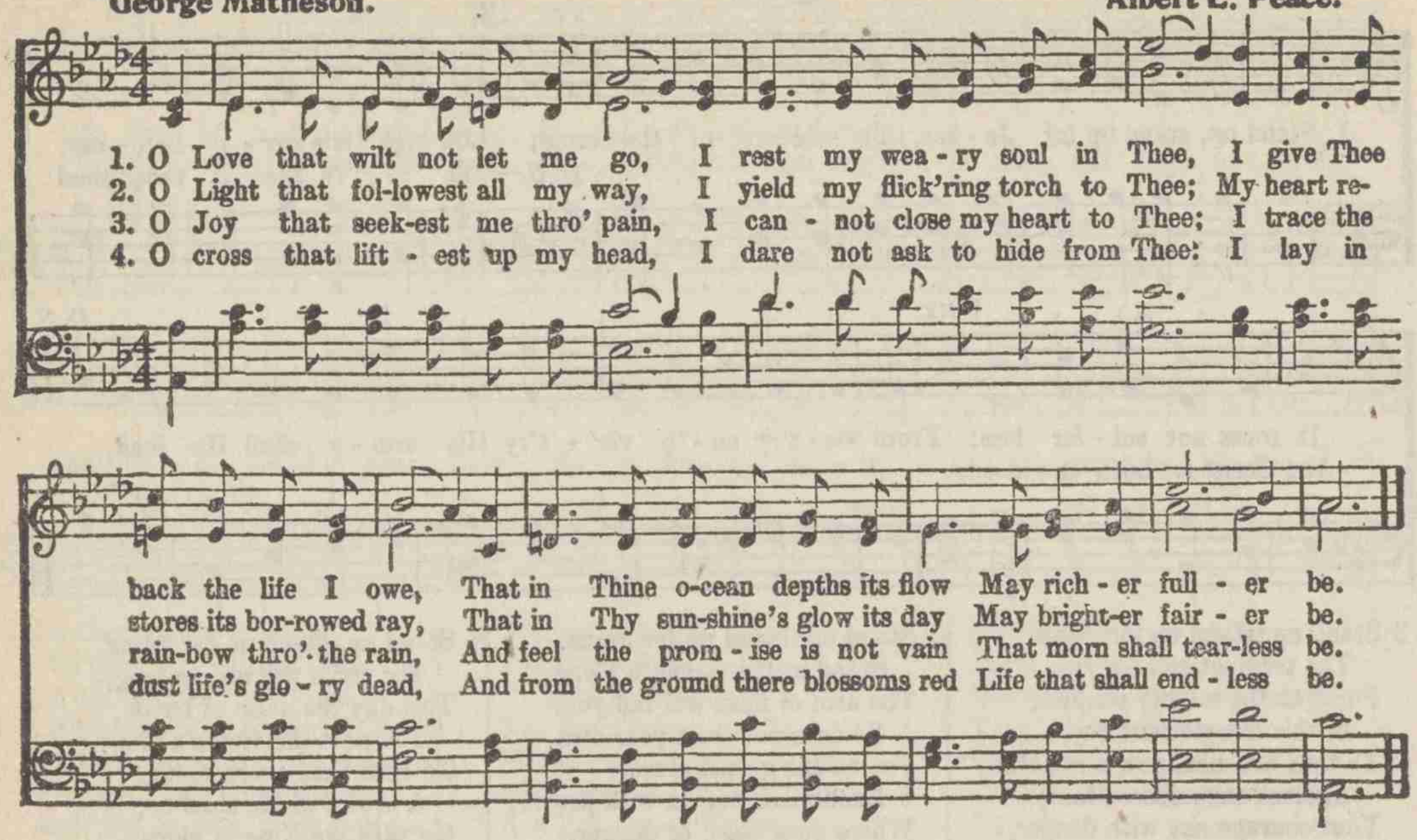
1 O Jesus, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
We bear the name of Christians,
His name and sign we bear;
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there!

2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking;
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred:
O love that passeth knowlege,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, my children,
And will ye treat me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door;
Dear Savior, enter, enter,
And leave us never more!

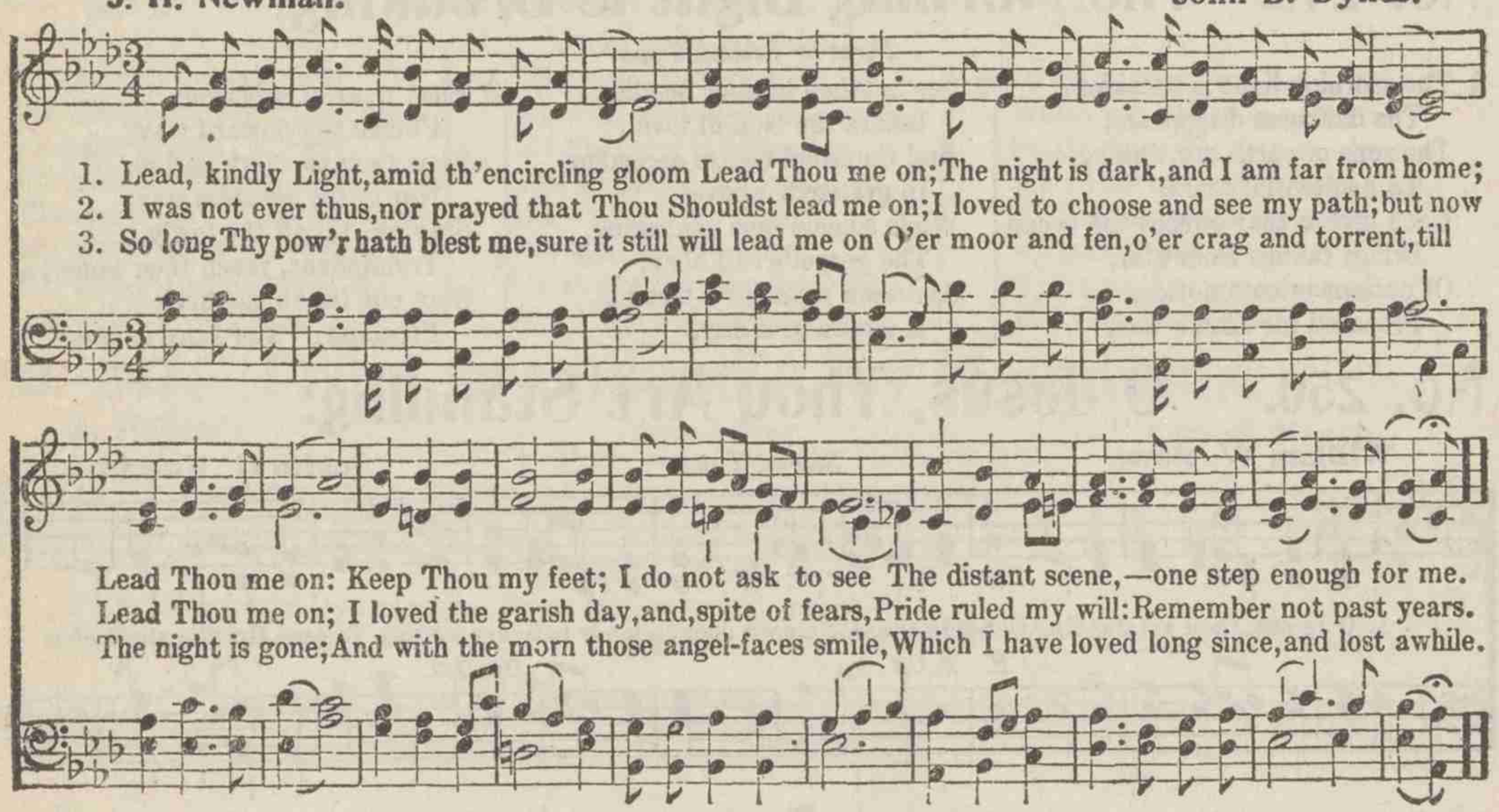
No. 251. O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

George Matheson. Albert L. Peace.



No. 252. Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman. John B. Dykes.



No. 253. Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett. Hans George Naegeli.



2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers; [one,
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

No. 254. Come, Thou Fount.

Geo. Robinson. *First Tune.* FINE John Wyeth. 1 2 D.C.



1 Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace,
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it!
Mount of Thy redeeming love.

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'll come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home:
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love; [it,
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal
Seal it for Thy courts above.

No. 255. I Love Jesus, He's My Savior.

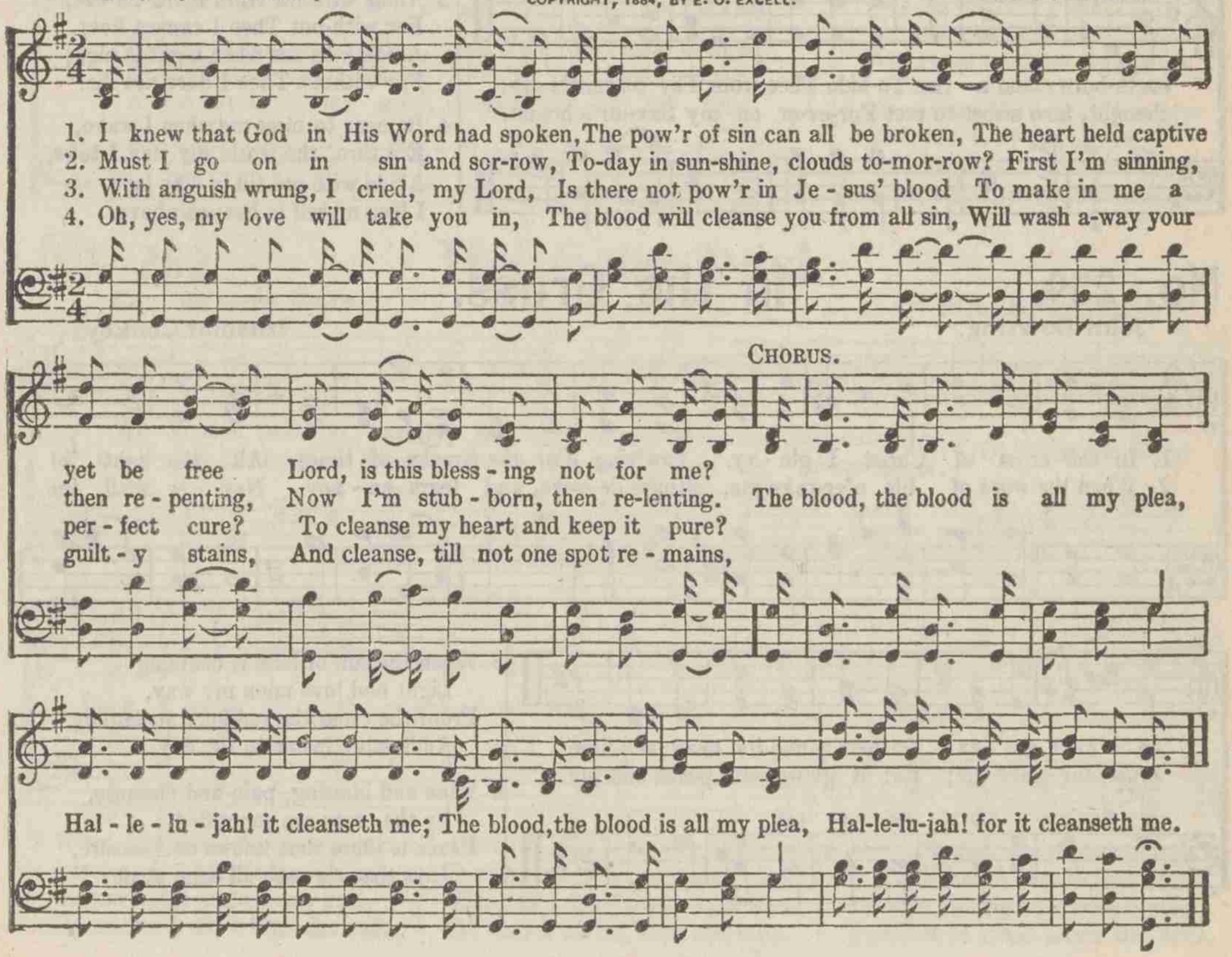
Geo. Robinson. *Second Tune.* J. J. Rousseau.

FINE CHORUS. 1 2 D.C.



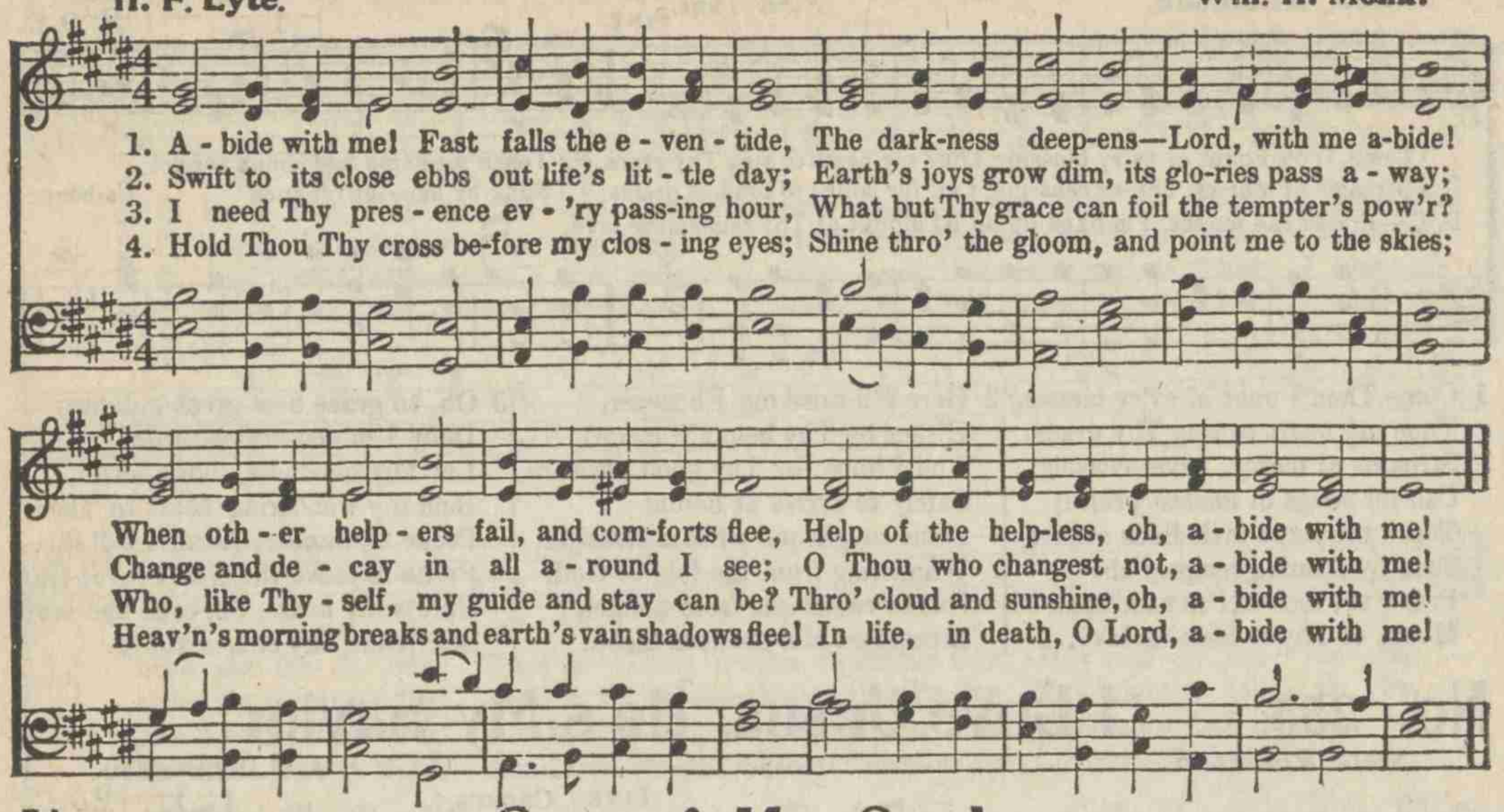
No. 256. The Blood is All my Plea.

Rev. F. C. Baker. COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. F. Miller.



No. 257. Abide With Me.

H. F. Lyte. Wm. H. Monk.



No. 258. Sun of My Soul.

John Kepler. Henry Monk.

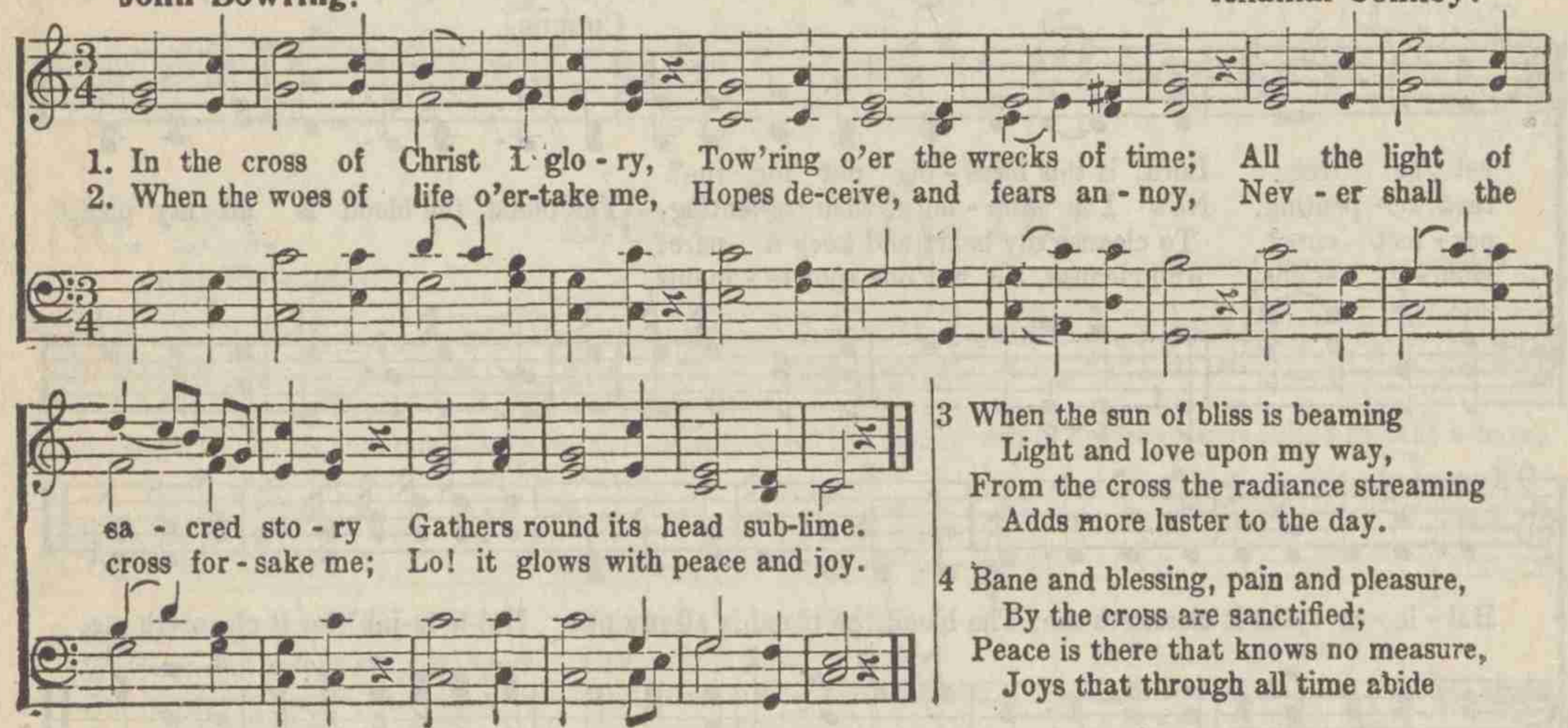


3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For with-out Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 Be near to bless me when I wake,
Ere thro' the world my way I take,
Abide with me till in Thy love
I lose myself in heaven above.

No. 259. In the Gross.

John Bowring. Ithamar Conkey.



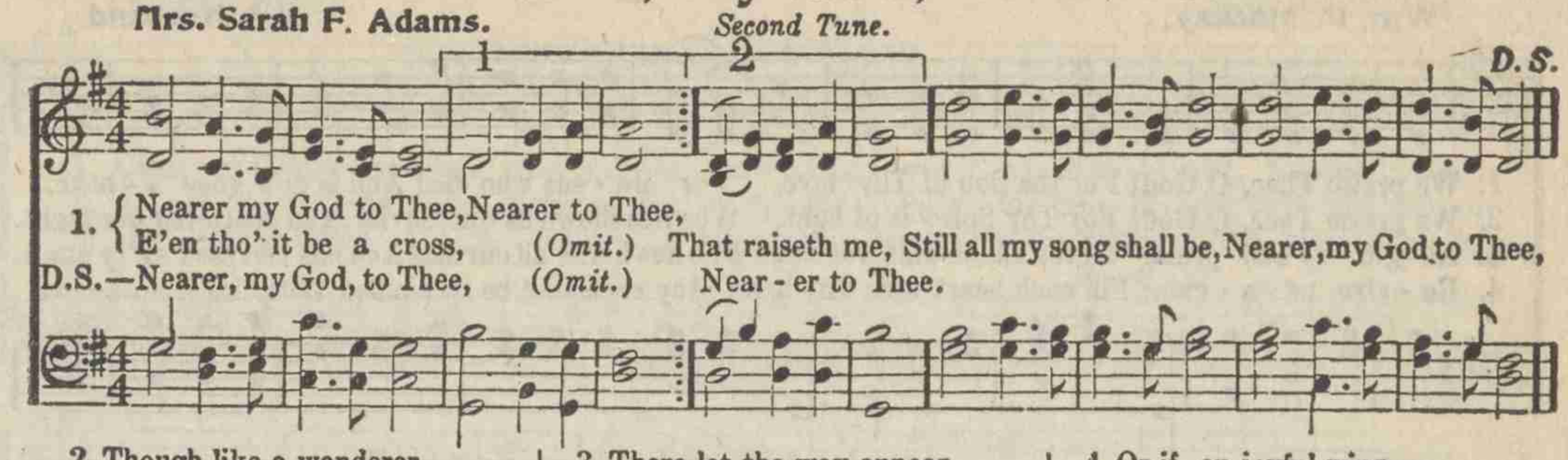
3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more luster to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide

No. 260. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams.

Second Tune.



1. { Nearer my God to Thee, Nearer to Thee,
   E'en tho' it be a cross, (*Omit.*) That raiseth me, Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God to Thee,

D.S.—Nearer, my God, to Thee, (*Omit.*) Near - er to Thee.

2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee!

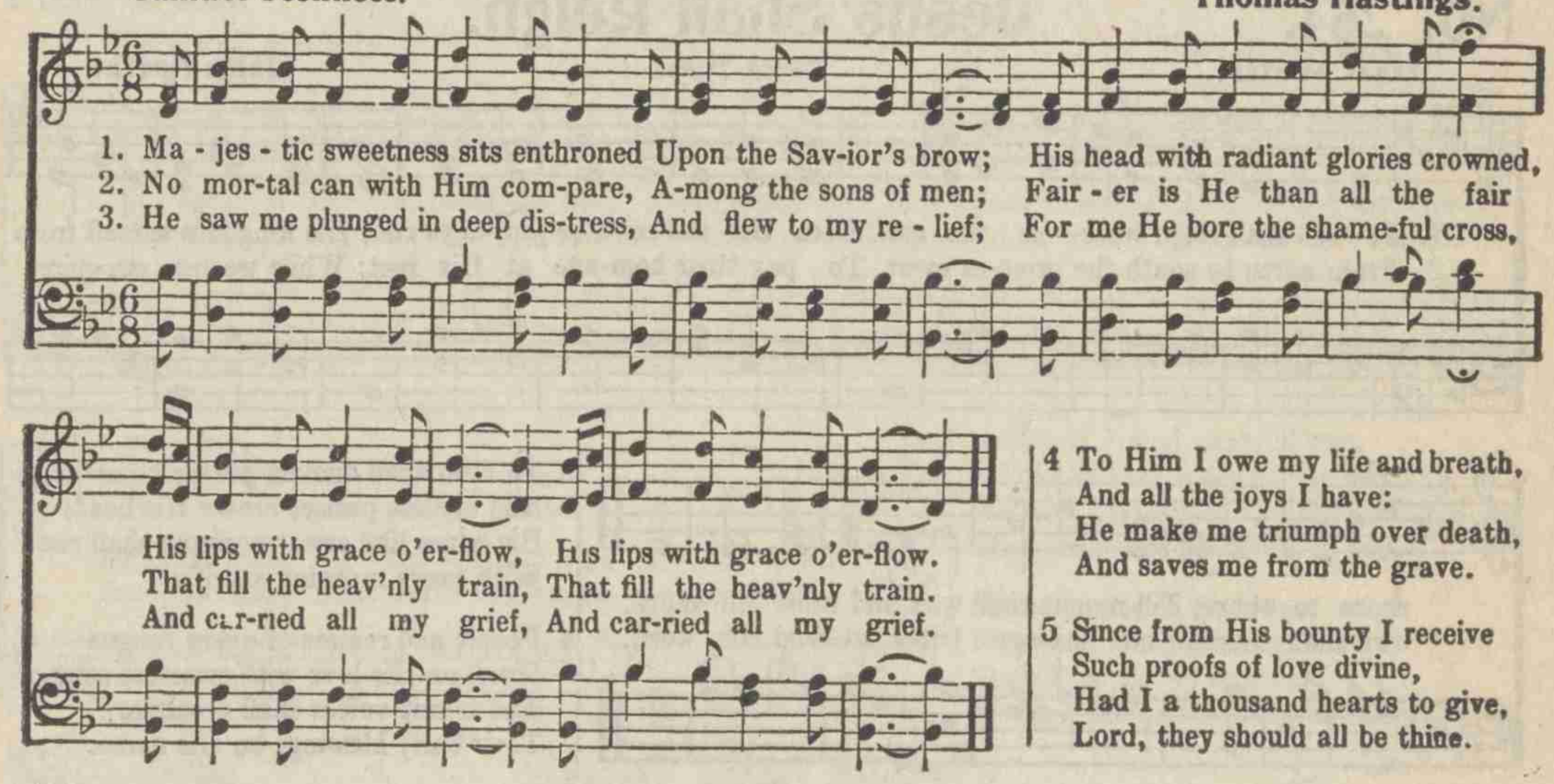
3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee!

4 Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

No. 261. Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned,

Samuel Stennett.

Thomas Hastings.



1. Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthroned Upon the Sav-ior's brow; His head with radiant glories crowned,
2. No mor-tal can with Him com-pare, A-mong the sons of men; Fair - er is He than all the fair
3. He saw me plunged in deep dis-tress, And flew to my re - lief; For me He bore the shame-ful cross,

His lips with grace o'er-flow, His lips with grace o'er-flow.
That fill the heav'nly train, That fill the heav'nly train.
And car-ried all my grief, And car-ried all my grief.

4 To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have:
He make me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

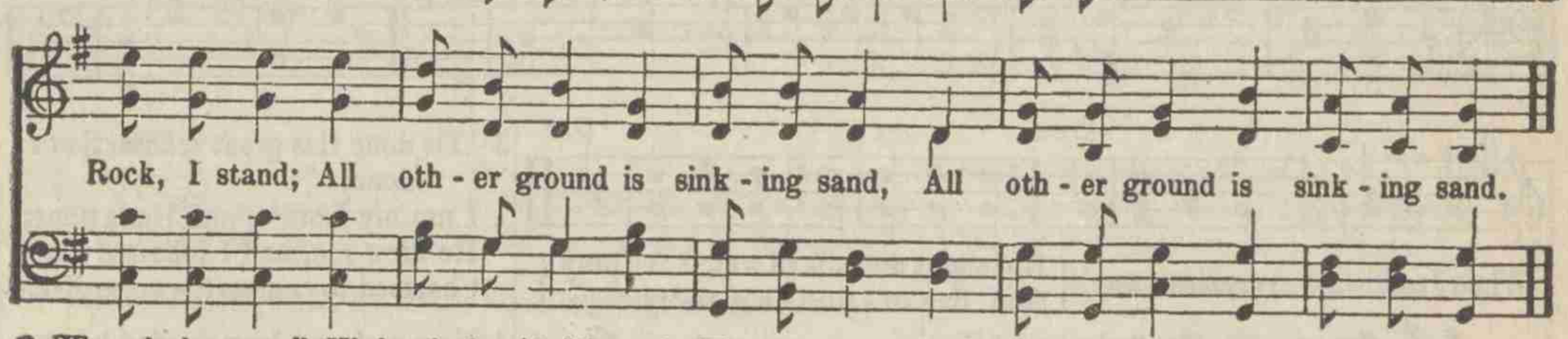
5 Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

No. 262. The Solid Rock.

Rev. Edward Mote.

BY PER. OF THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO.

Wm. B. Bradbury.



1. { My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and right-eous-ness;
   I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name. } On Christ the Sol-id

Rock, I stand; All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

2 When darkness veils His lovely face
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vail.

3 His oath, His covenant, His blood
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way.
He then is all my hope and stay.

4 When He shall come with trumpet sound
O may I then in Him be found,
Drest in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.

