LIVING WATER SONGS

SUITABLE
FOR ALL KINDS OF
RELIGIOUS SERVICES

COMPILED BY

JNO. T. BENSON

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS—

H. L. GILMOUR

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK

PUBLISHED BY
PENTECOSTAL MISSION
PUBLISHING CO.
NASHVILLE TENN.

PRICE 15c

SPECIAL PRICE IN QUANTITIES

HELPFUL BOOKS

DEVOTIONAL

Waters from the Sanctuary, Mrs. M. M. Anderson		.15
Lillies, North Winds and Sweet Spices, "	.40	.15
The Boundless Blessing, A. B. Simpson		.10
Graven Upon His Hand, " " "		.10
The Best Thing " " "		.10
In Heavenly Places " " "		.10
Expectation Corner: or Is Your Door Open, by E. S. Elliot	.40	.10
Strangers of Earth, W. M. Tidwell		.10

MISCELLANEOUS

Backsliders and Worldly Christians, A. M. Hills	.50	.15
Open Air Meetings and How to Conduct Them, Sundry Authors		.10
Only a Scotch Laddie, Mrs. M. M. Anderson		.10
Jamie Rutherford: Sequel to Scotch Laddie Mrs. M. M. Anderson		.10
Only a Scotch Laddie and Jamie Rutherford Combined	.50	
No Hellism, W. B. Godbey		.10
How to Pray, C. L. Chilton		.10
Conviction Needed " " "		.05
Eternal Punishment " " "	.40	.10
Satan's Side-tracks, W. B. Godbey		.10
Dispensational Sketch of Redemption, E. P. Marvin		.10
Christ for the Body; or Healing in the Atonement, Mrs. M. M. Anderson		.10
Satan's Devices, by A. M. Hills		.05

Pentecostal Mission Publishing Company
Nashville, Tenn.

97-056
Spec
(0)

LIVING WATER SONGS.

Suitable for All Kinds of Religious Services.

Myrtle E. Christian
Zion Sadie Moon

COMPILED BY

JNO. T. BENSON.

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS:

H. L. GILMOUR, WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

PUBLISHED BY

PENTECOSTAL MISSION PUBLISHING CO.

NASHVILLE, TENN.

PRICE, 15 Cents. Special Price in Quantities.

No. 0. OUR LORD'S RETURN TO EARTH AGAIN.

J. M. K. ACTS 1: 9, 10, 11. J. M. KIRK.

1. I am watch-ing for the com - ing of the glad mil - len - nial day,
2. Je - sus' com - ing back will be the an-swer to earth's sorrowing cry,
3. Yes, the ran-somed of the Lord shall come to Zi - on then with joy,
4. Then the sin and sor - row, pain and death of this dark world shall cease,

When our bless-ed Lord shall come and catch his wait - ing Bride a - way; Oh! my
For the knowledge of the Lord shall fill the earth and sea and sky; God shall
And in all His ho - ly mount-ain noth-ing hurts or shall de-stroy; Per-fect
In a glo-rious reign with Je - sus of a thousand years of peace; All the

heart is fill'd with rapture as I la-bor, watch and pray, For our Lord is com-ing
take a - way all sick-ness and the suff 'rer's tears will dry, When our Saviour shall come
peace shall reign in ev-'ry heart, and love with-out al - loy, Aft - er Je-sus shall come
earth is groaning, cry-ing for that day of sweet release, For our Je - sus to come

D.S. *will be bound a thousand years, we'll have no tempter then, After Jesus shall come*

CHORUS.

Fine.

back to earth a-gain. Oh! our Lord is coming back to earth a-gain,
is com-ing back to earth again,

back to earth a-gain.

D. S.

Yes, our Lord is com - ing back to earth a - gain, Sa - tan
is com - ing back to earth a - gain,

Copyright, 1894, by Myland & Kirk. Used by per.

Living Water Songs.

No. 1. I'VE BEEN REDEEMED.

Furnished by E. A. F. Arranged by A. F. I.

Cheerfully.

1. I've been re - deemed, all glo - ry to the Lamb, Je - sus has
2. O sin - ner, list - en, I once was lost like you, But Je - sus
3. I am so glad I've found the way of life, Free from all
4. I'm go - ing home all glo - ry to the Lamb, Je sus will

Cho.—*I've been re - deemed, yes, I have been re-deemed, Glo - ry to*

loved me, I'm saved, I know I am; O wondrous love that
found me, and saved me thro' and thro'; Now He is wait-ing for
sor - row, from sin, and from strife; I am so glad I'm
take me now just as I am; Soon I'll be there with

Je - sus! 'Tis sweet for me to know; I've been re - deemed, yes,

D. C. for Chorus.

caused my Lord to die, Now will I serve Him, then reign with Him on high.
you to make a start, Come to Him quickly and choose the bet-ter part.
in this ho - ly way, O hal - le - lu - jah! I'm happy night and day.
friends who've gone before, O hap-py meeting! we'll meet to part no more.

I have been redeemed, O hal - le - lu-jah! my soul is white as snow.

Copyright, 1902, by The Metropolitan Church Association. By per.

No. 2. WHAT A WONDERFUL SAVIOUR IS MINE.

"His name shall be called Wonderful."—Isa. 9: 6.

Jesse P. Tompkins. Chas. Bentley.

1. When I stood in the shad - ow of sin, Ful - ly will - ing my
2. When I tread the dark maz - es of life, Or I dwell in the
3. When I wash the last sleep from my eyes, In the clear, crys - tal

all to re - sign, Then I heard a sweet voice, Saying, "Sin-ner, re-joice,
shad-ow or shine; In my joy or my care, O my Sav - iour is there;
riv - er di - vine, In the courts of the King I shall joy - ful - ly sing,

CHORUS.

This won - der - ful Sav - iour is thine."
This won - der - ful Sav - iour is mine. This won-der - ful Sav-iour is
"This won - der - ful Sav - iour is mine."

mine,.... This won - der - ful Sav-iour is mine,.... Like a wea - ry-worn
is mine, is mine,

dove, Now I rest in His love; This won - der - ful Sav-iour is mine.....
is mine.

Copyright, 1899, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. By per.

No. 3. THE PAST IS ALL UNDER THE BLOOD.

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

1. A pres-ent and per-fect sal - va-tion I have In Je - sus my Sav - iour,
2. The blood of the Lamb cleanseth now from all sin, Than snow makes me whiter;
3. The bur-den of guilt wnich so long I had borne, In weight like a mountain;
4. He leads me so gent - ly the way I should go, My won - der - ful Keep - er;
5. I'm lost and encompassed with won-der-ful love, Tho' noth-ing I mer - it;

For He is a-bund-ant - ly a - ble to save Both now and for - ev - er.
The Com-fort - er promised a - bid-eth with-in, My path growing bright-er.
The sins which had caus'd me so oft - en to mourn, All lost in the fount-ain.
And gives sweetest comfort the world can not know, My peace growing deep- er.
A beau - ti - ful man-sion pre - par-ing a - bove, I soon shall in - her - it.

CHORUS.

He saves me just now, hal - le - lu - jah! The past is all

un - der the blood,..... And Cal - va - ry's flow makes me
un - der, yes, un - der the blood,

whit - er than snow, The past is all un - der the blood.

Copyright, 1899, by H. L. Gilmour, Wenonah, N. J. By per.

No. 4. ROOM FOR JESUS.

F. M. A. F. M. ATKINSON.

1. Is there a - ny room for Je - sus? He who died on Cal - va - ry,
2. We have room for worldly pleasures, Cares of life crowd ev-'ry day,
3. Will you not make room for Je - sus, For the Christ, the cru-ci - fied?
4. Room and time and tho't for Je - sus, Hast-en to ac-cept His grace

He who standeth, knocking, wait-ing, Plead-ing with you ten-der - ly.
And our hearts and minds are burdened While the Lord is turned a - way.
Is there not some place to en - ter In the soul for which He died?
Ere the heart grows cold and careless, And His pleading voice shall cease.

CHORUS.

Room for Je - sus, room for Je - sus, Let Him in your heart to - day

O

Throwing ev - 'ry win-dow o - pen, O receive Him while you may.

Copyright, 1904, by Jno. T. Benson, Nashville, Tenn.

No. 5. SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

KEY OF D. W. W. WALFORD.

1 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known!
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share;
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing thro' the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

6.

OVER JORDAN.

F. M. G.

FRANK M. GRAHAM.

1. Oh, come and go with me, If from sin you would be free, You will find it good for thee, O-ver Jor-dan. 'Tis a land of corn and wine,
2. Ma - ny will not en - ter in, For they want to cling to sin, And their jour-ney won't begin, O-ver Jor-dan. And they see the gi-ants there,
3. Our lead - er is the Lord, And We have His precious word; We will use it for our sword, O-ver Jor-dan. So you need not ev - er fear.
4. Now won't you come and go, While He's pleading with you so, Where the milk and honey flow, O-ver Jor-dan. If you'll get the "second grace,"
5. But if you still re - fuse, And keep try-ing to ex - cuse, And His prom-ise will ab-use, O-ver Jor-dan. You will wan-der wear-y years,

And there's fruit of ev - 'ry kind, You will find it is sub - lime,
For their vis - ion is not clear, And they will not go for fear,
For He's prom-is'd to be near, And you'll find Him ver-y dear,
You'll be talk - ing face to face, While you're running in the race,
And be shed-ding bit - ter tears, While you're bound to slavish fears, This

CHORUS.

O - ver Jor-dan. O - ver Jor - dan, o-ver Jor - dan,
5 v. side of Jor-dan. O - ver Jor - dan's roll-ing sand in - to hap-py Beu-lah land.

Oh, it is a pleasant place, For I have the "second grace"
'Tis a pleasant place to live (*Omit.*) O-ver Jor-dan.

No. 7. THE FIRE IS BURNING.

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

Joyously.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

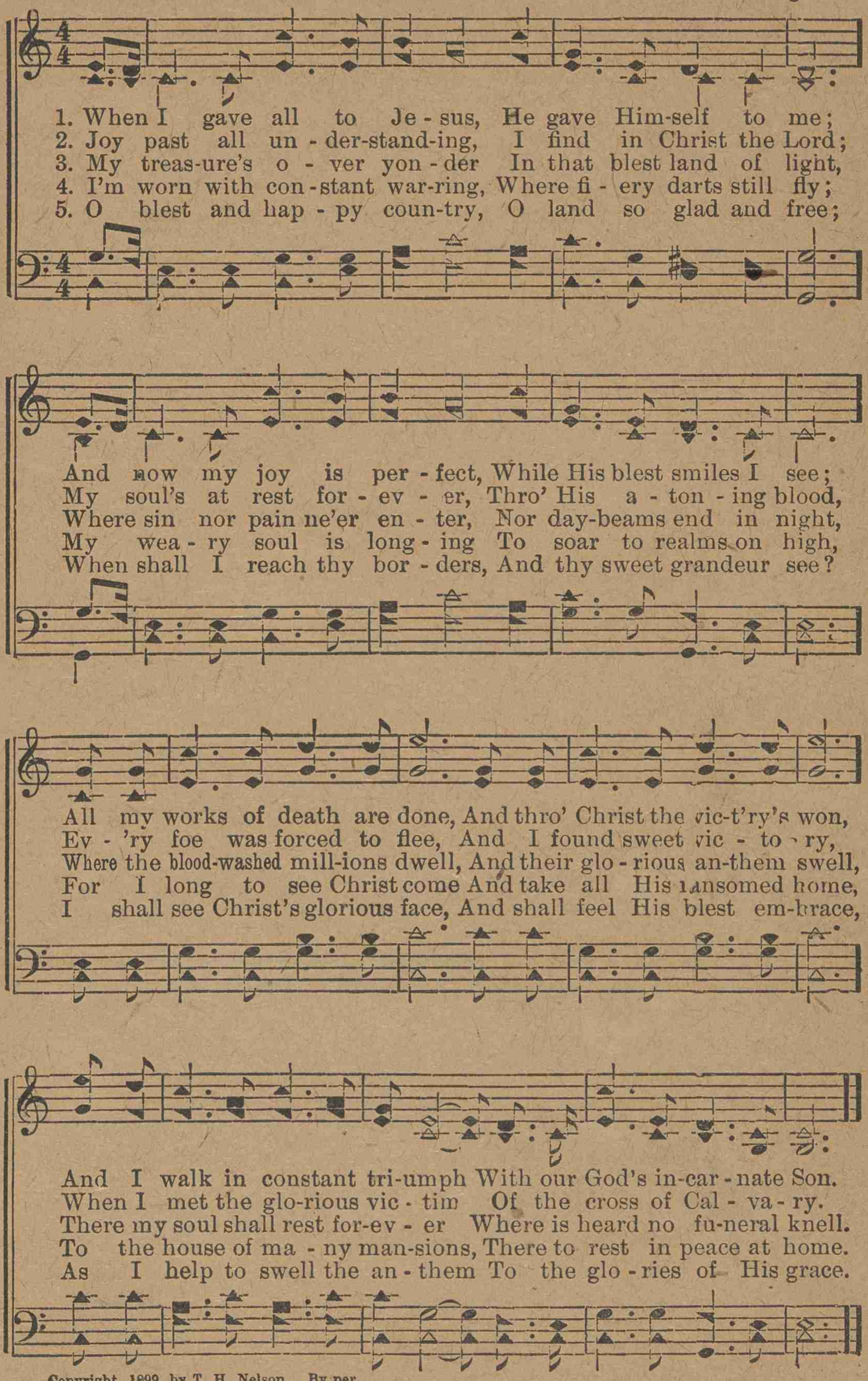
O 'tis burn-ing, burn-ing in my soul; O the fire is burn-ing,

yes, 'tis brightly burning, O 'tis burning, burning in my soul.
burning in my soul.

Copyright, 1898, by Geo. C. Hugg. By per.

No. 8. GLORIES OF CHRIST.

THOS. H. NELSON. Arranged.



1. When I gave all to Je - sus, He gave Him-self to me;
2. Joy past all un - der-stand-ing, I find in Christ the Lord;
3. My treas-ure's o - ver yon - der In that blest land of light,
4. I'm worn with con - stant war-ring, Where fi - ery darts still fly;
5. O blest and hap - py coun-try, O land so glad and free;

And now my joy is per - fect, While His blest smiles I see;
My soul's at rest for - ev - er, Thro' His a - ton - ing blood,
Where sin nor pain ne'er en - ter, Nor day-beams end in night,
My wea - ry soul is long - ing To soar to realms on high,
When shall I reach thy bor - ders, And thy sweet grandeur see?

All my works of death are done, And thro' Christ the vic-t'ry's won,
Ev - 'ry foe was forced to flee, And I found sweet vic - to - ry,
Where the blood-washed mill-ions dwell, And their glo - rious an-them swell,
For I long to see Christ come And take all His ransomed home,
I shall see Christ's glorious face, And shall feel His blest em-brace,

And I walk in constant tri-umph With our God's in-car - nate Son.
When I met the glo-rious vic - tim Of the cross of Cal - va - ry.
There my soul shall rest for-ev - er Where is heard no fu-neral knell.
To the house of ma - ny man-sions, There to rest in peace at home.
As I help to swell the an - them To the glo - ries of His grace.

Copyright 1900 by T. H. Nelson. By per.

No. 9. DOES JESUS CARE?

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

Copyright, 1901, by Hall-Mack Co. Used by per.

No. 10. Heavenly Sunlight.

"I am the Light of the world he that followeth me shall not walk in the darkness."—John 8. 12.

Rev. H. J. ZELLEY. G. H. COOK.

1. Walk-ing in sun-light, all of my jour-ney; O-ver the moun-tains
2. Shad-ows a-round me, shad-ows a-bove me, Nev-er con-ceal my
3. In the bright sun-light, ev-er re-joic-ing, Press-ing my way to

thro' the deep vale; Je-sus has said I'll nev-er for-sake thee,
Sav-iour and Guide; He is the light, in Him is no dark-ness,
man-sions a-bove; Sing-ing His prais-es glad-ly I'm walk-ing

CHORUS.

Prom-ise di-vine that nev-er can fail.
Ev-er I'm walk-ing close to His side. Heav-en-ly sun-light,
Walk-ing in sun-light, sun-light of love.

heav-en-ly sun-light; Flooding my soul with glo-ry di-vine: Hal-le-

lu-jah, I am re-joic-ing, Sing-ing His prais-es, Je-sus is mine.

Copyright, 1899, by H. L. Gilmour, Wenonah, N. J. By per.

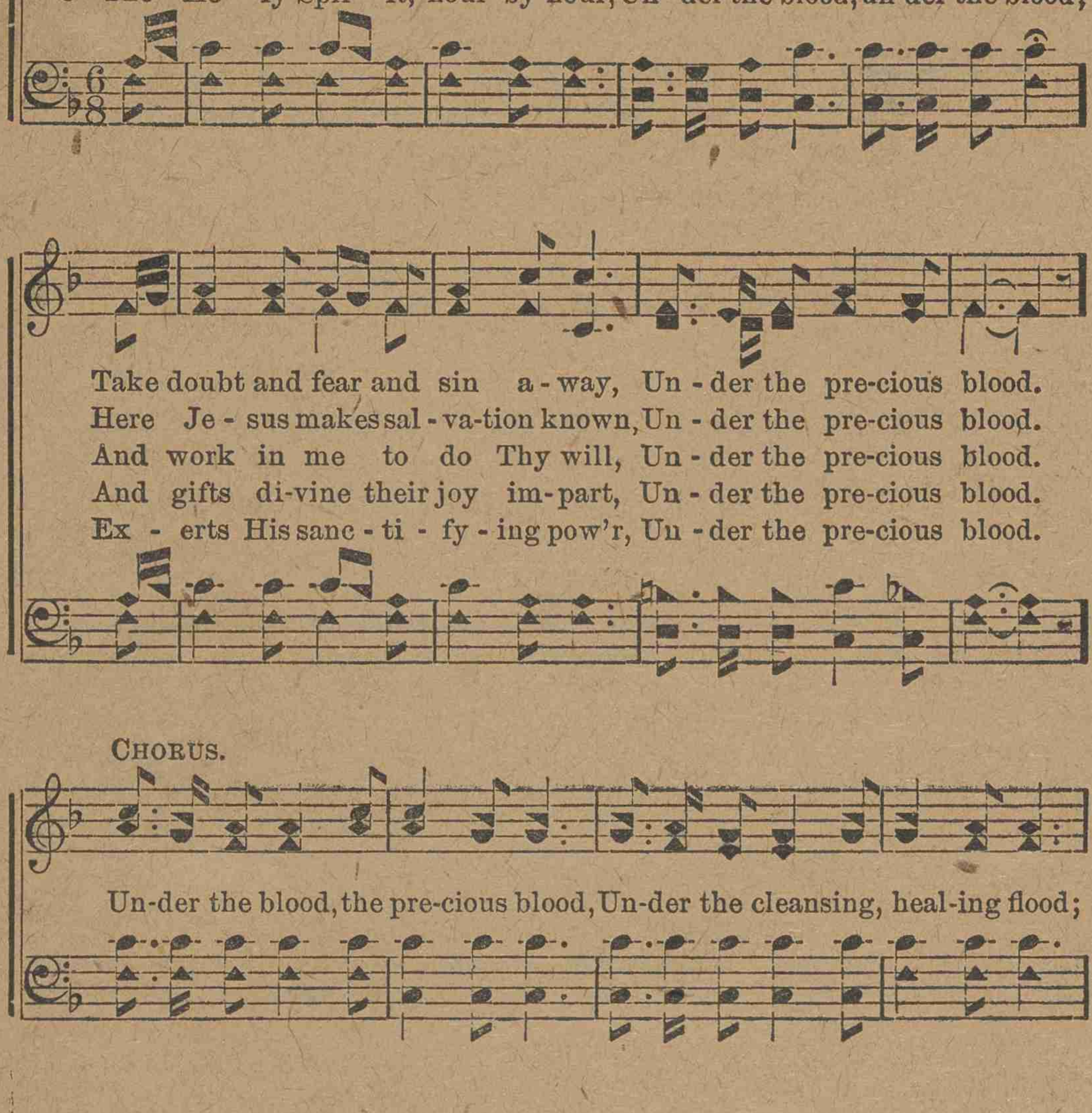
No. 11. UNDER THE BLOOD.

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

Moderato.

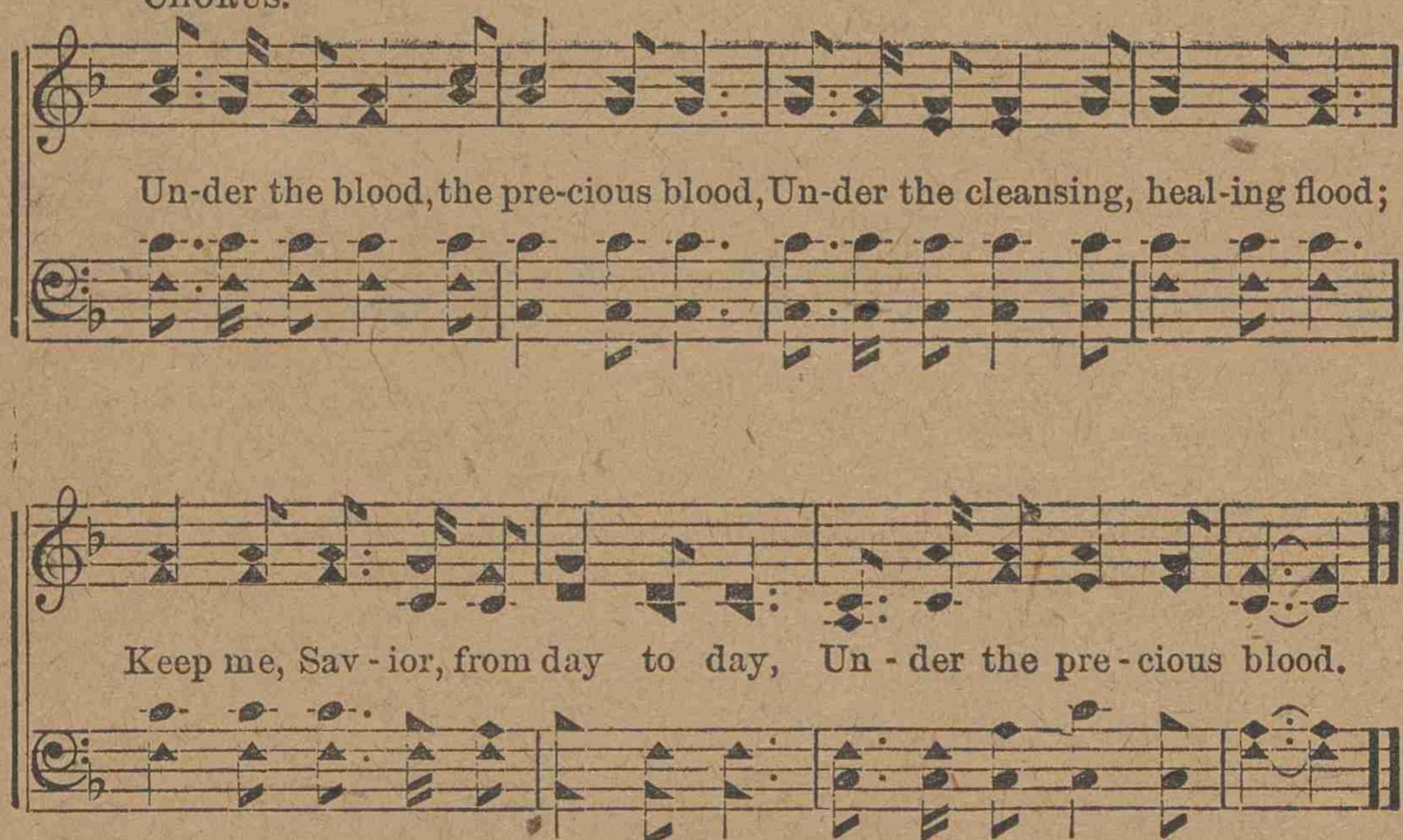


1. Lord, keep my soul from day to day, Un-der the blood, un-der the blood;
2. The sin-ner's ref-uge here a-lone, Un-der the blood, un-der the blood;
3. Lord, with Thyself my spir-it fill, Un-der the blood, un-der the blood;
4. Sweet peace a-bides with-in the heart, Un-der the blood, un-der the blood:
5. The Ho-ly Spir-it, hour by hour, Un-der the blood, un-der the blood;



Take doubt and fear and sin a-way, Un-der the pre-cious blood.
Here Je-sus makes sal-va-tion known, Un-der the pre-cious blood.
And work in me to do Thy will, Un-der the pre-cious blood.
And gifts di-vine their joy im-part, Un-der the pre-cious blood.
Ex-erts His sanc-ti-fy-ing pow'r, Un-der the pre-cious blood.

CHORUS.



Un-der the blood, the pre-cious blood, Un-der the cleansing, heal-ing flood;

Keep me, Sav-ior, from day to day, Un-der the pre-cious blood.

Copyright, 1899, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

No. 12. BY AND BY.

T. H. NELSON. FANNIE BIRDSALL.

1. When on wings of faith we rise, To our home be-yond the skies, And have gained the long-sought prize, by and by,— When the race on earth is run,
2. Cleansed from ev'ry stain of sin, Made ac-quaint-ed with the King, Of His mer - cy we shall sing, by and by,— When we've dropped the sword and shield,
3. O the tho't so blest and grand, In His fa - vor we shall stand, On the shin - ing, gold-en strand, by and by,— When earth's conflicts all are done,
4. With the happy blood-washed throng, That shall sing the new, new song, Pow'r and praise to Christ be - long, by and by,— We shall swell the an-them sweet,
5. There shall waves of glo-ry roll, In sweet rapt - ure o'er the soul, When we gain the glo-rious goal, by and by,— When our toil and tears are done,

And the crown of life is won, We shall hear the words "well done" by and by.
On the well-won bat-tle-field, We the vic-tor's palm shall wield, by and by.
And thro' Christ the vict'ry's won, We shall shine forth as the sun, by and by.
As we wor-ship at His feet, In His im - age, made complete, by and by.
And with golden sheaves we come To our glo-rious Harvest Home, by and by.

CHORUS.

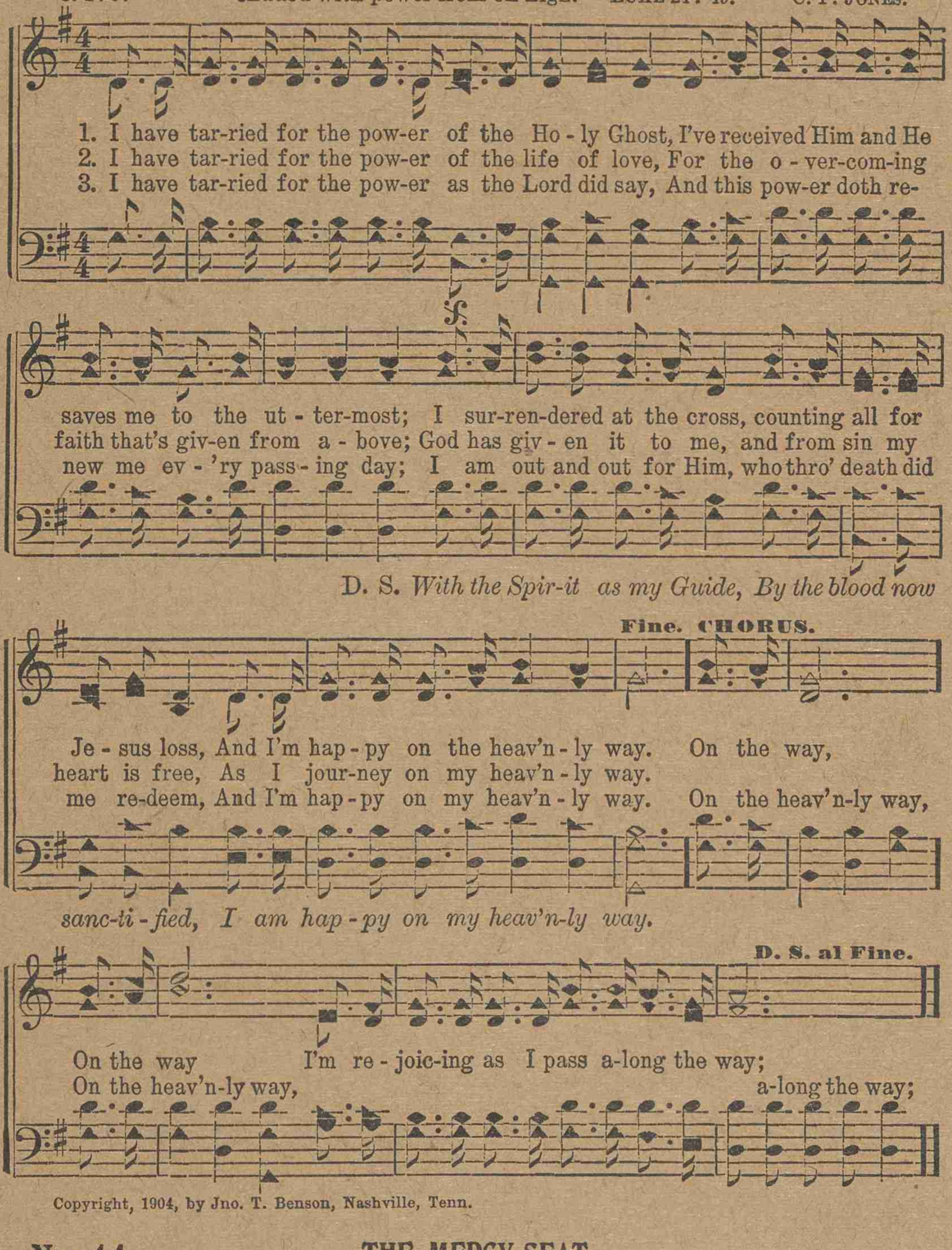
By and by, by and by, In His likeness we are told,
by and by, by and by,
We our Saviour shall behold, And we'll strike the harps of gold, by and by.

Copyright by T. H. Nelson. By per.

No. 13. I HAVE TARRIED.

"Behold, I send the promise of my father upon you; but tarry ye * * * until ye be endued with power from on high."—LUKE 24: 49.

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



Copyright, 1904, by Jno. T. Benson, Nashville, Tenn.

No. 14. THE MERCY-SEAT.

1 From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all besides more sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed;
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat.

4 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

HUGH STOWELL.

No. 15. WILL YOU BE READY TO GO?

F. M. A. F. M. ATKINSON.

1 When you see the Bridegroom com-ing a - gain, O will you be
2. Will you have your lights then burning and bright, O will you be
3. Will you be found wait-ing with all the blest, O will you be
4 Will you join the cho - rus sing-ing that song, O will you be

read-y to go? Will He find you faith - ful-ly watching then, O
read-y to go? Will He find you sleep - ing in that night, O
read-y to go? Have you on the robes of His right-eous-ness, O
read-y to go? Will you shout for joy with the blood-washed throng. O

CHORUS.

will you be read - y to go? When Je - sus comes, will you be

read-y to go? When Je-sus comes, will you be read-y to go? Will your

lamps be burning with a heav'n-ly glow? Will you be read - y to go?

Copyright, 1904, by Jno. T. Benson, Nashville, Tenn.

No. 16. PEACE, BE STILL.

MRS. ADA TORREY HENDERSON. W. CARROLL RADEBAUGH.



Copyright, 1904, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick, 2009 North Fifteenth St., Phila., Pa. By per.

No. 17. FOR YOU I AM PRAYING.

KEY OF G.

1 I have a Saviour, He's pleading in glory,
A dear, loving Saviour, though earth-friends be few;
And now He is watching in tenderness o'er me,
And O, that my Saviour were your Saviour, too.

CHORUS.

For you I am praying,
For you I am praying,
For you I am praying,
I am praying for you.

2 I have a peace: it is calm as a river—
A peace that the friends of this world never knew;
My Saviour alone is its Author and Giver,
And O, could I know it was given to you.

3 When Jesus has found you, tell others the story,
That my loving Saviour is your Saviour, too;
Then pray that your Saviour may bring them to glory,
And the prayer will be answered—'twas answered for you!

18 HIS WAY WITH THEE.

C. S. G. Ps. 37 : 5. Rev. Cyrus S. Nusbaum.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

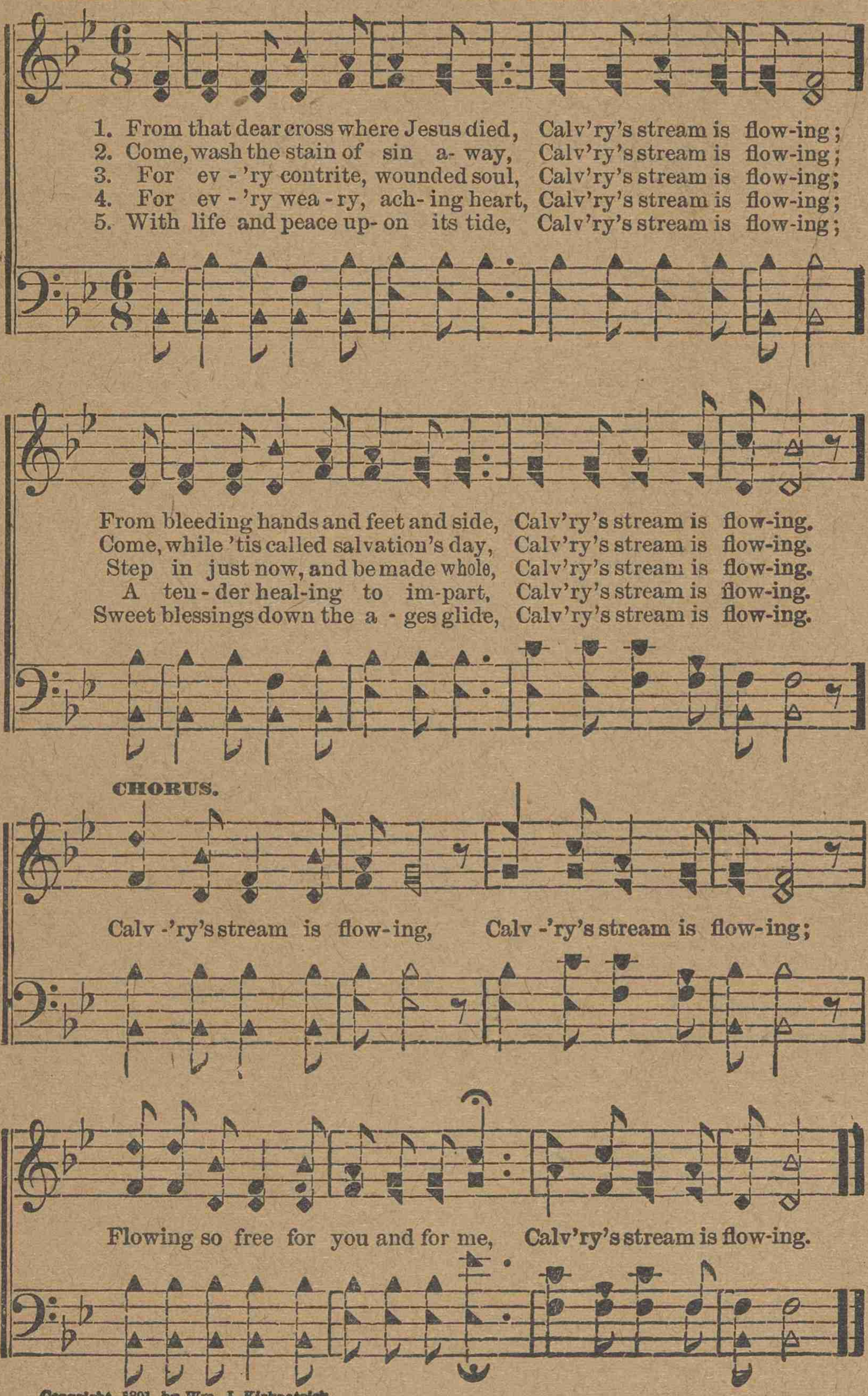
Rit.

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

Copyright, 1899, by H. L. Gilmour, Wenonah, N. J. By per.

No. 19. CALVARY'S STREAM IS FLOWING.

LIDIE H. EDMUNDS. Adapted and arranged by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



Copyright, 1891, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

No. 20. O WONDERFUL LOVE.

C. R. R. C. R. ROGERS.



Copyright, 1903, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick, 2009 North Fifteenth St., Phila., Pa. By per.

No. 21. AT THE CROSS.

KEY OF A-FLAT.

1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred head,
For such a worm as I?

Cho.—At the cross, at the cross,
Where I first saw the light,
And the burden of my heart rolled away,
It was there by faith
I received my sight,
And now I am happy all the day.

2 Was it for crimes that I have done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown,
And love beyond degree.

3 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!

I. WATTS.

22 STILL SWEETER EVERY DAY.

W. C. MARTIN. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. To Je - sus ev - 'ry day I find my heart is closer drawn; He's fairer than the glo - ry of the gold and pur - ple dawn; He's all my fan - cy pict-ured in its
2. His glo-ry broke up-on me when I saw Him from a - far; He's fairer than the lil - y, brighter than the morn-ing star, He fills and sat - is - fies my long-ing
3. My heart is sometimes heavy, but He comes with sweet relief; He folds me to His bosom when I droop with blight-ing grief; I love the Christ who all my bur-dens

fairest dreams and more; Each day He grows still sweeter than He was the day before.
spir-it o'er and o'er; Each day He grows still sweeter than He was the day before.
in His bod - y bore; Each day He grows stlll sweeter than He was the day before.

CHORUS.

