M. E. CHURCH, South.
THIS BOOK
MUST NOT BE TAKEN
FROM THE CHURCH

This Book Is Dedi

WILLIAM GISRIEL
MARTHA GISRIEL (now in heaven



REV. EDWARD C. GISRIEL

cated to Our Parents

JOHN LILBURN LONG (now in heaven)
MRS. MAGGIE D. LONG



J. OWEN LONG

Salvation Songs

A collection of Songs and Hymns
adapted to the needs of . . . .

Revivals, Sabbath Schools, and Gospel Meetings Generally

... BY ...

E. T. HILDEBRAND, W. H. RUEBUSH
W. E. BURNETT AND J. H. RUEBUSH

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Preface.

Glory Gates.

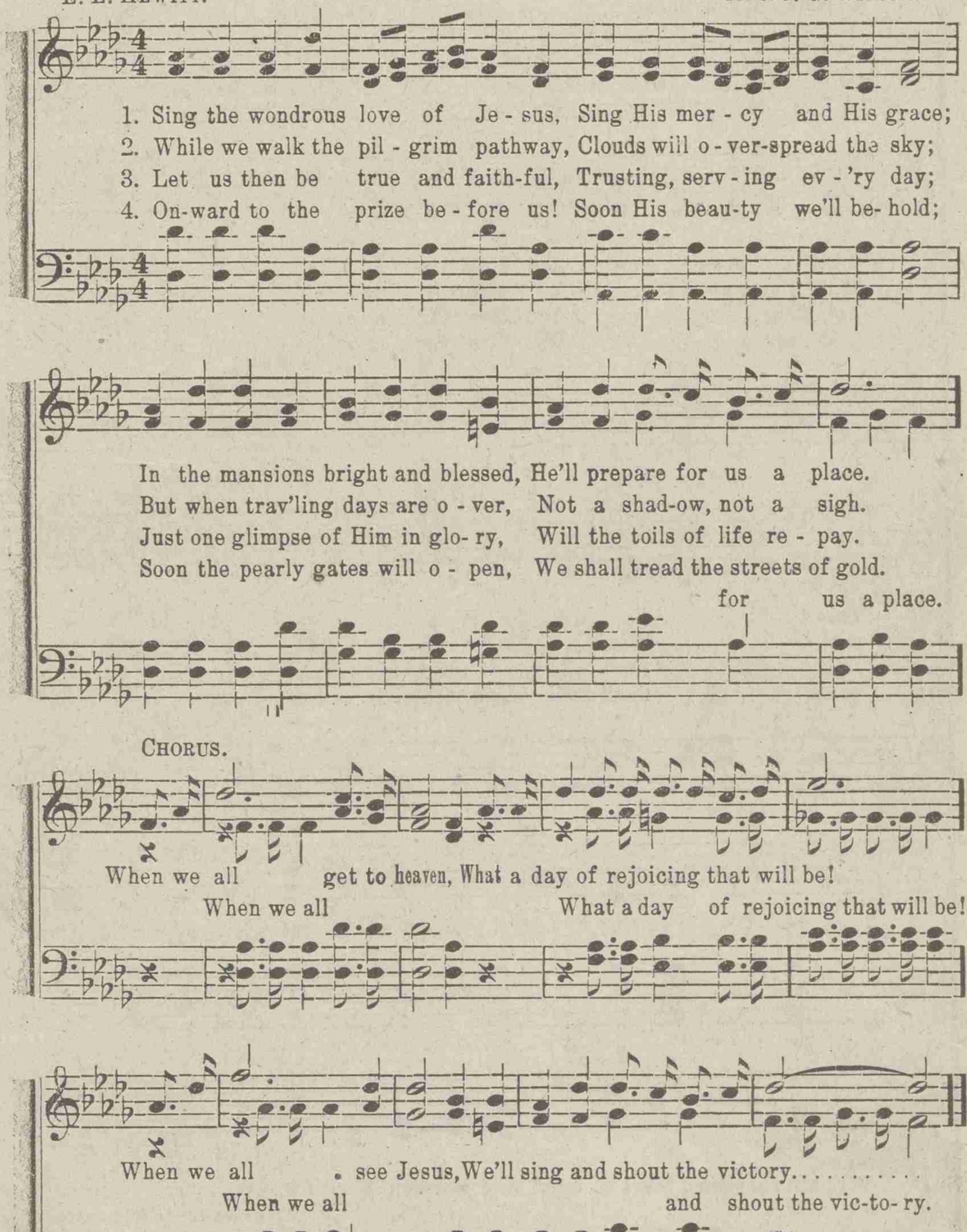
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G. P. H. Rev. G. P. Hott.

SALVATION SONGS.

1. When We All Get to Heaven.

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



Copyright by Mrs. J. G. Wilson. Used by per.

2. O Friend Divine.

JAMES ROWE. R. L. DUNCAN.

1. O Friend di - vine,..... who died for me, I
2. In - fold me still..... and keep me whole, That
3. Thy love is mine..... and all in all Thou
4. Hold Thou my hand,..... till I re - joice In

trust Thy pre-cious love, As - sured that I..... shall dwell with
true I may re - main; With love di - vine..... sup - port my
art, dear Lord, to me; And Thee I'll praise,..... what - e'er he-
yon - der hap - py place, Till, with the choir..... a - bove, my

CHORUS.

Thee For ev - er - more a - bove.
soul, That I the crown may gain. I shall meet Thee
fall, For all e - ter - ni - ty.
voice Shall praise Thy match - less grace.

soon in Glo - ry - land, I shall praise Thee on the hap - py strand, And

with the ransomed there a - dore, And wor-ship Thee for ev - er - more.
ev-er-more and more.

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3.

Crown Him.

"Thou crownedst him with glory and honor."—HEB. 2 : 7.

Edward Perronet. USED BY PERMISSION. **R. C. Ward**

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an-- gels pros-trate fall;
   Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.

2. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
   To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.

3. Oh! that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall!
   We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

CHORUS.

We will crown Him, Yes, we'll crown Him, Give to
We will crown Him Lord of all, Yes, we'll crown Him Lord of all, Give to

Je - sus all the glo - ry, Hal-le - lu - - - jah! We will crown Him,
Je - sus all the glo - ry, all the glo - ry, Hal-le - lu - jah! We will crown Him Lord of all,

Yes, we'll crown Him, We will crown the Sav - ior Lord of all.
Yes, we'll crown Him Lord of all,

4. There is Nothing Too Good to Be True.

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G. P. H. (Effective as a Solo.) Rev. Geo. P. Hott.

1. When we think of earth's tri - als and cares, And the tears that our eye - lids be - dew, And are told they're in Heav - en un - known, It
2. When we think how as sin - ners we're lost, And a - wait fear - ful pun - ish-ment due, And are told of His won - der - ful cross, It
3. When we think of the suf-f'rings of death, And the grave ev - er wait - ing in view, But are told how Christ conquered them all, It
4. When we think of our loved ones of yore, How death gath - ered from me and from you, But are told that we'll meet them once more, It

rit. - - - - CHORUS. *meditatively.*

seems just too good to be true. But is it too good to be true? Oh,

feelingly. *thoughtfully.*

is it too good to be true? (to be true?) When we think of the won-der - ful

confidently. *rit.* - - - -

love of our Lord, There is noth-ing too good to be true. (to be true.)

No. 5.

Let the Dear Savior In.

E. G. Coleman. J. Qwen Long.

1. Je - sus came to the earth, Meek and low - ly of birth, Just to res - cue the world from sin;
2. From His throne He came down In - to Beth - le - hem town, Lingered in dark Geth-sem - e - ne,
3. Do not let Him de - part, While He knocks at your heart, Hast-en now, let the Sav - ior in;

And He calls you to - day, Say-ing,
He was cursed and de-nied, And was
He's pre-pared you a home, 'Round His

CHORUS.

do not de - lay, Won't you let the dear Sav - ior in. Let Him in,
then cru - ci - fied, For our sins up - on Cal - va - ry.
own shining throne, He will free you from all your sin. Let Him in,

let Him in, He will free you from sin,
let Him in, He will free you from sin,

Let the dear lov-ing Sav-ior come in, Come in for ev - er - more.
and reign for ev - er-more.

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Jesus Loves Even Me.

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

1. I am so glad that our Fa - ther in heav'n Tells of His
2. Tho' I for - get Him and wan - der a - way, Still He doth
3. O if there's on - ly one song I can sing, When in His

love in the Book He has giv'n, Won - der - ful things in the
love me wher - ev - er I stray; Back to His dear lov - ing
beau - ty I see the great King, This shall my song in e-

Bi - ble I see; This is the dear - est, that Je - sus loves me.
arms would I flee, When I re - mem - ber that Je - sus loves me.
ter - ni - ty be; "O what a won - der that Je - sus loves me."

CHORUS.

I am so glad that Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me,

I am so glad that Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves e - ven me....

Copyright, 1902, by The John Church Co. Used by per.

7.

O WHAT A JOY.

J. O. L. "Rejoice evermore."—1 Thes. 5:16. J. OWEN LONG.

1. O what a joy in my life there has been, Since Christ the Lord hath re-deemed me from sin, Cleansed ev-'ry stain and a-
2. O what a joy just to know He is mine, O what a peace when to Him I re-sign, All of my pow-ers to
3. O what a joy just to walk by His side Have Him each day as my Mas-ter and Guide, Saved by His grace, in His
4. O what a joy when in heav-en I see Christ my Re-deem-er who died on the tree, Died to re-deem all the

CHORUS.

bides now with-in, O what a joy.
Christ the Di-vine, O what a joy. O to be free from my
love to a-bide, O what a joy.
world, e-ven me, O what a joy.

Parts.

bur-den of sin O what a joy, O what a joy;

Parts.

Christ my Re-deem-er a-bid-eth with-in, O what a joy.

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8 Everybody Should Know His Love.

WILLIAM M. RUNYAN. HARRY DIXON LOES.

1. For the mer - cy Je - sus will be - stow, For the kindness He will dai - ly show, For the bless-ing that the soul may know; All should
2. There is par - don at the Sav - ior's feet, Grace is there the deep-est need to meet, Lives all brok- en there are made com - plete; When they
3. Would you learn to serve and sac - ri - fice? Would you help a struggling soul to rise? Would you point the wan-d'rer to the skies? You must

CHORUS.

know the Sav- ior and His love. Ev - 'ry - bod - y should know His love,

Ev - 'ry - bod - y should know His love; It is won - der - ful and sweet,

It will make the life complete, And ev - 'ry - bod- y should know His love.

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9. He's a Friend of Mine.

J. O. L. J. OWEN LONG.

Parts.

1. Do you know God's bless-ed Son? He's a friend of mine;. . . .
2. He's the friend your soul doth need,
3. When I need Him He is near,
4. Ev - 'ry prom-ise I can claim,
5. I shall see Him by and by, Je - sus is a friend of mine;

Unison.

Parts.

Je - sus Christ the Ho - ly One, He's a friend of mine.
He will prove a friend in - deed,
Ev - 'ry mo - ment He doth cheer,
Heav'n is mine thru His dear name,
Live with Him be - yond the sky, He's a faith-ful friend of mine.

Unison.

CHORUS. *Mark the Melodies.*

He's a friend of mine, He's a friend of mine;. . . .
Je - sus is a friend of mine, Je - sus is a friend of mine;
Je - sus Christ, God's on - ly Son, Is a friend of mine.
Is a faith - ful friend of mine.

Copyright, 1921, by J. Owen Long, Harrisonburg, Va.

10. My House is On a Rock.

W. H. R. WILL H. RUEBUSH.

1. I have a sure foun - da - tion laid, That will with-stand ev - 'ry
2. Tem-pests may beat and storms as - sail, Doubts may a - rise at my
3. Safe in such shel - ter I a - bide, Hell at my por - tals may

tem - pest shock; In Christ my hopes are firm - ly stayed,
faith to mock; My house will weath - er ev - 'ry gale,
vain - ly knock; I can each fu - tile gale de - ride,

CHORUS.

My house is on a rock.
For it is on a rock. Some build their hous - es
My house is on a rock.

on the shift-ing sand, Some build on glo - ry on the sea or land;

My hab - i - ta - tion stands each shock, My house is on a rock.

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11. Do Your Best.

J. S. R. J. S. RUSHING.

1. A great conflict now is on, then brave soldiers true and strong Christ is
2. Un - to Christ your Lord and King, now your humble of-f'ring bring, Choose at
3. He who to God's call is true, he who con - se-crates a - new, Is the

call- ing now for you to - day; In a world with er - ror rife, in the
once how you will serve to - day; Tho it be an hum-ble place, He will
one who counts in serv-ice here; He adds sun-shine to the way, help - ing

CHORUS.

long and bit-ter strife, Will you fol - low Je - sus all the way?
fill you with His grace, If you fol - low Je - sus all the way. Do your
some one ev - 'ry day, Giv-ing hope and joy and love and cheer.

best for the Lord to - day, Do your best all a - long the way; Make Him

all your strength and song, gird for battle and be strong; Do your best for the Lord to-day.

Copyright, 1921, by J. S. Rushing.

12. Is it Nothing to You?

"Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by."—Lam. 1: 12.

REV. JOHN A. TAYLOR. REV. JOHN A. TAYLOR.

Good as a Solo.

1. Be - hold the Man of Gal - i - lee, With heart so full of char - i - ty;
2. A - maz-ing grace how wondrously, He hath redeemed hu - man - i - ty;
3. The sinners friend, O yes, 'twas He, With garments died on Cal- v'ry's tree;
4. He has prepared a home for me Where I shall dwell e - ter - nal - ly;

He suf-fered in Geth- sem - a - ne, He paid the debt to make me free.
He died for me, He died for thee, He died for all on Cal - va - ry.
A - bound-ing life for thee and me, He saves to all e - ter - ni - ty.
That where He is there I may be, In man-sions fair, the heav-en - ly.

CHORUS.

Is it noth-ing to you? 'tis something to me, Sal - va- tion to me,
is it noth - ing to you? Is it noth - ing to you that He
died on the tree? Sal - va - tion to me, is it noth-ing to you?

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13. A Day of Triumph.

JAMES ROWE. GEO. W. SEBREN.

1. March a-long, strong men, praise the Lord a - gain, There's a day of
2. Still the ti - dings tell, and His prais - es swell, There's a day of
3. Souls are com - ing in from the haunts of sin, There's a day of
4. For the faith - ful throng, in the land of song, There's a day of

tri - umph com - ing; Right will sure - ly win o - ver doubt and sin;
tri - umph com - ing; Love will win its way thro' the world some day;
tri - umph com - ing; Men shall know the King, and the whole world sing;
tri - umph com - ing; Where the saints a - dore Him for ev - er - more;

REFRAIN.

There's a day of tri - umph com - ing. There's a day of tri - umph com - ing
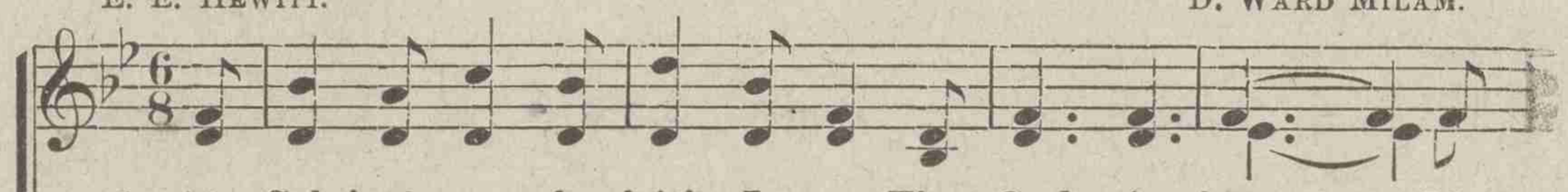
by and by; Still be true to Je - sus, vic - to - ry is nigh; Keep the

grand old standard wav-ing in the sky; There's a day of tri - umph com - ing.
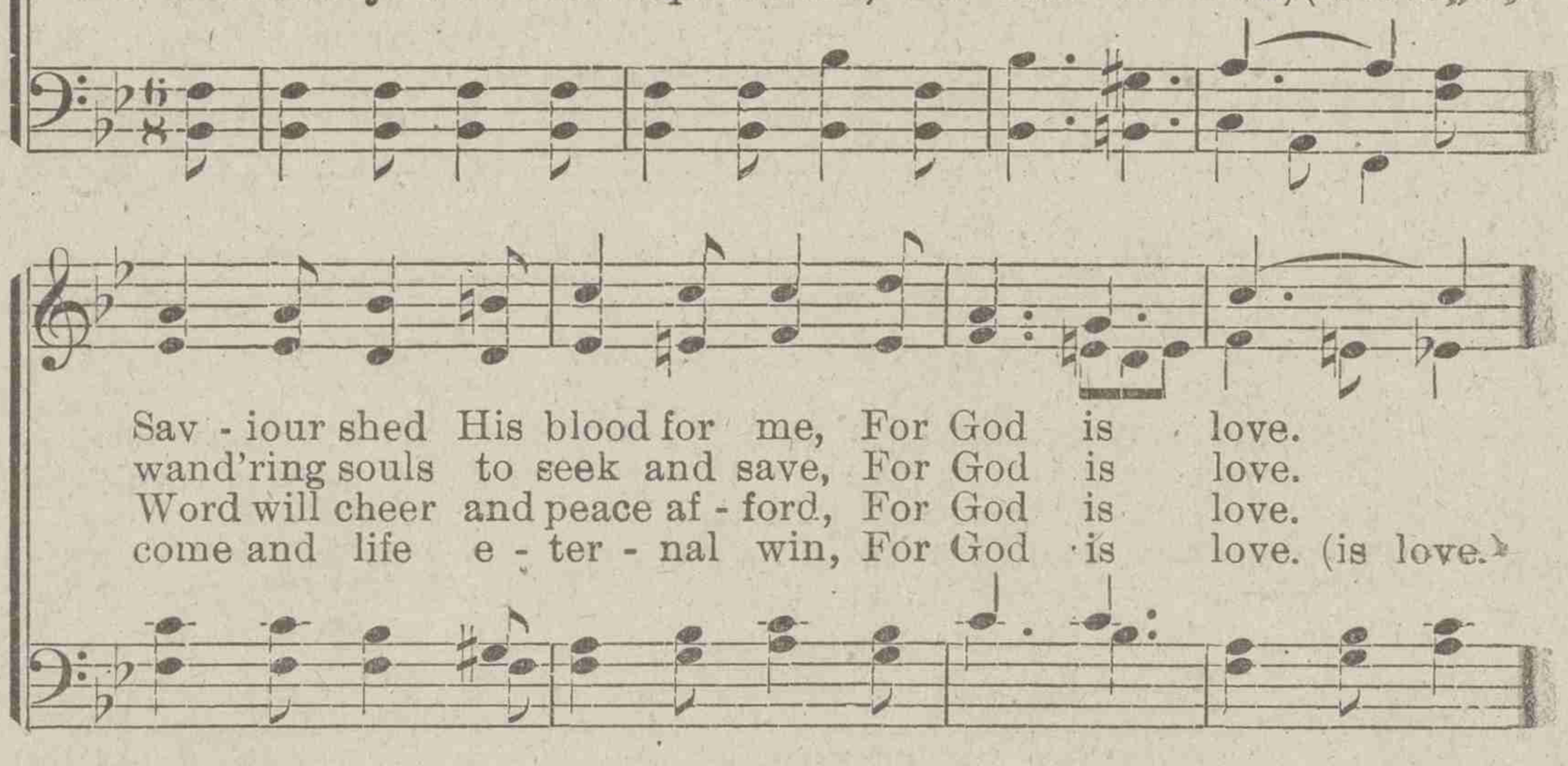
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14. God is Love.

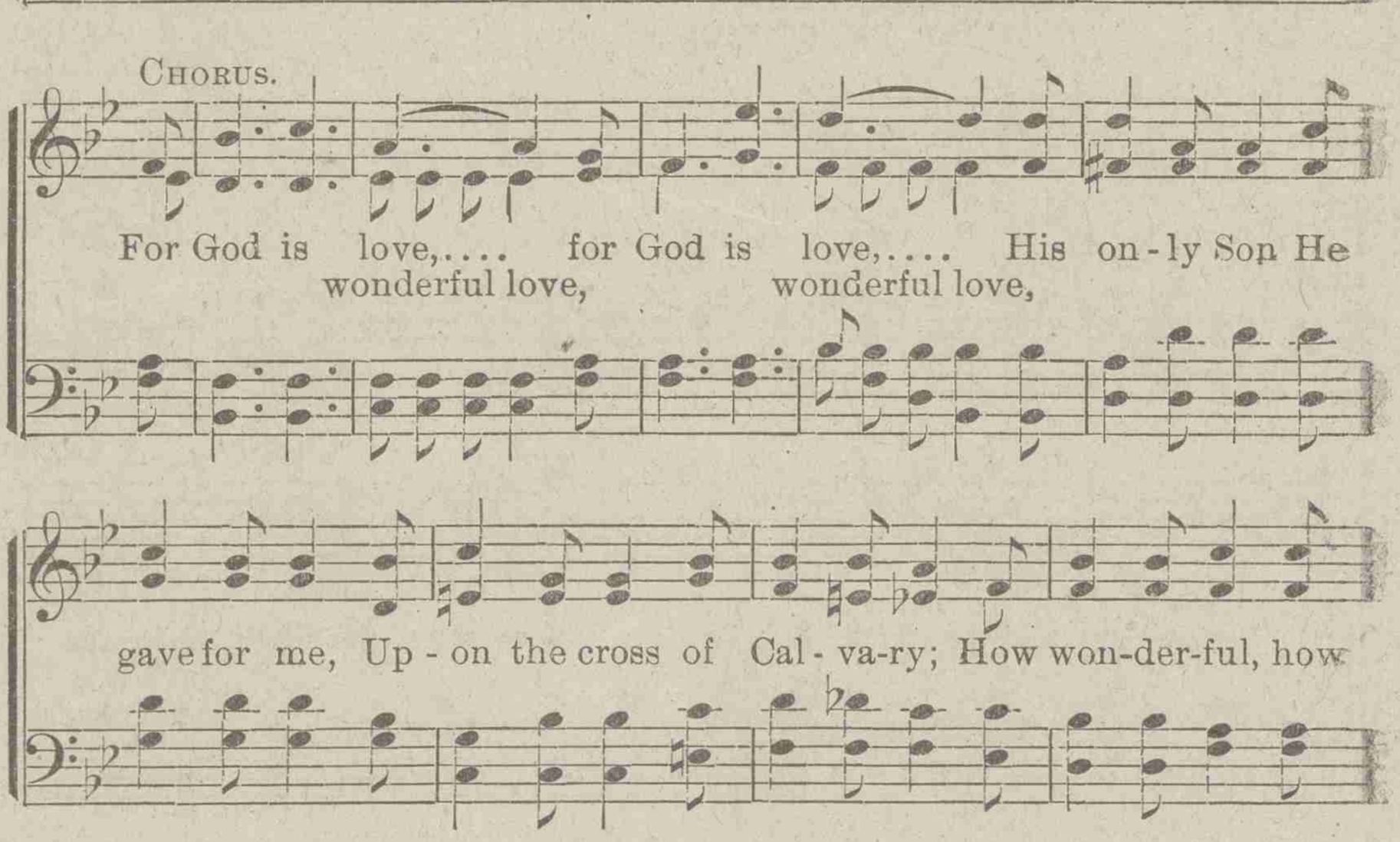
E. E. HEWITT. D. WARD MILAM.



1. At Calv'ry's cross, by faith I see, That God is love, My
2. His well be - lov - ed Son He gave, For God is love, Our
3. O come to - day and seek the Lord, For God is love, His
4. He'll save you from the depths of sin, For God is love, (is love,) O,
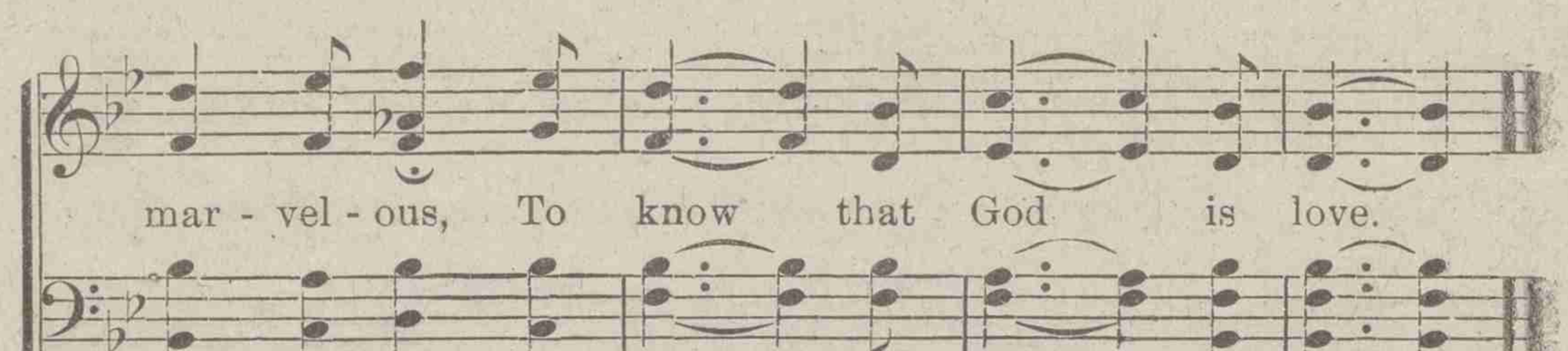


Sav - iour shed His blood for me, For God is love.
wand'ring souls to seek and save, For God is love.
Word will cheer and peace af - ford, For God is love.
come and life e - ter - nal win, For God is love. (is love.)



CHORUS.

For God is love,.... for God is love,.... His on - ly Son He
wonderful love, wonderful love,

gave for me, Up - on the cross of Cal - va-ry; How won-der-ful, how



mar - vel - ous, To know that God is love.

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15. I Love My Redeemer, Don't You?

JAMES ROWE. WILLIAM W. BENTLEY.

With expression.

1. There is One who came down from His Father above, That the lost He might seek and save; In the low-land He sought us and offered His love, Then His
2. He has brightened the world with His wonderful light, And is causing the blind to see; He is helping our souls to be true in the fight, And our
3. He is a - ble to keep all who rest in His grace, And is guid-ing us on our way; He is making the world a more beautiful place For His
4. He is building bright homes in the city a - bove, On the shores of the cryst al sea; Where the faithful shall rest in His glorious love, And re-

CHORUS.

life on the cross He gave.
friend to the end will be.
children from day to day.
joice thro' e-ter - ni - ty.

I love this Redeemer, don't you?...
don't you?

This Sav-iour so lov - ing and true;.... Because He has died, my trans-
so true;

rit.

gressions to hide, I love this Re-deemer, don't you? (don't you)?

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16. RIGHT WILL WIN.

JAMES WELLS. T. B. MOSLEY.

1. When the world is dark and drear - y, And no bright spot shows;
2. Tho' the mists and clouds sur-round you, And you're tem - - pest-tossed;
3. Tho' your life is filled with sor - row, Oft - en care op-pressed;
1. And no bright spot shows;

When it sure - ly seems the vic - t'ry Will be won by foes. When the
When your life's frail bark is driv - en Un - til all seems lost. Let the
Can't you trust it to the Sav-iour? For the Lord knows best. Won't you
Will be won by foes.

bat - tle you are los - ing To the hordes of sin, O, then do not
Sav - iour be your an - chor, Thro' the tem - pest's din, 'Put your faith and
cease your hopeless sigh-ing, And a pray'r be - gin? Take your bur - den
To the hordes of sin,

CHORUS.

grow dis-cour - aged, For the right will al - ways win. For the
trust in Je - sus, For the right will al - ways win.
to the Sav-iour, And the right will al - ways win. For the right will al-ways

right will al-ways win, It will tri-umph o - ver sin,
win,..... It will tri - umph o - ver sin,.....

James D. Vaughan, owner, 1919.

O ye wea - ry and op - pressed, . . . Pray the right may win,
O ye wea - ry and op-pressed, Pray the right may win,

For the right will al-ways win, It will
For the right will al - ways win,. . . . . It will tri - umph o - ver

triumph o-ver sin, Lay your burdens on the Sav-iour's breast, the right will win.
sin,. . . . . .

17. AMERICA.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH. HENRY CAREY.

1. My country 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My native country, thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal
4. Our father's God, to thee, Au-thor of lib - er - ty, To thee we sing; Long may our

fathers died, Land of the Pilgrim's pride, From ev'ry mountain side Let freedom ring.
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills, My heart with rapture thrills, Like that a-bove.
tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
land be bright With freedom's ho-ly light; Pro - tect us by thy might, Great God, our King.

18. Riches of Grace.

W. H. R. WILL H. RUEBUSH.

1. I have a friend who leads me A - long a sun - lit way; He heav'n-ly
2. I can not keep from sing- ing, As with the hap-py throng, Each day is
3. Soon past will be earth's sor-row, We'll en - ter heaven's gate; Then what a

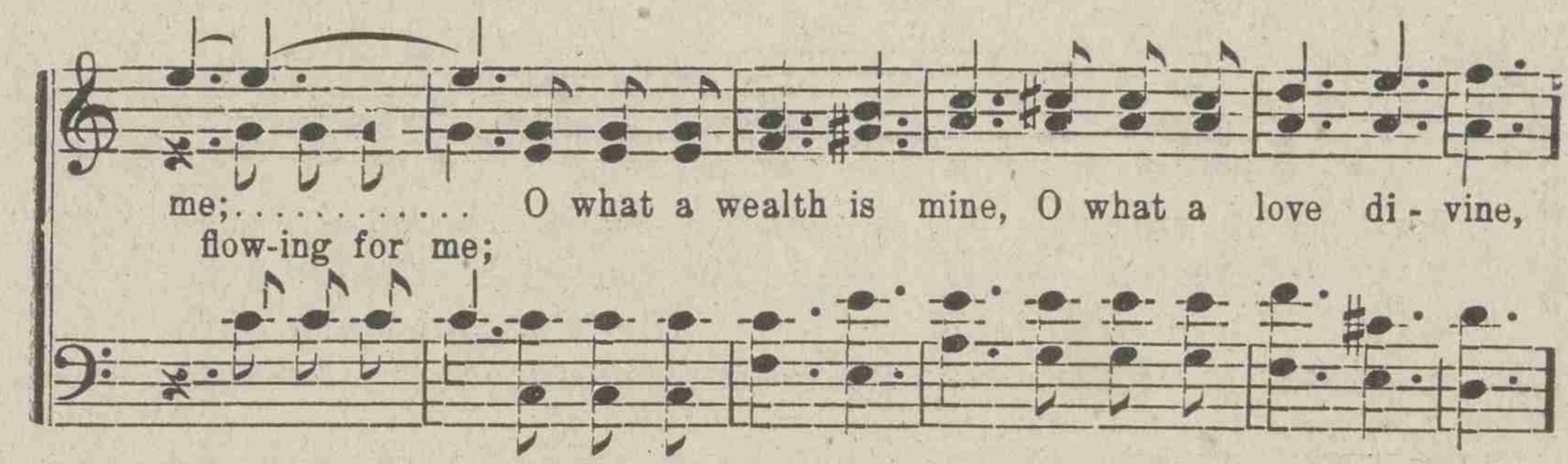
man - na feeds me, My want sup-plies each day. Sweet songs of Zi - on
near - er bring- ing, The sum-mer-land of song. Tho rag- ing storms as-
glad to - mor - row, With loved ones there who wait. There by life's crys- tal

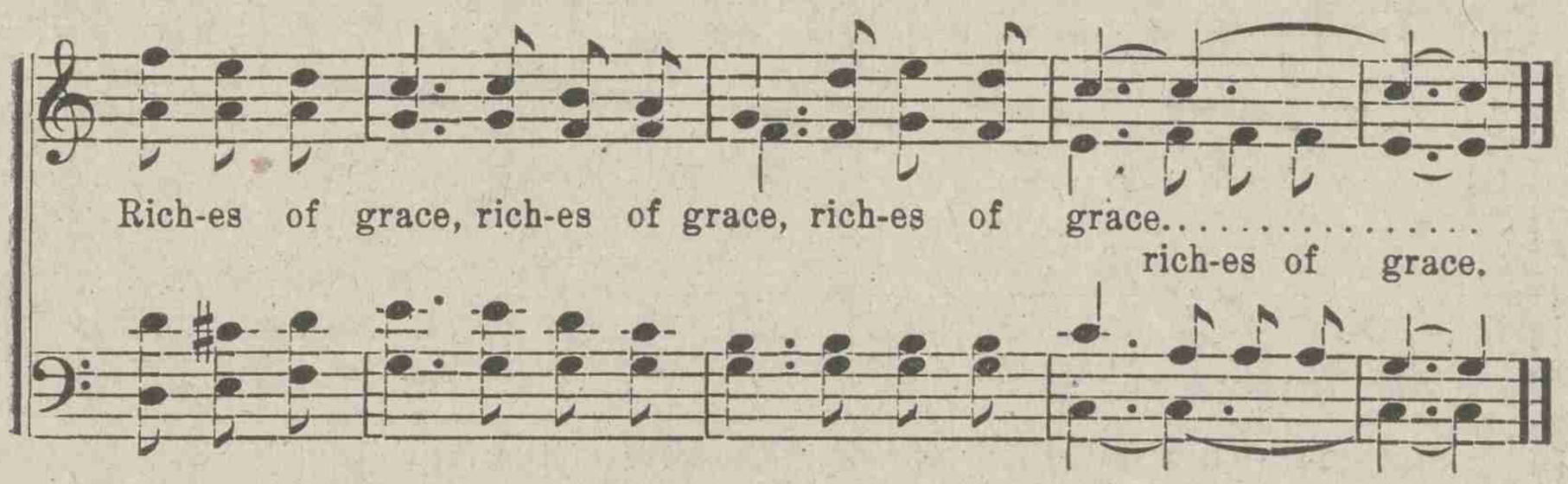
thrill me, A pil-grim in the race; His ta-bles spread will fill me With
sail me, Tho doubt may show its face; In need He will not fail me Thru
riv - er, In love's a - bid - ing place; We'll shout and sing for- ev - er The

CHORUS.

rich - es of His grace. Rich-es of grace,..... rich - es of
Rich-es of grace,
grace,..... Bound-less and free,..... flow - ing for
rich - es of grace, Boundless and free,

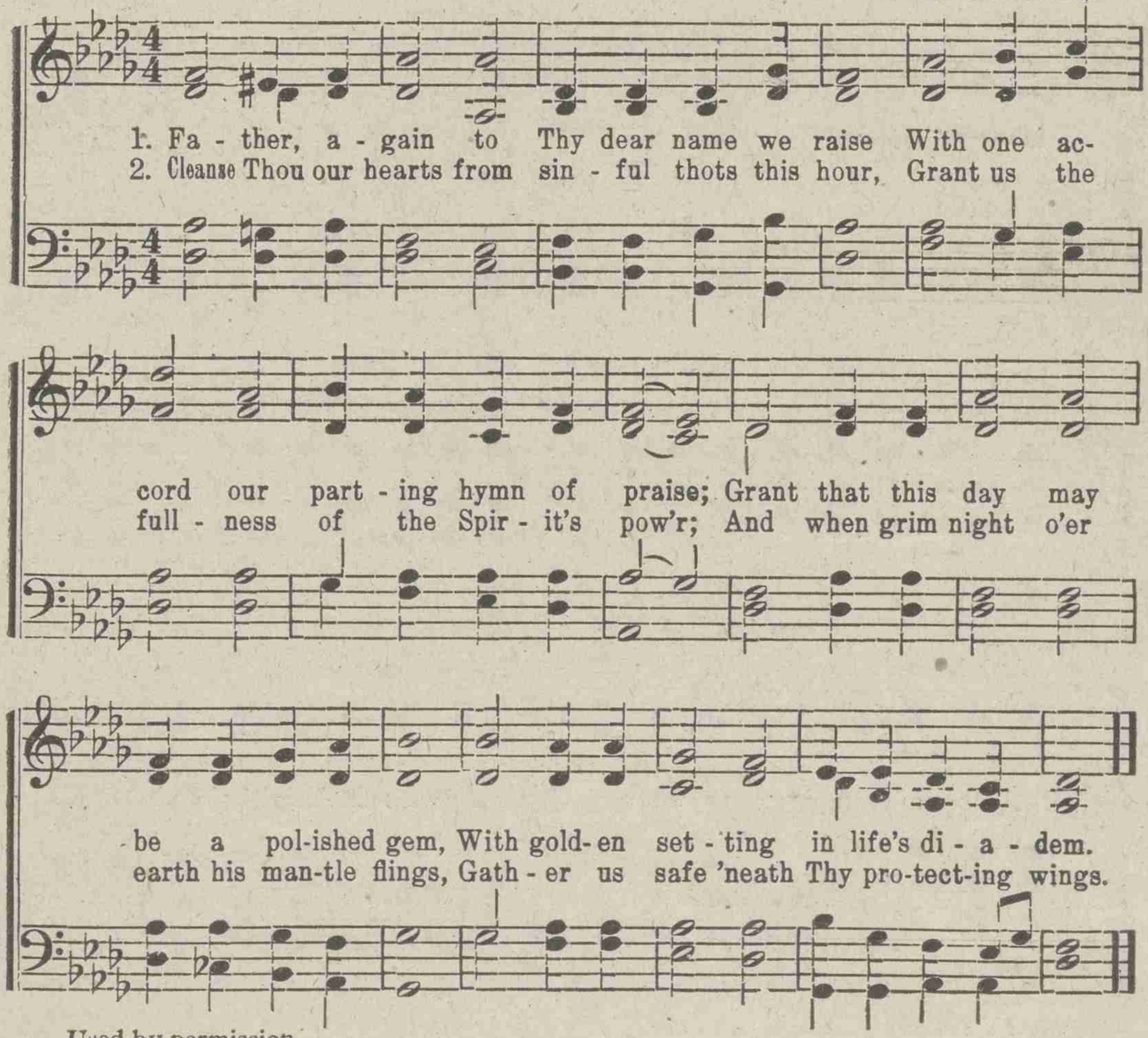
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19. Closing Hymn.

RHETTA O'ROURKE. WALTER L. MILLER.
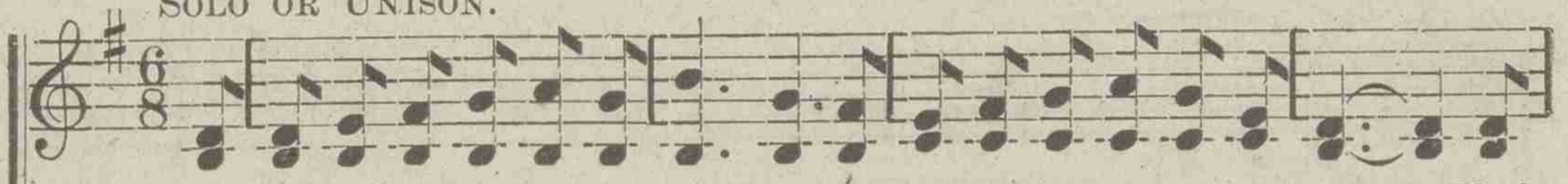


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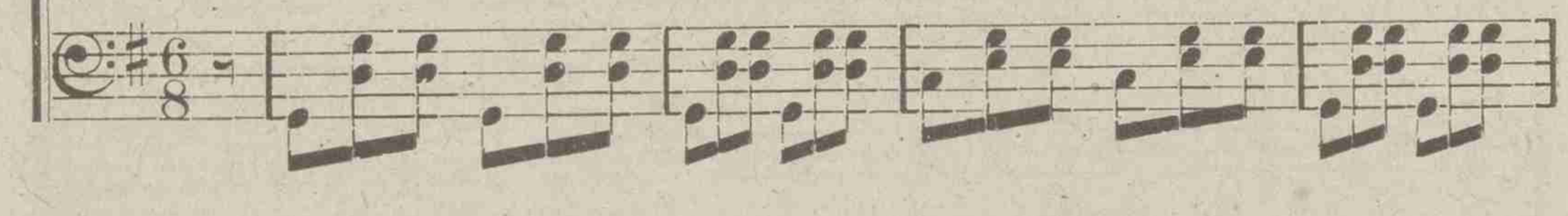
REPEAT THE SWEET STORY.
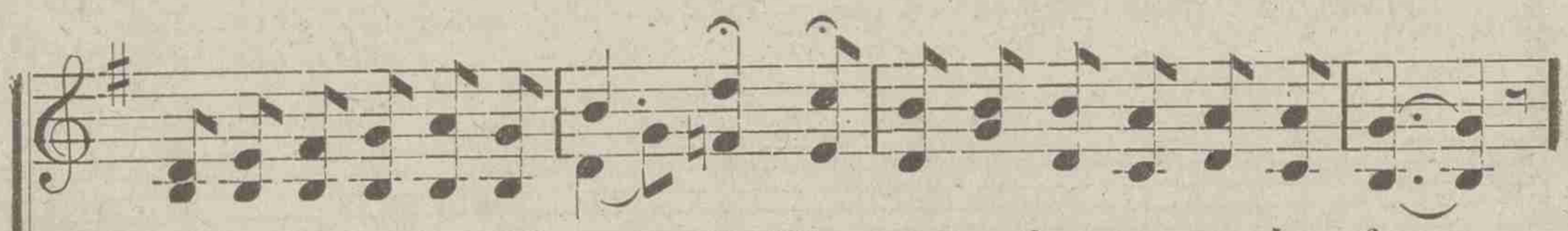
J. OWEN LONG. J. OWEN LONG.

SOLO OR UNISON.
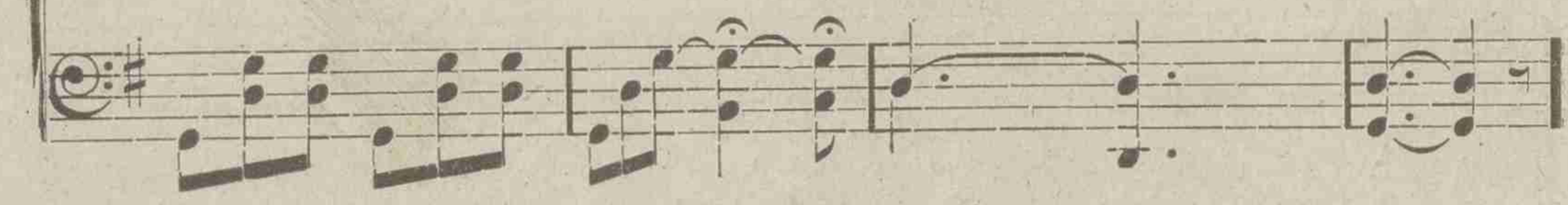


1. Repeat the sweet story of Je - sus, I'm longing to hear it once more; Tho'
2. Oh, tell the sweet story of Je - sus, The wonderful Saviour of men; Re -
3. Oh, tell me the wonderful sto - ry Of Him who is mighty to save, Who
4. Oh, tell of His kingdom in glo - ry The land of the pure and the blest, Where
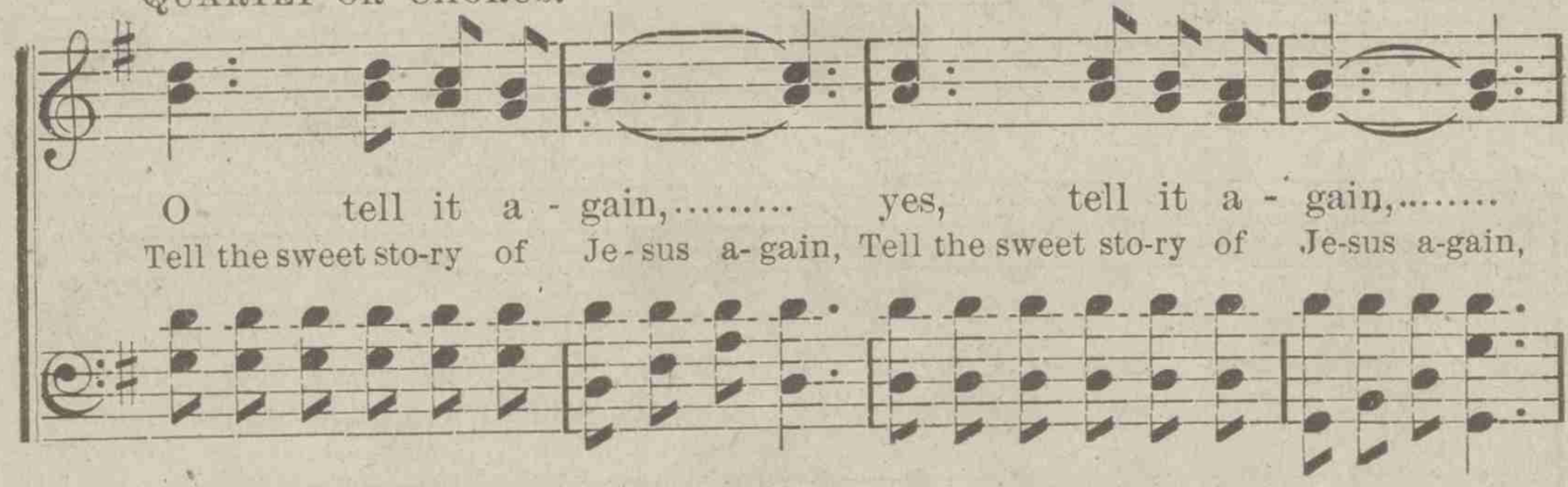




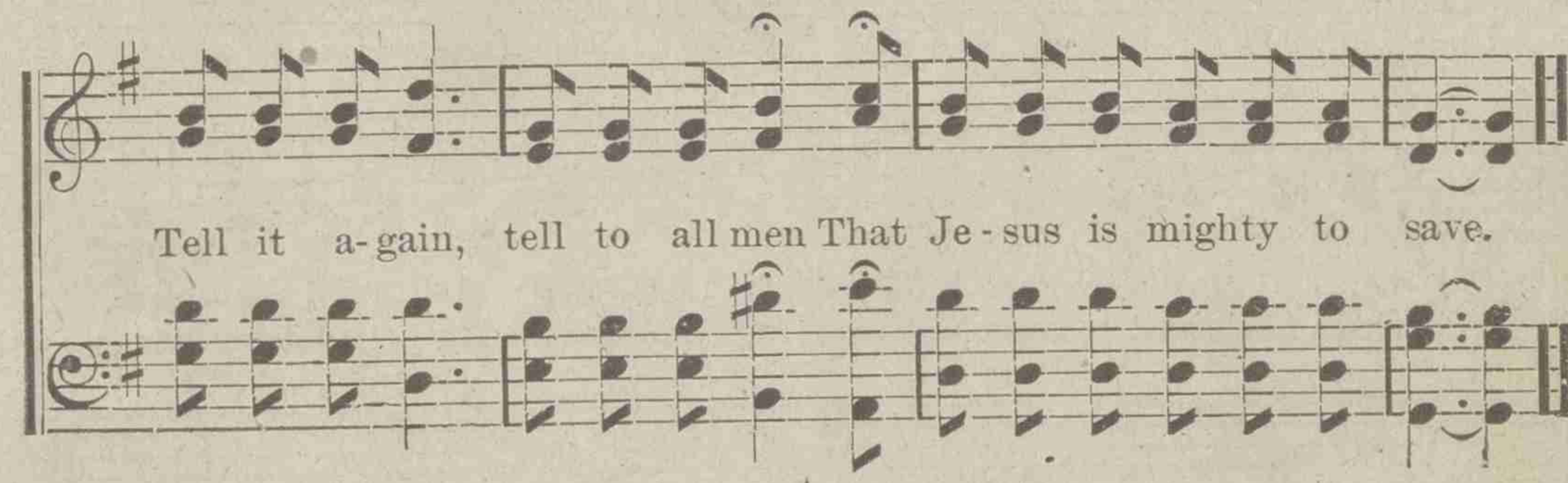
oft-en I've heard it, I love it, 'Tis sweeter than ev - er be - fore.
peat the sweet song of His glo - ry, A - wak-en the ech-oes a - gain.
gave up His mansion in glo - ry, To suf-fer the gloom of the grave.
sorrow and death can not en - ter The beau-ti - ful mansions of rest.



QUARTET OR CHORUS.



O tell it a - gain,..... yes, tell it a - gain,.....
Tell the sweet sto-ry of Je - sus a-gain, Tell the sweet sto-ry of Je-sus a-gain,



Tell it a-gain, tell to all men That Je - sus is mighty to save.

21. Christ is Mine.

J. Owen and Clara Long. J. Owen Long.

1. There is joy to - day as I tread life's way, For the Christ I know
2. Ev - 'ry stain I know shall be white as snow, Since the Lord will sure-
3. Since the Lord came in, took a - way my sin, Ev - 'ry pow - er now

is di - vine; And my heart o'er- flows with the joy it knows Since this
ly re - fine; And my glad heart sings to the King of kings Since this
I re - sign; And my heart doth yearn for the Lord's re - turn Since this

Chorus.

Christ is mine. Christ is mine, joy di-
Bless - ed Christ is mine, is mine. Christ is mine,

vine; Yes, Je - sus Christ is mine; And my
joy di - vine, hal - le - lu- jah!

heart o'er-flows with the joy it knows, Since this Christ is mine.
Bless - ed Christ is mine.

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22. Christian Pilgrims, Homeward Bound.

REV. JOHN A. TAYLOR. E. T. HILDEBRAND.

1. We're a band of Chris-tian pil-grims on our jour-ney home, In the way the ho - ly fa - thers trod; We have heard the in - vi - ta - tion,
2. Tho' the path be straight and nar- row to the gold- en shore Of that bless- ed land of cloud-less day, We've a might - y Cap - tain o'er us,
3. We may drink the crys - tal wa - ters at the fount of life—Liv - ing wa - ters springing cool and clear, And we feed from heav'n-ly man - na,
4. E - ven night is light a - round us, like the glow- ing sun, 'Tis the beam-ing of His love - lit face; And the heav'ns grow brighter o'er us,

"come, no lon - ger roam," And are on the home-ward way to God.
lead - ing on be - fore, He's fa - mil - iar with the home-ward way.
'tis the "Tree of Life," Bear-ing fruit a - bun - dant all the year.
as we jour - ney on, Tis the shin - ing of His wondrous grace.
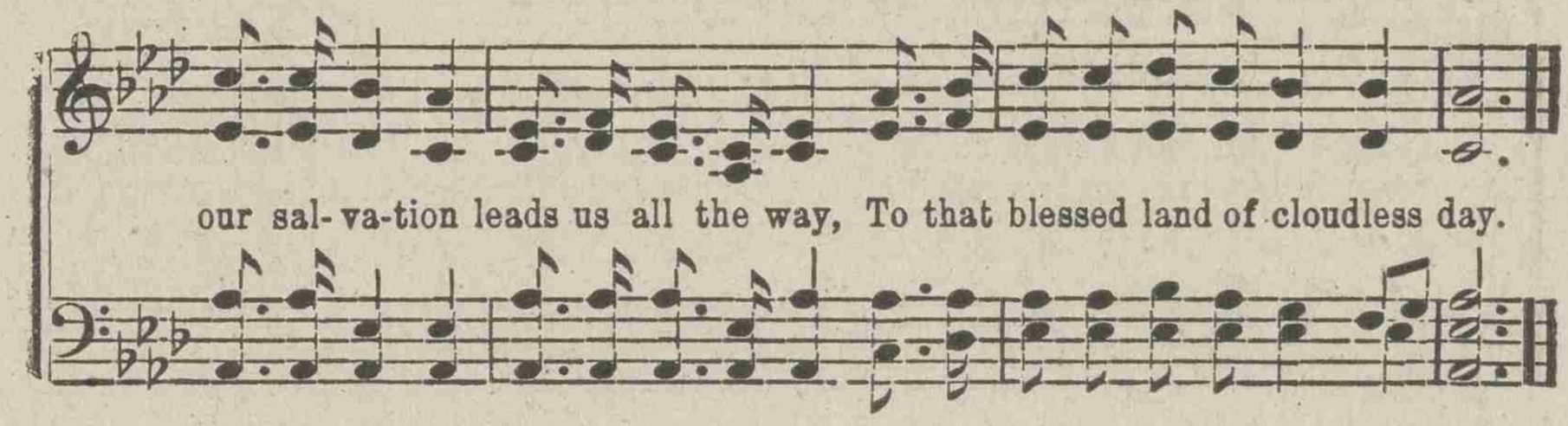
CHORUS.

We're a band..... of Christian pilgrims, homeward bound, We're a band, We're a band, a hap-py band

band..... of Chris-tian pilgrims, homeward bound, And the God of band, a hap-py band

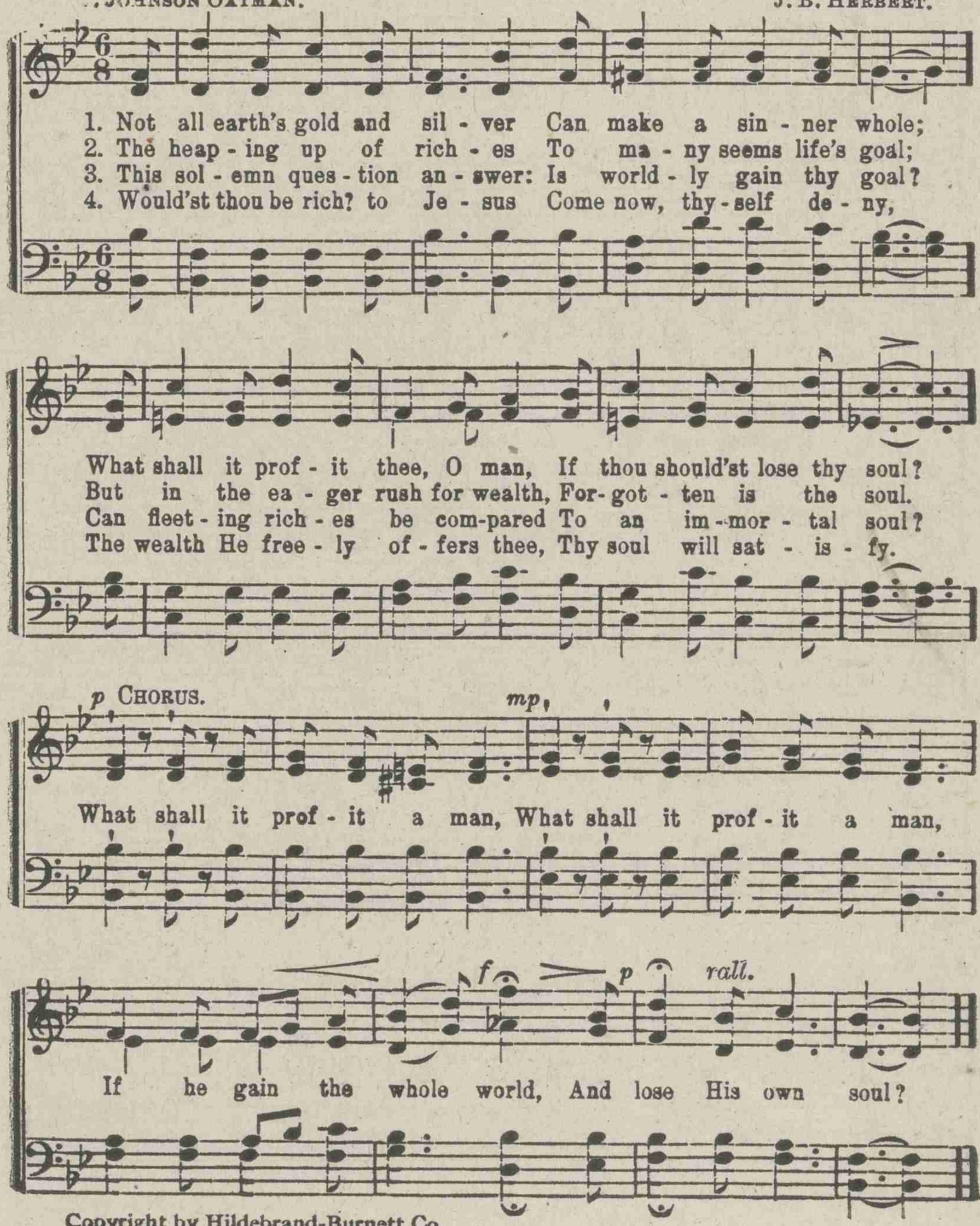
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Christian Pilgrims. Concluded.



23 What Shall It Profit?

J. JOHNSON OATMAN. J. B. HERBERT.



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24. Just Beyond.

W. H. R. WILL H. RUEBUSH.

1. Bliss - ful home that waits for me e - ter - nal, Where no shad - ows ev - er fall; Faith re - veals its val - leys ev - er ver - nal, And I
2. Down from realms where I have loved ones dwell - ing, Their ce - les - tial voic - es come; 'Mid the toils of earth their ca - dence tell - ing, Of that
3. I re - joice as I am fond - ly dream-ing Of the bliss I soon shall know; Vis - ions of the walls of jas - per gleaming, And where

CHORUS.

hear sweet voic - es call. Just be-yond the mist - y hills of time, Waits for me a sun - ny clime; There to dwell with
rest at home, sweet home. There waits for me a fair - er, sun - ny clime;
liv - ing wa - ters flow. Yes, just hills of time,
loved and saved for - ev - er, Where the bells of glo - ry chime.

Copyright, 1921, by Will H. Ruebush.

25.

Helpers Are Needed.

E. E. Hewitt. COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY THE RUEBUSH-KIEFFER CO. J. H. Hall.

1. Man - y the ways that we ought to set right, Man - y dark cor-ners that wait for the light; Man - y good ac - tions that ought to be done;
2. Man - y the bat - tles His sol-diers must fight, Strengthened and led by His Spir - it of might; Up and be do - ing! the hours swift-ly run;
3. Man - y the hearts that are bro-ken with grief; Whose gen-tle kind-ness will bring them re - lief? Till in the west sinks the bright set - ting sun,
4. Hap - py the serv - ice when tendered our King; Hap - py our song when some jew - el we bring; Bless - ed the serv - ant who hears His "Well done;"

CHORUS.

Help - ers are need - ed; will you be one? Will you be one? will you be one? you be one? To has - ten the King-dom of God's dear Son; Will you be one? will you be one? Help - ers are need - ed; will you be one?

26. Shine On.

B. B. EDMISTON. L. A. SANDERSON.

1. A light in the val - ley and up - on the hill, The hearts of the
2. The light that was fol - low'd by wise men of old, Has led ma - ny
3. 'Twill lead wea - ry pil-grims thro' shad-ows of night, Sub - du - ing the

wea - ry with sweet joy doth fill; 'Tis shin - ing from heav- en, the
mor - tals safe in - to its fold; 'Tis stream-ing from Cal - v'ry and
ter - rors that there would af-fright; By its souls tri-umph- ant will

ra - diance of love, It light - eth the path- way that leads a - bove.
leads by the cross, The hearts of the trust - ing it frees from dross.
reach heav-en's shore, 'Twill shine from the Sav - ior for ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

Shine on, shine on, thou light of wondrous love, Shine on, shine on the
light of love,

way to heav'n a-bove, Shine on, shine on, the Fa-ther's promise prove, And
way a - bove, prom - ise prove,

Copyright, 1919, by The Keynote Co. Owned by L. A. Sanderson.

Shine On.

lead us to fair Canaan's shore; Shine on, shine on and turn our night to day,
turn night to day,

Shine on, shine on, re - veal the heav'nly way, Shine on, shine on, wher-
re - veal the way,

ev - er mor-tals stay, The ra-diance of heav-en, for ev - er - more.
rit.

27. A Morning Prayer.

ELDRIDGE MURPHY. LLOYD SANDERSON.

Reverently.

1. Bend thine ear to hear us, Fa - ther, as we pray;
2. By the hand, O lead us, In the "nar - row way;"
3. Thou who sought and found us, All our guilt once bore;
4. When we cross the riv - er, No more here to roam;

With as - sur - ance cheer us Thru - out all this day.
And on man - na feed us, In Thy name we pray.
With Thy love sur - round us, Now and ev - er - more.
To live with Thee ev - er, O re - ceive us home.

By permission.

28. The Bird With the Broken Wing.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH

J. B. HERBERT.

Can be used as a Quartet.

mp

1. I walked in the woodland mead - ows, Where sweet the thrushes sing,.....
2. I found a young life brok - en By sin's se-duc - tive art,.....
3. But the bird with a broken pin - ion Kept an-oth - er from the snare,.....

tr *tr*

p

And found on a bed of moss - es, A
And, touched with a Christ-like pit - y, I
And the life that sin had strick - en, Raised an

tr

pp

bird with a brok - en wing; I healed its wing, and each
took him to my heart; He lived with a no - bler
oth - er from de - spair; Each loss has its own com - pen-

pp

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The Bird With the Broken Wing. Concluded.

morn - ing It sang its old sweet strain,.... But the
pur - pose, And struggled not in vain,..... But the
sa - tion, There's heal-ing for each pain,..... But the

bird with the brok - en pin - ion Nev-er soared as high a -
life that sin had strick - en Nev-er soared as high a -
bird with the brok - en pin - ion Nev-er soared as high a -

gain,.... Nev - er soared as high a - gain....

29. I Am So Glad.

JAMES ROWE. J. E. THOMAS.

