New Songs of the Gospel

No 2

Lottie Hartin. 1911

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New Songs of the Gospel
No. 2

For Use in Religious Meetings

HERBERT J. LACEY
C. AUSTIN MILES
MAURICE A. CLIFTON
EDITORS

PRICES

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PREFACE

IN January, 1901, we issued NEW SONGS OF THE GOSPEL, since which time there have been sold of that book a quarter of a million copies. In response to many urgent requests we have prepared NEW SONGS OF THE GOSPEL No. 2.

In this, our latest publication, we have introduced many new features, which we believe will commend themselves to christian workers.

First The enlarged page, which allows us to use a plain large type, easily read by every one, and enables us to give, in many instances, three pieces on two pages;

Second The department of appropriate invitation pieces, which will be of great service in evangelistic meetings;

Third The selection of Gospel songs, new and familiar, from many writers. Every song of importance will be found in NEW SONGS OF THE GOSPEL No. 2;

Fourth The great variety of subject matter which will be found to cover every phase of christian experience.

Believing, as we do, that NEW SONGS OF THE GOSPEL No. 2 will make a place for itself in the field of Gospel Song, and praying that through the singing of these precious songs many may be brought to the fold of the Shepherd, such as shall be eternally saved, we send the book forth on its mission of love.

THE EDITORS.

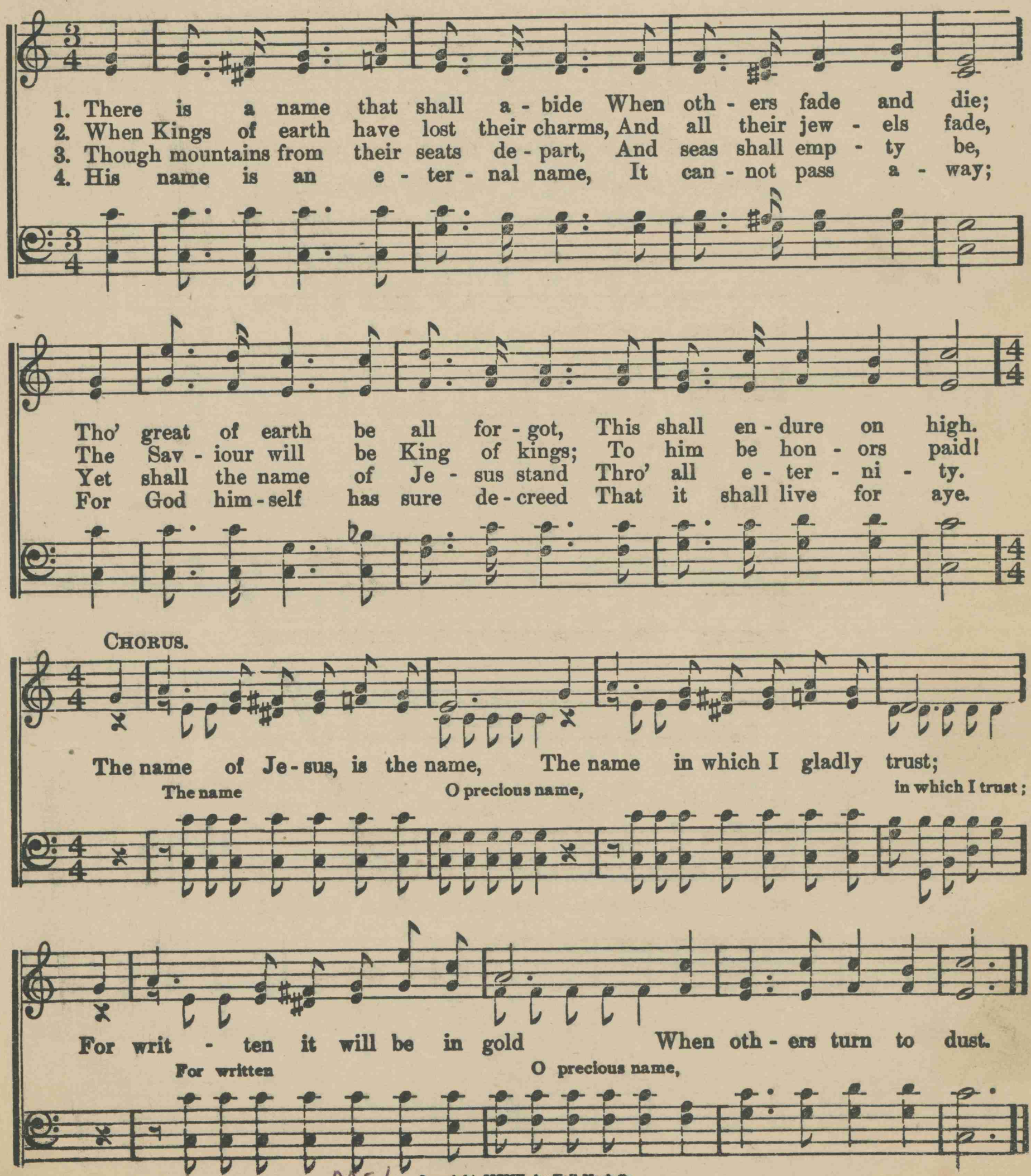
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New Songs of the Gospel,

No. 2.

No. 3. The Abiding Name.

T. M. EASTWOOD. HERBERT J. LACEY.



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No. 4.

I've Been Redeemed.

A. A. PAYN. ARTHUR WILTON.

1. I've been redeemed thro' Je - sus' precious blood, My sin - ful soul is rec - on - ciled to God; Washed white as snow, my thank - ful song I sing,
2. I've been redeemed! My soul shall mount a - bove Earth's sin - ful life to dwell with him I love, Who, by his death up - on the cru - el tree,
3. I've been redeemed, and I shall see his face, Sing - ing the song, "He saved me by his grace." O bless - ed thought! For e'er with him to stay,
4. I've been redeemed; I'm sure to reach that home Je - sus pre - pared, from thence no more to roam. My ransomed soul shall rise on wings of love,

CHORUS.

Giv - ing all praise un - to my Lord, my King.
Purchased my par - don there and set me free.
Ev - er with friends I love to dwell for aye.
Seek - ing a home e - ter - nal, built a - bove.

I've been redeemed, all glo - ry to his name! Je - sus has saved me thro' his own wondrous grace; Here I will sing, un - til the time shall come When o - ver yonder I'll meet him face to face.

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No. 5.

He Keepeth His Promise.

S. C. KIRK. HERBERT J. LACEY.



1. The Lord hath declared and the Lord will perform; "Behold! I am near to de - liv - er,
2. Who seek him shall find him, shall find him today, The word is to all, "who-so- ev - er!"
3. Tho' oft - en my toil seems but la - bor in vain, I leave with the Lord my en- deav - or;
4. My heart may sink low in the depths of its woe, But nev - er, he tells me, O nev - er!
5. The bonds that unite us in earth's dearest ties, The rude hand of Time will dis-sev - er;





A ref - uge and fortress, a covert in storm;" He keep-eth his promise for - ev - er.
No soul that en-treat-eth, he turn - eth a- way; He keep-eth his promise for - ev - er.
I pa - tient - ly wait for the sunshine and rain—He keep-eth his promise for - ev - er!
The frail, bruis-ed reed will he break; and I know He keep-eth his promise for - ev - er.
But we shall re- new them a - gain in the skies; He keep-eth his promise for - ev - er!



CHORUS.



For - ev- er! For- ev- er! O not for a day! He keepeth his promise for ev - er!



To all who believe, to all who o - bey, He keepeth his promise for - ev - er!



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No. 6.

I Know Who Pilots Me.

JAMES ROWE. HOWARD E. SMITH.

1. When an - gry waves a - bout me roll, And hide my path a - cross life's sea,
2. Day af - ter day, tho' tossed a - bout, And oft - en dang'rous rocks I see,
3. Tho' each new day brings tri - als sore, Tho' rougher still the o - cean be,
4. My Saviour's love still guides me on, My on - ly chart and compass he;

No fear a - larms my trusting soul, For well I know who pi - lots me.
There comes to me no fear nor doubt, For well I know who pi - lots me.
I know that I shall reach the shore, For well I know who pi - lots me.
I'll trust him till the journey's done, For well I know who pi - lots me.

CHORUS.

Yes, well I know..... who pi - lots me..... A - cross life's
Yes, well I know who pi - lots me

ev - er- troub - led sea;..... The winds may rave..... and waves may
Across life's ev - er- troubled, ev - er- troubled sea; The winds may rave

swell,..... While Je - sus pi - lots, all is well.....
and waves may swell, While Je - sus pi - lots, all is well, yes, all is well.

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No. 7.

As the Day Breaks.

A. A. Payn. C. Austin Miles.

1. As the shadows of the night round are fall - ing, I am thinking of that
2. When we gath - er home at last there'll be sing - ing, Such as an - gels round the
3. I shall rise to be with Je - sus for - ev - er, I shall meet the ones who

day by and by; When the trum - pet of the Lord shall be call - ing,
throne nev - er heard; For the song of souls re - deemed shall go ring - ing,
passed on be - fore; We shall meet to part no more, nev - er, nev - er,

Chorus.

As the day breaks o'er the hills.
As the day breaks o'er the hills.
When the day breaks o'er the hills.

I'll go singing, I'll go shouting on my journey home, Till the day breaks, till the day breaks, There'll be singing, there'll be shouting, when we all get home, When the day breaks o'er the hills.

the heavenly hills.

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No. 8.

Tell Mother I'll Be There.

C. M. F.

CHARLES M. FILLMORE.

1. When I was but a lit - tle child, how well I rec - ol - lect
2. Tho' I was oft - en way - ward, she was al - ways kind and good,
3. When I be - came a prod - i - gal, and left the old roof-tree,
4. One day a mes - sage came to me, it bade me quickly come,

How I would grieve my mother with my fol - ly and neglect, And
So patient, gen - tle, loving, when I acted rough and rude; My
She almost broke her loving heart in mourning aft - er me, And
If I would see my mother, ere the Saviour took her home; I

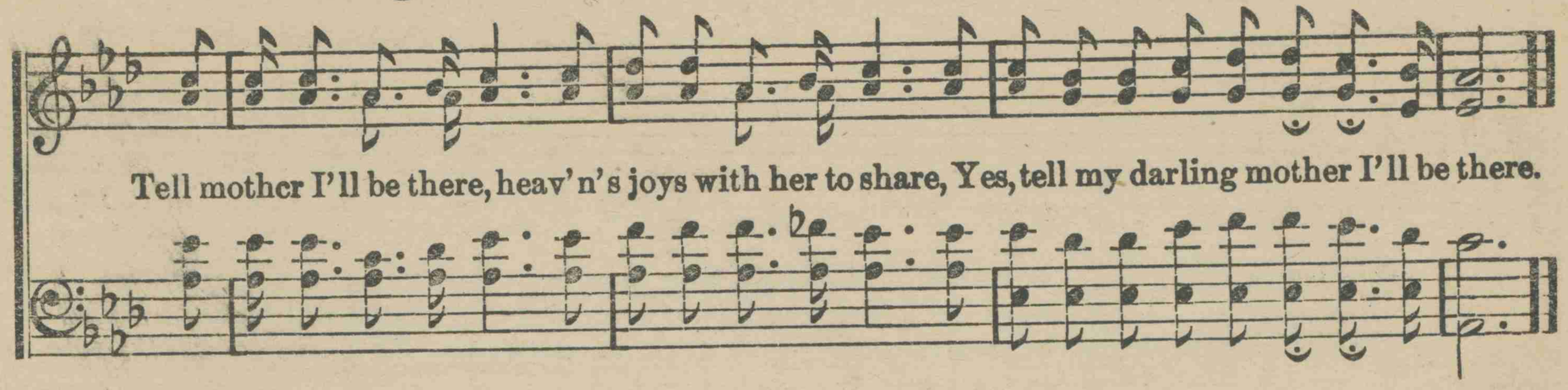
now that she has gone to heav' n, I miss her tender care, O angels, tell my mother I'll be there.
childhood griefs and trials she would gladly with me share, O angels, tell my mother I'll be there.
day and night she prayed to God to keep me in his care, O angels, tell my mother I'll be there.
promised her, before she died, for heaven to prepare, O angels, tell my mother I'll be there.

CHORUS.

Tell mother I'll be there in answer to her pray' r, This message, guardian angels, to her bear;

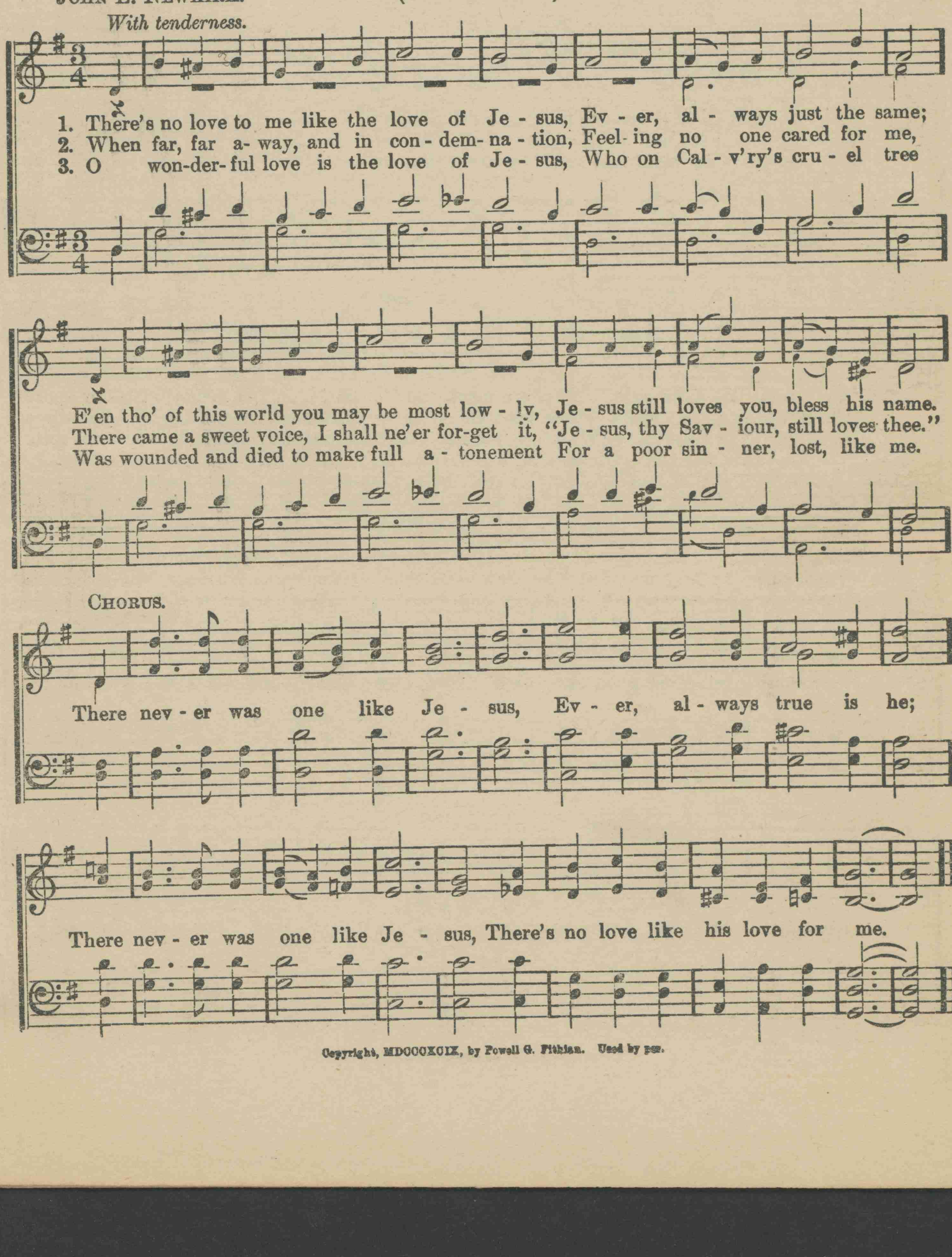
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Tell Mother I'll be There.—Concluded.



No. 9. There's no Love Like His for Me.

JOHN L. NEWKIRK. (SOLO OR DUET.) POWELL G. FITHIAN.



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No. 10.

No Death, No Pain, No Weeping!

"There shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain."

MRS. J. M. HUNTER. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Words are ring - ing, com- fort bringing, like some ten- der, sweet re - frain, How I love to think their precious meaning o'er! "There shall be no death, no crying, no more
2. "Nev - er morn - ing wore to evening, but some lov- ing heart did break," Ne'er a fire - side that hath not its vacant chair, But with- in that house of gladness, when with
3. Tears, like rain-drops, here are fall - ing, anguish deep we must en- dure, Feeble bod - ies quiv- er, 'neath the suff'ring keen, But we know 'twill all be o - ver, for we

sor - row, no more pain," When we meet, at last, on heaven's hap - py shore.
Christ we shall a - wake, There shall be no death, no cry - ing, o - ver there.
have his promise sure, When we reach the realms of glo - ry, now un- seen.

CHORUS.

There shall be no pain, no sor - row, There no touch of e - vil mars;
There shall be no death, no cry - ing, In that land be - yond the stars.

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No. 11.

Happy On the Way am I.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. L. L. PICKETT.

1. I am sing - ing and I'm shout - ing all a - long the pil - prim way,
2. Tho' the clouds may gath - er o'er me and I hear the thun - der roll,
3. What tho' for - tune may prove fick - le, and my fond - est hopes may fade?
4. I have giv - en all to Je - sus, ev - 'ry bur - den, ev - 'ry care,
5. So with joy I will press for - ward till I reach that gold - en land,

Hap - py on the way am I;..... I am walk - ing and I'm talk - ing with my Sav - iour ev - 'ry day,
Hap - py on the way am I;..... Not a storm can cause a rip - ple o'er the wa - ters of my soul,
Hap - py on the way am I;..... I am still an heir to glo - ry, then why should I be dis - mayed?
Hap - py on the way am I;..... Now he leads me thro' green pas - tures, and by wa - ters still and fair,
Hap - py on the way am I;..... All the way I will keep sing - ing till I join that blood-washed band,

Hap - py on the way am I.
Hap - py on the way am I.
Hap - py on the way am I.
Hap - py on the way am I.
Hap - py on the way am I.

CHORUS.

Sing - ing! shouting! all a - long the way, To that blessed home on high;
With my Saviour walk - ing, walk-ing, ev - 'ry day, Hap-py on the way am I.

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No. 12.

When Love Shines In.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Je-sus comes with pow'r to gladden, When love shines in, Ev'ry life that woe can sadden,
2. How the world will glow with beauty, When love shines in, And the heart rejoice in duty,
3. Darkest sorrows will grow brighter, When love shines in, And the heaviest burden, lighter,
4. We may have unfading splendor, When love shines in, And a friendship true and tender,

When love shines in. Love will teach us how to pray; Love will drive the gloom away, Turn our
When love shines in. Trials may be sanc-tified, And the soul in peace abide, Life will
When love shines in. 'Tis the glory that will throw Light to show us where to go; O the
When love shines in. When earth-vict'ries shall be won And our life in heav'n begun, There will

CHORUS.

darkness in-to day, When love shines in.
all be glo-ri-fied, When love shines in.
heart shall blessing know When love shines in.
be no need of sun, For love shines in.

When love shines in,..... When love shines

When love shines in,.....

When love shines in, when love shines in, When love shines

in, How the heart is tuned to singing, When love shines in;..... When love shines

When love shines in;..... When love shines

in,

When love shines in, when

in,..... When love shines in, Joy and peace to others bringing, When love shines in.

in,..... when love shines in.

love shines in, When love shines in,

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No. 13.

A Light Along the Way.

E. E. HEWITT. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. The Lord hath made this world of ours Most beauti - ful and bright, The golden sun to rule by day, The moon and stars by night; But souls are wand'ring far from him, In darkened paths a-
2. So ma - ny need a helping hand, A kind - ly word of cheer, To tell them of the mighty Friend Whose grace is always near. O make me prompt to hear thy voice, And ready to o-
3. Some lives shine out like beacons grand, Some seem but candles small, But if we tru - ly shine for him, The Lord hath need of all. O may his Spirit fill my soul And lead me, day by

CHORUS.

stray; So make me, Saviour, more and more, A light along the way.
bey, That I may be, to saddened hearts, A light along the way.
day, That, tho' unworthy, I shall be A light along the way.

} A light along the way,

Make me, dear Lord, I pray; Love's happy rays show forth thy praise, A light along the way. A light a-

long the way, Make me, dear Lord, I pray; Love's happy rays Show forth thy praise, A light along the way.

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No. 14.

A Song of Hope and Trust.

EBEN E. REXFORD. HERBERT J. LACEY.

1. Ho, comrades, heav'nward faring, Let's sing in cheerful strain A song to lighten
2. O let us sing, my comrades, Of blessings by the way—Life's ma - ny gleams of
3. Life holds for most, my comrades, More hap - pi- ness than pain. God gives a day of

la - bor And soothe the heart of pain. A song of God's own gladness, So
sunlight That gilds the sky of gray. And as we sing a - bout them The
sunshine For ev - 'ry hour of rain. So, trust - ing in the wis - dom Of

full of help and cheer That wea - ry wayside pilgrims Will gain new strength to hear.
shadows break a - part, And all the world's in sunshine Because we're light of heart.
God's e - ter - nal plan, Let's make the most of blessings, And do the best we can.

CHORUS.

O sing of heav'n, my com - rades, Where all the good a - bide—

A song of faith that fails not, No mat - ter what be - tide!

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No. 15. A Crown of Life Laid Up for Me.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. MAURICE A. CLIFTON.

1. In heav'n a - bove, by faith I see A crown of life laid up for me,
2. I have a house not built with hands, Up - on the hills of God it stands,
3. There roy- al robes of whiteness wait, And an - gels at the pearl - y gate

Up - on its crest the an - gels trace: "Made for a sin - ner saved by grace."
My earth- ly home may pass a - way, But that a - bove can ne'er de - cay.
A welcome glad to me shall bring, For I'm a child of Christ the King.

CHORUS.

A crown of life..... I, too, shall wear..... With- in that
A crown of life I, too, shall wear

cit - y bright and fair,..... And songs of praise..... my soul shall
that cit - y bright and fair, And songs of praise

sing,..... For I'm a child of Christ, the King.
my soul shall sing

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No. 16.

Ship Ahoy!

E. E. HEWITT. W. A. POST.

1. We're sail - ing, sailing o - ver life's great sea, And oth- er ships are passing by;
2. Lift up the beacon that shall guide the lost Un- to the ha - ven bright and fair;
3. We're sail - ing, sailing o - ver life's great sea, And not a- lone our way we take;

The mighty Saviour shall our Captain be, His star is shining in the sky.
O help the wand'ring and the tempest-tossed, That peace and shelter they may share.
For oth - ers, sailing, look to you and me! O help them for the Master's sake!

But while in safety we may glide a - long, Led by the Light that nev - er fails,
O bring the shipwrecked to the Life- boat true, Our Refuge in the wild - est storm;
The po - lar star of mer - cy shines a - bove, Our anchor holds for - ev - er more;

O hear the cry that ris - es full and strong From those who struggle with the gales.
Sing out with gladness and with hope a - new, Our Captain will his word per - form.
And dear ones wait, with joyful songs of love, To greet us on the gold - en shore.

