Wide Awake Songs

FOR

Gospel Meetings

SELECTED AND USED BY

REV. GEO. W. WILLIS.

IN HIS EVANGELISTIC WORK.

PUBLISHED AT

Evangelical Association Publishing House,

Cleveland, Ohio.

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[04-013]

Mabel Hotmer

[SP-001996]

Yours Sincerely

Geo. W. Willis

Mabel C. Stotmer. 3/16 09.

WIDE AWAKE SONGS

A CHOICE COLLECTION OF

SACRED SONGS

ESPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR

TIMES OF REVIVAL AND REFRESHING.

SELECTED AND USED BY

REV. GEO. W. WILLIS,

IN HIS EVANGELISTIC WORK.

'He hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God.'
PSALM 40, 3.

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EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION PUBLISHING HOUSE,
265-275 Woodland Avenue,
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

25 cts. per copy; $2.75 per dozen.

PREFACE.

This little song book, entitled, "Wide Awake Songs," is especially adapted for times of revival and refreshing, and is prayerfully committed to God, hoping that all who sing from its pages on earth, may sing the "New Song" in the Celestial city forever. I hereby wish to express my heart-felt gratitude to the various authors and copyright owners for their special kindness in permitting me to use their music, as contained in this treasury of Gospel Songs.

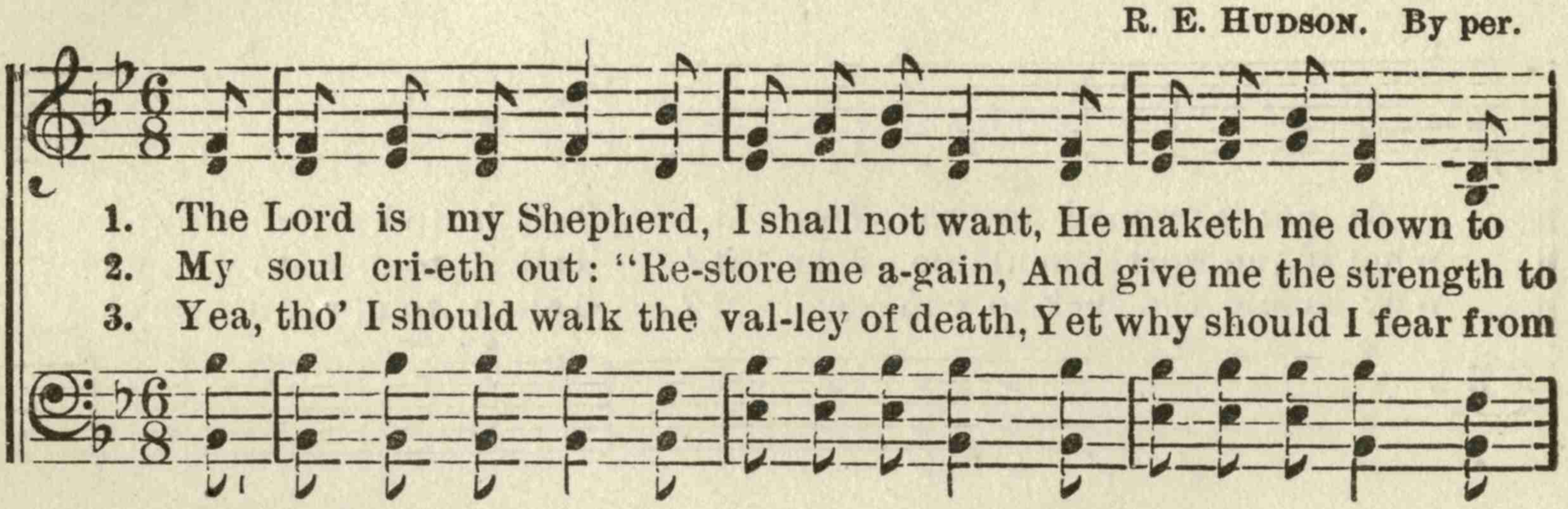
Yours for God and Souls,

GEO. W. WILLIS.

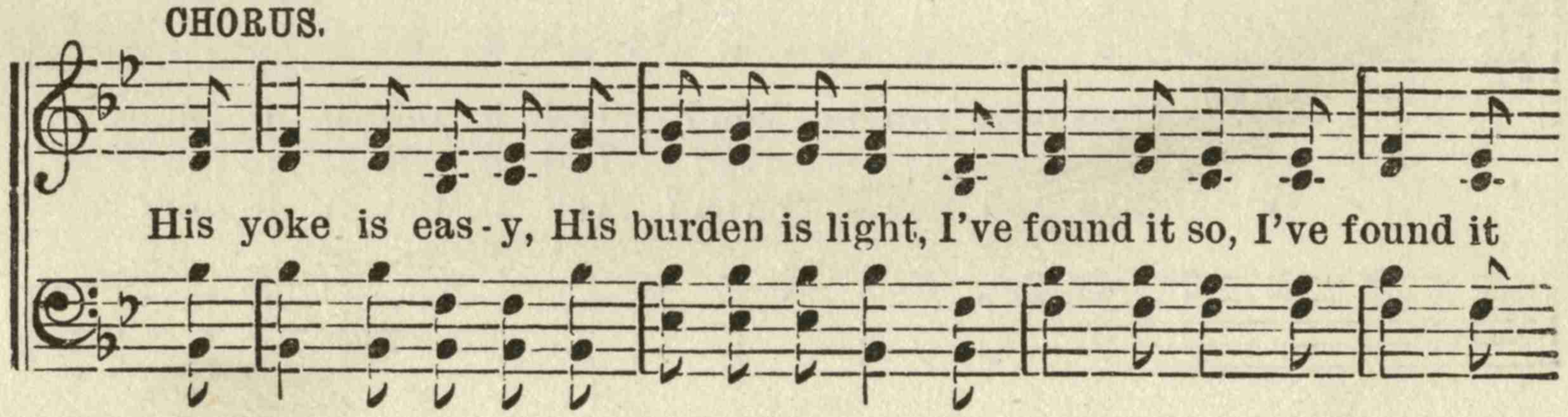
Wide Awake Songs.

His Yoke is Easy.

R. E. HUDSON. By per.



CHORUS.



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Are You for Jesus?

E. R. LATTA. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Are you for Je-sus? ex-press it! Tell it to-day! Tell it to-day!
2. Are you for Je-sus? don't hide it! Tell it to-day! Tell it to-day!
3. Are you for Je-sus? re-veal it! Tell it to-day! Tell it to-day!

Be not ashamed to con-fess it, Tell it to-day, to-day!
What if the world should de-ride it? Tell it to-day, to-day!
Why should you seek to con-ceal it? Tell it to-day, to-day!

Have you your fol-lies for-sak-en? Tell it, tell it to-day!
Are you 'gainst e-vil con-tend-ing? Tell it, tell it to-day!
Does the Re-deem-er con-fess you? Tell it, tell it to-day!

Tru-ly His cross have you ta-ken? Tell it, tell it to-day!
Are you on Je-sus de-pend-ing? Tell it, tell it to-day!
Does He for-give you and bless you? Tell it, tell it to-day!

CHORUS.

Tell it to-day, for the Master will hear! Tell it to-day, for our hearts it will cheer!

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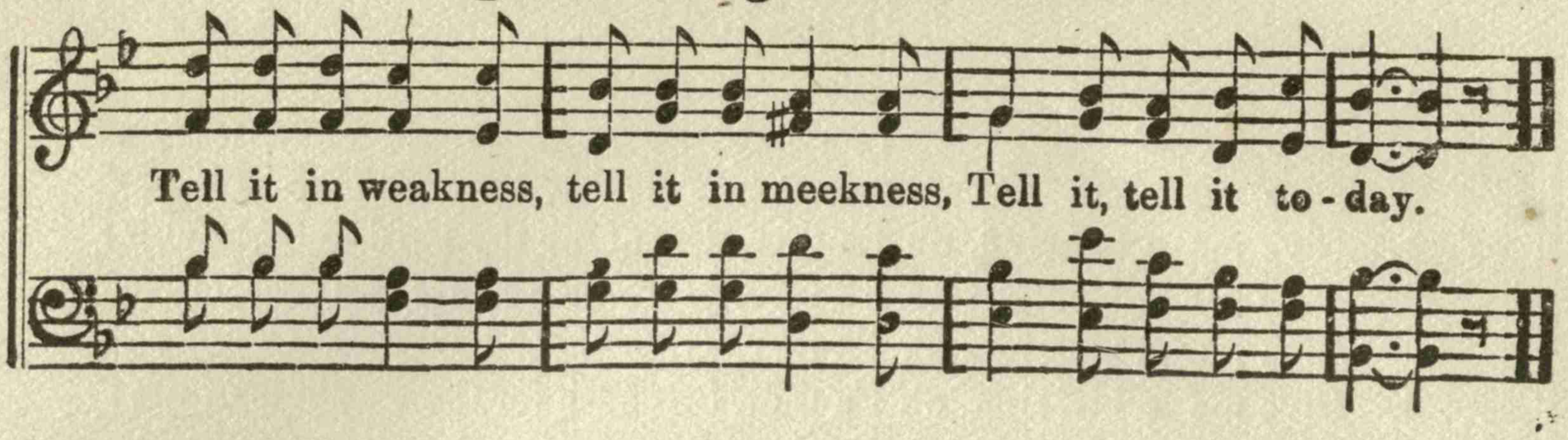
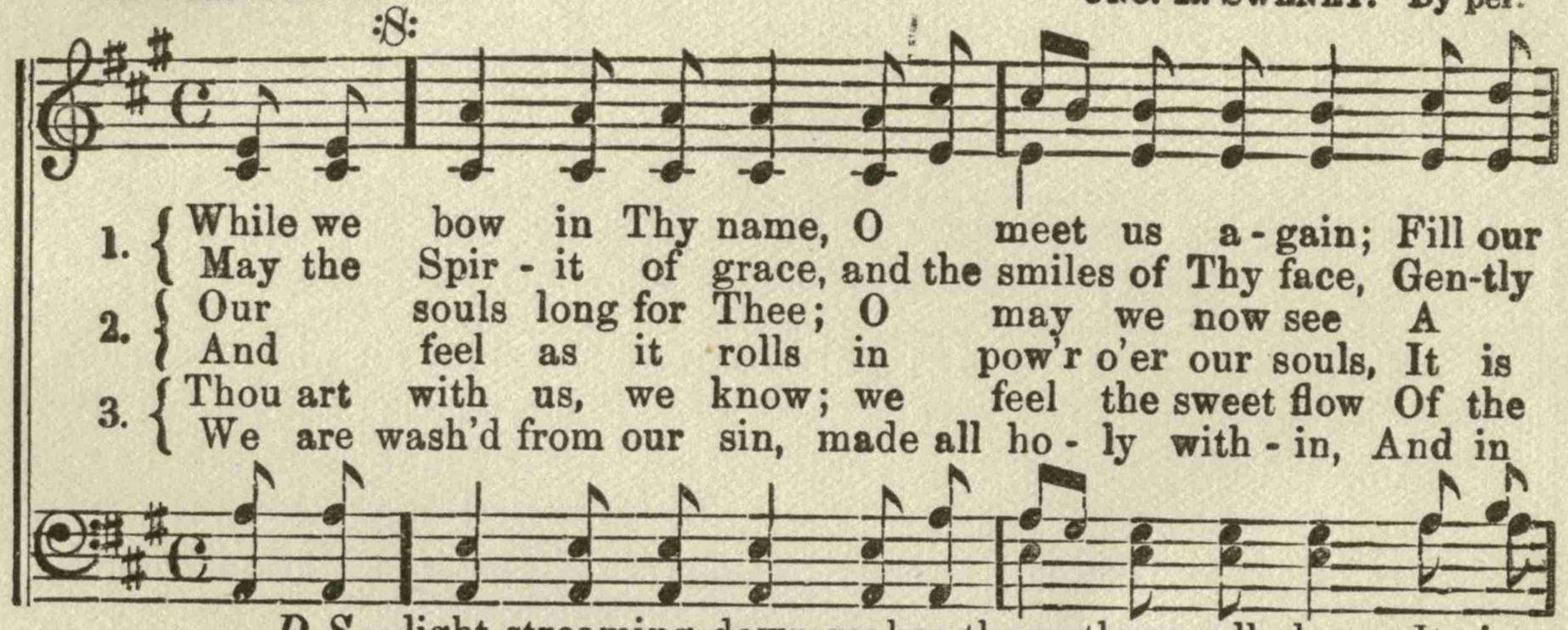
From "SPIRIT AND LIFE. By per.

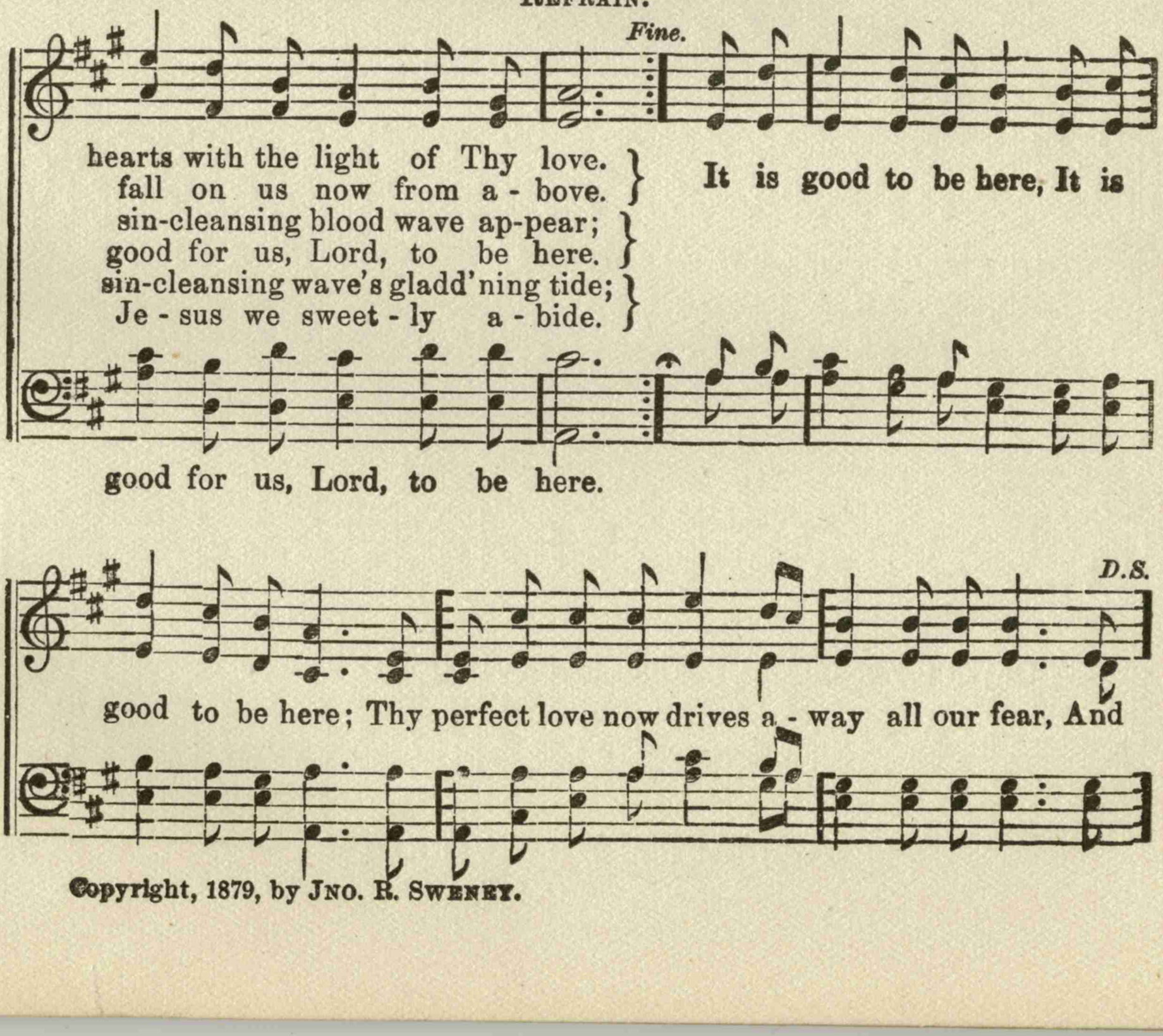


It is Good to be Here.

Rev. Isaac N. Wilson. Jno. R. Swenby. By per.



Refrain.



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Give Me a Blessing.

MRS. C. H. M. (Judges 1 : 15.) MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Give me a blessing, oh Fa-ther, Grant me thy pardon to know;
2. Give me a blessing, oh Fa-ther, More of thy fulness I crave;
3. Give me a blessing, oh Fa-ther, Give "holy boldness" to - day;
4. Give me a blessing, oh Fa-ther, Strength for the conflicts of life;
5. Give me a blessing, oh Fa-ther, Give me my Lord cru-ci - fied;

Sin hath gone over me, Let the blood cover me, Making me whiter than snow.
Give me heart-purity, give perfect liberty, Thou who art "mighty to save."
Courage the lost to win; power to bring them in, Wisdom to point them the way.
Let me lean hard on Thee, knowing my strength shall be Daily supplied in the strife.
If Jesus dwell with me, all shall be well with me, In Him my wants are supplied.

CHORUS.

Give me a blessing, give me a blessing? Give me a blessing, I pray;
oh, Father, I pray;

Out of thy bounteous, glorious fulness, Give me a blessing to-day.
oh, Father, to-day,

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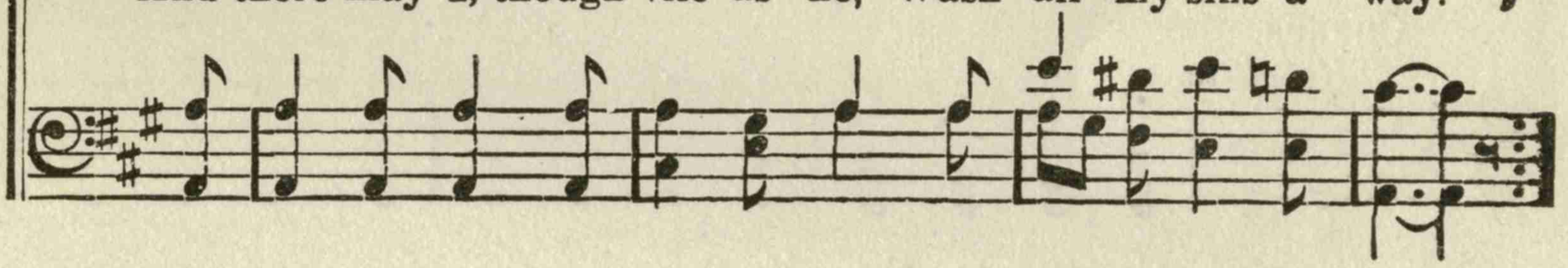
Glorious Fountain.

W. COWPER. T. C. O'KANE.

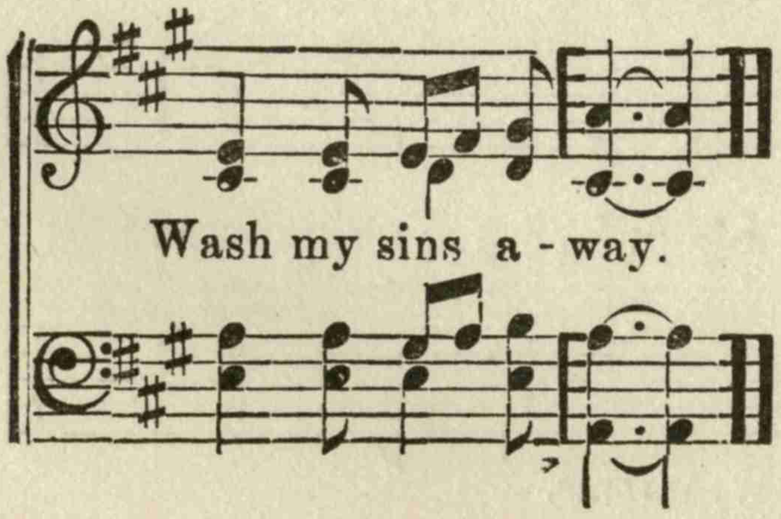
1. There is a fountain fill'd with blood, fill'd with blood, fill'd with blood,
   And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, beneath that flood, beneath that flood,
2. The dy-ing thief re-joic'd to see, re-joic'd to see, re-joic'd to see,
   And there may I, though vile as he, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he,

There is a fountain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sin-ners plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.
The dy-ing thief re-joic'd to see That foun-tain in his day,
And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.



