World Revival Hymns

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World Revival Hymns

BY

HAMP SEWELL

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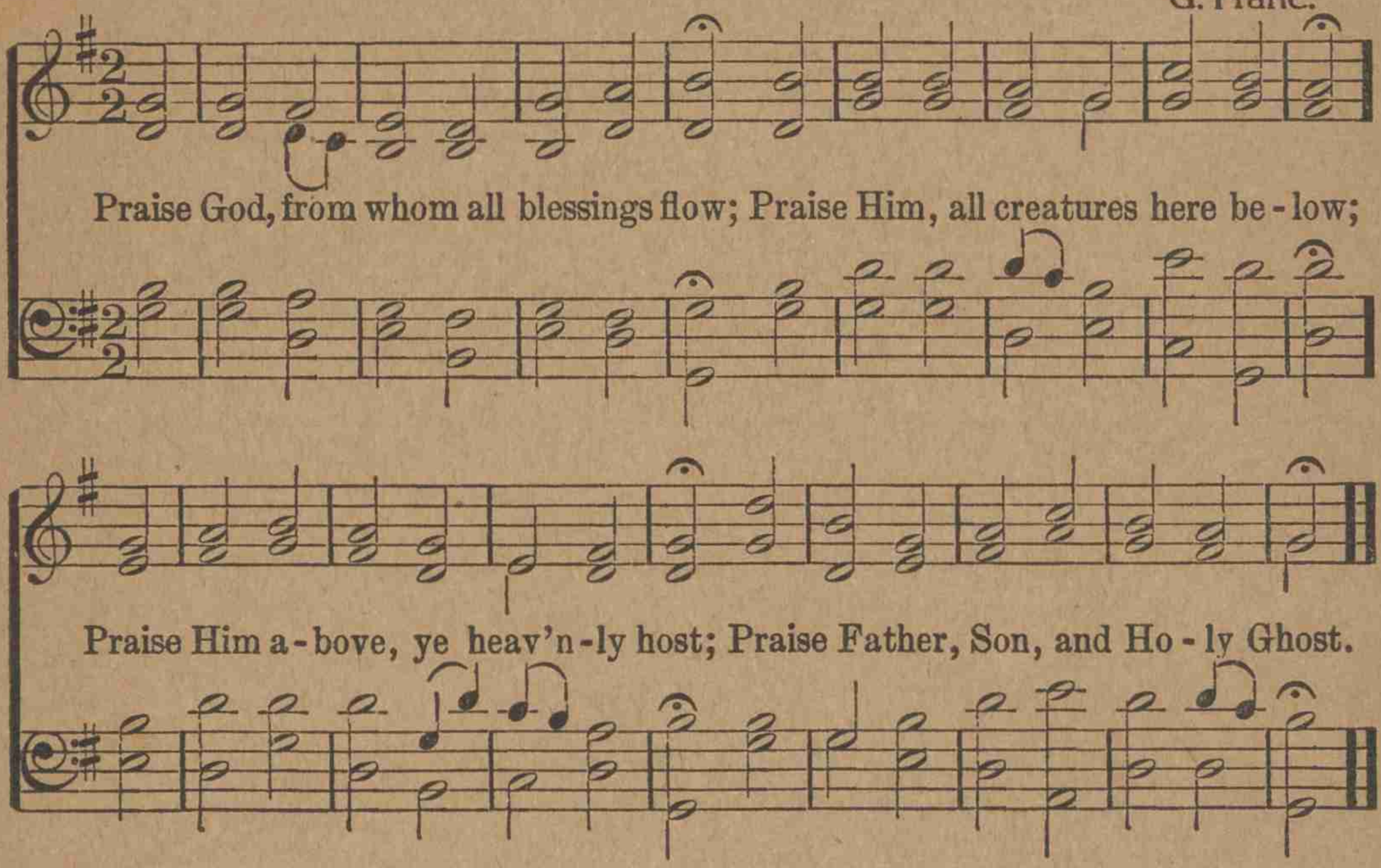
The Lord's Prayer.

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

Doxology.

(OLD HUNDRED. L. M.)

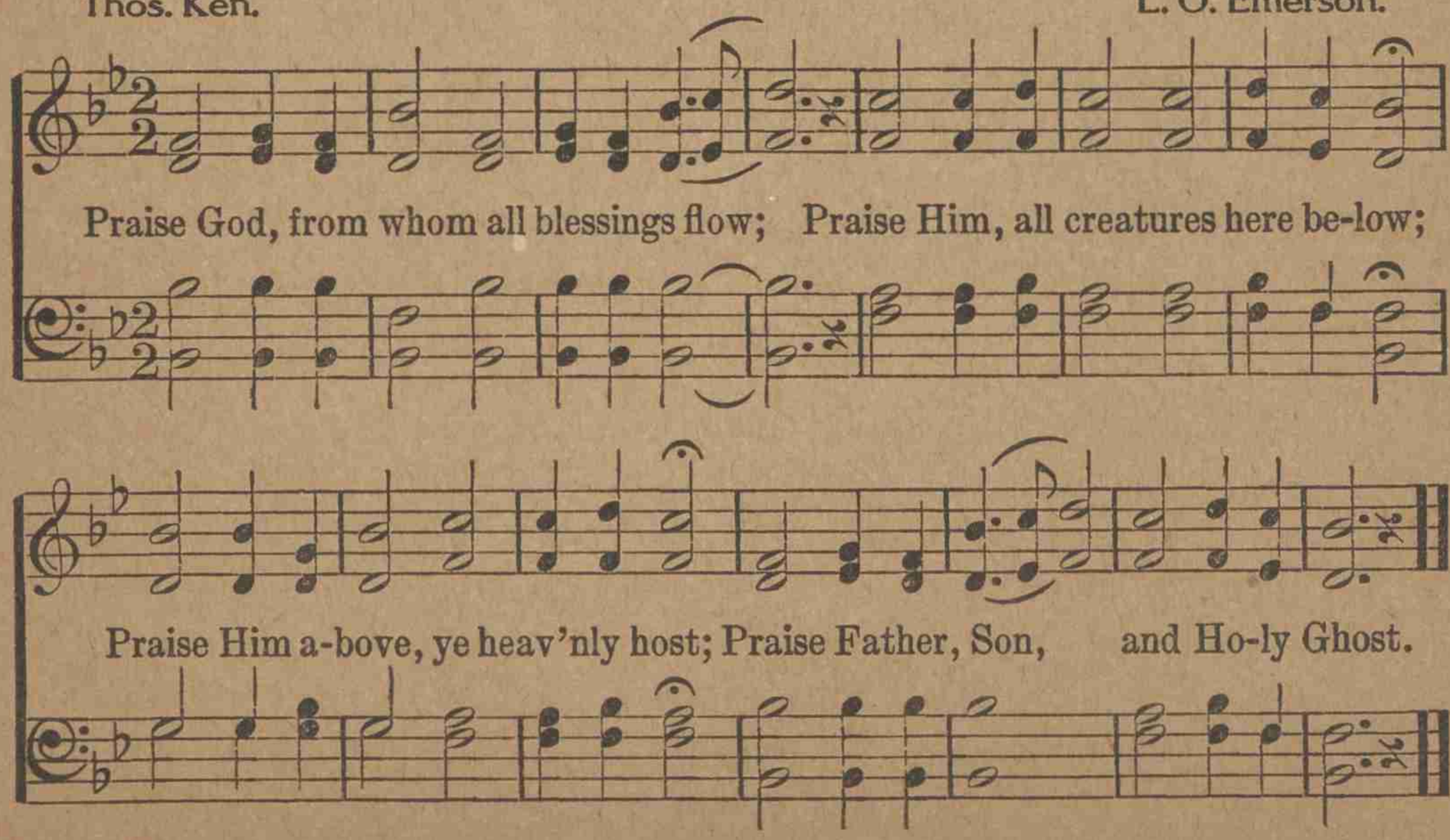
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Doxology.

(SESSIONS. L. M.)

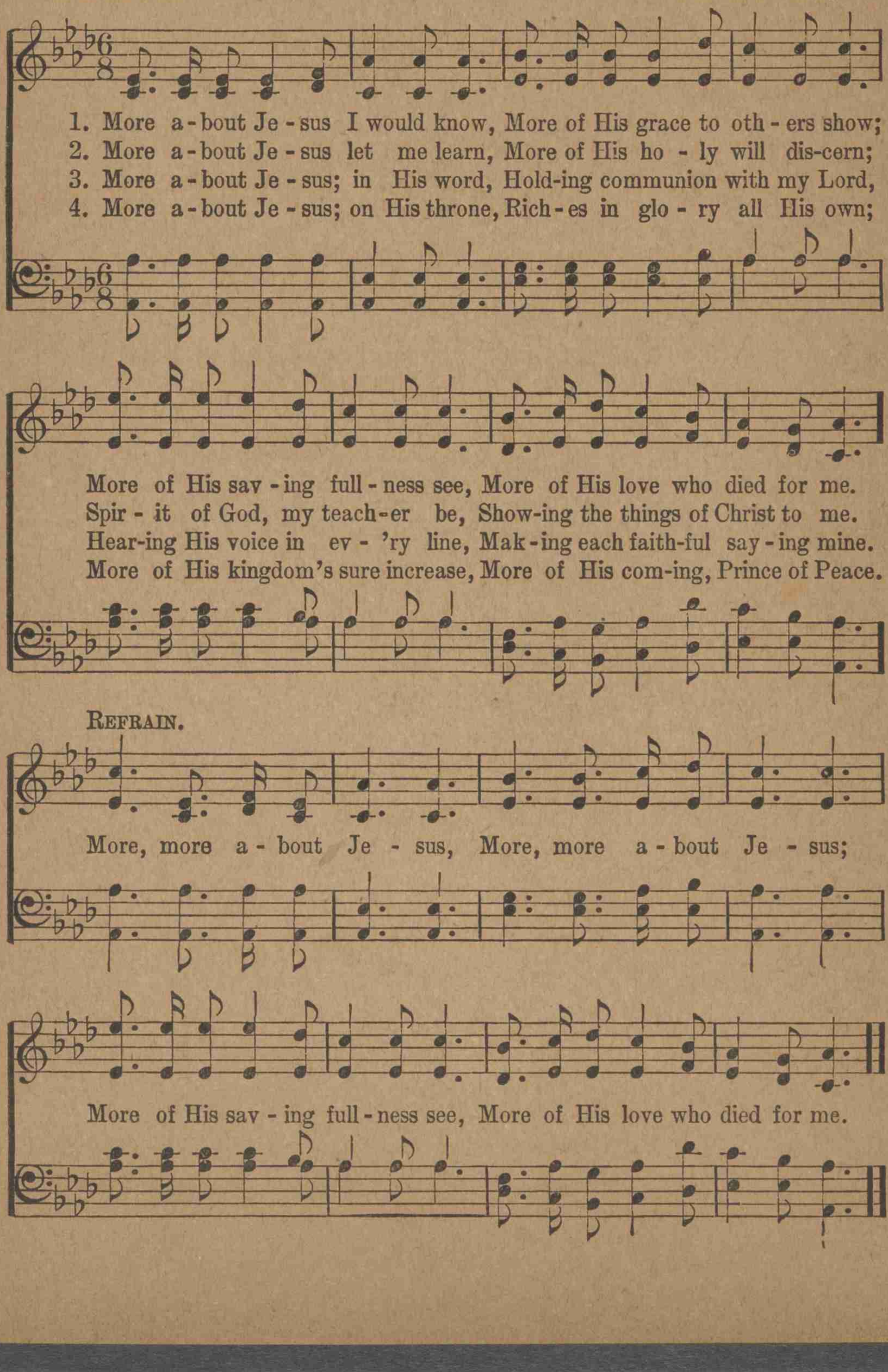
Thos. Ken. L. O. Emerson.



World Revival Hymns.

No. 1. More About Jesus.

E. E. Hewitt. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY MRS. L. E. SWENEY, IN RENEWAL. Jno. R. Sweney.



No. 2. There Is Room in His Heart for You.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.

1. There's a King from a-bove who has won-der-ful love, And is a - ble to
2. If on Him you de-pend you will have a great Friend, Who all tri - als will
3. He has suf-fered and died, your trans-gres-sions to hide, And is read - y still

keep men true; So tho' great is your sin, if His grace you would win,
help you thro'; So tho' far you have strayed, if you ask for His aid,
more to do; For He wants you to love Him on earth and a-bove;

CHORUS.

There is room in His heart for you. There is room in His heart for you,
for you,
There is room in His heart for you; O - cean wide and deep as
for you;
sea Is His grace and love for thee, There is room in His heart for you.

No. 3 Speak to Me Only of Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

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

1. Speak to me on - ly of Je - sus, Tell of the cross that He wore,
2. Speak to me on - ly of Je - sus, Tell of His grace day by day,
3. Speak to me on - ly of Je - sus, Tell of His won-der-ful love,
4. Speak to me on - ly of Je - sus, Tell of His mer - cy so free,

Tell of the shame and the sor - row, Tell of the bur-den He bore.
Tell how the blood of a - tone-ment Wash-es my guilt all a - way.
Tell how He came as a Sav - ior, Down from the glo - ry a - bove.
Tell how, when lost in the dark - ness, Je - sus came seek-ing for me.

REFRAIN.

Speak to me on - ly of Je - sus, Dy - ing on Cal - va - ry's tree,

Speak to me on - ly of Je - sus, His name is so pre-cious to me.

No. 4. Here Am I, Send Me.

J. Gilchrist Lawson.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
J. G. LAWSON, OWNER.

Charles H. Gabriel.

1. Hast Thou, O Lord, a work to do?
2. O touch my lips with fire di - vine, Here am I, send me! . . . .
3. A low - ly ves - sel at Thy feet, O Lord, send me!
4. My heart now longs and yearns to go,

The field is white, the la - b'rers few,
The dross con-sume, the gold re - fine, Here am I, send me! . . . .
O cleanse and for Thy use make meet, O Lord, send me!
To reap Thy har - vest here be - low,

CHORUS.

O-ver moun-tain, plain or sea, Here am I, send me! . . . . I'll
O Lord, send me!

go to the ends of the earth for Thee, Here am I, send me! . . . .
O Lord, send me!

No. 5. I Am the Way.

Fowler Glenn. COPYRIGHT, 19 8, BY HAMP SEWELL Hamp Sewell.

1. O soul by e - vil driv - en, Need - ing both light and cheer,
2. In search of world - ly pleas - ure, Down-ward you go each day,
3. Just let the Sav - ior guide you, Hap - py you then will be,
4. If you would meet in Heav - en Those that you miss to - day,

That hope to you be giv - en, Je - sus your Sav - ior hear.
While oth - ers lay up treas - ure, Fol - low - ing life's true way.
For He will stay be - side you, Keep-ing you pure and free.
The Bless - ed One must lead you— He is the on - ly way.

CHORUS.

"I . . . . . am the Way, ... the Truth . . . . and the
"I am the Way, I am the Way, the Truth and the Life, the

Life; . . . . No man com-eth un - to the Fa-ther but by Me;
Truth and the Life;

No man com-eth un - to the Fa - ther but by Me."

No. 6 Only a Sinner.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY DANIEL B. TOWNER. CHARLES M. ALEXANDER, OWNER.
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James M. Gray. D. B. Towner.

1. Naught have I got - ten but what I re-ceived; Grace hath bestowed it since I have be-lieved; Boasting ex-clud - ed, pride I a-base; I'm on - ly a
2. Once I was fool-ish, and sin ruled my heart, Caus - ing my footsteps from God to de - part; Je - sus hath found me, hap - py my case; I now am a
3. Tears un - a - vail - ing, no mer - it had I; Mer - cy had saved me, or else I must die; Sin had a-larmed me, fear-ing God's face; But now I'm a
4. Suf - fer a sin - ner whose heart o - ver-flows, Lov - ing his Sav - ior to tell what he knows; Once more to tell it, would I embrace—I'm on - ly a

CHORUS.

sin - ner saved by grace! On - ly a sin - ner saved by grace!
On - ly a sin - ner saved by grace! This is my sto - ry, to
God be the glo - ry,—I'm on - ly a sin - ner saved by grace!

No. 7

He Included Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY HAMP SEWELL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

Hamp Sewell.

1. I am so hap-py in Christ to-day, That I go singing a - long my way;
2. Glad-ly I read, "Who-so-ev-er may Come to the fountain of life to - day;"
3. Ev - er God's Spirit is saying, "Come!" Hear the Bride saying, "No longer roam;"
4. "Freely come drink," words the soul to thrill! O with what joy they my heart do fill!

Yes, I'm so hap-py to know and say, "Je - sus in-clud - ed me too."
But when I read it I al-ways say, "Je - sus in-clud - ed me too."
But I am sure while they're call-ing home, Je - sus in-clud - ed me too.
For when He said, "Who-so-ev - er will," Je - sus in-clud - ed me too.

CHORUS.

Je - sus in - clud-ed me, Yes, He in - clud-ed me, Wnen the Lord said

"Who-so - ev-er," He in-clud-ed me; Je - sus in - clud-ed me, Yes, He in-

clud-ed me, When the Lord said "Who-so-ev-er," He in-clud-ed me.

No. 8

Do your Best.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

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

1. Out in the con-flict with Sa - tan to - day Mil - lions as-sem - ble in
2. Fling wide the ban-ner, a - far let it wave; Stand like a he - ro, cou-
3. Trust in the arm of Je - ho - vah a - lone, His is the bat - tle and
4. Less than our best shall we of - fer our King? Less than our best to His

bat - tle ar - ray; Fol - low your Lead - er and haste to the fray;
ra-geous and brave; Strong in the strength of the "Might - y to save,"
we are His own; Hard-ness en-dure, nor the ar - mor lay down;
feet shall we bring? Till in the Home-land the vict - 'ry we sing,

CHORUS.

Christian soldier, do your best. Do your best and follow where He
Christian, do your very best and fol - low
leads you; Do your best if at the front He needs you; Till the warfare's
where He leads you; Christian, do your very best if at the front He needs you; Till the warfare's
o-ver and in Heav'n we rest, Christian soldier, do your best.
o - ver and in Heav'n we safe-ly rest, your best.

No. 9. Sweeter Than All is His Love.

Lizzie DeArmond. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.

1. Won-der-ful love of a won-der-ful Sav - ior, Fill - ing my soul with its
2. Won-der-ful love of a won-der-ful Sav - ior, Will-ing to of - fer His
3. Won-der-ful love of a won-der-ful Sav - ior, Turning my dark-ness to

glad-ness and cheer, Deep as the sea pass - ing all hu - man meas-ure,
par - don so free, Nev - er a Friend that could ev - er be like Him,
heav - en - ly light; Down in my heart I am sing - ing for glad - ness,

CHORUS.

Joy with-out end when I know He's near.
Je - sus has died on the cross for me. Sweet-er than all is the
Sat - is - fied full - y, the way grows bright.

love of my Sav-ior, Cleansing my soul from its bur-den of sin, Fill - ing my

heart with its glo - ry and glad-ness, No oth-er love could my whole heart win.

No. 10. When Jesus Comes Into Your Heart.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.

1. There will be mu - sic thro' - out the whole day When Je - sus comes
2. Joy - bells will ring thro' the halls of your soul When Je - sus comes
3. From all your sins you'll be washed white as snow When Je - sus comes
4. He will walk with you down life's wear - y way, When Je - sus comes

in - to your heart; You will have joys that will not pass a - way When
in - to your heart; Your bro - ken spir - it the Lord will make whole When
in - to your heart; A-bound-ing mer - cy your Sav - ior will show When
in - to your heart; Prom-ise you Heav - en at clos - ing of day When

CHORUS.

Je-sus comes in-to your heart. When Je-sus comes in-to your heart,
When Je-sus comes in, comes in - to your heart,

When Je - sus comes in-to your heart, Like a riv - er peace will
When Je - sus comes in, comes in - to your heart,

flow, Love and joy He will be-stow, When Je-sus comes in - to your heart.

No. 11. There Shall Be Showers of Blessing.

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El Nathan. James McGranahan.

1. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" This is the prom-ise of love;
2. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing"—Pre-cious re - viv - ing a - gain;
3. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" Send them up-on us, O Lord;
4. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" Oh, that to-day they might fall,

There shall be sea-sons re-fresh - ing, Sent from the Sav - ior a - bove.
O - ver the hills and the val - leys, Sound of a - bun-dance of rain.
Grant to us now a re - fresh - ing, Come, and now hon - or Thy Word.
Now as to God we're con - fess - ing, Now as on Je - sus we call!

CHORUS.

Show - - ers of bless - ing, Show-ers of bless-ing we need:
Show-ers, show-ers of bless - ing,

Mer-cy-drops round us are fall - ing, But for the show-ers we plead.

No. 12. Love of My Savior.

Fowler Glenn.

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY HAMP SEWELL.

Hamp Sewell.

1. Something gives cheer when the world has bro't sadness, Light when the home path but
2. Something gives strength in the hour of temp-ta - tion, Cour - age, still true to my
3. Something has caused all my heart to be giv - en To the Re-deem-er who

dim - ly I see, Something so oft - en o'er-flows me with glad - ness;
Sav - ior to be, Something oft bends me in deep ad - o - ra - tion;
died on the tree; Something will be end - less rap - ture in Heav - en;

CHORUS.

It is the love of my Sav - ior for me. Love of my Sav - ior,
Love of my Sav - ior, the
won-der - ful love, Ev - er my soul's best theme it will be;
love of my Sav - ior for
Car - ol and sto - ry, my joy and my glo-ry Is His love for me.

No. 13 Love Lifted Me.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.
ROBERT H. COLEMAN, OWNER. Howard E. Smith.

1. I was sink-ing deep in sin, Far from the peaceful shore, Ver - y deep-ly stained within, Sink-ing to rise no more; But the Mas-ter of the sea
2. All my heart to Him I give, Ev-er to Him I'll cling, In His blessed pres - ence live, Ev - er His prais-es sing. Love so might-y and so true
3. Souls in dan-ger, look a-bove, Je-sus completely saves; He will lift you by His love Out of the an - gry waves. He's the Mas-ter of the sea,

Heard my despairing cry, From the wa-ters lift-ed me, Now safe am I.
Mer-its my soul's best songs; Faithful, lov-ing service, too, To Him be - longs.
Bil - lows His will o - bey; He your Savior wants to be—Be saved to - day.

CHORUS.

Love lift - ed me!..... Love lift - ed me!.....
e - ven me! e - ven me!

When nothing else could help, Love lift - ed me. Love lift-ed me.

No. 14

He Lifted me.

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INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

Charlotte G. Homer. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. In lov - ing-kind-ness Je - sus came My soul in mer - cy to re-claim,
2. He called me long be - fore I heard, Be - fore my sin - ful heart was stirred,
3. His brow was pierced with many a thorn, His hands by cru - el nails were torn,
4. Now on a high - er plane I dwell, And with my soul I know 'tis well;

And from the depths of sin and shame Thro' grace He lift - ed me. . . . . .
But when I took Him at His word, For-giv'n He lift - ed me. . . . . .
When from my guilt and grief, for-lorn, In love He lift - ed me. . . . . .
Yet how or why, I can-not tell, He should have lift - ed me. . . . . .

He lift-ed me.

CHORUS.

From sink-ing sand He lift - ed me, With ten - der hand He lift - ed me,

From shades of night to plains of light, O praise His name, He lift - ed me!

No. 15 Christ Receiveth Sinful Men.

Arr. from Neumaster. COPYRIGHT, 1882, BY JAMES MC GRANAHAN. **James McGranahan.**

1. Sin - ners Je - sus will re - ceive: Sound this word of grace to all
2. Come, and He will give you rest; Trust Him, for His word is plain;
3. Now my heart con-demns me not, Pure be - fore the law I stand;
4. Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men, E - ven me with all my sin;

Who the heav'n - ly path-way leave, All who lin - ger, all who fall.
He will take the sin - ful - est; Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
He who cleansed me from all spot, Sat - is - fied its last de - mand.
Purged from ev - 'ry spot and stain, Heav'n with Him I en - ter in.

REFRAIN.

Sing it o'er . . . . . and o'er a - gain: . . . . Christ re-
Sing it o'er a-gain, Sing it o'er a-gain: Christ re-

ceiv - - eth sin-ful men; . . . Make the mes - - sage
ceiv-eth sin - ful men, Christ re - ceiv-eth sin - ful men; Make the message plain,

clear and plain: . . . Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
Make the mes-sage plain: Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.

No. 16. Heirs and Joint Heirs.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.

1. Tho' the wealth of earth be not for me, Its sil - ver nor its gold.
2. Can I e'er a - gain feel poor and sad, Or wrong my soul with care,
3. To a pal - ace fair with jew - eled walls A ti - tle clear I hold,
4. So a toil - er brave I want to be, While on the shores of time,

On the page di - vine with joy I see I'm heir to wealth un - told.
Since the One who came to make me glad, His all with me will share!
And I'm on - ly here till Je-sus calls, "Come join the up - per fold."
For the land of love a - cross the sea, With all its wealth sub - lime.

CHORUS.

Heirs and joint heirs with Je - sus, Bless - ing is mine thro' e-

ter - ni - ty; Treas - ures in Je - sus un - bound - ed and

free; Hal - le - lu - jah, my Sav - ior is He! (is He!)

No. 17 The Touch of His Hand on Mine.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Jessie Brown Pounds. **Henry P. Morton.**

1. There are days so dark that I seek in vain For the face of my
2. There are times, when tired of the toil-some road, That for ways of the
3. When the way is dim, and I can-not see Thro' the mist of His
4. In the last sad hour, as I stand a-lone Where the pow-ers of

Friend Di-vine; But tho' dark-ness hide, He is there to guide
world I pine; But He draws me back to the up-ward track
wise de-sign, How my glad heart yearns and my faith re-turns
death com-bine, While the dark waves roll He will guide my soul

FINE. CHORUS.

By the touch of His hand on mine. Oh, the touch of His hand on mine,
on mine,

D. S.—*In the touch of His hand on mine.*

D. S.

Oh, the touch of His hand on mine! There is grace and pow'r, in the trying hour,
on mine!

No. 18 That Grand Word, "Whosoever."

E. E. H. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. E. E. Hewitt.

1. That grand word "who-so-ev-er" is ring-ing thro' my soul, Who-so - ev - er
2. When-ev - er this sweet message in God's own word I see; Who-so - ev - er
3. I heard the lov - ing message, and now to oth - ers say, Who-so - ev - er
4. To God be all the glo-ry! His on - ly Son He gave, Who-so - ev - er

will may come; In riv - ers of sal-va - tion the liv - ing wa - ters roll,
will may come; I know 'tis meant for sinners, I know 'tis meant for me,
will may come; Seek now the precious Savior, and He'll be yours to - day,
will may come; And those who come be-liev-ing, He'll to the ut-most save,

CHORUS.

Who - so - ev - er will may come. O that "who - so-
Who - so - ev - er will,

ev - er!" Who - so - ev - er will may come; The Sav-ior's in - vi-
who - so - ev - er will,

ta - tion is free - ly sound - ing still, Who-so - ev - er will may come.

No. 19 Who Could It Be?

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHARLES M. ALEXANDER.
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Fred P. Morris. Robert Harkness.

1. Some-bod-y came and lift-ed me Out of my sin and mis-er - y,
2. Some-bod-y bent so ten-der - ly, Pleading so long and pa-tient-ly,
3. Some-bod-y whispered sweet and low, Tell-ing me just the way to go,
4. Some-bod-y holds my hand each day, Guiding my feet lest I should stray,

Some-bod-y came, O who could it be, Who could it be but Je - sus?
Some-bod-y came, O who could it be, Who could it be but Je - sus?
Some-bod-y spoke, I lis-tened, and lo, Who could it be but Je - sus?
Walking with Him how blessed the way, Who could it be but Je - sus?

CHORUS.

Who could it be, O who could it be, Who could it be but Je - sus?
Je - - - sus, Je - - sus,

pp

rall.

Who could it be, O who could it be? Who could it be but Je - sus?
Je - - sus, yes, Je - - sus,

No. 20. When the Power Fell on Me.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.

1. For a long time I wait-ed on the Lord in prayer, Pray-ing from all sin to be set free; And the an-swer came, like a
2. Like a child weak and fee-ble I had been for man-y years, When I knew that strong I ought to be; But I was made strong, and my
3. Now I bear tes-ti-mo-ny to the Spir-it's pow'r, For my heart and tongue were both set free; Free was I from pride, and my
4. Now I have the as-sur-ance that I shall see God, For the pure in heart their Lord shall see; And my name went down, for a

tongue of liv-ing flame, When the pow-er fell on me.
heart was filled with song, When the pow-er fell on me. When the power fell on
soul was sanc-ti-fied, When the pow-er fell on me.
man-sion and a crown, When the pow-er fell on me. When the

CHORUS.

me, When the Spir-it set me free, I was
pow-er fell on me, set me free,

grant-ed my desire, Filled with pente-cost-al fire, When the power fell on me.

No. 21. The Same Old Way.

J. P. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. P. Scholfield.

1. God will fill our hearts for serv - ice, In the same old way;
2. Does your heart burn for an - oth - er In the same old way?
3. God will help the weak and wear - y In the same old way;
4. Will you tell the won-drous sto - ry In the same old way?

He will an - swer prayer and bless us In the same old way.
Will you seek to win some oth - er In the same old way?
He will cheer the life that's drear - y In the same old way.
That your Lord may have the glo - ry In the same old way?

CHORUS.

In the same old way, In the same old way; God will

bless and save His peo - ple In the same old way.

No. 22. Stand Up For Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL.

G. Duffield. E. O. Excell.

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross; Lift high His
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trumpet call o - bey; Forth to the
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in His strength a-lone; The arm of
4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long; This day the

roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss: From vic-t'ry un - to vic - t'ry
might-y con - flict, In this His glo-rious day: "Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
flesh will fail you; Ye dare not trust your own: Put on the gos - pel ar - mor,
noise of bat - tle, The next the vic-tor's song: To him that o - ver-com - eth,

His ar - my shall He lead, Till ev - 'ry foe is van-quished And Christ is
A - gainst un-num-bered foes; Your cour-age rise with dan - ger, And strength to
Each piece put on with prayer; Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er
A crown of life shall be; He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e-

Lord in - deed; Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished And Christ is Lord in - deed.
strength op-pose; Your cour-age rise with dan-ger, And strength to strength oppose.
want-ing there; Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want-ing there.
ter - nal - ly; He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

No. 23. Jesus Is Coming.

James M. Gray.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY J. C. TROWBRIDGE.
WM. J. RAMSAY, OWNER, CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

J. C. Trowbridge.

1. The Sav - ior who loves me And suf - fered the loss Of heav - en - ly glo - ry To die on the cross, The Babe of the man - ger, Tho' born with-out stain, This Je - sus is com - ing, Is com-ing a - gain!
2. The an - gels, re - joic - ing And sing - ing His praise To Beth - le - hem shep-herds Of ear - li - er days, Will come in the glo - ry, At- tend - ing His train, When Je - sus, my Sav - ior, Is com-ing a - gain!
3. The saints will be with Him, O heav - en - ly bliss! How tear - ful the part - ing From fa - ces we miss! But clouds are de - scend-ing, And we who re - main, Are caught up to meet them With Je - sus a - gain!
4. O hearts that are wear - y, And sin - ful and sad, We car - ry the ti - dings That make us so glad; We pub - lish the Sav - ior O'er moun-tain and plain; The Lord who re-deemed us Is com-ing a - gain!

CHORUS.

Je - sus is com-ing, is com-ing, is com - ing! Je - sus is com-ing a - gain!

My heart is so hap-py, my soul is so glad, For Je-sus is com-ing a - gain!

No. 24 I am Thine, O Lord.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY W. H. DOANE. RENEWAL.
F. T. DOANE, OWNER.

F. J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.

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

But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clo-ser drawn to Thee.
Let my soul look up with a stead-fast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.
When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee, my God, I commune as friend with friend!
There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with Thee.

REFRAIN.

Draw me near - er, nearer, blessed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died;
near-er, near - er,
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, To Thy precious, bleeding side.

No. 25. Jesus is a Friend of Mine.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.

1. I am go-ing up-ward all the while, Fear-ing not the tri-als that may be-tide, Meet-ing all temp-ta-tions with a smile, For the
2. World-ly pleasures tempt my soul in vain, But with Him who died for me I shall stay; For from His great love each day I gain Joys and
3. He will trav-el with me to the end, And will give the bless-ings that I shall need; So up-on His grace I shall de-pend, For I
4. Earthly friends may van-ish in a night, But my heav-'nly Friend will al-ways be near, Keep-ing all my pathway smooth and bright, Giv-ing

CHORUS.

Sav-ior is always at my side. He is a Friend of mine,
pleasures that nev-er pass a-way.
know He will be a Friend in-deed.
courage and comfort, peace and cheer.

I'm trust-ing His grace di-vine; I shall tri-umph o-ver sin, and the crown im-mor-tal win, For Je-sus is a Friend of mine.

a Friend of mine,

His grace di-vine;

No. 26 He is So Precious to Me.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. So pre-cious is Je - sus, my Sav - ior, my King, His praise all the
2. He stood at my heart's door 'mid sunshine and rain, And pa - tient - ly
3. I stand on the moun-tain of bless-ing at last, No cloud in the
4. I praise Him be-cause He ap-point - ed a place Where, some day, thro'

day long with rapture I sing; To Him in my weakness for strength I can cling,
waited an entrance to gain; What shame that so long He en-treat-ed in vain,
heavens a shad-ow to cast; His smile is up - on me, the val - ley is past,
faith in His won-der-ful grace, I know I shall see Him—shall look on His face,

CHORUS. *Faster.*

For He is so precious to me.... For He is so precious to me,.....
so pre-cious to me,

For He is so pre-cious to me;..... 'Tis Heav-en be - low
so pre-cious to me;

rit.

My Re - deem-er to know, For He is so pre-cious to me.

No. 27

Sunshine in the soul.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
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E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. There's sun-shine in my soul to-day, More glo-ri-ous and bright
2. There's mu-sic in my soul to-day, A car-ol to the King,
3. There's spingtime in my soul to-day, For, when the Lord is near,
4. There's glad-ness in my soul to-day, And hope and praise and love,

Than glows in an-y earth-ly skies, For Je-sus is my light.
And Je-sus, lis-ten-ing, can hear The songs I can-not sing.
The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap-pear.
For bless-ings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up" a-bove.

REFRAIN.

O there's sun - - - shine, bless-ed sun - - shine,
O there's sun-shine in the soul, bless-ed sun-shine in the soul,
When the peace-ful, hap-py mo-ments roll;
hap-py mo-ments roll;
When Je-sus shows His smil-ing face, There is sun-shine in the soul.

No. 28. It Pays To Serve Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY FRANK C. HUSTON.
USED BY PERMISSION.

F. C. H.

Frank C. Huston.

DUET.

1. The serv-ice of Je-sus true pleas-ure af-fords, In Him there is joy with-
2. It pays to serve Je-sus what-e'er may be-tide; It pays to be true what-
3. Tho' sometimes the shadows may hang o'er the way, And sorrows may come to

out an al-loy; 'Tis heav-en to trust Him and rest on His words; It
e'er you may do; 'Tis rich-es of mer-cy in Him to a-bide; It
beck-on us home, Our pre-cious Re-deem-er each toil will re-pay; It

CHORUS.

pays to serve Je-sus each day. It pays to serve Je-sus, it pays ev-'ry

day, It pays ev-'ry step of the way;..... Tho' the path-way to
ev-'ry step of the way;

glo-ry may sometimes be drear, You'll be hap-py each step of the way.

No. 29. I Know Whom I Have Believed.

E. E. Hewitt. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.

1. Je - sus is my Sav - ior, faith-ful, true and strong, Near to shield me when temp - ta - tions throng; He will leave me nev - er,
2. All to Him I've giv - en, bod - y, mind and soul, Yield-ing all my life to His con - trol, Liv - ing for His glo - ry,
3. Je - sus is my Sav - ior, might-y now to save; On the cru - el cross Him-self He gave; With His blood He bought me,
4. Je - sus is my Sav - ior; hail the bless-ed day When He'll come in glo - ry down the shin-ing way; Then His own shall meet Him,

I will trust Him ev - er; Grate - ful prais - es I'll pro - long.
ring - ing out the sto - ry, While the mo-ments on - ward roll.
to His pas-tures brought me, Bliss is mine be-yond the grave.
and with rap - ture greet Him, When the hosts of Heav'n o - bey.

CHORUS.

I know whom I have be-liev - ed, And am per-suad - ed that He is a - ble To keep that which I've committed Un-to Him against that day.

No. 30. Washed In the Blood.

C. P. J.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY C. P. JONES.
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C. P. Jones.

1. Washed in the blood, by the Spir - it sealed, Christ in His word is to
2. Once I was blind, but be - hold, I see; God from a - bove now hath
3. O that the world might the Sav - ior see, That bless-ed Sav - ior who
4. Washed in the blood! sin - ner, come to - day; Je - sus so free - ly the

me re - vealed; Glo - ry to God! in my soul doth shine,
shined in - to me; Cleansed from all sin, in His word I be - hold
saved poor me! O how the lost ones would come shout-ing home,
debt will pay; Come to His arms, to His arms of grace,

CHORUS.

God, my sal - va - tion, and His life is mine!
Wealth which can nev - er be com-pared to gold. Washed in the
Nev-er, nev - er, nev - er, nev - er - more to roam!
Come, now in meek-ness seek the Sav - ior's face.

blood, washed in the blood! Washed in the blood, in the
O glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah!

soul-cleansing blood! Sealed in the Spir-it true, and washed in the blood!
O glo - ry!

No. 31. Come Find Pardon, Peace and Power.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.

1. Waste no more your days in strife and sin and sad-ness, Give your-self to
2. E - ven tho' in sin so long you have been liv - ing, On His love your
3. Trust Him now and come to Him your sins con - fess - ing, Live with-in the

Christ this ver - y hour; He a-lone can fill your earth-ly life with gladness,
bur - den may be cast; Peace and joy to you each day He would be giv - ing,
sun - light of His grace; Then from day to day you shall re - ceive His bless-ing,

CHORUS.

Come to-day, find par-don, peace and pow'r.
In His mer - cy hid - ing all your past. Come come, find par-don, peace and
And at last be-hold Him face to face.

pow'r, He waits to send them from a - bove; Come, come to
from a - bove;

Him this ver - y hour, And spend your life with-in His pre-cious love.

No. 32 I Owe It All to Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

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

1. My hope of Heav'n on Christ is stayed, My sins were all up - on Him laid,
2. Like as a lamb to slaughter led, He came and suf-fered in my stead,
3. With groans and tears and ag - o - ny He suf-fered in Geth - sem - a - ne;
4. To claim Him mine I hum-bly dare, And full al - le-giance to Him swear,
5. My all up - on the al - tar lies— A will - ing, liv - ing sac - ri - fice;

My ran - som price He free - ly paid; I owe it all to Je - sus.
And once for all His life-blood shed; I owe it all to Je - sus.
For time and for e - ter - ni - ty I owe it all to Je - sus.
And now pro-claim it ev - 'ry-where, I owe it all to Je - sus.
Tho' small the gift, He'll not de - spise; I owe it all to Je - sus.

CHORUS.

For me the thorn-y crown He wore, For me the cru - el cross He bore;

He paid my debt, I'll not for - get, I owe it all to Je - sus.

No. 33 My Savior's Love.

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CHARLES M. ALEXANDER, OWNER.

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

1. I stand a-mazed in the pres - ence Of Je - sus the Naz - a - rene,
2. For me it was in the gar-den He prayed: "Not My will, but Thine;"
3. In pit - y an - gels be - held Him, And came from the world of light
4. He took my sins and my sor - rows, He made them His ver - y own;
5. When with the ransomed in glo - ry His face I at last shall see,

And won - der how He could love me, A sin-ner, condemned, un-clean.
He had no tears for His own griefs, But sweat-drops of blood for mine.
To com-fort Him in the sor - rows He bore for my soul that night.
He bore the bur - den to Cal - v'ry, And suf-fered, and died a - lone.
'Twill be my joy thro' the a - ges To sing of His love for me.

CHORUS.

How mar-vel-ous! how won-der-ful! And my song shall ev - er be:
Oh, how mar - vel-ous! oh, how won - der-ful!

How mar-vel-ous! how won-der-ful Is my Sav-ior's love for me!
Oh, how mar - vel-ous! oh, how won-der-ful

No. 34 Sweet Will of God.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY H. L. GILMOUR.

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

DUET.

1. My stub-born will at last hath yield-ed; I would be Thine and
2. I'm tired of sin, foot-sore and wear-y, The darksome path hath
3. Thy pre-cious will, O con-qu'ring Sav-ior, Doth now em-brace and
4. Shut in with Thee, O Lord, for-ev-er, My wayward feet no

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

CHORUS.

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

fold me clo-ser, Till I am whol-ly lost in Thee; Sweet will of

God, still fold me clo-ser, Till I am whol-ly lost in Thee.

No. 35 Count Your Blessings.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.

1. When up - on life's bil - lows you are tem - pest - tossed, When you are dis-
2. Are you ev.- er ur-dened with a load of care? Does the cross seem
3. When you look at oth - ers with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has
4. So, a - mid the con - flict, wheth-er great or small, Do not be dis-

(1) When up - on life's bil - lows you are tem-pest-tossed, When you are dis-

cour-aged, think-ing all is lost, Count your man-y bless-ings, name them one by one,
heav - y you are called to bear? Count your man-y bless-ings, ev -'ry doubt will fly,
prom-ised you His wealth un - told; Count your man-y bless-ings, mon-ey can - not buy
cour-aged, God is o - ver all; Count your man-y bless-ings, an - gels will at - tend,

cour-aged, think-ing all is lost, Count your man-y bless-ings, name them one by one,

CHORUS.

And it will sur-prise you what the Lord hath done.
And you will be sing - ing as the days go by. Count your bless-ings, Name them
Your re - ward in heav - en, nor your home on high.
Help and com-fort give you to your jour - ney's end.

And it will sur-prise you what the Lord hath done. Count your man-y bless-ings,

one by one; Count your bless-ings, See what God hath done; Count your
Name them one by one; Count your man-y bless-ings, See what God hath done; Count your many

rit.

bless-ings, Name them one by one; Count your man-y bless-ings, See what God hath done.

No. 36 Take the Name of Jesus With You.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY W. H. DOANE. RENEWAL.

Mrs. Lydia Baxter. **W. H. Doane.**

1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor-row and of woe;
2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er As a shield from ev-'ry snare;
3. O the precious name of Je - sus! How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall - ing prostrate at His feet,

It will joy and com-fort give you, Take it then, where'er you go.
If temp - ta - tions round you gath - er, Breathe that ho - ly name in prayer.
When His lov - ing arms re-ceive us, And His songs our tongues em-ploy!
King of kings in Heav'n we'll crown Him, When our jour-ney is com-plete.

CHORUS.

Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of Heav'n;
Precious name, O how sweet!

Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of Heav'n.
Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet!

No. 37. There is Power in Jesus' Blood.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.

1. Tho' you wan-dered a - far, yet still the Mas - ter doth call, Calls to thee, O wan-d'ring soul; For on dark Cal - va - ry He shed His life-blood for thee, Shed His blood to make thee whole.
2. 'Twas His love for thy soul that bro't the Sav - ior to earth, When He left His home on high; 'Twas His love, love di-vine, that caused Him to give His blood, That your guilty soul might not die. There is pow-er, pow-er,
3. Bring your sins, great and small, un - to the Foun-tain of Life, Bring them now with - out de - lay; Scar - let tho' they may be, or like the crim - son be red, Jesus' blood can wash them a-way.
4. Once a - gain, Je - sus calls, "O sin - ner, why will ye die? All thy sins I will for - give;" This may be His last call be - fore thy judg-ment is set, Come to Je - sus Christ and live.

CHORUS.

won-der-work-ing pow-er, There is pow - er, pow-er, pu - ri - fy - ing pow - er,

There is pow'r in Je - sus' blood; pow'r in Je - sus' blood.

hal - le - lu - jah!

