WORLD WIDE

REVIVAL SONGS

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World Wide

Revival Songs

For the

Church, Sunday School and Evangelistic Meetings

Compiled by

C. P. CURRY,

HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, CHAS. H. GABRIEL

Musical Editors

JOHN E. THOMAS — JAMES G. GARTH
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E. W. PFAFFENBERGER, Jr.

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Approved and Used by

The International Federation of Christian Workers

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PREFACE

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WORLD WIDE REVIVAL SONGS has been adopted by the executive committee of the International Federation of Christian Workers as the Federation's Official Song Book. Mr. Curry as chief editor of this work, has had the assistance of some of the leading song writers of the nation, and this book goes out to the singing world — Church, Sunday School and Revival, filled full of songs that are destined to live. The material of this book — words and music, will place World Wide Revival Songs in the front ranks of the greatest song books of the age.

JOHN ELWARD BROWN
President
International Federation of Christian Workers

Faithfully Yours
John E Brown

Yours in Love.
C. P. Curry

World Wide Revival Songs

No. 1. Jesus Is His Name.

Mrs. Emma Allen Bailey. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN. **D. Ward Milam.**

1. There is one who saves from sin, Je - sus is His name;
2. There is one most dear to me, Je - sus is His name;
3, One my dark - est path can cheer, Je - sus is His name;
4. One re-deemed my guil - ty soul, Je - sus is His name;
5. One is my un - fail - ing friend, Je - sus is His name;

On - ly one gives peace with-in, Je - sus is His name.
He from bond - age set me free, Je - sus is His name.
Trust-ing Him I feel no fear, Je - sus is His name.
He my life doth now con - trol, Je - sus is His name.
With Him I shall a - ges spend, Je - sus is His name.

CHORUS.

Je - sus is His ho - ly name! Hal - le - lu - jah! let us sing,
And ex - tol our heav'n-ly King, Bless - ed be His name.

No. 2. More Land Ahead.

Herbert Buffum. COPYRIGHT 1915. BY C. P. CURRY **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. There are lengths and breadths, There are heights and depths Just be-yond me to ex - plore; There are pleas-ures rare, Out be-yond me there In God's
2. Lord, there is no doubt, I am far - ther out than I ev - er was be - fore; But I long to stand In the Beu-lah land, Where the
3. Now in Egypt's land, I no long - er stand; I have crossed the great red sea; No more look - ing back O'er the wear - y track, It is
4. There are fruits so rare, In this land so fair, There are gifts from Heav'n di-vine; If I'll just launch out There is not a doubt I may
5. I will pay the price, Make the sac - ri - fice, Walk in ev - 'ry ray of light; On - ly let me know, As I on - ward go, I am

CHORUS.

o - cean, ly - ing just be - fore.
shore - line I will see no more. Lead me out, dear Lord, in - to
hence-forth Ca - naan land for me.
claim them, Sav - ior, all as mine.
each day near - er Heav-en's height.

deep - er things, Lift me up to heights a - bove; Let the tempest roar,
up to heights a - bove,

I'll but high - er soar, On the wings of ev - er - last - ing love.
per - fect love.

No. 3. Have You Forgotten God?

C. H. G. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. In the glare of earth - ly pleas - ure, In the fight for earth - ly
2. You are thought - ful of the stran - ger From the pal - ace or the
3. While His dai - ly grace re - ceiv - ing Are you still His Spir - it
4. While His boun - ty you're ac - cept - ing, Are you His com-mands neg-
5. See the shades of night ap - pall - ing, On your path - way now are

treas - ure, 'Mid your bless - ing with-out meas-ure, Have you for-got-ten God?
man - ger, And the weak you shield from dan-ger— Have you for-got-ten God?
griev - ing By a heart of un - be - liev-ing— Have you for-got-ten God?
lect - ing, And His call to you re - ject - ing— Have you for-got-ten God?
fall - ing! Hear ye not those voic - es call - ing— Have you for-got-ten God?

CHORUS.

Have you for - got - ten God? Have you for - got - ten God? O

soul, I plead, Be-ware! take heed! Have you for - got - ten God?

No. 4. Saved, Saved!

J. P. S. COPYRIGHT, 191[illegible]. BY ROBERT A. COLEMAN. J. Scholfield.

1. I've found a friend who is all to me,.... His love is ev - er true;..... I love to tell how He
2. He saves me from ev - 'ry sin and harm,... Se- cures my soul each day;..... I'm lean - ing strong on His
3. When poor and need - y and all a - lone,.... In love He said to me,..... "Come un - to me and I'll

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

CHORUS.

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

cree. rit.

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

No. 5. Saved.

H. E. B. COPYRIGHT, 1913. BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, Rev. H. E. Bright.

1. Je - sus my Sav - ior came to save me When I was wan - d'ring out in the night; Rich - es of glo - ry free - ly gave me,
2. Je - sus my Sav - ior came to cleanse me, Car - nal in heart and fight-ings with - in; Now I en - joy His pre-cious ful - ness
3. Je - sus my Sav - ior came to guide me, O - ver the mount-ains, down thro' the vale; Still He is with me, faithful to keep me;
4. Je - sus my Sav - ior soon will call me Home to my man - sion shin - ing a - bove; There shall I see Him in His glo - ry,

CHORUS.

Flood-ed my soul with His won-drous light.
Pow - er and vic - t'ry o'er in - bred sin. I'm saved! saved!
Fol - low - ing Him I shall nev - er fail.
Praise and a - dore Him in songs of love.

this is my sto - ry:—Je-sus my Sav - ior cleans-es and keeps me! I'm saved! saved! filled with His glo - ry! Glo - ry to Je-sus, His grace is free.

No. 6. O What Joy Will be Ours.

COPYRIGHT. 1911 BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

E. G. W. Wesley. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. O what joy would be ours, as we watch and pray,—Did we think, oft-en times, of the com-ing morn—Of the morn which shall fol-low this life's brief day, When all night shall be lost, in one ra-diant dawn.
2. O what joy would be ours 'mid the cares of life, Did we think, oft-en times, of that tear-less home, Where no sor-row nor pain, where no sin nor strife, Shall be ours when no long-er from Christ we roam.
3. O what joy would be ours when our hopes de-ceive, Did we think, oft-en times, of that Faith-ful Friend, Who will nev-er for-sake but at last re-ceive E'en the weak-est and poor-est, when life doth end.
4. O what joy would be ours as we mourn and weep, Did we think, oft-en times, of the loved and blest In their mansions a-bove, where they vig-il keep, As they wait for our com-ing to heav-en's rest.
5. O what joy will be ours when our Lord we meet, When we ev-er-more dwell with our Gra-cious King; O what joy will be ours when our loved we greet, And the prais-es of Je-sus with them we sing.

CHORUS.

O what joy! O what joy! When our loved ones we shall greet!
O what joy! O what joy, When our Sav-ior we shall meet!

No. 7. You May Have the Joybells.

J. Edw. Ruark. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. USED BY PERMISSION. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. You may have the joy-bells ring-ing in your heart, And a peace that
2. Love of Je-sus in its ful-ness you may know, And this love to
3. You will meet with tri-als as you jour-ney home, Grace suf-fi-cient
4. Let your life speak well of Je-sus ev-'ry day, Own His right to

from you nev-er will de-part; Walk the straight and narrow way, Live for
those a-round you sweet-ly show; Words of kindness al-ways say, Deeds of
He will give to o-ver-come; Tho' un-seen by mor-tal eye, He is
ev-'ry serv-ice you can pay; Sin-ners you can help to win If your

Je-sus ev-'ry day, He will keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.
mer-cy do each day, Then He'll keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.
with you ev-er nigh, And He'll keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.
life is pure and clean, And you keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.

D. S.—*He will keep the joy-bells ringing in your haert*

CHORUS.

Joy - bells ring-ing in your heart, Joy - bells ring-ing
Ring-ing in your heart, You may have the joy
in your heart; Take the Savior here below, With you ev-'ry-where you go,

No. 8. Keep on the Sunny Side of Life.

COPYRIGHT. 1899. BY J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.
BY PER. JOHN J. HOOD.

Ada Blenkhorn **J. Howard Entwisle.**

1. There's a dark and a troubled side of life, There's a bright and a
2. Tho' the storm in its fu - ry break to-day, Crush-ing hopes that we
3. Let us greet with a song of hope each day, Tho' the mo-ments be

sun - ny side, too; Tho' we meet with the darkness and strife, The
cher-ished so dear; Storm and cloud will in time pass a - way, The
cloud - y or fair, Let us trust in our Sav - ior al - way, Who

CHORUS.

sun - ny side we al - so may view.
sun a-gain will shine bright and clear. Keep on the sunny side, Always on the
keep - eth ev - 'ry one in His care.

sun - ny side, Keep on the sun-ny side of life; It will help us ev-'ry day,
It will bright-en all the way, If we keep on the sun-ny side of life.

No. 9. I Know God's Promise is True.

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

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

1. For God so loved this sin - ful world, His Son he free - ly gave,
2. I was a way-ward, wand'ring child, A slave to sin and fear,
3. The "who-so - ev - er" of the Lord, I trust - ed was for me;
4. E - ter - nal life be - gun be - low Now fills my heart and soul;

That who - so - ev - er would be - lieve, E - ter - nal life shall have.
Un - til this bless - ed prom-ise fell Like mu - sic on my ear.
I took him at his gra-cious word, From sin he set me free.
I'll sing his praise for - ev - er - more, Whose blood has made me whole.

CHORUS.

'Tis true, O yes, 'tis true,..... God's won - der - ful prom - ise is true,.....
'Tis true, O yes, the prom-ise is true, For I've trust - ed, and test - ed, and 'tis true,
tried it, And I know God's prom - ise is true..... 'tis true.

No. 10. I Love Him Best of All.

T. O. Chisholm. COPYRIGHT, 1915. BY C. P. CURRY. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Of all the treas-ures that I own, Of all the friends that I have known,
2. I think of home and kin-dred dear, Of all I love and cher-ish here,
3. Were ev -'ry earth-ly joy with-drawn, Were ev -'ry earth-ly pros-pect gone,
4. Be-cause of what He did for me In that dark hour on Cal - va - ry,
5. The world's allurements can-not move My heart to leave the Lord I love;

A - mong them Je - sus stands a - lone, I love Him best of all.
But fair - er still doth Christ ap-pear,— I love Him best of all.
To Him I'd cling and still sing on," I love Him best of all."
For what He is, and yet will be, I love Him best of all.
I'll cleave to Him, all else a - bove,—I love Him best of all.

CHORUS.

To Him my grate - ful heart would trib - ute bring, My gifts, my will, my life,—yes, ev -'ry - thing; To Him in faith I will for - ev - er cling, For I love Him best of all.

No. 11. He Lives.

J. H. Sammis. COPYRIGHT. 1911, BY JAMES G. GARTH. James G. Garth.

1. On Cal - va-ry my Sav-iour died Where for my sins He bled;
2. Death cap - tive held Him but an hour, My ev - er-liv - ing head!
3. He bore with-in the Ho - ly place, The pre-cious drops He shed;
4. Now far a - bove the high-est heav'n, He's seat - ed in my stead;
5 And soon with all His saints He'll bring The glo - ry as He said;

He rose, and I am jus - ti - fied; He lives, Who once was dead.
He rose in glo - ry and in pow'r; He lives, Who once was dead.
And sprink - led there the Throne of Grace He lives, Who once was dead.
And grace for all my need is giv'n; He lives, Who once was dead.
Loud shall the hal - le - lu - jahs ring—He lives, Who once was dead.

CHORUS.

He rose a vic-tor o'er the grave; He lives ex - alt - ed now to save;

He lives to plead my cause on high; He lives to guide me with His eye;

ad lib.

He lives to bring me to the sky And I shall see Him bye and bye.

No. 12. Not a Star in My Crown.

(Dedicated to Mr. and Mrs. A. D. George.)

Lizzie DeArmond. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY THE PRAISE PUB. CO., PHILA., PA. Jean Howard.

DUET.

1. Shall I stand all a - lone in the king-dom of God, Not a
2. Shall I look o'er the fields, with their har-vest so white Where
3. Shall I stand all a - lone when my Lord com-eth down To

star in my heav - en - ly crown; While the faith-ful ones haste sheaves of
oth - ers were faith-ful and true; And know that an oth - er will
bring his glad king-dom be - low; Will but I, of the millions who

CHORUS.

gladness to bring, Be-fore the dear Christ to lay down?
reap the re-ward For toil that my hands fail'd to do?
welcome his call, Have naught for my life-work to show?
} A-lone, all a-lone,

rit.

when I kneel at his feet, Who died for my sins long a - go, long a - go, O

help me to save just a soul in thy name, And show forth thy love here below.

No. 13. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

(ABERYSTWYTH.)

Rhif 193. J. Parry, Mus. Doc., 1841.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on Thee:
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find;
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin:

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high!
Leave, O leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com-fort me:
Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Let the heal-ing streams a-bound: Make and keep me pure with - in.

Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and ho - ly is Thy name; I am all un - right-eous - ness:
Thou of life the foun-tain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee:

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!
Cov - er my de - fense-less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing!
False and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 14. Every Day I Need Thee More.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

A. H. A. Rev. A. H. Ackley.

1. Ev-'ry day I need Thee more and more, Waves of care sweep
2. Ev-'ry day I need Thee more and more, Make my blind-ed
3. Ev-'ry day I need Thee more and more, For the help-less,
4. Ev-'ry day I need Thee more and more, When earth's shadows

o'er my soul, Thou canst still the storm and peace re-store,
eyes to see, Vis-ions of the Christ whom I a-dore,
sick and lone. Pit-e-ous-ly plead and help im-plore,
all are past, Then I'll dwell with Him for-ev-er-more,

CHORUS.

Keep my life in Thy con-trol.
Hear my cry, O Lord, help me.
Use me Lord to lead them home.
Fear-ing neither storm nor blast.

} Ev-'ry day I need Thee more and more

For my heart is tempted o'er and o'er, Let me feel Thy mighty arm,

Safe-ly keep me from all harm Ev-'ry day I need Thee, more and more.

No. 15. Share Your Blessing.

Rev. C. R. Piety. COPYRIGHT. 1915. BY C. P. CURRY. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. If you have a plen-ty in this world to live, Think of all the need-y—
2. If your homes are hap-py, and your hearts are glad, Don't for-get the lone-ly,
3. Christian, are you thankful that the Sav-ior came? Does His gospel bless you?

you have some to give; So ma-ny poor and helpless yearn for aid to - day,
or the poor and sad; For ma-ny hearts are breaking for a word of love,
Praise His ho - ly name! Go tell the old, old sto-ry all the wide world through;

FINE. CHORUS.

As you love the Sav-ior, turn them not a-way.
Comfort them and cheer them—it will count above. Share your blessing! large or small your store;
Use it to save oth-ers: 'Twill mean more to you.

D.S.-*Hallowed by ap-prov-al from your God a-bove!*

D. S.

Share your blessing, God will give you more; Share your blessing: 'Twill the great-er prove.

No. 16. Roll the Stone Away.

COPYRIGHT 1908 BY C H MARSH
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Ora Samuel Gray **Charles H. Marsh.**

SOLO.

1. Je-sus was standing beside a grave, Weeping, but knowing his pow'r to save;
2. Je-sus is speaking to you in song, Asking why have you delay'd so long:
3. Je-sus is stand-ing by hearts of sin, Knocking and saying, "Let Me come in."

"Take ye away now the stone from the door," And Christ will his power display.
While men are lying in grave-clothes of sin, For whom Jesus died on the cross.
Rouse then, ye sleeper, and o-pen the door, For Je-sus has pow-er to save.

CHORUS. *faster.*

They roll'd the stone a - way, For Christ was there that day, And call'd up-

on a man to leave the darken'd grave. We'll roll the stone a - way, For

rit.

he is here to- day, And waits to show his mighty pow'r, His pow'r to save.

No. 17. Over All.

Georgie Tillman Snead. COPYRIGHT, 1914. BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. O - ver all the shadows hov - er beams of light, O-ver all the sad-ness
2. Aft-er all the sigh-ing there is joy in store, Aft-er all the dy-ing
3. O - ver all the wrong things right tri-umph-ant reigns, Aft-er all the striving

shine the stars so bright, O-ver all the e - vil Love is bend-ing still,
life for - ev - er-more! Aft-er all the doubt-ing faith is shin-ing clear,
strength the vic - tor gains, O-ver all the dis-cord har-mo - ny we hear,

CHORUS.

O - ver all the cha-os God's un-chang-ing will.
O - ver all God whispers: Peace, be of good cheer! O-ver all, to watch and
Just with-in the shad-ow God is stand-ing near.

guard, and guide, and keep, To be-hold and mark the sparrow's fall; O-ver all, the

rit.

eye of One who nev-er sleeps—God's unchanging love is o - ver all.

No. 18

He Hideth My Soul.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. A won - der - ful Sav-iour is Je - sus my Lord, A won-der-ful
2. A won - der - ful Sav-iour is Je - sus my Lord, He tak - eth my
3. With num - ber - less blessings each moment he crowns, And fill'd with his
4. When cloth'd in his brightness trans-port - ed I rise To meet him in

Sav - iour to me; He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock,
bur - den a - way, He hold-eth me up, and I shall not be moved,
ful - ness di - vine, I sing in my rap - ture, O, glo - ry to God
clouds of the sky, His per - fect sal - va - tion, his won-der-ful love,

CHORUS.

Where riv - ers of pleasure I see.
He giveth me strength as my day.
For such a Redeemer as mine!
I'll shout with the millions on high.
} He hideth my soul in the cleft of the rock,

That shadows a dry, thirsty land; He hid-eth my life in the depths of his love,

And covers me there with his hand, And cov-ers me there with his hand.

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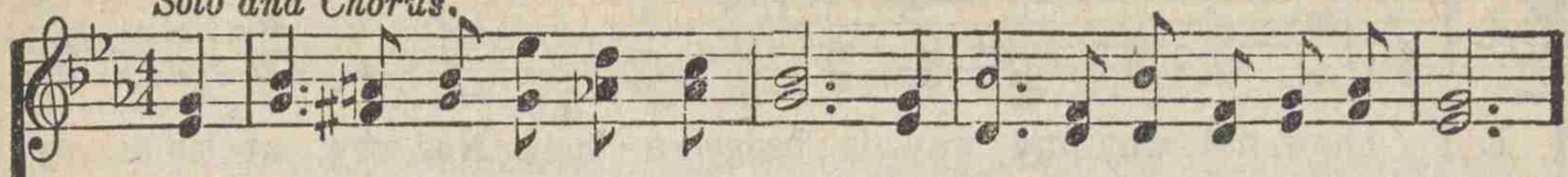
No. 19. Sail On!

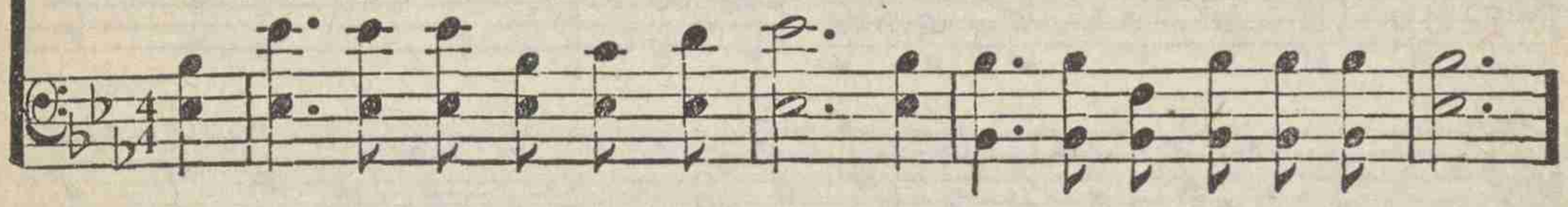
COPYRIGHT, 1909. BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. OWNERS.

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

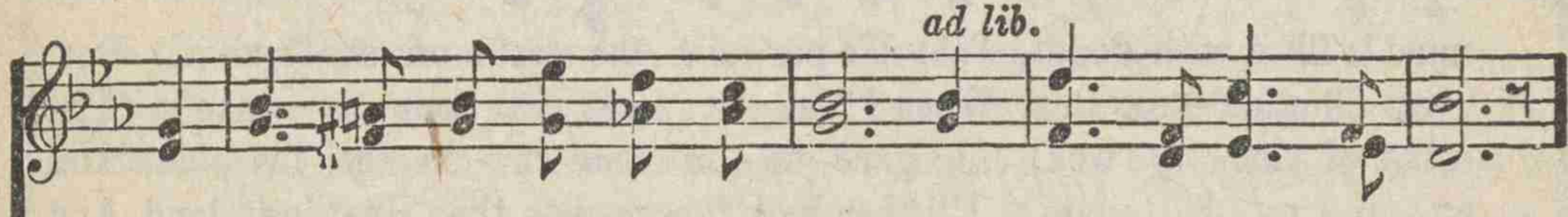
Solo and Chorus.



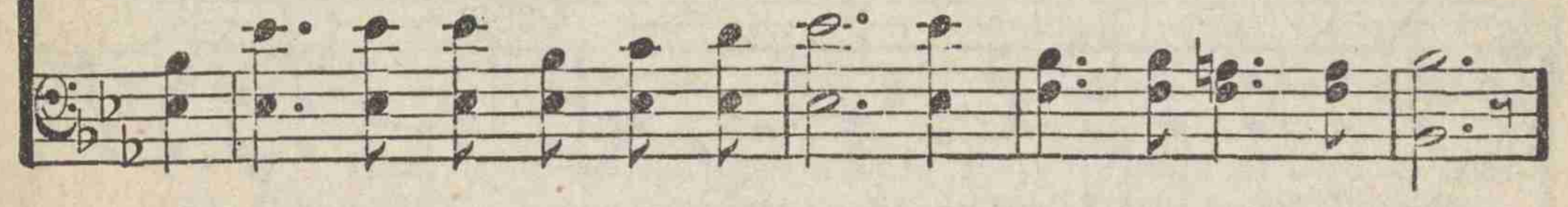
1. Up - on a wide and storm-y sea, Thou'rt sailing to e - ter - ni - ty,
2. Art far from shore and wear-y worn—The sky o'er-cast, thy can-vas torn?
3. Do com-rades tremble and re - fuse To fur-ther dare the taunting hues?
4. Do snarling waves thy craft as - sail? Art pow'rless, drifting with the gale?



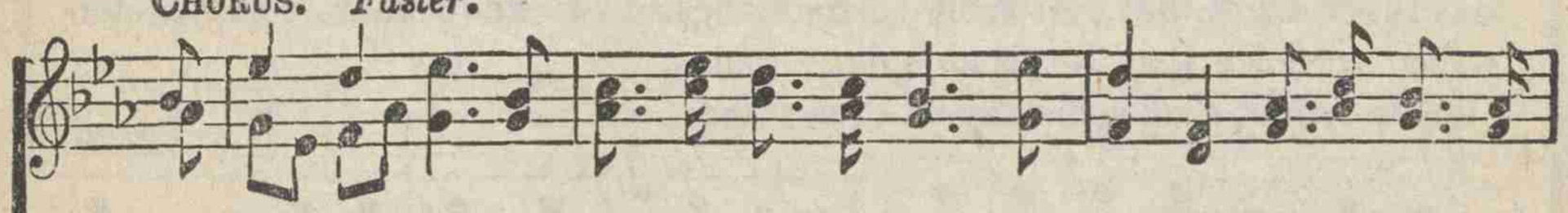
ad lib.



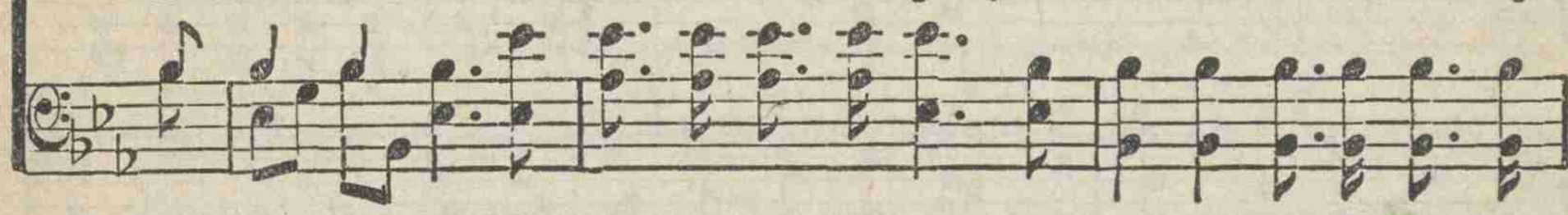
And thy great Ad-m'ral or - ders thee, "Sail on, sail on, sail on!"
Hark ye! A voice is to thee borne, "Sail on, sail on, sail on!"
No oth - er course is thine to choose, Sail on, sail on, sail on!
Take heart! God's word shall nev-er fail— Sail on, sail on, sail on!



CHORUS. *Faster.*

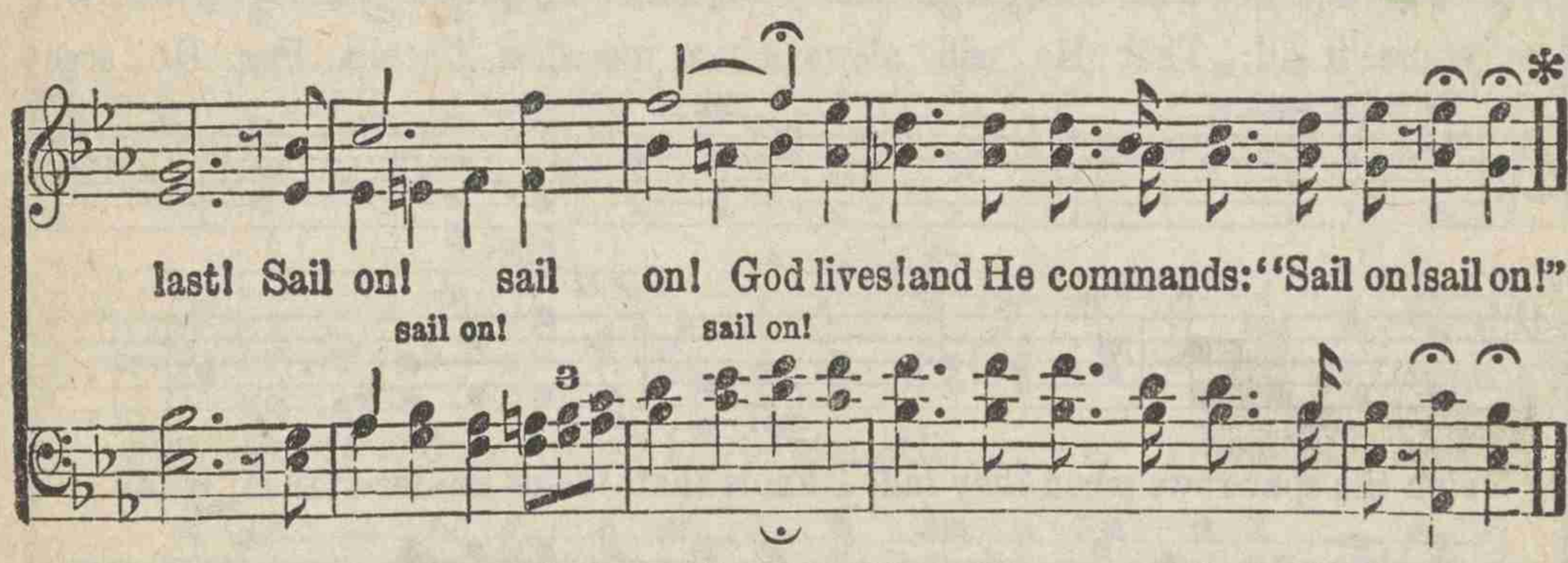


Sail on! sail on! the storms will soon be past, The darkness will not al-ways



last! Sail on! sail on! God lives! and He commands: "Sail on! sail on!"

sail on! sail on!



*While the Sop. and Base sustain the last "on," the Alto and Tenor repeat the last "Sail on" three times, *rall. e dim.*

No. 20. I Know That Jesus Understands.

H. Buffum. COPYRIGHT, 1915. BY C. P. CURRY. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I know not why my way is hedged a - bout, Nor why, at times, my mind is filled with doubt, Why He per-mits the tests on ev -'ry hand, But
2. Some-times my friends mis-judge and cri - ti - cize And tears of sor - row often fill mine eyes; But When I fail to meet all their de - mands, 'Tis
3. When plans all fail and dis - ap-point-ments come I face de - feat in- stead of vict - 'ry won; I gaze up - on the ru - in of my plans And
4. Tho' death may snatch a loved one from my home, And in dis - tress and ag - o - ny I roam; I'll then look for-ward to that Heav'n-ly land And

CHORUS.

this I know, that Je-sus un - der - stands.
sweet to know that Je-sus un - der - stands. I know that Je-sus un-der-
then re-joice that Je-sus un - der - stands.
know I, too, shall some day un-der - stand.

stands it all; That He will al-ways hear me when I call; For He sees

rit.

e'en the spar-rows when they fall, I know that Je-sus un-der-stands it all.

No. 21. His Grace is Enough for Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY J. BRUCE EVANS.
USED BY PER.

J. B. E. J. Bruce Evans.

1. Just when I am disheartened, Just when with cares oppress'd, Just when my way is dark-est, Just when I am dis-tress'd—Then is my Saviour near me, He knows my ev - 'ry care;
2. Just when my hopes have vanished, Just when my friends forsake, Just when the fight is thick-est, Just when with fear I shake—Then comes a still small whisper: "Fear not, my child, I'm near."
3. Just when my tears are flowing, Just when with anguish bent, Just when temptation's hard-est, Just when with sadness rent—Then comes a tho't of comfort: "I know my Fa - ther knows," Je-sus has grace suf-fi - cient To con-quer all my foes.

Je-sus will nev - er leave me, He helps my burdens bear.
Je-sus brings peace and comfort, I love His voice to hear.

CHORUS.

His grace is e-nough for me, for me, His grace is e-nough for me;
Thro' sorrow and pain, Thro' loss or gain, His grace is e-nough for me.

No. 22. Sing The Savior's Praise.

Rev. R. H. McDaniel COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY C. P. CURRY. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. Ye who love the Savior's name, Join His prais-es to proclaim,—Sound a-
2. Praise His name be-fore the lost,—Sing of all the wondrous cost Of sal-
3. Lift, oh lift His prais-es high! Make the glori-ous tid-ings fly Till the

loud the wonders of His sav - ing grace; Sing His prais-es loud and clear,
va - tion that He of-fers them so free; Sing it till their hearts are moved
sor - row of the world is turned to praise,— Till, in-stead of grief and woe,

Till the na - tions ev-'ry-where Shall u - nite His name to glo - ri-
By the im - pulse of His love, And re - joice His ten - der love to
Praise shall like a riv - er flow, Fill - ing all the earth with His re-

CHORUS.

f

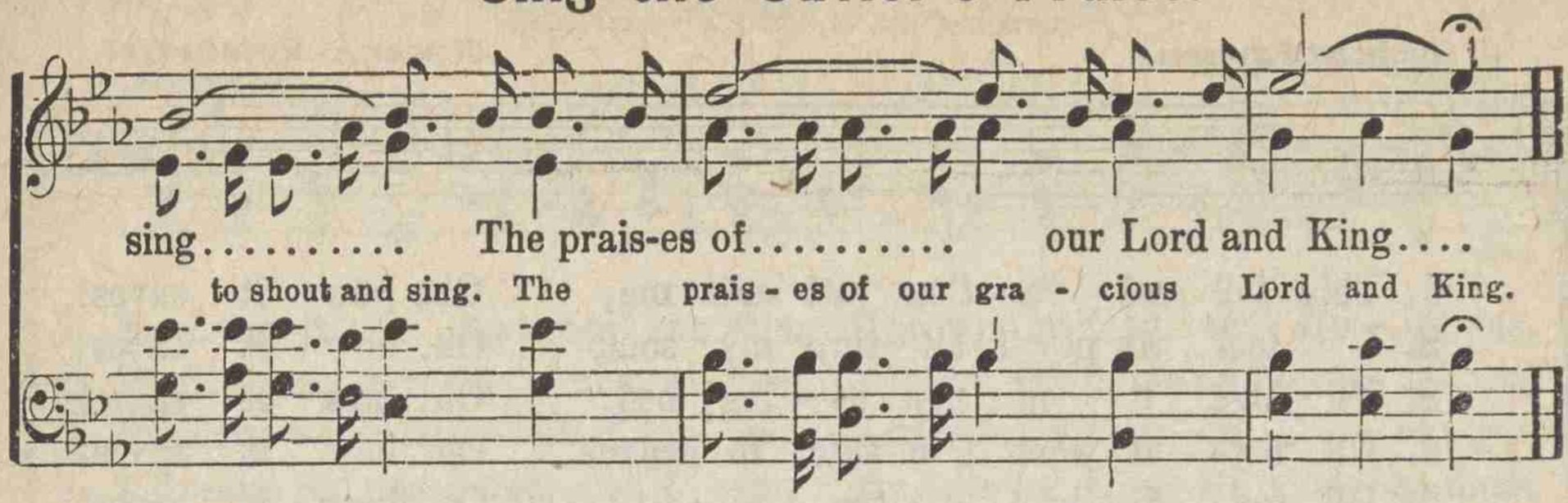
fy and praise. Sing, oh sing the Savior's praise Till the soul
know and see.
deeming grace,

wondrous praise Till the soul - in-spir-ing

..... inspir - ing lays..... Brings the whole wide world with heav'n to

lays, The soul-in-spir-ing lays

Sing the Savior's Praise.



No. 23. Swing Low, Sweet Chariot.

ARRANGEMENT COPYRIGHTED, 1915. BY C. P. CURRY. Arr. by C. P. C.

No. 24. How it Saves.

COPYRIGHT, 1910. BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.

J. Gilchrist Lawson. Homer A. Rodeheaver.

1. This full sal - va - tion just suits me, Oh, how it saves!
2. I feel its pow'r all thro' my soul, Oh, how it saves!
3. I'll love it on my dy - ing bed, Oh, how it saves!
4. I'll love it when I'm safe in heaven, Oh. how it saves!
5. I'll love it thro' e - ter - ni - ty, Oh, how it saves!

It sets my soul at lib - er - ty, Oh, how it saves!
Its cleans - ing waves now o'er me roll, Oh, how it saves!
When Jor - dan's waves roll o'er my head, Oh, how it saves!
With all the ran - somed and for - given, Oh, how it saves!
And joy in end - less lib - er - ty, Oh, how it saves!

CHORUS.

Oh, how it saves! Oh, how it saves!

I love, I love this full sal - va - tion, Oh, how it saves!

No 25. Not Ashamed of Jesus.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1914. BY C P CURRY, OWNER. Haldor Lillenas.

1. How strange it is that men can shun, The Son of God, the Ho - ly one,
2. Be-cause my soul was prone to rove, He left His home and throne a-bove,
3. Who else would be re - viled for me, And suf - fer death on Cal - va - ry,
4. I'll praise His name wher-e'er I go, My love for Him I'll glad - ly show,

Who hath so much for sin-ners done, I'm not a-shamed of Je - sus.
To res-cue me and win my love, I'm not a-shamed of Je - sus.
That I from fet - ters might be free? I'm not a-shamed of Je - sus.
That oth-ers may His goodness know;—I'm not a-shamed of Je - sus.

CHORUS.

I'm not a-shamed of Je - sus, Whose love has made me free,

I'm not a-shamed of Je - sus, He's all the world to me.....

the world to me.

to me.

No. 26. I am Coming Home.

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

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

1. Je - sus, I am com - ing home to - day, For I have found there's joy in Thee a - lone; From the path of sin I turn a - way, now
2. Ma - ny years my heart has strayed from Thee, and Now re - pent - ant to Thy throne I come; Je - sus o - pened up the way for me, now
3. Oh, the mis - er - y my sin has caused me, Naught but pain and sor - row I have known, Now I seek Thy sav - ing grace and mer - cy,
4. Ful - ly trust - ing in Thy pre - cious prom - ise, With no right - eous - ness to call my own, Plead - ing noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus,
5. Now I seek the cross where Je - sus died! For all my sin His blood will still a - tone, Flow - ing o'er till ev - 'ry stain is cov - ered,

CHORUS.

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

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

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

No. 27. Jesus is the Friend You Need.

COPYRIGHT. 1912 BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Ada Powell. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. Have you wandered from the Shepherd's fold a - way, In - to ways for-bid-den have you gone a - stray? Are you still in darkness, long-ing for the day? Je - sus is the Friend you need.
2. Are you dai - ly bur-dened with a heav - y load, As you trav - el in the straight and nar-row road? Are you striv - ing to be loy - al, pure and good? Je - sus is the Friend you need. Je - sus is the Friend you
3. Would you dwell with-in the man-sions of the blest? Does your wea - ry heart still long for peaceful rest? You will find the pil-grim way is al - ways best, Je - sus is the Friend you need.

CHORUS.

need, Je - sus is the Friend you need; Let His love and light be yours to shine a - way the night, Je - sus is the Friend you need.

Friend you need, is the Friend you need;

Jesus Stood On The Shore.

H. L. G.

COPYRIGHT. 1897, BY H. L. GILMOUR.

H. L. Gilmour.

1. Je - sus stood on the shore, when the morn-ing came, Ap-pear - ing to His
2. Je - sus stood by the way, when the beg - gar blind, For mer - cy cried thro'
3. Je - sus stood by the grave of a friend He loved, And show-ed His resur-
4. Je - sus stand-eth to-day at the mer - cy seat, Our Ad-vo-cate with

friends once more, The be - lov - ed dis - ci - ple knew the Lord, Who
na - ture's night, As he cast down his gar-ments at His feet, By
rec - tion pow'r; Quick-ly gave the command "Come forth, come forth! Un-
God a - bove; Shows His nail-pierc-ed hands, and plead - ing stands, Un-

CHORUS.

loved Him as in days of yore.
faith He there re-ceived His sight.
loose, and let Him go this hour." Je - sus stands on the shore to-
chang - ing in His won-drous love.

day, Help - ing struggling souls by the way, On the
to-day, by the way,

land, or wave, Je-sus waits to save, He nev-er turns a soul a - way.

No. 29. Jesus is All the World to Me.

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

W. L. T. Will L. Thompson.

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

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

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

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

No. 30. From Every Stormy Wind.

H Stowell. **S. Wilder.**

SOLO OBLIGATO.

1. From ev - 'ry storm - y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry
2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of

Accompanying voices pp.

swell - ing tide of woes, There is a calm, a
glad - ness on our heads; A place than all be-

3. There is a scene where spir - its blend, Where friend holds
4. Oh, let my hand for - get her skill, My tongue be

fel - low - ship with friend; Tho' sun - dered far, by
si - lent, cold, and still, This bound - ing heart for-

sure re - treat: 'T is found be - neath the mer - cy-seat.
sides more sweet: It is the blood - bought mer - cy-seat.

faith they meet A - round one com - mon mer - cy - seat.
get to beat, If I for - get the mer - cy - seat!

No. 31. Brighten the Corner Where You Are.

Ina Duley Ogdon. COPYRIGHT. 1913, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

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

REFRAIN.

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

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

harbor you may guide a-cross the bar, Brighten the cor-ner where you are.

No. 32. Choosing.

Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. You must do something with Jesus to-night, For or a-gainst Him are we;
2. You must do something with Jesus to-night, Still up - on tri - al is He;
3. You must do something with Jesus to-night, To-morrow's sun may not rise;
4. You must do something with Jesus to-night, Some one is wait-ing for you;
5. This will I do with the Sav-ior to-night: Glad-ly I'll o - pen the door;

Choosing to walk in sal-va-tion's pure light, Or still in dark-ness to be.
Ma - ny de - ny and "a-way with him" cry; Neu-tral you nev - er can be.
Now is held out to you blindness or sight, Choose, and in choosing be wise.
You may lead some precious soul to the light If you will dare to be true.
Bid Him come in as my Guest to a-bide, Leave me a - lone nev-er - more.

CHORUS.

Soul,..... are you here to-night? Soul,..... are you here to - night?
Sin-bur-dened soul, are you here to - night? Pen - i - tent soul,

Just now you choose Him, or you re-fuse Him; You must do something to - night.
to-night.

No. 33. Sweet Will of God.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY H. L. GILMOUR, WENONAH, N. J.

Mrs. C. H. M.

DUET.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. My stub-born will at last hath yield - ed; I would be thine and thine a - lone; And this the pray'r.... my lips are
2. I'm tired of sin, foot - sore and wea - ry, The dark-some path hath drear-y grown, But now a light..... has ris'n to
3. Thy pre-cious will, O conqu'ring Sav - iour, Doth now em - brace and com - pass me; All dis-cords hush'd... my peace a
4. Shut in with thee, O Lord, for - ev - er, My way-ward feet no more to roam; What pow'r from thee ..... my soul can

rit......

CHORUS.

bring-ing, "Lord, let in me thy will be done."
cheer me; I find in thee my Star, my Sun.
riv - er, My soul a prison'd bird, set free.
sev - er? The cen-tre of God's will my home.

} Sweet will of God, still fold me clos-er, Till I am whol-ly lost in thee, Sweet will of God, still fold me clos-er, Till I am whol - ly lost in thee.

No. 34. I'm a Pilgrim.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY RODEHEAVER & HERBERT.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Mary S. B. Dana. J. B. Herbert.

DUET.

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

tar - ry but a night! Do not de - tain me, for I am go - ing
deem-er is the Light; There is no sor - row, nor an - y sigh - ing,
long-ing heart is there; Here in this coun - try, so dark and drear-y,

CHORUS. *m*

To where the fountains are ev - er flow - ing.
Nor an - y tears there, nor an-y dy - ing. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a
I long have wandered for-lorn and wear - y.

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

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

No. 35. Wonderful Love.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER

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

1. With Cal - va - ry stand-ing be - fore me, I look, And One there-on hang-ing I see; Who speaks, and His words are as fire to my soul—"Be-
2. The ha - lo di - vine o-ver-hang-ing His brow, Speaks love which the world nev-er knew, For, hark! He is praying the Fa-ther a-bove—"For-
3. A - gain, as I look, lo! a dark-ness descends, His face from my vis - ion to hide; And there in that hour with my mouth I confessed—"It
4. In an - guish I cried from the depths of my soul—"Lord Je - sus have mer-cy on me! I come, leav-ing all at the foot of Thy cross, Thine,

CHORUS.

lov - ed, I suf-fer for thee!" Won - der-ful love of the Cru-ci-fied!
give,...they know not what they do!"
was for my sin that He died!"
Lord, Thine for-ev-er to be!"

Won-der-ful love of the Cru-ci - fied!

Won - der - ful love of the One de-nied! Oh, won - der - ful
Won-der-ful love of the One de - nied! Oh, won-der-ful, won-der - ful

love, that for me He died, Won - der - ful, won-der-ful love.
love that for me He died, Won-der-ful love, won-der - ful love.

No. 36. If Your Heart Keeps Right.

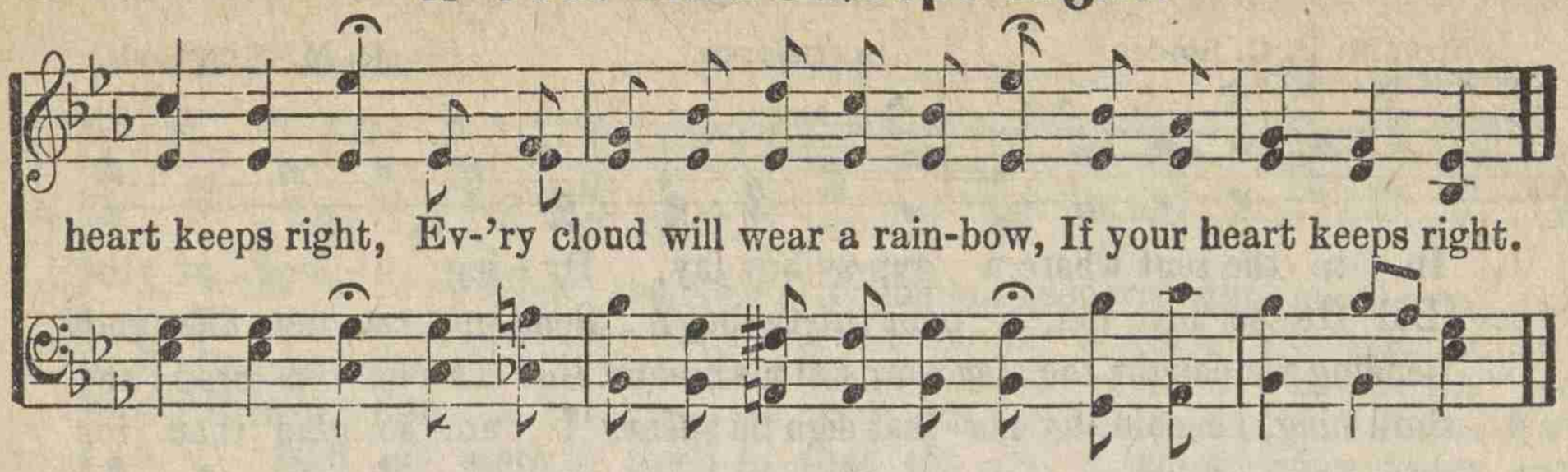
Lizzie DeArmond. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. **B. D. Ackley.**

1. If the dark shadows gath-er As you go a - long, Do not grieve for their com - ing, Sing a cheer - y song, There is joy for the tak-ing, It will soon be light,—Ev-'ry cloud wears a rain-bow If your heart keeps right.
2. Is your life just a tan-gle, Full of toil and care, Smile a bit as you jour - ney, Oth-ers' bur - dens share; Do not take trou-ble hard-er Than you real - ly might, Skies will grow blue and sun - ny If your heart keeps right.
3. There are blossoms of gladness 'Neath the winter's snow, From the gloom and the darkness Comes the morning's glow; Nev-er give up the bat-tle, You will win the fight, Gain the rest of the Vic - tor, If your heart keeps right.

CHORUS.

If your heart keeps right, If your heart keeps right, There's a song of glad-ness in the dark - est night; If your heart keeps right, If your

If Your Heart Keeps Right.



No. 37. I Love Him.

S. C. F. S. C. Foster.

No. 38. Tell It Again.

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

1. In - to the tent where a gyp-sy boy lay, Dy - ing a - lone at the close of the day, News of sal - va - tion we car-ried, said he;
2. "Did He so love me, a poor lit-tle boy? Send un - to me the good ti - dings of joy? Need I not per - ish? my hand will He hold?
3. Bending we caught the last words of his breath, Just as he en-tered the val - ley of death, "God sent His Son!" "who-so - ev - er?" said He;
4. Smil - ing, he said, as his last sigh he spent, "I am so glad that for me He was sent!" Whispered, while low sank the sun in the west,

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

REFRAIN.

Tell it a - gain! Sal-va-tion's sto-ry re-peat o'er and o'er, Till none can say of the chil-dren of men, "No-bod-y ev-er has told me be-fore."

No. 39. Since Jesus Came Into My Heart.

R. H. McDaniel. COPYRIGHT, 1914. BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

No. 40. How You Will Love Him!

E. E. Rexford. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. B. D. Ackley.

1. Ye who wan - der of sin grown wea - ry, Lone - ly and far from the safe home-fold, Come and learn what the love of Christ is,
2. Come, and com - ing find peace and par - don, Wait - ing for you at the place of pray'r, Kneel and ask for a soul for - giv - en,
3. You should know of this love so ten - der, Love that is stead- fast, and deep, and true, Come and share in its sweet-ness with me,
4. Come, and find that you can - not fath - om, Love like Christ's till you taste and see, Heights and depths of the love of Je - sus,

CHORUS.

Love whose gladness can ne'er be told.
Christ is yearn-ing to meet you there.
Come, and find that my Christ loves you.
No man knows till it sets him free.

O, how you'll love Him when you know Him! Know the Christ who died to set you free, to set you free.

rit.

On Calv'ry's cross His heart was bro-ken, Bro-ken there for you, for me!

No. 41. O 'Tis a Great Change for Me.

Rev, Johnston Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY HOMER RODEHEAVER **J, B. Herbert,**

1. My boat had once float-ed a-way from the shore, And I was a-drift on life's wild rag-ing sea; But now in the life-boat I'm safe ev-er-more, And O, 'tis
2. My life was once darkened, and fettered by sin, But now, Hal-le - lu-jah! by grace I am free! For all has been changed since God's light hath shone in, And O, 'tis
3. No more is my spir - it con-formed to this world, But now higher joys ev-'ry moment I see: For I have been changed and transformed by His pow'r, And O, 'tis
4. When I have reached heaven, that home of the soul, Blest haven that lies o-ver times rolling sea, I know I will shout when its joys I be-hold—"O this is

CHORUS.

a great change for me! 'Tis a great change for me, a great change for me! O now I am hap - py! from sin I've been set free! From out of the dark-ness I've stepped in-to light, And O, 'tis a great change for me!

HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. OWNER.

No. 42. Sweeter as the Years go by.

COPYRIGHT, 1912. BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

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

1. Of Je-sus' love that sought me, When I was lost in sin; Of wondrous
2. He trod in old Ju-de-a Life's pathway long a-go; The peo-ple
3. 'T was wondrous love which led Him For us to suf-fer loss—To bear, with-

grace that brought me Back to His fold a-gain; Of heights and depths of
thronged about Him, His sav-ing grace to know; He healed the bro-ken-
out a mur-mur, The an-guish of the cross; With saints redeemed in

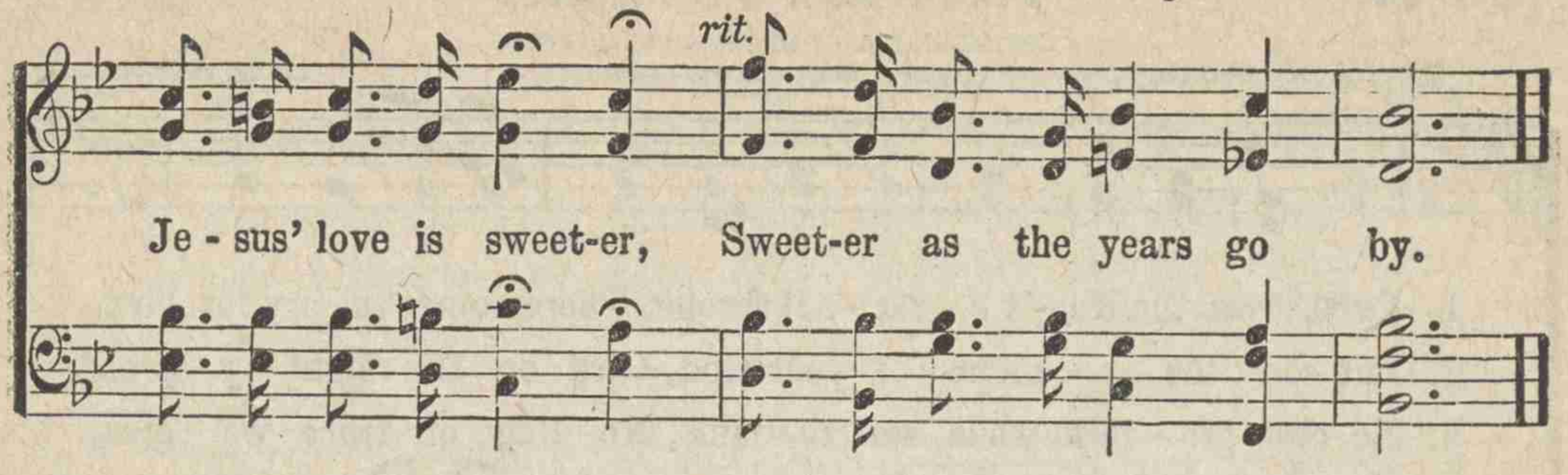
mer-cy, Far deep-er than the sea, And high-er than the heavens, My
heart-ed, And caused the blind to see; And still His great heart yearneth In
glo-ry, Let us our voi-ces raise, Till heav'n and earth re-ech-o With

CHORUS.

theme shall ev-er be. Sweet-er as the years go by,.....
love for e-ven me.
our Re-deem-er's praise. Sweet-er as the years go by, 'Tis

Sweet-er as the years go by; Rich-er, full-er, deep-er,
sweet-er as the years go by;

Sweeter As the Years Go By.



No. 43. The Old Ship of Zion.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY FRENCH E. OLIVER.
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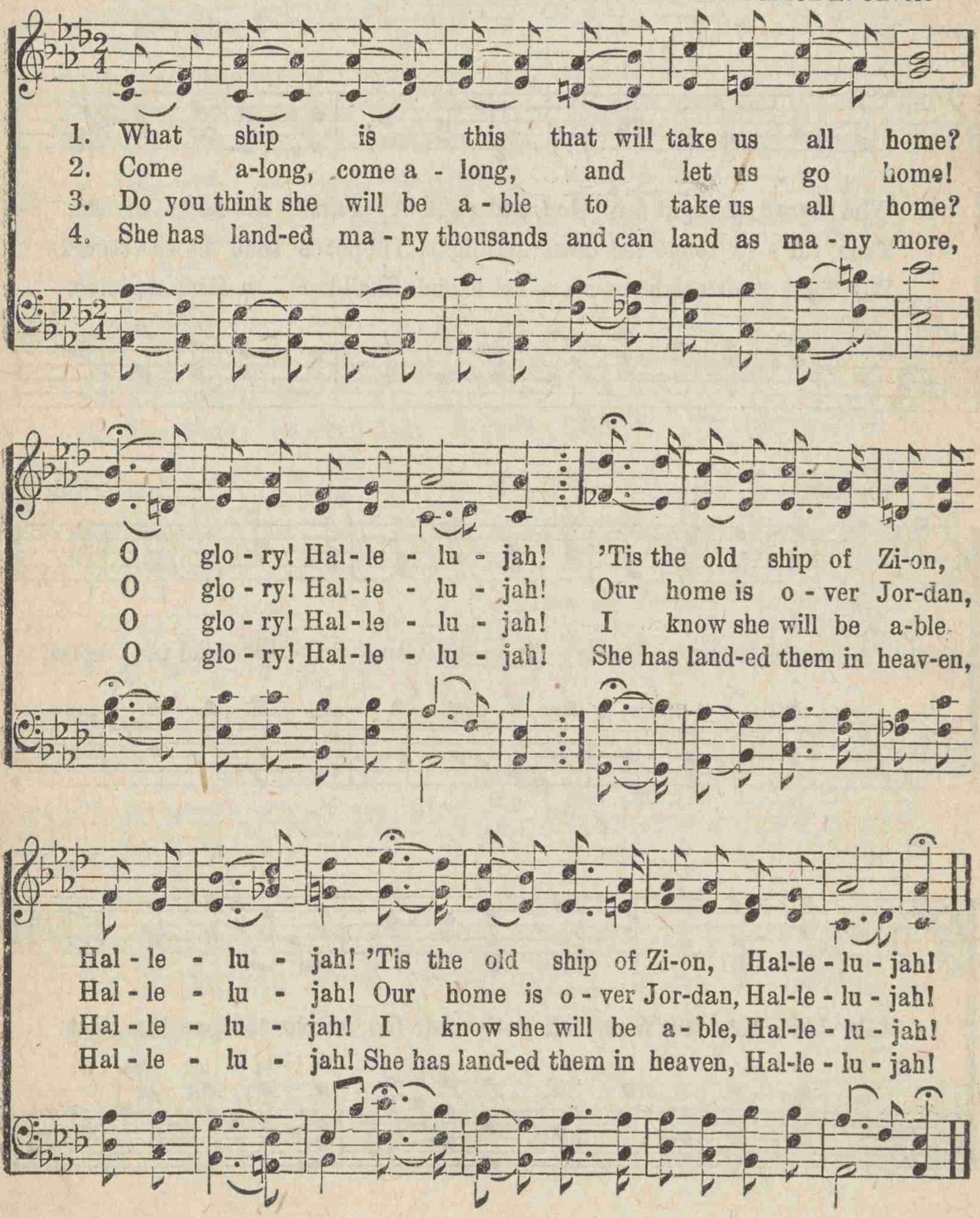
Anon. **Arr. French E. Oliver.**

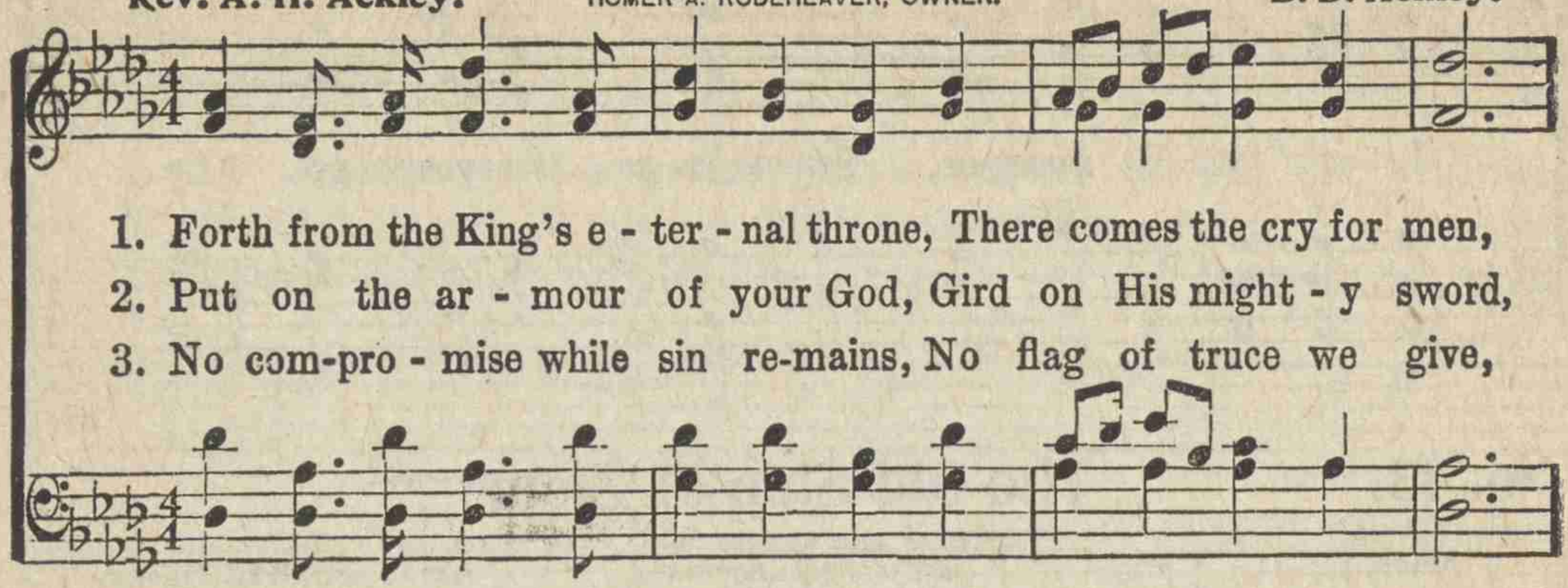


No. 44. To Arms! To Arms!

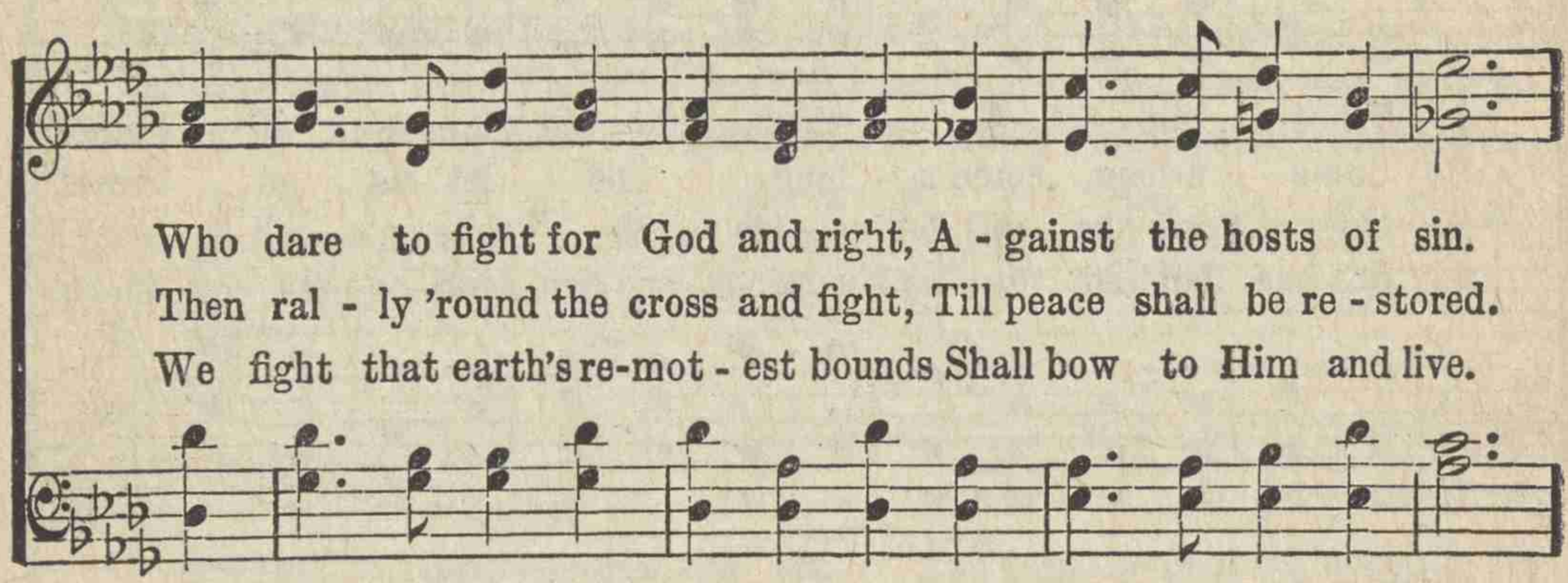
COPYRIGHT. 1910, BY ACKLEY & RODEHEAVER.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

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

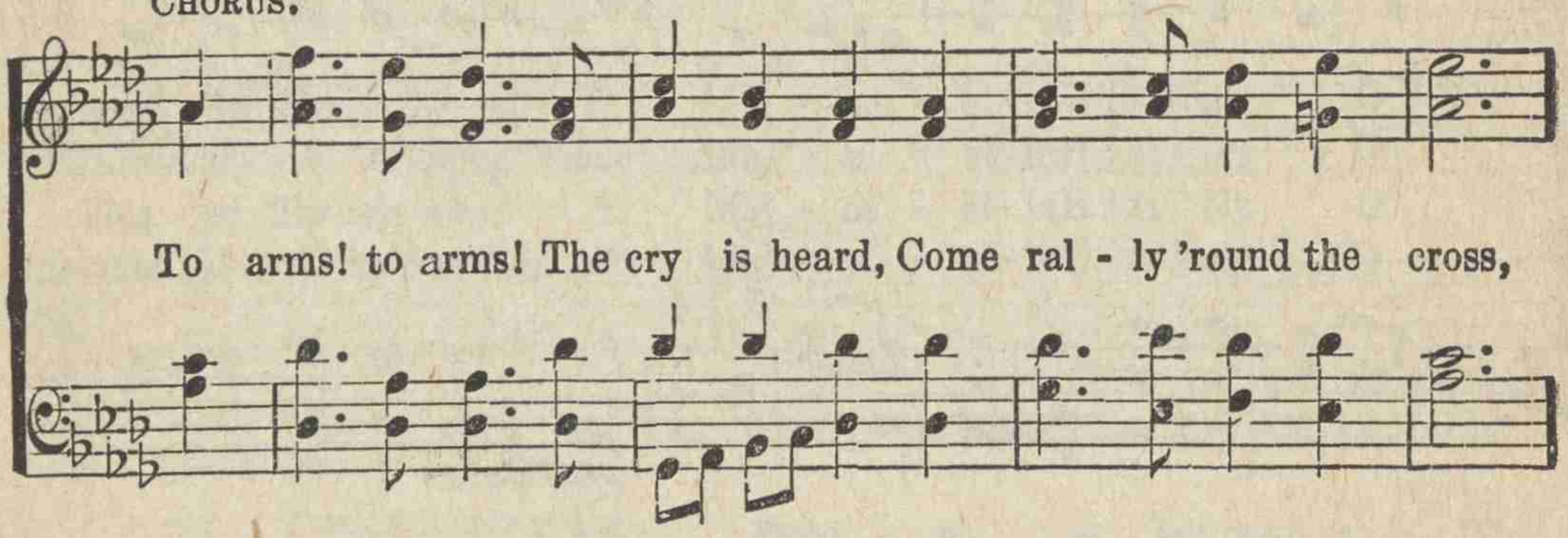
1. Forth from the King's e - ter - nal throne, There comes the cry for men,
2. Put on the ar - mour of your God, Gird on His might - y sword,
3. No com-pro - mise while sin re-mains, No flag of truce we give,



Who dare to fight for God and right, A - gainst the hosts of sin.
Then ral - ly 'round the cross and fight, Till peace shall be re - stored.
We fight that earth's re-mot - est bounds Shall bow to Him and live.

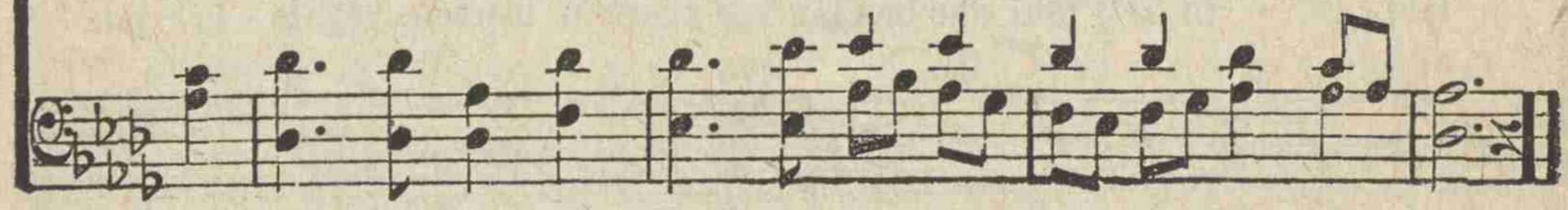


CHORUS.



To arms! to arms! The cry is heard, Come ral - ly 'round the cross,

His bid - ing do Who call - eth you, Go strive to save the lost.



No. 45. Fight the Good Fight.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY J. B. HERBERT.
RODEHEAVER AND HERBERT, OWNERS.

Habington. **J. B. Herbert.**

1. We soon shall see the day, When our toils and cares shall cease;
2. This hope sup-ports us here, And it makes our bur - dens light;
3. Then, of the prize pos-sessed, We, of wars, shall hear no more:

When we shall cast our arms a - way, And dwell in end - less peace:—
'Twill serve our droop-ing hearts to cheer, Till faith shall end in sight:—
But ev - er with our Lead - er rest, On yon - der peace-ful shore:—

CHORUS.

If, like Paul, we shall fight the good fight; If like Paul, we lay

hold on e - ter - nal life; We shall re-ceive a crown, a crown of

a crown..... a crown of

righteousness; Which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give us that day.

No. 46. His Love is Far Better Than Gold.

HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.
COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO.

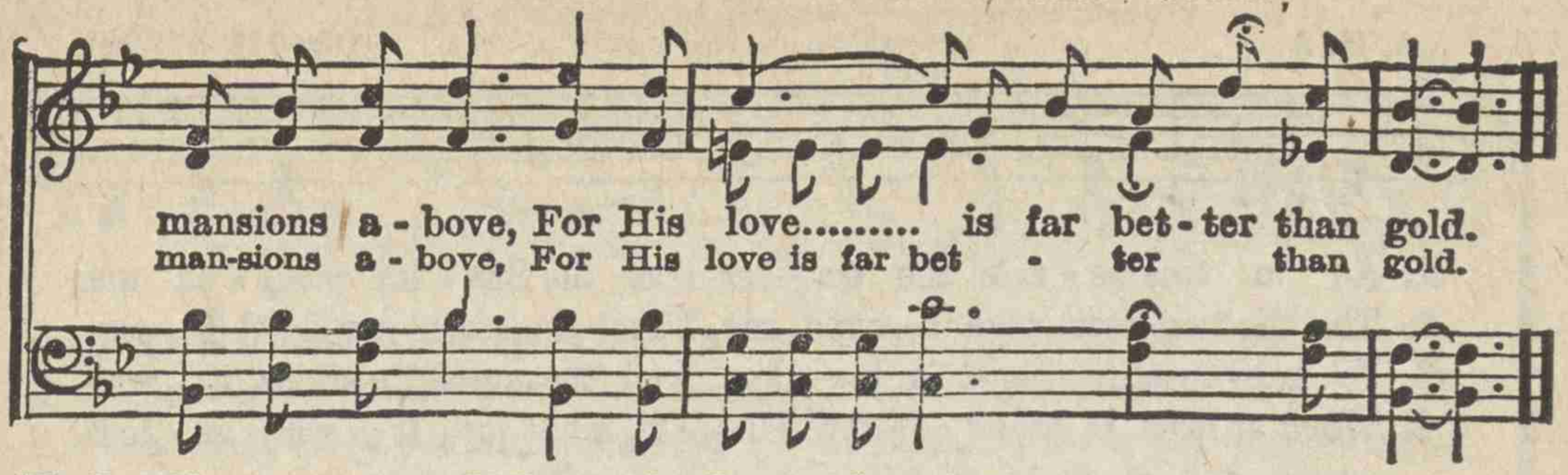
A. H. A. Rev. A. H. Ackley.

1. The love of the Christ is so pre - cious, That no mor - tal its wealth can un - fold; His grace is a store-house of rich-es to me, His
2. He meets ev - 'ry need with the prom - ise, No good thing from His own to with-hold; So dai - ly I trust in the Cru - ci - fied One, His
3. My heart ev - er yearns with a long - ing, To be - hold the great joy of my soul, For - ev - er to dwell in the presence of Him, Whose

CHORUS.

love is far bet - ter than gold. His love..... is far bet - ter than gold,..... Its full - ness can nev - er be told,..... It makes..... me an heir to the
His love is far bet - ter, far bet-ter than gold, Its full - ness can nev - er can nev - er be told, It makes me an heir to the

His Love is Far Better Than Gold.



No. 47. When I See the King.

HOMER A. RODEHEAVER OWNER,
COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO.

A. H. A. Rev. A. H. Ackley.

No. 48. I Shall Not be Moved.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY A. H. AND B. D. ACKLEY.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

A. H. A. Alfred H. Ackley.

1. As a tree be - side the wa - ter Has the Sav - ior plant - ed me;
2. Tho' the tem-pest rage a-round me, Thro' the storm my Lord I see,
3. When by grief my heart is bro - ken, And the sun-shine steals a - way,
4. When at last I stand be - fore Him, Oh, what joy it will af - ford,

All my fruit shall be in sea - son, I shall live e - ter - nal - ly.
Point-ing up - ward to that ha - ven, Where my loved ones wait for me.
Then His grace, in mer - cy giv - en, Chang - es darkness in - to day.
Just to see the sin - ner ransomed, And be-hold my sov-'reign Lord.

CHORUS.

I shall not be moved,..... I shall not be moved;.....
shall not be moved, shall not be moved;

Anchored to the Rock of A - ges, I shall not be moved.

No. 49. Somebody Cares.

COPYRIGHT, 1910. BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.

Fannie Edna Stafford. Homer A. Rodeheaver.

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

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

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

Some - bob - y wants you to know Him And know that He dear-ly loves you.
Some - bod - y waits for your com-ing, And He'll drive the gloom from your night.
His name? We call His name Je - sus. His people? Just I and just you.

No. 50 No Other Friend Like Jesus.

A. H. A. COPYRIGHT, 1911, RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO. Rev. A. H. Ackley.

1. Have you ev - er tho't there is one who knows, There is no oth - er
2. Have you turned a-side from the path of life? There is no oth - er
3. Do you struggle on in a lone - ly road? There is no oth - er
4. Will you let Him en - ter your way-ward soul? There is no oth - er
5. Would you meet the ones who have gone be-fore? There is no oth - er

friend like Je - sus; When the storm clouds rise and the wild wind blows,
friend like Je - sus; Have you kept your faith in the bit - ter strife?
friend like Je - sus; Is your heart made sad by a heav - y load?
friend like Je - sus; Will you trust the Christ who can make you whole?
friend like Je - sus; He can lead y u safe to the oth - er shore,

CHORUS.

There is no oth - er friend like Je - sus. There's no oth-er friend like

Je - sus, There's no oth - er friend like Je - sus; Tho' life's bil - lows roll,

He will keep my soul, Oh, there's no oth - er friend like Je - sus.

No. 51. Don't Pass By on the Other Side.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY J. B. HERBERT,
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

H. S. Taylor. J. B. Herbert.

1. O the sor - row and the woe on the way to Jer - i - cho, Where the wound-ed lie and lan-guish on the road! Where's the kind-ly hand and heart
2. Do not pass the need - y by with a cold, dis-dain-ful eye, If in heav'n you hope the bless-ed Christ to greet! O Sa - mar - i - tan of God,
3. Some that share your blood and name, robbed and wounded, and in shame, May be need-ing a Sa - mar - i tan, a - las! Or your neighbor and your friend;
4. O the sor - row and the woe on the road to Jer - i - cho, O the ach-ing, breaking hearts that line the way! How they lan-guish, how they bleed!

that will take the victim's part, And will help him back to honor and to God?
as you tread the dust-y road, Find a dail-y mis-sion ly-ing at your feet.
stop in mer-cy, then, and bend, Stop and staunch their wounds, and bless them as you pass.
Christian worker, speed, O speed, For the sighing, dying, call for you to - day.

CHORUS.

Don't pass by on the other side, my brother, Don't pass by on the other side; Be a kind Samaritan, Doing all the good you can; Don't pass by on the other side.

No. 52. Only One Way.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS H. GABRIEL.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

E. E. Rexford. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. There is on - ly one way of sal - va-tion—The glo - ri-ous way of the cross!
2. There is on - ly one way of sal - va-tion! At Cal-va-ry's cross it be - gins,
3. There is on - ly one way of sal - va-tion, Tho' oft-en it seems to be vain—

It leads thro' Gethsemane's gar - den, Thro' pain, self-de-ni-al and loss.
And winds thro' the vale of re-pent-ance, And out of the val-ley of sins.
It's mountains of tri - al and sor - row, It's des-erts of pas-sion and pain—

'T is nar-row, but ev - er a - bound-ing With glimpses of heaven a - bove;
'T is marked by the blood of the martyrs, And hallowed by sorrows un - told,
But Je - sus, the Sav-ior of sin - ners, Will walk by your side all the way;

FINE.

It is rug-ged, but radiant with glo - ry, And blazoned with mercy and love.
But it still is the way, and the on - ly Way un - to the Cit - y of Gold.
He will guide you, and cheer you, and love you,—O make Him your Savior to-day!

D.S.—*There is on-ly one way of sal - va-tion,—The glo - ri-ous way of the cross.*

D. S.

CHORUS.

There is on-ly one way of sal - va - tion,—The way..... of the cross;.....
One way,.....one way,—The glo - ri-ous way..... of the cross;

No. 53. Living in Canaan Now.

Arranged for C. P. Curry.

1. I used to think that Ca - naan Was some-where up-on high, Where I, perhaps, might
2. A land of corn and wine, Where milk and honey flow, On which the Lord doth
3. A life at peace with God; With Je-sus in my soul; A heart wash'd in the
4. This rest it is for you; Then leave the wil-der-ness; You'll find God's Word is

go When-e'er I came to die, But when I came to God, And
smile, As all who live there know. I do the will of God, Be-
blood, By Him made ful-ly whole, From death to life di - vine; Each
true; You're a - ble to pos - sess, So put a-way the things That

at His cross did bow, I found sal-va-tion thro' the blood; I'm liv-ing in Ca-naan
cause He shows me how; I stand where good old Joshua stood; I'm liv-ing in Ca-naan
dark spot white as snow; He speaks the word, and it is done; My soul receives it
God does not al - low; And if your all to Christ you bring; You'll be living in Canaan

rit. CHORUS.

now..... I'm liv-ing in Ca - naan now, I'm liv-ing in Ca - naan now;

rit.

I'm do - ing well, I'm glad to tell! I'm liv - ing in Ca - naan now.

No. 54. Confidence.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY HOMER RODEHEAVER.

E. B. Barnes. Homer Rodeheaver.

1. Walk Thou with me, nor let my footsteps stray A part from Thee, through-
2. Thro' wear - y years my way hath mi - ry been; My bit - ter tears Thy
3. No earth-ly foe can give my spir - it fear; No threat'ning woe can

out life's threat'ning way; Be Thou my guide, the path I can-not see; Close to Thy
pity - ing eye hath seen; My fainting heart hath heard Thy voice divine; My trembling
quail when Thou art near; No tempter's snare can turn my steps aside, For, in Thy

CHORUS.

side, Lord, let me walk with Thee.
hand asks but to rest in Thine. Dear Savior, let me trust my hand in Thine,
care, I'm safe whate'er be - tide.

And let me know Thy steps are guid - ing mine; Life's changing way is

rall.

oft-times dark to me, I fear no ill if I may walk with Thee.

No. 55. My Savior First of All.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY JNO R. SWENEY. **Jno. R. Sweney.**

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

CHORUS.

I shall know Him, I shall know Him, And redeemed by His side I shall stand;
I shall know Him,
I shall know Him, I shall know Him By the print of the nails in His hand.
I shall know Him.

No. 56. A Glad Way Home.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

W. C. Poole. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. There are ma-ny storm-y tri-als a-long my pil-grim way, There are ma-ny self de-ni-als in my path to-day, But His foot-prints I can see, and my feet shall nev-er roam, As I sing hal-le-lu-jah,

2. There are ma-ny hap-py mo-ments to cheer the way a-long, There are ma-ny gold-en hours when I have conquered wrong, And I know my Heav'nly Fa-ther is wait-ing me to come—So I sing hal-le-lu-jah,

3. Care I not if be my jour-ney on land or on the sea, I have Je-sus who is ev-er safe-ly guid-ing me, And I know that o'er the mountains or o'er the o-cean's foam, I can sing hal-le-lu-jah,

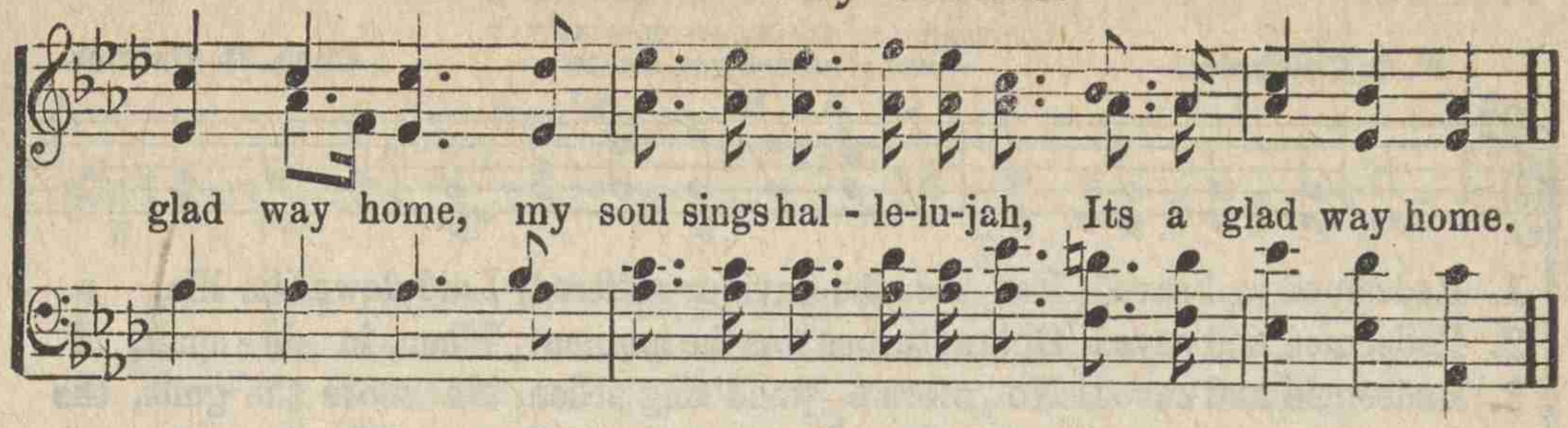
CHORUS.

it's a glad way home! It's a glad way home, a glad way home, A glad way home o-ver which I roam; It's a glad way home, a

it's a

It's a

A Glad Way Home.



No. 57. Shall We Gather At the River?

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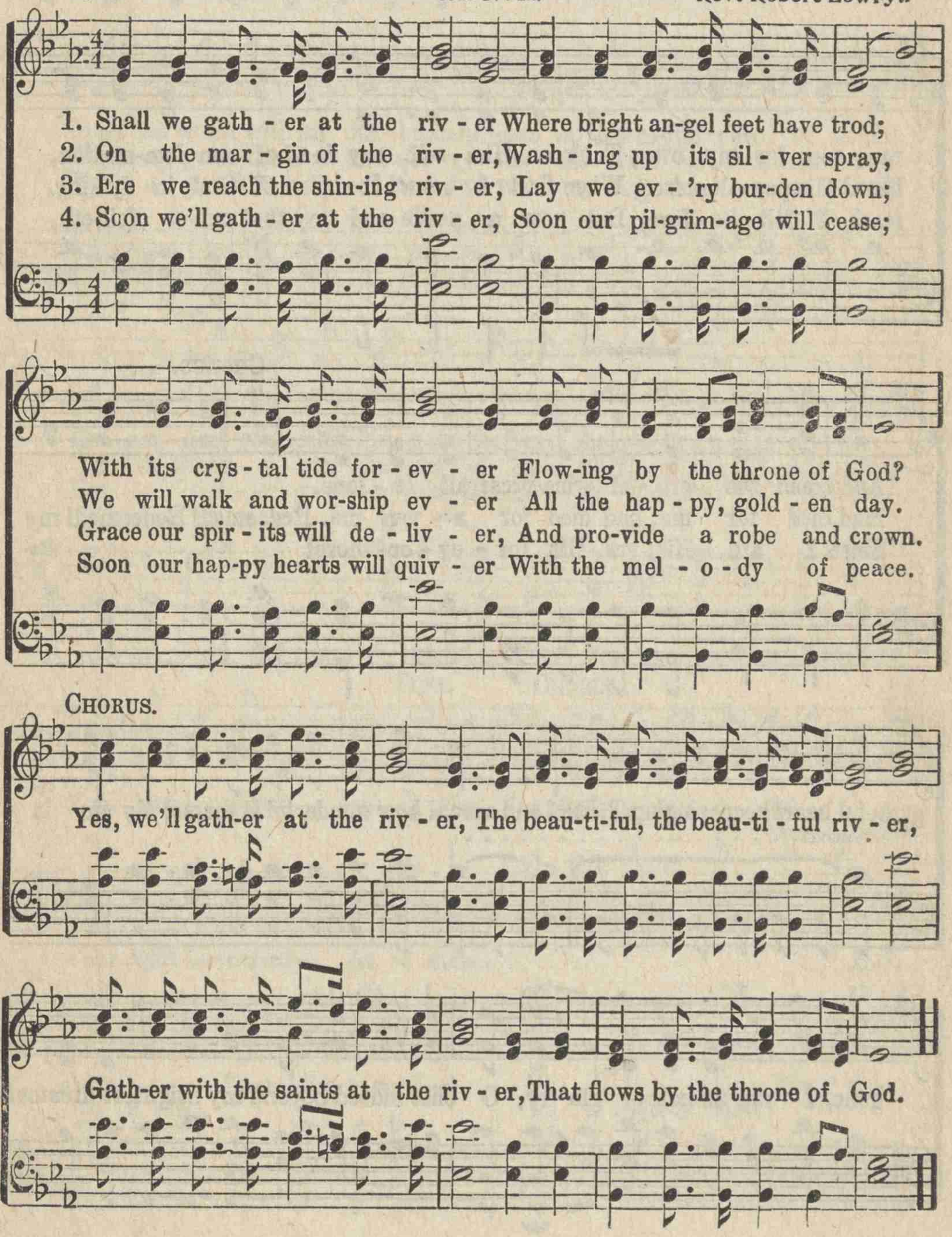
R. L. Rev. Robert Lowry..



No. 58. Redeemed and Saved.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

T. O. Chisholm. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Redeemed and saved! For me the Saviour suffered, Laid down His life, a ran - som for my own; Took on Him - self my load of con-dem-na-tion,
2. Redeemed and saved! Oh! rapturous was the moment, When, in de - spair, I heard His par - don free, When first I knew the Son of God, in dy - ing,
3. Redeemed and saved! No more a wand'ring al-ien, No more the guilt, the fears I felt be - fore; But now a peace and joy that nev-er fail-eth,

CHORUS.

And tread the cru - el wine-press all a - lone.
Had died for me, had died for e - ven me. Redeemed! Redeemed! my
Since I am His, yes, His for - ev - er - more! Re-

grateful heart keeps singing, Redeemed and saved! how wonderful it seems! My sin is deemed! . . . . . .

gone, I am an heir of glo - ry, O bliss indeed beyond my brightest dreams!

No. 59. Your Light is Needed.

COPYRIGHT, 1911. BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Ina Duley Ogdon. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Do you oft-en grow discouraged with the lit-tle you can do?
2. In the bar-ren, thorn-y plac-es plant a flow-er, sing a song,
3. Ma-ny hearts are sad and lone-ly, ma-ny need a help-ing hand;

Does the world with all its burdens have no seem-ing need of you?
You may guide the lost and wea-ry to the Arm se-cure and strong;
By a word, a deed of kind-ness you may help some one to stand;

Do not feel your-self for-got-ten in the wondrous plan di-vine,
Oft-en-times a sin-gle jew-el has dis-closed the hid-den mine,—
For a nob-ler, great-er mis-sion nev-er mur-mur or re-pine,—

D. S.—*dark and storm-y night, Keep its rays se-rene-ly bright,*

FINE. CHORUS.

Your light is need-ed— let it shine. Your light is need-ed, let it keep it bright.

Your light is need-ed— let it shine. *D.S.*

shine, Your light is need-ed, let it shine; Thro' the
let it shine, let it bright-ly shine;

No. 60. So May You.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO.

James Rowe. B. D. Ackley.

1. I have found a Friend to guide me, So may you— so may you.
2. I have had my fet-ters bro-ken, So may you— so may you.
3. To this might-y Friend I'm clinging, So may you— so may you.
4. I to Him my heart have giv-en, So may you— so may you.

I've a Com-fort-er be-side me, Burden'd soul, and so may you.
I have heard for-give-ness spo-ken, Burden'd soul, and so may you.
All the while my heart is sing-ing, Burden'd soul, and so may you.
I shall fol-low Him to Heav-en, Burden'd soul, and so may you.

CHORUS.

Je-sus is my pre-cious Sav-iour, He's my Friend, and He is true;

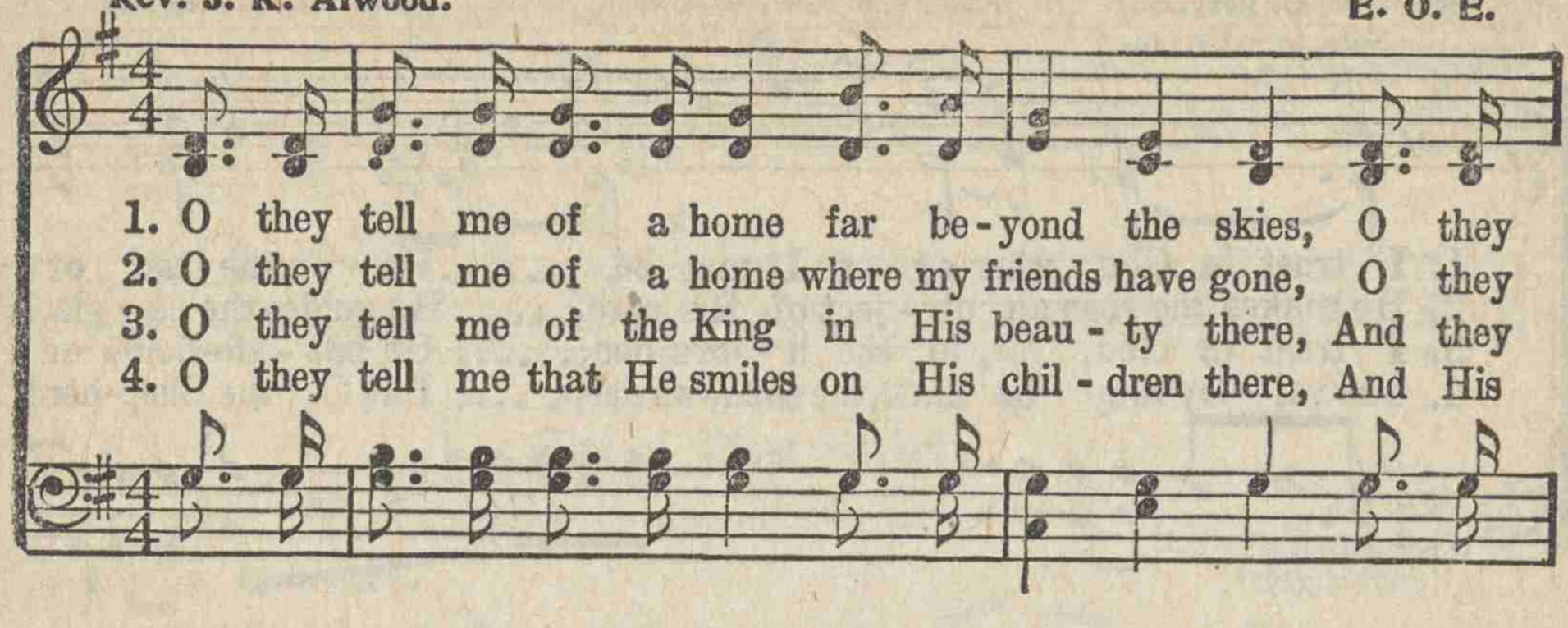
I have found a great Com-pan-ion, So may you, and you, and you.

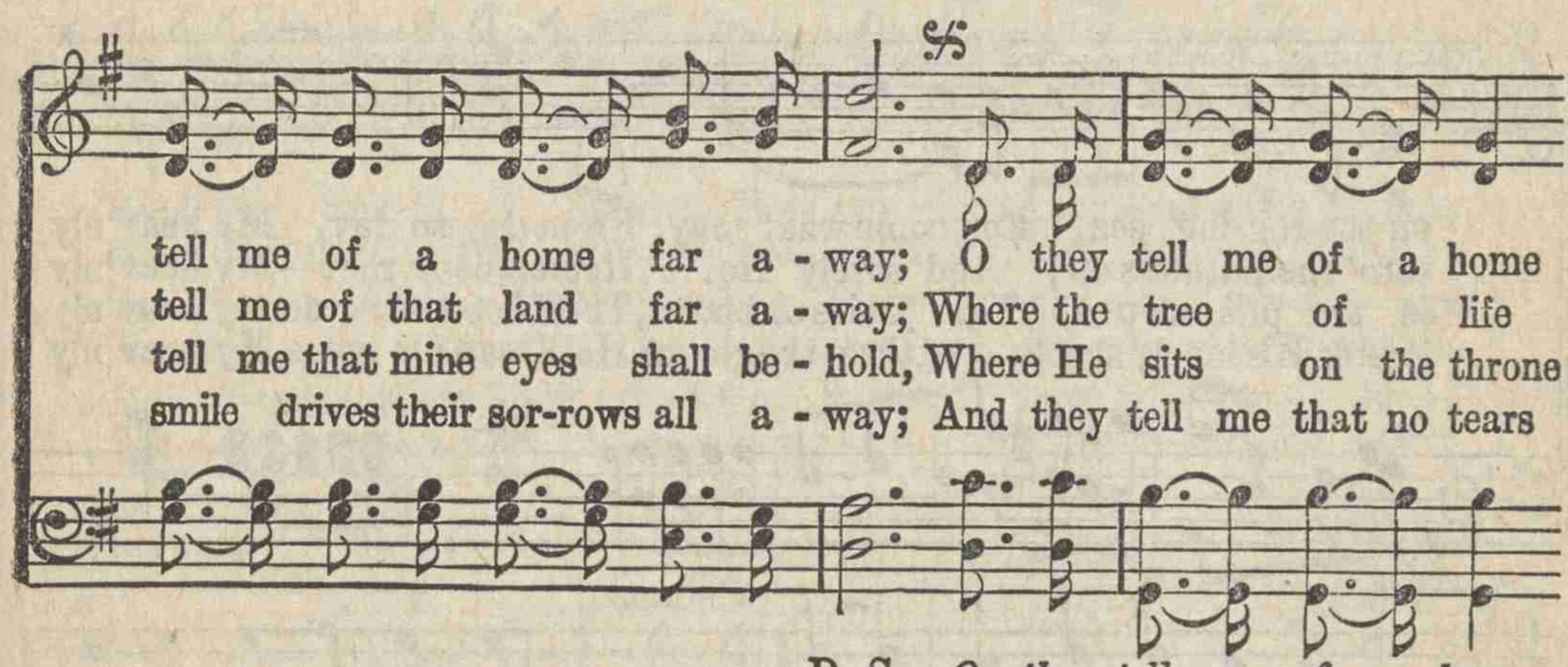
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. OWNER

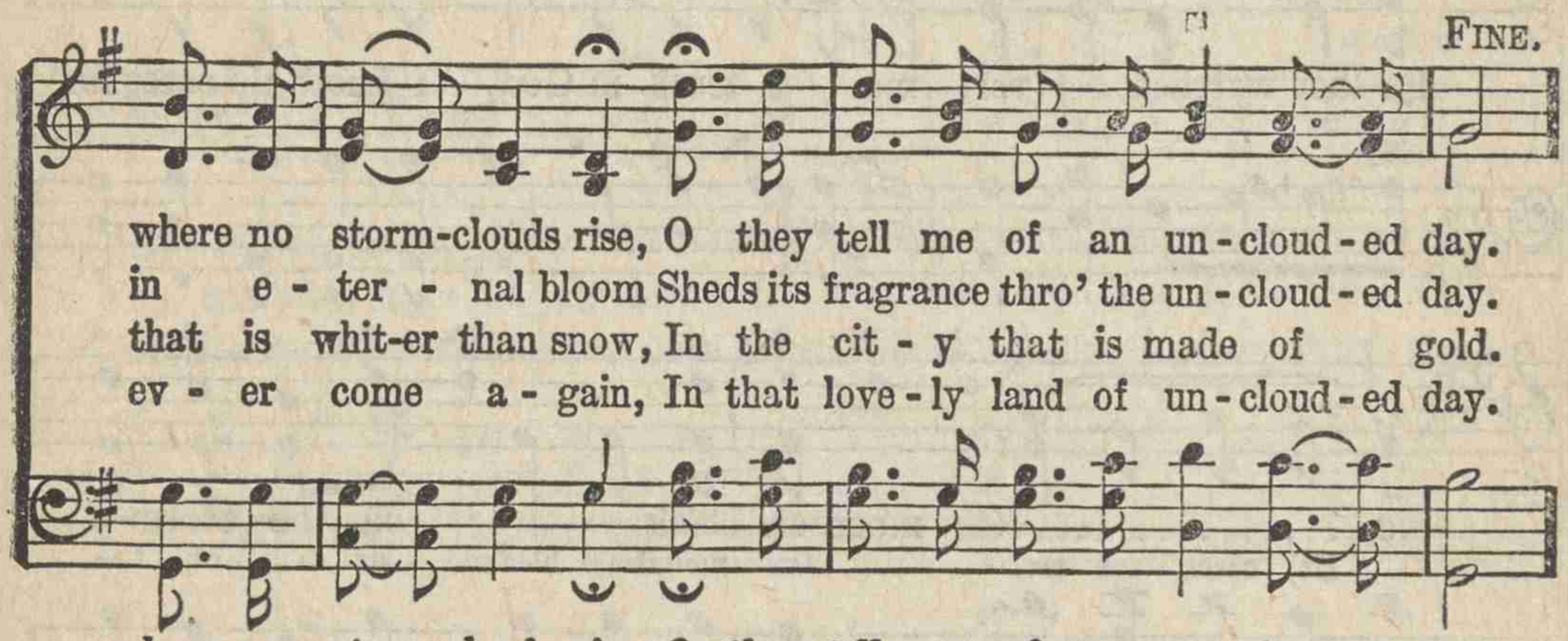
No. 61. The Unclouded Day.