CHORUS.

Oh, glo-ri-ous fountain! Here will I stay, And in thee ev-er



Wash my sins a-way.

3 Thou 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.

Praise to the Holy Trinity.

GEO. W. WILLIS. H. KATTERJOHN.

DUETT.

Andante.

1. Let us praise our God and Father, And His wondrous works de-clare;
2. Let us praise our precious Saviour, And His gracious name a-dore;
3. Let us praise the Ho-ly Spir-it, Who has turned our night to day;

ritard.

Let us praise Him for His mercies, For His kind and lov-ing care.
Let us praise Him for His fa-vor, And His bless-ing now im-plore.
Let us hon-or Him in all things, Giving Him the right of way.

CHORUS.

Resolute.

Glo-ry! glo-ry! to the Fa-ther; To the Son and Ho-ly

Ghost; Glo-ry! glo-ry! Hal-le-lu-jah! Shout for joy, ye ransomed

ritard,

host; Glo-ry! glo-ry! Hal-le-lu-jah! Shout for joy, ye ransomed host

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Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. A. J. SHOWALTER. By per.

1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Leaning on the ev-er-
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pil-grim 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,

CHORUS.

Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing Arms. Lean - ing,
Lean-ing on Je-sus,
lean - ing, Safe and se-cure from all a-larms, Lean - ing,
lean-ing on Je-sus, Lean-ing on Je-sus.
lean - ing, Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing Arms.
lean-ing on Je-sus,

Trim Your Lamps.

T. Wood. By per.

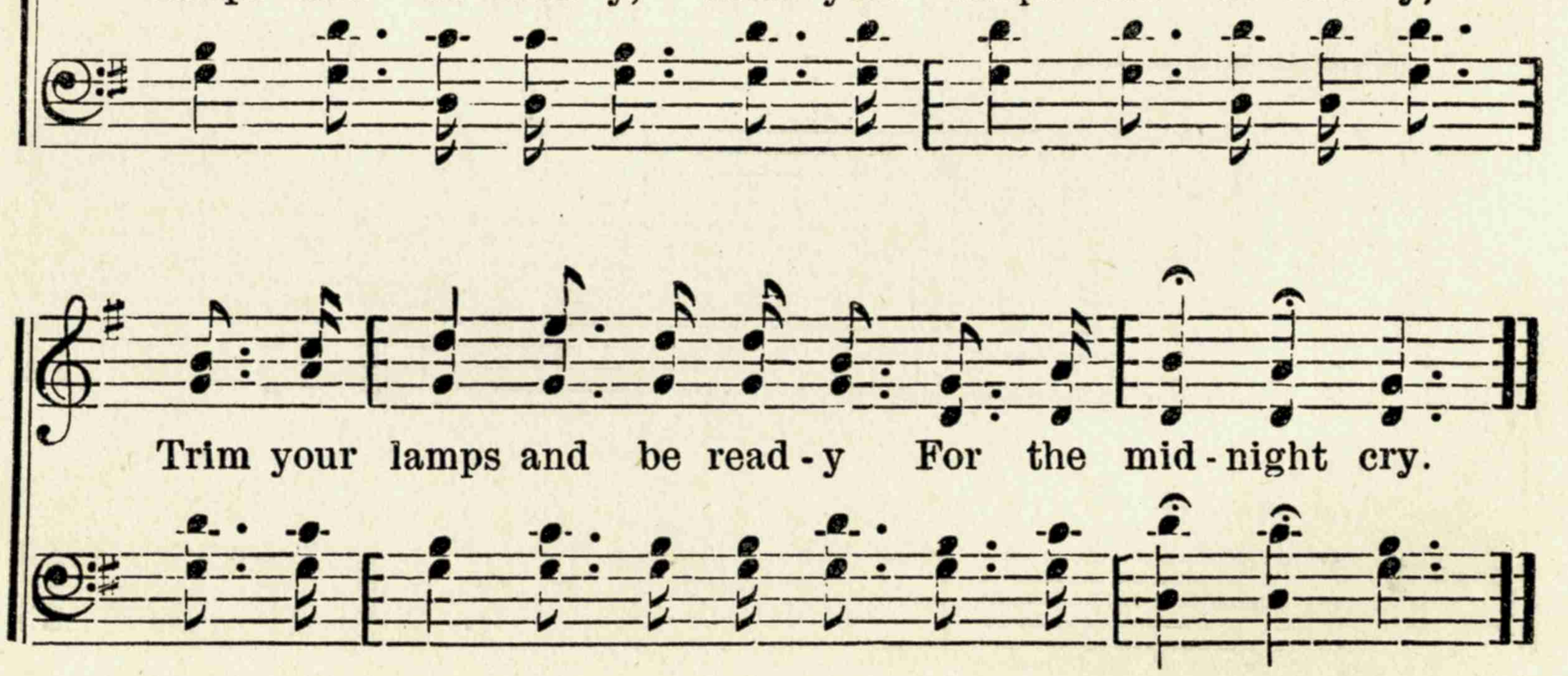
SOLO or QUARTETTE.

1. Re - joice, ye saints, the time draws near, When Christ will in the
2. The trum-pet sounds, the thun - ders roll, The heavens are pass-ing
3. Poor sin - ners then on earth will cry, (While lightnings flash-ing
4. Come, breth-ren all, and let us try To warn poor sin - ners
5. Come trim your lamps, be - fore too late, And read - y for the

FULL CHORUS.

clouds ap-pear, And for His peo - ple call.
as a scroll, The earth will burn with fire. Trim your
from the sky) O moun-tain on us fall.
and to cry, Be - hold the bride-groom comes.
bride-groom wait, And watch to en - ter in.

lamps and be read - y, Trim your lamps and be read - y,



Trim your lamps and be read - y For the mid - night cry.

"And I will cause the shower to come down in his season."—Ezekiel 34: 26.

JENNIE GARNETT. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Here in thy name we are gathered, Come and re-vive us, O Lord;
2. O that the showers of bless-ing Now on our souls may de-scend,
3. There shall be showers of blessing,—Promise that nev-er can fail;
4. Showers of blessing,—we need them, Showers of blessing from thee;

"There shall be showers of blessing" Thou hast declared in thy word.
While at the footstool of mer-cy Pleading thy promise we bend!
Thou wilt re-gard our pe-ti-tion; Sure-ly our faith will pre-vail.
Showers of blessing,—oh, grant them; Thine all the glo-ry shall be.

CHORUS.

Oh, gracions-ly hear us, Gracious-ly hear us, we pray:
gra-cious-ly hear us,

Pour from thy windows up-on us Showers of blesssing to-day.
Lord, pour up-on us

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Come, Sinner, Come.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden." – Matt. xi. 28.

WILL. E. WITTER. H. R. PALMER. By per.

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Nearer the Cross.

"The Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—Gal. vi. 14.

F. J. CROSBY. MRS. J. F. KNAPP. By per.

1 "Near-er the cross!" my heart can say, I am coming nearer, Nearer the
2. Near-er the Christian's mer-cy seat, I am coming nearer, Feasting my
3. Near-er in pray'r my hope as-pires, I am coming nearer, Deeper the

cross from day to day, I am coming near-er; Near-er the cross where
soul on man-na sweet, I am coming near-er; Stronger in faith, more
love my soul de-sires, I am coming near-er; Near-er the end of

Je-sus died, Near-er the fountain's crimson tide, Near-er my Saviour's
clear I see Je - sus who gave him-self for me; Near-er to Him I
toil and care, Near-er the joy I long to share, Near-er the crown I

wound-ed side, I am com-ing near-er, I am com-ing near-er.
still would be, Still I'm com-ing near-er, Still I'm com-ing near-er.
soon shall wear: I am com-ing near-er, I am com-ing near-er.

Calling for Thee.

"Arise, He calleth for thee."—Mark 10 : 49.

MRS. HARRIET JONES. D. B. TOWNER. By per.

1. Je - sus is ten-der - ly call-ing for thee, Waiting and longing thy com-fort to be.
2. That He might win thee He shed His own blood, Come to this fountain, oh, bathe in the flood.
3. Wan-der no long-er in darkness, we pray, Come to the Saviour, oh, make no de - lay.
4. Come from the darkness of sin in - to light, Come to the Shepherd who lead - eth a - right.

Lov - ing - ly now He is say - ing to thee,
Come while the slain One is say - ing to thee,
Je - sus is say - ing this moment to thee,
Come to the foun-tain now o - pen and free,

CHORUS.

Call - ing, Call - ing,
"Come and find mer - cy in me."
"Come, sinner, come un - to me."
"Come, wea-ry one, un - to me."
Je - sus is call - ing for thee.
Call-ing for thee, Call-ing for thee,
Call - ing,
Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing for thee, Call - ing for thee,
Call - ing,
Call - ing for thee, Je - sus is call - ing for thee.

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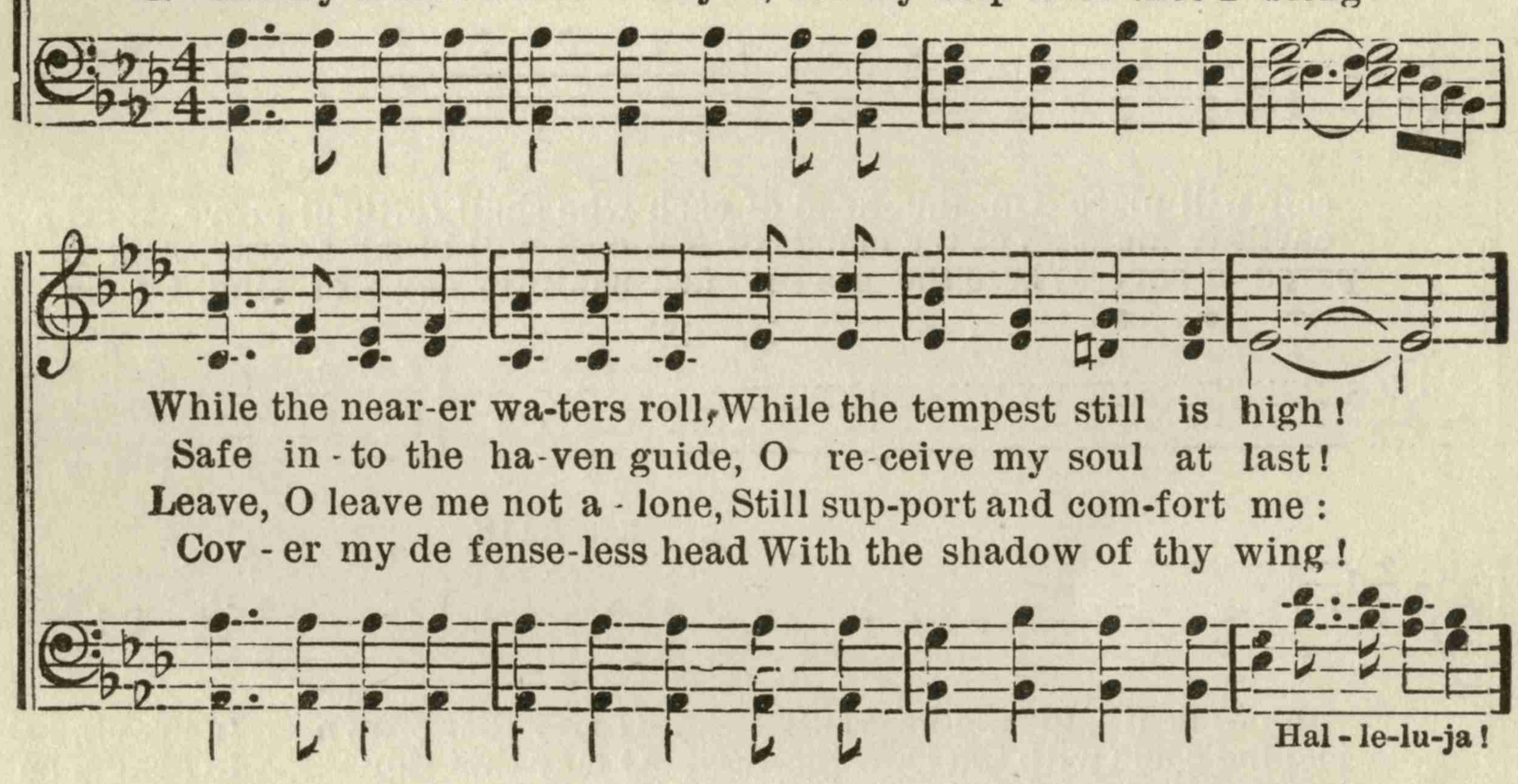
Under the Cross.

To my choir, Sam Jones meetings, Durham, N. C.

CHAS. WESLEY. E. O. EXCELL. By per.

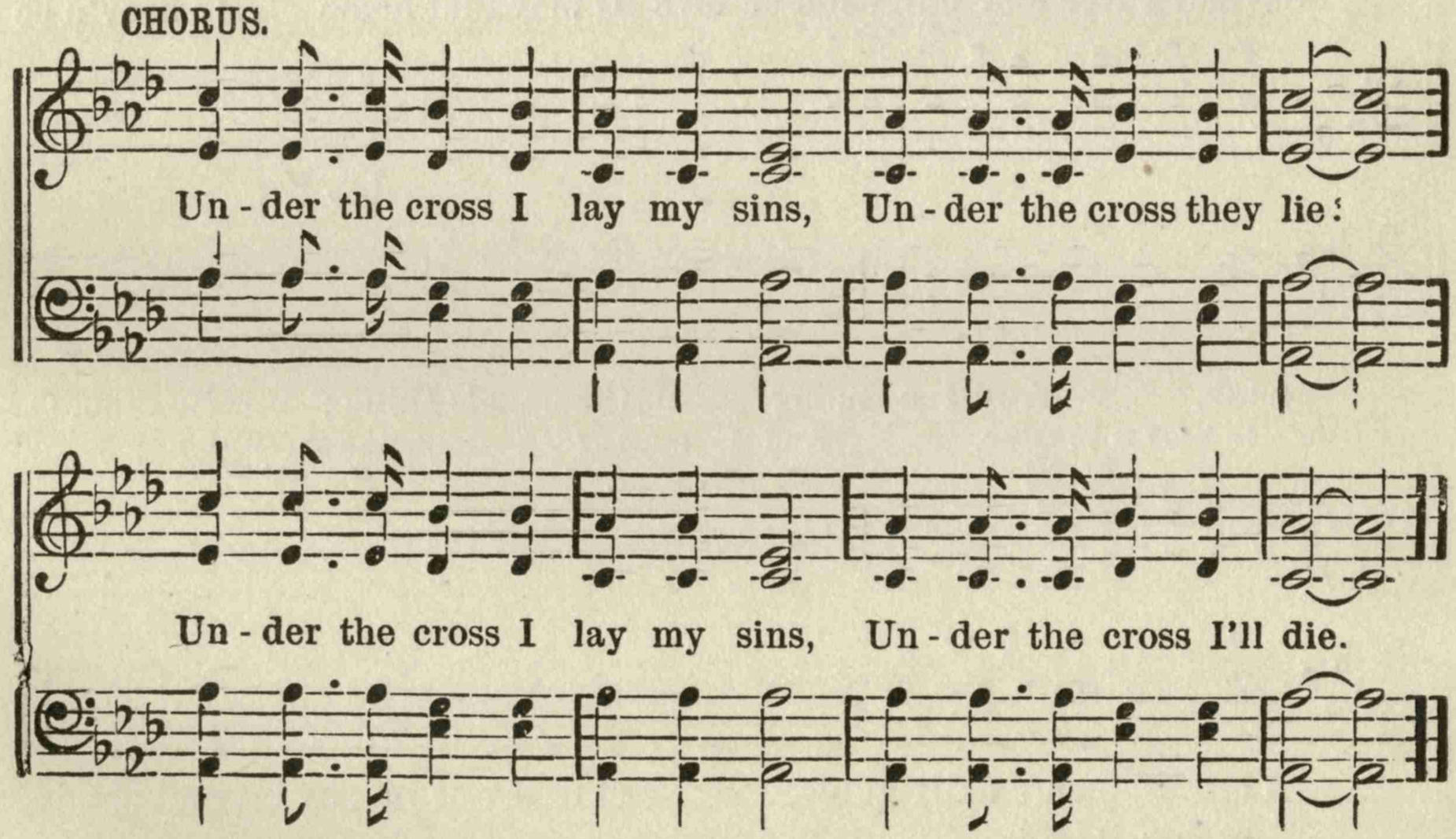
1. Je - sus Lov-er of my soul, Let me to thy bos - om fly,
2. Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
3. Oth - er ref-uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on thee,
4. All my trust on thee is stayed, All my help from thee I bring:



While the near-er wa-ters roll, While the tempest still is high!
Safe in - to the ha-ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last!
Leave, O leave me not a - lone, Still sup-port and com-fort me:
Cov - er my de fense-less head With the shadow of thy wing!

Hal - le-lu-ja!

CHORUS.



Un - der the cross I lay my sins, Un - der the cross they lie:

Un - der the cross I lay my sins, Un - der the cross I'll die.

5 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.

6 Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee.
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

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Treasures of Heaven.

T. C. O'K. T. C. O'Kane. By per.

1. There's a crown in heav'n for the striving soul, Which the blessed Jesus him-
2. There's a joy in heav'n for the mourning soul, Tho' the tears may fall all the
3. There's a home in heav'n for the faithful soul, In the many mansions pre-

self will place On the head of each who shall faithful prove, E - ven
earth-ly night; Yet the clouds of sad-ness will break a - way, And re-
pared a-bove, Where the glo - ri - fied shall for - ev - er sing, Of a

REFRAIN.

un - to death, in the heavenly race. O may that crown in heav'n be
joic-ing come with the morning light. O may that joy in heav'n be
Saviour's free and un-bound-ed love. O may that home in heav'n be

mine, And I a - mong the angels shine; Be thou, O
in heav'n be mine, And I a-mong the angels shine;

Lord, my daily guide, Let me ev-er in Thy love a-bide.
Be thou, O Lord, my daily guide,

Jesus, Precious Saviour.

Arranged by J. H. HATHAWAY. By per.

1. Je - sus, precious Saviour, Thou hast saved my soul, From sin's foul cor-
2. From the low - ly man-ger I will fol-low Thee, In the desert
3. When life's storms are raging, I will trust in Thee; 'Neath the shelter

rup - tion Made me ful - ly whole, Ev - 'ry day I'll serve Thee,
and the strife, Faithful I will be: E'en the suff'rings of the Cross
of Thy wings, Oh, how safe I'll be; From the ev - er - last-ing arms

What-e'er may be-fall, Till in heav'n I crown Thee King and Lord of all.
I will glad-ly bear, If with Thee in heav-en I a crown may wear.
I shall ne'er de-part, Till I, in Thy beau-ty, See Thee as Thou art.

CHORUS.

All my heart I give Thee day by day, Come what may;
All my life I give Thee, Dy - ing men to save.

Have You the Garment of White?

HARRIET JONES. D. B. TOWNER. By per.

1. The King bids you come and par - take of the feast; For all there is room ev-en un - to the least; But if you would en - ter the
2. Oh, will you be speech-less when questioned by One, Who offered you mer-cy thro' Je-sus, his Son? Who opened a fountain that
3. Dear friend, are you read - y to meet the great King, And join in the anthem the glo-ri - fied sing? Oh, will you be welcome with-

pal - ace so fair; The pure wedding garment you sure-ly must wear.
sin - ners be-low Might wear a bright garment as spot-less as snow?
in that pure home, Where none but the white-robed are suffered to come?

CHORUS.

Oh, have you the garment of white, brother, If called to the banquet to-uight—
The beautiful garment of white, brother, They wear in the palace of light?

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Building for Eternity.

Acts 20 : 32.

N. B. S. N. B. Sargent. Arr.

1. We are building in sorrow or joy, A temple the world may not see, Which time cannot mar nor destroy, We build for e - ter - ni - ty.
2. Every tho't that we've ev - er had, Its own lit - tle place has fill'd' Ev'ry deed we have done *good* or bad, Is a stone in the temple we build.
3. Every work that so light - ly falls, Giv-ing some heart joy or pain, Will shine in our tem - ple walls, Or ev - er its beau-ty stain.
4. Are you building for God a - lone, Are you building in faith and love, A temple the Father will own, In the cit - y of light a-bove?