1. I am so glad sal - va- tion's free to all who will re - ceive it,
2. I am so glad that I can tell to way-ward souls the sto - ry,
3. I am so glad that all my heart to Je - sus I have giv - en,

Glad that the news was bro't to me when I was lost and sad;
Glad that by grace from day to day a help - er I may be;
Glad that at e - ven - tide my soul true sheaves to Him may bring;

Praise His dear name, I can pro-claim that tru - ly I be - lieve it,
Find- ing de - light in serv - ice true, my soul is win - ning glo - ry,
I will be true un - til with all the hap - py throng in heav - en,
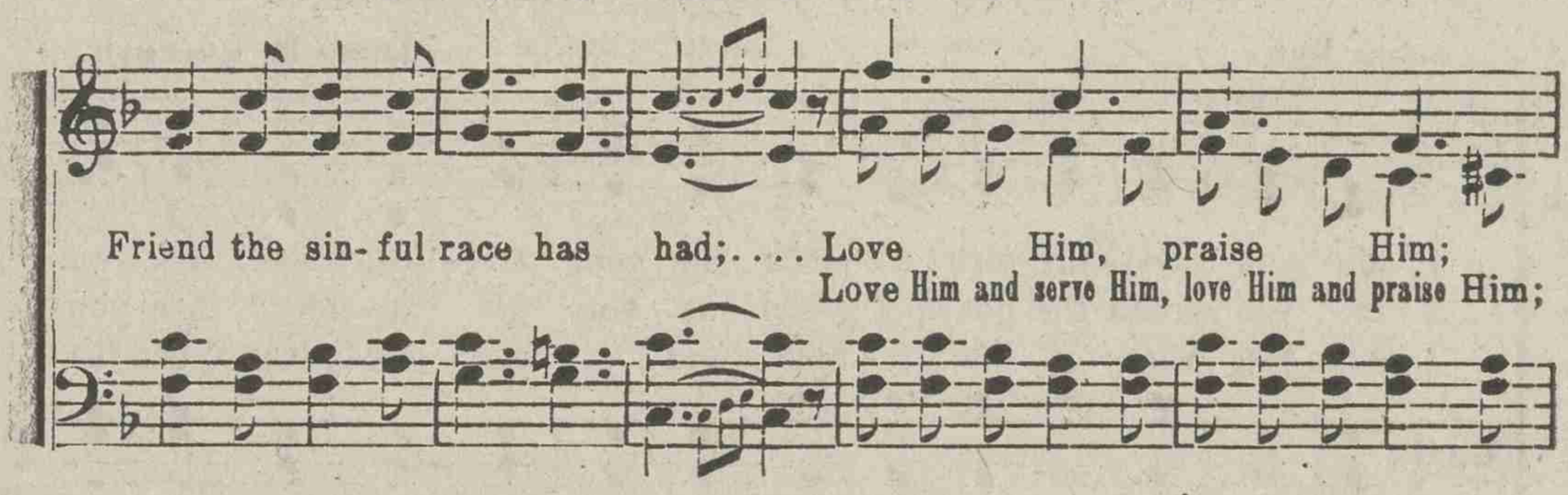
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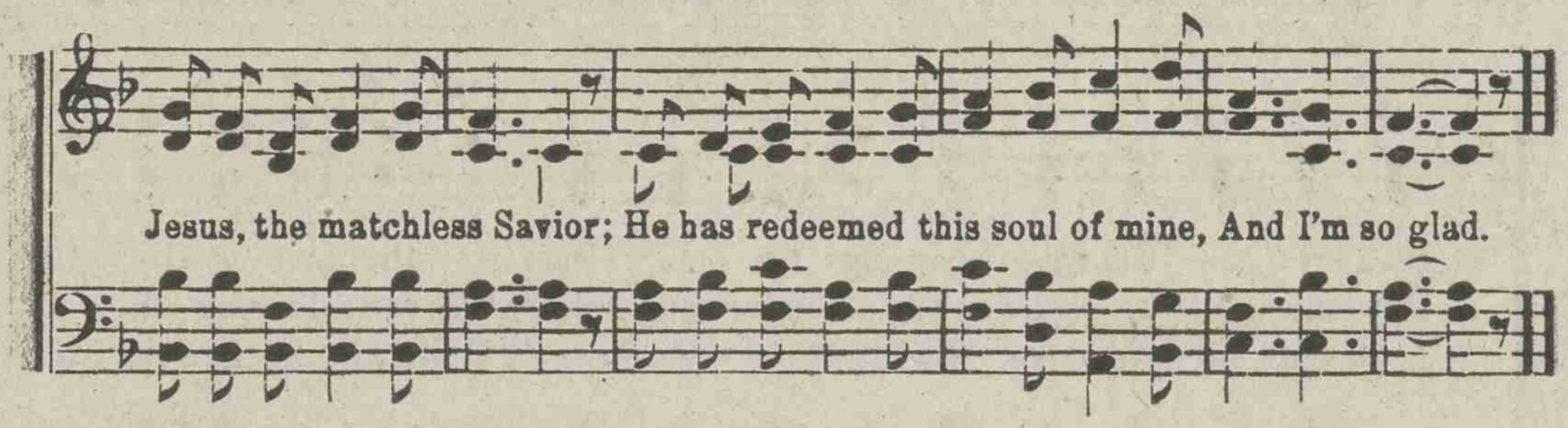
For I am now His child, I know, and I'm so glad. Glo - ry,
Glo - ry for Him who gave His life to res - cue me.
Sweeter and no-bler praise I give to Christ, my King. Glo- ry to Je- sus,

hon - or be to His name for - ev - er, Nev- er a great-er
glo - ry and hon - or,

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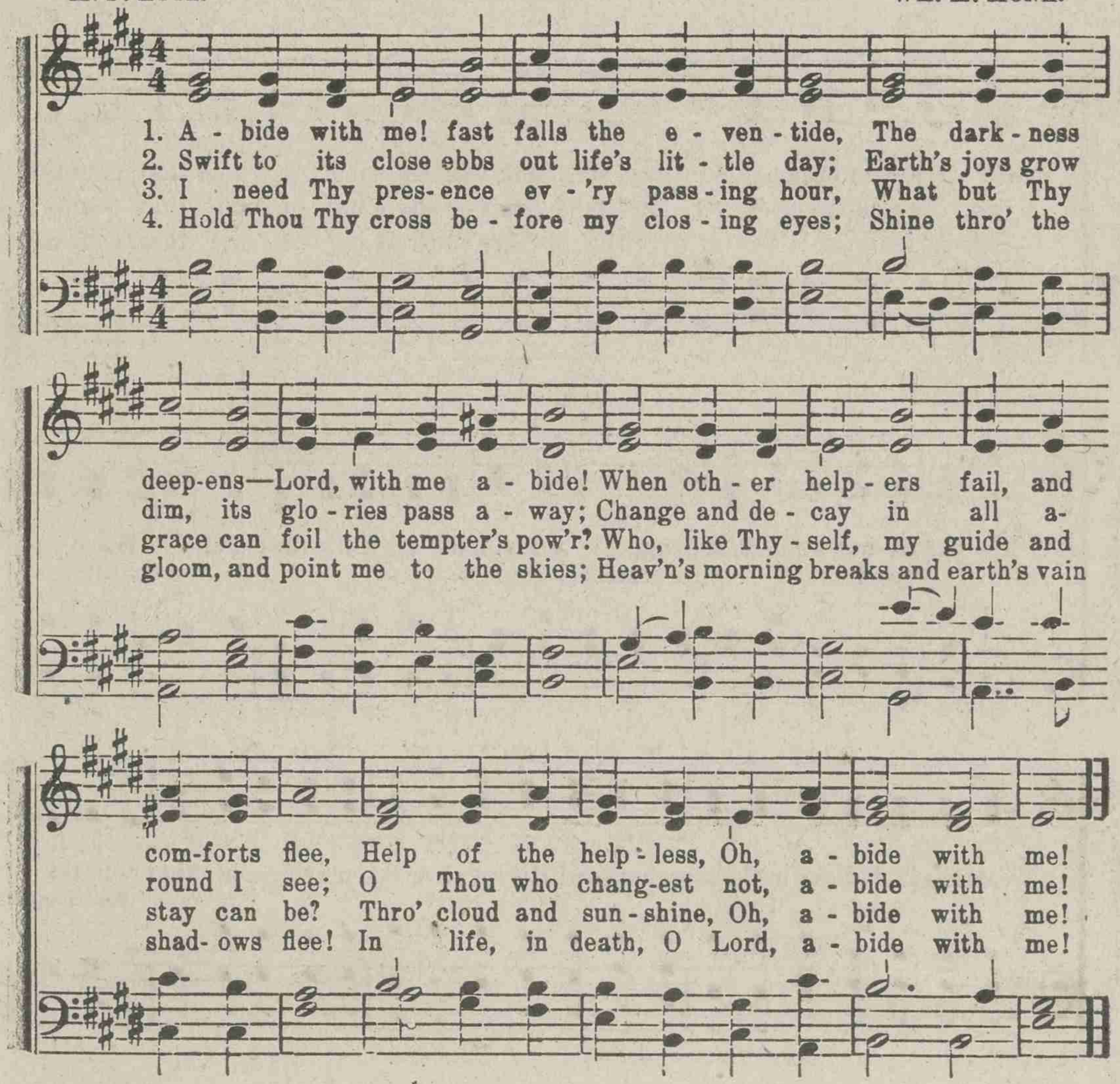
I Am So Glad. Concluded.





30. Abide With Me.

M. F. Lyte. Wm. H. Monk.



31. Are You Living a Life That Counts?

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. James H. Ruebush.

1. Are you meet-ing with a smile all your tri-als, friend? Are you
2. Do you spread the gos-pel grand as you go a-long? Are you
3. Are you sure of life a-bove and a fade-less crown, When the

read-y all the while bless-ings true to send? Is the love of God with-
help-ing souls to stand, with a cheer-ing song? Are you do-ing all you
Lord shall say with love, "Lay your bur-den down"? When you meet Je-ho-vah's

in? are you brave-ly fight-ing sin? Are you liv-ing a life that counts?
can for your weak-er fel-low man? Are you liv-ing a life that counts?
Son will you hear His sweet, "Well done"? Are you liv-ing a life that counts?

CHORUS.

Are you liv-ing a life that counts? Are you liv-ing a life that counts? Have you
that counts? that counts?

treasures laid above in the storehouse of His love? Are you living a life that counts?
that counts?

32. He Cares for Me.

E. M. ELDRIDGE MURPHY.

1. The Sav - ior watch - es o - ver all, He hears the sin - ner's
2. He loved me when I yet was lost, And on the cru - el
3. This lov - ing Shep-herd left be - hind, Safe in the fold, His

fee - ble call, And e - ven marks the sparrow's fall, I know He
rug - ged cross He died to pay for me the cost, I know He
Nine - ty - Nine, And sought a - far my soul to find, I know He

CHORUS.

cares for me. I know..... He cares for me,
I know for me,

I know..... He cares for me, While here I
I know for me,

roam a - far from home, I know He cares for me.
so far, for me.

By per.

33. When the Pilgrims Sing at Home.

JAMES ROWE. E. T. HILDEBRAND.

1- O what sing - ing there will be, on the day of ju - bi - lee,
2. We shall all be com-rades there, all so hap - py, all so fair,
3. There our dear ones we shall see, re - u - nit - ed we shall be,

When the pil - - - grims sing at home; How the Smiles will
When the pil - grims And the

pal - ace of the King with our voic - es sweet will ring, When the
bright-en ev - 'ry face in that sweet a - bid - ing-place,
King who leads the way we shall greet on that glad day,

CHORUS.

pil - grims sing at home. When the pil - grims
When the pilgrims sing at home, sing at home. When the pil-grims sing at

sing at - home Un- der heav - en's cloud-less
home, Under heaven's cloudless dome, When the pilgrims sing at home, Under

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When the Pilgrims Sing. Concluded.

dome; O what sing-ing there will be, on the day of
heaven's cloudless dome;

rit.

ju - bi - lee, When the pil - grims sing at home.
When the pilgrims sing at home, When the pilgrims sing at home.

34. Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

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

1. Bright-ly beams our Fa-ther's mer-cy From His light-house ev - er - more;
2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an - gry bil-lows roar;
3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my broth-er, Some poor sea - man tem-pest - tossed,

f. FINE.

But to us He gives the keep- ing Of the lights a - long the shore.
Ea - ger eyes are watching, long-ing, For the lights a - long the shore.
Try - ing now to make the har - bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.

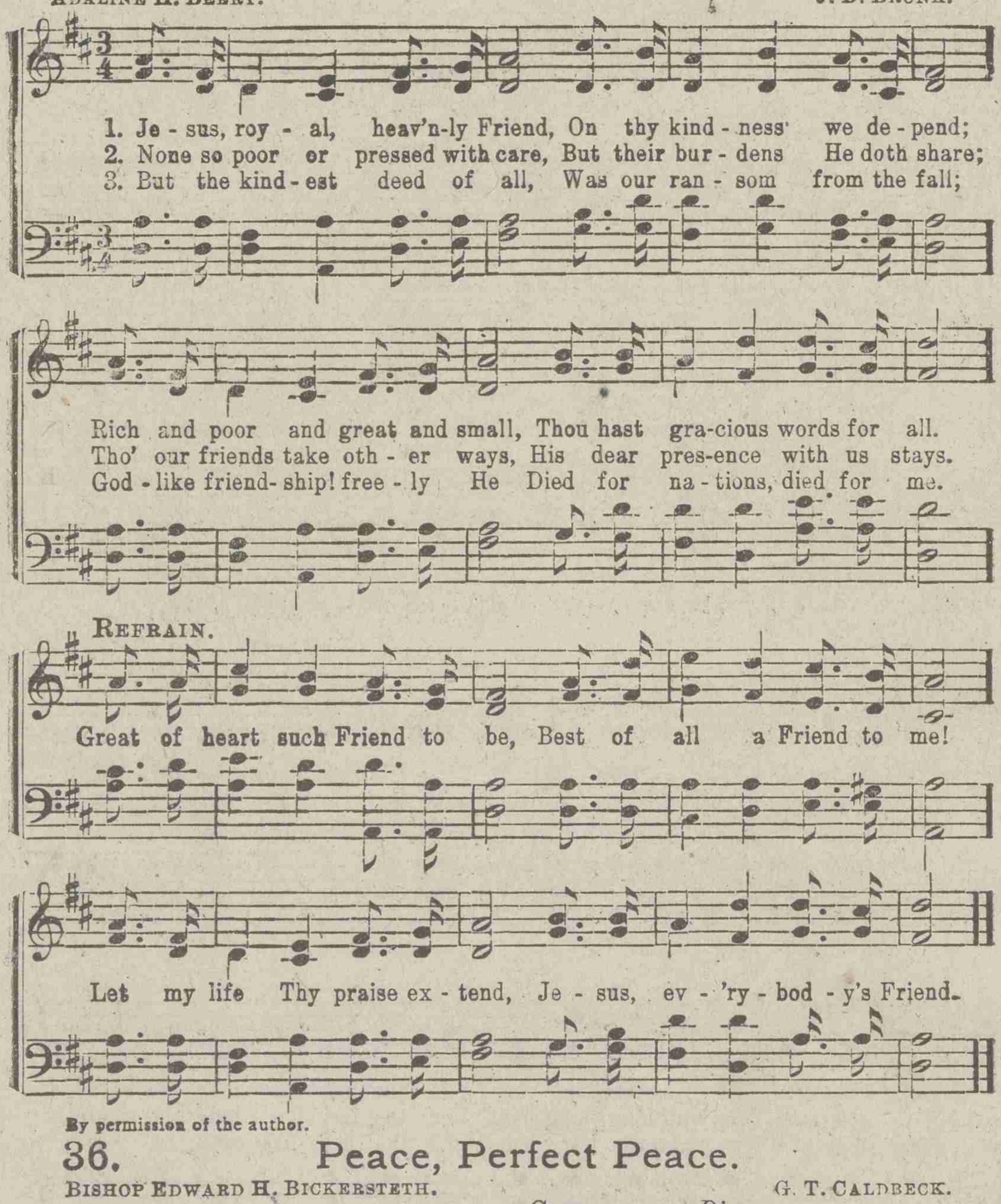
D. S.-*Some poor fainting, struggling seaman You may res - cue, you may save.*

CHORUS D. S.

Let the low - er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a-cross the wave!

35. Everybody's Friend.

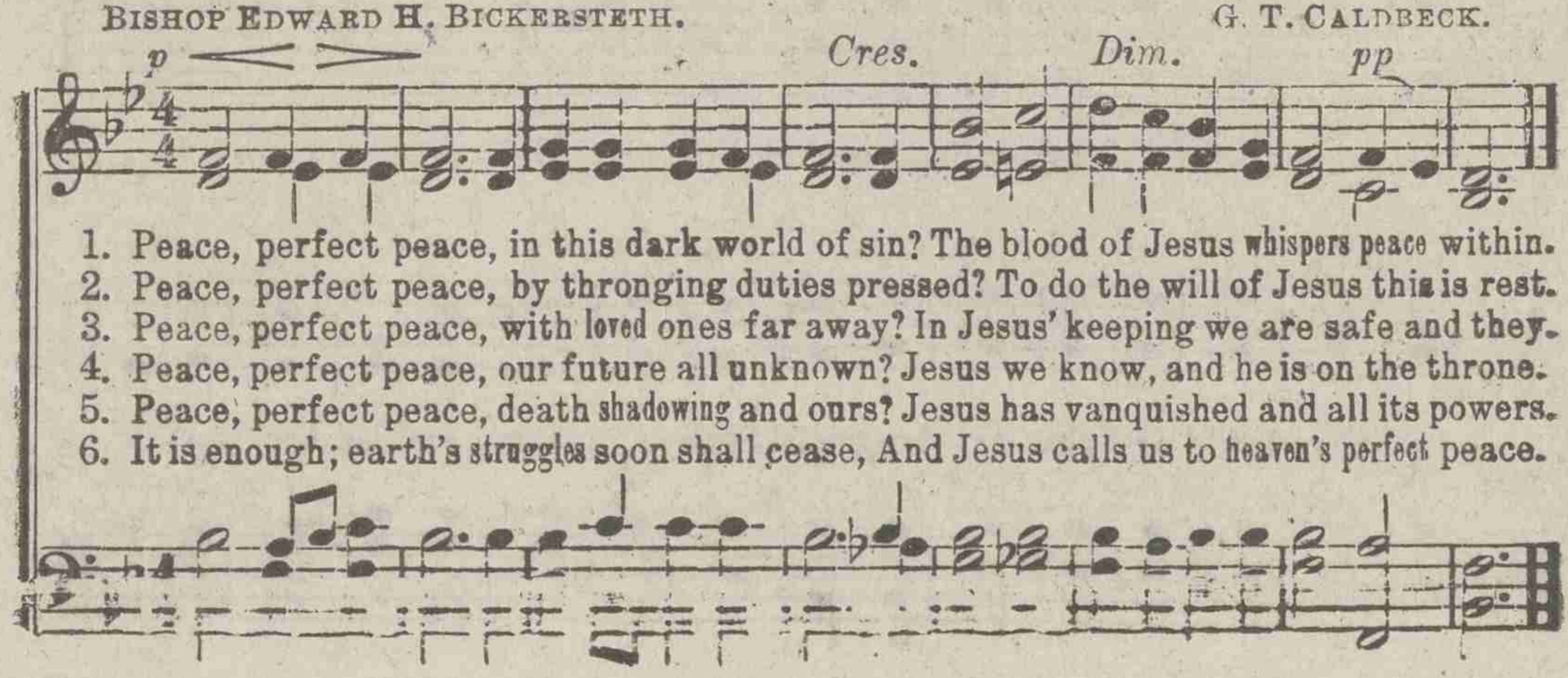
ADALINE H. BEERY. J. D. BRUNK.



By permission of the author.

36. Peace, Perfect Peace.

BISHOP EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH. G. T. CALDBECK.



37. Is It Not Wonderful.

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

1. Is it not won - der - ful, pass - ing our thought, Won-der-ful tri-umphs at
2. Is it not won - der - ful? "On - ly be - lieve!" Life ev - er-last - ing, poor
3. Is it not won - der - ful? mer - cy so vast, Love with-out measure, and

Cal-va-ry wrought? Pre-cious sal - va - tion, so bound-less and free, Reach - ing the
sin - ner, re-ceive! Ris - ing, in Je - sus, o'er sor.- row and sin, Crowns bright and
heav - en at last! There shall I praise Him with rap-ture un-told, Sing - ing the

CHORUS.

low - est, it reach - es to me. Is it not won - der - ful, won - der - ful,
star - ry the faith - ful shall win. won - - - - -
sto - ry that nev - er grows old.

won - der-ful, Is it not won - der-ful what He hath done? Bless-ing so
- der-ful, won - - der-ful

glo - ri-ous, glo - ri-ous, glo - ri-ous, Mine thro' the blood of the Cru-ci-fied One.
glo - - - - ri-ous,

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38 Leaving all to Jesus.

"Behold, we have forsaken all and followed Thee."—St. Mark 19:27.

IDA M. BUDD. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Leav - ing all to fol - low Je - sus, Turn-ing from the world a - way;
2. Naught re-serv-ing, on the al - tar All I lay, and wait the hour,
3. Tak - ing up the cross for Je - sus, Glad for Him to suf - fer shame;
4. Walk-ing still by faith in Je - sus, Trust-ing till He gives me sight;
5. Praise His pre-cious name for-ev - er, That His blood hath made me free;

Step-ping out up - on His prom-ise, All I have is His to - day.
When the fire from heav'n de-scend-ing Shall at - test His glo-rious pow'r.
All my gain I count but loss - es, For the glo - ry of His name.
When my chas-tened soul is read - y, He will lead me to the light.
Now my soul shall joy to tell it, Thro' the long e - ter - ni - ty.

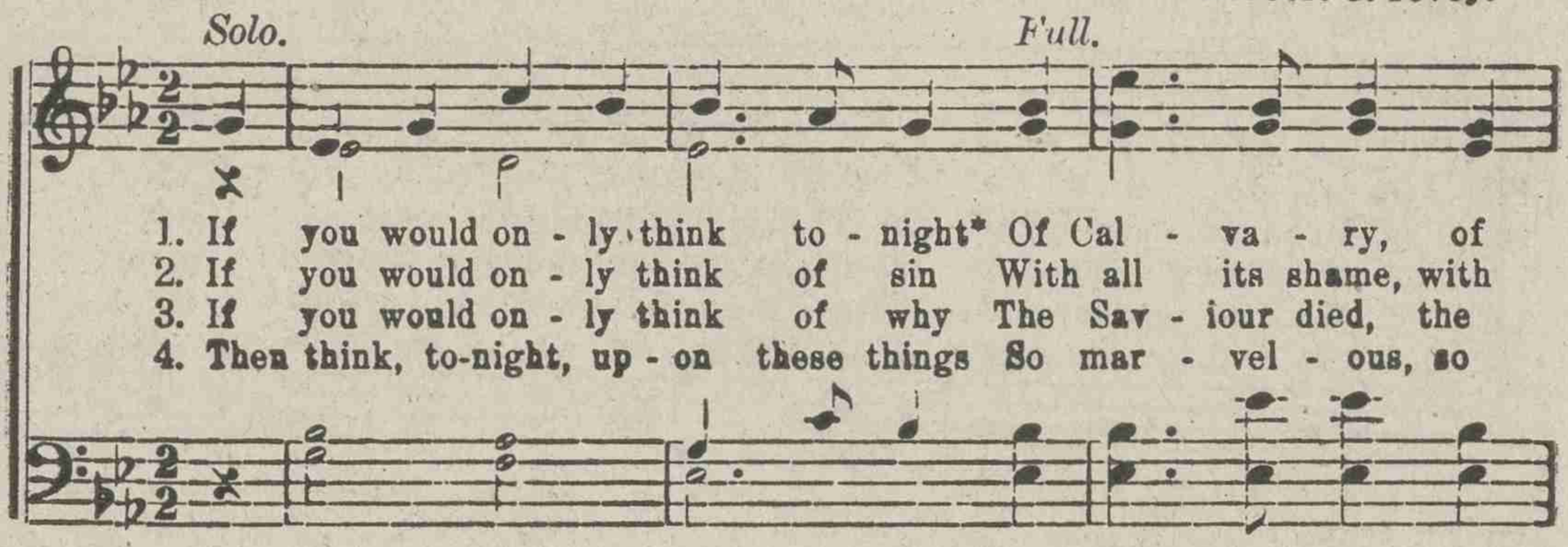
CHORUS.

Leav-ing all to fol - low Je - sus, Turn-ing
Leav - ing all to fol - low, fol - low Je - sus,
from the world a - way;.... Step-ping out up-
Turn - ing, turn - ing from the world a - way; Step-ping out up-
on His prom - ise, All I have is His to - day.
on His bless - ed prom - ise,

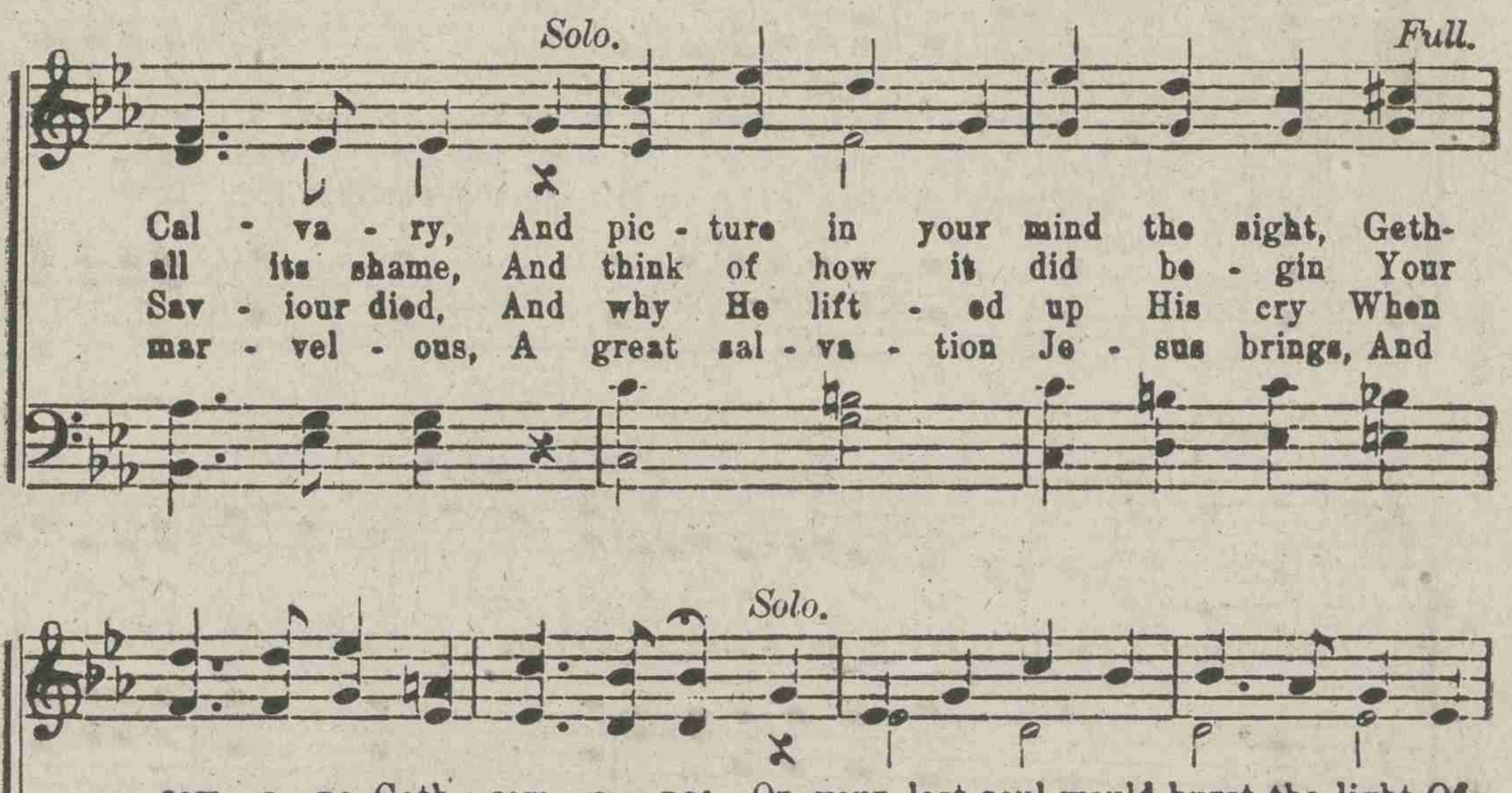
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39. If You Would Think Tonight.

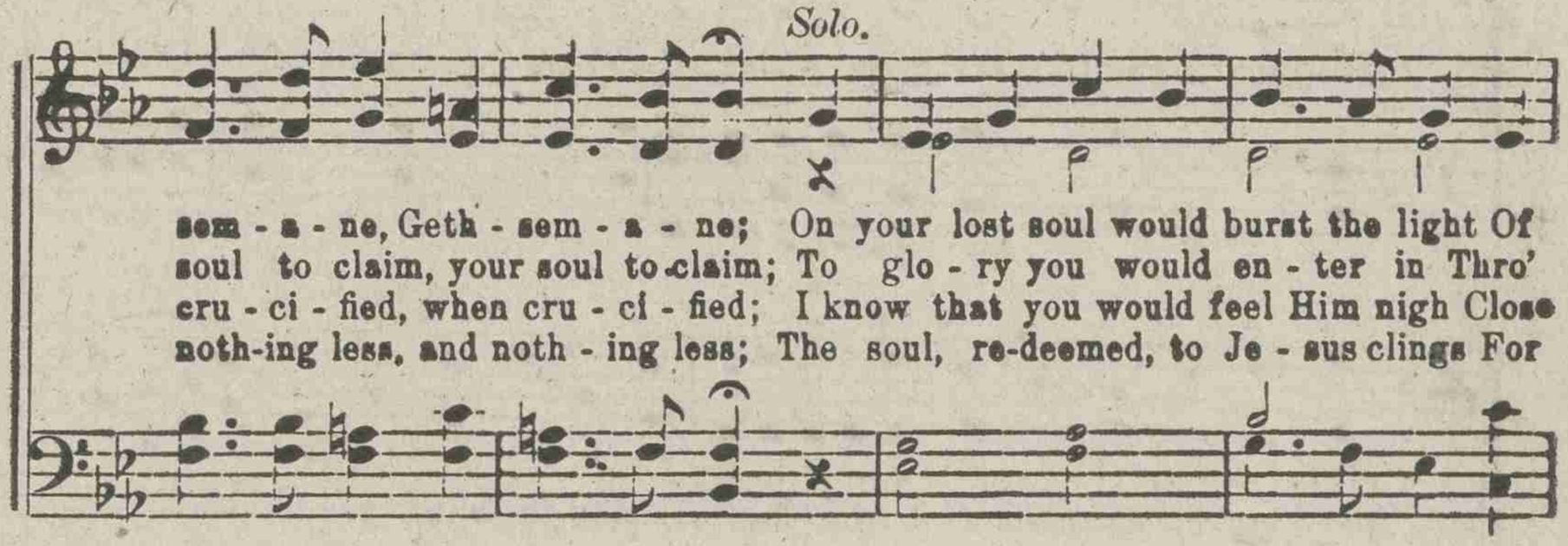
H. G. T. Herbert G. Tovey.



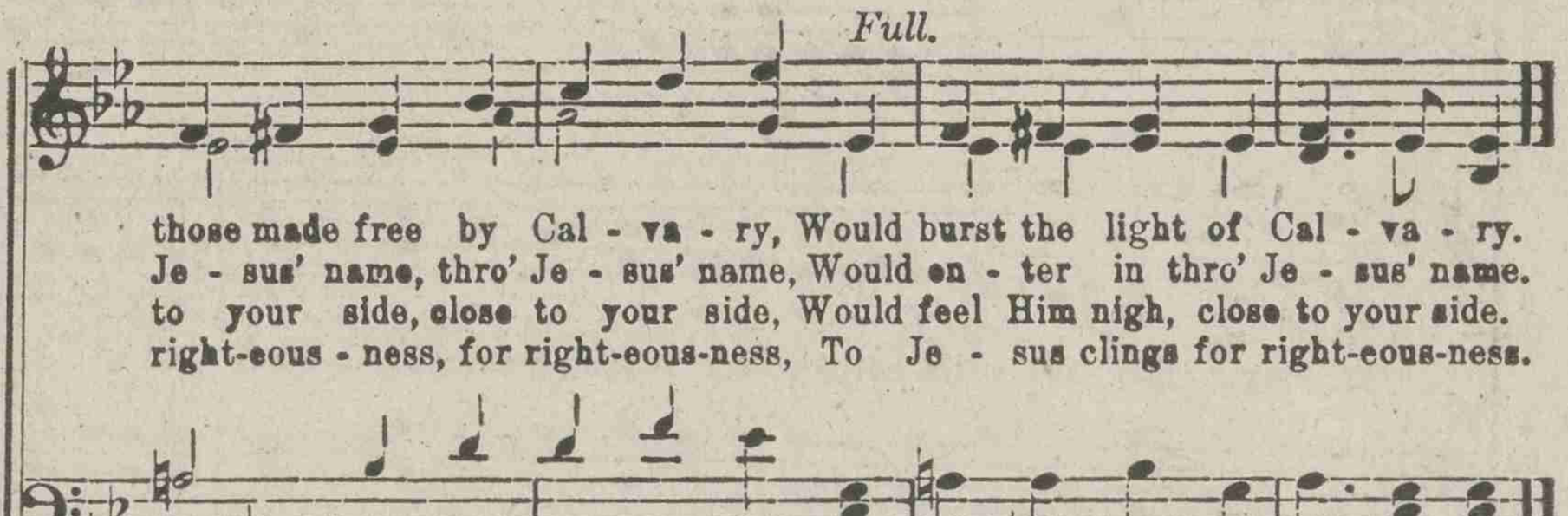
1. If you would on - ly think to - night* Of Cal - va - ry, of
2. If you would on - ly think of sin With all its shame, with
3. If you would on - ly think of why The Sav - iour died, the
4. Then think, to-night, up - on these things So mar - vel - ous, so
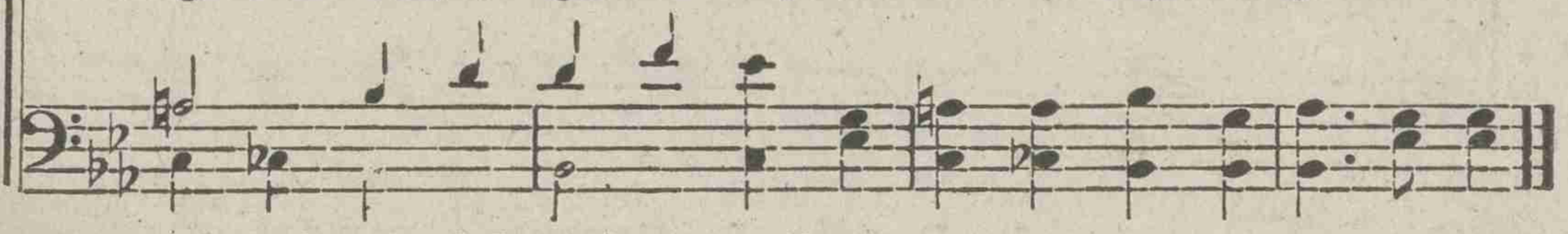


Cal - va - ry, And pic - ture in your mind the sight, Geth-
all its shame, And think of how it did be - gin Your
Sav - iour died, And why He lift - ed up His cry When
mar - vel - ous, A great sal - va - tion Je - sus brings, And



sem - a - ne, Geth - sem - a - ne; On your lost soul would burst the light Of
soul to claim, your soul to claim; To glo - ry you would en - ter in Thro'
cru - ci - fied, when cru - ci - fied; I know that you would feel Him nigh Close
noth-ing less, and noth - ing less; The soul, re-deemed, to Je - sus clings For



those made free by Cal - va - ry, Would burst the light of Cal - va - ry.
Je - sus' name, thro' Je - sus' name, Would en - ter in thro' Je - sus' name.
to your side, close to your side, Would feel Him nigh, close to your side.
right-eous - ness, for right-eous-ness, To Je - sus clings for right-eous-ness.



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*Use the word "God" for day service.

40. A Child of the Morning.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. W. A. POST.

1. Make me a child of the morn - ing, Bringing the brightness of day,....
2. Make me a child of the morn - ing, Ban-ish-ing sad-ness of night;..
3. Make me a child of the morn - ing, Anywhere shadows may be,.....

Ban - ish- ing shadows of sad - ness, Driv-ing all tear-stains a - way.
Bid me, dear Lord, to keep shin - ing, Showing the on - ly true light.
Brightly a bea-con light shin - ing, Guid-ing the wand'rer to Thee.

CHORUS.

Make me a child of the morn - ing, Lend-ing a sunshine for Thee,
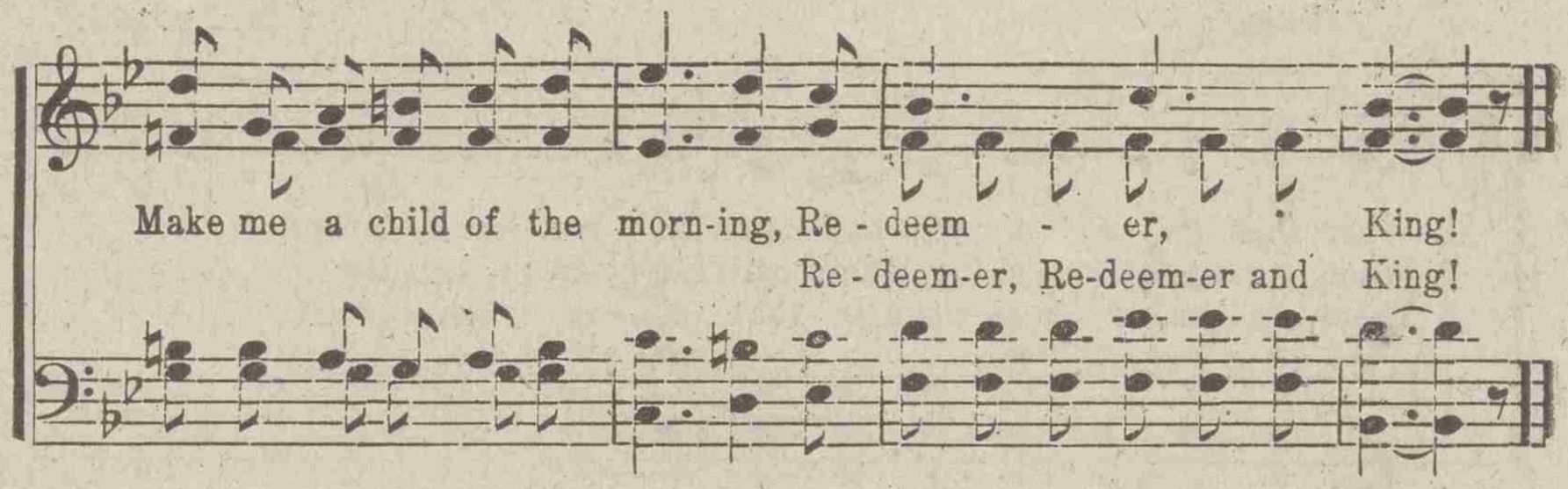
Blend-ing in na-ture's a - dorn - ing, Helping the blind ones to see;....

Striving to make the world bet - ter, Teaching the sad ones to sing;....

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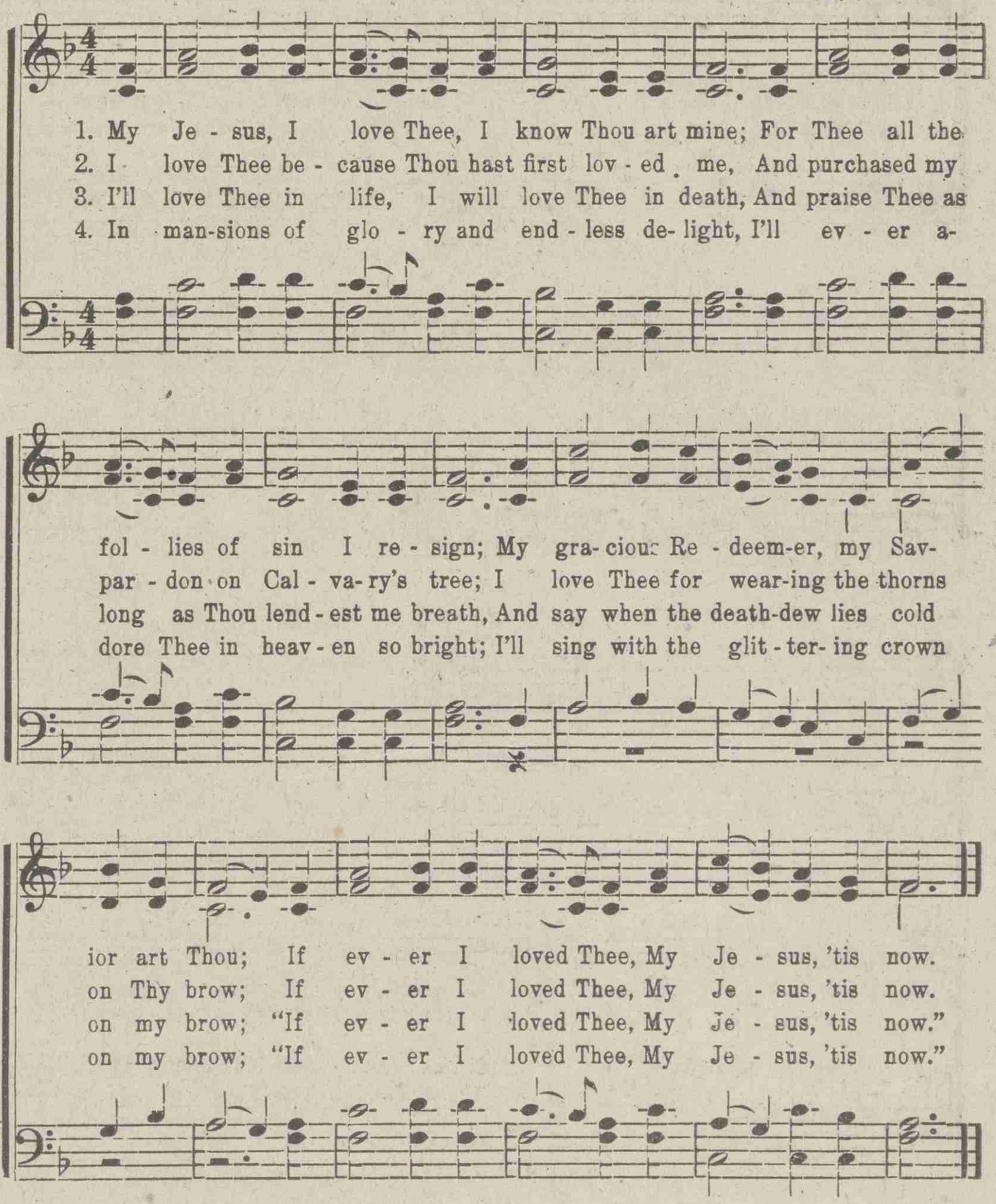
It will be noted that the words fit the notes of the alto, tenor and bass as well as the soprano, but they are sung to after-beats. In the verses the three under parts should be subdued; in the chorus they may come out stronger.

A Child of the Morning. Concluded.



41. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

A. J. GORDON.



42. When We All Get Home.

J. M. FREEMAN. J. M. FREEMAN.

1. When this life is o - ver and we all get home, Where.....
2. When we reach the cit - y where our Lord is King, Far .....
3. There are ma - ny man-sions in that cit - y fair, Je - - -

1. When this life is o - ver and we all get home, Where there comes no night,

there comes no night;..... There no sor - row ev - er shall be
be - yond the skies;..... 'Twill be great re - joic- ing when we
sus tells us so; ..... Won't it be a hap - py meet-ing

where there comes no night, There no sor - row ev - er shall be

known. (shall not be known,) Where Je - sus al-ways is the light. (He is the light.)
sing, (yes, when we sing,) For there will be no tear-dimm'd eyes. (no tear-dimm'd eyes.)
there, (so hap - py there,) Where all the Christian peo-ple go. (the Christians go.)
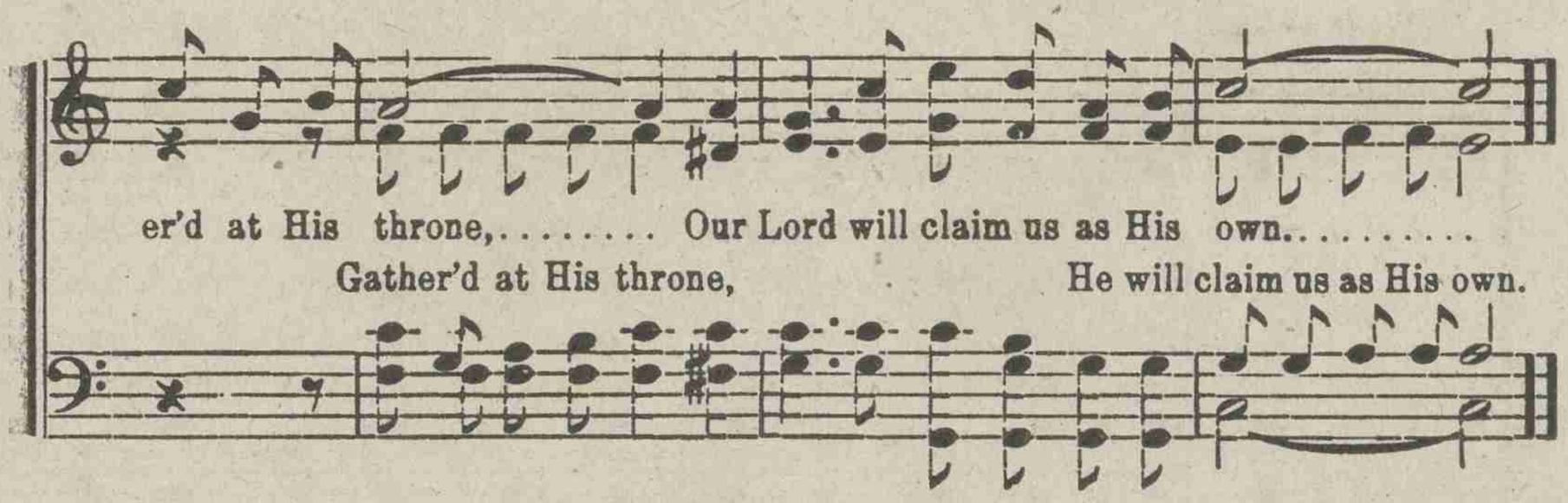
CHORUS.

When..... we all get home,..... And we shall
When we all get home, when we all get home,

know..... as we are known;..... Gath - -
And we all shall know, know, as we are known, Gather'd at His throne,

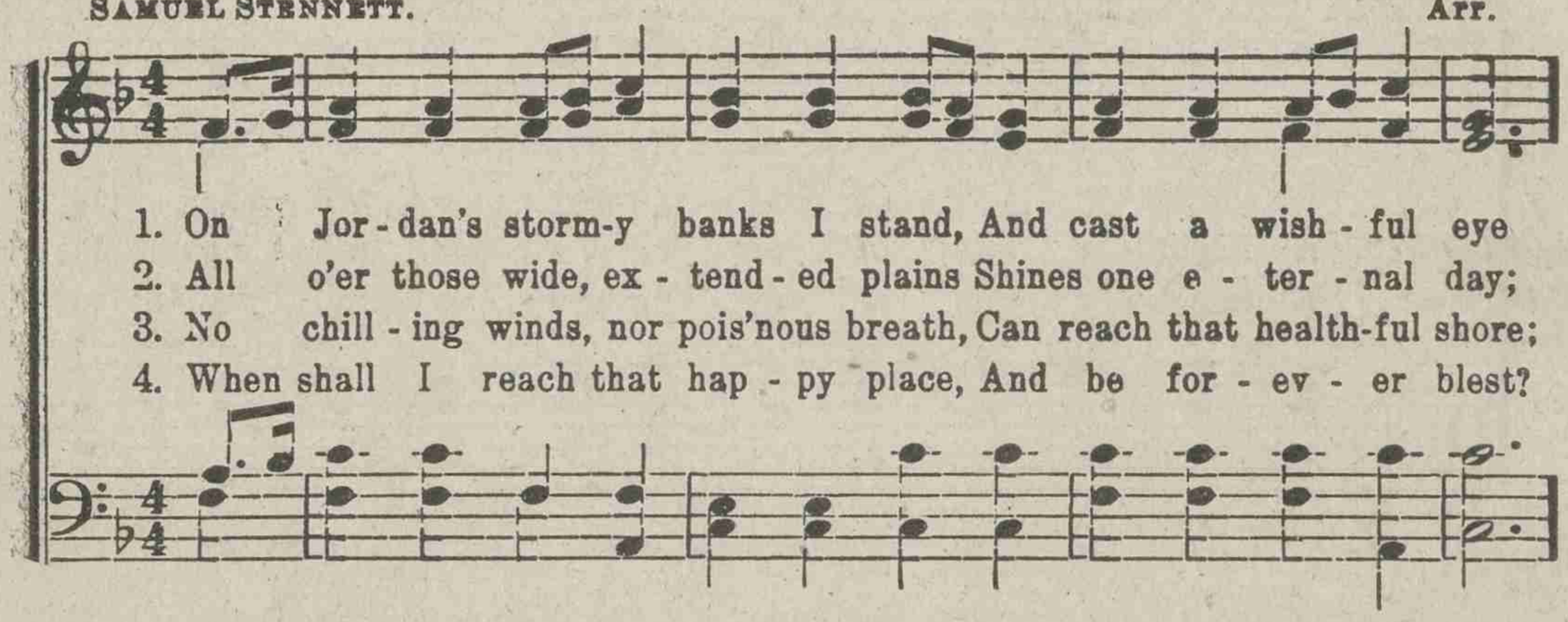
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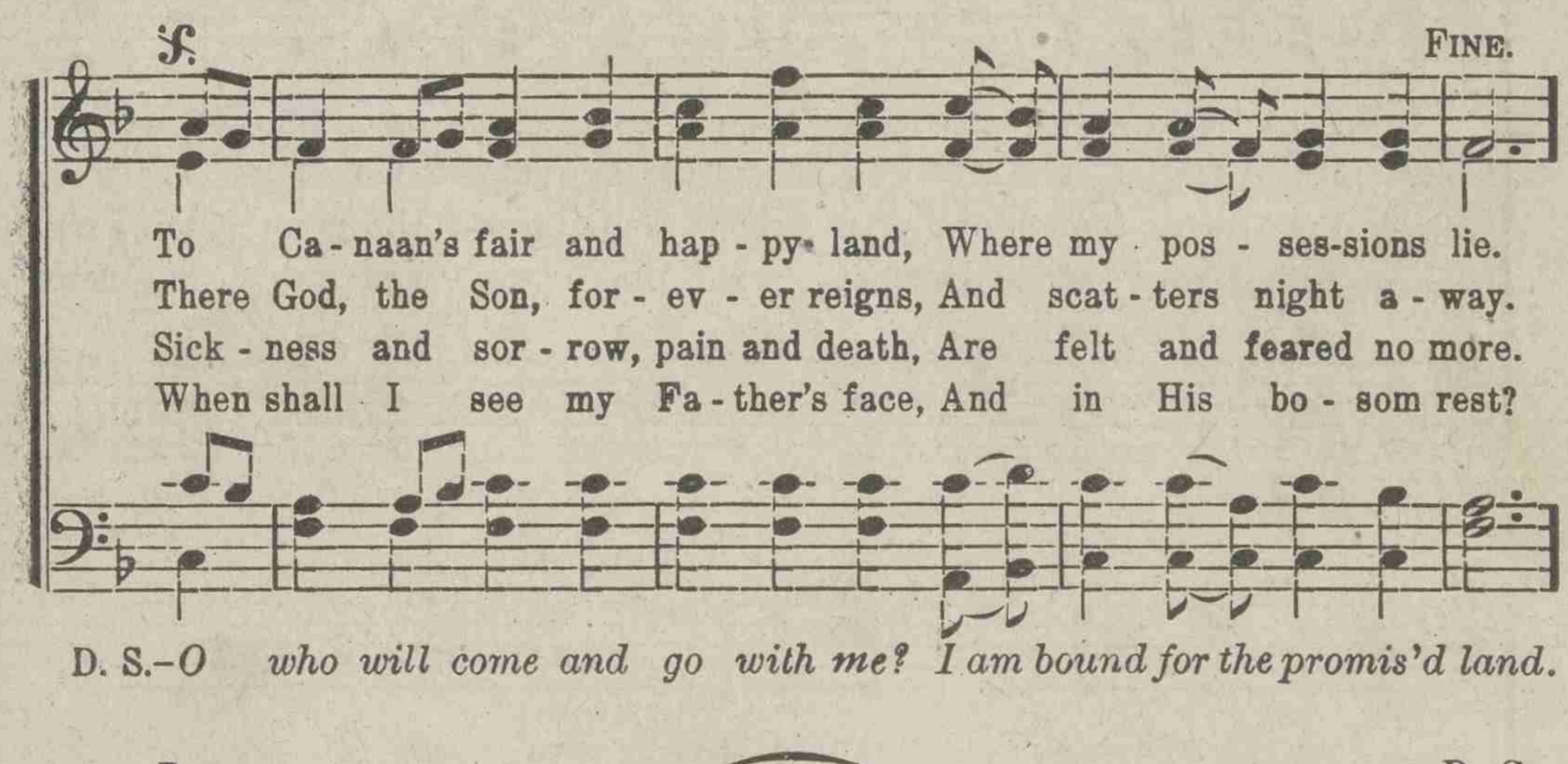
When We All Get Home.
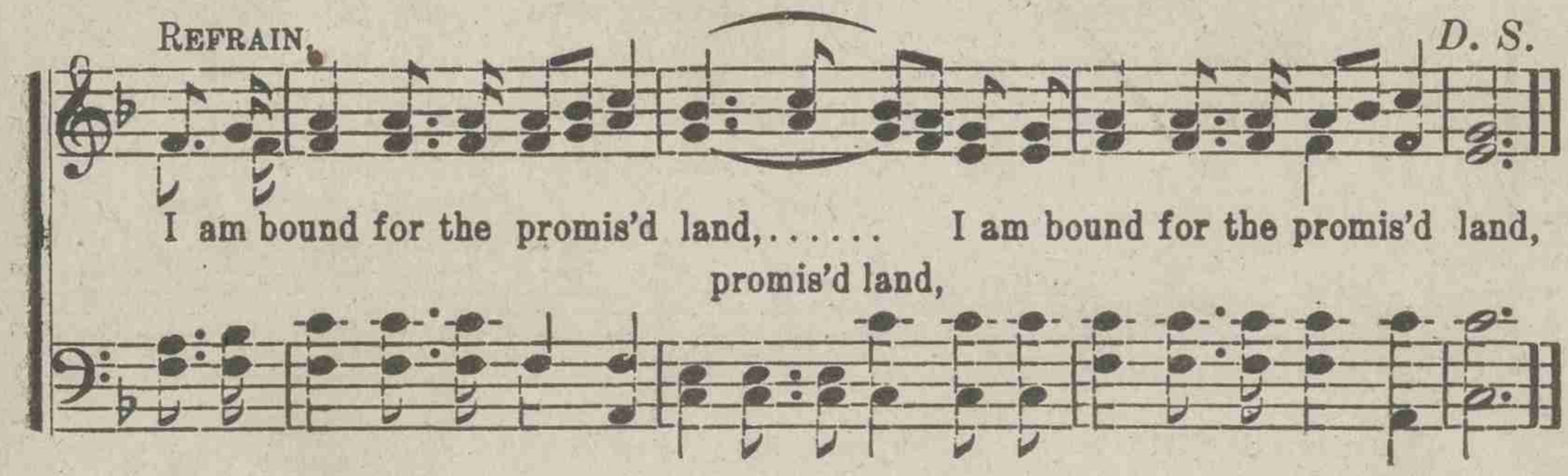


43. The Promised Land.

SAMUEL STENNETT. Arr.





D. S.–*O who will come and go with me? I am bound for the promis'd land.*



44. The Tide Is Rolling In.

RALPH BUNSEN. B. D. ACKLEY.

1. From out the o - cean blue, of God's great love so true,
2. It lifts the strand - ed boat, up - on the sea to float,
3. Then spread your i - dle sail, to greet the wel - come gale,
4. A - long the bar - ren beach, be - yond all hu - man reach,

A might - y tide of sav - ing pow'r is roll - ing in;
A might - y tide of sav - ing pow'r is roll - ing in;
A might - y tide of sav - ing pow'r is roll - ing in;
A might - y tide of sav - ing pow'r is roll - ing in;

Each crest is white with grace, to cleanse a sin - ful race,
I feel it lift - ing me, from ship - wreck I am free,
Pre - pare to brave the deep, and test His pow'r to keep,
Each strand - ed shipwrecked crew its voy - age may re - new,

A ris - ing tide, an o - cean wide, is roll - ing in.
The bound - less sea, of par - don free, is roll - ing in.
A tide of love, from heav'n a - bove, is roll - ing in.
For ev - 'ry hour the Spir - it's pow'r is roll - ing in.

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The Tide Is Rolling In. Concluded.

CHORUS.

'Tis roll - ing in, the tide is roll - ing in,
The tide is roll - ing, roll - ing in, the

The tide of God's sal - va - tion is roll - ing in; 'Tis
roll - ing, roll - ing in; The

roll - ing in, the tide is roll - ing in, Each
tide is roll - ing, roll - ing in, the

mighty wave, with pow'r to save is roll - ing, roll - ing,
roll-ing, roll - ing, roll-ing, roll - ing,

roll-ing in, roll-ing in,

in, is roll - ing in, is roll - ing in.

roll - ing, roll - ing in.....
in, is roll - ing in, is roll - ing in.

in.....

*A few selected high Sopranos may sing small notes.

45. A Mansion for Me.

H. D. L. HARRY DIXON LOES.

1. There is a man-sion wait-ing for me, Built in a land no mor-tal
2. To Christ's dis-ci-ples comfort He gave, Helped them to look be-yond the
3. Some day will fall this tem-ple of clay, My spir-it wing its heav-en-

can see; Gems in their splendor, good to be-hold, Give to that home a
dark grave; And for all a-ges are the words true, "I will pre-pare a
ly way; Then to that man-sion, glo-rious to see, How blest the wel-come

CHORUS.

beau-ty un-told.
man-sion for you." There is a man-sion wait-ing for me, Wait-ing for me,
wait-ing for me!

wait-ing for me; Earth shall not rob Him of my love, Since I'm an heir to

wealth a-bove; For there is a man-sion (a mansion) wait-ing for me.

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46 Rescue the Perishing.

F. J CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

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47. The Land Above.

Mahlon Oliphant. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY J. OWEN LONG, HARRISONBURG, VA. USED BY PERMISSION. **J. Owen Long.**

Good as a Quartet.

1. I know there is a land a - bove This world of toil and care,
2. A land where flow'rs im-mor-tal bloom, And storms can ne'er an - noy;
3. O Beu - lah land! O home of light! O land of bliss un - told;
4. To wan - der by that riv - er side, And view that shin - ing shore,

And that earth's ransomed ones shall meet In bliss - ful un - ion there.
E - ter - nal are its gates of peace, Un-bound - ed is its joy.
I long to join thy spot-less throngs, And walk thy streets of gold.
Where death is swal-lowed up of life, And naught can harm us more.

CHORUS.

I know, I know..... there is a land,.....
I know, I know a bliss - ful land,

Where we shall meet some day;..... Where we shall
some hap - py day;

meet and dwell with Christ the Lord Some bright and hap - py day.

48 Come to the Feast.

"Come; for all things are now ready."—Luke 14: 17.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. W. A. OGDEN.

1. "All things are read-y," come to the feast! Come, for the ta - ble now is
2. "All things are read-y," come to the feast! Come, for the door is o - pen
3. "All things are read-y," come to the feast! Come, while He waits to wel-come
4. "All things are read-y," come to the feast! Leave ev - 'ry care and world-ly

spread; Ye fam-ish - ing, ye wea - ry, come, And thou shalt be rich - ly fed.
wide; A place of hon - or is reserved For you at the Mas-ter's side.
thee; De - lay not while this day is thine, To - mor - row may nev - er be.
strife; Come, feast up-on the love of God, And drink ev - er - last-ing life.

CHORUS.

Hear..... the in - vi - ta - - - - tion, Come,
Hear the in - vi - ta - tion, "Who - so - ev - er will,"

"who - - - so - ev - er will;"..... Praise
Hear the in - vi - ta - tion, "Who - so - ev - er will;" Praise

God..... for full sal - va - tion For "who-so - ev - er will."
God for full sal-va - tion, For "who-so-ev - er will,"

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49. Calling Thee.

J. O. D. J. O. DAVIS.

1. Sin - ner, hear the bless-ed Sav - ior call - ing, Call-ing thee,
2. Sin - ner, hear the gen-tle Shepherd's plead-ing,
3. Sin - ner, hear that lov-ing voice ap - peal - ing,
4. Hear, oh, sin - ner, hear and heed the call - ing, Calling now for thee,

Call-ing thee; Hear, oh, hear His tend'rest ac-cents fall - ing, 'Tis the
For your soul He still is in - ter - ced - ing, 'Tis the
Lost one, to the mer- cy-seat come kneeling, 'Tis the
Calling now for thee; Come before the throne of grace low fall-ing, 'Tis the

REFRAIN.

Sav - ior call - ing thee. Call-ing thee, Call-ing thee,
Sav - ior call - ing thee. Calling now for thee, Calling now for thee,

'Tis the Sav - ior call - ing thee; Call-ing thee,
Call-ing now for thee; Call-ing now for thee,

rit.

Call-ing thee, ... 'Tis the Sav - ior call - ing thee.
Calling now for thee, Calling now for thee.

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50. The Everlasting Arms.

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

1. I have found sweet rest for my wea - ry soul, Found a har - bor
2. When my way grows dark and no light I see, When my friends for-
3. When my faith is weak He is near my side; When my heart grows
4. There is naught too hard for my Lord to do; I can safe - ly

safe tho' the bil- lows roll, Found a Might-y One who can storms control,
sake and life's comforts flee, Then I know His grace will suf - fi- cient be,
faint He will strength provide; When the dangers press then will seas di - vide,
trust all life's journey thro'; He will bear me up, and my bur-dens too,

CHORUS.

Leaning on the ev - er - last-ing arms. O the ev - er-last-ing arms how they
hold me, Ev - er hold me and en - fold me; I am safe in life or
death, for a-round and un-derneath Are the might-y, ev - er- last-ing arms.

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51 "Whosoever Will May Come."

H. G. T. HERBERT G. TOVEY.

1. Who - so - ev - er will, the in - vi - ta - tion hear, "Who - so - ev - er
2. Who - so - ev - er will, you need not turn a - way, "Who - so - ev - er
3. Who - so - ev - er will, it reach - es ev - 'ry land, "Who - so - ev - er
4. Who - so - ev - er will, then claim the gift to - day, "Who - so - ev - er

will may come;" Pre - cious words of prom- ise, full of hope and cheer
will may come;" Words of love and com - fort, hear the Sav - iour say,
will may come;" 'Tis the on - ly price the Sav - iour will de - mand,
will may come;" From the in - vi - ta - tion do not turn a - way,

CHORUS.

"Who - so - ev - er will may come." "Who - so - ev-er will may come," (may come,)
"Who - so - ev - er will may come;" (may come;) Hear the in - vi - ta - tion
sound - ing far and near, "Who - so - ev - er will may come." (may come.)

Rit.

NOTE.—During a Testimonial service at the Burke-Hobbs Union Tabernacle campaign at Du Quoin, Ill., October, 1917, a young man arose and said: "I am glad that whosoever will may come." This testimony was made in such a way that Mr. Tovey was inspired to write the chorus of this song, "Whosoever will may come." At the conclusion of the service the writer introduced the chorus to the choir and congregation. They immediately sang it with spirit. Before the meeting had closed the song had been completed.
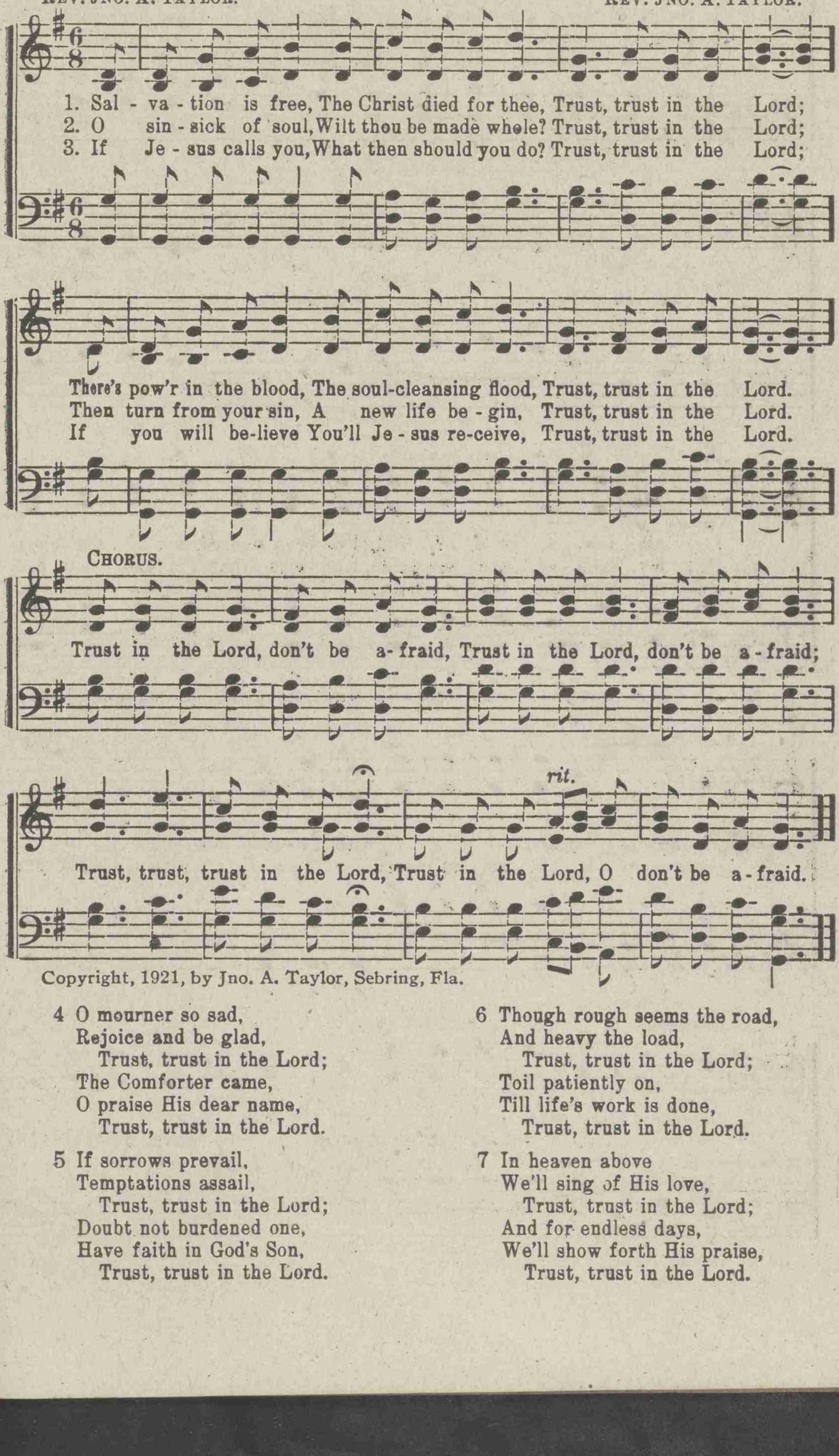
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52. Trust, Trust in the Lord.

Dedicated to the altar service by the author, who will give permission for its publication.

"Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust and not be afraid."—Isa. 12: 2.

REV. JNO. A. TAYLOR. REV. JNO. A. TAYLOR.



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4 O mourner so sad,
Rejoice and be glad,
Trust, trust in the Lord;
The Comforter came,
O praise His dear name,
Trust, trust in the Lord.

5 If sorrows prevail,
Temptations assail,
Trust, trust in the Lord;
Doubt not burdened one,
Have faith in God's Son,
Trust, trust in the Lord.

6 Though rough seems the road,
And heavy the load,
Trust, trust in the Lord;
Toil patiently on,
Till life's work is done,
Trust, trust in the Lord.

7 In heaven above
We'll sing of His love,
Trust, trust in the Lord;
And for endless days,
We'll show forth His praise,
Trust, trust in the Lord.

53. At Peace With Jesus Now.

R. L. T. R. L. THOMPSON.

1. O the joy that comes to me, Since my life has been made free,
2. Long I wan-dered out in sin, But my Sav - ior called me in,
3. He is all in all to me, True to Him I'll ev - er be,

I am at peace with Je - sus now,
I am at peace..... with Je - sus now,

I am now a child of God, I've been washed in Je - sus' blood,
He's my keep - er and my guide, And with Him I'm sat - is - fied,
He's my best and tru - est friend, I will serve Him to the end,

D. S.—*He has cleansed my heart from sin, Made me white as snow with - in,*

FINE.
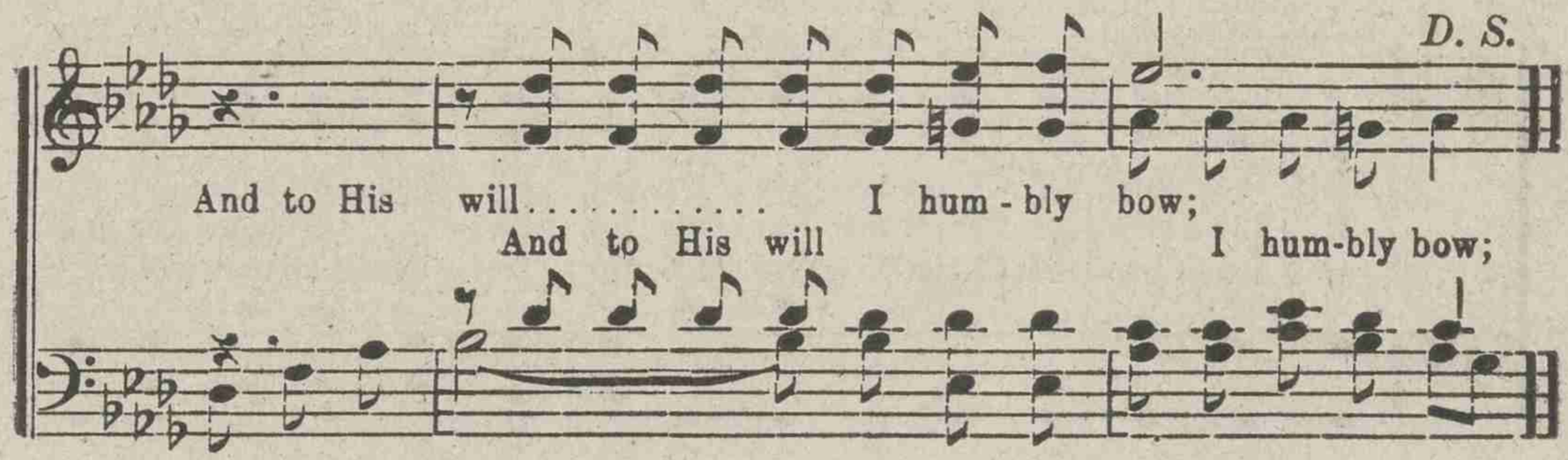
I am at peace..... with Je - sus now.
I am at peace with Je - sus now.

