The Revival

No. 4

By
Charlie D. Tillman

Suitable for All Kinds of Religious Meetings.

TWO HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-EIGHT
SINGABLE SONGS.

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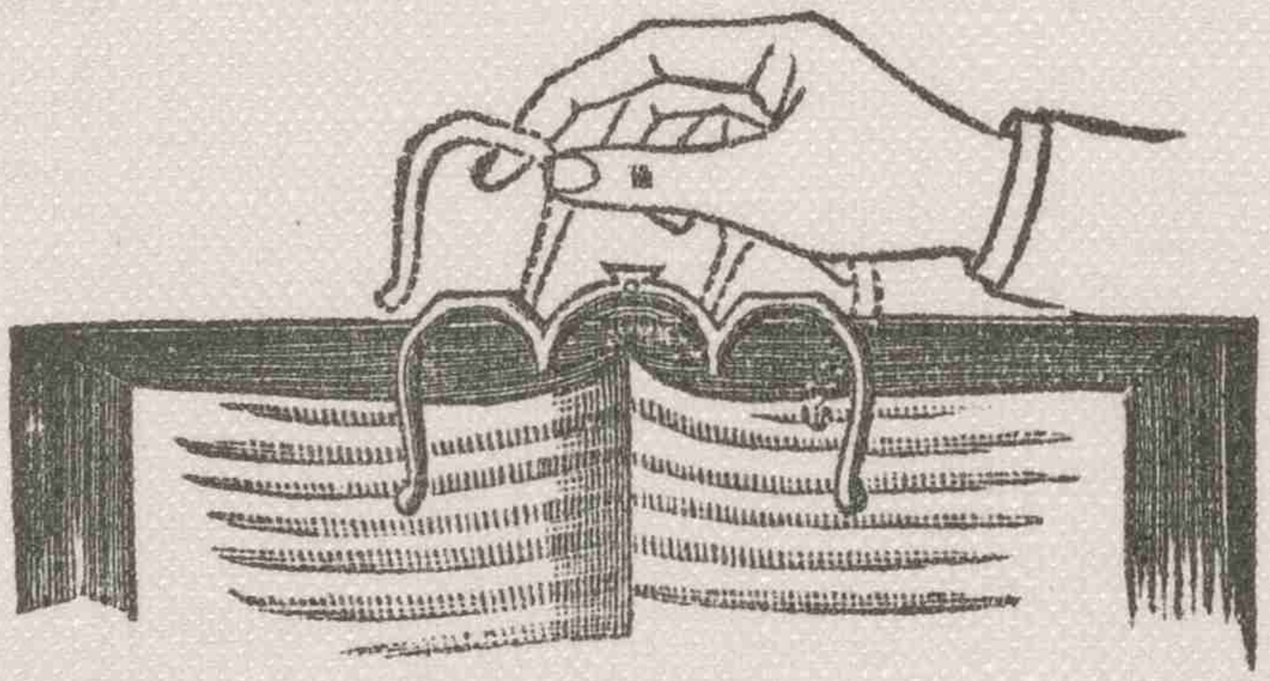
Hymn 1903
Revi B

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All about how you are bothered to keep your book open on your Piano or Organ, and you can overcome all this by the use of the

... THE BARTLEY ...

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BISHOP ROBERT WESTLY PEACH

COLLECTION OF CHURCH MUSIC
AND
HYMNOLOGY

ACQUIRED BY THE

AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY

1939

PREFACE.

THE SINGERS.

God sent his singers upon earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth ;
That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to heaven again.

The first, a youth, with soul of fire,
Held in his hand a golden lyre ;
Through groves he wandered and by streams,
Playing the music of our dreams.

The second, with a bearded face,
Stood singing in the market place ;
And stirred with accents deep and loud,
The hearts of all the listening crowd.

A gray old man, the third and last,
Sang in cathedrals dim and vast ;
While the majestic organ rolled,
Contrition from its mouths of gold.

And those who heard the singers three,
Disputed which the best might be ;
For still their music seemed to start,
Discordant echoes from each heart,—

Till the great Master said, I see
There is no best, but in degree:
I gave a various gift to each,
To charm, to strengthen and to teach.

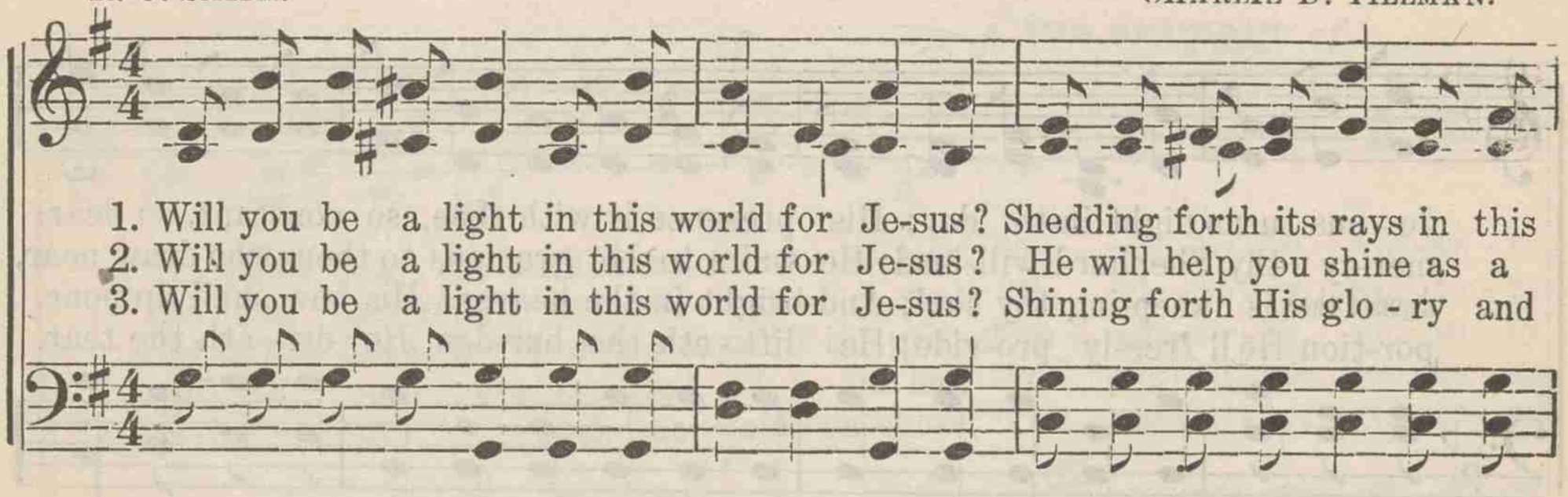
These are the three great Chords of might,
And he whose ear is tuned aright,
Will hear no discord in the three,
But the most perfect harmony.

—*Longfellow.*

The Revival No. 4.

No. 1. BE A LIGHT FOR JESUS.

R. O. SMITH. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



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No. 2. WHEN LOVE IS MADE PERFECT.

E. E. HEWITT. VICTOR H. BENKE.

1. Take cour-age, be-liev-er, and press on thy way, The sun-shine of
2. Bring now to the Mas-ter thy sto-ry of need, To past-ures of
3. Tho' tri-als surround thee, tho' storm-bil-lows roll, The Lord who re-
4. O'er hill-side and val-ley, since He is thy guide, The day's bless-ed

Je-sus turns night in-to day; His presence is with thee, so constant, so dear,
mer-cy thy Shepherd will lead; He waits to be gracious to them who draw near,
deemed thee is keep-ing thy soul; And bright in the heavens His bow shall ap-pear,
por-tion He'll free-ly pro-vide; He lift-eth the bur-den, He dri-eth the tear,

CHORUS.

When love is made per-fect it cast-eth out fear. Love, love,
com-fort-ing love,

comfort-ing love, Love, love, won-der-ful love, O sing to His glo-ry! O
won-der-ful love,

be of good cheer! When love is made per-fect it cast-eth out fear.

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No. 3. VICTORY WITHIN.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. FANNIE L. SIMPSON.

1. Each hour I tread the pilgrim's way, 'Tis vic-to-ry with-in, 'tis vic-to-ry with-
2. Tho' tempt-ed oft and sore-ly tried, 'Tis vic-to-ry with-in, 'tis vic-to-ry with-
3. Tho' tho'ts may in re-bel-lion rise, 'Tis vic-to-ry with-in, 'tis vic-to-ry with-
4. Thro' faith in Him, my liv-ing head, 'Tis vic-to-ry with-in, 'tis vic-to-ry with-
5. I'll shout un-til this life is o'er, 'Tis vic-to-ry with-in, 'tis vic-to-ry with-

in! Since Je-sus washed my sins a-way, 'Tis vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry,
in! I'm trust-ing in the cru-ci-fied, 'Tis vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry,
in! While faith is look-ing toward the prize, 'Tis vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry,
in! So ev-'ry-where that I am led, 'Tis vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry,
in! Un-til I reach the gold-en shore, 'Tis vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry,

Piu animato.

vic-to-ry with-in. Vic-to-ry with-in, vic-to-ry with-in,

O-ver e-vil pas-sions, o-ver in-bred sin, For the Ho-ly Spir-it

gives me ev-'ry day Vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry with-in.

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No. 4. THOSE SABBATH BELLS.

"I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord."—Ps. 122: 1.

REV. J. POLLOCK HUTCHINSON. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Gliding movement.

1. Those Sabbath bells,....sweet Sabbath bells,.... How sweet the in - vi-
2. You hear those bells,.... and far a - way,.... I hear them on .... the

ta - tion swells,..... To join in sa - cred praise and pray'r,....
Sab-bath day,..... You hear them aud - i - bly a - gain,.....

And meet the Lord..... and loved ones there;..... Those Sabbath
I hear them with..... my heart and brain;..... Sweet Sabbath

bells,..... how sweet their chimes,... Re-mind-ing of..... the old - en
bells,..... still sweetly ring,..... And heav'nly thoughts .. and feelings

times;.... We go as we..... have gone of yore,..... But we miss
bring;.... Un - til we know.... as we are known,.... A rapturous

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THOSE SABBATH BELLS. Concluded.

Rit. CHORUS.

fac - es known be - fore..... Ring, Sabbath bells,..... your mu-sic
choir..... be-fore the throne..... Ring, Sabbath bells,

giv'n,..... it is a link..... 'twixt earth and heav'n;..... The heart with
your music giv'n, it is a link 'twixt earth and heav'n, 'twixt earth and heav'n;

Rit.

rich..... e-motion swells, When answ'ring those... sweet Sabbath bells.....
The heart with rich emotion swells, When answ'ring those sweet Sabbath bells, sweet Sabbath bells.

No. 5. THE LORD'S PRAYER.

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

Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heav'n.
and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass a - gainst us.
for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for - ever. A - men.

No. 6. HOW TO BE HAPPY.

JOHN STERLING. Chorus by C. D. T. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. When you hear of good in peo - ple, tell it, tell it (O tell it), When you
2. You must have a work to do, pur-sue, pur - sue it (pur-sue it), If a

hear a tale of e - vil, quell it, quell it (yes, quell it), Let the good-ness
fail - ure try a-gain, re - new, re - new it (re - new it), Fail-ure spurs us

have the light, Put the e - vil out of sight, Make the world we live in bright and
to success, Failures come, but come to bless, Fitting us for righteousness while

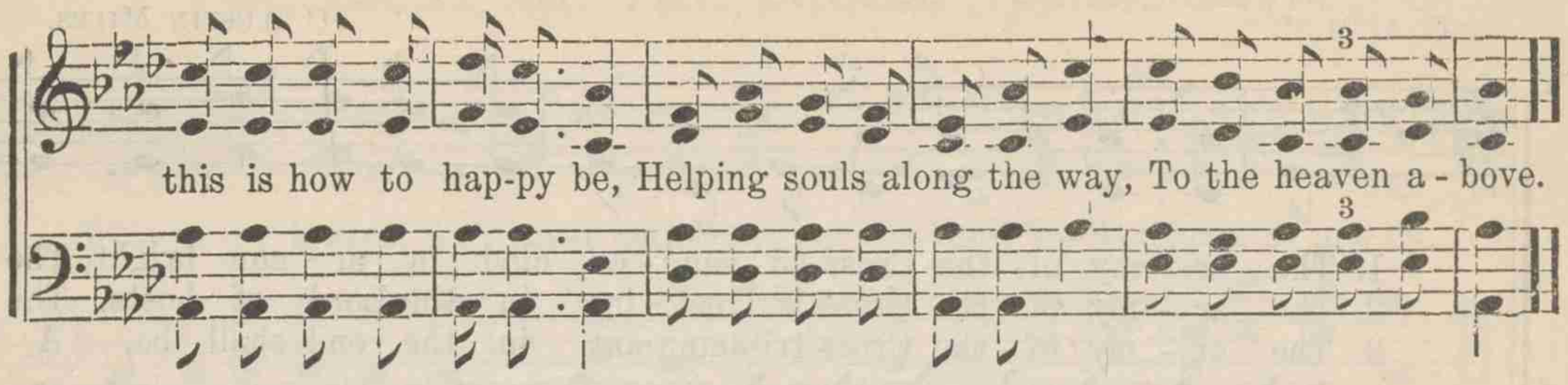
CHORUS.

happy, Like the heaven above. This is how to happy be, this is how to happy be,
waiting For the heaven above.

Spreading sunlight day by day, Beautiful light of love; This is how to happy be,

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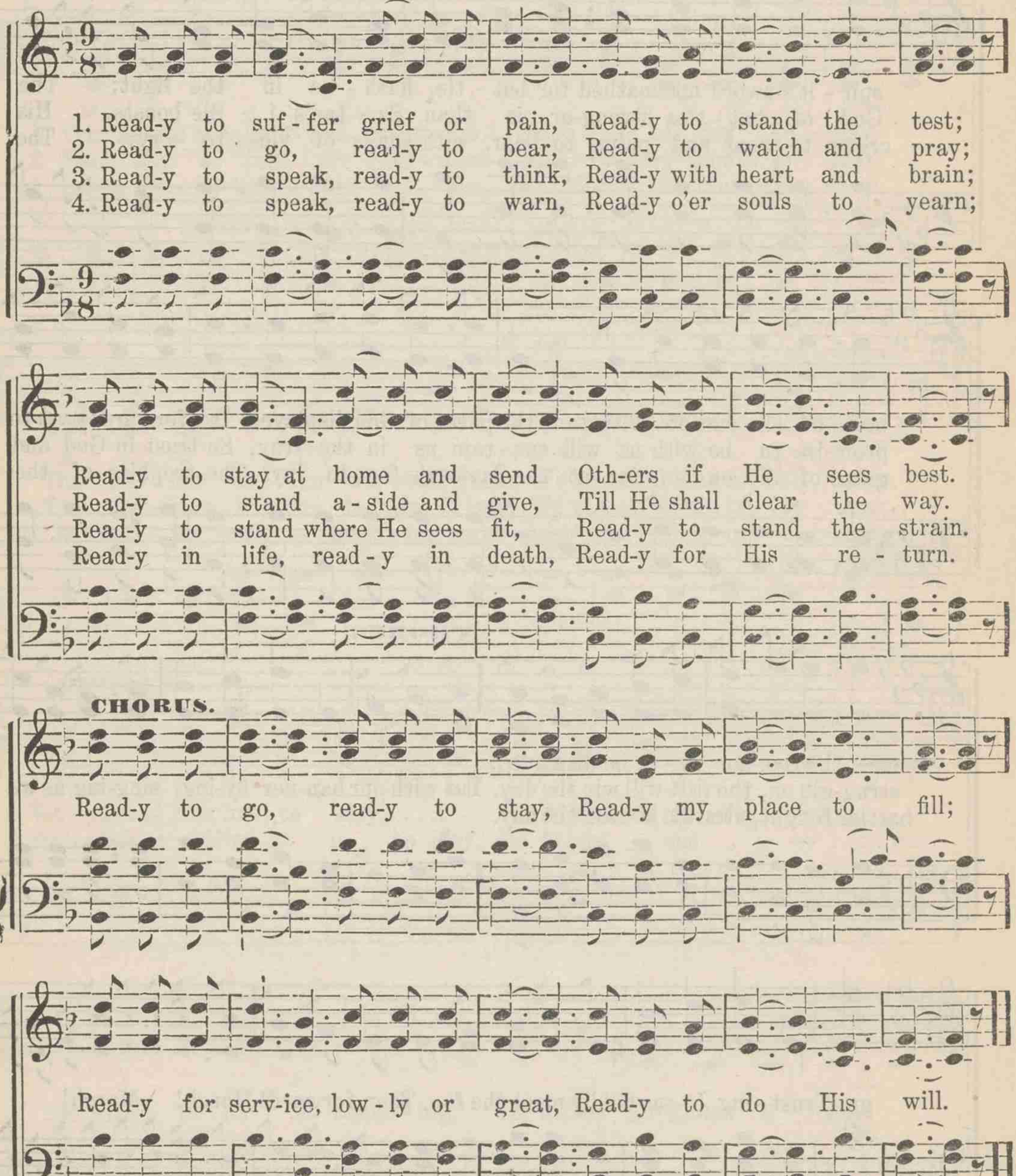
HOW TO BE HAPPY. Concluded.



No. 7. READY.

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

S. E. L. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



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No. 8. THE ARMY OF THE CROSS.

C. A. M. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. The ar - my of the Cross ad - vanc - es clad in ar - mor bright, The spir - it's sword unsheathed for bat - tle, flash - es in the light; The hosts of sin can not withstand the pow'r of God displayed, Then forward! march to meet the foe, nor ev - er be dismayed.
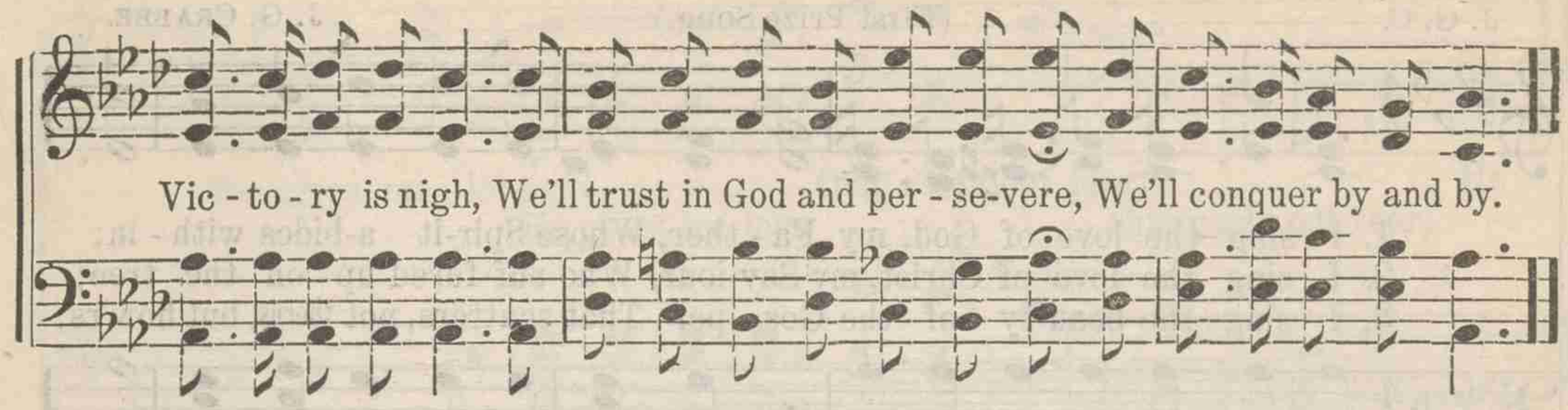
2. The ar - my of the Cross is trust - ing in the Lord of hosts, The God of bat - tles strong-er is than Sa - tan's i - dle boasts, His prom-ise to be with us will sus - tain us in the fray, So trust in God and strug-gle on, the right will win the day. Then with our ban-ner fly-ing, sing-ing as we go, Trust - ing Je-sus boldly meet the foe, Then forward! March! March!

3. The ar - my of the Cross tri-umph-ant in the end shall be, A crown to wear and palms to bear, with songs of vic - to - ry; The gates of Zi - on en - ter at the Saviour's feet to lay, The trophies of the battles fought, when right has won the day.

CHORUS.

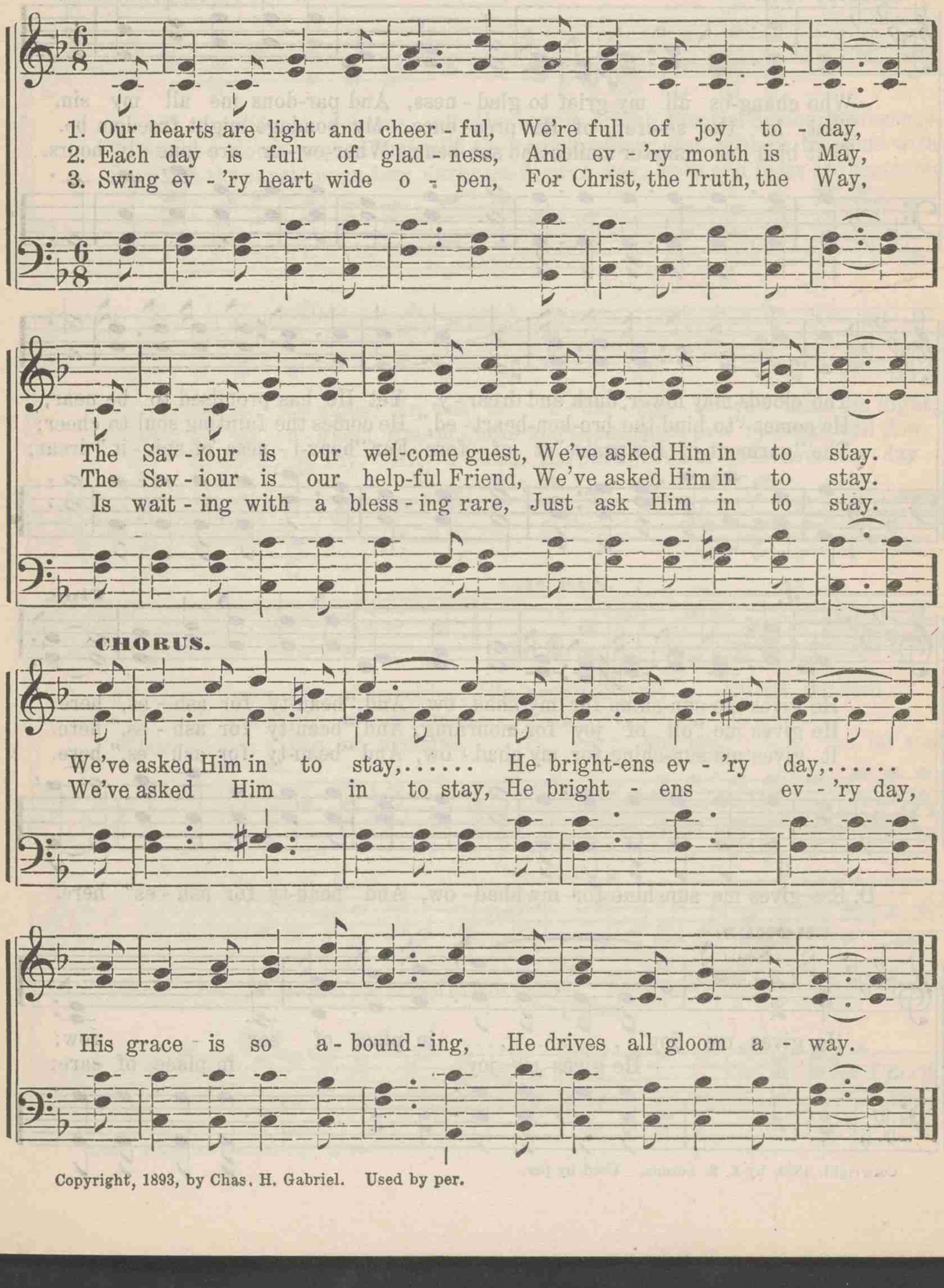
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THE ARMY OF THE CROSS. Concluded.



No. 9. JUST ASK HIM IN TO STAY.

SILAS F'ARMER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



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No. 10. BEAUTY FOR ASHES.

J. G. C. (First Prize Song.) J. G. CRABBE.

1. I sing the love of God, my Fa - ther, Whose Spir-it a-bides with - in;
2. I sing the love of Christ, my Sav-iour, Who suf-fered up - on the tree;
3. I sing the beau-ty of the Gos - pel That scatters, not thorns, but flow'rs;

Who chang-es all my grief to glad - ness, And par-dons me all my sin.
That, in the se-cret of His pres - ence, My bondage might freedom be.
That bids me scat-ter smiles and sun-beams Wher-ev - er are lone - ly hours.

Tho' clouds may lower, dark and drear - y, Yet He has promised to be near;
He comes "to bind the bro-ken-heart - ed," He comes the fainting soul to cheer;
The "garment of His praise" it of - fers For "heav-i - ness of spir - it," drear;

He gives me sun-shine for my shad - ow, And "beau-ty for ash - es," here.
He gives me "oil of joy" for mourning, And "beau-ty for ash - es," here.
It gives me sun-shine for my shad - ow, And "beau-ty for ash - es," here.
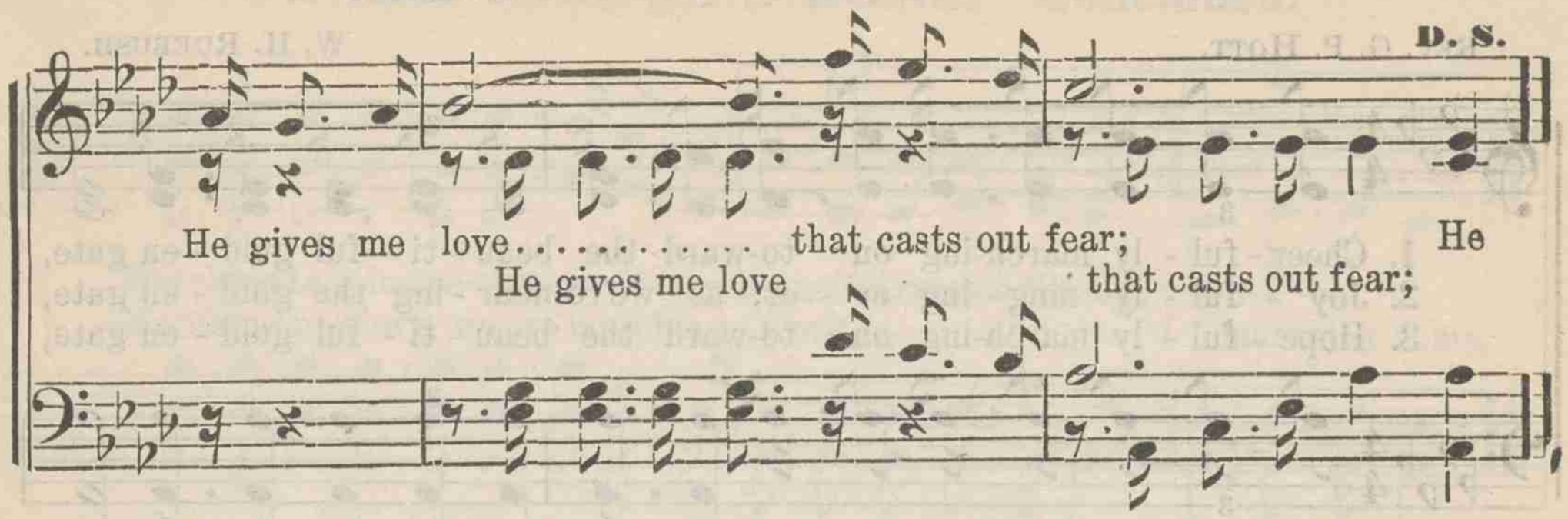
D. S.—gives me sunshine for my shad - ow, And "beau-ty for ash - es" here.

CHORUS.

He gives me joy..... in place of sor - - - row;
He gives me joy in place of care;

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BEAUTY FOR ASHES. Concluded.



No. 11. LIVE A LIFE OF SUNSHINE.

J. HARRY CROSSLEY. A. T. GOODSELL.

From "Songs for the Master," by per.

No. 12. WE ARE MARCHING HOME.

REV. G. P. HOTT. W. H. RUEBUSH.

1. Cheer - ful - ly march-ing on to-ward the beau - ti - ful gold - en gate,
2. Joy - ful - ly sing - ing ev - er, as we're near - ing the gold - en gate,
3. Hope - ful - ly march-ing on to-ward the beau - ti - ful gold - en gate,

Cheer-ful - ly on, cheer-ful - ly on; cheer-ful - ly march-ing on; yes,
Joy - ful - ly sing, joy - ful - ly sing, joy - ful - ly ev - er sing; yes,
Hope- ful - ly on, hope - ful - ly on; hope-ful - ly march-ing on; yes,

Cheer-ful - ly march-ing on to-ward the beau - ti - ful gold - en gate,
Joy - ful - ly sing - ing ev - er, as we're near - ing the gold - en gate,
Hope- ful - ly march-ing on to-ward the beau - ti - ful gold - en gate,
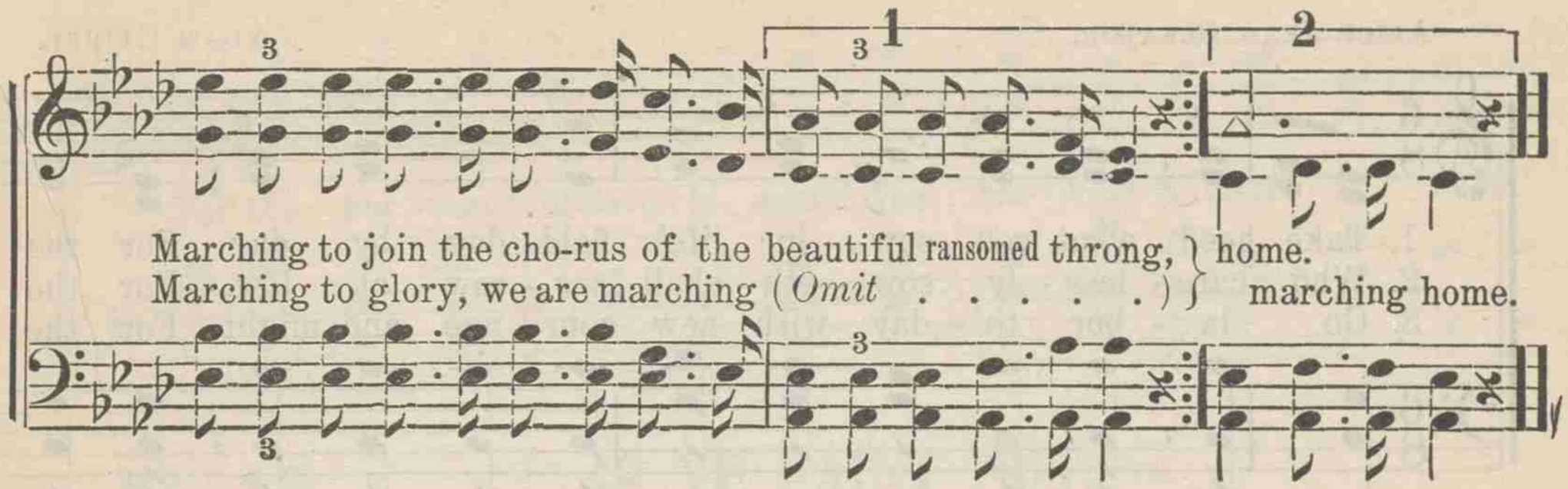
Cheer-ful - ly on, chant-ing our song, cheer-ful - ly march-ing on.
Joy - ful - ly sing, praise to our King, joy - ful - ly ev - er sing.
Joy - ful - ly on, hope - ful - ly on, cheer-ful - ly march-ing on.

CHORUS.

Stead - i - ly march - ing on, ev - er His praise pro - long,
Joy - ful - ly march - ing on, lift - ing our hearts in song,
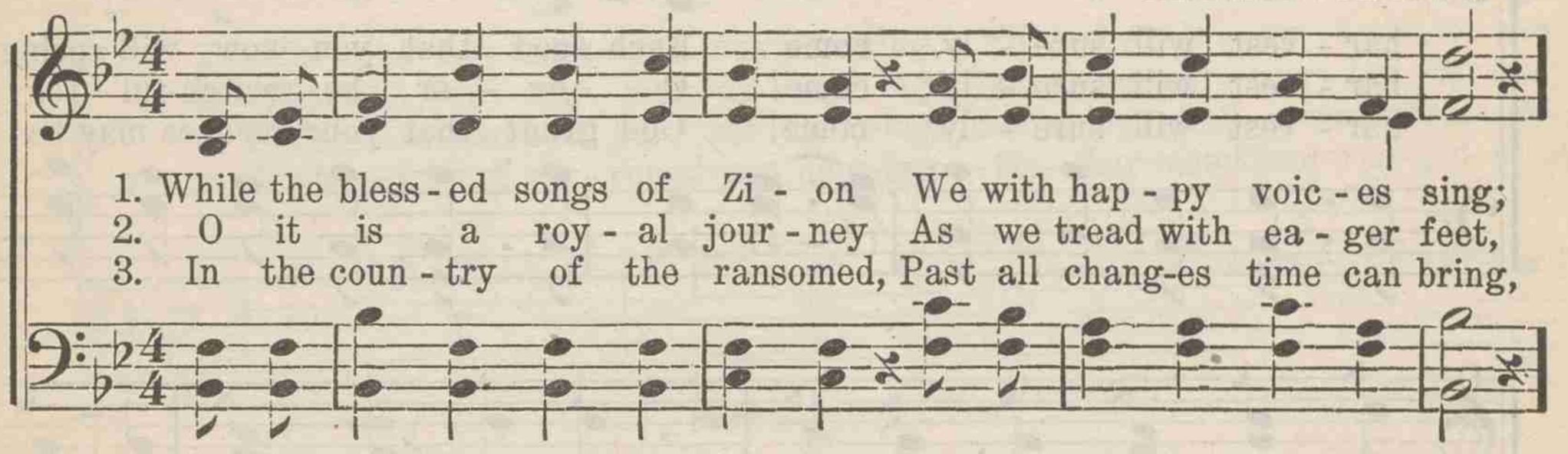
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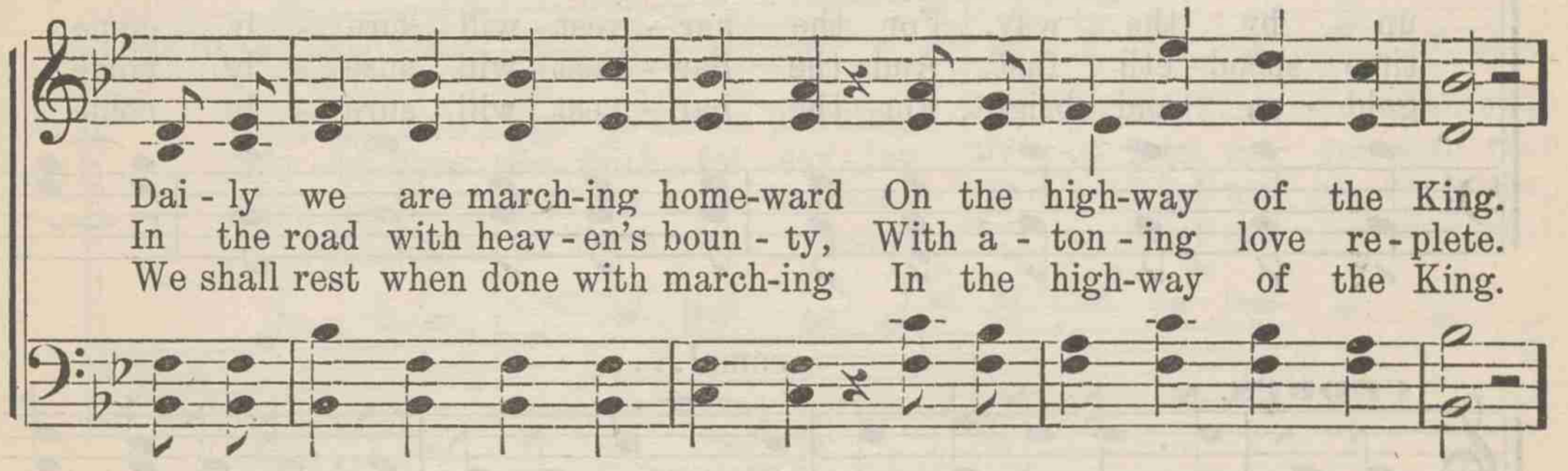
WE ARE MARCHING HOME. Concluded.

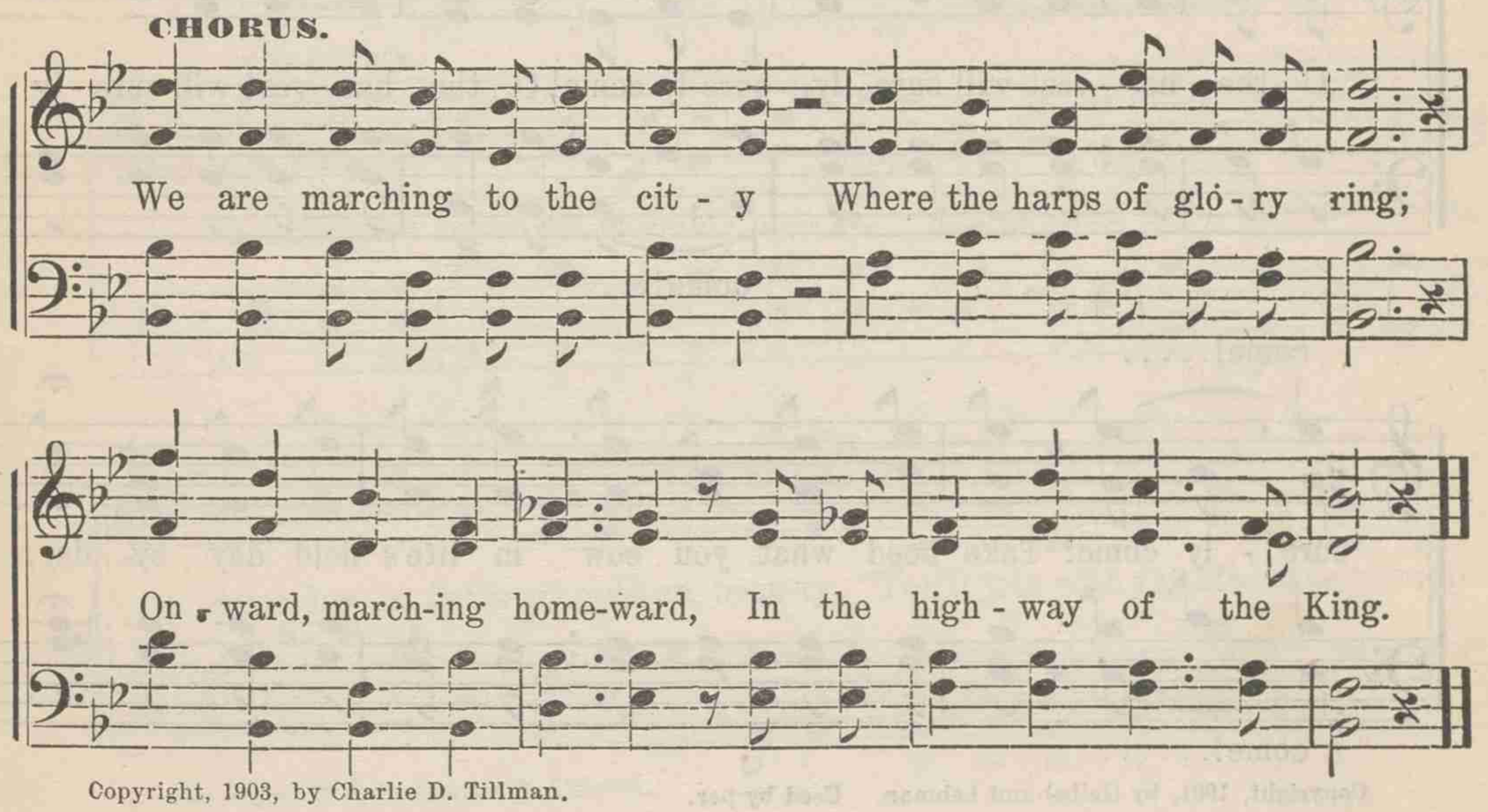


No. 13. IN THE HIGHWAY.

JENNIE WILSON. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.







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No. 14. THE HARVEST WILL SURELY COME.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Take heed what you sow in life's field day by day For the
2. Who care - less - ly sow - eth shall sor - row at last, For the
3. Go la - bor to - day with new cour - age and might, For the

har - vest will sure - ly come. Each seed that you sow will spring
har - vest will sure - ly come! O ev - er be watch-ful for
har - vest will sure - ly come! God grant that your sheaves may be

up by the way, For the har - vest will sure - ly come.
time speed - eth fast, And the har - vest will sure - ly come.
gold - en and bright, For the har - vest will sure - ly come.

come!....

CHORUS.

O the har - vest will sure - ly, sure-ly come! O the har - vest will sure - ly

come!....
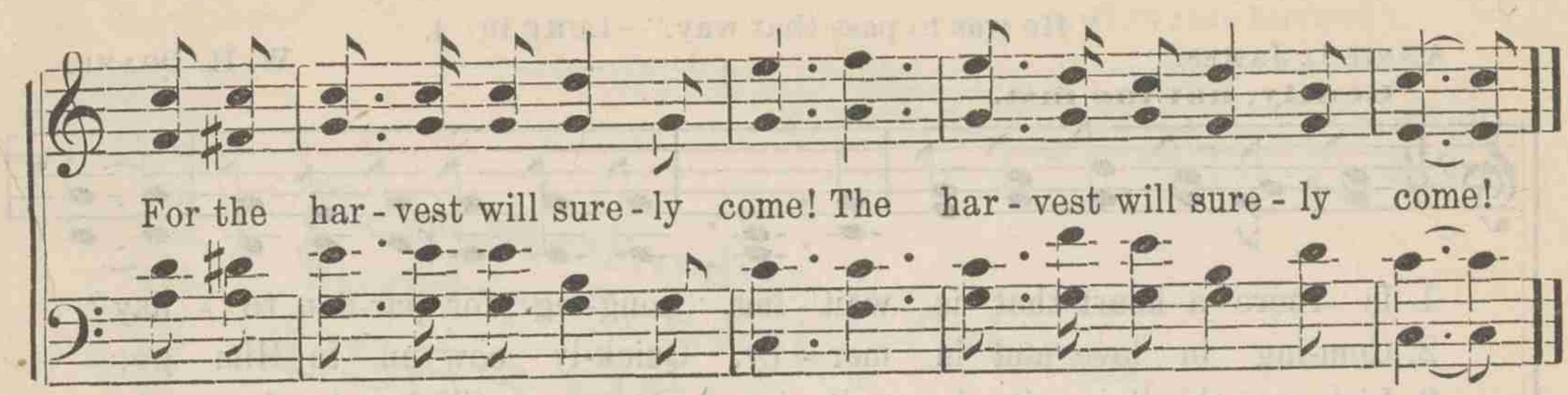
come!.....

sure - ly come! Take heed what you sow in life's field day by day,

come!.....

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THE HARVEST WILL SURELY COME. Concluded.
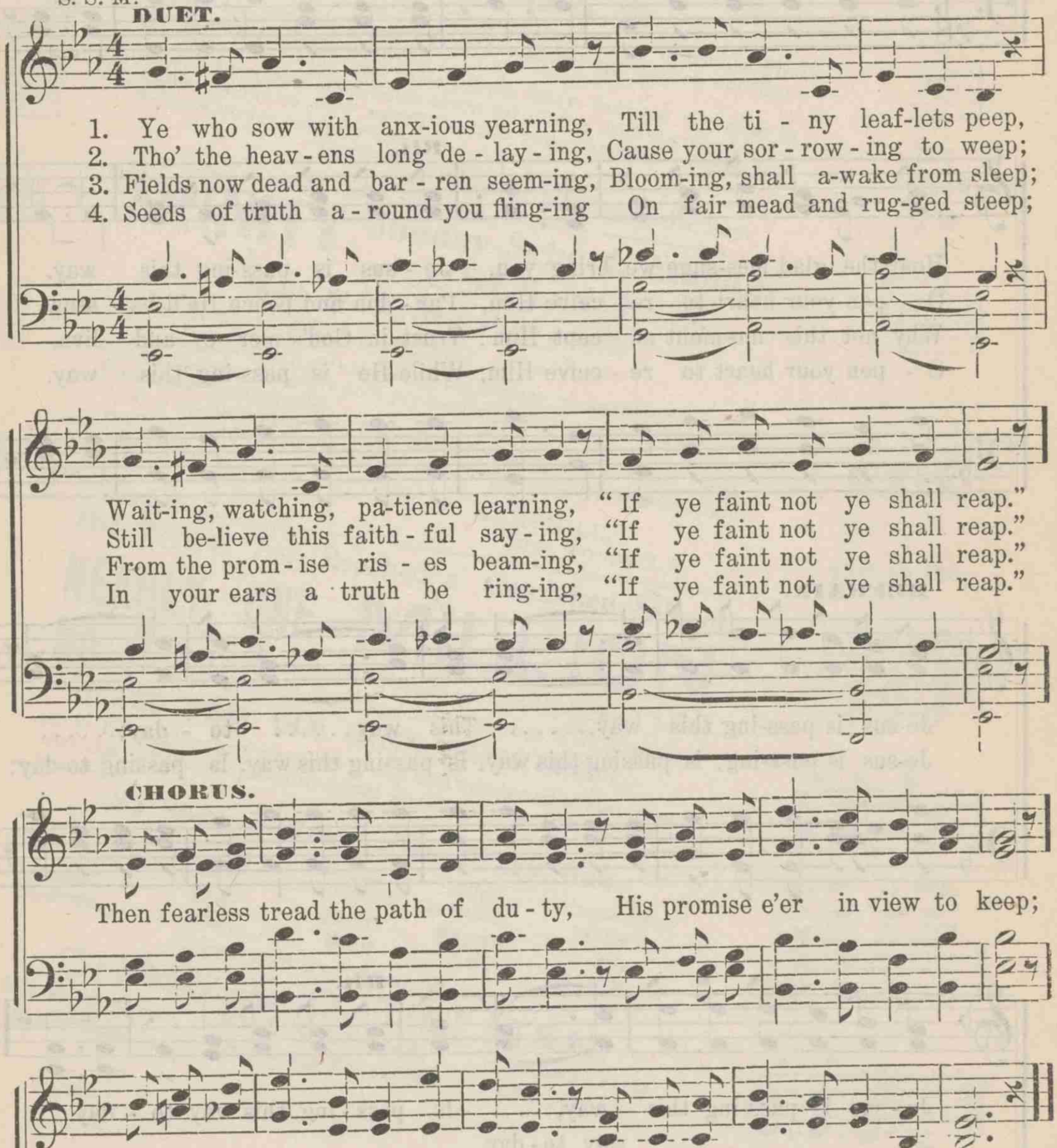


No. 15. IF YE FAINT NOT.

RAN. C. STORY. Chorus by C. D. T.

S. S. M.

DUET.



CHORUS.

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First Methodist Sunday-School, Atlanta,

USES REVIVAL No. 3.

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Mr. Charlie D. Tillman, Atlanta, Ga.

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Yours very truly,

W. H. PATTERSON, Supt.

TRINITY Sunday-School, Atlanta, USES NO. 3.

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W. A. HEMPHILL,
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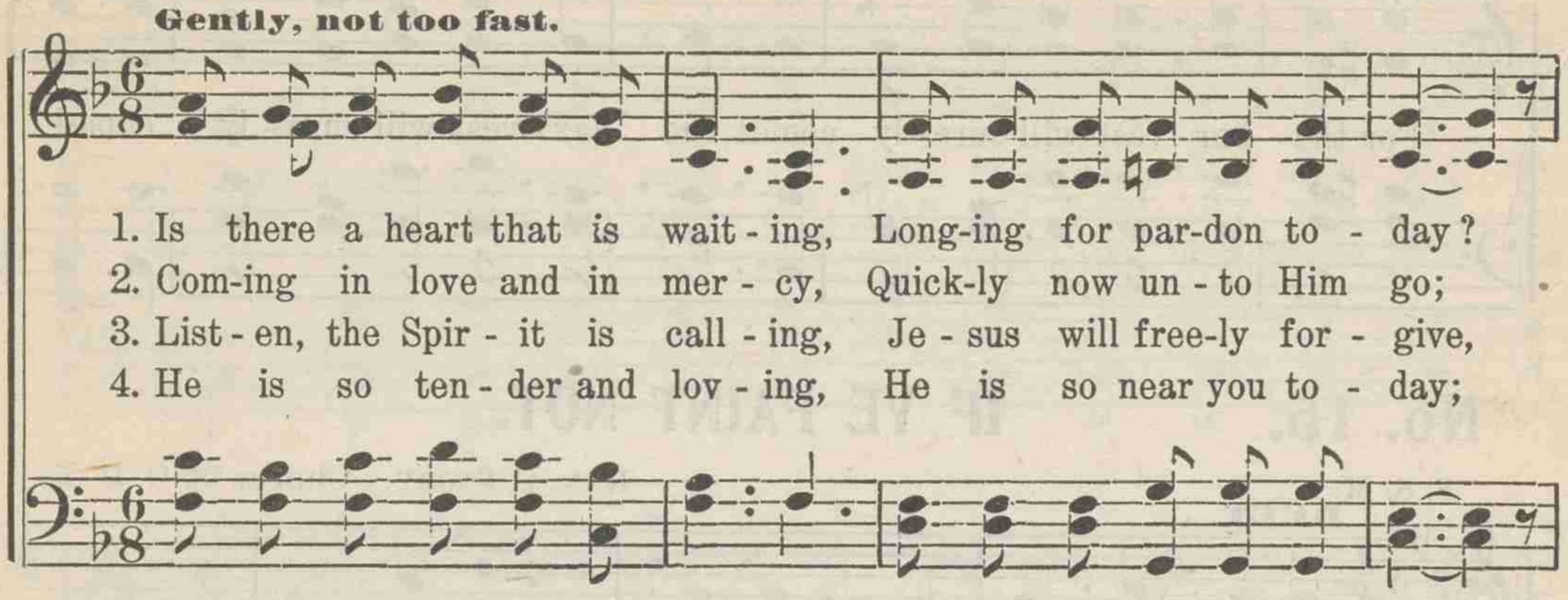
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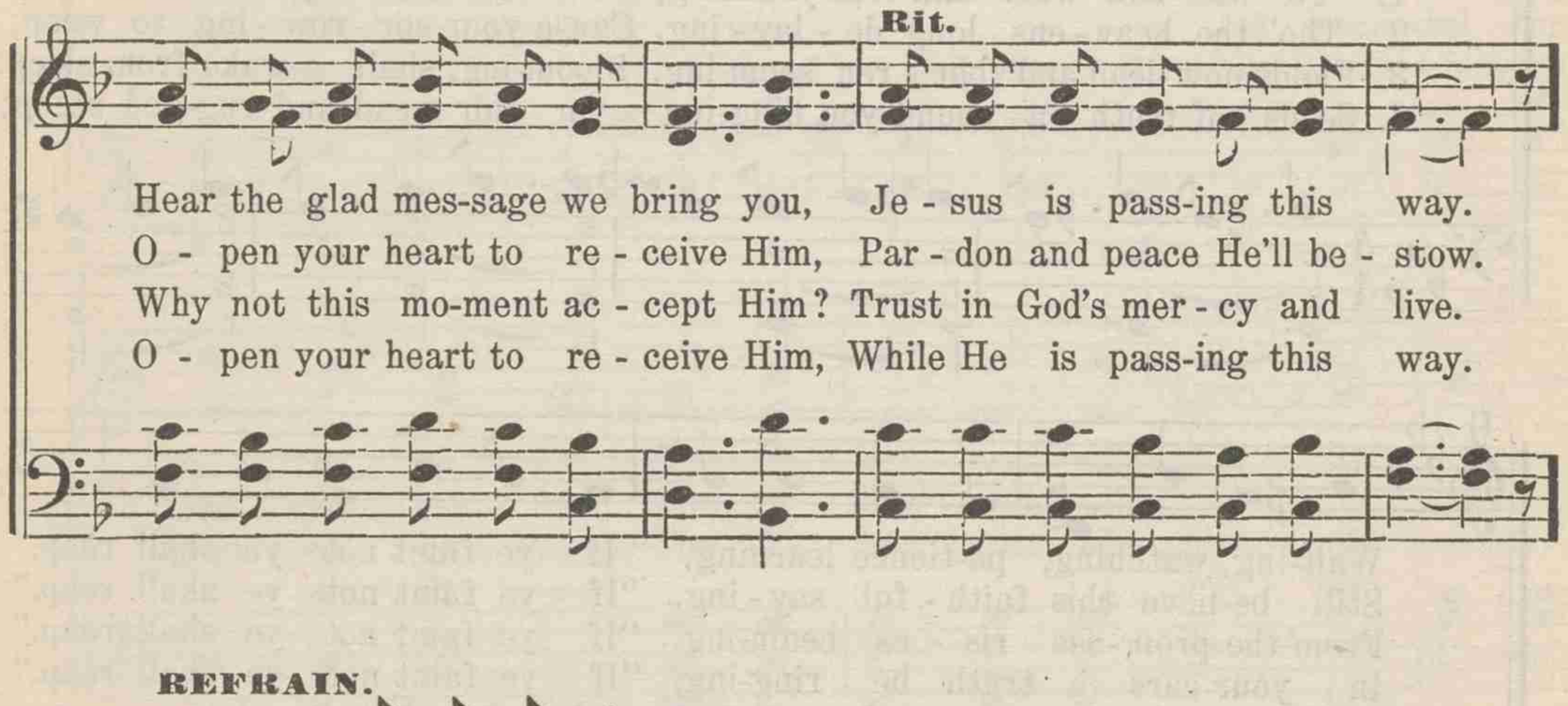
No. 16. JESUS IS PASSING THIS WAY.

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

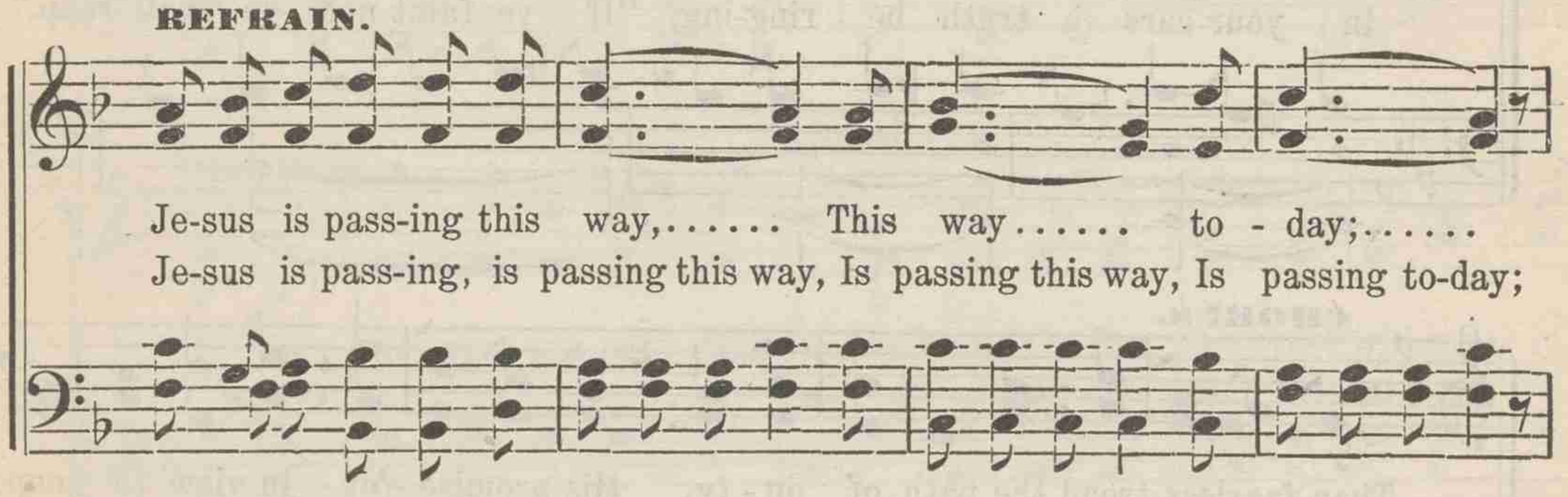
ANNIE L. JAMES. W. H. DOANE.

Gently, not too fast.





REFRAIN.



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No. 17. KEEP ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE.

ADA BLENKHORN. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. There's a dark and a troub-led side of life, There's a bright and a sun-ny side, too; Tho' we meet with the dark-ness and strife, The sun-ny side we al-so may view.
2. Tho' the storm in its fu-ry break to-day, Crush-ing hopes that we cherished so dear; Storm and cloud will in time pass a-way, The sun again will shine bright and clear. Keep on the sunny side, Always on the sun-ny side, Keep on the sun-ny side of life; It will help us ev-'ry day, It will brighten all the way, If we keep on the sun-ny side of life.
3. Let us greet with a song of hope each day, Tho' the mo-ments be cloud-y or fair; Let us trust in our Sav-iour al-way, Who keep-eth ev-'ry one in His care.

CHORUS.

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No. 18. FIRST TO GREET US THERE.

S. A. LOWE. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. When we reach that roy - al cit - y, in that land of fadeless day, When we
2. When in - side that glorious cit - y, in that land of fadeless day, We will
3. When the heav'nly choir as-sem-bles, at the throne they'll gather round, Heav'n with

pass in - side the por-tal where the righteous live for aye, We shall meet our blessed
view with ho - ly rapture all of those in bright ar-ray; But among the saints and
prais-es will be ring-ing, hal - le - lu-jahs will re-sound; But the theme of all the

loved ones in that land so bless-ed fair, But the Sav-iour in His beau - ty will be
an-gels there is none so bright and fair As the Sav-iour in His beau - ty, who'll be
mu - sic in which all shall join and share, Will be Je - sus in His beau - ty, who was
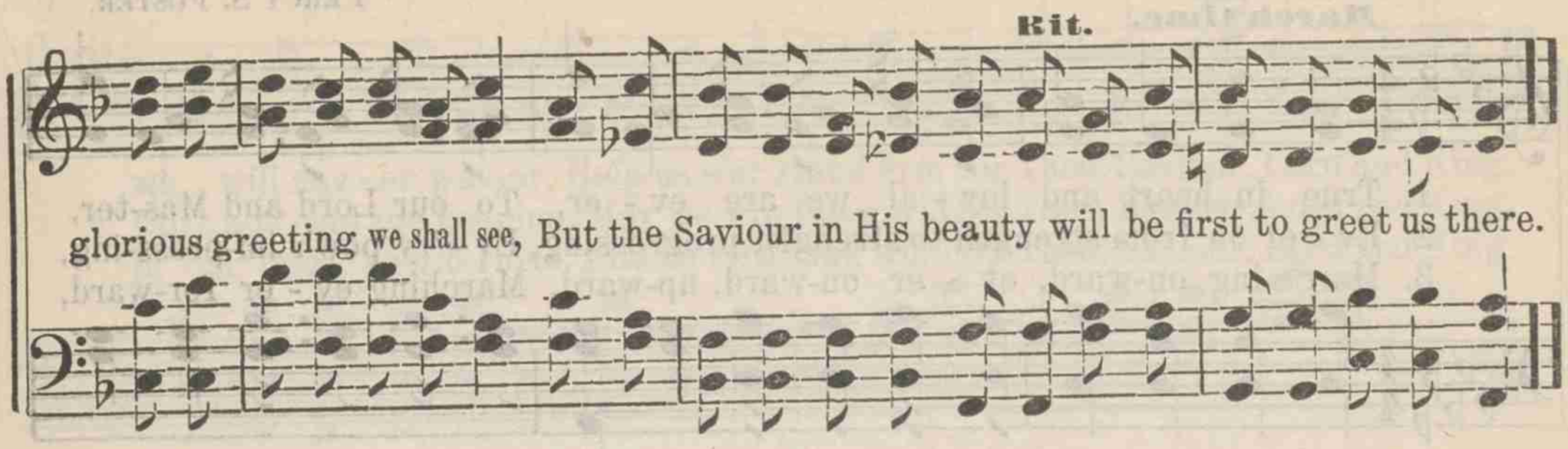
CHORUS.

first to greet us there. Happy meeting that will be, glorious greet-ing we shall see,

When we pass in - to that cit-y, in that cit-y bright and fair; Happy meeting that will be,

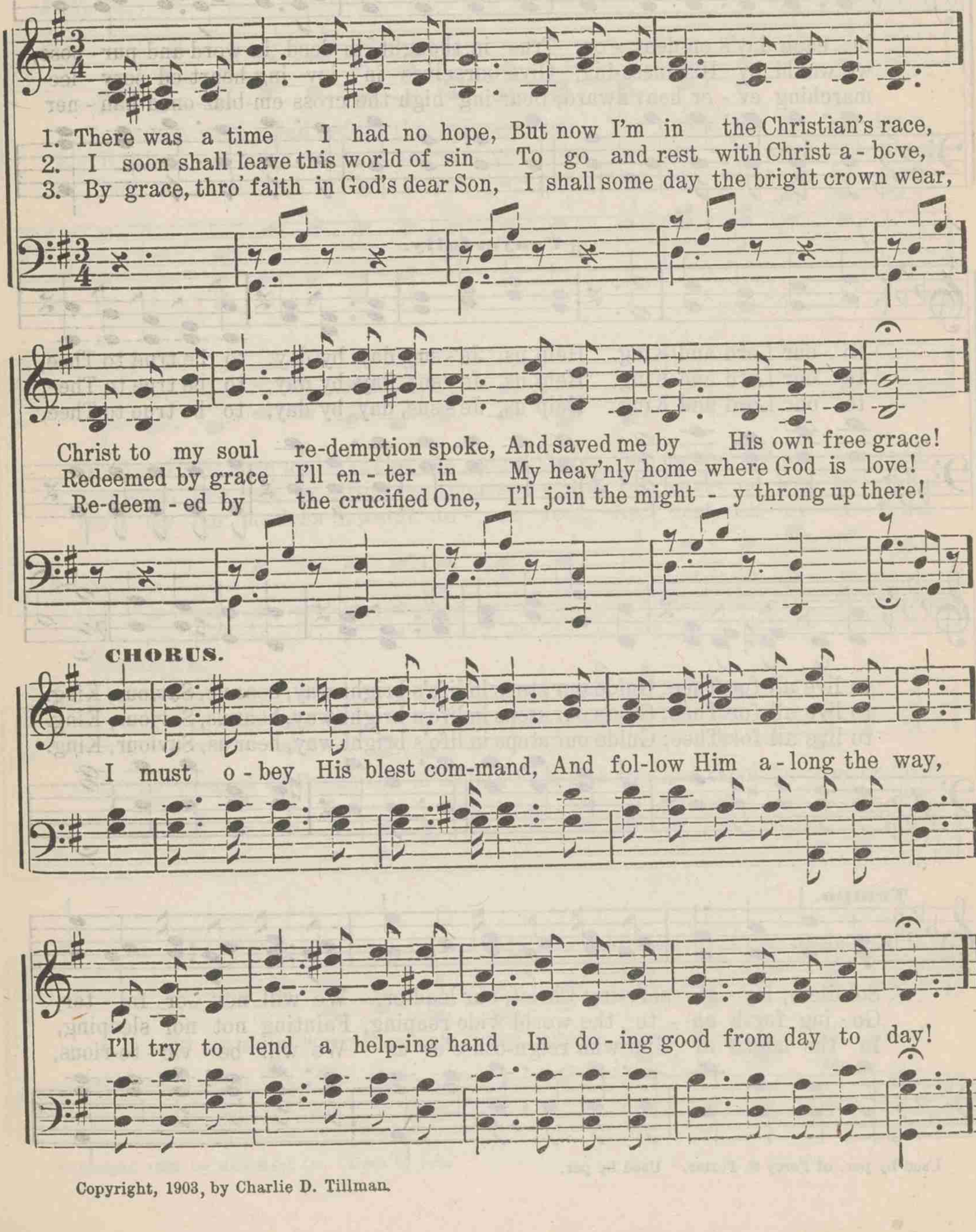
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FIRST TO GREET US THERE. Concluded.



No. 19. I MUST OBEY!

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



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No. 20. LOYAL SOLDIERS.

JOHN D. MORGAN. PERCY S. FOSTER.

March time.

1. True in heart and loy - al we are ev - er, To our Lord and Mas-ter,
2. Ev - er on from strength to strength progressing, Ev - 'ry pow'r im-press-ing,
3. March-ing on-ward, ev - er on-ward, up-ward, Marching ev - er for-ward,

in each day's en-deav - or; True in thought, in deed, in word and pur - pose,
we would by His bless-ing, Give ourselves in lov - ing-heart-ed serv - ice
marching ev - er heav'nward, Bear-ing high the cross em-blaz-oned ban - ner

p **Prayerfully.**

to our Lord and King. Help us, Je - sus, day by day, to be true to Thee,
to our Lord and King. Help us, Je - sus, day by day, to be true to Thee,
to our Lord and King. Help us, Je - sus, day by day, to be true to Thee,

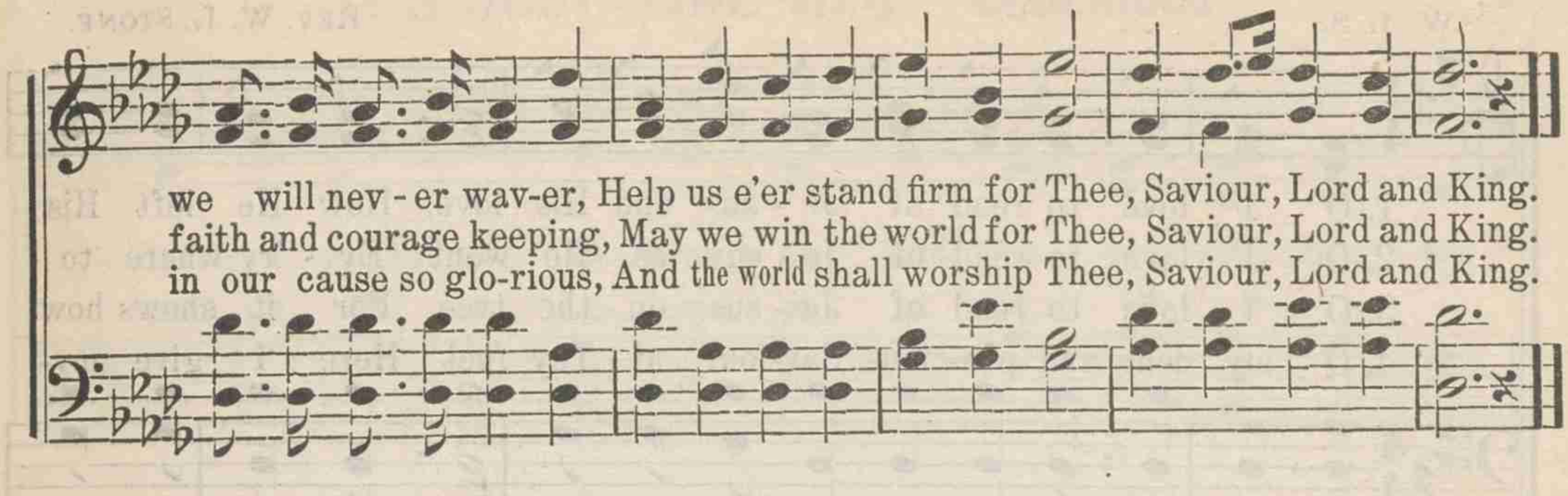
to live all for Thee; Guide our steps in life's bright way, hear us, Saviour, King.
to live all for Thee; Guide our steps in life's bright way, hear us, Saviour, King.
to live all for Thee; Guide our steps in life's bright way, hear us, Saviour, King.

Tempo.

Sol-diers, loy - al, serv-ing Christ, our lead-er, We will nev - er fal - ter,
Go - ing forth un - to the world-wide reaping, Fainting not nor sleeping,
In the might of Him who reign-eth o'er us We will be vic - to-rious,

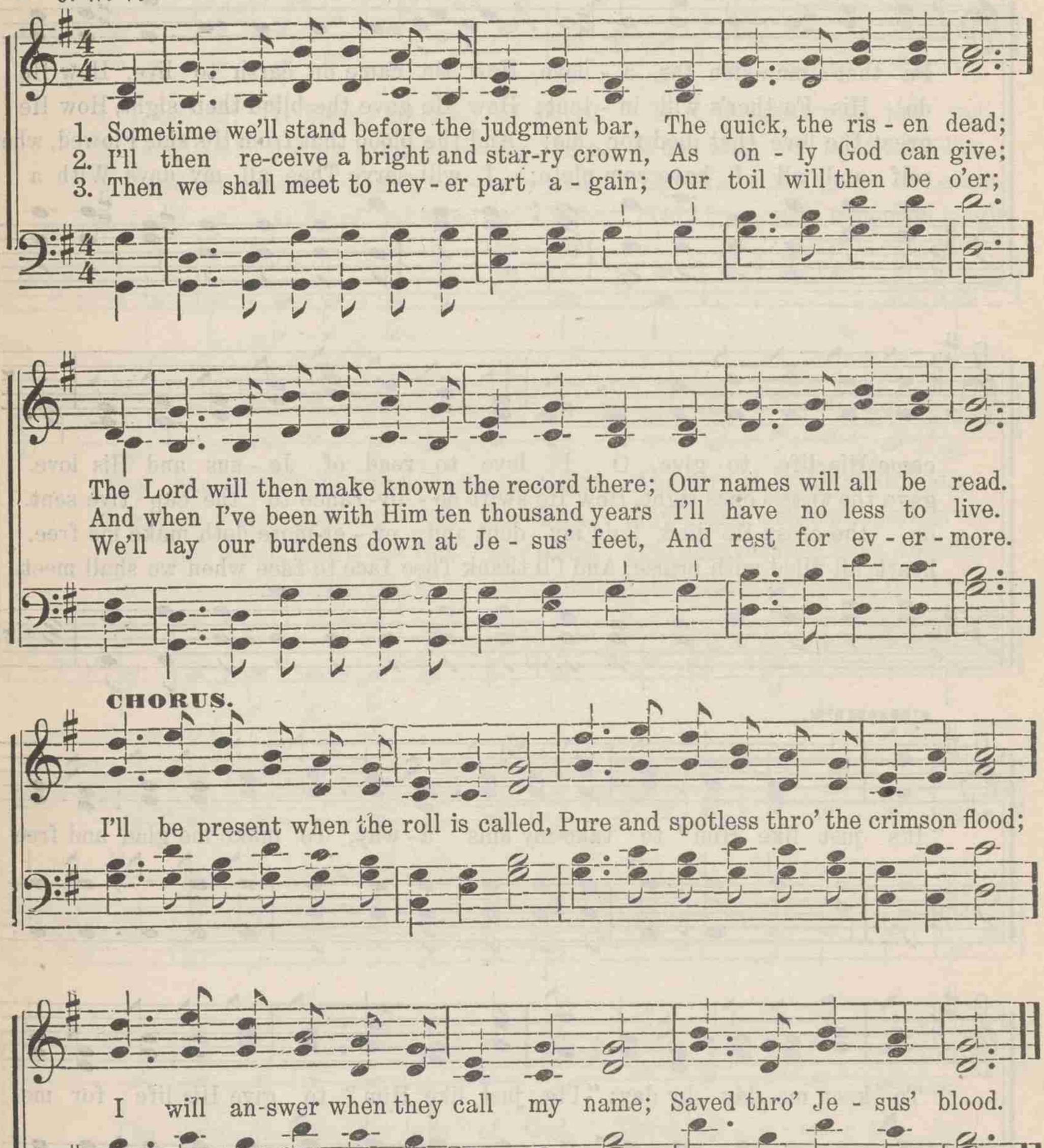
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LOYAL SOLDIERS. Concluded.



No. 21. SAVED THROUGH JESUS' BLOOD.

J. W. V. J. W. VanDeVenter.



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No. 22. IT'S JUST LIKE HIM.

W. L. S. REV. W. L. STONE.

1. O I love to read of Je - sus and His love, How He left His
2. O I love to read of Je - sus as He went Ev - 'ry-where to
3. O I love to read of Je - sus on the tree, For it shows how
4. O my dear and pre-cious Sav-iour, at Thy feet Here I give my-

Fa - ther's man-sion far a - bove, How He came on earth to live, How He
do His Fa-ther's will in - tent; How He gave the blind their sight, How He
great the love that died for me; And the blood that from His side Flowed, when
self and all I have com-plete; I will serve Thee all my days With a

came His life to give, O I love to read of Je - sus and His love.
gave the wronged ones right, How He swift de - liv-'rance to the cap - tive sent.
on the cross He died, Paid my debt and ev - er-more doth make me free.
heart all filled with praise, And I'll thank Thee face to face when we shall meet.
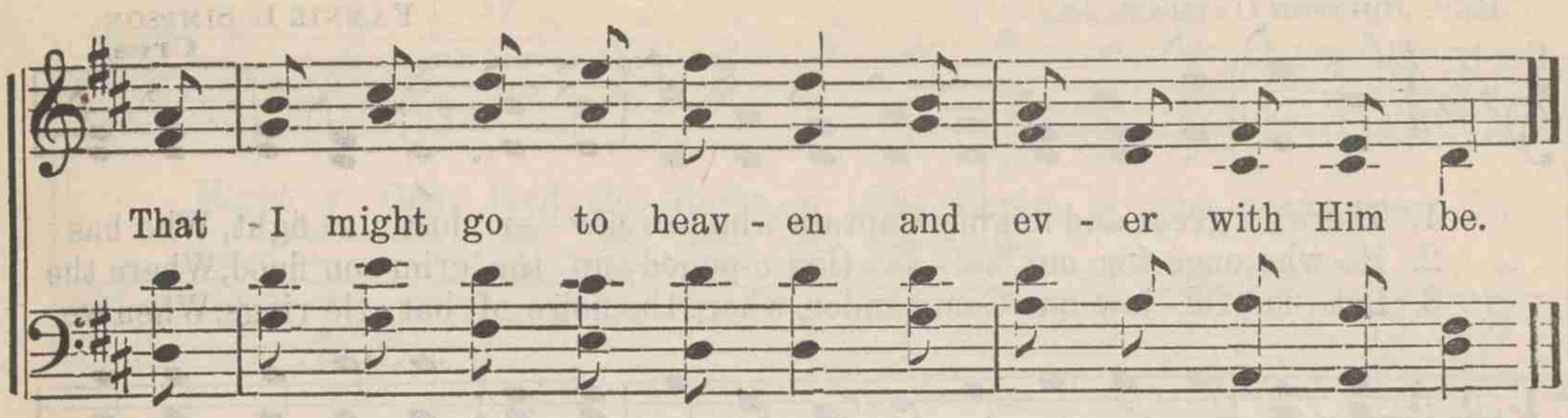
CHORUS.

"It's just like Him" to take my sins a - way, To make me glad and free,

To keep me day by day; "I'ts just like Him" to give His life for me
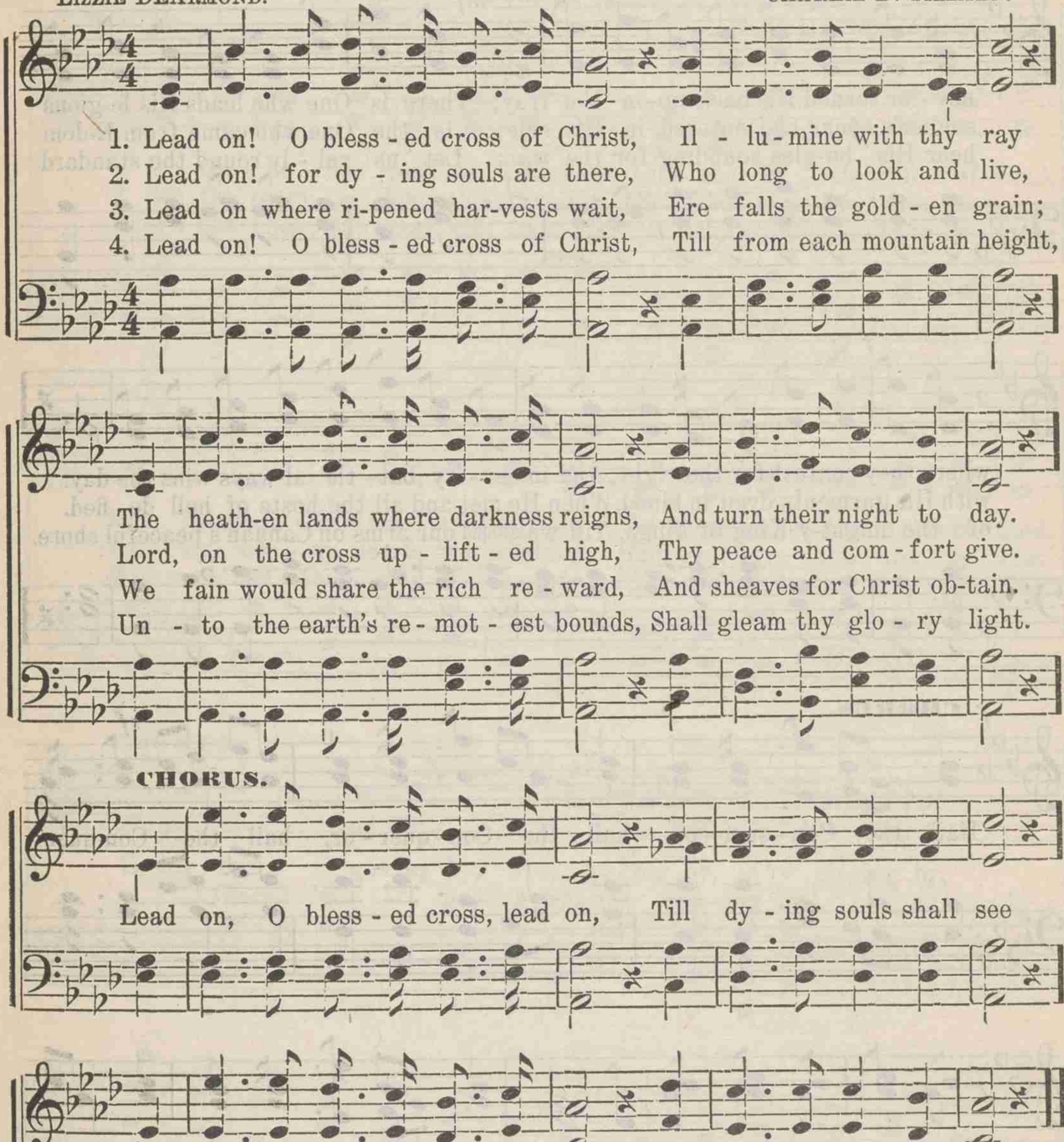
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IT'S JUST LIKE HIM. Concluded.



No. 23. LEAD ON, O CROSS.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



Copyright, 1903, by Charlie D. Tillman.

No. 24. HAIL! THE CONQUEROR.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. FANNIE L. SIMPSON.

mf **Cres.**

1. There's a great and mighty Captain who has nev - er lost a fight, Who has
2. He who once for our sal - va - tion o-pened up the crim-son flood, Where the
3. Let us fol - low our Commander, where the noise of bat - tle rings, When we

ten. *mf*

nev - er turned His back up-on the fray; There is One who leads His le-gions
soldier's spear had entered in His side; Is the One who came from E-dom
hear His bu-gles sounding for the war; Let us ral - ly round the standard

f

where they contest for the right, And in ev - 'ry bat - tle al-ways wins the day.
with His garments dyed in blood, When He met and all the hosts of hell de - fied.
of the might-y King of kings, Till we ground our arms on Canaan's peaceful shore.
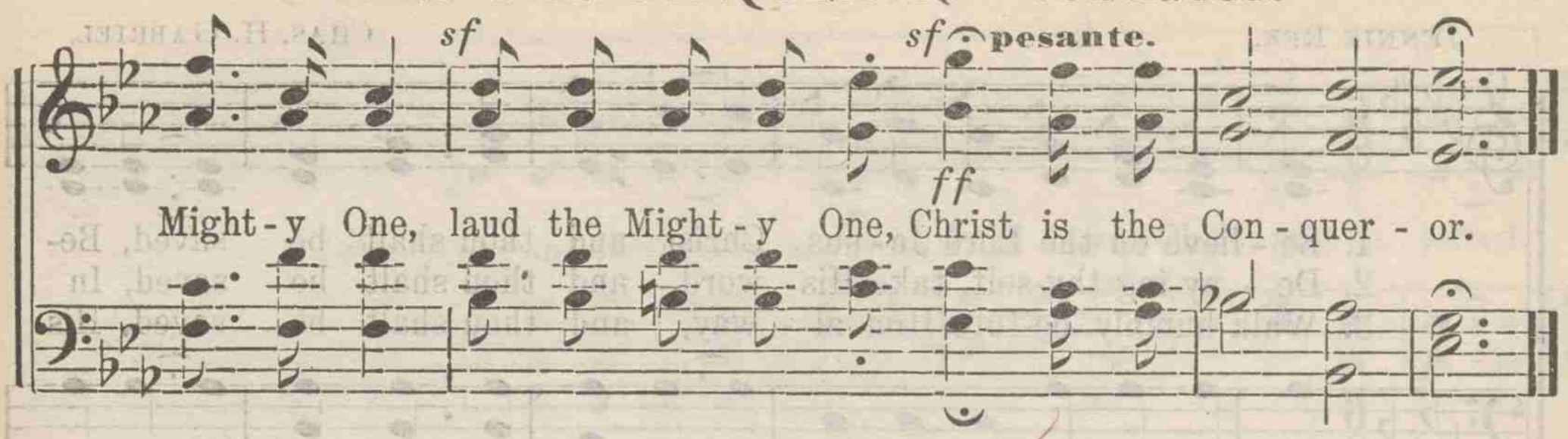
f **CHORUS.** *sf*

Hail the Con - quer - or, hail the Con - quer - or, hail the Con-quer-

or, the Vic - tor in the war, Laud the Might - y One, laud the

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HAIL! THE CONQUEROR. Concluded.

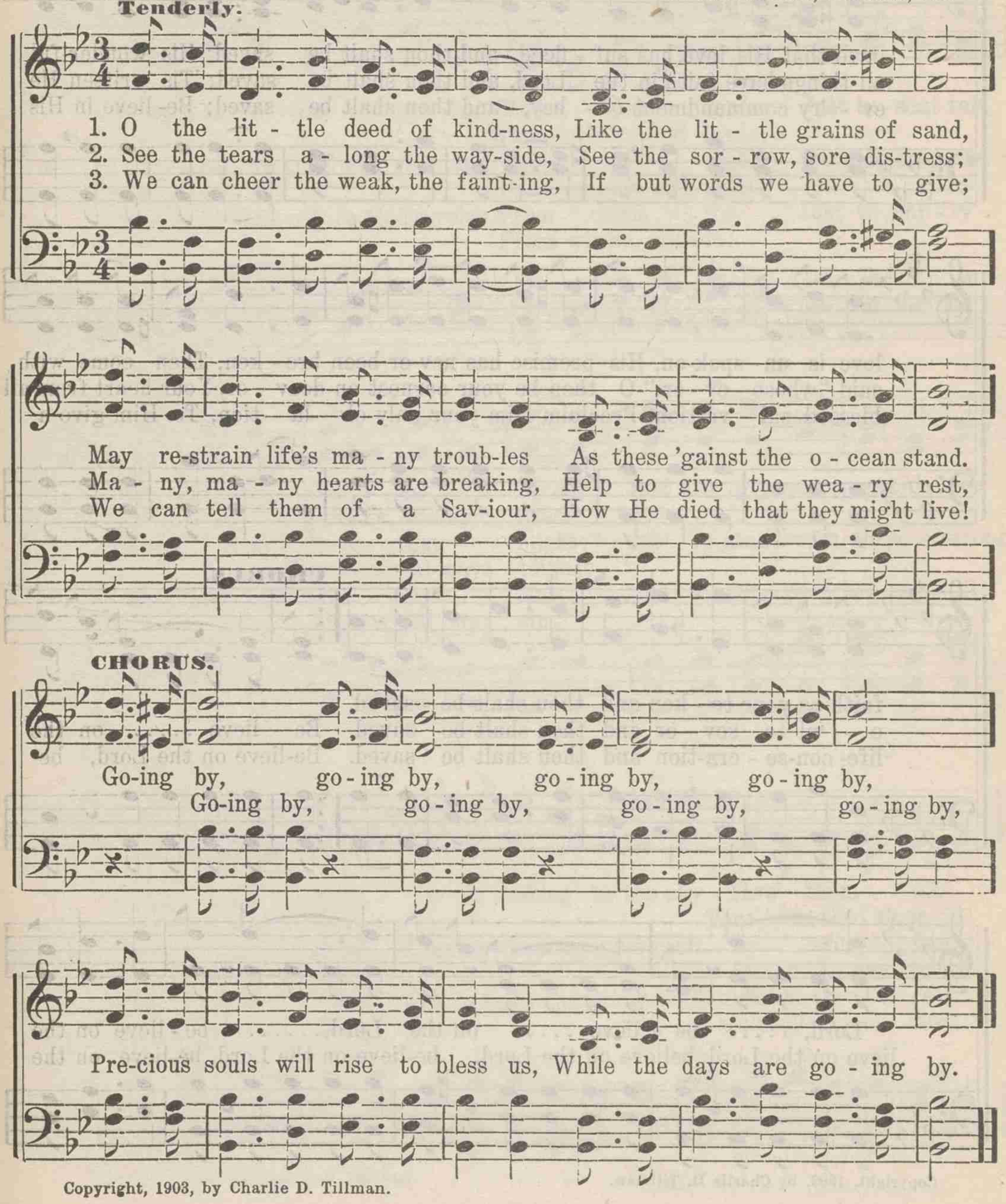


No. 25. O THE GOOD WE ALL MAY DO.

Dedicated to my friend, Charlie D. Tillman.

W. C. H.

W. C. HAFLEY, Atlanta, Ga.



Copyright, 1903, by Charlie D. Tillman.

No. 26. BELIEVE ON THE LORD.

JENNIE REE. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Be - lieve on the Lord Je - sus Christ and thou shalt be saved, Be-
2. De - ny-ing thy-self, take His word, and thou shalt be saved, In
3. Walk humbly be-fore Him al - way, and thou shalt be saved, His

lieve that His love has suf - ficed, and thou shalt be saved; His wonder-ful
all things have faith in the Lord, and thou shalt be saved; 'Tis written He
ev - 'ry commandment o - bey, and thou shalt be saved; Be- lieve in His

love is un - spok-en, His promise has nev-er been bro - ken, Then come with
said "whoso - ev - er;" O then be your earnest en-deav - or, Your heart from all
blessed sal - va-tion, Proclaim Him your only ob - la - tion, To Him give a
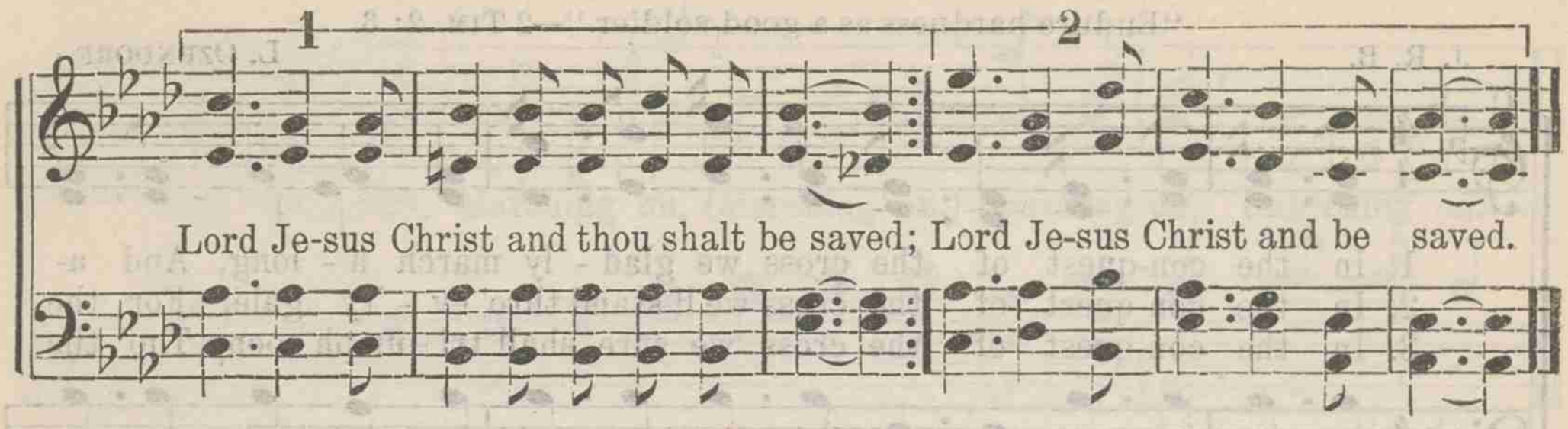
CHORUS.

faith as your to - ken and thou shalt be saved.
e - vil to sev - er and thou shalt be saved. Be - lieve..... on the
life- con-se - cra-tion and thou shalt be saved. Be-lieve on the Lord, be-

Lord, ... be - lieve..... on the Lord,..... be - lieve on the
lieve on the Lord, believe on the Lord, be-lieve on the Lord, be-lieve on the

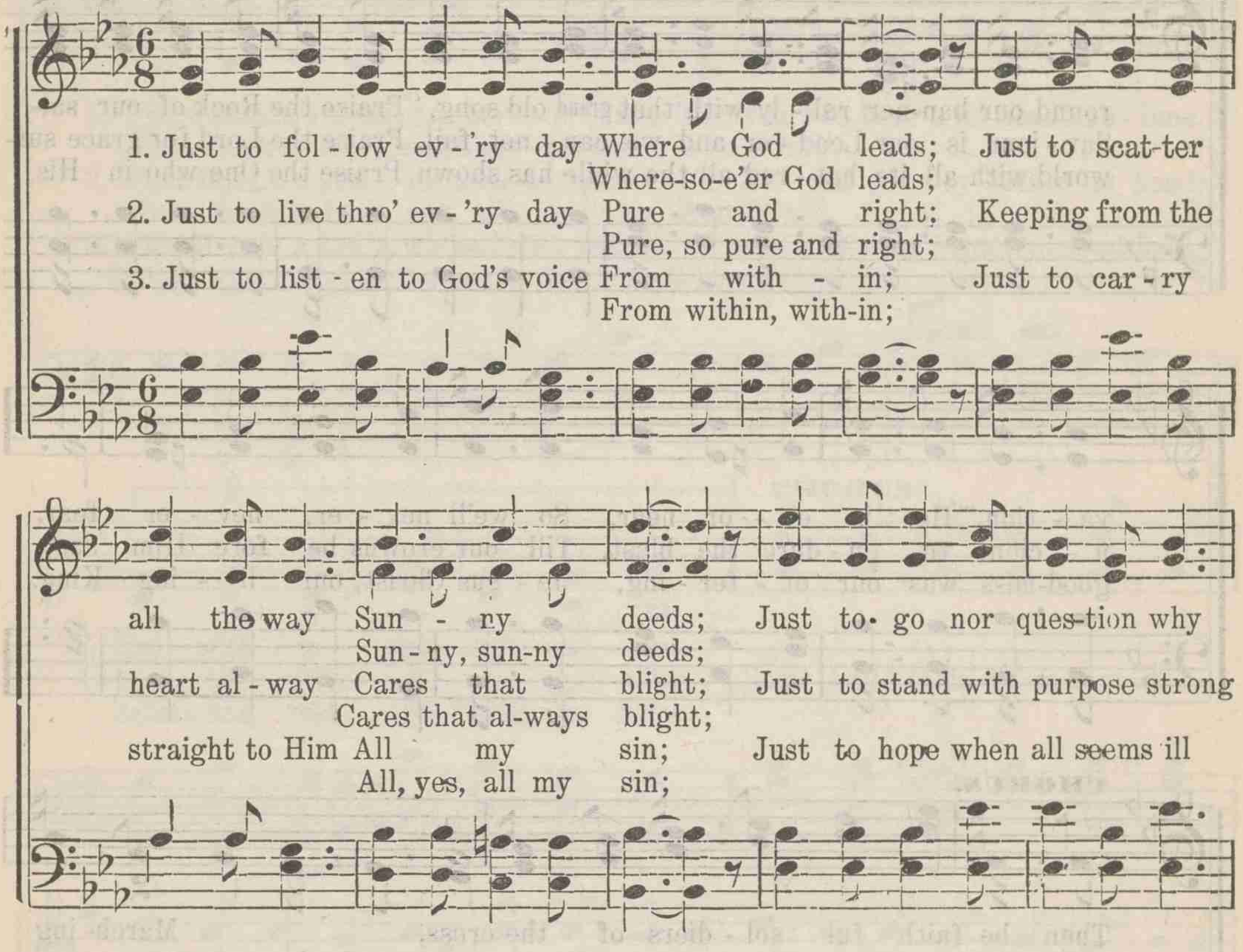
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BELIEVE ON THE LORD. Concluded.



No. 27. FAITH.

I. M. CHAMBERS. RAN. C. STOREY.



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No. 28. THE CONQUEST OF THE CROSS.

"Endure hardness as a good soldier."—2 TIM. 2: 3.

J. R. B. L. OZENDORF.

1. In the con-quest of the cross we glad - ly march a - long, And a-
2. In the con-quest of the cross we'll stand thro' ev - 'ry gale, For the
3. In the con-quest of the cross we sure shall tri - umph soon, Tho' the

round our ban-ner ral - ly with that grand old song, "Praise the Rock of our sal-
Sav - iour is our Lead - er and we can - not fail, Praise the Lord for grace suf-
world with all its hat - red all the while has shown, Praise the One who in His

va - tion," He is ev - er near, So we'll nev - er, nev - er fear.
fi - cient to en - dure the blast, Till our crowns be - fore Him cast.
good-ness was our of - fer - ing, Je - sus Christ, our liv - ing King.

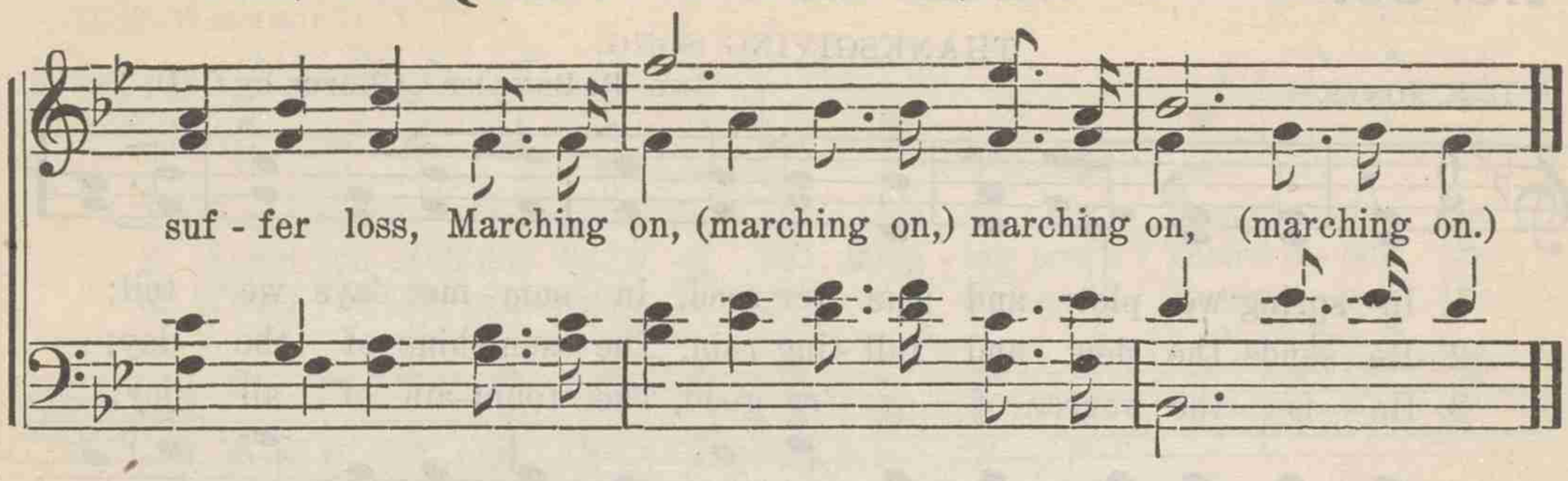
CHORUS.

Then be faith - ful sol - diers of the cross, March- ing
march - ing on,

on, marching on, We must nev - er, nev - er let it
marching on, marching on,

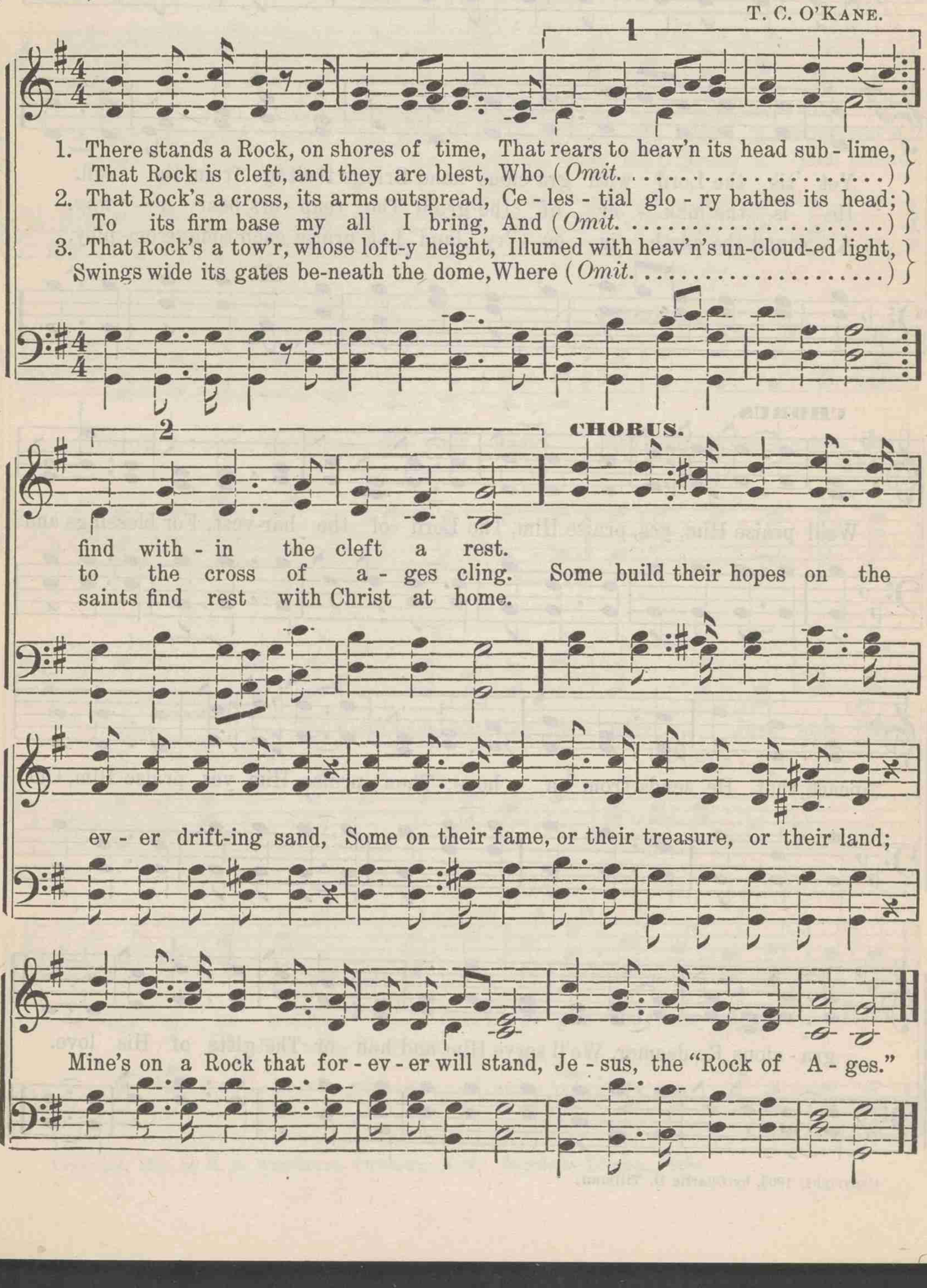
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THE CONQUEST OF THE CROSS. Concluded.



No. 29. THE SURE FOUNDATION.

T. C. O'KANE.



No. 30. WE'LL PRAISE HIM.

THANKSGIVING SONG.

L. E. JONES. JNO. R. BRYANT. Chorus by C. D. T.

1. In spring we plow and scat - ter seed, In sum - mer days we toil;
2. He sends the dew and fall - ing rain, The sun-shine of the day;
3. He is the source of ev - 'ry good, The fount-ain of all joy;

Yet 'tis the Lord with gra-cious hand Brings fruitage from the soil.
He is the mak - er of the grain The reap - ers bear a - way.
A - round the earth in ev - 'ry land Let praise each tongue em- ploy.

CHORUS.

We'll praise Him, yes, praise Him, The Lord of the har-vest, For blessings and peace that He sends from a - bove; Then praise Him, yes, praise Him, Our gra - cious Re-deemer, We'll serve Him and hon - or The gifts of His love.

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No. 31. THROW OPEN THE DOOR OF YOUR HEART.

R. H. WASHBURNE, S. T. D. R. A. GLENN.

1. Would you be free from the bur - den of sin? Throw o - pen the
2. Would you each day know of His keep - ing pow'r? Throw o - pen the
3. Would you His pres - ence en - joy till the end? Throw o - pen the

door of your heart; God's peace and bless - ing and joy have with - in,
door of your heart; In times of troub - le He is a strong tow'r,
door of your heart; In the dark val - ley He'll prove a true friend,

CHORUS.

Throw o - pen the door of your heart. Just now throw o - pen the
Throw

door,..... He will rich blessing im - part,.... Just now His
o - pen the door, im-part,

mer - cy im - plore,..... Throw o - pen the door of your heart.
His mer - cy im-plore,

Copyright, 1901, by R. H. Washburne, Pittstown, N. Y. Charlie D. Tillman, owner.

No. 32. GATHER THE GOLDEN SHEAVES.