CHORUS.

We are building ev - ery day, . . A tem-ple the world may not
We are building, building, every day,
see, Building, building ev-ery day, Building for e-ter - ni - ty.

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Tell it to Jesus.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. Matt. xiv. 12. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Are you wea - ry, are you heav-y-heart - ed? Tell it to Je - sus,
2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks unbidden? Tell it to Je - sus,
3. Do you fear the gathering clouds of sorrow? Tell it to Je - sus,
4. Are you trou - bled at the thought of dy-ing? Tell it to Je - sus,

Tell it to Je - sus; Are you grieving o ver joys de - part - ed?
Tell it to Je - sus; Have you sins that to man's eye are hid - den?
Tell it to Je - sus; Are you anx-ious what shall be to - mor- row?
Tell it to Je - sus; For Christ's coming Kingdom are you sigh-ing?

CHORUS.

Tell it to Je - sus a - lone. Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je-sus,

He is a friend that's well known You have no oth - er

such a friend or broth - er, Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.

By Permission.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. W. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.

1. There is per-fect cleansing in the precious blood That flows for all so free, There is full sal - va-tion in its crimson flood; There's a
2. I am saved each moment thro' the cleansing blood That now, by faith, I see; I am sweet-ly rest-ing at the cross I love; There's a
3. Oh, the blood that keeps me from the pow'r of sin My con-stant theme shall be; I have laid my burden at the Saviour's feet; There's a
4. There is life e - ter - nal in the precious blood That still is flow-ing free, And my soul shall glo-ry in the Saviour's cross; There's a

CHORUS.

blessing from the Lord for me. There's a blessing for me, There's a blessing for me, A blessing from the Lord for me; There is full salvation in the crimson flood; There's a blessing from the Lord for me.

Copyright, 1886, by W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Gather the Wanderers In.

J. H. H.

J. H. HATHAWAY.

1. In - to the highways and by-ways of sin, Go and gath - er the
2. Je - sus, the Saviour, is say-ing to - day: Go and gath - er the
3. Then when we gath-er in glo - ry at last, Go and gath - er the

wan-der - ers in; Pray-ing lost souls a new life to be - gin;
wan-der - ers in; Work e'er the night shadows dark - en thy way,
wan-der - ers in; Our time for res - cu - ing souls, will be past,

Gath - er the wan - der - ers in. Hearts that were one time as
Gath - er the wan - der - ers in. Bring in the halt and the
Gath - er the wan - der - ers in. Those we have gath - ered we'll

pure as the snow, Lured by the temp-ter, have fall - en so low,
lame and the blind, Those who need heal-ing a Sav-iour may find;
greet o - ver there, Names safe enrolled on the page bright and fair,

Tell them of Je-sus, who longs for them so, Gather the wanderers in.
Hearts that are heavy and broken He'll bind, Gather the wanderers in.
Glo-ries of Heaven for - ev - er to share, Gather the wanderers in.

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All the Way to Calvary.

Arr. from 'SALVATION SONGSTER."

All the way to Cal - va - ry He went for me, He went for me, He went for me; All the way to Cal - va - ry He went for me, And now He sets me free.

END.

1. Oh, I had so man - y, man - y sins,
2. Oh, I had so man - y, man - y stains,
3. Oh, I had so man - y, man - y doubts,
4. Oh, I had so man - y, man - y fears,

But He took them all a - way when He par - doned me,
But He took them all a - way when He sanc - ti-fied me,
But He took them all a - way when He sanc - ti-fied me,
But He took them all a - way when He sanc - ti-fied me,

D.C. for Chorns.

But He took them all a - way when He par - doned me.
But He took them all a - way when He sanc-ti - fied me.
But He took them all a - way when He sanc-ti - fied mo.
But He took them all a - way when He sanc-ti - fied me.

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From "Songs of Joy and Gladness." By per.

Come Away to Jesus Now.

J. M. W. J. M. WHYTE. By per.

1. Oh, why thus stand with re - luct - ant feet, Just on the verge
2. The Spir - it strives, and yet there you stand, In sight of bliss
3. Your loved ones gone to the oth - er shore, With un-seen hands
4. The touch of death is up - on your frame, The mar-ble slab

of this rest so sweet? While God in - vites and your steps will greet,
and the glo - ry land; Re - treat is death in the sink - ing sand,
seem to beck-on o'er, Their voic - es hushed, yet they still im - plore,
soon will bear your name; Lest you should suf-fer e - ter - nal shame,

CHORUS.

Come a-way to Je-sus now. Come a-way to Je - sus, Come a-
Come a-way to Je-sus, come a-way,

way to Je - sus, Come a - way to
Come a-way to Je-sus, come a-way, Come a-way to

Je - sus, Come a - way to Je - sus now.
Je - sus, come a - way,

Copyright, 1887.

It Just Suits Me.

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

1. What a won-der-ful sal-va-tion! For its length and breadth and height
2. Oh, this bless-ed "who-so - ev - er," Call-ing ev - 'ry one who will,
3. Precious prom-is - es of Je - sus, Sweeping ev - 'ry hu - man need!
4. What a per-fect, pres-ent Sav-iour! What a true and lov-ing friend!

Far ex - cel the grand-est knowledge Of the ser - a - phim in light;
To the sparkling, liv - ing wa - ters, Flowing ful - ly, free - ly still;
For the grace of our Re-deem-er Must our high-est thought ex-ceed;
Can we ev - er praise him right-ly? Tell how grace and glo - ry blend?

I can nev - er, nev - er fathom Half its ho - ly mys - ter - y,
No, I know not why he loves me, But his blood is all my plea;
To the might y, roy - al store-house Let me use the gold-en key,
Now the Prince of Peace is reign-ing, O - ver - rul-ing all I see;

CHORUS.

But I know it is for sinners, And it just suits me. It just suits
I can trust his "who so-ev - er," For it just suits me.
Find the special, ten-der promise That will just suit me.
So, what-ev - er lot he orders, May it just suit me.

me, It just suits me, This won-der-ful sal-va-tion, It just suits me.

By per. of JOHN J. HOOD. Copyright.

The Sure Foundation.

T. C. O'KANE. By per.

1. There stands a Rock on shores of time That rears to heav'n its head sublime;
2. That Rock's a cross, its arms outspread, Ce-les-tial glo-ry bathes its head;
3. That Rock's a tower, whose lofty height, Illumed with heav'n's unclouded light,

That Rock is cleft, and they are blest Who find within this cleft a rest.
To its firm base my all I bring, And to the Cross of A-ges cling.
Opes wide its gate beneath the dome Where saints find rest with Christ at home.

CHORUS.

Some build their hopes on the ev - er drifting sand, Some on their

fame, or their treasure, or their land; Mine's on a Rock that for-

ev - er will stand, Je - sus, the "Rock of A - ges."

There's a Great Day Coming.

W. L. T.

W. L. THOMPSON. By per.

1. There's a great day com - ing, A great day com-ing, There's a
2. There's a bright day com - ing, A bright day com-ing, There's a
3. There's a sad day com - ing, A sad day com ing, There's a

great day com-ing by and by, When the saints and the sin-ners shall be
bright day com-ing by and by, But its brightness shall on - ly come to
sad day com-ing by and by, When the sin-ner shall hear his doom, "De-

part-ed right and left, Are you read - y for that day to come?
them that love the Lord, Are you read - y for that day to come?
part, I know ye not," Are you read - y for that day to come?

CHORUS.

Are you read - y? are you read-y? Are you read-y for the

judgment day? Are you ready? are you ready For the judgment day?

By permission of WILL L. THOMPSON, East Liverpool, O.

The Lily of the Valley.

Arr. by JOSHUA GILL.

1. I've found a friend in Je-sus, he's every-thing to me, He's the fair-est of ten
2. He all my griefs has tak-en, and all my sor-rows borne; In temptation he's my
3. He'll nev-er, nev-er leave me, nor yet for-sake me here, While I live by faith and

thousand to my soul; The Lil-y of the Val-ley in him a-lone I see, All I
strong and mighty tow'r; I've all for him for-sak-en, I've all my i-dols torn From my
do his blessed will; A wall of fire about me, I've nothing now to fear; With his

need to cleanse and make me fully whole. In sorrow he's my comfort, in trouble he's my
heart, and now he keeps me by his pow'r. Tho' all the world forsake me, and Satan tempts me
manna he my hungry soul shall fill; Then sweeping up to glo-ry we see his blessed

Chorus.—In sor-row he's my comfort, in trouble he's my

Hallelujah!

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

stay, He tells me ev-'ry care on him to roll. He's the Li-ly of the

D.S.

Valley, the bright and morning Star, He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

Val-ley, the bright and morning Star, He's the fair-est of ten thousand to my sout.

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Blessed Assurance.

FANNIE CROSBY. MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP. By per.

1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, purchased of God, Born of His
2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vis-ions of rap-ture now burst on my sight; An-gels de-scend-ing, bring from a-bove Ech-oes of
3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-iour am hap-py and blest; Watching and waiting, looking a-bove, Filled with His

CHORUS.

Spir-it, washed in His blood. This is my sto-ry, this is my
mer-cy, whis-pers of love.
good-ness, lost in His love.

song, Praising my Sav-iour all the day long; This is my sto-ry,

this is my song, Praising my Sav-iour all the day long.

Are You Washed in the Blood?

Words and Music by Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. By per.

1. Have you been to Je-sus for the cleansing pow'r? Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb? Are you fully trusting in his grace this hour? Are you
2. Are you walking dai-ly by the Saviour's side? Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the Cru ci-fied? Are you
3. When the Bridegroom cometh, will your robes be white, Pure and white in the blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be ready for the mansions bright, And be
4. Lay a-side the garments that are stained with sin, And be wash'd in the blood of the Lamb? There's a fountain flowing for the soul unclean, O be

CHORUS.

wash'd in the blood of the Lamb? Are you wash'd in the blood, In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb? Are your garments spotless? Are they white as snow? Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?

Jesus is Strong to Deliver.

Words and Music by H. H. B.

1. When in the tem - pest He'll hide us, When in the storm
2. When in my sor - row He found me, Found me and bade
3. Why are you doubt-ing and fear - ing? Why are you still
4. You say: "I'm weak, I am help - less, I've tried a - gain

He'll be near; All the way long He will car - ry us on,
me be whole; Turned all my night in - to heav-en - ly light,
un - der sin? Have you not found that his grace doth a - bound?
and a - gain;" This may be true, but it's not what *you* do,

CHORUS.

Now we have noth-ing to fear. Je - sus is strong to de-
From me my bur-den did roll.
Might-y to save; let Him in.
He is the "Might-y to save!"

liv - er! Might-y to save! might-y to save! Je - sus is
strong to de - liv - er! Je - sus is might-y to save!

By per. of Com. H. H. Booth of S. A.

I Will, God Helping Me.

R. E. HUDSON. By per.

1. Je - sus, thine all vic - to - rious love Shed in my heart a - broad;
2. O that in me the sa - cred fire Might now be - gin to glow,
3. O that it now from heav'n might fall, And all my sins con-sume!
4. Re - fin - ing fire, go through my heart, Il - lu - min-ate my soul;

There shall my feet no long - er roam, Root-ed and fixed in God.
Burn up the dross of base de - sire, And make the mountains flow.
Come, Ho - ly Ghost, for thee I call; Spir - it of burn-ing, come!
Scat - ter thy life through ev'-ry part, And sanc - ti - fy the whole.

CHORUS.

I will I will,

I will, I will, I will, God help-

ing me; I will be thine, O Lord! Thy pre - cious

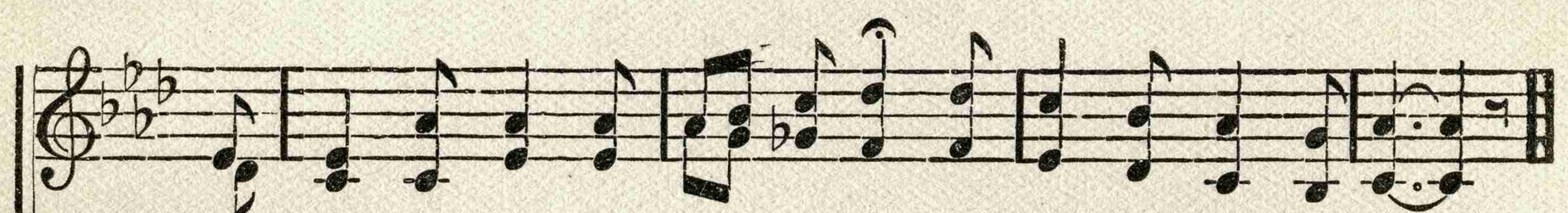
blood was shed to ran - som me, I will be thine, O Lord!

Copyrighted, 1885, by R. E. HUDSON.

Take Me As I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Just as I am, without one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
3. Just as I am—Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
4. Just as I am—Thy love unknown Hath broken ev-'ry bar-rier down,



And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come!
Yea, all I need in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come!
Be-cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come!
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine a-lone, O Lamb of God, I come!

REFRAIN.

Take me as I am, Take me as I am; Oh,
Take me, take me as I am, Take me, take me as I am;

Bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am.

Copyright by JNO. J. HOOD. By per.

Beautiful, Beckoning Hands.

C. C. L. Heb. 12: 1, 2. C. C. LUTHER. By per.

1. Beck - on - ing hands at the gate-way to - night, Fa - ces a shin - ing with ra - di - ant light; Eyes look - ing down from yon heav-en - ly home,
2. Beck - on - ing hands of a moth-er whose love Sac - ri - ficed life its de - vo - tion to prove; Hands of a fa - ther to mem - o - ry dear,
3. Beck - on - ing hands of a lit - tle one, see! Ba - by voice call - ing, O moth-er, for thee; Ro - sy-cheeked dar-ling, the light of the home,
4. Beck - on - ing hands of a hus-band, a wife, Watch-ing and wait - ing the loved one of life; Hands of a broth-er, a sis - ter, a friend,
5. Bright-est and best of that glo - ri - ous throng, Cen - ter of all and the theme of their song, Je - sus our Sav-iour, the pierc-ed one stands,

Beau - ti - ful hands they are beck-on-ing "come."
Beck - on up high - er the wait-ing ones here.
Ta - ken so ear - ly, is beck-on-ing "come."
Out from the gate-way to - night they ex - tend.
Lov - ing - ly call - ing with beck-on-ing hands.

REFRAIN.

Beau-ti-ful hands, Beckoning hands, Calling the dear ones to heavenly lands;

Beau-ti ful hands, beckoning hands, Beautiful, beautiful, beckoning hands.

Copyright, by C. C. LUTHER.

Sweet Peace the Gift of God's Love. 35

P. H. ROBLIN. P. BILHORN. By per.

1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain, sweet strain, A glad and
2. By Christ on the cross peace was made, was made, My debt by
3. When Je - sus as Lord I had crowned, had crowned, My heart with
4. In Je - sus for peace I a - bide, a - bide, And as I

a joy - ous re - frain, re - frain, I sing it a - gain and a -
His death was all paid, all paid, No oth - er foun-da - tion is
this peace did a - bound, a - bound, In Him the rich blessing I
keep close to His side, His side, There's nothing but peace doth be-

CHORUS.

gain, Sweet peace the gift of God's love. Peace, peace, sweet peace,
laid, For peace the gift of God's love.
found, Sweet peace the gift of God's love.
tide, Sweet peace the gift of God's love.

Won - der - ful gift from a - bove, a - bove, O won-der-ful, won-

der - ful peace, Sweet peace the gift of God's love.

Copyright, 1887, by P. BILHORN.

Since I have Been Redeemed.

E O. E

E. O. EXCELL.

1. I have a song I love to sing, Since I have been re-
2. I have a Christ that sat - is - fies, Since I have been re-
3. I have a Wit - ness, bright and clear, Since I have been re-
4 I have a joy I can't ex - press, Since I have been re-
5 I have a home pre-pared for me, Since I have been re-

deemed, Of my Re - deem - er, Sav - iour, King, Since
deemed, To do His will my high - est prize, Since
deemed, Dis - pell - ing ev - 'ry doubt and fear, Since
deemed, All through His blood and right - eous-ness, Since
deemed, Where I shall dwell e - ter - nal - ly, Since

CHO.—Since I..... have been re-

I have been re - deemed. Since I have been re-deemed, Since

deemed,

1st. I have been re - deemed, Since I have been re-deemed, I will

2d. glo - ry in His name, I will glo - ry in the Sav-iour's name.

Copyright, 1884, by E. O. EXCELL. By per.

Stranger at the Door.

Music by T. C. O'KANE. By per.

With feeling.

1. Be-hold a stranger at the door; He gently knocks—has knock'd before;
2. O love-ly at-ti-tude—he stands With melting heart and loaded hands;
3. But will he prove a friend indeed? He will—the very friend you need;
4. Rise, touch'd with gratitude divine; Turn out his en - e-my and thine;
5. Ad - mit him, ere his anger burn—His feet, de-part-ed, ne'er re-turn;

Has wait-ed long, is waiting still; You treat no oth - er friend so ill.
O matchless kindness—and he shows This matchless kindness to his foes.
The friend of sin-ners? Yes,'tis he, With garments dyed on Cal - va - ry.
That soul-destroy - ing monster—sin, And let the Heav'nly Stranger in.
Ad - mit him, or the hour's at hand, You'll at *his* door re-ject - ed stand.

REFRAIN.

O, let the dear Saviour come in, He'll cleanse the heart from sin;
come in, from sin;

O, keep him no more out at the door, But let the dear Saviour come in.
come in.

Wonderful Story of Love.

J. M. D. Rev. J. M. DRIVER. By per. of the auther.

Duet. *Full Chorus.*

1. Won-der-ful sto - ry of love: Tell it to me a - gain;
2. Won-der-ful sto - ry of love: Tho' you are far a - way;
3. Won-der-ful sto - ry of love: JE - SUS pro-vides a rest:

Won-der-ful sto - ry of love: Wake the im-mor - tal strain!
Won-der-ful sto - ry of love: Still he doth call to - day;
Won-der-ful sto - ry of love For all the pure and blest

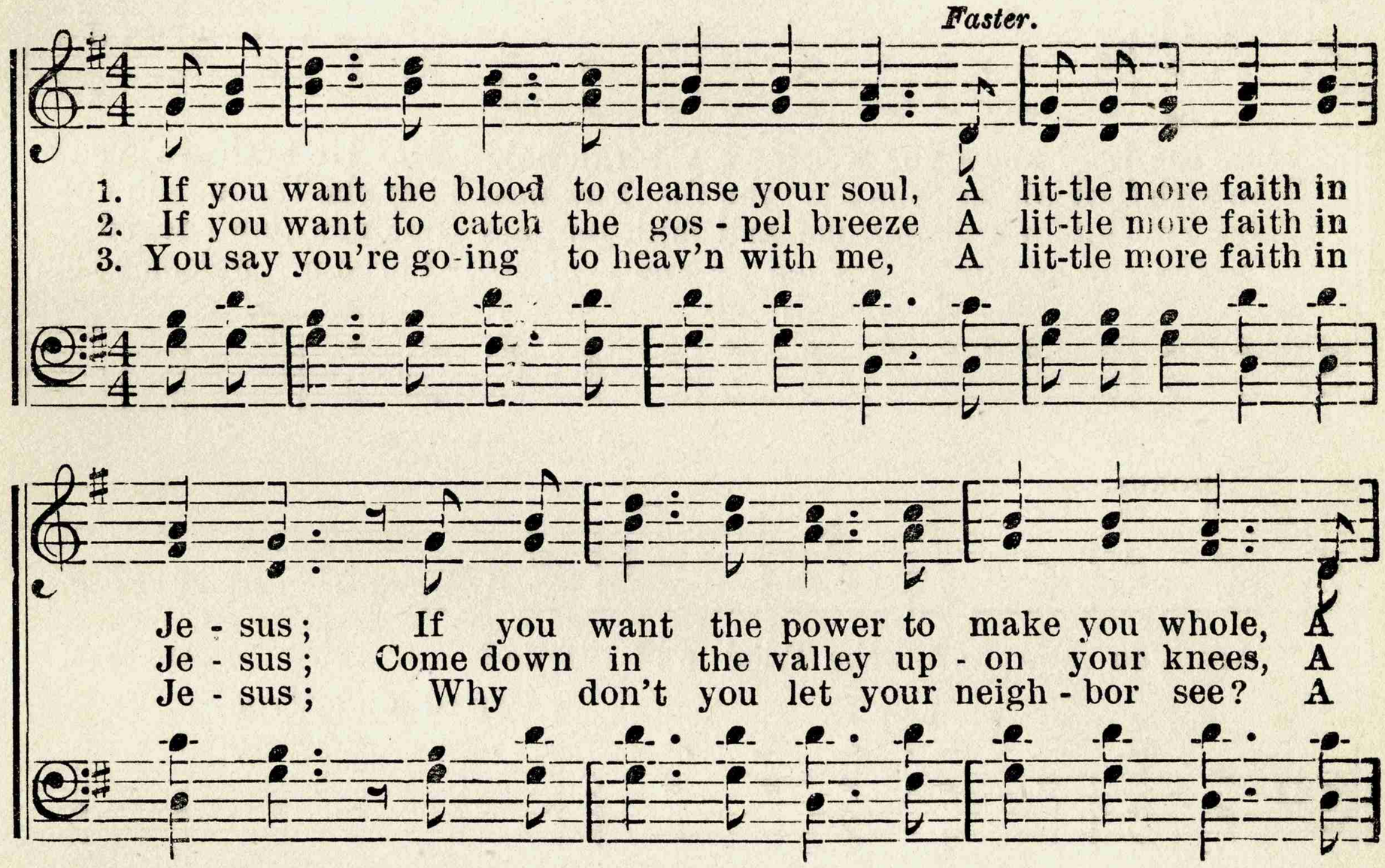
Angels with rapture announce it, Shepherds with won-der re - ceive it;
Calling from Calvary's mountain. Down from the crys-tal bright fountain
Rest in those mansions a bove us, With those who've gone on be-fore us,

Sin-ner, oh! won't you be-lieve it? Won-der-ful sto - ry of love.
E'en from the dawn of cre - a - tion Won-der-ful sto - ry of love.
Sing-ing the rapt-ur - ous cho-rus, Won-der-ful sto - ry of love.