No. 38 More Like the Master.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

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

1. More like the Mas - ter I would ev - er be, More of His meek-ness
2. More like the Mas - ter, is my dai - ly prayer; More strength to car - ry
3. More like the Mas - ter I would live and grow; More of His love to

more hu - mil - i - ty; More zeal to la - bor, more cour - age to be
cross - es I must bear; More ear - nest ef - fort to bring His king-dom
oth - ers I would show; More self - de - ni - al, like His in Gal - i-

true, More con - se - cra - tion for work He bids me do.
in; More of His Spir - it, the wan - der - er to win.
lee, More like the Mas - ter I long to ev - er be.

rit.

CHORUS.

Take Thou my heart,— I would be Thine a - lone;— Take Thou my
Take my heart, O take my heart, I would be Thine a - lone; Take my heart, O

heart and make it all Thine own; Purge me from sin, O
take my heart and make it all Thine own; Purge Thou me from ev - 'ry sin, O

Lord, I now im - plore, Wash me and keep me Thine for-ev - er - more.
Lord, I now im-plore, Wash and keep, O wash and keep me Thine for-ev - er - more.

No. 39 Do You Love Him?

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

T. O. Chisholm. Henry P. Morton.

1. There was One who came from Heav-en, Came this fall-en world to save,
2. His was love di-vine and ten-der, More than we could think or dream;
3. On the cru-el cross up-lift-ed, He did all that love could do,
4. Love like that can nev-er fail us, He will al-ways be our Friend;

Sparing naught for our re-demp-tion, E'en His ver-y life He gave.
His was in-fi-nite com-pas-sion, His the sac-ri-fice su-preme.
To con-strain our hearts to love Him,—How can we but love Him too?
Hav-ing loved us so, as sin-ners, He will love us to the end.

CHORUS.

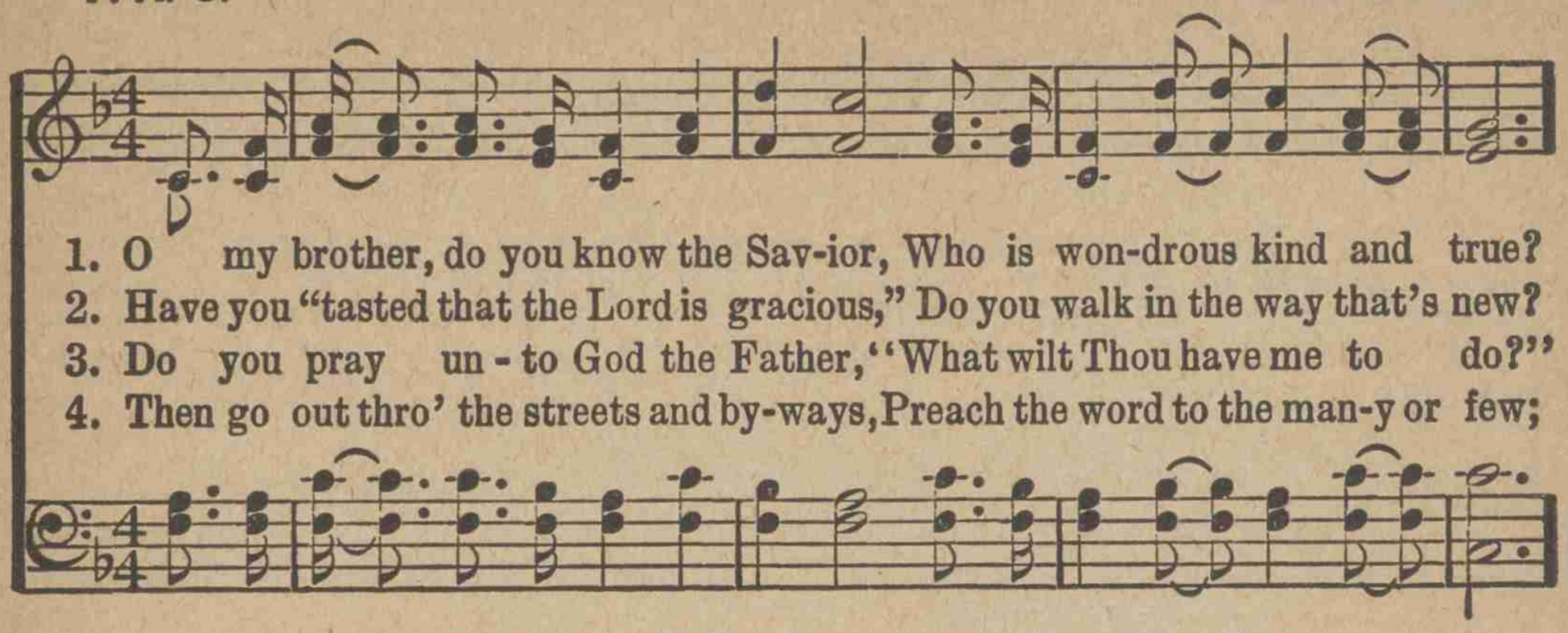
Do you love Him? Do you love Him? May this your an-swer be:. . . .
May this your an-swer be:

Yes, I love Him, yes, I love Him, Be-cause He first loved me.

No. 40 Honey in the Rock.

"And with honey out of the rock should I have satisfied thee."—Ps. 81: 16.

F. A. G. COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY F. A. GRAVES. F. A. Graves.



1. O my brother, do you know the Sav-ior, Who is won-drous kind and true?
2. Have you "tasted that the Lord is gracious," Do you walk in the way that's new?
3. Do you pray un - to God the Father, "What wilt Thou have me to do?"
4. Then go out thro' the streets and by-ways, Preach the word to the man-y or few;



He's the "Rock of your sal - va - tion!" There's Honey in the Rock for you.
Have you drank from the liv-ing foun-tain? There's Honey in the Rock for you.
Nev - er fear, He will sure - ly an-swer, There's Honey in the Rock for you.
Say to ev - 'ry fall - en broth - er, There's Honey in the Rock for you.

CHORUS.

Oh, there's Honey in the Rock, my brother, There's Honey in the Rock for you;
my brother, for you;

Leave your sins for the blood to cov - er, There's Honey in the Rock for you.
for you.

No. 41. When Jesus Leads.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.

1. While on my jour - ney to that land of end-less day, There's One who
2. If I have stum - bled, then my Ad - vo - cate is He, And for my
3. De - nom - i - na - tions do not mean so much to me, Nor do I
4. While with my Mas - ter as I fol - low ev - 'ry day, I try to

e'er sup-plies my needs; Tho' snares a - wait me all a - long the
par - don in - ter - cedes; From con-dem - na - tion I may ev - 'ry
place my trust in creeds, For I'm a Chris - tian, and as hap - py
scat - ter gold - en deeds; To be like Je - sus, means to work as

CHORUS.

Christian way, Yet I am safe when Je-sus leads.
hour be free; God smiles on me when Je-sus leads. With Je-sus leading I am
as can be, Filled with His love when Je-sus leads.
well as pray, And that we'll do when Je-sus leads.

safe each day; With Je - sus lead-ing I am safe al-way; Let what will come,

He'll guide me safe - ly home, When Je-sus leads, when Je - sus leads.

No. 42 Someone is Looking to You.

W. M. Lighthall.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Let your light shine where-so-e'er you go, Some-one is look-ing to you! Bright-er each day let it gleam and glow, Some-one is look-ing to you!
2. Some-one is grop-ing his way to God, Some-one is look-ing to you! Fol-low-ing on where your feet have trod, Some-one is look-ing to you!
3. Some-one your coun-sel will sure-ly take, Some-one is look-ing to you! And by your life his de-ci-sion make, Some-one is look-ing to you!
4. Some-one has al-most ac-cept-ed Him, Some-one is look-ing to you! And may be lost if your light grows dim, Some-one is look-ing to you!

CHORUS.

look-ing to you! Look-ing to you, yes, look-ing to you!
Let your light shine the dark-ness through; O be faith-ful, be
loy-al, and true, For some-one is look-ing to you!

No. 43 We Will Talk It O'er Together By and By.

Mrs. C. H. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. We are trav'ling home to Heav-en by the straight and narrow way, Which the saints and mar-tyrs have be - fore us trod; In the cross of Christ we glo - ry as we jour-ney day by day, Press-ing on-ward to the
2. There with Mo-ses and E - li - as, and with Pe-ter and with Paul, We'll re- count the triumphs of re - deem-ing grace; Best of all, we'll see our Sav - ior, hail and crown Him Lord of all, And u - nite His praise to
3. We will look back o'er the jour-ney by our heav'nly Father planned, Knowing that His will was best for you and me; And the things which here per- plex us, which we can - not un - der-stand, In that glorious day of

D. S.—*come, and have reached our heav'nly home; We will talk it o'er to-*

FINE. CHORUS.

cit - y of our God. We will talk it o'er to-geth-er by and by,.....
sing thro' end-less days.
days made plain will be.

by and by,

geth - er by and by.

D. S.

When we reach that ho-ly cit - y, you and I,.....How thro' grace we've over-

No. 44 Get Ye On to Canaan.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. Ida C. Reid. James V. Reid.

1. Oh, get ye on to Ca-naan, Don't die in E-gypt's sand; There's
use to live in bond-age, There's freedom for us all; If

2. Oh, get ye on to Ca-naan, A - rise, make up your mind! He's
feed you heav'n-ly man-na, With quail a - long the way: With

bread and milk a - bun - dant In that bright, hap-py land. No
you would take pos - ses - sion, Oh, heed the Lead-er's (*Omit. . . .*) call.
faith - ful who has prom-ised, "Not a hoof be left be - hind." He'll
fire by night He'll lead you, With a pillar of cloud by (*Omit. . .*) day.

CHORUS.

I re-mem-ber well the day When He washed my sins a - way, And
I can nev - er tell you how, But I have the bless-ing now; And
led me from the wil-der-ness To Canaan's blissful clime;
oh, I am so hap-py, oh, So (*Omit. . . . .*) happy all the time.

3 Don't fear the road to travel,
The sea will open wide;
The Lord will safely land you
Upon the other side.
Although you may find giants,
"The Lord will fight for you;"
Just keep your eyes upon Him,
He'll take you safely through.

4 Oh, Canaan is a good land,
A land of running brooks,
Of fountains in the valleys,
Of rills in shady nooks;
A land of wheat and barley,
Pomegranates, rich and fine,
With olive-oil and honey,—
Praise God, these all are mine!

No. 45. My Burdens Rolled Away.

M. A S.

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Mrs. Minnie A. Steele.

1. I re-mem-ber when my burdens rolled a - way, I had car-ried them for years, night and day; When I sought the blessed Lord, and I took Him at His word,
2. I re-mem-ber when my burdens rolled a - way, That I feared would nev-er leave night or day; Je - sus showed to me the loss, so I left them at the cross;
3. I re-mem-ber when my burdens rolled a - way, That had hin-dered me for years, night and day; As I sought the throne of grace, just a glimpse of Jesus' face,
4. I am sing-ing since my burdens rolled a - way, There's a song with-in my heart night and day; I am liv - ing for my King, and with joy I shout and sing

CHORUS.

Then at once all my burdens rolled a - way.
I was glad when my burdens rolled a - way. Rolled a-way, rolled a-way, rolled a - way,
And I knew that my burdens could not stay.
Hal - le-lu-jah! all my burdens rolled a - way.

I am happy since my burdens rolled a-way; Rolled a-way, rolled a - way, rolled a - way, since my burdens rolled a-way;

I am hap-py since my burdens rolled away.

No. 46 Jesus, I Come.

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W. T. Sleeper. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Out of my bondage, sorrow and night, Je - sus, I come, Je - sus, I come;
2. Out of my shameful fail-ure and loss, Je - sus, I come, Je - sus, I come;
3. Out of un - rest and ar - ro-gant pride, Je - sus, I come, Je - sus, I come;
4. Out of the fear and dread of the tomb, Je - sus, I come, Je - sus, I come;

In - to Thy freedom, gladness and light, Je - sus, I come to Thee;
In - to the glo-rious gain of Thy cross, Je - sus, I come to Thee;
In - to Thy bless-ed will to a - bide, Je - sus, I come to Thee;
In - to the joy and light of Thy home, Je - sus, I come to Thee;

Out of my sick-ness in-to Thy health, Out of my want and in - to Thy wealth,
Out of earth's sorrows into Thy balm, Out of life's storms and in-to Thy calm,
Out of my-self to dwell in Thy love, Out of de-spair in-to raptures a - bove,
Out of the depths of ru - in un-told, In - to the peace of Thy sheltering fold,

Out of my sin and in - to Thy-self, Je - sus, I come to Thee.
Out of dis - tress to ju - bi-lant psalm, Je - sus, I come to Thee.
Up-ward for aye on wings like a dove, Je - sus, I come to Thee.
Ev - er Thy glo-rious face to be-hold, Je - sus, I come to Thee.

No. 47 The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

Jessie Brown Pounds.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's no oth - er
2. I must needs go on in the blood-sprinkled way, The path that the
3. Then I bid fare - well to the way of the world, To walk in it

way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light,
Sav - ior trod, If I ev - er climb to the heights sub - lime,
nev - er more; For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home,

CHORUS.

If the way of the cross I miss.
Where the soul is at home with God. The way of the cross leads
Where He waits at the o - pen door.

home, The way of the cross leads home; It is
leads home, leads home;

sweet to know, as I on - ward go, The way of the cross leads home.

No. 48. Only Remembered.

Bonar. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.

1. Fad-ing a - way like the stars of the morn-ing, Los-ing their light in the
2. So let my name and my place be for-got-ten, On - ly my life race be
3. So in the har - vest if oth-ers may gath - er Sheaves from the fields that in

glo - ri-ous sun, So let me steal a-way gen-tly and lov-ing-ly, On-ly re-
lov - ing-ly run, So let me pass a-way peace-ful-ly, si - lent - ly, On-ly re-
spring I have sown, Who ploughed or sowed matters not to the reap - er, On-ly re-

CHORUS.

mem-bered by what I have done. On - ly re-mem - bered, on - ly re-
On - ly re-mem-bered,

mem - bered, On-ly remembered as the years roll on; On-ly re-
on - ly re-mem-bered, roll on;

rit.

mem - bered, forever remembered, Only remembered by what I have done.
On-ly re-mem-bered, have done.

No. 49 Because I Love Jesus.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

James Rowe. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. My path may be lone-ly, and dark be the night, The clouds may be
2. Be-cause I love Je-sus, my Sav-ior and thine, There's peace in my
3. Tho' loved ones be ta-ken a-way from my side, Tho' rich-es and
4. Tho' all that is e-vil a-gainst me com-bine, Tho' Sa-tan a-

hid-ing the sun from my sight, Yet I have as-sur-ance that all will be right,
soul, there is comfort di-vine; 'T will al-ways abide, for the promise is mine,
hon-or to me be de-nied, Yet if I but trust Him no ill can be-tide,
round me his snares should entwine, Yet if I am faith-ful a crown will be mine,

REFRAIN.

Be-cause..... I love Je-sus. Be-cause I love Je-sus,

Be-cause

Je-sus, Be-cause..... I love Je-sus; My soul is at

Be-cause

rest, and in Him I am blest, Be-cause..... I love Je-sus.

Be-cause

No. 50. His Love Keeps Me Singing.

James Rowe.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY HAMP SEWELL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Hamp Sewell.

1. Oh, the love of Je - sus Bright-ens all my days, Keeps me sing - ing
2. Tho' the bur-den's heav-y, Foes as - sail in vain, With His love o'er-
3. Thus 'twill be in glo - ry, By the crys - tal sea; In com-mun-ion

all the time Hap - py songs of praise: Storms may beat a-bout me, Sky and
flow-ing me, Vic - tor I re - main: Thro' the toil of noon-day, Thro' the
with my Lord, Love my theme will be: More and more thro' a - ges, In that

path be dim, Still His love will keep me Sing-ing a song to Him.
mid - night long, Love di - vine will keep me Sing-ing to Him my song.
home a - bove, I will sing of Je - sus And His re-deem-ing love.

CHORUS.

His love keeps me sing - ing, . . . His love makes me true; . . .
sing-ing, makes me true;

The love of Je - sus keeps me sing - ing The whole day through.

No. 51 We Shall See the King Some Day.

L. E. J.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

L. E. Jones.

1. Tho' the way we jour-ney may be oft - en drear, We shall see the
2. Aft - er pain and an - guish, aft - er toil and care, We shall see the
3. Aft - er foes are conquered, aft - er bal - tles won, We shall see the
4. There with all the loved ones who have gone be - fore, We shall see the

King some day; (some day;) On that bless-ed morning clouds will dis - ap-pear;
King some day; (some day;) Thro' the endless a - ges joy and blessing share,
King some day; (some day;) Aft - er strife is o - ver, aft - er set of sun,
King some day; (some day;) Sor-row past for-ev - er, on that peaceful shore,

CHORUS.

We shall see the King some day. We shall see the King some day, (some day,)

When the clouds have rolled a - way; (a - way;) Gathered 'round the throne,

When He shall call His own, We shall see the King some day.

No. 52. His Love is the Same.

Fowler Glenn. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.

1. Won-der-ful love had my Sav-ior for me, When from His pal-ace to save me He came, Won-der-ful love when He died on the tree, Yet to-day His dear love is the same.
2. Won-der-ful love was the strength of His plea, When the last ag-o-ny shook His dear frame,—Asking for-give-ness for you and for me, Yet to-day His dear love is the same.
3. Won-der-ful love brought Him up from the grave, Covered with glo-ry and hon-or and fame; Long-ing, still long-ing the way-ward to save, Yet to-day His dear love is the same.
4. Sin-ner, I'm par-doned and hap-py and true, Prais-ing with rap-ture His glo-ri-ous name; And He is read-y to par-don you, too, For His love is for-ev-er the same.

CHORUS.

His love is the same, yes, His love is the same,

All praise to His name; In the mid-night of sad-ness or the morn-ing of glad-ness, My Savior's dear love is the same.
All praise to His name, all praise to His name;

No. 53 We'll Understand It Better.

C. A. T.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY C. A. TINDLEY.
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C. A. Tindley.
Arr. by F. A. Clark.

1. We are oft - en tossed and driv'n on the rest - less sea of time,
2. We are oft - en des - ti - tute of the things that life de-mands,
3. Tri - als dark on ev - 'ry hand, and we can - not un - der-stand
4. Temp - ta - tions, hid - den snares, oft - en take us un - a - wares,

Som - ber skies and howl - ing tem-pests oft suc - ceed a bright sun-shine;
Want of food and want of shel - ter, thirst - y hills and bar - ren lands;
All the ways that God would lead us to the bless - ed Prom-ised Land;
And our hearts are made to bleed for man - y a thoughtless word or deed,

In that land of per - fect day, when the mists have rolled a - way, We will
We are trust-ing in the Lord, and, ac-cord - ing to His word, We will
But He guides us with His eye, and we'll fol - low till we die, For we'll
And we won - der why the test when we try to do our best; But we'll

D. S.—*how we've o - ver-come; For we'll*

FINE. CHORUS.

un - der-stand it bet-ter by and by. By and by, when the morning

un-der-stand it bet - ter by and by. (by and by.)

D. S.

comes, When the saints of God are gathered home, We'll tell the sto - ry,

No. 54 Sweeter As the Days Go By.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

James Rowe. Hamp Sewell.

1. O the love of Je - sus means so much to me, Keeps my pathway shin-ing,
2. Precious, lov-ing Sav-ior, all a-long the way, Words of cheer and com-fort
3. He, I know, will keep me, He will hold me fast Till my earth-ly tri - als

keeps me pure and free; More and more I praise Him, for He seems to be
I have heard Him say, And He grows more precious to my soul each day,
be for - ev - er past; He will be, un - til I see His face at last,

CHORUS.

Sweet-er as the days go by. Sweet-er as the days go by,.....
as the days go by,

Sweet-er as the mo-ments fly;..... Sweet-er and the
as the mo-ments fly;

dear-er as to me He draw-eth near-er, Sweet-er as the days go by.

No. 55 "Whosoever" Meaneth Me.

J. E. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

J. Edwin McConnell.

1. I am hap - py to - day and the sun shines bright, The clouds have been rolled a - way; For the Sav - ior said Who - so - ev - er will, May come with Him to stay. (to stay.)
2. All my hopes have been raised, O His name be praised, His glo - ry has filled my soul; I've been lift - ed up and from sin set free, His blood hath made me whole. (me whole.) "Who-so-ev - er," sure-ly meaneth 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 pined, 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.

No. 56 I Shall Always Need Thee.

James Rowe.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

B. D. Ackley.

1. I shall al - ways need Thee, Sav - ior, hold my hand,
2. I shall al - ways need Thee, Foes are ev - er near,
3. I shall al - ways need Thee, For I know not when
4. I shall al - ways need Thee, For Thou art a part

Lest I wan - der from Thee In this bar - ren land.
Try - ing hard to win me From my Sav - ior dear.
Life's tem - pes - tuous bil - lows May o'er-whelm a - gain.
Of my cling - ing spir - it, Of my trust - ing heart.

CHORUS.

I shall al - ways need Thee, I shall al - ways need Thee,—

Stay be side me, Safe - ly guide me, I shall al - ways need Thee.

No. 57. Be a Blessing to Someone.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.

1. Man - y souls are troub-led, man-y are op-prest, Man - y fall be-side the
2. Some are need-ing sunshine, some are needing cheer, Some are wait-ing for a
3. Just a hap - py mes-sage giv-en from the heart, Just a bit of com-fort

way; So, to show to Je - sus that you do your best, You can be a
smile; So, with glad-ness, help-ing your Redeem-er dear, Try to be a
sweet, Hope may give to some-one, courage may im-part, Or may lead a

CHORUS.

bless-ing ev-'ry day. Hope and cheer and comfort be - stow - - ing,
bless-ing all the while.
sin - ner to His feet. be - stow-ing all the way,

Love for Je - sus fear - less - ly show - - - ing, Ev - 'ry pass - ing
show - ing ev - 'ry day,

day, a - long the glo - ry - way, You can be a bless-ing to some-one.

No. 58 Help Somebody To-day.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
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Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Look all around you, find some one in need, Help some-bod-y to - day!
2. Man - y are wait-ing a kind, lov-ing word, Help some-bod-y to - day!
3. Man - y have bur-dens too heav-y to bear, Help some-bod-y to - day!
4. Some are discouraged and wear-y in heart, Help some-bod-y to - day!

Tho' it be lit - tle—a neigh-bor - ly deed—Help some-bod-y to - day!
Thou hast a mes-sage, O let it be heard, Help some-bod-y to - day!
Grief is the por-tion of some ev - 'ry-where, Help some-bod-y to - day!
Some one the jour-ney to Heav- en should start, Help some-bod-y to - day!

CHORUS.

Help some-bod-y to - day,.... Some-bod-y a - long life's way;.... Let
to - day, homeward way;

sor-row be end-ed, The friend-less be-friend-ed, Oh, help some-bod-y to - day!

No. 59. I Have A Friend, 'Tis Jesus.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.

1. I have a Friend who is at my side Bestowing sweet blessings from day to day; And my Companion He will a-bide, Cheering my soul on its way.
2. Nev-er a bur-den a-lone I bear, And nev-er the tempt-er a-lone I face; Read-y is He ev-'ry ill to share, Read-y to shield me by grace.
3. He is my ref-uge, my peace and joy, My song and my sunshine a-long the way; Hiding my soul from what would annoy, Dearer He grows ev'ry day.
4. Soon I shall see Him in realms a-bove, And Him with the an-gels I shall a-dore; Soon I shall sing of His boundless love, Safe on the glo-ri-fied shore.

CHORUS.

I have a Friend, 'tis Je - sus, And He is good to me;
bless-ed Je - sus, to me;
Dearly, I know, He loves me, Free-ly He fills each need;
He loves me, each need;

1

Safe in His bless-ed pres - ence Ev-er my soul will be;
Safe in His pres-ence, bless-ed pres-ence, will be;

2

I have a Friend, 'tis Je - sus, And He is a Friend in-deed.

No. 60. The Last Mile of the Way.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY W. E. MARKS. Wm. Edie Marks.

1. If I walk in the path-way of du - ty, If I work till the close of the day; I shall see the great King in His beau - ty,
2. If for Christ I pro-claim the glad sto - ry, If I seek for His sheep gone a - stray, I am sure He will show me His glo - ry,
3. Here the dear - est of ties we must sev - er, Tears of sor - row are seen ev - 'ry day; But no sick - ness, no sigh - ing for - ev - er,
4. And if here I have ear - nest - ly striv - en, And have tried all His will to o - bey, 'Twill en - hance all the rap - ture of heav - en,

FINE. CHORUS.

When I've gone the last mile of the way. When I've gone the last

D.S.–*When I've gone the last mile of the way.*

mile of the way,..... I will rest at the close of the day,..... And I know there are joys that a - wait me,
the last mile of the way, at the close of the day,

D. S.

No. 61. Jesus Has Undertaken My Salvation.

Ada Blenkhorn. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.

1. That I might not taste of death, the Sav - ior died on Cal - va - ry;
2. When af - flic-tions try my soul, in Christ the Lord my trust I'll place,
3. When the en - e - my of souls shall o - ver-take me like a flood;
4. He has prom-ised to be with me all the days, till life shall end;

Je - sus has un - der - ta - ken my sal - va - tion; My re-
Je - sus has un - der - ta - ken my sal - va - tion; When I'm
Je - sus has un - der - ta - ken my sal - va - tion; By my
Je - sus has un - der - ta - ken my sal - va - tion; By His

D. S.—*My Re-*

demp-tion there He pur-chased by the blood He shed for me;
tempt-ed, then the Lord will give to me re - sist - ing grace;
tes - ti - mo - ny I'll o'er-come, and by His pre - cious blood
res - ur - rec - tion pow - er then I shall to Him as - cend;

deem - er, Friend and Sav - ior, and my glo - rious com - ing King,

FINE. CHORUS.

Je - sus has un - der - ta - ken my sal - va - tion. Je - sus has un - der-

Je - sus has un - der - ta - ken my sal - va - tion.

D.S.

ta - ken my sal - va - tion, Mak-ing me free just now from con-dem-na - tion;

No. 62 He Died For Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL.

John Newton. E. O. Excell.

1. I saw One hang-ing on a tree, In ag - o - ny and blood;
2. Sure, nev-er, till my lat - est breath, Can I for - get that look:
3. My conscience felt and owned the guilt, And plunged me in de - spair;
4. A - las! I knew not what I did,—But now my tears are vain:
5. A sec - ond look He gave, which said, "I free - ly all for - give:

He fixed His lan - guid eyes on me, As near His cross I stood.
It seemed to charge me with His death, Tho' not a word He spoke.
I saw my sins His blood had spilt And helped to nail Him there.
Where shall my trem-bling soul be hid? For I the Lord have slain.
This blood is for thy ran-som paid, I die that thou may'st live."

CHORUS.

Oh, can it be, up - on a tree The Sav - ior died for me?

My soul is thrilled, My heart is filled, To think He died for me!

No. 63. Our Lord's Return to Earth Again.

J. M. K.

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J. M. Kirk.

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

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

heart is filled with rap-ture as I la-bor, watch and pray. For our Lord is com-ing
take a-way all sick-ness and the suff'rer's tears will dry, When our Savior shall come
peace shall reign in ev-'ry heart, and love with-out al-loy, Aft-er Je-sus shall come
earth is groan-ing, cry-ing for that day of sweet re-lease, For our Je-sus to come

D. S.—*will be bound a thousand years, we'll have no tempter then, Aft-er Je-sus shall come*

FINE. CHORUS.

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

back to earth a-gain.

D. S.

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

No. 64 Just When I Need Him Most.

Rev. Wm. Pool.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is near, Just when I fal-ter, just when I fear;
2. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is true, Nev-er for-sak-ing all the way thro';
3. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is strong, Bearing my bur-dens all the day long;
4. Just when I need Him, He is my all, An-swer-ing when up-on Him I call;



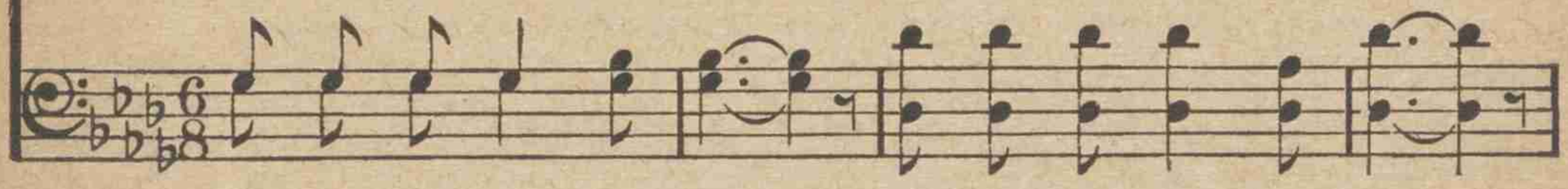
Read-y to help me, read-y to cheer, Just when I need Him most.
Giv-ing for bur-dens pleasures a-new, Just when I need Him most.
For all my sor-row giv-ing a song, Just when I need Him most.
Ten-der-ly watch-ing lest I should fall, Just when I need Him most.



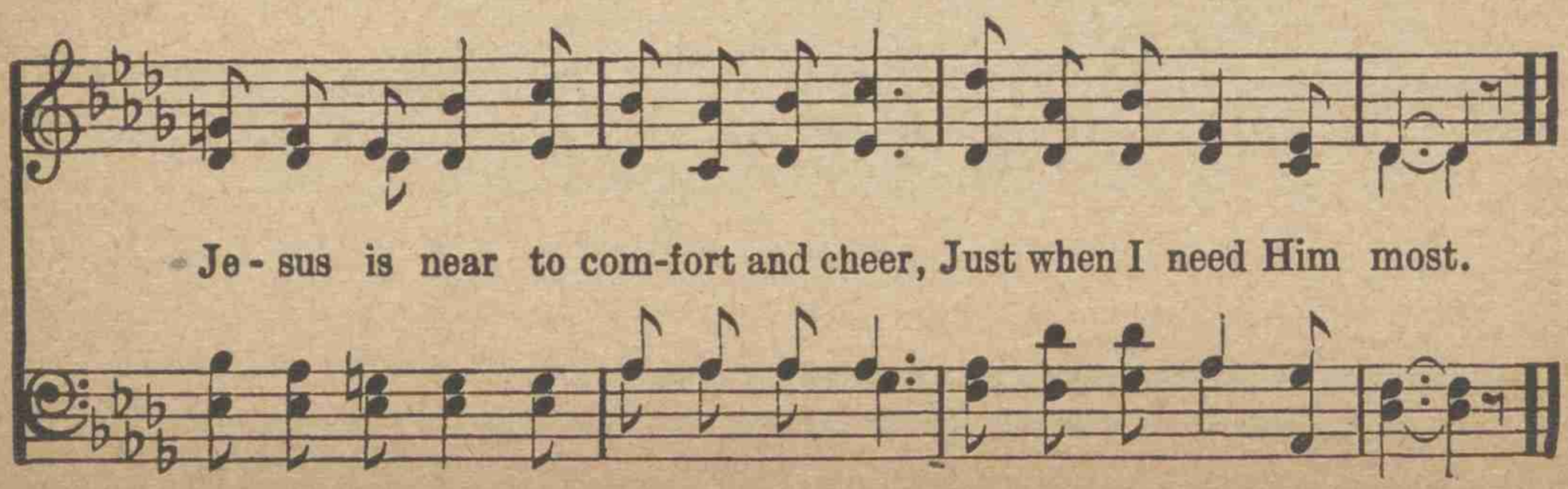
CHORUS.



Just when I need Him most, Just when I need Him most;



Je-sus is near to com-fort and cheer, Just when I need Him most.



No. 65 Jesus is the Name.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Frederick Whitfield. J. P. Scholfield.

1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth;
2. It tells me of a Sav-ior's love, Who died to set me free;
3. It tells me what my Fa-ther hath In store for ev-'ry day;
4. It tells of One whose lov-ing heart Can feel my deep-est woe,

It sounds like mu-sic in mine ear, The sweet-est name on earth.
It tells me of His pre-cious blood—The sin-ner's per-fect plea.
And tho' I tread a lone-ly path, Yields sun-shine all the way.
Who in each sor-row bears a part, That none can bear be-low.

CHORUS.

"Je-sus" is the name, "Je-sus," "Je-sus,"
Yes-ter-day, to-day, and for-ev-er, "Je-sus" is the name.

No. 66. The Abiding Place In Jesus.

This song was born amidst the storms of adversity while upon our knees in the Secret Chamber. May it cause the barren wastes of joyless, fruitless lives to blossom as the rose.

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F. M. L. F. M. Lehman.

Good for Solo.

1. Have you reached this a-bid-ing place in Je - sus? Are you graft - ed in the True and Liv-ing Vine? Have you peace that the Dev - il can-not shat - ter? Is the Spir - it your com-pan - ion all the time?
2. Have you faith that shall nev-er, nev - er fal - ter When your life is threatened with a thousand cares? Have you grace that will win in ev - 'ry con - flict When the tempt-er comes up - on you un - a - wares?
3. Do you love Je - sus best of all each mo - ment? Have you died to all the tri-fling things of time? If you've found this a - bid-ing place in Je - sus, You have con - stant vic - t'ry all a - long the line.
4. There's a place in the se-cret of His pres - ence, Where the warring sounds of earth can-not an - noy, Where the soul rests se-cure-ly in His keep - ing, And the charms of earth can-not our peace de - stroy.
5. Here we rest and en - joy His promised full - ness, Here He keeps us in the hol - low of His hand; And tho' storms sweep the soul in all their fu - ry, He will guide us safe - ly to the Har - bor - Land.

CHORUS.

Have you reached this a-bid-ing place in Je - sus? Are you graft-ed in the True and Living Vine? There is rest from ev'ry care In the se - cret place of prayer, There is vic-t'ry for you all a - long the line.

No. 67 Held by My Savior's Mighty Hand.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. E. Hewitt. B. D. Ackley.

1. On-ward will I jour-ney, thro life's rain or shine, Held by my
2. In the paths ap-point-ed, led by change-less love, Held by my
3. In the Sav-ior's car-ing, I will fear no ill, Held by my

Sav-ior's might-y hand;..... Guid-ed by His Spir-it, kept by
Sav-ior's might-y hand;..... Serv-ing Him with gladness, strengthened
Sav-ior's might-y hand;..... In the si-lent val-ley, He'll be

His mighty hand;

pow'r di-vine, Held by my Sav-ior's might-y hand.....
from a-bove, Held by my Sav-ior's might-y hand.....
with me still, Held by my Sav-ior's might-y hand.....

His might-y hand.

CHORUS. UNISON.

Onward, forward, at the King's command, Trusting when I cannot understand,

HARMONY. *rit.*

Till I see His beauty in the Bet-ter Land, Held by my Savior's mighty hand.

No. 68. Eye Hath Not Seen.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.

1. What mor-tal can describe the place Prepared for all the "saved by grace,"
2. No tongue can tell the joys that wait For us in that di - vine es - tate
3. No mor - tal ear hath ev - er heard The songs by which the saints are stirred
4. Ce - les - tial scenes of beau - ty rare, Soul - lift-ing songs a - wait us there,

Where we shall meet Him face to face, And sing His praise for - ev - er?
Be - yond the bless-ed pearl - y gate, Be - side the crys - tal riv - er.
Be - fore the pal-ace of "The Word"—The might-y King of Glo - ry.
Where life is glad and sweet and fair, Till ends our earth-ly sto - ry.

CHORUS.

"Eye . . . . hath not seen, ... ear . . . . hath not heard, . .
"Eye hath not seen, eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, ear hath not heard,

neither hath it entered in-to the heart of man . . the things, . . which
of man the things,

God . . . hath prepared for them, prepared for them that love Him."
God hath prepared for them, for them that love Him."

No. 69 'Tis so Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

COPYRIGHT 1882, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Mrs. Louisa M. R. Stead. USED BY PER. **Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.**

1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take Him at His word;
2. Oh, how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust His cleansing blood;
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
4. I'm so glad I learn'd to trust Thee, Precious Je - sus, Sav - ior, Friend;

Just to rest up - on His promise; Just to know "Thus saith the Lord."
Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal - ing, cleansing flood.
Just from Je - sus simp - ly tak - ing Life and rest, and joy and peace.
And I know that Thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.

REFRAIN.

Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust Him! How I've proved Him o'er and o'er!

Je - sus, Je - sus, pre - cious Je - sus! O for grace to trust Him more.

No. 70. Countless Blessings.

Fowler Glenn. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.

1. Count-less are the bless-ings that our souls re - ceive From the lov - ing
2. How we ought to love Him and a - dore His name, How the bless-ed
3. Bend in ad - o - ra - tion at His ho - ly feet; Praise His love and

Sav - ior that so oft we grieve; Blessings that are fill-ing ev-'ry earth-ly need,
gos - pel we should all proclaim, Just to show our love for Him from day to day,
thank Him for the blessings sweet; Honor Him and serve Him, as the years go by,

CHORUS.

And are al-ways won-der-ful - ly rich in-deed. Count - less bless-ings,
For the countless blessings that He gives a - way.
That we may be-hold Him on His throne on high. Countless blessings, such a

such a boundless store, Count - less blessings, pressed and running o'er, Count - less
boundless store, Countless blessings, pressed and running o'er and o'er, Countless blessings,

bless-ings, try to count them o'er Till we gaze in wonder at the boundless store.
try to count them, count them o'er and o'er,

No. 71 Some Sweet Day, By and By.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY W. H. DOANE. RENEWAL.
F. T. DOANE, OWNER.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.

1. We shall reach the sum-mer-land, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall press the gold-en strand, Some sweet day, by and by; Oh, the loved ones watching
2. At the crys - tal riv - er's brink, Some sweet day, by and by, We shall find each bro-ken link, Some sweet day, by and by; Then the star that, fad-ing
3. Oh, these parting scenes will end, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall gath- er friend with friend, Some sweet day, by and by; There be-fore our Father's throne, By the tree of life so fair, Till we come their joy to share, here, Left our hearts and homes so drear, We shall see more bright and clear, throne, When the mists and clouds have flown, We shall know as we are known,

REFRAIN.

Some sweet day, by and by. By and by, Some sweet day, By and by, yes, by and by,

We shall meet our loved ones gone, Some sweet day, by and by.

No. 72. I Never Need Grieve Him Again.

ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY HAMP SEWELL.

English Song. Arr. by Hamp Sewell.

1. Of Je-sus, my Sav-ior and Broth-er, To you of His love I would sing;
2. The light that He gives I will fol - low, His will I will al-ways o - bey,
3. Like E-noch, I would be found walking In paths that Je-ho-vah has trod;
4. He's gone to pre-pare me a man-sion; Where He is, I al - so shall be,

To save me from sin and from sor-row, He came ful sal-va - tion to bring.
And take lit - tle tho't for the mor-row—His grace is suf - fi - cient to - day.
Like E-noch, I would be found talking And holding com-mun-ion with God.
And join in the songs of re-demp-tion, When face to face Je - sus I'll see.

He gave up His kingdom and glo - ry, He faced all the sor-row and shame,
Why need I live sin-ning and sigh-ing, Why sh uld I be sad or com-plain?
I would have a boundless sal - va-tion, Be cleansed by His blood from all sin;
In streets where the joy-bells are ringing, I'll crown Him, the Lamb that was slain,

FINE.

And if I be - lieve the old sto - ry, I nev-er need grieve Him a-gain.
My needs He is ev - er sup-ply - ing, I nev-er need grieve Him a-gain.
Like E-noch, before my trans-la - tion, I nev-er need grieve Him a-gain.
And join in the songs they are sing-ing, And nev-er grieve Je - sus a - gain.

D. S.—*But lay at His feet ev -'ry treas-ure, And nev-er grieve Je-sus a - gain.*

CHORUS. D. S.

And nev - er grieve Je-sus a - gain, And nev - er grieve Je - sus a - gain,

No. 73. Him That Cometh Unto Me.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.

1. There is One to whom you for rest may go, But His love you must cease to doubt; If you go be-liev-ing to Him, I know Je-sus nev-er will cast you out.
2. An-y one may seek Him and find re-lief, Al-ways read-y to help is He; Take to Him your troub-le, your sin and grief, From your bur-den you shall be free.
3. There your soul may rest in His arms of love, There your cour-age He will re-new, There you shall be told of the home a-bove, Which He free-ly pre-pares for you.
4. Do not let the tempt-er your life con-trol, Go to Him who His life-blood gave, That He might re-deem your e-ter-nal soul,—Go to Je-sus who waits to save.

CHORUS.

"Him . . . that com-eth un-to Me,
"Him that com-eth, Him that com-eth un-to Me,

"Him . . . . that com-eth un-to Me," Bless-ed in-vi-
"Him that com-eth, Him that com-eth un-to Me,"

ta-tion, "Him that cometh un-to Me, I will in no wise cast him out."

No. 74. Lift Him Up.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY B. B. BEALL. B. B. Beall.

1. How to reach the mass-es, men of ev-'ry birth? For an an-swer
2. Oh, the world is hun-gry for the liv-ing bread, Lift the Sav-ior
3. Don't ex-alt the preach-er, don't ex-alt the pew, Preach the gos-pel
4. Lift Him up by liv-ing as a Christian ought, Let the world in

Je-sus gave a key: "And I, if I be lift-ed up from the earth,
up for them to see; Trust Him, and do not doubt the words that He said,
sim-ple, full and free; Prove Him, and you will find that prom-ise is true,
you the Sav-ior see, Then men will glad-ly fol-low Him who once taught,

REFRAIN.

Will draw all men un-to Me."
"I'll draw all men un-to Me." Lift Him up, Lift Him
"I'll draw all men un-to Me."
"I'll draw all men un-to Me." Lift the pre-cious Sav-ior up, Lift the

up,..... Still He speaks from e-ter-ni-ty, "And I, if
pre-cious Sav-ior up,

I be lift-ed up from the earth, Will draw all men un-to Me."

No. 75 Jesus is the Friend You Need.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.

1. If your life is sad and lone - ly and you long for light and cheer,
2. When the tempt-er tries to lead you in - to dark, for - bid - den ways,
3. If you wish to know the path that leads to Heav-en's pearl - y gate,
4. If your soul is stained and burdened, and you long for peace and rest,

Je - sus is the Friend, the ver-y Friend you need; For in an - y time of
Je - sus is the Friend, the ver-y Friend you need; He would brighten all your
Je - sus is the Friend, the ver-y Friend you need; He a - lone can safe - ly
Je - sus is the Friend, the ver-y Friend you need; In the ha - ven of His

tri - al you would al-ways find Him near; Je - sus is the Friend you need.
life and fill your heart with joy-ous lays; Je - sus is the Friend you need.
lead you to the place where dear ones wait; Je - sus is the Friend you need.
mer - cy ev - er - more may you be blessed; Je - sus is the Friend you need.

CHORUS.

Je-sus is the Friend you need, Je-sus is the Friend you need; To heal your wounded heart, and peace and joy impart, Je-sus is the Friend you need.
the Friend you need, the Friend you need;

No. 76. Keep Your Eyes Upon the Cross.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY HAMP SEWELL Hamp Sewell.

1. When by pleasures tempted from the upward path to stray, When a storm is
2. In the hour of troub-le when a bur-den great you bear, And the world a-
3. All the way to Heav-en, what-so - ev - er may be - tide, That in time of

sweep-ing and you weak-en in the fray, If to your Re-deem - er
round you has no word of cheer to spare, Seek - ing your Re-deem - er,
tri - al you may al - ways have a guide, Sure of strength and com-fort

CHORUS.

loyal you would stay, Keep your eyes up-on the cross. Keep your eyes upon the
who all ills will share, Keep your eyes up-on the cross.
from the Cru-ci-fied, Keep your eyes up-on the cross. oh, keep,

bless - ed cross, Then your soul shall nev-er suf-fer loss; When the
Then, oh, then When, oh, when

storm is sweep-ing and foes as-sail you, Keep your eyes up-on the cross.