E. E. HEWITT. ADAM GEIBEI

1. Sow-ing be-side all wa-ters, Who-so the word be - lieves, From the wide fields of
2. Sow-ing be-side all wa-ters, Whereso our lot is cast, Hast-ening hours re-
3. Sow-ing be-side all wa-ters, He will our baskets fill, Scatter His bounty

serv-ice, Gather the gold-en sheaves. Scatter the seeds of blessing, Scatter them
deeming, Till the brief day is past. Now while the sun is shin-ing, Now while the
free-ly, More will be giv - en still. Gather the sheaves for Jesus, Till He shall

all a - round, O - ver the barren hill - side, O - ver the fer-tile ground.
sky is bright, Gather the sheaves for Je - sus, Toil in the Master's might.
bid us "come," Singing His grace and glo - ry, At the great Harvest Home.
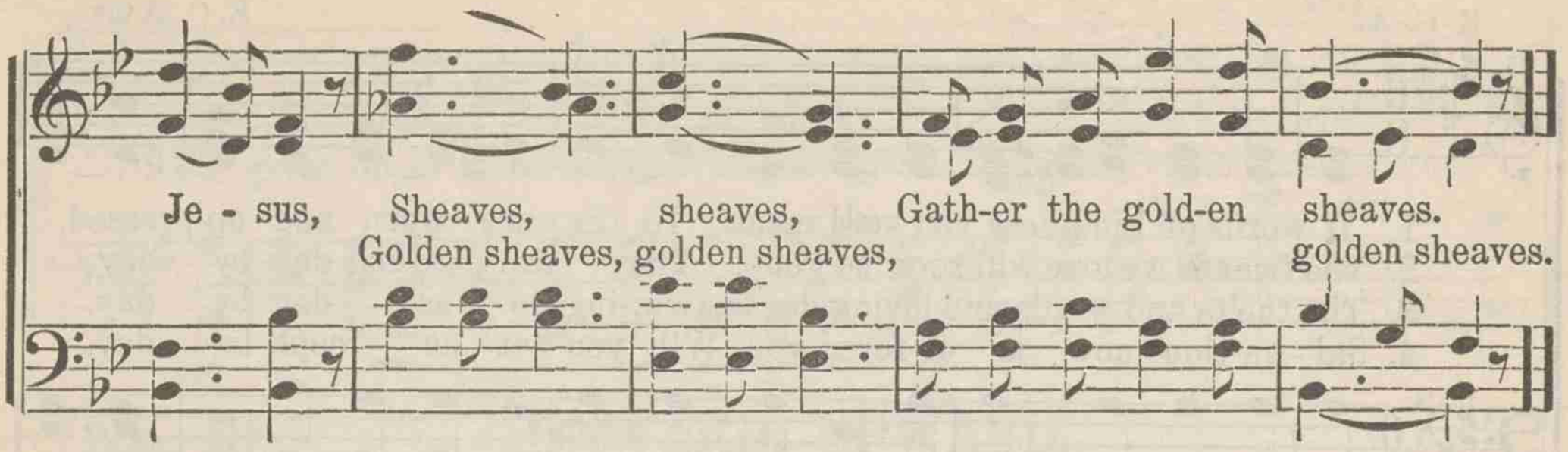
CHORUS.

Joy, joy, Sow-ing be - side all wa - ters, Joy, joy,
O what joy, heav'nly joy, O what joy, heav'nly joy,

joy the heart re - ceives, Sheaves, sheaves, Gather the sheaves for
Golden sheaves, golden sheaves,

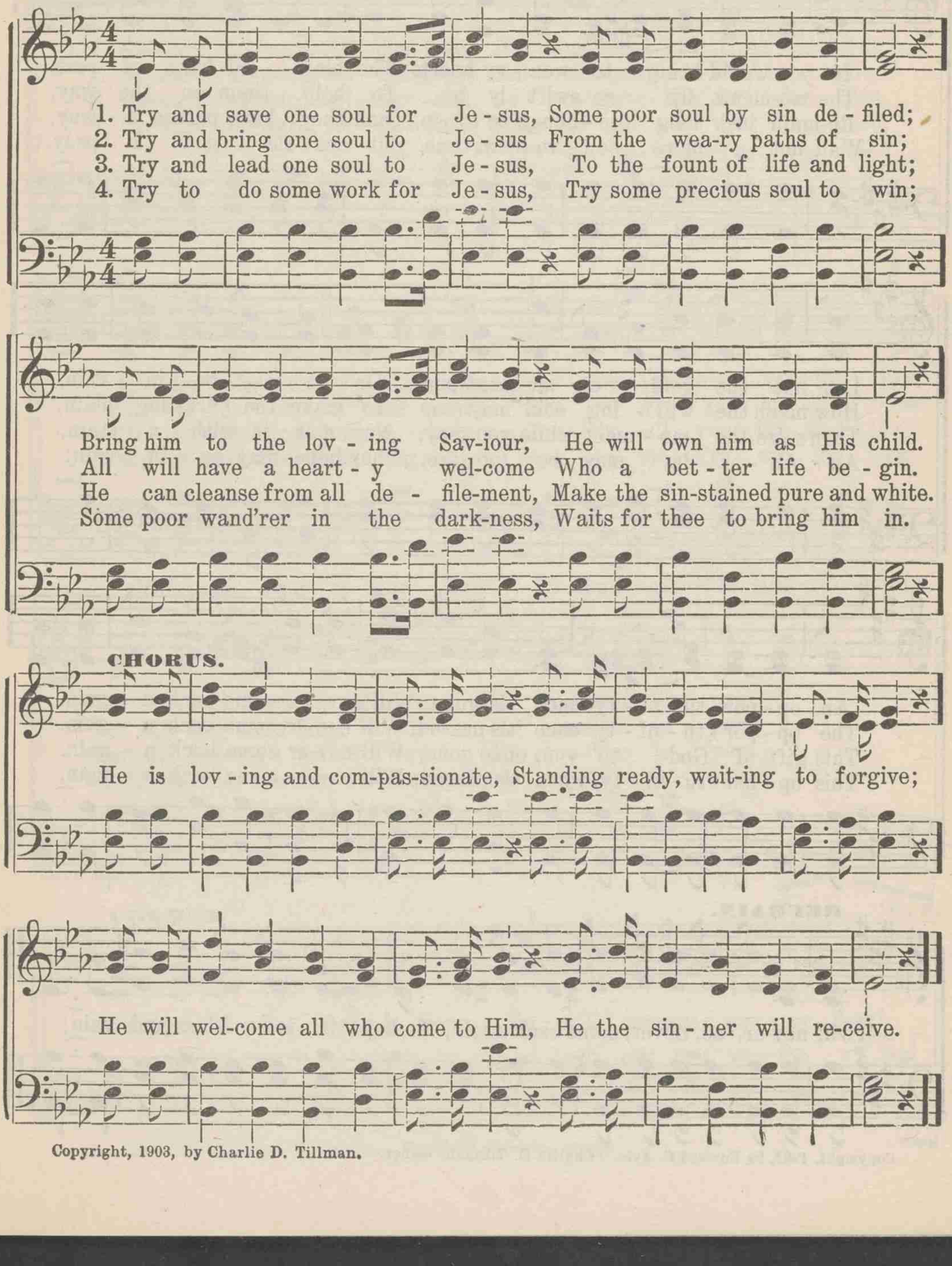
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GATHER THE GOLDEN SHEAVES. Concluded.



No. 33. SAVE ONE SOUL FOR JESUS.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



Copyright, 1903, by Charlie D. Tillman.

No. 34. LOST OPPORTUNITIES.

E. C. A. E. C. Avis.

1. If words of kind-ness you would speak To the care - worn and op-pressed,
2. The friends we love will soon be gone, They are pass-ing day by day;
3. The tho'ts and words and loving deeds, Com-ing to us day by day,
4. Sal - va-tion now is of-fered you, Will you not ac - cept to - day,

If you would bring to wea - ry hearts, The bless - ed balm of rest,
The mo-ments fly so swift - ly by, To help them on the way,
Re-main just long e - nough to grasp, Then they have passed a - way,
Wait not a more con - ve-nient time, But set - tle it now, I pray.

Let not the gold - en mo-ment pass, Or it may be in vain,
How much the will - ing soul may do, To make the part - ing plain,
Then seize the mo - ment while you may, Nor mar it with a stain,
An - oth - er day may be too late, Your hope may be in vain;

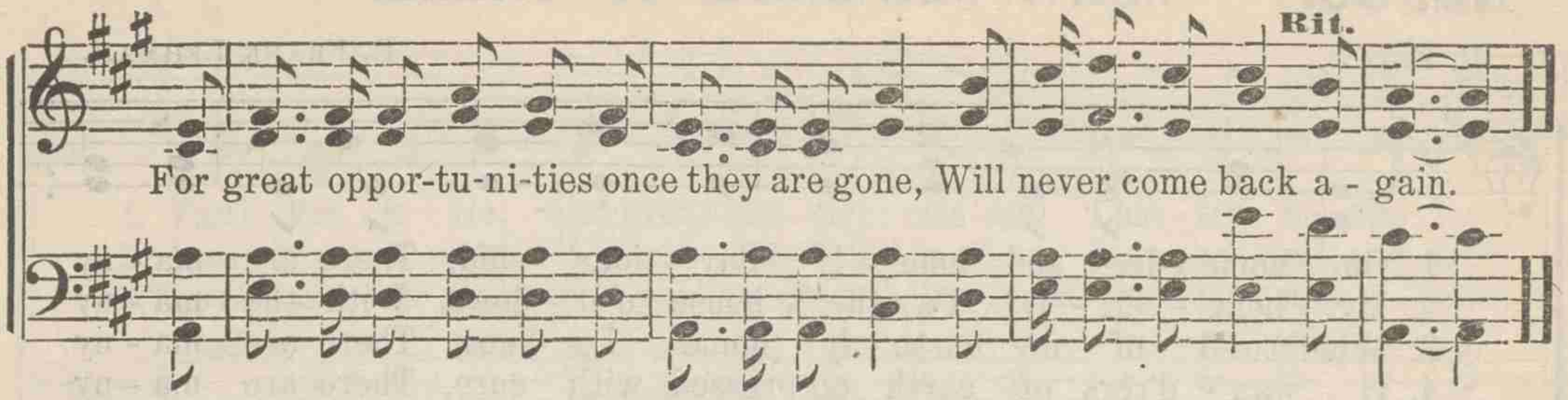
An op - por - tu - ni - ty once 'tis gone, Will nev - er come back a - gain.
The op - por - tu - ni - ty once 'tis passed, Will nev-er come back a - gain.
This gift of God to you, once gone, Will nev-er come back a - gain.
This op - por - tu - ni - ty, when 'tis passed, Will nev-er come back a - gain.

REFRAIN.

'Twill nev-er, no, never, come back again, To hope it is use-less and vain;

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LOST OPPORTUNITIES. Concluded.



No. 35. ONWARD, UPWARD.

REV. JOHN PARKER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

f. Fine. D. S.

CHORUS.

Copyright, 1894, by Chas. H. Gabriel. Charlie D. Tillman, owner.

No. 36. MANY MANSIONS UP THERE.

R. F. L. R. FRANK LEHMAN.

1. Our home - less and lone - ly Sav - iour said, There are ma - ny
2. My heav - en - ly Fa - ther's house o'er - flows, With the ma - ny
3. When tired of my earth - ly home I know There are ma - ny
4. O wan - d'rers of earth op-pressed with care, There are ma - ny

man-sions up there; No place in the earth to lay His head,
man-sions up there; The joys of that place no mor - tal knows,
man-sions up there; Where death nev - er comes nor e - vils grow,
man-sions up there; You're wel - come to come with us and share

CHORUS.

Yet the ma - ny man-sions up there.
There are ma - ny man-sions up there. There are ma - ny mansions up
There are ma - ny man-sions up there.
In those ma - ny man-sions up there.

there (up there), Which Je - sus has gone to pre - pare, to pre-pare; There's

one for you and one for me, If we trust Him to take us there.

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No. 37. 'TIS LOVE, REDEEMING LOVE.

C. A. M. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Faith - ful is He, and great His mer - cies are, Last - ing is His love,
2. Love found a way to res - cue fall - en man, Love so full and free,
3. "Love is the chain, the gold-en chain," that binds Hap - py souls a - bove,

last - ing is His love; All thro' His word His prom-is - es de-clare His
love so full and free; 'Twas love that formed and car-ried on the plan, And
hap - py souls a - bove; He is an heir to heav'n in - deed who finds His

CHORUS.

love shall nev - er move.
sent my Lord to me.
bo - som glow with love.

'Tis love, 'tis love, re - deem-ing love, 'Tis love that

ev - er will a - bide,..... 'Tis love that knows no ebb nor
that ev - er will a - bide, that
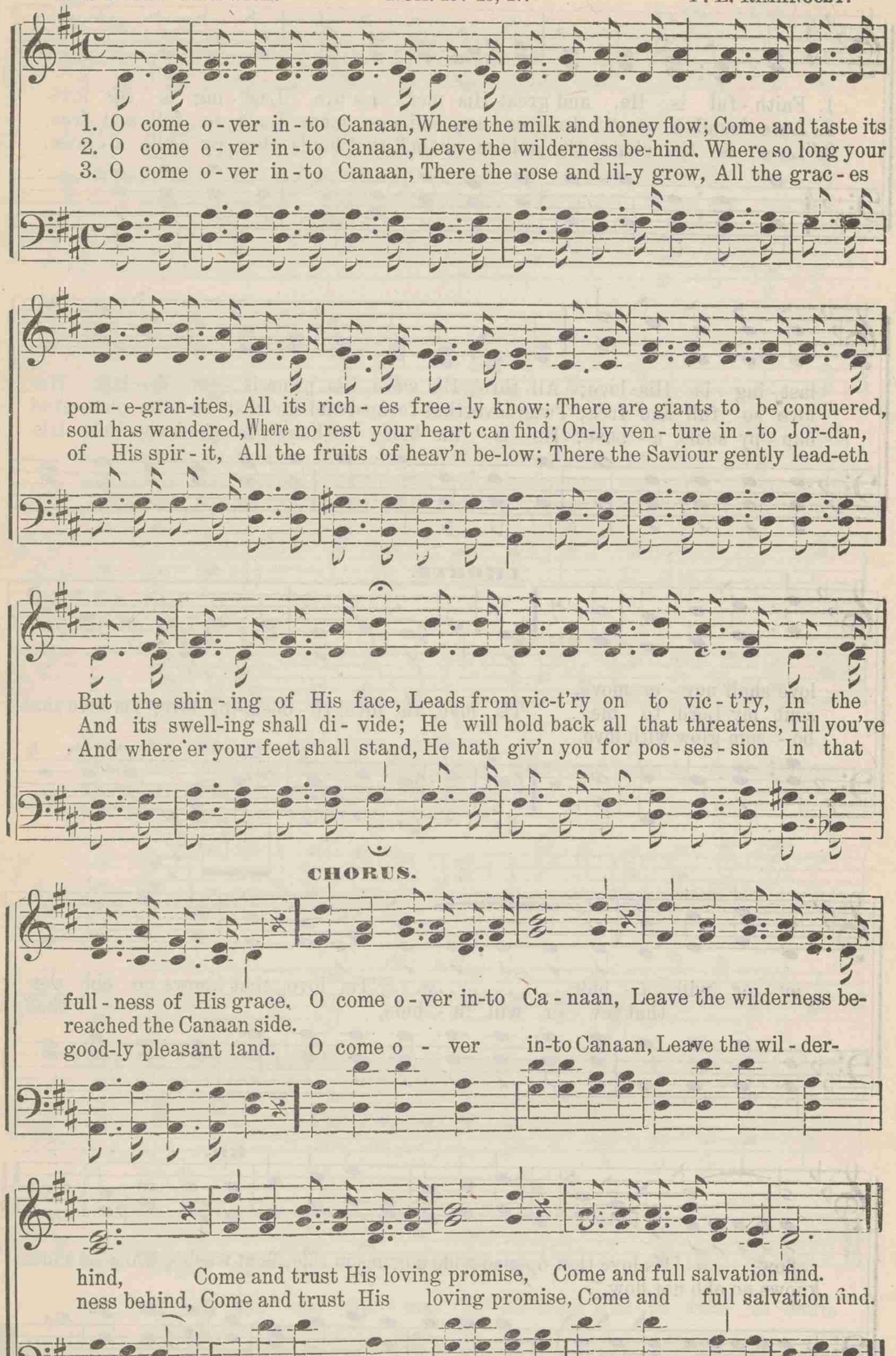
flow,..... 'Tis love that opened wide a crimson tide, That washes white as snow.
knows no ebb nor flow,

Rit. - - - - - -

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No. 38. COME OVER INTO CANAAN.

MRS. EMILY CHADWICK. NUM. 13: 23, 27. F. E. RIMANOCZY.



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No. 39. ONLY A DAY.

REV. W. C. MARTIN. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. It is on - ly a day to the beau-ti - ful land, With its beauties no mor - tal hath seen, There the joys of the soul nev - er cease to ex-pand,
2. It is on - ly a day till the voy-age shall end, And the storm-beaten sail - or shall stand, Where the bil-lows with men's wea-ry souls shall contend,
3. It is on - ly a day till the fi - nal sweet rest, When for me all the storms shall be o'er, And my soul shall re-cline on the Master's own breast,

REFRAIN.

'Neath the az - ure for - ev - er se - rene.
On the beau - ti - ful, beau-ti - ful strand. It is on - ly a day to the beau-ti - ful land, to the land of per-pet - u - al spring; In a moment my soul clad in whiteness shall stand, In the pres-ence of Je - sus my King.
I shall rest, I shall rest ev - er - more.

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No. 40. BEAUTIFUL LAND OF SONG.

LANTA WILSON SMITH. J. M. BLACK.

1. There's a joy that brightens ev - 'ry earth - ly day, While we work for
2. Reach a help - ing hand to those who faint and die; Strike a blow for
3. When our earth-ly tri - als and our con - flicts cease, When we find the

Je - sus with a cour - age strong; 'Tis the blest re-ward that fad - eth
vic - t'ry o - ver sin and wrong; Win a soul for Je - sus and a
dear ones we have loved so long, There'll be crowns of glo - ry, there'll be

not a - way, In that bright, beau-ti-ful land of song.
home on high, In that bright, beau-ti-ful land of song. Sing on the homeward
joy and peace, In that bright, beau-ti-ful land of song.

CHORUS.

way,..... Sing with the gath-'ring throng;... We shall find the
homeward way, Sing with the gath'ring, gath'ring throng;

cit - y of E - ter - nal Day In that bright, beau-ti-ful land of song.

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No. 41. LESSONS AT JESUS' FEET.

LOREELE DAMON. RIMANOCZY.

1. I've a precious rec - ol - lec-tion 'Twill nev - er - more de - part,
   'Tis the memory of the hour, When Je - sus cleansed my heart
2. I have found the pre-cious fountain That brings im - mor - tal youth,
   So I sing of full sal - va-tion, And tell the bless - ed truth,
3. I re - call the hap - py - evening I came with all my sin,
   I threw my heart's door o-pen, And He's since en - tered in,
4. O broth-er do not scorn Him, Nor turn this friend a - way,
   And when He's ful - ly saved you, You'll bless His name and say,

1. 2.

And O it makes me hap-py all the day.
[*Omit*.....]
I have proved the cleansing virtue of its waves.
[*Omit*.....]
And prayed that He my wait-ing soul would meet.
[*Omit*.....]
He waits to give de - liv - er-ance com-plete.
[*Omit*.....]

And cast my care and
That Je - sus is the
O the les - sons I have
O the les - sons that I

CHORUS.

sor - row far a - way.
Might- One to save. He's so gen-tle and so kind, I'll ev - er bear in mind,
learned at Je-sus' feet.
learn at Je - sus feet.

His ma - ny gold-en prom-is - es so sweet; They are rich and full of bless-ing

To Him who comes confessing, And hum-bly seeks to learn at Je - sus' feet.

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No. 42. OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL.

To my son Austin T. Lincoln, and his Sunday School class.

MRS. HARRIET E. JONES. H. N. LINCOLN.

1. We are youthful stu- dents, learning from the bi - ble, Ma -ny gold- en les - sons
2. Learning in the morn- ing, ere the shad-ows gath- er, Les-sons that shall strengthen
3. How we love the schoolroom, in our Fa-ther's tem - ple, How we love the teach - ers

that shall bless our days; Precious words of wisdom, from the royal author, From the heav'nly
while a-mid the strife; Les-sons that shall arm us for the dai-ly bat - tles, We must all en-
who a-mong us move, How we love the les-sons, tell - ing us of Je-sus, And the bless-ed

CHORUS.

Fa - ther whom we love and praise; Whom we love and praise, Whom we love and praise;
coun-ter in this low - er life. Bless- ed words of truth, Bless-ed words of truth,
man-sions He's prepared a - bove. Glo - ry be to God, Glo - ry be to God,

From the heav'nly Fa - ther whom we love and praise, Whom we love and praise,
Fit - ting us for ser - vice in the days of youth, Bless - ed words of truth,
For the gold - en les - sons scattered all a - broad. Glo - ry be to God,

Whom we love and praise, From the heav'nly Fa-ther whom we love and praise.
Bless - ed words of truth, Fit - ting us for ser - vice in the days of youth.
Glo - ry be to God, For the gold - en les - sons scattered all a - broad.

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No. 43. WE WILL FOLLOW THEE.

A. A. PAYN. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Trusting Je-sus, trusting ev'-ry day, Trusting Je-sus all a-long the way,
2. Lov-ing Je-sus, who in deep-est love Came in mer-cy from His throne above;
3. In a world of sor-row and distress, Bear-ing burdens that so heav-y press,

Trusting Him, we never can fall, He will hear when-ev-er we call; Swift to an-swer
Un-to Him we fer-vent-ly pray, As we jour-ney o-ver the way, We may love and
Cheerful words will brighten the way, Willing hands will lighten the day, "Ye have done it

CHORUS.

is the King who rules us all.
serve Him better ev'-ry day.
un-to me," shall Je-sus say.

We will fol-low Thee, We will fol-low Thee,

Tho' the way be rugged and steep, Tho' it leads us o-ver the deep; We will fol-low

Thee, We will fol-low Thee, Thou wilt guide in tenderest care and safe-ly keep.

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No. 44. STEADILY ONWARD TO ZION.

MINNIE B. JOHNSON. JNO. BRYANT. C. D. T. Chorus.

1. We are march-ing stead - i - ly on-ward to Zi - on, With the cloud and pil-lar of fire at our head; Loy - al sol-diers, ev - er thus pressing to vic - t'ry,
2. We are march-ing stead - i - ly on-ward to Zi - on, 'Tis our pur - pose joy-ful-ly ev - er to go; Till we reach those heaven-ly glo - ries e - ter - nal,
3. We are march-ing stead - i - ly on-ward to Zi - on, Signs of tri - umph, foemen before us shall fly; Forward, pilgrims, yonder be - fore us our coun - try,

CHORUS.

Marching on-ward to the land of God.
We will con-quer by His word each foe. Stead-i - ly marching on, Stead-i - ly
Where our crowns of vict'ry wait on high.

marching on, Stead-i - ly with the Spir - it's might.... We are marching, marching;
with the Spirit's might

For - ward is our watchword, Forward, forward in our Leader's sight.

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No. 45. HELPING JESUS.

JAMES ROWE. F. S. SHEPARD.

1. We are help-ing Je-sus, And our toil is sweet, For our path is sun-ny And our joy com-plete; Precious seed we're sowing All long the way— Seeds of lov-ing kind-ness—Ev-'ry pass-ing day.
2. We are help-ing Je-sus Dai-ly here and there, Shar-ing oth-er's bur-dens, Mak-ing paths more fair; Je-sus watching o'er us On His throne a-bove, Sends us ev-'ry mo-ment Fresh supplies of love.
3. We are help-ing Je-sus, Speaking of His love, Sing-ing of the won-ders Of the world a-bove; Tell-ing souls that wander Why the Sav-iour died, Bring-ing oth-ers dai-ly To His pre-cious side.

CHORUS.

Help-ing Je-sus, All toil is sweet,....
Help-ing Je-sus, help-ing Je-sus, All toil, all toil is sweet,
Help-ing Je-sus Our joy is com-plete.
Help-ing Je-sus, help-ing Je-sus Our joy, our joy is com-plete.

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No. 46. ON THE ROCK.

B. E. WARREN. (MATT. 7: 23–27.) ELDER B. E. WARREN.

1. Are you build - ing on the Rock e - ter - nal? Are you build - ing on the sink - ing sand? Are you go - ing to that home su - per - nal?
2. Are you build - ing on a strong foun - da - tion? Can you stand the storm-y sea of life? 'Mid the surg - ing bil - low's wild com - mo - tion?
3. Are you build - ing on a strong foun - da - tion? With an an - chor that will keep the soul? Liv - ing in God's love and truth un - shak - en?
4. Are you build - ing on a strong foun - da - tion? Can you stand the aw - ful judgment shock? Are you ground-ed in His great sal - va - tion,

CHORUS.

In that bright - er far - off hap - py land? Are you build - - - ing on the Rock? Are you build - - - ing on the Rock? Are you
Do you con - quer in the rag - ing strife? on the Rock? Are you build - ing, build - ing on the Rock? Are you
Grounded firm and deep tho' bil - lows roll? build - - - ing on the Rock? Or on the sink - ing sand?
Fastened like an an - chor to the Rock? Are you build - ing, build - ing on the Rock?

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No. 47. THOU SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

Evangelist M. B. WILLIAMS. Cho. by F. E. O. FRENCH E. OLIVER.

1. Thou Sun of Right-eous-ness a - rise, Thy heal - ing wings un - fold,
2. Shine midst the gloom, light up our sky With beams of heav'n-ly grace;
3. Our hearts shall glow be-neath the ray, Our souls on fire with love;

Dis - pel the damps of sin's dark night, And warm our hearts, so cold.
That thro' these earth-born clouds may show Thy smil - ing, ten - der face.
We'll watch and work to speed that day, Thy com - ing from a - bove.

CHORUS.

A - rise, a - rise,..... A - rise, a - rise,.....
A - rise, a - rise, A - rise, a - rise,

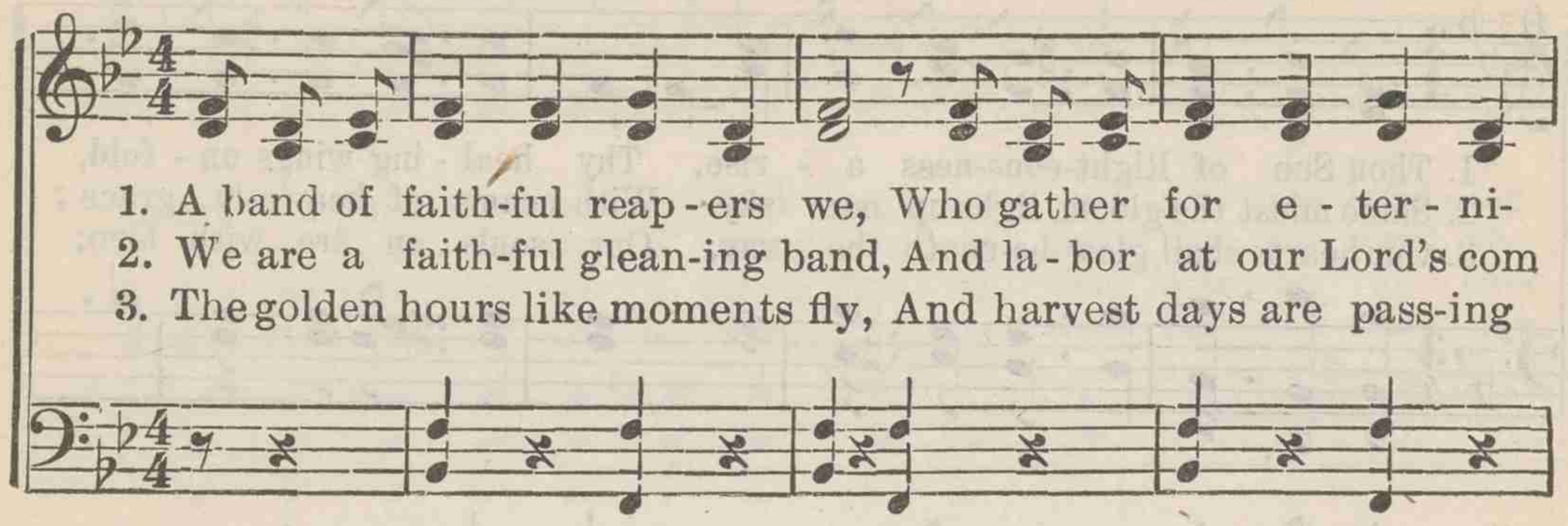
Thy wait - ing peo - ple bless; A - rise, a - rise,.....
A - rise, a - rise,

A - rise, a - rise ..... Thou Sun of Right-eous - ness.
A - rise, a - rise,

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No. 48. To the Harvest Field.

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



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To the Harvest Field. Concluded.

of the har-vest wide, Who for a world of sin-ners died.
Lord of har-vest say To all: "Go reap for me to-day."
judgment bring but leaves, While here are waiting gold-en sheaves?

CHORUS.

To the har-vest field a-way, For the Mas-ter

call-eth; There is work for all to-day, Ere the dark-ness

fall-eth. Swift-ly do the moments fly, Har-vest days are

go-ing by, Go-ing, go-ing, go-ing, go-ing by.

No. 49. WALKING WITH THE MASTER.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. F. S. SHEPARD.

1. With the Mas-ter we are walk-ing In a fel - low - ship of love,
2. If we fal - ter by the way-side, Faint, dis - cour-aged and un - done,

And our hearts are set on reaching Yon - der land of light a - bove;
His sweet presence re - as-sures us, And we go en - cour-aged on;

On the way His grace sustains us And His love doth cheer the heart,
O to walk and talk with Je - sus, As we go our pil-grim way,
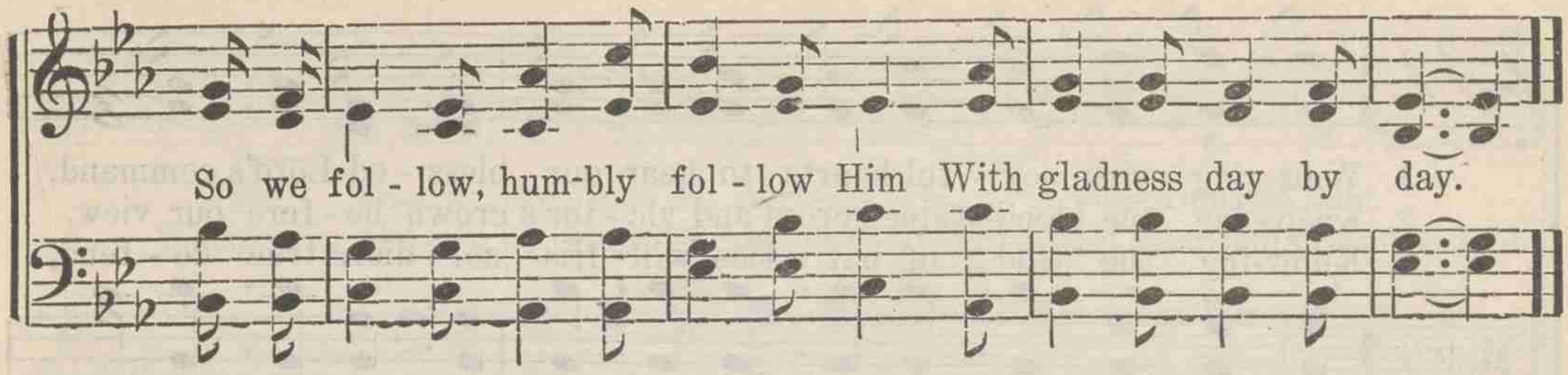
And we so have learned to love Him, That we can not live a - part.
Makes this earth a ver - y heav - en And our life a joy al - way.

CHORUS.

So we fol - low, fol - low Where Je - sus leads the way,
Fol - low, hum-bly fol - low on
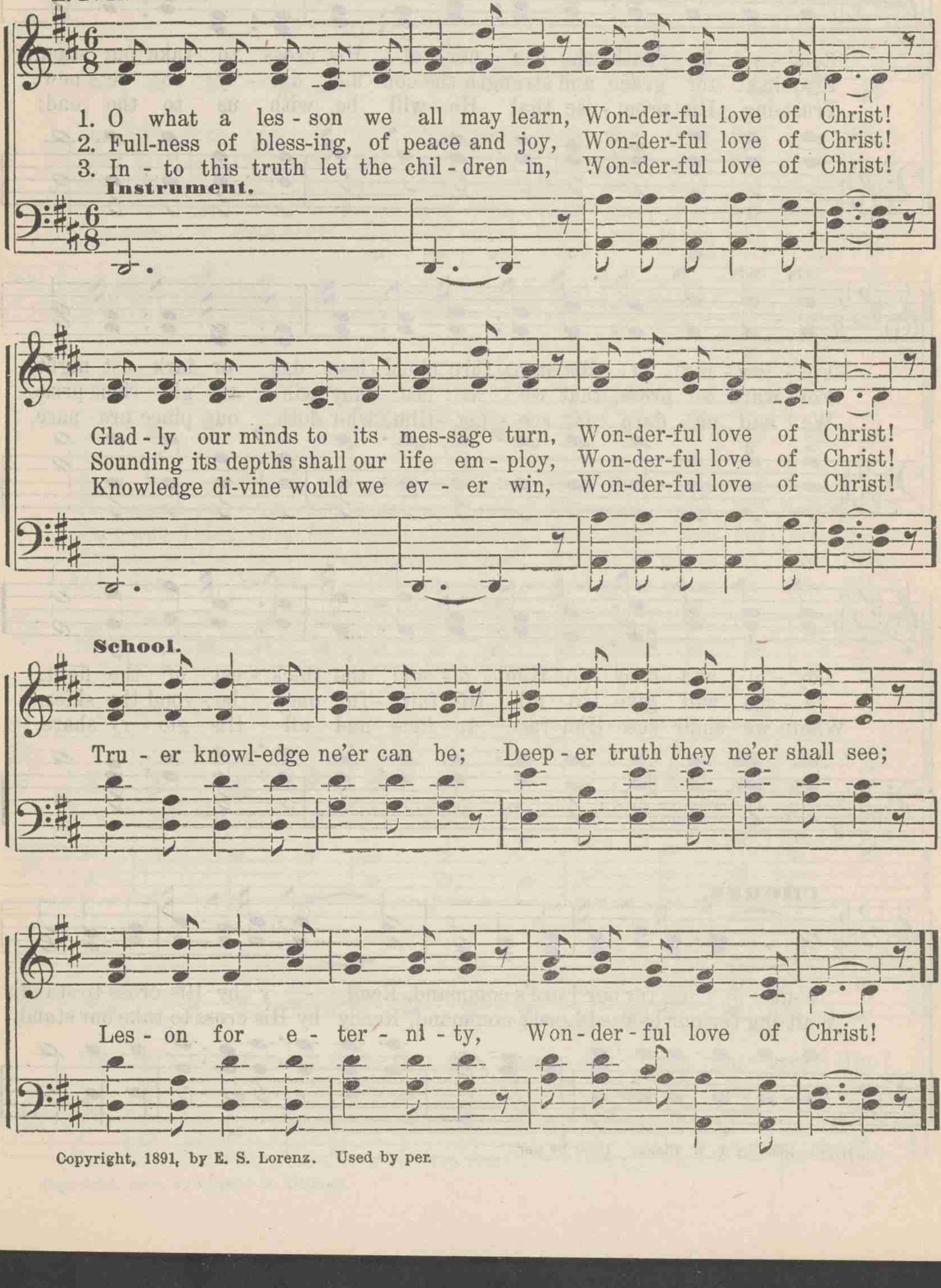
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WALKING WITH THE MASTER. Concluded.



No. 50. LESSON FOR ETERNITY.

E. D. M. E. S. Lorenz.



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No. 51. WAITING WITH JOYFUL HEARTS.

ADA BLENKHORN. E. S. HOWARD.

1. Wait - ing with joy - ful hearts to hear our bless - ed Lord's command,
2. Keep - ing the blood-stained cross and vic - tor's crown be - fore our view,
3. Know-ing the God of bat - tles will His sol - diers true de - fend,

Read - y be - neath the ban - ner of His cross to take our stand;
Pray-ing for grace and strength the con - flict dai - ly to re - new;
Trust-ing His prom - ise that He will be with us to the end;

Fol - low - ing in His steps thro' cloud - less day or dark - est night,
For - ward we press, that we at last may win the glo - rious prize
We will en - dure as see - ing Him who doth our place pre - pare,
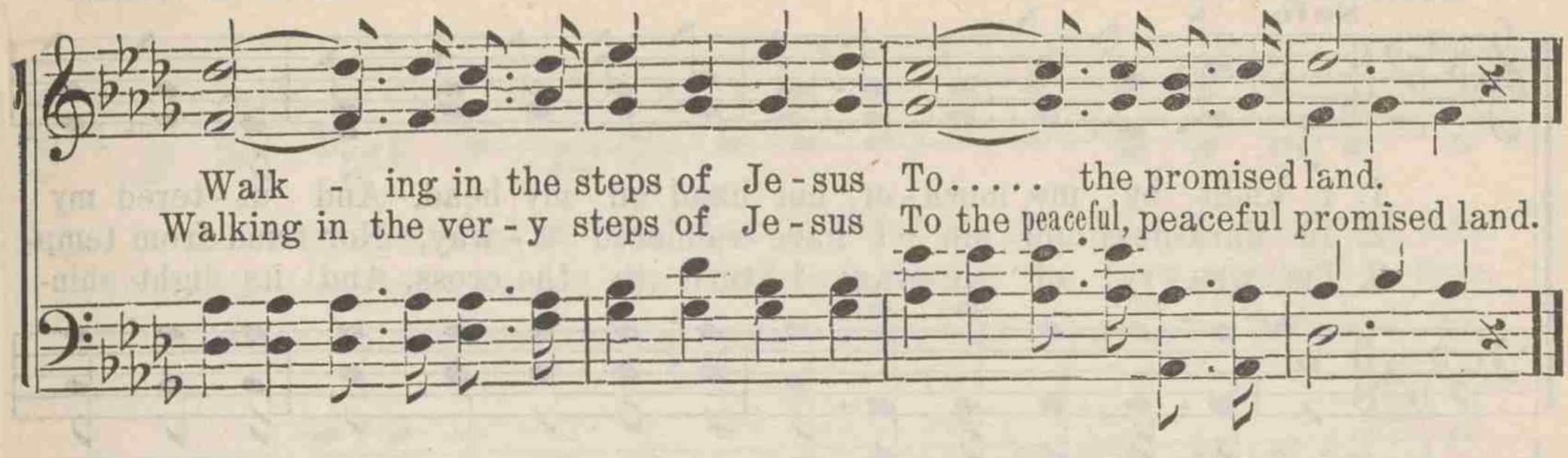
Loy - al and true to Him a - mid the thick - est of the fight.
Je - sus will give to all His faith - ful ones be - yond the skies.
Where we shall see Him face to face and all His glo - ry share.

CHORUS.

Wait - ing for our Lord's command, Read - y by His cross to stand,
Wait-ing for our blessed Lord's command, Ready by His cross to take our stand,

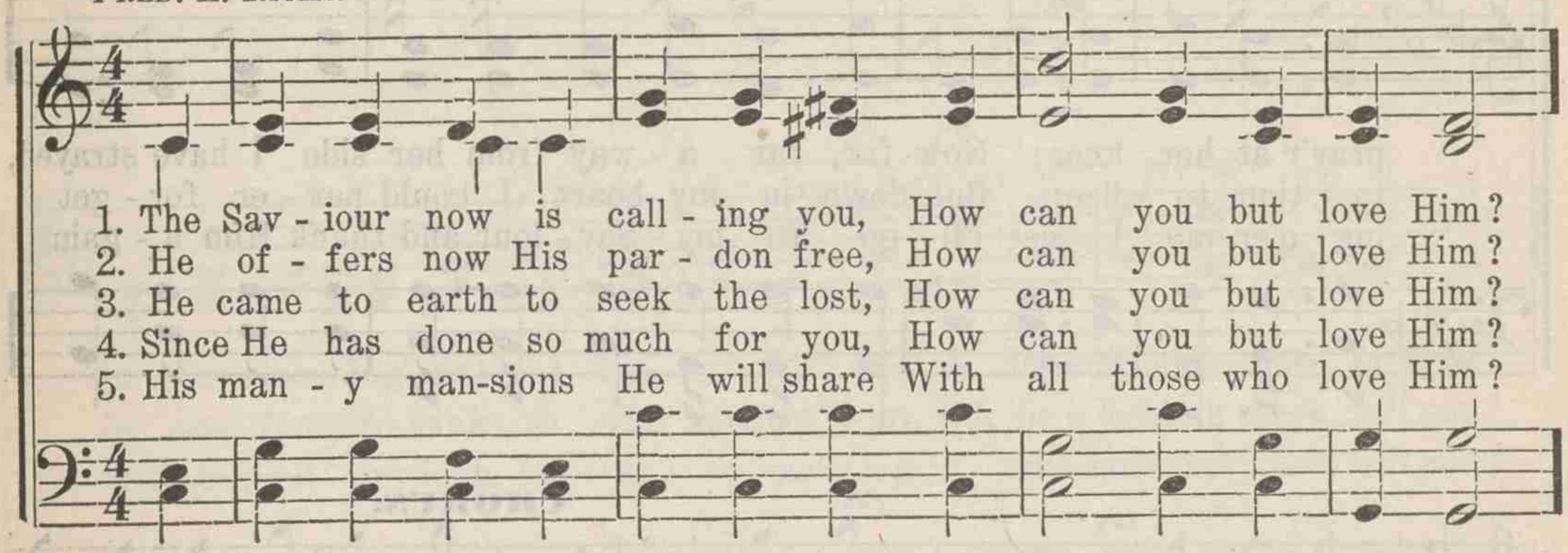
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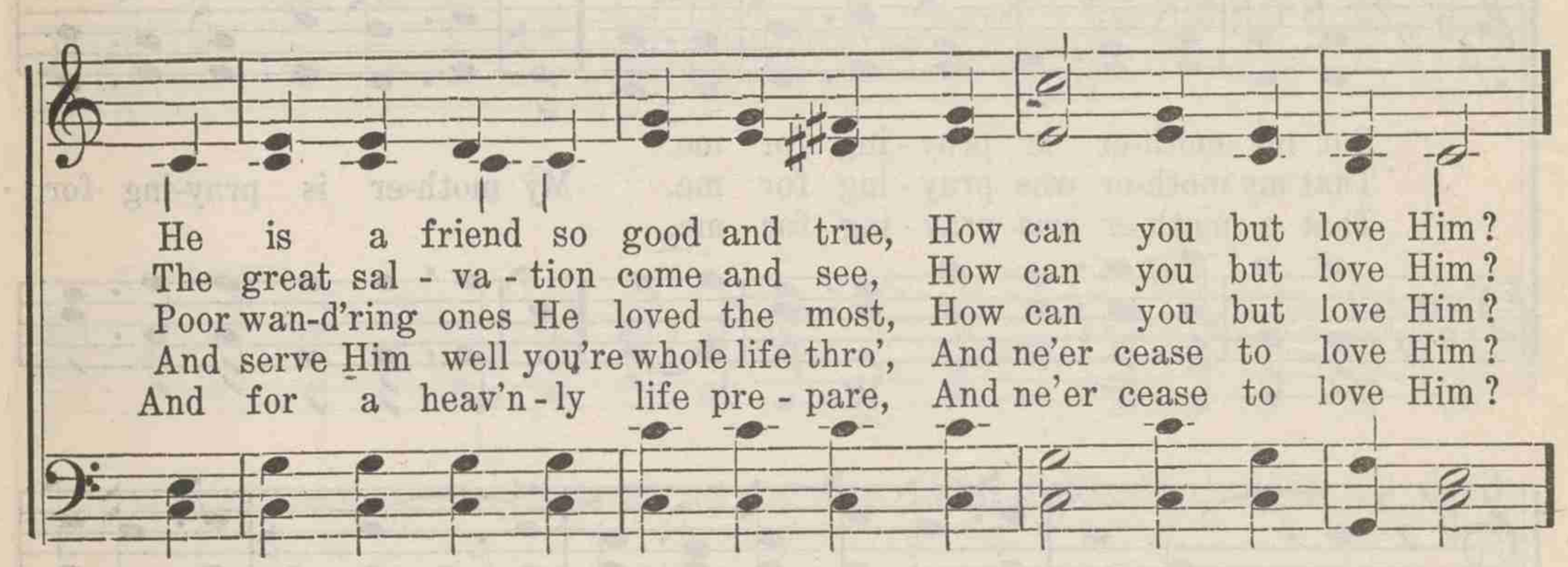
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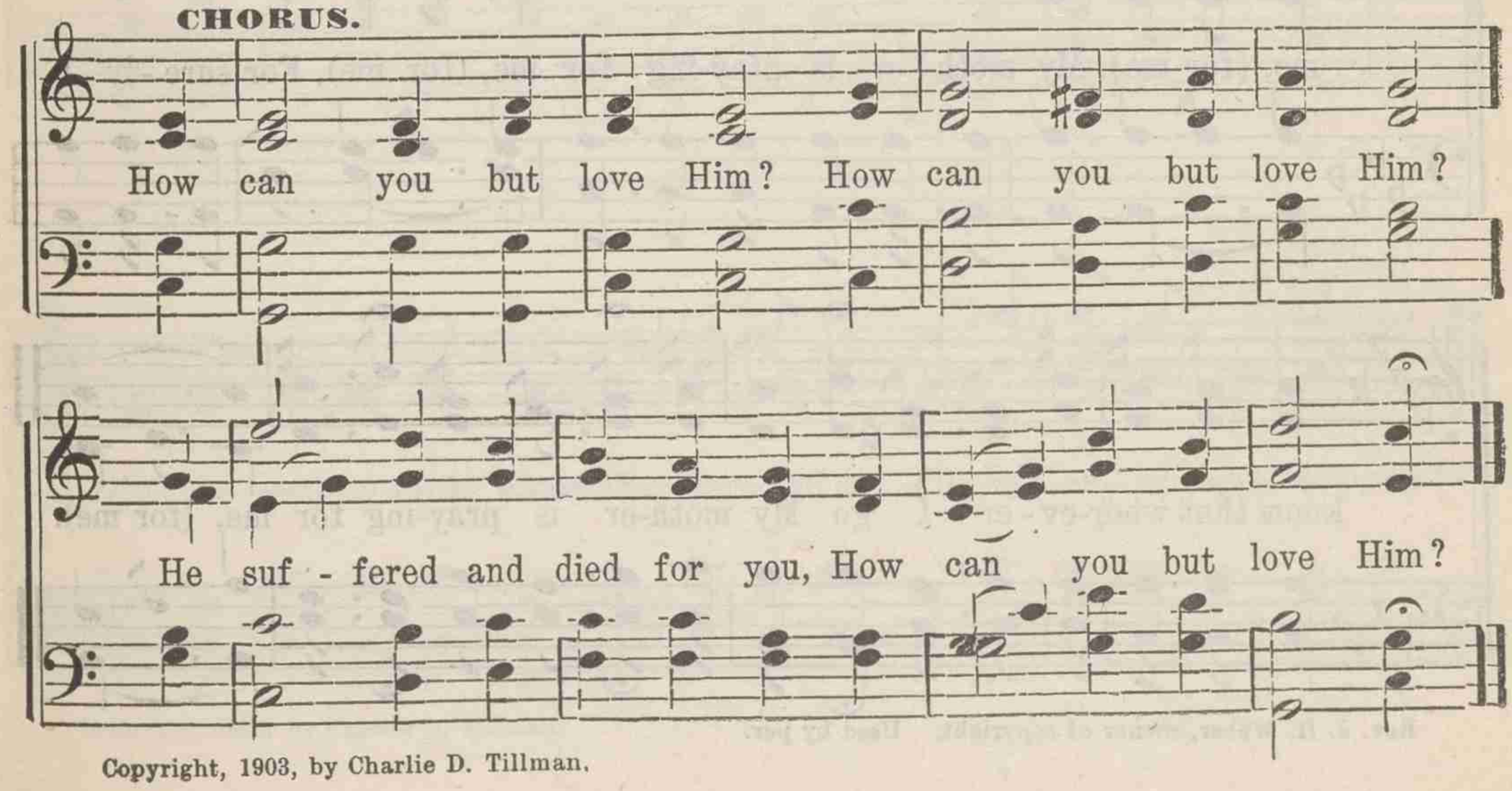


No. 52. HOW CAN YOU BUT LOVE HIM.

FRED. E. RICKS. FRED. A. FILLMORE.





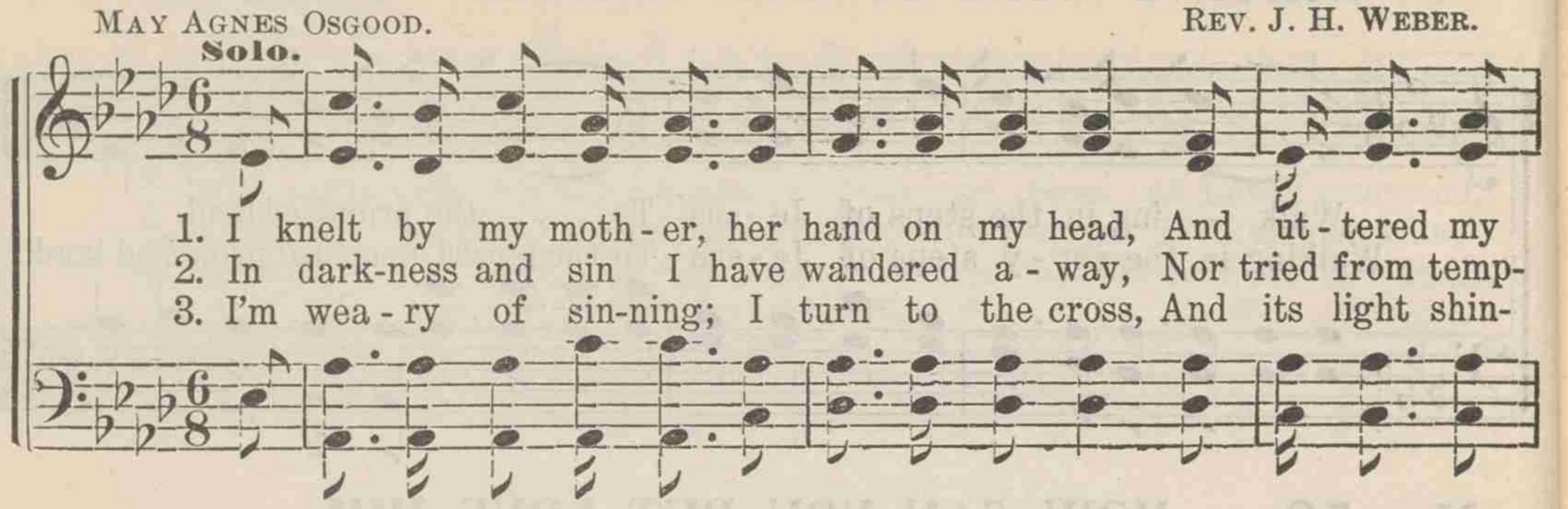
CHORUS.



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No. 53. MY MOTHER IS PRAYING FOR ME.

MAY AGNES OSGOOD. REV. J. H. WEBER.



Rev. J. H. Weber, owner of copyright. Used by per.

No. 54. IS YOUR NAME ENROLLED?

S. O. L. S. O. Lowe.

1. Is your name enrolled in the book of life, Is it with the tried and true;
2. When the bu-gle blows and the or-ders come For the forward march be true;
3. Where the conflict's fierce and the battle's long, Where the faith-ful dare and do·

In the marching ranks of the sons of God, I am marching there, are you?
In the forward ranks, in the battle's front, I'll be fighting there, will you?
With the col - ors high, loy - al to my King, I will hold my place, will you?

CHORUS.

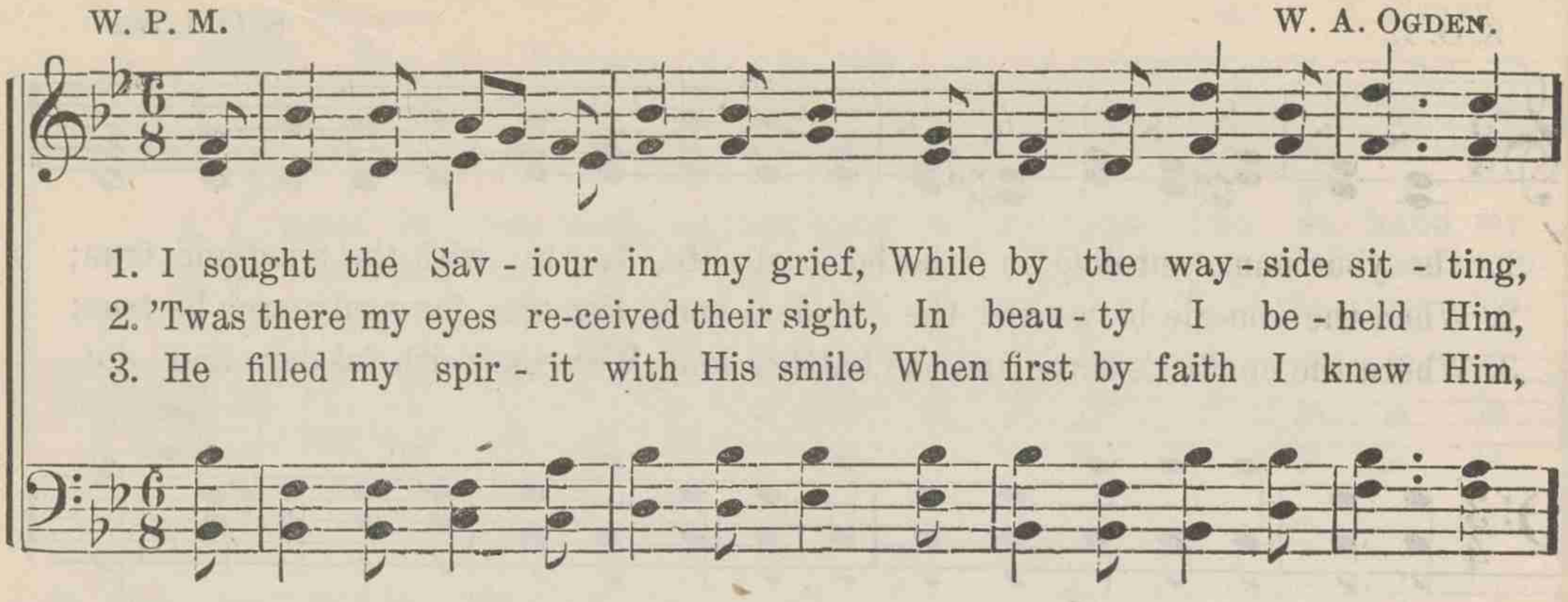
Is your name enrolled with the loy - al ones, With the Saviour's faith ful few;

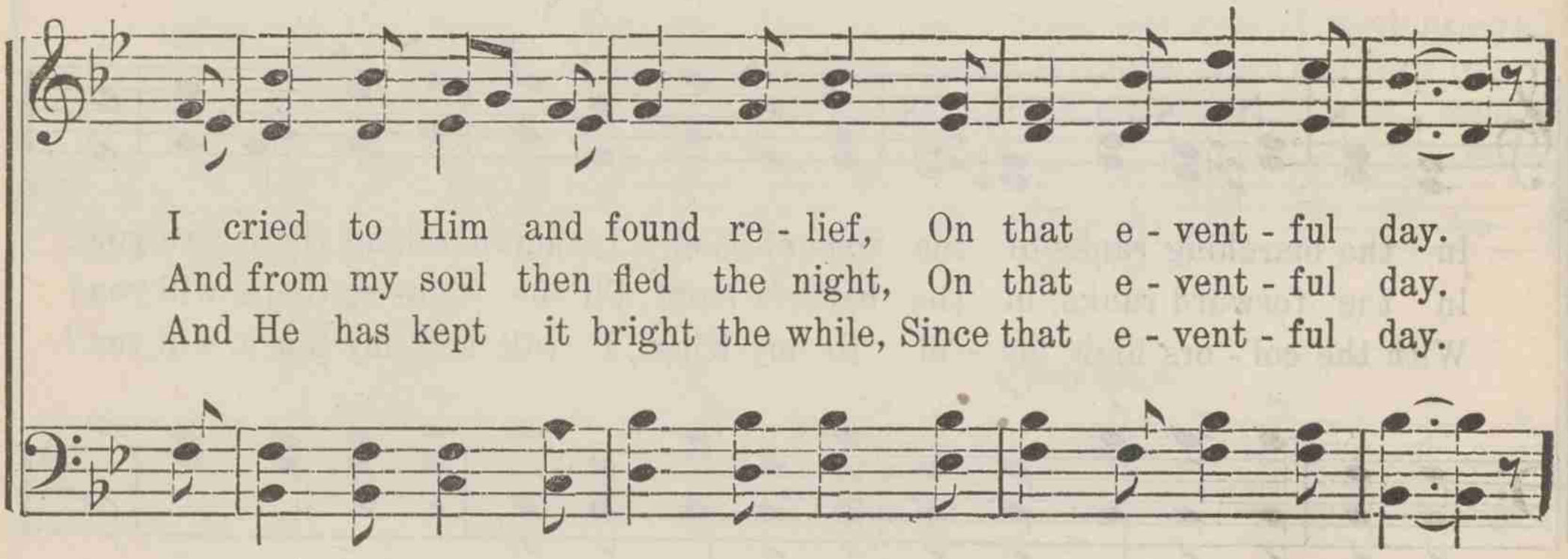
In the read - y ranks where they dare and do, I'll be ev - er there, will you?
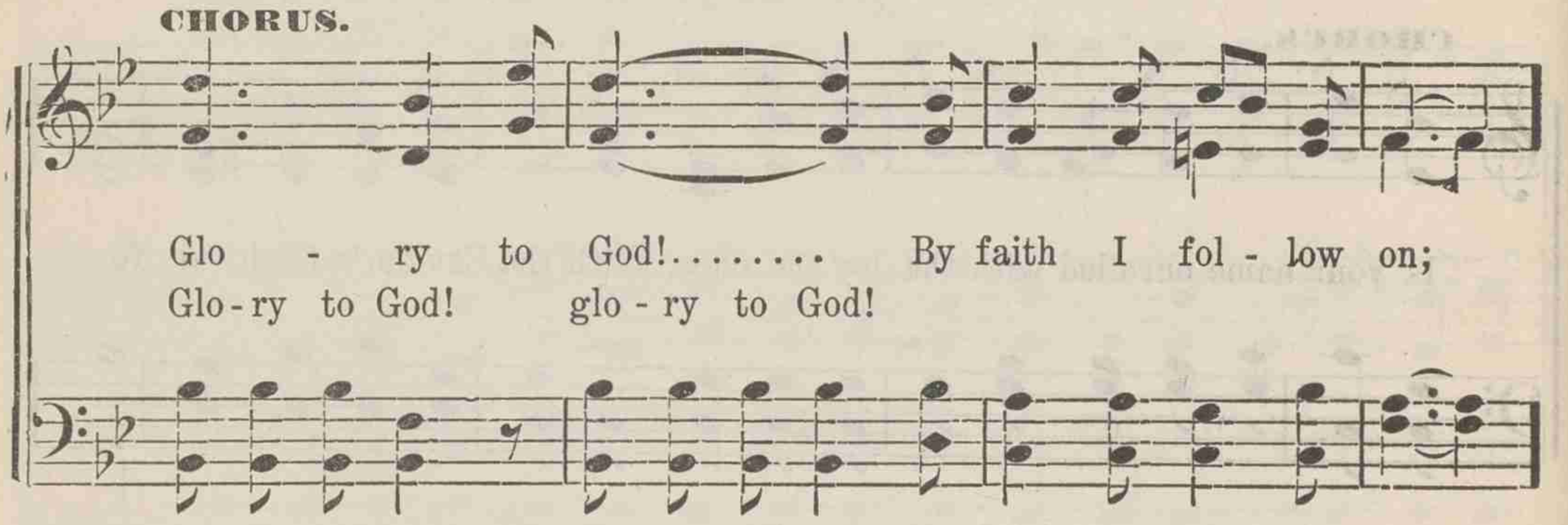
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No. 55. BY FAITH I FOLLOW ON.

W. P. M. W. A. OGDEN.







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No. 56. Riches Untold.

EMMA PITT. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Rich-es un - told we may find at the throne, Pardon and peace we can
2. Rich-es un - told—they are priceless, divine, Purer than gold from the
3. Rich-es un - told now a-wait us a-bove, Kept for us there in the

claim as our own; Ref-uge and rest we ob - tain there a - lone
world's greatest mine: Brighter than sunlight our spirits shall shine,
store-house of love, Endless, in - fi - nite, the measure will prove,

CHORUS.

Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus. Sit-ting at the feet of
at the

Je - sus, Sitting at the feet of Je - sus,
blessed feet of Jesus, at the blessed feet of Je-sus,

Riches un - told, exhaustless are mine, Sitting at the feet of Je-sus,

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No. 57. IT IS TRULY WONDERFUL.

B. E. W. Is. 25 : 1. B. E. WARREN.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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No. 58. JESUS, MY SAVIOUR.

JENNIE LEWIS J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. On the cross my Saviour suffered, Paid the debt to make me free,
2. 'Twas for me the cru - el thorn-crown Pressed up - on His sa - cred head,
3. Love and joy and peace He brought me, Peace di-vine unmixed with care;
4. Pur - er joy earth ne'er can of - fer, Sweet-er love can ne'er be known,

Bowed His head in deepest an-guish, Suffered thus for one like me.
'Twas for me un - tir - ing footsteps All life's weary ways have tread.
Taught my heart to sing in rapt-ure, Taught my soul to bow in pray'r.
Than the bless-ed Saviour bring-eth To the ransomed ones, His own.

CHORUS.

Je - sus, Sav - iour, draw me near - er, draw me near - er,

To the cross where Thou hast died; Let me love Thee all my
Thou hast died;

jour - ney, Who for me was cru - ci - fied.
all my jour-ney, cru - ci - fied.

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No. 59. HE IS ABLE TO DELIVER THEE.

W. A. O. W. A. OGDEN.

1. 'Tis the grandest theme thro' the ages rung; 'Tis the grandest theme for a
2. 'Tis the grandest theme in the earth or main; 'Tis the grandest theme for a
3. 'Tis the grandest theme, let the tidings roll; To the guilty heart, to the

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

CHORUS

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

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

sin opprest, Go to Him for rest; Our God is a-ble to de-liv-er thee.

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60. THERE IS POWER IN THE BLOOD.

L. E. J. I. JOHN 1: 7. L. E. JONES.

1. Would you be free from the burden 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 whiter, much whiter, than snow? There's pow'r in the blood,
4. Would you do service 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 pow'r

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

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

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No. 61. MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

EVANGELIST M. B. WILLIAMS. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

DUET.

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

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

With her hand up - on my brow, And I heard her voice in gen-tle tones and low.
Who became a king at last; Of Sa - tan with his ma - ny wick - ed wiles.
Then she dried my flow-ing tears With her kisses as she said it was for me.
As my moth-er taught me then, And ev - er in my heart His words a-bide.

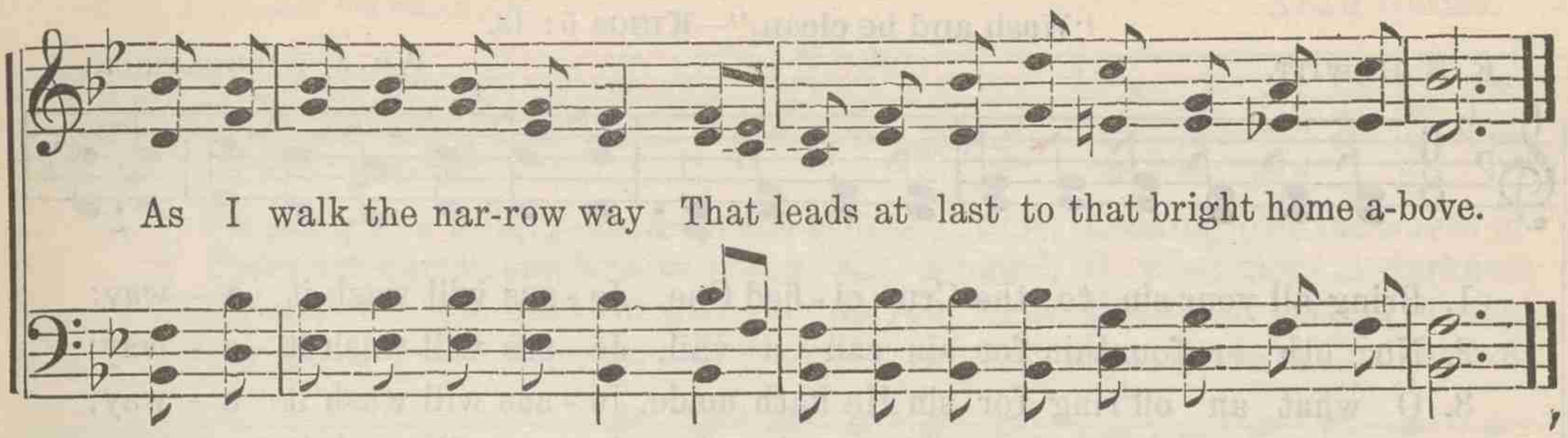
CHORUS.

Bless - ed book,..... pre - cious book,..... On thy dear old tear-stained
Bless-ed book, precious book,

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

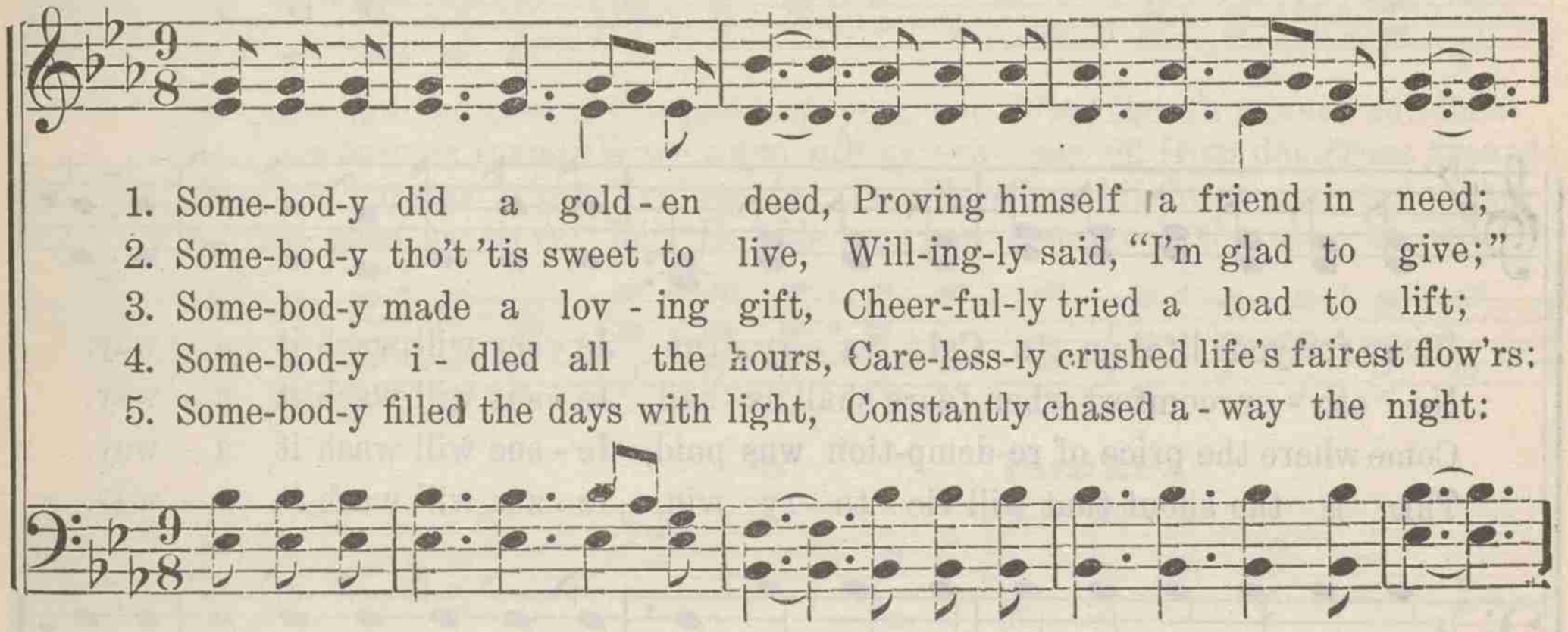
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MY MOTHER'S BIBLE. Concluded.



No. 62. SOMEBODY.

JNO. R. GLEMENTS. W. S. WEEDEN.



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No. 63. JESUS WILL WASH IT AWAY.

"Wash and be clean."—KINGS 5: 13.

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

1. Bring all your sin to the Cru - ci - fied One, Je - sus will wash it a - way;
2. No oth - er fountain for sin can a - vail, Je - sus will wash it a - way;
3. O what an off'ring for sin He hath made, Je - sus will wash it a - way;
4. Sing, all ye ransomed, ex-ult - ant o'er sin. Je - sus will wash it a - way;

Haste for your life! un - to Cal - va - ry run, Je - sus will wash it a - way.
No oth - er comfort when fears shall as - sail, Je - sus will wash it a - way.
Come where the price of re-demp-tion was paid, Je - sus will wash it a - way.
This is the shout that will vic - to - ry win, Je - sus will wash it a - way.

CHORUS.

Come, come and His bid-ding o - bey, Come, come and be - liev-ing you'll say,

Je-sus hath saved me, praise Him to-day, Je-sus hath washed my sins a - way.

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No. 64. LET THE GOSPEL LIGHT SHINE OUT.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Standing like a light-house on the shores of time, Looking o'er the waves of
2. There are human shipwrecks ly-ing all a-round, O what mor-al darkness
3. Do not let the bush-el cov-er up your light, Keep your lamp in or-der,
4. Try to live for Je-sus till this life is o'er, For a-long this pathway

dark-ness, sin and crime, O-pen up your win-dows, there's a work sub-lime;
ev-'ry-where is found; Warn some oth-er ves-sels off from dang'rous ground;
trimmed and burning bright, Try to be a bless-ing, bright-en up the night;
you will pass no more Till He bids you wel-come on the oth-er shore;

CHORUS.

Let the gos-pel light shine out.... Let the gos-pel light shine

out, Let the gos-pel light shine out, While your lamp is
shine out, shine out,

burn-ing, keep the win-dows clean, Let the gos-pel light shine out.

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No. 65. VICTORY MARCH.

R. J. P. R. JAY POWELL.

1. We are sol - diers for Je - sus, we march to the fray, We've en-list - ed for life, and by grace we will stay; We will serve out our time a - midst fear or re-nown, And when life here shall end we will wear a bright crown.
2. With the sword of the Spir - it, the ar - mor of light, And the hope of sal- va - tion, our hel - met so bright, Let us an - swer the roll - call and stand in our place, While we watch, fight and pray in the strength of His grace.
3. To our Cap - tain we of - fer our trib - ute of praise, Fel-low sol-diers, come join in the songs that we raise, We will val - iant - ly stand till the bat - tle is past, Then we'll go home to live with the Sav - iour at last.

CHORUS.

We will march on to glo - - ry; Tell - - ing the sto - - ry, Tell - ing the sto - ry of Je - sus and His love.
On-ward, march to glo - ry, and we'll tell the old, old sto - ry, on-ward, His love.

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No. 66. IF HE COMES.

B. E. W. REV. 22: 12, 20. B. E. WARREN.

1. Are you read-y when the Bridegroom comes? Are you read-y when the Bridegroom
2. Are you read-y when the Bridegroom comes? Are you read-y when the Bridegroom
3. Are you read-y when the Bridegroom comes? Are you read-y when the Bridegroom
4. Are you read-y when the Bridegroom comes? Are you read-y when the Bridegroom

comes? If He comes at noon or night Will it fill you with de-light, Or will
comes? If He comes without de-lay Will He find you in dis-may, Pleading
comes? You will hear Him at the door Say-ing, "Time shall be no more, Your pro-
comes? If you're not prepared to go You will sink to end-less woe, Be for-

CHORUS.

you de-plore the sight, If He comes? If He comes, If He comes,
for a chance to pray, If He comes?
ba'- tion now is o'er," If He comes?
ev - er lost, you know, If He comes? If He comes, If He comes,

Are you read-y, watching, waiting If He comes, If He comes,
If He comes, If He comes,

If He comes, Are you read - y if the Bridegroom comes?
If He comes, Bridegroom comes?

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No. 67. THE COMING OF THE KING.

REBECCA S. POLLARD. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Are you wait-ing for the com-ing of the King? Have your lives been purged of
2. Are you wait-ing for the com-ing of the King? Are you read - y in your
3. Are you lis-t'ning for the com-ing of the King? Have your sins tho' scarlet
4. Are you watching for the com-ing of the King? For the light to break re-

all their sin and dross? With the heal - ing blood ap - plied Can you
hearts and in your homes? Are you long - ing for the day When the
all been blot - ted out? Are they spot - less robes you wear For the
splend-ent in the east? For the gates to o - pen wide When the

praise the Cru - ci - fied For your glo - ri - ous re-demp-tion thro' the cross?
mists shall roll a - way And re - veal the Lord of glo - ry when He comes?
meet - ing in the air When de-scend-ing hosts proclaim Him with a shout?
Bridegroom with His bride Shall as - cend to cel - e - brate the marriage feast?

CHORUS.

Are you looking for the King? } Are your lamps all trimmed and burning while He waits?
For the com-ing of the King? }

Can you join the ran-somed throng } As the shining ones come sweeping thro' the gates?
In their grand, triumphant song }

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No. 68. ROLLING ON.

E. E. HEWITT. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. We're borne a - long the waves of time, The years are roll - ing on;.....
2. So ma - ny drift-ing down the stream, The years are roll - ing on;.....
3. What pros-pect of the ha - ven fair? The years are roll - ing on;.....
4. Come, wea - ry soul and tem-pest toss'd, The years are roll - ing on;.....
5. Be guid - ed by His wound-ed hand—The years are roll - ing on;.....

rolling on;

Tho' tear-drops fall or joy-bells chime, The years are roll - ing on.....
They live as in an i - dle dream, The years are roll - ing on.....
What hope that we shall an - chor there? The years are roll - ing on.....
Look up to Him who saves the lost! The years are roll - ing on.....
O hast - en to the prom-ised land—The years are roll - ing on.....

roll-ing on

REFRAIN.

Roll - - ing, roll - ing on, Roll - ing on to the bound-less sea,
Roll - ing, roll - ing, roll - ing on,

Roll - - ing, roll - ing on, To e - ter - ni - ty!.....
Roll - ing, roll - ing, roll - ing on, Roll - ing on to e - ter - ni - ty!

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No. 69. O WHAT A DAY IS COMING.

HENRY OSTROM. D. C. JOHN.

1. O what a day is com - ing, Swift o'er the hills of time!
2. Then wide as o - cean bil - lows Shall flow the waves of peace
3. O day of God and man - hood, Break o'er these cloud - ed hills,
4. O what a day is com - ing, When men with an - gels vie

My soul to meet its glo - ry, Sets all her bells a - chime;
Till man to man is broth - er, And "bit - ter - ness" shall cease;
Shine on our rest and la - bor Till earth with heav - en thrills;
To cause Je - ho - vah's prais - es To sound thro' earth and sky!

What woes will soon be light - ed, What sol - ace draw - eth near;
And, as the in - cense ris - es, At morn and e - ven - tide,
Give loy - al love and du - ty, Give rapt - ure for our tears,
When long - est friends are greet - ed, When strang-ers cease to roam,
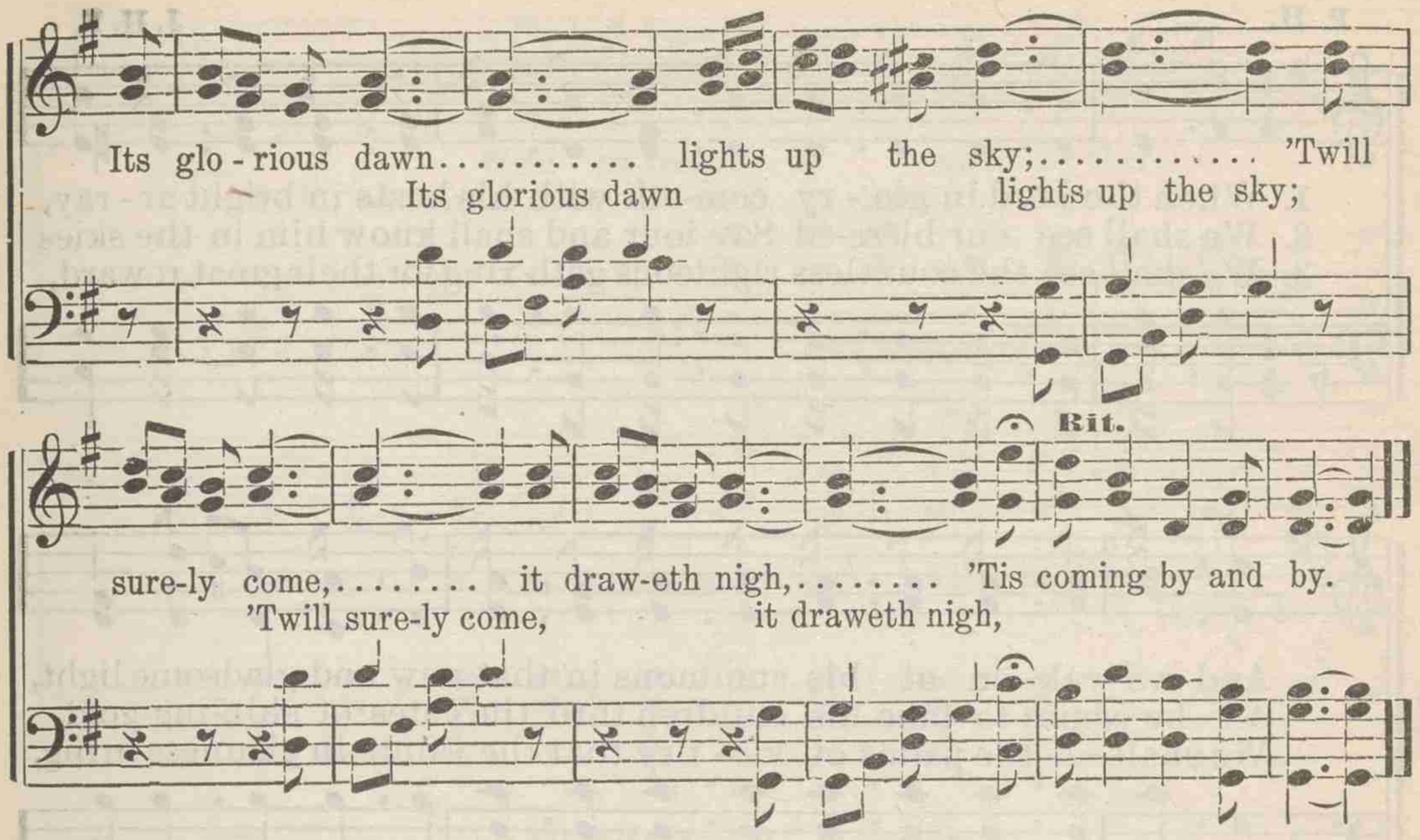
What wrongs will soon be right - ed, What mys - ter - ies made clear!
Faith reaps her vast sur - pris - es Where doubt and fear have died.
And shine in gold - en beau - ty A mill - ion, mill - ion years.
When man, his task com - plet - ed, With Je - sus rests at home.

CHORUS.

'Twill sure - ly come,..... it draw - eth nigh,.....
'Twill sure - ly come, it draw-eth nigh,

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O WHAT A DAY IS COMING. Concluded.



No. 70. DEEPER YET.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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No. 71. WE'LL BE THERE.

P. H. J. H. F.

1. When the Lord in glo - ry com-eth with his hosts in bright ar - ray,
2. We shall see our bless-ed Sav-iour and shall know him in the skies
3. We shall see the countless righteous gath'ring for their great reward,

And we wak - en at his summons in that new and gladsome light,
As he comes to take his children thro' the gates of shin-ing gold,
We shall see the palms of vic - t'ry that the saints in gladness bring,

O, the won-der, O, the rap-ture as we greet the heav'nly day,
We shall hear the shouts of joy that from unnumbered thousands rise,
We shall hear the might-y cho- rus to the Ho - ly One Adored,

CHORUS.

When the dawn e - ter- nal breaks upon our sight. We'll be there,
As his beau- ty and his glo - ry they be- hold.
As in robes of white they stand before their King. We'll be there,

we'll be there, On the res - ur - rec-tion morning we'll be
we'll be there,

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WE'LL BE THERE. Concluded.

there, We'll be there, we'll be there,
We'll be there, we'll be there,

On the res - ur - rec - tion morn - ing, we'll be there.
we'll be there.

No. 72. REVIVE US AGAIN.

DR. W. P. MACKEY. English Melody.

1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir - it of light, Who has
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has
4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has
5. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with Thy love, May each

Je - sus who died, and is now gone a - bove.
shown us our Sav - iour, and scat - tered our night.
borne all our sin, and has cleansed ev - 'ry stain. Hal - le - lu - jah!
bought us, and sought us, and guid - ed our ways.
soul be re - kin - dled with fire from a - bove.

CHORUS.

Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men. Re - vive us a - gain.

No. 73. FELLOWSHIP WITH HIM.

R. O. SMITH. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. I long for ho - ly un - ion And ev -'ry day communion With Him the blessed
2. To walk and talk with Jesus, And find each moment precious With life so free from
3. I come to Thee, O Saviour, For all Thy love and favor, O help me serve Thee

Lamb of Cal-va-ry (of Cal-va-ry); With such a friend beside me, To ev -'ry mo-ment
sighing and from sin (sighing and sin); This world will prove a heaven With such a blessing
all my happy days (my happy days); From sin's allurements hold me, With love divine en-

guide me, How blissful and how sweet my life will be.
giv-en, And earth a heaven to go to heav'n in.
fold me, And fill me with Thy rapture and Thy praise.

CHORUS.

O Lord from this good hour, Grant un-to me the pow-er, To keep my Master's glo-ry e'er in view, in view; To work as He may need me, To walk where He may lead me, And have His smile upon me in all I do.

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No. 74. GLORY TO THE LAMB.

JENNIE WILSON. H. N. LINCOLN.

1. I have a hope di-vine, sal - vation's joy is mine, Glo - ry to the Lamb!
2. The blood once shed for me, from guilt has set me free, Glo - ry to the Lamb!
3. While in this world I roam, I'm on my journey home, Glo - ry to the Lamb!
4. Where saintly throngs rejoice I'll sing with grateful voice, Glo - ry to the Lamb!

Glo - ry to the Lamb! With sins all wash'd a-way, my song shall be for aye.
Glo - ry to the Lamb! Now thro' His saving name, e - ter - nal life I claim,
Glo - ry to the Lamb! In realms of light and love my soul shall dwell a-bove,
Glo - ry to the Lamb! Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty my hap-py song shall be,

CHORUS.

Glo - ry to the Lamb! Glo - ry to the Lamb! Glo - ry to the Lamb whom

heav'nly hosts a - dore! Glo - ry to the Lamb who suff'ring for us bore! And

rit.

now upon His throne He reigns for evermore, Glory to the Lamb, Glory to the Lamb!

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No. 75. THE WORLD'S REDEEMER.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Wan-der-ing wea-ry, Lone-ly and drear-y, Je-sus be-held me a
2. He will at-tend me, Love and de-fend me, Un-der His wings I for-
3. Walking so near Him, Sweet-ly I hear Him Whis-per-ing sweet-ly "Be

sin-ner de-filed; Pa-tient-ly sought He, Loving-ly bro't me, Back in His
ev-er may hide; Friends may forsake me, Sorrows o'ertake me, Yet will my
thou not a-fraid;" Grace for en-dur-ance, Blessed as-surance, Je-sus pro-

bo-som, the prod-i-gal child.
Sav-iour for-ev-er a-bide.
vid-eth! soul, be not a-fraid.

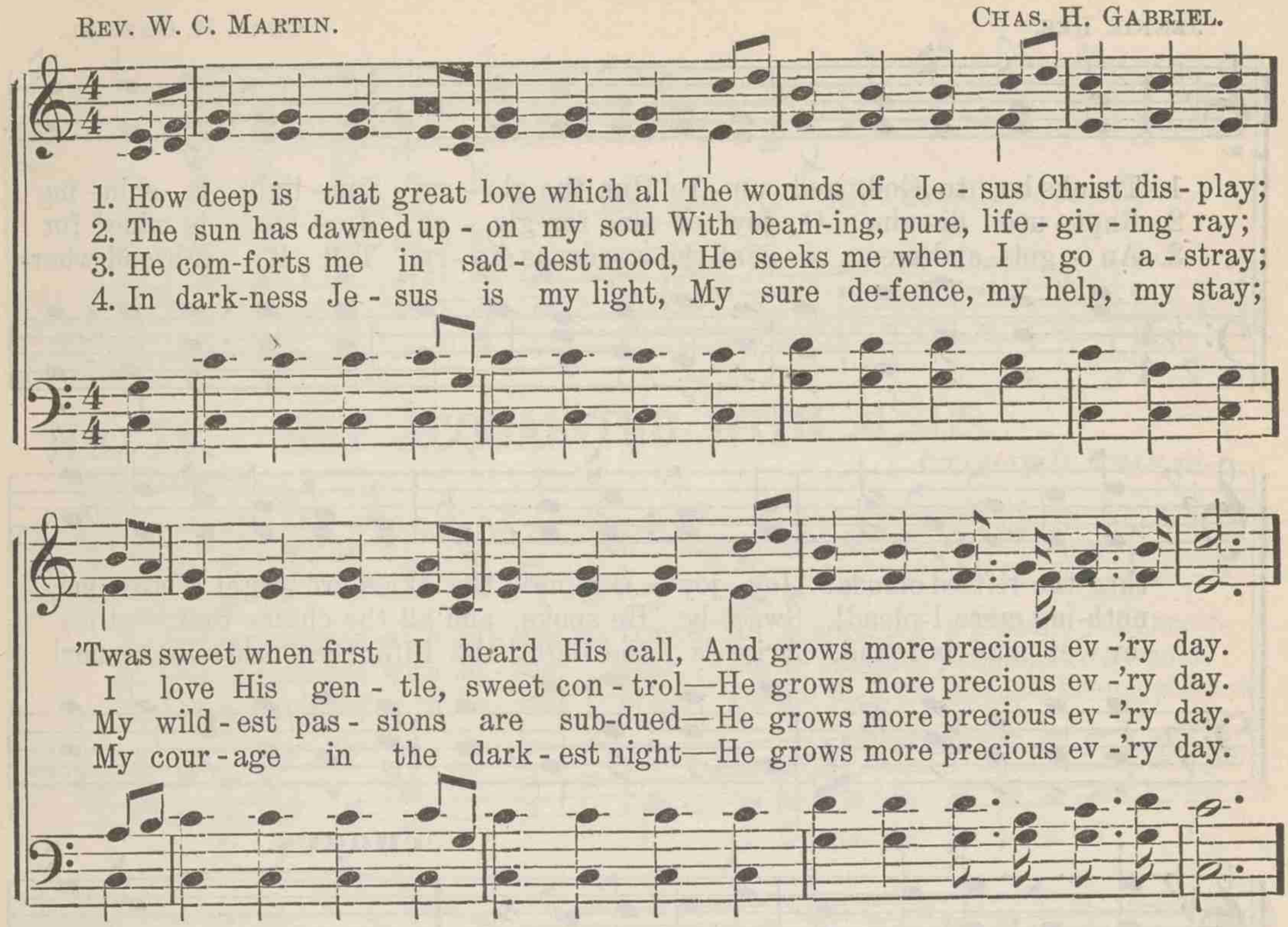
CHORUS.

Je-sus re-ceives me, cleanses, re-
lieves me, And in my fore-head writes a new name; Beau-ti-ful sto-ry,
His be the glo-ry, Un-to the world a Re-deem-er He came.
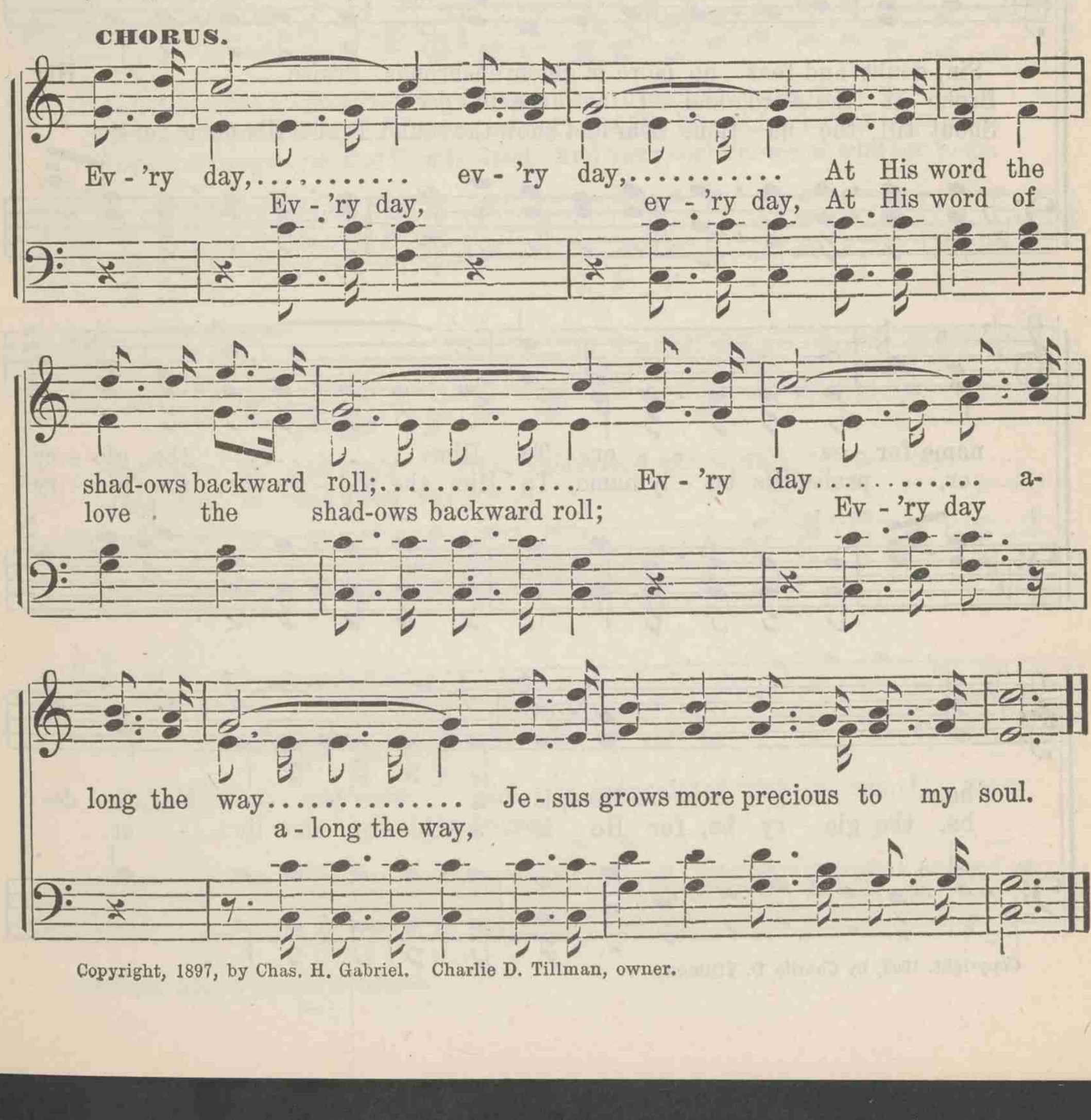
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No. 76. MORE PRECIOUS EVERY DAY.

REV. W. C. MARTIN. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



CHORUS.



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No. 77. HE WILL DELIVER.

JENNIE REE. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Thanks be to God, and un - to Him the glo - ry, Sun - light is shin - ing
2. Rapt - ure di - vine, O joy of sins for-giv - en, Je - sus is mine! for
3. An - gels and men re - peat the wondrous sto - ry, Tell it a-broad wher-

thro' the rift-ed clouds! Joy, joy is mine! the skies are bright a-bove me,
noth-ing more I plead! Sweet-ly He spoke, and all the chains that bound me
ev - er man is found, Christ is the Light, the Life, the world's Redeemer!

CHORUS.

Sin, doubt and fear no more in gloom enshrouds. Praise..... His
Broke at His word, and I am free in - deed.
Shout till the na - tions hear and know the sound. Praise His name for-ev-

name for - ev - - - er, To Him..... the glo - ry
er, praise His ho - ly name, To Him the glo - ry be, the glo - ry

be, He is a - - - ble to de-
be, the glo - ry be, for He is a - ble to de - liv - er,

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HE WILL DELIVER. Concluded.

liv - er, And He sure - ly will de - liv - er thee.
a - ble to de - liv - er,

No. 78. GET ACQUAINTED WITH JESUS.

A. R. CAREY. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. Get acquainted with Je - sus, my friend, He is seek-ing a place in your heart,
2. Get acquainted with Je - sus, I pray, 'Tis a banquet His smile to be-hold,
3. Get acquainted with Je - sus, I pray, Do not wait till distress brings you low,

Let Him come all its wand'rings to end, And to bid pride and error de - part.
Those who trust Him, He'll never betray, And His love is far better than gold.
Lest a stranger you find Him in need, And your soul know not whither to go.

CHORUS.

Call Him in and know Him, This friend who is wait-ing to - day;.....
Call Him in and know thy friend, to-day;

Call Him in and know Him, Get ac-quainted with Je - sus, I pray.
thy friend,

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No. 79. COME TO THE SAVIOUR.

MINNIE H. GREENE. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. Come to the Sav - iour, O come to - day, He will re-ceive you, why
2. Come to the Sav - iour, sin - ner o - bey, Soft - ly He call - eth, O
3. Come to the Sav - iour, sin - ner be wise, Do not His pleading voice

long - er de - lay; I have re-deemed thee, come un - to me, He's
come, come to - day; Safe - ly in me for - ev - er a - bide, I
long - er de - spise, Lest He for - ev - er turn from thy door, And

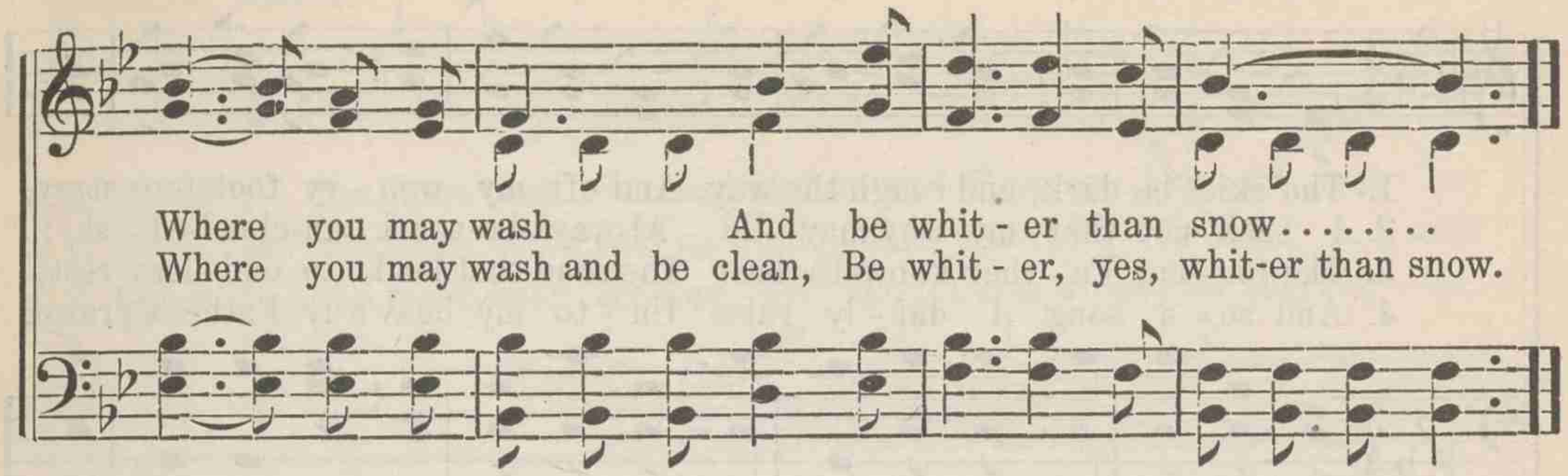
ten - der - ly pleading with thee. Come un - to me,..... Come un - to
love thee, for thee I have died.
nev - er to plead with thee more. Come, come, come un - to me, Come, come,

me,..... Je - sus is plead - ing, sin - ner, with
come un - to me, Je - sus is plead-ing with thee, sin - ner, He's

thee,..... Fountains of mer - cy, Free-ly they flow.....
pleading with thee, Fountains of mer-cy still flow, Free-ly, yes, freely they flow.

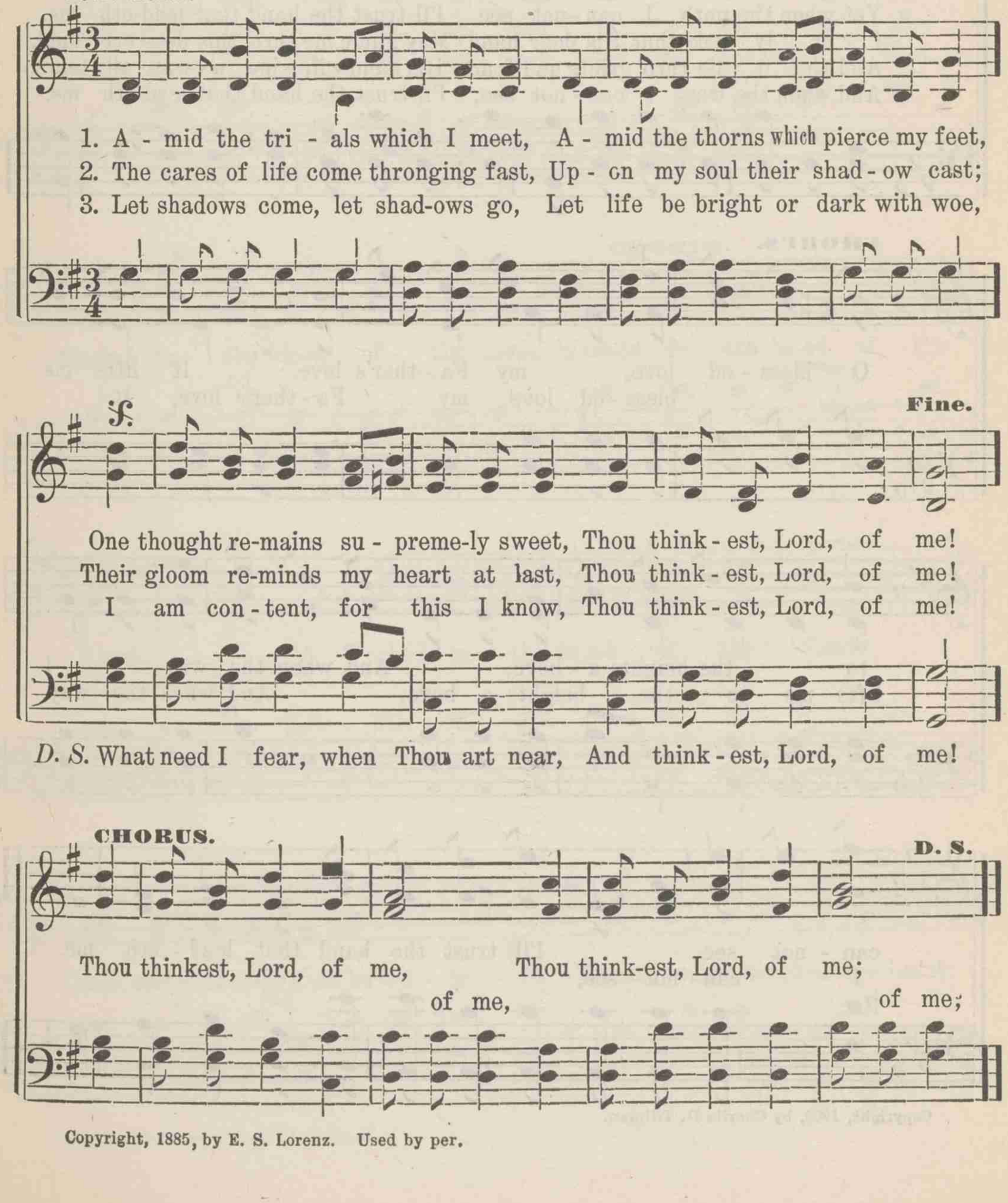
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COME TO THE SAVIOUR. Concluded.



No. 80. THOU THINKEST, LORD, OF ME.

E. D. MUND. E. S. LORENZ.



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No. 81. THE HAND THAT LEADETH ME.

MAGGIE E. GREGORY. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Tho' skies be dark, and rough the way, And oft my wea - ry footsteps stray,
2. I ask not that my way may lie Al-ways be-neath un-cloud-ed sky;
3. The lov - ing Fa - ther knoweth best The road that leads to end - less rest;
4. And so a song I dai - ly raise Un - to my heav'n-ly Father's praise;

Yet when the path I can - not see, I'll trust the hand that lead-eth me.
I on - ly ask that His dear hand May guide me thro' this des - ert land.
And tho' it lie thro' griefs and fears, His hand will wipe a - way all tears.
And when the way I can - not see, I'll trust the hand that lead-eth me.

CHORUS.

O bless - ed love, my Fa - ther's love, It lifts me
bless - ed love, my Fa - ther's love, It
to the heights a - bove, And when the way I
lifts me to the heights a - bove, And when the way
can - not see, I'll trust the hand that lead - eth me.
I can - not see,

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No. 82. COME TO THE FEAST.

MARGARET MOODY. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Come to the feast that the Lord hath spread, Here ev - 'ry soul may be tru - ly fed; Come in the name of your "Liv - ing Head,"
2. Come to the feast, leave your care and strife, Come, for His word is with bless - ings rife; Now un - to you is e - ter - nal life,
3. Come to the feast, hear the gos - pel word, Come while your heart by its pow'r is stirred; Fly to the ark like the wea - ry bird,

CHORUS.

Washed in the blood of the Lamb. Washed in the blood of the Lamb,..... Washed in the blood of the Lamb;
the Lamb,

Come, and your souls shall be tru - ly fed, Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

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No. 83. WORK HERE—STARS THERE.

NELLIE EDWARDS. S. O. LOWE.

1. When the battles of life have been fought and won, When the toil in the heat of the
2. When all pain shall be o'er and that ha-ven mine, Where the first moving tints shall the
3. When I join in the song that the an-gels sing, Where the saved of the earth shall the

day is done And I stand there redeemed in my heav'nly home, Will I have a - ny
sun outshine, Round my heart with His love shall the Saviour twine, For thro' Him I won
wel-kin ring, All the souls I have bro't to the heav'nly King, Will be bright shining

CHORUS.

stars in my crown? I'll re-ceive a bright and shining crown, When I
stars for my crown?
stars in my crown? I'll receive a bright and shining crown.

lay my cross and ar - mor down, Ev - 'ry
lay my cross and ar - mour down,

soul, thro' my ef - fort, Je - sus found;
soul, thro' my ef - fort, Je - sus found;

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WORK HERE—STARS THERE. Concluded.

Will be stars, will be stars in my crown.
that will spar - kle in my crown.

No. 84. IS THY HEART RIGHT WITH GOD?

E. A. H.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Have thy af-fec-tions 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?
5. Art thou now walking in heaven's pure light? 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 moment a - bide in thy soul? Is thy heart right with God?
Is thy soul wearing the gar-ment of white? Is thy heart right with God?