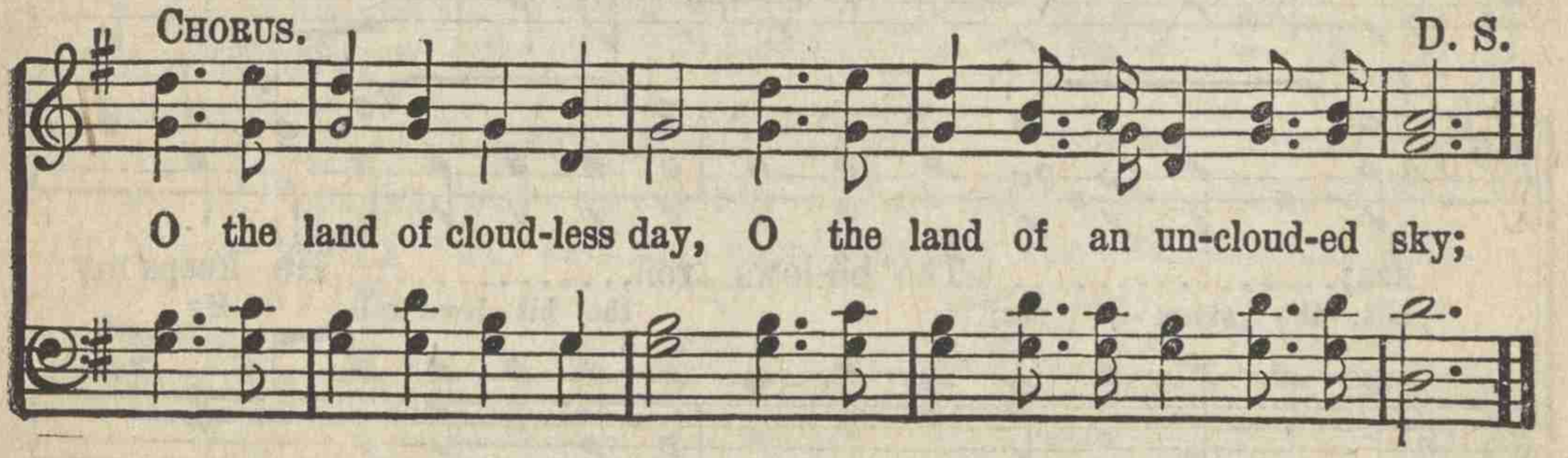
Words and Melody by
Rev. J. K. Alwood.

Arr. by
E. O. E.









No. 62. My Father Watches Over Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

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

Solo, or Uniso

1. I trust in God wher-ev - er I may be,.....Up - on the land or on the roll-ing sea,
2. He makes the rose an ob - ject of His care,.....He guides the ea - gle thro' the pathless air,
3. I trust in God, for, in the li - on's den,..... On bat - tle-field, or in the pris-on pen,
4. The val - ley may be dark, the shadows deep, ... But O, the Shep-herd guards His lonely sheep;

For, come what may, From day to day, My heav'nly
And surely He....Remembers me,—My heav'nly
Thro' praise or blame, Thro' flood or flame, My heav'nly
And thro' the gloom He'll lead me home, My heav'nly

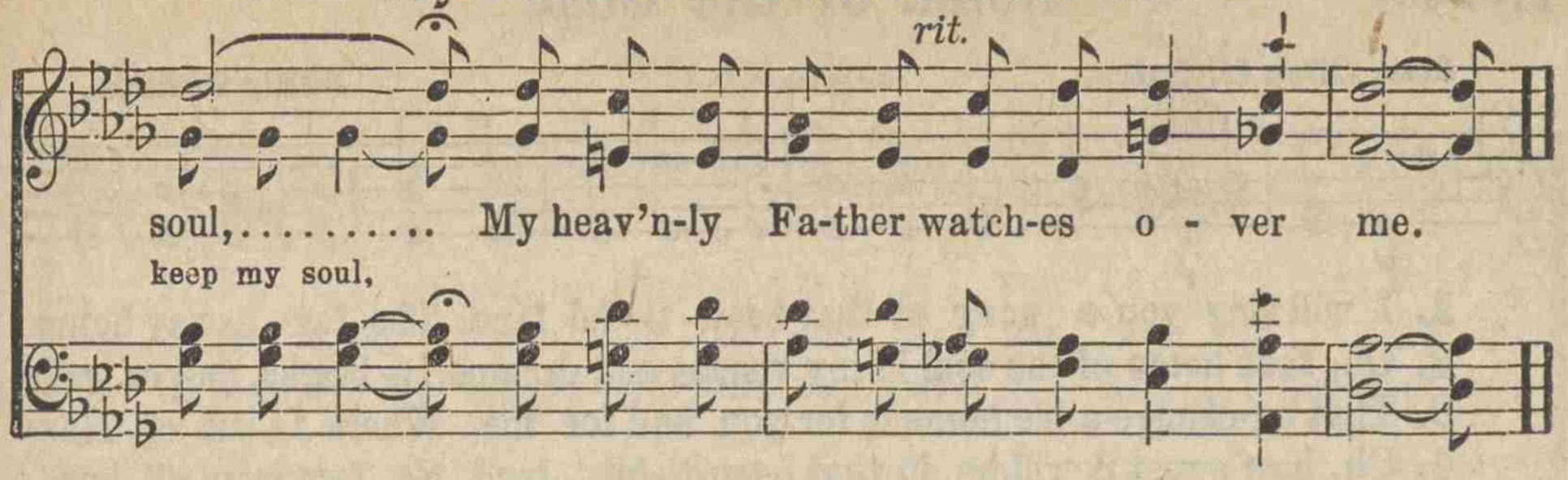
rit.

CHORUS.

Fa-ther watches o - ver me. I trust in God,—I know He cares for me,..... On mountain bleak or on the storm-y sea;..... Tho' bil-lows roll,..... He keeps my

He cares for me, On mount-ain bleak or on the sea, the storm - y sea; tho' bil - lows roll, He

My Father Watches Over Me.

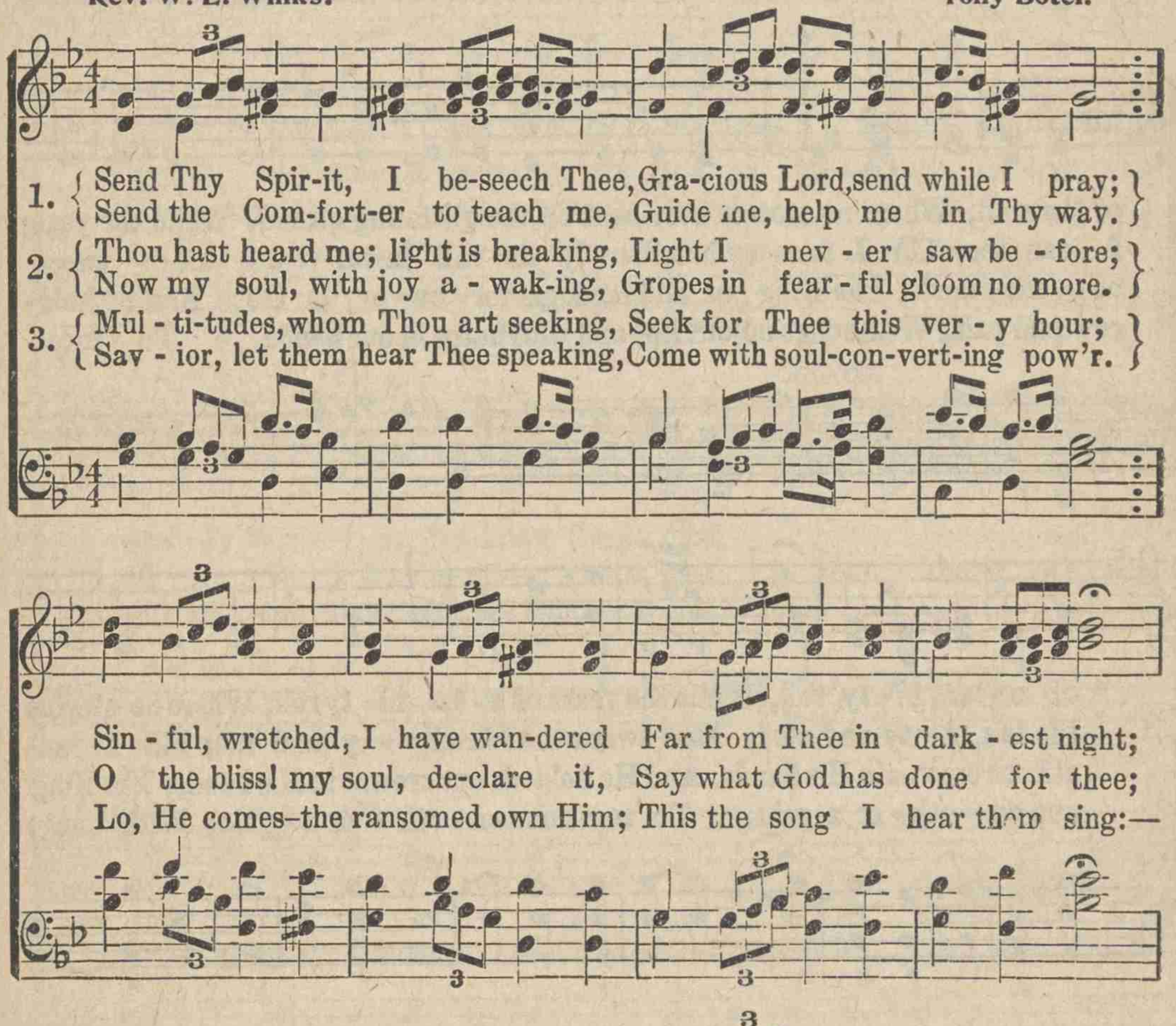


No. 63. Send Thy Spirit.

KINDNESS OF REV. H. J. ROBERTS. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Tune—"Ebenezer."
"Tony Botel."

Rev. W. E. Winks.



1. { Send Thy Spir-it, I be-seech Thee, Gra-cious Lord, send while I pray;
   { Send the Com-fort-er to teach me, Guide me, help me in Thy way.

2. { Thou hast heard me; light is breaking, Light I nev - er saw be - fore;
   { Now my soul, with joy a - wak-ing, Gropes in fear - ful gloom no more.

3. { Mul - ti-tudes, whom Thou art seeking, Seek for Thee this ver - y hour;
   { Sav - ior, let them hear Thee speaking, Come with soul-con-vert-ing pow'r.

Sin - ful, wretched, I have wan-dered Far from Thee in dark - est night;
O the bliss! my soul, de-clare it, Say what God has done for thee;
Lo, He comes–the ransomed own Him; This the song I hear them sing:—

Pre-cious time and talents squandered,—Lead, O lead me in - to light.
Tell it out, let oth - ers share it—Christ's sal - va - tion, full and free.
"In my heart I will en-throne Him, Christ, my Sav - ior, Lord and King.

No. 64. Home of the Soul.

Mrs. Ellen H. Gates. BY PERMISSION. Philip Phillips.

1. I will sing you a song of that beau-ti-ful land, The far a-way home of the soul, Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand, While the years
2. Oh, that home of the soul in my visions and dreams, Its bright, jasper walls I can see; Till I fan-cy but thin-ly the vail in-ter-venes Be-tween the
3. That un-change-a-ble home is for you and for me, Where Je-sus of Naz-ar-eth stands, The King of all kingdoms for-ev-er, is He, And he hold-eth our crowns in His hands; The King
4. Oh, how sweet it will be in that beau-ti-ful land, So free from all sor-row and pain; With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands, To meet

of e-ter-ni-ty roll, While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll; Where no storms ever beat on the glit-ter-ing strand, While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll.
fair ci-ty and me, Be-tween the fair cit-y and me; Till I fan-cy but thin-ly the vail in-ter-venes Be-tween the fair cit-y and me.
one an-oth-er a-gain, To meet one an-oth-er a-gain; With songs of e-ter-ni-ty roll, While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll. And He holdeth our crowns in His hands.
on the fair ci-ty and me, Be-tween the fair cit-y and me; Till I fan-cy but thin-ly the vail in-ter-venes Be-tween the fair cit-y and me.
ev-er beat on the glit-ter-ing strand, While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll.
cy but thin-ly the vail in-ter-venes Be-tween the fair cit-y and me.
of all kingdoms for-ev-er is He, And He holdeth our crowns in His hands.
on our lips and with harps in our hands, To meet one an-oth-er a-gain.

No. 65. Christ Died.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY HOMER RODEHEAVER,
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

F. A. Frances Abernethy.

1. I do not un - der-stand how it can be..... That e - ven
2. So wast-ed and so lost my life has been,... I have no
3. And O, so might - y was the sac - ri - fice,.... So great th'a-

Thou canst heal a soul like me; But this I know, and in that
power to cleanse my-self from sin; And so to Thee, for - get - ting
tone - ment made for all our lives, That this I know,— I shall not

CHORUS.

sure - ty hide,—I on - ly know Christ died.
all my pride, I humbly plead—Christ died. O Lord, I come; I have no
be de - nied, Since 'twas for me Christ died.

worth to plead, I have no of - f'ring but my sin - ful need; But O, to

Thee who hath the way sup - plied, I on - ly say—Christ died!

No. 66. Would You Be Saved?

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

E. E. Rexford. Dr. S. B. Jackson.

1. Would you be saved? Then why not come Just as you are, and come to - day;
2. Would you be saved? O do not wait! God calls you—heed His lov - ing voice!
3. Would you be saved? There still is room! Christ is the Way, the o - pen Door,
4. O stub-born heart, this hour re - lent! Cry: "Lord, forgive these sins of mine!"

Come while the Spir - it strives with you; Come, for there's danger in de - lay!
O come be - fore it is too late—Now is the time to make the choice.
That "who - so - ev - er will" may come, And may find life for - ev - er-more.
And sin - sick, wear-y and pen-i - tent, Yield to the pow'r of love di - vine.

CHORUS.

Now, now is the ac - cept - ed time, The Sav - ior's
Now, just now is

plead - ing at the door: "O let Me in! I'll
at the door:

cleanse your ev - 'ry sin, And will re - mem - ber them no more!"

No. 67. I Love and Adore Him.

Rev. R. H. McDaniel. COPYRIGHT 1915, BY C. P. CURRY. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. When Je-sus found me I was lost and wand'ring, Far from my home in ways of shame and sin, He kind - ly led me from the paths of sor-ry: And cleansed me ful - ly from with-out, with-in. I love and a-dore Him this won-der-ful Sav-
2. Now I'm re-joic - ing in His great sal-va-tion, And ev - 'ry day His praise I love to sing; He has be-come my soul's e-ter-nal por-tion. And of my heart He ev-er - more is King. I love Him. This won - der-ful Sav-
3. Who would not honor such a won-drous Sav-ior, Who is so pat-ient, lov-ing kind and true; He's ev - er near to comfort me in troub-le, And help me keep my heav'nly home in view.

ior, For He has redeemed me and made me His own; I love and a - dore
ior, For He has made me His own;

Him, this won-der-ful Sa-vior, And some day I'll praise Him with saints a-round His throne.

No. 68. Somebody Cares.

Irene Durfee. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY THE PRAISE PUB. CO., PHILA., PA. **W. Stillman Martin.**

1. Nev-er a-lone in this earth- ly way, Some-body cares, Some-body cares;
2. When I am singing a hap - py song, Some-body cares, Some-body cares;
3. When I am weary and long for rest, Some-body cares, Some-body cares;

I have a help - er each bus - y day; Some-body cares, 'tis Je - sus;
When I am fight-ing a-gainst the wrong, Some-body cares, 'tis Je - sus;
When by the tempter I'm sore-ly press'd, Some-body cares, 'tis Je - sus;

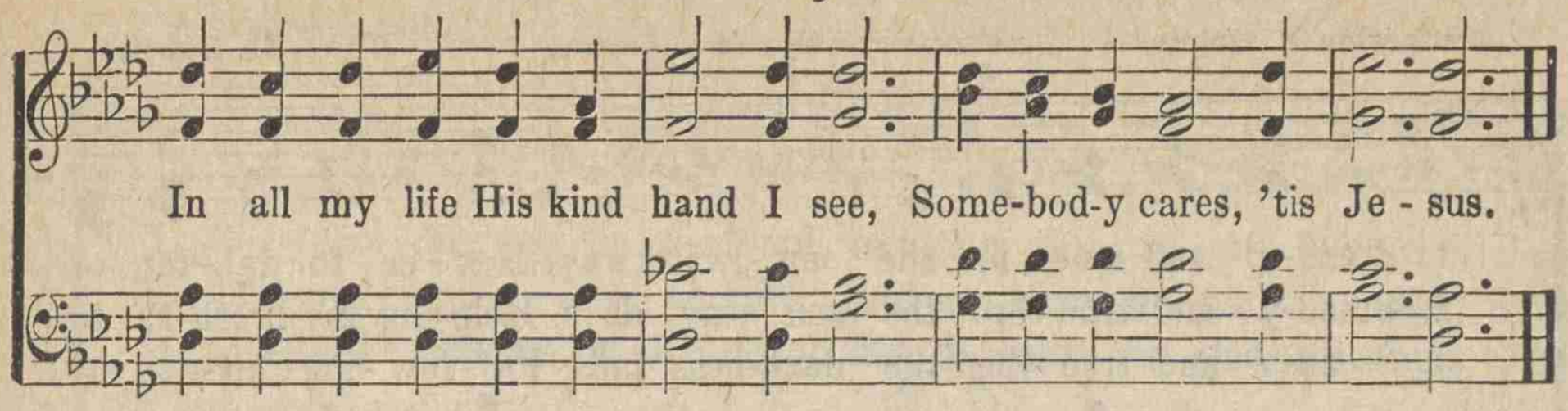
Some-bod - y cares, when the clouds hang low, Cares when my heart is o'er-
Some-bod - y cares, when I stand a - lone, Cares when the pleasures of
Some-bod - y cares, and what-e'er be - tide, Walks ev -'ry hour by the

whelm'd with woe, cares and is marking my path below, Some-body cares, 'tis Je-sus.
earth are gone, Cares when my false hopes with wings have flown, Some-body cares, 'tis Je-sus.
Chris-tian's side, Love so a-maz-ing will e'er a-bide, Some-body cares, 'tis Je-sus.

REFRAIN.

Some - bod - y cares for me, Some - bod - y cares for me,
Some-body cares, Yes, cares for me, Some-body cares, yes, He cares for me,

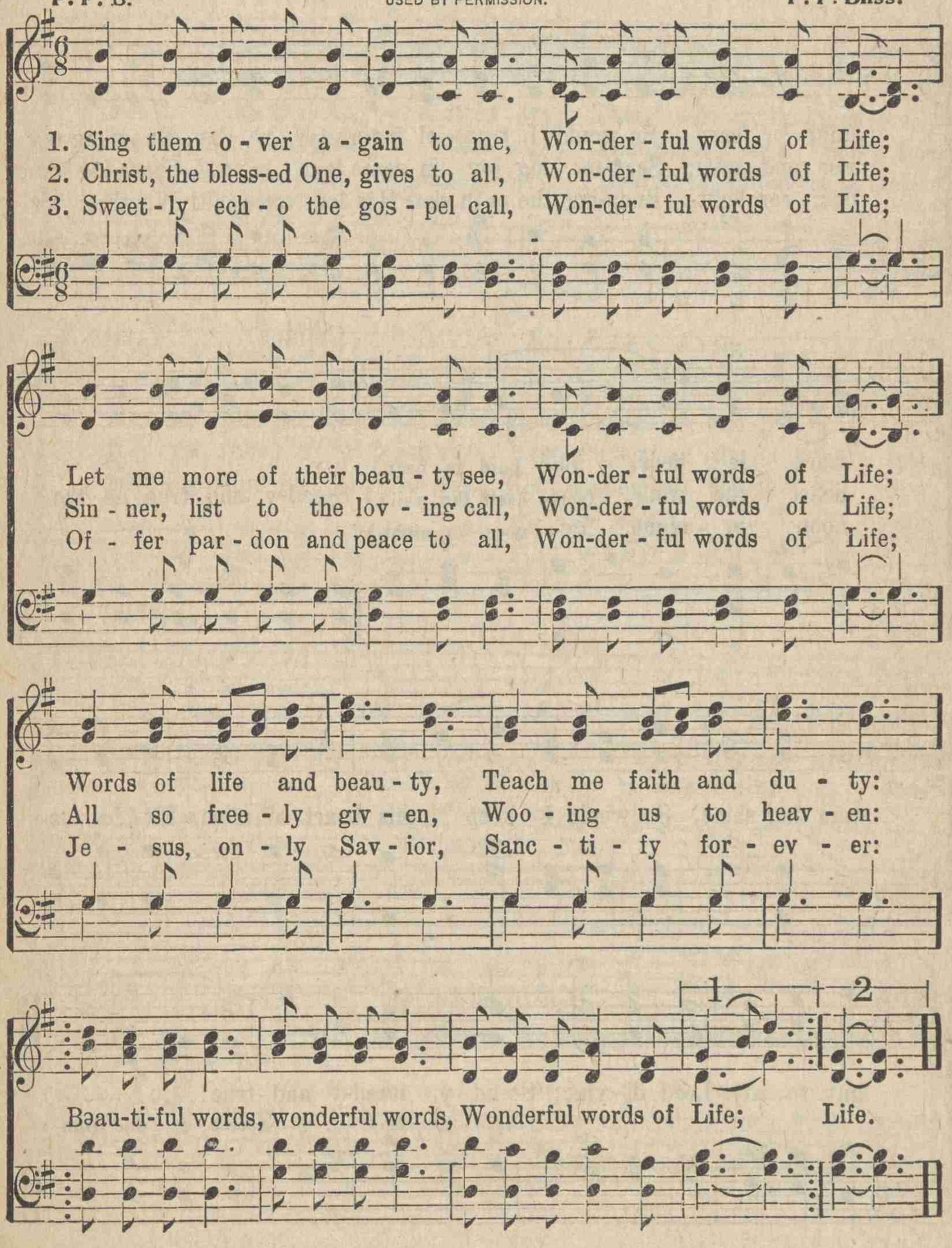
Somebody Cares.



No. 69. Wonderful Words of Life.

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

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



No. 70. Steady and True.

Katherine A. Grimes. COPYRIGHT, 1915. BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. Stead-y and true, in the up - ward way, Nev - er to fal - ter, or
2. Stead-y and true thro' the sun - ny days, Help-ing my broth-er to
3. Stead-y and true when the dark-ness falls, Fol - low - ing Christ as my

faint or fear; So would I trav - el from day to day, Know-ing my
rise and smile; Scat-ter - ing joy in some lone - ly way, Cheer-ing some
bea - con light, Keep-ing the path where His dear voice calls, Wheth-er 'tis

rit

CHORUS.

Lord is near. (my Lord is near,)
heart the while. (some heart the while.) Stead-y and true as the
noon or night. ('tis noon or night.)

stars that shine, So would I keep this heart of mine, Fit for a

gift to my Lord di - vine; Stead - y, stead-y and true.....

Stead - y, stead - y, stead - y and true,

No. 71. Singing as the Days Go By.

Lizzie DeArmond. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY CHAS H. GABRIEL. **B. D. Ackley.**

1. O be hap-py in the Lord, trust-ing ful - ly in His word, Fear not the clouds that fill your earthly sky; There's a Friend that's ev-er near,
2. Mak-ing mel-o-dy to Him tho' at times the path be dim, Smile bravely, check the wea-ry tho't-less sigh; Things will wear a ros - y hue,
3. Stars are shin-ing in the night; life it - self is glad and bright, Our ma-ny needs the Lord will yet sup - ply; Then ac-cept what seems the best,

He will give you joy and cheer; Keep singing as the days go by.
if you take a Christ-like view, Keep singing as the days go by.
trust-ing Him for all the rest, Keep singing as the days go by.

CHORUS.

Keep sing-ing as the days go by, Keep sing-ing as the days sing-ing, sing-ing as the days go by, Keep sing-ing sing-ing as the days go by, If to Je-sus we be-long He will tune our hearts to song, as the days go by.

No. 72. Holding On to Jesus.

"Neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand."—John 10: 28.

Rev. Frank E. Graeff, COPYRIGHT, 1914. BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. Chas. H. Gabriel.

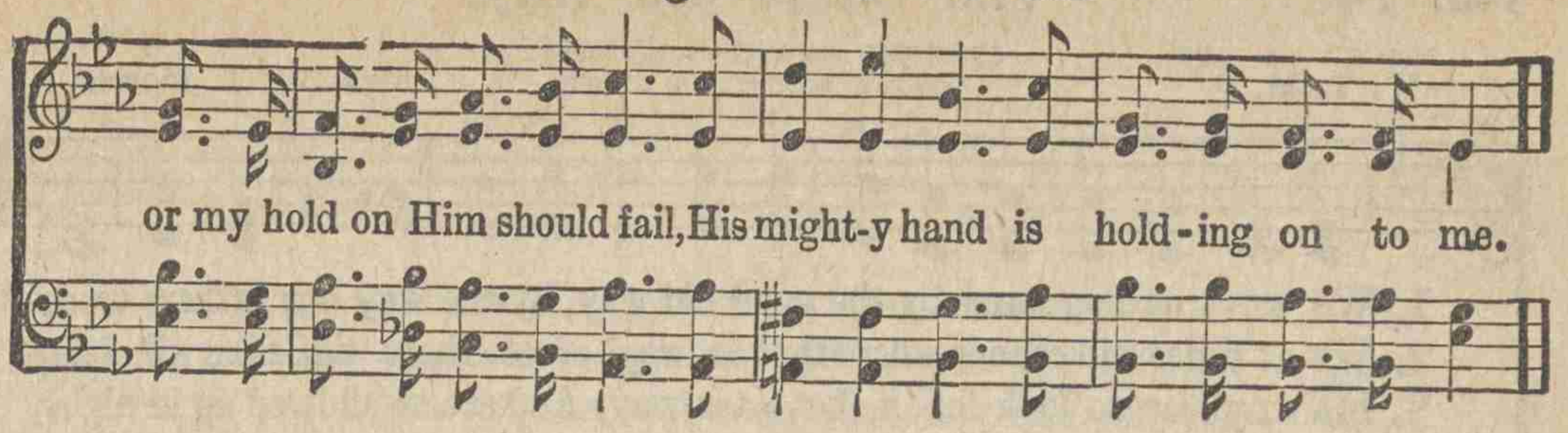
1. I am hold-ing on to Je-sus tho' my faith may not be strong, Tho' of all His own the weak-est I may be; Still my hold I will not loos-en,
2. I am hold-ing on to Je-sus tho' the way at times is rough, And I stum-ble where the path I may not see; Still I follow where He leads me,
3. I am hold-ing on to Je-sus tho' the tempests dash and roar, And the har-bor lights I can but dim-ly see; But the Morn-ing Star is shin-ing,

but I'll sing my trustful song, For His mighty hand is hold-ing on to me.
and I know I cannot stray, While His mighty hand is hold-ing on to me.
and my anchor's hold is fast, For His mighty hand is hold-ing on to me.

CHORUS.

I'm hold-ing on to Je-sus when temp-ta-tions fierce as-sail, I'm hold-ing on to Je-sus when the way I can-not see; And lest my foot-steps fal-ter,

Holding On to Jesus.

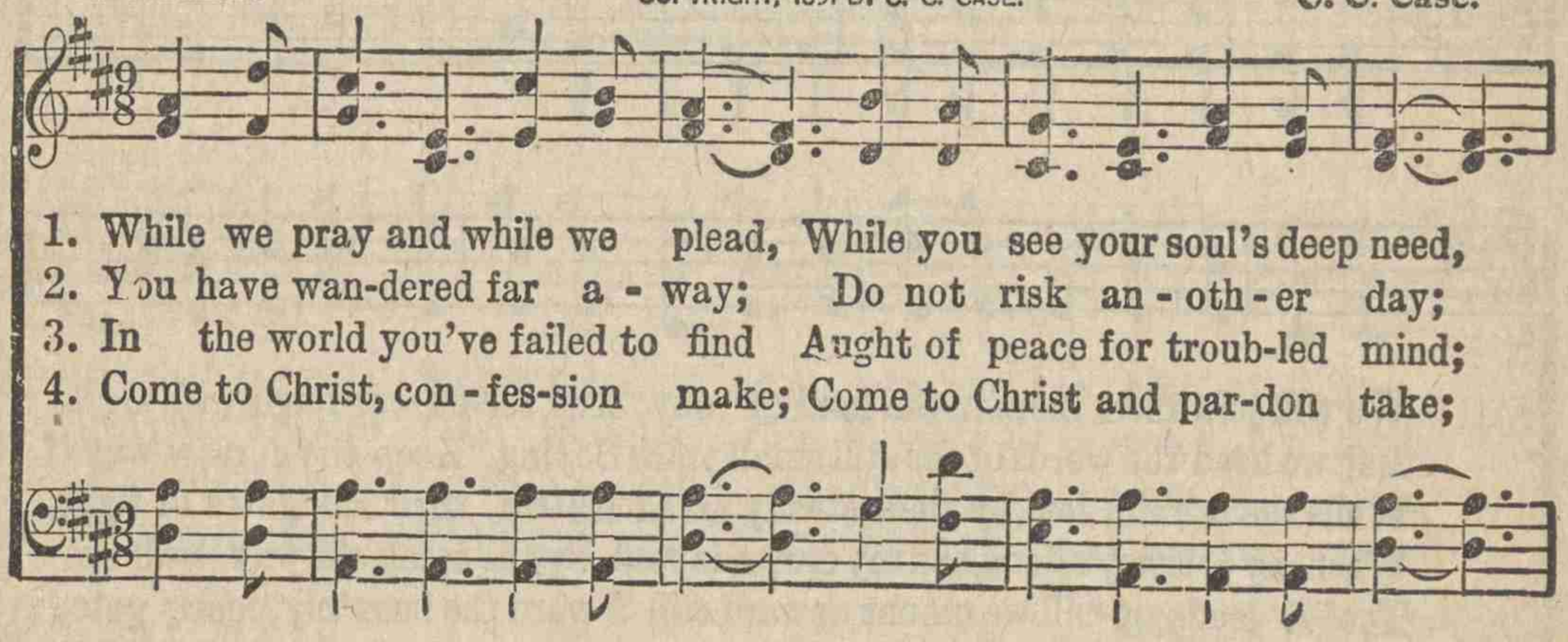


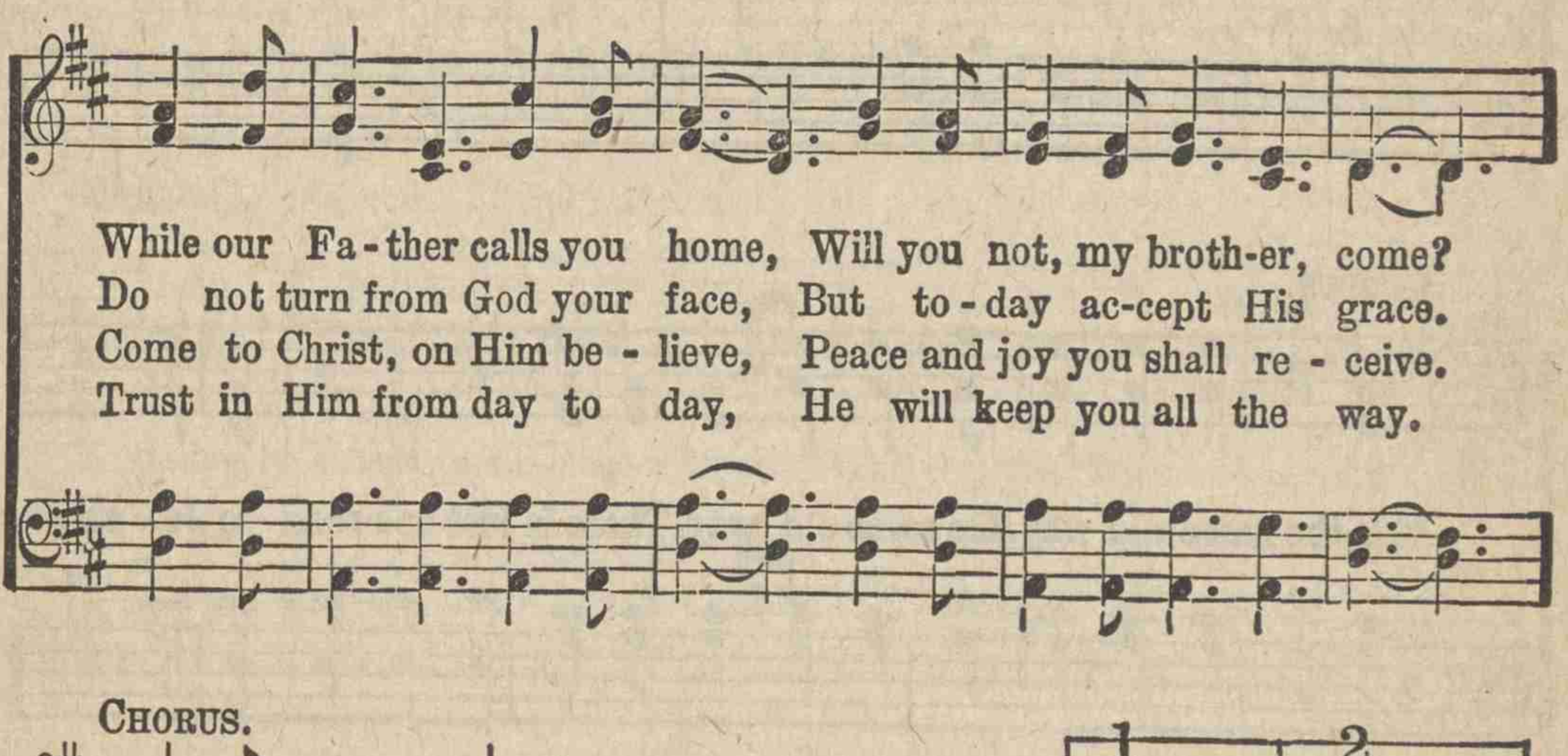
No. 73. Why Not Now.

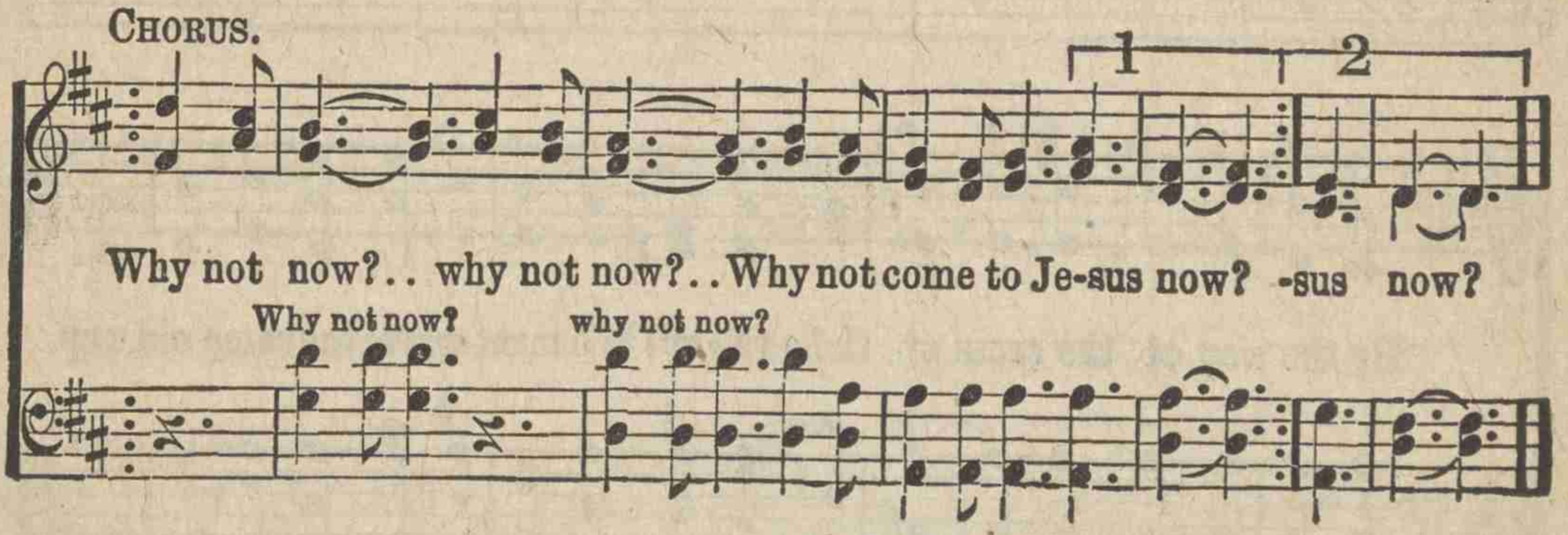
El Nathan.

COPYRIGHT, 1891 BY C. C. CASE.

C. C. Case.



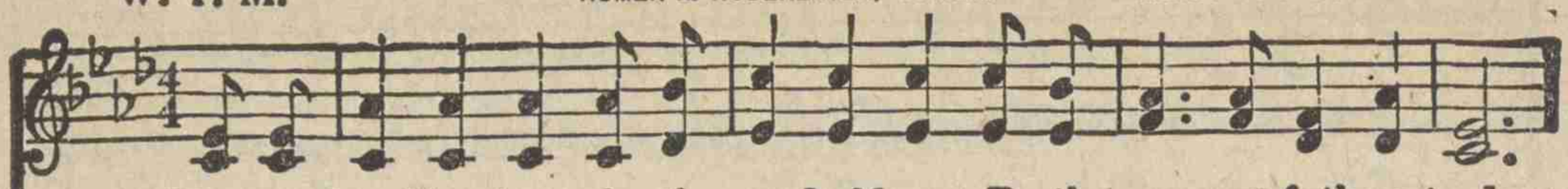




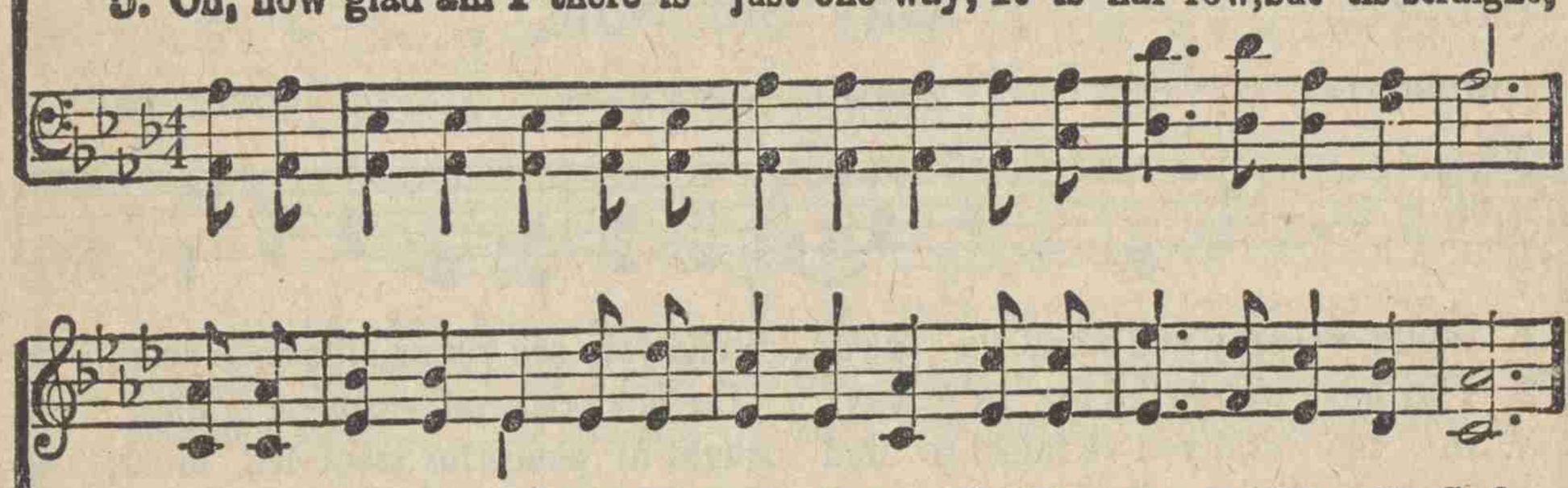
No. 74. The Same Old Way.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY CHAS H. GABRIEL.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

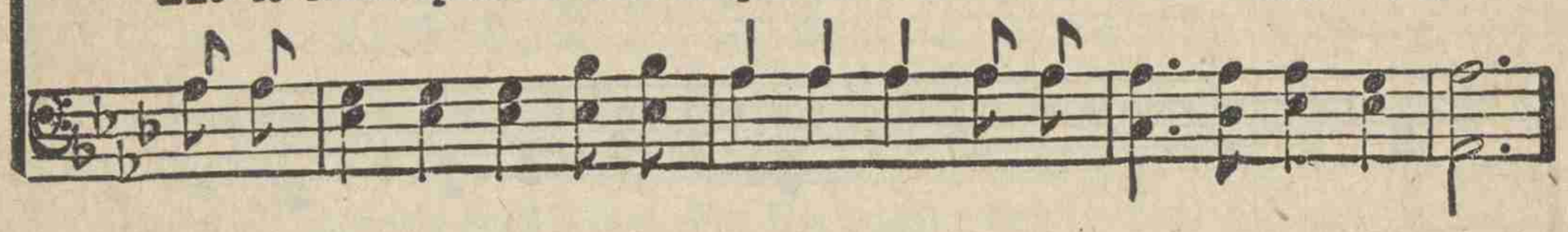
W. T. M. Mrs. W. T. Morris.



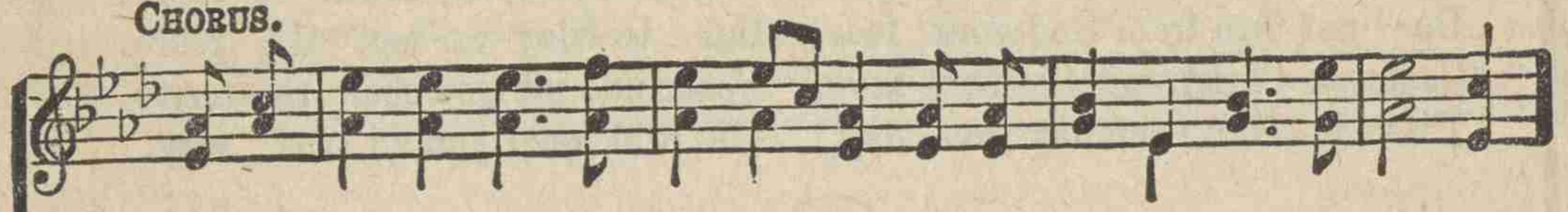
1. We are trav'ling home by the good old way, By the way our fathers trod;
2. We at times will chance where the roadways cross, There 'tis Satan will delay,
3. Ma - ny stop to look for a bet - ter way, And are swallowed up in night,
4. 'Twas my father's way, 'twas my mother's way, And 'twill be the way for me!
5. Oh, how glad am I there is just one way, It is nar-row, but 'tis straight;



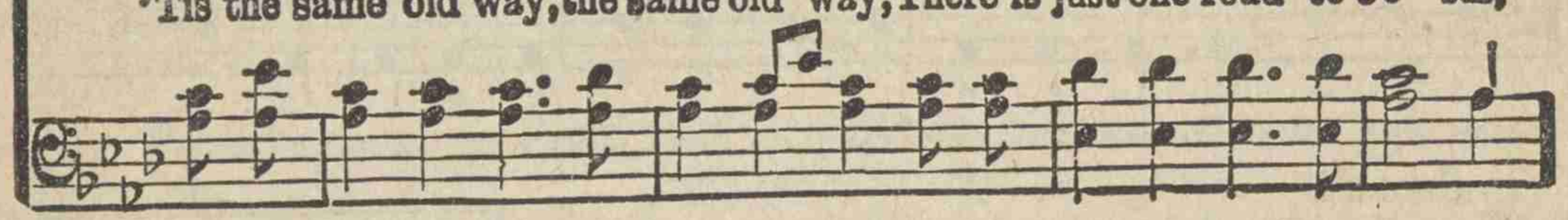
We will join them there in the land of day, And for-ev - er reign with God.
But we heed the words of the still small voice Saying, "Keep the narrow way."
While the faithful few, by their steady tread En-ter thro' the gates of light.
When my journey's done, and my crown is won, By the same old way 'twill be.
Tho' it leads up-hill we mount upward still T'ward the heav'nly, pearly gate.



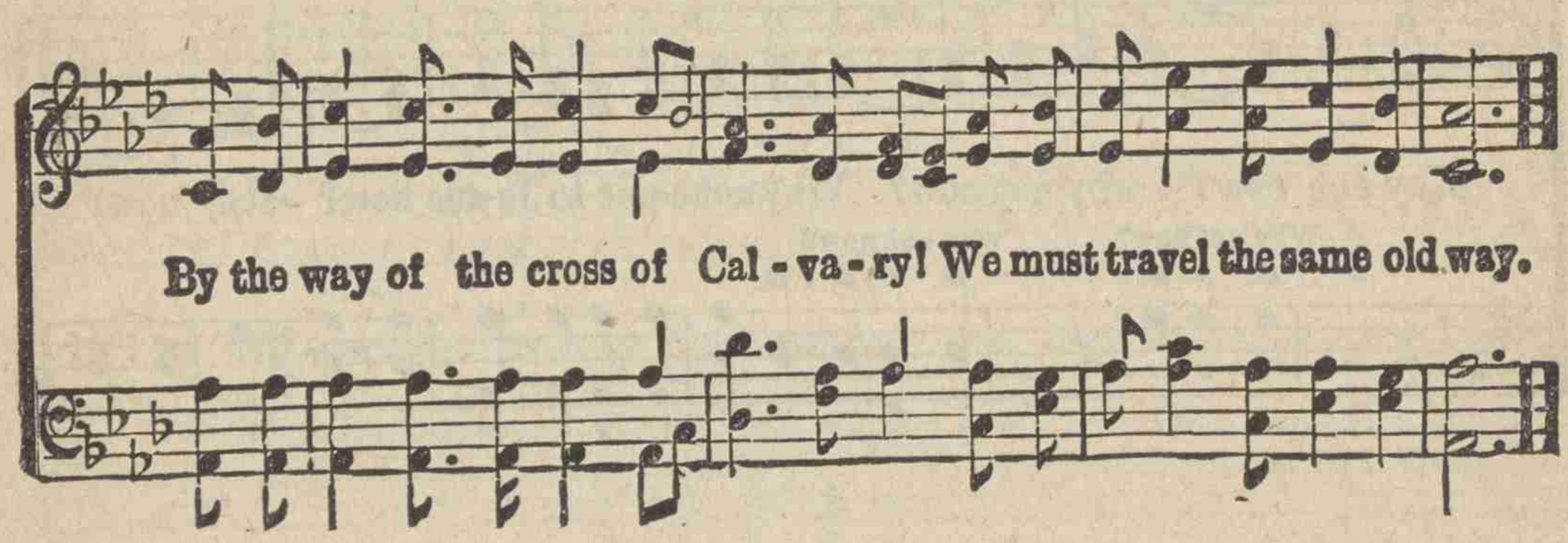
CHORUS.



'Tis the same old way, the same old way, There is just one road to Je - sus,—

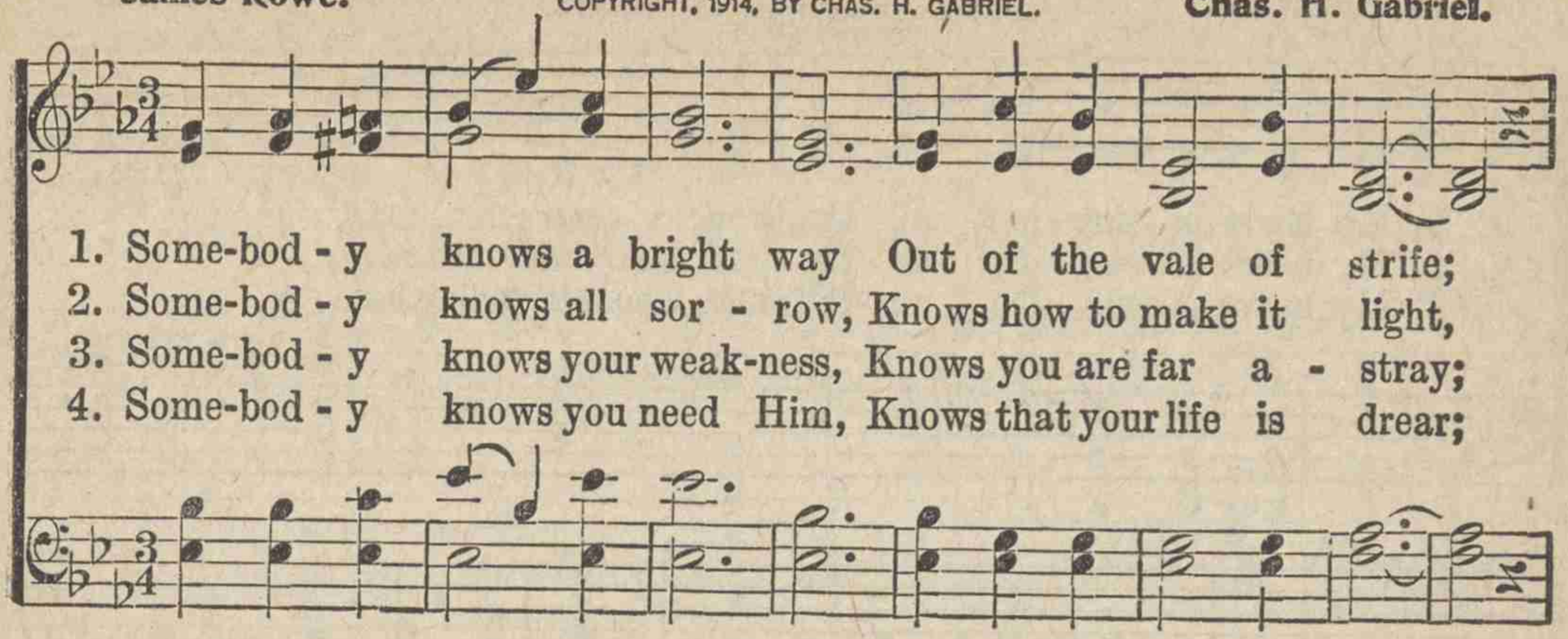


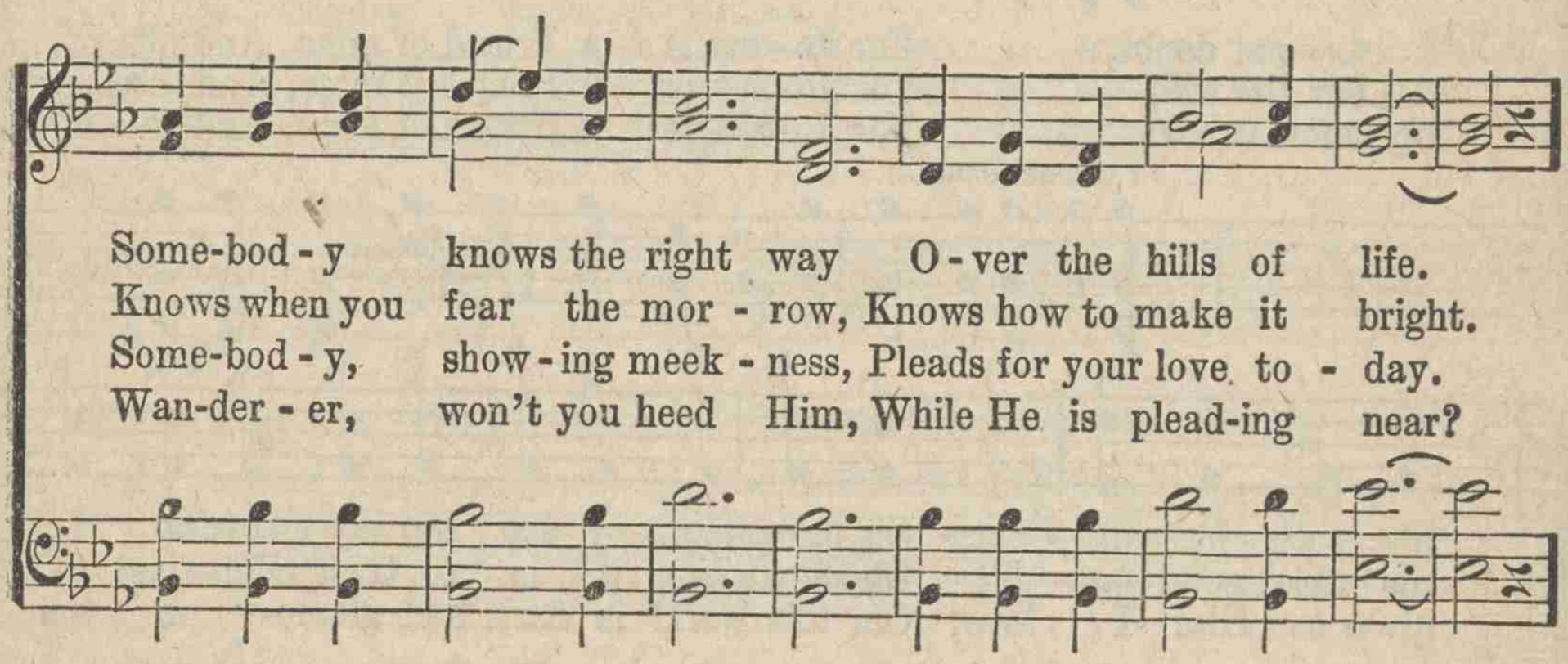
By the way of the cross of Cal - va - ry! We must travel the same old way.

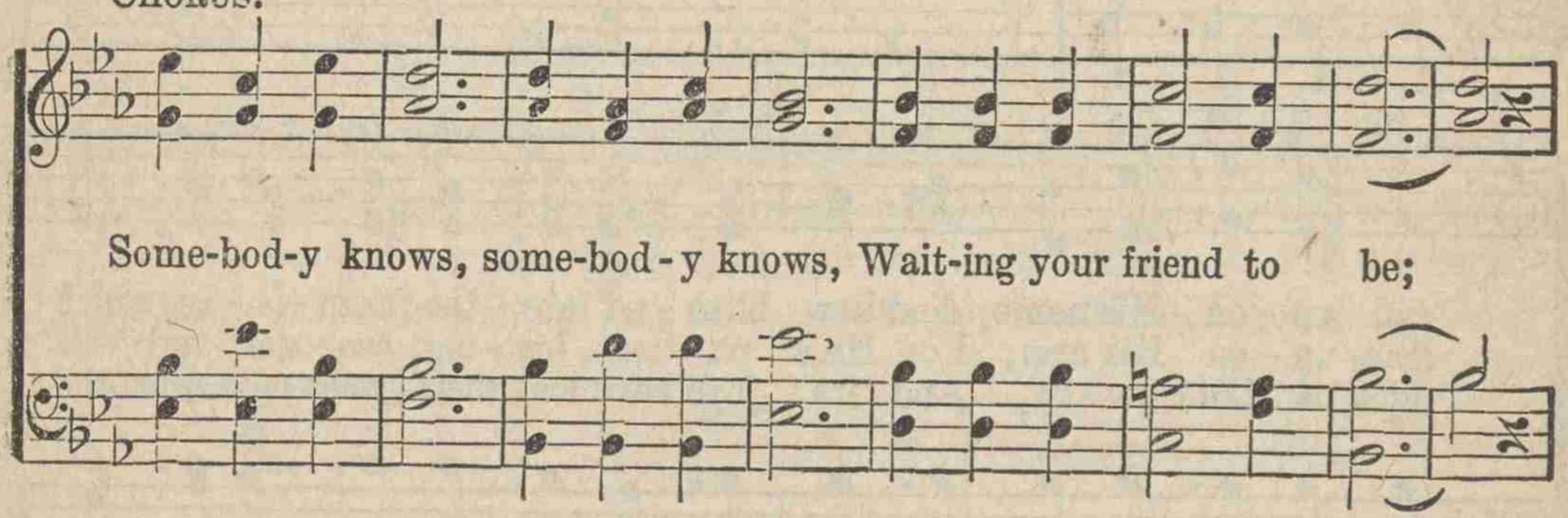


No. 75. Somebody.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Chas. H. Gabriel.







No. 76. Singing All the Time.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
RODEHEAVER — ACKLEY CO., OWNERS.

D. R. van Sickle. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. My heart is sing-ing all the time, I can-not fear,
2. My heart is sing-ing all the time, Let come what may,
3. My heart is sing-ing all the time, Tho' struggling here,

I can - not fear,

I can - not doubt, 'tis but His will, my home's above,
For Je - sus is a Friend of mine, And fills my
For Je - sus is a Friend of mine, And cares for
For Je - sus is a Friend of mine, And all is

I can-not doubt,

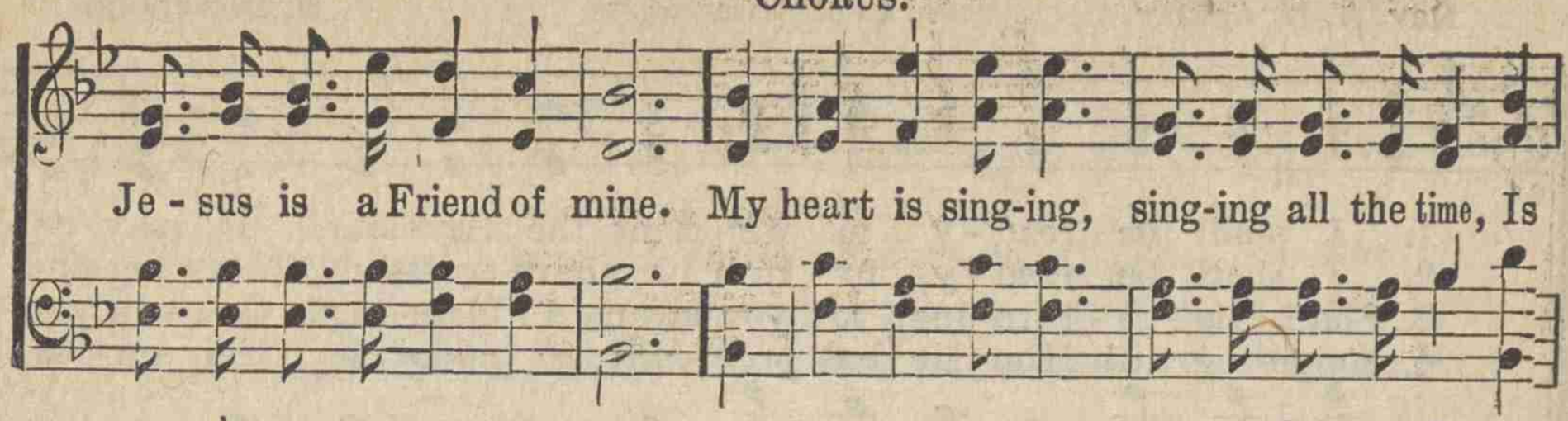
life with - in, with - out; Oh, how hap - py are the mo-ments as I
me thro' good or ill; Oh, how sweet it is to trust Him—just to
giv'n to Him I love; Oh, this world is dark and gloom-y in the

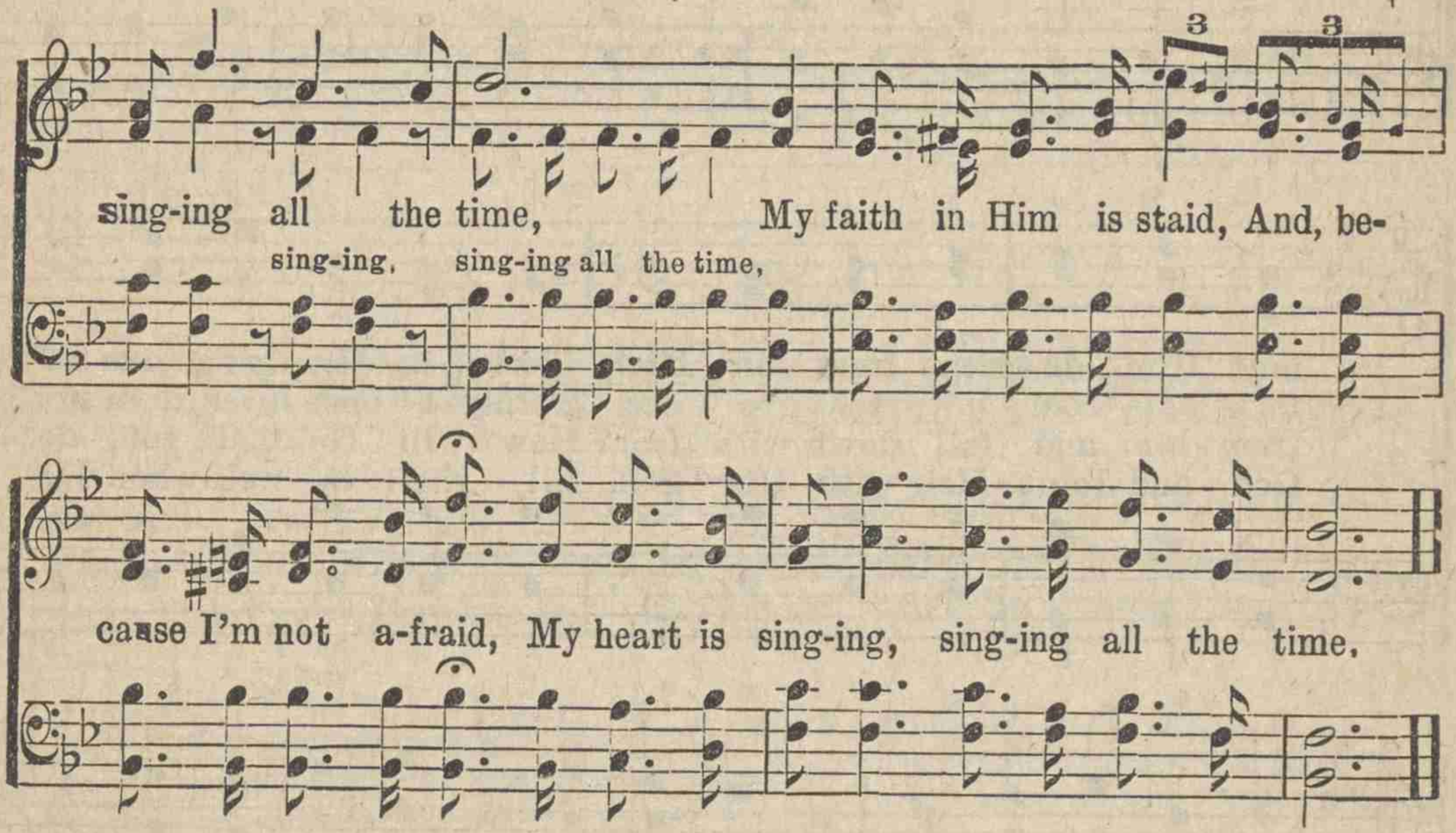
call up - on His name, And how bless - ed are the prom - is - es which
lean up - on His arm, For He's pa - tient, lov - ing, ten - der, and will
light of Cal - va - ry, And its joys have lost their sweet-ness since the

in His book I claim. My heart is sing-ing, sing - ing all the time, For
shield me from all harm. My heart is sing-ing, sing - ing all the time, For
light shone in - to me. My heart is sing-ing, sing - ing all the time, For

Singing All the Time.

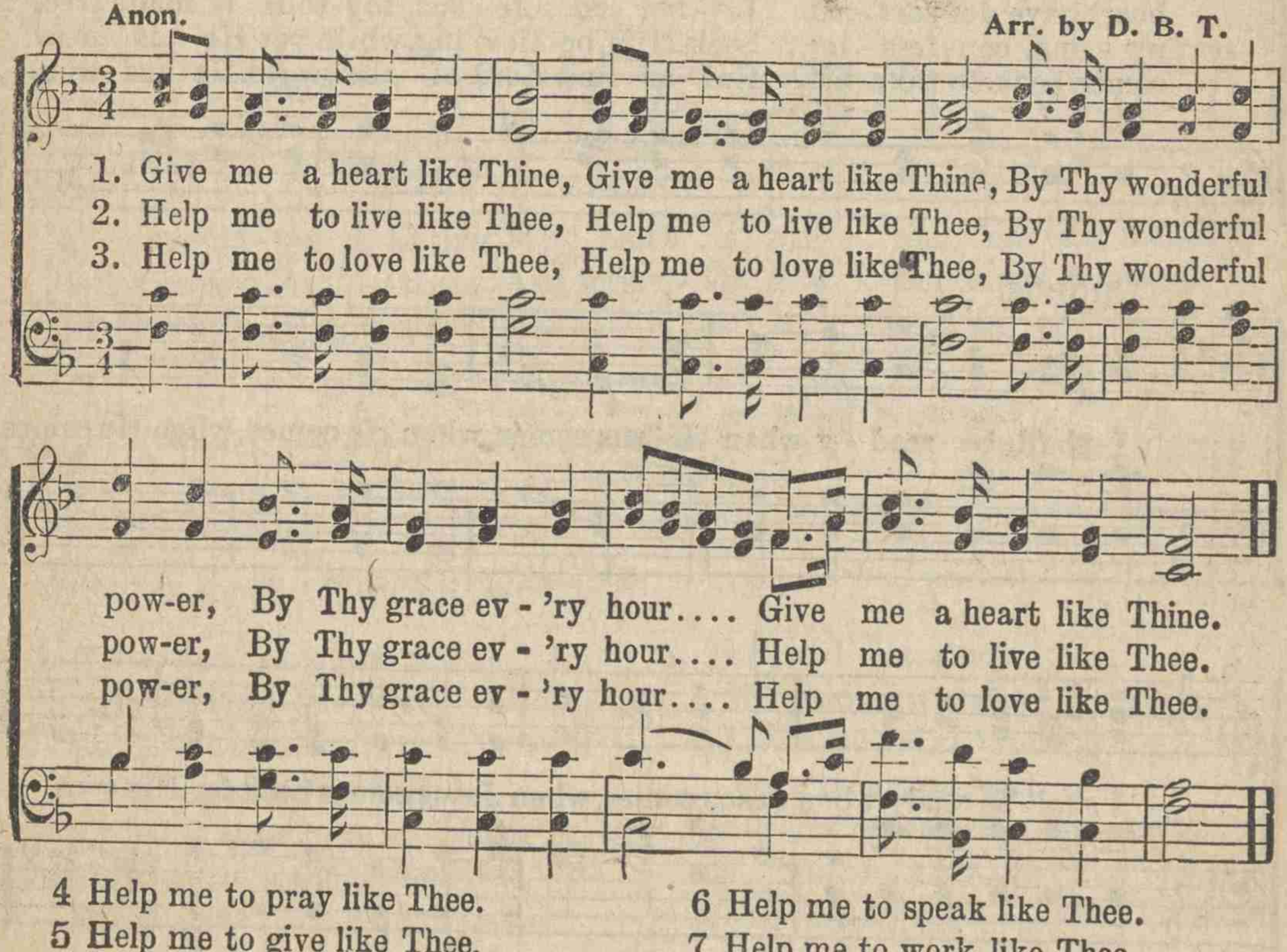
CHORUS.





No. 77. Give Me a Heart Like Thine.

Anon. Arr. by D. B. T.



4 Help me to pray like Thee.
5 Help me to give like Thee.
6 Help me to speak like Thee.
7 Help me to work like Thee.

No. 78. I Shall be Ready.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY B. D. ACKLEY.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

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

1. I shall be read - y to wel- come the Sav- iour, I may be -
2. I shall be read - y, for Him I have trust- ed, Us - ing the
3. Shall His re - turn- ing, to you mean a bless- ing? Or will you
4. Reign-ing with Him, He has prom-ised to make me, Heir un - to

hold Him de - scend from on High, Clothed in His gar-ments of
tal - ents com - mit - ted to me, Things I once loved, from my
trem - ble and fall down with fear? How will He find you, de -
God and Joint - Heir with His Son, All shall be well when He

Heav- en - ly splen-dor, O what a day when the King shall draw nigh.
heart have de- part - ed Liv- ing in Je - sus my soul is made free.
ny - ing, con- fess - ing? Seek Him, be- liev- ing, while yet He is near.
comes back to take me, Rul - er and Lord of the world He has won.

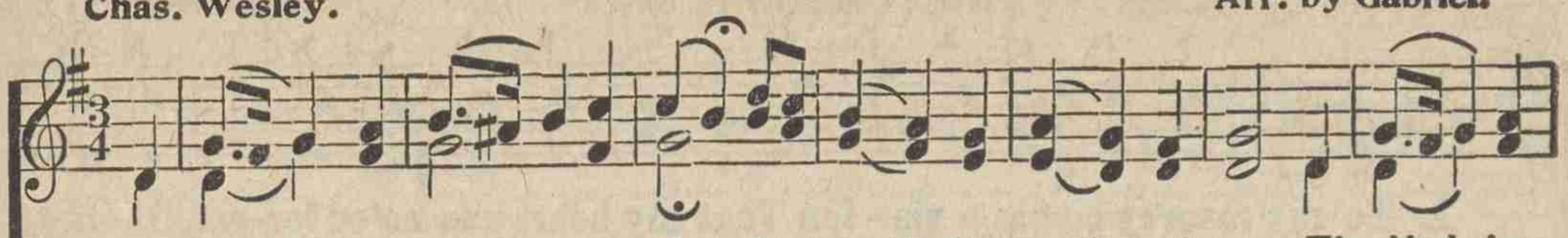
CHORUS.

I shall be read - y when Je- sus comes, when He comes, when He comes,

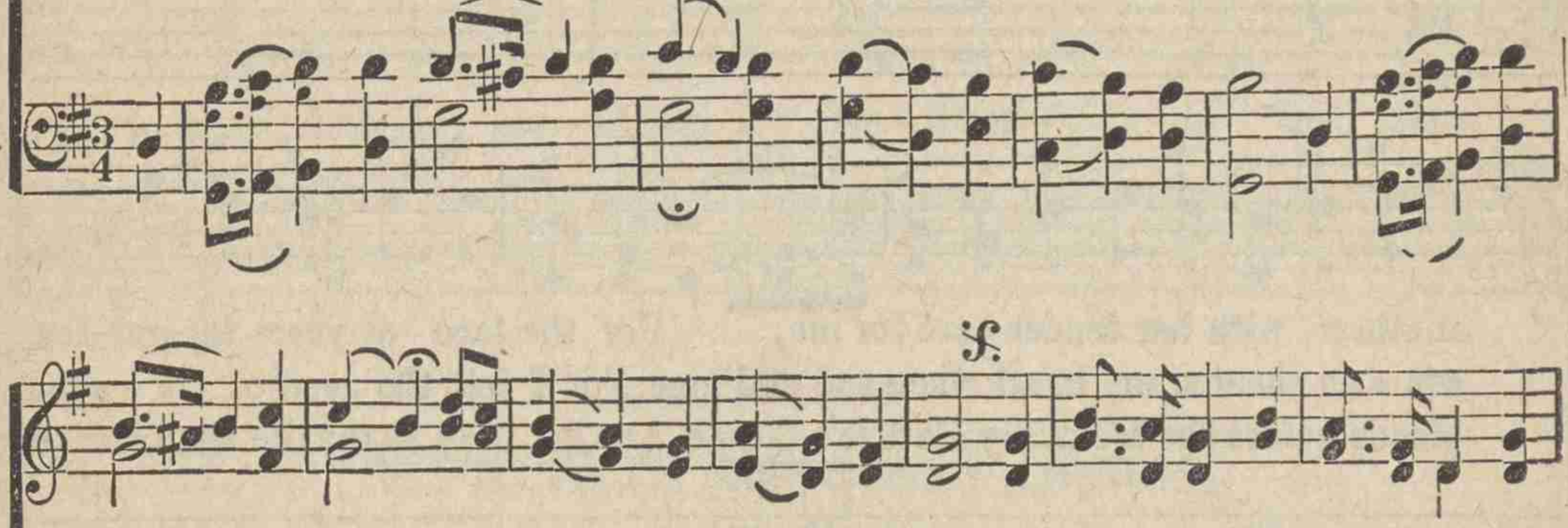
I shall be ready when Jesus comes, when Jesus comes back for His own.

No. 79. Arise, My Soul, Arise.

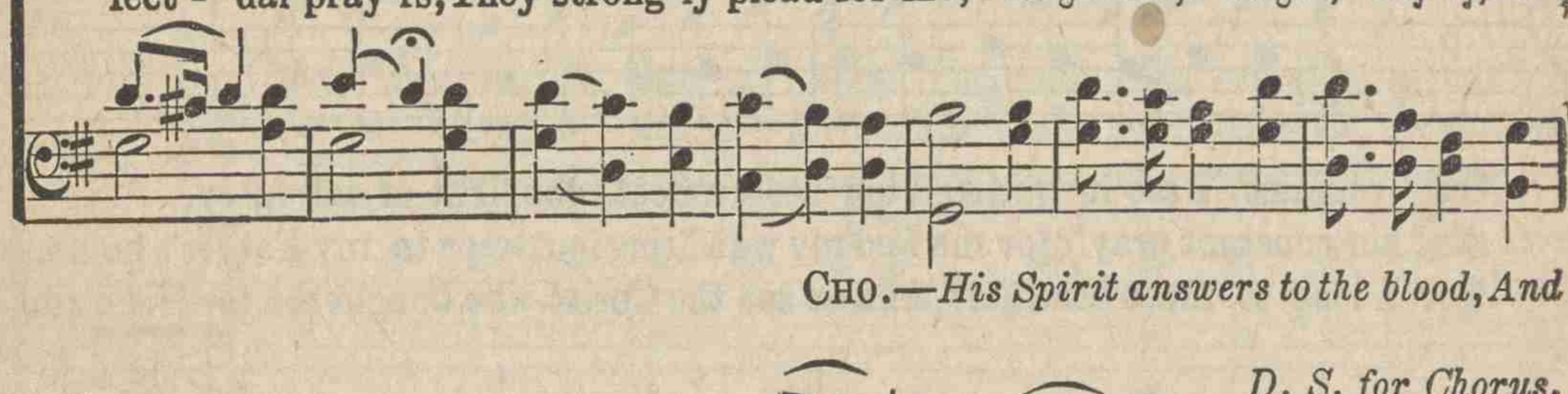
Chas. Wesley. Arr. by Gabriel.



1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise, Shake off thy guil-ty fears; The bleed - ing
2. He ev - er lives a - bove, For me to in - ter-cede; His all re-
3. Five bleed-ing wounds He bears, Re - ceived on Cal - va - ry; They pour ef-

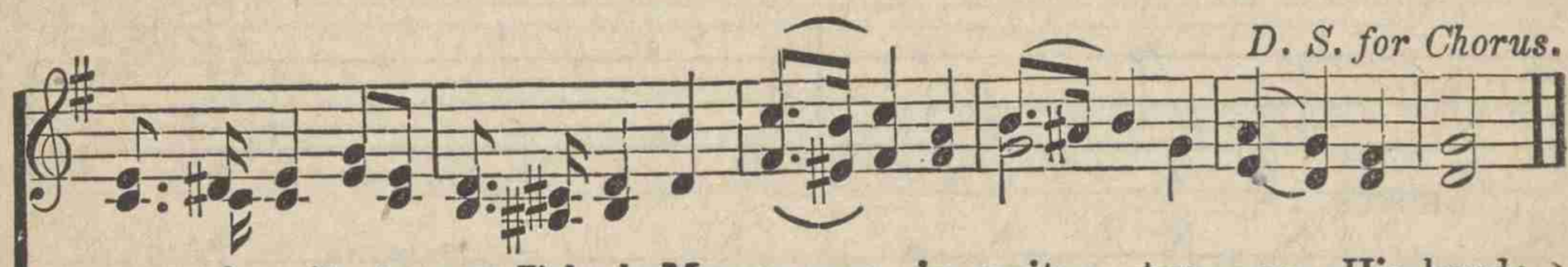


Sac - ri - fice In thy be - half appears; Before the throne my surety stands, My
deem - ing love His pre - cious blood to plead, His blood atoned for all our race," And
fect - ual pray'rs, They strong-ly plead for me; "For-give Him, O for-give," they cry, Nor

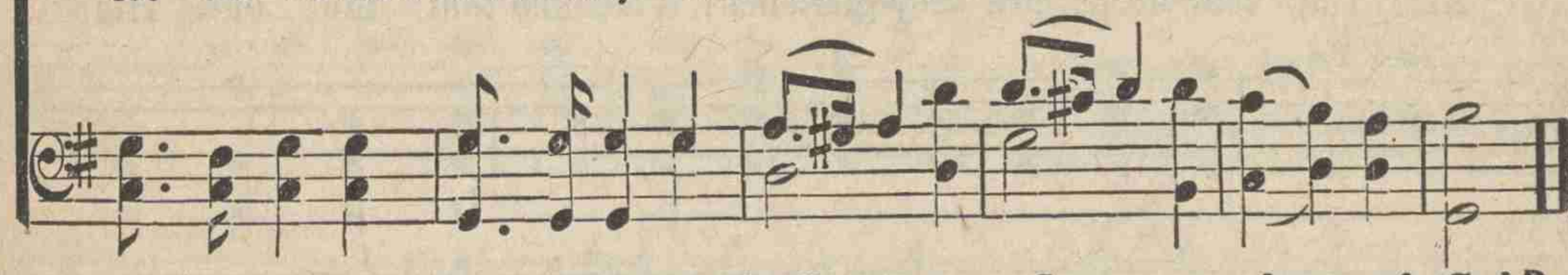


Cho.—*His Spirit answers to the blood, And*

D. S. for Chorus.



name is writ - ten on His hands, My name is writ - ten on His hands.
sprinkles now the throne of grace, 'And sprink - les now the throne of grace.
let the ran-somed sin-ner die," "Nor let the ran - somed sin - ner die."



tells me I am born of God, And tells me I am born of God.

4. The father hears Him pray,
   His dear Anointed One;
   He cannot turn away
   The presence of His Son:
   His Spirit answers to the blood
   And tells me I am born of God,
   And tells me I am born of God.

5. To God I'm reconciled;
   His pardoning voice I hear;
   He owns me for His child;
   I can no longer fear:
   With confidence I now draw nigh,
   And "Father, Abba, Father," cry,
   And "Father, Abba, Father," cry.

No. 80. My Mother.

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HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

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

1. To my mem'ry comes a vis - ion That my heart can ne'er for-get, Of my moth-er, with her tender care for me, For the face of years for-got-ten

2. 'Twas the voice of my dear mother, Full of love and sym-pa-thy, That so oft - en cheered my heart when sad and lone, For I felt the need of Je - sus,

3. Tho' my mother has de-part - ed, Still I feel her spir - it near, As she pleads before the Heav'nly Father's throne, And her pray'rs my life shall answer

Still remains, I see it yet, And her brow reflects the light of cal-va-ry.
And her constant pray'r for me Led my wand'ring footsteps to my Father's home.
For I long to meet her there, And to see the Christ who bought me for His own.

CHORUS.

And the tear-drops, how they glistened! When she told me of His love, How the ten - der Shepherd came to seek the lost,

Shep - herd came to seek and save the lost,

My Mother.

rit.

O'er the mount-ain, thro' the val - ley, Ev - 'ry foot - print stained with

blood, Till He pur - chased my Re - demp - tion on the cross.

No. 81. We'll Work till Jesus Comes.

Elizabeth Mills. USED BY PERMISSION. William Miller.

1, O land of rest, for thee I sigh! When will the mo-ment come
2, To Je - sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,
3. I sought at once my Sav-ior's side, No more my steps shall roam;

When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell in peace at home?
And lean for suc - cor on His breast Till He con-duct me home.
With Him I'll brave death's chill-ing tide, And reach my heav'n-ly home.

CHORUS.

1 2

We'll work till Jesus comes, We'll work till Je-sus comes;
We'll work We'll work And we'll be gathered home.

No. 82. Lead Me Gently Home, Father.

BY PER. OF WILL L. THOMPSON & CO., OWNERS OF COPYRIGHT.

W. L. T. W. L. Thompson.

SOLO OR DUET. *ad lib.*

1. Lead me gen-tly home, Father, Lead me gen - tly home, When life's toils are end - ed, And parting days have come, Sin no more shall tempt me, Ne'er from Thee I'll roam, If Thou'lt on - ly lead me, Father, Lead me gen-tly home.

2. Lead me gen-tly home, Father, Lead me gen - tly home, In life's dark-est hours, Father, When life's troubles come, Keep my feet from wand'ring, Lest from Thee I roam, Lest I fall up - on the wayside, Lead me gen-tly home.

rit. *p*

REFRAIN.

Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther Lead me gen - tly,
Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther, Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther,
Lest I fall up - on the way - side, Lead me gen - tly home.
gen - tly home.

No. 83. We Have an Anchor.

COPYRIGHT, 1882 AND 1910, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
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Priscilla J. Owens. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Will your an - chor hold in the storms of life, When the clouds un-
2. It is safe - ly moored, 'twill the storm withstand, For 'tis well se-
3. It will firm - ly hold in the straits of fear, When the break-ers
4. It will sure - ly hold in the floods of death, When the wa - ters
5. When our eyes be - hold thro' the gath - 'ring night The cit - y of

fold their wings of strife? When the strong tides lift, and the ca - bles strain,
cured by the Sav-ior's hand; And the ca-bles, passed from His heart to mine,
have told the reef is near, Tho' the tempest rave and the wild winds blow,
cold chill our la - test breath, On the ris - ing tide it can nev - er fail,
gold, our har - bor bright, We shall an - chor fast by the heav'nly shore,

REFRAIN.

Will your an - chor drift, or firm re - main?
Can de - fy the blast, thro' strength di-vine.
Not an an - gry wave shall our bark o'erflow.
While our hopes a - bide with - in the veil.
With the storms all past for - ev - er - more.

We have an an - chor that keeps the soul Steadfast and sure while the bil - lows rōll, Fastened to the Rock which can-not move, Grounded firm and deep in the Sav - ior's love.

No. 84. Memories of Galilee.

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

Robert Morris. H. R. Palmer.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

No. 85. Send the Power Again.

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

Rev. W. C. Poole. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. There was pow'r, O Lord, in the days of old, To kin - dle a fire in hearts grown cold; That we on Thy word may now lay hold, Lord, send that pow'r a-gain.
2. There was pow'r by which ev'ry tongue could speak, New life-giving pow'r unto the weak, That sent them the wand'ring ones to seek—Lord, send that pow'r a-gain.
3. There was pow'r to set ev'ry cap-tive free And give to Thy servants lib - er- ty To speak and to pray and work for Thee—Lord, send that pow'r a-gain.
4. There was pow'r, O Lord, in the old-time pray'r, It thrilled ev'ry heart and lingered there, Till we in Thy glo - ry seemed to share—Lord, send that pow'r a-gain.

CHORUS.

Lord, send the pow'r a - gain, O send the pow'r a - gain!
A - men! A - men!

We believe on Thy name, And Thy promise we claim, Lord, send the pow'r a-gain.

No. 86. The Old Fashioned Faith.

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

Rev. N. A. McAulay. B. D. Ackley.

1. I am somewhat old fashioned, I know, When it comes to re-lig-ion and God;
2. I be-lieve that the Bible is true, Though the critics have torn it a-part,
3. I be-lieve our re-lig-ion must be Not a cloak for our mean-ness or shame,

Ma-ny think I am pain-ful-ly slow Since I walk where my Fathers have trod.
All its warnings and mir-a-cles too, I do whol-ly ac-cept with my heart.
But a pow-er from bondage to free, All who trust in that heav-en-ly name.

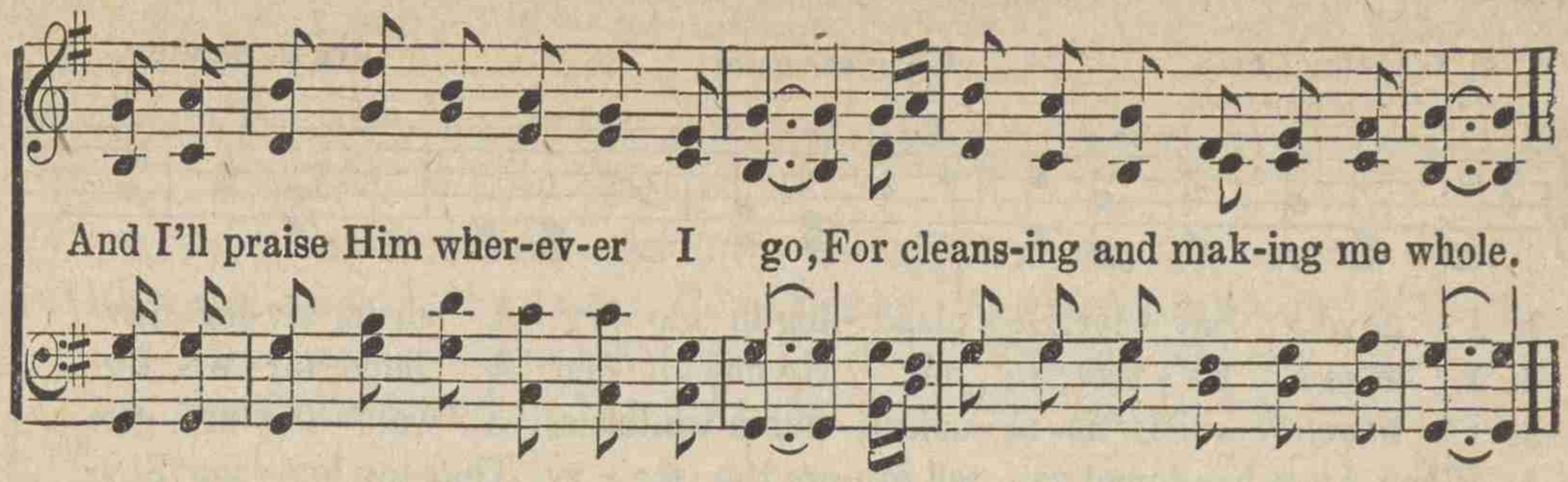
I be-lieve in re-pent-ance from sin, And that Jesus with-in us must dwell;
I be-lieve that the Sabbath was made To be sa-cred-ly kept for the Lord;
I am tell-ing the peo-ple each day, That the sin-ner for-ev-er is lost,

I be-lieve that if heav-en we win, We must flee from the terrors of hell.
And when broken for pleasure or trade We shall miss the e-ter-nal re-ward.
Who has failed to accept the true way Which was opened at in-fi-nite cost.

CHORUS.

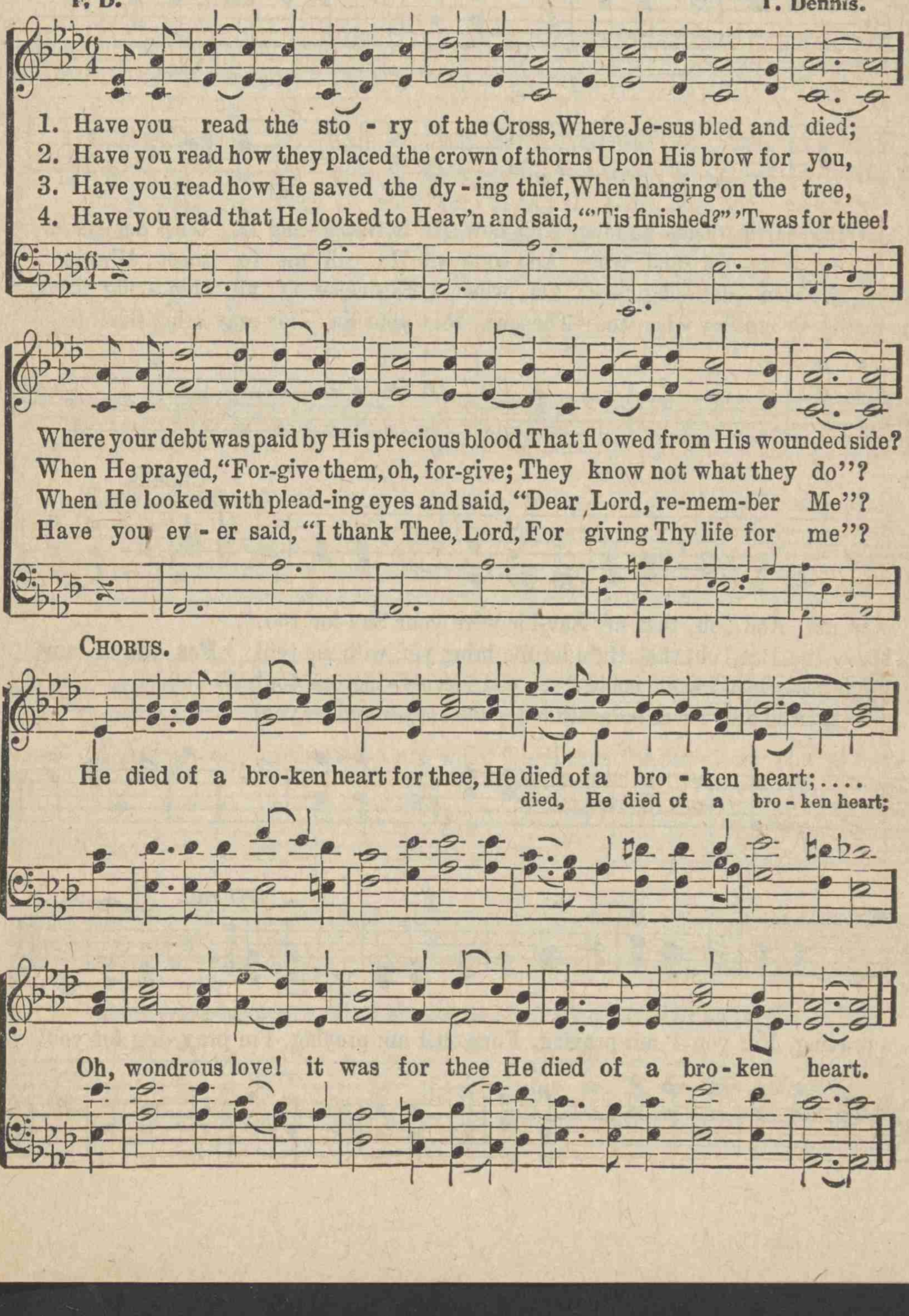
I'm a lit-tle old fashioned, I know; But God's peace has a home in my soul,

The Old Fashioned Faith.



No. 87. He Died of A Broken Heart.

T. D. T. Dennis.



No. 88. I Am Praying for You.

S. O'Maley Cluff. USED BY PERMISSION. Ira D. Sankey.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

f

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

p *f* *pp rall.*

No. 89. Pentecostal Power.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS H. GABRIEL.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Charlotte G. Homer. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Lord, as of old at Pen - te - cost Thou didst Thy pow'r dis - play,
2. For might - y works for Thee prepare, And strengthen ev - 'ry heart;
3. All self con-sume, all sin de-stroy! With ear - nest zeal en - due
4. Speak, Lord! be-fore Thy throne we wait, Thy prom-ise we be - lieve,

With cleans-ing, pu - ri - fy - ing flame De-scend on us to - day.
Come, take pos - ses - sion of Thine own, And nev - er - more de - part.
Each wait - ing heart to work for Thee; O Lord, our faith re - new!
And will not let Thee go un - til The bless - ing we re - ceive.

CHORUS.

Lord, send the old-time pow'r, the Pen - te-cos-tal pow'r! Thy flood-gates of

bless-ing on us throw o - pen wide! Lord, send the old - time pow'r, the

Pen-te-cos-tal pow'r, That sinners be con-vert-ed and Thy name glo-ri - fied!

No. 90. Is It the Crowning Day?

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY PRAISE PUBLISHING CO., PHILA., PA.

George Walter Whitcomb. USED BY PERMISSION. Charles H. Marsh.

1. Je - sus may come to - day, Glad day! Glad day! And I would
2. I may go home to - day, Glad day! Glad day! Seem-eth I
3. Why should I anx - ious be? Glad day! Glad day! Lights ap-pear
4. Faith-ful I'll be to - day, Glad day! Glad day! And I will

see my friend; Dan - gers and troub - les would end If
hear their song; Hail to the ra - di - ant throng! If
on the shore, Storms will af - fright nev - er more, For
free - ly tell Why I should love Him so well, For

CHORUS.

Je'- sus should come to-day.
I should go home to-day.
He is "at hand" to-day.
He is my all to-day.

Glad day! Glad day! Is it the crown-ing day? I'll live for to - day, nor anx-ious be, Je - sus, my Lord, I

rit.

soon shall see; Glad day! Glad day! Is it the crown - ing day?

No. 91. Mother's Prayers Have Followed Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY B. D. ACKLEY.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Lizzie DeArmond. **B. D. Ackley.**

1. I grieved my Lord from day to day, I scorned His love so full and
2. O'er des-ert wild, o'er mountain high A wan-der - er I chose to
3. He turned my dark-ness in - to light, This blessed Christ of Cal - va-

free, And tho' I wan - dered far a - way, My moth-er's
be, A wretch-ed soul con-demned to die, Still moth-er's
ry, I'll praise His Name both day and night, That moth-er's

CHORUS.

pray'rs have fol-lowed me. I'm com - ing home, I'm com - ing

home, To live my wast - ed life a - new, For moth - er's

pray'rs have fol - lowed me, Have fol - lowed me the whole world thro'.

No. 92. No Other One But Jesus.

J. C. Midyett COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. Henry P. Morton.

1. O who can take my sins a - way? No oth - er one but Je - sus!
2. O who can to me com - fort give? No oth - er one but Je - sus!
3. O who can set my spir - it free, No oth - er one but Je - sus!
4. O who can drive my gloom a - way, No oth - er one but Je - sus!
5. O who can lead the nar - row road, No oth - er one but Je - sus!

Who turn my dark - ness in - to day? No oth - er one but Je-sus.
And who can make me tru - ly live? No oth - er one but Je-sus.
And give me per - fect lib - er - ty? No oth - er one but Je-sus.
And an - swer when thro' Him I pray? No oth - er one but Je-sus.
And give me fel - low - ship with God? No oth - er one but Je-sus.

CHORUS.

O Je - sus, my Sav - ior, My on - ly hope and ref - uge;

O Je - sus, my Sav - ior, There's no oth - er one but Thee.

No. 93. That's Why I Love Him.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

S. L. Scott Lawrence.

1. Je - sus my Shep - herd has prom - ised to be, That's why I
2. His grace I know is suf - fi - cient for me, That's why I
3. If I a - bide I can ask what I will; That's why I

love Him so; One day I heard Him say "Come un - to Me"
love Him so; All thro' e - ter - ni - ty with Him I'll be,
love Him so; Pur-chased my ran-som on Cal - va - ry's Hill,

CHORUS.

That's why I love Him so. That's why I love Him, That's why I

love Him, Be-cause He died for me; ..... When I'm tempt-ed and
for me;

tried, He is close by my side, That's why I love Him so.

No. 94. I Shall Look On His Face.

COPYRIGHT. 1911, BY THE PRAISE PUB. CO.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Wm. C. Poole. Vivian Jones.

1. Oh, the glo - ry un - told In that cit - y of gold, But the best of
2. When life's storms are all past And I'm anchor'd at last, Safe at home with
3. I have friends o - ver there, In that cit - y so fair, And our fel - low -

that glo - ry will be When I look on his face, Sav'd at last by his grace,
my voy - age all o'er, I will hear the kind word Of my Pi - lot and Lord,
ship nev - er will end, But the glo - ry of all Will be when there shall fall

CHORUS.