The half..... can - not be fan - cied, this
The half can-not be fan - cied on this side the gold - en shore, The
side..... the gold - en shore; O
half can - not be fan - cied on this side the gold - en shore; O

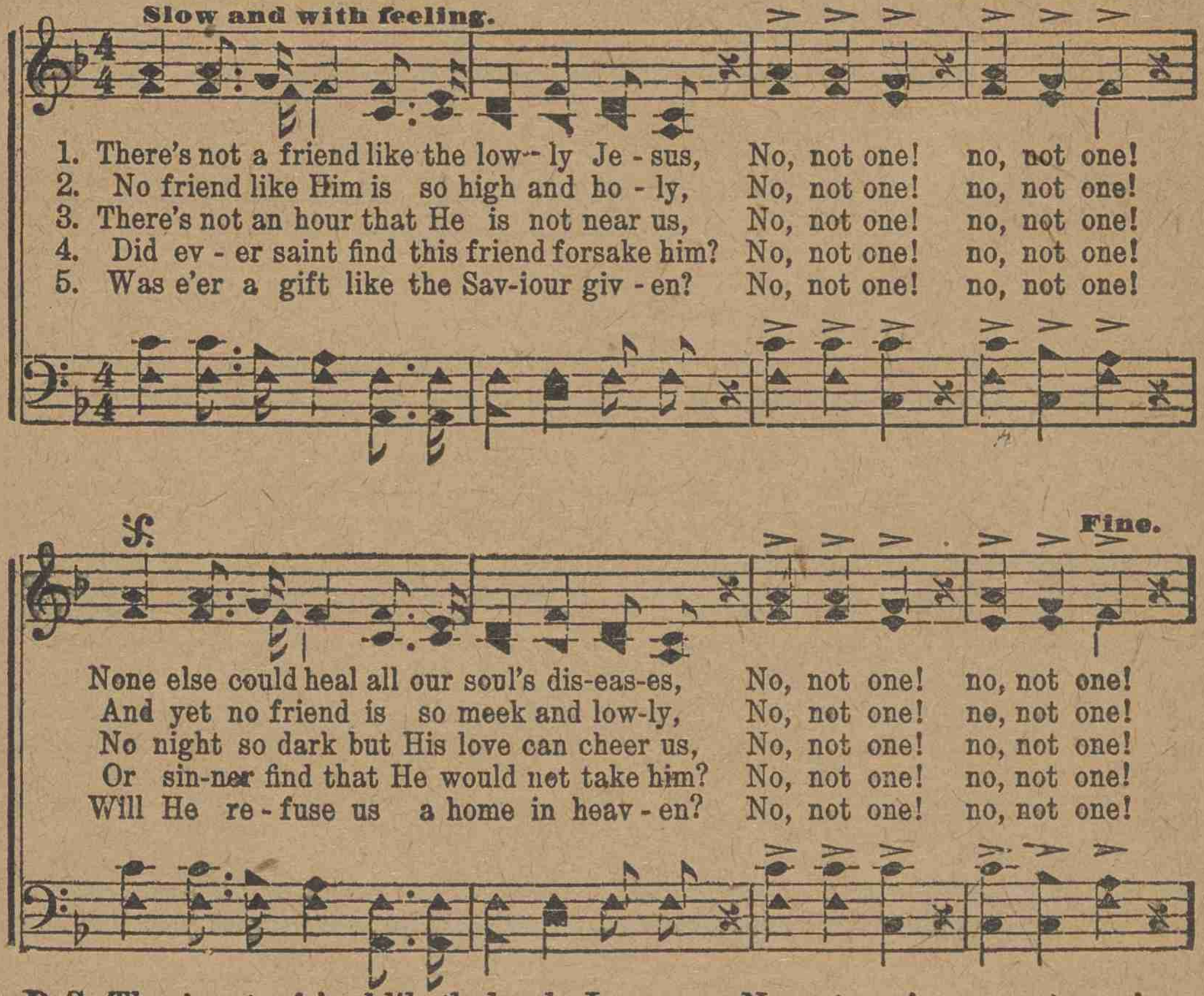
Copyright, 1899, by J. Hall-Mack Co. Used by per.

STILL SWEETER EVERY DAY. Concluded.



23. NO, NOT ONE.

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



Used by per. of Geo. C. Hugg, owner of copyright.

No. 24. CAN I FORGET?

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

1. Can I for - get, can I for - get The place where Je - sus
2. His lone - ly watch can I for - get When in His ag - o-
3. Can I for - get? no, while I breathe His good - ness I'll pro-

died, Where on the cross of Cal - va - ry My Lord was cru - ci-
ny There fell great drops of blood-y sweat In dark Geth-sam - a-
claim; Sal - va-tion for a ru - ined race Thro' Je - sus' pre-cious

fied? Can I for - get His dy - ing groans, His ag - o - niz - ing
ne? Betray'd and scourg'd, to slaught-er led, To can - cel sin's great
name. When I, a sin - ner, saved by grace Be - fore His throne shall

pray'r? O soul of mine it was my sins Which helped to nail Him there.
debt; O bas - est of in - grat - i - tude, If ev - er I for - get.
be, I'll praise Him and re-mem-ber still, The cross of Cal - va - ry.

CHORUS.

O won-der-ful cross of Cal - va-ry! Won-der-ful cross of Cal - va-ry!

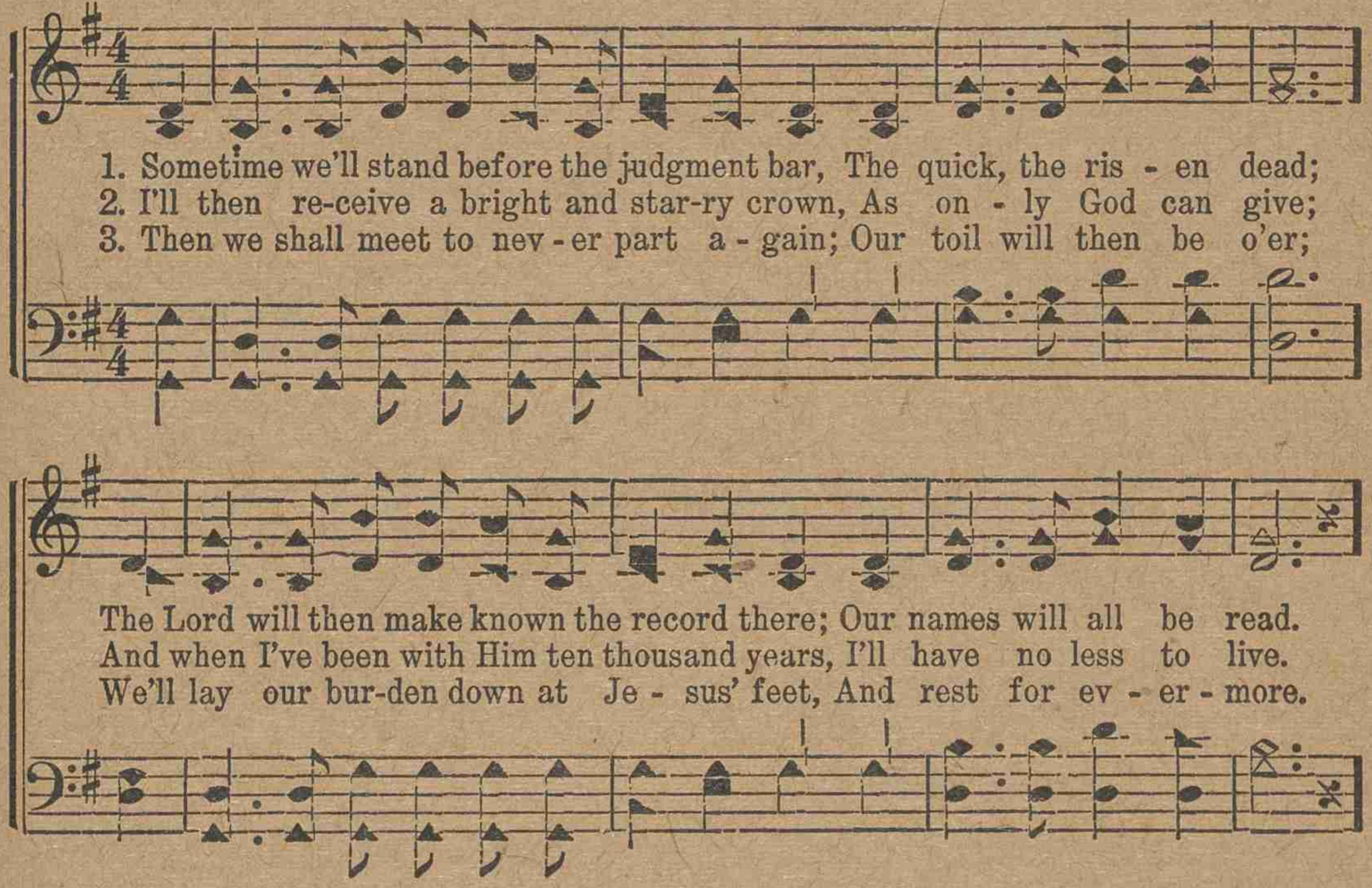
Copyright, 1903, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

CAN I FORGET? Concluded.



No. 25. SAVED THROUGH JESUS' BLOOD.

J. W. V. J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

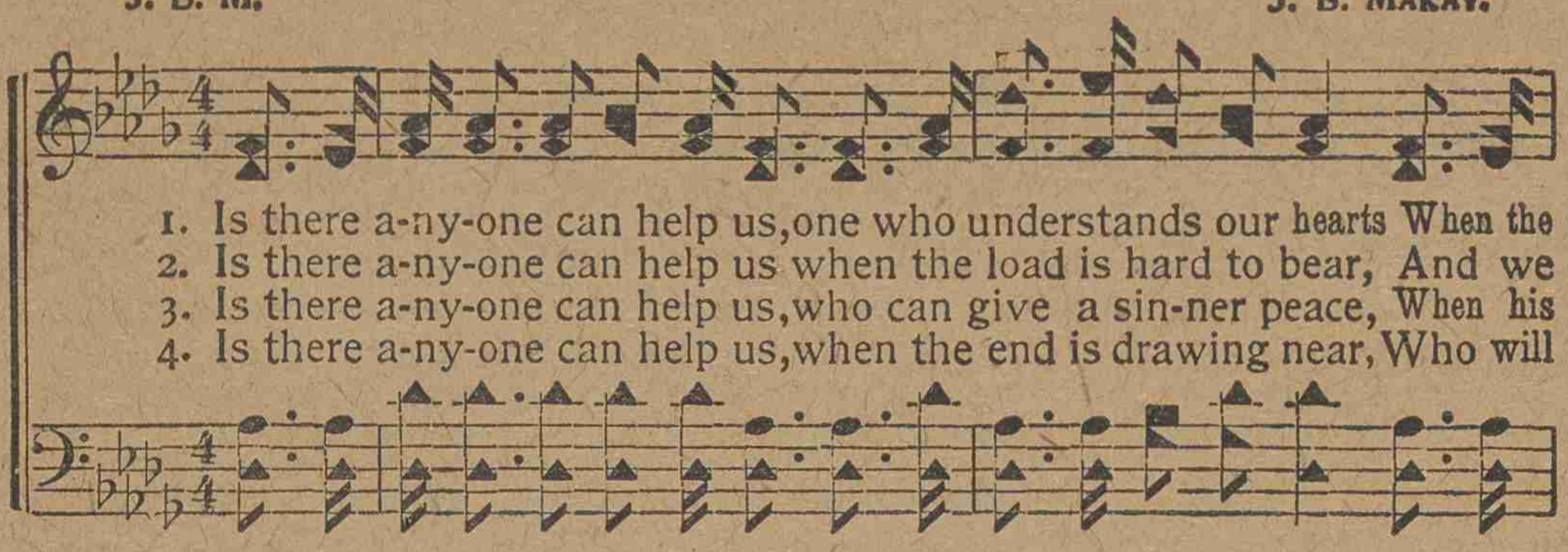


Copyright, 1890, by Hall-Mack Co.

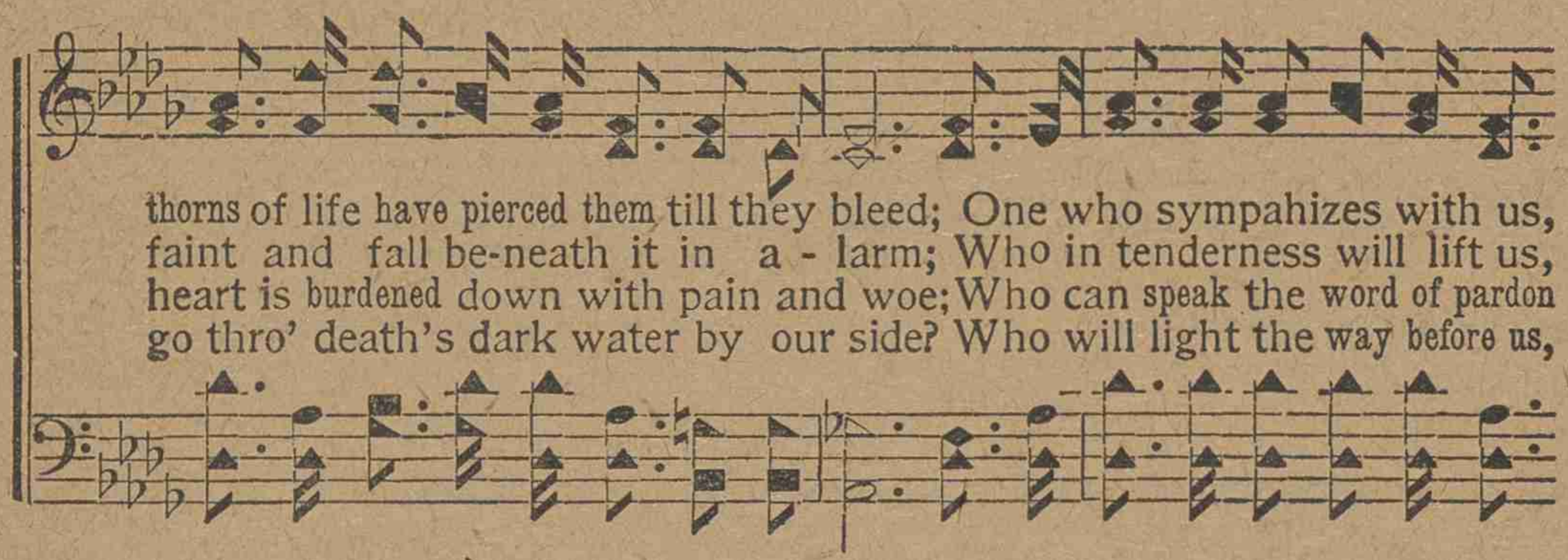
HE'S THE ONE.

J. B. M. J. B. MAKAY.

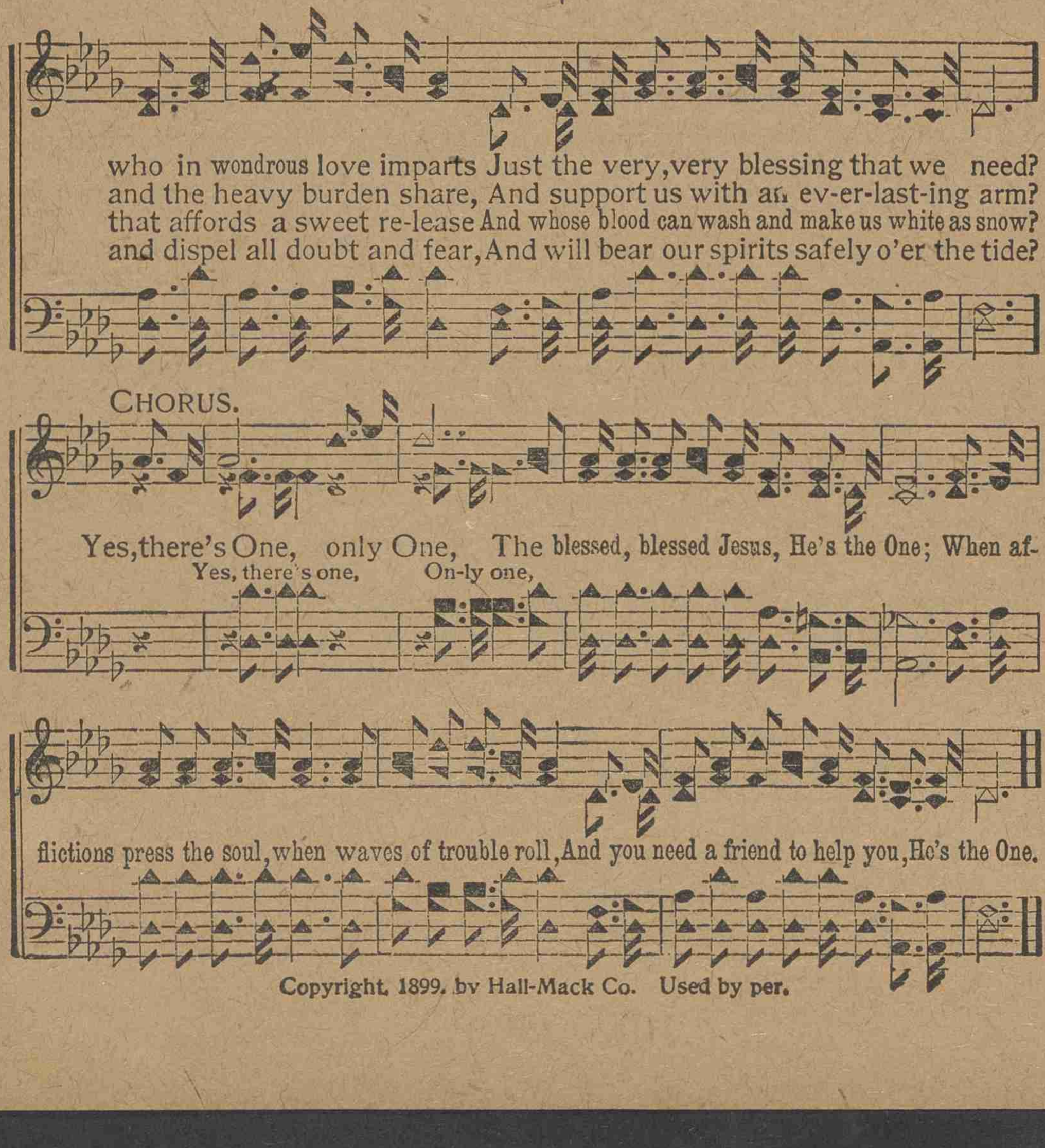
1. Is there a-ny-one can help us, one who understands our hearts When the
2. Is there a-ny-one can help us when the load is hard to bear, And we
3. Is there a-ny-one can help us, who can give a sin-ner peace, When his
4. Is there a-ny-one can help us, when the end is drawing near, Who will



thorns of life have pierced them till they bleed; One who sympahizes with us,
faint and fall be-neath it in a - larm; Who in tenderness will lift us,
heart is burdened down with pain and woe; Who can speak the word of pardon
go thro' death's dark water by our side? Who will light the way before us,



who in wondrous love imparts Just the very, very blessing that we need?
and the heavy burden share, And support us with an ev-er-last-ing arm?
that affords a sweet re-lease And whose blood can wash and make us white as snow?
and dispel all doubt and fear, And will bear our spirits safely o'er the tide?



CHORUS.

Yes, there's One, only One, The blessed, blessed Jesus, He's the One; When af-

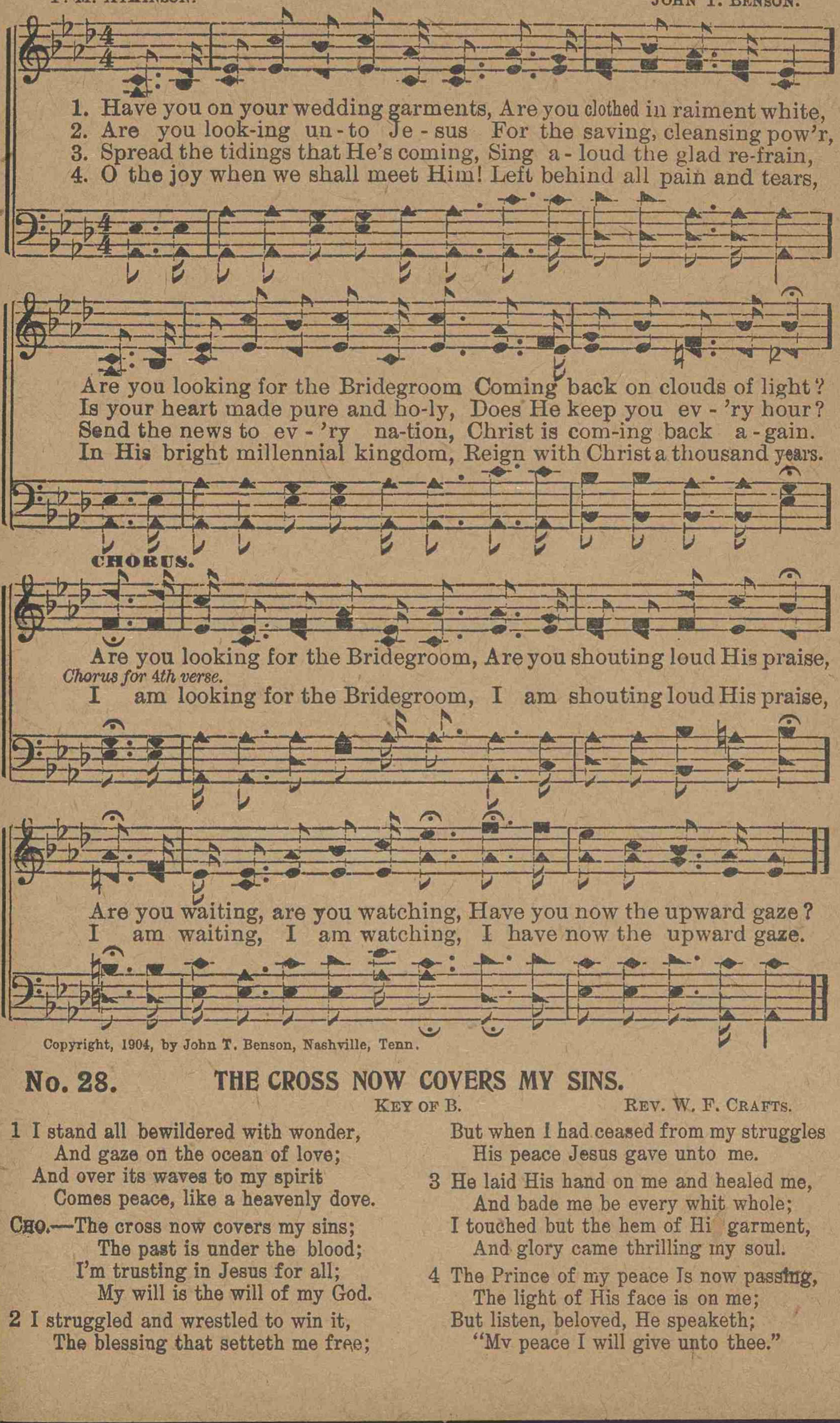
Yes, there's one, On-ly one,

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

Copyright, 1899, by Hall-Mack Co. Used by per.

No. 27. THE UPWARD GAZE.

F. M. ATKINSON. JOHN T. BENSON.



Copyright, 1904, by John T. Benson, Nashville, Tenn.

No. 28. THE CROSS NOW COVERS MY SINS.

KEY OF B. REV. W. F. CRAFTS.

1 I stand all bewildered with wonder,
And gaze on the ocean of love;
And over its waves to my spirit
Comes peace, like a heavenly dove.

CHO.—The cross now covers my sins;
The past is under the blood;
I'm trusting in Jesus for all;
My will is the will of my God.

2 I struggled and wrestled to win it,
The blessing that setteth me free;
But when I had ceased from my struggles
His peace Jesus gave unto me.

3 He laid His hand on me and healed me,
And bade me be every whit whole;
I touched but the hem of Hi garment,
And glory came thrilling my soul.

4 The Prince of my peace Is now passing,
The light of His face is on me;
But listen, beloved, He speaketh;
"My peace I will give unto thee."

No. 29.

NO WISHFUL GLANCES.

OR

Experiences In Canaan.

A. F. I. Num. 13:30. A. F. INGLER.

1. No wish - ful glanc-es now I cast Tow'rd Canaan's hap-py shore,
2. Old Jo.dan's waves now roll be-hind, The sky is clear a - bove,
3. On ev - 'ry side sweet lil - ies nod, In - vit - ing me to stay;
4. In Beu-lah's vale rich fruits a-bound, And milk and hon-ey flow;
5. When gi - ants high a-bove me tow'r And boast of mighty strength.
6. Here Je - sus comes and whispers low His sweet - est words of love,

For I have reach'd that land of rest To wan - der nev - er - more.
And all a - long the way I find The joys of "per - fect love."
The birds, the rills, all sing of God; O broth - er, come this way!
With - in the soil rare gems are found, And cost - ly spic - es grow.
Faith grasps her two-edged sword of pow'r, And lays them out their length.
And bids me pray, and work, and grow, Till called to joys "a - bove."

CHORUS.

I'm o - ver in . . . . . the Promised Land . . . . . And marching on . . . . . with Daniel's band; . . . . Our mot-to is: . . . . . "Be true to God, . . . And ev-er trust . . . the cleansing blood."

I'm o - ver in the Promised Land And marching on with Daniel's band; Our mot - to is: "Be true to God, And ev - er trust the cleansing blood."

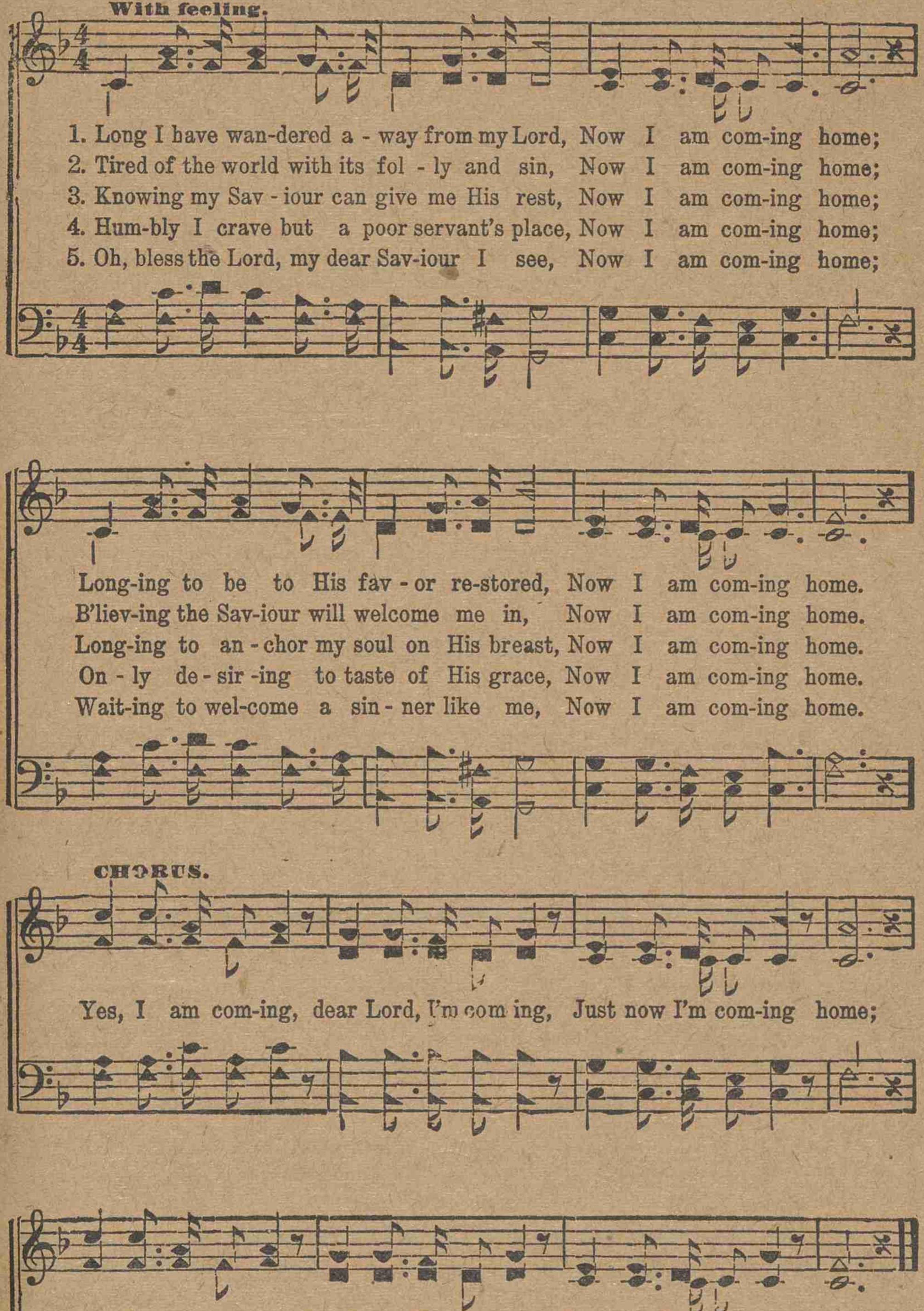
COPYRIGHT, 1900. BY A. F. INGLER.

No. 30 NOW I'M COMING HOME.

"I will arise and go to my father."—Luke 15: 18.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Geo. C. Hugg.

With feeling.



1. Long I have wan-dered a - way from my Lord, Now I am com-ing home;
2. Tired of the world with its fol - ly and sin, Now I am com-ing home;
3. Knowing my Sav - iour can give me His rest, Now I am com-ing home;
4. Hum-bly I crave but a poor servant's place, Now I am com-ing home;
5. Oh, bless the Lord, my dear Sav-iour I see, Now I am com-ing home;

Long-ing to be to His fav - or re-stored, Now I am com-ing home.
B'liev-ing the Sav-iour will welcome me in, Now I am com-ing home.
Long-ing to an - chor my soul on His breast, Now I am com-ing home.
On - ly de - sir -ing to taste of His grace, Now I am com-ing home.
Wait-ing to wel-come a sin - ner like me, Now I am com-ing home.

CHORUS.

Yes, I am com-ing, dear Lord, I'm com ing, Just now I'm com-ing home;

Yes, I am com - ing, dear Lord, I'm com-ing, Just now I'm com - ing home.

By permission.

No. 31. HAPPY IN THE LOVE OF JESUS.

F. M. A. F. M. ATKINSON.

1. My heart is pure, my hands are clean, I am hap-py in the love of Je-sus;
2. He helps me walk the nar-row way, I am hap-py in the love of Je-sus;
3. He bless-es this poor heart of mine, I am hap-py in the love of Je-sus;
4. The peace of God now fills my soul, I am hap-py in the love of Je-sus;
5. He leads and guides my feet a-right, I am hap-py in the love of Je-sus;

He has cleansed my soul from ev-'ry stain, I am happy in the love of Je - sus.
I feel His cleansing pow'r each day, I am happy in the love of Je - sus.
I'm liv-ing now in heav'n's sunshine, I am happy in the love of Je - sus.
The heav'n-ly bil-lows o'er me roll, I am happy in the love of Je - sus.
My pathway's growing clear and bright, I am happy in the love of Je - sus.

CHORUS.

I am hap - py in the love of Je - sus, I am hap - py in the

love of Je - sus, I am hap - py all the day and I'm

sing - ing on the way, I am hap - py in tho love of Je - sus.

Copyright, 1904, by Jno. T. Benson, Nashville, Tenn.

No. 32. CHRIST IS AT THE DOOR.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. ARTHUR W. NELSON.

DUET. *March Tempo.*

1. Christ is standing at the door, Knocking, knocking ev-er - more;
2. Christ is standing at the door, Wait-ing, wait-ing ev-er - more;
3. Christ is standing at the door, Plead-ing, plead-ing ev-er - more;
4. Christ is standing at the door, Lov - ing, lov-ing ev-er - more;

Will you not ad-mit Him in, And be redeemed from sin?
ad - mit Him in,
Precious soul, no more de-lay, Be saved, be saved to-day.
no more de - lay,
Shall He plead, and plead in vain, While you unsaved re-main?
so long in vain,
Shall His love not move your soul, To come and be made whole?
pre-cious soul,

CHORUS.

O-pen, soul, and let Him in, You shall be redeemed from sin;
O - pen, let Him in, Be re-deemed from sin;
O - pen, soul, and let Him in, And be re-deemed from all your sin; For

Once within the Lord will leave you never, He will be your friend forever
once with - in He'll leave you nev-er, Your friend for - ev - er.

Copyright, 1903, by E. A. Hoffman.

No. 33. GOD CALLS TO-NIGHT.

V. A. DAKE. FLORA B. NELSON.

1. God calls to-night, He calls for thee, He calls thee from thy sin,
2. God calls to-night, O heed His voice, Throw ev - 'ry i - dol down,
3. God calls to-night, from death's sure dart, He'll hide thy soul a - way,
4. God calls to-night, wilt thou re - fuse, And mad - ly from Him turn?
5. God calls to-night, to some, the last; Re - ject this of - fer giv'n,

He calls to life, the way is free, O en - ter, en - ter in.
And make Him now your on - ly choice; He'll choose thee for His crown.
Ex - tract the sting, heal ev - 'ry smart, And change thy night to day.
Thy head a-gainst His buck-ler bruise, And all His mer - cies spurn?
And all thy hope is o - ver-past, Of ev - er gain - ing heav'n.

CHORUS.

God is call - ing, sin - ner, call - ing you to - day, Soon your day of

mer - cy will for - ev - er pass a - way; Hast - en, sin - ner,

hast - en, seek Him while you may; Come with - out de - lay.

Copyright by T. H. Nelson. By per.

No. 34. JUST A LITTLE WHILE.

T. O. CHISHOLM. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Just a lit - tle while, and the day will dawn, And the drear - y night,
2. Just a lit - tle while, then the toils all done, And the bat - tle fought,
3. Just a lit - tle while, and the tears that stray Down our fac - es now
4. Just a lit - tle while—let us work and wait, Till our Fa-ther's hand

be for - ev - er gone; Just a lit - tle while e'er the storms will cease,
and the vic - 'try won, We shall lay the cross and the bur - den down,
God will wipe a - way; And the bit - ter pain ann the wan-d'rings lone,
o - pens wide the gate, And we hear His voice sweet - ly bid us come,

D. S.—*Soon our wea - ry feet to the end will come—*

Fine. CHORUS.

Ere the heav'n-ly calm, the e - ter - nal peace.
To re - ceive at last heav - en's prom-ised crown. Just a lit - tle while,
All will sure - ly end at the Fa-ther-s throne.
Ev - er - more to dwell with the Lord at home.

Glo - ry be to God! we are al - most home.

D. S.

O it won't be long, Cour-age, faint-ing heart! let your faith be strong;

Copyright, 1897, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. By per.

No. 35. HAVE YOU FOUND THE BLESSING?

A. F. I. ARTHUR F. INGLER.

1. Have you found the sec - ond bless - ing, Are you filled with per - fect love?
2. Have you found the sec - ond bless - ing, Are you ev - 'ry whit made whole?
3. Have you found the sec - ond bless - ing, Are you ful - ly sat - is - fied?
4. Have you found the sec - ond bless - ing, Are you walk - ing in the light?

Has the pre - cious, lov - ing Sav - iour Sent His Spir - it from a - bove?
Does the pre - cious blood of Je - sus Now com-plete - ly cleanse your soul?
Does the Spir - it whis - per sweet - ly, "Now your soul is sanc - ti - fied?"
Do you win in ev - 'ry bat - tle, Is your ar - mor clean and bright?

Are you in the land of Ca - naan Feast - ing on the corn and wine?
Does the bless - ed Ho - ly Spir - it Reign and rule your heart with - in?
Do yon oft - en hear Him say - ing, "Come with Me, my child, and dine?"
Do you love to talk with Je - sus In the se - cret place of pray'r?

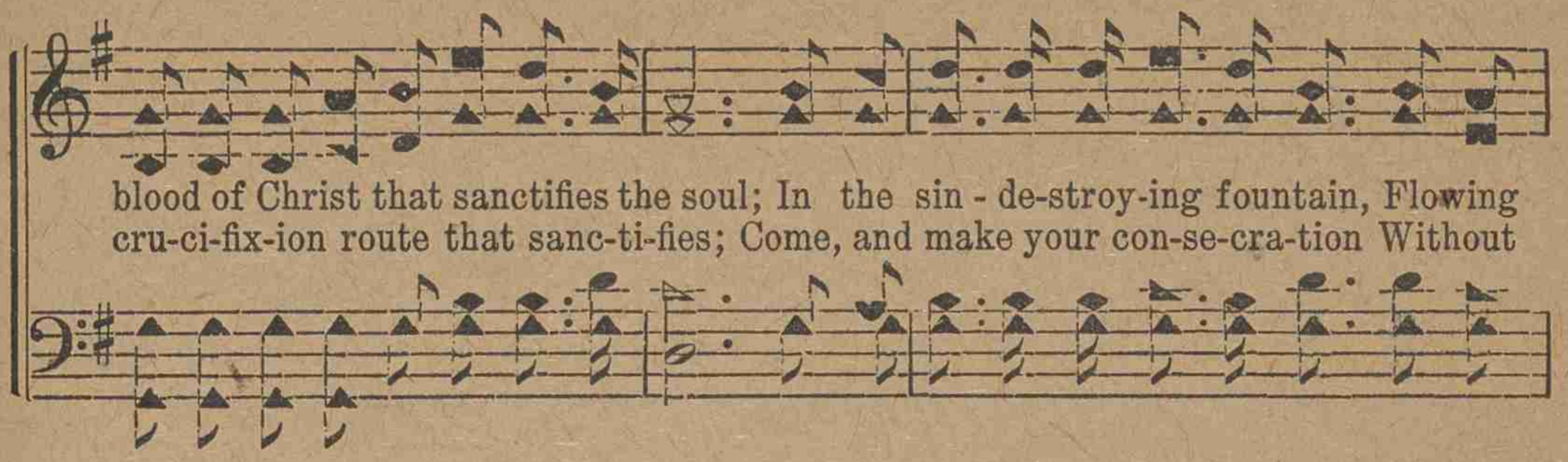
Can you tru - ly say to Je - sus, "Bless-ed Lord, I'm whol - ly Thine?"
Are you con - scious ev - 'ry mo - ment That you're dead in - deed to sin?
Are you trust - ing in Him ful - ly, Can you say, "I know He's mine?"
If you have the sec - ond bless-ing, You will oft - en meet Him there.