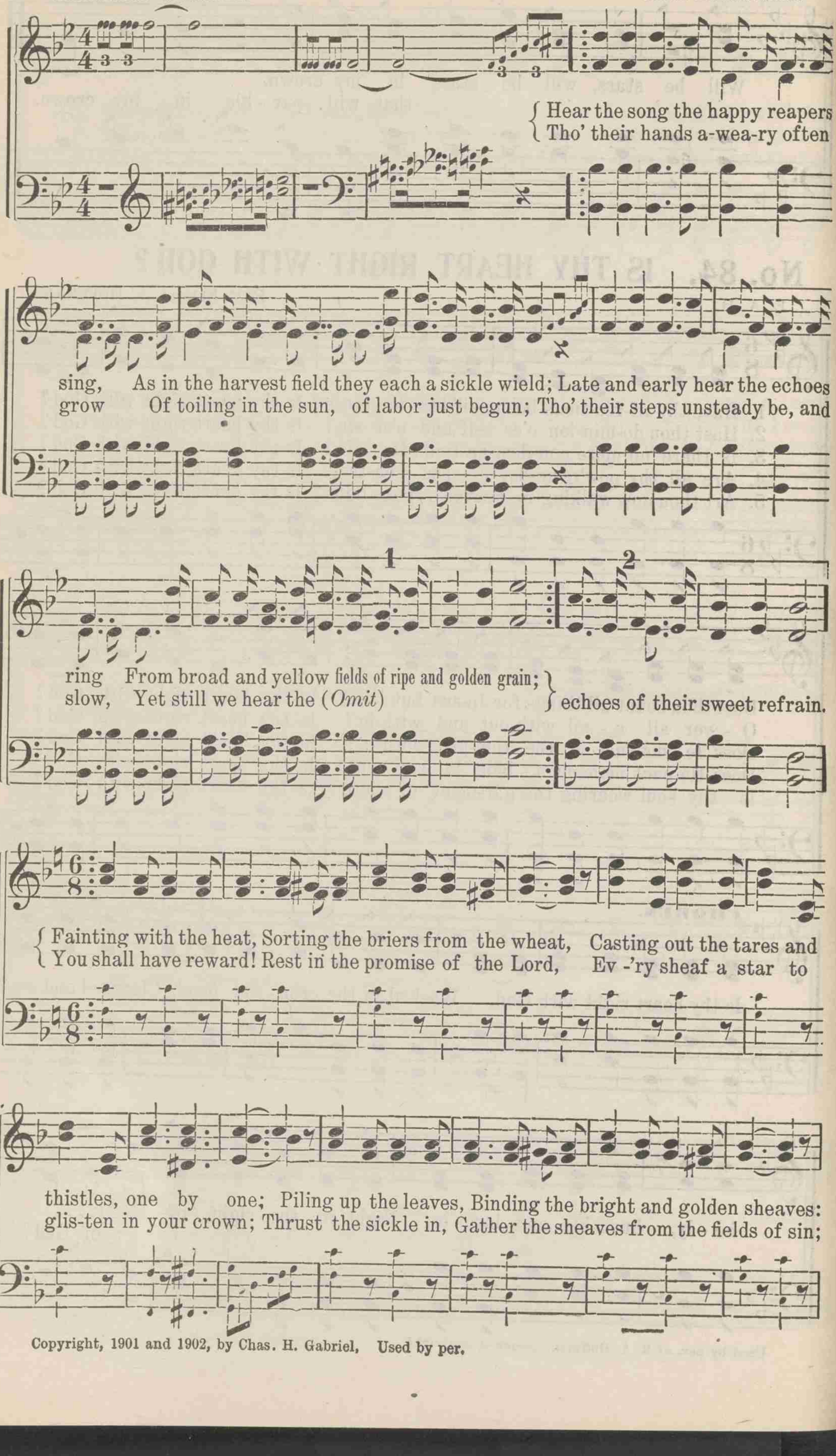
CHORUS.

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

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No. 85. THE SONG OF THE REAPERS.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



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THE SONG OF THE REAPERS. Concluded.

Cres.

1 2

Faithful reapers, you shall rejoice when day is done. }
Be thou patient, the burden (*Omit*) } will be soon laid down.

O ye i - dle ones, there is so much to do! Hark! the Mas-ter of the
Will you go all emp-ty hand-ed to the King, With but leaves and bri-ers

1

harvest calls for you; Take the rust-y sickle down and hasten to the field, For
as your of - fer - ing? (*Omit*)

2

There is need of reap-ers; Look the fields are white; Why Now the call o-
bending fields are white;

D. C. if desired.

bey! go labor while you may, For lo! the day is dying, and there com-eth night.

No. 86. HARK! HARK! MY SOUL!

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Hark! hark! my soul! an - gel - ic songs are swell-ing O'er earth's green fields and
2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them singing, "Come, weary souls! for
3. Rest comes at length! tho' life be long and drear-y, The day must dawn, and
4. An - gels! sing on: your faith-ful watch-es keep-ing, Sing us sweet fragments

ocean's wave-beat shore: How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Je-sus bids you come!" And thro' the dark its ech-oes sweet-ly ring-ing,
darksome night be past; Faith's journey ends in wel-come to the wea-ry,
of the songs a - bove; Till mornings joy shall end the night of weeping,

Male Voices. Unison.
REFRAIN.

Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
The mu - sic of the gos - pel leads us home. An - gels of Je - sus,
And heav'n, the heart's true home, will come at last.
And life's long shadows break in cloud-less love.

An - gels of light; Sing - ing to wel - come the pilgrims of the

All. Unison.

night, An - gels of Je - sus, An - gels of light,

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HARK! HARK! MY SOUL. Concluded.

Harmony.

Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night.

No. 87. LORD, I'M COMING HOME.

W. J. K. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

With feeling.

1. I've wan - dered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
2. I've wast - ed ma - ny pre - cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;
3. I'm tired of sin and stray - ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;
5. My on - ly hope, my on - ly plea, Now I'm com-ing home;
6. I need His cleans-ing blood, I know, Now I'm com-ing home;

The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I now re-pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I'll trust Thy love, be - lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
My strength re - new, my hope re-store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
That Je - sus died, and died for me, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
O wash me whit - er than the snow, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

CHORUS.

Com - ing home, com - ing home, Nev - er more to roam;
O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com - ing home.

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No. 88. SCRIPTURE SELECTION.

Behold, a sower went forth to sow; and when He sowed, some seeds fell by the wayside, and the fowls came and devoured them up.

Some fell upon stony places, where they had not much earth; and forthwith they sprang up, because they had no deepness of earth.

And when the sun was up, they were scorched; and because they had no root, they withered away.

And some fell among thorns; and the thorns sprang up and choked them.

But others fell into good ground, and brought forth fruit, some an hundred-fold, some sixty-fold, some thirty-fold.

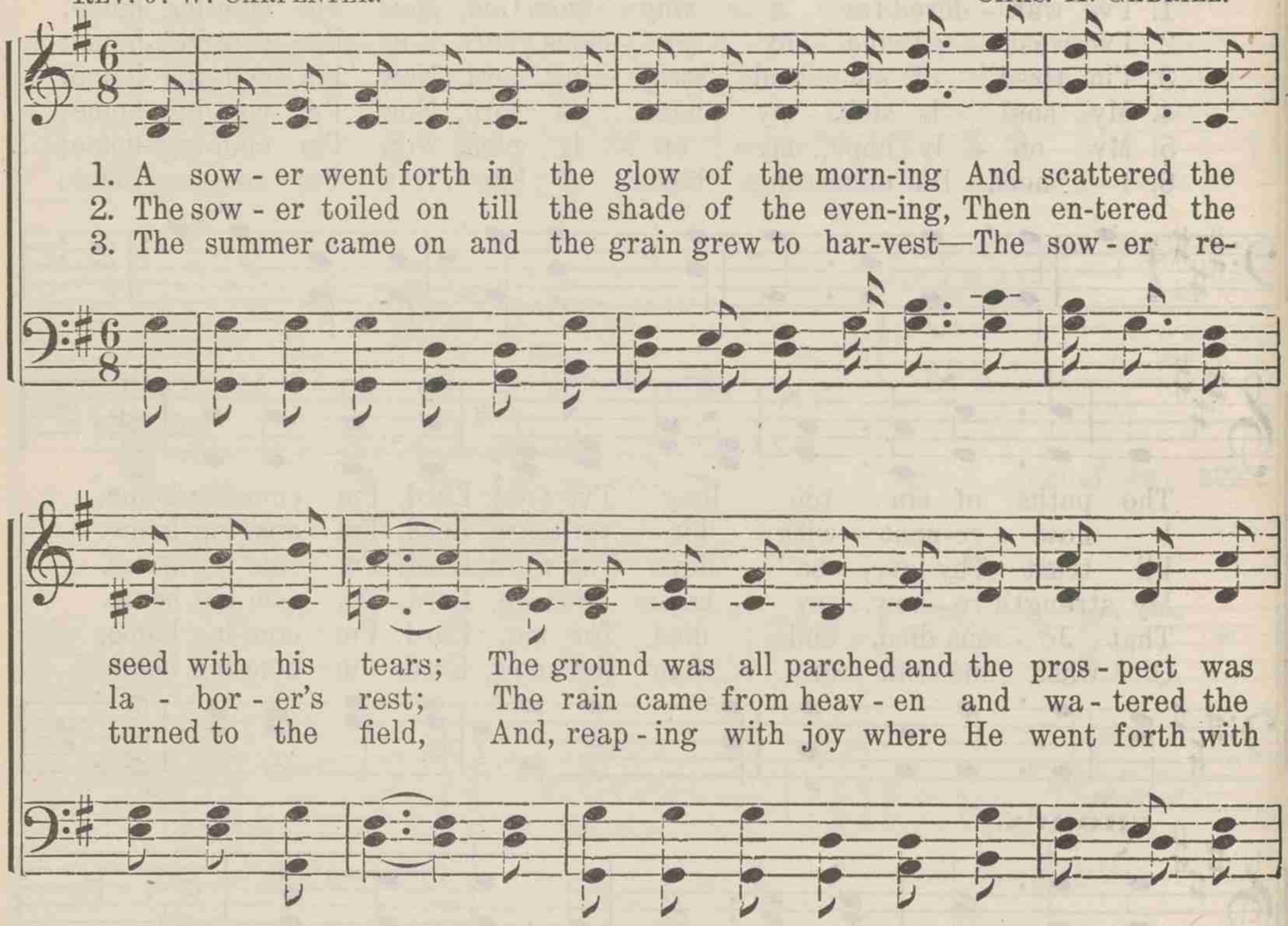
Sow to yourselves in righteousness, reap in mercy; break up your fallow ground: for it is time to seek the Lord, till He come and rain righteousness upon you.

They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.

He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.

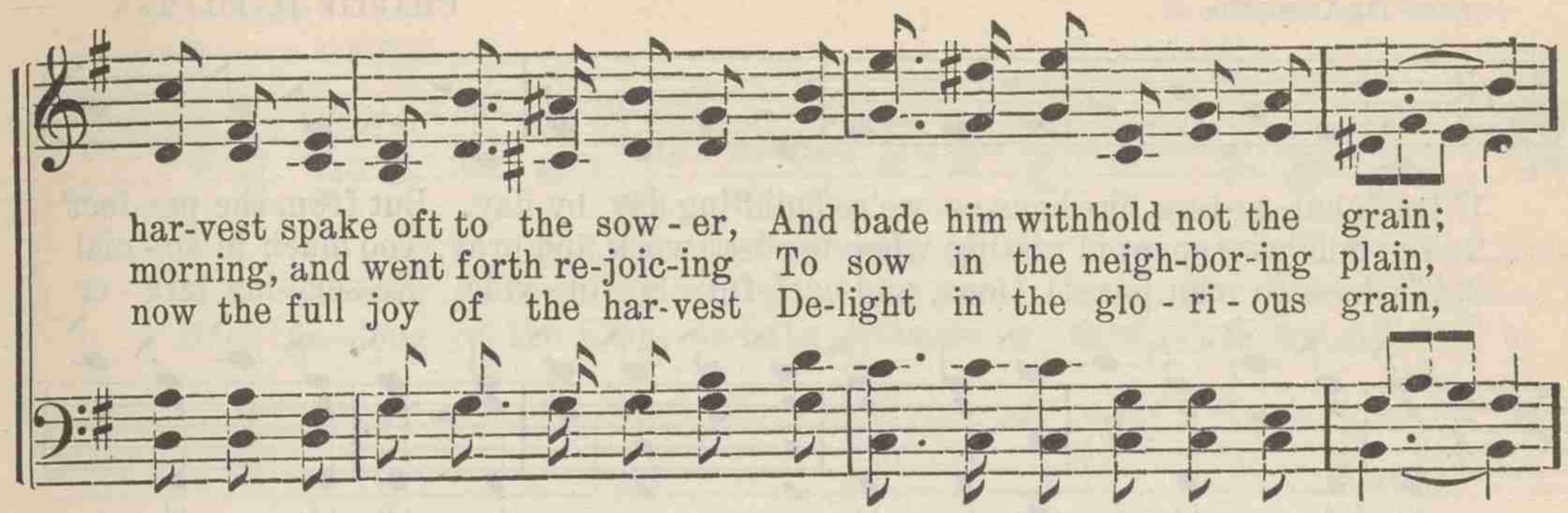
No. 89. KEEP SOWING THE SEED.

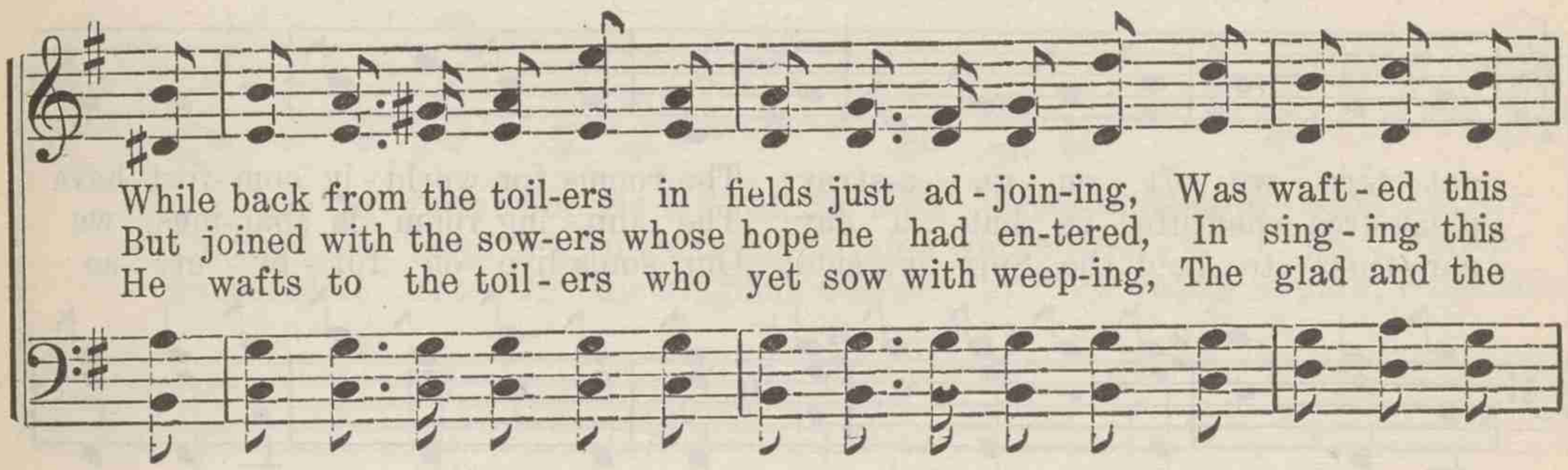
REV. J. W. CARPENTER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



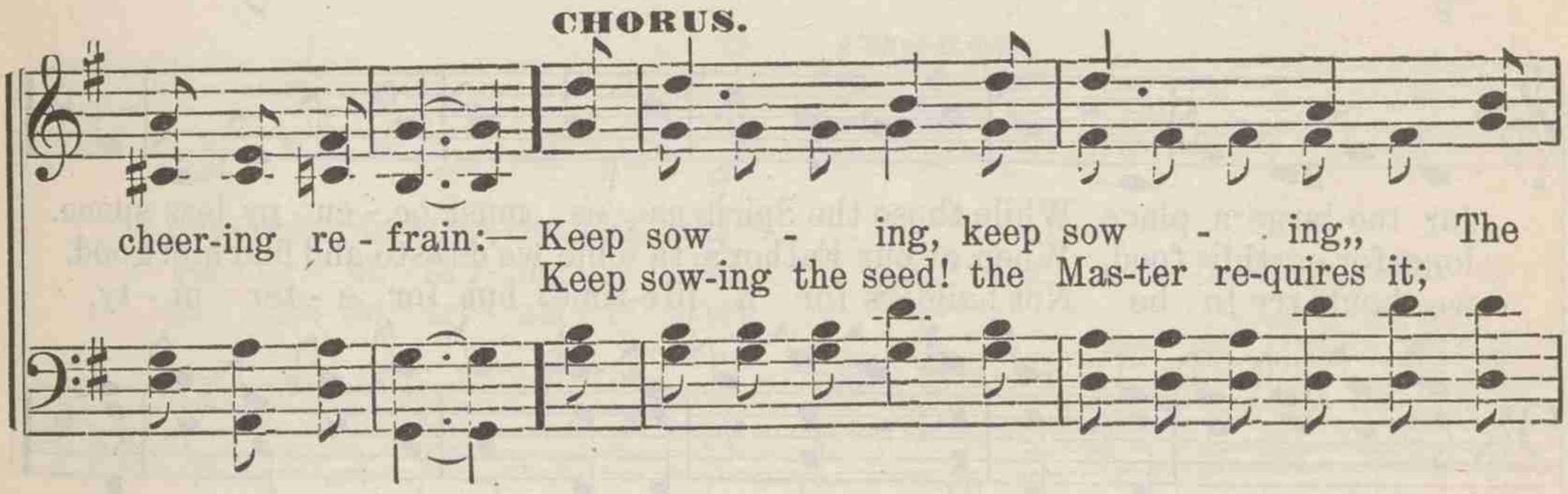
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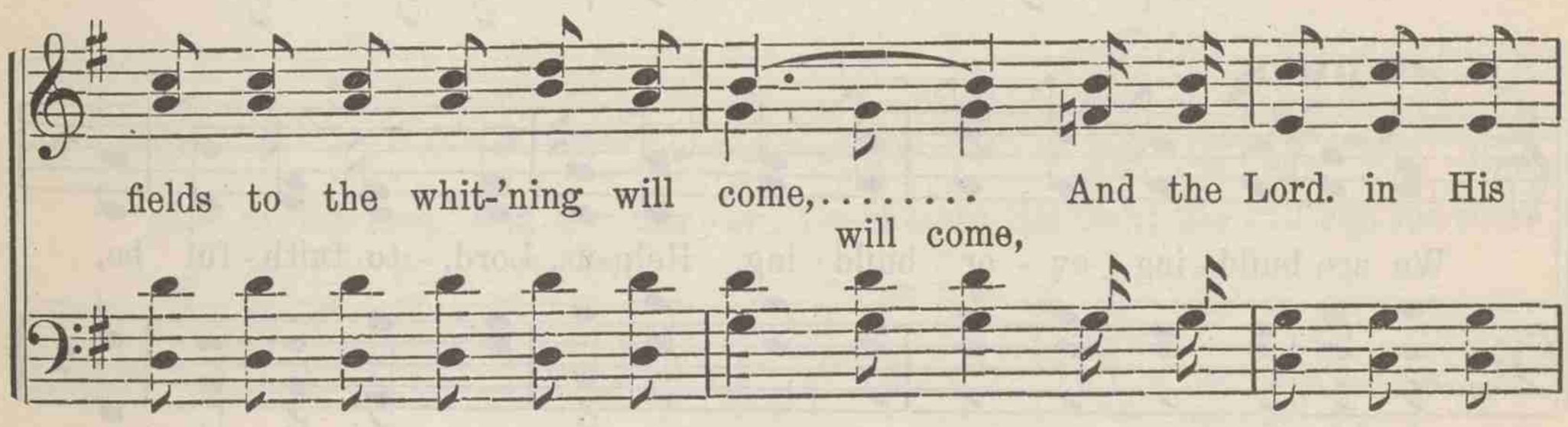
KEEP SOWING THE SEED. Concluded.
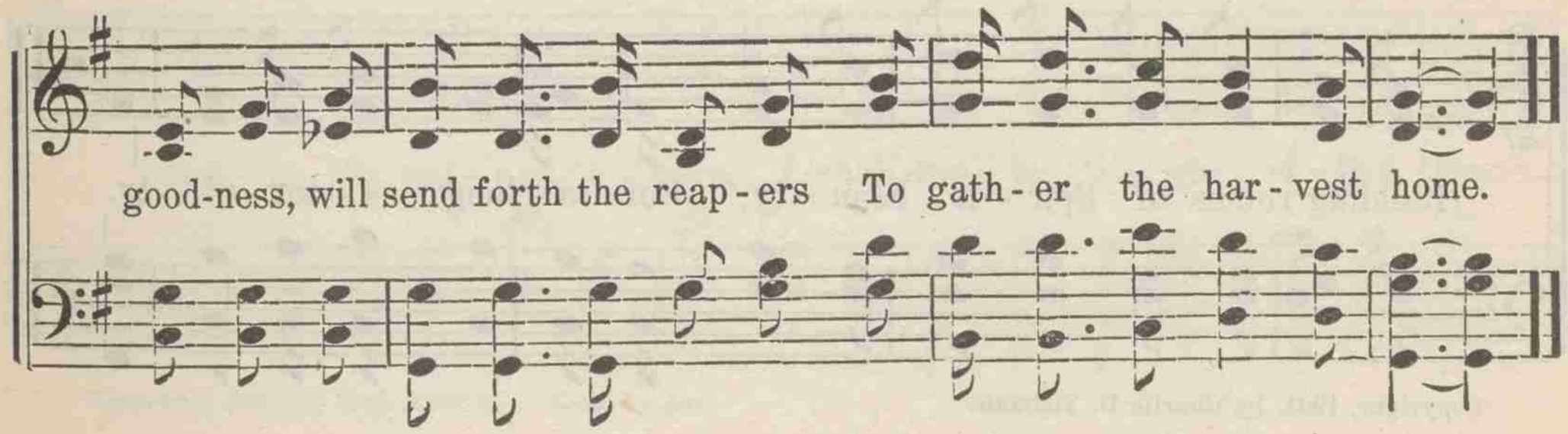




CHORUS.







No. 90. CHARACTER BUILDING.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. Our char-ac-ters like hous-es we're build-ing day by day, But from the per-fect pat - tern we oft - en go a-stray; The rooms for world - ly com -fort have
2. Too much time spent in resting when we should work and pray, Too much in so - cial pleas-ures when life is but a day; The din - ing room is spac-ious, we
3. 'Tis best to run par- ti -tions, and care-ful - ly di - vide, Re-serv-ing larg - er por - tions to hold the Spir - it's side; Our souls live on for - ev - er, so

far too large a place, While those the Spirit us - es must oc - cu - py less space.
long for earthly food, When at our Father's ta - ble we'd taste and find him good.
we should try to be Not builders for a life-time, but for e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.

We are build - ing, ev - er build - ing, Help us, Lord, to faith - ful be,
Building rooms of Spir - it beau - ty, For a - long e - ter - ni - ty.

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No. 91. I BELONG TO THE KING.

IDA L. REED. MAURICE A. CLIFTON.

SOLO or DUET.

1. I be-long to the King, I'm a child of His love, I shall dwell in His
2. I be-long to the King, and He loves me I know, For His mer-cy and
3. I be-long to the King, and His prom-ise is sure, That we all shall be

pal-ace so fair; For He tells of His bliss in yon heav-en a-bove, And His
kindness, so free, Are un-ceas-ing-ly mine where-so-ev-er I go, And my
gathered at last In His kingdom a-bove, by life's waters so pure, When this

CHORUS.

chil-dren its splen-dor shall share.
ref-uge un-fail-ing is He. I be-long to the King, I'm a
life with its tri-als is past.

child of His love, And He nev-er for-sak-eth His own; He will call me some

day to His pal-ace a-bove, I shall dwell by His glo-ri-fied throne.

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No. 92. MAKE ME A BLESSING.

H. P. PIPER. A. F. MEYERS. By per.

1. Make me a bless-ing to ev - er - y one, Make my life use - ful from day to day, Filled with the spir - it of Je - sus' love, Mak - ing paths
2. In - to the homes where 'tis sor - row and grief, Where hearts are aching with care and woe, Wher-e'er my presence will give re - lief, Where He doth
3. May my life tell for the good and the true, Tell for the Mas - ter in deeds of love, Bless-ing a - bound all my journey through, Guid - ing to

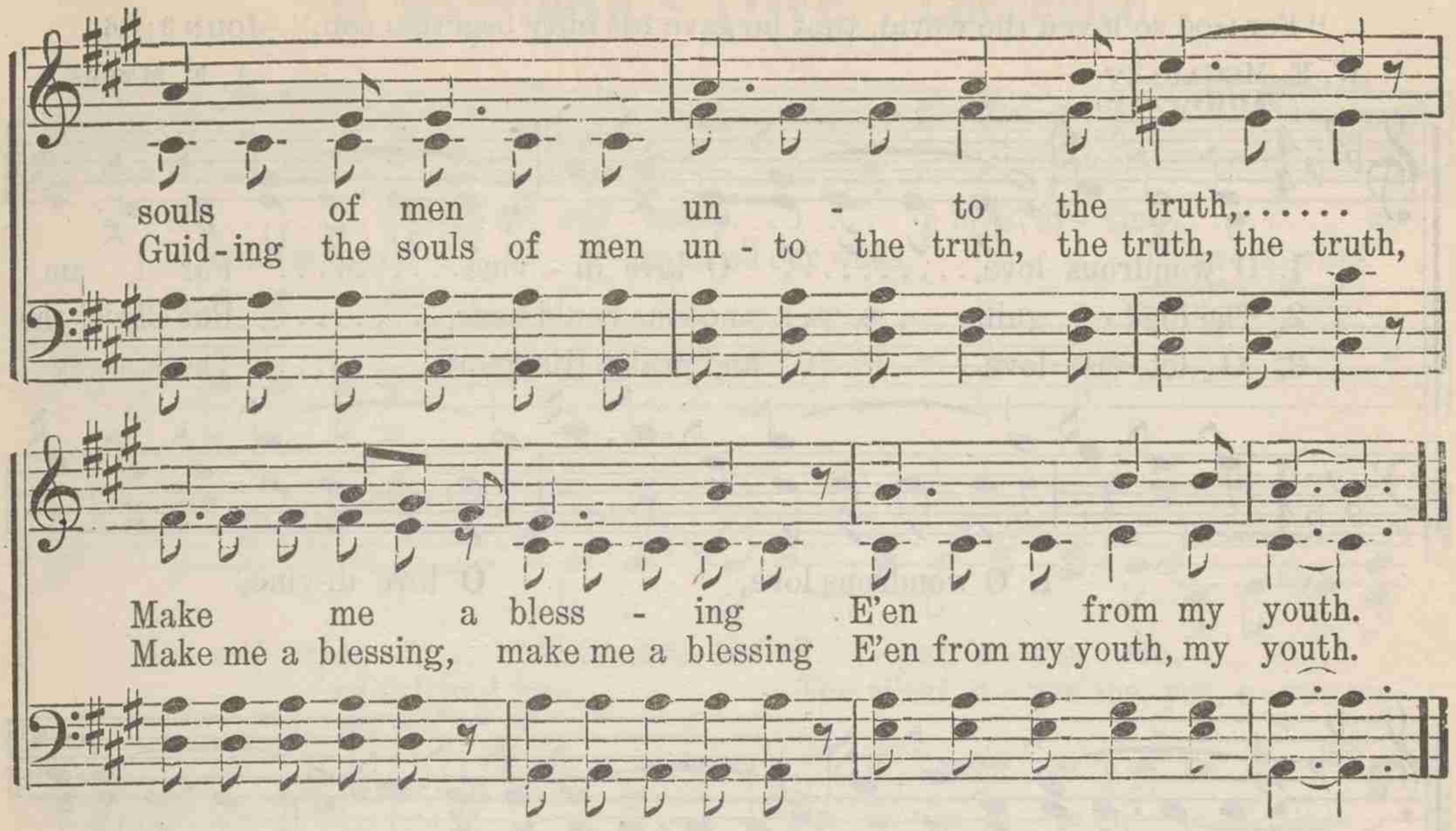
CHORUS.

bright-er al - way. Make me a bless - ing
lead I will go.
man-sions a - bove. Make me a bless-ing, make me a bless-ing,

to ev - 'ry one;..... Hearts..... now pos-
make me a bless-ing to ev - 'ry one; Hearts now pos - sess - ing,
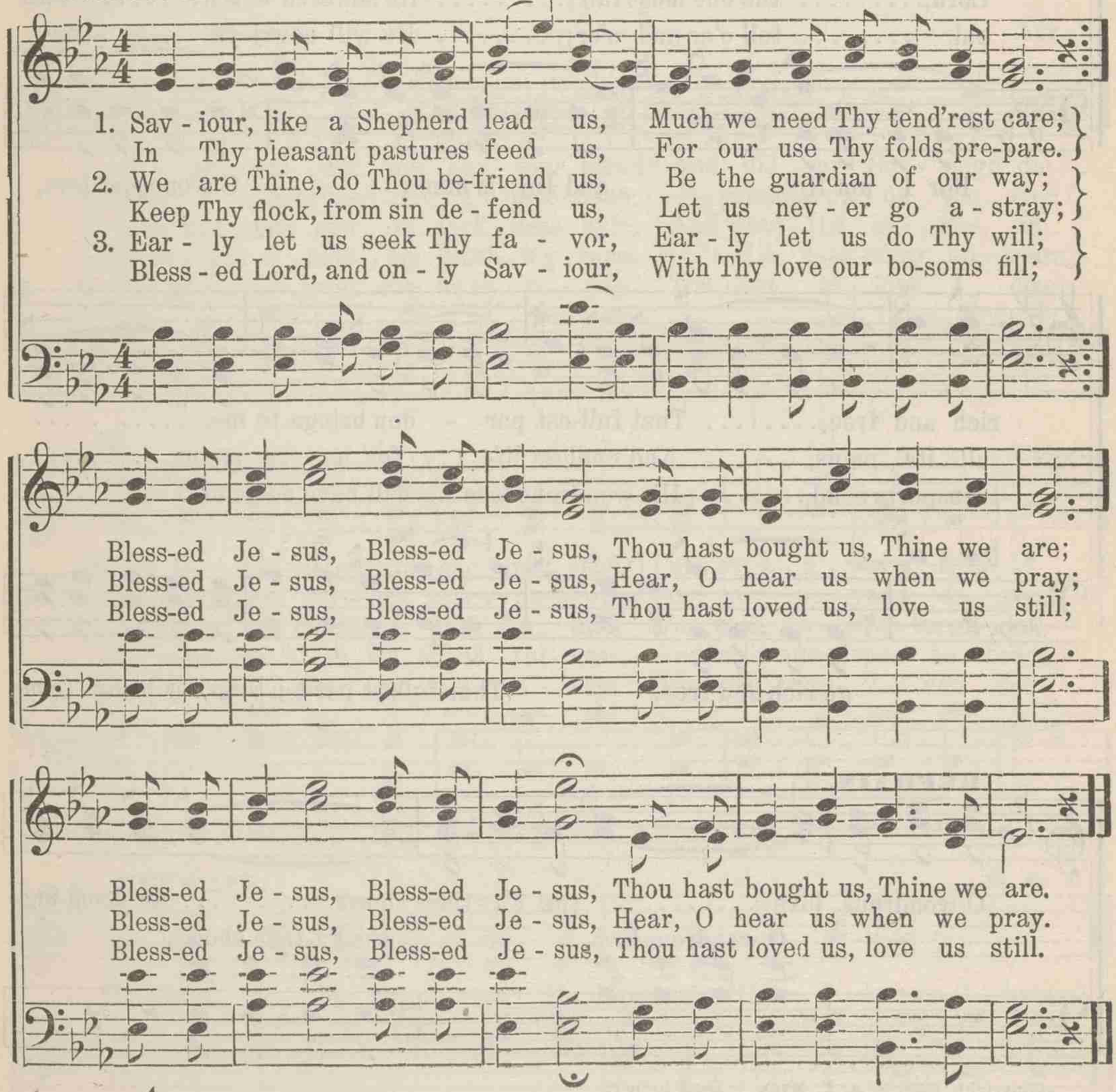
sess - ing, Thy will be done. Guid - ing the
hearts now possessing, Thy will be done, will be done. Guid-ing the souls of men,

MAKE ME A BLESSING. Concluded.



No. 93. SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD.

DOROTHY A. THRUPP. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



No. 94. O WONDROUS LOVE.

"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten son."—JOHN 3: 16.

W. F. McCAULEY.

A. F. MYERS.

Moderate.

1. O wondrous love,..... O love di - vine..... For I am
2. The load of guilt..... no one could bear,..... But Christ the
3. O let us love ..... and praise Him more,..... The sto - ry

1. O wondrous love, O love di-vine,

His,..... and He is mine;..... O wondrous love,..... so
Lord,..... the one most fair;..... He suffered death..... with
old. ..... tell o'er and o'er;..... He will new joys..... ne

For I am His and He is mine; O wondrous love,

rich and free,..... That full-est par - don brings to me..... .....
all its pains,..... And endless life.... for us re-mains.....
transports send,..... His wondrous love... will have no end.....

go rich and free, That fullest pardon brings, now brings to me.
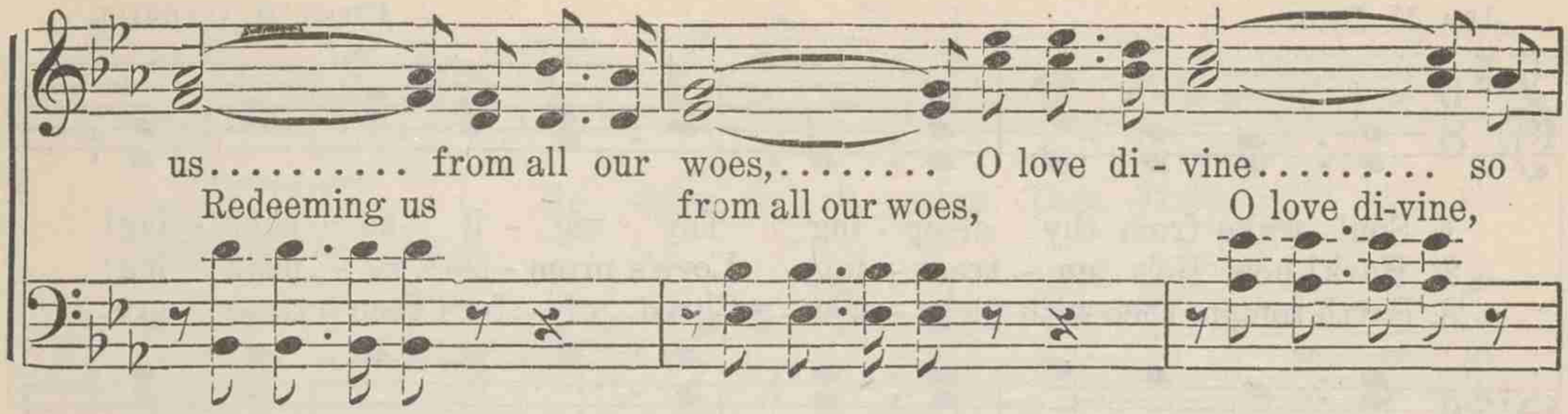
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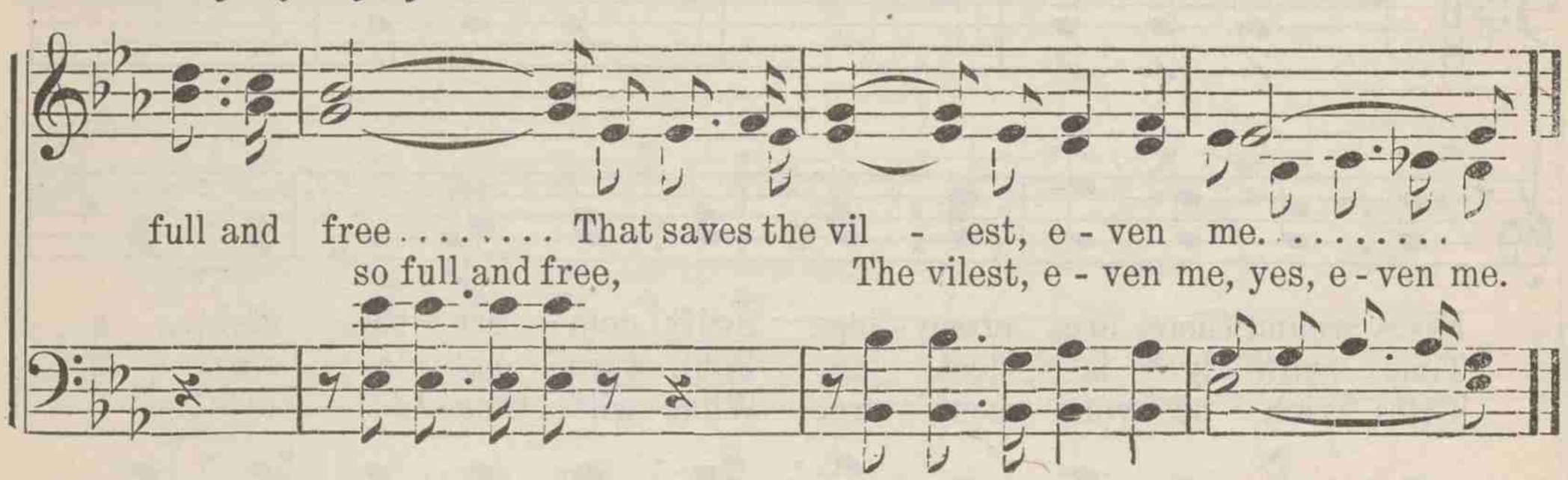
O wondrous love..... the Fa-ther shows,..... Re-deem-ing

O wondrous love, the Fa-ther shows,

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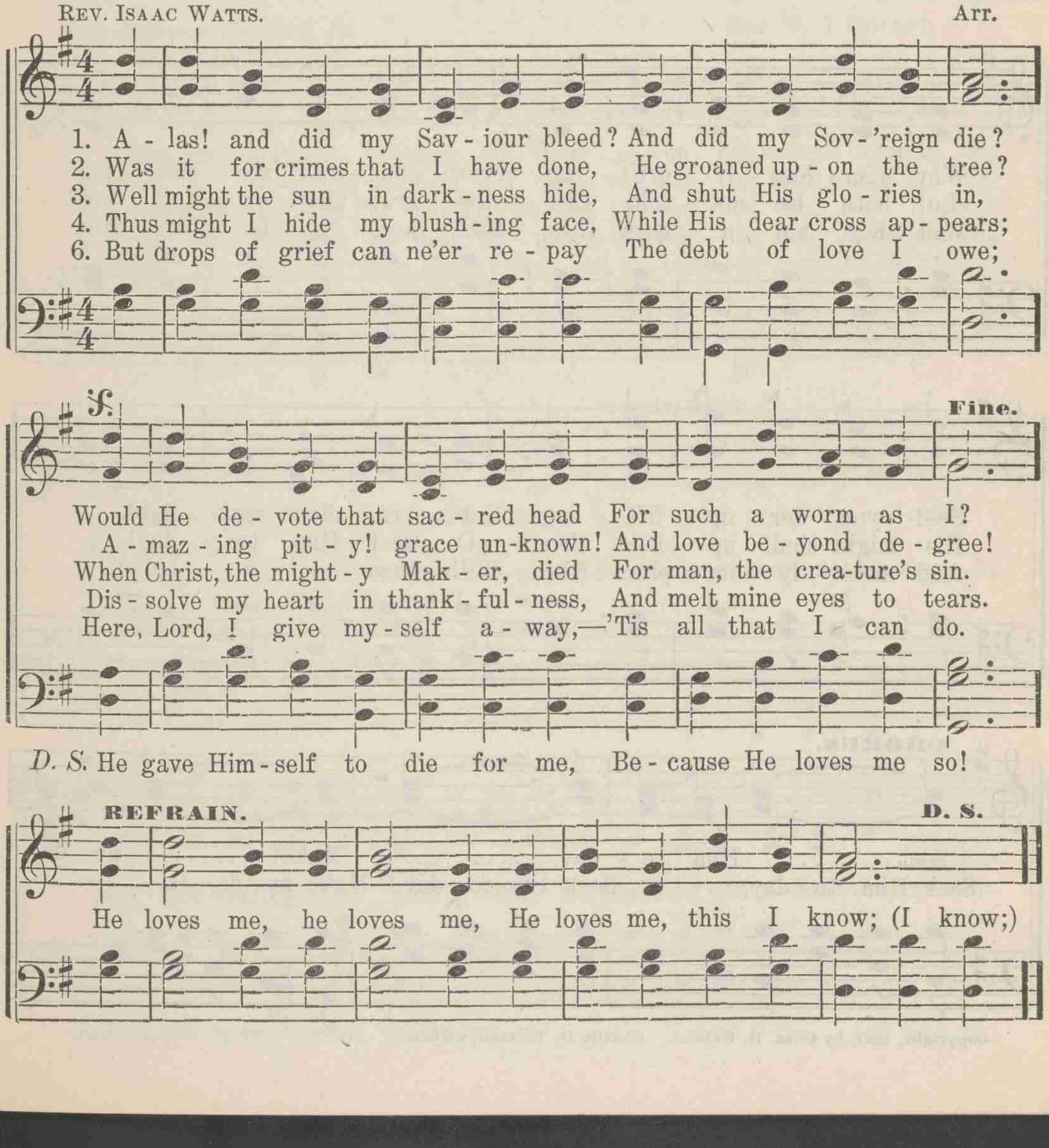
O WONDROUS LOVE. Concluded.





No. 95. HE LOVES ME.

REV. ISAAC WATTS. Arr.



No. 96. SEEK JESUS TO-DAY.

IDA M. BUDD. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Soul, wake from thy sleep - ing, Thy vig - il be keep - ing!
2. Hark! how He's en - treat - ing, Love's prom - ise re - peat - ing;
3. Earth tempts thee with pleas - ure, Christ of - fers thee treas - ure,

Mists round thee are creep - ing, Swift com - eth the night.
Time swift - ly is fleet - ing, Soul, turn not a - way.
Gifts rich be - yond meas - ure, What wilt thou de - cide?

Why aim - less - ly drift - ing Where shad - ows are shift - ing?
Lo! hath He not told thee His grace shall en - fold thee?
Wilt thou not a - dore Him, Bow low - ly be - fore Him,

See! yon - der up - lift - ing Gates ra - diant with light.
His might shall up - hold thee, O seek Him to - day!
And meek - ly im - plore Him With thee to a - bide?

CHORUS.

Seek . . . . . Him to - day, ... Make . . . . . no de-
Seek Him to - day, Seek Him to - day, Make no de - lay,

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SEEK JESUS TO-DAY. Concluded.

lay,..... He waits to re - ceive thee, From guilt to re-
make no de - lay,

lieve thee; He will not de - ceive thee, O seek Him to - day!

No. 97. O DON'T STAY AWAY.

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

With expression.

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

CHORUS.

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

Rit.

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

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No. 98. PERFECT SALVATION.

A. E. G. ALMA E. GULLEY.

1. Per-fect sal - va - tion Of Him would I sing, He has redeemed me,
2. Naught of my plannings, Just walking with Him, Light of whose wis-dom
3. Heav-en is near - ing—The home of the blest— Trust-ing and sing - ing

Who reigneth my King. Whose rule bringeth gladness And con-quer-ing strife,
Can nev - er grow dim. So sing-ing in shad - ow And trusting in pain,
I wait for its rest. Sweet hope on her pin-ions Of glo - ry doth rise,

CHORUS.

Whose love brings glo - ry, Whose touch giv - eth life.
Know - ing in loss - es That Christ is my gain. Per - fect sal-
Pierc-ing earth's sor - rows And mount-ing the skies.

va-tion, Rapture un - told, Sweeter than hon-ey, Pur-er than gold. Wondrous a-

bid-ing My an-chor is cast, Heaven is near-ing Sweet heaven at last.

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No. 99. PURE AS THE STREAMLET.

E. E. HEWITT. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. Thank God for the fountains, the life - giv - ing rills That spring, pure as
2. Thank God for the vine-yards that smile in the sun, For au-tumn's full
3. Our Fa-ther knows well what His children should drink, And gives us much
4. In paths true and ho - ly, Lord, may we be led, Throughout the wide

D. C.—Thank God for the fountains, the life - giv - ing rills That spring, pure as

crys - tal, a - mong the green hills; They bring to the val - leys re-
gar - ners, when har - vest is done; O turn not to poi - son God's
more than we ask or can think; A - way, then, a - way with the
world may Thy king - dom be spread; All e - vil en - tice-ments our

crys - tal, a - mong the green hills; They bring to the val - leys re-

Fine.

freshment and wealth, They rip - ple with gladness, they spar-kle with health.
beau - ti - ful fruit, De - file not His boun - ty with sin's bit - ter root.
sin - curs - ed bowl! A - way with the li - quor that poi - sons the soul.
hearts would disown, A - thirst for the riv - er that flows from the throne.

freshment and wealth, They rip - ple with gladness, they spar-kle with health.

CHORUS.

Mur - mur-ing rills,.... Hear their sweet music among the green hills;
Murmuring rills, murmuring rills,

D. C.

Keep,..... bless-ed Sav-iour, our souls Pure as the stream as it rolls.
Keep, blessed Saviour, our lips asd our souls

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No. 100. JESUS IS PASSING BY.

"Jesus passed by."—JOHN 9: 1.

Arr. by REV. J. H. W. REV. J. H. WEBER.

1. "Je - sus is pass - ing," the blind man was told, Who by the way - side was beg - ging of old, Wish - ing that Je - sus His sight would un - fold, "Je - sus is pass - ing by."
2. "Je - sus, my Sav - iour, have mer - cy on me! O - pen my eyes, and from sin set me free; Help - less and need - y, I come un - to Thee, Je - sus is pass - ing by."
3. "Je - sus is pass - ing," if, feel - ing your need, Ear - nest en- treat - ies He sure - ly will heed; If you but ask Him, your soul shall be freed, Je - sus is pass - ing by.

CHORUS.

Je - sus is pass - ing, He's passing this way, Je - sus is pass-ing by;
Thou Son of Da - vid, have mercy on me; Je - sus is pass-ing by.

By per. Rev. J. H. Weber.

No. 101. THE LION OF JUDAH.

"The Lion of the tribe of Judah * * * * hath prevailed."—REV. 5: 5.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. How sweet - ly o'er the mount-ain of Zi - on, love - ly Zi - on, The
2. O hap - py, hap - py ti - dings, the king - dom now is o - pened, The
3. Ho - san - na in the high - est, all glo - ry ev - er-last - ing, The

an - them of a - ges comes sweeping a - long; The an - them of the
seals are all bro - ken, pro - claim it a - far; From bond-age and op-
cross and its ban - ner tri - umph - ant shall wave; Ho - san - na in the

D. S.—Sweet an - them of the

faith - ful, we hear it, and, re - joic - ing, Our hearts in glad
pres - sion by Him we are de - liv - ered, The Li - on of
high - est, all glo - ry ev - er - last - ing, The Li - on of

faith - ful, we hear it, and, re - joic - ing, Our hearts in glad

Fine. REFRAIN.

meas - ure keep tune with the song.
Ju - dah, the bright Morn - ing Star. O the Li - on of Ju - dah hath
Ju - dah His peo - ple will save.

meas - ure keep tune with the song.

D. S.

tri-umphed for - ev - er, O the Li - on of Ju - dah is might-y and strong;

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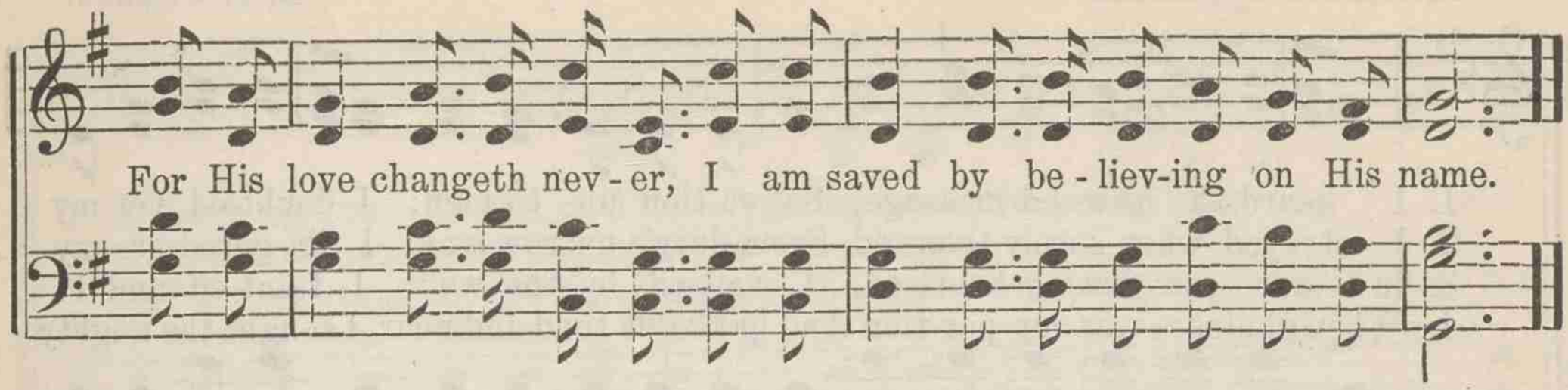
No. 102. SAVED BY BELIEVING.

"What must I do to be saved? Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."—ACTS 17: 30, 31. "He that believeth on me hath everlasting life."—JOHN 6: 47. "That whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—JOHN 3: 96.

J. A. B. J. A. BROWN.
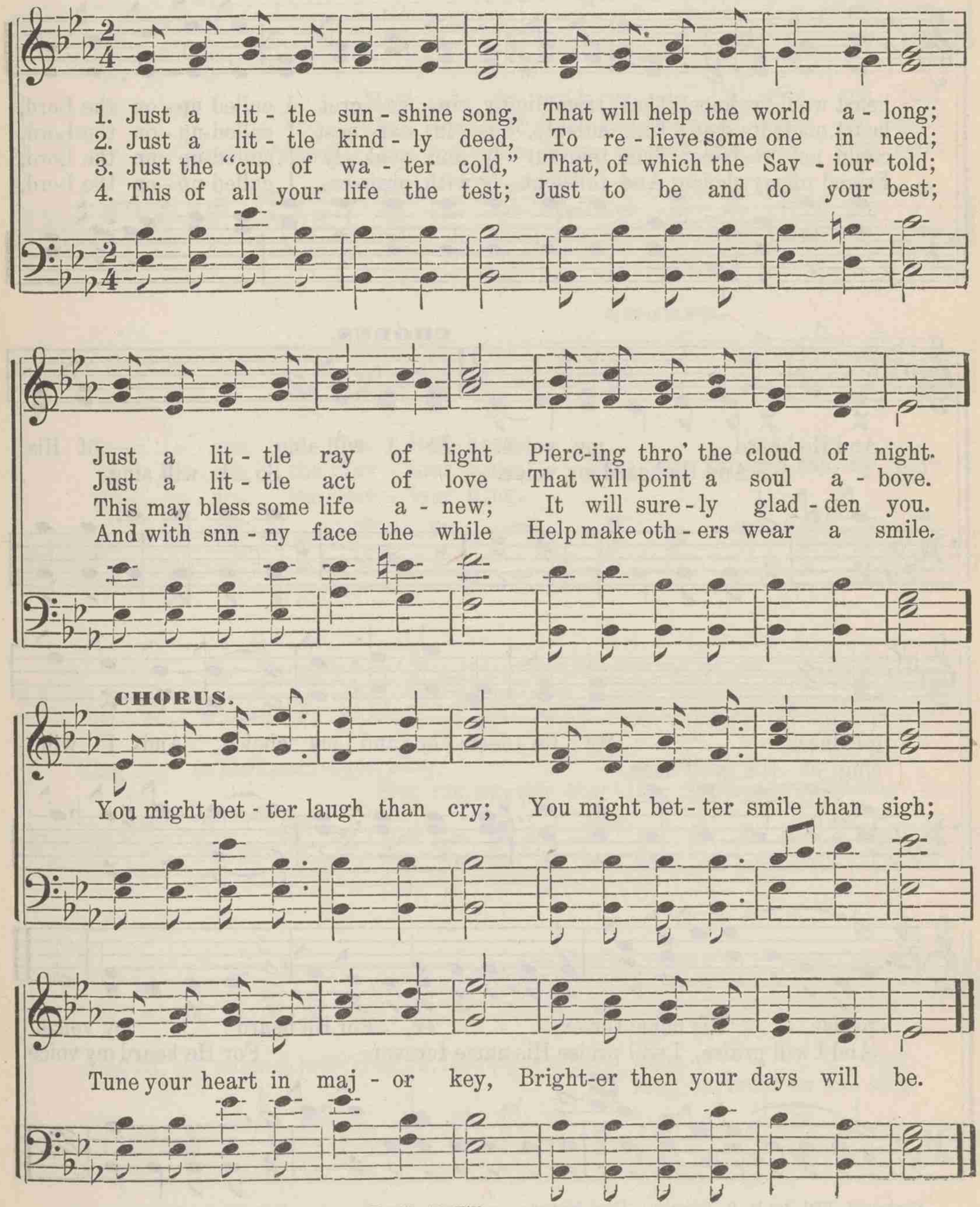
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SAVED BY BELIEVING. Concluded.



No. 103. JUST A LITTLE SUNSHINE SONG.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. W. S. WEEDEN.



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No. 104. HE HEARD MY VOICE.

KATHERINE O. BARKER. B. T. WORDEN.

1. I heard the bless-ed message, Sal-va-tion un - to men; I doubt-ed, yet my
2. I strayed, when sorely tempted, From duty's narrow way; I lin-gered ere my
3. In sor - row heav-y-heart-ed, I wait-ed by the way; I faint-ed and I
4. When gladness was my por-tion And friends were fond and near, I sought the mighty

heart would rejoice; Then, tremblingly, in se - cret, I called up - on the Lord,
heart made its choice; Then humbly, but in ear - nest, I called up - on the Lord,
could not re-joice; Then tear-ful - ly and weak - ly I called up - on the Lord,
Friend of my choice; And fer-vent - ly with prais-es, I called up - on the Lord,

CHORUS.

And He heard my voice. So I will sing of His
And He heard my voice. So I will sing,

goodness, My Re - deem - er and my choice, And I will
sing of His good-ness,

praise..... His name for-ev - er, For He heard my voice.
And I will praise, I will praise His name forever, For He heard my voice.

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105. SINGING AND TRUSTING.

E. E. HEWITT. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Look up to Je - sus, and with lov - ing trust Keep sing - ing, still
2. Your song may cheer a heav-y - la - den heart,
3. For - get - ting not the blessings of the past, Keep sing-ing, sweetly sing - ing

sing - ing; He'll safe - ly guide us, He is wise and just,
And strong-er faith and bright-er hope im - part
of our Sav-iour's love; In sum - mer bloom, or 'mid the win - t'ry blast,

CHORUS.

Trust Je - sus, the Sav - iour King.
In Je - sus, the Sav - iour King. Sing on, through sun - ny days,
Trust Je - sus, the Sav - iour King.

Sing on, in darkened ways, Sing, sing,
Sing-ing, sweetly sing - ing, singing, sweetly sing - ing,

Sing on, His name is love; Sing on, He reigns a-bove, Sing, sing.
Sing on, trust on and sing.

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No. 106. STEADILY MARCHING ON.

FANNY J. CROSBY. DR. H. R. PALMER.

1. Praise ye the Lord, joy-ful-ly sound ho - san - na, Praise the Lord with glad ac-
2. Praise we the Lord; He is the King e - ter - nal, Glo - ry be to God on

claim. Lift up your heart un - to His throne with glad-ness, Mag - ni - fy His
high. Praise we the Lord, tell of His lov - ing kind-ness, Join the cho-rus

ho - ly name. March-ing a - long un - der His ban - ner bright, Trusting
of the sky. Still marching on, cheer-i - ly marching on, In the

in His mer-cy as we go, (trusting we go,) His light di-vine ten-der-ly
ranks of Je - sus we will go, (ev - er we'll go,) Home to our rest, joy-ful-ly

o'er us will shine, We shall be guid - ed by His hand now and for - ev - er.
home where the blest, Gather and praise the Saviour's name, praise Him for-ev - er.

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STEADILY MARCHING ON. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

Stead-i-ly marching on, with our banners wav-ing o'er us; Stead-i-ly march-ing on, while we sing the joy-ful cho - rus, Stead-i - ly marching on, pil - lar and cloud go-ing be-fore us, To the realms of glo - ry, to our home on high.

No. 107. NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

SARAH F. ADAMS. LOWELL MASON.

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

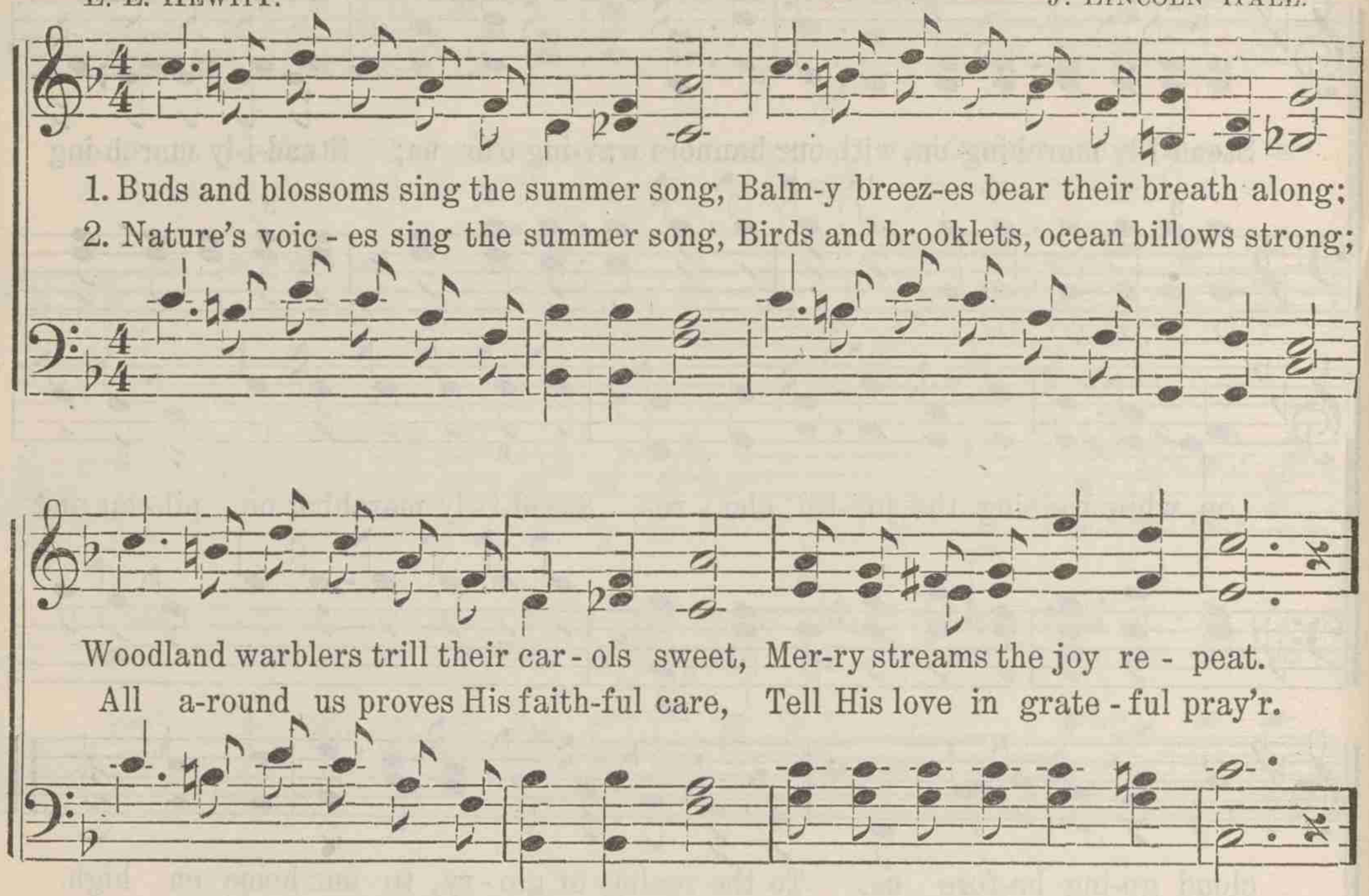
That rais-eth me; Still, all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck-on me, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
Up - ward I fly; Still,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

D. S.—Near-er, my God, to Thee,

Near - er to Thee!

No. 108. THE SUMMER SONG.

E. E. HEWITT. J. LINCOLN HALL.



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THE SUMMER SONG. Concluded.

Love watch - es o'er us, Join in the beau - ti - ful cho - rus;

Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!

Sing hap - py prais - es, And wake the hal - le - lu - jah chord.

No. 109. I AM COMING.

W. G. FISCHER.

1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak and blind;
2. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends and time, and earth - ly store;
3. Je - sus comes! He fills my soul! Per-fect - ed in love I am;

D. C.—I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee, Dear Lamb of Cal - va - ry;

D. C. for Chorus.

I am count - ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.
Soul and bod - y, Thine to be,—Whol - ly Thine for ev - er - more.
I am ev - 'ry whit made whole; Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb.

Hum - bly at Thy cross I bow, Je - sus saves me, saves me now.
For last verse. Save me Je - sus, save me now.

110. IN THE SECRET PLACE WITH JESUS.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. In the se - cret place with Je - sus There is sweet, untroubled calm;
2. In the se - cret place with Je - sus I can tell Him all my heart,
3. In the se - cret place with Je - sus Earth has not a spot so dear,

Not a note of strife or clam - or Breaks the soul's ex - ult - ant psalm.
And no soon - er have I told Him Than my dreads and doubts de - part.
For the ver - y breath of heav - en Fills me while I lin - ger here.

CHORUS.

In the se - cret place with Je - sus, 'Tis the
In the se - cret place with Je - sus,

on - ly place of rest; Life is joy and love is
'Tis the on - ly place of rest; Life is joy and love is

rapt - ure, While I lean up - on His breast.
rapt-ure, love is rapt - ure,

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No. 111. HE SAVES ME TO-DAY.

JOHN CENNICK. Music and chorus by DR. S. B. JACKSON.

Not too fast.

1. Je - sus, my all, to heav'n is gone, He whom I fixed my hopes up - on;
2. The way the ho - ly proph - ets went, The road that leads from ban-ish-ment,
3. Lo! glad I come, and Thou, blest Lamb, Shall take me to Thee, as I am;
4. Then will I tell to sin-ners round, What a dear Sav-iour I have found;

His track I see, and I'll pur - sue The nar - row way till Him I view.
The King's highway of ho - li - ness, I'll go, for all His paths are peace.
Noth-ing but sin have I to give, Noth-ing but love shall I re - ceive.
I'll point to Thy re - deem-ing blood, And say, "Be-hold the way to God!"

CHORUS.

I can, I will, I do be - lieve in Je - sus, And I know He saves me to - day! I'm free! I'm free! O Hal - le - lu - jah, I am free!

glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! He has washed my sins all a - way!

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No. 112. CARRY SUNSHINE IN YOUR HEART.

J. R. B. E. L. OZENDORFF.

1. As a - down life's path you jour-ney, Be as cheer - ful as you can;
2. As the con - flict rag - es round you, You must ver - y ac - tive be,
3. As you serve the Mas - ter fruit - ful, You will find the cross is light;

Like a fount of sweet-est glad-ness, Love and bless your fel - low man;
Else the foe of truth and brightness Cast their shad - ow o - ver thee;
It dis - pels all gloom - y sor - row, Drives a - way the dark - est night;

Those you meet who are down-heart-ed, To re - move that darksome ban,
If the im - age of the Sav - iour You'd have oth - ers in you see,
You will al - ways find that er - ror Flees be - fore the truth and right,
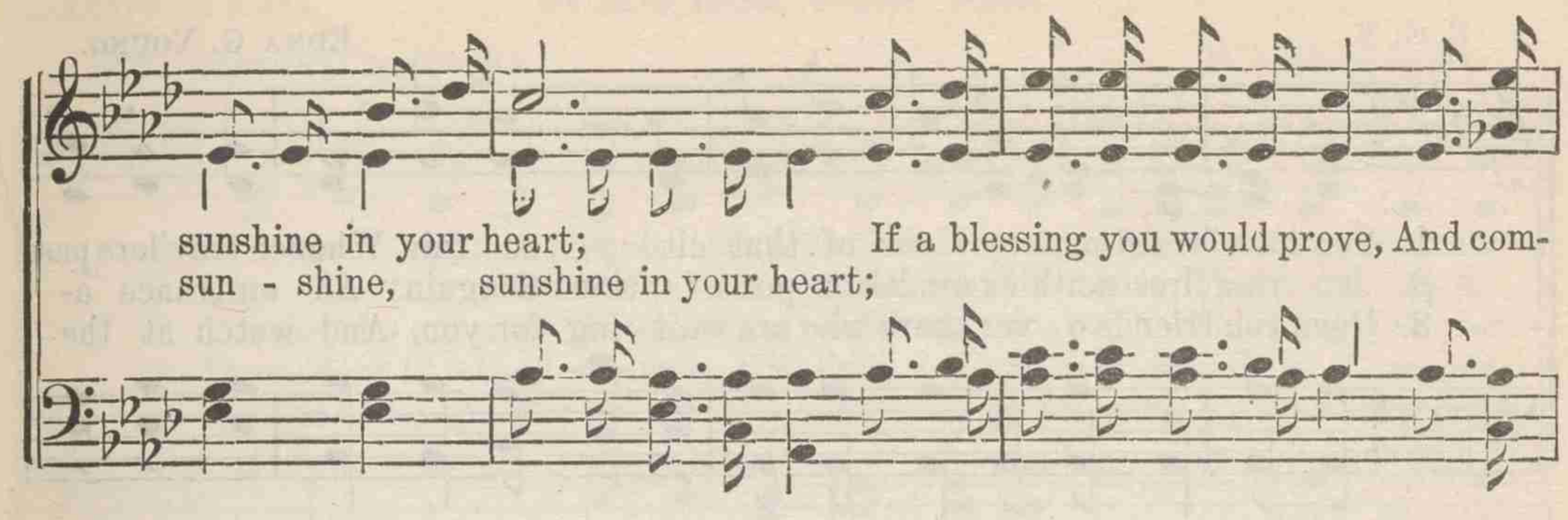
You must car - ry the bless - ed sun - shine in your heart.
You must car - ry the bless - ed sun - shine in your heart.
If you car - ry the bless - ed sun - shine in your heart.
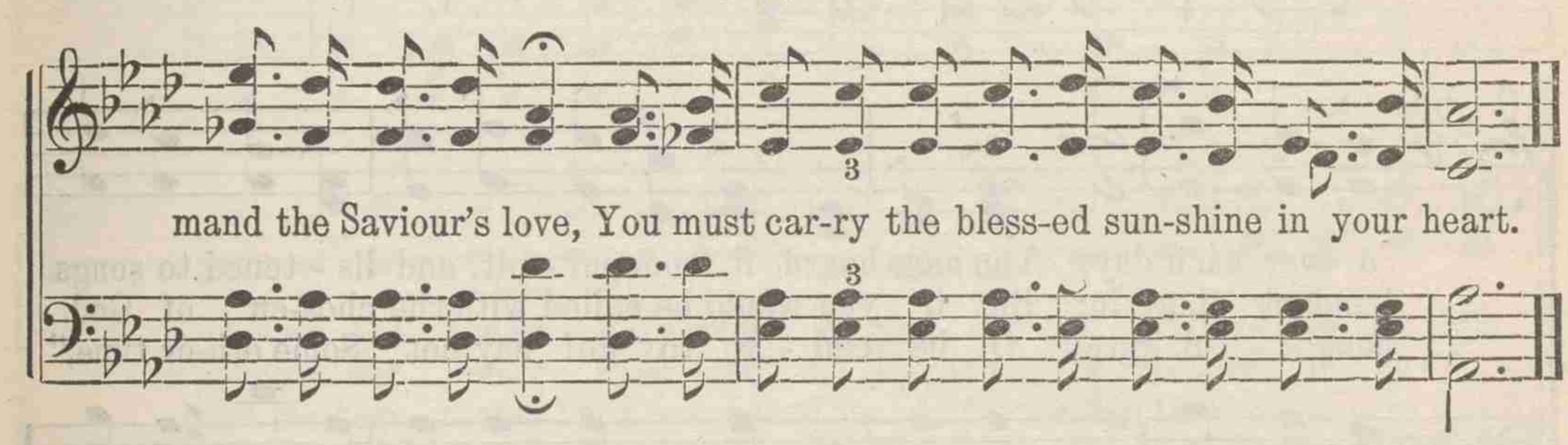
CHORUS.

Car - ry the blessed sunshine in your heart, Car - ry the bless-ed
Car - ry the blessed sun - shine, sunshine in your heart,

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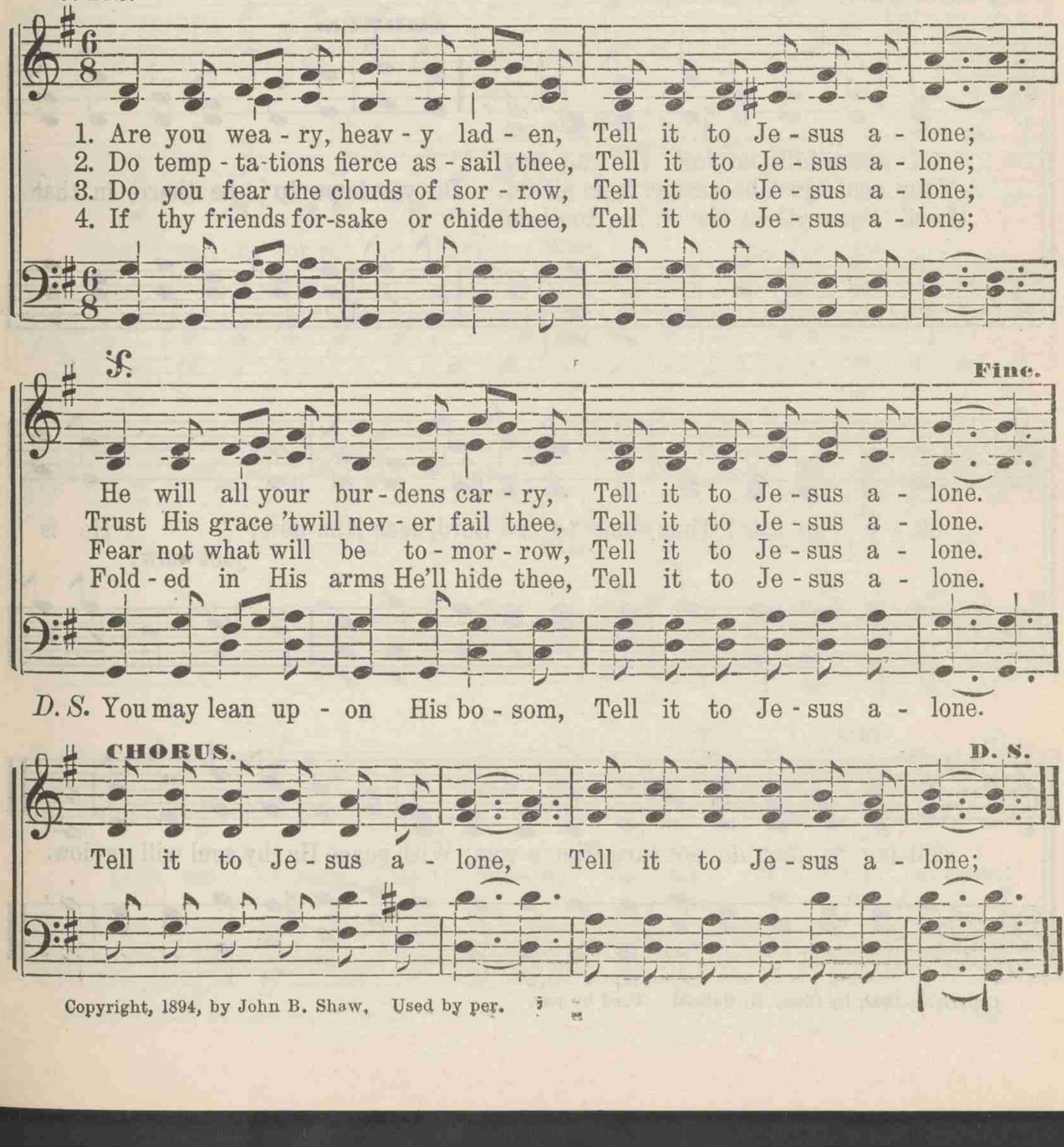
CARRY SUNSHINE IN YOUR HEART. Concluded.





No. 113. TELL IT TO JESUS ALONE.

J. B. S. JOHN B. SHAW.



Copyright, 1894, by John B. Shaw, Used by per.

No. 114. DO YOU HOPE TO BE THERE?

E. G. Y. EDNA G. YOUNG.

1. You have heard ma - ny times of that cit - y so fair, Whence trav'lers pass o - ver each day; You have heard it from pul - pit, and lis - tened to songs
2. It re-quires neith-er wealth or pos - i - tion to gain An en-trance a- bundant there-in; But if you would be called with the chos-en of God,
3. Have you friends o - ver there who are wait - ing for you, And watch at the beau-ti - ful gate; O be read - y to go! say not "Some oth-er time,"

CHORUS.

Of green hills so far, far a - way.
Your soul must be washed from all sin. Do you hope to be there, in that
Lest "Some oth-er time" be too late.

cit - y so fair? Then come to the Lord, seek Him now; He is just now;

wait-ing to - day; do not turn Him a-way; With peace He thy soul will en-dow.

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No. 115. WAITING FOR ME.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. E. L. OZENDORFF.

1. How ma - ny dear friends have passed on from my sight, To man - sions far
2. My fa - ther and moth-er have reached that blest shore, That coun - try a-
3. The broth - ers and sis - ters that loved me so well, No long - er be-
4. Those dear lit - tle rose - buds, the light of my eyes, Heard Je - sus say,
5. So heav - en grows rich as the earth-land grows poor, My treas-ures are

ov - er the foam; Safe now in that cit - y of love and of light,
bove yon-der dome; Their love is the same, for tho' gone on be - fore,
side me here roam; They've reached that fair land with their Saviour to dwell,
"suf-fer them come," Tbey're safe in His bos - om a - bove the blue skies,
ov - er the foam; They're watching to see if by grace I en - dure,

CHORUS.

They're wait-ing for me at home. Wait - - - ing for me,.....
Waiting, yes waiting and watching for me,

No mat - ter how far I may roam, Those loved ones in glo - ry ex-

pect me to come, They're wait - ing for me at home. (at home.)

Rit.

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No. 116. I AM HIS—HE IS MINE.

JENNIE REE. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I have a Saviour who is more than all the world to me; His name I love, His praise I sing wher-ev - er I may be; He gave His life to save me when I had no oth - er friend, He loved me in my hour of need and loved me to the end.

2. When clouds of sorrow hide the sky, and hope is long de-layed, I hear His voice so sweetly whisper, "Child be not a-fraid." He's with me where-so-e'er I go, He keeps me night and day, He leads and guides me, cheers and helps me on my homeward way.
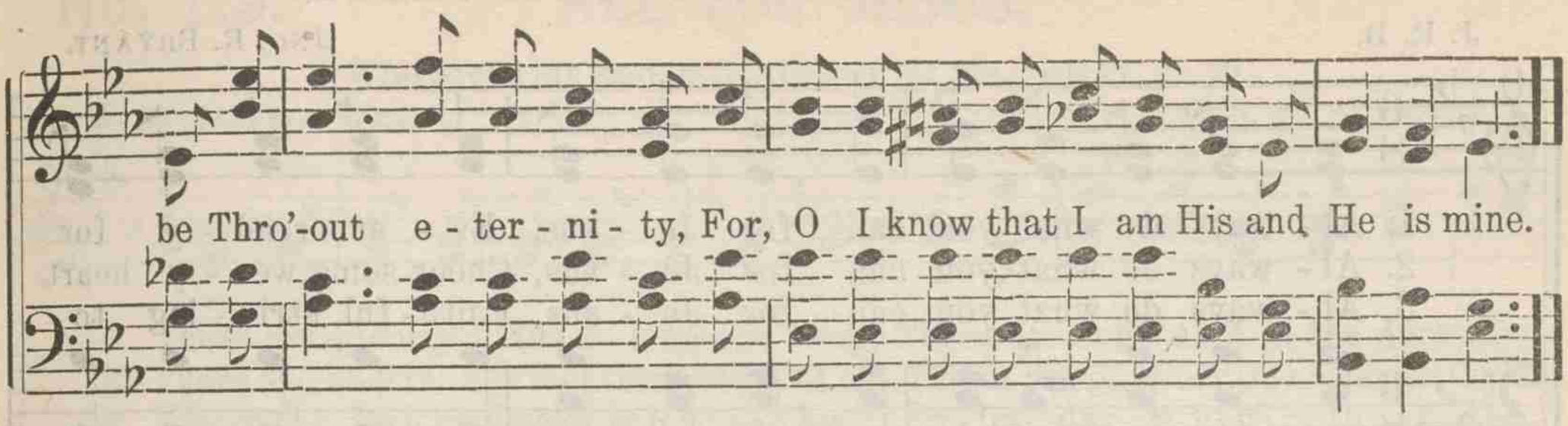
3. O why not take my Saviour, friend, to be your Sav-iour, too? No oth - er friend is half so dear, so constant, tried or true; Behold Him standing at the door—will you not let Him in? O hear Him pleading while He waits to take a-way thy sin.

CHORUS.

I'll sing His wondrous love 'Till in the courts above I join the glad immortals in their song di - vine; His praise my song shall immor - tals in their song divine, for O His praise my song shall
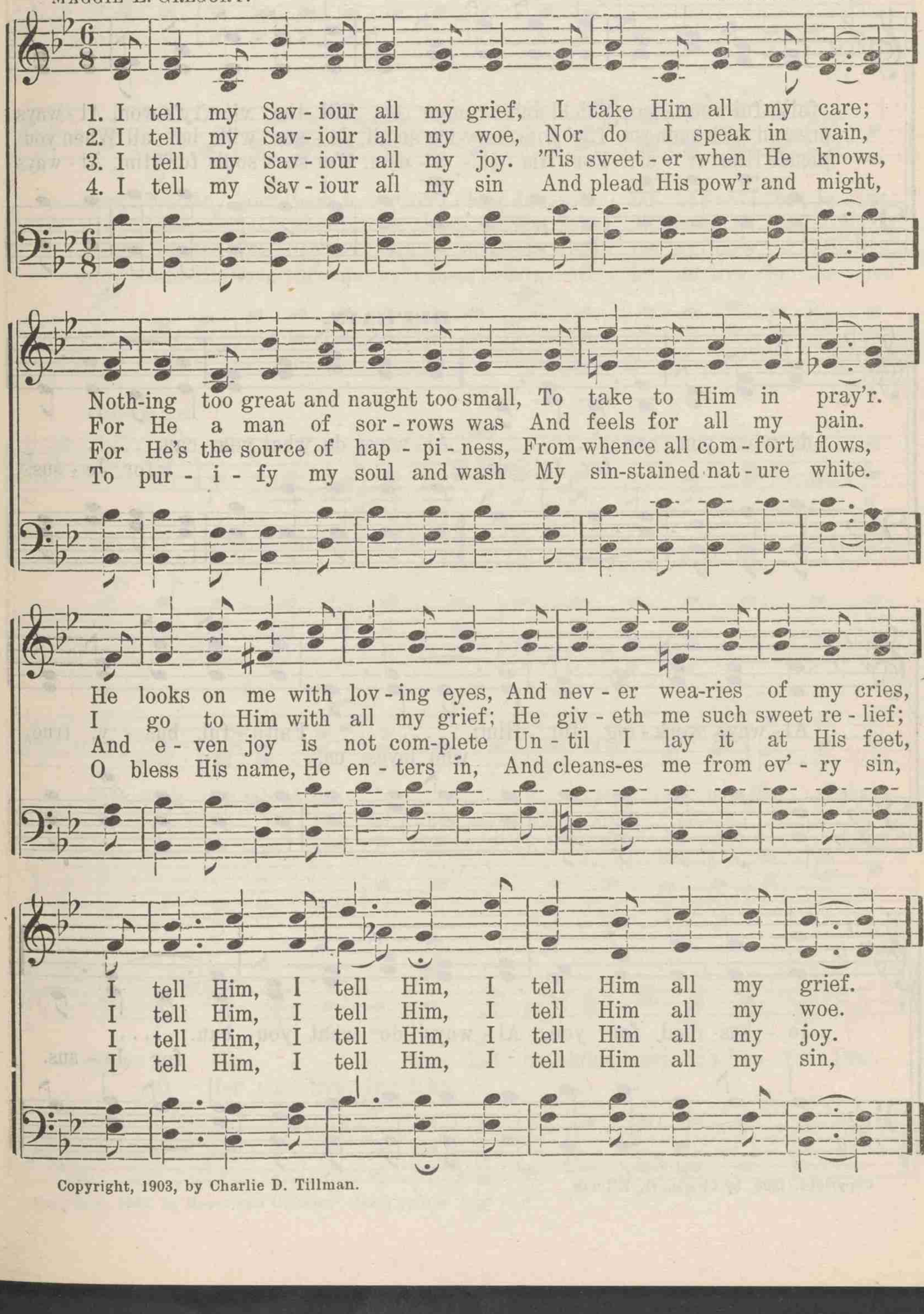
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I AM HIS—HE IS MINE. Concluded.



No. 117. I TELL MY SAVIOUR ALL.

MAGGIE E. GREGORY. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



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No. 118. DO WHAT YOU CAN FOR JESUS.

J. R. B. JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. Al - ways do what you can for Je - sus, Ev - er read - y for
2. Al - ways do what you can for Je - sus, Cheer some wea - y heart
3. Al - ways do what you can for Je - sus, Faith - ful, striv - ing to

faith-ful serv - ice; Shield and ar-mour on, Till the vic-t'ry's won, Al - ways
pressed with sadness, Tho' your serv-ice small, Je - sus will be all When you
please Him ev - er, For His di - a - dem, E'er seek souls for Him, Al - ways

REFRAIN.

do what you can..... Al - ways do what you can,.....
for Je - sus, for Je - sus,

Al - ways work - ing for Him; ..... Faith - ful, bus - y, true,
who loves us,

Je - sus died for you, Al - ways do what you can.....
for Je - sus.

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No. 119. ALL FOR JESUS.

"Who loved me and gave himself for me."—GAL. 2 : 20.

MARY GILBERT-WRAY. GEO. W. STOCKTON.

1. There are gloomy paths a - long the way, There are souls that in the darkness
2. There are hearts that feel their weight of sin, There are precious ones a smile would
3. Where the Saviour dwells is love and light, Ev - 'ry day is filled with sunshine
4. May our lives each day His spir - it show, In His grace and wisdom may we

stray; We may lead them in-to God's clear day,—O let us shine for Je - sus!
win; There are fields where lab'rers have not been,—O let us work for Je - sus!
bright, In the life di-vine there is no night,—O let us look for Je - sus!
grow, And His love thro' us to oth-ers show,—O let us live for Je - sus!

CHORUS.

Let us shine clear and bright for Je - - sus, Let us
O let us shine for Him,

work with our might for Je - - sus; Let us live al-ways
O let us work for Him;

right for Je - - sus, Let us shine, work and live for Him.
O let us live for Him,

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No. 120. COME HOME.

I. E. H. IRA E. HICKS.

1. O wan-d'rer, a - way on the mount - ain cold, Why long - er in sin wilt thou roam; The Shep-herd is call - ing you to the fold, Come
2. O list to the Sav - iour's en - treat - ing voice, So ten - der - ly bid-ding you come; He's long - ing to make thy poor heart re-joice, Come
3. O sin - ner, His voice will not al - ways call, To you this may be the last plea; The shad - ows of death may be gath-'ring now, For

CHORUS.

home, O sin - ner, come home. Come home, O sin-ner, come home,.....
home, O wan-d'rer, come home.
all e - ter - ni - ty.

come home,

The Sav - iour is call - ing for thee..... Come home, O sin - ner, come
for thee,

home,..... While mer - cy and par - don are free.....
sin - ner, come home, so free.

Copyright, 1902, by Ira E. Hicks, 80 Institute Place, Chicago.

No. 121. GIVE THANKS TO GOD.

PSALM 118. IRA E. HICKS.

1. Give thanks to God for He is good, His mer-cy ev - er doth en - dure;
2. Let now the house of Aa - ron say His mer-cy ev - er doth en - dure;
3. In my dis - tress I called on God, Je - ho - vah heard my earn-est pray'r;

Let all of Is - ra - el now say His mer - cy ev - er-more is sure.
Let them that fear the Lord now say His mer - cy ev - er doth en - dure.
And since the Lord is on my side What man can do I will not fear.

CHORUS.

It is bet - ter to trust in the Lord,..... It is our God,

bet - ter to trust in the Lord, It is bet - ter to trust our God,

in the Lord · Than to put your con - fi - dence in man. our God,

Used by per.

No. 122. THE MASTER IS CALLING.

MRS. HARRIET E. JONES. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. My broth - er, the Mas - ter is call - ing for thee, Call - ing for
2. The Mas - ter is call - ing, O make Him your choice; Call - ing for
3. The Mas - ter is call - ing, the Mas - ter who gave— Call - ing for

thee, He is call - ing for thee; The full-ness of rich - es He of - fers you
thee, He is call - ing for thee; If you will ac - cept Him, your soul will re-
thee, He is call - ing for thee; His life for the sin - ner, the might - y to-

CHORUS.

free,—He's call - ing for thee, for thee. Call - - ing for
joice,—He's call - ing for thee, for thee.
save,—He's call - ing for thee, for thee. Call - ing for thee, He is
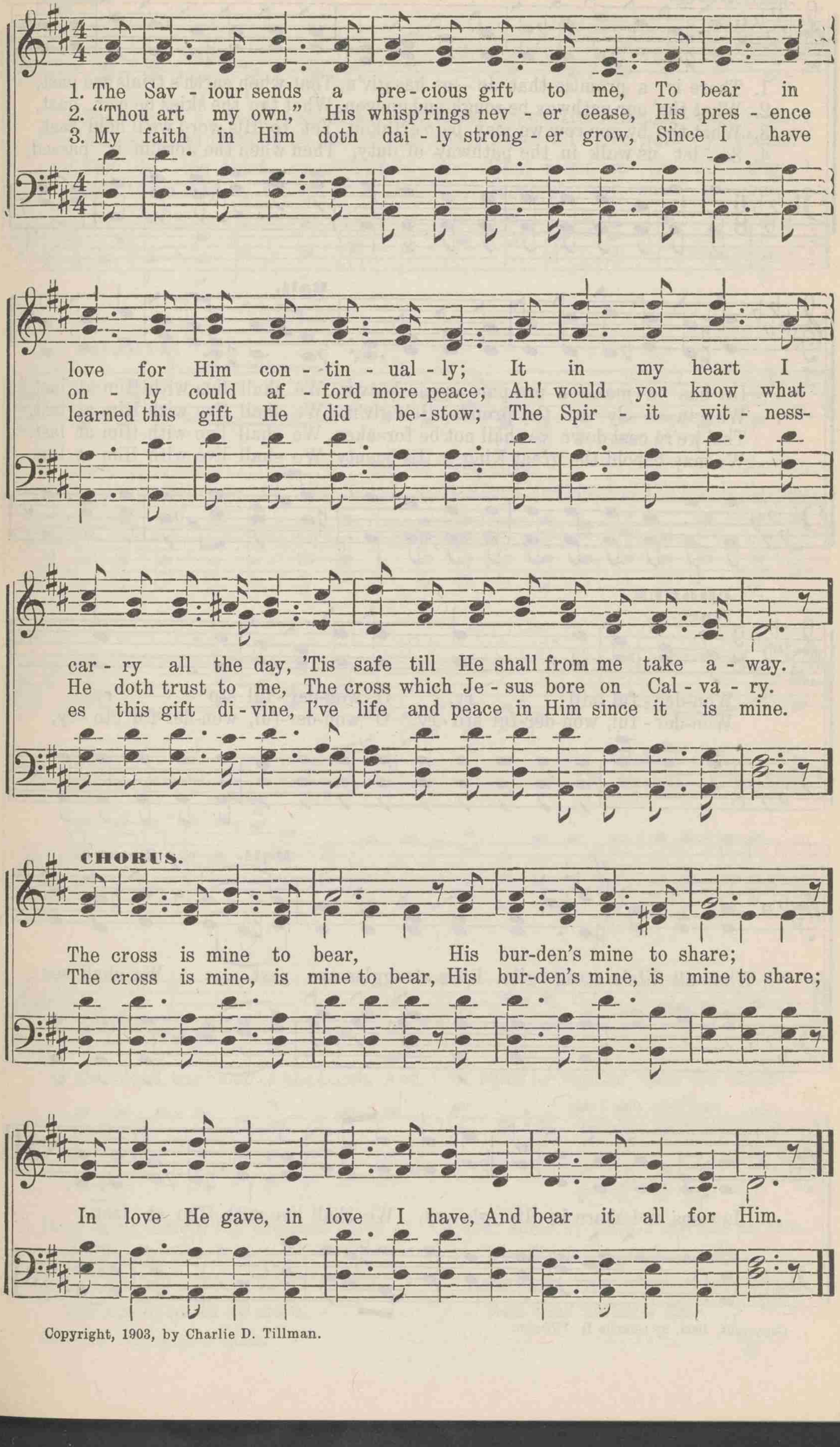
thee,..... He is call - - ing for thee,..... So
call - ing for thee, The Mas-ter is call - ing, is call - ing for thee,

lov - ing - ly, ten - der - ly call - - ing for thee.....
call-ing, He's call - ing for thee, for thee.

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No. 123. THE CROSS IS MINE.

J. R. B. JNO. R. BRYANT.



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No. 124. AT LAST.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. FANNIE L. SIMPSON.

Dolce. **Cres.**

1. There is a promise that Je - sus has giv'n, That when earth's trials are past,
2. What tho' our pathway be rough and uneven, What tho' the skies be o'er cast,
3. What tho' by sor-row we may be o'ertaken, Yet to His word we'll hold fast,
4. So let us walk in the pathway of duty, Then when the Jordan is passed,

Rall.

He has a mansion pre-par - ing in heav'n, We shall live with Him at last.
We can re - ly on the promise He's giv'n, We shall live with Him at last.
Tho' we're cast down we shall not be forsaken, We shall live with Him at last.
We may behold the great King in His beauty, We shall live with Him at last.

CHORUS.

Marc.

Won-der - ful sto - ry, O won-der - ful sto - ry,
Won-der - ful, won-der-ful sto - ry, O won-der-ful, won-der-ful sto - ry,

sf **Rall.** *sf* **Tempo.**

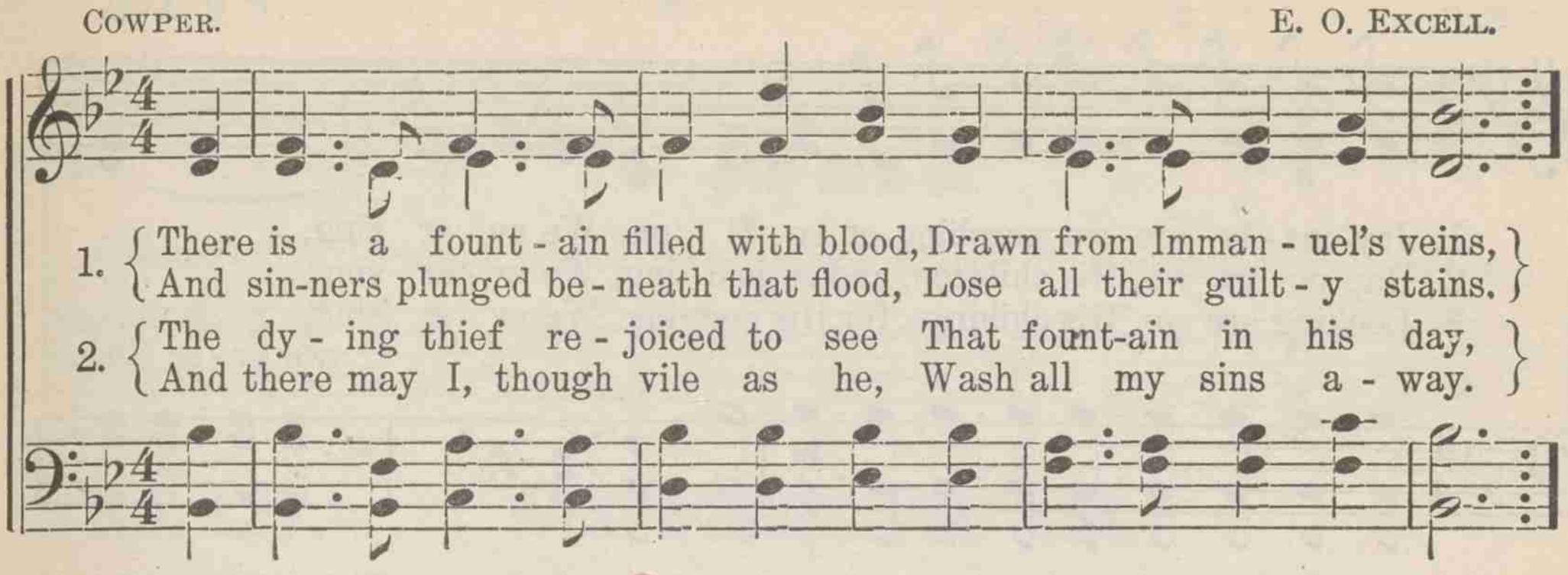
When all life's strug - gles, life's struggles are past,.... We shall see

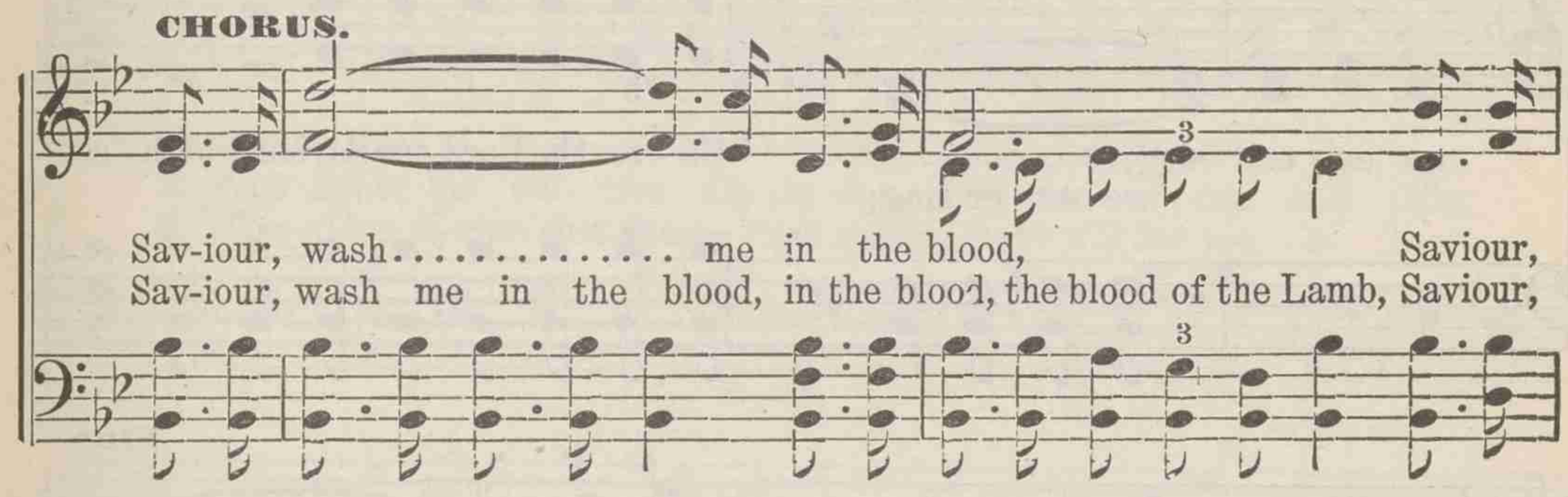
Je - sus and share in His glo - ry, We shall live with Him at last.

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No. 125. SAVIOUR, WASH ME IN THE BLOOD.

COWPER. E. O. EXCELL.





3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are 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.

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No. 126. JOYOUSLY ARE WE MARCHING.

E. C. A. E. C Avis.

1. Joy-ous - ly are we marching on to Zi - on, We ev - er sing,.....
2. Hap-py are we, His children, and re-joic - ing, We ev - er sing,.....
3. Looking are we, His children, for His com-ing, We ev - er sing,.....
we ev - er sing,

we ev - er sing;..... Un - to the Lord our Saviour, high - est
we ev - er sing;

Fine.

prais - es We now would bring,..... we now would bring.....
We now would bring, we now would bring.

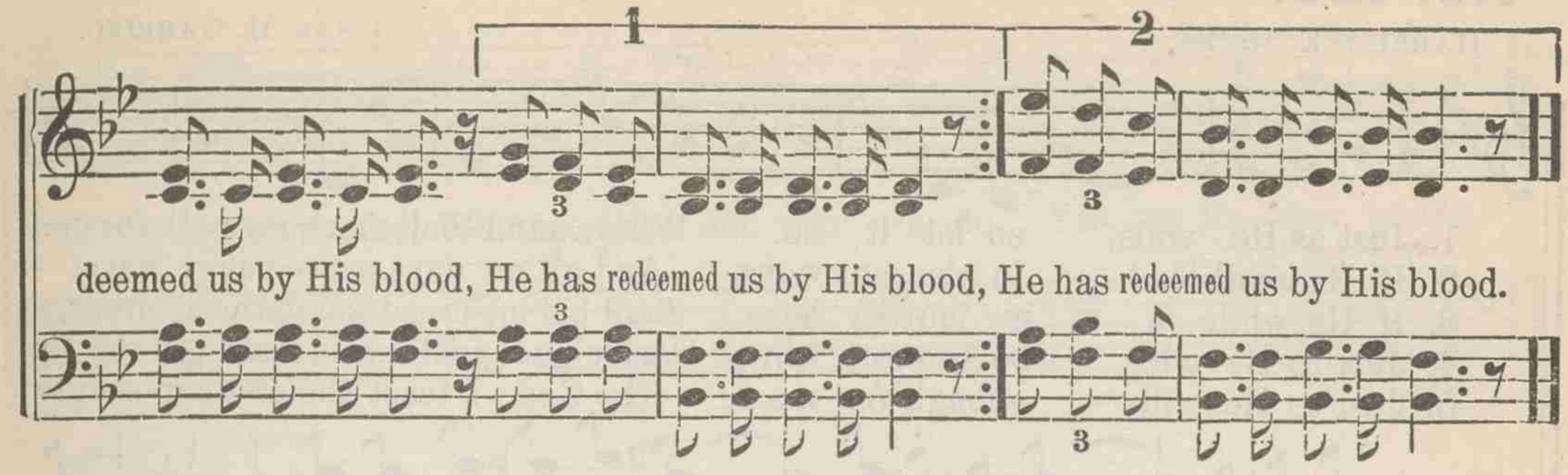
REFRAIN.

He redeemed us by His blood, He redeemed us by His blood;

We now give highest prais-es un - to our ev - er blest Re-deem-er, He has re-
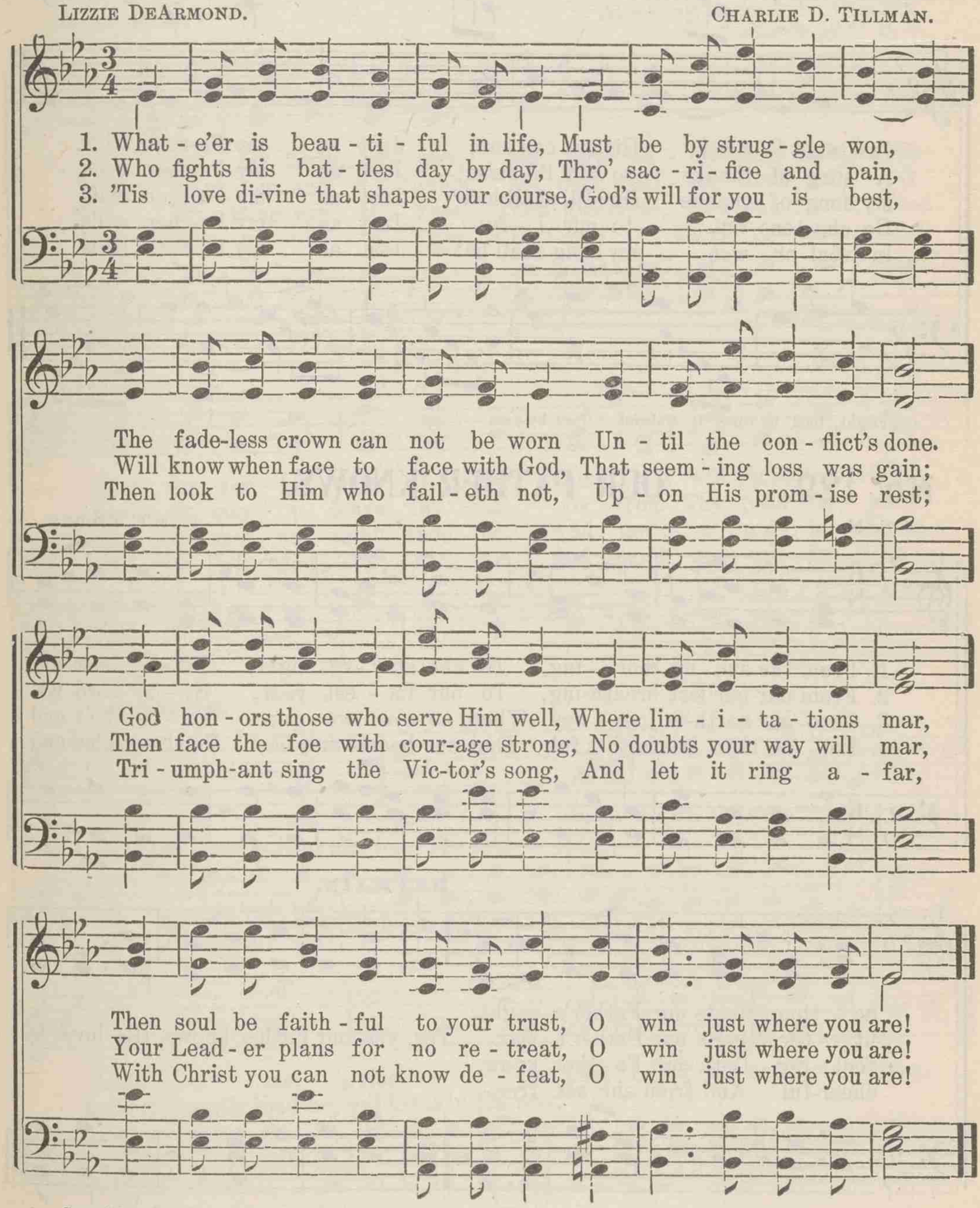
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JOYOUSLY ARE WE MARCHING. Concluded.



No. 127. WIN WHERE YOU ARE!

LIZZIE DEARMOND. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



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No. 128. JUST AS MY FATHER WILLS.

HARRIET E. JONES. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Just as He wills, so let it be, Whose hand shall mark my path for me;
2. If He shall lead in pleasant ways, And all my days prove sunny days,
3. If He, while on my journey here, Shall bid me tread the pathway drear,
4. Just as He wills who knoweth why Dark clouds sometimes must veil the sky;
5. Just as He wills— enough for me, The God I trust the end can see;

Just what I need His eye can see; Just as my Fa-ther wills.
A song of thanks to Him I'll raise; Just as my Fa-ther wills.
My song of thanks He still shall hear; Just as my Fa-ther wills.
He chastens but to pur-i-fy; Just as my Fa-ther wills.
In weal or woe my song shall be:— Just as my Fa-ther wills.

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No. 129. OUR FATHER KNOWS.