REFRAIN.

I am at peace..... with Je - sus now,.....
I am at peace with Je - sus now,

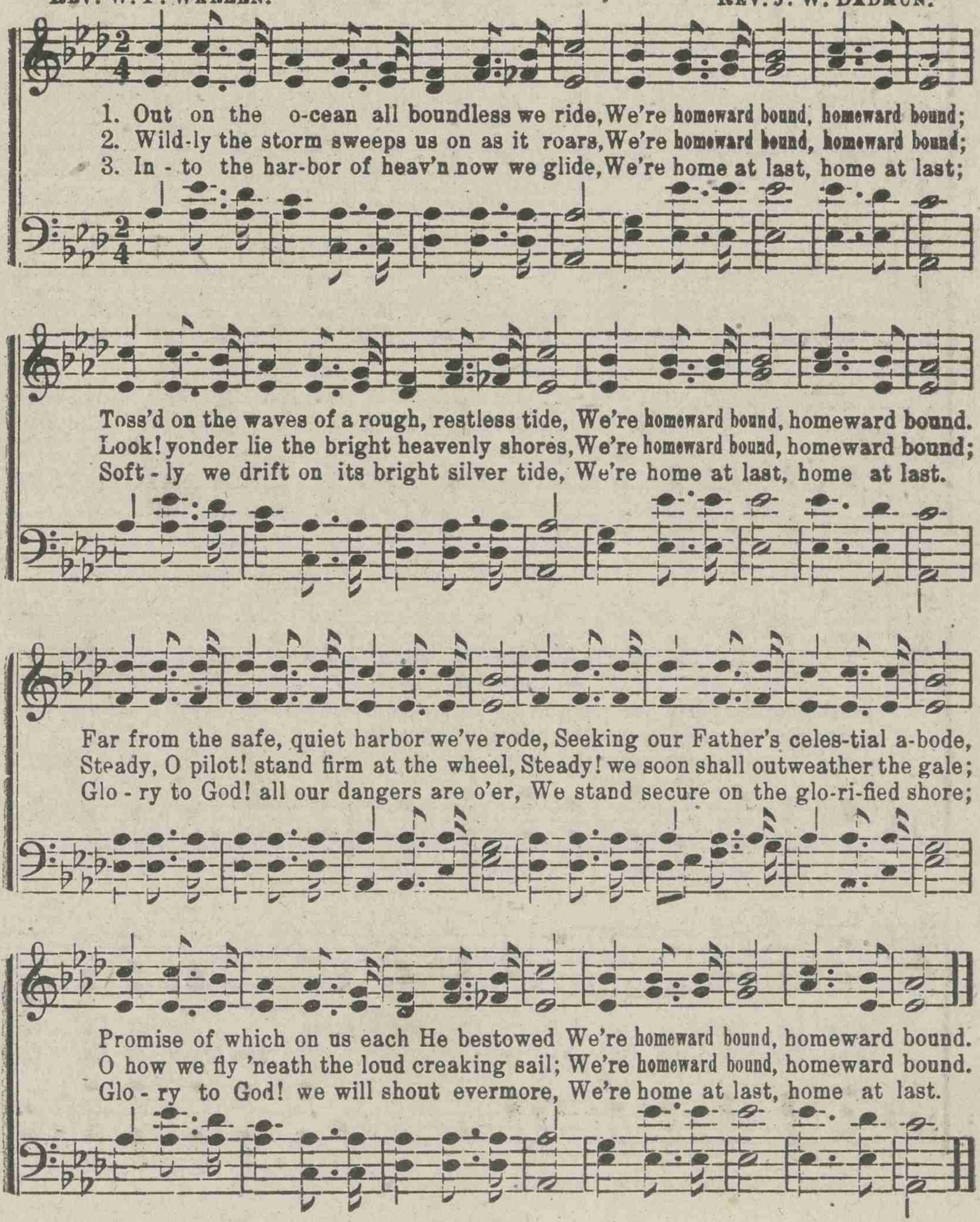
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At Peace With Jesus Now. Concluded.



54. Homeward Bound.

REV. W. F. WARREN. REV. J. W. DADMUN.



55. O the Love of Christ My Savior.

E. E. HEWITT. VIRGIL P. CASSADY.

1. O the love of Christ my Sav - ior, for He died to save my soul,
2. O the love of Christ my Sav - ior, for He in - ter-cedes for me,
3. O the love of Christ my Sav - ior, for He lis - tens to my pray'rs,

Great - er love than this can nev - er - more be shown; On the
And my Ad - vo - cate be - fore the throne ap - pears; In the
Gives me ev - 'ry need - ed bless - ing day by day; There's a

might - y Friend of sin - ners ev - 'ry bur - den I will roll, I am
storm - y hour of troub - le, He will Rock and Ref - uge be, He will
man - sion in the Home-land He has prom - ised to pre-pare, And His
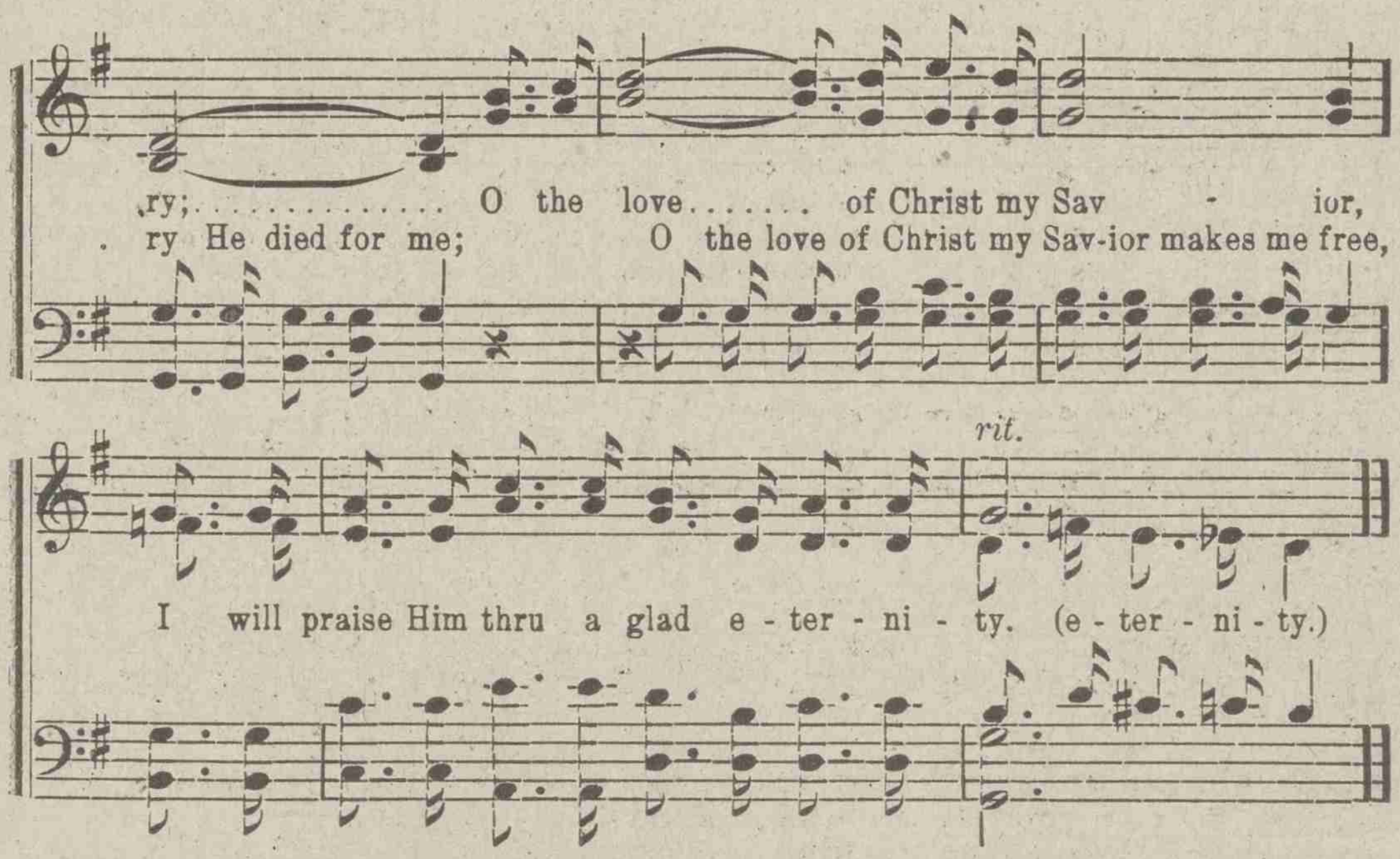
CHORUS.

trust- ing in His sav - ing grace a - lone. Je - sus bore..... my
keep me safe - ly thru the changeful years.
smile il - lu - mines all the earth - ly way. Je - sus bore my

sins for me,..... On the cross..... of Cal - va-
sins for me on Cal - va - ry, On the cross of Cal - va-
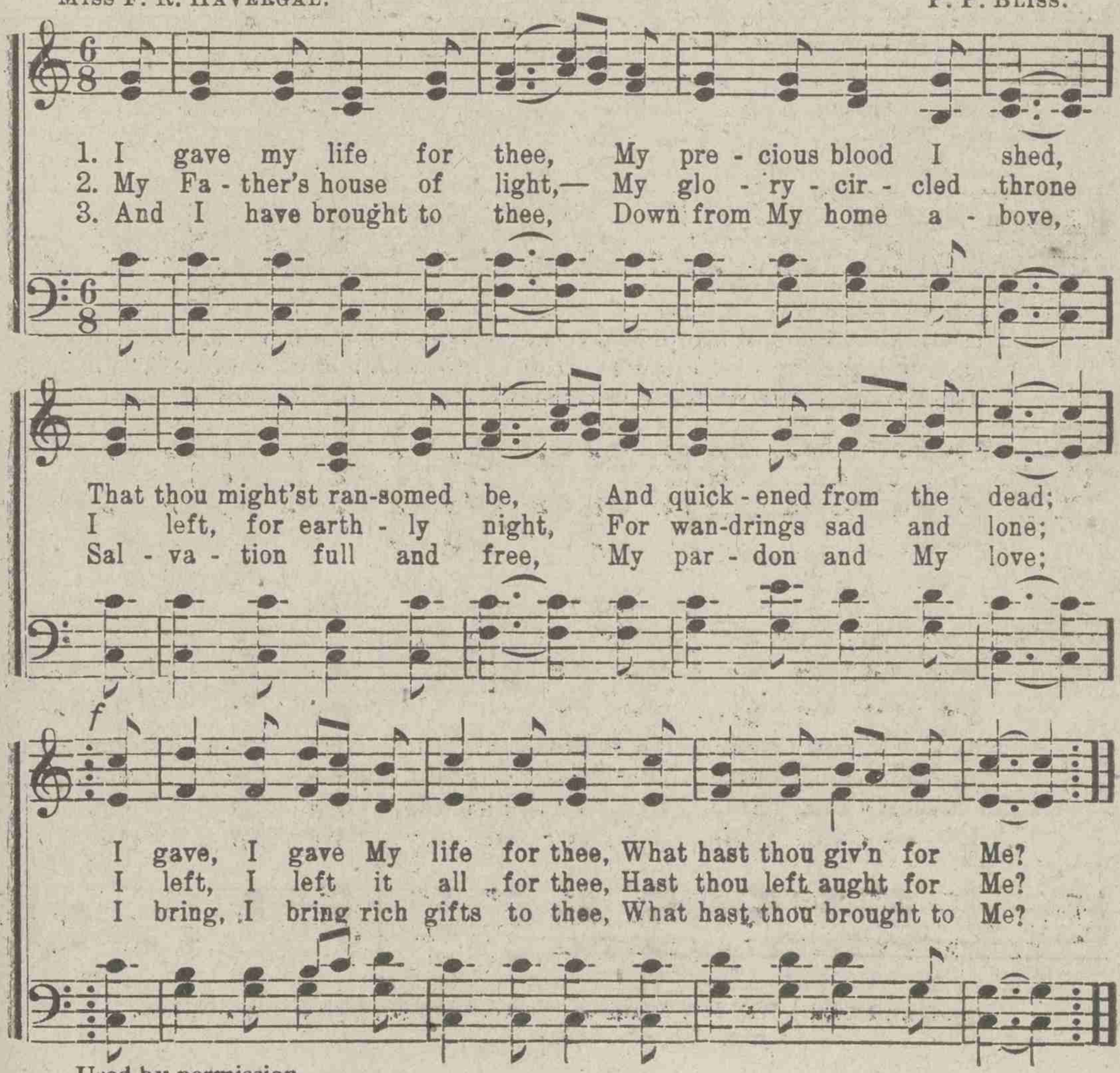
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O the Love of Christ, Concluded.



56. What Hast Thou Done for Me.
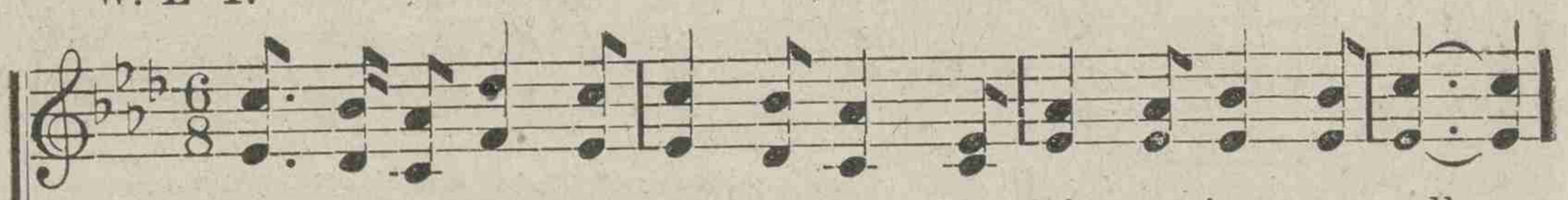
MISS F. R. HAVERGAL. P. P. BLISS.



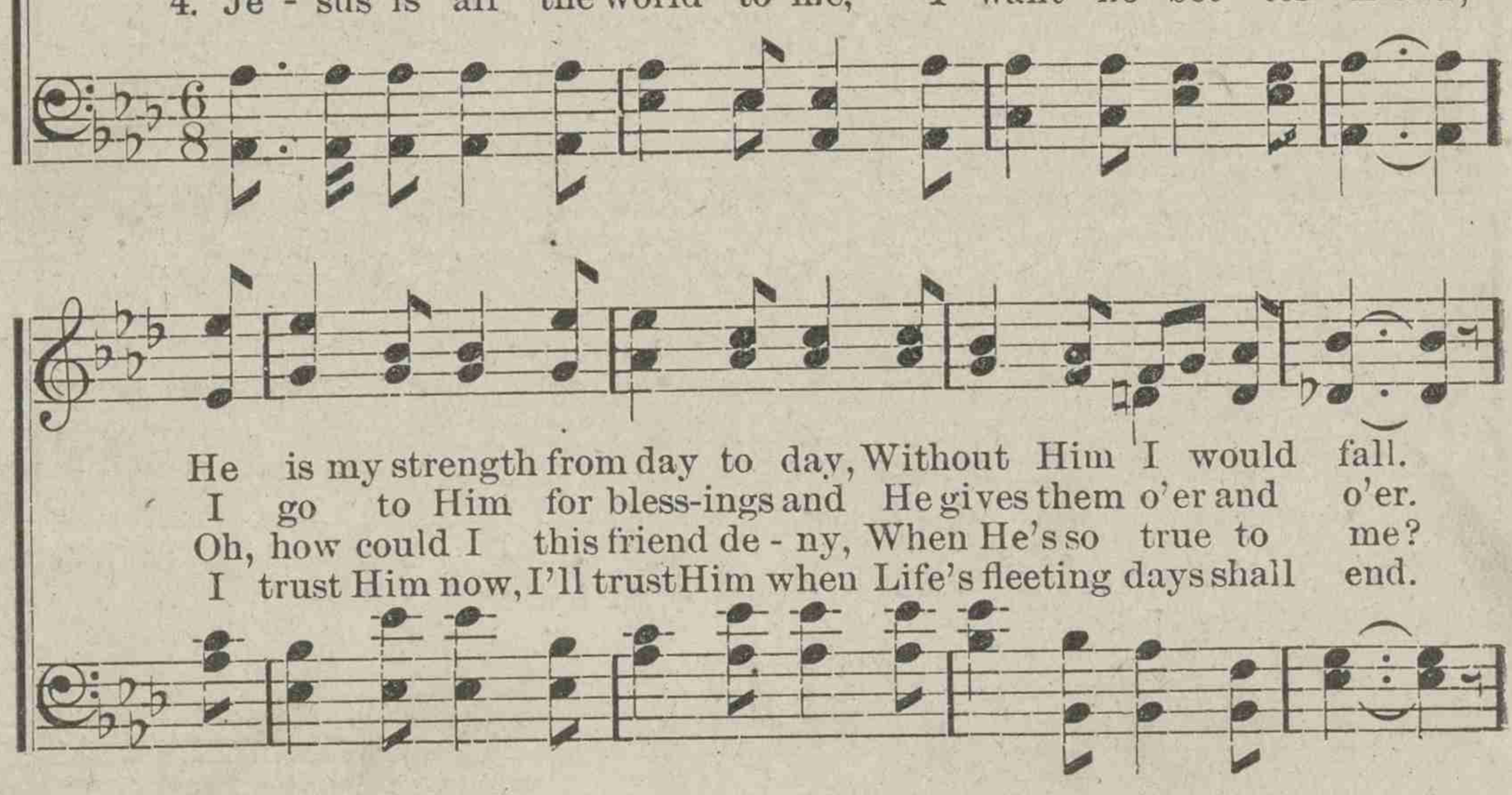
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57. Jesus Is All the World to Me.
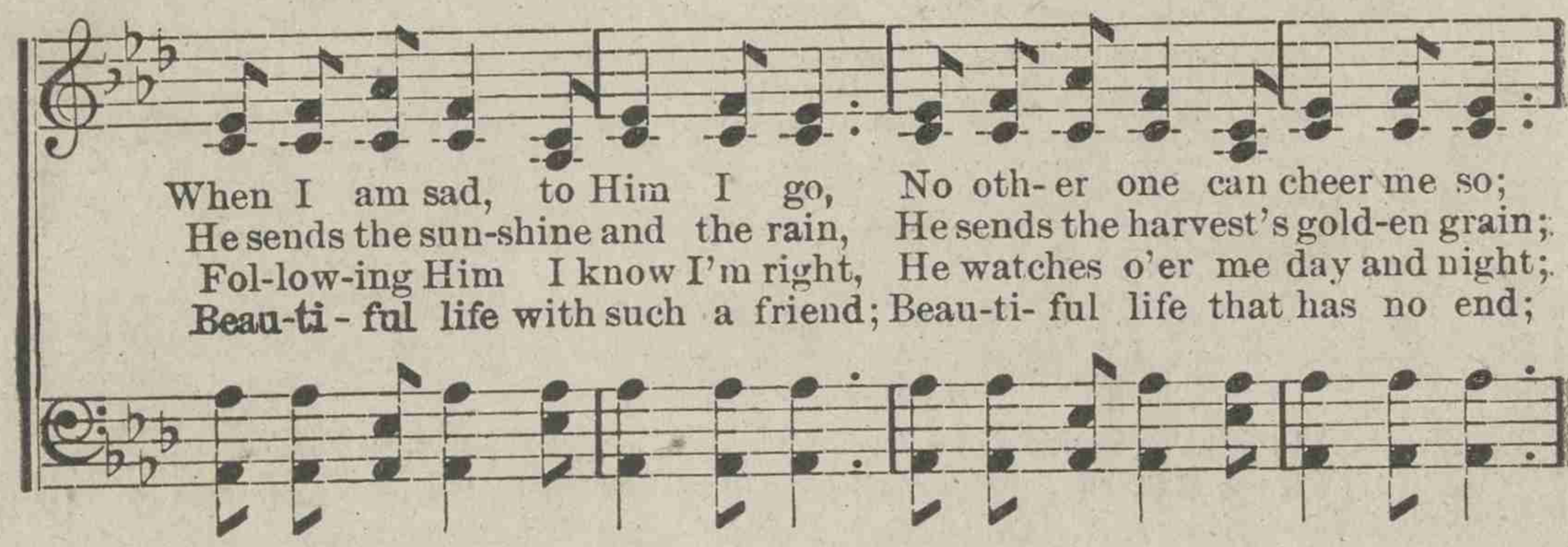
W. L T. WILL L. THOMPSON.
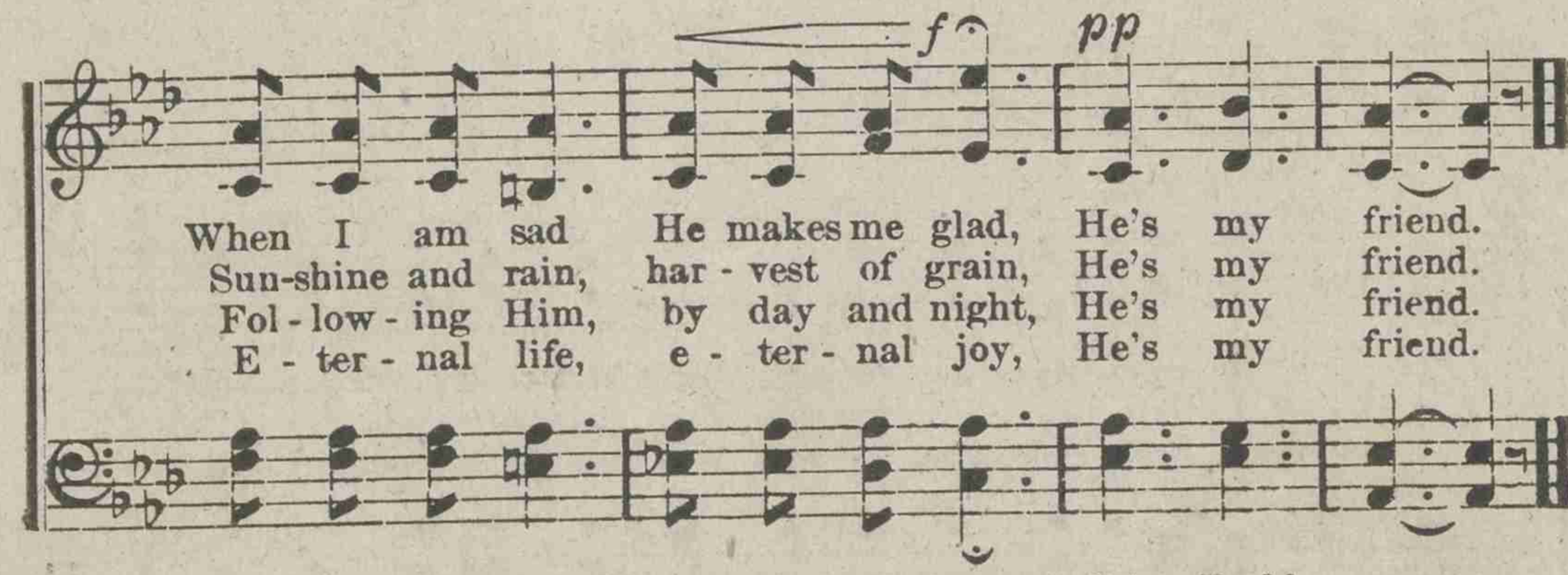


1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;
2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My friend in tri - als sore;
3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be;
4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend;



He is my strength from day to day, Without Him I would fall.
I go to Him for bless-ings and He gives them o'er and o'er.
Oh, how could I this friend de - ny, When He's so true to me?
I trust Him now, I'll trust Him when Life's fleeting days shall end.



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



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

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58. He has Come to Abide.

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

Moderato.

1. "I will pray the Fa-ther, Je- sus said, He will send the Spir - it
2. He in love and nev - er - fail-ing grace, Makes the heart His chos - en
3. For this full - ness all my be - ing cries; On the al - tar is my
4. Ver - y God in truth I know Thou art, Ho - ly Spir - it come and

in my stead." Answer'd is His con-de-scending pray'r: He has come the
dwelling-place; Wondrous temples of the Ho - ly Ghost, Cleansed and saved un-
sac - ri - fice All I am, or have, or hope to be, Thine, O Lord, hence-
fill my heart; Cleanse the temple, i - dols all dethrone, Reign in pow'r with-

CHORUS.

promised Comfort-er.
to the ut - ter-most. He has come, He has come, The
forth, e - ter - nal - ly.
in and reign a - lone. to a - bide, to a - bide,

cres.

Com - fort - er has come to a - bide;..... Bid Him wel-come to- day,
to a- bide;

ev - 'ry door o - pen wide, For the Com-fort- er has come to a - bide.

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59. If Jesus Goes With Me

C. A. M. C. AUSTIN MILES.
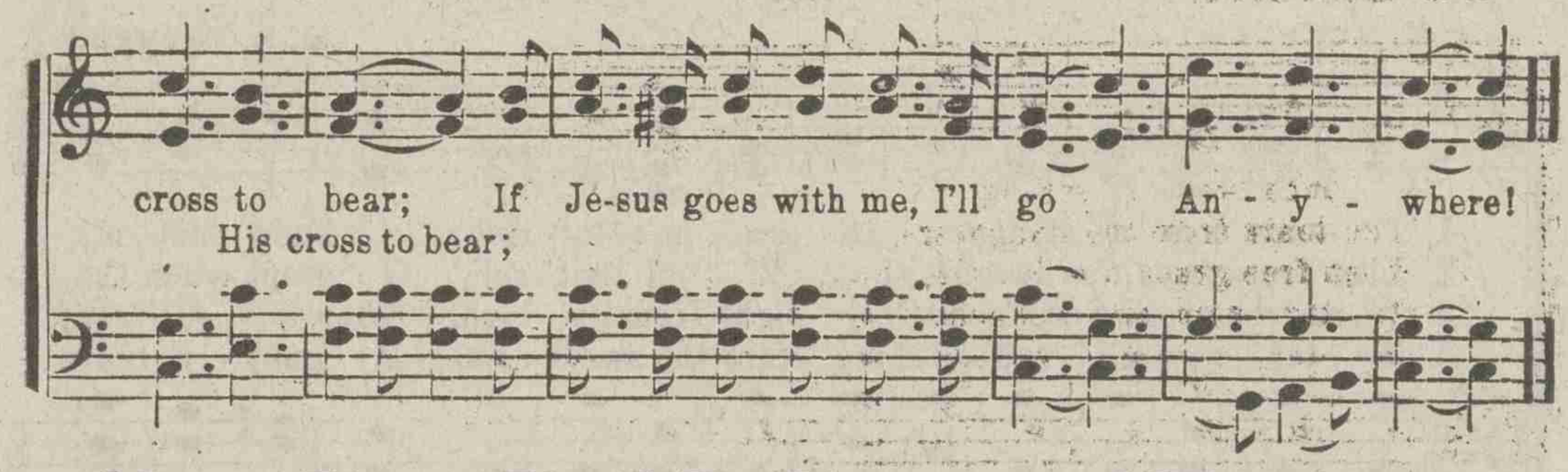
1. It may be in the valley, where countless dangers hide; It may be in the sun-shine, that I, in peace, a - bide; But this one thing I know—if it be dark or fair, If Je - sus is with me, I'll go an - y - where!
2. It may be I must car-ry the blessed world of life A-cross the burn-ing des - erts to those in sin - ful strife; And tho' it be my lot to bear my col- ors there, If Je - sus goes with me, I'll go an - y - where!
3. But if it be my por- tion to bear my cross at home, While others bear their bur - dens be - yond the bil - lows' foam, I'll prove my faith in Him—con- fess my judgments fair And, if He stays with me, I'll go an - y - where!
4. It is not mine to question the judgments of my Lord, It is but mine to fol - low the lead-ings of His word; But if to go or stay, or whether here or there, I'll be, with my Sav - ior, con-tent an - y - where!

CHORUS.

If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go, An - y - where! 'Tis heaven to me, Wher-e'er I may be, If He is there! I count it a priv - i - lege here, His cross, I'll go.

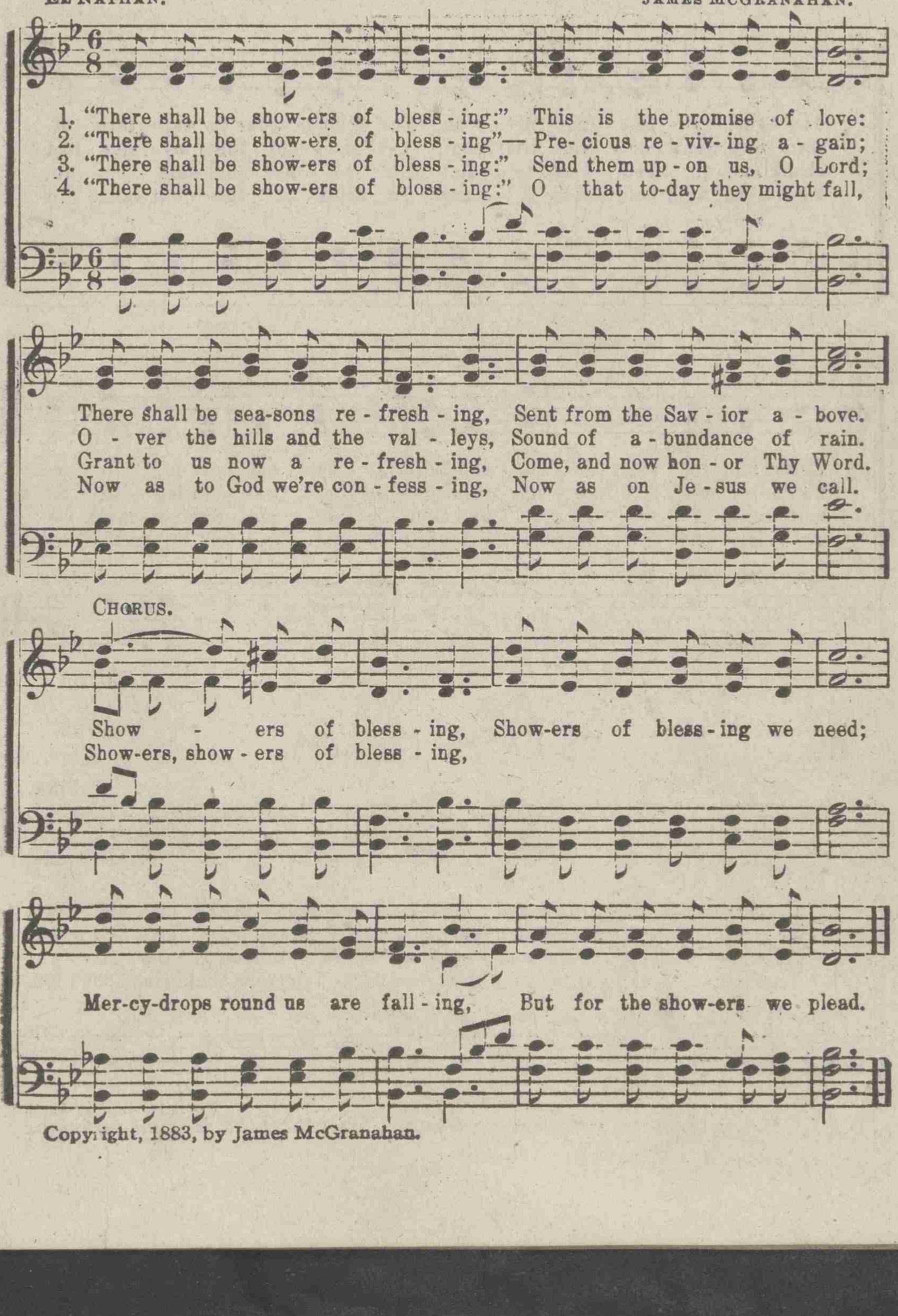
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If Jesus Goes With Me. Concluded.



60. There Shall Be Showers of Blessing.

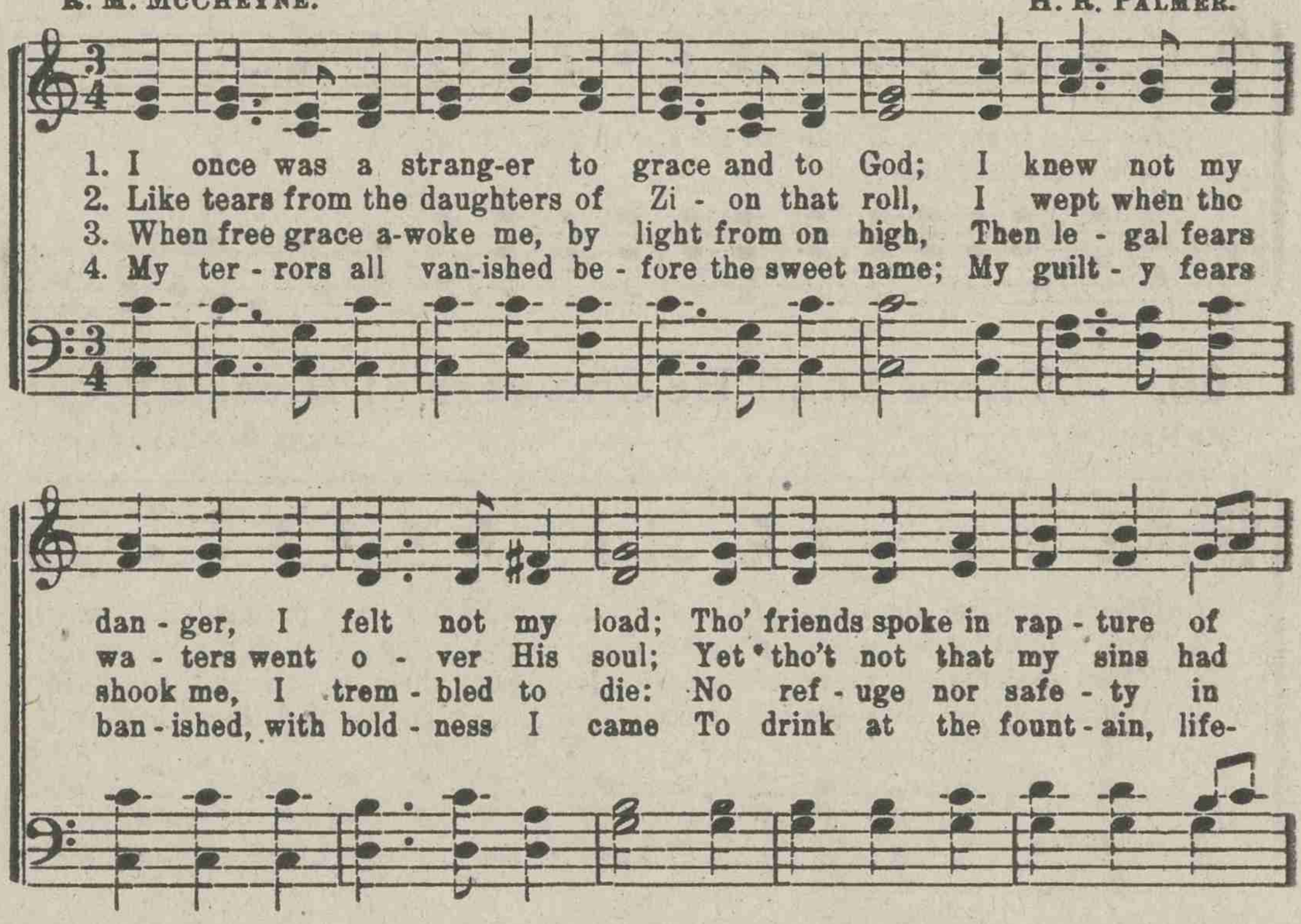
EL NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



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61. I Once Was a Stranger.

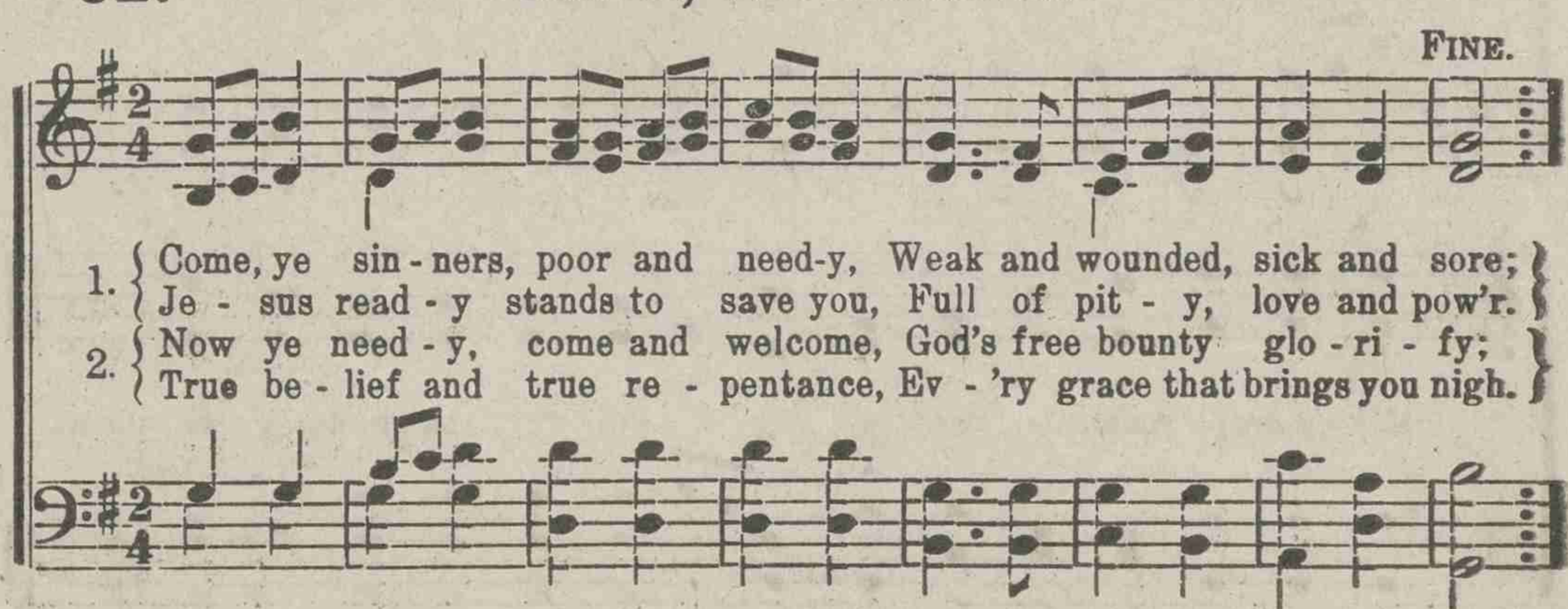
R. M. McCHEYNE. H. R. PALMER.



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62. Come, Ye Sinners.

FINE.



D. C.–*Glo - ry, hon- or and sal - va-tion, Christ the Lord is come to reign.*

Come, Ye Sinners. Concluded.

CHORUS. D. C.

Turn to the Lord, and seek sal - va - tion, Sound the praise of His dear name;

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel our need of Him.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.

63. Almost Persuaded.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.

1. "Al-most per - suad- ed," now to be - lieve; "Al - most per - suad- ed,"
2. "Al-most per - suad- ed," come, come to - day; "Al - most per - suad- ed,"
3. "Al most per - suad- ed," har - vest is past! "Al - most per - suad- ed,"

Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,
turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
doom comes at last! "Al - most" can not a - vail; "Al - most" is

go thy way, Some more con - ven - ient day, On thee I'll call."
lin-g'ring near, Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear; O wan-d'rer, come.
but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail, "Al - most," but lost.

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64 I Am Resolved.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. I am re - solved no lon - ger to lin - ger, Charmed by the
2. I am re - solved to go to the Sav - iour, Leav - ing my
3. I am re - solved to fol - low the Sav - iour, Faith - ful and
4. I am re - solved to en - ter the king - dom, Leav - ing the
5. I am re - solved, and who will go with me? Come, friends, with-

world's de - light; Things that are high - er, things that are no - bler,
sin and strife; He is the true one, He is the just one,
true each day, Heed what He say - eth, do what He will - eth,
paths of sin; Friends may op - pose me, foes may be - set me,
out de - lay; Taught by the Bi - ble, led by the Spir - it,

CHORUS.

These have al - lured my sight. I will hast - en to Him,
He hath the words of life.
He is the liv - ing way.
Still will I en - ter in.
We'll walk the heav'n-ly way. I will hast-en, hast - en to Him,

Hast - en so glad and free, Hast - en glad and free,

Je - sus, great - est, high - est, I will come to Thee.
Je - sus, Je - sus,

Copyright, 1896, by Fillmore Bros. J. A. Lee, owner.

My Far Away Home.

E. T. H. (Effective as a Solo or Duet.) E. T. HILDEBRAND.

With feeling.

1. I am thinking to night of a far a-way home, Where the an - gels are hap - py in song, And the streets of pure gold, which I long to be - hold, Are trod by the bright an - gel throng.
2. I am thinking to-night of that heav-en - ly band, And those who are crowned with the blest; 'Tis the host of the Lord who re - ceived the re - ward Which is promised to all who seek rest.
3. I am thinking to-night of those who have gone To view that great cit-y a-bove; Oh, may we at length, through Je - sus the Son, Pass in - to that hav - en of love.

CHORUS.

Beau-ti - ful home, land of the blest, Whose glories forever are bright; My soul goes up to the great white throne. Where Jesus is ev-er the light.

rit.

Copyright by E. T. Hildebrand.

66 Wanderer, Come Home.

NETTIE D. THORNBURG. W. E. BURNETT.

1. Out on the des - ert of fear and dis - trust, Wan - der-er, come home,
2. Wait not till dark-ness shall compass you round, Wan - der-er, come home,
3. Come! ask for par-don, be - lieve on His word, Wan - der-er, come home,
4. Trust in the Fa - ther, for He will re - ceive, Wan - der-er, come home,

Wan - der-er, come home! Sin - ner, the Sav - iour is lov - ing and just,
Wan - der-er, come home! Now while 'tis sun - light and He may be found,
Wan - der-er, come home! Of His for-give - ness how oft you have heard,
Wan - der-er, come home! Those who in Je - sus stead - fast - ly be - lieve,

CHORUS.

Wan - der-er, come home, Wan-der-er, come home. He'll save you from weak-ness,

Save you from sin, Pu - ri - fy whol - ly, with - out and with - in, He'll

fin-ish the work, if you will be-gin, Wan-der-er, come home, Wan-der-er, come home.

Copyright, 1909, by W. E. Burnett.

57 Who Will Let Him In?

"If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him." . . . (Rev. 3: 20.)

JAMES ROWE. E. T. HILDEBRAND.

1. Who is worn of e- vil? who is lone and sad? Who will now a- new be- gin?
2. Who will leave the valley for the plains of light? Who will peace and pardon win?
3. Who will trust the mer-cy of the King a-bove, And be - gin the crown to win?

Who will lose his burden and be free and glad? Who will let the Saviour in?....
Who to - day is read - y to be led aright? Who will let the Saviour in?....
Who will yield completely to re-deeming love? Who will let the Saviour in?....

CHORUS.

O who..... will let Him in?..... O who..... will let Him in?..... O
O who will let Him in? Who will let Him in? who will let Him in? Who will let Him in? O who.....
Who will let Him in? Who will let Him in? Who will let Him in? Who will let Him
..... will let Him in?.....
in? Who will let Him in? Who now will let the Sav- iour in?

Copyright, 1911, by E. T. Hildebrand.

My Lord and I.

Words arranged by W. E. B. W. E. BURNETT.

SOPRANO. *Moderato.*

1. I have a Friend so precious, So ver - y dear to me, He loves me with such
2. Sometimes I'm faint and weary, He knows that I am weak, And as He bids me
3. I tell Him all my sorrows, I tell Him all my joys, I tell Him all that
4. He knows how I am long-ing Some weary soul to win, And so He bids me

TENOR.

ten - der love, He loves so faithful - ly; I could not live a-part from Him, I
lean on Him, His help I glad-ly seek; He leads me in the paths of light, Be-
pleas-es me, I tell Him what annoys; He tells me what I ought to do, He
go and speak The loving words for Him; He bids me tell His wondrous love, And

love to feel Him nigh, And so we dwell to - geth-er My Lord and I.
neath a sun-ny sky— And so we dwell to - geth-er My Lord and I.
tells me what to try— And so we dwell to - geth-er My Lord and I.
why He came to die— And so we dwell to - geth-er My Lord and I.
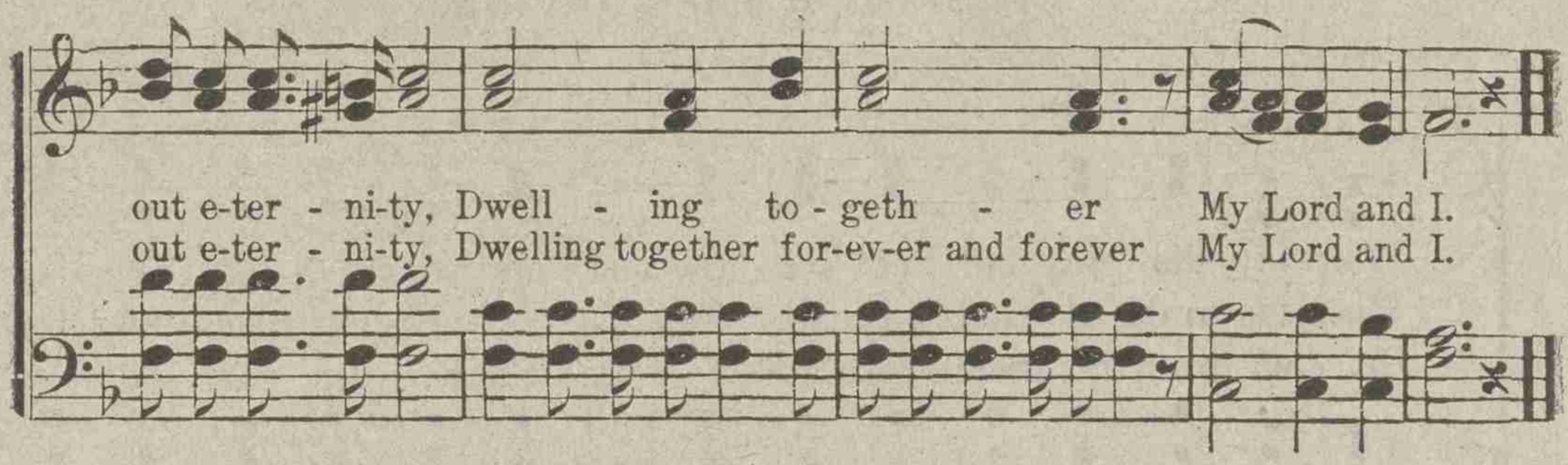
CHORUS.*

Dwell - ing to - geth - er— Hap - py we will be through-
Dwelling to-geth-er for - ev - er and for-ev - er, Hap - py we will be through-

* Chorus may be omitted.

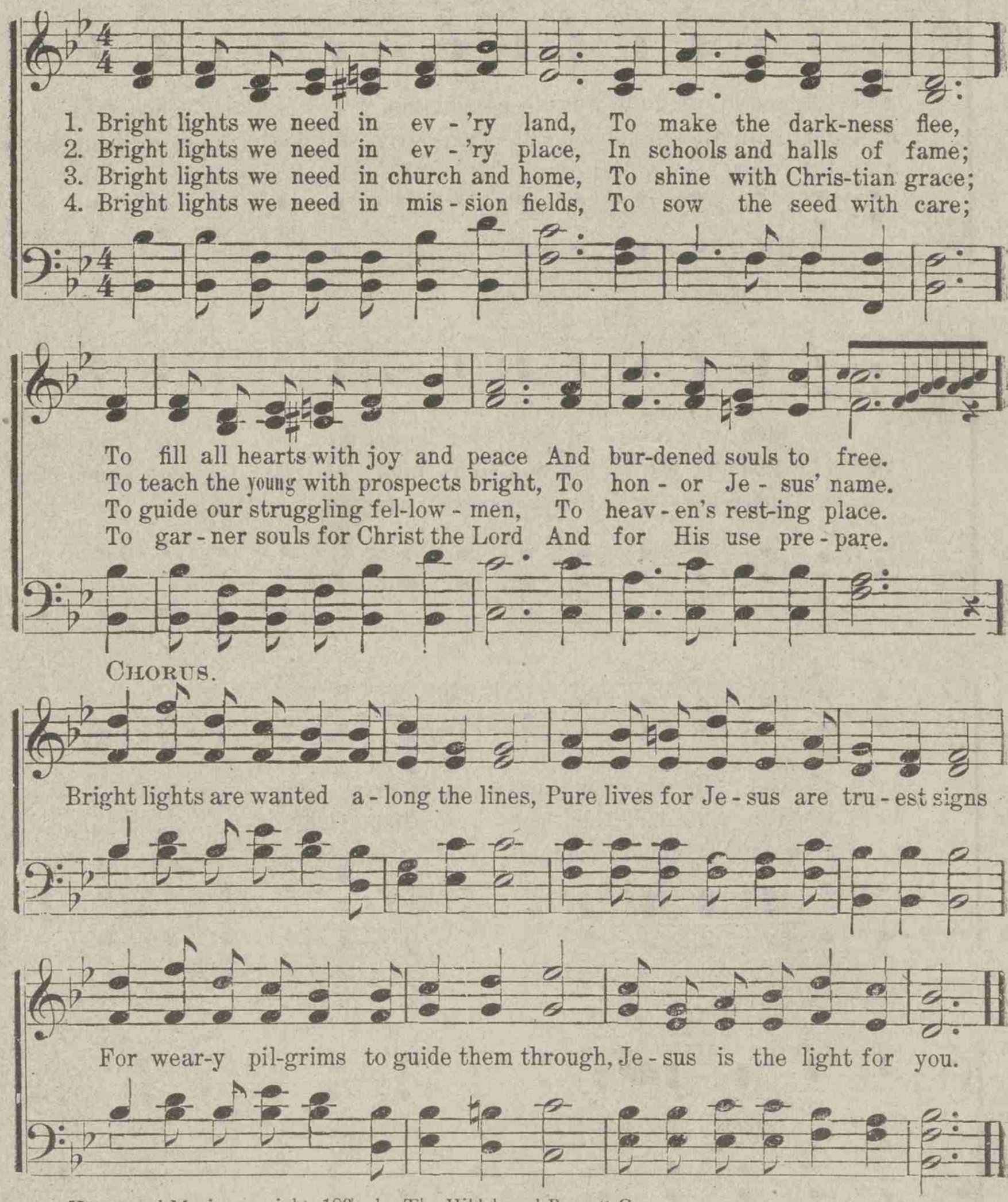
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My Lord and I.



69. Bright Lights Wanted.

K. B. BROWN. HOWARD E. SMITH.



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No. 70. It's Just Like Jesus.

G. P. H. COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY THE RUEBUSH-KIEFFER CO. Rev. G. P. Hott.

1. When my life was full of sor - row and my heart was full of sin,
2. When the wrath of God was gath-'ring in the tem-pest's loud a - larm,
3. Oft - en when the heart is heav - y with life's bur - den, grief and care,

And the sense of guilt was deep-'ning and I felt no peace with - in,
And no arm was found suf - fi - cient strong to save the world from harm,
And the eyes are look - ing heav'n-ward to the man-sions o - ver there,

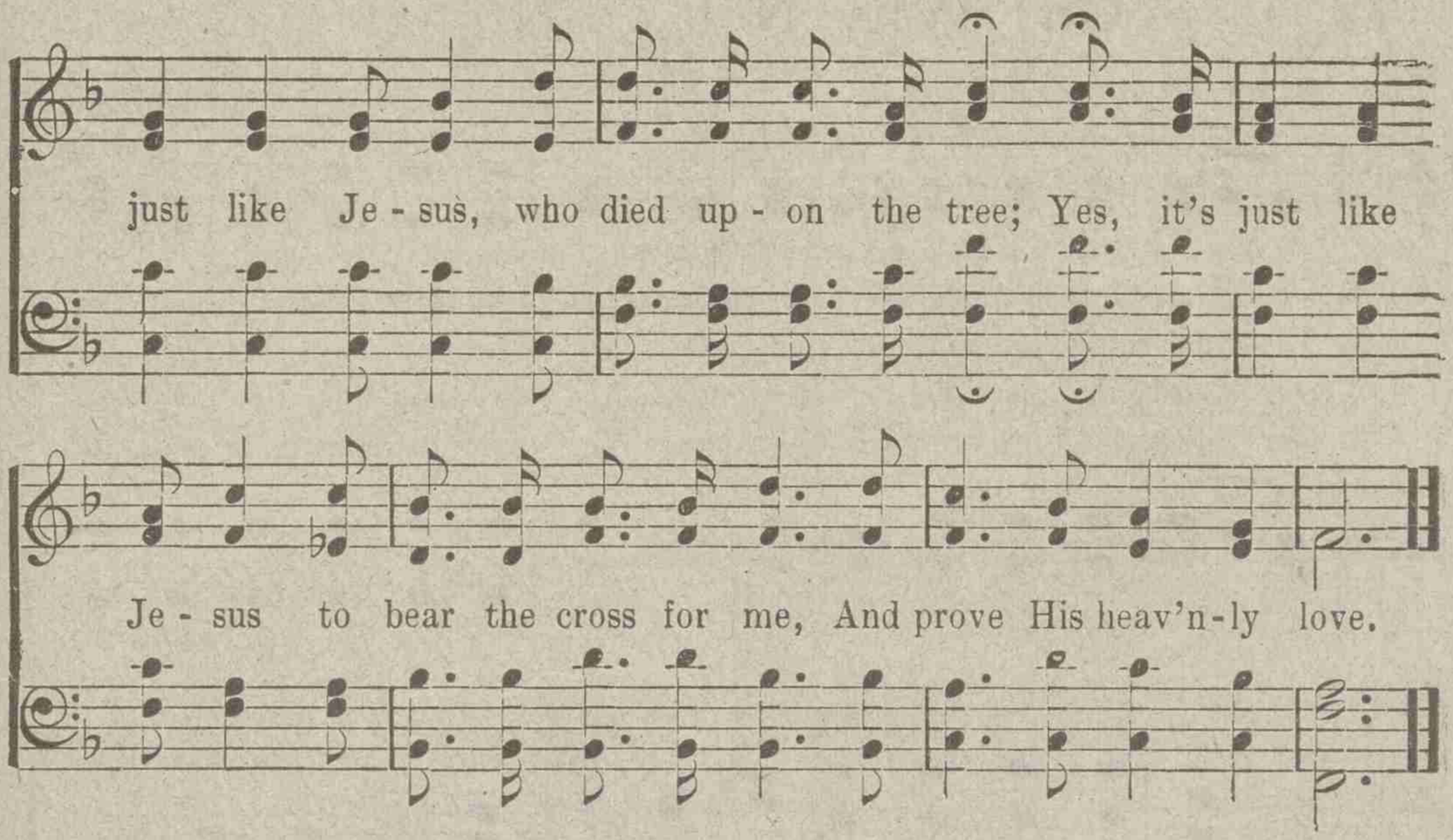
It was then the bless - ed Sav - ior looked in pit - y up - on me,
Shone the love of Christ the Sav - ior, man - i - fest for you and me,
Oh, how cheer-ing is the pros - pect of the life that is to be,

And in His di - vine com - pas - sion from the bur - den set me free.
As on Him was laid our sor - row which He bore up - on the tree.
As the heart is filled with mem - 'ries of the Cross of Cal - va - ry.

CHORUS.
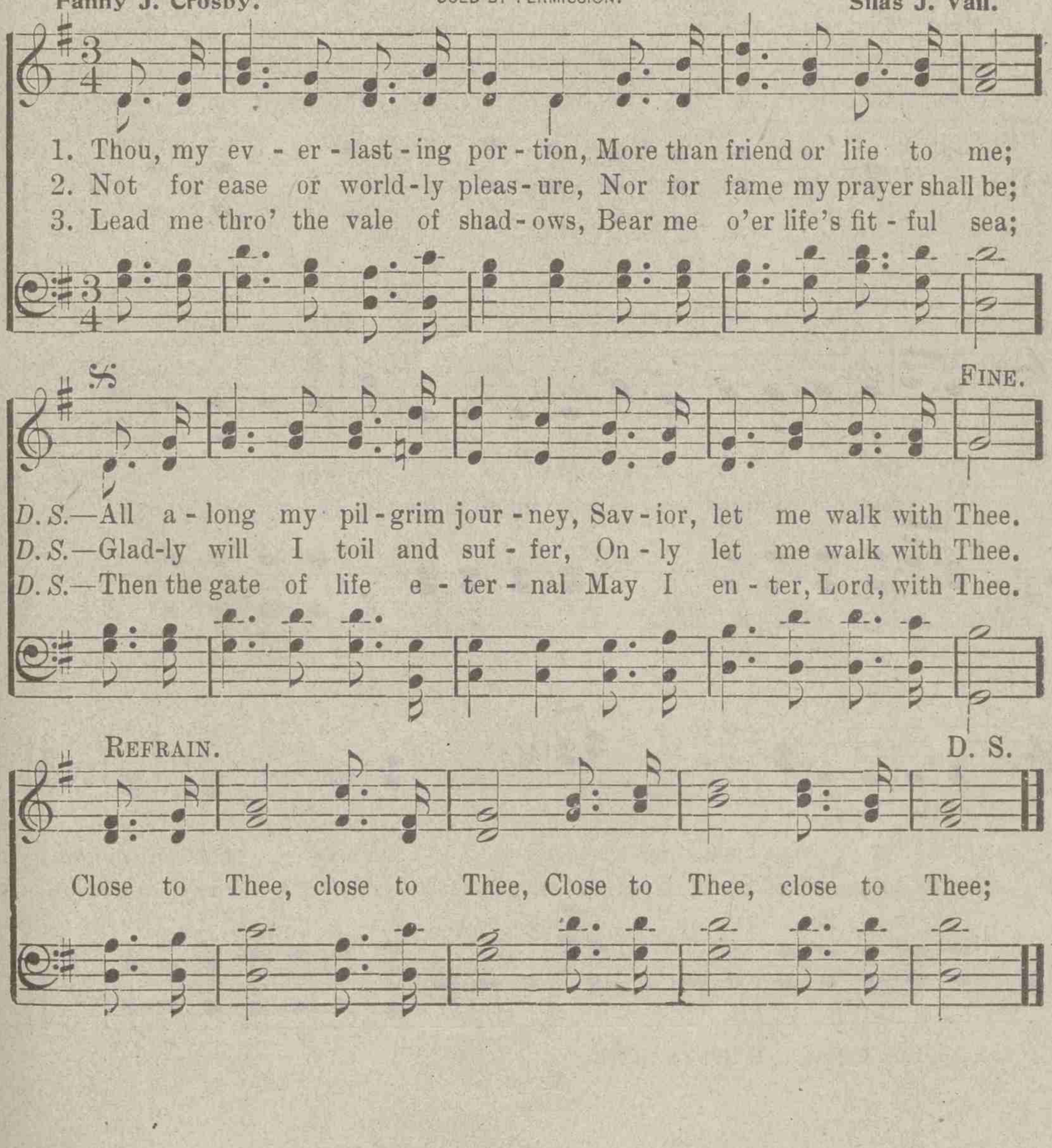
Oh, it's just like Je - sus, to set the sin - ner free, It's

It's Just Like Jesus.



No. 71. Close to Thee.

Fanny J. Crosby. USED BY PERMISSION. **Silas J. Vail.**



72 Oh! Why Not To-Night!

Rev. H. Bonar, D. D. J. Calvin Bushey.

1. Oh, do not let the word de - part, And close thine eyes a-gainst the light; Poor sin - ner, hard - en not your heart, Be saved, oh, to - night.
2. To - mor-row's sun may nev - er rise, To bless thy long de - lud - ed sight; This is the time, oh, then be wise, Be saved, oh, to - night.
3. Our Lord in pit - y lin - gers still, And wilt thou thus His love re- quite; Re-nounce at once thy stub-born will, Be saved, oh, to - night.
4. Our bless - ed Lord re - fus - es none, Who would to Him their souls u- nite, Be - lieve, o - bey, the work is done, Be saved, oh, to - night.

Chorus.

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

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

Re-entered and Copyright, 1895, by J. H. Hall.

73. "Whosoever," Meaneth Me.

J. E. M. J. EDWIN MCCONNELL.

1. I am hap - py to- day and the sun shines bright, The clouds have been rolled a - way; For the Sav - ior said, "Who - so - ev - er will," May come with Him to stay. (to stay.)
2. All my hopes have been rais'd, O His name be prais'd, His glo - ry has fill'd my soul; I've been lift - ed up and from sin set free, His blood hath made me whole. (me whole.) "Who-so- ev - er," sure- ly mean-eth me, now I am set free. (set free.)
3. O what won - der- ful love, O what grace di - vine, That Je - sus should die for me; I was lost in sin, for the world I pin'd, But

CHORUS.

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

mean - eth me.

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74. I Found It in Jesus.

JAMES ROWE. GARLAND L. SHIRLEY.

1. Won - der - ful love, my heart is o'er - flow-ing, I found it in Je - sus,
2. Won - der - ful grace from e - vil will keep me, I found it in Je - sus,
3. Com - fort, at last, my soul is en - joy - ing, I found it in Je - sus,
4. Hope, bless-ed hope, with me is a - bid - ing, I found it in Je - sus,

found it in Je - sus; Faith in His pow'r I ev - er am show-ing,
found it in Je - sus; Peace will be mine when bil-lows shall sweep me,
found it in Je - sus; Cour - age have I when foes are an - noy - ing,
found it in Je - sus; I shall reach home, for love-light is guid - ing,

CHORUS.

I found it in Je - sus my King. Found it in Je - sus!

"Glo - ry!" I sing; Found it in Him to whom I shall cling; Won-der - ful

love and joy of sal - va - tion, I found it in Je - sus my King.

Copyright, 1921, by Garland L. Shirley.

75. His Glory Abides in My Soul.

JAMES ROWE. J. E. BRYANT.

Rather fast.

1. My soul and the Lord are now in ac - cord, I'm un - der His
2. My wan-d'rings are past, I'm hap - py at last, And fac - ing the
3. My sor - rows He shares, my trou- bles He bears, And keeps me un-

per- fect con- trol; He found me a - stray and now, day by day, His
glo - ri - fied goal; And sweet-ly I sing of heav-en's own King Whose
spot-ted and whole; And soon, by His grace, we'll stand face to face; His

CHORUS.

Inst. *Parts.*

glo - ry a - bides in my soul. A-

His glo - ry a - bides in my

Inst. *Parts.*

bides in my soul, The a - ges shall roll; Yes,

soul,..... And will while the a - ges shall roll;.....

bless His dear name, His love I pro - claim; His glo - ry a - bides in my soul.

Used by permission.

76. Who'll Be the Next?

G. L. S. GARLAND L. SHIRLEY.

1. Je - sus so ten-der - ly is call - ing, Who'll be the next? who'll be the next?
2. Je - sus so pa-tient-ly is wait - ing, Who'll be the next? who'll be the next?
3. Je - sus so lov - ing- ly is plead- ing, Who'll be the next? who'll be the next?

Cho.–Who'll be the next to come to Je - sus? Who'll be the next, who'll be the next?

D. C.

Je - sus so ten- der - ly is call - ing, Come to Je - sus now.
Je - sus so pa- tient- ly is wait - ing, Come to Je - sus now.
Je - sus so lov - ing - ly is plead - ing, Come to Je - sus now.

Who'll be the next to come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus now.