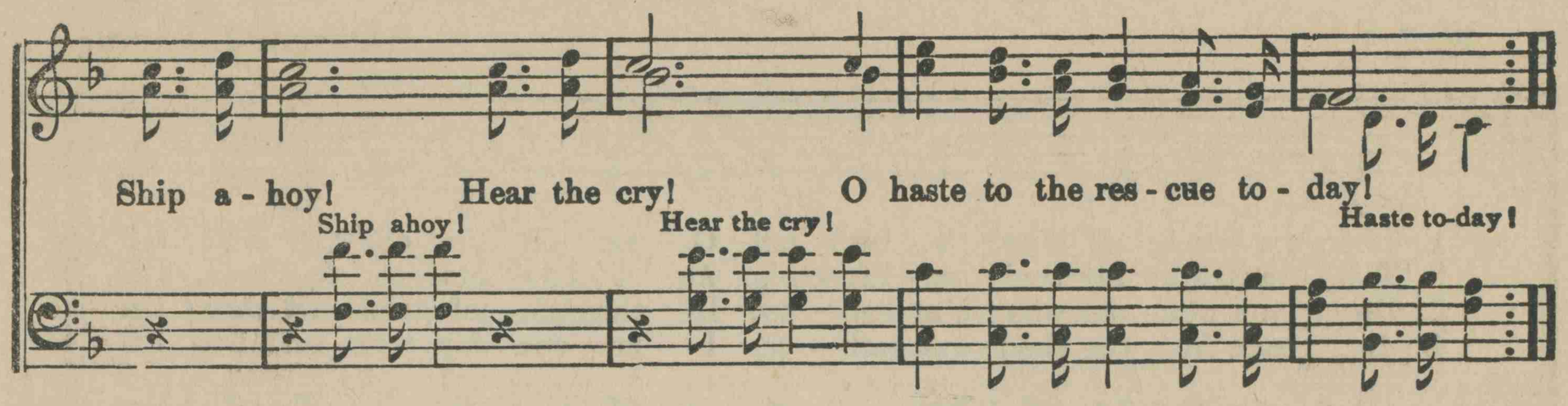
CHORUS.

Ship a - hoy! Hear the cry! "God save them," we fervently pray!

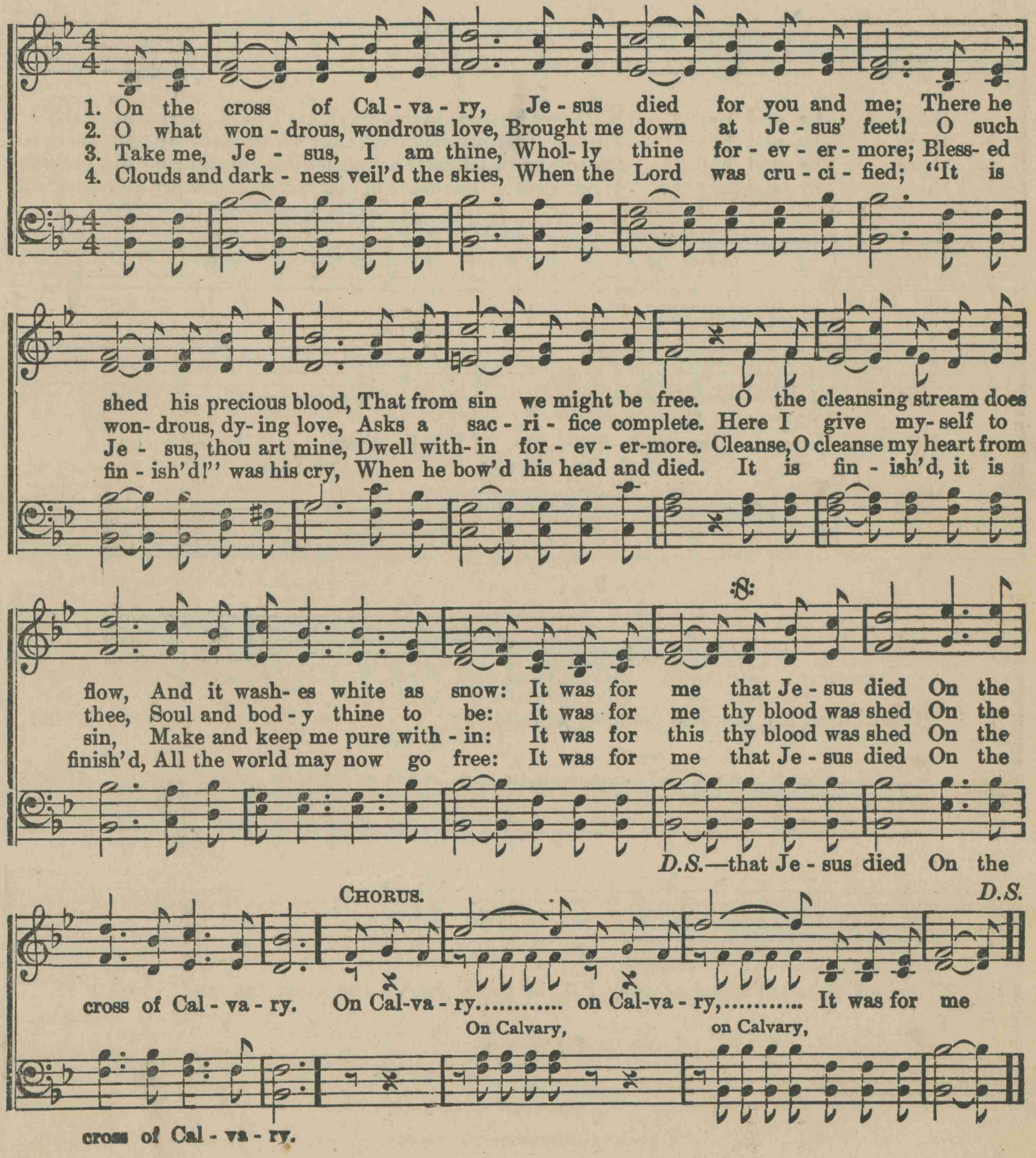
Ship ahoy! Hear the cry! Hear the cry!

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Ship Ahoy!—Concluded.



No. 17. On the Cross of Calvary.



No. 18.

I'll Be There, By and By.

H. J. L.

HERBERT J. LACEY.

1. There's a land of bliss e - ter - nal, O - ver on the oth - er side, I'll be there, by and by;
2. 'Tis a truth my soul up - lift - ing, As I jour - ney to that land, I'll be there, by and by;
3. Do you won - der why I'm hap - py, In this life of trial and care? I'll be there, by and by;
4. As each day the shad - ows gath - er, I am one day near - er home, I'll be there, by and by;

With my blessed, loving Saviour, I will evermore abide,
There I'll meet my dear Redeemer, Clasp the waiting, outstretched hand,
Do you know I'll have a mansion Which my Saviour will prepare?
When I reach the realms of glory, Nevermore my steps shall roam,

I'll be there, by and by;

CHORUS.

I'll be there,..... by and by. I'll be there, by and by,

I'll be there, by and by. I'll be there, by and by,

I will meet my precious Saviour, by and by; In the realms of end - less day,

by and by;

Where all tears are wiped a- way, I'll be there fore'er to stay, by and by.

by and by.

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No. 19.

Meet Mother in the Skies.

Arr. by W. S. Nickle.

1. In a lone - ly graveyard, ma - ny miles a - way, Lies your dear old moth - er,
2. Now the old home, va - cant, has no charms for you; One dear form is ab - sent,
3. Now in true re- pent- ance to the Saviour flee; He who pardened moth - er,

'neath the cold, cold clay; Mem'ries oft re- turn - ing of her tears and sighs;
moth - er, kind and true. Ev - er- more she dwells where pleasure nev - er dies;
mer - cy has for thee; Now he waits to com - fort, he will not de- spise;

CHORUS.

If you love your moth- er, meet her in the skies. List - en to her pleadings,

"Wand'ring boy, come home," Loving-ly entreating, do not long- er roam; Let your manhood

wak - en, heav'nward lift your eyes; If you love your mother, meet her in the skies.

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No. 20.

All Will Come Right.

EBEN E. REXFORD. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Roads steep and ston - y our feet find to tread; Thorns by the way - side and pit - falls a - head.
2. Sing till God's sunshine is flood- ing the heart; Sing till the shadows of care all de - part;
3. Sing of the sunshine life's clouds can - not hide, If we keep faith in a· Christ cru - ci - fied,

Sing of God's sun - shine, from morn - ing till night—
Sing till our com - rades take part in the song;
Bless - ed soul - sun - shine that bright- ens the road

CHORUS.

Sing it, be - lieve it— that all will come right!
Sing - ing and trust - ing the whole way a - long!
While the heart's sing - ing of glad - ness and God.

Sing..... of the sun - shine,
Sing of the sun - shine,

sun - shine, Let..... in the light;.....
Let in the light, Sing of the sun - shine, And let in the light;

Some - where, and some - time, It all will come right.....

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No. 21.

The Blood of Jesus.

MIRIAM E. OATMAN. HERBERT J. LACEY.

1. All my sins are washed a - way By the blood of Je - sus, And my heart is
2. Now my heart is free from sin, Thro' the blood of Je - sus, I am clean and
3. O my broth - er, is thy soul Cleansed and saved by Je - sus? Come to - day and

cleansed to - day, By the blood of Je - sus. There's a fountain o - pened wide
pure with - in— Pre- cious blood of Je - sus! Tho' my soul was dark as night,
be made whole By the blood of Je - sus. Tho' thy soul be lost in sin,

By the Mas - ter cru - ci - fied. From his pre- cious, wound - ed side
Je - sus' pres - ence gives me light, And his blood has made me white—
Je - sus' blood can en - ter in, And can make thee pure and clean—

CHORUS.

Flows the blood of Je - sus.
Pre- cious blood of Je - sus!
Pre- cious blood of Je - sus!
} O the blood, the precious blood, Wondrous grace be-

stow - ing! All my sins are washed a - way By the fount - ain flow - ing.

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No. 22.

Joy Overflowing.

IRVIN H. MACK. ARTHUR WILTON.

1. What tho' temptation's pow - er As- sails like tempest's blast? The world may shun my
2. There's comfort in the knowledge, There's joy beyond compare; My heart is filled with
3. What- ev - er may be - tide me, What la - bor, tri - al, pain, If Je - sus but sus-

Sav - iour, My faith in him holds fast! Thro' wildest op - po - si - tion One
glo - ry; For Je - sus dwelleth there! Should shadows gather round me, And
tains me, 'Twill be e - ter - nal gain. And when at last I meet him, In

thing, by faith, I know: That Je - sus sweetly saves me— All else, but this, may go.
earth - ly comforts flee, I still will sing his prais - es; He still will comfort me.
glo - ry, on his throne, I'll have a precious welcome: He'll claim me as his own.

CHORUS.

There is joy o - ver - flow - ing, There is joy o - ver - flow - ing,

There is joy o - ver - flow - ing, In the serv - ice of my Lord!

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No. 23.

He's Everything to Me.

FRANK H. MASHAW. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. I once was in the des - ert, all wea - ry, sad and lone, Un-
2. I left the bar - ren des - ert and sought his lov - ing face, De-
3. He gives me joy - ous sing - ing and makes the sun to shine, And
4. And in the si - lent watch of the lone - ly mid - night hour, He

til my Sav - iour told me that I was still his own, He bade me leave my
pend- ing on his mer - cy and on his sav - ing grace; He smiled up - on me
oft he smiles up - on me, and then I know he's mine, He car - ries all my
comes my soul to res - cue and shows his might- y pow'r, And when the light of

fol - ly and from the dan - ger flee, And now he's ev - 'ry- thing to me.
gen - tly; from sin he set me free, And now he's ev - 'ry- thing to me.
bur - dens and keep me on life's sea, And now he's ev - 'ry- thing to me.
glo - ry come shin - ing o'er death's sea, He'll still be ev - 'ry- thing to me.

CHORUS.

He's ev - 'rything, yes, ev- 'rything to me, He's ev - 'rything, yes, ev'rything to
He's He's

me; Thro' night and day, Where'er I stray—He's ev - 'ry - thing to me.
to me.

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Jesus Ever is the Same True Friend.

A. J. C.

C. Austin Miles.

1. Though the seasons come and go, Summer's sun and winter's snow, Tho' the passing years to
2. Time's swift current onward glides, There is nothing which a-bides, To the fleeting years all
3. Then, while swift years haste away, Let us strive from day to day To be those on whom the

earth their changes lend; There is One whose love so free Ev - ermore will changeless be!
things must surely bend; Friends may false or faithless prove, But there's One whose name is Love!
Mas - ter may de - pend, For tho' naught may long endure, Of this truth our hearts are sure,

1. changes lend;

Chorus.

Je - sus ev - er is the same true friend! Je - sus is our friend, Ev-er the same true friend!

He's the one on whom we may de - pend; Tho' afar our steps would roam,

we may de-pend;

He would seek to bring us home, Je - sus ev - er is the same true friend!

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No. 26.

Jesus Knows and Cares.

M. S.

MARGARET SHULTZ.

1. On life's path - way are there cross - es? Je - sus knows and cares;
2. Tho' life's shad - ows dark are fall - ing, Je - sus knows and cares;
3. When the e - ven- tide is near - ing, Je - sus knows and cares;
4. Are you heav - y bur- dens bear - ing, Je - sus knows and cares;

1. On life's pathway are there cross - es? Je - sus knows and Je - sus cares;

Do you suf - fer heav - y loss - es? Je - sus knows and cares;
Tho' the fu - ture seems ap - pall - ing, Je - sus knows and cares;
When the light is dis - ap - pear - ing, Je - sus knows and cares;
Glad- ly all your sor- row shar - ing, Je - sus knows and cares;

Do you suf - fer heav - y loss - es? Je - sus knows and Je - sus cares;

Doth there come the hour of weep - ing, Treasures van - ish from your keep - ing,
Tho' the years their griefs are bring - ing, Hushing ev - 'ry voice of sing - ing,
When with tears the eyes are fill - ing, Anguish deep the soul is thrill - ing,
Tho' your life be filled with cry - ing, Pleasures van - ished, joys be dy - ing,

Bit - ter pain your heart be reap - ing? Je - sus knows and cares.
Fear ye not, the cry is ring - ing, Je - sus knows and cares.
Peace he brings, his heart is will - ing; Je - sus knows and cares.
Yet look up be - yond the sigh - ing, Je - sus knows and cares.

Bit - ter pain your heart be reap - ing? Je - sus knows and Je - sus cares.

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No. 27.

Waiting, But Working.

E. Richmond. C. Austin Miles.

Not too fast.

1. I am thinking to-day Of a man-sion a-bove, By the side of the riv-er so fair; Where the streets are of gold, And we nev-er grow old, O the
2. I am sing-ing the songs That they sing o-ver there, I am prais-ing the Lord that I love; But I long to be free And his glo-ry to see, With the
3. I've a crown o-ver there, I am long-ing to wear, When the bur-dens of life shall be o'er; With the cross-es all past, With my loved ones at last, I shall

CHORUS.

joy of a home o-ver there!
blood-washed in heav-en a-bove.
rest on that heav-en-ly shore.

But the Mas-ter says, Stay, There is work here to do, And he tells me he'll call by and by; There are souls to be won Ere my work shall be done, And I en-ter my mansion on high.

by and by;

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No. 28.

Are You Helping?

T. M. EASTWOOD. ARTHUR WILTON.

1. There's a glorious work to do, Are you help - ing? To God's service are you
2. There's a har- vest we should reap, Are you help - ing? In the furrows it lies
3. There's a bat - tle to be fought, Are you help - ing? Are you fighting as you

Are you helping?

true, Are you help - ing? There are ma - ny souls to win, From their
deep, Are you help - ing? If it per - ish in the night, By the
ought, Are you help - ing? Sa - tan's hosts are great and strong, And the

Are you helping?

e - vil and their sin, Je - sus wants us to be - gin, Are you help - ing?
mildew or the blight, It will be a sor - ry sight, Are you help - ing?
struggle will be long, Christ will sure-ly conquer wrong, Are you help - ing?

Are you helping?

CHORUS.

Are you help - ing? Are you help - ing? To God's

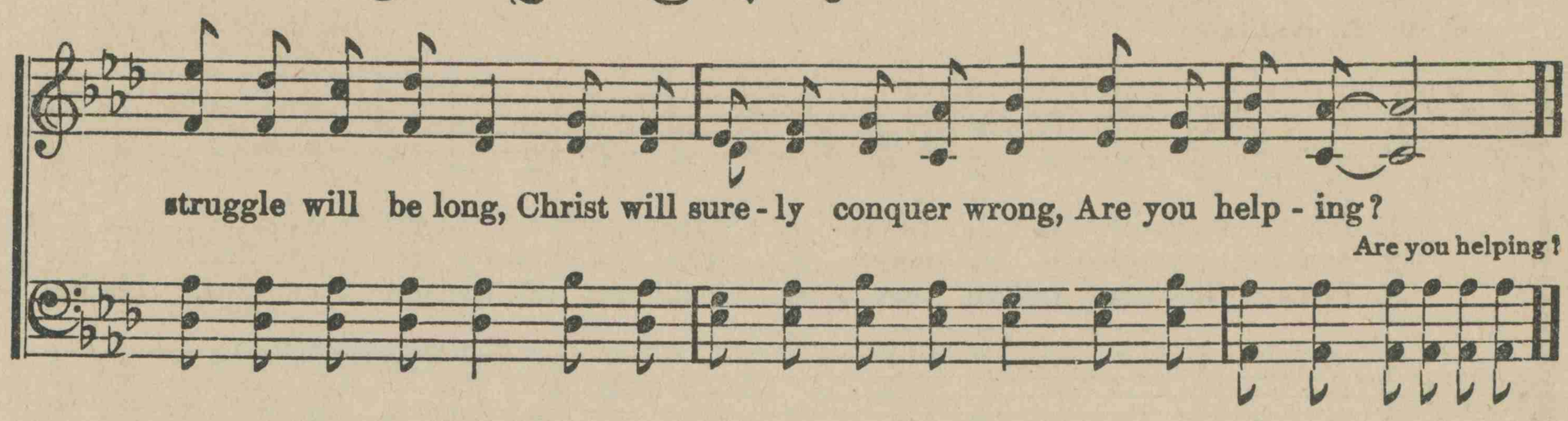
Are you helping? Are you helping?

service are you true, Are you help - ing? Satan's hosts are great and strong, And the

Are you helping?

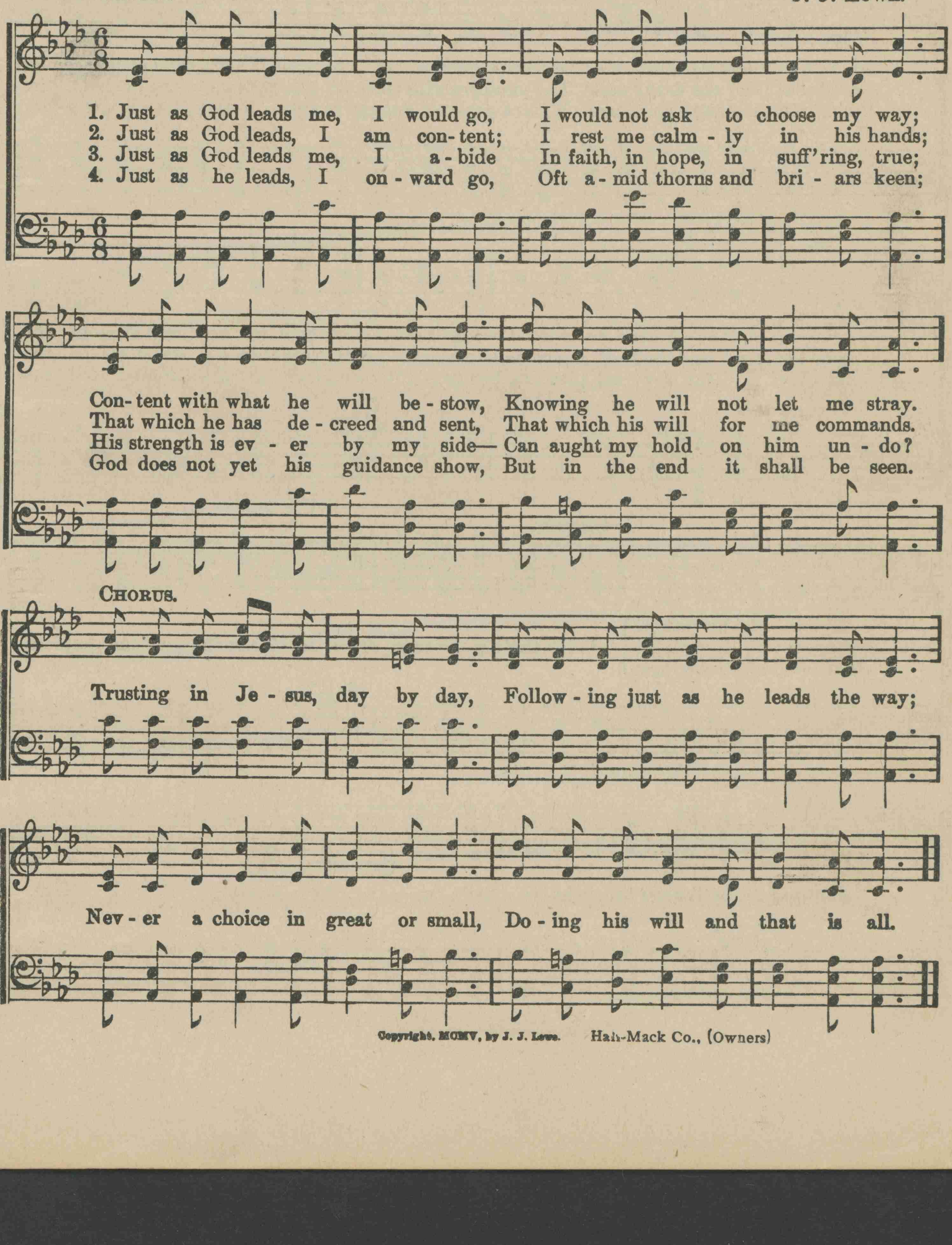
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Are You Helping?—Concluded.



No. 29. Just as God Leads.

LAMPERTUS. J. J. LOWE.



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No. 30.

In the Shadow of His Wings.

EBEN E. REXFORD. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. In the times of bit - ter troub - le, When the heart is grieved with loss, And o'er rough, hard ways we stum - ble 'Neath the burden of our cross, Then a tho't comes, comfort bringing, And the heart's dis-ordered strings Lose their discord in its mu - sic—In the
2. Just to think! God is so near us That his hand our hand may find If we reach out in the dark- ness, Tho' our eyes with tears are blind! Close beside us! O the com-fort That this tho't of nearness brings, Tho' his face for tears we see not!—In the
3. Love of God that faileth nev - er, Foll'wing all the wand'ring feet, Hating sin, but seeking sin - ners With a patience strange as sweet; Follow, fol - low, ev - er fol - low, Till thy lov - ing pleading brings All thy children to the shelter In the

CHORUS.

shadow of his wings!
shadow of his wings!
shadow of thy wings!
} O the tho't is sweeter, sweet- er, Than the song the skylark sings, Soaring toward the gates of heav - en— In the shadow of his wings!