S. S. M. RAN C. STOREY.

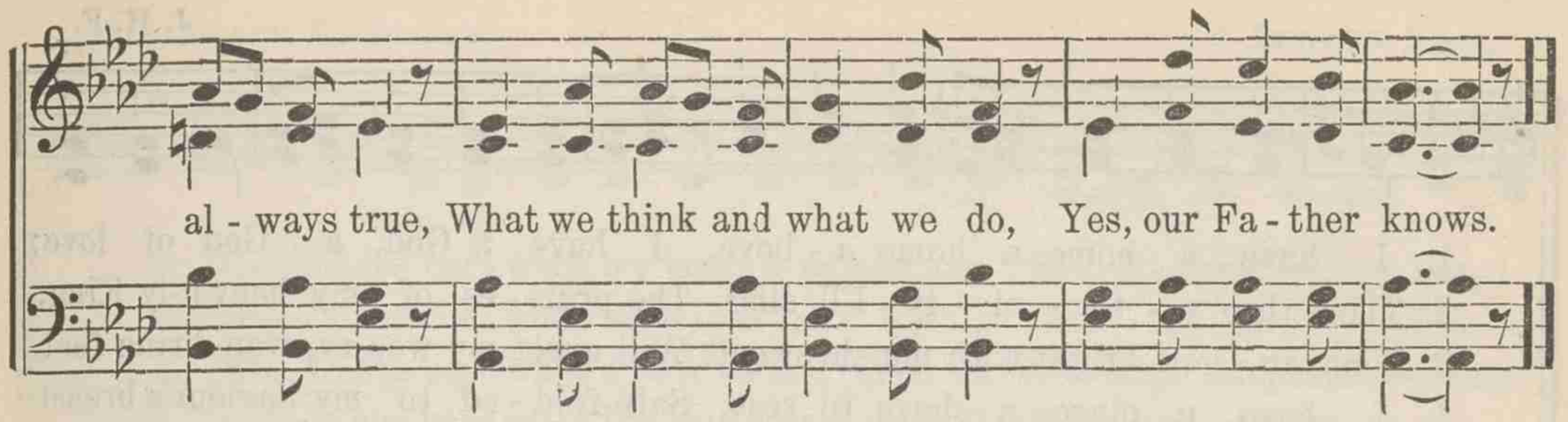
1. From the sun-ny morn-ing, To the star-ry night, Ev-'ry look and
2. From our earliest breath-ing, To our lat-est year, Ev-'ry word we
3. Thro' our earth-ly jour-ney, Where so e'er we go; Ev-'ry tho't and
4. Let us then be faith-ful, That our hearts may be; Good and kind and

REFRAIN.

ac-tion, Meets our Father's sight.
ut-ter, Meets our Father's ear. Yes, yes, our Father knows, His love is
feel-ing Doth our Fa-ther know.
cheer-ful And from sin set free.

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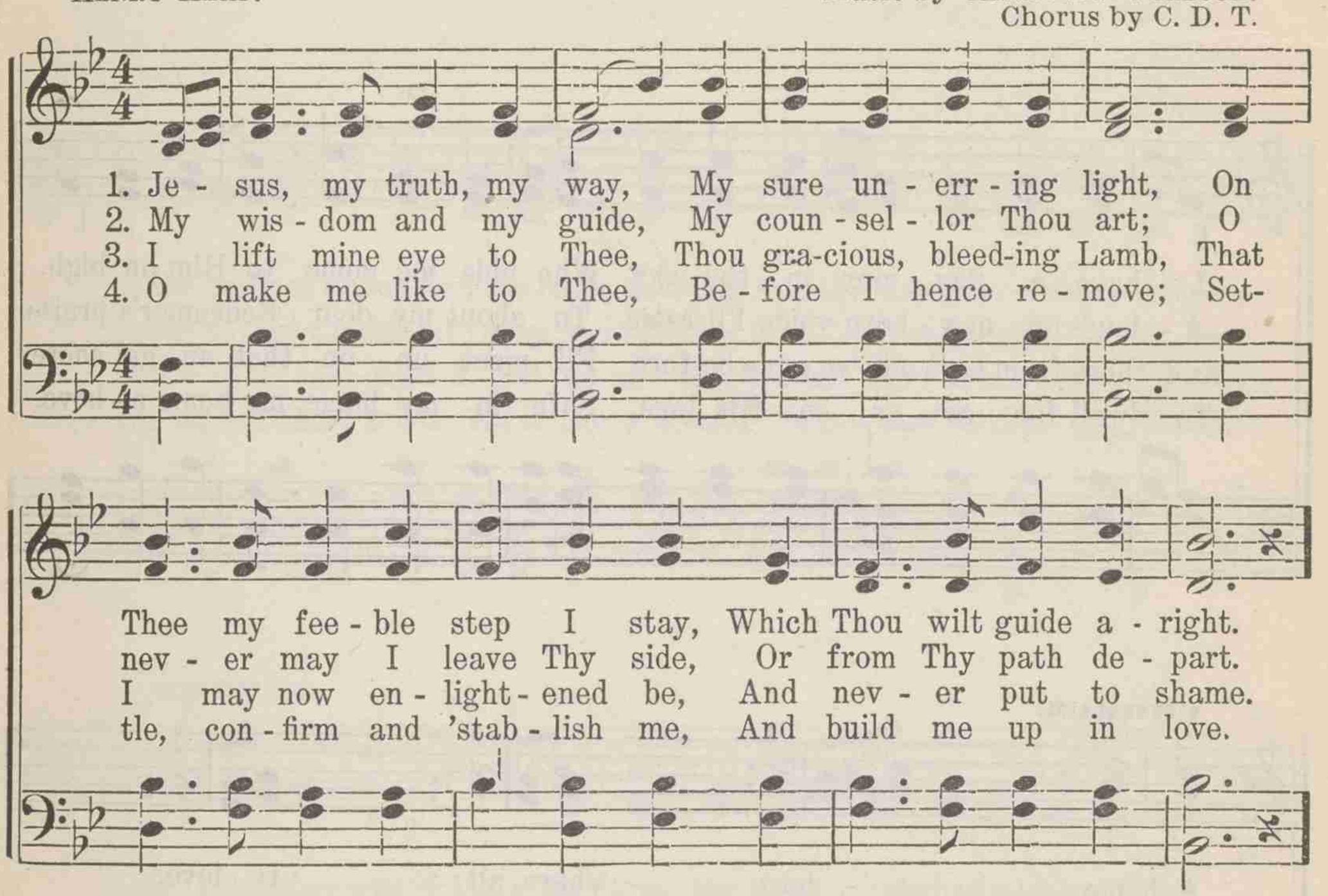
OUR FATHER KNOWS. Concluded.
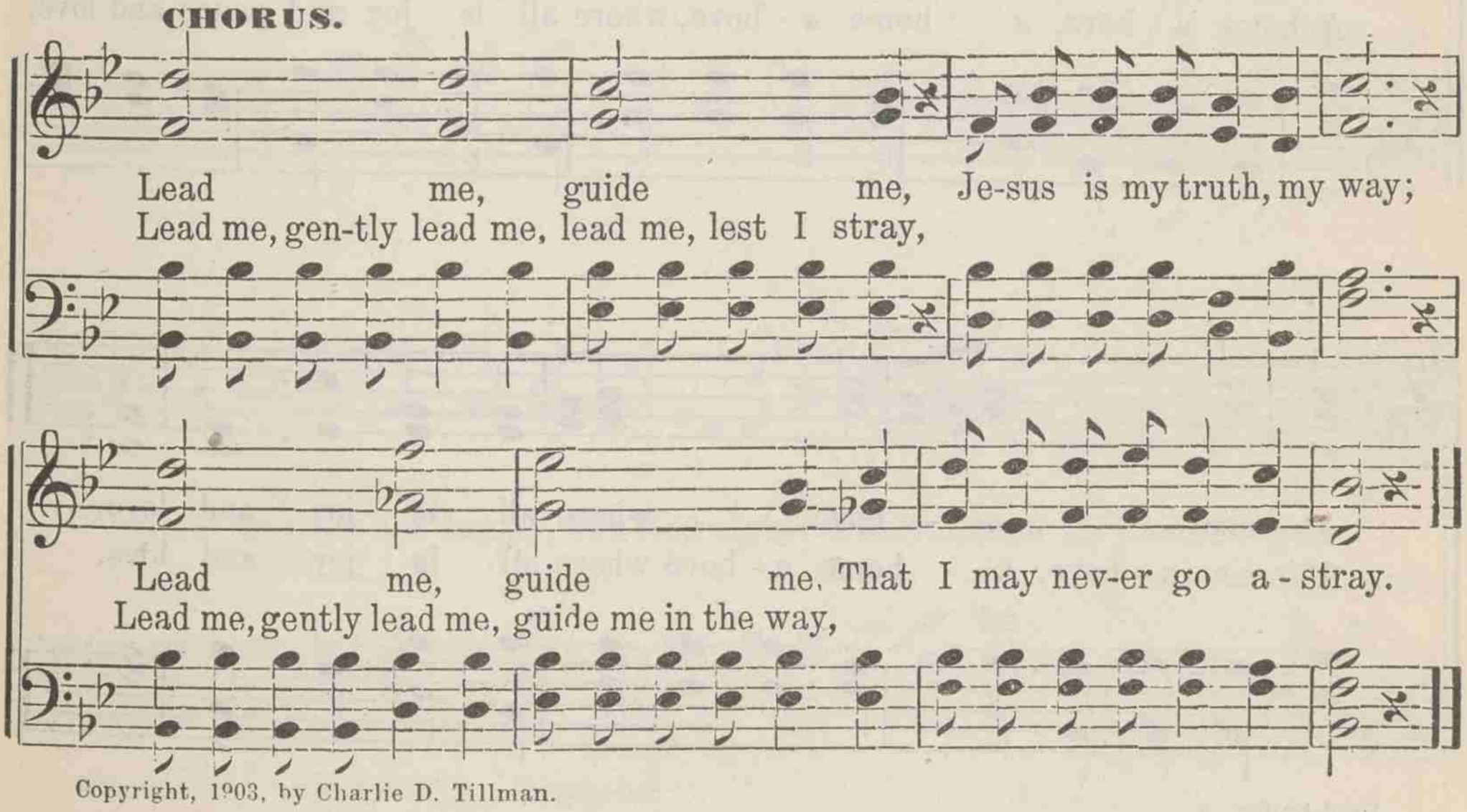


No. 130. CHRIST, MY GUIDE.

"I will guide thee with mine eye."—Psa. 32: 8.

Henry Heap. Music by Chas. Edw. Pollock.
Chorus by C. D. T.



CHORUS.



Copyright, 1903, by Charlie D. Tillman.

No. 131. A HOME ABOVE.

J. H. F.

1. I have a home, a home a - bove, I have a God, a God of love;
2. There thro' e - ter - ni - ty I'll sing The prais - es of my heav'n-ly King,
3. Soon an - gels bright with mu-sic sweet, Will greet my wea-ry, wan-d'ring feet,
4. I have a place a - bove to rest, Safe fold - ed to my Saviour's breast

I have a Sav - iour in the sky, Who bids me come to Him on high.
A - loud my new - born voice I'll raise To shout my dear Redeemer's praise.
And those from here who've gone be-fore I'll meet up - on that an - gel shore.
To dwell for - ev - er in His love, Safe in my home, my home a - bove.

CHORUS.

A home a - bove where all is love,
A home a - bove, a home a - bove, where all is joy and peace and love,

A home a - bove where all is joy and love.
A home a - bove, a home a - bove where all is joy and love.

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No. 132. DOES JESUS CARE?

REV. FRANK E. GRAEFF. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Does Je-sus care when my heart is pained Too deep-ly for mirth or song;
2. Does Je-sus care when my way is dark With a name - less dread and fear?
3. Does Je-sus care when I've tried and failed To resist some temptation strong;
4. Does Je-sus care when I've said "good-bye" To the dearest on earth to me,

As the burdens press, And the cares distress, And the way grows weary and long?
As the daylight fades Into deep night shades, Does He care enough to be near?
When in my deep grief I find no re - lief, Tho' my tears flow all the night long?
And my sad heart aches Till it nearly breaks—Is this aught to Him? does He see?

CHORUS.

O yes, He cares; I know He cares, His heart is touched with my grief;....
When the days are wea-ry, The long nights dreary, I know my Saviour cares...
He cares.

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No. 133. GLAD TIDINGS OF SALVATION.

R. O. SMITH. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. Tell the glad sto - ry how Je - sus can save, Save from all e - vil and woe,
2. Tell the glad sto - ry how Je - sus will save, Save ev - er-more from thy sin;
3. Tell the glad sto - ry how Je - sus has saved, Saved thro' His in-fin - ite grace;

And from the shadows of sin and the grave, Tell it wher-ev - er you go.
Yes, He will give you the par-don you crave, If you will bid Him come in.
Tak - en thy soul long by e - vil en-slaved In - to His lov - ing em-brace.

CHORUS.
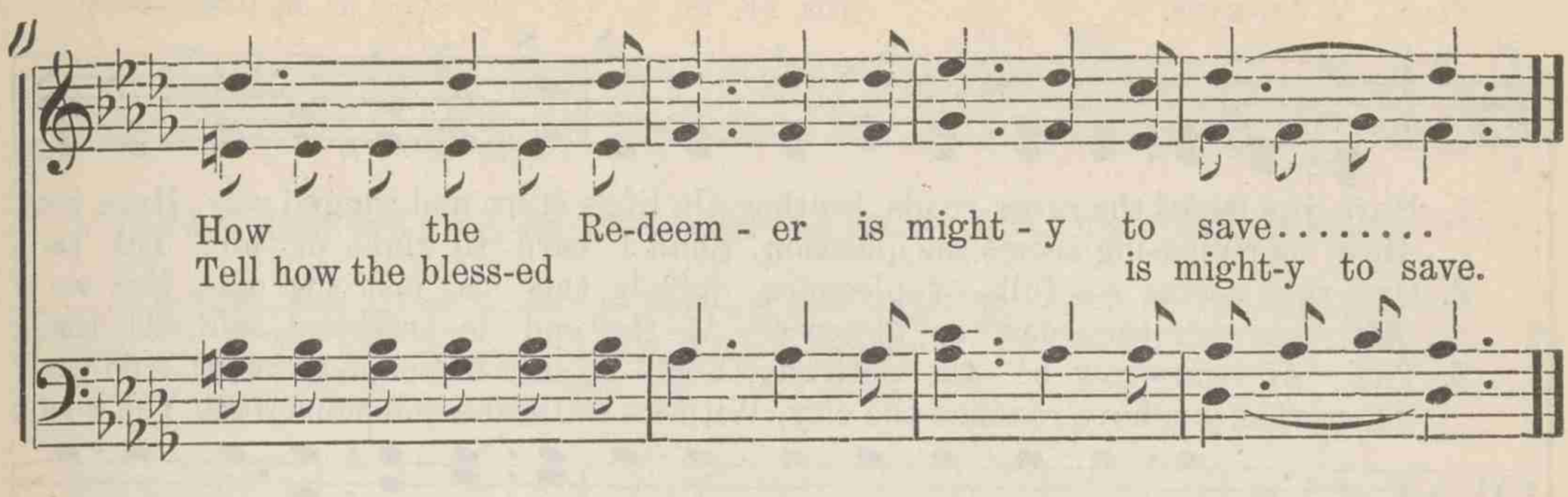
O tell..... the glad ti - dings, Tell of this great sal-va-tion,
O tell the glad tidings, tell the glad tidings,

Tell how the Sav - iour For us His life free - ly gave, Then

sing..... it with glad - ness, Shout it and sing it for - ev - er,
sing it with gladness, sing it with gladness,

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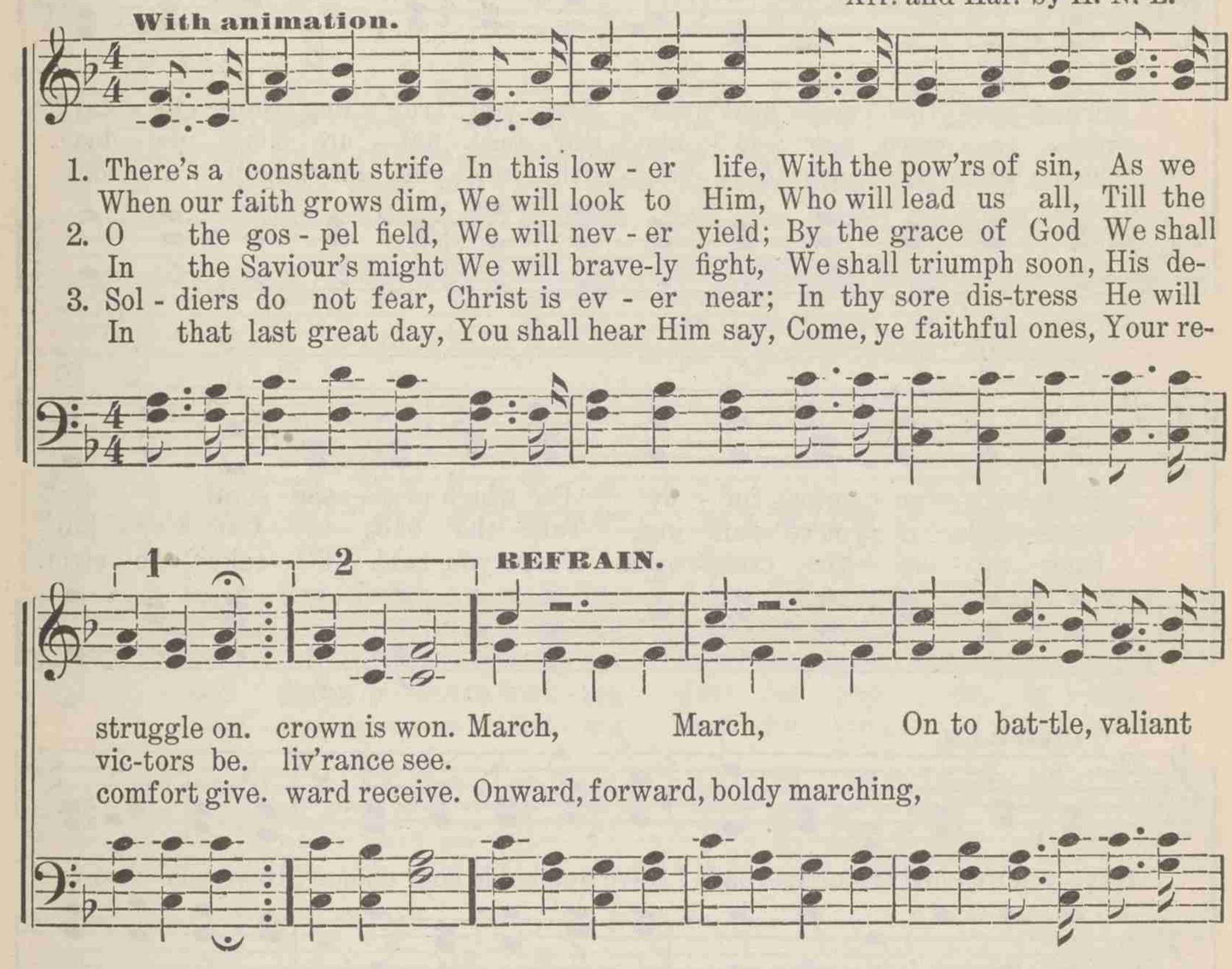
GLAD TIDINGS OF SALVATION. Concluded.



No. 134. THE CHRISTIAN'S WARFARE.

H. N. LINCOLN.

H. P. CLACK.
Arr. and Har. by H. N. L.



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No. 135. THE CROSS-ROADS.

FLORA V. JENKINS. JOS. 24: 15. F. E. RIMANOCZY.

1. Have you reached the cross-roads, brother, On life's stern and rugged way, Have you turned your foot-steps heav'nward, Are you trav-'ling there to-day?
2. One road seems so full of pleasure, Sure-ly this is just the one; Ere we are a-ware, pur-su-ing, Our best nat-ure is un-done.
3. Tho' if nar-row be the pathway, You'll be sure to 'scape the wrong, And per- Then when you have reached the city, With its walls and mansions bright, You'll look chance while you are trav-'ling, Oth-ers you may help a-long.

1

2

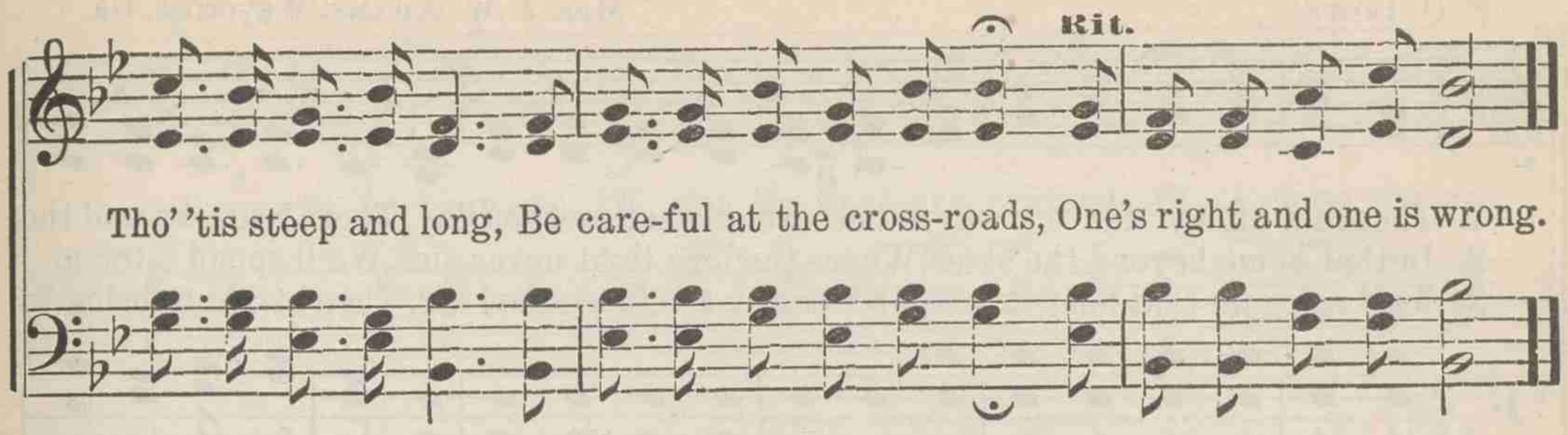
hard to an-swer ful-ly On which cross-road shall I go?
cross-roads, if you're wait-ing, Take the one to Cal-v'ry's hill.
back up-on the cross-roads, Where you said, "I'll take the right."

CHORUS.

Have you reached the cross-roads? Have you made your choice? Have you chos-en Cal-v'ry's path And does your heart re-joice? Are you trav-'ling up grade,

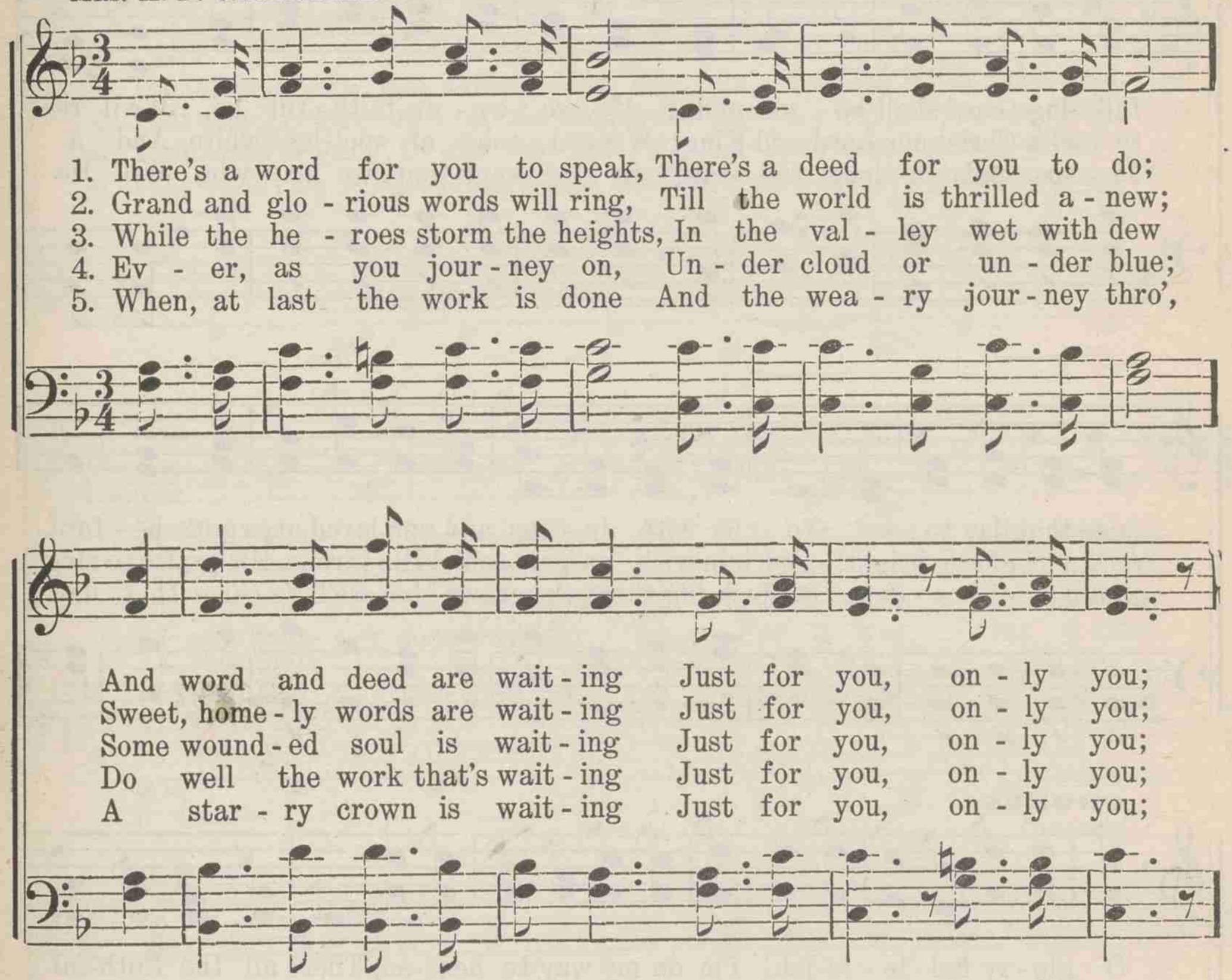
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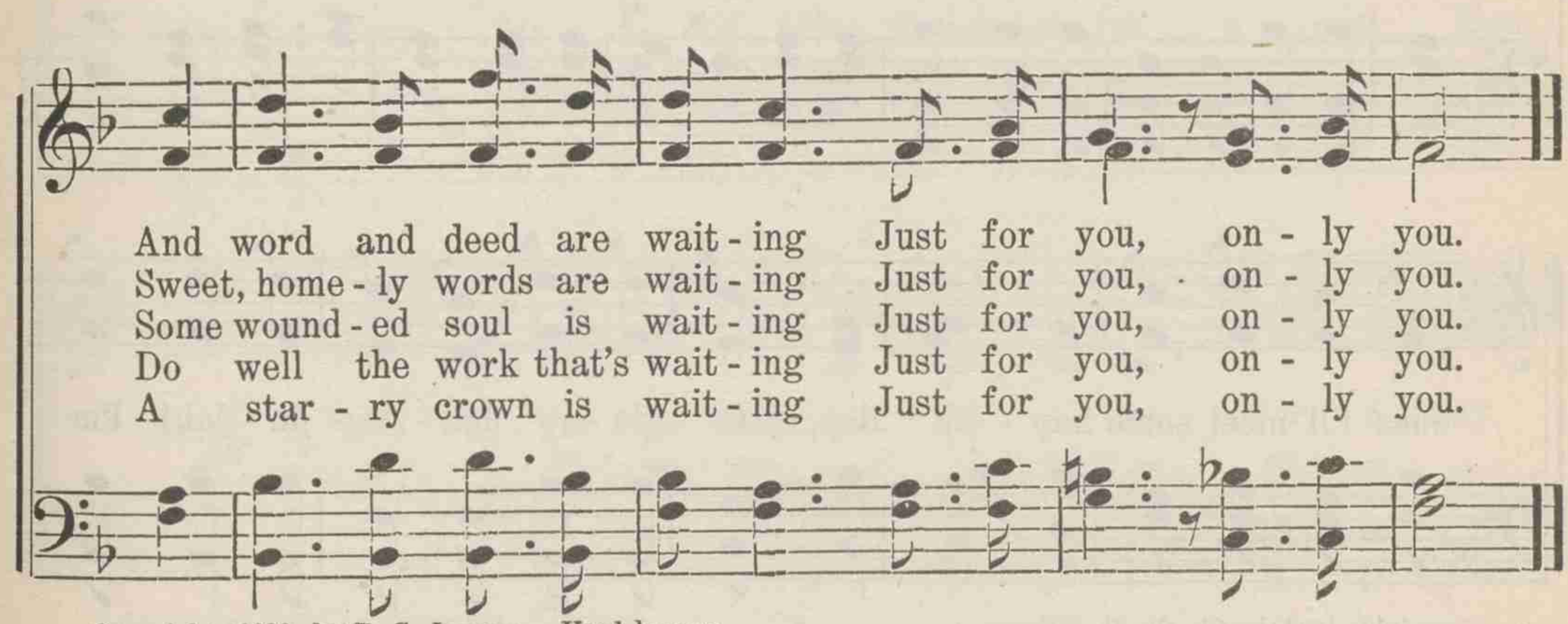
THE CROSS-ROADS. Concluded.



No. 136. JUST FOR YOU.

MRS. H. D. CARMICHAEL. J. H. TENNEY.
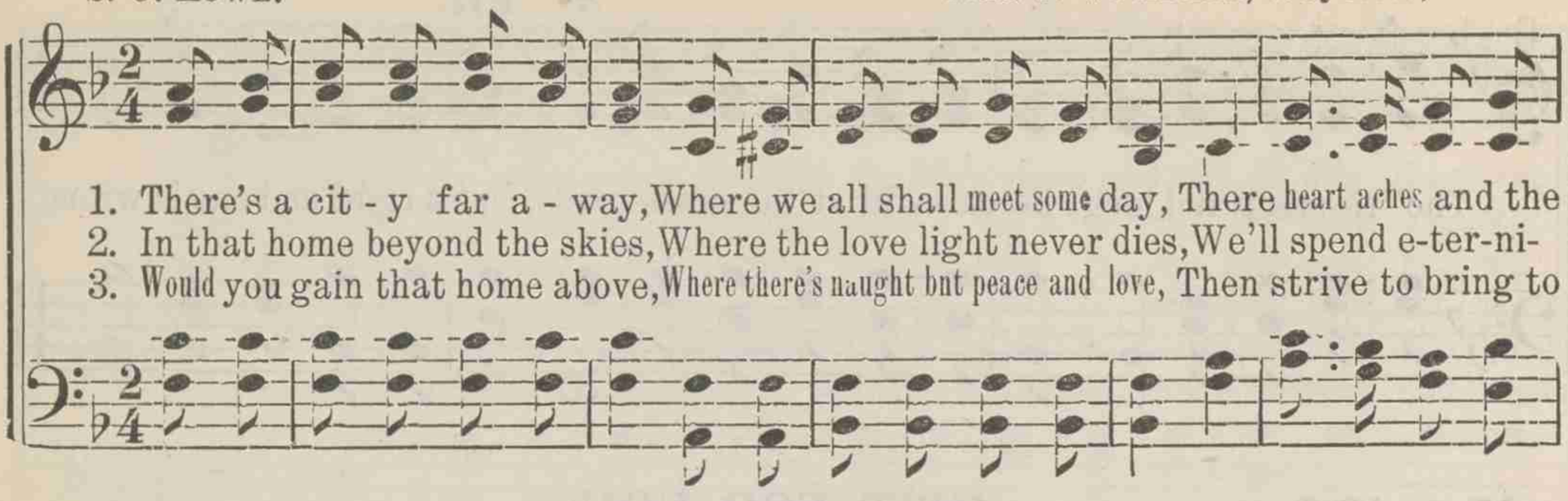




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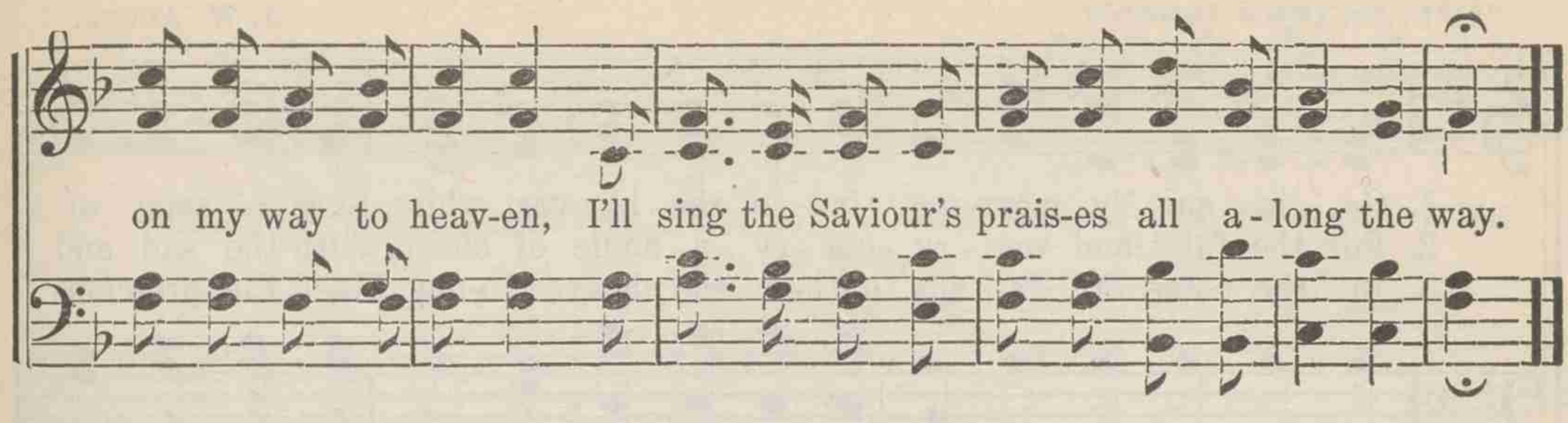
No. 137. THAT CITY.

S. O. LOWE. MRS. J. W. ADAMS, Waycross, Ga.
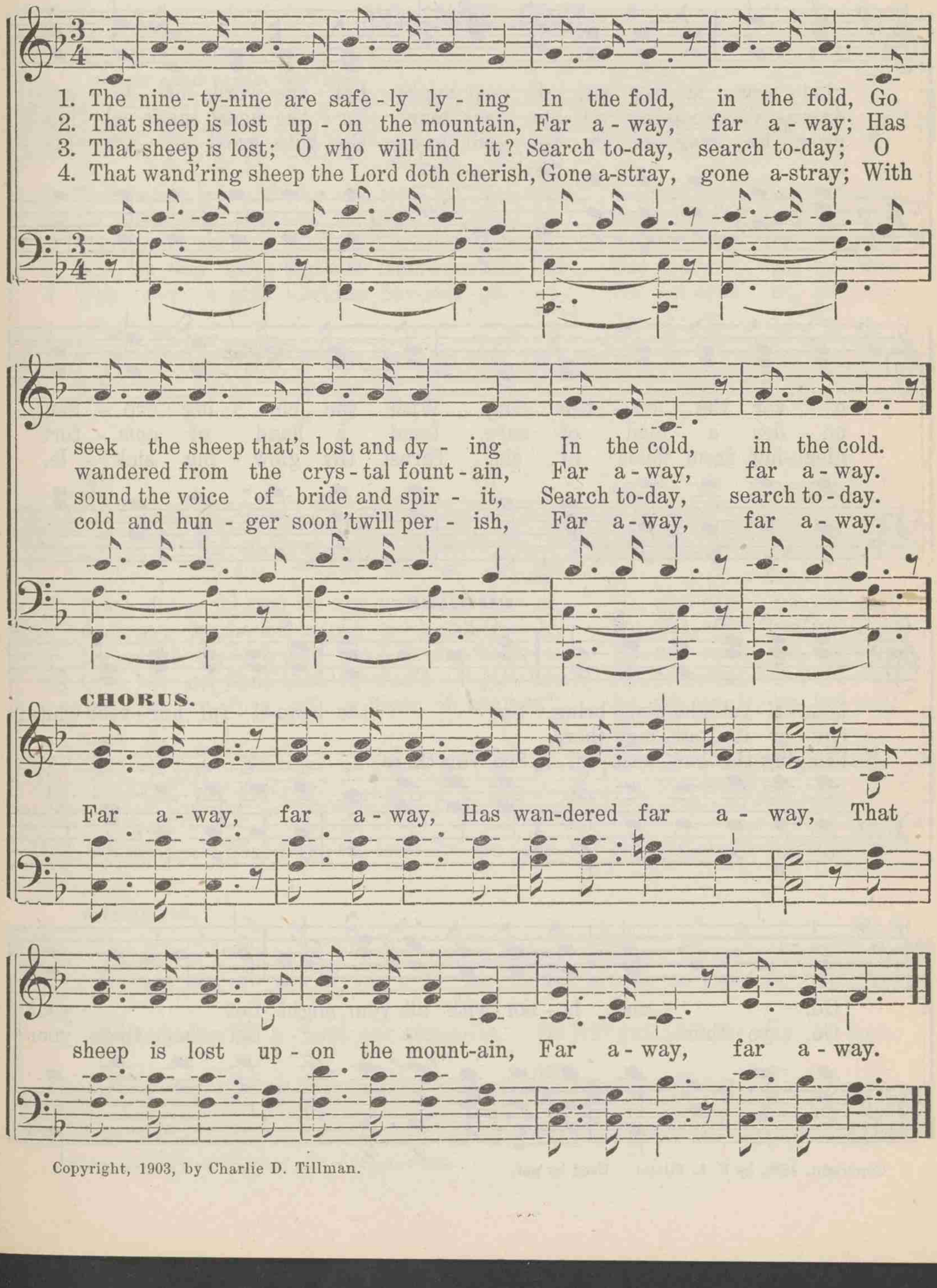


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THAT CITY. Concluded.



No. 138. THE LOST SHEEP.

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



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No. 139. BEAUTIFUL GLEANINGS BRING.

F. L. EILAND. J. W. ACUFF.

1. Go, in ear - ly morn-ing, in - to the har-vest white, Sing a song of glad - ness, la - bor with all your might; Let the words of Je - sus
2. For the faint and wea - ry, car - ry a smile of cheer, With the sad and drear - y, weep-ing an anx - ious tear; To the heart that's ach - ing
3. In the name of Je - sus, gath-er the sheaves to-day, Read the pre-cious prom - ise, wag - es, He you will pay; Go with great re - joic - ing

o - ver the na - tion ring, With the com - ing eve - ning,
un - der a load of care, Lend a hand of com - fort,
glean-ing from fields of sin, Thrust thy glow - ing sick - le,

CHORUS.

beau - ti - ful gleanings bring. See the beau-ti - ful har - vest white!
cov - er its ail - ings there.
bringing the har - vest in. See you there,

Go, and la - bor with all your might; Let your
Go, ye there, Let them there your

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BEAUTIFUL GLEANINGS BRING. Concluded.

Repeat Chorus softly.

anthems of glad - ness ring, Go,..... and beau-ti - ful glean-ings bring!
Go, ye now,

No. 140. NO, NOT ONE.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. 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!
2. No friend like Him is so high and ho - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
3. There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
3. Did ev - er saint find this friend forsake him, No, not one! no, not one!
4 Was e'er a gift like the Sav-iour giv - en? No, not one! no, not one!

Fine.

None else could heal all our soul's dis - eas - es, No, not one! no, not one!
And yet no friend is so meek and low - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
Or sin - ner find that He would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!
Will He re - fuse uf a home in heav-en? No, not one! no, not one!

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

CHORUS. **D. S.**

Je-sus knows all a - bout our struggles, He will guide till the day is done;

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No. 141. HAVE YOU RECEIVED THE HOLY GHOST?

C. H. M. ACTS. 19: 2. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

since..... ye be - lieved,. . The bless - ed Ho - ly Ghost?.....
since ye believed, since ye believed, blessed, blessed Ho-ly, blessed Ho-ly Ghost?

He who has promised, gift of the Father, Have ye received the Holy Ghost?
received

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No. 142. DOING HIS WILL.

C. H. M.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Just to trust in the Lord, just to lean on His word, Just to feel I am
2. When my way dark-est seems, when are blighted my dreams, Just to feel that the
3. Then my heart will be light, then my path will be bright, If I've Je - sus for

His ev -'ry day; Just to walk by His side with His Spir - it to guide, Just to
Lord knoweth best; Just to yield to His will, just to trust and be still, Just to
my dearest friend; Counting all loss but gain, such a friend to ob-tain, True and

CHORUS.

fol - low where He leads the way. Just to say what He wants me to
lean on His bo - som and rest. what He
faith-ful He'll be to the end.

pp

say, And be still when He whispers to me;..... Just to
wants me to say, when He whispers to me;

go where He wants me to go,..... Just to be what He wants me to be.
where He wants me to go,

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No. 143. JUST BEFORE THE DAWNING.

FANNY J. CROSBY. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. O'er the sil - ver wa - ters of a pear - ly stream, Just be - fore the dawn-ing of the day;
2. O the bliss en-chant-ing! O the vis - ions there! Burst-ing like a flood of gold-en light;
3. Dreaming still we wan-der while our lift - ed eyes View a world of love and joy un - told,
4. Now from sleep a - wak - ing, see the morn-ing beams Chas-ing all the clouds of night a - way;

An-gel guards de-scend-ing in a hap - py dream,
Not a wave of sor-row, not a throb of care,
Dreaming still we list - en to the songs that rise
Yet the harp of mem'ry brings the hap-py dream

CHORUS.

Bear us to the sum-mer land a - way.
In that hay - py, hap - py dream so bright.
From the hearts that never more grow old.
Just be - fore the dawning of the day.

Lo, a shining band, waiting on the strand, Greet us with a sweet and tune-ful lay; Gen-tle words of cheer in that dream we hear, Just be-fore the dawning of the day.

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No. 144. THE LIGHT OF MY HEAVENLY HOME.

H. TRUEMAN LIGHT. E. L. OZENDORFF.

Duet. With feeling.

1. The sun-light is fad-ing, the night is drawing nigh, And swiftly the darkness
2. The cold winds are sweeping o-ver yon rugged height, But fac-ing it on - ward
3. This path which is narrow, I trav - el all a - lone, For friends once were with me
4. The shadows are clearing, earth's scenes before me flee, The morning of glo - ry

falls o - ver earth and sky; But light still is near me, Tho' thick the shadows come,
the drear-y way I fight; The prize is be-fore me, I'll reach it, and so soon,
long weary since have grown; I'm nearing the Saviour, He's call-ing for His own,
is break-ing now to me, The Saviour doth welcome and bid-deth me to "come,"

Quartet. **CHORUS.**

'Tis the light of my heav-en - ly home. 'Tis the light of my
'Tis the light of my heav-en - ly home.
To the light of my heav-en - ly home.
He's the light of my heav-en - ly home. 'Tis the light, blessed light

heav-en - ly home, 'Tis the light of my heav-en - ly home, 'Tho the
'Tis the light, blessed light

shadows may fall and the darkness may come, I've the light of my heav-en-ly home.

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No. 145. SINGING HALLELUJAH.

ISAAC WATTS. REV. 19:1. JOHN B. SHAW.

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To mansions in the skies,
2. Should earth a-gainst my soul en-gage, And fie - ry darts be hurled,
3. Let cares like a wild del-uge come, Let storms of sor - row fall,
4. There I shall bathe my wea - ry soul In seas of heav'nly rest,

I'll bid fare-well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes.
Then I can smile at Sa-tan's rage, And face a frown-ing world.
So I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all.
And not a wave of trou - ble roll A - cross my peace-ful breast.

CHORUS.

Sing - ing hal - le - lu - jah, Thine be the glo - ry,

Thine be the glo - ry, A - men, a - men. Sing-ing hal - le - lu - jah,

Thine be the glo - ry, Thine be the glo - ry, A - men, a - men.

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No. 146. THERE'S NO LOVE LIKE HIS LOVE TO ME.

SOLO OR DUET.

JOHN L. NEWKIRK. POWELL G. FITHIAN.

With tenderness.

1. There's no love to me like the love of Je - sus, Ev - er, al - ways
2. When far, far a - way, and in con - dem - na - tion, Feel - ing no one
3. Oh, won - der - ful love is the love of Je - sus, Who on Cal - v'ry's

just the same: E'en tho' of this world you may be most low - ly,
cared for me, There came a sweet voice, I shall ne'er for - get it,
cru - el tree Was wound-ed and died to make full a - tone - ment

CHORUS.

Je - sus still loves you, bless His name.
"Je - sus Thy Sav - iour still loves thee." There nev - er was
For a poor sin - ner, lost, like me.

one like Je - sus, Ev - er, al - ways true is He; There nev - er was
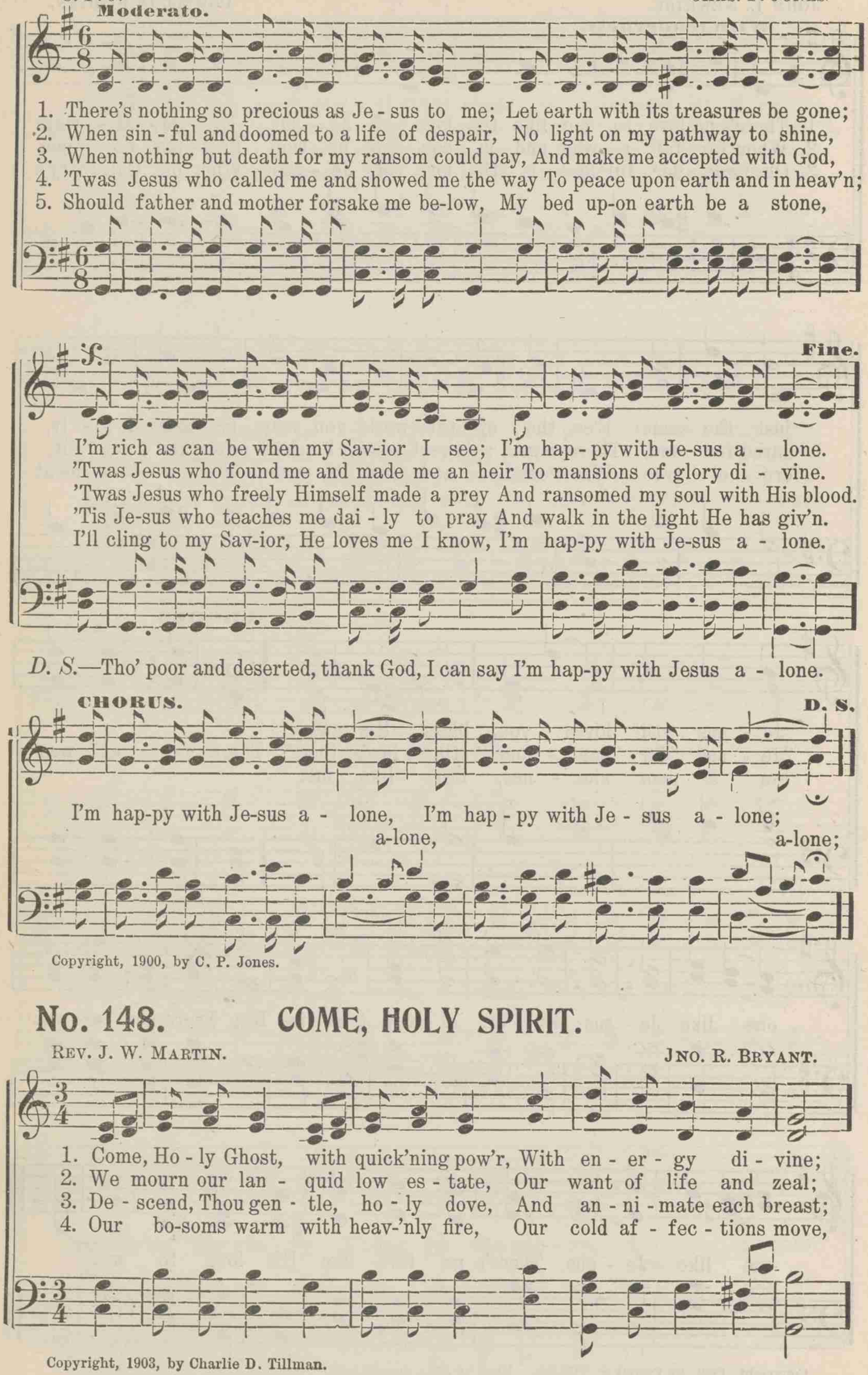
one like Je - sus, There's no love like His love to me.

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No. 147. I'M HAPPY WITH JESUS ALONE.

"Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is.."—JER. 17: 7.

C. P. J. CHAS. P. JONES.



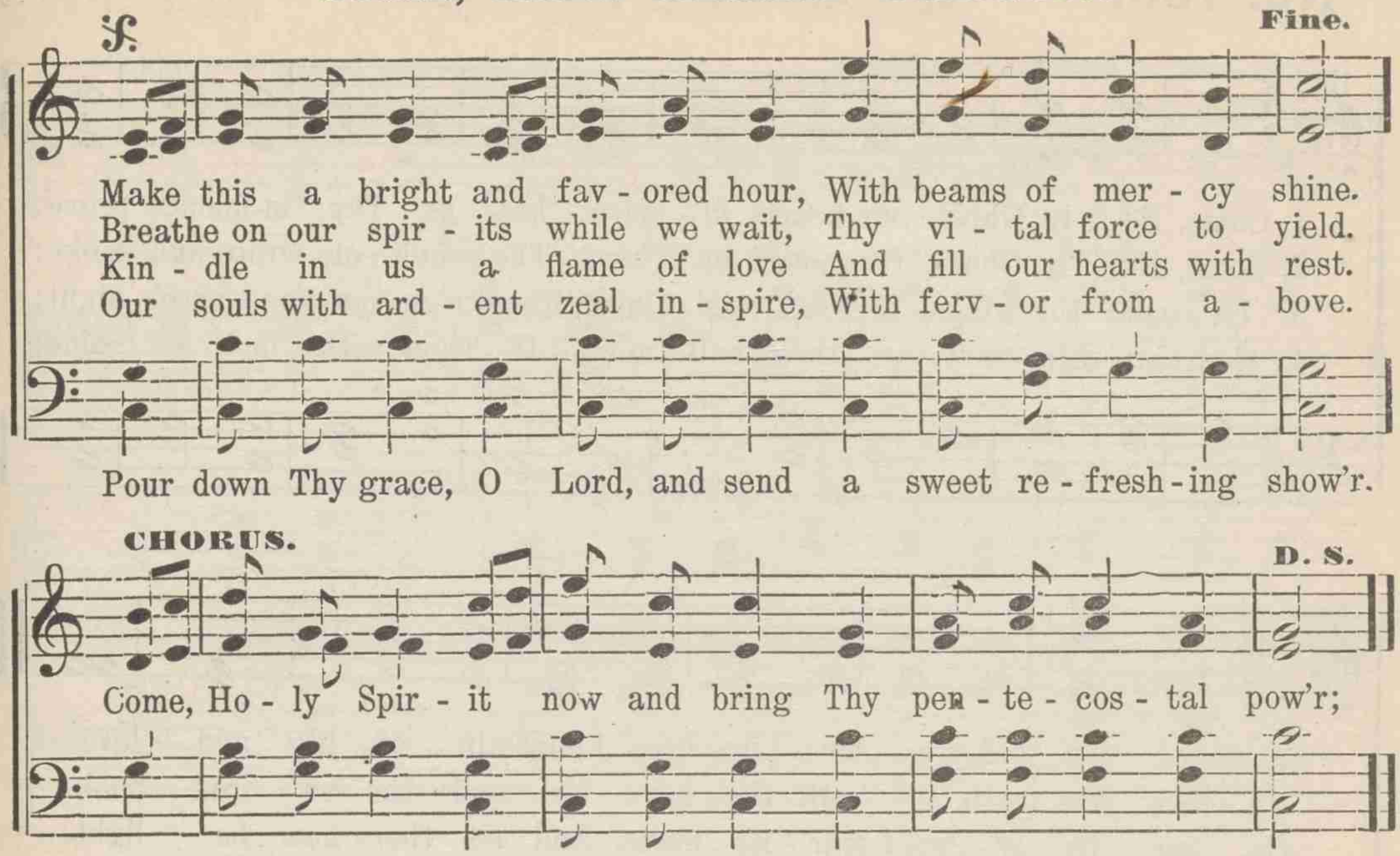
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No. 148. COME, HOLY SPIRIT.

REV. J. W. MARTIN. JNO. R. BRYANT.

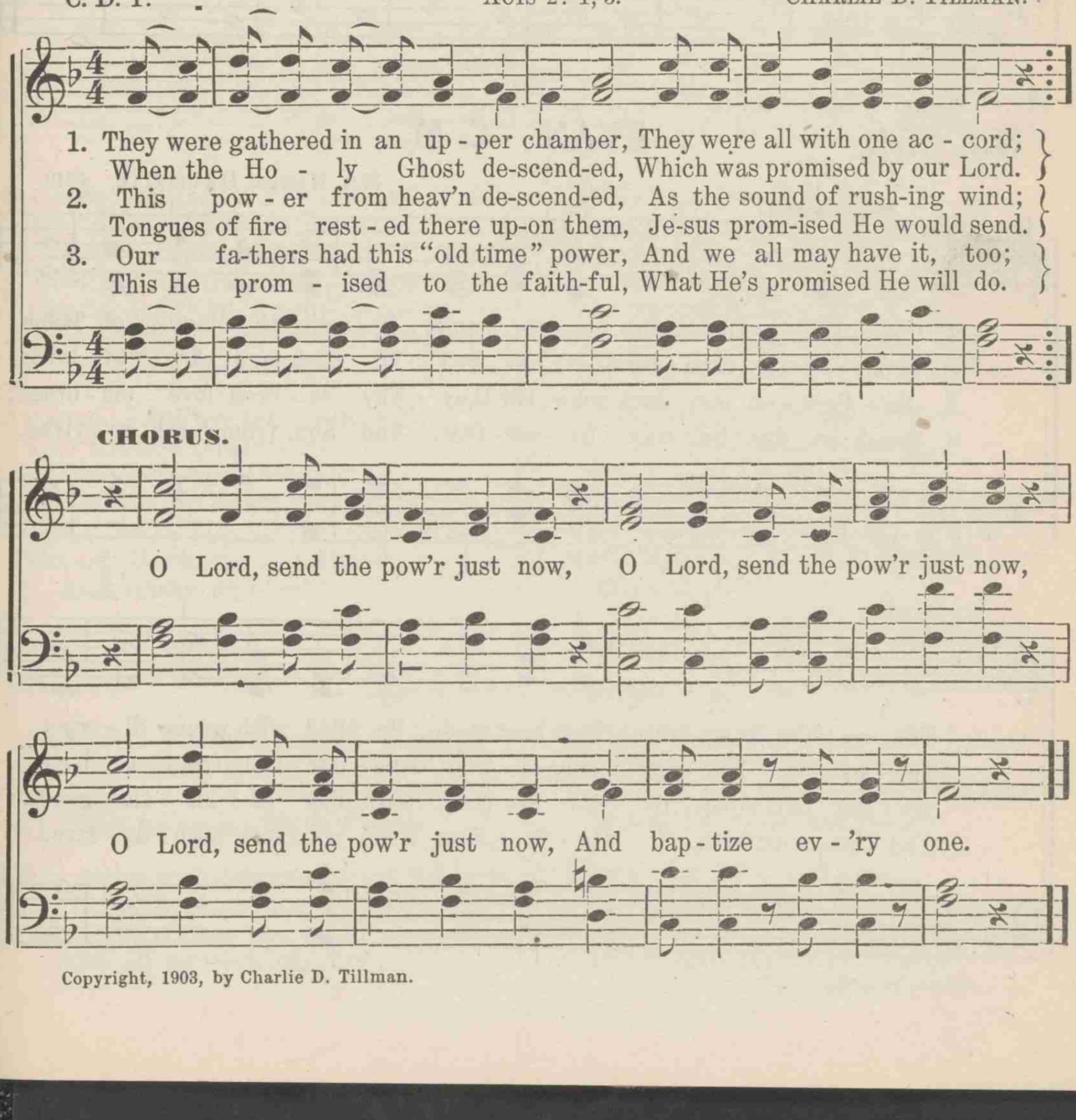
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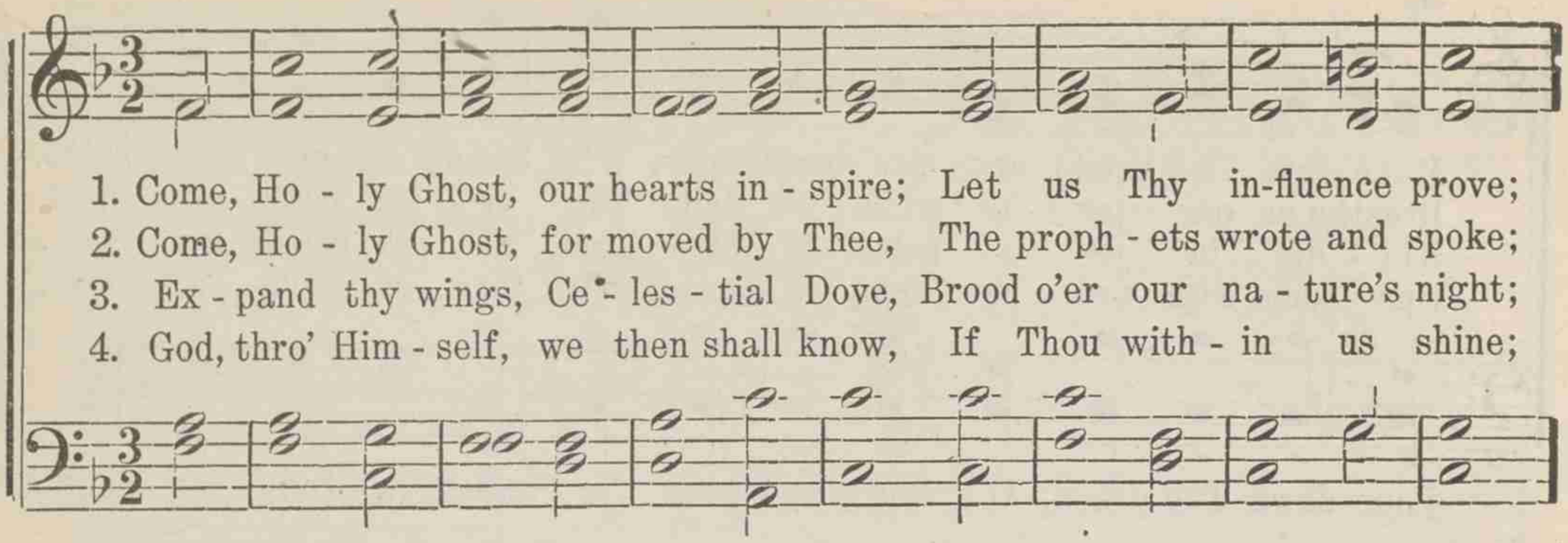
No. 149. "OLD TIME POWER."
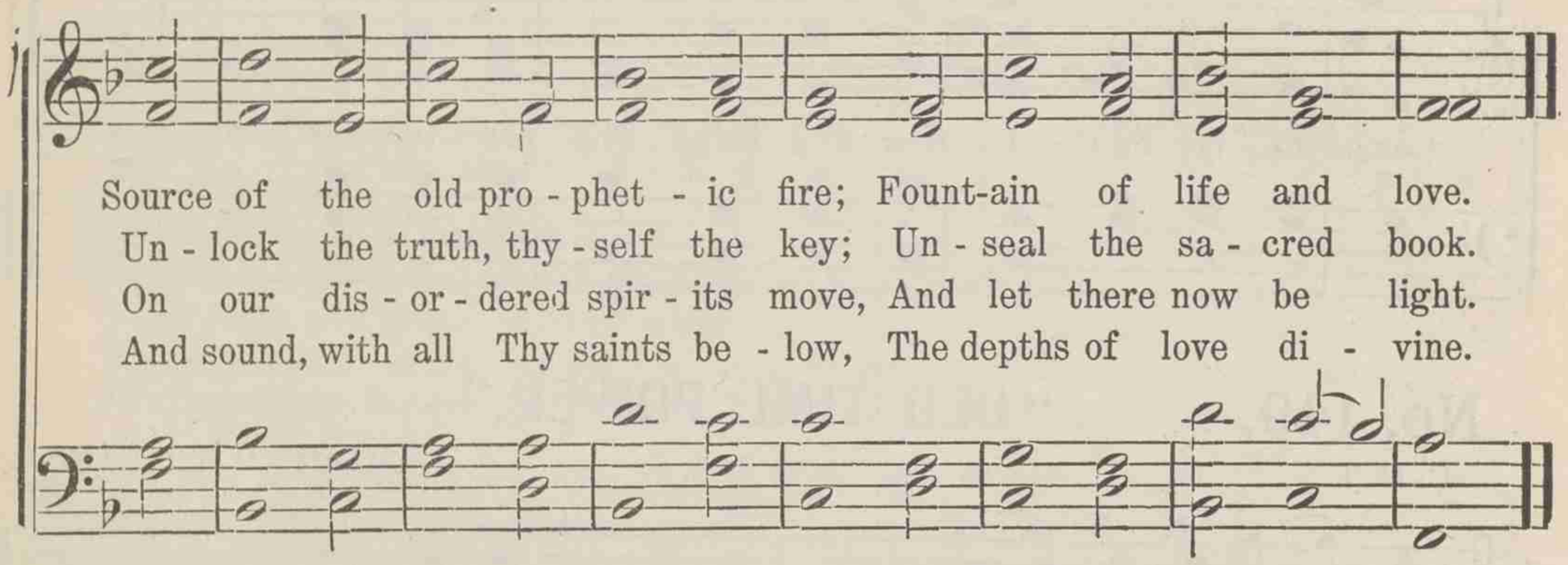
C. D. T. Acts 2: 1, 3. Charlie D. Tillman.



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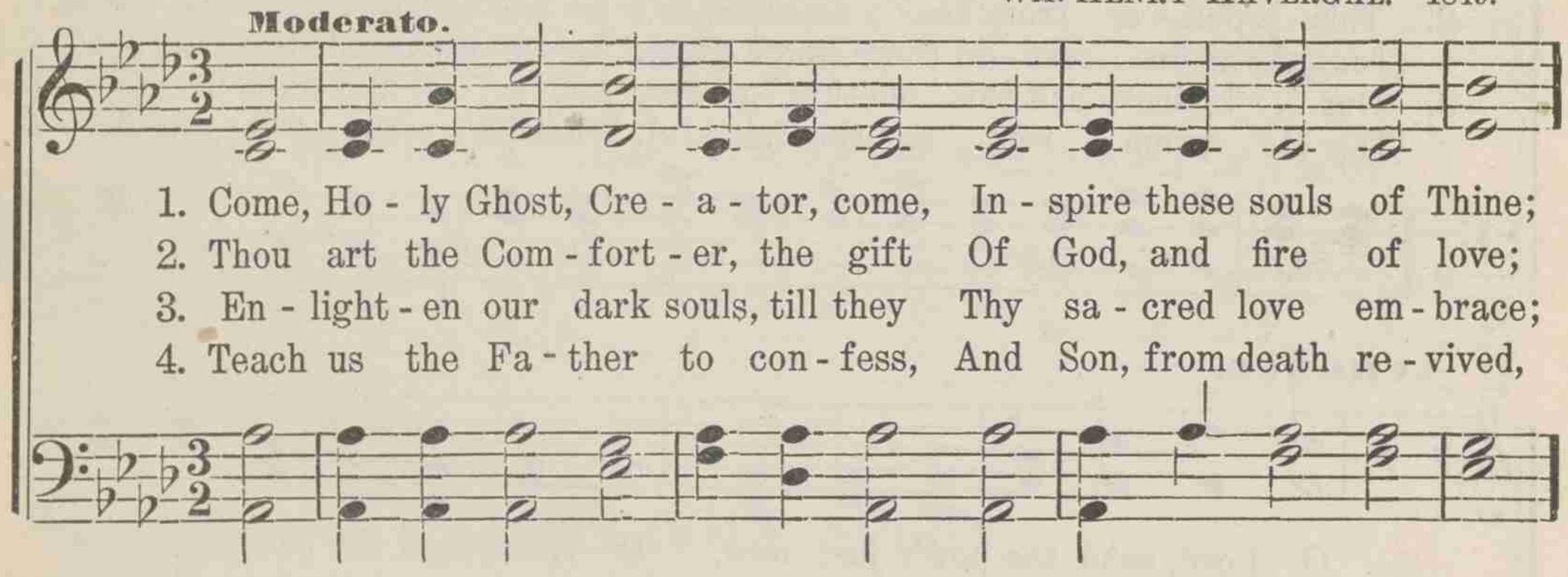
No. 150. MEAR. C. M.

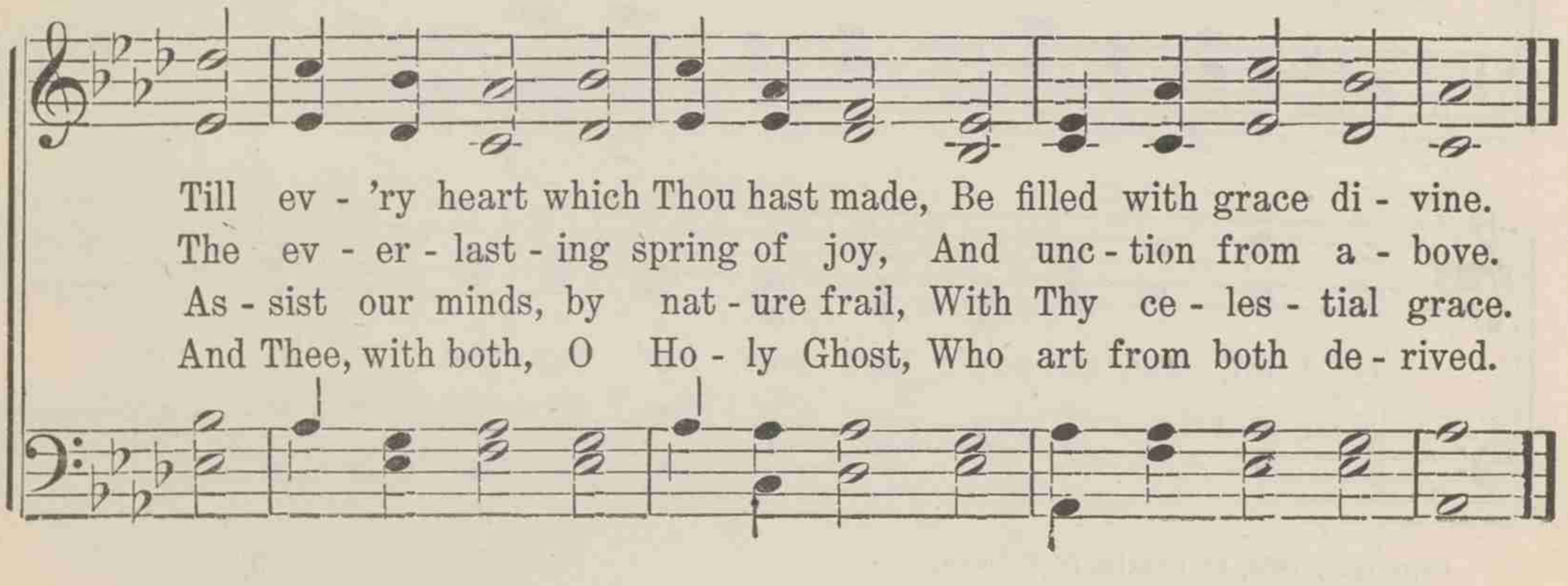




No. 151. EVAN. C. M.
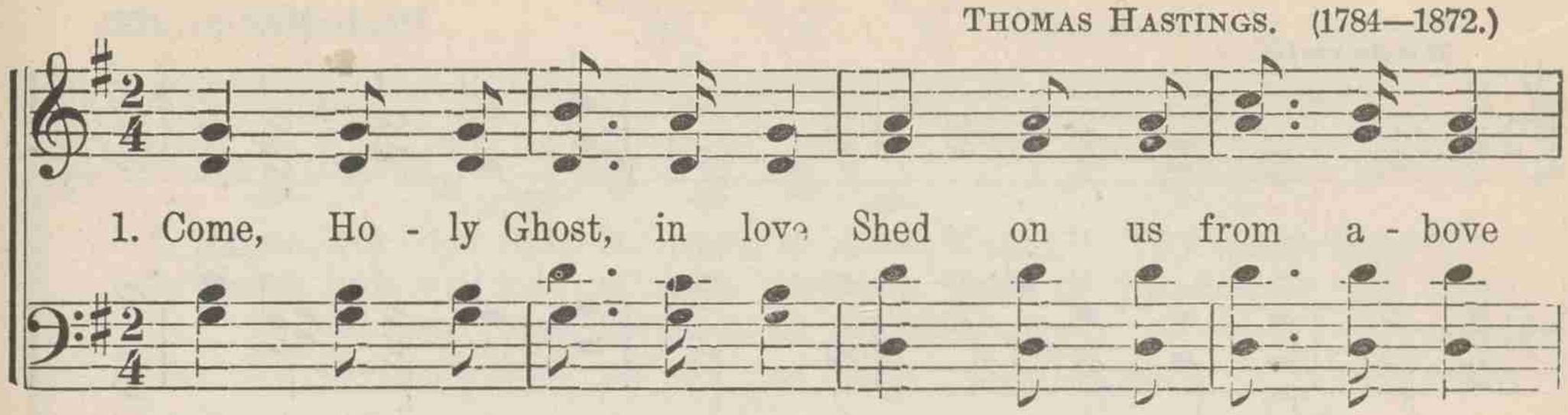
Wm. Henry Havergal. 1849.





No. 152. NEW HAVEN. 6s & 4s.

THOMAS HASTINGS. (1784—1872.)



2 Come, tenderest Friend, and best,
Our most delightful guest,
With soothing power:
Rest. which the weary know,
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow,
Peace, where deep griefs o'erflow,
Cheer us, this hour!

3 Come, Light serene, and still
Our inmost bosoms fill;
Dwell in each breast;
We know no dawn but Thine;
Send forth Thy beams divine,
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest!

4 Exalt our low desires;
Extinguish passions fires;
Heal every wound:
Our stubborn spirits bend;
Our icy coldness end;
Our devious steps attend,
While heav'nward bound.

5 Come, all the faithful bless;
Let all who Christ confess,
His praise employ:
Give virtue's rich reward;
Victorious death accord,
And, with our glorious Lord,
Eternal joy!

Robert II.

153

(See tune on opposite page.)

1 Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed,
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed,
With us on earth to dwell.

2 He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince, subdue;
All powerful as the wind He came,
And all as viewless, too.
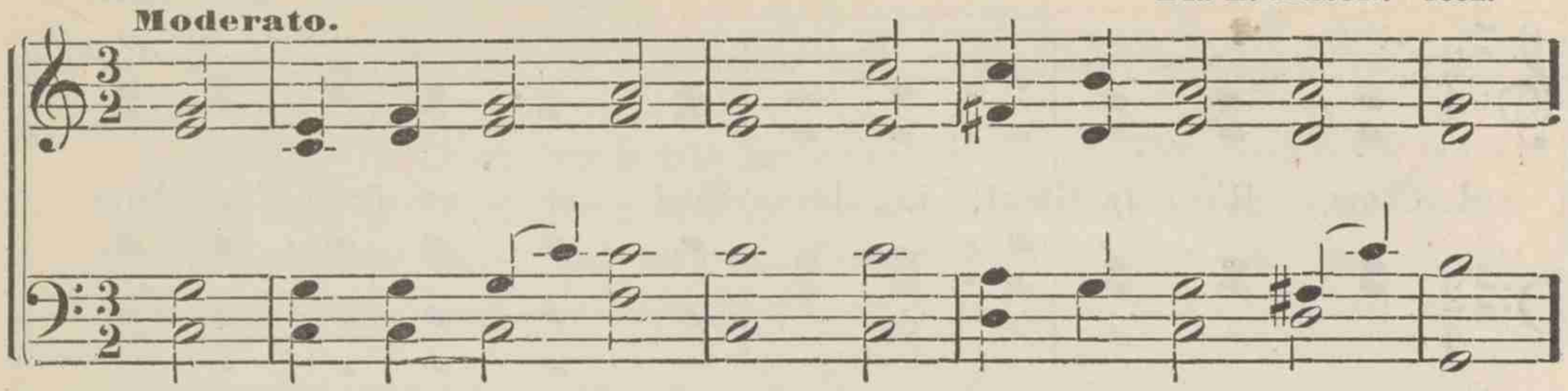
3 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While he can find one humble heart
Wherein to fix his rest.
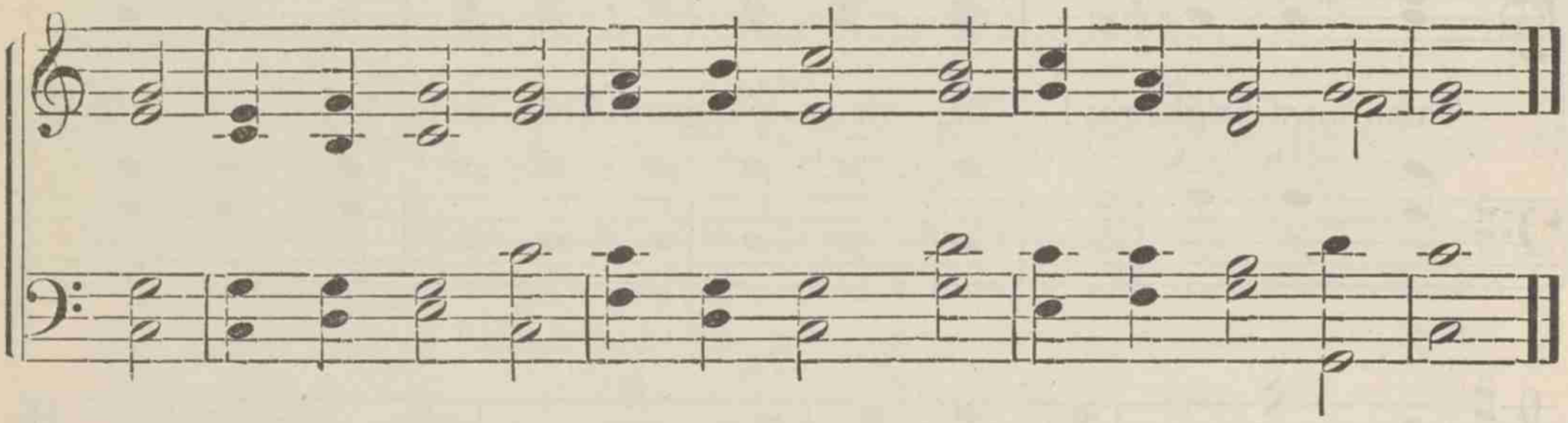
4 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see;
O make our hearts Thy dwelling place,
Purer and worthier Thee!

Harriet Auber.

No. 154. BOYLSTON. S. M.

DR. L. MASON. 1832.





155.

1 Blest Comforter divine!
Let rays of heavenly love
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
And guide our souls above;

2 Draw with Thy "still small voice"
From every sinful way,
And bid the mourning saints rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay.

3 By Thine inspiring breath
Make every cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
A smile of glory wear.

4 Thou who dost fill the heart
With love to all our race,
Blest Comforter! to us impart
These blessings of Thy grace.

156.

1 O Holy Spirit! come,
And Jesus' love declare;
O tell us of our heavenly home,
And guide us safely there.

2 Our unbelief remove
By Thine almighty breath;
O work the wondrous work of love,
The mighty work of faith.

3 Come with resistless power,
Come with almighty grace,
Come with the long-expected shower
And fall upon this place.

4 We know Thou hast the power;
O let that power be shown;
We know that this is mercy's hour;
O make Thy mercy known.

5 Thy sceptre, Lord! extend,
Pity our deep distress;
Thou art the contrite sinner's Friend,
Thy waiting servants bless.

6 We bless Thee for Thy grace
And Thine almighty power;
We bless Thee for Thy holy place
And this accepted hour.

157.

1 Lord God, the Holy Ghost!
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all Thy power.

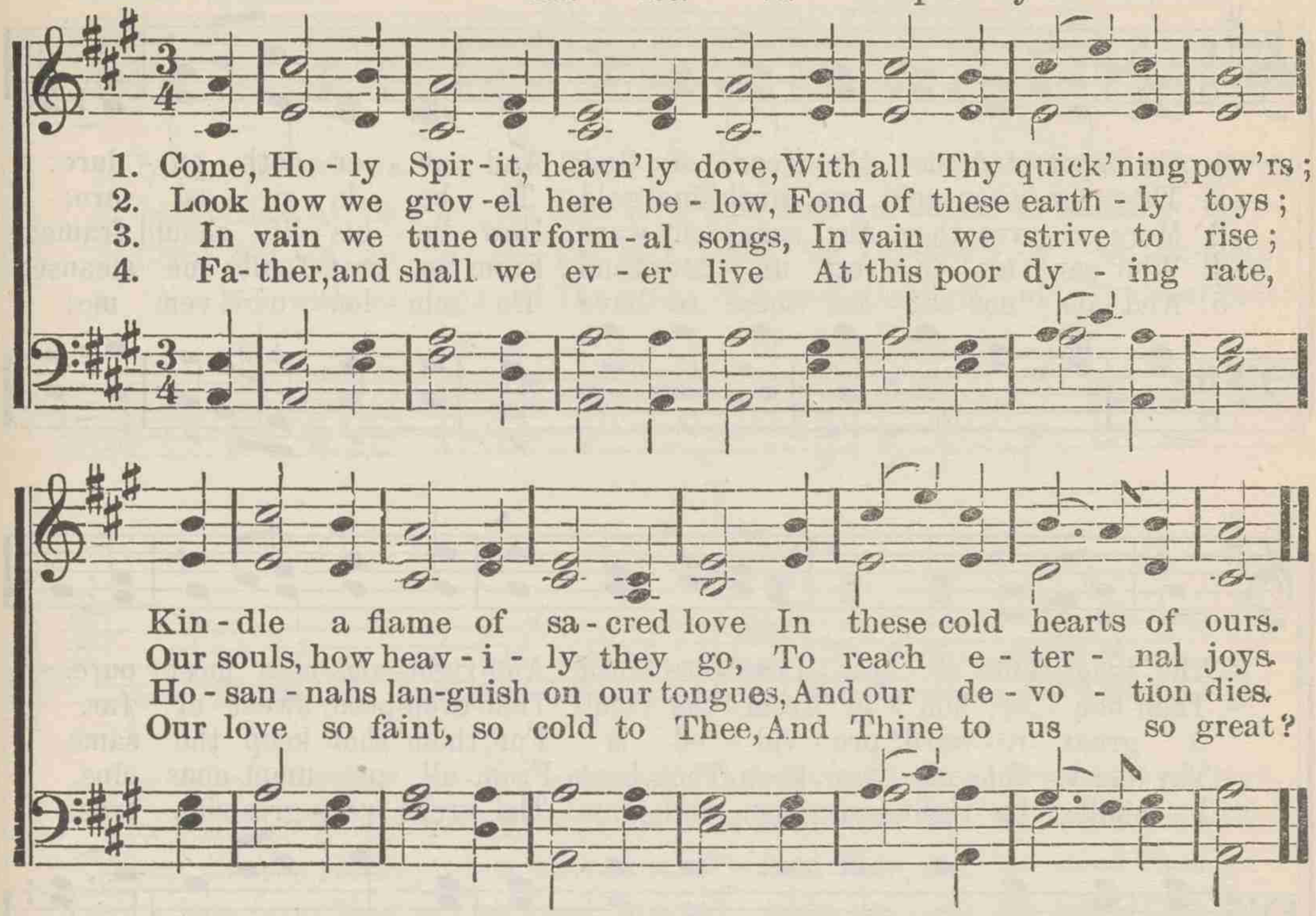
2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

3 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling, breathe.

4 The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above,
And give us hearts and tongues of fire,
To pray and praise and love.

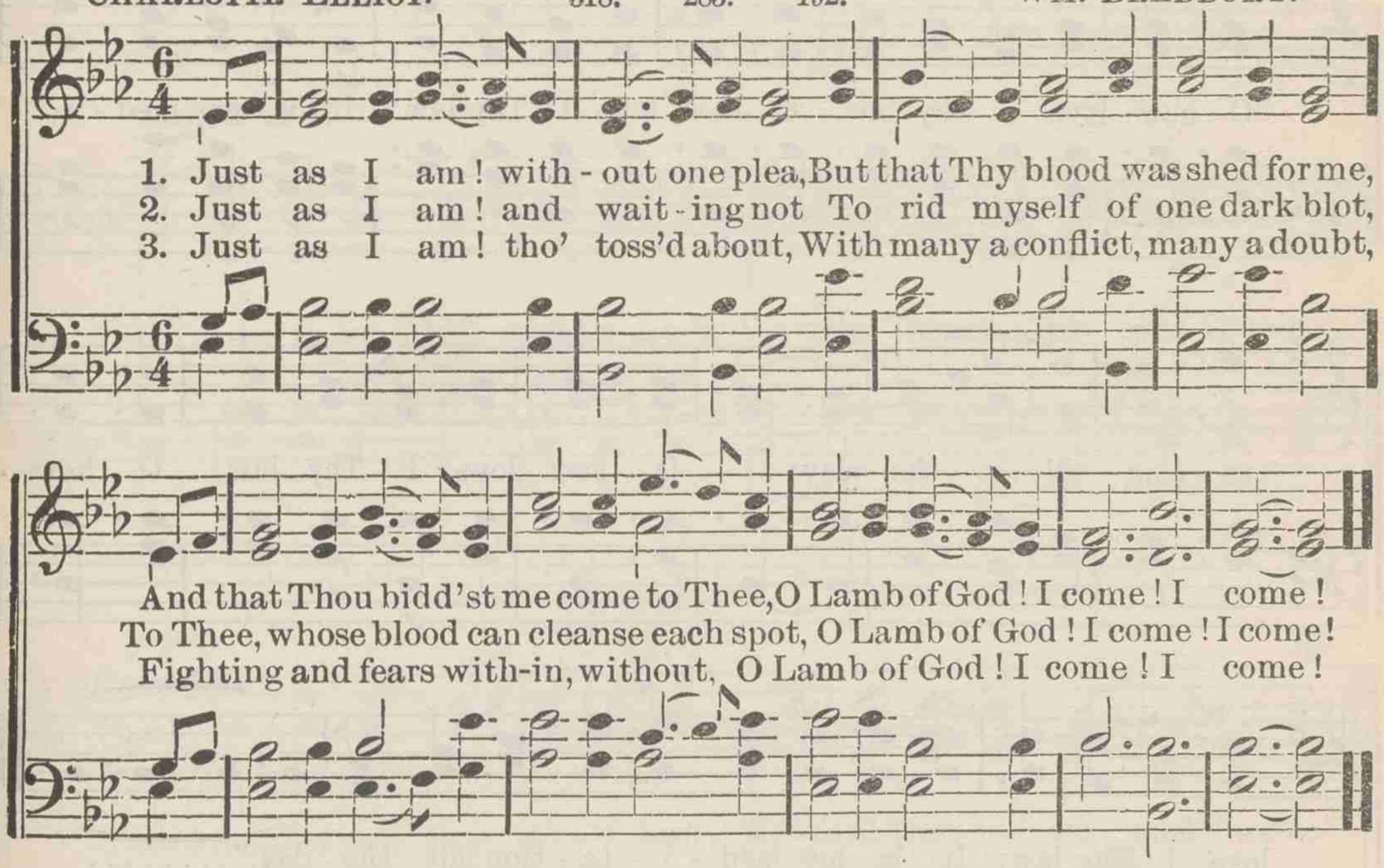
No. 158. COME, HOLY SPIRIT.

ISAAC WATTS. * M. H. 178. B. H. 196. P. H. 76. Adapted by R. SIMPSON.



No. 159. JUST AS I AM.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT. * M. H. 318. B. H. 283. P. H. 192. WM. BRADBURY.



4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

5 Just as I am! Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve
Because Thy promise I believe:
O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

* M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

No. 160. O HOW LOVE I THY LAW.

"The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever."—Ps. 19: 9.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. Un - spot - ted is the fear of God, And ev - er doth en - dure;
2. They more than gold, yea, much fine gold, To be de - sir - ed are;
3. More - o - ver they, thy serv - ant warn, How he his life should frame;
4. Who can his er - rors un - der-stand? From se - cret faults me cleanse;
5. And do not suf - fer them to have Do - min - ion o - ver me;

The judg-ments of the Lord are truth, And right-eous-ness most pure.
Than hon - ey, hon - ey from the comb That drop-peth, sweet - er far.
A great re - ward pro - vid - ed is For them that keep the same.
Thy serv - ant al - so keep Thou back From all pre-sumpt-uous sins.
I shall be right-eous, then, and from The great trans-gres-sion free.

CHORUS. Psalm 119: 97.

"O how love I Thy law, O how love I Thy law; It is my med - i-

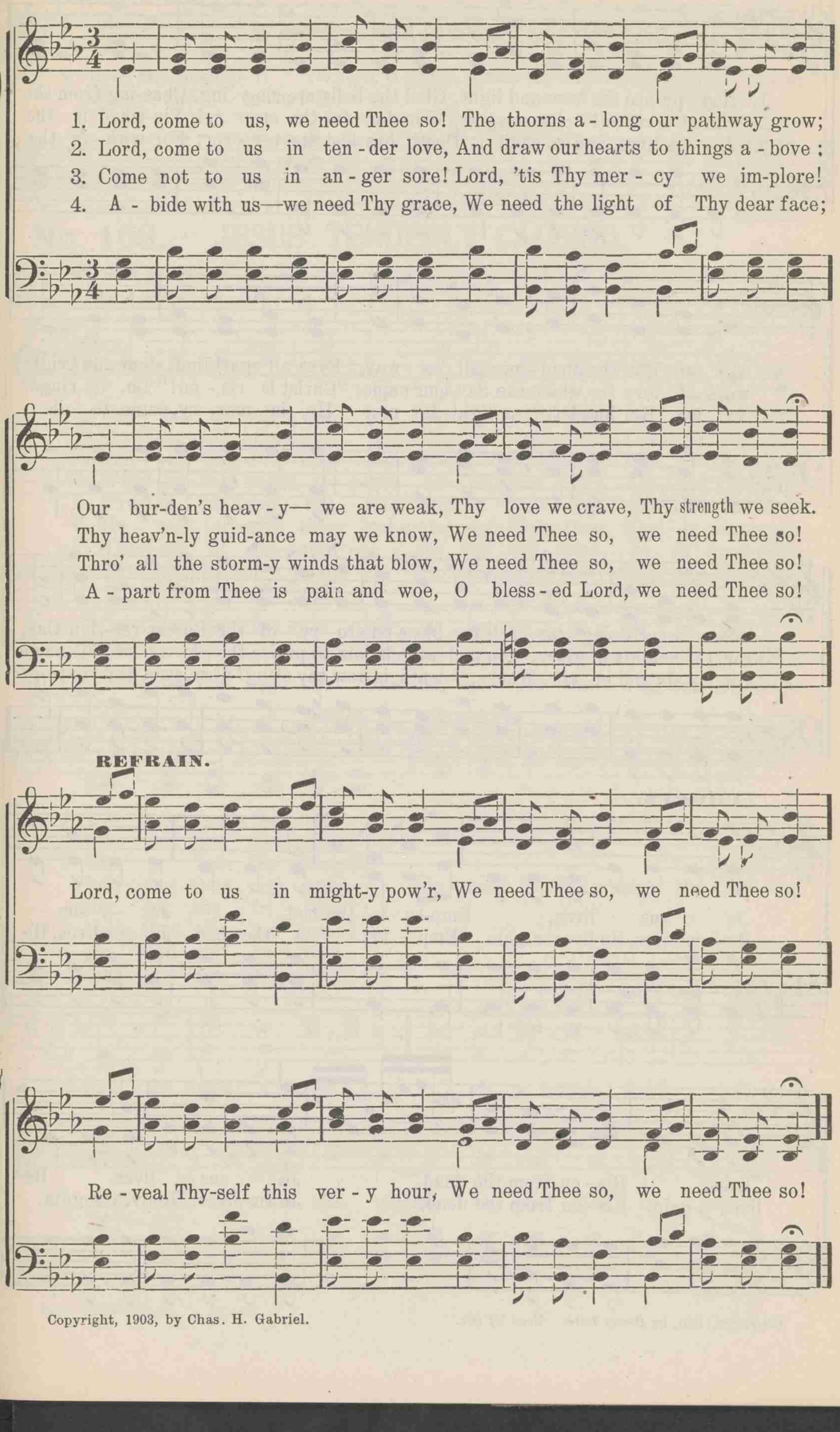
ta - tion all.... the day; O how love I Thy law, O how

love I Thy law; It is my med - i - ta - tion all the day.".....

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No. 161. WE NEED THEE SO.

MAGGIE E. GREGORY. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



Copyright, 1903, by Chas. H. Gabriel.

No. 162. JESUS LIVES.

JENNIE REE. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Hap - py are the hearts and light, Glad the bells are ring - ing, Chas-ing from the
2. "Christ is ris-en!" nature sings, Won-der - ful the sto - ry! Fin-ished is the
3. Je - sus lives, and so shall I; Death has lost its ter - ror; For with - in the

sky of life the shad - ows all a - way, Eyes all sparkling, clear and bright,
work of love for which the Sav-iour came; "Christ is ris - en!" Lo, it rings
val - ley He has left a light for me; He, in mer - cy, came to die

Voices sweetly sing - ing, Tell the bless-ed sto - ry of the Res-ur-rec-tion Day.
From the heights of glory, Men and an-gels join to praise the glo - ry of His name.
For my sin and er - ror, Where, O death, is now thy sting? where, grave, thy vic-to-ry?

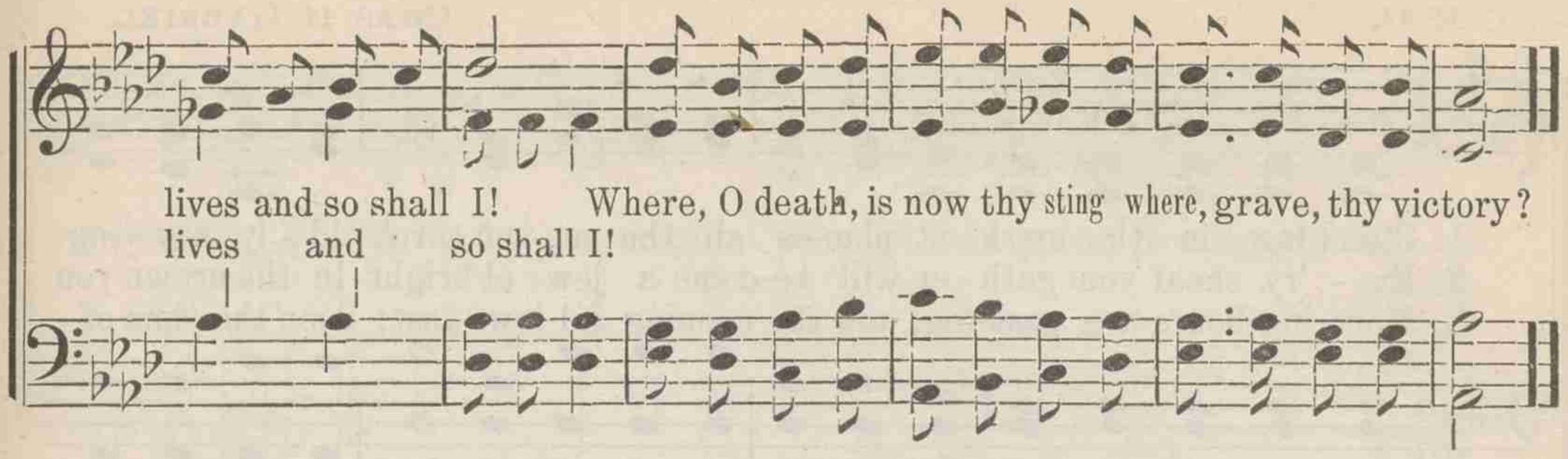
CHORUS.

Je - sus lives, Emp-ty is the bed, Je - sus
Je - sus lives, He lives a-gain, Emp - ty is the bed, Je - sus lives, He

lives, Ris - en from the dead, Je - sus lives, He
lives a-gain, Ris - en from the dead, Je-sus lives, He lives a-gain,

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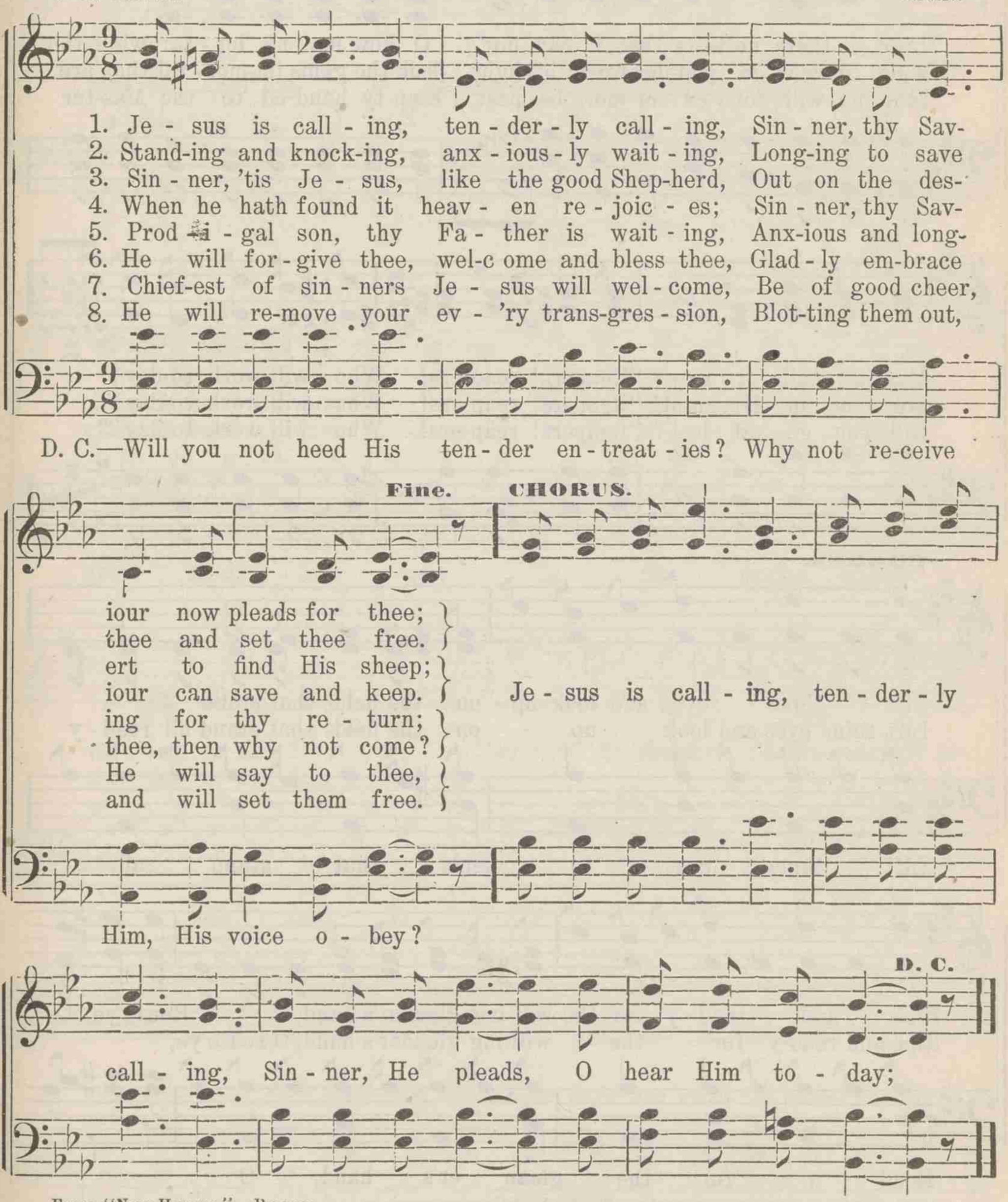
JESUS LIVES. Concluded.



No. 163. JESUS TENDERLY CALLING.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."—
MATT. 11: 28.

J. G. FOOTE. JOHN.



From "New Hymns." By per.

164. REAPERS ARE NEEDED.

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

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

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

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

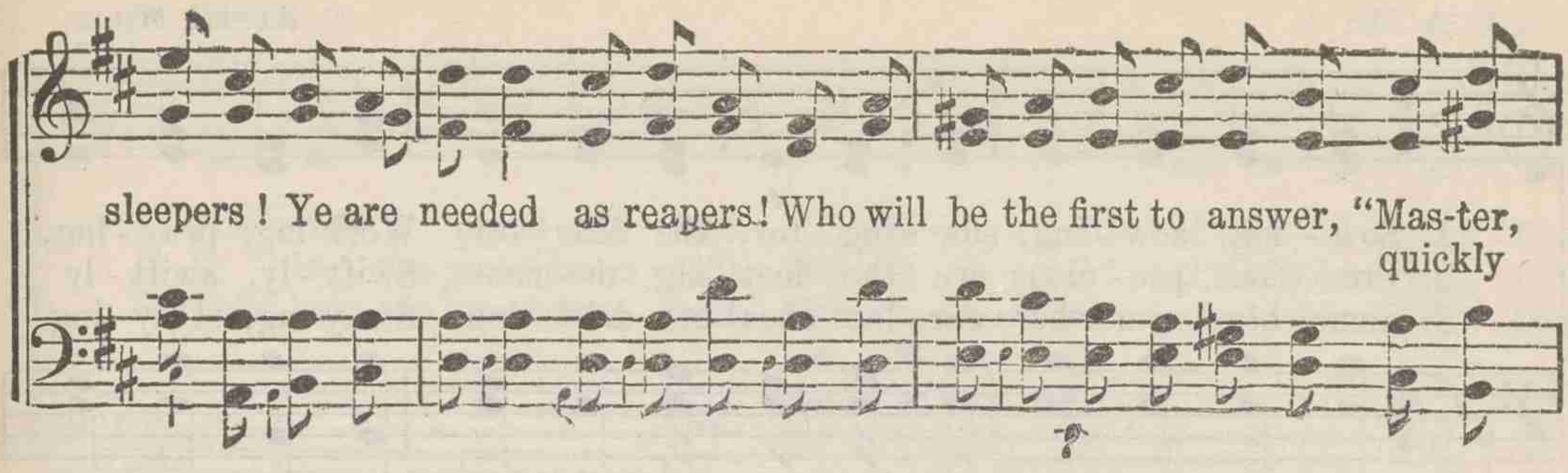
CHORUS.
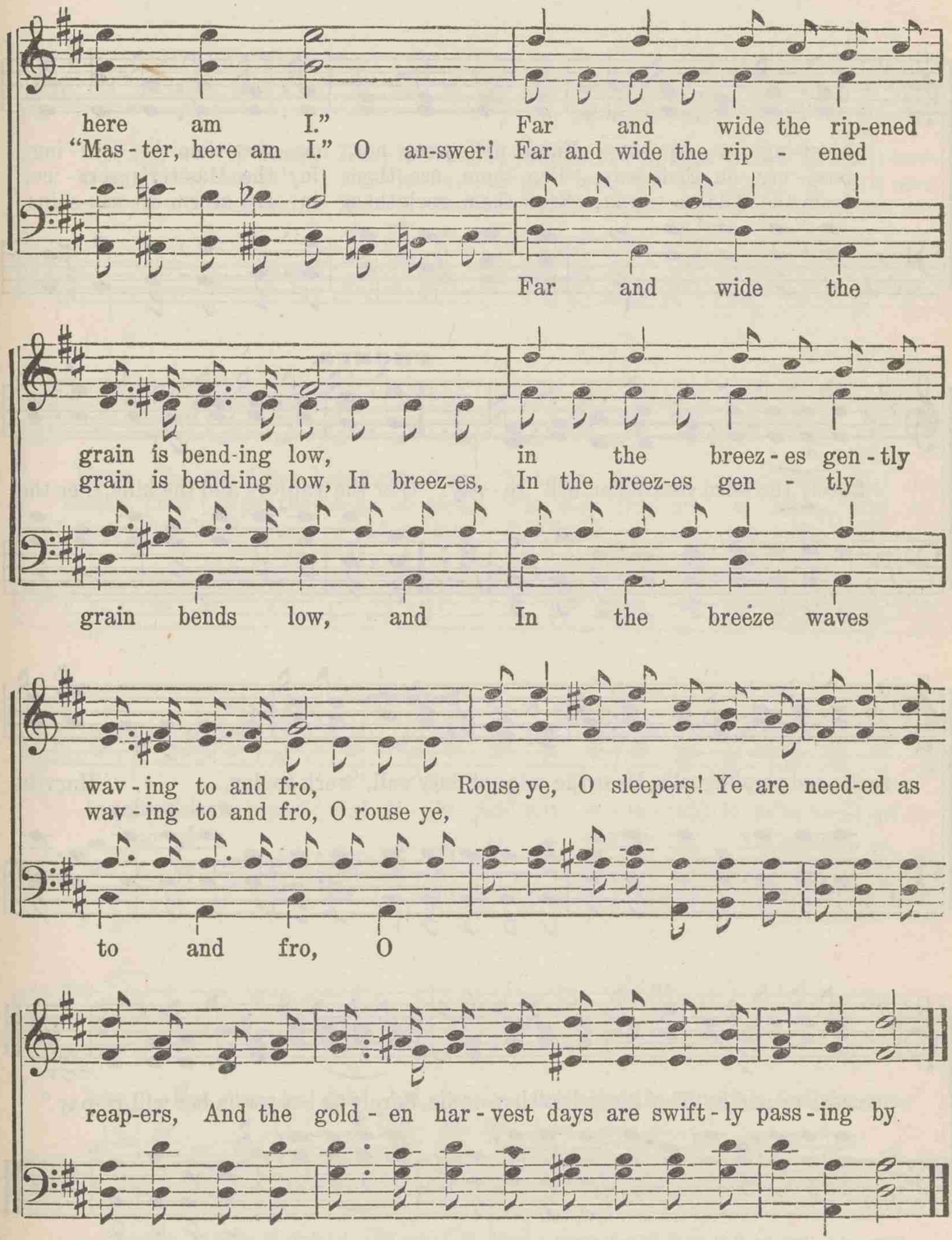
Lift thine eyes and look up-on the fields that stand
Lift thine eyes and look up-on the fields that stand all read-y
Lift thine eyes to fields that stand all

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

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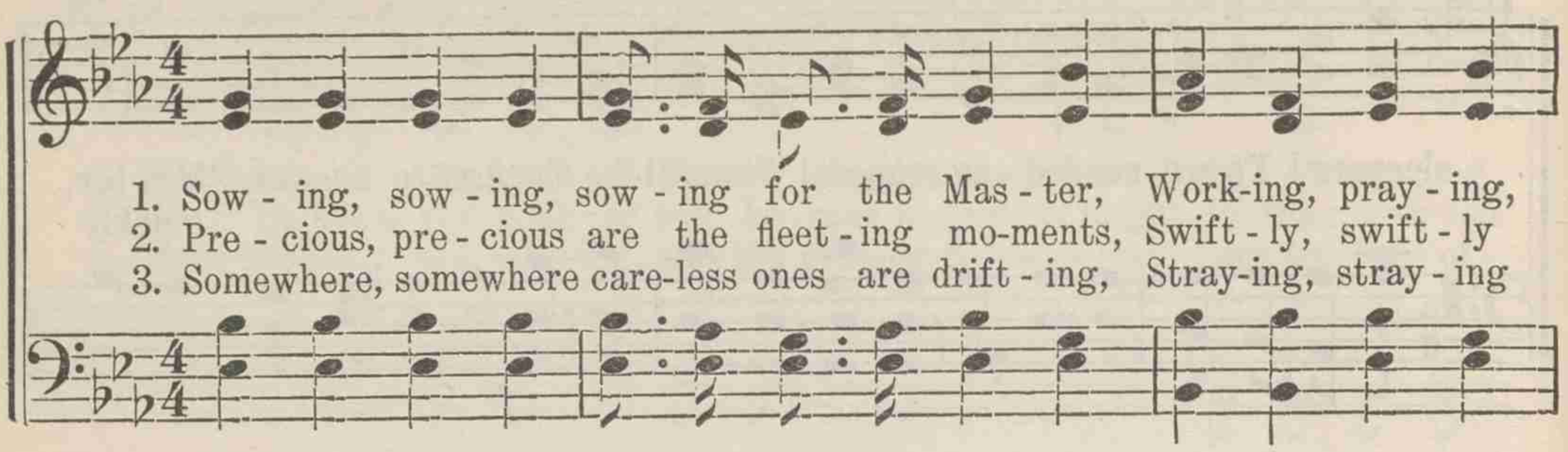
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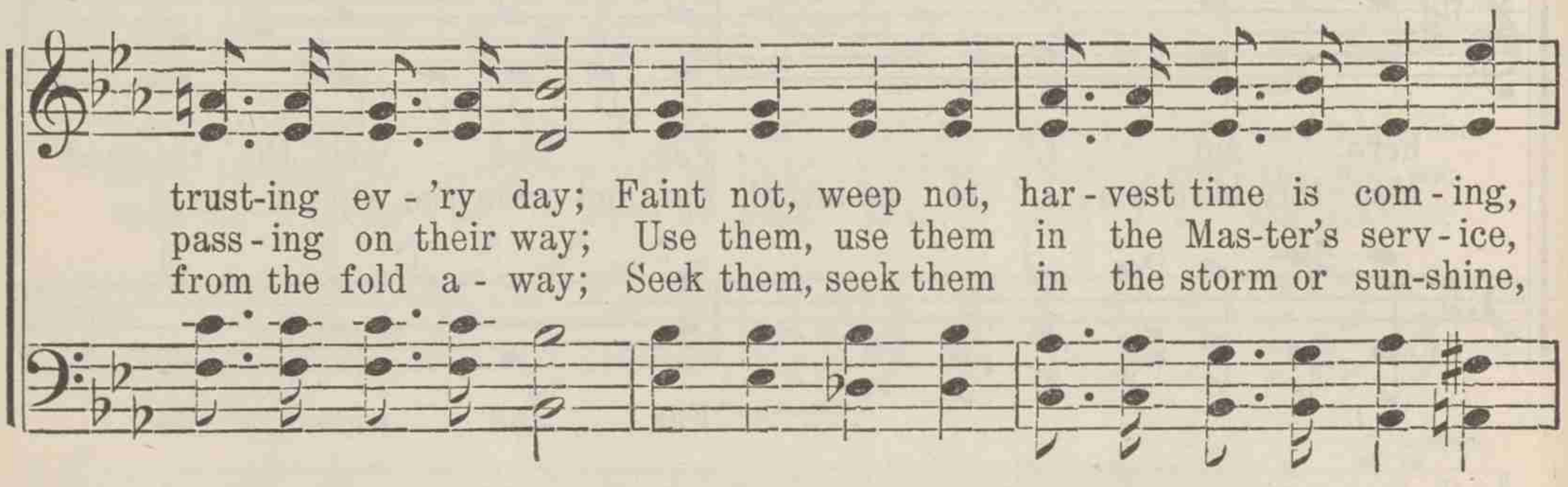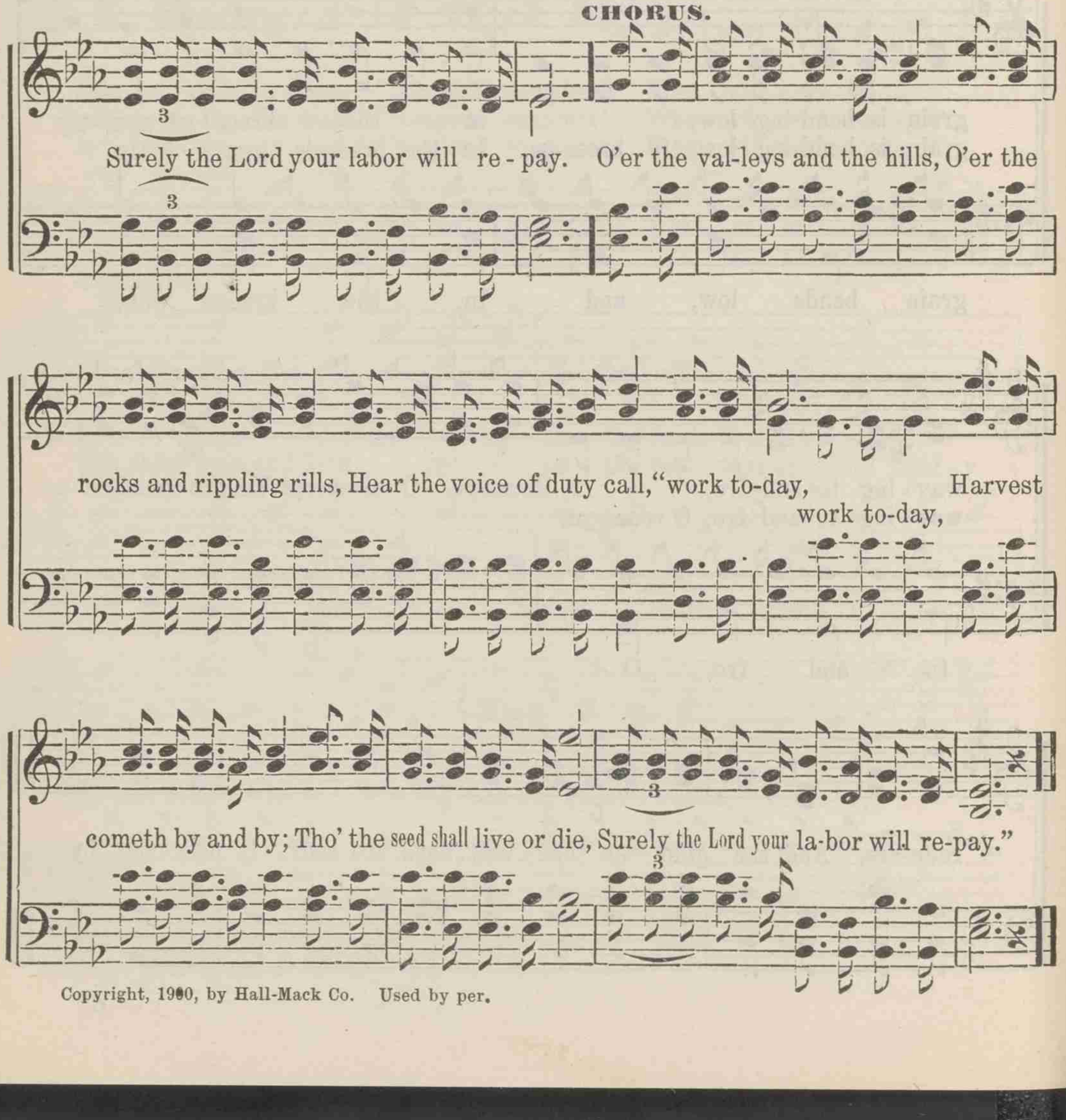




No. 165. THE LORD WILL REPAY.