And my Saviour shall look up-on me.
O - ver there on that beau-ti - ful shore.
On me smiles from my Saviour and Friend.
} I shall look on his face, Sav'd at

last by his grace, I shall feel then the touch of his hand That was wounded for

me Once on Cal - va-ry's tree, O-ver there on that beauti - ful land.

No. 95. Through and Through.

S. E. L. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN. Charlie D. Tillman.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

No. 96. There is Power in the Blood.

L. E. J. COPYRIGHT. 1899, BY H. L. GILMOUR. L. E. Jones.

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

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

CHORUS.

There's won-der - ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r,
there is
Won-der-work-ing pow'r in the blood of the Lamb; There is
In the blood of the Lamb;
pow'r, pow'r, Wonder-working pow'r In the pre-cious blood of the Lamb.
there is pow'r,

No. 97. Volunteers for Jesus.

Rev. W. C. Poole. COPYRIGHT 1911, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Vol - un-teers are need-ed Now to march a - way; There's a world to con-quer
2. Vol - un-teers are need-ed, Loy-al hearts and brave, Quick to take the mes-sage,
3. Vol - un-teers are need-ed! On-ward for the right; Car - ry forth the Gos - pel

For our Lord to - day; Vol - un-teers for Je - sus, He-roes, one and all;
"Je - sus came to save;" And the Mas-ter, watching, Sees if you are true;
In - to Heath-en night, Je - sus' ban-ner wav-ing Till it is un-furled

CHORUS.

Christ Himself is calling, Hear and heed the call.
Don't you hear Him calling, Calling now for you? Volunteers! Volunteers! Who are
O - ver ev - 'ry na-tion, O - ver all the world!

brave and true; Do you hear the Master calling, Calling now for you? Volunteers!

Volunteers! Loyal, brave and free; Will you gladly answer, Lord, I'll go for Thee?

No. 98. Beneath His Sheltering Hand.

Lizzie DeArmond. COPYRIGHT BY PRAISE PUB. CO., PHILA., PA. **Chas. H. Marsh.**

Unison, or Duet.

1. Thro' the heat of the day as I toil on my way, Go - ing
2. As a bird to its nest flies for com - fort and rest, When the
3. There is joy in my soul for God's love doth con - trol, Tho' His

forth at the dear Lord's com-mand; In His strength I a - bide till the
tem-pests sweep o - ver the land; To my Sav - ior I go with my
ways I may not un - der - stand; So I wait on His will, try-ing

CHORUS.

glad e-ven-tide, I am safe 'neath His shel-ter-ing hand.
troubles and woe, There is peace 'neath His shel-ter-ing hand. So near to His
just to be still, O-ver me is His shel-ter-ing hand.

shel - ter - ing hand, So safe in its shad-ow I stand; Not a

rit. . . . . a tempo.

fear can con-trol, for I'm rest-ing my soul Beneath His dear shel-ter-ing hand.

No. 99. Beyond the Shadows.

Rev. A. H. Ackley. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. B. D. Ackley.

1. Be - yond the dark - ness, past the shad-ows deep, Be - yond the storms
2. Be - yond the dark - ness, thro' the tem-pest wild, A - bove its roar
3. Be - yond the dark - ness and its gloom and fright, The sun - lit hills,
4. Be - yond the dark - ness friends have gone be - fore; They wait to greet

of life that round me sweep, No des - ert there, what-ev-er else may be,
I hear Him say—"My child!" Un - to my soul distressed He makes re - ply
the val-leys filled with light, Shall all be mine, if I but trust and say—
me on the oth - er shore; The time—His own—'tis not for me to know,

CHORUS.

The qui-et stream and pastures green I see.
In tend'rest tones--"Be not a-fraid—'tis I!" Be - yond the dark - ness
"Thy will be done!" wher-ev-er leads the way.
My du - ty is to serve Him here be - low.

shines a heav'n-ly ray, Flood - ing with light life's drear - y way;

All will be right be-yond the night, There smiles undimmed God's perfect day.

No. 100. Whosoever Meaneth Me.

J. E. M. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY CHARLIE TILLMAN. J. Edwin McConnell.

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

CHORUS.

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

Sure - ly mean-eth me, O, sure-ly mean-eth me; Who - so - ev - er,

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

No. 101. Afar From God.

As sung by C. P. Curry.

COPYRIGHT. 1903, BY CHARLES M. ALEXANDER.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

R. Slater. Robert Harkness.

Slow, with expression.

1. A - far from heav'n thy feet have wan - dered, A - far from
2. Thy feet have found sin's way is thorn - y, Thy heart has
3. The bro - ken heart the Lord will fa - vor, The con - trite
4. Tell out thy need, and He'll be - friend thee; Pour out thy

God thy soul has stay'd; His gifts in sin thy hand has
found its pleas - ures vain; Thou hast grown wea - ry, and a-
spir - it He will bless; He came to be the lost one's
heart's deep grief to Him; His bound - less love, un - meas-ured

squan - der'd, Yet still in love He calls thee home.
bout thee The gloom has spread of dark de - spair.
Sav - iour, He came to be the sin - ner's Friend.
mer - cy, His free for - give - ness, are for thee.

CHORUS.

Thy God is near thee; tell thy sto - ry, For He will hear thy tale of sor - row;
God is near thee; tell thy sto - ry, He will hear thy tale of sor - row;

Thy God is near thee; full of mer-cy, And He will wel - come thy re-turn.
God is near thee, full of mer - cy, He will wel-come thy re-turn.

No. 102. Let it be Known.

J. H. Sammis. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY JAMES G. GARTH. James G. Garth.

1. Have you heard of the won-der-ful sto-ry? Let it be known;
2. If in bond-age to Sa-tan He found you, Let it be known;
3. Have you peace, perfect peace, in be-liev-ing? Let it be known;
4. With re-pent-ance your heart may be burning, Let it be known;

Let it be known;

If the cross of the Lord is your glo-ry, Let it be known; If on
Did He scat-ter the fetters that bound you? Let it be known; Are you
Of His grace are you dai-ly re-ceiv-ing? Let it be known; Does He
For the gift of His grace may be yearning, Let it be known; You will

Let it be known;

Cal-va-ry's height God has scattered your night, Let it be known.
trusting His word, And o-bey-ing your Lord? Let it be known.
light-en your load o-ver life's wea-ry road? Let it be known.
nev-er be blest, Till His name you've confessed, Let it be known.

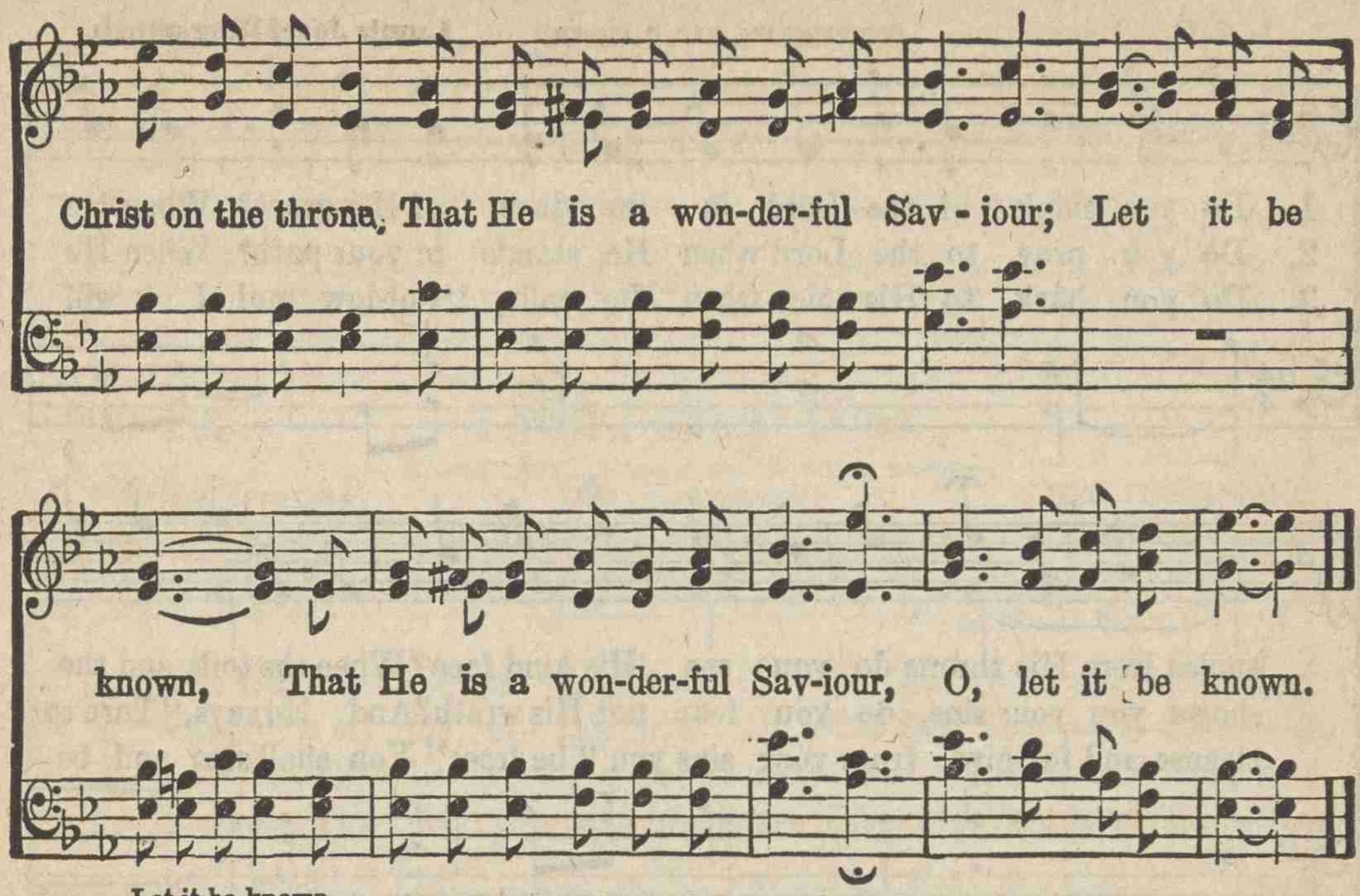
Let it be known, let it be known.

CHORUS.

Let it be known, let it be known, That the Christ of the Cross is the

Let it be known, ...

Let it be Known.



No. 103. Where He Leads Me.

E. W. Blandly. COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY J. S. NORRIS. USED BY PERMISSION. **J. S. Norris.**

No. 104. He is Speaking to You.

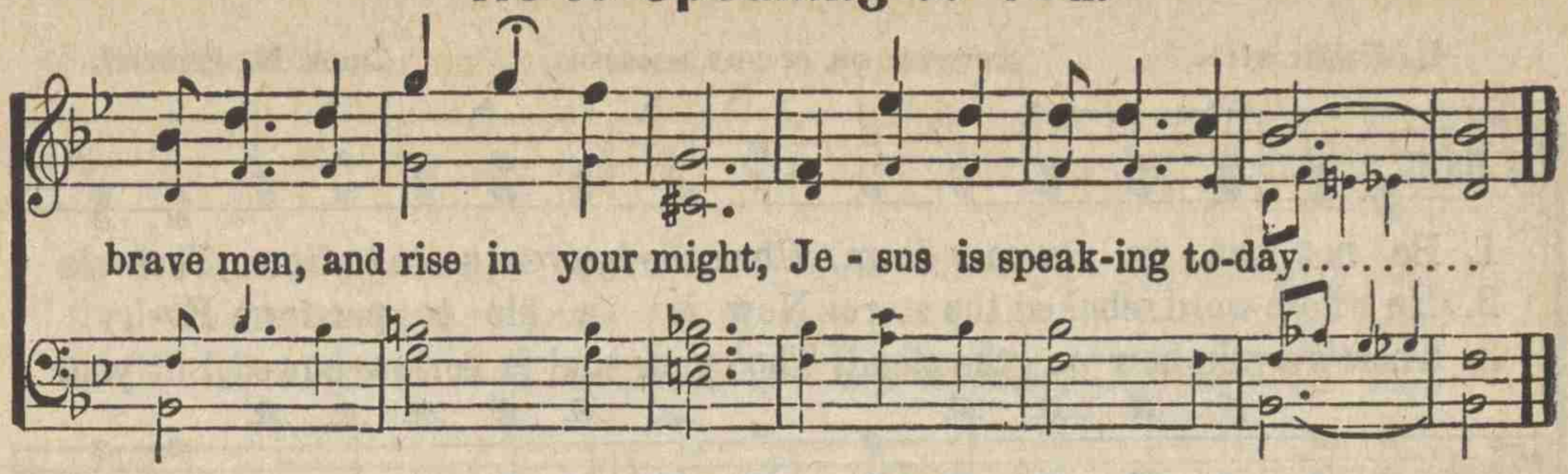
L. J. R. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY C. P. CURRY. Lumir Josef Ringsmuth.

1. Do you think of the Lord in the days of His grace? When He smiles from His throne do you see His kind face? When the toils and the cares of this life are but few, Do you stop in your joy? He is speak-ing to you.
2. Do you pray to the Lord when He stands in your path? When He shows you your sins, do you fear not His wrath? And He says, "Turn to me, I am love, I am true;" Do you pray and re-pent, When He speaks thus to you?
3. Do you hark to His voice when He calls, "Fol-low me! I will cleanse and for-give, from your sins you'll be free;" You shall sing and be kind and to God al-ways true, If you'll hark to His voice, When He's speak-ing to you.

CHORUS.

Raise up the stand-ard and put sin a - way; Quit ye like

He Is Speaking to You.



No. 105. I Will Follow Thee.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT, 1910. BY GEO, C, STEBBINS.
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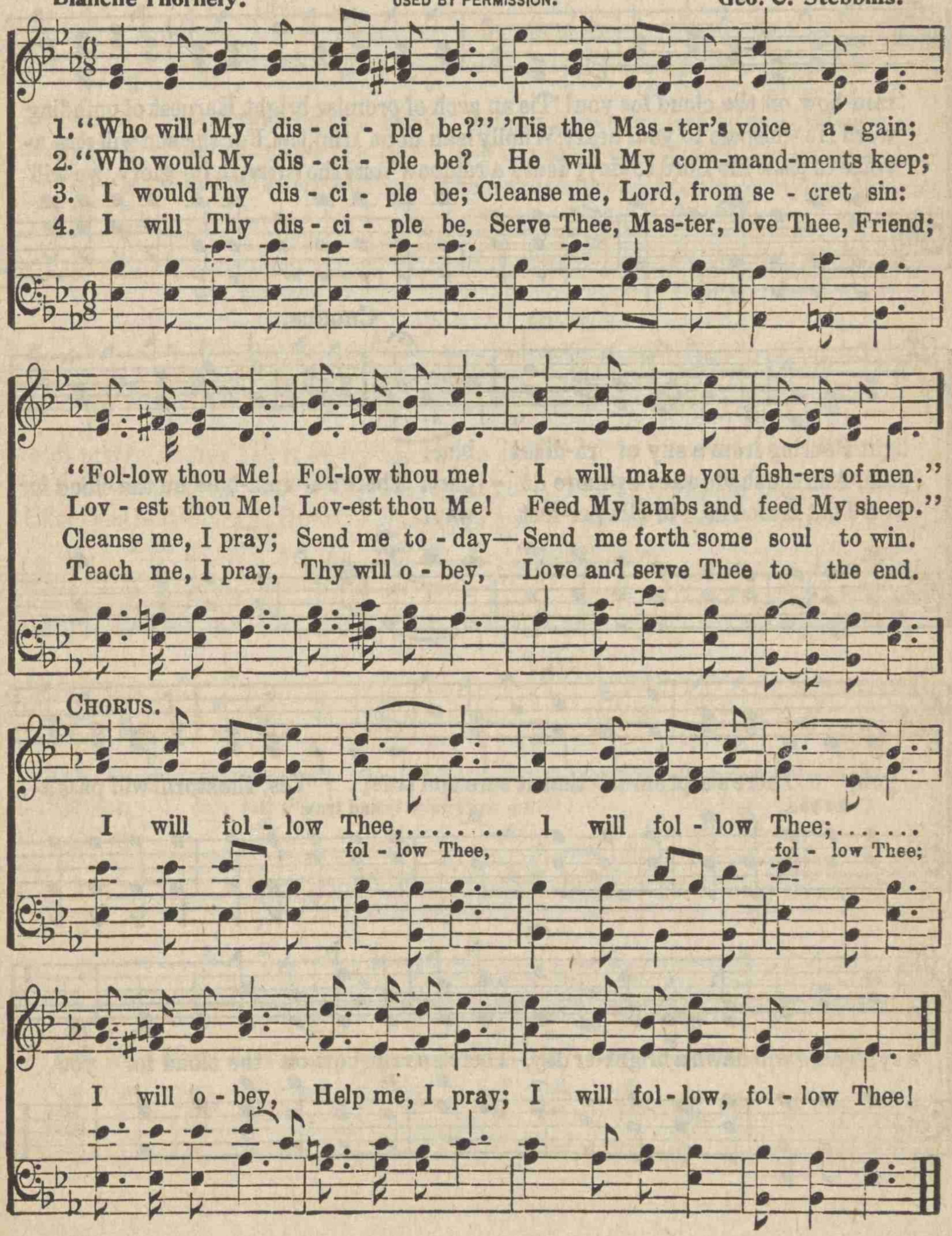
Blanche Thornely. Geo. C. Stebbins.



No. 106. A Rainbow On the Cloud.

E. E. Hewitt. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Be not wea - ry or cast down, When the heavens seem to frown, There's a rain-bow on the cloud for you! 'Tis an arch of promise bright, Earnest of unfading voice to praise the Lord to-day; There's a rainbow 'round the throne; In its glory, we will light Pouring from a sky of ra-diant blue.

2. He whose word rebuked the storm, Now is a - ble to per-form Ev-'ry word He whispers to your heart; Wholly lean upon Him, then, For the sun will shine a- gain, And the shadows ev-er-more de - part. There's a rain-bow on the cloud for you, There's a prom-ise that is sure and true; Yes, the storm will pass a- way; There will dawn a bright-er day,—There's a rain-bow on the cloud for you.

3. There's a rain-bow on the cloud! Tho' your soul is sorrow-bowed, Lift your own That He led us in His per-fect way.

CHORUS.

for you, and true;

No. 107. Tell It Everywhere You Go.

Herbert Buffum. COPYRIGHT, 1914. BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. If your sins have been for-giv-en you in Je-sus' bless-ed name,
2. If you've found the Sav-ior pre-cious in your ev-'ry time of need,
3. If the love of God is sweet-er than the pleas-ures found in sin,

Tell it ev-'ry-where you go; It may help some oth-er wea-ry heart to
Tell it ev-'ry-where you go; Tell the world that He will always prove He
Tell it ev-'ry-where you go; There are souls who dwell in darkness whom to

CHORUS.

seek and find the same Tell it ev-'ry-where you go.
is a Friend indeed, Tell it ev-'ry-where you go. Tell it ev'rywhere you go,
Jesus you may win; Tell it ev-'ry-where you go. Tell it, tell it, ev'rywhere you go,

Tell it ev-'ry-where you go, As you jour-ney here be-low,
Tell it, tell it, ev-'ry-where you go,

Let the world a-round you know, Tell it ev-'ry-where you go.

No. 108. God's Message.

Herbert Buffum. COPYRIGHT 1915 BY C. P. CURRY. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. There is on-ly one way to be cleansed from your sin, There is on - ly one
2. There is no oth-er name ever giv - en to man By which they are in-
3. There is no oth-er way to be per - fect - ly blest Than to yield up our
4. There is on-ly one way—'tis by faith in God's word! Such a sto - ry as

way that will vic - to - ry win; There is on - ly one way to in-
clud - ed with - in His great plan; For "His name shall be Je - sus"—O
will and in Him to find rest; Tho' the fur - nace be heat - ed, con-
this no man ev - er hath heard; There is on - ly one road, tho' life's

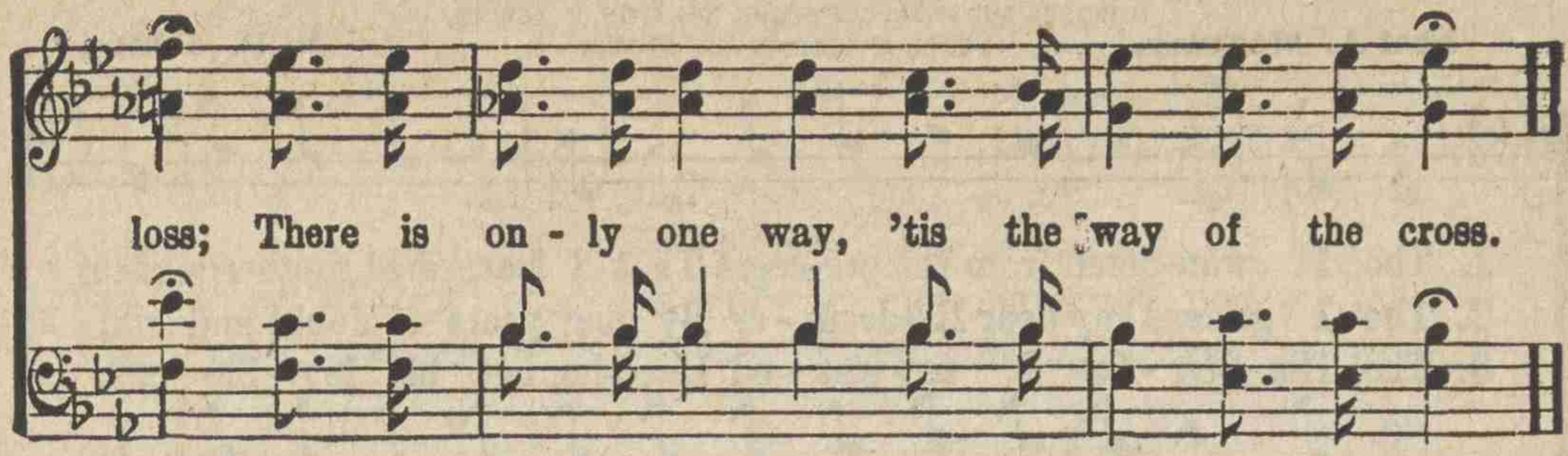
sure a-gainst loss There is on - ly one way—'tis the way of the cross.
won-der-ful name He who bore all our sor-rows and car-ried our sham.
sum-ing all dross, There is on - ly one way—'tis the way of the cross.
ang - ry waves toss, There's a light-house to guide and it shines from the cross.

CHORUS.

List to God's message and hear Je - sus say: "I am the Truth, the

Life and the Way;" If the crown you would wear you must count all else

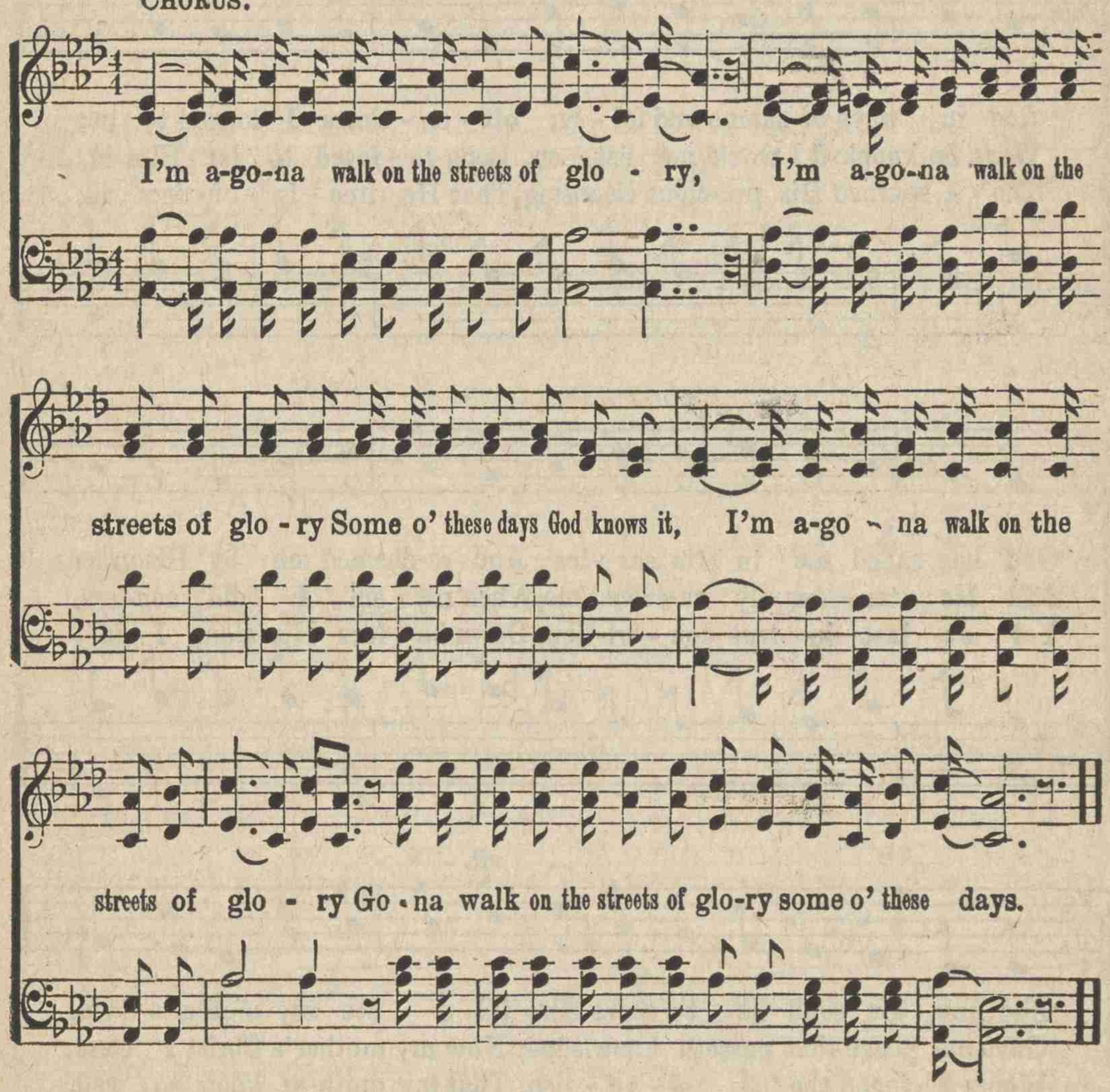
God's Message.



No. 109. Some O' These Days.

ARRANGEMENT COPYRIGHT, 1915. BY C. P. CURRY.

CHORUS.



1 I'm a-gona sing and shout forever, etc.
2 I'm a-going down to the river Jordan, etc.
3 I'm a-gona meet my sainted mother, etc.
4 I'm a-gona see my blessed Savior, etc.
5 I'm a-gona talk to the Hebrew children. etc.

No.110. Till I See My Mother's Face.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY B. D. ACKLEY.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Neal A. McAulay. B. D. Ackley.

1. Tho' I wan-dered from the pre-cepts That I learned at mother's knee;
2. Tho' I grieved my dear Re-deem - er By long years of doubt and sin,
3. Tho' His Spir - it I re - sist - ed Heed-ing not his lov - ing call,

And in ways of shame and fol - ly, oft - en - times I longed to be;
When he knocked I would not list - en, Long re - fused to let Him in,
Tho' I spurned His pre-cious cleansing, That He free - ly of - fers all,

God has called me in His ser-vice; And re-deemed me by His grace,
Still He ten - der - ly re-ceived me, When my sin I did con-fess,
Yet at last in true con - tri-tion; Down be - fore His cross I fell,

rit.

And my joy shall be to serve Him till I see my mother's face.
Gave me peace that passeth knowledge; Now my mother's Christ I bless.
Where I found the full sal - va - tion, That my moth-er knew so well.

CHORUS.

Till I See My Mother's Face.

I shall meet my dear old mother bye, and bye, by and by In the bright e-

ter-nal home be-yond the sky; be-yond the sky; She is with My Sav - iour now,

with a crown up - on her brow, I shall meet my dear old mother by and by.

No. 111. While Jesus Whispers to You

H. R. Palmer.

W. E. Witter.

1. While Je-sus whis-pers to you, Come, sin-ner, come!
While we are pray-ing for you, (*Omit.*)
Come, sinner, come!

2. Are you too heav - y la - den? Come, sin-ner, come!
Je - sus will bear your bur-den, (*Omit.*)
Come, sinner, come!

3. O, hear His ten - der plead-ing, Come, sin-ner, come!
Come and re-ceive the bless-ing, (*Omit.*)
Come, sinner, come!

Now is the time to own Him, Come, sin-ner, come!
Now is the time to know Him, (*Omit.*)
Come, sinner, come!

Je - sus will not de-ceive you, Come, sin-ner, come!
Je - sus can now re-ceive you, (*Omit.*)
Come, sinner, come!

While Je-sus whis-pers to you, Come, sin-ner, come!
While we are pray-ing for you, (*Omit.*)
Come, sinner, come!

No. 112. My Blessed Savior.

Mrs. J. B. B. COPYRIGHT, AUGUST, 1914, BY MRS. J. B. BROWN. Mrs. J. B. Brown.

1. To know Him better, is my dai - ly prayer, Be al - ways conscious of His pres- ence rare; By faith, to look in - to His face so fair; My Sav - ior, oh, my bless-ed Sav - ior.
2. All vain am-bi-tion, earthly gain, and pride, All hin-d'ring pleas-ures would I cast a - side; Be-cause for me up - on the cross He died, My Sav - ior, oh, my bless-ed Sav - ior.
3. A full sur-ren-dered life I'd give to Thee, My all I'd free-ly con-se - crate to Thee; That I some wand'ring soul may lead to Thee; My Sav - ior, oh, my bless-ed Sav - ior.
4. I'm watching, longing for that glorious day, When He, re-turn-ing for His own, shall say: My child, come Home and be with me for aye, My Sav - ior, oh, my bless-ed Sav - ior, My Sav - ior.

D.C. *After last verse.*

f *p* *rit.* *pp*

No. 113. Beulah Land.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

O Beu-lah Land, sweet Beu-lah Land, As on thy high - est mount I stand,

I look a - way a - cross the sea, Where mansions are pre-pared for me,

And view the shin - ing glo-ry-shore,—My heav'n, my home for-ev - er more!

No. 114. When We All Get to Heaven.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY MRS. J. G. WILSON.
USED BY PERMISSION.

E. E. Hewitt. Mrs. J. G. Wilson.

1. Sing the won-drous love of Je - sus, Sing His mer - cy and His grace;
2. While we walk the pil - grim path-way, Clouds will o - ver - spread the sky;
3. Let us then be true and faith-ful, Trust-ing, serv - ing ev - 'ry day:
4. On-ward to the prize be - fore us! Soon His beau - ty we'll be - hold;

In the man-sions, bright and bless-ed, He'll pre-pare for us a place.
But when trav'ling days are o - ver, Not a shad-ow, not a sigh.
Just one glimpse of Him in glo - ry Will the toils of life re - pay.
Soon the pearl-y gates will o - pen, We shall tread the streets of gold.

for us a place.

CHORUS.

When we all get to heav-en, What a day of rejoicing that will be!

When we all What a day of rejoicing that will be!

When we all see Je-sus, We'll sing and shout the victory.

When we all and shout the vic-to-ry.

No. 115. When I See The Blood.

John. J. G. F.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

When I

blood When I see the blood, When I see the

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

rit.

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

see the blood,

No. 116. 'Tis Jesus.

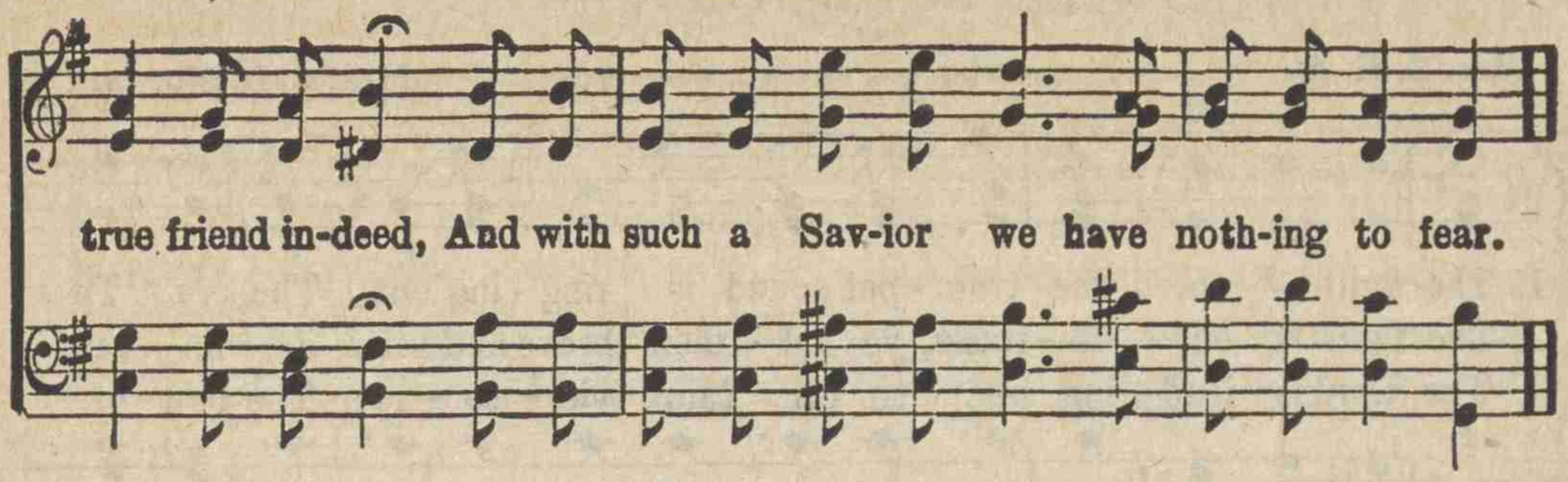
W. C. Poole. COPYRIGHT 1915. BY C. P. CURRY. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. When your bur-dens are too heav - y, For your strength to bear, And your heart is grow-ing wear - y with its load of care, There is One who knows a - bout them And your all will share—'Tis Je - sus—Pre-cious Je - sus.
2. When the bil - lows high are toss - ing, And your bark so frail Can the storm no long - er weath-er in the tem - pest gale, There is One who calms the wa - ters, And He will not fail—'Tis Je - sus—Pre-cious Je - sus.
3. When the storm-y night is end - ing And the bright new day, Breaks in glo - ry, and the sun-beams all a - round you play, There is near a Friend who led you All the unknown way—'Tis Je - sus—Pre-cious Je - sus.

CHORUS.

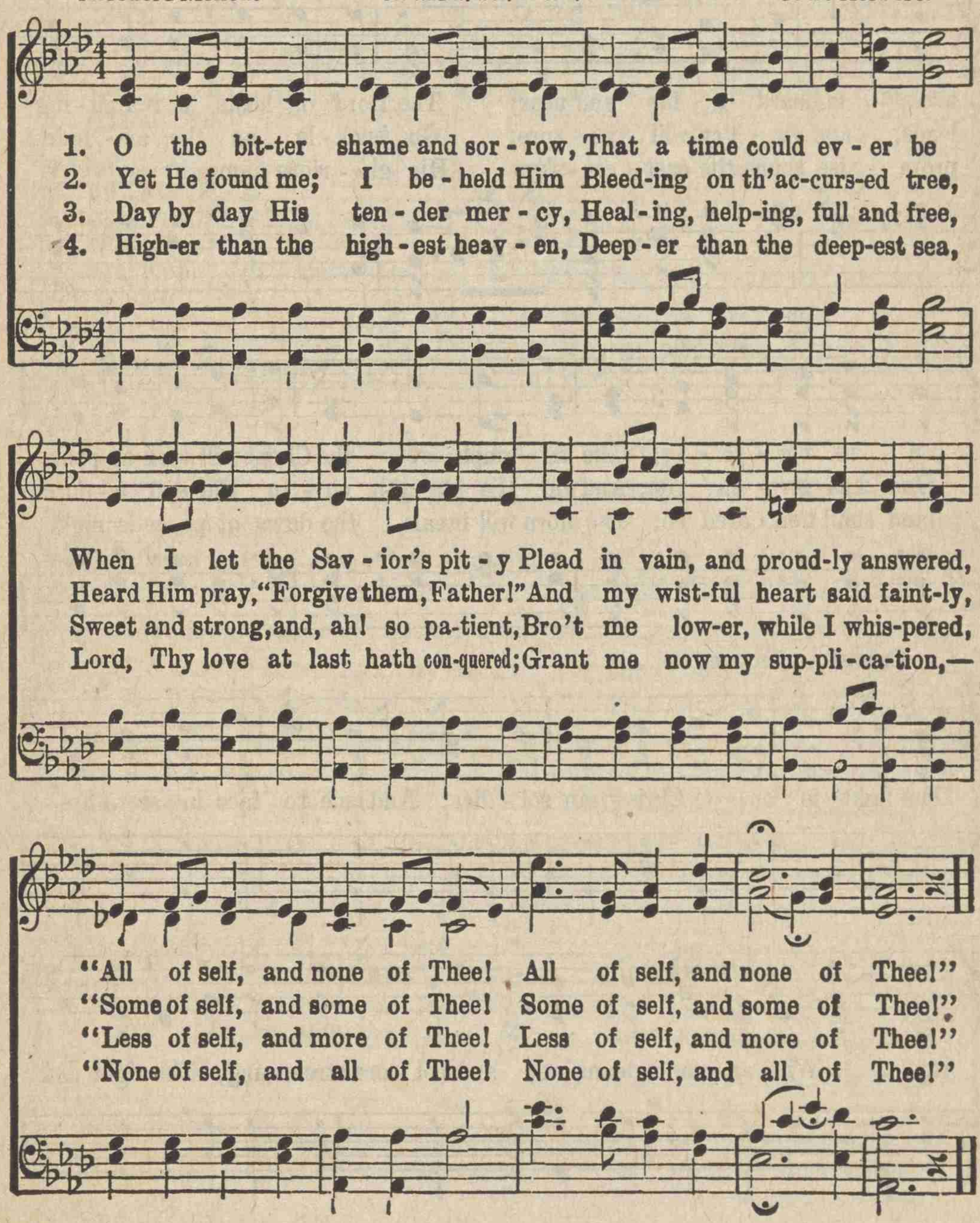
'Tis Je - sus, who is al - ways near To com - fort and to help and cheer; He comes in our need, A is al - ways near to help and cheer;

'Tis Jesus.



No. 117. None of Self and All of Thee!

Theodore Monod. COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY J. B. HERBERT. **J. B. Herbert.**



No. 118. The Fight Is On.

Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT. 1805, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. The fight is on, the trum - pet sound is ring - ing out, The cry "To
2. The fight is on, A - rouse, ye sol - diers brave and true! Je - ho - vah
3. The Lord is lead - ing on to cer - tain vic - to - ry; The bow of

arms!" is heard a - far and near; The Lord of hosts is march - ing
leads, and vic - t'ry will as - sure; Go, buck - le on the ar - mor
prom - ise spans the east - ern sky; His glo - rious name in ev - 'ry

on to vic - to - ry, The tri - umph of the Christ will soon ap-pear.
God has giv - en you, And in His strength un - to the end en - dure.
land shall hon - ored be; The morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.

CHORUS. *Unison,*

The fight is on, O Chris - tian sol - dier, And face to face in stern ar-

ray, . . . With ar - mor gleam-ing, and col - ors stream-ing, The right and

The Fight is On.

Harmony.

wrong en - gage to - day! The fight is on, but be not

wea - ry; Be strong and in His might hold fast; If God be

for us, His banner o'er us, We'll sing the vic - tor's song at last!
vic - t'ry! vic - t'ry!

No. 119. I'll Live For Him.

R. E. Hudson.

COPYRIGHT. 1882. BY R. E. HUDSON.
USED BY PERMISSION.

C. R. Dunbar.

1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God who died for me;
2. I now be-lieve Thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
3. O Thou who died on Cal - va - ry, To save my soul and make me free,

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

D. C.

Oh, may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav-ior and my God!
And now hence-forth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav-ior and my God!
I'll con - se-crate my life to Thee, My Sav-ior and my God!

I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav-ior and my God?

No. 120. Throw a Line.

L. N. McHose. COPYRIGHT, 1861, BY J. H. KURZENKNABE, BY PER. I. N. McHose.

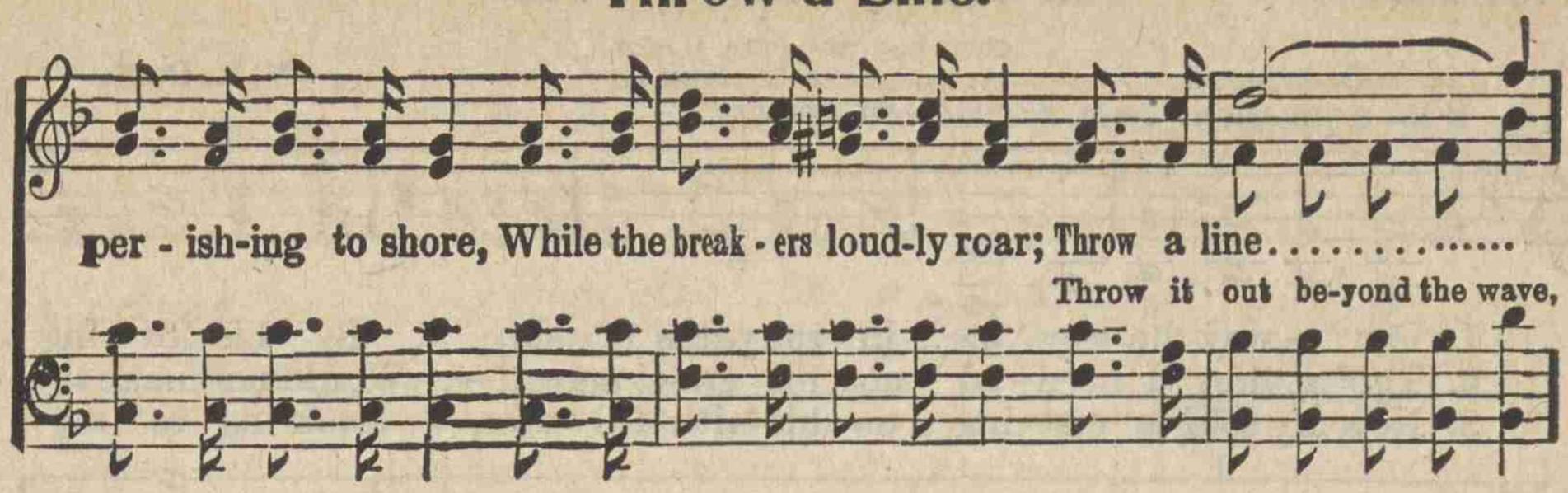
1. 'Mid the lightning's lu - rid flash, And the thun-der's startling crash There are voic - es call - ing loud for help-ing hand; Shall we nev - er heed their cry?
2. 'Midst the break-ers near the coast They will sure - ly all be lost, If the sig - nal is not fol-lowed for a guide; O my broth-er, lend a hand,
3. Yes, the line that we will use, Is the one the Sav-iour chose, With the scar-let thread so nice - ly in - ter-twined; It is strong and sure, and saves
4. When the storms of life are past, And we're land - ed safe at last, We shall greet each oth - er by the crys-tal sea, There no waves of troub-le roll;

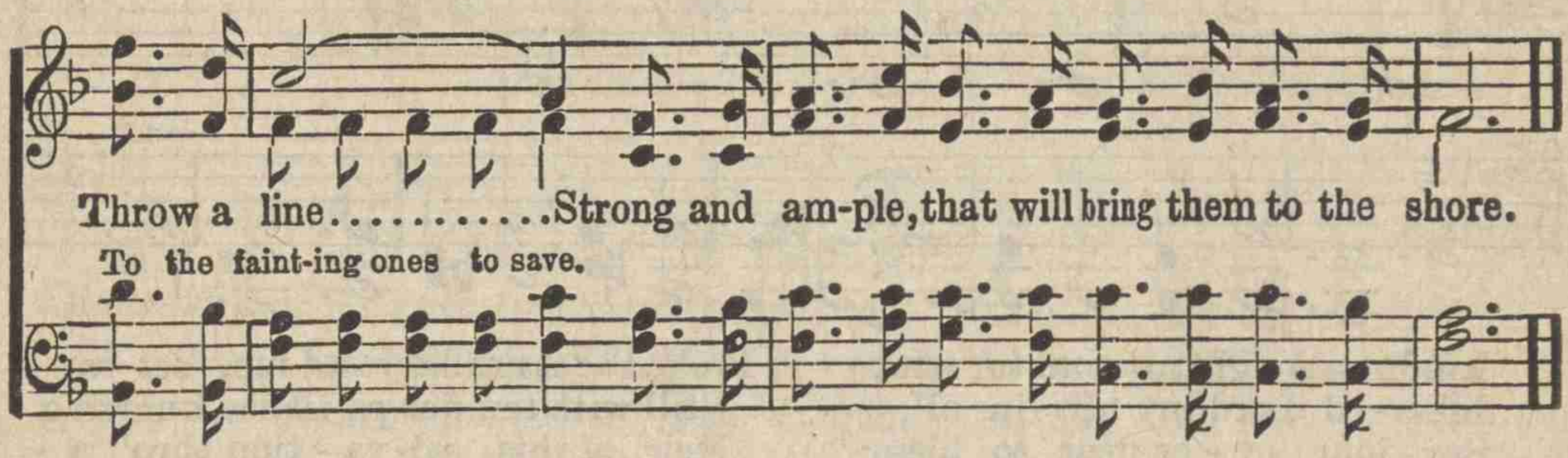
Shall we let them sink and die? And not e - ven throw a line to them from land?
Try to help them safe to land, Throw a line that reach-es to the oth - er side.
Souls that strug-gle 'midst the waves, Throw it out to all the per-ish-ing you find.
There is joy in ev -'ry soul, Saved by Je-sus' blood to all e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.

Throw a line,..... Throw a line,..... Help the
Throw a line, sal - va-tion's line, Throw the crim-son sav - ing line;

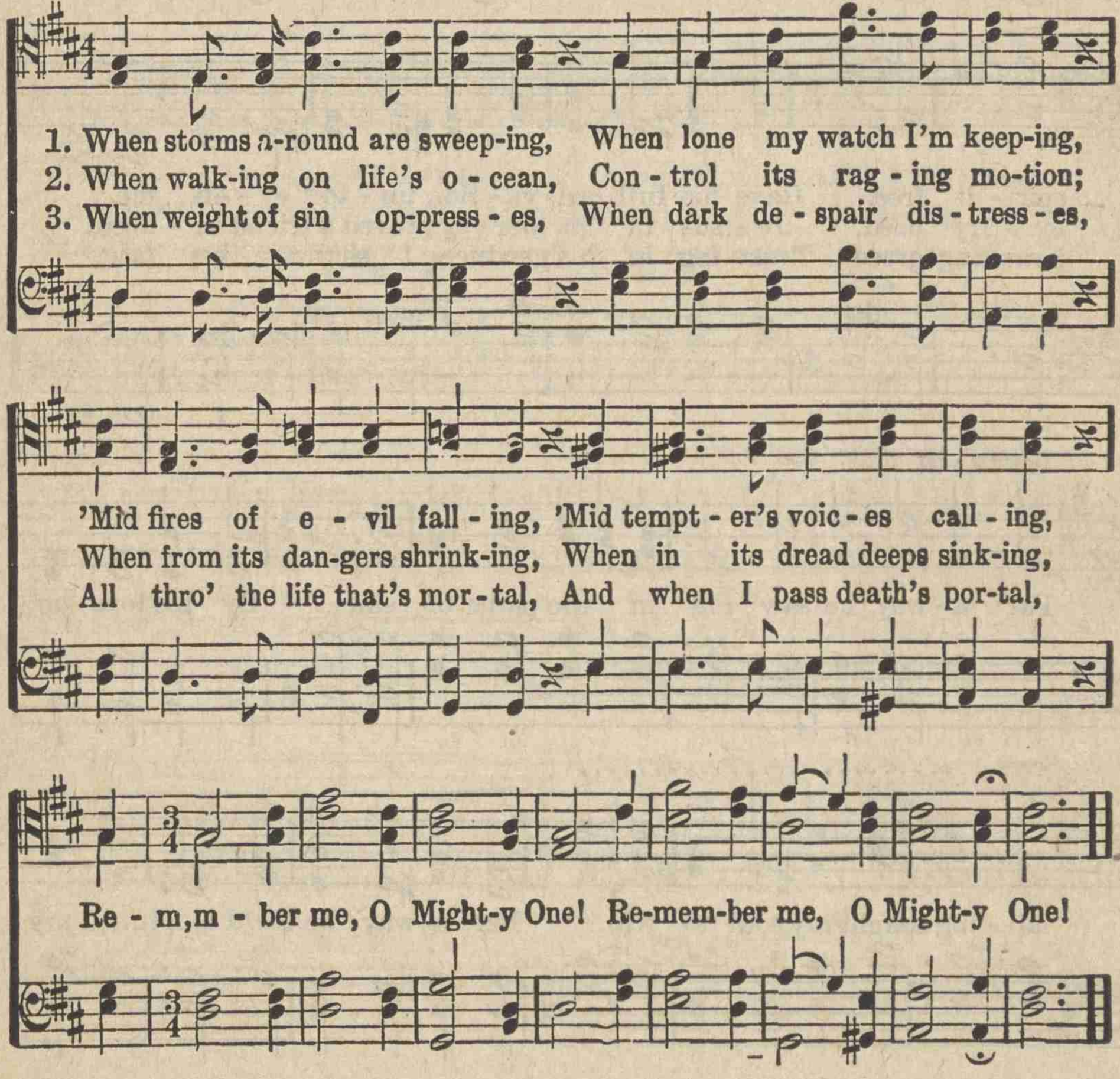
Throw a Line.





No. 121. Remember Me, O Mighty One.

Anon. Joanna Kinkel.



No. 122. Far Away He Saw Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1904. BY W. A. POST.
THE PRAISE PUB. CO., OWNERS.

Lizzie DeArmond. **W. A. Post.**

With expression. Solo, or voices in unison.

1. Far a-way he saw me in the paths of sin, By his lov-ing
2. Tho' at first I heed-ed not his gra-cious call— Would not make the
3. Now my soul is rest-ing on his faith-ful-ness, Look-ing to my

kindness sought my soul to win; Broke the chains that bound me, set my
bless-ed Lord my all in all, Still with ten-der pa-tience, knowing
Sav-iour ev-er near to bless; Heir of his sal-va-tion thro' a-

spir-it free, Gave his full sal-va-tion un-to "ev-en me."
ev-'ry need, Je-sus in his mer-cy proved a friend in-deed.
bounding grace, Trust-ing in his goodness, I shall see his face.

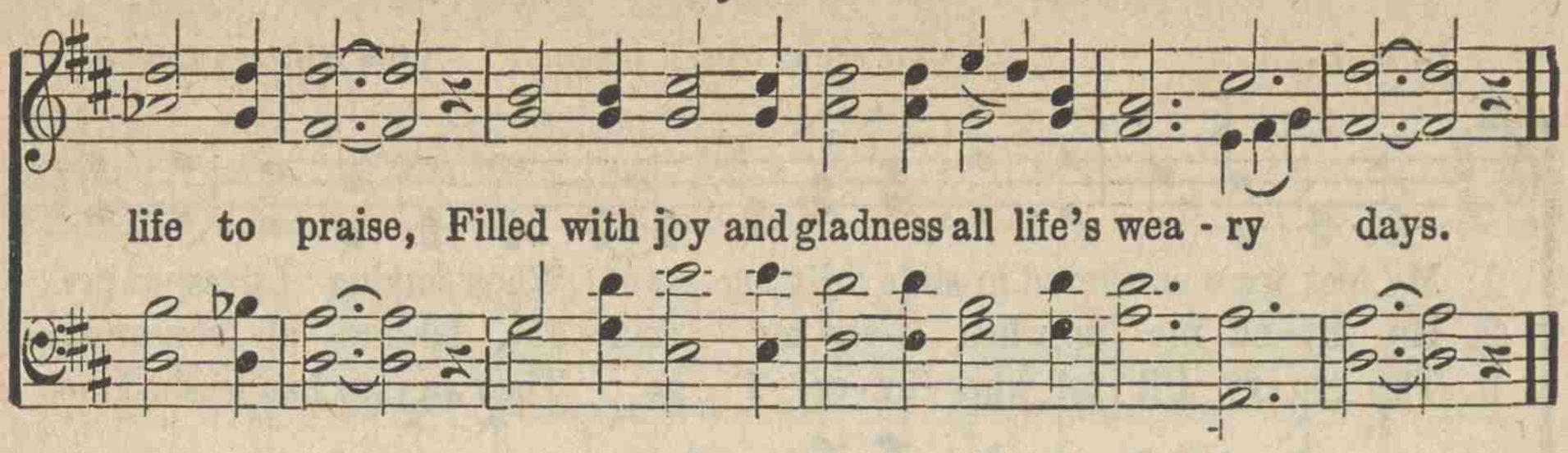
REFRAIN.

Far a-way he saw me in the paths of sin, By his love un-

cres.

fail-ing sought my soul to win, Far a-way he lov'd me; tuned my

Far Away He Saw Me.

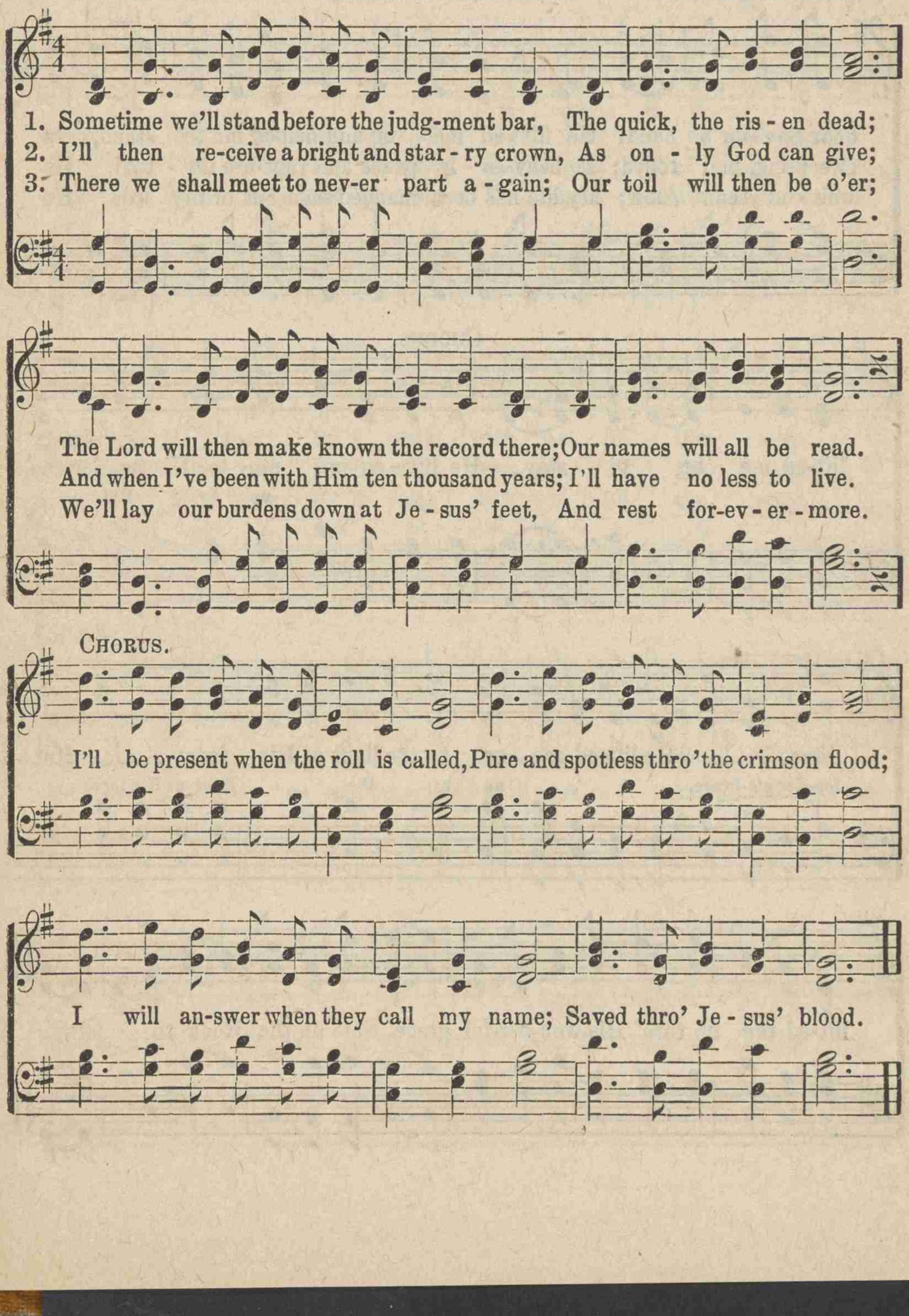


123 Saved Through Jesus' Blood.

J. W. V.

COPYRIGHT. 1899. BY HALL-MACK CO.

J. W. Van De Venter.



No. 125. He Lifted Me Up to Stay.

L. S. L. COPYRIGHT, 1914. BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Lida Shirers Leech.

1. My feet were en-snared in sin's drift-ing sand! When sinking I grasped my
2. He lift-ed me up when o-ver my soul The bil-lows of sor-row,
3. The sto-ry I'll tell wher-ev-er I go, That Je-sus has washed me

dear Sav-ior's hand! He lift-ed me up and helped me to stand, He
sweep-ing, had rolled; To heav-en-ly peace and rapt-ure un-told, He
whit-er than snow; My life has been changed since out of my woe He

CHORUS.

lift-ed me up to stay. He lift-ed me up to His ten-der em-
up to His
brace,.... He lift-ed me up to the light of His face;..... He
ten-der em-brace, up to the light of His face;
lift-ed me up thro' His won-der-ful grace, Safe on the Rock to stay.

No. 124. He'll Walk with Me All the Way.

L. J. Williams. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I know that my Sav - ior will nev - er for - sake, I know that my faith in Him nev - er will shake; My jour - ney a path-way of glad - ness He'll make, He'll walk with me all the way.
2. He'll lead me in paths that are pleas-ant and green, And show me new glo - ries so long since un - seen; His hand will I hold all se- cure and se - rene, He'll walk with me all the way.
3. My eyes will new beau-ty and glo - ry per - ceive, As dai - ly His bless - ing life's tan - gles un-weave, I'll hold to His hand and no more let Him leave; He'll walk with me all the way.

CHORUS.

He'll walk with me all the way,.... He'll walk with me all the way,....
He'll walk with me all the way, He'll walk with me all the way,

He'll help me o'er sin the vic - t'ry to win, And walk with me all the way.

No. 126. My Guide and Keeper.

Charlotte G. Homer. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. B. D. Ackley.

1. When I grow wea - ry, al-most de - spair Un - der the weight of the cross I must bear, Sweetly He whispers, "Be thou not a - fraid! I am thy
2. When sore-ly tempt-ed tried by de - feat, Help - less I fall at His mer-ci-ful feet, His love un - fail - ing, so ten - der and true, Reaches, en-
3. He knows my weakness, and, by His grace, Tem-pers the wind and the storms I must face; Tho' I not al-ways may fath-om His will, Sure - ly I
4. When thro' the val - ley my way I take, I know that morn - ing e- ter-nal will break, And that with lov'd ones there waiting for me, In all its

CHORUS.

God! trust, and be not dis-mayed!"
cir - cles and saves me a - new. He keeps me ev - er, For-sakes me nev - er; Is al-ways near me, To com-fort and cheer me; Thro' light and
know He is lead-ing me still.
beau - ty His face I shall see.

dark-ness a - like He will guide, In life, in death He will with me a - bide.

No. 127. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name!

E. Perronet. **(DIADEM.)**

1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall,
2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran-somed from the fall,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter - res - trial ball,
4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall,

Let an - gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,
Ye ran-somed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
On this ter - res - trial ball, To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe,
We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song,

And crown . . . . . Him, crown Him,

And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him And crown Him Lord of
And crown . . . . . Him, crown Him,

And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown . . . . . .

crown Him, crown Him,

all, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all!
crown . . . . Him,

. . . . . Him, And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 128. On the Edge of the Kingdom.

COPYRIGHT, 1913. BY JNO. E. THOMAS.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

J. E. T. Jno. E. Thomas.

1. On the edge of the King-dom, Not far from the goal, So near to that
2. On the edge of the King-dom Of glo - ry un - told, The walls are of
3. On the edge of the King-dom, Con-tent - ed to wait, Still ling - er - ing
4. On the edge of the King-dom, With death lurk-ing near, Not read - y to

ha-ven, Blest home of the soul; The Sav-ior is wait-ing, just o-ver the
jas-per The streets are of gold, And man-sions my Sav-ior has gone to pre-
ev - er Just out-side the gate, O, why from God's won-der-ful love wilt thou
meet Him, The hour may be here; So ma-ny will en-ter the pearl - y

CHORUS.

way, Your cause He is plead-ing, O, do not de-lay!
pare, There an-thems are ring-ing, No sor-row is there.
roam? Je - sus is ten - der - ly calling thee home.
gate, But ma - ny the an - swer re - ceive, too late.

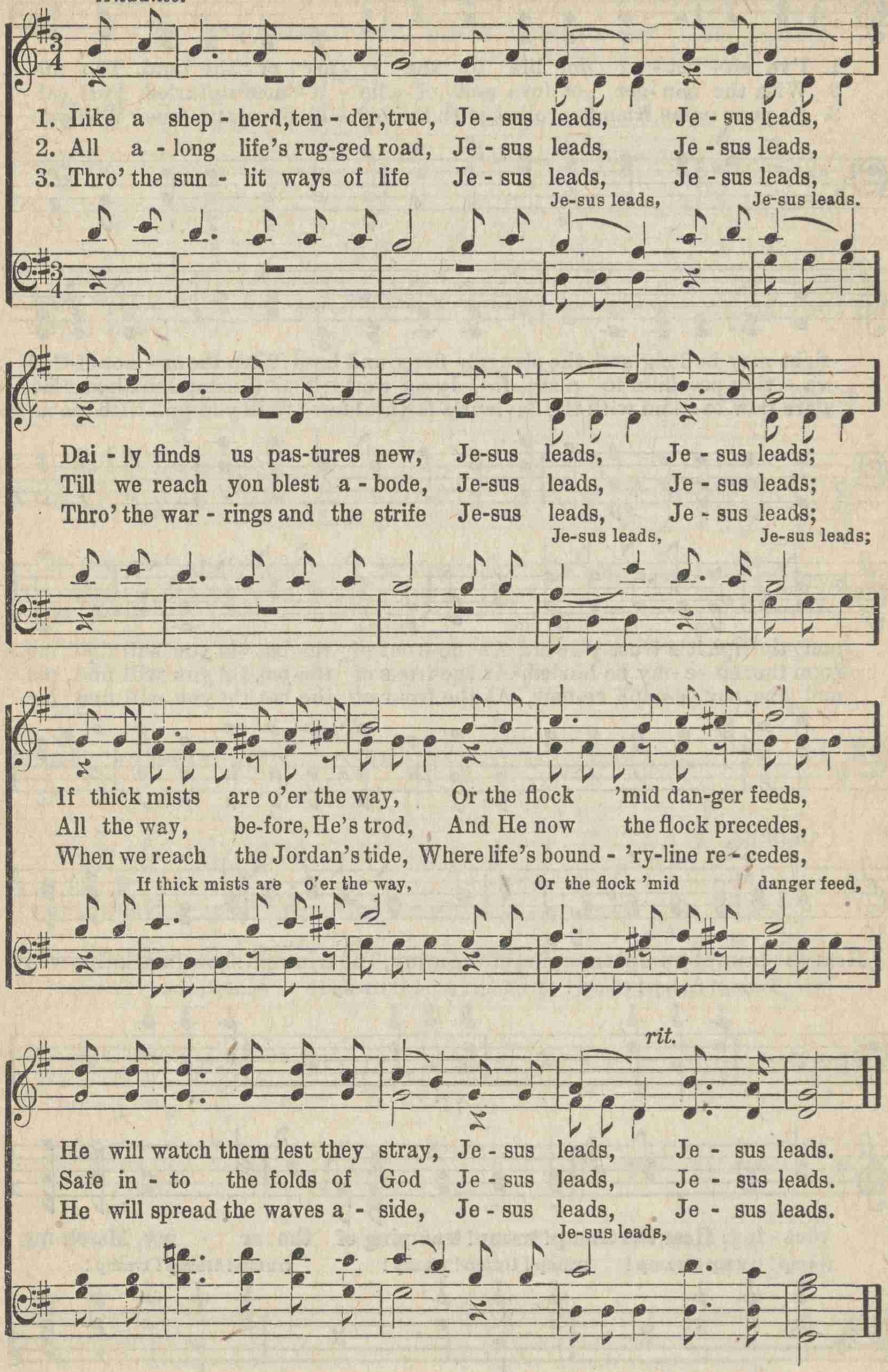
On the edge of the King-dom of glo - ry un-told, The Sav-ior is wait-ing for thee; The
temp-ter is call-ing thee back to the world, O, what will the an-swer be.

No. 129. Jesus Leads.

"And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him; for they know his voice."—John 10: 4.

John R. Clements. COPYRIGHT. 1893. BY JNO. R. SWENEY. USED BY PER. **Jno. R. Sweney.**

Andante.



No. 130. At the Battle's Front.

Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT. 1906. H. L. GILMOUR, WENONAH, N. J. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. I've en - list - ed for life in the ar - my of the Lord, Tho' the fight may be long and the struggle fierce and hard; With the ar - mor of God
2. With the ban - ner of love and of ho - li - ness unfurled, Full sal - va - tion proclaim to a sin - ful, dying world; Tho' the darts thick and fast
3. Is your name, friend, enrolled with the loy - al ones, and true? Will you dare now to stand with the Saviour's faithful few? Will you join with me now

and the Spirit's trust-y sword At the front of the bat-tle you will find me.
from the en - e - my be hurled, At the front of the bat-tle you will find me.
and the cov - e-nant re-new, At the front of the bat-tle you will find me.

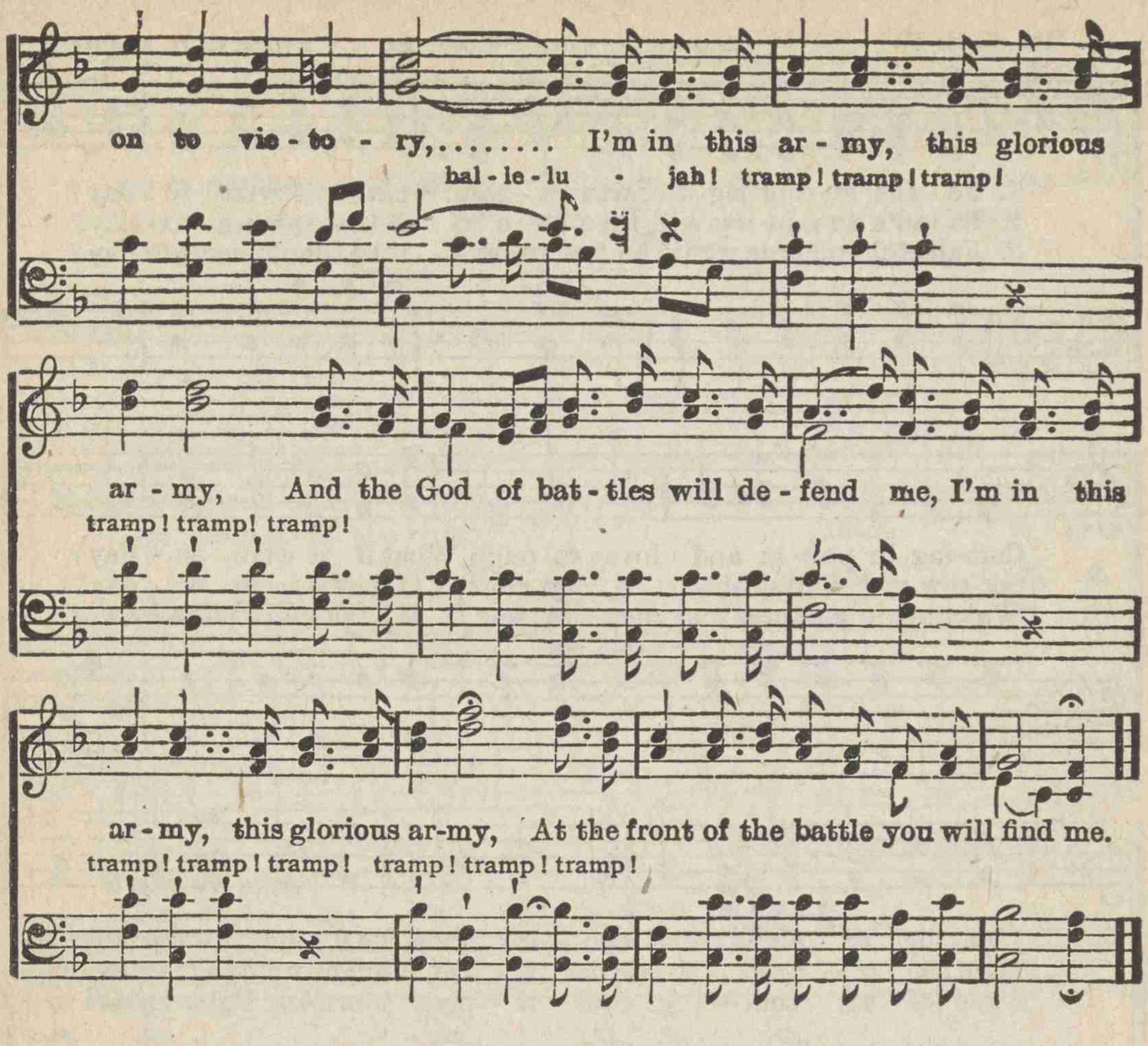
CHORUS.

Hear the tramp! tramp! tramping of the army, The triumph shouting, the foe we're rout - ing; Hear the tramp! tramp! tramping of the ar - my, March-ing

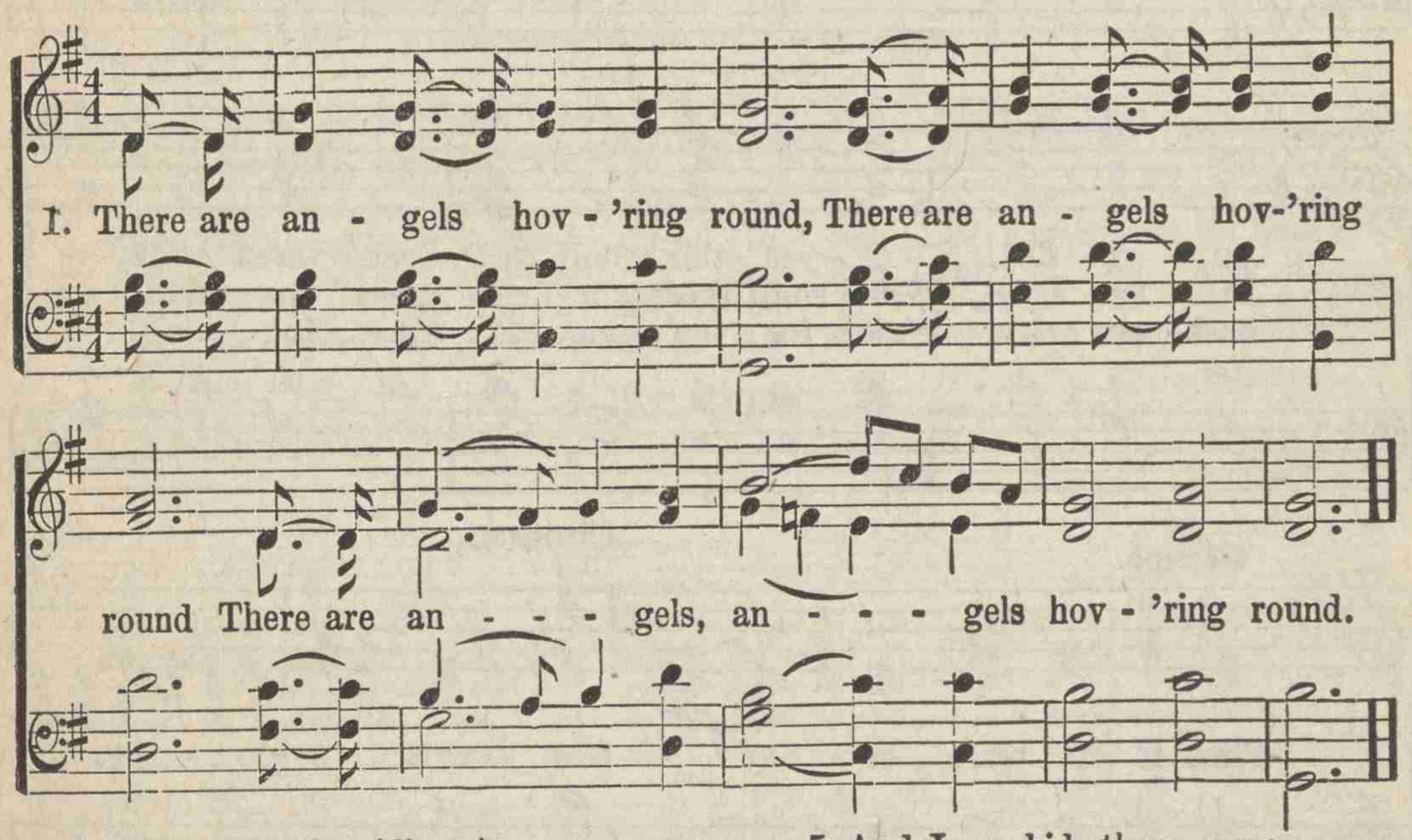
Tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp!

tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp!

At The Battle's Front.



No. 131. There are Angels Hovering Round.



2 To carry the tidings home.
3 To the New Jerusalem.
4 Poor sinners are coming home.
5 And Jesus bids them come.
6 Let him that heareth come.
7 We're on our journey home.

No. 132. What If It Were Today?

Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Je - sus is com-ing to earth a - gain, What if it were to - day?
2. Sa-tan's do-min-ion will then be o'er, O that it were to - day!
3. Faithful and true would he find us here If he should come to-day?

Com-ing in pow-er and love to reign, What if it were to - day?
Sor-row and sighing shall be no more, O that it were to - day!
Watching in gladness and not in fear, If he should come to- day?

Com-ing to claim his cho - sen Bride, All the re- deem'd and
Then shall the dead in Christ a - rise, Caught up to meet him
Signs of his com - ing mul - ti - ply, Morn-ing light breaks in

pu - ri - fied, O - ver this whole earth scat - tered wide,
in the skies, When shall these glo - ries meet our eyes?
east - ern sky, Watch, for the time is draw - ing nigh,

rit.

CHORUS.

a tempo.

What if it were to - day? Glo - ry! glo - ry!

What If it Were To-day?

joy to my heart 'twill bring; Glo - ry, glo - ry! When we shall
joy to my heart 'twill bring, When

crown him king; Glo - ry, glo - ry! Haste to pre-pare the
we shall crown him king, Haste to pre-

ritard.

way; Glo - ry! glo - ry! Je-sus will come some day.
pare the way;

No. 133. Hallelujah! What a Saviour!

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

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

1. "Man of Sor-rows," what a name For the Son of God who came
2. Bear-ing shame and scoff-ing rude, In my place con-demned He stood,
3. Guilt-y, vile and help-less we; Spot-less Lamb of God was He;
4. Lift-ed up was He to die, "It is fin-ished," was His cry;
5. When He comes, our glo-rious King, All His ran-somed home to bring,

Ru-ined sin-ners to re-claim! Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-iour!
Sealed my par-don with His blood; Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-iour!
"Full a-tone-ment!" can it be? Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-iour!
Now in heav'n ex-alt-ed high, Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-iour!
Then a-new this song we'll sing, Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-iour!

No. 134 A Little Talk With Jesus

"And behold there talked with Him two men."—Luke, 9: 30.

Anon. Arranged.

1. Tho' dark the night, and clouds look black, And stormy o - ver-head, And
2. When those who once were dear-est friends Be - gin to per - se - cute, And
3. And thus, by fre-quent lit - tle talks I gain the vic - to - ry; And

trials of al - most ev - 'ry kind A - cross my path are spread; How
more who once pro-fessed to love, Have dis-tant grown, and mute, I
march a - long with cheer-ful song, En - joy - ing lib - er - ty; With

soon I con-quer all, As to the Lord I call, A lit - tle talk with
tell Him all my grief, He quick-ly sends re - lief, A lit - tle talk with
Je - sus as my Friend, I'll prove un - til the end, A lit - tle talk with

D. S. *trials of ev - 'ry kind, Praise God I al-ways find, A lit - tle talk with*

CHORUS.

Je - sus makes it right, all right. A lit - tle talk with Je-sus makes it

Je - sus makes it right, all right.

D. S.

right, all right, A lit - tle talk with Je - sus makes it right, all right, In

No. 135. I Shall Dwell Forever There.

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

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

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

No. 136. Something in My Heart.

E. E. Hewitt. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Henry P. Morton.

1. There's something in my heart that words can-not ex-press, Nor can I tell in song my heart's true hap-pi-ness, For I have peace with God thro'
2. The glad-ness in my heart O may my life ex-press, To bring to oth-er souls a-bid-ing hap-pi-ness; I'll tell by word and deed the
3. There's something in my heart that will to rapt-ure grow, When in His home be-yond e-ter-nal bliss I know; Then shall I walk in white, and

FINE.

His re-deem-ing love! The night has passed a-way; bright skies a-bove!
com-fort I have found, And spread in dark-ened ways His light a-round.
see Him face to face, With ransom'd hosts a-dorn His sav-ing grace.

D.S.—*serv-ant I will be; I'il praise Him o'er and o'er for-ev-er-more.*

CHORUS.

There's something in my heart that words can-not im-part, Nor can it take a-way The joy that's mine to-day, Since Je-sus died for me, His

D. S.

No. 137. The Golden Days are Coming Bye and Bye.

Ora Samuel Gray. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY C. F. ALLEN.
THE PRAISE PUB. CO. OWNER. **Chas. F. Allen.**

Solo.

1. Does the tempter seek your soul? Do your doubts perplex your mind?
2. Tho' your load is heav - y now: Don't give up or be cast down;
3. Je - sus is a might-y king, Ev - 'ry foe will van-quish'd be;
4. Sin some day will be un - known, Tears of pain and sor-row o'er;

God still holds the world's control, Hap - pi - ness in Him you'll find.
God has promis'd, and He's true, Ev - 'ry cross will mean a crown.
We shall find our heart's de-sire Thro' the Man of Gal - i - lee.
Those we've "lov'd and lost a-whlle," We shall meet to part no more.

CHORUS.

The gold - en days are com-ing by and by, The gold-en days are
they are com-ing by and by,
com-ing by and by, In our Fa-ther's home above, We shall
they are com - ing by and by,
glo-ry in His love, The gold-en days are com-ing by and by.
they are com-ing by and by.

No. 138 Elijah's God Still Lives.

Rev, W, G.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY W. GRUM.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Rev. W. Grum.

1. E - li - jah made a sac - ri-fice To of - fer to Je - ho - vah;
2. E - li - jah's God still lives to-day, And answers still by fire;
3. E - li - jah's God still lives to-day, And answers still in pow - er;

It had been wet with wa-ter thrice, Baal's sac-ri-fice was o - ver.
My friend, just let Him have His way, He'll grant your heart's de-sire,
As when E - li - jah pray'd for rain, God answer'd with a show-er.

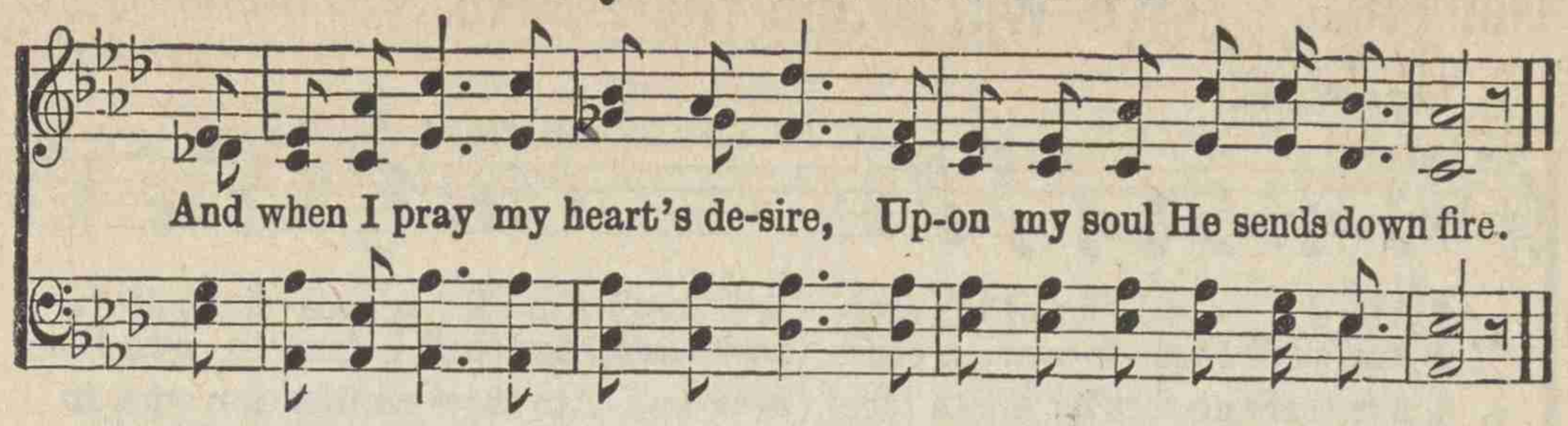
E - li- jah pray'd, the fire came down, And lick'd the water all a-round,
Consume the sac - ri - fice you make And bid your slumb'ring soul awake,
If you would have your soul refresh'd, With rain that falls from heav - en,

And doubting ones be - liev'd and found E - li- jah's God was liv - ing.
And chains of in - bred sin will break E - li- jah's God is liv - ing.
You must pray thro' like all the rest, And showers shall be giv - en.

CHORUS.

E - li-jah's God still lives to-day, To take the guilt of sin a-way;

Elijah's God Still Lives.

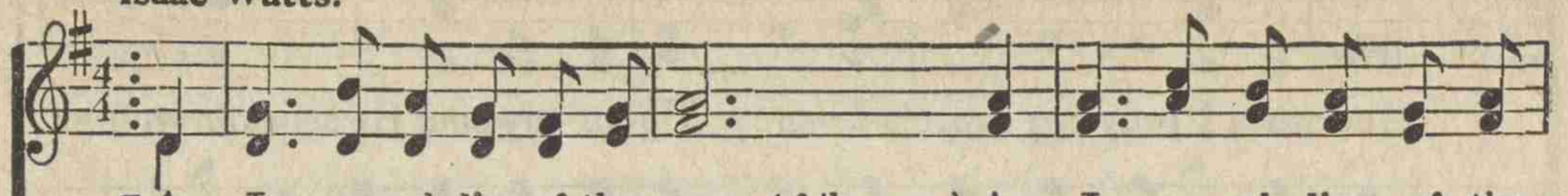


No. 139. I Know God's Will is Best.

Herbert Buffum. COPYRIGHT 1915, BY C. P. CURRY. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

No. 140. We Will Stand the Storm.

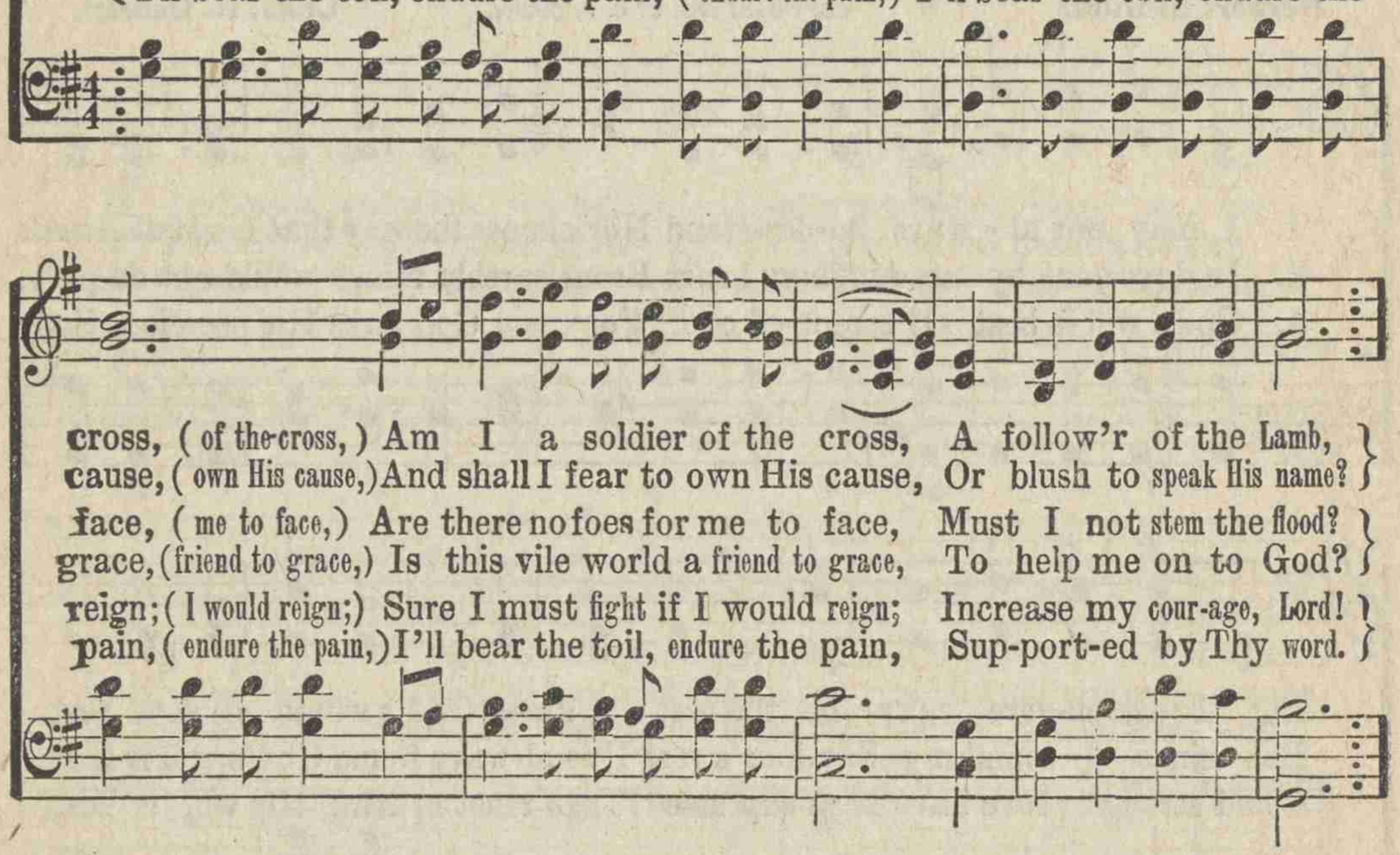
Isaac Watts.



1. { Am I a sol-dier of the cross, (of the cross,) Am I a sol-dier of the
   { And shall I fear to own His cause, (own His cause,) And shall I fear to own His

2. { Are there no foes for me to face, (me to face,) Are there no foes for me to
   { Is this vile world a friend to grace, (friend to grace,) Is this vile world a friend to

3. { Sure I must fight if I would reign; (I would reign;) Sure I must fight if I would
   { I'll bear the toil, endure the pain, (endure the pain,) I'll bear the toil, endure the

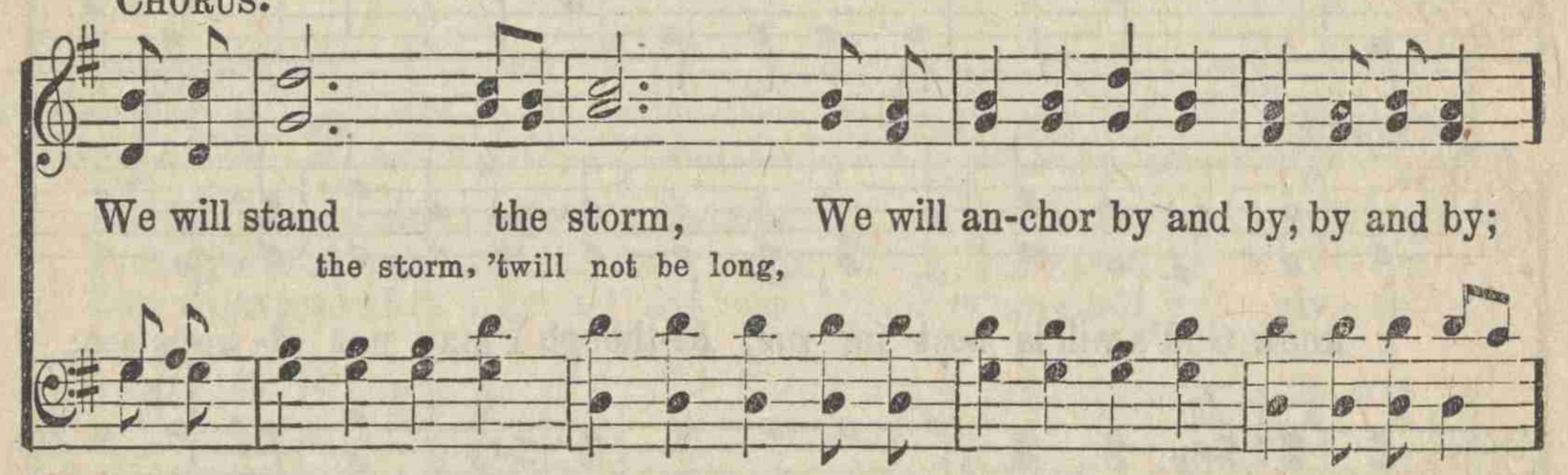


cross, (of the cross,) Am I a soldier of the cross, A follow'r of the Lamb,
cause, (own His cause,) And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?

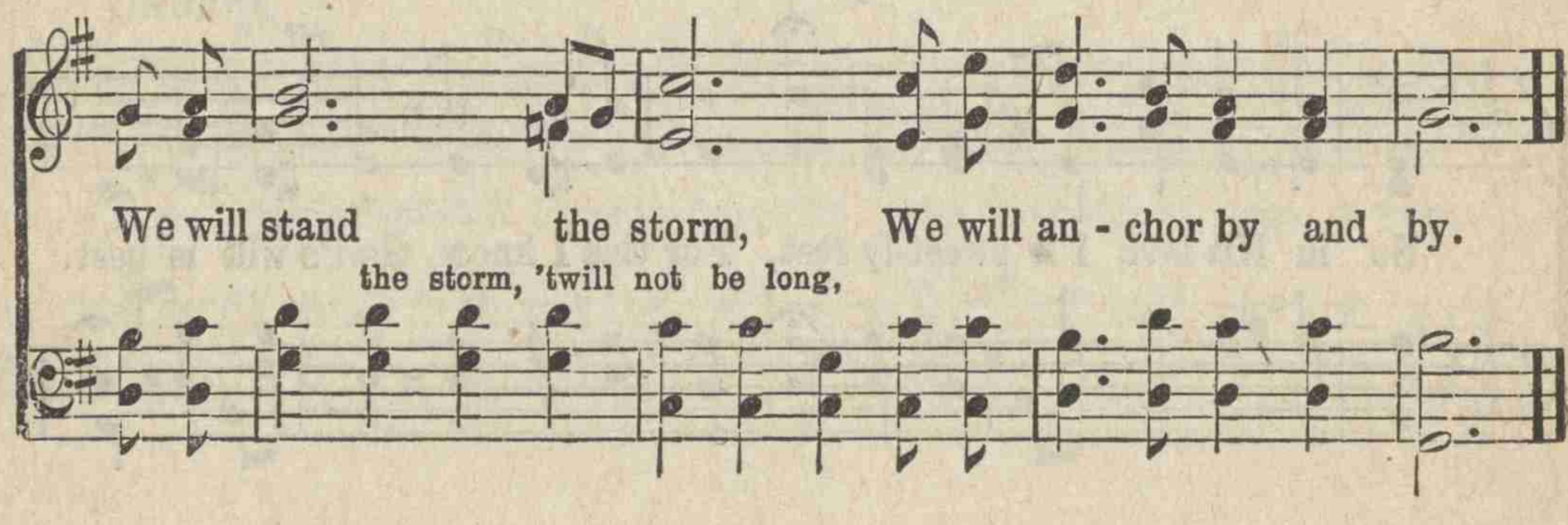
face, (me to face,) Are there no foes for me to face, Must I not stem the flood?
grace, (friend to grace,) Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?

reign; (I would reign;) Sure I must fight if I would reign; Increase my cour-age, Lord!
pain, (endure the pain,) I'll bear the toil, endure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word.

CHORUS.