CHORUS.

Won - der - ful! won - der - ful!
Won-der - ful sto - ry of love: won-der - ful sto - ry of love:

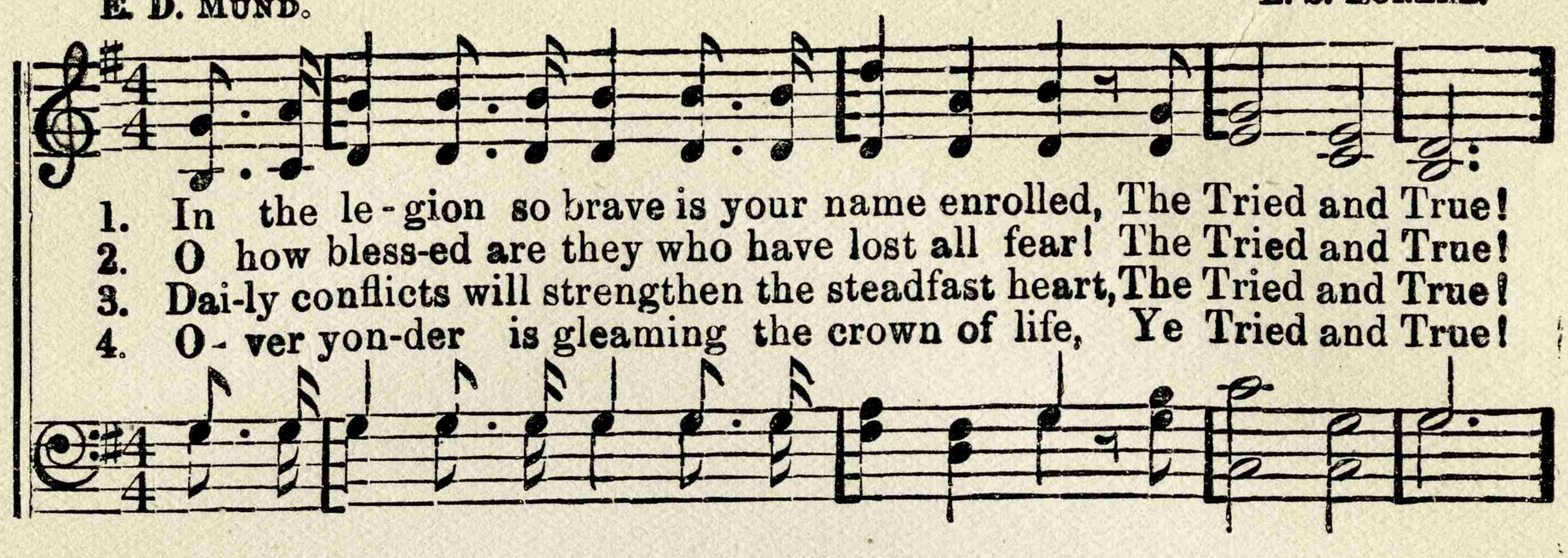
It's All I Want.

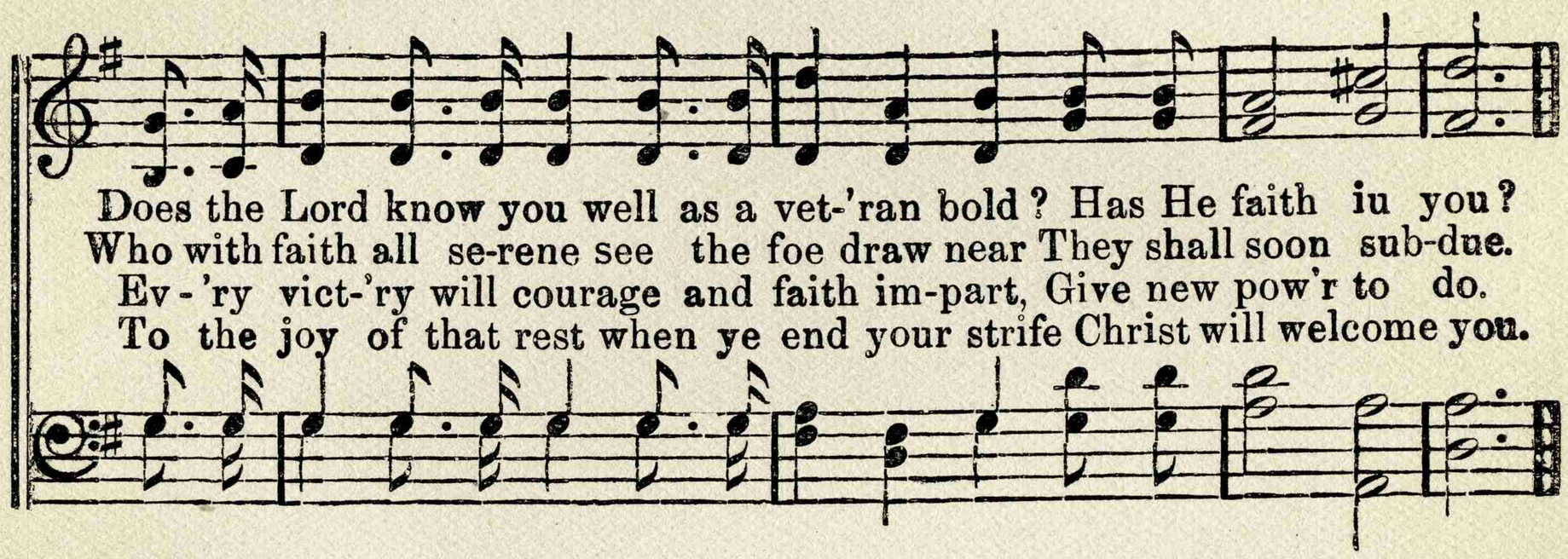


By per. of Com. B. Booth of S. A.

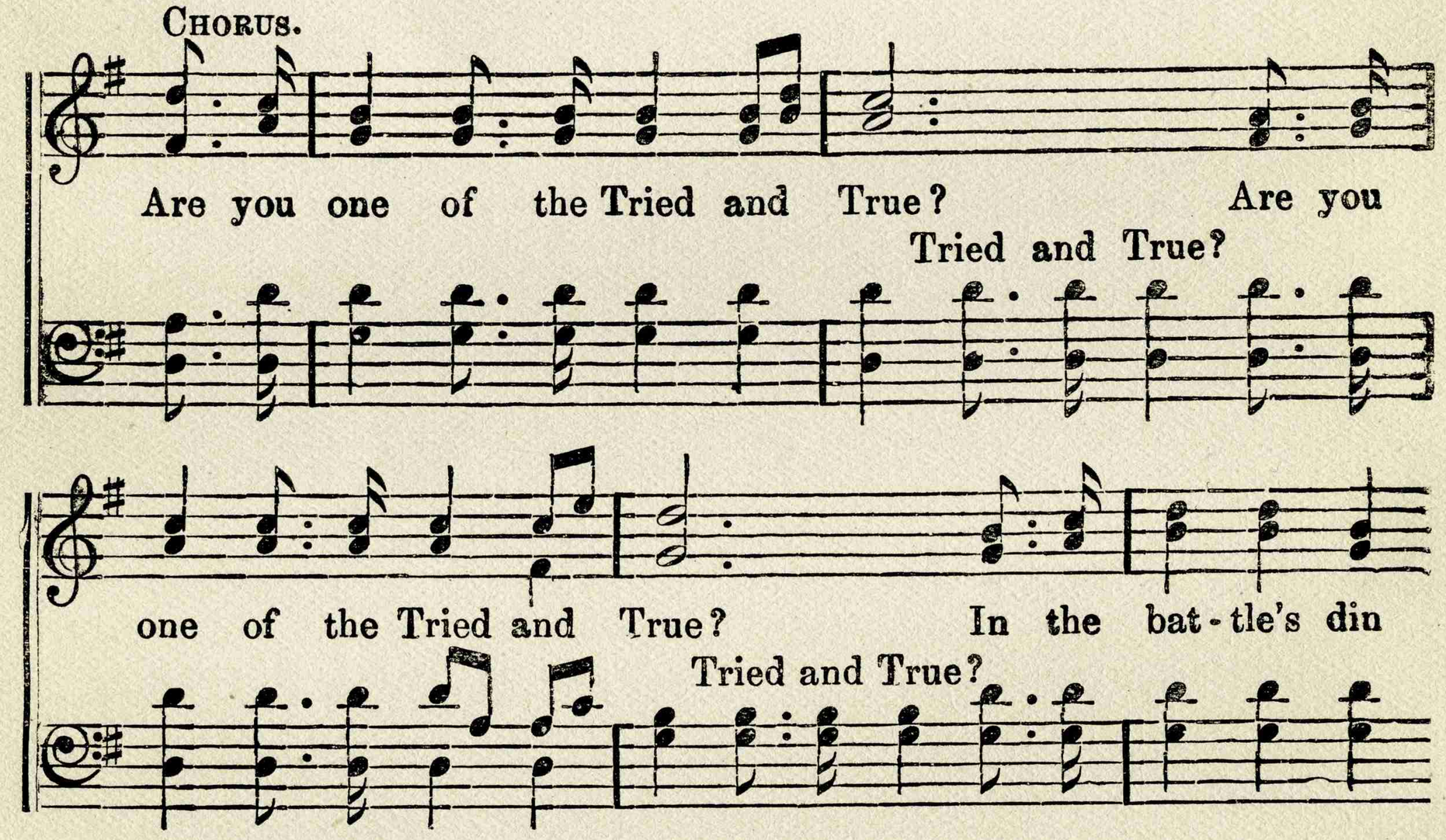
The Tried and True.

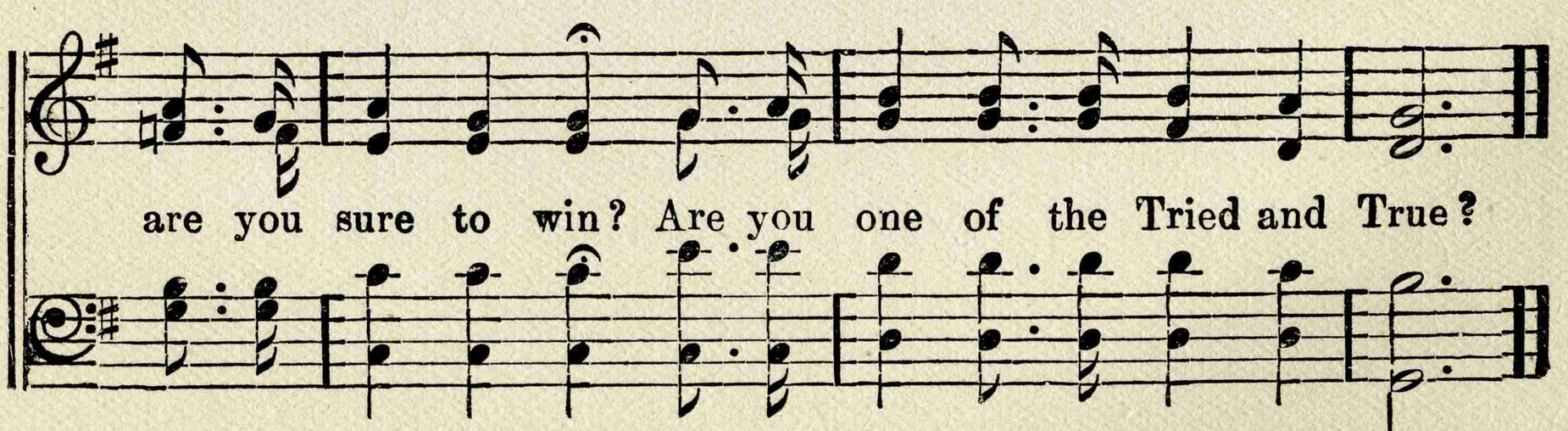
E. D. MUND. E. S. LORENZ.





CHORUS.





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Rev. J. H. W. Rev. J. H. WEBER. By per.

1. Are you walking in the light of the Saviour? Does the way seem bright and fair? Are you try-ing ev-'ry day now to please Him? Do you hope to meet Him over there? Are you walking in the light? Are your garments clean and white?
2. Are you walking in the light of the Saviour? Does His blood cleanse you from sin? Are you liv-ing ev-'ry day for His glo-ry? Is your life pure and spotless within?
3. Are you walking in the light of the Saviour? Are you glad you have this light? Will you trust and o-bey and always love Him? If He'll keep thy soul so pure and white?

CHORUS.

Are you trust-ing Him in ev-'ry care? Are you walking in the light?

Are your gar-ments clean and white? Are you walking, walking in the light?

Copyright, 1891, by Rev. J. H. WEBER, Preston, Ohio.

Roll the Stone Away.

(Dedicated to W.C.T.U. of the United States)

R. E. Hudson. By per.

1. Lo! the night of ease is past, Ac-tion comes, in love, at last,
2. It has filled our hap-py land With its wrecks on ev-ry hand,
3. Ye who pit-y, ye who feel, List-en now to our ap-peal,
4. Un-to Thee we look for pow'r, Help us in this cri-sis hour,

As we hail the dawn-ing day; Who shall roll the stone a-way?
While the help-less vic-tims pray, Roll this dread-ful stone a-way.
All who sym-pa-thize and pray, Help us roll the stone a-way.
Bring the dawn-ing of the day, Roll, oh, roll the stone a-way.

CHORUS.

Roll . . . . . the stone a-way,
Roll the stone, the stone a-way, Brothers, roll, while sis-ters pray,
Join to-geth-er heart and hand, And roll the stone a-way.
Roll the . . . . . stone a-way.

Copyrighted by R. E. Hudson.

We Are Walking in the Light.

R. E. HUDSON. By per.

1. Chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, We are walk-ing in the
   As we jour-ney, let us sing: We are walk-ing in the
2. We are trav-'ling home to God, We are walk-ing in the
   In the way our fa-thers trod, We are walk-ing in the
3. Lord, o-be-dient-ly we'll go, We are walk-ing in the
   Glad-ly leav-ing all be-low, We are walk-ing in the

CHORUS.

beau-ti-ful light of God;
beau-ti-ful light of God.
beau-ti-ful light of God;
beau-ti-ful light of God.
beau-ti-ful light of God;
beau-ti-ful light of God.

We are walk - ing in the Walking in the light,
light, We are walk - - ing in the
Beau-ti-ful light of God; Walk-ing in the light,
light, We are walk - - ing in the
Beau-ti-ful light of God; Walk-ing in the light,
light, We are walking in the beautiful light of God.
Beautiful light of God.

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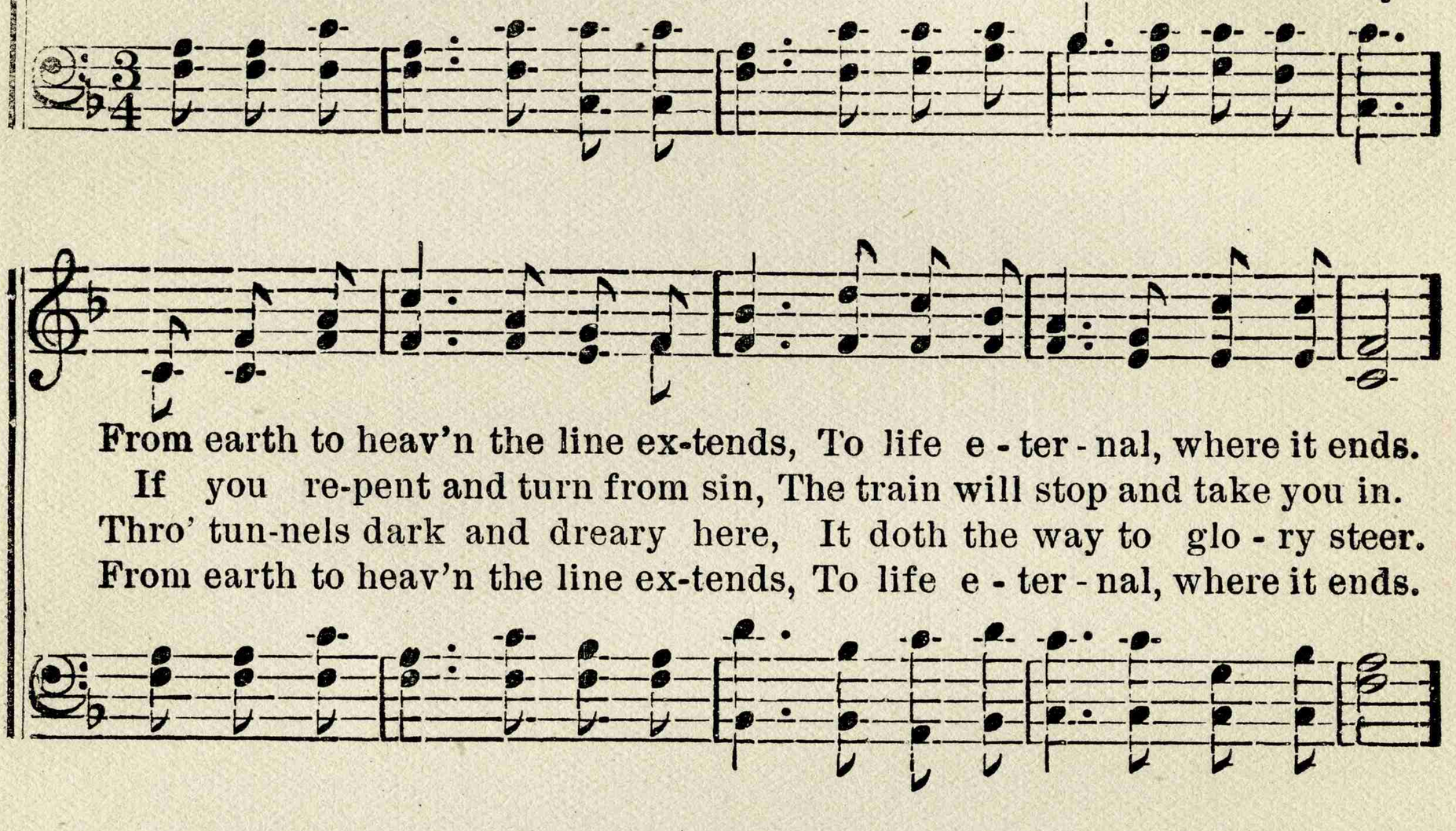
The Heavenly Road.