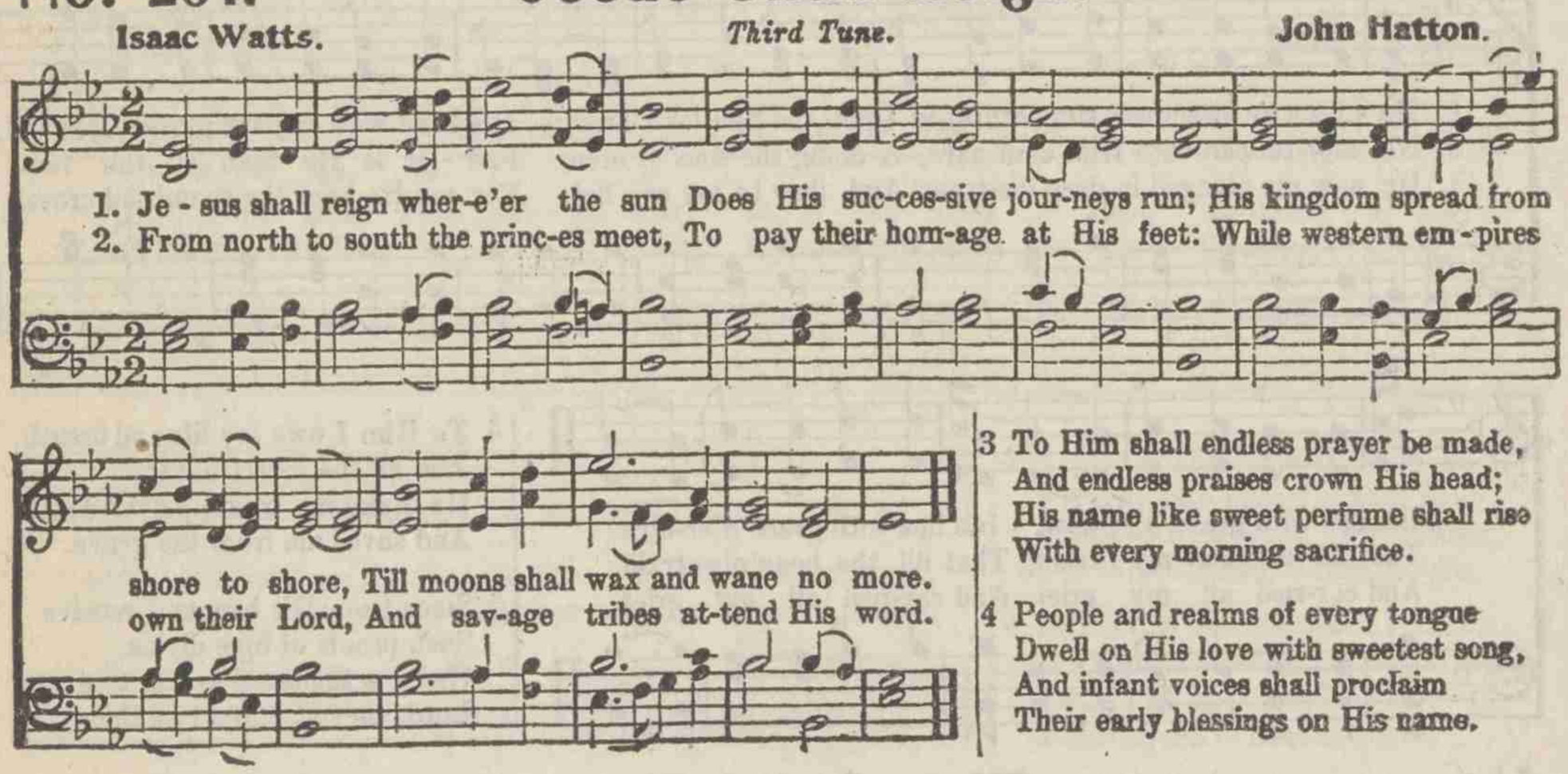
No. 263. Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay. J. J. Husband.



No. 264. Jesus Shall Reign.

Isaac Watts. *Third Tune.* John Hatton.

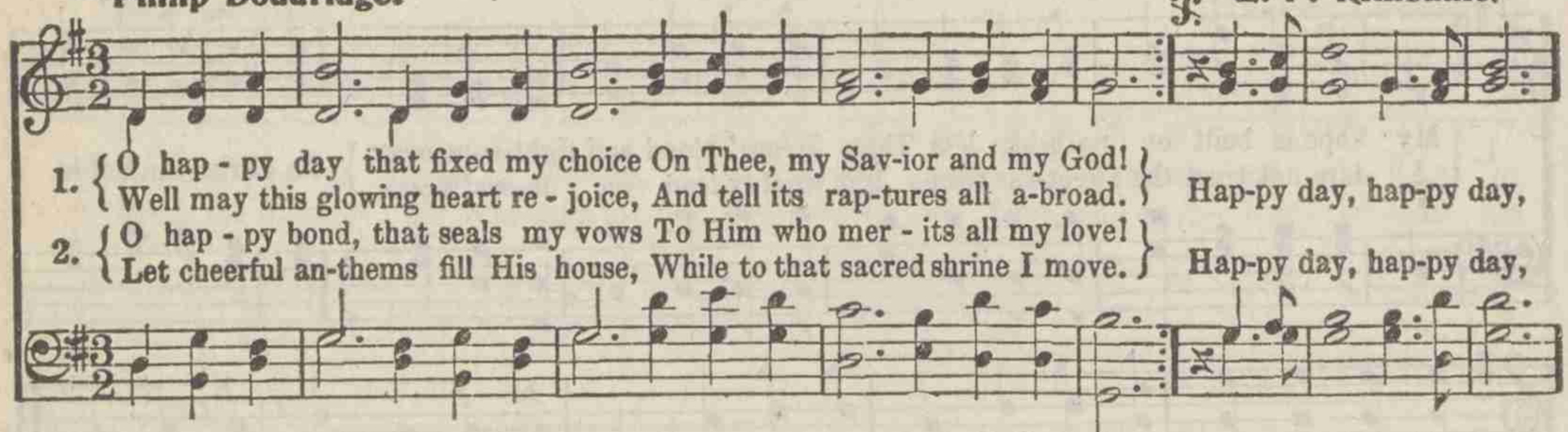


3 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown His head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

No. 265. O Happy Day.

Philip Doddridge. E. F. Rimbault.





3 'Tis done this great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

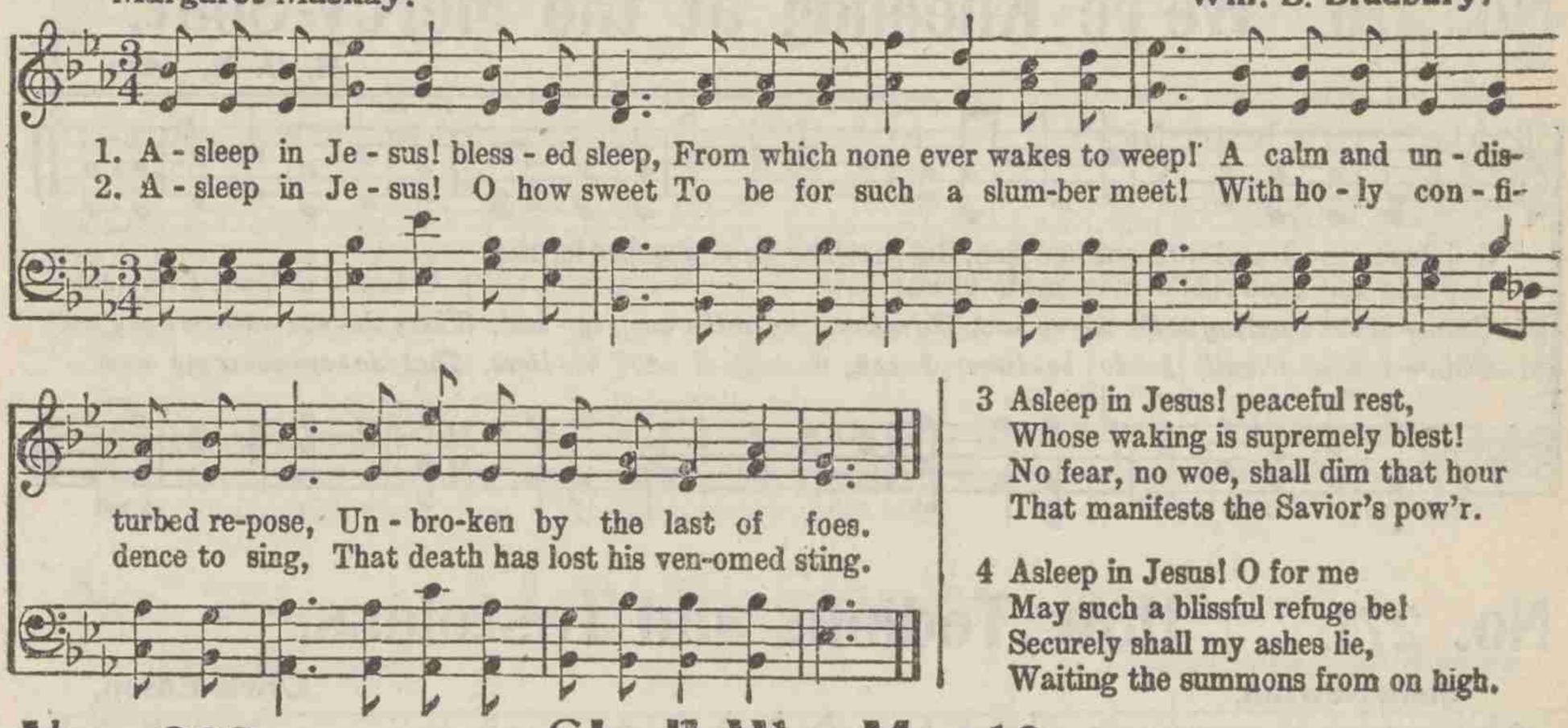
No. 266. Come, Ye Disconsolate.

Thomas Moore. **Samuel Webbe.**



No. 267. Asleep in Jesus.

Margaret Mackay. **Wm. B. Bradbury.**

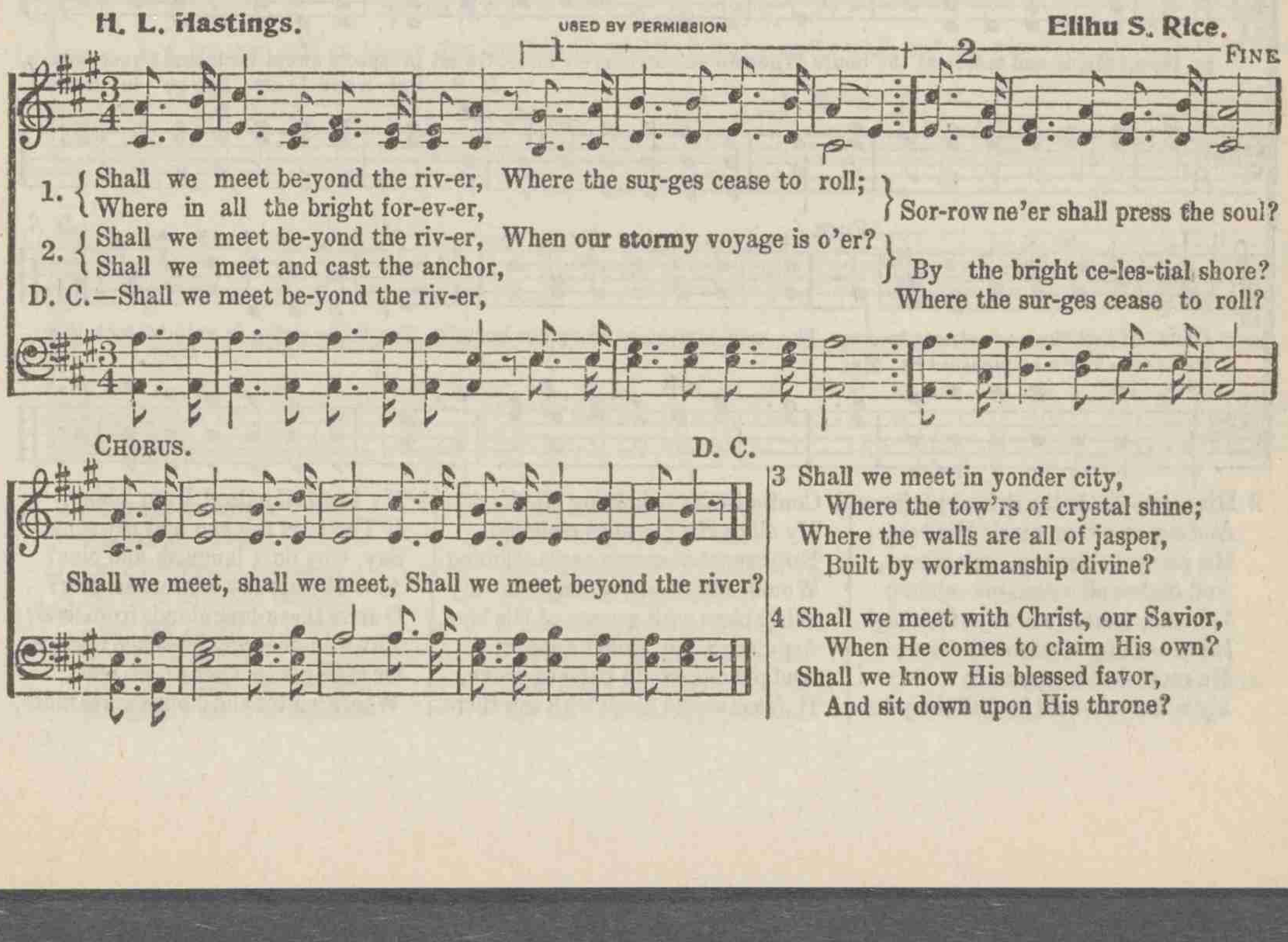


3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest!
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Savior's pow'r.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

No. 268. Shall We Meet?

H. L. Hastings. USED BY PERMISSION **Elihu S. Rice.**



3 Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the tow'rs of crystal shine;
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine?

4 Shall we meet with Christ, our Savior,
When He comes to claim His own?
Shall we know His blessed favor,
And sit down upon His throne?

No. 269. Just As I Am.

Charlotte Elliott. Wm. B. Bradbury.

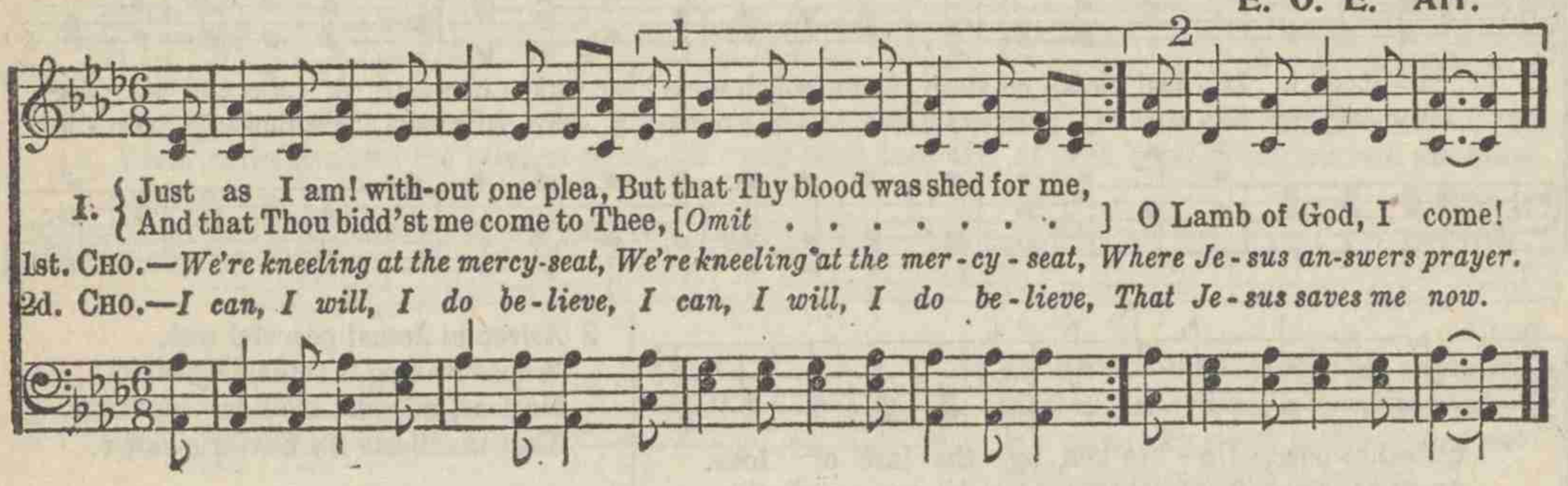


4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

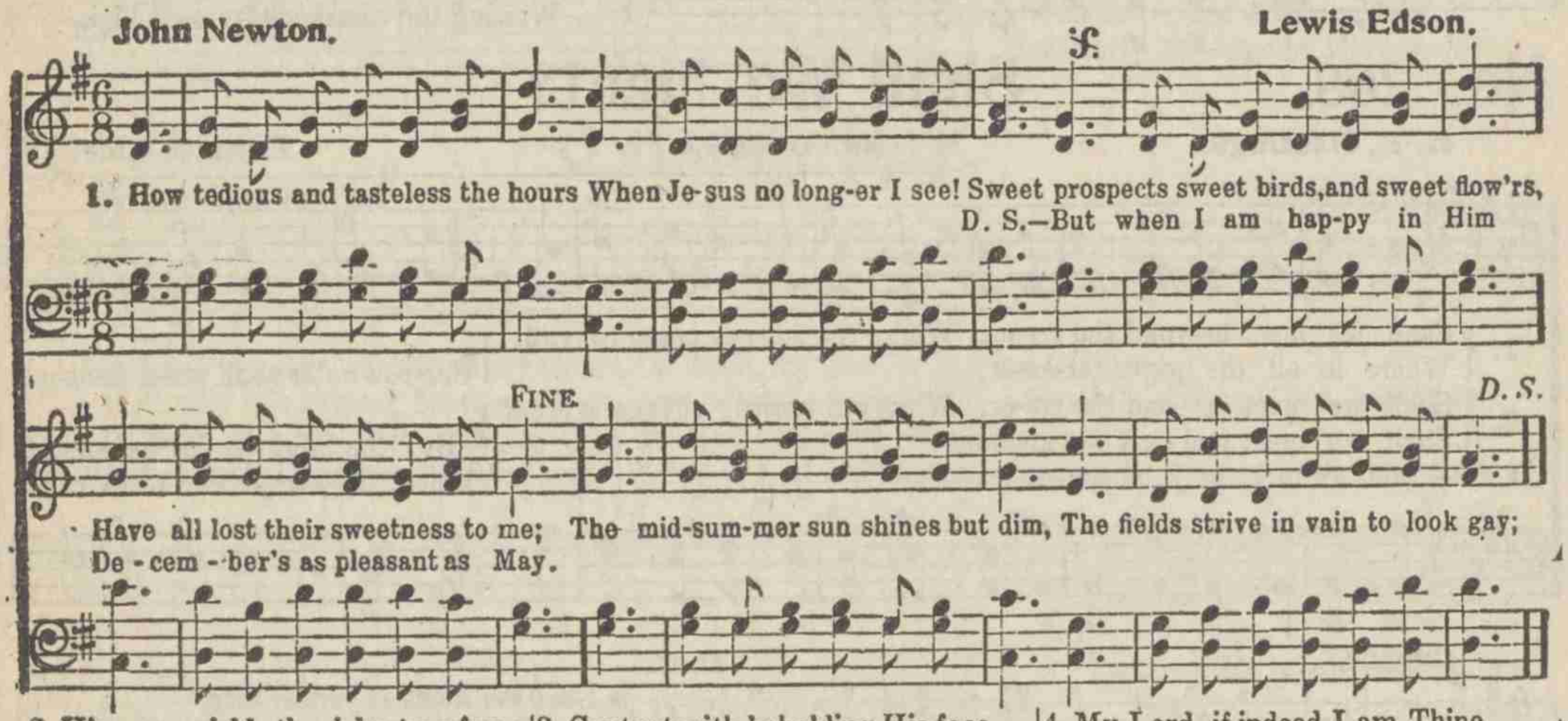
No. 270. We're Kneeling at the Mercy-Seat.

E. O. E. Arr.



No. 271. How Tedious and Tasteless.

John Newton. Lewis Edson.



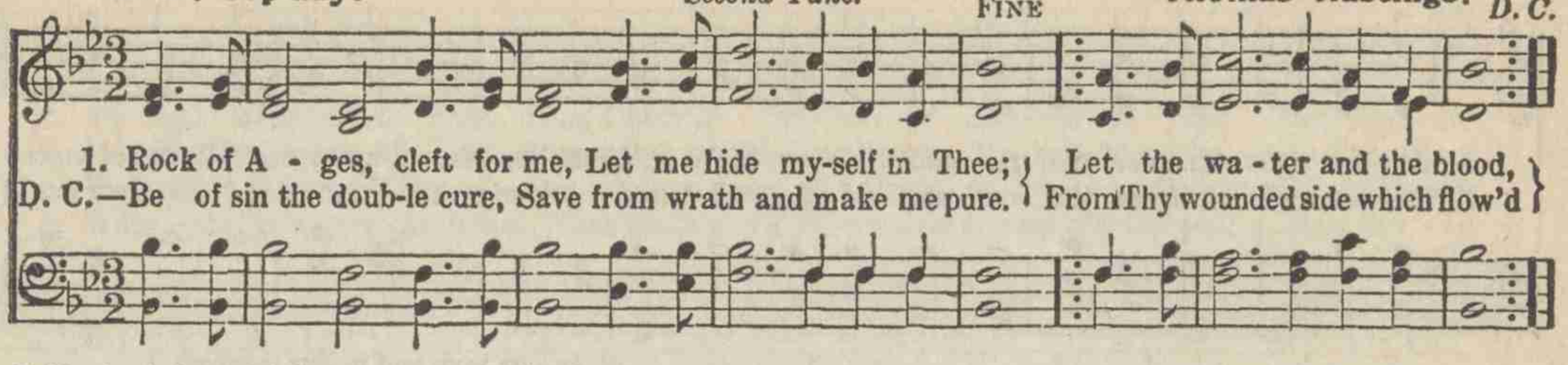
2 His name yields the richest perfume
And sweeter than music His voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice;
I should, were He always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I;
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding His face,
My all to His pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place [mind:
Would make any change in my
While blest with a sense of His love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 My Lord, if indeed I am Thine,
If Thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from the sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me to Thee up on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

No. 272. Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady. *Second Tune.* FINE Thomas Hastings. D. C.



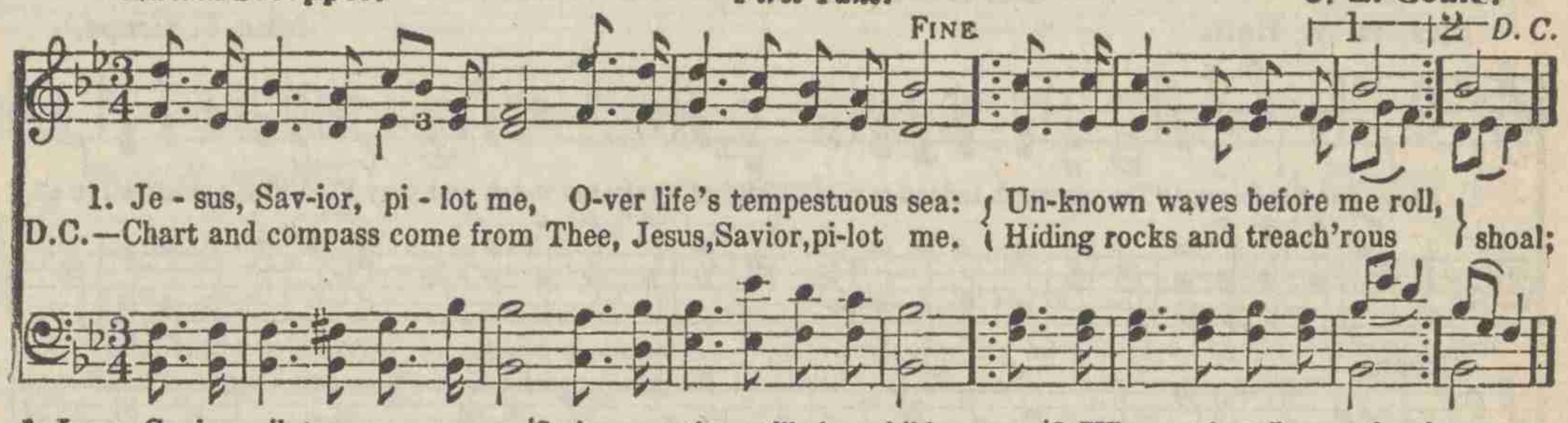
1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

No. 273. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper. *First Tune.* FINE J. E. Gould. 1 2 D. C.



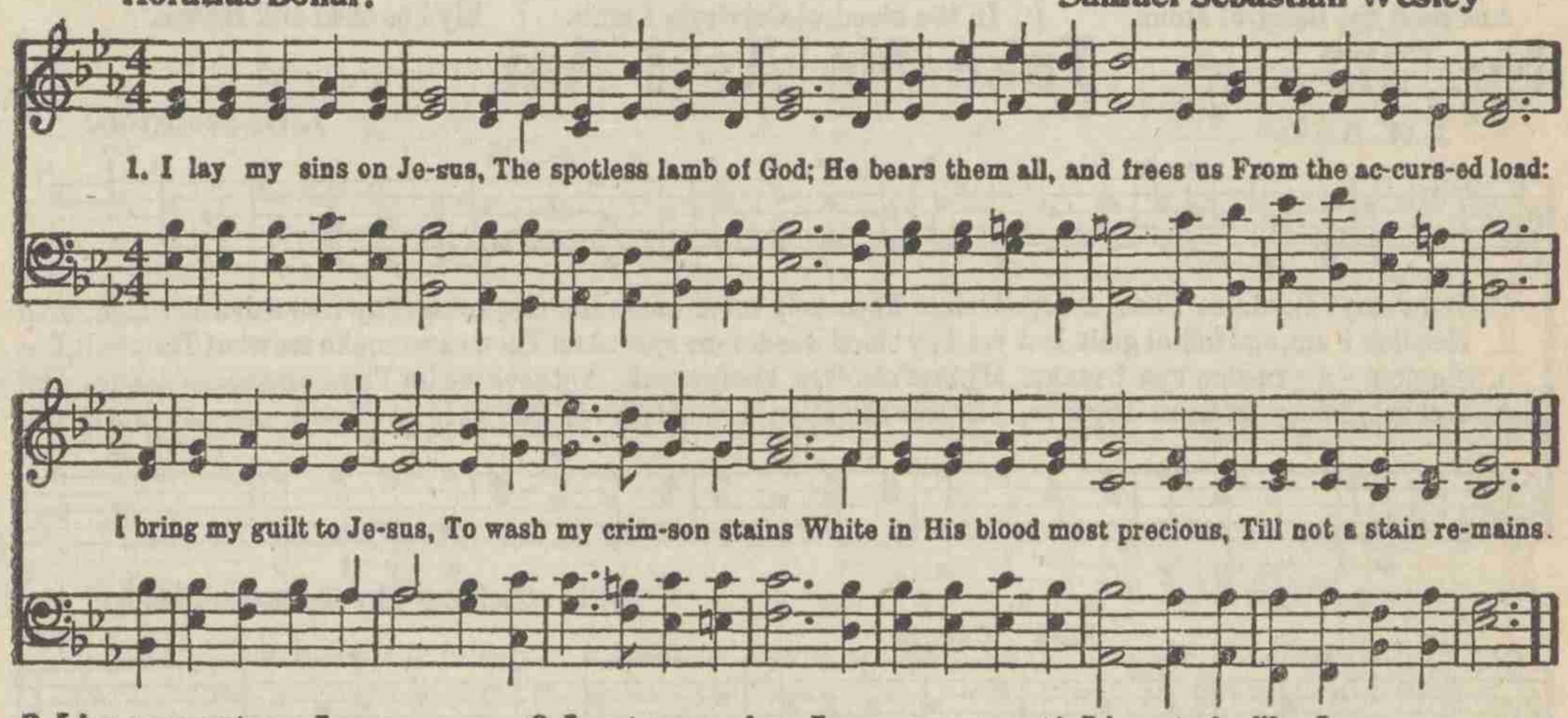
1 Jesus, Savior, pilot me,
Over life's tempestuous sea:
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rocks and treach'rous shoal;
Chart and compass come from Thee
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves, obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twix me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

No. 274. I Lay My Sins on Jesus.

Horatius Bonar. Samuel Sebastian Wesley



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

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

4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child:
I long to be with Jesus
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
And learn the angels' song.

No. 275. Jesus Call Us.

Cecil F. Alexander. W. F. Jude.

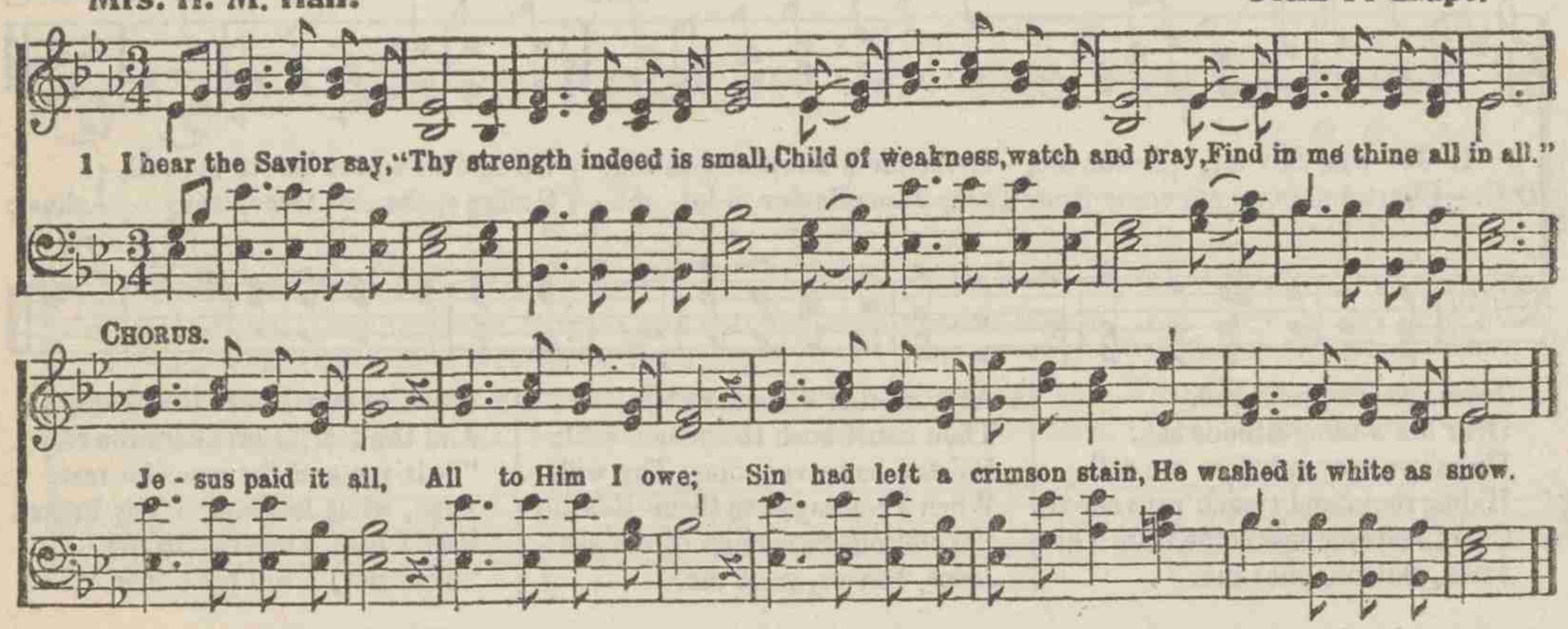


3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease;
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
That we love Him more than these.

4 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Savior, make us hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

No. 276. Jesus Paid It All.

Mrs. H. M. Hall. John T. Grape.