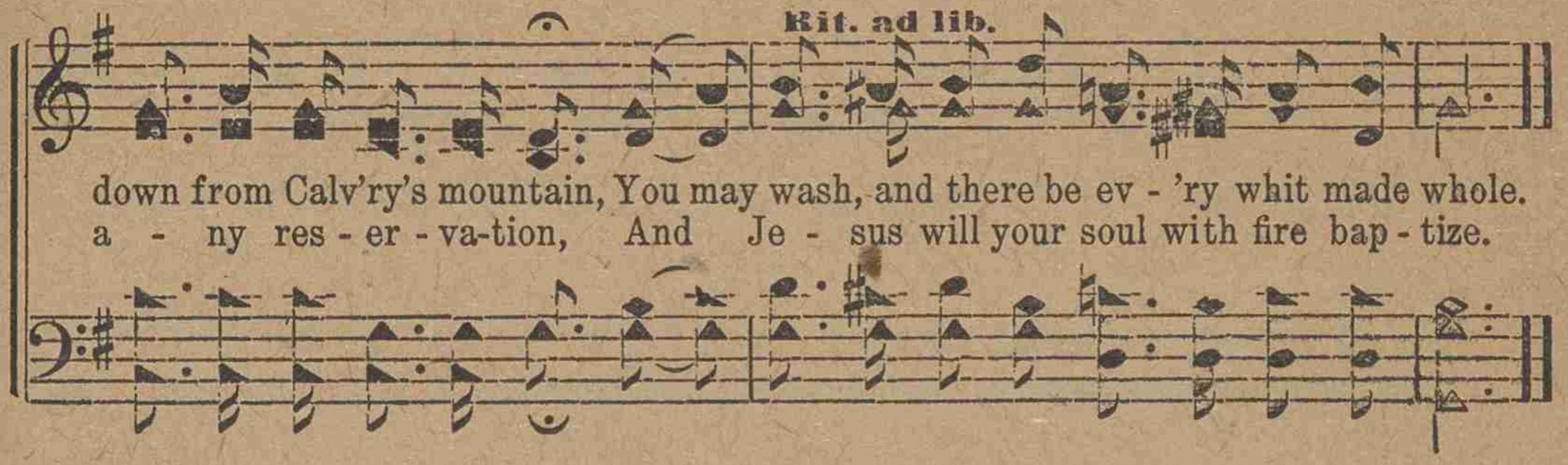
CHORUS.

1st Cho. O my broth-er, you can get it; Yes, my sis - ter, you can get it; 'Tis the
2d Cho. "But you'll have to die to get it; O you'll have to die to get it; 'Tis the

Copyright, 1902, by A, F. Ingler. By per.

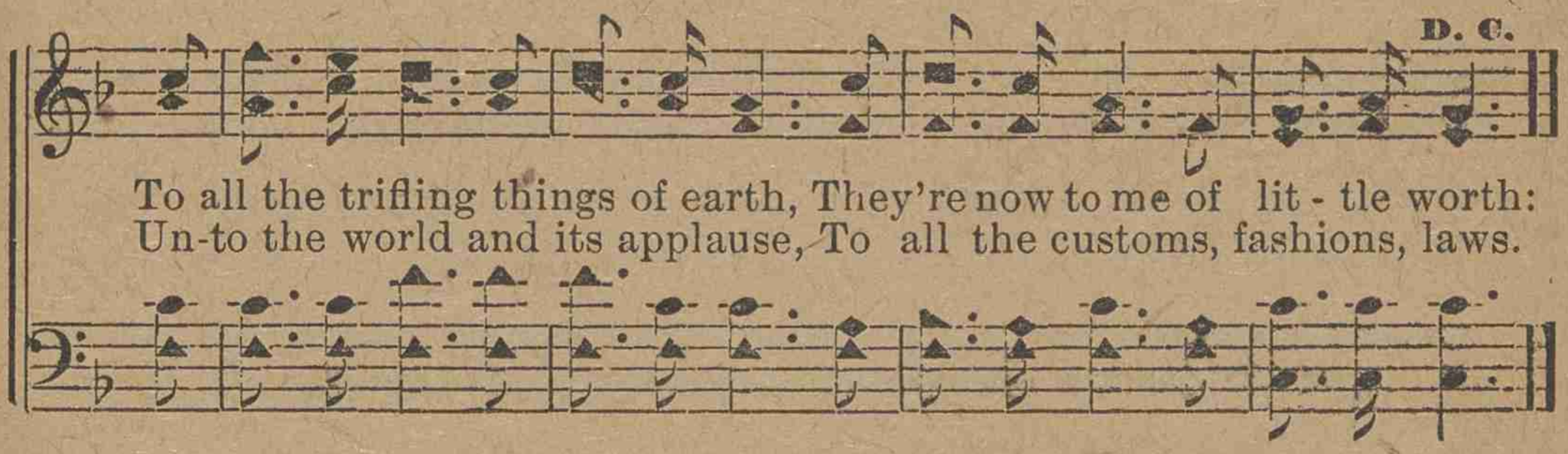
HAVE YOU FOUND THE BLESSING? Concluded.





No. 36. LET ME DIE.





3 My friends may say, "I'll ruined be,"
Let me die, let me die;
But all I leave, and follow Thee,
Let me die, let me die.
Their arguments will never weigh,
Nor stand the trying judgment day;
Help me to cast them all away,
Let me die, let me die.

4 O I must die to scoffs and jeers,
Let me die, let me die;
I must be freed from slavish fears,
Let me die, let me die.
So dead that no desire shall rise
To pass for good, or great, or wise,
In any but my Saviour's eyes!
Let me die, let me die.

No. 37. THE VOICE OF THE SAVIOUR.

MRS. MARY B. WINGATE — WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Moderato.

1. The voice of the Sav-iour is call-ing, call-ing, As far-ther and
2. The wounds of the Sav-iour are plead-ing, plead-ing, And clear-er and
3. The hands of the Sav-iour are beck'ning, beck'ning, As near-er and
5. The love of the Sav-iour is boundless, boundless, In bil-lows and

far-ther I wan-der a-stray; In ac-cents of love it is
clear-er is shin-ing the light; It shows me the nail prints all
near-er I press to His side; Up-on His sure word I am
bil-lows it breaks on the shore; The depths of His mer-cy are

fall-ing, fall-ing, "O turn thee, O turn thee, no long-er de-lay."
bleed-ing, bleed-ing, Dear Sav-iour, I'm com-ing, I'm com-ing to-night
reck'ning, reck'ning, Dear Sav-iour, I'm com-ing, for me Thou hast died.
soundless, soundless, Dear Sav-iour, I'm com-ing, the strug-gle is o'er.

CHORUS.

Call - ing, He's calling to-day, Call - ing for me;.....
Calling, He's calling, Calling for me, calling for me;

Call - ing, "No longer delay;" Dear Saviour, I'm coming to thee....
Calling, He's calling, I'm coming to thee.

Copyright, 1900, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. By per.

No. 38.

IS IT NOT WONDERFUL?

E. A. H.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Wondrous it seem-eth to me, Je - sus so gracious should be,
2. Heart of mine nev-er could know Je - sus such peace could be - stow,
3. Once I was full of all sin, Now, thro' the blood, I am clean;
4. Long I re - sist - ed His grace, In my heart gave Him no place,
5. He doth my new heart control, Cleansing and keeping me whole,

Mer-cy re - veal-ing, comforting, healing, Blessing a sin-ner like me.
Till the dear Savior show'd me His favor, Cleansed my heart whiter than snow.
Willing to save me, pardon He gave me, And I am hap-py with-in.
But Jesus sought me till He had bro't me, Pen - i-tent, seeking His face.
Banishing sadness, with joy and gladness Filling and thrilling my soul.

CHORUS.

Is it not won - der-ful, is it not won - der-ful Je - sus so
Yes, it is won - der - ful, strange and so won - der - ful,

gracious should be? . . . . That He should save e-ven me! . . . . .
lov - ing and gracious should be? That He should par - don, and save e-ven me!

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

No. 39. THE SANCTIFIED LIFE.

1 Cor. 12: 31; 13: Heb. 13: 12, 13.

A. F. I.

Arthur F. Ingler.

Moderato.



1. No doubt, my dear friends, you have heard people say, I'm sick of this 'up-and-down' life;
2. I'll sing you a song of the *sanctified* life, A life "set apart" from all sin;
3. I used to grow ner-vous, impatient, and pout, When things would not go just my way,
4. Perhaps, my dear friends, you would like to know how This change in my nature was made;
5. One night, while communing with Jesus, quite late, He whispered this message so true;
6. I knelt at the cross where His blood was applied, The blood that *e-rad-i-cates* sin,
7. Since then I've been marching with triumphant tread, Thro' Canaan's rich, fruit-bearing clime;



I wish I could find 'a more ex-cel-lent way', Where cometh no envy and strife.'
A beau-ti-ful life, free from "envy and strife"; For Je-sus is dwelling with-in.
But now 'tis quite diff'rent; I look up and shout, For Je-sus is in me to stay.
And why I am singing this song to you now—Not feeling the least bit a-fraid.
"Despised and re-ject-ed, and out-side the gate, I suffered to sanc-ti-fy you."
And there the dear Saviour my soul sanc-ti-fied, And gave me "the witness" within.
For self has been slain and the "old man" is dead, And vict'ry is mine all the time.



REFRAIN.

"Where cometh no en-vy and strife, With an-ger and self-ish-ness rife;
For Je-sus is dwelling with-in, And keep-ing the soul calm and clean;
For Je-sus is in me to stay, I'm sanc-ti-fied whol-ly to-day;
Not feel-ing the least bit a-fraid, Faint-hearted, ashamed, nor dis-mayed;
"I suf-fered to sanc-ti-fy you, To save, heal, and sanc-ti-fy you,
He gave me the wit-ness with-in, And glo-ry from heaven shone in;
Sweet vict'ry is mine all the time, The "ful-ness of joy" now is mine;



I wish I could find 'a more ex-cel-lent way', Where cometh no envy and strife."
A beau-ti-ful life, free from "envy and strife", For Je-sus is dwelling with-in.
And now 'tis quite diff'rent; I look up and shout, For Je-sus is in me to stay.
Yes, brother, I'm singing this song to you now, Not feeling the least bit a-fraid.
De-spised and re-ject-ed, and out-side the gate, I suffered to sanc-ti-fy you."
'Twas there the dear Saviour my soul sanctified, And gave me the witness with-in.
Since self has been slain and the "old man" has died, Sweet vict'ry is mine all the time.



Copyright, 1902, by A. F. Ingler.

40 SWEET WILL OF GOD.

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

DUET.

1. My stubborn will at last hath yield - ed; I would be Thine and
2. I'm tired of sin, foot-sore and wea - ry, The darksome path hath
3. Thy precious will, O conqu'ring Sav - iour, Doth now embrace and
4. Shut in with Thee, O Lord, for - ev - er, My wayward feet no

Thine a - lone; And this the pray'r.... my lips are bringing,
drear - y grown, But now a light..... has ris'n to cheer me;
com - pass me; All discords hushed... my peace a riv - er,
more to roam; What pow'r from Thee... my soul can sev - er?

Rit. CHORUS.

"Lord, let in me Thy will be done."
I find in Thee my Star, my Sun. **Sweet will of God, still**
My soul a pris-oned bird set free.
The cen - tre of God's will my home.

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.

Copyright, 1900, by H. L. Gilmour, Wenonah, N. J. Used by per.

No. 41. MORE OF THEE, SAVIOUR.

MRS. R. N. TURNER. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.









Copyright, 1891, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. By per.

No. 42 NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD OF JESUS.

Key of G. REV. R. LOWRY. By per.

1 What can wash away my sin?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
What can make me whole again?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Cho.—O precious is the flow
That makes me white as snow;
No other fount I know,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

2 For my pardon this I see,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
For my cleansing, this my plea,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

3 Nothing can for sin atone,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
Naught of good that I have done,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

4 This is all my hope and peace,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
This is all my righteousness,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

No. 43. WON'T YOU GO WITH ME?

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

1. There is a place where you may rest, 'Tis found in the arms of
2. There's rest from all your guilt - y fears, 'Tis found in the arms of
3. There is a rest from ev - 'ry care, 'Tis found in the arms of
4. There is a place where you may hide, 'Tis found in the arms of

Je - sus; Where you may be for - ev - er blest, 'Tis found in the
Je - sus; There's rest from all your toil and tears, 'Tis found in the
Je - sus; The con - trite find sweet par- don there, 'Tis found in the
Je - sus; And rest with all the sanc - ti - fied, 'Tis found in the

CHORUS.

arms of Je - sus. Come, poor sin - ner, won't you go with me?

Won't you go with me, won't you go with me? Come, poor sin-ner,
O won't

won't you go with me? There's rest in the arms of Je - sus.

Copyright, 1899, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. By per

No. 44. TESTIFY.

F. M. A. F. M. ATKINSON.



Copyright, 1904, by John T. Benson, Nashville, Tenn.

No. 45. SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER?

(Key of E-flat.)

1 Shall we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have trod,
With its crystal tide forever,
Flowing by the throne of God?

CHORUS.

Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river,
Gather with the saints at the river,
That flows by the throne of God.

2 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down,
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.

3 Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease,
Soon our happy hearts will quiver,
With the melody of peace.

REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

No. 46. FATHER'S LETTERS.

Furnished by "AUNT REBECCA." Arr. by A. F. I.

Not too fast.

1. I have let-ters from my Fa-ther in my hand, in my hand, Written by my
2. Fa - ther told me in His letters that are grand, that are grand, I could make my-
3. I am now a new cre - a - tion in this land, in this land; I am free from
4. I'm a stran-ger to the na-tions of this land, of this land; They don't know my
5. I am sanc - ti-fied and hap - py in my heart, in my heart; For the blood of
6. I am not a - fraid of dy-ing in this land, in this land; But I oft - en
7. Death is called a dreadful monster in this land, in this land; When he calls I

Eld - er Brother; they are grand, they are grand; They were written o'er the sea,
self no bet - ter in this land, in this land; Then I cried "what shall I do?"
con-dem - na - tion, it is grand, it is grand, I can sing and shout and pray,
sit - u - a - tion, it is grand, it is grand; Father's rich-es I be - hold,
Je - sus cleans-es ev -'ry part, ev -'ry part; I have lost my "car-nal mind,"
feel like fly - ing; O how grand, O how grand; All the world is dark as night,
will not an-swer; O how grand, O how grand; I may leave most a - ny day,

And were for-ward-ed to me, I'm as hap - py as can be in this land.
For I had not read them thro', And He made me all a - new in this land."
And I'm hap-py night and day, And my soul can hard-ly stay in this land.
And I've wealth that can't be told, And my kindred ne'er get old in this land.
Doubts and fears are left behind, And the Com-fort-er I find in my heart.
But my Father's face is bright, While I'm walking in the light thro' this land.
But they'll find no emp-ty clay, And I wonder what they'll say in this land.

REFRAIN.

In this land, in this land, I'm as hap - py as can be, In this land.
In this land, in this land, And He made me all a - new, In this land.
In this land, in this land, And my soul can hard - ly stay In this land.
In this land, in this land, And my kin - dred ne'er get old, In this land.
In my heart, in my heart, And the Com-fort - er I find In my heart.
Thro' this land, thro' this land, And I'm walk-ing in the light, Thro' this land.
In this land, in this land, And I won-der what they'll say, In this land.

Copyright 1902 by A. F. Ingler. By

No. 47. I AM GOING BACK TO JESUS.

* * *

As sung by Master Alex, Matthews and his sister.

Arr.

1. I am go - ing back to Je - sus I can no long - er wan-der,
2. I once lived in sin - ful pleasures in ri - ot spent my treasures,
3. I am trav'ling back to Je - sus my step is slow and fee - ble,

My heart's turn'd back to Je - sus I can-not grieve Him long-er
I dream'd the world was joy - ful for me with - out my Sav-ior;
I pray the Lord to help me and keep me from all e - vil;

I miss the sweet com-mun-ion, the peace of heav'n-ly un - ion,
But, oh, when Sa - tan found me in cru - el chains he bound me,
And should my strength forsake me dear Je-sus come and take me

CHORUS.

My heart's turn'd back to Je-sus and I must go. I am going back to

Je-sus, I am go - ing back to Je - sus, I am go - ing where the

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY KERSEY & MORRISON.

I AM GOING BACK TO JESUS. Concluded.

liv - ing wa - ters flow; I hear the Sav - iour call - ing, re - pent - ant

tears are fall - ing, My heart's turned back to Je - sus, and I must go.

No. 48. SINCE JESUS CAME TO STAY.

FISTORIA MILLER. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. If you'll list-en un - to me, A sto-ry to you I'll tell, How Jesus Christ the
2. Be - fore He came to stay I had my "ups and downs," The least thing got my
3. Since Je - sus came to stay Old Satan has lost his grip; I sail no more on
4. Yes, since my Saviour came With-in my heart to dwell, He helps me learn the

CHO. *I bless the hap-py day When Je-sus came to stay, And tho' my sins were*

son of God Came in my heart to dwell; And by His might-y pow'r, He's
tem-per up, In-stead of a smile a frown; But Satan's cleared right out, And
sinking wreck, But I sail on the gos-pel ship; She's rigged in splendid style, In
liv - ing way, And do His bless - ed will. And when at last He sees My

crimson red, He's taken them all a-way, And by His mighty pow'r, He's

D. C. for Chorus.

changed my night to day, And now I've a life that's fill'd with joy, Since Jesus came to stay.
tak-en His traps away, And now I've a life that's fill'd with joy, Since Jesus came to stay.
a full salvation way, The folks on board are singing now, Since Jesus came to stay.
work on earth is done, I'll then go shout-ing home to God, To receive the crown I've won.

changed my night to day, And now I've a life that's fill'd with joy, Since Jesus came to stay.

1902, by Charlie D. Tillman.

No. 49. He Brought Me Out.

"He hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God"—Ps. 49: 1-3.

REV. H. J. ZELLEY. Cho. by H. L. G. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. My heart was dis-tressed 'neath Je-ho-vah's dread frown, And low in the pit where my sins dragg'd me down; I cried to the Lord from the deep, mir-y clay, Who ten-der-ly bro't me out to gold-en day.
2. He placed me up-on the strong rock by His side, My steps were es-tab-lished and here I'll a-bide; No dan-ger of fall-ing while here I re-main, But stand by His grace un-til the crown I gain.
3. He gave me a song, 'twas a new song of praise, By day and by night its sweet notes I will raise; My heart's o-ver-flow-ing, I'm hap-py and free, I'll praise my Re-deem-er, who has res-cued me.
4. I'll sing of His won-der-ful mer-cy to me, I'll praise Him till all men His good-ness shall see; I'll sing of sal-va-tion at home and a-broad, Till ma-ny shall hear the truth and trust in God.
5. I'll tell of the pit, with its gloom and de-spair, I'll praise the dear Fa-ther, who an-swered my pray'r; I'll sing my new song, the glad sto-ry of love, Then join in the cho-rus with the saints a-bove.

CHORUS.

He bro't me out of the mir-y clay, He set my feet on the rock to stay;
He puts a song in my soul to-day, A song of praise, hal-le-lu-lah.

Copyright, 1898, by H. L. Gilmour. By per.

No. 50 IS THY HEART RIGHT WITH GOD?

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

1. Have thy affections been nailed to the cross? Is thy heart right with God?
2. Hast thou do-min-ion o'er self and o'er sin? Is thy heart right with God?
3. Is there no more con-dem-na-tion for sin? Is thy heart right with God?
4. Are all thy pow'rs under Je-sus' con-trol? Is thy heart right with God?
5. Art thou now walking in heaven's pure light? Is thy heart right with God?

Countest thou all things for Jesus but loss? Is thy heart right with God?
O-ver all e - vil without and within? Is thy heart right with God?
Does Je- sus rule in the tem- ple within? Is thy heart right with God?
Does He each moment a - bide in thy soul? Is thy heart right with God?
Is thy soul wearing the garment of white? Is thy heart right with God?

CHORUS.

Is thy heart right with God, Washed in the crim - son flood,

Cleansed and made holy, humble and low-ly, Right in the sight of God?
of God?

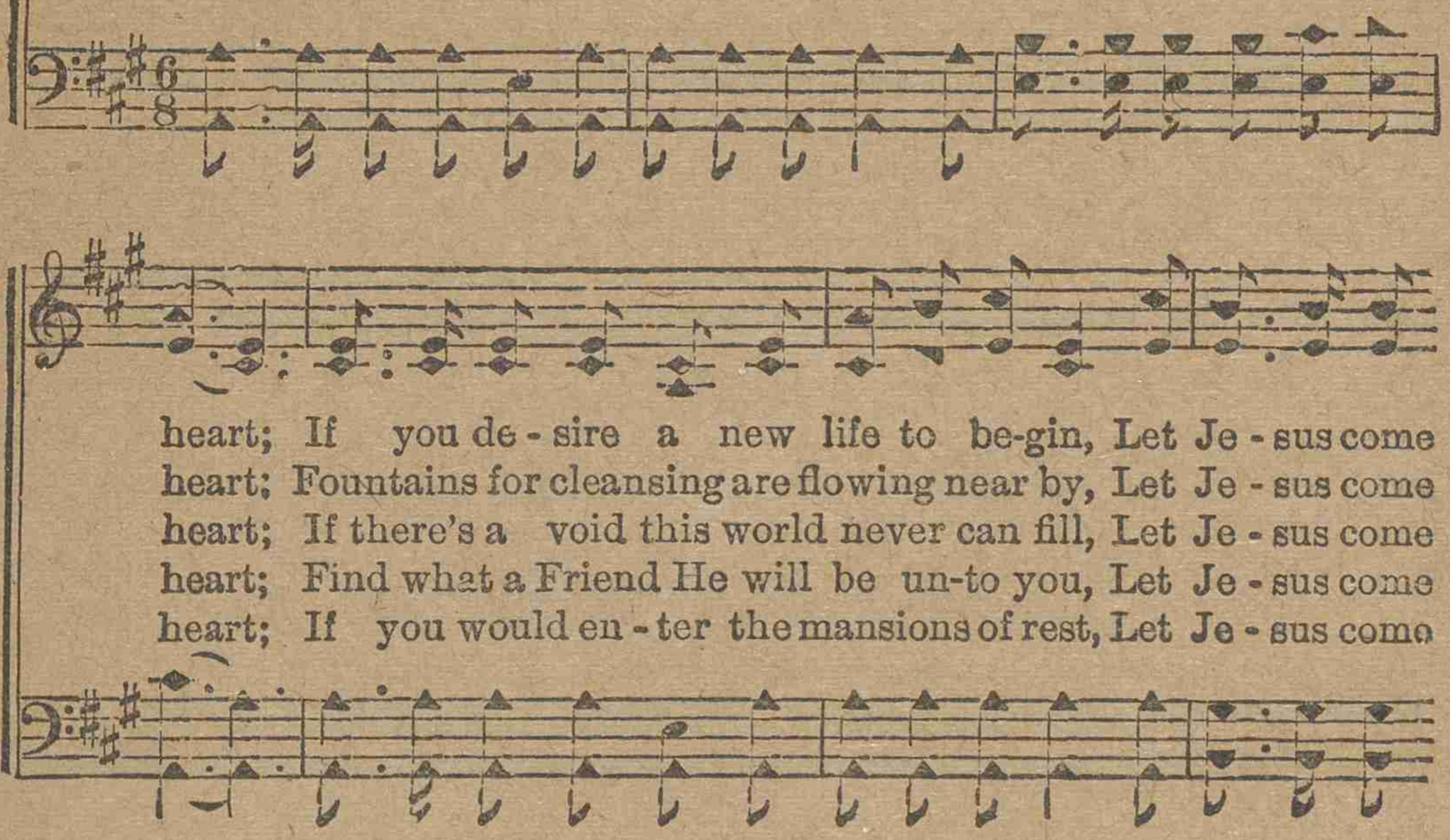
Used by per. of E. A. Hoffman. owner of copyright.

No. 51 Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

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



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



heart; If you de - sire a new life to be-gin, Let Je - sus come
heart; Fountains for cleansing are flowing near by, Let Je - sus come
heart; If there's a void this world never can fill, Let Je - sus come
heart; Find what a Friend He will be un-to you, Let Je - sus come
heart; If you would en - ter the mansions of rest, Let Je - sus come



CHORUS.

in - to your heart. Just now, your doubtings give o'er; Just now, re-
in - to your heart. Just now, my doubtings are o'er; Just now, re-

ject Him no more; Just now, throw open the door; Let Jesus come into your heart.
ject - ing no more; Just now, I o-pen the door; And Jesus comes in-to my heart.



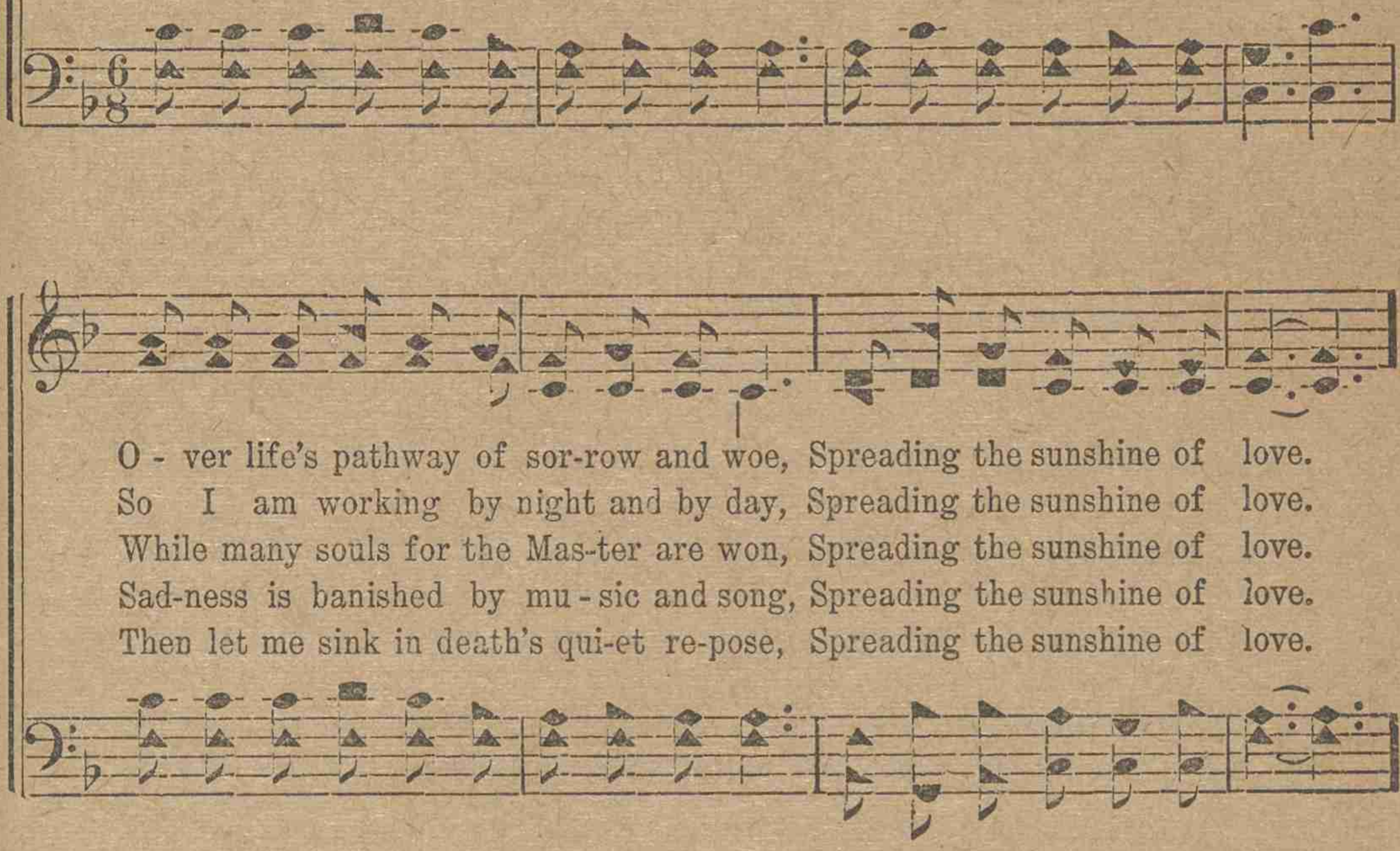
Copyright, 1898, by H. L. Gilmour.

No. 52. SPREADING THE HEAVENLY SUNSHINE.

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



1. This is my mission, wher-ev - er I go, Spreading the heav-en-ly sunshine;
2. Je - sus hath sent me to glean by the way, Spreading the hea -en-ly sunshine;
3. Hearts bend to Jesus as flow'rs to the sun, Spreading the heav-en-ly sunshine;
4. Burdens are lightened as I move a - long, Spreading the heav-en-ly sunshine;
5. Then let me work till life's labors shall close, Spreading the heav-en-ly sunshine;



O - ver life's pathway of sor-row and woe, Spreading the sunshine of love.
So I am working by night and by day, Spreading the sunshine of love.
While many souls for the Mas-ter are won, Spreading the sunshine of love.
Sad-ness is banished by mu - sic and song, Spreading the sunshine of love.
Then let me sink in death's qui-et re-pose, Spreading the sunshine of love.

CHORUS.



Spreading the light of the Gos-pel of God, Spreading the heav-en - ly sunshine;



O - ver some one who in sor-row may plod, Spreading the heav-en-ly sun-shine.

Copyright, 1898, by Geo. C. Hugg. By per.

No. 53. LORD, I'M COMING HOME.

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

With feeling.



Copyright, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick, Used by per.

No. 54. LORD JESUS, I LONG TO BE.

KEY OF A.

1 Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole;
I want Thee forever to live in my soul:
Break down ev'ry idol, cast out ev'ry foe;
Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

CHO.—Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow;
Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

2 Lord Jesus, look down from Thy throne in the skies,
And help me to make a complete sacrifice;
I give up myself, and whatever I know,
Now wash me and 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 saidst "No,"
Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

Used by permission of Wm. G. Fischer.

No. 55. No Condemnation.

"Beloved, if our hearts condemn us not, we have boldness toward God."—I. John 3. 21.

MRS. F. G. BURROUGHS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. There's no con - dem - na - tion to them in Christ Je - sus, That walk in the
2. There's no con - dem - na - tion and no sep - a - ra - tion From Je - sus our
3. There's no con - dem - na - tion, oh bless - ed as - sur - ance, To sin - ners now
4. There's no con - dem - na - tion, ring out the sweet sto - ry, To all who are

Spir - it a - lone; Their chains have been brok - en, Their free - dom is
Lov - er di - vine; No death and no sor - row, No thought for to-
sav'd by His grace; The law has no ter - ror, Truth triumphs o'er
long - ing for rest, That life in Christ Je - sus From sin and death

spok - en, And now Je - sus calls them His own.
mor - row, When all that is Je - sus' is mine. I'll praise Him, I'll
er - ror, Since Je - sus has stood in our place.
frees us, And urge them the prom - ise to test.

CHORUS.

praise Him Who saves me and calls me His own; There's no con - dem -
na - tion to them in Christ Je-sus That live by the Spir - it a - lone.

Copyright, 1899, by Wm. J Kirkpatrick, By per.

No. 56. CHRIST LOVED ME.

T. H. NELSON. FANNIE BIRDSALL.

1. Estranged from God and lost in sin, Christ loved me; The
2. I heard His voice like mu - sic sweet, Christ loved me; And
3. He spoke, my bur - den rolled a - way, Christ loved me; My
4. And this shall be my theme be - low, Christ loved me; Till

rock was cleft to take me in, Christ loved me; He sought me in sin's
fell a - dor - ing at His feet, Christ loved me; My heart was pierced by
darkness turned to glo-rious day, Christ loved me; His voice was sweet as
to His home of love I go, Christ loved me; And then with saints and

mountain wild, Christ loved me; And called me still His err - ing child,
keen re-morse, Christ loved me; And drawn to Him by love's sweet force,
an - gel's lyre, Christ loved me; Its mu - sic thrilled my soul like fire,
an - gel's all, Christ loved me; I'll sing while endless a - ges roll,

CHORUS.

Christ loved me. Christ loved me, Christ loved me, I'll

praise Him thro' e - ter - ni - ty, For Christ loved me.

Copyright, 1899, by T. H. Nelson. By per.

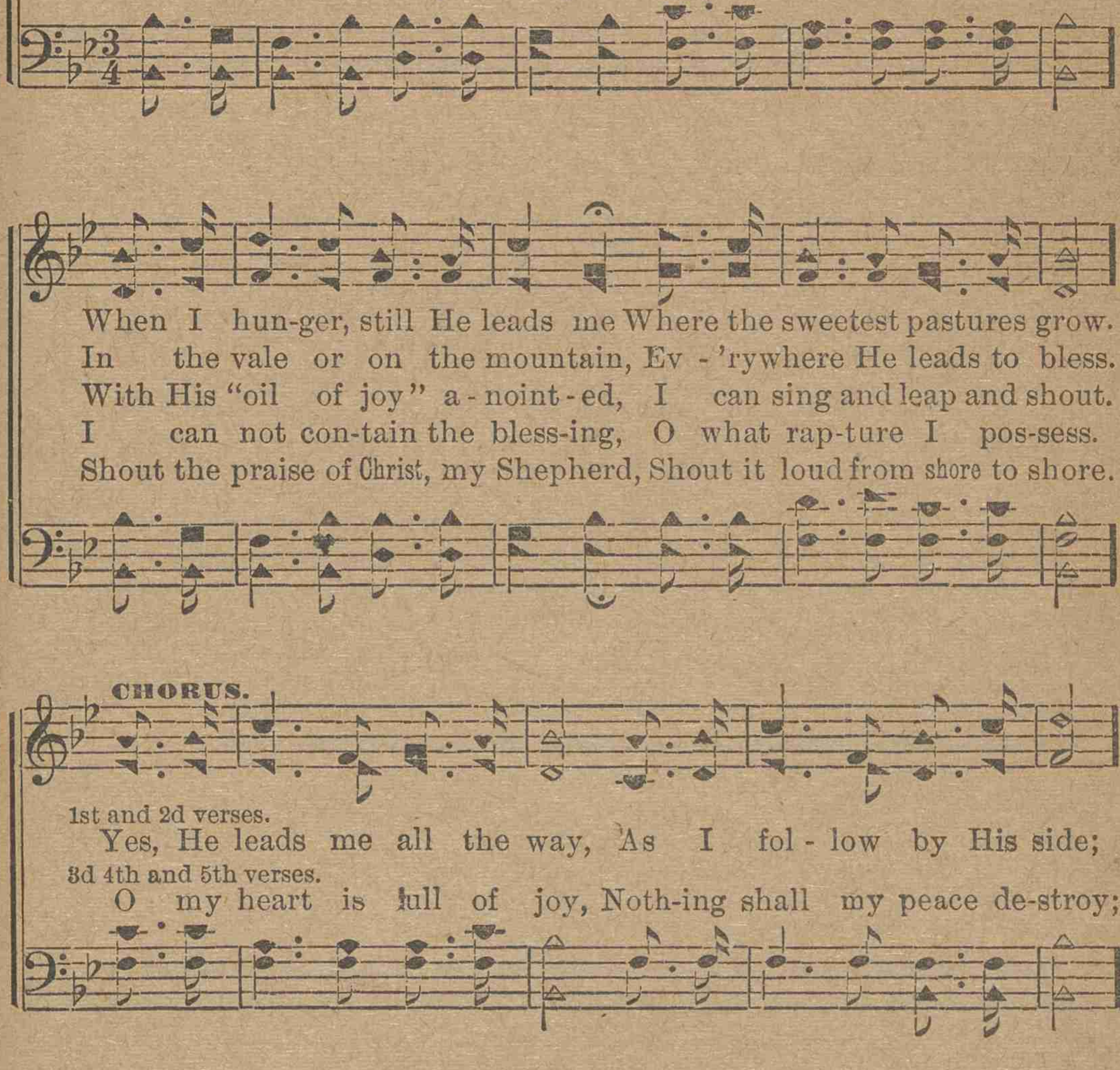
No. 57. MY SHEPHERD'S CARE.

E. A. KILBOURNE. Arr. by A. F. I. ARTHUR F. INGLER.

Moderato.



1. When I thirst, my Shepherd leads me Where the qui - et wa - ters flow;
2. Yes, my life is in His keep-ing, In the paths of righteousness;
3. I am feast-ing at His ta - ble, Tho' my foes are round a-bout;
4. O my cup is run-ning o - ver With the wine of ho - li - ness;
5. O be - lov - ed! help me sing it, Help me shout it o'er and o'er;



When I hun-ger, still He leads me Where the sweetest pastures grow.
In the vale or on the mountain, Ev - 'rywhere He leads to bless.
With His "oil of joy" a - noint - ed, I can sing and leap and shout.
I can not con-tain the bless-ing, O what rap-ture I pos-sess.
Shout the praise of Christ, my Shepherd, Shout it loud from shore to shore.

CHORUS.

1st and 2d verses.
Yes, He leads me all the way, As I fol - low by His side;
3d 4th and 5th verses.
O my heart is full of joy, Noth-ing shall my peace de-stroy;



All my life is filled with sunshine Since my soul is sanc - ti - fied.
While I'm feasting with the Bridegroom Noth-ing can my soul an - noy.