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No. 31.

Speak to Me, Jesus.

L. L. P.

Adapted by L. L. Pickett.

1. Speak to my soul, dear Je - sus, Speak now in tend'rest tone; Whisper in lov - ing kindness:
2. Speak to thy children ev - er, Lead in the ho - ly way; Fill them with joy and gladness,
3. Speak now as in the old time Thou didst reveal thy will; Let me know all my du - ty,

"Thou art not left a - lone." O - pen my heart to hear thee, Quickly to hear thy voice,
Teach them to watch and pray. May they in con - se- cra- tion, Yield their whole lives to thee,
Let me thy law ful - fill. Lead me to glo - ri - fy thee, Help me to show thy praise,

Chorus.

Fill thou my soul with praises, Let me in thee re - joice.
Hasten thy coming kingdom, Till our dear Lord we see.
Gladly to do thy bid - ding, Hon - or thee all my days.

Speak thou in softest whispers,

Whispers of love to me: "Thou shalt be always conqu'ror, Thou shalt be always free." Speak thou to

me each day, Lord, Always in tend'rest tone; Let me now hear thy whisper: "Thou art not left alone."

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No. 32.

There is Something in that Story.

JAMES ROWE. J. LINCOLN HALL.

Slow, with expression.

1. There is something in that sto - ry Of the Saviour's love for men; It appeals to me, my
2. There is something in that sto - ry, For it makes my load grow light; And the world, which seemed so
3. There is something in that sto - ry, For my ver - y soul is stirred; There is kindness in each

brother, Let me hear it told a - gain. Yes, there's something in that sto - ry, For my
drear-y, Now looks beau-ti - ful and bright. Yes, there's something in that sto - ry, For it
sentence, There is love in ev- 'ry word. Yes, there's something in that sto - ry Which has

tears be - gin to roll, And I feel a wave of gladness Sweeping o'er my guilty soul.
lifts my mind a - bove Tho'ts of en - vy, strife and hatred, To a plane of peace and love.
won this heart of mine; Loving Je - sus, I will trust thee; Take my heart, for it is thine.

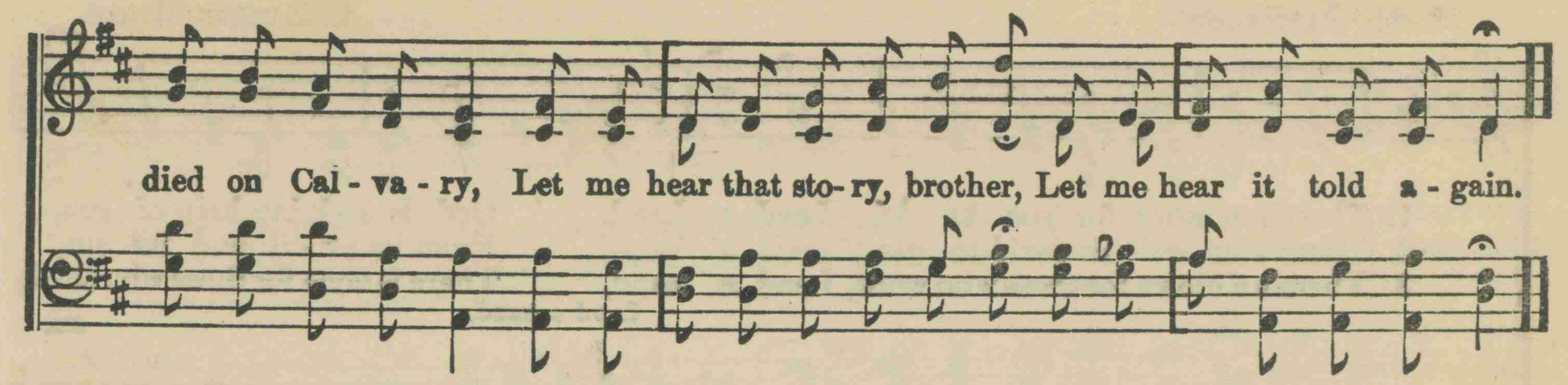
CHORUS.

There is something in that sto- ry Of the Saviour's love for men; It appeals to me, my

brother, Let me hear it told a - gain. As it tells the love of Je - sus, How he

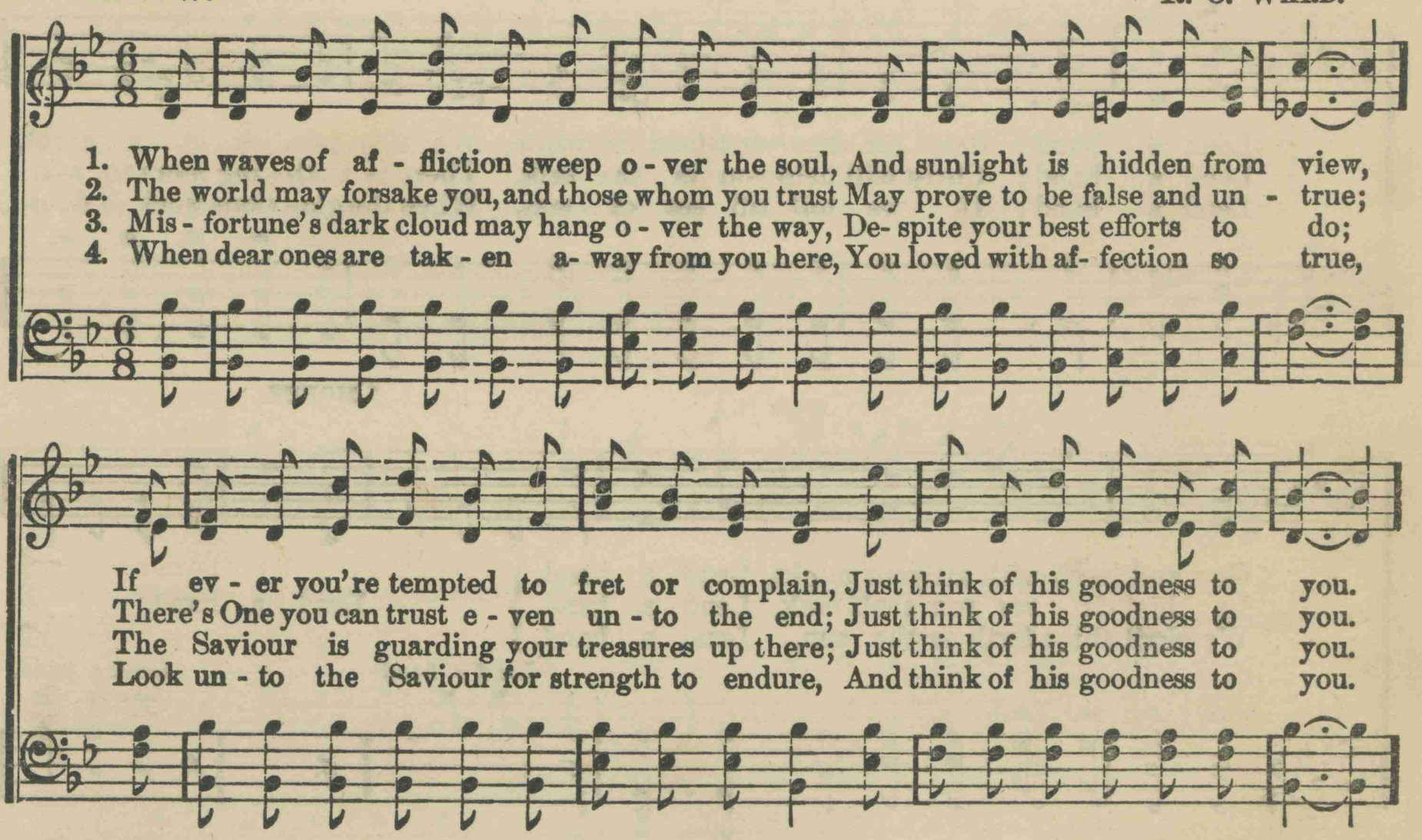
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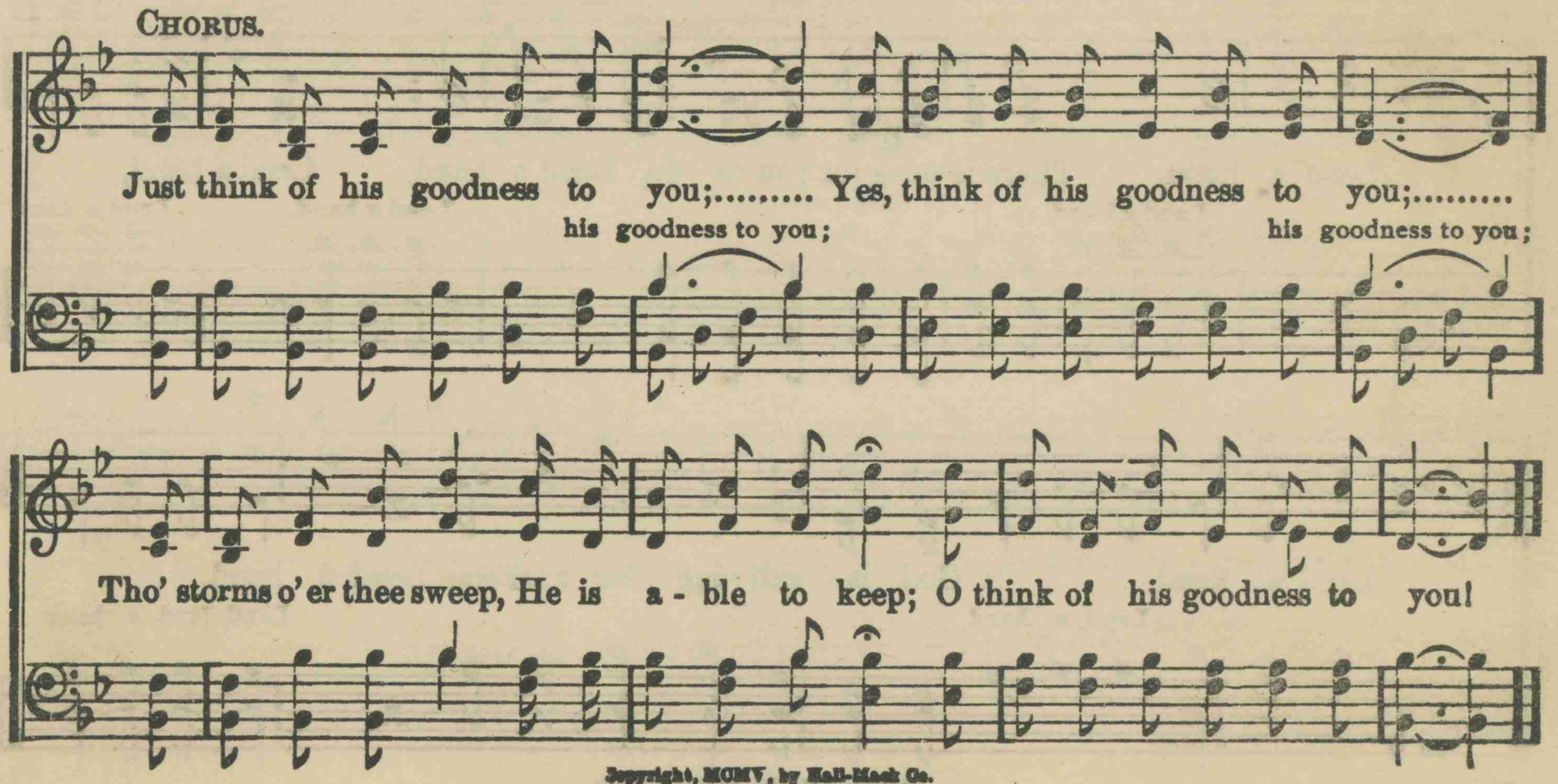
There is Something in that Story.—Concluded.



No. 33. Think of His Goodness to You.

R. C. W. R. C. WARD.





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No. 34.

Lend a Hand.

T. M. EASTWOOD. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. There's a work for you to do, Lend a hand, God is seek-ing help of you,
2. There's an ev - il world to win, Lend a hand, From its ev - il and its sin,
3. There's a crown for those who work, Lend a hand, There is none for those who shirk,

Lend a hand,

Lend a hand; See, his har - vest field is white, We may per - ish in a night,
Lend a hand; Christ will help you in the task, There is noth - ing more to ask,
Lend a hand; If we toil till set of sun, When the glo - rious work is done,

CHORUS.

Go and reap with all your might, Lend a hand.
In his fa - vor you shall bask, Lend a hand.
We shall shine forth as the sun, Lend a hand.

Lend a hand,

Lend a hand Lend a hand,

Lend a hand, There is work for you to do, Lend a hand, Lend a hand,

Lend a hand, Lend a hand, Lend a hand

Lend a hand, God is call - ing for workers; Lend a hand.

Lend a hand, Lend, lend a hand.

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No. 35.

Never Known to Fail.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. HERBERT J. LACEY.

1. O the prom- is - es of God Long have Satan's might withstood, And no pow'r of darkness
2. O the mighty hand of time Fashions many-a work sublime, Yet the tide of years their
3. Trust those holy words to - day, Let them guide you on life's way, Seek their refuge in temp-

o'er them shall prevail; They are builded sure and strong For the conflict with the wrong, And those
splendor shall assail; But the Word of God, this hour, Thrills with all the old-time pow'r, For those
tation's roughest gale; Strength and courage they shall lend, Pow'r from heaven shall descend, For those

CHORUS.

prom- is - es were never known to fail! God's promises were never known to fail!
were never known to fail!

No pow'r of darkness o'er them shall pre - vail! They are builded sure and strong
shall prevail!

For the con- flict with the wrong, God's prom- is - es were nev - er known to fail!

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No. 36. Is It Nothing to You?

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE. MAURICE A. CLIFTON.

Slowly.

1. Is it nothing to you that a sin - sick world Is ly - ing in darkness and night,
2. Is it nothing to you that the starving souls Are pleading for life - giv - ing bread,
3. Is it nothing to you that they groan and wail, In anguish and sor- row and pain?

And with nev- er a bright cheering beam to shine With glo - ri - ous gos - pel light?
And are you, with a - bundance beyond your need, Still let- ting them go un - fed?
Shall the Saviour who died on the cru - el cross Have giv - en his life in vain?

Is it nothing to you that the millions there Go down to a Christless grave,
Is it nothing to you that they wait athirst For wa - ter of life so free,
Is it nothing to you that the last command Of him whose dear name you bear

rit.

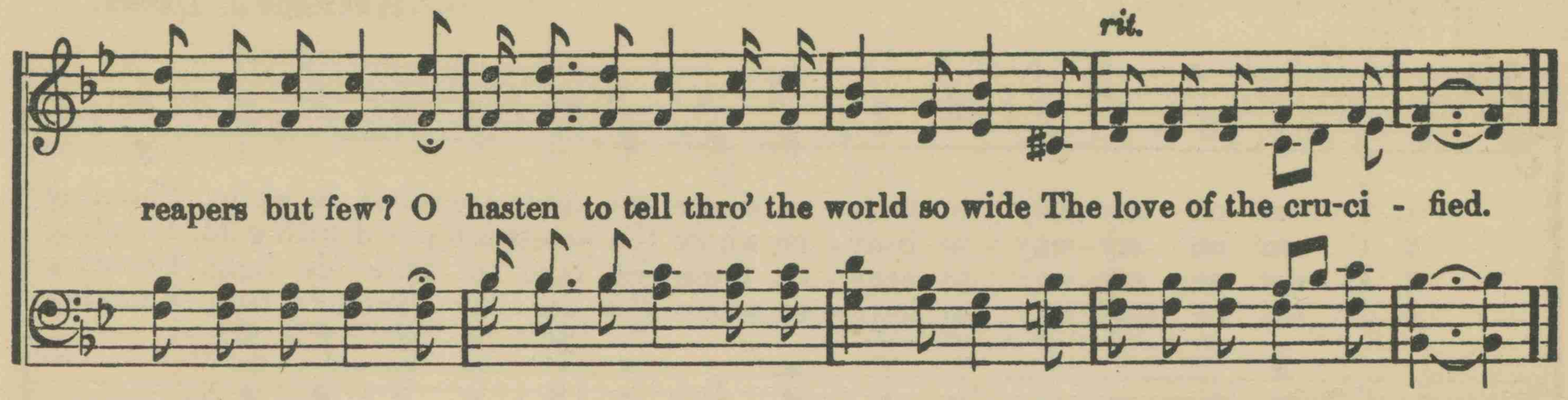
And with not a word of the lov - ing Lord, Who suffered, their souls to save?
And you quench your thirst in the cool - ing stream, While they die in mis - er - y?
Was to preach the gos- pel to all the lands, Pro- claiming it ev - 'ry - where?

CHORUS. *a tempo.*

Is it nothing to you? Is it nothing to you? That the harvest is great and the

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Is It Nothing to You?—Concluded.



No. 37. O to Do Something!

R. C. W. R. C. WARD.



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No. 38.

I am On My Way to Heaven.

H. J. L.

HERBERT J. LACEY.

1. I am on my way to heav - en where the saints are robed in white, Shouting
2. I am on my way to heav - en where the streets are pav'd with gold, Shouting
3. I am on my way to heav - en, bless - ed land of pure de- light, Shouting
4. I am on my way to heav - en where I'll see my Saviour's face, Shouting

glo - ry, shouting glo - ry! To that bless - ed land im-mor- tal where can
glo - ry, shouting glo - ry! To the place of ma - ny mansions and of
glo - ry, shouting glo - ry! Where the bless'd of ev - 'ry na - tion and for -
glo - ry, shouting glo - ry! There I'll sing redemption's sto - ry, bless-ed

Hal - le- lu - jah! Hal - le- lu - jah!

CHORUS.

nev- er come the night, Shouting glo-ry all the way!
glo - ries yet un- told, Shouting glo-ry all the way!
ev- er cloth'd in white, Shouting glo-ry all the way!
song of sav- ing grace, Shouting glo-ry all the way!

O glo - ry hal - le -

Hal- le- lujah! all the way!

lu-jah! I am on the way to heaven, Shouting glo - ry, shouting glo - ry! O

Hal- le-lujah! Hal- le-lujah!

glo-ry hal-le-lujah! I am on the way to heaven, Shouting glo-ry all the way!

Hal - le-lujah! all the way!

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No. 39.

The Fire is Burning.

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

Joyously.

1. I've been on Mount Pisgah's loft - y height, And I've sat - is - fied my long- ing
2. I will walk with Je - sus, bless his name, And to be like him I ev - 'ry
3. I my all up - on the al - tar lay, As I to my clos - et lov - ing-
4. By faith's eye I scan the o- cean's foam, And be- yond I see the ha - ven

heart's de - sire; For I caught a glimpse of glo - ry bright, And my soul is
day as - pire; For his love is like a heav'n- ly flame, And my soul is
ly re - tire; And the flame consumes while there I pray, And my soul is
I de - sire; There I view the bea- con lights of home, And my soul is

CHORUS.

burning with the fire. O the fire is burning, yes, 'tis brightly burning,

O 'tis burn- ing, burn - ing in my soul; O the fire is burn- ing

yes, 'tis brightly burning, O 'tis burning, burning in my soul.
burn - ing in my soul.

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No. 40.

Follow Me.

MRS. C. H. M.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Je - sus called the rug - ged fish - ers By the sea - of Gal - i - lee,
2. Up the mountain side so drear - y, Echoing down the rock - y steep,
3. "I have watched thee grow-ing wea - ry In the des - ert wastes of sin;
4. "Follow close - ly in my footprints, To the right or left ne'er stray;

"If thou wouldst be my dis - ci - ple, Leave thy nets and fol - low me."
Hear the Shepherd's voice so ten - der, Calling for his wand'ring sheep;
I have yearned to have thee near me, And have tried thy heart to win.
Straight the gate, the way is nar - row, But it leads to end - less day.

So his gen - tle voice is call - ing, Wea - ry sin - ner, call - ing thee,
"Sheep of mine, why art thou stray - ing On the mountains bleak and cold?
I would give thee peace and com - fort, Rest from all this sin and strife,
In my Fa - ther's house in glo - ry, Mansions fair are wait - ing thee;

"Leave the world and sin be - hind you, Take thy cross and fol - low me."
Fol - low me, I'll safe - ly lead you To the shel - ter of the fold."
Fol - low me, and I will guide thee, I'm the Way, the Truth, the Life."
Give thy wea - ry wand'rings o - ver, Take thy cross and fol - low me."

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Follow Me.—Concluded.

CHORUS. *Very softly.*

Where he leads me I will fol - low, Where he leads me I will fol - low;

Where he leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with him, with him all the way.

No. 41. Mount High.

T. M. EASTWOOD. ARTHUR WILTON.

1. O soul of mine, mount high, mount high! Cling not to things below, Up yonder are the
2. O soul of mine, mount high, mount high! Soar up where thou canst see The good- ly land where
3. O soul of mine, mount high, mount high! There's nothing here to stay, In night the sun shall
4. O soul of mine, mount high, mount high! Stay not in all thy flight Till thou shalt reach the

CHORUS.

mountain tops, Stretch forth thy wings and go.
thou shalt dwell Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
hide his face, And all things pass a - way.
mount of God And riv - er of delight.

} Mount high, mount high, O soul of mine, Rise

up and soar a - way; Up yonder, on the mountain tops, Is ev - er - lasting day.

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No. 42.

I'll Never Cease to Love Him.

C. A. M.

C. Austin Miles.

1. I'll nev - er cease to love him, he's done so much for me; I know full well no word can tell of all his grace Thus shown to one, a sin - ner, yet by his blood redeemed,
2. I'll nev - er cease to love him nor of his love to tell, That all may see his love is free, and ask to know A- bout this lov - ing Saviour who died on Cal- va - ry,
3. I'll nev - er cease to love him, tho' tri - als may be sore And sin - ful foes my way oppose my soul to slay; I know his word is stronger than an - y foe I'll meet,
4. I'll nev - er cease to love him while life on earth shall last, For soon or late the gold- en gate shall o - pen wide And heaven's light shall guide me a - long the valley dark

Chorus.

Who longs to view his glo - ry and to see his face.
Up - on the cru - el cross, because he loved me so.
His grace is sent to strengthen me from day to day.
And Je - sus' love shall bear me safe o'er Jor- dan's tide.

} I'll nev - er, no, I'll nev - er cease to love him! Yes, I love him! O I love him! I'll nev - er, no, I'll nev - er cease to love him! He is all in all to me!

Yes, I love him!

O I love him!

to me!

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No. 44.

Look for Me!

A. A. Payn. C. Austin Miles.

1. When you get to heaven, as you sure - ly will, If the Saviour's name you own,
2. When you roam with friends across the heav'nly fields, Ev - er find - ing treasures new;
3. When you hear them singing round the great white throne, Songs of praise un- to the Lamb;
4. When you kneel in worship to the King of kings, Who has saved you by his grace;

Af - ter you have greeted those you love the best, Who are standing round the throne—
When you stand in rapture on some star - ry height, Gazing on some glorious view—
When you hear the ransomed, with their harps of gold, Shouting "Glory to his name!"
When you see that Saviour who has brought you there, And with joy behold his face—

Chorus.