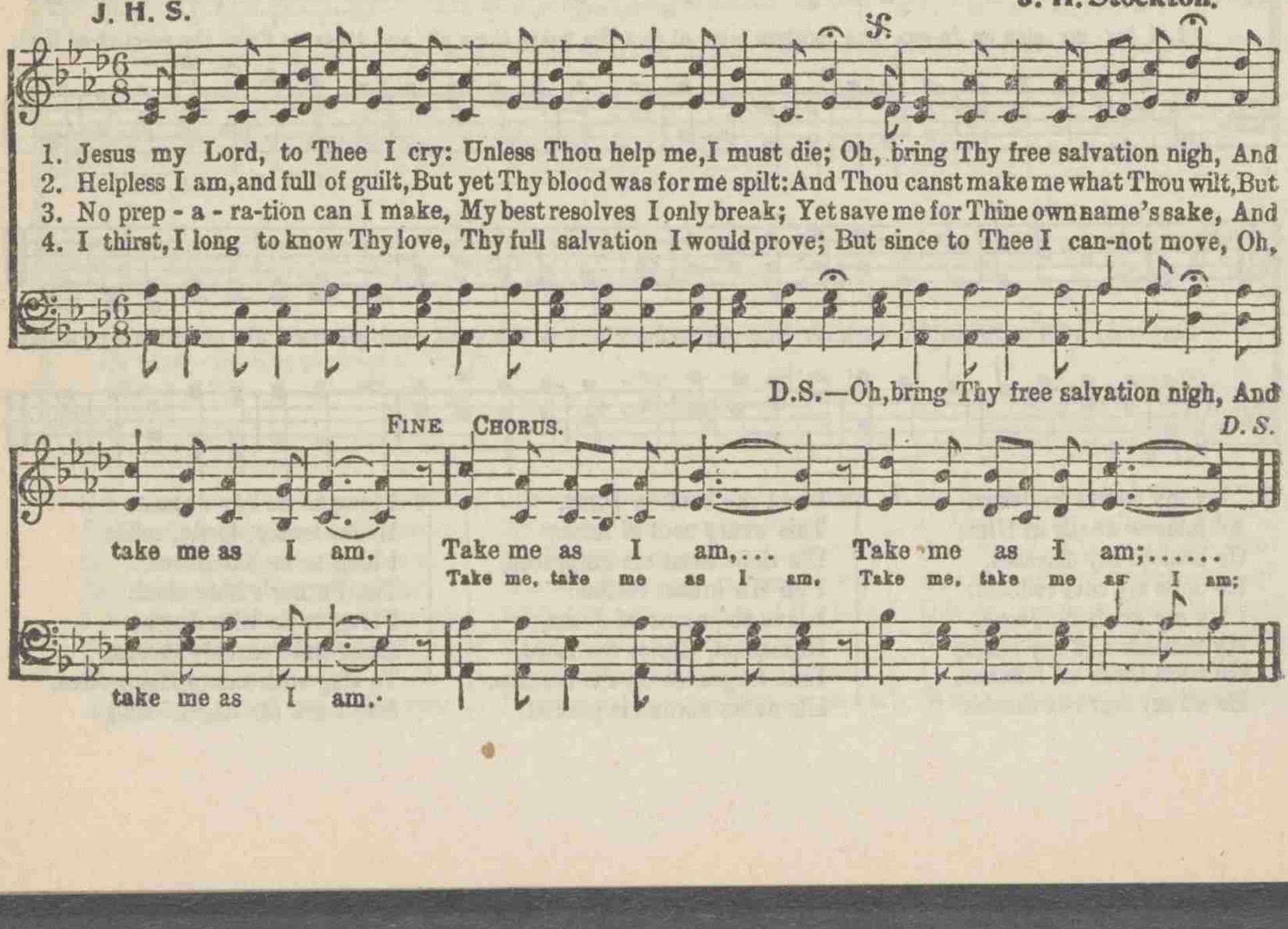
2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.

3 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garments white
In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.

4 And when, before the throne,
I stand in Him complete
"Jesus died my soul to save,"
My lips shall still repeat.

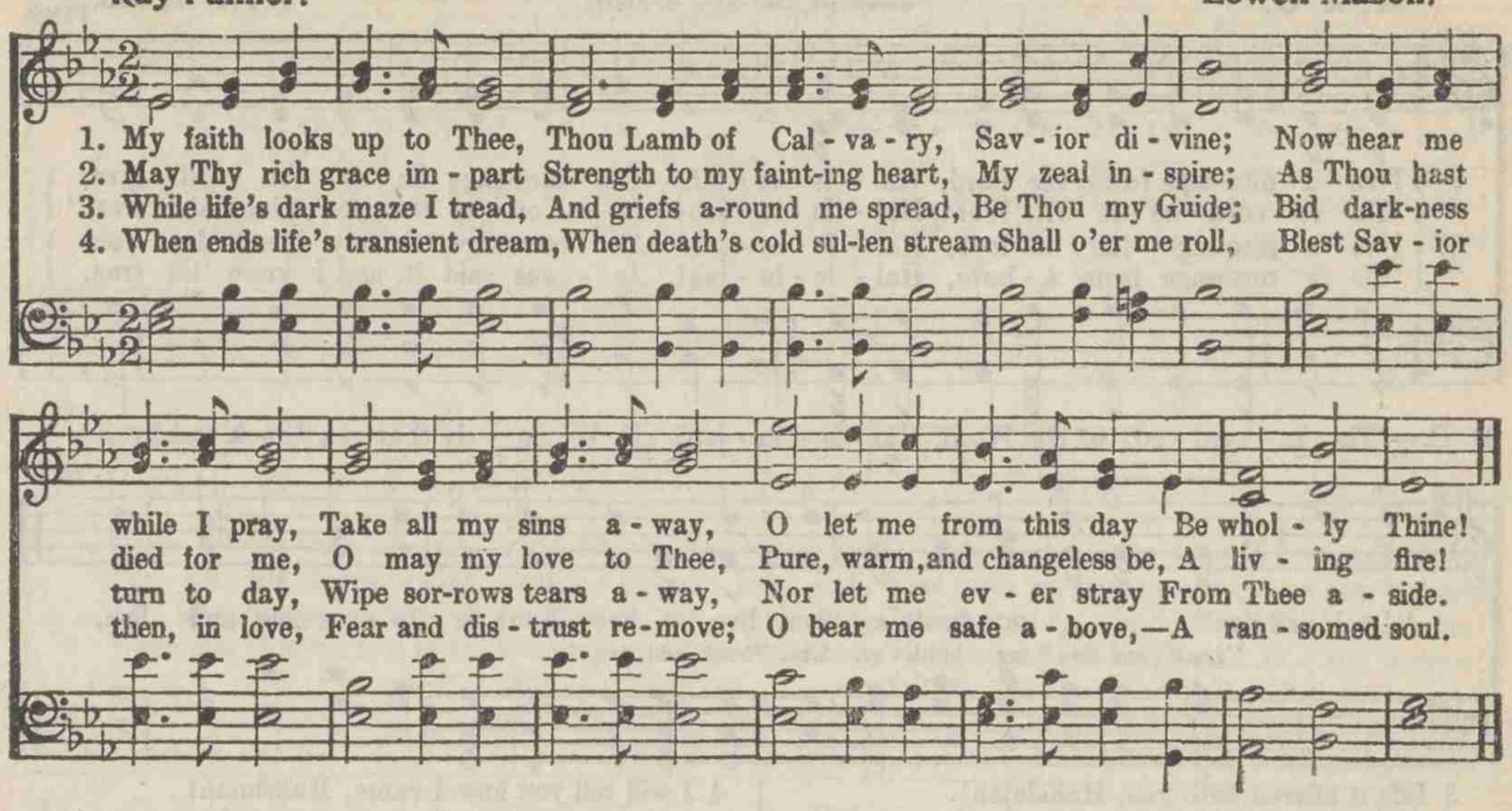
No. 277. Take Me As I Am.

J. H. S. J. H. Stockton.



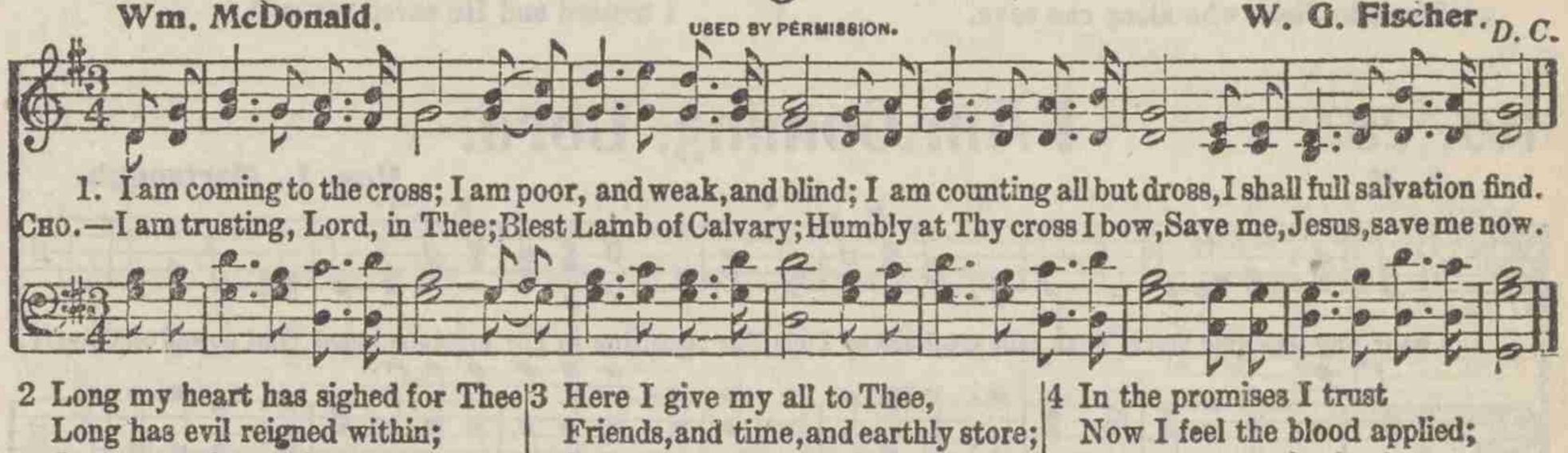
No. 278. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer. Lowell Mason.



No. 279. I am Trusting, Lord, in Thee.

Wm. McDonald. USED BY PERMISSION. W. G. Fischer. D. C.



2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,—
"I will cleanse you from all sin."

3 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body Thine to be,
Wholly Thine forevermore.

4 In the promises I trust
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

No 280. Joy to the World.

I. Watts. *Second Tune.* G. F. Handel.



No. 281. Look and Live.

W. A. O.

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W. A. Ogden.



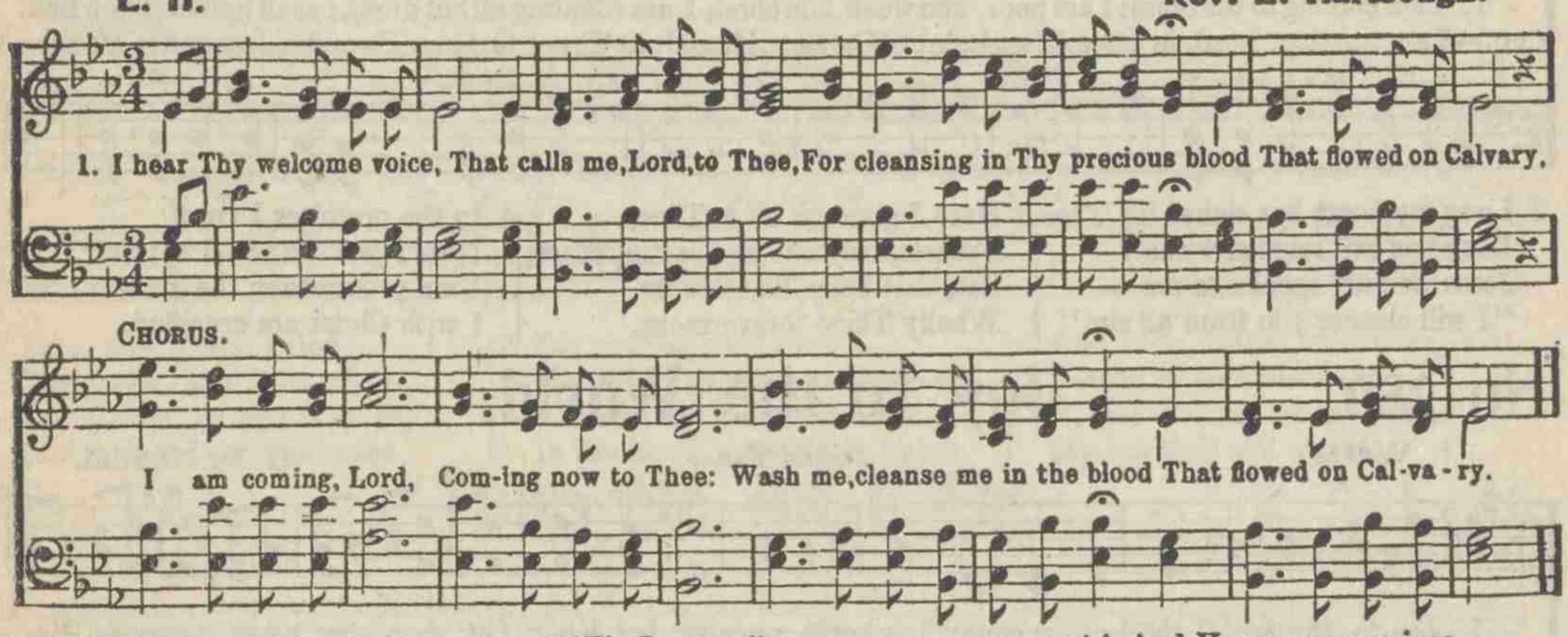
3 Life is offered unto you, Hallelujah!
Eternal life thy soul shall have;
If you'll only look to Him, Hallelujah!
Look to Jesus who alone can save.

4 I will tell you how I came, Hallelujah!
To Jesus when He made me whole:
'Twas believing on His name, Hallelujah!
I trusted and He saved my soul.

No. 282. I Am Coming, Lord.

L. H.

Rev. L. Hartsough.



2 Tho' coming weak and vile
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all, and pure.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on,
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust
For earth and heav'n above.

4 And He assurance gives
To loyal hearts and true,
That ev'ry promise is fulfilled
To those who hear and do.

No. 283. The Heavenly Home.

William Hunter.

Arr. Rev. William McDonald.

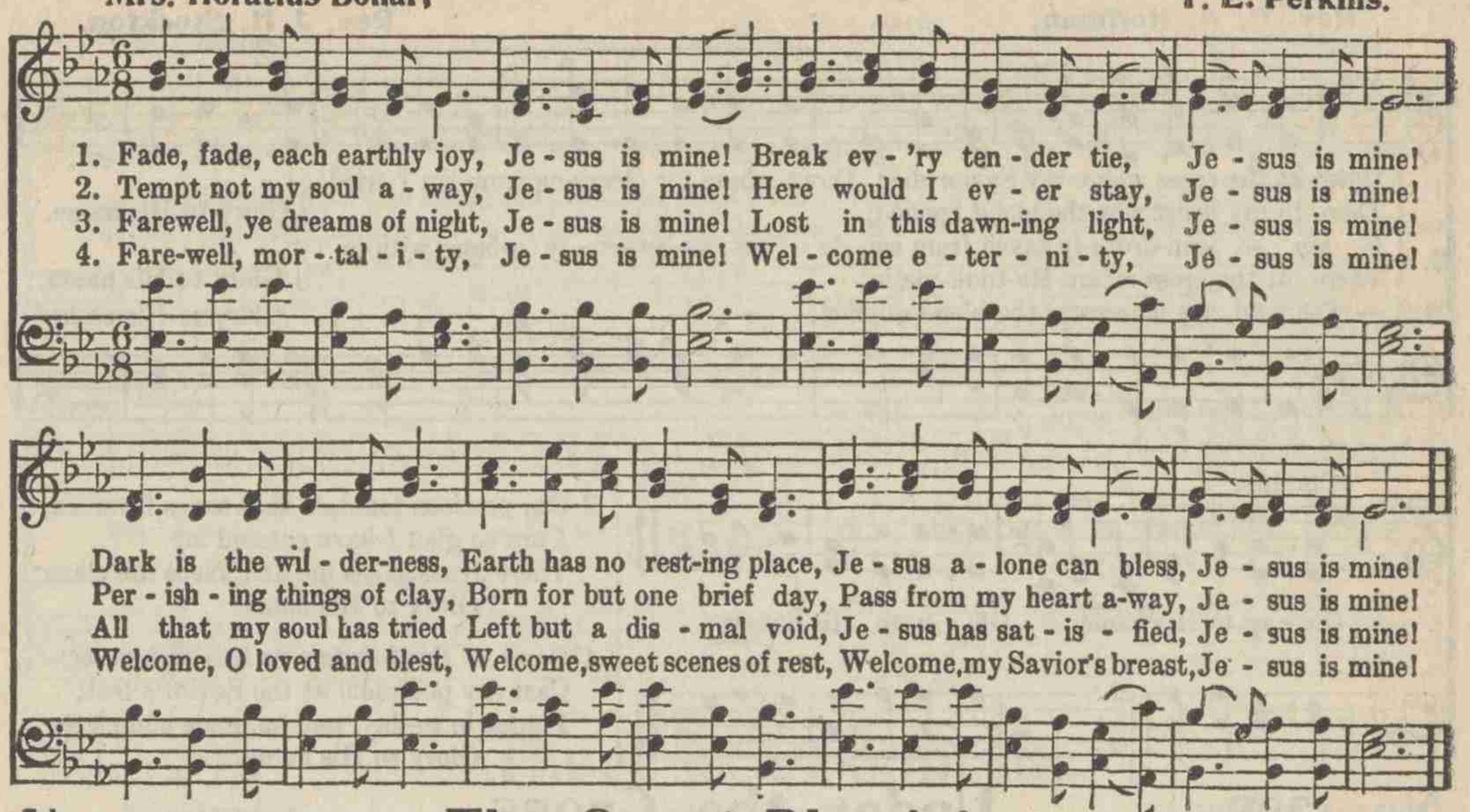
2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be

3 While here, a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam;
Although, like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.

4 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'er flow;
Be mine the happier lot to own
A heav'nly mansion near the throne

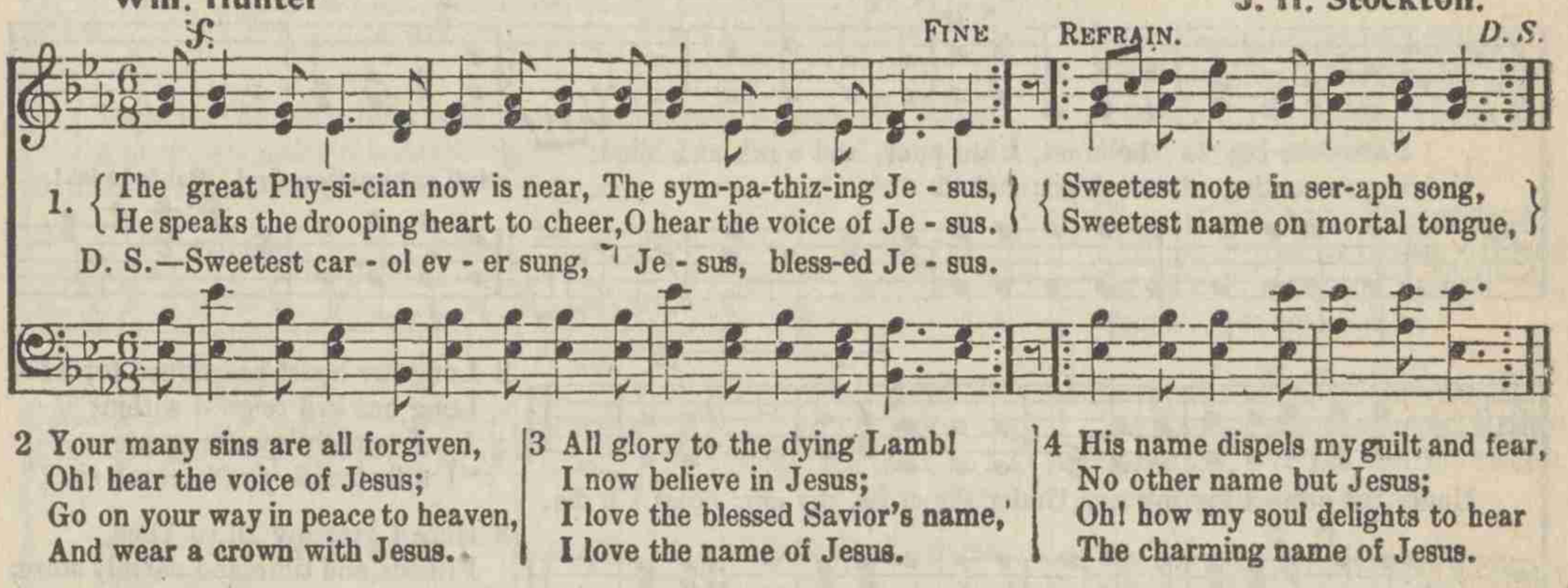
No. 284. Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy.

Mrs. Horatius Bonar, T. E. Perkins.



No. 285. The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter J. H. Stockton.

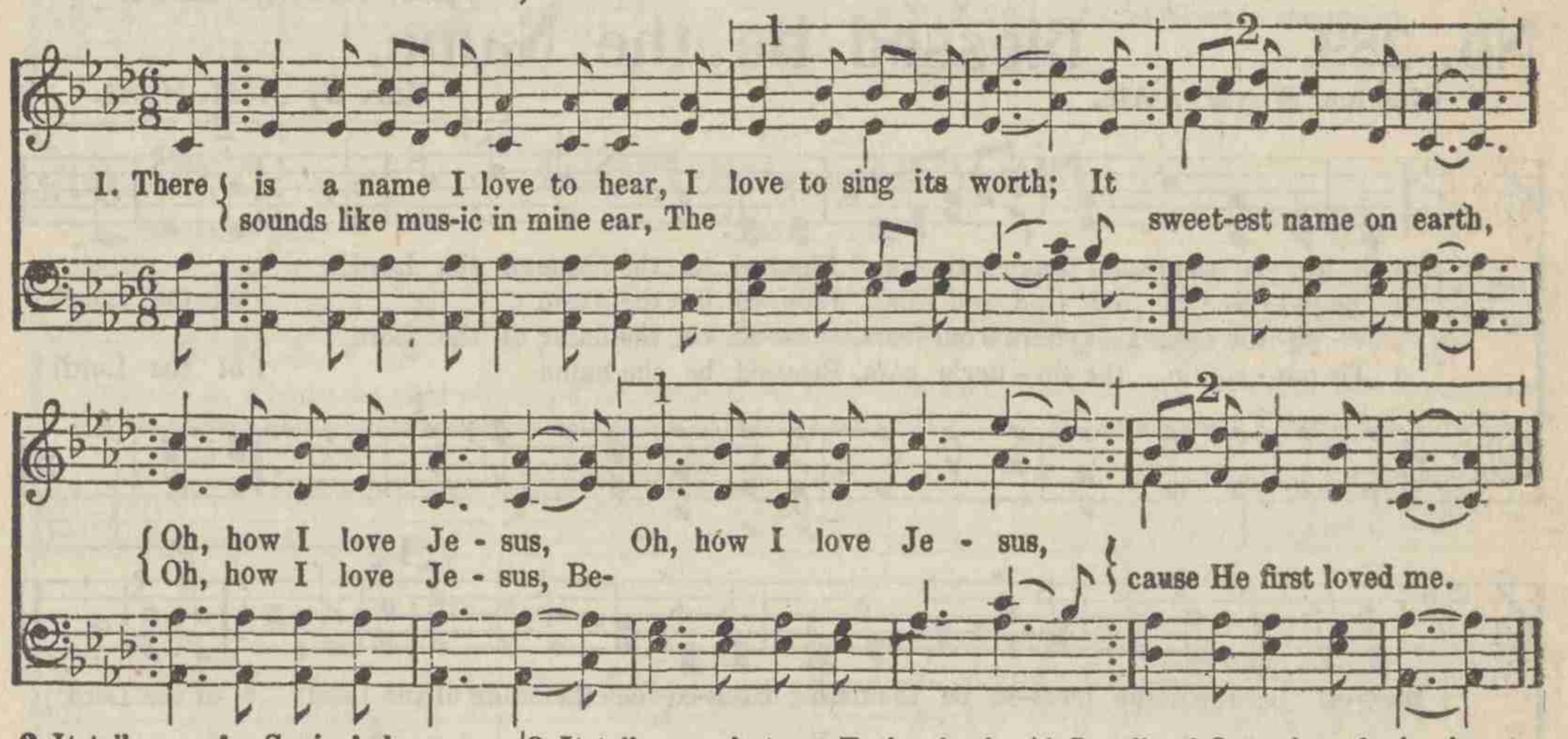


2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh! hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh! how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.

No. 286. Oh, How I Love Jesus.



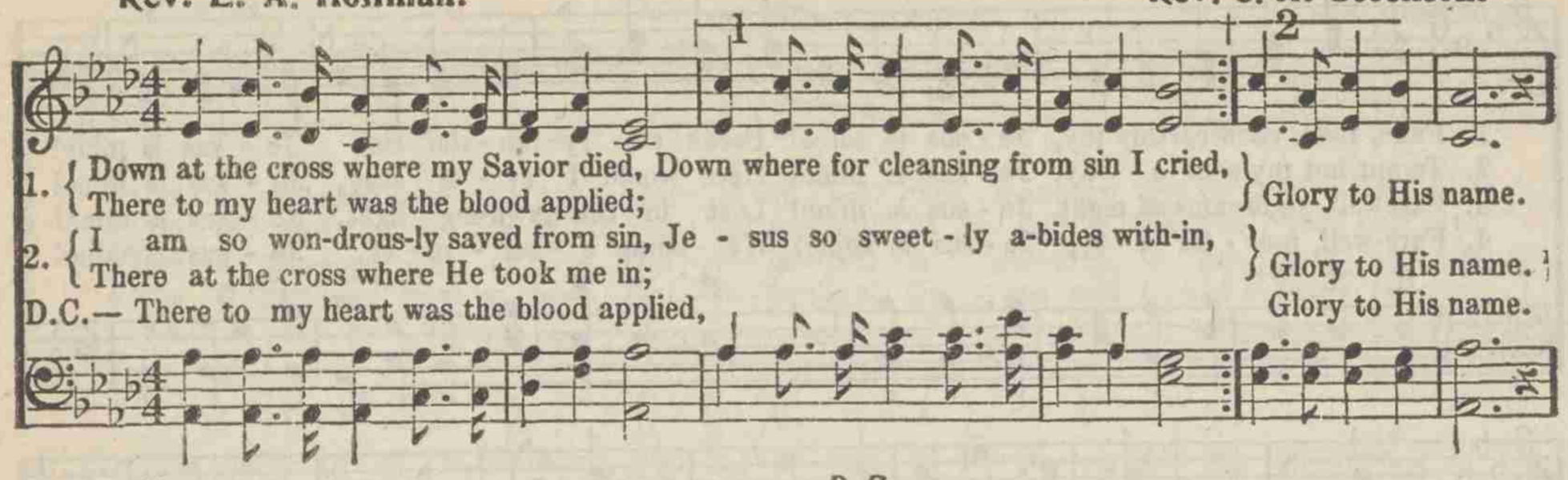
2 It tells me of a Savior's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of His precious blood;
The sinner's perfect plea.

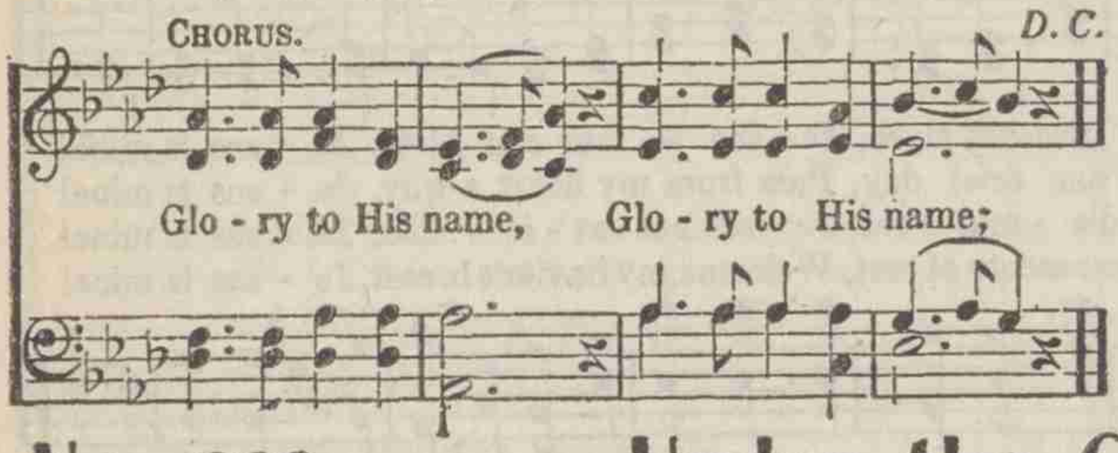
3 It tells me what my Father hath
In store for every day,
And tho' I tread a darksome path,
Yields sunshine all the way.

4 It tells of One whose loving heart
Can feel my deepest woe,
Who in each sorrow bears a part,
That none can bear below.

No. 287. Glory to His Name.

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





3 Oh, precious fountain that saves from sin,
I am so glad I have entered in;
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean;
Glory to His name.