Copyright, 1902, by A. F. Ingler. By per.

No. 58. THERE'S A HAPPY DAY AT HAND.

C. P. J. "We which have believed do enter into rest."—HEB. 4: 3. C. P. JONES.



1. There's a hap - py day at hand, Hal - le - lu - jah! We have struck the
2. 'Tis the milk and hon - ey land, Hal - le - lu - jah! We, by faith up-
3. There are cit - ies great and high, Hal - le - lu - jah! Strong and walled up
4. There are gi - ants tall and grand, Hal - le - lu - jah! Stalk-ing proud - ly
5. Nev - er let your spir - its fall, Hal - le - lu - jah! On - ly let the
6. Though at A - i come de - feat, Hal - le - lu - jah! And re-proach up-
7. Bless - ed land of ho - li - ness, Hal - le - lu - jah! Land of con-quest,

Ho - ly Land, Praise the Lord! We have crossed the mud-dy tide, Hal - le-
on it stand, Praise the Lord! It is rich in all we need, Hal - le-
t'ward the sky, Praise the Lord! But by faith we'll bring them low, Hal - le-
thro' this land, Praise the Lord! But we'll trust the name of God, Hal - le-
Lord be all, Praise the Lord! By the Spir - it He doth give, Hal - le-
on us beat, Praise the Lord! We will search the camp for sin, Hal - le-
land of peace, Praise the Lord! We have reached the hap-py shore, Hal - le-

CHORUS.

lu - jah! We are now on Canaan's side, Praise the Lord!
lu - jah! Liv - ing wa - ter, liv-ing bread, Praise the Lord!
lu - jah! And Jehovah's pow'r we'll show, Praise the Lord! } Tho' the con-quest
lu - jah! And we'll bring them to the sod, Praise the Lord! } We shall con-quer
lu - jah! We shall conquer while we live, Praise the Lord!
lu - jah! And re - new the fight a - gain, Praise the Lord!
lu - jah! We shall live in sin no more, Praise the Lord!

lies a head, } All the land our feet shall tread, Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!
nev-er dread, }

No. 59. ARE YOU READY?

F. M. A. F. M. ATKINSON.

1. Are you read - y, are you read - y, for the com - ing of the Lord, Are you
2. Are you watching, are you watching, are your garments free from stain, Have you
3. Are you wait - ing, are you wait-ing, for the com - ing of the King, Have you
4. For He's com - ing, yes, He's coming, O He's com-ing back a - gain, With His

liv - ing, dai-ly liv-ing, as com-mand-ed in His word; Are you walking in the light,
plunged beneath the fountain, are you washed without, within; Are you clothed in spotless white,
gathered up the precious sheaves He left you here to bring ? Lay them down at Jesus' feet,
saints He's coming back to earth a thousand years to reign; Can you shout aloud His praise,

is your lamp still shin-ing bright, Are you read-y for the com-ing of the Lord?
can you stand in Je - sus' sight, Are you read-y for the com-ing of the Lord?
golden grains of rip-ened wheat. Are you read-y for the com-ing of the King?
have you got the up-ward gaze, Are you read-y for the com-ing of the Lord?

CHORUS.

Are you read-y, are you read-y, Are you ready for the
Are you ready, are you ready,

com-ing of the Lord? Are you Are you read-y for the coming of the Lord?

Copyright, 1904, by Jno. T, Benson, Nashville,

60 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, oh bound-less love! Je-sus hath pow-er,

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

Chorus.

Yes, He will pass, will pass o-ver you.
Then He will pass, will pass o-ver you.
Then God will pass, will pass o-ver you.
Oh, He will pass, will pass o-ver you.

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

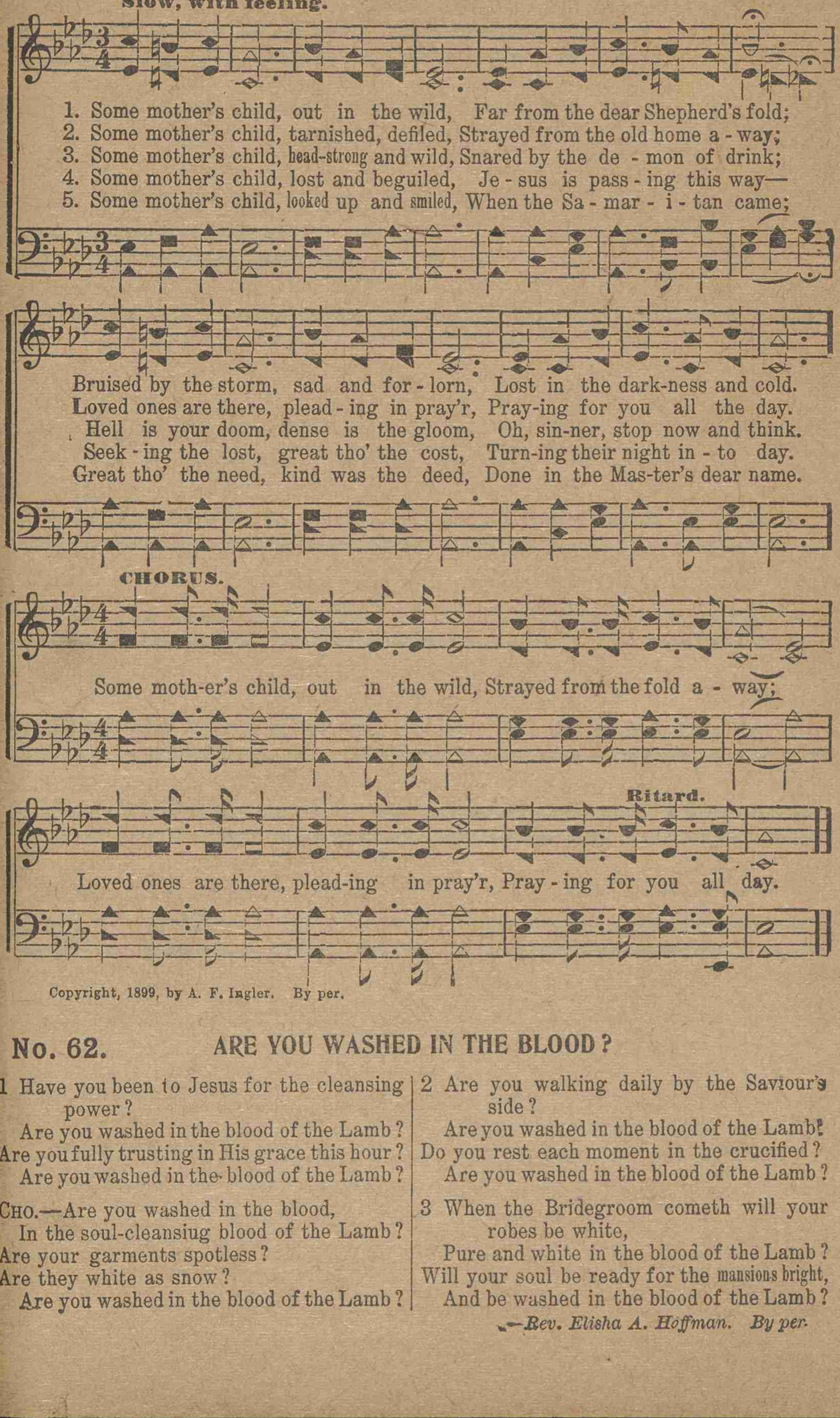
By Foote Bros., not copyrighted. Let no one do so. May this song ever be free to be published for the glory of God.

No. 61. Some Mother's Child.

"The son of man came to seek and to save that which was lost."—Luke. 19. 18.

A. F. I. A. F. INGLER.

Slow, with feeling.



Copyright, 1899, by A. F. Ingler. By per.

No. 62. ARE YOU WASHED IN THE BLOOD?

1 Have you been to Jesus for the cleansing power?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Are you fully trusting in His grace this hour?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

CHO.—Are you washed in the blood,
In the soul-cleansiug blood of the Lamb?
Are your garments spotless?
Are they white as snow?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

2 Are you walking daily by the Saviour's side?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Do you rest each moment in the crucified?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

3 When the Bridegroom cometh will your robes be white,
Pure and white in the blood of the Lamb?
Will your soul be ready for the mansions bright,
And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?

—*Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman. By per.*

No. 63. JESUS WILL WASH IT AWAY.

"Wash and be clean."—KINGS 5: 13.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

Copyright, 1894, by W. J. Kirkpatrick. Used by per.

No. 64. DOING HIS WILL.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

Copyright, 1898, by H. L. Gilmour. Used by per.

No. 65. GLORY TO THE LAMB.

Arr. by F. McD. H.

1. If you want to feel real hap - py, I'll tell you what to do;
2. Once I was a poor sin - ner, A sin - ner far from God;
3. If you're the worst of sin - ners, Je - sus wants you the most;
4. Now, come a - long poor sin - ner, You have no time to wait,
5. On Sun - day I am hap - py, On Mon-day full of joy,

Cho.—O glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, O glo - ry to the Lamb;

Come to Je - sus right a - way, And get saved thro' and thro'.
Now I'm saved and sanc - ti - fied, By His own pre-cious blood.
Do not be dis - cour-aged, for He saves to the ut - ter-most.
Come and find sal - va - tion, Be - fore it is too late.
On Tues-day I have peace with - in The dev - il can't de-stroy.

Hal - le - lu - jah, now I'm saved, And I'm so glad I am.

Go on your way re - joic - ing, Be hap - py ev - 'ry day;
He set me on the Sol - id Rock, He took me from the mire;
The drunkard, thief or gam - bler, It won't cost you a cent;
The world is full of pit - falls, The dev - il's wide a - wake;
On Wednesday and on Thurs - day, I'm walk-ing in the light;

O glo - ry, glo - ry glo - ry, O glo - ry, to the Lamb;

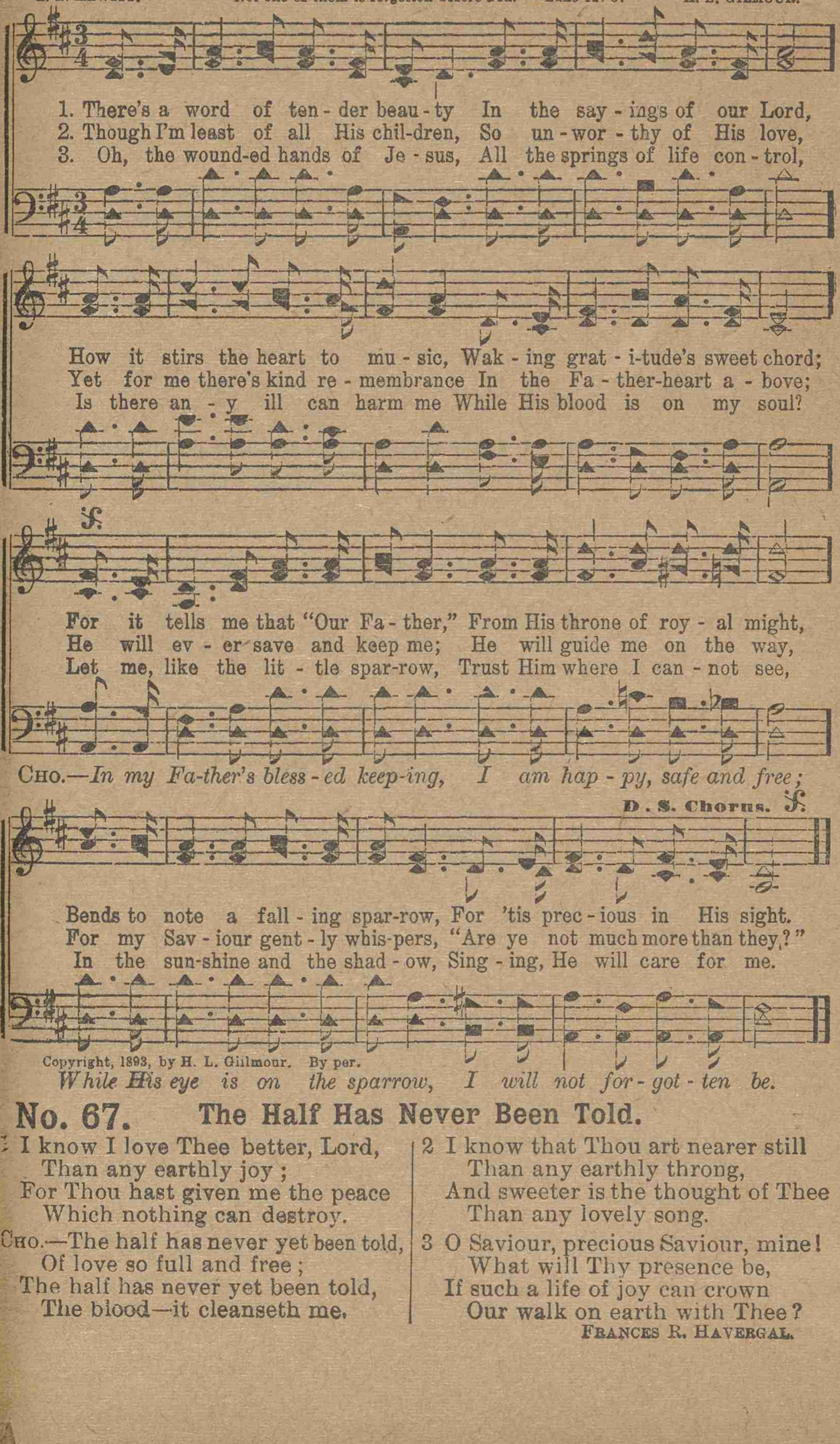
Give God your heart and make a start Up - on the nar-row way.
And now I mean to serve my God, Till He takes me up still high'r.
O poor self-right-eous sin-ner, come, Now is the time to re - pent.
So heed the Saviour's lov - ing call, And all your sins for - sake.
On Fri - day I have vic - to - ry, And Sat-ur-day's al-ways bright.

Yes, hal - le - lu - jah, now I'm saved, And bound for the happy land.

Copyright, 1892, by Mrs. F. McD. Hunter. By per.

No. 66. Not One Forgotten.

E. E. HEWITT. "Not one of them is forgotten before God."—Luke 12: 6. H. L. GILMOUR.



Copyright, 1893, by H. L. Gilmour. By per.

While His eye is on the sparrow, I will not for - got - ten be.

No. 67. The Half Has Never Been Told.

1 I know I love Thee better, Lord,
Than any earthly joy;
For Thou hast given me the peace
Which nothing can destroy.

Cho.—The half has never yet been told,
Of love so full and free;
The half has never yet been told,
The blood—it cleanseth me.

2 I know that Thou art nearer still
Than any earthly throng,
And sweeter is the thought of Thee
Than any lovely song.

3 O Saviour, precious Saviour, mine!
What will Thy presence be,
If such a life of joy can crown
Our walk on earth with Thee?

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

No. 68. BEAUTIFUL ROBES.

E. E. HEWITT. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Not too fast.

1. We shall walk with Him in white, In that coun - try pure and bright,
2. We shall walk with Him in white, Where faith yields to bliss - ful sight,
3. We shall walk wlth Him in white, By the fount - ains of de - light,

Where shall en - ter naught that may de - file; Where the day-beam ne'er de-clines.
When the beau - ty of the King we see; Hold - ing con-verse full and sweet,
Where the Lamb His ransomed ones shall lead; For His blood shall wash each stain,

For the bless-ed light that shines Is the glo - ry of the Sav-iour's smile.
In a fel - low-ship com-plete; Waking songs of ho - ly mel - o - dy.
Till no spot of sin re-main, And the soul for ev - er-more is freed.

CHORUS.

Beau - ti-ful robes,..... Beau - ti-ful robes,.....
Beautiful robes, beautiful robes, Beautiful robes, beautiful robes,

Beau - ti - ful robes, we then shall wear;....
Beau-ti - ful robes we then shall wear, Beau-ti-ful robes we then shall wear;

Copyright, 1890, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. By per.

BEAUTIFUL ROBES. Concluded.

gar - ments of light,. . . Love - ly and bright,. . .
Garments of light, garments of light, Lovely and bright, lovely and bright,

Walk ing with Je - sus in white, Beau - ti - ful robes we shall wear.

No. 69. DEEPER YET.

REV JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. WM. J KIRKPATRICK.

1. In the blood from the cross I have been washed 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

CHORUS.

free from dross, Still I would en - ter in.
of His pow'r Ev - er my pray'r would be. Deep-er yet, deep-er yet,
He will give, So then with faith I pray.
I'll not cease Till I am pure with - in.

In-to the crimson flood; Deeper yet, deeper yet, Under the precious blood.

Copyright, 1896, by Wm. J Kirkpatrick. Used by per,

No. 70. THERE'LL BE NO DARK RIVER THERE.

E. C. MACARTNEY. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. When we have come to Jor-dan's tide, There'll be no dark riv - er there;
2. With an - gels bending from a - bove, There'll be no dark riv - er there;
3. And when we've crossed the mystic tide, There'll be no dark riv - er there;
4. Let this blest tho't fresh courage give, There'll be no dark riv - er there;

With Je - sus standing close be - side, There'll be no dark riv-er there.
In fel - low-ship with Him we love, There'll be no dark riv-er there.
When we have reached the oth - er side, There'll be no dark riv-er there.
In that bright home of peace and love, There'll be no dark riv-er there.

His boundless grace shall light the place With beams of glo - ry fair,
His word di - vine shall brightly shine, His end - less life we'll share;
And hand in hand we'll walk the strand With lov'd ones bright and fair,
The gates a - jar, we see a - far, Be - yond this world of care,

S. **Fine.**

And in the sunshine from His face, There'll be no dark riv-er there.
When all to Je - sus we re - sign, There'll be no dark riv-er there.
For in that hap - py heav'nly land, There'll be no dark riv-er there.
Tho' Jor-dan's stream may us di - vide, There'll be no dark riv-er there.

D. S. *Up - on His breast we'll sweet-ly rest, There'll be no dark riv - er there.*

CHORUS. **D. S.**

There'll be no dark riv - er there, There'll be no dark riv - er there.

Copyright, 1897, by H. L. Gilmour, Wenonah, N. J. By per.

No. 71. IN THAT MORNING.

F. M. A. F. M. ATKINSON.

1. We'll hear that trum - pet's aw - ful sound, We'll all go out to
2. On clouds of light and wings of flame, We'll all go out to
3. Ye saints lift up your rap-tured eye, We'll all go out to
4. Bright se - raphs lead the glitt'ring throng, We'll all go out to

meet Him in that morn-ing; A - wake ye na - tions un-der ground,
meet Him in that morn-ing; The King of kings will come to reign,
meet Him in that morn-ing; The long ex - pect - ed hour is nigh
meet Him in that morn-ing; We'll sing with joy re-demption's song,

CHORUS.

We'll all go out to meet Him in that morning. In that morning, in that
morn-ing, We'll all go out to meet Him in that morning; In that morning
In that morn-ing, We'll all go out to meet Him in that morn-ing.

Copyright, 1904, Jno. T. Benson, Nashville, Tenn.

No. 72. PARTING TO MEET AGAIN.

VIVIAN A. DAKE. FANNIE BIRDSALL.

1. We have gath-ered to hear of a Sav - iour, Of in - fi - nite mer-
2. O how swift - ly the mo-ments are fly - ing, O de - cide, turn to Je-
3. Pause a mo-ment, con - sid - er ere go - ing, Look a - bout on these fa-
4. Once a-gain there'll be meet - ing and part - ing, When we meet at the great
5. O ye saints of the Lord, shout for glad-ness, For your fears and your sor-

cy and love; But this meet - ing will soon, soon be end - ed, Shall we
sus and live; If you go to the judg - ment a sin - ner, What ex-
ces to - night; You will meet them a - gain at the judg'- ment, Are you
judgment throne; Will you join in the greet - ings e - ter - nal, Or shall
rows are o'er; You are read - y to meet at the judg - ment, Or to

meet that dear Sav - iour a - bove?
cuse to your Lord can you give? Part - ing to meet a - gain at the
read y to face judg-ment light? Chorus to last verse.
Je sus for - ev - er dis - own? Read - y to meet a - gain at the
meet here be - low nev - er - more.

CHORUS.

judgment, Part-ing to meet no more here be - low, O how sad the tho't to thee,
judgment, Read-y to meet no more here be - low, O how glad the tho't to thee,

Copyright, 1904, by T. H. Nelson.

PARTING TO MEET AGAIN. Concluded.



No. 73. HE FULLY SAVES ME NOW.

Key of E.

1 I came to Jesus with my sin,
He fully saves me now;
He washed away its every stain,
He fully saves me now.

CHORUS.

He fully saves me now,
He fully saves me now,
He washed away sin's every stain,
He fully saves me now.

2 Once guilty fears oppressed my soul,
His cleansing blood has made me whole.

3 Sin's iron chains once held me fast,
But I'm redeemed, I'm free at last.

4 Once all was dark, but now there's light,
He found me blind, he gave me sight.

5 The Sun of righteousness has risen,
His beams have turned my hell to heaven.

6 Converted first at Calv'ry's cross,
My bark on many a wave was tossed.

7 I sought again my Saviour's side,
At my pentecost was sanctified.

8 And now I'm saved from every sin,
For Christ my Lord abides within.

9 I'm saved from care, I'm saved from fret,
He saved once, He saves me yet.

No. 74. SALVATION IN MY HEART.

Key of F.

1 I'm glad I have salvation in my heart,
I'm glad I have salvation in my heart,
In my heart, in my heart,
I'm glad I have salvation in my heart,

2 I want to be like Jesus in my heart.

3 I will not be deceitful in my heart.

4 I want to love my neighbor in my heart.

5 I want to love my enemies in my heart.

6 'Tis the old-time religion in my heart.

7 I feel the Spirit burning in my heart.

8 I have the Saviour dwelling in my heart.

9 Hallelujahs now are ringing in my heart.

No. 75. GLORY TO HIS NAME.

Key of A-flat,

1 Down at the cross where my Saviour died,
Down where for cleansing from sin I cried,
There to my heart was the blood applied;
Glory to His name.

CHO.—Glory to His name,
Glory to His name,
There to my heart was the blood applied;
Glory to His name.

2 I am so wondrously saved from sin,
Jesus so sweetly abides within,
There at the cross where He took me in;
Glory to His name.

3 O 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 Saviour's feet,
Plunge in to-day, and be made complete;
Glory to His name.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

No. 76. IF YOU WILL.

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

1. You may have your sins for-giv - en, if you will,..... And be
2. You may feed on heav'nly man - na, You may
3. You may safe - ly cross the Jor - dan, And this
4. You may wear a crown of glo - ry, if you will, You may

made an heir to heav-en, if you will, You may walk with Christ be-
sing a glad ho-san - na, You may tri-umph in His
mo-ment en - ter Ca-naan, You may leave the wil - der-
wave a palm of vic-t'ry, if you will, You may fight the fight of

low And this great sal-va-tion know, All your soul with love a - glow, if you
grace, In the sun-light of His face You may run the Christian's race if you
ness, And the land of plenteousness In His name you may pos-sess, if you
faith And with your ex-pir-ing breath Shout the vic - to - ry in death, if you

CHORUS.

will..... If you will;..... if you will,..... You may
if you will, if you will,
be just what the Lord would have you be; ..... If you will,.....
if you will, if you will,

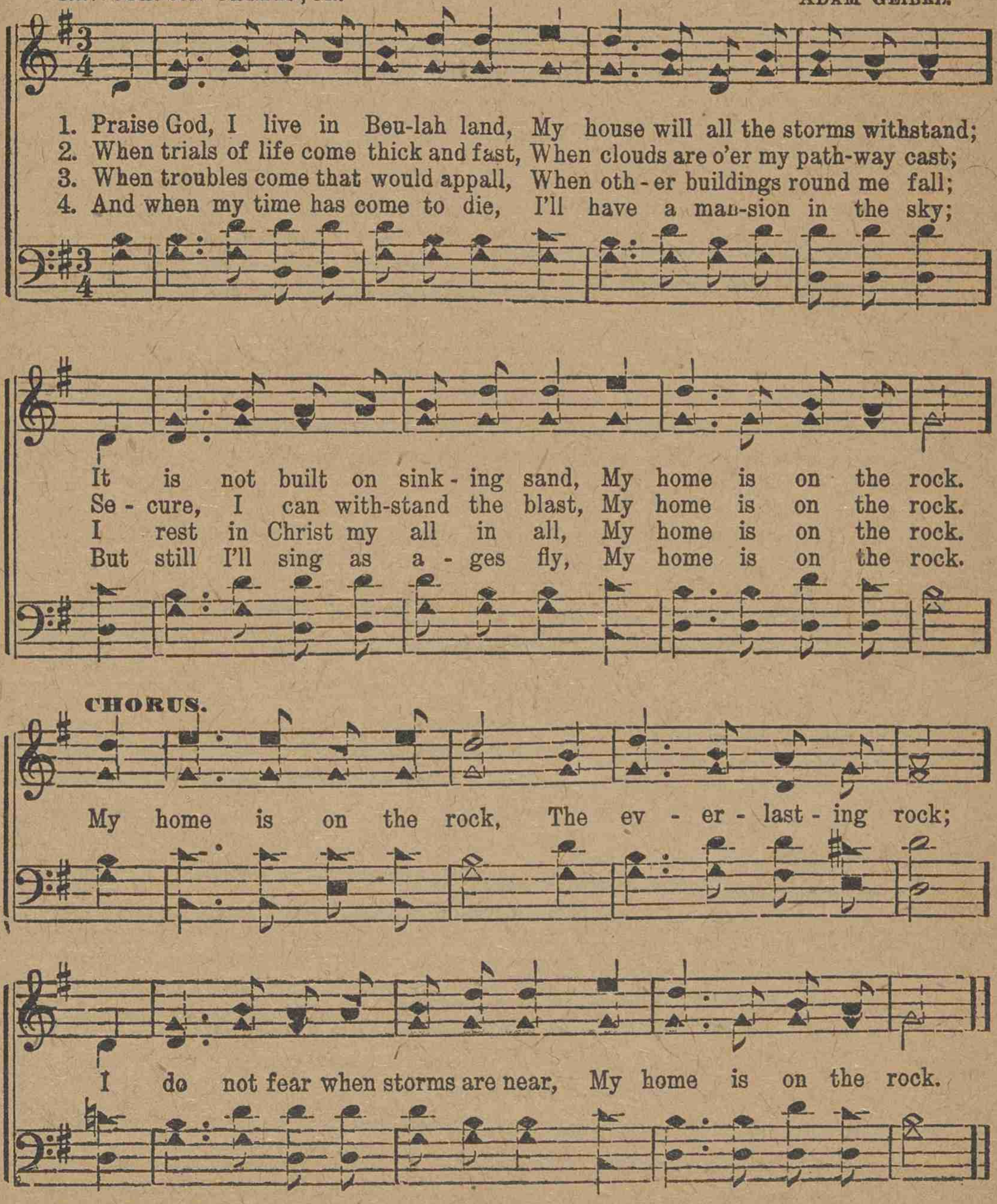
Copyright, 1903, by H. L. Gilmour, Wenonah, N. J. By per.

IF YOU WILL. Concluded.



No. 77. MY HOME IS ON THE ROCK.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. ADAM GEIBEL.



By per. Geo. C. Hugg.

No. 78. Victorious Travelers.

B. S. BELLE STAPLES. Arr. by R. E. M.

1st Voice.

1. O trav-el-ers, where are you go-ing? You seem to be not of this land;
2. O trav-el-ers, what is your language? Its accents fall strange on our ears;
3. O trav-el-ers, what is your rai-ment? So strange it ap-pears to our sight;
4. O trav-el-ers, what is your di - et? You seem to be rich - ly sup-plied;

You seem to be pil-grims and strangers, A hap - py, vic - to - ri-ous band.
It fills us with dread con-ster-na - tion, With longings, with doubts and with fears.
Our garments are sin-stained and dingy, While yours are so spotless and white.
You seem to be feed-ing on dain - ties, O will you the se-cret con - fide.

2d Voice.

O yes, we are seeking a cit - y, Be-fore us the prophets have trod,
We're speaking the language of Ca-naan, A fruit-ful and beau - ti - ful land,
We're clad in the robe of sal - va - tion, The garment of praise, too, we wear,
We're feasting on manna from heav-en, We're eat-ing the good of the land;

A cit-y whose walls are sal-va - tion, Whose builder and mak-er is God.
Which drinketh the wa-ter of heav - en, Its gardens and vineyards are grand.
We fol-low the fashions of heav - en, Our treasures and mansions are there.
We're drinking the wine of the kingdom, The best that our Lord can com-mand.

Copyright. 1901, by M. W. Knapp Cincinnati, O.

No. 79. "JESUS ONLY."

FLORA KIRKLAND. Matt. 17:8. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Noth-ing earthly meets the longing, Noth-ing here can sat-is-fy;
2. "Je-sus on-ly;" on the mountain, When my heart with rapture thrills;
3. O to spend each passing moment As in sight of His dear face!
4. Grace that saves me, grace that keeps me, Grace that helps me day by day,
5. Je-sus, Savior, Thou hast bought me, Thou hast seal'd me for Thine own;





But the love and grace of Je-sus Meet and still each long-ing cry.
"Je-sus on-ly;" in the val-ley, When life's woe my Spir-it fills.
O to show to souls in darkness All the beau-ty of His grace!
Faith and hope and peace re-new-ing, Lest I fal-ter by the way.
Hold me, guard me and di-rect me, Till Thou callest, "Child, come home."

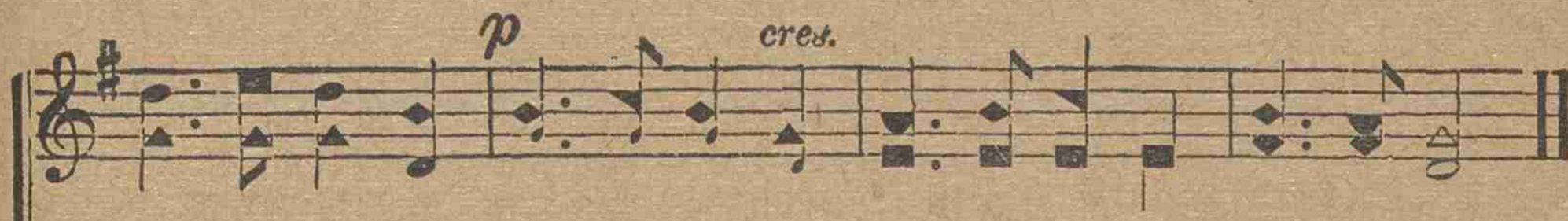


CHORUS.



"Je-sus on-ly, Je-sus on-ly," Be my raptured song to-day;





"Je-sus on-ly, Je-sus on-ly," Je-sus, Je-sus all the way.



COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK. BY PER.

No. 80, THE CITY THAT'S COMING DOWN.

A. F. I. ARTHUR F. INGLER.

Moderato.

1. There's a ho - ly and beau-ti-ful cit - y, Whose builder and rul-er is God;
2. No sin is allowed in that cit - y, And nothing de - fil-ing nor mean;
3. No heartaches are known in that cit - y, No tears ev-er moisten the eye;
4. My loved ones are gathering yonder, My friends are fast passing away;

John saw it de-scend-ing from heav-en, When Patmos, in ex - ile, he trod;
No pain and no sick-ness can en - ter, No crape on the door-knob is seen;
There's no dis-ap-point-ment in heav-en, No en - vy and strife in the sky;
And soon I shall join their bright number, And dwell in e - ter - ni - ty's day;

Its high, massive wall is of jas - per, The cit - y it - self is pure gold;
Earth's sorrows and cares are for-got-ten, No temp-ter is there to an - noy;
The saints are all sanc - ti-fied whol - ly, They live in sweet har-mo - ny there;
They're safe now in glo-ry with Je - sus, Their tri-als and bat - tles are past;

Rit ad lib.

And when my frail tent here is fold - ed, Mine eyes shall its glo - ry be - hold.
No part-ing words ev - er are spok-en, There's nothing to hurt and de - stroy.
My heart is now set on that cit - y, And some day its blessings I'll share.
They o - ver-came sin and the dev - il, They've reached that fair cit-y at last.

CHORUS. Slow.

In that bright city, pearly-white city, I have a mansion, and harp, and a crown;

Copyright, 1902, by A. F. Ingler. By per.

THE CITY THAT'S COMING DOWN. Concluded.

Rit. ad lib.

Now I am watching. waiting and longing For the white city that's soon coming down.

No. 81. SAVIOUR, HIDE THOU ME.

THOMAS H. NELSON. FLORA B. NELSON.

1. When the brightest rays are fall-ing, Sweet-ly on life's pla-cid sea;
2. When my peace flows like a riv - er, And my heart from care is free;
3. When earth's dearest ties are break-ing, And thro' blinding tears I see;
4. When my toil on earth is end - ing, And death's chilly stream I see;

Or in tempests most ap-pall - ing, Je-sus, Sav-iour, hide Thou me.
Or fond hopes be crushed for-ev-er, Je-sus, Sav-iour, hide Thou me.
Or when gladdest songs are waking, Je-sus, Sav-iour, hide Thou me.
And the gloom's with glory blending, Je-sus, Sav-iour, hide Thou me.

CHORUS.

While I turn life's checkered pag - es, And the storm a - bout me ra - ges, In Thy cleft, O Rock of A - ges, Hide Thou me.

Copyright, 1899, by T. H. Nelson By per,

No. 82. SAVED FROM SIN.

Anon. rr. by MRS. JNO. T. BENSON.

1. I once was a stran-ger to grace and to God; I knew not the truth
2. I turned to the Lord and the Spir-it gave me light; I saw to be a sol-
3. When we start out to bat - tle we trust in the Lord; We take for our weap-
4. Come on my dear broth-er, and help to sub-due, For all must be con-
5. Jesus came to this world and suf-fered on the cross; He died for ev'ry one,

for I searched not His word; I turned to the Lord and the light it shone in,
dier it meant for me to fight. I put on the breast-plate and buckled on the shield.
on, the sharp two-edged sword; We hear the devil roaring, he makes a fearful sound,
quered as well as me and you, All will be sub-dued and re-deemed from the fall,
but there's some who will be lost, They heed not His word, they travel on in sin,

Bless the name of Je - sus, He has saved me from sin. He saved me from sin,
I went forth to conquer or to die on the field. To die on the field,
He shoots his fi-ery darts, but they fall to the ground. They fall to the ground,
Bless the name of Je - sus, there is par - don for all. There's pardon for all,
But when He comes a-gain, they will want to enter in. They'll want to enter in,

He saved me from sin, Bless the name of Je-sus, He has saved me from sin.
to die on the field, I went forth to conquer, or to die on the field.
they fall to the ground, He shoots his fi-ery darts. but they fall to the ground.
there's par - don for all, Bless the name of Je-sus, there is par - don for all.
they'll want to en-ter in, But when He comes a-gain, they will want to enter in.

Copyright, 1904, by Jno. T. Benson

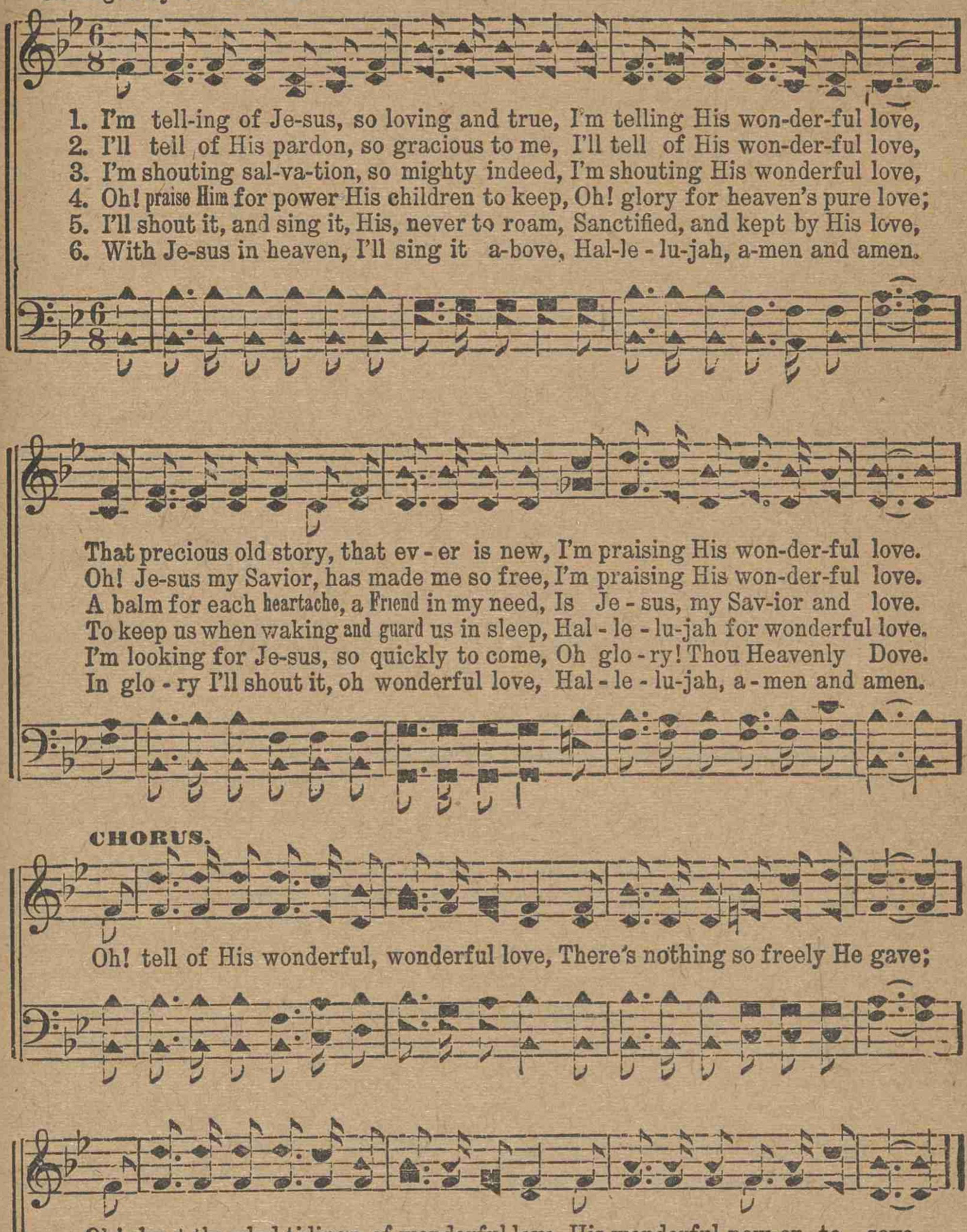
83

Wonderful Love.

Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us."—

May the Holy Spirit attend in mighty power the singing of this song; let no one copyright, freely let it be used to the glory of God.—JAS. H. Y.

Arranged by COUSIN EVA.



1. I'm tell-ing of Je-sus, so loving and true, I'm telling His won-der-ful love,
2. I'll tell of His pardon, so gracious to me, I'll tell of His won-der-ful love,
3. I'm shouting sal-va-tion, so mighty indeed, I'm shouting His wonderful love,
4. Oh! praise Him for power His children to keep, Oh! glory for heaven's pure love;
5. I'll shout it, and sing it, His, never to roam, Sanctified, and kept by His love,
6. With Je-sus in heaven, I'll sing it a-bove, Hal-le - lu-jah, a-men and amen.

That precious old story, that ev - er is new, I'm praising His won-der-ful love.
Oh! Je-sus my Savior, has made me so free, I'm praising His won-der-ful love.
A balm for each heartache, a Friend in my need, Is Je - sus, my Sav-ior and love.
To keep us when waking and guard us in sleep, Hal - le - lu-jah for wonderful love.
I'm looking for Je-sus, so quickly to come, Oh glo - ry! Thou Heavenly Dove.
In glo - ry I'll shout it, oh wonderful love, Hal - le - lu-jah, a - men and amen.

CHORUS.

Oh! tell of His wonderful, wonderful love, There's nothing so freely He gave;

Oh! shout the glad tidings, of wonderful love, His wonderful pow-er to save.

Words and Music by Jas. H. Yeaman, Nashville, Tenn., 1904. Not copyrighted.

No. 84 The Hallelujah Side.

"Alleluia; salvation, and glory, and honor, and power, unto the Lord our God."—Rev. 19: 1.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. Once a sin-ner far from Je-sus, I was per-ish-ing with cold, But the
2. Tho' the world may sweep around me with her daz-zle and her dreams, Yet I
3. Not for all earth's golden millions would I leave this precious place, Tho' the
4. Here the sun is al-ways shining here the sky is always bright; 'Tis no
5. And up-on the streets of glo-ry, when we reach the oth-er shore, And have

blessed Saviour heard me when I cried; Then He threw His robe around me, and He
en-vy not her van-i-ties and pride, For my soul looks up to heaven, where the
tempter to persuade me oft has tried, For I'm safe in God's pa-vil-ion, hap-py
place for gloomy Christians to a-bide, For my soul is filled with music and my
safely crossed the Jordan's rolling tide, You will find me shouting "Glory" just out-

led me to His fold, And I'm liv-ing on the hal-le-lu-jah side.
gold-en sunlight gleams, And I'm liv-ing on the hal-le-lu-jah side.
in His love and grace, And I'm liv-ing on the hal-le-lu-jah side.
heart with great de-light, And I'm liv-ing on the hal-le-lu-jah side.
side my man-sion door, Where I'm liv-ing on the hal-le-lu-jah side.

D. S.—win-dows of my soul, And I'm liv-ing on the hal-le-lu-jah side.

Fine.

CHORUS.

Oh, glo-ry be to Je-sus, let the hal-le-lu-jahs roll; Help me
ring the Saviour's praises far and wide, For I've opened up tow'rd heaven all the

D. S.

Copyright, 1898, by John J. Hood. By per.

No. 85. It Just Suits Me.

"O taste and see that the Lord is good."—Psalm 34: 8.

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

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

Far ex-cel the grandest knowledge Of the ser-a-phim in light;
To the sparkling, liv-ing wa-ters, Flow-ing ful-ly, free-ly still;
For the grace of our Re-deem-er Must our high-est tho't ex-ceed;
Can we ev-er praise Him right-ly? Tell how grace and glo-ry blend?

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

CHORUS.

But I know it is for sin-ners, And it just suits me.
I can trust His "who-so-ev-er," For it just suits me.
Find the spe-cial, ten-der prom-ise That will just suit me.
So, what-ev-er lot he or-ders, May it just suit me.
} It just suits

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

Copyright, 1890, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. By per.

No. 86. GOING THROUGH THE LAND.

W. D. CORNELL, by per. Arr. by W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

SOLO. Slowly, with expression.

1. If a Christian meet a Christian, Go - ing thro' the land,
2. If a Christian gets in trouble, Go - ing thro' the land,
3. If you meet a soul dis - couraged, Go - ing thro' the land,
4. Would you have a home up yon-der, In the bet - ter land?

Just re - member he's your brother, Reach to him your hand; For
Don't condemn your weaker brother, Help him all you can; For
Show to him God's word of promise, Cheer him all you can; For
Do to oth-ers as you'd have them Do to you, my man; And

who can tell but on the morrow, You and he may stand Be-
who can tell what great temp-ta-tions Press a-round the man? He
deeds and words in kind - ness giv-en, Mend the broken strand; A
when the Mas - ter comes for jewels, Searching thro' the land, He'll

fore the great white throne up yon-der: Help him all you can.
needs the help of Chris-tian friendship, Give him all you can.
lit - tle help when one is drowning Oft - en saves the man.
take thy wea - ry faith-ful spir - it Home to Beu - lah land.

Copyright, 1897, by W. E. M. Hackleman.

No. 87. NOT MADE WITH HANDS.

Rev. E. A. Fergerson, Arr. Arr. by Rev. E. A. Hoffman.



1. Christ Je - sus went a building to pre-pare In heav'n's fair lands,
2. Look yon - der and a mansion you can see, All fair it stands,
3. I've nev - er been to heaven, but I'm told In those fair lands
4. The ho - ly an - gels, beau-ti-ful and bright, Dwell in those lands,
5. Some of my friends have journeyed on before, From earth's dark lands,
6. Some morning fair, some bright and golden day, When God commands,

In heav'n's fair lands,



And it will be decked with jew- els rare Not made with hands.
A beau - ti - ful home pre-pared for me Not made with hands.
The streets all are paved with shin-ing gold Not made with hands.
And soon we shall reach that home of light Not made with hands.
To dwell in that home for - ev - er - more Not made with hands.
I'll go to the home not far a - way Not made with hands.

CHORUS.



I know, I know In heav'n for me a man-sion stands,
know, I know



A home, a home Not made.... with hands.
A home, a home

Copyright, 1903, by E. A. Hoffman.

WON'T YOU COME AND GO?

F. M. FRANK M. GRAHAM

1. Oh, so ma - ny, ma - ny sin - ners, with-out the love of God,
   And for them my heart is yearn-ing, to help them in the way.
2. And so ma - ny sons and daughters are in the downward road.
   They are hard - ly re - al - iz - ing, the dan-ger they are in.
3. And so ma - ny pre-cious moth-ers, don't seem to un - der-stand,
   But for fear of per - se - cu - tion, they will not make the start,
4. And we'll not for - get the fa-thers, whose heads are turn-ing gray,
   Oh, how sad will be the part - ing, when at the Judg-ment day,

Are trav'l - ing in the hard way, where none but sin - ners trod,
That leads beyond the Jor - don
And bear - ing ma - ny bur - dens of Sa - tan's heav - y load,
That Sa - tan has them brand-ed,
That Je - sus is their Sav - ior, and of - fers them His hand,
But stay a - way from Je - sus,
And their hearts are grow-ing hard - er, but still they stay a - way;
The saints will go in with Him,

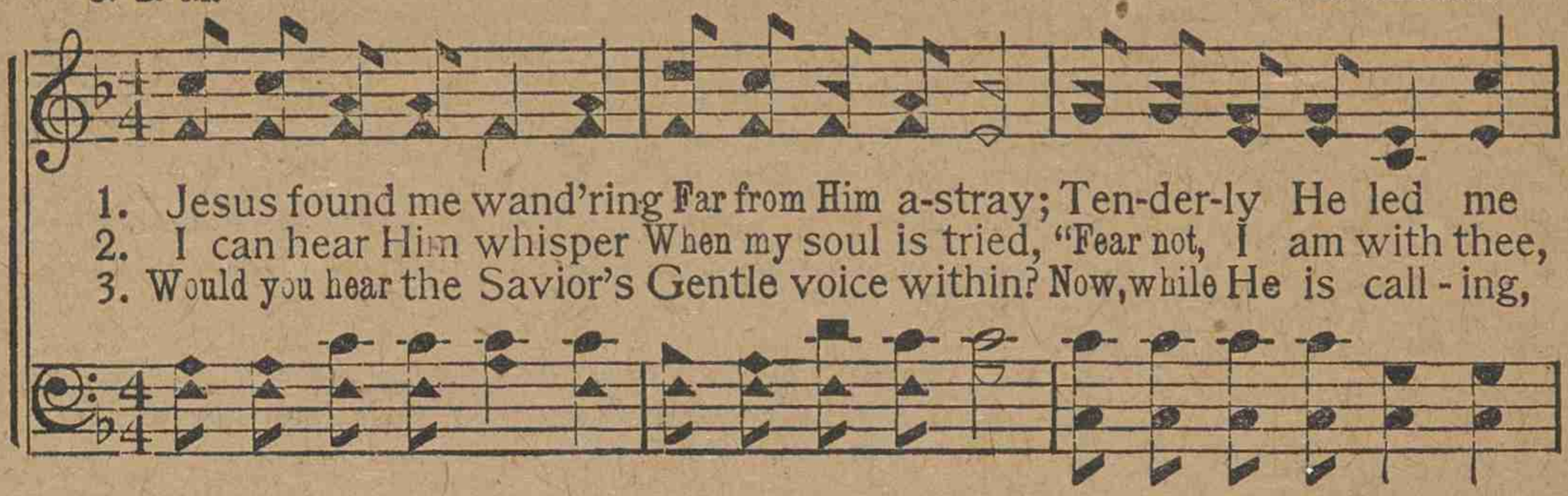
CHORUS.

to realms of perfect day.
and in the ways of sin. Oh, won't you come and go? we'll help you all we
not giving Him their heart.
but sinners turned away.

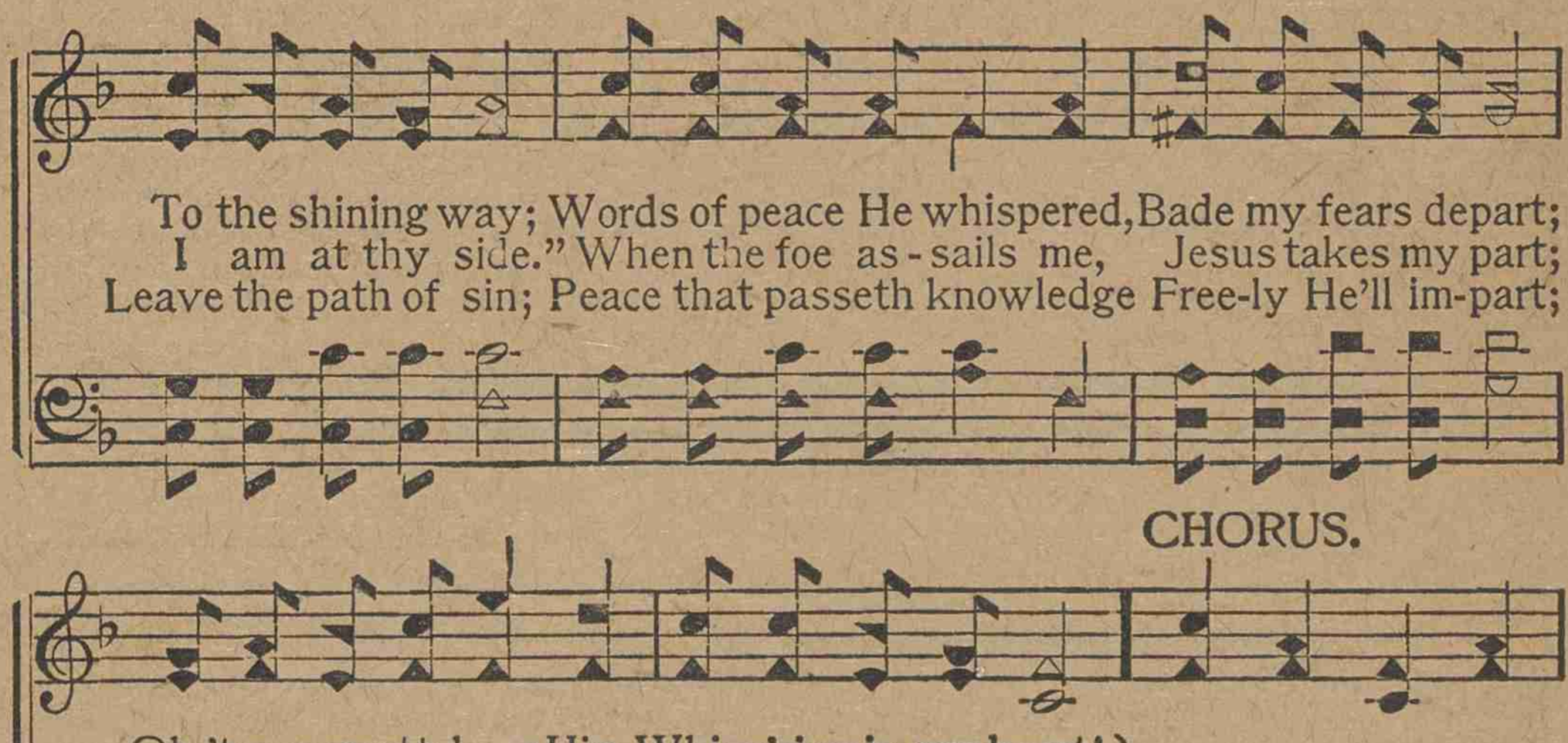
can We're going to work for Jesus, while going thro' the land. Oh, come and join the band.

No. 89. WHISP'RING IN MY HEART.

J. B. M. J. B. MACKAY.



1. Jesus found me wand'ring Far from Him a-stray; Ten-der-ly He led me
2. I can hear Him whisper When my soul is tried, "Fear not, I am with thee,
3. Would you hear the Savior's Gentle voice within? Now, while He is call-ing,



To the shining way; Words of peace He whispered, Bade my fears depart;
I am at thy side." When the foe as-sails me, Jesus takes my part;
Leave the path of sin; Peace that passeth knowledge Free-ly He'll im-part;

CHORUS.



Oh, 'twas sweet to hear Him Whisp'ring in my heart!
I re-joice to hear Him Whisp'ring in my heart.
You to-day may hear Him Whisp'ring in your heart.
} Whisp'ring, whisp'ring,

O what joy is mine! Whisp'ring, whisp'ring Words of love divine; No strain of earthly

music Such rapture can impart; I'm glad I ever heard Him Whisp'ring in my heart.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY THE HALL-MACK CO. USED BY PER.

No. 90. Like a Mighty Sea.

"Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst."—John 4: 14.

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

1. My soul to-day is thirst-ing for liv-ing streams di-vine, To
2. I see the clouds a-ris-ing, the mer-cy clouds of love, That
3. The show'rs of grace are fall-ing, the tide is roll-ing in; The
4. It's com-ing, yes, it's com-ing, it's com-ing down this hour, A

sweep from highest heav-en to this poor heart of mine; I stand up-on the
come to bring re-fresh-ing down from the throne a-bove, The ear-nest of the
flood-tide of sal-va-tion, with pow'r to cleanse from sin; It's surging thro' my
tor-rent of sal-va-tion in sav-ing, cleansing pow'r; I hear the bil-lows

prom-ise, in Je-sus' name I plead; O send the gra-cious cur-rent to
show-er just now to us is giv'n, And now we wait ex-pect-ing the
be-ing, and takes my sin a-way; It keeps me shout-ing, glo-ry! thro'
sing-ing, I see them mount and roll; Oh, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! they're

Chorus by Clarence B. Strouse.

sat-is-fy my need.
floods of grace from heav'n.
all the hap-py day.
sweep-ing thro' my soul.

} Like a might-y sea, like a might-y sea,

Comes the love of Je-sus sweeping o-ver me; The waves of glo-ry roll, the

Copyright, 1900, by H. L. Gilmour, Wenonah, N. J. By per.

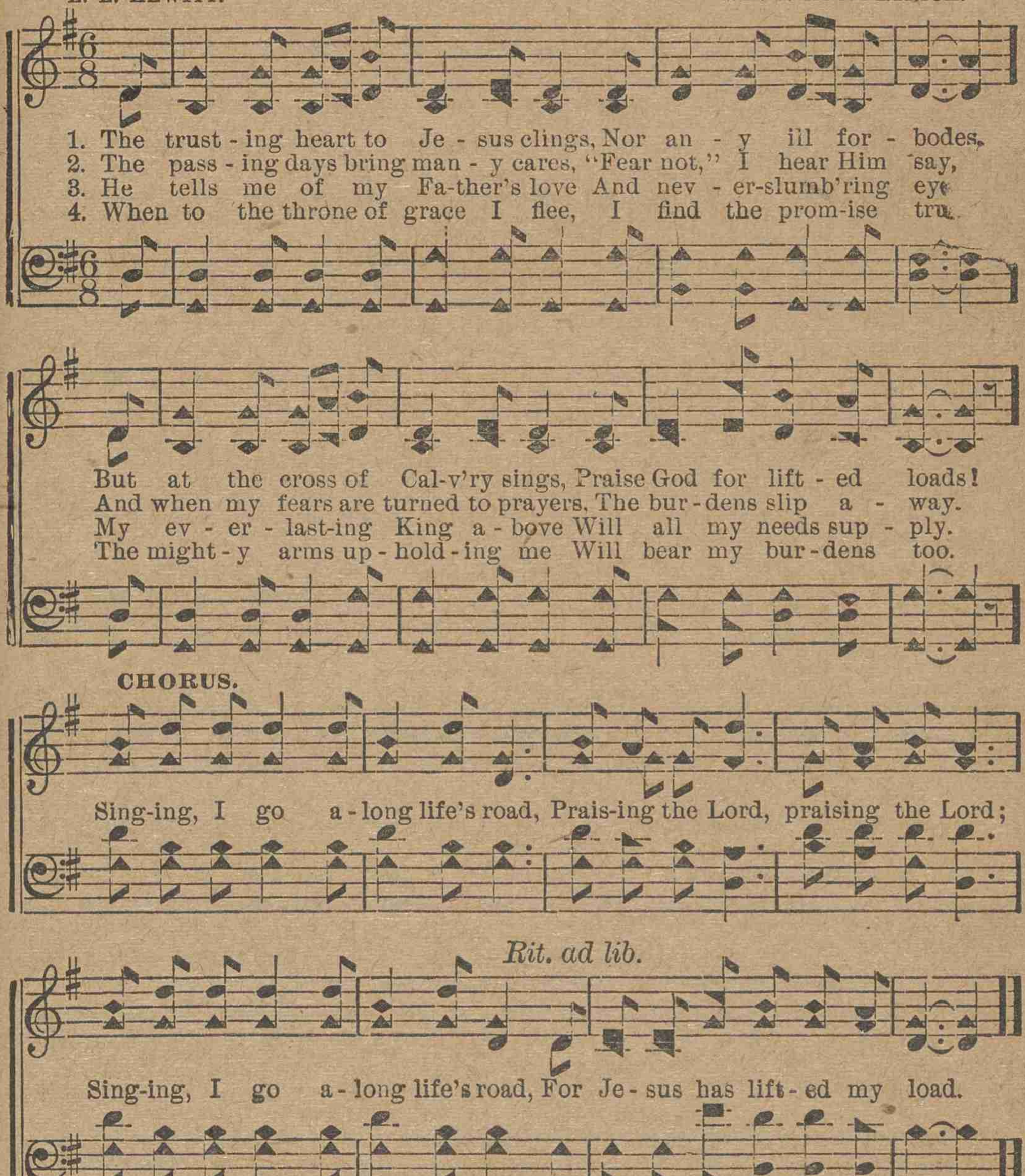
Like a Mighty Sea.



No. 91. Jesus Has Lifted the Load.

"Cast thy burden upon the Lord."—Psalm 55: 22.

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



Copyright, 1898, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. By per.

No. 92. HE IS COMING BACK AGAIN.

REV. A. B. SIMPSON. JOHN T. BENSON.

1. Do you know why I'm longing for the coming of the Lord, And watching His glo-
2. Do you know why no longer I can call this world my home, And my heart from its fetters
3. Do you know Jesus promised when He left this world of sin That He'd come again in glory

ry to see? 'Tis be-cause He's my Bridegroom, be-loved and a-dored, And I
is set free? 'Tis be-cause I'm expecting that my Bridegroom soon will come, And I
in the air? And His ransomed Bride will meet Him when they hear the trump-et sound, I'm so

know that He's com-ing for me. Do you know why He's robed me in garments of white,
know He is com - ing for me. Do you know why I'm sending the tidings un-to all,
glad that His glory I shall share. When I think of that day when He comes for me,

And bid - den me read - y to be; With oil in my vessel and my
And am warning them from judgment to flee? He has sent me His guests to the
How my heart turns to Him, my loved and true, And I long for the time when my

lamp trimmed and bright? 'Tis because He is coming for me.
wedding feast to call O He's coming, yes, He's coming for me. O He's coming back again,
Sav - iour I'll see, Are you sure that He's coming for you?

REFRAIN.

Copyright 1902 by John T. Benson, Nashville

HE IS COMING BACK AGAIN. Concluded.



No. 93. I WOULD BE THINE.

J. T. B. JNO. T. BENSON.



Copyrighted, 1904, by Jno, T. Benson, Nashville, Tenn.

No. 94. Saved to the Uttermost.

W. J. K. W. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.

1. Saved to the ut - termost: I am the Lord's; Je - sus, my
2. Saved to the ut - termost: Je - sus is near; Keep-ing me
3. Saved to the ut - termost: this I can say, "Once all was
4. Saved to the ut - termost: cheerful - ly sing Loud hal - le -

Sav - ior, sal - va - tion af - fords; Gives me his Spir - it a
safe - ly, he cast- eth out fear; Trust-ing his prom - is - es,
dark - ness, but now it is day; Beau - ti - ful vi - sions of
lu - ias to Je - sus, my King! Ran-somed, and par-doned, re-

wit - ness with - in, Whisp'ring of par - don, and sav - ing from sin.
how I am blest; Lean -ing up - on him, how sweet is my rest.
glo - ry I see, Je - sus in brightness re-vealed un - to me."
deemed by his blood, Cleansed from un-right-eousness, glo - ry to God.

REFRAIN.

Saved, saved, saved to the ut - termost: Saved, saved by pow-er divine;

Saved, saved, I'm saved to the ut-termost: Je-sus, the Sav-ior, is mine!

No. 95. RESTING AT THE CROSS.

W. J. K. Music by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. To the cross of Christ, my Sav-iour, I had brought my weary soul,
2. At the cross while meek-ly bow-ing, Je - sus, smiling, bade me live;
3. At the cross while prostrate ly - ing, Jesus' blood flowed o'er my soul;
4. At the cross I'm calm - ly rest - ing, Ev -'ry moment now is sweet;

Burdened, faint and broken-heart-ed, Praying, "Je - sus, make me whole."
"I have died for your transgressions, And I free - ly all for - give."
All my guilt and sin were co v-ered, And He whispered, "child, be whole."
I am tast - ing of His glo - ry, I am rest - ing at His feet.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry, glo - ry be to Je - sus, I am count-ing all but dross,
I have found a full sal - va - tion; I am rest - ing at the cross!
I'm resting, I'm resting, I'm rest-ing at the cross!
at the cross, at the cross,

Copyright renewed, 1902, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. Used by per.

No. 96. WELL DONE.

E. E. HEWITT. MRS. J. G. WILSON.

Moderato.

1. When the Mas-ter comes in glo - ry, With His an-gels fair and bright,
2. There is work to do for Je-sus, That should ev -'ry pow'r em-ploy;
3. O the good be-yond all guessing, Of a lov - ing deed or look!

When the world's complet-ed sto - ry Is un-rolled be-fore His sight;
May His bless - ed serv - ice please us, More than an - y earth - ly joy.
O the won-drous pow'r of bless-ing, In a word from God's own Book!

When the saved of ev -'ry na - tion Join to praise His grace di-vine,
There are souls that must not per - ish, Wand'ring sheep that we may find;
Let us spread the great sal - va - tion, Till the set - ting of the sun;

Shall these words of com-men - da - tion, Fall up - on your ears and mine?
Lit - tle lambs that we may cher - ish, Brok-en hearts that we may bind.
Then we'll hear the com-men - da - tion From the Master's lips, "Well done."

CHORUS.

Well done,..... well done,..... O shall we hear the
My child, well done, my child, well done,

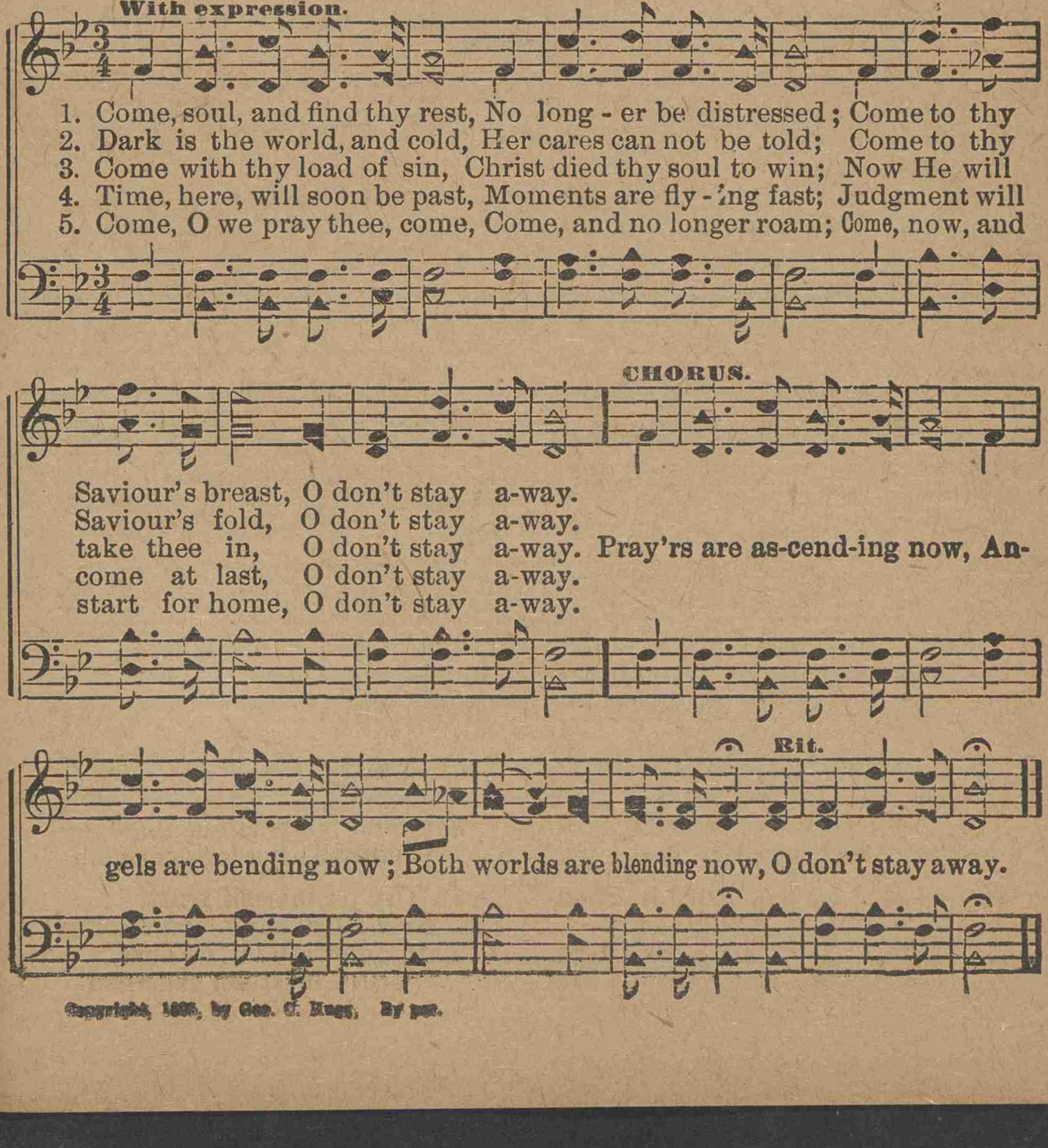
Copyright, 1903, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. By per.

WELL DONE. Concluded.



No. 97. O DON'T STAY AWAY.

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

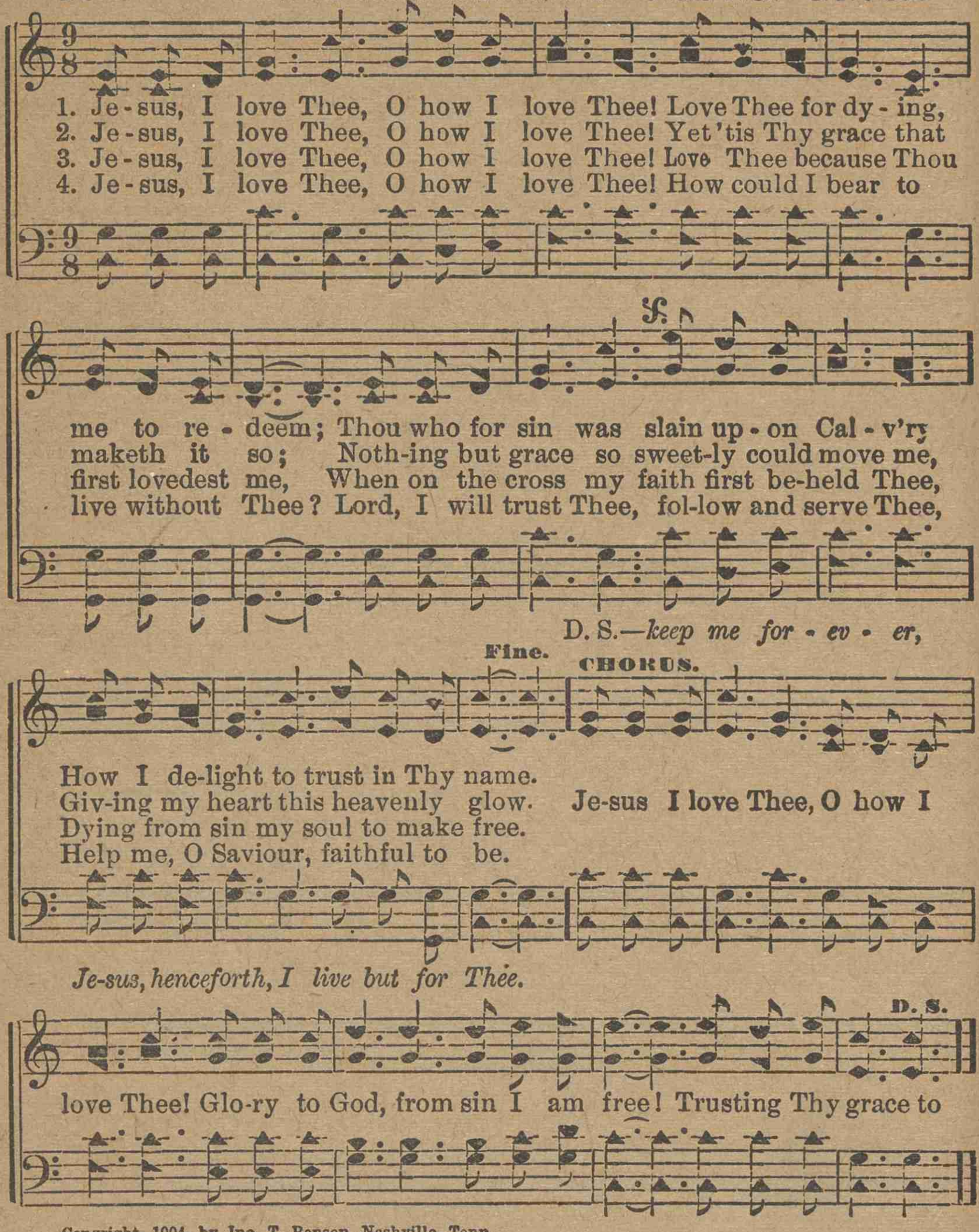


Copyright, 1895, by Geo. C. Hugg. By per.

No. 98. JESUS, I LOVE THEE.

CONSECRATION.

C. P. J. "We love him because he first loved us."—1 JOHN 4 : 19. C. P. JONES.



Copyright, 1904, by Jno. T. Benson, Nashville, Tenn.

No. 99. I AM COMING TO THE CROSS.

Key of G.

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.

3 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body Thine to be,—
Wholly Thine for evermore.

4 In Thy promises I trust,
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

No. 100. DIAMONDS IN THE ROUGH.

Written by an ex-clown who is now an evangelist in Texas.

C. W. BYRON.

1. While walking out one even-ing, Not knowing where to go,
2. I used to dance the pol-ka, The schottische and the waltz,
3. One day my precious comrades, You, too, were lost in sin,

CHO.—*The day will soon be o-ver, When dig-ging will be done,*

And just to pass the lone hours Be-fore we held the show,
I al-so loved the thea-ter, Its glit-ter, vain and false;
When some one sought your res-cue, And Je-sus took you in;

And no more gems be gath-ered, So let us all press on;

The Beth-el Mis-sion Band pass'd All sing-ing with their might;
And Je-sus when He found me, He found me ver-y tough,
When you are tried and tempted By sin-ners' stern re-buff,

When Je-sus comes to claim us, And says, "It is e-nough."

D. C. for Chorus.

I gave my heart to Je-sus, And left the show that night.
But praise the Lord, He saved me, I'm a diamond from the rough.
Don't turn a-way in an-ger, They're diamonds in the rough.

The diamonds will be shin-ing No long-er in the rough.

4 While reading through the Bible,
Some wondrous sights I see,
I read of Peter, James and John
By the sea of Galilee;
And when the Saviour called them,
Their work was rude enough,
Yet they were precious diamonds
He gathered in the rough.

5 Now keep your lamps all burning,
The lamps of holy love,
And unto every sinner
Point out the way above;
The dying love of Jesus
Will help you love the tough;
He'll polish into beauty
The diamond from the rough.

No. 101. MOMENT BY MOMENT.

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee."—Isa. 26: 3.

T. H. Nelson. Fannie Birdsall.

1. Christ has a - tonement for me ful - ly made, My sins and sor-rows were all on Him laid; Ful - ly redeemed by His
2. Up to the mer - cy - seat bold - ly I step, Bring-ing an of - f'ring that God doth ac - cept; Cal - va - ry's vic - tim gives
3. Nev - er a bur - den, a heart-ache or care, A cross or a fur-nace, that Christ doth not share; In sun-shine or sor - row His
4. Riv - ers of peace now my soul o - ver - flow, Sunbursts of glo - ry, wher-ev - er I go; In ev - 'ry e - vent now His

own pre-cious blood, Moment by mo-ment I'm liv - ing in God.
fa - vor di - vine, Moment by mo-ment His mer - its are mine.
mer - cy I prove, Moment by mo-ment I live in His love.
hand I can trace, Moment by mo-ment I'm kept by His grace.

CHORUS.

Mo - ment by mo - ment I'm kept..... thro' His blood, Moment by moment I'm kept thro' His blood, Moment by moment I'm
blood,..... Liv - ing a life..... con-se-kept thro' His blood, Living a life con - se - crat-ed to God,

Copyright, 1899, by T. H, Nelson. By per.

MOMENT BY MOMENT. Concluded.



No. 102. THE CHILD OF A KING.

Key of F. H. E. BUELL.

1 My Father is rich
In houses and lands,
He holdeth the wealth
Of the world in His hands!
Of rubies and diamonds,
Of silver and gold
His coffers are full,
He has riches untold!

Cho.—I'm the child of a King!
The child of a King!
With Jesus, my Saviour,
I'm the child of a King.

2 A tent or a cottage,
Why should I care?
They're building a palace
For me over there.
Though exiled from home,
Yet still I may sing;
"All glory to God,
I'm the child of a King.

No. 103. THE OLD STORY.

Key of A-Flat.

1 I love to tell the story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love;
I love to tell the story,
Because I know its true,
It satisfies my longings
As nothing else would do.

Cho.—I love to tell the story,
'Twill be my theme in glory
To tell the old, old story,
Of Jesus and His love.

2 I love to tell the story;
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams
I love to tell the story;
It did so much for me!
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee

No. 104. COME UNTO ME.

"Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."—
C. P. J. MATT. 11: 28. CHARLES P. JONES.

1. Hear the blessed Saviour calling the oppressed, "O ye heavy-laden, come to Me and rest;
2. Are you disappointed, wand'ring here and there, Dragging chains of doubt and loaded down with care?
3. Stumbling on the mountains dark with sin and shame, Stumbling tow'rd the pit of hell's consuming flame,
4. Have you cares of business, cares of pressing debt? Cares of social life or cares of hopes unmet?
6. Have you by temptation often conquered been, Has a sense of weakness brought distress within?