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77. I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

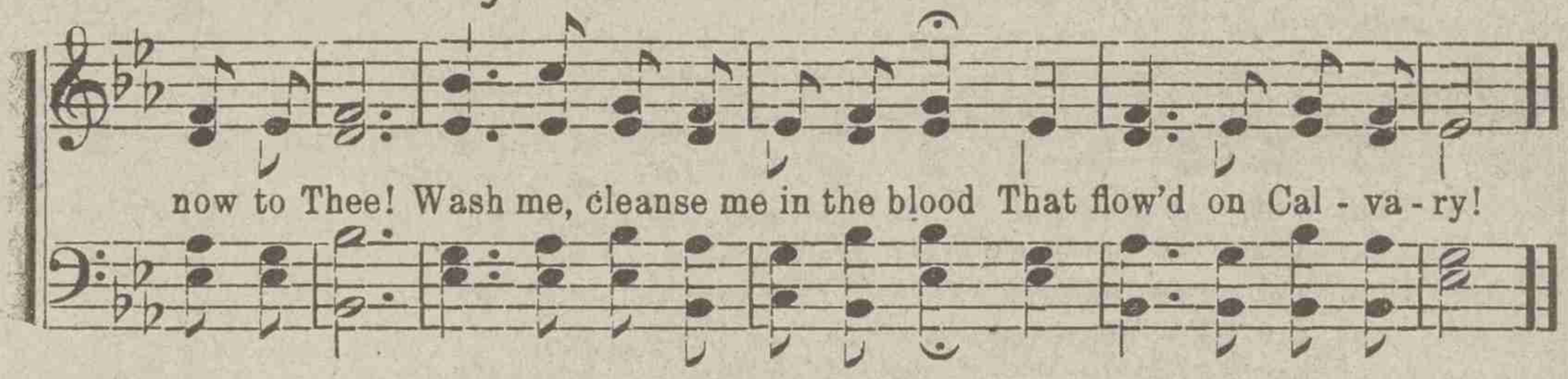
L. H. CLEANSING. REV. L. HARTSOUGH.

1. I hear Thy wel-come voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee; For cleansing in Thy
2. Tho' coming weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure; Thou dost my vileness
3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per-fect faith and love, To per-fect hope, and
4. All hail! a-ton-ing blood! All hail! re-deem-ing grace! All hail! the gift of

CHORUS.

pre-cious blood, That flow'd on Cal - va - ry.
ful - ly cleanse, Till spot - less all and pure. I am com-ing, Lord! Com - ing
peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n a-bove.
Christ, our Lord, Our strength and righteousness.

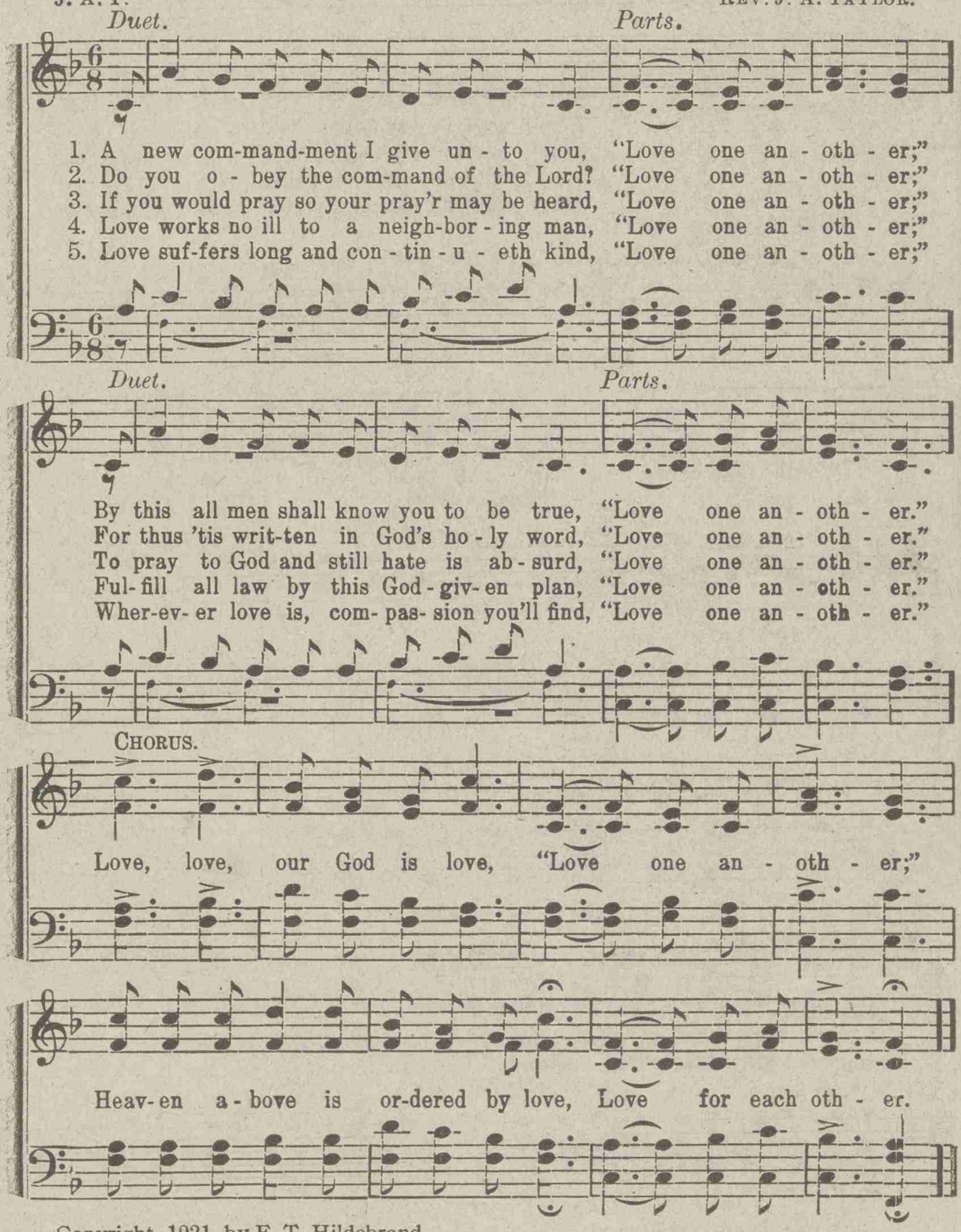
I Hear Thy Welcome Voice. Concluded.



78. "Love One Another."

"A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another."—Jno. 13: 34. (*The Eleventh Commandment.*)

J. A. T. REV. J. A. TAYLOR.



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79 I Will Take Care of Thee, My Child.

O. A. M. O. A. MILLER.

1. Fear not, my dear child, for I am thy God, I will take care of
2. Fear not when sor-rows like sea - bil-lows roll, I will take care of
3. Fear not when tempted, for I am near by, I will take care of
4. Fear not when near-ing e - ter - ni - ty's shore, I will take care of
I will, yes,

thee;..... Watch, care o'er thee like the o - cean is broad,
thee;..... Fear not when troubles dash o - ver thy soul,
thee;..... I will de - liv - er when I hear thy cry,
thee;..... Safe in my arms I will car - ry thee o'er,
I will take care of thee,

Rit. CHORUS.

I will take care, take care of thee. I will take care of
I will take care

I will

thee, my child, Care of thee, care of thee;
of thee, my child, I will take care of thee, of thee;

take care, take care of thee;

I will take care of thee, my child, Be not a - fraid.....
I will take care of thee, my child, be not a-fraid.

I will take care.

Copyright, 1909, by O. A. Miller. By per.

80. God Has His Eye on You.

J. S. R. JULIUS S. RUSHING.

1. Does your path lead thru the dark-ness to - day? (to - day?) God has His
2. Tho you wan - der oft in doubt and dis-tress, (dis-tress,) God has His
3. When you fal - ter on your way look a - bove, (a - bove,) God has His

eye on you; He is watch-ing ev - 'ry step of the way, (the way,)
eye on you; He is near your side to help and to bless, (to bless,)
eye on you; He will hold you with the bonds of His love, (His love,)

CHORUS.

For God has His eye on you. You may live each day and hour close to

Him, God has His eye on you; He will
close to Him, on you;

keep you by His pow'r free from sin, For God has His eye on you.
from sin,

Copyright, 1921, by Julius S. Rushing.

81. I Am Waiting.

W. O. Cushing. USED BY PERMISSION. W. M. Weekley.

1. I am wait-ing by the riv-er, And my heart has wait-ed long;
2. Far a-way be-yond the shad-ows Of this wear-y vale of tears,
3. They are launching on the riv-er, From the calm and qui-et shore,
4. Oh, I long to be with Je-sus, In the man-sions of the blest,

Now I think I hear the cho-rus Of the an-gels' wel-come song.
There the tide of bliss is sweep-ing Thro' the bright and changeless years.
And they soon will bear my spir-it Where the wear-y sigh no more.
Where the wick-ed cease from troubling, And the wear-y are at rest.

CHORUS.

I'm wait - - - ing for the Boat-man, I am
I'm wait-ing, I am wait-ing for the Boat-man, I am
wait - ing till He comes; I am wait-ing on the shore, For my
wait-ing, I am wait-ing till He comes;
jour-ney's al-most o'er; I am wait-ing, yes, I'm waiting to go home.

82. I'll Never Leave Jesus Behind.

G. L. L. Good as a Solo. G. L. LINDSEY.

Not too fast.

1. While on - ward I jour - ney thro' life's rug- ged way, Rich bless-ings I oft - en will find; But know-ing the dan- ger of go - ing a - stray,
2. I've tried Him and proved out His love o'er and o'er, No oth - er such friend could I find; Rich bless-ings on me He will dai - ly out-pour,
3. I once was in dark - ness, no light could I see, To all His rich blessings was blind; But thro' His great love He had mer - cy on me,

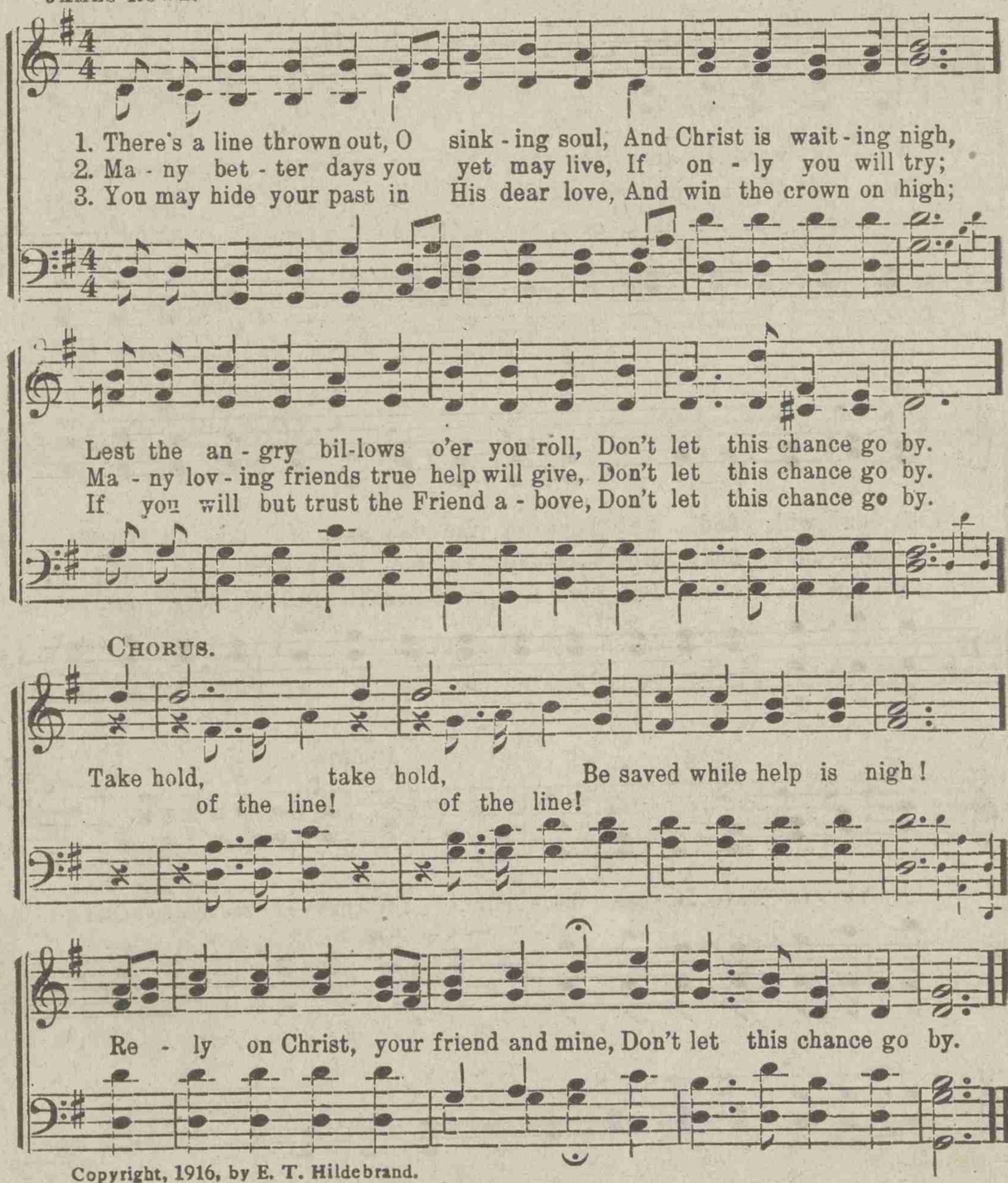
CHORUS.

I'll nev - er leave Je - sus be - hind. I'll nev - er leave Je - sus be- hind, I'll nev - er leave Je - sus be - hind, Tho' dear ones for- sake me, temp- ta-tions o'ertake me, I'll nev - er leave Je - sus be - hind.

G. L. Lindsey, owner.
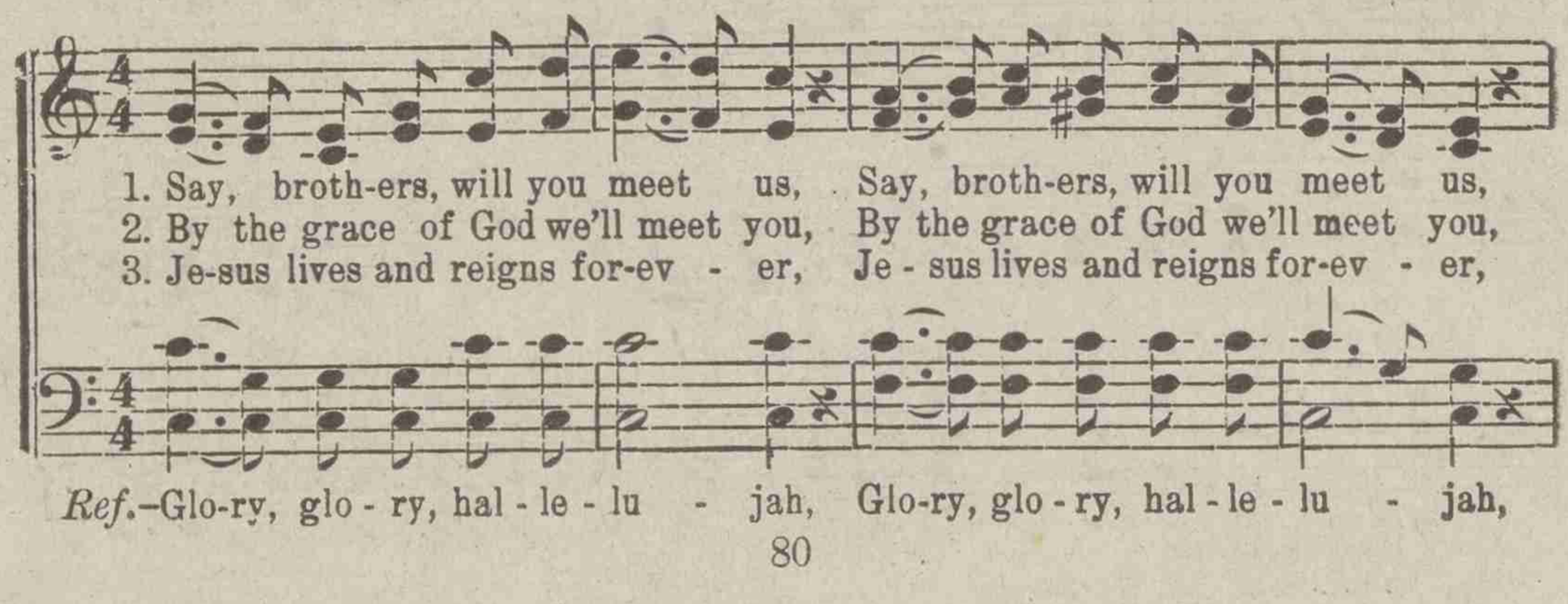
83 Don't Let This Chance Go By.

JAMES ROWE. E. T. HILDEBRAND.
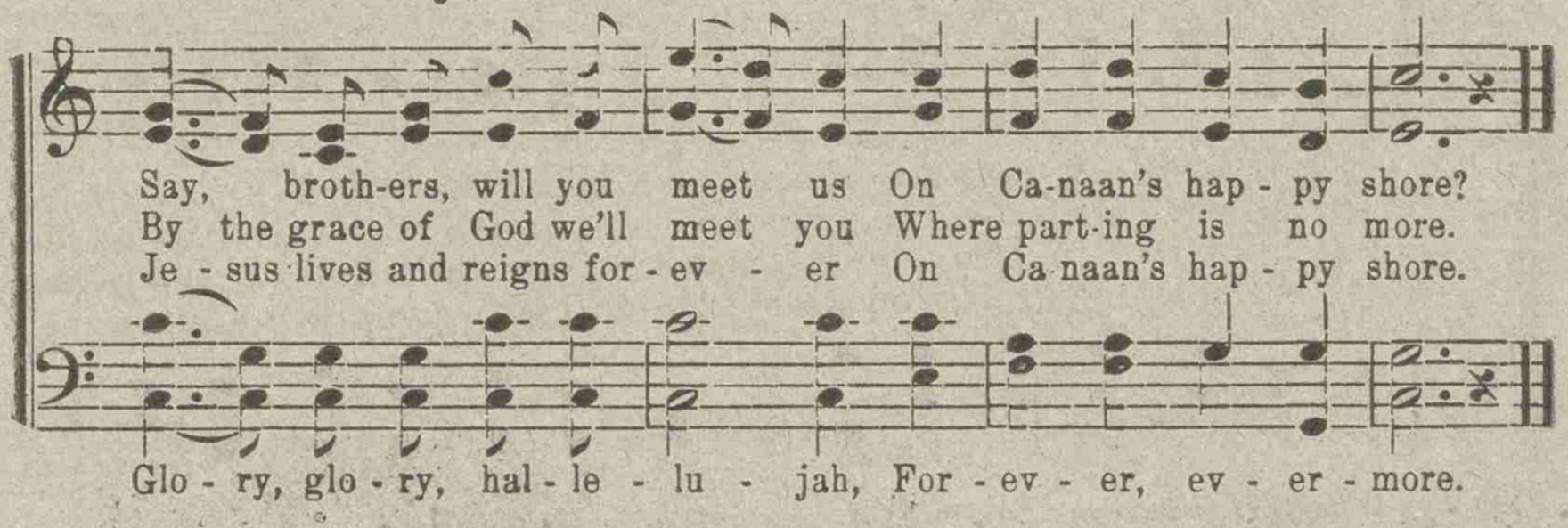


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84 Say, Brothers.

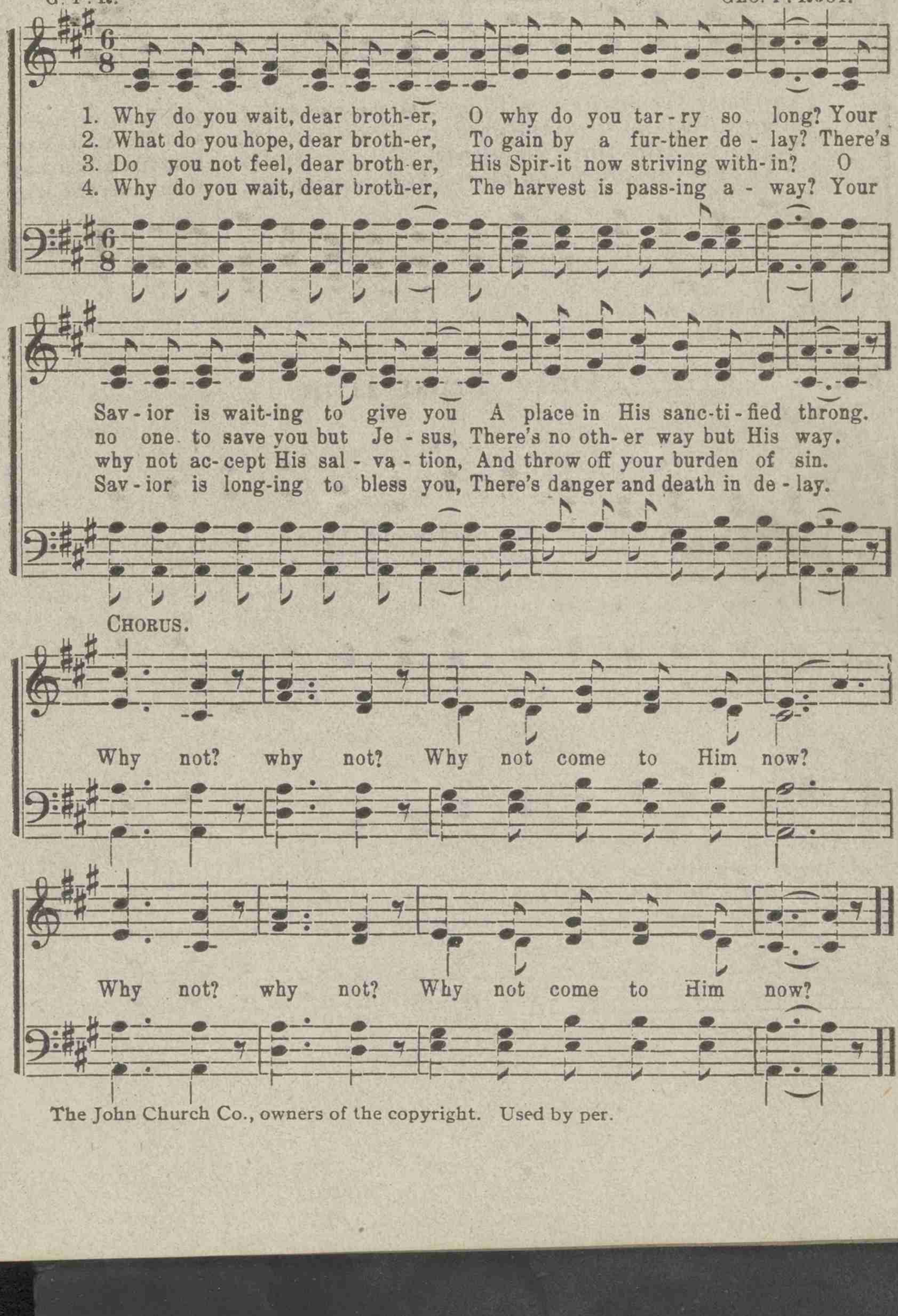


Say, Brothers. Concluded.



85. Why Do You Wait?

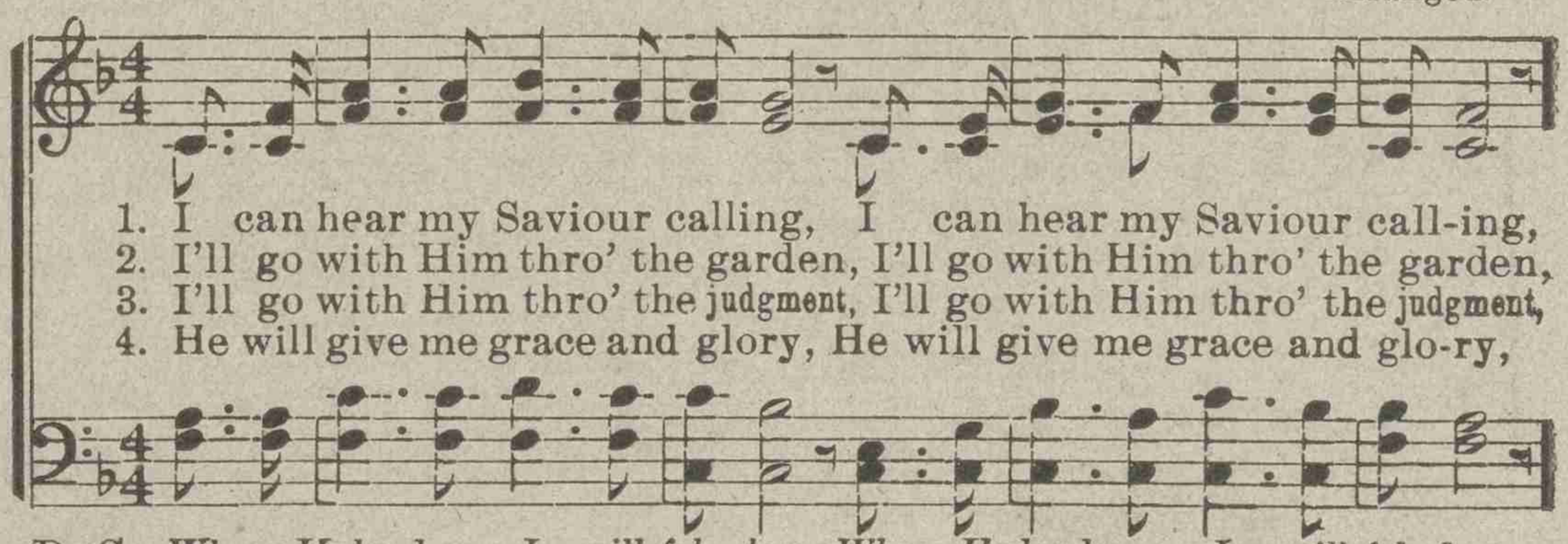
G. F. R. GEO. F. ROOT.



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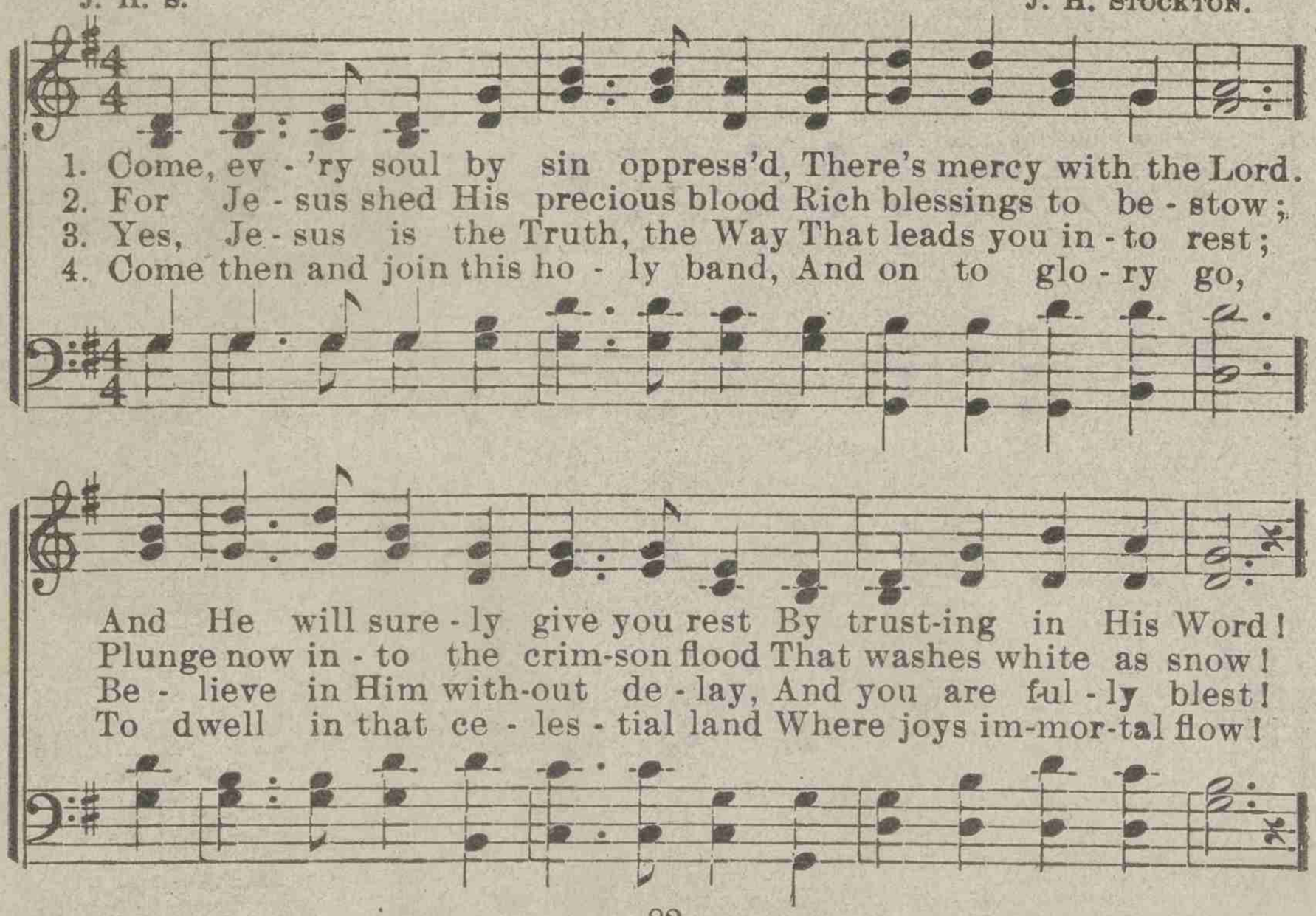
86 I Can Hear My Saviour Calling.

Arranged.



87. Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. J. H. Stockton.



Only Trust Him. Concluded.

CHORUS.

{ On-ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, Only trust Him now!
{ He will save you, He will save you, He will [*Omit . -*] } save you now!

88 Open the Windows of the Soul.

MARK D. USSERY. THOS. BENTON.

1. O - pen now the windows of the soul; Let the gospel light shine in.
2. Why do you a-bide in sin's dark way; Let the gospel light shine in.
3. Hark! the loving Saviour pleads with thee; Let the gospel light shine in,
4. Joy that's ev-er-last-ing waits you there; Let the gospel light shine in,

Its transcendent beauties now behold, Let the gospel light shine in.
It will cheer and keep you day by day, Let the gospel light shine in.
Turn, O turn from sorrow, turn and flee, Let the gospel light shine in.
In that go'd-en cit - y, bright and fair, Let the gospel light shine in.

REFRAIN.

Let the gospel light shine in, Let the gospel light shine in;
shine in, shine in;

O-pen wide the windows of the soul, Let the gospel light shine in.

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89. You'll Find It All at the Cross.

REV. W. C. STEWART. J. OWEN LONG.

1. Do you want par-don for all your sin? Do you want sunshine and joy with-in?
2. For ev-'ry heartache there is a balm; For ev-'ry tempest there is a calm;
3. When Je-sus comes will you read-y be? From ev-'ry sin will your heart be free?

Do you want vis-ion and pow'r to win? You'll find it all at the cross.
For ev-'ry wail there's a joy-ful psalm; You'll find it all at the cross.
Where will you spend long e-ter-ni-ty? You're on-ly hope is the cross.

CHORUS.

Come to the cross, there is room for you, Come to the cross and be made a-new;

Grace to sus-tain you and keep you true, You'll find it all at the cross.

(Small notes are for the organist only.)

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90. My Mother's Prayer.

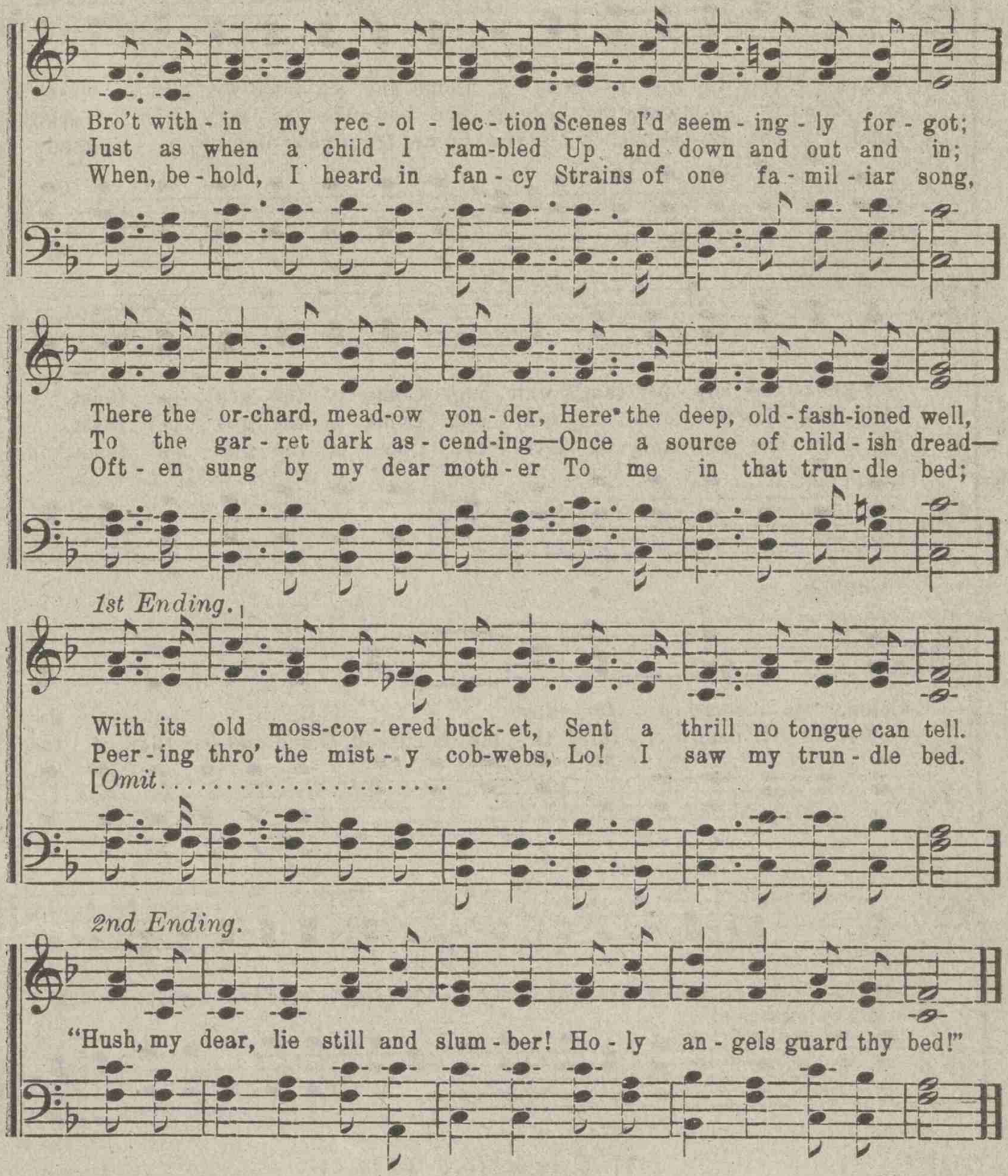
"Her children arise up, and call her blessed."—PROV. 31: 28.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. As I wan-dered 'round the homestead, Many a dear fa-mil-iar spot
2. Tho' the house was held by strangers, All re-mained the same with-in,
3. Quick I drew it from the rub-bish, Cov-ered o'er with dust so long,

Used by permission.

My Mother's Prayer. Concluded.



4 While I listen to the music
Stealing on in gentle strain,
I am carried back to childhood—
I am now a child again;
'Tis the hour of my retiring,
At the dusky eventide;
Near my trundle bed I'm kneeling,
As of yore, by mother's side.

5 Hands are on my head so loving,
As they were in childhood's days;
I, with weary tones, am trying
To repeat the words she says;
'Tis a prayer, in language simple
As a mother's lips can frame:
*"Father, Thou who art in heaven,
Hallow'd, ever, be Thy name."

6 Pray'r is over; to my pillow
With a "good-night" kiss I creep,
Scarcely waking while I whisper,
"Now I lay me down to sleep."
Then my mother, o'er me bending,
Prays in earnest words, but mild:
*"Hear my pray'r, O heav'nly Father,
Bless, oh, bless, my precious child!"

7 Yet I am but only dreaming:
Ne'er I'll be a child again;
Many years has that dear mother
In the quiet churchyard lain;
But the mem'ry of her counsels
O'er my path a light has shed,
Daily calling me to heaven,
Even from my trundle bed.

* Use second ending.

91. Come to the Gospel Feast.

J. O. L. J. OWEN LONG.

1. Come, for the ta - ble is read - y, Come and sit down with the Priest,
2. In from the high-ways and hedg-es, See how the ar - my's in - creased!
3. Kind - ly the Fa-ther in - vites you, Come, from your sins be re - leased;

Gor-geous the sup - per that's wait - ing—Come to the gos - pel feast.
Still are His mer- cies ex - ten - ded, Come to the gos - pel feast.
En - ter the por - tals of mer - cy, Come to the gos - pel feast.

CHORUS.

Come, come to - day,..... Do not de-
Come, for His boun - ti - ful ta - ble is spread, Come and par-take of the

m *p* *m*

lay,..... Hear His sweet voice, Make Him your choice, Come to the gospel feast.
life-giv-ing bread,

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92. I'll Live for Him.

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

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

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

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I'll Live for Him. Concluded.

D. C. Chorus.

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

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

93. Jesus Now Is Calling.

R. E. H. R. E. Hudson.

1. Come, ye wea - ry and op-pressed, Je - sus now is call - ing you;
2. Tho' your sins like moun-tains rise, Je - sus now is call - ing you;
3. Tho' your sins like scar - let be, Je - sus now is call - ing you;
4. Come, ye wand'rers from the fold, Je - sus now is call - ing you;

FINE. CHORUS.

Come, and He will give you rest, For He bids you come.
He has made the sac - ri - fice, And He bids you come. Je - sus now is
From them all He'll set you free, Still He bids you come.
For His love can ne'er be told, And He bids you come.

D. S.—*call-ing you, Call-ing you to come.*

D. S.

call - ing, call - ing, call - ing, Je - sus now is
call - ing, call - ing, call - ing,

Copyright by R. E. Hudson.

94. Glory By and By.

R. K. O. Robt. K. Orr.

1. When our work on earth is done, And the crown of vic-t'ry won, We shall
2. Soon the home-gate will un-fold, Then a - long the streets of gold We shall
3. All our cares will pass a - way At the dawn-ing of the day, And our

hear a "welcome home" up on high; He will bid us welcome there, Give to us
sing, with Christ our Friend sweetly nigh; With that everlasting throng We shall re-
hearts no more will sor-row or sigh; In His pres-ence we shall be, Spending the
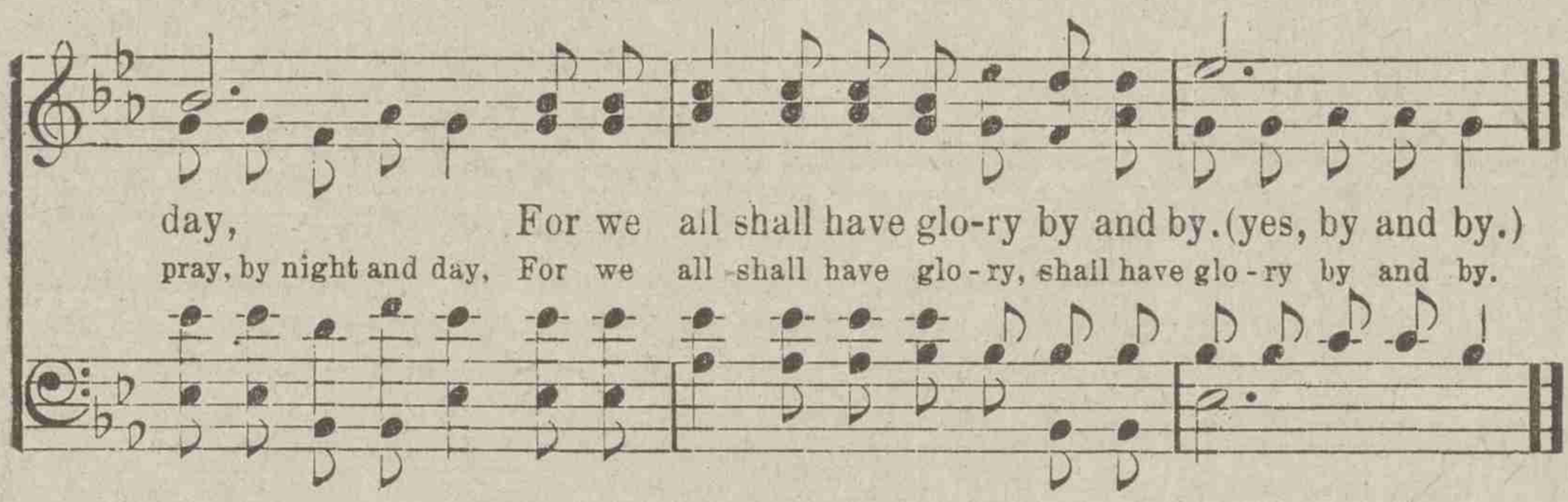
man-sions bright and fair; Oh, we sure-ly shall all have glo-ry by and by.
peat the end-less song; Oh, we sure-ly shall all have glo-ry by and by.
glad e-ter-ni-ty; Oh, we sure-ly shall all have glo-ry by and by.

CHORUS.

Oh, the glo - ry oh, the glo - ry, In that
Oh, the glo-ry by and by, oh, the glo-ry by and by, In that

home..... a-bove the sky; Watch and pray,..... night and
home a-bove the sky, happy home above the sky! Watch and pray, oh, watch and pray, Watch and

Glory By and By.



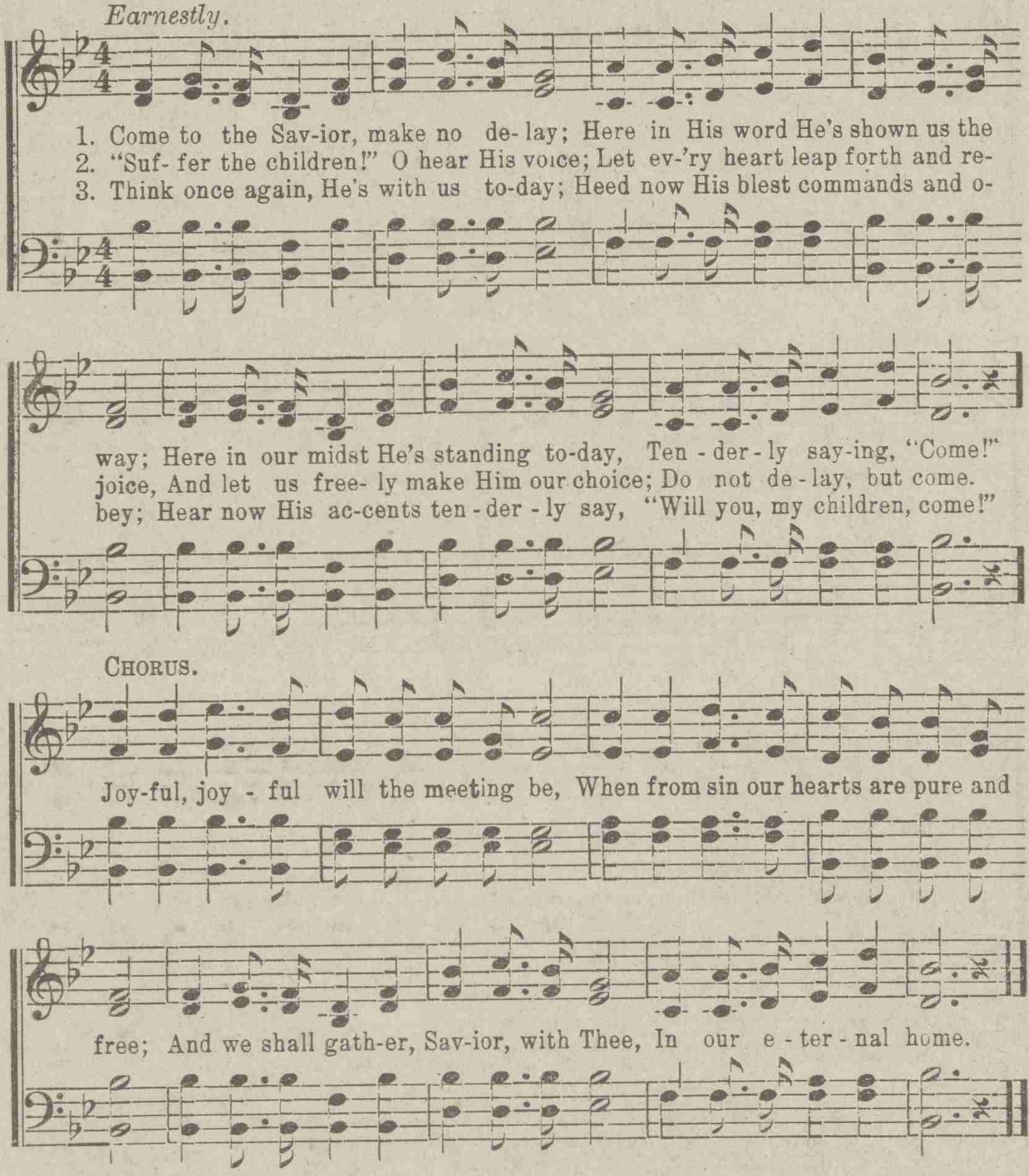
95. Room at the Cross.

W. B. B. USED BY PERMISSION. Wm. B. Blake.

96. Come to the Savior.

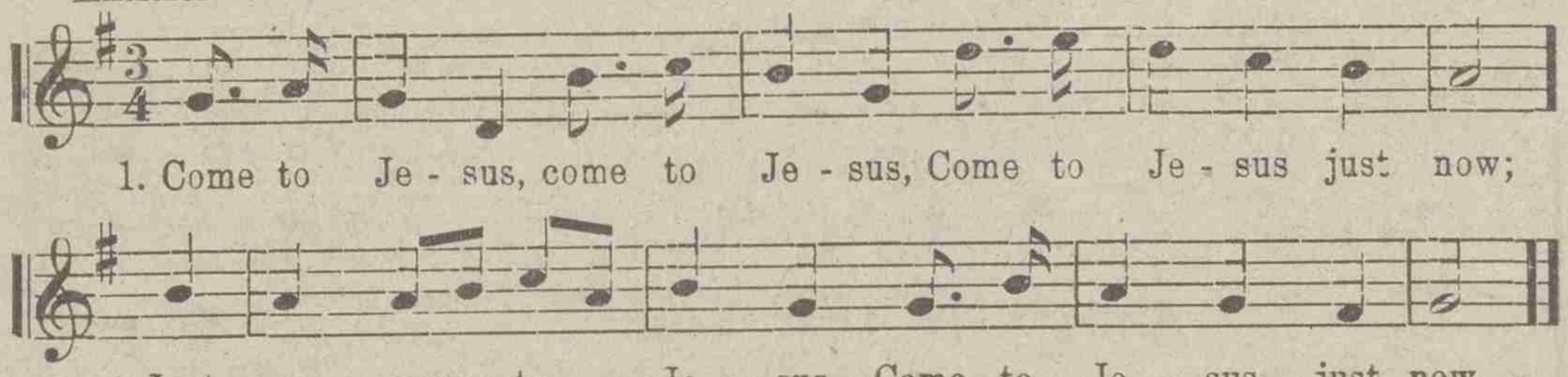
Words and Music by GEO. F. ROOT.

Earnestly.



97. Come to Jesus Just Now.

HAMMOND. FAWCETT.



2 He will save you.
3 He is able.
4 He is willing.
5 He is waiting.
6 O believe Him.
7 O receive Him.
8 Jesus loves you.
9 He will bless you.
10 He will cleanse you.
11 Only trust Him.
12 Let us praise Him.
13 Hallelujah. Amen.

98 Prodigal, Come Home.

REV. R. J. DOGAN. E. T. HILDEBRAND.

Far.....

1. In the fields of sin, a prod - i - gal, Far a - way from home,
2. O why a - mong the husks and swine? Far a - way from home,
3. You've lost your way and wan - dered on, Far a - way from home,
4. O wan-d'ring child, do not re - main Far a - way from home,

from home,.....

Far a - way from home; No fa - ther's house, no fa - ther's love,
Far a - way from home; O why a - bide in fields of sin,
Far a - way from home; Your Fa - ther's wait - ing since you're gone,
Far a - way from home; The cup of bit - ter dregs to drain,

Far ..... from home..... CHORUS.

Far a-way from home, Far a-way from home. Lone-ly prod - i - gal, in

sin and shame, Why not be com - ing home? O be - lieve His word and

O come,..... come home.....

Rit.

trust His name, O prod - i - gal, come home, Come home, come home.

NOTE.—Let the vowel "i," in "prodigal," be pronounced as "i" in "it."

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99. Pass Me Not.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Pass me not, O gen- tle Sav - ior, Hear my hum-ble cry; While on
2. Let me at a throne of mer' - cy, Find a sweet re - lief; Kneel-ing
3. Trust-ing on - ly in Thy mer - it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my
4. Thou the Spring of all my com-fort, More than life to me, Whom have

CHORUS.

oth - ers Thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.
there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief. Sav - ior, Sav - ior,
wounded, brok-en spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.
I on earth be- side Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?

Hear my humble cry, While on others Thou art calling, Do not pass me by.

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100. I'm Going Home.

WM. HUNTER, D. D. Arr. by REV. W. MCDONALD.

1. { My heav'n-ly home is bright and fair; Nor pain, nor death can en- ter there; }
{ Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun outshine, That heav'nly mansion shall be mine; }

CHO. { I'm go - ing home, I'm go-ing home, I'm go - ing home to die no more. }
{ To die no more, to die no more, I'm go - ing home to die no more. }

2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

3 Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me.

101. He Gareth For You.

J. O. L.

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J. Owen Long.

1. Come, wear - y soul, by sin op-pressed, He car - eth for you,
2. Tho' you may be cast down in soul, He car - eth for you,
3. Out - cast, for - sak - en and a - lone, He car - eth for you,

He car - eth for you; And lean up - on His lov - ing breast,
He car - eth for you; The Lord will cleanse and make you whole,
He car - eth for you; He longs to make you all His own,

REFRAIN.

He car - - - - eth for

For Je - sus car - eth for you.
Yes, Je - sus car - eth for you.
Yes, Je - sus car - eth for you.

He car - - - - eth, He

Yes, Je - sus the Sav - ior still

you,..... He car - - - eth for you;.....

car - eth for you, He car - - - eth, still car - eth for you;
car - eth for you, Yes, Je - sus the Sav - ior still car - eth for you;

He longs to make you all His own, For Je - sus car - eth for you.

102 When the Bridegroom Comes.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. We are wait - ing till the Bridegroom com - eth, With our
2. He will come, tho' long He seems to tar - ry; He has
3. Of His com - ing there is no one know - eth, Breaks the
4. Oh, how hap - py if He finds us wait - ing, With what

lamps all trimmed and burning bright; We are watch-ing for His
prom-ised, and His word is sure; All His wait-ing ones with
glo - ry as the lightning's flash; Na - tions in the sleep of
rap - ture will we en - ter in; But how aw - ful, un - pre-

blest ap - pear - ing, With the shin-ing ones in gar ments white.
Him shall en - ter, Then for - ev - er will be closed the door.
sin un - heed - ing, Peals the trump-et as the thun-der's crash.
pared to meet Him, Oh how dread-ful then the doom of sin.

CHORUS.

O be read-y, O be read-y, O be read-y when the Bridegroom comes;

O be read-y, O be read-y, O be read-y when the Bridegroom comes.

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103 Now is the Time.

STELLA MAY THOMPSON. E. T. HILDEBRAND.

1. Now is the time, O no lon - ger de - lay, Hast-en to turn from your sins all a - way; Ask, and the Sav - iour will free - ly for - give,
2. Now is the time to be pa-tient and strong, Help-ing the weak bear their bur - dens a - long; Com - fort - ing hearts that are strick - en with grief,
3. Now is the time to ex - tol His blest name, Un - to the err - ing sal - va - tion pro-claim; Wear-ing the ar - mor so bright and se - cure,

CHORUS.

Help- ing thee e'er for His glo - ry to live.
Tell - ing them of an un - fail - ing re - lief. Now is the time,
En - ter the bat - tle, thy vic - t'ry is sure.

now is the time, Now is the time to be loy - al and brave,

Rit.

Now is the time, now is the time, Let the Lord Je - sus a - bund-ant-ly save.

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104. Morning.

JAMES ROWE. W. B. BLANTON. By per.

1. Let us all cease our re - pin - ing, Ban - ish our doubts and our fears;
2. If in the midnight we doubt - ed Je - sus our Friend of the past,
3. God shall the na-tion de - liv - er, Love's precious flag is un - furled;

Light thro' the darkness is shin - ing, Morn o'er the hill-tops ap - pears.
Now let mis-giv-ings be rout - ed, Morn-ing is break-ing at last.
Glo - ry to Je - sus for - ev - er! Morn-ing now dawns for the world.

CHORUS.

Morn - ing, morn - ing, Darkness is passing a - way;.....
Beauti- ful morning, beauti-ful morning, is passing a - way;

Look-ing a - bove, we trust His dear love More and more each day.

105. His Love Has Anchored My Soul.

ELDRIDGE MURPHY. SCOTT CROTTS.

1. My soul was once by bil-lows toss'd, I felt I was com-plete-ly lost;
2. I fear no tem-pest shock to - day, But go re - joic-ing on my way;
3. I praise His name, so blest am I, Since all my hopes on Him re - ly,

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His Love Has Anchored. Concluded.

But when I knelt down by the cross, In love Christ anchored my soul.
For Je - sus is my hope and stay, His love has anchored my sou .
I can all rag - ing storms de - fy, His love has anchored my soul.

CHORUS.

His love has anchored my soul (my soul.) I'm safe, tho' bil-lows may roll;. . .

cres.

Stead-fast and sure, I rest se-cure, His love has anchored my soul.

106. I Do Believe.

CHARLES WESLEY. Unknown.

1. Fa - ther, I stretch my hands to Thee, No oth - er help I know;
2. What did Thine on - ly Son en - dure Be - fore I drew my breath;
3. O Je - sus, could I this be - lieve; I now should feel Thy pow'r;
4. Au - thor of faith, to Thee I lift My wea - ry, long-ing eyes;

CHO.—*I do be - lieve, I now be - lieve That Je - sus died for me,*

If Thou with-draw Thy - self from me, Ah, whither shall I go?
What pain, what la - bor to se - cure My soul from end - less death!
And all my wants Thou wouldst relieve, In this ac-cept - ed hour.
O let me now re - ceive that gift; My soul with-out it dies.

And thro' His blood, His precious blood, I shall from sin be free.

107. Let Us Each Count One.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY J. OWEN LONG, HARRISONBURG, VA. **J. Owen Long.**

With vim.

1. In the fight for right, with the cross in sight, We will
2. Faith in Him to show, when we meet the foe, We will
3. Till the strife shall cease, bring - ing end - less peace, We will

each count one for Je - sus; Stamp-ing hard on pride, cast - ing
each count one for Je - sus; Tho' the fight be long, ev - er
each count one for Je - sus; Let - ting come what may, till we're

self a - side, We will each count one for Je - sus.
true and strong, We will each count one for Je - sus.
called a - way, We will each count one for Je - sus.

CHORUS. *All voices in unison.*

We will each count one, yes, we'll each count one, Faith - ful to

Harmony.

du - ty and to God's dear Son; He hath re-deemed us, the

Let Us Each Count One.

foe we will not shun, While in the bat-tle, we will each count one.

108. I Would Not Be Denied.

C. P. J. C. P. Jones.

1. When pangs of death seized on my soul, Un-to the Lord I cried.
2. As Ja-cob in the days of old, I wres-tled with the Lord,
3. Old Sa-tan said my Lord was gone, And would not hear my prayer,

Till Je-sus came and made me whole, I would not be de-nied.
And in-stant with a cour-age bold, I stood up-on His word.
But, praise the Lord! the work is done, And Christ the Lord is here.

CHORUS.

I would not be de-nied, I would not be de-nied;
de-nied, de-nied;

Till Je-sus came and made me whole, I would not be de-nied.
de-nied.

109. Some Happy Day.

REV. W. C. STEWART. J. OWEN LONG.

Duet.

1. O bless - ed tho't, it is to me, That I my Sav - ior's face shall see, And in His pres-ence ev - er stay, Some hap-py day, some hap-py day.
2. I'll meet with friends gone on be - fore, And clasp glad hands, to part no more, All pain and sorrow gone for aye, Some hap-py day, some hap-py day.
3. O troub-led soul, trust on and wait, For soon will ope the pearl - y gate; "Come in, my child," thy God will say, Some hap-py day, some hap-py day.

CHORUS OR QUARTET.

Some hap - py day,..... when ends my race,..... I'll look up-on..... His bless-ed face,..... And with my Lord..... for-ev - er stay..... Some hap-py day,..... some hap-py day.....

Some hap-py day, when ends my race, I'll look up-on His blessed face, And with my Lord for-ev-er stay, Some hap-py day, some hap-py day.

rit.

some hap-py day.

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110. Jesus Loves You.

E. K. H. E. K. HEYSER.

1. Oh! come to the light that is beam - ing for you, To lead you from darkness and sin; Oh! why do you lin - ger 'mid
2. The Lord gives a wel - come to all who will come, A share in the glo - ries a - bove; Oh! flee from the world, seek His
3. Oh, turn from the world, give your serv - ice to Him, He needs you, why longer de - lay; The har - vest is read - y, the

dan - ger and strife? Come help us the con - flict to win.
bless-ing to - day; Come dwell in the light of His love.
reap - ers are few, Come fol - low the Mas - ter to - day.

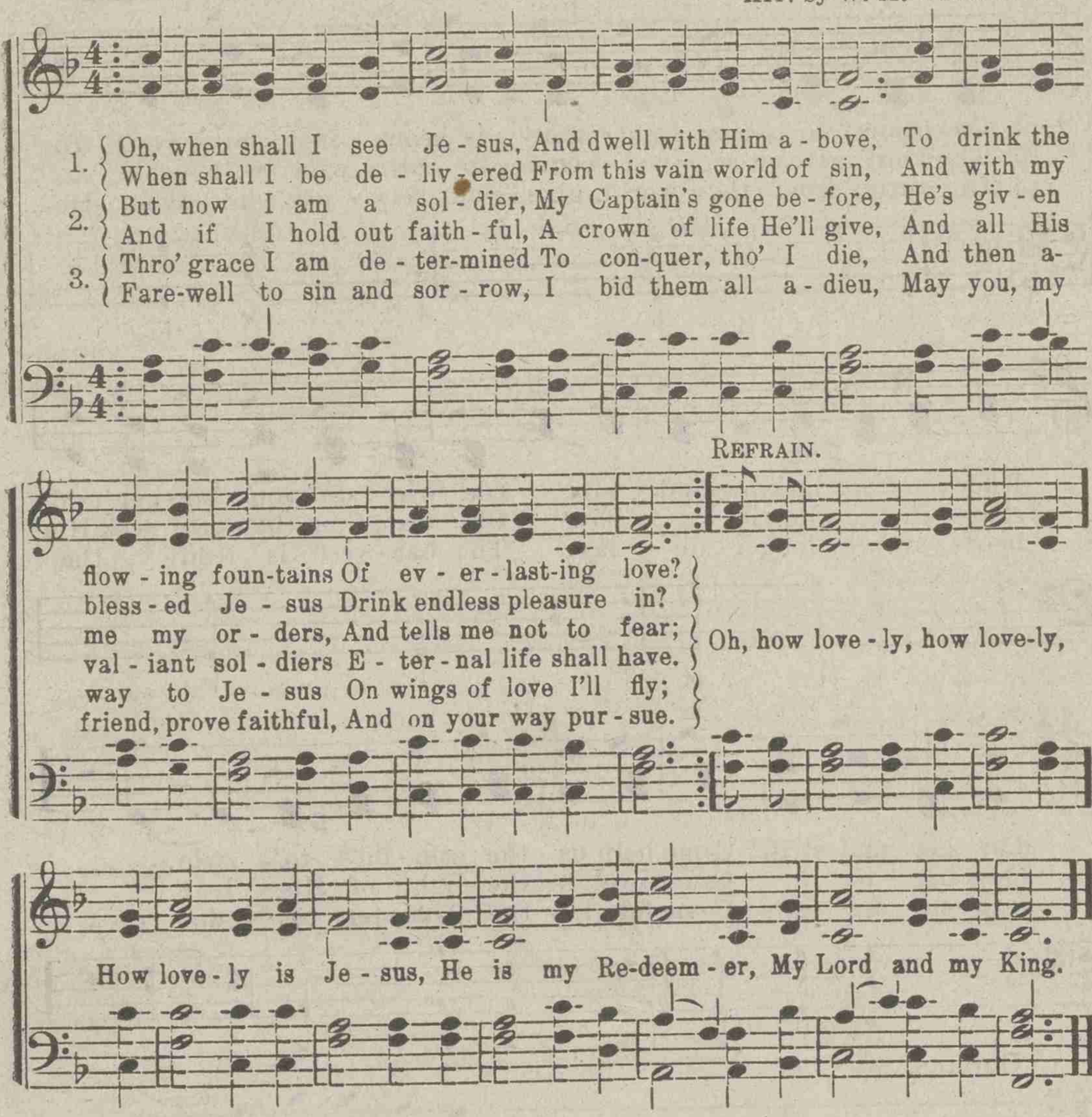
CHORUS.

Je - sus loves you, Tho' you may cast Him a - way;
Je - sus loves you, Je - sus loves you,

Oh! He loves you, Give Him your heart to - day.
Je - sus loves you, Je - sus loves you,

111. Oh, When Shall I See Jesus.

Arr. by W. M. WEEKLEY.



112. Come, We That Love the Lord.

ISAAC WATTS.

Arr. by W. M. WEEKLEY.



1 Come, we that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known,
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
And thus surround the throne,
And thus surround the throne,
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

CHORUS.

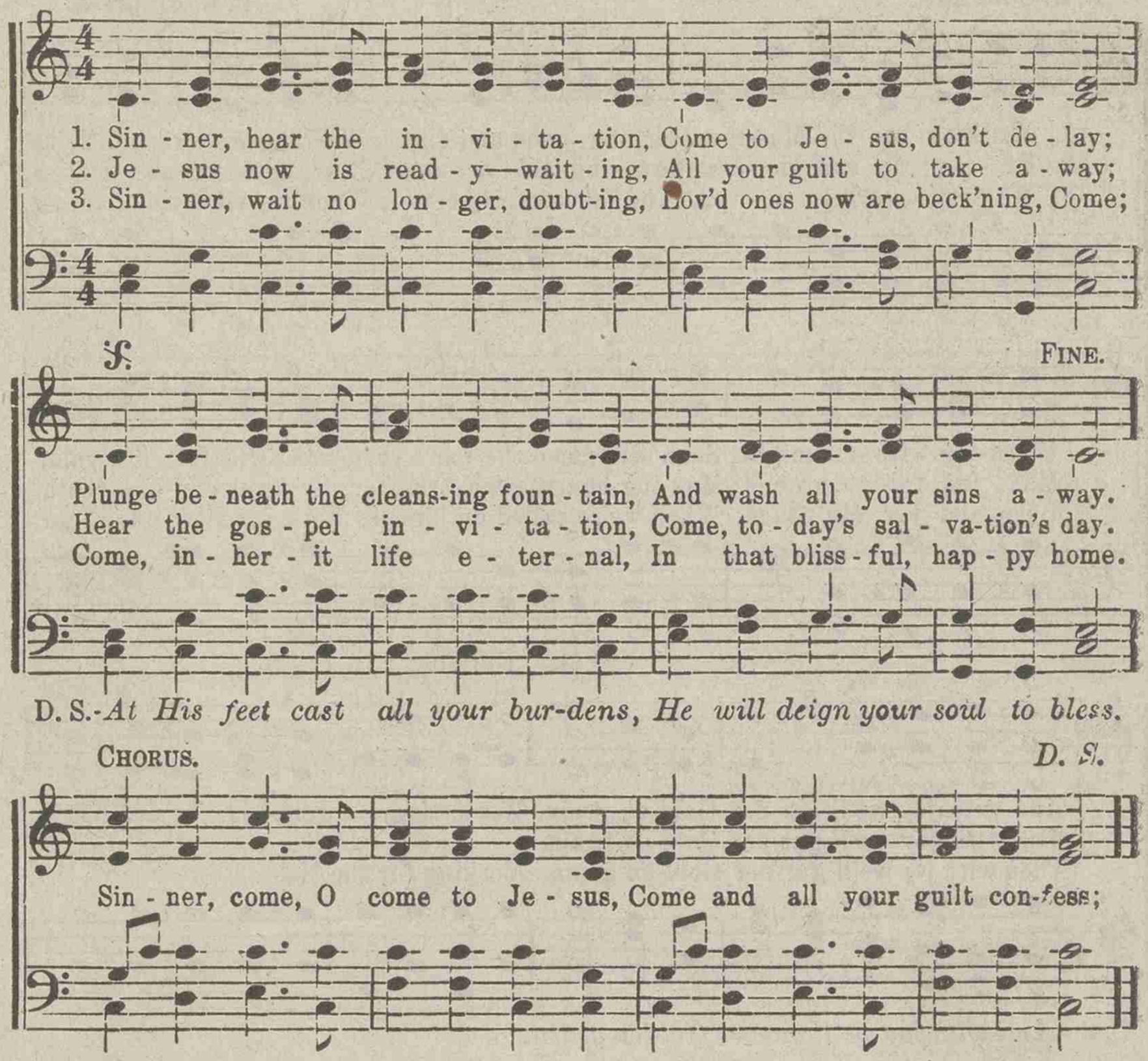
Come, join the Christian band,
And home to glory go,
We're marching to a better land,
Our home is not below.
Our home is not below,
Our home is not below,
We're marching to a better land,
Our home is not below.