C. A. M. C. AUSTIN MILES.







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No. 166. THE CROSS.

DR. BONAR. J. R. DUNHAM.

1. The cross it stand-eth fast, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! De-
2. It is the old cross still, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! Its
3. 'Twas here the debt was paid, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! Our

fy-ing ev-'ry blast, Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross! The winds of hell have
triumphs let us tell, Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross! The grace of God here
sins on Je-sus laid, Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross! So 'round the cross we

blown, The world its hate hath shown, Yet 'tis not o-ver-thrown, Hal-le-
shown, Thro' Christ, the bless-ed Son, Who did for sin a-tone, Hal-le-
sing Of Christ, our of-fer-ing,— Of Christ, our liv-ing King, Hal-le-

CHORUS.

lu-jah for the cross! Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! It ne'er shall suf-fer
loss, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross!

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No. 167. AT THE ROLL CALL I'LL BE THERE.

E. C. A. E. C. A-VIS.

1. When the roll is called in heav'n a - bove, And the ma - ny
2. When the Sav - ior speaks for whom He died, And on Cal - v'ry's
3. When the saved of a - ges stand and sing, Prais - es · un - to
4. When the Lord shall come to take His own To a place pre-

saved thro' won - drous love, Shall be seen to stand all white and fair,
cross was cru - ci - fied, Of His fin - ished work I too shall share,
Christ, the Lord and King, 'Mid the heav'n-ly hosts all free from care,
pared of which we've known, With the saints as - cend - ing in the air,

REFRAIN.

At the roll call I'll be there. When the roll is called in
heav - - - - - en, When the roll is called in heav - - - - - en,
heav - en, I'll be there, heav - en, I'll be there;
Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - - - - - jah! At the roll call I'll be there.
hal - le - lu - jah! I'll be there,

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No. 168. I WANT TO HAVE STARS IN MY CROWN.

MYRON W. MORSE. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. I've read of a coun-try, a land O so fair, Whose beau-ties have nev - er been told; Where saint-ed ones hap - py, and know - ing no care,
2. I'm told that the Sav - iour will wel - come up there, And grant His dear face to be - hold, All who have been faith-ful His glo - ry may share,
3. I'm told in that coun-try no sor - row is known, No troub - le, no bur - dens to bear; For mu - sic en-chant-ing, in sweet blend-ing tone,
4. A star will be giv - en for work that we do, In win - ning from path-ways of sin, Each soul so im - mor - tal, so prec - ious, so true,

CHORUS.

Hav-ing stars in their crowns of pure gold.
Hav-ing stars in their crowns of pure gold. I want to have stars in my crown,
From saints wearing star-crowns up there.
Bright stars for our crown we may win. in my crown,

Yes, I want to have stars in my crown, When my life-work is o'er,
in my crown,

Rit.

On the bright gold - en shore I want to have stars in my crown.

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No. 169. THE SUN BEHIND THE CLOUD.

B. E. W. B. E. WARREN. By per.

1. In the Bi - ble Je - sus tells us we must suf - fer for His sake,
2. We are in a world of troub - le, but the Lord is al - ways near,
3. When the storms so black are rag - ing o - ver life's tem-pest-uous sea,
4. If we suf - fer as a Christian He'll re - ward us o - ver there,

Tho' the world a-round us wears a sin - ful shroud; Heaven's grace is all we need if we the con - se - cra - tion make, We are sure the sun is shin - ing just be - hind the cloud. Just be - hind the cloud, Just be-
And the peo - ple are so sin - ful, vain and proud; When the shadows dark are fall - ing on our path,—"Be of good cheer"—This is proof the sun is
When re-vers - es all a-round you closely crowd; When the darkness seems to hov - er just as far as you can see, We are sure the sun is
"Be thou faith-ful un - to death" He speaks aloud; He will nev - er let us suf - fer more than we can ea - sy bear, We are sure the sun is

CHORUS.

Just be-hind the cloud,

hind the cloud, We are sure the sun is shin-ing just be-hind the cloud.
Just behind the cloud,

Repeat Chorus. *pp*

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170. WHEN I SEE THE BLOOD.

JOHN. J. G. F.

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

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

CHORUS

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

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

Rit

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

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Supt. Trinity S. S.

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119 W. Sixth St.

No. 171. FORWARD, CHRISTIAN WORKERS.

J. R. B. JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. For-ward, Christian work-ers, For-ward for the King; Press with
2. For-ward, Christian work-ers, In the cause for right; Round the
3. For-ward, Christian work-ers, We must nev - er fail; Faith shall

vig - or on - ward, Let His prais - es ring. Gath - er for His serv - ice
cross of Je - sus Let us all u - nite. Trust-ing in our Sav - iour
be our ar - mor, Sa - tan's host shall quail. From on high the Sav - iour

Hearts that's true and brave; Bring to Christ the wayward, That He them may save.
For our strength to-day, We can nev - er fal - ter In the bless - ed way.
Bids us "forward go," We will sure - ly con-quer If but Christ we know.

D. S.—Striv-ing e'er to bring the world To Christ our King.

CHORUS.

Forward go, Trusting the Spirit's might, Raptured scenes Waiting to
Forward go, then, Trusting the Spirit's, Spirit's might, Raptured scenes are Waiting to

greet your sight; Forward go, Joy - ful-ly march and sing.
greet your anxious sight; Forward go, yes, Joy - ful-ly march and glad-ly sing.

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No. 172. SUNSHINE AND RAIN.

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

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

of refresh-ing rain,
refreshing rain,
bur - den of our sin,
days are dark and drear?

Would we scatter seed up-on the
Would we know the sweetness of His
Can we hope for pleasures yet de-
Would we scat - ter seed

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

CHORUS.

{ Sun-shine and rain, re - fresh-ing, re - viv - ing rain, Light of faith and
{ Sun-shine and rain, to nurt - ure the grow-ing grain, Send us, Lord, the

1 love, Show - ers from a - bove!

2 sun - shine and the rain.

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No. 173. WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED UP YONDER.

B. M. J. J. M. BLACK.

1. When the trum - pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more, And the morn-ing breaks, e - ter - nal, bright and fair; When the
2. On that bright and cloud-less morn - ing when the dead in Christ shall rise, And the glo - ry of His res - ur - rec - tion share; When His
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set - ting sun, Let us talk of all His won-drous love and care; Then when

saved of earth shall gath - er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the
chos - en ones shall gath - er to their home be-yond the skies, And the
all of life is o - ver, and our work on earth is done, And the
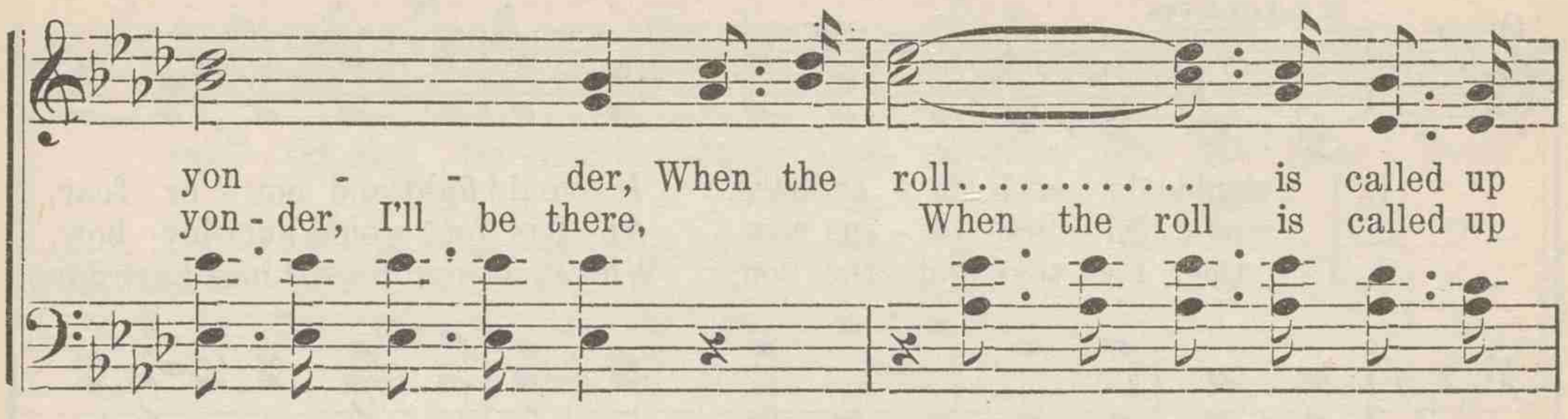
CHORUS.
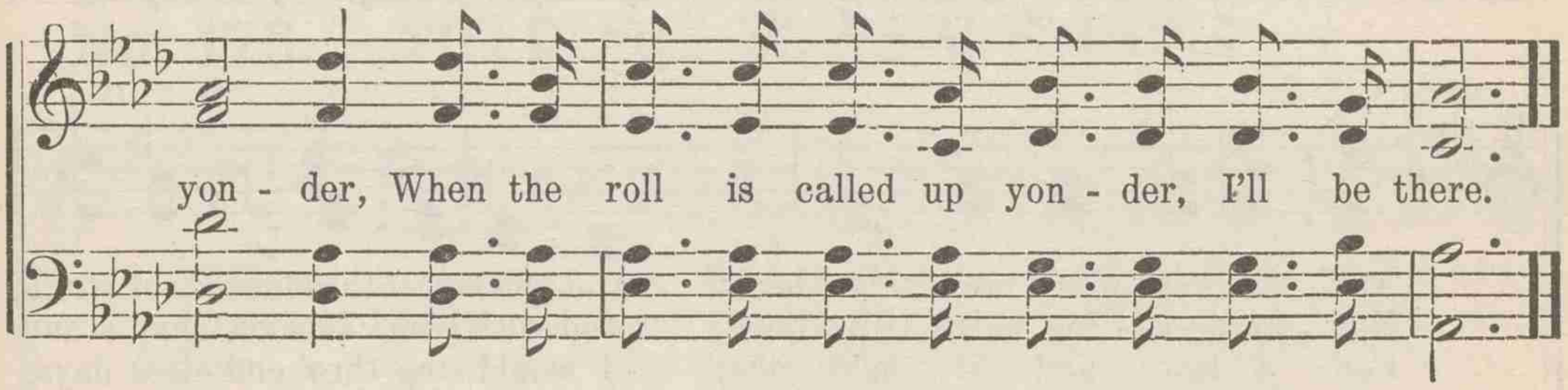
roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there. When the roll..... is
roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.
roll is called up yon - der, we'll be there, When the roll is

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

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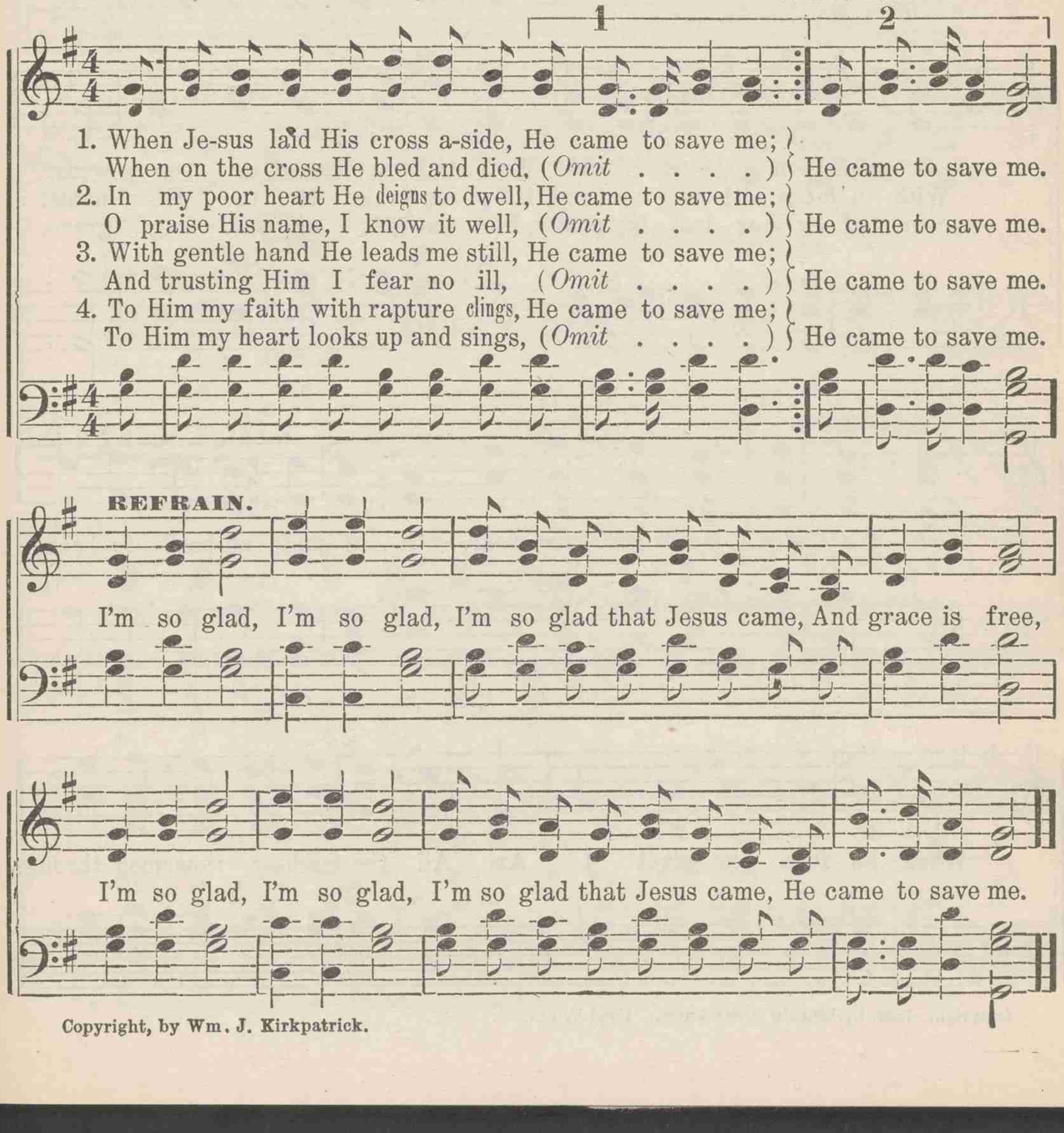
WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED. Concluded.





No. 174. HE CAME TO SAVE.

H. E. Blair. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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No. 175. CROWN, HARP, AND SONG.

F. A. BLACKMER. H. N. LINCOLN.

Moderato.

1. I would do each du - ty here, I would fight and nev - er fear,
2. I would fol - low Je - sus now, At His feet would hum-bly bow,
3. To the Fa - ther and the Son, Who such wondrous things have done,

And the cross would meek - ly bear; And when past these scenes of strife,
Nev - er seek - ing ea:th - ly fame; And with Him I soon shall stand,
For a lost and ru - ined race; I would sing thro' end - less days,

I shall then a *crown* of life, With the ran - somed ev - er wear.
With a *harp* with-in my hand, Harp - ing prais - es to His name.
Songs of ev - er - last - ing praise, For the gift of sav - ing grace.

CHORUS.

O a star - ry crown to wear, O a gold - en harp to bear,

When be - fore the great I Am, All the might-y ransomed throng,

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CROWN, HARP, AND SONG. Concluded.

Swell the glad tri-umph-ant song, Song of Mo - ses and the Lamb.

No. 176. YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION.

H. R. P. 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, [*Omit.....*] He'll car - ry 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 ear-nest, Kind hearted and true; Look ev - er to Je - sus, [*Omit.....*] He'll car - ry you through.
3. To him that o'er-com - eth God giv-eth a crown; Thro' faith we will con - quer, Tho' of - ten cast down;
   He who is our Sav - iour, Our strength will re - new; Look ev - er to Je - sus, [*Omit.....*[He'll car - ry you through.

CHORUS.

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

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No. 177. A LITTLE SONG FOR JESUS.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. E. S. LORENZ.

1. We've a lit - tle song for Je - sus, Pray, will you hear?
2. We've a lit - tle word for Je - sus, What shall it be?
3. Ev - 'ry hour and ev - 'ry mo-ment, He is our guide;
4. Will you help us now to praise Him, Help us to sing;

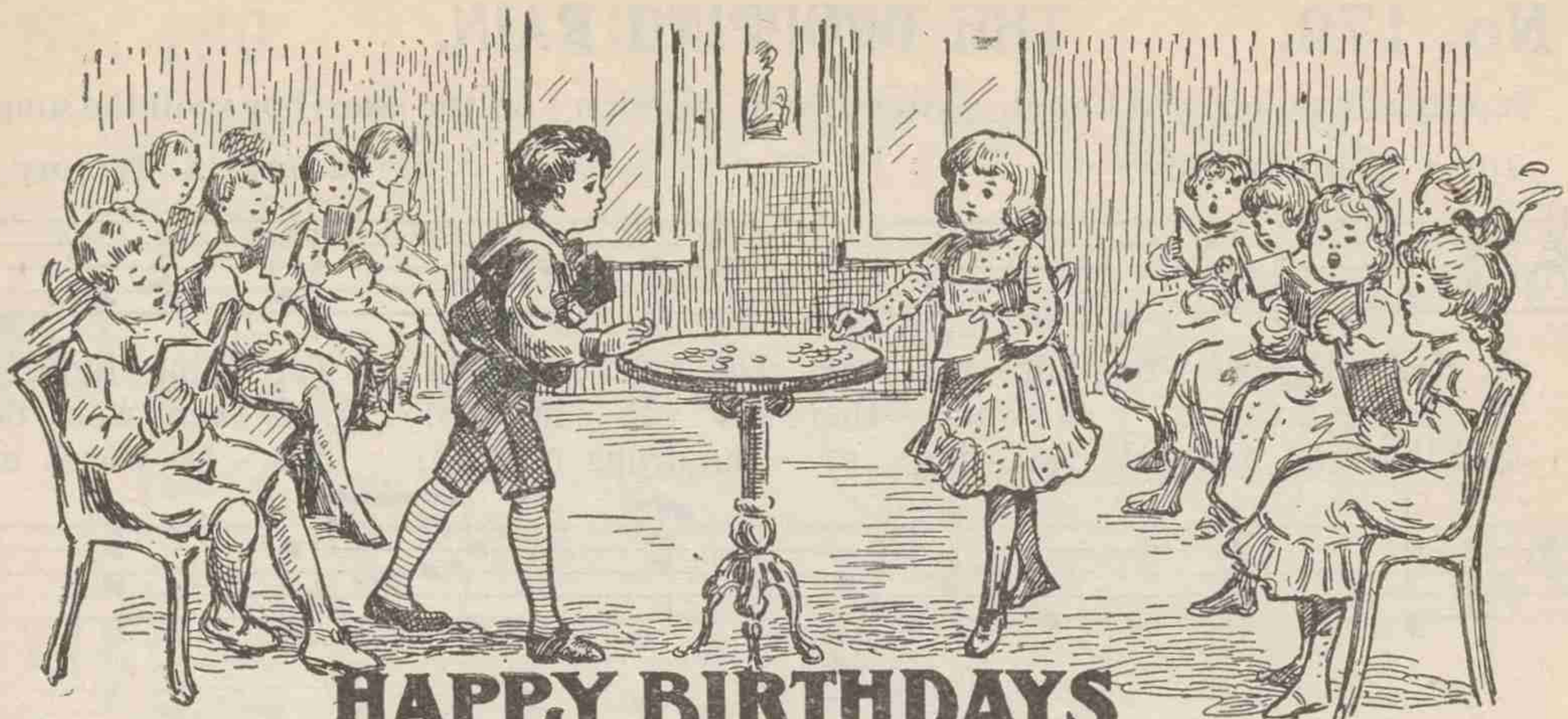
If you'll list - en we will sing it Loud - ly and clear.
O we want you all to serve Him Glad - ly as we.
When we're sleep-ing, when we wak - en, Close at our side.
Call - ing Him your bless - ed Sav - iour, Je - sus, our King?

CHORUS.

Je - sus loves us, our dear - est friend! 'Tis on Him that our

hopes de-pend; His is love that will nev - er end; We sing His praise.

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HAPPY BIRTHDAYS

No. 178.

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

1. When our pleas - ant birth - days come, Let us glad - ly raise,
2. Grate - ful of - f'rings let us bring, Lov - ing hearts up - lift,
3. He has made our days so bright, Smil - ing with His love,
4. Sav - iour, take our lives to - day, On - ly Thine to be,

In our own dear Sab - bath home, Cheer - ful hymns of praise.
To our pre - cious Sav - iour - King, He will bless each gift.
May we ev - er walk in light, Joy - beams from a - bove.
Grow - ing, while on earth we stay, More and more like Thee.

CHORUS.

Hap - py, hap - py birth - days, Hap - py all the year!

Je - sus is our Sav - iour, And our Friend so dear.

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No. 179. THE DROPPING RAIN.

Tap lightly on book to imitate patter of rain, but don't let the *smart* boy spoil the song.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. MARTIN A. ELLIOTT.

1. Hear the pat - ter, pat - ter of the sum - mer rain Tap - ping, light-ly
2. There's a thirst - y blue-bird—there's a rob - in, too! If there were no
3. Like the gen - tle fall - ing of the drops of rain, Lit - tle words of

tap - ping on the win-dow pane; Welcome, gentle show- er! Ev - 'ry lit - tle
showers, what d'you s'pose they'd do? Sun and rain togeth - er, Clear and cloudy
kind - ness help to com-fort pain; As the pleasant show-ers Bless the thirst-y

flow - er Nods a hap - py lit - tle "Thank you," For the summer rain.
weath-er, Make the earth so full of beau - ty, Fair and ev - er new.
flow - ers, Lov - ing words and deeds of mer - cy Nev - er fall in vain.

REFRAIN.

As the lit - tle drops of wa - ter re - fresh the thirst-y flow'rs,
Tap, tap, tap, tap, on the thirst - y flow'rs,
Lit - tle deeds of mer - cy com - fort us, in this world of ours.
Tap, tap, tap, tap, in this world of ours.

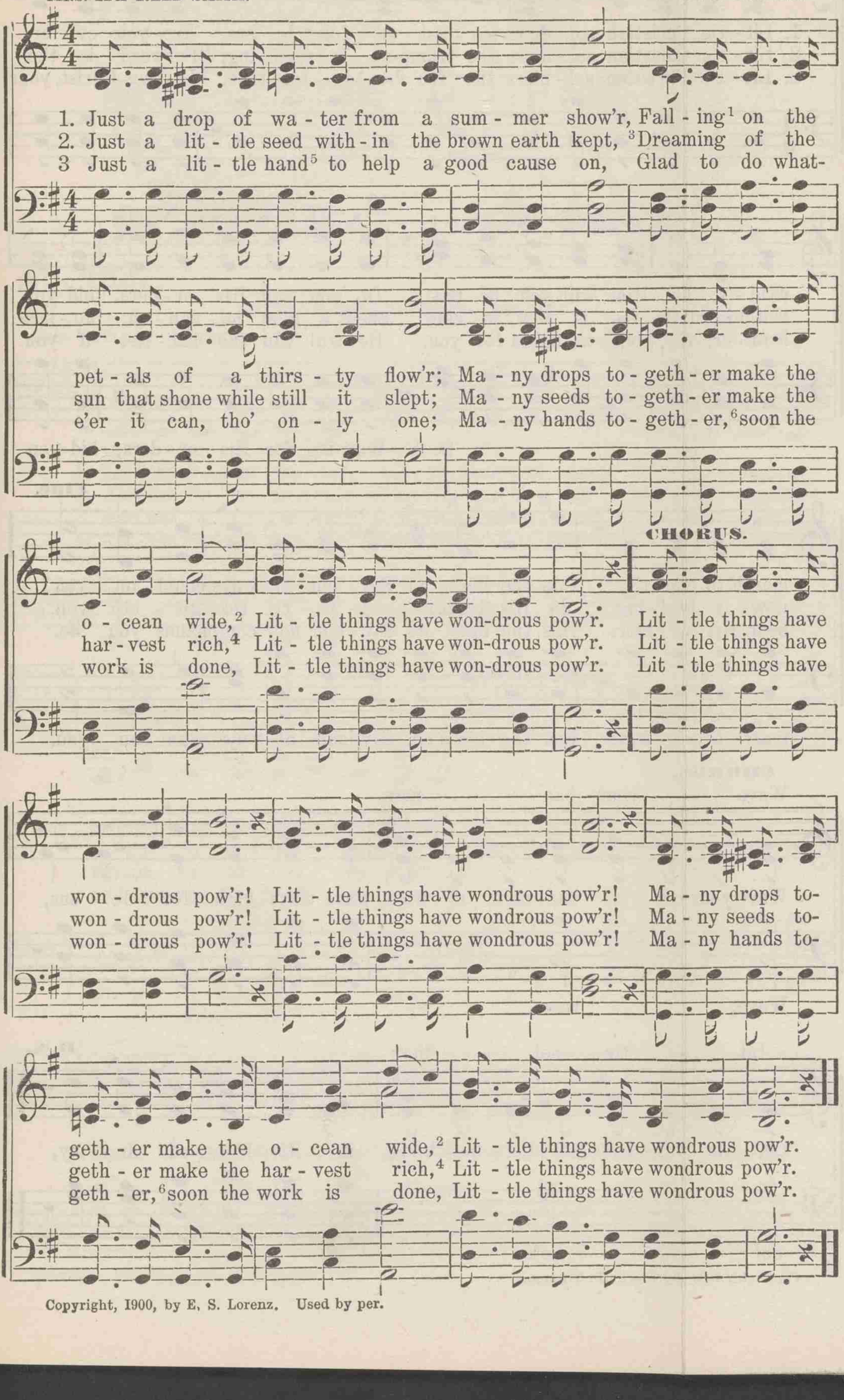
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No. 180. LITTLE THINGS.

MOTION SONG.

1. Downward motion of hands, fingers gently moving. 2. Arms extended. 3. Point down with right forefinger. 4. Raise both hands slowly. 5. Extend one hand. 6. Raise both hands high over head.

MRS. IDA REED SMITH. E. S. LORENZ.



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No. 181. CAN HE COUNT ON YOU?

J. R. B. E. L. OZENDORF.

1. Lit - tle Christian sol - diers en - list - ed for Je - sus, Are you ev - er read - y, to Him will you be true? Do you wait His or - ders, bid you
2. Lit - tle Christian sol - diers the trump-et is sound-ing, "Forward" is the watchword, the foe is now in view; Shout a glad ho - san - na, Je - sus
3. Lit - tle Christian sol - diers the foe flies be - fore thee, Je - sus Christ, your lead - er, the bat - tle fights for you, He will win the bat - tle, if you

D. S.—Wait-ing for His or - ders, bid you

Fine.

march to vic - t'ry, Can the bless - ed Sav - iour al - ways count on you?
now is lead - ing, In His strength a vic - to - ry He giv - eth you.
bear His ar - mor, This the bless - ed Sav - iour now com-mands you do.

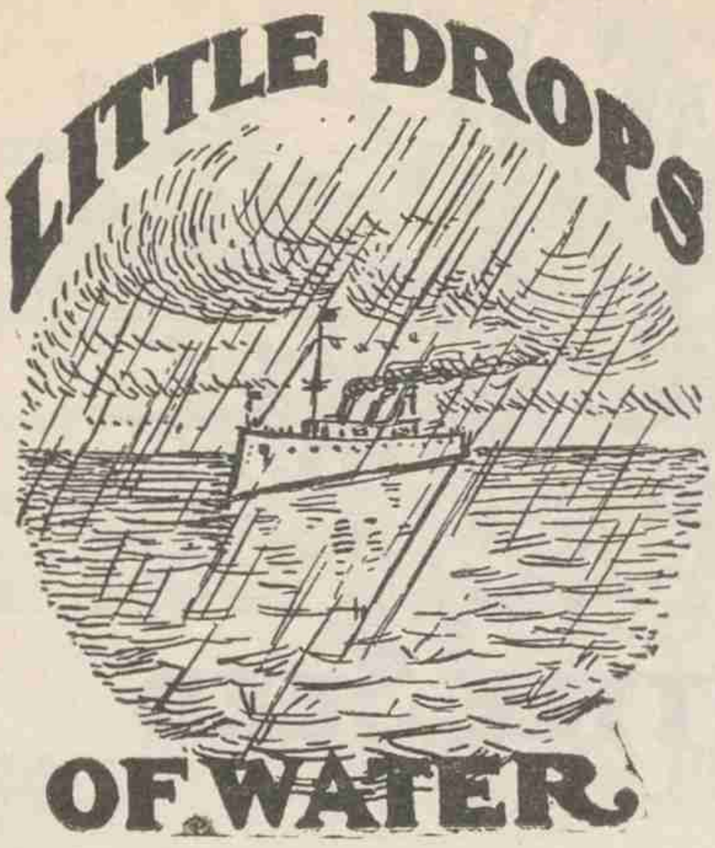
march to vic - t'ry, Let the bless-ed Sav-iour al - ways count on you.

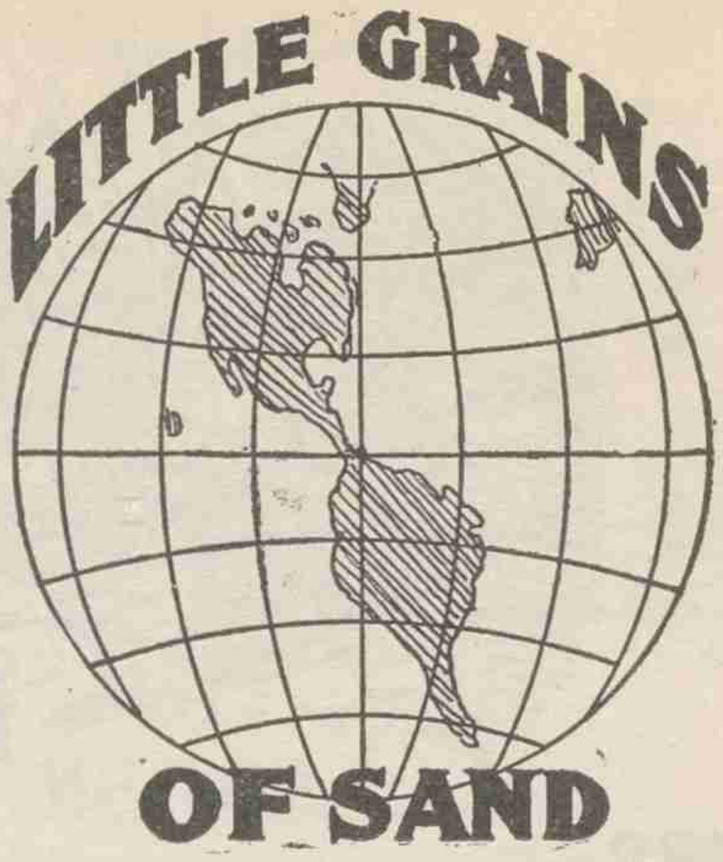
CHORUS.

Wave - your ban - ners,
Wave your roy - al ban - ners, al - ways wave them high for Je - sus,
Wave, wave,
Lit - tle sol - diers
Lit - tle val - ient sol - diers march-ing in His bless - ed ar - my,
Sol - - - diers

D. S.

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No. 182.

Boys take alto all the way through.

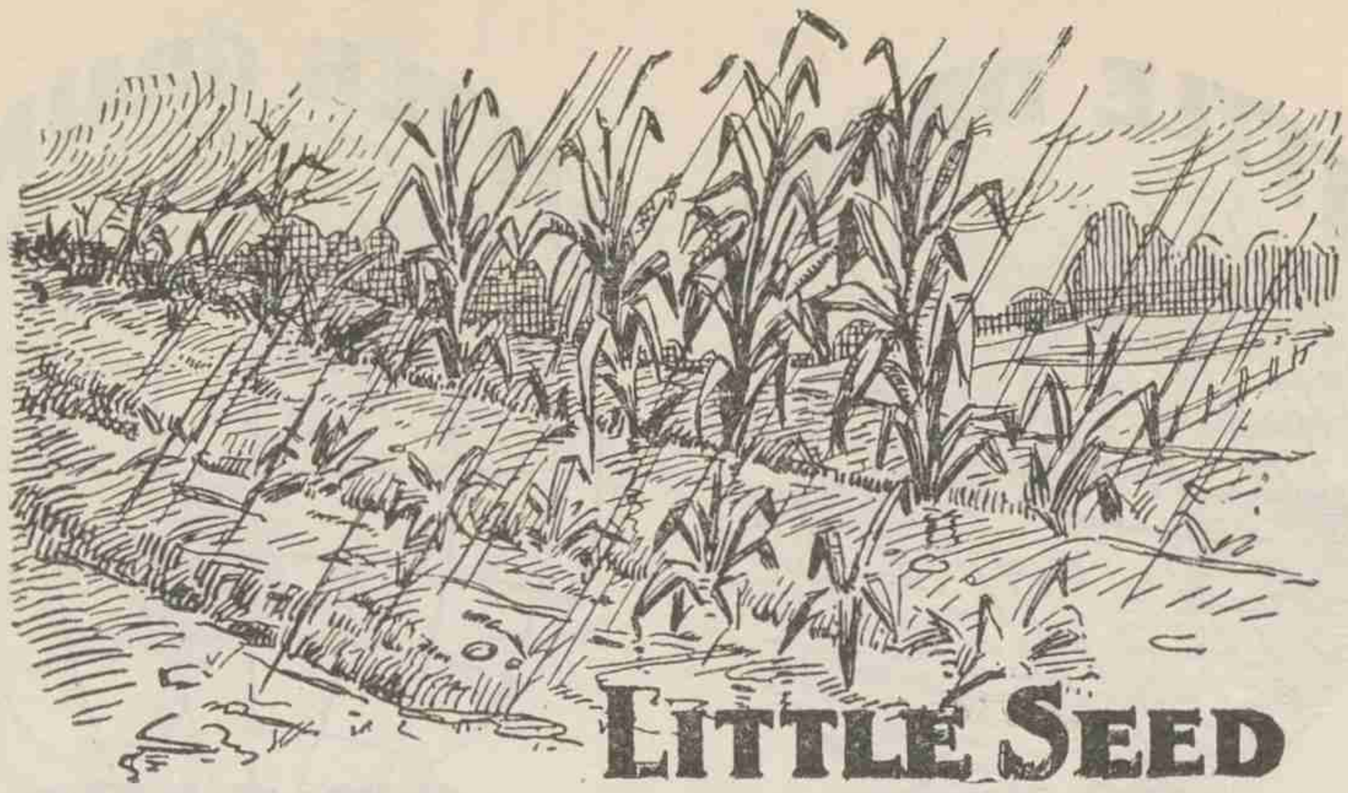
MRS. JULIA A. CAMEY. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. Lit - tle drops of wa - ter, Lit - tle grains of sand, Make the might-y o - cean And the boun - teous land.
2. And the lit - tle moments, Hum-ble tho' they be, Make the might-y a - ges Of e - ter - ni - ty.
3. And our lit - tle er - rors Lead the soul a - stray, From the paths of vir-tue, Far in sin to stray.
4. Lit - tle deeds of mer - cy, Sown by youth-ful hands, Grow to bless the na-tions Far in heath - en lands.

CHORUS.

Lit - tle deeds of kind-ness, Lit - tle words of love, Make our earth an E - den, Like the heav-en a - bove.

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LITTLE SEED

No. 183.

BURTON H. WINSLOW. WM. GRANT BROOKS.

QUESTION. (*Girls alone.*)

Lightly.

1. Lit - tle seed, lit - tle seed in the ground, Bur - ied deep, bur - ied deep,
2. Lit - tle seed, lit - tle seed in the ground, Growing up, grow - ing up,
3. Lit - tle seed, lit - tle seed in the ground, When at last, when at last,

What do you do when the spring's soft sound Awakes you from win-ter's sleep?
How do you feel when the gen - tle rain Is fill - ing your lit - tle cup?
Grow-ing so tall you can look a-round, Why then do you gain so fast?

RESPONSE. (*Boys or Semi-chorus.*)

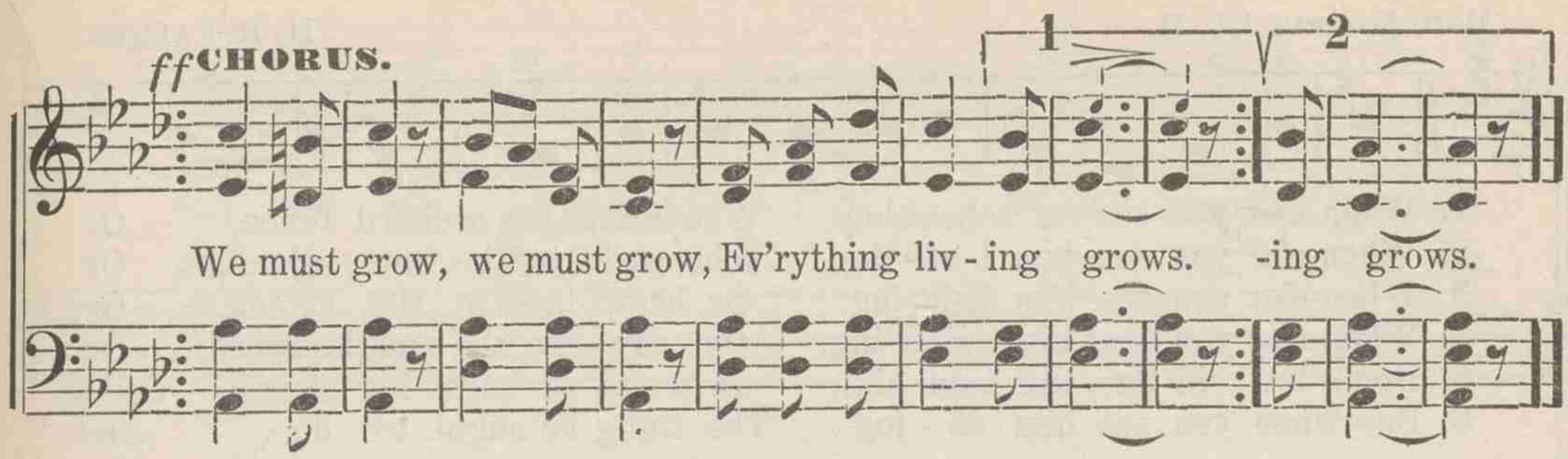
When the warm sun and the soft spring rain Come to the patient old earth a - gain,
When our kind helper, the gen-tle rain, Comes down to see us o'er hill and plain,
He who has bidden us all to grow, In His great wisdom has made it so;

Acc. very light.

Then we a-rouse and be - gin to grow, For now it is time, we know.....
Glad - ly we thank our great Lord above, For gifts of His kindly love.....
Children and all should remember too, The growth He requires of you.....

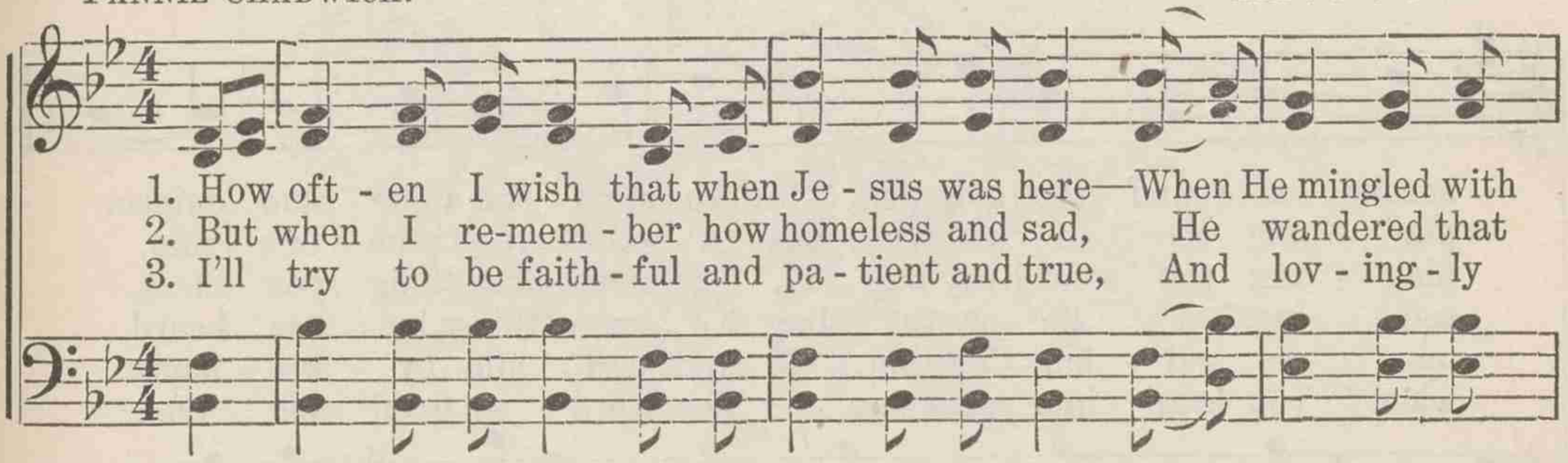
Copyright, 1898, by B. H. Winslow. Used by per.
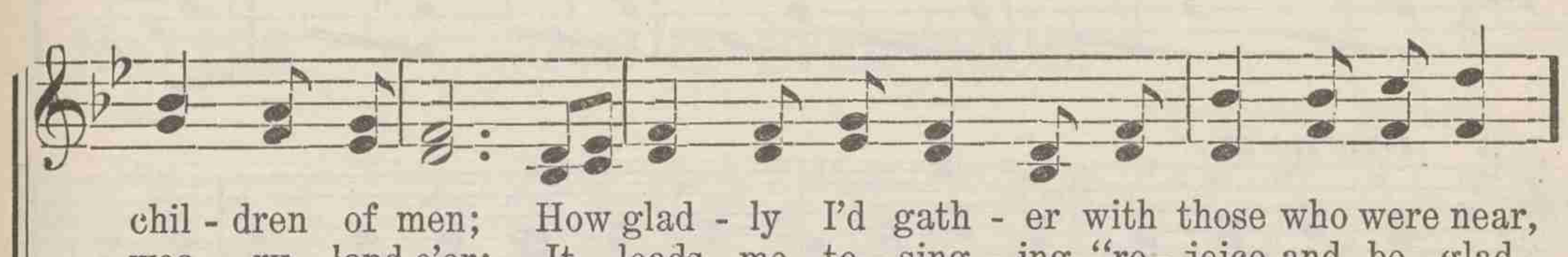
LITTLE SEED. Concluded.
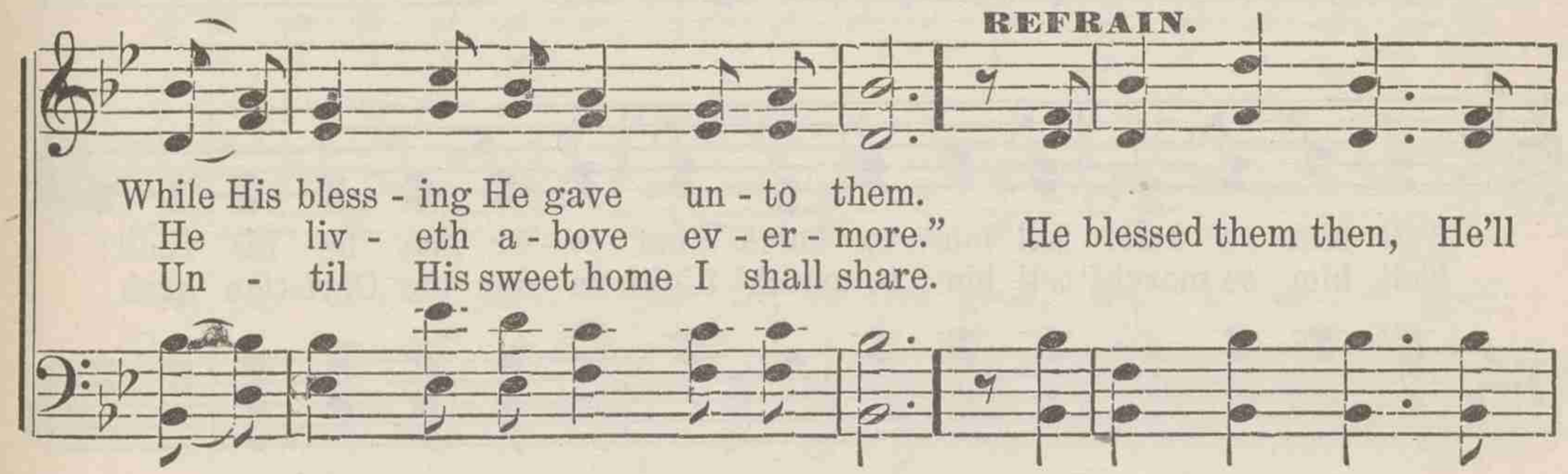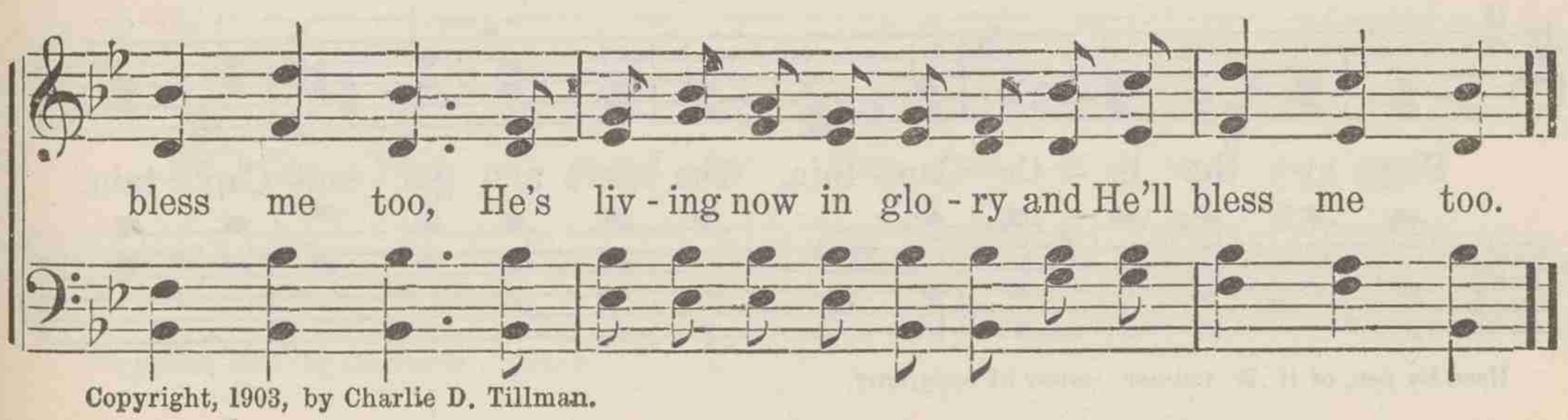


No. 184. HE'LL BLESS ME TOO.

FANNIE CHADWICK. RAN. C. STOREY.









Copyright, 1903, by Charlie D. Tillman.

No. 185. WHENE'ER YOU SEE A SCHOOLBOY.

ROB. MORRIS, LL. D. H. R. PALMER.

1. When-e'er you see a school-boy, Who climbs the orchard fence, Or
2. When-e'er you see him loaf - ing, Who ought to be at school, Or
3. When-e'er you see him fight-ing, Or brawl-ing in the street, Or
4. When-e'er you hear him swear-ing, Or say - ing the naughty word, Or
5. Don't let old Sa - tan lead him In ways of burn - ing shame, Speak
6. But when you see him do - ing The thing he ought to do, And

sneaks a - round the cor - ner To steal the apple and quince,
play - ing the i - dle tru - ant A - gainst the teach - er's rule,
play - ing the school-boy bul - ly, The mean - est thing you meet,
tell - ing a lie or tat - tling Of some - thing he has heard,
up, ye gal - lant Cap-tain, And call him by his name,
when you hear him speak-ing The word so good and true,

REFRAIN.
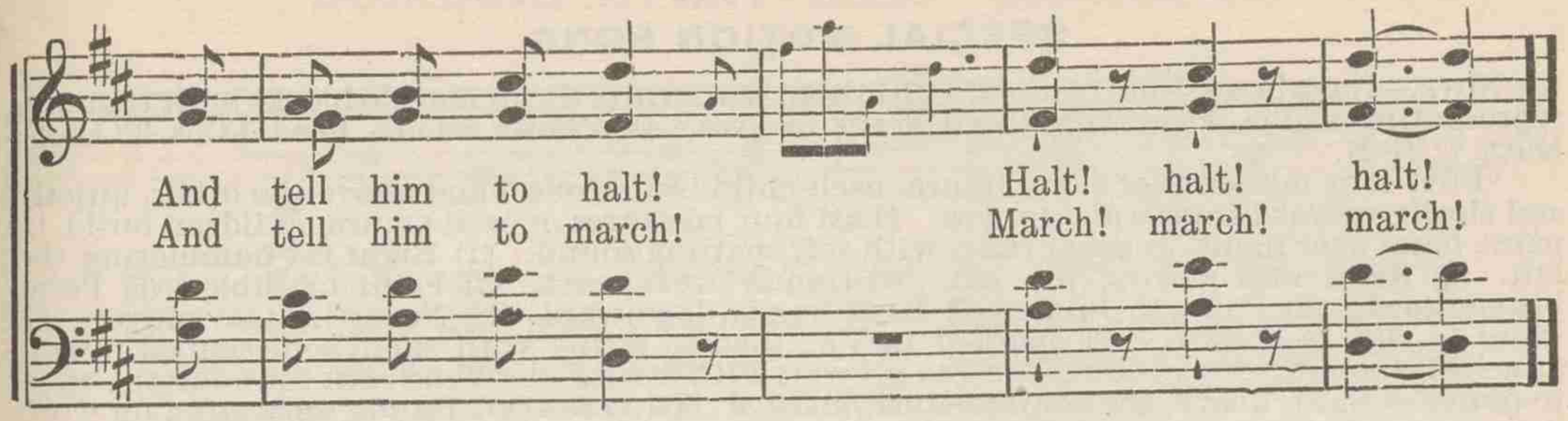
Tell him to halt! tell him to halt! What-ev - er may be his fault.
For last stanza.
Tell him to march! tell him to march! Right un - der the Chris - tian arch.

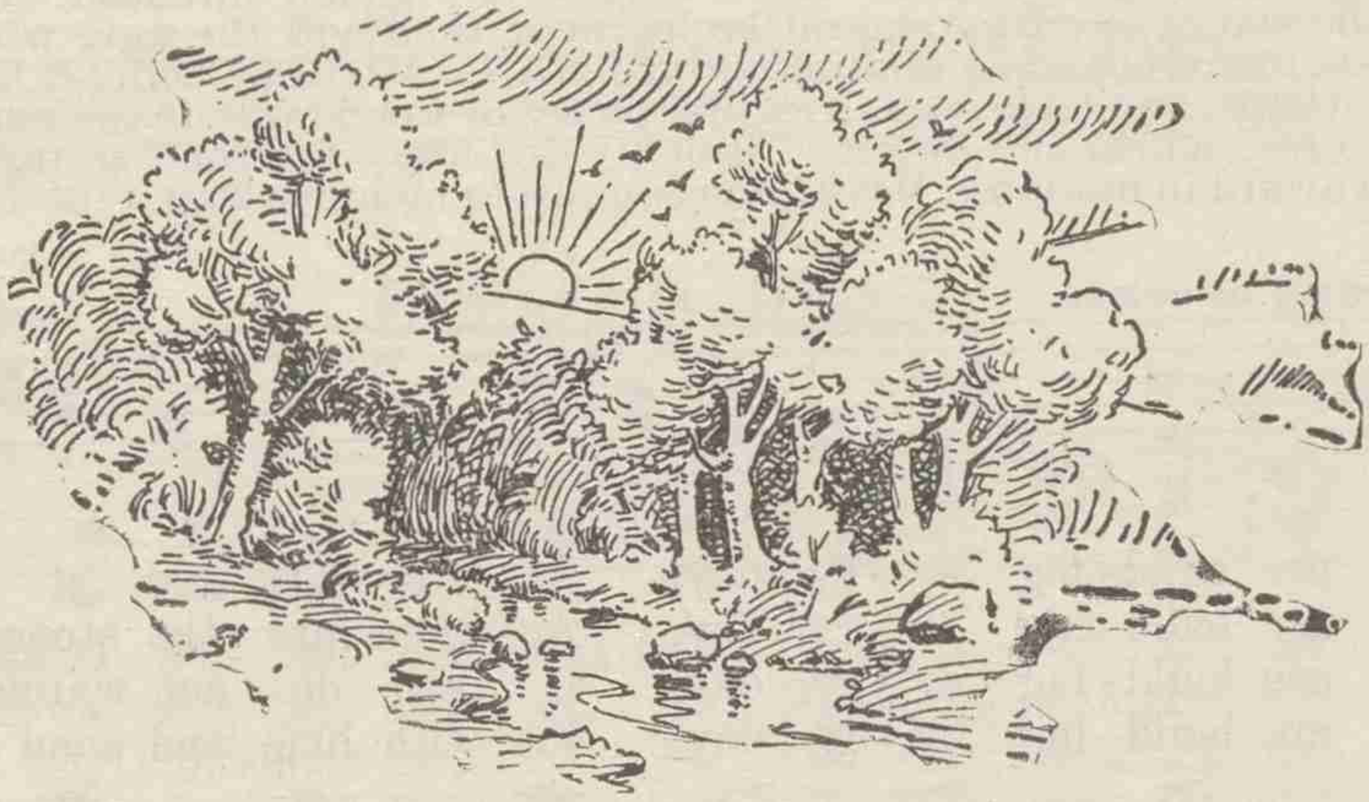
Tell him to halt! tell him to halt! What - ev - er may be his fault;
Tell him to march! tell him to march! Right un - der the Christian arch;

Play up the lit - tle Cap - tain, The brave and gal - lant Cap - tain,

Used by per. of H. R. Palmer, owner of copyright.

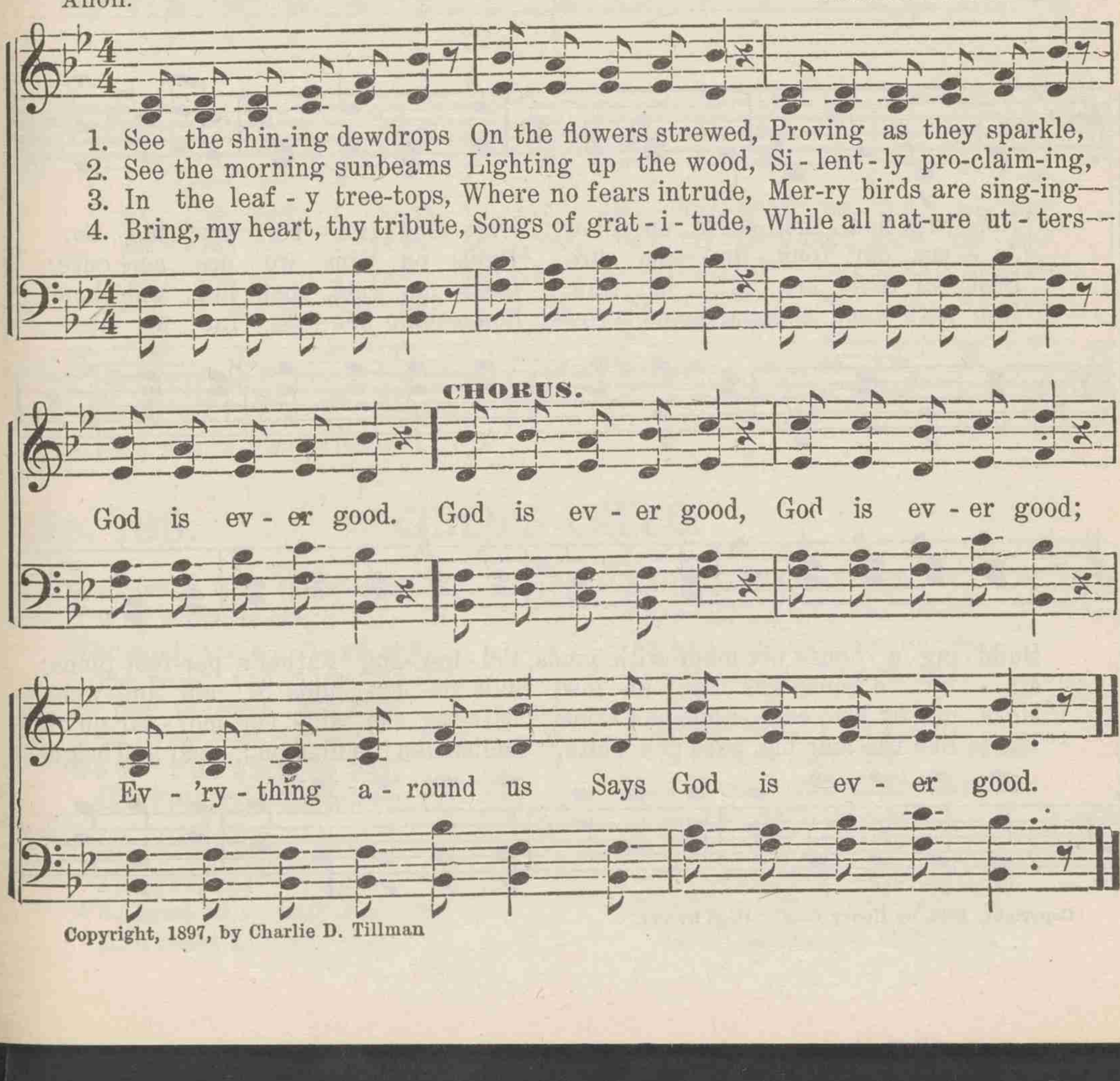
WHENE'ER YOU SEE A SCHOOLBOY. Concluded.





No. 186. GOD IS EVER GOOD.

Anon. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



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No. 187. BUILDING EVERY DAY.

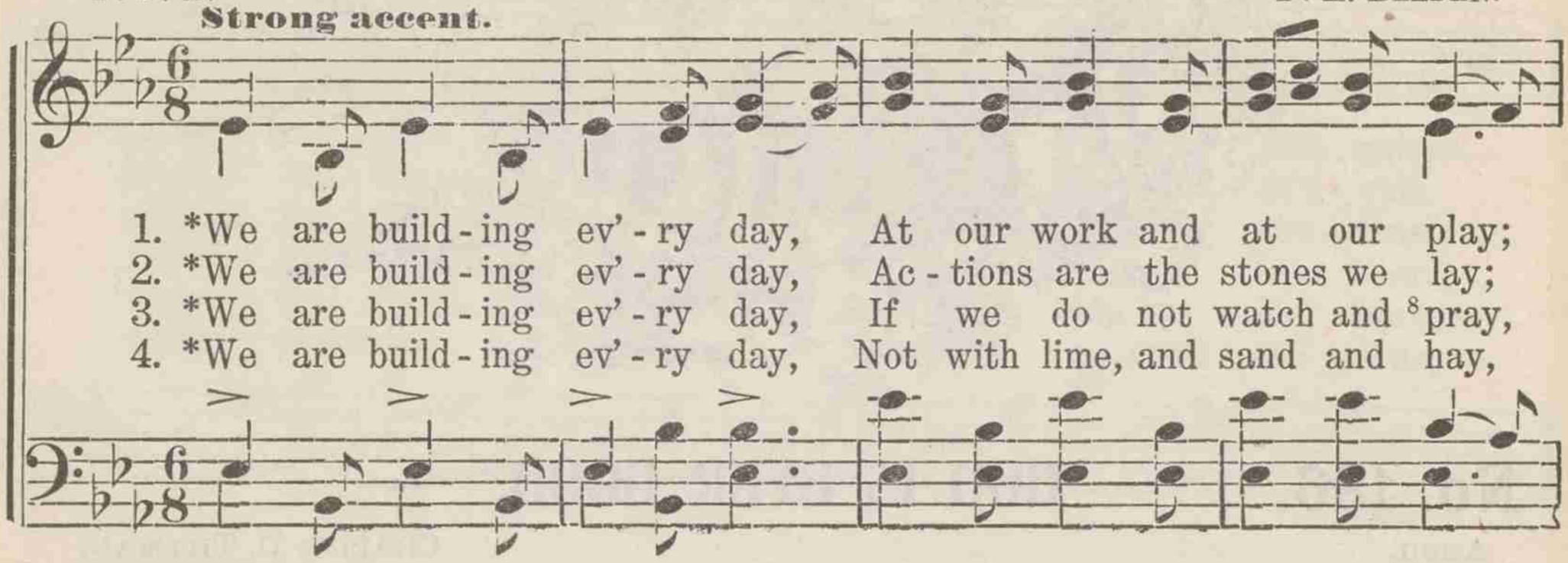
SPECIAL MOTION SONG.

NOTE.—Have large Bible before the children, with white tile or marble blocks built thereon, representing smiles, kind words, and deeds of love. Don't use wood. Read 1 Cor. 3 : 11–17; Matt. 7 : 24–27.

*First four measures of every stanza, each child builds one hand above the other, quietly and slowly upward from waist to eyes. †Last four measures of each stanza, children build in pairs, hand over hand, in exact time, with soft spatting sound. (1) Right fist hammering the left. (2) Right arm sawing the left. (3) Hands over heart. (4) Point to Bible. (5) Point heavenward. (6) Point to Bible. (7) Dash hands downward. (8) Never imitate prayer. (9) Point to rule (see Matt. 7: 12) marked LOVE; then to string with small cone-shaped weight attached, hanging down side of wall to prove it TRUE with the Word, our foundation; then to plane—a hard, heavy, smoothing stone, marked TRIALS. (10) Hands separating on word "measure," palms squarely facing, and backs of all hands touching on word "love." (11) Hoeing briskly. (12) Pointing to window wood-work. (13) Touch forehead. (14) Touch lips. The words of one stanza at a time should be learned; then add the song with the motions. For second stanza introduce a box of sand marked MAN'S WORD, placing it beside the Bible, marked GOD'S WORD, and have dark, irregular pieces of wood built on the sand, calling them scowls, harsh words, selfish actions, etc. Quickly dig away the sand as the children dash their hands downward in motion 7. Have them commit to memory Matt. 7 : 24–27 and Matt. 7: 12.

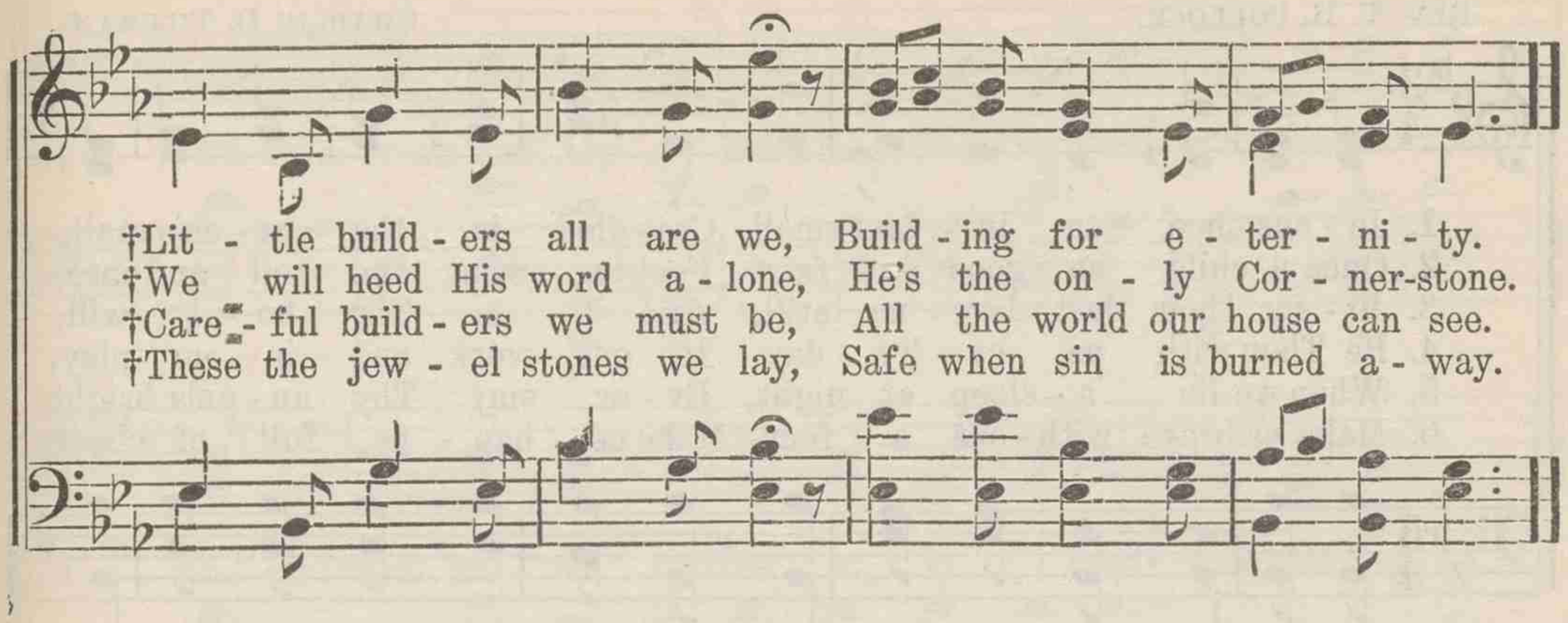
F. E. B. F. E. BELDEN.

Strong accent.



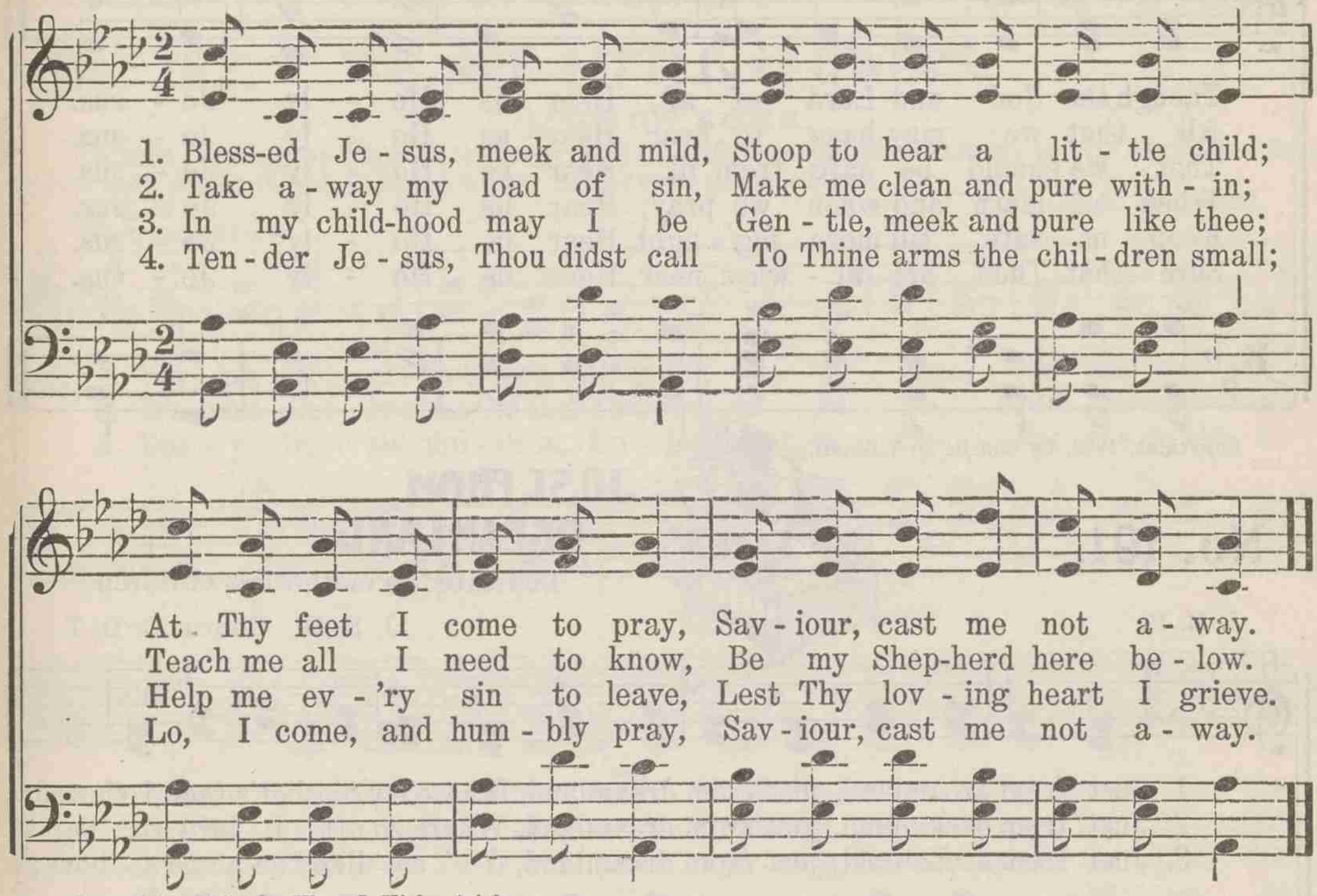
Copyright, 1896, by Henry Date. Used by per.

BUILDING EVERY DAY. Concluded.



No. 188. BLESSED JESUS.

Anon. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



Copyright, 1893, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

No. 189. CHILD'S CREED.

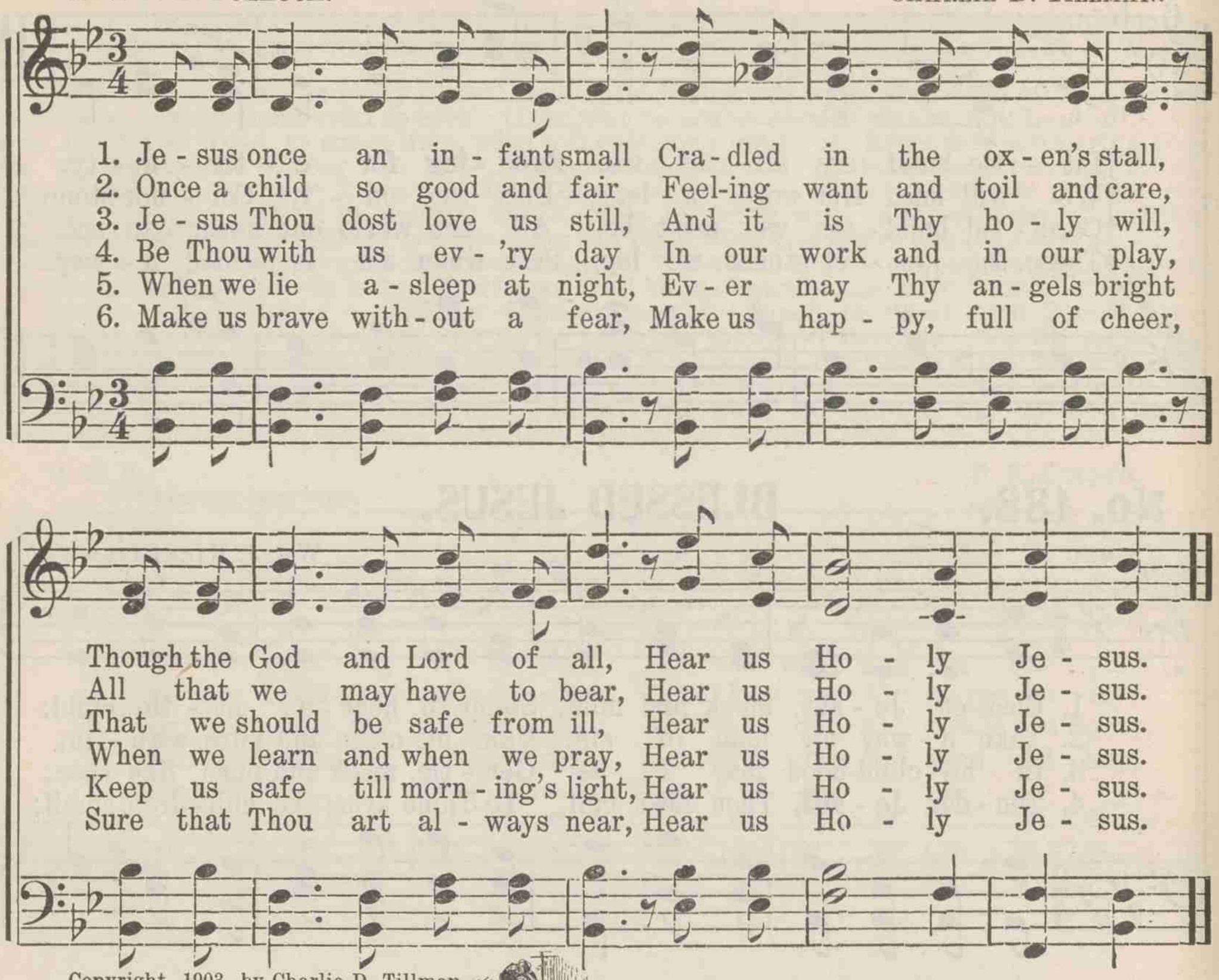
I believe in God, the Father,
Who made us every one,
Who made the earth and heaven,
The moon, and stars, and sun;
All that we have each day
To us by Him is given;
We call Him when we pray
Our Father in the heaven.

I believe in Jesus Christ,
The Father's only Son,
Who came to us from heaven,
And loves us every one
He taught us to be holy,
For us He bled and died;
And now we call Him Saviour,
And Christ, the crucified.

I believe God's Holy Spirit
Is with us every day,
And if we do not grieve Him
He ne'er will go away.
From heaven upon Jesus
He descended like a dove,
And He dwelleth ever with us,
To fill our hearts with love.

No. 190. JESUS ONCE AN INFANT.
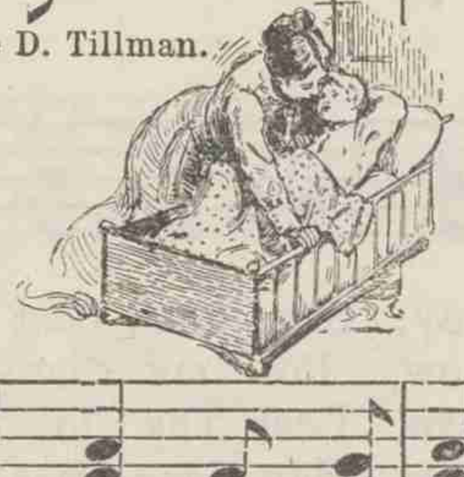
REV. T. B. POLLOCK. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



1. Je - sus once an in - fant small Cra - dled in the ox - en's stall,
2. Once a child so good and fair Feel-ing want and toil and care,
3. Je - sus Thou dost love us still, And it is Thy ho - ly will,
4. Be Thou with us ev - 'ry day In our work and in our play,
5. When we lie a - sleep at night, Ev - er may Thy an - gels bright
6. Make us brave with - out a fear, Make us hap - py, full of cheer,

Though the God and Lord of all, Hear us Ho - ly Je - sus.
All that we may have to bear, Hear us Ho - ly Je - sus.
That we should be safe from ill, Hear us Ho - ly Je - sus.
When we learn and when we pray, Hear us Ho - ly Je - sus.
Keep us safe till morn - ing's light, Hear us Ho - ly Je - sus.
Sure that Thou art al - ways near, Hear us Ho - ly Je - sus.

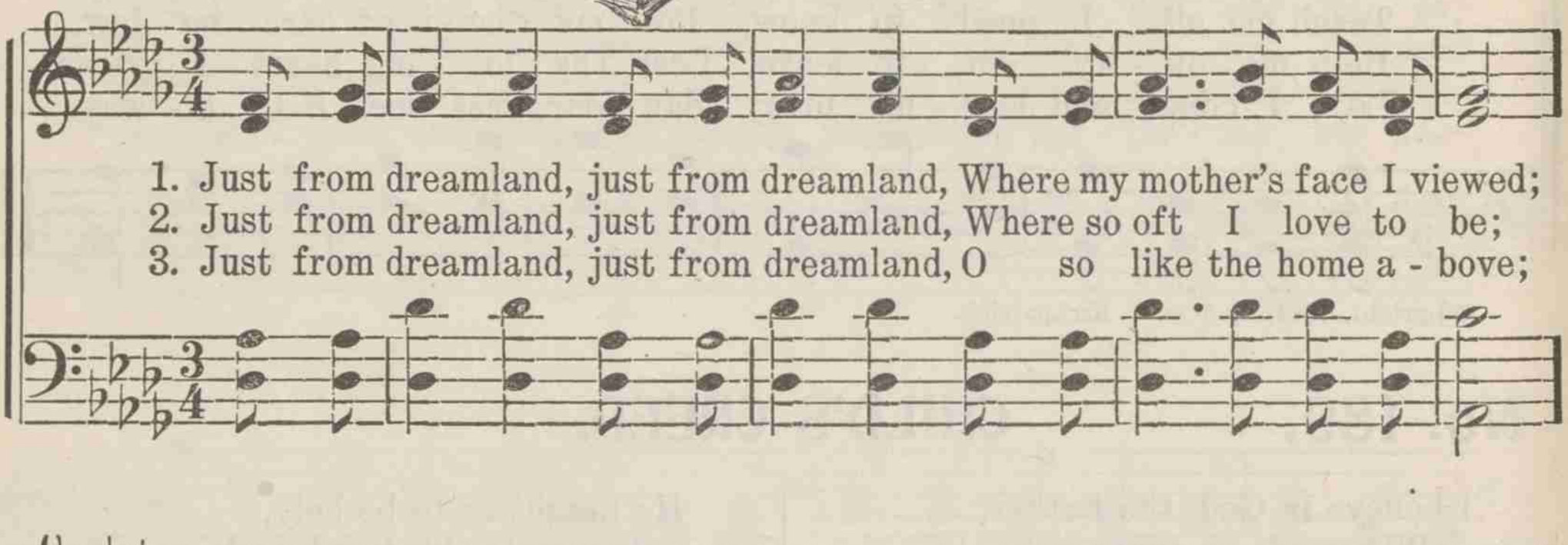
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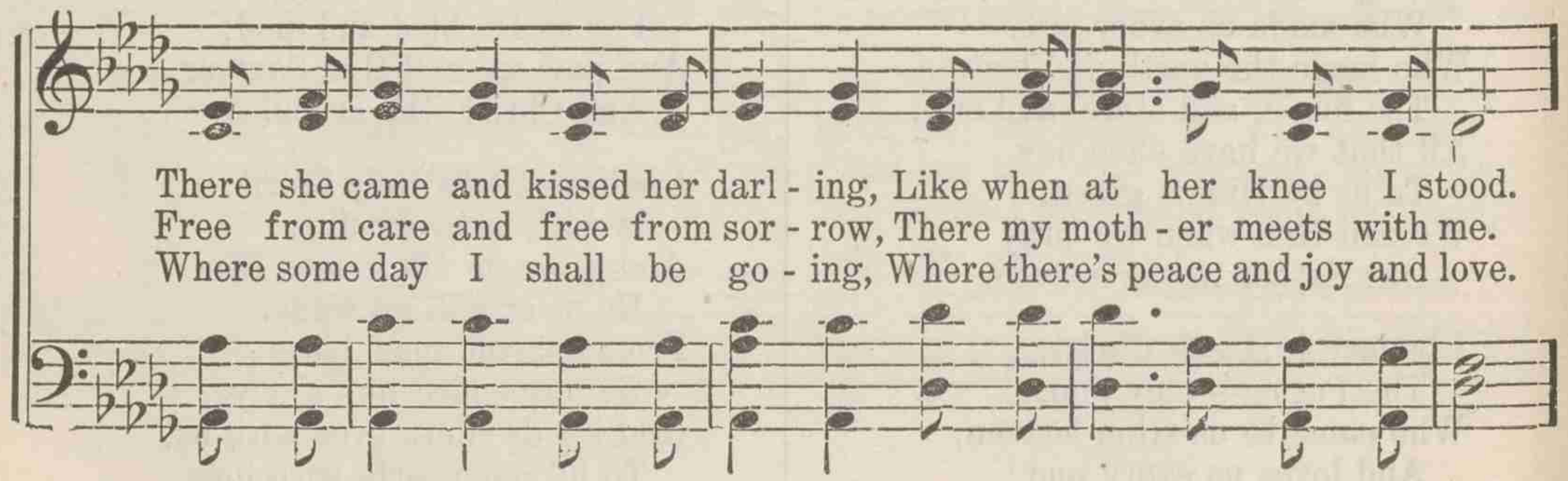
No. 191. JUST FROM DREAMLAND

Dedicated to motherless children.

J. R. B. J. R. B. Chorus C. D. T.



1. Just from dreamland, just from dreamland, Where my mother's face I viewed;
2. Just from dreamland, just from dreamland, Where so oft I love to be;
3. Just from dreamland, just from dreamland, O so like the home a - bove;
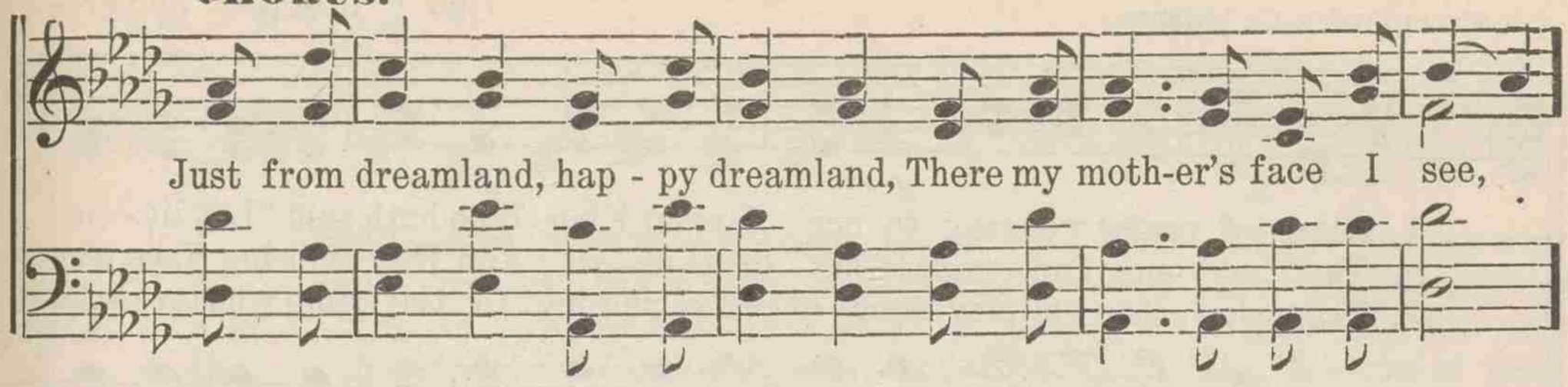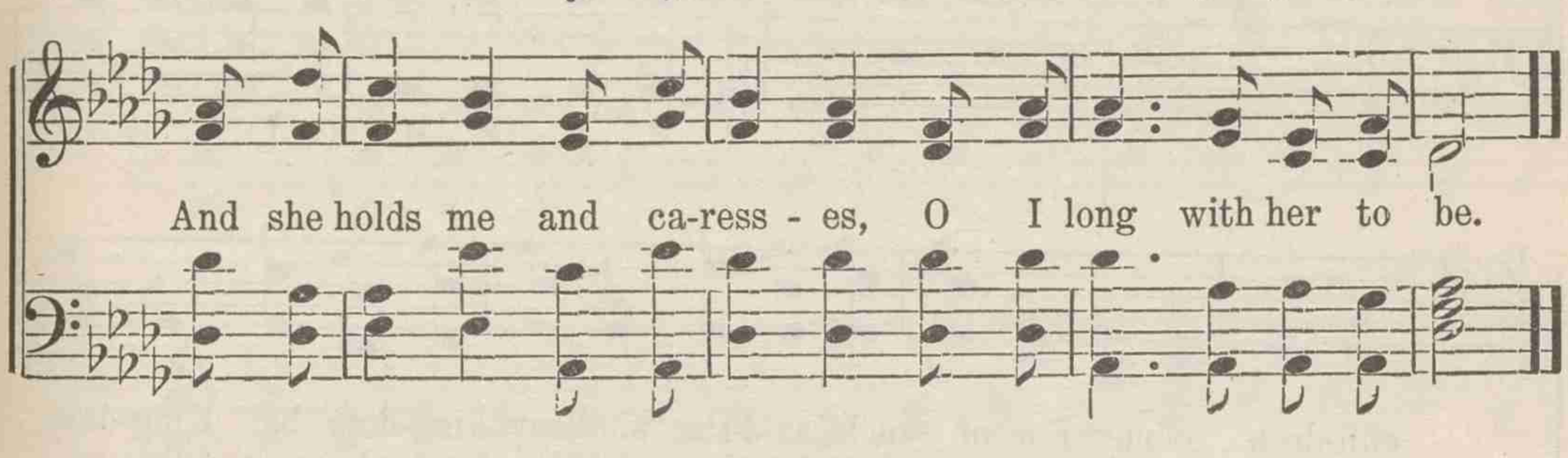


There she came and kissed her darl - ing, Like when at her knee I stood.
Free from care and free from sor - row, There my moth - er meets with me.
Where some day I shall be go - ing, Where there's peace and joy and love.

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JUST FROM DREAMLAND. Concluded.

CHORUS.





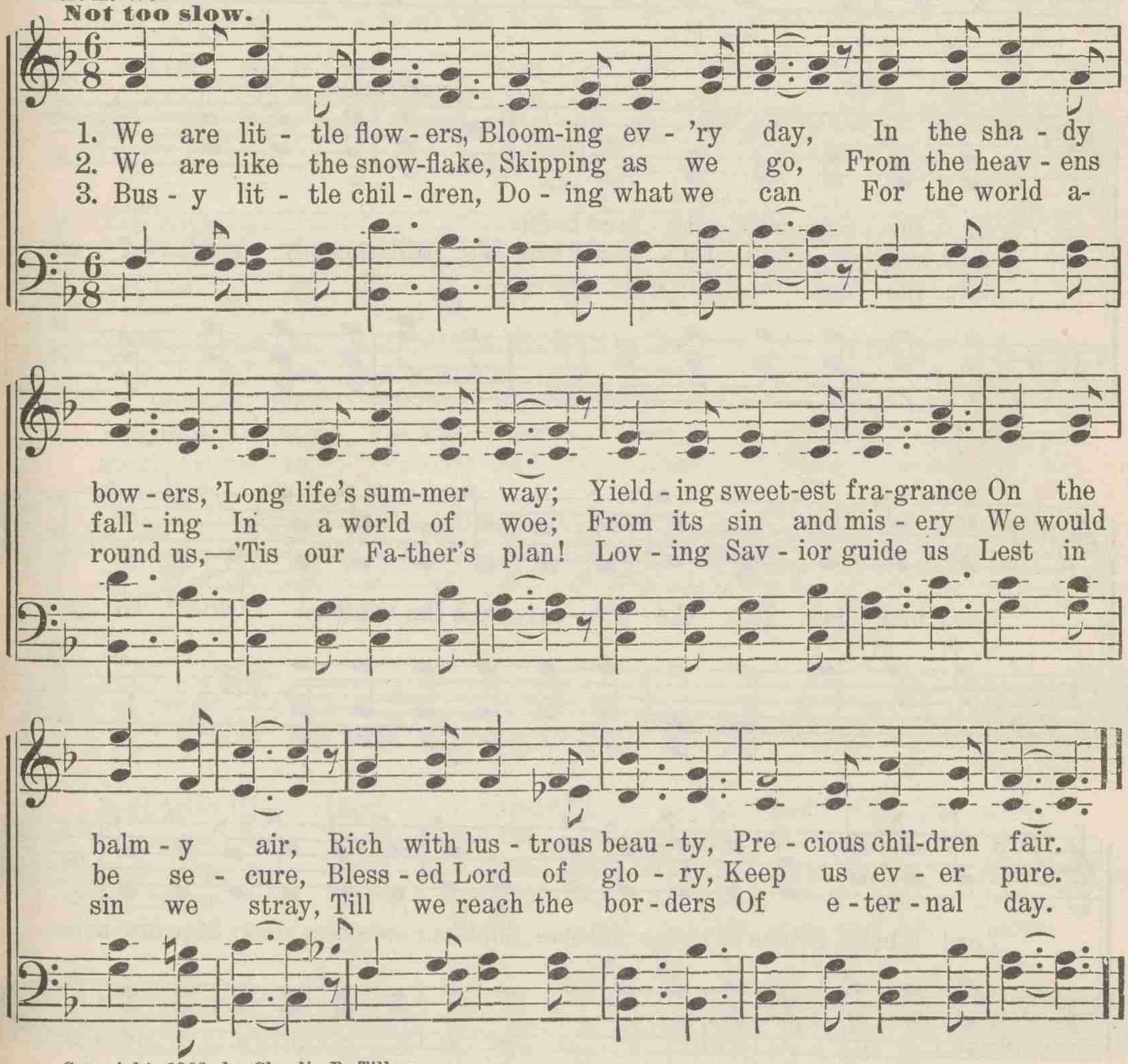
No. 192. WE ARE LITTLE FLOWERS.

MOTION SONG.

Should be sung by class of little girls with different kinds of flowers in one hand and fine cut white paper in other hand to use as snow at proper time.

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

Not too slow.



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No. 193. CHILDREN'S PRAISE.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. GEO. F. ROSCHE. By per.

1. Songs of praise we bring to our Saviour King, Who hath said "Let lit - tle
2. Tho' so young and small, Je-sus loves us all, And His smil-ing face o'er
3. Then glad songs em-ploy, songs of praise and joy, To the Lamb who loves the

chil-dren come; For of such" said He, "shall my king-dom be." King-dom
all we see; Gent-ly, day by day, still He leads the way; Bless-ed
chil-dren so; Let us each be true, live and serve Him too, And more

CHORUS.

of the ransomed, gath - ered home.
Je - sus, we will fol - low Thee. We will sweet-ly sing of our
like the Mas - ter dai - ly grow.

Sav - iour King, Till the ech - oes reach the vault-ed skies! To the

Lord a-bove, Prince of Peace and love, Shall our sweetest songs of praise arise.

Copyright, 1894, by Geo. F. Rosche. All rights reserved. Used by per.

No. 194. I THINK, WHEN I READ.

MRS. J. M. LUKE. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. I think, when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When Je - sus was here a - mong men, How He called lit - tle chil-dren as lambs to His fold,
2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His arms had been thrown a-round me, And that I might have seen His kind looks when He said,
3. Yet still to His foot-stool in pray'r I may go, And ask for a share in His love; And if I now earn-est - ly seek Him be - low,
4. But thousands, and thousands, who wander and fall, Nev-er heard of that heav - en - ly home; I wish they could know there is room for them all,
5. I long for that bless-ed and glo - ri - ous time, The fair-est, and brightest, and best; When the dear lit - tle chil - dren of ev - er - y clime,

I should like to have been with Him then. I should like to have
"Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me." "Let the lit - tle ones
I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove. I shall see Him and
And that Je - sus had bid them to come. And that Je - sus had
Shall come to His arms and be blest. Shall come to His

been with Him then, I should like to have been with Him then;
come un - to me," "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me;"
hear Him a - bove, I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove;
bid them to come, And that Je - sus had bid them to come;
arms and be blest, Shall come to His arms and be blest;

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No. 195. IF I WERE A SUNBEAM.

Selected. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. If I were a sun-beam I know what I would do, I'd seek the whit - est lil - ies the sun - ny wood-land thro';
2. If I were a sun-beam I know where I would go, In - to the low - ly hov - els, all dark with want and woe;
3. Art thou not a sun-beam, O child, whose life is glad, Endowed with clear - er ra - diance than sun-shine ev - er had;

Steal - ing in a- mong them, the soft - est light I'd shed, Un - til each graceful lil - y
Till sad hearts looked up - ward I then would shine and shine, Then they would think of heav - en,
As the Lord has blessed thee, O scat - ter rays di - vine, For there can be no sun - shine
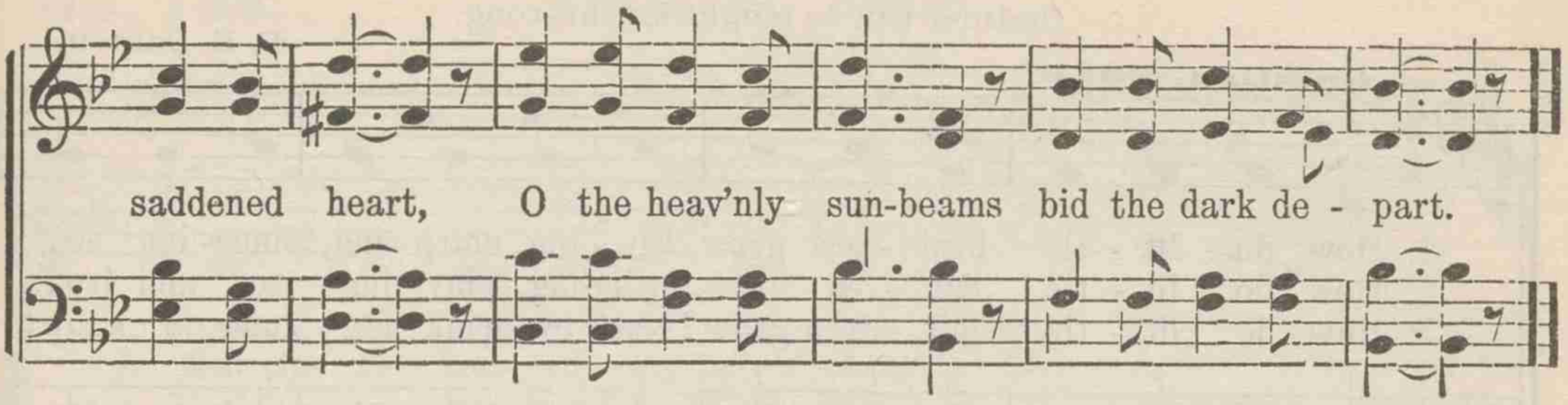
CHORUS.

Raised its droop-ing head.
Their sweet home and mine. Sun-beams, sun-beams, make us, Lord, to - day,
So help - ful as Thine.

Sun-beams chas-ing all the gloom a - way; Sun-beams shin-ing in each

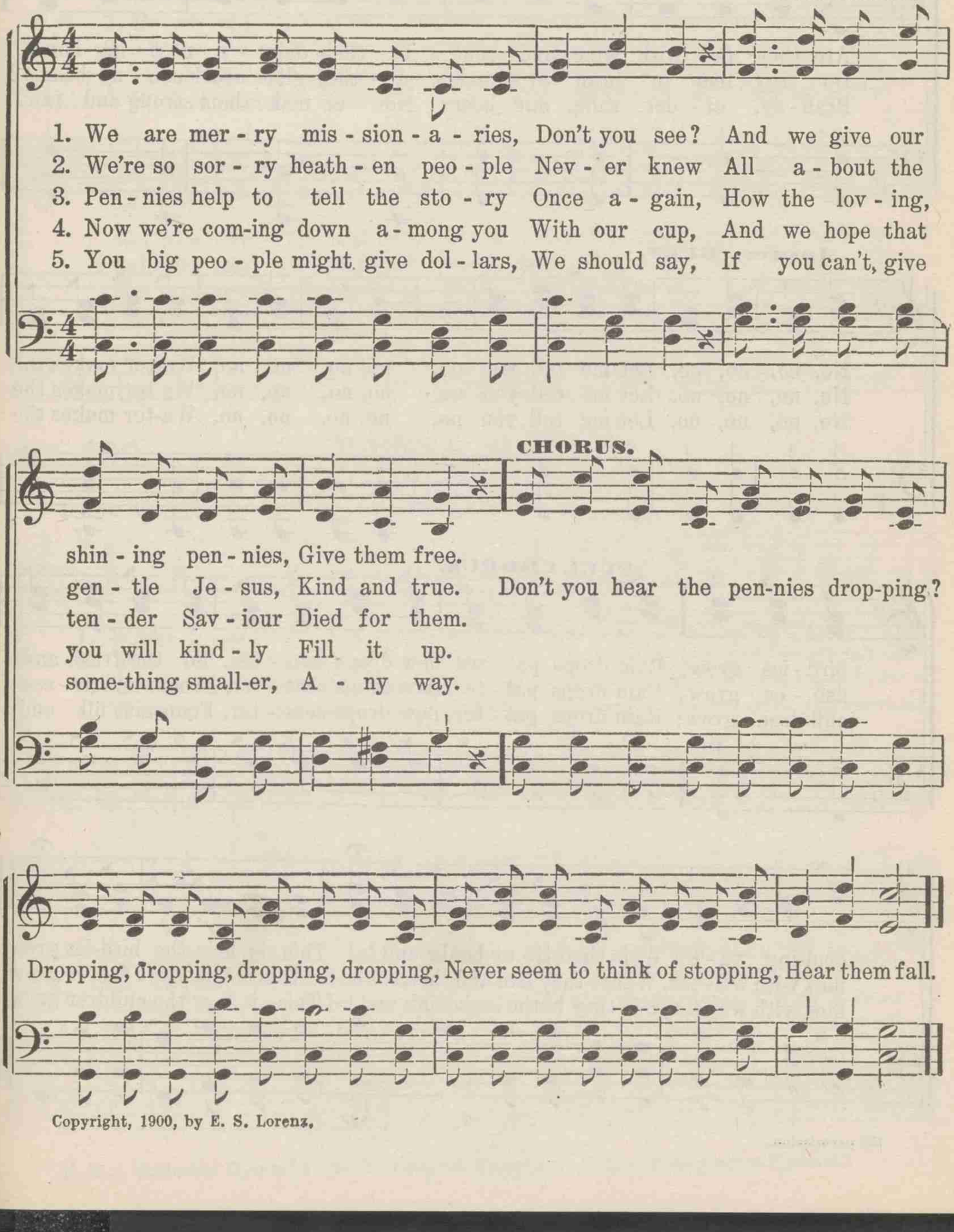
Copyright, 1903, by Charlie D. Tillman.