No. 77. I'm Saved.

PROPERTY OF G. T. BYRD.

G. T. B. Rev. G. T. Byrd.

1. 'Twas Je-sus my Sav - ior who pardoned my sins, I'm saved, saved, saved,
2. Sin's pleasure no lon - ger my soul will en-snare,
3. No e - vil com-pan-ions can lead me a-stray,
4. And now I am hap - py in Je - sus my King, I'm saved, so sweet-ly saved.

And now the new life I will sure - ly be - gin, I'm saved, saved, saved.
I know I will en - ter those mansions so fair,
For Je - sus has turned all my night in - to day,
And thro' the vast a - ges His prais-es I'll sing, I'm saved, so sweet-ly saved.

CHORUS.

O glo - ry to Je - sus, my soul is redeemed, I'm saved, saved, saved;
I'm saved, so sweet-ly saved;

O glo - ry to Je - sus, my soul is re-deemed, I'm saved, saved, saved.
I'm saved, so sweet-ly saved.

No. 78 Loyalty to Christ.

Dr. E. T. Cassel.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, 1896, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

Flora H. Cassel.

1. From o - ver hill and plain There comes the signal strain, 'Tis loy-al - ty, loy-al - ty,
2. O hear, ye brave, the sound That moves the earth around, 'Tis loy-al - ty, loy-al - ty,
3. Come, join our loyal throng, We'll rout the gi-ant wrong, 'Tis loy-al - ty, loy-al - ty,
4. The strength of youth we lay At Je - sus' feet to-day, 'Tis loy-al - ty, loy-al - ty,

loy - al - ty to Christ; Its mu - sic rolls a - long, The hills take up the song,
loy - al - ty to Christ; A - rise to dare and do, Ring out the watch-word true,
loy - al - ty to Christ; Where Satan's banners float We'll send the bu - gle note,
loy - al - ty to Christ; His gos-pel we'll pro-claim Thro'-out the world's domain,

CHORUS.

Of loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy - al-ty to Christ. "On to vic - to-ry! On to

vic-to-ry!" Cries our great Commander; "On!". . . . We'll move at His command,
great Commander; "On!"

We'll soon pos-sess the land, Thro' loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ.

No. 79. I Know He's Mine.

Fowler Glenn. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.

1. I'm facing home with smile and song, For I have found a Friend di - vine;
2. He gave His all, my soul to win; He e - ven died that I might live;
3. He holds my hand and leads the way, And shields my soul from ev-'ry dart;
4. Be bright the way, or rough or dim, To my e - ter - nal Friend I'll cling;

He keeps me pure and glad and strong; So I am sure that He is mine.
And now, since He has borne my sin, My love and life to Him I'll give.
He tells His love to me each day, And floods with joy my trust-ing heart.
No foe shall tempt my soul from Him, For He's my Friend, my Lord and King.

CHORUS.

I know He's mine, ... for-ev - er mine; . . . . . I'm safe with-
I know He's mine, for - ev - er mine;

in . . . . . His love di-vine; . . . . . In realms of light . . . . .
I'm safe with-in His love di-vine; in realms of light

my soul will shine, ... For, bless His name, I know He's mine.
my soul will shine,

No. 80. When Love Leads the Way.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.

1. The way is bright be - fore me, The sky is blue a - bove, For Je-sus hov - ers o'er me And I am led by love; Each day to my soul new
2. The sto - ry I am tell - ing, As on the way I go, The bless-ed ti - dings swell-ing, Se - cure from ev-'ry foe; The tem-pest may beat up-
3. I know I shall reach Heav-en By His up-hold-ing grace, And entrance will be giv - en To that e - ter-nal place; For love will not let me

gladness brings, I'm quenching my thirst at living springs, And safe-ly I walk be-
on my soul, I'm un-der the Lord's di-vine con-trol, And ev - er His grace will
lose the way, If on - ly I trust and watch and pray; My Sav - ior will keep me

CHORUS.

neath the wings Of Heav-en's dove. keep me whole While here be - low. till the day I see His face. When love leads the way, ... there is when love leads the way, So hap - py I am, ... end-less so hap - py I am,

1

cause for re-joic-ing, Safe un-der His wings I am by night and by day; . . .
praise I am voic-ing, (*Omit.*) oh, yes,

When Love Leads the Way.



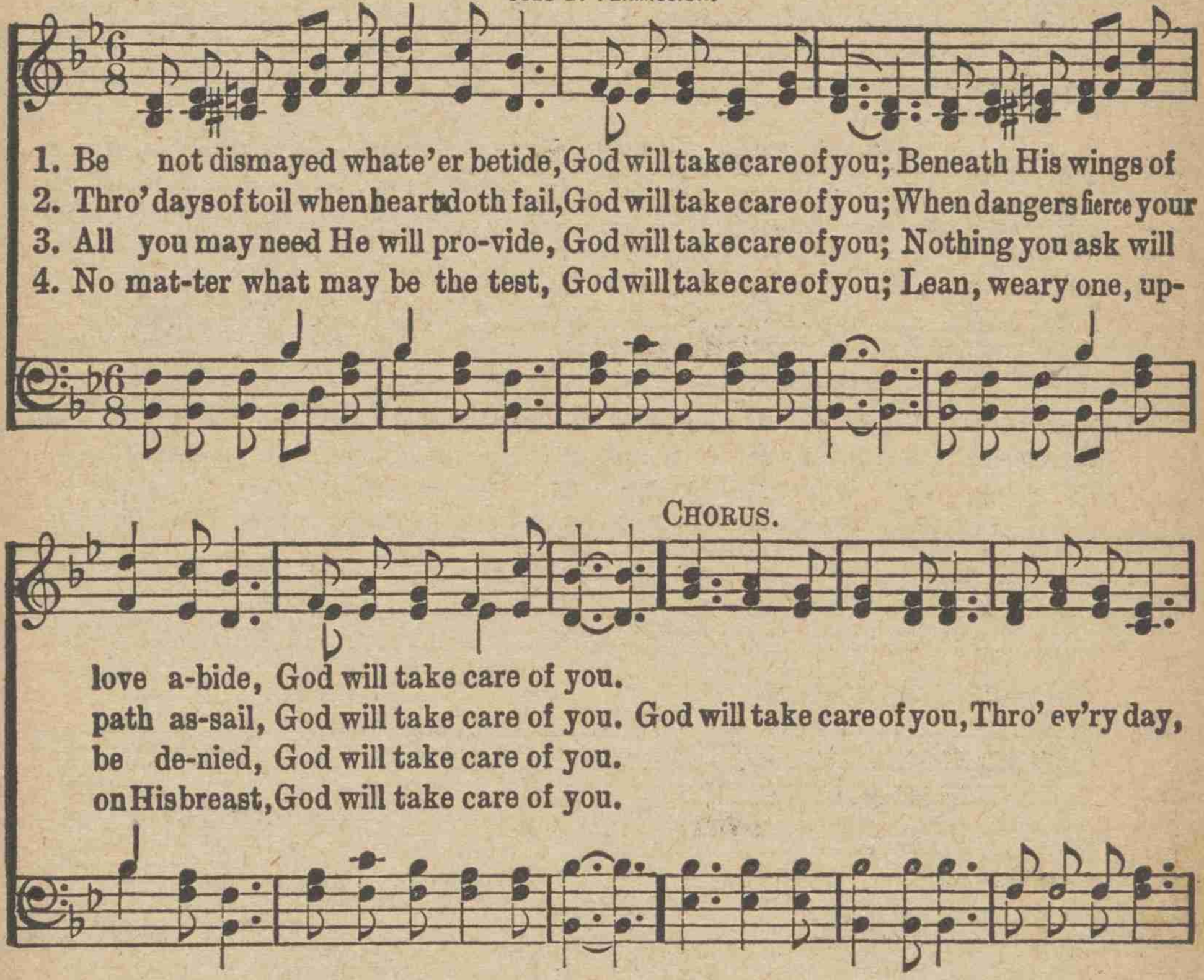
No. 81 God Will Take Care of You.

Dedicated to my wife, Mrs. John A. Davis.

C. D. Martin.

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W. S. Martin.



No. 82. The Regions Beyond.

A. B. Simpson. COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY A. B. SIMPSON. Margaret M. Simpson.

1. To the re - gions be - yond I must go, I must go, Where the
2. To the hard - est of pla - ces He calls me to go, Not
3. Oh, ye that are spend - ing your leis - ure and pow'rs, In
4. There are oth - er "lost sheep" that the Mas - ter must bring, And

sto - ry has nev - er been told; (been told;) To the mil-lions that nev - er have
think-ing of com - fort or ease; (or ease;) The world may pronounce me a
pleas-ures so fool - ish and fond; (and fond;) A - wake from your self - ish-ness,
they must the mes-sage be told; (be told;) He sends me to gath - er them

heard of His love, I must tell the sweet sto - ry of old. (of old.)
dream-er, a fool, E - nough if the Mas - ter I please. (I please.)
fol - ly, and sin, And go to the re - gions be-yond. (be - yond.)
out of all lands, And wel - come them back to His fold. (His fold.)

CHORUS. *With spirit.*

To the re - gions be-yond, I must go, I must go,
I must go, I must go, To the re-gions be-yond I must go,

Till the world, all the world, His sal - va - tion shall know.
Till the world, all the world, His salvation shall know, shall know.

rit.

No. 83 'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY W. H. DOANE. RENEWAL.
F. T. DOANE, OWNER.

Fanny J. Crosby. **W. H. Doane.**

1. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of prayer, when our hearts low - ly bend, And we
2. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of prayer, when the Sav - ior draws near, With a
3. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of prayer, when the tempt-ed and tried To the
4. At the bless - ed hour of prayer, trust-ing Him, we be - lieve That the

gath - er to Je - sus, our Sav - ior and Friend; If we come to Him in
ten - der com - pas - sion His chil - dren to hear; When He tells us we may
Sav - ior who loves them their sor - row con - fide; With a sym - pa-thiz - ing
bless - ing we're need-ing we'll sure - ly re - ceive; In the full-ness of this

faith, His pro - tec - tion to share, What a balm for the wear - y!
cast at His feet ev - 'ry care, What a balm for the wear - y!
heart He re-moves ev - 'ry care; What a balm for the wear - y!
trust we shall lose ev - 'ry care; What a balm for the wear - y!

D. S.—*What a balm for the wear - y!*

FINE. CHORUS. D. S.

O how sweet to be there! Bless-ed hour of prayer, bless-ed hour of prayer;

O how sweet to be there!

No. 84 O That Will Be Glory.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. When all my la-bors and tri-als are o'er, And I am safe on that
2. When, by the gift of His in-fi-nite grace, I am ac-cord-ed in
3. Friends will be there I have loved long a-go; Joy like a riv-er a-

beau-ti-ful shore, Just to be near the dear Lord I a-dore,
Heav-en a place, Just to be there and to look on His face,
round me will flow; Yet, just a smile from my Sav-ior, I know,

rit.

CHORUS. *Faster.*

Will thro' the a-ges be glo-ry for me. . . O that will be
O . . . . that will
glo-ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me; When by His grace
be glo-ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me; . . . .

rit.

I shall look on His face, That will be glo-ry, be glo-ry for me.

No. 85. He That Believeth.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.

1. Hear ye the mes-sage Je - sus sends to - day, "Tell un - to Ad-am's race,
2. Tho' in the Gar- den Ad - am fell from grace, And on the sons of men
3. "I'm come," said Jesus, "that ye might have life," So on the cru - el cross

ye need not die." Je - sus hath spo-ken, and His word is un - bro - ken,
death laid his hand; From the be - gin-ning Christ was slain for our sin - ning,
He took our place; And He most glo - ri - ous o'er death was vic - to - rious,

CHORUS.

On these words you may re - ly.
So the words for - ev - er stand. "Ver - i - ly, ver - i - ly
Then He saved the hu - man race.

I say un - to you, Ver - i - ly, ver - i - ly," prom-ise ev - er true;

"He that be-liev - eth on the Son of God hath ev - er-last - ing life."

No. 86. The Way Within the Way.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY H. L. GILMOUR, WENONAH, N. J.

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

1. I have cho - sen to walk in the nar - row way, Which the saints of old once trod; 'Tis a glo - ri - ous way, for it leads at last To a place by the throne of God.
2. 'Tis the way of the pure and the sanc - ti - fied, "Naught unclean shall o'er it pass; And the way - far - ing man shall not err there - in," This plain way to ho - li - ness.
3. "And the shouts of the ransomed shall there re - sound As to Zi - on they re - turn;" Praise the Lord, hal-le - lu - jah! the way I've found, And to glo - ry am press-ing on.

CHORUS.

There's a way..... with-in the high-way, A nar-row way..... with-in the high-way, And by His grace.....
There's a way, a blessed way, Yes, there's a way, a narrow way, His wondrous grace,
it shall be my way, This nar-row way of ho - li - ness.....
this nar-row way of ho - li - ness.

No. 87 It Is Well With My Soul.

H. G. Spafford.

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P. P. Bliss.

1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend - eth my way, When sor-rows like sea - bil-lows roll; What-ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,
2. Tho' Sa - tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let this blest as- sur - ance con-trol, That Christ has re-gard - ed my help - less es - tate,
3. My sin— oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't—My sin—not in part, but the whole, Is nailed to the cross and I bear it no more,
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled back as a scroll, The trump shall re-sound and the Lord shall de-scend,

CHORUS.

It is well, it is well with my soul.
And hath shed His own blood for my soul. It is well . . .
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul! It is well,
"E - ven so"— it is well with my soul.

with my soul, . . . It is well, it is well with my soul.
with my soul,

No. 88. Saved By the Blood.

E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY HAMP SEWELL.

Hamp Sewell.

1. I'm re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day that my sins are washed a - way,
2. Praise to Je - sus will I sing, and my-self an of - f'ring bring,
3. Come to Him, dear friend, to - day, en - ter on the shin - ing way,
4. Let my life His praise pro-claim, and ex - alt His prec - ious name,

Saved by the blood, ... the blood of the Lamb;

Saved by the blood, the blood of the Lamb;

Un - der Cal-v'ry's cleansing tide I will ev - er-more a-bide, Saved by the
It shall be my high-est joy, to be used in His em-ploy, Saved by the
Nev - er sweet-er songs can ring than His ransomed peo-ple sing, Saved by the
I will sing in realms on high, while un - end - ing days go by, Saved by the

D.S. *Love unmeasured there we'll see, Grace that rescued you and me, Saved by the*

FINE. CHORUS.

blood, ... the blood of the Lamb. Soon with ransomed ones in

Saved by the blood, the blood of the Lamb.

blood, ... the blood of the Lamb.

D.S.

glo-ry we will gather round His throne, And proclaim full salvation thro' His name;

No. 89. Sweeping Over the World.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY H. L. GILMOUR WENONAH, N. J.
USED BY PER.

E. D. Elliott. Wm. Eddie Marks.

1. Like a "rushing mighty wind" across the sea and land Comes the pen - te - cos - tal
2. It is fan-ning ev - er brighter faith's poor smouldering fire, And the people far and
3. It dis - per-ses clouds of doubt and drives them far a-way, And the nations walk to-
4. Soul re-viv - ing cur-rents speed across the land and sea And the na-tions sing as

breeze obeying God's command, Nothing wrong nor sinful can its mighty strength with-stand,
near to ho - ly lives a-spire, More of love to God the Fa-ther is the heart's de-sire,
geth - er in the Light to-day, The re-deemed of all the earth march on in strong array,
one the anthem of the free, From the distant islands come the sounds of ju - bi - lee.

CHORUS.

It is sweep-ing o'er the world! It is sweep - ing o'er the world,
It is sweeping, quick - ly sweeping o'er the world,
It is sweep - ing o'er the world, With a swift, po - ten-tial force,
It is sweeping, quick - ly sweeping o'er the world,
It is speed - ing on its course, It is sweep - ing o'er the world.

No. 90. Show Your Colors.

Lizzie DeArmond. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY W. E. BIEDERWOLF. B. D. Ackley.

1. Make a for-ward move for the Lord to-day, Come over on the oth-er side;
2. Take your stand for right in the bat-tle's van, Come over on the oth-er side;
3. Soon the light will come, soon the darkness fade, Come over on the oth-er side;
4. Make a for-ward move, Jesus loves you so, Come over on the oth-er side;
other side;

'Tis the King's command, dare you disobey? Come over on the oth-er side.
It will try the steel of the brav-est man, Come over on the oth-er side.
They will find no hope who have then delayed, Come over on the oth-er side.
There is joy and peace that your soul should know, Come over on the other side.

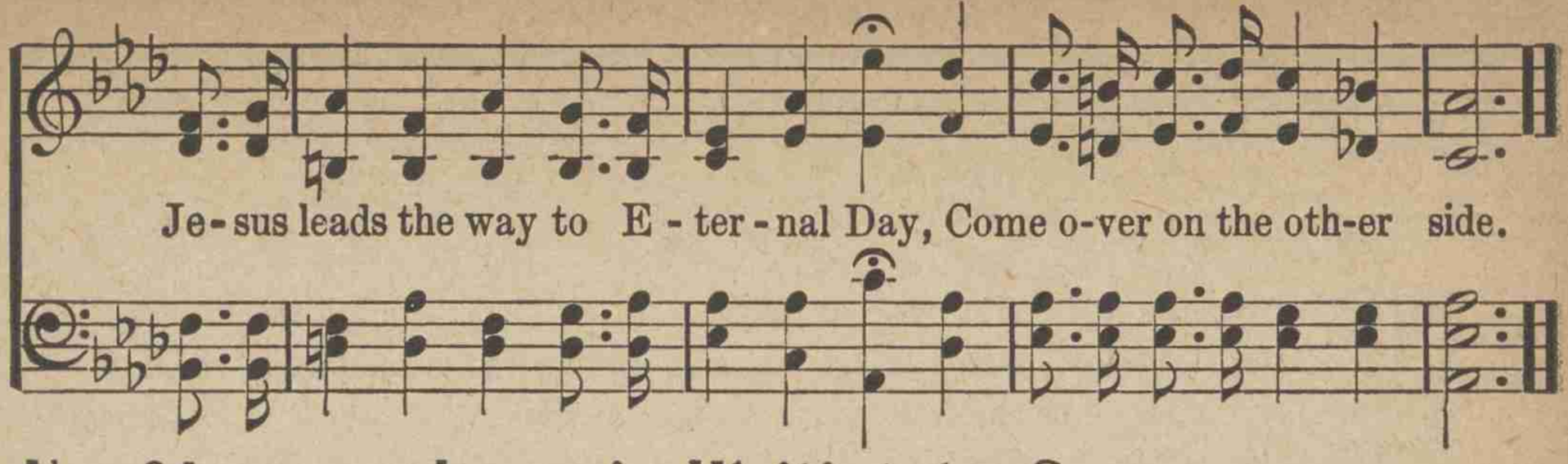
CHORUS.

Show your colors, Show your colors, Join His ar-my true and tried;
Show your colors, Show your colors, true and tried;

With the hosts of sin you will nev-er win, Come o-ver on the oth-er side:

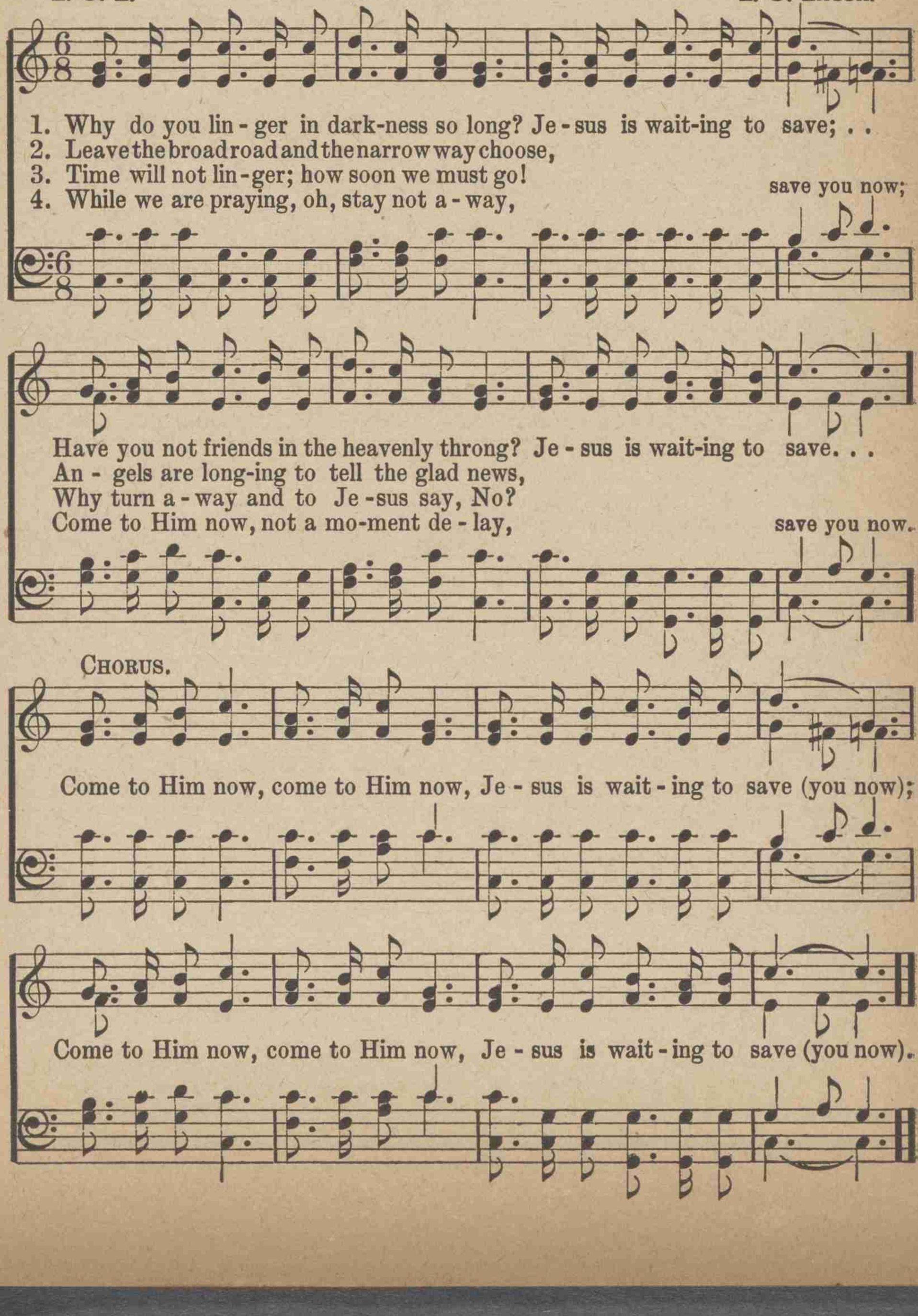
Show your col-ors, Show your col-ors For the King they cru-ci-fied;
Show your col-ors, Show your colors

Show Your Colors.



No. 91. Jesus is Waiting to Save.

E. O. E. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL. RENEWAL. E. O. Excell.



No. 92 My Savior First of All.

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.

Fanny J. Crosby. Jno. R. Sweney.

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

CHORUS.

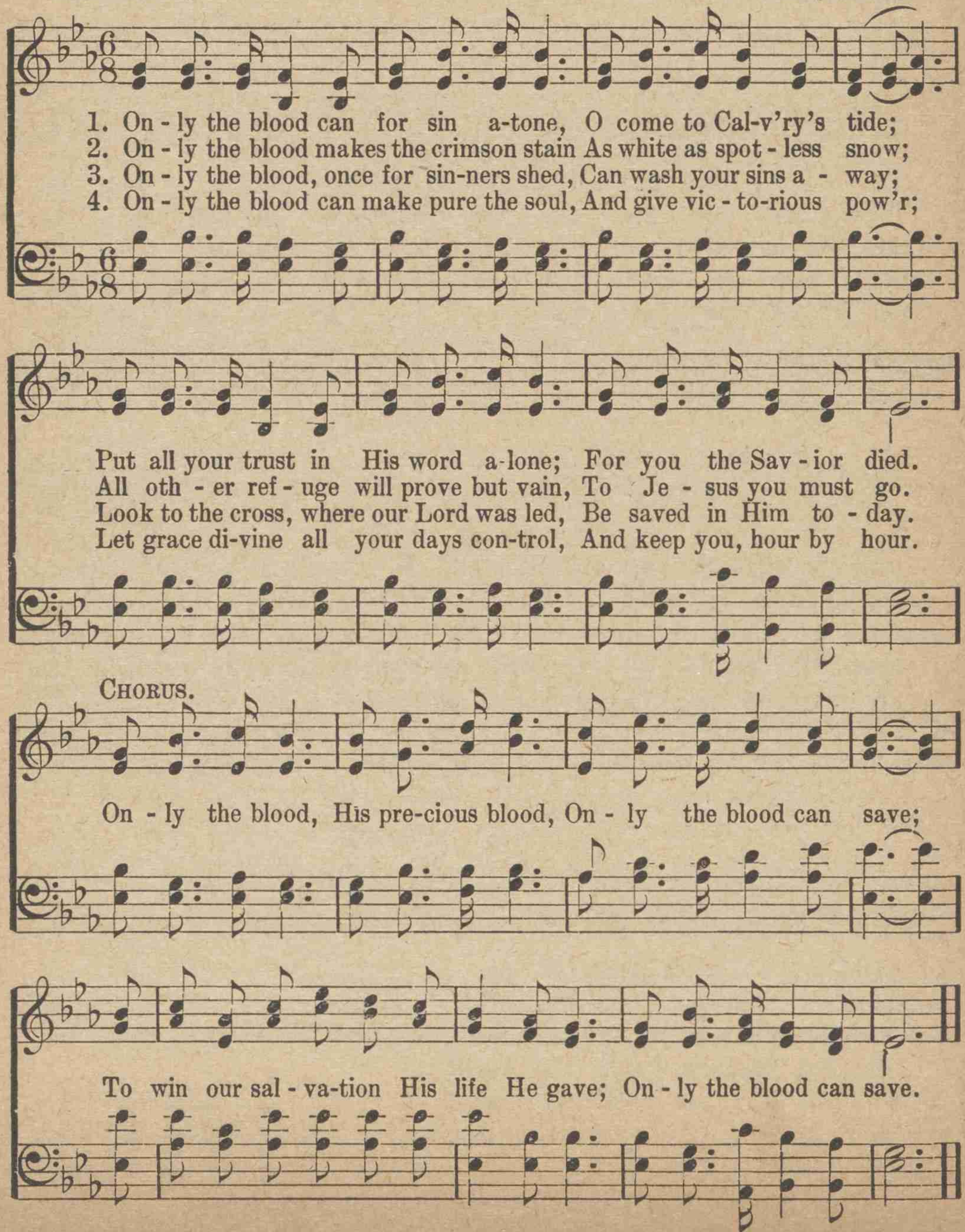
I shall know Him, I shall know Him, And redeemed by His side I shall stand;
I shall know Him,

My Savior First of All.



No. 93. Only the Blood Can Save.

E. E. Hewitt. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.



No. 94

To the Work.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY W. H. DOANE. W. H. Doane.

1. To the work! to the work! we are serv - ants of God, Let us fol - low the path that our Mas - ter has trod; With the
2. To the work! to the work! let the hun - gry be fed; To the fount - ain of life let the wear - y be led; In the
3. To the work! to the work! there is la - bor for all; For the king - dom of dark - ness and er - ror shall fall; And the
4. To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord, And a robe and a crown shall our la - bor re - ward; When the

balm of His coun - sel our strength to re - new, Let us do with our
cross and its ban - ner our glo - ry shall be, While we her - ald the
name of Je - ho - vah ex - alt - ed shall be, In the loud-swell-ing
home of the faith - ful our dwell - ing shall be, And we shout with the

CHORUS.

might what our hands find to do.
ti - dings, "Sal - va - tion is free!" Toil-ing on, toil - ing
cho - rus, "Sal - va - tion is free!" Toil - ing on,
ransomed, "Sal - va - tion is free!"

To the Work.

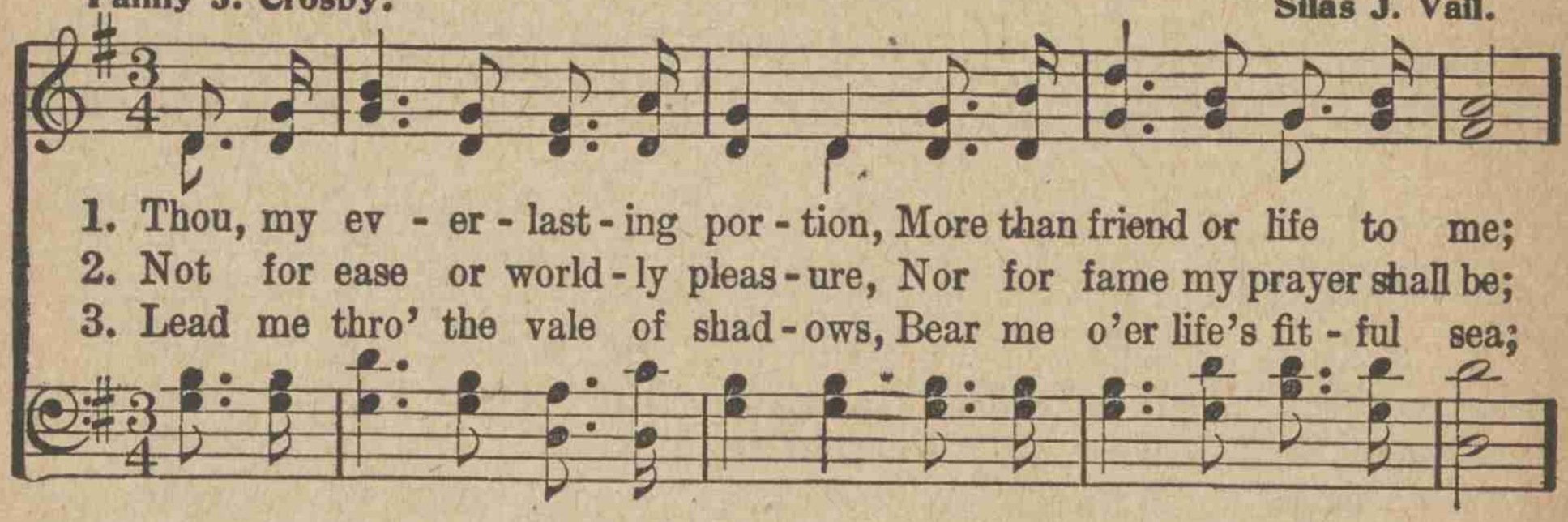


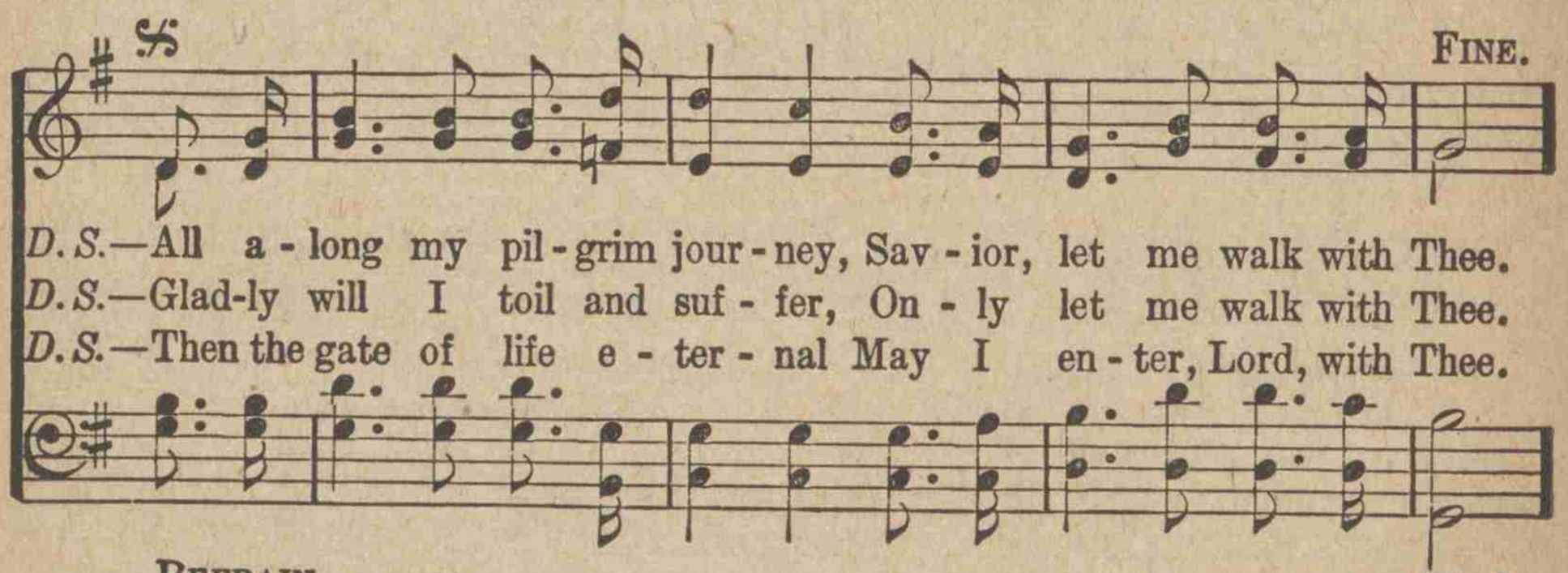


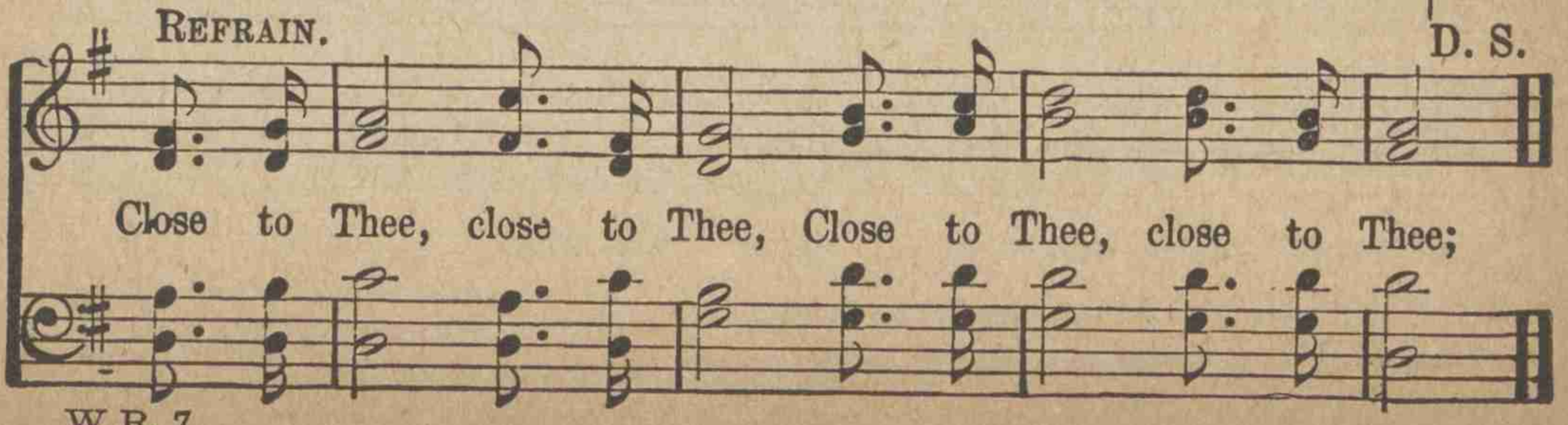
No. 95 Close to Thee.

BY PERMISSION.

Fanny J. Crosby. Silas J. Vail.







No. 96

Oh, What a Change!

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY CHARLES M. ALEXANDER.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

Ada R. Habershon. Robert Harkness.

1. Soon will our Sav - ior from Heav-en ap - pear; Sweet is the
2. Lone - li - ness changed to re - un - ion com - plete, Ab - sence ex-
3. Sun - rise will chase all the dark-ness a - way, Night will be
4. Weakness will change to mag - nif - i - cent strength, Fail - ure will

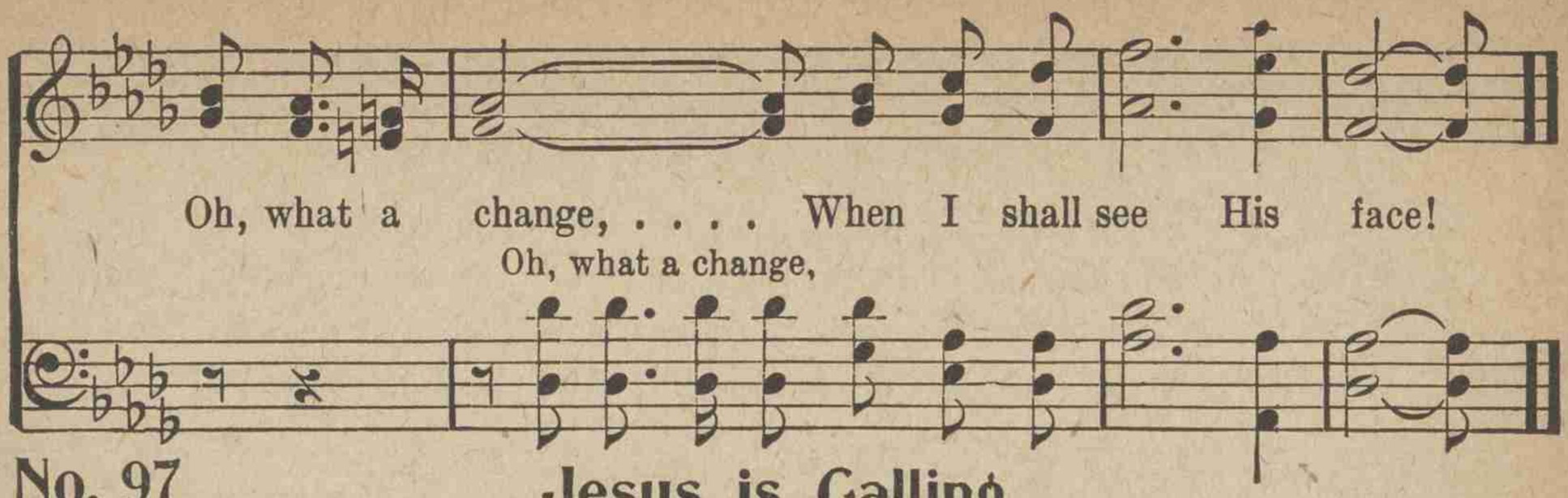
hope and its pow-er to cheer; All will be changed by a glimpse of His
changed for a place at His feet, Sleeping ones raised in a mo-ment of
changed to the brightness of day, Tempest will change to in - ef - fa - ble
change to per-fec-tion at length, Sor - row will change to un - end - ing de-

face— This is the goal at the end of our race!
time, Liv - ing ones changed to His im - age sub - lime!
calm, Weep-ing will change to a ju - bi - lant psalm!
light, Walk-ing by faith change to walk-ing by sight!

CHORUS.

Oh, what a change, ... Oh, what a change, ... When I shall
Oh, what a change, Oh, what a change,
see . . . His won - der - ful face! Oh, what a change, ...
Oh, what a change,

Oh, What a Change!



No. 97 Jesus is Calling.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS, RENEWAL. **Geo. C. Stebbins.**

1. Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing thee home—Call-ing to-day, call-ing to-day;
2. Je-sus is call-ing the wear-y to rest—Call-ing to-day, call-ing to-day;
3. Je-sus is waiting, oh, come to Him now—Waiting to-day, waiting to-day;
4. Je-sus is pleading, oh, list to His voice—Hear Him to-day, hear Him to-day;

Why from the sun-shine of love wilt thou roam Far-ther and far-ther a-way?
Bring Him thy bur-den, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn Thee a-way.
Come with thy sins, at His feet low-ly bow; Come, and no lon-ger de-lay.
They who be-lieve on His name shall re-joice; Quickly a-rise and a-way.

CHORUS.

Call - ing to - day! Call - ing to - day!
Call-ing, call-ing to-day, to-day! Call-ing, call-ing to-day, to-day!

Je - sus is call - ing, is ten-der-ly call-ing to-day.
Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing to-day,

No. 98

I Choose Jesus.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY HILDEBRAND-BURNETT CO. 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 con-trol, 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.

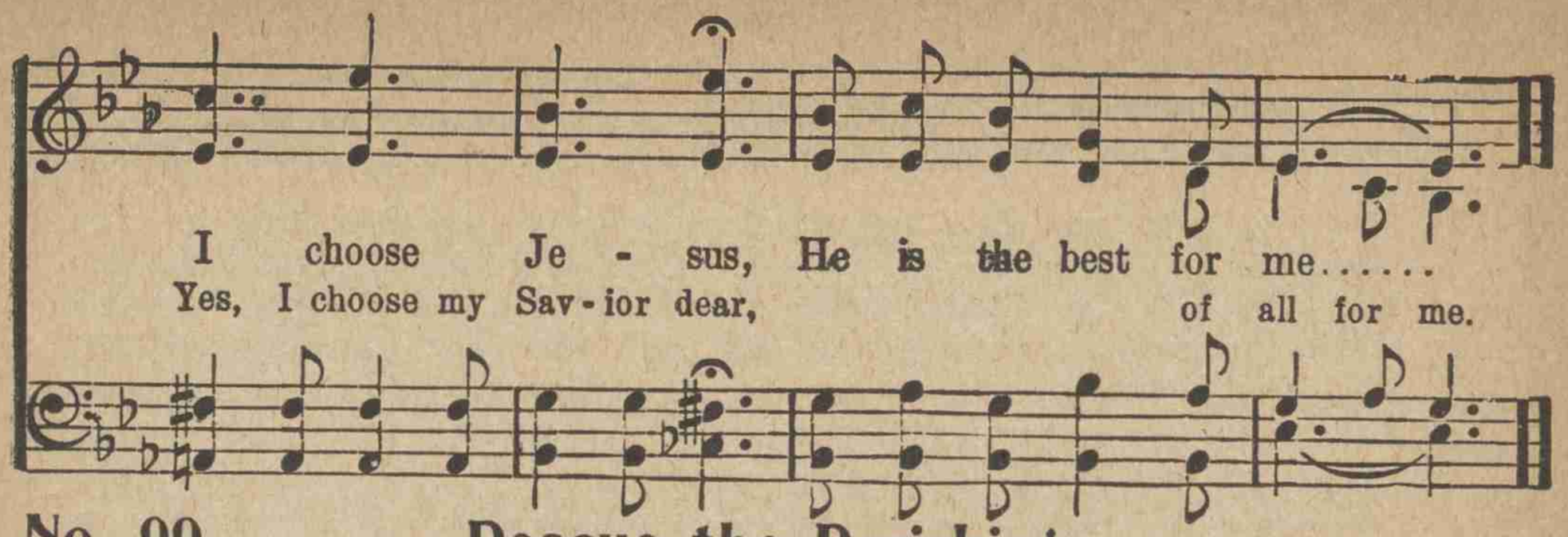
CHORUS.