2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heav'nly King
May speak their joys abroad.
May speak their joys abroad,
May speak their joys abroad,
But children of the heav'nly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.
To fairer worlds on high,
To fairer worlds on high,
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.
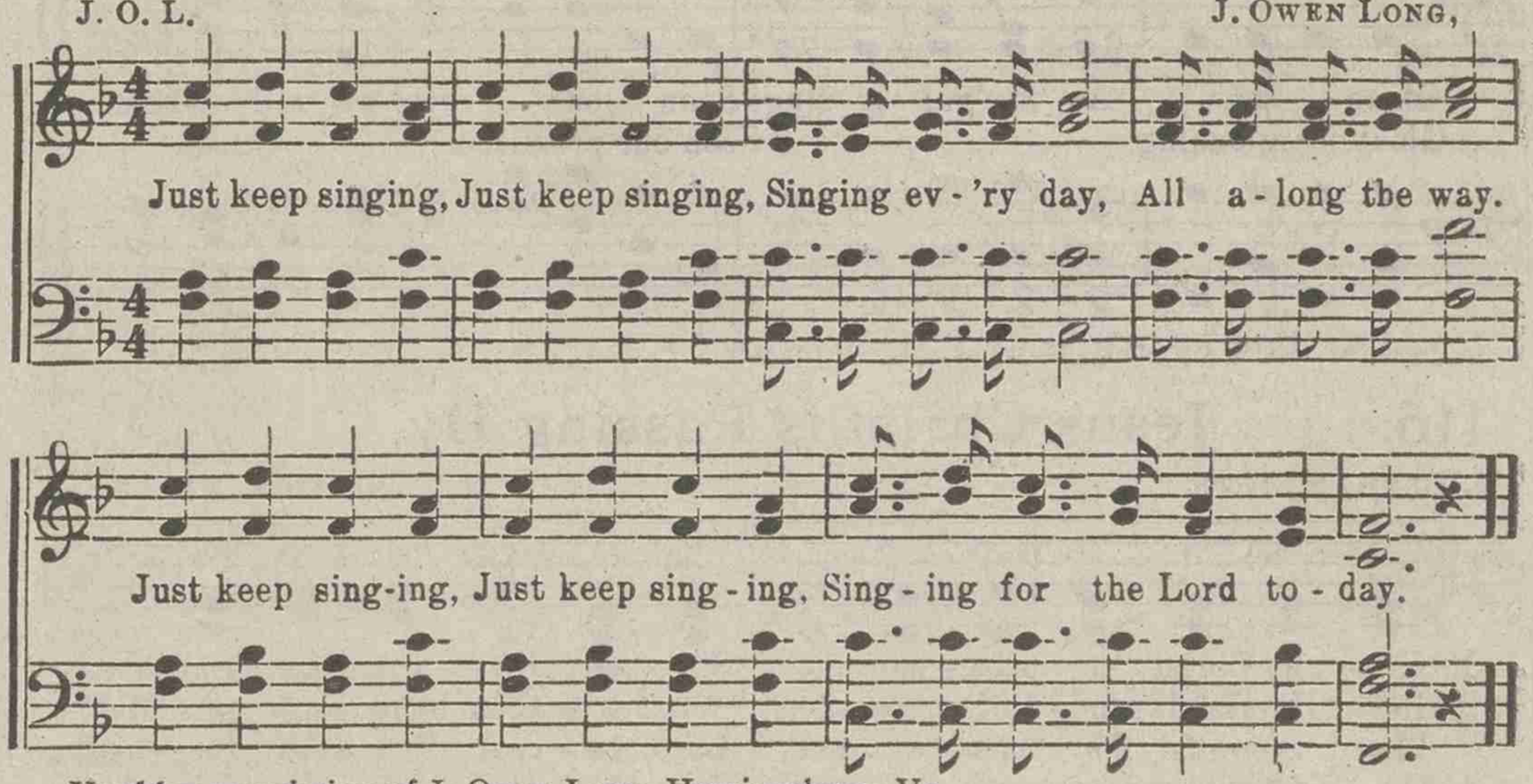
113. Come to Jesus.

J. L. MOORE. E. T. HILDEBRAND.



114. Keep Singing.

J. O. L. J. OWEN LONG,



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NOTE.—This song can be used successfully with children or grown-ups, by having the ladies or girls sing 1 and 5 measures, then the men sing 2 and 6 measures, and all together on balance of song. Words, such as "Smiling," "Shining," "Working," etc., can can be used instead of "Singing."

115. Golden Grain.

E. G. COLEMAN. P. B. BURRESS.

1. Working for the Mas-ter, Morning, noon and night; Working in His grain fields,
2. Ev - er up and do - ing, Sow - ing all a-round, Clearing thorns and thistles,
3. When our work is o - ver, And our sorrows cease; When we view this harvest,

Work-ing with our might; Soon will come the har - vest, Sun will fol - low rain,
Mak - ing fal-low ground; Mak-ing hearts grow brighter, By loves end-less chain,
Love and joy and peace; When we're called up higher, With our Lord to reign,

FINE. CHORUS.

And with joy we'll gar-ner Gold-en grain. Work - ing, work-ing for our King,
While with joy we'll gar-ner Gold-en grain.
Then with joy we'll gar-ner Gold-en grain. Working for the Master,

D. S.–*And with joy we'll garner Golden grain.*

D. S.

Glean - ing, As we gai - ly sing; Soon our - crown we will ob-tain,
Gleaning, gleaning, Soon our promised
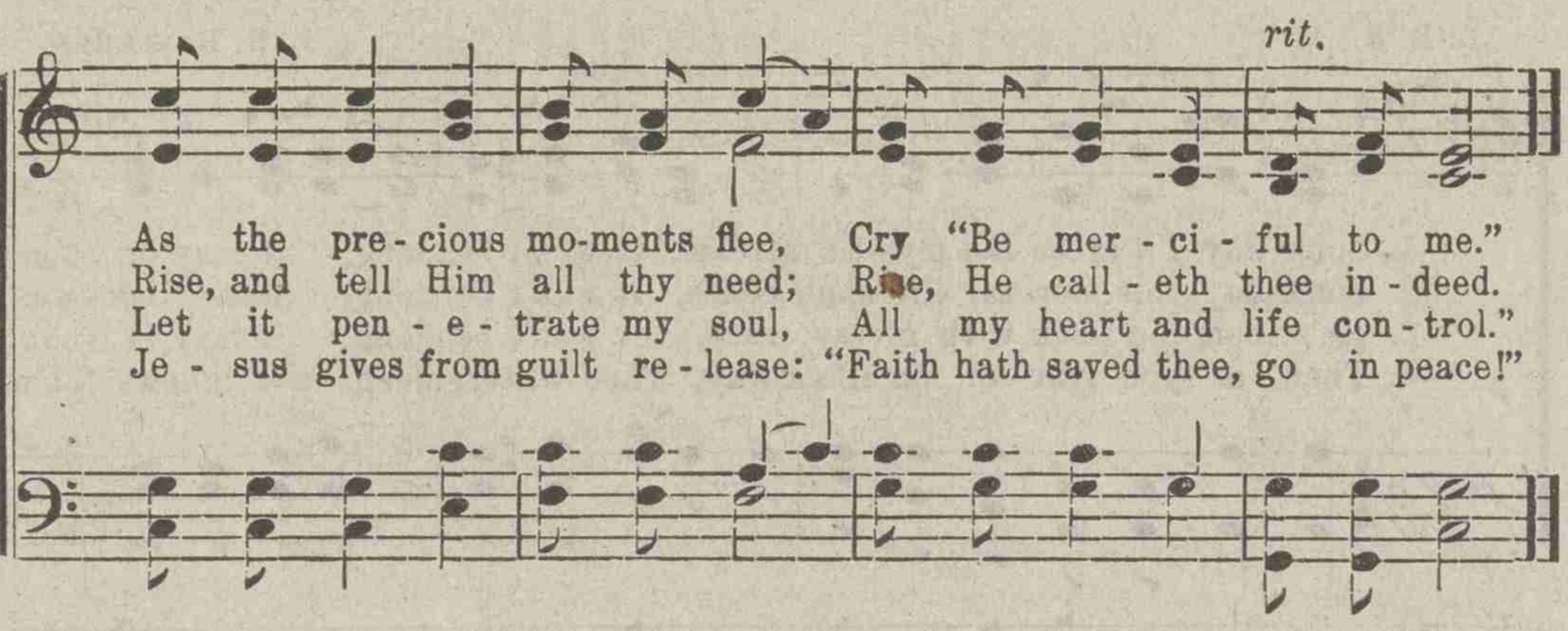
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116. Jesus Christ is Passing By.

J. DENHAM SMITH. MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

1. Je - sus Christ is pass - ing by, Sin - ner, lift to Him thine eye;
2. Lo! He stands and calls to thee, "What wilt thou have now of Me?"
3. "Lord, I would Thy mer - cy see; Lord, re - veal Thy love to me;
4. O how sweet the touch of pow'r In this glad sal - va--tion's hour;
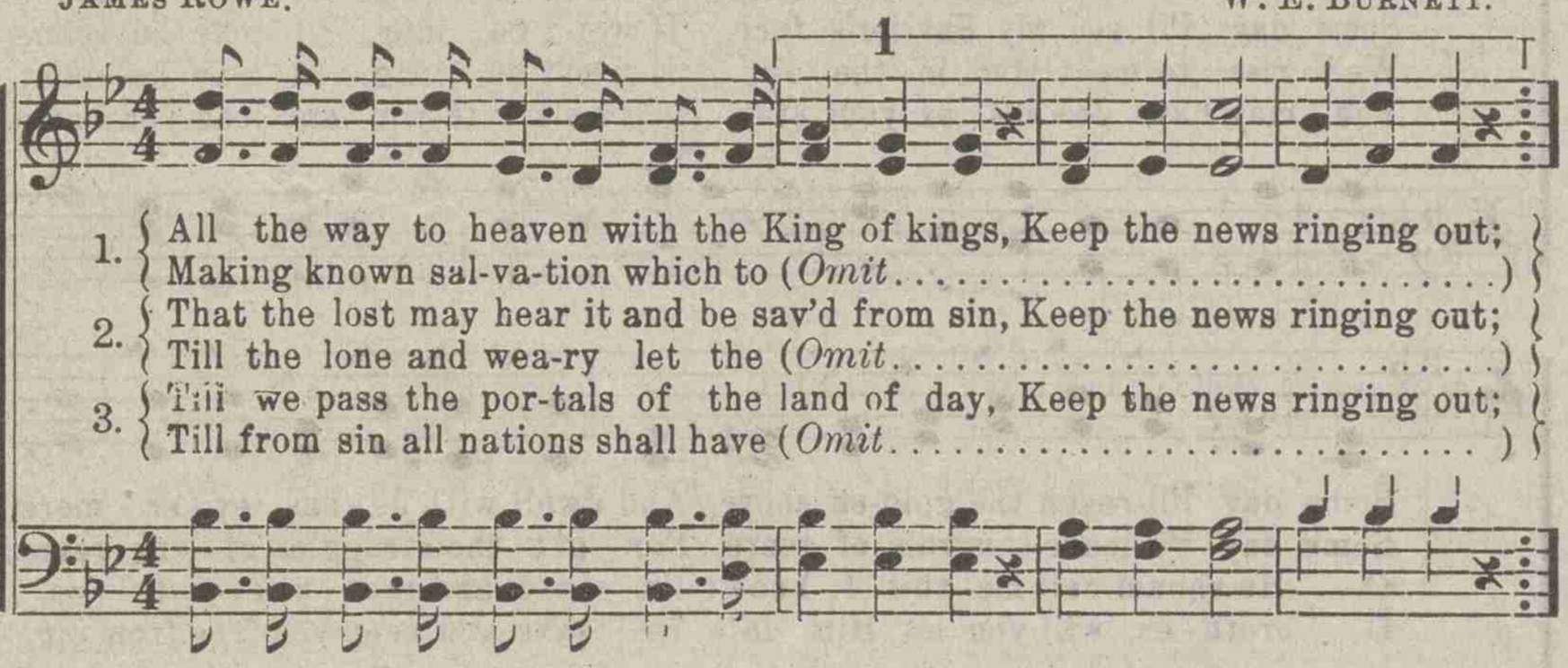
Jesus Christ is Passing By. Concluded.



As the pre - cious mo-ments flee, Cry "Be mer - ci - ful to me."
Rise, and tell Him all thy need; Rise, He call - eth thee in - deed.
Let it pen - e - trate my soul, All my heart and life con - trol."
Je - sus gives from guilt re - lease: "Faith hath saved thee, go in peace!"

117. Keep the News Ringing Out.
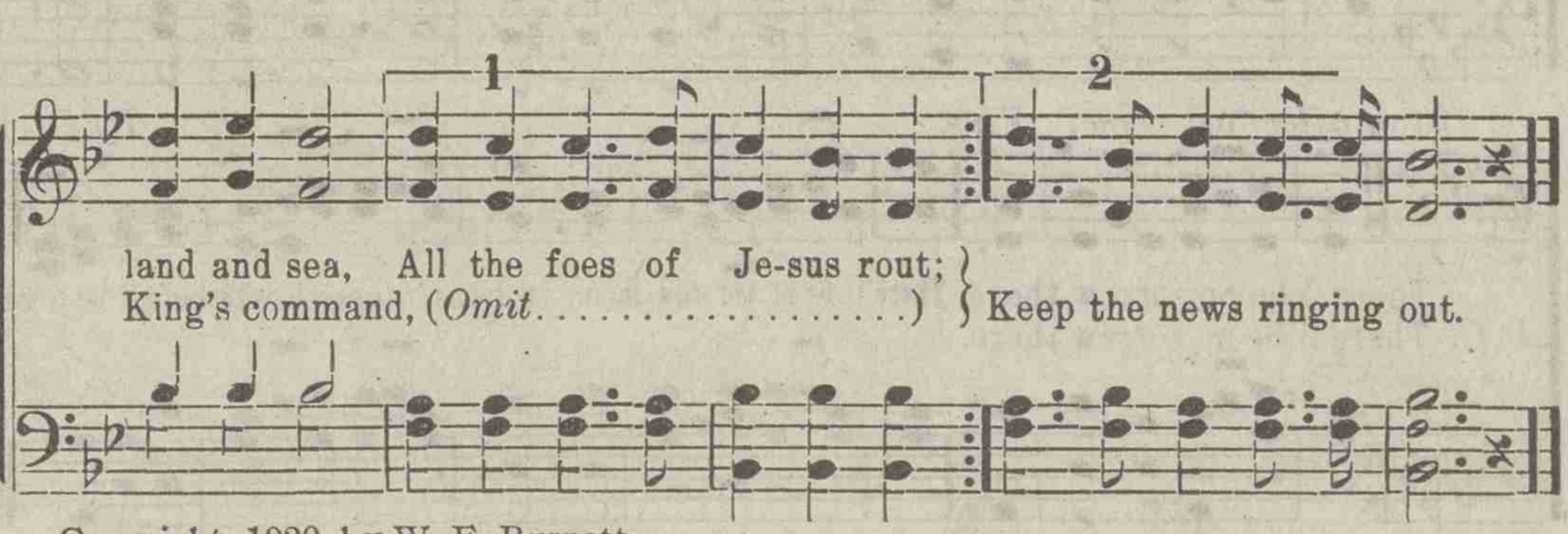
JAMES ROWE. W. E. BURNETT.



1. All the way to heaven with the King of kings, Keep the news ringing out;
   Making known sal-va-tion which to (*Omit*.....)
2. That the lost may hear it and be sav'd from sin, Keep the news ringing out;
   Till the lone and wea-ry let the (*Omit*.....)
3. Till we pass the por-tals of the land of day, Keep the news ringing out;
   Till from sin all nations shall have (*Omit*.....)

all He brings, Keep the news ringing out.
joy-light in, Keep the news ringing out.
turn'd a-way, Keep the news ringing out.

Keep the glad news ringing o - ver
Al-ways true to du - ty at the



land and sea, All the foes of Je-sus rout;
King's command, (*Omit*.....)

Keep the news ringing out.

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118. Some Day, It Won't Be Long.

L. B. B. L. B. BRIDGERS.

1. Some day I'll cross the mys-tic stream, It won't be long, it may be soon;
2. Some day this mor-tal life shall cease, It won't be long, it may be soon;
3. He's com-ing back with glo-ry rare, It won't be long, it may be soon;
4. Then as you trav-el on life's way, Thro' waters deep, o'er billows' foam,

Some day I'll lay my bu-rdens down, It won't be long, it may be soon;
Some day I'll see my Sav-ior's face, It won't be long, it may be soon;
We'll rise to meet Him in the air, It won't be long, it may be soon;
You may have Je-sus as your stay, He'll walk with you and lead you home.

Some day I'll reach the gold-en shore, And dwell with Je-sus ev-er-more,
Some day I'll leave this vale of tears, For-get the struggles of long years,
If He should call me, this I know: I'm saved and read-y now to go,
O broth-er, will you let Him in? He'll save and keep you free from sin,

I'll meet the ones who've gone before, It won't be long, it may be soon.
I'll know no sor-row, pain, nor fears, It won't be long, it may be soon.
I'm wait-ing with my heart a-glow; It won't be long, it may be soon.
Till heav-en's door you en-ter in; It won't be long, it may be soon.

Sing after last verse. FINE. D. C.

There'll be no sorrow there, There'll be no sor-row there, In heav'n above, where all is love,
D.C. There'll be no sorrow there.
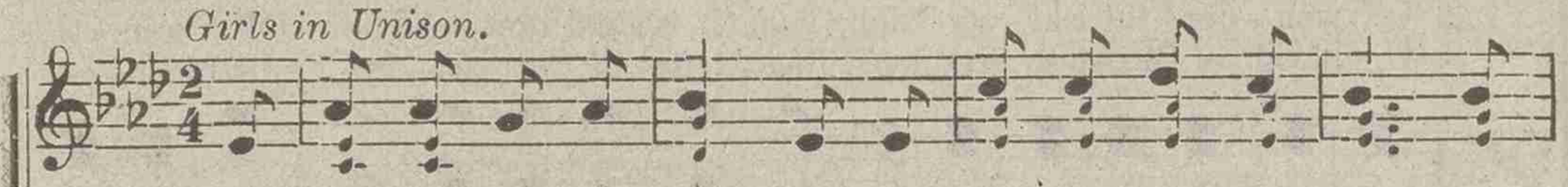
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Children's Songs.

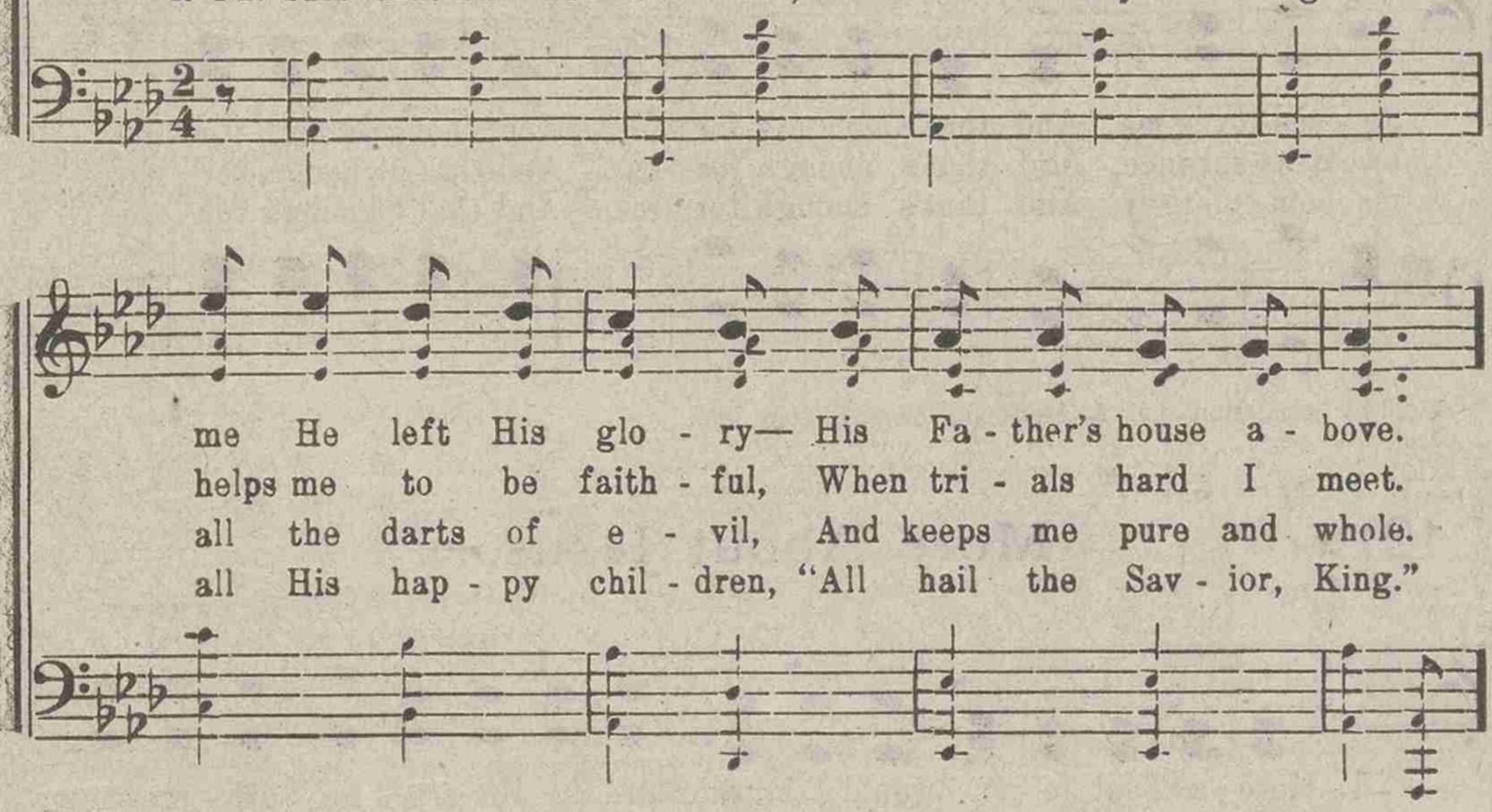
119. I'm Sure That Jesus Loves Me.

JAMES ROWE. E. T. HILDEBRAND.

Girls in Unison.
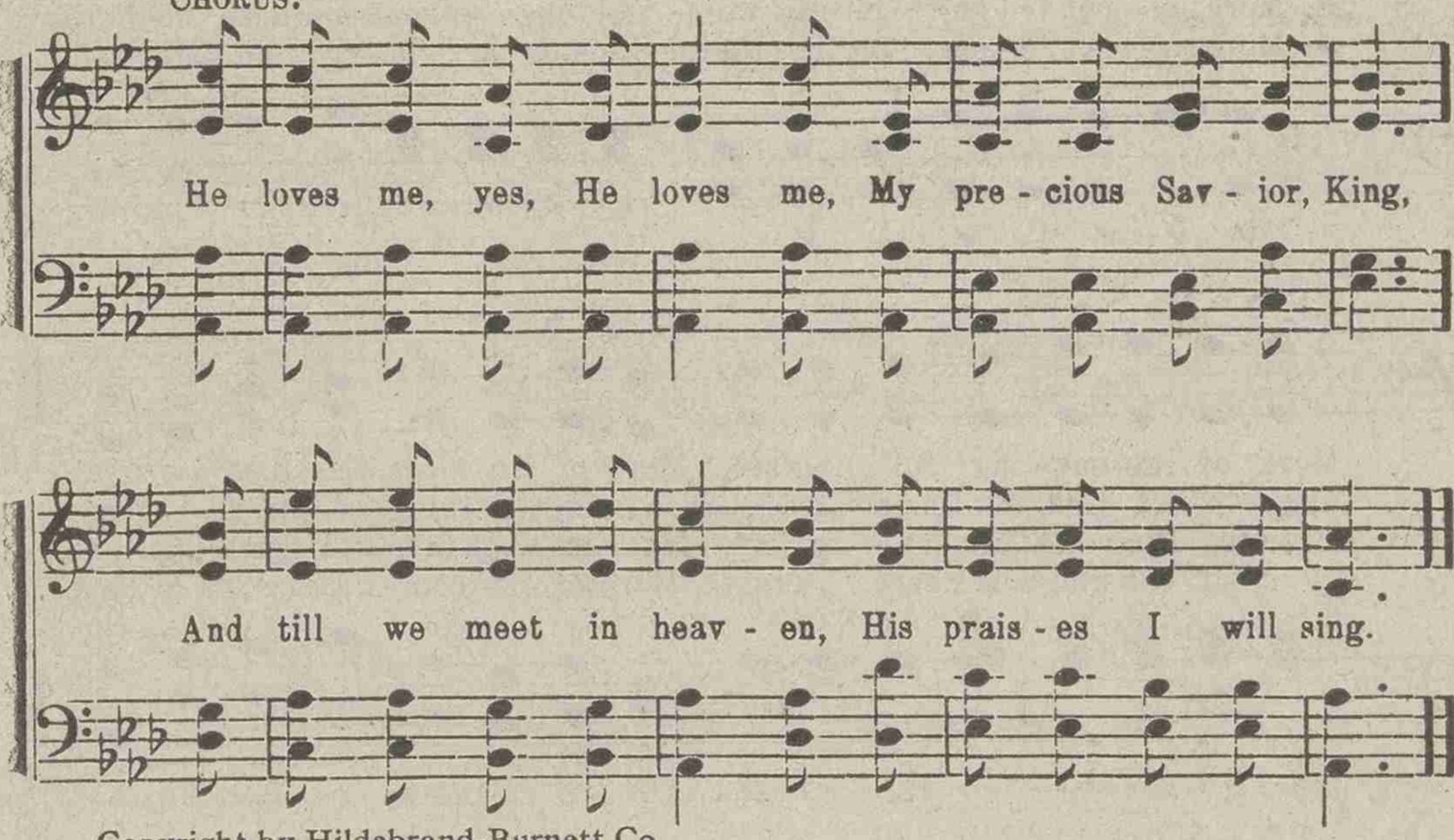


1. I'm sure that Je - sus loves me, Be - cause to show His love, For
2. I'm sure that Je - sus loves me, Be - cause He keeps me sweet, And
3. I'm sure that Je - sus loves me, Be - cause He shields my soul From
4. I'm sure that Je - sus loves me, And so to - day I sing With



me He left His glo - ry— His Fa - ther's house a - bove.
helps me to be faith - ful, When tri - als hard I meet.
all the darts of e - vil, And keeps me pure and whole.
all His hap - py chil - dren, "All hail the Sav - ior, King."

CHORUS.



He loves me, yes, He loves me, My pre - cious Sav - ior, King,

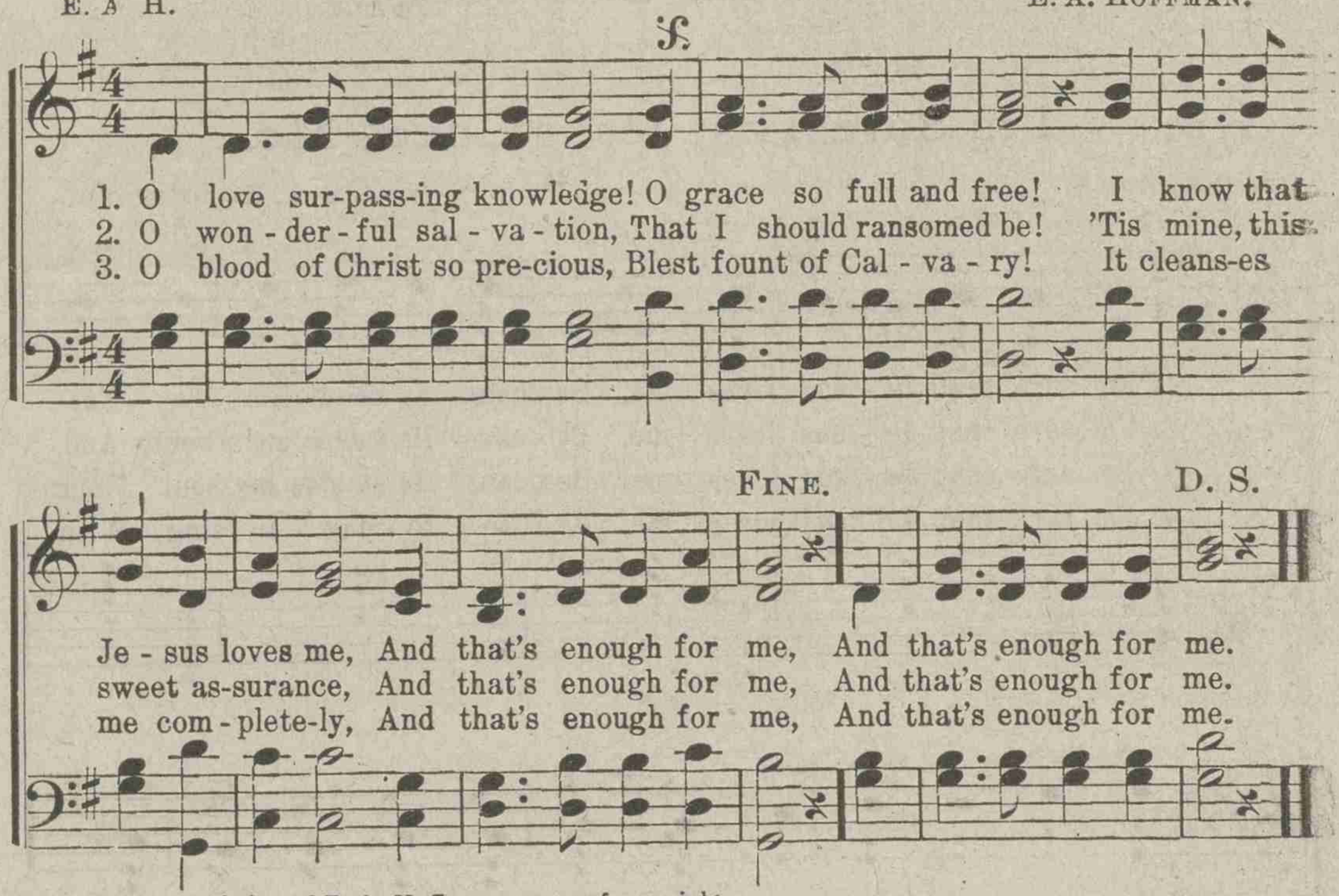
And till we meet in heav - en, His prais - es I will sing.

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120 O Love Surpassing Knowledge.

"God hath dealt graciously with me, and I have enough."—GEN. 33: 11.

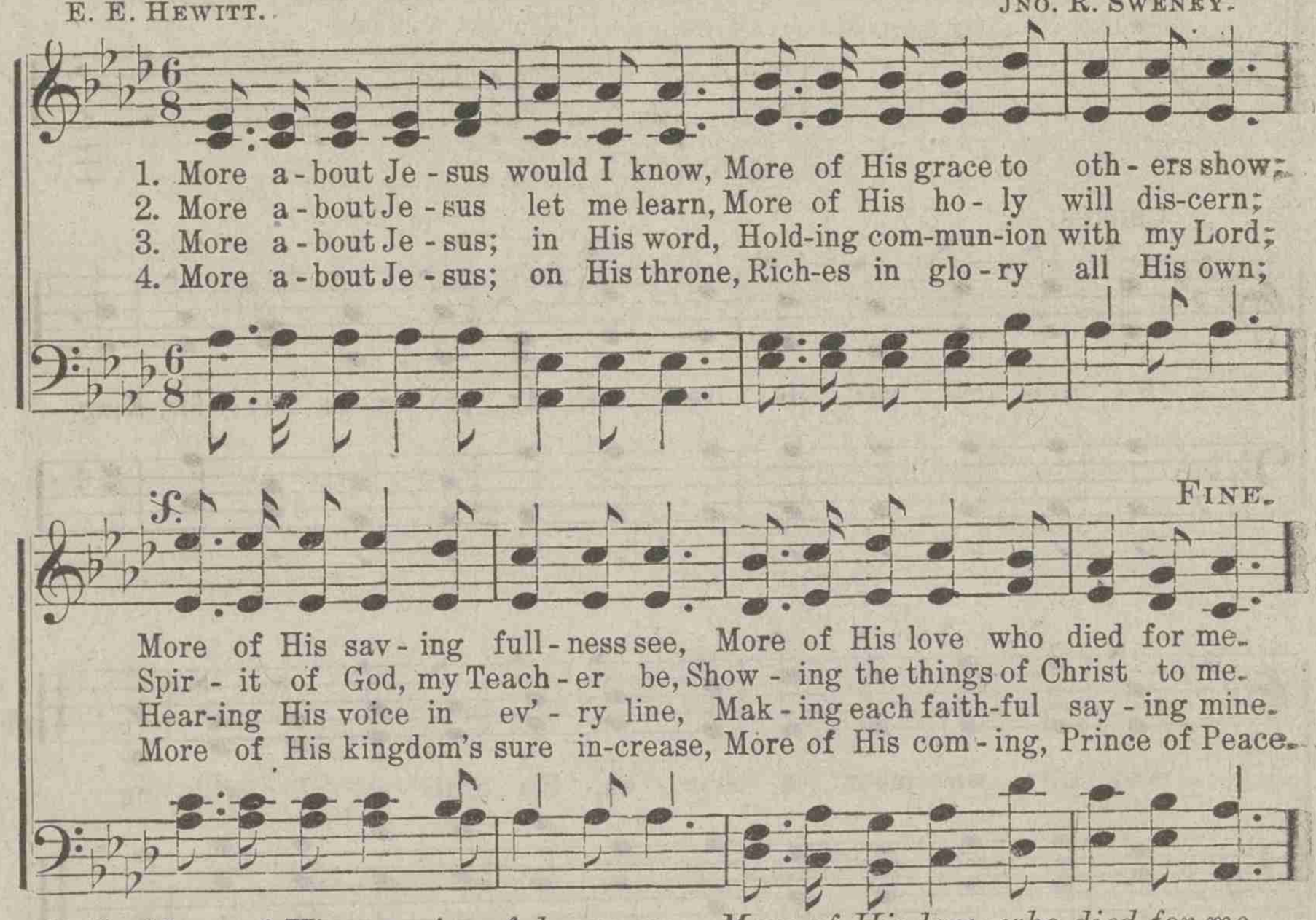
E. A H. E. A. HOFFMAN.



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121 More About Jesus.

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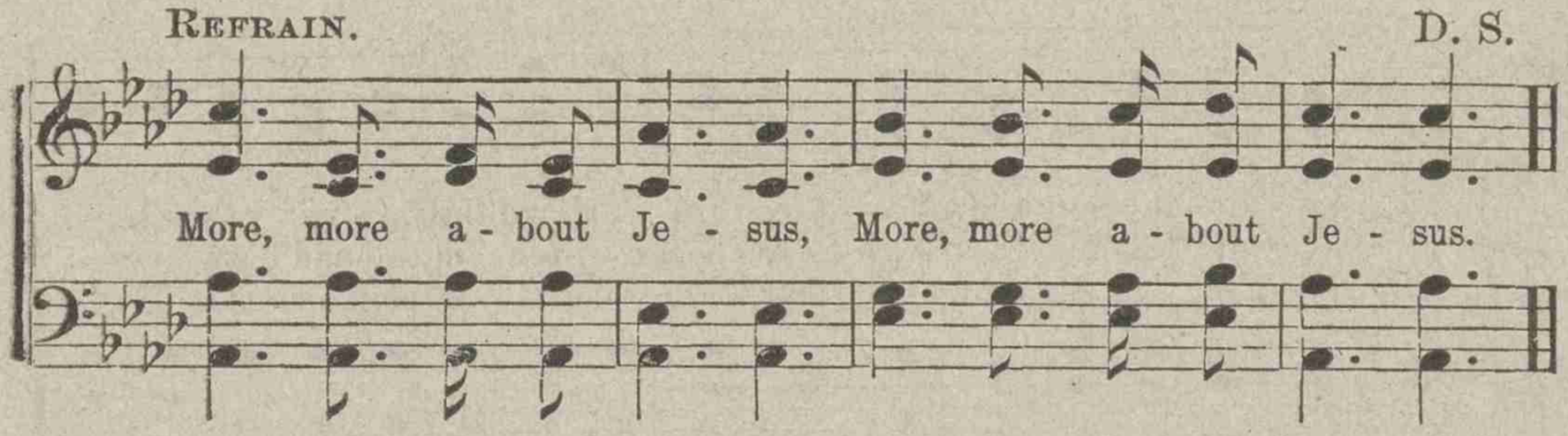


D.S. *More of His sav - ing ful-ness see, More of His love who died for me.*

By per. of L. E. Sweney, Executrix,

More About Jesus.

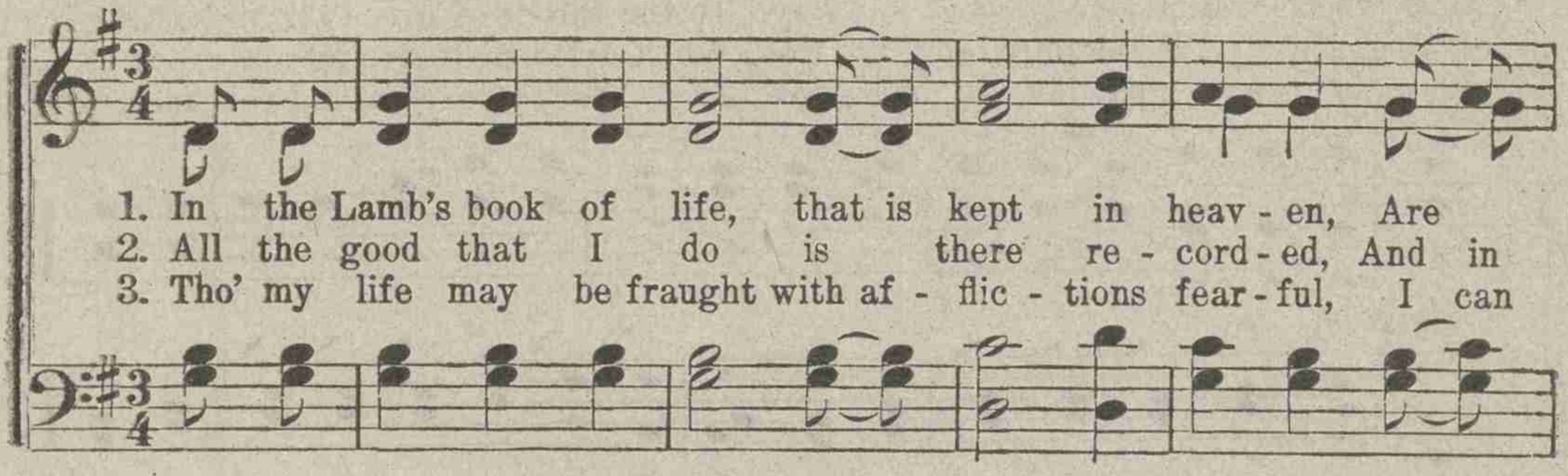
REFRAIN. D. S.

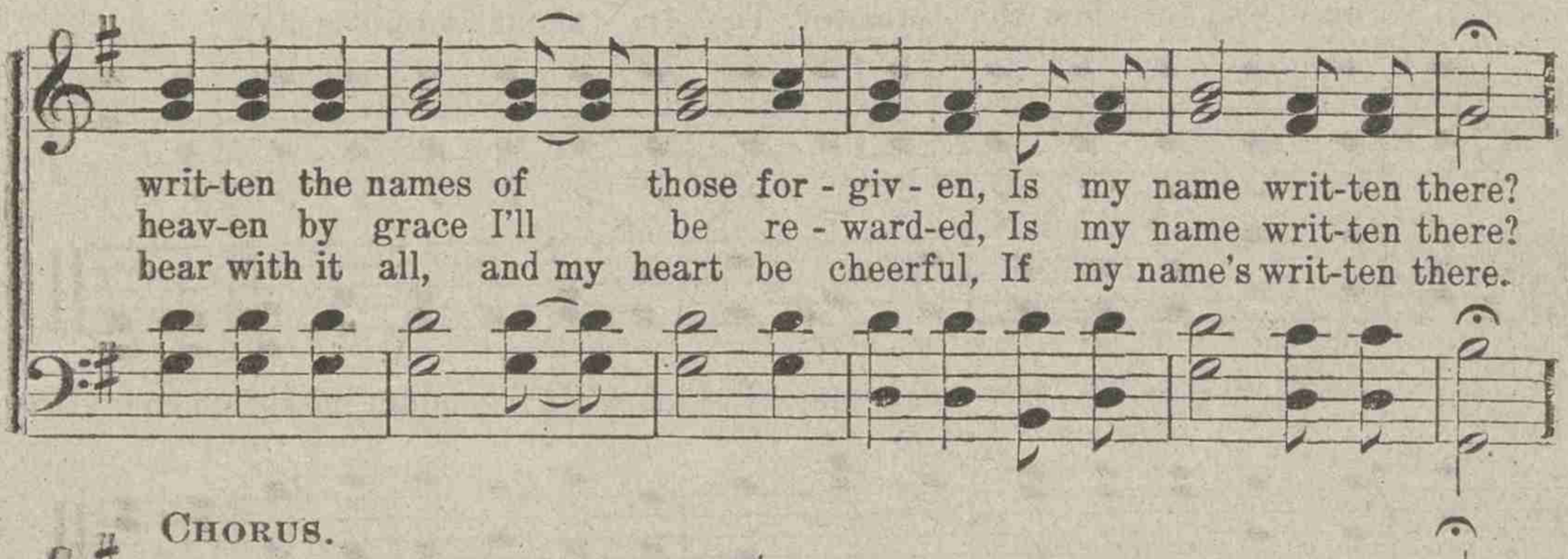


122 Is My Name Written There?
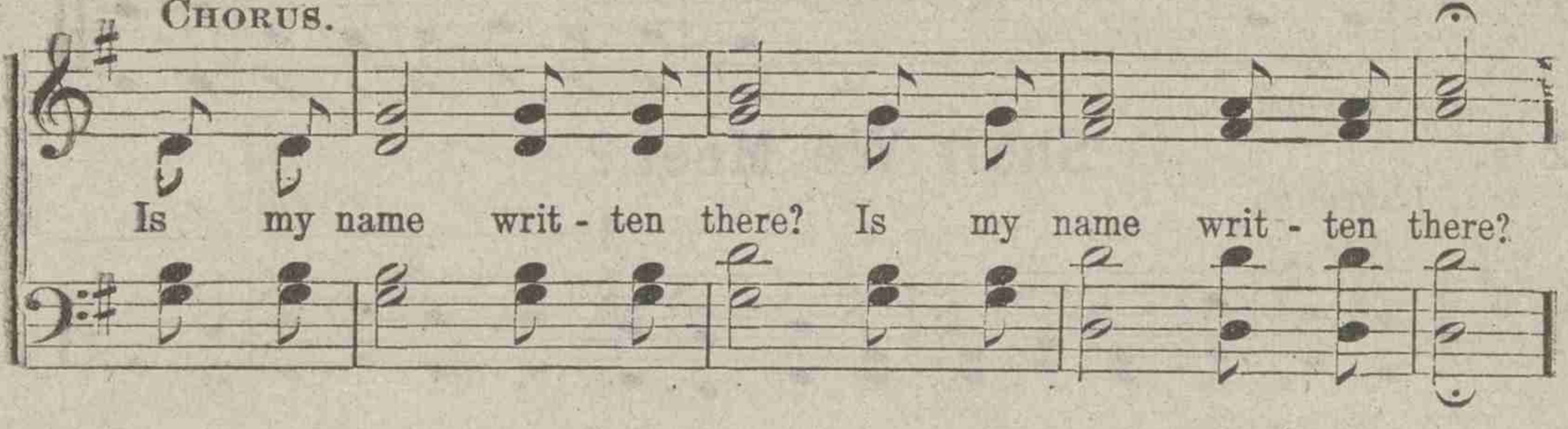
"Rejoice, because your names are written in heaven."—Luke 10: 20.

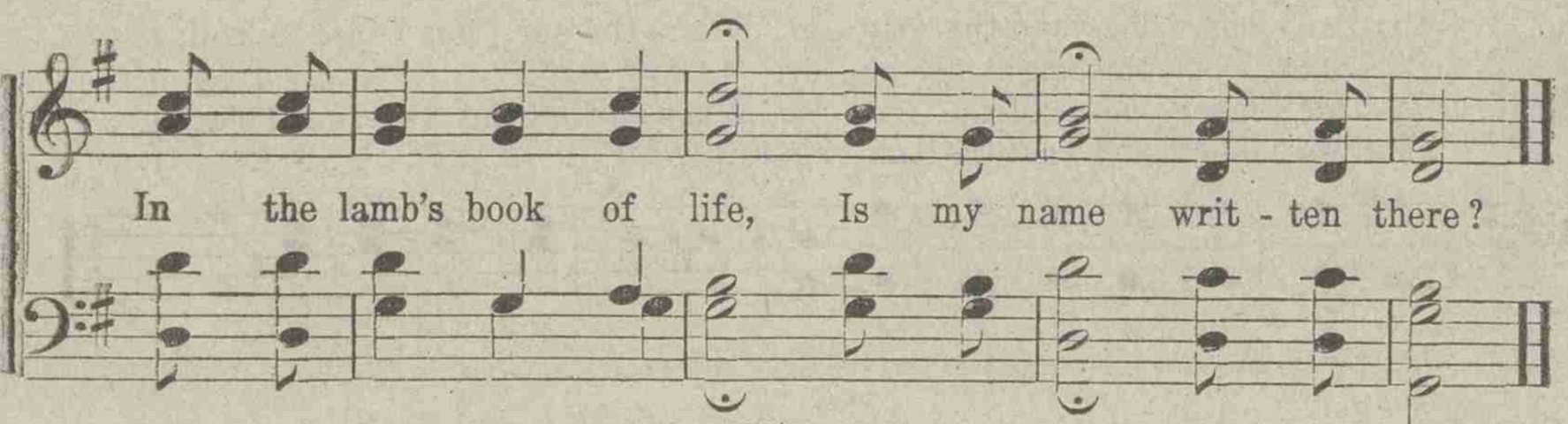
W. T. G. W. T. GIFFE.





CHORUS.





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123. Following the Master.

REV. W. B. EVERS. E. T. HILDEBRAND.

1. I'll ev - er fol - low the Mas - ter, Thro' good and thro' e - vil re - port,
2. I'll ev - er fol - low the Mas - ter, Though of-ten I'm sad and cast down,
3. All hail King Je - sus crown'd Saviour, "The King of all kingdoms is He,"

And when I'm lone-ly and wea - ry, To the throne of grace I'll re-sort.
By grace I'll en-dure temp-ta - tion, When tried He'll give me a crown.
He is pre - par-ing a man-sion, In heav'n for you and for me.

CHORUS.

I'll ev - er fol - low the Mas-ter, Tho' tri - als and troubles may come,
He says He'll nev - er for - sake me, I know He'll conduct me safe home.

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124. Shall We Meet?

H. L. HASTINGS. ELIHU S. RICE.

1. { Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er, Where the sur - ges cease to roll;
   { Where in all the bright for-ev - er, [*Omit* . . . . .]
2. { Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er, When our stormy voy-age is o'er?
   { Shall we meet and cast the an - chor, [*Omit* . . . . .]

D. C.—Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er, [*Omit* . . . . .]

Shall We Meet? Concluded.

2 FINE. CHORUS. D. C.

Sor-row ne'er shall pre-s the soul. Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet beyond the riv-er?
By the bright celestial shore?

Where the surges cease to roll?

125. We Shall Know Each Other There.

E. C. H. E. C. HAMILTON.

1. When the fleet - ing years have end - ed, And the world has passed a - way;
2. We shall hear the hap - py voic - es That have charmed us here be - low;
3. When the links that have been sev - ered, Bro-ken from the gold - en chain;

When the ran-somed hosts are gath'ring, In that land of end - less day.
And we'll see the love - ly fac - es That have van - ished long a - go.
Shall at last be re - u - ni - ted, We shall know them all a - gain.

CHORUS.

We shall know each oth - er, In that land so bright
We shall know each other there, We shall know each oth-er there,

and so fair, In that land of an-cient sto-ry, We shall know each other there.

By permission.

126. Working for Jesus.

REV. GEO W. GAITHER. J. OWEN LONG.

Unison.

1. Work-ing for Je - sus day by day, Fol - low - ing Him who
2. Work-ing for Je - sus here and there, Lift - ing a soul from
3. Work-ing for Je - sus to the end, Trust - ing in Him our

Harmony.

leads the way, Do - ing some good wher - e'er we may, Work-ing for
sin and care; Lead-ing to light from dark de - spair, Work-ing for
dear - est friend, Hop - ing with Him to heav'n as - cend, Work-ing for

CHORUS.

Je - sus our Sav - ior. Work - ing for Je - sus our King,
Work-ing for Je - sus our Sav - ior and King,

An - thems of splen-dor we sing; Hearts filled with
An-thems of splendor we joy - ful - ly sing, Hearts o - ver-flow-ing with

prais - es we bring, While work - ing for Je - sus our Sav - ior.

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127. We are Little Lights.

C. E. N. CHAS. E. NEAL.

Sprightly.

1. We are lit - tle lights, in the world a - round us, Shin-ing by our
2. We are lit - tle lights, and the world grows brighter For our ti - ny
3. We are lit - tle lights, and our light He giv - eth, Mak-ing it more

King's com - mand; Light-ing up the way thro' this world of dark-ness,
rays of light; Rays of sun-ny smiles, rays of words of kind-ness,
bright each day, As we send it out on its lov - ing mis-sion,

CHORUS.

Lead-ing to the King's own land.
Rays of lov-ing deeds so bright.
Shin-ing forth each brilliant ray.
} Shining, shin-ing, shin-ing for the

Sav-iour, Shin-ing thro' the day and night; Shin - ing, shin - ing,

shin-ing for the Sav - iour, Shin-ing with a bright, bright light.

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128. Do Something Good Each Day.

REV. W. C. STEWART. (A Work Song.) J. OWEN LONG.

Not too fast.

1. There is something good each day you can be do-ing, Some lit - tle deed may save a life from wrong; Strive to do your best, the up - ward way pur - su - ing,
2. There is something good each day you can be saying, Some lit - tle word may turn a soul from sin; Be a mes-sen-ger, your Master's voice o - bey - ing,
3. There's a song of cheer each day you can be singing, Some lit - tle song may brighten up the way; Sure-ly set the bells of Faith and Hope to ring-ing,

There is something good you can be do-ing, Hear His voice now call-ing you; An-swer call-ing, call-ing you;

* CHORUS.

And, some sweet day, you'll join the bloodwashed throng.
Go seek the lost and safe - ly bring them in. There is something good you can be do-ing, Hear the voice of Je - sus call-ing you; An-swer call-ing, call-ing you;
In some sad heart that seeks a bright-er day.

back with faith-ful service, Do - ing what the Lord would have you do.
back in deeds of faith-ful service, Do - ing what the Lord would have you do.

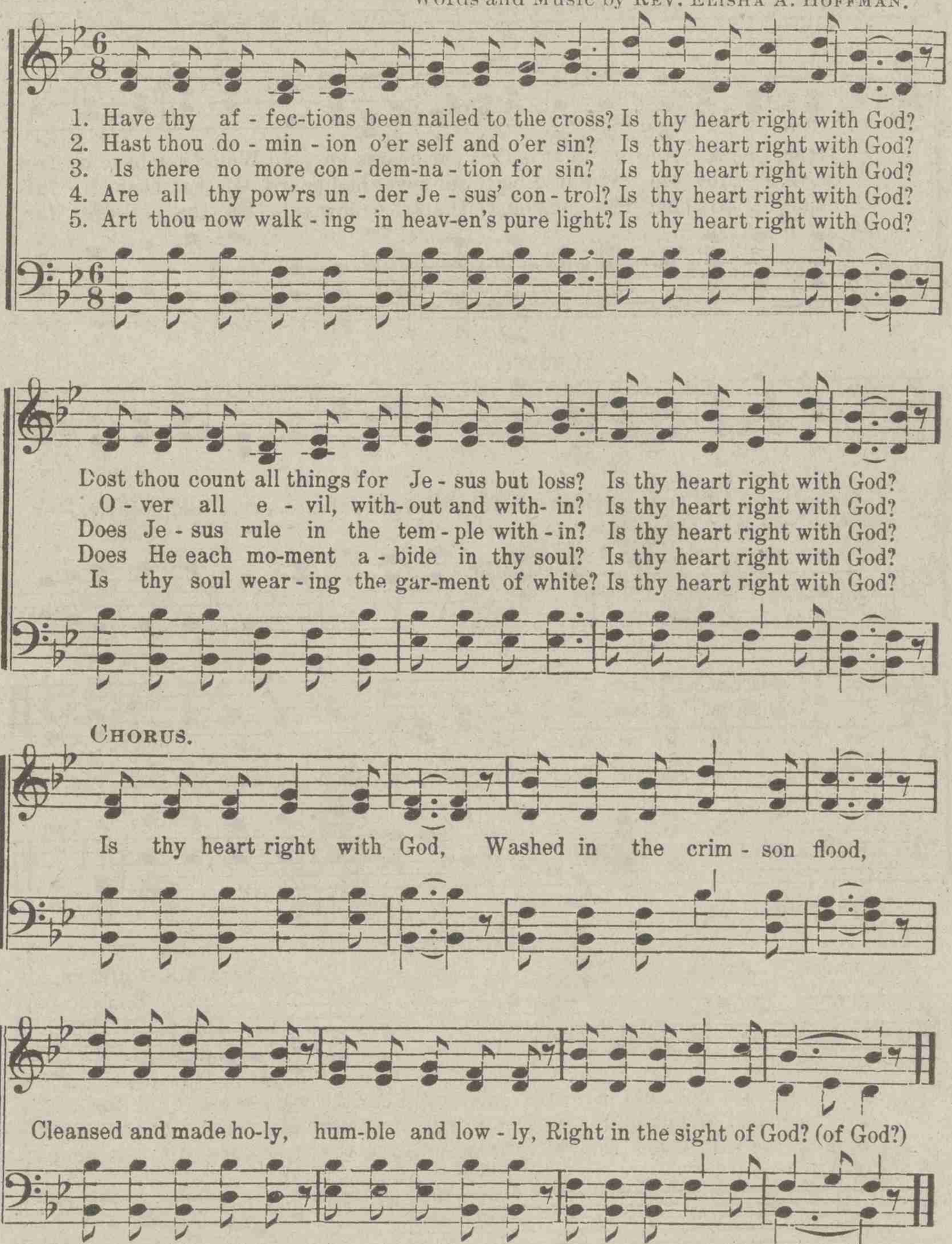
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*Let several good sopranos take the high notes.

Miscellaneous Songs.

129 Is Thy Heart Right With God?

Words and Music by Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.



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130. Beautiful Story.

Anon. (Good as a Solo.) G. L. LINDSEY.

With feeling.

1. A won-der - ful sto - ry we have to tell, A sto - ry we know to be
2. A won-der - ful Sav-iour He is to all, O tell the whole world of His
3. O won-der - ful message He left for all, I'm glad some one told it to

true; A sto - ry that makes our hearts so glad, Would you have us now
love, How sad it would be if we never had heard, Of that beau- ti - ful
me? O hear His command! the story now tell, To the chil-dren far

CHORUS.

tell it to you?
cit - y a - bove. Beau- ti - ful, beau-ti - ful sto - ry, Old, yet ev - er
o - ver the sea.

new! Je - sus the King of glo - ry, Came to save me and you.

By per. of the author.

131. Wellesley.

FREDERICK W. FABER. LIZZIE S. TOURJEE.

1. There's a wide - ness in God's mer - cy, Like the wide - ness of the sea;
2. There is wel-come for the sin - ner, And more grac - es for the good;
3. For the love of God is broad-er Than the meas - ure of man's mind;

Wellesley. Concluded.

There's a kind-ness in His justice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.
There is mer - cy with the Saviour; There is heal - ing in His blood.
And the heart of the E - ter-nal Is most won - der - ful - ly kind.

132. Working for the King.

JAMES ROWE. SCOTT CROTTS.

1. Work-ing in the har-vest field, Singing hap-py praise to the King a-bove;
2. Giv - ing out the sto - ry true, Spreading light and cheer ev'rywhere we go;
3. Soon His face we hope to see, Precious sheaves to Him hope we all to bring;

Bring-ing in the pre-cious yield, Work-ing for the King we love.
Keep-ing hap - py, faith - ful, too, In the har - vest field be - low.
Then for - ev - er we shall be Prais-ing our e - ter - nal King.

REFRAIN.

Work - ing, working for the King, While sweet gospel songs we sing,
Working gladly for the King, And all the while sweet songs we sing, yes,
Let - ting praises swell and ring, Working for the King we love.
let - ting hap-py we dear-ly love.

The Union Music Co., owners, 1921.

133 I Choose Jesus.

JAMES ROWE. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. When I need someone in time of grief, Someone my cheer to be,
2. When I need someone to guide my soul O - ver the storm - y sea,
3. When I need help to de - feat the foe, Someone my shield to be,
4. When all my tri - als on earth are o'er, And the dark stream I see,

Je - sus I choose, for He gives re - lief, He is the best for me.
Al-ways to Je - sus I give control, He is the best for me.
Al-ways to Je - sus in faith I go, He is the best for me.
Je-sus shall bear me to yon - der shore, He is the best for me.

CHORUS.

I choose Je - sus when I need a friend, ...
Yes, I choose my Sav - iour al - ways help - ful friend,

What I need I know that He will send; . . . . .
What I need I know that sure - ly He to me will free - ly send;

I have proved Him, good and true is He; . . . . . .
I have proved Him o'er and o'er, and al - ways good and true is He;

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I Choose Jesus. Concluded.

I choose Je - sus, He is the best for me .....
Yes, I choose my Sav - iour dear, of all for me.

134 'Neath the Skies of Spring.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

Unison.

1. 'Neath the skies of spring, Banners bright we fling, Joy of heav'n hath crowned us;
2. 'Neath the skies of spring, List the chorus ring, Songs of ex - ul - ta - tion;
3. 'Neath the skies of spring, Homage gladly bring, Earth is robed in splen - dor;

Praise the Father's name, Boundless love proclaim, Blessings now surround us.
Hail the golden days, Wake to joyous praise, Join in Ju - bi - la - tion.
Mercies from His hand, Fill the wak-ing land, Grate-ful trib - ute ren - der!

CHORUS.

Wake, wake, wake, O joy-ous land, Take, take blessings from His hand;
Sing, sing wonders of His love, Bring, bring, praise to God a-bove.

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135. Is It the Crowning Day?

George Walter Whitcomb. Charles H. Marsh.

1. Je - sus may come to - day, Glad day! Glad day! And I would see my Friend; Dan-gers and troub-les would end If Je - sus would come to - day.
2. I may go home to - day, Glad day! Glad day! Seem-eth I hear their song; Hail to the ra - di - ant throng! If I should go home to - day.
3. Why should I anx - ious be? Glad day! Glad day! Lights ap-pear on the shore, Storms will af-fright nev-er - more, For He is "at hand" to - day.
4. Faith-ful I'll be to - day, Glad day! Glad day! And I will free - ly tell Why I should love Him so well, For He is my all to - day.

REFRAIN.

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

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136. I Must Tell Jesus.

E. A. H. REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can not bear these
2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troub-les; He is a kind, com-
3. Tempted and tried, I need a great Sav - iour, One who can help my
4. O how the world to e - vil al - lures me! O how my heart is

bur - dens a - lone; In my dis-tress He kind - ly will help me; He ev - er
pas - sion- ate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will de - liv - er, Make of my
bur - dens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus; He all my
tempt - ed to sin! I must tell Je - sus, and He will help me O - ver the

loves and cares for His own.
troub - les quick - ly an end.
cares and sor-rows will shares.
world the vic - t'ry to win.

CHORUS.

I must tell Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus! I can not bear my bur-dens a - lone; I must tell Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus! Je - sus can help me, Je - sus a - lone.

Rit.

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137. Happy In My Saviour's Love.

WILLIAM M. RUNYAN. HARRY DIXON LOES.

1. What a glo-rious day for me When the Sav-iour made me free, When He
2. Life is now a con-stant joy And His praise my lips em-ploy, As His
3. In His ser-vice I am blest, In His will have per-fect rest; From His
4. All may know the joy with-in Of for-give-ness from all sin, And may

turned my feet t'ward heav'n a-bove! Condem-na-tion rolled a-way On that
prom-is-es I dai-ly prove; And I tell it where I go, For I
way my feet shall nev-er rove; For a pleas-ant path I've found, And I
jour-ney t'ward the home a-bove; Serv-ing Je-sus ev-'ry day, They may
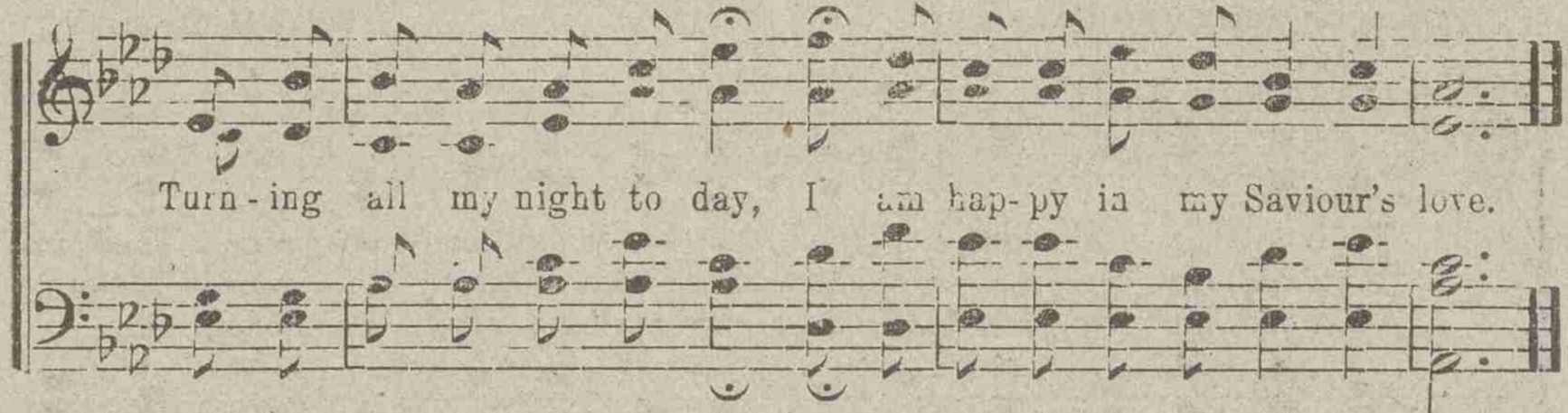
blest sal-va-tion day, So I'm hap-py in my Sav-iour's love.
want the world to know, Since I'm hap-py in my Sav-iour's love.
walk on ho-ly ground, And I'm hap-py in my Sav-iour's love.
praise Him all the way And be hap-py in the Sav-iour's love.
boundless love.

CHORUS.

I am hap-py in my Sav-iour's love, I am
my Saviour's love,
hap-py in my Saviour's love, Since He washed my sins a-way,
my Saviour's love,

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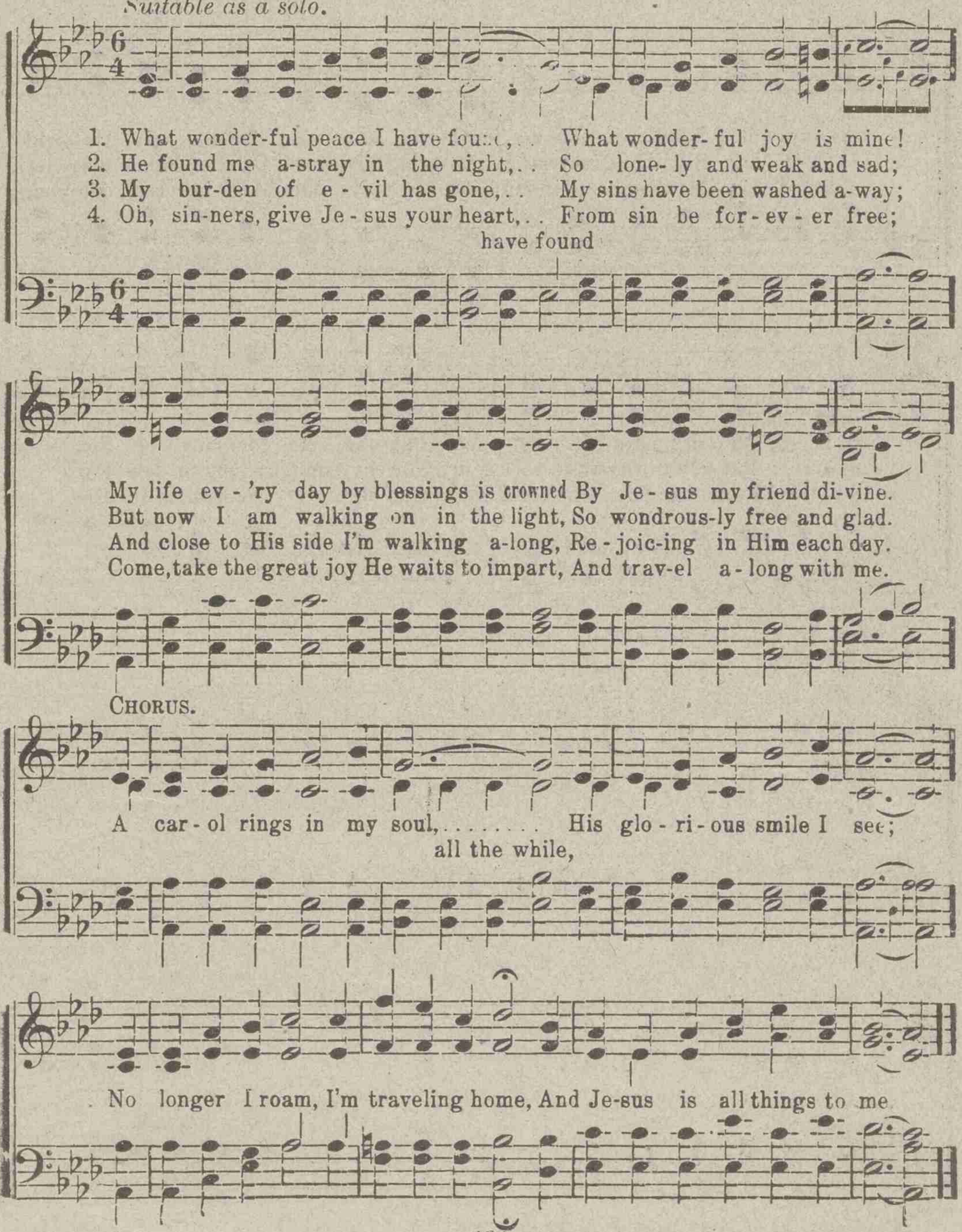
Happy In My Saviour's Love.