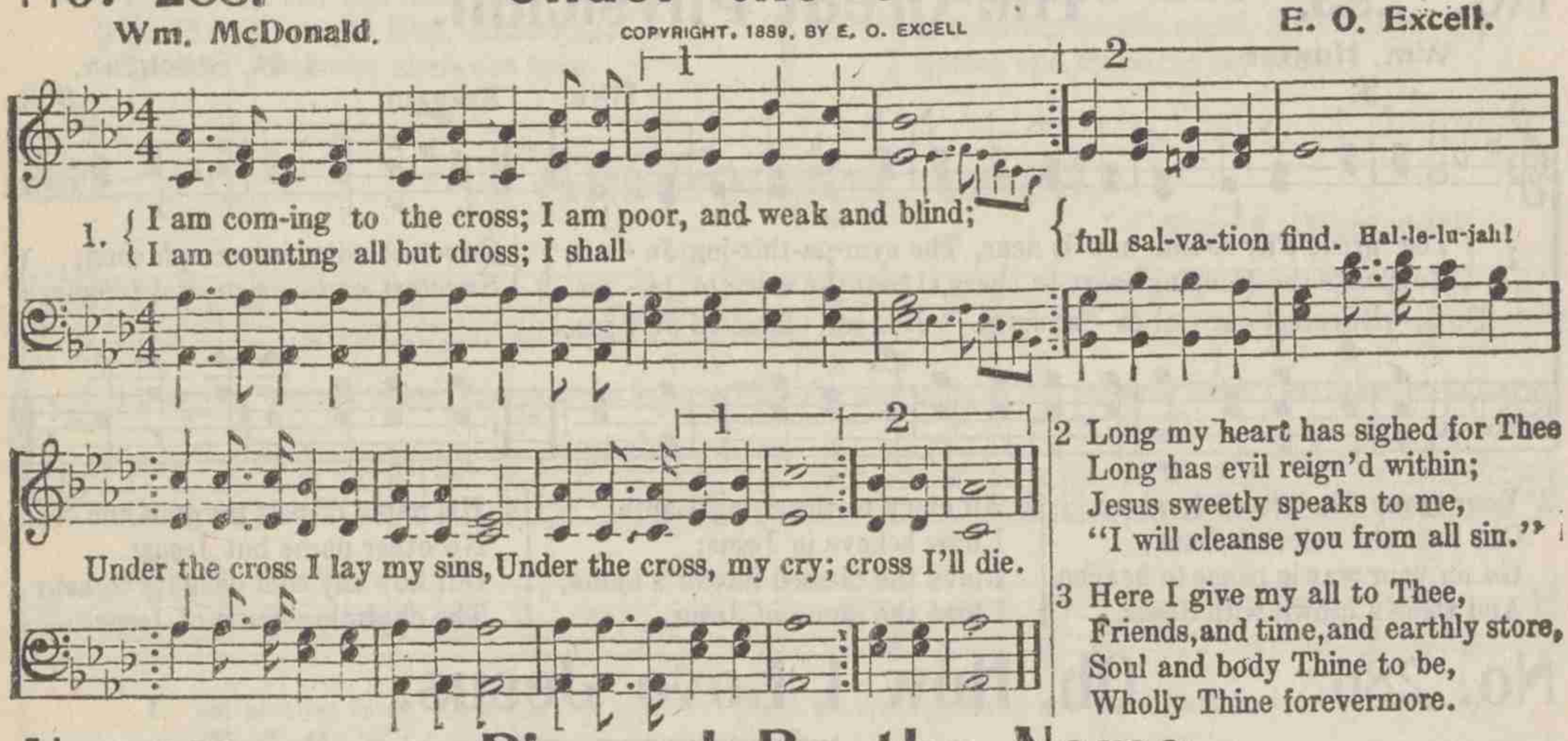
4 Come to this fountain so rich and sweet;
Cast thy poor soul at the Savior's feet;
Plunge in to-day, and be made complete;
Glory to His name.

No. 288. Under the Cross.

Wm. McDonald.

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E. O. Excell.

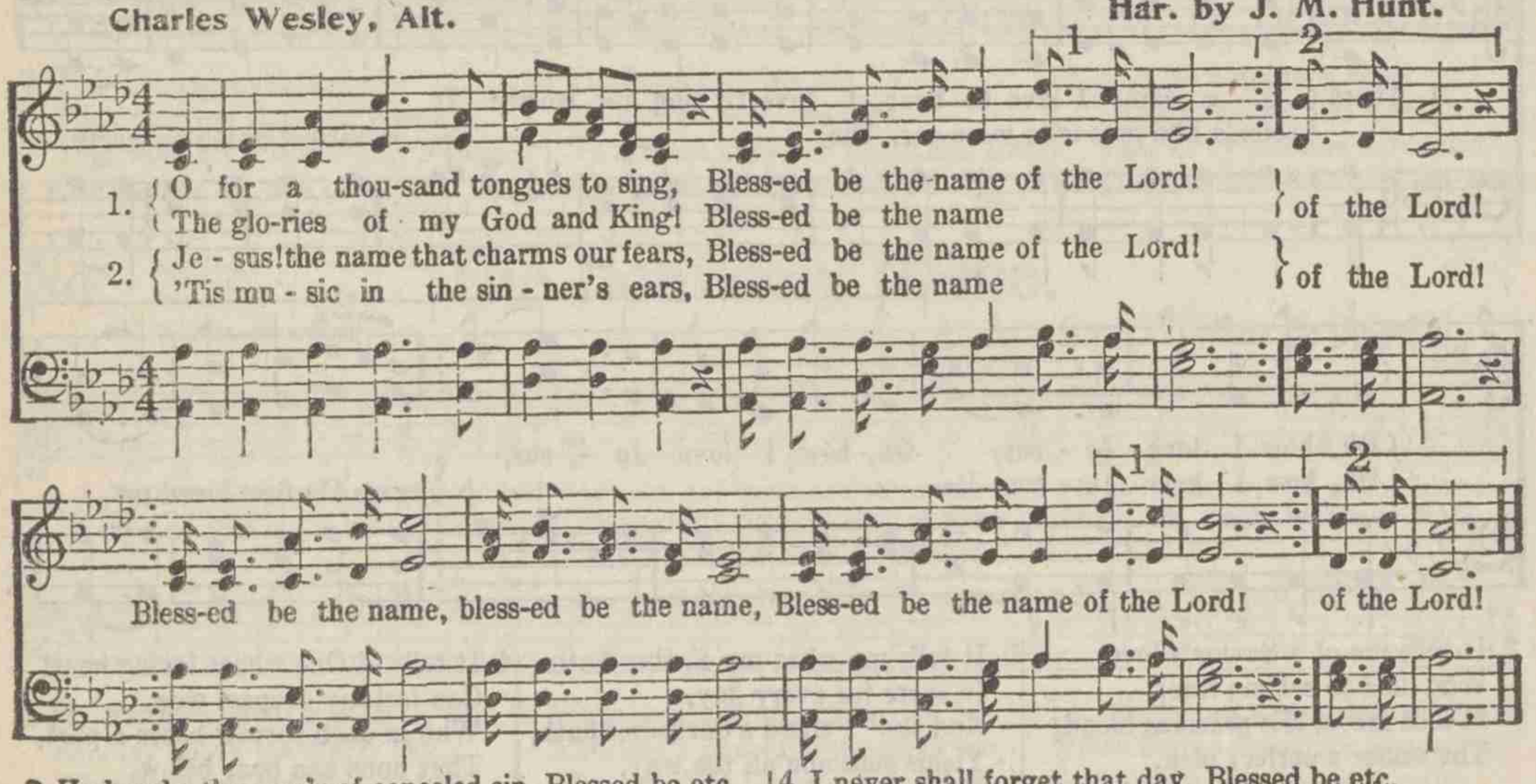


2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee
Long has evil reign'd within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
"I will cleanse you from all sin."

3 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store,
Soul and body Thine to be,
Wholly Thine forevermore.

No. 289. Blessed Be the Name.

Charles Wesley, Alt. Har. by J. M. Hunt.



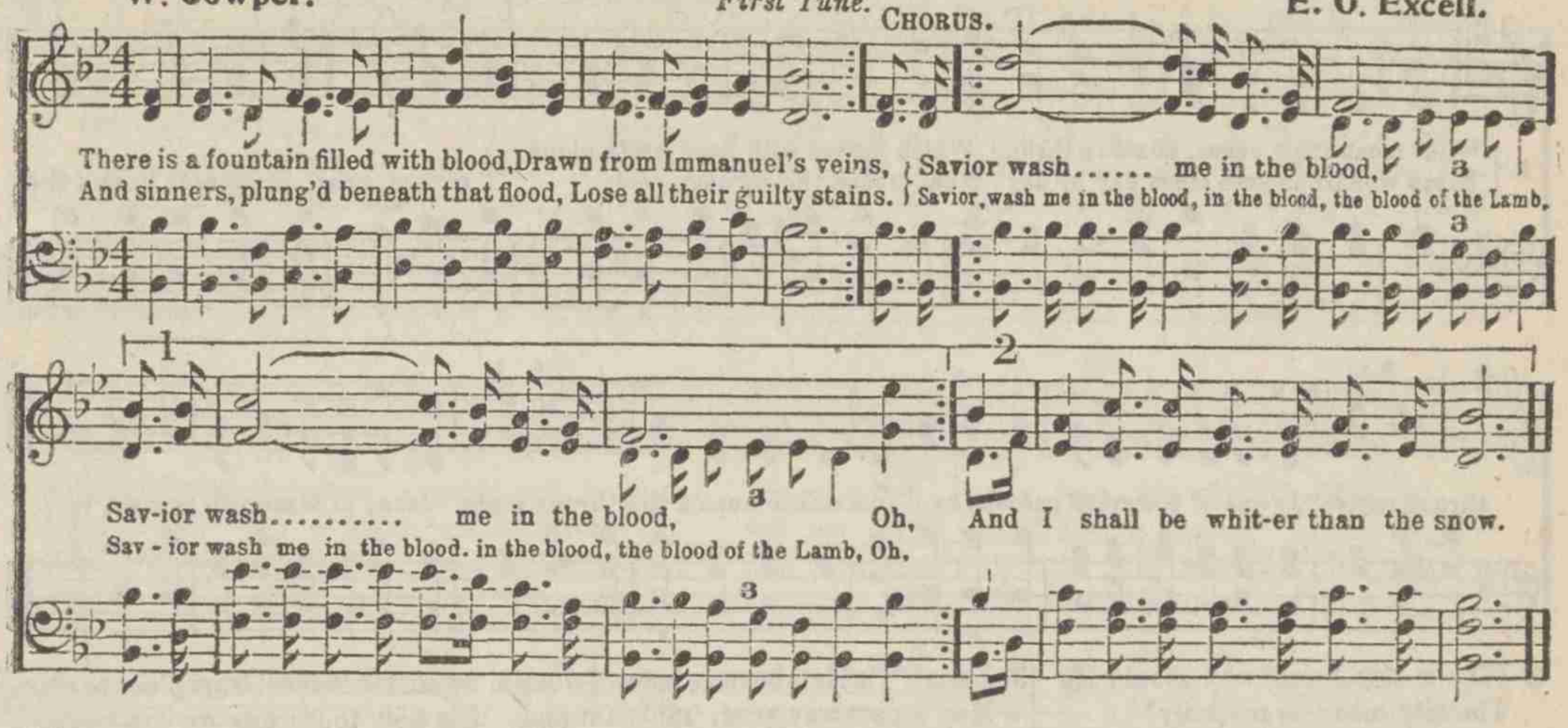
3 He breaks the pow'r of canceled sin, Blessed be etc,
His blood can make the foulest clean, Blessed be etc,

4 I never shall forget that day, Blessed be etc,
When Jesus washed my sins away, Blessed be etc,

No. 290. Wash Me in the Blood.

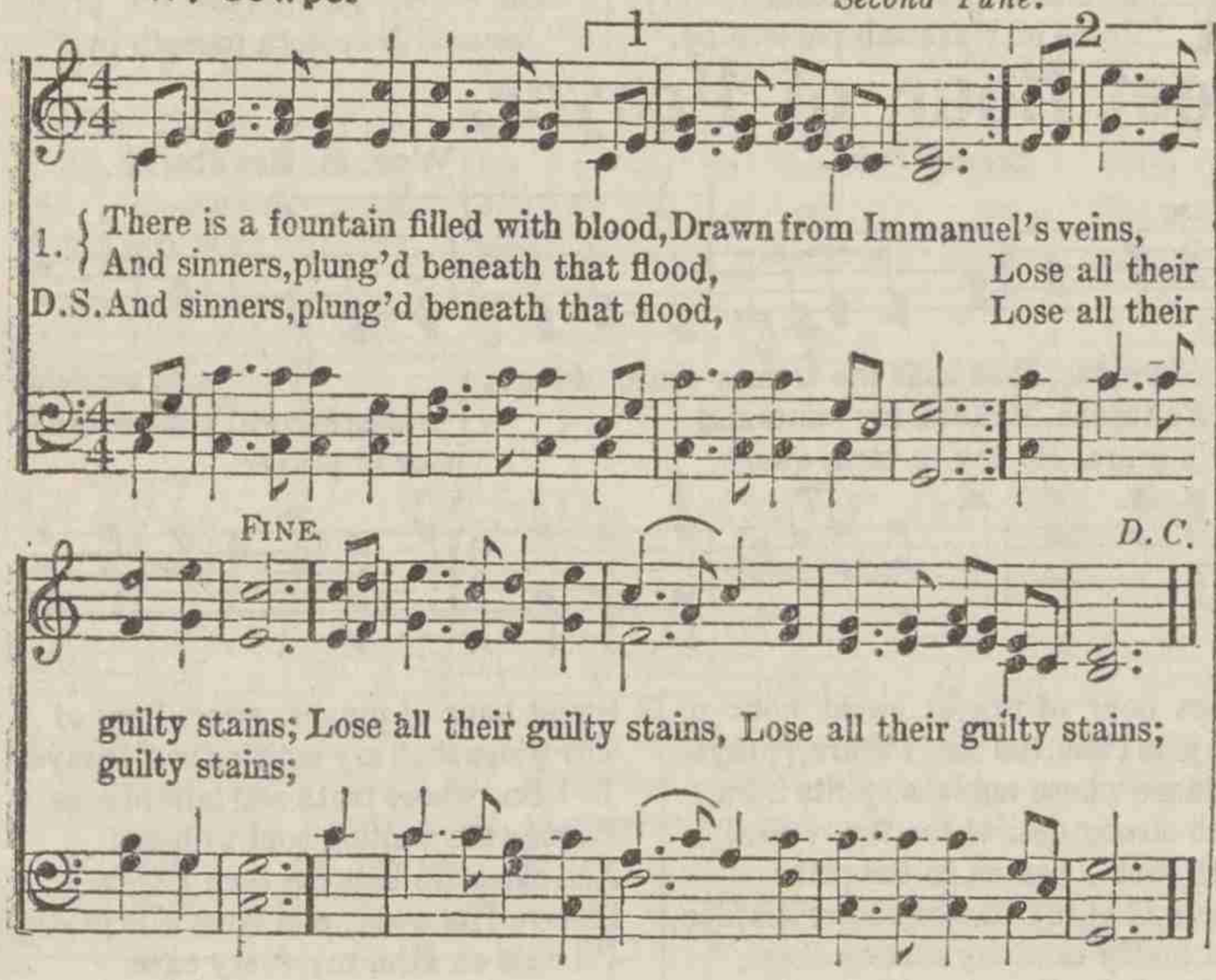
COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O. EXCELL.

W. Cowper. *First Tune.* E. O. Excell.



No. 291. There is a Fountain.

W. Cowper *Second Tune.* Lowell Mason.



2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, tho' vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

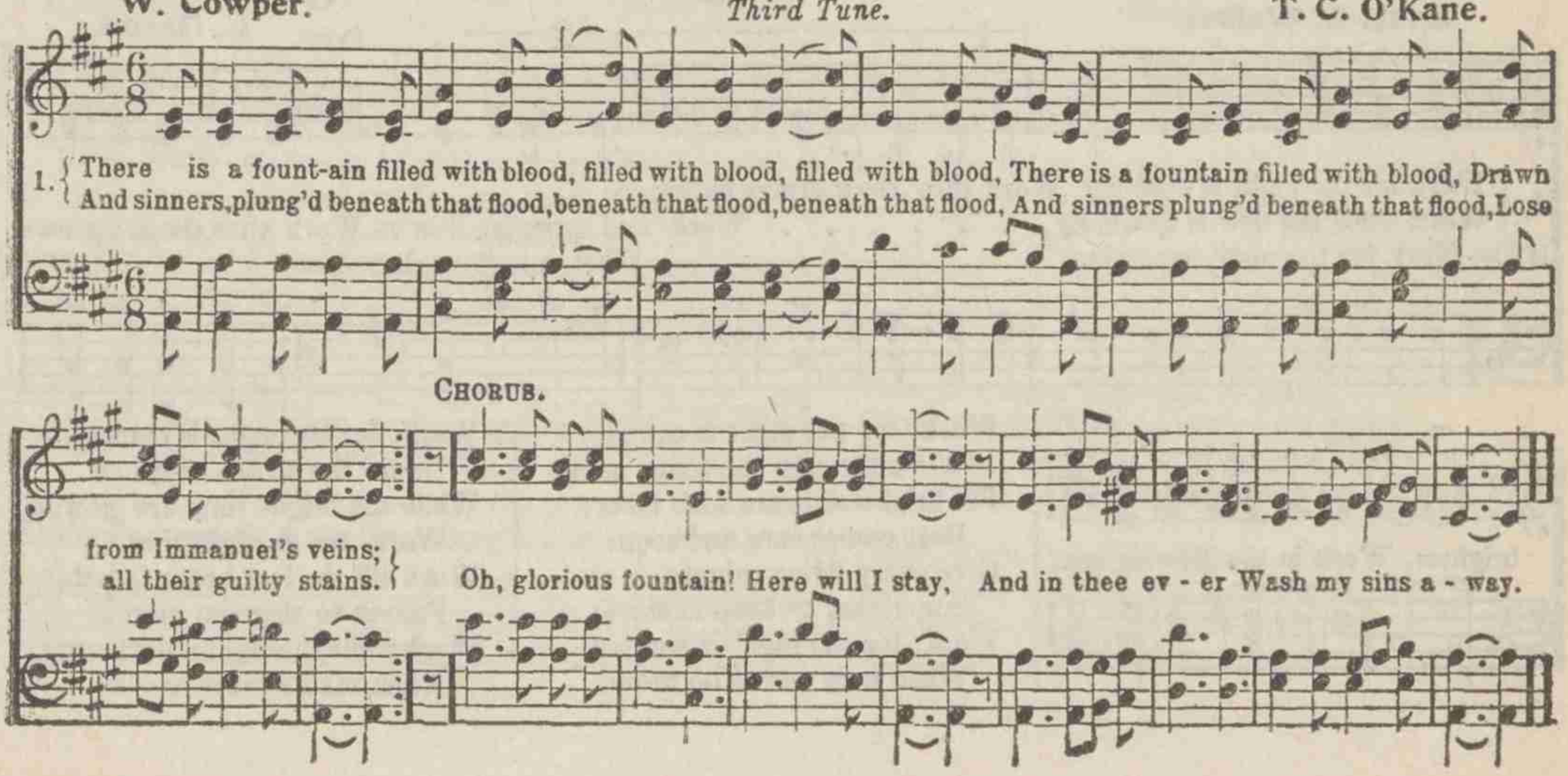
3 Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

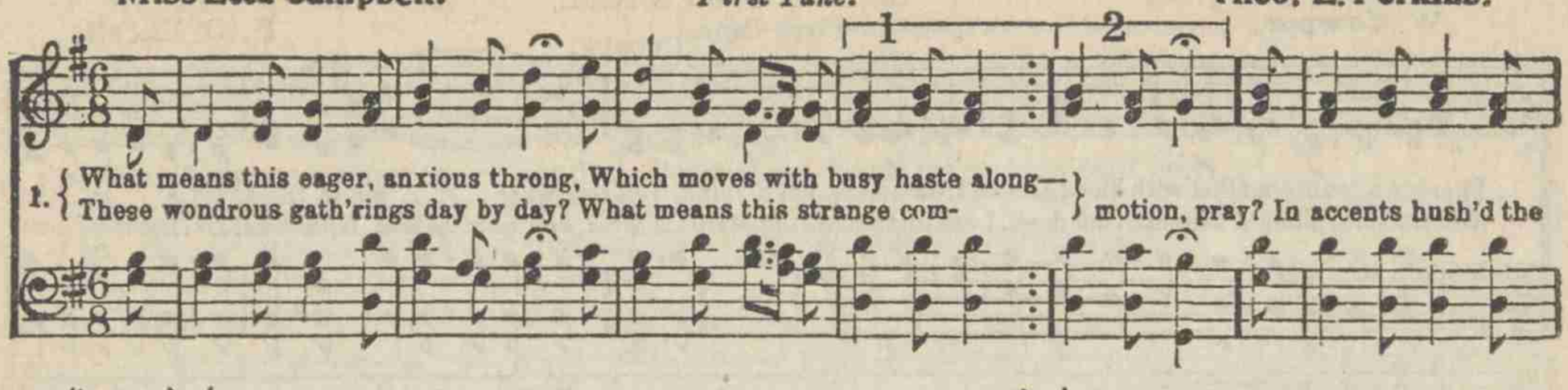
No. 292. Glorious Fountain.

W. Cowper. *Third Tune.* T. C. O'Kane.



No. 293. Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By.

Miss Etta Campbell. *First Tune.* **Theo. E. Perkins.**



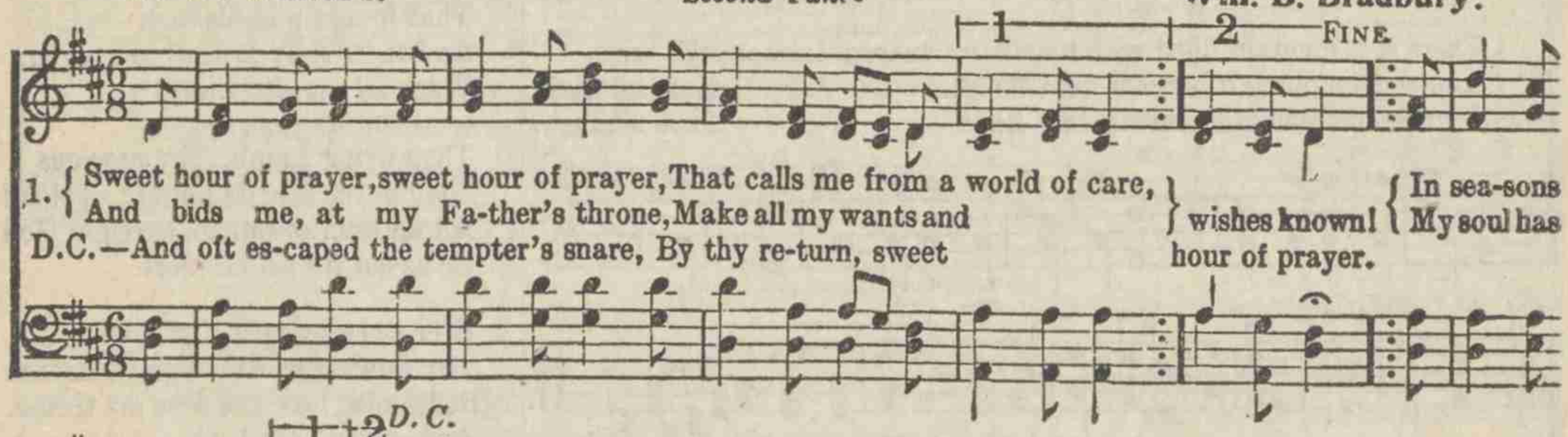
2 Who is this Jesus? why should He
The city move so mightily?
A passing stranger, has He skill
To move the multitude at will?
Again the stirring notes reply:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

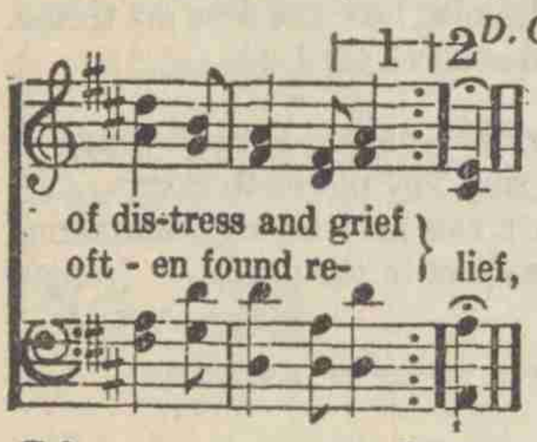
3 Jesus! 'Tis He who once below [woe;
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and
And burden'd ones, where'er He came,
Bro't out their sick and deaf and lame.
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

4 Again He comes! from place to place,
His holy footprints we can trace,
He pauseth at our threshold—nay,
He enters—condescends to stay.
Shall we not gladly raise the cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

No. 294. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford. *Second Tune.* **Wm. B. Bradbury.**



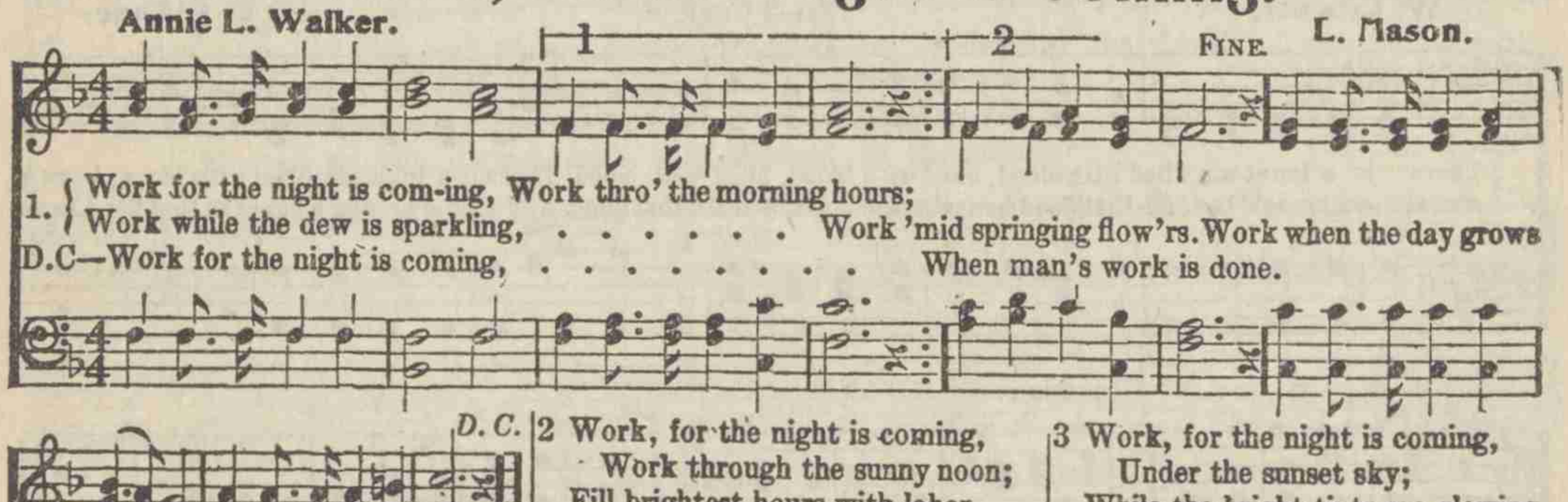


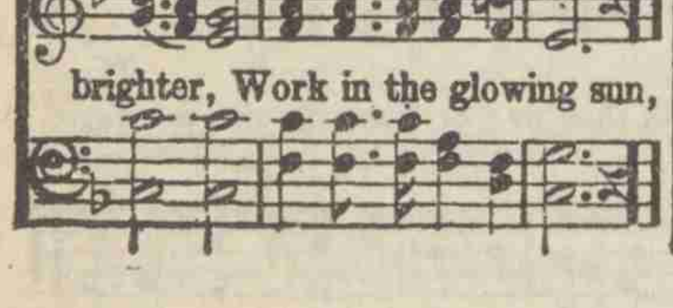
2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
The joys I feel, the bliss I share,
Of those whose anxious spirits burn
With strong desires for thy return!
With such I hasten to the place
Where, God, my Savior, shows His face,
And gladly take my station there,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

No. 295. Work, for the Night is Coming.

Annie L. Walker. **L. Mason.**





2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute,
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming.
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset sky;
While the bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more,
Work while the night is darkening
When man's work is o'er.

No. 296. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley. *First Tune.* J. P. Holbrook.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, While the near - er wa-ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high. Hide me, O, my Sav - ior hide, Till the storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, oh, leave me not a- lone, Still sup - port and com-fort me. All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring; Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find; Raise the fal - len, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind. Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un-right-eous-ness; Vile and full of sin I am, Thou are full of truth and grace.
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin; Let the heal - ing streams a- bound; Make and keep me pure with-in. Thou of life the fount-ain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee; Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 297. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Second Tune. FINE S. B. Marsh. D. C.

1. { Je-sus, Lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high. } { Hide me, O, my Sav-ior hide, Till the storm of life is past; }

D. C.—Safe in-to the ha-ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last!

No. 298. From Every Stormy Wind that Blows.

Hugh Stowell. *Third Tune.* Thomas Hastings.

1. From ev-'ry storm - y wind that blows, From ev-'ry swell-ing tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure re - treat: 'Tis found be-neath the mer - cy seat.
2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of glad - ness on our heads; A place than all be- sides more sweet: It is the blood-bought mer - cy seat.

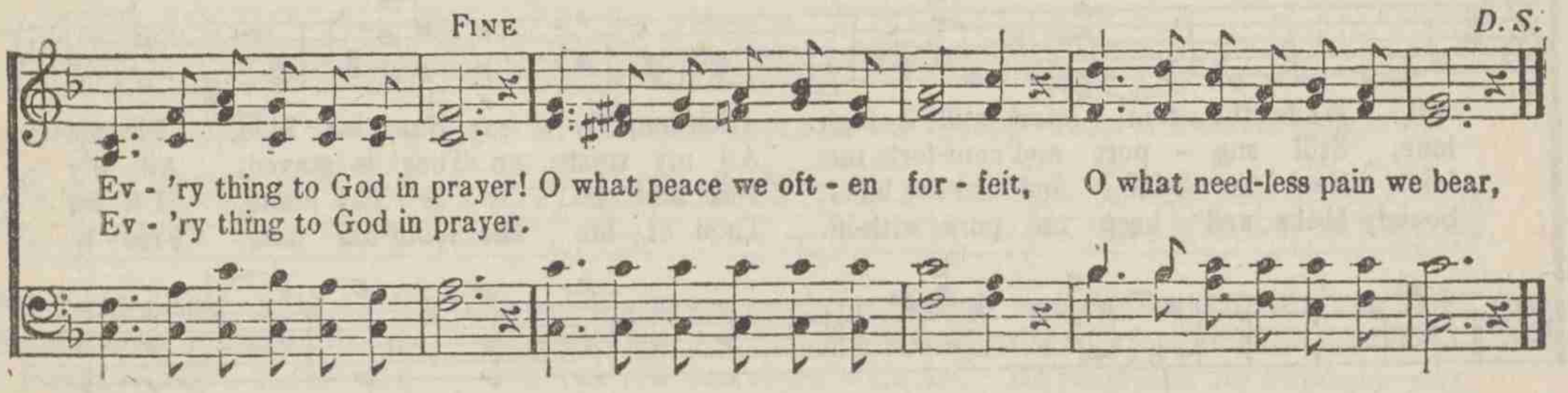
3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

No. 299. What a Friend.