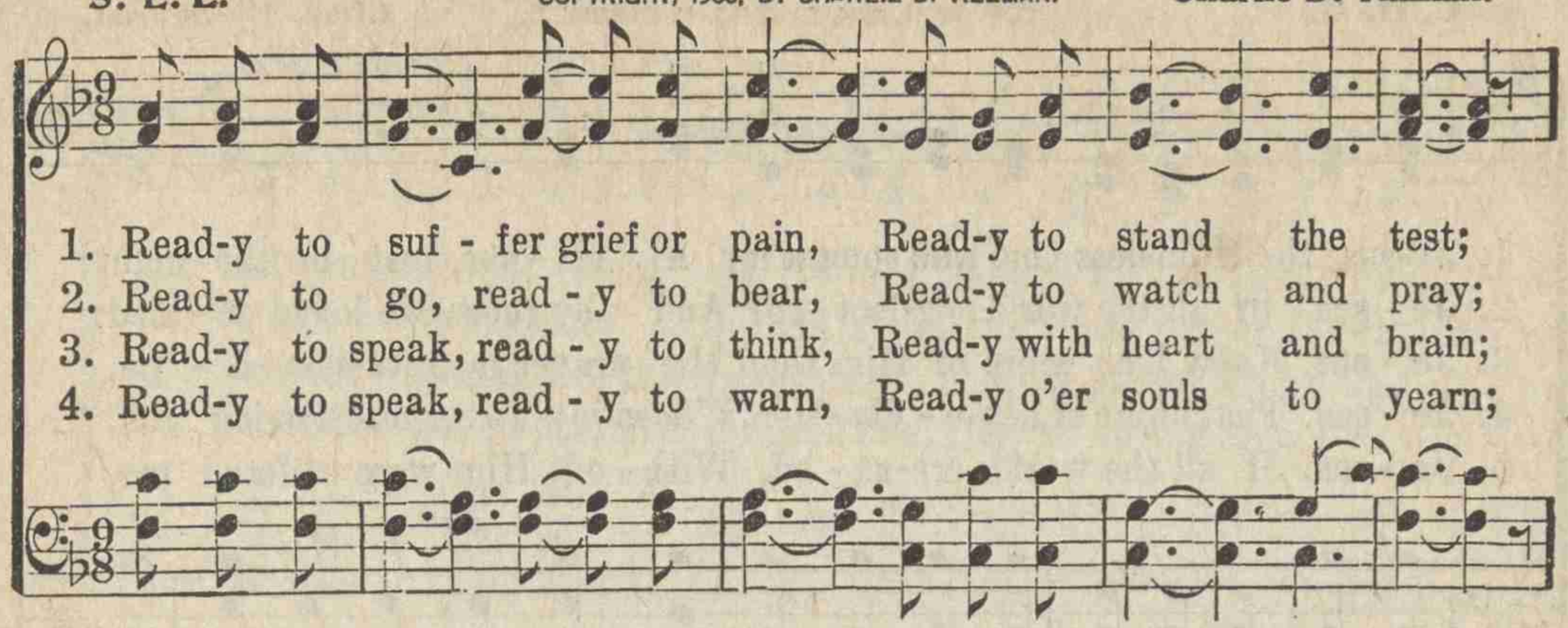
We will stand the storm, We will an-chor by and by, by and by;
the storm, 'twill not be long,

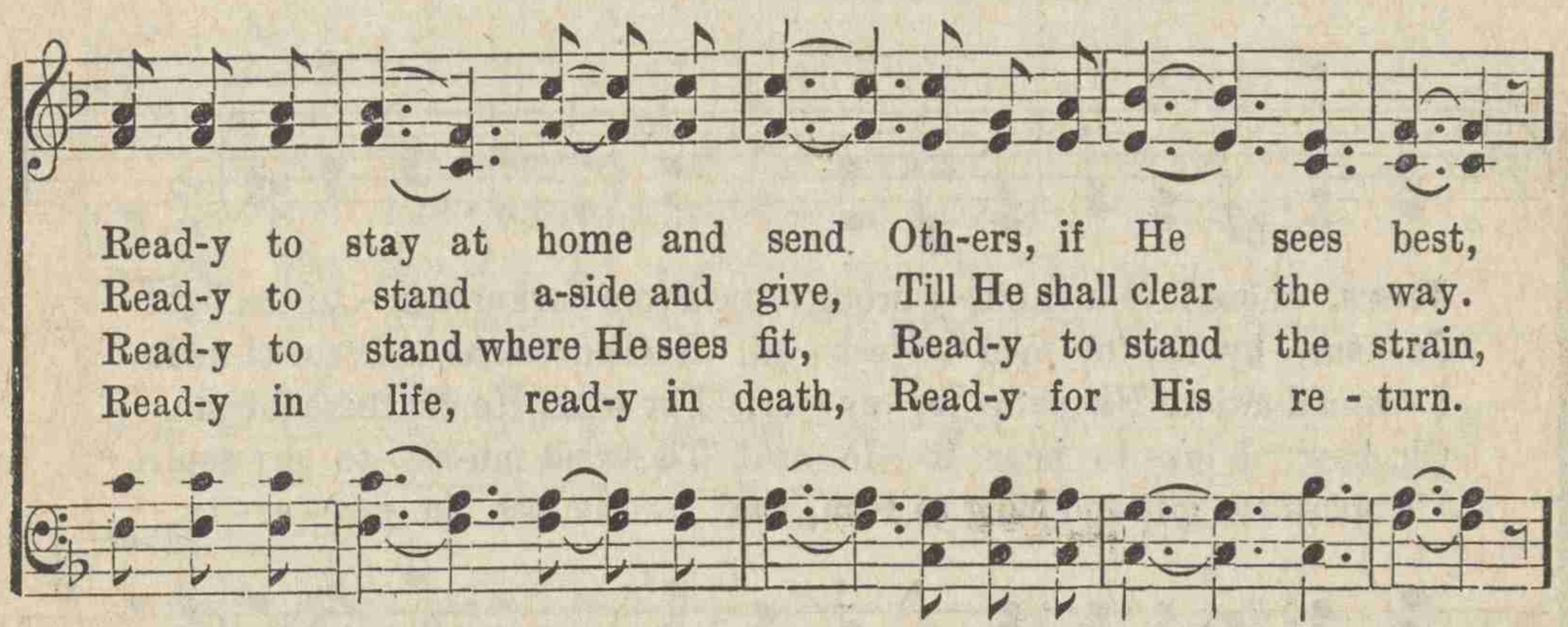


We will stand the storm, We will an - chor by and by.
the storm, 'twill not be long,

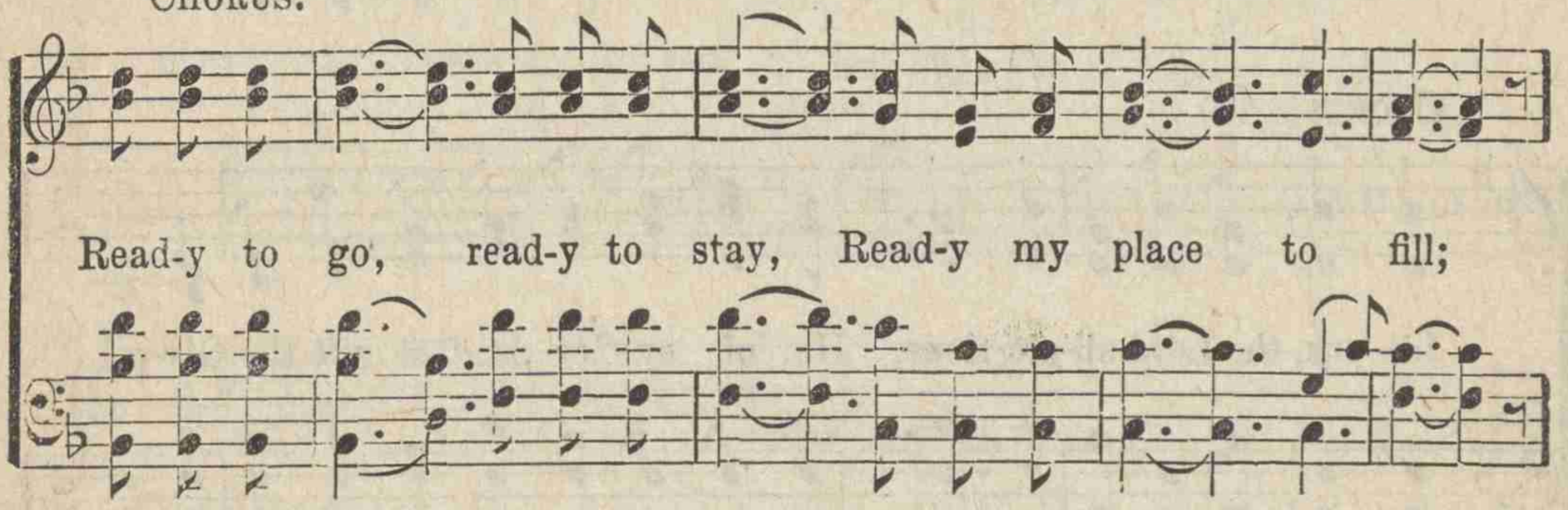
No. 141. Ready.

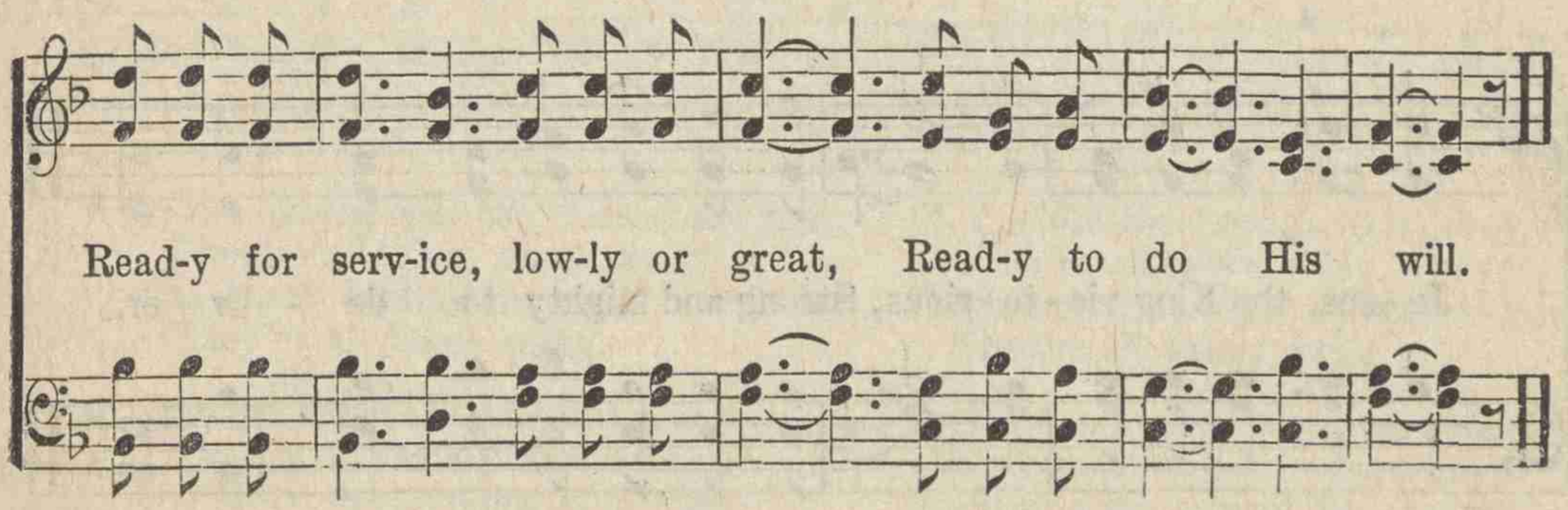
S. E. L. COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN. **Charlie D. Tillman.**





CHORUS.





No. 142. The One, and His Name.

C. H. G. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Je-sus, the Homeless One who sought me, A sin - ner, lost in the night;
2. Je - sus, by all the world neg-lect - ed, And by those He loved de - nied;
3. Je - sus. Knew I no more of Him than His prayer in Geth-sem - a - ne,
4. Je - sus. That name of ben-e - dic - tion Whose joy-waves un-ceas-ing roll,
5. Je - sus. If all the worlds cre-at - ed, With - out Him were of-fered me,

Je-sus, whose love and pit - y brought me From darkness in - to the light.
Je - sus, by sin-ful men re-ject - ed, Reviled, scourged, and cru - ci-fied.
I would a-dore His name for - ev - er, For what He did there for me.
Oh, how I love to hear it—Je - sus! 'Tis sweet mu-sic to my soul.
I'd spurn the gift and cling to Him, tho' I per - ish in pov - er - ty.

CHORUS.

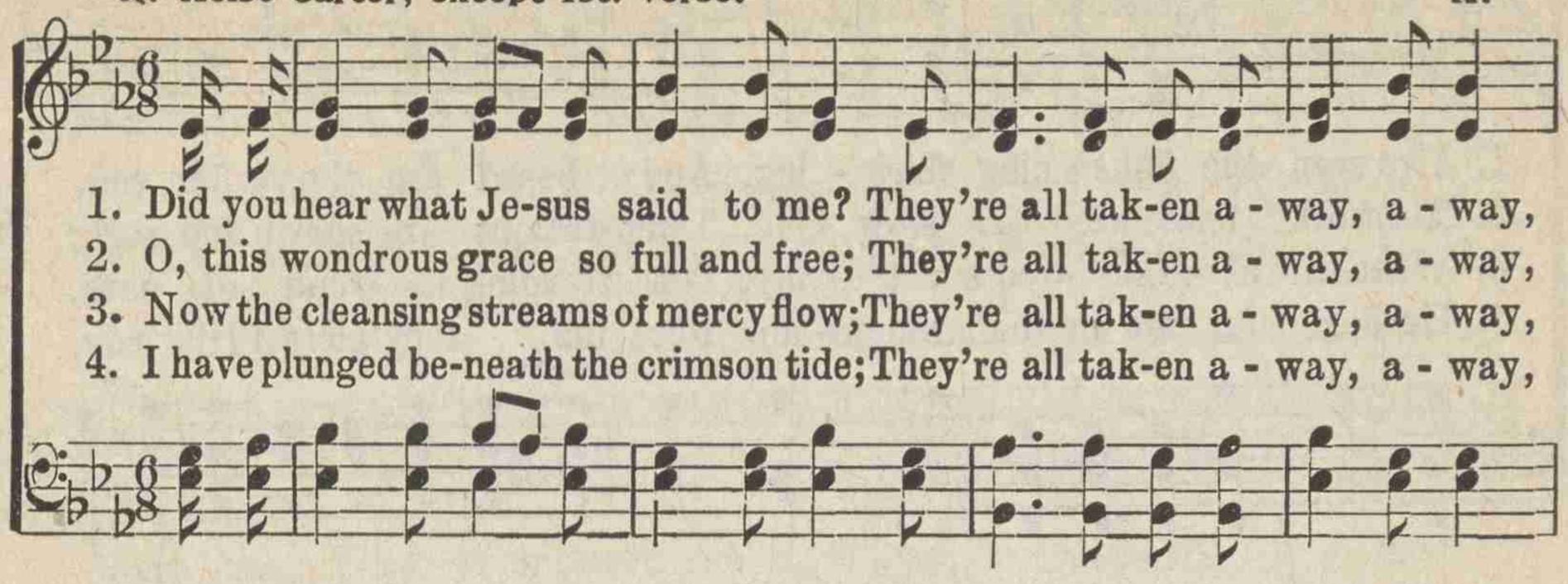
Je - sus, the Lord all-glo-rious, He, of ev - 'ry per-fect gift the Giv-er!

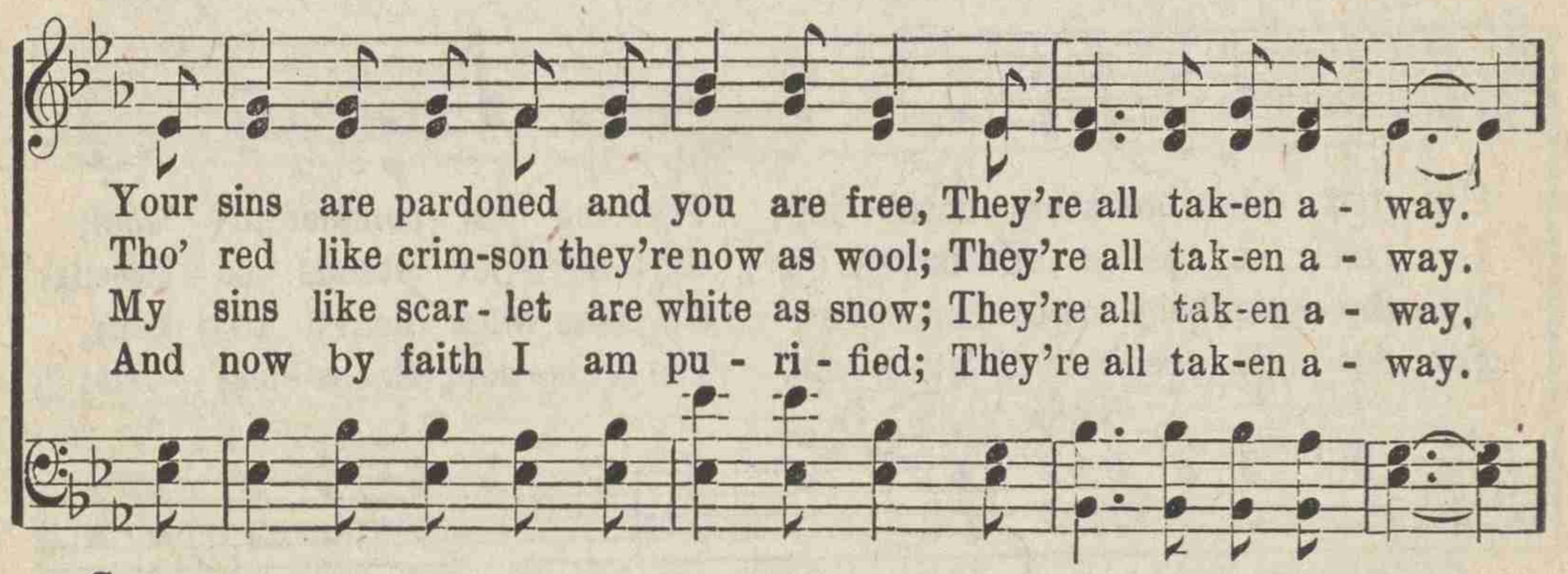
Je - sus, the King vic - to - rious, Strong and mighty to de - liv - er.

No. 143. All Taken Away.

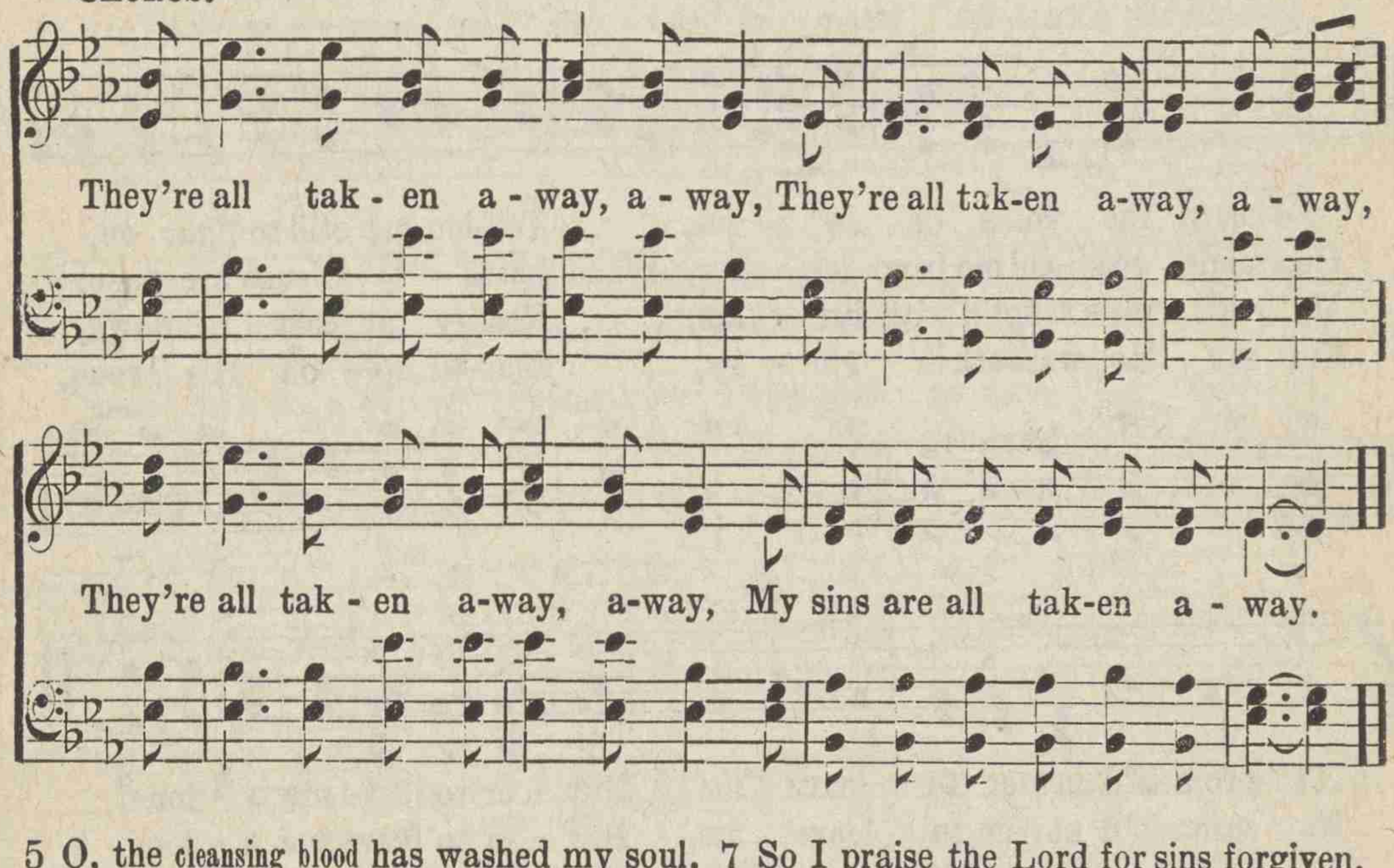
COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY R. KELSO CARTER. USED BY PER.

R. Kelso Carter, except 1st. verse. **A.**





CHORUS.



5 O, the cleansing blood has washed my soul,
They're all taken away, away;
And Jesus' healing has made me whole;
They're all taken away.

6 Now the Spirit witnesses to me;
They're all taken away, away;
And keeps me standing in liberty;
They're all taken away.

7 So I praise the Lord for sins forgiven,
They're all taken away, away;
While onward pressing my way to hear'n;
They're all taken away.

8 And when in glory we meet above,
They're all taken away, away;
We'll sing the song of Redeeming Love;
They're all taken away.

No. 144. Never Alone.

Unknown. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY W. A HEMPHILL, USED BY PER. W. A. Hemphill.

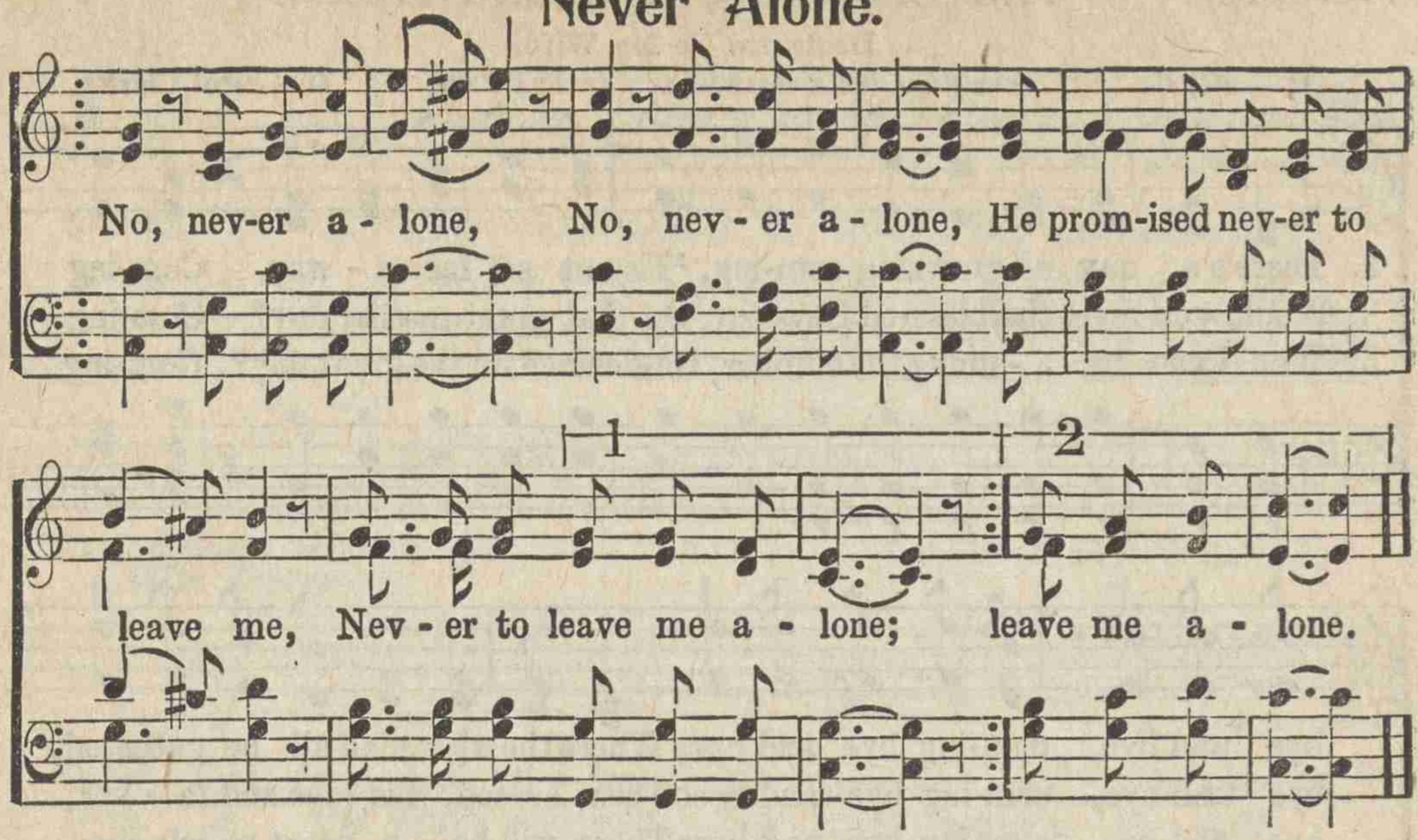
1. I've seen the light - ning flash - ing, And heard the thun - der roll,
2. The world's fierce winds are blow - ing, Temp-tations are sharp and keen;
3. When in af - flic - tion's val - ley, I'm treading the road of care,
4. He died for me on the mount-ain, For me they pierc'd His side,

I've felt sin's break-ers dash - ing, Try - ing to conquer my soul;
I feel a peace in know - ing My Sav - ior stands be - tween;
My Sav - ior helps me to car - ry My cross when heavy to bear,
For me He open'd that fount - ain, The crim - son, cleans - ing tide;

I've heard the voice of Je - sus, Tell-ing me still to fight on,
He stands to shield me from dan - ger, When earth - ly friends are gone,
My feet en - tangl'd with bri - ars, Read-y to cast me down,
For me He wait-eth in glo - ry, Seat-ed up - on His throne,

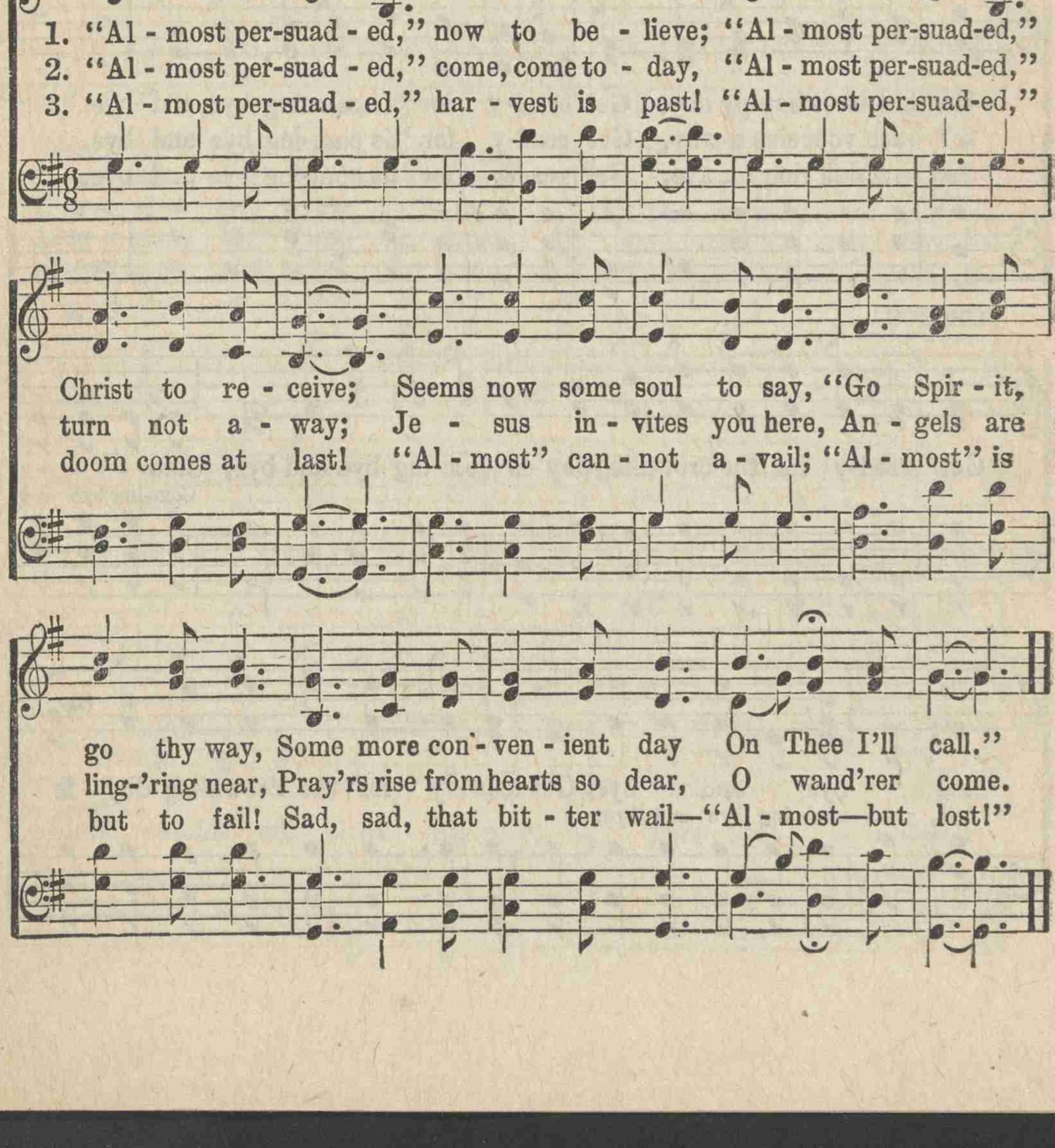
He prom-is'd nev-er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.
He prom-is'd nev-er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.
My Sav - ior whisper'd His prom - ise, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.
He promis'd nev-er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.

Never Alone.



No. 145. Almost Persuaded.

P. P. B. USED BY PER. JOHN CHURCH CO. P. P. Bliss.



No. 146. The Crowning Bye and Bye.

Dedicated To My Wife.

G. LeR. C. COPYRIGHT. 1913. BY EVANGELIST G. LE ROI CLARKE. G. LeRoi Clarke.

1. There's a day of crowning com-ing, 'Tis not so far a - way, Com-ing
2. Would you meet the bless-ed Sav-iour, On that great crowning day? Com-ing
3. Would you be a - mong the number, Re-deemed on the great day? Com-ing

bye and bye, com-ing bye and bye; Where the saints shall all be gathered,
bye and bye, com-ing bye and bye; Then ac-cept his love and fa - vor,
bye and bye, com-ing bye and bye; There will be a great re-joic-ing,

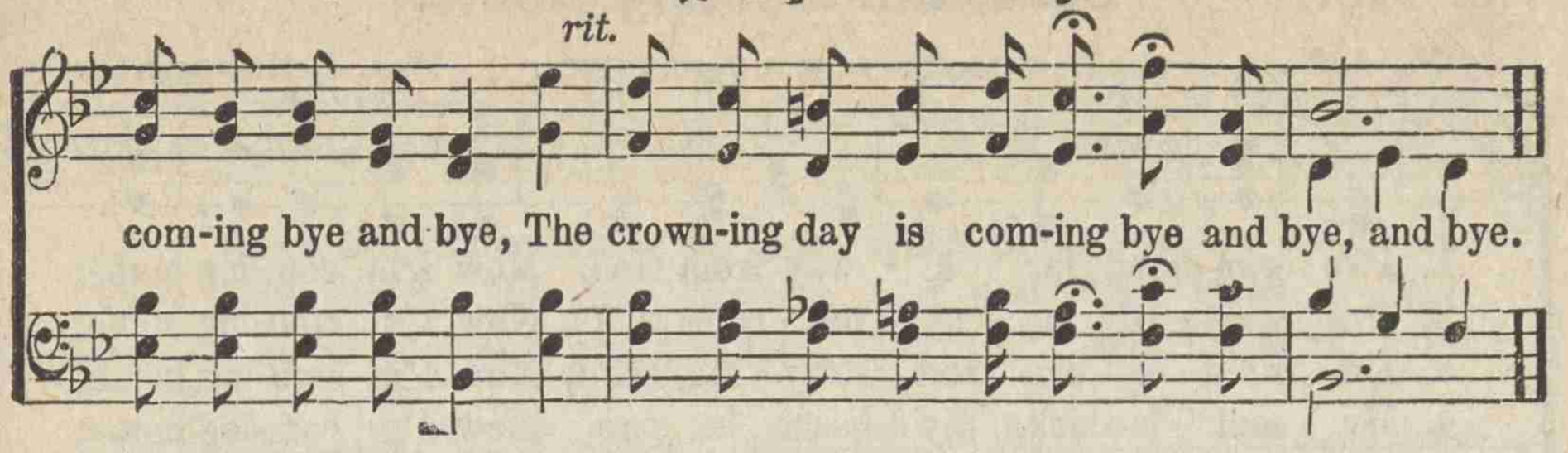
On that blest hap-py day, Get read-y for 'tis com-ing bye and bye.
He'll wash your sins a-way, Get read-y for 'tis com-ing bye and bye.
Their praise shall ring for aye, Get read-y for 'tis com-ing bye and bye.

CHORUS.

Get read-y for the crown-ing day is com-ing bye and bye, Com - - -
Com-ing bye and

ing bye and bye; Get read - y for the crown-ing day is
bye, yes, com - ing bye and bye;

The Crowning Bye and Bye.

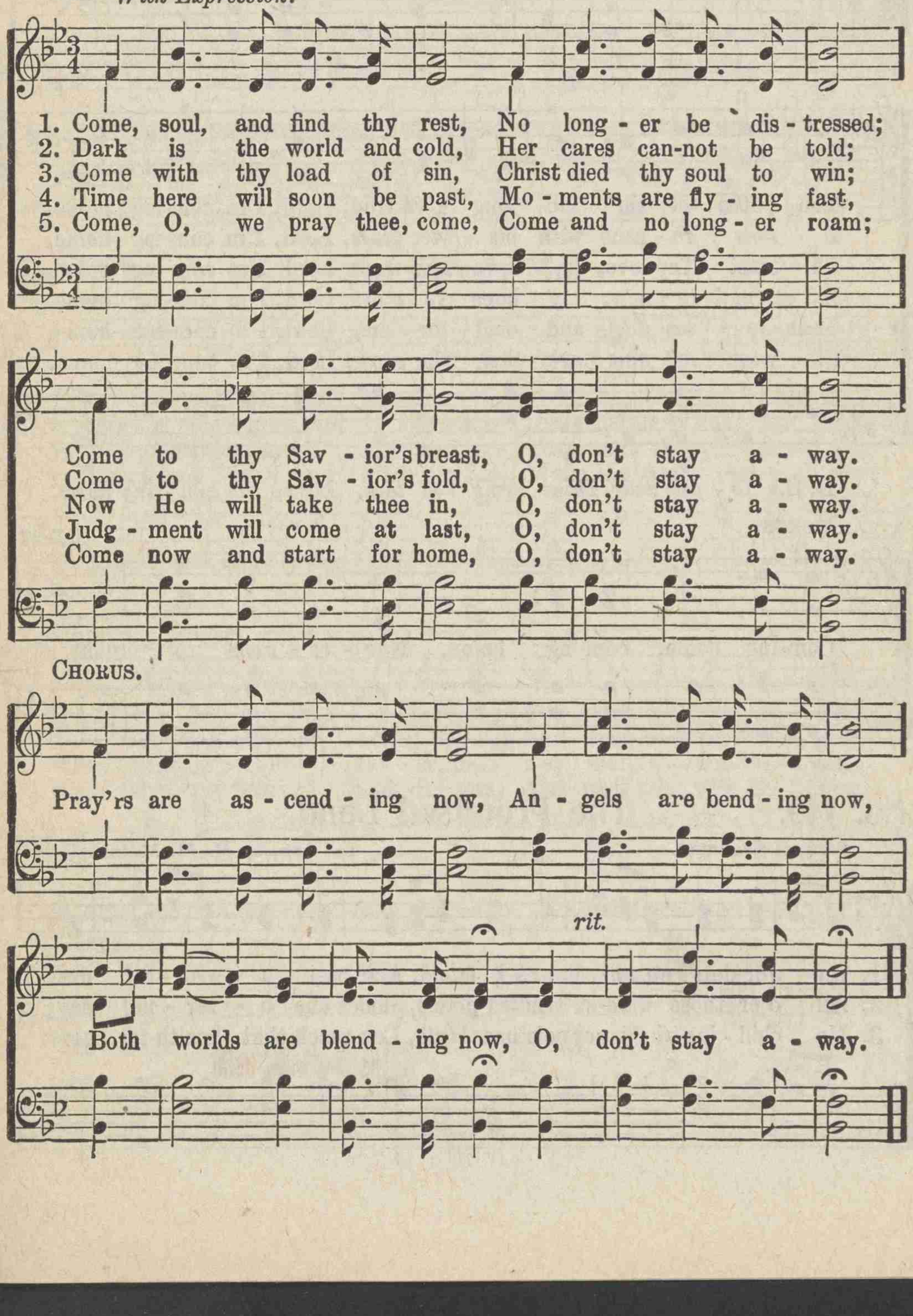


No. 147. O, Don't Stay Away.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY GEO. C. HUGG. USED BY PER. MRS. GEO. C. HUGG.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Rev. W. J. Stuart, A. M.

With Expression.



No. 148. Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K. COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

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

:S: FINE.

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

D. S.—*O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com - ing home.*

CHORUS. D. S.

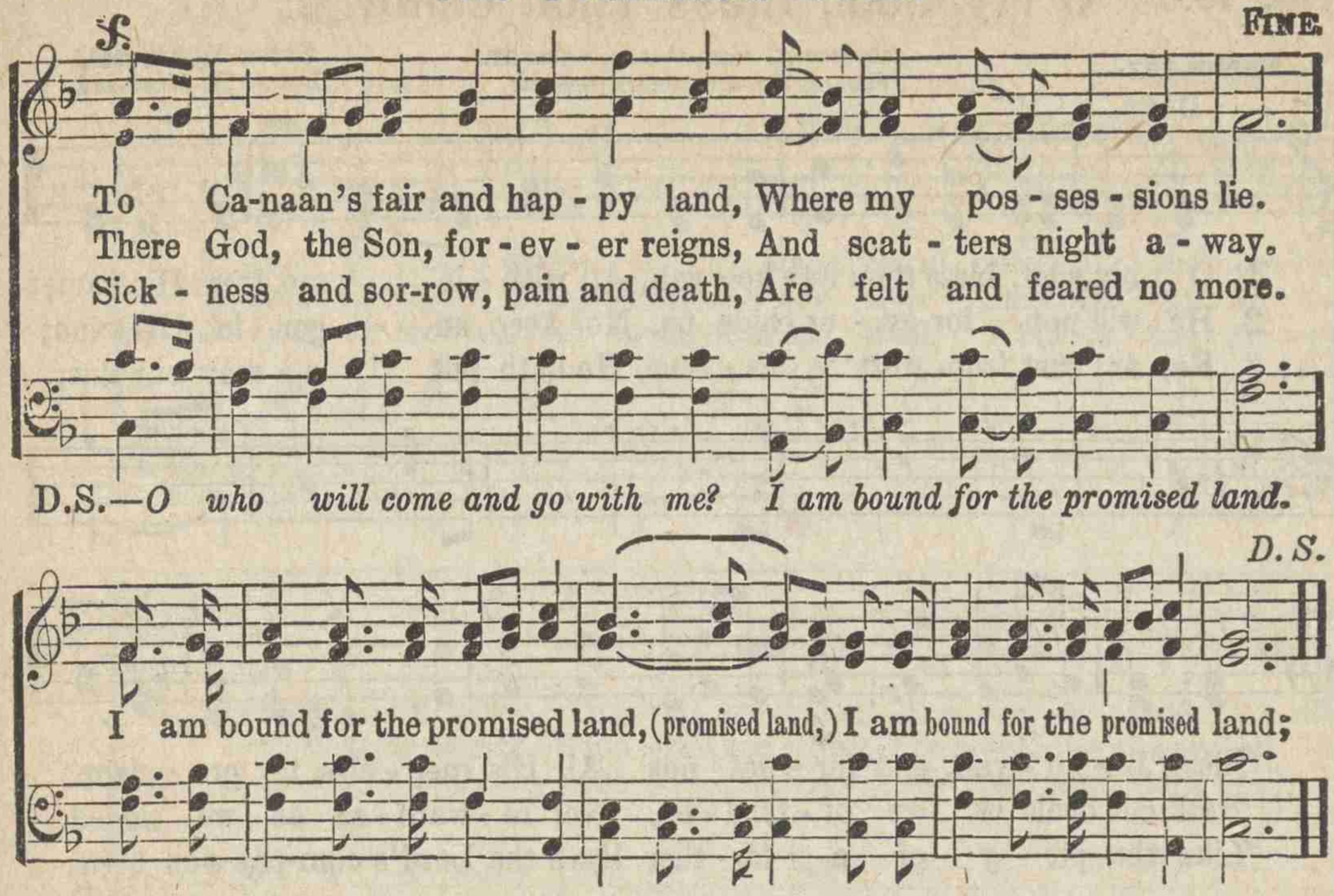
Com-ing home, com-ing home, Nev - er - more to roam,

No. 149. The Promised Land.

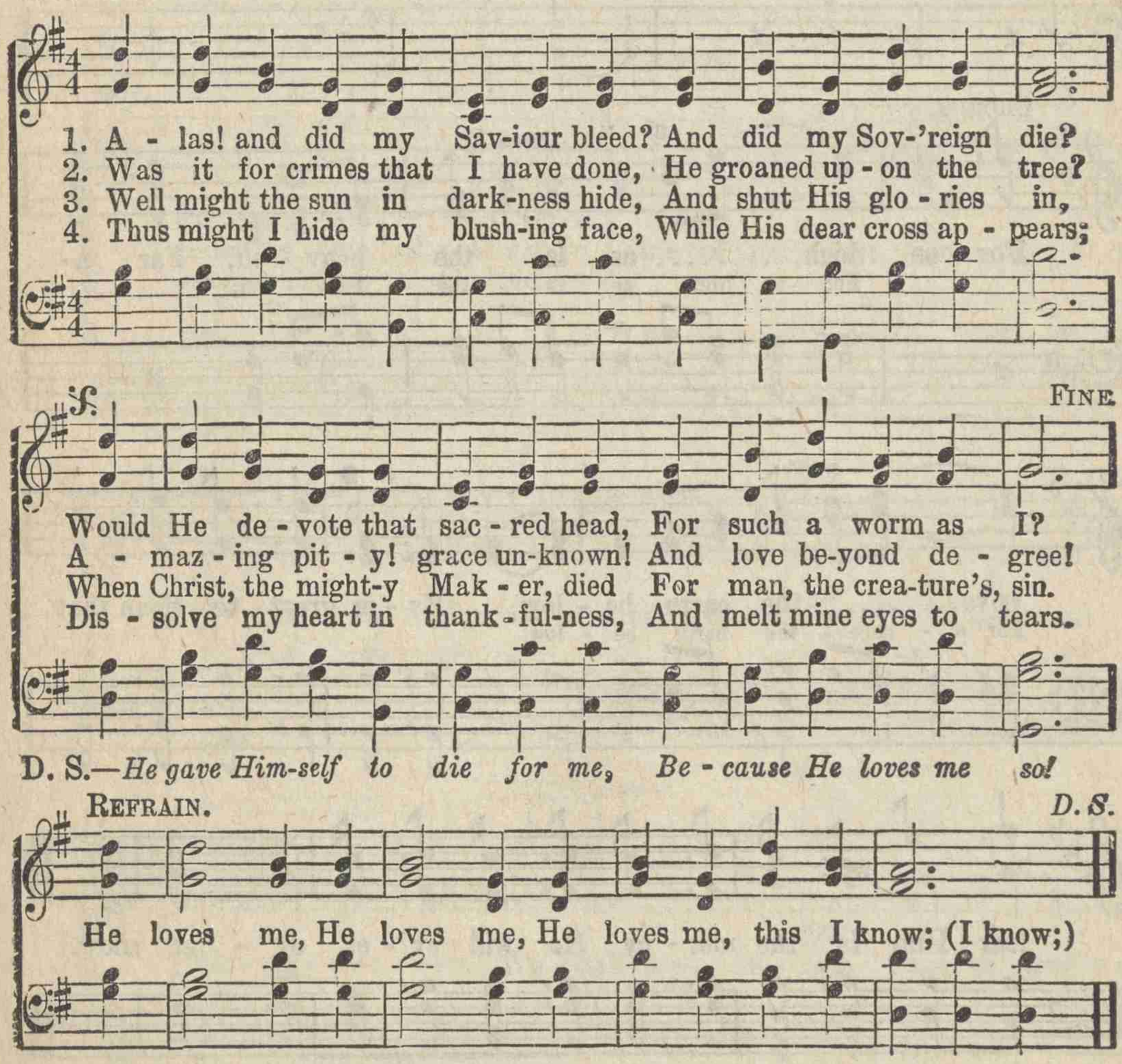
Samuel Stennett. Arr. by R. M. McIntosh.

1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye
2. All o'er those wide-ex-tend-ed plains, Shines one e - ter - nal day;
3. No chill - ing winds, nor pois'nous breath, Can reach that health-ful shore;

The Promised Land.



No. 150. He Loves Me.



No. 151. O My Soul, Bless Thou Jehovah.

Psalm 103.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY J. B. HERBERT.
RODEHEAVER & HERBERT, OWNERS.

From Donizetti, by J. B. Herbert.

DUET.

1. O my soul, bless thou Je - ho - vah, All with - in me bless His name;
2. He will not for-ev - er chide us, Nor keep an - ger in His mind;
3. Far as east from west is dis - tant, He hath put a - way our sins;

Bless Je - ho - vah, and for - get not All His mer - cies to pro - claim.
Hath not dealt as we of - fend - ed, Nor re - ward - ed as we sinned.
Like the pit - y of a fa - ther Hath the Lord's com-pas-sion been.

CHORUS.

For as high..... as is the heav - en, Far a-
For as high as is the heav - en,

bove..... the earth be - low, Ev - er great to them that
Far a - bove the earth be - low,

fear Him Is the mer - cy He will ev - er, ev - er show.

No. 152. One of God's Days.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1909. BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. W. Stillman Martin.

1. One of God's days ev-'ry dark cloud, Hid-ing the sun-light of
2. One of God's days, those who are now Faith-ful to Je-sus in
3. One of God's days loved ones so dear, Who in the glo-ry are

heav-en-ly grace, He will re-move, And face to face, we shall see
life's con-stant maze, Soon shall see light; Then will they know all of life's
sing-ing his praise, Lost for a while, We shall soon meet, with all the

CHORUS.

Je-sus One of God's days.
meaning One of God's days.
ransomed, One of God's days.
} One of God's days, beau-ti-ful days,

We shall in glo-ry sing his praise; Fight-ings all done,

rit.

Vic-to-ries won, We shall see Je-sus, One of God's days.

No. 153. Oh, Why Not Tonight?

USED BY PER. **A. Calvin Bushey.**

1. Oh, do not let the word de-part, And close thine eyes against the light;
2. To-mor-row's sun may nev - er rise, To bless thy long de - lud - ed sight;
3. Our Lord in pit - y lin-gers still, And wilt thou thus His love re - quite?
4. Our bless - ed Lord re - fus - es none Who would to Him their souls u-nite;

Poor sin - ner, hard - en not your heart, Be saved, oh, to - night.
This is the time, oh, then, be wise, Be saved, oh, to - night.
Re - nounce at once thy stub - born will, Be saved, oh, to - night.
Be - lieve, o - bey, the work is done, Be saved, oh, to - night.

CHORUS.

Oh, why not to-night? Oh, why not to-night?
Oh, why not to-night? why not to-night? Why not to-night? why not to-night?

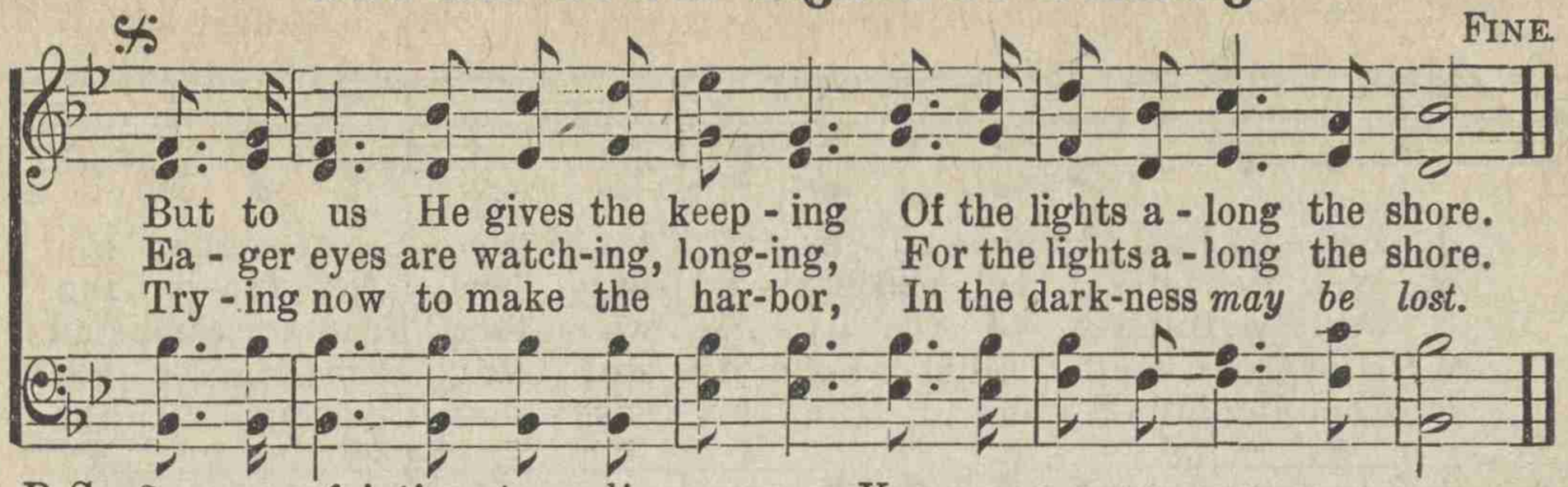
Wilt thou be saved? Then why not to-night?
Wilt thou be saved? wilt thou be saved? Then why not. oh, why not to - night?

No. 154. Let the Lower Lights be Burning.

P. P. Bliss. (Matt. 5:16,) **P. P. Bliss. By per.**

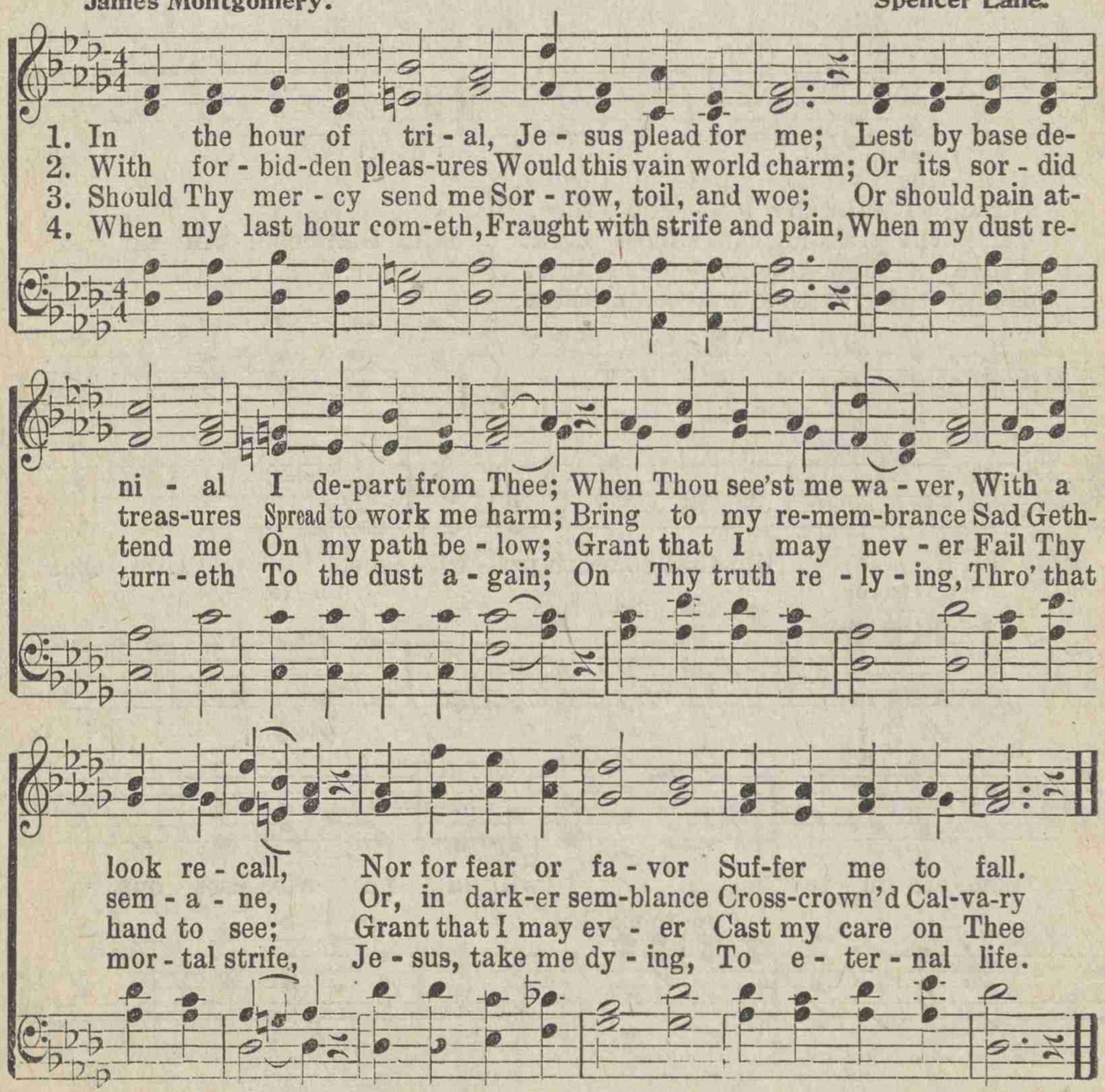
1. Bright-ly beams our fath-er's mer-cy From his light-house ev-er - more,
2. Dark the night of sin has settled, Loud the an - gry billows roar;
3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my brother: Some poor sail - or tem-pest tost,

Let the Lower Lights be Burning.



No. 155. In the Hour of Trial.

James Montgomery. Spencer Lane.



No. 156. Him That Cometh Unto Me.

E. E. Hewitt. COPYRIGHT 1898, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. List - en to the bless-ed in - vi - ta - tion, Sweet-er than the notes of an - gel - song,
2. Wea - ry toil - er, sad and heav - y la - den, Joy - ful - ly the great sal-va - tion see;
3. Come, ye thirst-y, to the liv - ing wa - ters, Hun-gry, come and on his boun-ty feed;
4. "Him that cometh," blind or maim'd or sin - ful, Com - ing for his heal-ing touch di - vine,
5. Com - ing hum-bly, dai - ly to this Sav - iour, Breathing all the heart to him in pray'r;

Chiming soft-ly with a heav'n-ly ca - dence,
Close beside thee stands the Burden Bear - er,
Not thy fit-ness is the plea to bring him,
For the cleansing of the blood so pre - cious,
Com-ing some day to the heav'nly man - sions,

CHORUS.

Call - ing to the pass - ing throng.
Strong to bear thy load and thee.
But thy press-ing ut - most need.
Prove a - new this gra - cious line.
He will give thee wel - come there.

Him that com - eth un - to me, Him that com-eth un - to me, Him that com-eth un - to me, Him that com-eth un - to me, Him that com-eth un - to me, ... I will in no wise cast out.

No. 157. Knowing the Way.

Mrs. J. B. B. COPYRIGHT. 1915, BY MRS. J. B. BROWN. Mrs. J. B. Brown.

1. Just to live near to Him all the day long, Walk-ing be-side Him in
2. Trust-ing His prom-is-es faith-ful and sure, Found in His word that shall
3. Lord that we ful-ly sur-ren-dered may be, All that we have con-se-

love prayer and song, Press-ing up close to Him when in the throng;
ev-er en-dure, Striv-ing for lives all un-spot-ted and pure,
cra-ted to Thee, Point-ing the way of sal-va-tion so free,

CHORUS.

Know-ing the way leads home.
Know-ing the way leads home. (leads home.) Wide is the gate and the
Know-ing the way leads home.

rit.

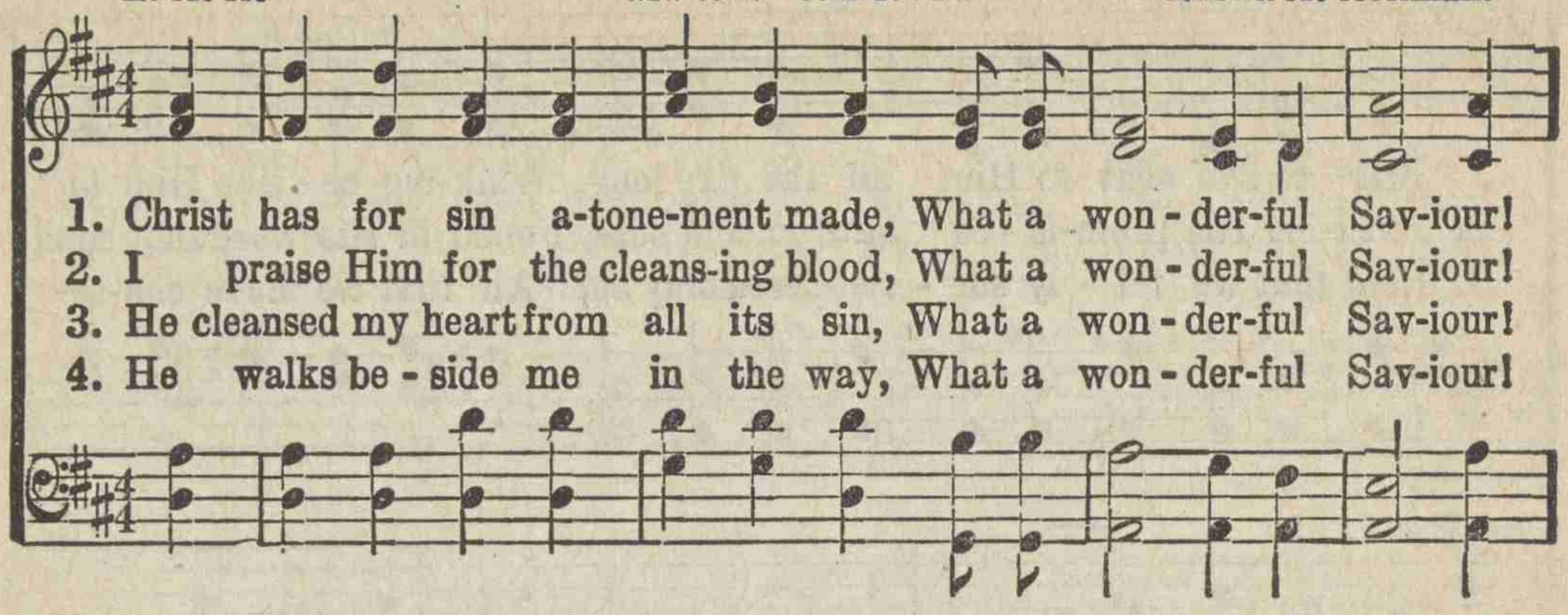
way is so broad, Lead-ing the soul far a-way from his God,

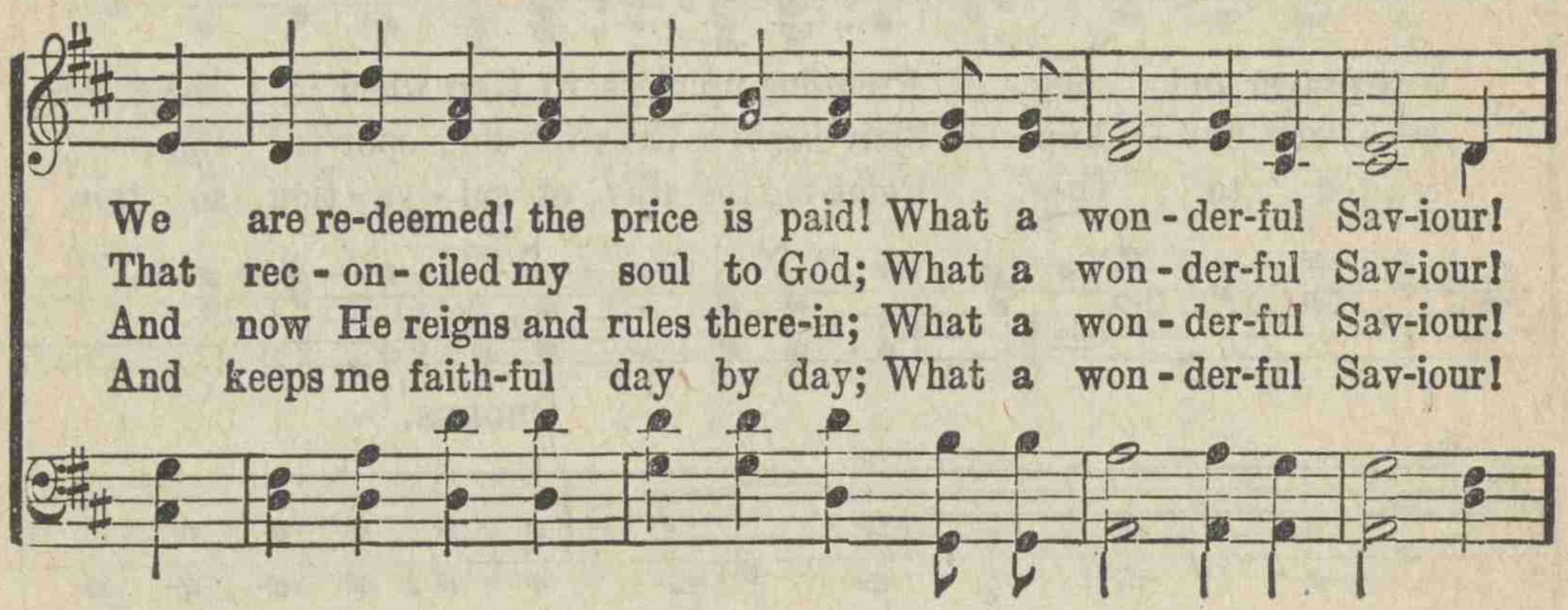
Nar-row the pathway the saints all have trod, Knowing the way leads home. (leads home.)

No. 158. What a Wonderful Saviour!

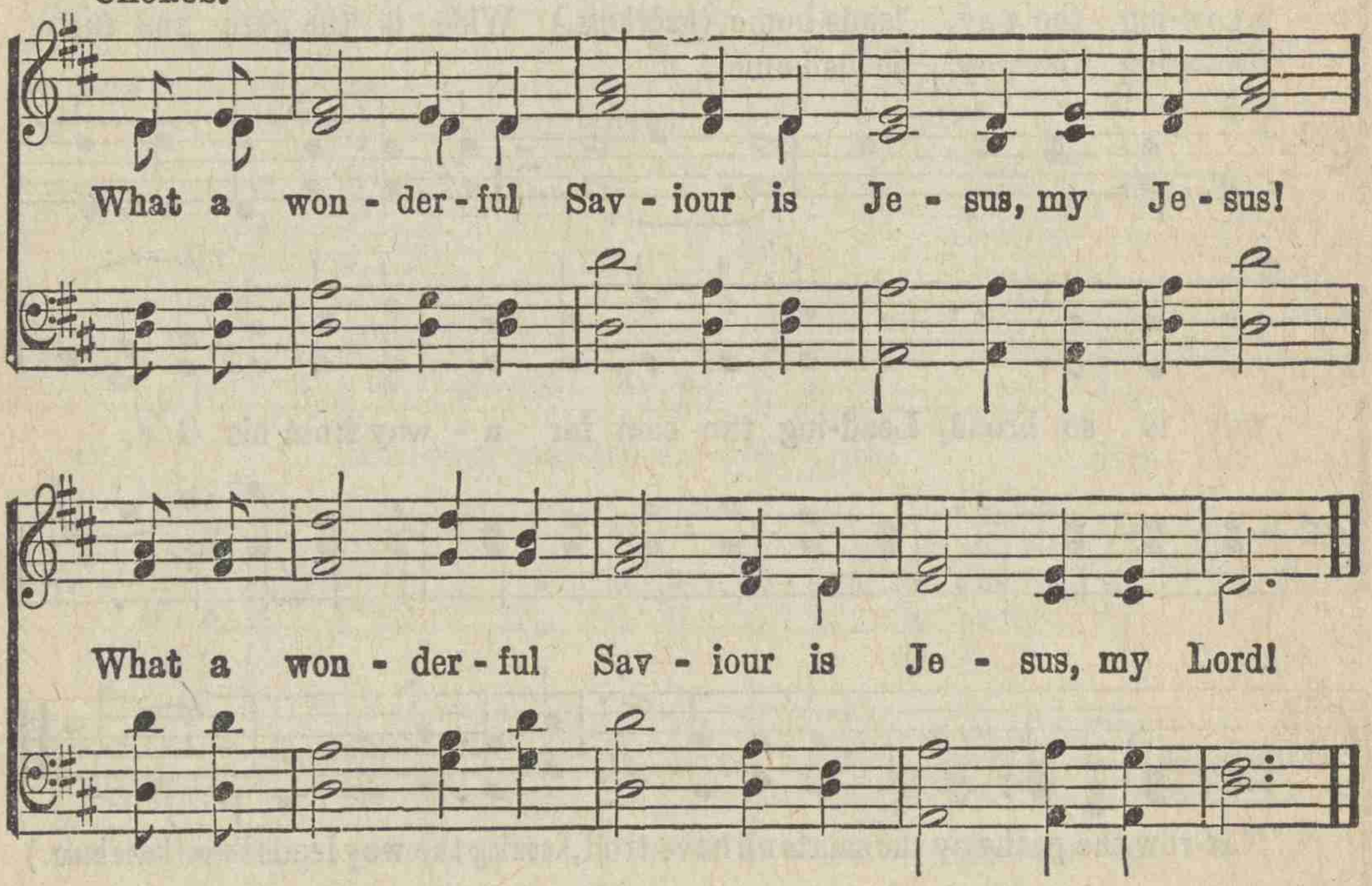
COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO.
NEW YORK. USED BY PER.

E. A. H. Elisha A. Hoffman.





CHORUS.



5 He gives me overcoming power,
What a wonderful Saviour!
And triumph in each trying hour;
What a wonderful Saviour!

6 To Him I've given all my heart,
What a wonderful Saviour!
The world shall never share a part;
What a wonderful Saviour!

No. 159. Nearer the Cross.

Fannie J. Crosby. **Mrs. J. F. Knapp.**

1. "Near - er the cross!" my heart can say, I am com-ing near-er, Near-er the
2. Near - er the Christian's mer-cy - seat, I am com-ing near-er, Feasting my
3. Near - er in pray'r my hope as - pires, I am com-ing near-er, Deep-er the

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

Je - sus died, Near-er the fount-ain's crim-son tide, Near-er my Sav-ior's
clear I see Je - sus, who gave Him-self for me; Near-er to Him I
toil and care, Near-er the joy I long to share, Near-er the crown I

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

No. 160. God Will Take Care of You.

C. D. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1905. BY JOHN A. DAVIS. W. S. Martin.

1. Be not dismayed whate'er betide, God will take care of you; Beneath His wings of
2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you; When dangers fierce your
4. All you may need He will provide, God will take care of you; Nothing you ask will
3. No mat-ter what may be the test, God will take care of you; Lean, weary one, up-

CHORUS.

love a-bide, God will take care of you.
path as-sail, God will take care of you. God will take care of you, Thro' ev'ry day,
be de-nied, God will take care of you.
on His breast, God will take care of you.

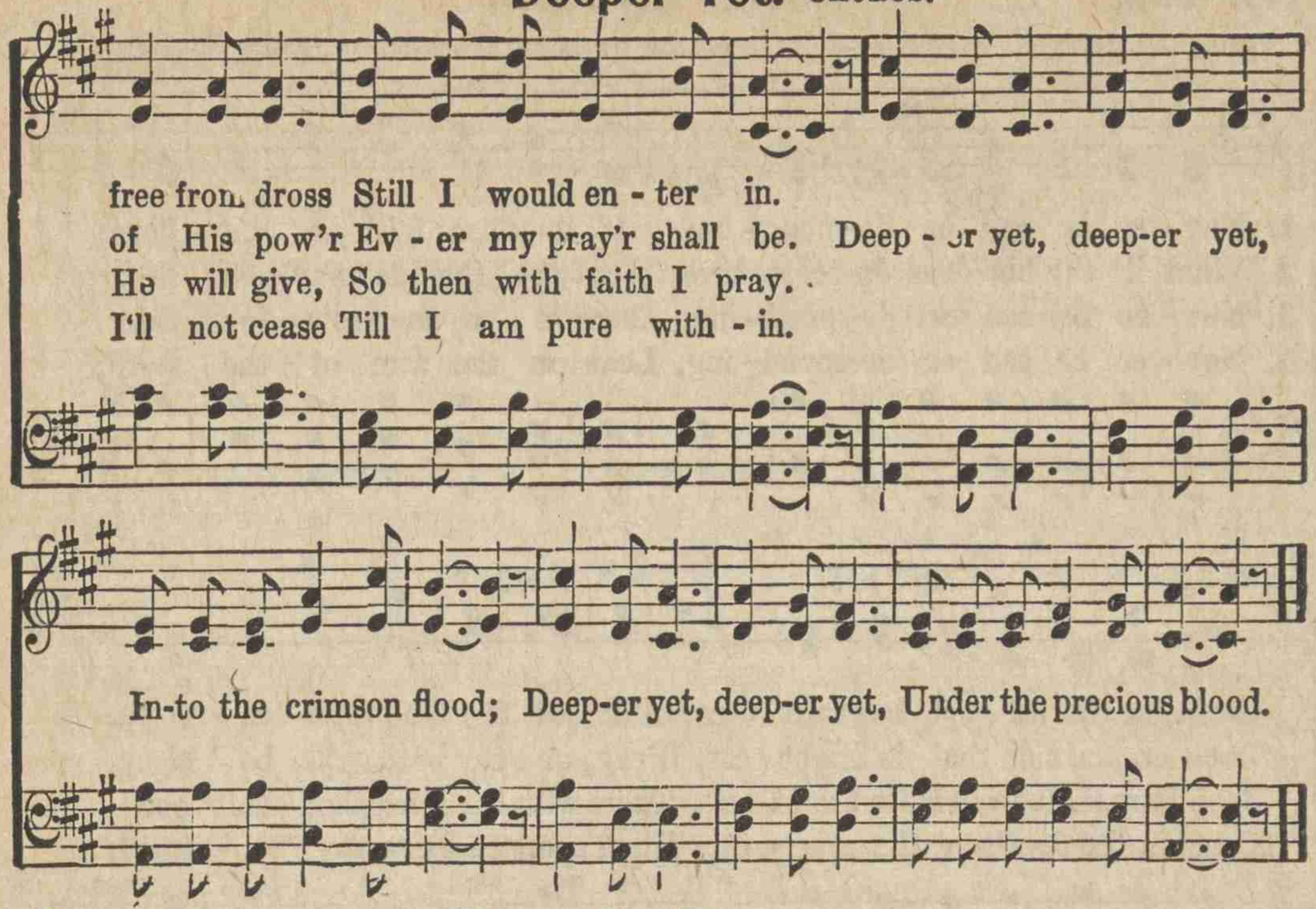
O'er all the way; He will take care of you, God will take care of you.
take care of you.

No. 161. Deeper Yet.

Rev. Johnson Oatman. COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

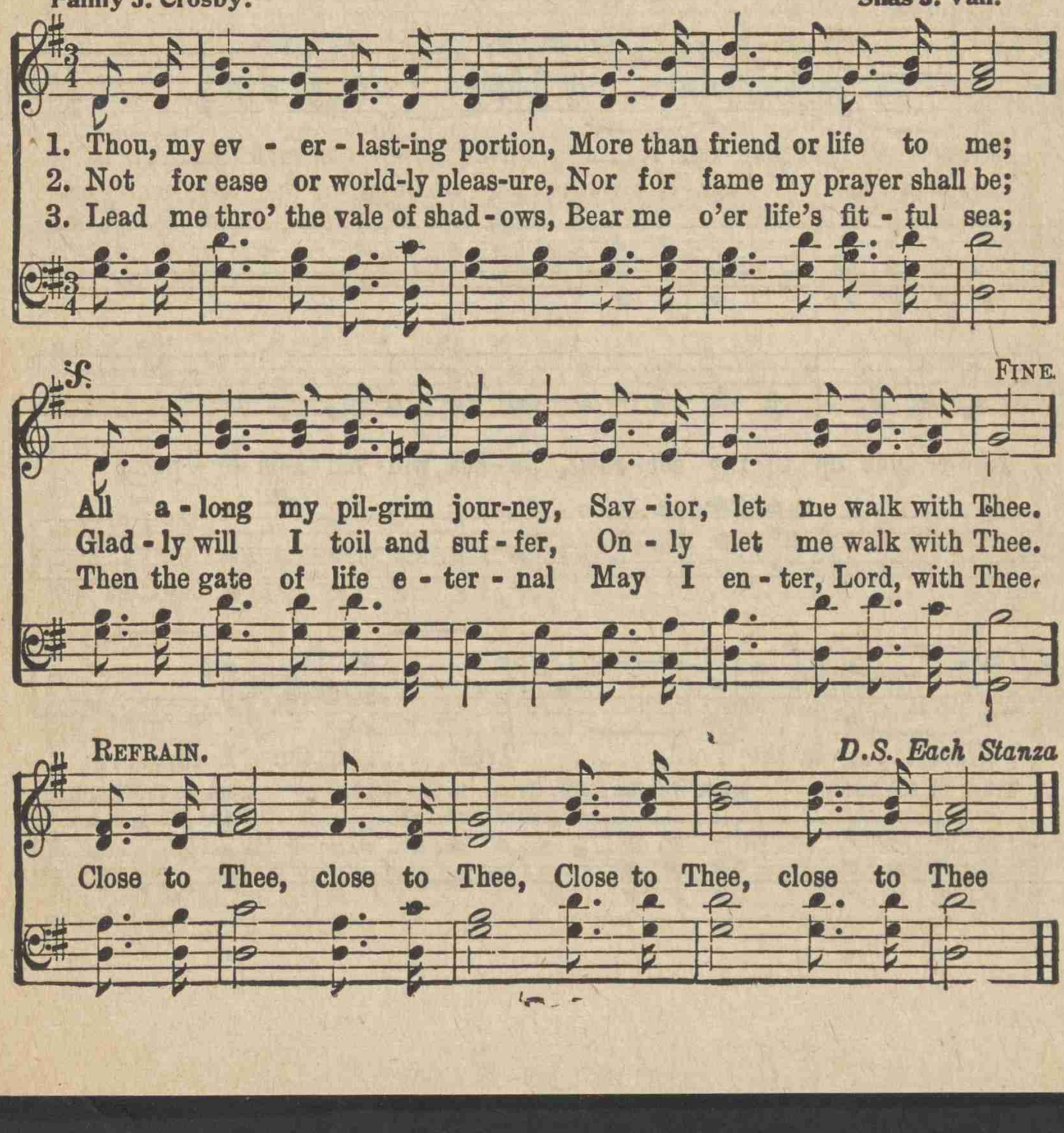
1. In the blood from the cross I have been wash'd from sin; But to be
2. Day by day, hour by hour, Blessings are sent to me; But for more
3. Near to Christ I would live, Fol-low-ing Him each day; What I ask
4. Now I have peace, sweet peace, While in this world of sin; But to pray

Deeper Yet. CHORUS.



No. 162. Close to Thee.

Fanny J. Crosby. Silas J. Vail.



No. 163. Never Give Up.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO., NEW YORK. **I. Allen Sankey**

1. Nev - er be sad or de-spond - ing, If thou hast faith to be - lieve;
2. What if thy bur-dens op-press thee; What tho' thy life may be drear;
3. Nev - er be sad or de-spond - ing, There is a mor-row for thee;
4. Nev - er be sad or de-spond - ing, Lean on the arm of the Lord;

Grace, for the du - ty be - fore thee, Ask of thy God and re - ceive.
Look on the side that is bright - est, Pray, and thy path will be clear.
Soon thou shalt dwell in its bright-ness, There with the Lord thou shalt be.
Dwell in the depths of His mer - cy, Thou shalt re-ceive thy re - ward.

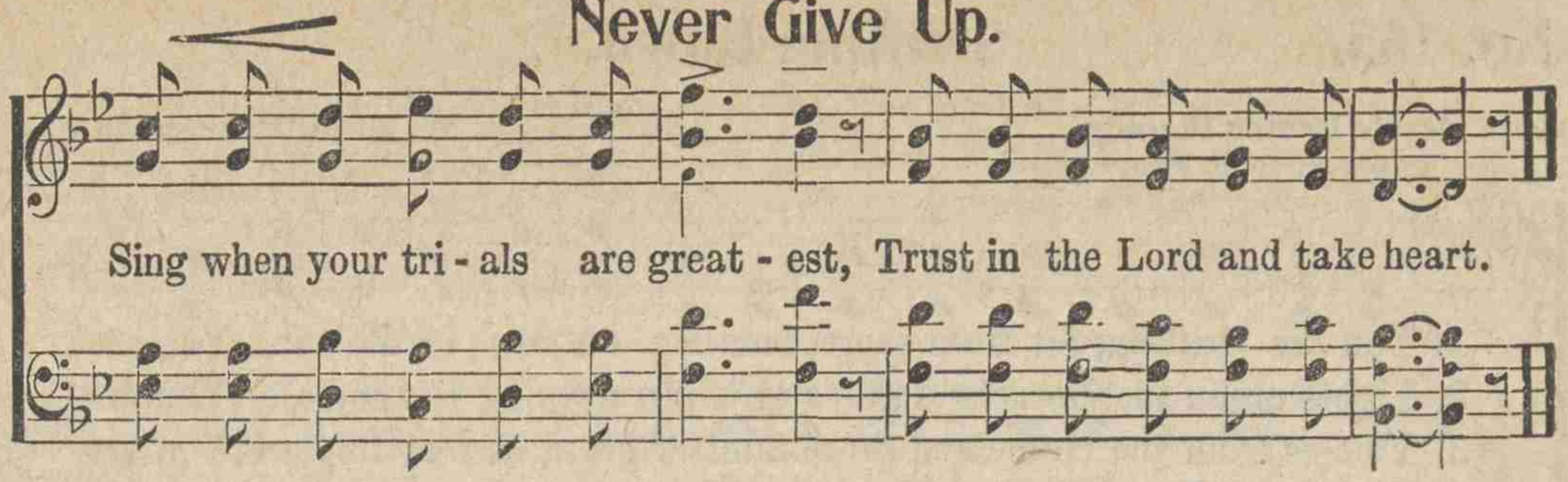
CHORUS.

Nev - er give up,..... Nev - er give up,,.....
Nev - er give up, nev - er give up, Nev - er give up, nev - er give up,

Nev-er give up to thy sor - rows, Je - sus will bid them de - part;

Trust..... in the Lord,..... Trust..... in the Lord,.....
Trust in the Lord, trust in the Lord, Trust in the Lord, trust in the Lord,

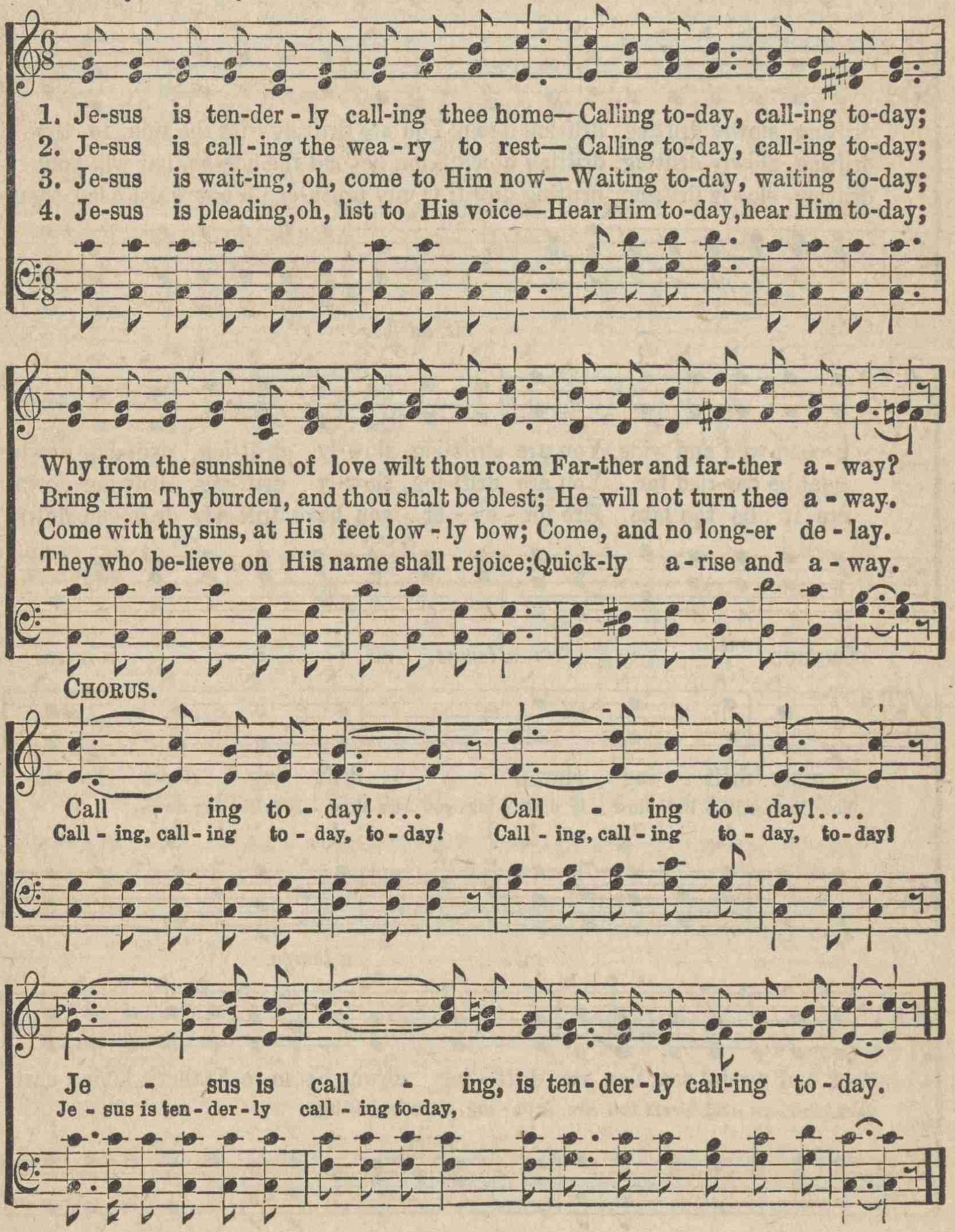
Never Give Up.



No. 164. Jesus is Calling.

COPYRIGHT, 1911. BY GEO. C. STEBBINS. RENEWAL.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Fanny J. Crosby. **George C. Stebbins.**



No. 165. Drifting Down.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Jessie Brown Pounds. **W. E. M. Hackleman.**

Slowly, with expression.

1. You are drift-ing far from shore, lean-ing on an i - dle oar, You are
2. Lights up-on the Homeland shore give you warning o'er and o'er, You are
3. Voic-es from the Homeland shore faint-er grow, as they implore, You are

drifting, slowly drifting, drifting down; You are drifting with the tide, to the
drifting, slowly drifting, drifting down; Soon beyond the har-bor bar will your
drifting, slowly drifting, drifting down; O my broth-er, do not wait! heed them

rit. ad lib.

o-cean wild and wide, You are drift-ing, slow-ly drift-ing, drift-ing down.
boat be car-ried far, You are drift-ing, slow-ly drift-ing, drift-ing down.
ere it be too late, Ere for - ev - er you have drift-ed, drift - ed down.

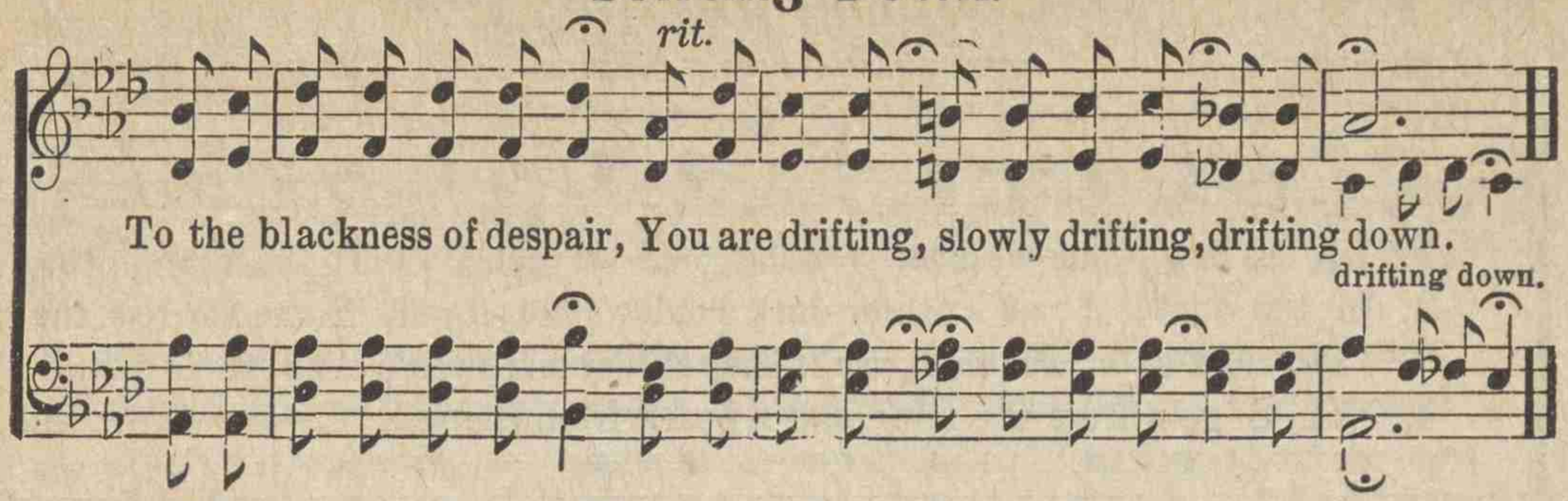
CHORUS. *rit.* *a tempo.* *rit.* *a tempo*

You are drift - ing down, drift - ing down To the
You are drift - ing, slow - ly drift - ing, you are slow - ly drift - ing down

rit. *a tempo.*

dark and aw-ful sea; You are drift - ing down From a Father's loving care,
dark and aw - ful sea; You are drift - ing, slow-ly drifting,

Drifting Down.



No. 166. It is Better Farther On.

COPYRIGHT 1908 BY FRENCH & OLIVER.
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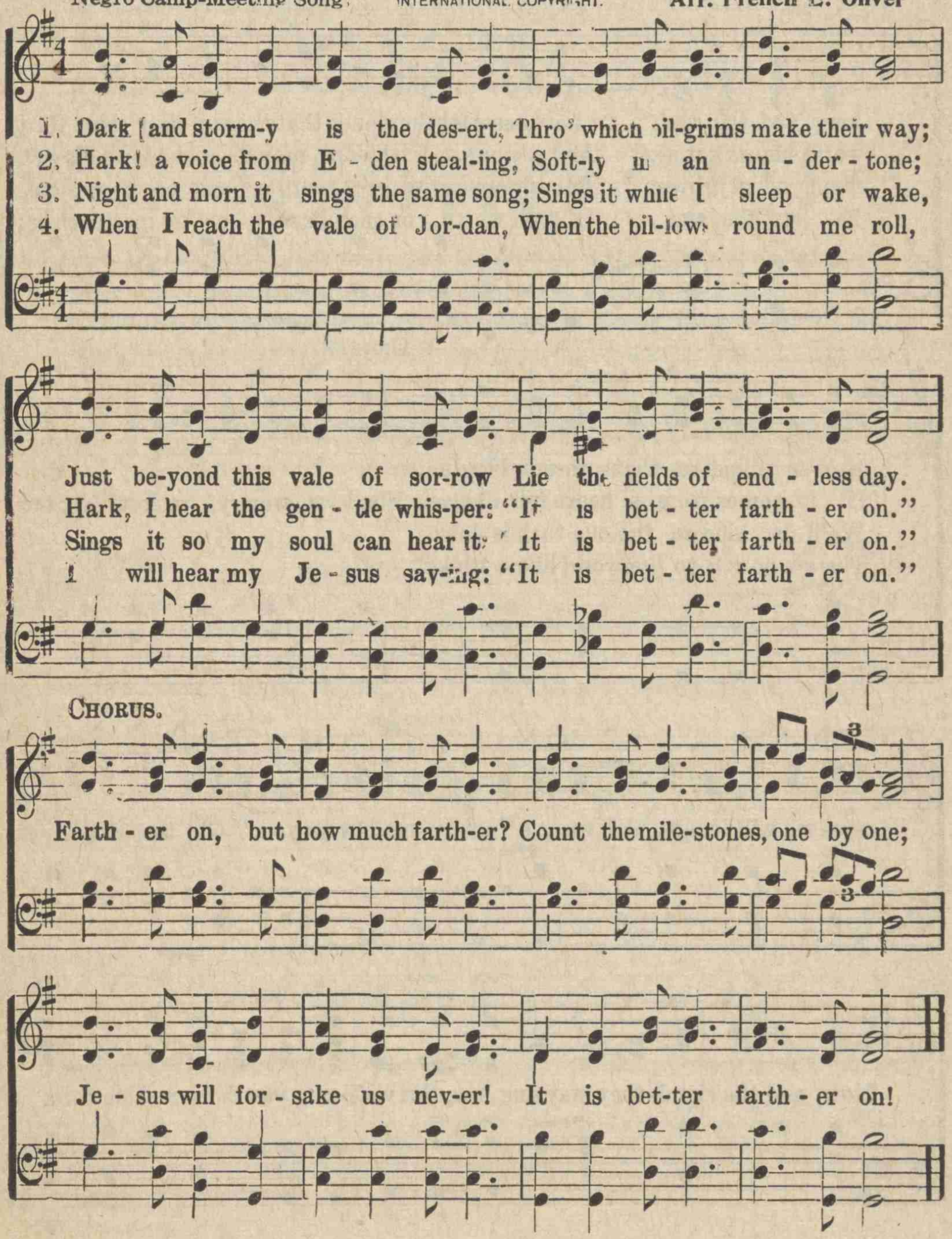
Negro Camp-Meeting Song. Arr. French E. Oliver



No. 167. Not for Me, But for You.

J. H. Sammis. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY MRS. T. C. HORTON. James G. Garth.

1. Let us live while we live, for the good we can do To the wear-y, the lone and the sad,
2. In the soul of an - oth-er dark shadows may dwell, Some sor-row the world knows not of;
3. Then what-ev-er we meet, we'll keep cheery and sweet, And smile at a slight or a frown:
4. Not a gem from the mine, not a pearl from the sea, Ev-er was or shall be to the end

Let us scatter the clouds that the sun may shine thru;
And a word, a kind word, may those shadows dis-pel,
But who-ev-er we greet, with a grace so com-plete,
Of such worth, or such beauty, as we may each be;

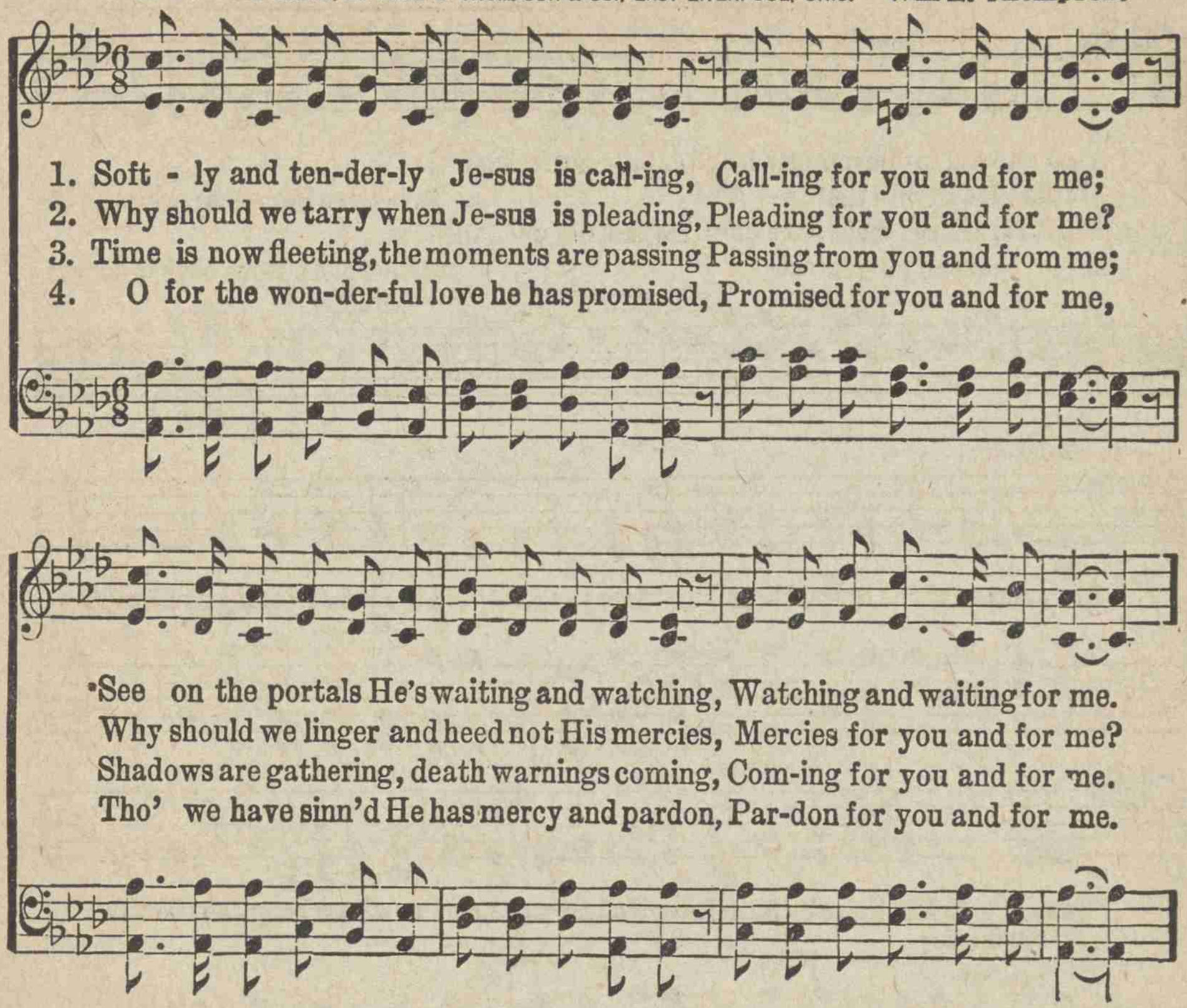
CHORUS.

Nev-er mind so that oth-ers be glad.
If it comes from a heart full of love. Shall we wor-ry, or fret? No; our cares we will for-get, While we live "not for me, but for you;" Oh, the winds they may blow, and the clouds they may sing low, But we'll sing you the sun-shine thru.
We'll be kind to the one that is down.
There's no gift to the world like a friend.