Come, no longer tar-ry, I your load will bear, Bring Me ev'ry burden, bring Me ev'ry care."
Do un-ho-ly feelings struggle in your breast? Bring your case to Jesus, He will give you rest.
By the pow'rs of sin deluded and oppressed, Hear the tender Shepherd,—"Come to Me and rest."
Are you by remorse or sense of guilt depressed? Come right on to Jesus, He will give you rest.
Christ will sanctify you, if you'll claim His best, In the Ho-ly Spir-it He will give you rest.

CHORUS.

Come un - to Me; I..... ..... will give you
Come un - to Me, Come un - to Me, Come un - to Me, I will give you rest,

rest; Take..... My yoke up - on you,
I will give you rest; Take My yoke up - on you, Take My yoke up-on you,

Hear..... Me and be blest;..... I..... am
Hear Me and be blest, hear Me and be blest, I am meek and low-

Copyright, 1904, by Jno, T. Benson, Nashville, Tenn,

COME UNTO ME. Concluded.



No. 105. I PRESS TOWARD THE GOAL.

"I press toward the mark."—PHIL. 3: 14.

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

Copyright, 1904, by Jno. T. Benson, Nashville, Tenn.

No. 106. WE'LL OUTSHINE THE SUN.

Furnished by C. F. W. Arr. by A. F. I.



3 If we keep on believing, etc.
4 If we stay clean and humble, etc.
5 If Jesus keeps us polished, etc.
6 If we keep on a-shouting, etc.
7 Keep winning souls for Jesus, And we'll outshine the sun, etc.

Copyright, 1902, by The Metropolitan Church Association. By per.

No. 107. A LITTLE TALK WITH JESUS.

Key of C. MARTIN I

1 While fighting for my Master here,
The devil tries me hard;
He uses all his mighty power
My progress to retard.
He's up to every move,
But yet, through all I prove,
That, a little talk with Jesus makes it right.

‖: Oh, a little talk with Jesus makes it right, all right, :‖
Through trials of every kind:
Bless God I always find,
That, a little talk with Jesus makes it right.

2 Though dark the night and clouds look black,
And stormy over head,
And trials almost of every kind
Across my path are spread;
How soon I conquer all,
As to the Lord I call,
And, a little talk with Jesus makes it right.

3 Whene'er the fight seems getting dull,
And weariness draws nigh,
And Satan in his craftiness
Whispers, "No longer try,"
I fall upon my knees,
The devil quickly flees,
And, a little talk with Jesus makes it right.

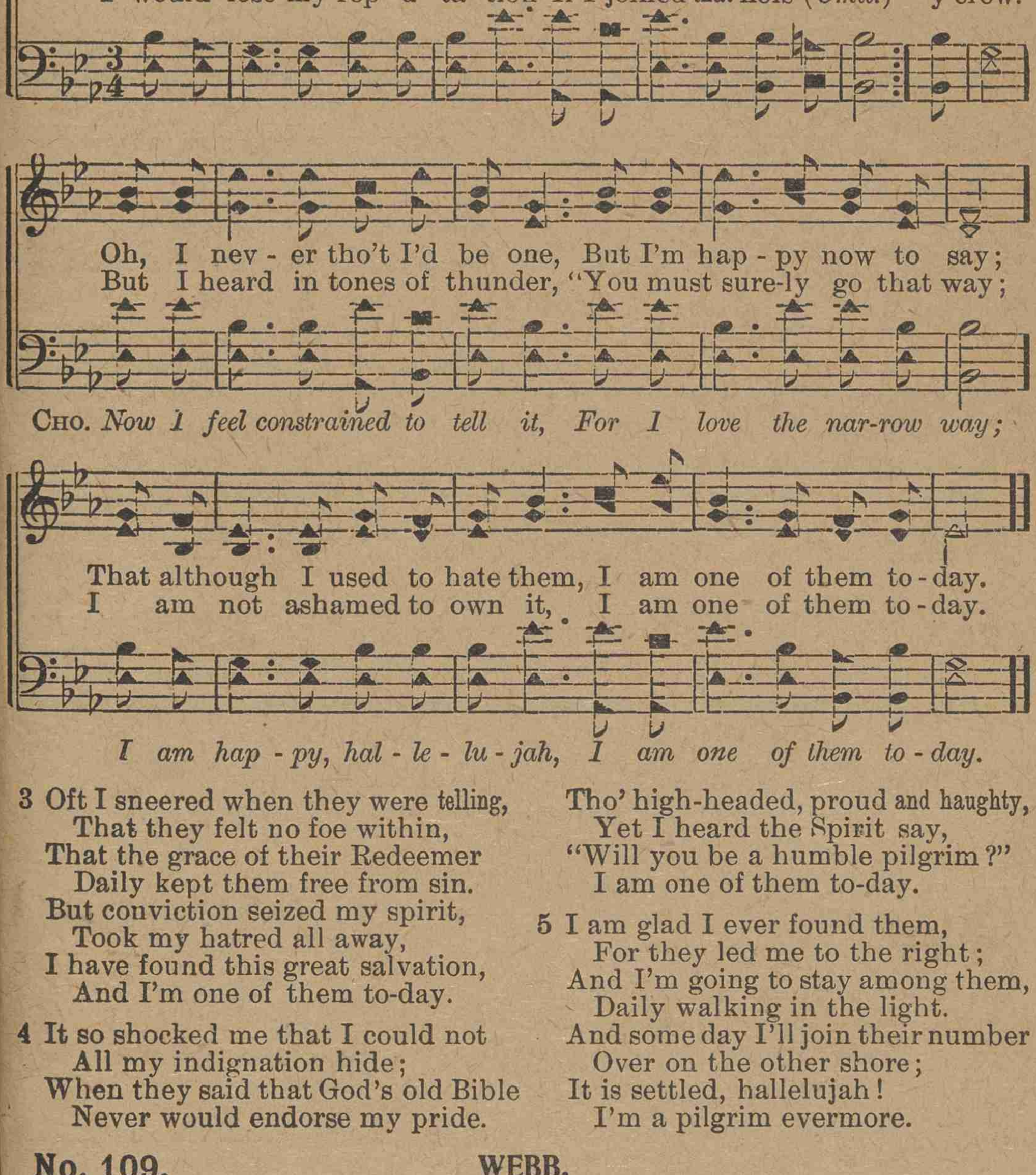
4 And thus by frequent little talks
I gain the victory,
And march right on with cheerful song,
Enjoying liberty;
With Jesus as my friend,
I'll prove until the end,
That, a little talk with Jesus makes it right.

No. 108. I AM ONE OF THEM TO-DAY.

S. K. WHEATLAKE. F. M. GRAHAM.



1. How I came to love these pilgrims, Is to me a great surprise,
   And the way the Lord has led me, Is a won-der in(*Omit...*) my eyes.
2. Well I knew the world despised them, So I said 'twould never do,
   I would lose my rep - u - ta - tion If I joined that nois-(*Omit.*) y crew.



Oh, I nev - er tho't I'd be one, But I'm hap - py now to say;
But I heard in tones of thunder, "You must sure-ly go that way;

CHO. *Now I feel constrained to tell it, For I love the nar-row way;*

That although I used to hate them, I am one of them to - day.
I am not ashamed to own it, I am one of them to - day.

I am hap - py, hal - le - lu - jah, I am one of them to - day.

3 Oft I sneered when they were telling,
That they felt no foe within,
That the grace of their Redeemer
Daily kept them free from sin.
But conviction seized my spirit,
Took my hatred all away,
I have found this great salvation,
And I'm one of them to-day.

4 It so shocked me that I could not
All my indignation hide;
When they said that God's old Bible
Never would endorse my pride.
Tho' high-headed, proud and haughty,
Yet I heard the Spirit say,
"Will you be a humble pilgrim?"
I am one of them to-day.

5 I am glad I ever found them,
For they led me to the right;
And I'm going to stay among them,
Daily walking in the light.
And some day I'll join their number
Over on the other shore;
It is settled, hallelujah!
I'm a pilgrim evermore.

No. 109. WEBB.

Key of B♭. GEO. DUFFIELD.

1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day;
"Ye are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

No. 110. The Shelf Behind the Door.

RET. S. K. WHEATLAKE.

E. L. BOWYER,
Arr. by D. W. MYLAND.

1. I came to Je - sus long a - go all lad - en down with sin,
2. I tore it down and threw it out and then the bless - ing came;
3. So ma - ny peo - ple of to - day are des - ti - tute of power;
4. Some smoke and chew to - bac - co, and some love their fan - cy dress
5. That lit - tle shelf be - hind the door will cause you much dis - tress;

I sought Him long for pard'ning grace He would not take me in.
But e'er I got the vic - to - ry and felt the ho - ly flame.
'Tis plain to see they can - not stand temp-ta-tion's try - ing hour.
Oth - ers have wronged their fel-low-men, re - fus - ing to con - fess.
Es - pe - cial - ly a - bout the time you think of be - ing blest.

At last I found the rea - son why as light came more and more;
Be - el - ze - bub came rush - ing up and said with aw - ful roar,
By way of an a - pol - o - gy "my weak-ness is their cry;
They won - der why they are not blest as in the days of yore;
While pleading for the vic - to - ry be - fore the Lord in prayer,

I had a shelf with i - dols on just in be - hind the door.
"You can - not live with - out a shelf right here be - hind the door.
'Tis all be-cause of i - dols that they are using on the sly.
The rea - son why is on the shelf just in be - hind the door.
How ma - ny times you think a - bout the i - dols hid - den there.

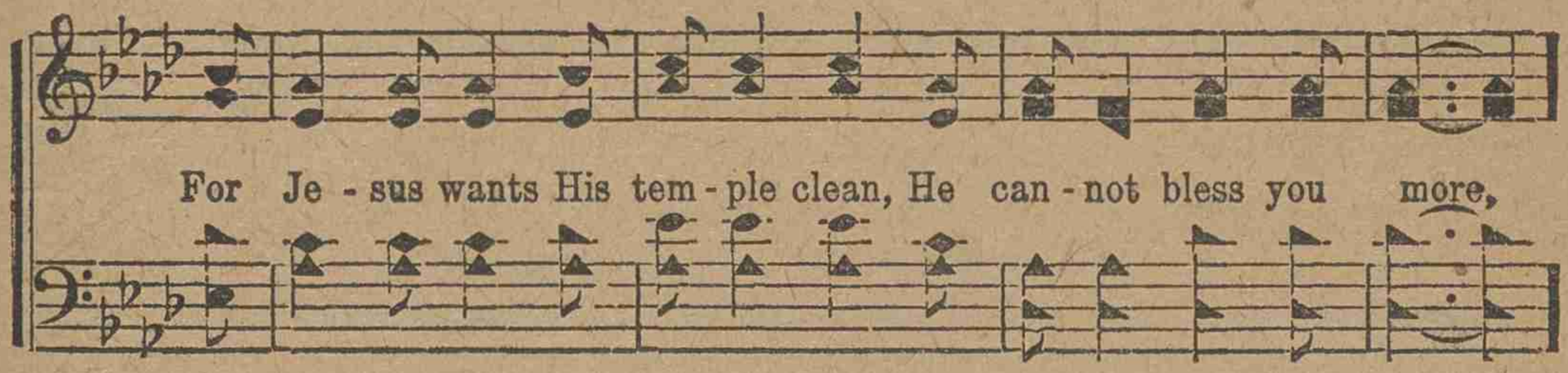
Copyright. 1898, by D W. Myland. By per.

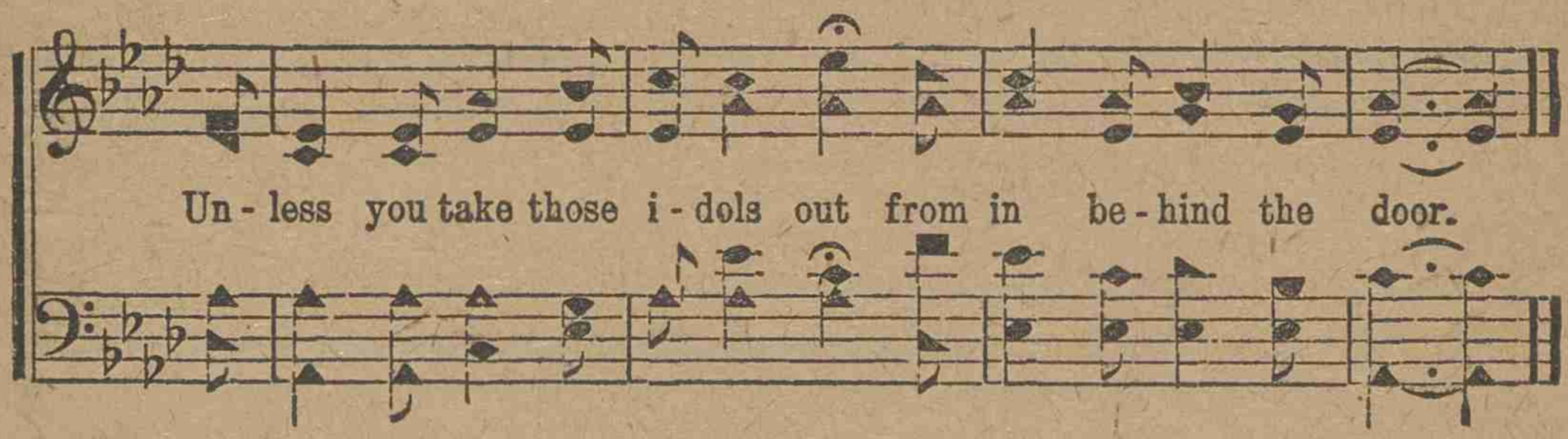
The Shelf Behind the Door. Concluded.

CHORUS.









6 Your soul is dark, you surely know you have no peace with God;
You daily tremble lest you feel the chastening of His rod.
The blessed Holy Spirit puts this question o'er and o'er;
What are you going to do about this shelf behind the door?

7 You need not go to foreign lands to find a household God,
To look upon idolatry you need not go a rod,
But in this land where gospel light is shining all around,
If you should look behind the door an idol could be found.

8 Some hypocrites may look like saints—from men their idols hide;
But what about the judgment day beyond death's fearful tide?
That hidden spot behind the door will be a public place
Where God and men and angels, too, shall every idol trace.

No. 112. He Hideth My Soul.

"I will put thee in a cleft of the rock, and will cover thee with my hand."—Exodus 33: 22.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Allegretto.

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 bless - ings each mo-ment He crowns, And fill'd with His
4. When clothed in his bright-ness 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 rivers of pleas-ure I see.
He giv-eth me strength as my day.
For such a Re-deem-er as mine.
I'll shout with the millions on high.

He hid-eth my soul in the cleft of the rock,

That shadows a dry, thirs-ty land; He hid-eth my life in the depths of His love,

And cov - ers me there with His hand, And cov-ers me there with His hand.

Copyright, 1890, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. By per.

113

Oh, It is Wonderful.

E. C. GREEN. Alt. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Can it be that Je-sus bought me, And on the hallowed cross a-
2. Praise His name, He sought and found me, Sav'd me from wandering and
3. It was years He had been waiting, Waiting the dawning of the
4. From that hour He has been seeking How He may fill me with His
5. As I think of all, I mar - vel Why in such pa-tience He my

toned for me, Loved me, chose me ere I knew Him? Oh, what a
brought me near; Dai - ly now His grace be - stow-ing, Je - sus is
pre - cious hour, When I should at last be yield-ing, Yielding to
pre - cious love, How He may thro' grace transform me, Meet for the
good has sought, And bestowed His grace up - on me, And in my

CHORUS.

precious, precious Friend is He!
grow-ing un - to me more dear.
Je - sus ev - 'ry ransom'd pow'r. Oh, it is won-der-ful, very, very
fel - low-ship of saints a - bove.
spir - it such a change has wrought.

wonderful, All His grace so rich and free!
Omit. . . . . . } That my Savior so loves me!

Used by per of Henry Date, owner of copyright.

No. 114. WHERE SHALL I BE?

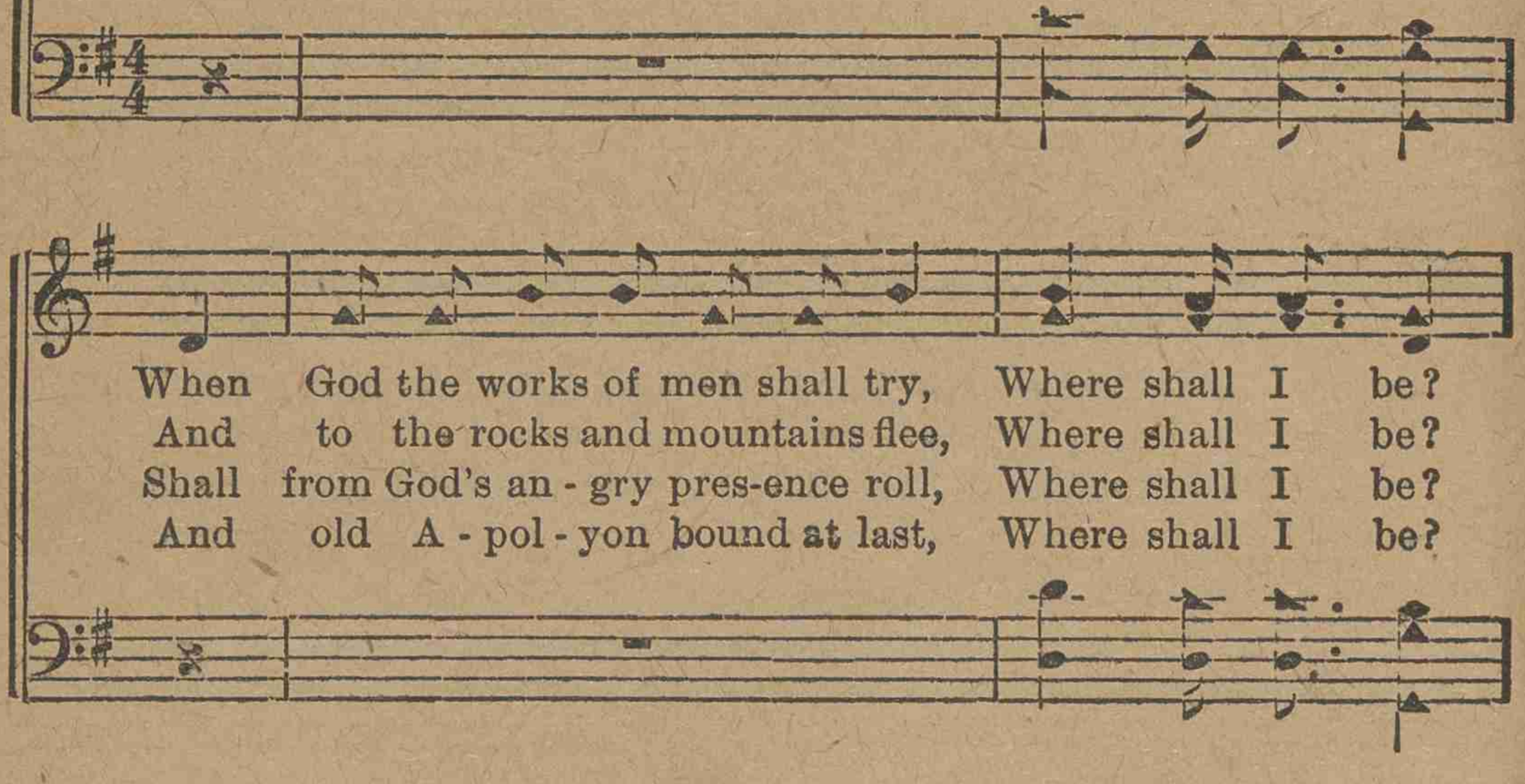
"For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God."—I. THESS. 4: 16.

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

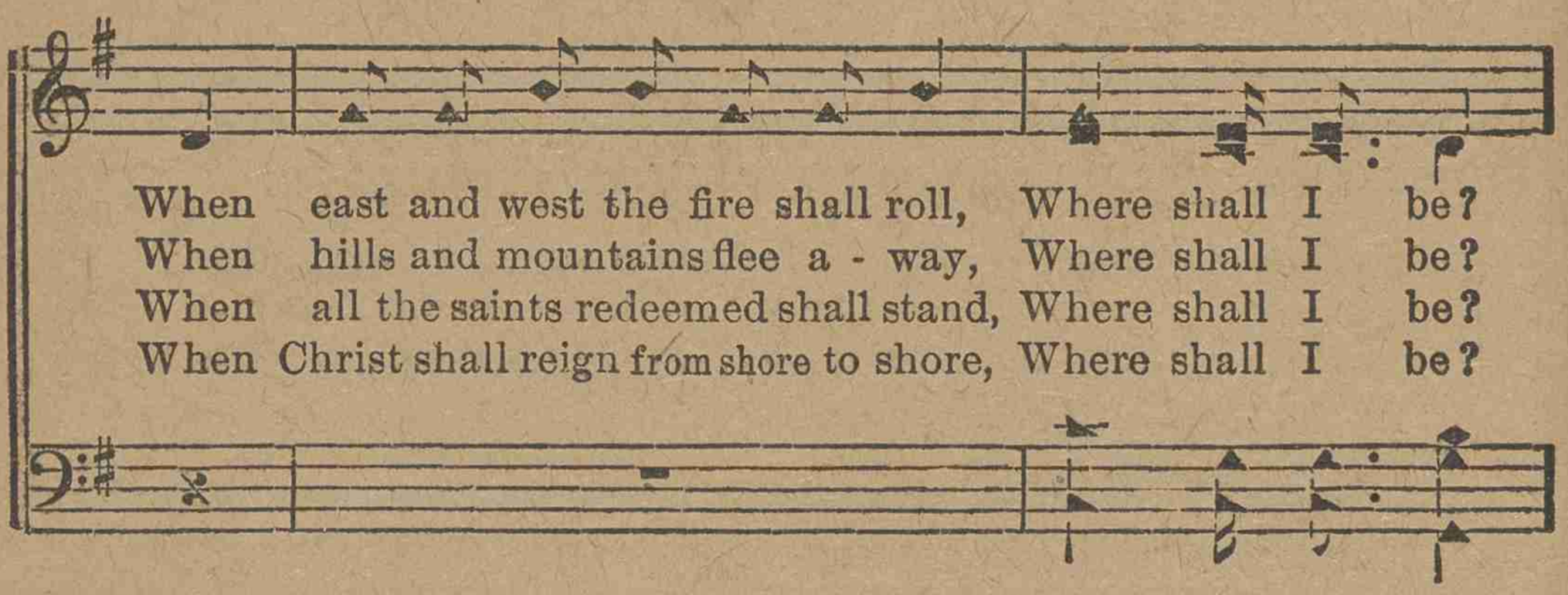
Moderato.



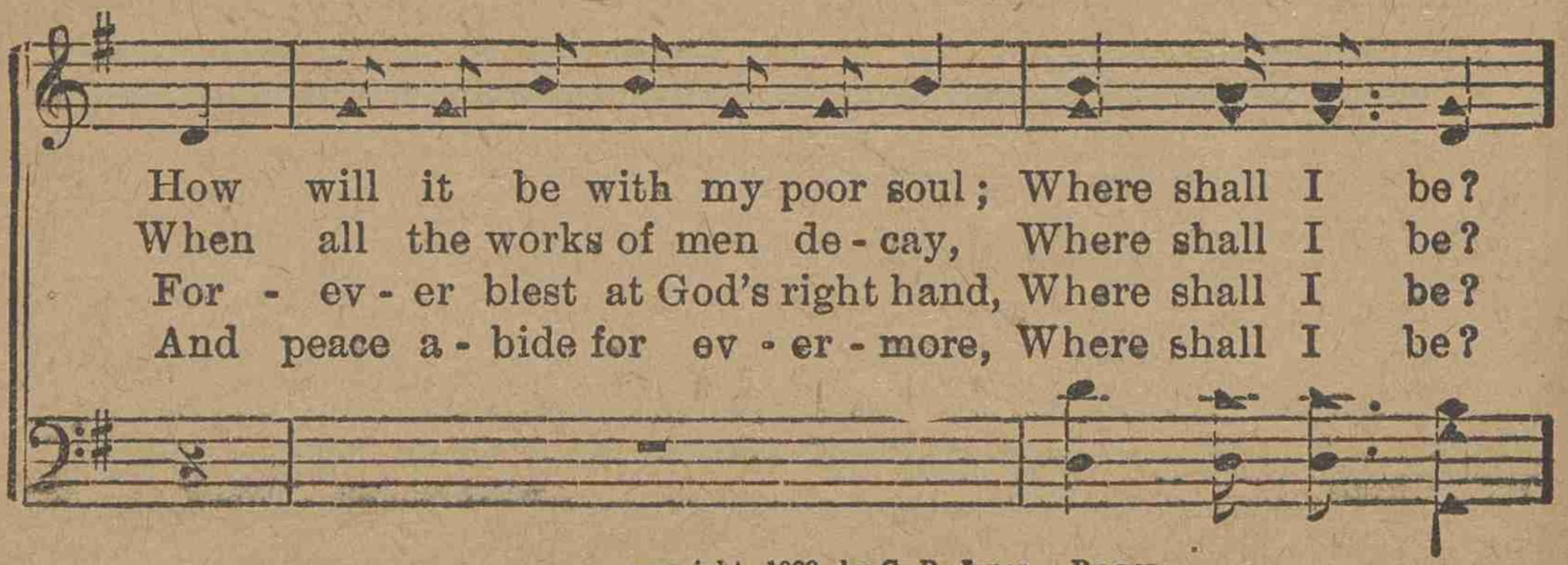
1. When judgment day is draw-ing nigh, Where shall I be?
2. When wick-ed men His wrath shall see, Where shall I be?
3. When heav'n and earth as some great scroll, Where shall I be?
4. All troub-le done, all con-flict past, Where shall I be?



When God the works of men shall try, Where shall I be?
And to the rocks and mountains flee, Where shall I be?
Shall from God's an-gry pres-ence roll, Where shall I be?
And old A-pol-yon bound at last, Where shall I be?



When east and west the fire shall roll, Where shall I be?
When hills and mountains flee a-way, Where shall I be?
When all the saints redeemed shall stand, Where shall I be?
When Christ shall reign from shore to shore, Where shall I be?

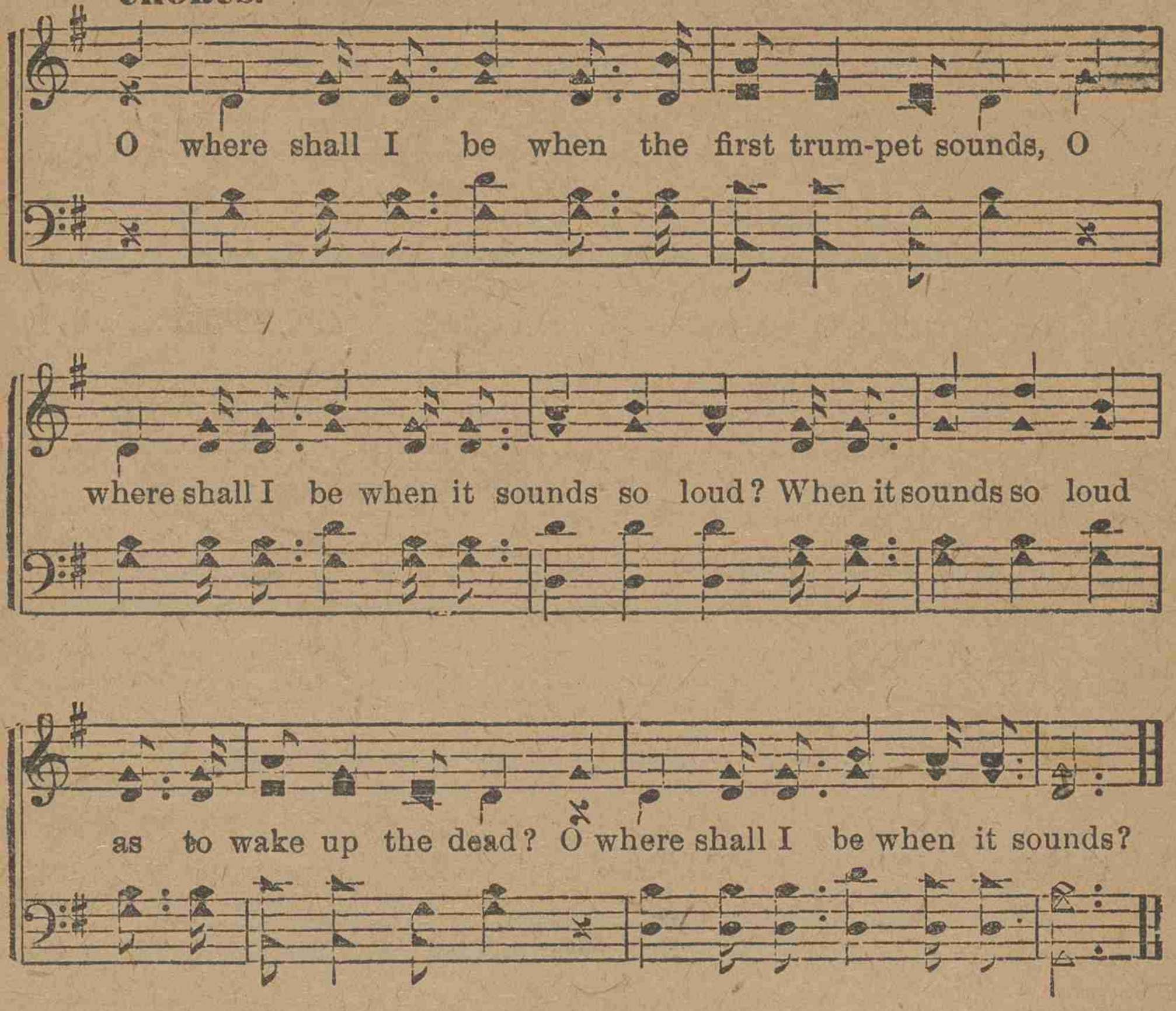


How will it be with my poor soul; Where shall I be?
When all the works of men de-cay, Where shall I be?
For-ev-er blest at God's right hand, Where shall I be?
And peace a-bide for ev-er-more, Where shall I be?

copyright, 1899, by C. P. Jones. By per.

WHERE SHALL I BE? Concluded.

CHORUS.



No. 115. I AM DWELLING ON THE MOUNTAIN.

1 I am dwelling on the mountain,
Where the golden sunlight gleams
O'er a land whose wondrous beauty
Far exceeds my fondest dreams;
Where the air is pure, ethereal,
Laden with the breath of flowers,
They are blooming by the fountain,
'Neath the amaranthine bowers.

CHO.—Is not this the land of Beulah,
Blessed, blessed land of light,
Where the flowers bloom forever,
And the sun is always bright.

2 I can see far down the mountain,
Where I wandered weary years,
Often hindered in my journey
By the ghosts of doubts and fears,
Broken vows and disappointments
Thickly sprinkled all the way,
But the Spirit led, unerring,
To the land I hold to-day.

3 I am drinking at the fountain,
Where I ever would abide;
For I've tasted life's pure river,
And my soul is satisfied;
There's no thirsting for life's pleasures,
Nor adorning, rich and gay,
For I've found a richer treasure,
One that fadeth not away.

4 Tell me not of heavy crosses,
Nor the burdens hard to bear,
For I've found this great salvation
Makes each burden light appear;
And I love to follow Jesus,
Gladly counting all but dross,
Worldly honors all forsaking
For the glory of the Cross.

5 Oh, the Cross has wondrous glory!
Oft I've proved this to be true;
When I'm in the way so narrow
I can see a pathway through;
And how sweetly Jesus whispers:
Take the Cross, thou needst not fear,
For I've tried this way before thee,
And the glory lingers near.

No. 116. WHAT A WONDERFUL PEACE.

J. T. B. JOHN T. BENSON.

1. There's a peace, a sweet peace, Which our Father in heav'n, What a won-der-ful, won-der-ful peace;
2. There's a peace, a sweet peace, In my heart as I live, What a won der-ful, won-der-ful peace;
3. There's a peace, a sweet peace, That comes from a-bove, What a won-der-ful, won-der-ful peace;
4. There's a peace, a sweet peace, That fills now my soul, What a won-der-ful, won-der-ful peace;
5. There's a peace, a sweet peace, Which comes to but few, What a won-der-ful, won-der-ful peace;

To His chil-dren be-low in His love He hath giv'n,
A heav-en-ly joy that the world can not give,
It comes to my soul, o-ver-flows it with love,
A pure ho-ly calm that can-not be told,
Je-sus bought it for all, He will give it to you,

O this won-der-ful peace is mine.
O this won-der-ful peace is mine.
O this won-der-ful peace is mine.
O this won-der-ful peace is mine.
O this won-der-ful peace is mine.

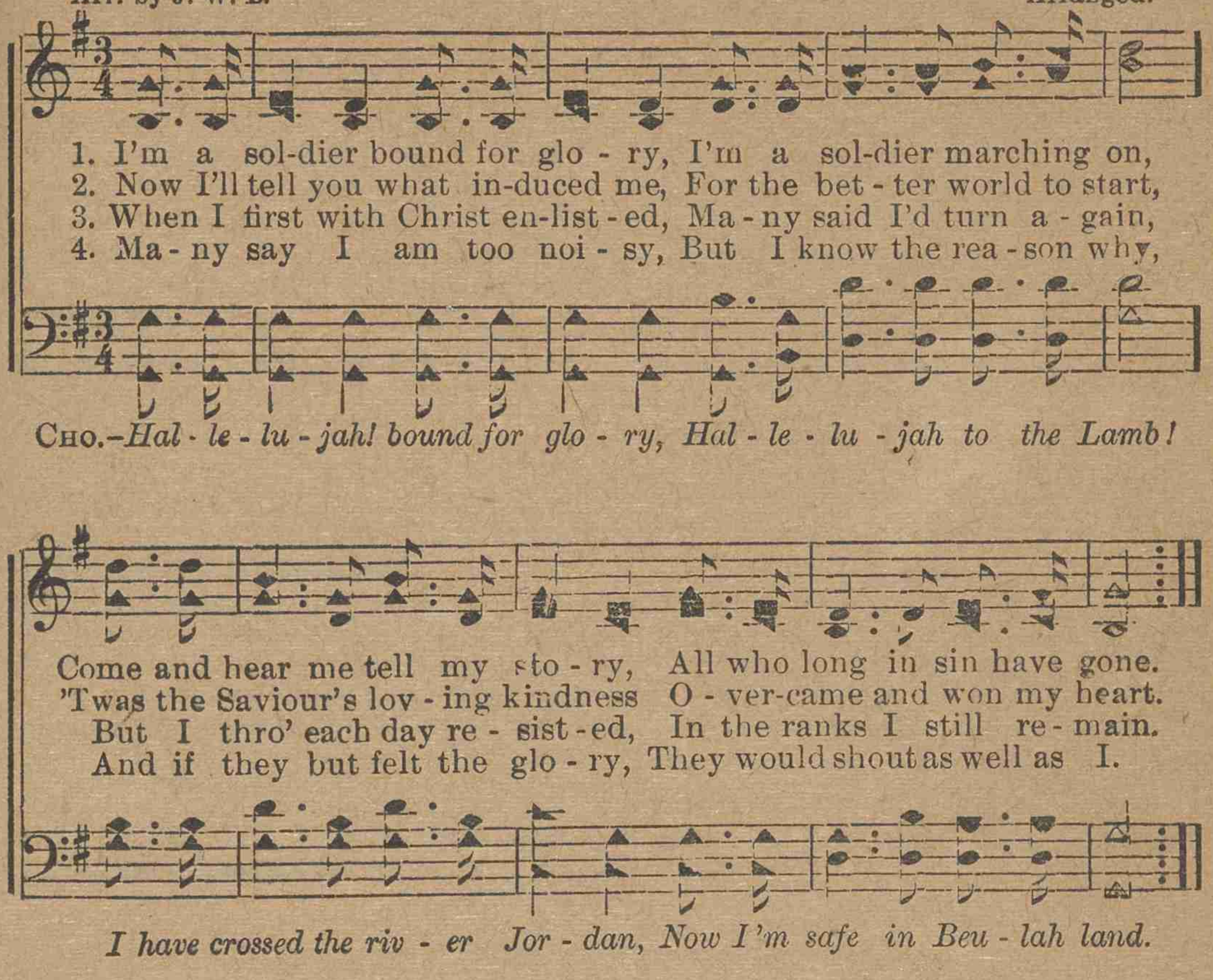
CHORUS.

What a won-der-ful, wonderful peace, A gift from the Saviour di-vine; sweet peace,
It fil-leth my soul, purified and made whole, This wonderful peace is mine.

Copyright, 1904, by Jno. T. Benson, Nashville, Tenn.

No. 117. SAFE IN BEULAH.

Arr. by J. W. B. Arranged.



No. 118. ALL TO CHRIST I OWE.

(Key of E-flat.)

1 I hear the Saviour say,
Thy strength indeed is small,
Child of weakness, watch and pray;
Find in me thine all in all.

Cho.—Jesus paid it all!
All to Him I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain,
He washed it white as snow.

2 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim;
I'll wash my garment white
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.

3 When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all!"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.

4 And when before the throne
I stand in Him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,—
All down at Jesus' feet.

No. 119. THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

(Key of C.)

1 There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinner's plung'd beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

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

3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stam'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

Cowper.

No. 120 SOFTLY AND TENDERLY.

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

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON

Very slow *pp* *m*

1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call-ing for you and for me, See on the portals He's waiting and watching,
2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead-ing, Pleading for you and for me? Why should we linger and heed not His mercies,
3. Time now is fleet-ing, the moments are pass-ing, Pass-ing from you and from me; Shadows are gathering, death beds are coming,
4. Oh, for the won-der - ful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me; Tho' we have sinned He has mercy and pardon,

CHORUS.