I choose Je - sus when I need a friend,.....
Yes, I choose my Sav - ior 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;

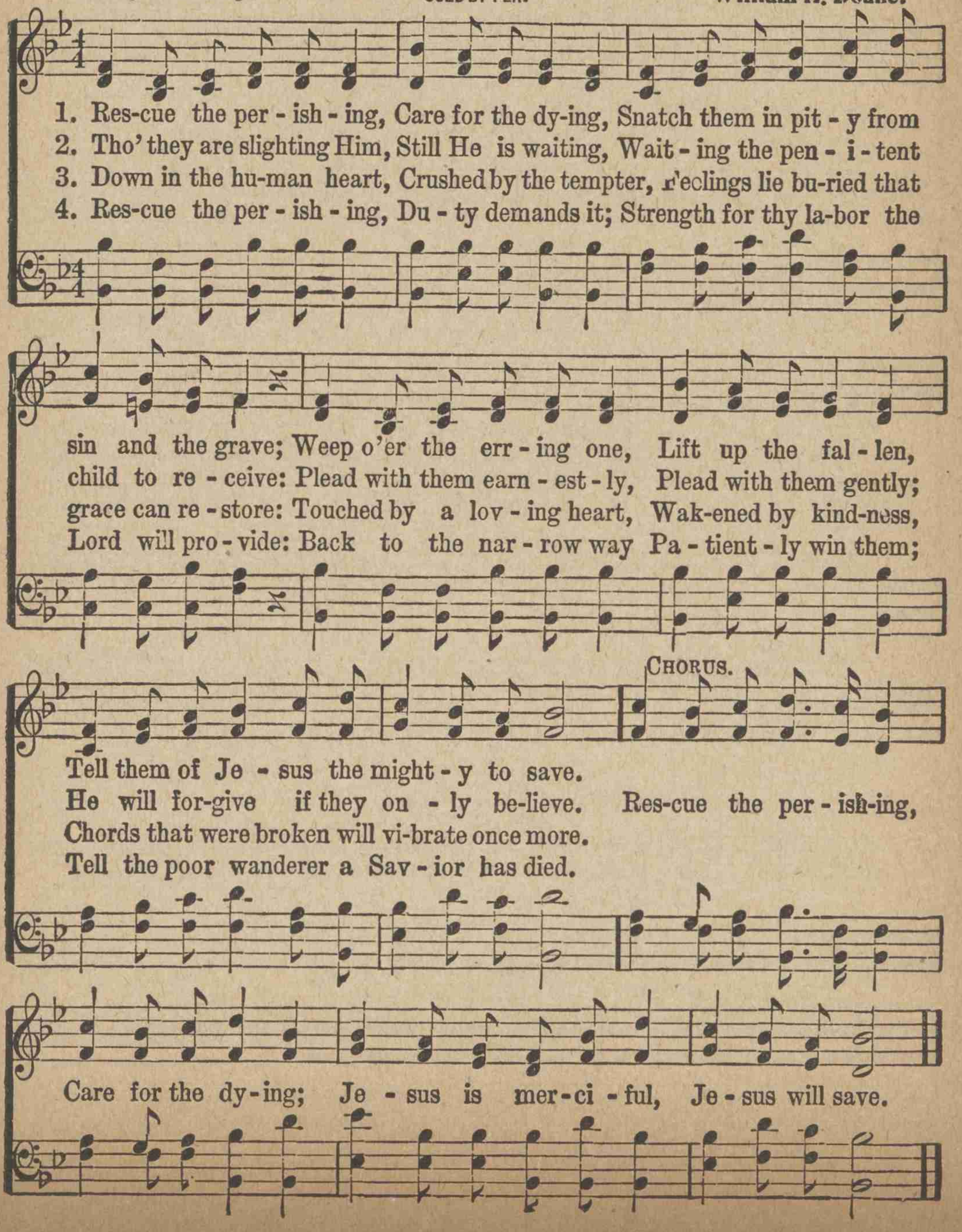
I Choose Jesus.



No. 99 Rescue the Perishing.

W. H. DOANE / OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.
USED BY PER.

Fanny J. Crosby. William H. Doane.



No. 100. I've Received An Invitation.

C. H. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY I. G. MARTIN.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. I've re-ceived an in - vi - ta - tion from the glo - rious King of kings,
2. When the saved ones of all a - ges gath - er 'round the great white throne,
3. Where the cit - y walls are jas - per, and the streets are pur - est gold,
4. Where the harps are nev - er si - lent, and the chor - al songs as - cend,
5. Where no sick-ness ev - er en - ters, nei - ther sor - row, death nor pain,
6. Will you meet me o - ver yon - der in that cit - y of de - light,

I am go - ing to be there;
I am go - ing, yes, I'm go - ing to be there;

To be pres - ent at the ban - quet when the Lord His ran-somed brings,
Where in all the bright for - ev - er we shall know as we are known,
Where the King in all His beau - ty eye to eye we shall be - hold,
Where thro'-out the count-less a - ges joy and bliss shall nev - er end,
And where our de - part - ed loved ones we shall meet and know a - gain,
Where a man - sion is a - wait - ing, and a robe of spot - less white?

FINE. CHORUS.

I am go - ing to be there. I've re-ceived an in - vi-
I am go-ing, yes, I'm go - ing to be there.

ta-tion,—glo - ry, glo - ry to His name!—To the great marriage supper of the

I've Received An Invitation.

D. S.

Lamb; And the Lord command has giv-en for the sum-mons to prepare, And I'm

No. 101 Lead Me, Savior.

F. M. D.

FROM "CAROLS OF JOY."
USED BY PERMISSION OF JOHN J. HOOD.

Frank M. Davis.

1. Sav-ior, lead me, lest I stray, Gen-tly lead me all the way;
2. Thou the ref-uge of my soul When life's stormy billows roll;
3. Sav-ior, lead me, then at last, When the storm of life is past,

1. Sav - ior, lead me, lest I stray, Gen - tly lead me all the way;

I am safe when by Thy side, I would in Thy love a-bide.
I am safe when Thou art nigh, All my hopes on Thee re-ly.
To the land of end-less day, Where all tears are wiped a-way.

I am safe when by Thy side, I would in Thy love abide.

CHORUS.

Lead me, lead me, Sav - ior, lead me, lest I stray;.....
lest I stray;

Gen-tly down the stream of time, Lead me, Sav-ior, all the way.
stream of time, all the way.

No. 102.

I'm Saved by Grace.

Kate Ulmer.

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY HAMP SEWELL.

Hamp Sewell.

1. How shall I tell the matchless love That bro't my Sav-ior from a-bove,
2. No pow'r had I my soul to save, But He the ran-som free - ly gave;
3. No works I boast, no mer - it claim, My trust is stayed on His dear name;
4. Ah! some glad day His face I'll see, Who gave this priceless boon to me;

From His e - ter-nal throne on high, For me to suf - fer bleed and die?
He bore the curse, en-dured the pain, That I thro' Him might live a - gain.
The pre-cious blood He shed for me Hath purchased par-don full and free.
And then, as ne'er be - fore, I'll sing The wor-thy prais - es of my King.

CHORUS.

Oh, praise His name, ... I'm saved by grace, ...

Oh, praise His name, I'm saved by grace,

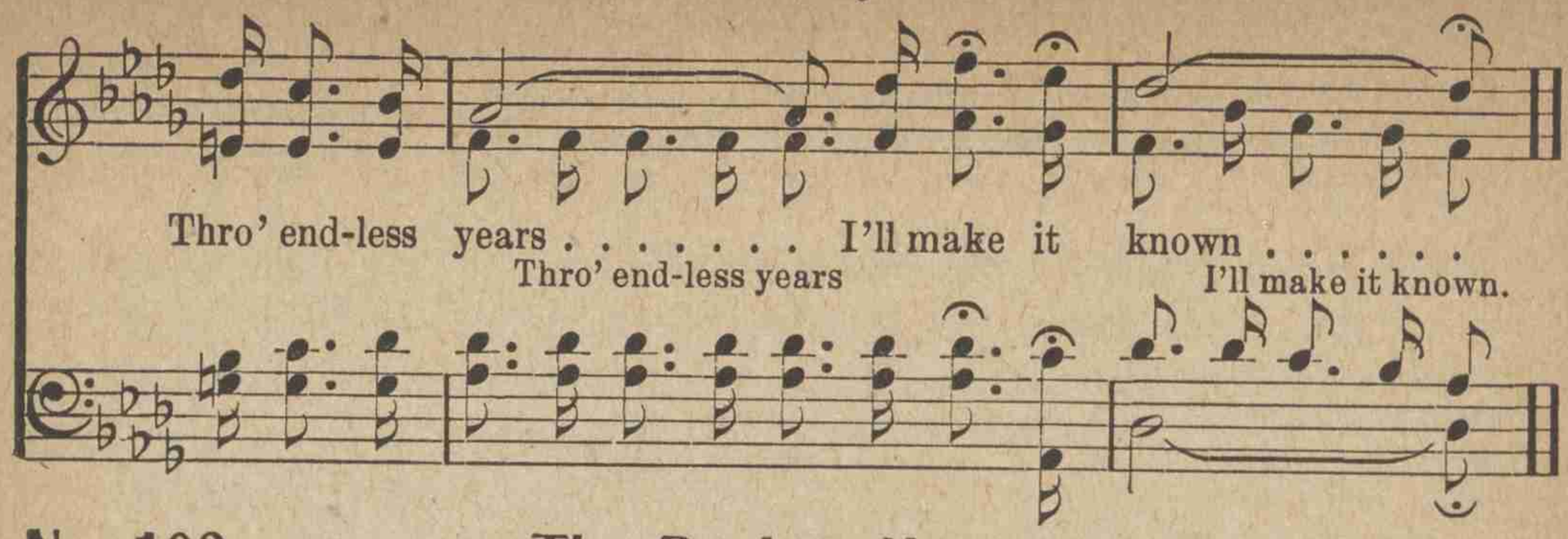
I'll sing it till . . . . . I see His face, ...

I'll sing it till I see His face,

Then glo - ri - fied . . . . . by grace a - lone, ...

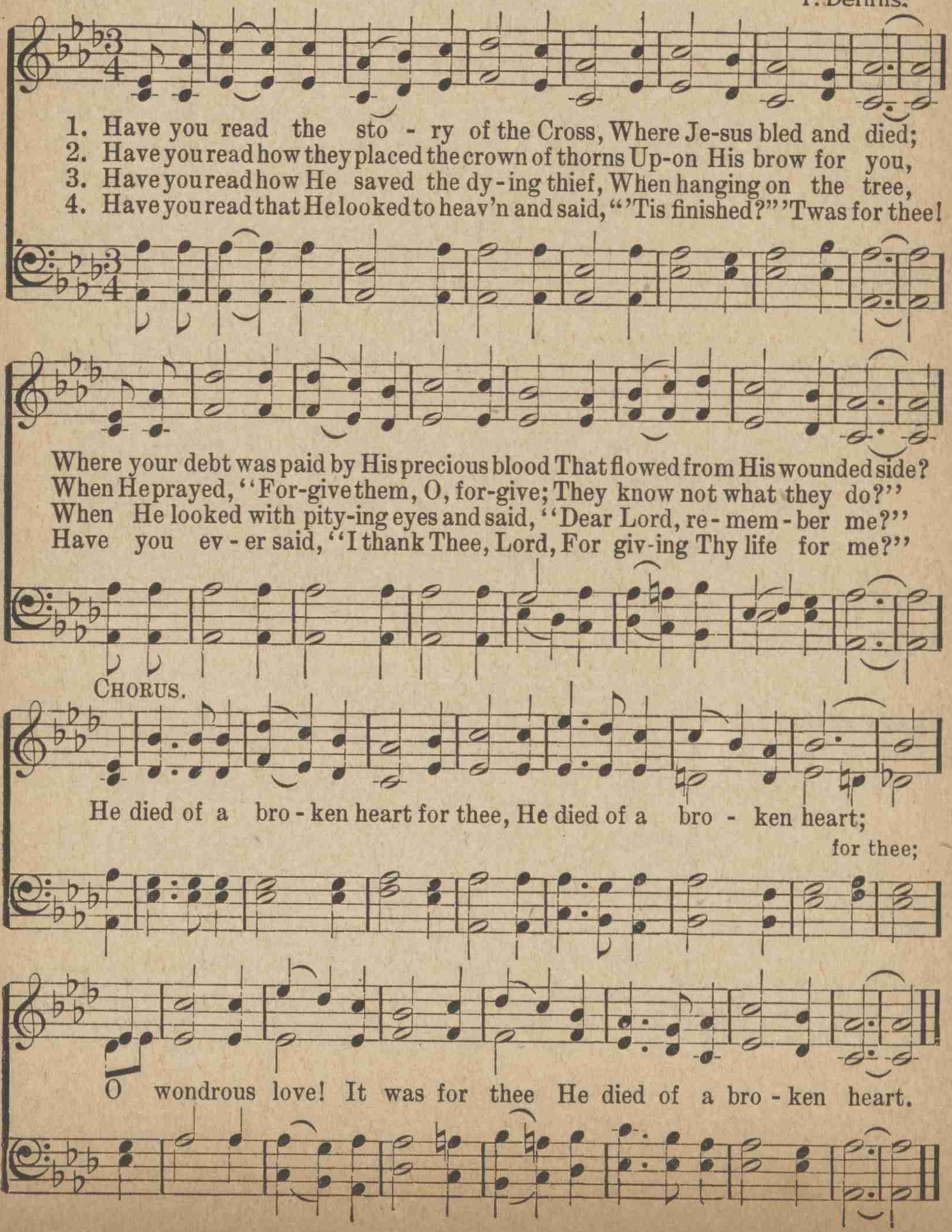
Then glo - ri - fied by grace a - lone,

I'm Saved by Grace.



No. 103. The Broken Heart.

T. D. T. Dennis.



No. 104 Win Them One By One.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Lizzie DeArmond. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. We must win them one by one as the Mas-ter did of old, When He said to
2. Is it noth-ing they are lost, souls that Je-sus died to save? Let us glad-ly
3. We must win them one by one by a lit - tle kind-ness shown, Or a gen-tle

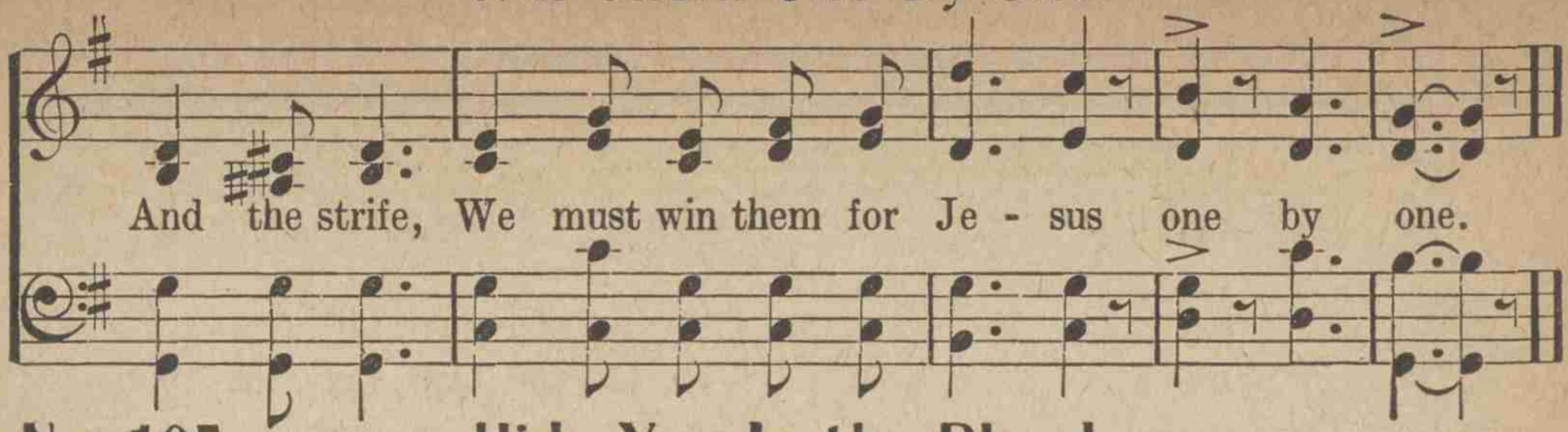
His dis - ci - ples "Fol-low Me;" From the high-ways broad and wide, to the
in the res - cue lend a hand; News of life and love im - part to some
touch of hu - man sym-pa - thy; Stoop - ing down from heigths of ease, seek-ing

by-ways turn a - side, In the foot-steps of the Man of Gal - i - lee.
wear-y, sin - ful heart, Help some broth-er in the glo - ry light to stand.
on - ly God to please, Pointing ev - er to the Christ of Cal - va - ry.

CHORUS.

One by one, yes, one by one, We must win them for Je - sus
one by one; In the nar - row ways of life, a - mid the tu - mult

Win Them One By One.

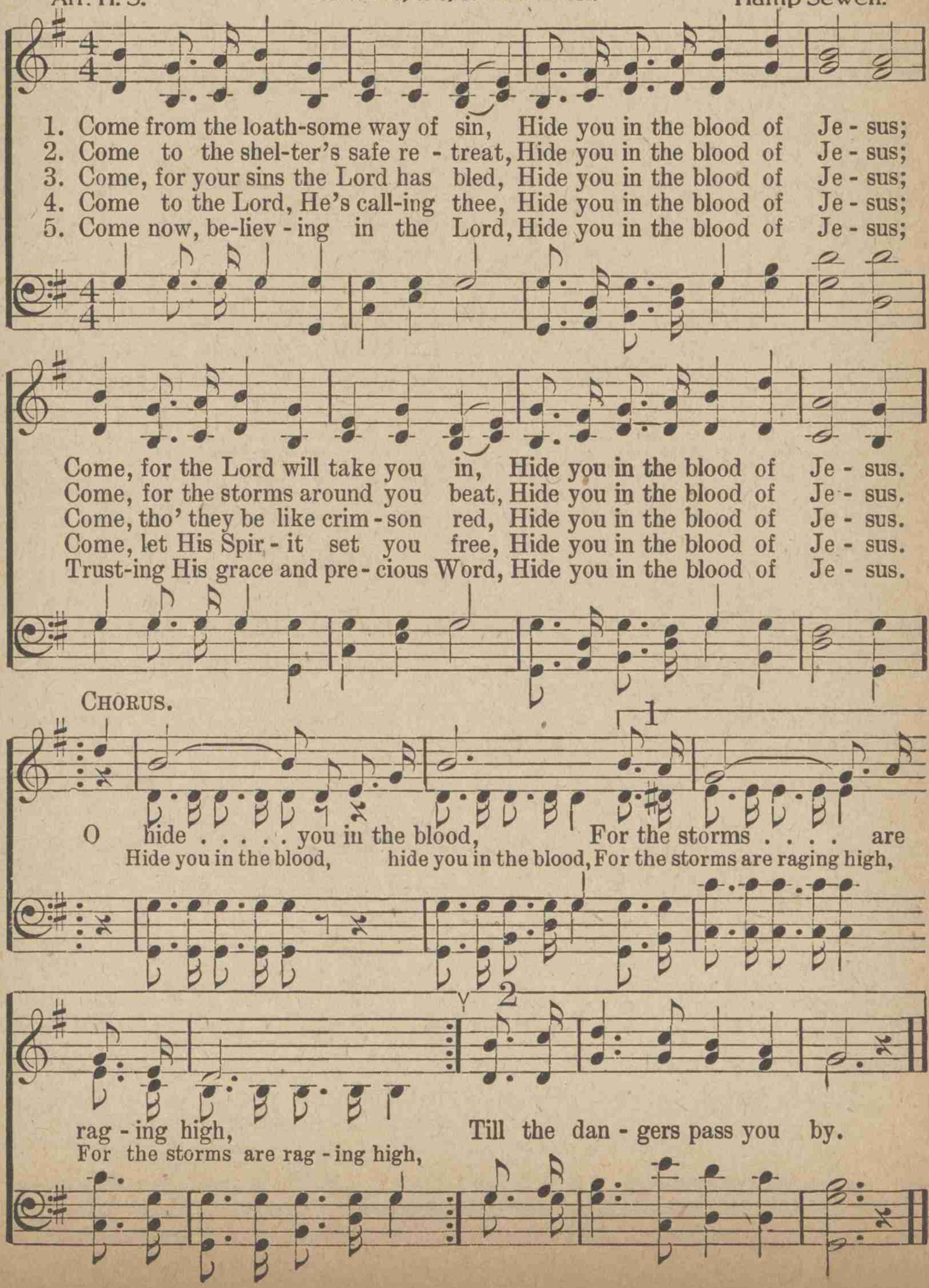


No. 105. Hide You In the Blood.

Arr. H. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY HAMP SEWELL.

Hamp Sewell.



No. 106 The Banner of the Cross.

COPYRIGHT, 1884 AND 1887, BY JAMES MCGRANAHAN.
USED BY PERMISSION.

El Nathan. James McGranahan.

1. There's a roy - al ban - ner giv - en for dis-play To the sol - diers
2. Though the foe may rage and gath - er as the flood, Let the stand-ard
3. O - ver land and sea, wher - ev - er man may dwell, Make the glo - rious
4. When the glo - ry dawns—'tis draw - ing ver - y near—It is has-t'ning

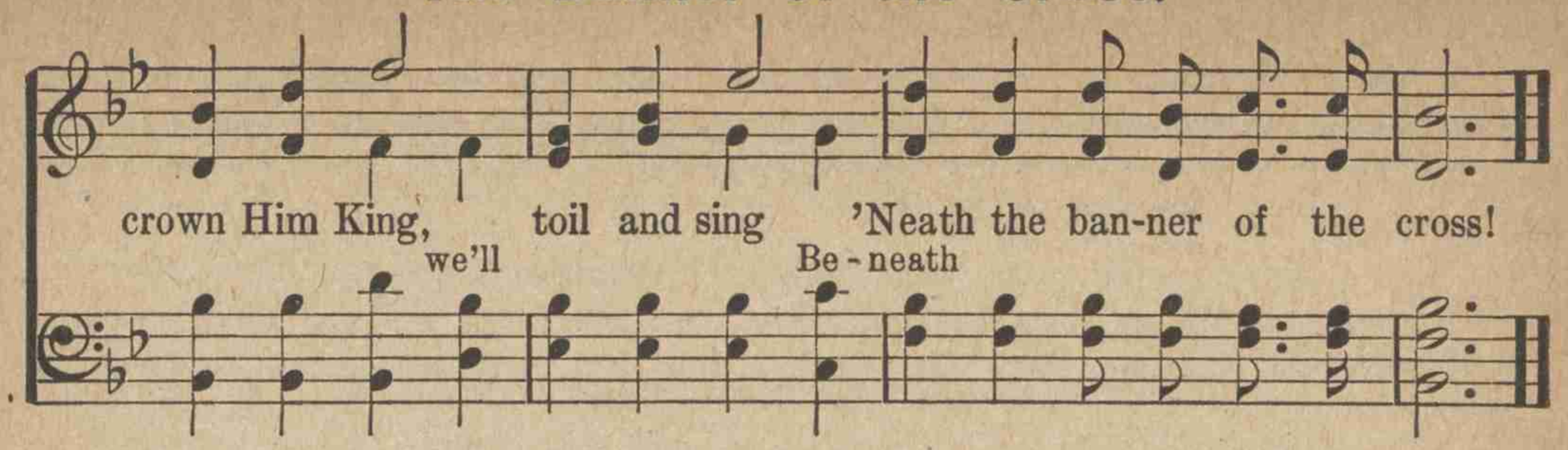
of the King; As an en - sign fair we lift it up to-day,
be dis-played, And be-neath its folds, as sol-diers of the Lord,
ti - dings known; Of the crim - son ban - ner now the sto - ry tell,
day by day— Then be - fore our King the foe shall dis - ap-pear,

CHORUS.

While as ran-somed ones we sing.
For the truth be not dis-mayed! March-ing on,. . . . march-ing
While the Lord shall claim His own!
And the cross the world shall sway! on, on,

on,. . . . For Christ count ev-'ry-thing but loss!. . . . . And to
on, on, ev - 'ry - thing, ev - 'ry-thing but loss!

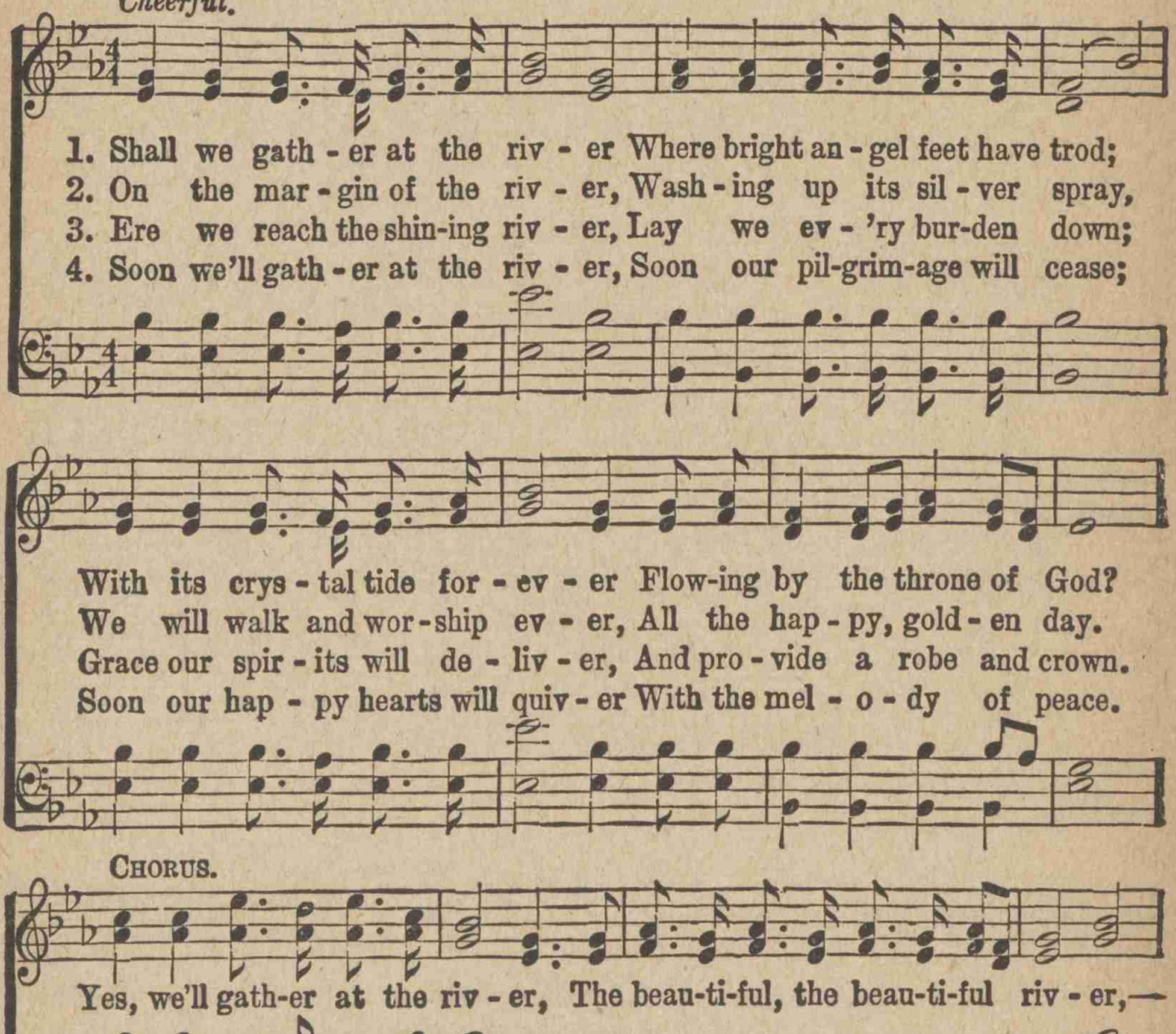
The Banner of the Cross.



No. 107 Beautiful River.

COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF MARY RUNYON LOWRY.
USED BY PER.

R. L. *Cheerful.* Rev. Robert Lowry.



No. 108. Saved, I'm Saved.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.

1. Bond - age is past and no longer I'm weak or despairing, Free - dom is
2. All washed a - way are the sins un-der which I was bending, Whit - er than
3. Soon on His face I shall gaze, in the Cit-y of Glo - ry, Soon press the

mine and the peace that I craved; God's on - ly Son, in His
snow is my glad soul to-day; Washed by the flood, in my
hand that was wound-ed for me; Soon I shall tell to the

mercy, for me now is caring, Guiding and upholding me, for I am saved.
heart there's a carol unending, Praise for Him who leads me in the homeward way.
an-gels the wonderful sto-ry Of His love and saving grace that rescued me.

Saved, I'm Saved.

CHORUS.

Saved . . . by His grace and love, Saved . . . for His joy a-bove;
Saved by His grace, Saved for His joy,
Christ ev-er-more I will love and a-dore, For I'm saved, saved, I'm saved.

No. 109 "Almost Persuaded."

P. P. B.

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

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, Prayers rise from heart so dear, O wan-d'rer, come.
but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit-ter wail—"Al-most—but lost!"

No. 110 The Hand that was Wounded for Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY DANIEL B. TOWNER.
CHARLES M. ALEXANDER, OWNER.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

Hattie H. Pierson
and Fred P. Morris.

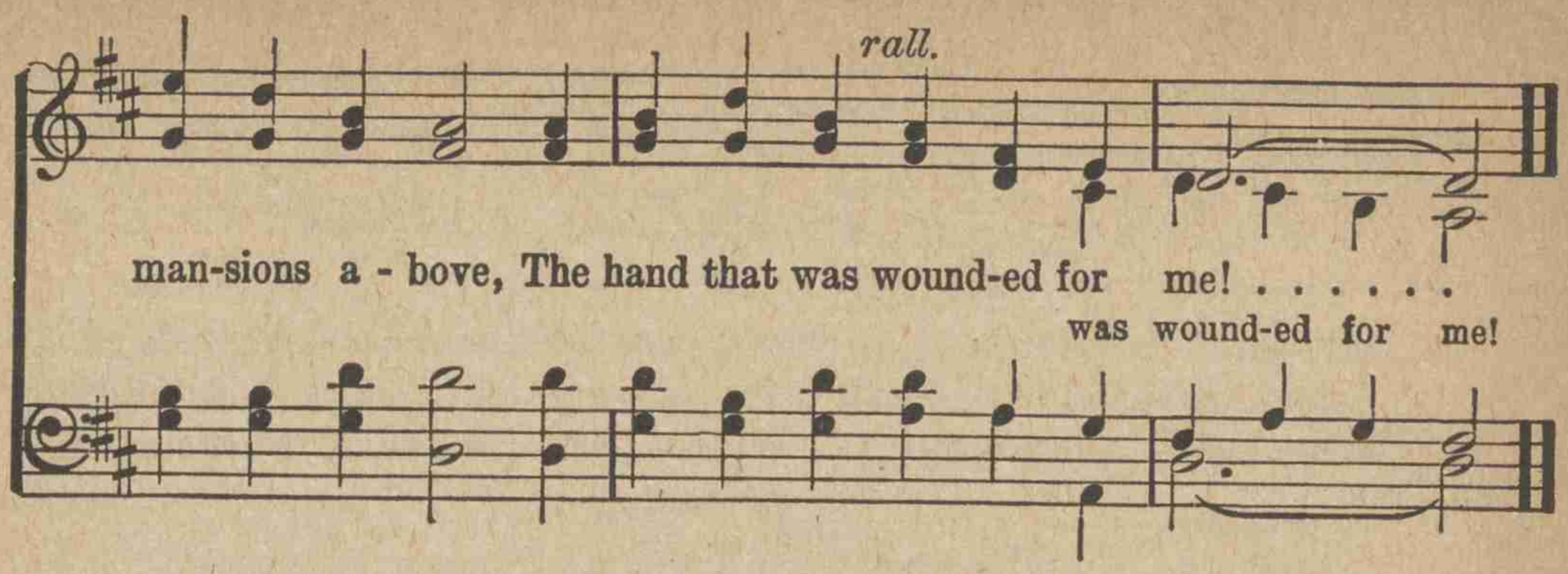
D. B. Towner.

1. The hand that was nailed to the cross of woe, In love reach-es down to the world be-low; 'Tis beck - on - ing now to the souls that roam, And pointing the way to the heav'n-ly home.
2. E'en now I can see, thro' a mist of tears, That hand still outstretched o'er the gulf of years, With healing and hope for my sin - sick soul; One touch of its fin - ger will make me whole.
3. The hand that wrought wonders in days of old Holds treasure more precious than gems of gold, The price of re-demp-tion from sin and shame, The gift of sal- va - tion thro' Je - sus' name. The hand of my Sav-ior I see, . . .
4. How oft at the touch of that nail-scarred palm My storm-troub-led heart has at once grown calm; The tem-pest that sur-ges I will not fear, For how can I sink while that hand is near?
5. Tri-umphant thro' grace I shall some day stand, With Je - sus at home on that gold - en strand, His face in its beau - ty at last to see, My hand in the hand that was pierced for me.

CHORUS.

The hand that was wounded for me: . . . . 'Twill lead me in love to the
my Sav-ior I see,
I see, I see,
The hand that was wounded for me: . . . . 'Twill lead me in love to the
was wounded for me:
for me:

The Hand that was Wounded for Me.

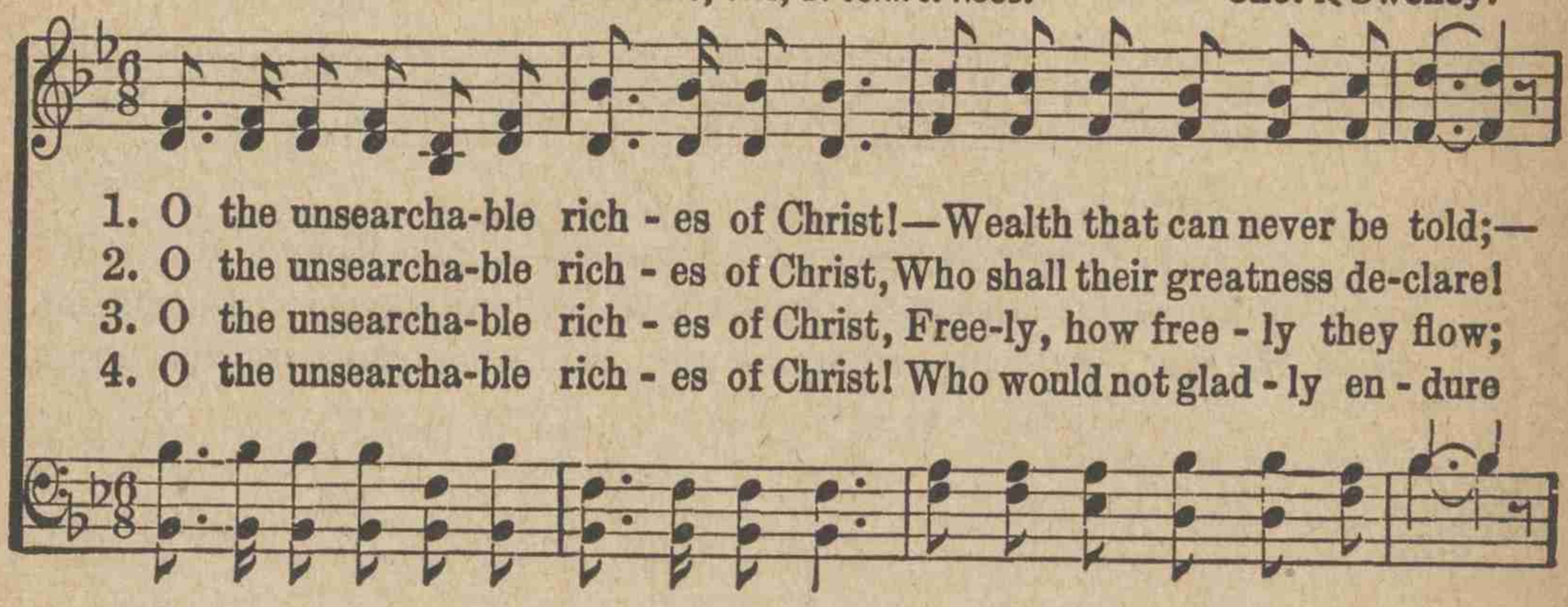


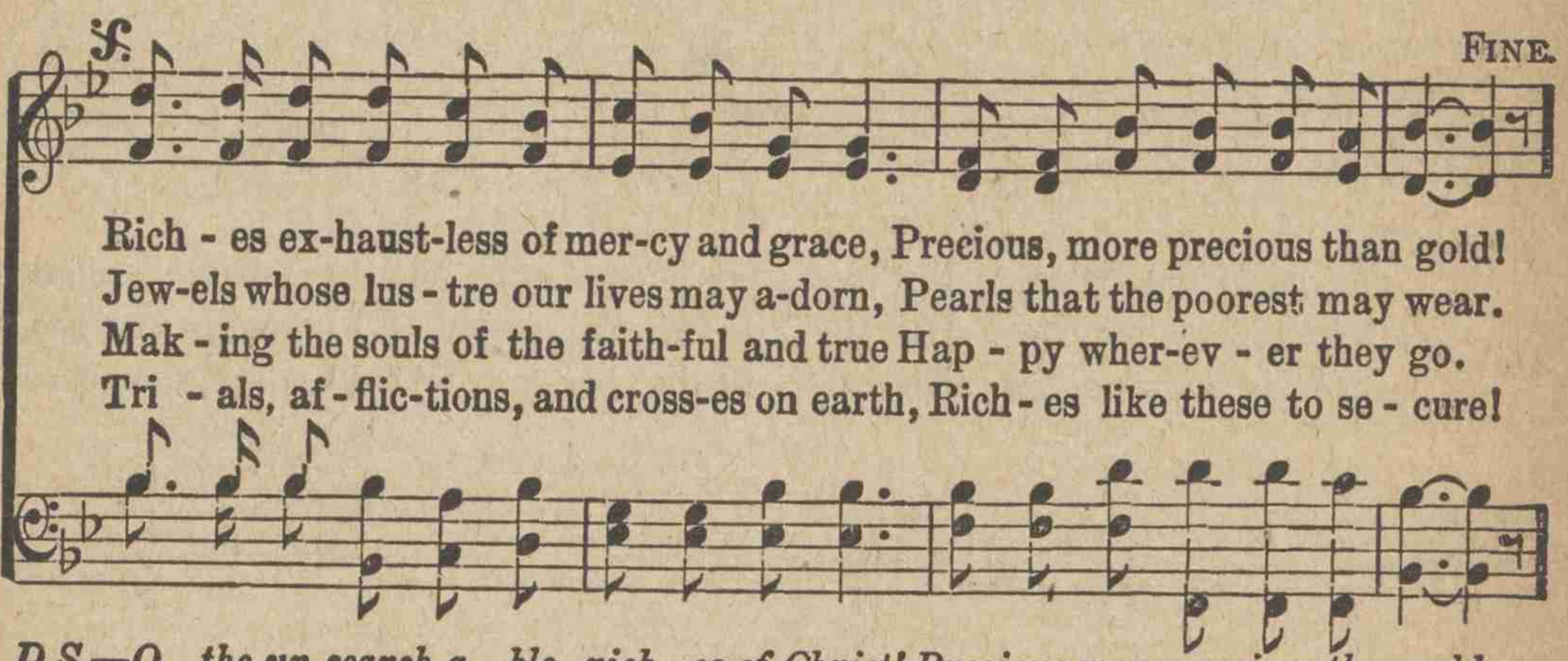
No. 111 Unsearchable Riches.

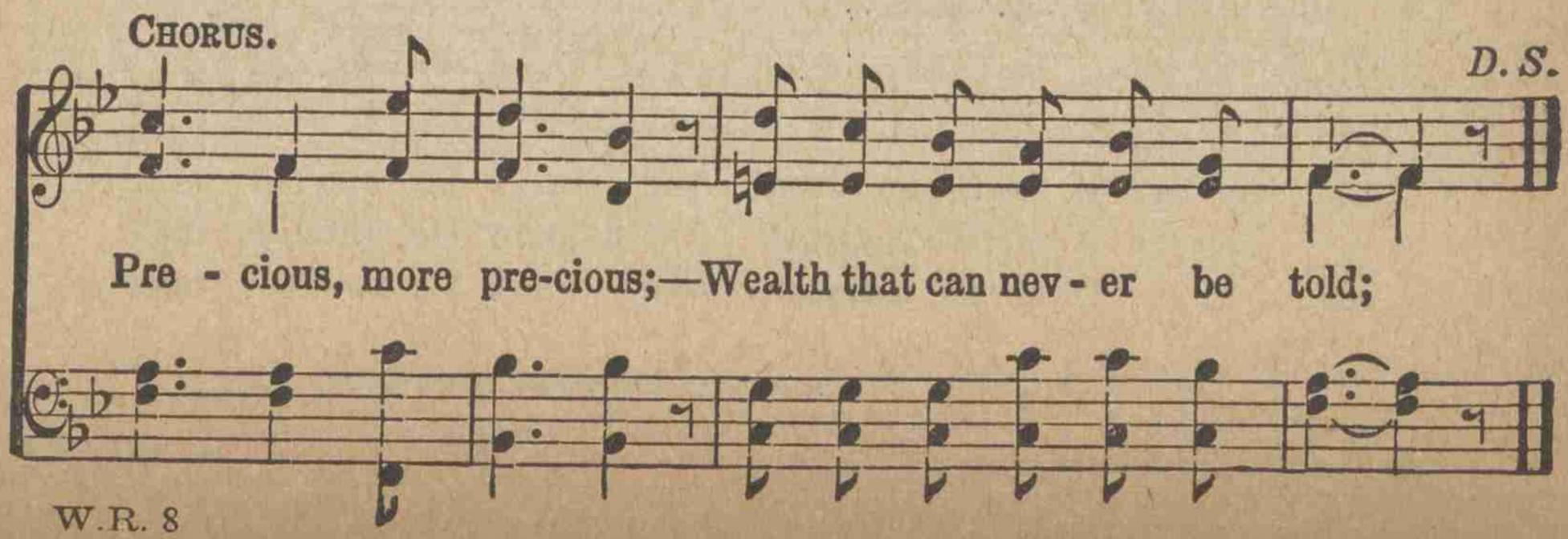
F. J. C.

COPYPIGHT, 1882, BY JOHN J. HOOD.

Jno. R Sweney.







No. 112 His Eye Is On the Sparrow.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY CHARLES M. ALEXANDER.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Why should I feel discouraged, Why should the shadows come, Why should my heart be lonely And long for Heav'n and home, When Jesus is my portion? My
2. "Let not your heart be troubled," His ten-der word I hear, And rest-ing on His goodness, I lose my doubts and fears: Tho' by the path He leadeth But
3. When-ev-er I am tempt-ed, When-ev-er clouds a-rise, When songs give place to sighing, When hope within me dies, I draw the clo-ser to Him, From

constant Friend is He: His eye is on the spar-row, And I know He watches
one step I may see: His eye is on the spar-row, And I know He watches
care He sets me free; His eye is on the spar-row, And I know He cares for

me; His eye is on the sparrow, And I know He watches me.
me; His eye is on the sparrow, And I know He watches me.
me; His eye is on the sparrow, And I know He cares for me.

His Eye Is On the Sparrow.

CHORUS.

I sing because I'm happy, (I'm happy,) I sing because I'm free, (I'm free,)

rall.

For His eye is on the spar-row, And I know He watches me.

No. 113 Where Will You Spend Eternity?

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY J. H. TENNEY. **J. H. Tenney.**

1. Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty? This ques-tion comes to you and me!
2. Man - y are choos-ing Christ to-day, Turn - ing from all their sins a - way;
3. Leav-ing the strait and nar-row way, Go - ing the downward road to - day,
4. Re - pent, be-lieve, this ver - y hour, Trust in the Sav-ior's grace and pow'r,

Tell me, what shall your an - swer be? Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty?
Heav'n shall their hap-py por - tion be; Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty?
Sad will their fi - nal end - ing be,—Lost thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty!
Then will your joy - ous an - swer be, Saved thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty!

REFRAIN.

1–2. E - ter - ni - ty! e - ter - ni - ty! Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty?
3. E - ter - ni - ty! e - ter - ni - ty! Lost thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty!
4. E - ter - ni - ty! e - ter - ni - ty! Saved thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty!

No. 114. I'm On My Way to Canaan Land.