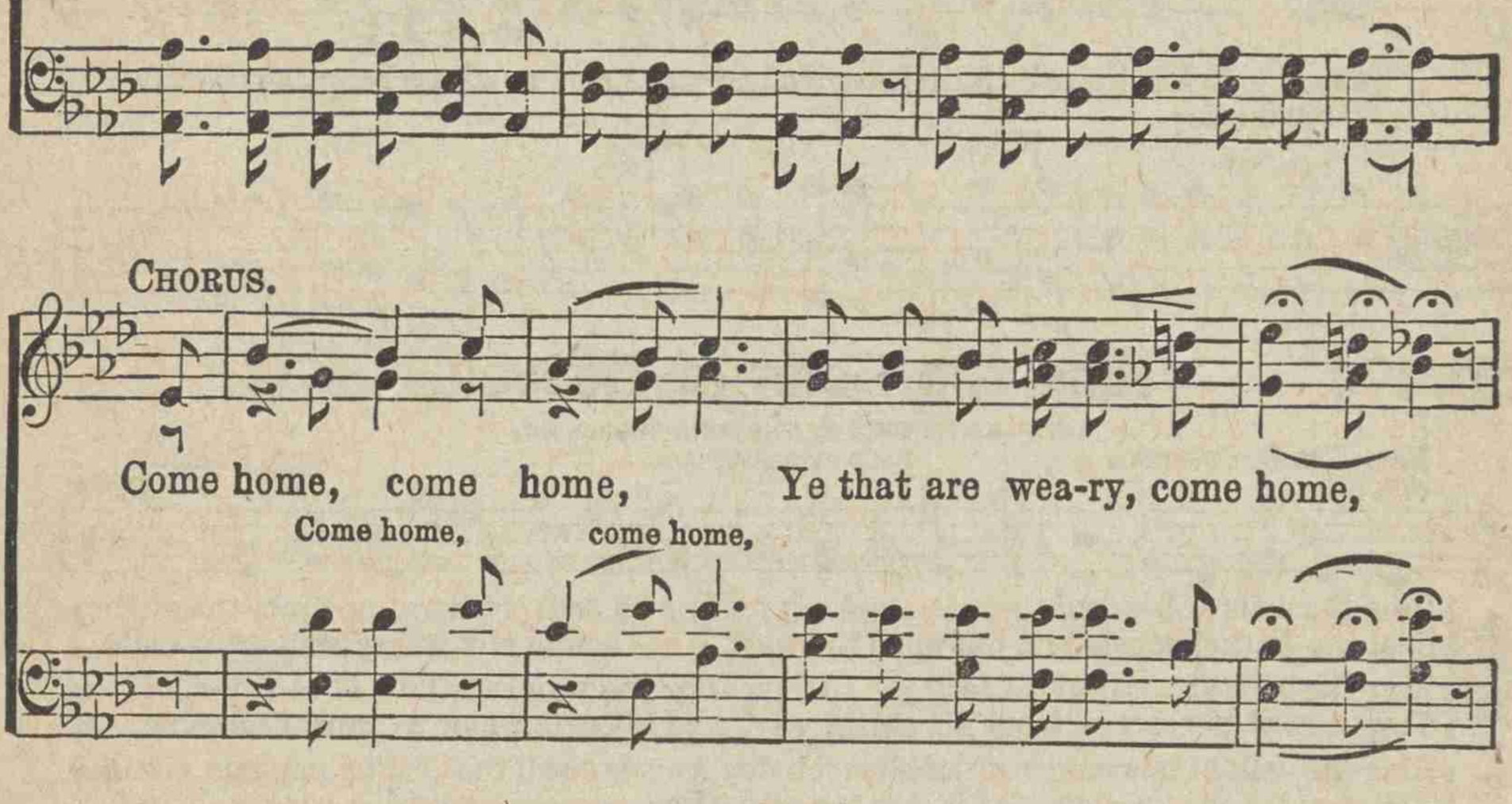
No. 168. Softly and Tenderly.

W. L. T. COPYRIGHT, BY WILL L. THOMPSON & CO., EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO. Will L. Thompson.

1. Soft - ly and ten-der-ly Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Je-sus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing Passing from you and from me;
4. O for the won-der-ful love he has promised, Promised for you and for me,



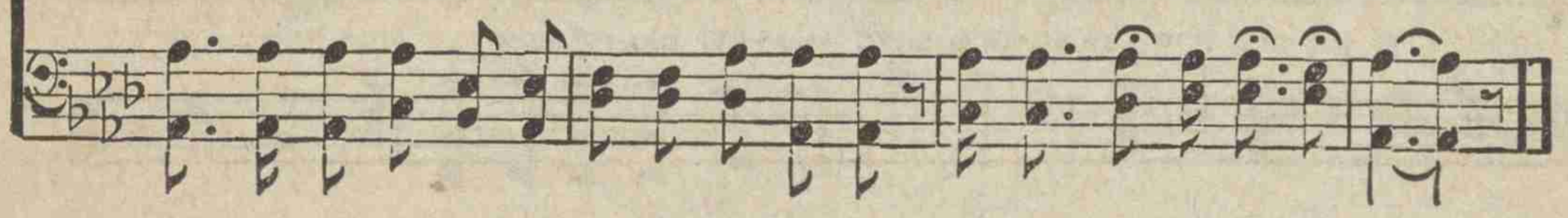
See on the portals He's waiting and watching, Watching and waiting for me.
Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Mercies for you and for me?
Shadows are gathering, death warnings coming, Com-ing for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinn'd He has mercy and pardon, Par-don for you and for me.



CHORUS.

Come home, come home, Ye that are wea-ry, come home,
Come home, come home,

Ear-nest-ly, ten-der-ly, Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sin-ner, come home!



169.

At The Cross.

COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY R. E. HUDSON.
USED BY PER.

Isaac Watts. R. E. Hudson.

1. Alas! and did my Savior bleed, And did my Sov'reign die,
Would He devote that sa- cred head For such a worm as I?

2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groan'd upon the tree,
A - maz-ing pit-y, grace unknown! And love beyond degree

CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the burden of my heart roll'd a-
way, It was there by faith I received my sight, And now I am happy all the day.
roll'd a-way,

No. 170. Ring the Bells of Heaven.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Rev. Wm. O. Cushing. Geo. F. Root.

Joyfully, FINE.

1. Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day, For a soul re-turn-ing from the wild;
See! the Father meets him out upon the way, Wel-coming His weary wand'ring child.

2. Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day, For the wand'rer now is re-con-ciled;
Yes, a soul is rescued from his sinful way, And is born a-new a ransomed child.

3. Ring the bells of heaven! spread the feast today, Angels swell the glad triumphant strain,
Tell the joy-ful tidings! bear it far a - way, For a precious soul is born a - gain.

D.C.—'Tis the ransom'd army, like a mighty sea, Pealing forth the anthem of the free.

CHORUS. D. C.

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

No. 171. The Heavenly Stranger

COPYRIGHT, 1914. BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

Ada Blenkhorn. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. No warm, down-y pil-low His sweet head pressed, No soft silk-en garments His
2. No jub - i - lant clang of re - joic - ing bell The glo-ri - ous news to the
3. All hail to Thee, Je-sus, Thou Ho - ly One! All hail to Thee, Je-sus! Je-

fair form dressed; He lay in a man-ger, this heav-en - ly Stranger, The
world did tell; But an-gels from glo - ry sang sweet-ly the sto - ry Of
ho - vah's Son; While an - gels a-dore Thee, we'll wor-ship be-fore Thee, Our

CHORUS. (*with Violin Ob.*)

precious Lord Je-sus, the won-der-ful Child.
Bethlehem's Stranger, the Sav-ior of men.
bless-ed Mes-si-ah, our Sav-ior and King.

{ Thou heav-en-ly Stran - ger
{ We'll wor-ship be - fore Thee,

so gen-tle and mild, Tho' born in a man - ger, the
and praise and a - dore Thee,

Father's own child; And sing the glad sto - ry a -gain and a - gain.

No. 172. Jesus Loves Me.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so;
2. Je - sus loves me! He who died, Heav-en's gate to o - pen wide;
3. Je - sus loves me! loves me still, Tho' I'm ver - y weak and ill;
4. Je - sus loves me! He will stay Close be - side me all the way;

Lit - tle ones to Him be - long, They are weak but He is strong.
He will wash a - way my sin, Let His lit - tlec hild, come in.
From His shin-ing throne on high, Comes to watch me where I lie.
If I love Him when I die, He will take me home on high.

CHORUS.

Yes, Je-sus loves me, Yes, Jesus loves me, Yes, Jesus loves me, The Bible tells me so.

No. 173. Two Little Hands.

W. A. O. BY PERMISSION OF DAVID C. COOK. W. A. Ogden.

1. I've two lit-tle hands to work for Je-sus, One little tongue His praise to tell,
2. I've two lit-tle feet to tread the pathway Up to the heav'nly courts a-bove;
3. I've one lit-tle heart to give to Je-sus, One lit-tle soul for Him to save,

Two lit-tle ears to hear His coun-sel, One lit-tle voice a song to swell.
Two lit-tle eyes to read the Bi - ble, Tell - ing of Je-sus' won-drous love.
One lit-tle life for His dear serv-ice, One lit - tle self that He must have.

Two Little Hands.

CHORUS.

Lord, we come, Lord, we come, In our child-hood's ear - ly morn - ing;
Lord, we come, Lord, we come, Come to learn of Thee.

No. 174. The Sweet Story of Old.

Mrs. Jemima Luke. J. C. Englebrecht.

1. I think when I read that sweet sto-ry of old, When Je - sus was here a-mong men, How He called lit - tle chil-dren as lambs to His fold, I should
2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His arm had been thrown a-round me; And that I might have seen His kind look when He said, "Let the
3. Yet still to His foot-stool in prayer I may go, And ask for a share in His love; And if I now ear-nest-ly seek Him be-low, I shall
4. In that beau-ti - ful place He is gone to prepare, For all that are washed and for - giv'n, And ma - ny dear children are gath - er-ing there, "For of

FINE. REFRAIN. D. S.

like to have been with them then. I should like to have been with them then,
lit - tle ones come un - to Me." "Let the lit - tle ones come un-to Me."
see Him and hear Him a - bove. I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove.
such is the King-dom of heav'n." "For of such is the Kingdom of heav'n."

No. 175. Swing Song.

COPYRIGHT. 1910, BY ACKLEY & RODEHEAVER.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Edith Sanford Tillotson. B. D. Ackley.

1. Who wants to travel to Tree Top Land? Who wants to ride with a jol - ly band?
2. Who wants to see where the Robin lives? Who wants the pleasure that flying gives?
3. Who wants a peep into Cloudland bright? Who wants to follow the sunbeams' light?

Who likes to rise like a bird on the wing? Come and we'll go in the swing!
Who loves to hear what the soft breezes sing! Come then with us in the swing!
Come then, the fare is the song that we bring, Come take a trip in the swing!

CHORUS.

Off we go— to and fro, Swinging, swinging, swing - ing; O what fun
swing-ing, swing-ing,
ev-'ry one, Singing, singing, sing-ing; Merry lay—laughter gay, Ringing, ringing,
ring - ing; Light and free as the brids are we! O, the joy of swing-ing!
ring-ing, ring-ing;

No. 176. Jesus Loves Even Me.

P. P. Bliss. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY JOHN CHURCH COMPANY. USED BY PERMISSION. P. P. Bliss.

1. I am so glad that our Fa - ther in heav'n Tells of His love in the Book He has giv'n, Won - der - ful things in the Bi - ble I see;
2. Tho' I for - get Him and wan-der a - way, Still He doth love me wher- ev - er I stray; Back to His dear lov - ing arms would I flee,
3. Oh, if there's on - ly one song I can sing, When in His beau - ty I see the Great King, This shall my song in e - ter - ni - ty be:

CHORUS.

This is the dear-est, that Je - sus loves me.
When I re - mem-ber that Je - sus loves me. I am so glad that "Oh, what a won - der that Je - sus loves me."

Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me,

I am so glad that Je - sus loves me, Je-sus loves e - ven me.

No. 177. Sung to "The Rosary."

1. When to the cross I turn my eyes,
O lamb of God, my sacrifice,
Remember Thee in all Thy agony
On Calvary, on Calvary.

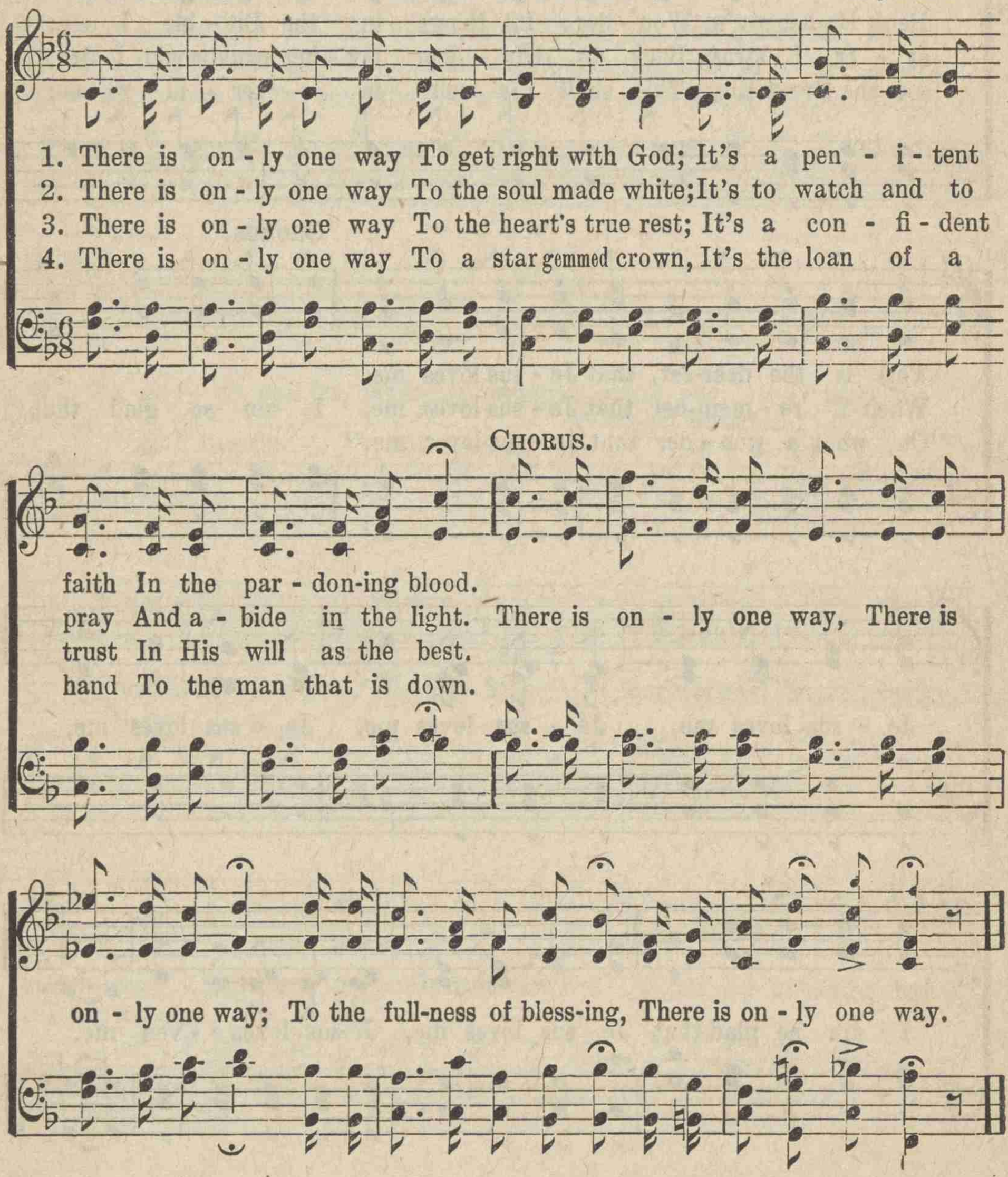
2. Remember Thee and all Thy pain,
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remain,
O lamb of God, who on the cross was hung,
The cross was hung.

3. And when these falling lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory shall flee,
When Thou shalt to Thy glorious kingdom come,
O blessed Lord, wilt Thou remember me?

—*C. P. Curry.*

No. 178. Fullness of Blessing.

J. H. Sammis. COPYRIGHT. 1915, BY C. P. CURRY. **Mary Ross.**



No. 179. The Church in the Wildwood.

W. S. P. Dr. Wm. S. Pitts.

1. There's a church in the val-ley by the wild - wood, No love - li - er
2. How sweet on a clear, Sab-bath morn - ing To list to the
3. There, close by the church in the val - ley, Lies one that I
4. There, close by the side of that loved one, 'Neath the tree where the

place in the dale; No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the
clear ring-ing bell; Its tones so sweet - ly are call - ing, Oh,
loved so well; She sleeps, sweetly sleeps 'neath the wil - low; Dis-
wild flow-ers bloom, When the fare-well hymn shall be chant - ed, I shall

D. S.—*spot is so dear to my child-hood As the*

FINE. CHORUS.

lit-tle brown church in the vale.
come to the church in the vale.
turb not her rest in the vale.
rest by her side in the tomb.

Come to the
Oh, come, come, come, come, come, come,

lit-tle brown church in the vale.

D. S.

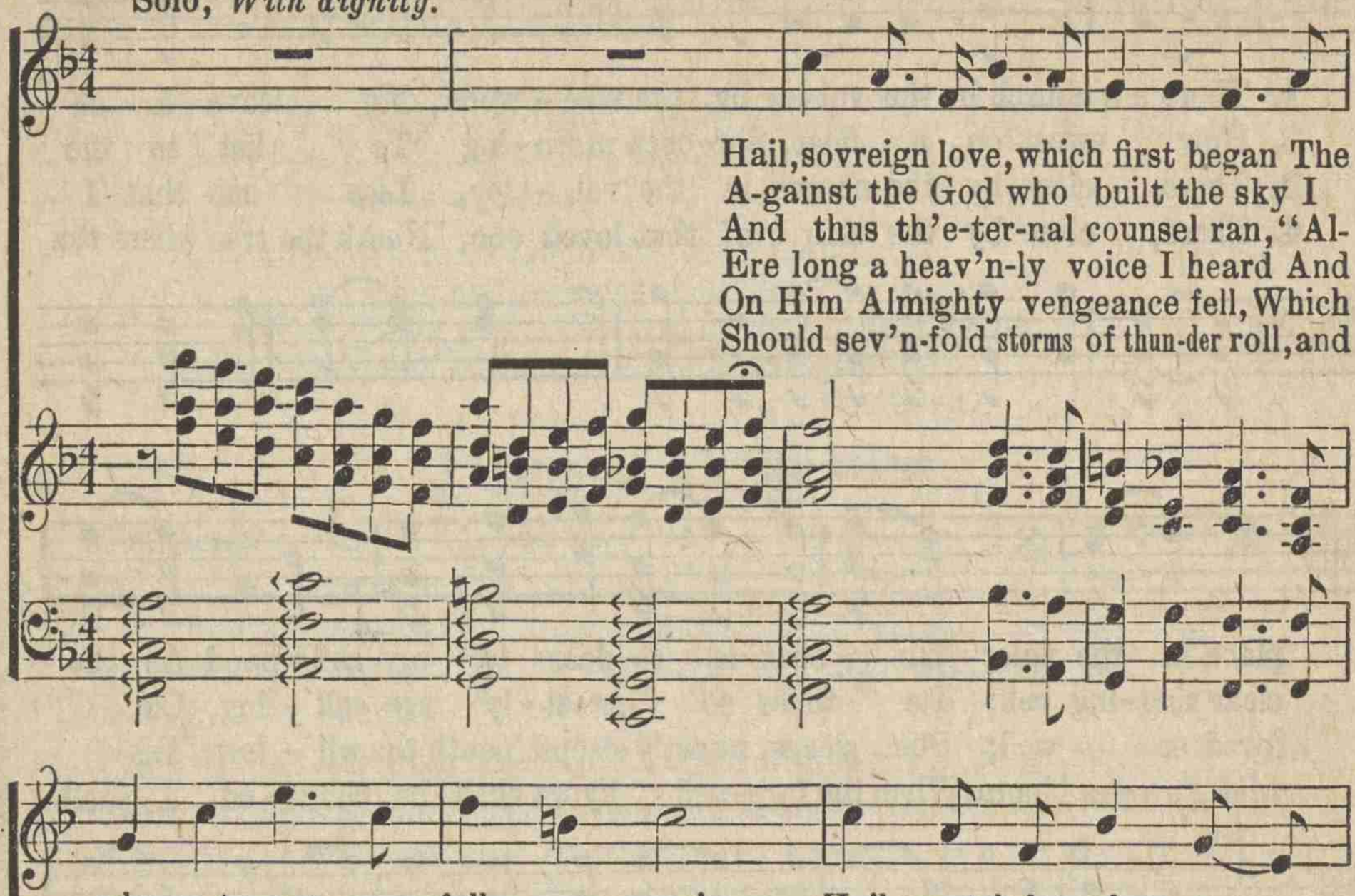
church by the wild - wood, Oh, come to the church in the dale; No
come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come;

No. 180. The Hiding Place.

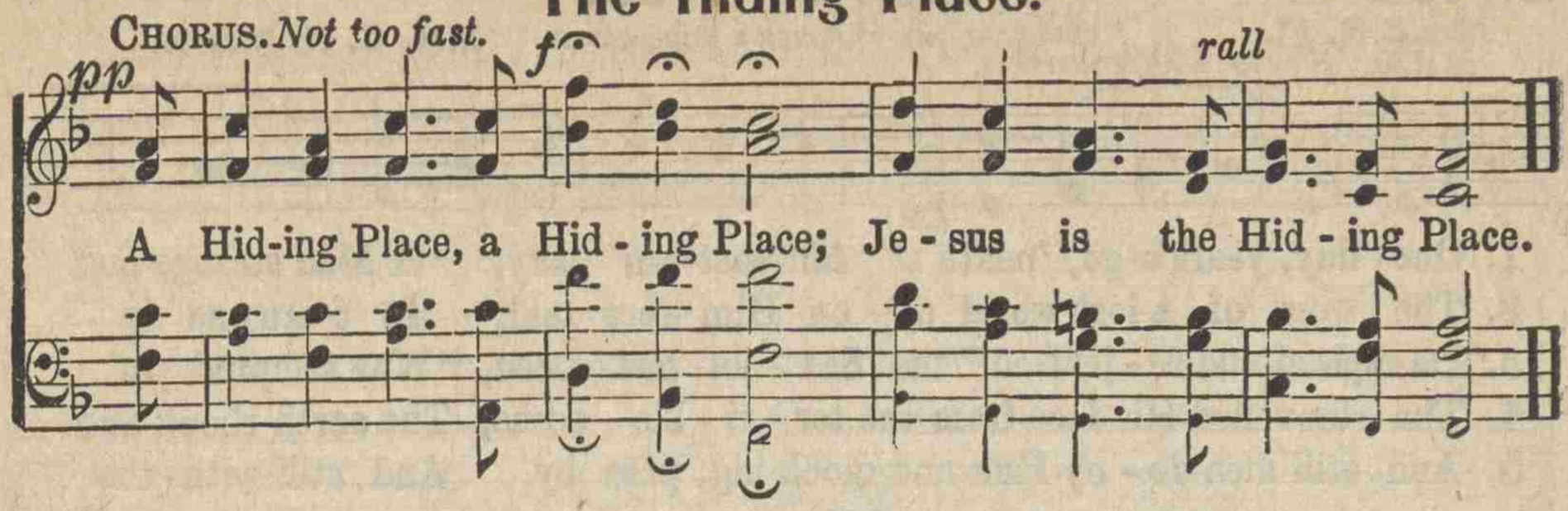
The following lines were written by Major Andre just before his execution as a British spy during the war of the Revolution, and found after his death.

Major Andre. COPYRIGHT, 1915. BY C. MARY ROSS **Mary Ross.**

Solo, *With dignity.*

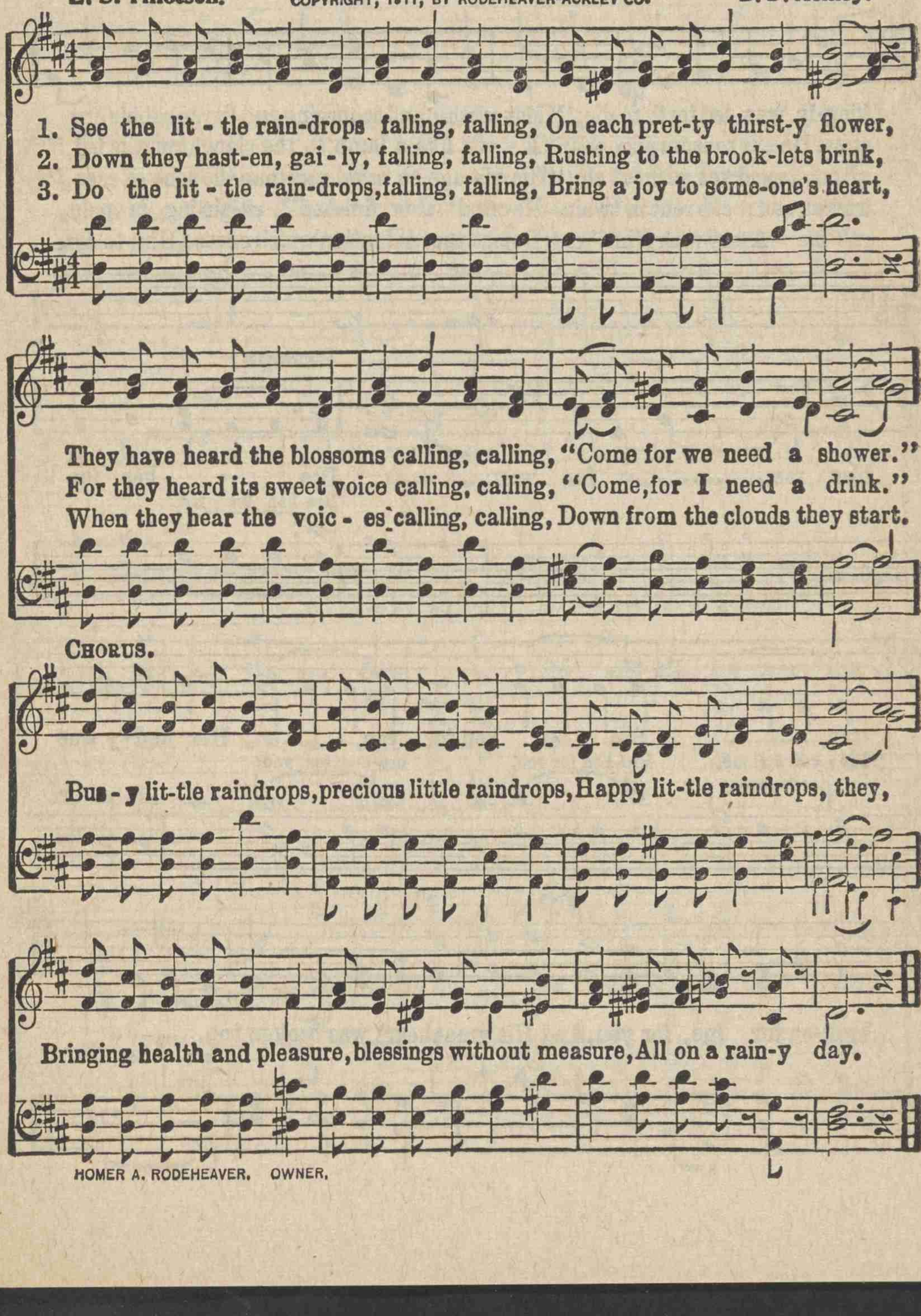


The Hiding Place.



No. 181. The Raindrops.

E. S. Tillotson. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO. B. D. Ackley.



HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

No. 182 Broken for You.

Mrs.C.H. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

SOLO. *Slowly, with tenderness.*

1. One day, years a-go, 'neath a fair east-ern sky, A Man strange and king-ly was led forth to die; 'Midst mocking and scourging and fierce rabble cry
2. The woes of a lost world up - on Him were laid, In tears and in groans He our ransom price paid; "E - ven like a lamb to the slaughter was led,"
3. "De - spised and re - ject-ed" the Sav - ior has been, "Was tempted in all points and yet without sin; "His vis-age so marred more than the sons of men,"
4. The sun veiled His face from the ter - ri - ble scene, The earth shook and trembled, and rocks rent in twain, He cried "it is finished", ex-pir-ing in pain,
5. And still men de - ny Him and mock-ing, pass by, And still with the rab-ble "Away with Him" cry; Reject the salvation which caused Him to die,

REFRAIN.

For me,..... for you..... Bro - ken for me, Bro-ken for me,

me,..... Bro - ken for you,..... His bod-y was bro - ken for me, Bro-ken for you, bro-ken for you;

pp *rit.*

brok-en for me, for you, And His great heart was broken too..... bro - ken too.

No. 183. He Will Not Let Me Fall.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY ACKLEY & RODEHEAVER,
RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO., OWNERS.

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

1. My faith temp-ta - tion shall not move, For Je - sus knows it all,
2. When grief is more than I can bear—Too weak am I to call—
3. Some-times I fal - ter filled with fear, I can - not see at all,

And holds me with His arm of love— He will not let me fall.
If I but lift my heart in pray'r, He will not let me fall.
His voice I nev - er fail to hear—"I will not let thee fall."

CHORUS.

He will not let me fall! He will not let me fall,
He will not let me fall!

He is my Strength, my Hope, my All, He will not let me fall!

HOMER A. RODEHEAVEVR. O'WNER.

No. 184. The Way-side Cross.

COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY H. R. PALMER.
USED BY PERMISSION.

C. L. St. John. H. R. Palmer.

Solo, *ad lib.* (Declamatory Style.)

1. "Which way shall I take?" shouts a voice on the night, "I'm a pil - grim a-
2. "Which way shall I take for the bright gold-en span That bridg - es the
3. "See the lights from the palace in sil - ver - y lines, How they pen-cil the

wea-ried, and spent is my light; And I seek for a palace, that
wa - ters so safe - ly for man? To the right? to the left? ah,
hedg - es and fruit la - den vines— My fortune! my all! for

Slower and sustained. *rit.*

rests on the hill, But be-tween us, a stream li - eth sul - len and chill.
me! if I knew— The night is so dark, and the pass - ers so few."
one tan-gled gleam That sifts thro' the lil - ies, and wastes on the stream."

*Chorus.

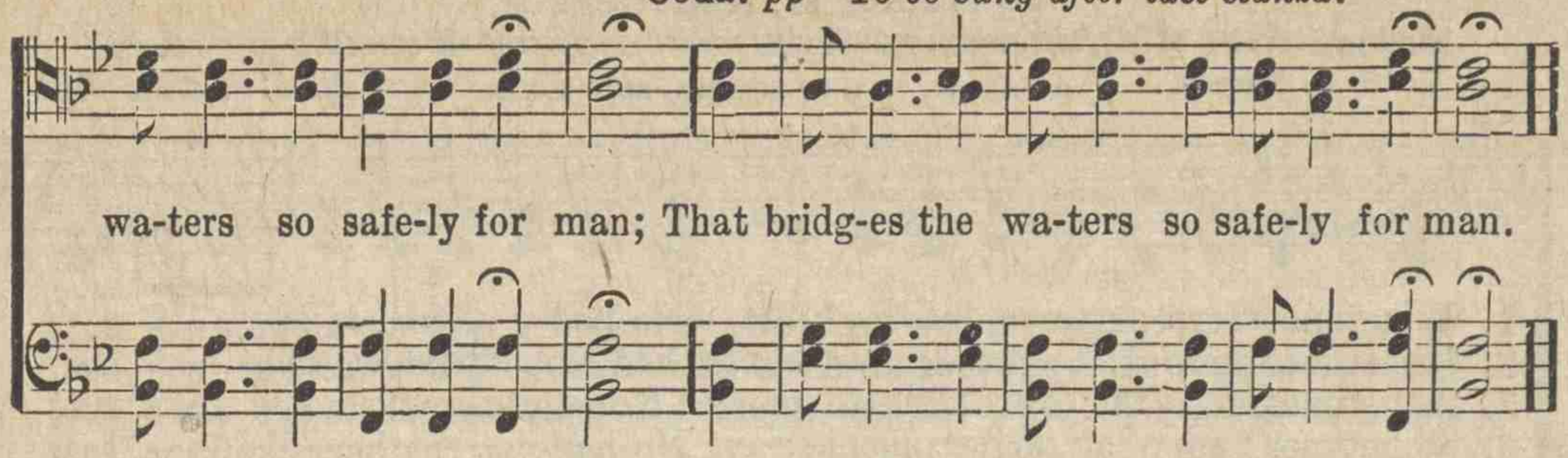
Near, near thee, my son, is the old wayside cross, Like a gray friar cowl'd, in lichens

and moss; And its cross-beam will point to the bright golden span, That bridges the

*The chorus should begin while the solo voice is still holding the last note.

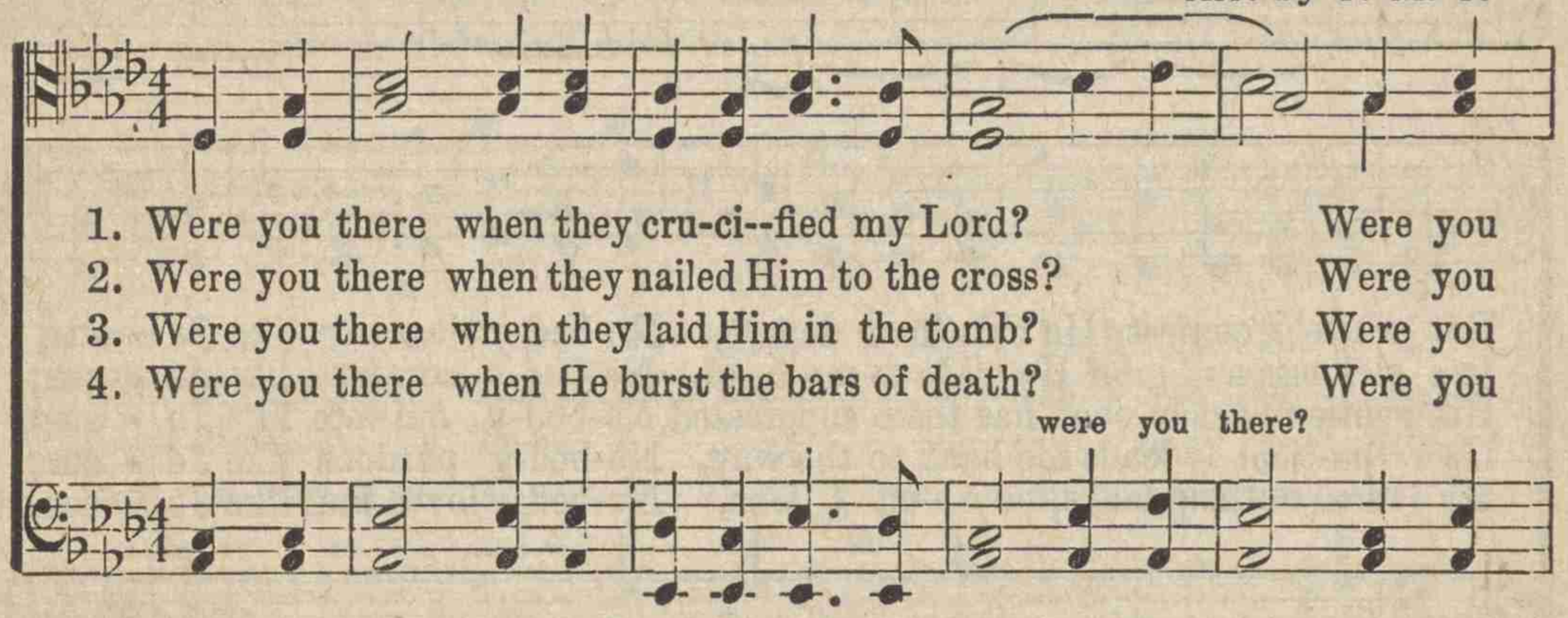
The Way-side Cross.

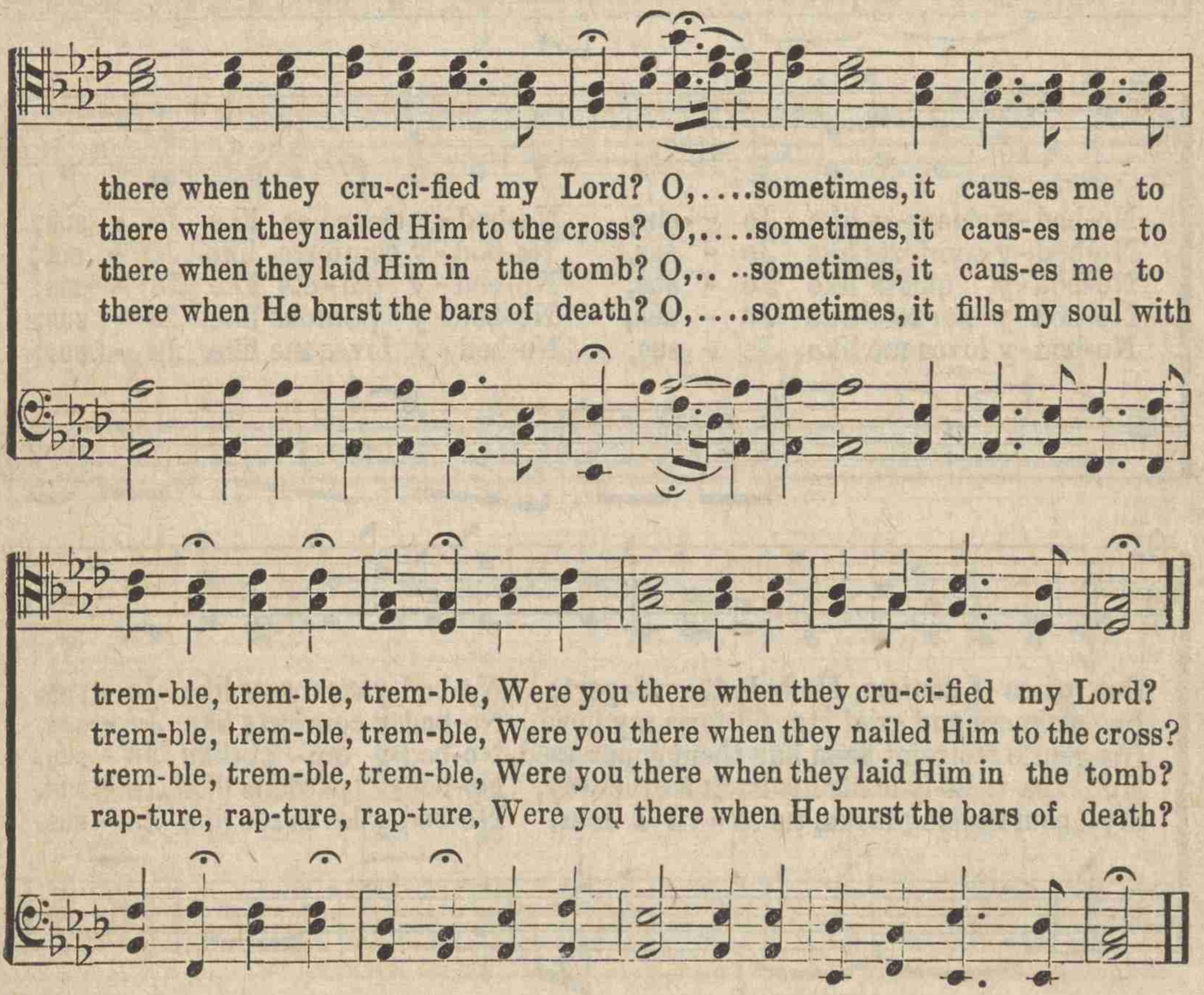
Coda. *pp* *To be sung after last stanza.*



No. 185. Were You There?

Arr. by T. M. T.





No. 186. Nobody Like Jesus

To Homer A. Rodeheaver.

In appreciation of his friendship, spirit, and untiring efforts to do something for others.

Edith L. Mapes. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. Sometimes secret sins creep into my heart,—No-bod-y sees them but Je - sus;
2. Sometimes there are tears that must not be shed, Nobody knows it but Je - sus;
3. Sometimes angry tho' ts are almost expressed, Nobody hears them but Je - sus;
4. Sometimes I am weak, and wander astray, No-bod-y strengthens like Je - sus;
5. Sometimes shut away from all held most dear, Nobody with me but Je - sus,

But when I confess, He bids them depart, No-bod-y cleans-es like Je - sus;
In sickness and grief He pil-lows my head, No-bod-y comforts like Je - sus;
His gentle restraint soon has them suppressed, No-bod-y qui-ets like Je - sus;
He pa-tient-ly leads me back to the way, No-bod-y pardons like Je - sus;
My soul nothing lacks, no e - vil I fear, No-bod-y loves me like Je - sus;

No-bod-y cleans-es like Je - sus, No-bod-y cleans-es like Je - sus;
No-bod-y comforts like Je - sus, No-bod-y comforts like Je - sus;
No-bod-y quiets like Je - sus, No-bod-y qui-ets like Je - sus;
No-bod-y pardons like Je - sus, No-bod-y pardons like Je - sus;
No-bod-y loves me like Je - sus, No-bod-y loves me like Je - sus;

But when I confess, He bids them depart; No-bod-y cleans-es like Je - sus.
In sickness and grief He pil-lows my head, No-bod-y comforts like Je - sus.
His gentle restraint soon has them suppressed, No-bod-y qui - ets like Je - sus.
He pa-tient-ly leads me back to the way, No-bod-y pardons like Je - sus.
My soul nothing lacks, no e - vil I fear, No-bod-y loves me like Je - sus.

No. 187. O Love that Will not let Me Go.

Rev. George Matheson. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY HOMER RODEHEAVER. **J. B. Herbert.**

May be sung as Duet, Soprano and Tenor.

1. O love that will not let me go, I rest my
2. O light that followest all my way, I yield my
3. O joy that seek - est me thro' pain, I can - not
4. O cross that lift - est up my head, I dare not

wea - ry soul in Thee; I give Thee back the life I
flick'ring torch to Thee; My heart re - stores its bor - rowed
close my heart to Thee; I trace the rain - bow thro' the
ask to fly from Thee; I lay in dust life's glo - ry

owe, That in Thine o - cean depths its flow May
ray, That in Thy sun - shine's blaze its day May
rain, And feel the prom - ise is not vain That
dead, And from the ground there blos - soms red Life

rich - er, full - er be, May rich - er, full - er be.
bright - er, fair - er be, May bright - er, fair - er be.
morn shall tear - less be, That morn shall tear - less be.
that shall end - less be, Life that shall end - less be.

No. 188. Reapers Are Needed.

C. H. G. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN., OWNER. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

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

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

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

CHORUS.

Lift thine eyes and look up-on the fields that stand
Lift thine eyes and look up - on the fields that stand all read-y
Lift thine eyes to fields that stand all
Ripe and read-y for the will-ing gleaner's hand, Rouse ye, O sleepers
Ripe and read-y for the will-ing gleaner's hand, O rouse ye,
Read-y for the glean-er's hand, O

Reapers Are Needed.

Ye are need-ed as reap-ers! Who will be the first to an-swer, "Mas-ter, quick-ly

here am I" Far and wide the rip-ened

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

Far and wide the

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

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

grain bends low, and In the breeze waves

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

wav - ing to and fro, O rouse ye,

to and fro, O

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

No. 189. Song to the Flag.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY ACKLEY & RODEHEAVER.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Edith Sanford Tillotson. **B. D. Ackley.**

1. Ban - ner bright with thy col - ors shin - ing o'er us,
2. Crim - son bars, you can speak to us of cour - age,
3. Star-gemmed flag, may thy chil - dren long re - mem - ber,

Dear bright flag and the em - blem of the free
Snow - y white, give us peace - ful hearts and pure,
What great price has been paid thy folds to raise;

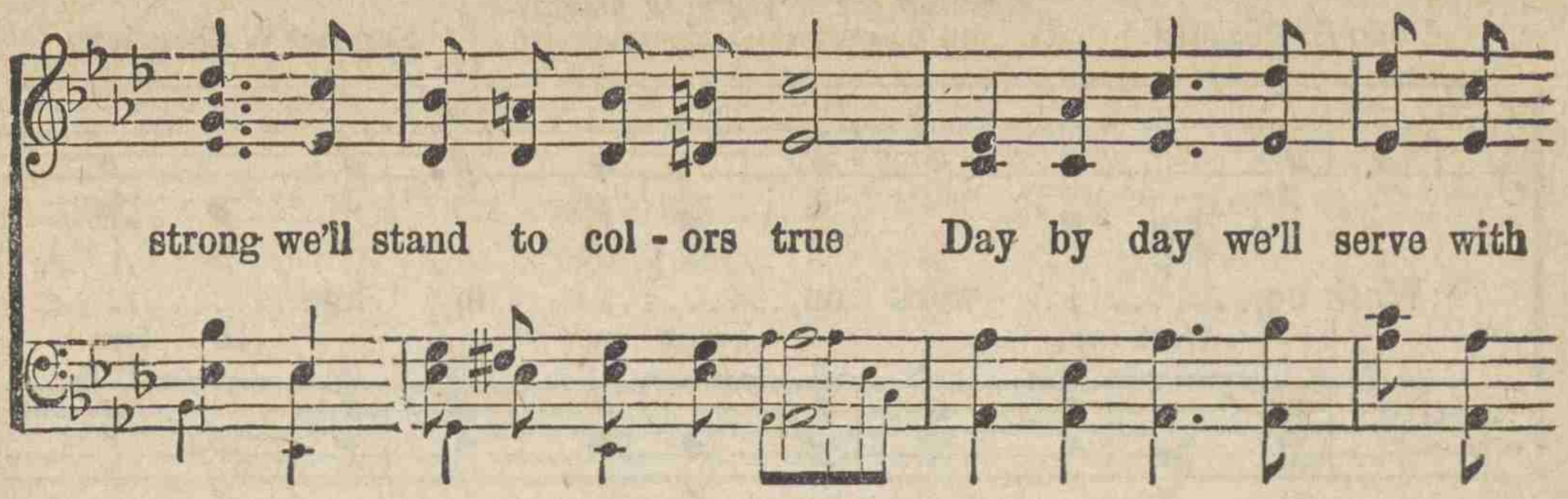
Hearts beat high when we see thee wave a - bove us
Loy - al blue, may our lives in truth be ground - ed
May we live to be wor - thy of thy keep - ing,

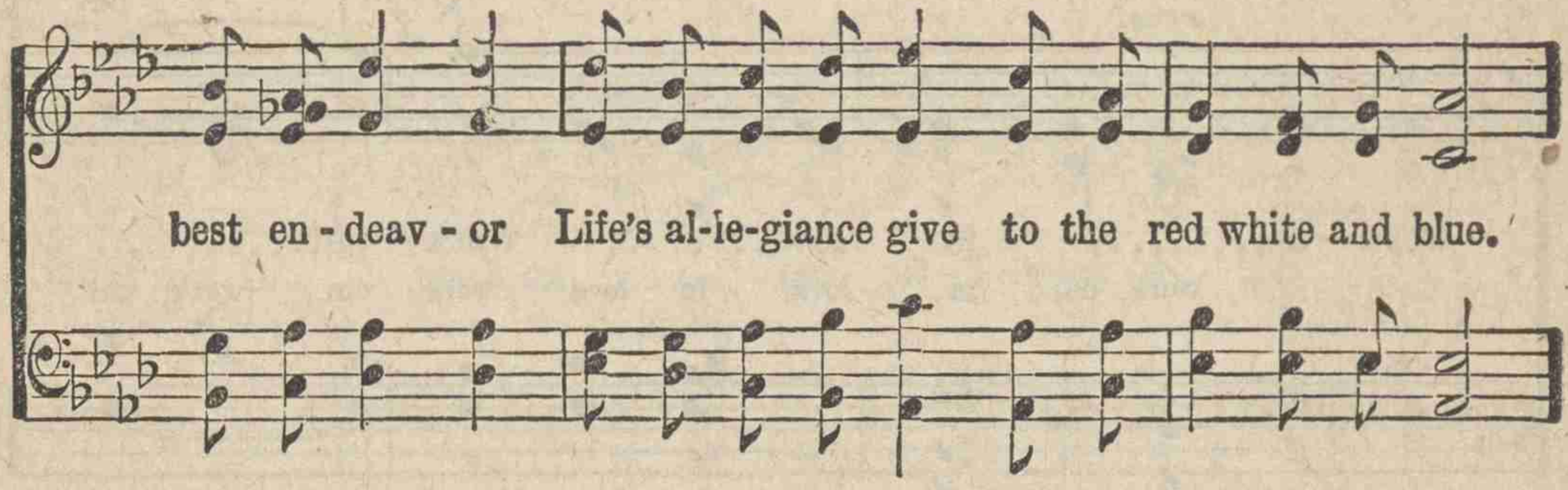
Free - dom's sign art thou o - ver land, o - ver sea:
So we'll wear our col - ors while times shall en - dure:
May we show thee hon - or de - vo - tion and praise.

CHORUS.

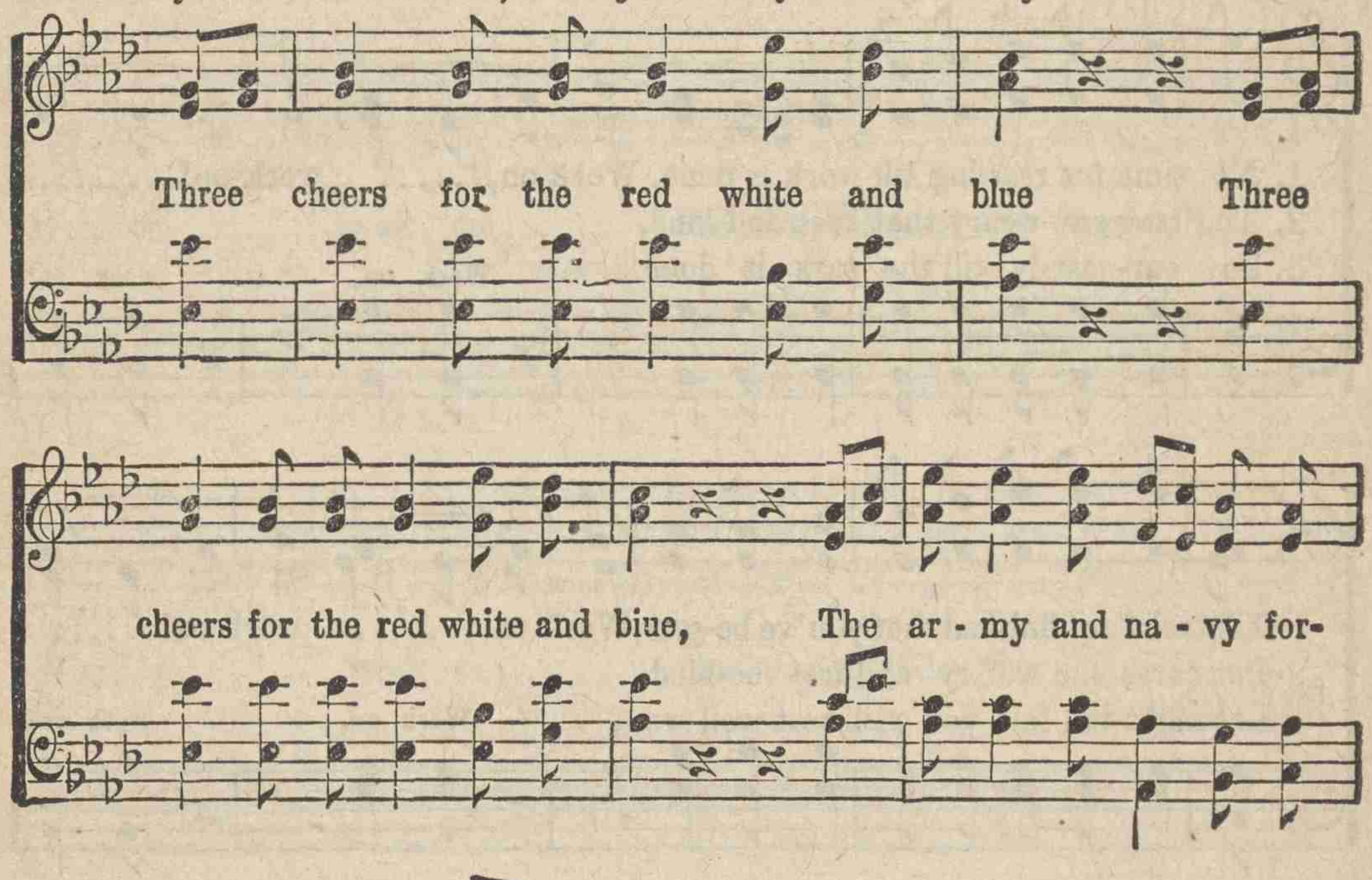
Heart and hand we'll pledge to star - ry ban - ner Staunch and

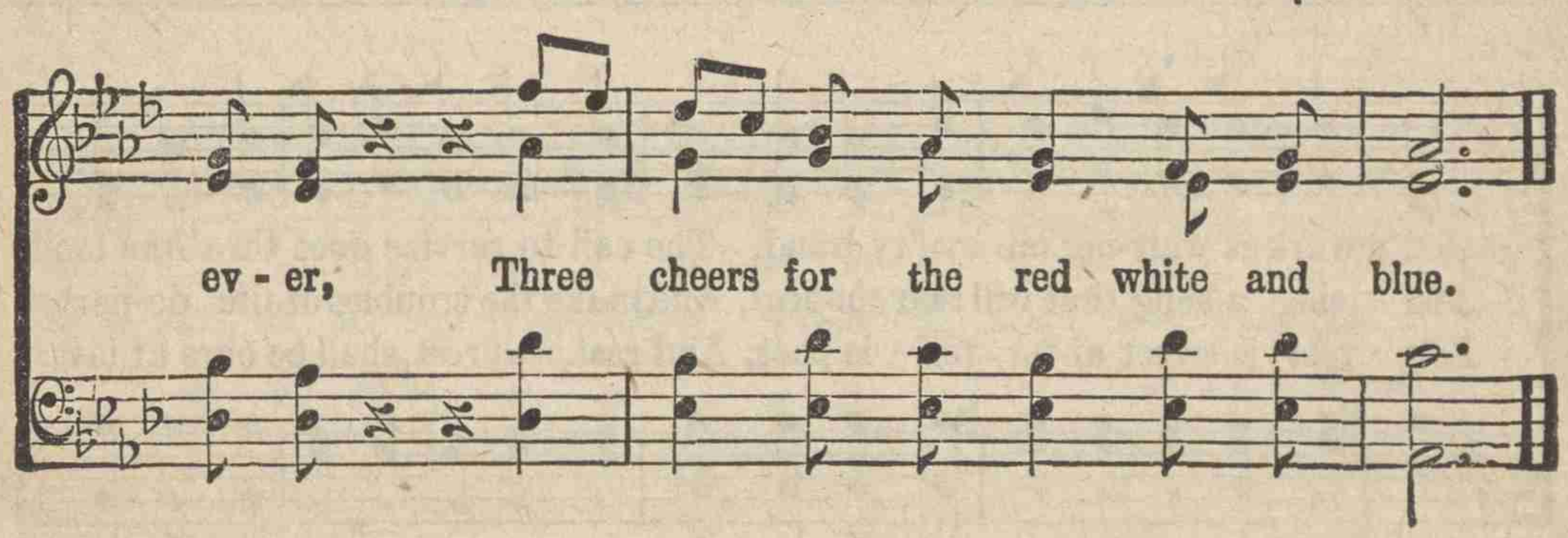
Song to the Flag.





After Chorus last time, or may be used after each verse if desired.





No. 190.

Work On.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.
THE QUARTET MUSIC CO., OWNER.

Eben E. Rexford. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

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

Work on, work on, in love

cres. *f*

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

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

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

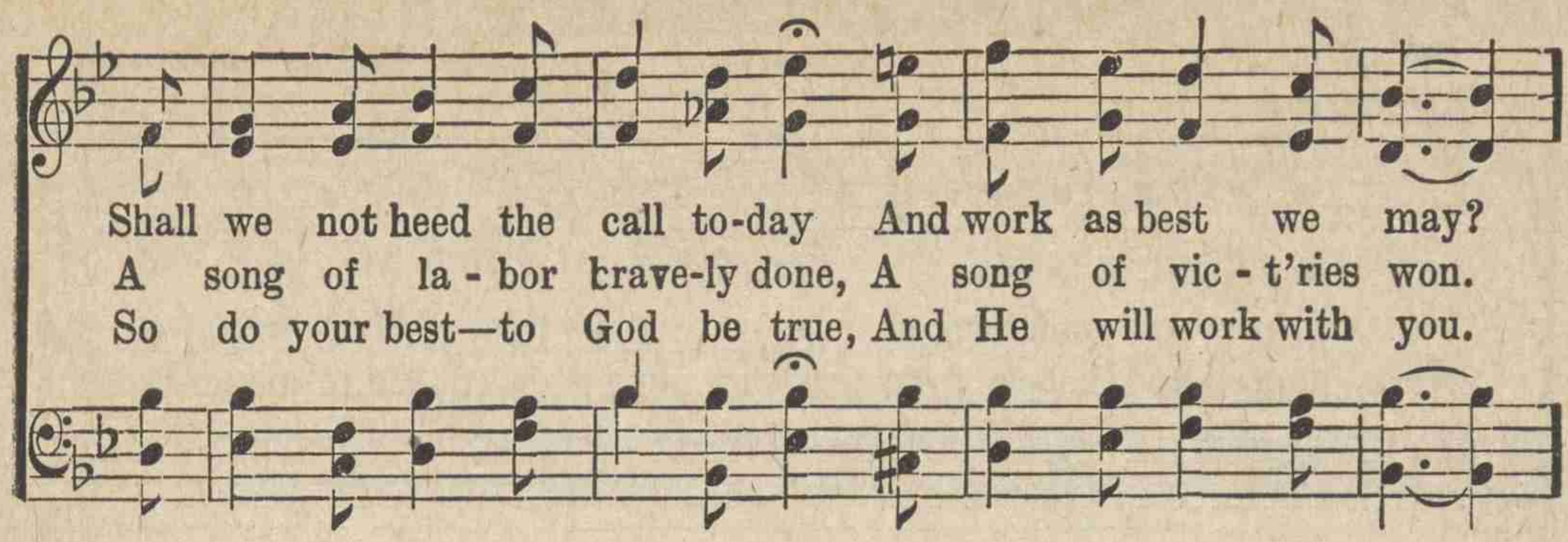
Work on, work on!

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

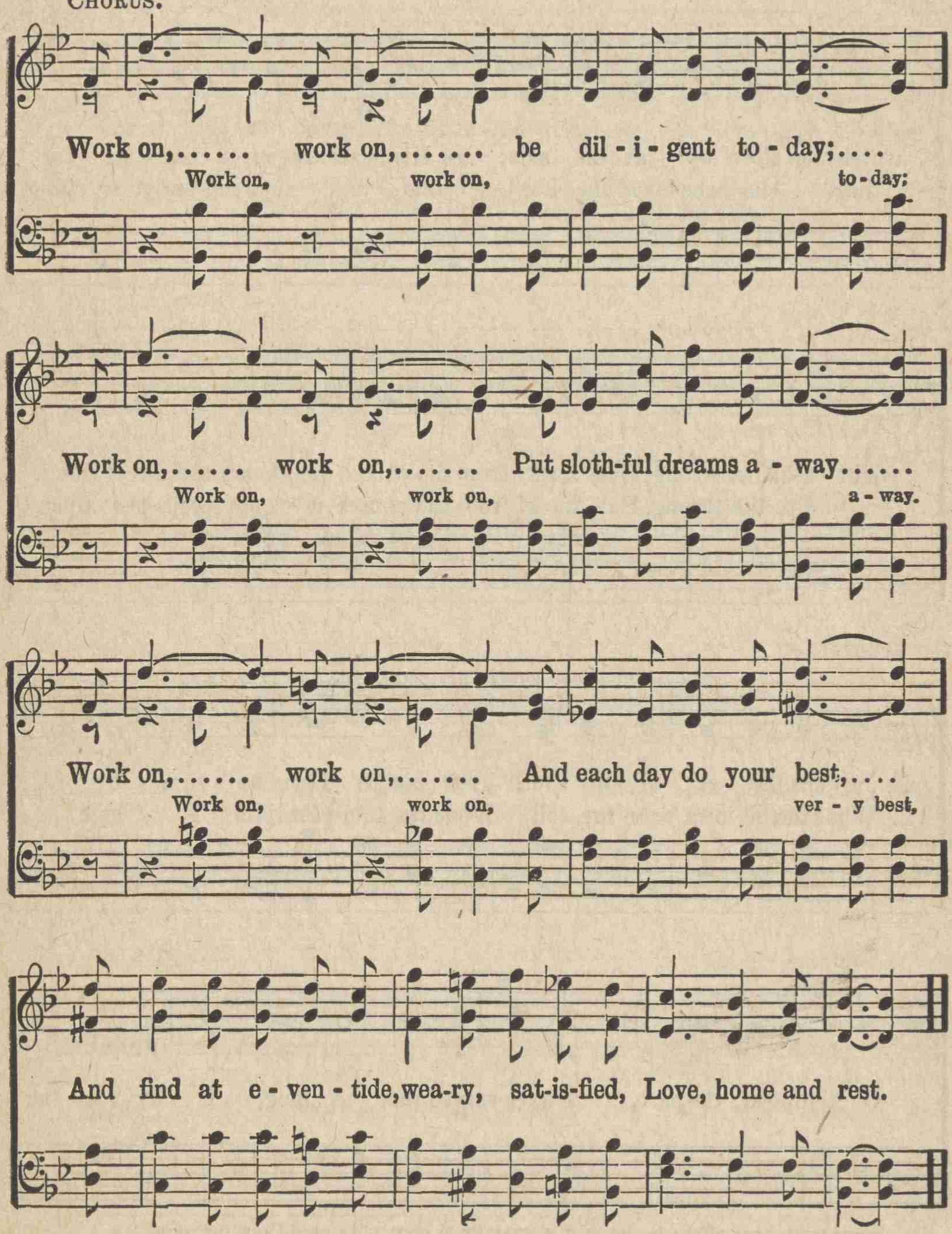
Work on, work on!

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

Work On.



CHORUS.



No. 191. The Sinner and the Song.

W. L. THOMPSON, ESTATE, E. LIVERPOOL, O.
USED BY PER.

W. L. T. **Will L. Thompson.**

Soprano Solo.

1. A sin-ner was wand'ring at e - ven - tide, His tempt-er was
2. He stopped and list-en'd to ev-'ry sweet chord, He re-membered the

watch-ing close by at his side, In His heart raged a bat - tle for
time he once loved the Lord, Come on! says the tempt-er, come

right a-gainst wrong, But hark! from the church he hears the sweet song.
on with the throng, But hark! from the church a - gain swells the song.

Quartet.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
2. While the bil-lows near me roll, While the tem-pest still is high.

Solo.

O tempt-er, de-part, I have served thee too long, I fly to the

Sung with best effect by having a quartet or chorus in an adjoining room.

The Sinner and the Song.

Sav - ior, He dwells in that song, O Lord, can it be that a

sin-ner like me, May find a sweet ref-uge by com-ing to Thee?

Quartet.

Oth-er ref-uge have I none, Hangs my help-less soul on Thee!

Solo.

I come, Lord, I come, Thou'lt for - give the dark past, And

Quartet.

O, re - ceive my soul at last....

No. 192.

Our Great King.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

Jennie Ree. **J. C. Williams.**

Introduction.

Voices in Unison.

1. Un - to our Je - ho-vah, our King for - ev - er,
2. He hath led us safe-ly thro' trib - u - la - tion;
3. Ser - a - phim and cher-u - bim bow be - fore Him!

Glo - ry, hon - or, serv-ice and praise shall be;.....
He to us hath tem-pered the winds that blow;....
Heav'n with hal - le - lu - jah un - end - ing rings!....

He hath kept us, He will for-sake us nev - er,
To the fold hath brought us from des - o - la - tion
All the earth, u - nit - ed, shall yet a - dore Him,

Our Great King.

'Till, through grace, His won-der-ful face we see.....
And from sin hath washed us as white as snow.....
Our Je - ho - vah, glo - ri - ous King of kings!....

CHORUS.

Mag - ni - fy, praise and glo - ri - fy Our Jehovah, King from shore to shore!

With the lute and the harp rejoice, with the tim-brel, come, a - dore, . . .
tim - brel, come, a - dore Him,

Speak of Him to the wan-der-er, Tell His mercies o'er and o'er, ...
praise and mag-ni-fy,

Mag - ni - fy, praise and glo - ri - fy His great name for-ev - er - more.

*Use grace notes last time only.

No. 193. The Battle of the Centuries.

Dedicated to my friend. Prof. Chas. F. Allen.

James Rowe. COHYRIGHT, 1910, BY THE PRAISE PUBLISHING CO., PHILA., PA. Charles H. Marsh.

UNISON.

1. Driving the foe be - fore us, we are press - ing on, In the fight for truth and right, With our banners high in the sun - lit sky,
2. Bearing the price - less mes- sage to be- night - ed souls In the haunts and dens of sin, Mak-ing known his grace to a fettered race,
3. Ev - er - y race and peo - ple shall his goodness know And re- vere him for his love, Shall ex- tol our King, till the earth shall bring

Find - ing glo - ry in the fight. Hav- ing the sweet as-
We with Christ are sure to win; Spreading his love and
Trib - ute to the King a - bove. Mer - cy and grace are

surance that the Lord will win And reward us in the end,
mer- cy with en - rap-tured hearts, Making known his pow'r to save,
winning, and, at length, his throne Our Redeem - er shall as - cend,

We are pressing on with God's great Son, The soul's e - ter - nal Friend.
We will true re- main, till he shall reign O'er ev - 'ry land and wave.
Then thro' countless days our souls shall praise The sinner's per- fect Friend.

The Battle of the Centuries.

CHORUS.

'Tis the bat - tle of the cen - tu - ries, It is Christ a - gainst the

world, And from age to age shall the bat - tle rage, Till the

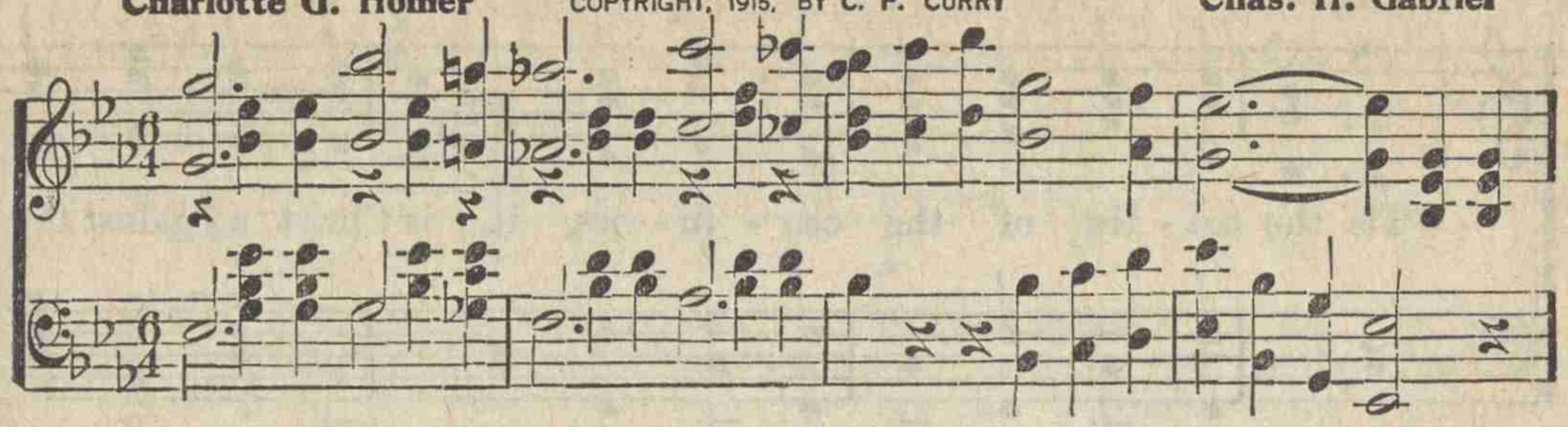
ban - ner of sin be furled; With the might - y Sav - iour

of the lost, Whom the ransomed souls a - dore, We will

bat - tle on, till the earth be won And the fight shall be no more.

No. 194. Jehovah-Jireh

Charlotte G. Homer COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY C. P. CURRY **Chas. H. Gabriel**



f *Voices in Unison.*

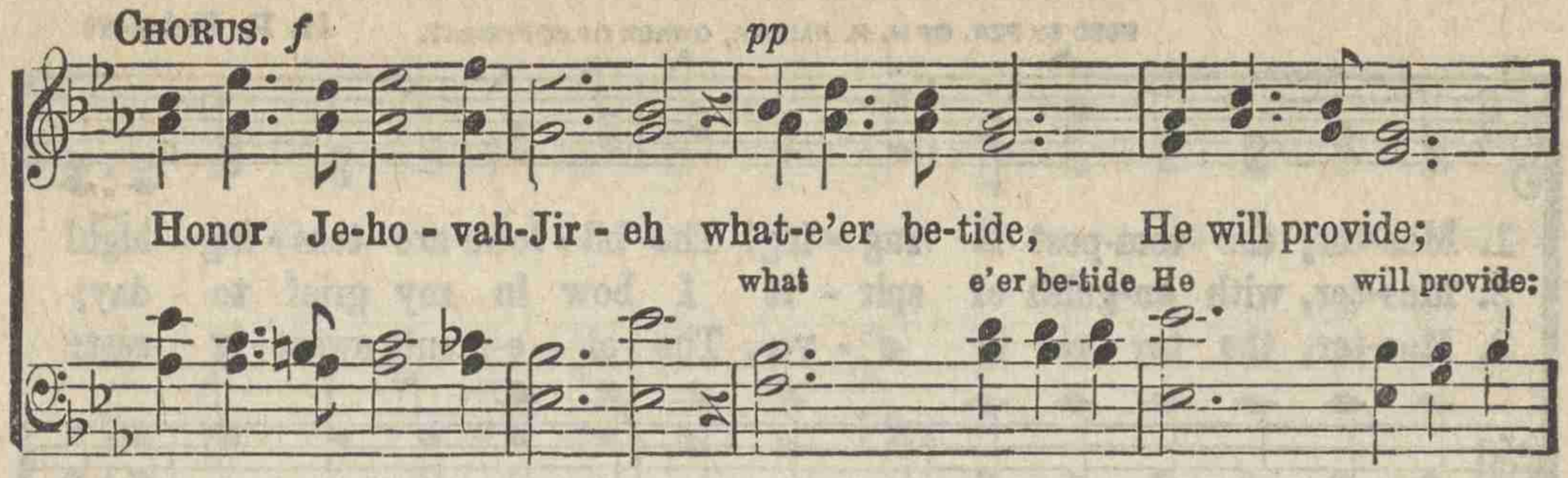
1. Great is the Lord God, our might-y re-deem-er, our glo-rious King!
2. I will at all times re-joice and be glad as I sing His praise;

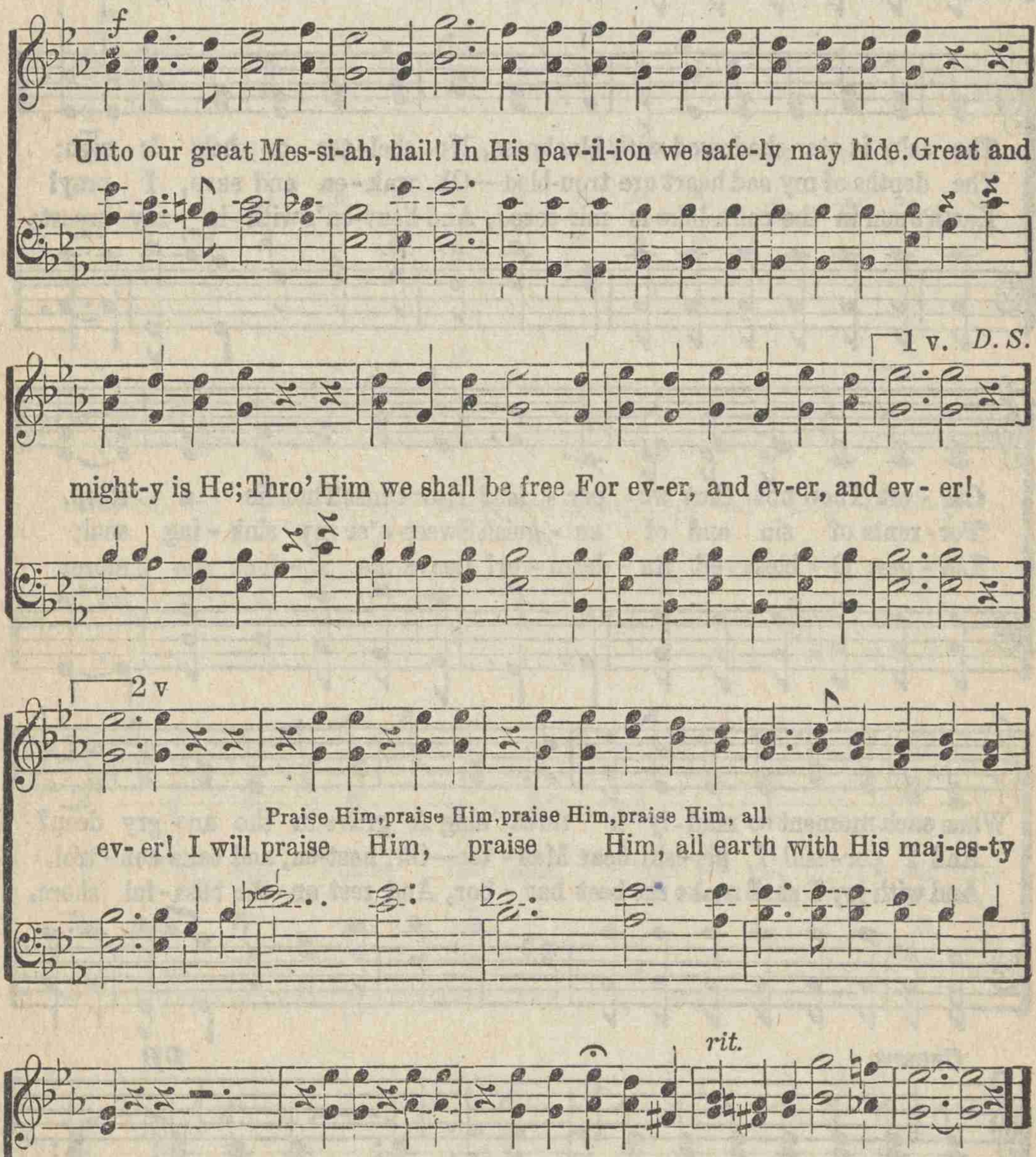
I will ex - tol Him, and pub-lish His glo-ry in ev-'ry-thing;
I will make known His great love and His mercy thro' all my days;

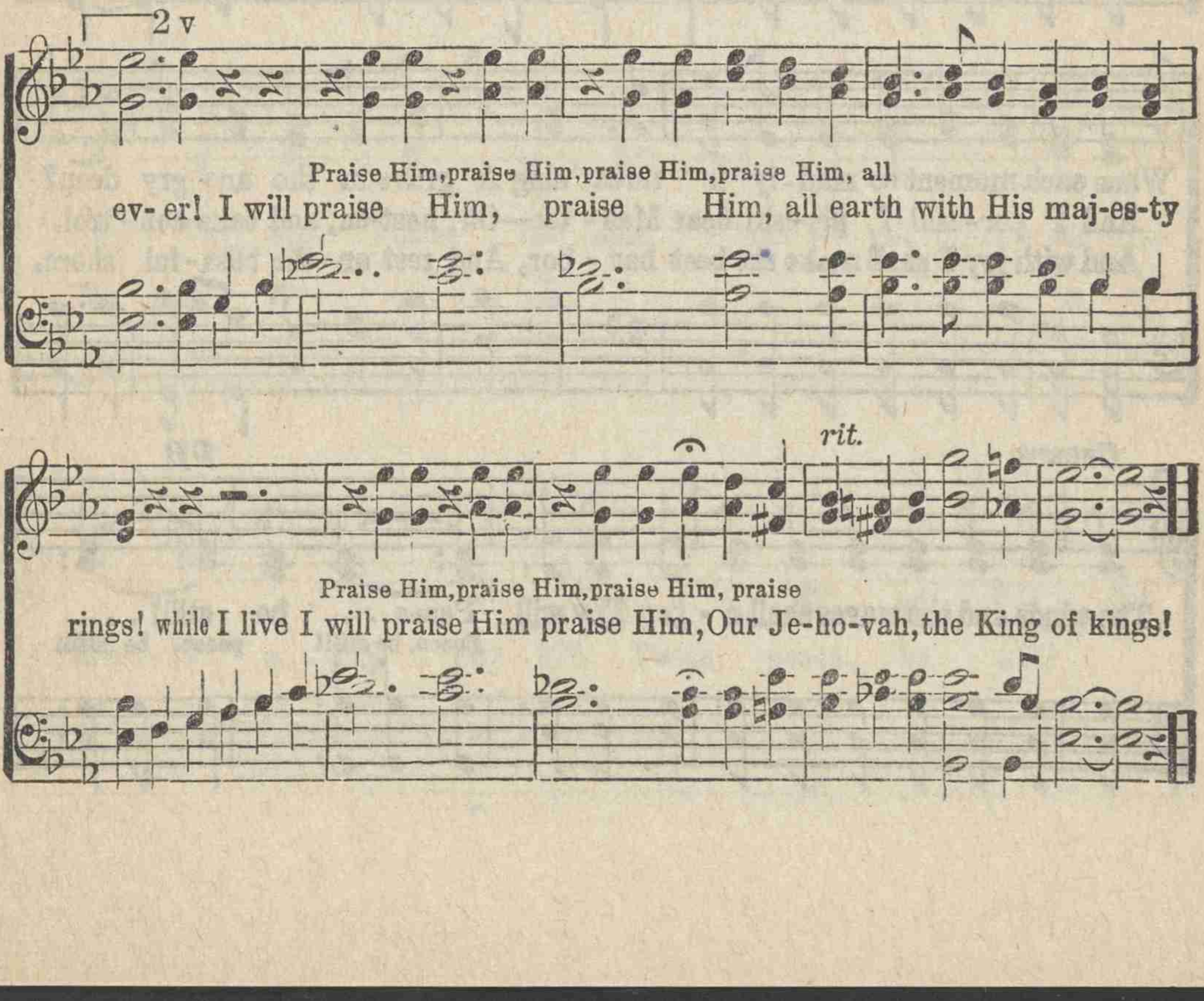
To Him in times of de - feat for the vic - to - ry I will cling,
To all the world I will tell of His won-der-ful works and ways,

Might-y One, Je - ho - vah - Jir - eh, faithful to keep and pro-vide.

Jehovah-Jireh.







No. 195 Master, the Tempest is Raging.

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

H. R. Palmer

1. Mas-ter, the tem-pest is rag - ing! The bil - lows are toss - ing high!
2. Mas-ter, with an-guish of spir - it I bow in my grief to - day;
3. Mas-ter, the ter - ror is o - ver, The el - e-ments sweet - ly rest;

The sky is o'er-shadowed with blackness, No shel - ter or help is nigh;
The depths of my sad heart are trou-bled—Oh, wak - en and save, I pray!
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mir-rored, And heav-en's with - in my breast;

Car - est Thou not that we per - ish? How canst Thou lie a - sleep,
Tor - rents of sin and of an - guish Sweep o'er my sink - ing soul;
Lin - ger, O bless - ed Re - deem - er! Leave me a - lone no more;

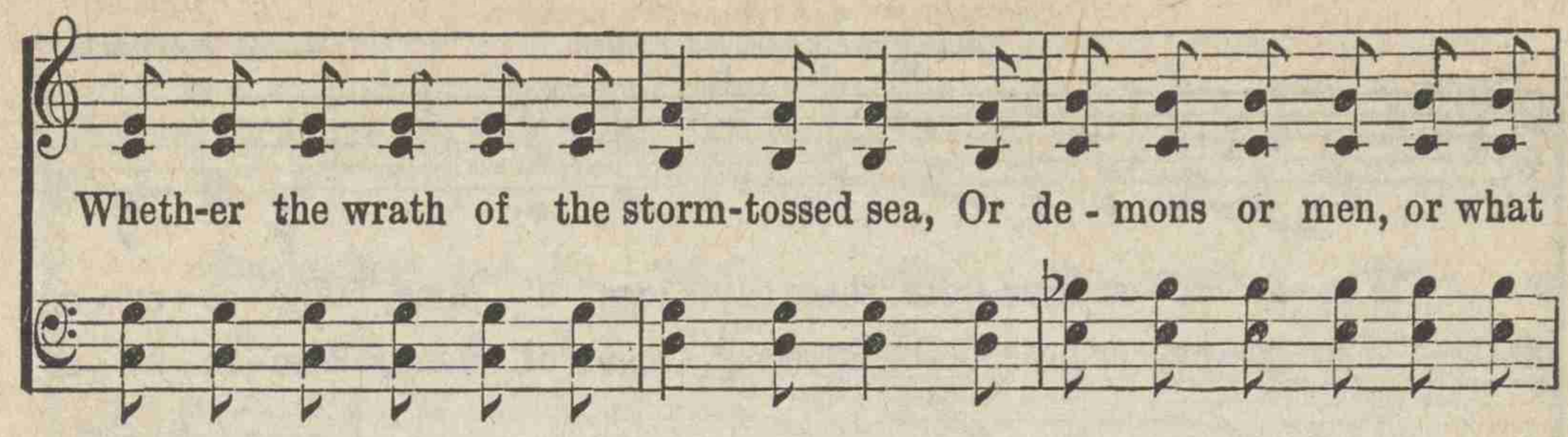
When each moment so mad - ly is threat'ning A grave in the an - gry deep?
And I per - ish! I per-ish! dear Mas - ter—Oh, hast-en, and take con - trol.
And with joy I shall make the best har - bor, And rest on the bliss - ful shore.

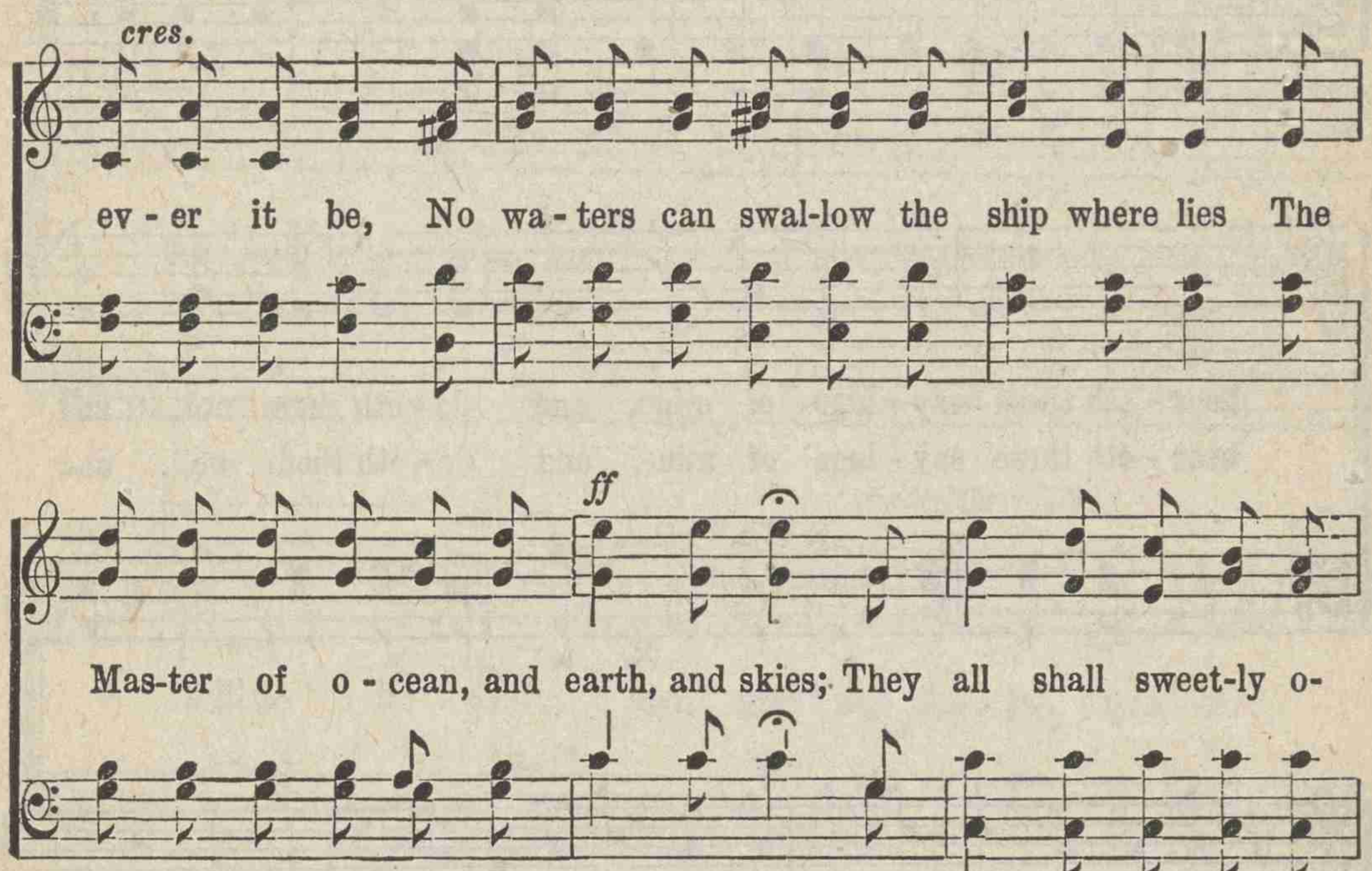
CHORUS.

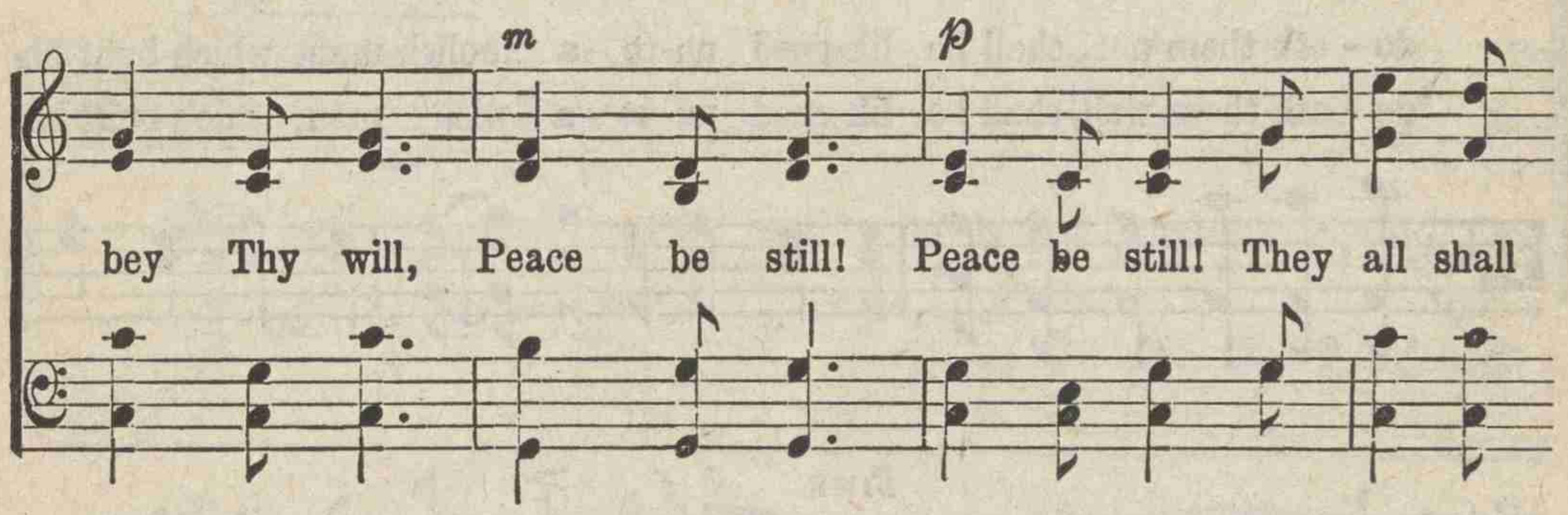
pp

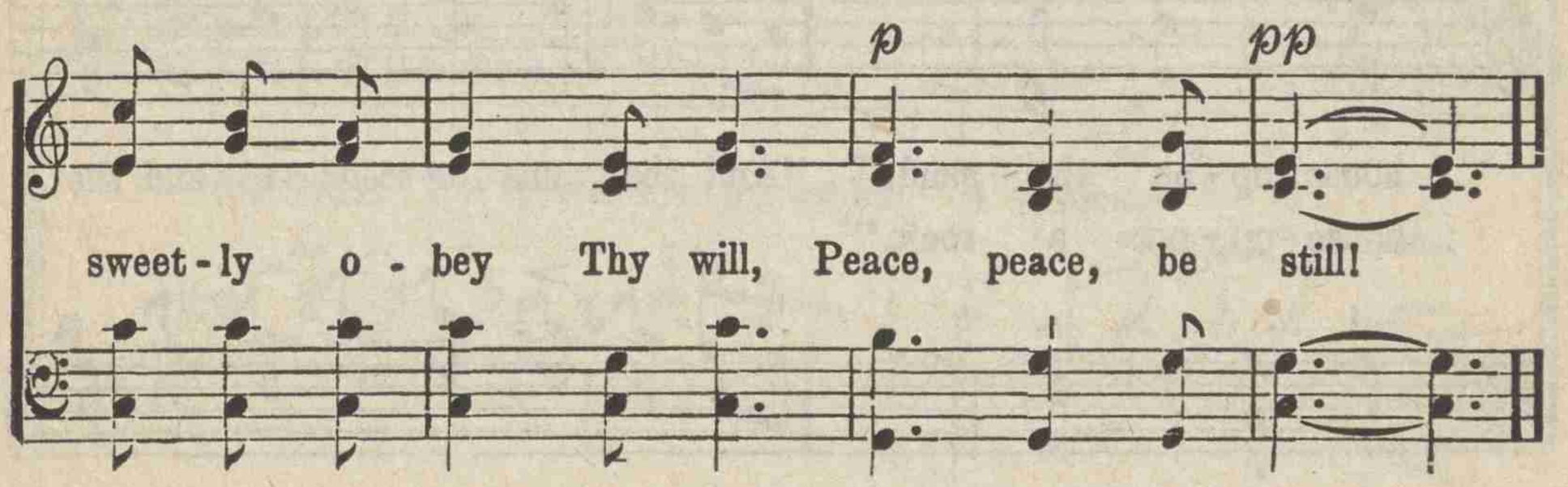
The winds and the waves shall o - bey Thy will, Peace . . be still! . . .
Peace, be still! peace, be still!

Master, the Tempest is Raging.









No. 196. The House That Stood the Storm

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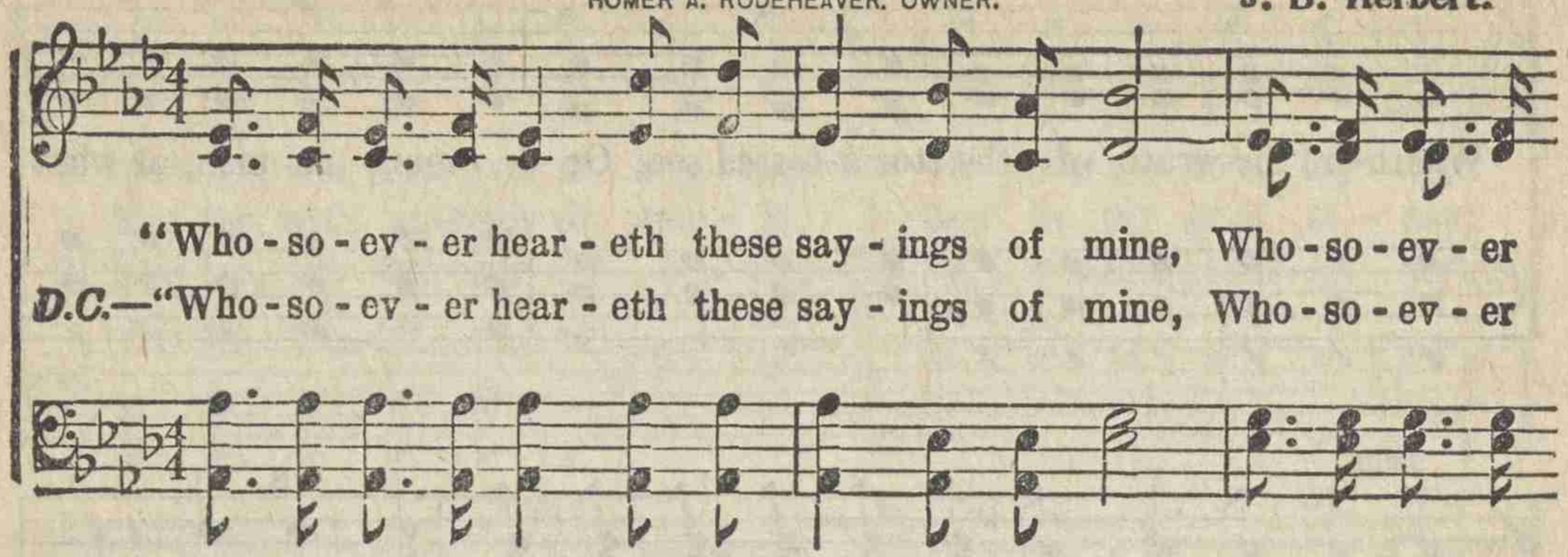
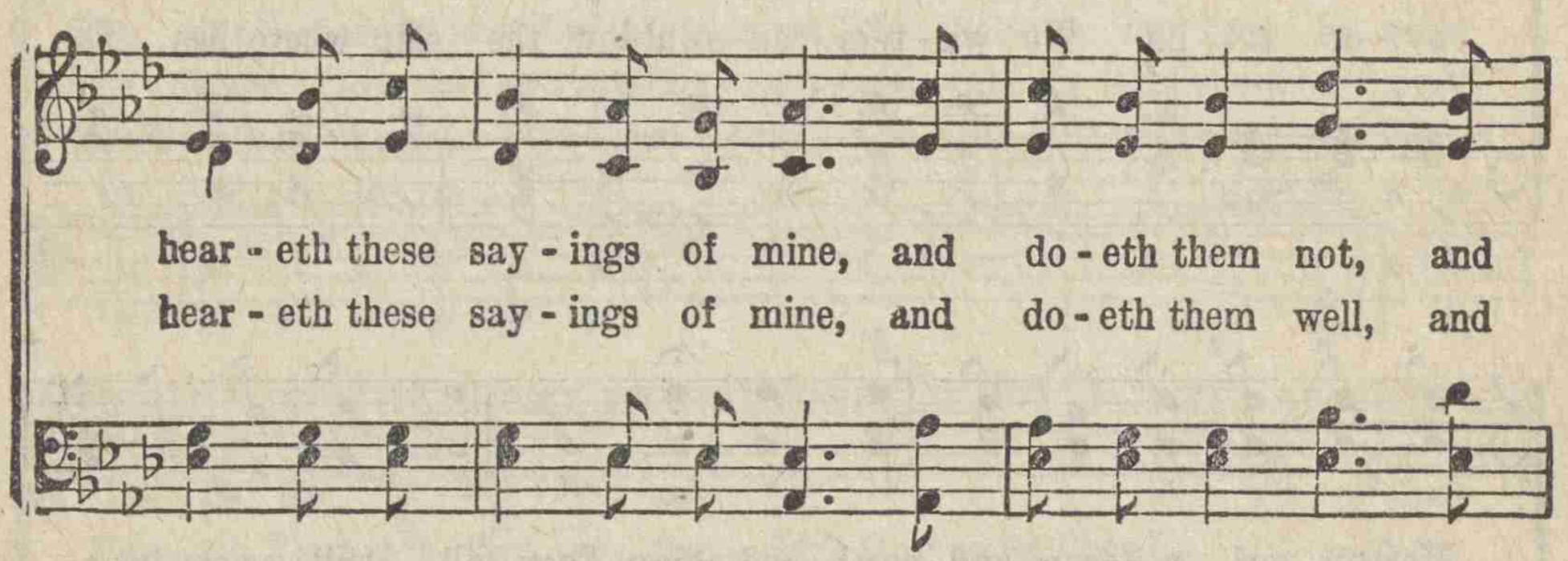
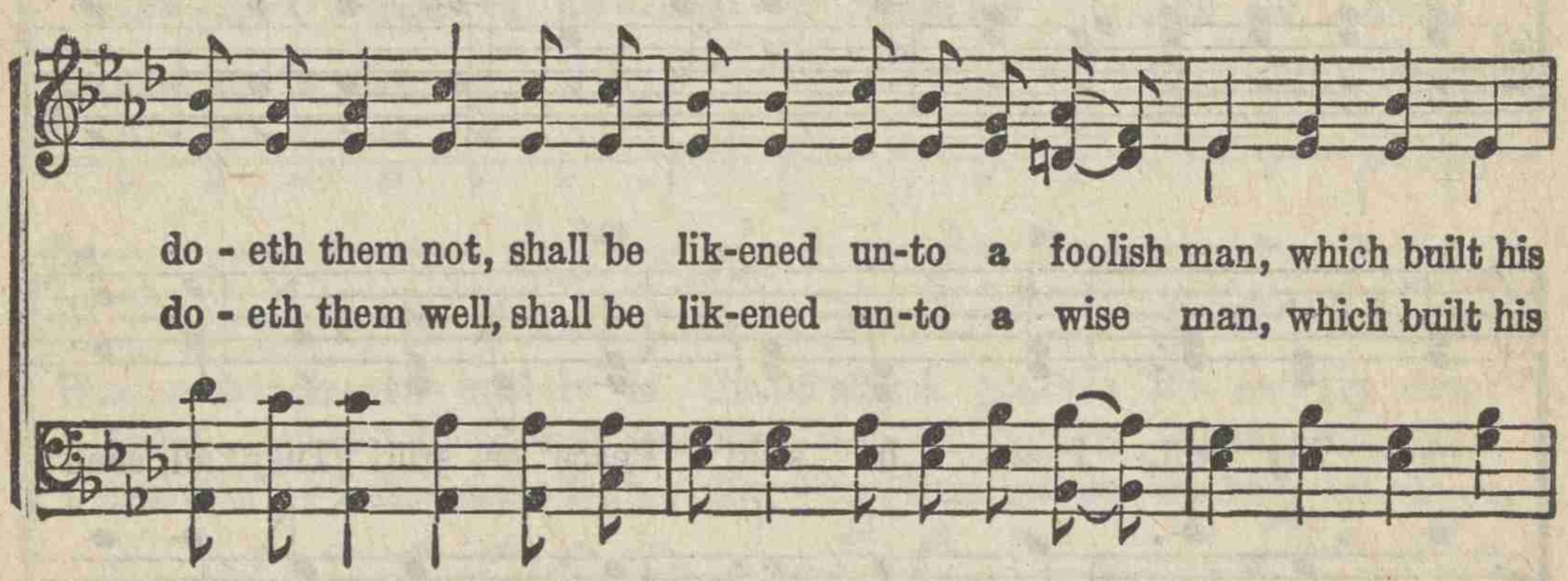
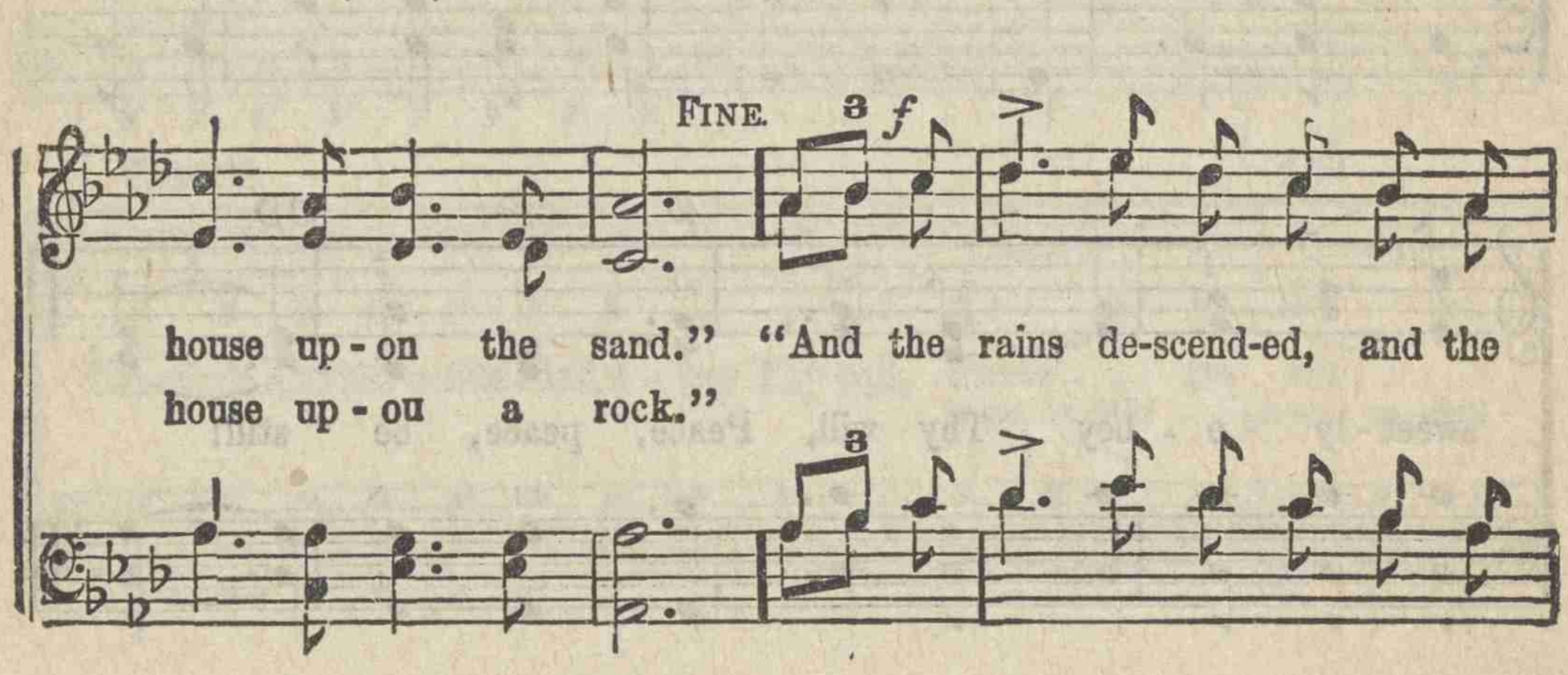
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

J. B. Herbert.









The House That Stood the Storm.

floods came, and the winds.... blew,.. the winds.... blew and

beat, and beat up - on that house, and beat up - on that house, And it

1 *slower.* 3 *very deliberately.* *D. C.*

fell!.. it fell!.. and.. great was the fall there - of."