H. Bonar. C. C. Converse.





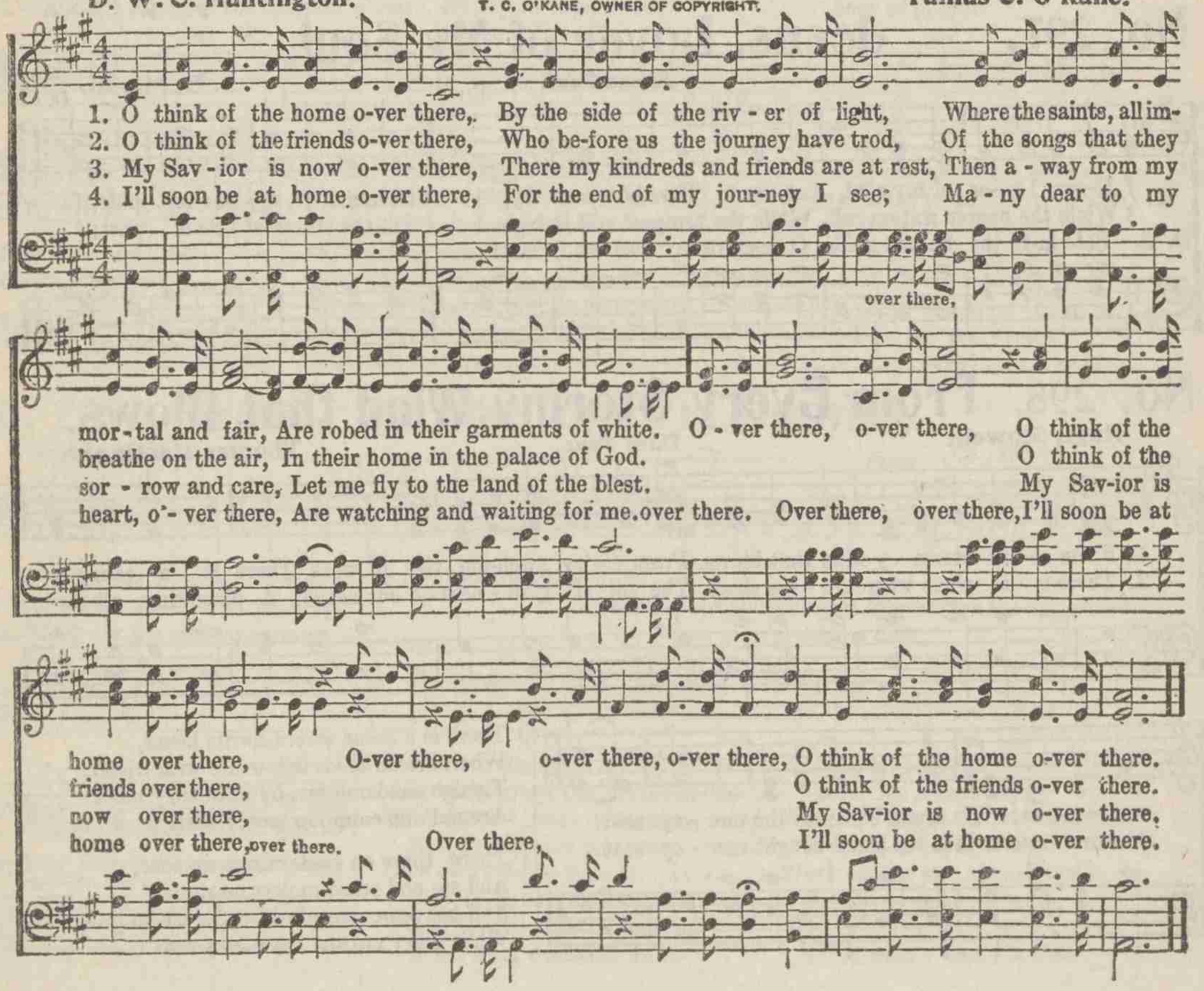
1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry,
Every thing to God in prayer!

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

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

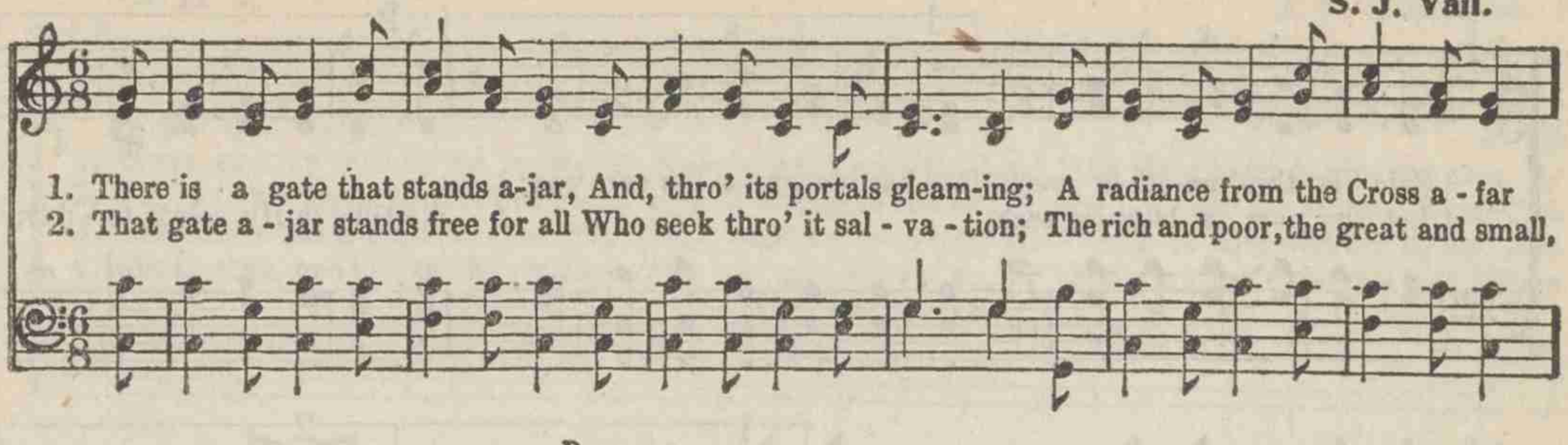
No. 300. The Home Over There.

D. W. C. Huntington. T. C. O'KANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. Tullius C. O'Kane.



No. 301. The Gate Ajar.

S. J. Vail.







3 Press onward, then, tho' foes may frown,
While mercy's gate is open,
Accept the cross, and win the crown,
Love's everlasting token.

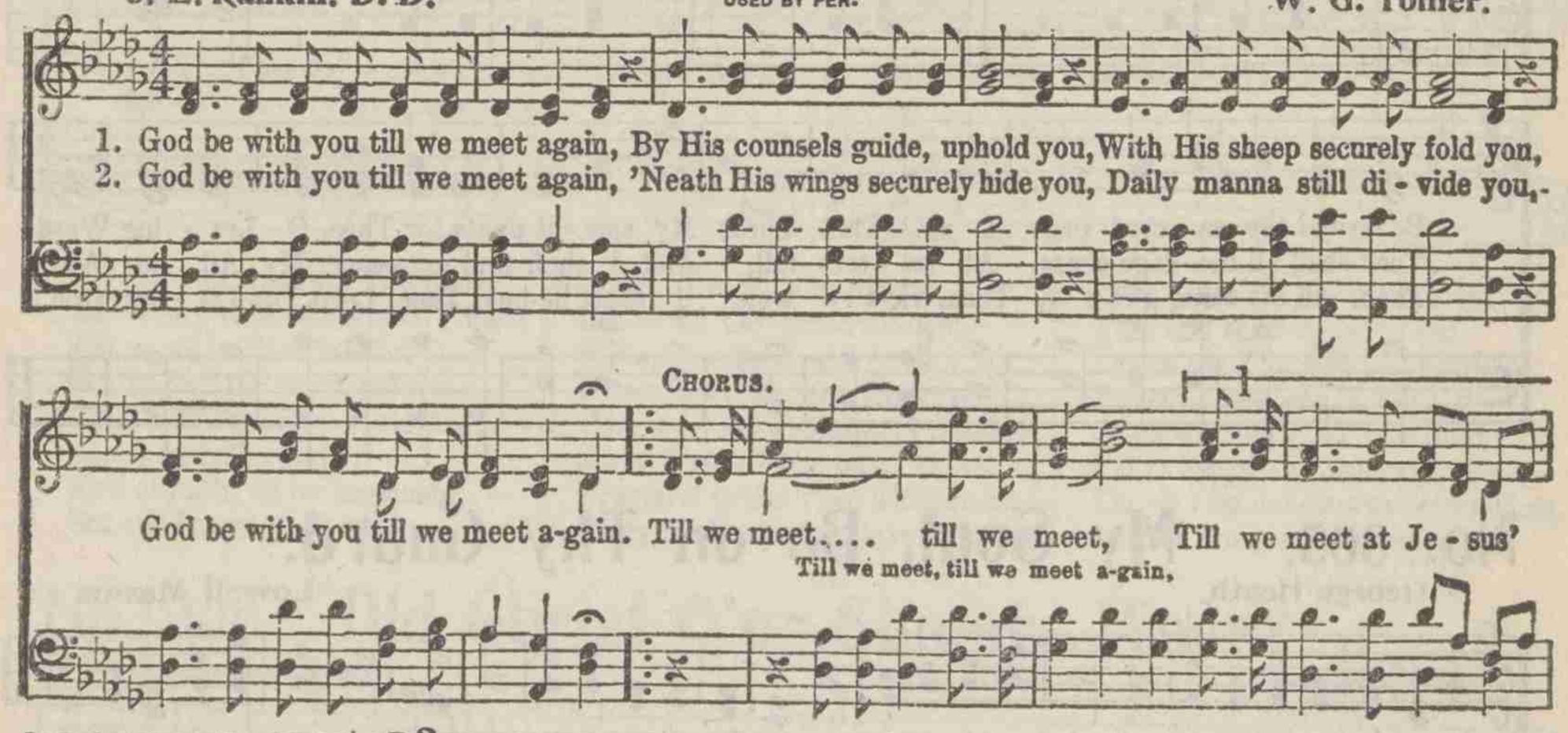
4 Beyond the river's brink we'll lay
The cross that here is given,
And bear the crown of life away,
And love Him more in heaven.

No. 302. God Be With You.

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W. G. Tomer.



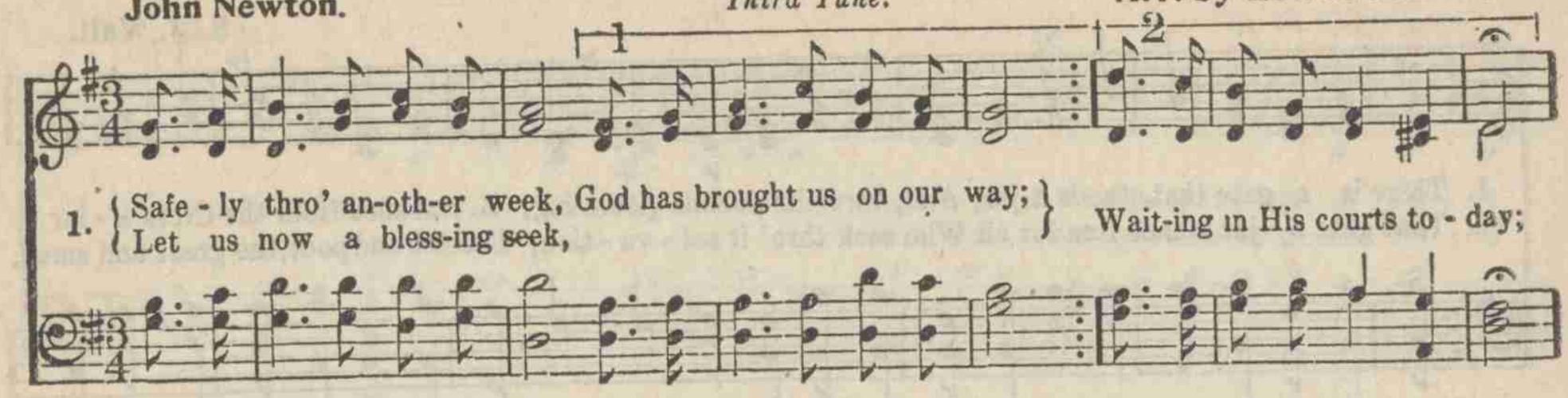


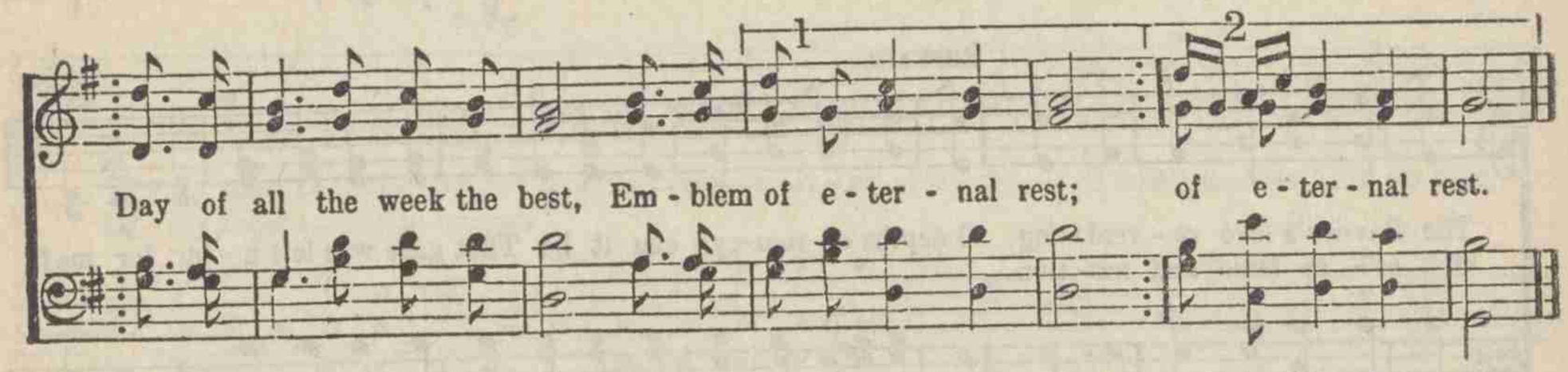
3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arms unfailing round you,
God be with you till we meet again.

4 God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you,
God be with you till we meet again.

No. 303. Safely Through Another Week.

John Newton. *Third Tune.* Arr. by Lowell Mason.





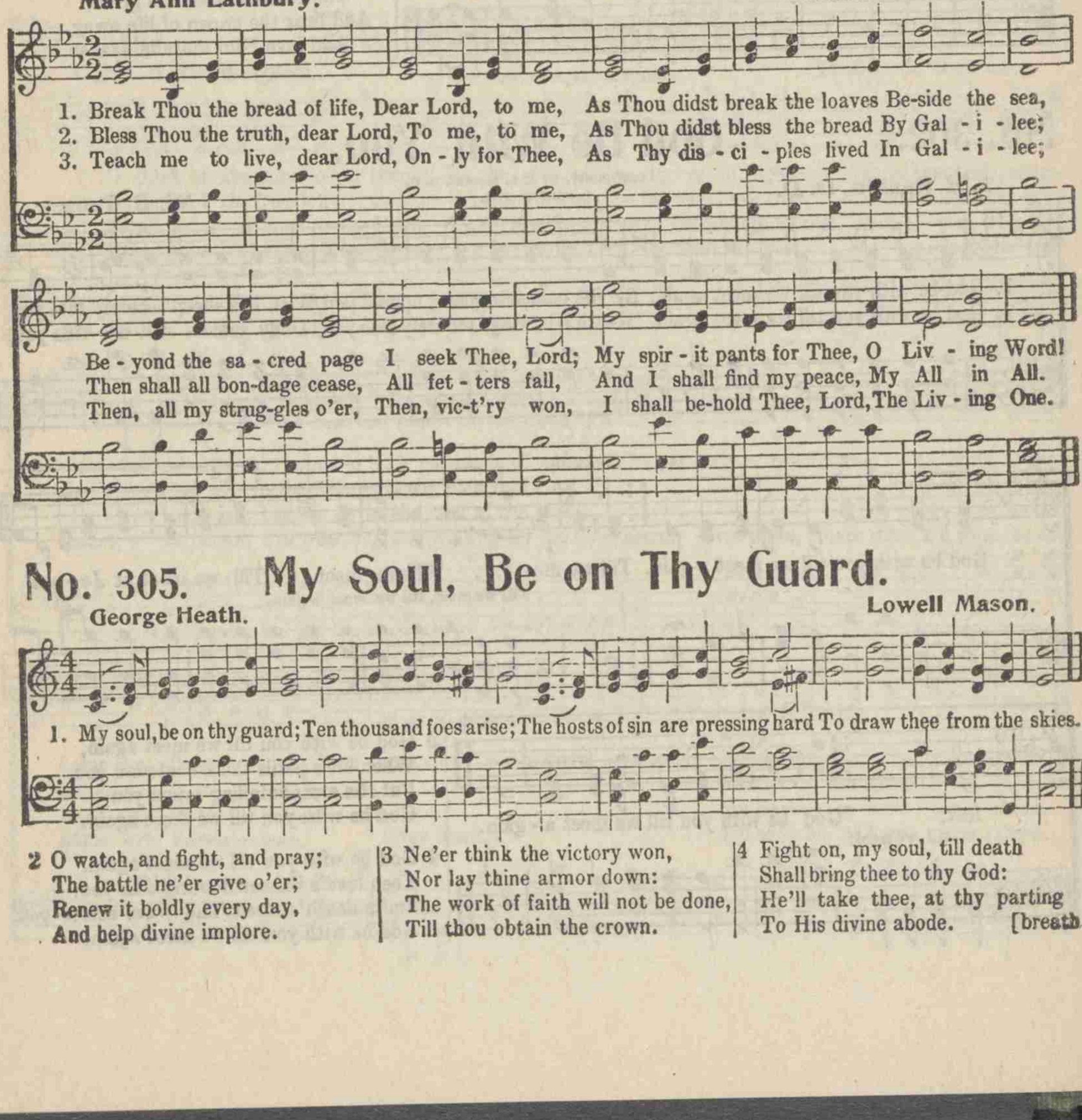
2 While we pray for pard'ning grace,
Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciled face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in Thee.

3 Here we come Thy name to praise;
Let us feel Thy pesence near;
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief to all complaints;
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

No. 304. Break Thou the Bread of Life.

Mary Ann Lathbury. William F. Sherwin.



No. 305. My Soul, Be on Thy Guard.

George Heath. Lowell Mason.

2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God:
He'll take thee, at thy parting
To His divine abode. [breath,

No. 306. Only Trust Him.

J. H S. J. H. Stockton.

1. Come ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord, And He will surely give you rest By trust-ing in His word.
2. For Je - sus shed His precious blood, Rich bless-ings to bestow; Plunge now in-to the crimson flood That wash-es white as snow.
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in-to rest; Be - lieve in Him with-out de-lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go, To dwell in that ce-les-tial land, Where joys im-mor-tal flow.

On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On-ly trust Him now; He will save you, He will save you, He will ..... save you now.

No. 307. Love Divine.

Charles Wesley. *First Tune.* John Zundel.

1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cell-ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down! Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell-ing; All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown; Je-sus Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure un-bound-ed love Thou art; En - ter ev - 'ry trembling heart!

D. S.—Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion,

FINE D.S.

2 Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest.
Take away the love of sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty!

3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temple leave:
Thee we would be always blessing;
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love!

4 Finish then Thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

No. 308. Did Christ O'er Sinners Weep?

Benj. Beddome. Lowell Mason.

1. Did Christ o'er sinners weep? And shall our tears be dry? Let tears of penitential grief Flow forth from ev'ry eye.

1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep?
And shall our tears be dry?
Let tears of penitential grief
Flow forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul;
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep—
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

No. 309. Day is Dying in the West.

Mary Ann Lathbury. COPYRIGHT, 1677, BY J. H. VINCENT. William F. Sherwin.

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

REFRAIN

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

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

No. 310. Softly Now the Light of Day.

George W. Doane. Carl M. von Weber.

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way, Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would com-mune with Thee.

2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault and secret sin.

3 Soon for me the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sor-row free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

No. 311. Now the Day is Over.

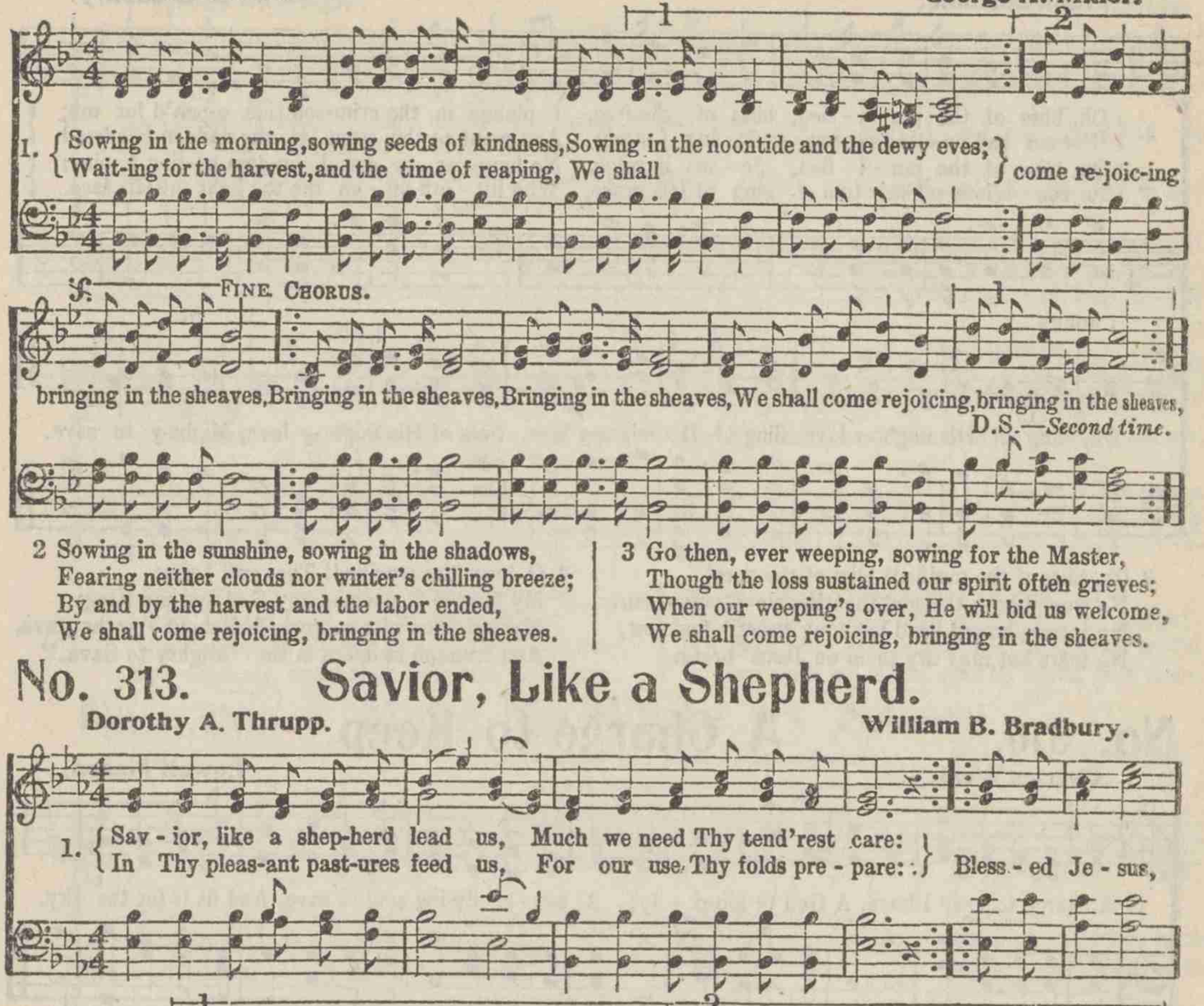
Sabine Baring-Gould.. Joseph Barnby.

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw-ing nigh, Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a-cross the sky.
2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet repose; With Thy ten-d'rest bless - ing May our eyelids close.
3. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Vi-sions bright of Thee; Guard the sailors, toss - ing On the deep blue sea.
4. When the morning wak-ens, Then may I a - rise Pure, and fresh, and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.

eve-ning Steal a-cross the sky.

No. 312. Bringing in the Sheaves.

Knowles Shaw. **George A. Minor.**



2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
By and by the harvest and the labor ended,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

3 Go then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master,
Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;
When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

No. 313. Savior, Like a Shepherd.

Dorothy A. Thrupp. **William B. Bradbury.**



2 We are Thine; do Thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us.
Seek us when we go astray:
Blessed Jesus,
Hear, oh, hear us when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be,
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free
Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Savior,
With Thy love our bosoms fill:
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

No. 314. Balm In Gilead.

Unknown. **Arr. by E. O. E.**

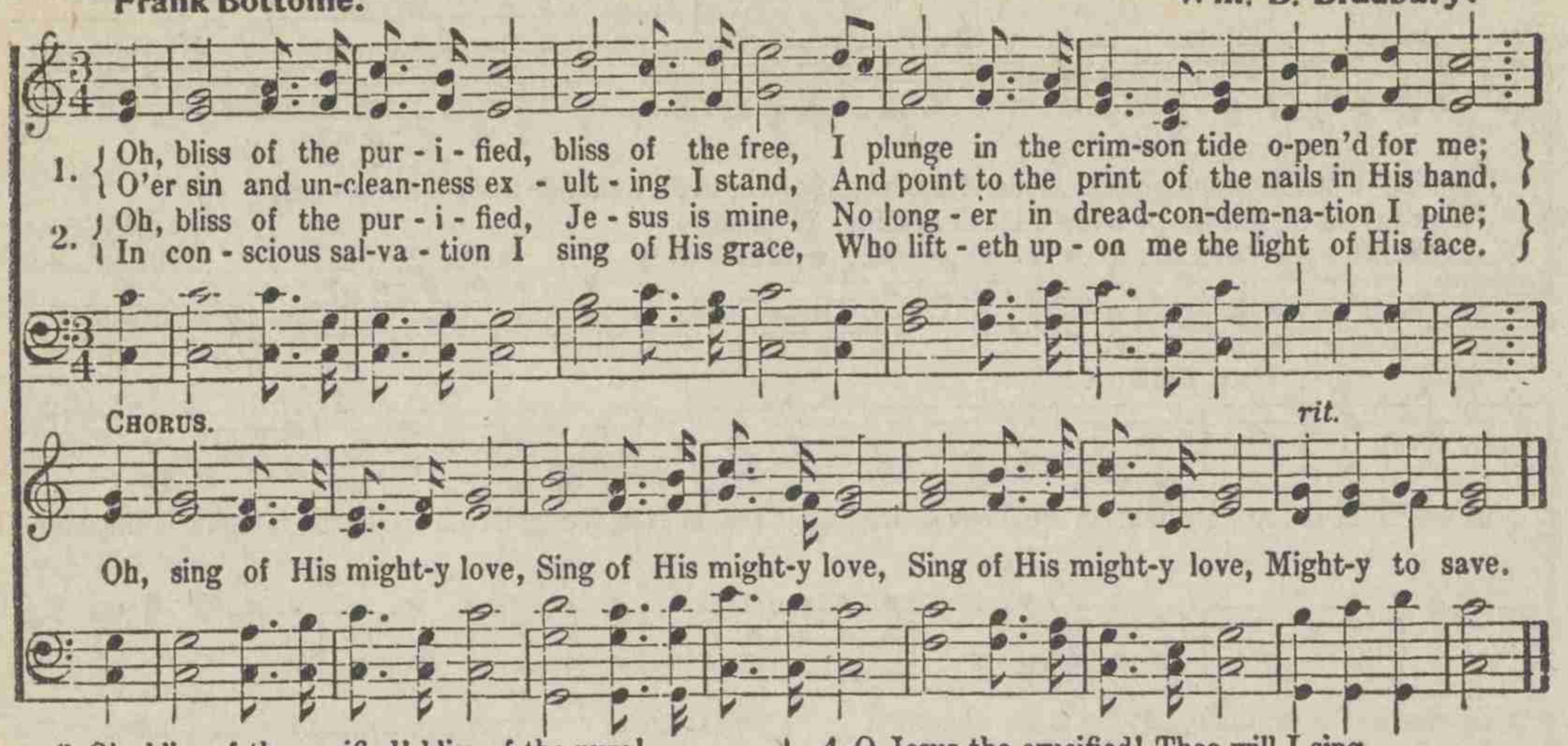
3 'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
And madness all combined,
And none but a believer,
The least relief can find.

4 A dying, risen Jesus
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us
And saves the soul from death.

5 Come then to this Physician
His help He'll freely give,
He makes no hard condition,
'Tis only look and live.

No. 315. O Sing of His Mighty Love.

Frank Bottome. Wm. B. Bradbury.

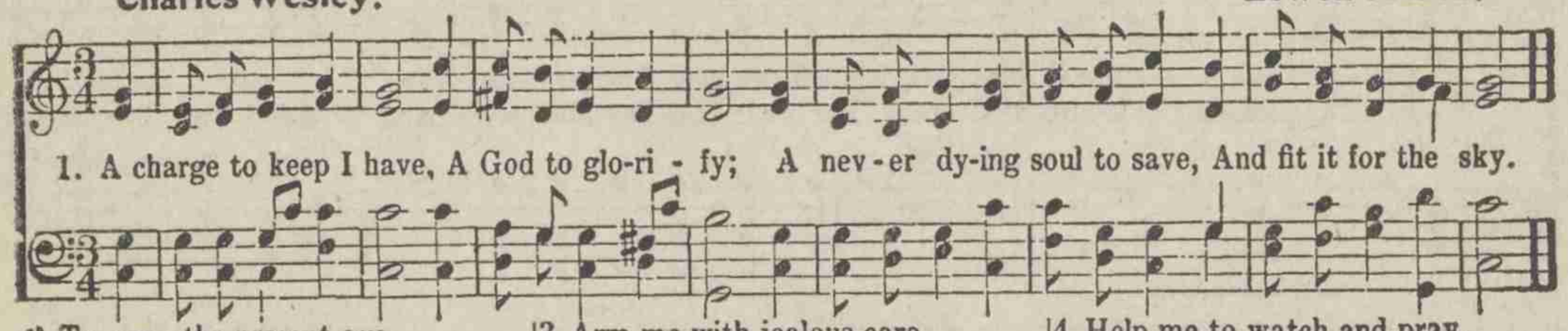


3 Oh, bliss of the purified! bliss of the pure!
No wound hath the soul that His blood cannot cure;
No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest,
No tears but may dry them on Jesus' breast.

4 O Jesus the crucified! Thee will I sing,
My blessed Redeemer, my God and my King;
My soul, filled with rapture, shall shout o'er the grave,
And triumph in death in the "Mighty to Save."

No. 316. A Charge to Keep.

Charles Wesley. Lowell Mason.