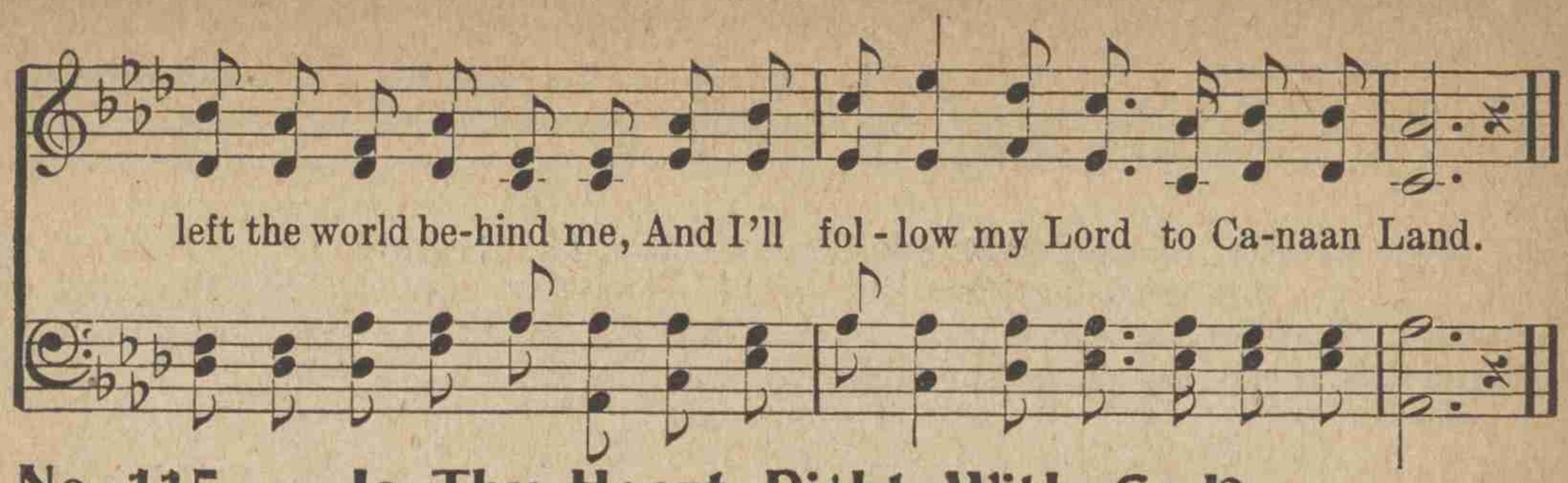
Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.

1. I have left old E-gypt, its toil-ing and its tears, I am free from bond-age, from fet-ters and from fears; I have start-ed homeward, and oh, the way is grand! Hal-le-lu-jah! praise the Lord, I'm bound for Canaan Land.
2. Now with joy and glad-ness I press my way a-long, Ev-'ry day I'm hap-py, my soul is filled with song; Christ the Lord is with me, and holds me by the hand; He will nev-er leave my side till I reach Canaan Land.
3. By my Lord and Sav-ior my board is dai-ly spread With the heav'nly man-na, and with the liv-ing bread; For my need each moment I find my Lord hath planned, So with joy I'll fol-low Him to hap-py Canaan Land.
4. Soon I'll reach that country where I shall be at home; Thro' this land a stran-ger I soon will cease to roam; Soon I'll cross the riv-er— the stream that love hath spanned, Where I'll find beyond its tide my home, my Canaan Land.

CHORUS.

I'm on my way to Ca-naan's hap-py Land, I'm march-ing, march-ing on at God's com-mand; No more can Sa-tan bind me, I've

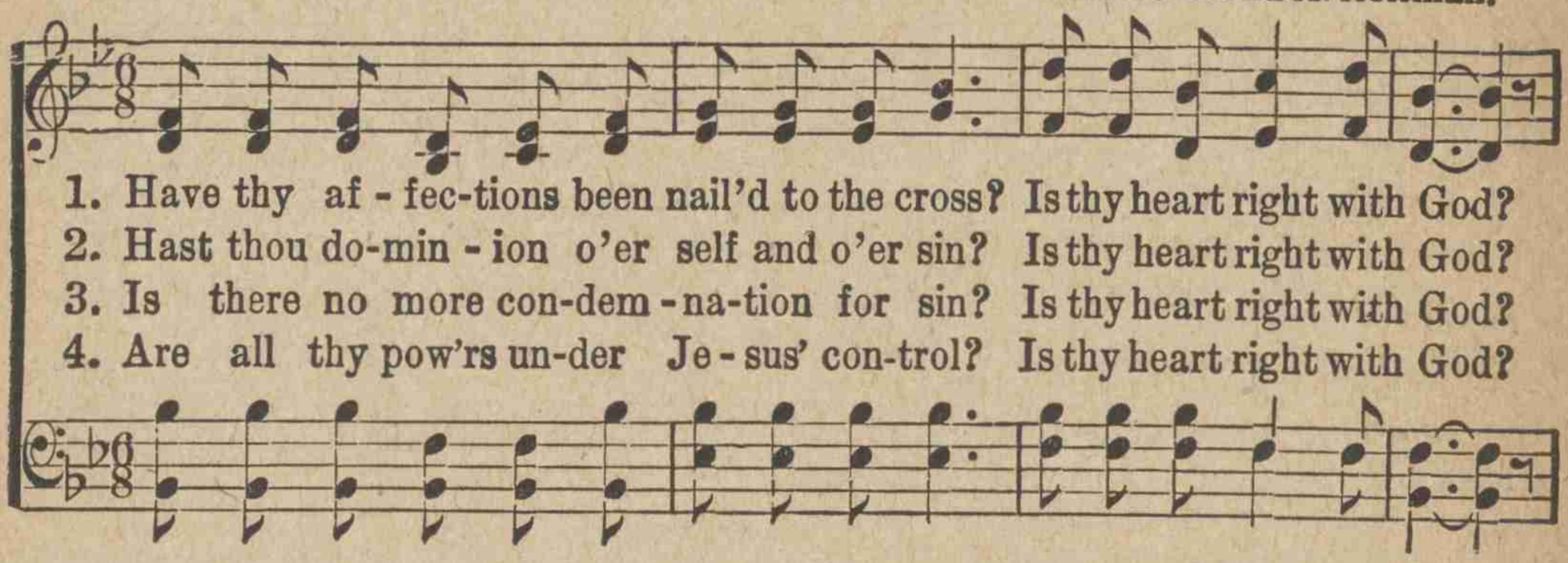
I'm On My Way to Canaan Land.



No. 115 Is Thy Heart Right With God?

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

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



No. 116. You Can Have the Blessing Now.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.

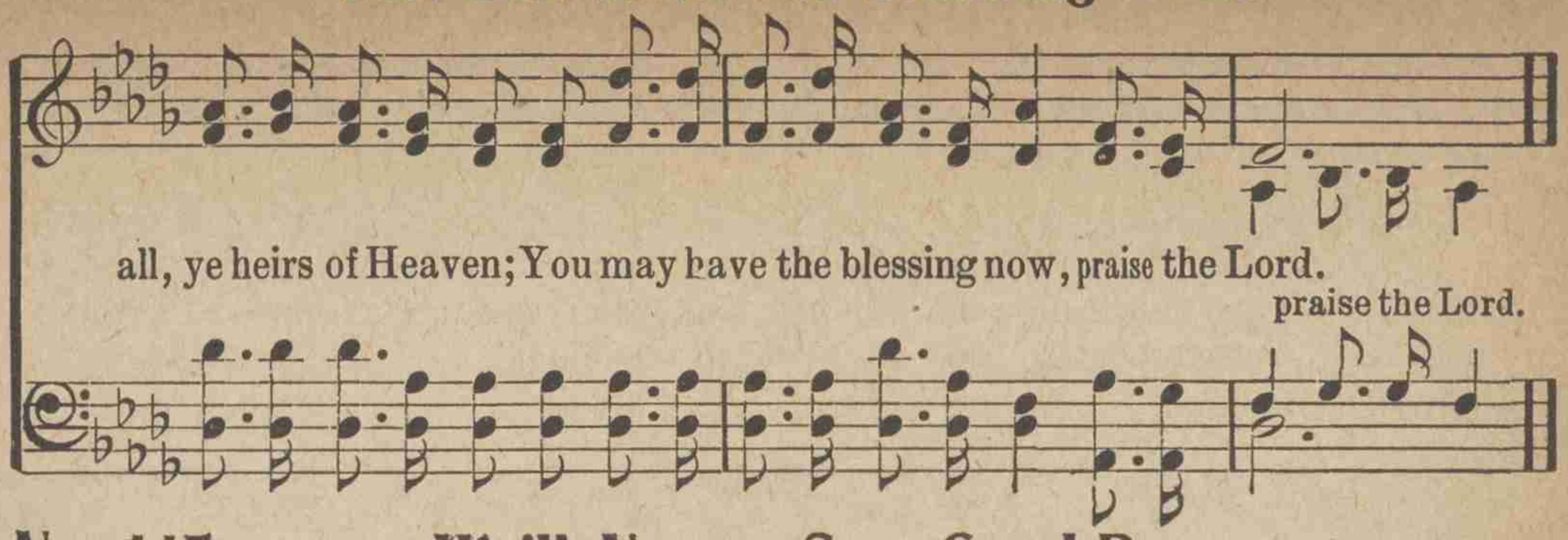
1. There's a bless-ing Je-sus has for you, my broth-er, If you'll take Him at His word, nor ask Him how; He will pour on you the
2. Are you seek-ing heart and soul to be made ho-ly? Pure and clean your heart, your hands, your feet, your brow? Look to Je-sus, He will
3. Would you tes-ti-fy of ho-li-ness for Je-sus, But need strength for the per-form-ance of your vow? At the al-tar He will
4. Do not fret your mind o'er ab-so-lute per-fec-tion, For our hu-man weak-ness-es God doth al-low; But He'll wash you, bless you,

tides of full sal-va-tion, And, my brother, you may have the blessing now.
answer prayer, my brother, And, thank Heaven, you may have the blessing now.
strengthen, He will bless you, Just believe Him, you may have the blessing now.
make you fit for Heav-en, Just sur-ren-der, you may have the blessing now.

CHORUS.

You can have the blessing now, praise the Lord, If you'll simply trust the
praise the Lord,
Savior's precious word; For this promise has been giv'n, Be-lieve it
His precious word;

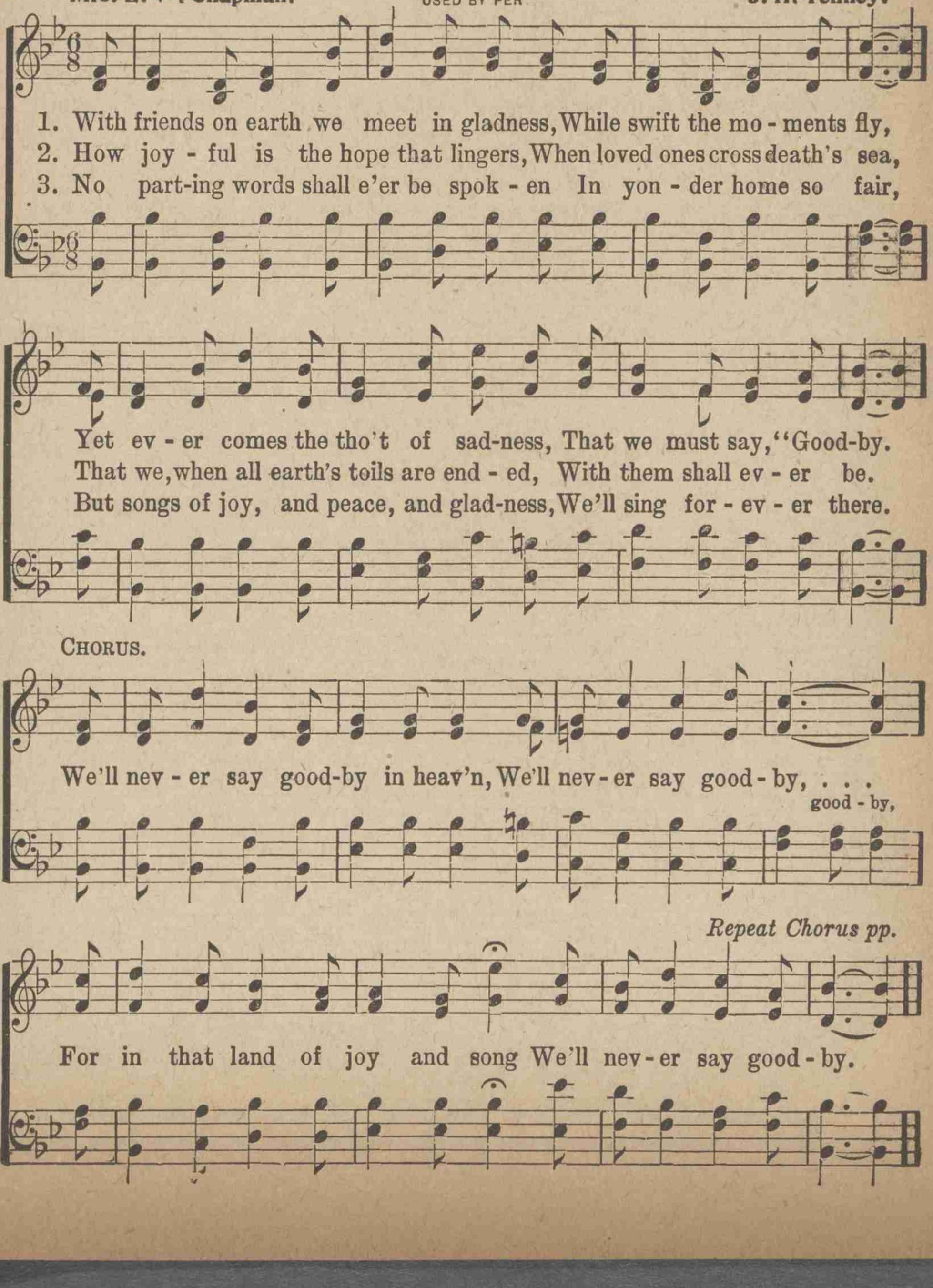
You Can have the Blessing Now.



No. 117 We'll Never Say Good-By.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY JOHN J. HOOD.
USED BY PER

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. J. H. Tenney.



No. 118 The Wonderful Story.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. O sweet is the sto-ry of Je-sus, The won-der-ful Sav-ior of men,
2. He came from the brightest of glo-ry; His blood as a ran-som He gave,
3. His mer-cy flows on like a riv-er; His love is unmeasured and free;

Who suf-fered and died for the sin-ner,—I'll tell it a-gain and a-gain!
To pur-chase e-ter-nal redemption; And, O He is mighty to save!
His grace is for-ev-er suf-fi-cient, It reach-es and pu-ri-fies me.

CHORUS.

O won-der-ful, wonderful sto-ry, The dear-est that
O won-der-ful sto-ry, O won-der-ful sto-ry, The dear-est that ev-er was told; I'll re-peat it in glo-ry, The wonderful
er, that ev-er was told; I'll re-peat it in glo-ry. The
rit.
sto-ry, Where I shall His beau-ty be-hold.
won-der-ful sto-ry, Where I shall His beau-ty, His beau-ty be-hold.

No. 119. When I See the Blood.

John. J. G. F.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

When I see the blood,

When I see the blood, When I see the

When I see the blood, When I

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

see the blood, o-ver you.

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

No. 120. Heab'n.

Arranged by Hamp Sewell.

1. I got - a shoes, you got - a shoes, All God's chil-dren got - a shoes;
2. I got a song, you got a song, All God's chil-dren got a song,
3. I got a cross, you got a cross, All God's chil-dren got a cross,

When I go to Heab - 'n gon - na put on my
When I go to Heab - 'n gon - na sing a new
When I go to Heab - 'n gon - na lay down my

shoes, Gon-na walk all ob - er God's heab-'n, Heab-'n,
song, Gon-na sing all ob - er God's heab-'n, Heab-'n,
cross, Gon-na shout all ob - er God's heav-'n, Heab-'n,

heab'n; Ev-'ry - bod - y talk a - bout heab'n aint go-in' there,
heab'n; Ev-'ry - bod - y talk a - bout heab'n aint go-in' there,
heab'n; Ev-'ry - bod - y talk a - bout heab'n aint go-in' there,

Heab'n.

Heab'n, heab'n, Gon-na walk all ob - er God's heab'n.
Heab'n, heab'n, Gon-na sing all ob - er God's heab'n.
Heab'n, heab'n, Gon-na shout all ob - er God's heab'n,

CODA. *After last stanza only.*

Gonna shout all ob - er God's heab'n. Hum . . . . . .

No. 121. Look and Live.

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O. EXCELL.

FINE.

1. { I've a message from the Lord, Hal-le-lu-jah! The message un-to you I'll give;
   'Tis re-cord-ed in His Word, Hal-le-lu-jah! It is only that you "look and live." }
2. { I've a message full of love, Hal-le-lu-jah! A message, O my friend, for you;
   'Tis a message from a-bove, Hal-le-lu-jah! Jesus said it, and I know 'tis true. }
3. { Life is of-fered un - to you, Hal-le-lu-jah! E - ter-nal life thy soul shall have;
   If you'll on - ly look to Him, Hal-le-lu-jah! Look to Jesus who alone can save. }
4. { I will tell you how I came, Hal-le-lu-jah! To Jesus when He made me whole;
   'Twas believing on His name, Hal-le-lu-jah! I trust-ed and He saved my soul. }

D.C.—*'Tis recorded in His Word, Hal-le-lu - jah! It is only that you "look and live."*

CHORUS. D.C.

"Look and live," . . . my brother, live, live, live, Look to Je - sus now and live;
"Look and live," my brother, live, "Look and live,"

No. 122. Jesus is Passing This Way.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY W. H DOANE.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Annie L. James. W. H. Doane.

Gently, not too fast.

1. Is there a heart that is wait - ing, Long-ing for par - don to - day?
2. Com-ing in love and in mer - cy, Quick-ly now un - to Him go;
3. Lis - ten, the Spir - it is call - ing, Je - sus will free - ly for - give;
4. He is so ten - der and lov - ing, He is so near you to - day;

Hear the glad mes - sage we bring you, Je - sus is pass - ing this way.
O - pen your heart to re-ceive Him, Par-don and peace He'll be-stow.
Why not this mo - ment ac-cept Him? Trust in God's mer-cy and live.
O - pen your heart to re-ceive Him, While He is pass - ing this way.

REFRAIN.

Je - sus is pass-ing this way, . . . This way . . . . to - day; . . . .
Je - sus is pass-ing, is pass-ing this way, Is pass-ing this way, Is pass-ing to - day;

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

No. 123

Beulah Land.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

No. 124. I'm Living In Canaan Now.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.

1. I am sat - is - fied, what - ev - er may come, Dai - ly un - to
2. With the best of food now my board is spread; Dai - ly now I
3. In this bless-ed coun - try milk and hon-ey flow; Here is fat of
4. In this Ca-naan Land with the good and the blest, I have set-tled

God will I per-form my vow, For my wear-y soul hath found her home;
have the fin - est of the wheat; Here I'm fed up - on the liv - ing bread;
lambs, and here is corn and wine; Here the peace and rest of God I know;
down and nev - er-more will roam; From all doubts and fears my soul doth rest;

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu-jah! I'm liv-ing in Ca-naan now.
Praise the Savior for Canaan, my home so sweet. No more the wil - der-ness
Praise to Je - sus, He tells me this home is mine.
Bless-ed Ca-naan, I'm hap-py and safe at home.

now do I roam, For I'm in Canaan Land, living at home; I'm kept by Je-sus'

pow'r, And I'm resting ev-'ry hour; Hal-le - lu-jah! I'm liv-ing in Ca-naan now.

No. 125 Victory Ahead.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY WILLIAM GRUM.
USED BY PERMISSION.

W. G. Rev. William Grum.

1. When the hosts of Is - ra - el, led by God, Round the walls of Jer - i - cho soft - ly trod, Trust-ing in the Lord, they felt the conq'ror's tread;
2. Da - vid, with a shepherd's sling and five stones, Met the gi - ant on the field all a - lone; Trust-ing in the Lord, he knew what God had said;
3. Dan - iel prayed un - to the Lord thrice each day, Then un - to the li - on's den led the way; Trust-ing in the Lord, he did not fear nor dread;
4. Oft - en with the car - nal mind I was tried; Ask - ing for de- liv - er-ance oft I cried; Trust-ing in the Lord, I reckoned I was dead;
5. When, like those who've gone before to that land, By death's riv - er cold and dark I may stand, Trust-ing in the Lord, I will not fear nor dread;

D. S.—*Trust-ing in the Lord, I feel the conq'ror's tread;*

FINE.

CHORUS.

By faith they saw the vic - to - ry a - head.
By faith he saw the vic - to - ry a - head.
By faith he saw the vic - to - ry a - head. Vic - to - ry a - head!
By faith I saw the vic - to - ry a - head.
By faith I see the vic - to - ry a - head.

By faith I see the vic - to - ry a - head.

D. S.

Vic - to - ry a-head! Thro' the blood of Je - sus, vic - to - ry a-head;

No. 126. Make Room for the Savior.

E. E. Hewitt. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY HAMP SEWELL Hamp Sewell.

1. Make room in your heart for the Sav - ior of men, Who of - fers sal-
2. Make room in your heart for the Sav - ior di - vine, Who suf-fered and
3. Make room in your heart for the Mas - ter of all, And yield Him a
4. Make room in your heart for the Cru - ci - fied One; 'Tis Je - sus who

va - tion for you; He knocked at your door, and is knock-ing a - gain,
died for your sin; Then, bright-ly with - in you, His Spir - it will shine,
serv - ice of joy; A - mid earth-ly tri - als His bless-ings re - call,
pleads for your love; Be faith - ful to Him till your life-work is done,

CHORUS.

And still He is call - ing a - new.
And par-don and peace you shall win. Make room . . . . . in your
For Him ev - 'ry tal - ent em - ploy.
Then praise Him in man-sions a - bove. Make room in your heart, make

heart; . . . . O turn not the Sav - ior a - way; Wide o - pen the
room in your heart;

door To life ev - er-more; Make room in your heart to - day.

No. 127 Why Not Now?

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY C. C. CASE.
USED BY PER.

El Nathan. C. C. Case.

1. While we pray and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wandered far a - way; Do not risk an - oth - er day;
3. In the world you've failed to find Aught of peace for troub - led mind;
4. Come to Christ, con - fes - sion make; Come to Christ, and par - don take;

While our Fa - ther calls you home, Will you not, my brother, come?
Do not turn from God your face, But to - day ac - cept His grace.
Come to Christ, on Him be - lieve, Peace and joy you shall re - ceive.
Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.

CHORUS.

Why not now? . . . why not now? . . Why not come to Je - sus now?
Why not now? why not now?

Why not now? . . why not now? . . Why not come to Je - sus now?
Why not now? why not now?

No. 128 Wonderful Words of Life.

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

1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won-der-ful words of Life;
2. Christ, the bless-ed One, gives to all Won-der-ful words of Life;
3. Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won-der-ful words of Life;

Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won-der-ful words of Life;
Sin - ner list to the lov - ing call, Won-der-ful words of Life;
Of - fer par - don and peace to all, Won-der-ful words of Life;

Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty;
All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en.
Je - sus, on - ly Sav - ior, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er.

CHORUS.

Beau-ti - ful words, won - der - ful words, Won-der - ful words of Life;

Beau-ti - ful words, won - der - ful words, Won - der - ful words of Life.

No. 129 Growing Dearer Each Day.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. How sweet is the love of my Savior! 'T is bound-less and deep as the sea; And best of it all, it is dai - ly Grow-ing sweet - er and sweeter to me.
2. I know He is ev - er be-side me! E - ter - ni - ty on - ly will prove The height and the depth of His mercy, And the breadth of His in - fi - nite love.
3. Wher-ev - er He leads I will fol-low, Thro' sor - row, or shadow, or sun; And tho' I be tried in the fur-nace, I can say, "Lord, Thy will be it done."
4. Some day face to face I shall see Him, And oh, what a joy it will be To know that His love, now so precious, Will for-ev - er grow sweeter to me!

CHORUS.

Sweet - er and sweeter to me, ... Dear - er and
Sweet-er to me, grow - ing sweet-er to me, Dear - er each day,

dear - er each day; . . . Oh, won - - der - ful love of my
grow - ing dear - er each day; Oh, won - der - ful love, love of my

Sav - ior, Grow - ing dear - - er each step of my way!
Sav - ior, Grow - ing dear - er and dear - er each step of my way!

No. 130. Keep the Narrow Way.

Lizzie DeArmond. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.

1. Keep the nar-row path-way lead-ing up to glo - ry, Leave be-hind the
2. Keep the nar-row path-way, joy-ful hearts pos-ses - sing, Show-ing oth - er
3. Keep the nar-row path-way, lo! the Christ hath spo-ken, In His shin - ing

shad - ows of doubt and fear; Tell to those a-round you love's redemption sto-ry,
pilgrims where light doth shine; If your cross grows heavy, sing while onward pressing;
heav-en there's room for you; Not one sin-gle prom-ise ev - er shall be bro-ken,

CHORUS.

Pleas-ant grows the journey when the Lord is near.
Wear - y in life's con-flict, trust His love di-vine. Keep the nar-row way, keep the
Good and faith-ful is the Lord, His word is true.

narrow way, Holding fast to Jesus you can never stray; Leave the world behind you,

Love divine surrounds you, Follow Him where'er He leadeth, Keep the narrow way.

No. 131. Is Your All On the Altar?

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. A. HOFFMAN.

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

1. You have longed for sweet peace, and for faith to in - crease, And have ear - nest - ly, fer - vent-ly prayed; But you can - not have rest, or be
2. Would you walk with the Lord, in the light of His Word, And have peace and con-tent-ment al - way, You must do His sweet will, to be
3. Oh, we nev - er can know what the Lord will be - stow Of the bless - ings for which we have prayed, Till our bod - y and soul He doth
4. Who can tell all the love He will send from a - bove, And how hap - py our hearts will be made, Of the fel - low-ship sweet we shall

D. S.—*You can on - ly be blest and have*

per - fect - ly blest Un - til all on the al - tar is laid.
free from all ill, On the al - tar your all you must lay. Is your all on the
full - y con-trol, And our all on the al - tar is laid.
share at His feet, When our all on the al - tar is laid.

peace and sweet rest, As you yield Him your bod-y and soul.

al - tar of sac - ri-fice laid? Your heart, does the Spir-it con-trol? . . . . .

No. 132 The King's Business.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E O EXCELL
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Dr. E. T. Cassel. **Flora H. Cassel.**

1. I am a stran-ger here, with - in a for - eign land; My home is far a-way, up - on a gold - en strand; Am-bas - sa - dor to be of
2. This is the King's command: that all men, ev - 'ry-where, Re-pent and turn a-way from sin's se - duc - tive snare; That all who will o-bey, with
3. My home is bright - er far than Shar-on's ro - sy plain, E - ter - nal life and joy thro'-out its vast do - main; My Sov'reign bids me tell how

CHORUS.

realms be - yond the sea, I'm here on business for my King.
Him shall reign for aye, And that's my business for my King. This is the
mor - tals there may dwell, And that's my business for my King.

mes - sage that I bring, A message angels fain would sing; "Oh, be ye
reconciled," Thus saith my Lord and King, "Oh, be ye rec-on-ciled to God."

No. 133 The Church in the Wildwood.

W. S. P.

NEW ARRANGEMENT OF WORDS AND MUSIC
COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Dr. William S. Pitts.

1. There's a church in the val-ley by the wild-wood, No love-li-er
2. Oh, come to the church in the wild-wood, To the trees where the
3. How sweet on a clear, Sab-bath morn-ing To list to the
4. From the church in the val-ley by the wild-wood, When day fades a-

spot in the dale; No place is so dear to my child-hood As the
wild flow-ers bloom; Where the part-ing hymn will be chant-ed, We will
clear ring-ing bell; Its tones so sweet-ly are call-ing, Oh,
way in-to night, I would fain from this spot of my child-hood Wing my

D. S.—*No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the*

FINE. CHORUS.

lit-tle brown church in the vale. Come to the
weep by the side of the tomb.
come to the church in the vale.
way to the man-sions of light. Oh, come, come, come, come, come, come,

lit-tle brown church in the vale.

D. S.

church in the wild-wood, Oh, come to the church in the vale;
come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come;

No. 134. Come Unto Me.

E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY D. W. MILAM.

D. Ward Milam.

SOLO.

1. Come, all ye wear - y and op-pressed, O come and I will give you rest;
2. Come, ye that feel the weight of sin, And I will breathe sweet peace within;
3. Come, ye that seem to toil in vain, Be-neath a load of grief and pain;
4. So ten - der - ly my Sav-ior pleads, For all His own He in - ter-cedes;

I'll bid your anx-ious fears de-part, For I am meek and low-ly in heart,
I'll lift the burden from your heart, For-give-ness I will free - ly im-part,
Come, cast on Me your ev - 'ry care, The yoke of bless - ed fel-low-ship wear,
And still He's call-ing, Come to Me, And ye shall find rest un - to your soul,

ad lib.

For I am meek and low - ly in heart, And I will give you rest.
For - give-ness I will free - ly im-part, And I will give you rest.
The yoke of bless-ed fel-low-ship wear, And I will give you rest.
For I am meek and low - ly in heart, And I will give you rest.

CHORUS.

Ye that la - bor and are heav - y - la - den, come to Me, (to Me,)

Come, come, come, ... and learn of Me; . . . .
Take My yoke, My yoke up - on you, and learn, and learn of Me, of Me;

Come Unto Me.

My yoke is eas - y, My bur - den is light, . . .
For My yoke is eas - y, and My bur-den is light, My bur-den is light,

is eas - - y, My bur - - den is light, ...

My yoke is eas - - y, My bur - den is light, . . .
For My yoke is eas - y, and My bur-den is light, My bur-den is light,

rit.

Come, come, Come, and I . . will give you rest.
Come, O come,

No. 135. O Could I Speak.

Samuel Medley. Lowell Mason.

1. O could I speak the match-less worth, O could I sound the glories forth, Which in my Sav-ior shine,

I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings, In notes al-most di - vine, In notes al - most di - vine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine;
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all His glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see His face;
Then with my Savior, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

No. 136. Rescued.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.

1. So far I had wandered, deep stains were with-in; For life I had squandered in pleas-ures of sin; No friend was be-side me to cheer me a-long; No light gleamed to guide me a-mid the great throng.
2. I wast-ed the treas-ures of heart and of mind; I lived just for pleas-ure, yet none could I find; I fol-lowed the high-ways and tried to be glad; I fol-lowed the by-ways, and yet was so sad.
3. In chains I was liv-ing, while dear ones all grieved; My best I was giv-ing, the worst I re-ceived; My life was so drear-y, so far from the light; My soul was so wear-y, so long was the night.

CHORUS.

But Je - - sus has found me, . . His own . . . He has crowned me, . .
But Jesus has found me, has found me at last; His own He has crowned me, is hiding my past;

His arms . . . are a-round me, . . And so I am hap-py to-day. . . .
His arms are a-round me, a-round me at last; so hap-py to-day.

Rescued.

With me . . . . He is dwell-ing, . . His sto - ry I'm tell-ing, ...
With me He is dwelling, my wand'rings are o'er, His story I'm telling with joy more and more,

His praise . . . ev-er swell-ing, . . With joy on the heav-en-ly way.
His praise ev-er swelling, while Him I a-dore,

No. 137 Why Do You Wait?

G. F. R.

COPYRIGHT, 1878, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
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Geo. F. Root.

1. Why do you wait, dear broth-er, Oh, why do you tar - ry so long?
2. What do you hope, dear broth-er, To gain by a fur-ther de - lay?
3. Do you not feel, dear broth-er, His Spir - it now striv-ing with - in?
4. Why do you wait, dear broth-er?— The har-vest is pass-ing a - way,

Your Sav-ior is waiting to give you A place in His sanc-ti-fied throng.
There's no one to save you but Je - sus, There's no oth-er way but His way.
Oh, why not accept His sal - va - tion, And throw off thy bur - den of sin?
Your Sav-ior is longing to bless you, There's danger and death in de - lay.

CHORUS.

Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now? now?

No. 138. A Little More Love.

Fowler Glenn. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.

1. There are hearts that are bruised by the tempt - er, There are
2. There are souls that are stray-ing in dark - ness, There are
3. Just a lit - tle more love giv - en free - ly, Just a

troub - led ones toss-ing on life's wild sea; Let them hear the sweet
ione - ly ones liv - ing in grief and pain; Try to lead them to
lit - tle more light where the way is dim, Just a lit - tle more

mes - sage of Je - sus Who is read - y their Sav - ior to be.
Je - sus who loves them, That sweet com - fort they all may ob - tain.
work for the Mas - ter, May win man - y a sin - ner for Him.

CHORUS.

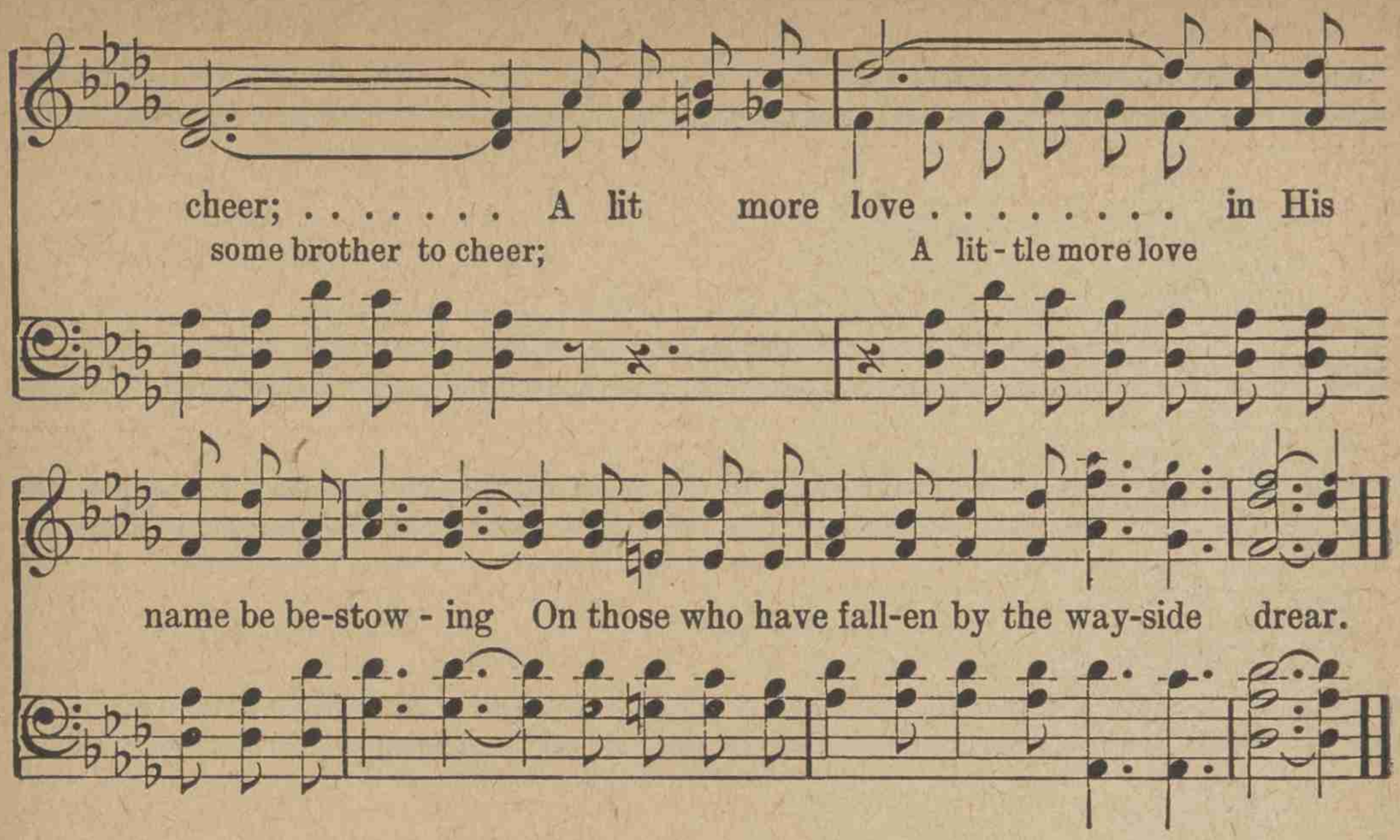
A lit - tle more love . . . . . for the Mas-ter be show - ing.

A lit-tle more love

Some bur - den to lift, ... and some broth-er to

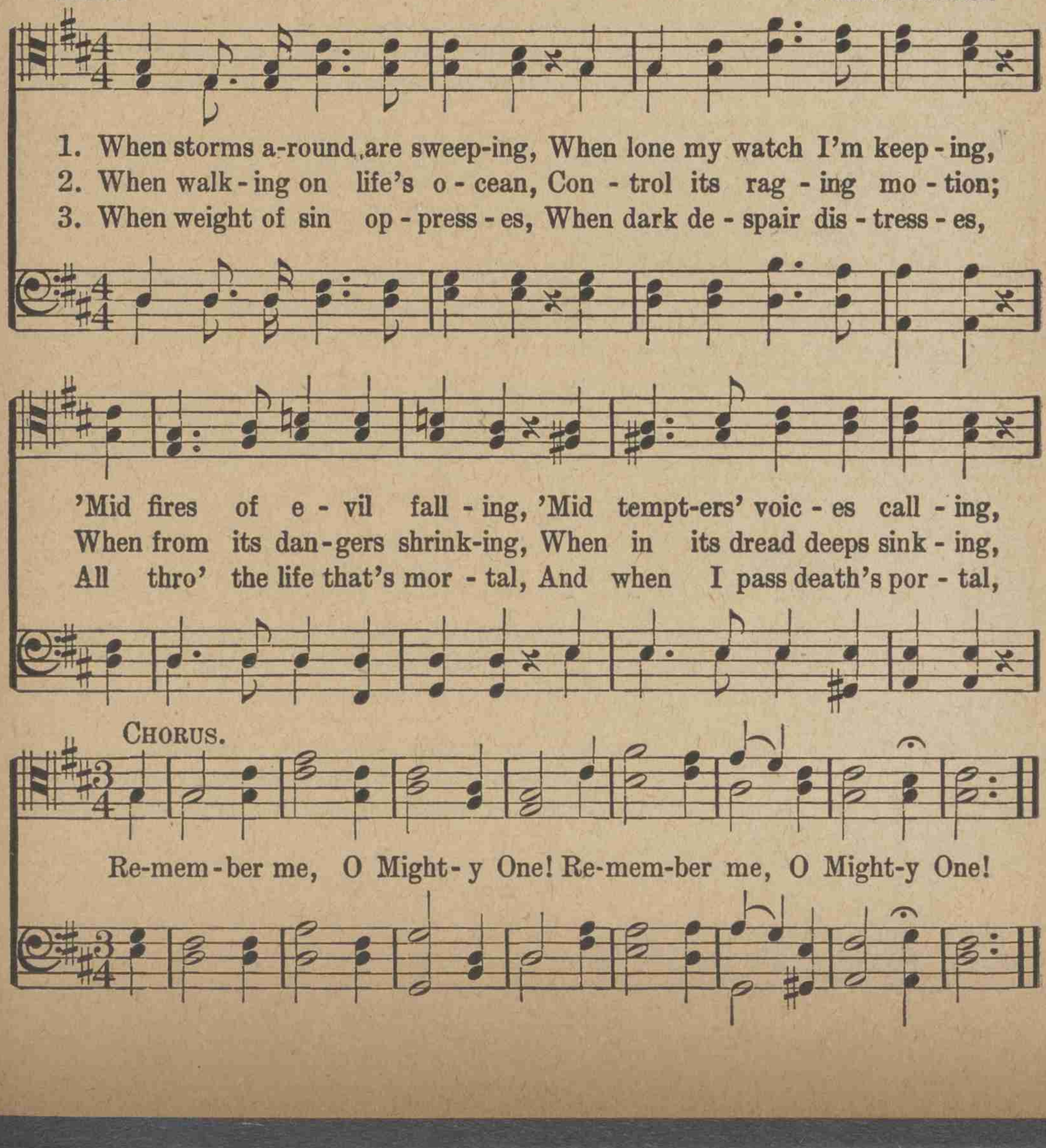
Some bur - den to lift,

A Little More Love.



No. 139. Remember Me, O Mighty One.

Anon. Joanna Kinkel.



No. 140. The Glory-Land Train.

Arr. H. S. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.

1. There's a train bound for Highlands in Glo - ry, It is leav-ing Life's Sta - tion to - day; Since you may not be here on the mor - row, Come a-board, not a mo - ment de - lay.
2. There's a track built of Love on the High - way, For redeemed ones this Highway was made; No more curves, o-pen switches, nor tun - nels, It's a thro' train, and 'twill not be de - layed.
3. Je - sus will be on board, the Con-duct - or, He will bear all your bur - den of sin, He will pass all on board and introduce you To the Fa - ther who will wel - come you in.
4. No buf - fets, second class, and no smok-ers, Pal - ace cars of Full Sal - va - tion, fine, Din - ing cars, fruits of Ca-naan in a-bundance, On the first fruits and the old corn you may dine.
5. Oh, this grand, bless-ed train—Full Sal-va - tion— With the saints and with an - gels we'll meet, With the throngs in white robes gone before us, There to-geth-er we will bow at His feet.

CHORUS.

All a-board for the Highlands in Glo - ry, All a - board for the Gold - en Strand, All your loved ones bring with you—the trip will be joy-ful, All a-board for the Glo - ry - land.

No. 141 Some O' These Days.

Arr. by Hamp Sewell.

1. I'm a - go - na walk on the streets of glo - - - - ry,
2. I'm a - go - na sing an' a - shout fer ev - - - - - er,
3. I'm a - go - na see my a - saint - ed moth - - - - er,
4. I'm a - go - na see my a - bless - ed Sav - - - - ior,

I'm a - go - na walk on the streets of glory some o' these days, hal-le - lu - yah!
I'm a - go - na sing an' a-shout fer ev-er some o' these days, hal-le - lu - yah!
I'm a - go - na see my a - sainted moth-er some o' these days, hal-le - lu - yah!
I'm a - go - na see my a - bless-ed Savior some o' these days, hal-le - lu - yah!

I'm a - go - na walk on the streets of glo - - - - ry, Gon-na
I'm a - go - na sing an' a-shout fer ev - - - - - er, Gon-na
I'm a - go - na see my a-saint - ed moth - - - - er, Gon-na
I'm a - go - na see my a-bless - ed Sav - - - - ior, Gon-na

walk on the streets of glo - ry some o' these days . . . . . .
sing an' a - shout fer ev - er some o' these days . . . . . .
see my a - saint - ed moth - er some o' these days . . . . . .
see my a - bless - ed Sav - ior some o' these days . . . . . .

No. 142 O My Soul, Bless Thou Jehovah.

From Donizetti,
by Hamp Sewell.

Psalm 103.

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY HAMP SEWELL.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

No. 143 Jesus Will!

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY W. E. BIEDERWOLF.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Ina Duley Ogdon. B. D. Ackley.

1. Who will o - pen mercy's door? Je - sus will! Je-sus will!
2. Who can take a-way my sin? Je - sus will! Je-sus will!
3. Who can conquer doubts and fears? Je - sus will! Je-sus will!
4. Who will be my dearest Friend? Je - sus will! Je-sus will!

Je - sus will! Je - sus will!

As for par - don I im - plore? Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus will!
Make me pure, with-out, with - in? Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus will!
Share my joys and dry my tears? Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus will!
Love and keep me to the end? Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus will!

REFRAIN.

Je - sus will, Je - sus will! Yes, your lov - ing Sav-ior will;
sure - ly will;

He will each and ev - 'ry need ful - fill, Je-sus, bless-ed Je - sus will!

No. 144. In the Secret of His Presence.

"Thou shalt hide them in the secret of thy presence."—PSALM 31: 20.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS.

Ellen Lakshmi Goreh, of India. RENEWAL. Geo. C. Stebbins.