2

fell not! And it fell not! for it was found - ed up-on a

ff *slower.* *ff*

rock!.... For it was founded up-on a rock,

up - on a rock!

rock!.....

No. 197. Anchored in Jesus.

Eben E. Rexford.

COPYRIGHT. 1913, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY,
THE QUARTET MUSIC CO., OWNER.

Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Faith casts its an-chor in Je - sus love, When on the o-cean of life
2. If in the Sav-ior I place my trust, Noth-ing my soul can mo - lest;
3. O - ver and o - ver my lips re-peat—This is my song by the way—

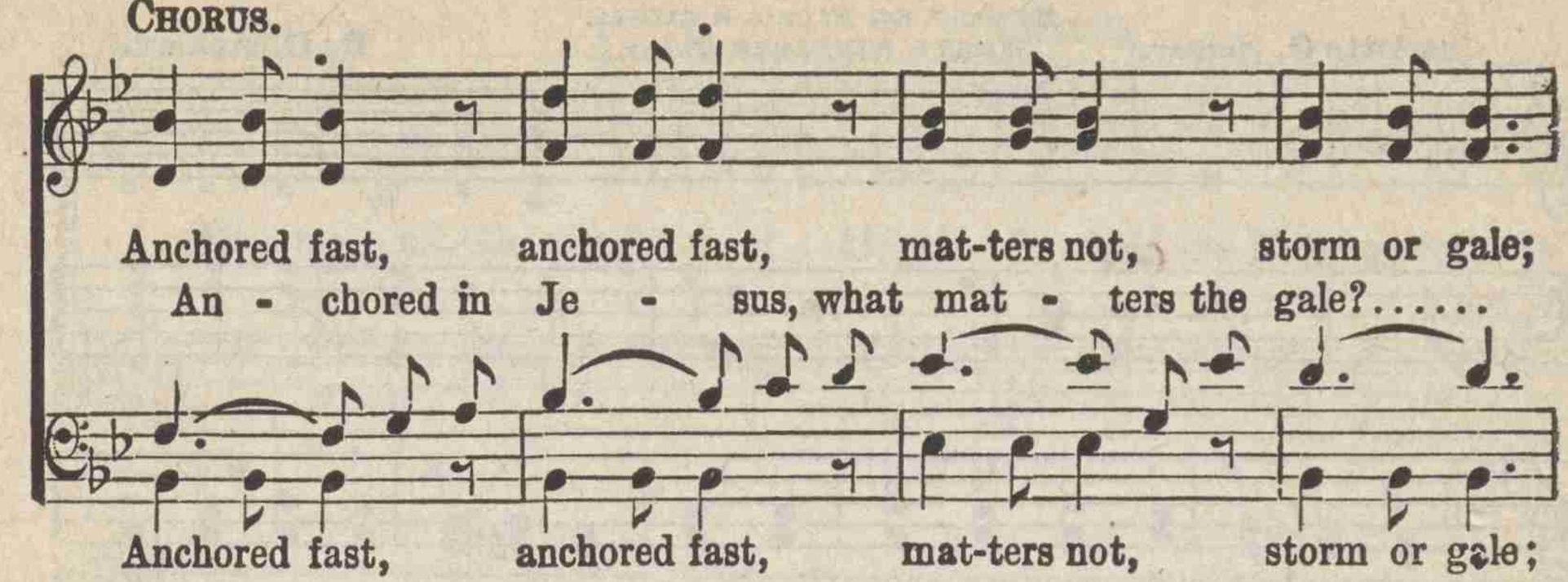
Tem-pests are rag - ing and storm-winds move, Fright'ning the soul with their strife.
Lean on His prom-ise I sure - ly must, Know-ing that He know-eth best.
Trust in the Sav - ior makes life so sweet, That earth is heav-en to - day.

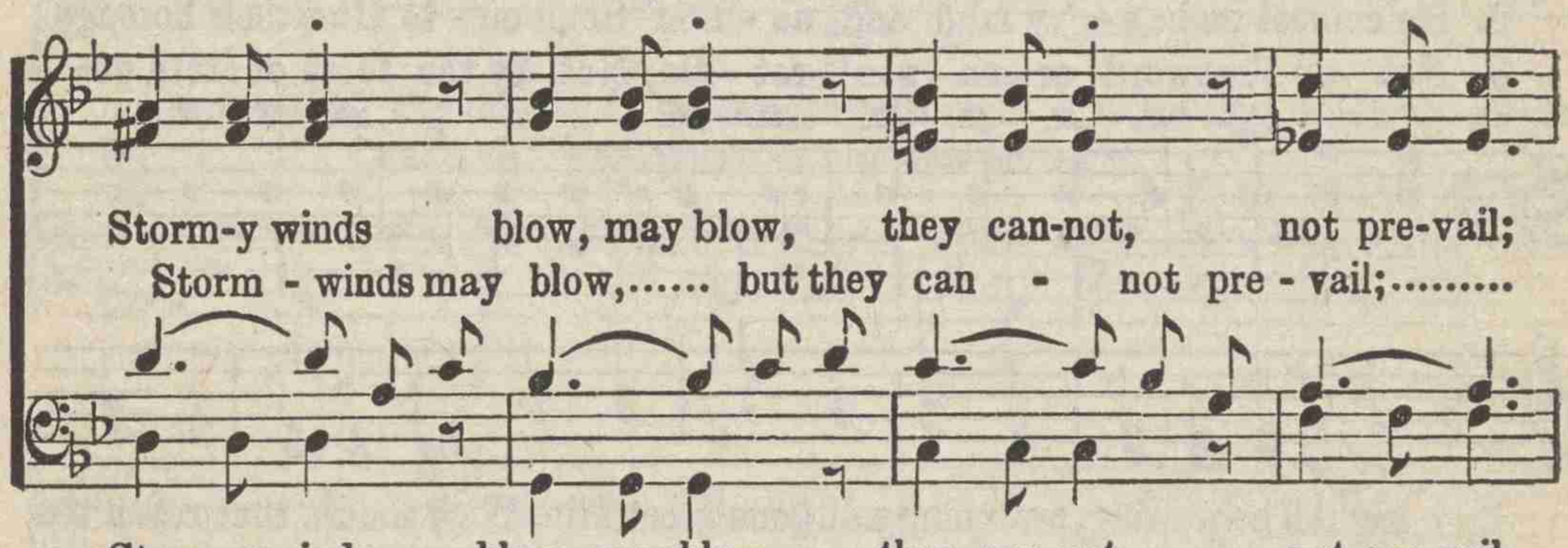
"Save or I per - ish, O Lord," I cry, "Save me from shipwreck and death,"
So to the Pi - lot of souls I say, Voy-ag - ing o - ver life's sea,
Trust-ing the Pi - lot who holds the helm, What is there for me to fear?

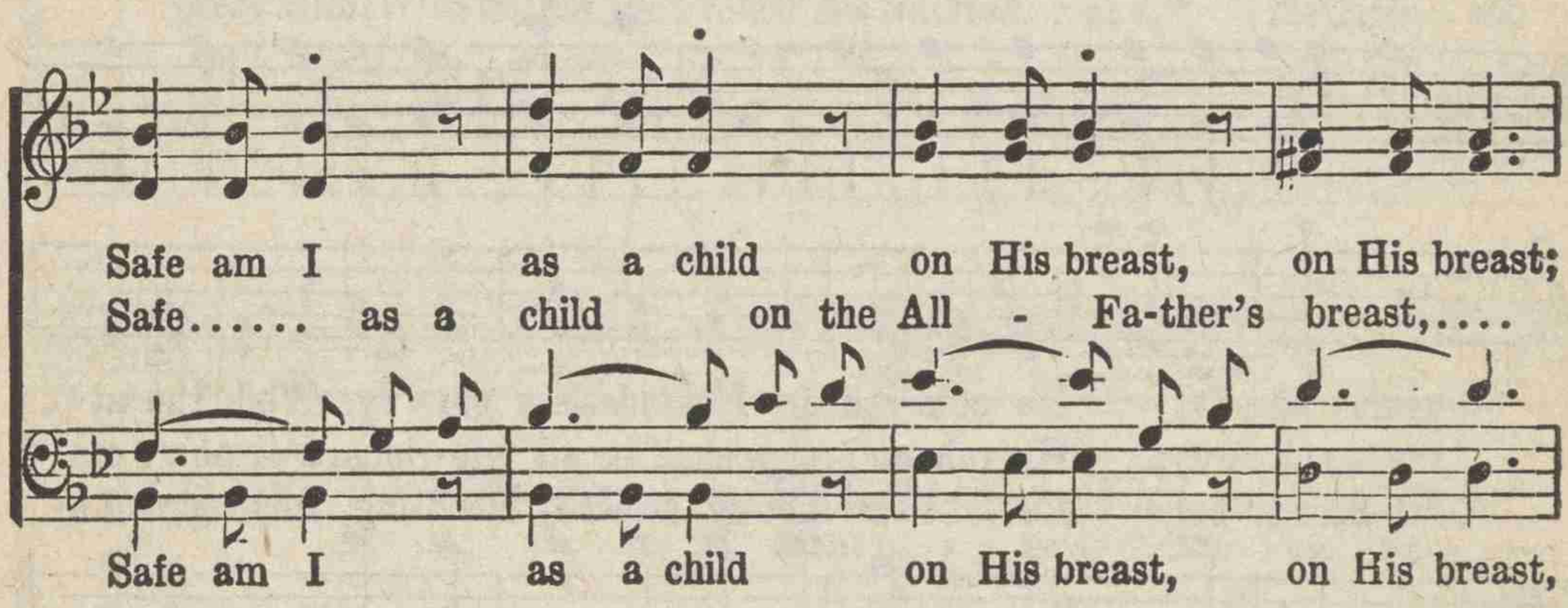
And in that mo-ment my fears pass by, Stilled is the storm in a breath.
"In - to the calm of the heav'n-ly bay, Guide Thou the vessel for me."
Nev - er a storm can the soul o'er-whelm—Je-sus, the Sav-ior, is near!

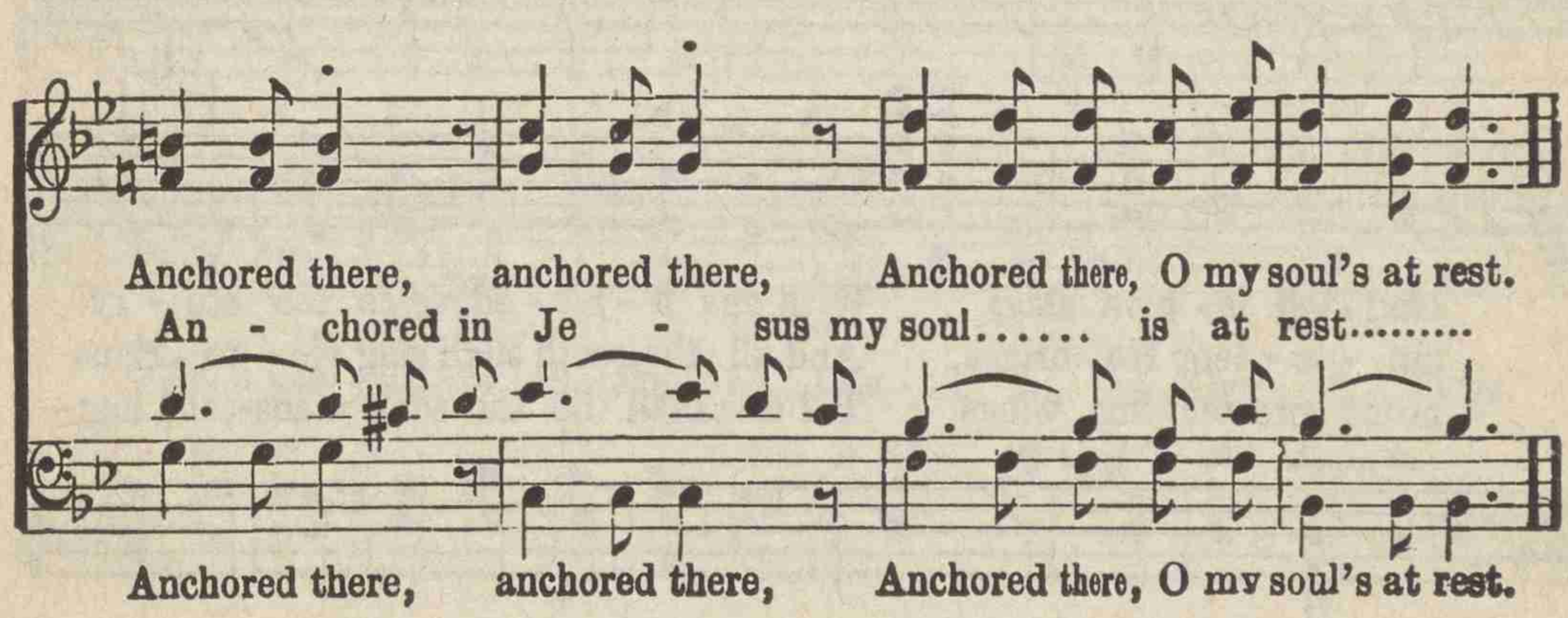
Anchored in Jesus.

CHORUS.





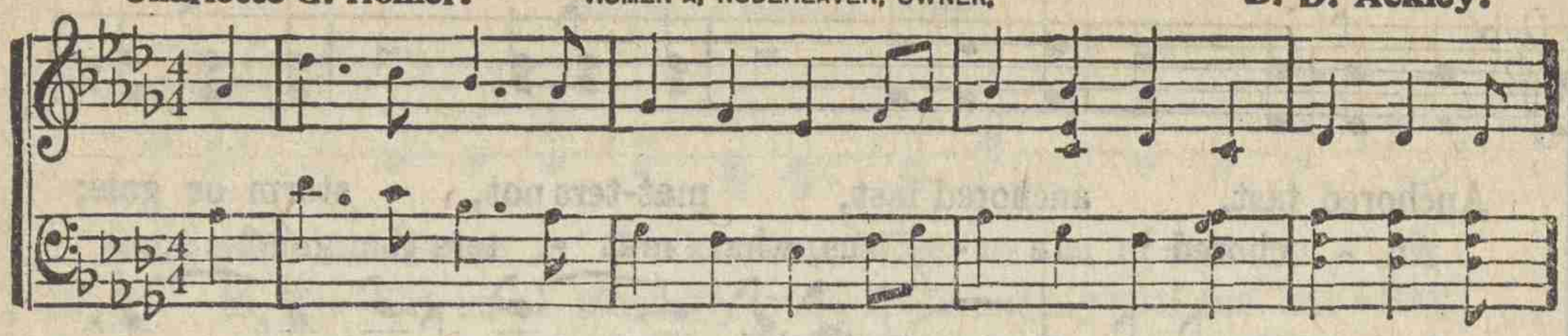




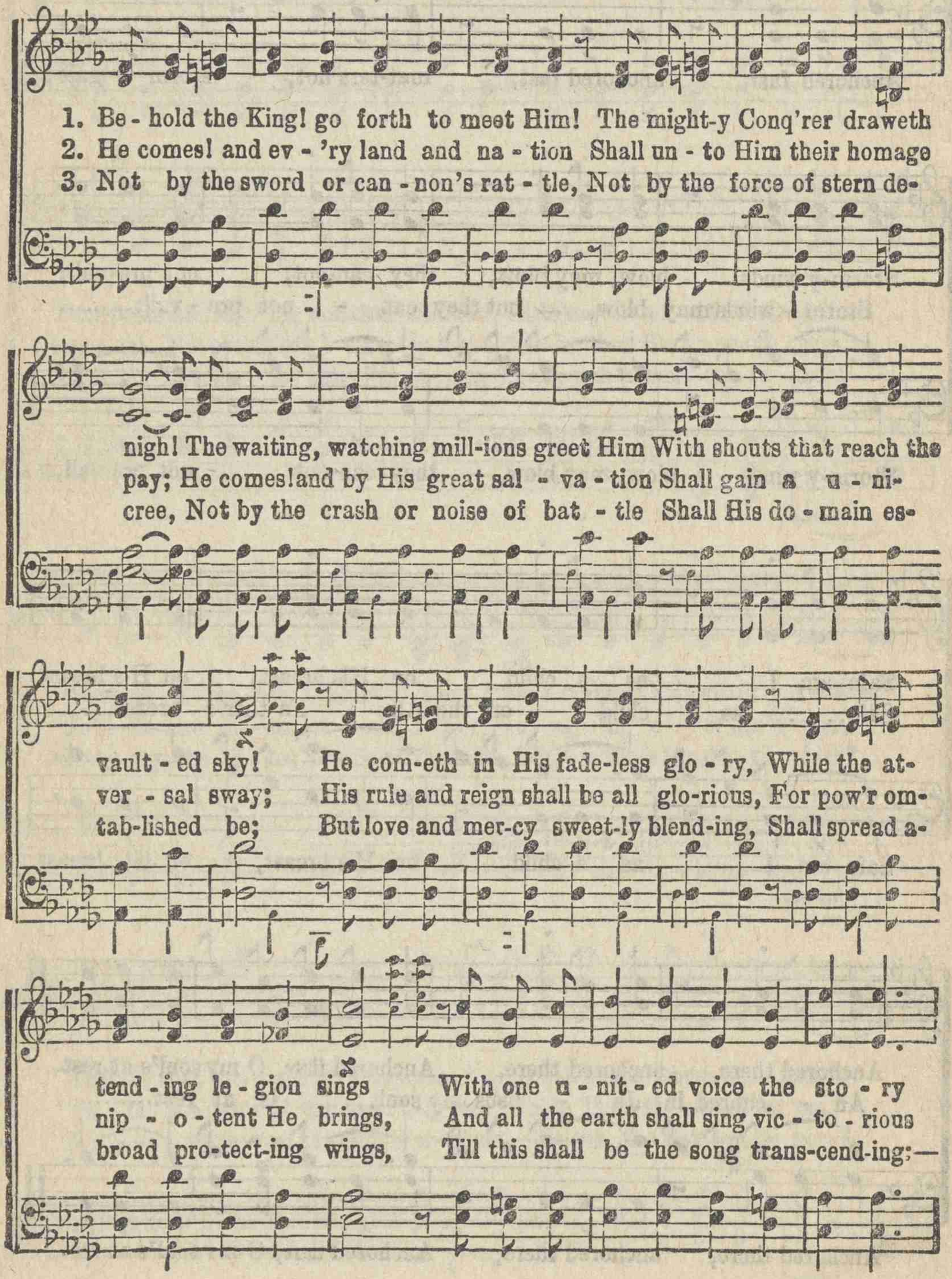
No. 198. Behold the King!

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Charlotte G. Homer. **B. D. Ackley.**



1. Be - hold the King! go forth to meet Him! The might-y Conq'rer draweth nigh! The waiting, watching mill-ions greet Him With shouts that reach the vault - ed sky!
2. He comes! and ev - 'ry land and na - tion Shall un - to Him their homage pay; He comes! and by His great sal - va - tion Shall gain a u - ni- ver - sal sway;
3. Not by the sword or can - non's rat - tle, Not by the force of stern de- cree, Not by the crash or noise of bat - tle Shall His do - main es- tab-lished be;



He com-eth in His fade-less glo - ry, While the at- tend - ing le - gion sings
His rule and reign shall be all glo-rious, For pow'r om- nip - o - tent He brings,
But love and mer-cy sweet-ly blend-ing, Shall spread a- broad pro-tect-ing wings,

With one u - nit - ed voice the sto - ry
And all the earth shall sing vic - to - rious
Till this shall be the song trans-cend-ing;—

Behold the King!

CHORUS.

Ho - san - na to the King of kings! Be - hold the King! go forth to

meet Him! The mighty Con-quer draweth nigh! The waiting, watching millions

For the might - y Con-quer draw-eth nigh!

greet Him, With shouts that reach the vaulted sky, He com - eth

in His fade - less glo - ry, While the at - tend-ing le - gion sings,

While th' at - tend - ing le - gion glad-ly sings.

rit.

"Ho - san - na to the Son of Dav - id, To the King of kings."

No 199. The Great Campaign.

C. H. G. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Lo, a great and might-y ar - my now is march-ing thro' the land!
2. "Forward!" cries the great Commander, and the might-y phal-anx swings
3. See, em - bla-zoned on their ban - ner is the name "Im-man - u - el!"

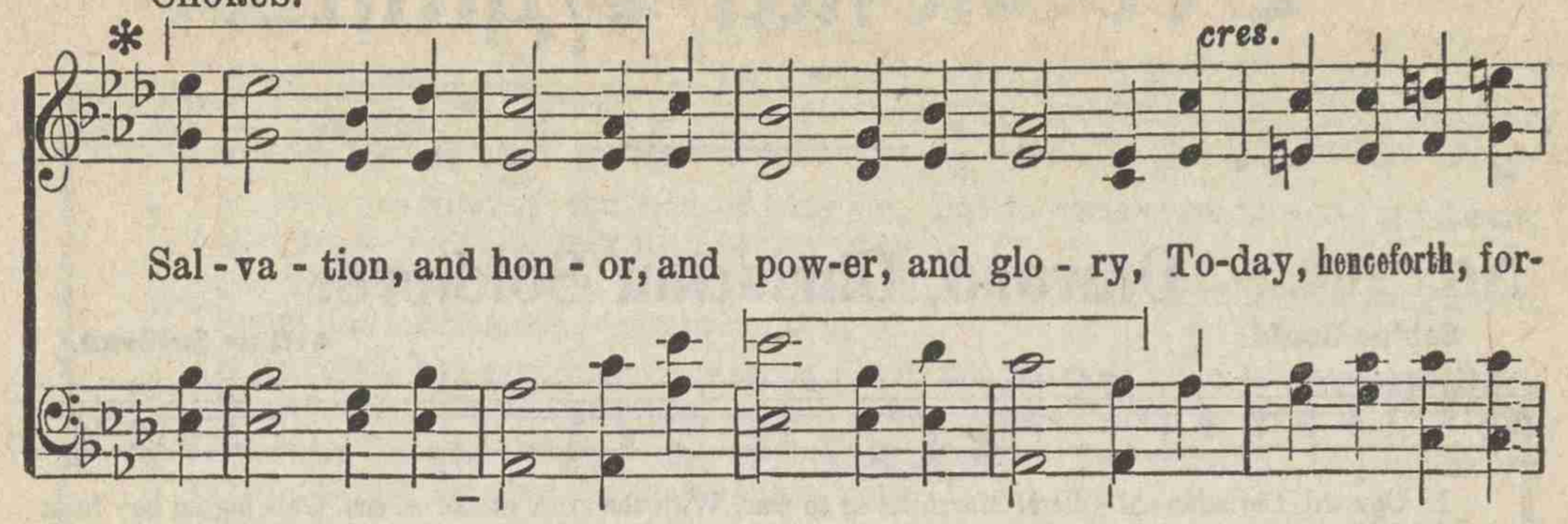
Ev - 'ry sol - dier brave and loy - al, true, and proud of his com-mand;
Out in - to the field of ac - tion for the glo-rious King of kings;
'Tis at His com-mand, and in His might they march the foe to quell;

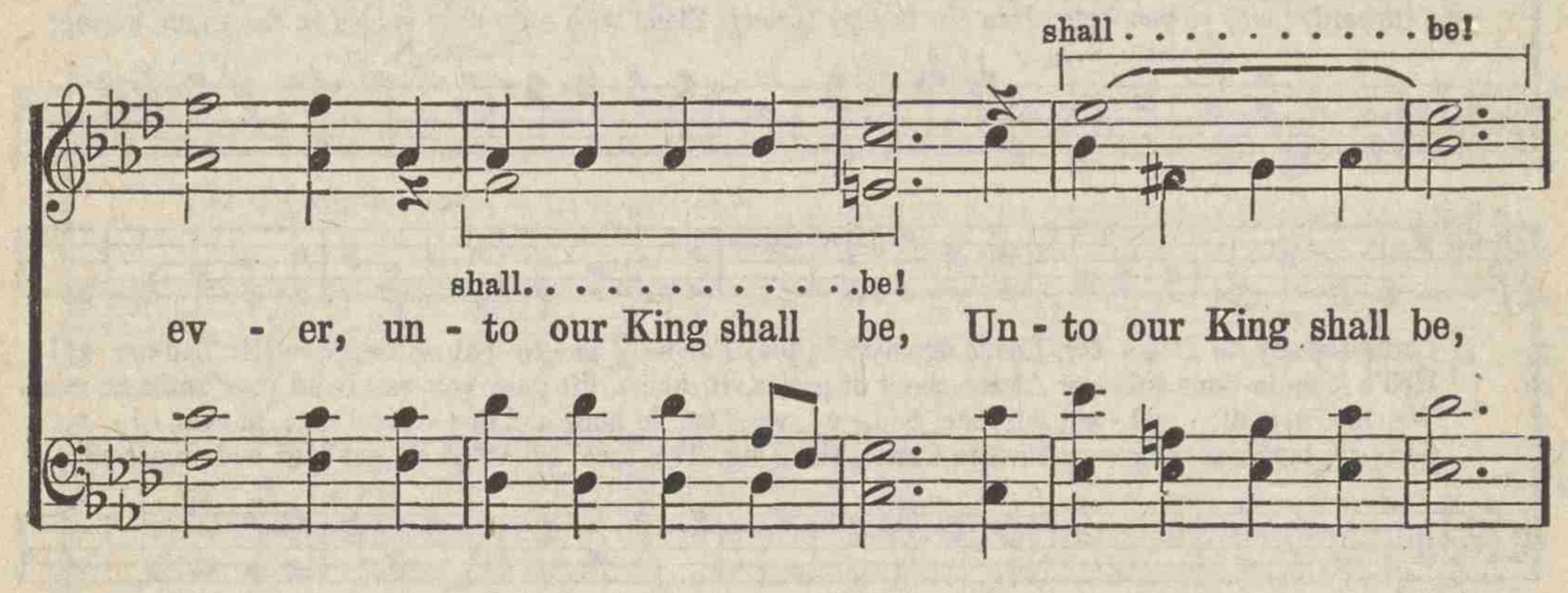
With a com-mon foe to con-quer, and the bat - tle just be - gun;
O - ver hill and vale and mountain, while all na-ture's voice re - plies,
No re - treat! in life or death, no fa - vor asked, no quar-ter giv'n,

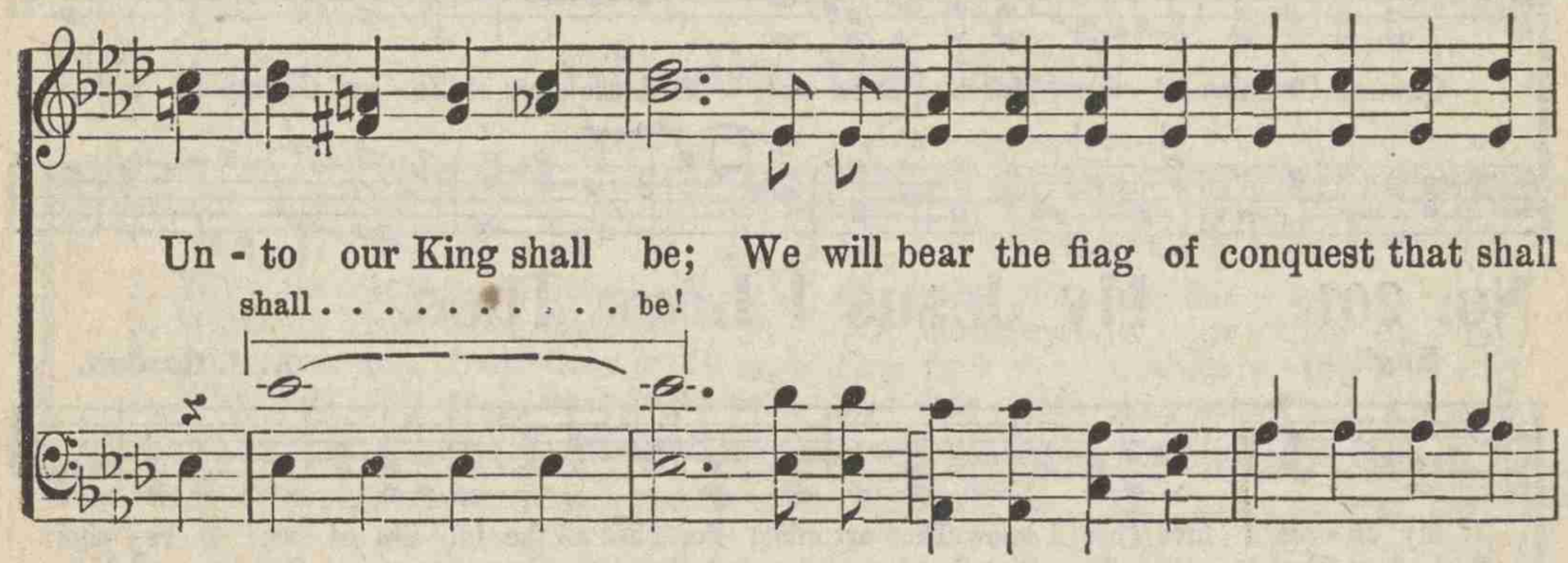
They press in - to the con - flict, for the tri-umph must be won.
Their "Glo - ry, hal - le - lu-jah's" fill the earth and rend the skies.
Till shouts of vic - t'ry shake the world and fill the courts of heav'n.

The Great Campaign.

CHORUS.







* The parts thus indicated should be made prominent.

Devotional Hymns.

No. 200. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Gould. Arthur Sullivan.

1. Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore;
2. At the sign of tri - umph, Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers, On to vic - to - ry!
3. Like a might-y ar-my Moves the Church of God; Brothers we are treading Where the saints have trod;
4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your voices In the triumph song;

Christ the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads against the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban-ner go!
Hell's foun-da-tions quiv - er At the shout of praise, Brothers, lift your voic-es, Loud your anthems raise.
We are not di - vid - ed; All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ, the King, This thro' countless a - ges Men and angels sing.

REFRAIN.

Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be-fore.

No. 201. My Jesus I Love Thee.

English. A. J. Gordon.

1. My Je - sus I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;
2. I love Thee be - cause Thou hast first lov-ed me, And purchased my par-don on Cal - va - ry's tree;
3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath,
4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end - less de-light, I'll ev - er a - dore Thee in heav-en so bright;

My gra-cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - ior art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
I love Thee for wear - ing the thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
And say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow; "If ev - er I loved Thee. My Je - sus, 'tis now."
I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow; "If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now."

No. 202. Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

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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;
   If you de - sire a new life to be - gin,
2. If 'tis for pur - i - ty now that you sigh, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;
   Fountains for cleansing are flowing near by,
3. If there's a tem-pest your voice can-not still, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;
   If there's a void this world nev-er can fill,
4. If you would join the glad song of the blest, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;
   If you would en - ter the mansions of rest,

CHORUS.

Let Je-sus come in - to your heart. Just now your doubtings give o'er, Just now, re-
[*Last.*] Just now my doubtings are o'er; Just now, re-
ject Him no more, Just now, throw o-pen the door; Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.
ject - ing no more; Just now, I o - pen the door, And Je-sus comes in-to my heart.

No. 203. Why Do You Wait?

G. F. R. COPYRIGHT, 1878, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. GEO. F. ROOT.

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

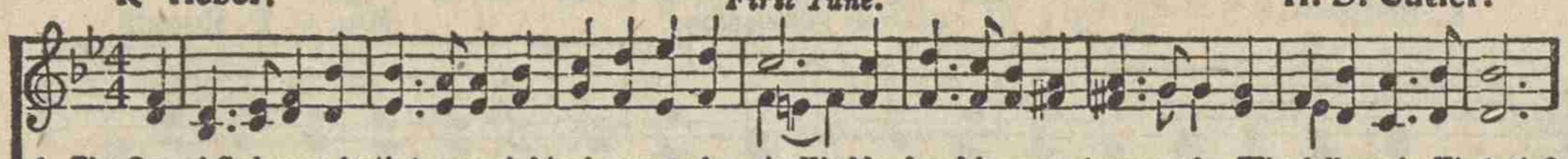
Your Sav-iour is wait-ing to give you A place in His sanc-ti - fied throng.
There's no one to save you but Je - sus, There's no oth - er way but His way,
Oh, why not ac - cept His sal - va - tion, And throw off your bur-den of sin?
Your Sav-iour is long - ing to bless you; There's dan-ger and death in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

CHORUS.

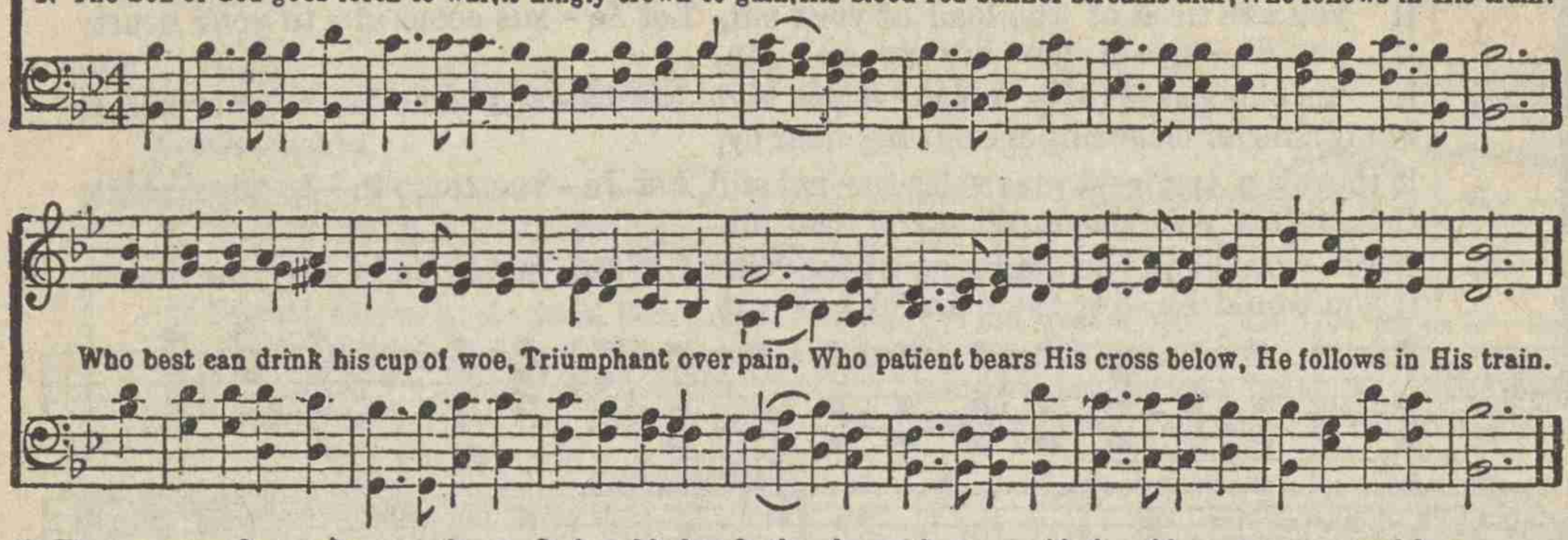
Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now? now?

No. 204. The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

R Heber. *First Tune.* H. S. Cutler.



1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A kingly crown to gain; His blood-red banner streams afar; Who follows in His train?



Who best can drink his cup of woe, Triumphant over pain, Who patient bears His cross below, He follows in His train.

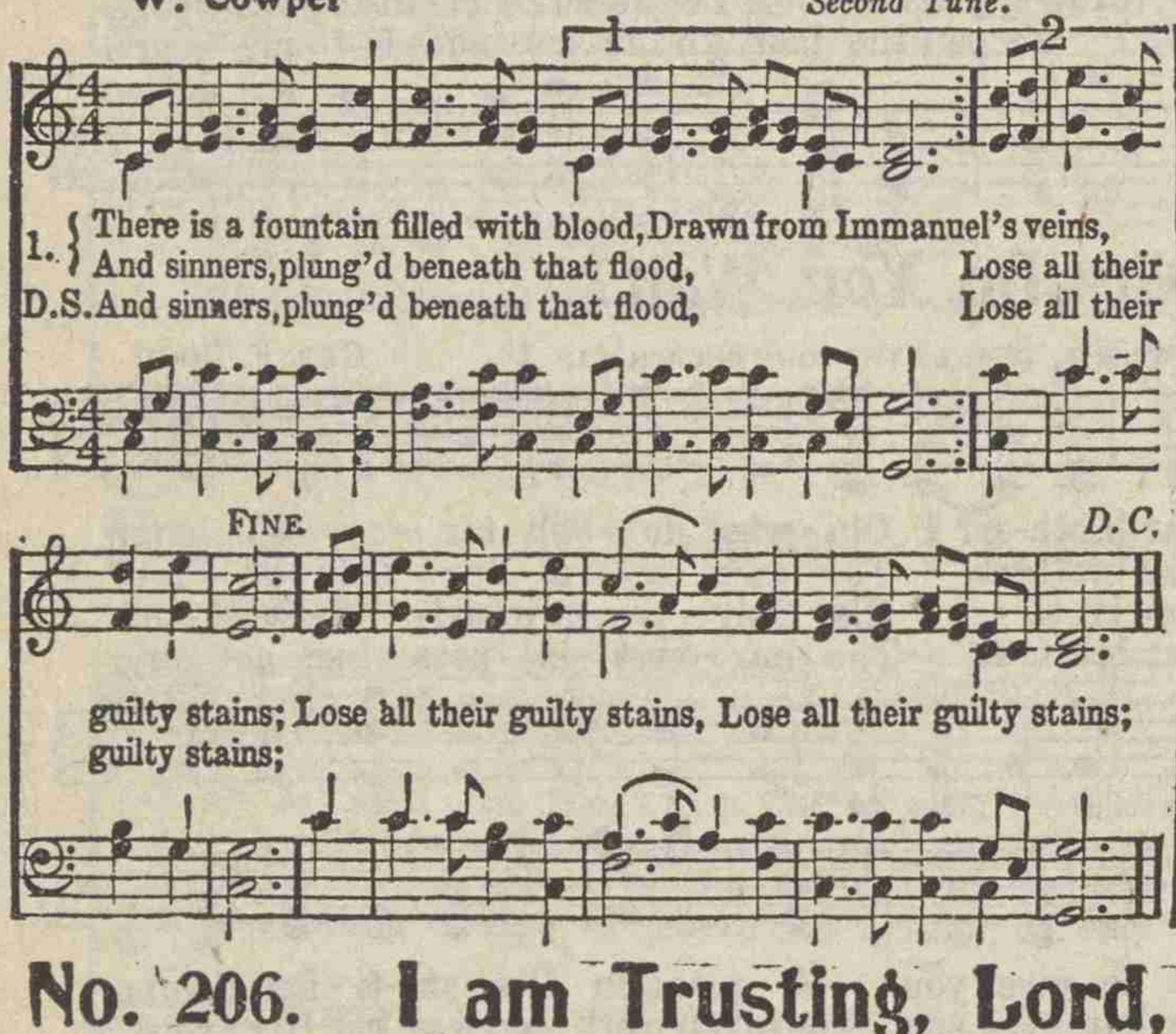
2 That martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw His Master in the sky;
And called on Him to save.
Like Him, with pardon on His tongue
In midst of mortal pain, [wrong,
He pray'd for them that did the
Who follows in His train?

3 A noble band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came; [knew,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they
And mock'd the cross and flame.
They met the tyrant's brandish'd
The lion's gory mane; [steel,
They bowed their heads the stroke
Who follows in their train? [to feel,

4 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Savior's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed;
They climbed the steep ascent of
Thro' peril, toil, and pain, [heav'n,
O God, to us may grace be giv'n,
To follow in their train.

No. 205. There is a Fountain.

W. Cowper *Second Tune.* Lowell Mason.



1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their
D.S. And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their

FINE D. C.

guilty stains; Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains;
guilty stains;

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

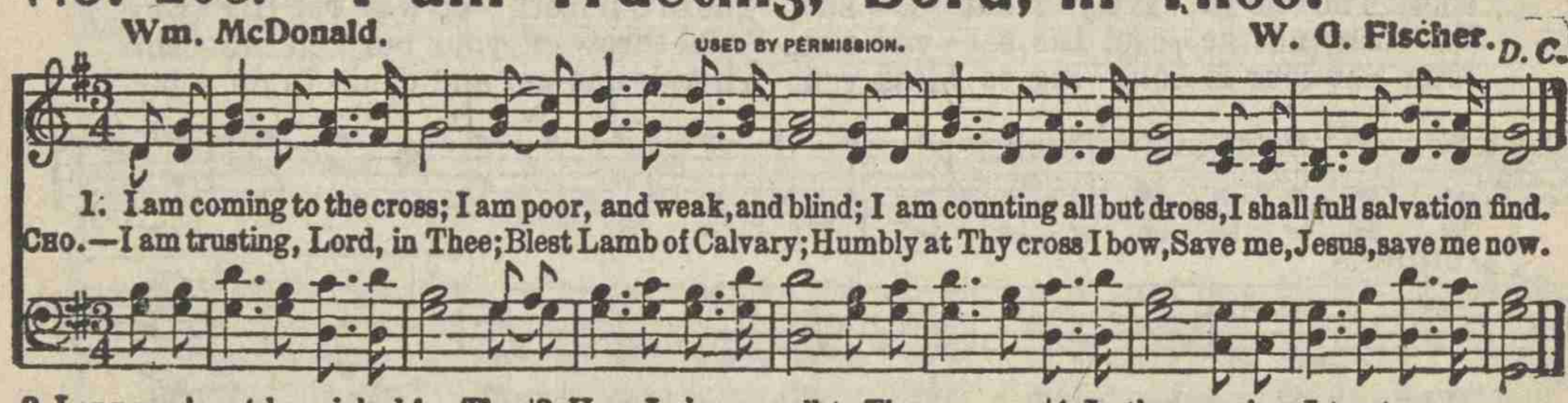
3 Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious
Shall never lose its power, [blood
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more

4 E'er since by faith I saw the
Thy flowing wounds supply [stream
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
Lies silent in the grave. [tongue

No. 206. I am Trusting, Lord, in Thee.

Wm. McDonald. USED BY PERMISSION. W. G. Fischer. D. C.



1. I am coming to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind; I am counting all but dross, I shall full salvation find.
Cho.—I am trusting, Lord, in Thee; Blest Lamb of Calvary; Humbly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Jesus, save me now.

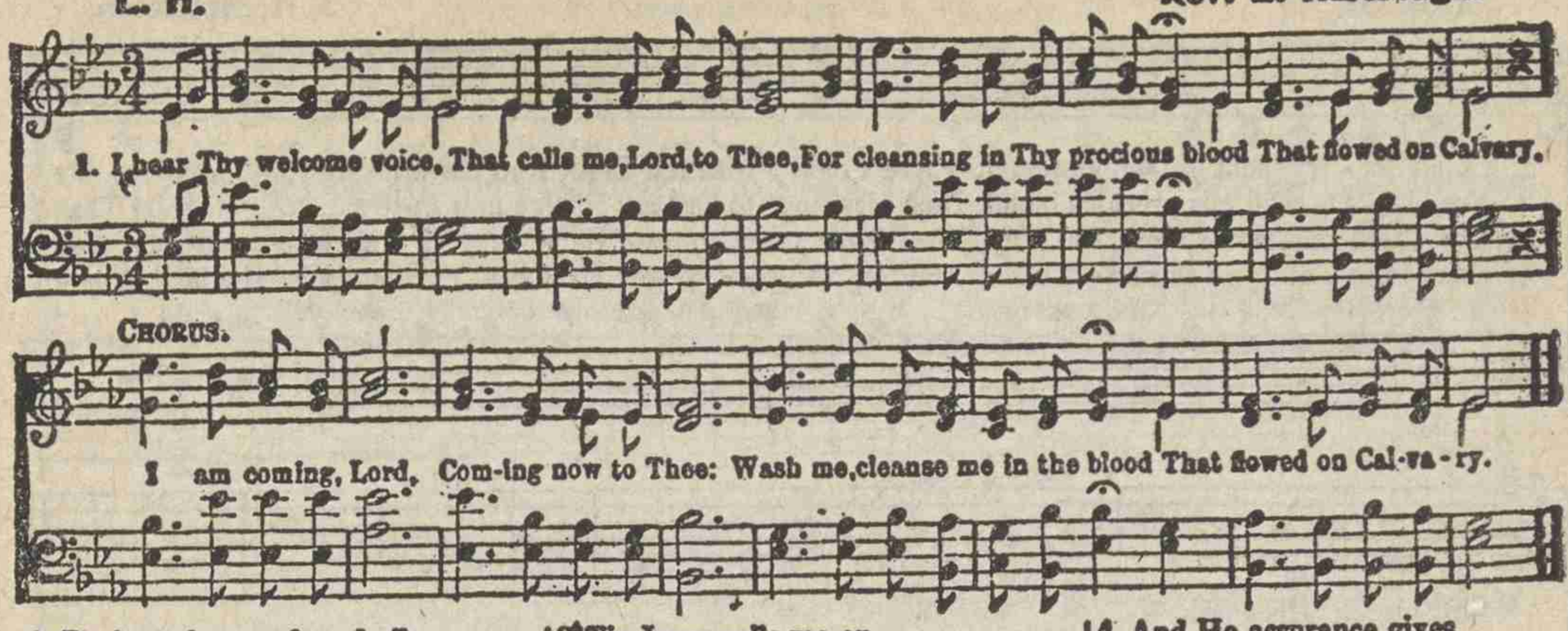
2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,—
"I will cleanse you from all sin."

3 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body Thine to be,
Wholly Thine forevermore.

4 In the promises I trust
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

No. 207. I Am Coming, Lord.

L. H. Rev. L. Hartsough.



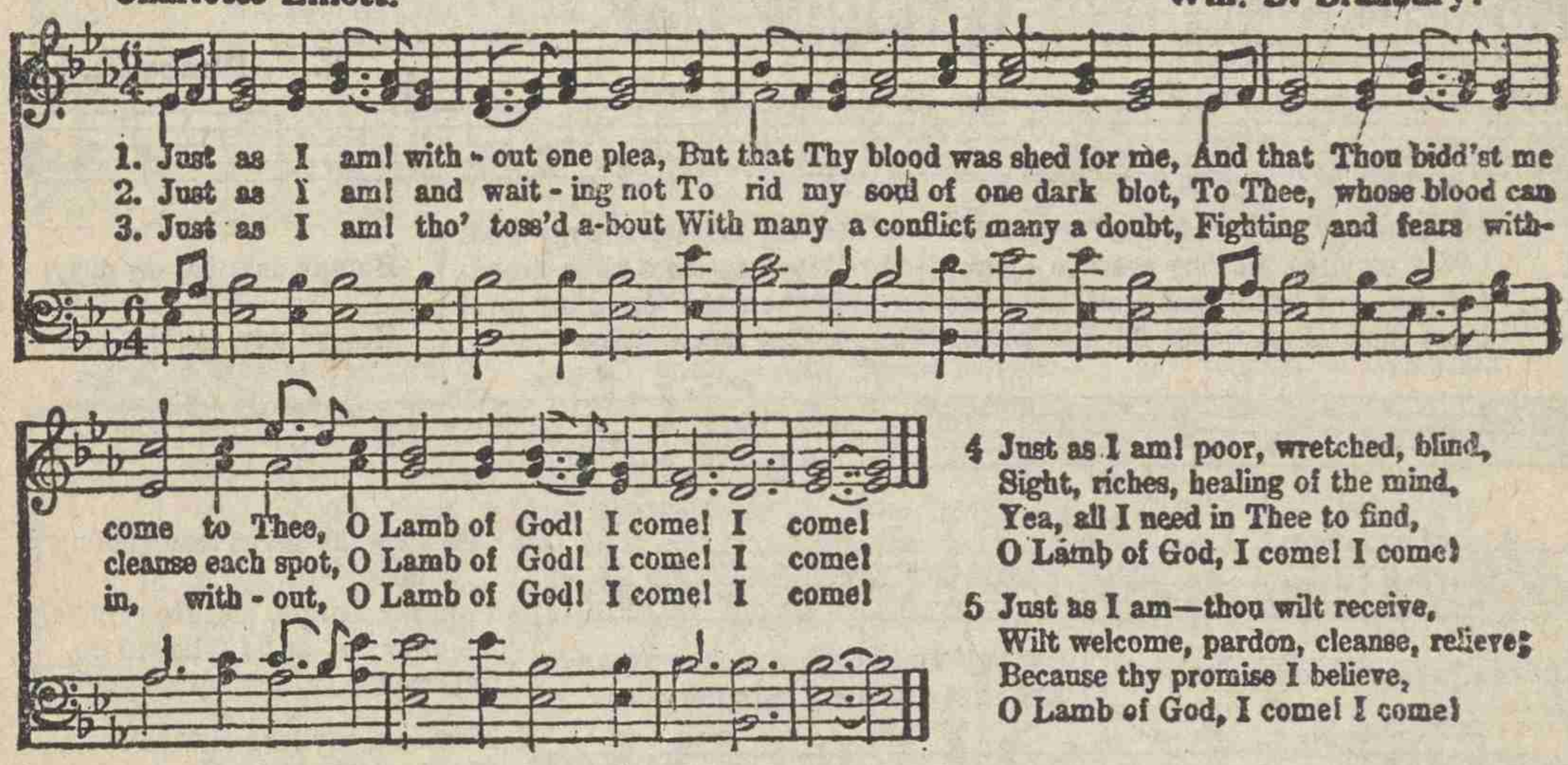
2 Tho' coming weak and vile
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all, and pure.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on,
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust
For earth and heav'n above.

4 And He assurance gives
To loyal hearts and true,
That ev'ry promise is fulfilled
To those who hear and do.

No. 208. Just As I Am.

Charlotte Elliott. Wm. B. Bradbury.

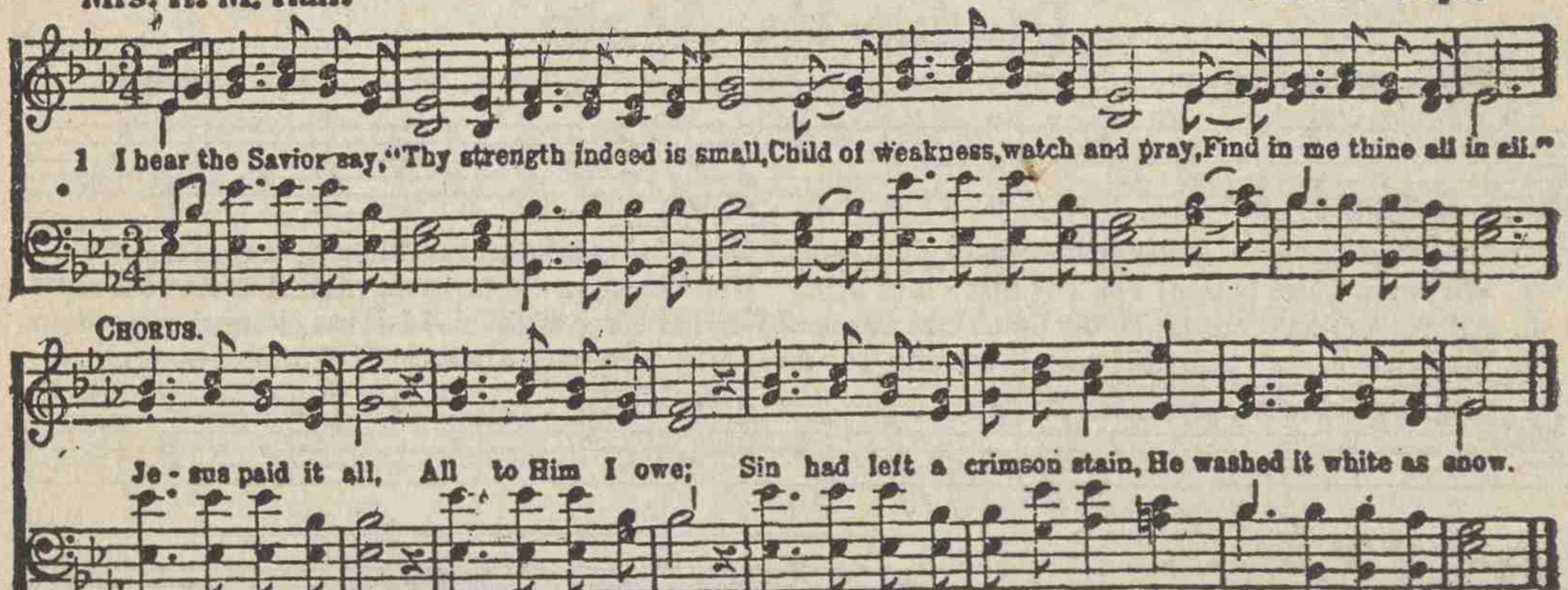


4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

No. 209. Jesus Paid It All.

Mrs. H. M. Hall. John T. Grape.



2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.

3 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garments white
In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.

4 And when, before the throne,
I stand in Him complete
"Jesus died my soul to save,"
My lips shall still repeat.

No. 210. Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. — J. H. Stockton.

1. Come ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord, And He will surely give you rest By trust-ing in His word.
2. For Je - sus shed His precious blood, Rich bless-ings to bestow; Plunge now in-to the crimson flood That wash-es white as snow.
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in-to rest; Be - lieve in Him with-out de-lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go, To dwell in that ce-les-tial land, Where joys im-mor-tal flow.

{ On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On-ly trust Him now; / He will save you, He will save you, He will ..... } save you now.

No. 211. O Happy Day.

Philip Doddridge. — E. F. Rimbault.

1. { O hap - py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-ior and my God! / Well may this glowing heart re - joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad. } Hap-py day, hap-py day,
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. } Hap-py day, hap-py day,

When Jesus washed my sins away! { He taught me how to watch and pray / And live re - joic - ing ev-'ry day; }

3 'Tis done this great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

No. 212. Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay. — J. J. Husband.

1. We praise Thee, O God! For the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who died And is now gone a - bove.
2. We praise Thee, O God! For Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our Savior, And scattered our night.
3. All glo - ry and praise To the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins And has cleansed ev'ry stain.
4. Re - vive us a - gain; Fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re-kindled With fire from a-bove.

REFRAIN.

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

No. 213. Yield Not to Temptation.

H. P. P. BY PERMISSION OF DR. H. R. PALMER. H. R. PALMER.

1. Yield not to temp-ta - tion, For yield-ing is sin, Each vic-t'ry will help you
   Fight man-ful - ly on - ward, Dark passions sub - due, Look ev - er to Je - sus,
2. Shun e - vil com-pan - ions, Bad language dis - dain, God's name hold in rev'rence,
   Be tho't-ful and earn-est, Kind-heart-ed and true, Look ev - er to Je - sus,
3. To him that o'er-com - eth, God giv - eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall con-quer,
   He who is our Sav-iour, Our strength will re-new, Look ev - er to Je - sus,

CHORUS.

Some oth - er to win; He'll car - ry you thro'.
Nor take it in vain; He'll car - ry you thro'. Ask the Sav-iour to help you,
Tho' of - ten cast down; He'll car - ry you thro,'
Comfort, strengthen, and keep you; He is will-ing to aid you, He will car - ry you thro'.

No. 214. Higher Ground.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr JOHN J. HOOD, OWNER. USED BY PER. CHAS. H. GARRIEL.

1. I'm pressing on the up-ward way, New heights I'm gaining ev - 'ry day;
2. My heart has no de - sire to stay Where doubts a-rise and fears dis-may;
3. I want to live a-bove the world, Tho' Sa-tan's darts at me are hurled.
4. I want to scale the ut-most height, And catch a gleam of glo - ry bright;

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

D. S.—than I have found, Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground.

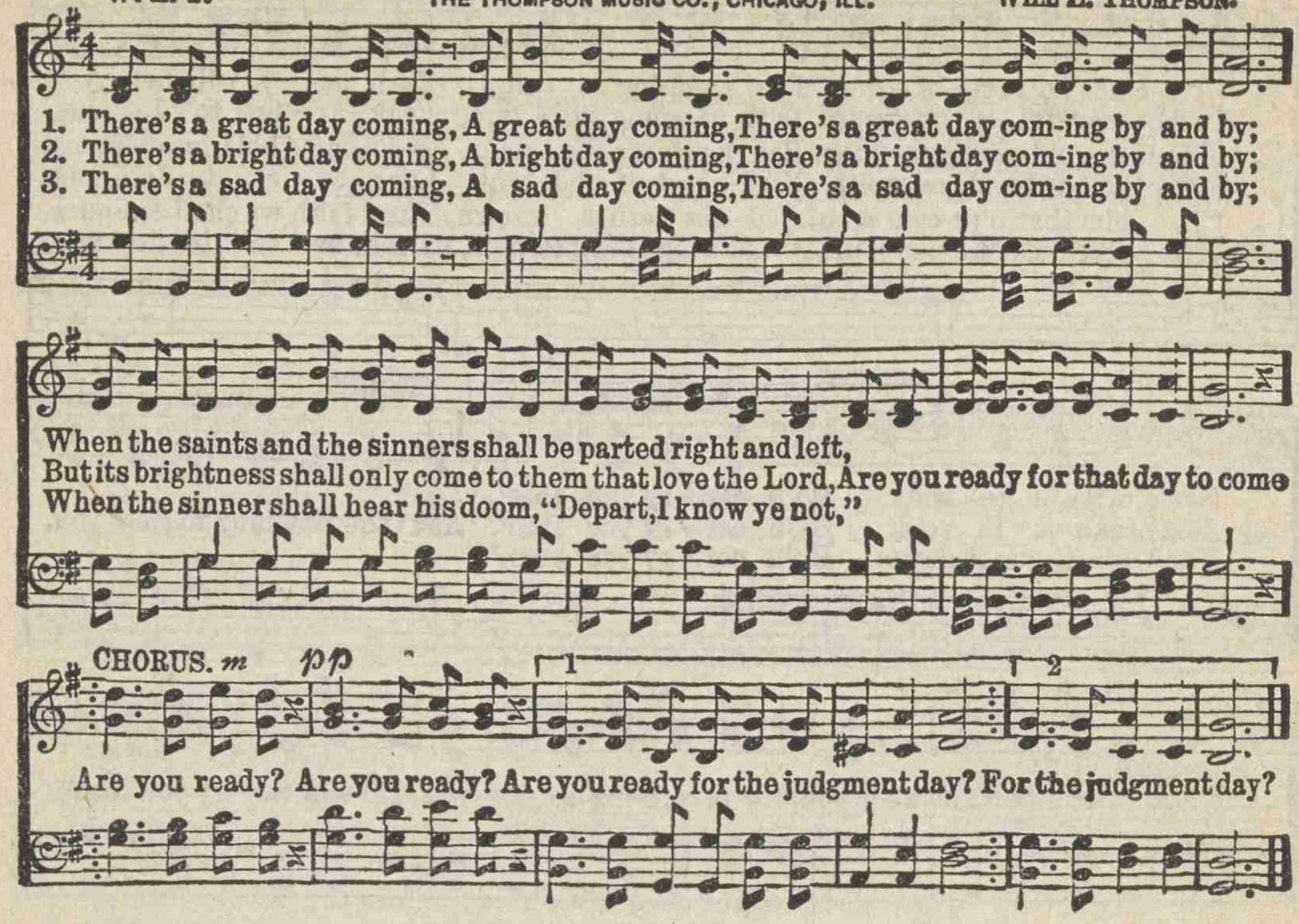
CHORUS. D. S.

Lord, lift me up, and I shall stand By faith, on heaven's table-land; A higher plane

No. 215. There's a Great Day Coming.

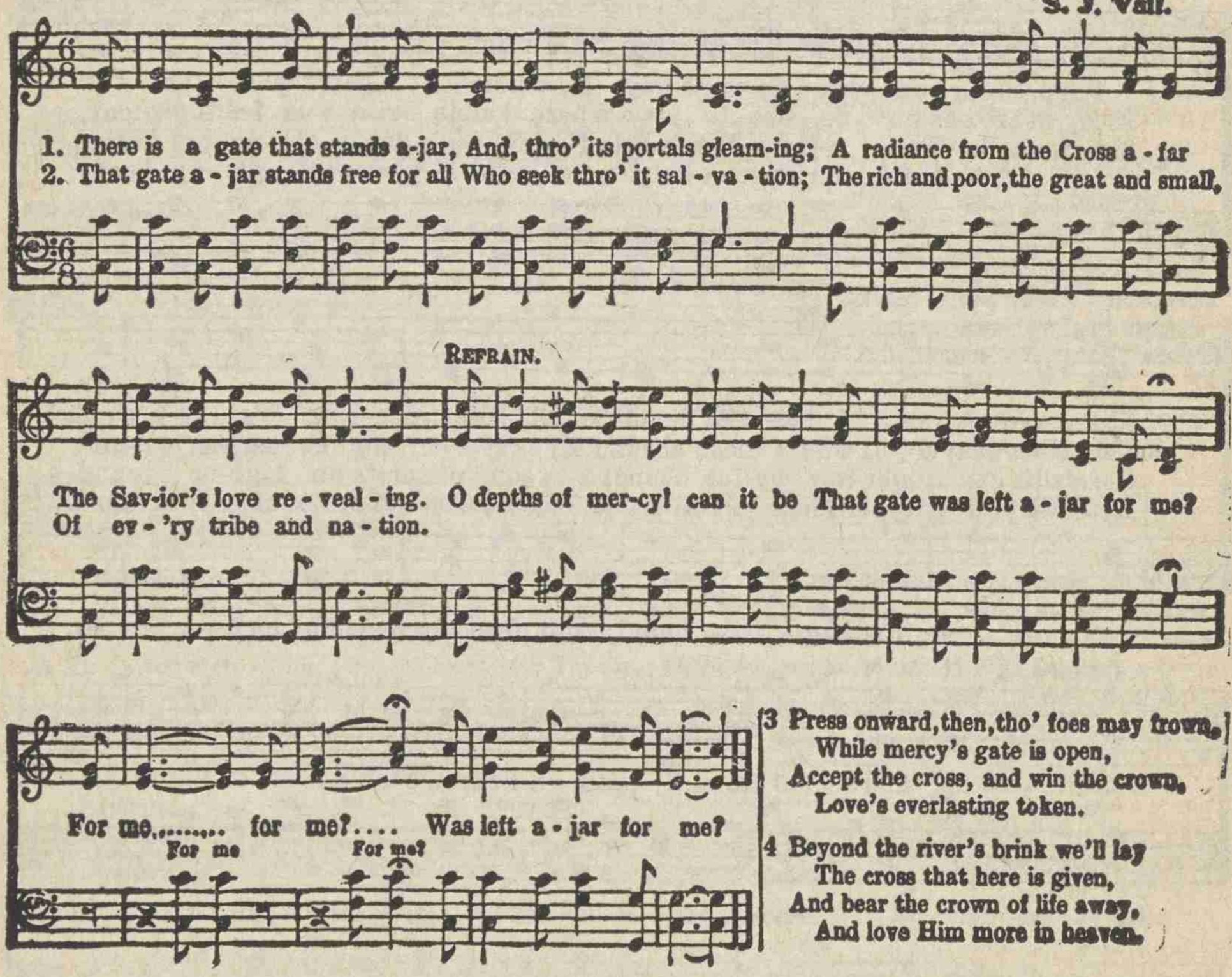
USED BY PER. W. L. THOMPSON & CO., EAST LIVERPOOL, O., AND THE THOMPSON MUSIC CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.



No. 216. The Gate Ajar.

S. J. Vail.



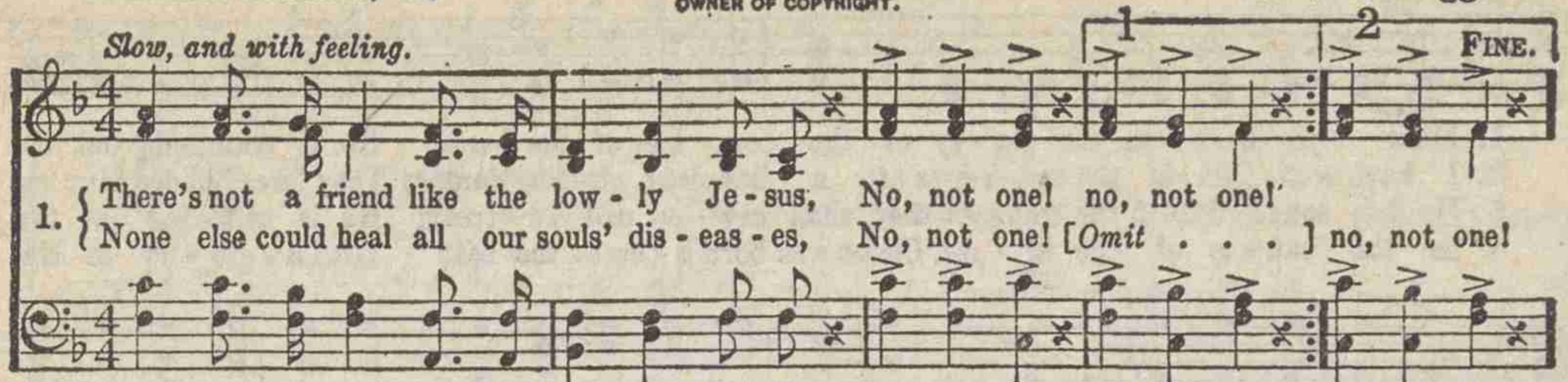
No. 217. No, Not One.

Johnson Oatman, Jr.

USED BY PERMISSION OF GEO. C. HUGG, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

Geo. C. Hugg.

Slow, and with feeling.



2 No friend like Him is so high and holy, No, etc.
And yet no friend is so meek and lowly, No, etc.

3 There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, etc.
No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, etc.

4 Did ever saint find this Friend forsake him? No, etc.
Or sinner find that He would not take Him? No, etc.

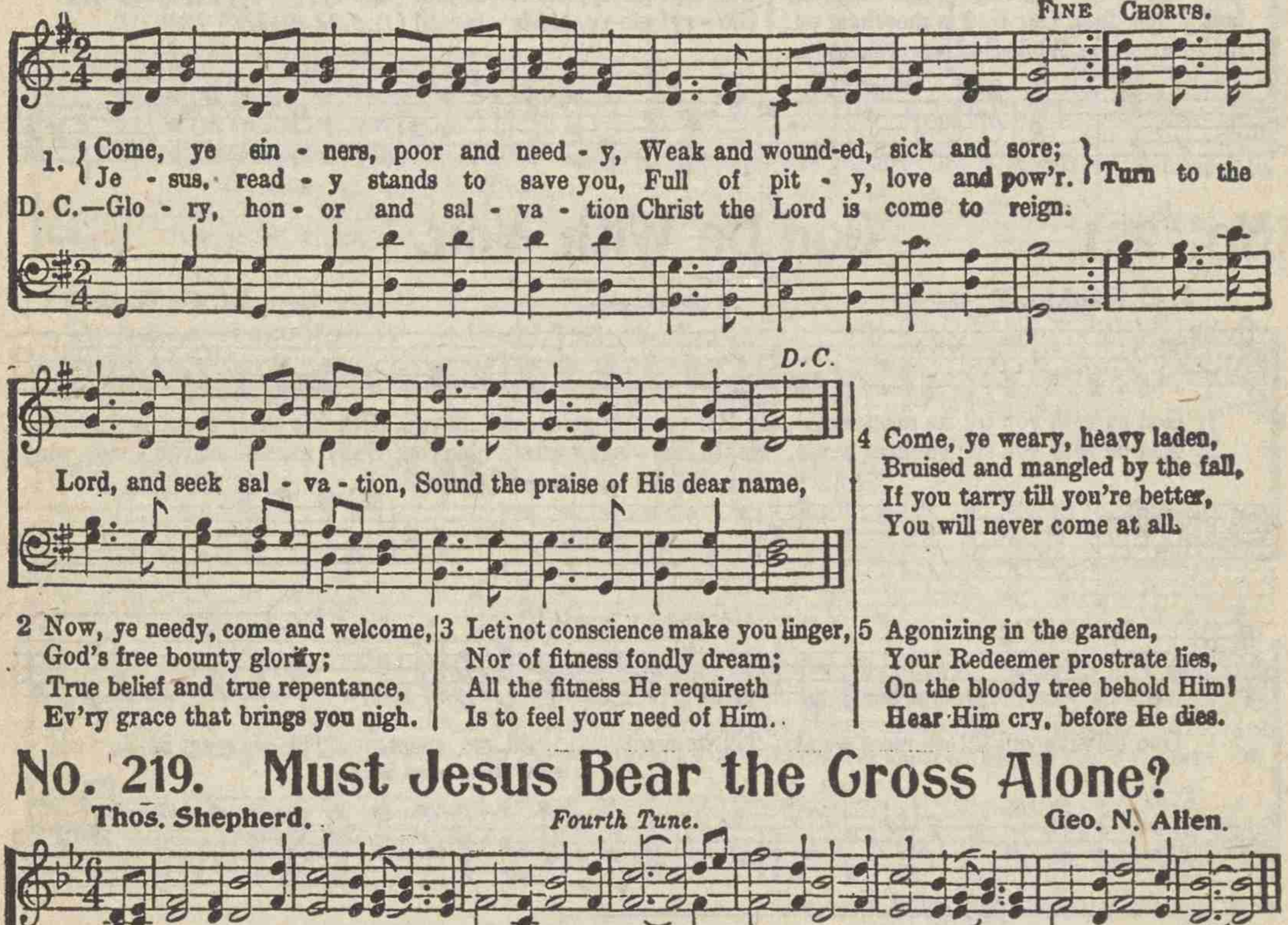
5 Was e'er a gift like the Savior given? No, etc.
Will He refuse us a home in heaven? No, etc.

No. 218. Come, Ye Sinners.

Hart.

J. Ingalls.

FINE CHORUS.



2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him.

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.

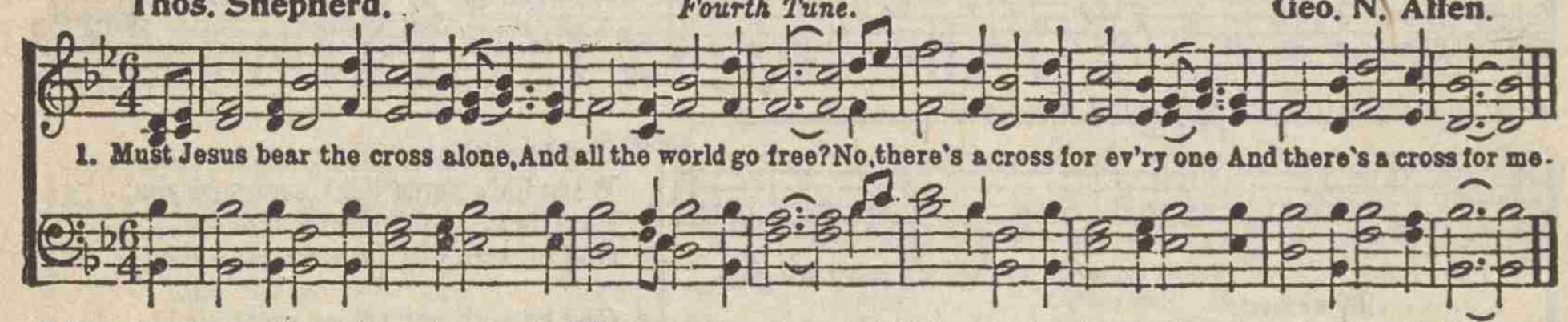
5 Agonizing in the garden,
Your Redeemer prostrate lies,
On the bloody tree behold Him!
Hear Him cry, before He dies.

No. 219. Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

Thos. Shepherd.

Fourth Tune.

Geo. N. Allen.



2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

4 Upon the crystal pavement, down,
At Jesus pierced feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown
And His dear name repeat.

No. 220. Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Julia Ward Howe. **Melody, "Glory Hallelujah."**

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is tramp-ling out the
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred cir-cling camps; They have builded Him an
3. He has sound-ed forth the trump-et that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is sift - ing out the
4. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a glo - ry in His

vin-tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the fate-ful light-ning of His ter - ri-
al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps; I can read His right-eous sentence by the dim and
hearts of men be - fore His judg-ment seat; O be swift, my soul, to an - swer Him! be ju - bi-
bo - som that trans - fig - ures you and me; As He died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make

FINE CHORUS.

ble swift sword; His truth is marching on.
flar - ing lamps, His day is marching on. } Glo - ry! glo-ry, hal-le - lu-jah! Glo-ry! glo-ry, hal-le - lu - jah!
lant my feet, Our God is marching on. } Glo - ry! glo-ry, hal-le - lu-jah! (*D.S.2d time.*)
make men free, While God is marching on.

No. 221. God Be With You.

COPYRIGHT, BY J. E. RANKIN, D. D.
USED BY PER.

J. E. Rankin, D. D. **W. G. Tomer.**

1. God be with you till we meet again, By His counsels guide, uphold you, With His sheep securely fold you,
2. God be with you till we meet again, 'Neath His wings securely hide you, Daily manna still di - vide you,-

CHORUS.

God be with you till we meet a-gain. Till we meet.... till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus'
Till we meet, till we meet a-gain,
feet; God be with you till we meet a - gain.
till we meet;

3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arms unfailing round you,
God be with you till we meet again.

4 God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you,
God be with you till we meet again.

No. 222. O Day of Rest and Gladness.

Wordsworth. *First Tune.* Lowell Mason.

1. { O day of rest and glad-ness, O day of joy and light, / O balm of care and sad-ness, Most beau-ti-ful, most bright, } On thee, the high and low-ly,

Thro' a - ges join'd in tune, Sing "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly," To the great God Tri-une.

2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth
On thee, our Lord, victorious,
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

3 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

4 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The church her voice upraises
To thee, blest Three in One.

No. 223. My Soul, Be on Thy Guard.

George Heath. Lowell Mason.

1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thousand foes arise; The hosts of sin are pressing hard To draw thee from the skies.

2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God:
He'll take thee, at thy parting
To His divine abode. [breath.

No. 224. Take Me As I Am.

J. H. S. J. H. Stockton.

1. Jesus my Lord, to Thee I cry: Unless Thou help me, I must die; Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh, And
2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt, But yet Thy blood was for me spilt: And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt, But
3. No prep - a - ra-tion can I make, My best resolves I only break; Yet save me for Thine own name's sake, And
4. I thirst, I long to know Thy love, Thy full salvation I would prove; But since to Thee I can-not move, Oh,

D.S.—Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh, And

FINE. CHORUS. *D. S.*

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

take me as I am.

No. 225. Come, Thou Almighty King.

Charles Wesley. Felice Giardini.

1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise: Fa - ther all-
2. Come, Thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword, Our prayer at-tend; Come, and Thy
3. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear In this glad hour; Thou who al-
4. To the great One in Three, The high - est prais - es be Hence, ev-er more! His sov'reign

glo - ri-ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days!
peo - ple bless, And give Thy Word suc - cess: Spir - it of hol - i - ness, On us de - scend!
might - y art, Now rule in ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de-part, Spir - it of pow'r!
maj - es - ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore!

No. 226. Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?

Issac Watts. *Second Tune.* Hugh Wilson.

1. Alas! and did my Savior bleed? And did my Sovereign die? Would He devote that sacred head For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide
And shut His glories in, [died,
When Christ, the mighty Maker,
For man, the creature's sin.

4 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.

No 227. Joy to the World.

I. Watts. *Second Tune.* G. F. Handel.

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-ceive her King; Let ev - 'ry heart pre-pare Him
2. Joy to the world! the Sav-ior reigns; Let men their songs em-ploy; While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and
3. No more let sin and sor - row grow, Nor thorns in-fest the ground; He comes to make His bless - ings
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na-tions prove The glo - ries of His right-eous-

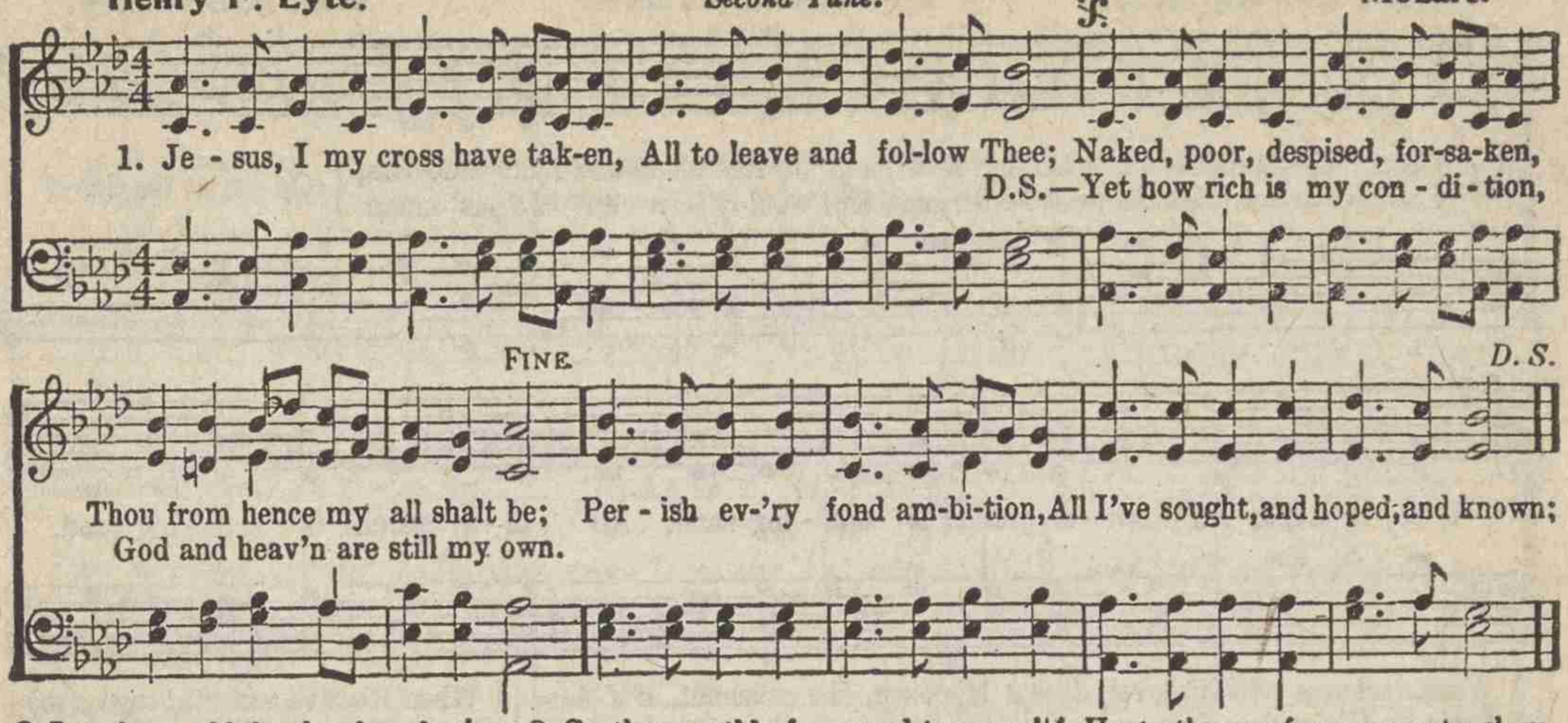
room, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and nature sing.
plains, Repeat the sounding joy, Re-peat the sounding joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sounding joy.
flow Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
ness, And wonders of His love, And wonders of His love, And wonders, won-ders of His love.

Sing.

And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n and na - ture sing

No. 228. Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

Henry F. Lyte. *Second Tune.* Mozart.



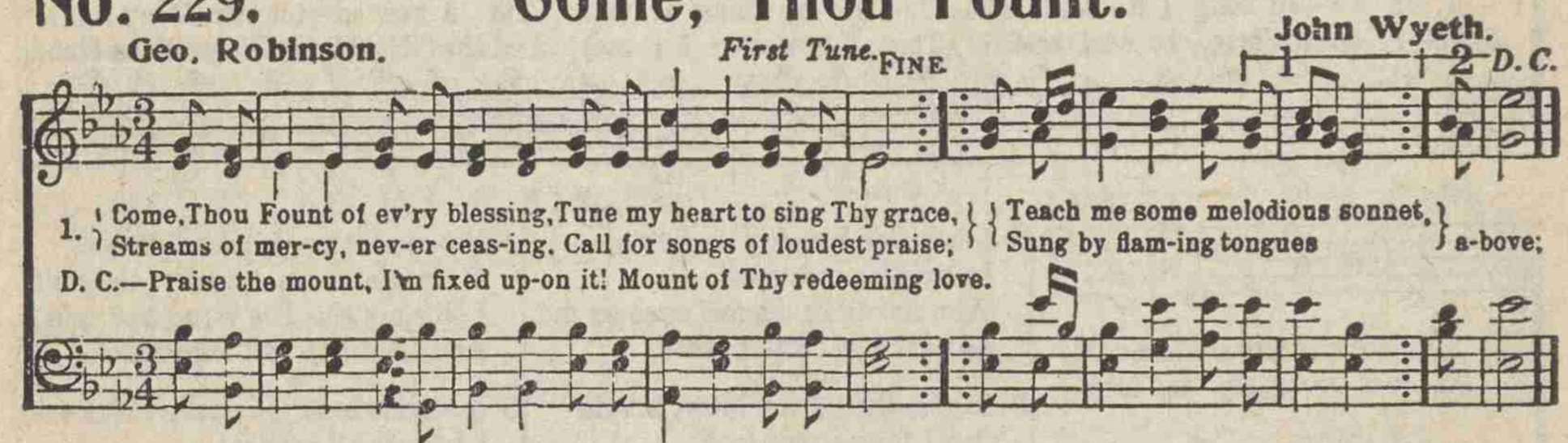
2 Let the world despise, forsake me,
They have left my Savior, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not, like man, untrue:
And, while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might, [me
Foes may hate, and friends may shun
Show Thy face and all is bright

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn and pain!
In Thy service, pain is pleasure;
With Thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called Thee, "Abba Father,"
I have stayed my heart on Thee;
Stormy clouds may o'er me gather,
All must work for good to me.

4 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Led by faith, and winged by prayer
Heav'n's eternal day's before thee
God will safely guide thee there,
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

No. 229. Come, Thou Fount.

Geo. Robinson. *First Tune.* John Wyeth.



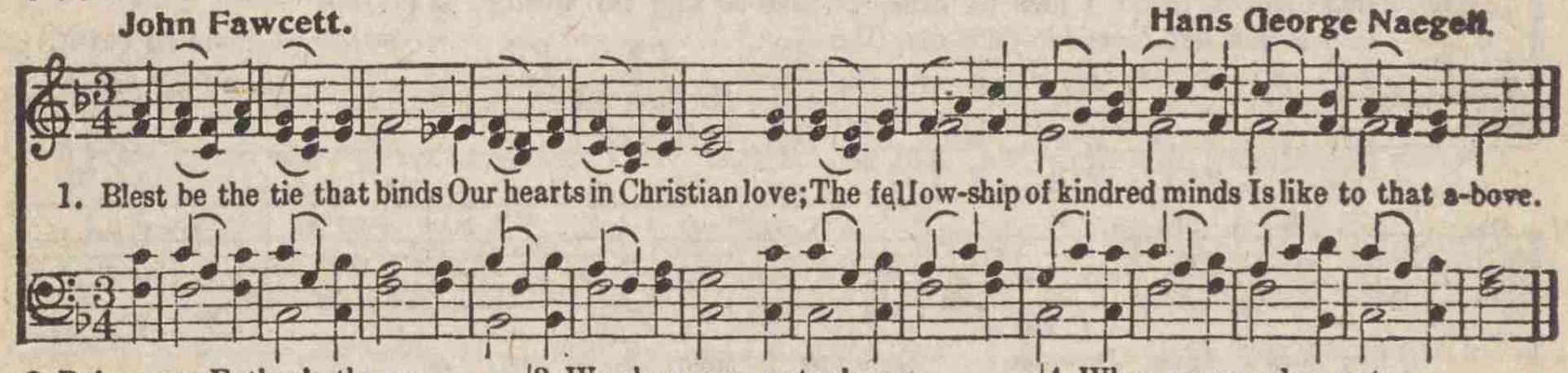
1 Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace,
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it!
Mount of Thy redeeming love.

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'll come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home:
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love; [it,
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal
Seal it for Thy courts above.

No. 230. Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett. Hans George Naegeli.



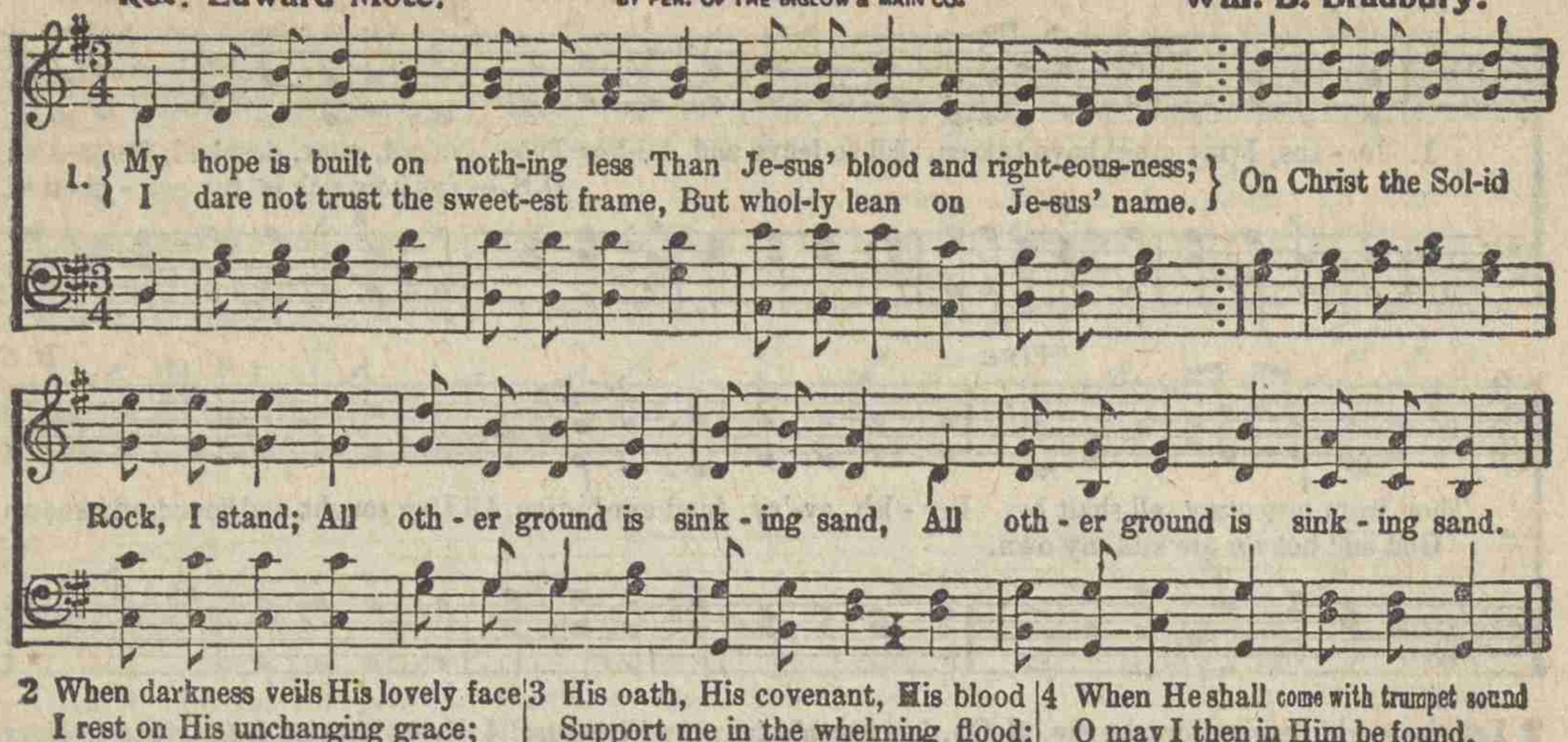
2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers; [one,
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

No. 231. The Solid Rock.

Rev. Edward Mote. BY PER. OF THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO. Wm. B. Bradbury.



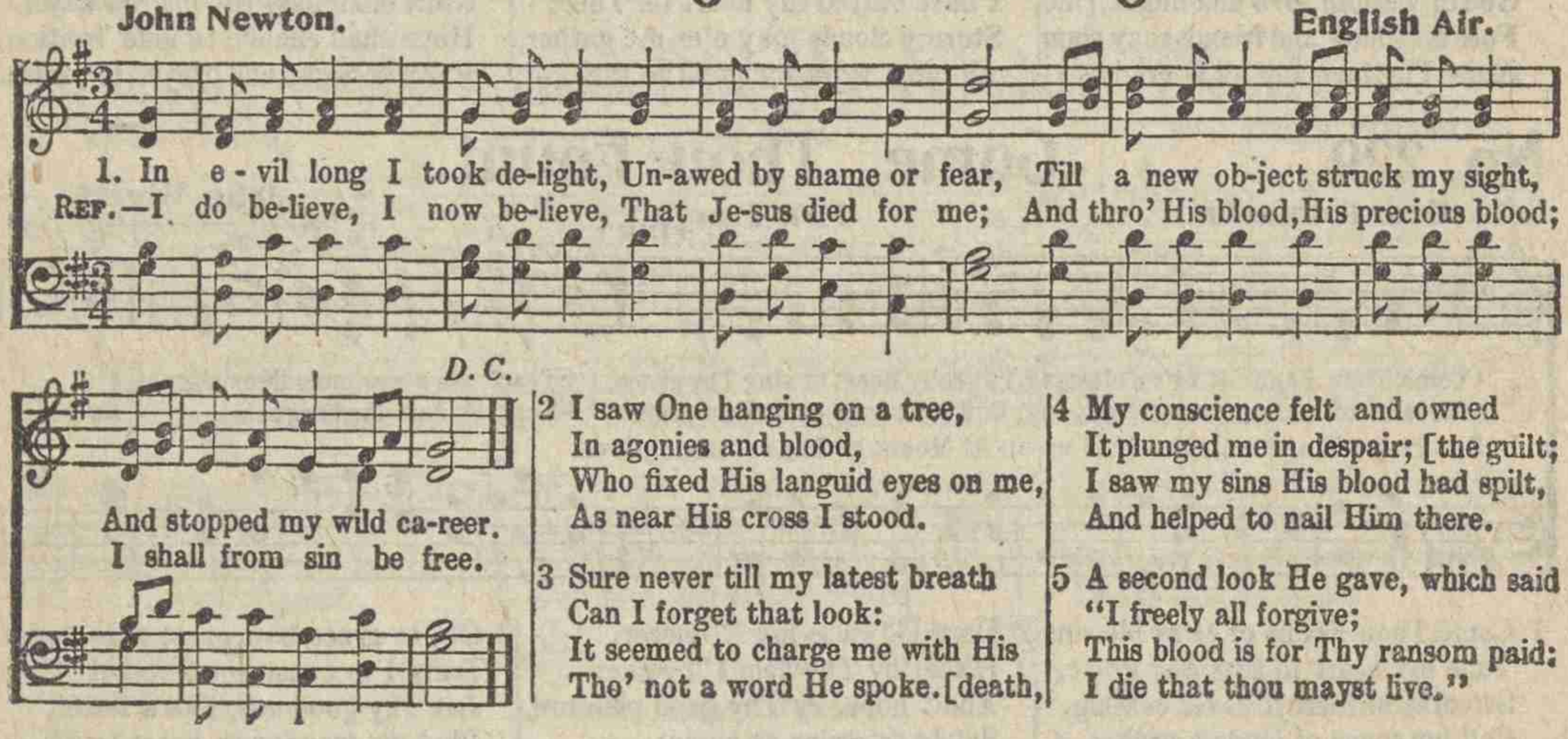
2 When darkness veils His lovely face
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vail.