You may look for me, for I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there!
I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there!
You may look for me, for I'll be there! Glo - ry to his name!
I'll be there! Precious name!

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No. 45.

Have Faith in God.

M. A. S. May Agnew Stephens.

Con espress.

1. Do you ev - er feel down - hearted or dis - cour - aged? Do you
2. Dark - est night will al - ways come be - fore the dawn - ing, Sil - ver
3. God is might - y, he is a - ble to de - liv - er, Faith can

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Have Faith in God.—Concluded.

ev - er think your work is all in vain? Do the bur - dens thrust up-
lin - ings shine on God's side of the cloud; All your jour - ney he has
vic - tor be in ev - 'ry try - ing hour; Fear and care, and sin and

on you make you tremble, And you fear that you shall ne'er the vict'ry gain?.....
vict'ry gain?
promised to be with you, Naught has come to you but what his love al - lowed. ...
his love allowed.
sor-row be de-feat-ed By our faith in God's almight - y, conqu'ring pow'r. ...
conqu'ring pow'r.

CHORUS.

Have faith in God,..... the sun will shine,..... Tho' dark the
Have faith in God, the sun will shine,

clouds..... may be to - day;..... His heart hath planned..... your path and
Tho' dark the clouds may be to-day; His heart hath planned

mine,..... Have faith in God,..... have faith al - way.....
your path and mine, Have faith in God, have faith alway.

rit.

No. 46.

We Shall Gather in that City.

JENNIE WILSON. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. There will be a bliss - ful morning when the earth - ly night has flown, And the
2. We shall come from ev - 'ry na - tion in ways sep - a - rat - ed wide, Cross - ing
3. We shall gath - er with redeemed ones wear - ing garments pure and white, Chanting

glo - ry-light will all around us lie; In "Je - ru - sa- lem, the gold - en," on - ly
one by one the dark - ly - flowing stream, Then up- on the shore e - ter - nal, just be-
with ex - ult - ant voic - es vict'ry's psalm; O how sweet will be that meeting in the

is that splen - dor known, And we'll gath - er in that cit - y by and by.
yond the sol - emn tide, We shall meet where tow'ring walls of jas - per gleam.
dawn of heav- en's light, As we sing glad hal - le - lu - jahs to the Lamb.

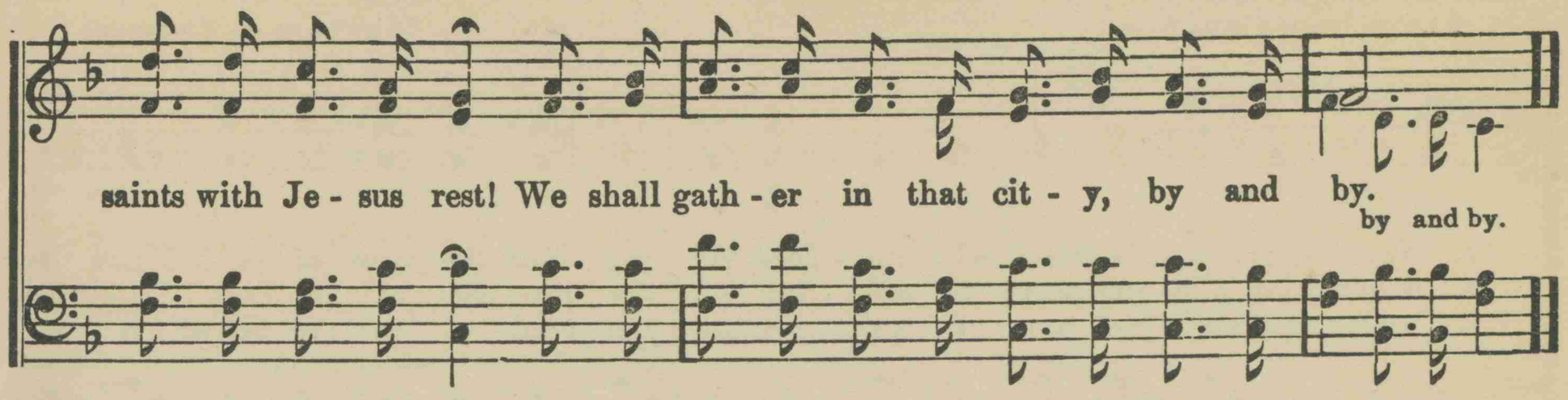
CHORUS.

We shall gath - - er in that cit - y, We shall gath- er in the
We shall gath - er in that cit - y in that cit - y, by and by,

cit - y built on high, by and by; O "Je - ru - sa - lem, the blest," where the

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We Shall Gather in that City.—Concluded.



No. 47.

Christ Every Day.

T. M. Eastwood. C. Austin Miles.



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No. 48. He Will Send the Promised Power.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. MAURICE A. CLIFTON.

1. Would your hearts be filled with rap - ture, ris - ing o'er the cares of earth, Know the
2. Would your long - ing hearts be seek - ing for the pres- ence of the Lord? Would you
3. O the pow'r just now is wait - ing, are you read - y to re- ceive? It is

full- ness of his glo - ry hour by hour? Seek the sunshine of his presence and with-
see God's blessing fall in grateful show'r? Wait as they who were at Pen - te- cost, be
wait- ing to de- scend this ver - y hour! 'Tis the Bible's blest as - surance! You have

CHORUS.

in his love a - bide! He will send the promised pow'r!
all of one ac - cord, He will send the promised pow'r!
on - ly to believe! He will send the promised pow'r!
} He will send the promised

pow'r! He will send the promised pow'r! O the glo - ry of his

pres- ence will with - in our hearts a - bide, He will send the promised pow'r!

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Ship Ahoy!—Concluded.

Ship a - hoy! Hear the cry! O haste to the res - cue to - day!
Ship ahoy! Hear the cry! Haste to-day!

No. 17. On the Cross of Calvary.

1. On the cross of Cal - va - ry, Je - sus died for you and me; There he
2. O what won - drous, wondrous love, Brought me down at Je - sus' feet! O such
3. Take me, Je - sus, I am thine, Whol- ly thine for - ev - er - more; Bless- ed
4. Clouds and dark - ness veil'd the skies, When the Lord was cru - ci - fied; "It is

shed his precious blood, That from sin we might be free. O the cleansing stream does
won- drous, dy- ing love, Asks a sac - ri - fice complete. Here I give my- self to
Je - sus, thou art mine, Dwell with- in for - ev - er-more. Cleanse, O cleanse my heart from
fin - ish'd!" was his cry, When he bow'd his head and died. It is fin - ish'd, it is

flow, And it wash- es white as snow: It was for me that Je - sus died On the
thee, Soul and bod - y thine to be: It was for me thy blood was shed On the
sin, Make and keep me pure with - in: It was for this thy blood was shed On the
finish'd, All the world may now go free: It was for me that Je - sus died On the

D.S.—that Je - sus died On the

D.S.

CHORUS.

cross of Cal - va - ry. On Cal-va - ry..... on Cal-va - ry,..... It was for me
On Calvary, on Calvary,

cross of Cal - va - ry.

No. 18.

I'll Be There, By and By.

H. J. L.

HERBERT J. LACEY.

1. There's a land of bliss e - ter - nal, O - ver on the oth - er side, I'll be there, by and by;
2. 'Tis a truth my soul up - lift - ing, As I jour - ney to that land, I'll be there, by and by;
3. Do you won - der why I'm hap - py, In this life of trial and care? I'll be there, by and by;
4. As each day the shad - ows gath - er, I am one day near - er home, I'll be there, by and by;

With my blessed, loving Saviour, I will evermore abide,
There I'll meet my dear Redeemer, Clasp the waiting, outstretched hand,
Do you know I'll have a mansion Which my Saviour will prepare?
When I reach the realms of glory, Nevermore my steps shall roam,

I'll be there, by and by;

CHORUS.

I'll be there,..... by and by. I'll be there, by and by,

I'll be there, by and by. I'll be there, by and by,

I will meet my precious Saviour, by and by; In the realms of end - less day,

by and by;

Where all tears are wiped a- way, I'll be there fore'er to stay, by and by.

by and by.

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No. 19.

Meet Mother in the Skies.

Arr. by W. S. Nickle.

1. In a lone - ly graveyard, ma - ny miles a - way, Lies your dear old moth - er,
2. Now the old home, va - cant, has no charms for you; One dear form is ab - sent,
3. Now in true re- pent- ance to the Saviour flee; He who pardened moth - er,

'neath the cold, cold clay; Mem'ries oft re- turn - ing of her tears and sighs;
moth - er, kind and true. Ev - er- more she dwells where pleasure nev - er dies;
mer - cy has for thee; Now he waits to com - fort, he will not de- spise;

Chorus.

If you love your moth- er, meet her in the skies. List - en to her pleadings,

"Wand'ring boy, come home," Loving-ly entreating, do not long- er roam; Let your manhood

wak - en, heav'nward lift your eyes; If you love your mother, meet her in the skies.

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No. 20.

All Will Come Right.

EBEN E. REXFORD. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Roads steep and ston - y our feet find to tread; Thorns by the way - side and pit - falls a - head.
2. Sing till God's sunshine is flood- ing the heart; Sing till the shadows of care all de - part;
3. Sing of the sunshine life's clouds can - not hide, If we keep faith in a Christ cru - ci - fied,

Sing of God's sun - shine, from morn - ing till night—
Sing till our com - rades take part in the song;
Bless - ed soul - sun - shine that bright- ens the road

CHORUS.

Sing it, be - lieve it— that all will come right!
Sing - ing and trust - ing the whole way a - long!
While the heart's sing - ing of glad - ness and God.

Sing..... of the
Sing of the sun - shine,

sun - shine, Let..... in the light;.....
Let in the light, Sing of the sun - shine, And let in the light;

Some - where, and some - time, It all will come right.....

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No. 21.

The Blood of Jesus.

MIRIAM E. OATMAN. HERBERT J. LACEY.

1. All my sins are washed a - way By the blood of Je - sus, And my heart is
2. Now my heart is free from sin, Thro' the blood of Je - sus, I am clean and
3. O my broth - er, is thy soul Cleansed and saved by Je - sus? Come to - day and

cleansed to - day, By the blood of Je - sus. There's a fountain o - pened wide
pure with - in— Pre- cious blood of Je - sus! Tho' my soul was dark as night,
be made whole By the blood of Je - sus. Tho' thy soul be lost in sin,

By the Mas - ter cru - ci - fied. From his pre- cious, wound - ed side
Je - sus' pres - ence gives me light, And his blood has made me white—
Je - sus' blood can en - ter in, And can make thee pure and clean—

CHORUS.

Flows the blood of Je - sus.
Pre- cious blood of Je - sus!
Pre- cious blood of Je - sus!
} O the blood, the precious blood, Wondrous grace be-

stow - ing! All my sins are washed a - way By the fount - ain flow - ing.

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No. 22.

Joy Overflowing.

IRVIN H. MACK. ARTHUR WILTON.

1. What tho' temptation's pow - er As- sails like tempest's blast? The world may shun my
2. There's comfort in the knowledge, There's joy beyond compare; My heart is filled with
3. What- ev - er may be - tide me, What la - bor, tri - al, pain, If Je - sus but sus-

Sav - iour, My faith in him holds fast! Thro' wildest op - po - si - tion One
glo - ry; For Je - sus dwelleth there! Should shadows gather round me, And
tains me, 'Twill be e - ter - nal gain. And when at last I meet him, In

thing, by faith, I know: That Je - sus sweetly saves me— All else, but this, may go.
earth - ly comforts flee, I still will sing his prais - es; He still will comfort me.
glo - ry, on his throne, I'll have a precious welcome: He'll claim me as his own.

CHORUS.

There is joy o - ver - flow - ing, There is joy o - ver - flow - ing,

There is joy o - ver - flow - ing, In the serv - ice of my Lord!

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No. 23.

He's Everything to Me.

FRANK H. MASHAW. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. I once was in the des - ert, all wea - ry, sad and lone, Un-
2. I left the bar - ren des - ert and sought his lov - ing face, De-
3. He gives me joy - ous sing - ing and makes the sun to shine, And
4. And in the si - lent watch of the lone - ly mid - night hour, He

til my Sav - iour told me that I was still his own, He bade me leave my
pend- ing on his mer - cy and on his sav - ing grace; He smiled up - on me
oft he smiles up - on me, and then I know he's mine, He car - ries all my
comes my soul to res - cue and shows his might- y pow'r, And when the light of

fol - ly and from the dan - ger flee, And now he's ev - 'ry- thing to me.
gen - tly; from sin he set me free, And now he's ev - 'ry- thing to me.
bur - dens and keep me on life's sea, And now he's ev - 'ry- thing to me.
glo - ry come shin - ing o'er death's sea, He'll still be ev - 'ry- thing to me.

CHORUS.

He's ev - 'rything, yes, ev- 'rything to me, He's ev - 'rything, yes, ev'rything to

He's

He's

me; Thro' night and day, Where'er I stray—He's ev - 'ry - thing to me.

to me.

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No. 24.

Some Happy Day.

JOHN JAMES. J. J. LOWE.

1. Some hap - py day mine eyes shall see, The face of him who died for me;
2. Some hap - py day I too shall sing The song that makes all heav-en ring;
3. Some hap - py day, O bless - ed thought, The race is run, the bat - tle fought;
4. Some hap - py day, 'Tis drawing near, The thought my faint - ing soul doth cheer;

I'll praise him thro' E - ter - ni - ty, Some hap - py day, some hap - py day.
Worthy the Lamb, our Lord and King, Some hap - py day, some hap - py day.
We'll join the throng by his blood bought, Some hap - py day, some hap - py day.
Sweet welcome from his lips to hear Some hap - py day, some hap - py day.

CHORUS.

Some hap - py day,..... some hap - py day,..... The Lord will
Some hap - py day, some hap - py day,

wipe..... our tears a - way,..... And we shall see..... him as he
The Lord will wipe, our tears a - way, And we shall see

is,..... Some hap - py day,..... some hap - py day.....
him as he is,

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Jesus Ever is the Same True Friend.

A. J. C.

C. Austin Miles.

1. Though the seasons come and go, Summer's sun and winter's snow, Tho' the passing years to
2. Time's swift current onward glides, There is nothing which a-bides, To the fleeting years all
3. Then, while swift years haste away, Let us strive from day to day To be those on whom the

earth their changes lend; There is One whose love so free Ev - ermore will changeless be!
things must surely bend; Friends may false or faithless prove, But there's One whose name is Love!
Mas - ter may de - pend, For tho' naught may long endure, Of this truth our hearts are sure,

1. changes lend;

Chorus.

Je - sus ev - er is the same true friend! Je - sus is our friend, Ev-er the same true friend!

He's the one on whom we may de - pend; Tho' afar our steps would roam,

we may de-pend;

He would seek to bring us home, Je - sus ev - er is the same true friend!

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No. 26.

Jesus Knows and Cares.

M. S.

MARGARET SHULTZ.

1. On life's path - way are there cross - es? Je - sus knows and cares;
2. Tho' life's shad - ows dark are fall - ing, Je - sus knows and cares;
3. When the e - ven- tide is near - ing, Je - sus knows and cares;
4. Are you heav - y bur- dens bear - ing, Je - sus knows and cares;

1. On life's pathway are there cross - es? Je - sus knows and Je- sus cares;

Do you suf - fer heav - y loss - es? Je - sus knows and cares;
Tho' the fu - ture seems ap - pall - ing, Je - sus knows and cares;
When the light is dis - ap - pear - ing, Je - sus knows and cares;
Glad- ly all your sor- row shar - ing, Je - sus knows and cares;

Do you suf - fer heav - y loss - es? Je - sus knows and Je - sus cares;

Doth there come the hour of weep - ing, Treasures van - ish from your keep - ing,
Tho' the years their griefs are bring - ing, Hushing ev - 'ry voice of sing - ing,
When with tears the eyes are fill - ing, Anguish deep the soul is thrill - ing,
Tho' your life be filled with cry - ing, Pleasures van - ished, joys be dy - ing,

Bit - ter pain your heart be reap - ing? Je - sus knows and cares.
Fear ye not, the cry is ring - ing, Je - sus knows and cares.
Peace he brings, his heart is will - ing; Je - sus knows and cares.
Yet look up be - yond the sigh - ing, Je - sus knows and cares.

Bit - ter pain your heart be reap - ing? Je- sus knows and Je- sus cares.

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No. 27.

Waiting, But Working.

E. RICHMOND. C. AUSTIN MILES.

Not too fast.

1. I am thinking to-day Of a man-sion a-bove, By the side of the riv-er so fair; Where the streets are of gold, And we nev-er grow old, O the
2. I am sing-ing the songs That they sing o-ver there, I am prais-ing the Lord that I love; But I long to be free And his glo-ry to see, With the
3. I've a crown o-ver there, I am long-ing to wear, When the bur-dens of life shall be o'er; With the cross-es all past, With my loved ones at last, I shall

CHORUS.

joy of a home o-ver there!
blood-washed in heav-en a-bove.
rest on that heav-en-ly shore.

} But the Mas-ter says, Stay, There is work here to do, And he tells me he'll call by and by; There are souls to be won Ere my work shall be done, And I en-ter my mansion on high.

by and by;

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No. 28.

Are You Helping?

T. M. EASTWOOD. ARTHUR WILTON.

1. There's a glorious work to do, Are you help - ing? To God's service are you
2. There's a har- vest we should reap, Are you help - ing? In the furrows it lies
3. There's a bat - tle to be fought, Are you help - ing? Are you fighting as you

Are you helping?

true, Are you help - ing? There are ma - ny souls to win, From their
deep, Are you help - ing? If it per - ish in the night, By the
ought, Are you help - ing? Sa - tan's hosts are great and strong, And the

Are you helping?

e - vil and their sin, Je - sus wants us to be - gin, Are you help - ing?
mildew or the blight, It will be a sor - ry sight, Are you help - ing?
struggle will be long, Christ will sure-ly conquer wrong, Are you help - ing?

Are you helping?

CHORUS.

Are you help - ing? Are you help - ing? To God's

Are you helping? Are you helping?

service are you true, Are you help - ing? Satan's hosts are great and strong, And the

Are you helping?

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Are You Helping?—Concluded.

struggle will be long, Christ will sure - ly conquer wrong, Are you help - ing?

Are you helping!

No. 29. Just as God Leads.

LAMPERTUS. J. J. LOWE.

1. Just as God leads me, I would go, I would not ask to choose my way;
2. Just as God leads, I am con- tent; I rest me calm - ly in his hands;
3. Just as God leads me, I a - bide In faith, in hope, in suff'ring, true;
4. Just as he leads, I on - ward go, Oft a - mid thorns and bri - ars keen;

Con- tent with what he will be - stow, Knowing he will not let me stray.
That which he has de - creed and sent, That which his will for me commands.
His strength is ev - er by my side— Can aught my hold on him un - do?
God does not yet his guidance show, But in the end it shall be seen.

CHORUS.

Trusting in Je - sus, day by day, Follow - ing just as he leads the way;

Nev - er a choice in great or small, Do - ing his will and that is all.

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No. 30.

In the Shadow of His Wings.

EBEN E. REXFORD. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. In the times of bit - ter troub - le, When the heart is grieved with loss, And o'er
2. Just to think! God is so near us That his hand our hand may find If we
3. Love of God that faileth nev - er, Foll'wing all the wand'ring feet, Hating

rough, hard ways we stum - ble 'Neath the burden of our cross, Then a tho't comes, comfort
reach out in the dark- ness, Tho' our eyes with tears are blind! Close beside us! O the
sin, but seeking sin - ners With a patience strange as sweet; Follow, fol - low, ev - er

bringing, And the heart's dis-ordered strings Lose their discord in its mu - sic—In the
com-fort That this tho't of nearness brings, Tho' his face for tears we see not!—In the
fol - low, Till thy lov - ing pleading brings All thy children to the shelter In the

CHORUS.

shadow of his wings!
shadow of his wings!
shadow of thy wings!
} O the tho't is sweeter, sweet- er, Than the song the skylark

sings, Soaring toward the gates of heav - en— In the shadow of his wings!

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No. 31.

Speak to Me, Jesus.

L. L. P.

Adapted by L. L. Pickett.

1. Speak to my soul, dear Je - sus, Speak now in tend'rest tone; Whisper in lov - ing kindness:
2. Speak to thy children ev - er, Lead in the ho - ly way; Fill them with joy and gladness,
3. Speak now as in the old time Thou didst reveal thy will; Let me know all my du - ty,

"Thou art not left a - lone." O - pen my heart to hear thee, Quickly to hear thy voice,
Teach them to watch and pray. May they in con - se- cra- tion, Yield their whole lives to thee,
Let me thy law ful - fill. Lead me to glo - ri - fy thee, Help me to show thy praise,

Chorus.

Fill thou my soul with praises, Let me in thee re - joice.
Hasten thy coming kingdom, Till our dear Lord we see.
Gladly to do thy bid - ding, Hon - or thee all my days.

} Speak thou in softest whispers,

Whispers of love to me: "Thou shalt be always conqu'ror, Thou shalt be always free." Speak thou to

me each day, Lord, Always in tend'rest tone; Let me now hear thy whisper: "Thou art not left alone."

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No. 32.

There is Something in that Story.

JAMES ROWE. J. LINCOLN HALL.

Slow, with expression.

1. There is something in that sto - ry Of the Saviour's love for men; It appeals to me, my
2. There is something in that sto - ry, For it makes my load grow light; And the world, which seemed so
3. There is something in that sto - ry, For my ver - y soul is stirred; There is kindness in each

brother, Let me hear it told a - gain. Yes, there's something in that sto - ry, For my
drear-y, Now looks beau-ti - ful and bright. Yes, there's something in that sto - ry, For it
sentence, There is love in ev- 'ry word. Yes, there's something in that sto - ry Which has

tears be - gin to roll, And I feel a wave of gladness Sweeping o'er my guilty soul.
lifts my mind a - bove Tho'ts of en - vy, strife and hatred, To a plane of peace and love.
won this heart of mine; Loving Je - sus, I will trust thee; Take my heart, for it is thine.

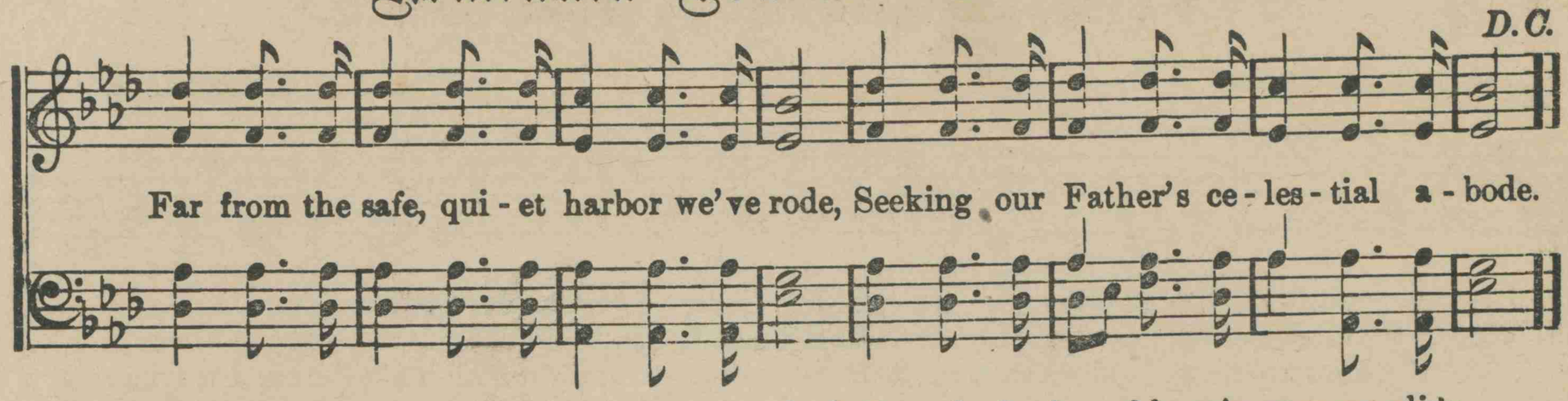
CHORUS.