138. All Things To Me.

JAMES ROWE. JACKSON COLEMAN.

Suitable as a solo.



By permission.

139. Sweetest Mother.

(Mixed Quartet.)

GERTRUDE STODDARD DENNSTEDT. WILL M. RAMSEY.

Slow.

1. She's a lit - tle old-fash-ioned, that sweet mother of mine, There are
2. She's a lit - tle old-fash-ioned, that sweet mother of mine, Though
3. She's a lit - tle old-fash-ioned, she stays close-ly at home, So....

ma - ny whose beau-ty will my moth-er's out-shine; She's a lit - tle old-
e - ven her plain-ness now my heart-string's entwine, Oth - er hands may be
calm and con - tent - ed, al-though oth-ers may roam, And in ten - der young

f.

fash-ioned, As I plain-ly can see, But she is for - ev - er Sweet-est
whit - er, But none oth - er so dear, For they smooth'd my pil-low For....
child-hood, 'Twas that home shelter'd me, And she who so graced it Dear - est

D. S.—*glo - ry a-*

round her, God a - bides it may be, And she is for - ev - er Sweet-est

FINE. REFRAIN.

moth-er to me.
ma - ny a year. She's a lit - tle old - fashioned, But she's sweeter each
ev - er shall be.

moth-er to me.

D. S.

day, I a - dore her plain features, And her thin locks of grav. There's a

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140. Jesus Has Lifted Me.

Will H. Ruebush. USED BY PERMISSION. **Jas. B. Biggerstaff.**

1. Out of my bond-age and sor-row-ful past, Je - sus has lift - ed me;
2. Sweet is the song I am sing-ing to - day, Je - sus has lift - ed me;
3. I will keep tell-ing the joy that is mine, Je - sus has lift - ed me;

In - to the joy of His glo - ry at last, Je - sus has lift - ed me.....
Heav-en - ly sun-light il-lu-mines my way, Je - sus has lift - ed me.....
I am redeemed by His mer-cy di-vine, Je - sus has lift - ed me.....
lift - ed me.

CHORUS.

I will keep tell-ing the sto - ry, Won-der-ful love, won-der-ful love,

Till with the an - gels in glo - ry, I shall be sing - ing a - bove....
a - bove.

141. I'm the Purchase of the Blood.

G. P. H. USED BY PERMISSION. Geo. P. Hott.

1. I'm the pur-chase of the blood of the Lamb, He has bo't me
2. I'm the pur-chase of the life-giv-ing blood, Shed on Cal-va-
3. I'm the pur-chase of His in-fi-nite love, He on me the

and I'm His ev-er-more; I'm no more the child of sin, He has
ry for me by my Lord; He re-deemed and made me free, And I'm
gift of son-ship be-stowed; He re-deemed me by His grace, Now with

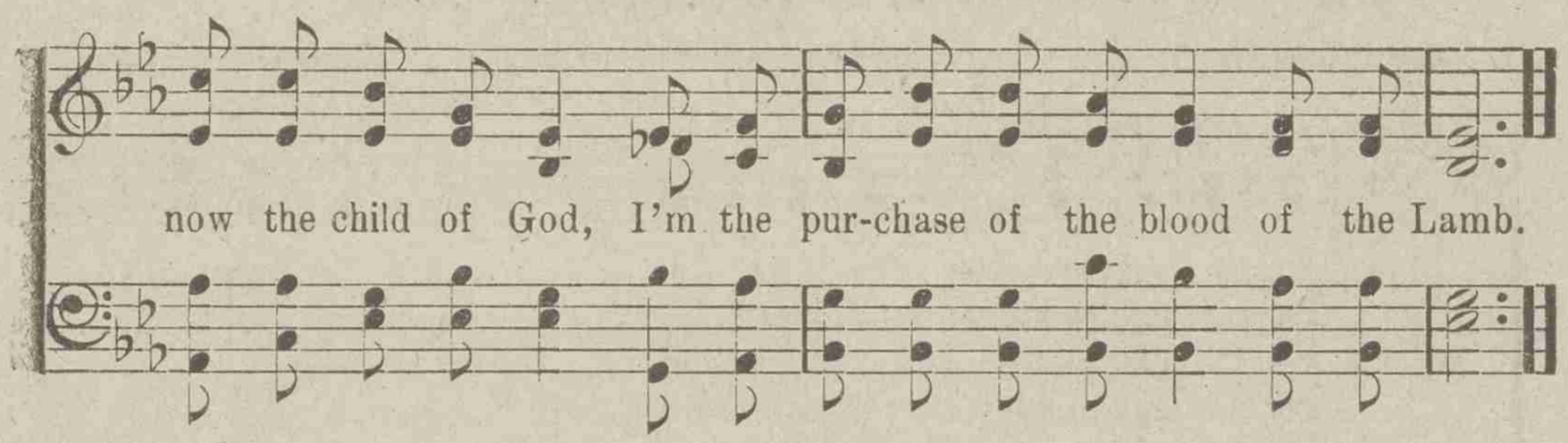
made me pure with-in, I'm the pur-chase of the blood of the Lamb.
His e-ter-nal-ly, I'm the pur-chase of the life-giv-ing blood.
Him I have a place, I'm the pur-chase of His in-fi-nite love.

CHORUS.

I'm the pur-chase of the blood of the Lamb, I'm the pur-chase

of the blood of the Lamb, I'm the pur-chase of the blood, And I'm
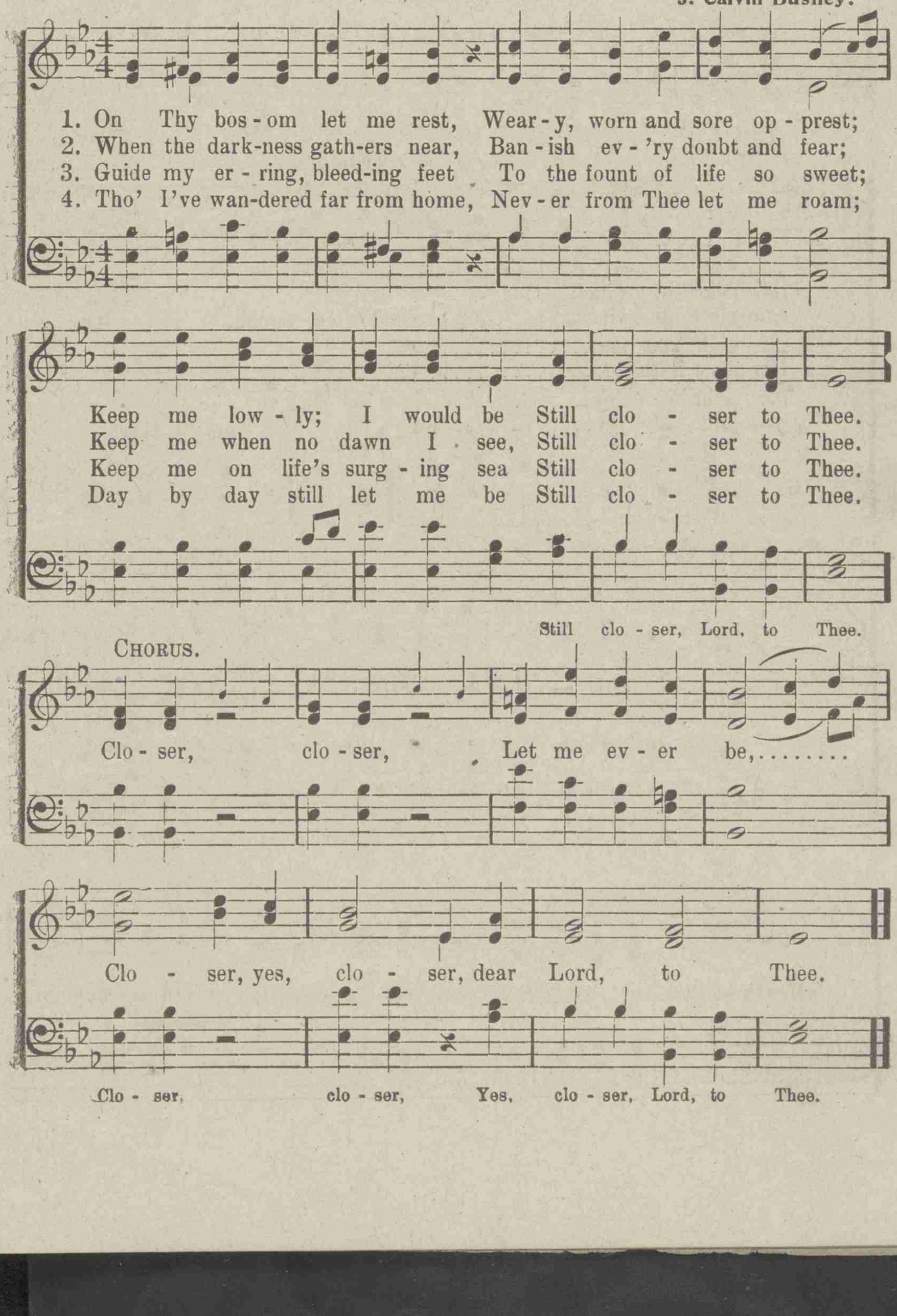
I'm the Purchase of the Blood.



142. Closer, Lord, to Thee.
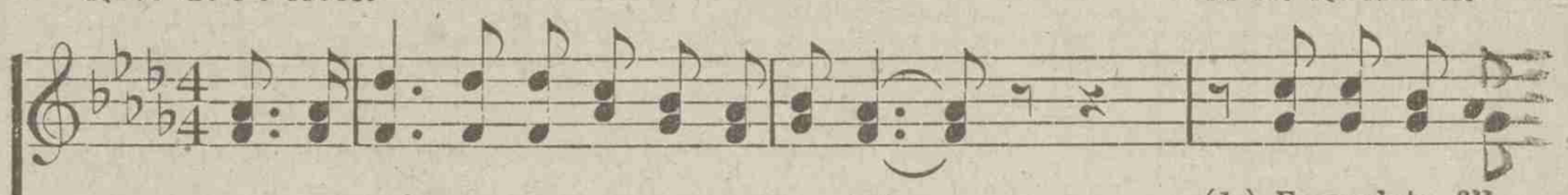
"I have laid help upon one that is mighty."—Ps. 89: 19.

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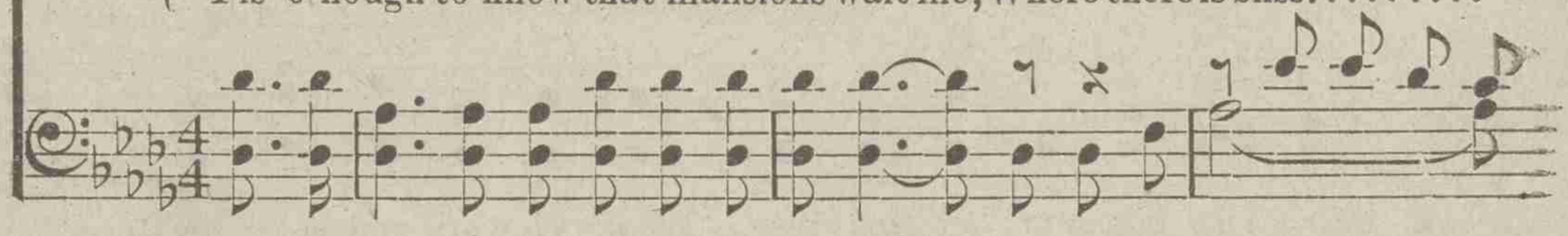


143. 'Tis Enough.

Rev. G. P. Hott. CONTROLLED BY THE RUEBUSH-KIEFFER CO. Will H. Ruebush.
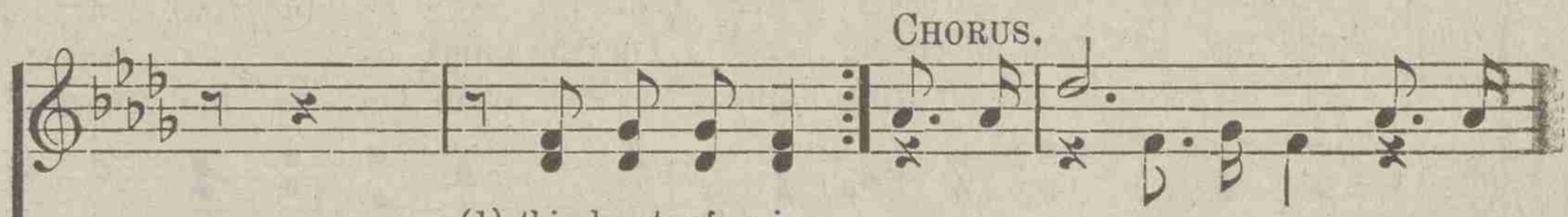


(1.) E-nough to fill

1. 'Tis e-nough to know that Je-sus loves me, E-nough to fill.....
   'Tis e-nough to feel His arm a-round me, The fel-low-ship.....
2. 'Tis e-nough to know that Christ forgives me, E-nough to bear .....
   'Tis e-nough to feel His cleansing pow-er; E-nough to feel.....
3. 'Tis e-nough to know that Je-sus saves me, E-nough to fill.....
   'Tis e-nough to know that mansions wait me, Where there is bliss.....



CHORUS.
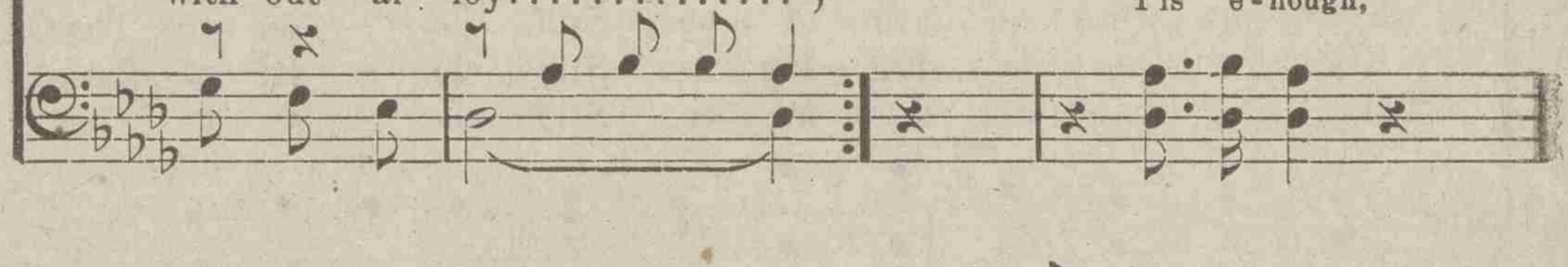


(1) this heart of mine;

this heart of mine;.....
com-plete, di - vine.....
my guilt and sin;.....
His peace with - in.....
my soul with joy;.....
with - out al - loy.....

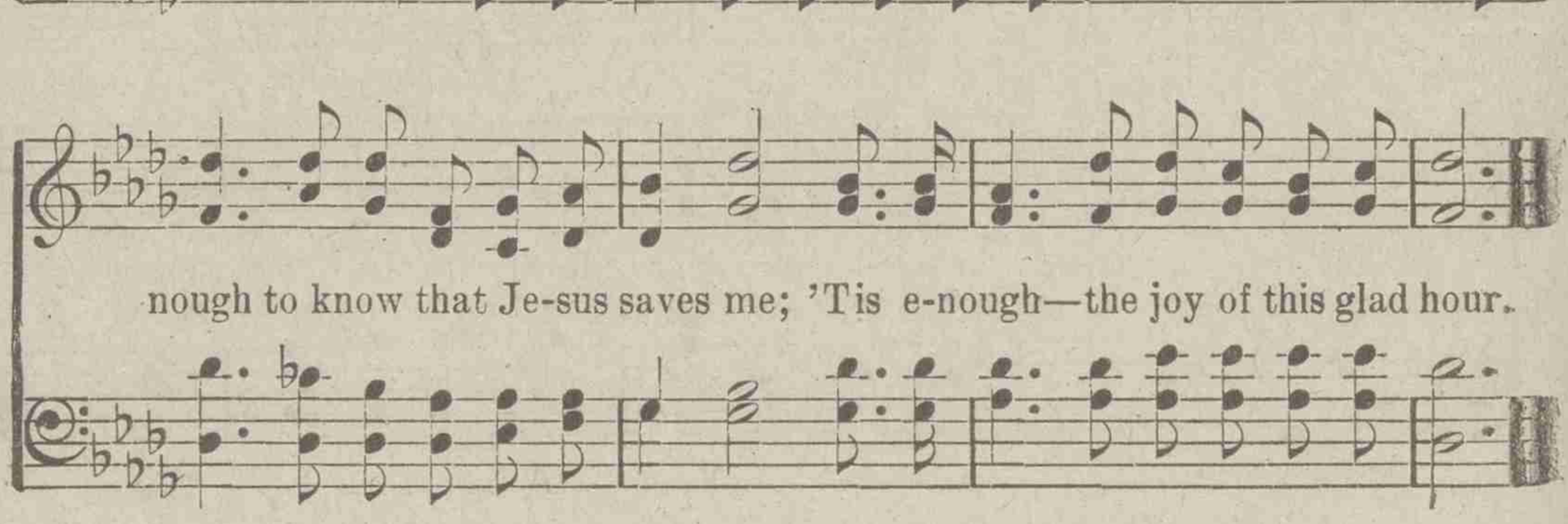
'Tis e - nough, 'tis e-

'Tis e-nough,



nough, 'Tis e-nough to feei His pard'ning pow'r; 'Tis e-

'tis e-nough, pard'ning pow'r;



nough to know that Je-sus saves me; 'Tis e-nough—the joy of this glad hour.

144. Scattering Sunshine.

W. H. Ruebush. USED BY PERMISSION. J. H. Ruebush.

SOLO. *Slow.*

1. Strive to be scat-ter - ing sun-shine each day; Send forth a lov - ing word
2. Strive to be fill - ing each sad heart with song; Man - y the struggling ones,
3. Speed a sweet message in day-light, in dark; Man - y are drift - ing a-

to those who stray; Cull the sweet flow-ers sent down from a - bove;
help them be strong; Bring them a mes-sage of cheer to the heart:
way on life's barque; Help them raise heav'nward the fal-ter-ing eye;

CHORUS.

Send on their mis-sion, a mis - sion of love.
God knows thine effort, wher-ev - er thou art. Scat-ter - ing sun-shine, in
God's star of hope shineth bright in the sky.

word and in deed, Scat - ter - ing sun - shine, this is the world's need;

Scattering sunshine, some fainting heart feed, Scattering sunshine each day.

145. Stand On the Winning Side.

KATHERINE ATHERTON GRIMES. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. Sounds of bat- tle ring up- on the air, Hosts for war are gath'ring ev-'ry-where;
2. Oth - ers wait to see what you will do, Oth - er fates are rest-ing now with you;
3. Would you stand, when fighting days are done, In the ranks that vic - to - ry have won?

Choose you now whom you will fol-low, For you have a part to bear.
Can you bear to be a cow- ard? Must you not be strong and true?
Would you join the song of tri - umph At the set- ting of the sun?

Will you with the en - e - my a-bide, Or your heart will bet-ter im-pulse guide?
Come, for- get-ting all your worldly pride, Come, and strength your Master will provide,
Come, and with the Sav-iour cru- ci - fied, Bear vic - to - rious banners far and wide,

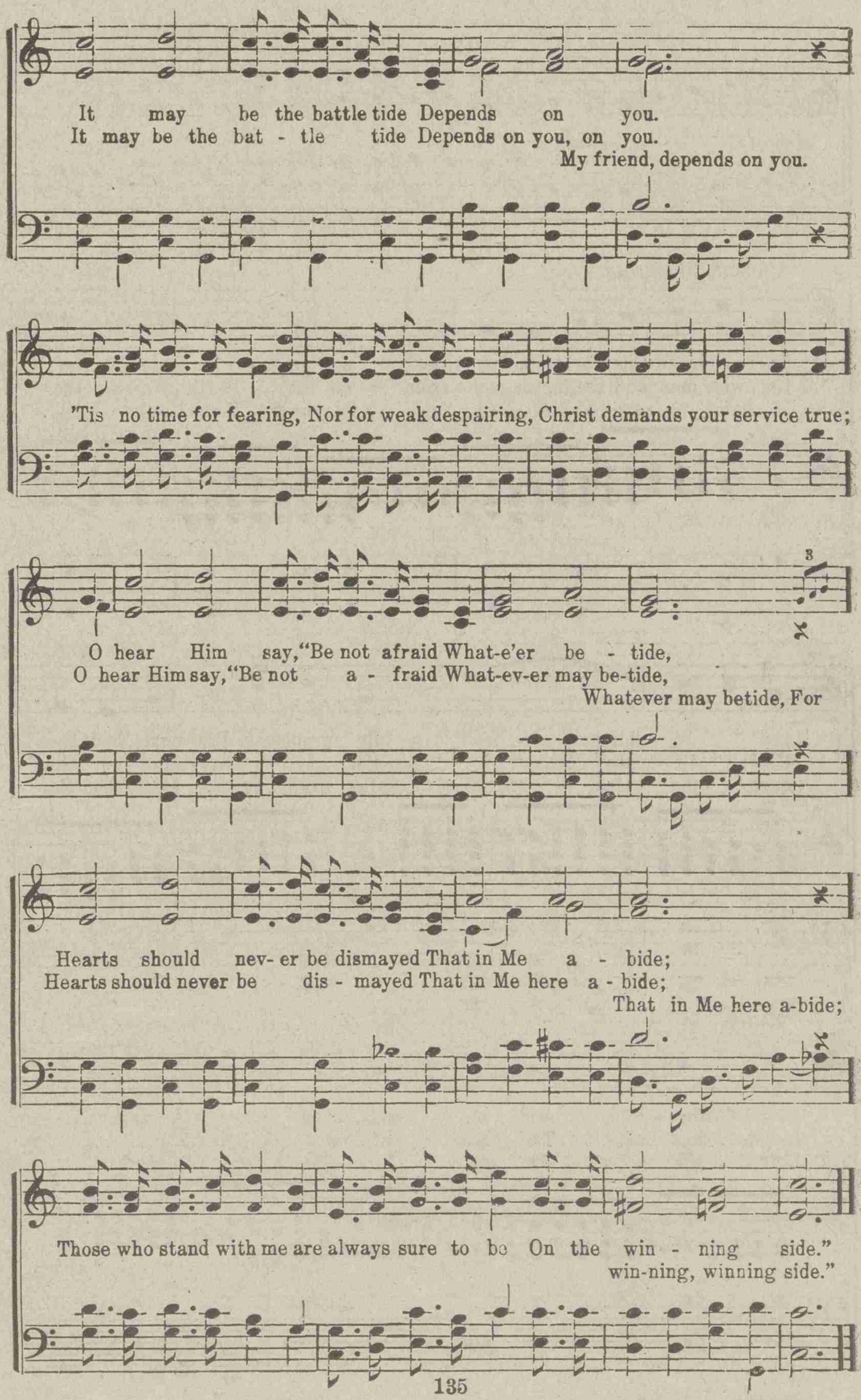
Come and take your place with Jesus, Stand up - on the win-ning side.

CHORUS.

Stand, stand on the winning side, There's work to do;
Stand, stand on the win - ning side, There's work for all to do;
There's work for all to do, and

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Stand On the Winning Side. Concluded.



146. His Name shall be Called "Wonderful."

J. D. L.

HARRY DIXON LOES.

Intro. *rall.*

UNISON. *Moderato.*

1. There came to this world ma - ny years a - go, A Babe of low - ly birth:..... By proph-ets His name had been
2. Lo, wise men and shepherds came from a - far, With gifts, the Child to see;..... For tho' in a man - ger His
3. "I came to save sin-ners," so he de-clared, 'Twas God's re- demp - tion plan..... He lived but to bless, then He
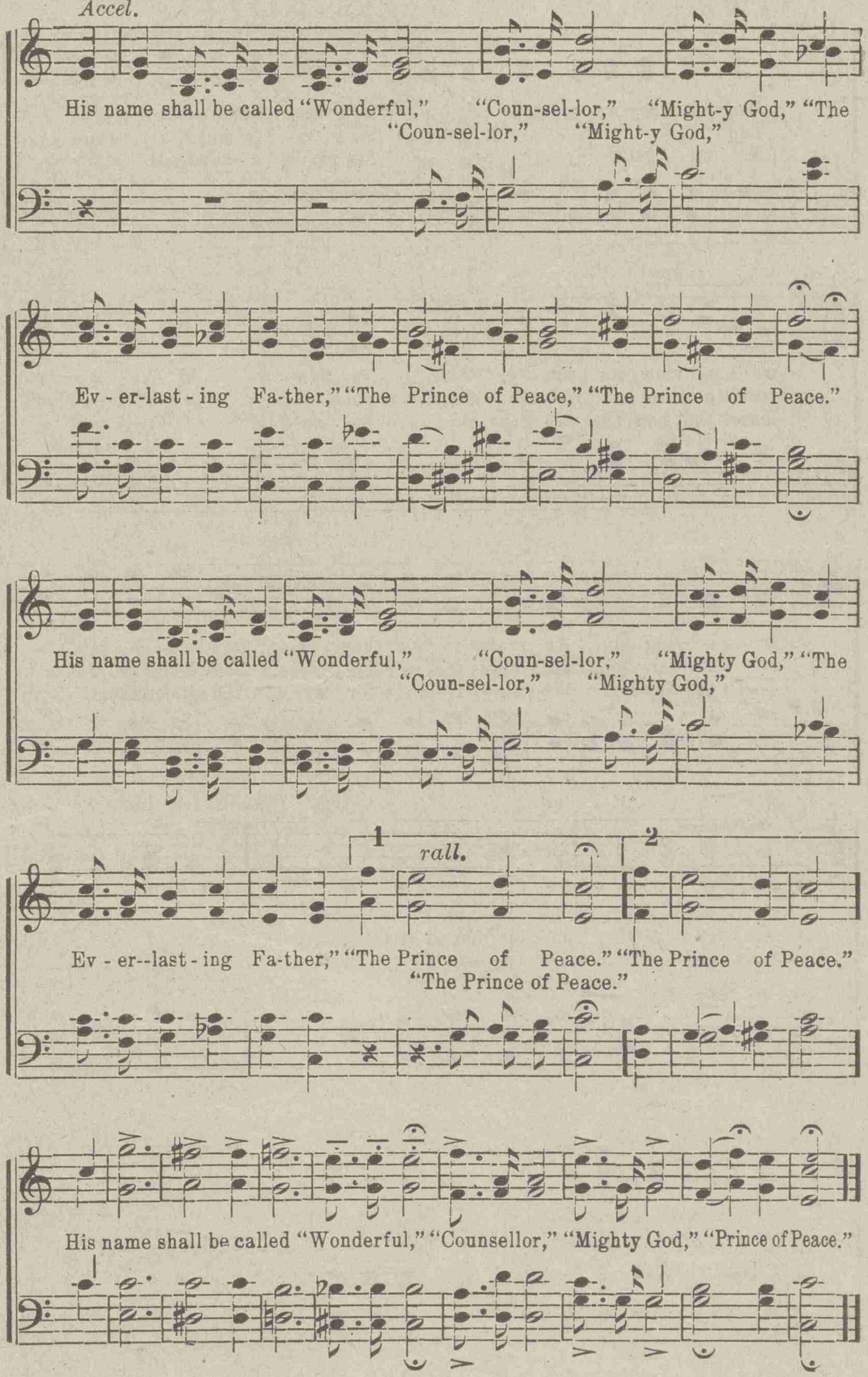
long fore - told, And an - gels sang its worth.....
bed was made, The Son of God was He.....
braved the cross To die for sins of man.....

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His Name shall be Called. Concluded.

CHORUS. Isa. 9: 6.

Accel.



147. The Great City of Love.

REV. H. R. FREEMAN. For Chorus or Mixed Quartet. E. T. HILDEBRAND.

mp Moderato.

1. We're journeying to that cit - y, Whose streets are paved with gold, And
2. The cit - y's walls are jas - per, And in the midst a throne, And
3. A tree grows by the riv - er, Its fruit a - bund-ant yields, And

we shall view its beau - ty, And Je - sus there be - hold. We'll hear the
from the throne a riv - er From God shall ev - er flow. This riv - er
leaves that heal the na - tions, And their sal - va - tion seals. This tree is

mf

an - gels sing-ing, As praise to God they bring; And we shall join the
is sal - va - tion, It flows to ev - 'ry race, That hears the wondrous
Christ the Sav-ior, Who saves from sin for aye, And guides them safe to

f *m*

CHORUS. *Andante religioso.*

mp

cho - rus, In prais - es to the King.
sto - ry Of Je - sus' bound-less grace. Cit - y of God;
heav - en, That walk the heav'n - ly way.

m *f* *f* *a tempo.* *m* *mp*

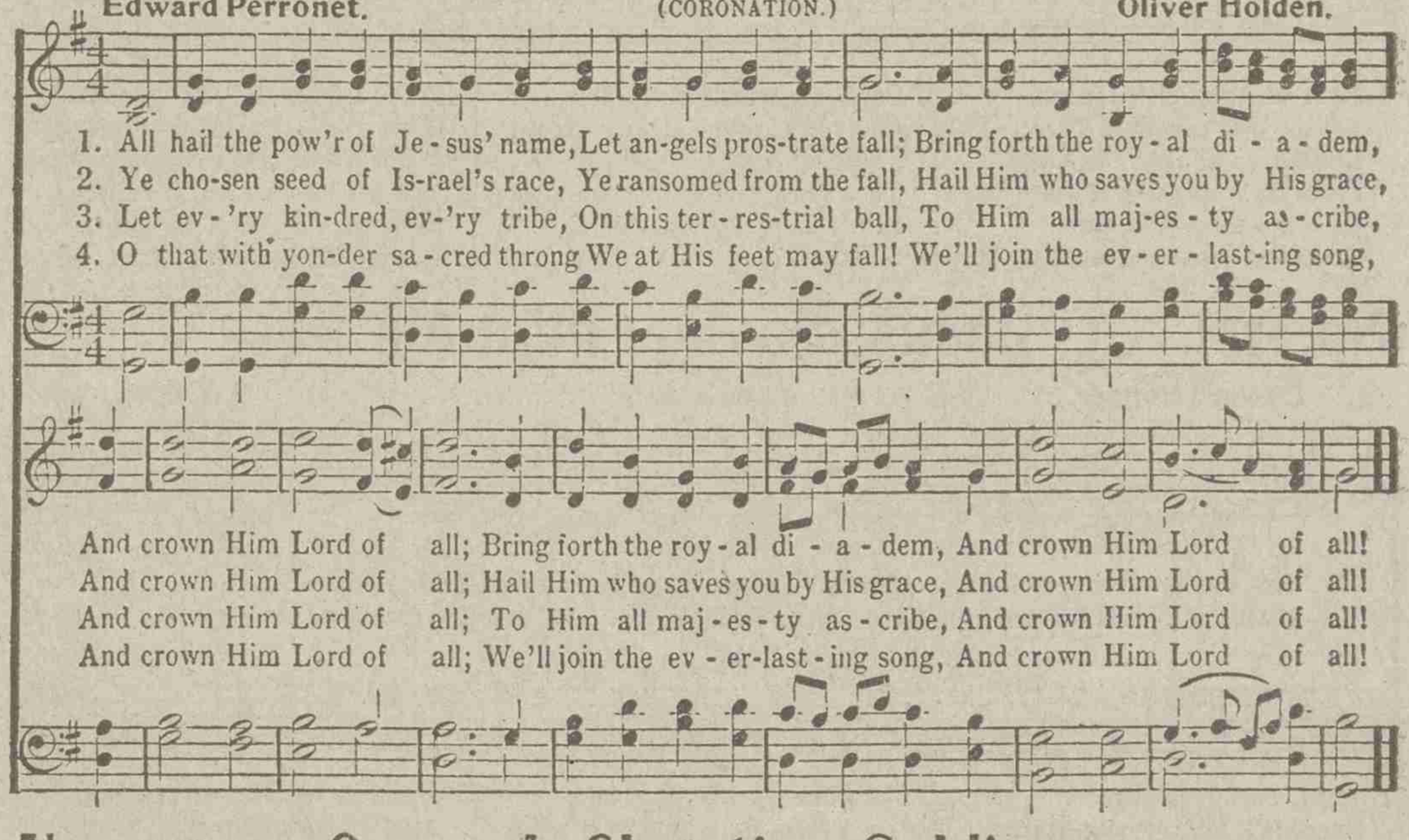
Riv-er of life; Ha-ven of love— This the great gift of God a - bove.

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Devotional Hymns

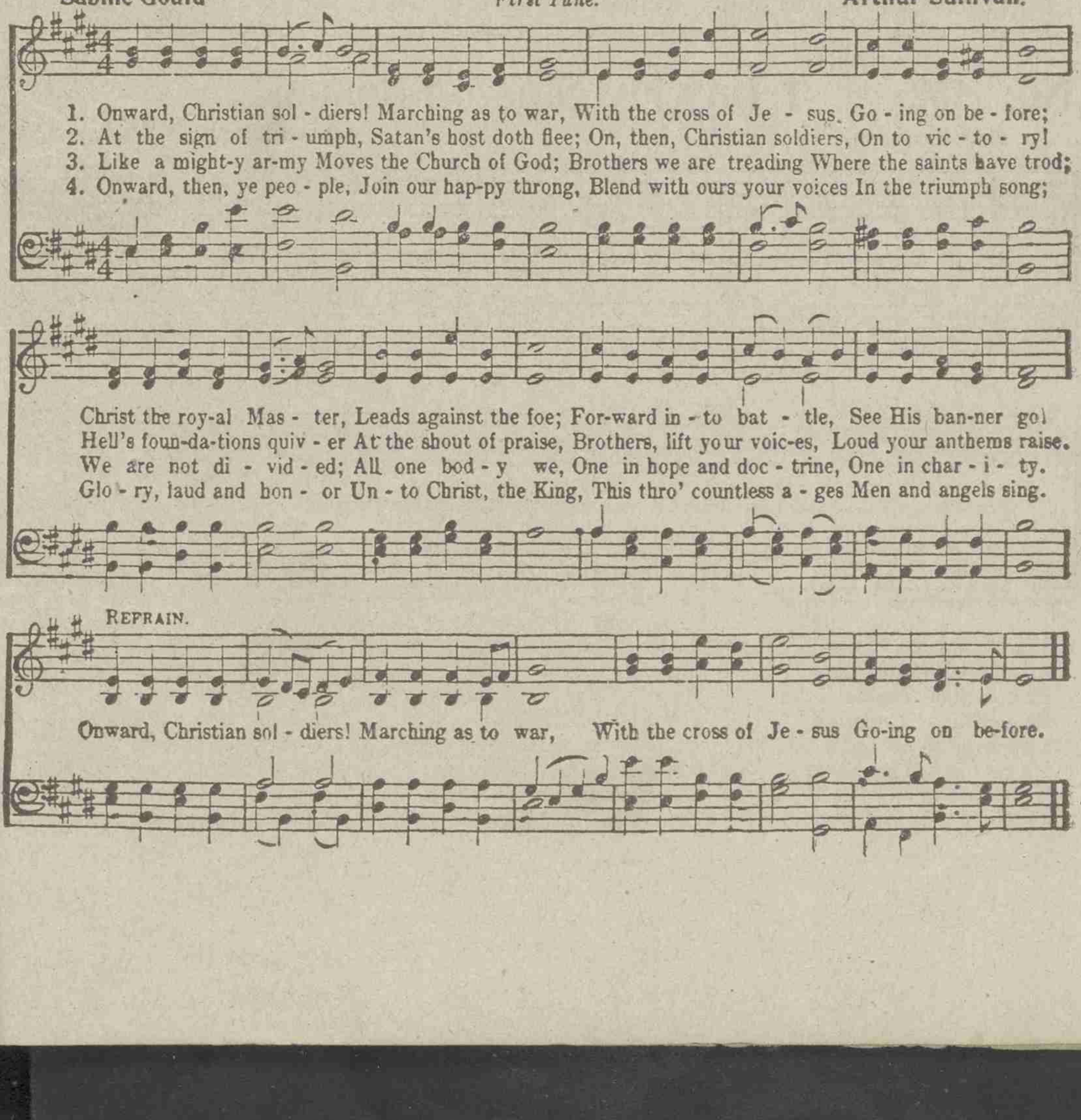
No. 148. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Edward Perronet. (CORONATION.) Oliver Holden.



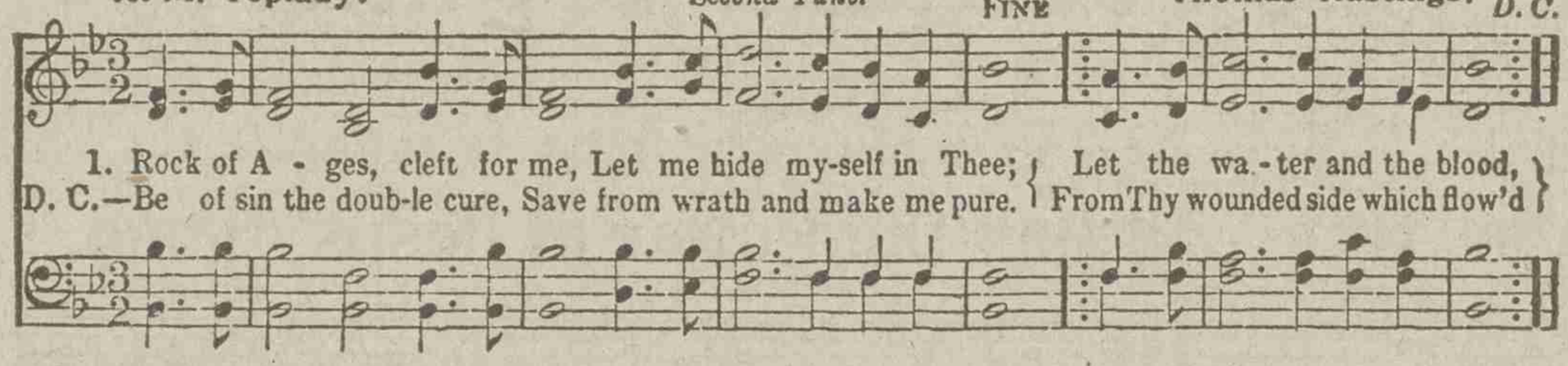
No. 149. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Gould *First Tune.* Arthur Sullivan.



No. 150. Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady. *Second Tune.* FINE Thomas Hastings. D. C.
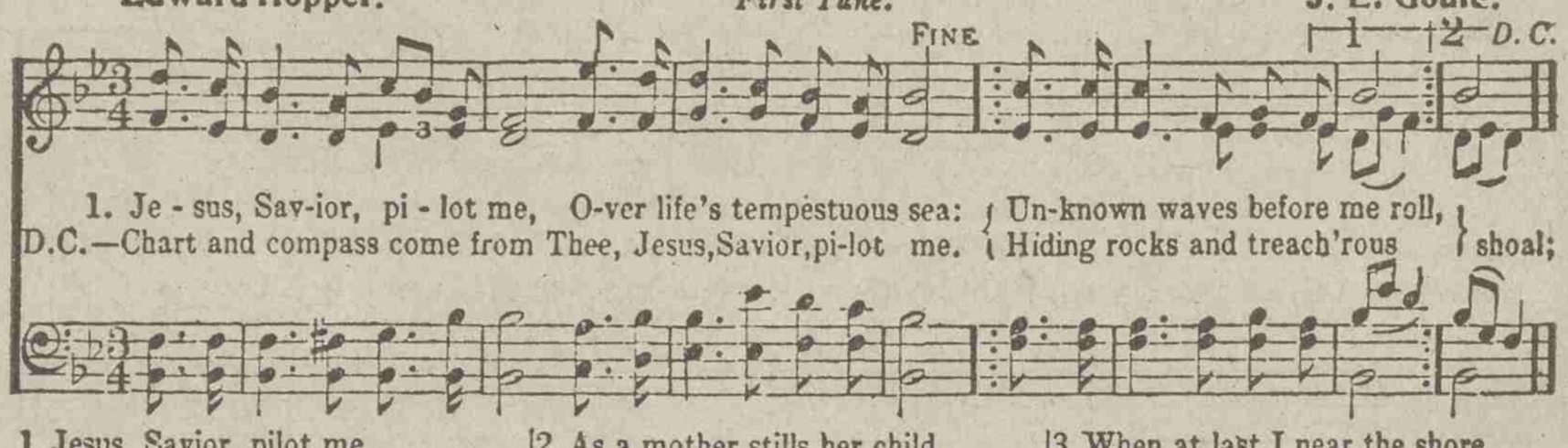


1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

No. 151. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper. *First Tune.* FINE J. E. Gould. 1 2 D. C.



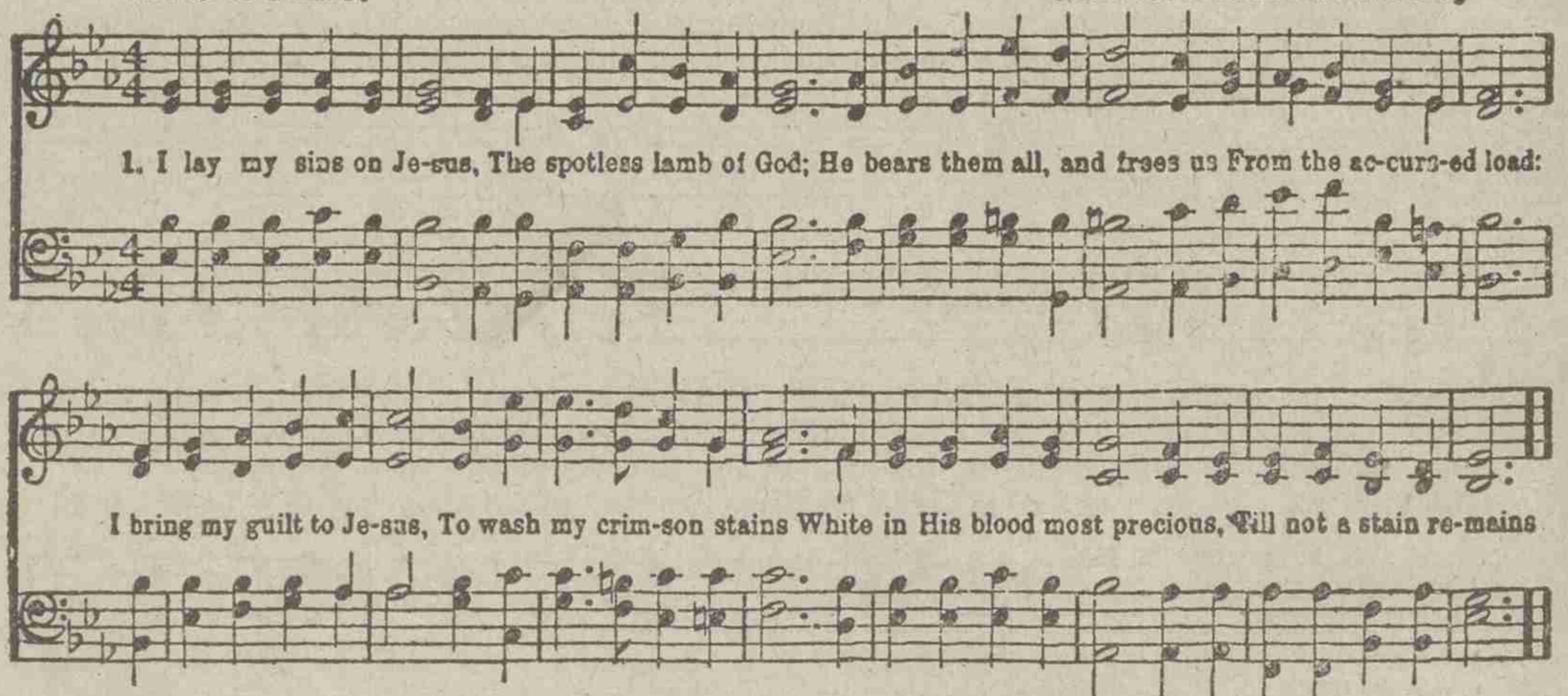
1 Jesus, Savior, pilot me,
Over life's tempestuous sea:
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rocks and treach'rous shoal;
Chart and compass come from Thee
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves, obey Thy will
When Thou say st to them "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twix me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

No. 152. I Lay My Sins on Jesus.

Horatius Bonar. Samuel Sebastian Wesley



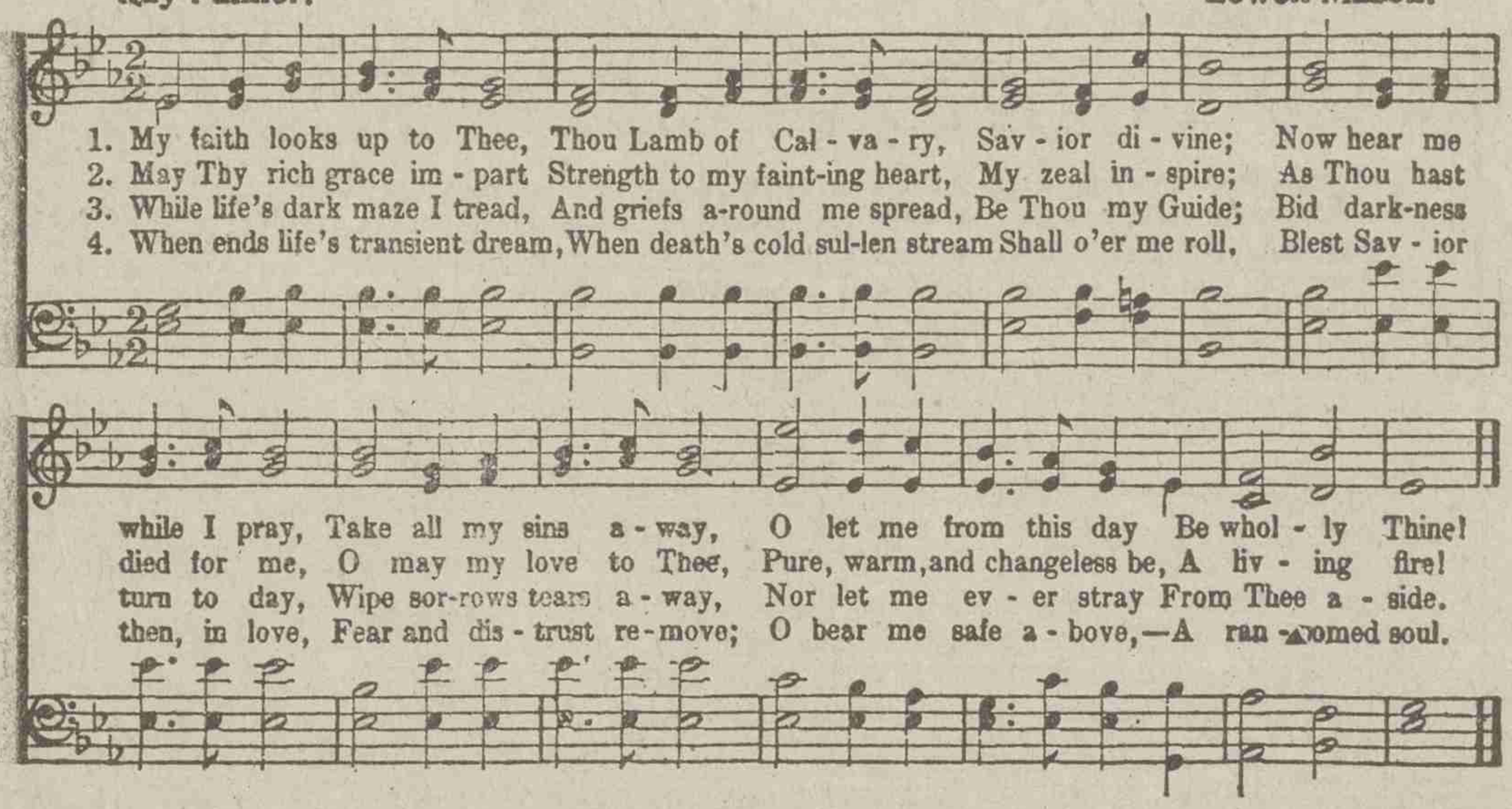
2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fullness dwells in Him;
He healeth my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem:
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline:
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ the Lord,
Like fragrance on the breezes
His name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child:
I long to be with Jesus
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
And learn the angels' song.

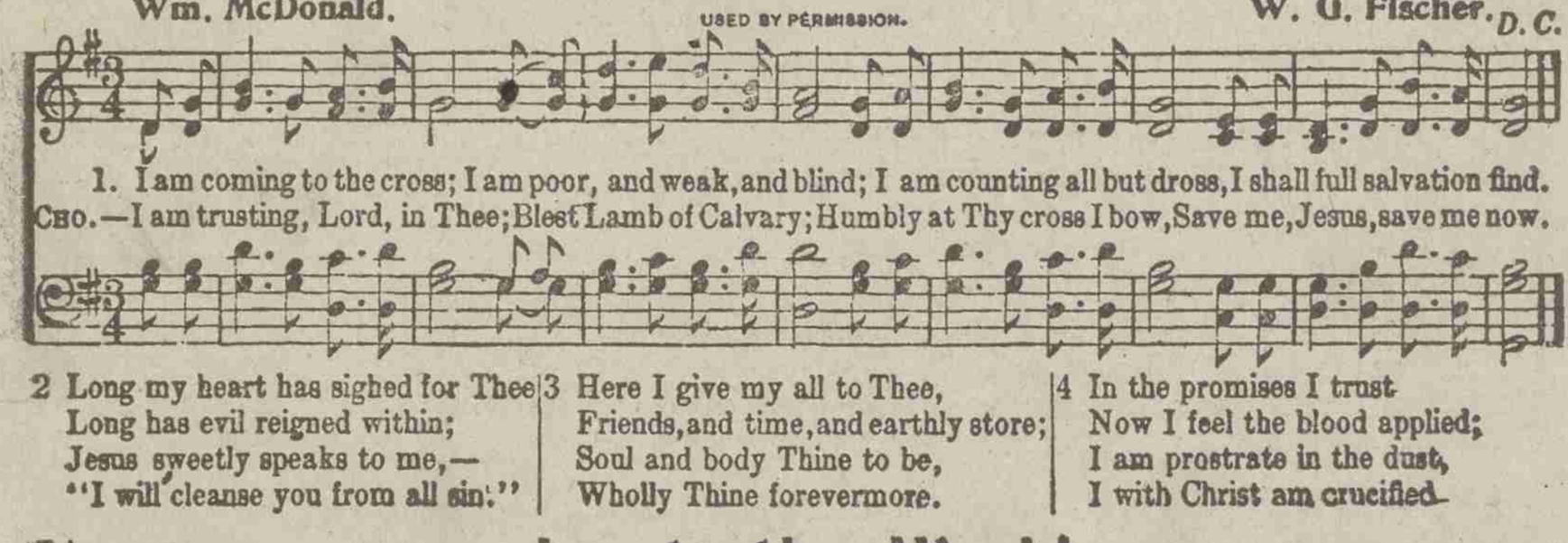
No. 153. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer. Lowell Mason.



No. 154. I am Trusting, Lord, in Thee.

Wm. McDonald. USED BY PERMISSION. W. G. Fischer. D. C.



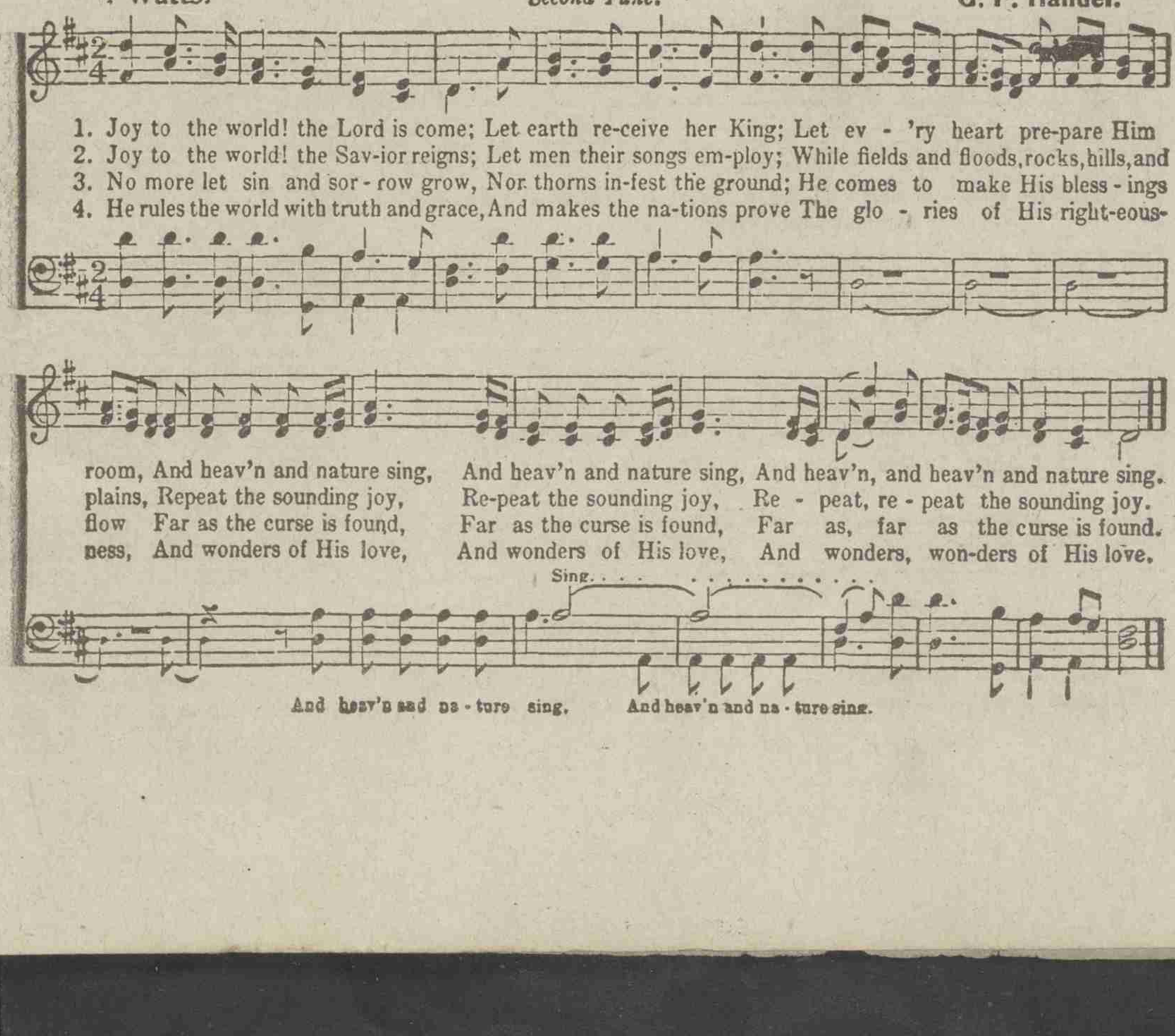
2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,—
"I will cleanse you from all sin."

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

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

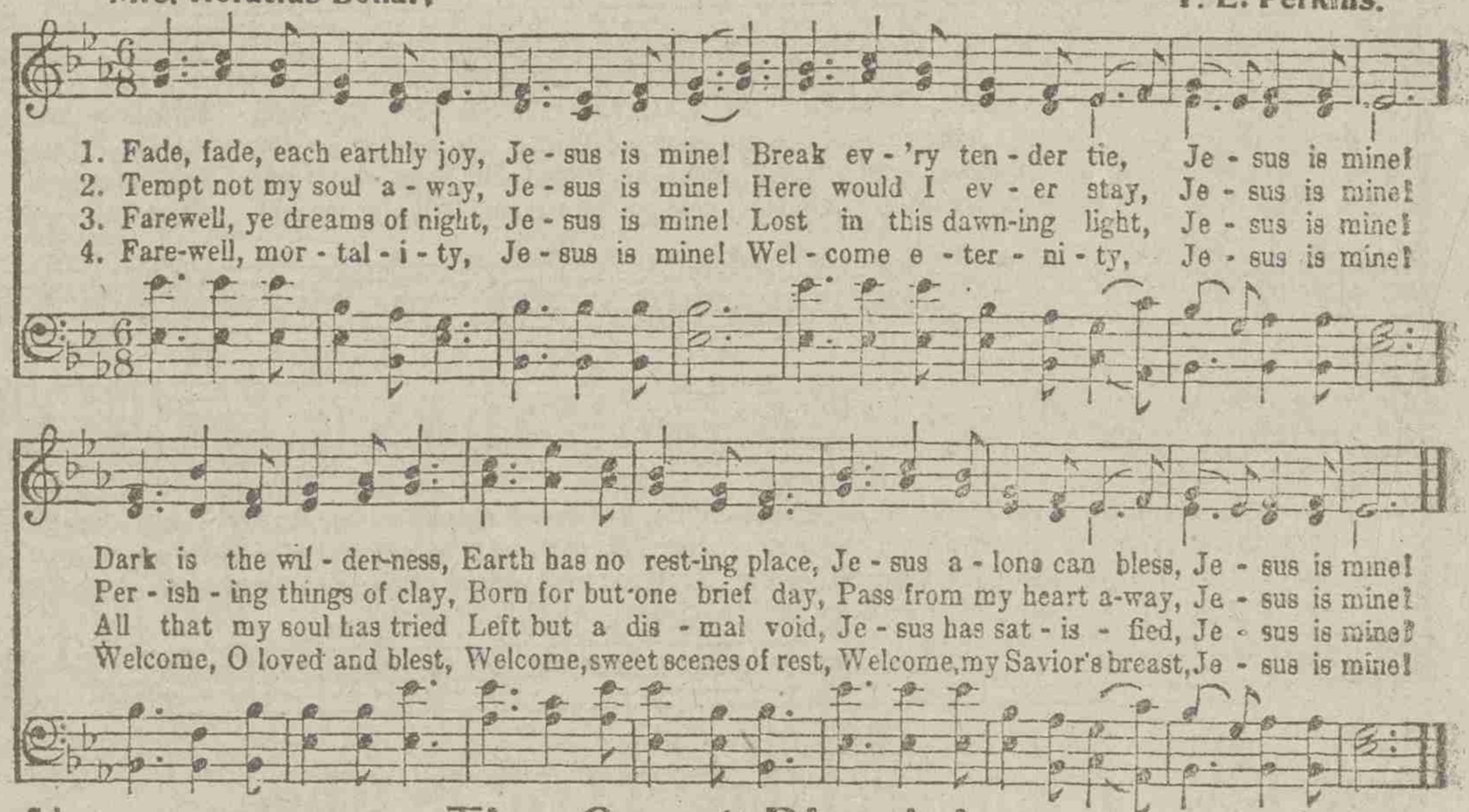
No 155. Joy to the World.

I. Watts. *Second Tune.* G. F. Handel.



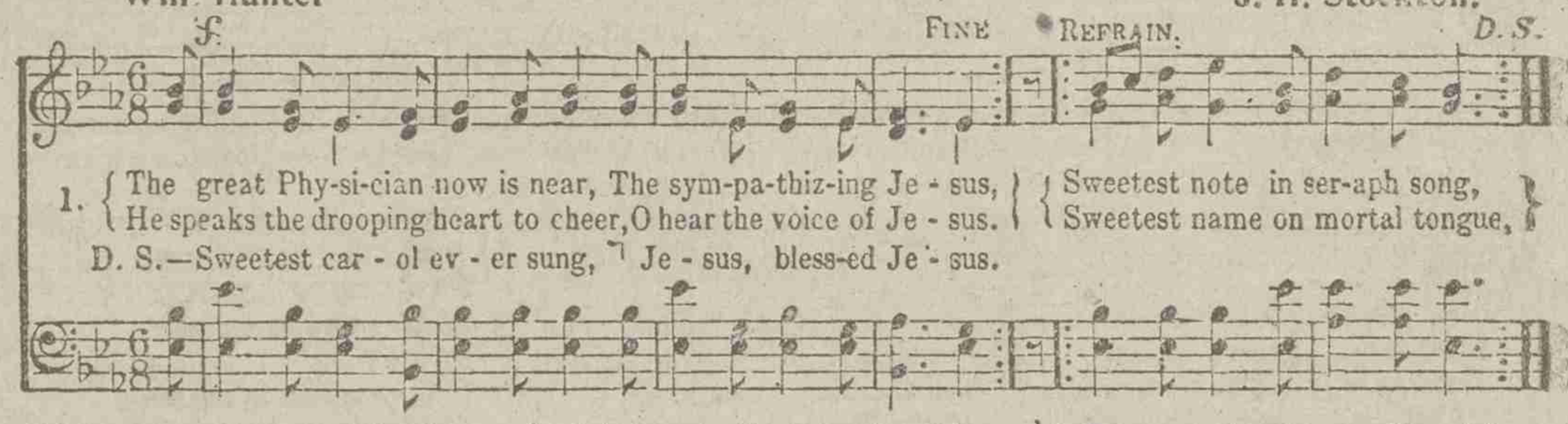
No. 156. Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy.

Mrs. Horatius Bonar. T. E. Perkins.



No. 157. The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter J. H. Stockton.

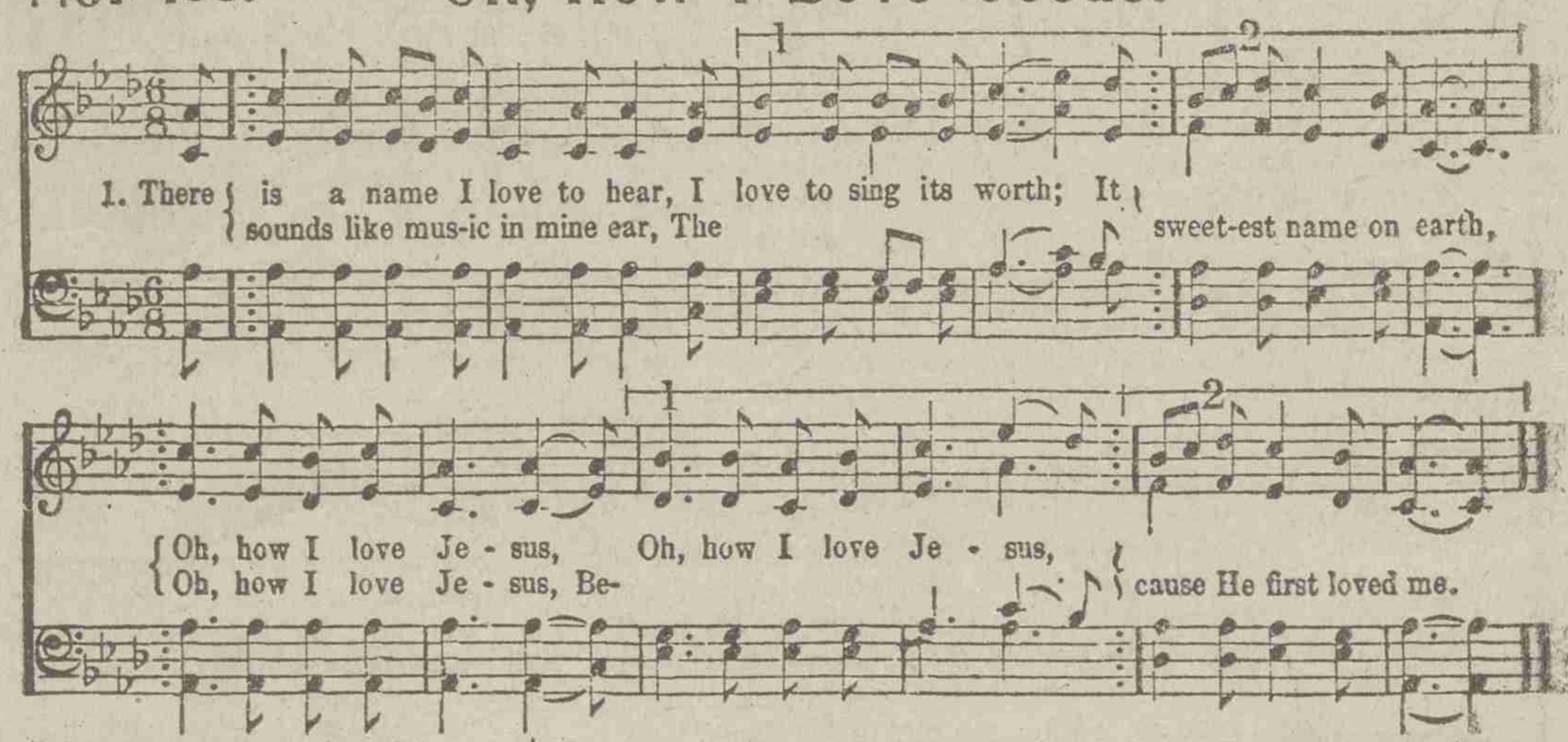


2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh! hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh! how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.

No. 158. Oh, How I Love Jesus.



2 It tells me of a Savior's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of His precious blood;
The sinner's perfect plea.