IF I WERE A SUNBEAM. Concluded.



No. 196. MERRY MISSIONARIES.

HARRIET D. CASTLE. E. S. LORENZ.



Copyright, 1900, by E. S. Lorenz.

No. 197. HOW YOU GROW.

FOR INFANT CLASS.

Gestures can be taught for this song.

D. E. DORTCH.

Question. SOLO.

1. How do lit - tle bird - ies grow, Fly - ing, chirp - ing, sing - ing so?
2. How do lit - tle fish - es grow, Swim-ing, play - ing to and fro?
3. How do lit - tle chil - dren grow? Not by drink - ing rum I know;

Are they fed with wine and rum, In their daint - y nest - ing home?
Do they live in bran - dy streams, As they glide 'neath sun - ny beams?
Bran - dy, ci - der, wine, and beer Nev - er make them strong and fair.

Answer. DUET.

No, no, no, no, Let me tell you no, no, no, no, no, Wa-ter makes the
No, no, no, no, Let me tell you no, no, no, no, no, Wa-ter makes the
No, no, no, no, Let me tell you no, no, no, no, no, Wa-ter makes the

FULL CHORUS.

bird - ies grow; Rain drops pat - ter, dew drops scat - ter, So the fresh and
fish - es grow; Rain drops pat - ter, dew drops scat - ter, Brooks and riv - ers
chil-dren grow; Rain drops pat - ter, dew drops scat - ter, Fountains fill and
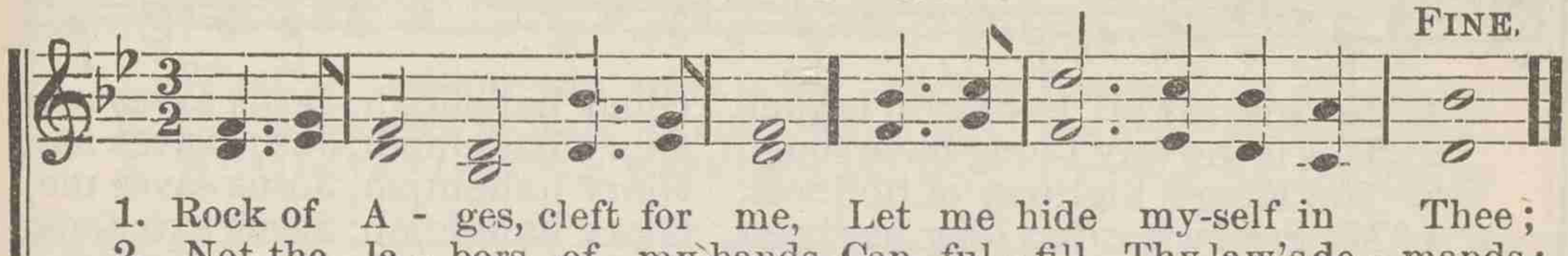
cool-ing wa - ter Wets their ti - ny beaks and lo! This is how the bird-ies grow.
flow with wa - ter, Where they live and thrive, and lo! This is how the fish-es grow.
flow with wa - ter, See they bathe and drink and lo! This is how the children grow.

By permission.
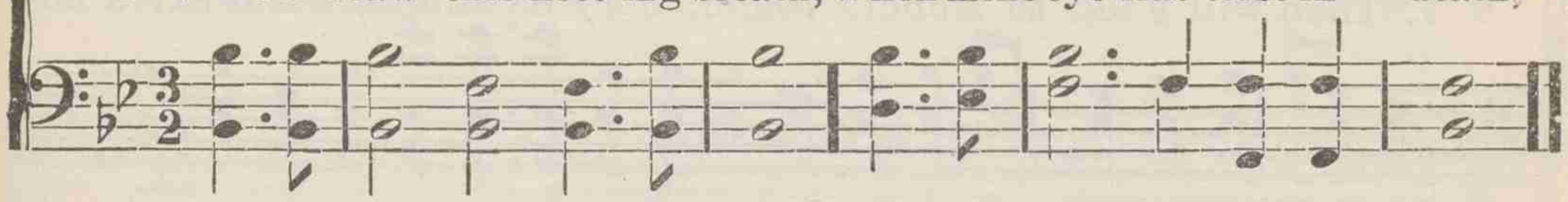
No. 198. ROCK OF AGES.

A. M. TOPLADY. *M. H. 106. B. H. 496. P. H. 304. Dr. THOS. HASTINGS.

FINE.

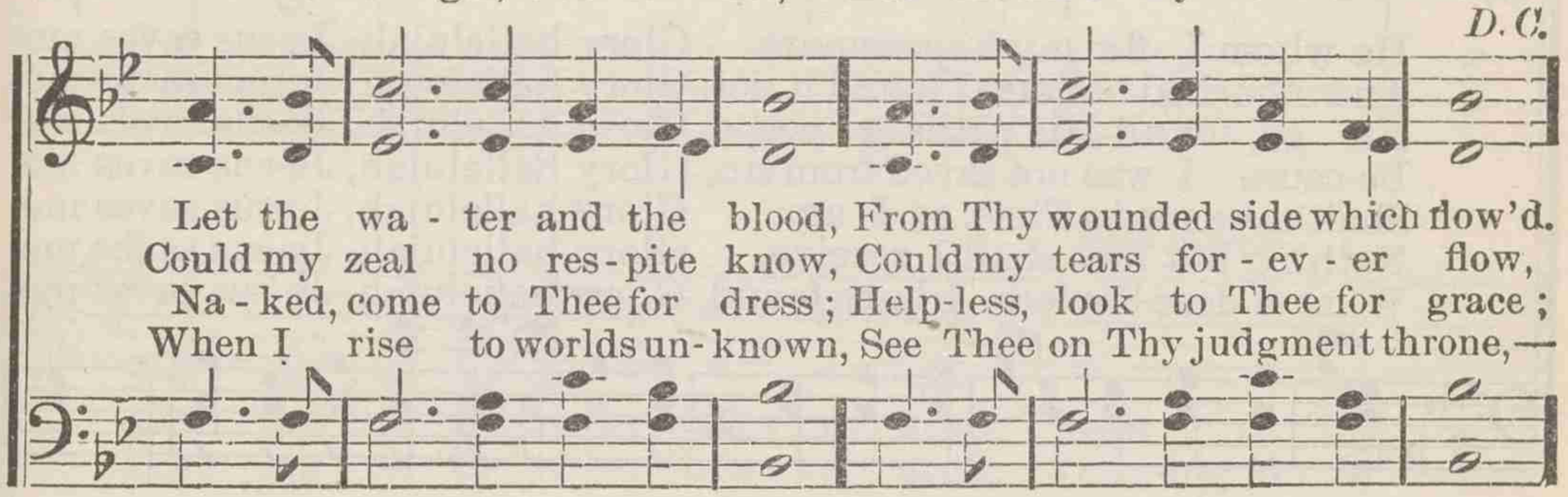


1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;
2. Not the la - bors of my hands Can ful - fill Thy law's de - mands;
3. Nothing in my hand I bring, Sim-ply to Thy cross I cling;
4. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When mine eye-lids close in death,



D. C.—1. Be of sin the doub-le cure Save from wrath and make me pure.
D. C.—2. All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.
D. C.—3. Vile, I to the fount-ain fly, Wash me, Sav - iour, or I die.
D. C.—4. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.
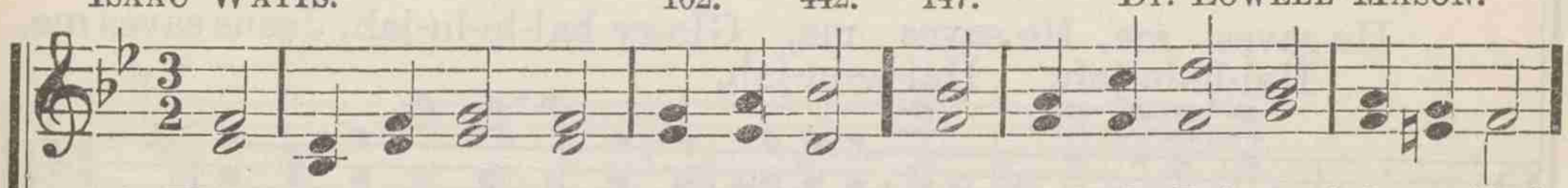
D. C.
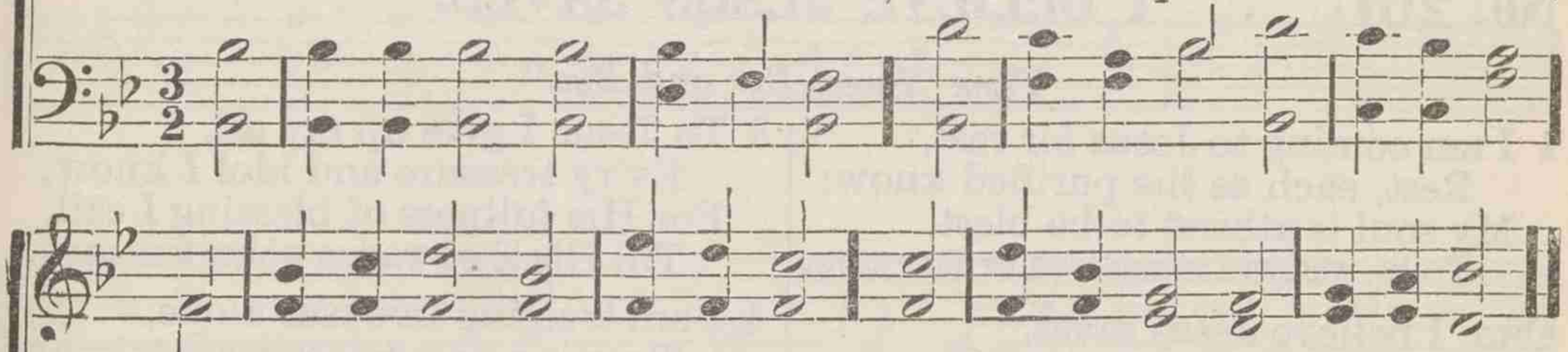


Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wounded side which flow'd.
Could my zeal no res - pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
Na - ked, come to Thee for dress; Help-less, look to Thee for grace;
When I rise to worlds un - known, See Thee on Thy judgment throne,—

No. 199. WHEN I SURVEY.
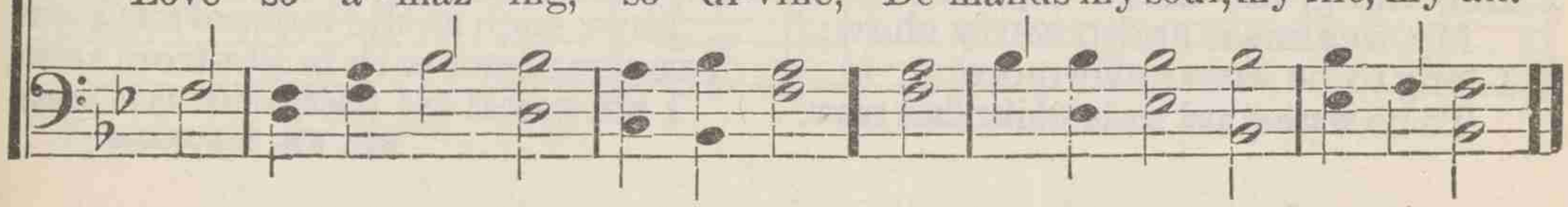
ISAAC WATTS. *M. H. 102. B. H. 442. P. H. 147. Dr. LOWELL MASON.



1. When I sur-vey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glo-ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
4. Were all the realm of na-ture mine, That were a pres - ent far to small;
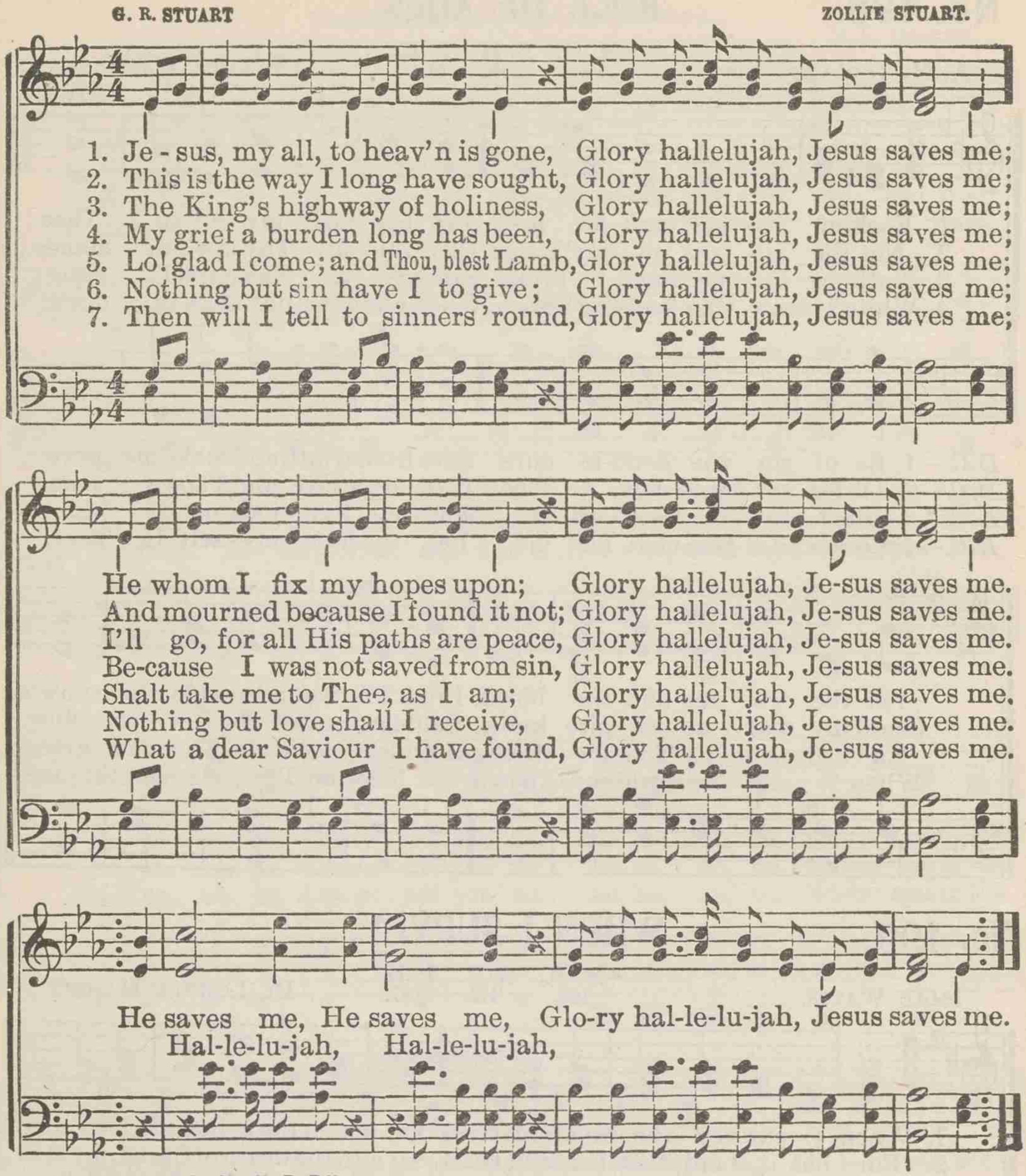


My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
Did e'er such love and sor-row meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
Love so a - maz - ing, so di-vine, De-mands my soul, my life, my all.



*M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

No. 200. JESUS SAVES ME.

G. R. STUART ZOLLIE STUART.



1. Je - sus, my all, to heav'n is gone, Glory hallelujah, Jesus saves me;
2. This is the way I long have sought, Glory hallelujah, Jesus saves me;
3. The King's highway of holiness, Glory hallelujah, Jesus saves me;
4. My grief a burden long has been, Glory hallelujah, Jesus saves me;
5. Lo! glad I come; and Thou, blest Lamb, Glory hallelujah, Jesus saves me;
6. Nothing but sin have I to give; Glory hallelujah, Jesus saves me;
7. Then will I tell to sinners 'round, Glory hallelujah, Jesus saves me;

He whom I fix my hopes upon; Glory hallelujah, Je-sus saves me.
And mourned because I found it not; Glory hallelujah, Je-sus saves me.
I'll go, for all His paths are peace, Glory hallelujah, Je-sus saves me.
Be-cause I was not saved from sin, Glory hallelujah, Je-sus saves me.
Shalt take me to Thee, as I am; Glory hallelujah, Je-sus saves me.
Nothing but love shall I receive, Glory hallelujah, Je-sus saves me.
What a dear Saviour I have found, Glory hallelujah, Je-sus saves me.

He saves me, He saves me, Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah, Jesus saves me.
Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah,

Copyright, 1896, by Charlie D. Tillman.

No. 201. I BELIEVE JESUS SAVES.

Tune "Sweet Bye and Bye."

1 I am coming to Jesus for rest,
Rest, such as the purified know;
My soul is athirst to be blest,
To be washed and made whiter than snow.

CHO. I believe Jesus saves,
And His blood washes whiter than snow,
I believe Jesus saves,
And His blood washes whiter than snow.

2 In coming, my sin I deplore,
My weakness and poverty show;
I long to be saved evermore,
To be washed and made whiter than snow.

3 To Jesus I give up my all,
Ev'ry treasure and idol I know;
For His fullness of blessing I call,
Till His blood washes whiter than snow.

4 I am trusting in Jesus alone,
Trusting now His salvation to know;
And His blood doth so fully atone,
I am washed and made whiter than snow.

5 My heart is in raptures of love,
Love, such as the ransomed ones know,
I am strengthened with might from above,
I am washed and made whiter than snow.

Rev. WM. McDONALD.

No. 202. Leaning On The Everlasting Arms.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. What a fel-lowship, what a joy divine, Leaning on the ev-er
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in the pilgrim way, Leaning on the ev-er-
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear,, Leaning 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 the ev-er-last-ing arms. Lean-ing on Je-sus,

lean - ing, Save and se-cure from all a-larms;
lean-ing on Je-sus,

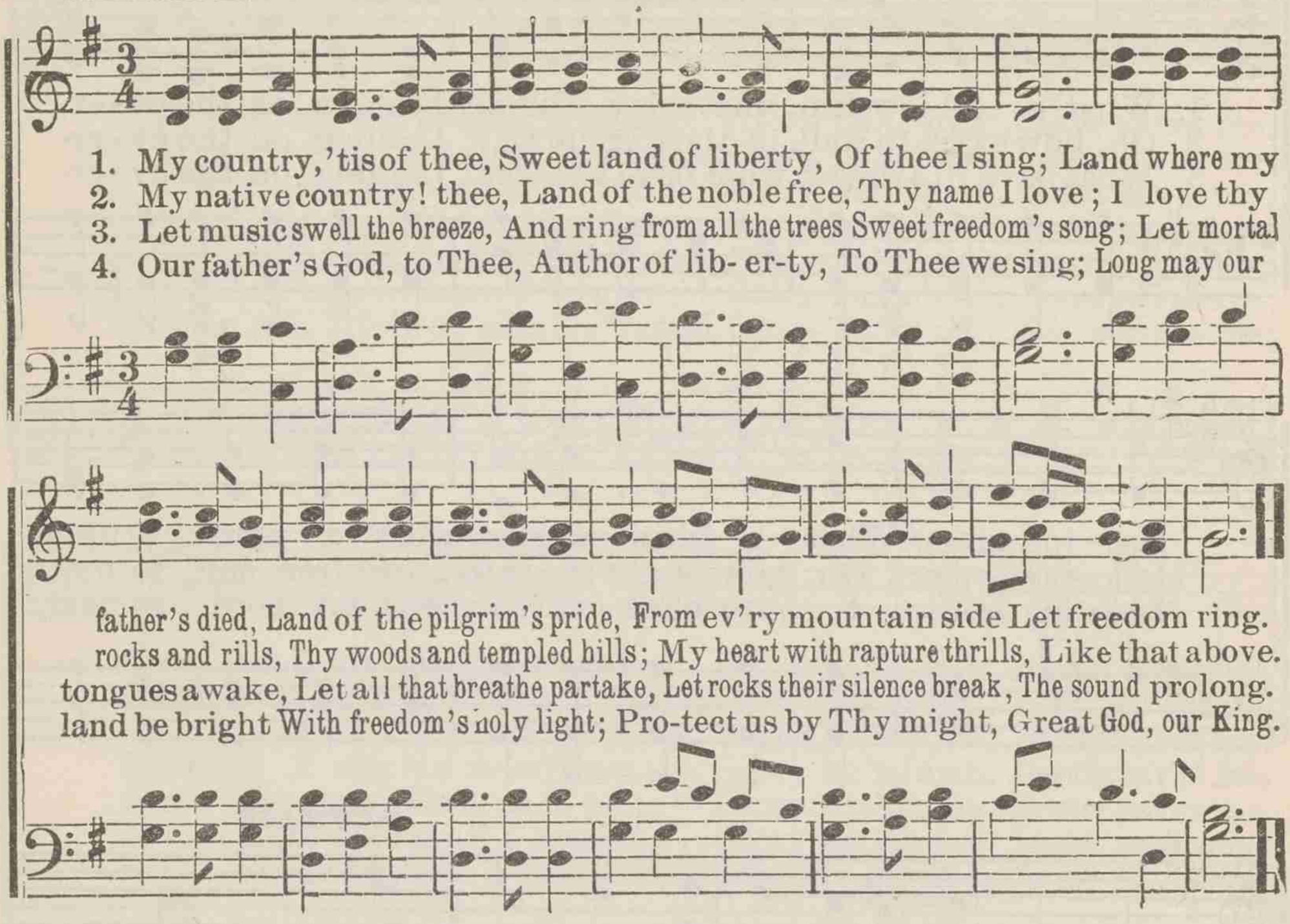
Lean - ing, lean - ing, Lean-ing on the everlast-ing arms.
Leaning on Jesus, leaning on Jesus,

Copyright, by A. J. Showalter. By per.

No. 203. AMERICA.

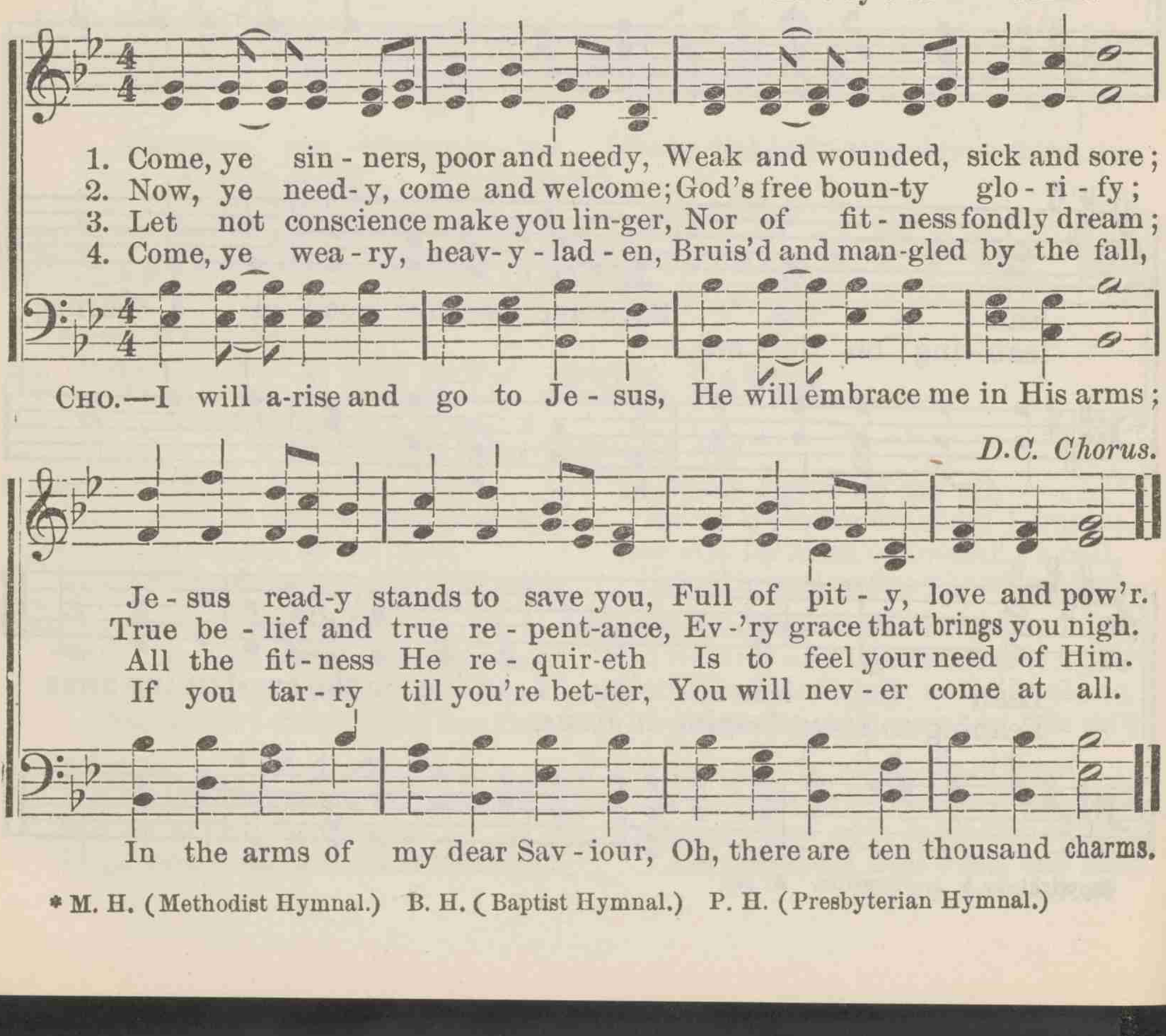
S. F. SMITH.

* M. H. 728. B. H. 696.



No. 204. I WILL ARISE AND GO TO JESUS.

Arr. by JOS. F. BUTLER.



* M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

No. 205. I NEED THEE.

ANNIE SHERWOOD HAWKS. *M. H. 851. B. H. 364. Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der voice like Thine Can peace af - ford.
2. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour; Stay Thou near by; Temp - ta - tions lose their power When Thou art nigh.
3. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick- ly and a - bide, Or life is vain.
4. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour; Teach me Thy will; And Thy rich promis - es In me ful - fill.
5. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; O make me Thine in- deed, Thou bless - ed Son.

REFRAIN.

I need Thee, oh, I need Thee;
Ev'ry hour I need Thee; O bless me now, my Saviour! I come to Thee.

Copyright, 1872, by Robt. Lowry.

No. 206. SHOW PITY, LORD.

ISAAC WATTS. Old Southern Melody.

1. Show pit- y, Lord, O Lord, forgive, Let a repent- ing reb- el live;
2. My crimes are great, but don't surpass The pow'r and glory of Thy grace;
3. Should sudden vengeance seize my breath, I must pronounce Thee just in death;
4. Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord, Whose hope, still hov'ring round Thy word,

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

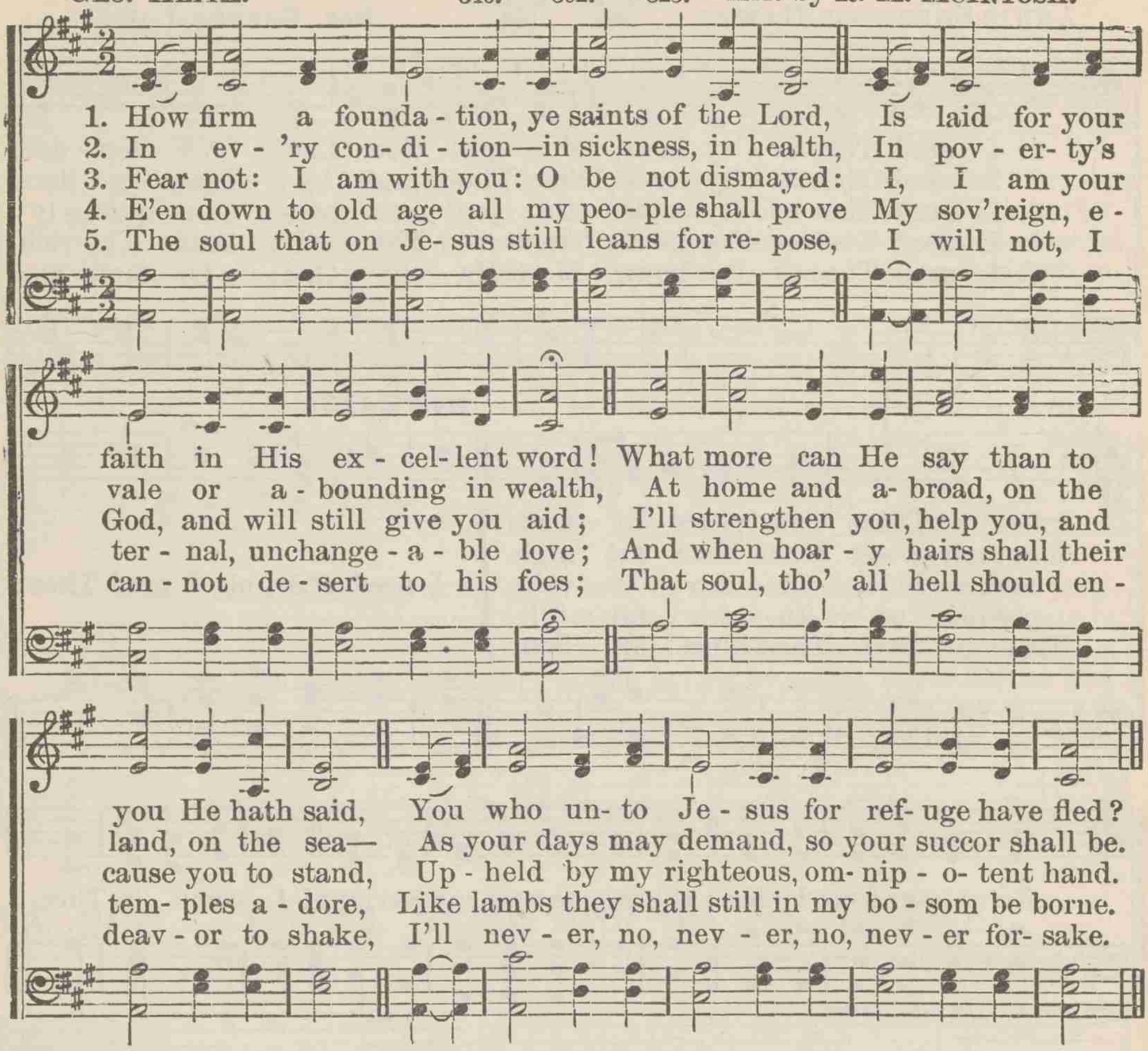
Are not Thy mercies large and free? May not a sin- ner trust in Thee?
Great God, Thy na- ture hath no bound, So let Thy pard'ning love be found.
And if my soul were sent to hell, Thy righteous law approves it well.
Would light on some sweet promise there, Some sure support against despair.

Ah, can my God His wrath forbear, And me the chief of sinners spare?

*M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

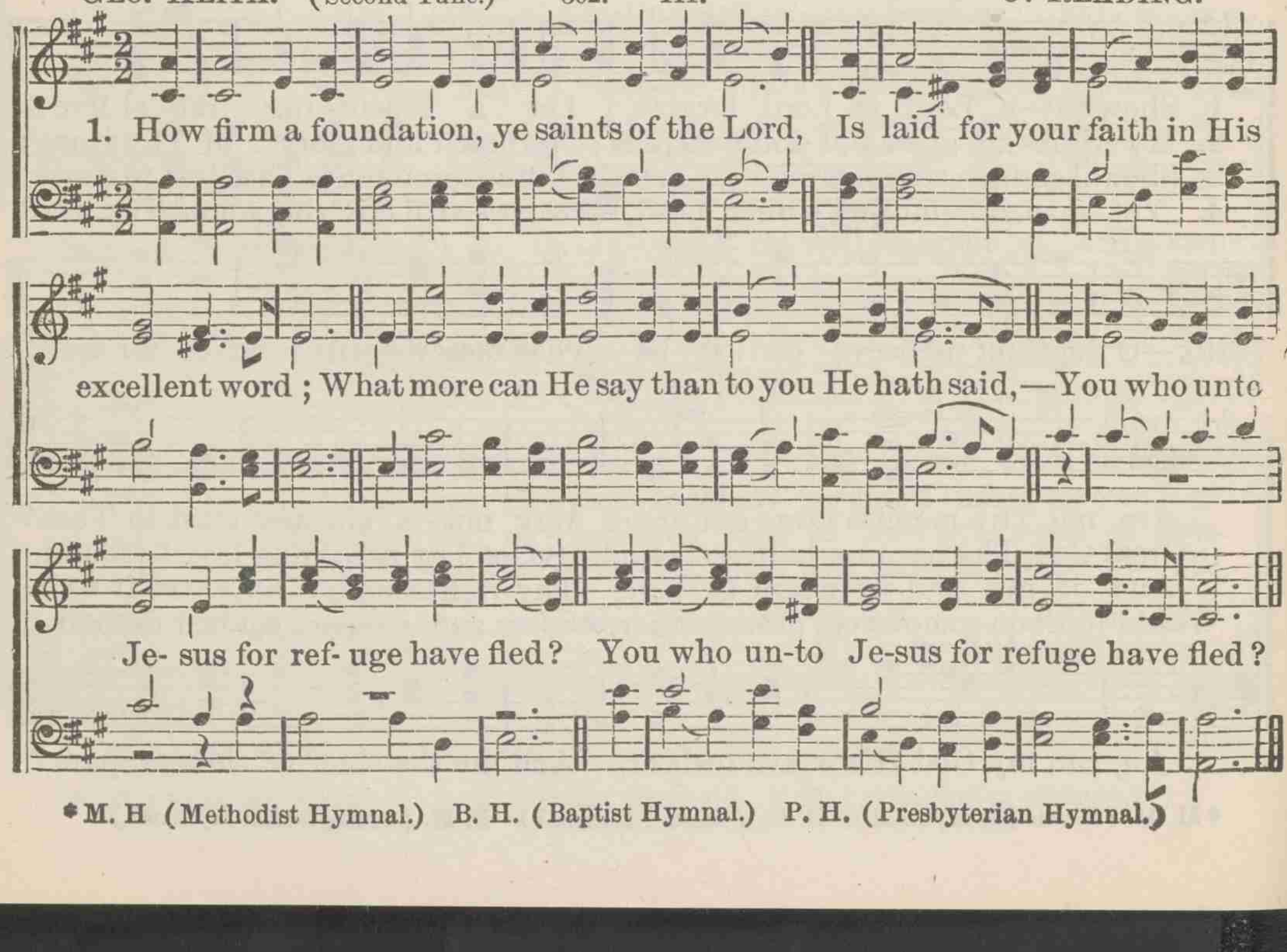
No. 207. HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION. 11s.

GEO. KEITH. *M. H. 546. B. H. 502. P. H. 325. Arr. by R. M. MCINTOSH.



No. 208. PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s.

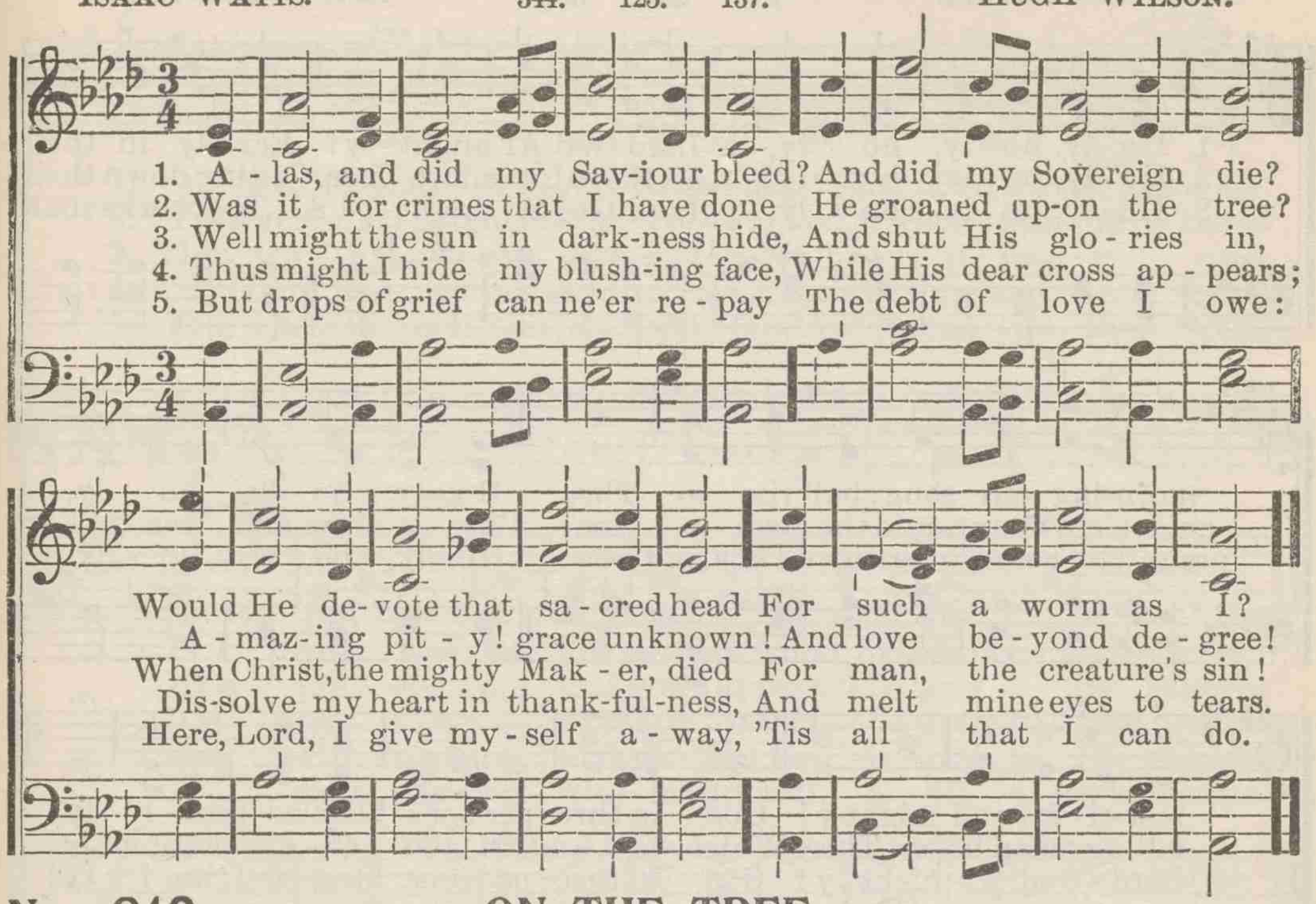
GEO. KEITH. (Second Tune.) * B. H. 502. P. H. 111. J. READING.



*M. H (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

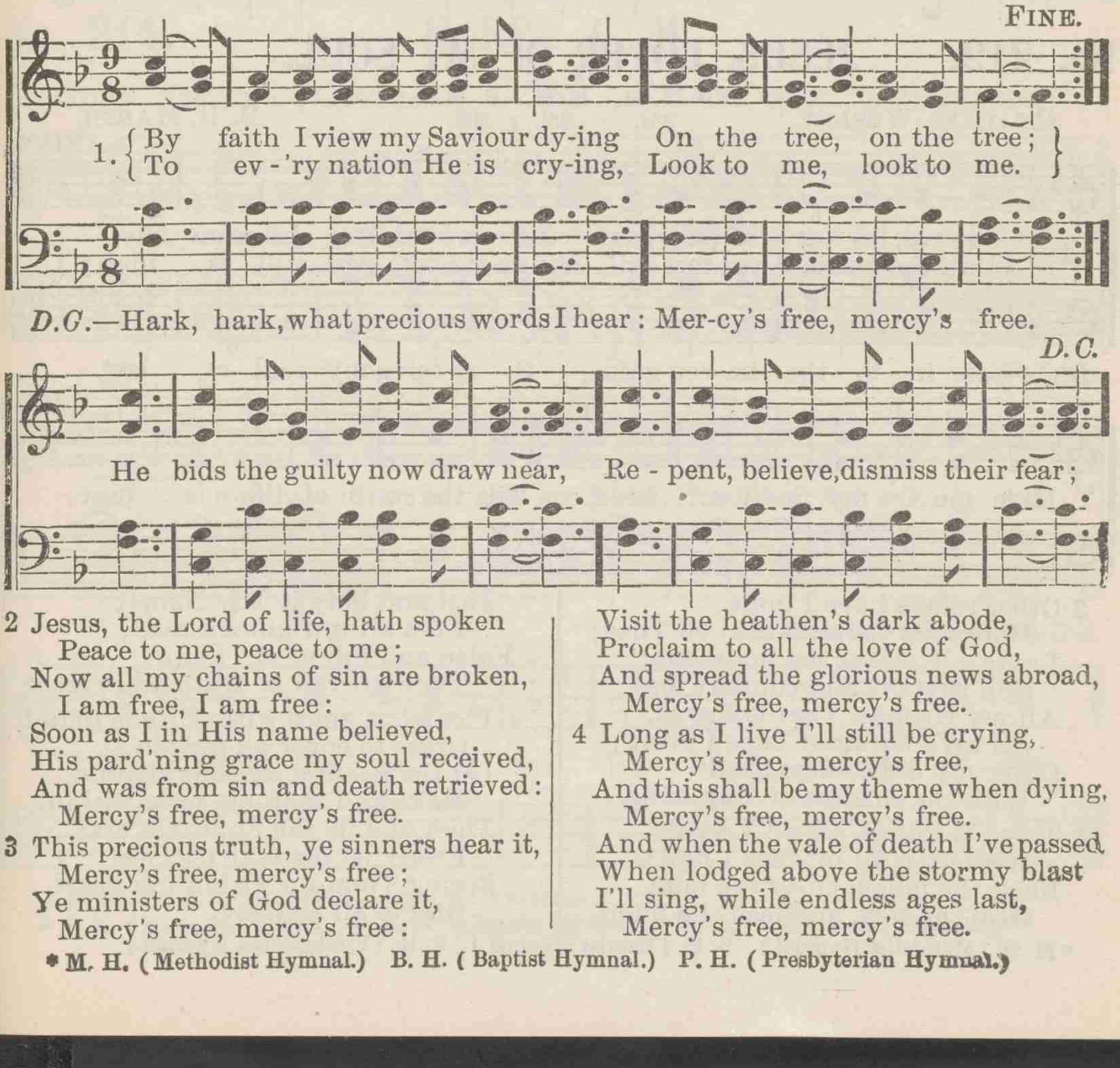
No. 209, ALAS, AND DID MY SAVIOUR BLEED?

ISAAC WATTS. *M. H. 344. B. H. 125. P. H. 137. HUGH WILSON.



No. 210. ON THE TREE.

RICHARD JUKES. * M. H. 877. D. F. AUBER.



2 Jesus, the Lord of life, hath spoken
Peace to me, peace to me;
Now all my chains of sin are broken,
I am free, I am free:
Soon as I in His name believed,
His pard'ning grace my soul received,
And was from sin and death retrieved:
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

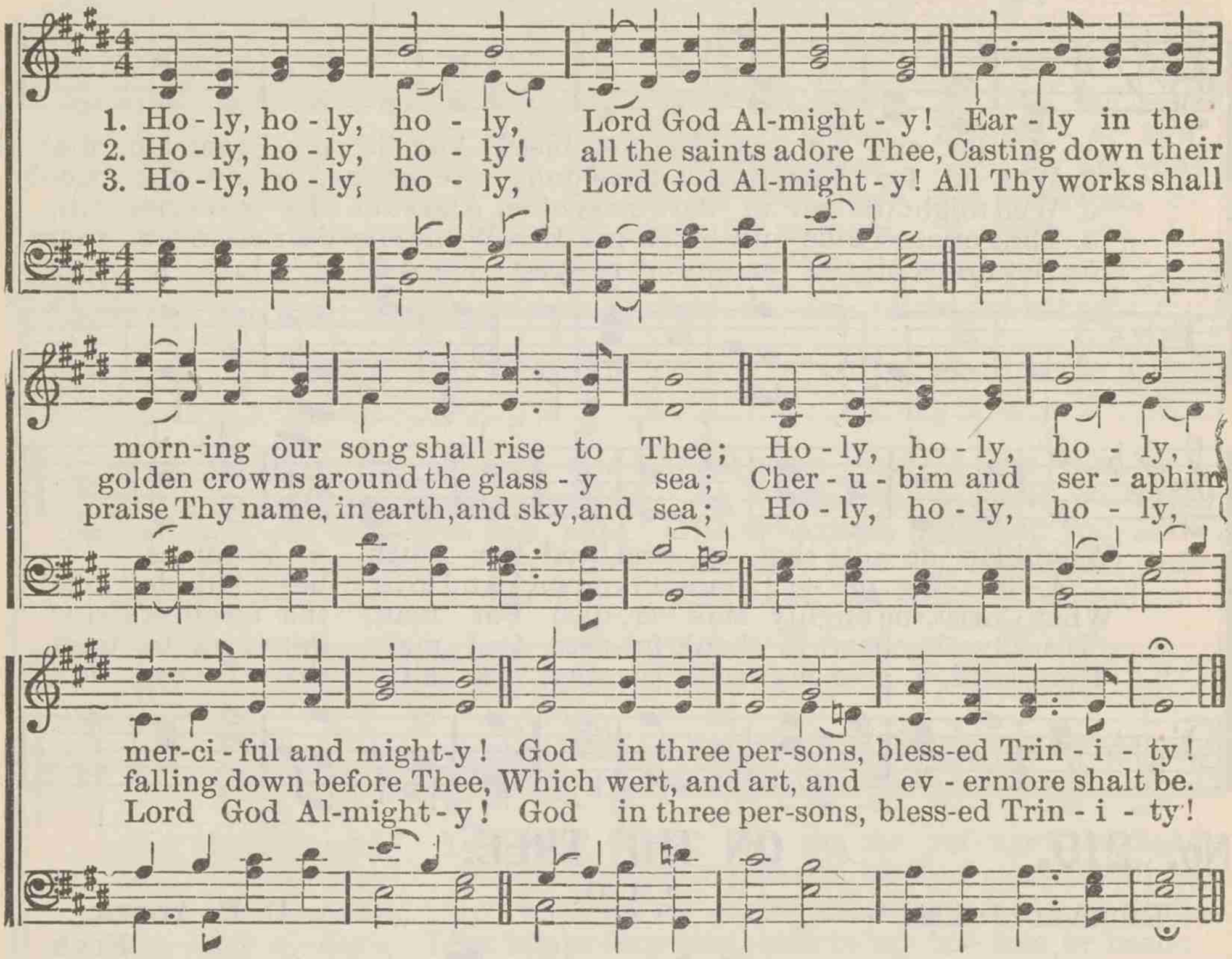
3 This precious truth, ye sinners hear it,
Mercy's free, mercy's free;
Ye ministers of God declare it,
Mercy's free, mercy's free:
Visit the heathen's dark abode,
Proclaim to all the love of God,
And spread the glorious news abroad,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

4 Long as I live I'll still be crying,
Mercy's free, mercy's free,
And this shall be my theme when dying,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.
And when the vale of death I've passed
When lodged above the stormy blast
I'll sing, while endless ages last,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

* M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

No. 211. HOLY, HOLY.

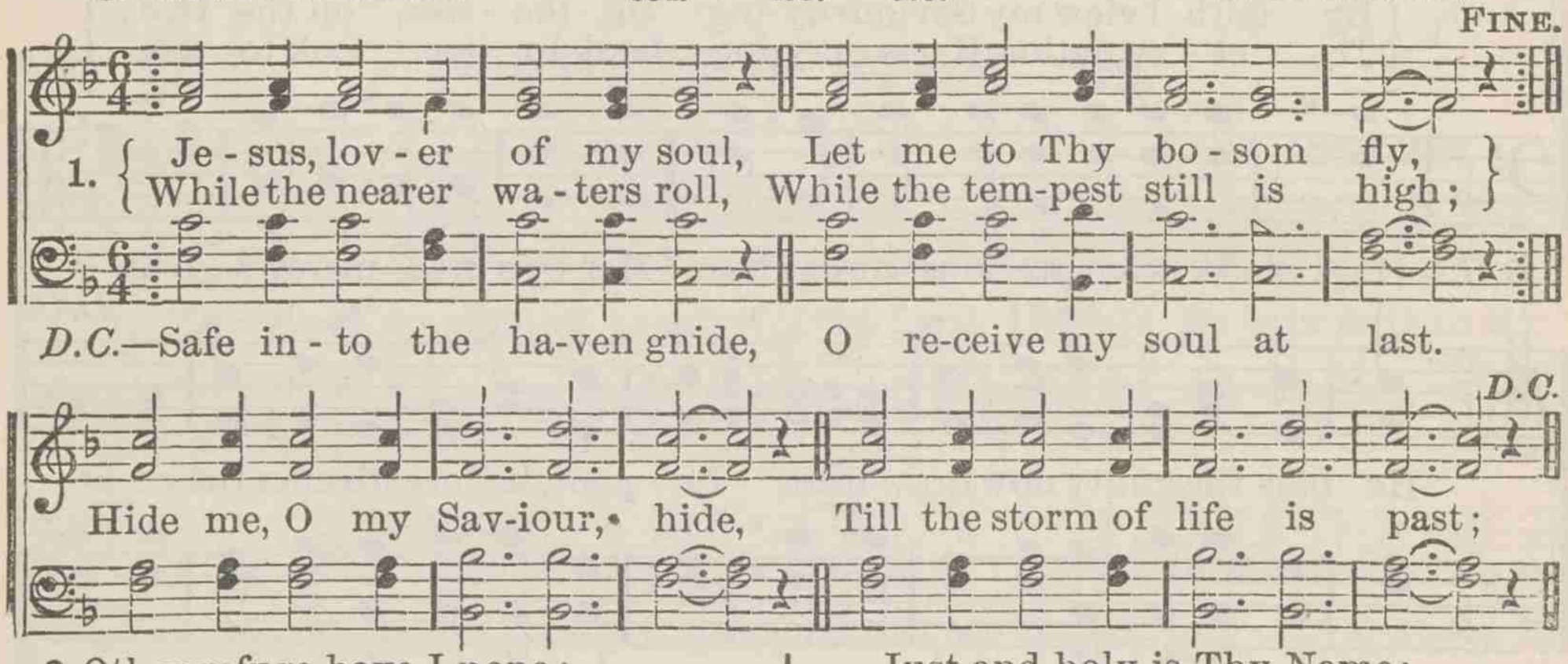
REGINALD HEBER. | * M. H. 4. | B. H. 209. | P. H. 527. | Rev. J. B. DYKES.



No. 212. JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

CHARLES WESLEY. | * M. H. 354. | B. H. 499. | P. H. 305. | S. B. MARSH.

FINE.



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

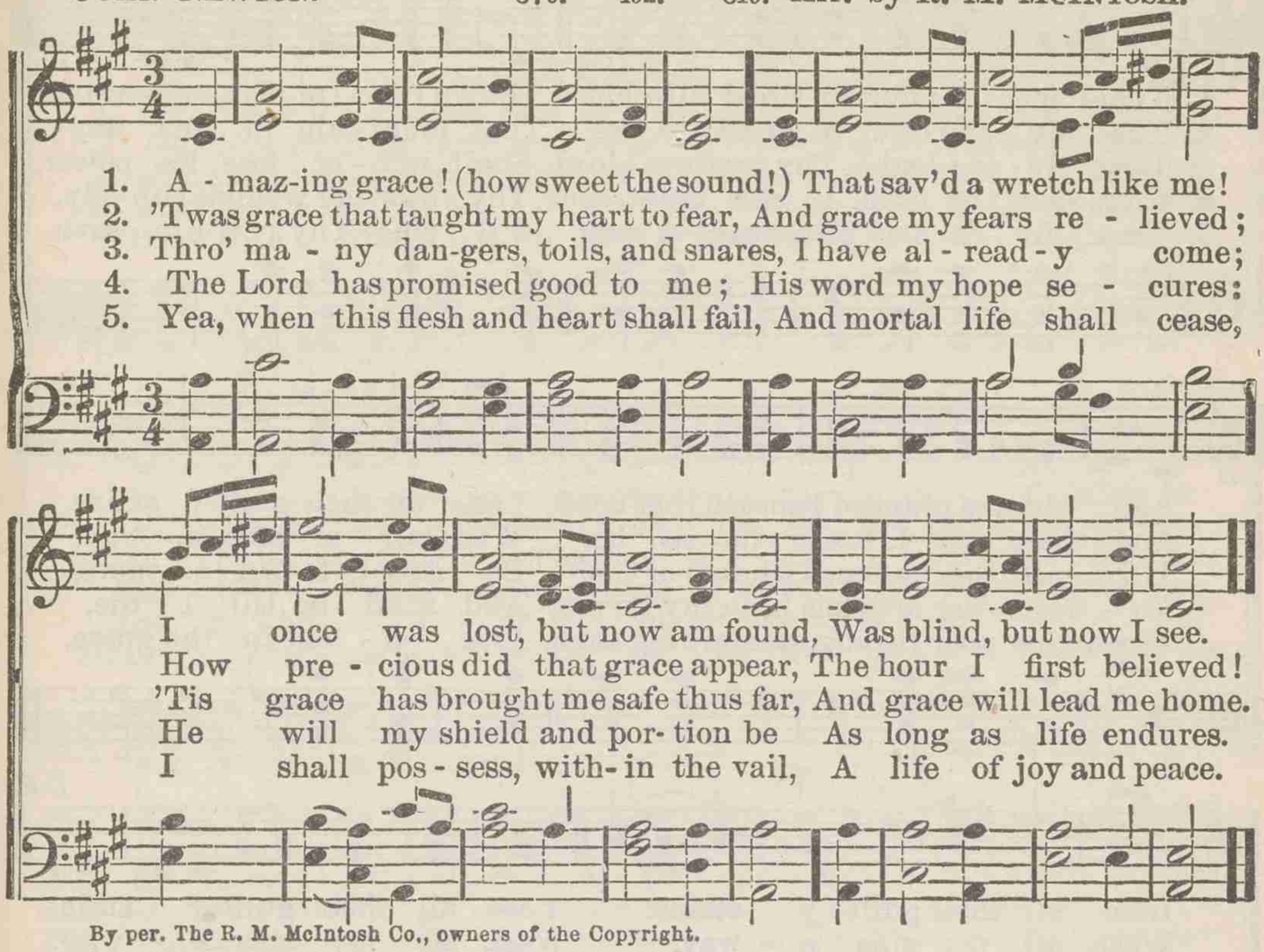
3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy Name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

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

*M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

No. 213. AMAZING GRACE.

JOHN NEWTON. * M. H. 570. B. H. 492. P. H. 519. Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.



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No. 214. HARP. C. M.

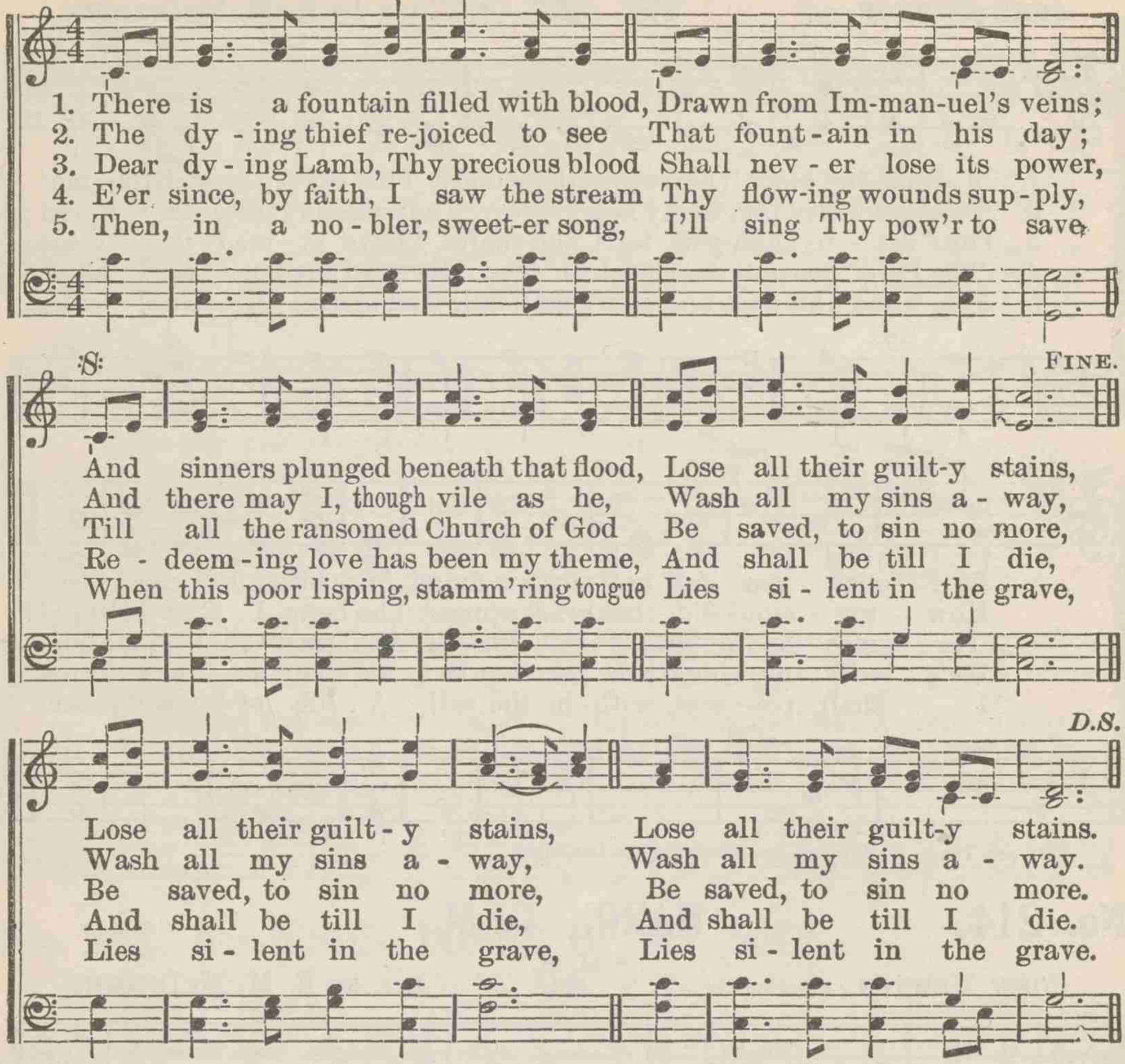
JOHN NEWTON. (Second Tune.) * M. H. 570. Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.

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*M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

No. 215. THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

WILLIAM COWPER. * M. H. 107. B. H. 231. P. H. 136. Arr. Dr. LOWELL MASON.



No. 216. SALVATION! O THE JOYFUL SOUND.

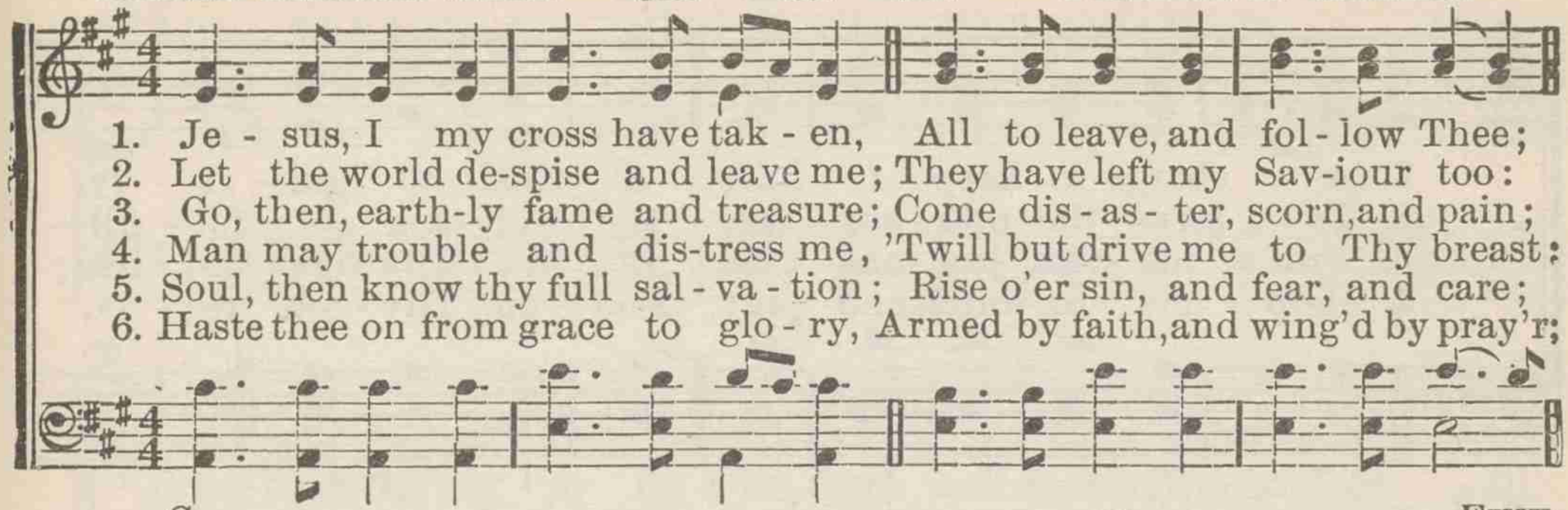
ISAAC WATTS. * M. H. 65. B. H. 234. P. H. 871. W. B. BRADBURY.

* M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

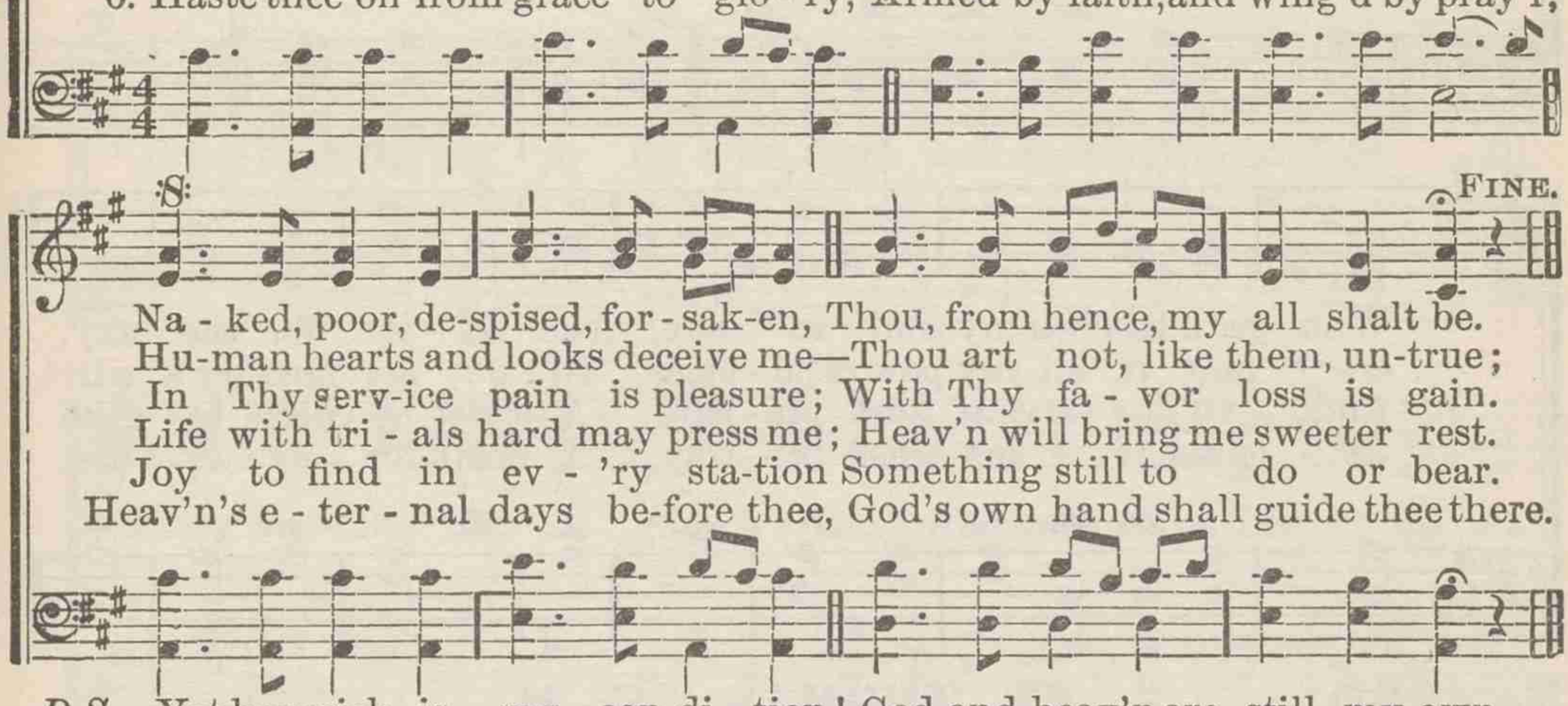
No. 217. JESUS, I MY CROSS HAVE TAKEN.

* M. H. B. H. P. H.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE. 540. 455. 317. From W. A. MOZART.

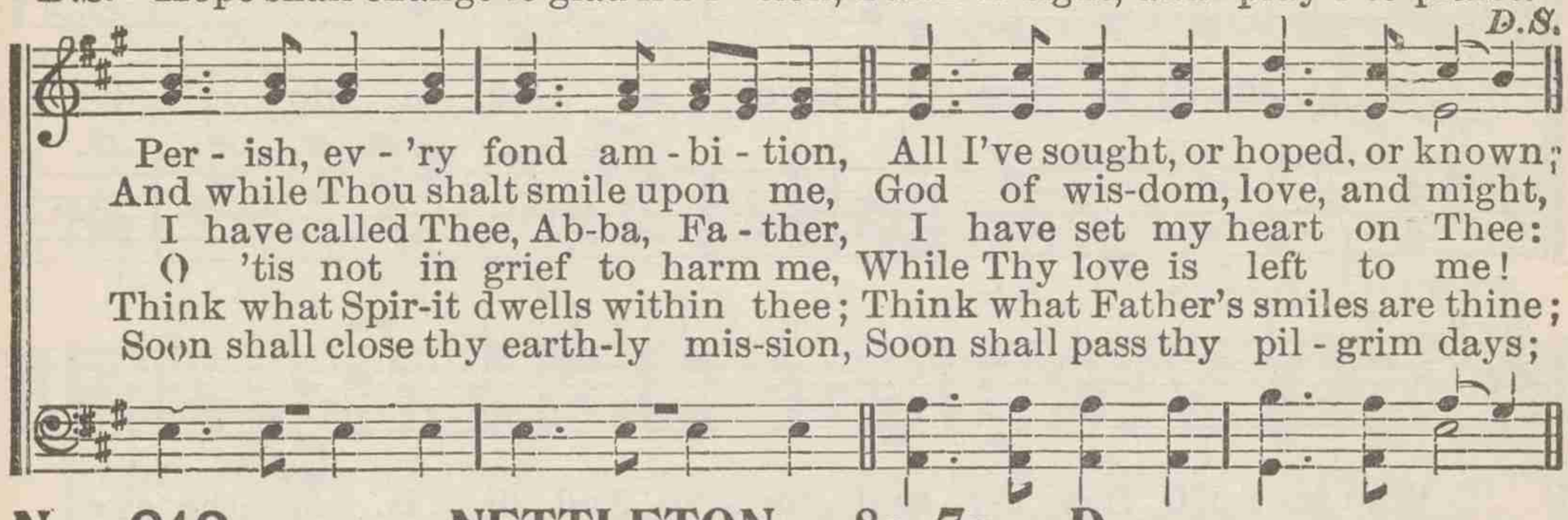


1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave, and fol - low Thee;
2. Let the world de-spise and leave me; They have left my Sav-iour too:
3. Go, then, earth-ly fame and treasure; Come dis - as - ter, scorn, and pain;
4. Man may trouble and dis-tress me, 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast:
5. Soul, then know thy full sal - va - tion; Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
6. Haste thee on from grace to glo - ry, Armed by faith, and wing'd by pray'r;



Na - ked, poor, de-spised, for - sak-en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
Hu-man hearts and looks deceive me—Thou art not, like them, un-true;
In Thy serv-ice pain is pleasure; With Thy fa - vor loss is gain.
Life with tri - als hard may press me; Heav'n will bring me sweeter rest.
Joy to find in ev - 'ry sta-tion Something still to do or bear.
Heav'n's e - ter - nal days be-fore thee, God's own hand shall guide thee there.

D.S.—Yet how rich is my con-di - tion! God and heav'n are still my own.
D.S.—Foes may hate, and friends disown me; Show Thy face, and all is bright.
D.S.—Storms may howl, and clouds may gather; All must work for good to me.
D.S.—O 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy un - mixed with Thee!
D.S.—Think that Jesus died to win thee: Child of heav'n, canst thou re-pine?
D.S.—Hope shall change to glad fru-i - tion, Faith to sight, and pray'r to praise.



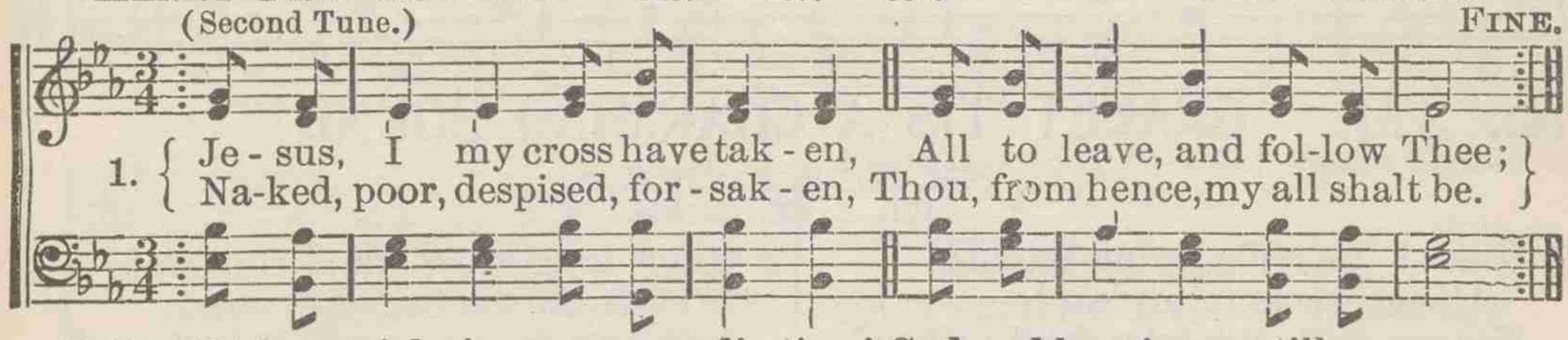
Per - ish, ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
And while Thou shalt smile upon me, God of wis-dom, love, and might,
I have called Thee, Ab-ba, Fa - ther, I have set my heart on Thee:
O 'tis not in grief to harm me, While Thy love is left to me!
Think what Spir-it dwells within thee; Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Soon shall close thy earth-ly mis-sion, Soon shall pass thy pil - grim days;

No. 218. NETTLETON. 8s, 7s. D.
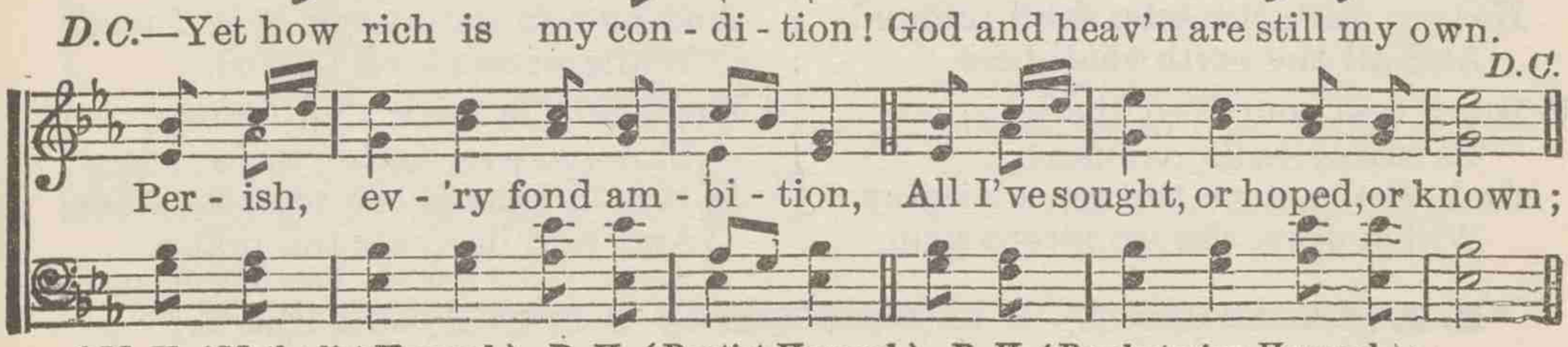
* M. H. B. H. P. H.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE. 148. 177. 554. JOHN WYETH.

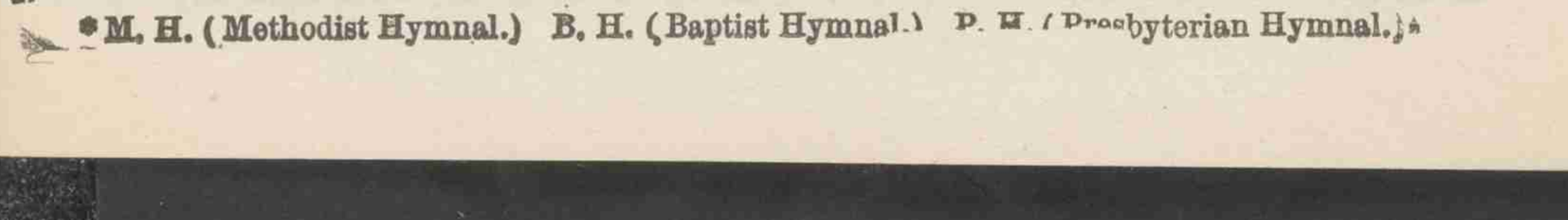
(Second Tune.)



1. { Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave, and fol-low Thee;
   { Na-ked, poor, despised, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.



D.C.—Yet how rich is my con - di - tion! God and heav'n are still my own.

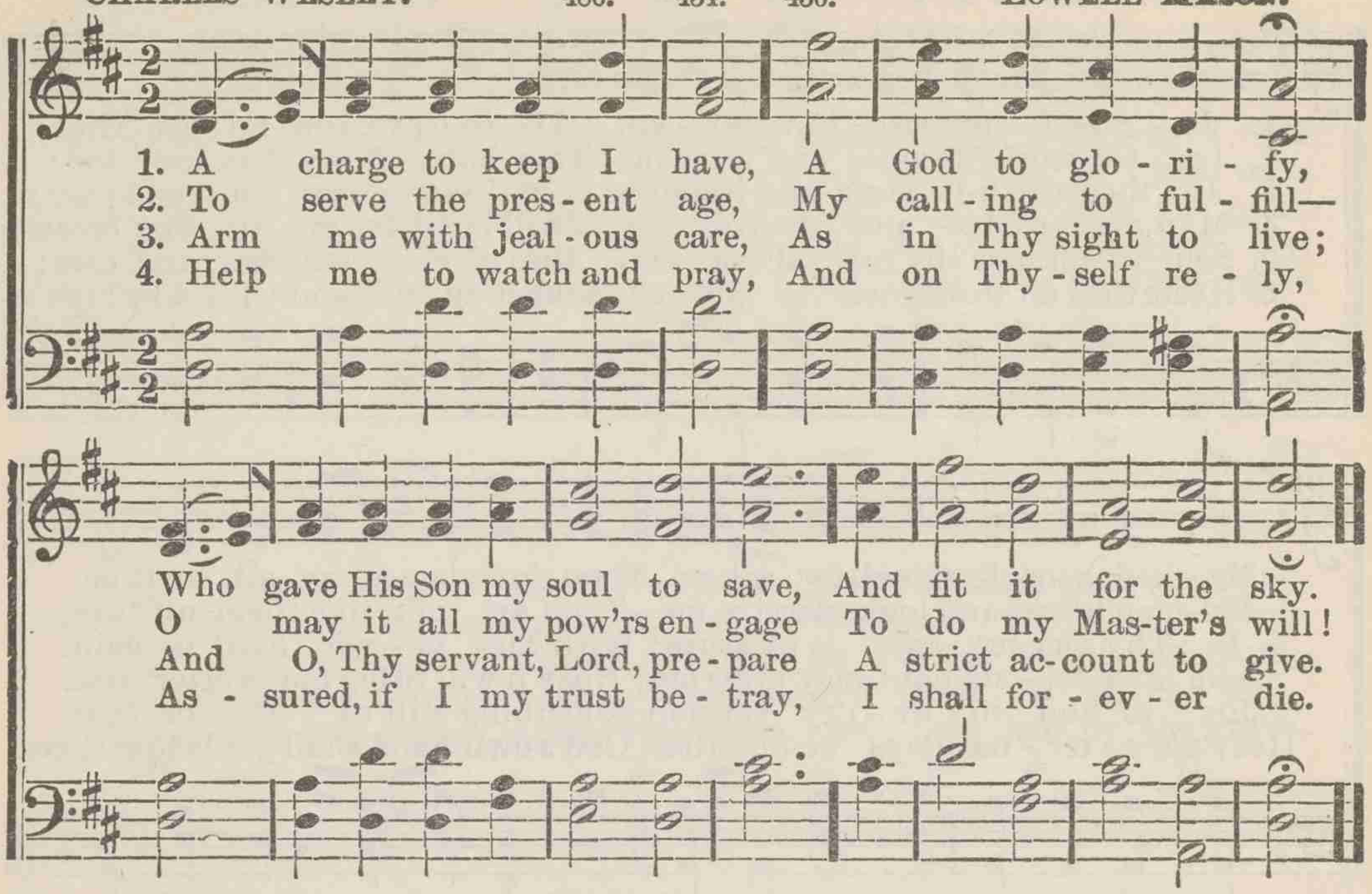


Per - ish, ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known;

* M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)
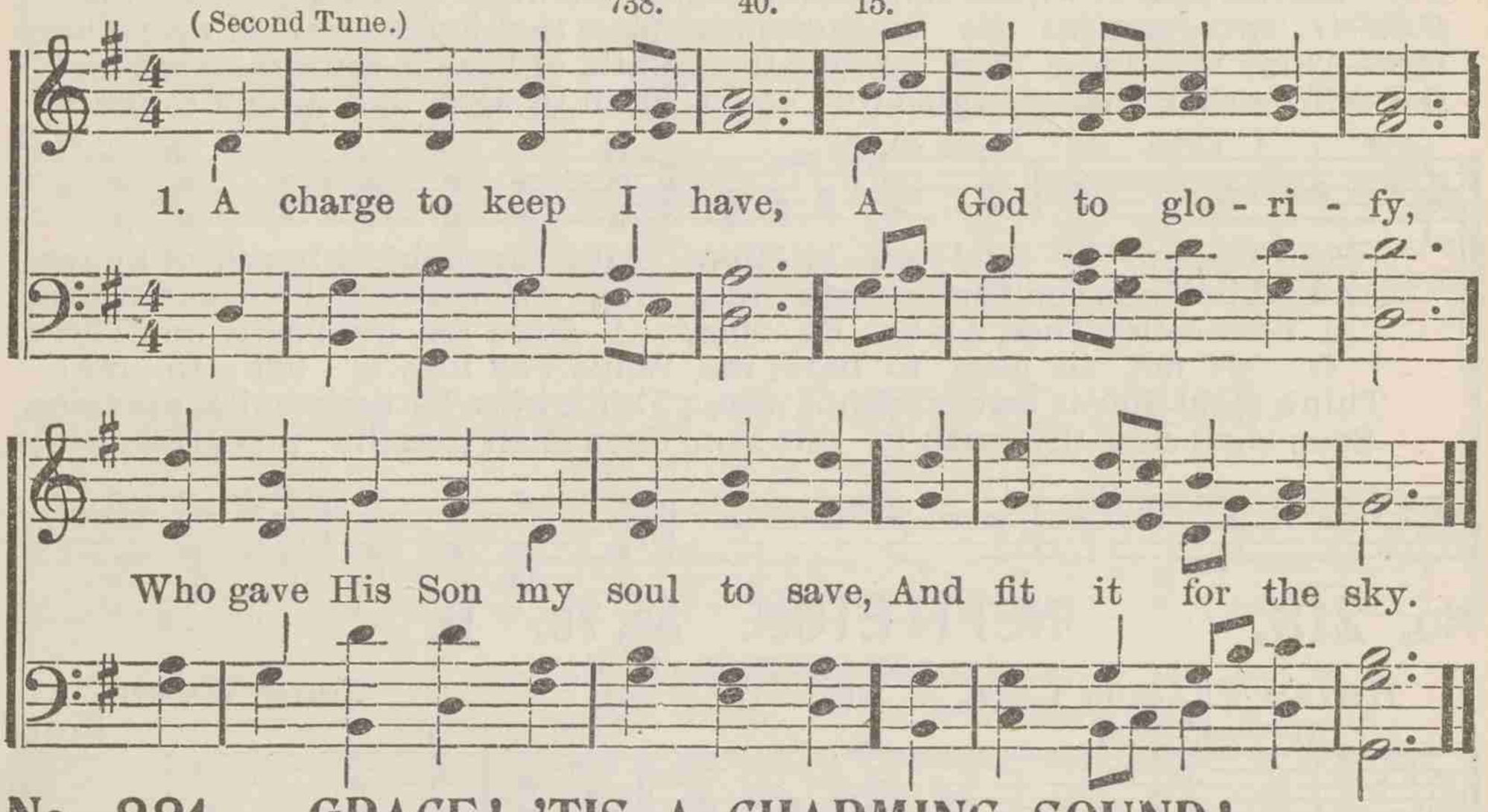
No. 219. A CHARGE TO KEEP I HAVE.

CHARLES WESLEY. *M. H. 486. B. H. 454. P. H. 456. LOWELL MASON.



No. 220. ST. THOMAS. S. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. (Second Tune.) *M. H. 738. B. H. 40. P. H. 15. G. F. HANDEL.



No. 221. GRACE! 'TIS A CHARMING SOUND!

*M. H. 161. B. H. 93. P. H. 544.

1 Grace! 'tis a charming sound!
Harmonious to my ear!
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps *that* grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my wand'ring feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.
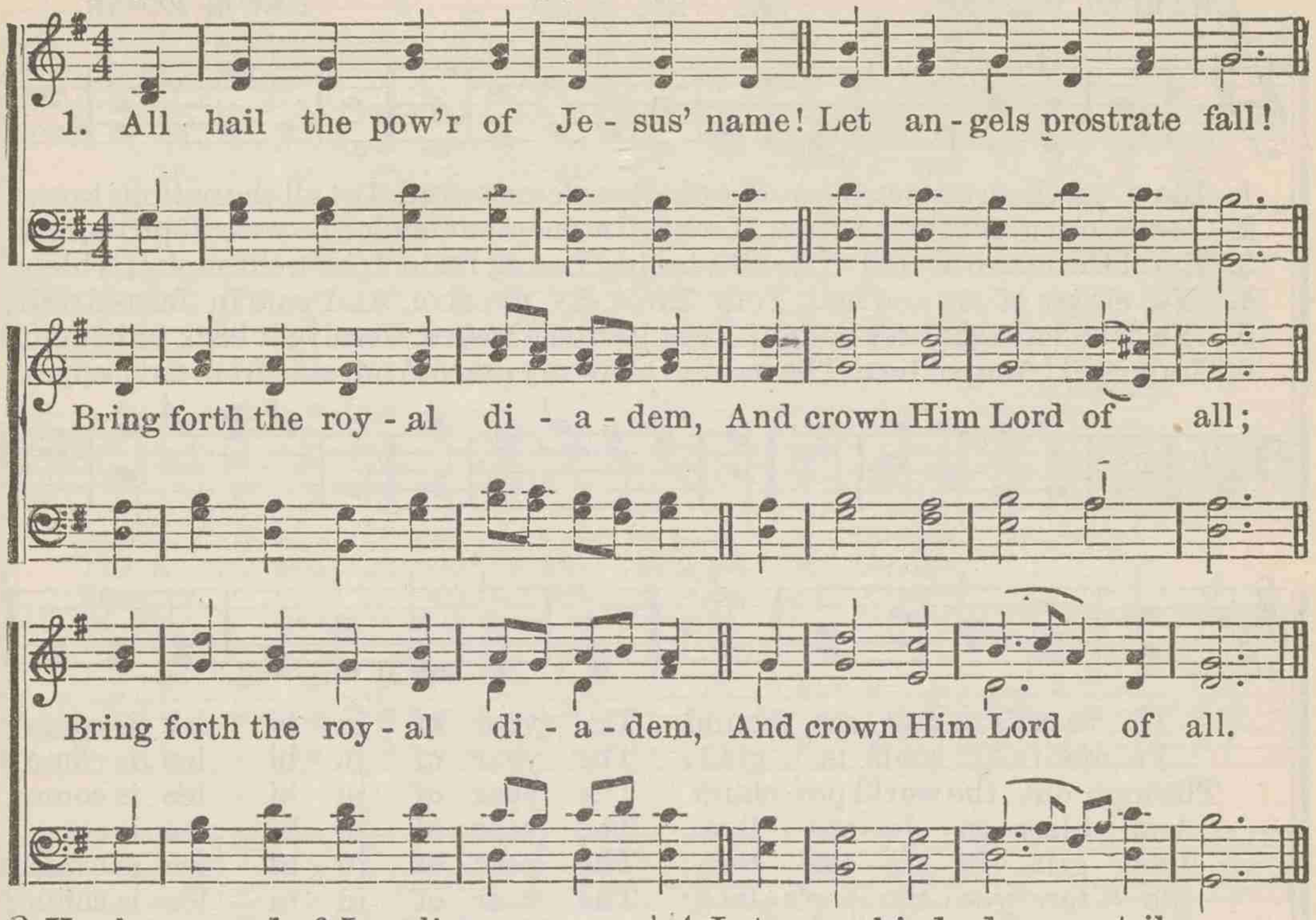
4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days:
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

*M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

No. 222. ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME.

EDWARD PERRONET. * M. H. 132. B. H. 161. P. H. 32. OLIVER HOLDEN.



2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

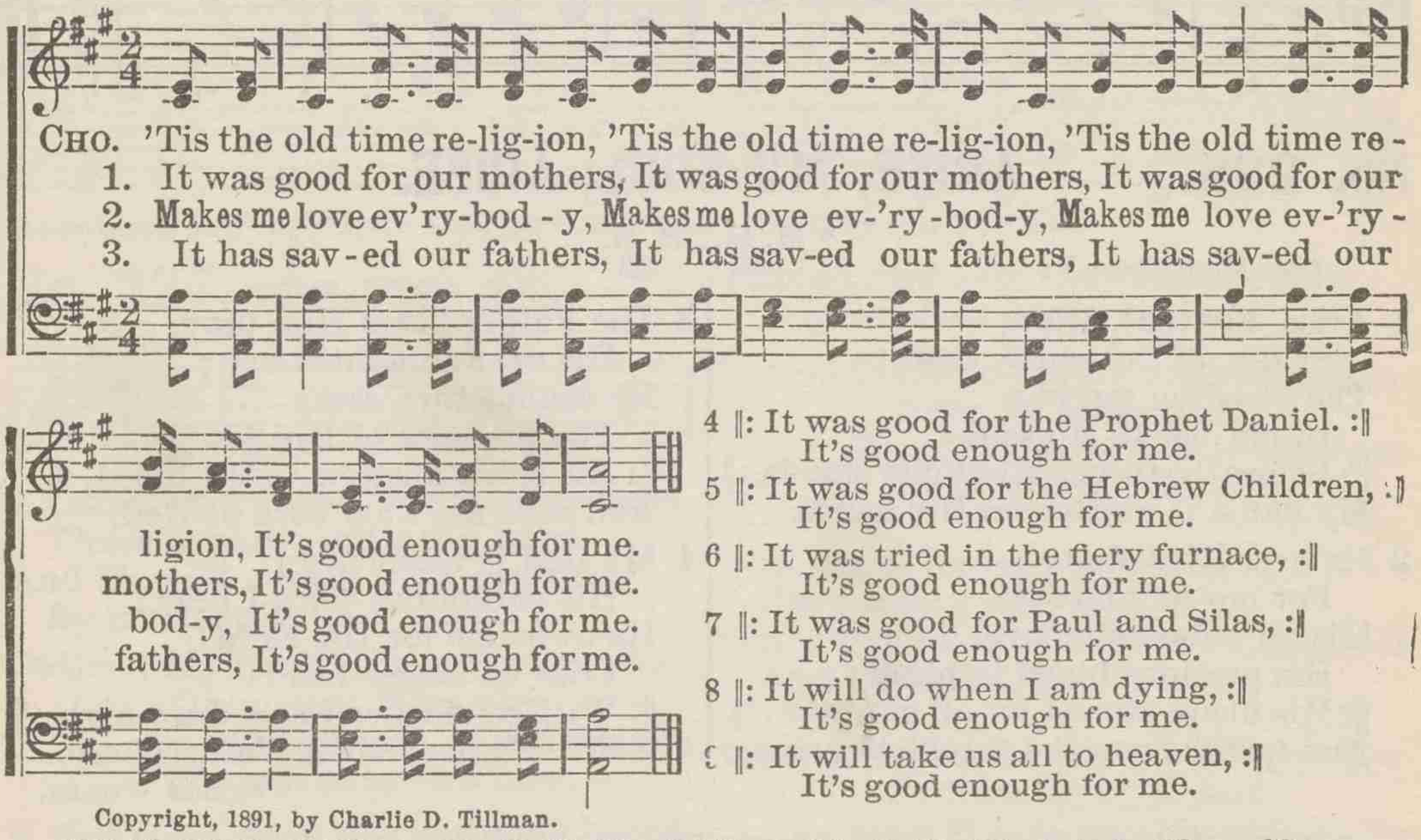
3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 O, that with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 223. "OLD TIME RELIGION."

Arr. by CHARLIE TILLMAN.



4 ‖: It was good for the Prophet Daniel. :‖
It's good enough for me.

5 ‖: It was good for the Hebrew Children, :‖
It's good enough for me.

6 ‖: It was tried in the fiery furnace, :‖
It's good enough for me.

7 ‖: It was good for Paul and Silas, :‖
It's good enough for me.

8 ‖: It will do when I am dying, :‖
It's good enough for me.

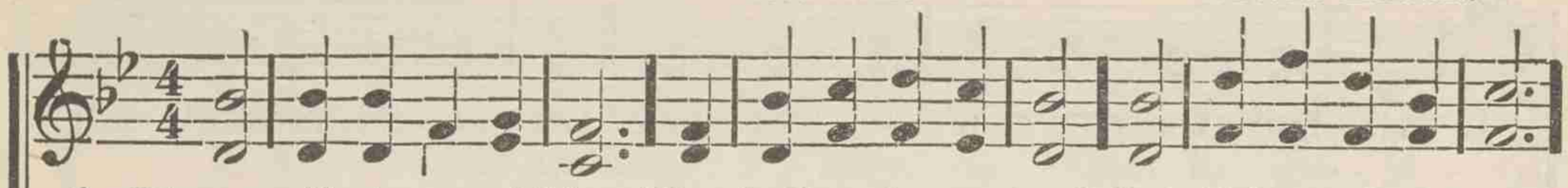
9 ‖: It will take us all to heaven, :‖
It's good enough for me.

Copyright, 1891, by Charlie D. Tillman.
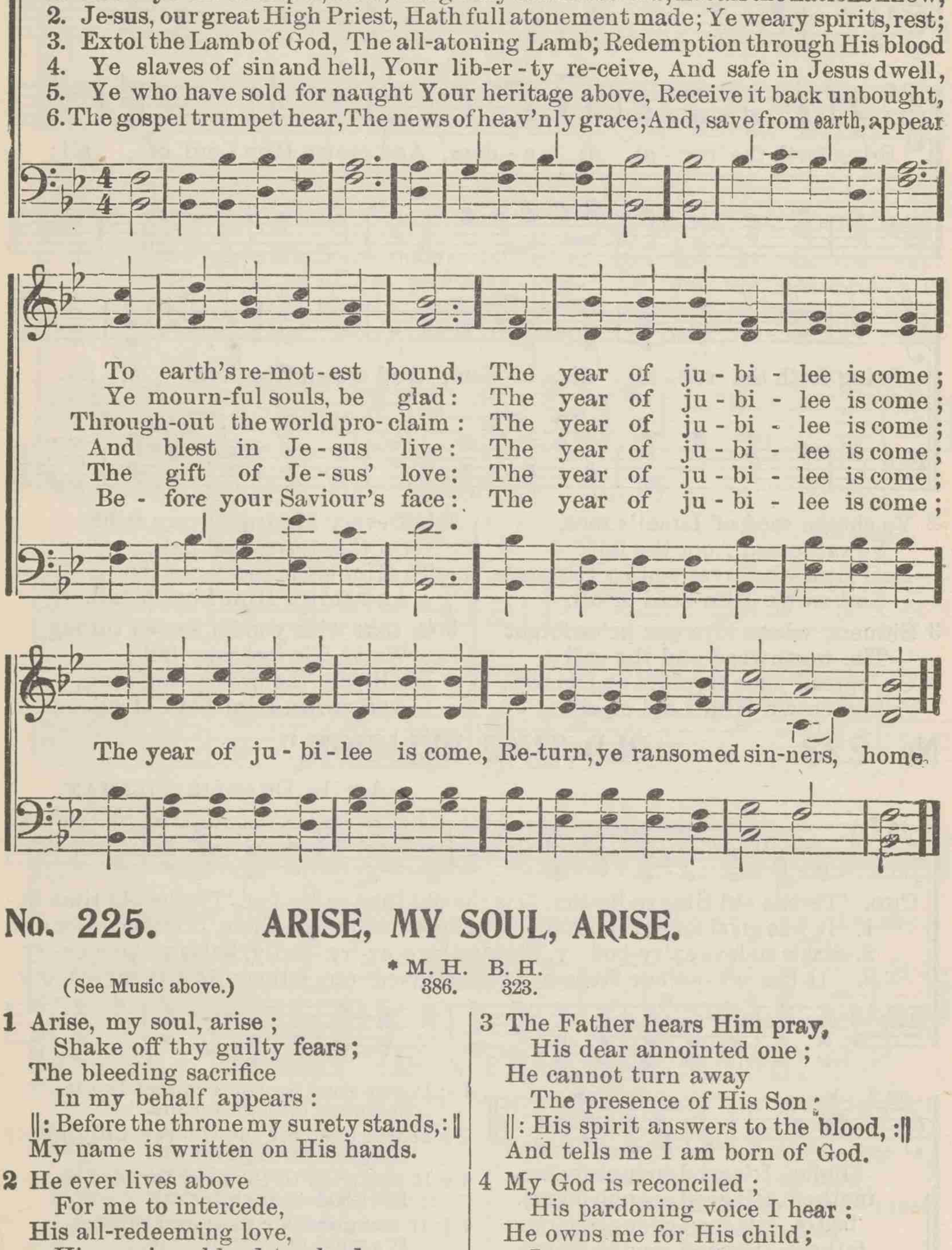
* M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

No. 224. BLOW YE THE TRUMPET, BLOW.

CHARLES WESLEY. *M. H. 267. B. H. 237. P. H. 40. LEWIS EDSON.



1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow, The gladly solemn sound; Let all the nations know,
2. Je-sus, our great High Priest, Hath full atonement made; Ye weary spirits, rest;
3. Extol the Lamb of God, The all-atoning Lamb; Redemption through His blood
4. Ye slaves of sin and hell, Your lib-er-ty re-ceive, And safe in Jesus dwell,
5. Ye who have sold for naught Your heritage above, Receive it back unbought,
6. The gospel trumpet hear, The news of heav'nly grace; And, save from earth, appear



To earth's re-mot-est bound, The year of ju-bi-lee is come;
Ye mourn-ful souls, be glad: The year of ju-bi-lee is come;
Through-out the world pro-claim: The year of ju-bi-lee is come;
And blest in Je-sus live: The year of ju-bi-lee is come;
The gift of Je-sus' love: The year of ju-bi-lee is come;
Be-fore your Saviour's face: The year of ju-bi-lee is come;
The year of ju-bi-lee is come, Re-turn, ye ransomed sin-ners, home.

No. 225. ARISE, MY SOUL, ARISE.

(See Music above.) *M. H. 386. B. H. 323.

1 Arise, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears:
‖: Before the throne my surety stands,:‖
My name is written on His hands.

2 He ever lives above
For me to intercede,
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
‖: His blood atoned for all our race;:‖
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 The Father hears Him pray,
His dear annointed one;
He cannot turn away
The presence of His Son:
‖: His spirit answers to the blood, :‖
And tells me I am born of God.

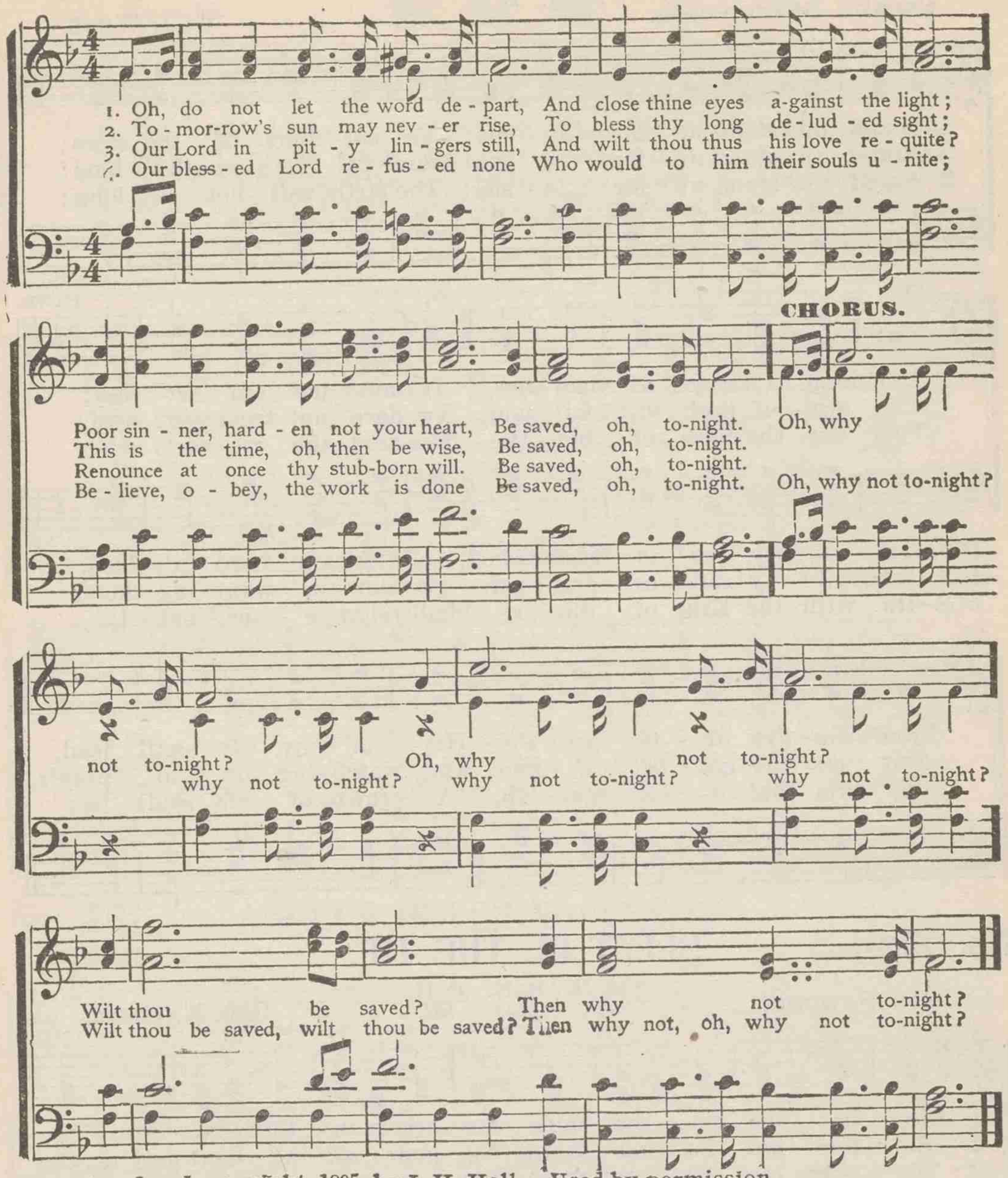
4 My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear:
He owns me for His child;
I can no longer fear:
‖: With confidence I now draw nigh,:‖
And "Father, Abba, Father," cry.

CHARLES WESLEY.

*M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)
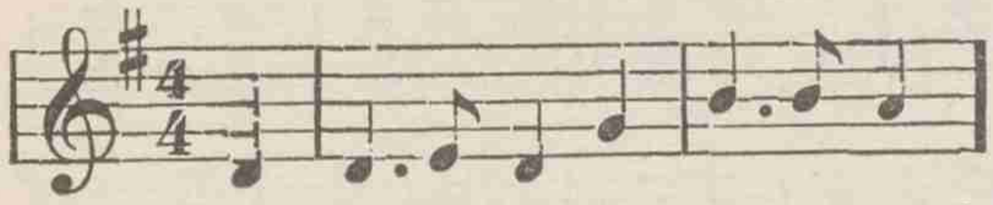
No. 226. OH, WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?

J. CALVIN BUSHEY, By per.



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No. 227. COME, EVERY SOUL.



1 Come, every soul by sin oppressed,
There's mercy with the Lord,
And He will surely give you rest,
By trusting in His word.

CHO.—Only trust Him, only trust Him,
Only trust Him now;
He will save you, He will save you,
He will save you now.

2 For Jesus shed His precious blood
Rich blessings to bestow;
Plunge now into the crimson tide
That washes white as snow.