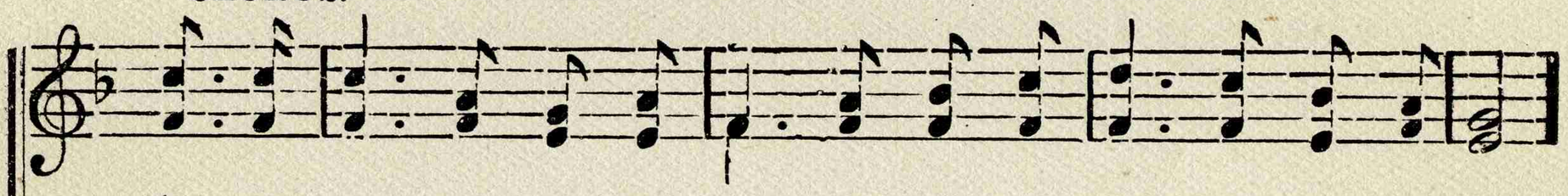
JOSHUA GILL.

1. The road to heav'n by Christ was made, With heav'nly truth the rails were laid;
2. Come, children, come, now is the time, At a - ny sta - tion on the line;
3. The Bi-ble is the en - gin - eer, It points the way to heav'n so clear;
4. No fare for you is there to pay, For Je - sus is him-self the way:



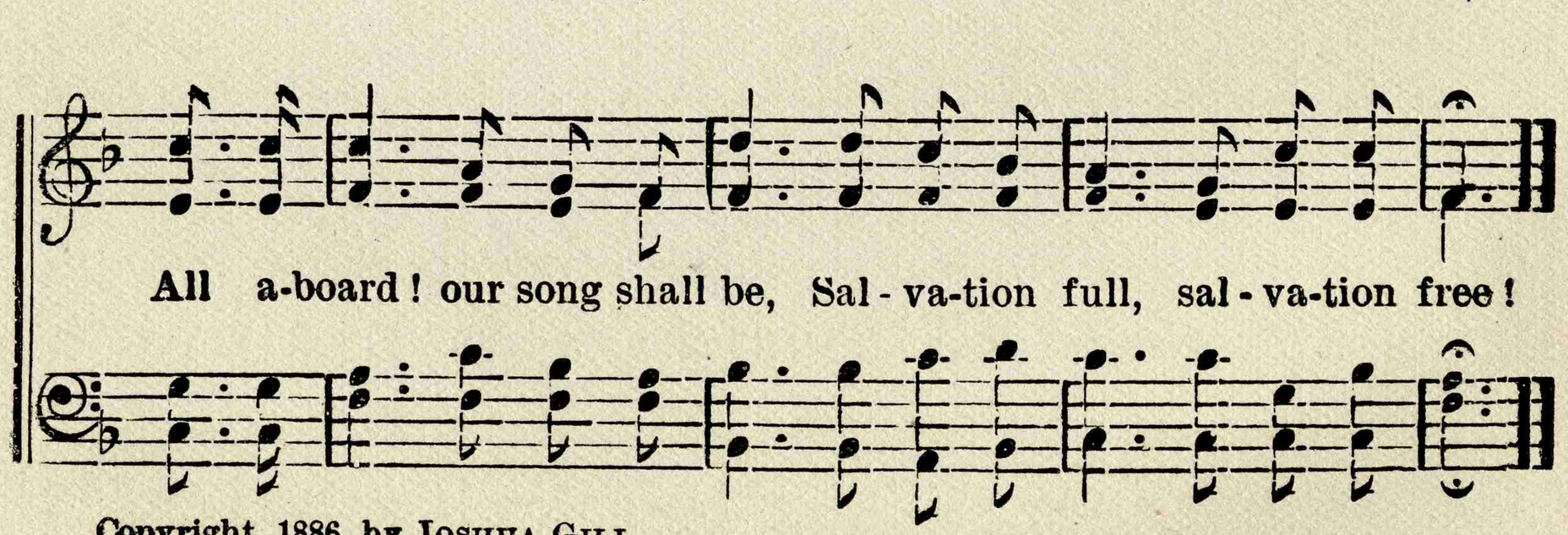
From earth to heav'n the line ex-tends, To life e - ter - nal, where it ends.
If you re-pent and turn from sin, The train will stop and take you in.
Thro' tun-nels dark and dreary here, It doth the way to glo - ry steer.
From earth to heav'n the line ex-tends, To life e - ter - nal, where it ends.

CHORUS.



All a-board! send out the call! This Gos-pel road is free to all.

All a-board! our song shall be, Sal - va-tion full, sal - va-tion free!



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From "Good News in Song." By per.

My Jesus, I Love Thee.

"Mine are thine and thine are mine."—John xvii. 10.

"London Hymn Book." A. J. Gordon. By per.

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine,
2. I love Thee be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me,
3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light,

For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;
And pur - chased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree;
And praise Thee as long as Thou lend - est me breath;
I'll ev - er a - dore Thee in heav - en so bright;

My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - iour art Thou,
I love Thee for wear - ing the thorns on Thy brow;
And say, when the death - dew lies cold on my brow,
I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow,

If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

Jesus is Passing this Way.

Words by E. A. H. Music by J. H. TENNEY. By per.

1. Is there a sin - ner a-wait-ing Mer-cy and par-don to - day?
2. Brother, the Mas - ter is wait-ing, Waiting to free-ly for - give;
3. Yes, he is com - ing to bless you, While in con-tri-tion you bow;

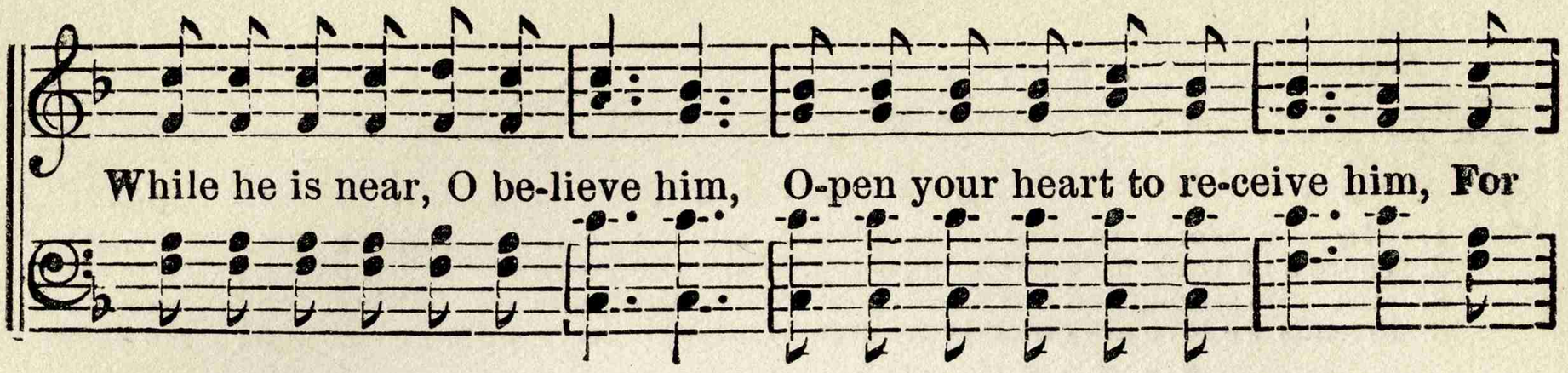
Welcome the news that we bring him: "Je-sus is passing this way!"
Why not this moment ac - cept him, Trust in his grace and live?
Com-ing from sin to re - deem you, Read-y to save you now;

Com-ing in love and in mer - cy, Par-don and peace to be - stow,
He is so ten - der and pre-cious, He is so near you to - day;
Can you re-fuse the sal - va - tion Je - sus is of - fer - ing here?

Com-ing to save the poor sin - ner From his heart-anguish and woe.
O-pen your heart to re - ceive him, While he is pass-ing this way.
O-pen your heart to ad - mit him, While he is com-ing so near.

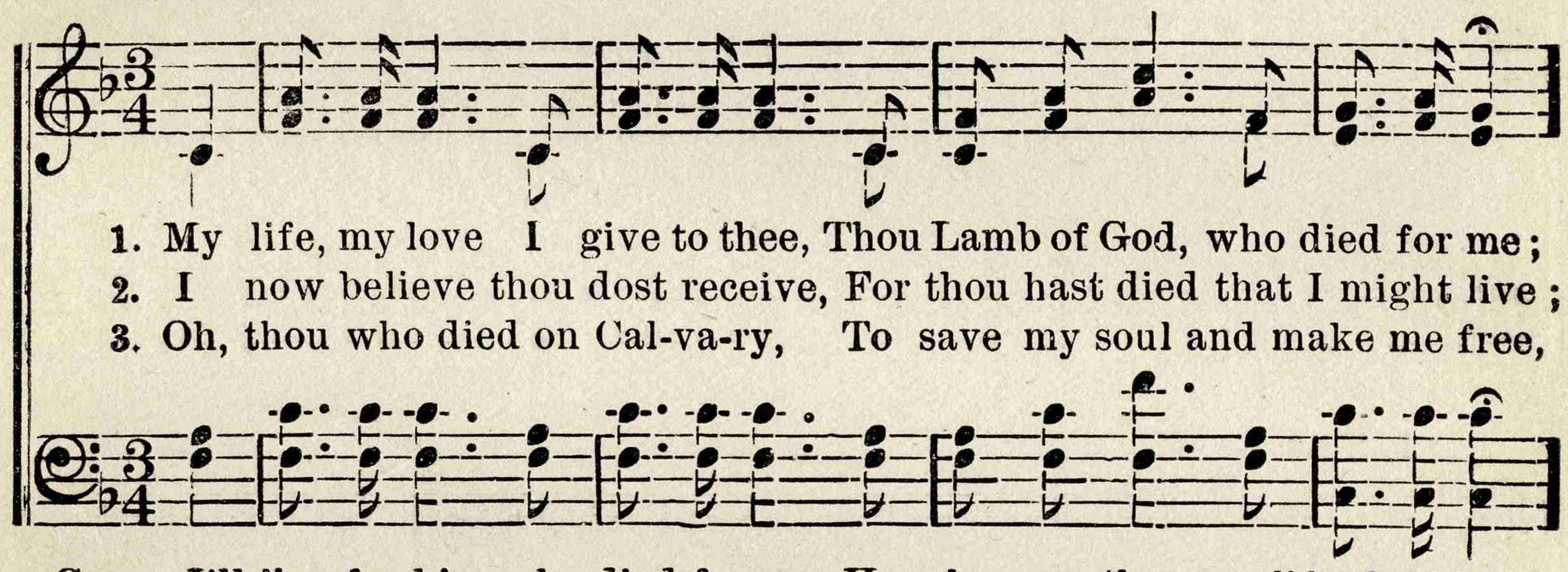
CHORUS.

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



I'll Live for Him.

R. E. HUDSON. C. R. DUNBAR.



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While the Years are Rolling On.

HARRIET B. MCKEEVER. JNO. R. SWENEY. By per.

Recitante.

1. In a world so full of weeping, While the years are roll-ing on, Christian
2. There's no time to waste in sigh-ing, While the years are roll-ing on; Time is
3. Let us strengthen one an-oth-er, While the years are roll-ing on; Seek to
4. Friends we love are quick-ly fly-ing, While the years are roll-ing on; No more

souls the watch are keeping, While the years are rolling on. While our journey we pursue,
fly-ing, souls are dy-ing, While the years are rolling on. Loving words a soul may win
raise a fall-en brother, While the years are rolling on. This is work for ev-'ry hand,
part-ing, no more dy-ing, While the years are rolling on. In the world beyond the tomb

With the ha-ven still in view, There is work for us to do, While the years are rolling on.
From the wretched paths of sin; We may bring the wand'rers in, While the years are rolling on.
Till, throughout creation's land, Armies for the Lord shall stand, While the years are rolling on.
Sorrow never more can come, When we meet in that blest home, While the years are rolling on.

REFRAIN.

Are roll-ing on, Are roll-ing on,
Are roll-ing on, Are roll-ing on,

Oh, the good we may be do-ing, While the years are roll-ing on.

Copyright, 1878, by JNO. R. SWENEY.

THEODORE WOOD. By per.

Gladly.

1. When we all meet at home in the morn-ing, On the shore of that bright
2. When we all meet at home in the morn-ing, And from sor-row for-ev-
3. When we all meet at home in the morn-ing, With our blessed Re-deem-

crys-tal sea; Where the lov'd ones who long have been waiting, What a
er be free; When we join in the song of the ran-som'd, What a
er to be; When we know and are known by our lov'd ones, What a

CHORUS.

meet-ing in-deed that will be! Gather'd home, gather'd
gath-'ring in-deed that will be!
meet-ing in-deed that will be! Gather d home,

home, On the shore of that bright crys-tal sea; Gather'd
gathered home,

home, gather'd home, With our lov'd ones for-ev-er to be.
Gathered home, gathered home,

Mighty to Keep.

Words and Music by H. H. Booth.

1. Sometimes I'm tried with toil and care, Sometimes I'm weak and worn ;
2, Nev - er I've known a cloud so dark, Nev - er a pow'r so strong,
3. Je - sus, I'll trust Thee more and more, Trust where I can-not trace ;

Some- ne- it looks so dark ev'-ry-where, In-stead of the rose, the thorn.
Nev - er a wolf so fierce-ly to bark, Nev-er a night so long—
Trust when I hear the o - cean's roar, Trust when the foe I face.

These are the times, when tempted sore, A voice in my ear doth speak—
But they all vanished, and fell, and fled, And left me to won-der not weep,
Thou wilt be more than life to me, So broad, and so high, so deep,

"Un-sheath thy sword, there's vic - t'ry be - fore, Thy Sav-iour is
How I could e'er have doubt-ed at all A Sav-iour so
Chang-ing the thun - der's roar in - to glee, A - ble to save

CHORUS.

might-y to keep." I have a Sav-iour, who's mighty to keep,
might-y to keep.
and to keep.

By per. of Com. B. Booth of S. A.

Altar Service.

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

5 I confess Thee, I confess Thee,
Even now confess Thee:
As my Saviour from all sin,
I confess Thee now.

6 Hallelujah! I will praise Thee,
Evermore I'll praise Thee;
As my Saviour from all sin,
Lord, I'll praise Thee now.

Copyright, 1896, by GEO. W. WILLIS.

Behold, the Bridegroom Comes!

J. M. W. J. M. WHYTE. By per.

1. We shall hear a voice, an im-mor-tal voice, "Behold, the Bridegroom comes!" At the mid-night watch, in the dark-ness deep,
2. When the voice shall cry, "Go ye forth to-night, "Behold, the Bridegroom comes!" Then the pulse will cease, and the heart grow still,
3. Brother, trim your lamp, have it burning bright, "Behold, the Bridegroom comes!" He will sure-ly come, though he seem-eth late,
4. Hast thou made a vow? hasten ye to pay, "Behold, the Bridegroom comes!" For when he has come, and hath closed the door,

When a-cross our souls heav-y slum-bers creep, We shall hear that voice, that im-mor-tal voice, "Be-hold, the Bridegroom comes!"
And the eyes will close, and the blood grow chill, And the soul will take its e-ter-nal flight, "For lo, the Bridegroom comes!"
Be at peace with Him, nor a mo-ment wait, You will hear the cry ere the morning light, "Be-hold, the Bridegroom comes!"
And ye stand and pray, "O-pen, we im-plore," It will be too late,—pay thy vows to-day, "Be-hold, the Bridegroom comes!"

CHORUS.

O be read-y when the Bridegroom comes! O be read-y when the

Copyright, 1890.

Bridegroom comes! At the noon-tide, in the evening, At the
He comes, He comes, He
mid-night, in the morn - - ing, O be read-y,
comes, in the morn-ing, O be read - y, He
O be read-y, O be read-y when the Bridegroom comes!
comes, He comes, be read - y when the Bridegroom comes!

I Do Believe.

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;
Repeat for Chorus.
If Thou with-draw Thy-self from me, Ah! whith-er shall I go?
What pain, what la - bor, to se - cure My soul from end-less death!
And all my wants Thou would'st relieve, In this ac - cept - ed hour.
Oh, let me now re - ceive that gift; My soul with-out it dies.
And thro' His blood, His precious blood, I shall from sin be free.

54 Will You Be Among the Number?

ALICE M. LOWE. N. S. HOWARD.

1. Will you be a-mong the num-ber That shall hear the Saviour say,—
2. Will you be a-mong the num-ber That shall have a home at last
3. Will you be a-mong the num-ber That shall wear a robe of white,
4. Will you be a-mong the num-ber That make up the blood-washed throng,

"Well done, good and faithful servant," When He comes on judgment day?
With the Saviour and His lov'd ones, Where all pain and death are past?
That shall bear a harp in glo - ry, And be crowned with jewels bright?
Who both day and night with gladness Sing the ev - er - last-ing song?

CHORUS.

Yes, I'll be a-mong the num-ber, Je-sus wants me to be
Yes, I'll be a - mong the num - ber, Je-sus wants me to be

rit.

there; He has paid the precious ransom, That His glo - ry I may share.

Copyright, 1887, by JOSHUA GILL. By per.

P. B. P. BILHORN. By per.

1. Glo - ry to Je - sus who died on the tree, Paid the great price that my
2. Once in my heart there was sin and despair, Now the dear Saviour Him-
3. Come then, ye weary, who long to be free, Come to the Saviour, He

soul might be free; Now I can sing hal - le - lu - jah to God,
self dwell-eth there, And from His presence comes peace to my soul,
wait-eth for thee; Then with the ransomed this song you can sing,

CHORUS.

Glo-ry! He saves, He saves. Glo-ry! He saves, glo-ry! He saves,

Saves a poor sin - ner like me; Glo - ry! He saves,

glo - ry! He saves, Saves a poor sin-ner like me, like me.

Copyright, 1885, by P. BILHORN.

I am Trusting.

J. H. H. Words for Chorus by G. W. W. J. H. HATHAWAY. By per.

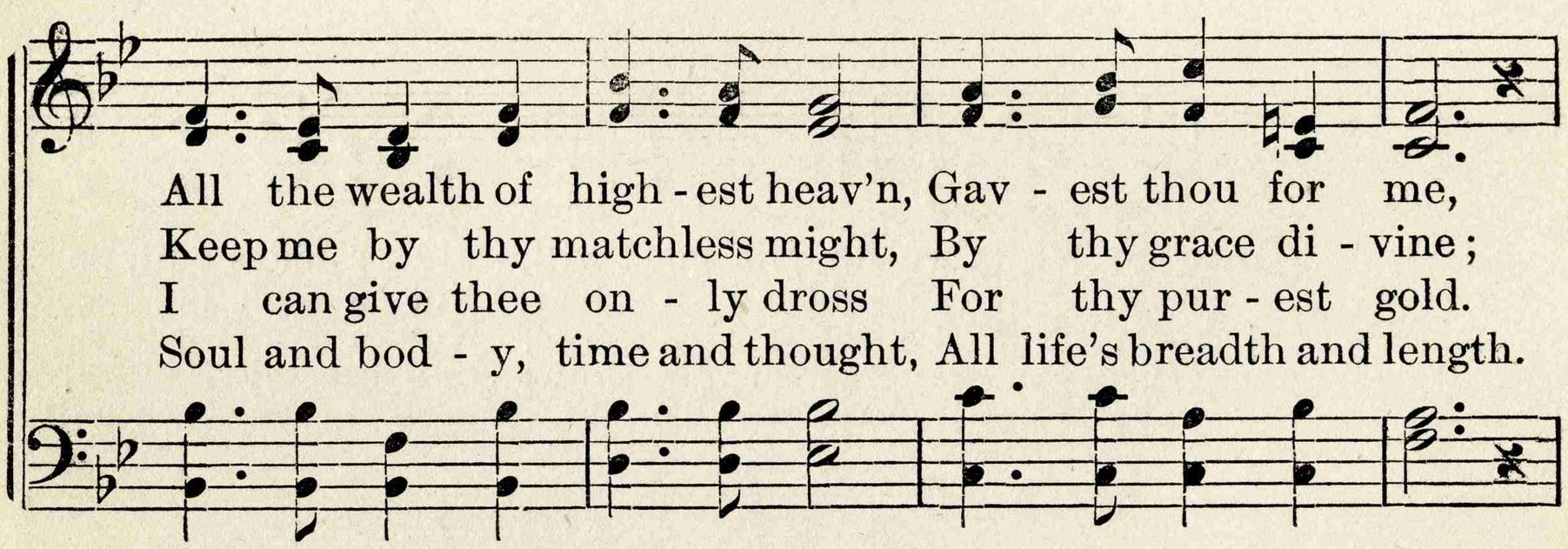
1. I was lost, when Je-sus found me, In the dark-ness and the cold, Like a lov-ing Shepherd led me To the shel-ter of His fold.
2. I was wea-ry, heav-y-la-den, "Come to me," He said, "and rest, Lay thy bur-den on thy Saviour, And thy head up-on my breast."
3. Oh, the bless-ed rest He gives me, Rest I nev-er knew be-fore, And my way is brighter growing As I learn to trust Him more.