Watch-ing for you and for me. Come home, come home, come home, Ye who are wea-ry, come home, Earn-est - ly come home,
Mer - cies for you and for me? Come home, come home,
Com - ing for you and for me.
Par - don for you and for me.

cres *pp*

ten-der - ly, Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing, oh, sinner, come home.

ppp Rit *pp*

By per. W. L. Thompson & Co., Chicago, Ill., and E. Liverpool, O.

No. 121. BRING YOUR SIN TO JESUS.

A. F. I. ARTHUR. F. INGLER.

1. Are you la-den down with sin? Bring your sin to Je - sus; Have you en - e-
2. Does your heart grow faint with fear? Give your heart to Je - sus; Do your cares make
3. Have you doubts that make you sigh? Bring your doubts to Je - sus; They will van - ish
4. Je - sus came in - to my heart; Bless the name of Je - sus! Bade my in - bred

mies with-in? Bring them all to Je - sus. You need nev - er be dis-mayed
liv - ing drear? Cast them all on Je - sus. When you hum - bly bow in pray'r,
when He's nigh, Sim-ply trust in Je - sus. Now He's pleading with your soul,
sin de - part; Bless the name of Je - sus! Ban-ished fear, yes, ev - 'ry bit,

While on Him your heart is stayed, Oh, then do not be a - fraid,—
Ask Him then to take your care; He will keep you ev - 'ry-where,
Wants to save and make you whole, All your life He will con - trol,—
Sanc - ti - fied me, ev - 'ry whit, Now with - in the veil I sit;

Rit. ad lib. CHORUS.

Put your trust in Je - sus.
While you trust in Je - sus. Come to Je - sus, wea - ry one, Trust Him till this
You shall live in Je - sus.
Oh, sweet rest in Je - sus.

Rit. ad lib.

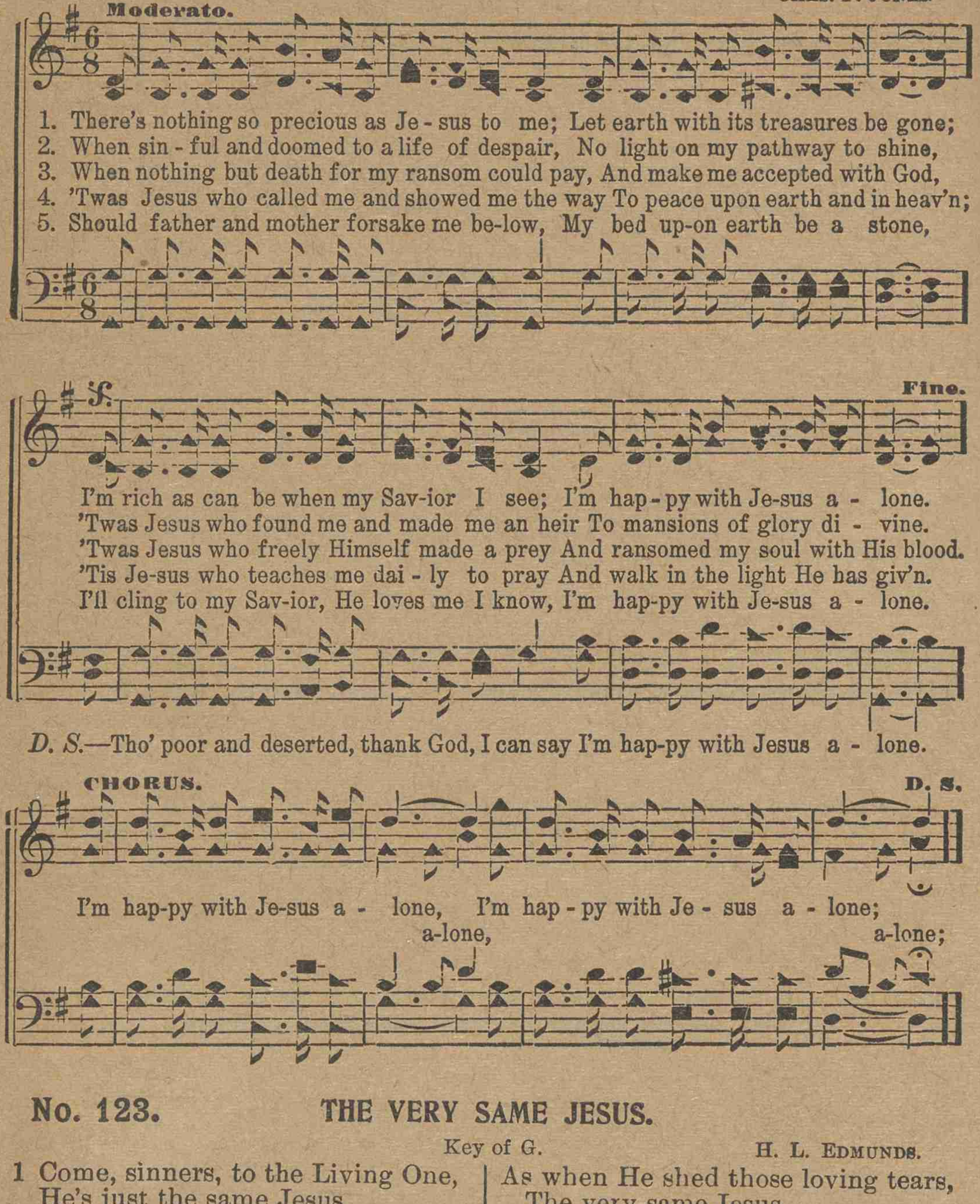
life is done; Then He'll take you to His home, If you're true to Je - sus!

Copyright

No. 122. I'M HAPPY WITH JESUS ALONE.

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

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



No. 123. THE VERY SAME JESUS.

Key of G. H. L. EDMUNDS.

1 Come, sinners, to the Living One,
He's just the same Jesus
As when He raised the widow's son,
The very same Jesus.

CHO.—The very same Jesus,
The wonder-working Jesus;
Oh, praise His name He's just the same,
The very same Jesus.

2 Come, feast upon the "living bread,"
He's just the same Jesus
As when the multitudes He fed,
The very same Jesus.

3 Come, tell Him of your griefs and fears,
He's just the same Jesus
As when He shed those loving tears,
The very same Jesus.

4 Come unto Him for clearer light,
He's just the same Jesus
As when He gave the blind their sight,
The very same Jesus.

5 Calm midst the wave of trouble be,
He's just the same Jesus
As when He hushed the raging sea,
The very same Jesus.

6 Some day our raptured eyes shall see,
He's just the same Jesus,
Oh, blessed day for you and me!
The very same Jesus.

No. 124. I'LL GO WHERE YOU WANT ME TO GO.

MARY BROWN. CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

Andante.

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

It may not be at the battle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek—
Where I may labor 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-ior, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way,
So trust-ing my all to Thy ten-der care, And knowing Thou lovest me,

FINE.

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

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

REFRAIN. *D. S.*

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

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY C. E. ROUNSEFELL. BY PER.

No. 125. DENNIS. S. M.

ALBERT MIDLANE. H. G. NAGELI.



No. 126. Blest Be the Tie. S. M.

1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love:
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
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.

JOHN FAWCETT.

No. 127. A Charge to Keep. S. M.

1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will!

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O, 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.

CHAS. WESLEY.

No. 128.

1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Savior, hide.
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!

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

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

No. 129.

1 Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, and hoped, and

Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own!

2 Let the world despise and leave 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,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me;
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:
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

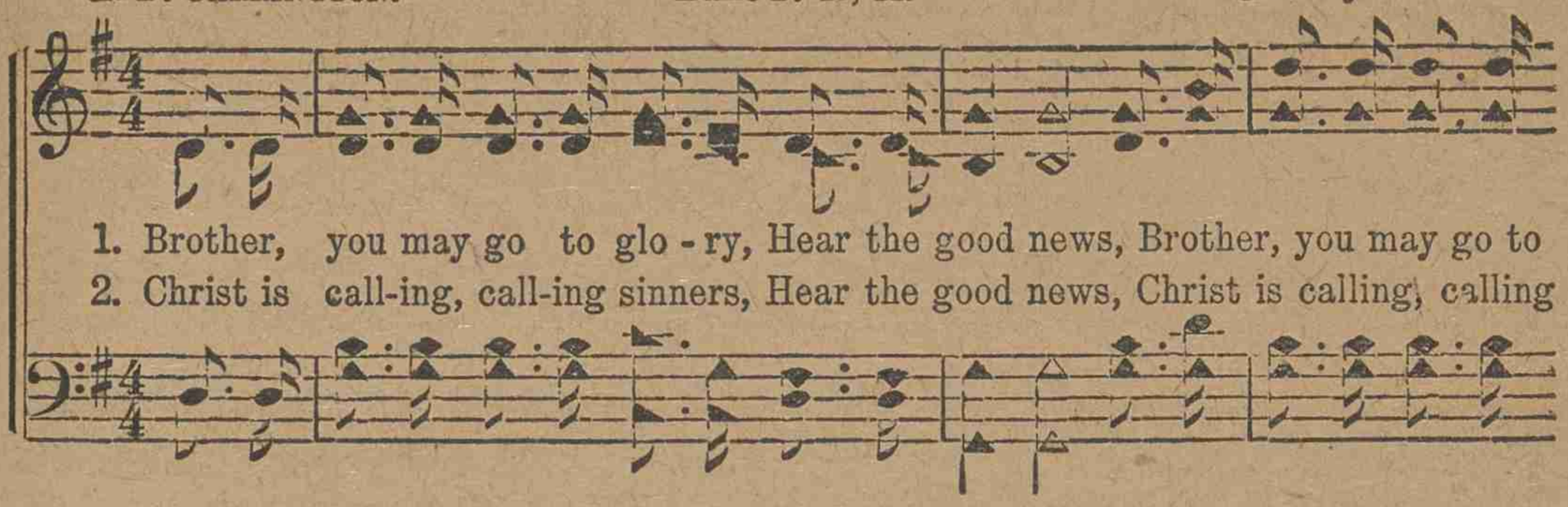
4 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me;
Oh, 'twere not in joy to harm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

5 Know, my soul, thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
What a Father's smile is thine;
What a Savior died to win thee:
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

HENRY F. LYTE.

No. 130, HEAR THE GOOD NEWS.

L. D. CARRINGTON. Luke 2: 10, 11. Arr. by L. L. P.



1. Brother, you may go to glo - ry, Hear the good news, Brother, you may go to
2. Christ is call-ing, call-ing sinners, Hear the good news, Christ is calling, calling

CHORUS.



glo - ry, Hear the good news. You may lay down this world and take up the cross, And sinners, Hear the good news.



go with us to glo - ry, Hear the good news.

3. All your sins may be forgiven.
4. Sinners now are finding Jesus.
5. He will save and sanctify you.
6. He is building us a mansion.
7. Jesus tasted death for sinners.
8. He will welcome all who trust Him.
9. You may join the blood-washed army.
10. Now's the time for peace and pardon.
11. Come, O come, He waits to save you.
12. Soon my Savior will be coming.

Copyright, 1902, by L. L. Pickett. By per.

LABAN. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



No. 133. Spirit of Faith.

1 Spirit of faith, come down,
Reveal the things of God;
And make to us the Godhead known,
And witness with the blood.

2 'Tis thine the blood t' apply,
And give us eyes to see,
Who did for every sinner die
Hath surely died for me.

3 O that the world might know
The all-atoning Lamb!
Spirit of faith, descend, and show
The virtue of his name.

4 The grace which all may find,
The saving power, impart;
And testify to all mankind,
And speak in every heart.

CHARLES WESLEY

No. 134. My Soul, Be on Thy Guard.

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.

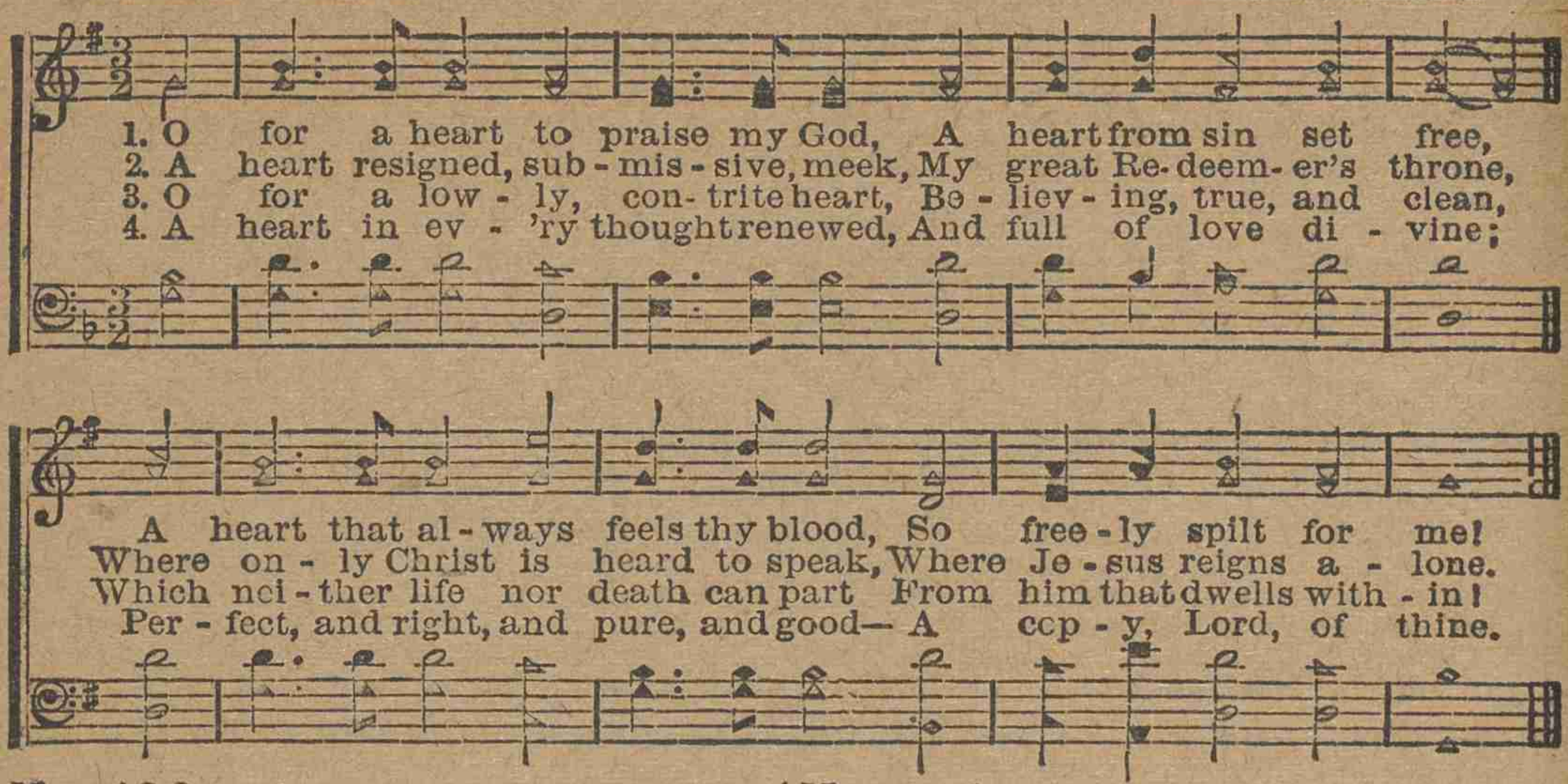
3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

GEORGE HEATH.

No. 135. ARLINGTON. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. THOMAS A. ARNE.



No. 136. O for a Faith. C. M.

1 O for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by ev'ry foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

4 Lord, give us such a faith as this;
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

WILLIAM HILEY BATHURST.

No. 137. Am I a Soldier. C. M.

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A foll'wer of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flow'ry beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through 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 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord:
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

ISAAC WATTS.

AZMON. C. M.

C. G. GLASER.



No. 138. Forever Here My Rest. C. M.

1 Forever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.

2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone —
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

No. 139. The Dearest Name. C. M.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place;
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring!

JOHN NEWTON.

NETTLETON. 8s, 7s. D.

JOHN WYETH.



No. 140. Come, Thou Fount.

1 Come, thou Fount of every 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 mine Ebenezer,
Hither, by thy help, I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God:
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood!

3 O! to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee!
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it!
Seal it for thy courts above.

R. ROBINSON.

No. 141. Tune.—874 Hymnal.

1 What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear—
All because we do not carry
Everything 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 Saviour, 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 thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN.

GREENVILLE. 8s, 7s. D.

J. T. ROSSEAU.



No. 142. Come, Ye Sinners.

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

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

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

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

JOSEPH HART.

No. 143. The Pilgrim's Guide.

1 Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open, Lord, the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliv'rer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

144 (Music in Gems.)



1 I dreamed that the great Judgment Morning
Had dawned, and the trumpet had blown;
I dreamed that the nations had gathered
To judgment before the white throne.
From the throne came a bright shining angel
And stood on the land and the sea,
And swore with his hand raised to heaven,
That time was no longer to be.

Cho.—And oh, what a weeping and wailing,
As the lost were told of their fate;
They cried for the rocks and the mountains,
They prayed, but their prayer was too late.

2 The rich man was there, but his money
Had melted and vanished away;
A pauper he stood in the judgment,
His debts were too heavy to pay.
The great man was there, but his greatness
When death came was left far behind;
The angel that opened the records,
Not a trace of his greatness could find.

3 The widow was there and the orphans,
God heard and remembered their cries;
No sorrow in heaven forever,
God wiped all the tears from their eyes.
The gambler was there and the drunkard,
And the man who had sold them the drink,
With the people who gave him the license—
Together in hell they did sink.

4 The moral man came to the judgment,
But his self-righteous rags would not do;
The men who had crucified Jesus
Had passed off as moral men, too.
The souls that had put off salvation—
"Not to-night; I'll get saved by and by;
No time now to think of religion!"
At last they had found time to die.

145 (Music in Gems.)



1 ‖:I have heard my Saviour calling,:‖
"Take thy cross and follow, follow me."

Cho.—‖: Where He leads me I will follow,:‖
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

2 ‖: Tho' He lead me thro' the valley, :‖
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

3 ‖: Tho' He lead me thro' the garden, :‖
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

4 ‖: Tho' the path be dark and dreary, :‖
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

5 ‖: Tho' He lead me to the conflict, :‖
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

6 ‖:He will give me grace and glory, :‖
He will keep me, keep me all the way.

7 ‖: Oh, 'tis sweet to follow Jesus, :‖
And be with Him, with Him all the way.

146 Key of B-flat.

1 Did you ever hear such words before,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb,
As "go in peace and sin no more,"
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

Chorus.

‖: 'Tis a glorious church without spot or wrinkle,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb. :‖

2 Did you hear what Jesus said to me,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb,
"Your sins are pardoned, you are free,"
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

3 I have plunged beneath the crimson tide,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb,
And now by faith I'm sanctified,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

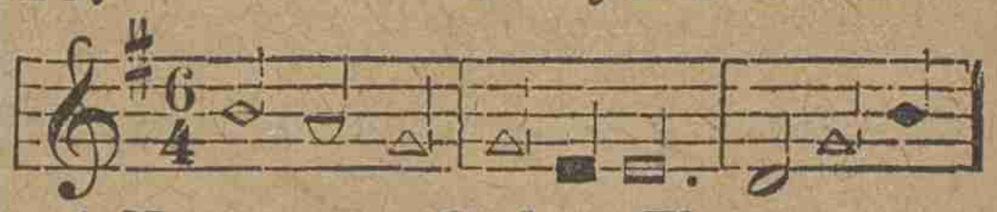
4 Oh, lift up your heads, ye sons of light,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb,
For Zion now is just in sight,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

5 If I get there before you do,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb,
How glad I'll be to welcome you,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb,
In robes of victory through the skies,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

—*Arr. by E. T. Rinehart.*

147



1 Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee;
E'en though it be a cross,
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
‖: Nearer, my God, to Thee, :‖
Nearer to Thee.

2 Though like the 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.

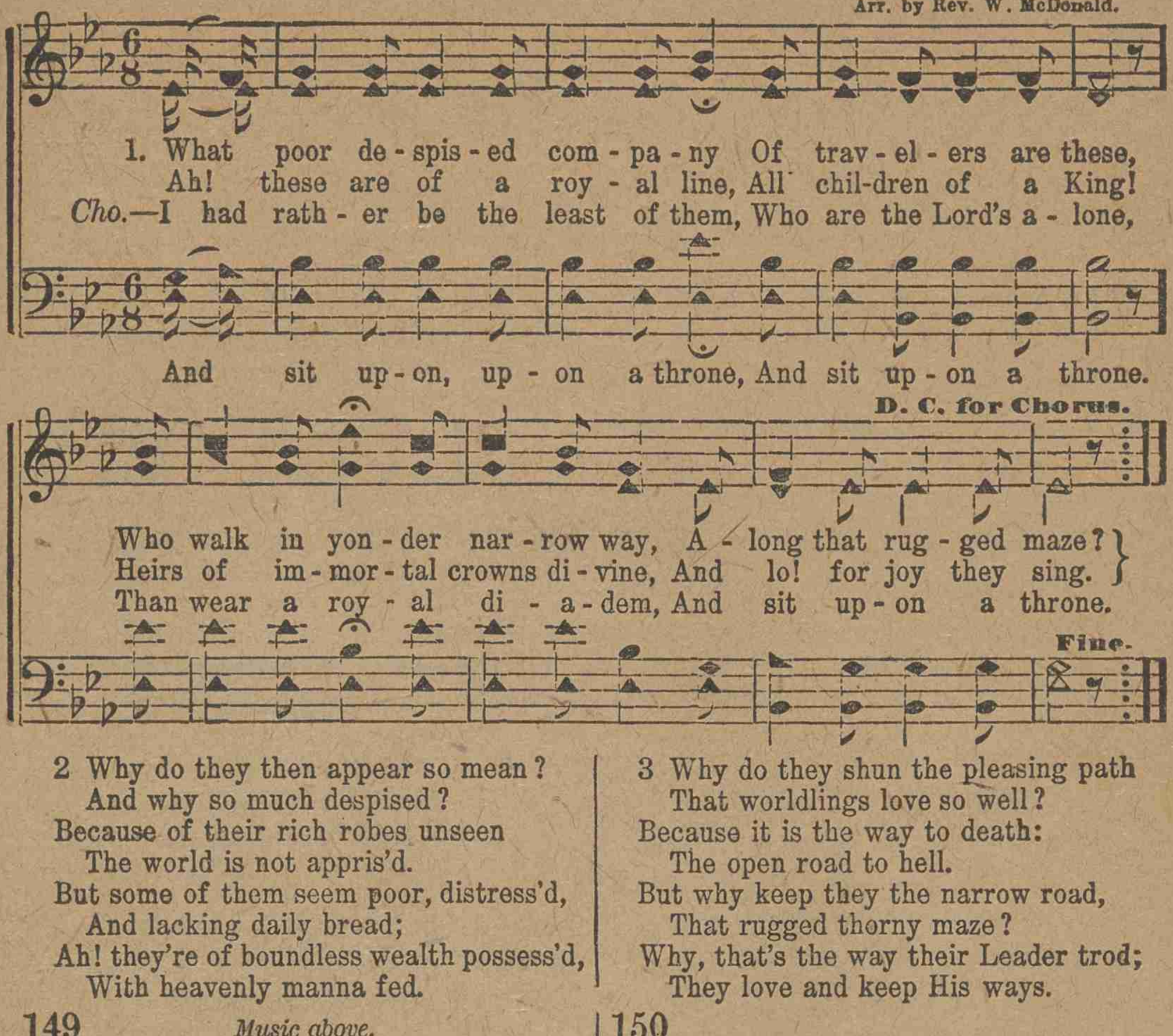
3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
‖: Nearer, my God, to Thee, :‖
Nearer to Thee.

4 Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee;
Jesus our only hope
And all our plea:
Through Him O may I be,
‖: Nearer, my God, to Thee, :‖
Nearer to Thee.

—*Sarah F. Adams. (4th verse by L. L. Picket*

THE PILGRIM COMPANY.

Arr. by Rev. W. McDonald.



2 Why do they then appear so mean?
And why so much despised?
Because of their rich robes unseen
The world is not appris'd.
But some of them seem poor, distress'd,
And lacking daily bread;
Ah! they're of boundless wealth possess'd,
With heavenly manna fed.

3 Why do they shun the pleasing path
That worldlings love so well?
Because it is the way to death:
The open road to hell.
But why keep they the narrow road,
That rugged thorny maze?
Why, that's the way their Leader trod;
They love and keep His ways.

149 *Music above.*

1 When Moses and the Israelites
From Egypt's land did flee,
Behind them were proud Pharaoh's host,
In front of them the sea.
God raised the water like a wall
And opened up their way;
And the God that lived in Moses' time
Is just the same to-day.

Cho.—He's just the same, the same to-day,
He's just the same to-day,
The God that lived in olden time,
Is just the same to-day.

2 When Daniel, faithful to his God,
Would not bow down to men,
And by his enemies was hurl'd
Into the lions' den;
God shut the lions' mouths, we read,
And robb'd them of their prey;
And the God that lived in Daniel's time
Is just the same to-day.

3 When Pentecost had fully come
And fire from heaven did fall,
As a mighty wind the Holy Ghost
Baptized them one and all.
Three thousand were converted and
Were soldiers right away;
And the God that lived at Pentecost
Is just the same to-day.

150



1 O do not let the word depart,
And close thine eyes against the light;
Poor sinner, harden not your heart,
Be saved, O to-night.

Cho.—O why not to-night?
O why not to-night?
Wilt thou be saved?
Then why not to-night?

2 To-morrow's sun may never rise,
To bless thy long-deluded sight;
This is the time, O then be wise,
Be saved, O to-night.

3 Our Lord in pity lingers still,
And wilt thou thus His love requite?
Renounce at once thy stubborn will;
Be saved, O to-night.

4 Our blessed Lord refuses none
Who would to Him their souls unite;
Believe, obey, the work is done,
Be saved, O to-night.

151 Rock of Ages.

Key of B♭.

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flowed,
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.

152 He Came To Save.

Key of G.

1 When Jesus laid His crown aside,
He came to save me;
When on the cross He bled and died,
He came to save me.

REF.—I'm so glad, I'm so glad,
I'm so glad that Jesus came,
And grace is free,
I'm so glad, I'm so glad,
I'm so glad that Jesus came,
He came to save me.

2 In my poor heart He deigns to dwell,
He came to save me;
Oh, praise His name, I know it well,
He came to save me.

3 With gentle hand He leads me still,
He came to save me;
And trusting Him I fear no ill,
He came to save me.

4 To Him my faith with rapture clings,
He came to save me;
To Him my heart looks up and sings,
He came to save me.

153 The Home Over There.

Key of A.

1 O think of the home over there,
By the side of the river of light,
Where the saints, all immortal and fair,
Are robed in their garments of white.

REF.—‖: Over there, over there,
O think of the home over there.:‖

2 O think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod,
Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
In their home in the palace of God.

3 My Saviour is now over there,
There my kindred friends are at rest;
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.

4 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.

154 The Cleansing Wave.

Key of E♭.

1 Oh, now I see the crimson wave,
The fountain deep and wide;
Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save,
Points to His wounded side.

REF.—The cleansing stream I see, I see!
I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me!
O praise the Lord, it cleanseth me!
It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me!

2 I see the new creation rise;
I hear the speaking blood!
It speaks! polluted nature dies!
Sinks 'neath the cleansing flood.

3 I rise to walk in heaven's own light,
Above the world of sin,
With heart made pure, and garments white,
And Christ enthroned within.

4 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below,
To feel the blood applied;
And Jesus, only Jesus know,
My Jesus crucified.

155 Revive Us Again.

Key of G.

1 We praise thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love,
For Jesus who died and is now gone above.

CHO.—Hallelujah! thine the glory,
Hallelujah! Amen.
Hallelujah! thine the glory; revive us again.

2 We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spirit of light;
Who has shown us our Saviour and scattered our night.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us and sought us, and guided our ways.

5 Revive us again; fill each heart with Thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

156. THERE IS POWER IN THE BLOOD.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

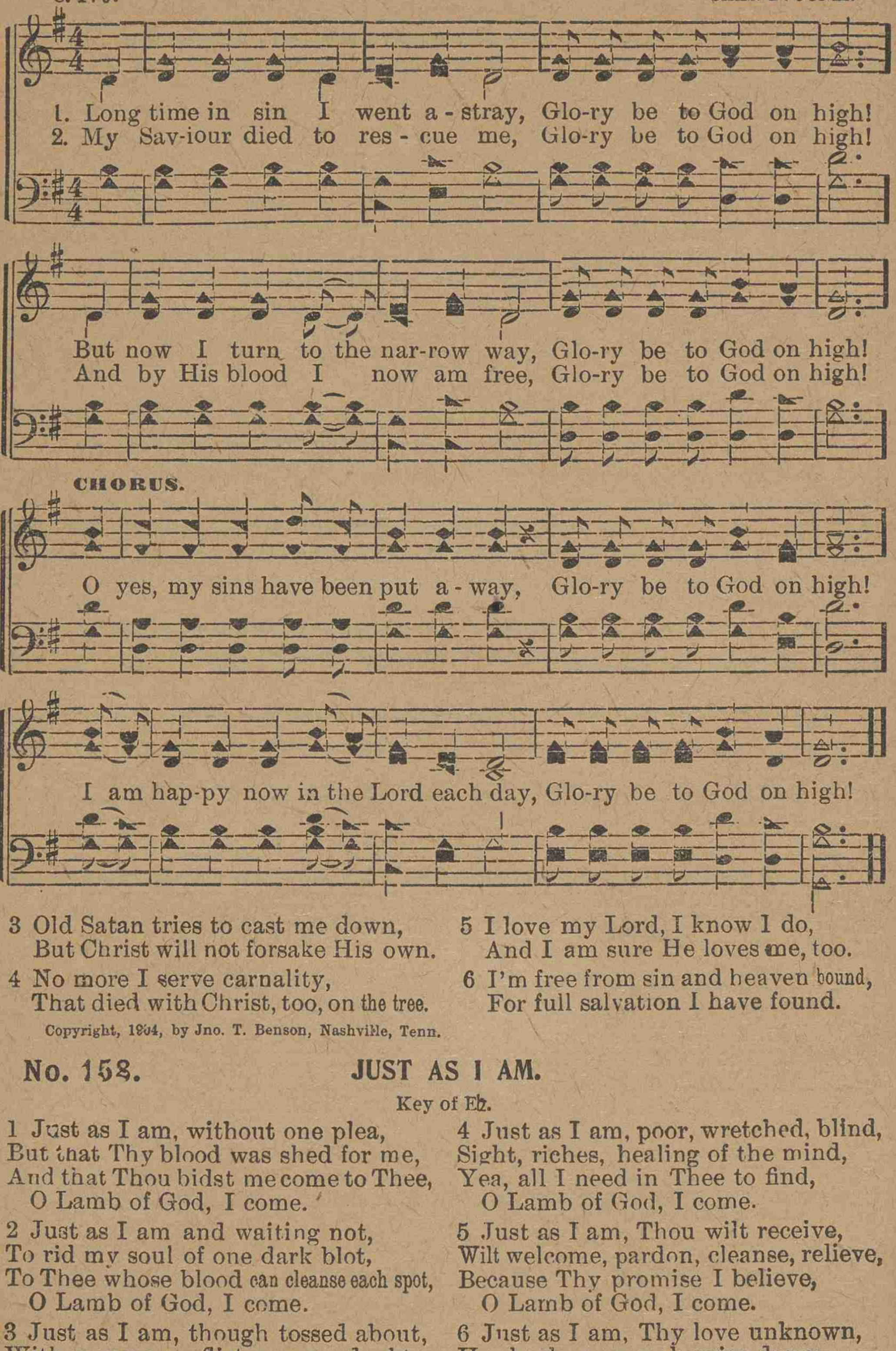
pow'r, pow'r, Wonder-working pow'r In the precious blood of the Lamb.
There is pow'r,

Copyright, 1899, by H. L. Gilmour, Wenonah, N. Y. Used by per.

No. 157. GLORY BE TO GOD ON HIGH.

"But thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."—
1 Cor. 15 : 57.

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



3 Old Satan tries to cast me down,
But Christ will not forsake His own.

4 No more I serve carnality,
That died with Christ, too, on the tree.

5 I love my Lord, I know I do,
And I am sure He loves me, too.

6 I'm free from sin and heaven bound,
For full salvation I have found.

Copyright, 1904, by Jno. T. Benson, Nashville, Tenn.

No. 158. JUST AS I AM.

Key of Eb.

1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

2 Just as I am and waiting not,
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

3 Just as I am, though tossed about,
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

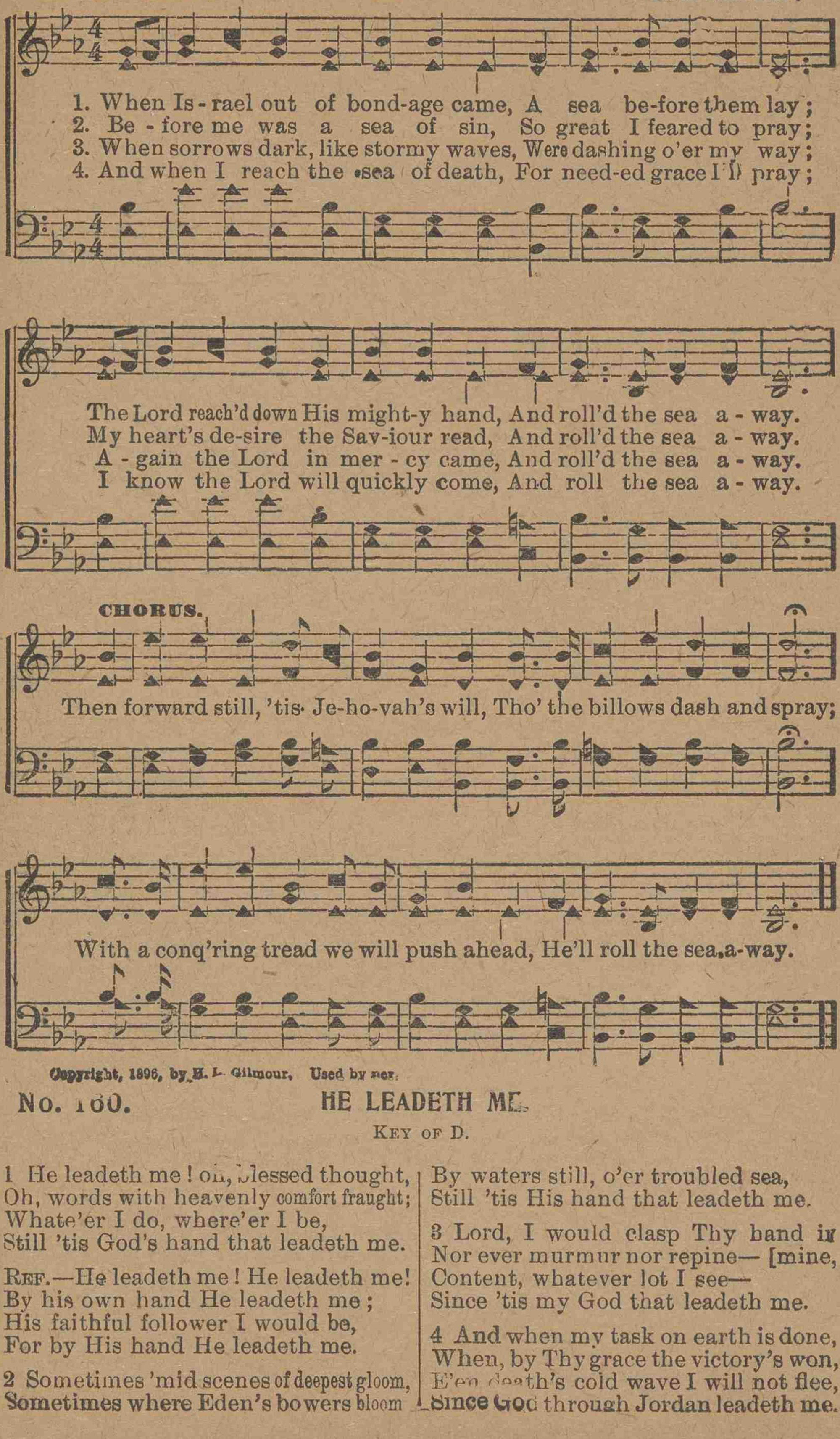
4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

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

6 Just as I am, Thy love unknown,
Has broken every barrier down,
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

No. 159. HE ROLLED THE SEA AWAY.

REV. H. J. ZELLEY. ROM. 8 : 31. H. L. GILMOUR.



Copyright, 1896, by H. L. Gilmour. Used by per.

No. 160. HE LEADETH ME.

KEY OF D.

1 He leadeth me! oh, blessed thought,
Oh, words with heavenly comfort fraught;
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

REF.—He leadeth me! He leadeth me!
By his own hand He leadeth me;
His faithful follower I would be,
For by His hand He leadeth me.