Slowly.

1. In the se - cret of His pres-ence how my soul de-lights to hide! Oh, how pre-cious are the les - sons which I learn at Je - sus' side! Earth-ly cares can nev-er vex me, nei-ther tri-als lay me low; For when Sa-tan comes to
2. When my soul is faint and thirst-y, 'neath the shad-ow of His wing There is cool and pleas-ant shel - ter, and a fresh and crys - tal spring; And my Sav-ior rests be-side me, as we hold communion sweet: If I tried, I could not
3. On - ly this I know: I tell Him all my doubts, my griefs and fears; Oh, how pa - tient - ly He lis - tens! and my droop-ing soul He cheers: Do you think He ne'er reproves me? What a false friend He would be, If He nev-er, nev - er
4. Would you like to know the sweetness of the se - cret of the Lord? Go and hide be-neath His shad-ow: this shall then be your re - ward; And when- e'er you leave the si-lence of that hap-py meeting place, You must find and bear the

rit.

tempt me, to the se - cret place I go, to the se - cret place I go.
ut - ter what He says when thus we meet, what He says when thus we meet.
told me of the sins which He must see, of the sins which He must see.
im - age of the Mas - ter in your face, of the Mas - ter in your face.

No. 145 A Sinner Made Whole.

W. M. Lighthall.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

DUET. Tenor and Baritone. (As sung by Gabriel & Excell.)

1. There's a song in my heart that my lips can-not sing, 'T is praise in the

SOLO or QUARTET.

2. I shall stand one day fault-less and pure by His throne, Trans-formed from my
3. All the mu-sic of heav-en, so per-fect and sweet, Will blend with my

high-est to Je-sus, my King; Its mu-sic each mo-ment is thrill-ing my soul,
im-age, con-formed to His own; Then I shall find words for the song of my soul,
song and will make it com-plete; Thro' a-ges un-end-ing the ech-oes will roll,

D. S.—*My heart it is sing-ing, the an-them is ring-ing,*

FINE. CHORUS.

For I was a sin-ner, but Christ made me whole. A sin-ner made whole! a
For I was a sin-ner, but Christ made me whole. A sin-ner made whole! a
For I was a sin-ner, but Christ made me whole.

sin-ner made whole! The Sav-ior hath bought me and ran-somed my soul!
sin-ner made whole! The Sav-ior hath bought me and ran-somed my soul!

rit. D. S.

No. 146 I Shall Be Satisfied.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY HAMP SEWELL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

James Rowe. Hamp Sewell.

1. Aft - er the tri - als of earth have been past, Aft - er my foes all a-
2. If to the end I can trust-ing - ly cling, Tell-ing the sto - ry of
3. If I may rest at His feet ev - er - more, Yon-der, where an-gels ho-

side have been cast, If I may see my Re - deem - er at last,
Heav-en's own King, Till with the an - gels His prais - es I sing,
san - nas out - pour, All thro' e - ter - ni - ty praise and a - dore,

CHORUS.

I shall be sat - is - fied. I . . . . shall be sat - is-
I shall be sat - is - fied, I shall be
fied, I . . . . shall be sat - is - fied;
sat - is - fied, I shall be sat - is - fied, I shall be sat - is - fied;

Earth's shadows past—like my Sav-ior at last— I shall be sat - is - fied.

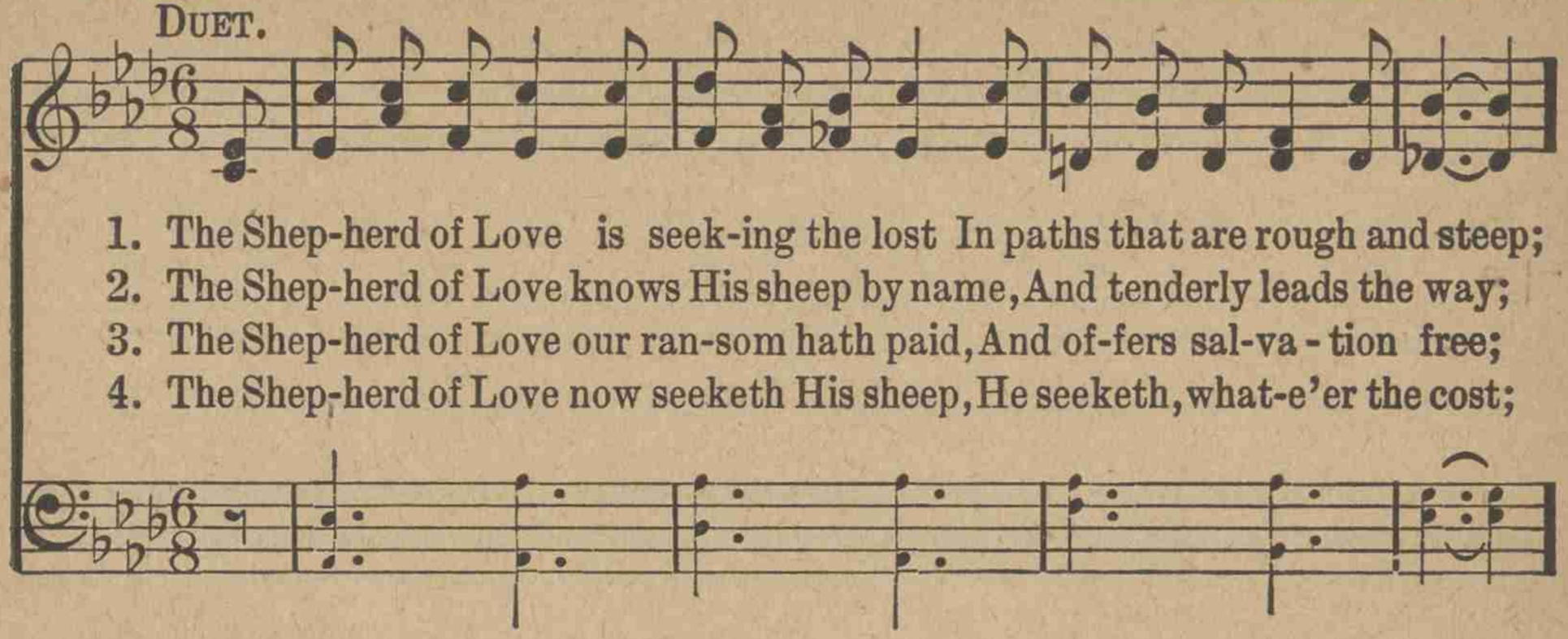
No. 147. The Shepherd of Love.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY ALBERT SIMPSON REITZ.

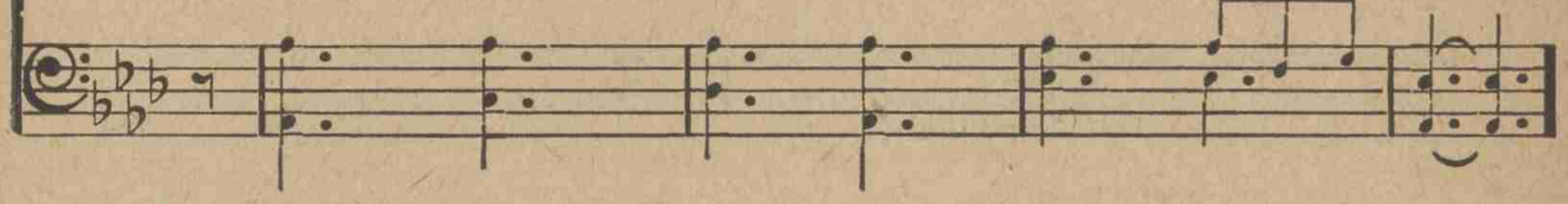
A. S. R. Albert Simpson Reitz.

DUET.

1. The Shep-herd of Love is seek-ing the lost In paths that are rough and steep;
2. The Shep-herd of Love knows His sheep by name, And tenderly leads the way;
3. The Shep-herd of Love our ran-som hath paid, And of-fers sal-va - tion free;
4. The Shep-herd of Love now seeketh His sheep, He seeketh, what-e'er the cost;



He's calling the lambs that have gone astray, He's call-ing, call-ing His sheep.
O wear-y one, come to the Shepherd's fold, He's call-ing, call-ing to - day.
He's pa-tient-ly wait-ing for thee to come, He's call-ing, call-ing for thee.
Be - hold, He is call-ing the wand'rer home, He's call-ing, call-ing the lost.



CHORUS.



Out of your darkness of sin and shame, In - to His love for - ev - er the same,
Call - ing, call - ing, Call - ing, call - ing,



Come to Him now, be-lieve on His name, O an-swer the call to - day.



No. 148 Why Not Say Yes To-night?

Effie Wells Loucks. USED BY PER., WINONA PUB. CO. **Louis D. Eichhorn.**

Duet.

1. O why not say yes to the Sav - ior to-night? He's ten - der - ly
2. For with you the Spir - it will not al-ways plead,—O do not re-
3. Take Christ as your Sav-ior, then all shall be well, The mor-row let

plead-ing with thee To come to Him now with thy sin - bur-dened heart
ject Him to - night! To-mor - row may bring you the dark-ness of death,
bring what it may; His love shall pro - tect you, His Spir - it shall guide,

CHORUS.

For par-don so full and so free.....
Un - bro - ken by heav - en - ly light.... so free.
And safe - ly keep you in His way..... heav'nly light. His way.

Why not say Yes to the night?..... Why not? Why not? While He so
Why not say Yes to the Sav - ior to - night? Say Yes! Say Yes!

Why not say Yes? Why not to - night?

gen-tly, so ten-der - ly pleads? O ac-cept Him to - night!.....
ac - cept Him to - night!

No. 149 Though Your Sins Be As Scarlet.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY W. H. DOANE. RENEWAL.
F. T. DOANE, OWNER.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.

DUET. *Gently.*

1. "'Tho' your sins be as scar-let, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;
2. Hear the voice that entreats you, O re-turn ye un-to God! to God!
3. He'll for-give your transgressions, And remember them no more; no more;

QUARTET.

Tho' they be red..... like crim-son, They shall be as wool;"
He is of great..... com-pas-sion, And of won-drous love;
"Look un-to Me,..... ye peo-ple," Saith the Lord your God;

(1) Tho' they be red

DUET. *p* QUARTET. *f*

"'Tho' your sins be as scar-let, Tho' your sins be as scar-let,
Hear the voice that en-treats you, Hear the voice that en-treats you,
He'll for-give your transgressions, He'll for-give your trans-gres-sions,

p rit.

They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
O re-turn ye un-to God! O re-turn ye un-to God!
And re-mem-ber them no more, And re-mem-ber them no more.

No. 150 Raise Me, Jesus, to Thy Bosom.

Geo. Birdseye.

COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY W. F. SHAW.
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Wm. A. Huntley.

DUET.

1. Raise me, Je - sus, to Thy bos - om, From this world . . . of sin and woes; . .
2. Raise me, Je - sus, to Thy bos - om, For my heart . . . is slave to fear, . .
3. Raise me, Je - sus, to Thy bos - om, Hear a con - trite spir-it's prayer; .

Let me feel Thine arms a - round me, Then my soul may know re - pose. . .
That will van - ish as a shad - ow, When it feels Thy pres - ence near. . .
Raise me from the sin a - round me Ere I yield me to de - spair. . .

SOLO.

I am wear-y with my bur-den, And I come to Thee for rest; . . Knee-ling at Thy feet, I
In my anguish deign to hear me All my sin and grief con - fess; . . By the promise Thou hast
Oh, I feel that Thou wilt hear me, And will give me ho - ly rest; . . Now I feel Thy glo - ry

CHORUS or QUARTET.

pray Thee Lift me, Je - sus, to Thy breast. . .
giv - en, Lift me, Je - sus, to Thy breast. . . Raise me, Je-sus, to Thy bos - om, From this
near me, Lift me, Je - sus, to Thy breast. . .

world of sin and woes; Let me feel Thine arms a - round me, Then my soul may know re-pose.

No. 151 How Sweet is His Love.

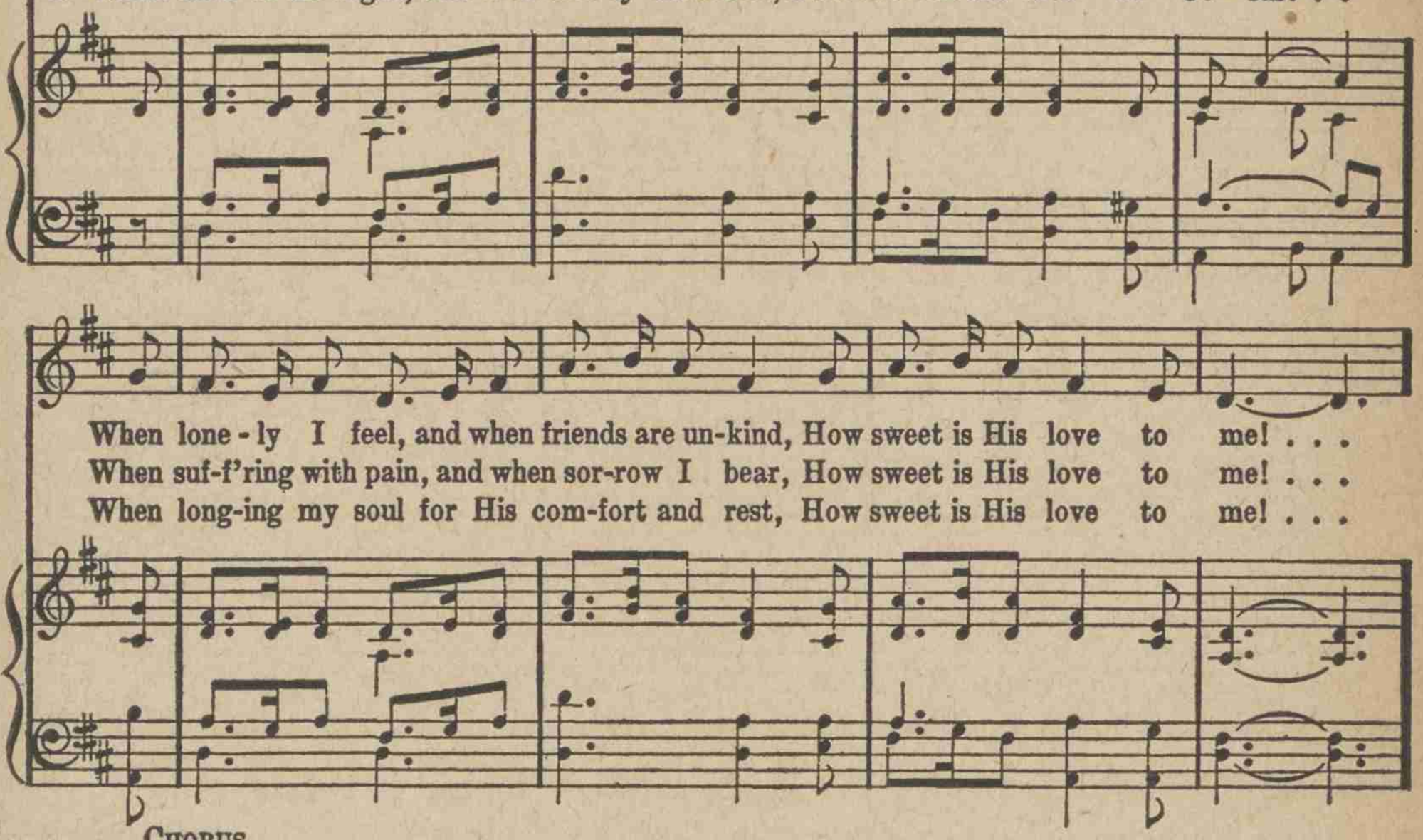
James Rowe.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

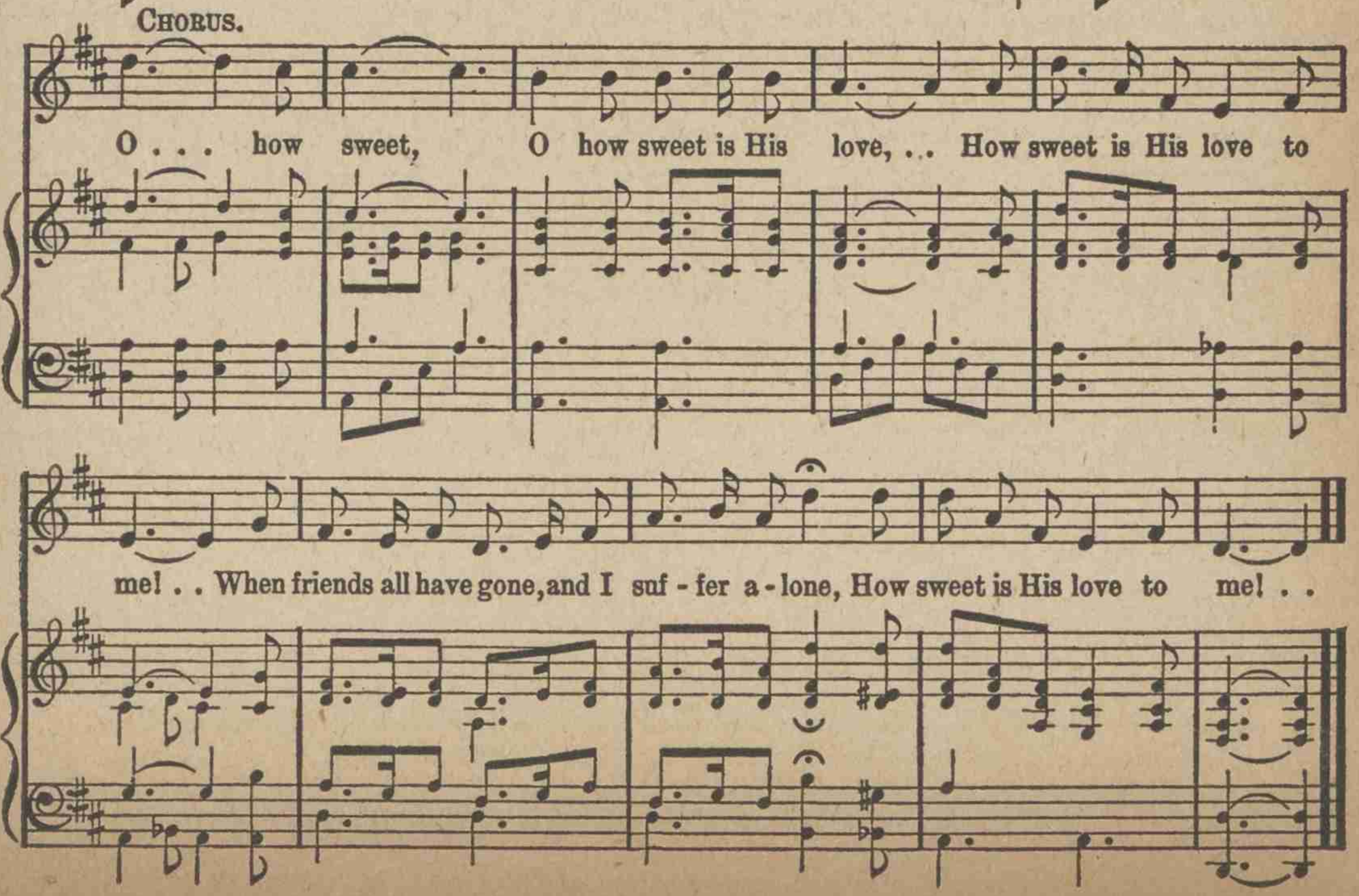
E. O. Excell.



1. When troub-led my soul, and when peace I would find, How sweet is the love of Je - sus! . .
2. When faint-ing and help-less I fall in de - spair, How sweet is the. love of Je - sus! . .
3. When dark is the night, and when sore-ly distressed, How sweet is the love of Je - sus! . .



When lone - ly I feel, and when friends are un-kind, How sweet is His love to me! . . .
When suf-f'ring with pain, and when sor-row I bear, How sweet is His love to me! . . .
When long-ing my soul for His com-fort and rest, How sweet is His love to me! . . .



CHORUS.

O . . . how sweet, O how sweet is His love, . . . How sweet is His love to me! . . When friends all have gone, and I suf - fer a - lone, How sweet is His love to me! . .

No. 152 Some Mother's Boy.

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY R. KELSO CARTER.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

W. M.

W. Macomber.
Arr. by R. K. Carter.

1. Out in the streets of the cit - y, Some mother's wan-d'ring boy,
2. Reck-less-ly on in his blind - ness, Break-ing an oft-plight-ed vow;
3. Hark! 'tis the voice of the Sav - ior, Call - ing so ten - der-ly, "Come!"

Out where no kind heart will pit - y, Some moth-er's wan - d'ring boy;
Stamping the brand of sin's hard-ness O'er a fair, no - ble brow;
Now He is seek-ing the lost one, Read - y to wel-come him home:

Once when in days of child - hood He knelt at her feet to pray;
Long-ing some glad day to con - quer, Seek-ing his con-science to drown,
Go bear the news of sal - va - tion To each sin-sick soul, with joy,

But 'tis the oft - told sto - ry,— Tempt-ed and led a - stray.
Mad - ly drain-ing the wine - cup,— Some moth-er's boy goes down.
God still lin-gers in mer - cy, Call - ing the wan-d'ring boy.

No. 153 His Love Can Never Fail.

E. S. Hall. COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.

DUET. Tenor and Baritone. (As sung by Gabriel & Excell.)

1. I do not ask to see the way My feet will have to tread, But on - ly that my

SOLO or QUARTET.

2. And if my feet would go a-stray, They can-not, for I know That Je - sus guides my
3. I will not fear, tho' dark-ness come A-broad o'er all the land, If I may on - ly

soul may feed Up - on the liv - ing bread; 'T is bet - ter far that I should walk By

fal-t'ring steps, As joy - ful - ly I go; And tho' I may not see His face, My
feel the touch Of His own lov - ing hand; And tho' I trem - ble when I think How

faith close to His side; I may not know the way I go, But oh, I know my Guide.

FINE.

faith is strong and clear That in each hour of sore dis - tress, My Sav - ior will be near.
weak I am, how frail, My soul is sat - is - fied to know His love can nev-er fail.

D. S.—*My soul is sat - is - fied to know His love can nev-er fail.*

CHORUS or QUARTET.

D. S.

His love . . . can nev - er fail, His love . . . can nev - er fail;
His love can nev - er fail. His love can nev - er fail;

His love . . . can nev - er fail, His love . . . can nev - er fail;
His love can nev - er fail. His love can nev - er fail;

No. 154 There's Some One Who Cares.

J. P. L.

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CONTROLLED BY E. A. HOFFMAN.

J. P. Lowry.

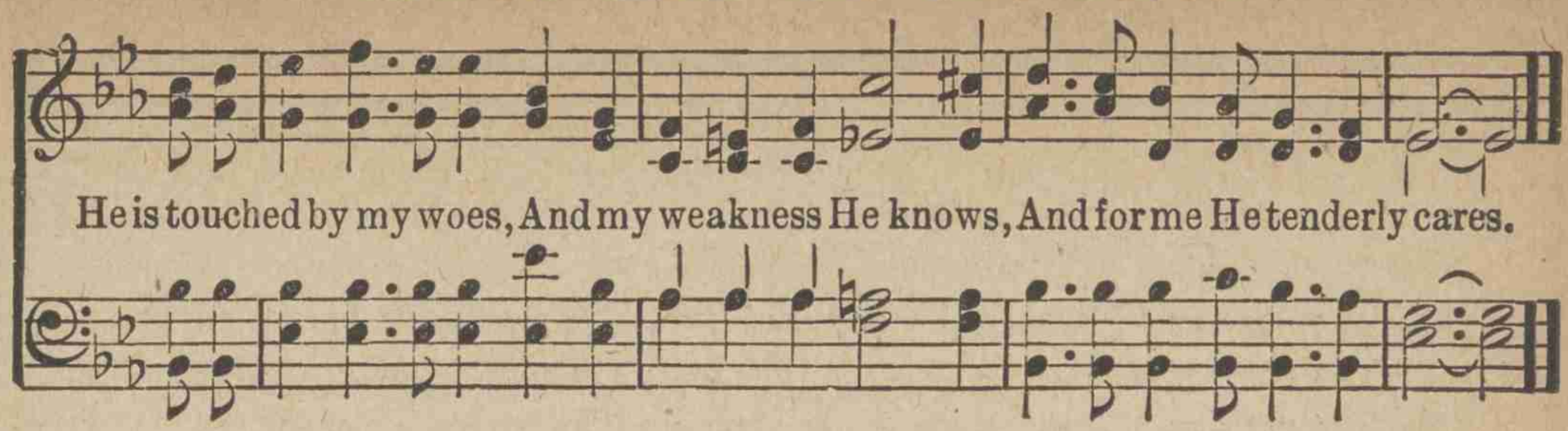
1. When by friends I'm for - sak - en There's some One who cares; When by sin o - ver - tak - en There's some One who cares; When the world turns a-
2. When my hopes turn to ash - es There's some One who cares; When the wild tem-pest lash - es There's some One who cares; When my heart cries with-
3. When my heart is re - pent-ing There's some One who cares; When my will is re - lent - ing There's some One who cares; When I fall at His

way, And I scarcely can pray, I know there is some One who cares.
in, All be-cause of my sin, I know there is some One who cares.
feet, And my sto - ry re-peat, 'Tis Je - sus my Sav - ior who cares.

CHORUS.

There's some One who cares, There's some One who cares, My joys and my sorrows He shares;
Jesus shares;

There's Some One Who Cares.

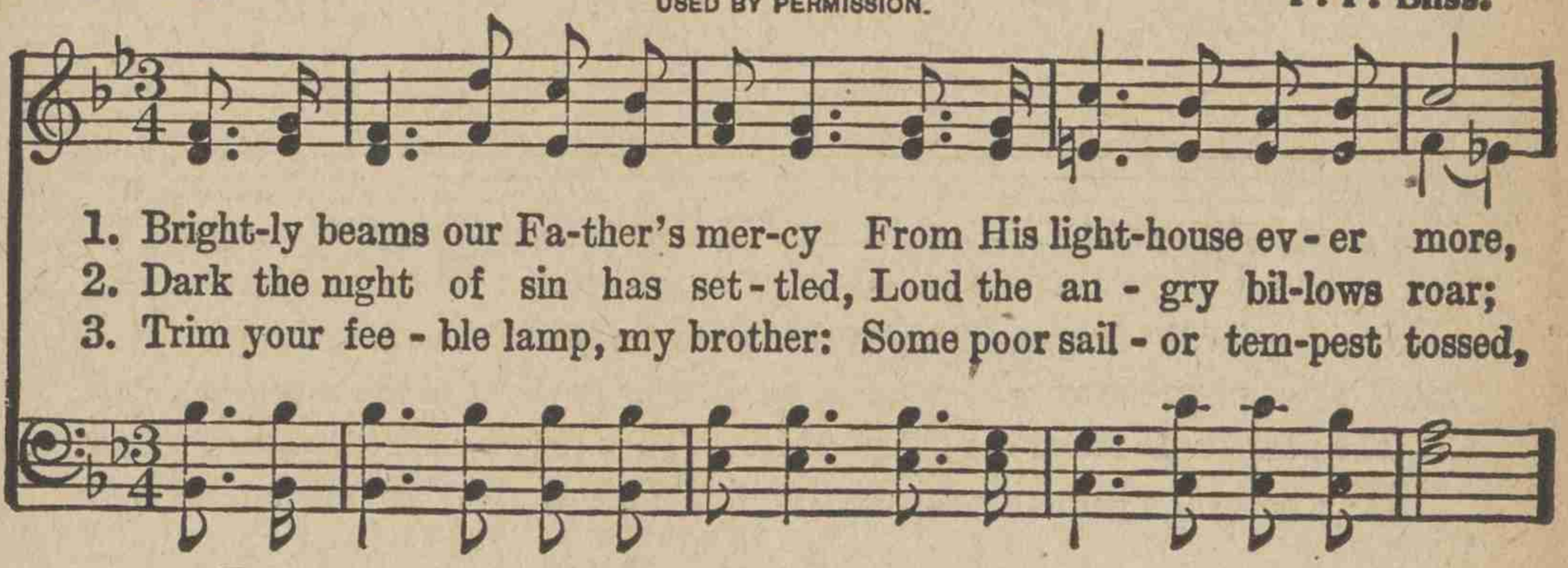


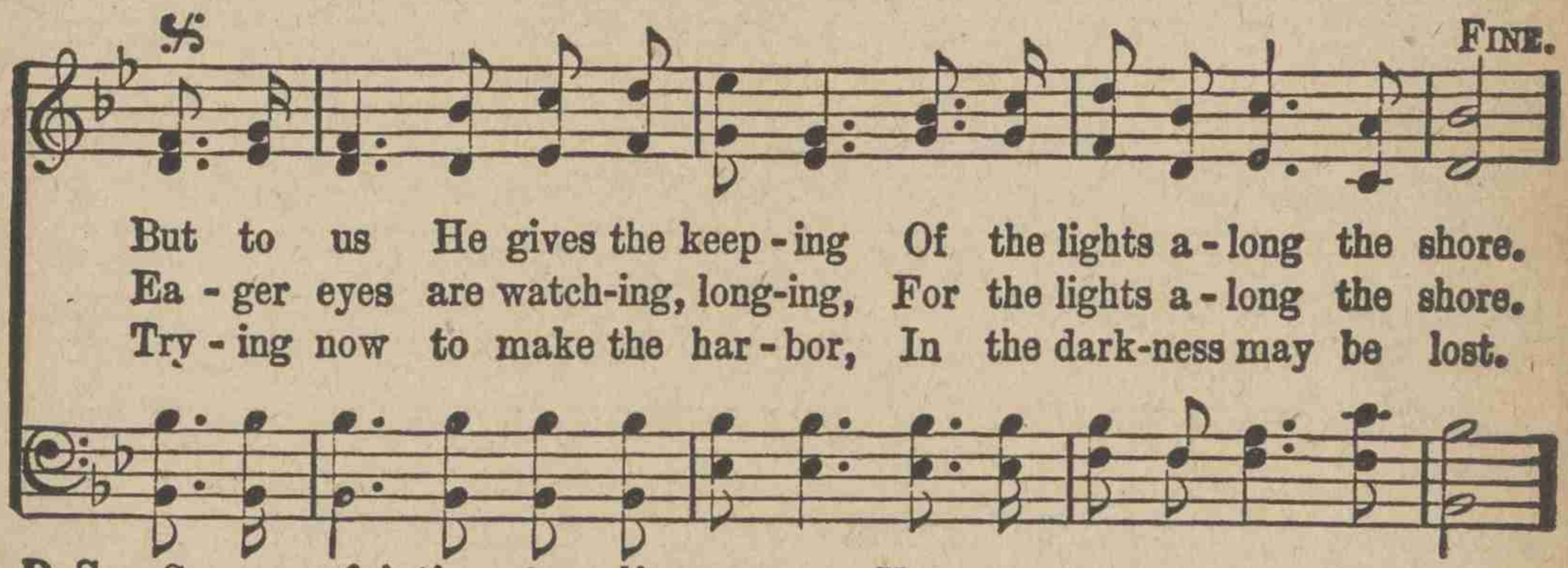
No. 155 Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

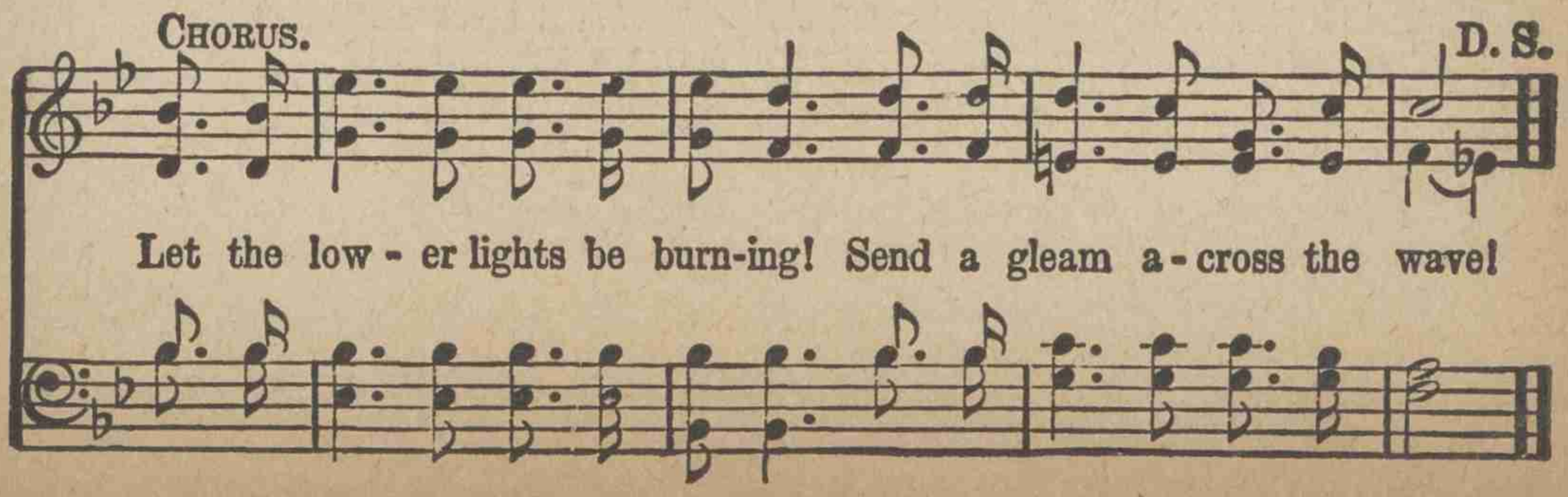
P. P. B.

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P. P. Bliss.







No. 156 The Nearer, The Sweeter.

Jesse P. Tompkins.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

B. D. Ackley.

DUET.

1. The near-er I reach the end of life, The sweeter is Home to me;
2. The near-er the fad - ing of the leaf, The brighter the col - ors grow;
3. The near-er I reach the banks of bloom, The fair-er the breez - es blow;
4. The near-er I reach the Morning Land, The fair-er the gold - en light;

I long for the fragrant flow'rs that grow On the banks of the Crystal Sea.
I sigh, when the evening shad-ows fall, For the light of the morn-ing glow.
The near-er I reach the Fount of Love, Then the sweeter the waters flow.
My eyes in the gath'ring mists grow dim, Then the clearer im-mor-tal sight.

CHORUS.

Home, Home, Heav-en - ly Home, Fair are my dreams of thee; The

near-er I reach the end of time, The sweet-er thou art to me.

No. 157 Drifting Away From God.

F. A. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Frank A. Simpkins.

DUET. Tenor and Baritone. (As sung by Gabriel & Excell.)

1. Drift - ing a - way from the Sav - ior, Drift - ing to lands un - known,
2. Drift - ing a - way from the Sav - ior, He who would bear your load;

SOLO or QUARTET.

3. Drift - ing a - way from the Sav - ior, Fear - less - ly on you go;
4. Drift - ing a - way from the Sav - ior, E - ven the an - gels weep;

Drift - ing a - way by night and by day, Drift - ing, yes, drift - ing a - lone.
Drift - ing a - way by night and by day, Drift - ing, yes, drift - ing from God.

Drift - ing a - way by night and by day, Drift - ing to re - gions of woe.
Still you drift on with mirth and with song, Out on the fath - om - less deep.

REFRAIN.

Drift - ing a - way from the Sav - ior, Drift - ing a - way from His love, While the

Drift - ing a - way from the Sav - ior, Drift - ing a - way from His love, While the

Sav - ior is ten - der - ly call - ing, You are drift - ing a - way from God.

Sav - ior is ten - der - ly call - ing, You are drift - ing a - way from God.

No. 158

He Loves Even Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

S. L.

Scott Lawrence.

1. When I think of my Sav-ior's great love, In com-ing from Heav-en a-
2. When I think of the thorns on His brow, Seems as if I can see Je-sus
3. When I think how He saves me from sin, Though oft-en un-grate-ful I've

bove, To die on the tree For a sin-ner like me, I am sure that He
now, As He suf-fered for me, That my soul might be free: I am sure that He
been, My vow I re-new, "To be faith-ful and true;" I am sure that He

CHORUS.

loves e-ven me. I am sure that He loves e-ven me, . . .

I am sure that He loves e-ven me; . . . . And His love is so

sweet, Makes my joy so complete When I think how He loves e-ven me. . . .

No. 159 Is It Not Wonderful?

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

S. L. Scott Lawrence.

1. I heard a voice saying, "Come unto Me," Is it not won-der - ful? . .
2. When I am tempted, to Je-sus I go; Is it not won-der - ful? . .
3. I have not found such a friend an-y-where; Is it not won-der - ful? . .

"I have redeemed thee, from sin set you free;" Is it not won-der - ful? . .
Strength He doth give me to conquer each foe; Is it not won-der - ful? . .
He nev-er leaves me lest I should despair; Is it not won-der - ful? . .

CHORUS.

Is it not won-der - ful? . . Is it not won - der - ful? . . His
dy-ing for me, From my sins set me free, Is it not won-der - ful?

No. 160 My Father Planned It All.

H. H. Pierson.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. What tho' the way be lone - ly, And dark the shad - ows fall;
2. The sun may shine to - mor - row, The shad - ows break and flee;
3. He guides my halt - ing foot-steps A - long the wear - y way,
4. A day of light and glad-ness, On which no shade will fall,

I know, wher-e'er it lead - eth, My Fa - ther planned it all. . .
'Twill be the way He choos - es,—The Fa-ther's plan for me. . . .
For well He knows the path - way Will lead to end - less day. . . .
'Tis this at last a - waits me— My Fa-ther planned it all. . . .

CHORUS.

I sing thro' shade and sun - shine, And trust what - e'er be - fall;
His way is best—it leads to rest; My Fa-ther planned it all.

No. 161 Better Than I Know.

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Ina Duley Ogdon. B. D. Ackley.

*DUET.

1. Christ found me lost in sorrow's night, Up-on my soul a crim-son blight;
2. He drew me to His lov-ing heart, And bade me nev-er-more de-part;
3. When I, in weakness, al-most fail, Still does His love for me pre-vail,

My stain of sin He made as snow,—He loves me bet-ter than I know.
No love like His, a-bove, be-low,—He loves me bet-ter than I know.
Still does He grace and mer-cy show; He loves me bet-ter than I know.

CHORUS.

He loves me bet-ter than I know; Wher-e'er I stray His love will go—

There is no oth-er loves me so, He loves me bet-ter than I know.

*Play the upper grace notes with the large notes on the G Clef and the grace notes on the F Clef for Accompaniment, if used as a Soprano Solo or as a Soprano and Alto Duet.

Play the lower grace notes with the large notes on the G Clef and the grace notes on the F Clef for Accompaniment, if used as a Tenor Solo or as a Tenor and Alto Duet.

No. 162. Where the Blood Can Heal!

*Yea, when thou hast tried all else but to fail, Make you yet, still the one appeal, With a faith that's strong in the sentence sure, You must come where the blood can heal.

F. L. E. COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY F. L. EILAND. F. L. Eiland.

1. Do you seek re - lief for your sin - sick soul? You to Christ, then, must make ap - peal, There's no oth - er one who can make you whole,
2. Vain are all your hopes of an - oth - er cure, Be per-suad - ed, you now, to feel, Help a - lone, thro' Christ, that you can se - cure,
3. Oth - er prof-fered aids can but you de - ceive, At your will, un - to life, they steal! You must look to Christ, if you'd hope re - ceive,
4. Hear you not? 'tis there a de - coy - ing voice, Striv-ing ev - er, to quench thy zeal, Would you from Him turn, ref - uge safe to find,
5. If you would a - rise from your bed of pain, To the coun - sel of Christ then kneel, 'Tis pre-scribed by Him, and, your on - ly hope,

D.S.—*There's no oth - er one who can make you whole,*

FINE. REFRAIN. *May repeat softly.*

You must come where the blood can heal! You must come where the

You must come where the blood can heal!

D.S.

blood can heal, You must come where the blood can heal,

*Text stanza may be used with the music.

No. 163 Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

C. H. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY H. L. GILMOUR.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je - sus come
2. If 'tis for pu - ri - ty now that you sigh, Let Je - sus come
3. If there's a tem-pest your voice can - not still, Let Je - sus come
4. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je - sus come

in - to your heart; If you de - sire a new life to be - gin,
in - to your heart; Fountains for cleansing are flow - ing near by,
in - to your heart; If there's a void this world nev - er can fill,
in - to your heart; If you would en - ter the mansions of rest,

CHORUS.

Let Je - sus come in - to your heart. Just now, your

doubtings give o'er; Just now, re - ject Him no more; Just now, throw

o - pen the door; Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.

No. 164 There is Pow'r in the Blood.

L. E. J.

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

L. E. Jones.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

Wonder-working pow'r in the blood of the Lamb; There is
in the blood of the Lamb;

pow'r, pow'r, Wonder-working pow'r In the pre-cious blood of the Lamb.
there is pow'r,

No. 165

I Am Resolved.

Palmer Hartsough.

COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY FILLMORE BROS.
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J. H. Fillmore.

1. I am resolved no lon - ger to lin - ger, Charmed by the world's de-light;
2. I am resolved to go to the Sav - ior, Leav-ing my sin and strife;
3. I am resolved to fol - low the Sav - ior, Faith-ful and true each day;
4. I am resolved to en - ter the Kingdom, Leav-ing the paths of sin;

Things that are high-er, things that are no - bler, These have al-lured my sight.
He is the true One, He is the just One, He hath the words of life.
Heed what He say - eth, do what He will - eth, He is the liv - ing way.
Friends may op-pose me, foes may be - set me, Still will I en - ter in.

CHORUS.

I will has-ten to Him, Has-ten so glad and free;
I will has-ten, has-ten to Him, Has-ten so glad and free;
Hasten glad and free;

Je - sus, Great - est, High - est, I will come to Thee.
Je - sus, Je - sus,

No. 166 He Loves Me.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS. Arr.

1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sov-'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up - on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,
4. Thus might I hide my blush - ing face While His dear cross ap - pears;
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe:

Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y! grace un - known! And love be - yond de - gree!
When Christ, the might - y Mak - er, died For man, the crea - ture's sin.
Dis - solve my heart in thank - ful - ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way,—'T is all that I can do.

Fine.

D. S.—*He gave Him-self to die for me, Be - cause He loves me so!*

REFRAIN. *D. S.*

He loves me, He loves me, He loves me, this I know (I know);

No. 167 I Need Thee Every Hour.

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY.
RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION.

Rev. Robert Lowry.

1. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der voice like
2. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp-ta-tions lose their
3. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick-ly and a-
4. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; O make me Thine in-

I Need Thee Every Hour.

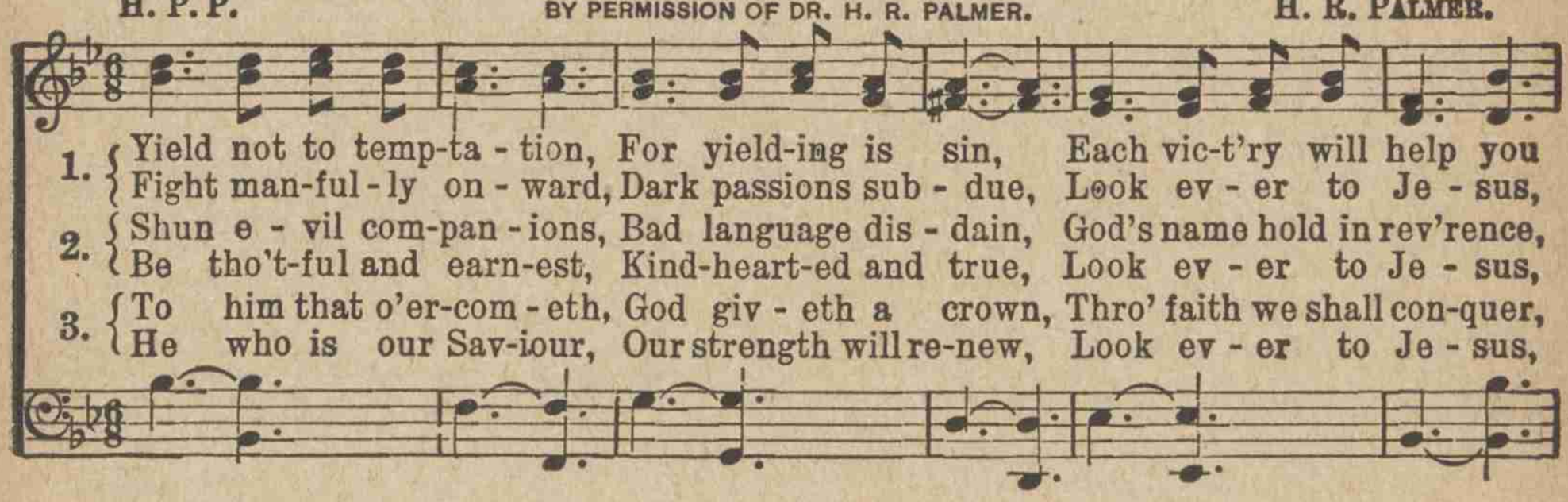
CHORUS.