3 His oath, His covenant, His blood
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way.
He then is all my hope and stay.

4 When He shall come with trumpet sound
O may I then in Him be found,
Drest in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the three.

No. 232. In Evil Long I Took Delight.

John Newton. English Air.



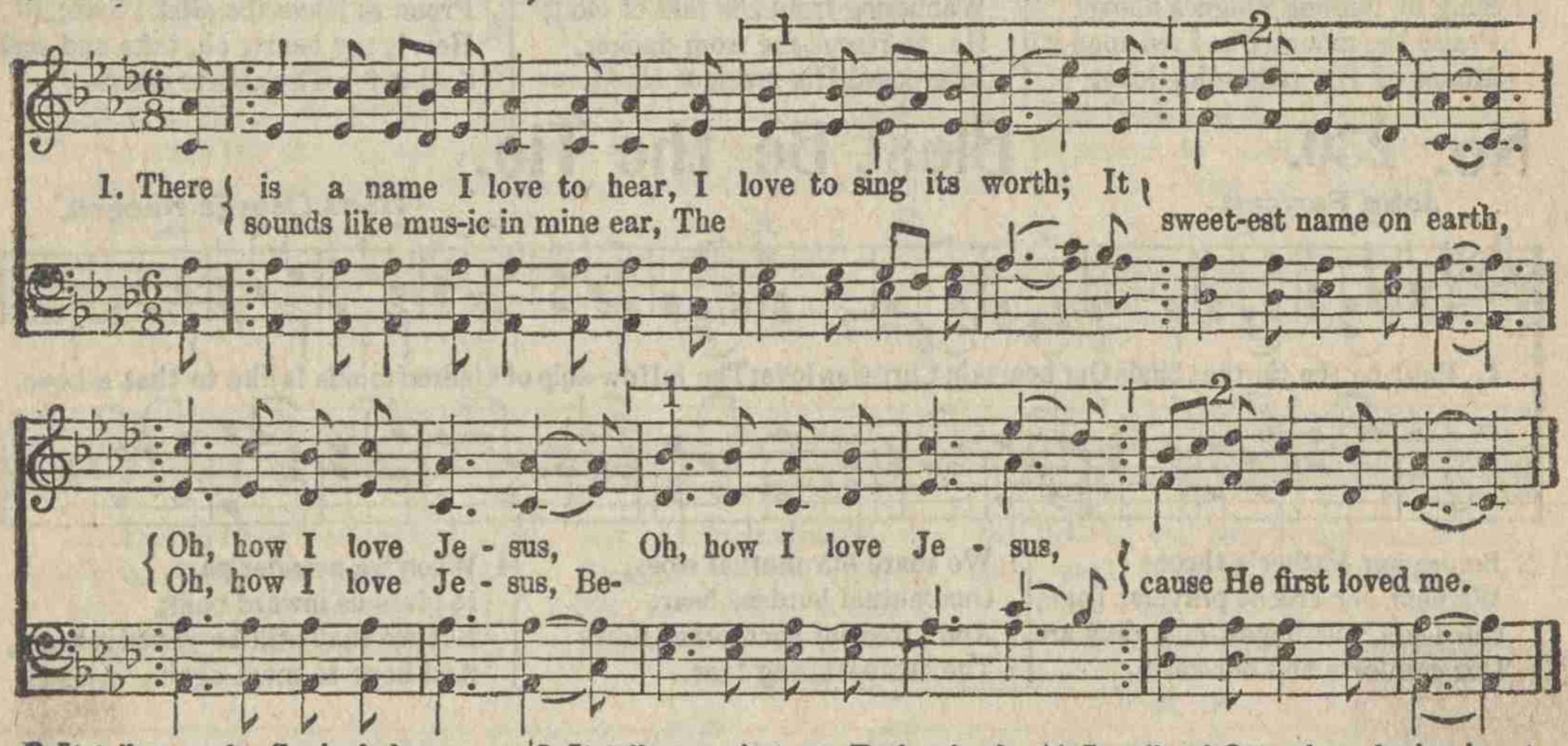
2 I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fixed His languid eyes on me,
As near His cross I stood.

3 Sure never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look:
It seemed to charge me with His death,
Tho' not a word He spoke.

4 My conscience felt and owned
It plunged me in despair; [the guilt;
I saw my sins His blood had spilt,
And helped to nail Him there.

5 A second look He gave, which said
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for Thy ransom paid:
I die that thou mayst live."

No. 233. Oh, How I Love Jesus.



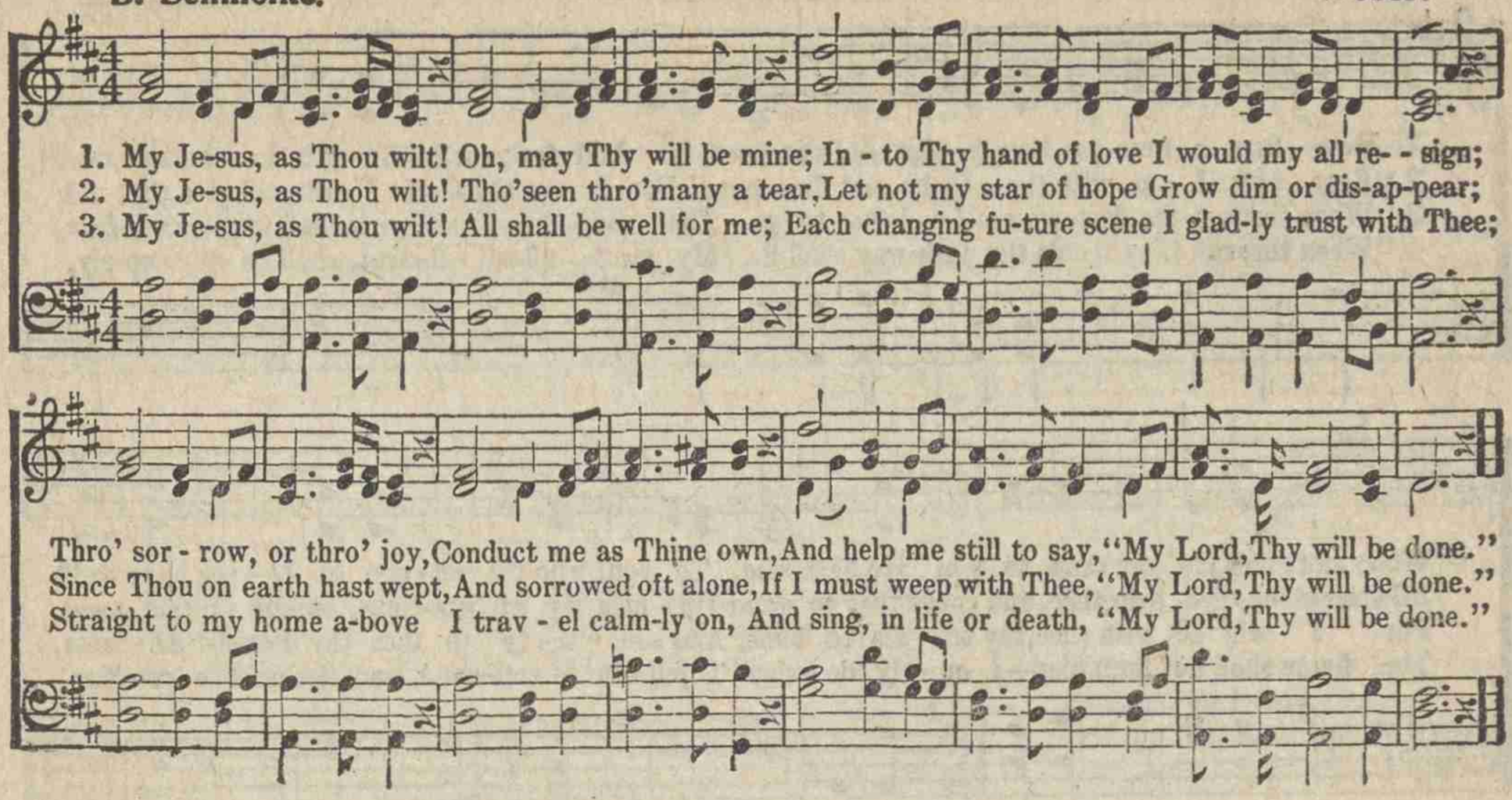
2 It tells me of a Savior's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of His precious blood;
The sinner's perfect plea.

3 It tells me what my Father hath
In store for every day,
And tho' I tread a darksome path,
Yields sunshine all the way.

4 It tells of One whose loving heart
Can feel my deepest woe,
Who in each sorrow bears a part,
That none can bear below.

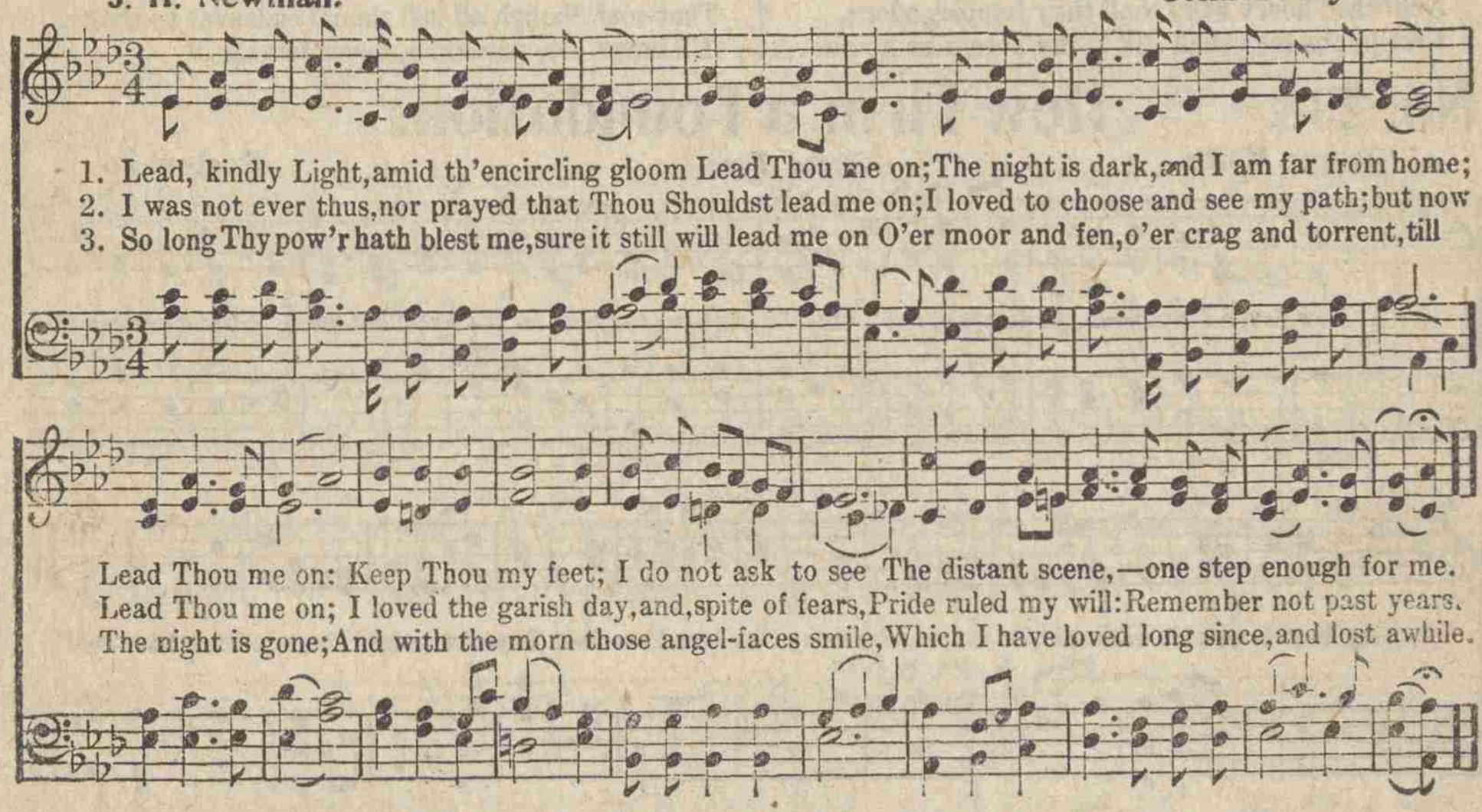
No. 234. My Jesus, as Thou Wilt.

B. Schmolke. Weber.



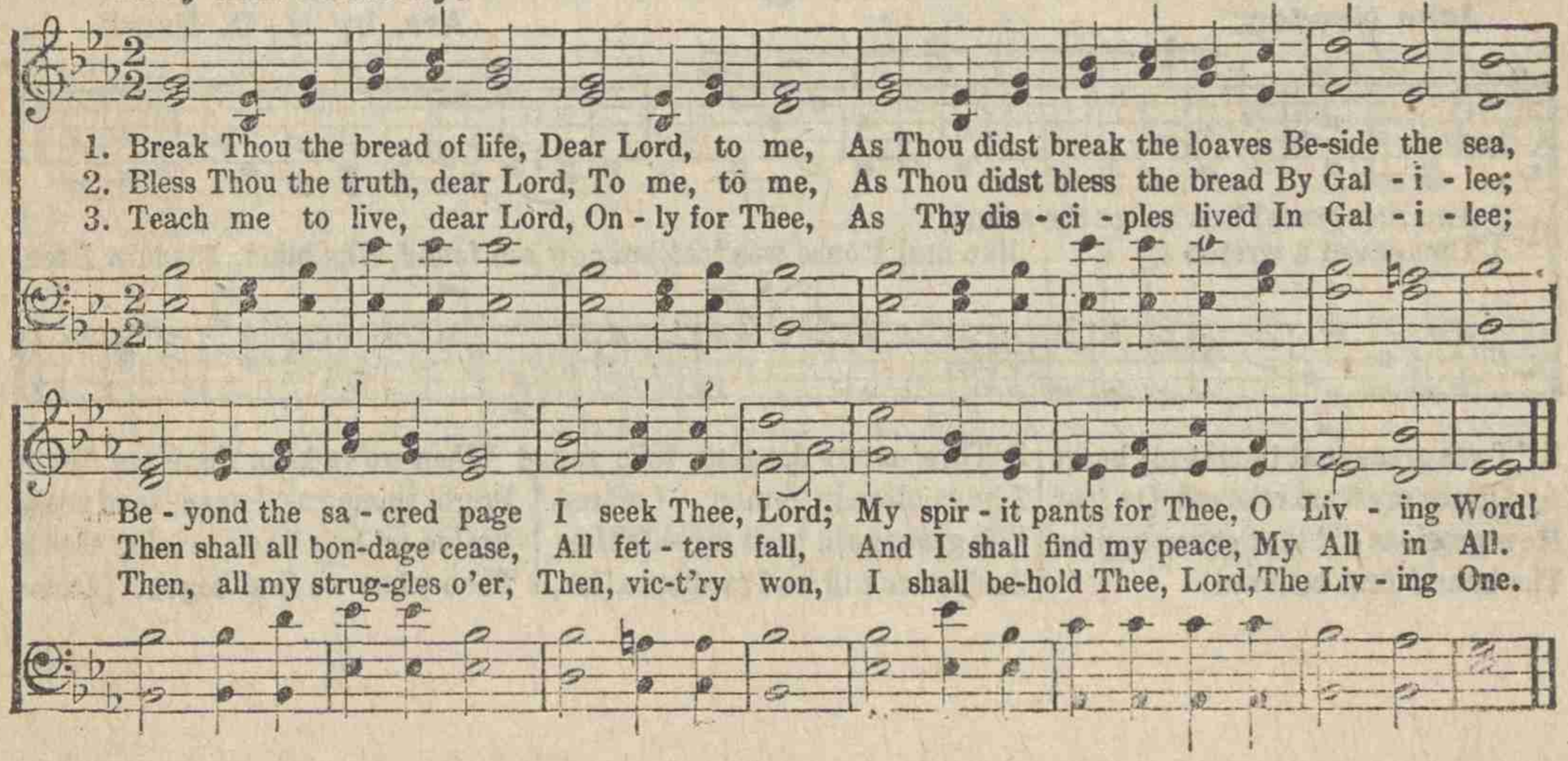
No. 235. Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman. John B. Dykes.



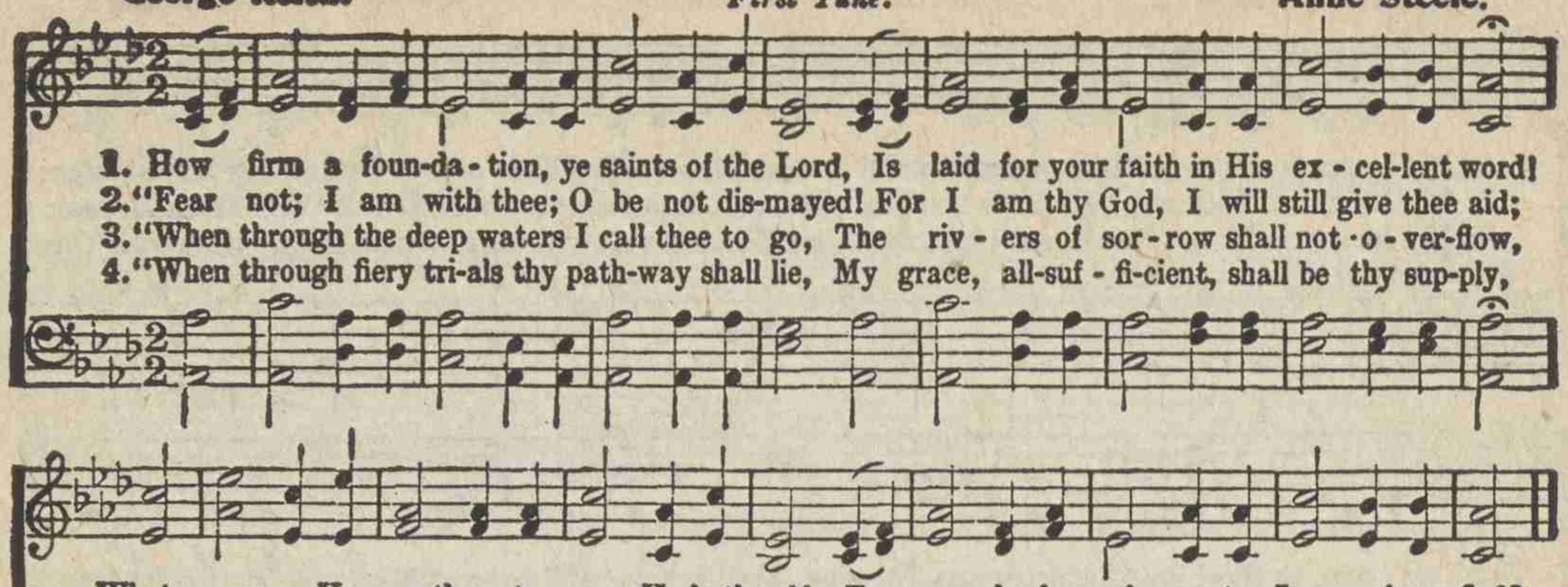
No. 236. Break Thou the Bread of Life.

Mary Ann Lathbury. William F. Sherwin.



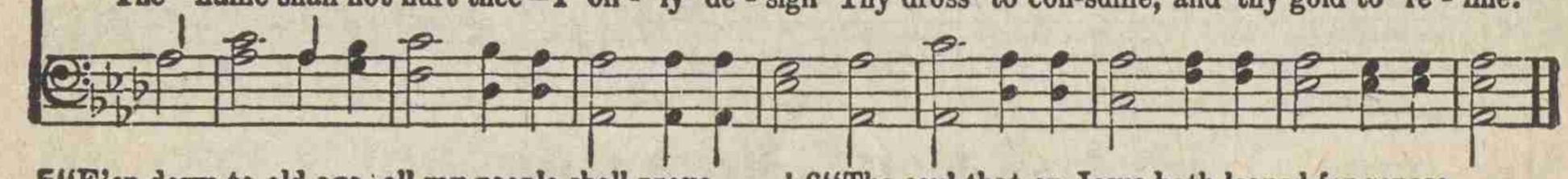
No. 237. How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. *First Tune.* Anne Steele.



1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His ex-cel-lent word!
2. "Fear not; I am with thee; O be not dis-mayed! For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
3. "When through the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of sor-row shall not o-ver-flow,
4. "When through fiery tri-als thy path-way shall lie, My grace, all-suf-fi-cient, shall be thy sup-ply,

What more can He say than to you He hath said, To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand Up-held by my gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent hand.
For I will be with thee, thy tri-als to bless, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.
The flame shall not hurt thee—I on-ly de-sign Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re-fine.

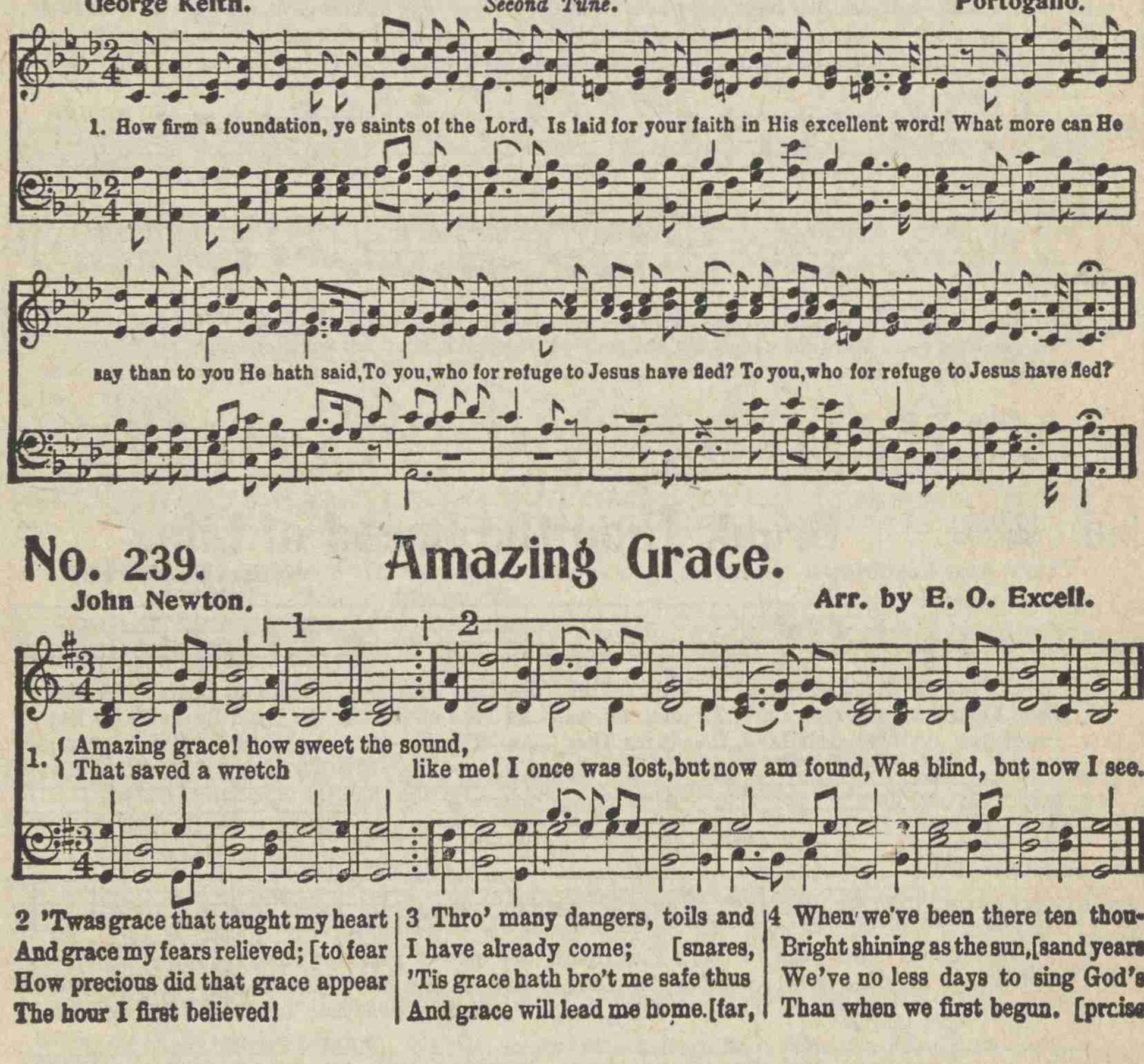


5 "E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake."

No. 238. How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. *Second Tune.* Portogallo.



1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His excellent word! What more can He say than to you He hath said, To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled? To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

No. 239. Amazing Grace.

John Newton. Arr. by E. O. Excell.

1. { Amazing grace! how sweet the sound,
   That saved a wretch like me! I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.

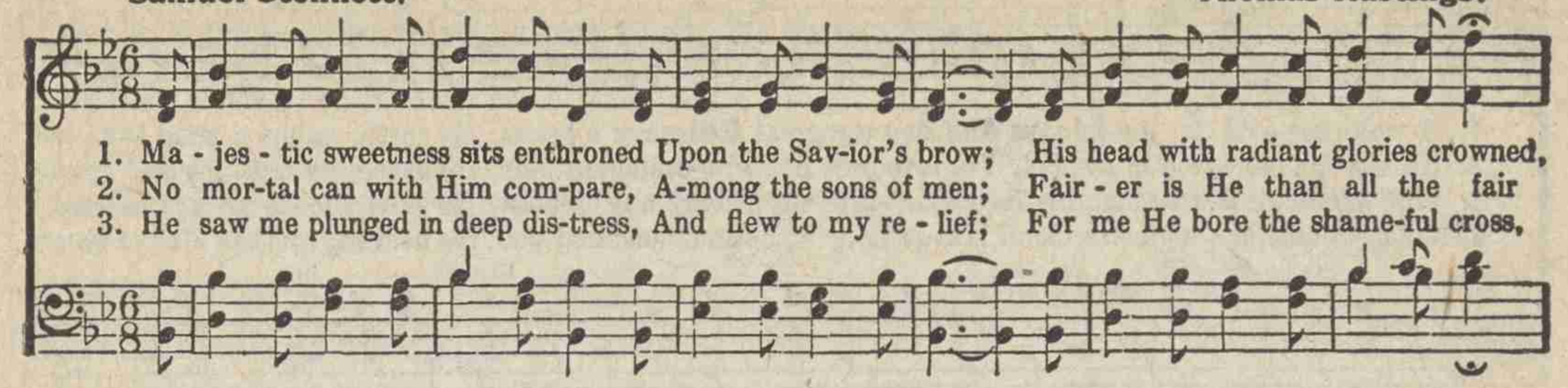
2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!

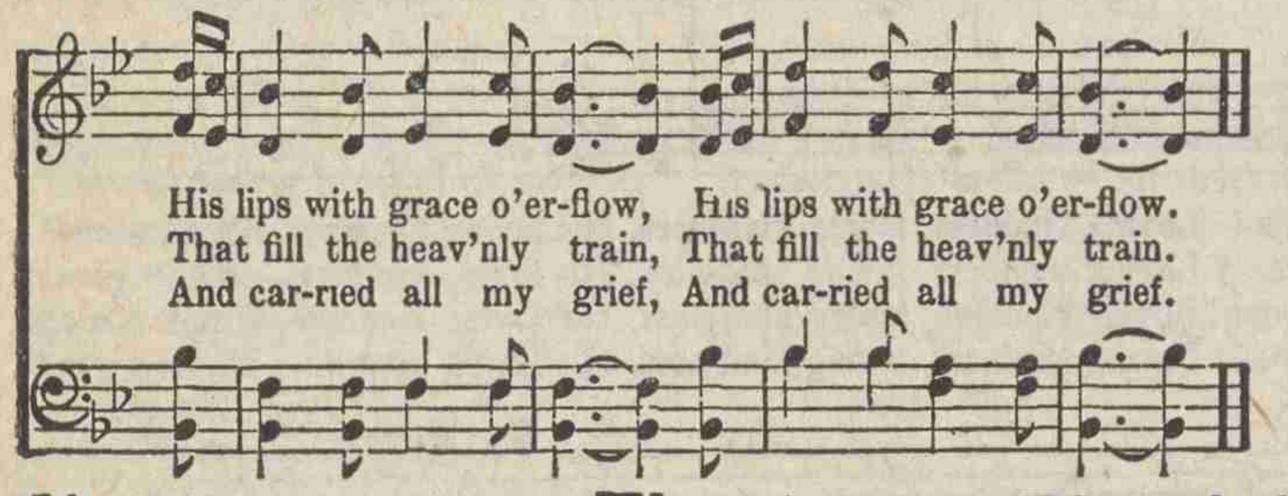
3 Thro' many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace hath bro't me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 When we've been there ten thousand years
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun.

No. 240. Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned,

Samuel Stennett. Thomas Hastings.



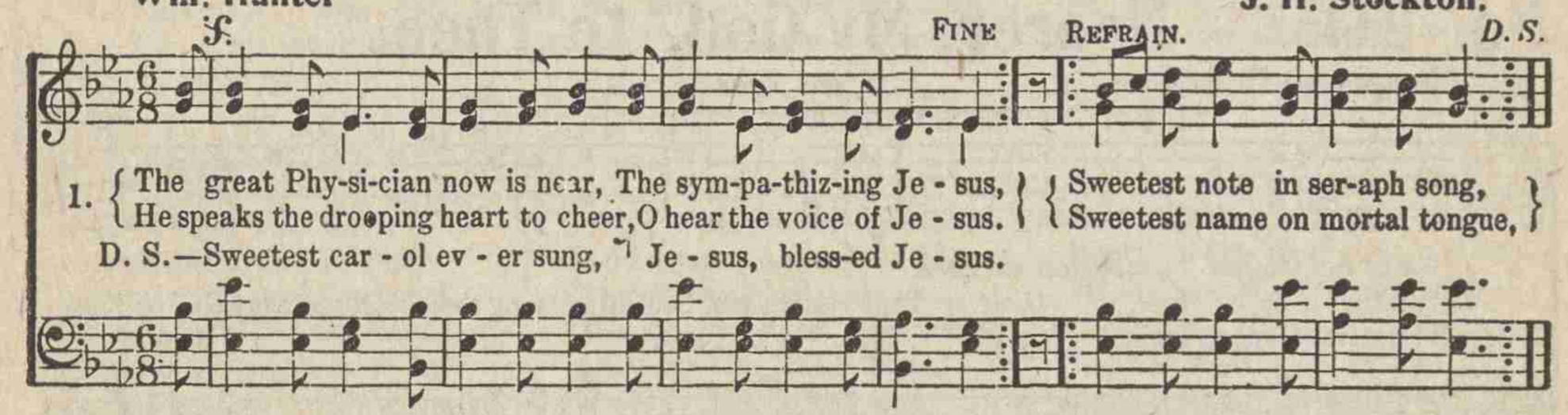


4 To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have:
He make me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

5 Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

No. 241. The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter J. H. Stockton.



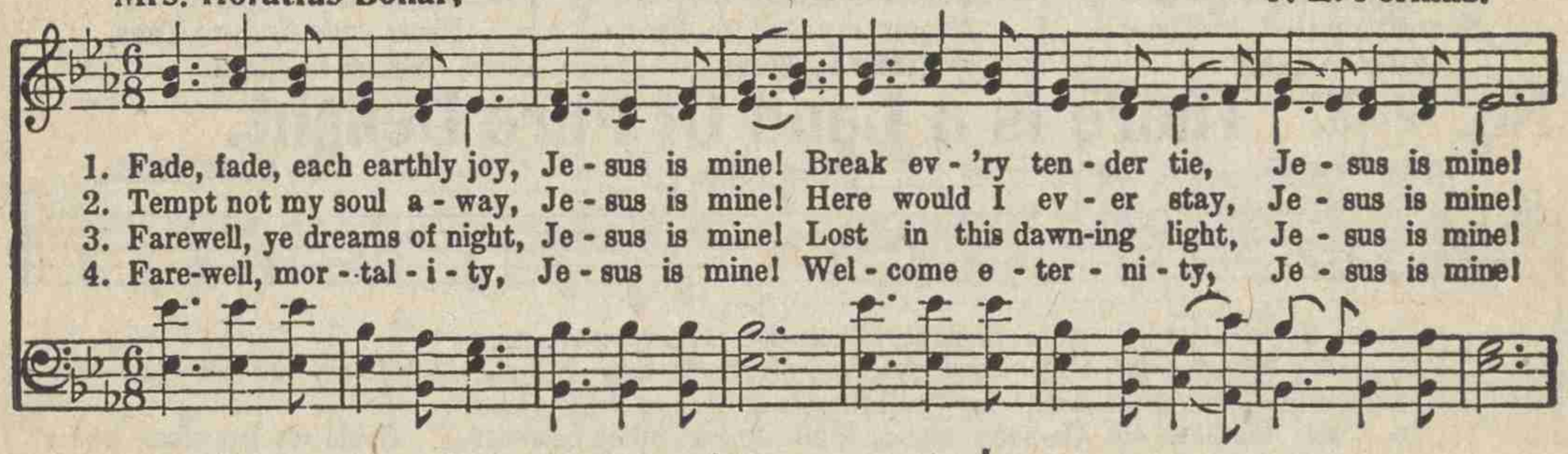
2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh! hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

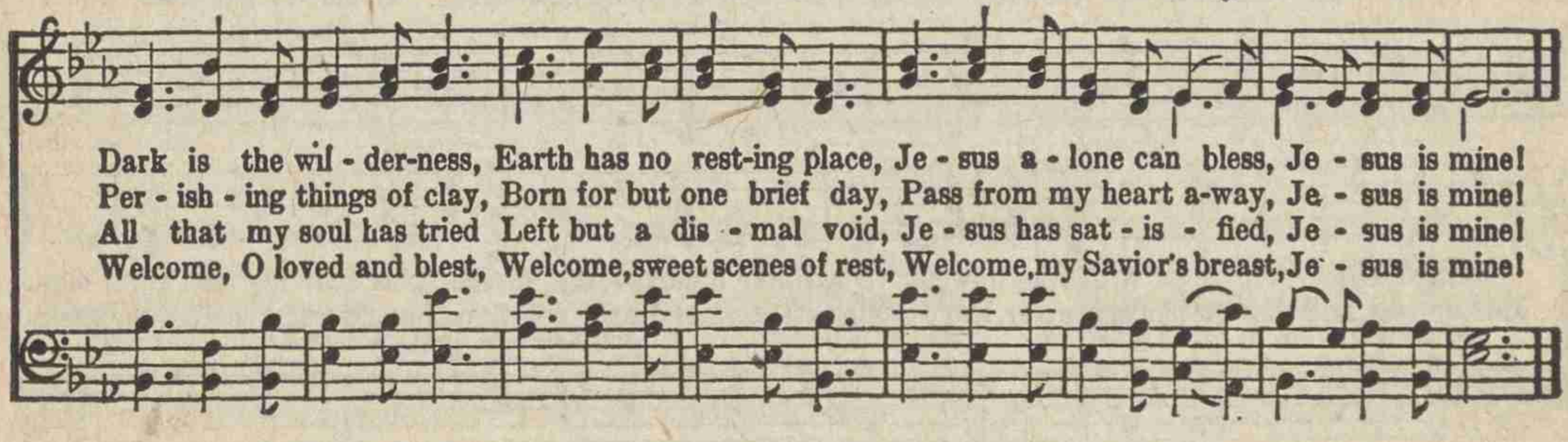
3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh! how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.

No. 242 Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy.

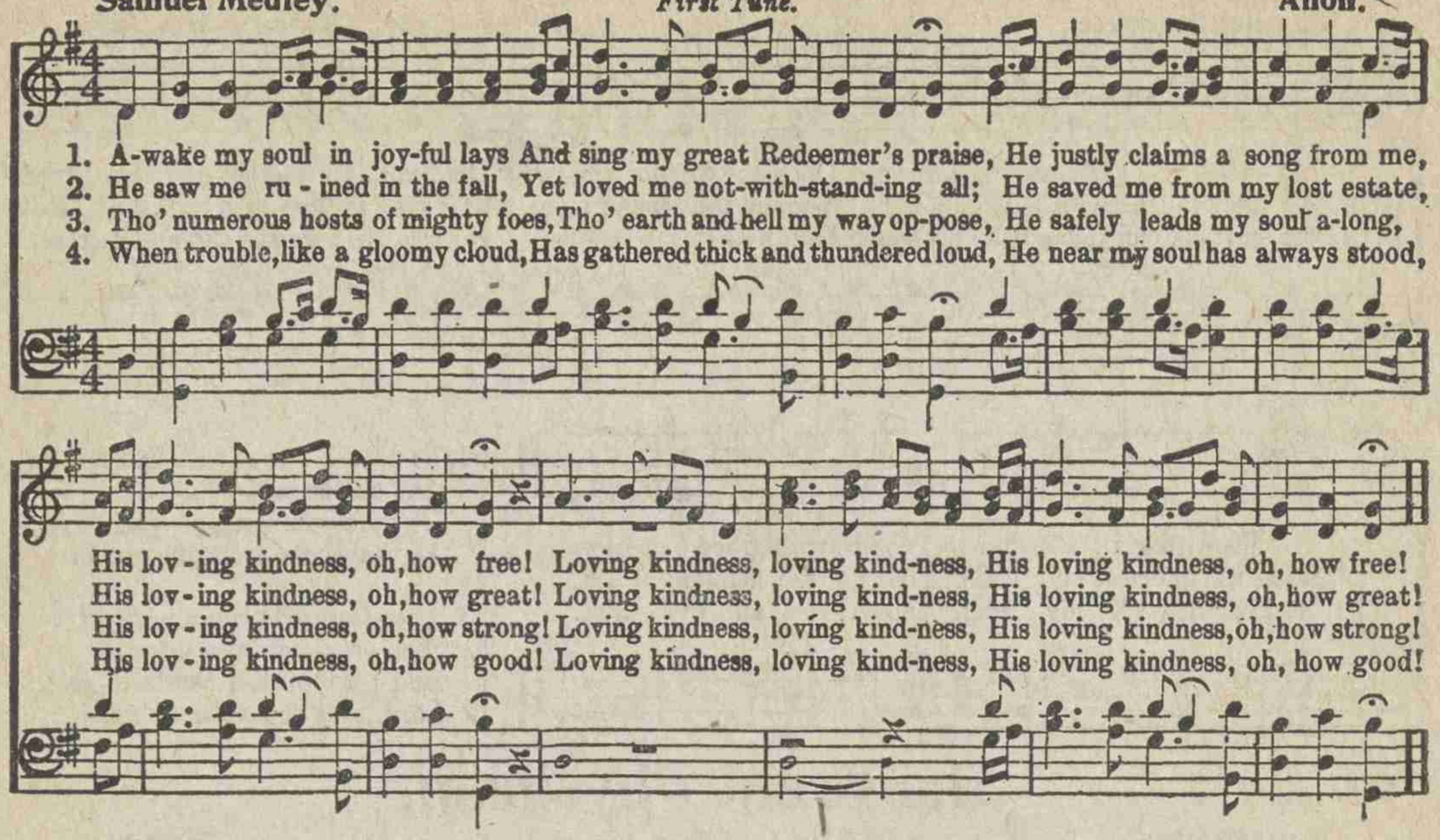
Mrs. Horatius Bonar, T. E. Perkins.





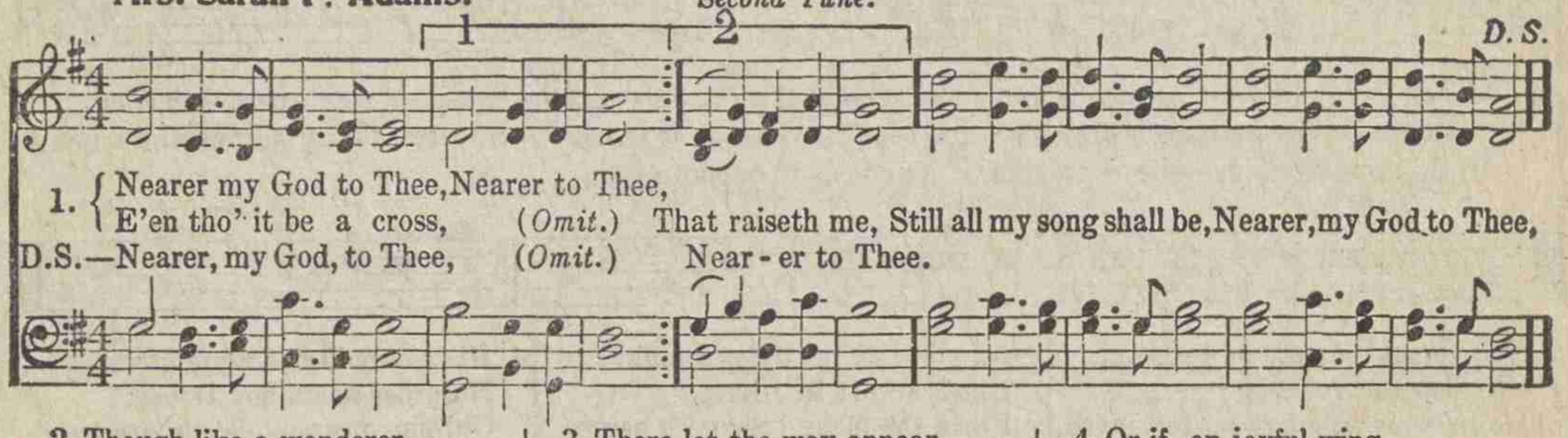
No. 243 Loving Kindness.

Samuel Medley. *First Tune.* **Anon.**



No. 244. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams. *Second Tune.*



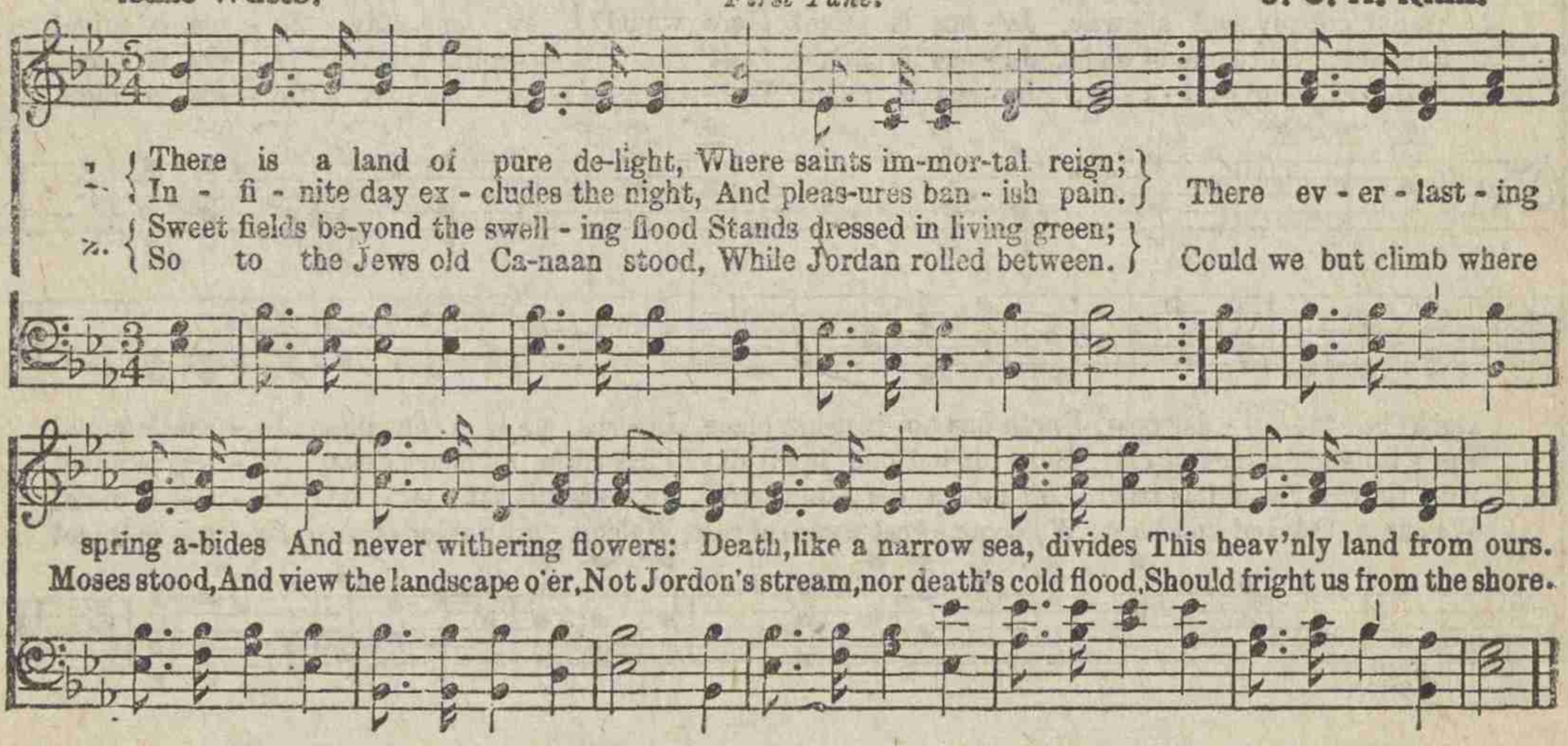
2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee!

4 Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

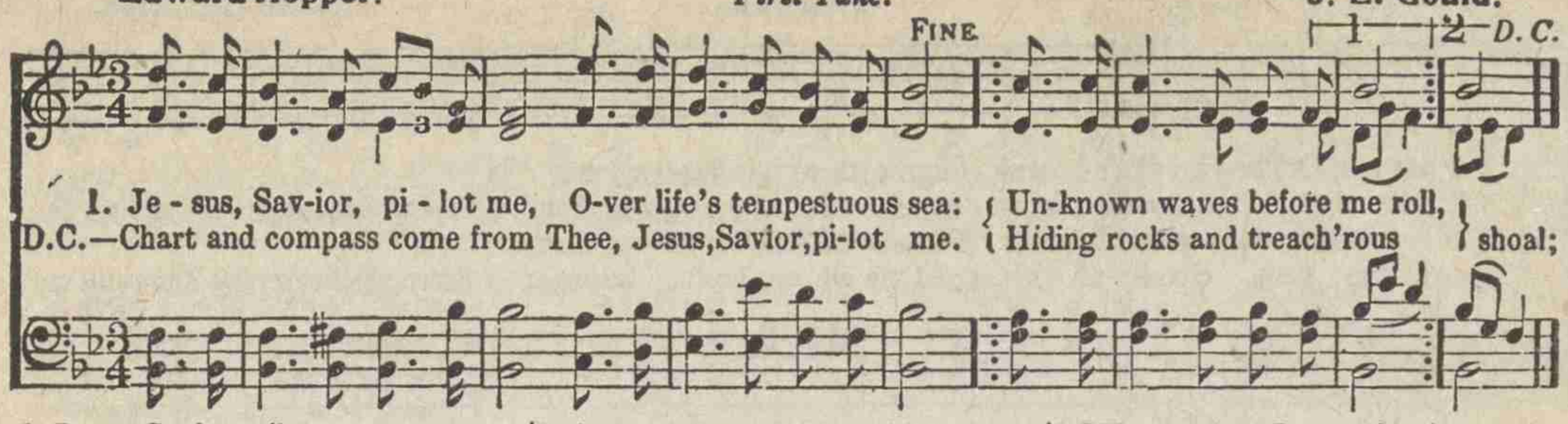
No. 245. There Is a Land Of Pure Delight.

Isaac Watts. *First Tune.* **J. C. H. Rink.**



No. 246. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper. *First Tune.* J. E. Gould.



1. Je - sus, Sav-ior, pi - lot me, O-ver life's tempestuous sea: { Un-known waves before me roll,
D.C.—Chart and compass come from Thee, Jesus, Savior, pi-lot me. { Hiding rocks and treach'rous } shoal;

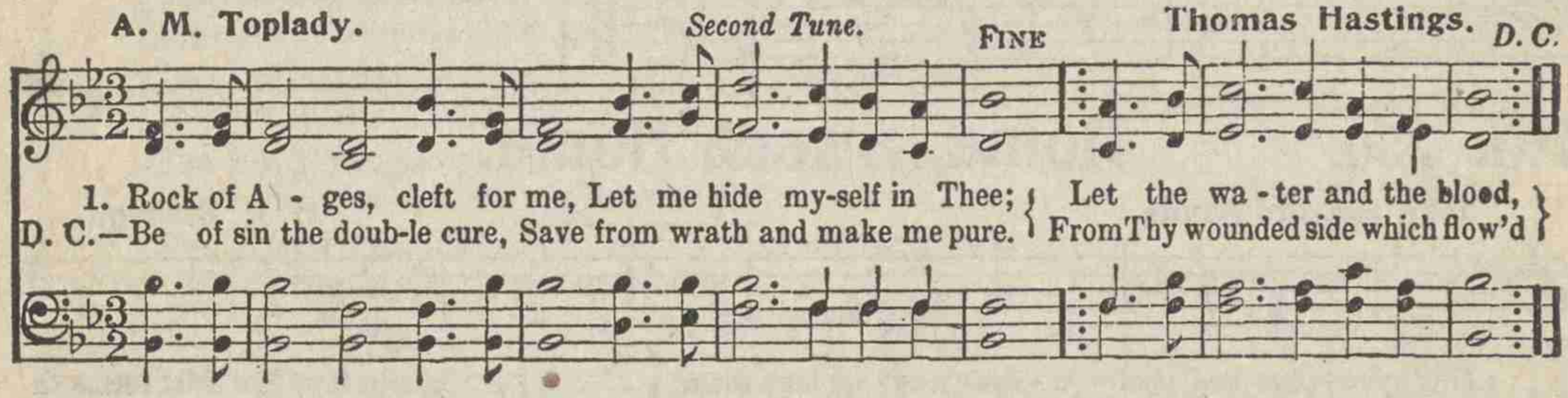
1 Jesus, Savior, pilot me,
Over life's tempestuous sea:
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rocks and treach'rous shoal;
Chart and compass come from Thee
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves, obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twix me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

No. 247. Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady. *Second Tune.* Thomas Hastings.



1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee; { Let the wa - ter and the blood,
D. C.—Be of sin the doub-le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure. { From Thy wounded side which flow'd }

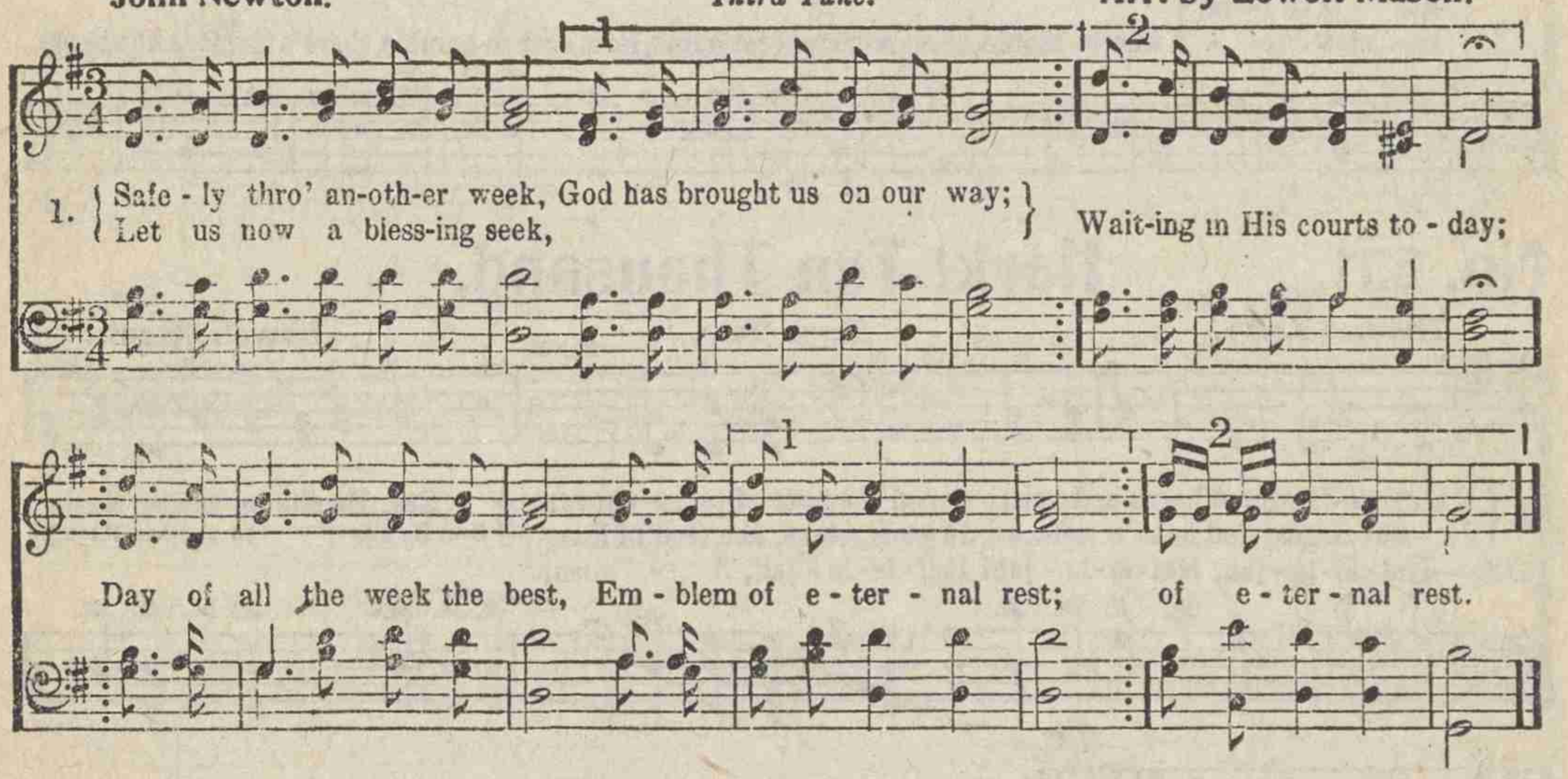
1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

No. 248. Safely Through Another Week.

John Newton. *Third Tune.* Arr. by Lowell Mason.



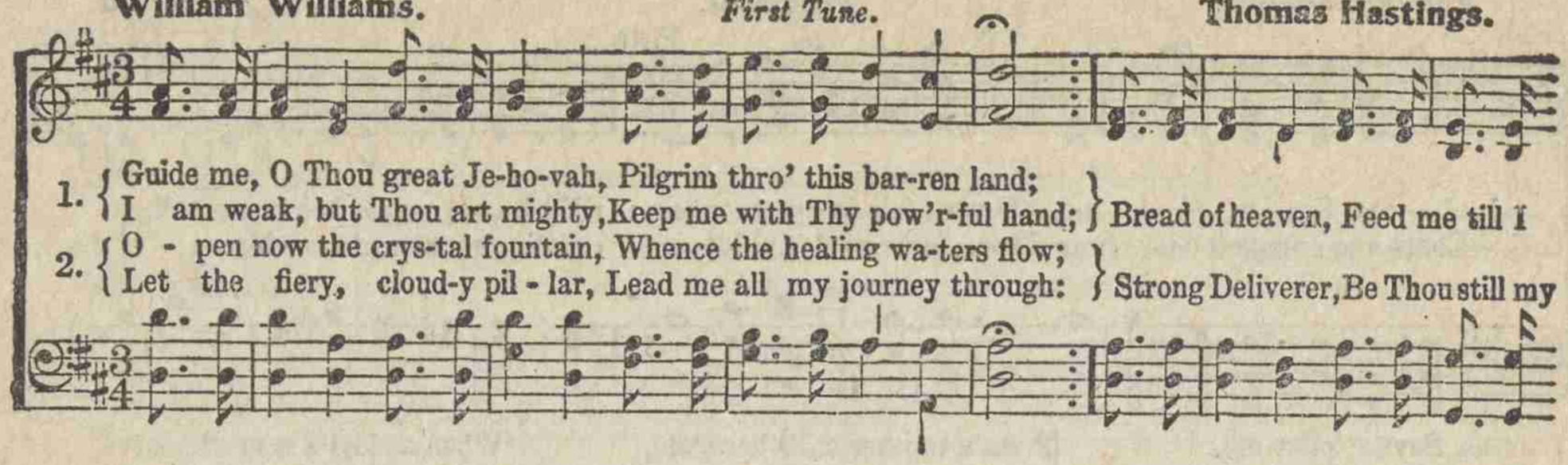
2 While we pray for pard'ning grace,
Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciled face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in Thee.

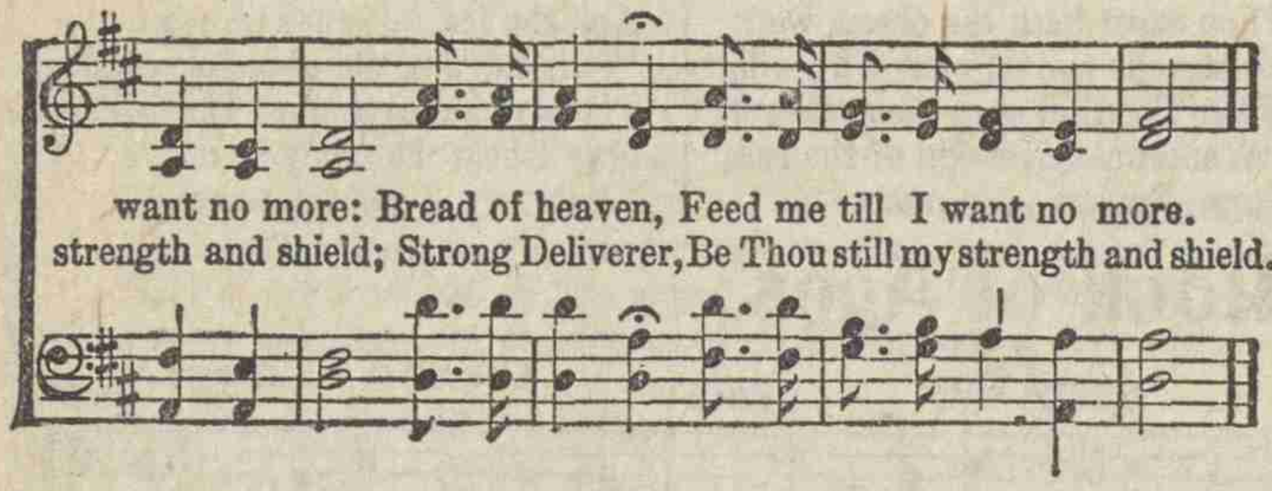
3 Here we come Thy name to praise;
Let us feel Thy pesence near;
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief to all complaints;
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

No. 249. Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

William Williams. *First Tune.* Thomas Hastings.

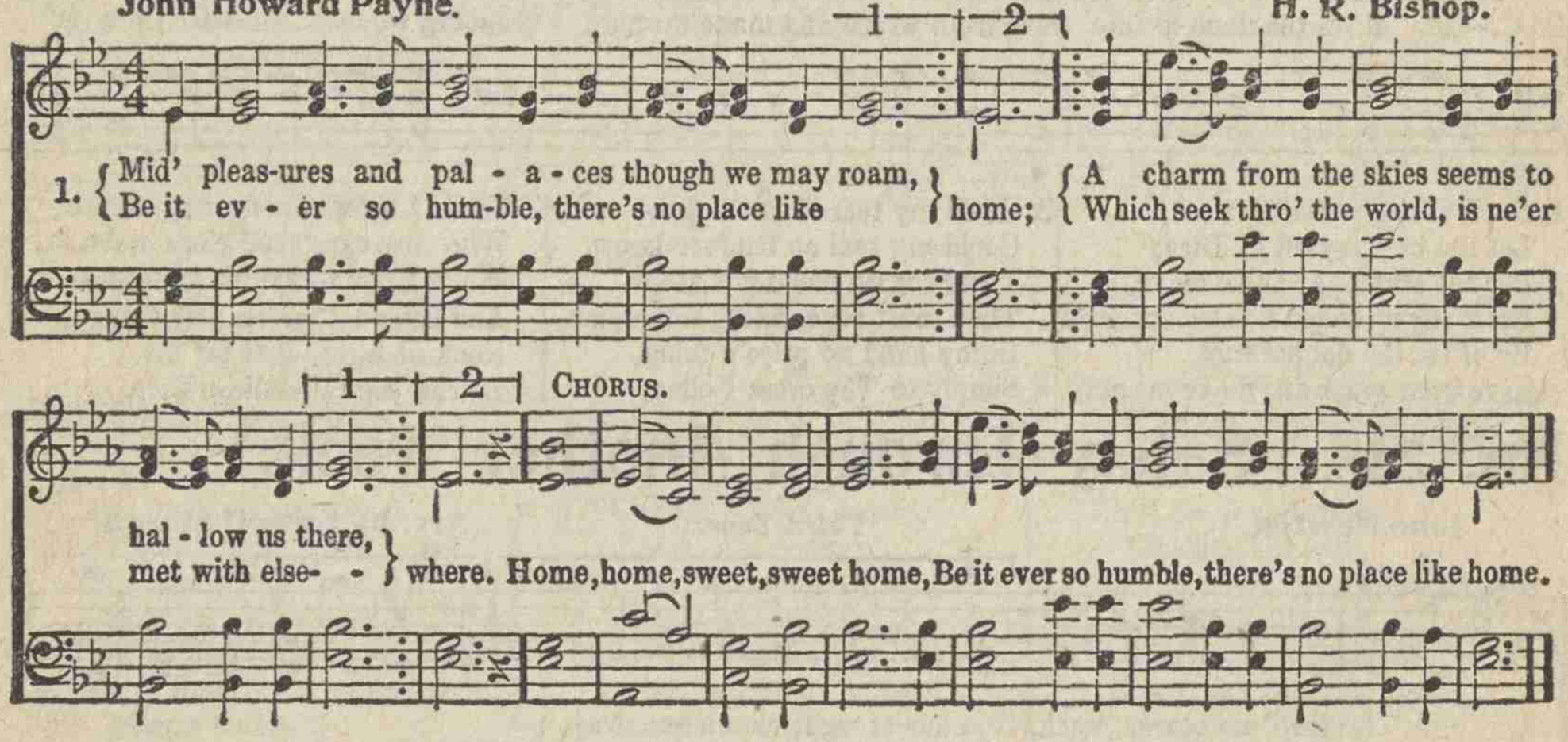




3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me thro' the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

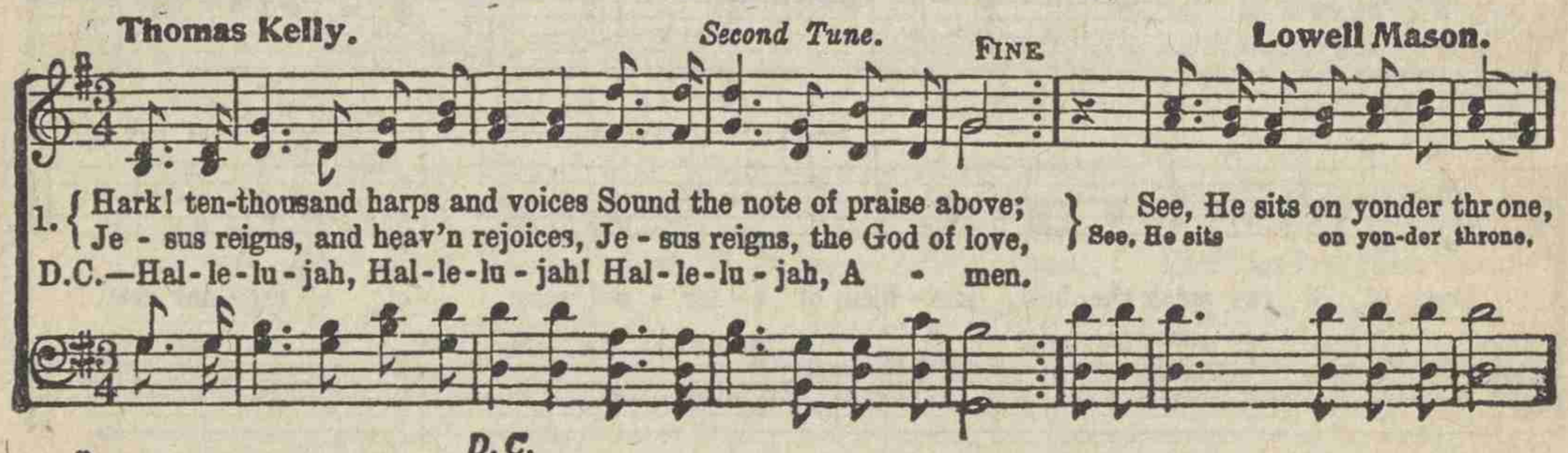
No. 250. Home, Sweet Home.

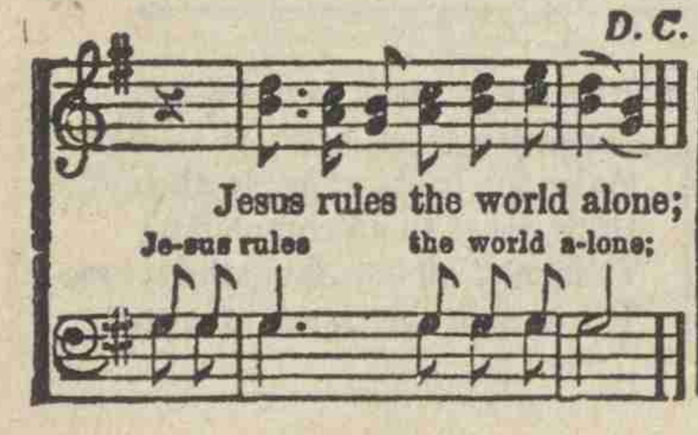
John Howard Payne. H. R. Bishop.



No. 251. Hark! Ten Thousand.

Thomas Kelly. *Second Tune.* FINE Lowell Mason.



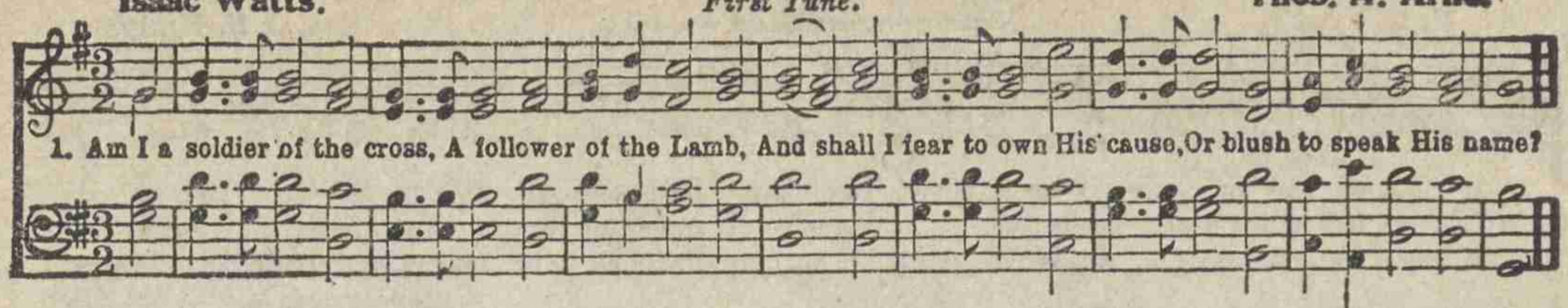


2 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens,
All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of life, Thy smile enlightens,
Cheers and charms Thy saints on earth;
When we think of love like Thine,
Lord, we own it love divine:

3 King of glory, reign forever;
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from Thy love shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made Thine own;
Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destined to behold Thy face.

No. 252. Am I a Soldier?

Isaac Watts. *First Tune.* Thos. A. Arne.



2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease, [prize,
While others fought to win the
And sailed thro' bloody seas?

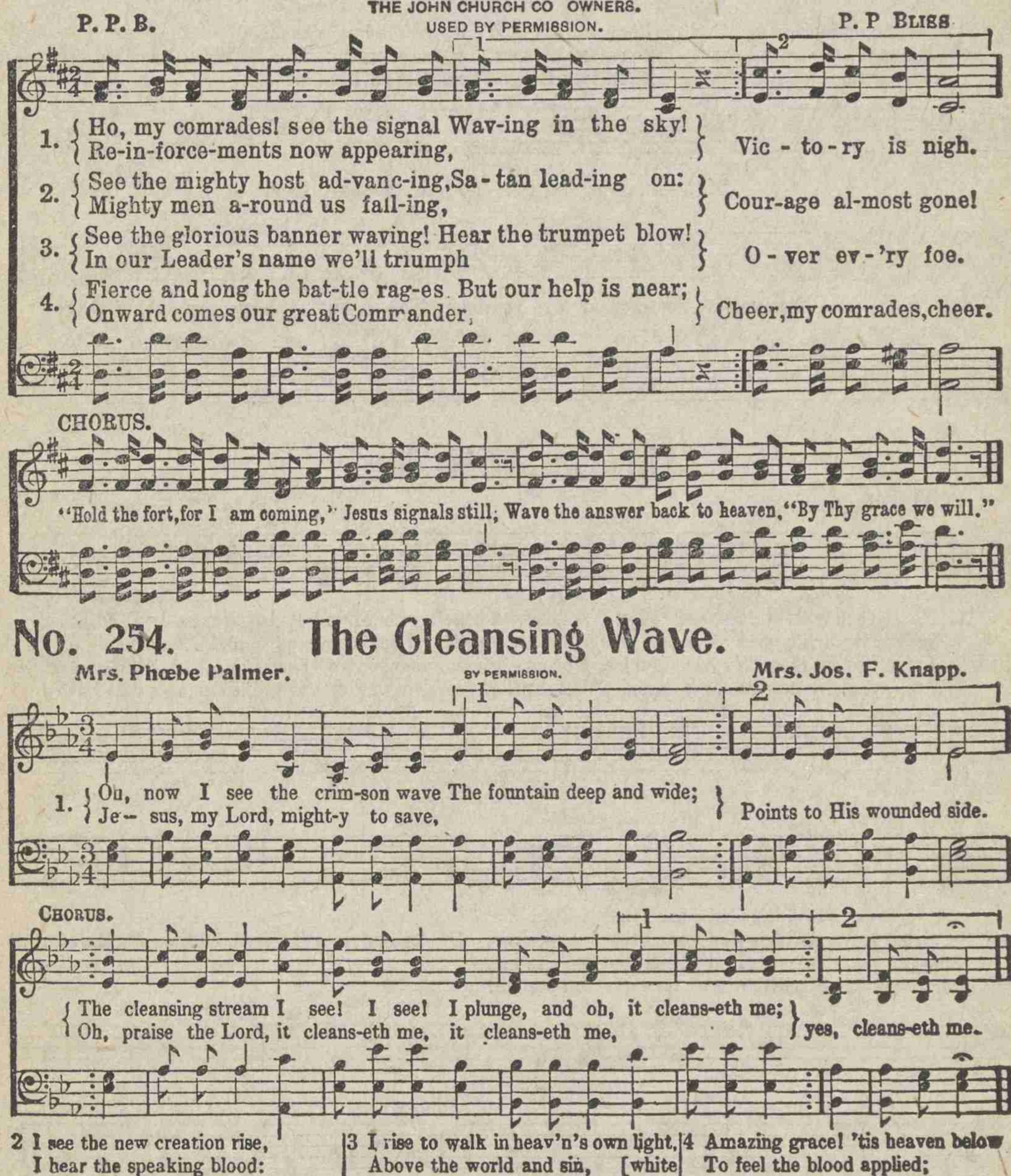
3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

No. 253. Hold the Fort.

THE JOHN CHURCH CO OWNERS.
USED BY PERMISSION.

P. P. B. P. P Bliss



No. 254. The Cleansing Wave.

Mrs. Phœbe Palmer. BY PERMISSION. Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.

2 I see the new creation rise,
I hear the speaking blood:
It speaks! poluted nature dies—
Sinks 'neath the crimson flood,

3 I rise to walk in heav'n's own light,
Above the world and sin, [white
With heart made pure and garments
And Christ enthroned within.

4 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below
To feel the blood applied;
And Jesus, only Jesus know,
My Jesus crucified.

No. 255. Blessed Assurance.

F. J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1873, BY JOS. F. KNAPP. Mrs. J. F. Knapp.

1. Bless-ed as - sur - ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal-
2. Per - fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de - light, Vis-ions of rap - ture now burst on my sight, An-gels de-
3. Per - fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I, in my Sav - ior am hap - py and blest, Watching and

va - tion, pur-chase of God, Born of His Spir - it, washed in His blood.
scend - ing, bring from a - bove, Ech - oes of mer - cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto - ry,
wait - ing, look - ing a - bove, Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

FINE CHORUS.

D. C.—Prais-ing my Sav - ior all the day long.

D. S.

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

No. 256. He Leadeth Me.

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

1. He lead-eth me! O bless - ed tho't! O words with heav'nly com-fort fraught! What-e'er I do, wher-
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom, By waters still, o'er
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur or re - pine, Con - tent, what-ev - er
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vict'ry's won, E'en death's cold wave I

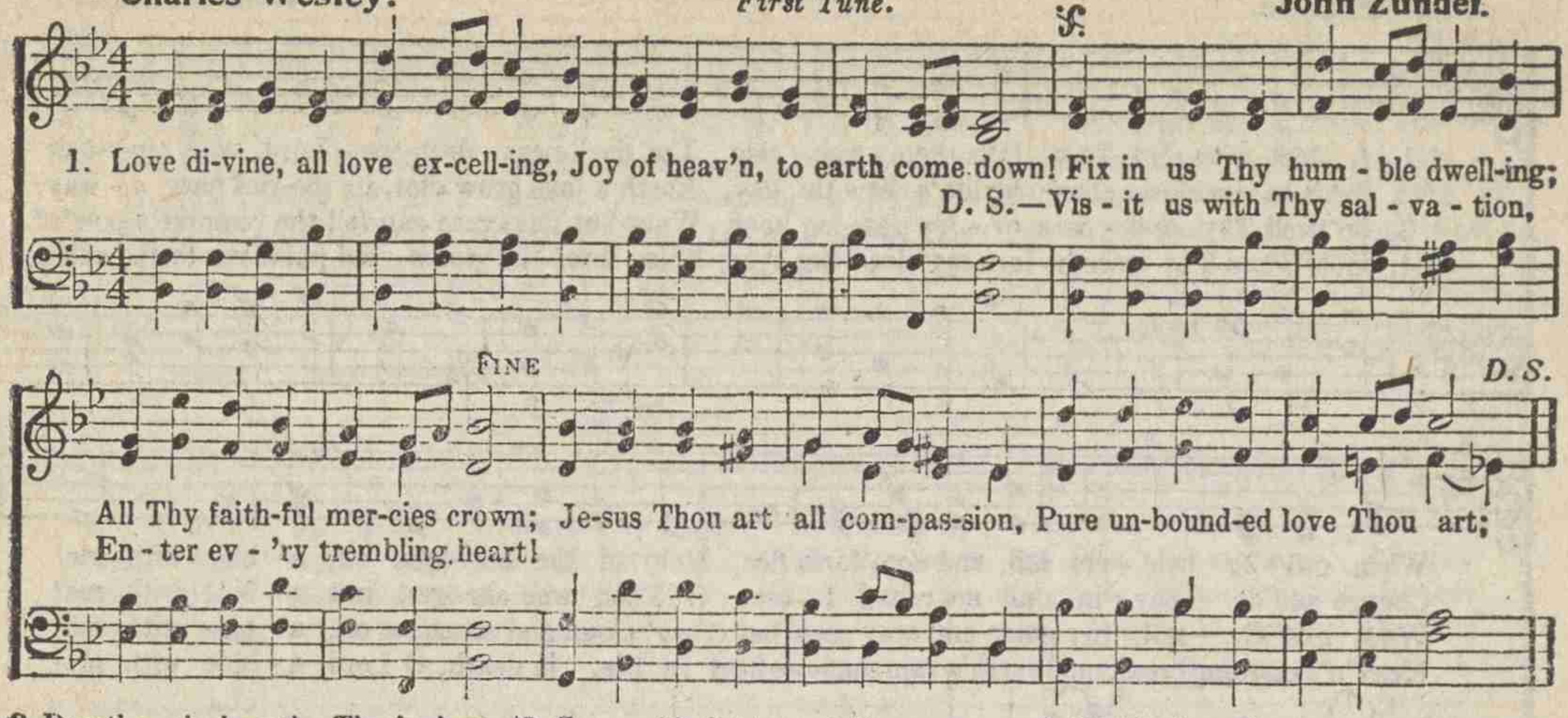
CHORUS.

e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
troub-led sea, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me. He lead-eth me, He lead - eth me, By His own
lot I see, Since 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead-eth me.

hand He lead-eth me; His faith - ful fol-low'r I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.

No. 257. Love Divine.

Charles Wesley. *First Tune.* John Zundel.



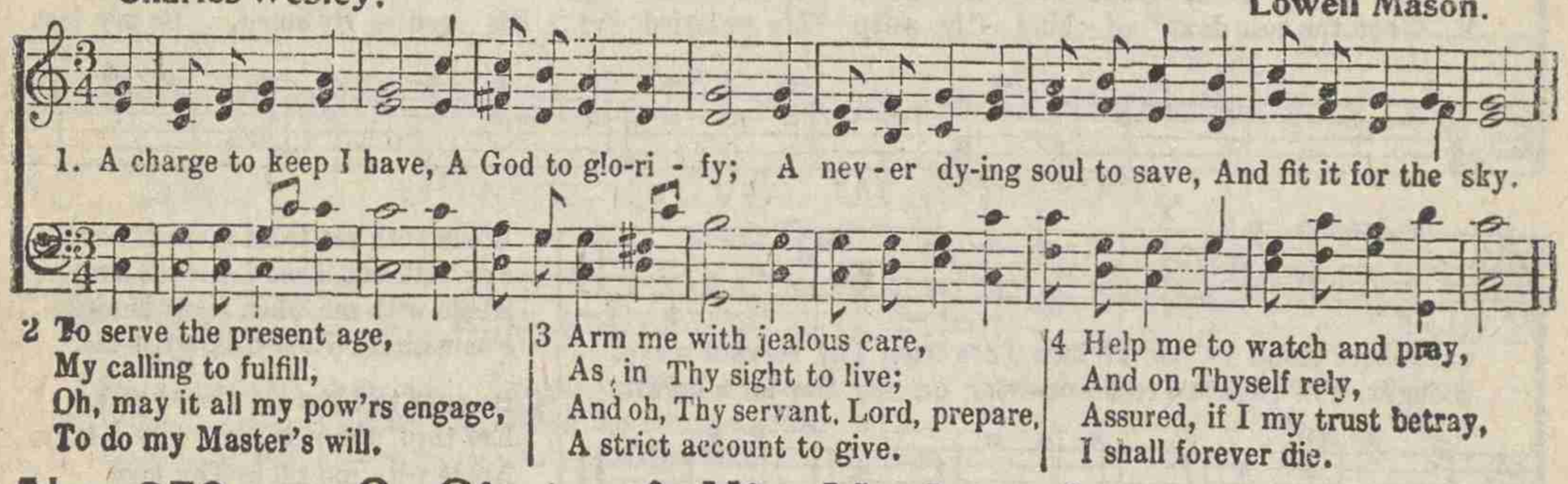
2 Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving
Into every troubled breast! [Spirit
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest.
Take away the love of sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty!

3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temple leave:
Thee we would be always blessing;
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above
Pray, and praise Thee without ceas-
Glory in Thy perfect love! [ing,

4 Finish then Thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

No. 258. A Charge to Keep.

Charles Wesley. Lowell Mason.



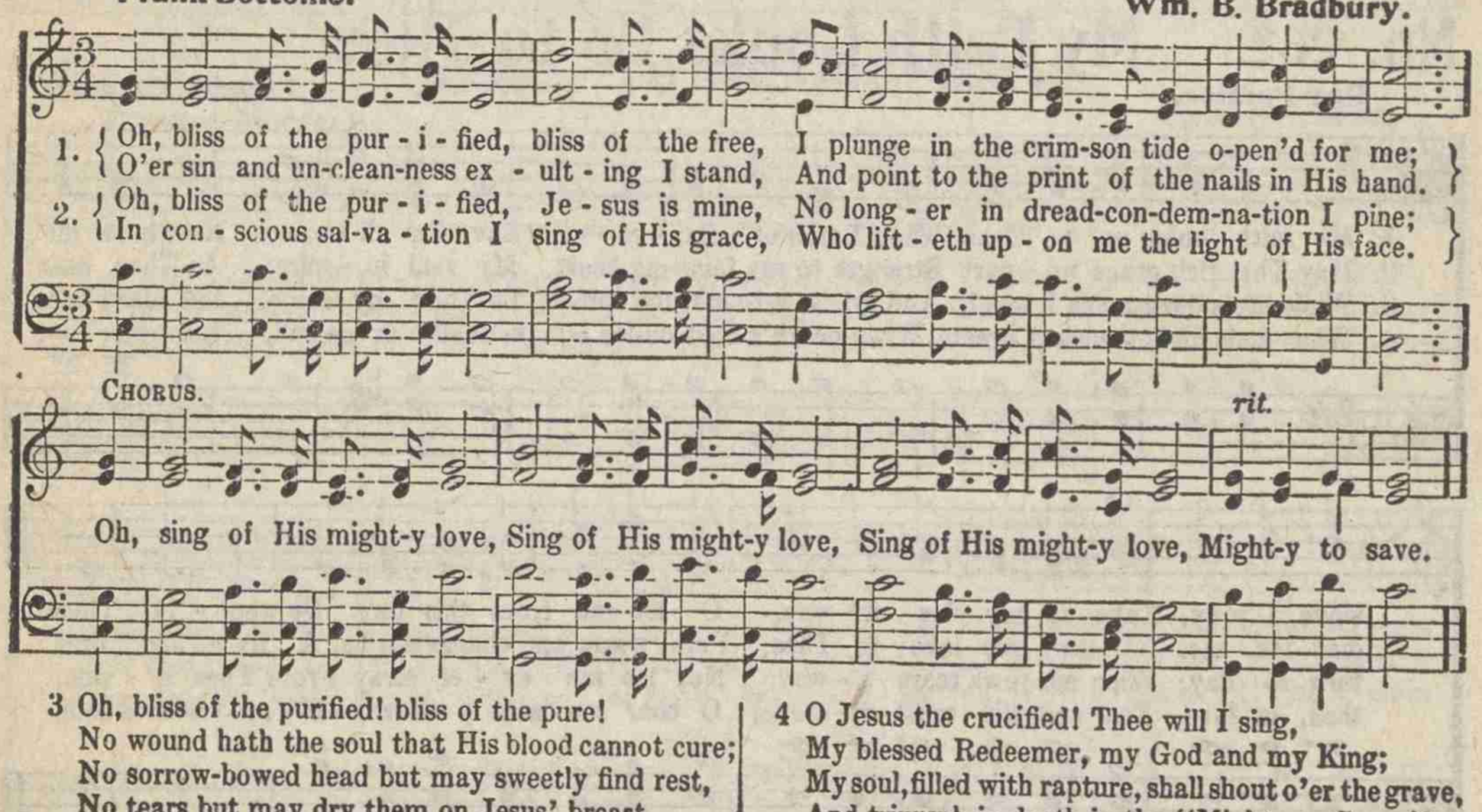
2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
Oh, may it all my pow'rs engage,
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

No. 259. O Sing of His Mighty Love.

Frank Bottome. Wm. B. Bradbury.



3 Oh, bliss of the purified! bliss of the pure!
No wound hath the soul that His blood cannot cure;
No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest,
No tears but may dry them on Jesus' breast.

4 O Jesus the crucified! Thee will I sing,
My blessed Redeemer, my God and my King;
My soul, filled with rapture, shall shout o'er the grave,
And triumph in death in the "Mighty to Save."

No. 260. Abide With Me.

H. F. Lyte. Wm. H. Monk.

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark-ness deep-ens—Lord, with me a-bide!
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo-ries pass a - way;
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass-ing hour, What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be-fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies;

When oth - er help - ers fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a - bide with me!
Change and de - cay in all a - round I see; O Thou who changest not, a - bide with me!
Who, like Thy - self, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, a - bide with me!
Heav'n's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

No. 261. Sun of My Soul.

John Kepler. Henry Monk.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near; O may no
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea-ried eye - lids gen - tly steep, Be my last

earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eye.
thought, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-ior's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For with-out Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 Be near to bless me when I wake,
Ere thro' the world my way I take,
Abide with me till in Thy love
I lose myself in heaven above.

No. 262. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer. Lowell Mason.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - ior di - vine; Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint-ing heart, My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a-round me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid dark-ness
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sul-len stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - ior

while I pray, Take all my sins 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 sor-rows tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
then, in love, Fear and dis - trust re - move; O bear me safe a - bove,—A ran - somed soul.

No. 263. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley. *First Tune.* J. P. Holbrook.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, While the near - er wa-ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high. Hide me, O, my Sav - ior hide, Till the
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, oh, leave me not a- lone, Still sup - port and com-fort me. All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find; Raise the fal - len, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind. Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin; Let the heal - ing streams a- bound; Make and keep me pure with-in. Thou of life the fount-ain art, Free - ly

storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!
help from Thee I bring; Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
all un-right-eous-ness; Vile and full of sin I am, Thou are full of truth and grace.
let me take of Thee; Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 264. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Second Tune. FINE S. B. Marsh. *D. C.*

1. { Je-sus, Lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, } { Hide me, O, my Sav-ior hide, }
{ While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high. } { Till the storm of life is past; }

D. C.—Safe in-to the ha-ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last!

No. 265. Come, Ye Disconsolate.

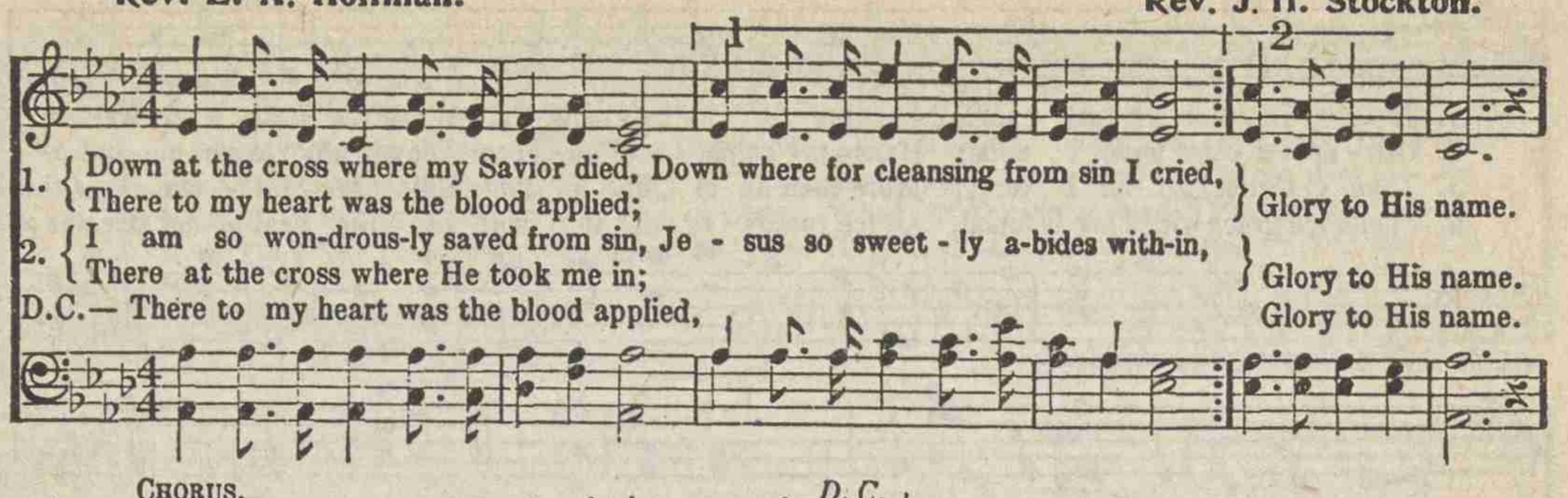
Thomas Moore. Samuel Webbe.

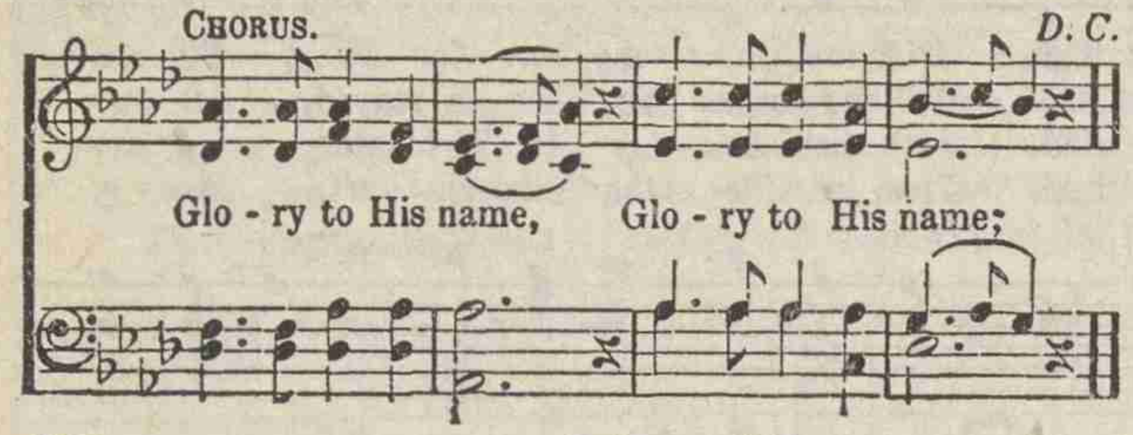
1. Come, ye dis-con - so - late, wher-e'er you lan - guish; Come to the mer - cy seat, fer-vent-ly kneel;
2. Joy of the com - fort - less, light of the stray - ing, Hope of the pen - i - tent, fade-less and pure;
3. Here see the Bread of Life, see wa-ters flow - ing Forth from the throne of God, pure from a-bove;

Here bring your wounded hearts here tell your anguish; Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not heal.
Here speaks the Com-fort-er, ten - der - ly say - ing, "Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not cure,"
Come to the feast of love, come, ev - er know - ing Earth has no sor-row but heav'n can re-move.

No. 266. Glory to His Name.

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



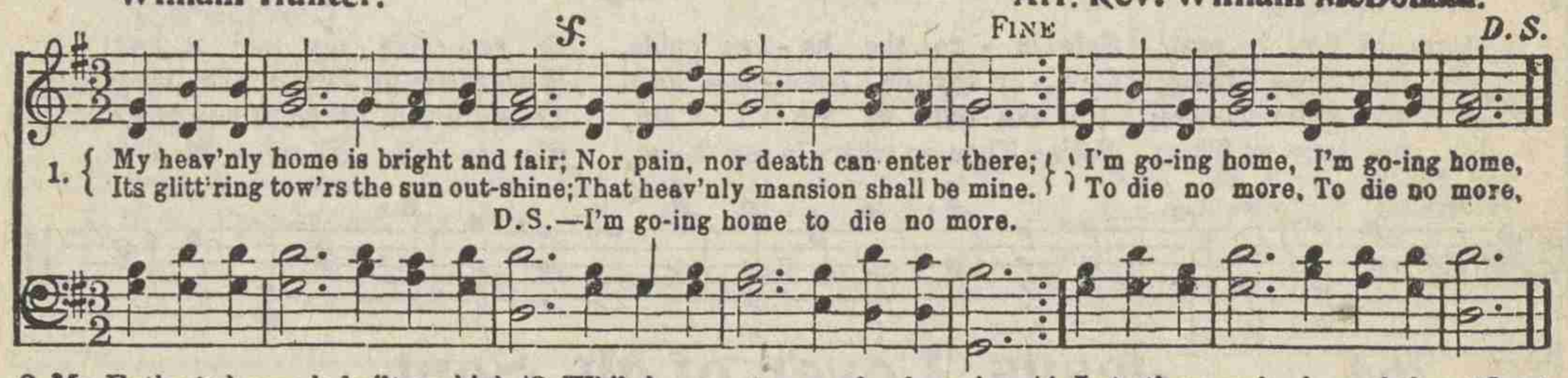


3 Oh, precious fountain that saves from sin,
I am so glad I have entered in;
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean;
Glory to His name.

4 Come to this fountain so rich and sweet;
Cast thy poor soul at the Savior's feet;
Plunge in to-day, and be made complete;
Glory to His name.

No. 267. The Heavenly Home.

William Hunter. Arr. Rev. William McDonald.



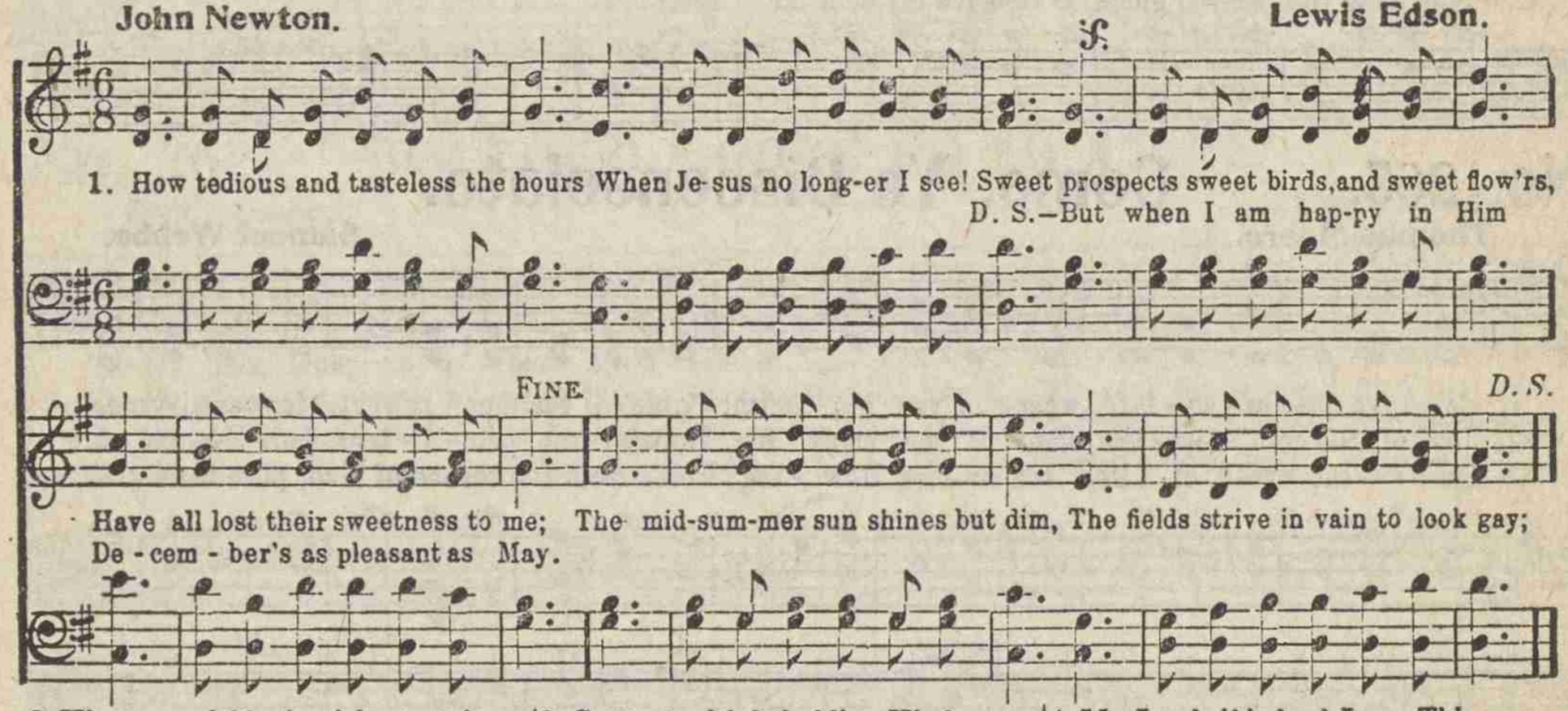
2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

3 While here, a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam;
Although, like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.