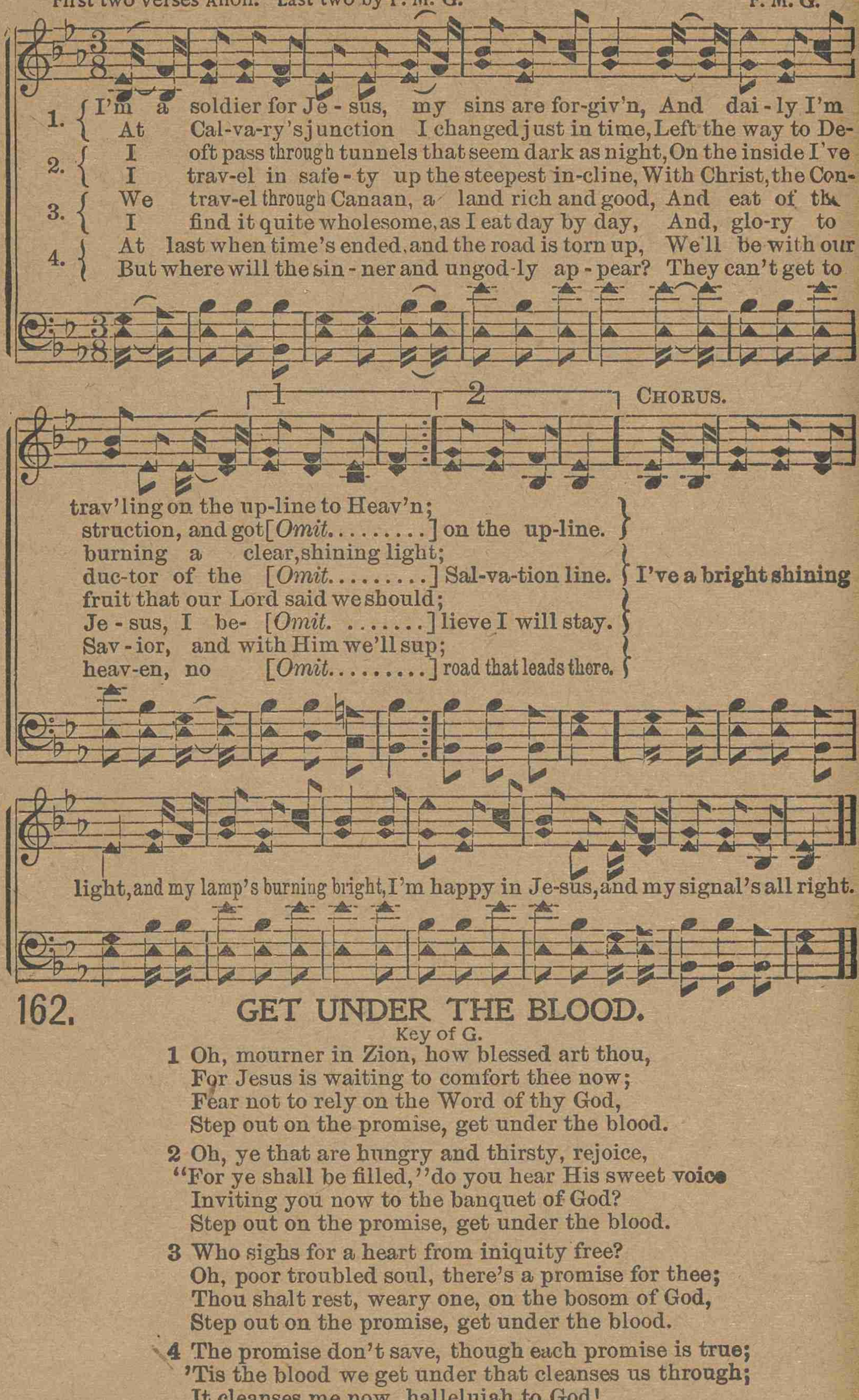
2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.

3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine—
Content, whatever lot I see—
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by Thy grace the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

161. ON THE ROAD TO HEAVEN.

First two verses Anon. Last two by F. M. G. F. M. G.



1. I'm a soldier for Je - sus, my sins are for-giv'n, And dai - ly I'm trav'ling on the up-line to Heav'n;
   At Cal-va-ry's junction I changed just in time, Left the way to De- struction, and got [*Omit.....*] on the up-line.
2. I oft pass through tunnels that seem dark as night, On the inside I've burning a clear, shining light;
   I trav-el in safe - ty up the steepest in-cline, With Christ, the Con- duc-tor of the [*Omit.....*] Sal-va-tion line.
3. We trav-el through Canaan, a land rich and good, And eat of the fruit that our Lord said we should;
   I find it quite wholesome, as I eat day by day, And, glo-ry to Je - sus, I be- [*Omit. .....*] lieve I will stay.
4. At last when time's ended, and the road is torn up, We'll be with our Sav - ior, and with Him we'll sup;
   But where will the sin - ner and ungod - ly ap - pear? They can't get to heav-en, no [*Omit.....*] road that leads there.

Chorus.

I've a bright shining light, and my lamp's burning bright, I'm happy in Je-sus, and my signal's all right.

162. GET UNDER THE BLOOD.

Key of G.

1 Oh, mourner in Zion, how blessed art thou,
For Jesus is waiting to comfort thee now;
Fear not to rely on the Word of thy God,
Step out on the promise, get under the blood.

2 Oh, ye that are hungry and thirsty, rejoice,
"For ye shall be filled," do you hear His sweet voice
Inviting you now to the banquet of God?
Step out on the promise, get under the blood.

3 Who sighs for a heart from iniquity free?
Oh, poor troubled soul, there's a promise for thee;
Thou shalt rest, weary one, on the bosom of God,
Step out on the promise, get under the blood.

4 The promise don't save, though each promise is true;
'Tis the blood we get under that cleanses us through;
It cleanses me now, hallelujah to God!
I'm out on the promise, I'm under the blood.

MAGGIE POTTER.

No. 163. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

"If ye love me, keep my commandments."—John 14:15. A. J. GORDAN.



No. 164. HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION.

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,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

2 In every condition—in sickness, in health;
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;
At home and abroad; on the land on the sea—
"As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.

3 "Fear not, I am with thee; O be not dismayed!
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

4 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

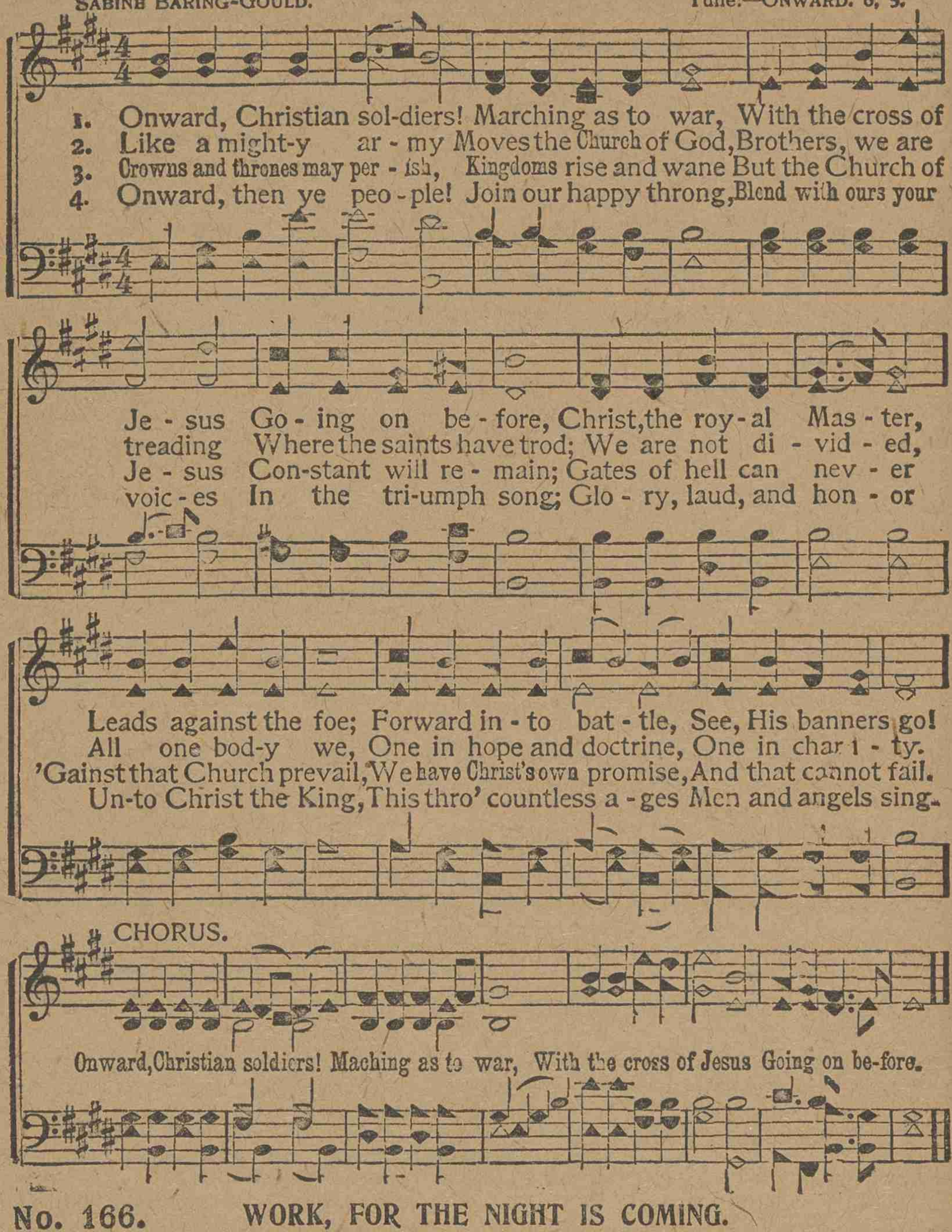
5 "E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

6 "The soul that on Jesus still leans for repose,
I will not, I *will* not, desert to His foes;
That soul, though all hell should endavor to shake,
I'll never, *no*, *never*, NO, NEVER forsake."

—*George Keith.*

No. 165. ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

SABINE BARING-GOULD. Tune:—ONWARD. 6, 5.



CHORUS.

No. 166. WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

1 Work, for the night is coming;
Work through the morning hours:
Work while the dew is sparkling;
Work, 'mid springing flow'rs;
Work, when the day grows brighter;
Work, in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

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 skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work, till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more:
Work, while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

No. 167. O JESUS, THOU ART STANDING.

REV. W. W. HOW. MRS. JNO. T. BENSON.



Copyright, 1904, by John T. Benson, Nashville, Tenn.

No. 168. WALK IN THE LIGHT.

KEY OF G. L. D. CARRINGTON.

1 O tell abroad His wondrous love,
Jesus the light of the world;
Go preach with power men's hearts to move,
Jesus the light of the world.

CHO.-Walk in the light, beautiful light,
Come where the dew-drops of mercy are bright,
Shine all around us by day and by night,
Jesus the light of the world.

2 His name dispels the shadows drear,
Jesus the light of the world;
O how my soul delights to hear,
Jesus the light of the world.

3 The hope of men in every clime,
Jesus the light of the world;
His matchless glories, how sublime,
Jesus the light of the world.

4 While angels sing let mortals praise,
Jesus the light of the world;
His grace abounds thro' all our days,
Jesus the light of the world.

5 O bid the lost and wand'ring come!
Jesus the light of the world,
Invites them to His heavenly home,
the light of the world.

No. 169 THERE'S A GREAT DAY COMING.

"Therefore, be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh."—MATTHEW xxiv: 14.

W. L. T. W. L. THOMPSON. By per.

1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day com-ing, There's a great day com-ing by and by; When the saints and the sinners shall be part-ed right and left. Are you read-y for that day to come?
2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day com-ing, There's a bright day com-ing by and by; But its brightness shall on-ly come to them that love the Lord. Are you read-y for that day to come?
3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day com-ing, There's a sad day com-ing by and by; When the sinner shall hear his doom, "de-part, I know ye not." Are you read-y for that day to come?

CHORUS.

m *pp* *m*

Are you read-y, Are you read-y, Are you read-y for the Judgment day? Are you ready, Are you ready for the Judgment day?

m *pp* *m*

By per. W. F. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, O., and Chicago.

No. 170. SINCE I FOUND MY SAVIOUR.

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

1. Life wears a different face to me, Since I found my Sav-iour;
2. He sought me in His wondrous love, So I found my Sav-iour;
3. The passing clouds may in-ter-vene, Since I found my Sav-iour;
4. A strong hand kindly holds my own, Since I found my Sav-iour;

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

CHORUS.

Golden sunbeams round me play, Je-sus turns my night to day,
Heav-en seems not far a-way, Since I found my Sav-iour.

Copyright, 1892, by Jno. R. Sweney. By per.

No. 171. TAKE THE NAME OF JESUS WITH YOU.

(Key of A-flat.)

1 Take the name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe;
It will joy and comfort give you,
Take it, then, where'er you go.

CHO.—Precious name, O how sweet,
Hope of earth and joy of heaven;
Precious name, O how sweet,
Hope of earth and joy of heaven.

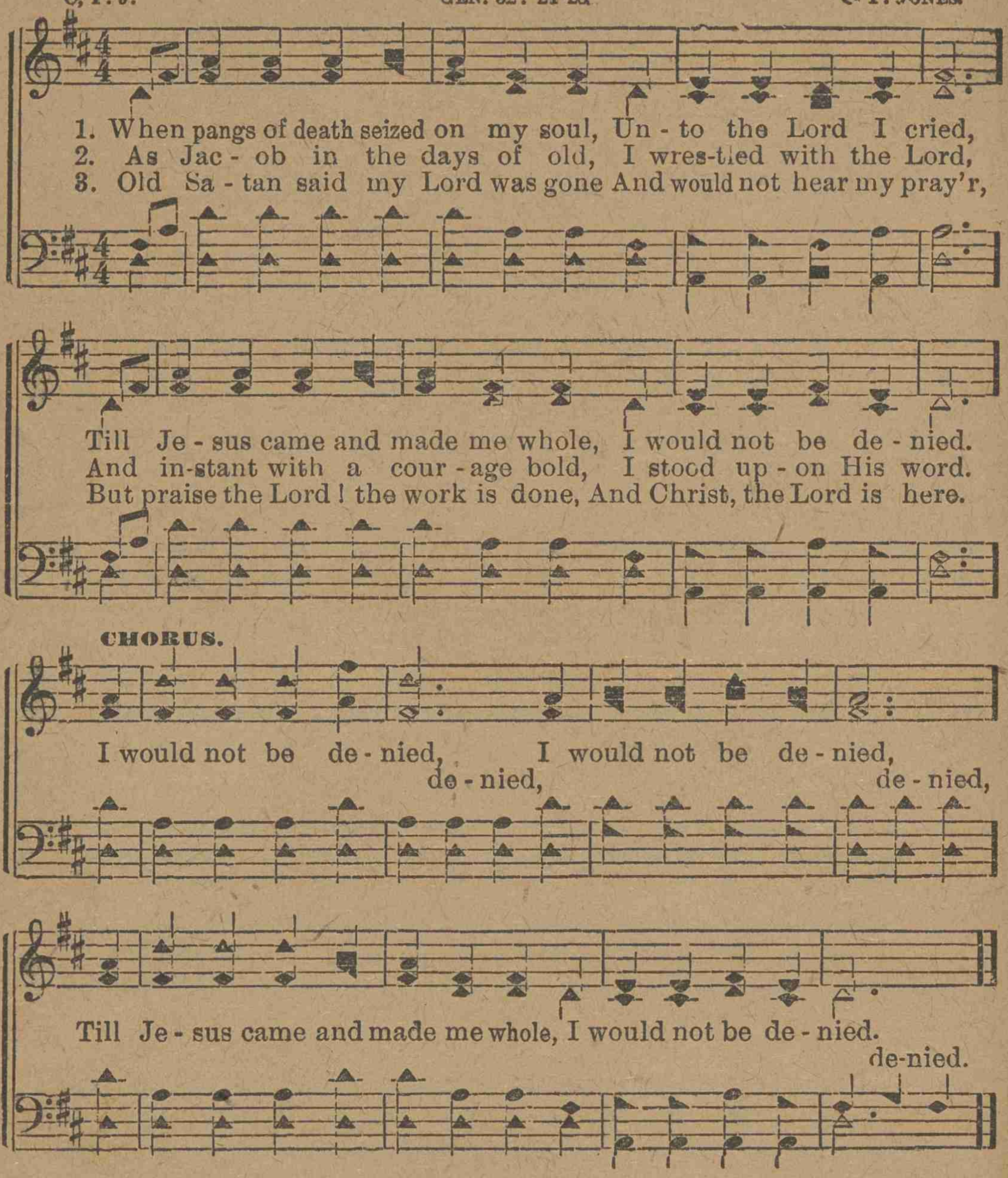
2 Take the name of Jesus ever,
As a shield from every snare;
If temptations round you gather,
Breathe that holy name in prayer.

3 O! the precious name of Jesus,
How it thrills our souls with joy;
When His loving arms receive us,
And His songs our tongues employ.

4 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at His feet;
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him,
When our journey is complete.

No. 172 I WOULD NOT BE DENIED.

C. P. J. GEN. 32: 24-28. C. P. JONES.



No. 173 A SHELTER.

(Key of F.)

1 The Lord's our Rock, in Him we hide,
A shelter in the time of storm;
Secure whatever ill betide,
A shelter in the time of storm.

CHO.—O, Jesus is a Rock in a weary land,
A weary land, a weary land,
O, Jesus is Rock in a weary land,
A shelter in the time of storm.

2 A shade by day, defense by night,
A shelter in the time of storm;
No fears alarm, no foes affright,
A shelter in the time of storm.

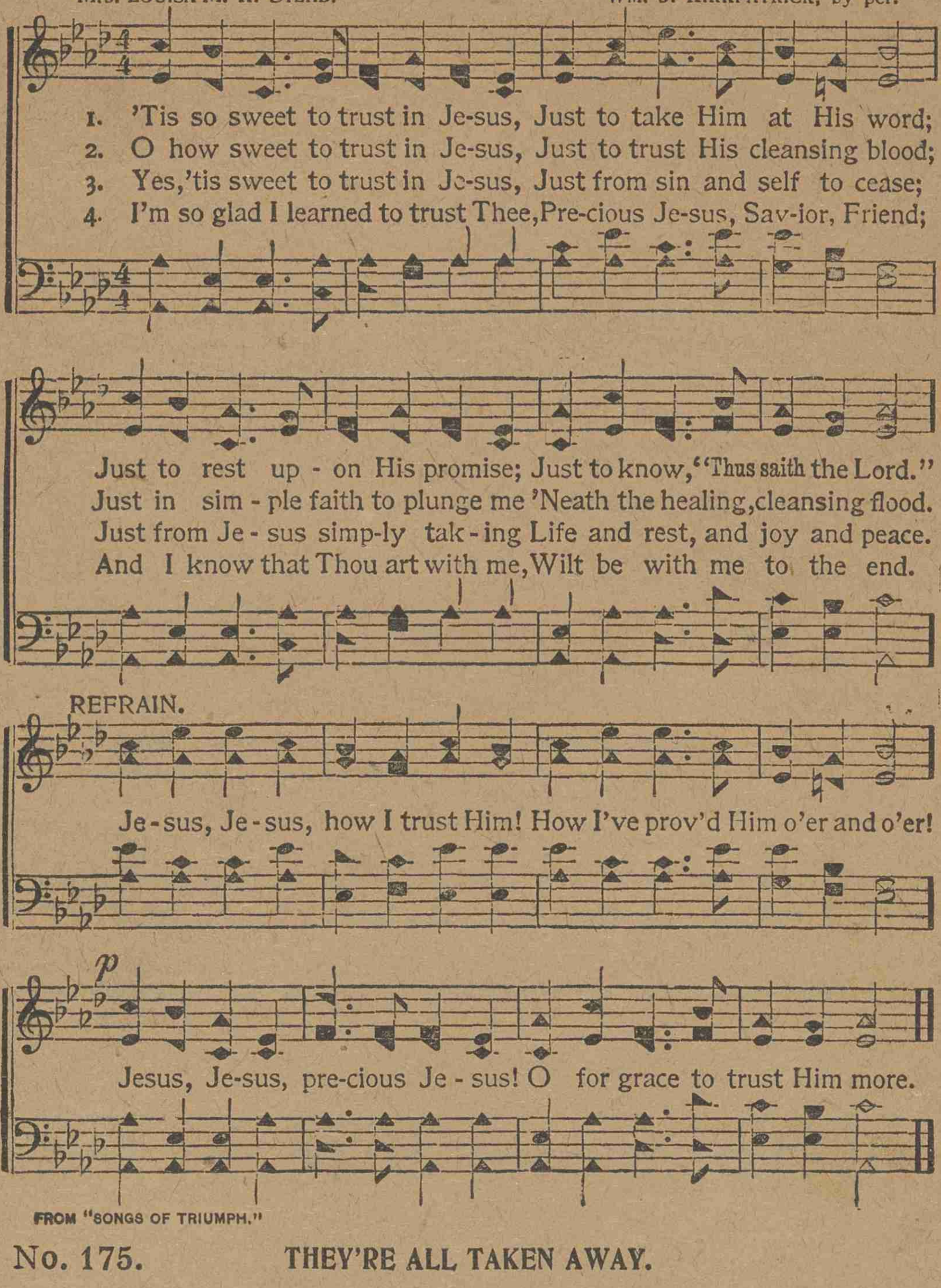
3 The raging storms may round us beat,
A shelter in the time of storm;
We'll never leave our safe retreat.
A shelter in the time of storm.

4 O Rock divine, O refuge dear,
A shelter in the time of storm;
Be Thou our helper ever near,
A shelter in the time of storm.

Words arr.

No. 174. 'TIS SO SWEET TO TRUST IN JESUS.

Mrs. LOUISA M. R. STEAD. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.



FROM "SONGS OF TRIUMPH."

No. 175. THEY'RE ALL TAKEN AWAY.

Key of E-flat.

1 Did you hear what Jesus said to me?
They're all taken away, away;
Your sins are pardon'd and you are free,
They're all taken away.

CHO.—They're all taken away to-day,
They're all taken away to stay,
They're all taken away, away,
My sins are all taken away.

2 I never heard such words before,
They're all taken away, away;
Go your way and sin no more,
They're all taken away

3 I've plunged beneath the crimson tide,
They're all taken away, away;
And now by faith I'm sanctified,
They're all taken away.

4 Oh, 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.

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

176 The Blood-Washed Traveler.

Tune: "Palms of Victory." Key of F.

1 I saw a blood-washed traveler, in garments white as snow,
While traveling in the highway where heavenly breezes blow;
His path was full of trials, and yet his face was bright.
He shouted as he journeyed, "I'm glad the burden's light!"

CHO.—Then palms of victory, crowns of glory,
Palms of victory, I shall bear.

2 I saw him in the conflict, when all around was strife;
When wicked men and devils convened to take his life.
I saw him cast in prison—a dungeon dark as night—
And yet I heard him shouting, "I'm glad the burden's light!"

3 I saw him led from prison, and chained unto the stake,
I heard him shout triumphant, "'Tis all for Jesus' sake!"
I saw the fires when kindled, the fagots blazing bright.
He said, "The yoke is easy, the burden is so light."

4 I saw the flames surround him, his body racked with pain;
He shouted, "Jesus saves me! I know that death is gain!"
Then casting his eyes upward, before he took his flight,
I heard him faintly whisper, "I'm glad the burden's light."

5 I saw his soul departing, it seemed the vail was rent,
And I could see the angels which Jesus Christ had sent,
They bore him to the Saviour, the ever blessed One,
The brightest star in glory, and Jesus said, "Well done."

—*Mary Amon.*

177 Glory, Glory, Jesus Saves Me.

Key of G.

1 Precious Saviour, Thou hast sav'd me;
Thine and only Thine I am;
Oh, the cleansing blood has reach'd me,
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

CHO.—Glory, glory, Jesus saves me,
Glory, glory to the Lamb!
Oh, the cleansing blood has reach'd me,
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

2 Long my yearning heart was trying
To enjoy this perfect rest;
But I gave all trying over;
Simply trusting, I was blest.

3 Trusting, trusting every moment;
Feeling now the blood applied;
Lying at the cleansing fountain;
Dwelling in my Saviour's side.

4 Consecrated to Thy service,
I will live and die to Thee;
I will witness to Thy glory
Of salvation full and free.

5 Yes, I will stand up for Jesus;
He has sweetly saved my soul,
Cleansed me from inbred corruption,
Sanctified, and made me whole.

6 Glory to the blood that bought me,
Glory to its cleansing power!
Glory to the blood that keeps me!
Glory, glory, evermore!

178 Abiding and Confiding.

Key of Ab.

1 I have learned the wondrous secret
Of abiding in the Lord;
I have found the strength and sweetness,
Of confiding in His word;
I have tasted life's pure fountain,
I am drinking of His blood,
I have lost myself in Jesus,
I am sinking into God.

CHO.—I'm abiding in the Lord,
And confiding in His word,
And I'm hiding, safely hiding,
In the bosom of His love.

2 I am crucified with Jesus,
And He lives and dwells in me,
I have ceased from all my struggling,
'Tis no longer I, but He;
All my will is yielded to Him,
And His Spirit reigns within,
And His precious blood each moment
Keeps me cleansed and free from sin.

3 All my sicknesses I bring Him,
And He bears them all away;
All my fears and griefs I tell Him,
All my cares from day to day,
All my strength I draw from Jesus,
By His breath I live and move;
E'en His very mind He gives me,
And His faith, and life, and love.

4 For my words I take His wisdom,
For my works His Spirit's power,
For my ways His gracious Presence
Guards and guides me every hour.
Of my heart He is the Portion,
Of my joy the ceaseless Spring;
Saviour, Sanctifier, Healer,
Glorious Lord and coming King!

179 Home of the Soul.

Key of Eb.

1 I will sing you a song of that beautiful land,
The far-away land of the soul; [strand,
‖:Where no storms ever beat on the glittering
While the years of eternity roll.:‖

2 O that home of the soul in my visions and dreams
Its bright jasper walls I can see; [
‖:Till I fancy but thinly the vail intervenes,
Between the fair city and me.:‖

3 That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands; [
‖:The King of all kingdoms forever is He,
And He holdeth our crowns in His hands.:‖

4 O how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain; [
‖:With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands
To meet one another again.:‖ [

—*Mrs. Ellen H. Gates.*

180 Blessed Assurance.

Key of D.

1 Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!
Oh, what a foretaste of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
Born of His Spirit, washed in His blood.

CHO.—This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Saviour all the day long;
This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Saviour all the day long.

2 Perfect submission, perfect delight,
Visions of rapture burst on my sight,
Angels descending, bring from above
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

3 Perfect submission, all is at rest,
I in my Saviour am happy and blest,
Watching and waiting, looking above
Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

—*Fanny Crosby.*

INDEX.

	No.
Abiding and Confiding	178
A Charge to Keep I Have	127
Alas! And Did My Saviour Bleed	21
A Little Talk with Jesus	107
All to Christ I Owe	118
Am I a Soldier of the Cross	137
Are You Ready	59
Are You Washed in the Blood	62
Arlington	135
A Shelter	173
At the Cross	21
Azmon	138
Beautiful Robes	68
Blessed Assurance	180
Blest Be the Tie that Binds	126
Bring Your Sin to Jesus	121
By and By	12
Calvary's Stream is Flowing	19
Can I Forget	24
Christ at the Door	32
Christ Loved Me	56
Come, Thou Fount	140
Come Unto Me	104
Come, Ye Sinners	142
Consecration	124
Deeper Yet	69
Dennis	125
Diamonds in the Rough	100
Does Jesus Care	9
Doing His Will	64
Down at the Cross	75
Father's Letters	46
Forever Here My Rest will Be	138
For You I am Praying	17
Get Under the Blood	162
Glories of Christ	8
Glory Be to God on High	157
Glory, Glory, Jesus Saves Me	177
Glory to His Name	75
Glory to the Lamb	65
God Calls To-night	33
Going Through the Land	86
Greenville	142
Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah	143
Happy in the Love of Jesus	31
Have You Found the Blessing	35
Hear the Good News	130
Heavenly Sunlight	10
He Brought Me Out	49
He Came to Save Me	152
He Fully Saves Me Now	73
He Hideth My Soul	112
He is Coming Back Again	92
He Leadeth Me	160
He Rolled the Sea Away	159
He's Just the Same To-day	149
He's the One	26
His Way with Thee	18
Home of the Soul	179
How Firm a Foundation	164
How Sweet the Name of Jesus	139
I am Coming to the Cross	99
I am Dwelling on the Mountain	115
I am Going Back to Jesus	47
I am One of Them To-day	108
If You Will	76
I Have Tarried	13
I'll Go Where You Want Me to	124
I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord	130
I Love to Tell the Story	103
I'm Glad I Have Salvation	74
I'm Happy with Jesus Alone	122
In That Morning	71
I Press Toward the Goal	105
Is it Not Wonderful	38
Is Thy Heart Right with God	50
It Just Suits Me	85
I've Been Redeemed	1
I Would Be Thine	93
I Would Not Be Denied	172
Jesus has Lifted the Load	91
Jesus, I Love Thee	98
Jesus, I My Cross	129
Jesus, Lover of My Soul	128
Jesus Only	79
Jesus Paid it All	118
Jesus will Wash it Away	63
Jonah and the Whale—back cover.	
Just a Little While	34
Just as I am	158
Laban	133
Let Jesus Come into Your Heart	51
Let Me Die	36
Like a Mighty Sea	90
Lord, I am Coming Home	53
Lord Jesus, I Long to Be	54

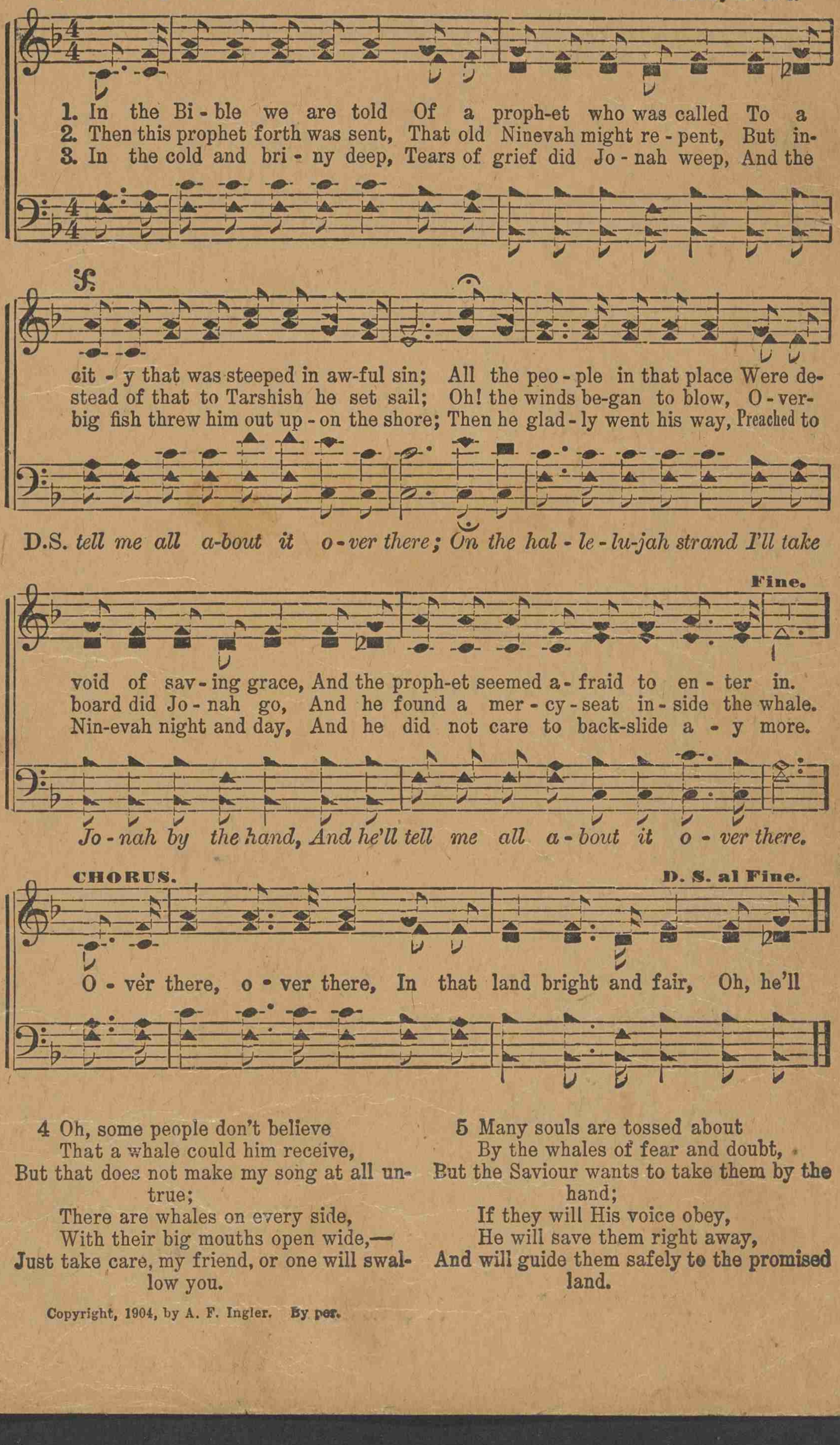
INDEX.

	No.
My Home is on the Rock	77
My Jesus, I Love Thee	163
My Shepherd's Care	57
My Soul, Be on Thy Guard	134
Moment by Moment	101
More of Thee, Saviour	41
Nearer, My God, to Thee	147
Nettleton	140
No Condemnation	55
No, Not One	23
Nothing but the Blood	42
Not Made with Hands	87
Not One Forgotten	66
Now I'm Coming Home	30
No Wishful Glances	29
O Don't Stay Away	97
O for a Faith that will Not Shrink	136
O for a Heart to Praise My God	135
O it is Wonderful	113
O, Jesus, Thou Art Standing	167
O Mourner in Zion	162
On the Road to Heaven	161
Onward, Christian Soldier	165
Our Lord's Return to	back of title.
Over Jordan	6
Over There	153
O Wonderful Love	20
O Why Not To-night	150
Parting to Meet Again	72
Peace, Be Still	16
Resting at the Cross	95
Revive Thy Work, O Lord	125
Revive Us Again	155
Rock of Ages	151
Room for Jesus	4
Safe in Beulah	117
Since Jesus Came to Stay	48
Salvation in My Heart	74
Saved from Sin	82
Saved Through Jesus' Blood	25
Saved to the Uttermost	94
Saviour, Hide Thou Me	81
Shall We Gather at the River	45
Since I've Found My Saviour	170
Softly and Tenderly	120
Some Mother's Child	61
Spirit of Faith	133
Spreading the Heavenly Sunlight	52
Stand Up for Jesus	109
Still Sweeter Every Day	22
Sweet Hour of Prayer	5
Sweet Will of God	40
Take the Name of Jesus with You	171
Testify	44
The Blood-Washed Traveler	176
The Child of a King	102
The City that's Coming Down	80
The Cleansing Wave	154
The Cross Now Covers	28
The Great Judgment Morning	144
The Fire is Burning	7
The Half has Never Been Told	67
The Hallelujah Side	84
The Home Over There	153
The Lord's Our Rock	173
The Mercy-Seat	14
The Old, Old Story	103
The Shelf Behind the Door	110
The Past is All Under the Blood	3
The Pilgrim Company	148
The Sanctified Life	39
The Upward Gaze	27
The Very Same Jesus	123
The Voice of the Saviour	37
There is a Fountain	119
There is Power in the Blood	156
There'll Be No Dark River There	70
There's a Great Day Coming	169
There's a Happy Day at Hand	58
They're All Taken Away	175
This Wonderful Saviour is Mine	2
'Tis a Glorious Church	146
'Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus	174
Under the Blood	11
Victorious Travelers	78
Walking in the Light	168
Well Done	96
We'll Outshine the Sun	106
We'll Walk in the Light	168
What a Friend We Have in Jesus	141
What a Wonderful Peace	116
When I See the Blood	60
Where He Leads Me I will Follow	145
Where Shall I Be	114
Whispering in My Heart	89
Will You Be Ready to Go	15
Wonderful Love	83
Won't You Come and Go	88
Won't You Go with Me	43
Work, for the Night is Coming	166

The Armstrong Printing Co., Music Typographers,
419-421 Elm Street, Cincinnati, O.

JONAH AND THE WHALE.

Furnished by W. E. S. Arr. by A. F. I.



4 Oh, some people don't believe
That a whale could him receive,
But that does not make my song at all untrue;
There are whales on every side,
With their big mouths open wide,—
Just take care, my friend, or one will swallow you.

5 Many souls are tossed about
By the whales of fear and doubt,
But the Saviour wants to take them by the hand;
If they will His voice obey,
He will save them right away,
And will guide them safely to the promised land.

Copyright, 1904, by A. F. Ingler. By per.

Pentecostal Mission Publishing Company,

NASHVILLE, TENN.

Publishers of and dealers in

LIVING WATER

a sixteen page, undenominational paper, stressing salvation, sanctification, divine healing, the second coming of the Lord and missions. Free from secret advertisements. Price $1 per year. Send for free sample copy.

LIVING WATER SONGS

a book which has proven very popular for revival, Sunday-school and kindred work, because it is full of just the right kind of songs for invitation, altar work, solos, duets and congregational singing. Price 15 cents each, $1 50 per dozen prepaid or $10 per 100 not prepaid. Special terms to evangelists and others desiring a quanity to sell again.

LIVING WATER SONGS NO. 2

a worthy successor to the above book designed for those who have used LIVING WATER SONGS until they need a change, but only want another just as good. Same price and terms.

RELIGIOUS BOOKS

pertaining to Sanctification, Second Coming, Divine Healing, Missions, etc., which will prove helpful to read and pass on.

BIBLES, TESTAMENTS, ETC.

We carry in stock full lines of these goods in all prices and grades.

WALL MOTTOES

in many beautiful designs and colors, ranging in price from 5 cents to 75 cents each. Sunday-school reward cards 25 cents a box containing 12 or 24 cards. An inexpensive and artistic decoration for the walls of homes, Sunday-schools, Y. M. C. A., and other meeting rooms.

AGENTS WANTED FOR ALL THE ABOVE.

Write for catalogue and terms.

LITERARY AND BIBLE TRAINING SCHOOL

For pastors, evangelists, missionaries and other Christian workers. ADVANTAGES: Very low rates, first-class location, good building, modern improvements, excellent literary course and a very helpful method of Bible study, the practical and theoretical combined.

Do you wish to attend a school of this kind? If so, write for catalogue.

J. O. McCLURKAN, Nashville, Tenn.