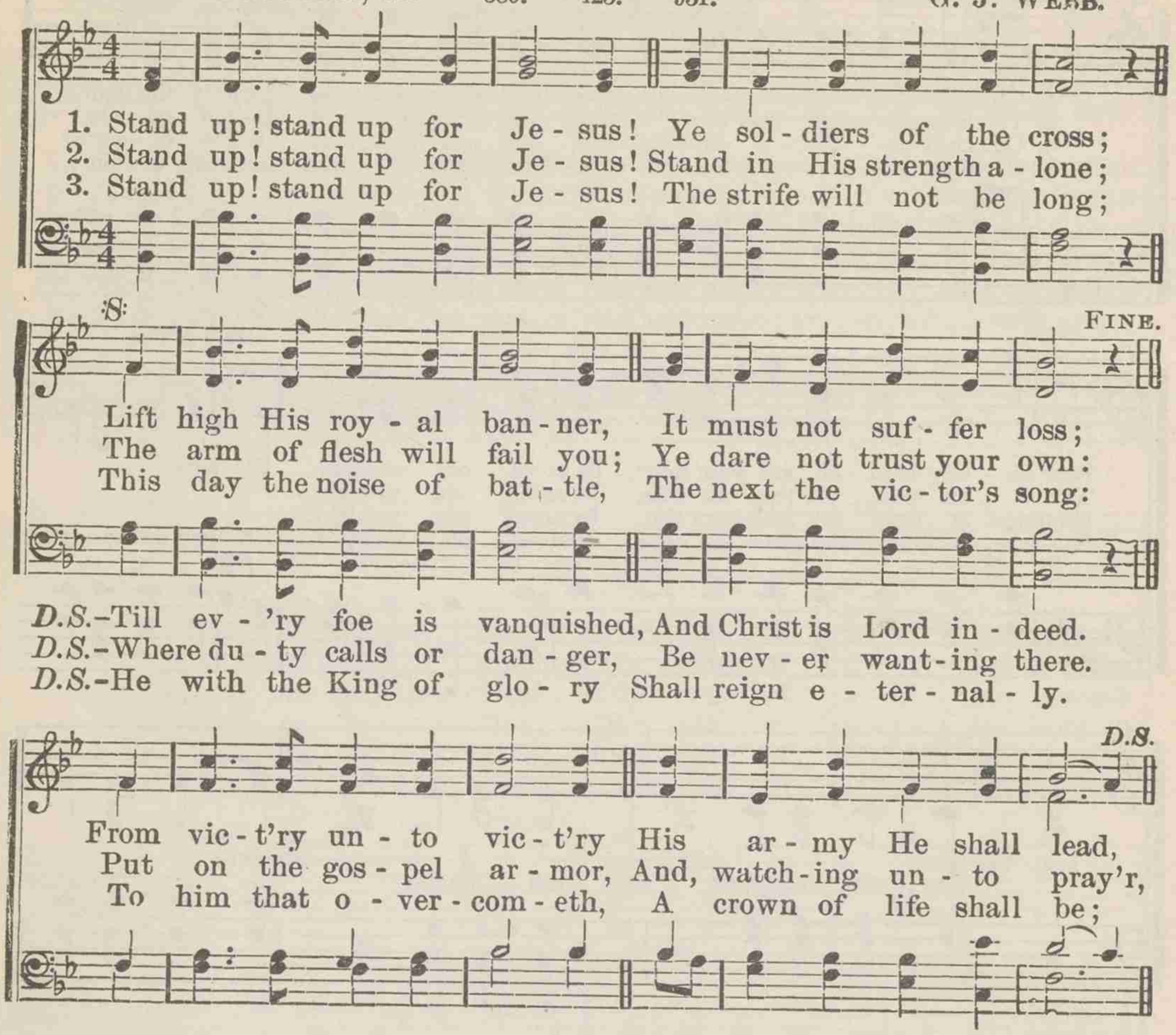
CHO.—Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus now;
He will save you, He will save you,
He will save you now.

3 O Jesus, blessed Jesus, dear,
I'm coming now to Thee,
Since Thou hast made the way so clear
And full salvation free.

CHO.—I will trust Him, I will trust Him,
I will trust Him now;
He will save me, He will save me,
He will save me now.
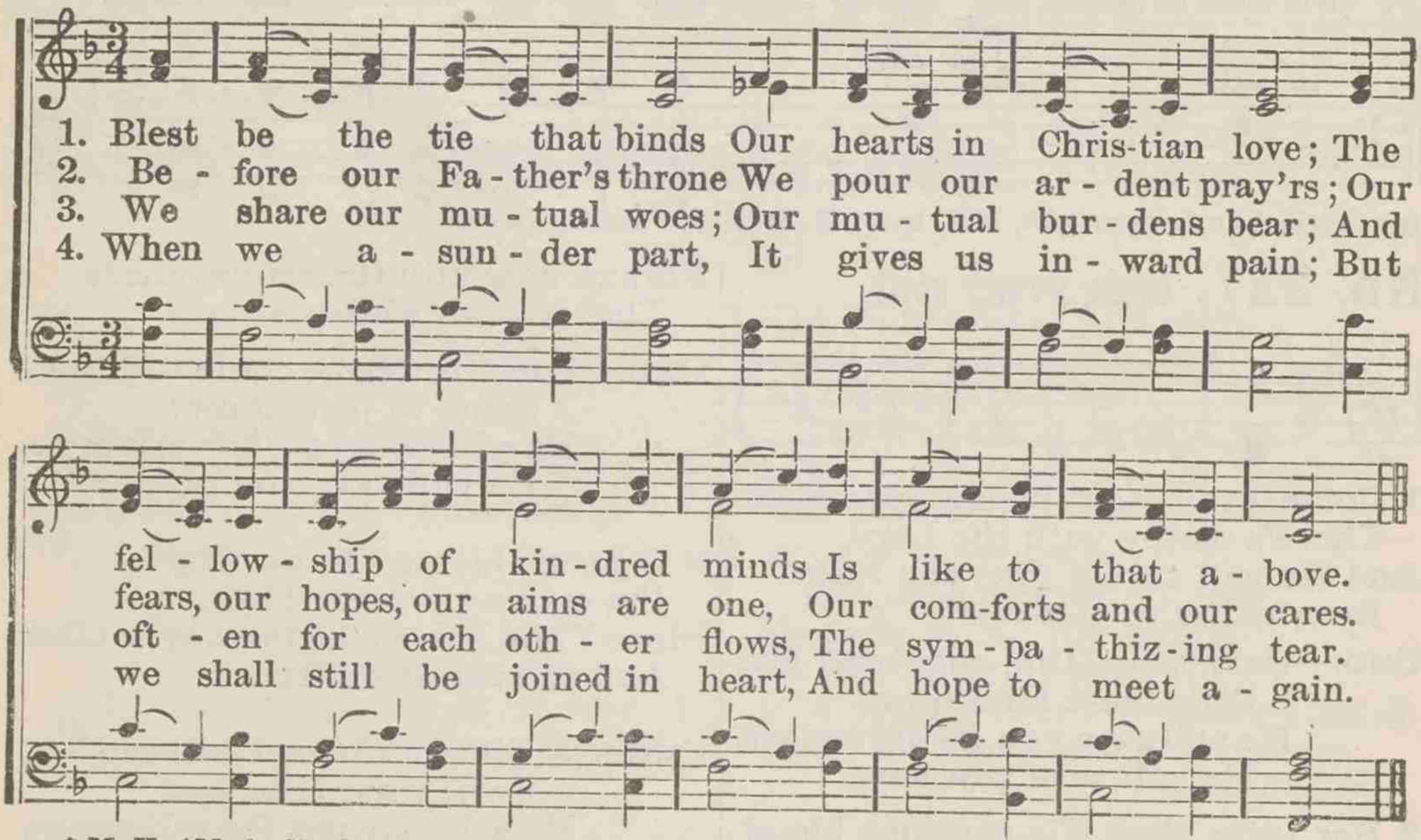
No. 228. STAND UP! STAND UP FOR JESUS!

GEORGE DUFFIELD, Jr. * M. H. 580. B. H. 425. P. H. 951. G. J. WEBB.



No. 229. BLEST BE THE TIE.

JOHN FAWCETT. * M. H. 751. B. H. 463. P. H. 597. GEO. NAEGELI.



* M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

No. 230. MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

RAY PALMER. | *M. H. 398. B. H. 384. P. H. 335. | Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart;
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
4. When ends life's tran - sient dream, When death's cold, sul - len stream

Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my
Be Thou my Guide; Bid dark-ness turn to day, Wipe sor - row's
Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - iour, then, in love, Fear and dis -

guilt a - way; O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.
love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be A liv - ing fire.
tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
tress re-move; O bear me safe a - bove, A ran - somed soul.

No. 231. ANGELS HOVERING 'ROUND.

Anon. | Unknown.

1. There are an - gels hov-'ring 'round, There are an - gels hov'ring 'round,
2. They will carry the ti - dings home; They will carry the ti-dings home;

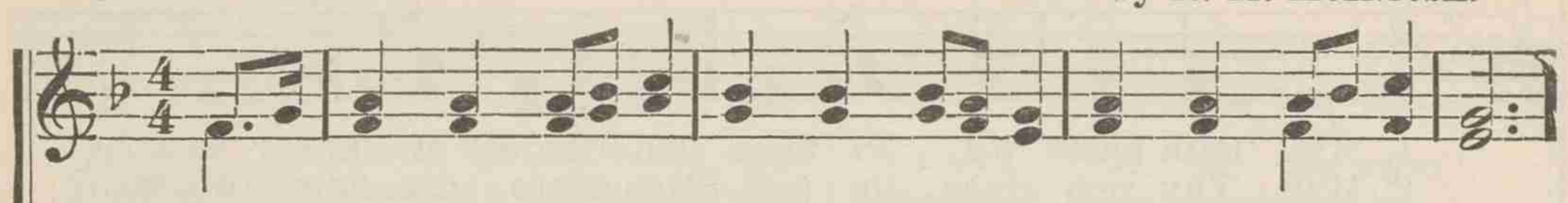
There are an - - gels, an - - gels hov - 'ring 'round.
They will car - - ry, car - - ry the ti - dings home.

3 To the new Jerusalem, etc.
4 Poor sinners are coming home, etc.
5 And Jesus bids them come, etc.
6 There's glory all around, etc.

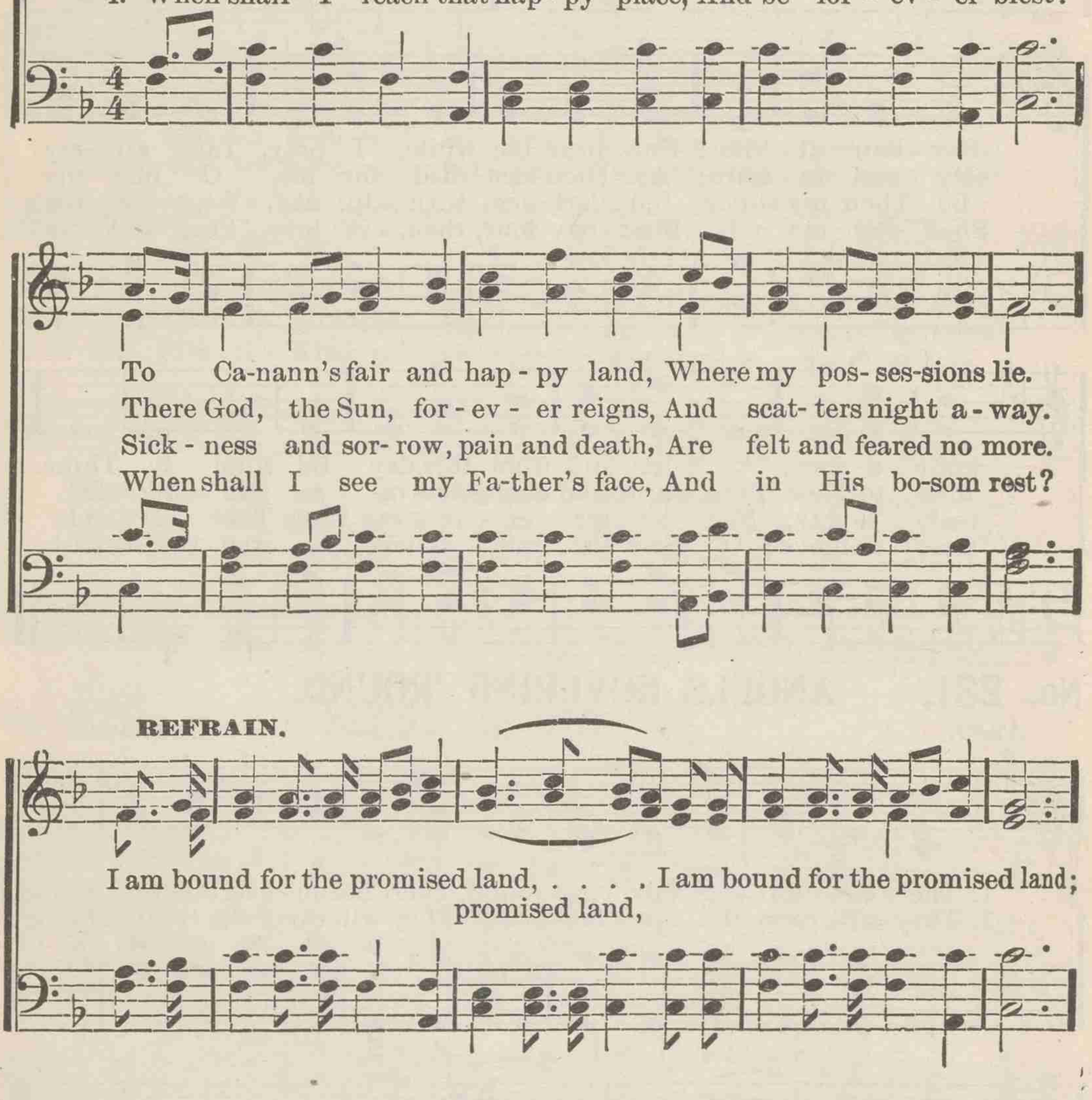
* M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

No. 232. THE PROMISED LAND.

SAMUEL STENNET. Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.

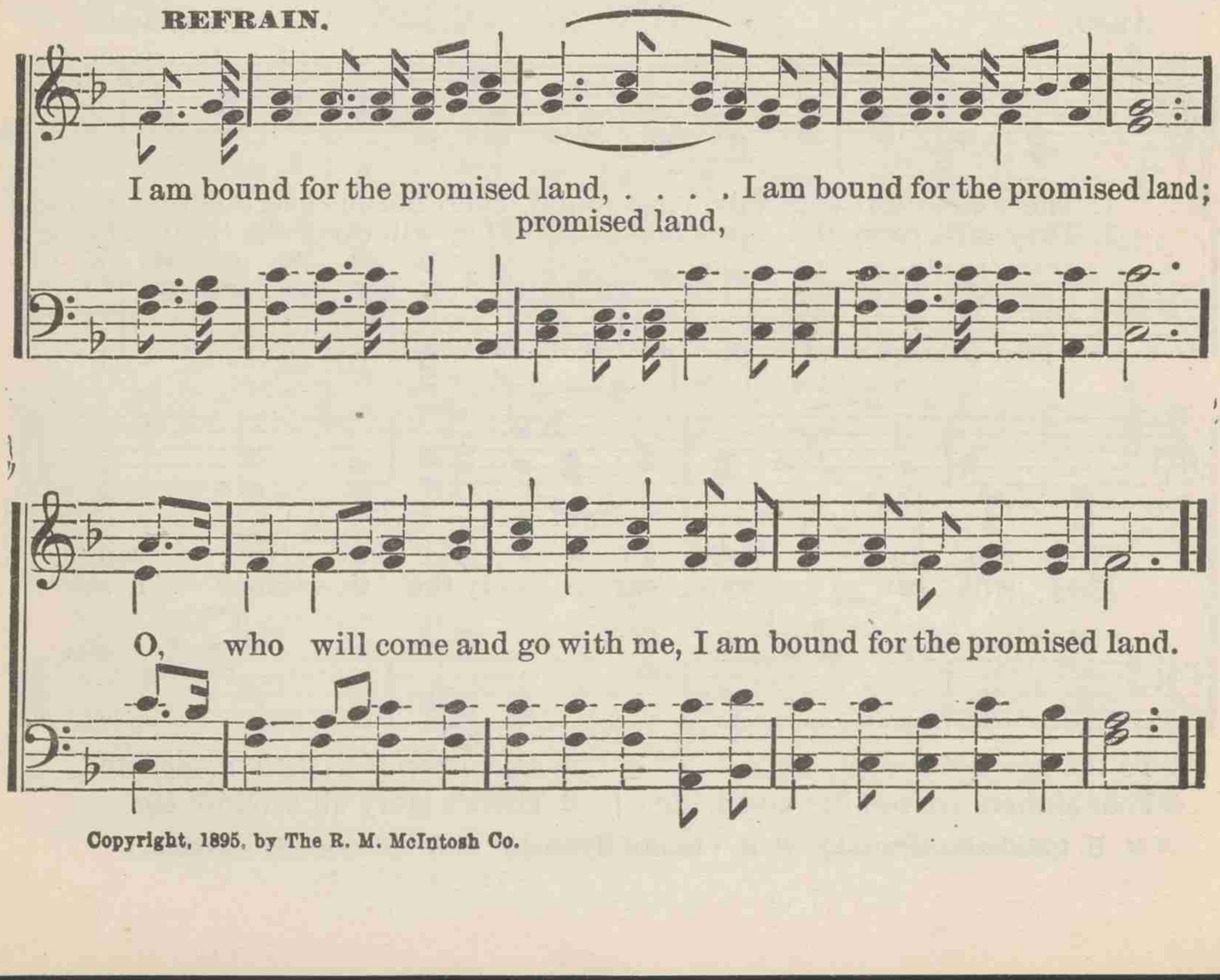


1. On Jor- dan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye
2. All o'er those wide-ex-tend - ed plains Shines one e - ter - nal day;
3. No chilling winds nor poisonous breath Can reach that healthful shore;
4. When shall I reach that hap - py place, And be for - ev - er blest?



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

REFRAIN.



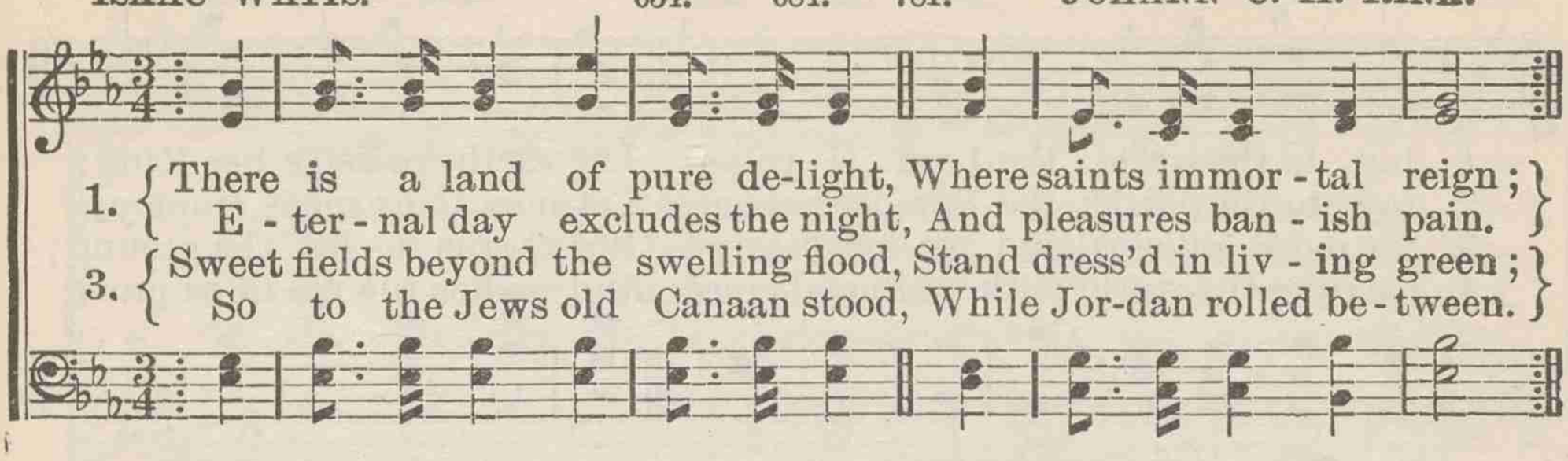
I am bound for the promised land, ... I am bound for the promised land;
promised land,

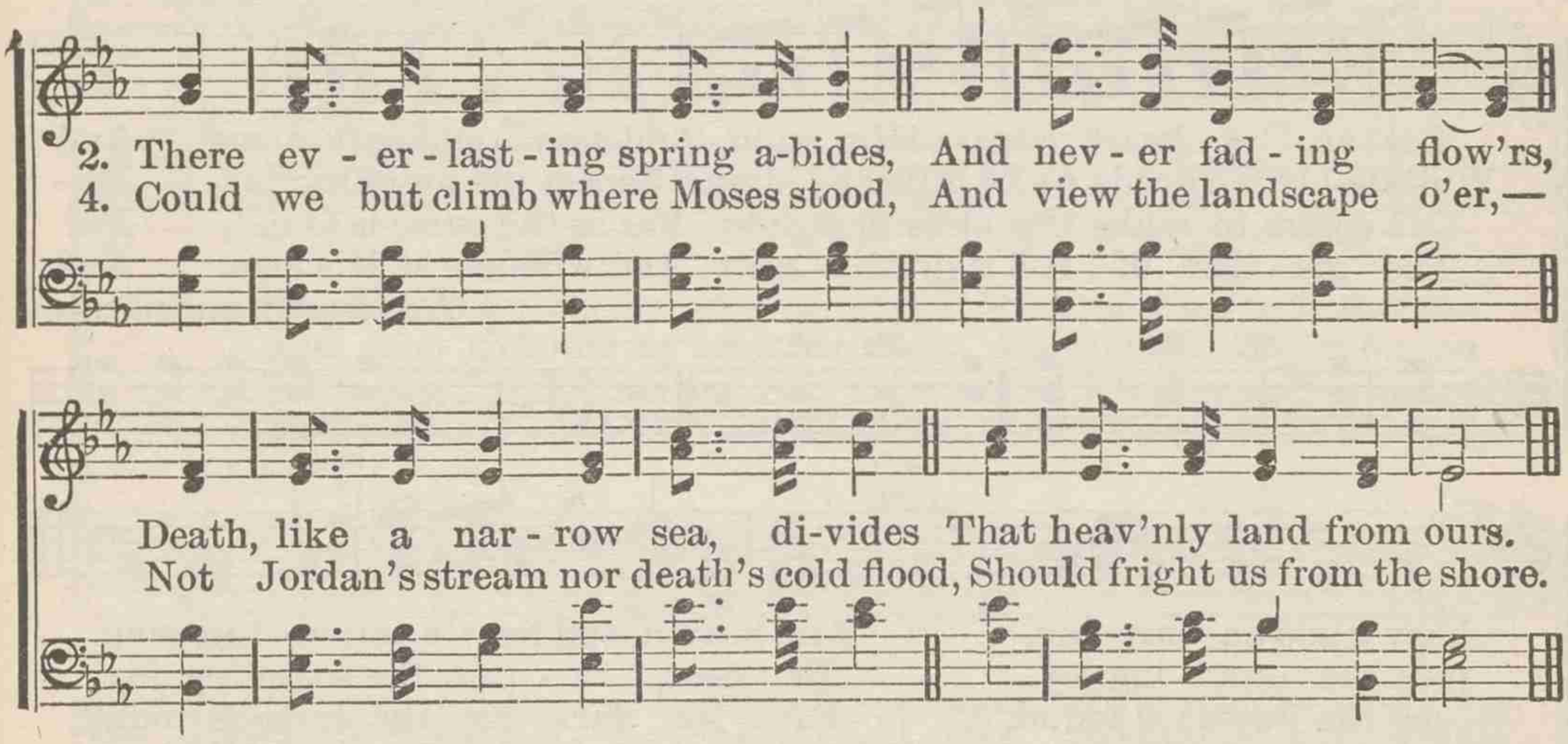
O, who will come and go with me, I am bound for the promised land.

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No. 233. THERE IS A LAND OF PURE DELIGHT.

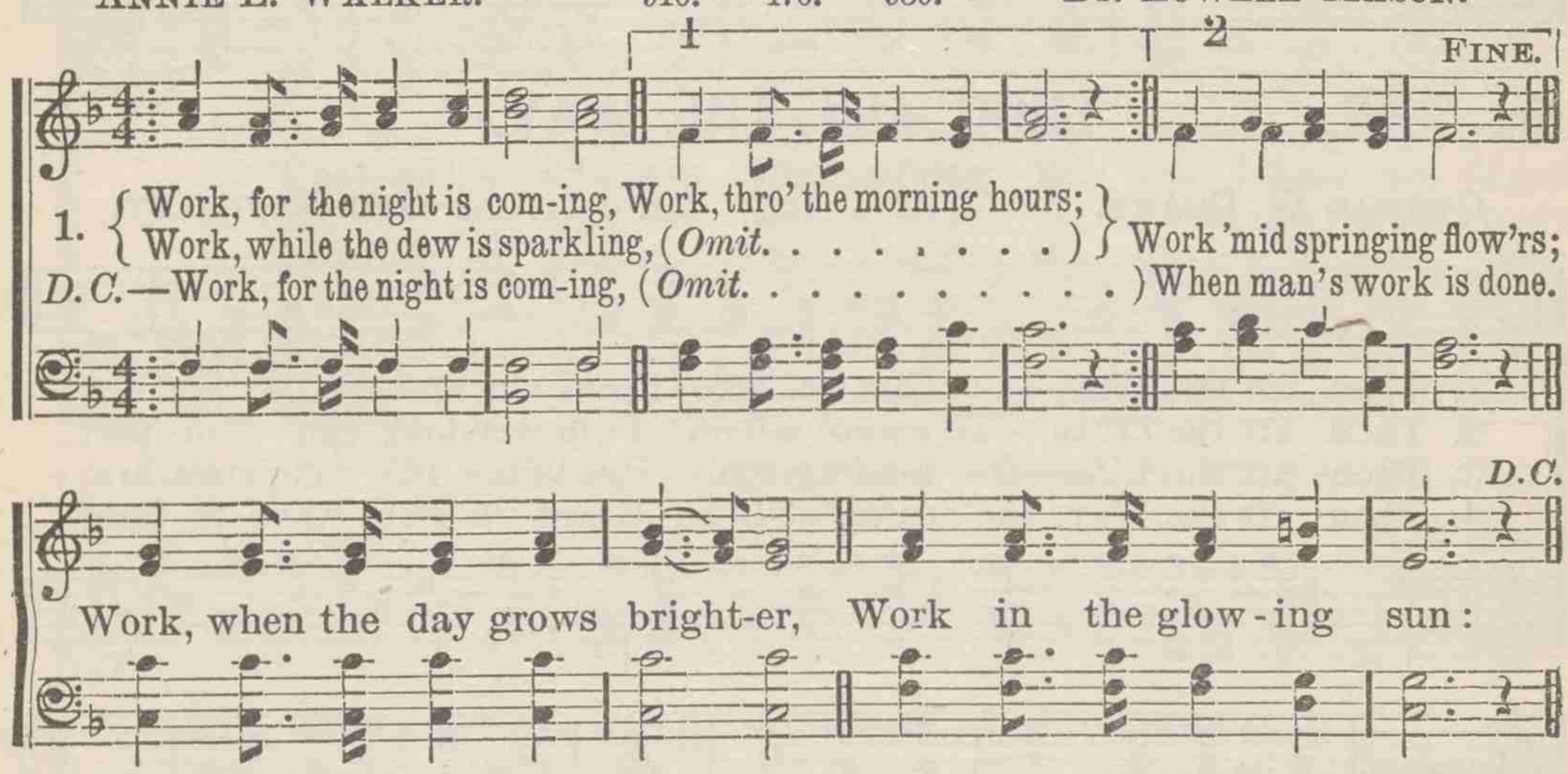
ISAAC WATTS. | *M. H. 654. B. H. 684. P. H. 781. | JOHANN C. H. RINK.





No. 234. WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

ANNIE L. WALKER. | *M. H. 910. B. H. 476. P. H. 950. | Dr. LOWELL MASON.



2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work in 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.

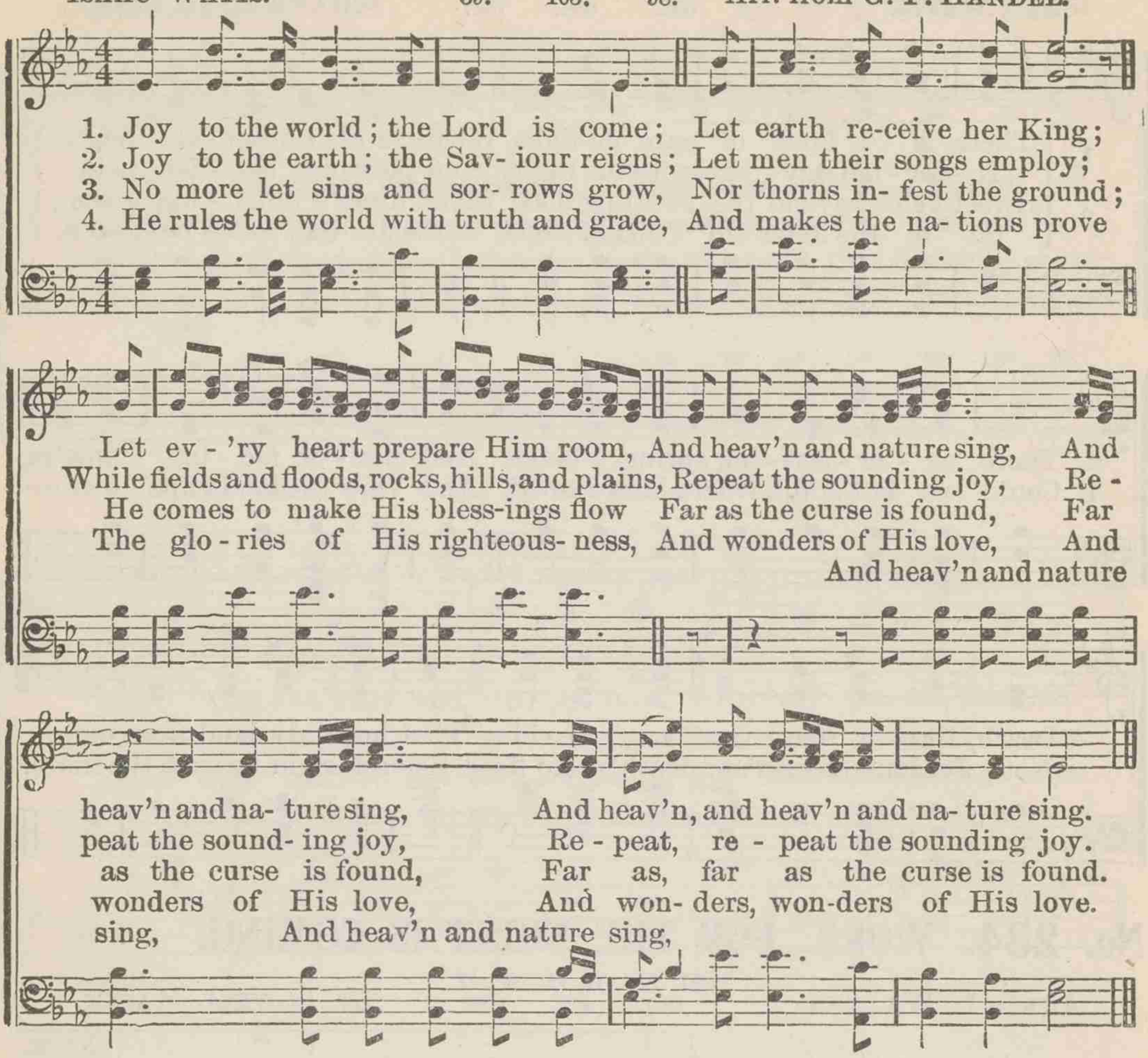
3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

*M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

No. 235. JOY TO THE WORLD.

ISAAC WATTS. *M. H. 59. B. H. 105. P. H. 98. Arr. from G. F. HANDEL.

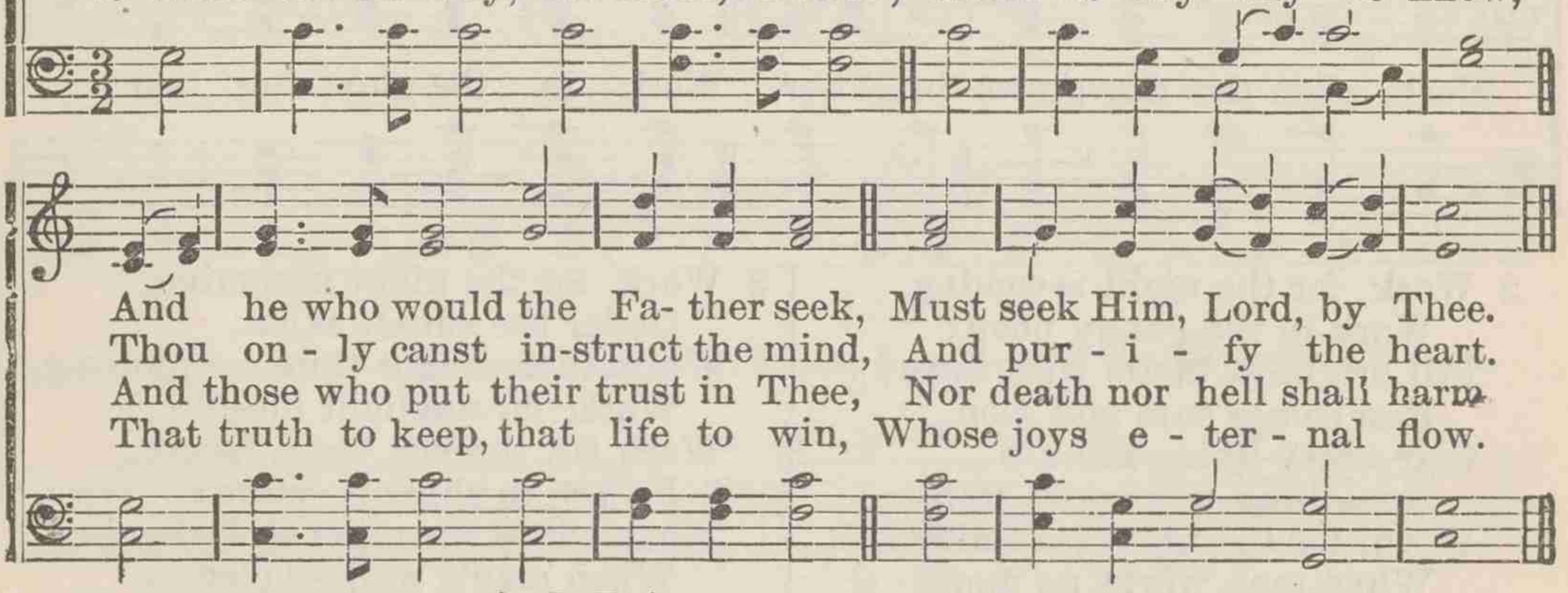
1. Joy to the world; the Lord is come; Let earth re-ceive her King;
2. Joy to the earth; the Sav- iour reigns; Let men their songs employ;
3. No more let sins and sor- rows grow, Nor thorns in- fest the ground;
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na- tions prove



No. 236. THOU ART THE WAY.

GEORGE W. DOANE. *M. H. 81. B. H. 115. P. H. 239. GEO. KINGSLEY.

1. Thou art the Way,—to Thee a- lone From sin and death we flee:
2. Thou art the Truth,—Thy word a-lone True wis-dom can im- part;
3. Thou art the Life,—the rending tomb Proclaims Thy conq'ring arm;
4. Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life; Grant us Thy way to know,



*M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

No. 237. MUST JESUS BEAR THE CROSS ALONE?

THOS. SHEPHERD. * M. H. 542. B. H. 449. P. H. 223. GEO. N. ALLEN.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. The con - se-cra - ted cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;
3. Up - on the crys-tal pavement, down At Je - sus' pierc-ed feet,
4. O precious cross! O glorious crown! O res - ur- rec - tion day!

No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
With joy I'll cast my gold-en crown, And His dear name re - peat.
Ye an - gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way.

No. 238. FATHER, I STRETCH MY HANDS TO THEE.

CHARLES WESLEY. * M. H. 345. B. H. 219. Unknown.

1. Fa - ther, I stretch my hands to Thee, No oth - er help I know;
2. What did Thine on - ly Son en-dure, Be - fore I drew my breath;
3. O Je - sus, could I this be - lieve, I now should feel Thy pow'r;
4. Au - thor of faith, to Thee I lift My wea - ry, long - ing eyes;

CHO.—I do be - lieve, I now be - lieve That Je - sus died for me;

D.C. Chorus.

If Thou with-draw Thy-self from me, Ah! whither shall I go?
What pain, what la-bor to se - cure My soul from end-less death!
And all my wants Thou would'st re-lieve, In this ac - cept-ed hour.
Oh, let me now re - ceive that gift; My soul without it dies.

And thro' His blood, His precious blood I shall from sin be free!
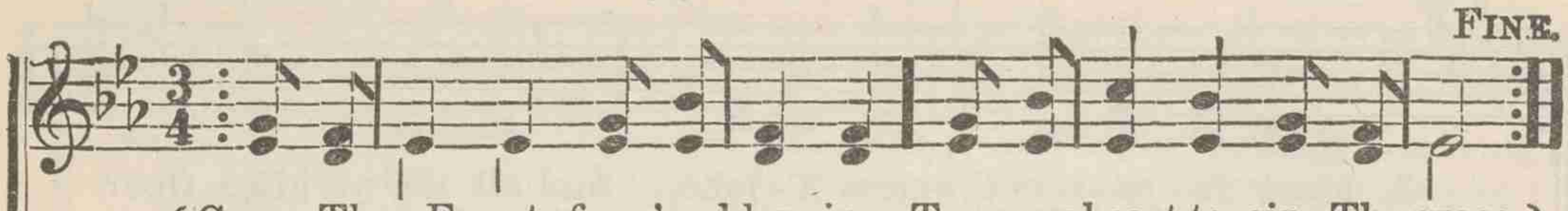
* M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

No. 239. COME, THOU FOUNT.
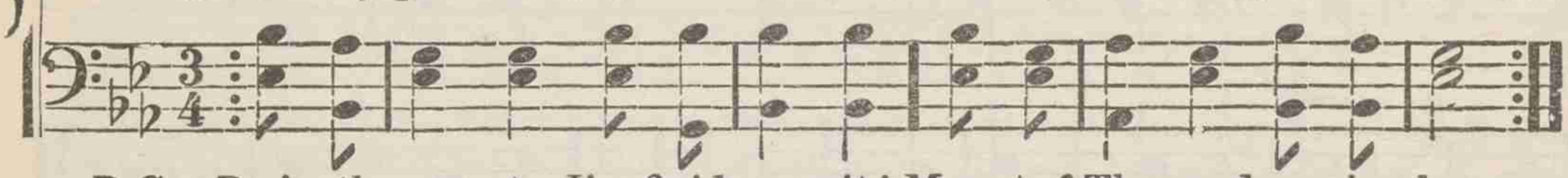
*M. H. 525. B. H. 177. P. H. 94.

GEO. ROBINSON. Unknown.

FINE.
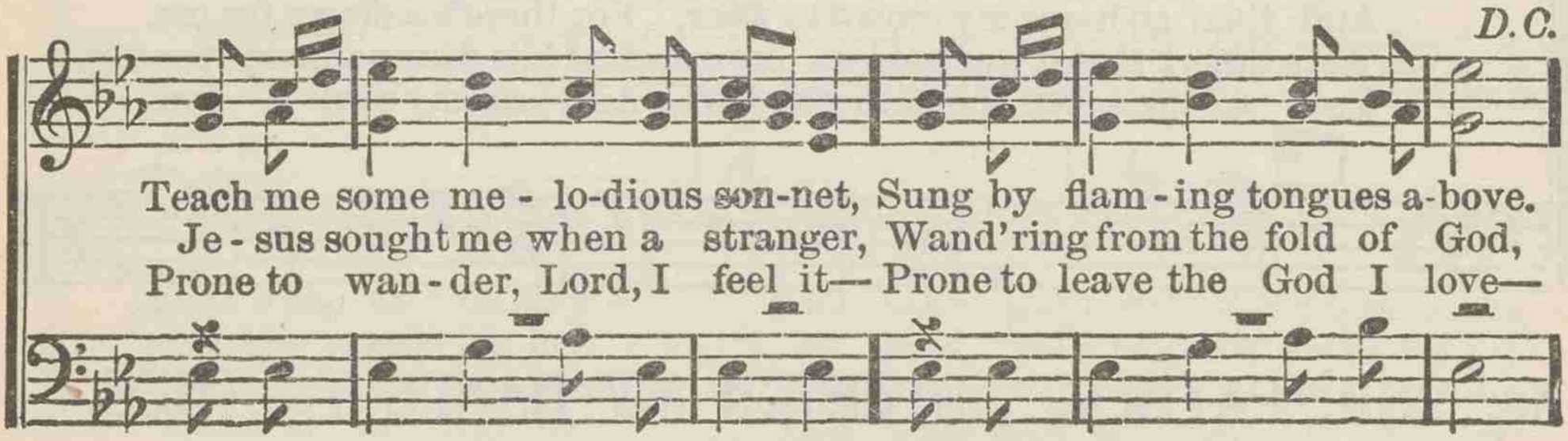


1. Come, Thou Fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace
   Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loudest praise;
2. Here I'll raise my Eb-e-ne-zer, Hith-er by Thy help I'm come;
   And I hope, by Thy good pleasure, Safe-ly to ar-rive at home.
3. Oh, to grace, how great a debt-or, Dai-ly I'm constrained to be!
   Let Thy good-ness, like a fet-ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee;



D. C.—Praise the mount—I'm fix'd upon it! Mount of Thy re-deem-ing love.
D. C.—He to res-cue me from dan-ger, In-terposed His precious blood.
D. C.—Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts a-bove.
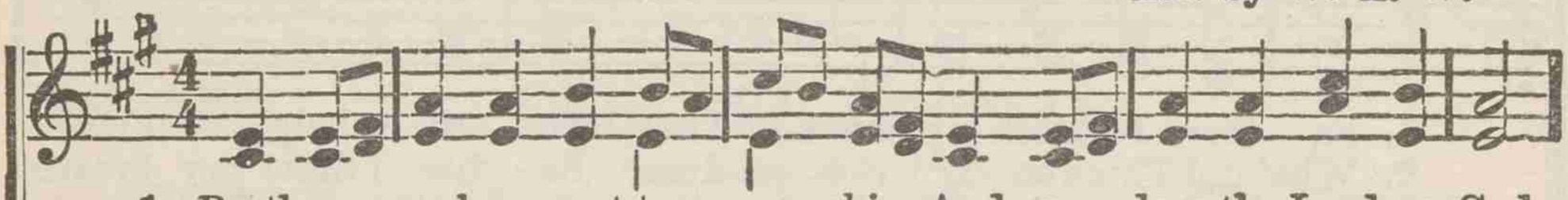
D. C.
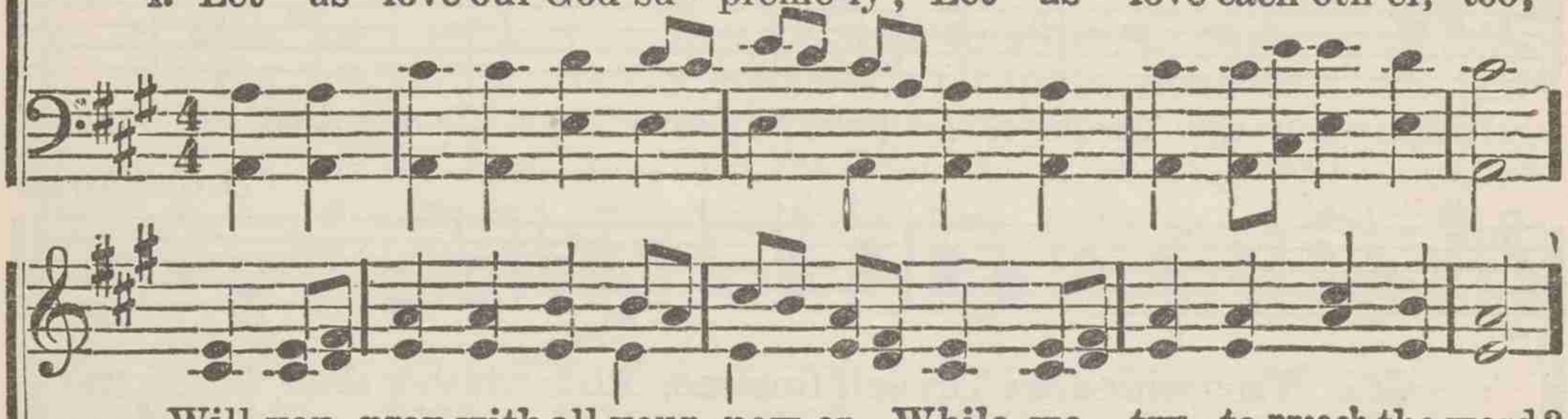


Teach me some me-lo-dious son-net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove.
Je-sus sought me when a stranger, Wand'ring from the fold of God,
Prone to wan-der, Lord, I feel it—Prone to leave the God I love—

No. 240. LORD, REVIVE US.
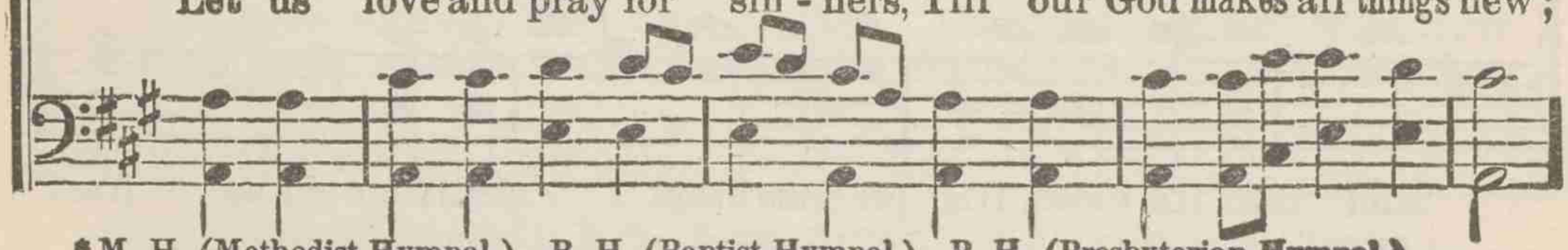
Arr. by W. A. W.



1. Brethren, we have met to wor-ship, And a-dore the Lord our God;
2. Brethren, see poor sin-ners round you, Slumb'ring on the brink of woe!
3. Brethren, here are poor back-slid-ers, Who were once near heaven's door;
4. Let us love our God su-preme-ly; Let us love each oth-er, too;

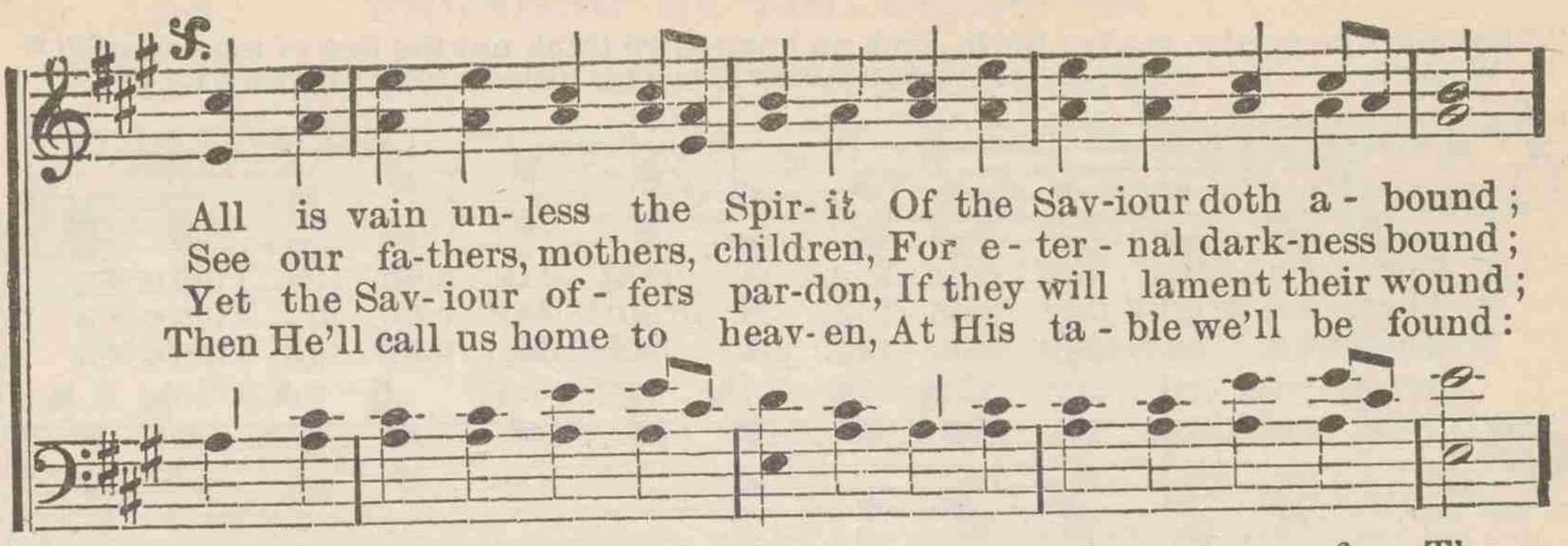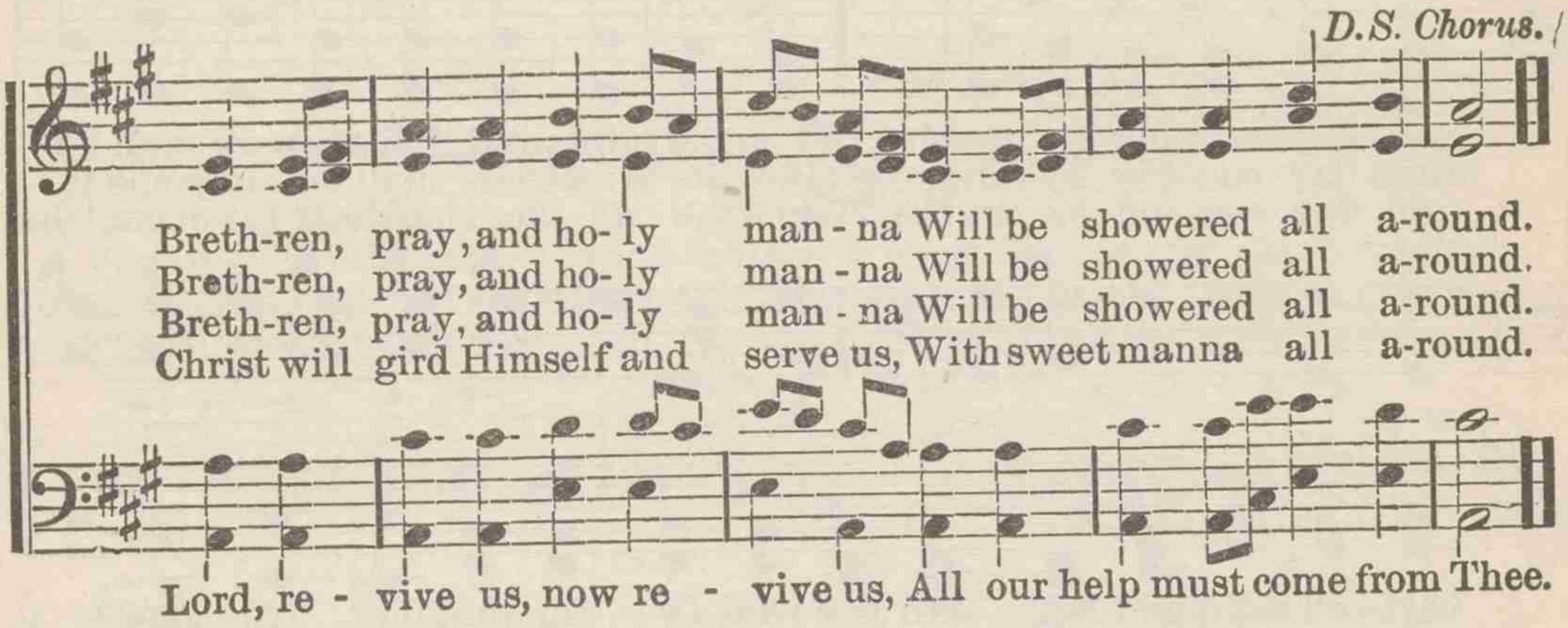


Will you pray with all your pow-er, While we try to preach the word?
Death is com-ing, hell is mov-ing, Can you bear to let them go?
But they have betrayed their Sav-iour, And are worse than e'er be-fore;
Let us love and pray for sin-ners, Till our God makes all things new;



*M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

LORD, REVIVE US.

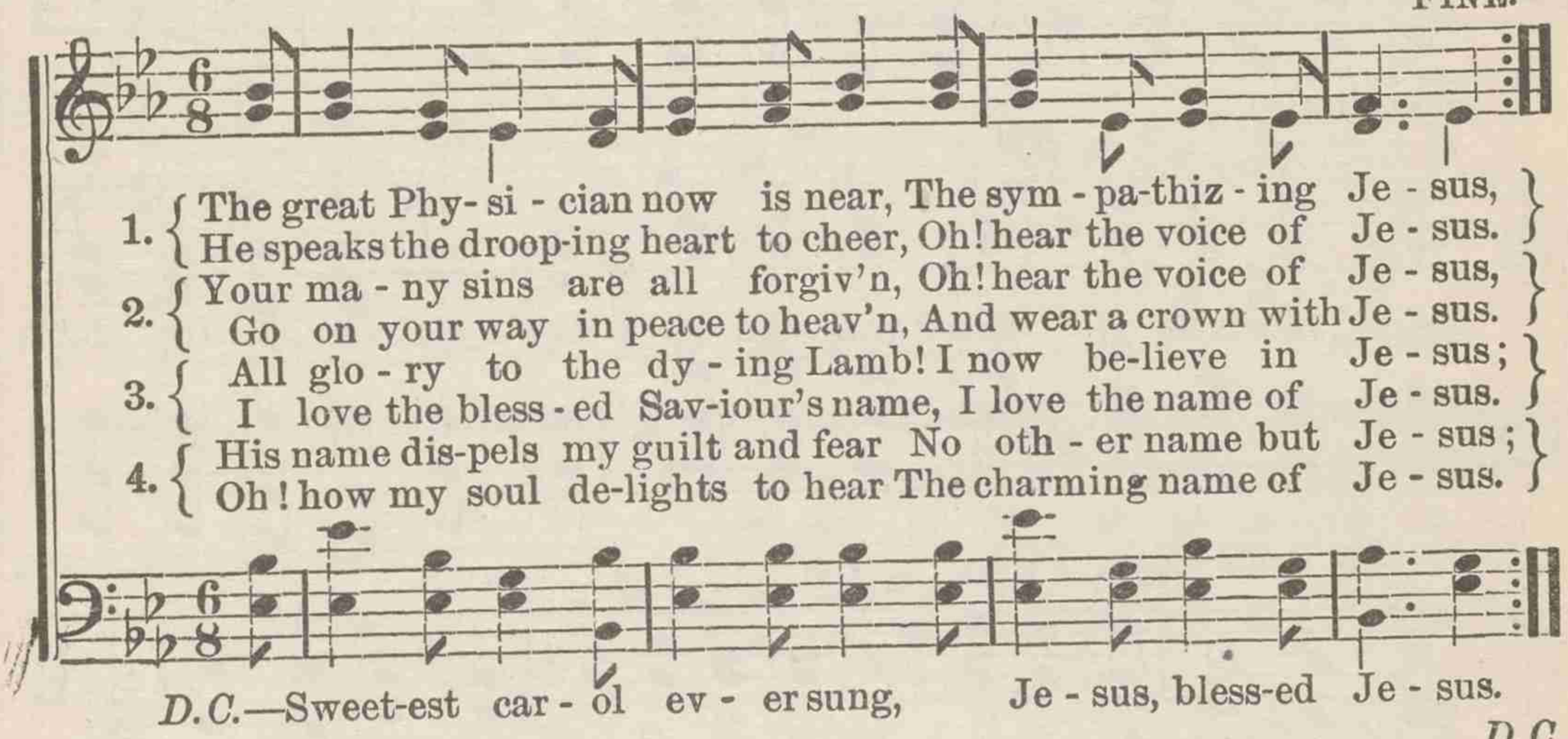




No. 241. THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.
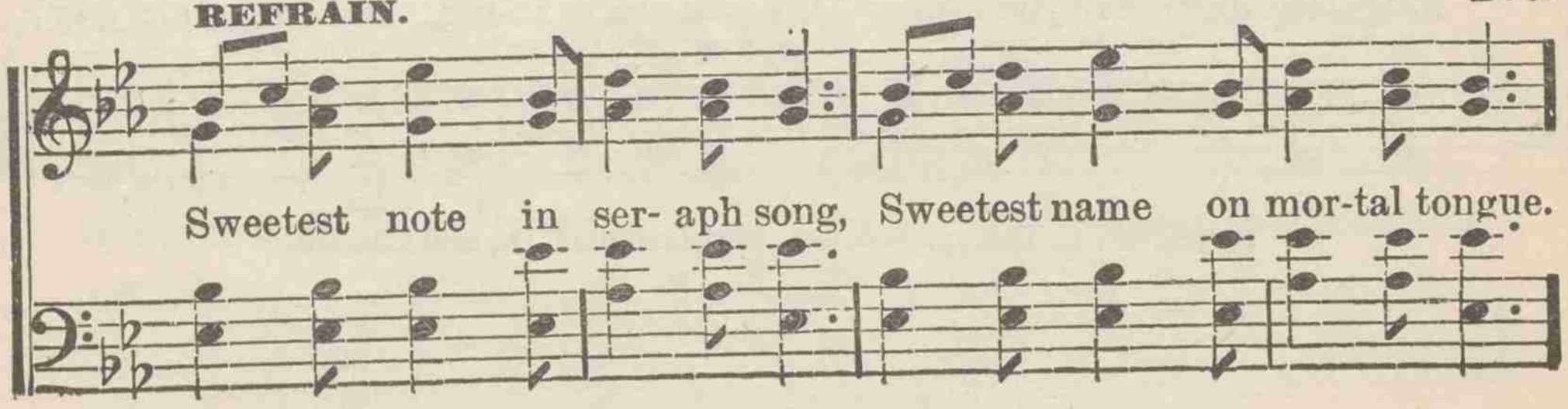
WM. HUNTER. Arr. by J. H. STOCKTON.

FINE.



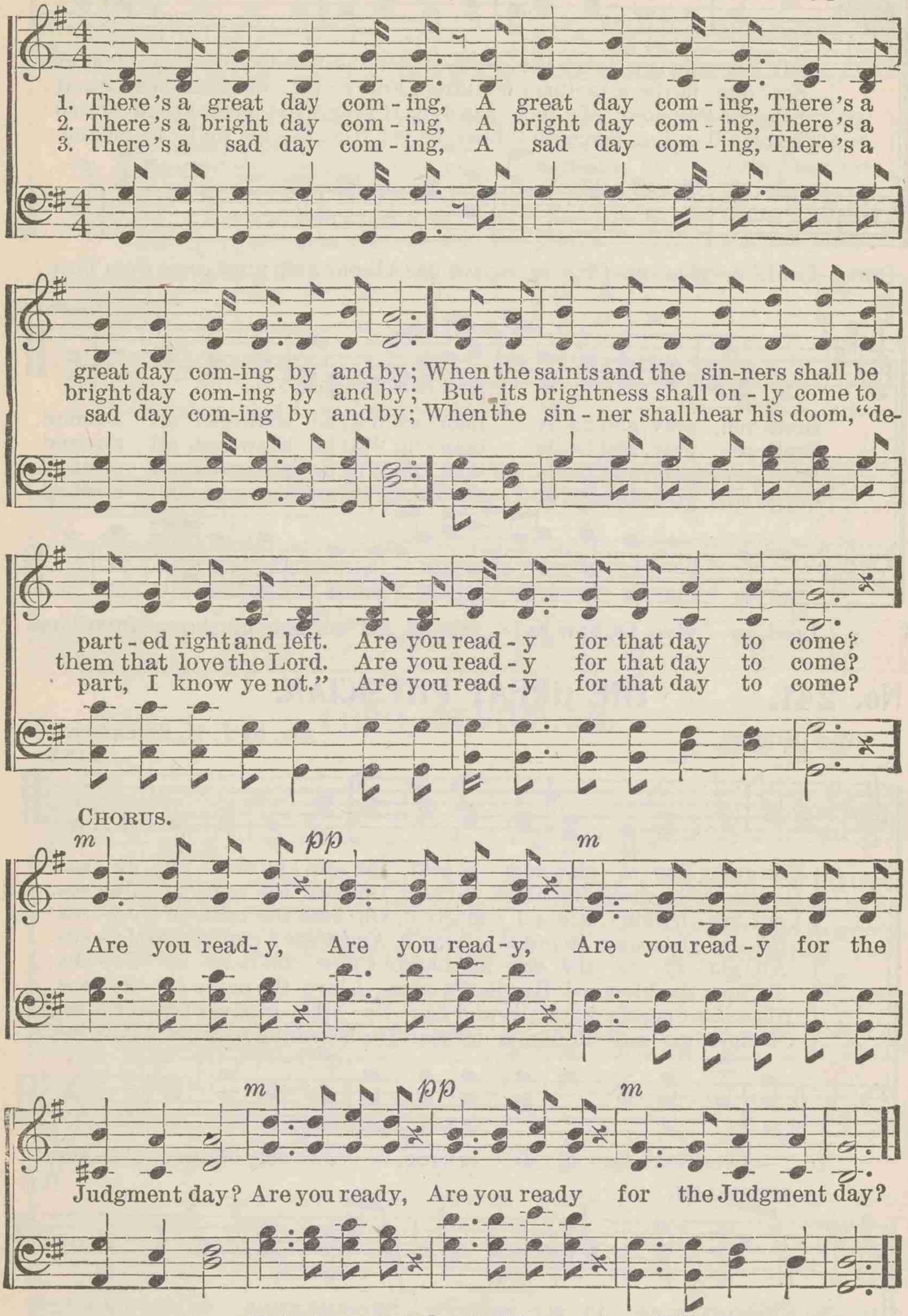
D.C.

REFRAIN.



No. 242. THERE'S A GREAT DAY COMING.

"Therefore, be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh."
W. J. T. Matthew xxiv: 14. W. L. THOMPSON. By per.



By per. W. L. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, O., and Chicago.

No. 243. BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

"The harvest is the end of the world."—MATT. 13: 39.

Words from "Songs of Glory." GEO. A. MINOR.

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

Sow-ing in the noon-tide and the dew- y eves; Wait-ing for the har- vest,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze; By and by the har- vest,
Tho' the loss sustain'd our spir - it often grieves; When our weeping's over,

and the time of reap - ing, We shall come re - joic - ing,
and the la - bor end - ed, We shall come re - joic - ing,
He will bid us wel - come, We shall come re - joic - ing,

CHORUS.

bring-ing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves,
Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves,
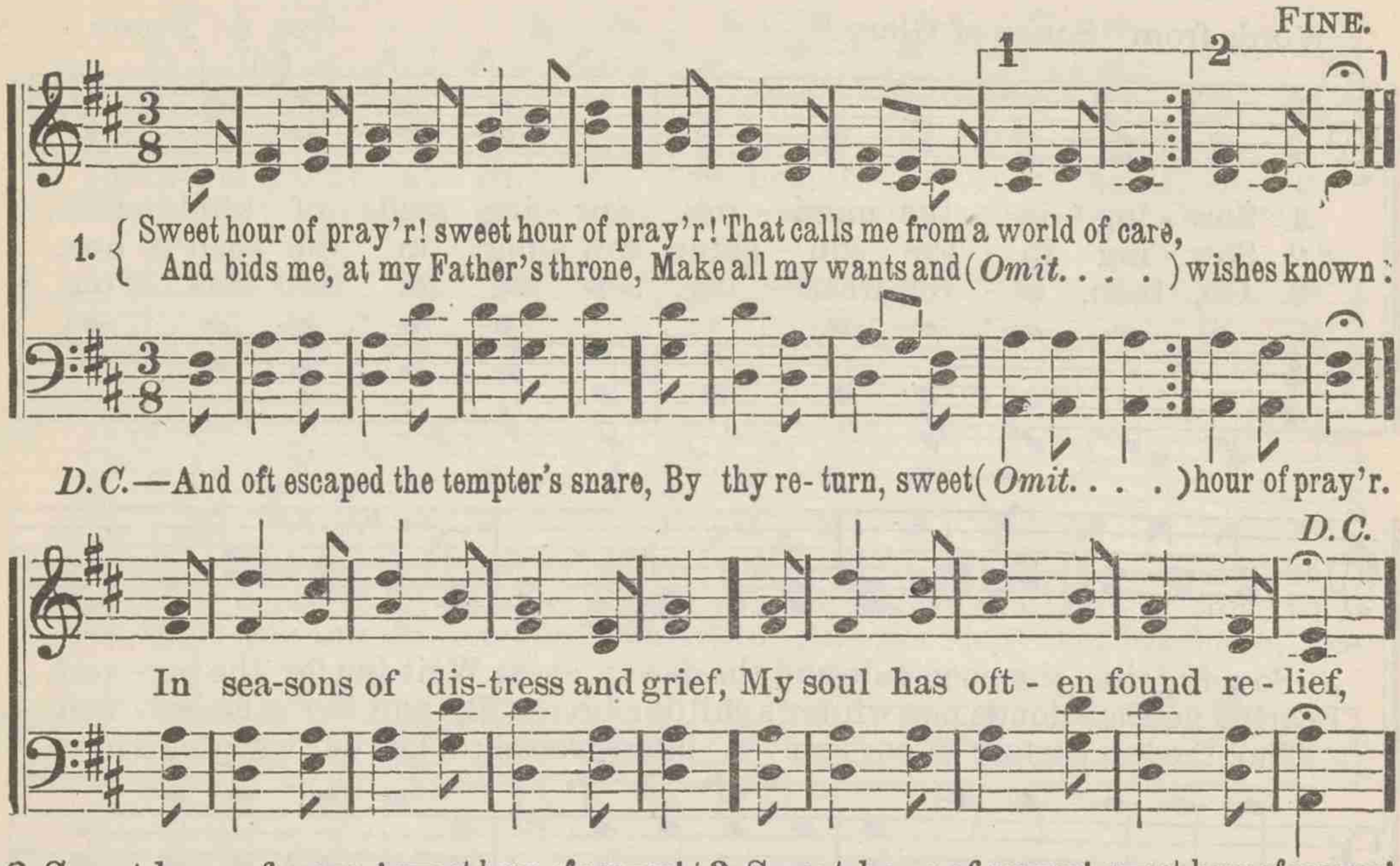
1 2

We shall come rejoic- ing, bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come rejoic - (*Omit.* . . . . .) ing, bringing in the sheaves.

From "Gospel Echoes," by per,

No. 244. SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER!

W. W. WALFORD. * M. H. 789. B. H. 405. P. H. 49. W. B. BRADBURY.

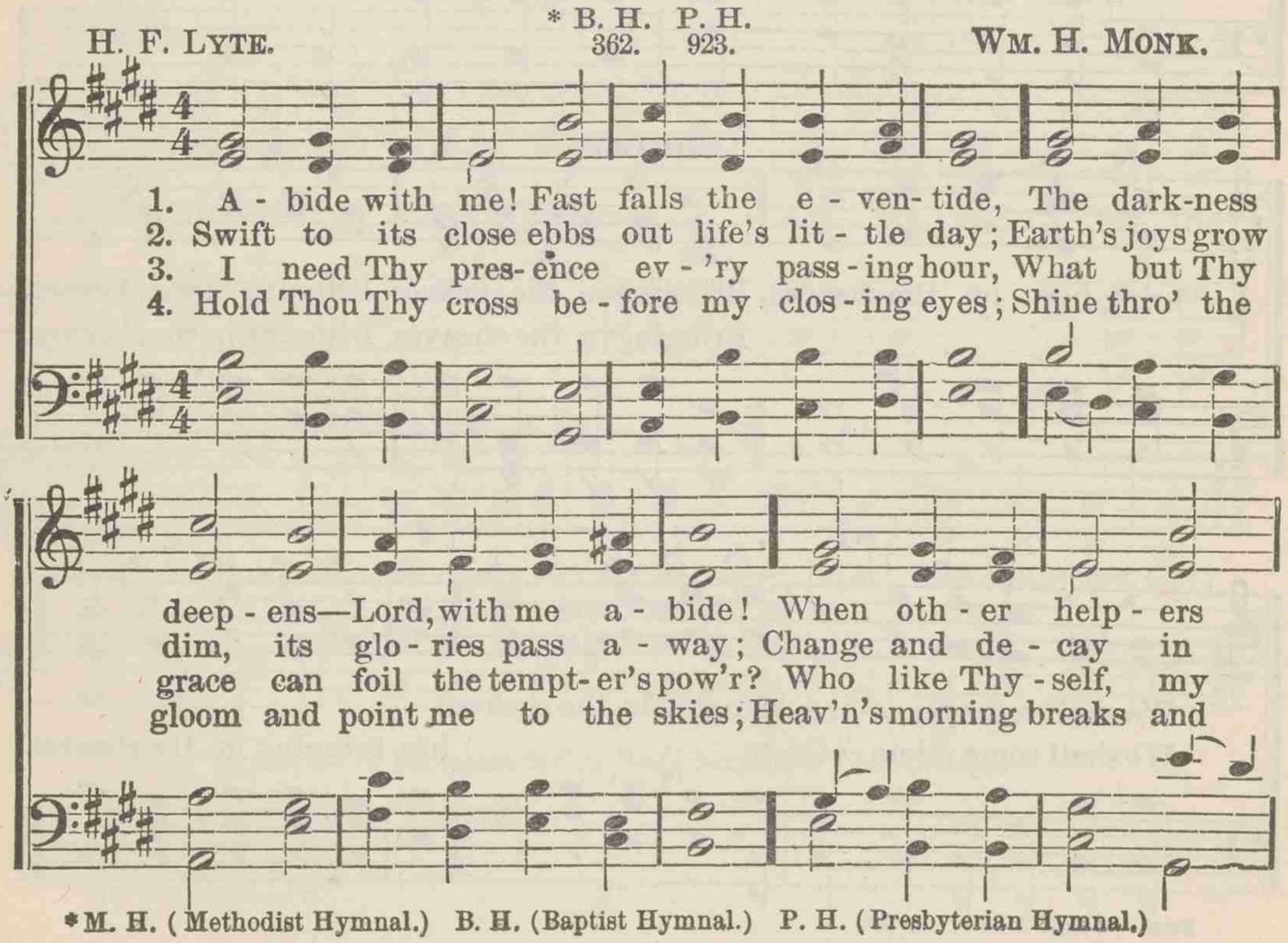


2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting souls to bless;
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for Thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share;
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing thro' the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

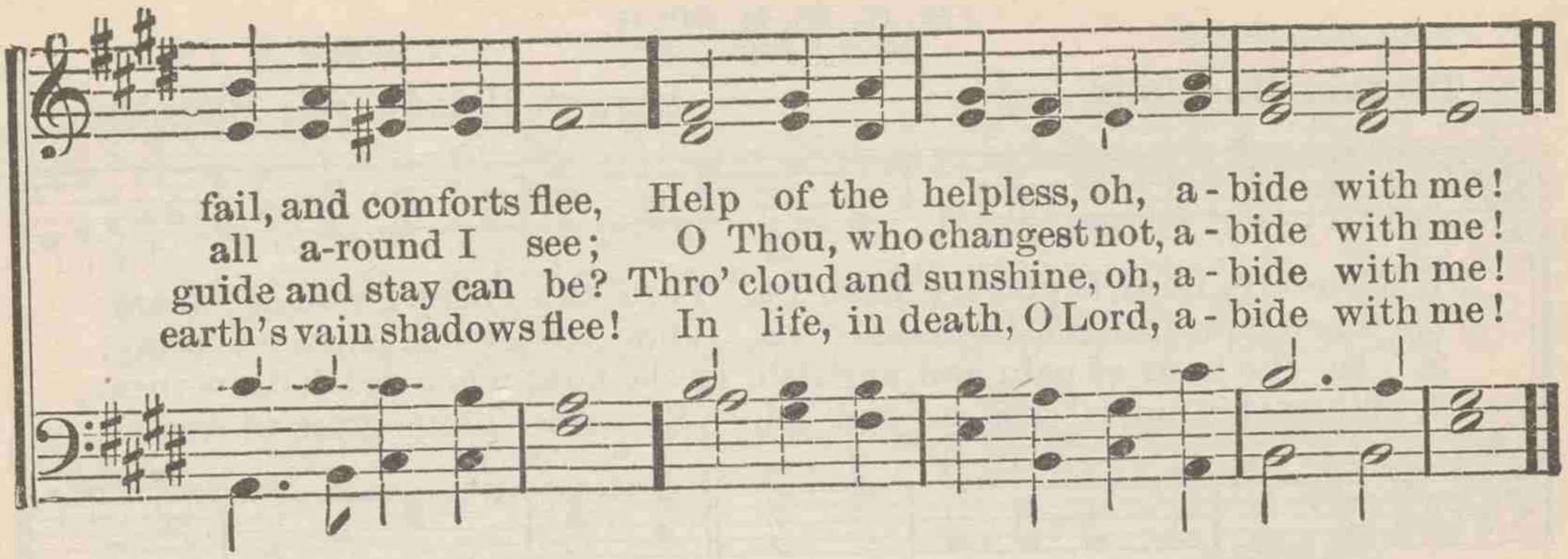
No. 245. ABIDE WITH ME.

H. F. LYTE. * B. H. 362. P. H. 923. WM. H. MONK.

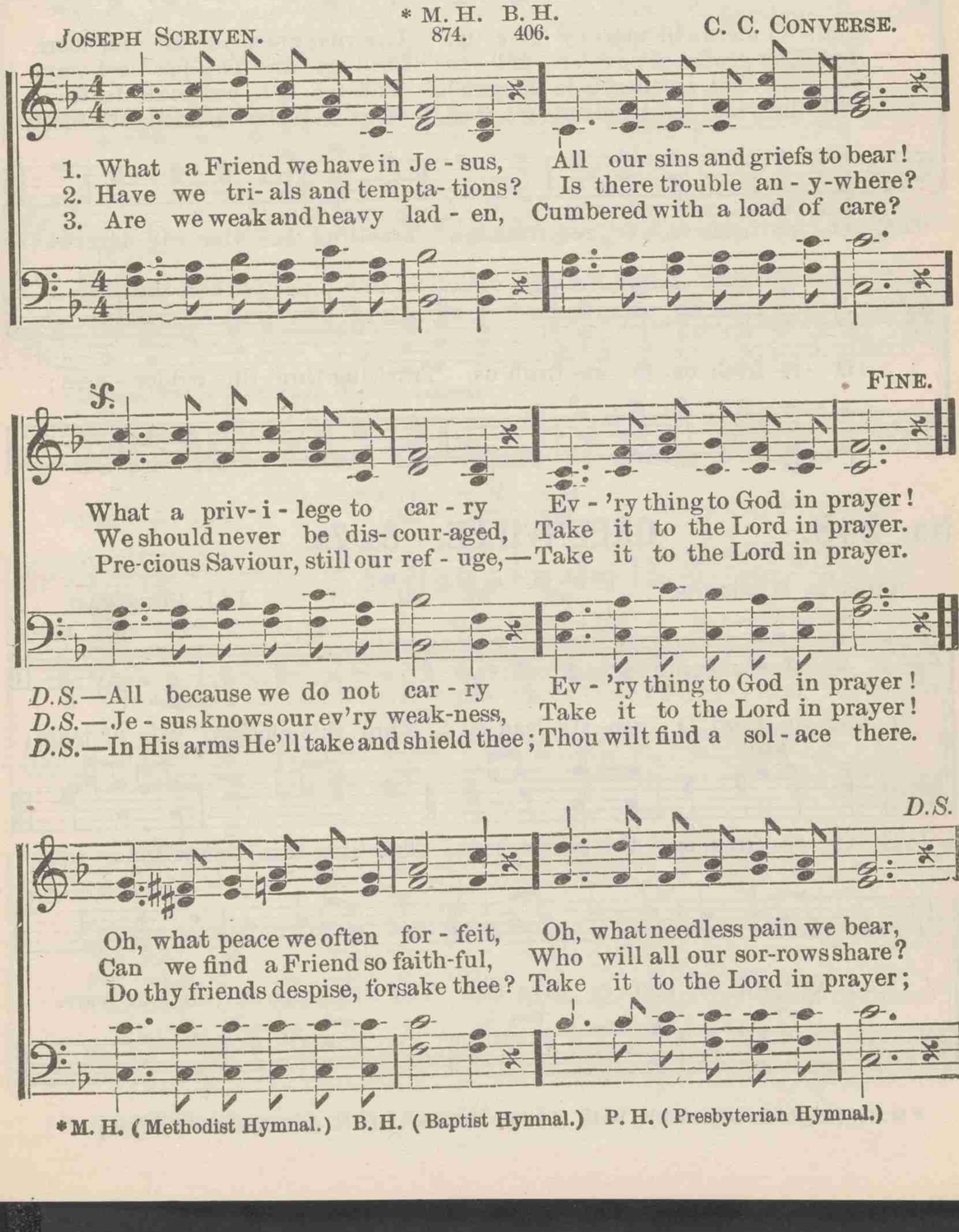


*M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

ABIDE WITH ME.—Concluded.



No. 246. WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS.

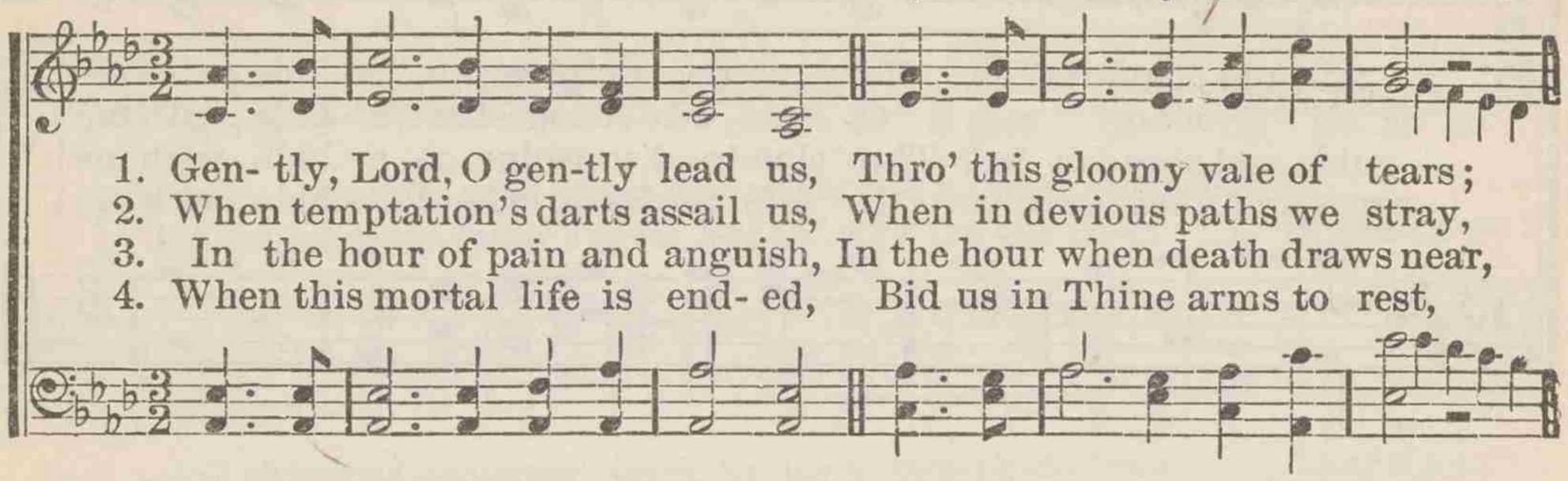


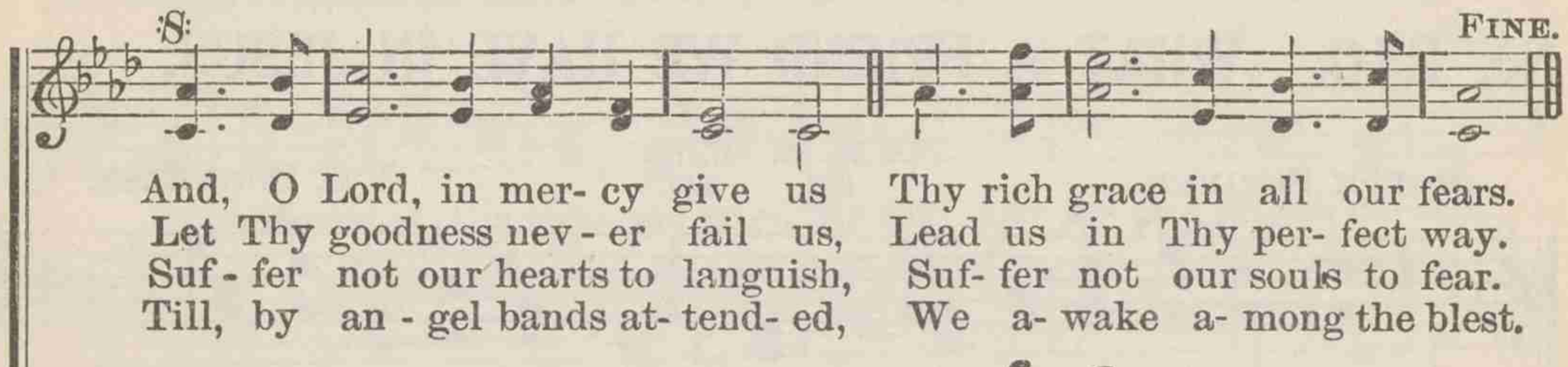
*M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)
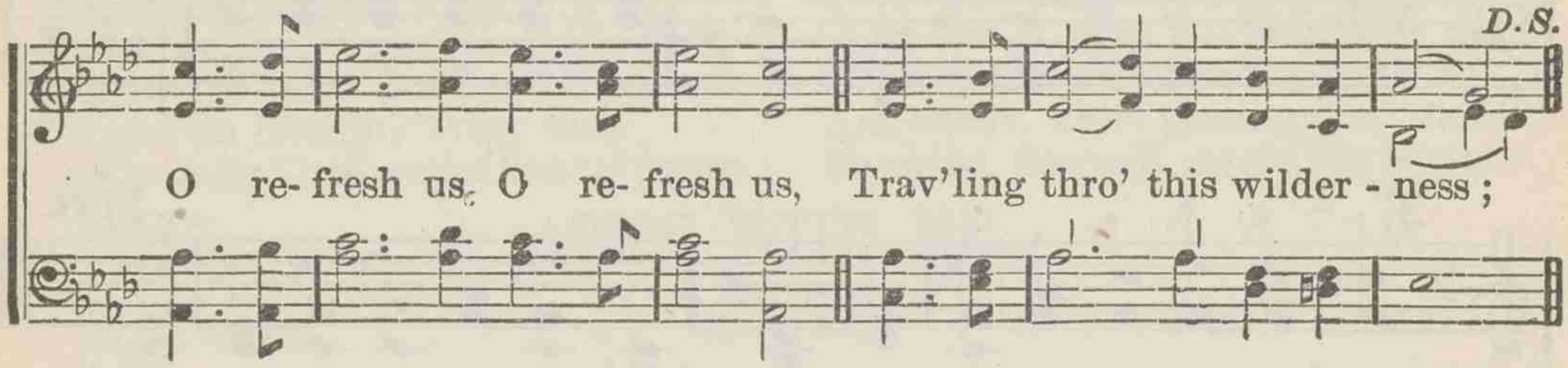
No. 247. GENTLY, LORD, O GENTLY LEAD US.

*M. H. 463. B. H. 363. P. H. 315.

THOMAS HASTINGS. Spanish Melody from Marecho.
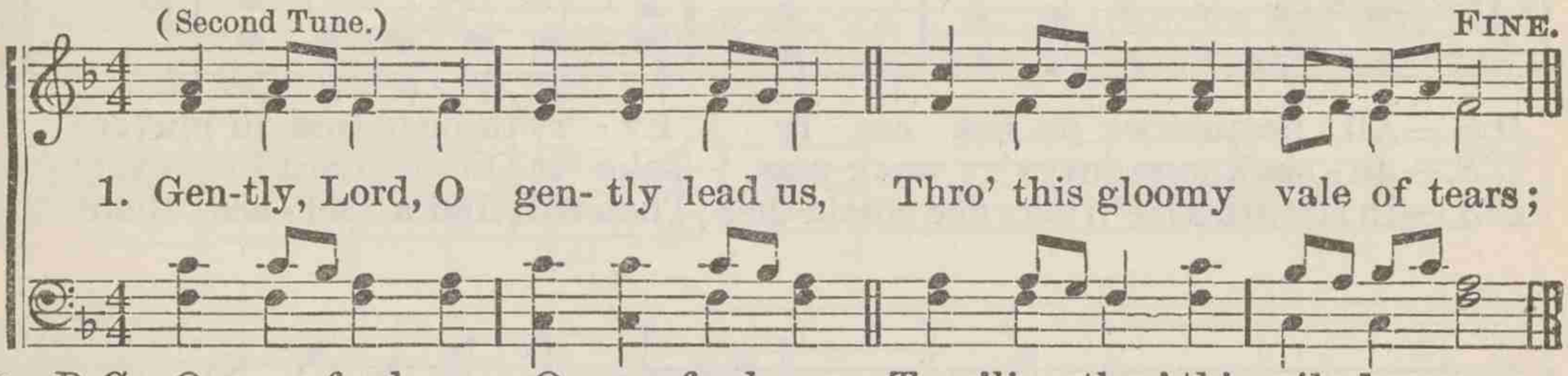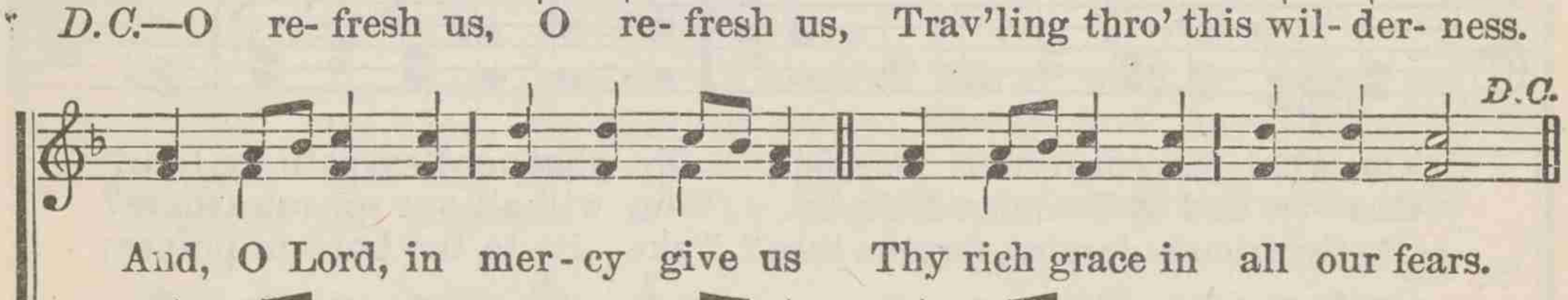






No. 248. GREENVILLE. 8s. 7s.

THOMAS HASTINGS. (Second Tune.)

*M. H. 463. B. H. 20. P. H. 84.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.





*M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

No. 249. PASS ME NOT.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

Copyright, 1870, by W. H. Doane, used by permission.

No. 250. How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds.

JOHN NEWTON. * M. H. 153. B. H. 170. P. H. 229. SAMUEL STANLEY.

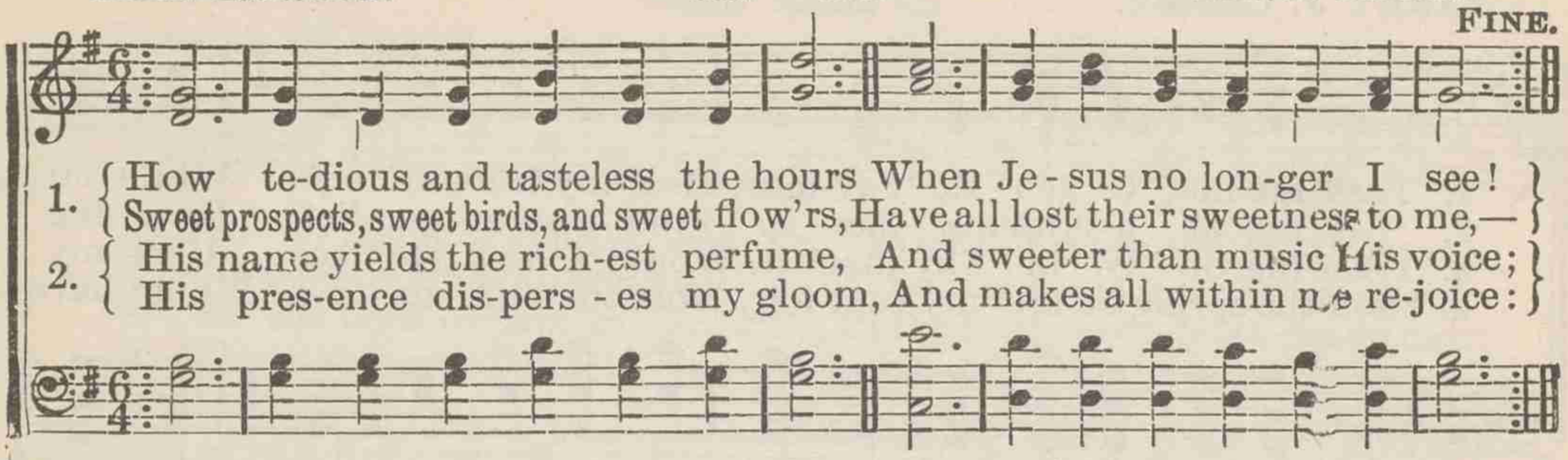
1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear!
2. It makes the wounded spir - it whole, And calms the troub-led breast;
3. Weak is the ef - fort of my heart, And cold my warm-est tho't;
4. Till then, I would Thy love pro - claim With ev - 'ry fleet - ing breath;

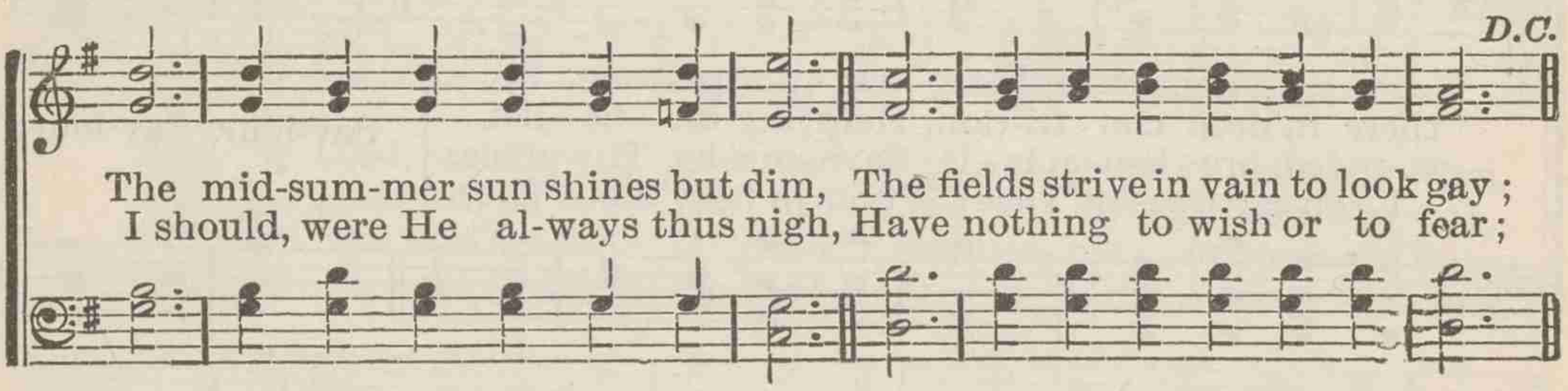
It soothes his sor-rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.
'Tis man - na to the hun - gry soul, And to the wea - ry rest.
But when I see Thee as Thou art, I'll praise Thee as I ought.
And may the mu - sic of Thy name Re - fresh my soul in death.

*M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

No. 251. HOW TEDIOUS AND TASTELESS THE HOURS.

JOHN NEWTON. | *M. H. 505. B. H. 390. | LEWIS EDSON.
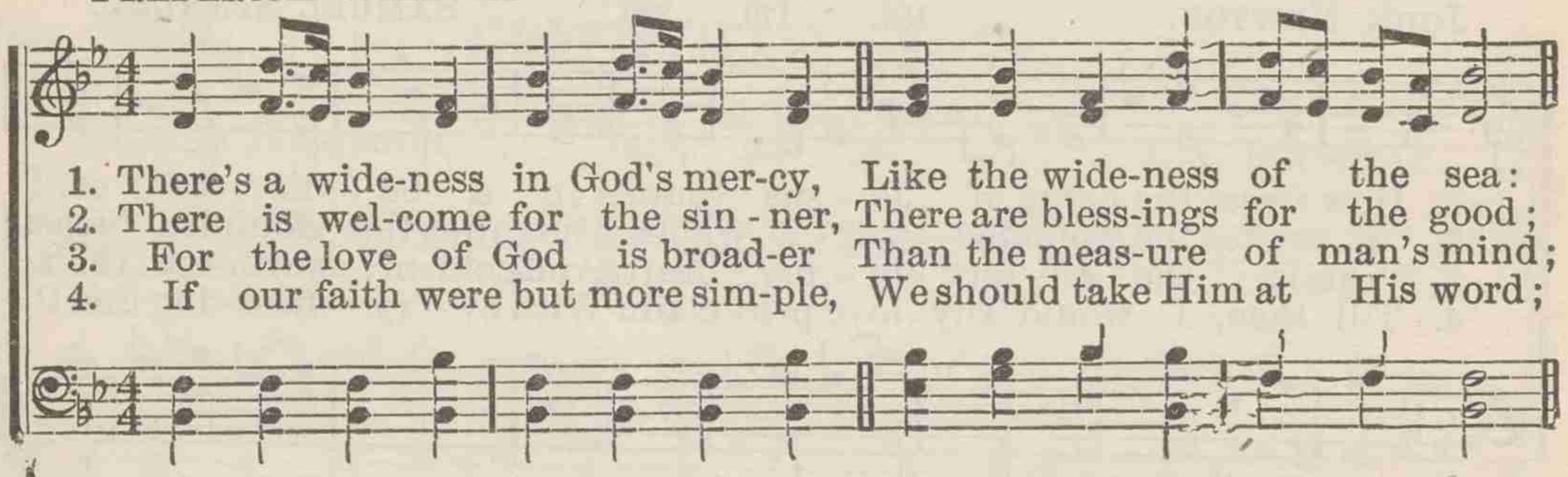




3 Content with beholding His face,
My all to His pleasure resigned;
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind:
While blessed with a sense of His love.
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear 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 my sky
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me to Thee up on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

No. 252. THERE'S A WIDENESS IN GOD'S MERCY.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER. | *M. H. 27. | CARL MARIA VON WEBER.



*M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

No. 253. SAFELY THROUGH ANOTHER WEEK.

JOHN NEWTON. *M. H. 259. B. H. 36. P. H. 83. Arr. by L. MASON.

1. Safe - ly thro' an - oth - er week, God has brought us on our way;
2. While we pray for pard'ning grace, Thro' the dear Re-deemer's name,
3. Here we come Thy name to praise; Let us feel Thy pres-ence near.
4. May the gos - pel's joy - ful sound Con-quer sin - ners, com-fort saints;

Let us now a bless-ing seek, Wait-ing in His courts to - day;
Show Thy rec - on - cil - ed face, Take a - way our sin and shame;
May Thy glo - ry meet our eyes, While we in Thy house ap - pear;
Make the fruits of grace a - bound, Bring re - lief to all com-plaints;

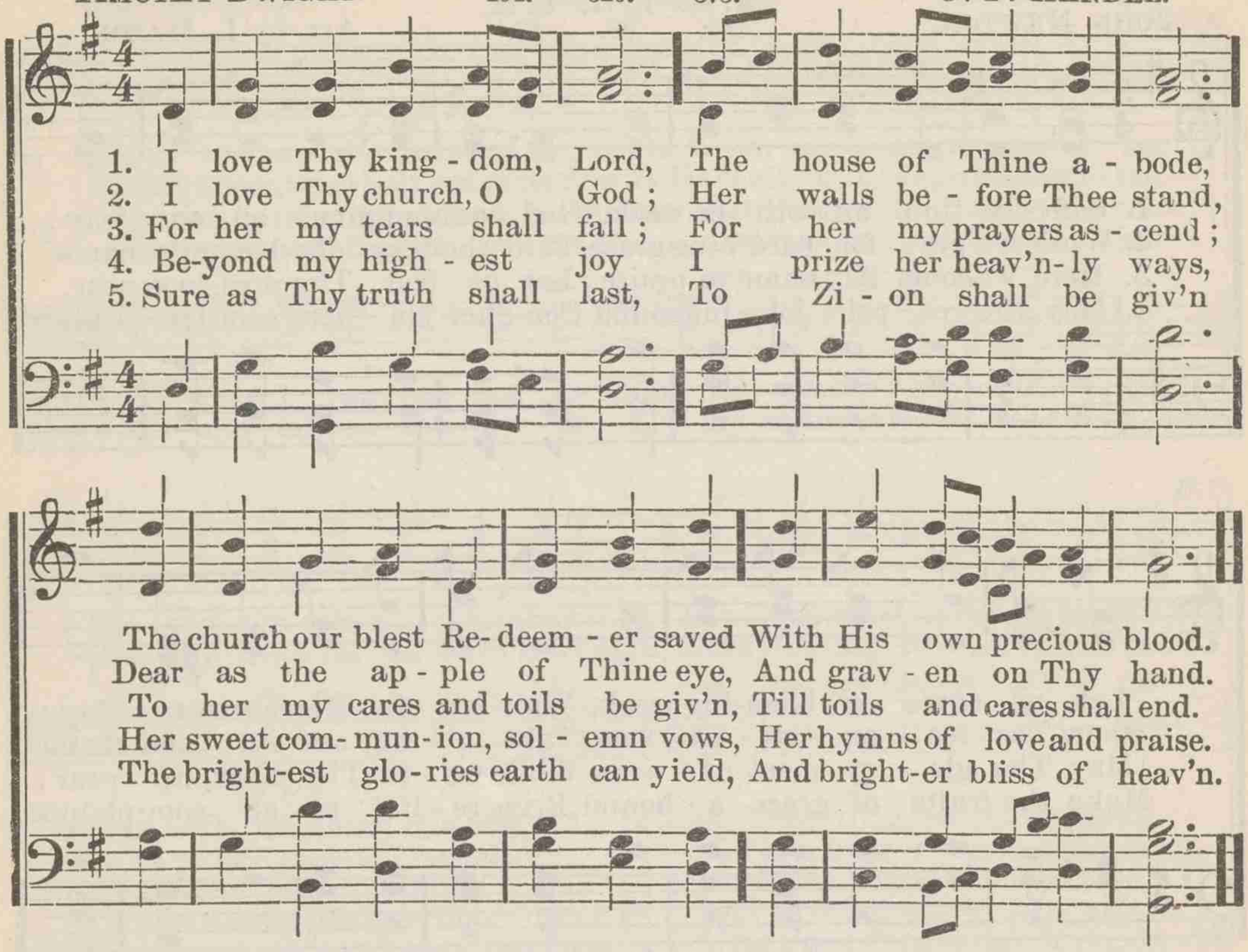
Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e - ter - nal rest,
From our world - ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee,
Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast,
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove, Till we join the Church a - bove,

Day of all the week the best, Em- blem of e - ter - nal rest.
From our world - ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee.
Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast.
Thus may all our Sab-baths prove, Till we join the Church a - bove.

*M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

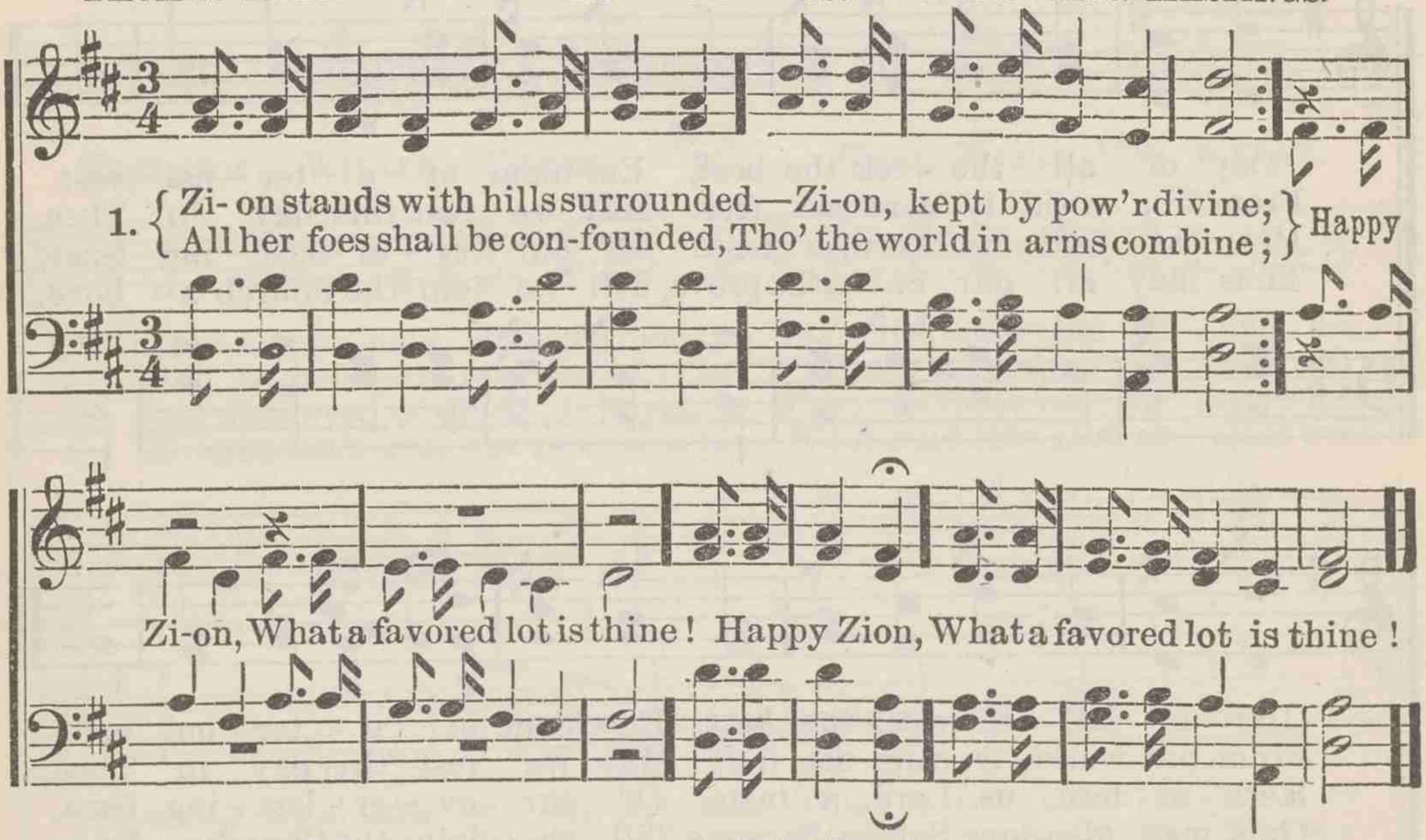
No. 254. I LOVE THY KINGDOM, LORD.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT. * M. H. 194. B. H. 520. P. H. 575. G. F. HANDEL.



No. 255. ZION STANDS WITH HILLS SURROUNDED.

THOMAS KELLY. * M. H. 195. B. H. 521. P. H. 649. Dr. THOS. HASTINGS.