4 Let others seek a home below, [flow;
Which flames devour, or waves o'er
Be mine the happier lot to own
A heav'nly mansion near the throne.

No. 268. How Tedious and Tasteless.

John Newton. Lewis Edson.



2 His name yields the richest perfume
And sweeter than music His voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice;
I should, were He always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I;
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding His face,
My all to His pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place [mind:
Would make any change in my
While blest with a sense of His love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 My Lord, if indeed I am Thine,
If Thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from the sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me to Thee up on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

No. 269. I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

MARY BROWN. COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY C. E. ROUNSEFELL. BY PER. CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

Andante.

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

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

But, if by a still small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,
O Sav - iour, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rug - ged the way,
So trust - ing my all to Thy ten - der care, And know-ing Thou lov - est me,

D.S.-I'll go where You want me to go, dear Lord, O'er mountain, or plain, or sea;

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

I'll say what You want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what You want me to be.

No. 270. The Sacred Book.

T. KELLY. (HAMBURG L. M.) GREGORIAN.

1. I love the sa - cred Book of God, No oth - er can its place sup - ply;
2. Sweet book! in thee my eyes dis - cern The im-age of my ab - sent Lord;
3. But while I'm here thou shalt sup - ply His place, and tell me of His love;

It points me to the saints' a - bode, And bids me from de - struc - tion fly.
From thy in - struc-tive page I learn The joys His pres-ence will af - ford.
I'll read with faith's dis-cern - ing eye, And thus par-take of joys a - bove.

No. 271. What Did He Do?

USED BY PERMISSION OF O. F. PUGH.

Alt. by J. M. G. W. OWEN.

1. O list - en to our won-drous sto - ry, Count-ed once a - mong the lost;
   Yet, One came down from heaven's glo - ry Sav - ing us at aw - ful cost!

2. No an - gel could His place have tak - en, High - est of the high tho' he;
   The loved One on the cross for - sak - en Was one of the God-head three!

3. Will you sur - rend-er to this Sav - iour? To His scep-tre hum - bly bow?
   You, too shall come to know His fav - or, He will save you, save you now.

CHORUS.

Who saved us from e - ter-nal loss? What did He do?
Who but God's Son up - on the cross? He

Where is He now? In heav-en in - ter - ced - ing!
died for you! Be - lieve it thou, In heav-en in - ter - ced - ing!

No. 272. "Whosoever Will."

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

1. "Who-soever heareth," shout, shout the sound! Spread the blessed tidings all the world around;
   Tell the joyful news wher-ev-er man is found:
2. Who-so-ev-er com-eth need not de-lay, Now the door is o-pen, en-ter while you may;
   Je - sus is the true, the on-ly Liv-ing Way:
3. "Who-so-ev-er will!" the promise is secure; "Who-so-ev-er will," for ev- er must endure;
   "Who-so-ev-er will!" 'tis life for-ev-er-more:

FINE. CHORUS.

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

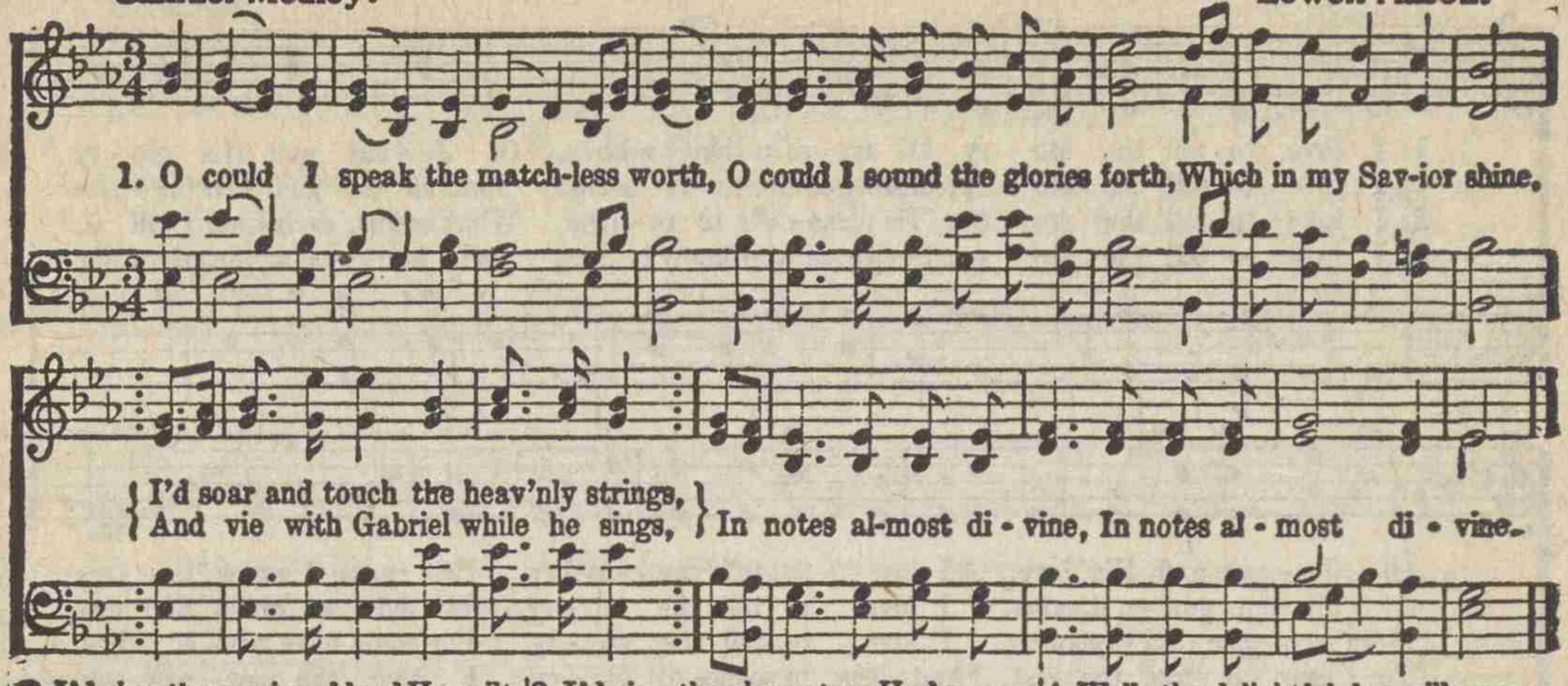
D.S. "-Whosoev-er will may come,"

D. S.

proc-la-ma-tion o - ver vale and hill; 'Tis a lov-in, Father calls the wand'rer home:

No. 273. O Could I Speak.

Samuel Medley. Lowell Mason.



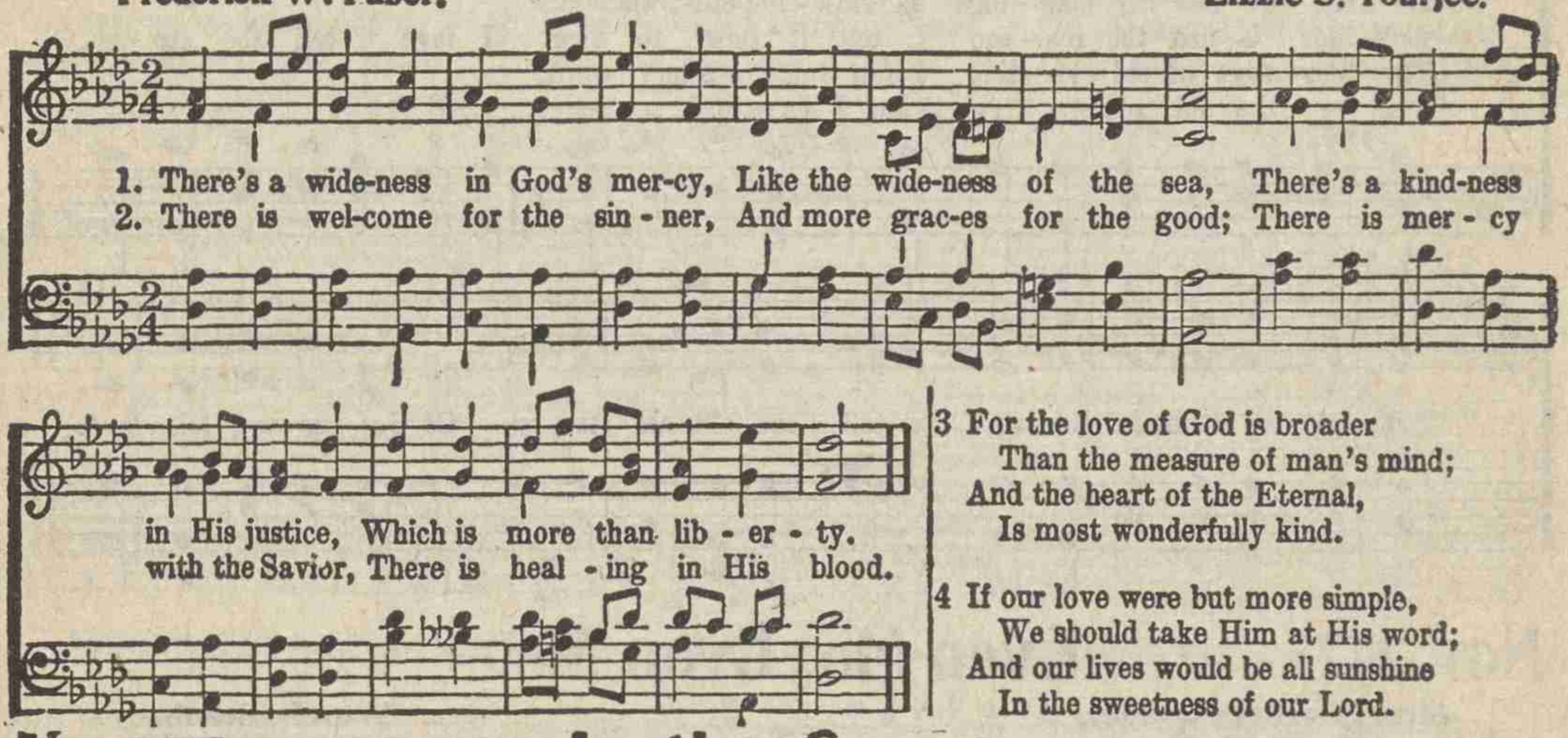
2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine;
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all His glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see His face;
Then with my Savior, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

No. 274. There's a Wideness.

Frederick W. Faber. Lizzie S. Tourjee.

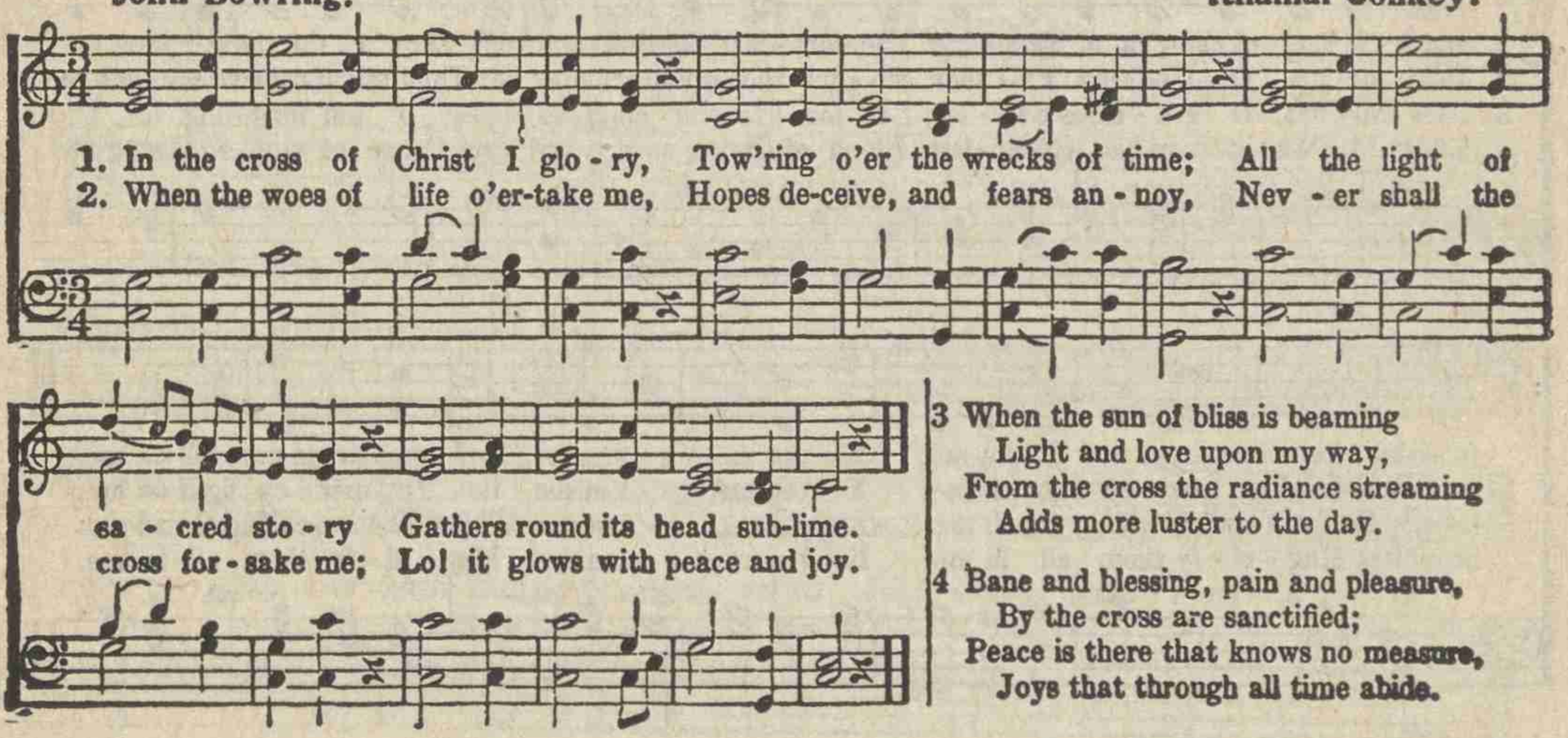


3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal,
Is most wonderfully kind.

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 our Lord.

No. 275. In the Gross.

John Bowring. Ithamar Conkey.



3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more luster to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

No. 276. I Love To Tell The Story.

Katherine Hankey. USED BY PERMISSION OF WM. G. FISCHER. **William G. Fischer.**

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a-bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won-der-ful it seems Than all the gold - en fan - cies
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What seems, each time I tell it,
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hun-ger - ing and thirst-ing

Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true;
Of all our gold-en dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me;
More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard
To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song,

CHORUS.

It sat - is - fies my long - ings as noth - ing else would do.
And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto - ry,
The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own ho-ly word.
'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have lov'd so long.

'Twill be my theme in glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

No. 277. Even Me, Even Me.

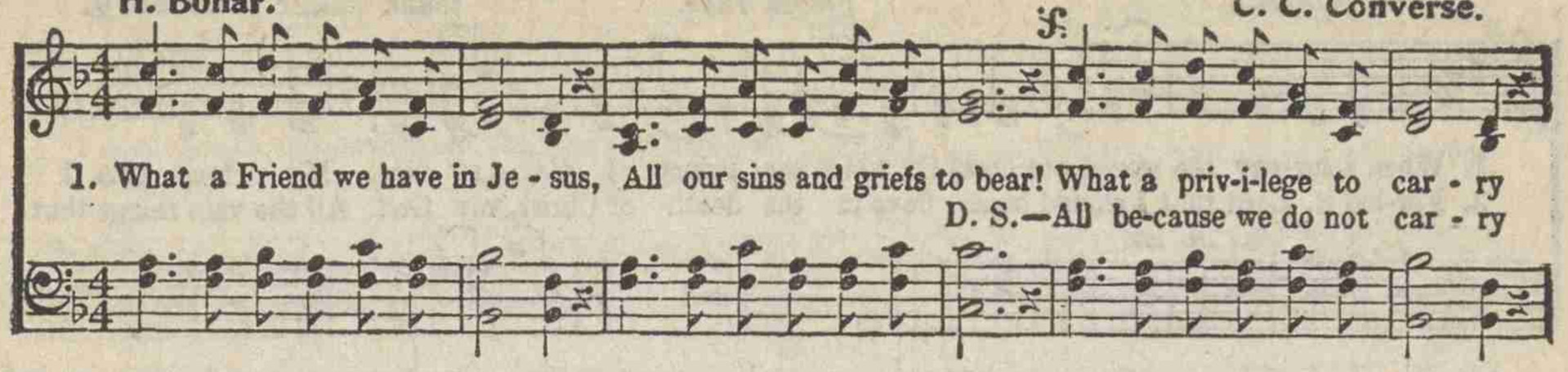
Mrs. **Elizabeth Codner.** **Wm. B. Bradbury.**

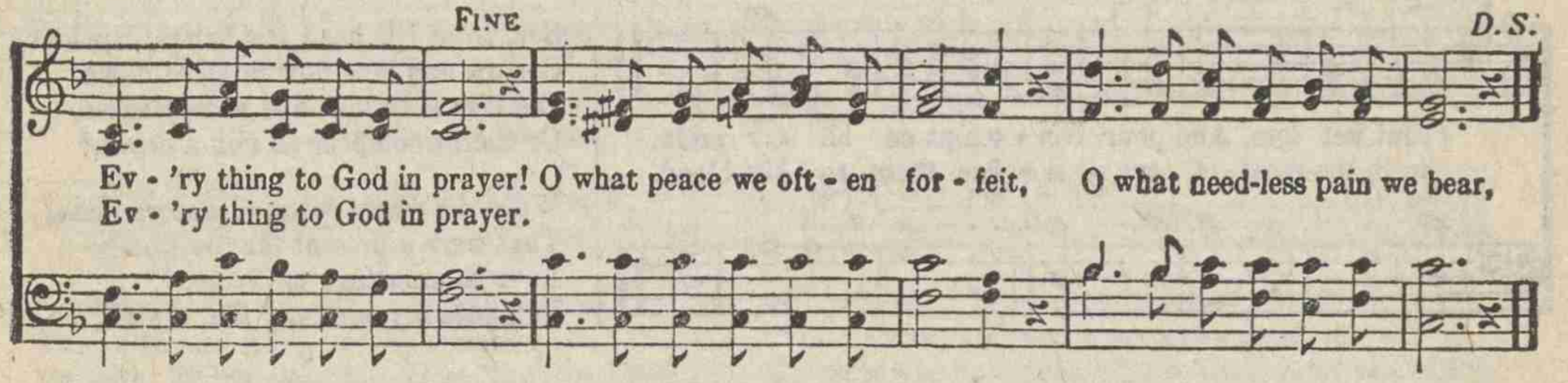
1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless - ing Thou art scatt'ring full and free; Show'rs, the thirst-y land re-
2. Pass me not, O God, my Fa - ther Sin - ful tho' my heart may be; Thou mightst leave me, but the
3. Pass me not, O gra - cious Sav - ior, Let me live and cling to Thee; I am long - ing for Thy
4. Love of God, so pure and change-less, Blood of Christ, so rich and free; Grace of God, so strong and

fresh-ing; Let some drops now fall on me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.
rath - er; Let Thy mer - cy light on me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Let Thy mer - cy light on me.
fa-vor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me.
boundless Mag - ni - fy them all in me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Mag - ni - fy them all in me.

No. 278. What a Friend.

H. Bonar. C. C. Converse.





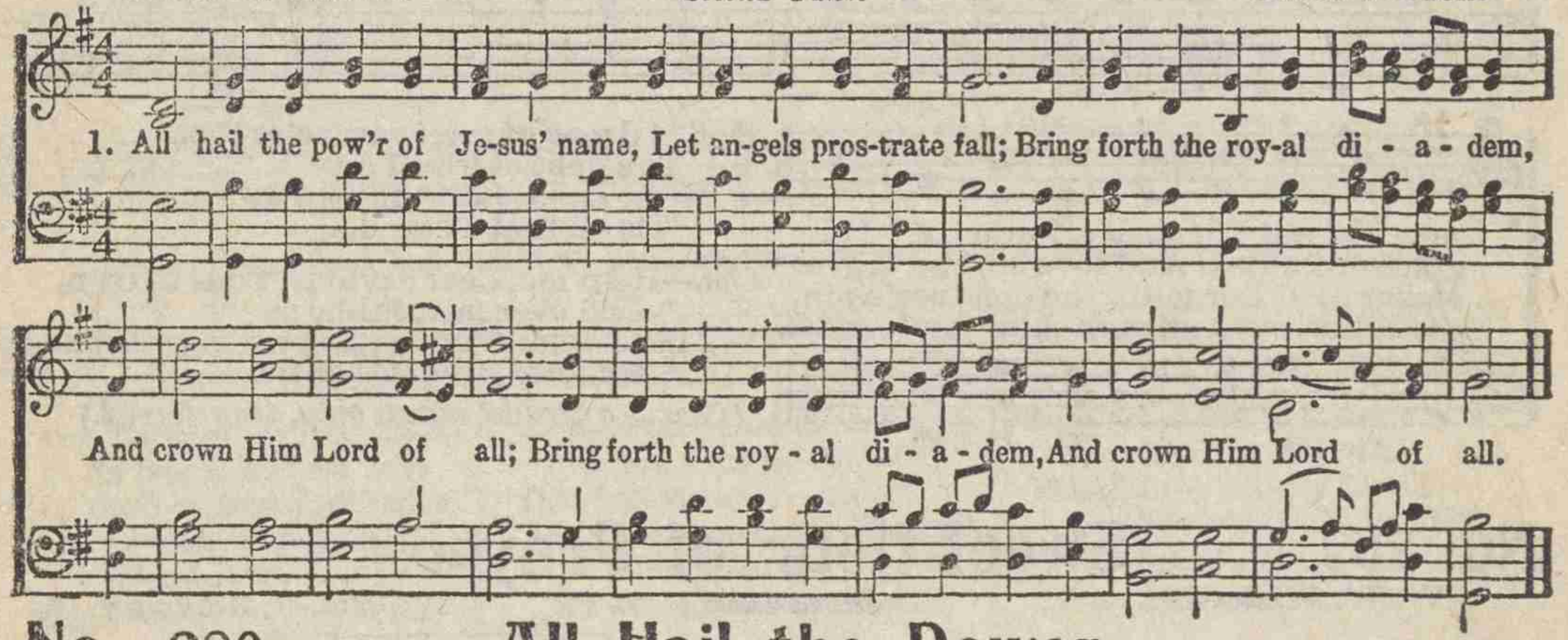
1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry,
Every thing to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?—
Precious Savior, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer,
In His arms He'll take and shield
Thou wilt find a solace there. [thee,

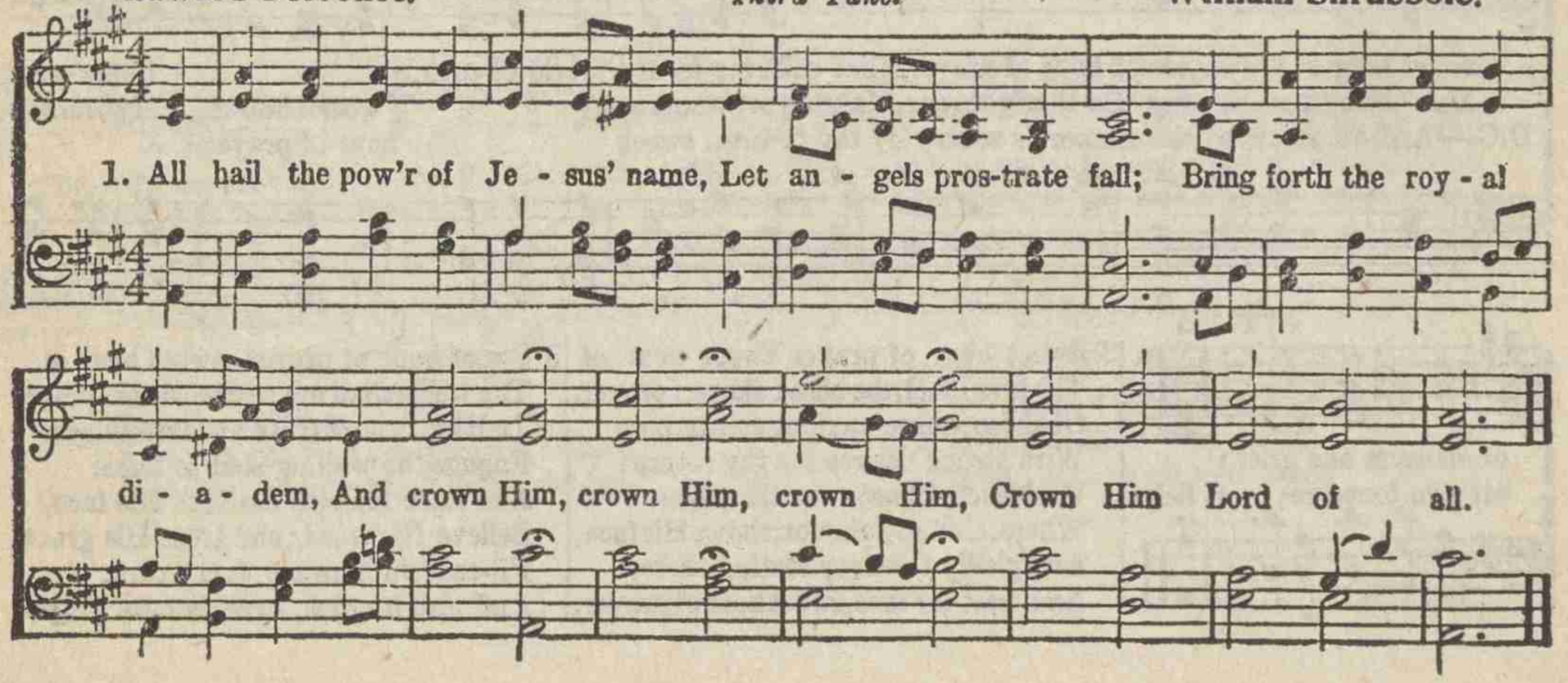
No. 279. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Edward Perronet. *Second Tune.* Oliver Holden.



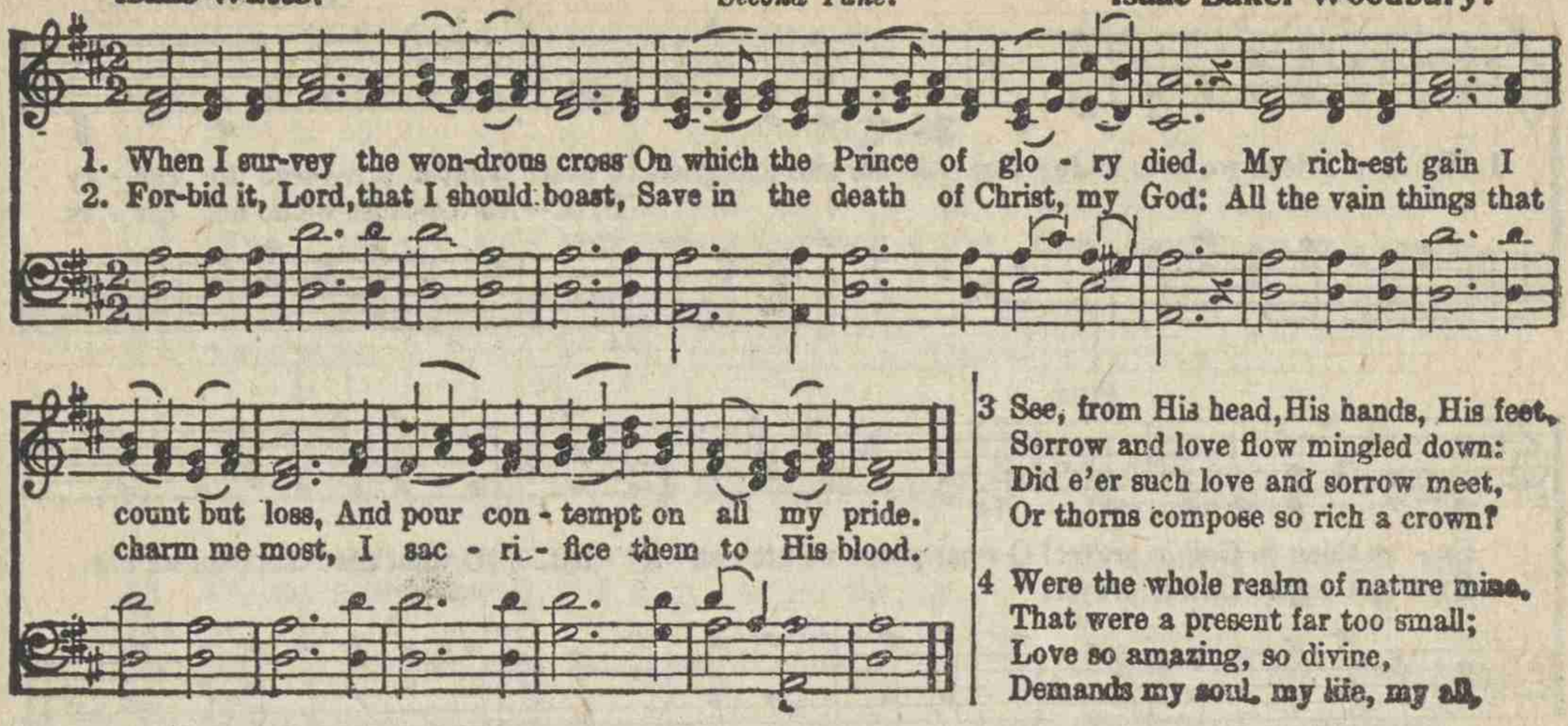
No. 280. All Hail the Power.

Edward Perronet. *Third Tune.* William Shrubsole.



No. 281. When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

Isaac Watts. *Second Tune.* Isaac Baker Woodbury.

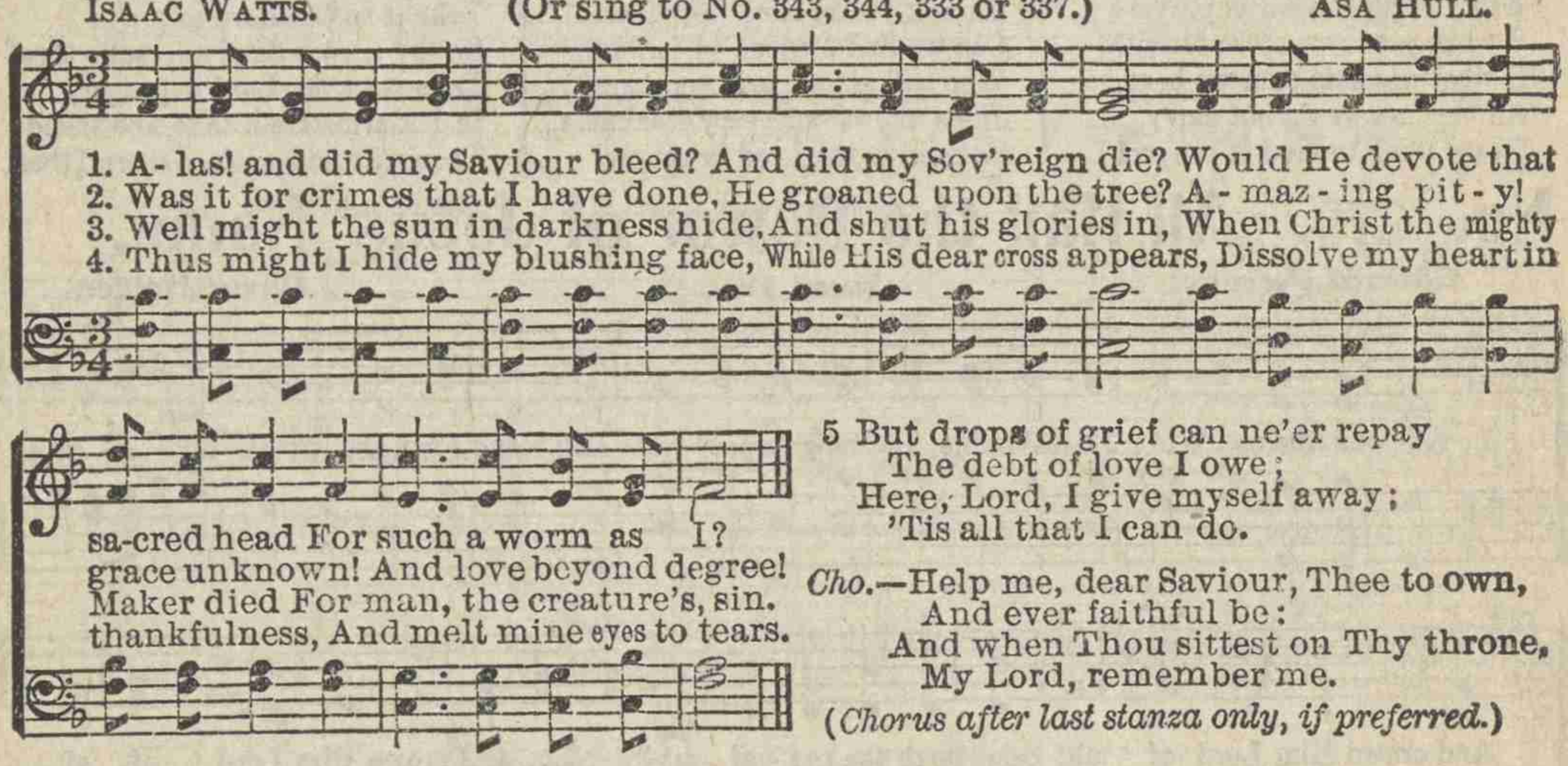


3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

No. 282. Remember Me.

Isaac Watts. (Or sing to No. 343, 344, 333 or 337.) Asa Hull.



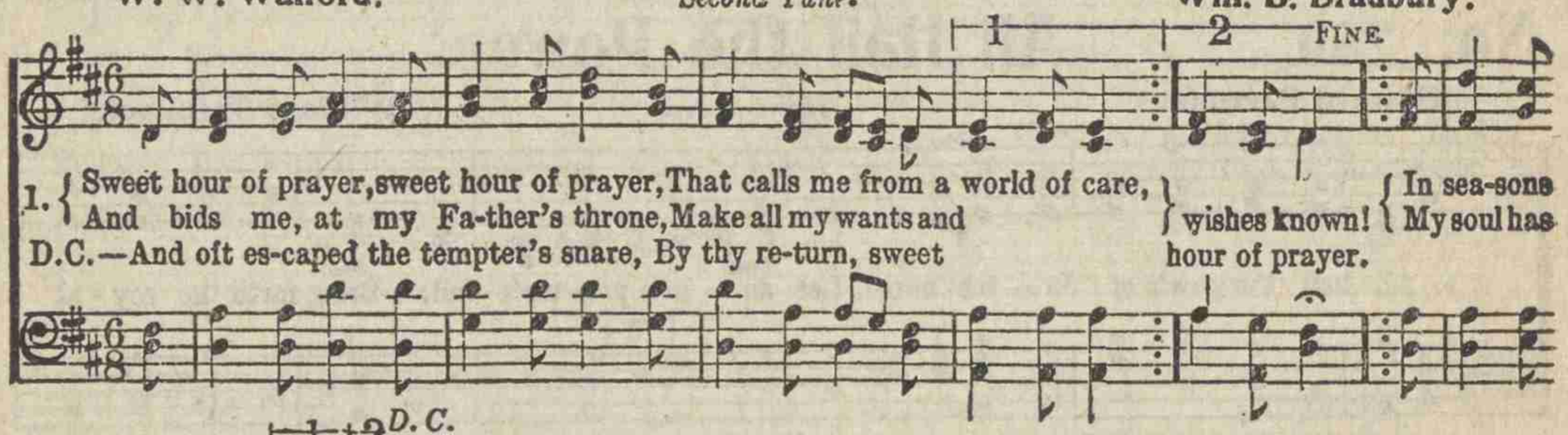
5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

Cho.—Help me, dear Saviour, Thee to own,
And ever faithful be:
And when Thou sittest on Thy throne,
My Lord, remember me.

(*Chorus after last stanza only, if preferred.*)

No. 283. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford. *Second Tune.* Wm. B. Bradbury.



2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
The joys I feel, the bliss I share,
Of those whose anxious spirits burn
With strong desires for thy return!
With such I hasten to the place
Where, God, my Savior, shows His face,
And gladly take my station there,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer

No. 284. Whiter Than Snow.

James Nicholson. Wm. G. Fischer.

1. Lord Je-sus, I long to be per-fect-ly whole;
I want Thee for-ev-er to live in my soul;
Break down ev-'ry i-dol, cast out ev-'ry foe;

2. Lord Je-sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies,
And help me to make a com-plete sac-ri-fice;
I give up my-self, and what-ev-er I know;

FINE CHORUS. D. S.

Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow; Now wash me, and
D. S.—I shall be whiter than snow.

3 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat,
I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified feet,
By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow,
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

4 Lord Jesus, Thou seest I patiently wait;
Come now, and within me a new heart create;
To those who have sought Thee, Thou never said'st no;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

No. 285. Savior, Like a Shepherd.

Dorothy A. Thrupp. William B. Bradbury.

1. Sav-ior, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy tend'rest care:
In Thy pleas-ant past-ures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre-pare:
Bless-ed Je-sus

1 2

Bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are; Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

2 We are Thine; do Thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock; from sin defend us.
Seek us when we go astray:
Blessed Jesus,
Hear, oh, hear us when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be,
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free
Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Savior,
With Thy love our bosoms fill:
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

No. 286. The Old Time Religion.

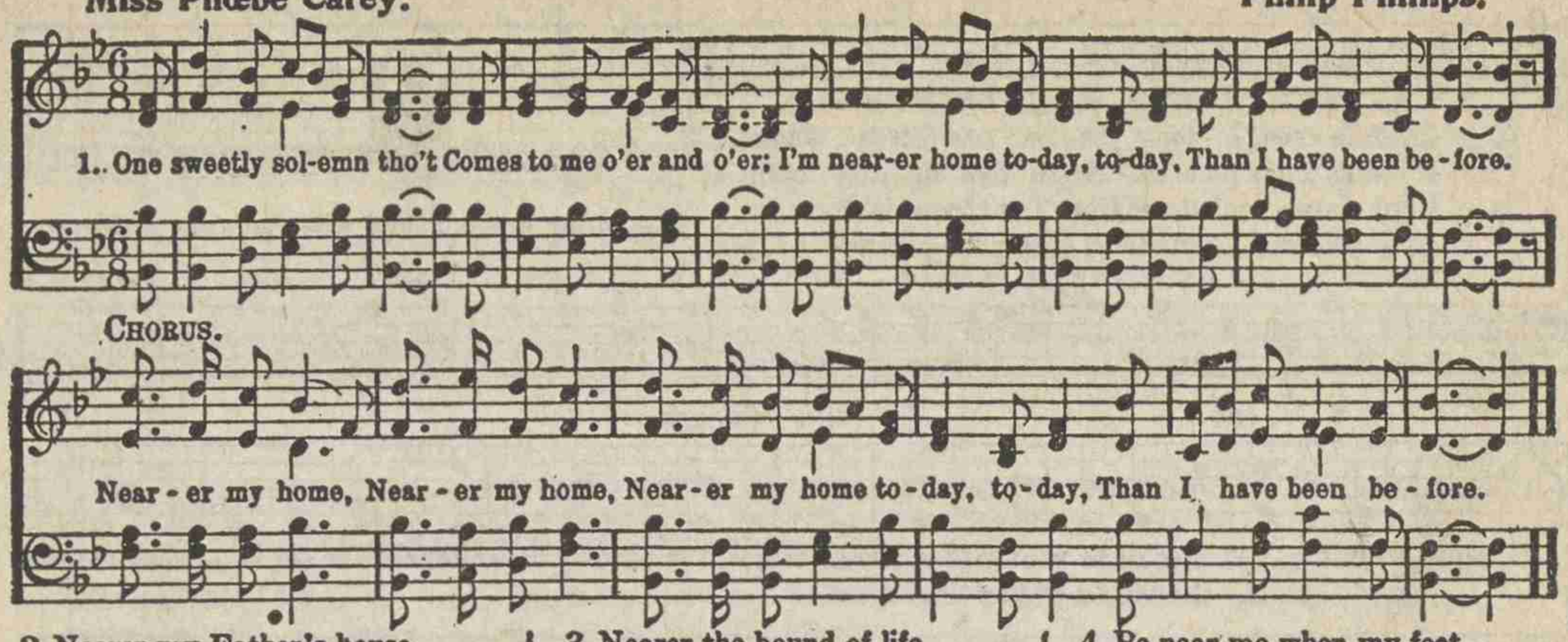
Unknown. E. O. E. Arr.

CHO—'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, Tis the old time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, And it's good enough for me.
1. It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, And it's good enough for me.

2 Makes me love everybody.
3 It has saved our fathers.
4 It was good for the Prophet Daniel.
5 It was good for the Hebrew children.
6 It was tried in the fiery furnace.
7 It was good for Paul and Silas.
8 It will do when I am dying.
9 It will take us all to heaven.

No. 287. One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

Miss Phœbe Carey. Philip Phillips.



2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne to-day,
Nearer the crystal sea.

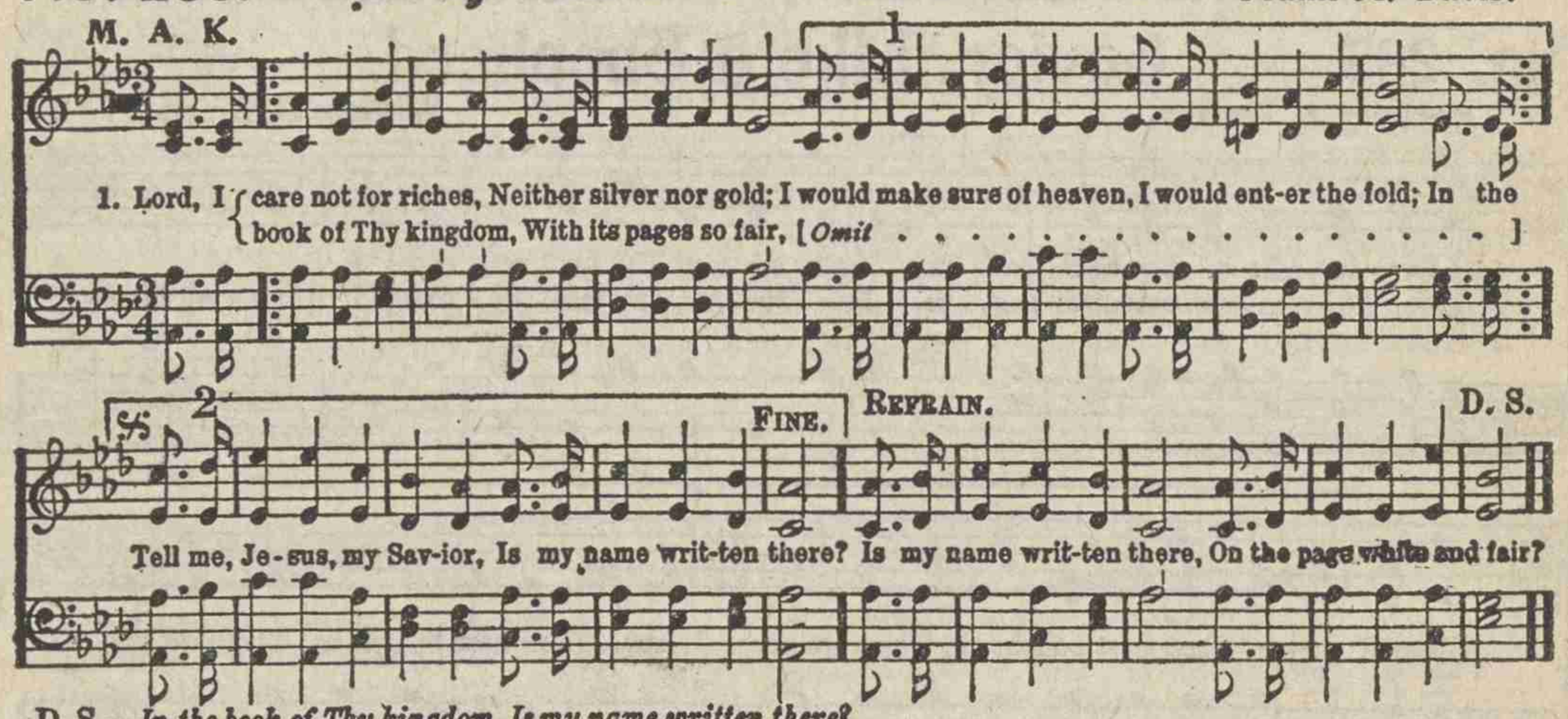
3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where burdens are laid down;
Nearer to leave the cross to-day,
And nearer to the crown.

4 Be near me when my feet
Are slipping o'er the brink;
For I am nearer home to-day,
Perhaps, than now I think.

No. 288. Is My Name Written There?

Frank M. Davis.

M. A. K.



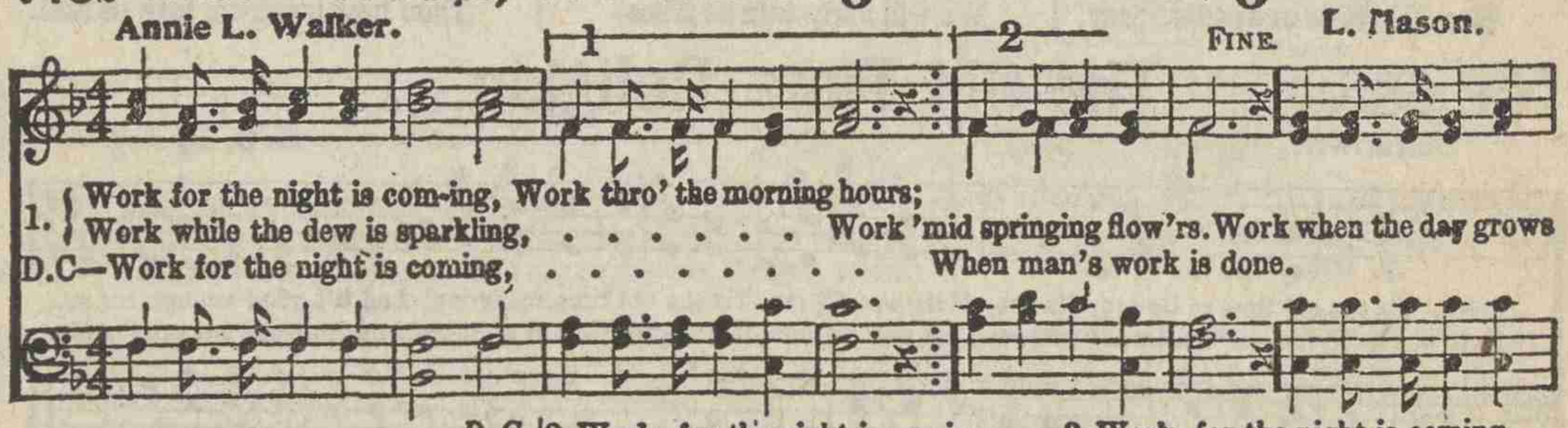
D. S.—*In the book of Thy kingdom, Is my name written there?*

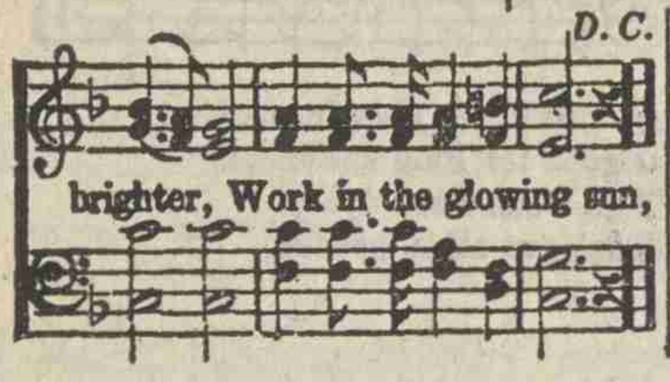
2 Lord, my sins they are many, Like the sands of the sea,
But Thy blood, O my Savior, Is sufficient for me;
For Thy promise is written In bright letters that glow,
"Tho' your sins be as scarlet, I will make them like snow."

3 Oh! that beautiful city, With mansions of light,
With its glorified beings, In pure garments of white;
Where no evil thing cometh To despoil what is fair;
Where the angels are watching, Is my name written there?

No. 289. Work, for the Night is Coming.

Annie L. Walker. L. Mason.





2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute,
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset sky;
While the bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more,
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

No. 290. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W. M. M. Wells.

FINE

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev-er near the Chris-tian's side, Gen - tly lead us by the hand,
2. Ev - er pres-ent, tru - est Friend, Ev-er near Thine aid to lend, Leave us not to doubt and fear,
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Waiting still for sweet re-lease, Nothing left but heav'n and pray'r,

D.C.—Whisper soft-ly, "Wand'rer, come, Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

D.C.

Pil-grims in a des - ert land; Wea - ry souls for - e'er re-joice, While they hear that sweetest voice,
Grop-ing on in dark-ness drear; When the storms are rag-ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Wondering if our names are there; Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead-ing naught but Je.- sus blood;

No. 291. Holy Ghost, with Light Divine.

A. Reed. Gottschalk.

1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light divine, Shine up-on this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark-ness in - to day.

2 Holy Ghost, with pow'r divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine,
Long hath sin without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down ev'ry idol throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

No. 292. Holy, Holy, Holy.

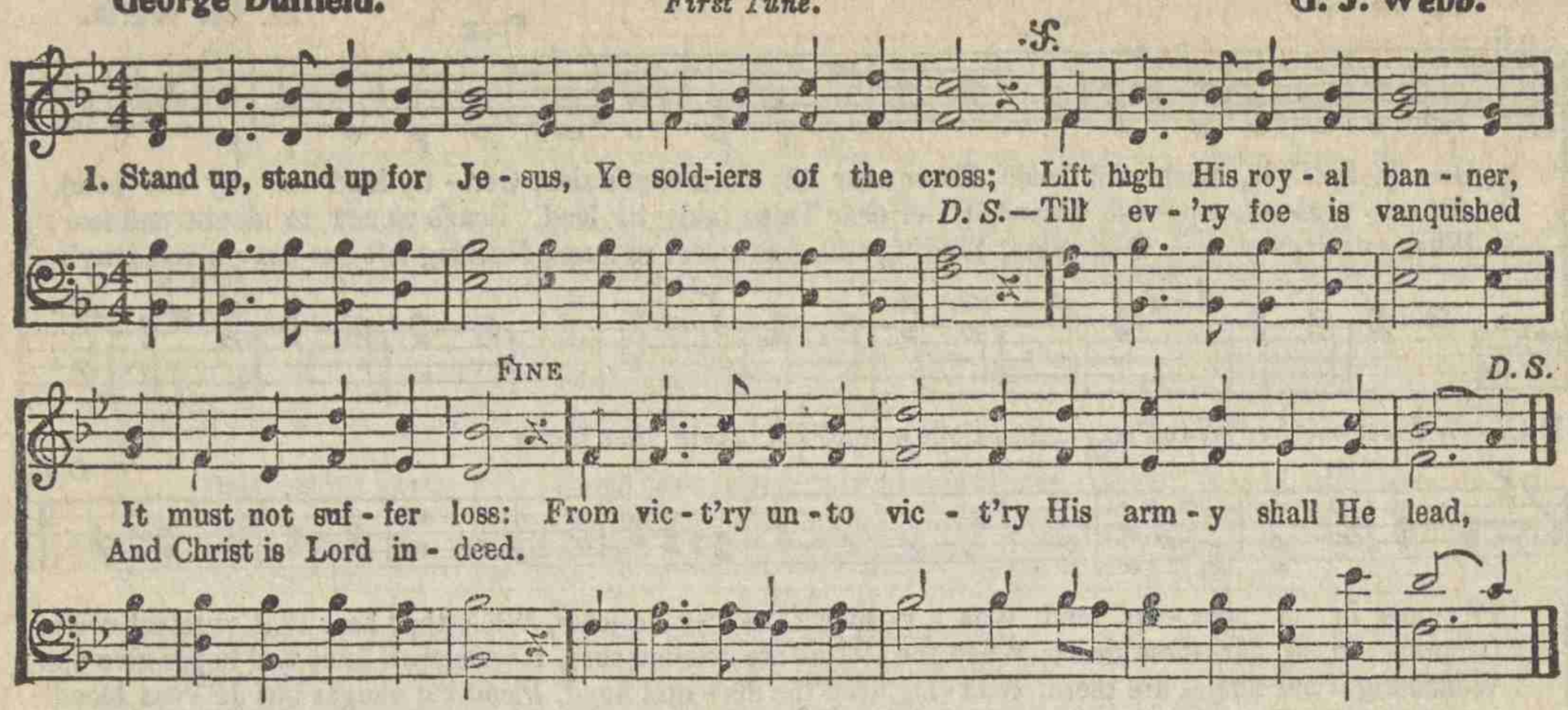
Reginald Heber. John B. Dykes.

1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might-y! Ear - ly in the morn-ing our song shall rise to Thee;
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, all the saints adore Thee, Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of sin-ful man Thy glory may not see;
4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Almighty! All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty!
Cher-u-bim and sera - phim fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert and art, and ev-er-more shalt be.
On - ly Thou art ho - ly, there is none be - side Thee, Per-fect in pow-er, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty.

No. 293. Stand Up for Jesus.

George Duffield. *First Tune.* G. J. Webb.



2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day,
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own,
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song;
To Him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

No. 294. The Morning Light is Breaking.

First or Second Tune.

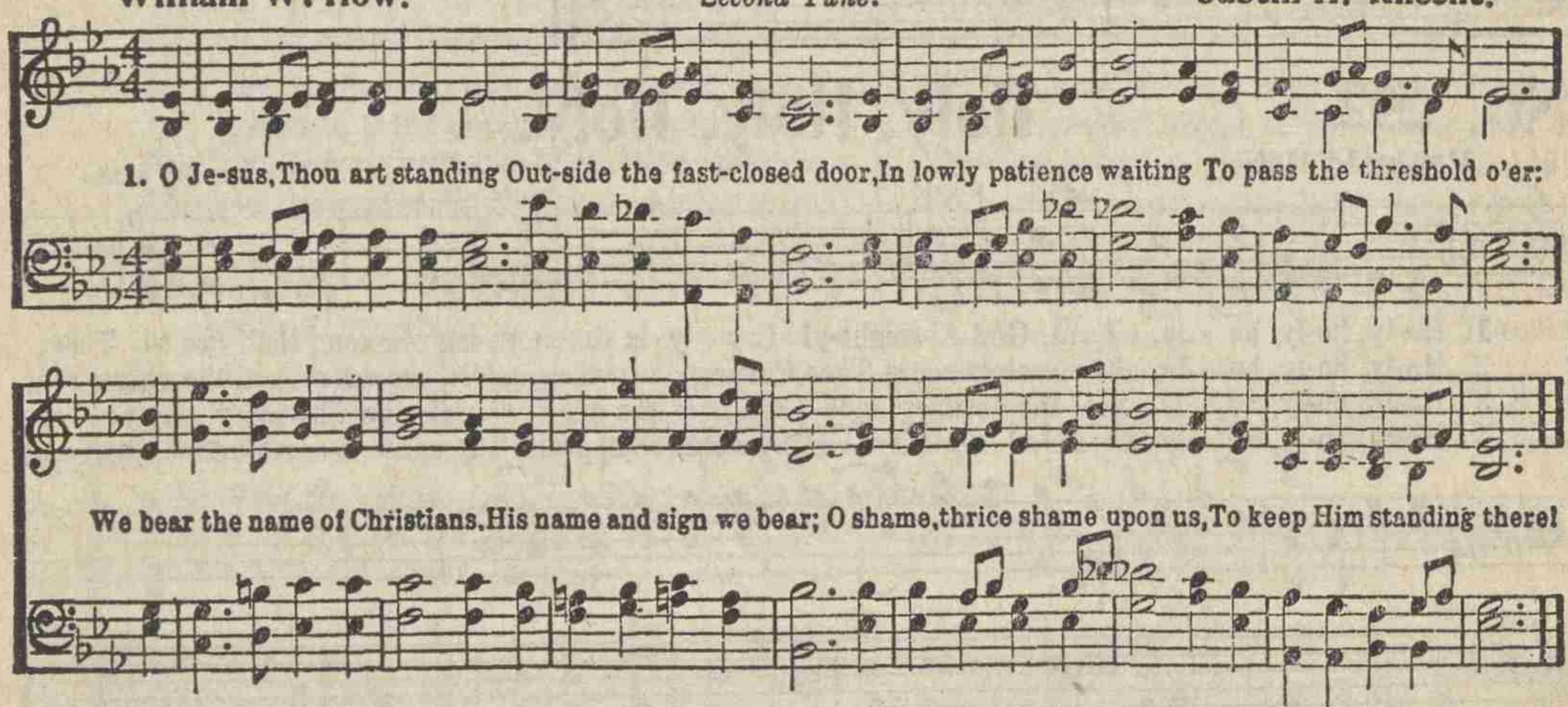
1 The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears,
The sons of earth are waking,
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God of love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners now confessing,
The gospel's call obey,
And seek a Savior's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly,
Triumphant, reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

No. 295. O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.

William W. How. *Second Tune.* Justin H. Knecht.



1 O Jesus, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
We bear the name of Christians,
His name and sign we bear;
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there!

2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking;
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred:
O love that passeth knowlege,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, my children,
And will ye treat me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door;
Dear Savior, enter, enter,
And leave us never more!

No. 296. On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

Rev. Samuel Stennett

T. C. O'KANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

T. C. O'Kane.

1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye,
   To Ca-naan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.

We will rest in the fair and hap-py land, Just a-cross on the ev-er-green shore,.....
by and by, ev-er-green shore.

Sing the song of Mos-es and the Lamb, by and by, And dwell with Je-sus ev-er more.

2 O'er all those wide-extended plains,
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

3 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in His bosom rest?

4 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

No. 297. The Home Over There.

D. W. C. Huntington.

T. C. O'KANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

Tullius C. O'Kane.

1. O think of the home o-ver there, By the side of the riv-er of light, Where the saints, all im-
2. O think of the friends o-ver there, Who be-fore us the journey have trod, Of the songs that they
3. My Sav-ior is now o-ver there, There my kindreds and friends are at rest, Then a-way from my
4. I'll soon be at home o-ver there, For the end of my jour-ney I see; Ma-ny dear to my

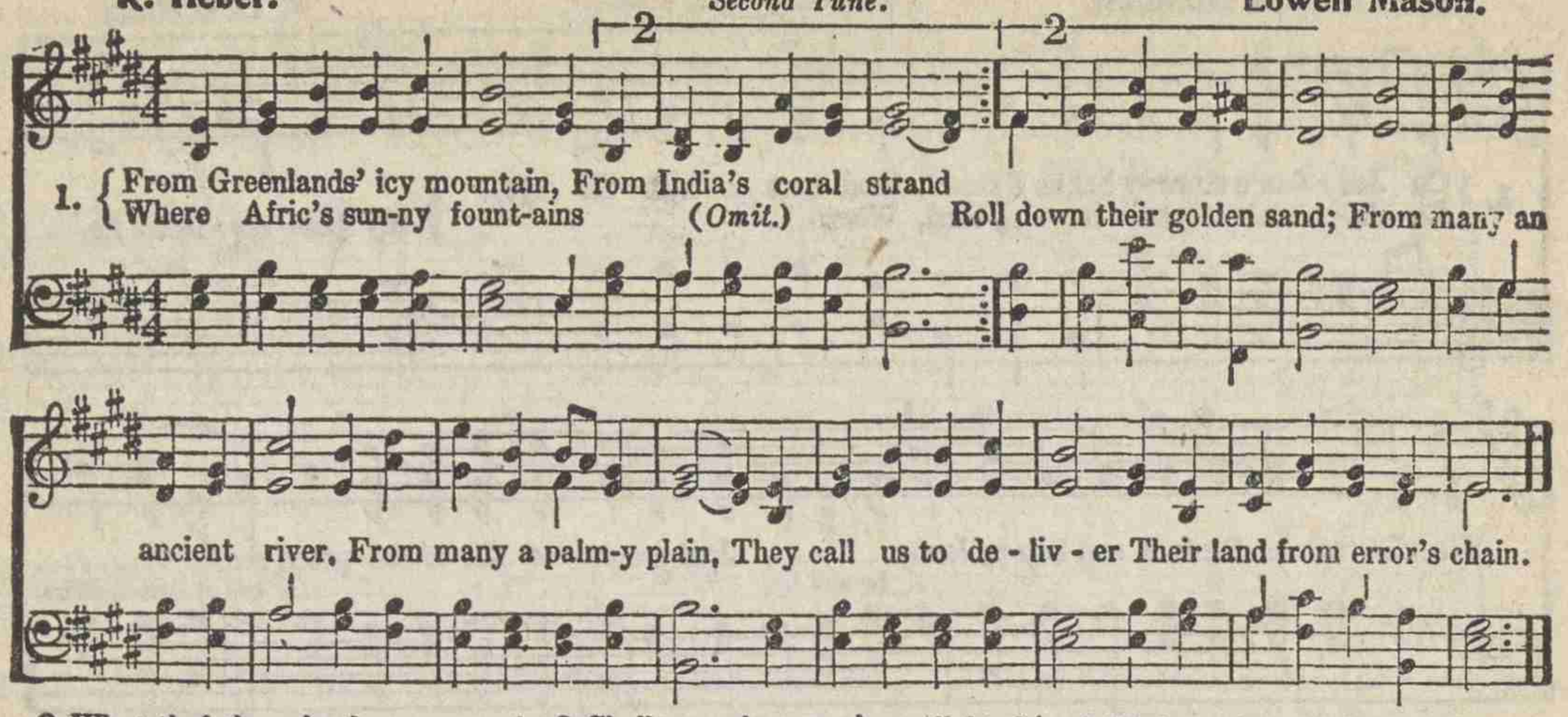
over there,

mor-tal and fair, Are robed in their garments of white, O-ver there, o-ver there, O think of the
breathe on the air, In their home in the palace of God. O think of the
sor-row and care, Let me fly to the land of the blest. My Sav-ior is
heart, o'-ver there, Are watching and waiting for me. over there. Over there, over there, I'll soon be at

home over there, O-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there, O think of the home o-ver there.
friends over there, O think of the friends o-ver there.
now over there, My Sav-ior is now o-ver there,
home over there, over there. Over there, I'll soon be at home o-ver there.

No. 298. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

R. Heber. *Second Tune.* Lowell Mason.



1. { From Greenlands' icy mountain, From India's coral strand
   { Where Afric's sun-ny fount-ains (*Omit.*) Roll down their golden sand; From many an ancient river, From many a palm-y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from error's chain.

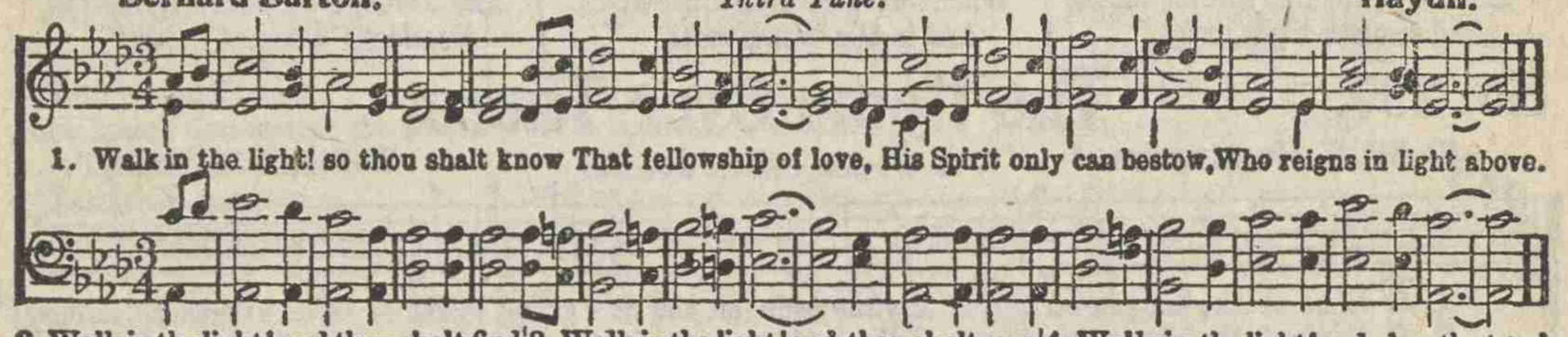
2 What tho' the spicy breezes,
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Tho' every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness,
Bow down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

No. 299. Walk in the Light.

Bernard Barton. *Third Tune.* Haydn.



1. Walk in the light! so thou shalt know That fellowship of love, His Spirit only can bestow, Who reigns in light above.

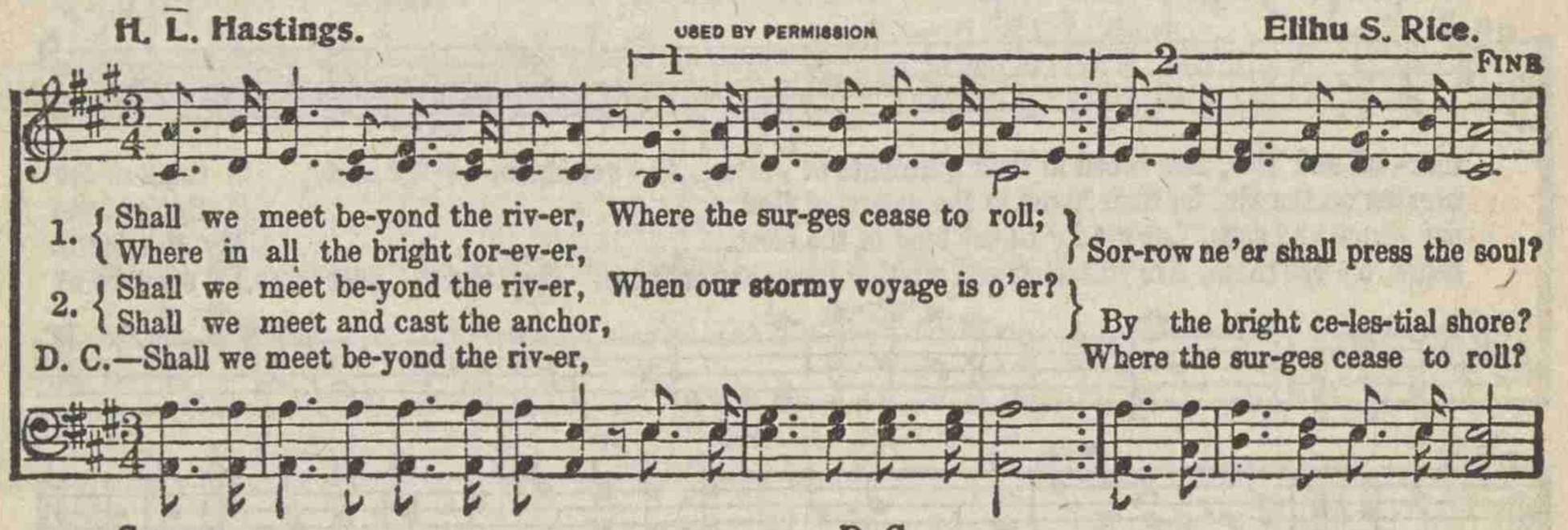
2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His, [shrined,
Who dwells in cloudless light en-
In whom no darkness is.

3 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away, [shone
Because that light hath on thee
In which is perfect day.

4 Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

No. 300. Shall We Meet?

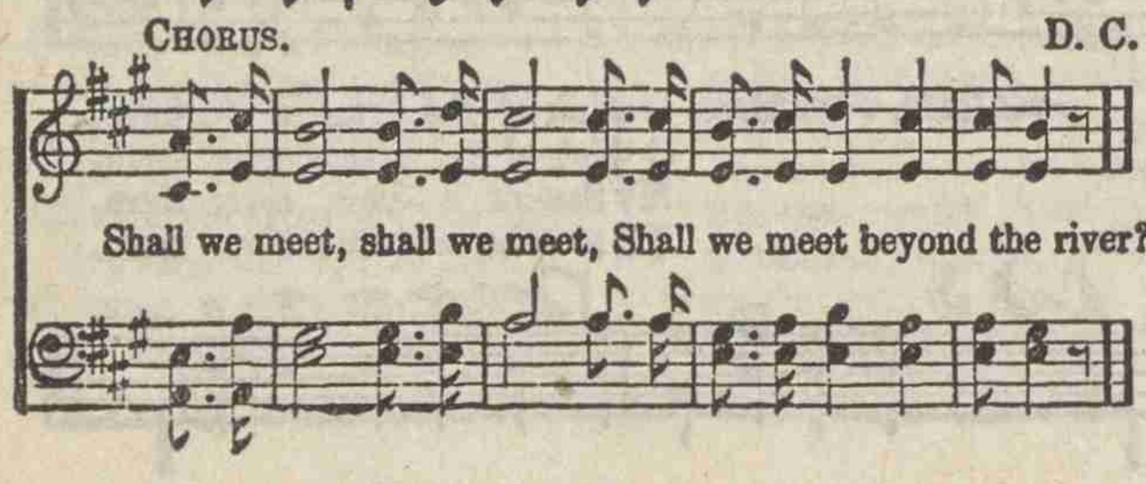
H. L. Hastings. USED BY PERMISSION Elihu S. Rice.



1. { Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the sur-ges cease to roll;
   { Where in all the bright for-ev-er, } Sor-row ne'er shall press the soul?
2. { Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, When our stormy voyage is o'er?
   { Shall we meet and cast the anchor, } By the bright ce-les-tial shore?

D. C.—Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the sur-ges cease to roll?

CHORUS. D. C.



Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet beyond the river?

3 Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the tow'rs of crystal shine;
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine?

4 Shall we meet with Christ, our Savior,
When He comes to claim His own?
Shall we know His blessed favor,
And sit down upon His throne?

Responsive Readings.

No. 301. Morning Praise.

1. Hymn No. 262.

My faith looks up to Thee.

2. Responsive Reading.

LEADER—O Lord, thou hast searched me and known me.

RESPONSE—Thou knowest my down-sitting and mine uprising; thou understandest my thought afar off.

Thou compassest my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways.

For there is not a word in my tongue, but, lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether.

Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? Or whither shall I flee from thy presence?

If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there.

If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;

Even there shall thy hand lead me and thy right hand shall hold me.

If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me.

Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee.

Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts.

And see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.

How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God! How great is the sum of them!

If I should count them they are more in number than the sand: when I awake, I am still with thee.

3. Hymn No. 228.

Jesus, I my cross have taken.

No. 302. Prayer.

1. Hymn No. 277.

Even me, even me.

2. Responsive Reading.

LEADER—If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him.

RESPONSE—Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another, that ye may be healed. The effectual fervent prayer of the righteous man availeth much.

Whatsoever ye ask the Father in my name, he will give it you; hitherto have ye asked nothing in my name: Ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full.

Let us, therefore, come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.

Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints.

Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities: for we know not what we should pray for as we ought: but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered.

3. Hymn No. 278.

What a Friend we have in Jesus.

No. 303. Evensong.

1. Hymn No. 202.

Day is dying in the west.

LEADER—O come, let us sing unto the Lord; let us come before his presence with singing; let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before the Lord, our Maker.

RESPONSE—Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee because he trusteth in thee.

2. Hymn No. 261.

3. Responsive Reading.

LEADER—If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink. Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst.

RESPONSE—I will call upon God and the Lord will save me; evening and morning and at noon will I pray and cry aloud and he will hear my voice.

It shall come to pass, that before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear.

My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee and will look up.

O taste and see that the Lord is good; blessed is the man that trusteth in him.

O Lord, thou art my God, early will I seek thee; my soul thirsteth for thee.

Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love: therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee.

Because thy loving-kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee.

4. Hymn No. 260.

Abide with me! fast falls, etc.

No. 304. Promises.

1. Responsive Reading.

LEADER—Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.

RESPONSE—And him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out.

I will instruct thee, and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye.

He is a shield unto them that put their trust in him.

The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.

Before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear.

No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

Commit thy works unto the Lord, and thy thoughts shall be established.

I will be with thy mouth, and teach thee what thou shalt say:

I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.

2. Hymn No. 233

Sweet is the promise.

No. 305. Praise.

1. Hymn No. 278.

What a Friend.

2. Responsive Reading.

LEADER—Praise ye the Lord, for it is good to sing praises unto our God, for it is pleasant, and praise is comely.

RESPONSE—I will praise thee, O Lord, with my whole heart; I will show forth all thy marvelous works.

Sing forth the honor of his name; make his praise glorious.

I will be glad and rejoice in thee; I will sing praise to thy name, O thou Most High.

Sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving; sing praise upon the harp unto our God.

I will bless the Lord at all times; his praise shall continually be in my mouth.

Because thy loving-kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee.

Sing unto the Lord, bless his name, show forth his salvation from day to day.

Every day will I bless thee, and I will praise thy name forever and ever.

O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good, because his mercy endureth forever.

O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men.

He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds.

He giveth to the beast his food, and the young ravens which cry.

Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised.

3. Hymn No. 273.

Jesus shall reign.

No. 306. Heaven.

1. Responsive Reading.

LEADER—For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

RESPONSE—In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am, there ye may be also.

And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they?

And he said unto me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple; and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.

They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.

For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life in the paradise of God.

2. Hymn No. 245.

There's a land of pure delight.

No. 307. Atonement.

1. Hymn No. 276.

I love to tell the story.

2. Responsive Reading.

LEADER—Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.

RESPONSE—Hereby perceive we the love of God, because he laid down his life for us.

Even the son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many.

This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.

He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?

For he hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in him.

Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us; for it is written, Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree.

For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God, being put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the Spirit.

But we see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honor; that he by the grace of God should taste death for every man.

How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?

3. Hymn No. 209.

I hear Thy welcome voice.

Selected Psalms

No. 308. PSALM 1.

1 Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

2 But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

4 The ungodly are not so; but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

5 Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

6 For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

Hymn 211.

O Happy Day.

No. 309. PSALM 5.

1 Give ear to my words, O Lord consider my meditation.

2 Hearken unto the voice of my cry, my King and my God; for unto thee will I pray.

3 My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up.

4 For thou art not a God that hath pleasure in wickedness: neither shall evil dwell with thee.

5 The foolish shall not stand in thy sight: thou hatest all workers of iniquity.

6 Thou shalt destroy them that speak leasing: the Lord will abhor the bloody and deceitful man.

7 But as for me, I will come into thy house in the multitude of thy mercy: and in thy fear will I worship toward thy holy temple.

8 Lead me, O Lord, in thy righteousness because of mine enemies; make thy way straight before my face.

Hymn 285.

Savior Like a Shepherd.

No. 310. PSALM 8.

1 O Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth! who hast set thy glory above the heavens.

2 Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength, because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

3 When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;

4 What is man, that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man, that thou visitest him?

5 For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor.

6 Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet:

7 All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field;

8 The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas,

9 O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!

Hymn 275.

In the Cross of Christ.

No. 311. PSALM 15.

1 Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill?

2 He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.

3 He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbor, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor.

4 In whose eyes a vile person is contemned; but he honoreth them that fear the Lord. He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not.

5 He that putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent. He that doeth these things shall never be moved.

Hymn 284.

Whiter Than Snow.

No. 312. PSALM 17.

1 Hear the right, O Lord, attend unto my cry; give ear unto my prayer, that goeth not out of feigned lips.

2 Let my sentence come forth from thy presence; let thine eyes behold the things that are equal.

3 Thou hast proved mine heart; thou hast visited me in the night; thou hast tried me, and shalt find nothing: I am purposed that my mouth shall not transgress.

4 Concerning the works of men, by the word of thy lips I have kept me from the paths of the destroyer.

5 Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not.

6 I have called upon thee, for thou wilt hear me, O God: incline thine ear unto me, and hear my speech.

Hymn 263.

Jesus, Lover of my Soul.

No. 313. PSALM 19.

1 The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

2 The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart; the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

3 The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever: the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

4 More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

5 Moreover by them is thy servant warned; and in keeping of them there is great reward.

6 Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.

7 Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

8 Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my Redeemer.

Hymn 223.

My Soul, be on thy Guard.

No. 314. PSALM 23.

1 The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.

2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

3 He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

Hymn 256.

He Leadeth Me.

No. 315. PSALM 24.

1 The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

2 For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

3 Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place?

4 He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

5 He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

6 This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O Jacob. Selah.

7 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

8 Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

9 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

10 Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory. Selah.

Hymn 217.

Blessed Be the Name.

No. 316. PSALM 61.

1 Hear my cry, O God; attend unto my prayer.

2 From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed; lead me to the rock that is higher than I.

3 For thou hast been a shelter for me, and a strong tower from the enemy.

4 I will abide in thy tabernacle forever: I will trust in the covert of thy wings.

5 For thou, O God, hast heard my vows; thou hast given me the heritage of them that fear thy name.

6 Thou wilt prolong the king's life: and his years as many generations.

7 He shall abide before God forever; O prepare mercy and truth, which may preserve him.

8 So will I sing praise unto thy name forever, that I may daily perform my vows.

Hymn 238.
How Firm a Foundation.

No. 317. PSALM 63.

1 O God, thou art my God; early will I seek thee; my soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is;

2 To see thy power and thy glory, so as I have seen thee in the sanctuary.

3 Because thy loving kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee.

4 Thus will I bless thee while I live; I will lift up my hands in thy name.

5 My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness; and my mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips:

6 When I remember thee upon my bed, and meditate on thee in the night watches.

7 Because thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice.

8 My soul followeth hard after thee; thy right hand upholdeth me.

9 But those that seek my soul, to destroy it, shall go into the lower parts of the earth.

10 They shall fall by the sword: they shall be a portion for foxes.

11 But the king shall rejoice in God; every one that sweareth by him shall glory: but the mouth of them that speak lies shall be stopped.

Hymn 243.
Loving Kindness.

No. 318. PSALM 65.

1 Praise waiteth for thee, O God in Zion: and unto thee shall the vow be performed.

2 O thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come.

3 Iniquities prevail against me; as for our transgressions, thou shalt purge them away.

4 Blessed is the man whom thou chooseth, and causeth to approach unto thee, that he may dwell in thy courts, we shall be satisfied with the goodness of thy house, even thy holy temple.

5 By terrible things in righteousness wilt thou answer us, O God of our salvation: who are the confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of them that are afar off upon the sea.

6 Which by his strength setteth fast the mountains; being girded with power.

7 Which stilleth the noise of the seas, the noise of their waves, and the tumult of the people.

8 They also that dwell in the uttermost parts are afraid at thy tokens: thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening rejoice.

9 Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it: thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water: thou preparest them corn, when thou hast so provided for it.

Hymn 225.
Come, Thou Almighty King.

No. 319. PSALM 67.

1 God be merciful unto us, and bless us and cause his face to shine upon us. Selah.

2 That thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations.

3 Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.

4 O let the nations be glad and sing for joy: for thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the nations upon earth. Selah.

5 Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.

6 Then shall the earth yield her increase; and God, even our own God, shall bless us.

7 God shall bless us; and all the ends of the earth shall fear him.

Hymn 231.
The Solid Rock.

No. 320. PSALM 84.

1 How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!

2 My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.

3 Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King, and my God.

4 Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: they will be still praising thee. Selah.

5 Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee; in whose heart are the ways of them.

6 Who passing through the valley of Baca make it a well: the rain also filleth the pools.

7 They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appeareth before God.

8 O Lord God of hosts, hear my prayer: give ear, O God of Jacob. Selah.

9 Behold, O God, our shield, and look upon the face of thine anointed.

10 For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the honse of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

11 For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

12 O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.

Hymn 217.

Blessed Be the Name.

No. 321. PSALM 91.

1 He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

2 I will say of the Lord, he is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.

3 Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.

4 He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

5 Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

6 Nor for the pestilence that walketh in the darkness: nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

7 A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.

8 Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.

9 Because thou hast made the Lord which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation.

Hymn 264.

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

No. 322. PSALM 93.

1 The Lord reigneth, he is clothed with majesty; the Lord is clothed with strength, wherewith he hath girded himself: the world also is established, and cannot be moved.

2 Thy throne is established of old; thou art from everlasting.

3 The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have lifted up their voice; the floods lift up their waves.

4 The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea.

5 The testimonies are very sure: holiness becometh thine house, O Lord, for ever.

Hymn 255.

Blessed Assurance.

No. 323. PSALM 95.

1 O come, let us sing unto the Lord; let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation.

2 Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

3 For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods.

4 In his hand are the deep places of the earth: the strength of the hills is his also.

5 The sea is his, and he made it; and his hand formed the dry land.

6 O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord, our Maker.

7 For he is our God; and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

Hymn 274.

There's a Wideness.

No. 324. PSALM 98.

1 O sing unto the Lord a new song; for he hath done marvelous things; his right hand, and his holy arm, hath gotten him the victory.

2 The Lord hath made known his salvation: his righteousness hath he openly showed in the sight of the heathen.

3 He hath remembered his mercy and his truths toward the house of Israel: all the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our God.

4 Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth; make a loud noise, and rejoice, and sing praise.

5 Sing unto the Lord with the harp; with the harp, and the voice of a psalm.

6 With trumpets and sound of cornet make a joyful noise before the Lord, the King.

7 Let the sea roar, and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

8 Let the floods clap their hands: let the hills be joyful together

9 Before the Lord; for he cometh to judge the earth: with righteousness shall he judge the world, and the people with equity.

Hymn 293.

Stand Up for Jesus.

No. 325. PSALM 103.

1 Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

2 Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.

3 Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

4 Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies;

5 Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

6 The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment of all that are oppressed.

7 He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.

8 The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

9 He will not always chide: neither will he keep his anger forever.

10 He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

11 For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

12 As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

Hymn 211.

O Happy Day, that Fixed my Choice.

No. 326. PSALM 119.

1 Blessed are the undefiled in the way, who walk in the law of the Lord.

2 Blessed are they that keep his testimonies, and that seek him with the whole heart.

3 They also do no iniquity: they walk in his ways.

4 Thou hast commanded us to keep thy precepts diligently.

5 O that my ways were directed to keep thy statutes.

6 Then shall I not be ashamed, when I have respect unto all thy commandments.

7 I will praise thee with uprightness of heart, when I shall have learned thy righteous judgments.

8 I will keep thy statutes: O forsake me not utterly.

Hymn 224.

Take Me As I Am.

No. 327. PSALM 122.

1 I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.

2 Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem.

3 Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together.

4 Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord.

5 For there are set thrones of judgment, the thrones of the house of David.

6 Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee.

7 Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces.

8 For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee.

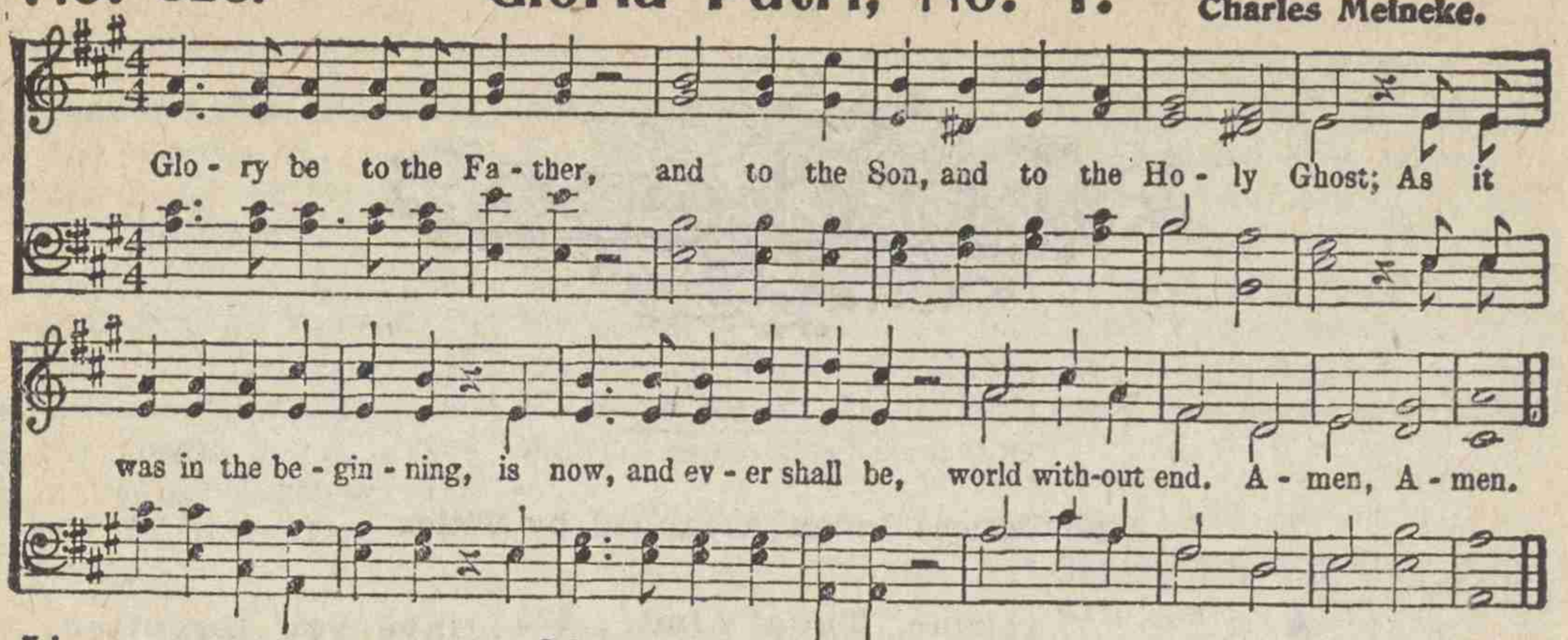
9 Because of the house of the Lord our God, I will seek thy good.

Hymn 217.

Blessed Be the Name.

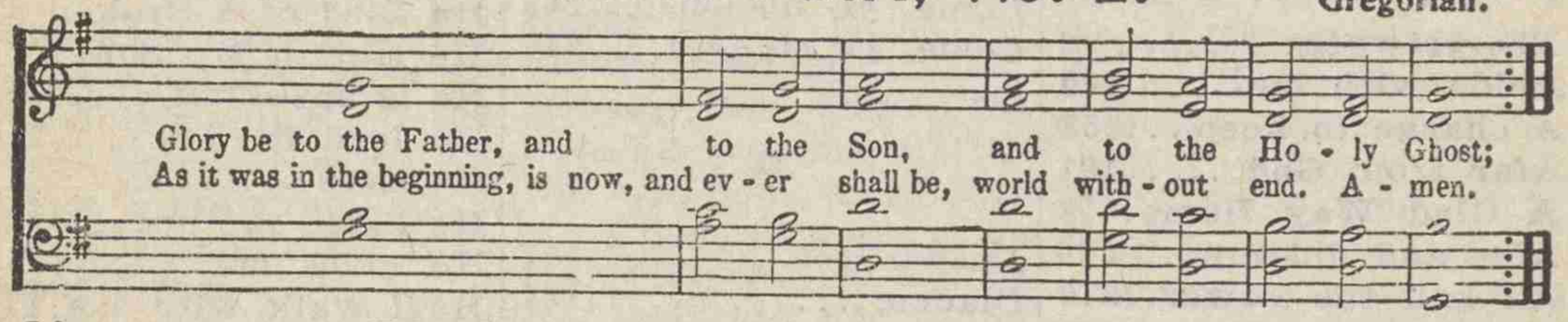
No. 328. Gloria Patri, No. 1.

Charles Meineke.



No. 329. Gloria Patri, No. 2.

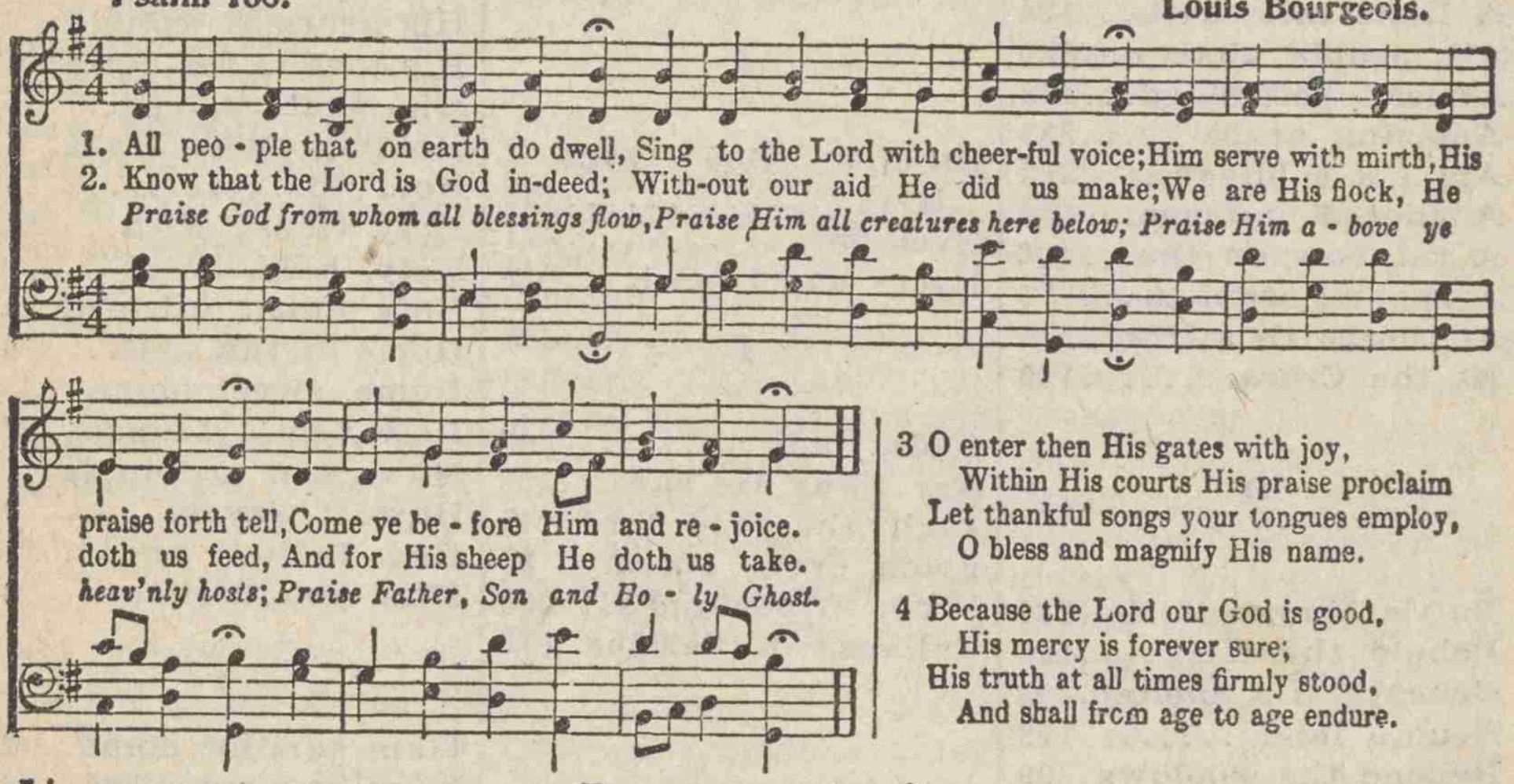
Gregorian.



No. 330. All People that on Earth do Dwell.

Psalm 100.

Louis Bourgeois.



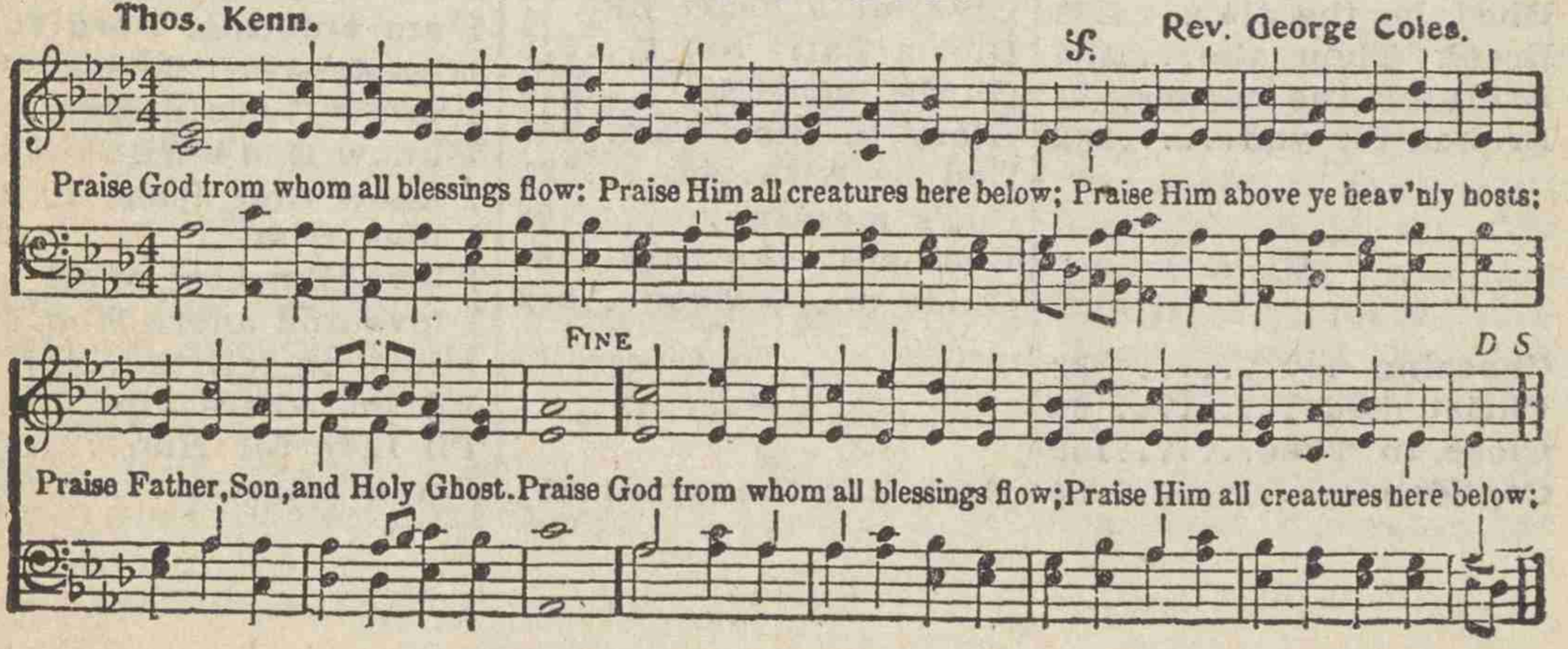
3 O enter then His gates with joy,
Within His courts His praise proclaim
Let thankful songs your tongues employ,
O bless and magnify His name.

4 Because the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

No. 331. Praise God.

Thos. Kenn.

Rev. George Coles.



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