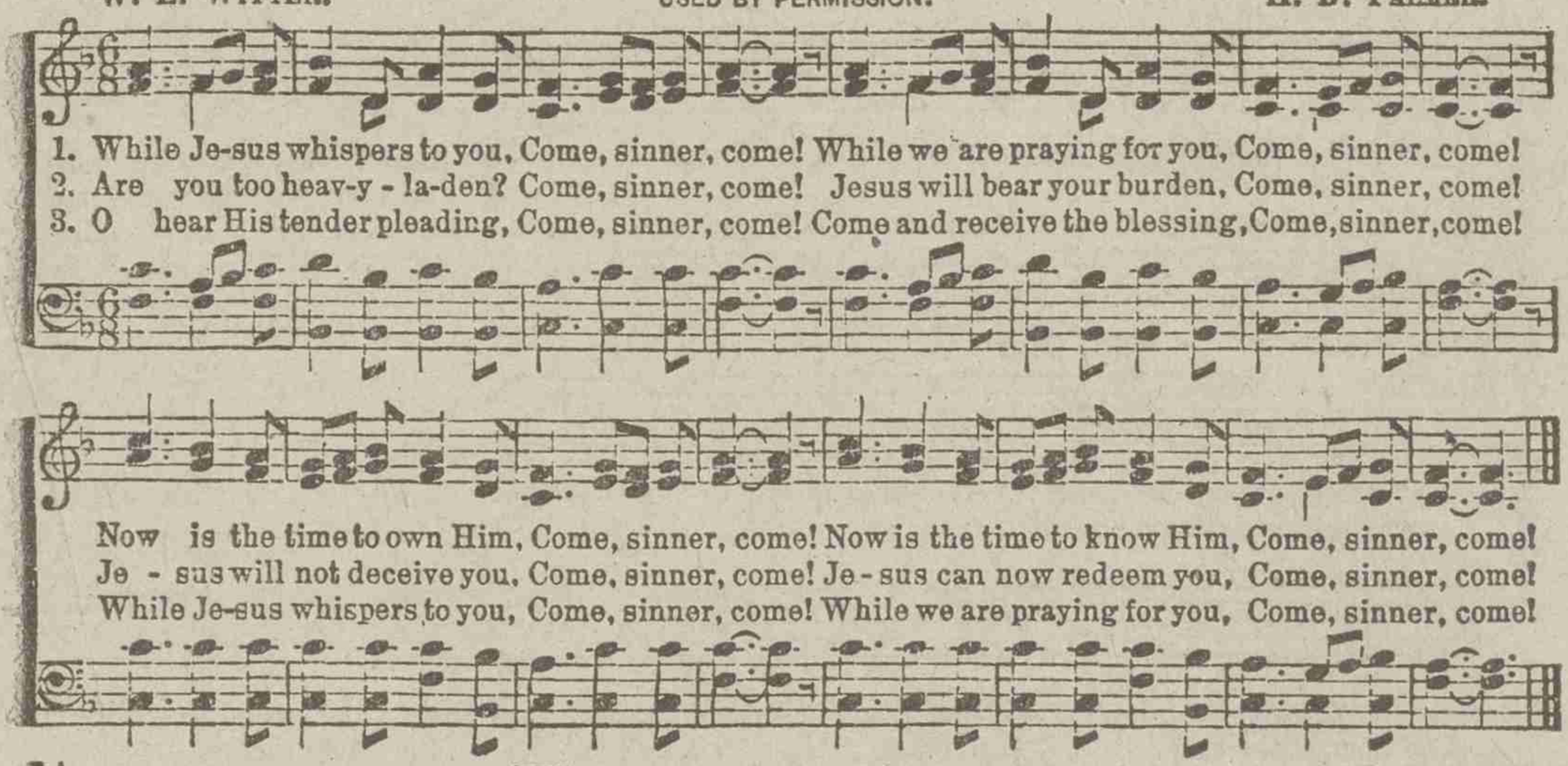
3 It tells me what my Father hath
In store for every day,
And tho' I tread a darksome path,
Yields sunshine all the way.

4 It tells of One whose loving heart
Can feel my deepest woe,
Who in each sorrow bears a part,
That none can bear below.

No. 159. While Jesus Whispers.

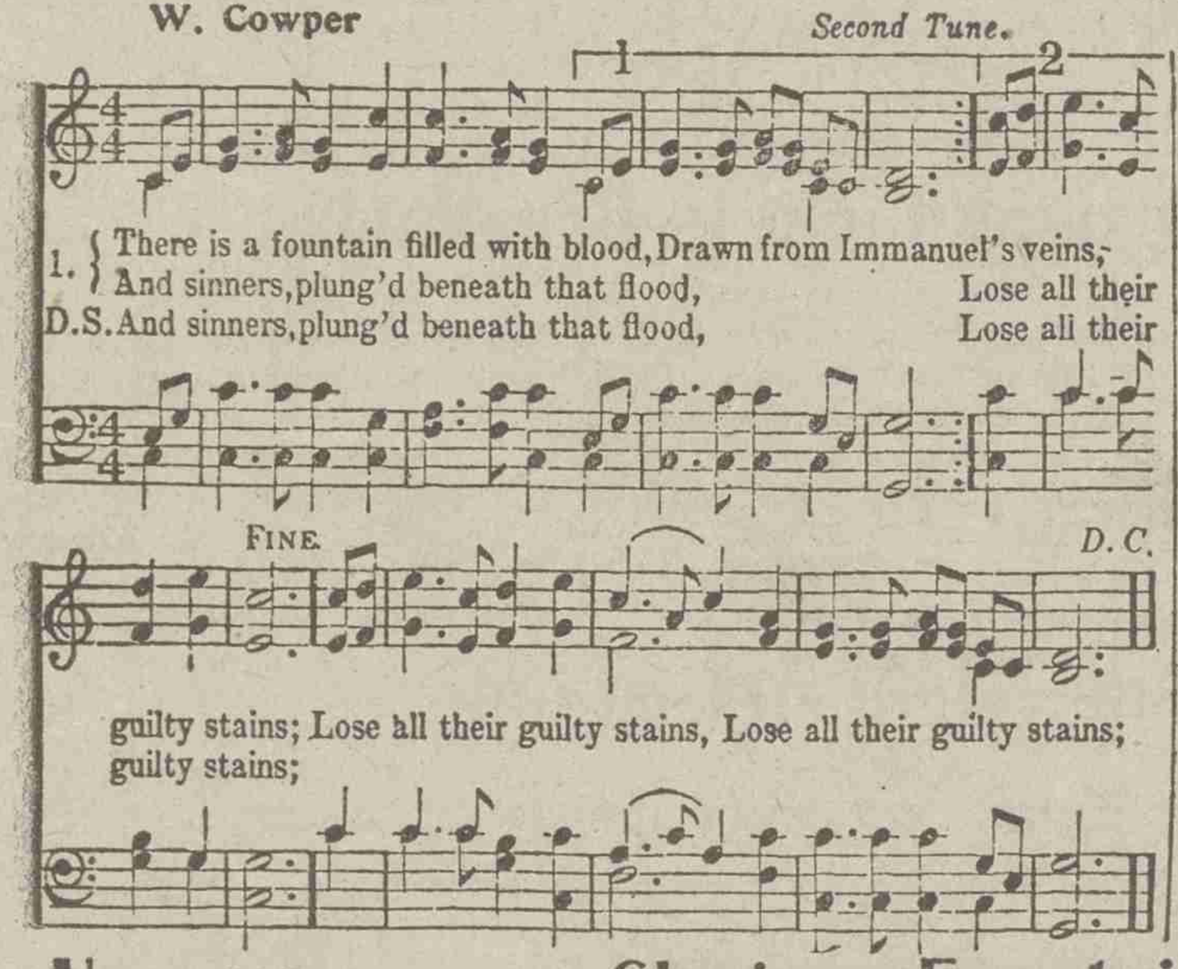
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W. E. WITTER. H. B. PALMER.



No. 160. There is a Fountain.

W. Cowper *Second Tune.* Lowell Mason.



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

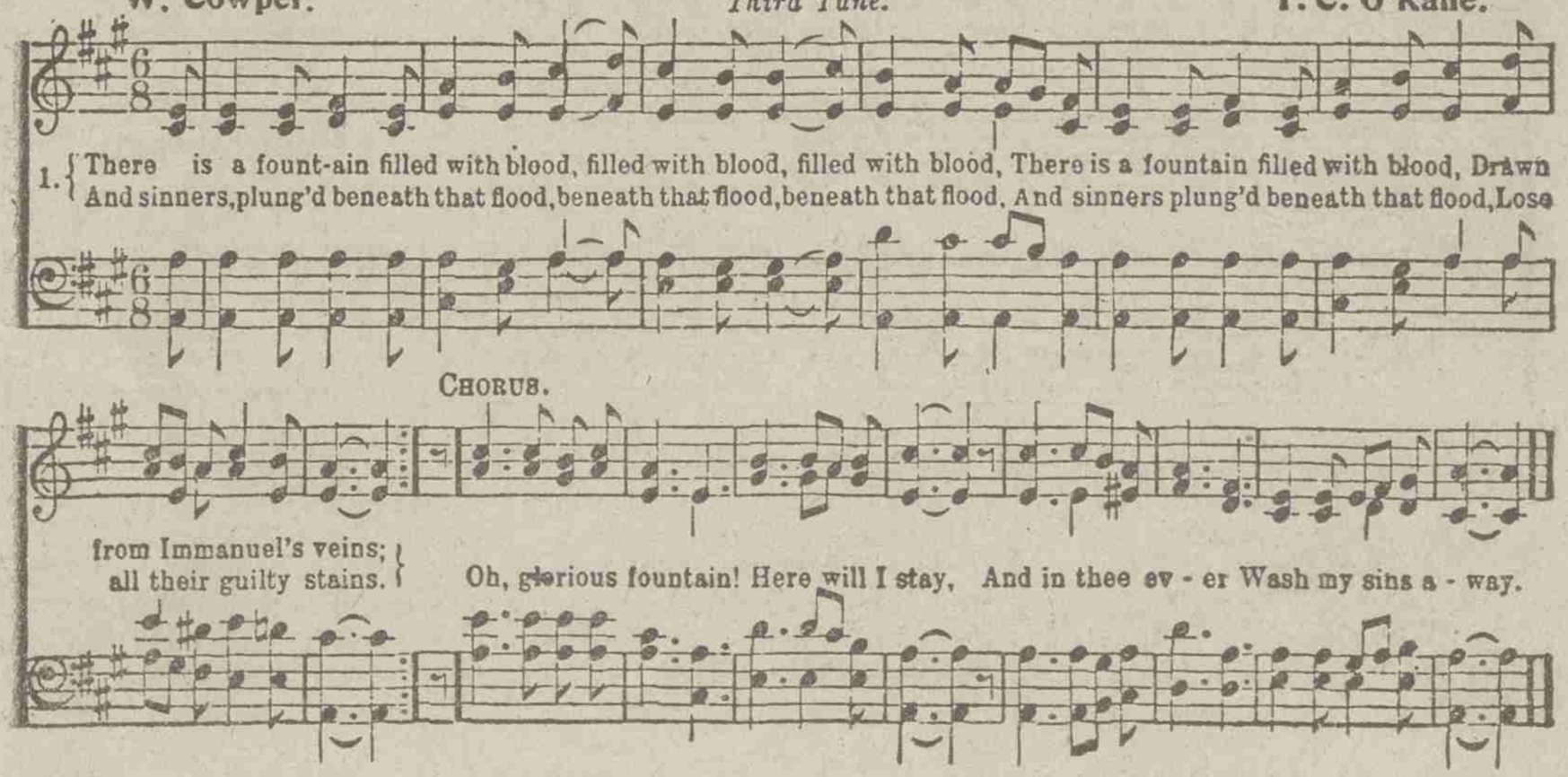
3 Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

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

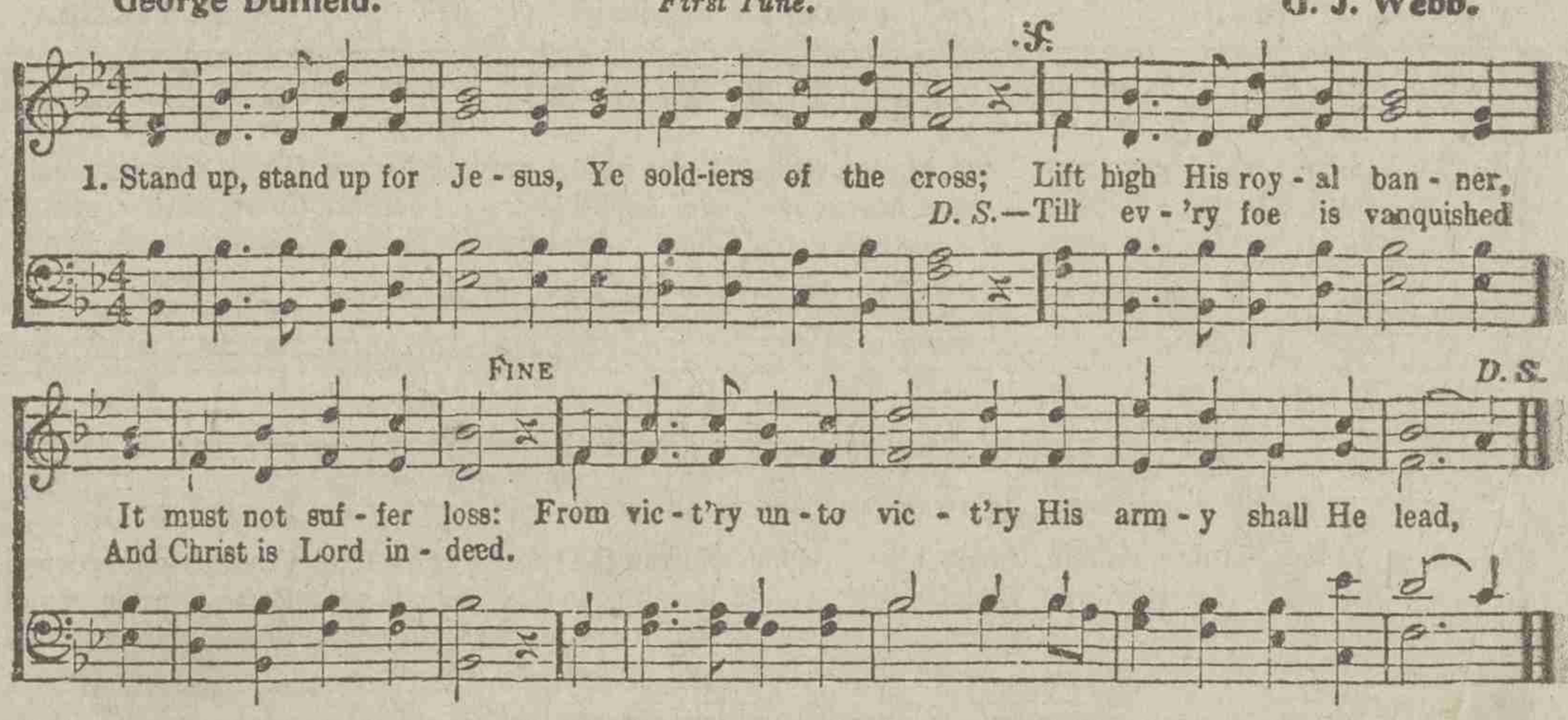
No. 161. Glorious Fountain.

W. Cowper. *Third Tune.* T. C. O'Kane.



No. 162. Stand Up for Jesus.

George Duffield. *First Tune.* **G. J. Webb.**



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

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own,
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song;
To Him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

No. 163. The Morning Light is Breaking.

First or Second Tune.

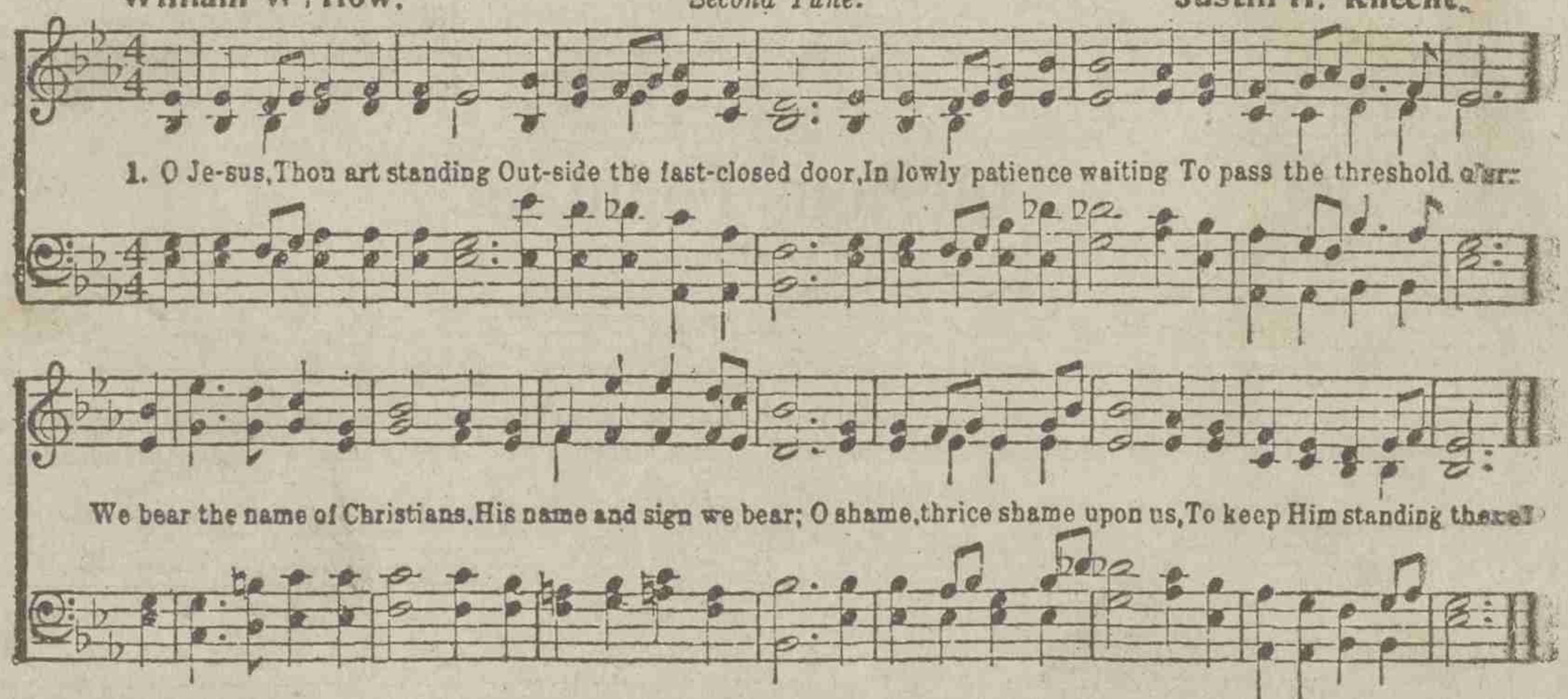
1 The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears,
The sons of earth are waking,
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God of love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners now confessing,
The gospel's call obey,
And seek a Savior's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly,
Triumphant, reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

No. 164. O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.

William W. How. *Second Tune.* **Justin H. Knecht.**
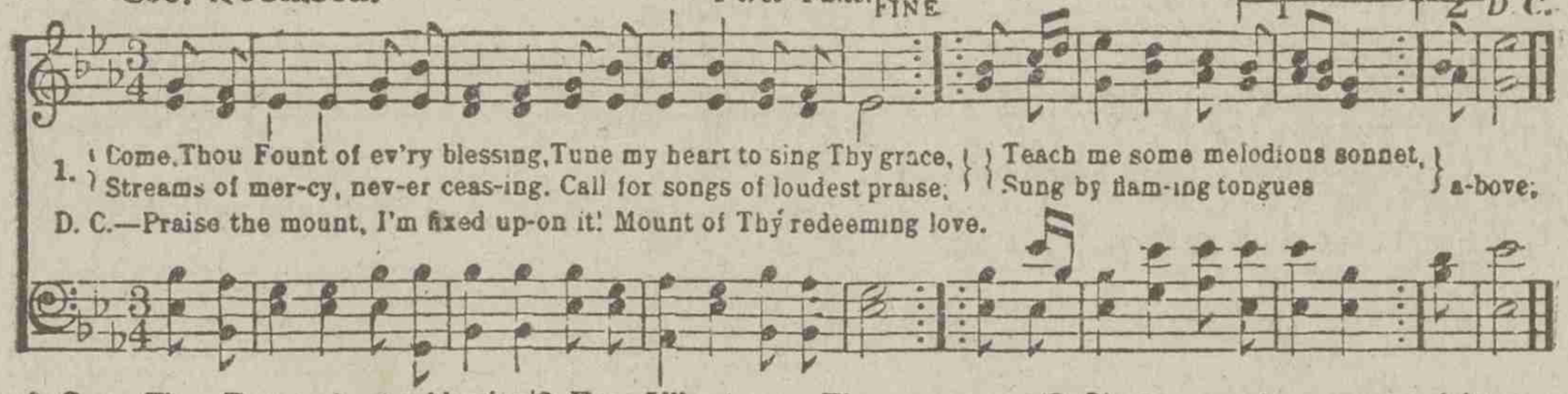


1 O Jesus, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
We bear the name of Christians,
His name and sign we bear;
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there!

2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking;
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred:
O love that passeth knowlege,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, my children,
And will ye treat me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door;
Dear Savior, enter, enter,
And leave us never more!

No. 165. Come, Thou Fount.

Geo. Robinson. *First Tune.* FINE John Wyeth. 1 2 D. C.



1 Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace,
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it!
Mount of Thy redeeming love.

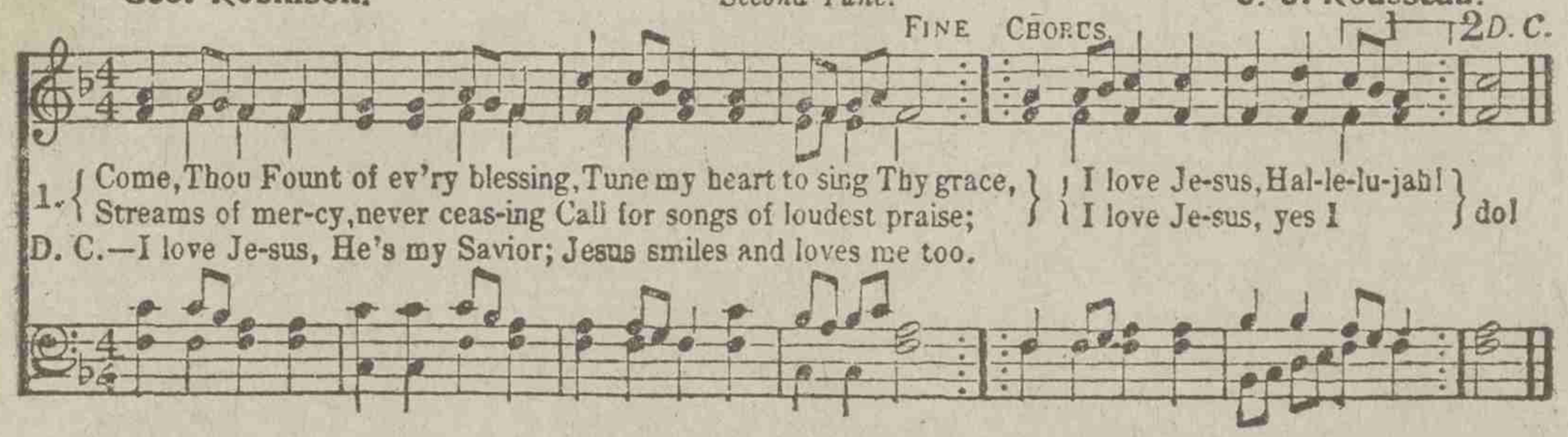
2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'll come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home:
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love; [it,
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal
Seal it for Thy courts above.

No. 166. I Love Jesus, He's My Savior.

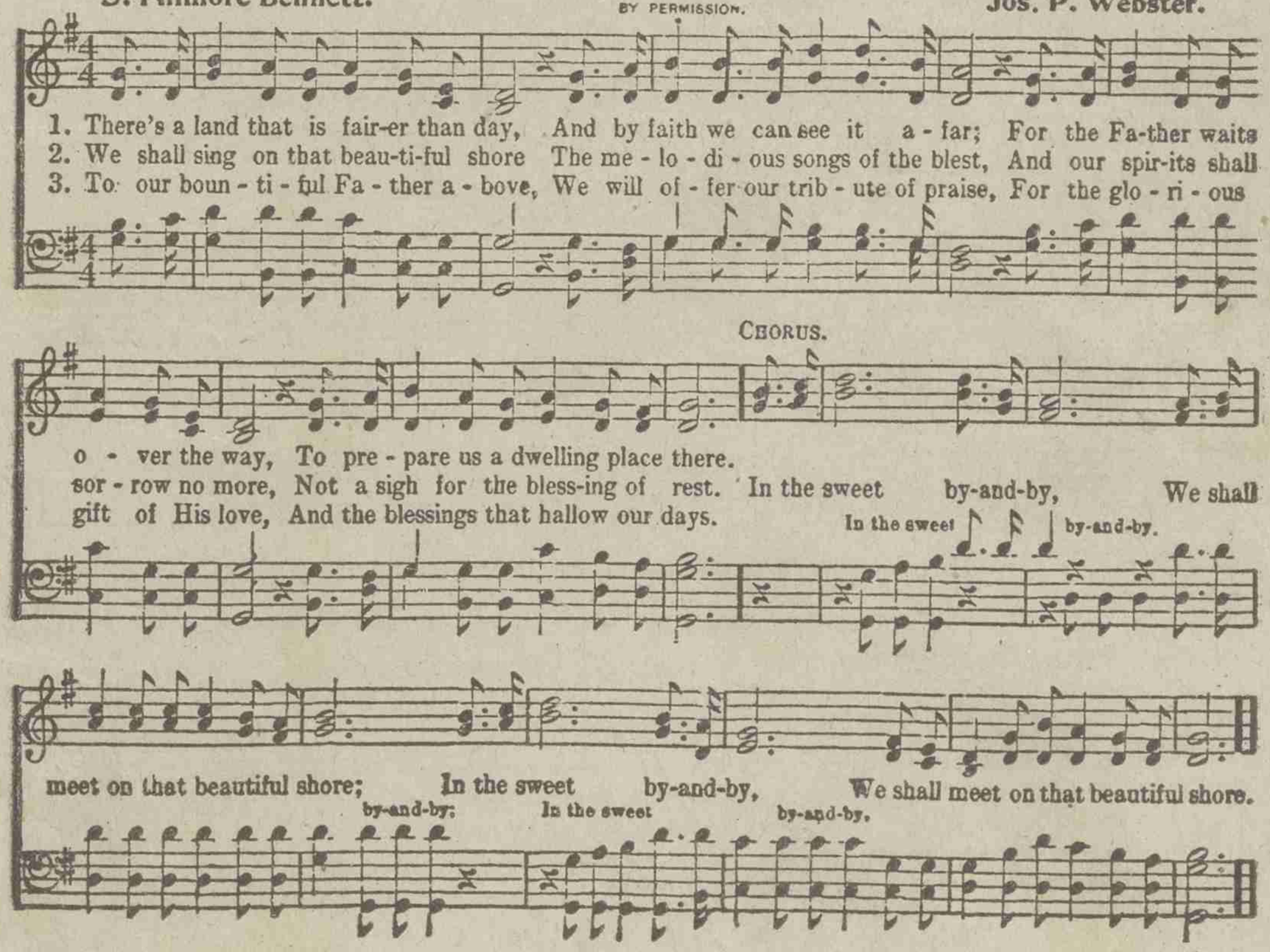
Geo. Robinson. *Second Tune.* J. J. Rousseau.

FINE CHORUS. 1 2 D. C.



No. 167. Sweet By-and-By.

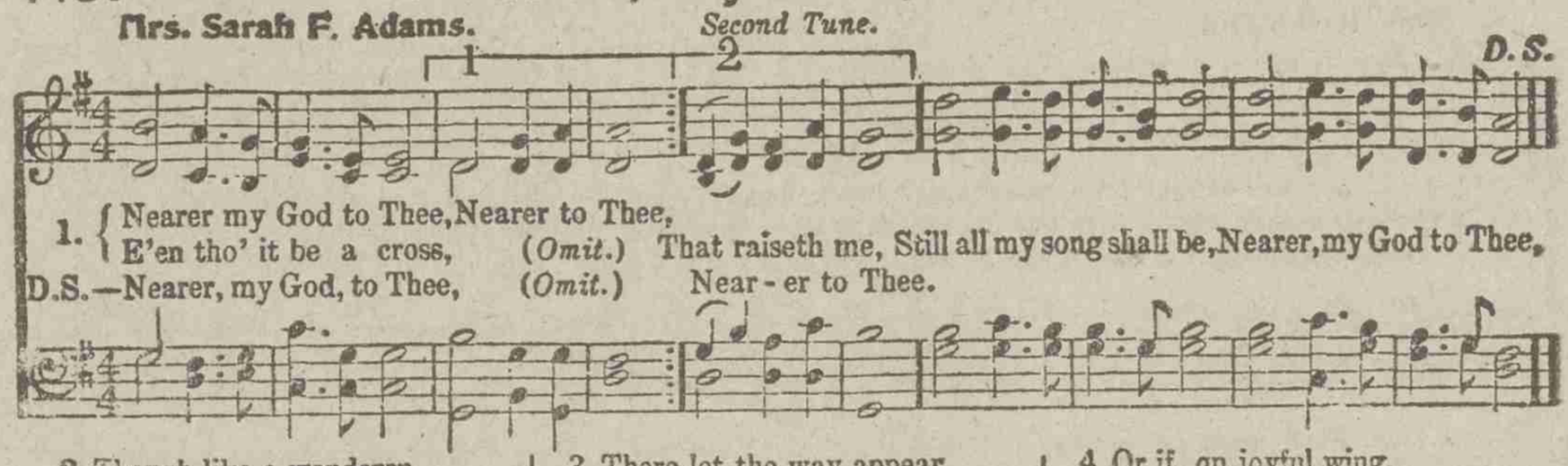
S. Fillmore Bennett. BY PERMISSION. Jos. P. Webster.



No. 168. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams.

Second Tune.



1. { Nearer my God to Thee, Nearer to Thee,
   { E'en tho' it be a cross, (*Omit.*) That raiseth me, Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God to Thee,

D.S.—Nearer, my God, to Thee, (*Omit.*) Near - er to Thee.

2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee!

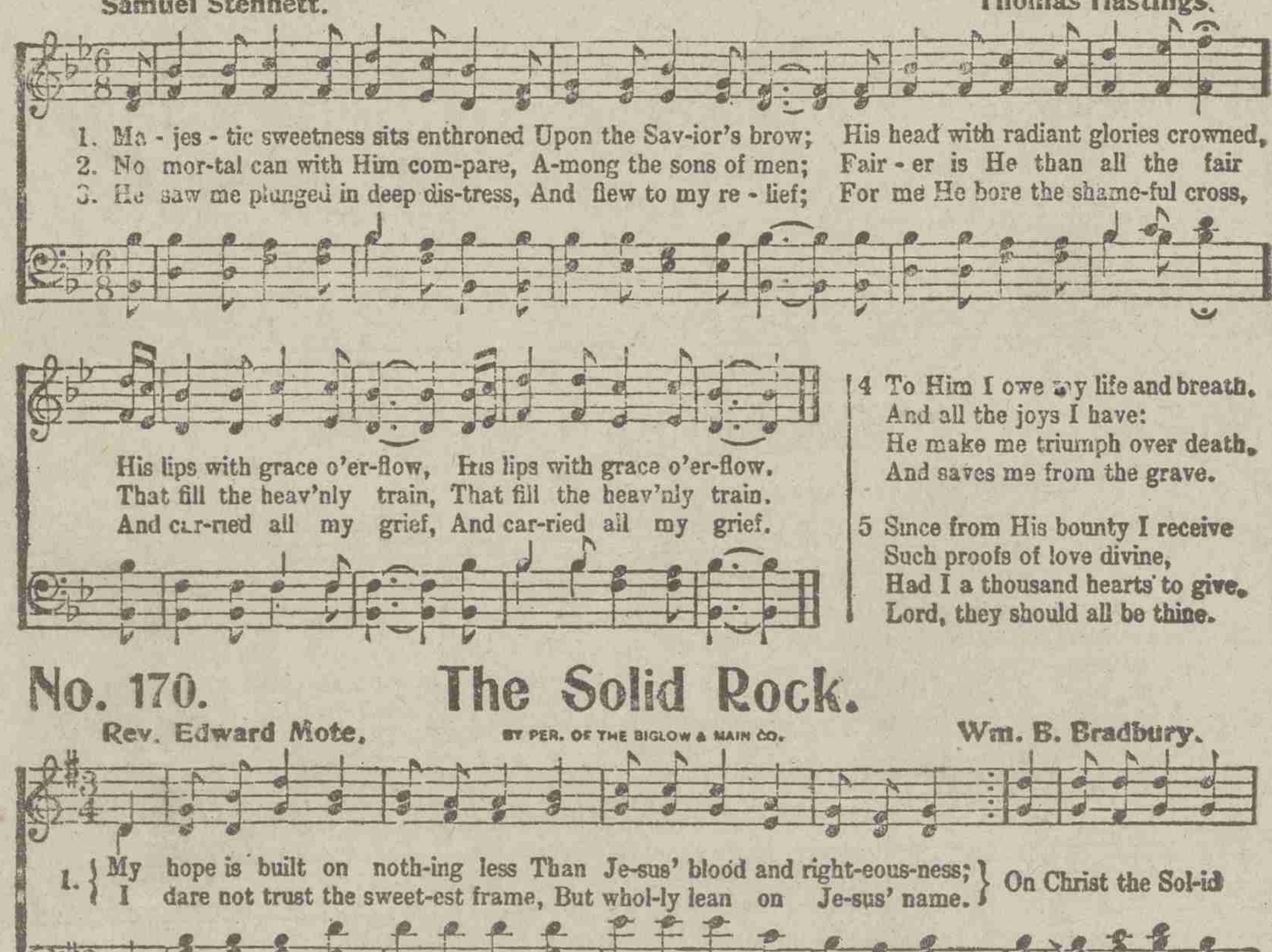
3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee!

4 Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

No. 169. Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned,

Samuel Stennett.

Thomas Hastings.



1. Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthroned Upon the Sav-ior's brow; His head with radiant glories crowned,
2. No mor-tal can with Him com-pare, A-mong the sons of men; Fair - er is He than all the fair
3. He saw me plunged in deep dis-tress, And flew to my re - lief; For me He bore the shame-ful cross,

His lips with grace o'er-flow, His lips with grace o'er-flow.
That fill the heav'nly train, That fill the heav'nly train.
And car-ried all my grief, And car-ried all my grief.

4 To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have:
He make me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

5 Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

No. 170. The Solid Rock.

Rev. Edward Mote.

BY PER. OF THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. { My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and right-eous-ness;
   { I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name. } On Christ the Sol-id

Rock, I stand; All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

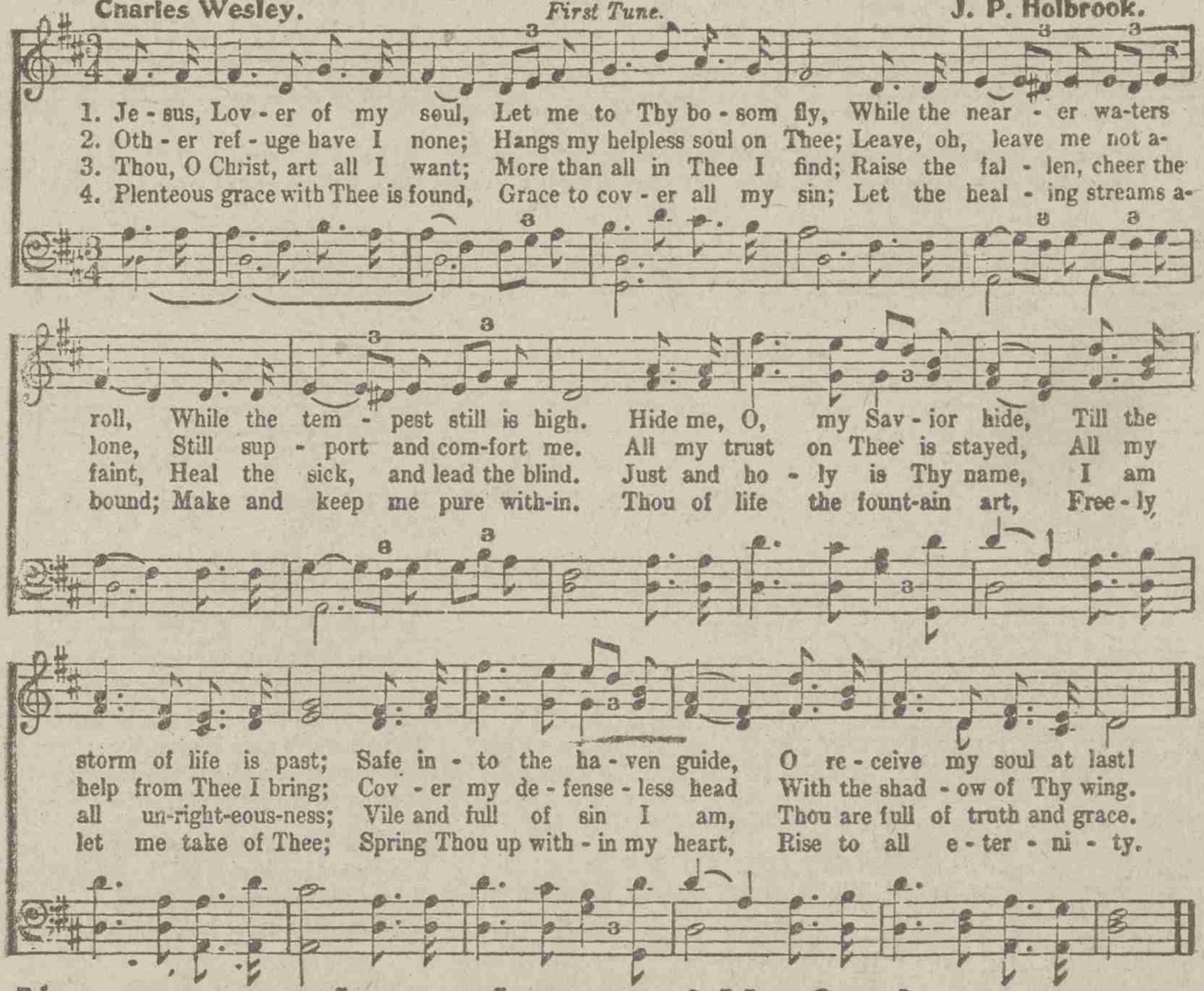
2 When darkness veils His lovely face
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vail.

3 His oath, His covenant, His blood
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

4 When He shall come with trumpet sound
O may I then in Him be found,
Dress in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.
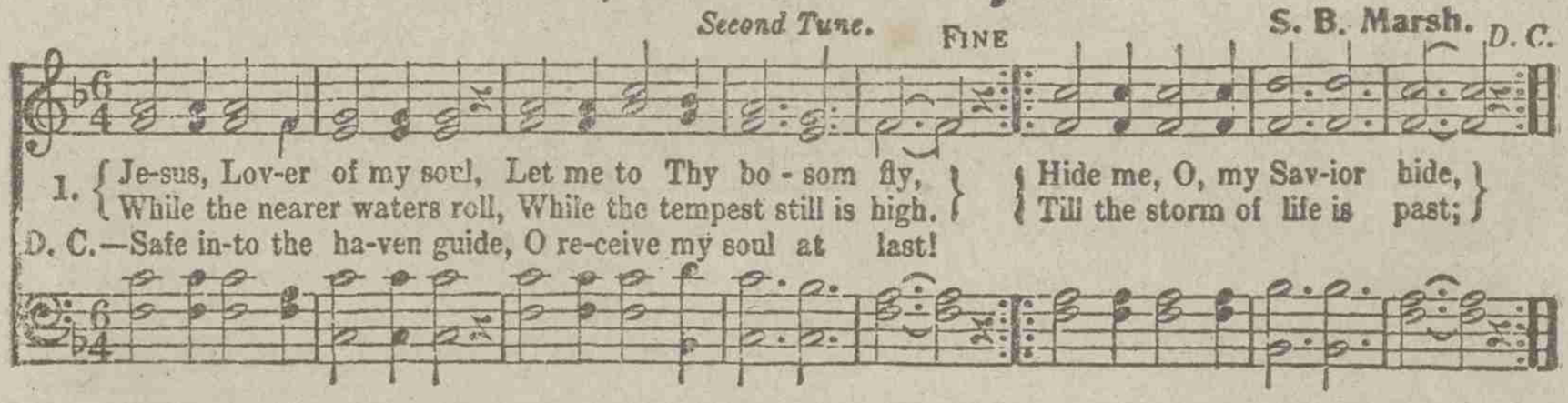
No. 171. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley. *First Tune.* J. P. Holbrook.



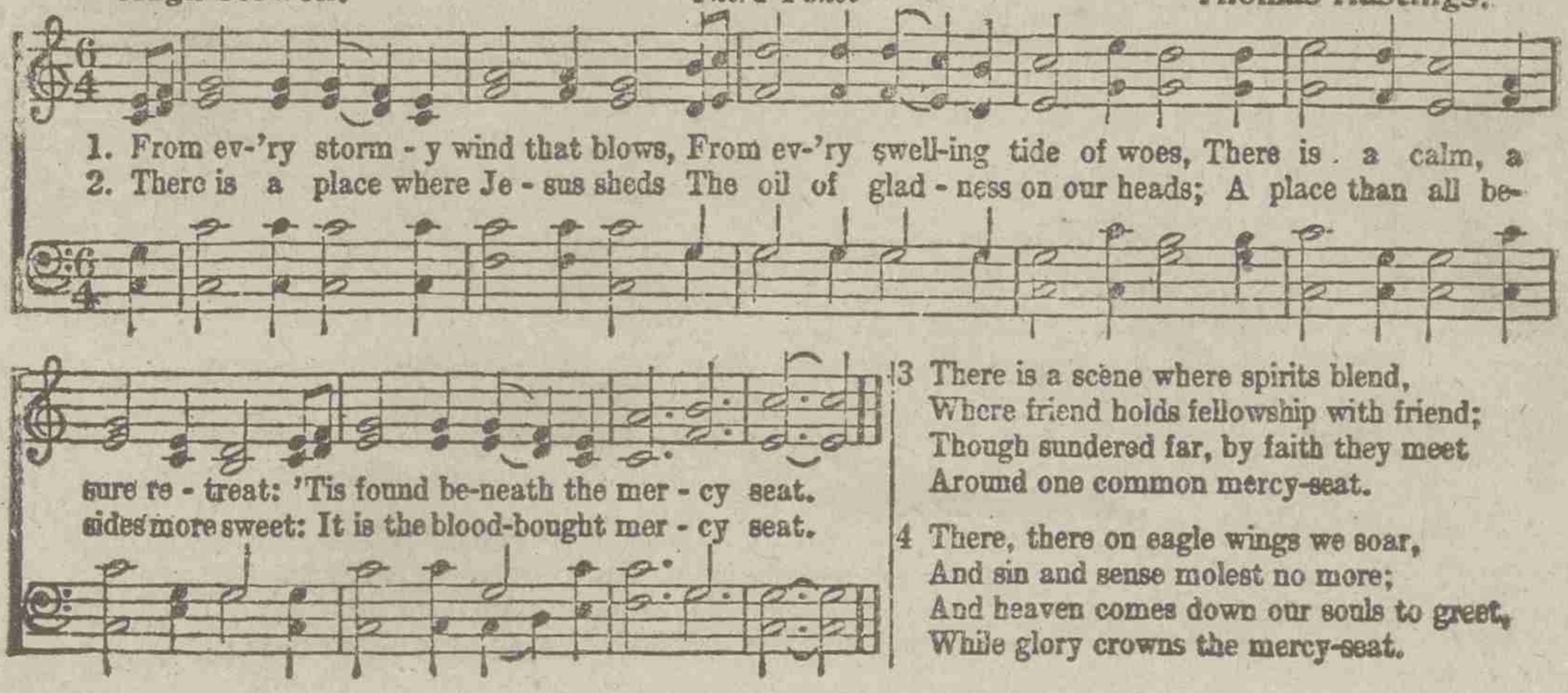
No. 172. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Second Tune. FINE S. B. Marsh. D. C.



No. 173. From Every Stormy Wind that Blows.

Hugh Stowell. *Third Tune.* Thomas Hastings.

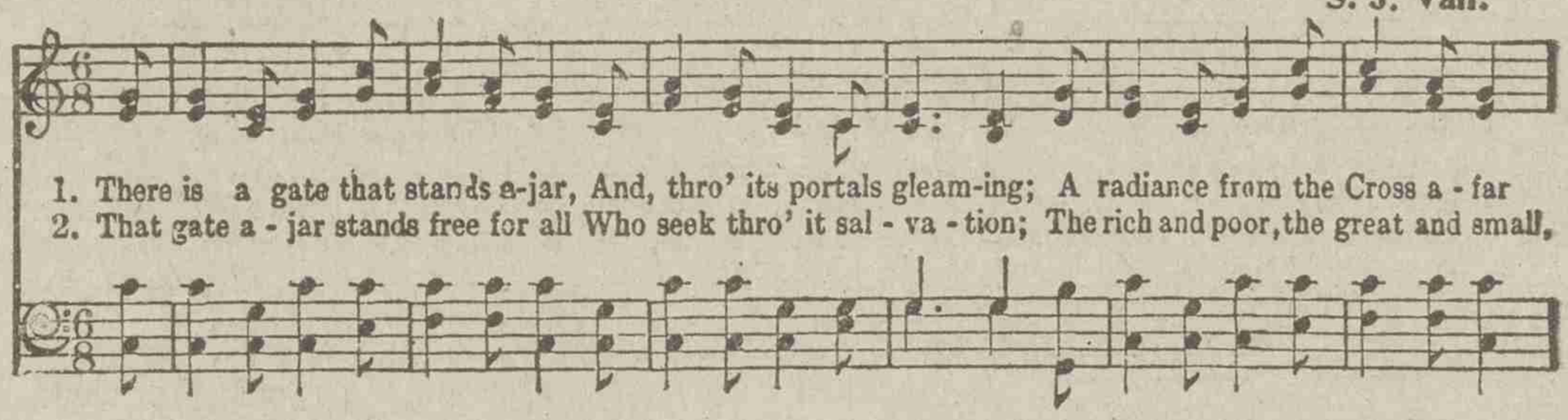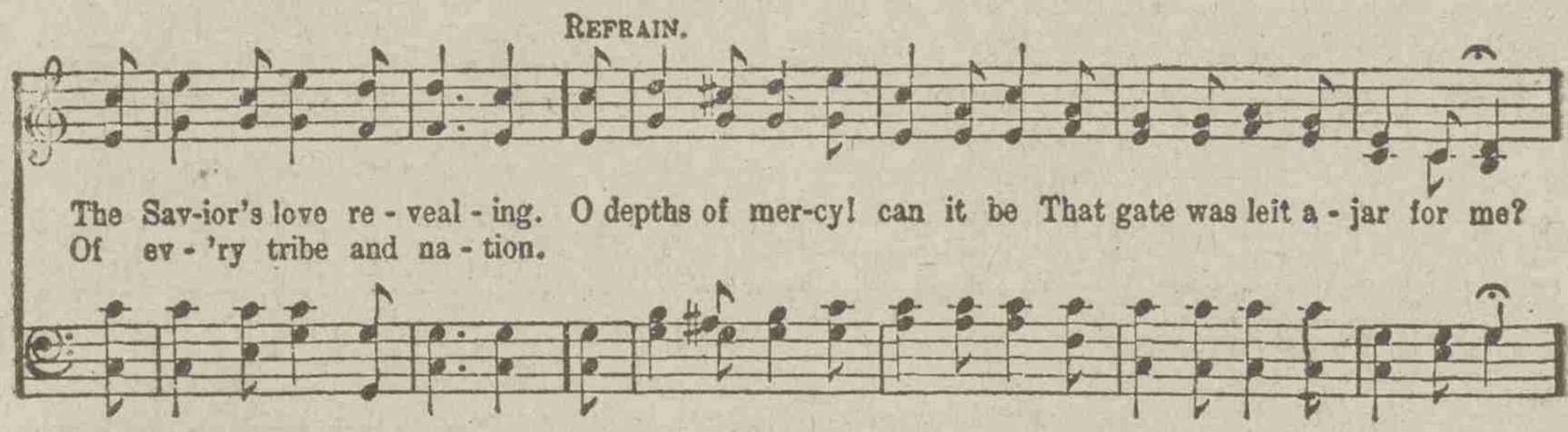


3 There is a scène where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

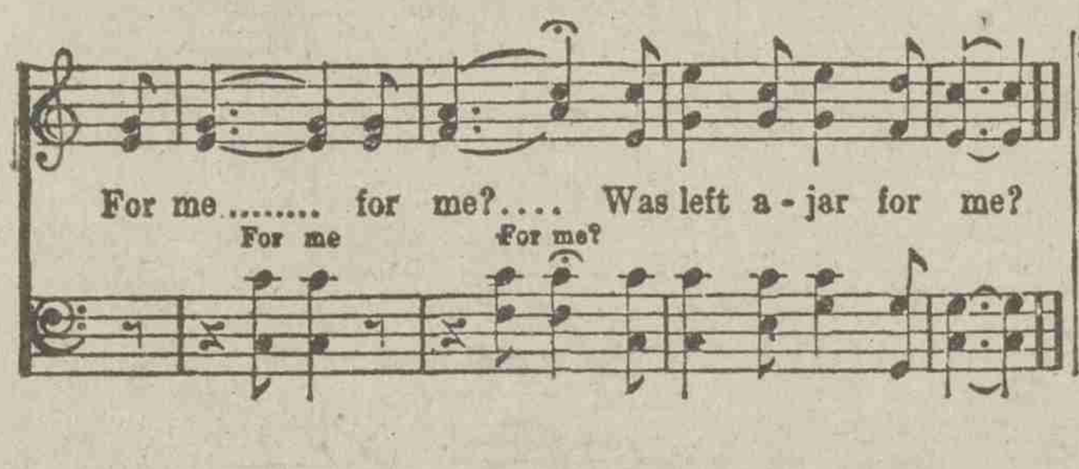
4 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

No. 174. The Gate Ajar.

S. J. Vail.







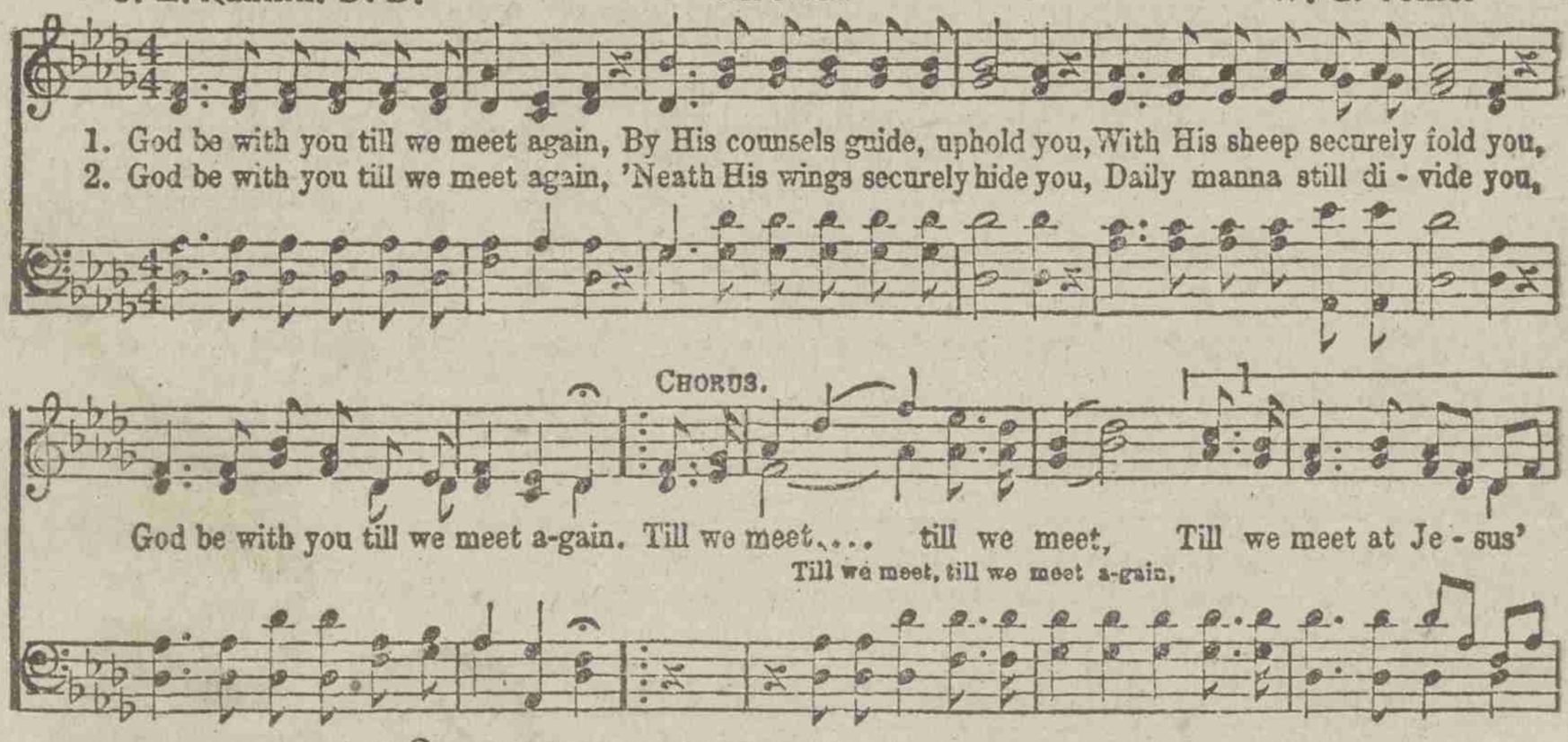
3 Press onward, then, tho' foes may frown.
While mercy's gate is open,
Accept the cross, and win the crown,
Love's everlasting token.

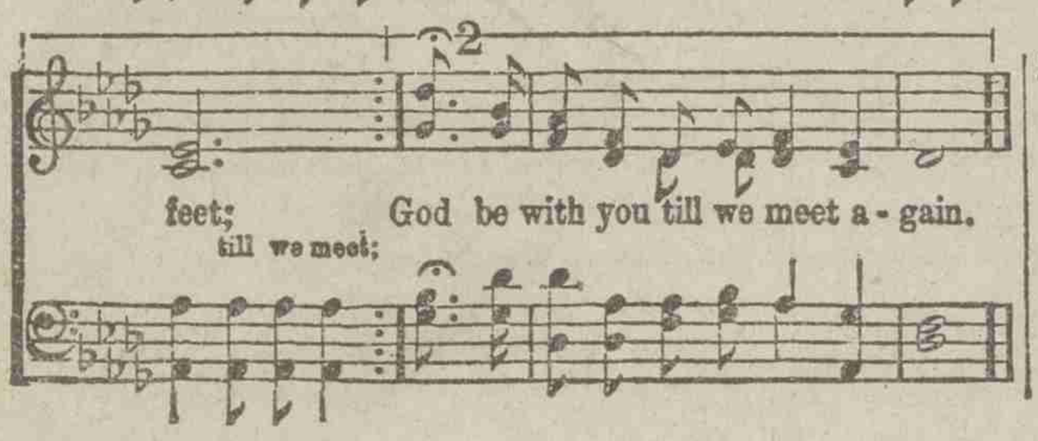
4 Beyond the river's brink we'll lay
The cross that here is given,
And bear the crown of life away,
And love Him more in heaven.

No. 175. God Be With You.

COPYRIGHT, BY J. E. RANKIN, D. D.
USED BY PER.

J. E. Rankin, D. D. W. G. Tomer



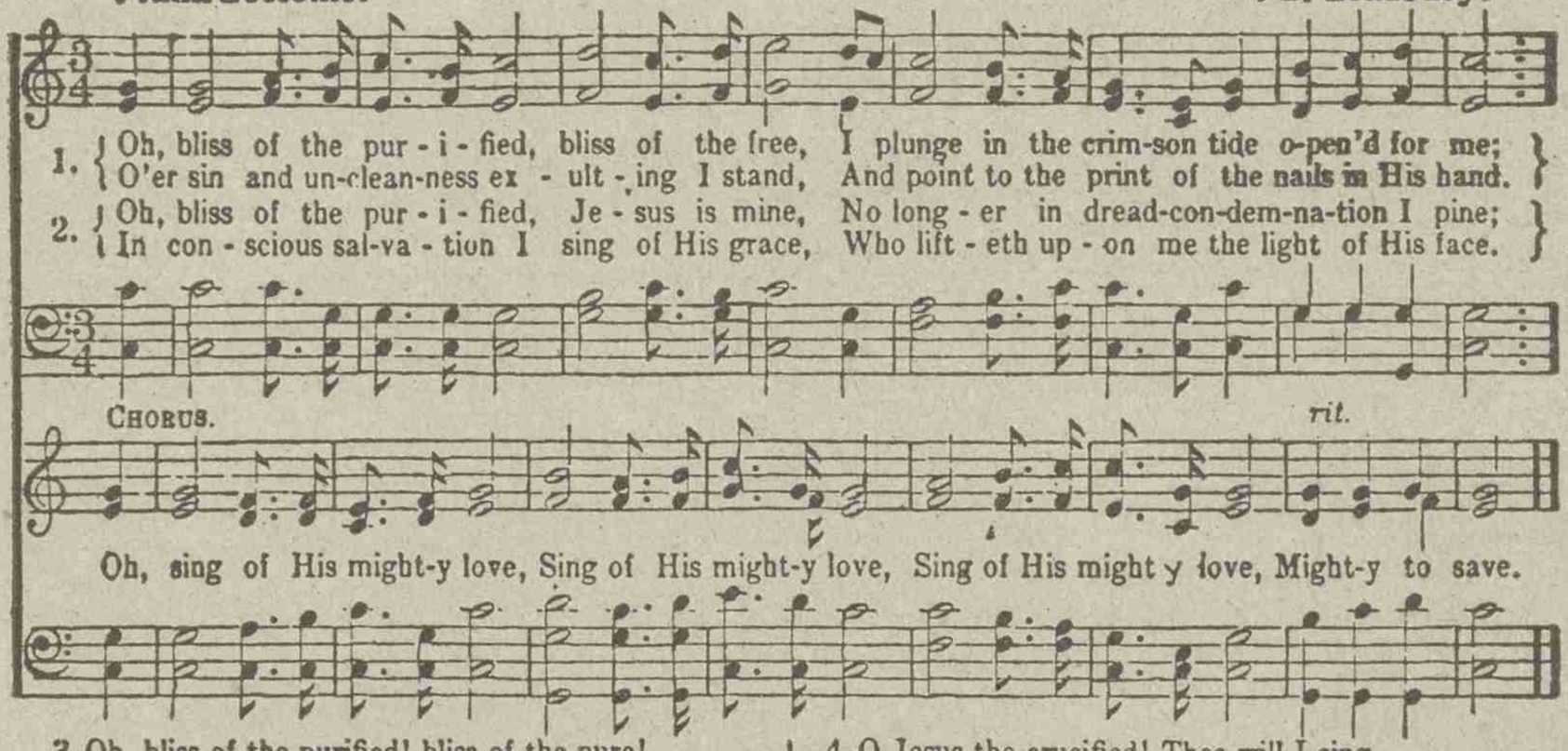


3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arms unfailing round you,
God be with you till we meet again.

4 God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you,
God be with you till we meet again.

No. 176. O Sing of His Mighty Love.

Frank Bottome. Wm. B. Bradbury.

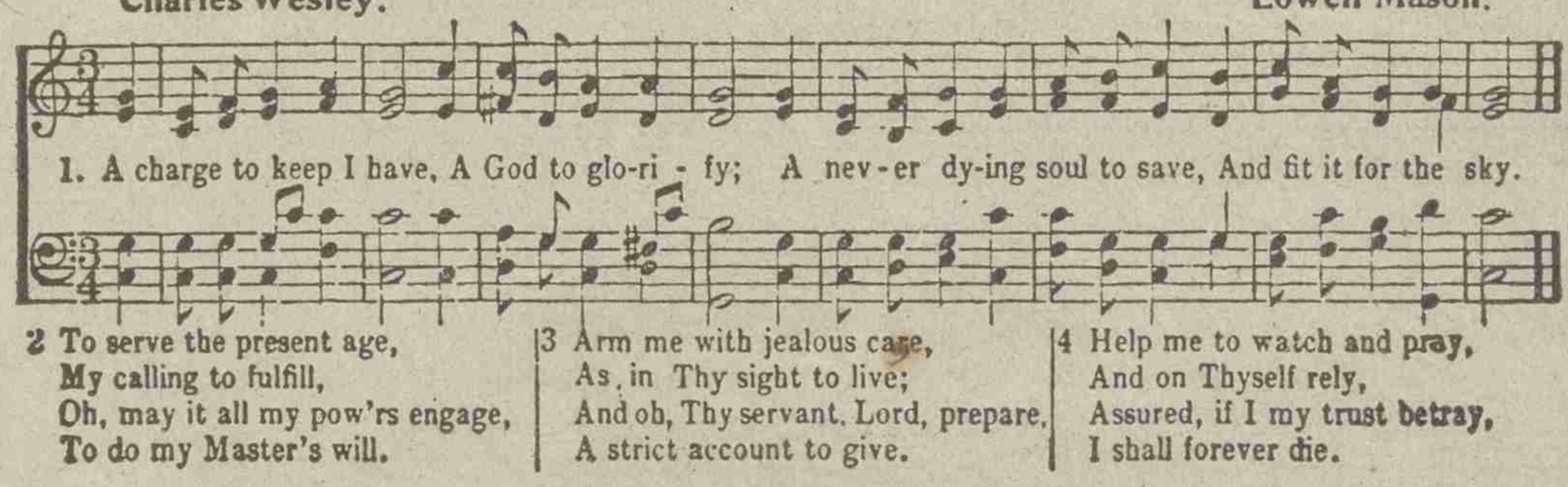


3 Oh, bliss of the purified! bliss of the pure!
No wound hath the soul that His blood cannot cure;
No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest,
No tears but may dry them on Jesus' breast.

4 O Jesus the crucified! Thee will I sing,
My blessed Redeemer, my God and my King;
My soul, filled with rapture, shall shout o'er the grave,
And triumph in death in the "Mighty to Save."

No. 177. A Charge to Keep.

Charles Wesley. Lowell Mason.



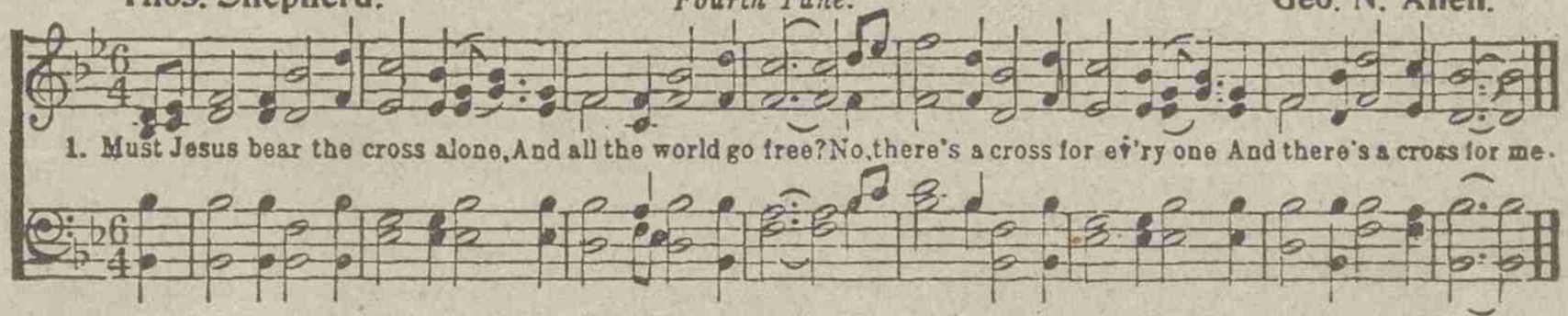
2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
Oh, may it all my pow'rs engage,
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

No. 178. Must Jesus Bear the Gross Alone?

Thos. Shepherd. *Fourth Tune.* Geo. N. Allen.

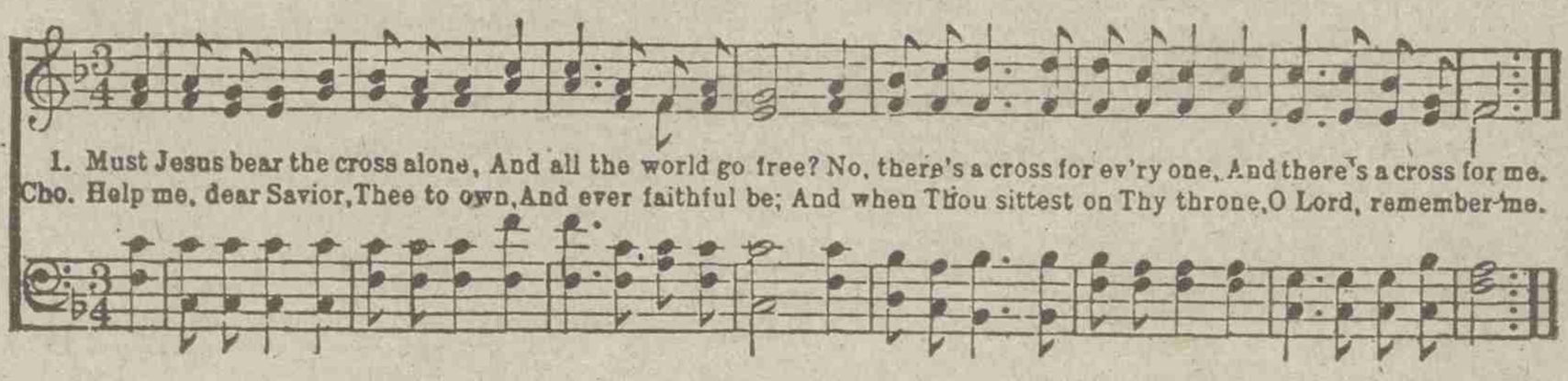


2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

4 Upon the crystal pavement, down,
At Jesus pierced feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown
And His dear name repeat.