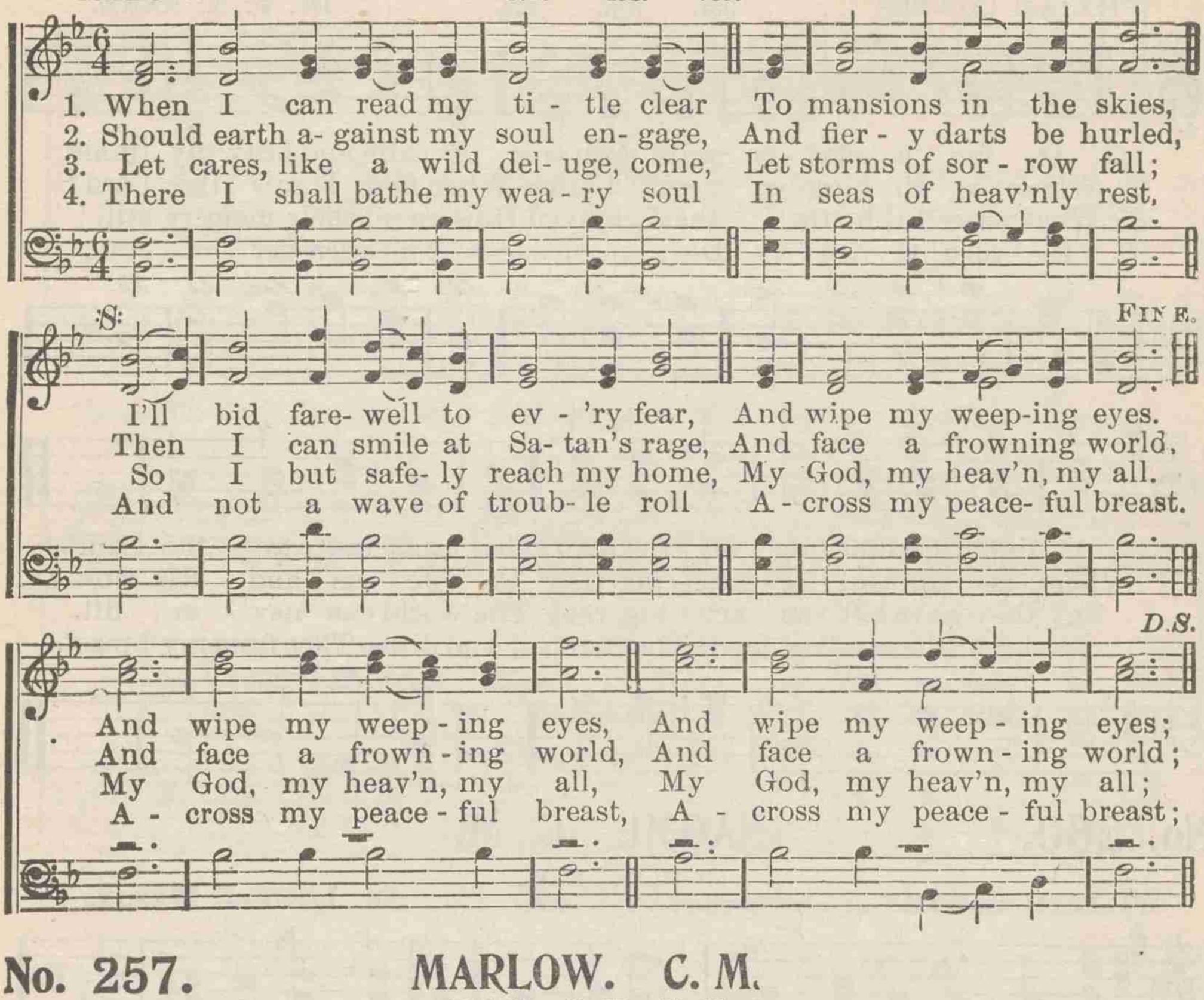
2 Every human tie may perish;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish;
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee:
Thou art precious in His sight:
God is with thee,—
God, thine everlasting light.

* M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)
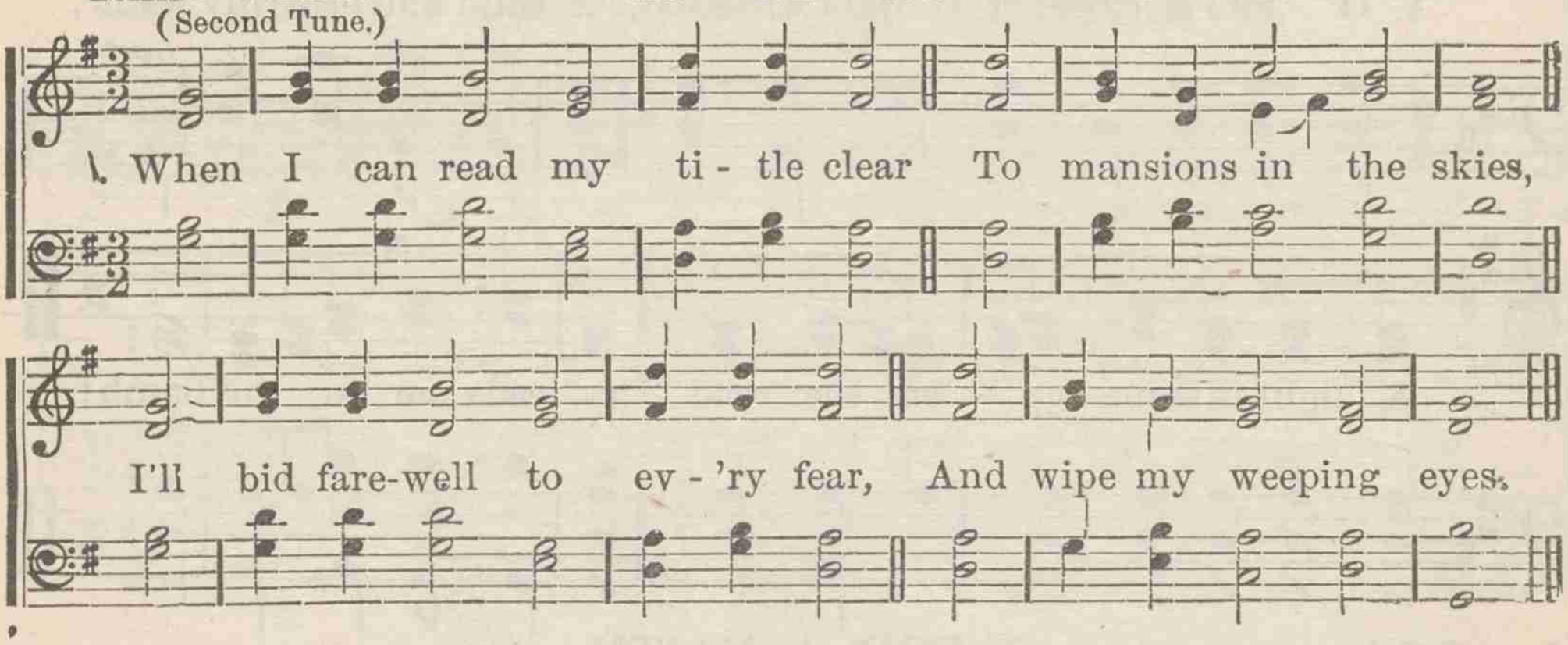
No. 256. WHEN I CAN READ MY TITLE CLEAR.

ISAAC WATTS. *M. H. 571. B. H. 491. P. H. 789. Anon.



No. 257. MARLOW. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. (Second Tune.) *M. H. 511. B. H. 704. P. H. 570. Rev. JOHN CHETHAM.



No. 258. LORD JESUS, WE ARE ONE.

(See music above.) *B. H. 485. P. H. 245.

1 Lord Jesus, are we one with Thee?
O height! O depth of love!
With Thee we died upon the tree,
In thee we live above.

2 Such was Thy grace, that for our sake
Thou didst from heaven come down,
Our mortal flesh and blood partake,
In all our misery one.

3 Our sins, our guilt, in love divine,
Confessed and borne by Thee;
The gall, the curse, the wrath, were
To set Thy members free. [Thine,

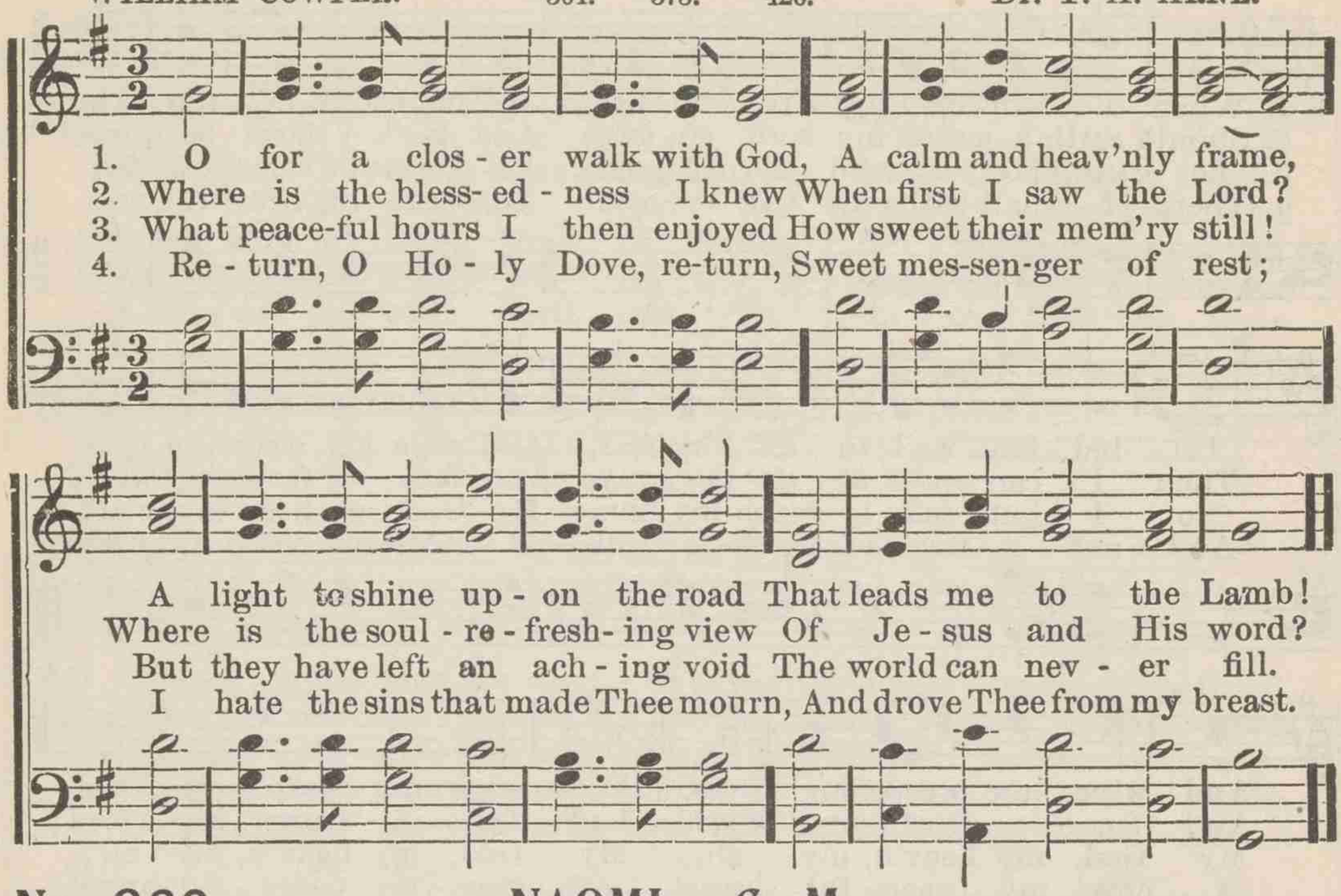
4 Ascended now, in glory bright,
Still one with us Thou art; [height,
Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor
Thy saints and Thee can part.

JAMES G. DECK.

*M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

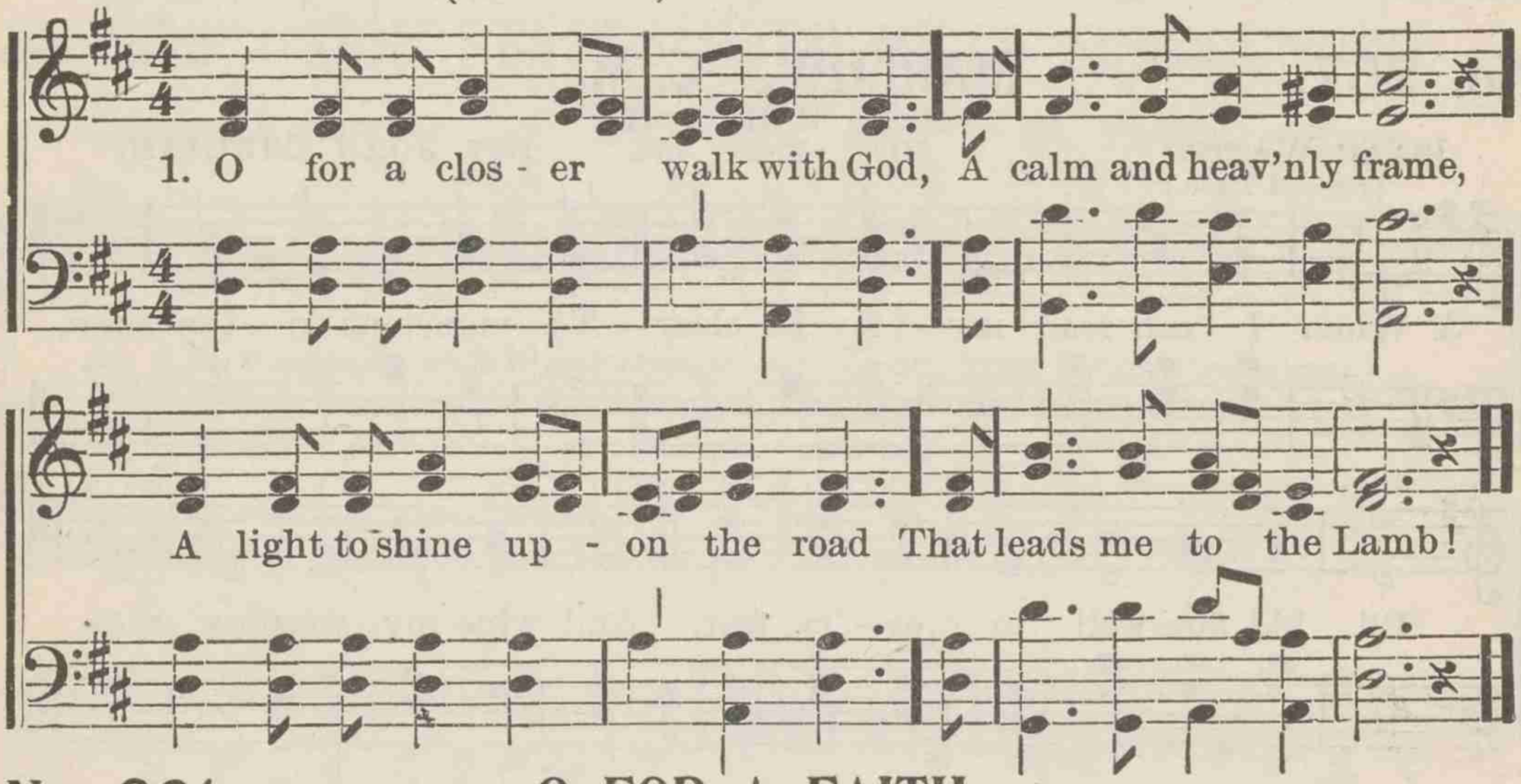
No. 259. O FOR A CLOSER WALK WITH GOD.

WILLIAM COWPER. * M. H. 364. B. H. 375. P. H. 426. Dr. T. A. ARNE.



No. 260. NAOMI. C. M.

WILLIAM COWPER. (Second Tune.) * B. H. 85. P. H. 423. Dr. LOWELL MASON.



No. 261. O FOR A FAITH.

* M. H. 454. B. H. 379. P. H. 739.

1 O for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That wlll not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe;—

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;—

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That, when in danger, knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt.

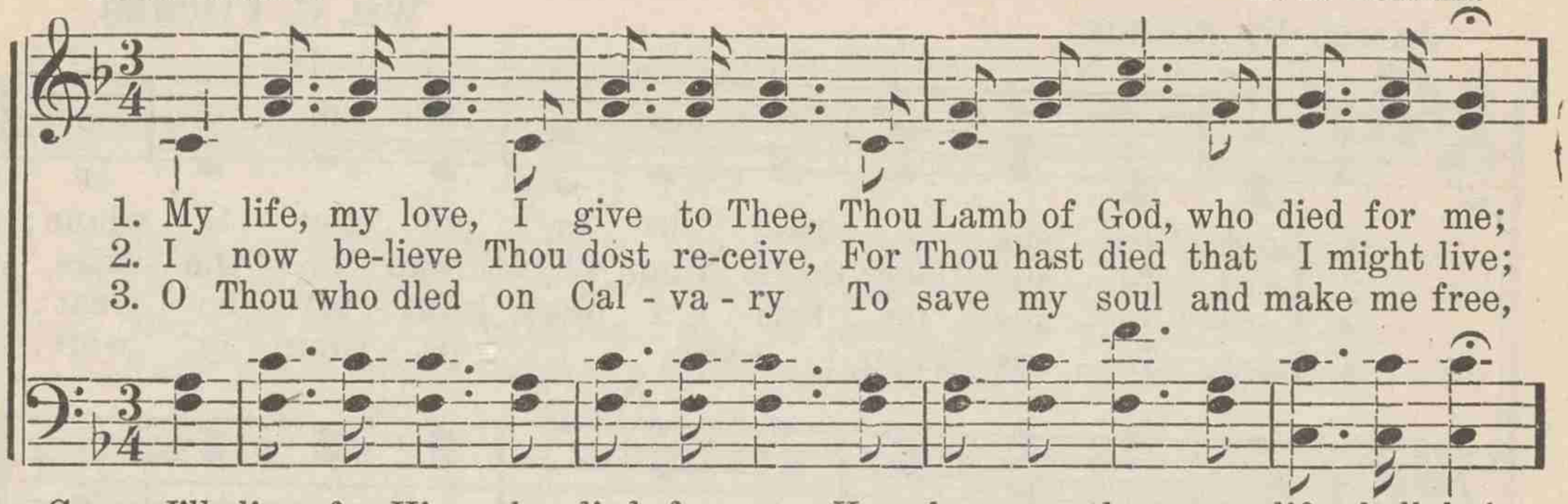
4 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.
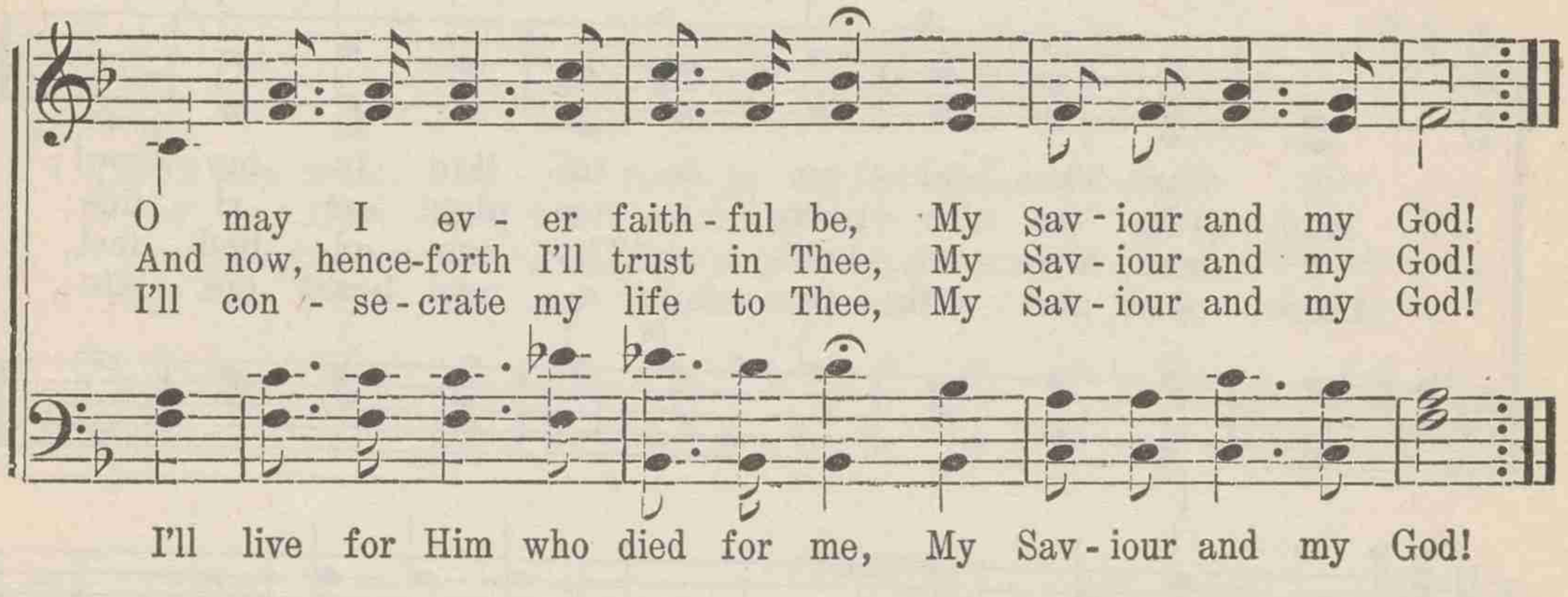
WILLIAM H. BATHURST.

* M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

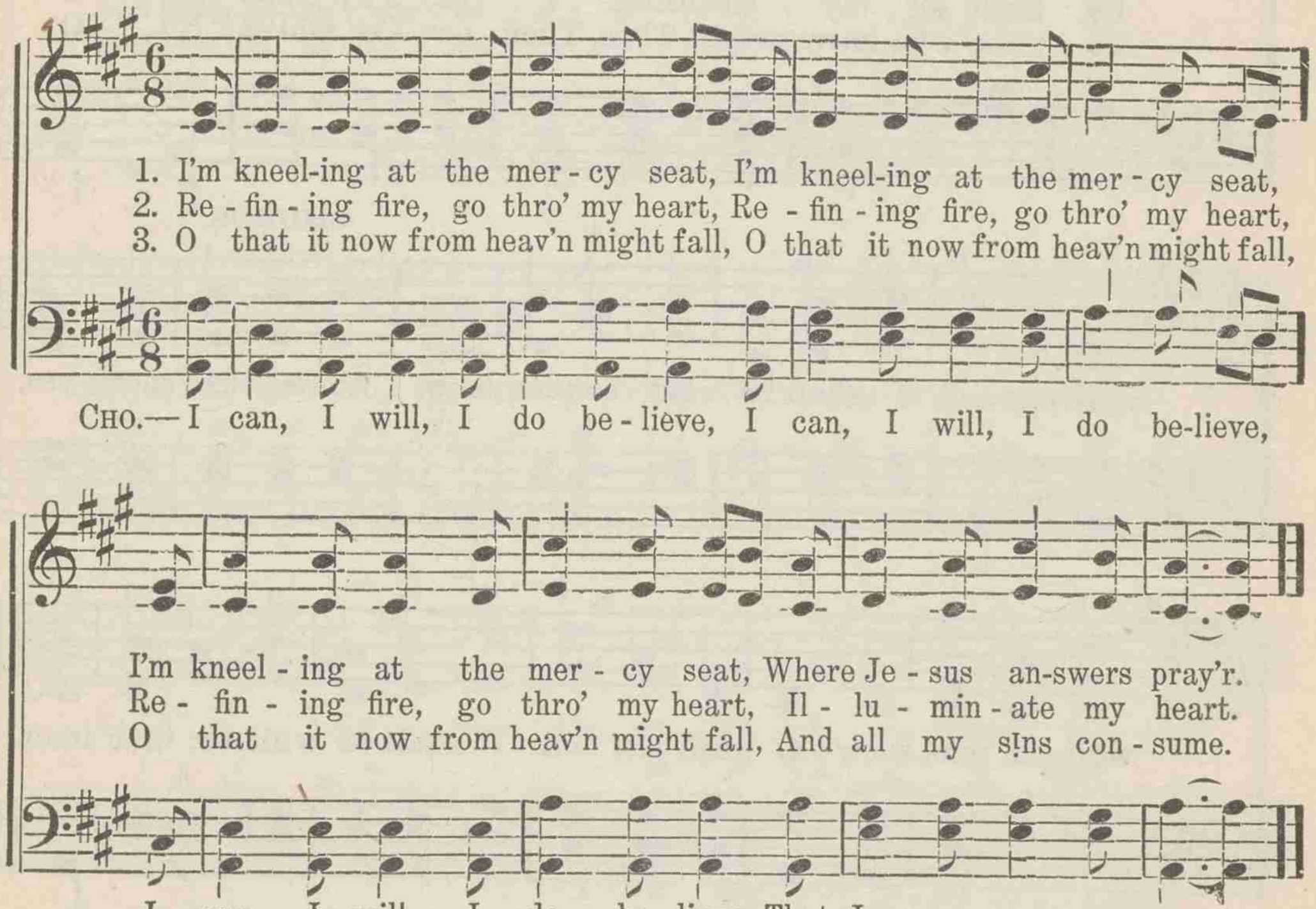
No. 262. I'LL LIVE FOR HIM.

R. E. HUDSON. C. R. DUNBAR.





No. 263. I CAN, I WILL, I DO BELIEVE.



No. 264. WHITER THAN SNOW.

JAMES NICHOLSON. WM. G. FISCHER.

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole;
I want Thee for - ev - er to live in my soul;
2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies,
And help me to make a com - plete sac - ri - fice;
3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum - bly en - treat;
I wait, bless - ed Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet,
4. Lord Je - sus, Thou seest I pa - tient - ly wait:
Come now, and with - in me a new heart cre - ate;

Break down ev - 'ry i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe; Now
I give up my - self, and what - ev - er I know: O
By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow: O
To those who have sought Thee, Thou nev - er said'st "No;" O

CHORUS.

wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow. Whiter than snow, yes,

whit - er than snow; O wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

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No. 265. SAVED FOR SERVICE.

Dedicated to Evangelist M. B. Williams, organizer of the first Saved for Service Band.

I. E. H. IRA E. HICKS.

1. Saved for serv-ice, we're a loy - al band, March - ing on - ward at our
2. Je - sus gave His life for you and me, Paid the price, redeemed and
3. There are lost ones here for us to save, From e - ter - nal death be-
4. Hark! the Mas-ter's voice is call - ing you, Cour - age, then, be faith - ful,

Lord's com-mand; Ev - er read - y at His call o - bey, Serv - ing
set us free; Now our tal-ents un - to Him we give, In His
yond the grave; On-ward, then, ye Saved for Serv - ice Band, Snatch them
loy - al true; As the or - der comes for us to go, Strong and

CHORUS.

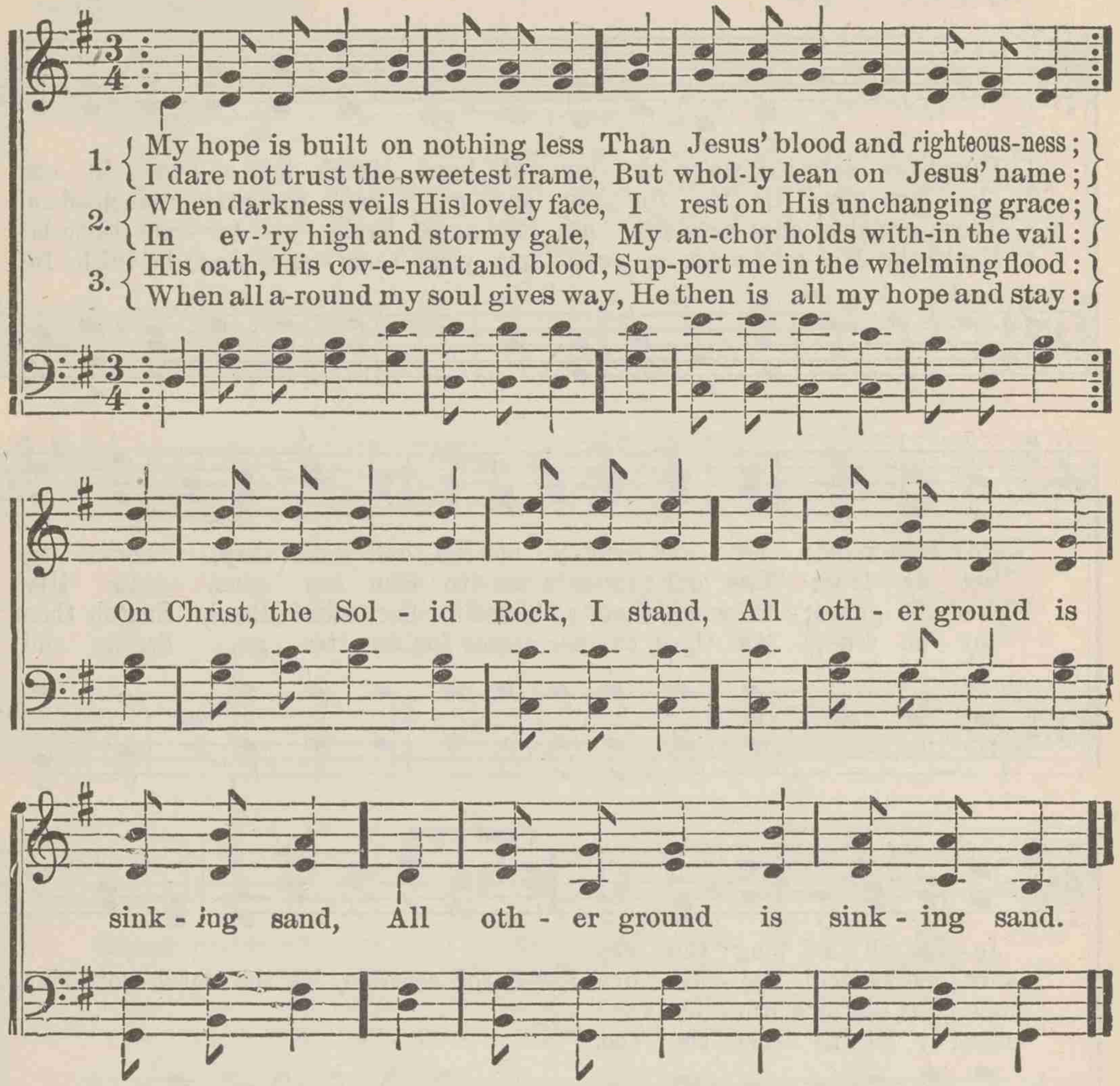
Je - sus all a - long the way.
serv - ice we will dai - ly live. Saved for serv-ice, let the watch-word ring,
now from Sa-tan's cru - el hand.
stead - y let us face the foe.

Saved for serv - ice to our glo - rious King, On - ward marching to the
home a - bove, Tell the sto - ry, we are saved to serve.

Copyright, 1902, by Ira Hicks, 80 Institute Pl., Chicago.

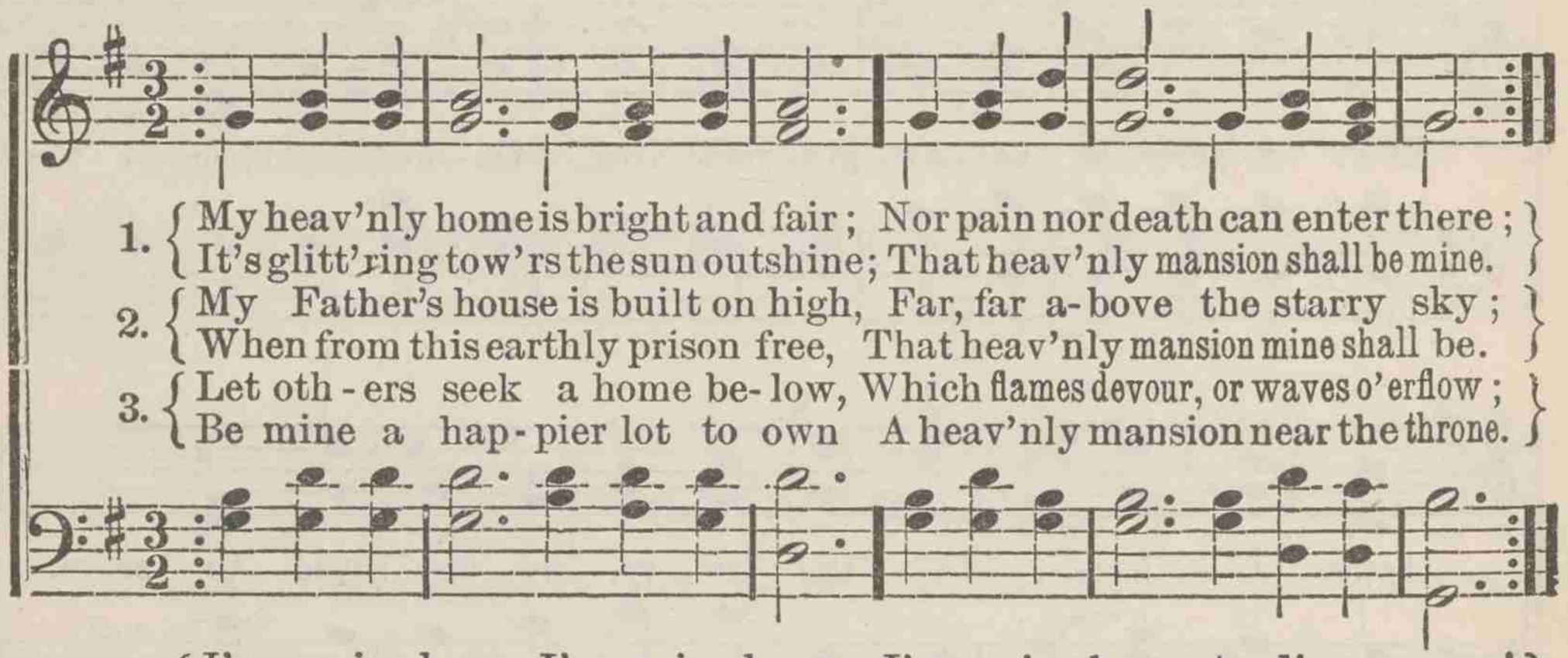
No. 266. SOLID ROCK.

EDWARD MOTE. * M. H. 849. B. H. 309. W. B. BRADBURY.



No. 267. I'M GOING HOME.
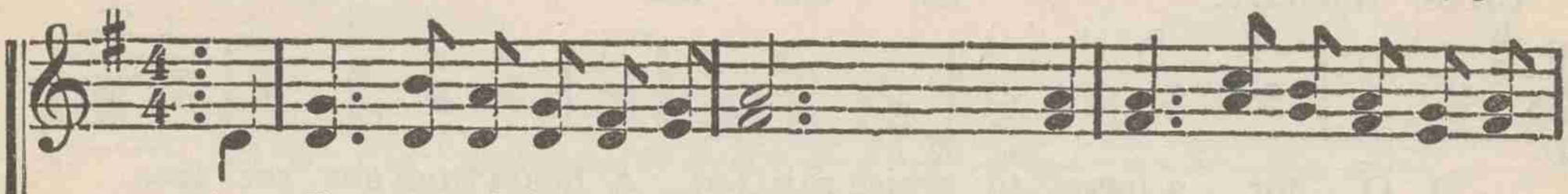
Rev. WM. HUNTER. * M. H. 895. WM. MILLER.



* M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

No. 268. WE WILL STAND THE STORM.

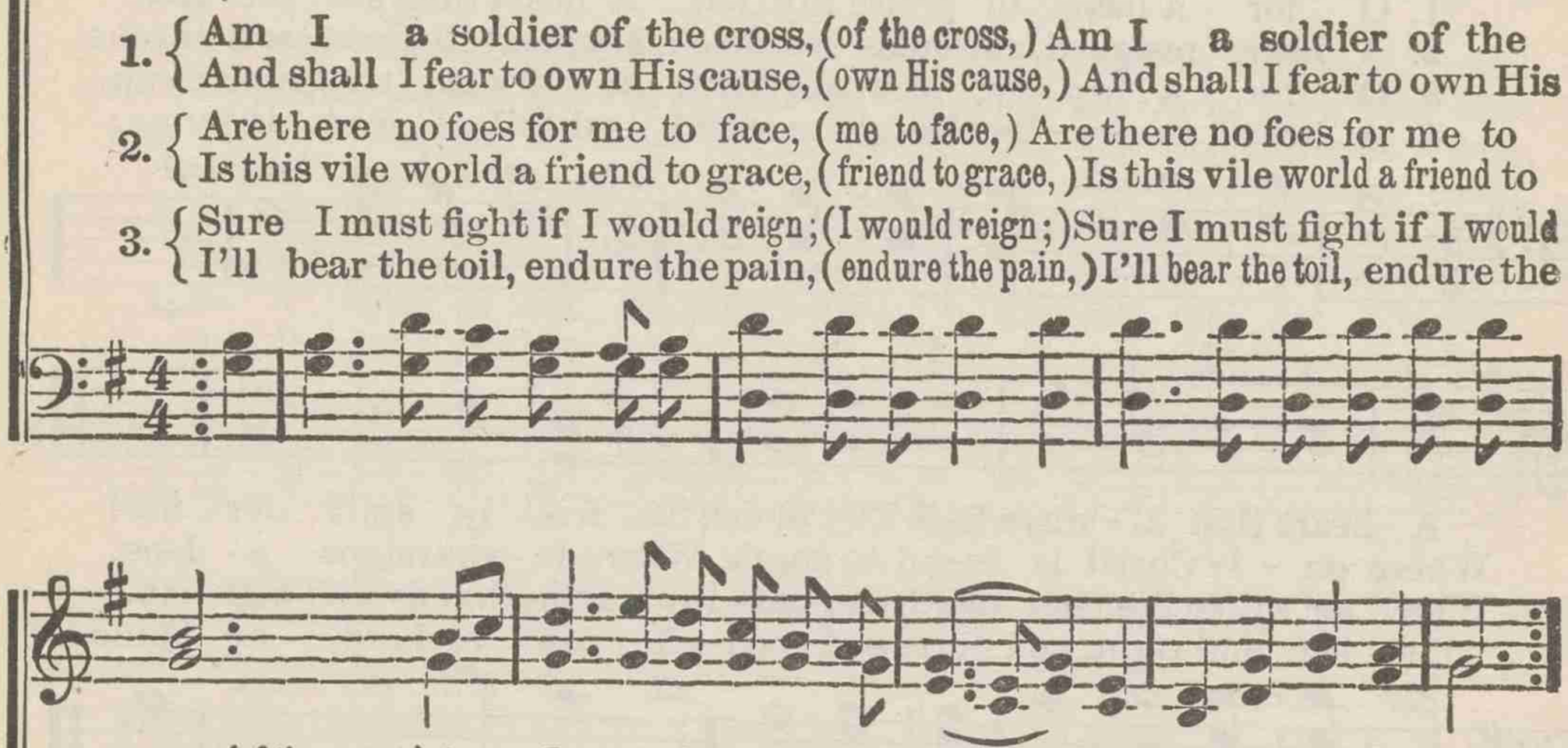
ISAAC WATTS. T. C. O'KANE. By per.



1. { Am I a soldier of the cross, (of the cross,) Am I a soldier of the
And shall I fear to own His cause, (own His cause,) And shall I fear to own His

2. { Are there no foes for me to face, (me to face,) Are there no foes for me to
Is this vile world a friend to grace, (friend to grace,) Is this vile world a friend to
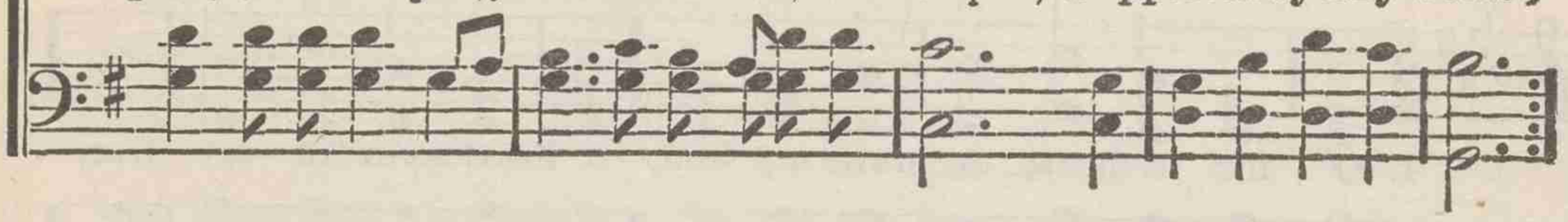
3. { Sure I must fight if I would reign; (I would reign;) Sure I must fight if I would
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain, (endure the pain,) I'll bear the toil, endure the



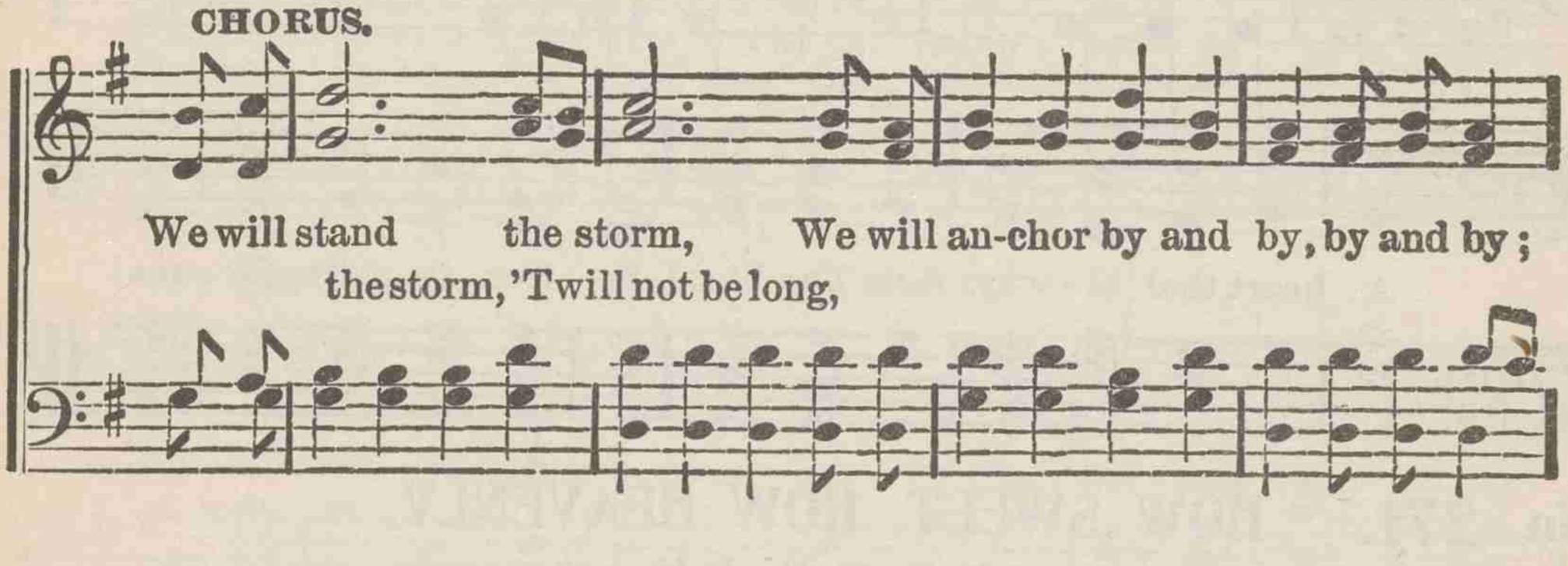
cross, (of the cross,) Am I a soldier of the cross, A follow'r of the Lamb,
cause, (own His cause,) And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?

face, (me to face,) Are there no foes for me to face, Must I not stem the flood?
grace, (friend to grace,) Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
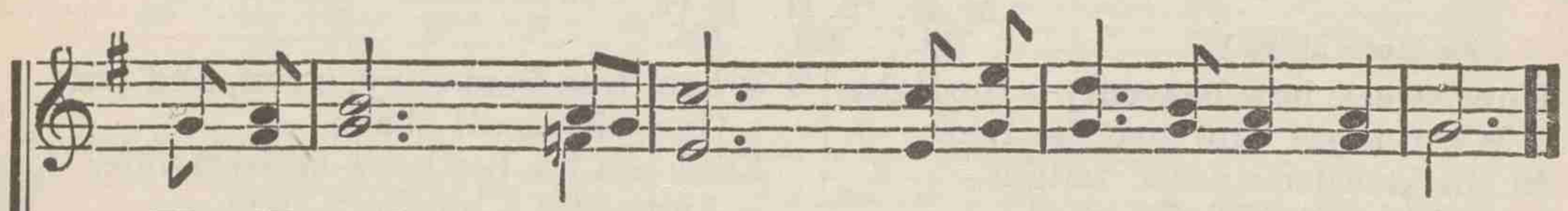
reign; (I would reign;) Sure I must fight if I would reign; Increase my courage, Lord!
pain, (endure the pain,) I'll bear the toil, endure the pain, Supported by Thy word.
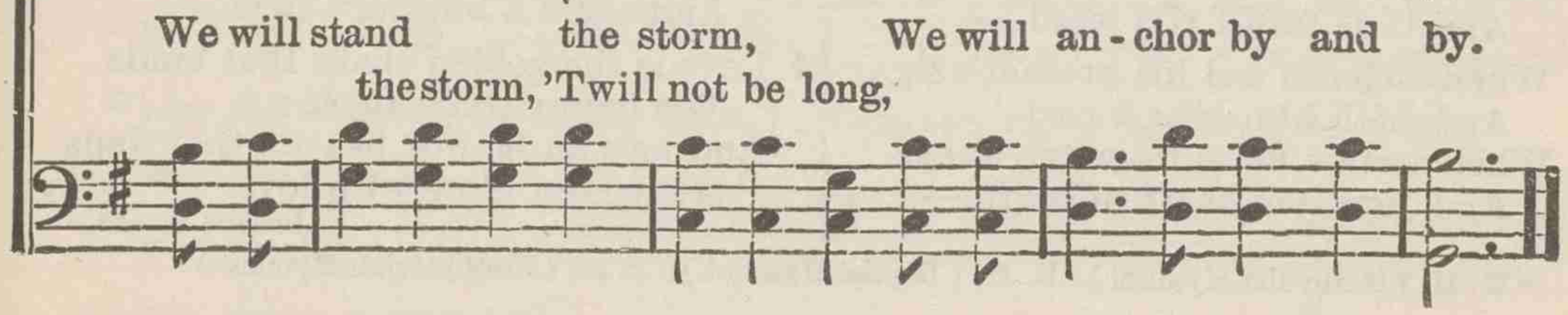


CHORUS.



We will stand the storm, We will an-chor by and by, by and by;
the storm, 'Twill not be long,

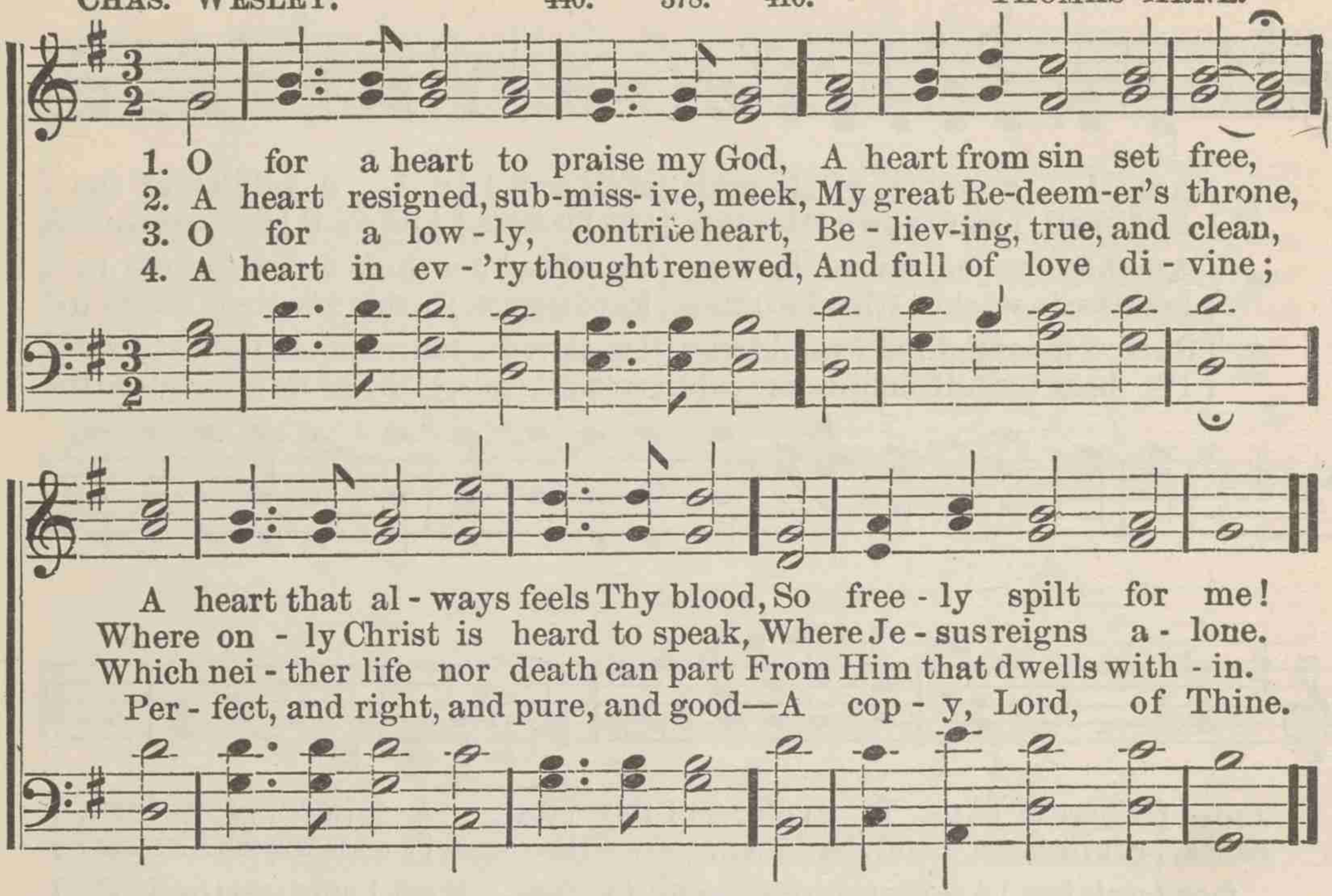


We will stand the storm, We will an-chor by and by.
the storm, 'Twill not be long,
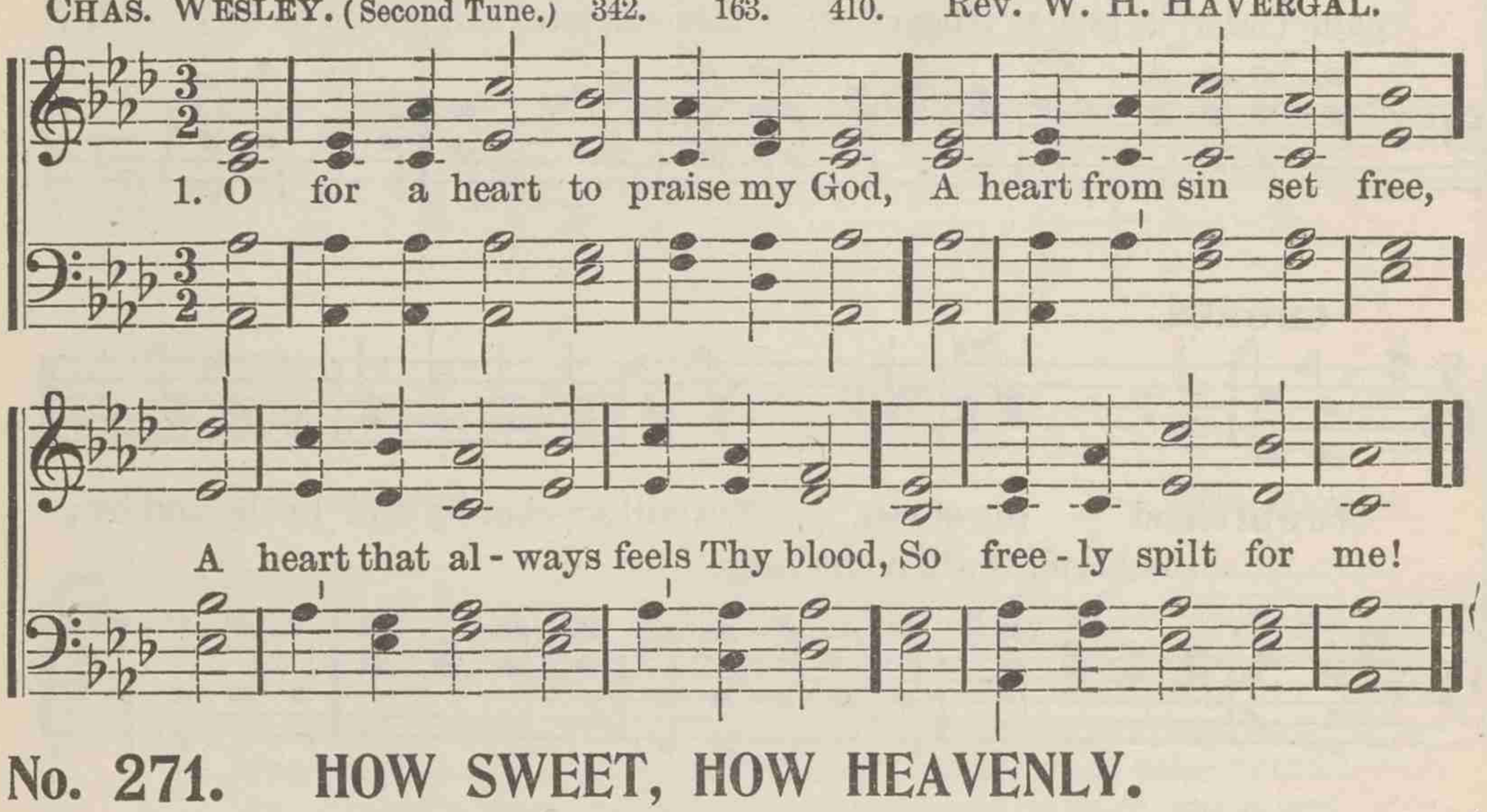


No. 269. O FOR A HEART TO PRAISE MY GOD.

CHAS. WESLEY. * M. H. 440. B. H. 378. P. H. 410. THOMAS ARNE.



No. 270. EVAN. C. M.

CHAS. WESLEY. (Second Tune.) * M. H. 342. B. H. 163. P. H. 410. Rev. W. H. HAVERGAL.



No. 271. HOW SWEET, HOW HEAVENLY.

(See Music above.) * M. H. 735. B. H. 465. P. H. 595.

1 How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And thus fulfill His word;—

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart;—

3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love.

4 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom glow with love.

JOSEPH SWAIN.

*M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

SPECIALS.

No. 272. MOTHER'S GRAVE.

REV. R. H. WASHBURNE. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. O the sweetest place in mem'ry Is that lone-ly mound of earth,
Where my mother soft-ly slumbers, Moth-er, dear, who gave me birth;
2. Oft I wan-der to the hill-side, Sit be-side that grave so dear,
Where I hear the songs of an-gels And I feel their presence near;
3. So I jour-ney on in sad-ness O'er life's drear-y, bar-ren waste,
Cheered by tho'ts of blessed meet-ing, As my steps toward heaven haste;
4. So I think of that old church-yard On the hill-side far a-way,
And the form of that dear moth-er That we car-ried there one day;

Years have passed since she de-part-ed From our midst at set of sun,
Scenes of earth fade in the dis-tance And a glo-rious host I see,
There some day I too shall en-ter, See my loved ones gone be-fore,
Guard-ed still by God's bright an-gels, Who their sol-emn vig-ils keep,

Go-ing to her home in heav-en, For her earth-ly race is run.
There a-mong the white-robed ser-aphs, Moth-er, dear, a-wait-ing me.
There shall greet a-gain that moth-er, There a-bide for ev-er-more.
Watching o'er her si-lent slum-ber, Dear-est moth-er's gen-tle sleep.

CHORUS.

O the dear-est place to mem-'ry Is that hill-side far a-way,
Where she, sleeping 'neath the flow-ers, Waits the res-ur-rec-tion day.

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No. 273 THE ROUGH WOODEN CROSS.

F. E. R. and C. S. M. ST. LUKE 23: 33. C. O. RIMANOCZY.

Moderato con espress.

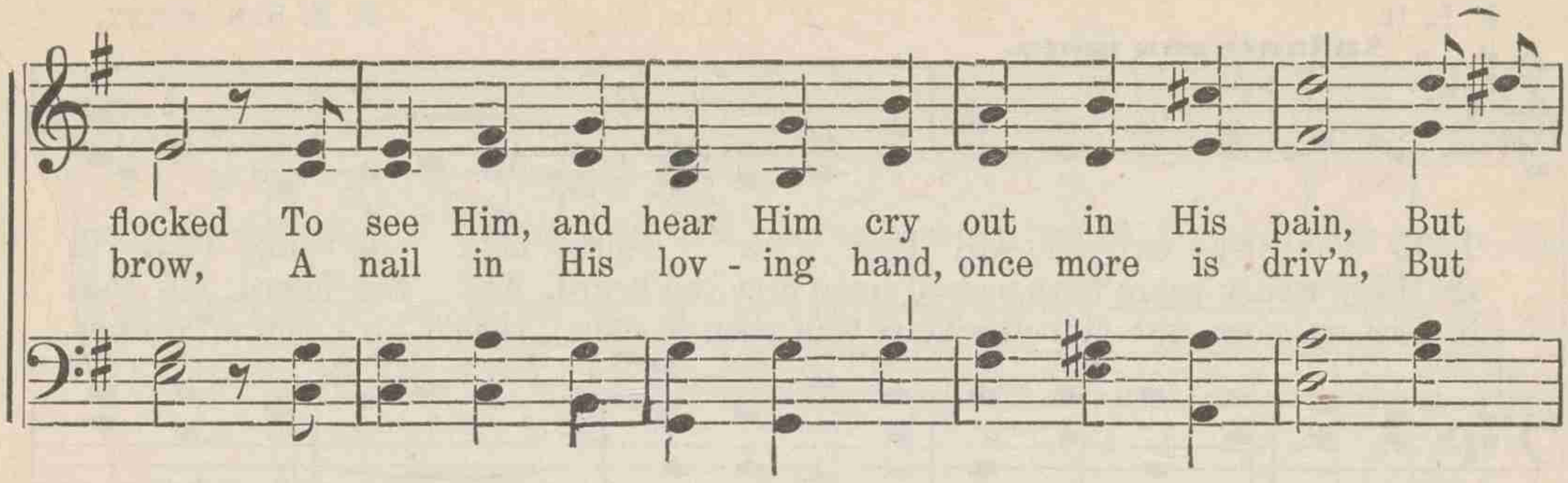
1. On a rough wood-en cross at the top of a hill, Je-sus died for you and for me,..... He was there cru-ci-
2. 'Twas thy sin nailed Him there, and for thee He did bear The rough wood-en cross with its pain,..... That this off-'ring of

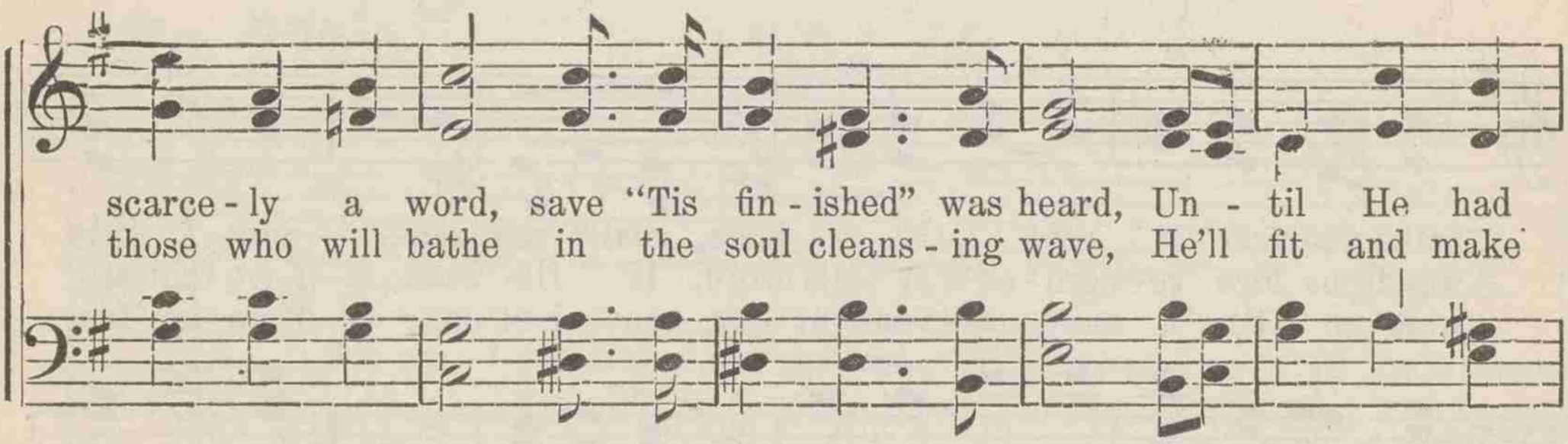
fied, with the thieves on each side, So that sin-ners from sin might be
love might for-ev-er re-move From thy heart, all its guilt and the
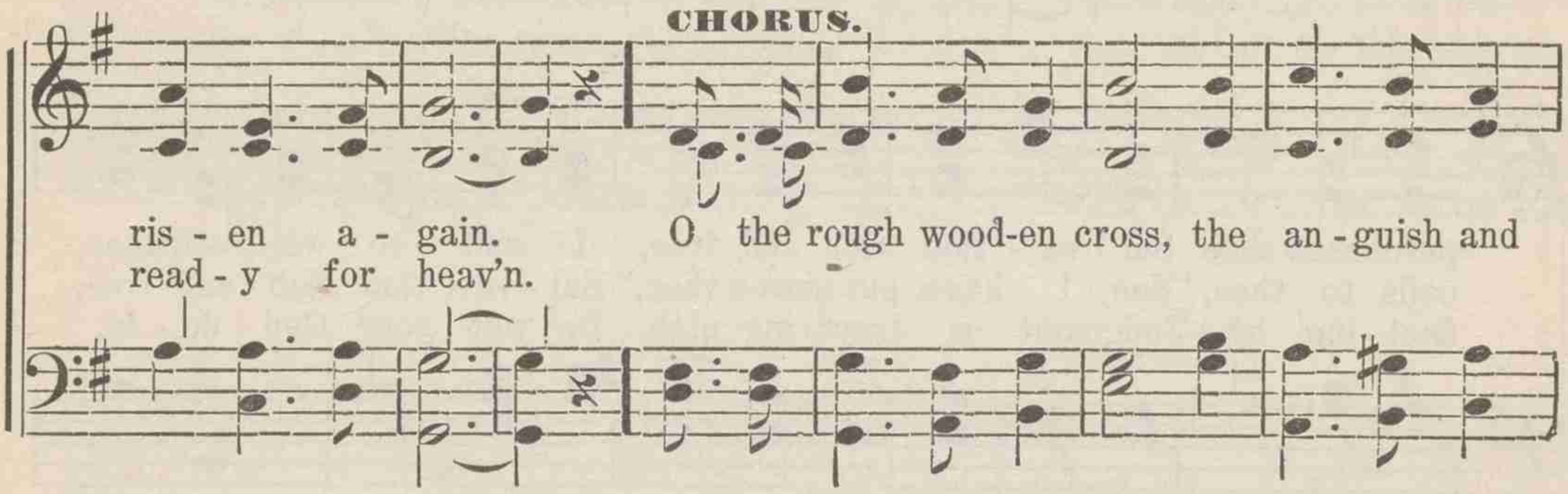
free;..... He was taunt-ed and mocked by the cruel crowd that
stain;..... Now, each sin we al-low adds a thorn to His
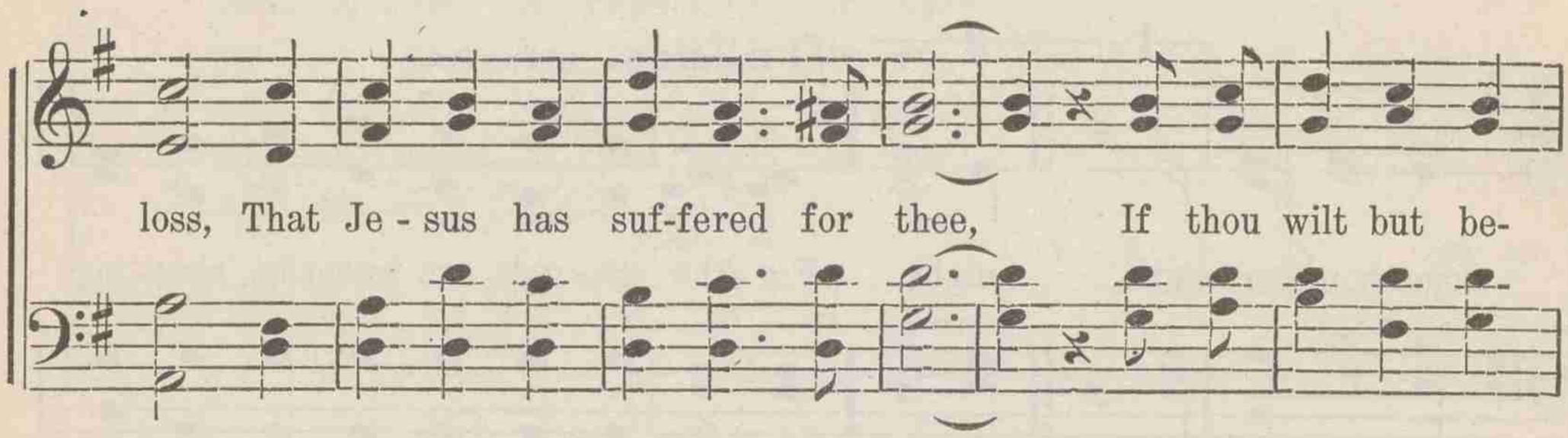
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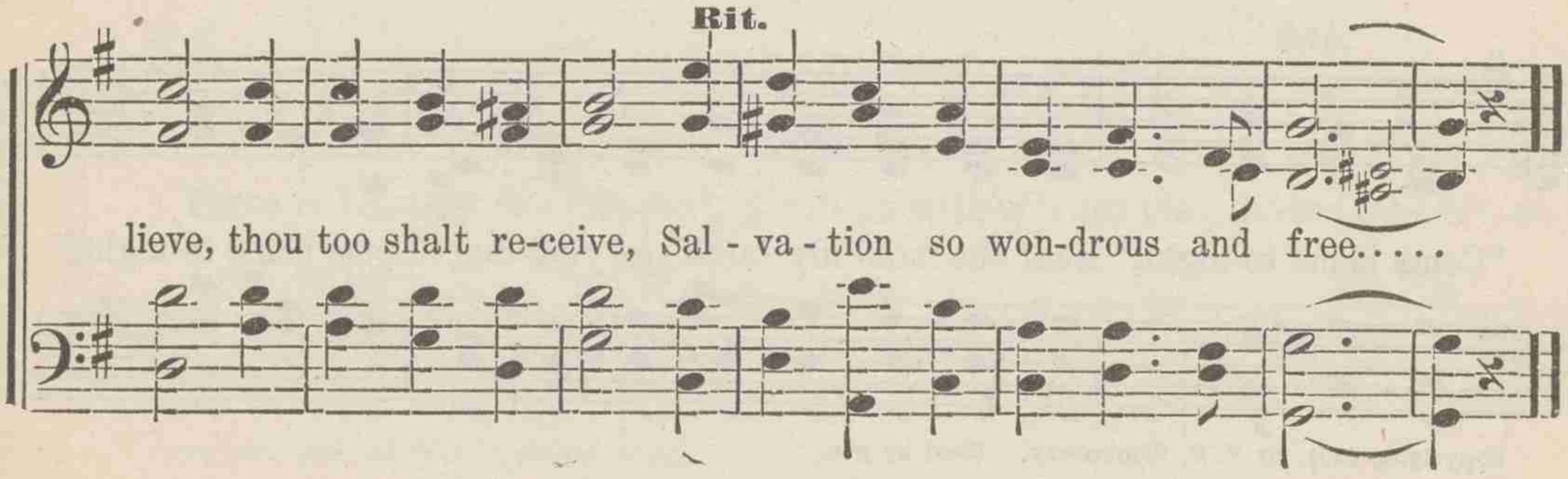
THE ROUGH WOODEN CROSS. Concluded.











No. 274. O SINNER, COME HOME TO-NIGHT.

F. E. R. F. E. RIMANOCZY.

Andante con moto.

p

1. If you list - en you will hear a voice, hear a voice, That will
2. Many weary years have passed since first you heard, first you heard, Of that
3. List-en now to Mer-cy's voice and then o - bey, then o - bey, Do not

make your ver - y soul re - joice, soul re - joice, Son, I have
wondrous love re - cord - ed in His word, in His word, Love that still
wait un - til a more con - ven-ient day, convenient day; Time is fast

purchased thee Sal - va - tion rich and free, I wait to wel-come thee,
calls to thee, "Son, I have purchased thee," Sal - va - tion rich and free,
fleet - ing by, Judgment is draw - ing nigh, Do not your God de - fy,

1 2

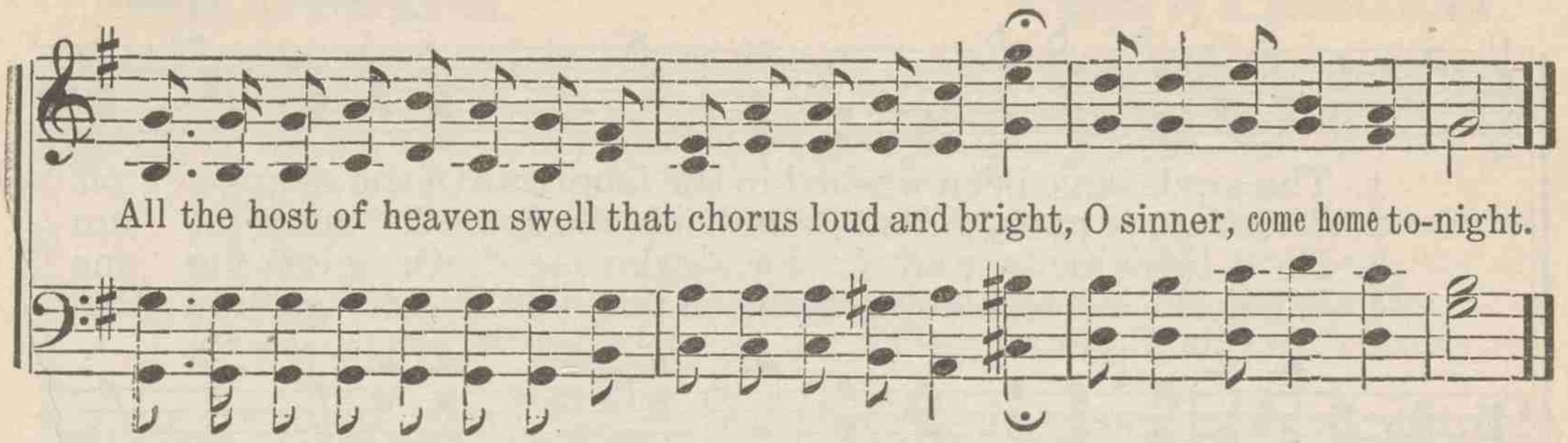
mf **CHORUS. Allegro.**

Come home to - night. night. For the an - gels are sweet-ly sing - ing

"Come home to-night," Hear the heav'nly arch - es ring-ing; "Come home to-night,"

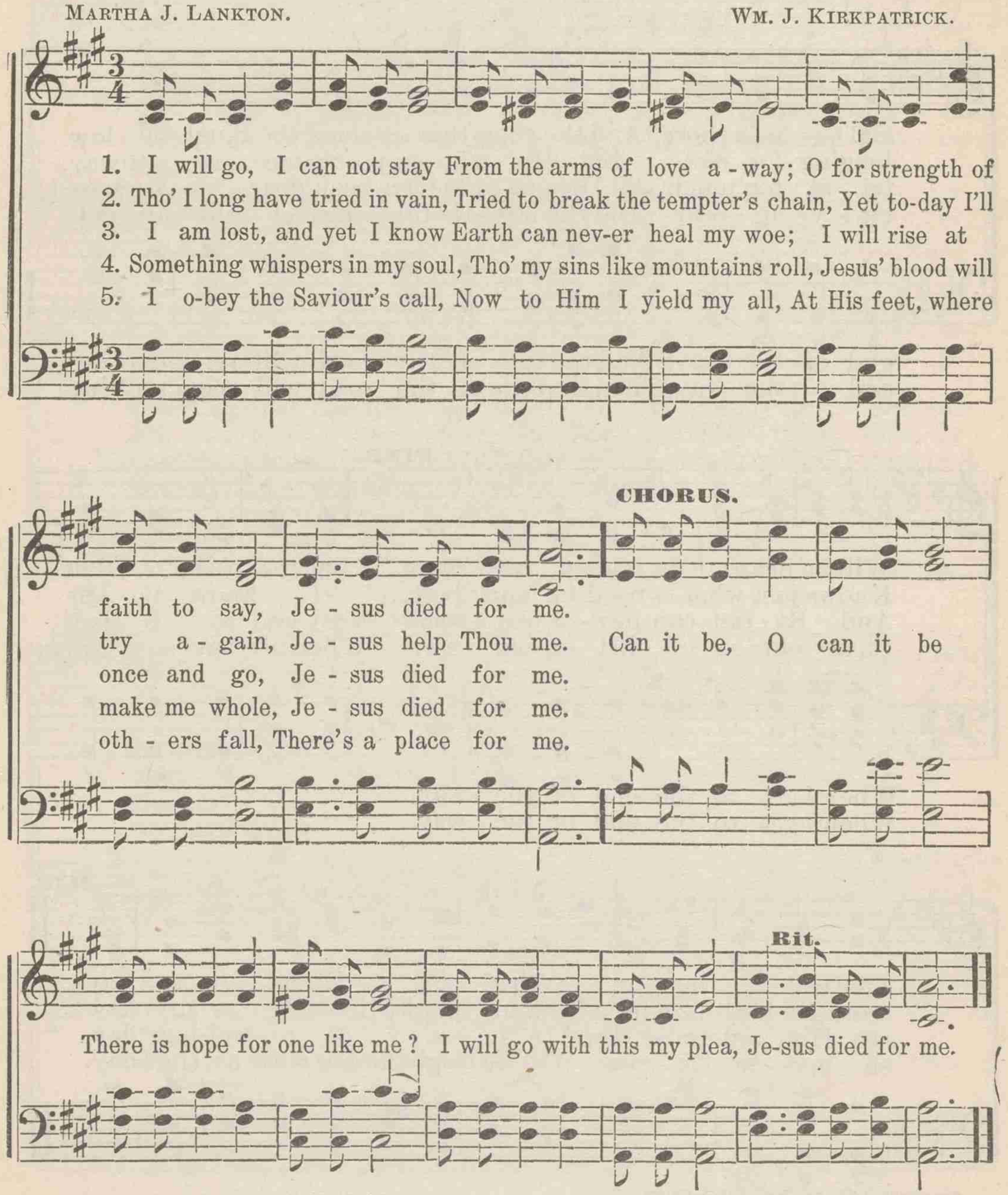
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O SINNER, COME HOME TO-NIGHT. Concluded.



No. 275. I WILL GO.

MARTHA J. LANKTON. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



Copyright, 1888, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

No. 276. WHEN I GET TO THE END OF THE WAY.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

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

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

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

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

FINE.

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

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

D. C.

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

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No. 277. ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

Words by S. B. GOULD. **Music by A. S. SULLIVAN.**

1. Onward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war, With the cross of
2. Like a mighty army Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of
4. Onward, then, ye people! Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your

Je - sus Go - ing on be-fore; Christ, the roy-al Mas - ter,
tread-ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,
Je - sus Con-stant will re-main; Gates of hell can nev - er
voic - es In the triumph-song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or

Leads against the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, his
All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in
'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, And that
Un - to Christ, the King; This thro' countless a - ges Men and

REFRAIN.

ban - ners go!
char - i - ty.
can not fail.
an - gels sing.

Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to

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

No. 278. NEW JERUSALEM HOME.

BRIG-D-LUDGATE, of Salvation Army.

Arr. from "Old Kentucky Home," by CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. The sun shines bright in our new Je - ru - sa - lem home, 'Tis summer all the time I am told; The fount - ains play and the flow-ers ev - er bloom, As they grow on tbe bright hills far a - way.
2. The an - gels sing and the bands of glo - ry play, All mer - ry, all hap - py and bright; They march thro' the streets in the hal - le - lu - jah way, In our new Je - rusalem home far a - way.
3. They weep no more, all their tears are wiped a - way, No sor - row can come to that shore; 'Tis peace and joy for they praise Him all the day, And the new song they will sing ev - er - more.
4. I think they'll tell of the bat-tles here be - low, The comrades who're fight-ing still to - day; But all they do is not giv - en us to know, In our new Je - rusalem home far a - way.

REFRAIN.

We'll be gone to-mor-row, we're on - ly here to-day, Let us sing one song for our new Je - ru - sa - lem home, For our new Je - ru - sa - lem home far a - way.

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No. 279. I'M GOING BACK TO JESUS.

HENRY H. HADLEY. C. A. WHITE. By per.

Allegretto. Not too fast.

1. I'm go - ing back to Je - sus, I can no long - er wan - der; My heart's turned back to Je - sus, I can - not grieve Him long - er, I miss the sweet com-mun - ion, The peace and heav - 'nly u - nion; My heart's turned back to Je - sus, And I must go.
2. I lived in sin - ful pleas - ure, In ri - ot spent my treas-ure; I dreamed the world was joy - ful, For me with - out my Sav - iour, But O, when Sa - tan found me, With bit - ter chains he bound me; My heart's turned back to Je - sus, And I must go.
3. I'm trav - 'ling back to Je - sus, My step is slow and fee - ble; I pray the Lord to lead me And keep me from all e - vil, And should my strength forsake me, Dear Je - sus, come and take me; My heart's turned back to Je - sus, And I must go.

CHORUS.

I'm going back to Je - sus, I'm going back to Je - sus, I'm going where the liv - ing wa - ters flow. For I hear His sweet voice call-ing; Re- pentant tears are fall-ing, My heart's turned back to Jesus, And I must go.

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No. 280. I'M HOMESICK FOR HEAVEN TO NIGHT.

SOLO AND CHORUS.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. POWELL G. FITHIAN.

Andante moderato, with pathos.

1. The home of my child - hood was cheer - ful and bright, For
2. I read in God's Word of a cit - y so fair, Whose
3. I read that my Sav - iour has gone to pre - pare A

fa - ther and moth - er were there; Their love like a lamp filled my
Build - er and Mak - er is God; No fam - ine or sor - row will
man - sion in heav - en for me; If I am but faith - ful, His

path - way with light, They ban - ished each shad - ow of
ev - er come there, Its streets by im - mor - tals are
glo - ry I'll share, And I my Re - deem - er shall

Piu mosso.

care. But fa - ther and moth-er have gone from my side, They
trod. They nev - er are sick in that beau - ti - ful land, No
see. I'll see all the scars He ob - tained on the tree, I'll

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I'M HOMESICK FOR HEAVEN. Concluded.

A tempo.

live now in heav-en's own light; I long to be with them, once
tears ev - er there dim the sight; So now as I think of that
gaze on His face with de - light; My spir - it looks up-ward, and

more to a - bide, I'm home-sick for heav - en to - night.
blest gold - en strand, I'm home-sick for heav - en to - night.
longs to be free, I'm home-sick for heav - en to - night.

mf CHORUS.

Heav - en, sweet heav - en, the home of the blest, That land of the

pur - est de - light;..... Heav - en, sweet heav - en, there
of pur - est de - light;

p

I shall a - bide, I'm home - sick for heav - en to - night.

No. 281. THE SHELF BEHIND THE DOOR.

Arranged. F. E. MANOCZY.

1. When first I came to Je - sus with my load of guilt and sin,
   But e'er I got this peace of mind and felt my-self se-cure,
2. There're ma-ny peo - ple of to - day pro - fess to love the Lord,
   Some love the filth - y weed, you know, and some the so - cial glass;
3. O care-less, hardened sin - ner, just mind what you're a - bout;
   O how the gos - pel char - i - ot would go sweeping thro' the land,

I asked Him to for - give me and He free - ly took me in;
The father of lies, He came a - long and whis - pered in my ear,
They say they're do - ing all His will and trust - ing in the word;
Some say they'd rath - er dance than eat, some i - dol - ize their dress;
The time is sure - ly com - ing when your sin will find you out;
O how the chris - tian sol - diers then would fight at God's com-mand;

He cleansed my soul from i - dols and filled my heart with joy;
Those i - dols that you love so much, you need not give them o'er,
But yet they're al - ways grumb-ling, do you know the rea - son why?
And ere they get their hearts put right, they give the con - test o'er,
When you go up to judg - ment, to stand be - fore God's bar,
O how the work of Je - sus would spread from shore to shore

f.

Fine.

And gave me peace and hap - pi - ness, old Sa - tan can't de-stroy;
Just put them on that lit - tle shelf that's in be-hind the door.
'Tis be-cause they have some i - dols that they're keep-ing on the sly;
And put them on that lit - tle shelf that's in be-hind the door.
He'll point you to that lit - tle shelf that's in be-hind the door.
If it were not for that lit - tle shelf that's in be-hind the door.

D. S.—He e - ven wants the cor - ners clean, just in be-hind the door.

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THE SHELF BEHIND THE DOOR. Concluded.

CHORUS.

The shelf behind the door, the shelf behind the door, Tear it down, throw it out, don't

D. S.

use it an - y more; For Jesus wants His temple clean from ceiling to the floor;

No. 282. COME AND LET US GO.

"In thy presence is fullness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore."—Ps. 16: 11.

Old tune arr. for this work.

1. O help-less sin - ner, born to die, Hear, hear the gos - pel her-ald cry:
2. No long-er in your sins for - bear, But now the gos - pel trumpet hear:
3. This earthly life will soon be o'er, And Christ will call to you no more:
4. O sin-ner, turn while yet you may; While yet the Spir - it calls, o - bey:
5. We have no con-stant build-ing here; O sin - ner, now for death pre-pare:

CHORUS.

O come and let us go, let us go, let us go;

O come and let us go Where pleas - ures nev - er die.

No. 283. LIFE'S RAILWAY TO HEAVEN.

Respectfully dedicated to the railroad men.

M. E. ABBEY. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

SOLO or DUET. Tempo ad lib.

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

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

Watch the curves, the fills, the tun - nels; Nev - er fal - ter, nev - er quail;
Al - ways mind - ful of ob - struc-tion, Do your du - ty, nev - er fail;
Put your trust a - lone in Je - sus; Nev - er fal - ter, nev - er fail;
There you'll meet the Su - perin-ten-dant, God, the Fa - ther, God, the Son,
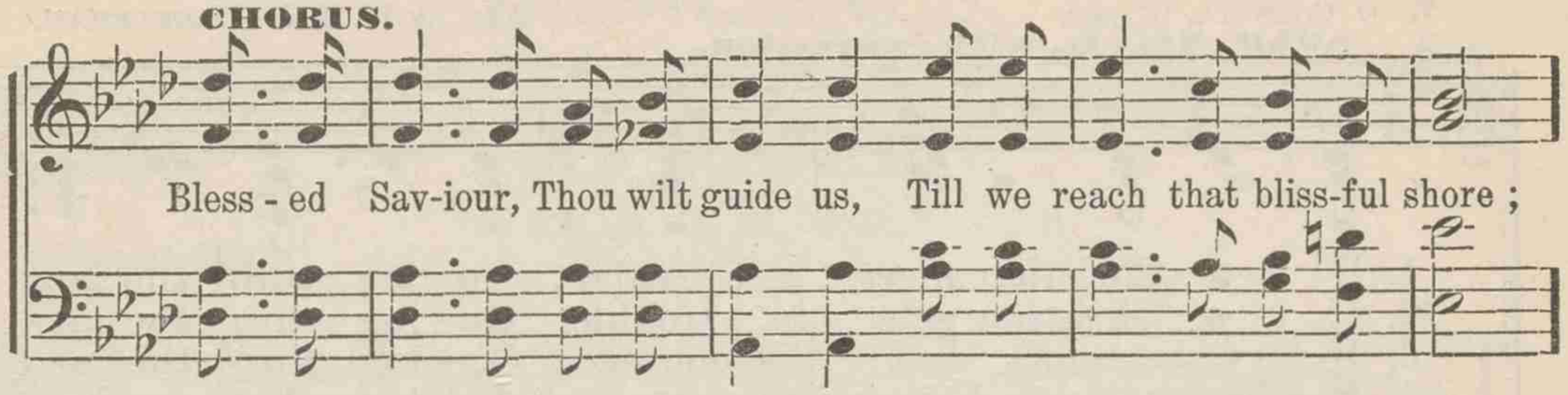
Rit.
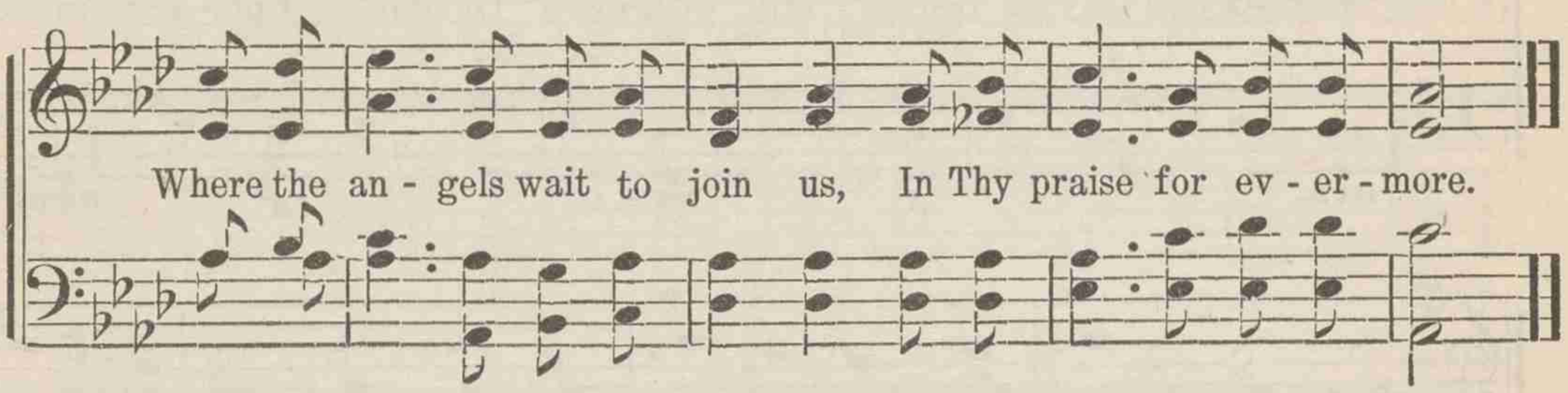
Keep your hand up - on the throt-tle, And your eye up - on the rail.
Keep your hand up - on the throt-tle, And your eye up - on the rail.
Keep your hand up - on the throt-tle, And your eye up - on the rail.
With the heart - y, joy - ous plaud-it, " Wea - ry pil - grim, welcome home."

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LIFE'S RAILWAY TO HEAVEN. Concluded.
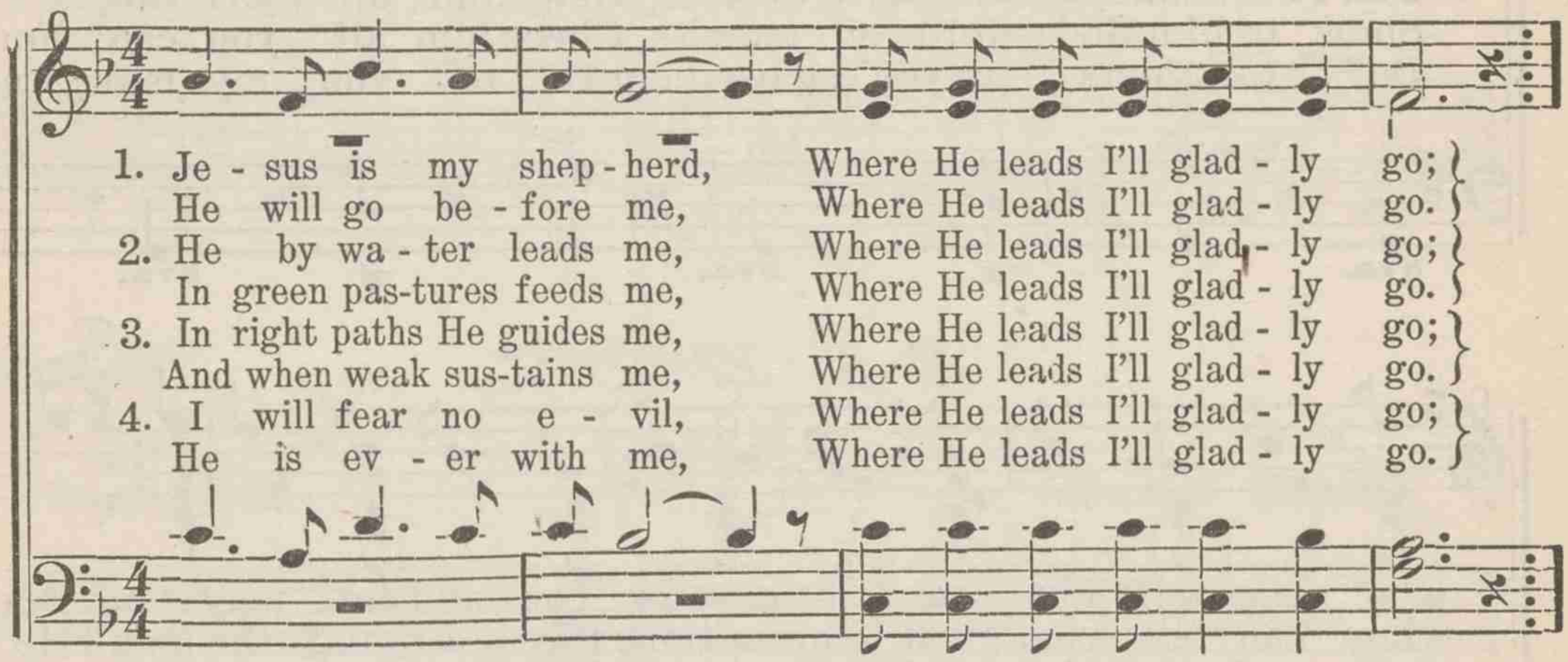
CHORUS.
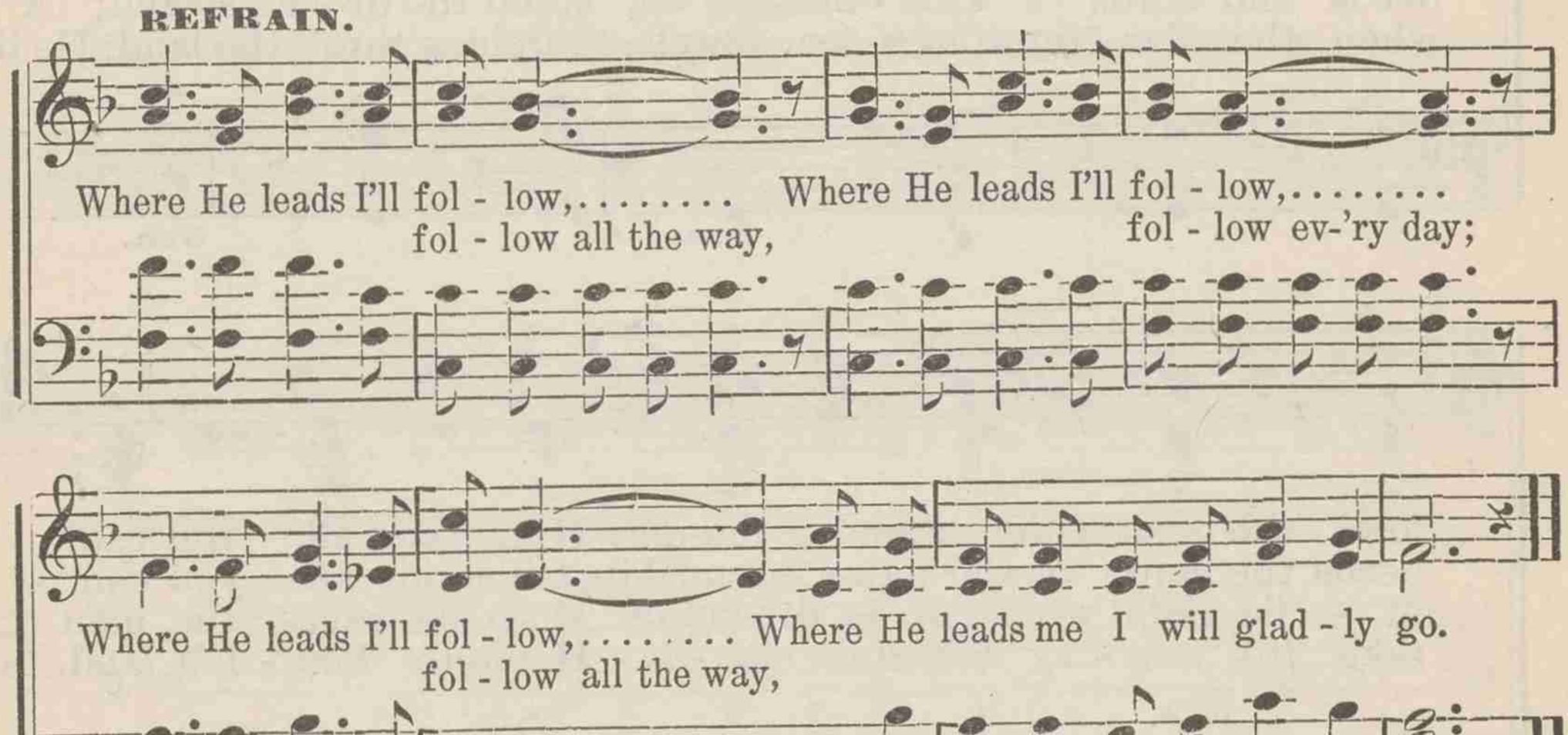




No. 284. WHERE HE LEADS I'LL GO.

E. C. A. E. C. AVIS.



REFRAIN.



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No. 285. GOING THROUGH THE LAND.

W. D. CORNELL, by per. Arr. by W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

SOLO. Slowly, with expression.

1. If a Christian meet a Christian, Go - ing thro' the land,
2. If a Christian gets in trouble, Go - ing thro' the land,
3. If you meet a soul dis - couraged, Go - ing thro' the land,
4. Would you have a home up yon-der, In the bet - ter land?

Just re - member he's your brother, Reach to him your hand; For
Don't condemn your weaker brother, Help him all you can; For
Show to him God's word of promise, Cheer him all you can; For
Do to oth-ers as you'd have them Do to you, my man; And

who can tell but on the morrow, You and he may stand Be-
who can tell what great temp-ta-tions Press a-round the man? He
deeds and words in kind - ness giv-en, Mend the broken strand; A
when the Mas - ter comes for jewels, Searching thro' the land, He'll

fore the great white throne up yon-der: Help him all you can.
needs the help of Chris-tian friendship, Give him all you can.
lit - tle help when one is drowning Oft - en saves the man
take thy wea - ry faith-ful spir - it Home to Beu - lah land.
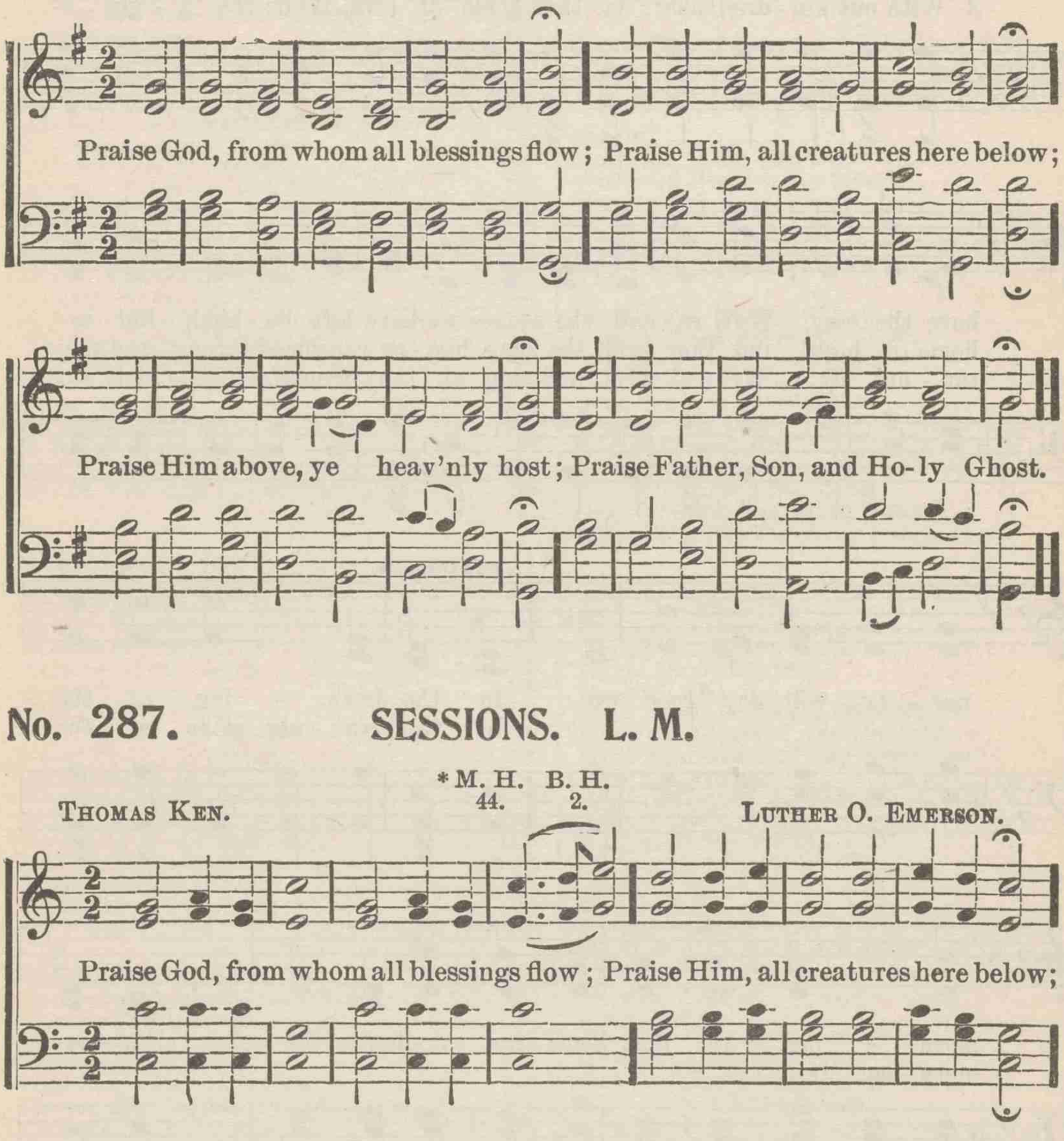
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DISMISSALS.

No. 286. OLD HUNDRED.

THOMAS KEN.

*M. H. 34. B. H. 2. P. H. 2.

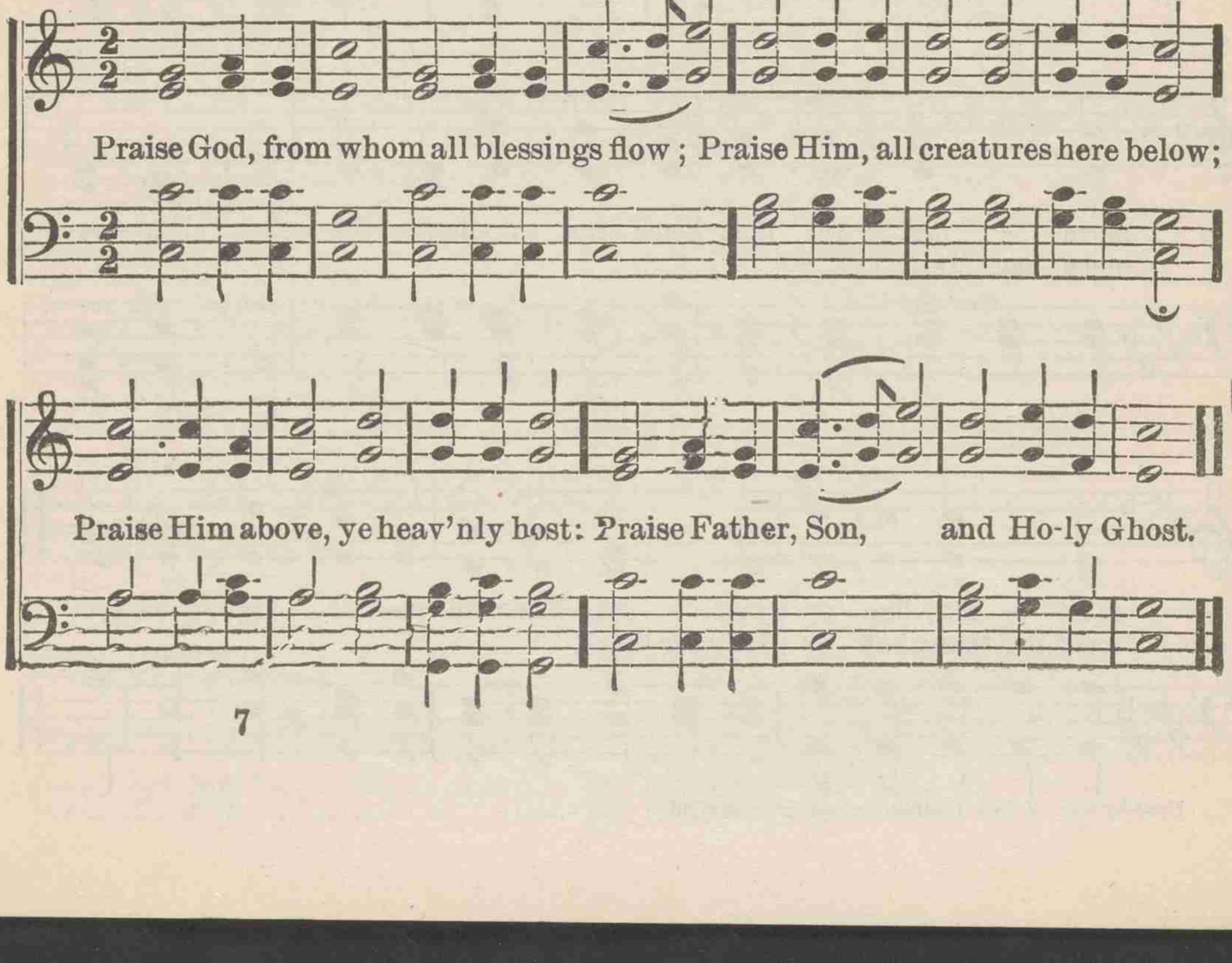


No. 287. SESSIONS. L. M.

THOMAS KEN.

*M. H. 44. B. H. 2.

LUTHER O. EMERSON.



No. 288. WE'LL NEVER SAY GOOD-BYE.

GEO. C. HUGG. GEO. C. HUGG.

1. In the morn of morns when we all meet there, In the home far a-
2. Nev-er sad-ness there, neith-er grief nor tear, In that beau-ti-ful
3. With our kin-dred dear, in that home of love, While the a-ges e-

bove the sky, We'll re-call the scenes we have left be-hind, But we
home on high! But they swell the song, hap-py ransomed throng, And they
ter-nal fly; We will meet, and sing at the Saviour's feet, But we

CHORUS.

nev-er will say "good-bye. In the dawn-ing of the
In the dawn-ing clear of the

morn-ing, In that home far a-bove the sky; Hap-py
morn-ing fair,

meet-ing, hap-py greet-ing, When we nev-er say, "good-bye."
meet-ing there, hap-py greet-ing there,

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