There is something in that sto- ry Of the Saviour's love for men; It appeals to me, my

brother, Let me hear it told a - gain. As it tells the love of Je - sus, How he

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Homeward Bound.—Concluded.

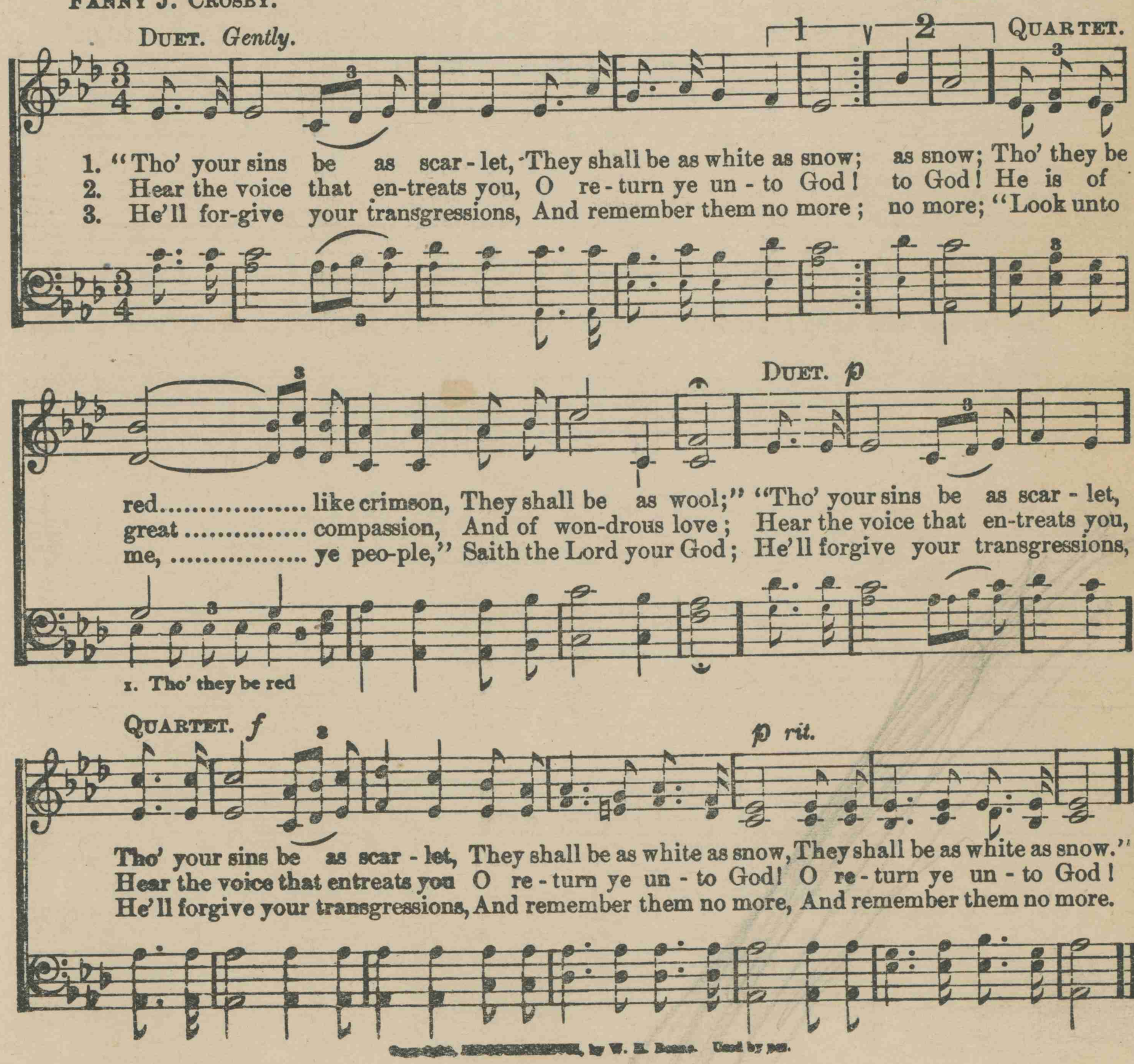


2 Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound,
Look! Yonder lie the bright heavenly shores,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Steady, O pilot! Stand firm at the wheel,
Steady! We soon shall outweather the gale;
O, how we fly 'neath the loud creaking sail;
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

3 Into the harbor of heav'n now we glide,
We're home at last, home at last.
Softly we drift on its bright silver tide.
We're home at last, home at last.
Glory to God! All our dangers are o'er,
We stand secure on the glorified shore;
Glory to God! We will shout evermore,
We're home at last, home at last.

No. 68. Though Your Sins Be as Scarlet.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.



, by W. H. Doane. Used by per.

No. 69.

He Hideth My Soul.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Allegretto.

1. A won - der-ful Sav-iour is Je - sus my Lord, A won - der-ful Sav-iour to me,
2. A won - der-ful Sav-iour is Je - sus my Lord, He tak - eth my bur - den a - way,
3. With numberless blessings each moment he crowns, And fill'd with his full-ness di - vine,
4. When clothed in his brightness transported I rise To meet him in clouds of the sky,

He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock, Where riv-ers of pleasure I see.
He hold - eth me up, and I shall not be moved, He giv-eth me strength as my day.
I sing in my rap - ture, O, glo - ry to God For such a Re-deem-er as mine.
His per - fect sal - va - tion, his won - der-ful love, I'll shout with the millions on high.

CHORUS.

He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock, That shad - ows a dry thirst - y land; He hid - eth my life in the depths of his love, And cov - ers me there with his hand, And cov - ers me there with his hand.

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No. 70.

I've Anchored in Jesus.

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

1. Up - on life's boundless o - cean where mighty billows roll, I've fixed my hope in Je - sus, blest
2. He keeps my soul from e - vil and gives me blessed peace, His voice hath stilled the waters and
3. He is my Friend and Saviour, in him my anchor's cast, He drives a - way my sor-rows and

an - chor of my soul. When tri - als fierce as - sail me as storms are gath-'ring o'er,
bid their tu-mult cease. My pi - lot and de - liv - 'rer to him I all con - fide,
shields me from the blast. By faith I'm look - ing up - ward be - yond life's troubled sea,

Chorus.

I rest up - on his mer - cy and trust him more.
For al - ways when I need him, he's at my side.
There I be - hold a ha - ven pre- pared for me.
} I've anchored in Je - sus, The

storms of life I'll brave, I've anchored in Je - sus, I fear no wind or wave, I've

anchored in Je - sus, For he hath pow'r to save, I've anchored to the rock of a - ges.

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I Belong to the King.

IDA L. REED. MAURICE A. CLIFTON.

SOLO OR DUET.

1. I belong to the King, I'm a child of his love, I shall dwell in his pal - ace so fair; For he tells of its bliss in yon heaven a - bove, And his
2. I belong to the King, and he loves me I know, For his mer - cy and kindness, so free, Are un - ceasing - ly mine, wher- so - ev - er I go, And my
3. I belong to the King, and his promise is sure, That we all shall be gathered at last In his kingdom a - bove, by life's wa- ters so pure, When this

CHORUS.

chil - dren its splendors shall share.
ref - uge un - fail - ing is he.
life with its tri - als is past.

I be - long to the King, I'm a 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. 72.

His Way with Thee.

C. S. N. Psalm 37 : 5. Rev. Cyrus S. Nusbaum.

1. Would you live for Je - sus, and be al - ways pure and good? Would you walk with
2. Would you have him make you free, and fol - low at his call? Would you know the
3. Would you in his kingdom find a place of con - stant rest? Would you prove him

him with - in the nar - row road? Would you have him bear your bur - den,
peace that comes by giv - ing all? Would you have him save you, so that
true in prov - i - den - tial test? Would you in his ser - vice la - bor

Chorus.

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

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

rit.

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

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No. 73. Joyful is My Soul To-day.

MRS. J. M. HUNTER. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. I'm now re - joic - ing in the peace, Which Christ a - lone can give; He
2. I'm lean - ing on the bless - ed arms, That nev - er yet have failed; I'm
3. For fleet - ing pleasures here be - low, I would no long - er sigh; 'Tis
4. I would that ev - 'ry heart might see The beau - ty of my King; His
5. Dear, wea - ry one, lay down your load—O, cast on him your care! Ac -

bids my doubts and fears to cease, He makes it sweet to live.
kept from Sa - tan's wild alarms, Thro' him that hath prevailed.
Je - sus cheers me as I go— His love can sat - is - fy.
loy - al, lov - ing subject be, And with me glad - ly sing:
cept the blessed peace of God, Naught can with it compare!

REFRAIN.

Joy - ful, joy - ful is my soul to - day, Joy - ful, joy - ful, on the up - ward way; Since I sought the Sav - iour, Found his pard'ning love, Joy-ful - ly I'm trav'ling on to heav'n a - bove.

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No. 74. I'll be There.

ISAAC WATTS. Adapted.

1. There is a land of pure de - light, Where saints im - mor - tal reign;
   In - fi - nite day ex - cludes the night, And pleas - ures ban - ish pain.
2. There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides, And nev - er - with - 'ring flow'rs;
   Death, like a nar - row sea, di - vides This heav'n - ly land from ours.

I'll be There.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

I'll be there, I'll be there, When the first trumpet sounds, I'll be there,
I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there,

I'll be there, I'll be there, When the first trumpet sounds, I'll be there.
I'll be there, I'll be there,

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

No. 75.

O Praise Him!

CHARLES WESLEY. J. J. LOWE.

1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free! A heart that
2. A heart resigned, sub- mis - sive, meek, My great Re - deemer's throne; Where on- ly
3. O for a low - ly, con - trite heart, Be - liev - ing, true, and clean; Which neither
4. Thy na- ture, gra- cious Lord, im - part; Come quickly from a - bove; Write thy new

CHORUS.

al - ways feels thy blood So free - ly spilt for me!
Christ is heard to speak, Where Jesus reigns a - lone.
life nor death can part From him that dwells within.
name up - on my heart, Thy new, best name of love.

O praise him! O praise him!

Praise him and a - dore; For all his wondrous love to me, I'll praise him ev- er - more.

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No. 76.

Remember Me.

T. M. EASTWOOD. HERBERT J. LACEY.

1. Far, far have I wandered, Dear Sav - iour, from thee, I know I am
2. My soul, in its sor - row, Sal - va - tion would see; O show me thy
3. Dear Lord, thou art a - ble My Sav - iour to be, Speak peace to my
4. When out of my bod - y My soul is set free, Ac - cept it, dear

CHORUS.

sin - ful, Re - mem - ber thou me.
glo - ry, Re - mem - ber thou me.
spir - it, Re - mem - ber thou me.
Je - sus, Re - mem - ber thou me.

Re - mem - ber thou me, Re-

mem - ber thou me; Although I am sin - ful, Re - mem - ber thou me.

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No. 77.

Come This Way.

DAVID H. KING, D. D. W. S. WEEDEN.

1. As I drift up - on life's bil - lows. Long- ing for the light of day;
2. And me- thinks I hear my moth - er, Call - ing from the oth - er shore,
3. Hark! I hear the voice of Je - sus, Waft - ed from a heav'nly land;
4. O the bliss, the joy of meet - ing Loved ones in that might - y throng;

I can al - most hear from heav - en. Loved ones sing - ing, "Come this way."
With a voice so sweet and ten - der, Far a - bove the bil - low's roar:
I can al - most see his glo - ry, And the beck'ning of his hand.
Join - ing with them in their sing - ing, Of the ev - er - last - ing song.

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Come This Way.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Come this way, come this way, Here is light, and joy, and peace;
Come this way, come this way,

Come this way, come this way, And your sor- rows all shall cease.
Come this way, come this way,

No. 78. Accept the Saviour Now.

REV. F. L. SNYDER. HOWARD E. SMITH.

1. Would you know your sins forgiv'n? Ac - cept the Saviour now; Would you know the
2. Would you know the peace of God? Ac - cept the Saviour now; And be washed in
3. Would you rest your wea - ry soul? Ac - cept the Saviour now; And from all your
4. Would you en - ter mercy's gate? Ac - cept the Saviour now; And be saved ere

CHORUS.

joys of heav'n? Ac - cept the Saviour now.
Je - sus' blood? Ac - cept the Saviour now.
sins be whole? Ac - cept the Saviour now.
it's too late? Ac - cept the Saviour now.

} Ac - cept the Saviour now, Ac-

cept the Saviour now; He'll save from sin, O turn to him, Accept the Saviour now.

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No. 79. On the Hilltops.

T. M. EASTWOOD. ARTHUR WILTON.

1. Let us walk on the hill-tops of bless - ing, Far a - way from the val - ley of care;
2. On the hill-tops the vis - ion is fair - est, And there in our outlook we see,
3. With the Lord we may walk in high plac - es, Where his presence for-ev - er shall guide;

Let us mount where the sunbeams are brightest, And the joy of the Lord fills the air.
The riv - ers of life flow be - fore us, In the midst of our Canaan to be.
Then let us not mourn in the val - leys, But at once rise in joy to his side.

CHORUS.

Let us walk on the hills, The beau-ti - ful hills, Let us walk in the light of the Lord;

With our hearts full of joy, In his blessed employ, Let us walk on the hills of the Lord.

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No. 80. Showers of Blessing.

"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; "There shall be
2. O that the showers of bless- ing Now on our souls may de- scend, While at the
3. There shall be showers of bless- ing, Prom-ise that nev- er can fail; Thou wilt re-
4. Show-ers of blessing, we need them, Show- ers of blessing from thee; Show - ers of

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Showers of Blessing.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

show-ers of blessing," Thou hast declared in thy word.
footstool of mer - cy Pleading thy promise we bend!
gard our pe - ti- tion; Surely our faith will prevail.
bless-ing, O grant them; Thine all the glory shall be.

O graciously hear us,
graciously hear us,

Graciously hear us, we pray: Pour from thy windows upon us Showers of blessing to-day.
Lord, pour upon us

No. 81.

My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book.

A. J. GORDON.

1. My Je - sus, I love thee, I know thou art mine, For thee all the
2. I love thee, be - cause thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
3. I will love thee in life, I will love thee in death, And praise thee as
4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a -

fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love thee for wear - ing the
long as thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death - dew lies
dore thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

Sav - iour art thou, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
thorns on thy brow, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
cold on my brow, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

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No. 82.

For Me.

T. M. EASTWOOD. HERBERT J. LACEY.

1. From the throne of his glo - ry The Saviour came down, To seek a sin - ner like me,
2. On the earth when he wandered, Reject - ed of men, He sought a sin - ner like me;
3. When he cried in his anguish On Cal - va-ry's cross, Then he was seeking for me;

That I, like a jew - el, Might shine in his crown, Resplendent for - ev - er to be.
Far o - ver the mountains, And down thro' the fen, That bro't to his fold I might be.
He cried, "It is finished!" And bore pain and loss That I his sal - vation might see.

CHORUS.

For me,..... for me,..... Seek - ing a sin - ner like me;.....
For me, for me,

The Saviour left all to save my poor soul, Seeking a sin - ner like me.

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No. 83.

More About Jesus.

E. E. HEWITT. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. More about Je - sus would I know, More of his grace to oth - ers show; More of his
2. More about Je - sus let me learn, More of his ho - ly will discern; Spir - it of
3. More about Je - sus; in his word, Holding commun - ion with my Lord; Hearing his
4. More about Je - sus; on his throne, Riches in glo - ry all his own; More of his

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More About Jesus.—Concluded.

REFRAIN.

sav - ing fullness see, More of his love who died for me.
God, my teacher be, Showing the things of Christ to me.
voice in ev - 'ry line, Making each faithful say- ing mine.
kingdom's sure increase; More of his coming, Prince of Peace.

} More, more about Je - sus,

More, more about Je - sus; More of his saving fullness see, More of his love who died for me.

No. 84. Crucified!

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. They nailed my Lord upon the tree And left him, dying, there: Thro' love he suf- fered there for me; 'Twas love be- yond com - pare.
2. Up - on his head a crown of thorns, Upon his heart my shame; For me he prayed, for me he died, And, dy - ing, spoke my name.
3. "Forgive him, O forgive!" he cried, Then bowed his sacred head; "O Lamb of God! My sac - ri - fice!" For me thy blood was shed.
4. His voice I hear, his love I know; I worship at his feet; And kneeling there, at Calv'ry's cross, Re - demption is com - plete.

CHORUS.

} Cru - ci - fied! Cru - ci - fied! And

rit.

nailed up-on the tree! With piercéd hands and feet and side! For you! For me!
For you! For me!

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No. 85. Jesus will Not Let Me Go.

"I give unto them eternal life and no man is able to pluck them out of my hand."
"I know in whom I have believed and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him."

MRS. J. M. HUNTER. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. 'Mid the tri - als and temp- ta - tions, As I jour- ney here be - low, Comes that sweet and
2. I was lost in sin and darkness, Deep compas-sion did he show, For he saved me,
3. Sa-tan's snares are spread around me, They would fill my soul with woe, But I know in
4. Tho' the an-gry clouds may gath- er, And the storm- y winds may blow, "He is faith- ful

CHORUS.

blest as- surance, Je - sus will not let me go.
ful - ly saved me, And he will not let me go.
whom I'm trusting, And he will not let me go.
that hath promised, And he will not let me go.

I am trusting, I am trusting, "He is a- ble," this I know; He is a - ble, I am trusting, And he will not let me go.

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No. 86. There is Power in the Blood.

L. E. J. L. E. JONES.

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

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

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There is Power in the Blood.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

There is pow'r, pow'r, wonder-working pow'r In the blood of the Lamb;
There is pow'r, In the blood of the Lamb;

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

No. 87. Onward Let Us Go.

G. D. R. GEORGE DOUGLAS REPP.

1. Trav'lers to a bet - ter land, On we go, on we go; There we'll join the
2. Tri - als there shall be no more, On we go, on we go; Per - fect rest for -
3. Earthly joys shall pass a - way, On we go, on we go; Earth - ly treasures
4. Dearest friends have gone be - fore, On we go, on we go; Oth - ers, now are

blood-wash'd band, Onward let us go; Here we have not long to stay,
ev - er - more, Onward let us go; Here we oft - en meet de - feat,
shall de - cay, Onward let us go; Hearts that here were some - times sad,
pass - ing o'er, Onward let us go; When at last we cross death's sea,

On we go, on we go, Je - sus Christ has led the way, Onward let us go.
On we go, on we go, There we'll sit at Je - sus feet, Onward let us go.
On we go, on we go, Shall be there for - ev - er glad, Onward let us go.
On we go, on we go, Glo - ri - fied we then shall be, Onward let us go,

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No. 88. Live to Be a Blessing.

E. E. HEWITT. HERBERT J. LACEY.

1. Live to be a bless - ing in this world of ours; Like the gold - en
2. Keep - ing close to Je - sus, let his peace a - bide, Let your life flow
3. Live to be a bless - ing, where - so - ev - er sent, In the Mas - ter's

sun-shine, like the sil - ver show'rs, Wak - en seeds of gladness in the drear- y hours;
on - ward, in a broad'ning tide, Fed from fountains ris - ing from his riv - en side;
serv - ice let your days be spent; Hum-bly strive to fol - low as his footsteps went;

CHORUS.

Live to be a bless - ing. More and more, More and more, Let his praise abound.

Scat- ter joy around; More and more, More and more, Live to be a bless - ing.

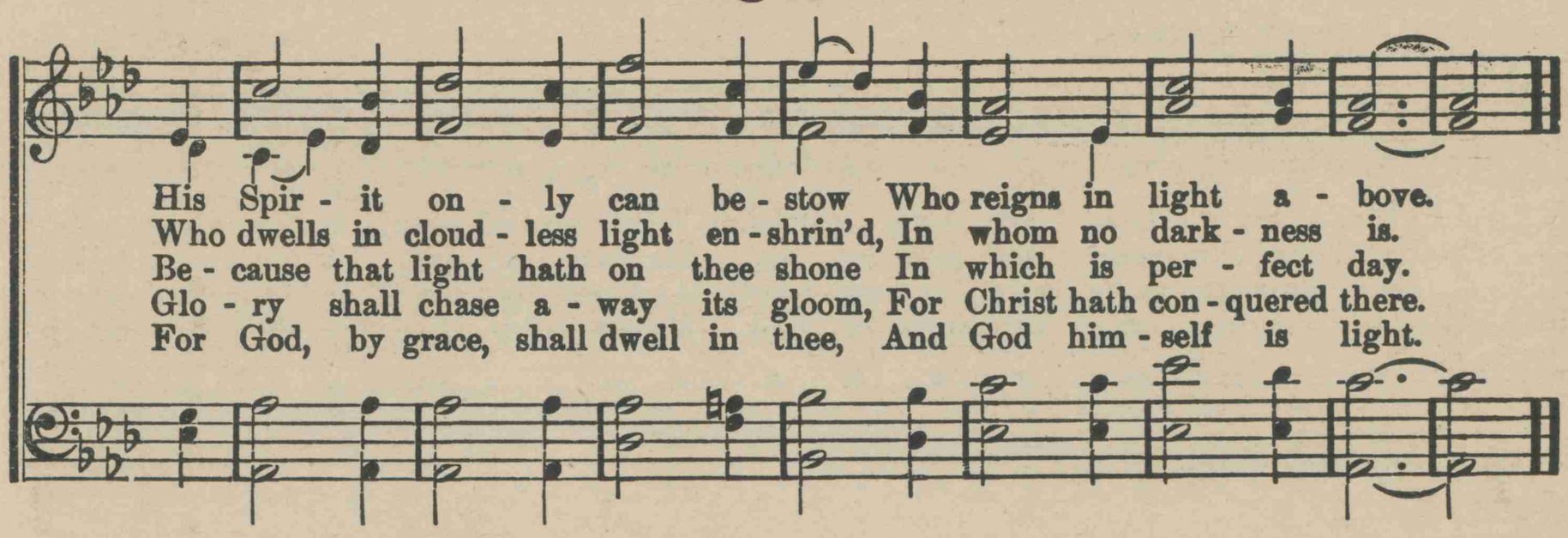
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No. 89. Walk in the Light.

BERNARD BARTON. From F. J. HAYDN.