No. 179. Remember Me.



No. 180. Softly and Tenderly.

BY PER. WILL L. THOMPSON & CO., E. LIVERPOOL, O., AND THE THOMPSON MUSIC CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. Soft-ly and ten-der-ly Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Je-sus is plead-ing, Plead-ing for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are pass-ing, Pass-ing from you and from me;
4. Think of the won-der-ful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;

At the heart's por-tal He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we lin-ger and heed not His mercies, Mer-cies for you and for me?
Shadows are gath'ring and death's night is coming, Com-ing for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinn'd, He has mer-cy and par-don, Par-don for you and for me.

CHORUS.

Come home, come home, Ye who are wea-ry, come home,
Come home, come home,
Ear-nest-ly, ten-der-ly, Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sin-ner, come home!

No. 181. Ring the Bells of Heaven.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Rev. WM. O. CUSHING. GEO. F. ROOT.

Joyfully, FINE.

1. Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day, For a soul re-turn-ing from the wild;
   See! the Father meets him out upon the way, Wel-coming His weary wand'ring child.
2. Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day, For the wand'rer now is re-con-ciled;
   Yes, a soul is rescued from his sinful way, And is born a-new a ransomed child.
3. Ring the bells of heaven! spread the feast today, Angels swell the glad triumphant strain,
   Tell the joy-ful tidings! bear it far a-way, For a precious soul is born a-gain.

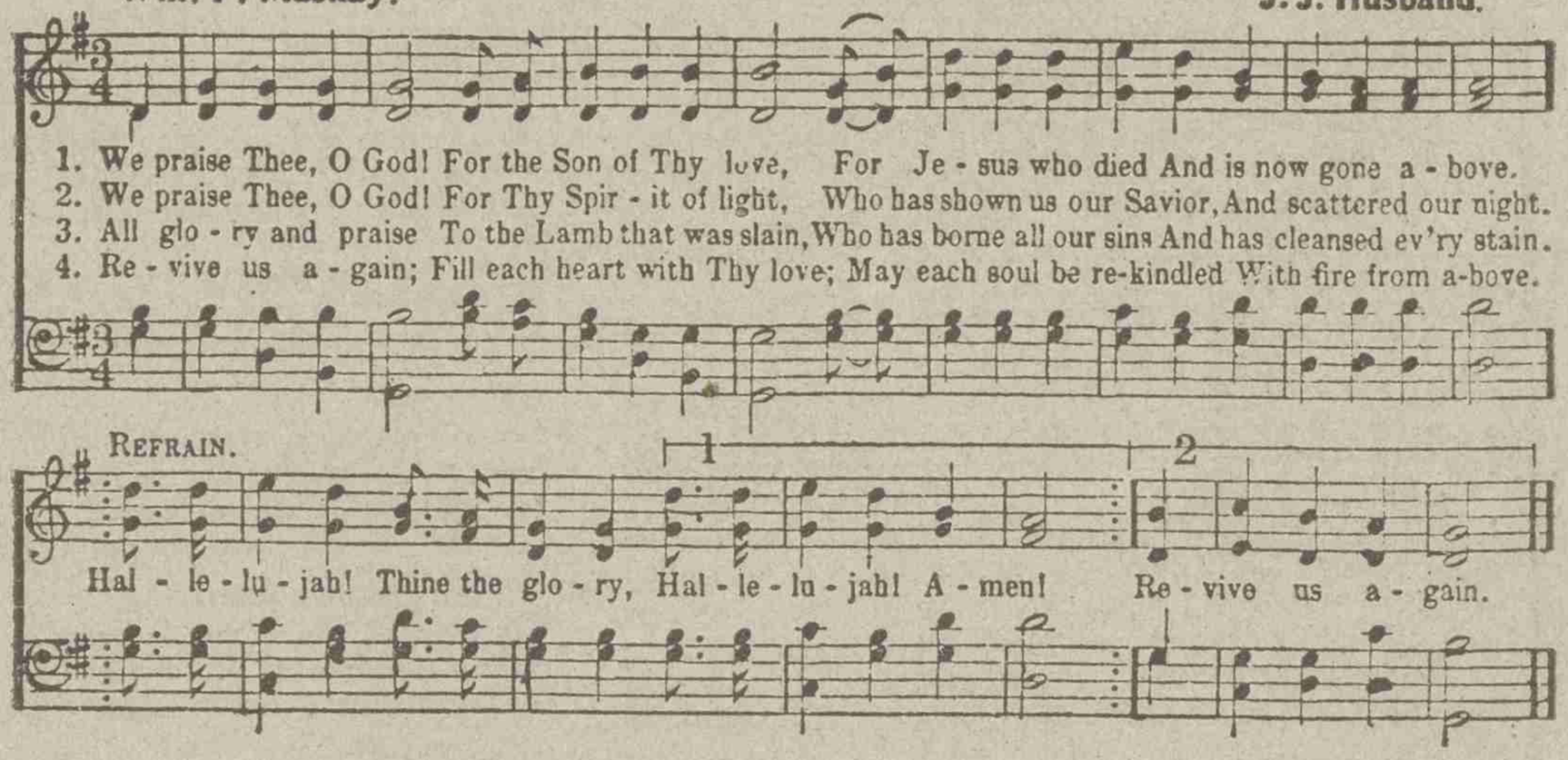
D.C.—'Tis the ransom'd army, like a mighty sea, Pealing forth the anthem of the free.

CHORUS. D. C.

Glo-ry! glo-ry! how the an-gels sing; Glo-ry! glo-ry! how the lond harps ring;

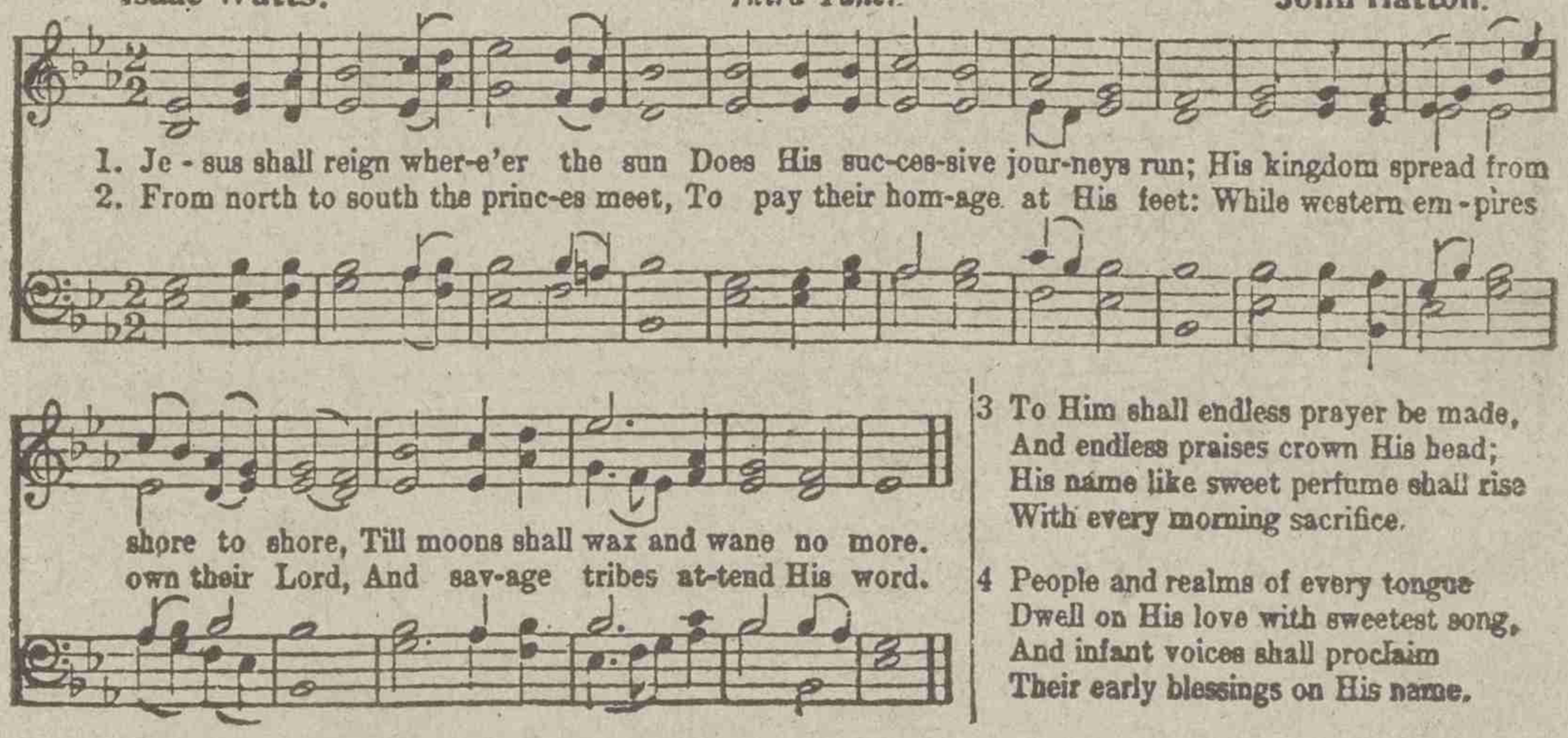
No. 182. Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay. J. J. Husband.



No. 183. Jesus Shall Reign.

Isaac Watts. *Third Tune.* John Hatton.

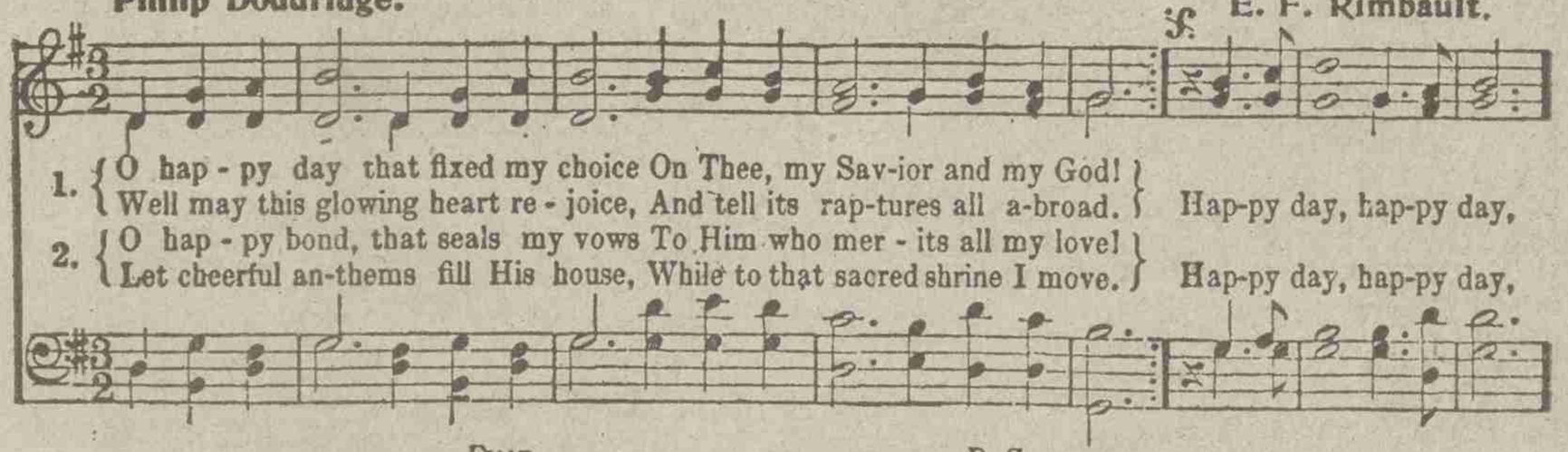


3 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown His head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

No. 184. O Happy Day.

Philip Doddridge. E. F. Rimbault.

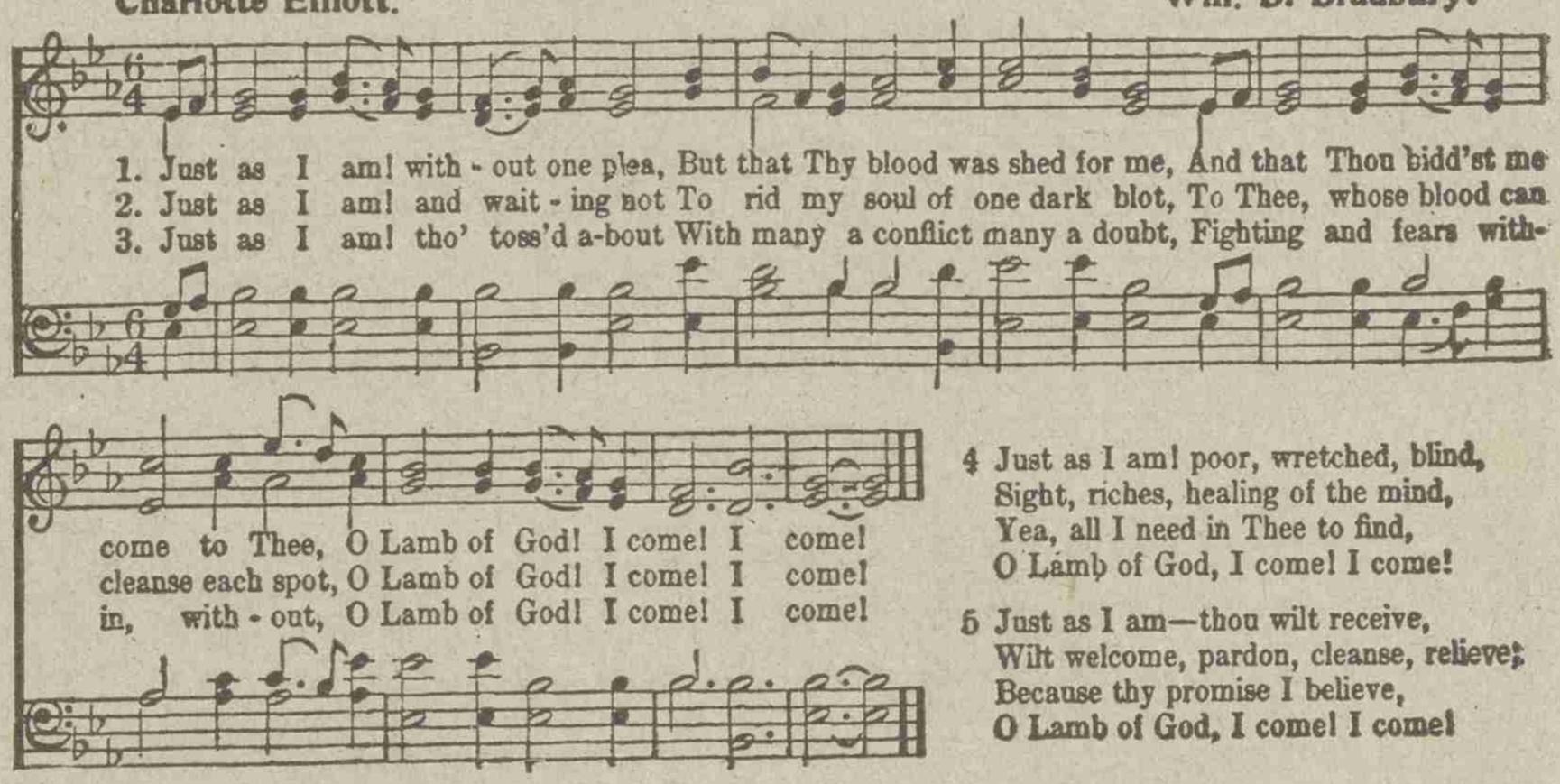


3 'Tis done this great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

No. 185. Just As I Am.

Charlotte Elliott. Wm. B. Bradbury.

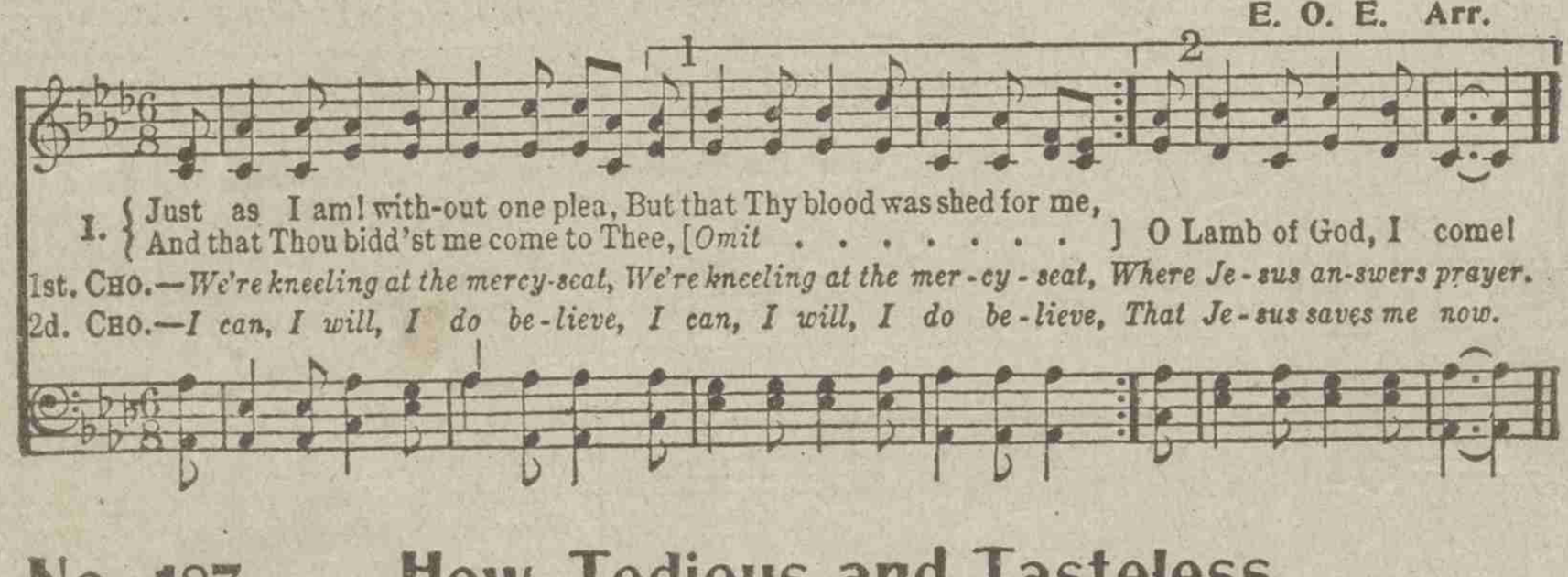


4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

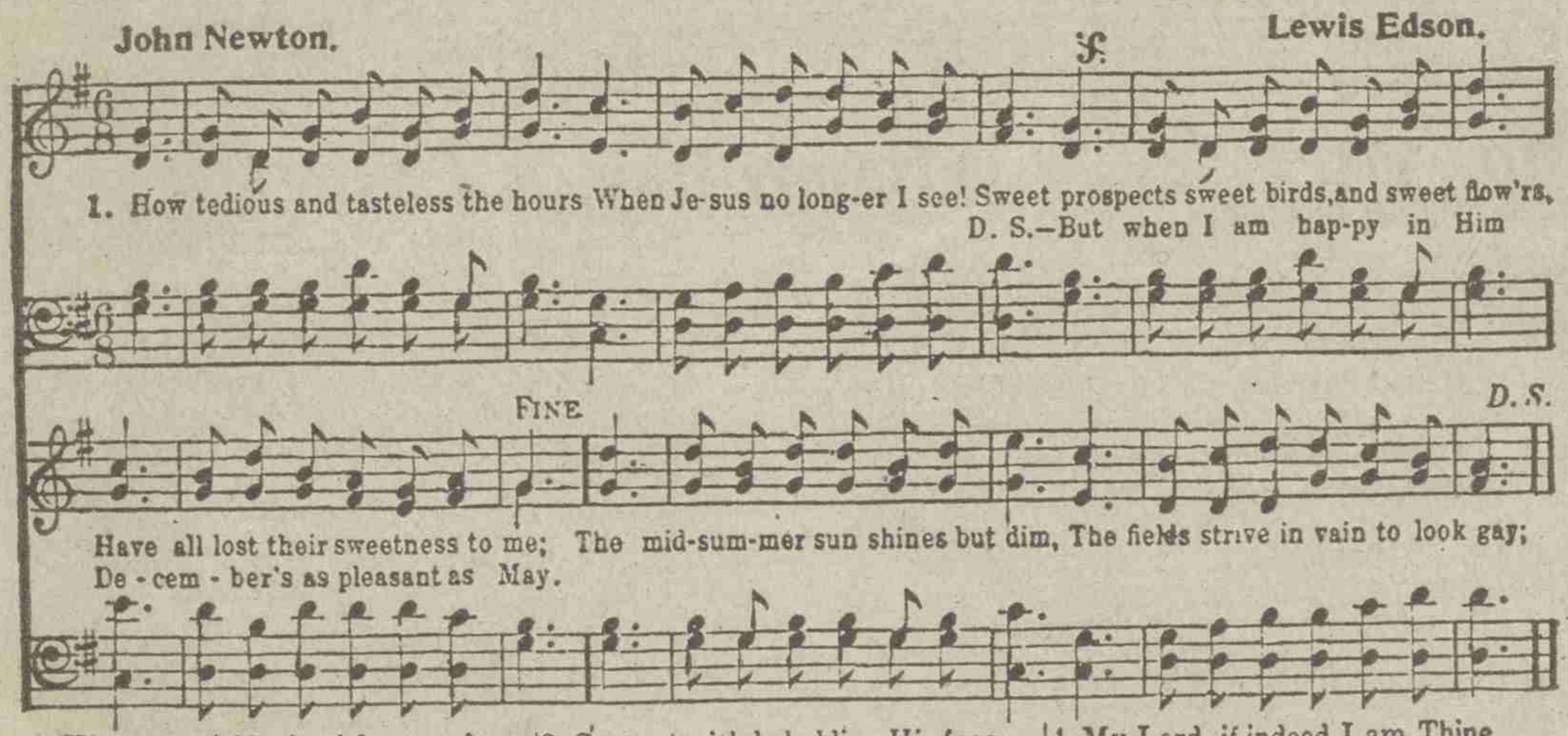
No. 186. We're Kneeling at the Mercy-Seat.

E. O. E. Arr.



No. 187. How Tedious and Tasteless.

John Newton. Lewis Edson.
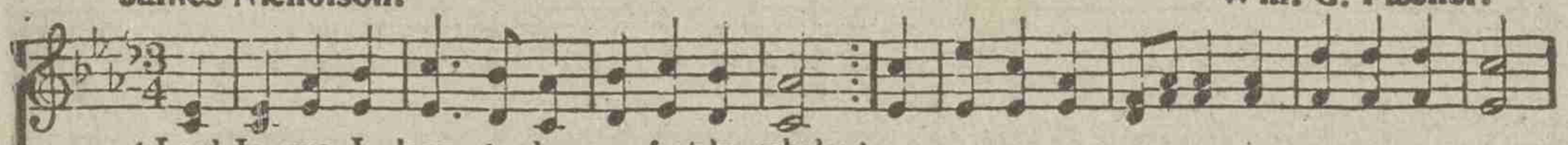


2 His name yields the richest perfume
And sweeter than music His voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice;
I should, were He always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I;
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding His face,
My all to His pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place [mind:
Would make any change in my
While blest with a sense of His love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

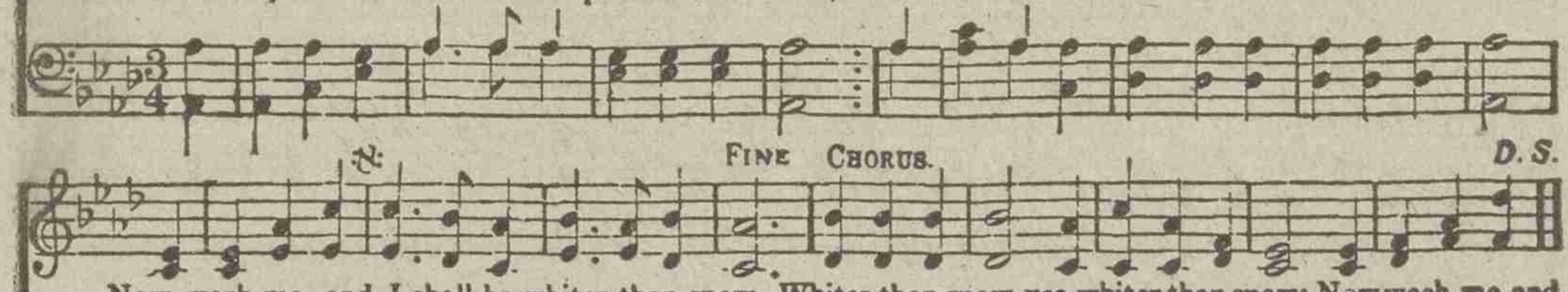
4 My Lord, if indeed I am Thine,
If Thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from the sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me to Thee up on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

No. 188. Whiter Than Snow.

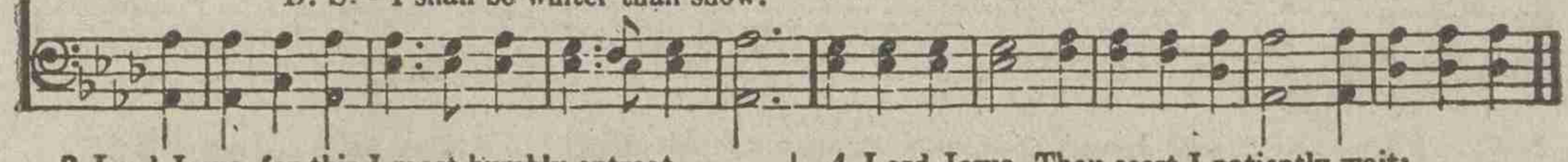
James Nicholson. Wm. G. Fischer.



1. { Lord Je - sus, I long to be per-fect-ly whole; / I want Thee for - ev - er to live in my soul; } Break down ev-'ry i - dol, cast out ev-'ry foe;
2. { Lord Je-sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, / And help me to make a com-plete sac-ri - fice; } I give up my-self, and what-ev - er I know;



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



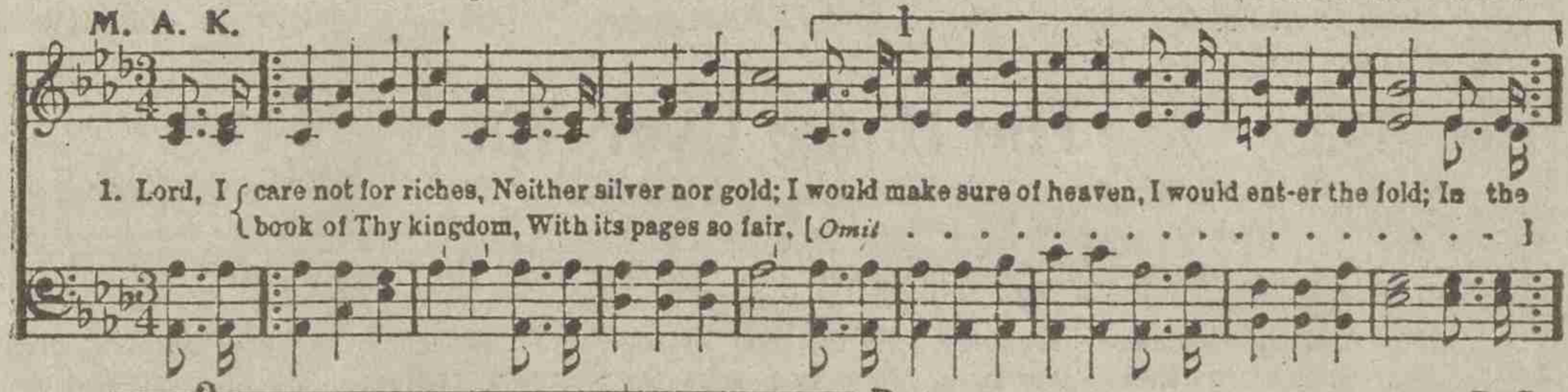
3 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat,
I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified feet,
By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow,
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

4 Lord Jesus, Thou seest I patiently wait;
Come now, and within me a new heart create;
To those who have sought Thee, Thou never said'st no;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

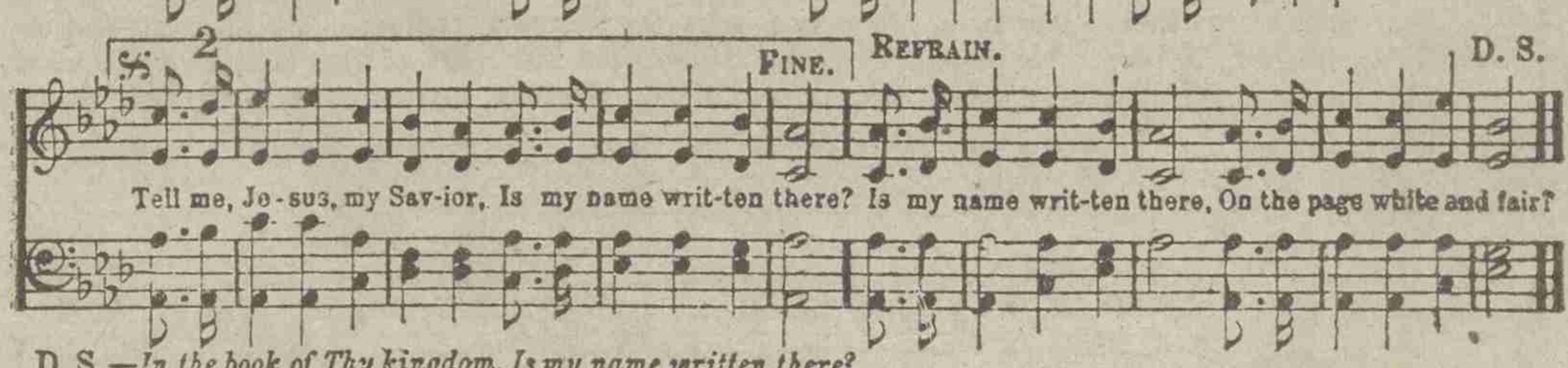
No. 189. Is My Name Written There?

Frank M. Davis.

M. A. K.



1. Lord, I { care not for riches, Neither silver nor gold; I would make sure of heaven, I would ent-er the fold; In the / book of Thy kingdom, With its pages so fair, [*Omit* . . . . .]



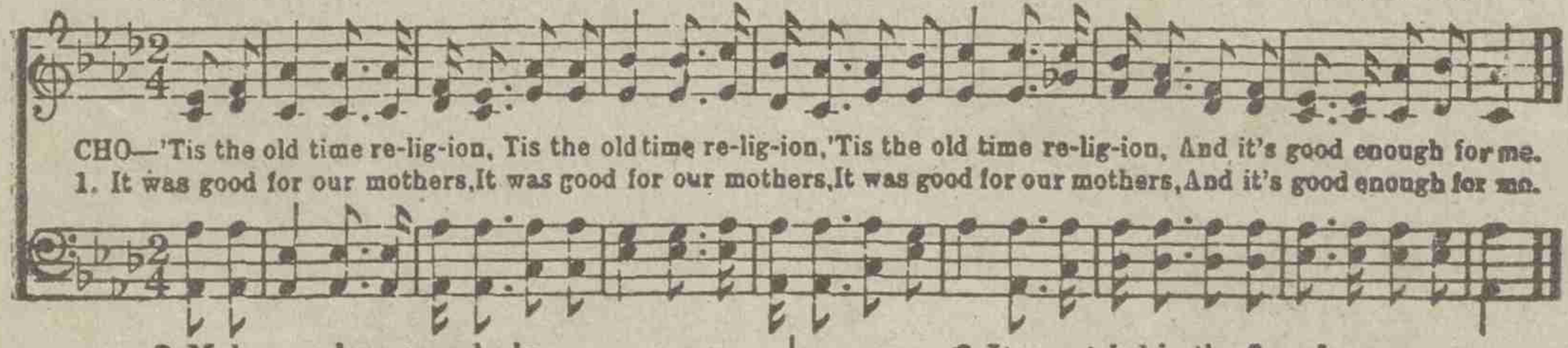
Tell me, Je - sus, my Sav-ior, Is my name writ-ten there? Is my name writ-ten there, On the page white and fair?
D. S.—*In the book of Thy kingdom, Is my name written there?*

2 Lord, my sins they are many, Like the sands of the sea,
But Thy blood, O my Savior, Is sufficient for me;
For Thy promise is written In bright letters that glow,
"Tho' your sins be as scarlet, I will make them like snow."

3 Oh! that beautiful city, With mansions of light,
With its glorified beings, In pure garments of white;
Where no evil thing cometh To despoil what is fair;
Where the angels are watching, Is my name written there?

No. 190. The Old Time Religion.

Unknown. E. O. E. Arr.
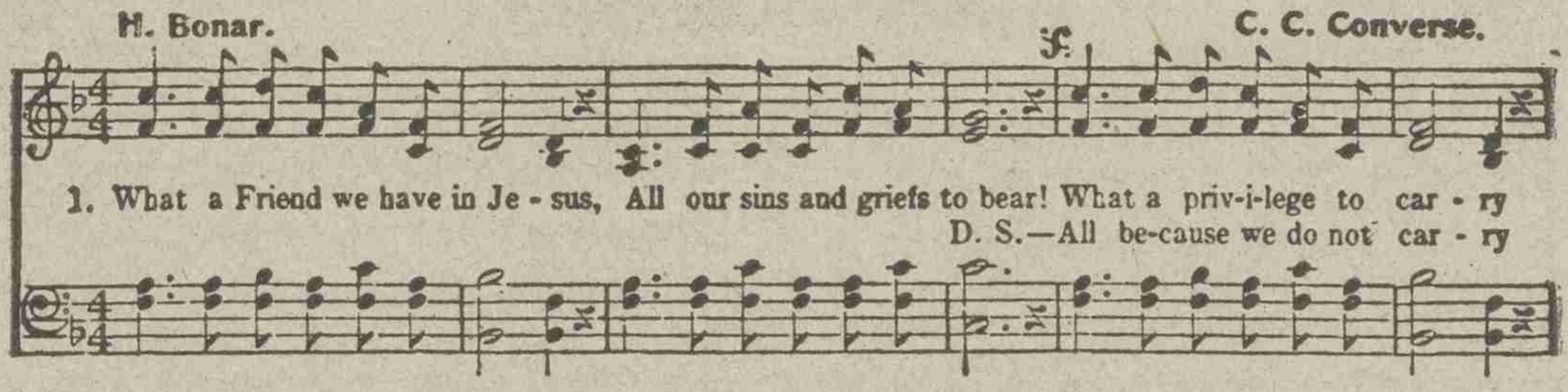


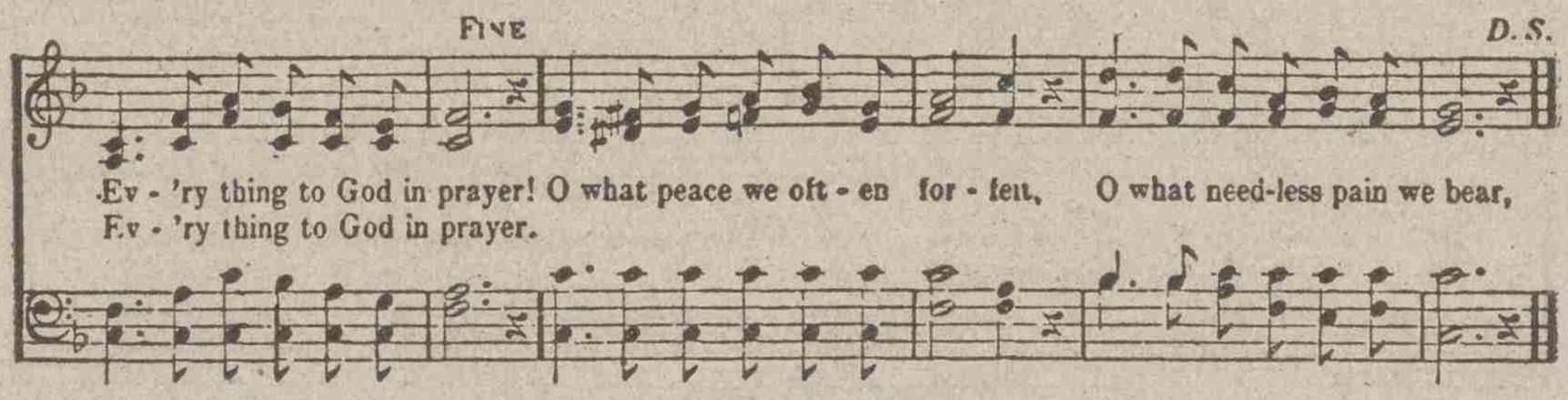
CHO—'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, Tis the old time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, And it's good enough for me.
1. It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, And it's good enough for me.

3 Makes me love everybody.
3 It has saved our fathers.
4 It was good for the Prophet Daniel.
5 It was good for the Hebrew children.
6 It was tried in the fiery furnace.
7 It was good for Paul and Silas.
8 It will do when I am dying.
9 It will take us all to heaven.

No. 191. What a Friend.

H. Bonar. C. C. Converse.





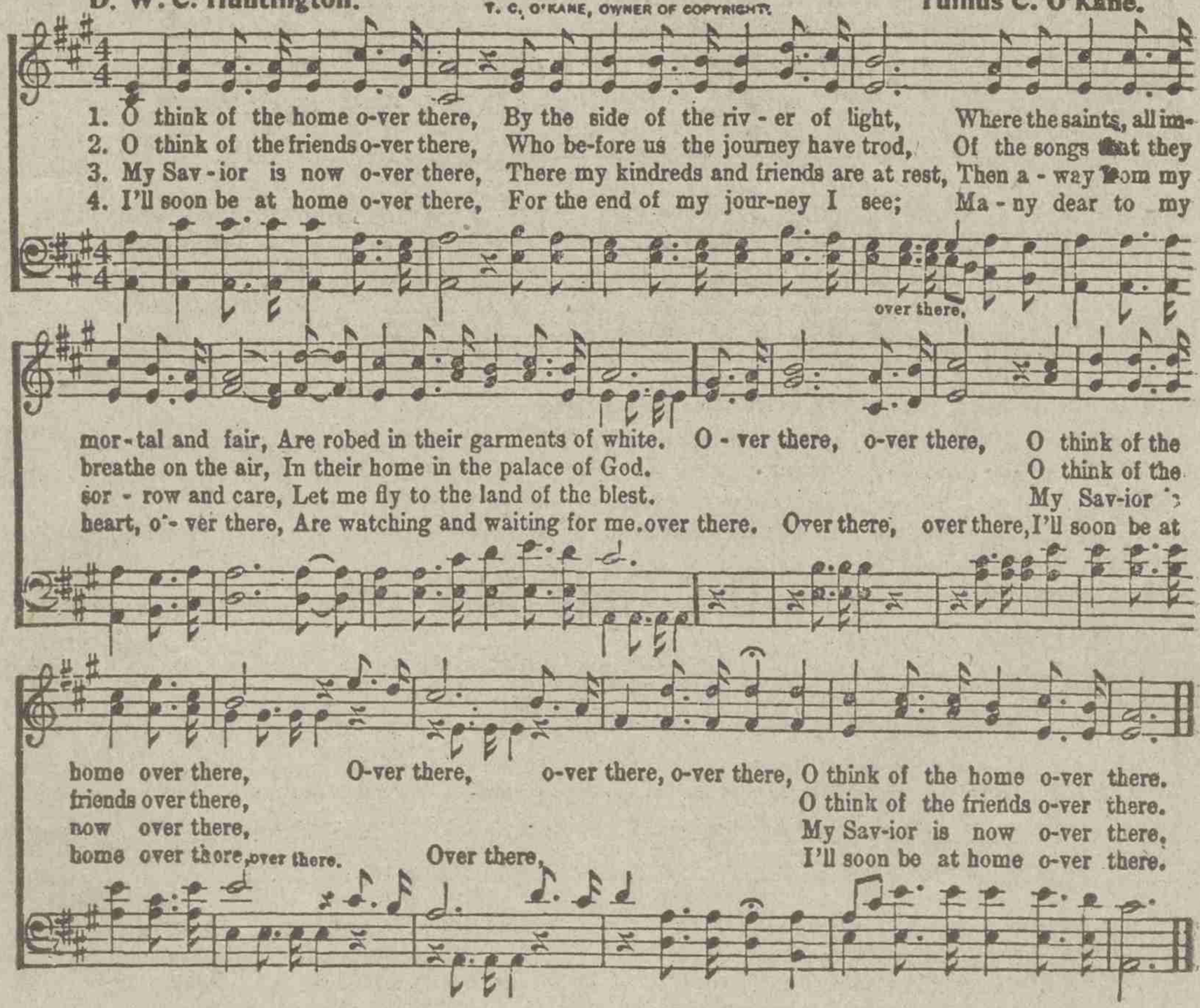
1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry,
Every thing to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?—
Precious Savior, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer,
In His arms He'll take and shield
Thou wilt find a solace there. [thee.

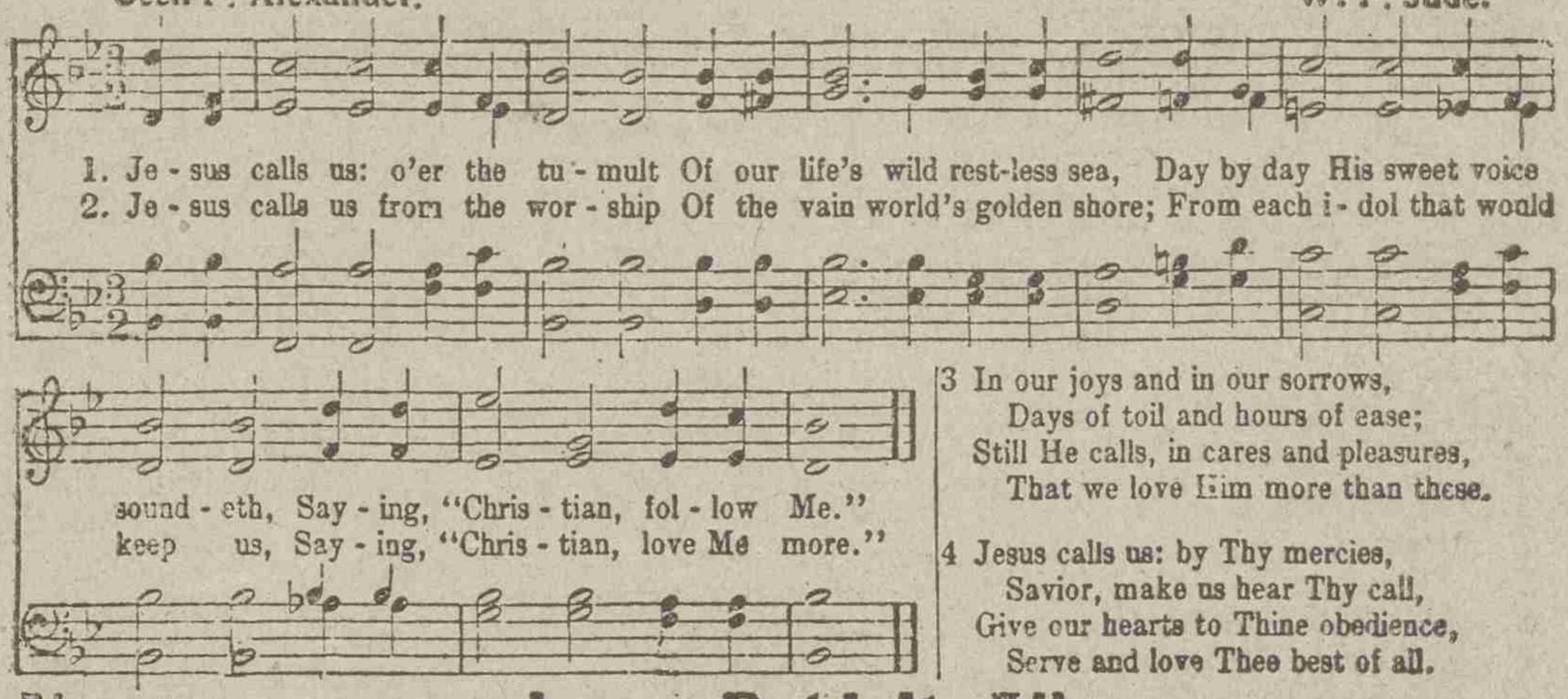
No. 192. The Home Over There.

D. W. C. Huntington. T. C. O'KANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. Tullius C. O'Kane.



No. 193. Jesus Call Us.

Cecil F. Alexander. W. F. Jude.
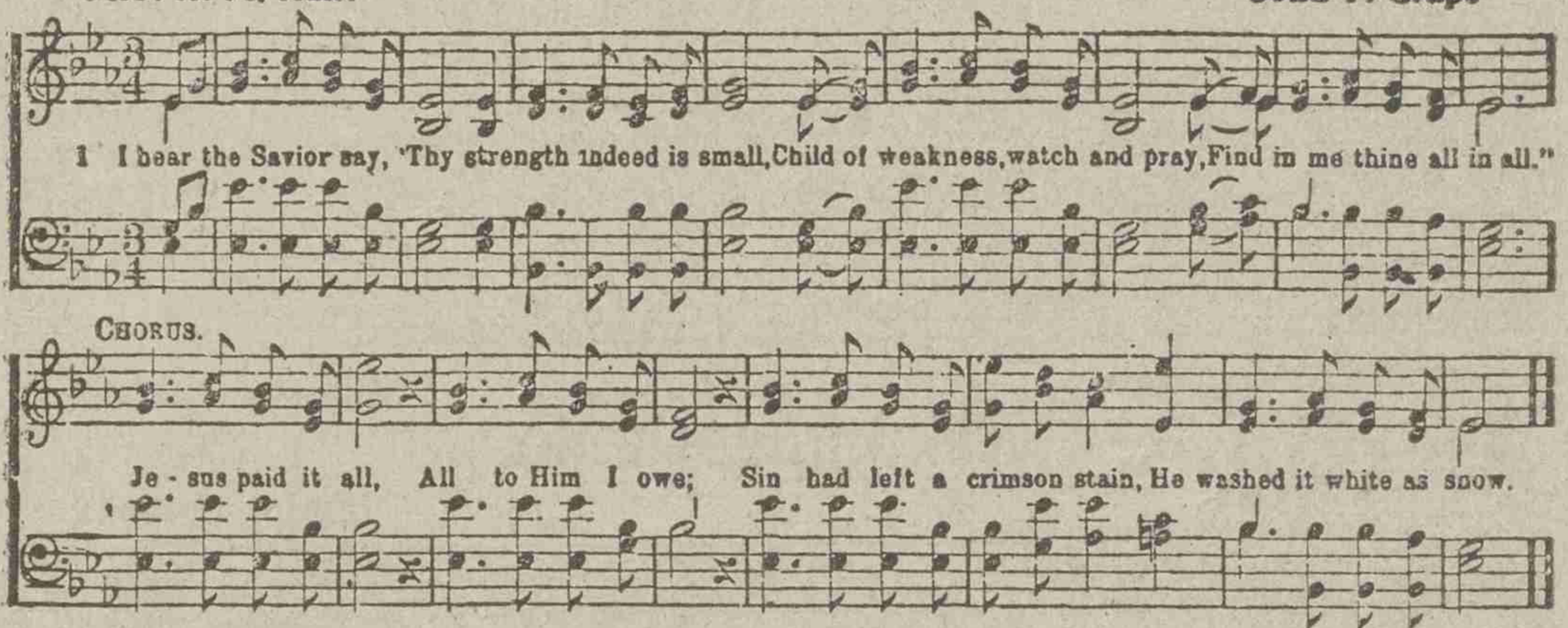


3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease;
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
That we love Him more than these.

4 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Savior, make us hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

No. 194. Jesus Paid It All.

Mrs. H. M. Hall. John T. Grape



2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.

3 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garments white
In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.

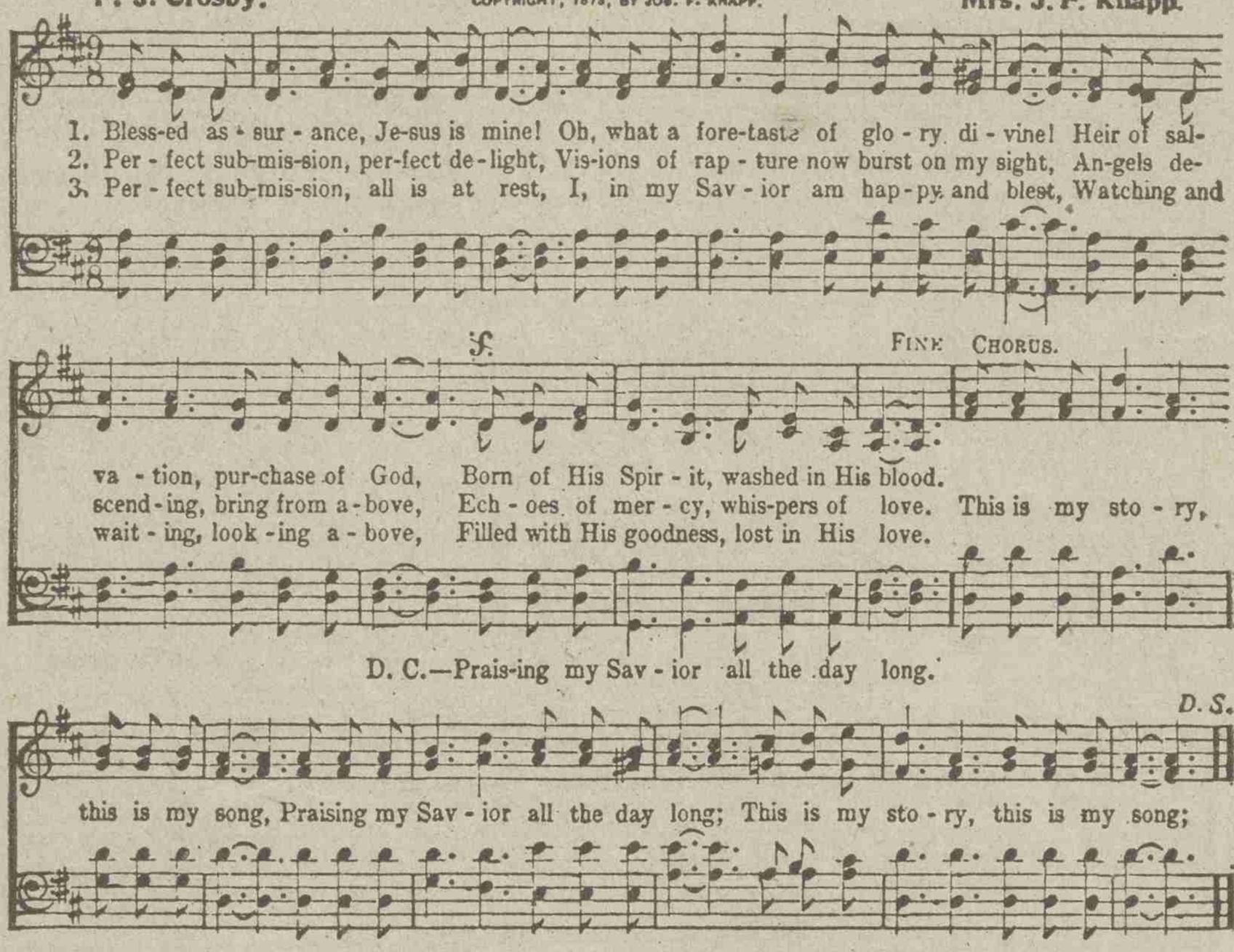
4 And when, before the throne,
I stand in Him complete
"Jesus died my soul to save,"
My lips shall still repeat.

No. 195. Take Me As I Am.

J. H. S. J. H. Stockton.

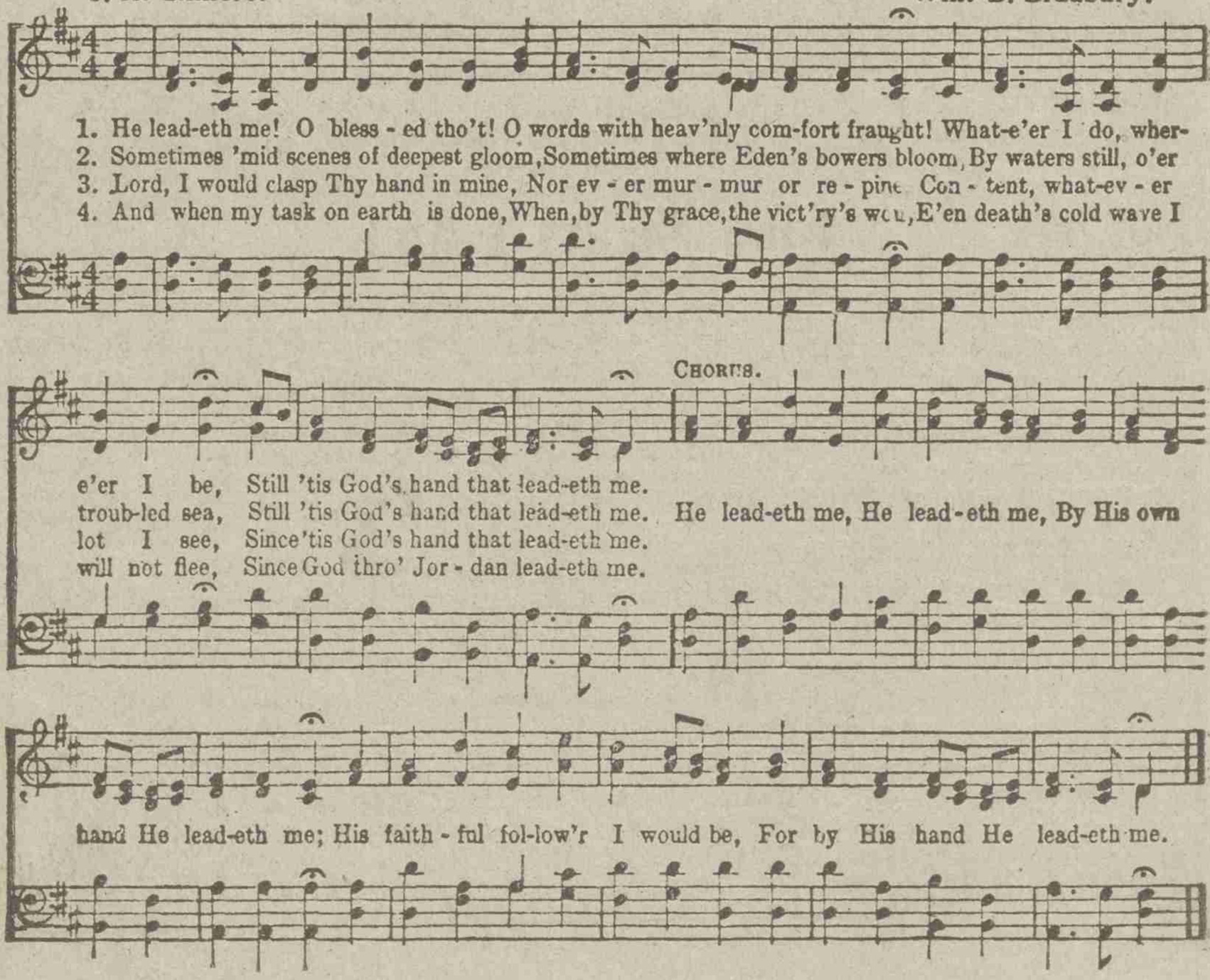
No. 196. Blessed Assurance.

F. J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1873, BY JOS. F. KNAPP. Mrs. J. F. Knapp.



No. 197. He Leadeth Me.

J. H. Gilmore. Wm. B. Bradbury.



No. 198. Jesus Saves.

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IN RENEWAL.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We have heard a joy - ful sound, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves; Spread the tidings all a-
2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves; Tell to sin-ners far and
3. Sing a - bove the bat-tle's strife, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves; By His death and endless
4. Give the winds a might-y voice, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves; Let the nations now re-

round, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the
wide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, Ech - o
life, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the
joice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est

steeps and cross the waves; Onward, 'tis our Lord's command, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves.
back, ye o - cean caves; Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves.
heart for mer - cy craves, Sing in tri-umph o'er the tomb, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves.
hills and deep - est caves; This our song of vic - to - ry, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves.

No. 199. Yield Not to Temptation.

H. P. P. BY PERMISSION OF DR. H. R. PALMER. H. R. PALMER.

1. Yield not to temp-ta - tion, For yield-ing is sin, Each vic-t'ry will help you
   Fight man-ful - ly on - ward, Dark passions sub - due, Look ev - er to Je - sus,
2. Shun e - vil com-pan - ions, Bad language dis - dain, God's name hold in rev'rence,
   Be tho't-ful and earn-est, Kind-heart-ed and true, Look ev - er to Je - sus,
3. To him that o'er com - eth, God giv - eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall con-quer,
   He who is our Sav-iour, Our strength will re-new, Look ev - er to Je - sus,

CHORUS.

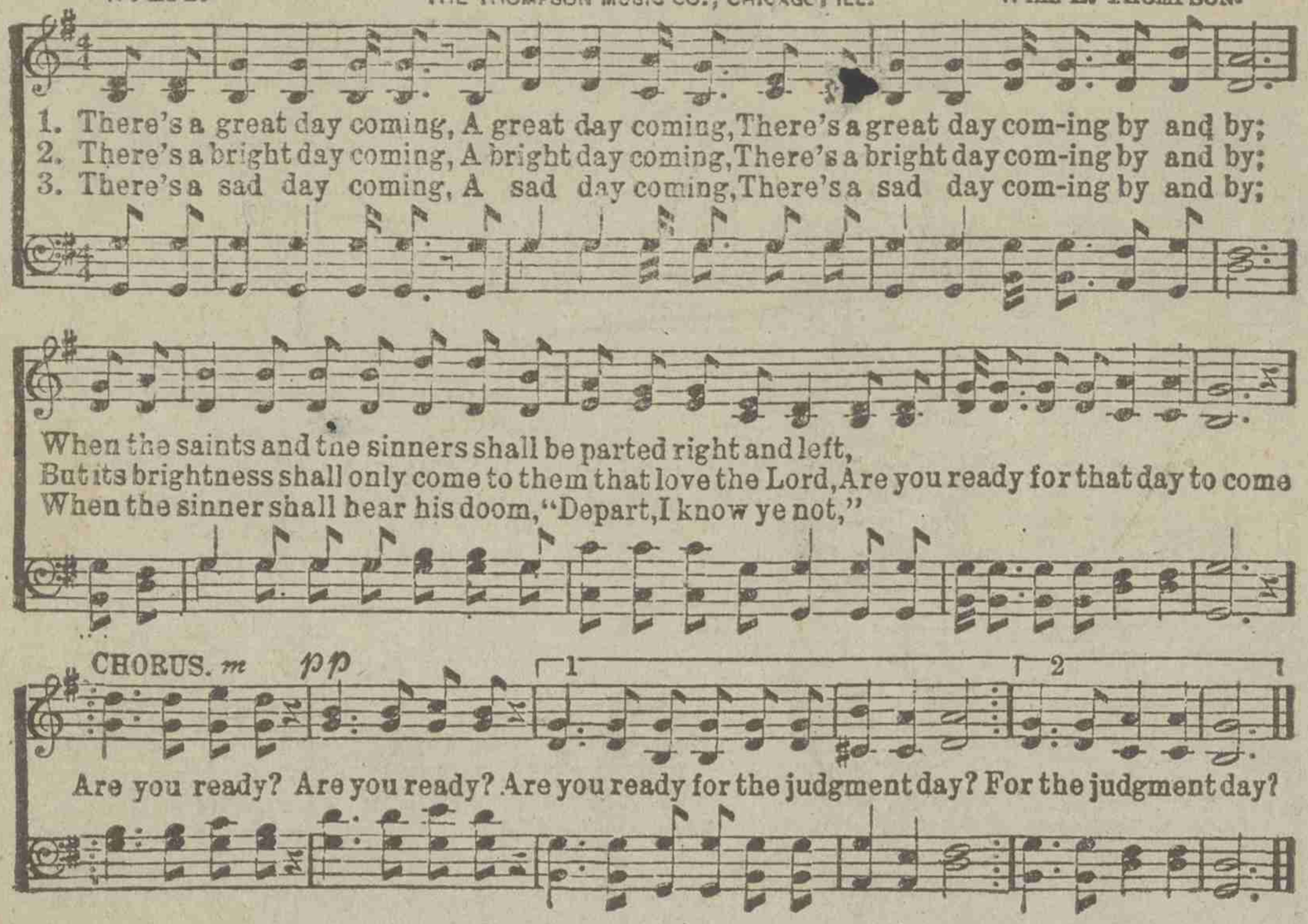
Some oth - er to win; He'll car - ry you thro'.
Nor take it in vain; He'll car - ry you thro'. Ask the Sav-iour to help you,
Tho' of - ten cast down; He'll car - ry you thro,'

Comfort, strengthen, and keep you; He is will-ing to aid you, He will car - ry you thro'.

No. 200. There's a Great Day Coming.

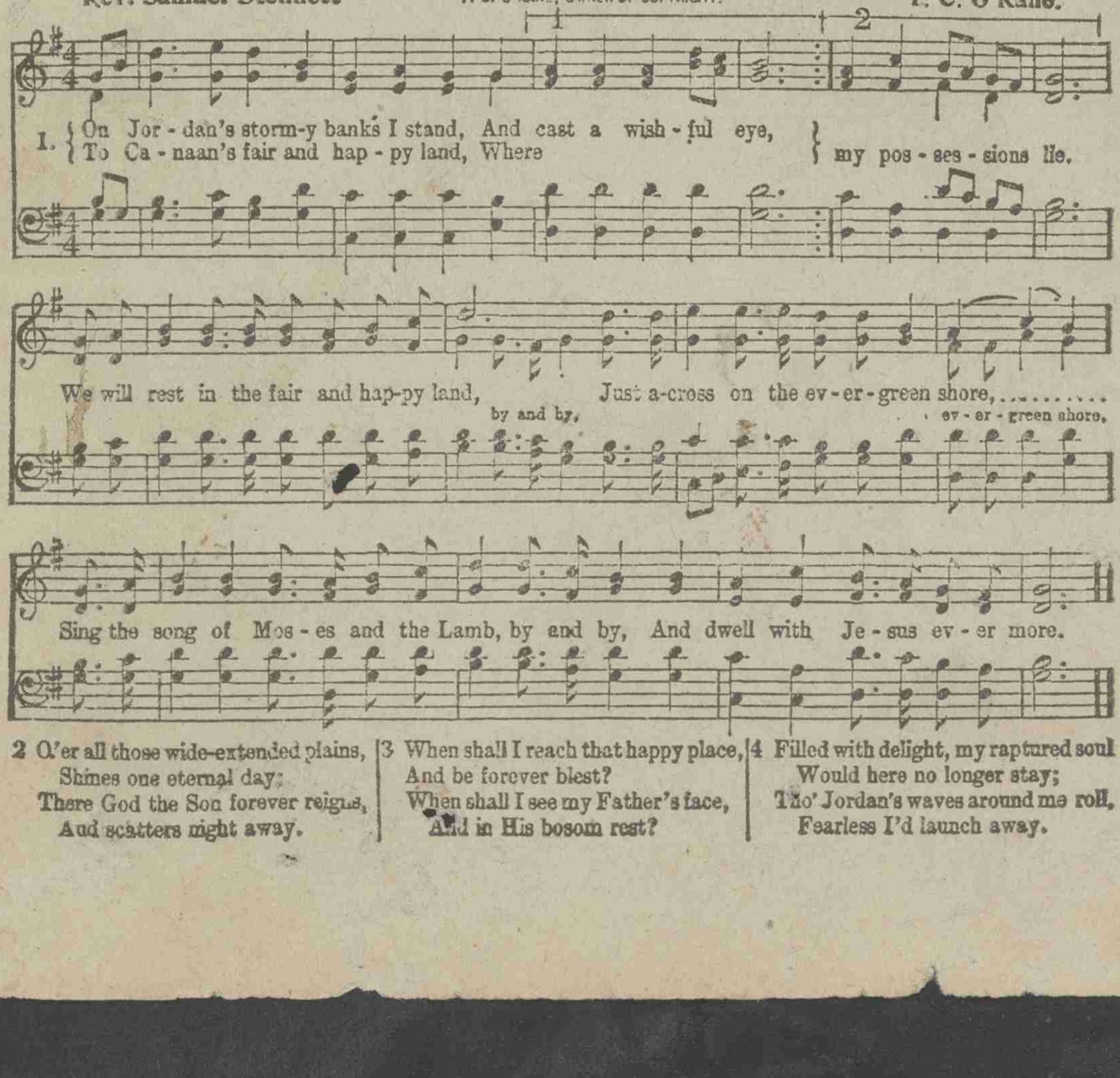
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W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.



No. 201. On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

Rev. Samuel Stennett T. C. O'KANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. T. C. O'Kane.



2 O'er all those wide-extended plains,
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

3 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in His bosom rest?

4 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.