CHORUS.

I am trust-ing now in Je-sus, He is ev-'ry-thing to me; I am trust-ing now in Je-sus, He from sin hath set me free.

Less than All is Not Enough.

CLARA L. SHATTUCK. D. B. TOWNER. By per.



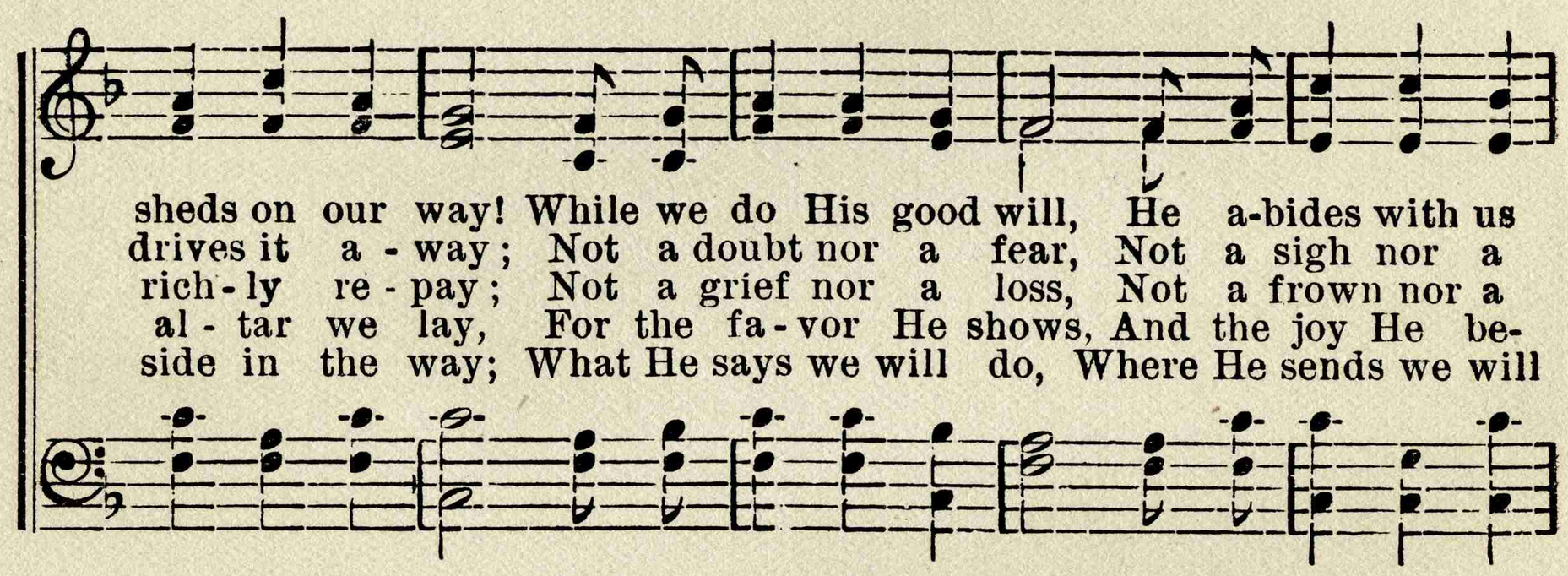
REFRAIN.

Copyright, 1893, by D. B. TOWNER.

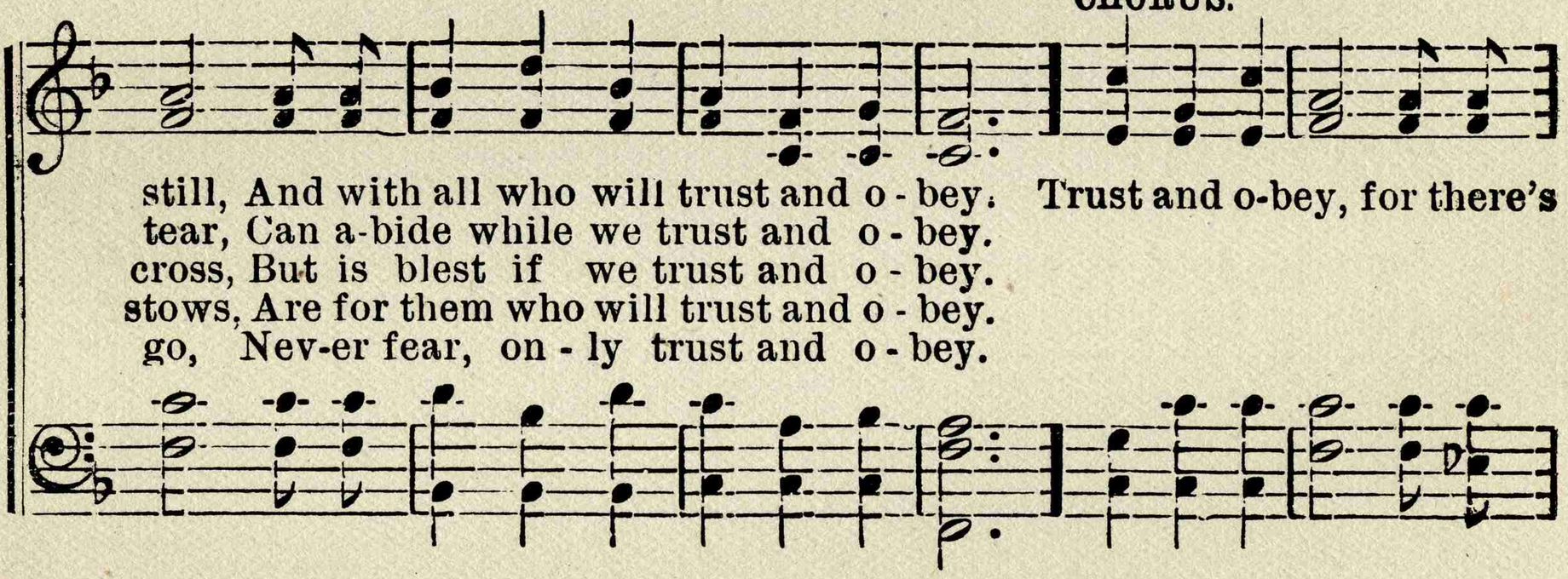
Trust and Obey.

"The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him."—Ps. 25 : 14.

Rev. J. H. Sammis. D. B. Towner. By per.



CHORUS.



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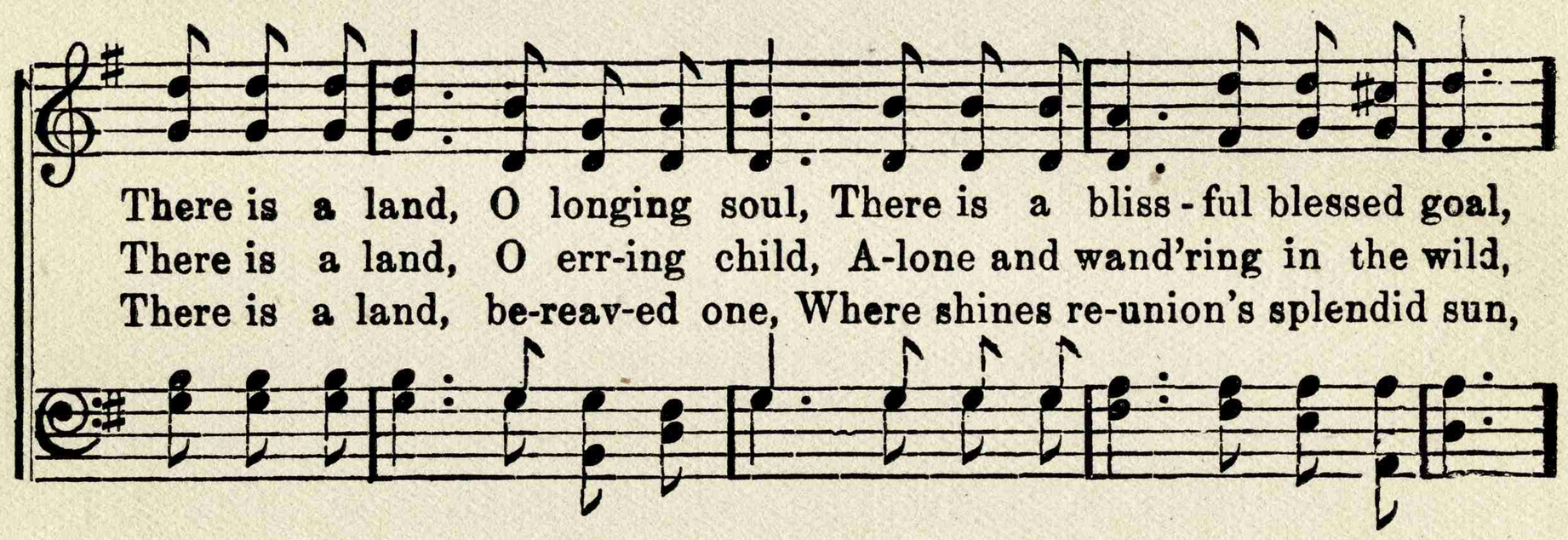
Is There a Land?

Rev. Eugene May. I. H. Meredith.

Chorus for each verse.



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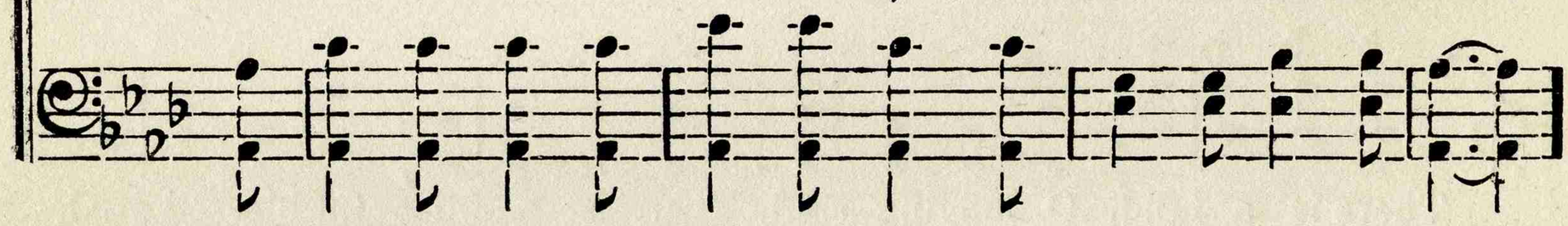
Zion's Bank.

As sung by Rev. G. W. ANDERSON. Harmonized by J. H. ROOT.

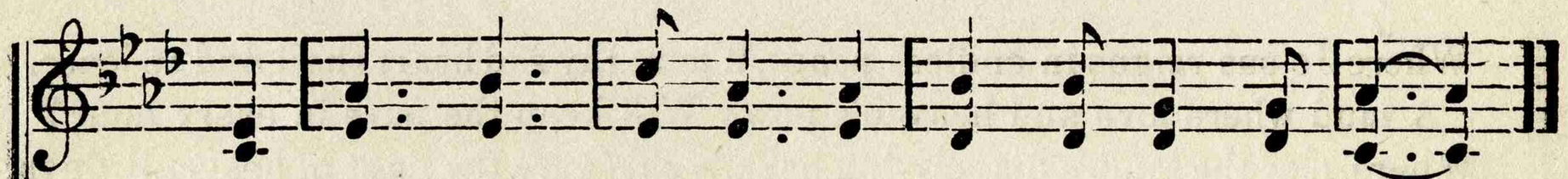
1. I have a nev-er failing bank, Well fill'd with gold-en store;
2. The notes that are ac-cept-ed here, With blood must all be signed;
3. A lep-er had a lit-tle note; Lord, if thou wilt, thou can:
4. Some fear they write so poor a hand, Their notes will be re-ject-ed;
5. Sometimes my bank-er smil-ing says, Why don't you oftener come;
6. Rich-er and rich-er still I grow, The poor-er I be-come;

No oth-er bank con-tains so much That can en-rich the poor.
All oth-ers, bear what name they may, Are ut-ter-ly de-clined.
The bank-er cash'd his lit-tle note, And sav'd the wretched man.
But al-ways hum-ble souls ob-tain Much more than they ex-pect-ed.
And when I draw a lit-tle note, Why not a lar-ger sum?
And thus for-ev-er it will be, Till I ar-rive at Home!

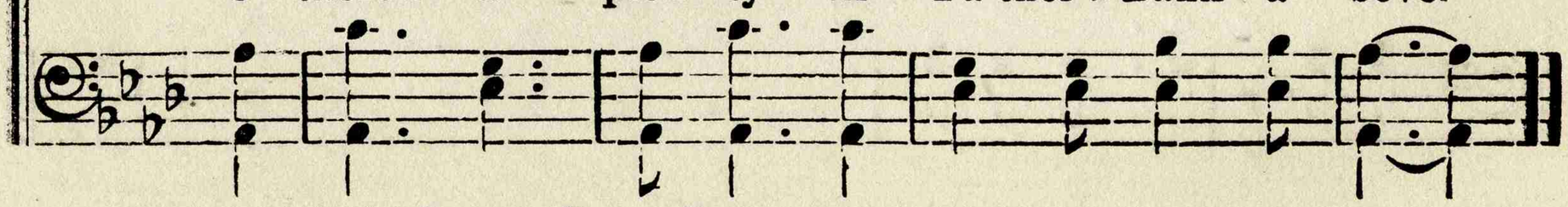


CHORUS.

O there's a plen-ty, a plen-ty, a plen-ty;



O there's a plen-ty in Fa-ther's Bank a-bove.



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A Beautiful World.

O. SNOW.

1. There is a beau - ti - ful world, Where saints and an - gels sing;
2. There is a beau - ti - ful world, Where sor - row nev - er comes;
3. There is a beau - ti - ful world, Un - seen to mor - tal sight;
4. There is a beau - ti - ful world, Of har - mo - ny and love;

A world where peace and pleasure reign, And heav'nly prais-es ring.
A world where tears shall nev - er fall, In sigh - ing for our home.
And dark-ness nev - er en-ters there, That home is fair and bright.
Oh, may we safe - ly en - ter there, And dwell with God a-bove.

CHORUS.

We'll be there, we'll be there, Palms of vic - t'ry, Crowns of

glo - ry, we shall wear, In that beau - ti - ful world on high.

At the Cross.

"Look unto me, and be ye saved."—Isa. 45 : 22.

I. WATTS. R. E. HUDSON. By per.

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

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

CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the

bur-den of my heart rolled a-way, It was there by faith

rolled a-way,

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

Copyright, 1885, by R. E. HUDSON.

Come to the Fount.

W. T. TIBBS. J. H. F.

1. Come, is the Saviour's dy - ing word To all who seek re - lief;
2. Come, is the Spir-it's ten - der call To sin-ners doomed to die;
3. Come, for the gracious Saviour stands, Still pleading for your love;

Come, with your guilt and wea-ry load, Come with your sin and grief.
Come, says the Church on earth, and all The ransomed saints on high.
Come, yield your heart to His commands, Come, seek the home a-bove.

CHORUS.

Full is the fount, whose healing tide Opened for all when the Saviour died;

Com', and His pardon full re-ceive, Je-sus e - ter-nal life will give.

By per. of FILLMORE BROS.

Jesus Calling to You.

T. W.

T. Wood. By per.

Dolce.

1. Je - sus now is whisp'ring to you, Will you not list-en to Him?
2. Je - sus now is beck'ning to you, Will you not hearken to Him?
3. Je - sus now is plead-ing to you, Will you not turn un-to Him?
4. Je - sus now is call-ing to you, Will you not come un-to Him?

Whisp'ring in tones so ten-der to you, Sin-ner, oh! list-en to Him.
Beck-'ning smiles so sweet-ly to you, Sin-ner, oh! hearken to Him.
Pleading so lov-ing, earn-est, to you, Sin-ner, oh! turn un-to Him.
Call-ing to save from sin's dark'ning wave, Sinner, oh! come un-to Him.

CHORUS.

Whis-p'ring, Whis-p'ring, Whis-p'ring so ten-der to you;
Beck-'ning, beck-'ning, Beck-'ning so sweet-ly to you;
Plead-ing, plead-ing, Plead-ing so sweet-ly to you;
Call-ing, call-ing, Call-ing so earn-est to you.

Expresone. .....

Whis-p'ring, whis-p'ring, Will you not list-en to Him?
Beck-'ning, beck-'ning, Will you not hearken to Him?
Plead-ing, plead-ing, Will you not turn un-to Him?
Call-ing, call-ing, Will you not come un-to Him?

Copyrighted, 1891.

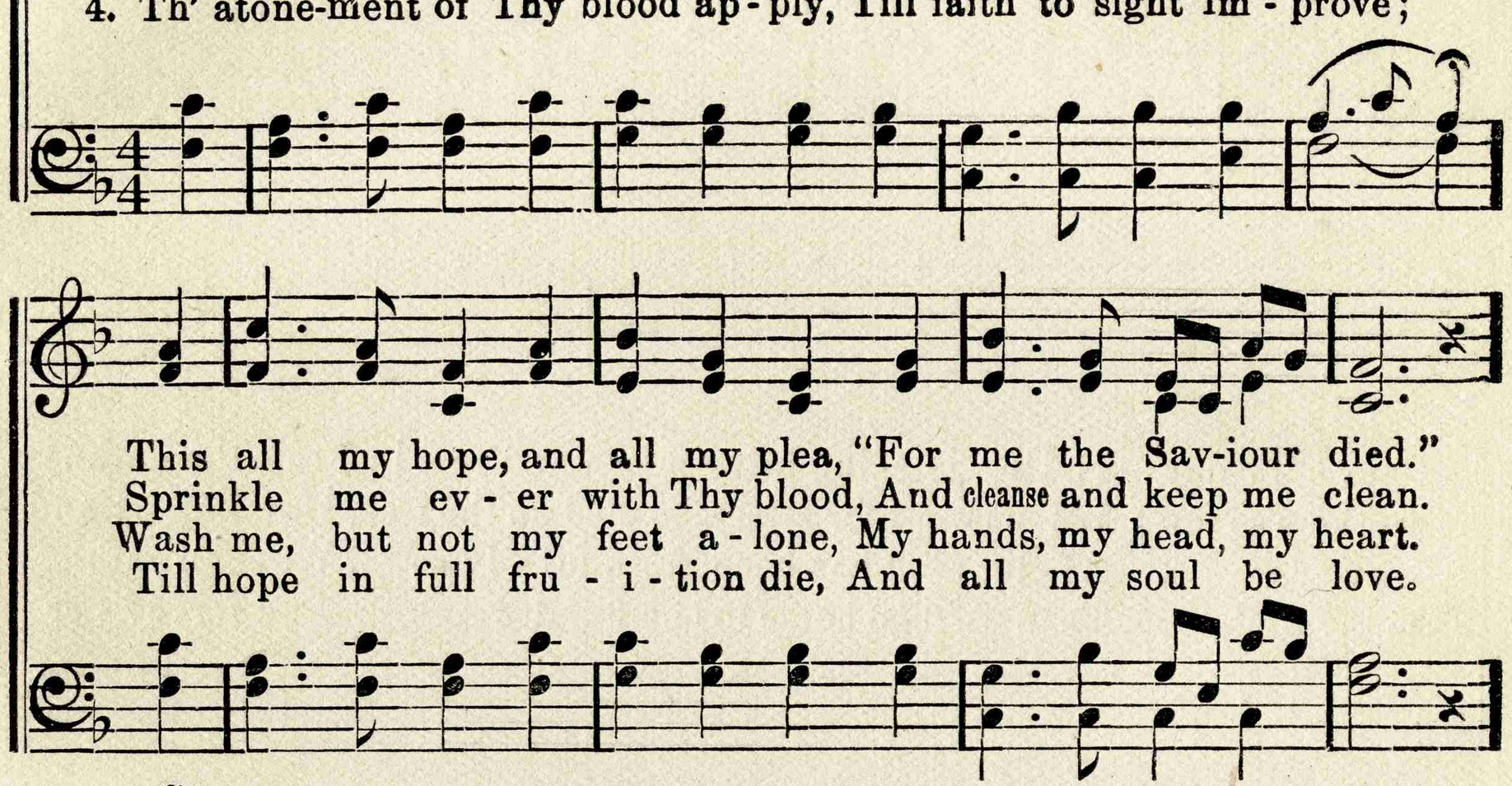
Wash Me.