No. 168 Yield Not to Temptation.

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



No. 169. Hold the Fort.

P. P. B.

THE JOHN CHURCH CO., OWNERS.
USED BY PERMISSION.

P. P. Bliss.

1. Ho, my com-rades! see the sig - nal Wav - ing in the sky!
2. See the might - y host ad - vanc - ing, Sa - tan lead - ing on:
3. See the glo - rious ban - ner wav - ing! Hear the trump-et blow!
4. Fierce and long the bat - tle ra - ges, But our help is near;

Re - in - force-ments now ap - pear - ing, Vic - to - ry is nigh.
Might - y men a - round us fall - ing, Cour - age al - most gone!
In our Lead - er's name we'll tri - umph O - ver ev - 'ry foe.
On - ward comes our great Com-mand - er, Cheer, my com-rades, cheer.

CHORUS.

"Hold the fort, for I am com - ing," Je - sus sig - nals still;
Wave the an - swer back to Heav - en, "By Thy grace we will."

No. 170. Come, Thou Almighty King.

Charles Wesley.

Felice Giardini.

1. Come, Thou Almighty King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise: Fa - ther all-
2. Come, Thou incarnate Word, Gird on Thy mighty sword, Our prayer attend; Come, and Thy
3. Come, ho - ly Com-fort - er, Thy sa-cred wit - ness bear In this glad hour; Thou who al-
4. To the great One in Three The highest prais - es be Hence, ev-er-more! His sov'reign

Come, Thou Almighty King.

glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri-ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An-cient of days!
peo-p!e bless, And give Thy Word success: Spir-it of ho - li-ness, On us de-scend!
might-y art, Now rule in ev-'ry heart, And ne'er from us de-part, Spir-it of pow'r!
maj - es - ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore!

No. 171. Are You Washed In the Blood?

E. A. H. USED BY PERMISSION. Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

1. Have you been to Je-sus for the cleansing pow'r? Are you washed in the
2. Are you walk - ing dai - ly by the Sav - ior's side? Are you washed in the
3. When the Bridegroom cometh will your robes be white, Pure and white in the
4. Lay a - side the garments that are stained with sin, And be washed in the

blood of the Lamb? Are you full - y trust-ing in His grace this hour? Are you
blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the Cru - ci - fied? Are you
blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be read-y for the mansions bright, And be
blood of the Lamb; There's a fountain flowing for the soul un - clean, Oh, be

D. S.—*Are your garments spotless? Are they white as snow? Are you*

FINE. CHORUS.

washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you washed in the

Are you washed

washed in the blood of the Lamb?

D. S.

blood, In the soul-cleans-ing blood of the Lamb?

in the blood, of the Lamb?

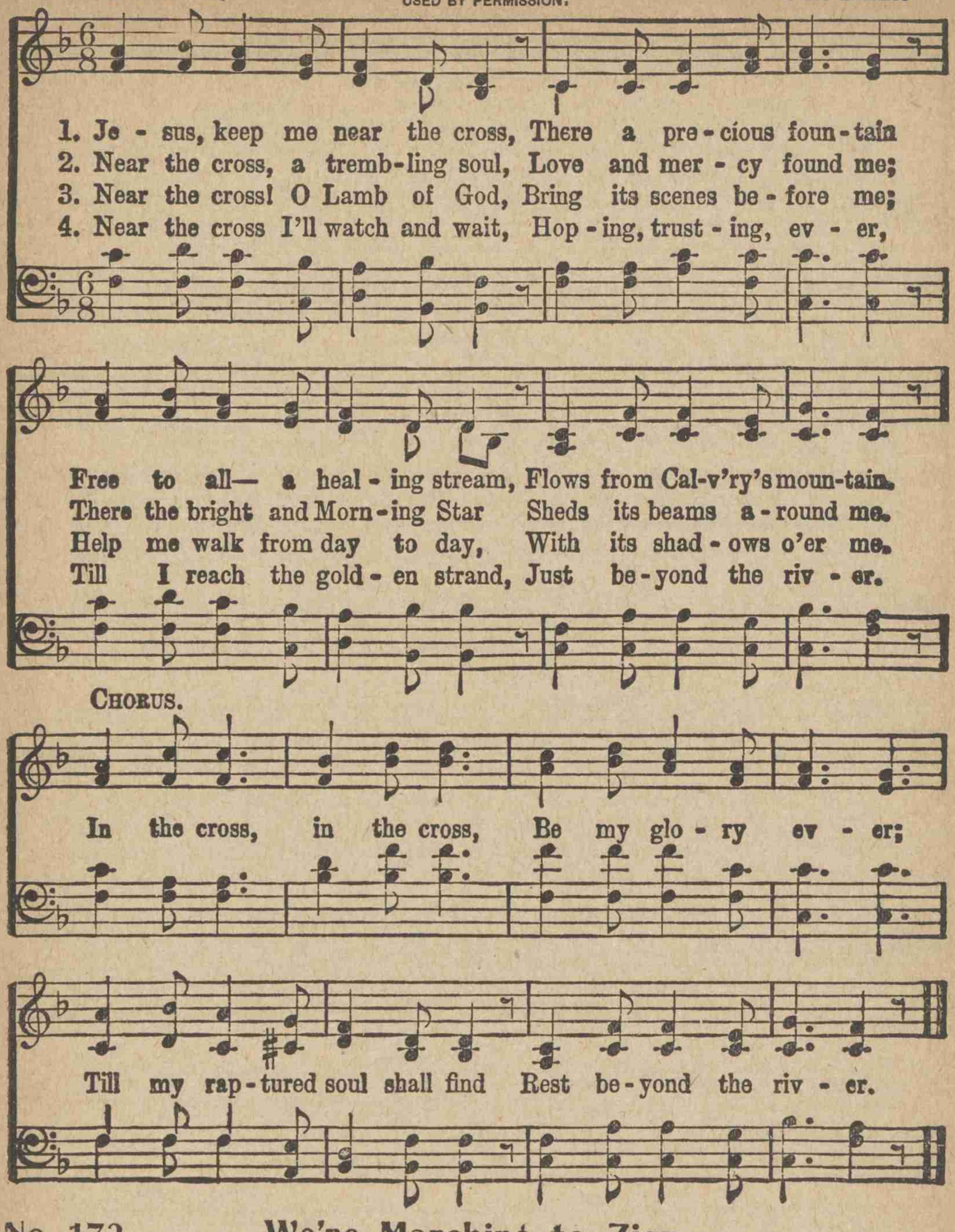
No. 172

Near the Cross.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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W. H. Doane.



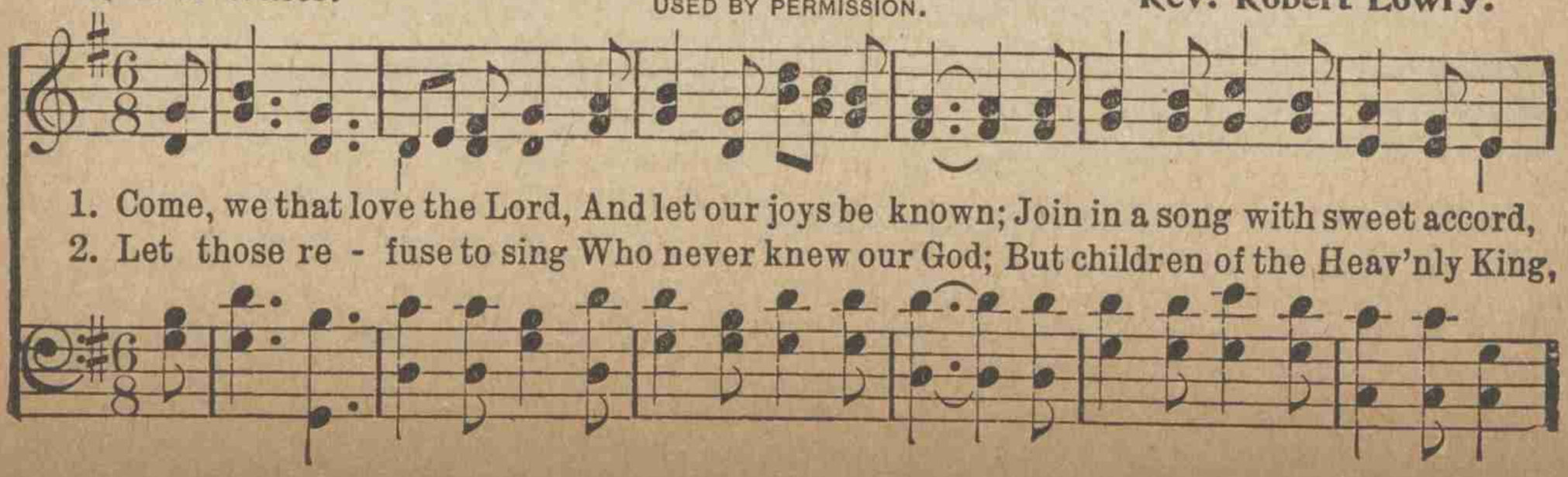
No. 173

We're Marching to Zion.

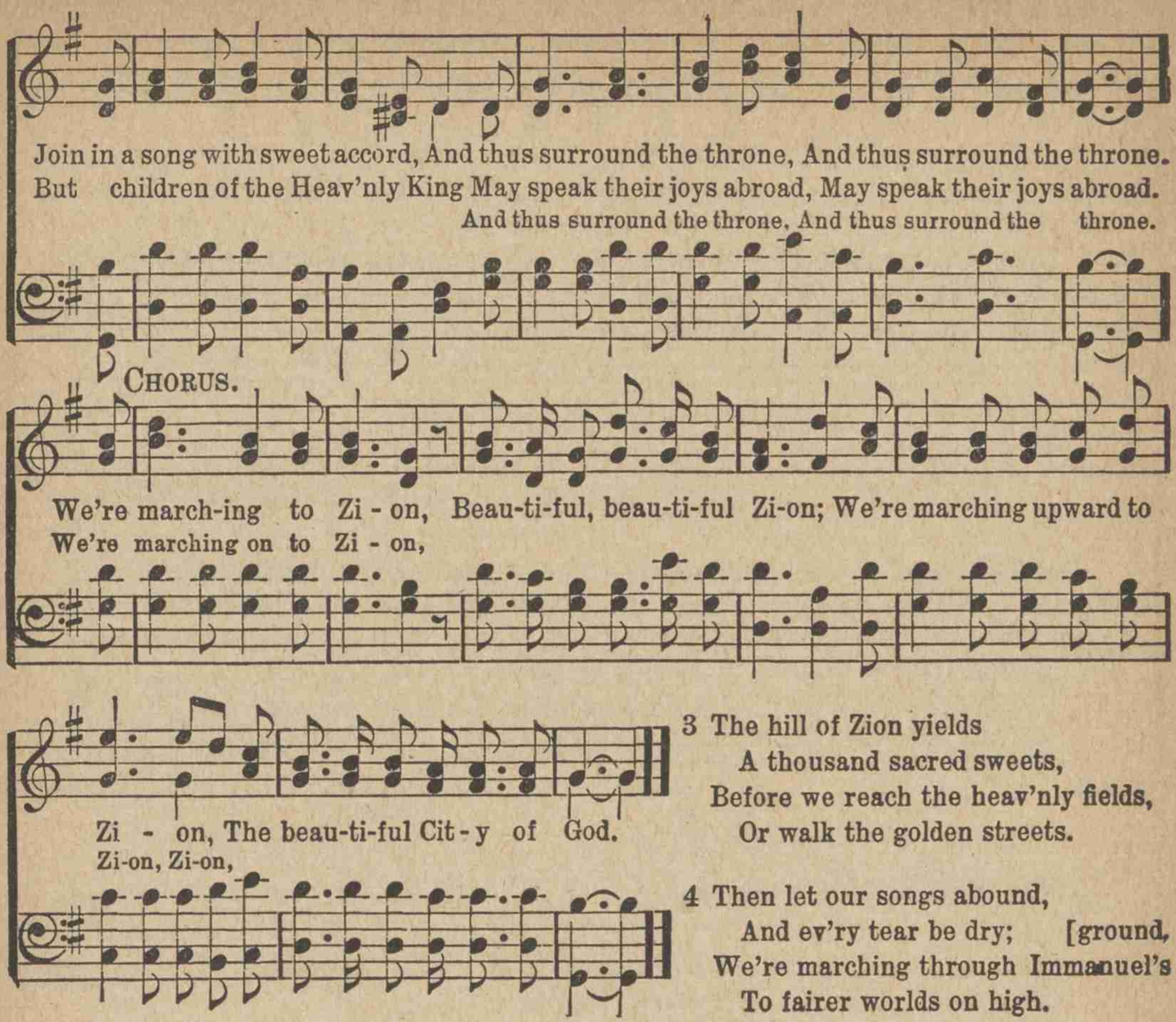
Rev. I. Watts.

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Rev. Robert Lowry.



We're Marching to Zion.

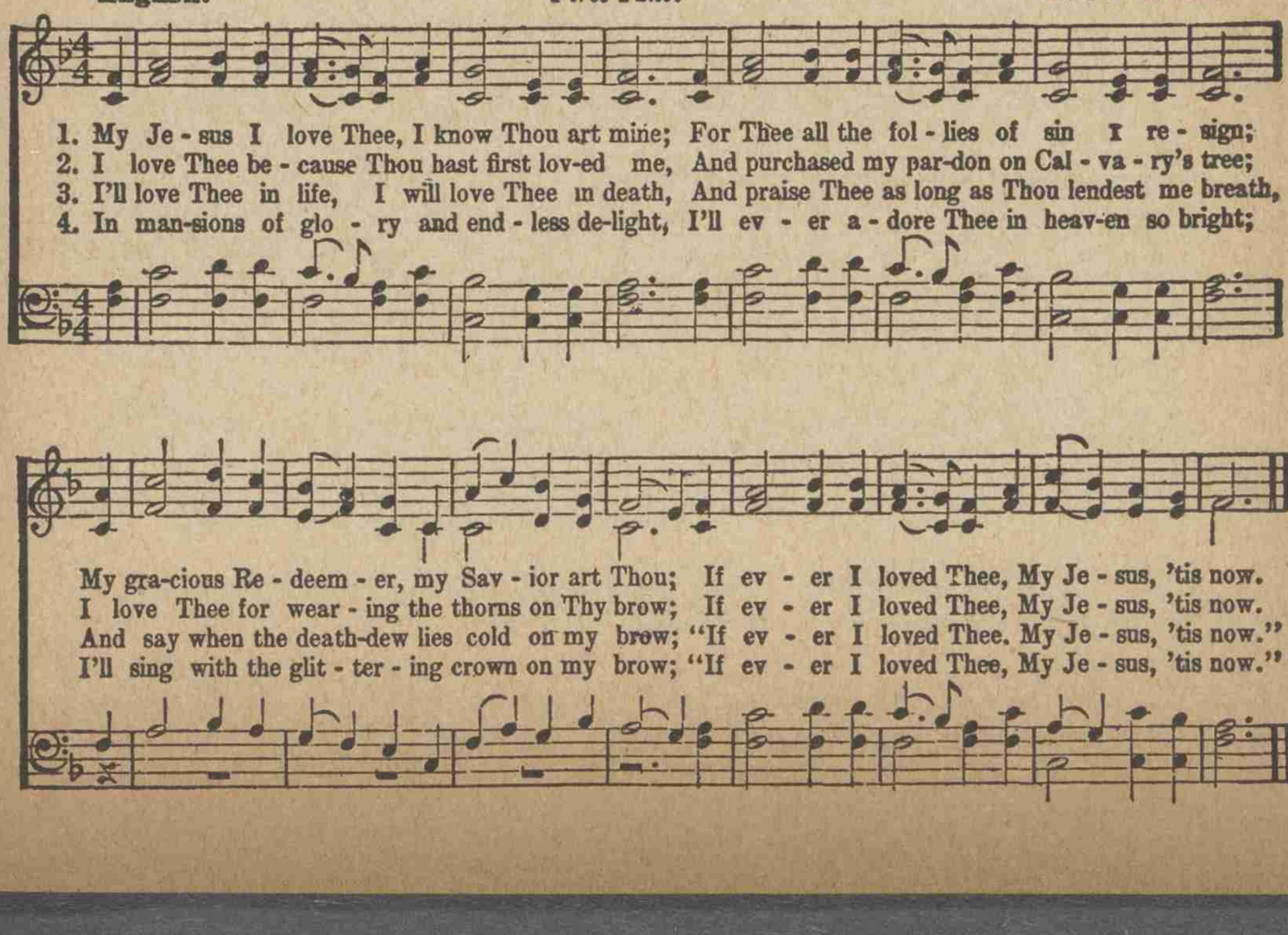


3 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

4 Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

No. 174. My Jesus I Love Thee.

English. *First Tune.* A. J. Gordon.



No. 175 With the Blood-Washed I'll Be There.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.

1. There's a place of hap - pi - ness and glo - ry, Where the soul will nev - er have a care, Where the an - gels sing and tell the sto - ry,
2. There's a place where flows a crys - tal riv - er Thro' a house of man - y man-sions fair, Where the saved shall live and reign for - ev - er;
3. There's a place of rest and joy e - ter - nal, Where the saved im- mor - tal crowns shall wear, Homeland of my Lord and King su - per - nal,

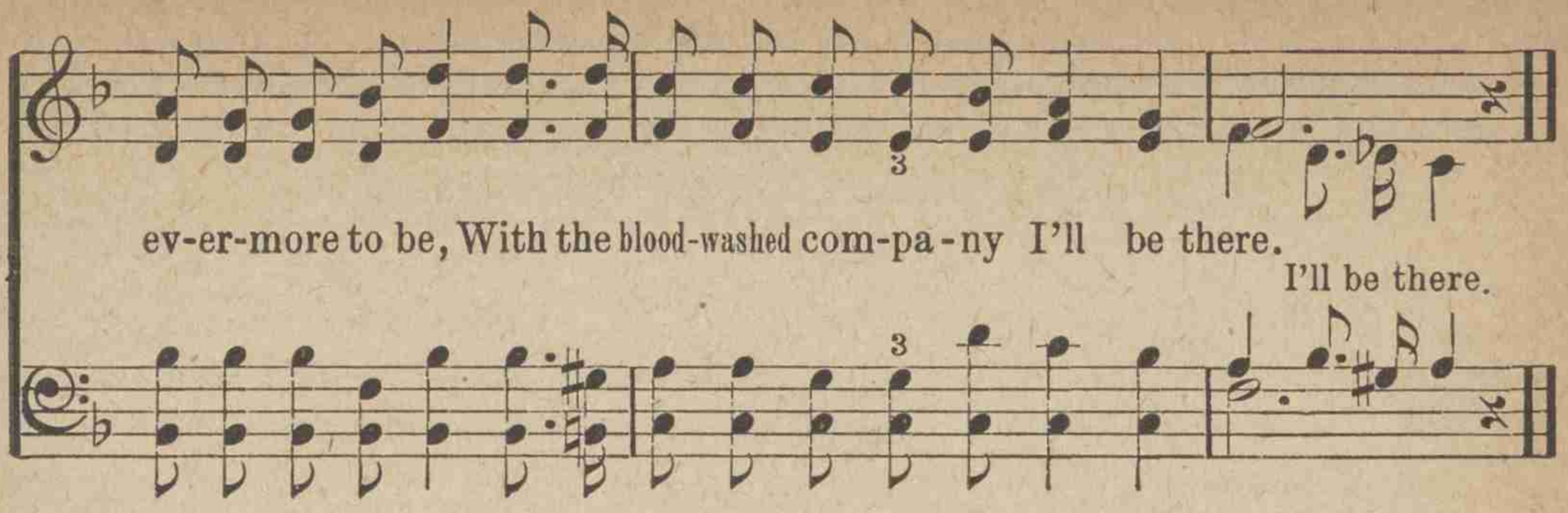
CHORUS.

And some morn-ing I'll be rest - ing there. In the morn - - - -
And some morn-ing I'll be sing - ing there.
And some morn-ing I'll be-hold Him there. In the morn - ing, in the

ing, when these earth-ly shad-ows flee, At the dawn - - - ing,
morn-ing, At the dawn-ing, at the dawn-ing,

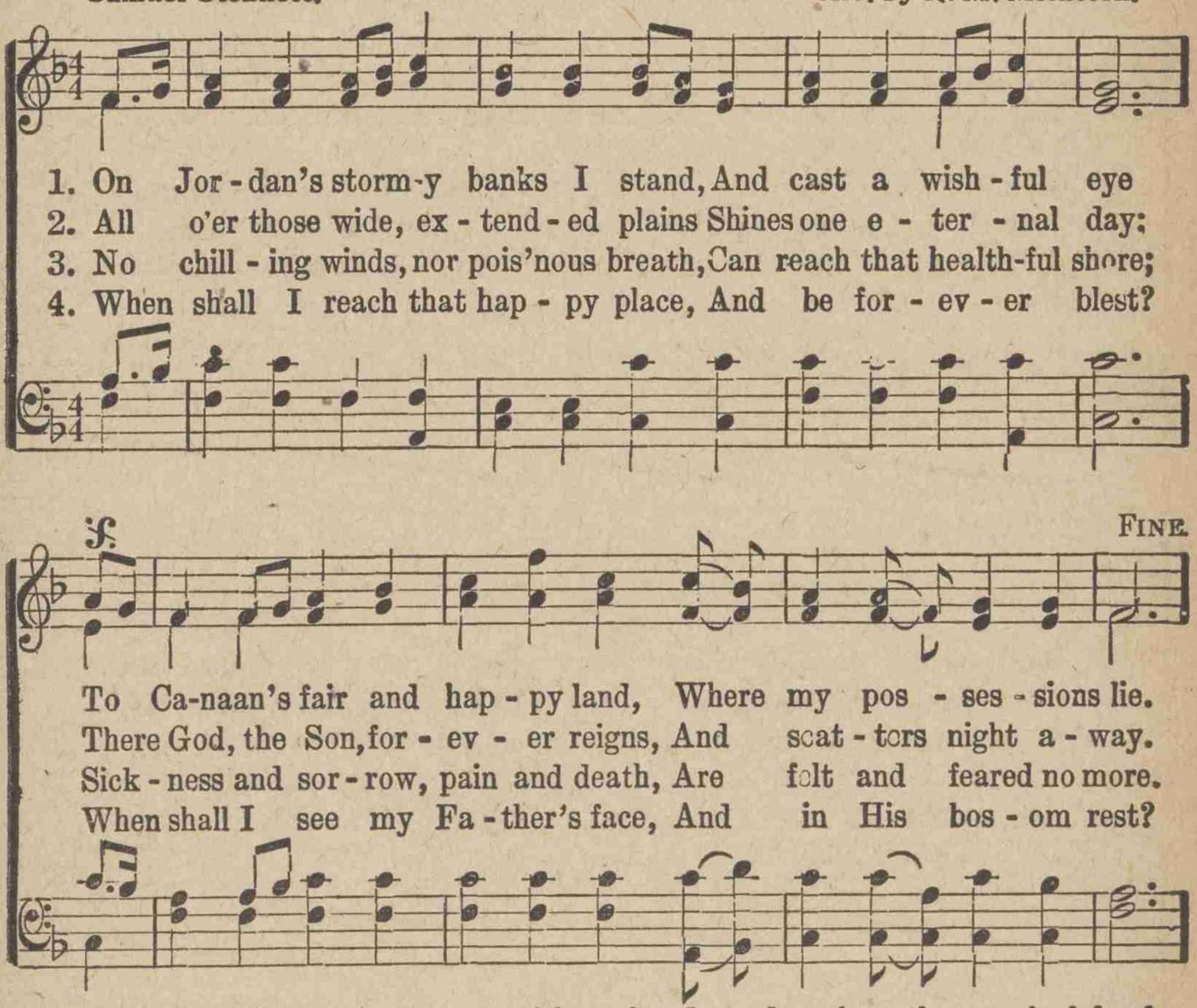
when the call has come to me, Prais-ing Je - - - - - sus, His for-
Prais - ing Je - sus, prais-ing Je - sus,

With the Blood-Washed I'll Be There.



No. 176 The Promised Land.

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





No. 177. The Homeland In The Sky.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY MRS. IVA DURHAM VENNARD.

Iva Durham Vennard.

Old Melody arr. by Erna E. Oesterreich.

DUET. Alto & Tenor. *Andante.*

1. There is a home - land of all lands the dear - est,
2. In that bright home - land our joys are im - mor - tal,
3. There loved ones lin - ger, our man - sions a - dorn - ing,

Where Je - sus tar - ries, our man - sions to pre - pare;
Woe can - not en - ter and e - vil can - not sear;
And souls won for Je - sus, our tro - phies gone be - fore—

Blest pledge of God for the days that are drear - est,
Veils drop from hearts as they pass through that por - tal,
Earth's way-worn pil - grim they'll greet in the morn - ing,

ritard.

Com - fort in suf - f'ring and sweet re - lease from care.
Love un - der - stands then, and mys - ter - ies grow clear.
O bliss - ful rap - ture! We'll meet to part no more.

The Homeland In The Sky.

REFRAIN.

O that fair coun - try! That land of pur - est pleas - ure!
O that fair coun - try! That land of ho - ly glad - ness!
Dear na - tive coun - try, my heart is yearn - ing for thee!

ritard.

Where birds war - ble blithe - ly and lil - ies nev - er die,—
Where an - gels are play - ing up - on their harps of gold:
Thy boun - ty, thy beau - ty, thy glo - ry can - not die:

No place on earth holds for my heart such treas - ure,
No place on earth is so free from all sad - ness,
L ve ne'er for - gets in that sweet land be - fore me;

As that blest coun - try— the home - land in the sky.
As that blest home - land where true hearts ne'er grow old.
My Lord is King of that home - land in the sky.

No. 178 Master, the Tempest is Raging.

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

H. R. Palmer.

1. Mas-ter, the tem-pest is rag-ing! The bil-lows are toss-ing high!
2. Mas-ter, with an-guish of spir-it I bow in my grief to-day;
3. Mas-ter, the ter-ror is o-ver, The el-e-ments sweet-ly rest;

The sky is o'er-shadowed with blackness, No shel-ter or help is nigh;
The depths of my sad heart are troub-led—Oh, wak-en and save, I pray!
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mir-rored, And Heav-en's with-in my breast;

Car-est Thou not that we per-ish? How canst Thou lie a-sleep,
Tor-rents of sin and of an-guish Sweep o'er my sink-ing soul;
Lin-ger, O bless-ed Re-deem-er! Leave me a-lone no more;

When each moment so mad-ly is threat'ning A grave in the an-gry deep?
And I per-ish! I per-ish! dear Mas-ter—Oh, has-ten, and take con-trol.
And with joy I shall make the blest har-bor, And rest on the bliss-ful shore.

Master, the Tempest is Raging.

CHORUS.

p *pp*

The winds and the waves shall o-bey Thy will, Peace, . . be still! . . .
Peace, be still! Peace, be still!

Wheth-er the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or de-mons or men, or what-

cres.

ev-er it be, No wa-ters can swal-low the ship where lies The Mas-ter of

ff *m* *m*

o-cean, and earth, and skies; They all shall sweetly o-bey Thy will, Peace, be still!

p *p* *pp*

Peace be still! They all shall sweetly o-bey Thy will, Peace, peace, be still!

No. 179. I'll Be a Soldier For Jesus.

Isaac Watts.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY J. M. HARRIS.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

2nd verse & Cho. by Mrs. C. H. M.

INTRODUCTION.

Unison.

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol-low-er of the Lamb,
2. The fight is on, the call to arms Is sound - ing far and near,
3. Sure I must fight if I would reign; In - crease my courage, Lord;

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
And to the bat - tle's front a - way, We has - ten with a cheer.
I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup-port - ed by Thy word.

FEMALE VOICES.

Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow-'ry beds of ease,
For God and ho - li - ness we fight, Nor lay our ar - mor down,
When that il - lus-trious day shall rise, And all Thy ar - mies shine

MALE VOICES.

Play in octaves.

While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood-y seas?
Till faith has been exchanged for sight, And we've ob-tained the crown.
In robes of vic - t'ry thro' the skies, The glo - ry shall be Thine.

I'll Be a Soldier For Jesus.

CHORUS.

I'll be a sol-dier for Je-sus, No mat-ter what oth-ers may
I'll be a sol-dier, a sol-dier for Je-sus, No mat - ter what

do;..... I've in His ar-my en-list-ed, And
oth-ers may do; I've in His ar-my, His ar-my en-list-ed, And

Unison.

sworn Him al-le-giance true;..... Here by His grace let me
sworn Him al-le-giance true;

Parts.

bat - tle, Un-til the vic-t'ry I see;..... I'll be a
sol-dier for Je - sus, He can de-pend up-on me.....
sol-dier, a sol-dier for Je-sus,

No. 180 What Shall the Harvest Be?

Mrs. Emily S. Oakley.
COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
USED BY PERMISSION.
P. P. Bliss.

1. Sow-ing the seed by the day-light fair, Sow-ing the seed by the noon-day glare,
2. Sow-ing the seed by the way-side high, Sow-ing the seed on the rocks to die,
3. Sow-ing the seed of a lin-g'ring pain, Sow-ing the seed of a mad-dened brain,
4. Sow-ing the seed with an ach-ing heart, Sowing the seed while the tear-drops start,

Sow-ing the seed by the fad-ing light, Sow-ing the seed in the sol-emn night;
Sow-ing the seed where the thorns will spoil, Sowing the seed in the fer-tile soil;
Sow-ing the seed of a tarnished name, Sow-ing the seed of e-ter-nal shame;
Sow-ing in hope till the reap-ers come Glad-ly to gath-er the har-vest home;

Oh, what shall the har-vest be? . . . Oh, what shall the har-vest be? . .

CHORUS.

Sown . . in the dark-ness or sown . . in the light, . .
Sown in the darkness or sown in the light, Sown in the dark-ness or sown in the light,

What Shall the Harvest Be?

Sown . . in our weak - ness or sown . . in our might, Gath-ered in
Sown in our weakness or sown in our might, Sown in our weakness or sown in our might, Gathered in

time or e - ter - ni - ty, Sure, ah, sure will the har - vest be. . .
time or e - ter - ni - ty, Sure, ah, sure will the har - vest, har-vest be.

No. 180a My Shepherd is the Lord.

Anon. Virgil C. Taylor.

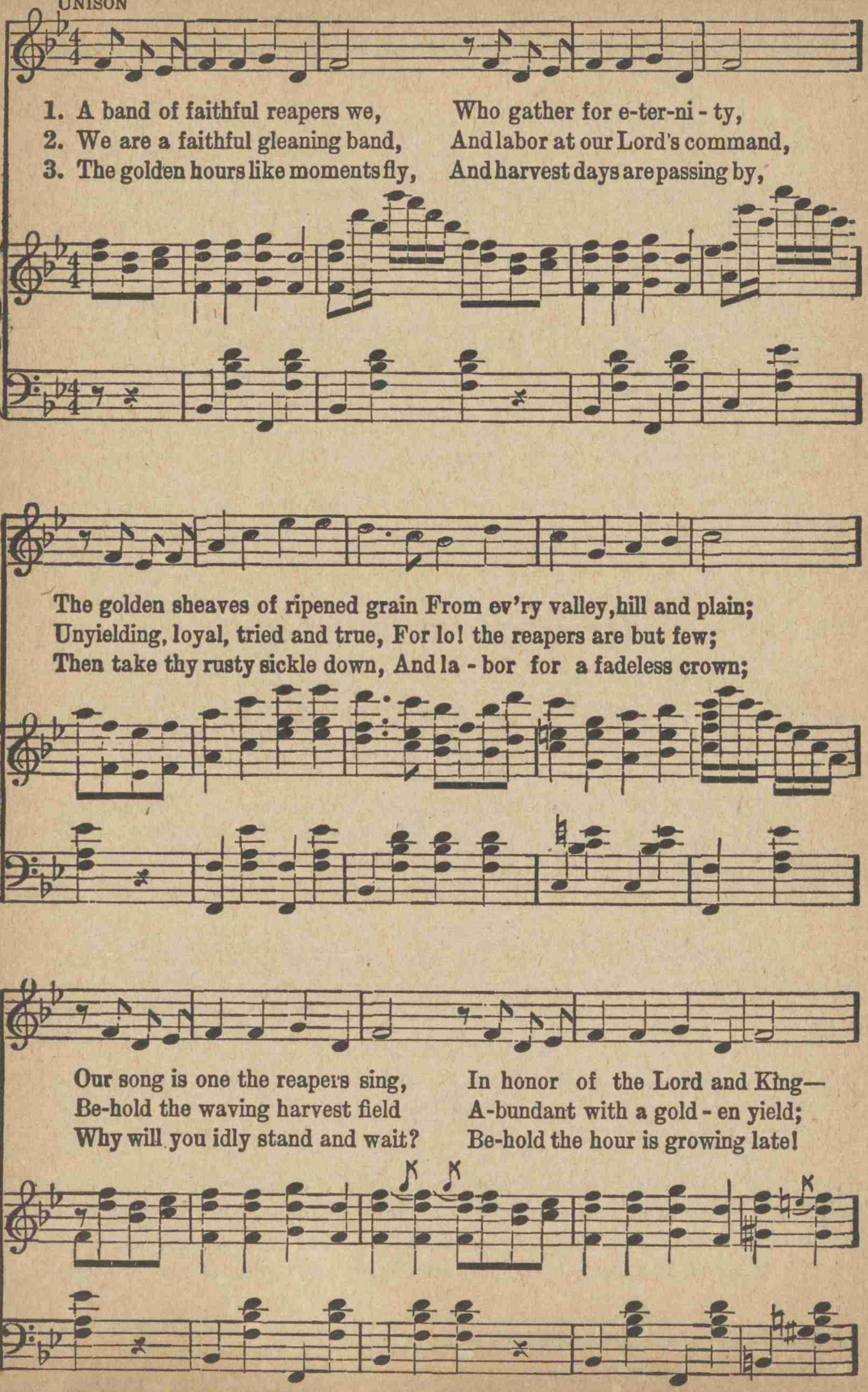
1. My Shep-herd is the Lord Most High, And all my wants shall be sup-plied:
2. He in His mer-cy doth re - store My soul when sink - ing in dis-tress;
3. Yea, tho' I walk thro' death's dark vale, E'en there no e - vil will I fear,
4. For me a ta - ble Thou hast spread, Prepared be-fore the face of foes;

In pas-tures green He makes me lie, And leads by streams which gently glide.
For His name's sake He ev - er-more Leads me in paths of right-eous-ness.
Be - cause Thy presence shall not fail, Thy rod and staff my soul shall cheer.
With oil Thou dost a - noint my head; My cup is filled and o - ver-flows.

No. 181. To the Harvest Field.

C. H. G.
UNISON

Chas. H. Gabriel.



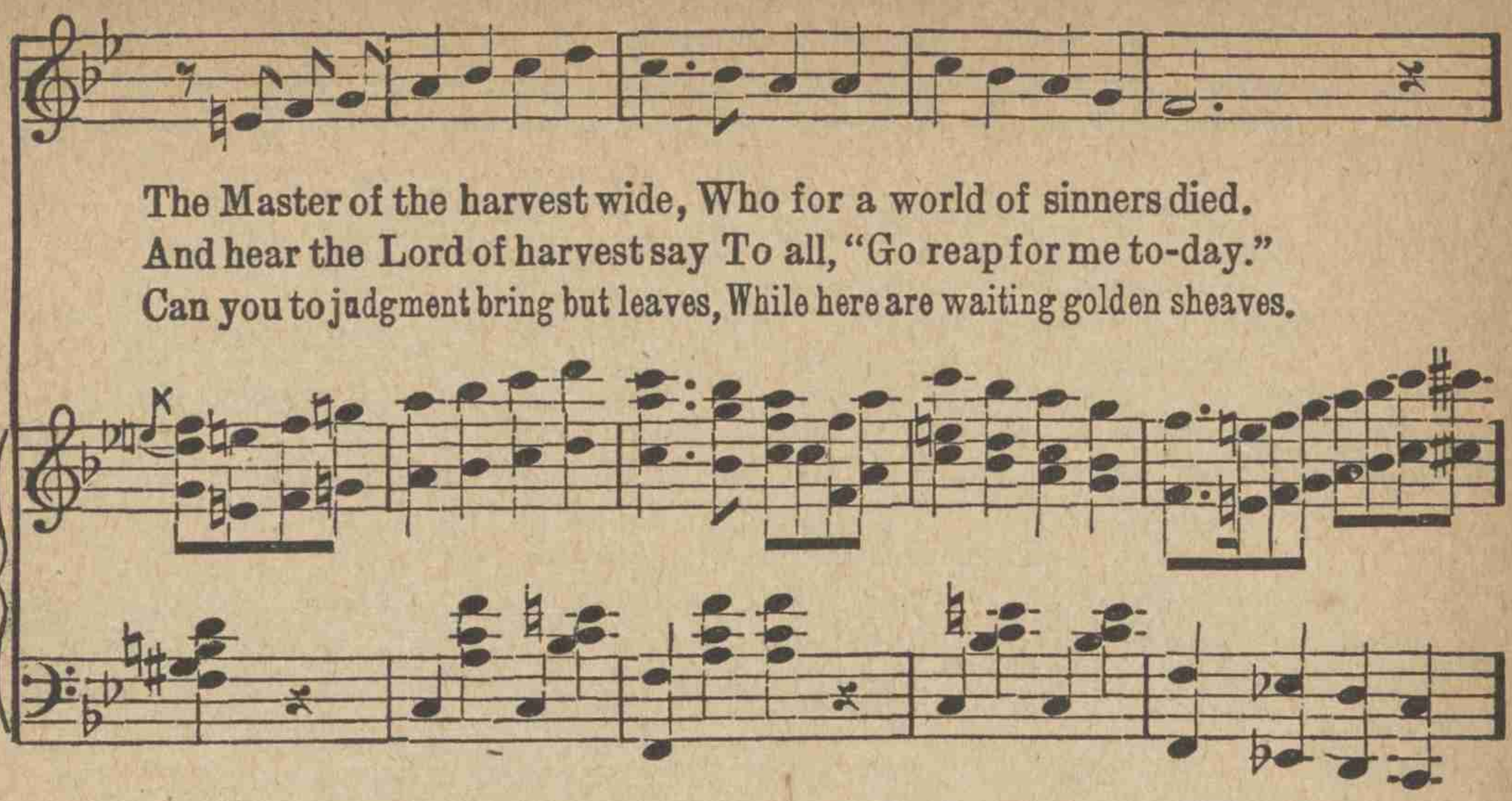
1. A band of faithful reapers we, Who gather for e-ter-ni - ty,
2. We are a faithful gleaning band, And labor at our Lord's command,
3. The golden hours like moments fly, And harvest days are passing by,

The golden sheaves of ripened grain From ev'ry valley, hill and plain;
Unyielding, loyal, tried and true, For lo! the reapers are but few;
Then take thy rusty sickle down, And la - bor for a fadeless crown;

Our song is one the reapers sing, In honor of the Lord and King—
Be-hold the waving harvest field A-bundant with a gold - en yield;
Why will you idly stand and wait? Be-hold the hour is growing late!

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY E. O. EXCELL. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN, OWNER.

To the Harvest Field.



The Master of the harvest wide, Who for a world of sinners died.
And hear the Lord of harvest say To all, "Go reap for me to-day."
Can you to judgment bring but leaves, While here are waiting golden sheaves.

CHORUS.

To the harvest field a - way, For the Maste call - eth; There is work for

all to - day, Ere the darkness fail - eth. Swift-ly do the moments fly,

Harvest days are go - ing by, Going, go - ing, go - ing, go - ing by.

No. 182 Awakening Chorus.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
HOPE PUBLISHING CO., OWNERS.

Charlotte G. Homer **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. A - wake! a - wake! and sing the bless - ed sto - ry; A -
2. Ring out! ring out! O bells of joy and glad - ness! Re -

A - wake! a - wake!
Ring out! ring out!

wake! a - wake! and let your song of praise a-rise; A - wake! a -
peat, re - peat a - new the sto - ry o'er a-gain, Till all the

A - wake! a - wake! A - wake!
Re - peat, re - peat, Till all

wake! the earth is full of glo - ry, And light is beam - ing
earth shall lose its weight of sad-ness, And shout a - new the

a - wake! And light is beam-ing
the earth. And shout a - new

MALE VOICES IN UNISON.

from the ra-diant skies; The rocks and rills, the vales and hills re-sound with
glo - ri - ous re - frain; With an-gels in the heights sing of the great sal-

FULL HARMONY.

glad - ness, All na - ture joins to sing the triumph song. The Lord Je-
va - tion He wrest - ed from the hand of sin and death.

Awakening Chorus.

UNISON.

ho - vah reigns and sin is back-ward hurled! Re - joice! re-

sin is back-ward hurled!

joice! lift heart and voice, Je - ho - vah reigns!

FULL HARMONY.

Pro-claim His sov-'reign pow'r to all the world, And let His

pow'r to all the world, And let the

glo - rious ban-ner be un-furled! Je - ho - vah reigns!

grand and glo-rious ban-ner be un - furled! Je - ho - vah reigns! Je - ho - vah reigns!

Re - joice! re - joice! re - joice! Je - ho - vah reigns!

Re - joice! re - joice! re - joice!

No. 183 All Hail, Immanuel!

D. R. Van Sickle.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, We cast.....our crowns be-
2. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, The ran - - somed hosts sur-
3. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, Our ris - - en King and

fore Thee; Let ev - 'ry heart o - bey Thy will, And ev - - 'ry voice a-
round Thee; And earthly monarchs clamor forth Their Sov - 'reign, King to
Sav - ior! Thy foes are vanquished, and Thou art Om - nip - o - tent for-

dore Thee. In praise to Thee, our Sav - ior, King, The vi-brant chords of
crown Thee. While those redeemed in a - ges gone, As-semb-led round the
ev - er. Death, sin and hell no lon - ger reign, And Sa-tan's pow'r is

heav - en ring, And ech - o back the might - y strain: All
great white throne, Break forth in - to im - mor - tal song: All
burst in twain; E - ter - nal glo - ry to Thy Name: All

ff

hail! all hail! All hail, all hail, Im - man - u - el!

All hail! all hail!

All Hail, Immanuel!

CHORUS.

Hail, ... Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el! Hail, ...

Hail to the King we love so well, Hail, Im - man - u - el! Hail to the King we love so well,

Hail! . . . . . .

Im-man - u - el, Im-man - u - el!

Hail, Im - man - u - el!

Hail! . . . . . .

Glo - ry and hon - or and maj - es - ty,

Glo - - ry and maj - es - ty,

Wis-dom and pow-er be un - to Thee, Now and ev - er - more!

Wis - - dom be un - to Thee,

Hail, ... Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el! Hail, ...