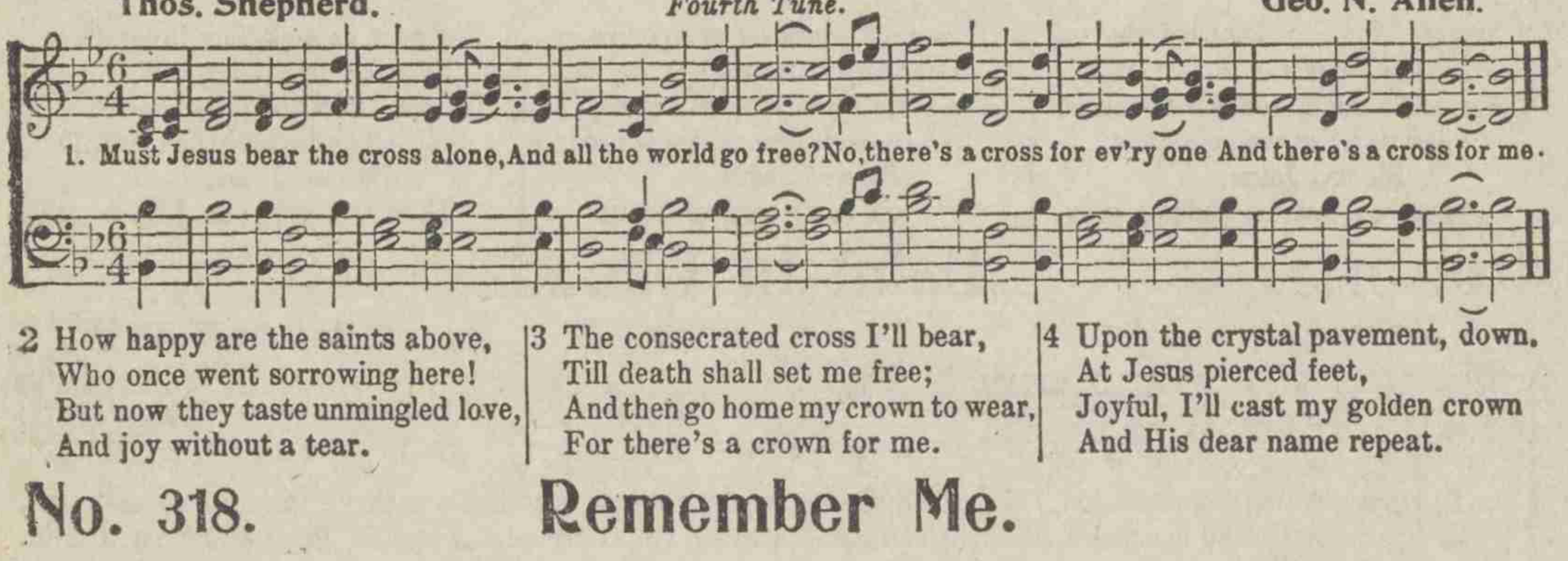
2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
Oh, may it all my pow'rs engage,
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

No. 317. Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

Thos. Shepherd. *Fourth Tune.* Geo. N. Allen.

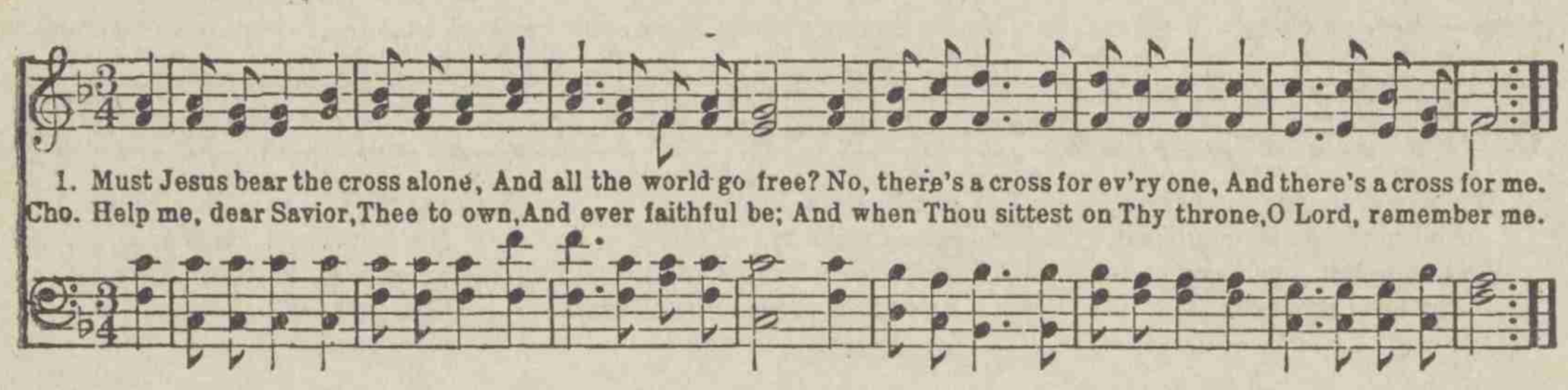


2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

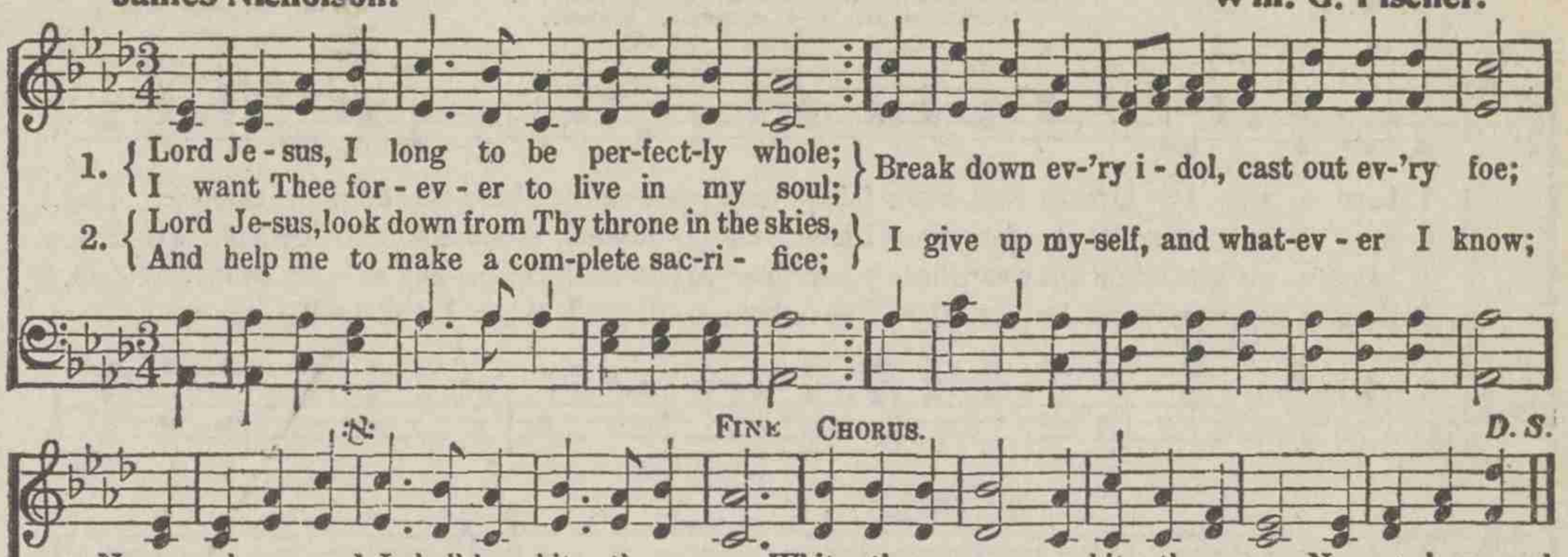
4 Upon the crystal pavement, down,
At Jesus pierced feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown
And His dear name repeat.

No. 318. Remember Me.



No. 319. Whiter Than Snow.

James Nicholson. Wm. G. Fischer.

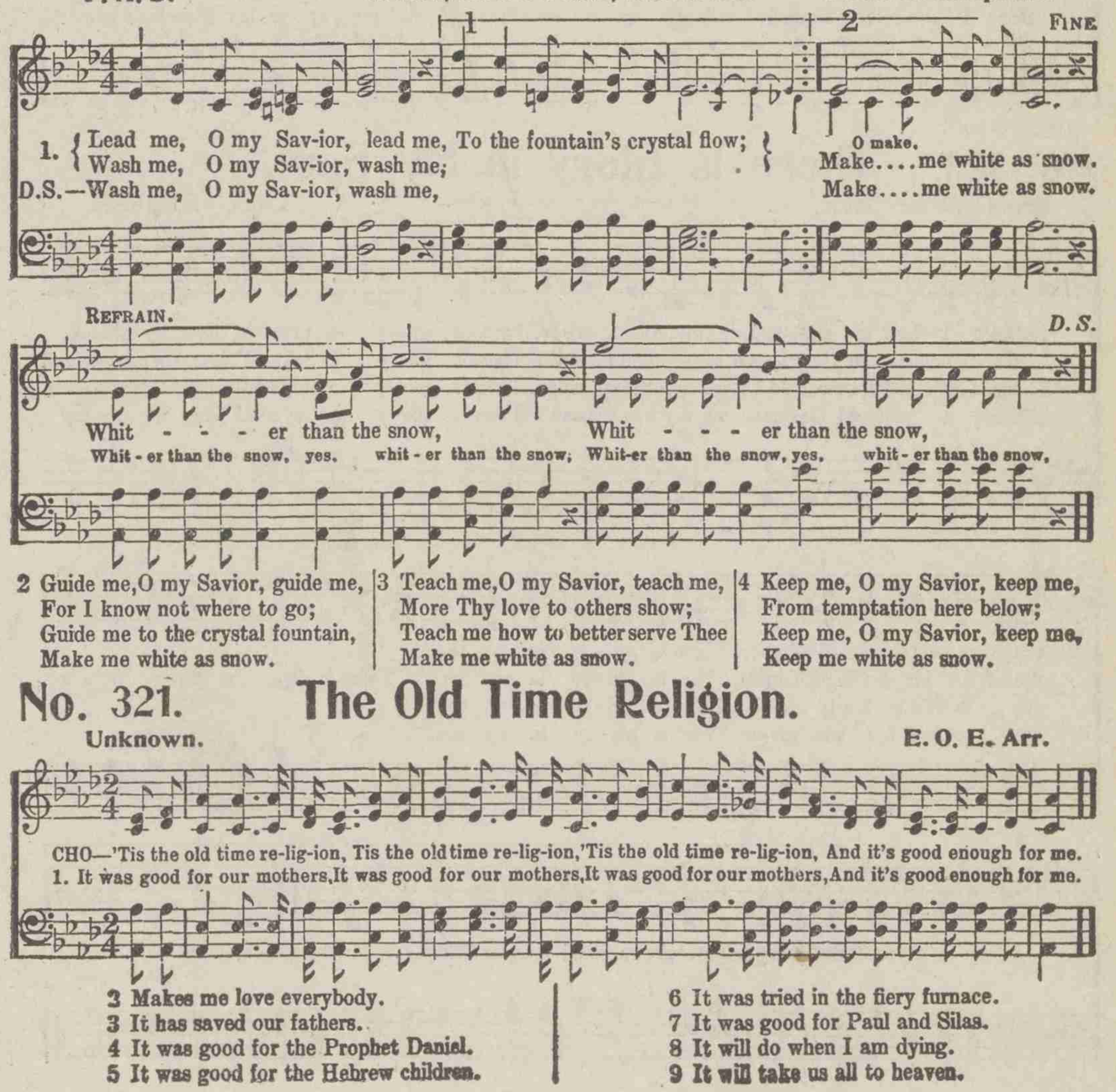


3 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat,
I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified feet,
By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow,
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

4 Lord Jesus, Thou seest I patiently wait;
Come now, and within me a new heart create;
To those who have sought Thee, Thou never said'st no;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

No. 320. Make Me White as Snow.

F. A. S. COPYRIGHT, 1899. BY E. O. EXCELL, WORDS AND MUSIC. Frank A. Simpkins.



2 Guide me, O my Savior, guide me,
For I know not where to go;
Guide me to the crystal fountain,
Make me white as snow.

3 Teach me, O my Savior, teach me,
More Thy love to others show;
Teach me how to better serve Thee
Make me white as snow.

4 Keep me, O my Savior, keep me,
From temptation here below;
Keep me, O my Savior, keep me,
Keep me white as snow.

No. 321. The Old Time Religion.

Unknown. E. O. E. Arr.

3 Makes me love everybody.
3 It has saved our fathers.
4 It was good for the Prophet Daniel.
5 It was good for the Hebrew children.
6 It was tried in the fiery furnace.
7 It was good for Paul and Silas.
8 It will do when I am dying.
9 It will take us all to heaven.

No. 322. Since I Have Been Redeemed.

E. O. E.

COPYRIGHT, 1864, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC.
COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY E. O. EXCELL. RENEWAL.

E. O. Excell.

1. I have a song I love to sing, Since I have been re-deemed, Of my Re-deem-er, Sav-ior, King,
2. I have a Christ that sat-is-fies, Since I have been re-deemed, To do His will my high-est prize,
3. I have a wit-ness bright and clear, Since I have been re-deemed, Dis-pel-ling ev-'ry doubt and fear,
4. I have a home pre-pared for me, Since I have been re-deemed, Where I shall dwell e-ter-nal-ly,

CHORUS.

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

Since I have been redeemed, I will glo-ry in His name; I will glo-ry in my Sav-ior's name.

No. 323. There is Glory in My Soul.

Grace Weiser Davis.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Since I lost my sins, and I found my Sav-ior, There is glo-ry in my soul! Since by faith I
2. Since He cleansed my heart, gave me sight for blindness, There is glo-ry in my soul! Since He touched and
3. Since with God I've walked, having sweet communion, There is glo-ry in my soul! Brighter grows each
4. Since I en-tered Ca-naan on my way to heav'n, There is glo-ry in my soul! Since the day my

CHORUS.

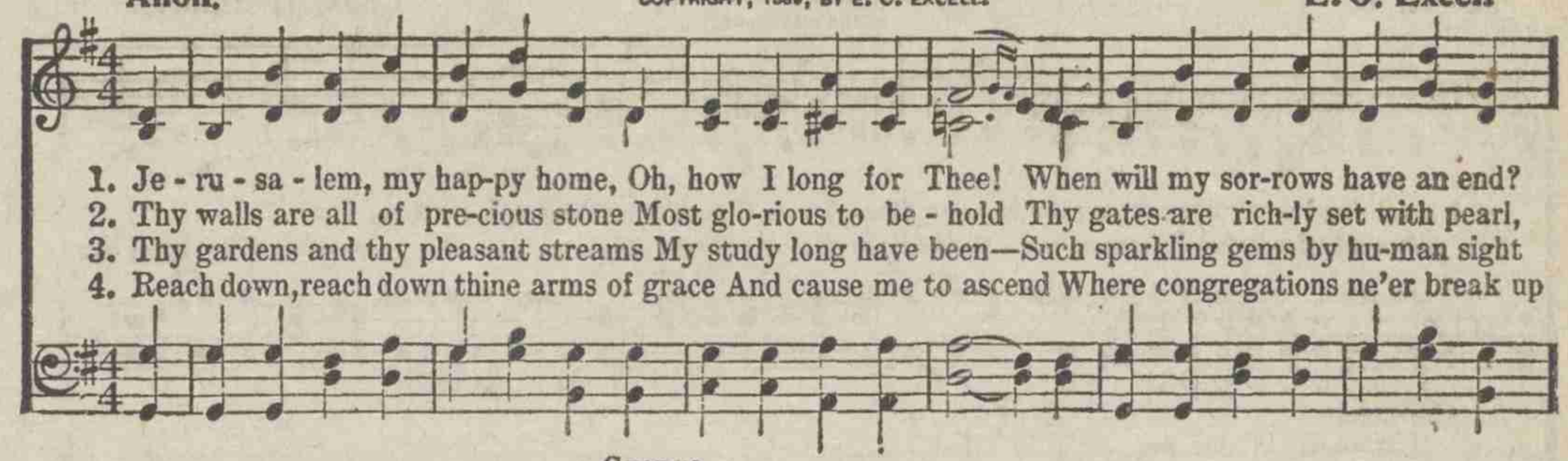
sought and obtained God's fa-vor, There is glo-ry in my soul.
healed me in lov-ing-kindness, There is glo-ry in my soul. There is glo-ry, glo-ry, there is
day in this heav'n-ly un-ion, There is glo-ry in my soul.
life to the Lord was giv-en, There is glo-ry in my soul.

glo-ry in my soul! Ev'ry day brighter grows, And I conquer all my foes; There is glo-ry in my soul!
glo-ry in my soul!

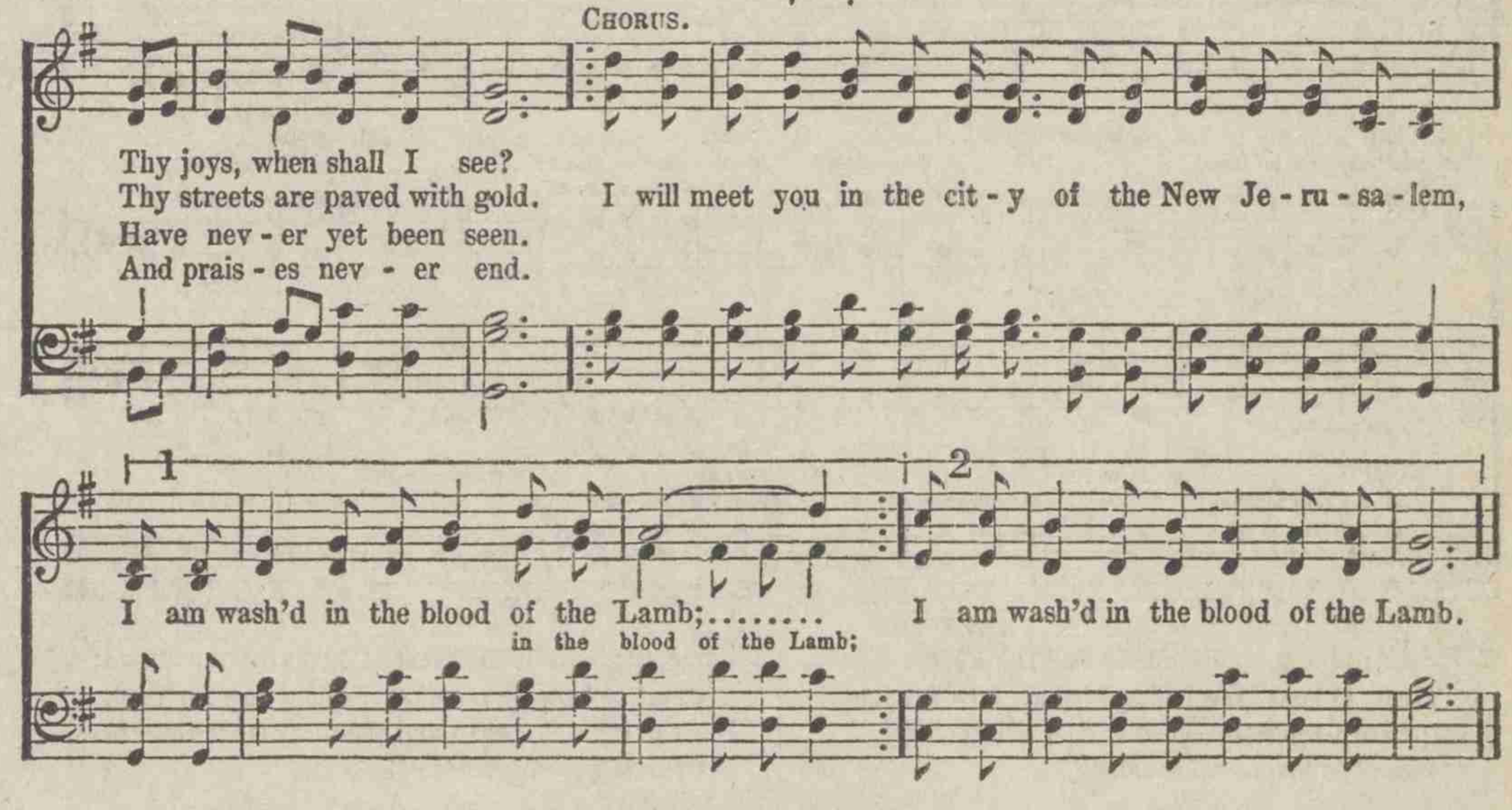
No. 324. My Happy Home.

Anon. COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap-py home, Oh, how I long for Thee! When will my sor-rows have an end?
2. Thy walls are all of pre-cious stone Most glo-rious to be - hold Thy gates are rich-ly set with pearl,
3. Thy gardens and thy pleasant streams My study long have been—Such sparkling gems by hu-man sight
4. Reach down, reach down thine arms of grace And cause me to ascend Where congregations ne'er break up



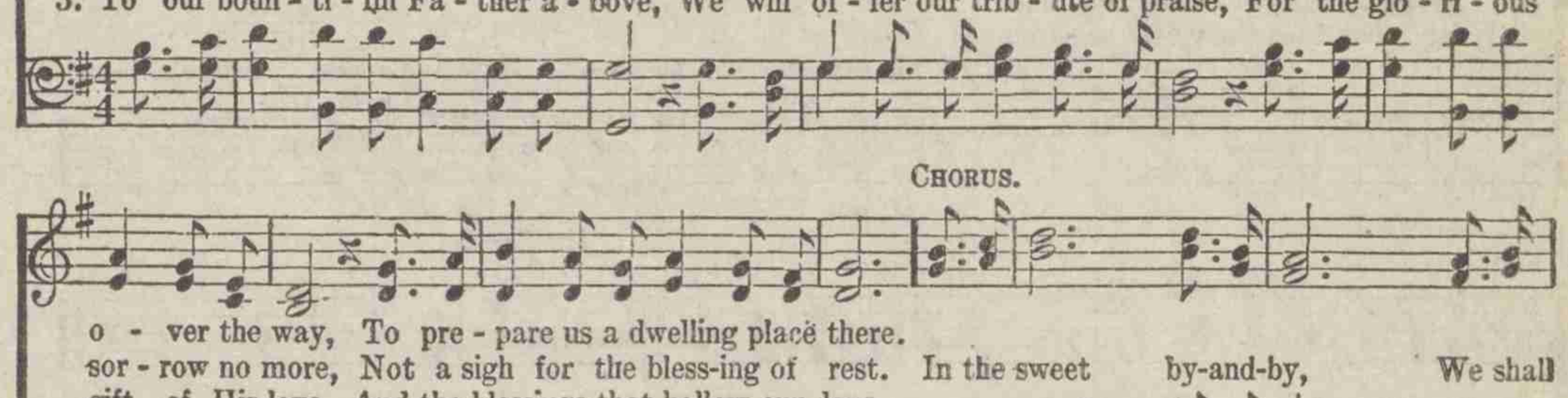
CHORUS.



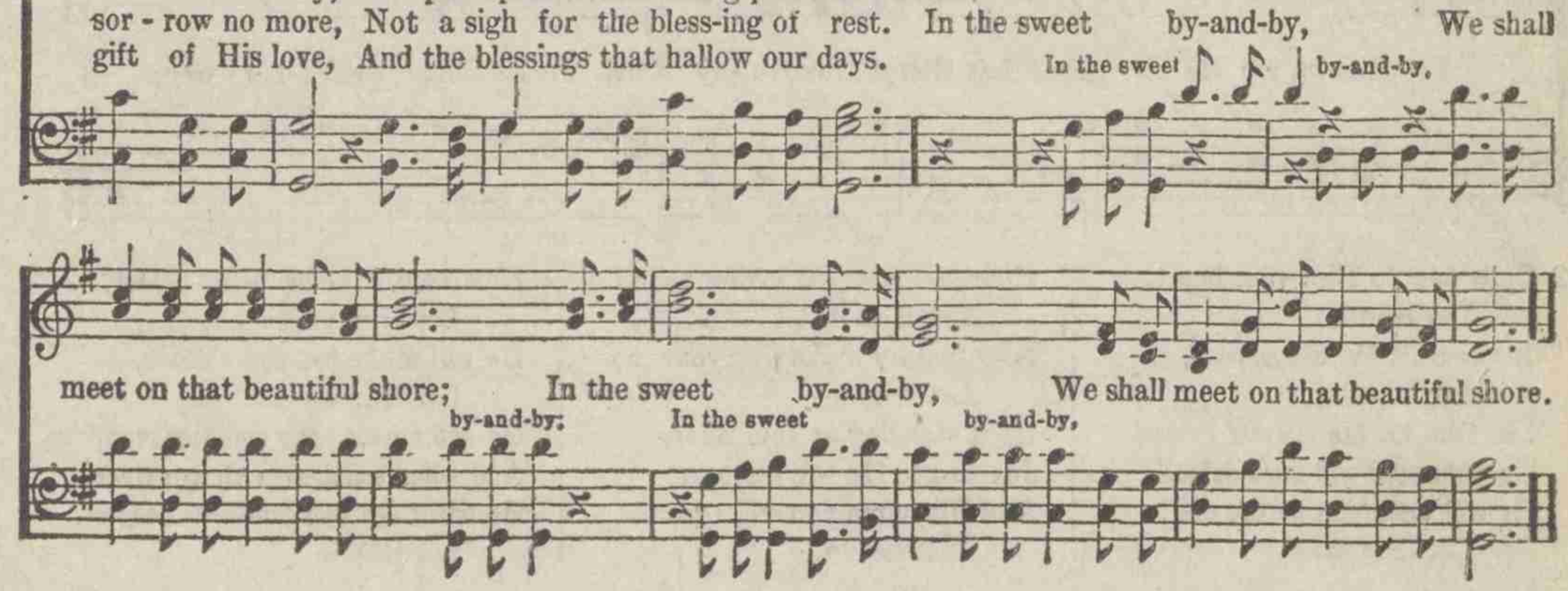
No. 325. Sweet By-and-By.

S. Fillmore Bennett. BY PERMISSION. Jos. P. Webster.

1. There's a land that is fair-er than day, And by faith we can see it a - far; For the Fa-ther waits
2. We shall sing on that beau-ti-ful shore The me - lo - di - ous songs of the blest, And our spir-its shall
3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our trib - ute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous



CHORUS.

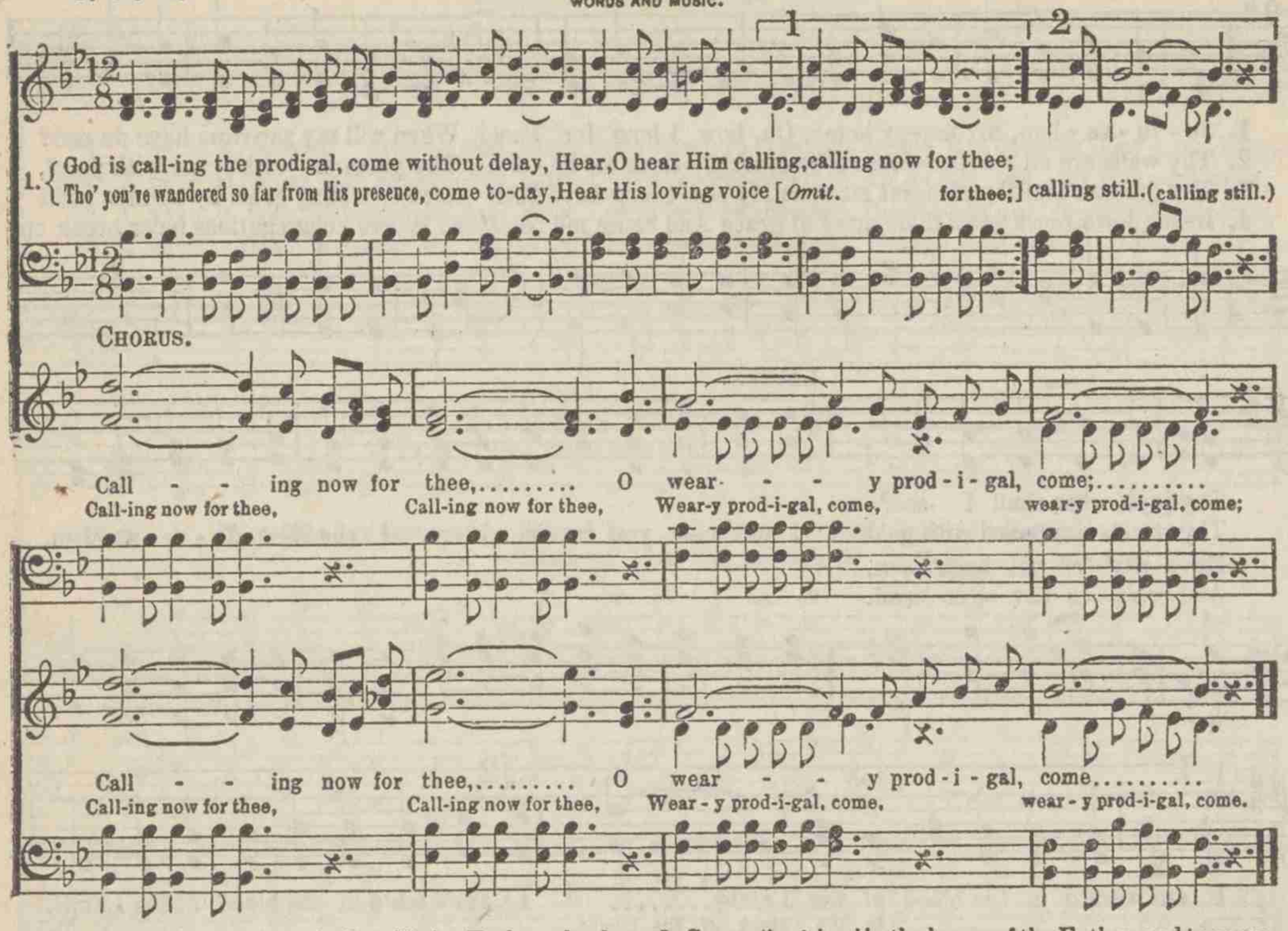


No. 326. Calling the Prodigal.

C. H. G.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.



2 Patient, loving, and tenderly still the Father pleads,
Hear, O hear Him calling, calling now for thee;
Oh! return while the Spirit in mercy intercedes,
Hear His loving voice calling still.