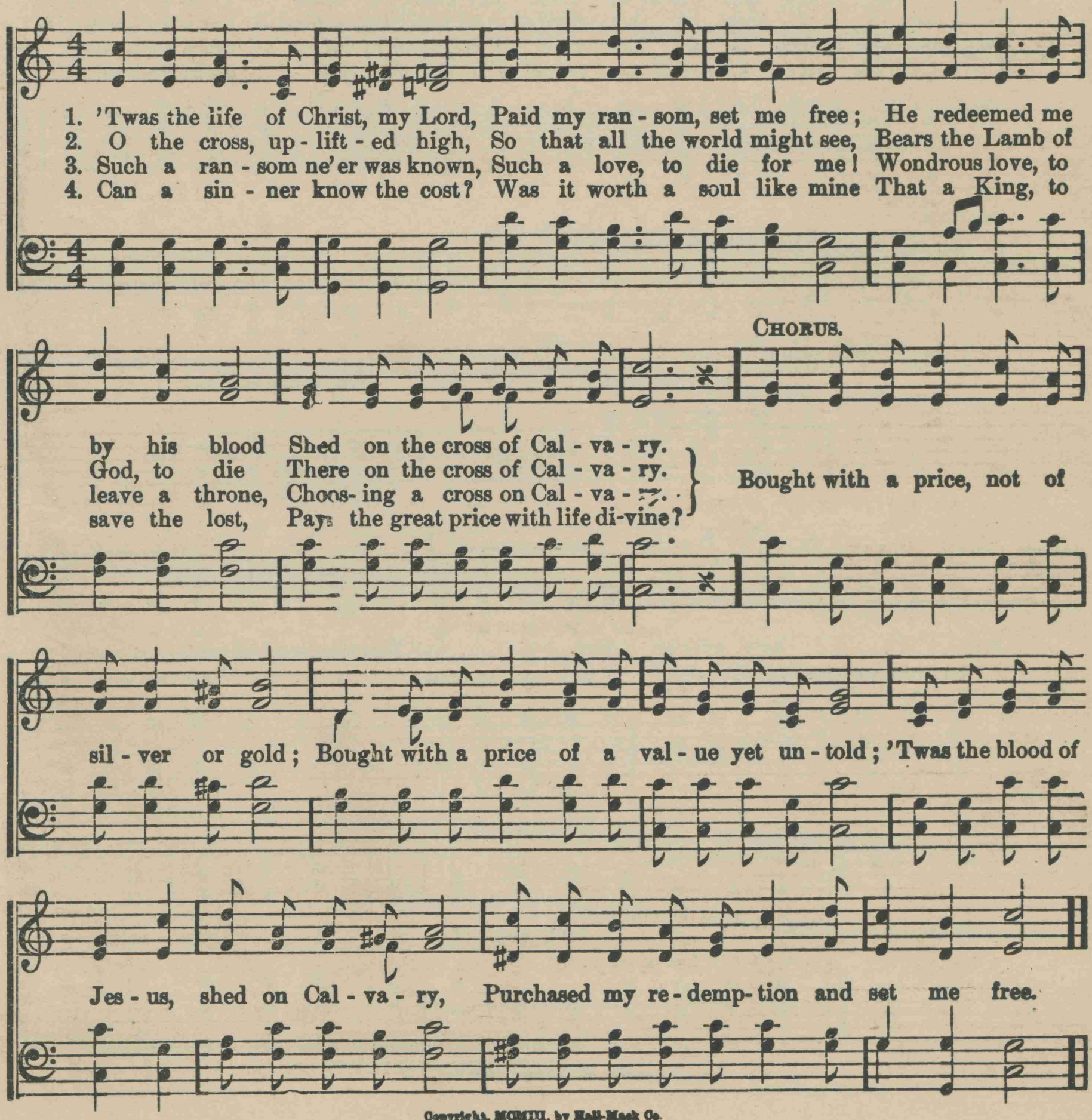
1. Walk in the light! So shalt thou know That fel - low - ship of love,
2. Walk in the light! And thou shalt find Thy heart made tru - ly his,
3. Walk in the light! And thou shalt own Thy dark - ness pass'd a - way,
4. Walk in the light! And e'en the tomb No fear - ful shade shall wear;
5. Walk in the light! Thy path shall be Peace- ful, se - rene, and bright.

Walk in the Light.—Concluded.



No. 90. Bought with a Price.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.



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No. 91.

I Know He's Mine.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. B. FRANK BUTTS.

1. There's One a - bove all earth - ly friends Whose love all earth - ly love trans-cends,
2. He's mine be - cause he died for me, He saved my soul, he set me free;
3. He's mine be - cause he's in my heart, And nev - er, nev - er will we part;
4. Some day up - on the streets of gold Mine eyes his glo - ry shall be - hold,

It is my Lord and Christ di - vine, My Lord, be - cause I know he's mine.
With joy I wor - ship at his shrine And cry, "Praise God, I know he's mine."
Just as the branch is to the vine I'm joined to Christ; I know he's mine.
Then, while his arms a - round me twine, I'll cry for joy, "I know he's mine."

CHORUS.

I know he's mine,..... this friend so dear,..... He lives with

I know he's mine, this friend so dear,

me,..... he's ev - er near;..... Ten thousand charms.....

He lives with me, he's ev - er near; Ten thousand charms

a - round him shine,..... And, best of all, I know he's mine.

a - round him shine,

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When I Get Home.

C. M.

C. Austin Miles.

1. I shall wear a golden crown, When I get home; I shall lay my burdens down, When I get home;
2. All the darkness will be past, When I get home; I shall see the light at last, When I get home;
3. I shall see my Saviour's face, When I get home; Sing again of saving grace, When I get home;

Clad in robes of glo - ry, I shall sing the story Of the Lord who bought me, When I get home.
Light from heaven streaming, O'er my pathway beaming, Ever guides me onward Till I get home.
I shall stand before him; Gladly I'll adore him; Ever to be with him, When I get home.

Chorus.

When I get home, When I get home, All
When I get home, when I get home, When I get home, when I get home,
sor - row will be o - ver, When I get home; When I get home, When
When I get home, when I get home, When
I get home, All sorrow will be o - ver, When I get home.
I get home, when I get home.

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He's the One.

J. B. M.

J. B. MACKAY.

1. Is there an - y - one can help us, one who un - derstands our hearts, When the
2. Is there an - y - one can help us when the load is hard to bear, And we
3. Is there an - y - one can help us, who can give a sin - ner peace, When his
4. Is there an - y - one can help us, when the end is drawing near, Who will

thorns of life have pierced them till they bleed; One who sym - pa-thiz- es with us, who in
faint and fall beneath it in a - larm; Who in ten - derness will lift us, and the
heart is burdened down with pain and woe; Who can speak the word of pardon that af-
go thro' death's dark waters by our side; Who will light the way before us, and dis-

won- drous love imparts Just the ver - y, ver - y blessing that we need?
heav - y bur - den share, And sup - port us with an ev - er - last - ing arm?
fords a sweet re- lease, And whose blood can wash and make us white as snow?
pel all doubt and fear, And will bear our spir - its safe - ly o'er the tide?

CHORUS.

Yes, there's One, on - ly One, The blessed, blessed Jesus, he's the One; When af-
Yes, there's One, on - ly One,

flictions press the soul, when waves of trouble roll, And you need a friend to help you, he's the One.

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For You and for Me.

No. 94.

W. L. T.

WILL. L. THOMPSON.

Very slow.

1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing— Call - ing for you and for
2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead - ing— Pleading for you and for
3. Time is now fleet - ing, the mo - ments are pass - ing— Pass - ing from you and from
4. O for the won - der - ful love he has promised— Promised for you and for

me; See, on the por - tals he's wait - ing and watch - ing—
me? Why should we lin - ger and heed not his mer - cies—
me; Shad - ows are gath - er - ing, death - beds are com - ing—
me; Though we have sinned, he has mer - cy and par - don—

REFRAIN.

m

Watch - ing for you and for me. Come home,..... come home,.....
Mer - cies for you and for me?
Com - ing for you and for me.
Par - don for you and for me.

Come home, come home,

cres. *rit.* *p* *pp*

Ye who are wea - ry, come home;..... Ear - nest - ly, ten - der - ly

rit. *pp*

Je - sus is call - ing— Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home!

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No. 95. When in Thy Courts I Stand.

EFFIE S. BLACK. ARTHUR WILTON.

1. Both weak and blind, dear Lord, I am, For now thy face I can- not see,
2. But I can feel thy gen - tle touch, And I can read thy bless- ed word,
3. Till then, dear Lord, but lead me on, And guide me in the bet - ter way,
4. And when at last my journey's o'er, Earth's heav-y bur - dens are laid down,

But I can hear thy gen - tle voice Speak words of love to me.
And with thy might - y, throb-bing love My lone - ly heart is stirred.
Lest grop - ing in the dark- ness here My feet should go a - stray.
When tears are changed to pearls of joy, My cross to jew - eled crown.

CHORUS.

O some day I shall see, And some day clasp thy hand,
O some day, some day I shall see, I shall see, And some day, some day clasp thy hand, clasp thy hand,

Yes, some day see thy face, When in thy courts I stand.
Yes, some day, some day see thy face, see thy face,

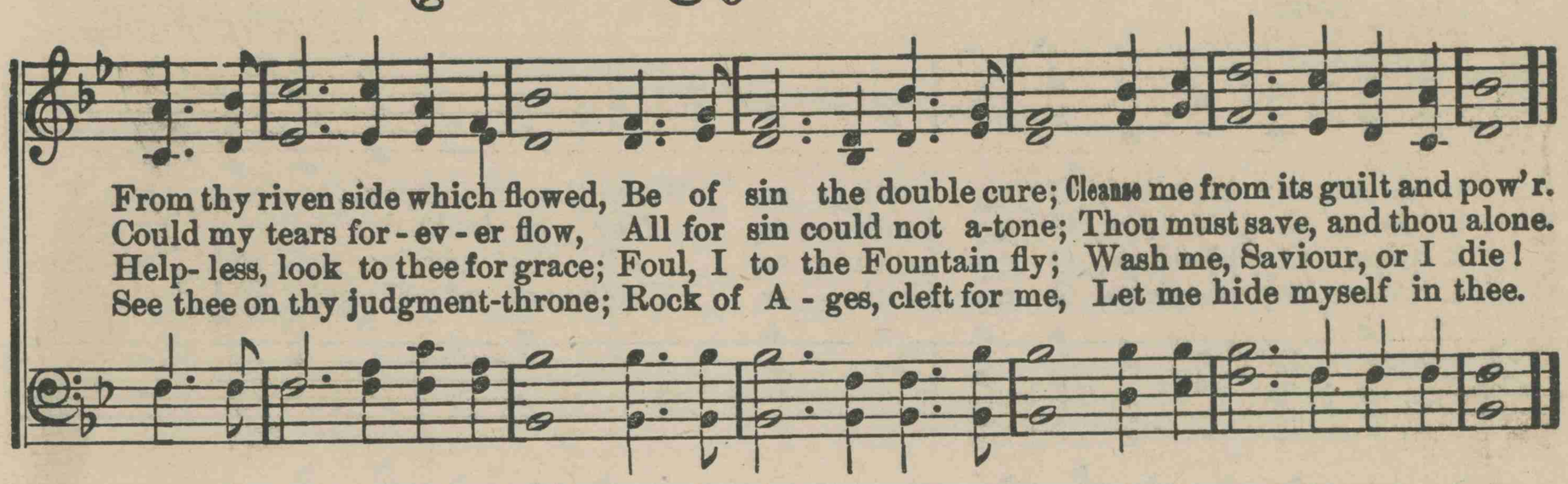
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No. 96. Rock of Ages.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY. (TOPLADY.) THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in thee; Let the wa- ter and the blood,
2. Not the la - bors of my hands Can fulfill thy law's demands; Could my zeal no respite know,
3. Noth-ing in my hand I bring; Simply to thy cross I cling; Naked, come to thee for dress,
4. While I draw this fleeting breath, When my eyelids close in death, When I soar to worlds unknown,

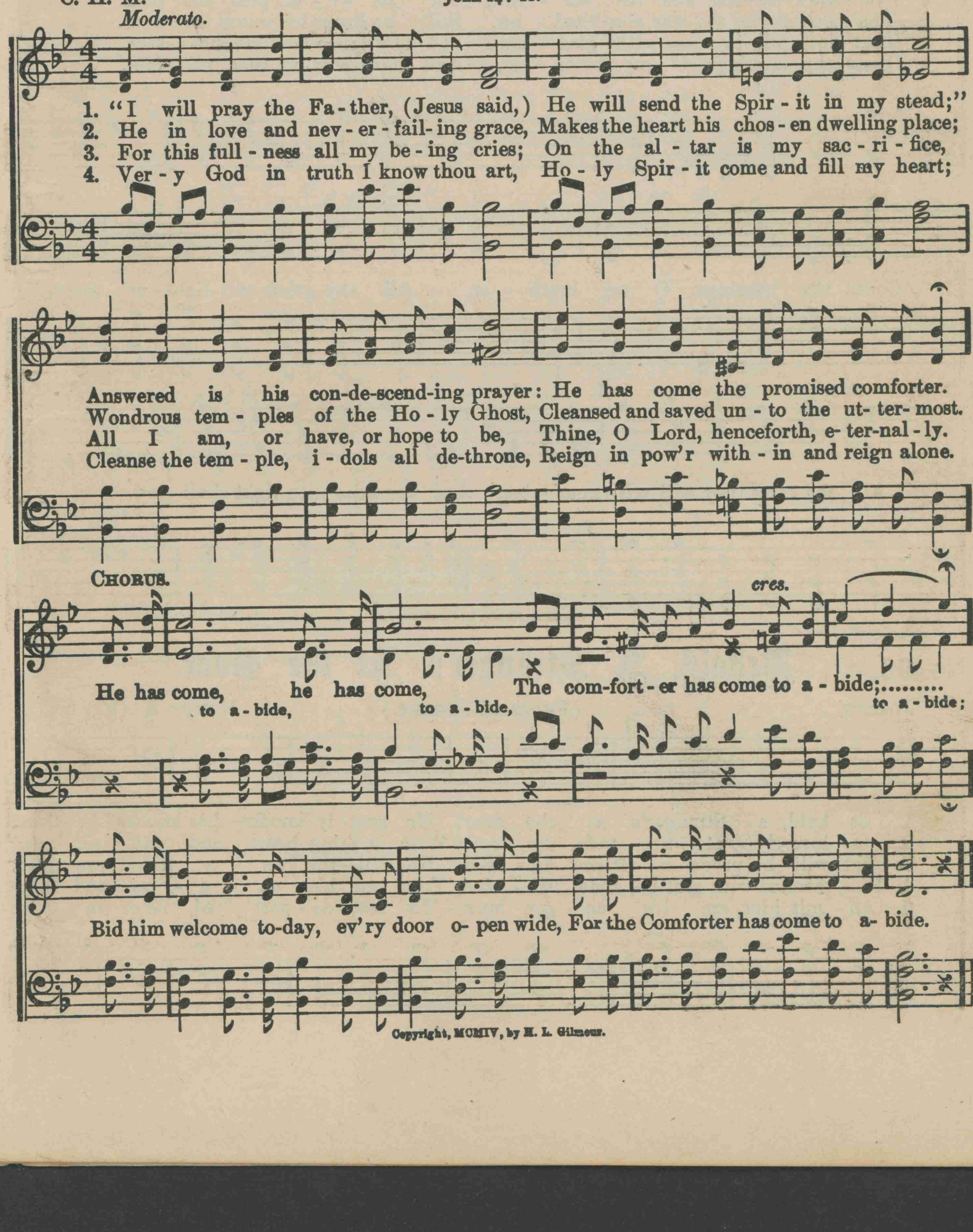
Rock of Ages.—Concluded.



No. 97. He Has Come to Abide.

C. H. M. John 14: 16. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

Moderato.



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No. 98. Count Thy Blessings.

IDA L. REED. HOWARD E. SMITH.

1. Count thy blessings, O my broth - er, When thou'rt tempted to com - plain
2. Count thy blessings, O my broth - er, Nev - er doubt thy Father's love;
3. Count thy blessings, O my broth - er, All the mercies rich and free
4. Count thy blessings, O my broth - er, Think not of the grief and pain;

Of life's tri - als and its sor - row, Of its ev - er pres - ent pain.
Tho' life's storms thy way o'er-shad - ow, Still he keeps his watch a - bove.
That doth fill thy days with glad - ness; O how much God gives to thee.
Count thy blessings, O my broth - er, And thou canst not then complain.

1. present pain.

CHORUS.

Count thy blessings, O my broth - er, All thy griefs will light - er grow;
All thy cares they will out - num - ber, And thy skies with light shall glow.

shall glow.

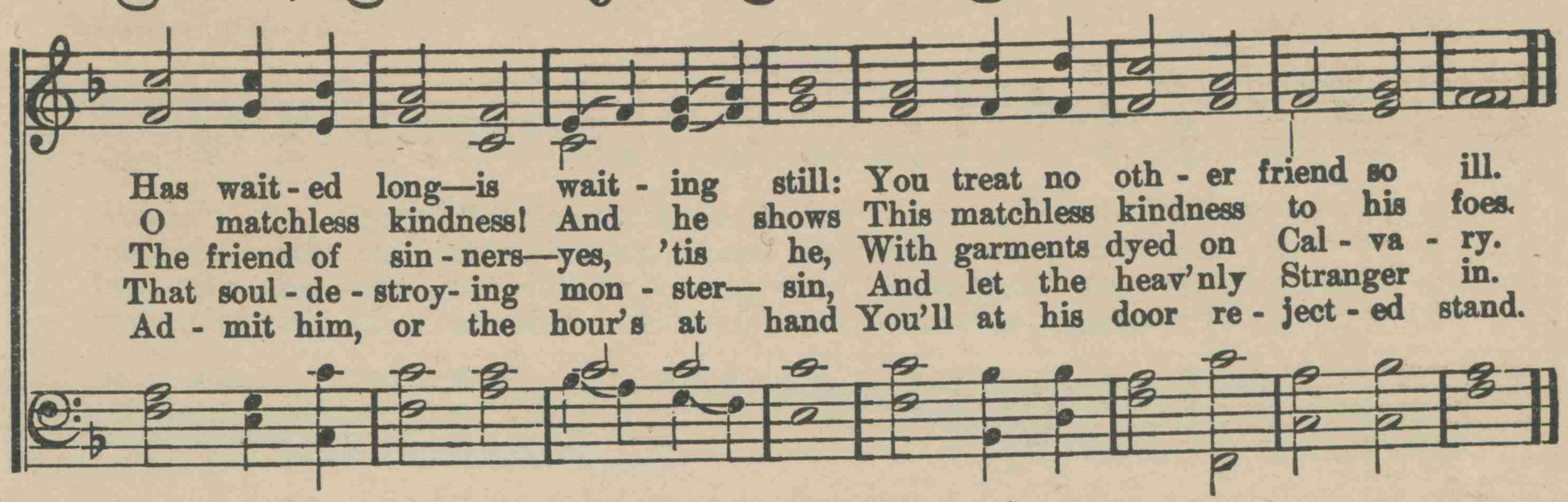
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No. 99. Behold, A Stranger's At the Door.

JOSEPH. (FEDERAL STREET.) HENRY K. OLIVER.

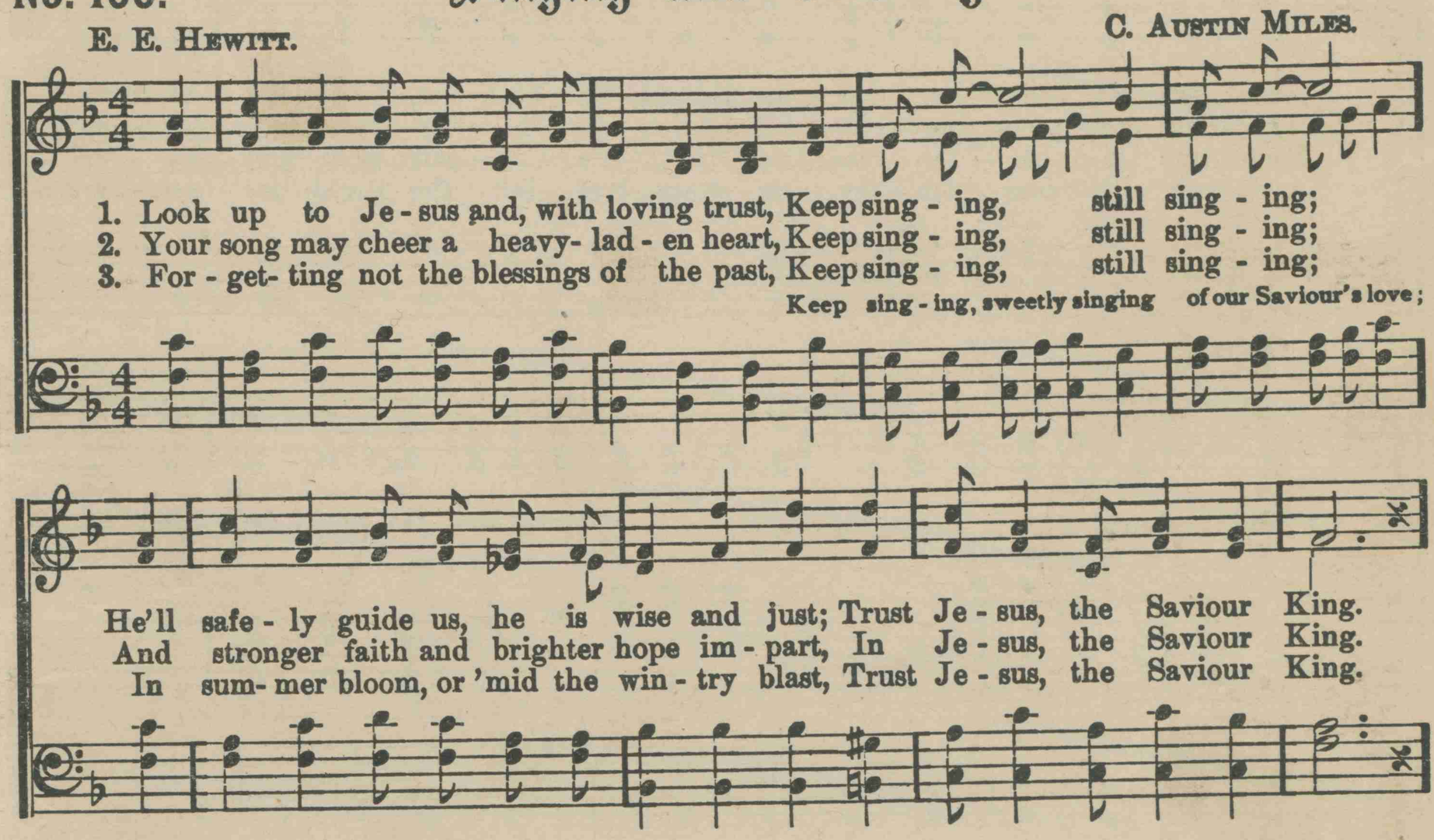
1. Be - hold, a Stranger's at the door! He gent- ly knocks—has knocked be - fore;
2. O love - ly at - ti - tude, he stands With melting heart and lad - ed hands!
3. But will he prove a friend in - deed? He will—the ver - y friend you need:
4. Rise, touched with grat-i - tude di - vine, Turn out his en - e - my and thine,
5. Ad - mit him, ere his an - ger burn—His feet de - part - ed, ne'er re - turn:

Behold, A Stranger's At the Door.—Concluded.