CHAS. WESLEY.

Melody and Chorus by Rev. EUGENE MAY.

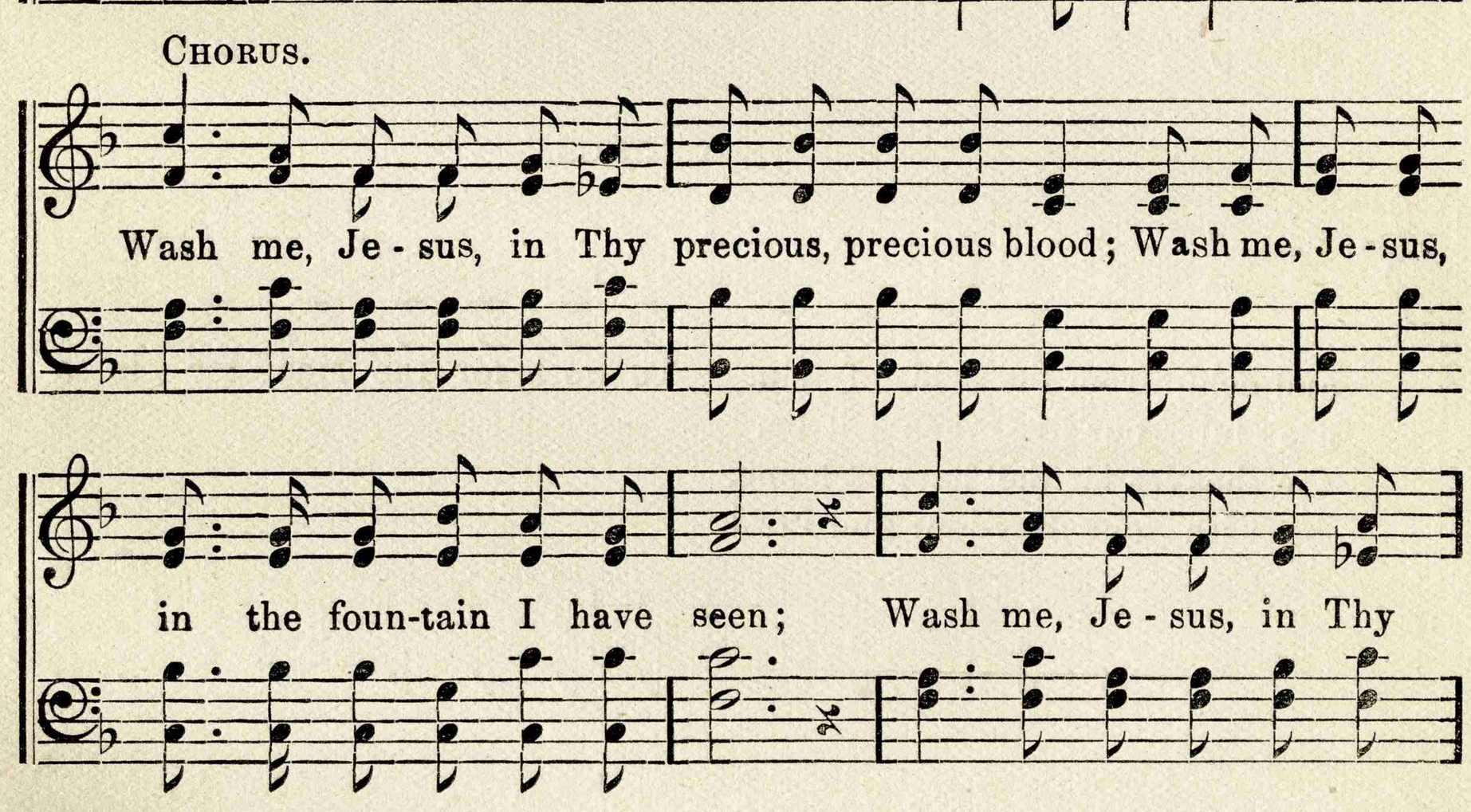
Arranged & Harmonized by W. J. K.

1. For-ev-er here my rest shall be, Close to Thy bleed-ing side;
2. My dy-ing Sav-iour and my God, Fonntain for guilt and sin,
3. Wash me, and make me thus thine own; Wash me, and mine thou art;
4. Th' atone-ment of Thy blood ap-ply, Till faith to sight im-prove;



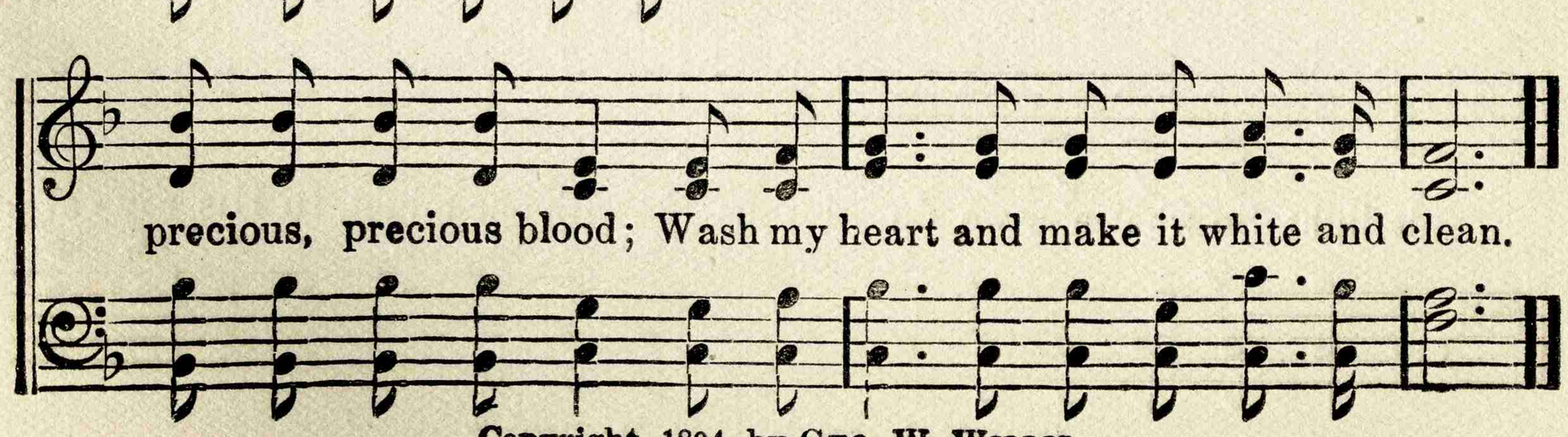
This all my hope, and all my plea, "For me the Sav-iour died."
Sprinkle me ev-er with Thy blood, And cleanse and keep me clean.
Wash me, but not my feet a-lone, My hands, my head, my heart.
Till hope in full fru-i-tion die, And all my soul be love.

CHORUS.



Wash me, Je-sus, in Thy precious, precious blood; Wash me, Je-sus,

in the foun-tain I have seen; Wash me, Je-sus, in Thy



precious, precious blood; Wash my heart and make it white and clean.

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Working for the Master.

G. W. W. Harmonized by M. I. H. GEO. W. WILLIS.

1. Let us work for the Mas-ter while we may; Let us sow and reap for Him
2. There's plenty of work for us all to do, So much to be done and the
3. Be - side all wa- ters the truth let us sow, And car-ry his message where
4. Then when our labor on earth is all done, With life's battles ended, and

ev - 'ry day; And re- joic- ing bring poor wand'rers in From the darkness
workers so few; Let us work for Him who died on the tree, How hap-py and
ev-er we go, Af - ter seed has been faith-ful - ly sown, We shall gath-er
many souls won, Then we'll go home to our fi-nal re-ward, And for- ev - er

CHORUS.

and cold, from the fields of sin. To work for the Mas - ter is a
use - ful our lives then will be.
the sheaves for the harvest home.
be with our Sav-iour and Lord.

de-light, So what-e'er we do let us do with our might, In His roy - al

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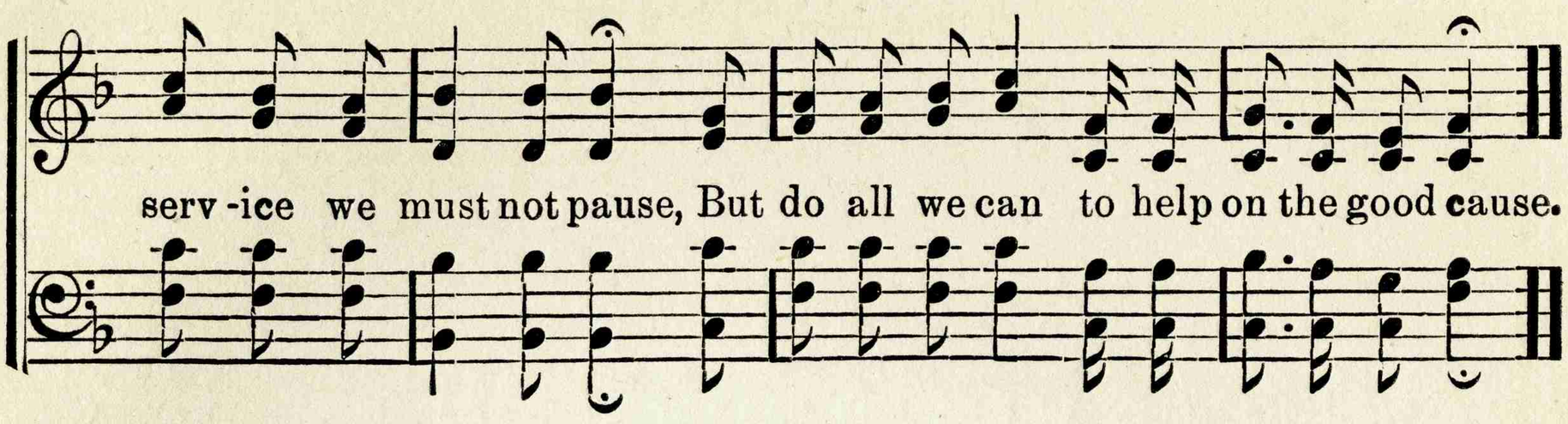
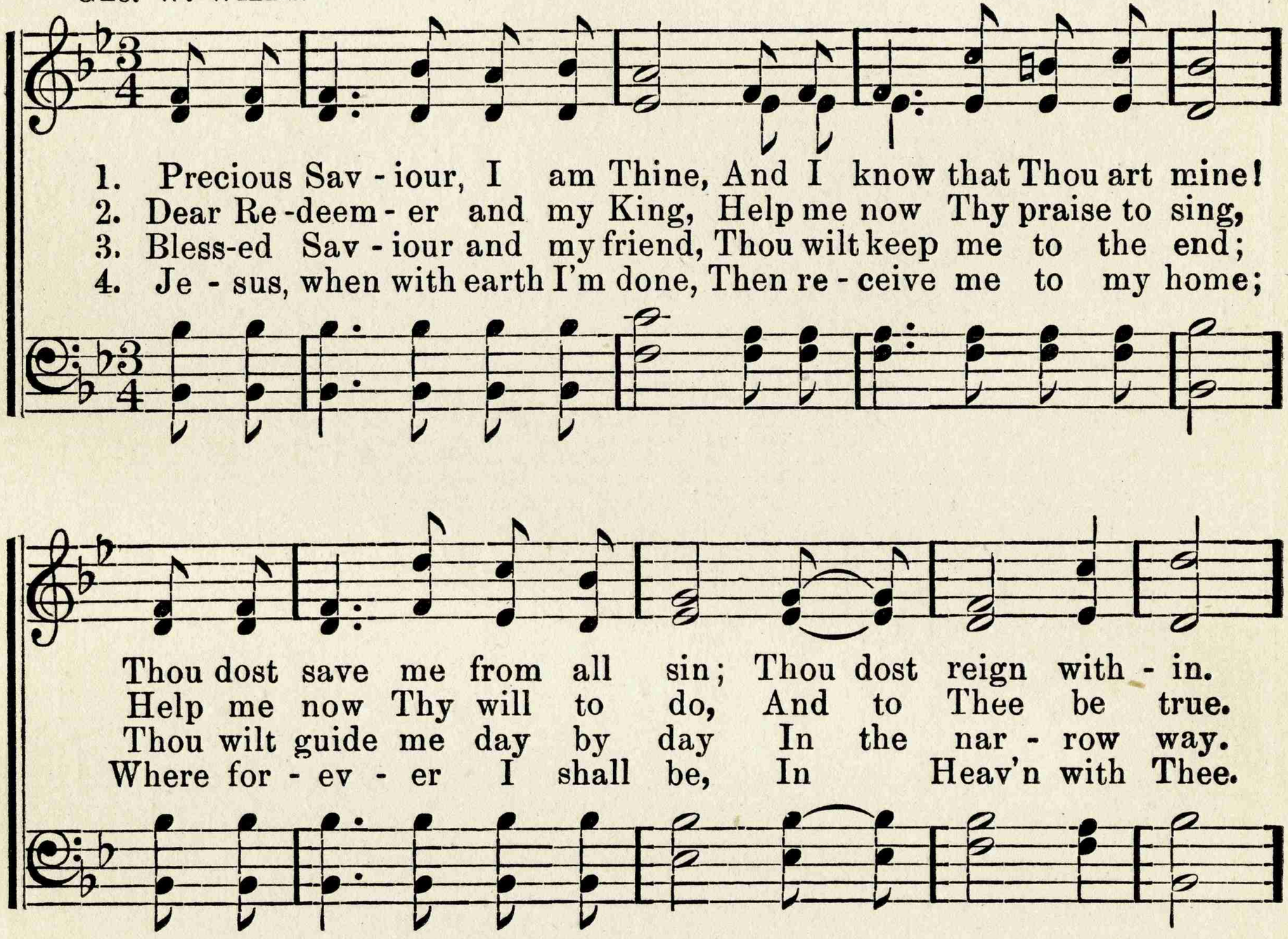


Thou art Mine.

GEO. W. WILLIS. H. KATTERJOHN.



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Been Redeemed.

Words by Rev. EUGENE MAY. Melody by Rev. EUGENE MAY.

Arranged & Harmonized by W. J. K.

1. I was once a sin - ner far from truth, And lost to love's sweet
2. I was once a list-'ner to the Lord, And then I knew my
3. O now the world hath not a charm To lead me back to
4. Help me to sing this hap - py song, As in the way of

life and light; I wast - ed years of precious youth, And sealed my soul
life was wrong; My heart received His gracious word, And now I sing
sin's sad way; My soul is cleansed, my love is warm, I'm in the dawn
life we go; Sing, sav'd ones, as we jour-ney on, And let the world

CHORUS.

with shades of night. I've been redeemed, O I've been redeemed, Been
sal - va - tion's song.
of heav - en's day.
our glad - ness know.

washed in the blood, Been washed in the blood; I've been redeemed, O I've

been re-deemed, Been washed in the blood of the Lamb.

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Come, Weary One, Come!

For this work by T. Wood. By per.

Moderato. Con espresione.

1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
2. Now, ye need - y, come and welcome; God's free bounty glo - ri - fy;
3. Let not conscience make you lin-ger; Nor of fit - ness fond-ly dream;
4. Come, ye wea - ry, heav - y la - den, Bruised, mangled by the fall;

Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r.
True be - lief, and true re-pent-ance, Ev-'ry grace that brings you nigh.
All the fit - ness He re-quir-eth Is to feel the need of Him.
If you tar - ry till you're better, You will nev-er come at all.

REFRAIN.

Come! come! wea - ry one, come! Je - sus calls to you;

Come! come! wand'rer, come home; Je-sus is call-ing you, come!

I'm On the Way.

GEO. W. WILLIS. H. KATTERJOHN.

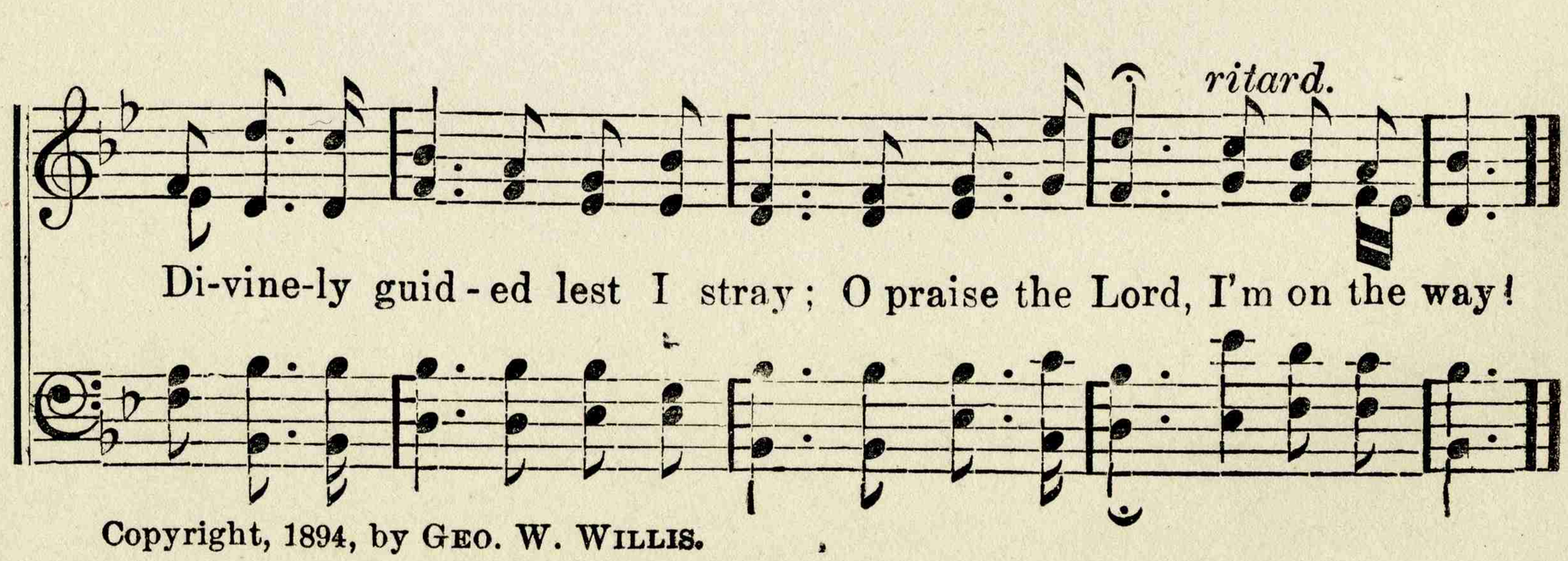
Andante.

1. That Gold-en Cit - y of de-light, With many mansions fair and bright,
2. No sin nor death can en-ter there, No sor-row nor corroding care;
3. We're homeward bound to that fair clime, And there we'll have a hap-py time,
4. We've many loved ones on that shore, We'll meet with them to part no more,

With jasper walls and streets of gold, Its glories have not half been told.
Its pear-ly gates are o - pen wide, For all who wish to there a - bide.
Around the great white throne we'll sing, "All glory to our Christ and King."
And know each other as we're known, When we arrive in Heav'n, our home.

CHORUS.

I'm on the way, I'm on the way, To home, sweet home; I'm on the way,



Di-vine-ly guid - ed lest I stray; O praise the Lord, I'm on the way!

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The Golden Rule.

Words and Melody by GEO. W. WILLIS.

1. The Bi - ble gives a gold - en rule To gov-ern you and me,
2. To do to oth - ers as you would That they should do to you:
3. That rule was giv - en to man-kind A long, long time a - go;
4. That rule should reg-u - late each life, And be kept ev - 'ry day;

To let us know just how to live, And what we ought to be.
The rule our Sav - iour gave to all, 'Tis old, but ev - er new.
A bet - ter rule you can - not find, To live by here be - low.
For that would put an end to strife, And help us on our way.

CHORUS.

If all would keep the gold-en rule, How hap - py then we'd be;

The gold-en rule, the gold - en rule, O that's the rule for me.