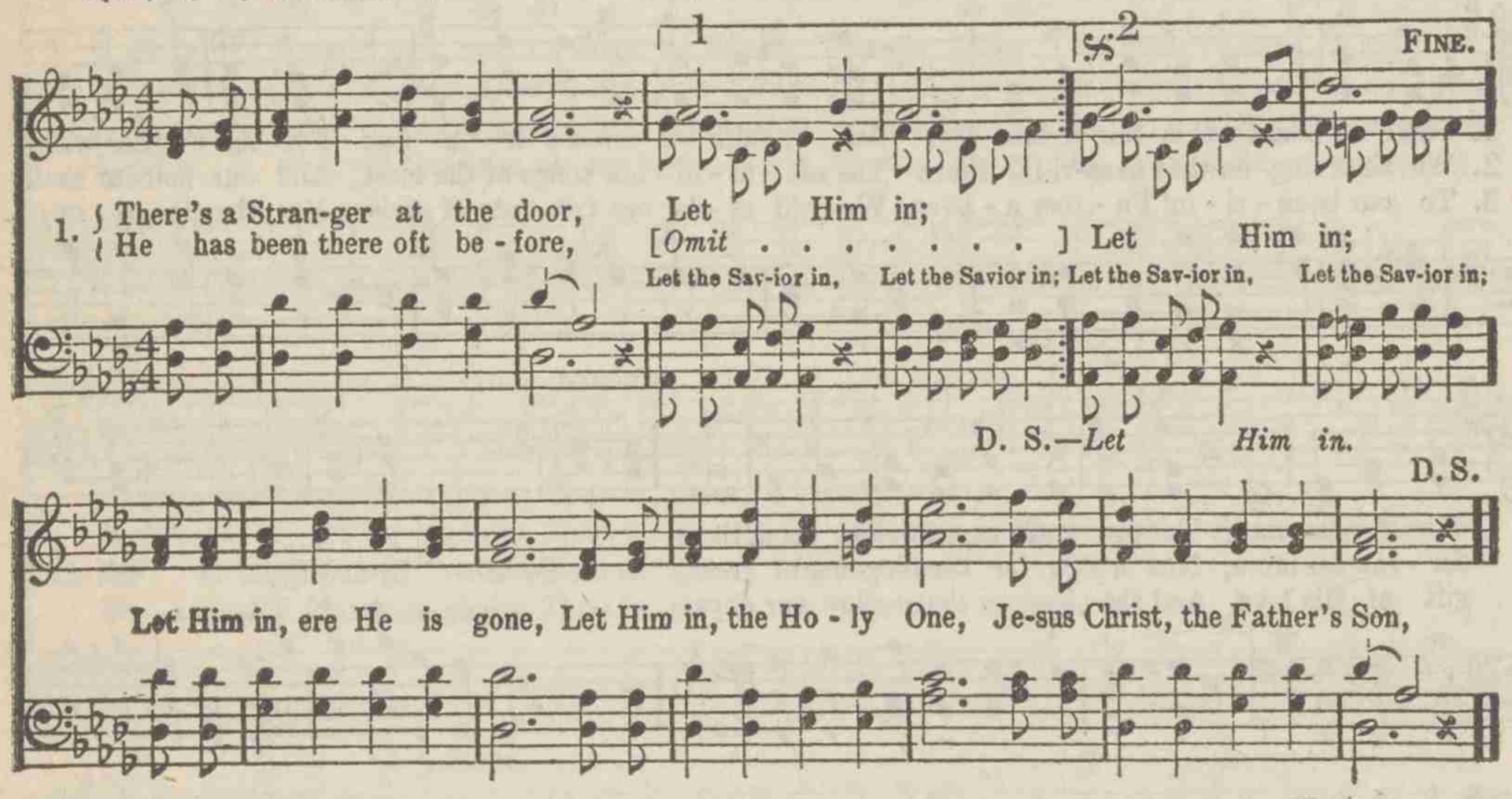
3 Come, there's bread in the house of thy Father, and to spare,
Hear, O hear Him calling, calling now for thee;
Lo! the table is spread and the feast is waiting there,
Hear His loving voice calling still.

No. 327. Let Him In.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson.

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E. O. Excell.



2 Open now to Him your heart,
Let Him in;
If you wait He will depart,
Let Him in;
Let Him in, He is your Friend,
He your soul will sure defend,
He will keep you to the end,
Let Him in.

3 Hear you now His loving voice?
Let Him in;
Now, oh, now make Him your choice,
Let Him in;
He is standing at your door,
Joy to you He will restore,
And His name you will adore,
Let Him in.

4 Now admit the heavenly Guest,
Let Him in;
He will make for you a feast,
Let Him in;
He will speak your sins forgiven,
And when earth-ties all are riven,
He will take you home to heaven,
Let Him in.

No. 328. To Galvary I Will Go.

E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY LIZZIE E. SWENEY.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Down in - to the foun - tain I would deep-er go; Down in - to the foun - tain, mak-ing white as snow;
2. Down in - to the foun - tain, deep-er, deep-er still, Till the grace of Je - sus all my be - ing fill,
3. Down in - to the foun - tain flow-ing from the cross, Let the might-y cur - rents sweep a - way all dross;

Tho' with sins of scar - let, and of crim - son dyed, I shall come up spot - less from the sav - ing tide.
Till the Ho - ly Spir - it works the change di-vine, Mak-ing "earth-en ves - sels" with His glo - ry shine.
Ev - er there a - bid - ing thro' His wondrous love, Wash-ing there the gar-ments for the feast a - bove.

CHORUS.

To Cal-v'ry I will go, The bless-ed Word I know, The precious blood of Je - sus cleanseth white as snow;
His voice is call - ing still, To "Who-so-ev-er will;" Down in - to the foun-tain I would deep - er go.

No. 329. No, Not One.

Johnson Oatman, Jr.

USED BY PERMISSION OF GEO. C. HUGG,
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Geo. C. Hugg.

Slow, and with feeling.

1. { There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!
   { None else could heal all our souls' dis - eas - es, No, not one! [*Omit . . .*] no, not one!

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

CHORUS.

Je - sus knows all a - bout our strug-gles, He will guide till the day is done;

2 No friend like Him is so high and holy, No, etc.
And yet no friend is so meek and lowly, No, etc.

3 There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, etc.
No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, etc.

4 Did ever saint find this Friend forsake him? No, etc.
Or sinner find that He would not take Him? No, etc.

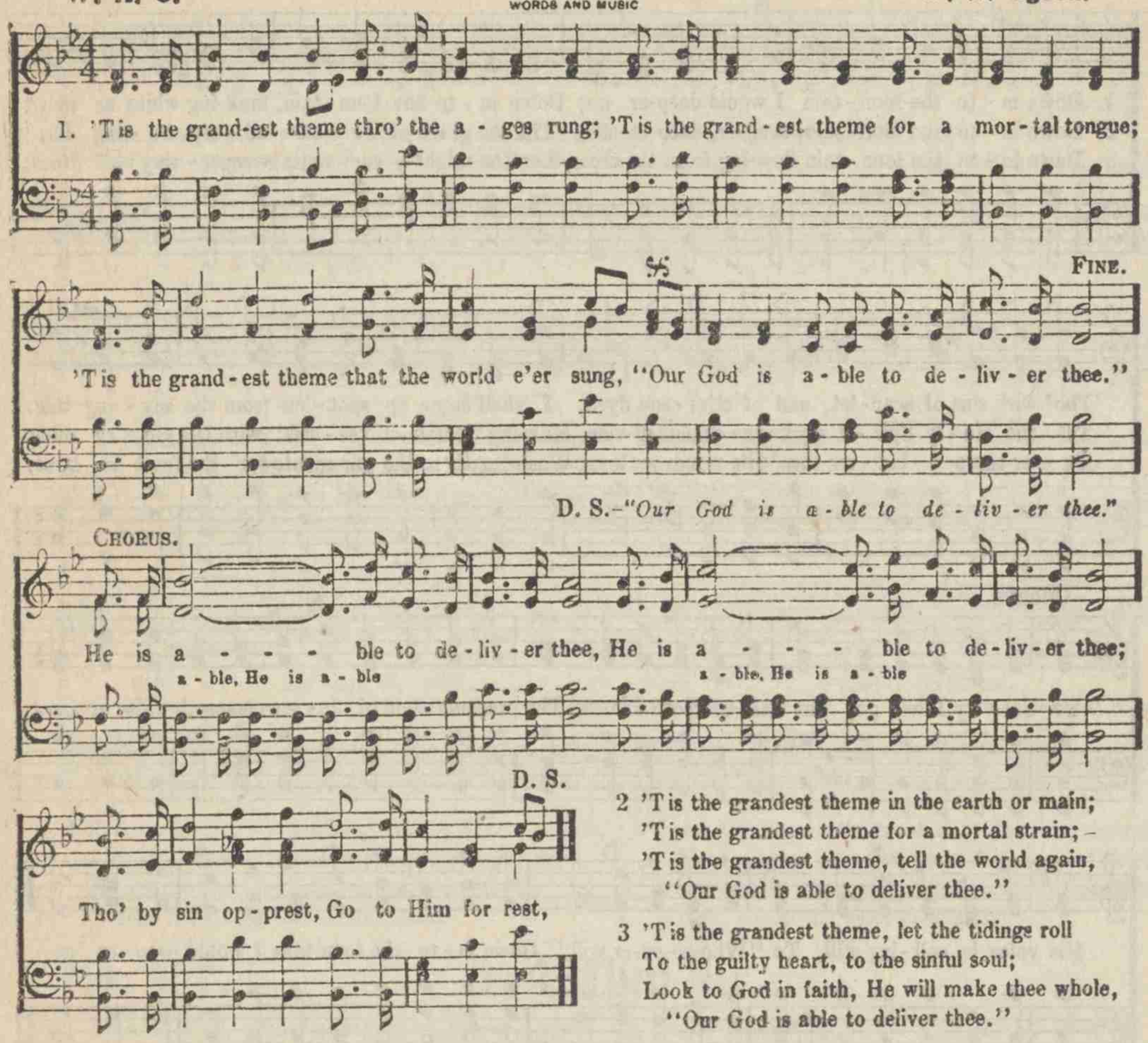
5 Was e'er a gift like the Savior given? No, etc.
Will He refuse us a home in heaven? No, etc.

No. 330. He is Able to Deliver Thee.

W. A. O.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC

W. A. Ogden.



2 'T is the grandest theme in the earth or main;
'T is the grandest theme for a mortal strain; –
'T is the grandest theme, tell the world again,
"Our God is able to deliver thee."

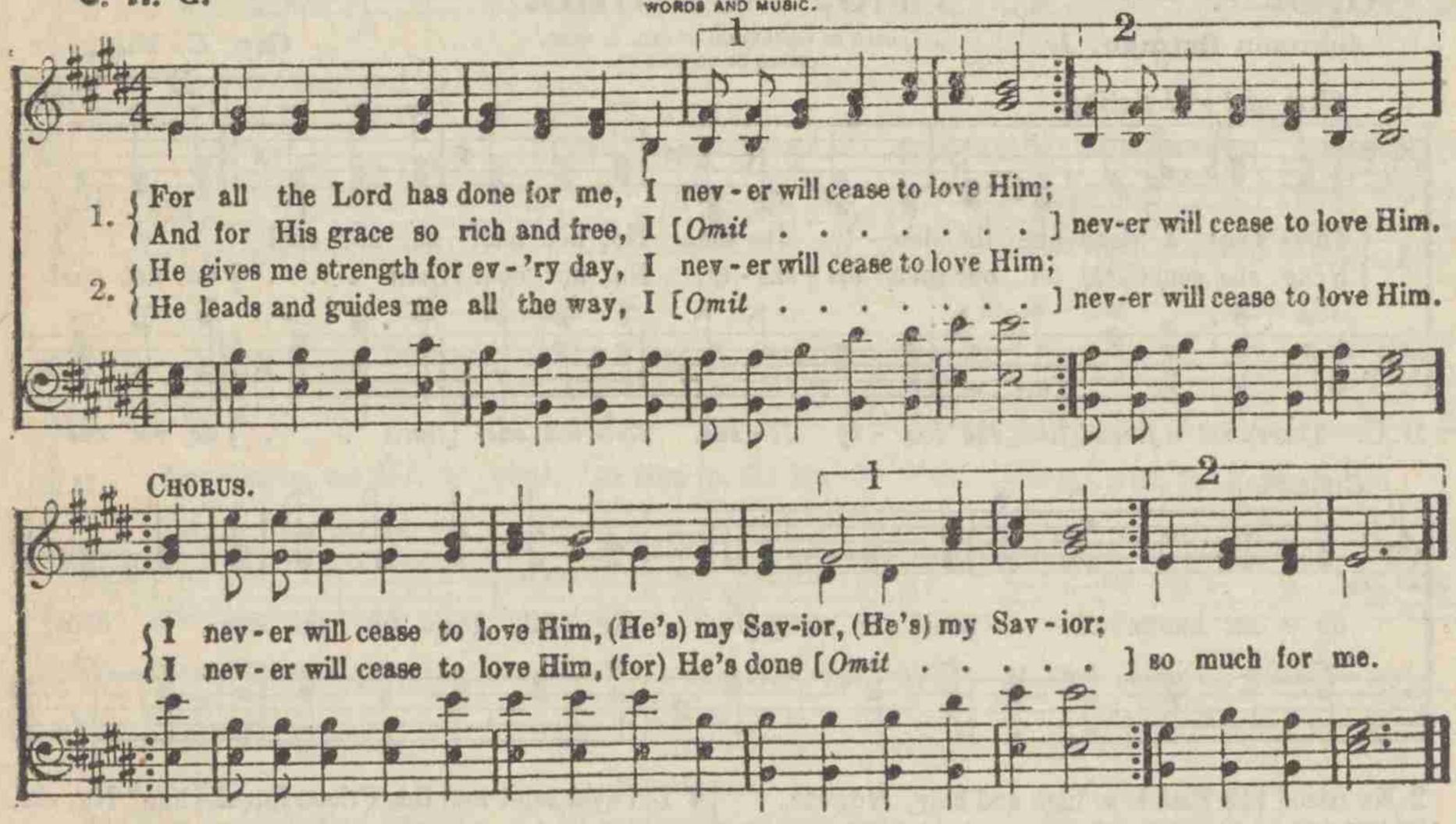
3 'T is the grandest theme, let the tidings roll
To the guilty heart, to the sinful soul;
Look to God in faith, He will make thee whole,
"Our God is able to deliver thee."

No. 331. I Never Will Cease to Love Him.

C. H. G.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.



3 He saves me every day and hour,
I never will cease to love Him;
Just now I feel His cleansing power,
I never will cease to love Him.

4 While on my journey here below,
I never will cease to love Him;
And when to that bright world I go,
I never will cease to love Him.

No. 332. I Love To Tell The Story.

Katherine Hankey. USED BY PERMISSION OF WM. G. FISCHER. **William G. Fischer.**

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a-bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won-der-ful it seems Than all the gold - en fan - cies
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What seems, each time I tell it,
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hun-ger - ing and thirst-ing

Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true;
Of all our gold-en dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me;
More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard
To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song,

CHORUS.

It sat - is - fies my long - ings as noth - ing else would do.
And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto - ry,
The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own ho-ly word.
'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have lov'd so long.

'Twill be my theme in glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

No.333. Even Me, Even Me.

Mrs. Elizabeth Codner. **Wm. B. Bradbury.**

1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless - ing Thou art scatt'ring full and free; Show'rs, the thirst-y land re-
2. Pass me not, O God, my Fa - ther Sin - ful tho' my heart may be; Thou mightst leave me, but the
3. Pass me not, O gra - cious Sav - ior, Let me live and cling to Thee; I am long - ing for Thy
4. Love of God, so pure and change-less, Blood of Christ, so rich and free; Grace of God, so strong and

fresh-ing; Let some drops now fall on me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.
rath - er; Let Thy mer - cy light on me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Let Thy mer - cy light on me.
fa-vor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me.
boundless Mag - ni - fy them all in me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Mag - ni - fy them all in me.

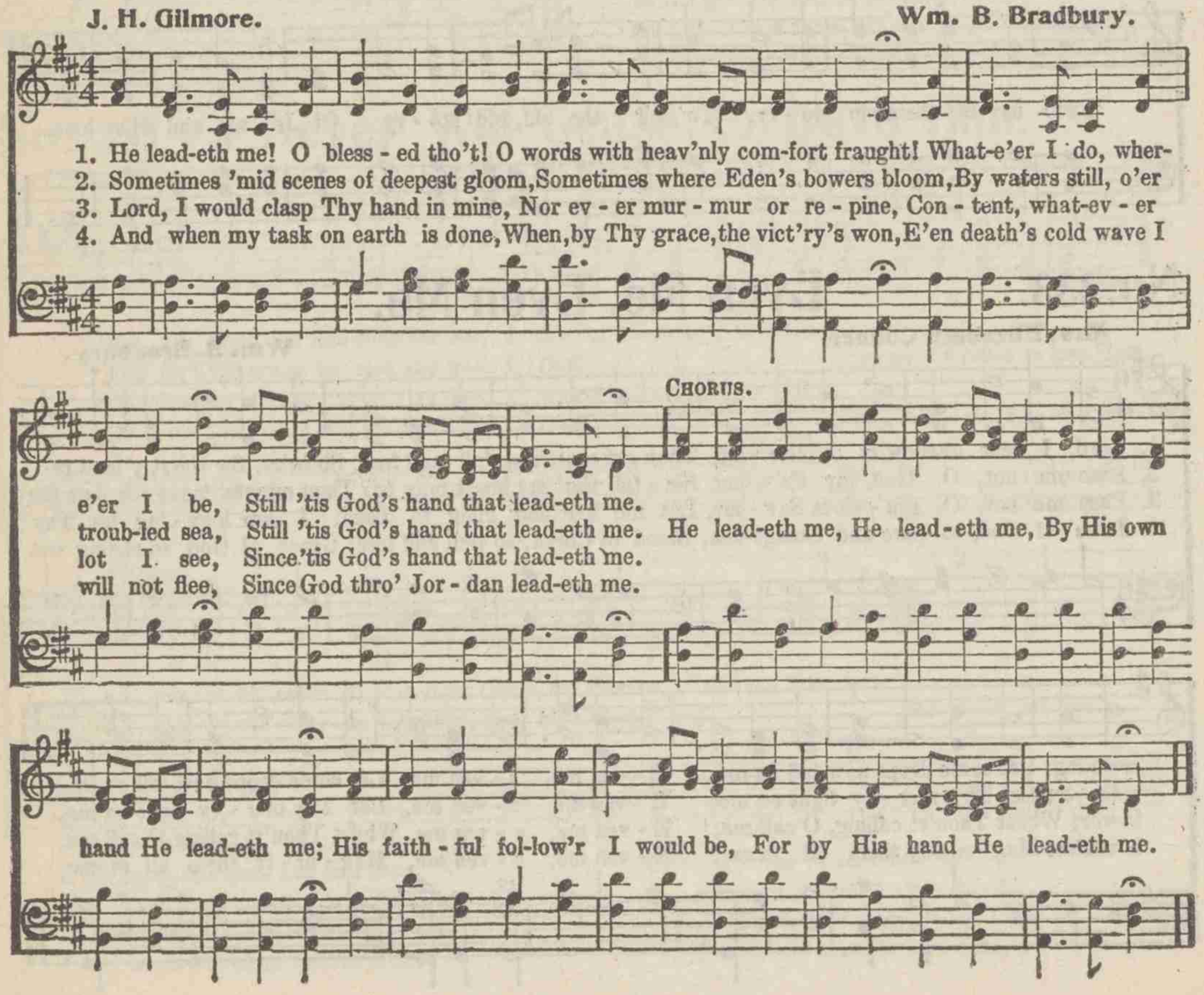
No. 334. Blessed Assurance.

F. J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1873, BY JOS. F. KNAPP. Mrs. J. F. Knapp.



No. 335. He Leadeth Me.

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



No. 336. At The Cross.

COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY R. E. HUDSON.
USED BY PER.

Isaac Watts. R. E. Hudson.

1. Alas! and did my Savior bleed, And did my Sov'reign die,
   Would He devote that sa- cred head For such a worm as I?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groan'd upon the tree,
   A - maz-ing pit-y, grace unknown! And love beyond degree

CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the burden of my heart roll'd a-way, It was there by faith I received my sight, And now I am happy all the day.
roll'd a-way,

No. 337. Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?

Isaac Watts. Hugh Wilson.

1. A - las! and did my Savior bleed? And did my Sov'reign die? Would He devote that
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groan'd upon the tree? A-maz-ing pit - y!

sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
grace unknown! And love be-yond de-gree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
For man, the creature's sin.

4 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.

No. 338. Shall We Gather at the River?

COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF MARY RUNYON LOWRY.
USED BY PERMISSION.

R. L. **Robert Lowry.**

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

CHORUS.

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

{ Yes, we'll gath-er
{ Gather with the saints

at the riv-er, The beautiful, the beau-ti-ful riv-er,—
at the riv-er That [*Omit . . . . . .*] flows by the throne of God.

No. 339. Come to Jesus.

Unknown. Arr. by E. O. E.

1. Come to Je-sus, come to Je-sus, Come to Je-sus just now; Just now come to
2. He will save you, He will save you, He will save you just now; Just now He will

Je-sus, Come to Je-sus just now.
save you, He will save you just now.

3 He is able.
4 He is willing.
5 Call upon Him.
6 He will hear you.
7 He'll forgive you.
8 He will cleanse you.
9 Jesus loves you.
10 Only trust Him.

No. 340. We're Marching to Zion.

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USED BY PER.

Rev. I. Watts. Rev. Robert Lowry.

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

sweet accord, Join in a song with sweet accord, And thus sur-round the throne,
heav'n-ly King, But chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, May speak their joys a-broad,
heav'n-ly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'nly fields, Or walk the gold - en streets,
manuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To fair-er worlds on high,

And thus surround the throne, And thus

CHORUS.

And thus surround the throne.
May speak their joys a - broad. We're marching to Zi - on, Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful
Or walk the gold-en streets.
To fair - er worlds on high.
sur - round the throne. We're marching on to Zi-on,

Zi - on; We're marching upward to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God.
Zi-on, Zi-on,

No. 341. Lest We Forget.

Rudyard Kipling. Isaac B. Woodbury.



3 Far called our navies melt away,
On dune and headland sinks the fire,
To all our pomp of yesterday;
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre;
Judge of the nations spare us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

No. 342. Faith of Our Fathers.

Tune above.

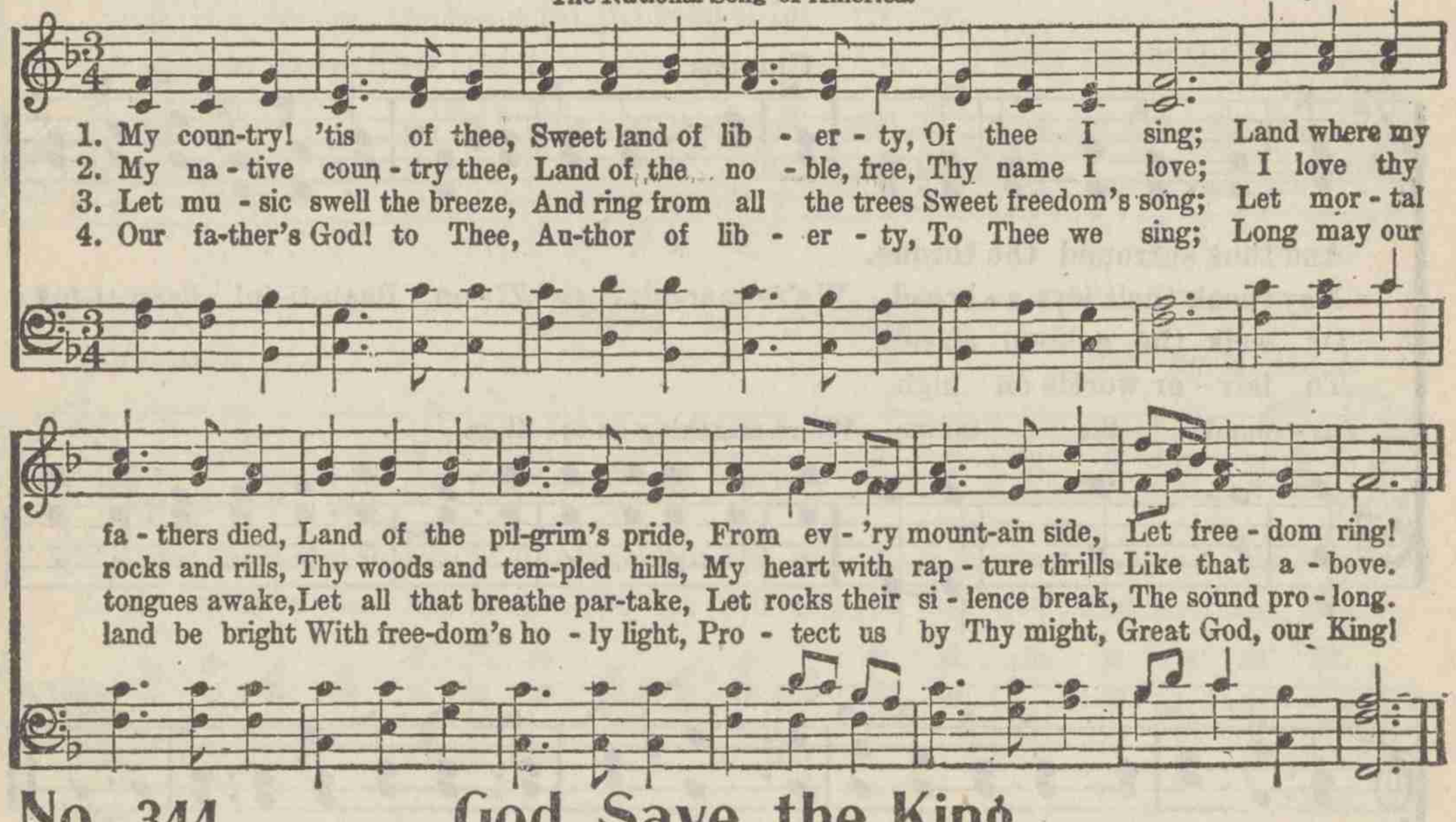
1 Faith of our fathers! living still
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword:
O how our hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er we hear that glorious word
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to Thee till death!

2 Our fathers chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free;
How sweet would be their children's fate,
If they, like them, could die for Thee!
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to Thee till death!

3 Faith of our fathers! we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife:
And preach Thee, too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life:
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to Thee till death!

No. 343. America.

S. F. Smith. The National Song of America. English.



No. 344. God Save the King.

The National Song of Britain.

1 God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King;
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King.

2 Thro' every changing scene,
O Lord, preserve our King,
Long may he reign;
His heart inspire and move
With wisdom from above,
And in a nation's love
His throne maintain.

3 Thy choicest gifts in store,
On him be pleased to pour,
Long may he reign;
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause,
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King.

Responsive Readings

For Opening and Closing Exercises.

MARION LAWRANCE,
Gen. Sec'y, International Sunday School Association, Chicago, Ill.

JOHN PEPPER,
Memphis, Tenn.

J. B. GREEN,
Opelika, Ala.

ARTHUR S. MATHIS,
Dallas, Tex.

WILLIAM SHAW,
Gen. Sec'y United Society Christian Endeavor, Boston, Mass.

W. N. WIGGINS.
Gen. Sec'y Texas State Sunday School Association, Dallas, Tex.

HON. L. M. SHAW.
Ex-Sec'y United States Treasury, New York City, N. Y.

No. 345. Opening

Arr. by J. R. PEPPER.

Voluntary—(Instrumental).
Hymn—(Familiar).
23rd Psalm (In Concert, standing).
Prayer (Closing with Lord's Prayer).
Hymn—(New One).
Reading Scripture—(Superintendent and School).
Announcements.
Welcome to Visitors.
Hymn—(Appropriate).
Study of Lesson—(35 to 40 minutes).

No. 346. Closing

Call for Close—(By Piano or Other Instrument).
Closing thought (By Supt.).
Hymn—(Closing Hymn).
Recitation—(Apostles' Creed).
Dismissal.

No. 347. Opening

Arr. by J. R. PEPPER.

Vocal Solo—(Simple Gospel Hymn).
Apostles' Creed.
Prayer—(Pastor).
Hymn—(Familiar).
Recitation—(Class Verses—One Verse to Class).
Reading of Lesson—(One Class Leading School).
Hymn—(Selected by Some Class).
Study of Lesson—(35 to 40 minutes).

No. 348. Closing

Announcements.
Welcome to Visitors.
Hymn—(Missionary).
Interesting News—(From our Missionaries).
The Lord's Prayer—(In Concert).
Dismissal.

No. 349. Opening

Arr. by J. R. PEPPER.

Superintendent — (Scripture verse given and recalled from School).
Hymn—(Appropriate).
Prayer—(Brief).
Study of Lesson—(35 to 40 minutes).

No. 350. Closing

Announcements.
Welcome to Visitors.
Pastor—(Earnest talk to School).
Prayer—(Pastor or Superintendent).
Dismissal.

No. 351. Opening

Arr. by J. R. PEPPER.

Superintendent—(Appropriate short story).
Music—(Vocal or Instrumental).
Scripture Reading—(Teachers Leading the School).
Hymn—(Familiar).
School—(Give the title of the Lesson and repeat the Golden Text).
Prayer—(Assistant Superintendent or some other officer).
Hymn—(New One).
Study of Lesson—(35 to 40 minutes).

No. 352. Closing

Recitation—(Choice short poem **or** story by member of School).
Hymn—(Gospel Song).
Announcements.
Welcome to Visitors.
Supt.—(Application of Lesson).
Lord's Prayer (In Concert).
Dismissal.

No. 353. Opening

Arr. by J. R. PEPPER.

Duet—(Instrumental or Vocal).
Prayer—(By a Member of the School).
Hymn—(New One).
Announcements.
Welcome to Visitors.
Scripture Reading—(One-half School Leading Balance).
Hymn—(Familiar).
1st Psalm—(In Concert).
Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly.

No. 354. Closing

Voluntary—(Instrumental).
Music—(Solo, Duet, or Quartet).
Superintendent—(One Clear-cut Thought on Lesson).
Hymn—(One Verse, all standing).
Apostles' Creed.
Dismissal.

No. 355. Opening

Arr. by J. R. PEPPER.

Apostles' Creed.
Music—(Vocal or Instrumental).
Class Verses—(From Classes).
Vocal Solo—(Gospel Hymn).
Scripture Reading—(One Teacher, Alternating with School).
Hymn—(Familiar).
Announcements.
Welcome to Visitors.
Lesson Study—(35 to 40 minutes).

No. 356. Closing

Voluntary—(Instrumental).
Pastor—(Short Talk).
Hymn—(Announced by Some Class).
Record—(Best Record for Quarter or Year Reported).
Apostles' Creed.
Dismissal.

No. 357. Opening

Arr. by MARION LAWRANCE.