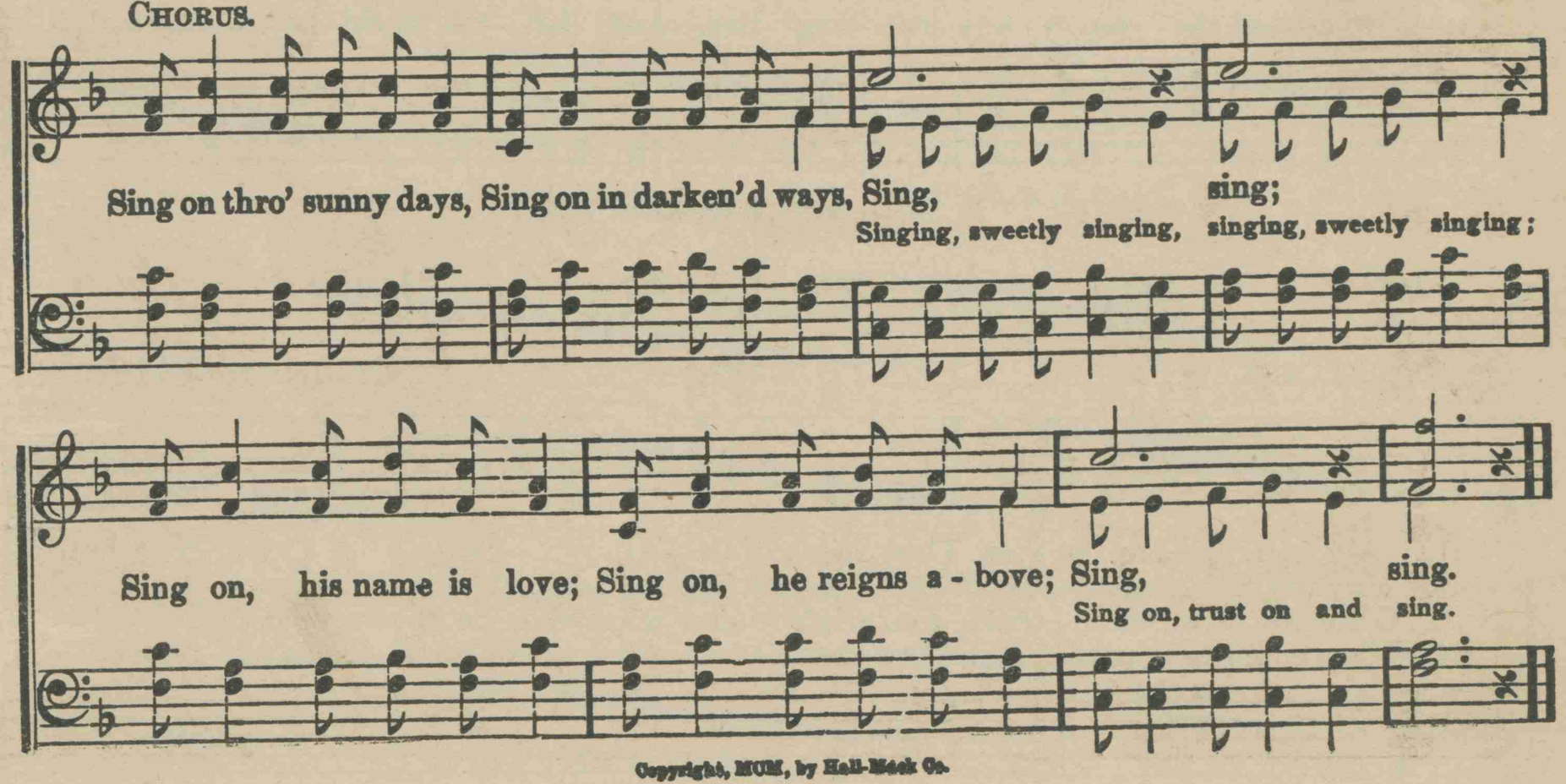


No. 100. Singing and Trusting.

E. E. Hewitt. C. Austin Miles.



Chorus.



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No. 101. Far Behind.

REV. F. L. SNYDER. HOWARD E. SMITH.

1. I've turned my back up - on the world, With all its emp - ty pleasures,
2. I left my for - mer life of sin, Its fol - lies all for - sak - en;
3. I nev - er will turn back a - gain To world - li - ness; no, nev - er!
4. So on I'll press, in Je - sus' name, To gain a home in heav - en;

And set my heart on bet - ter things, On high - er, ho - lier treasures.
I stand com- plete in Je - sus Christ, His ho - ly vows have tak - en.
I've found a bet - ter way than that, It's Je - sus now and ev - er!
And then I'll sing for - ev - er - more, I've left the world for - ev - er!

CHORUS.

Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! I've left the world be - hind me!

Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!

I've crossed the sep - a - ra - ting line, And left the world be - hind me!

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No. 102. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER. (OLIVET.) DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Saviour di - vine! Now hear me
2. May thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal in- spire; As thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be thou my guide; Bid darkness
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sullen stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Saviour,

My Faith Looks Up to Thee.—Concluded.

while I pray, Take all my guilt a- way; O let me from this day Be whol - ly thine.
died for me, O may my love to thee Pure, warm and changeless be, A liv - ing fire.
turn to- day, Wipe sorrow's tears a- way, Nor let me ev - er stray From thee a - side.
then, in love, Fear and distress remove; O bear me safe above, A ransomed soul.

No. 103.

Hidden Peace.

JOHN S. BROWN. L. O. BROWN.

1. I can - not tell thee whence it came, This peace with - in my breast;
2. Be - neath the toil and care of life, This hid - den stream flows on;
3. I can - not tell the half of love, Un - feigned, su- preme, di - vine,
4. I can - not tell thee why he chose To suf - fer and to die;

But this I know, there fills my soul A strange and tran - quil rest.
My wea - ry soul no long - er thirsts, Nor am I sad and lone.
That caused my dark - est, in- most self With beams of hope to shine.
But if I suf - fer here with him, I'll reign with him for aye.

CHORUS.

There's a deep, settled peace in my soul, There's a deep, settled peace in my soul, in my soul,
soul; Tho' the bil - lows of sin near me roll, He a - bides, Christ a - bides. in my soul;

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No. 104. A Little While.

MINNIE A. GREINER. J. LINCOLN HALL.

DUET.—SOP. AND ALTO OR TENOR.

1. A lit - tle while the cross to bear, E - ter - nal - ly the crown to wear;
2. A lit - tle while to suf - fer pain, Sweet peace for- ev - er- more to gain;
3. Sad tears a lit - tle while shall flow, E - ter - ni - ty no grief shall know;

A lit - tle while to strive with sin, E - ter - nal vic - to - ry to win.
A lit - tle while earth's toils to bear, E - ter - nal - ly heav'n's rest to share.
In des- erts drear a lit - tle while, For - ev - er where green pastures smile.

CHORUS.

A lit - tle while, a lit - tle while, And we shall lay our cross- es down;
lit - tle while, lit - tle while,

A lit - tle while, a lit - tle while, And we shall wear the victor's crown.
lit - tle while, lit - tle while, shall wear,

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No. 105. Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

REV. EDWARD HOPPER. J. E. GOULD.

1. Je- sus, Saviour, pi - lot me Over life's tempestuous sea; Unknown waves before me roll,
2. As a mother stills her child, Thou canst hush the ocean wild, Boist'rous waves obey thy will,
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fearful breakers roar 'Twixt me and peaceful rest,

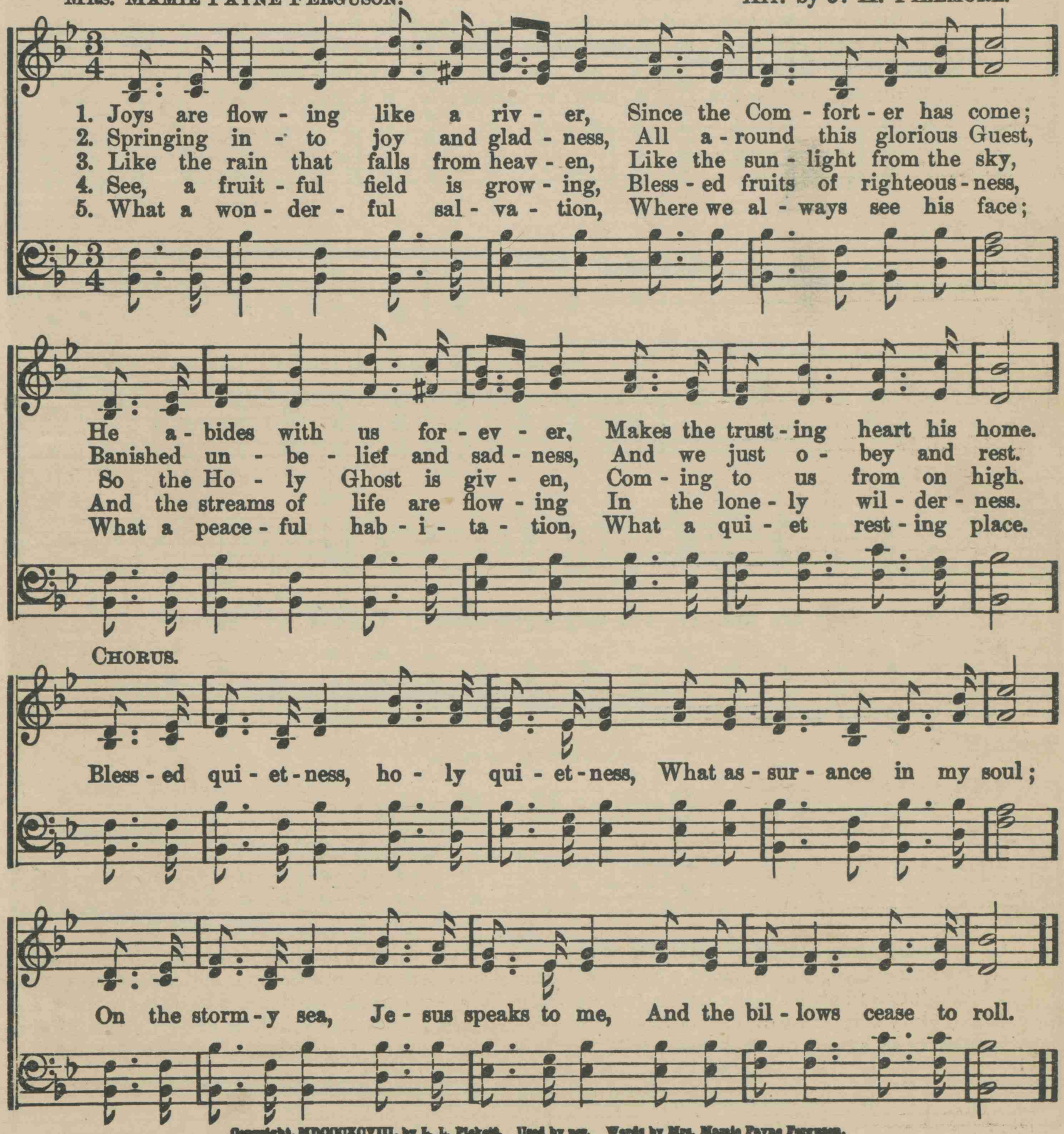
Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me—Concluded.



No. 106.

Blessed Quietness.

MRS. MAMIE PAYNE FERGUSON. Arr. by J. H. FILLMORE.



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No. 107.

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 re - sist some temp- ta - tion strong;
4. Does Je - sus care when I've said "good-bye" To the dear- est on earth to me,

As the burdens press, And the cares distress, And the way grows wea- ry and long?
As the daylight fades In- to deep night shades, Does he care enough to be near?
When for my deep grief There is no re - lief, Tho' my tears flow all the night long?
And my sad heart aches Till it near- ly breaks—Is it aught to him? Does he see?

CHORUS.

O yes, he cares; I know he cares, His heart is touched with my grief;.....

ad lib. *rit.*

When the days are wea - ry, The long nights dreary, I know my Saviour cares....

he cares.

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No. 108.

Revive Us Again.

WM. P. MACKAY. J. J. HUSBAND.

1. We praise thee, O God, for the Son of thy love, For Jesus who died and is now gone above.
2. We praise thee, O God, for thy Spirit of light, Who has shown us our Saviour and scattered our night.
3. All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins and has cleansed ev'ry stain.
4. All glory and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.
5. Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love; May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

Revive Us Again.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

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

No. 109. I Love Him.

C. A. M. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. I love him because I know him, I feel him ev - er standing at my side;
2. I love him because I trust him, Thro' days of joy or moments filled with grief;
3. I love him because he suffered And hung up - on the cross of Cal- va - ry,
4. I'll love him till, crossing Jor - dan, My feet shall stand up - on the golden shore,

When tempt- ed, he's always with me, He still will love, whate'er be - tide.
When pros- trate I fall be - fore him, His Word a - lone can give re - lief.
And, dy - ing, he sealed my par - don With his own blood up - on the tree.
And then, in my home e - ter - nal, I'll love and praise him ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

I love him, my dear Re - deemer, He is so lov - ing, so tender and so true;
I love him, O yes, I love him, And, best of all, he loves me, too.

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No. 110. I Left Them at the Cross.

J. W. VanDeVenter. J. Lincoln Hall.

1. I am free from con-dem-na-tion, Ful-ly saved and sat-is-fied;
2. I was weak and heav-y la-den With a load I could not bear,
3. I was poor, de-spised, for-sak-en, Ma-ny years I went a-stray,
4. Now my life is full of sun-shine, It is heav-en here be-low;

All my sins have been re-mit-ted By the Sav-iour cru-ci-fied.
But I fled to Cal-v'ry's moun-tain All my sins were can-celed there.
But at last I found the Sav-iour, He has washed my sins a-way.
Ev-'ry sin has been for-giv-en, They are un-der-neath the flow.

Chorus.

For I left..... them at the cross, At the cross..... of Cal-va-
for I left at the cross, at the cross
ry; Underneath the blood, the precious blood That was shed to make me free.
Cal-va-ry;

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No. 111. Happy Day.

P. Doddridge. E. F. Rimbault.

1. { O hap-py day, that fixed my choice On thee, my Sav-iour and my God! / Well may this glowing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad. }
2. { O hap-py bond that seals my vows To him who mer-its all my love! / Let cheerful an-thems fill his house, While to that sacred shrine I move. }
3. { 'Tis done: the great transaction's done! I am the Lord's and he is mine; / He drew me and I followed on, Charmed to confess the voice di-vine. }

Hap-py

Happy Day.—Concluded.

FINE. D.S.

day, hap-py day, When Jesus wash'd my sins a-way! { He taught me how to watch and pray, / And live re- joic - ing ev-'ry day; }

No. 112. Make Me a Blessing To-day.

REV. J. H. ZELLEY. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. I do not ask to choose my path, Lord, lead me in thy way;
2. A - round me, Lord, are sin - ful men, Who scorn and dis - o - bey;
3. To those who once thy love have known, But now are far a - stray;
4. Some saints of thine are in dis - tress, And for de - liv - 'rance pray;
5. What - ev - er er - rand thou hast, Lord, Send me, and I'll o - bey;

In-spire each thought and prompt each word And make me a bless - ing to - day.
Use me to win them from their sins, And make me a bless - ing to - day.
Help me to win them back to thee, And make me a bless - ing to - day.
O let me go and help them, Lord, And make me a bless - ing to - day.
Use me in a - ny way thou wilt, And make me a bless - ing to - day.

CHORUS.

Bless me, Lord, and make me a blessing, I'll glad - ly thy mes - sage con - vey;
Use me to help some poor, needy soul, And make me a blessing to - day.

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No. 113. I Know That I Have Jesus.

JAMES ROWE. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Tho' loved ones van- ish from my side, And grief and pain with me a- bide, I
2. Tho' heav - y be my load of care, And tri - als meet me ev - 'rywhere, With
3. When Sa- tan's ar - rows round me fly, And sin, a tor - rent, rush - es by, A
4. And when the an - gel shall ap-pear, To call me thro' the val - ley drear, I

CHORUS.

still am ful - ly sat - is-fied— I know that I have Je - sus.
pa- tience I my cross will bear,—I know that I have Je - sus.
nev- er - fail-ing friend is nigh,—I know that I have Je - sus.
shall not dread, nor doubt, nor fear,—I know that I have Je - sus.

Je - sus, Je - sus,

Gen- tle, loving Je- sus! For life end for e - ter - ni-ty, I know that I have Je- sus.

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No. 114. Where Jesus is, 'Tis Heaven.

C. J. BUTLER. J. M. BLACK.

1. Since Christ my soul from sin set free, This world has been a heav'n to me;
2. Once heav - en seemed a far - off place, Till Je - sus showed his smil - ing face;
3. What mat - ters where on earth we dwell? On moun- tain top, or in the dell?

And 'mid earth's sor- rows and its woe, 'Tis heav'n my Je - sus here to know.
Now it's be - gun with - in my soul, 'Twill last while end - less a - ges roll.
In cot - tage, or a man- sion fair, Where Je - sus is, 'tis heav - en there.

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Where Jesus is, 'Tis Heaven.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

O hal - le - lu - jah! Yes, 'tis heav'n, 'Tis heav'n to know my sins for - giv'n;
On land or sea, what matters where? Where Je - sus is, 'tis heav - en there.

No. 115. The Inner Circle.

FLORA KIRKLAND. W. S. WEEDEN.

1. Have you heard the voice of Je - sus Whisper, "I have chosen you?" Does he tell you in com-
2. As the first dis - ci - ples followed, As they went where'er he sent; So to - day we, too, may
3. Or, if he shall choose to send us On some er - rand in his name, We can serve him as dis -
4. Master, at thy foot-stool kneeling, We, thy children, humbly wait; Lead us, send us, bless us,

mun - ion What he wish - es you to do?
fol - low, On his lead - ing still in - tent.
ci - ples, For our place is just the same.
use us, Till we en - ter heaven's gate.

CHORUS.

Are you in the in-ner cir-cle? Have you heard the Master's call? Have you giv'n your life to Je - sus? Is he now your All in all?

Are you in the in - ner cir - cle?

Have you heard the Master's call? Have you giv'n your

rit.

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No. 116.

Meet Me There.

A. A. PAYN. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. There's a land of bliss e - ter - nal Where the saints their Lord be - hold;
2. There the God of our sal - va - tion Dwells e - ter - nal on his throne;
3. Here we part per - haps for - ev - er, There we'll meet to part no more;
4. Will you meet me in that cit - y When the trials of life are o'er,

Half the glo - ries of that cit - y Nev - er can be told.
There the Lord who has re - deemed us, Waits to greet his own.
Bonds of love can ne'er be brok - en On that gold - en shore.
And with those who went be - fore us, Dwell for - ev - er - more?

CHORUS.

Meet me there, meet me there, In the cit - y of heav - en;
I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there to greet you;
Meet me there, meet me there, I will watch and wait for you.
I'll be there, I'll be there, for you.

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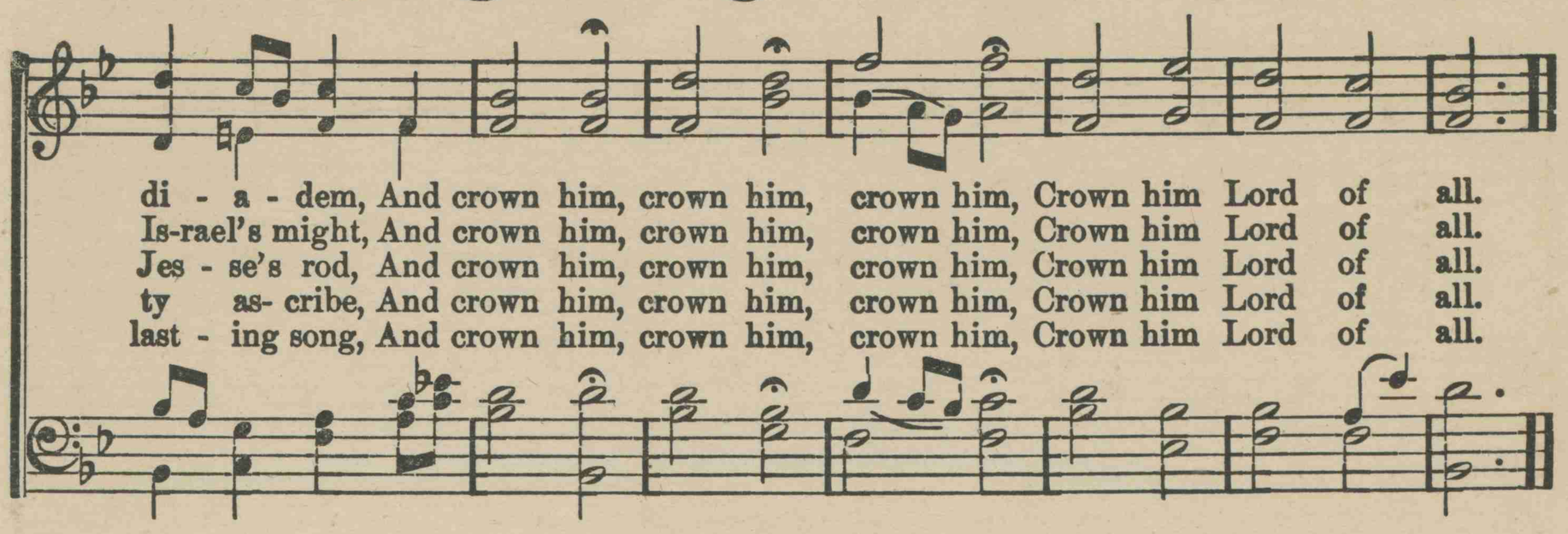
No. 117.

All Hail the Power.

(MILES LANE.)