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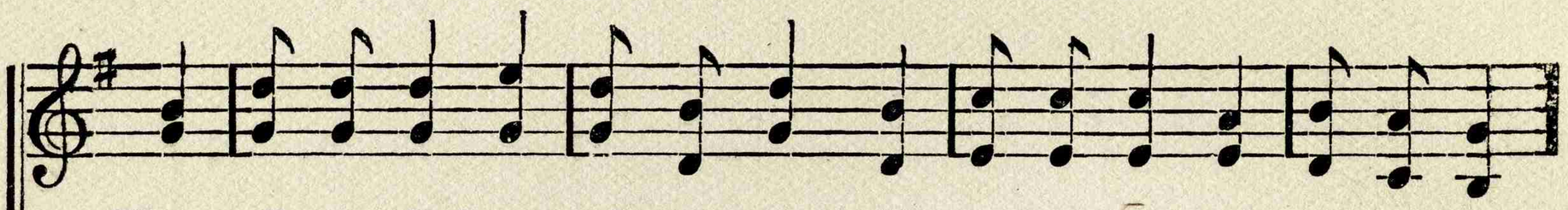
'Tis Open Wide.

GEO. W. WILLIS. T. WOOD.

1. The kingdom of God's grace and pow'r Is o - pen now this ver - y hour;
2. That door is o - pen now to all, To rich and poor, to great and small;
3. Some are almost per - suad-ed now To come to Christ, and low-ly bow;
4. Why not within this kingdom dwell? For then with you it will be well;

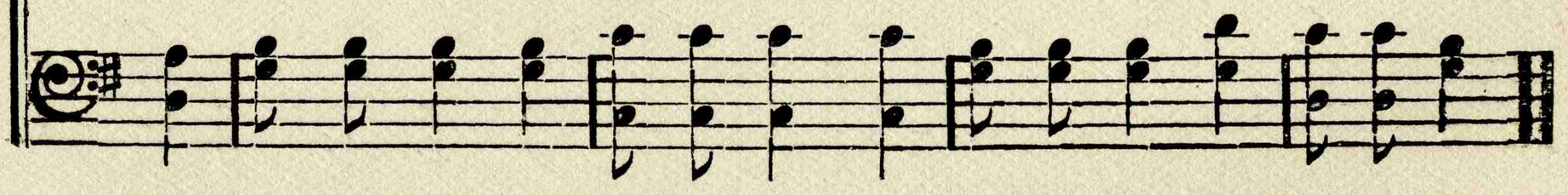


There all may find a welcome sweet, Al - so, a safe and sure re-treat.
And all may en - ter now who will, While mercy's door is o - pen still.
To give up sin, and all be-sides, And live for Him what-e'er be-tides.
What shall your final end - ing be? Where will you spend e-ter - ni - ty?

CHORUS.

'Tis o - pen wide, 'tis o - pen wide, Yes, mercy's door is o-pen wide;

Now give up sin and en - ter in, While mercy's door is o-pen wide.



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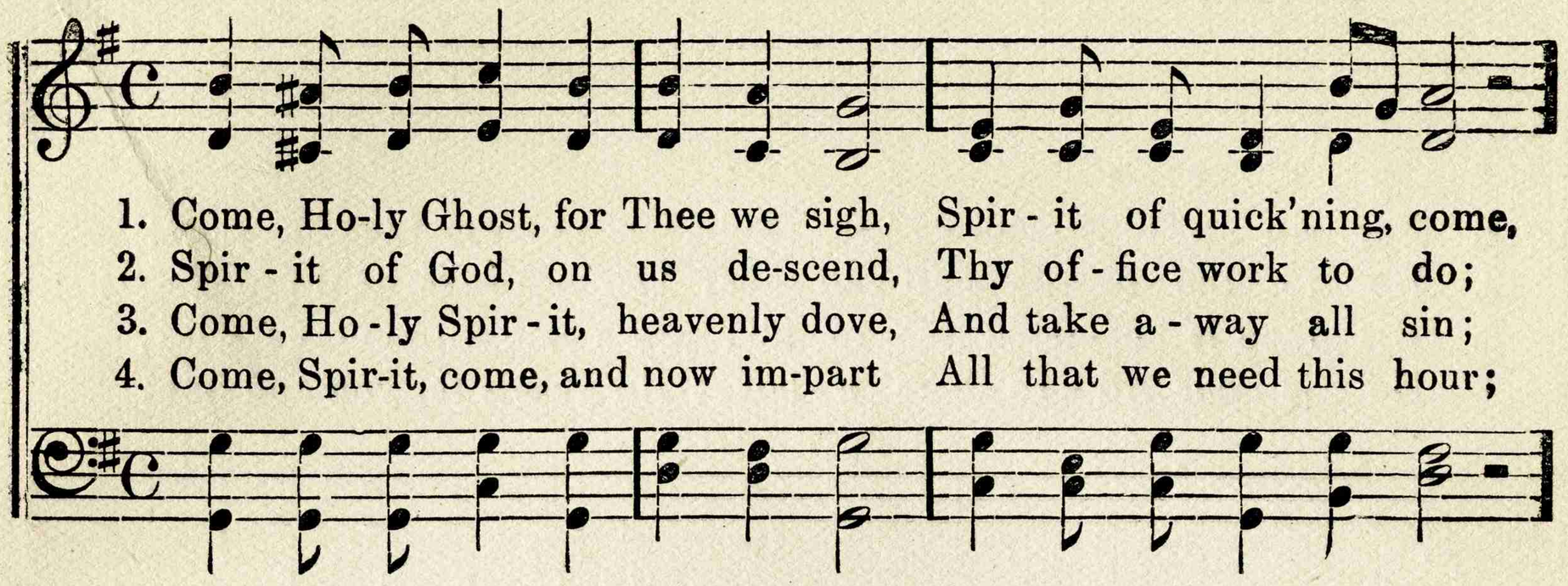
Inviting the Holy Spirit.

GEO. W. WILLIS. H. KATTERJOHN.



1. Come, Ho-ly Ghost, for Thee we sigh, Spir - it of quick'ning, come,
2. Spir - it of God, on us de-scend, Thy of - fice work to do;
3. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heavenly dove, And take a - way all sin;
4. Come, Spir-it, come, and now im-part All that we need this hour;

O breathe on us as now we cry, Thy will in us be done.
While at the throne of grace we bend, Search each one through and through.
O seal us for those courts a-bove; Come, and a - bide with - in.
Do come and touch each waiting heart With pen - te - cost - al power.

CHORUS.

Oh, come, we pray, Come now this way, Come and re-vive us a - gain;

Come from a-bove, Fill us with love, Come and bless us, A - men.

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The Wonderful Saviour.

GEO. W. WILLIS. I. H. MEREDITH.

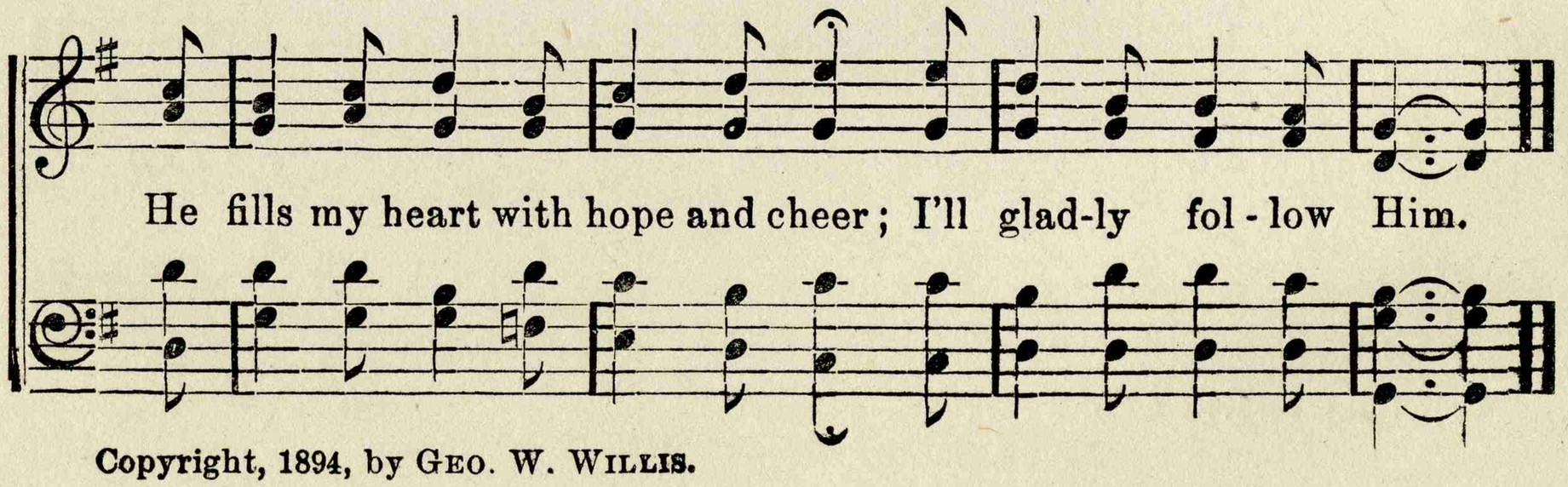
1. For sin a - tone-ment Je - sus made, On Cal-v'ry long a - go;
2. He to the ut - ter-most can save; The mes-sage we'll pro-claim;
3. His grace is of - fered free to all: So come with-out de - lay,
4. He is our Ad - vo - cate a - bove; He pleads for you and me;

The ran-som price He ful - ly paid, The Bi - ble tells us so.
I'm glad to Him my heart I gave, O bless-ed be His name.
And on His name for mer - cy call, No long - er stay a - way.
Why not the Sav-iour trust and love, And al-ways hap - py be?

CHORUS.

Oh, the won - der - ful Sav-iour dear! He saves, He saves from sin;

He fills my heart with hope and cheer; I'll glad-ly fol - low Him.



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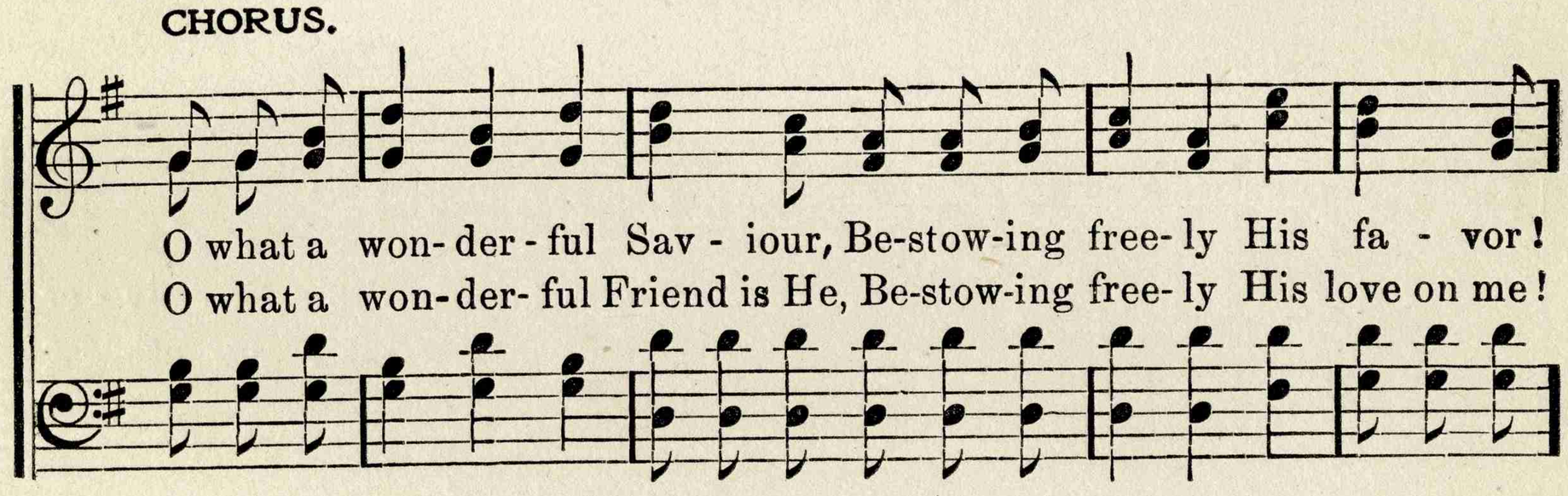
What a Saviour. 75

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

1. My spir-it thrills with joy to-day, No soul more hap-py could be;
2. He gra-cious-ly my soul redeemed, And I am pardoned and free;
3. My sin and guilt none else could bear, And can-cel all on the tree;
4. And so I sing to Christ my song, For His the glo-ry shall be;

For Christ has wash'd my sins a-way; O what a Sav-iour is He!
On me the heav'nly light has beamed; O what a Sav-iour is He!
But Christ for me has answered there; O what a Sav-iour is He!
To Him the strains of praise be-long; O what a Sav-iour is He!

CHORUS.



O what a won-der-ful Sav-iour, Be-stow-ing free-ly His fa-vor!
O what a won-der-ful Friend is He, Be-stow-ing free-ly His love on me!

A gra-cious, lov-ing Re-deem-er, A precious Sav-iour is He!

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I'm Believing and Receiving.

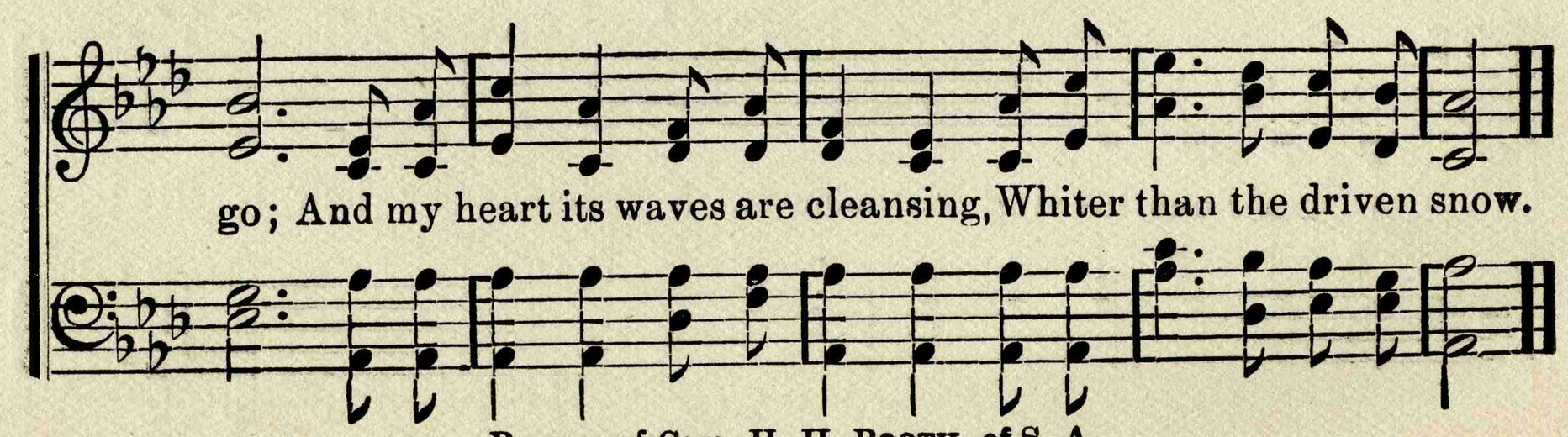
Words and Music by H. H. Booth.

1. Sins of years are washed a - way, Blackest stains be-come as
2. Doubts and fears are borne a - long On the cur-rent's ceaseless
3. Ease and wealth be- come as dross, Worthless earth's de-light and
4. Sel - fish-ness is lost in love, Love for Him whose love you
5. Fight-ing is a great de - light, Nev - er will you fear the

snow; Darkest night is changed to day, When you to the riv-er go.
flow; Sor-row chang-es in - to song, When you to the riv-er go.
show; All your boast is in the Cross, When you to the riv-er go.
know; All your treas-ure is a - bove, When you to the riv-er go.
foe; Armed by King Je-ho-vah's might, When you to the riv-er go.

CHORUS.

I'm be - liev - ing and re - ceiv - ing, While I to the riv - er



go; And my heart its waves are cleansing, Whiter than the driven snow.

By per. of Com. H. H. Booth, of S. A.

A Child's Prayer.

T. Wood. By per.

1. Dear Lord from heav-en came to bring Sal - va-tion down to me;
2. I wish to make thy way my choice, And ev - 'ry sin con - fess;
3. Thou had'st no home with man be - fore, How hard it was with Thee;
4. And when be - fore Thy throne I stand, If I am fear-ful then,

I love to learn Thy praise to sing, And say my prayer to Thee.
I long to hear Thy gen - tle voice, And feel Thy fond ca - ress.
Dear Sav - iour, come to earth once more, And make Thy home with me.
Stoop down and take my trembling hand, For Je - sus' sake, A - men.

Why Not Now?

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

1. Why not renounce the life of sin, O wand'ring soul? Why not the Christian
2. Why live be-reft of hap - pi-ness, Soul so op - prest? Why not let Je - sus
3. Why not from e - vil ways de - part, Wand'rer a - stray? And con - se-crate to
4. Why not at once to Je - sus flee? He will for - give; He of - fers mer-cy

life be - gin, And be made whole? Why not, why not, Why not be
save and bless, And be at rest?
God thy heart This ver - y day?
rich and free? Trust Him and live.

saved just now? Why not, why not, Why not come just now?

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Not Half Was Told.

GEO. W. WILLIS. I. H. MEREDITH.

1. The Saviour went to Cal- va - ry, He died for each and ev-'ry one;
2. His precious blood is all my plea, It takes a - way my ev-'ry sin;
3. He grants His beau-ty and His mind, And al-so His sweet Spir-it, too;
4. Je - sus is just the same to - day, As ev - er He has tru - ly been;

He on the Cross by faith I see, God's on - ly well be-lov-ed Son.
The crimson stream now cleanseth me, It makes me pure without, with-in.
In Him a Sav - iour all may find, To Him I al-ways will be true.
He is the Life, the Truth, the Way, That leads us home to God and Heav'n.

CHORUS.

Not half was told of love di - vine, For you and me, for you and me;
I know I'm His and He is mine, He saves me now and makes me free.

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Heaven Begun.

MRS. S. R. GRAHAM CLARK. G. K. A.

1. O, the boundless rich-es, O, the migh-ty store, O, the hid-den glo - ry,
2. O, the wealth unspoken, In the soul be-low, When it breaks *all* fet-ters,
3. O, the feast with Je-sus, When we let Him in, O-pen *wide* the heart-door,

Ours for ev-er-more, When we dare to trust Christ, Dare to take His word,
Af - ter Christ to go; Flings a-broad its pin-ions, To the breeze of love,
Bid Him reign there King. Ev-'ry day is glo - ry, Ev - 'ry night is bliss,

CHORUS.

Dare to plunge in boldly 'Neath the cleansing blood. Shout, then, hal-le-lu-jah!
Drops its earth-ly seek-ings For the joys a-bove.
Moments dropp'd from that world To enrapture this.

sing and praise His name! High-est heav'n has nev - er heard a glad - der strain; Glo - ry to the

Fath-er, Glo - ry to the Son, Glo - ry to the Ho - ly Ghost, I find my heav'n be-gun.

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From "Songs of Joy and Gladness." By per.

He Can't Get Me No More.

B. S. T. By per of author. B. S. TAYLOR.

1. The Devil tried me very hard, but he can't get me no more; E - ter-nal things I
2. He said he'd be my friend and guide, but he can't get me no more; He filled my heart with
3. There's one thing sure, he brands his sheep, but he can't get me no more; And when he [brands he
4. He robbed me of my peace and health, but he can't get me no more; The wages he paid were
5. O, Satan tried to hold me tight, but he can't get me no more; For I cried and prayed

didn't regard, but he can't get me no more; He had me on the downward way, And
folly and pride, but he can't get me no more, He said if I'd work with might and main, A
brands to keep, but he can't get me no more; He tho't he had me in his power, So he
hell and death, but he can't get me no more; I left him in an aw-ful rage, In
with all my might, and he can't get me no more; I cried to Je - sus o'er and o'er, Un-

what do you think he gave for pay, An aching heart both night and day; but he can't get [me no more.
wonderful joy I should obtain, But he only gave me sorrow and pain; but he can't get me [no more.
left me alone for one big hour, And when he came back he looked so sour, but he can't get [me no more.
howls and roars he did engage, But I slipped right thro' a crack in his cage, and he can't get [me no more.
til my heart was sick and sore, And then I ran right out the door, and he can't get me no more.

CHORUS.

He can't get me no more, He can't get me no more; He had me once,

but he let me go, And he can't get me no more; can't get me no more.

1 Rit. 2 Rit.

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