The Name of Jesus

Supt.—Stand up and bless the Lord your God for ever and ever; and blessed be Thy glorious name.
Hymn—(No. 243, 3d verse. Rise). Jesus! the Name that Charms Our Fears.
Supt.—By how many names and titles is our Savior mentioned in the Bible?
School—Over two hundred and fifty.
Supt.—What are some of the names given to him hundreds of years before He was born?
School—For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given; . . . . and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.
Supt.—God has highly exalted Him, and given Him a name which is above every name.
Pastor—He is the Lord of lords, and the King of kings.
Officers—Chiefest among ten thousand.
Senior Dept.—Son of the Living God.
Young Men—Lion of the tribe of Judah.
Young Women—The Bright and Morning Star.
Intermediate Dept.—The Light of the World.
Junior Dept.—The Good Shepherd.
Supt.—Which of all His names is the sweetest?
School—JESUS.
Hymn—(No. 285. Refrain). Sweetest Note in Seraph Song.
Supt.—Why was He called Jesus?
School—Thou shalt call His name JESUS; for He shall save His people from their sins.
Pastor—Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved.
Supt.—He is the Captain of our Salvation.
Officers—The Author and Finisher of our Faith.
Senior Dept.—The Head of the Church.
Young Men—He is the Way, the Truth, and the Life.
Young Women—The Precious Corner Stone.
Intermediate Dept.—The Friend of Sinners.
Junior Dept.—The Man of Sorrows.
Supt.—But of all His names, which is the sweetest?
School—JESUS.
Hymn—(No. 285. Refrain). Sweetest Note in Seraph Song.
Supt.—Oh, magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His name together.
Hymn—(No. 1 or No. 221). All Hail the Power.

No. 358. Opening

"The Sabbath Day."

Arr. by Mr. Marion Lawrance.

All Rise.

Supt.—I now call upon this assembly to meditate upon the being and attributes of the great God; to praise His holy name, and to unite our hearts and voices, especially at this time for the return of another Sabbath Day with its privileges of Bible study and worship in our beloved Sunday School.

Hymn—(No. 245).

O Day of Rest and Gladness.

Supt.—Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.

School—Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work.

Teachers—But the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God.

Men—In it thou shalt not do any work.

Women—Thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter.

Boys—Thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle.

Girls—Nor the stranger that is within thy gates.

Supt.—For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day.

School—Wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it.

Pastor—Ye shall keep the Sabbath, therefore, for it is holy unto you.

Men—Keep the Sabbath day to sanctify it.

Women—Thus saith the Lord, Hallow ye the Sabbath.

School—This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it.

Pastor—The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath.

School—Therefore the Son of Man is Lord also of the Sabbath.

Pastor—Blessed is the man that keepeth the Sabbath from polluting it, and keepeth his hand from doing any evil.

School—From one Sabbath to another shall all flesh come to worship before Me, saith the Lord.

Pastor—Ye shall keep My Sabbaths and reverence My sanctuary; I am the Lord.

School—If thou turn away from doing thy pleasure on My holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable; and shalt honor Him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words; Then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord.

Pastor—Those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God.

All—O Lord, open Thou my lips and my mouth shall show forth Thy praise.

Hymn—(No. 303).

Safely Through Another Week.

Prayer—(Pastor or Supt.).

Be seated.

No. 359. Opening

Arr. by J. B. Greene.

Note—(Instrumental music is the signal for attention. The music will cease at opening time).

Bell Taps—(School Rises Instantly).

117th Psalm—(In Concert).

O Praise the Lord, all ye Nations;
Praise Him, all ye people.
For His merciful kindness is great toward us;
And the truth of the Lord endureth forever.
Praise ye the Lord.

Doxology—(No. 384).

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.

Apostles' Creed—(Repeated by Entire School, Standing).

Prayer.

Hymn—(Selected).

Scripture Reading.

Hymn—(Selected).

Silent Prayer—(One Minute).

Lesson Service—(30 Minutes).

No. 360. Closing

Music, Instrumental—(Teachers will mark Class Books and Envelopes and have them ready for the Ushers).

Ushers—(Collect Class Books and Envelopes).

Bell Taps—(Instant Silence).

Lesson Review.

Application.

Hymn—(Selected).

Reports, etc.

Bell Taps—(School Rises and Repeats the Lord's Prayer.)

Dismissal.

No. 361. Opening

Arr. by J. B. GREENE.

Note—(The service will open promptly, instrumental music ceasing at opening time).

Doxology—(No. 384).
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.

Prayer—(Silent).

Pastor—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

All—Amen.

Gloria Patri—(No. 382).

Pastor—O Lord, open Thou our lips,

School—And our mouths shall show forth Thy praise.

Hymn—(See number posted on blackboard).

Supt.—This is the day which the Lord hath made.

School—Let us rejoice and be glad in it.

Pastor—Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.

School—Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabbath!

Pastor—Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory.

All—Glory be to Thee!

Supt.—About whom do we study in the Sunday School?

School—Jesus our Savior, the Son of God.

Supt.—What did God say of Him?

School—This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.

Supt.—What did strangers say of Him?

School—Never man spake like this man.

Supt.—What did He say of Himself?

School—I am the Light of the world;

Men—I am the Way, the Truth and the Life;

Women—I am the good Shepherd;

Boys—I am the Bread of life;

Girls—I am the true Vine;

Officers—I am the Resurrection and the Life;

Teachers—I am the Door; by me if any man enter he shall be saved.

Asst. Supt.—What does Jesus say to us today?

School—Come unto me.

Asst. Supt.—What assurance have we that He will receive us?

School—Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.

Supt.—What is the condition of our salvation?

School—(Repeat John 3:16).

Supt.—What does the inspired Psalmist call our Lord?

School—The King of Glory.

Pastor—Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up ye everlasting doors.

School—And the King of Glory shall come in.

Pastor—Who is the King of Glory?

School—
The Lord, strong and mighty;
The Lord, mighty in battle!

Pastor—Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors.

Prayer—(Pastor or Superintendent).

Supt.—What is our aim as a Sunday School?

School—Every member present every Sunday on time, with his own Bible, a liberal offering, a studied lesson, and with a mind to learn.

Asst. Supt.—How many of us were present on time this morning?

School—(All who were present on time answer "I").

Asst. Supt.—What is our motto?

School—(Give the School Motto).

Asst. Supt.—How many of us are members of the Church?

School—(All who are members answer "I").

Asst. Supt.—Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?

School—By taking heed thereto according to His Word.

Asst. Supt.—What is the Word to us?

School—A lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path.

Supt.—What is the subject of this morning's lesson?

School—(Give subject of lesson).

Supt.—What is the Golden Text?

School—(Give Golden Text).

Supt.—What is our Text Book?

School—The Bible.

Supt.—How many have one here?

School—(Show Bibles).

Supt.—What do we believe?

School—(Apostles' Creed).

Hymn—(See number posted on blackboard).

Lesson Service—(30 Minutes).

Music—(Instrumental).

Closing Exercises—(Ad Libitum).

No. 362. Opening

Arr. by J. B. GREENE.

Note—(Instrumental music is the signal for attention. The music will cease at opening time).

Supt.—What shall be our song today?

School—"Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men."

Supt.—Who first sung "Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men?"

School—A Multitude of the Heavenly Host, saying—"Unto you is born this day in the City of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

Pastor—Why did Christ come into the world?

School—(John iii:16).

Pastor—Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us.

School—That we should be called the Sons of God.

Supt.—How may we know and believe the love that God hath given to us?

School—God is love, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God and God in him.

Asst. Supt.—What did Jesus tell us?

School—If ye love Me keep My commandments.

Pastor—What new commandment did He give unto us?

School—That ye love one another as I have loved you.

Supt.—What does the Great Apostle say about love?

Teachers—Though I speak with the tongues of men and angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

School—And though I have the gift of prophecy and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and though I have faith so that I can remove mountains, and have not love I am nothing.

Asst. Supt.—And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not love, it profiteth me nothing.

Pastor—Love suffereth long.

School—And is kind.

Supt.—Love envieth not.

School—Love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up.

Supt.—Doth not behave itself unseemly.

Pastor—Seeketh not her own.

Asst. Supt.—Is not easily provoked.

School—Thinketh no evil.

Pastor—Rejoiceth not in iniquity.

School—But rejoiceth in the truth.

Supt.—Beareth all things.

School—Believeth all things.

Asst. Supt.—Hopeth all things.

School—Endureth all things.

Supt.—Love never faileth.

All—And now abideth faith, hope and love, these three; but the greatest of these is love.

Hymn—(No. 307).
Love Divine All Love excelling.

Supt.—What are we here for this morning?

School—To worship God; to study His Word; to equip ourselves for better service; and to do all we can to lead others to the knowledge of the saving power of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ.

Supt.—And besides this, giving all diligence, add to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge.

School—And to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience Godliness.

All—And to Godliness brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness charity.

Supt.—Where do we learn these things?

School—In God's Word.

Supt.—How many have the Bible here this morning?

School—(Show Bibles).

Hymn—(No. 214).
Holy Bible, Book Divine,

Supt.—We are now at the most important part of this service; the teaching and the study of the lesson. May God help the teachers to teach and the pupils to hear so that His name may be glorified in the lives He has given us. To that end let us ask His guidance and help for this service.

Prayer—(By Pastor or Supt.).

Lesson Study—(30 minutes).

Instrumental Music—(Signal to cease teaching, mark Class Books, Envelopes and deliver to ushers).

Closing Exercises—(Ad libitum).

No. 363. Opening

Arr. by Hon. L. M. Shaw.

Music—(Instrumental).
One Bell—(Perfect quiet).
Two Bells—(School rise).
Hymn—(No. 307).
Love Divine All Love Excelling.
Apostles' Creed—(In concert).
Invocation.
One Bell—(Be seated).
Singing—(Selected).
One Bell—(Officers and teachers rise).
Supt.—Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily as to the Lord and not unto men.
Officers and Teachers—Who will render to every man according to his deeds.
Supt.—For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ.
Officers and Teachers—That every one may receive the things done in his body according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad.
Roll Call—(Respond distinctly and be seated).
Supt.—Who have their Bibles? Where is the Scripture for our study today?
Topic—(Give the topic).
Golden Text—(Repeat the same).
Lesson—(Read the lesson).
Study of the lesson.

No. 364. Closing

Instrumental Music—(Classes retire).
Warning and Return Bells.
Music—(Instrumental).
Review.
Notices.
Sec. Report.
Two Bells—(Entire school rise).
Supt.—Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?
Officers and Teachers—By taking heed thereto according to Thy Word.
School—Thy Word have I hid in my heart that I might not sin against Thee.
Supt.—Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light into my path.
All—Order my steps in Thy Word and let not any iniquity have dominion over me.
Prayer.
Dismissal.

No. 365. Opening

"Love"

Arr. by Arthur S. Mathis.

Music—(Instrumental).
Silence.
100th Psalm—(In Concert).
Make a joyful noise, etc.
Hymn—(No. 6).
What is making life, etc.
Prayer—(Kneeling).
Solo—(No. 144).
Do you know the world is dying for a little bit of love?
Pastor—Walk in love.
School—Make the best of everything, think the best of everybody, hope the best for yourself, and give all, all love. (Dickens.)
Supt.—Let all that you do be done in love.
School—Duty makes us do things well, but love makes us do things beautifully. (Phillips Brooks.)
Pastor—And this commandment have we from Him, that he who loveth God loveth his brother also.
Teachers—No man is to imagine that when he has fulfilled certain obligations to God he may live then his life without reference to his neighbor. (Campbell Morgan.)
Supt.—He that abideth in love abideth in God, and God abideth in Him.
School—The more room we give in our hearts to our fellow creatures, the more room there is left for God. (Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler.)
Pastor—Making melody in your heart to the Lord.
School—We cannot change the weather outside of us, but we can see to it that there is fair weather inside, and if there is, all will be well. (Auerbach.)
Supt.—If a man say I love God and nateth his brother, he is a liar; for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, can not love God whom he hath not seen.
School—You cannot ground the circuit and keep the current; wrong men and know God. (O. P. Gifford.)

(over)

Pastor—He saith to him again a second time, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me? He saith unto Him, Yea Lord; Thou knowest that I love Thee. He saith unto him, Feed My sheep.

Adult Class—If Jesus Christ is everything to me, I know He can be everything to any man, and because I know it, then woe is me if I will not do all that is in my power to let every man who does not know Jesus Christ share Him with me. There is no escape from this logic. If I love Jesus Christ, which means if I am loyal to Him, which means if I keep His commandments, I am in touch with everybody to the ends of the earth who need Him, and I can not wash my hands and say that you must excuse me from this matter.

(Maltbie D. Babcock.)

Pastor—Though I speak with the tongues of men and angels and have not love, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.

Supt.—And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith so that I could remove mountains, and have not love, I am nothing.

School—And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not love, it profiteth me nothing.

Girls—Love suffereth long and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself; is not puffed up.

Boys—Doth not behave itself unseemly; seeketh not her own; is not easily provoked; thinketh no evil.

Teachers—Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth. Beareth all things; believeth all things; hopeth all things; endureth all things.

Pastor—Love never faileth; but whether there be prophecies they shall fail; whether there be tongues they shall cease; whether there be knowledge it shall vanish away.

School—For we know in part and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

Men—When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

Intermediates—For now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face; now I know in part; but then shall I know even as I also am known.

All—And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love.

Welcome New Members.

Lesson Study.

No. 366. Opening

Arr. by J. B. GREENE.

Note—(Instrumental music is the signal for attention. The music will cease at opening time).

Bell Taps—(School Rises Instantly).

Doxology—(No. 384).

Prayer.

Apostles' Creed.

Supt.—How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts.

Teachers—The Lord loveth the Gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob.

Asst. Supt.—Thy testimonies are very sure, holiness becometh Thy house, O Lord, forever.

School—Serve the Lord with gladness; come before His presence with singing.

All—Enter into His gates with thanksgiving and into His courts with praise; be thankful unto Him and bless His name.

Pastor—I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.

Teachers—Pray for the peace of Jerusalem; they shall prosper that love Thee.

Asst. Supt.—Peace be within Thy walls, and prosperity within Thy palaces.

School—I give thanks unto the Lord; for He is good; for His mercy endureth forever.

All—The Lord is in His Holy Temple; let all the earth keep silence before Him.

Hymn—(Selected).

Scripture Reading—(Selected).

Hymn—(Selected).

Prayer—(Silent).

Lesson Service—(30 Minutes).

No. 367. Opening

Arr. by W. N. WIGGINS.

Prayer.

Leader—What is prayer?

Response—Prayer is speaking to God.

To whom alone should we pray?

To the Lord God, who is our heavenly Father.

Why should we pray?

He is both great and loving and we can receive nothing except it be given from Heaven. (John 3:27.)

Why should worship be part of our prayer?

He is thy Lord; and worship thou Him. (Ps. 45:1.)

Why should we praise God when we pray?

For the Lord is great, and greatly to be praised. (Ps. 96:4.)

Should thanksgiving enter into our prayers?

In everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God. (Phil. 4:6.)

Why should we confess our sins to God in prayer?

If we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins. 1 John 1:9.)

Give one promise that we may claim while we pray?

Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, He will give it you.'' (John 16:23.)

In whose name should we pray?

In the name of Jesus. For he says: ''No man cometh to the Father but by me.''

Are there any special requests for prayer?

Song—(No. 278).

''My Faith Looks up to Thee.''

Prayer—(Brief, pointed).

No. 368. Opening

Arr. by W. N. WIGGINS.

Church Attendance.

Leader—What did Jesus do every Sabbath?

Response—As his custom was, he went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day.

Should we go to church?

Yes, we should endeavor to do as Jesus did.

All who attended preaching services since last Sunday **School will** rise and tell us what David **said** about church going.

(All church attendants stand **and** repeat together:)

''I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.''

(All be seated.)

Please tell me the text of the **pastor's** sermon last Sunday morning.

(Each will turn to it and **stand as** soon as found in his Bible.)

We will all read the text **in concert.**

All Sing (No. 304).

Break Thou the Bread of Life.

No. 369. Opening

Arr. by E. O. EXCELL.

Evensong

Hymn—(No. 309).

Day is Dying in the West.

Leader—O come, let us sing unto the Lord; let us come before His presence with thanksgiving, let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before the Lord, our Maker.

Response — Thou wilt keep Him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee because he trusteth in Thee.

Hymn—(No. 9).

Be not dismayed what e'er betide.

Leader—If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink. Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst.

Response—I will call upon God and the Lord will Save me; evening and morning and at noon will I pray and cry aloud and He will hear my voice.

O taste and see that the Lord is good; blessed is the man that trusteth in Him.

O Lord, Thou art my God, early will I seek Thee; my soul thirsteth for Thee.

Yea, I have loved Thee with an everlasting love; therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn Thee.

Because Thy loving-kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise Thee.

Hymn—(No. 257).

Abide With Me! Fast Falls, **etc.**

No. 370. Opening

Arr. by ARTHUR S. MATHIS.

"Consecration."

Instrumental Music.

Doxology—(No. 384).

School—(Repeat the 23d Psalm).

Prayer—(Kneeling).

Song—(Selected).

Pastor—Pure religion and undefiled before our God and Father.

School—Is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep ourselves unspotted from the world.

Pastor—True religion has always an eye to the practical. We should be suspicious of the piety which does not know service, of the prayer which does not lead to work, of the mysticism which begins and ends in its own emotions.

(Hugh Black.)

School—As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men.

Supt.—"Deeds are the pulse of time." With some Christians the pulse is so slow that there is a risk of dying with heart failure. One good deed a day is the least pulse that will keep heart in a Christian, and a place for that deed can usually be found each morning at home without stepping outside the door.

Teachers—For what doth it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?

School—Let us remember that we have more to do than to make a living; we have to make a life. Let us not spoil the one in seeking to gain the other.

(Jno. Henry Jowett, D. D.)

Teachers—And another came saying, Lord, behold here is Thy pound, which I have kept laid up in a napkin.

Pastor—There are always those who wrap their talent for service in a napkin of Not-worth-while. They feel that they cannot do much because their ability is so small; therefore they do not try to do anything. The truth is: no one, however small his ability, need live uselessly.

(J. R. Miller, D. D.)

Officers—Be thou faithful unto death and I will give the crown of life.

School—How many of us think in marble and work in brick! How many of us would like a large sphere, and we are shut up to a little corner! He has put us here for one thing—to test our faithfulness; and He says to us, "Do the one thing and do it well. I will find you a sphere by and by in which you shall develop every faculty, every instinct, every possibility of your complex being.

(W. L. Watkinson.)

Pastor—Who then is willing to consecrate his service this day unto the Lord?

School—Consecration is devotion to the will of Christ. It is readiness to do not what we want to do in His service, but what He gives us to do. When we reach this state we shall not have to wait long to find our work.

(J. R. Miller, D. D.)

Supt.—Every one said to his brother, be of good courage.

School—Blessed of all good men are the encouragers, the companions of the enkindling and inspiring Christ. (Isaac Ogden Rankin.)

Romans xii—(Read responsively).

Solo—(Appropriately selected).

Announcements.

Lesson Study

No. 371. The Apostles' Creed

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

And in Jesus Christ His only Son our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost; born of the Virgin Mary; suffered under Pontius Pilate; was crucified, dead, and buried; the third day He rose again from the dead; He ascended into heaven; and sitteth on 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.**

Chant—(No. 382).

Glory be to the Father.

No. 372. The Beatitudes

Supt.—And seeing the multitudes, He went up into a mountain; and when He was set, His disciples came up to Him;

School—And He opened His mouth and taught them saying,

Blessed are the poor in spirit:
For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

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 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.

Gloria Patri—(No. 382).

Glory be to the Father.

No. 373. The Ten Commandments

Supt.—And God spake all these words, saying:

School—(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 any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them: nor serve them; for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate Me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love Me, and keep My commandments.

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, the 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.

Chant—Lord, Have Mercy, etc.

No. 374. Lord, Have Mercy.

M. C. F.



Selected Psalms

No. 375. Selection 1

Righteousness

BLESSED is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

2 **But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.**

3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season;

4 **His leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.**

5 The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

6 **Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.**

7 For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous:

8 **But the way of the ungodly shall shall perish.**

9 Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill?

10 **He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.**

11 He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbor, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor.

12 **In whose eyes a vile person is contemned; but he honoreth them that fear the Lord.**

13 He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not. He that putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent.

14 **He that doeth these things shall never be moved.**

No. 376. Selection 2

God's Law

THE heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handywork.

2 **Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge.**

3 There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard.

4 **Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world.**

5 In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun, which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

6 **His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.**

7 The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul:

8 **The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.**

9 The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart:

10 **The commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.**

11 The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever: the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

12 **More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.**

13 Moreover by them is thy servant warned;

14 **And in keeping of them there is great reward.**

15 Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.

16 **Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me:**

17 Then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

18 **Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer.**

No. 377. Selection 3

The Shepherd Psalm.

THE Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

2 **He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.**

3 He restoreth my soul: (over)

4 **He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.**
5 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil:
6 **For thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.**
7 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies:
8 **Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.**
9 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life;
10 **And I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.**

No. 378. Selection 4

Trust

O TASTE and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in him.
2 **O fear the Lord, ye his saints: for there is no want to them that fear him.**
3 The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger:
4 **But they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.**
5 Come, ye children; hearken unto me:
6 **I will teach you the fear of the Lord.**
7 What man is he that desireth life, and loveth many days, that he may see good?
8 **Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile: depart from evil, and do good; seek peace, and pursue it.**
9 The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and his ears are open unto their cry.
10 **The face of the Lord is against them that do evil, to cut off the remembrance of them from the earth.**
11 The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth, and delivereth them out of all their troubles.
12 **The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart; and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.**
13 Many are the afflictions of the righteous: but the Lord delivereth him out of them all.
14 **The Lord redeemeth the soul of his servants: and none of them that trust in him shall be desolate.**

No. 379. Selection 5

Hope

AS the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.
2 **My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God?**
3 My tears have been my meat day and night, while they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?
4 **When I remember these things, I pour out my soul in me: for I had gone with the multitude, I went with them to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that kept holy-day.**
5 Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted in me?
6 **Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance.**
7 O my God, my soul is cast down within me:
8 **Therefore will I remember thee from the land of Jordan, and of the Hermonites, from the hill Mizar.**
9 Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy waterspouts:
10 **All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.**
11 Yet the Lord will command his loving-kindness in the daytime,
12 **And in the night his song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life.**
13 I will say unto God my rock, Why hast thou forgotten me? Why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?
14 **As with a sword in my bones, mine enemies reproach me; while they say daily unto me, Where is thy God?**
15 Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me?
16 **Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.**

No. 380. Selection 6

Confession

HAVE mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-kindness:

2 **According unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.**

3 Wash me throughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

4 **For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me.**

5 Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight:

6 **That thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest.**

7 Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.

8 **Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts: and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom.**

9 Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean:

10 **Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.**

11 Make me to hear joy and gladness; that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.

12 **Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities.**

13 Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.

14 **Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy holy spirit from me.**

15 Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free spirit.

16 **Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee.**

17 Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation:

18 **And my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.**

19 O Lord, open thou my lips;

20 **And my mouth shall show forth thy praise.**

21 For thou desirest not sacrifice; else would I give it: thou delightest not in burnt offering.

22 **The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.**

No. 381. Selection 7

Confidence

HE that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

2 **I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.**

3 Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.

4 **He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.**

5 Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

6 **Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.**

7 A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.

8 **Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.**

9 Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation; there shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

10 **For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.**

11 They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

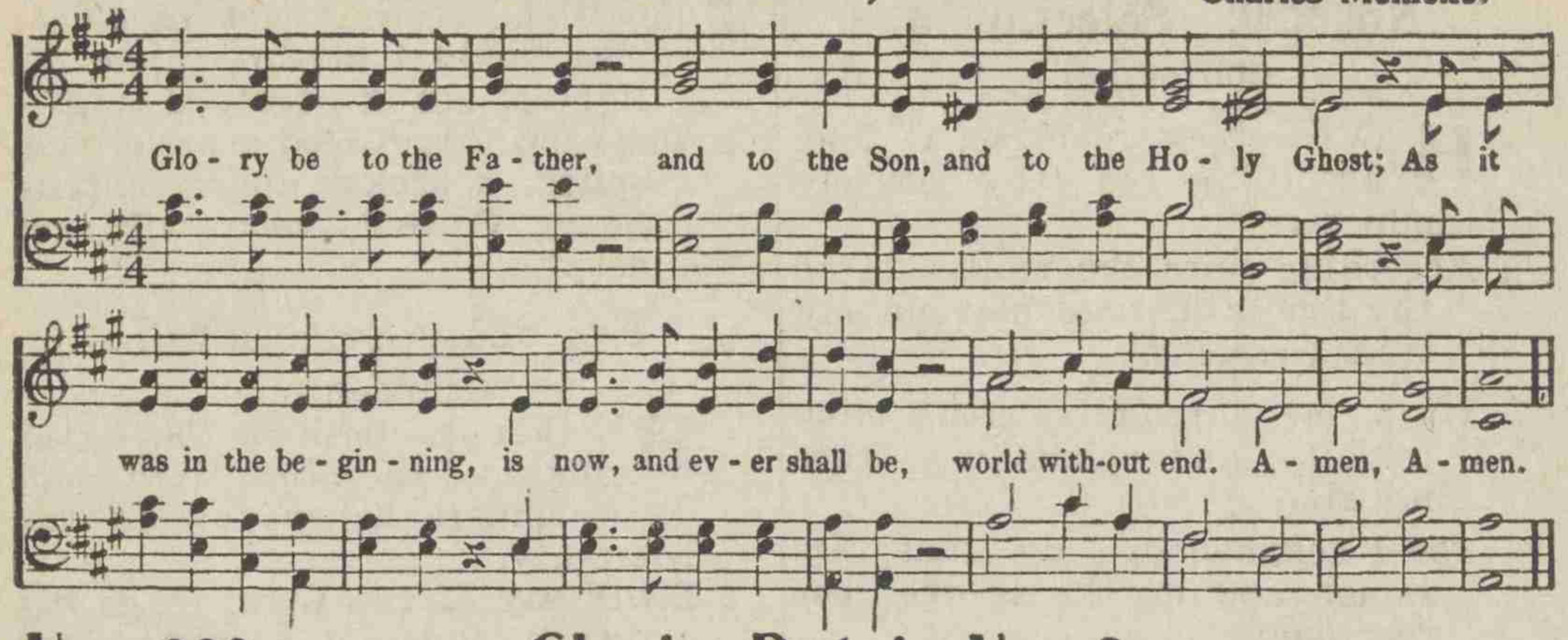
12 **Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder: the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet.**

13 He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honor him.

14 **With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation.**

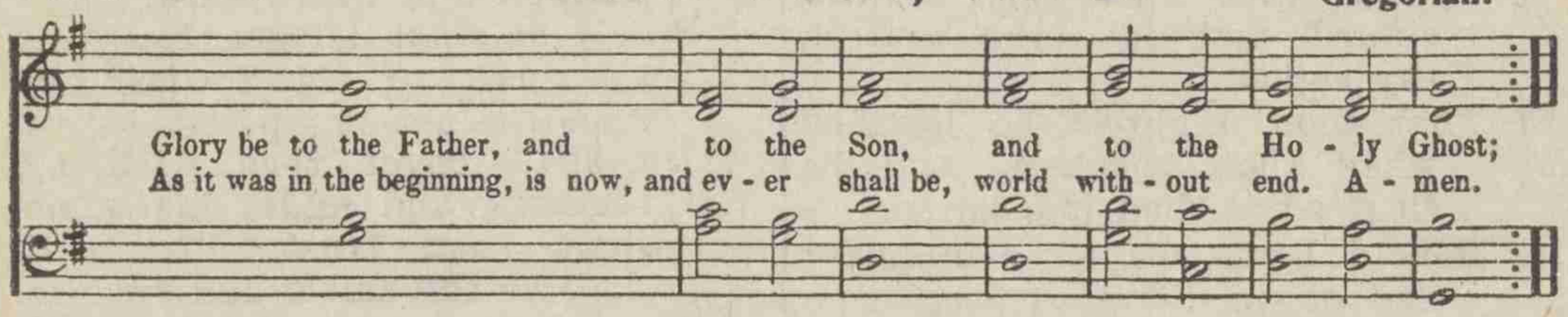
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Charles Meineke.



No. 383. Gloria Patri, No. 2.

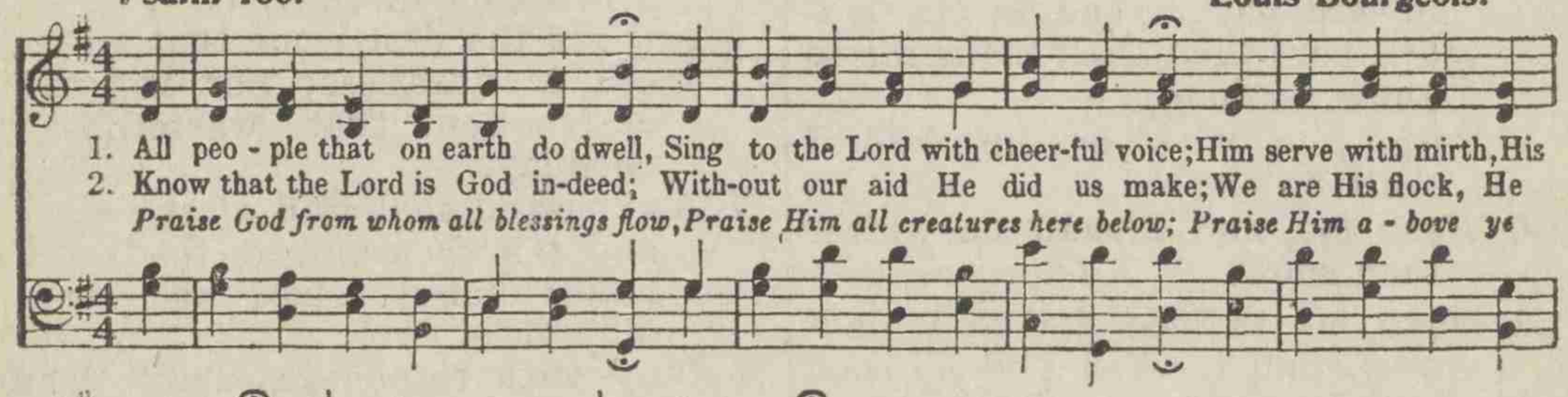
Gregorian.



No. 384. All People that on Earth do Dwell.

Psalm 100.

Louis Bourgeois.



3 O enter then His gates with joy,
Within His courts His praise proclaim
Let thankful songs your tongues employ,
O bless and magnify His name.

4 Because the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure;
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And shall from age to age endure.

No. 385. Praise God.

Thos. Kenn.

Rev. George Coles

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