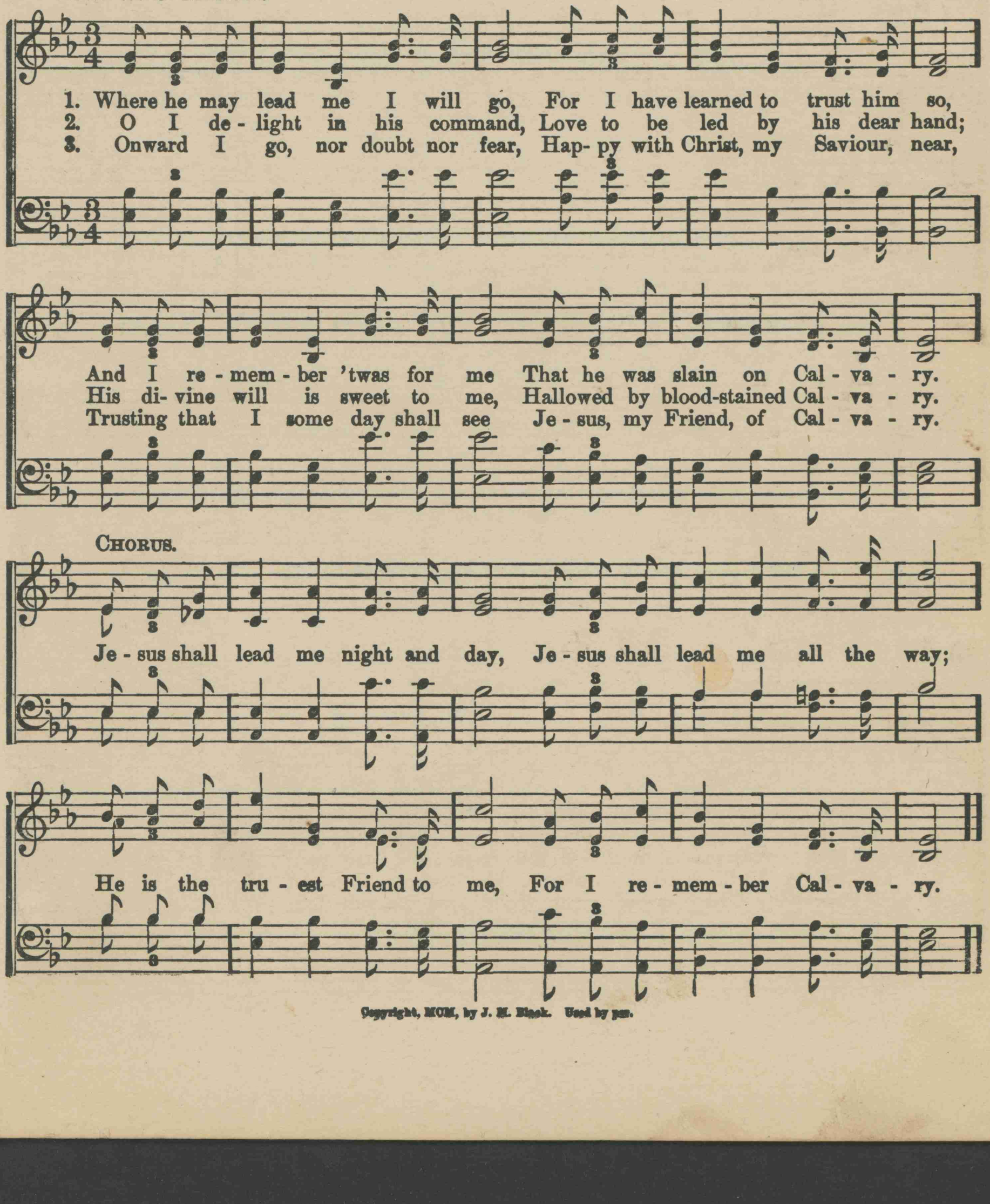
EDWARD PERRONET. WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall, Bring forth the roy - al
2. Crown him, ye morning stars of light, Who fixed this floating ball; Now hail the strength of
3. Crown him, ye martyrs of your God, Who from his al - tar call; Ex - tol the stem of
4. Let ev-'ry kindred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball, To him all maj - es-
5. O that with yonder sacred throng We at his feet may fall; We'll join the ev - er-



No. 118. I Remember Calvary.

REV. W. C. MARTIN. J. M. BLACK.



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No. 119. Jesus Will Save.

REV. ROBT. POGUE. JAS. BAKER.

1. Come, come, poor guilt- y one, Je - sus will save; Come, God has giv'n his Son,
2. Life's day is fad - ing fast, Je - sus will save; Mer - cy is glid - ing past,
3. Come out of sin's dark night, Je - sus will save; Come to his wondrous light,
4. Now, sin - ner, why de - lay? Je - sus will save; Come, and no long - er stay,

Je - sus will save. Here is his righteousness, Par - don and hap - pi- ness;
Je - sus will save. Soon will these scenes of day Pass from your view a - way
Je - sus will save. Naught in this world be - low Can save from death and woe;
Je - sus will save. Why will you spurn his grace, Turn from his lov - ing face?

Fear not thy sinfulness, Je - sus will save, Je - sus will save, Je - sus will save.
Where is no light of day; Je - sus will save, Je - sus will save, Je - sus will save.
Je- sus will smite the foe, Je - sus will save, Je - sus will save, Je - sus will save.
His is the resting place, Je - sus will save, Je - sus will save, Je - sus will save.

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No. 120. I Surrender All.

J. W. VANDEVENTER. W. S. WEEDEN.

SOLO.

1. { All to Je - sus I sur- ren - der, All to him I free - ly give;
   { I will ev - er love and trust him, In his pres - ence dai - ly live. }
2. { All to Je - sus I sur- ren - der, Hum - bly at his feet I bow;
   { World - ly pleas - ure all for - sak - en, Take me, Je - sus, take me now. }
3. { All to Je - sus I sur- ren - der, Make me, Sav - iour, whol - ly thine;
   { Let me feel the Ho - ly Spir - it, Tru - ly know that thou art mine. }

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I Surrender All.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

I sur - ren - der all, I sur - ren - der all;
I sur-ren-der all, I sur-ren-der all;
All to thee, my bless - ed Sav - iour, I sur - ren - der all.

4 All to Jesus I surrender,
Lord, I give myself to thee;
Fill me with thy love and power,
Let thy blessing fall on me.

5 All to Jesus I surrender,
Now I feel the sacred flame;
O the joy of full salvation!
Glory, glory to his name!

No. 121.

Only Trust Him.

J. H. S.

J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppressed, There's mer - cy with the Lord,
2. For Je - sus shed his pre - cious blood, Rich bless - ings to be - stow
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;
4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go,

And he will sure - ly give you rest By trust - ing in his Word.
Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow.
Be - lieve in him with - out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im - mor - tal flow.

CHORUS.

{* On - ly trust him, on - ly trust him, On - ly trust him now;
He will save you, he will save you, He will.....} save you now.

* The words "Come to Jesus" may be used instead of "Only trust him."

No. 122. Saved Through Jesus' Blood.

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

1. Sometime we'll stand be - fore the judgment bar, The quick, the ris - en dead;
2. I'll then re - ceive a bright and star - ry crown, As on - ly God can give;
3. Then we shall meet to nev - er part a - gain; Our toil will then be o'er;

The Lord will then make known the rec - ord there; Our names will all be read.
And when I've been with him ten thousand years, I'll have no less to live.
We'll lay our bur- dens down at Je - sus' feet, And rest for - ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

I'll be present when the roll is called, Pure and spotless thro' the crimson flood;
I will an - swer when they call my name; Saved thro' Je - sus' blood.

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No. 123. He is Calling.

FABER. Arr. by S. J. VAIL.

1. { There's a wideness in God's mercy Like the wideness of the sea;
   { There's a kindness in his justice Which is more than ..... } lib - er - ty.
2. { There is welcome for the sinner, And more graces for the good;
   { There is mer - cy with the Saviour; There is healing..... } in his blood.

He is Calling.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



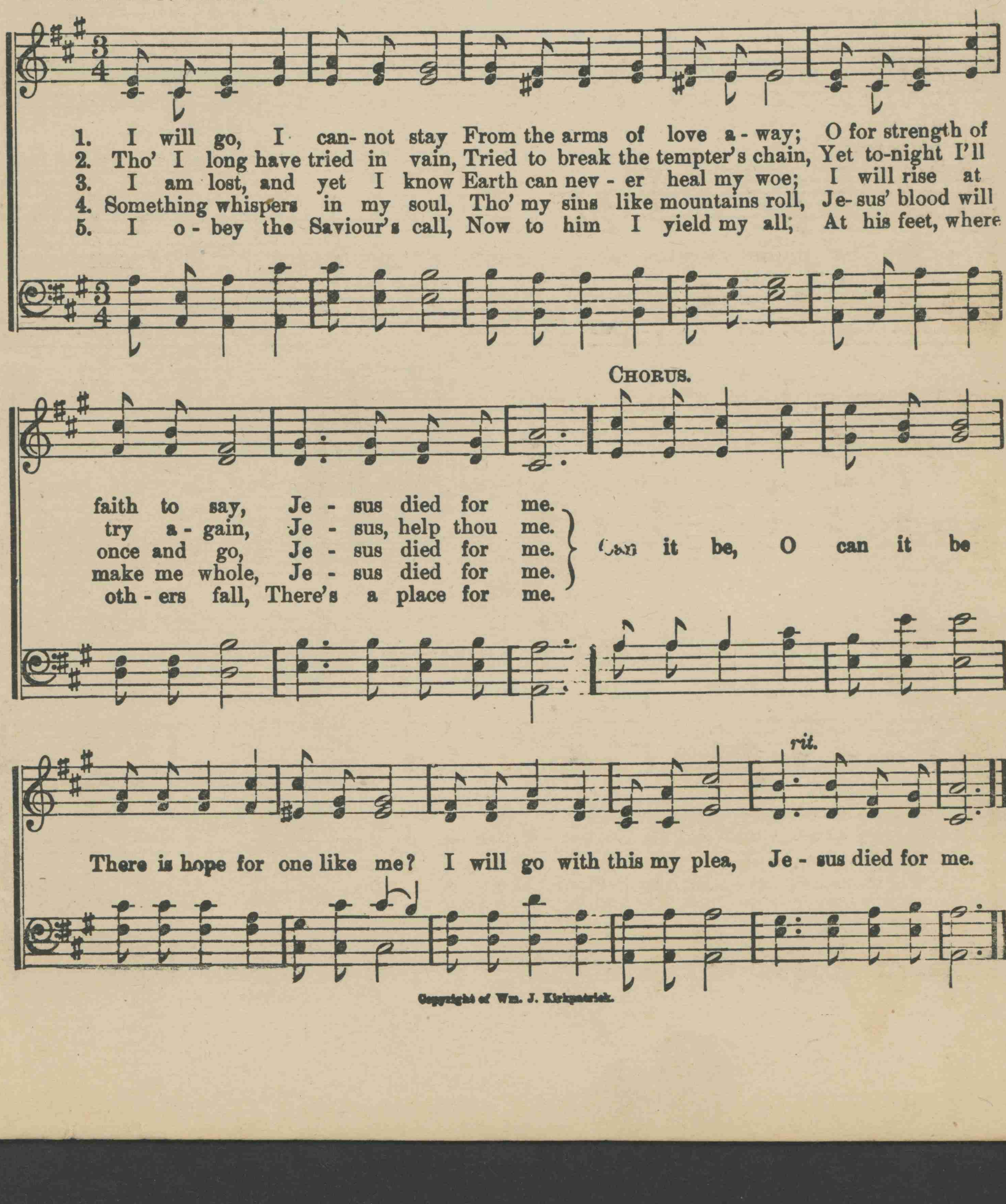
3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderful and kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of the Lord.

No. 124.

I Will Go.

MARTHA J. LANKTON. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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INVITATION.

No. 125.

O Be Ready.

J. G. B. MAURICE A. CLIFTON.

1. When the Bridegroom cometh by and by, When the Bridegroom cometh by and
2. When the Bridegroom cometh by and by, When the Bridegroom cometh by and
3. When the Bridegroom cometh by and by, When the Bridegroom cometh by and
4. When the Bridegroom cometh by and by, When the Bridegroom cometh by and

by and by,

by, Will your lamps be burning bright, Will your robes be pure and white, When the
by, O be read - y for that day, With your sins all washed a - way, When the
by, Will your wearied heart re - joice At the sound of Je - sus' voice, When the
by, Will the sor - rows of the past All be changed to joy at last, When the

by and by,

CHORUS.

Bridegroom cometh by and by? O be ready, O be ready, Ready when the

Bridegroom comes; O be ready, O be ready, Ready when the Bridegroom comes.

Are you ready?

5 ‖: When the Bridegroom cometh by and by, :‖
When the Lord shall call his own,
Can you stand before the throne,
When the Bridegroom cometh by and by?

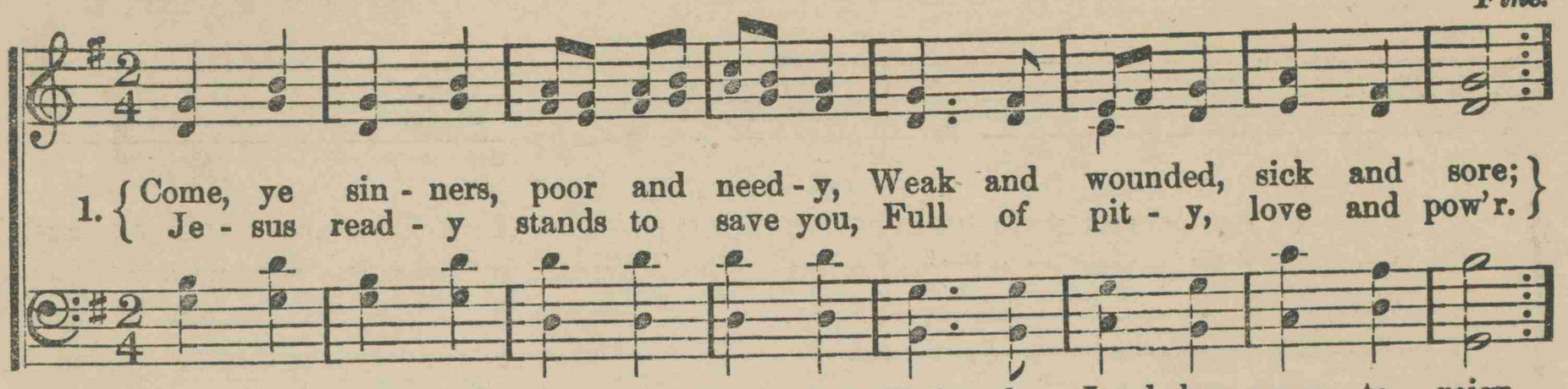
6 ‖: When the Bridegroom cometh by and by, :‖
Will you join the ransomed host,
Or be found among the lost,
When the Bridegroom cometh by and by?

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INVITATION.

No. 126. Come, Ye Sinners, Poor and Needy.

JOSEPH HEART. ARON.



1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power:
He is able,
He is willing: doubt no more.

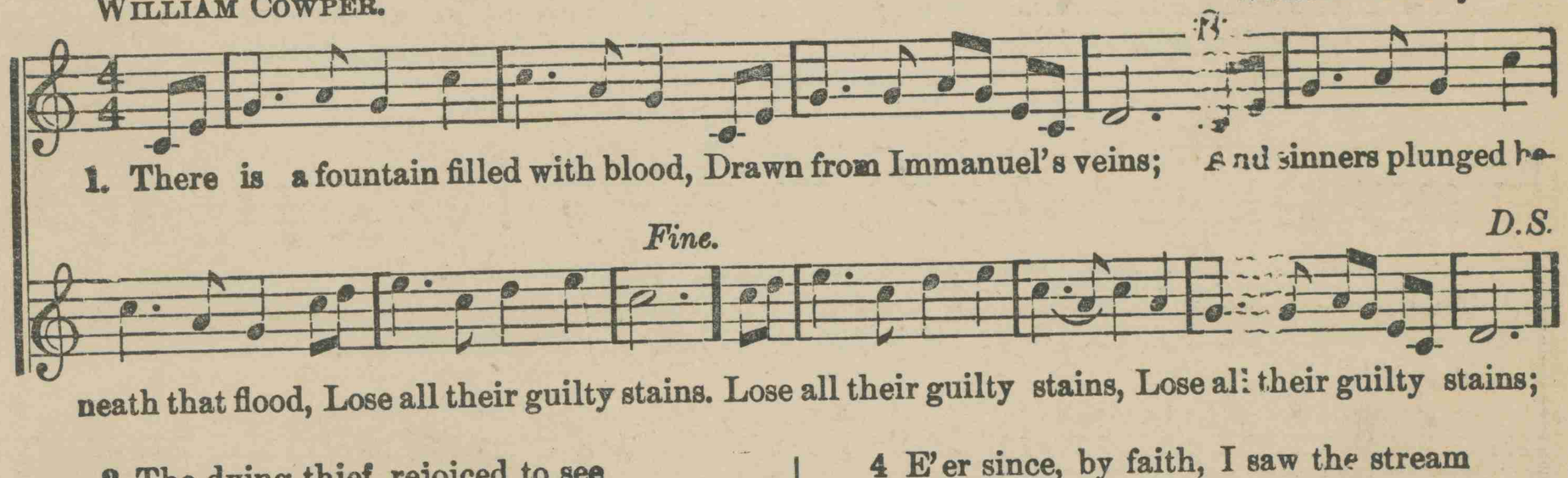
2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

No. 127. Cleansing Fountain.

WILLIAM COWPER. Western Melody.



2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb! Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
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.

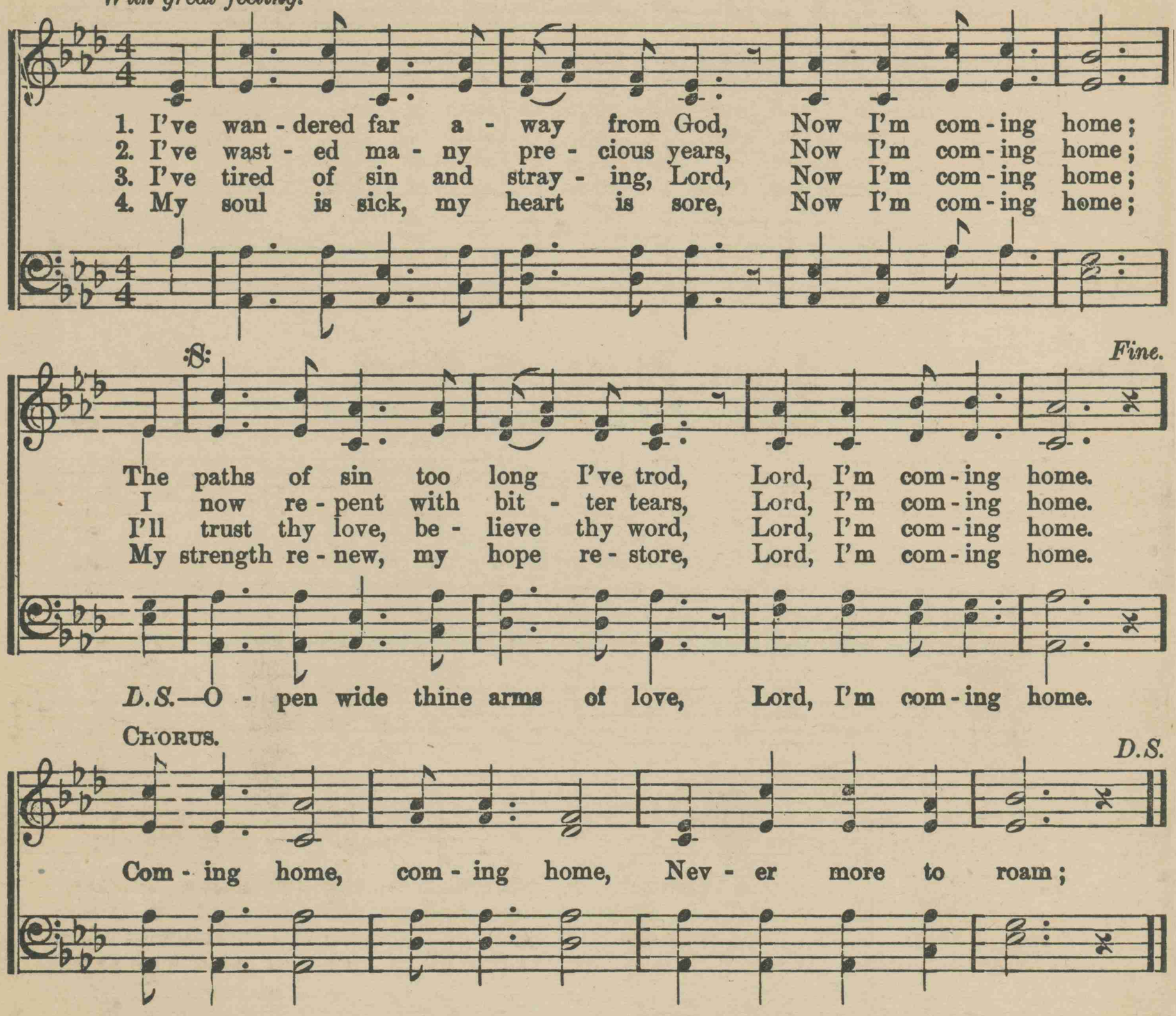
5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save:
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

No. 128. Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

With great feeling.



5 My only hope, my only plea,
Now I'm coming home;
That Jesus died, and died for me,
Lord, I'm coming home.

6 I need his cleansing blood, I know,
Now I'm coming home;
O, wash me whiter than the snow,
Lord, I'm coming home.

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No. 129. Just as I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Just as I Am.—Concluded.

And that thou bidd'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Fightings with- in and fears with- out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Yea, all I need, in thee I find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Be - cause thy prom- ise I be - lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Now, to be thine, yea, thine a - lone, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

No. 130. I am Thine, O Lord.

FANNY J. CROSBY. "Let us draw near with a true heart."—Heb. 10: 22. W. H. DOANE.

1. I am thine, O Lord, I have heard thy voice, And it told thy love to me;
2. Con - se- crate me now to thy ser - vice, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di - vine;
3. O the pure de- light of a sin - gle hour That be - fore thy throne I spend
4. There are depths of love that I can - not know Till I cross the nar - row sea,

But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clos - er drawn to thee.
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my will be lost in thine.
When I kneel in pray'r and with thee, O God, I commune as friend with friend.
There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with thee.

REFRAIN.

Draw me near - er, nearer, blessed Lord, To the cross where thou hast died;
near - er, near - er

Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, To thy precious, bleeding side.

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INVITATION.

No. 131. 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 distress'd; Come to thy Saviour's breast,
2. Dark is the world and cold, Her cares cannot be told; Come to thy Saviour's fold,
3. Come with thy load of sin, Christ died thy soul to win; Now he will take thee in,
4. Time here will soon be past, Moments are fly - ing fast; Judgment will come at last,
5. Come, O we pray thee, come, Come and no long - er roam; Come now and start for home,

CHORUS.

O don't stay a - way. Pray'rs are as - cend- ing now, An - gels are bending

rit.

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

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No. 132. Consecration.

MRS. MARY D. JAMES. MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP.

1. My bod - y, soul and spir - it, Je - sus, I give to thee, A con - se - crated
2. O Je - sus, mighty Saviour, I trust in thy great name, I look for thy sal-
3. O let the fire, de - scending Just now up - on my soul, Consume my humble
4. I'm thine, O blessed Je - sus, Washed by thy precious blood, Now seal me by thy

CHORUS.

off'ring, Thine ev - er- more to be.
va - tion, Thy prom- ise now I claim.
off'ring, And cleanse and make me whole.
Spir - it, A sac - ri - fice to God.

My all is on the al - tar, I'm

From "Notes of Joy." Used by permission.

Consecration.—Concluded.

rit.

waiting for the fire; Waiting, waiting, waiting, I'm waiting for the fire.

No. 133. Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

C. H. M.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

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

If you de-sire a new life to be-gin, Let Je- sus come in-to your heart.
Fountains for cleansing are flowing near by, Let Je- sus come in-to your heart.
If there's a void this world nev-er can fill, Let Je- sus come in-to your heart.
Find what a friend he will be un-to you, Let Je- sus come in-to your heart.
If you would en-ter the mansions of rest, Let Je- sus come in-to your heart.

CHORUS.

Just now your doubtings give o'er; Just now re-ject him no more;
Just now my doubtings are o'er; Just now re-ject-ing no more;

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

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