Hail to the King we love so well, Hail, Im - man - u - el! Hail to the King we love so well,

Hail! . . . . . .

Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el!

Hail, Im - man - u - el!

Hail! . . . . . .

King of kings and Lord of lords, All hail, Im-man-u-el!

No. 184. No Disappointment In Heaven.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY F. M. LEHMAN.
USED BY PERMISSION.

F. M. L.

F. M. Lehman.
Har. by Miss Claudia Lehman.

1. There's no dis-ap-point-ment in heaven, No wear - i-ness, sor-row or pain;
2. We'll nev - er pay rent for our mansion, The tax - es will nev-er come due;
3. There'll nev-er be crepe on the door-knob, No fu - ner - al train in the sky;

No hearts that are bleeding and bro-ken, No song with a mi - nor re - frain;
Our gar-ments will never grow threadbare, But al-ways be fadeless and new;
No graves on the hill-sides of glo - ry, For there we shall nev-er-more die;

The clouds of our earth-ly ho - ri - zon Will nev - er ap-pear in the sky,
We'll nev - er be hun - gry nor thirst-y, Nor lan-guish in pov-er - ty there,
The old will be young there for-ev-er, Transformed in a mo-ment of time;

For all will be sun-shine and glad-ness, With nev - er a sob nor a sigh.
For all the rich boun-ties of heav-en His sanc-ti - fied chil-dren will share.
Im - mor-tal we'll stand in His like-ness, The stars and the sun to out-shine.

CHORUS.

I'm bound for that beau-ti - ful cit - y, My Lord has prepared for His own;

No Disappointment In Heaven.

Where all the re-deemed of all a - ges Sing "glory" around the white throne;

Some-times I grow homesick for heaven, And the glo-ries I there shall be-hold:

rit.

What a joy that will be when my Savior I see, In that beautiful cit-y of gold!

No. 185. When I Survey.

Isaac Watts. Dr. Lowell Mason.

1. When I sur-vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor-row and love flow mingled down;
4. Were all the realm of na - ture mine, That were a pres - ent far too small;

My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
Did e'er such love and sor - row meet, Or thorns com-pose so rich a crown?
Love so a - maz - ing, so di - vine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.

No. 186. The Same Power To-day.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.

1. Would you know that peace that flow - eth like a riv - er, Which the
2. Are you pray - ing to be sanc - ti - fied, my broth - er, That you
3. Christ will nev - er fill a heart or soul di - vid - ed, You must
4. Praise the Lord, this pow'r di - vine will fail us nev - er, You may

world can nev - er give or take a - way? Ask of Christ, for He a-
may of great - er use to Je - sus be? Cling to Christ, there is no
give Him all or He will turn a - way; But to fill that emp - ty
draw from it a full sup - ply each day; For our Christ has pow'r e-

lone is the Great Giv - er, He will give you Pen-te-cos-tal pow'r to-day.
hope in an - y oth - er, He a-lone has pow'r to bless and set you free.
soul He has pro - vid - ed All the pow'r that you can use from day to day.
nough to last for - ev - er, He will send a full sup-ply when-e'er you pray.

CHORUS.

It's the same pow'r, Just the same pow'r, As they
It's the same pow'r to - day, Just the same pow'r to - day,

had at Pen - te-cost, just the same; We may have that pow'r to-
just the same, hal-le - lu - jah!

The Same Power To-day.

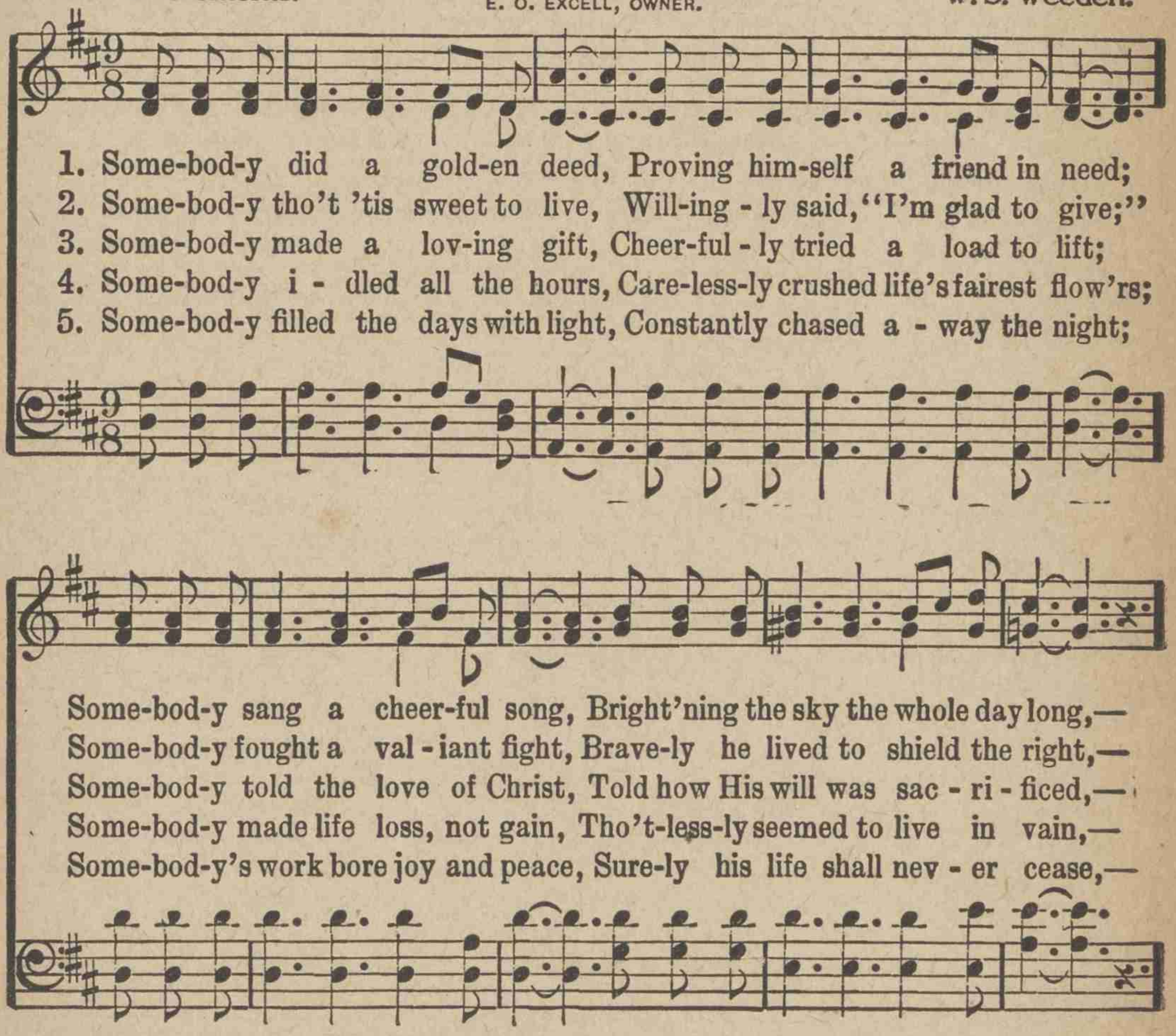


No. 187

Somebody.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY W. S. WEEDEN.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

John R. Clements. W. S. Weeden.



No. 188 When We All Get to Heaven.

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

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

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

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

for us a place.

CHORUS.

When we all get to Heav - en, What a day of re-
When we all What a

joic - ing that will be! When we all see
day of re - joic - ing that will be! When we all

Je - sus, We'll sing and shout the vic - to - ry. . . . . .
shout, and shout the vic - to - ry.

No. 189. The Church In the Wildwood.

W. S. P. Dr. Wm. S. Pitts.

1. There's a church in the val-ley by the wild-wood, No love-li-er
2. How sweet on a clear, Sab-bath morn-ing, To list to the
3. There, close by the church in the val-ley, Lies one that I
4. There, close by the side of that loved one, 'Neath the tree where the

place in the dale; No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the
clear-ring-ing bell; Its tones so sweet-ly are call-ing, Oh,
loved so well; She sleeps, sweet-ly sleeps 'neath the wil-lows; Dis-
wild flow-ers bloom, When the fare-well hymn shall be chant-ed, I shall

D. S.—*spot is so dear to my child-hood As the*

FINE. CHORUS.

lit-tle brown church in the vale.
come to the church in the vale.
turb not her rest in the vale.
rest by her side in the tomb.

Come to the
Oh, come, come, come, come, come, come,

lit-tle brown church in the vale.

D. S.

church in the wild-wood, Oh, come to the church in the dale; No
come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come,

No. 190 The Wayside Cross.

COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY H. R. PALMER.
USED BY PERMISSION.

C. L. St. John. H. R. Palmer.

SOLO, *ad lib.* (*Declamatory style.*)

1. "Which way shall I take?" shouts a voice on the night, "I'm a pil-grim a-
2. "Which way shall I take for the bright gold-en span That bridg-es the
3. "See the lights from the palace in sil - ver - y lines, How they pen-cil the

wear-ied, and spent is my light; And I seek for a pal-ace, that
wa - ters so safe - ly for man? To the right? to the left? ah,
hedg - es and fruit la - den vines—My fortune! my all! for

Slower, and sustained.

rests on the hill, But be-tween us, a stream li - eth sul - len and chill."
me! if I knew—The night is so dark, and the pass - ers so few."
one tan-gled gleam That sifts thro' the lil - ies, and wastes on the stream."

* CHORUS.

Near, near thee, my son, is the old wayside cross, Like a gray fri-ar cowled in
li-chens and moss; And its cross-beam will point to the bright golden span That

*The chorus should begin while the solo voice is still holding the last note.

The Wayside Gross.

CODA. *pp* *To be sung after last stanza.*

bridges the waters so safely for man. That bridges the waters so safely for man.

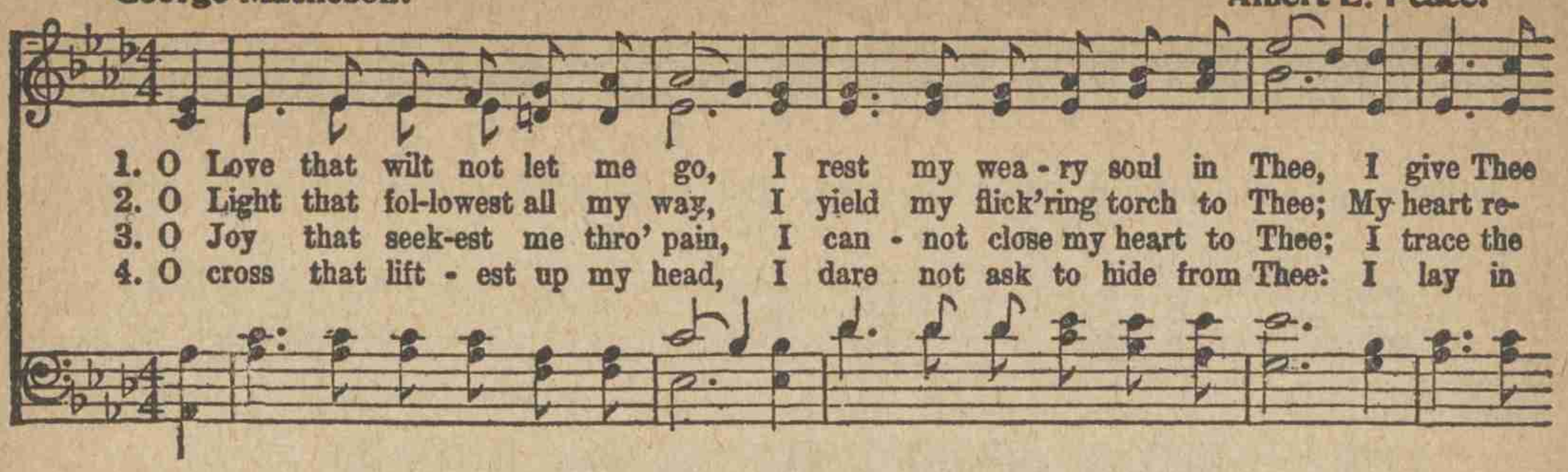
No. 191. What Shall I Do to Be Saved?

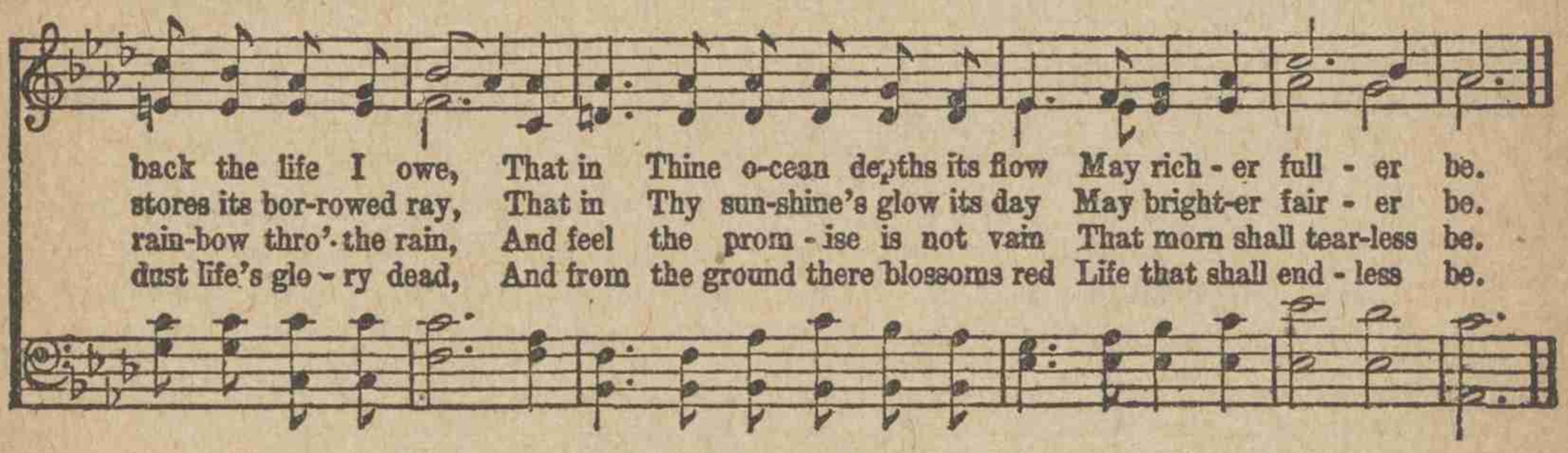
J. W. Hollman. USED BY PERMISSION. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. O what shall I do to be saved From the sor-rows that bur-den my soul? Like the waves in a storm When the winds are at war, Chill-ing floods of dis-tress o'er me roll; What shall I do? What shall I do? O what shall I do to be saved?
2. O what shall I do to be saved, When the pleas-ures of youth are all fled, And the friends I have loved From the earth are re-moved, And I weep o'er the grave of the dead? What shall I do? What shall I do? O what shall I do to be saved?
3. O what shall I do to be saved, When sick-ness my strength shall subdue? Or the world in a day, Like a cloud rolls a-way, And e-ter-ni-ty o-pens to view? What shall I do? What shall I do? O what shall I do to be saved?
4. O Lord, look in mer-cy on me! Come, O come and speak peace to my soul; Un-to whom shall I flee, Dear-est Lord, but to Thee? Thou canst make my poor bro-ken heart whole; That will I do! That will I do! To Je-sus I'll go and be saved!

No. 192 O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

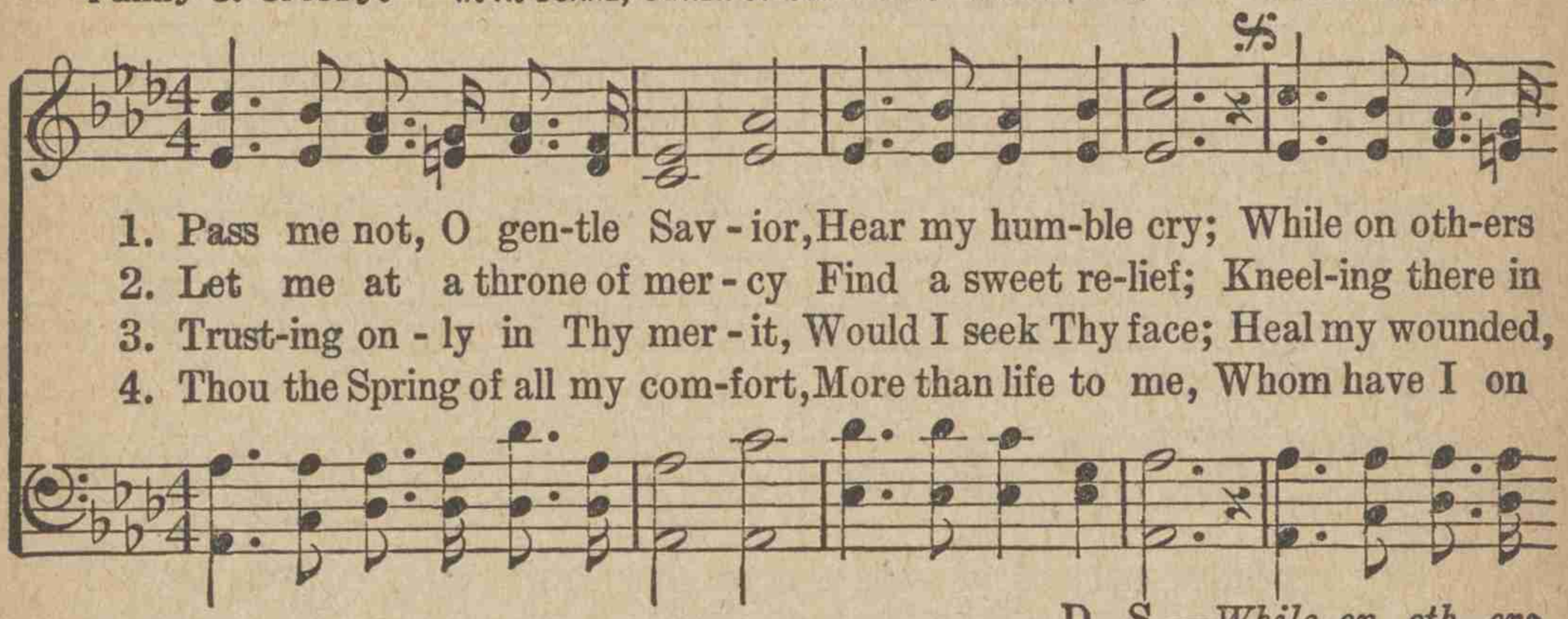
George Matheson. Albert L. Peace.





No. 193 Pass Me Not.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. DOANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. USED BY PER. W. H. Doane.





Children's Songs

No. 194

Dear Little Stranger.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Low in a man - ger—dear lit - tle Stran - ger, Je - sus, the won-der - ful
2. An - gels de-scend - ing, o - ver Him bend - ing, Chant-ed a ten - der and
3. Dear lit - tle Stran - ger, born in a man - ger, Mak - er and Monarch, and

Savior, was born; There was none to receive Him, none to believe Him, None but the
si - lent refrain; Then a won-der-ful sto - ry told of His glo - ry, Un - to the
Sav-ior of all; I will love Thee for-ev - er! grieve Thee? no, never! Thou didst for

CHORUS.

an - gels were watching that morn.
shepherds on Beth-le-hem's plain.
me make Thy bed in a stall.

{ Dear lit - tle Stranger, slept in a man - ger,
{ But with the poor He slumbered se-cure, The

1 2

No down - y pil - low un - der His head; dear lit - tle Babe in His bed.

No. 195. Suffer the Children to Come.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY J. GILCHRIST LAWSON.

J. Gilchrist Lawson. Chas. H. Gabriel, Jr.

1. "Suf - fer the chil - dren to come un - to Me!" Thus said the Mas-ter of
2. With His own blood the dear children He bought, And all the lambs in His
3. When the dear Sav - ior was here up - on earth, Show-ing to man-kind a
4. Sam - uel and Ma - ry and Dan - iel and Ruth Worshiped the Sav-ior in
5. Chil - dren once shout-ed ho - san - nas of yore; Children may still their dear

earth and of sea: Je - sus, who lov - eth the lit - tle ones still, Bless-es them
bos - om are brought To the green pastures the still wa-ters by; Christ, the Good
lit - tle child's worth, He said, with children and babes on His knees, "Like to the
spir - it and truth; Ja - cob and Jo - seph and Mo - ses of old Taught that the
Sav - ior a - dore; Youthful and a - ged glad anthems shall raise; Songs of the

CHORUS.

rit.

now if they do His good will.
Shepherd, their needs will supply. { "Suf-fer the chil-dren to come un-to Me!"
king-dom of Heav-en are these." { ver - i - ly, ver - i - ly, say un - to thee,
chil-dren may en - ter the fold.
children shall perfect God's praise.

1 2

Thus said the Mas-ter of earth and of sea; "I
Suf - fer the chil-dren to [*Omit*.....] come un - to Me!"

No. 196 Let Them Come!

FROM "BATTLE SONGS." SALVATION ARMY, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Andantino. mf

Words and Music by Commander Booth Tucker.

1. "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to Me!" . . Said the Sav- ior, "and hin - der them not! . . For in Heav - en My Fa - ther they see, . .
2. "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to Me, . . . There is room for them all in My arm; . . In My bos - om a - lone can they be . . .
3. "Let them come in the morn of their life, . . . While the bit - ters of sin are un - known, . Un - be-stained by earth's sor-row and strife— .
4. "Let them all in My serv - ice u - nite, . . . O'er their heads be My ban - ner un - furled; . For My king-dom on earth bid them fight, . .

D. S.—*Where the face of My Fa - ther they see, . . .*

FINE. CHORUS. *f*

And on earth, too, not one is for - got."
Safe - ly guard-ed from dan - ger and harm." "Let them come un - to Me,
Let Me seal their young hearts as My own."
Urge them onward to save a lost world."
And re-joice in His in - fi - nite love."

D. S.

My dis - ci - ples to be, For of such is My king-dom a - bove, . .

No. 197 Jesus Loves Even Me.

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

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

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

Book He has giv'n; Won - der - ful things in the Bi - ble I see;
ev - er I stray; Back to His dear lov - ing arms would I flee,
see the Great King, This shall my song in e - ter - ni - ty be:

CHORUS.

This is the dear-est—that Je - sus loves me.
When I re - mem-ber that Je - sus loves me. I am so glad that
"Oh, what a won - der that Je - sus loves me!"

1 2

Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me; e - ven me.

No. 197a Jesus Loves Me.

1 Jesus loves me, and I know I love Him,
Love brought Him down my poor soul to redeem:
Yes, it was love made Him die on the tree,
Oh, I am certain that Jesus loves me.
CHO.—I am so glad, etc.

2 If one should ask of me, how could I tell!
Glory to Jesus, I know very well;
God's Holy Spirit with mine doth agree,
Constantly witnessing—Jesus loves me.
CHO.—I am so glad, etc.

3 In this assurance I find sweetest rest,
Trusting in Jesus, I know I am blest;
Satan, dismayed, from my soul now doth flee,
When I just tell Him that Jesus loves me.—CHO.

No. 198 The Birds' Nest.

Mrs. B. B. Selby, Arr.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.



1. [1]High in the tree-top's leaf-y bough The bird-ies are build-ing a nest;
2. [2]This is the lit-tle bird-ies' nest They built in the tree-top so high,
3. [3]This is the moth-er bird who brings The wee [4]lit-tle bird-ies their food;
4. [6]These are the lit-tle birds we love, Who live [7]in the tree-top so high,

'Twas God the Fa-ther taught them how To build, ev-'ry bird-ie, his best;
And while they cud-dle down to rest The leaves sing their lull-a-by-by;
This is the [5]fa-ther bird who sings And watches all day o'er his brood;
And He who rules the [8]world a-bove Looks [9]down on each one from the sky;

To build, ev-'ry bird-ie, his best, To build, ev-'ry bird-ie, his best;
The leaves sing their lull-a-by-by, The leaves sing their lull-a-by-by;
And watch-es all day o'er his brood, And watch-es all day o'er his brood;
Looks [9]down on each one from the sky, Looks [9]down on each one from the sky;

'Twas God the Fa-ther taught them how To build, ev'ry bird-ie, his best.
And while they cud-dle down to rest The leaves sing their lull-a-by-by.
This is the [5]fa-ther bird who sings And watch-es all day o'er his brood.
And He who rules the [8]world a-bove Looks [9]down on each one from the sky.

NOTE—To form bird's nest, clasp hands, with little fingers raised in the palm of the hands to represent the baby birds. Let the thumbs represent the father and mother bird sitting on the forefingers which form the edge of the bird's nest.

MOTIONS—1. Point upward to tree-top. 2. Hands clasped to form bird's nest. 3. Raise left hand thumb to represent the mother bird. 4. Raise little fingers representing the baby birds. 5. Raise right hand thumb representing the father bird. 6. Raise little fingers and thumbs representing the family of birds in the nest. 7. Point upward to tree-top. 8. Look upward toward the sky. 9. Look down on the birds in the nest.

No. 199 Honor-Bright Cadets.

C. B. A.

COPYRIGHT, 1802, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. Carrie B. Adams.

1. We're ca-dets that want to bat - tle for the right, you see; That is why we band ourselves together;
For our watch-word we have chosen "Honor bright!" you see, [*Omit.*] . . . . right, we'll win the battle;

2. We're de-ter-mined that we'll never know de - feat, you see; If we fight for And we'll keep it up in ev-'ry kind of weather.
For our Lead-er nev - er taught us to re - treat, you see, [*Omit.*] . . . . No matter how the guns and sabers rattle.

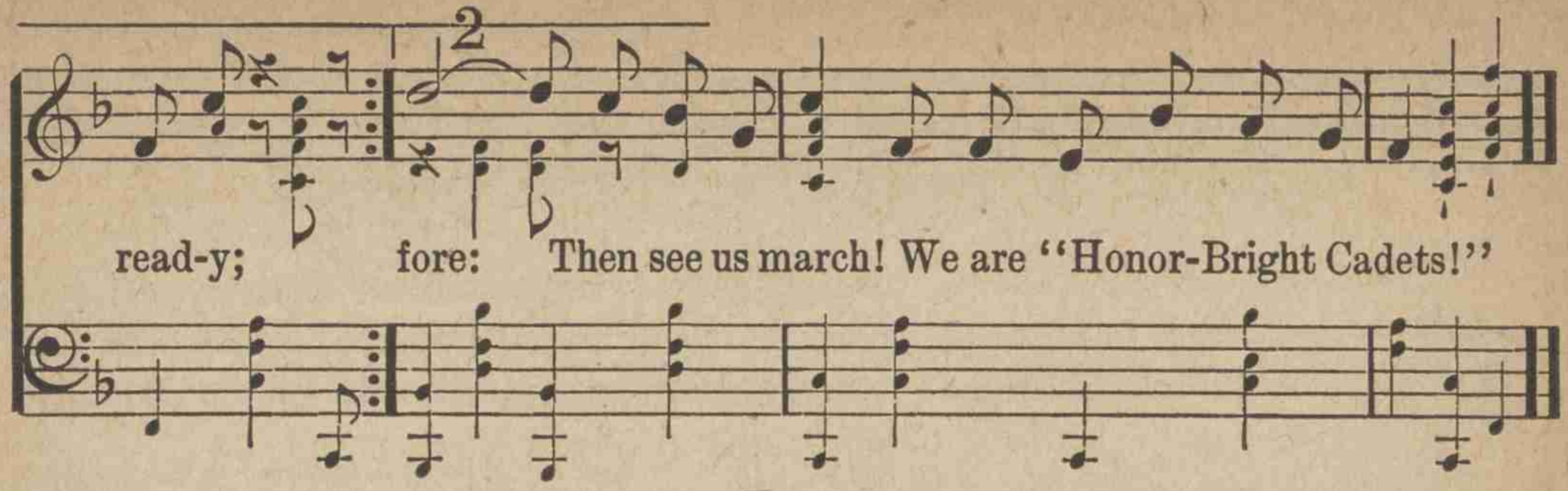
For the right, then; Honor bright, then; We will march on our journey thro' the world;
We'll be strong, then, 'Gainst the wrong, then, And we'll work till the setting of the sun;

Col-ors fly - ing, Ev-er try-ing To be true, as our banner is un-furled.
Col-ors fly - ing, Ev-er try-ing To be faithful un-til the vict'ry's won.

CHORUS.

Then see us marching as to war; . . . With purpose steady, Our hearts are
Our gal-lant Lead-er goes be- [*Omit.*] . . . . . .

Honor-Bright Cadets.



200. Dare to Be a Daniel.

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



No. 201 Rose, Rose, Rose.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Charlotte G. Homer. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. What is sweeter, tell me, Than a pret-ty
2. If a rose could whisper, Could it, think you,
3. Je - sus, keep me ev - er Like un-to this

Waltz time.

rose? Fra-grant in its beau - ty, Loveliest flow'r that grows.
tell Of that bless-ed coun - try Where the an - gels dwell?
flow'r— Pure and sweet and mod - est, Ev - 'ry day and hour.

REFRAIN.

{ Rose, rose, rose, Pret-ti - est flow'r that grows, Emblem of
{ Rose, rose, rose, Not till the whole world knows Of my dear

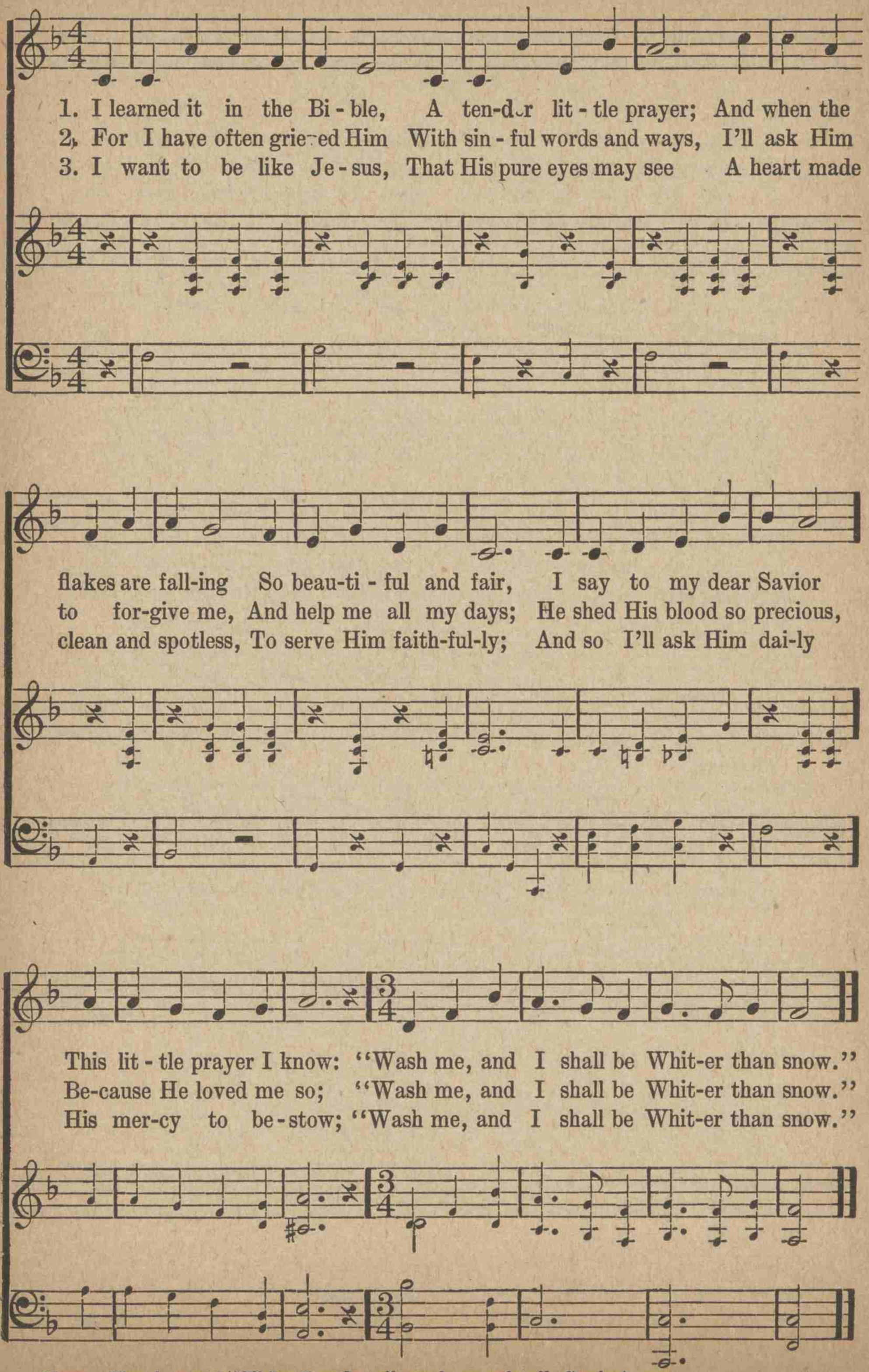
love that came from Heaven, Thro' which a Savior, Christ, was giv-en;

Sav - ior King, Will I cease to sing, Sweet rose, rose, rose. . .

No. 202 The Snow Prayer.

COPYRIGHT, 1892. USED BY PERMISSION OF L. E. SWENEY, EXECUTRIX.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.



NOTE.—The chorus of "Whiter than Snow" may be sung by all after last verse.

No. 203 I'll Be a Sunbeam.

To my grandson, Edwin O. Excell, Jr.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Nellie Talbot. E. O. Excell.

1. Je - sus wants me for a sun - beam, To shine for Him each day;
2. Je - sus wants me to be lov - ing, And kind to all I see;
3. I will ask Je - sus to help me To keep my heart from sin,
4. I'll be a sun-beam for Je - sus; I can if I but try;

In ev - 'ry way try to please Him, At home, at school, at play.
Show-ing how pleas-ant and hap - py His lit - tle one can be.
Ev - er re - flect-ing His good - ness, And al-ways shine for Him.
Serv - ing Him mo-ment by mo - ment, Then live with Him on high.

CHORUS.

A sun - beam, a sun - beam, Je - sus wants me for a sun - beam;

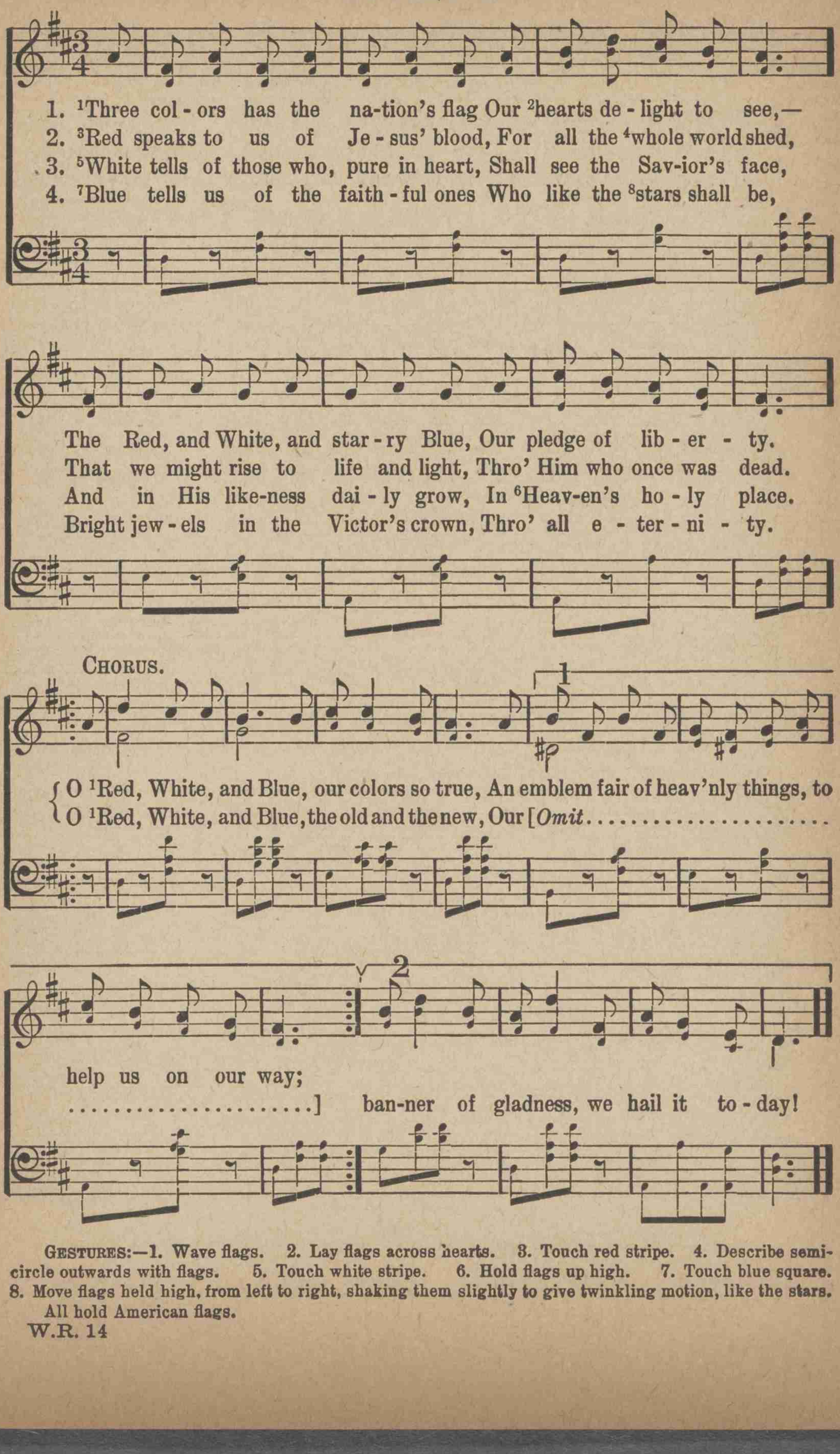
A sun - beam, a sun - beam, I'll be a sun-beam for Him.

No. 204 Our Colors So True.

Lizzie DeArmond.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. [1]Three col - ors has the na-tion's flag Our [2]hearts de - light to see,—
2. [3]Red speaks to us of Je - sus' blood, For all the [4]whole world shed,
3. [5]White tells of those who, pure in heart, Shall see the Sav-ior's face,
4. [7]Blue tells us of the faith - ful ones Who like the [8]stars shall be,

The Red, and White, and star - ry Blue, Our pledge of lib - er - ty.
That we might rise to life and light, Thro' Him who once was dead.
And in His like-ness dai - ly grow, In [6]Heav-en's ho - ly place.
Bright jew - els in the Victor's crown, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.

{ O [1]Red, White, and Blue, our colors so true, An emblem fair of heav'nly things, to
{ O [1]Red, White, and Blue, the old and the new, Our [*Omit* .....

help us on our way;
.....] ban-ner of gladness, we hail it to - day!

GESTURES:—1. Wave flags. 2. Lay flags across hearts. 3. Touch red stripe. 4. Describe semi-circle outwards with flags. 5. Touch white stripe. 6. Hold flags up high. 7. Touch blue square. 8. Move flags held high, from left to right, shaking them slightly to give twinkling motion, like the stars.

All hold American flags.

No. 205 Little Evangels.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Ida L. Reed. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Lit - tle e - van-gels for Thee, dear Sav - ior, Glad-ly we of - fer life's morn - ing hours, Tell - ing to oth - ers Thy grace and mer - cy,
2. Lit - tle e - van-gels for Thee, dear Sav - ior, Strewing glad bless-ings a- long our way, Shin - ing for Thee in the sha - dy pla - ces,
3. Lit - tle e - van-gels for Thee, dear Sav - ior, Faithful and loy - al through all our days, Un - der Thy stand-ard we march to - geth - er,

CHORUS.

Scat-t'ring for Thee love's sweet, fra-grant flow'rs.
Show-ing Thy good-ness to us each day. Lit-tle e - van-gels for
Joy - ful - ly sing - ing a song of praise.

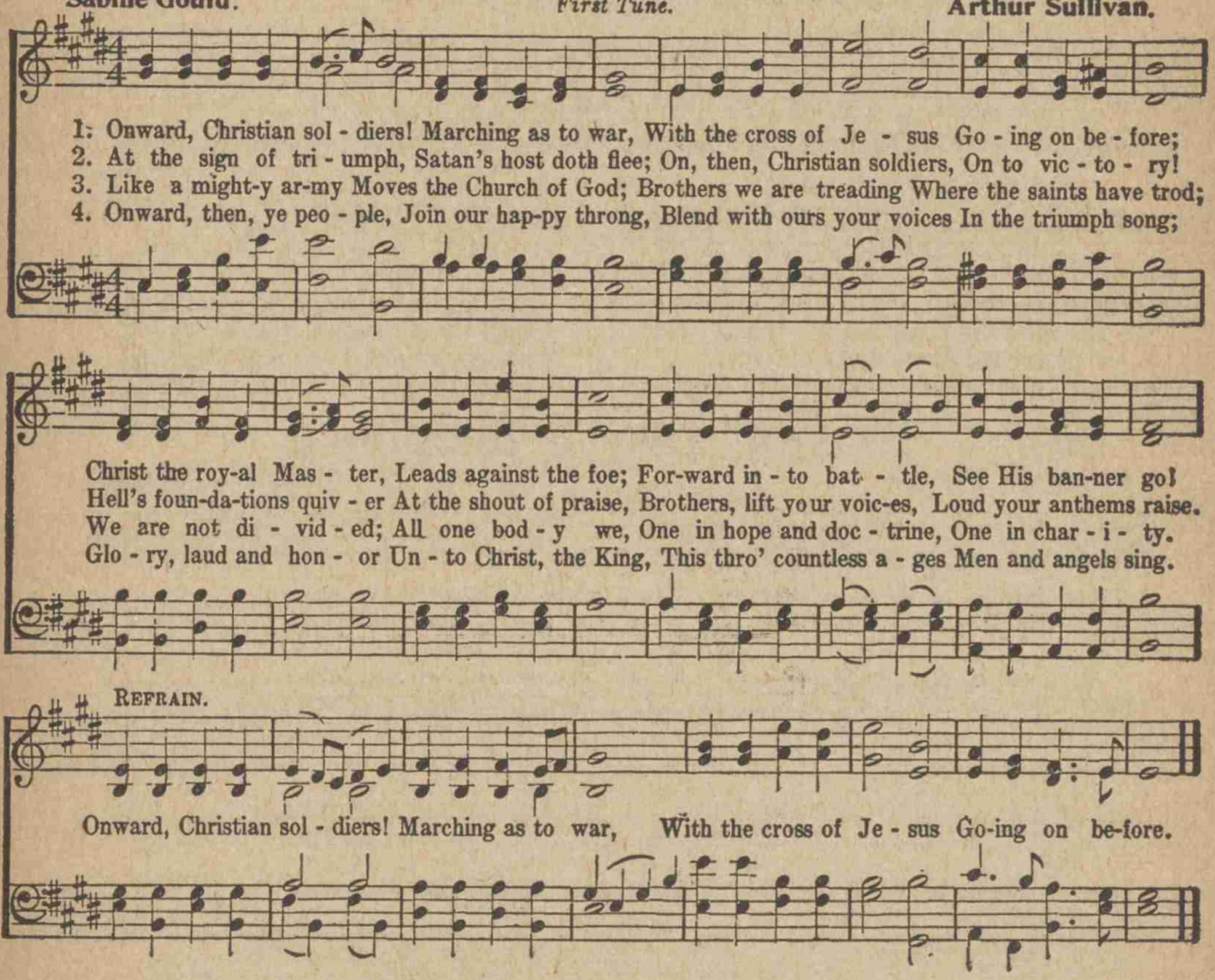
Thee to - day, Do - ing for oth-ers the good we may; Guide Thou our

steps in Thine own safe pathway; Bless Thou our service, dear Lord, we pray.

Devotional Hymns.

No. 206. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Gould. *First Tune.* Arthur Sullivan.



No. 207. Glory to His Name.

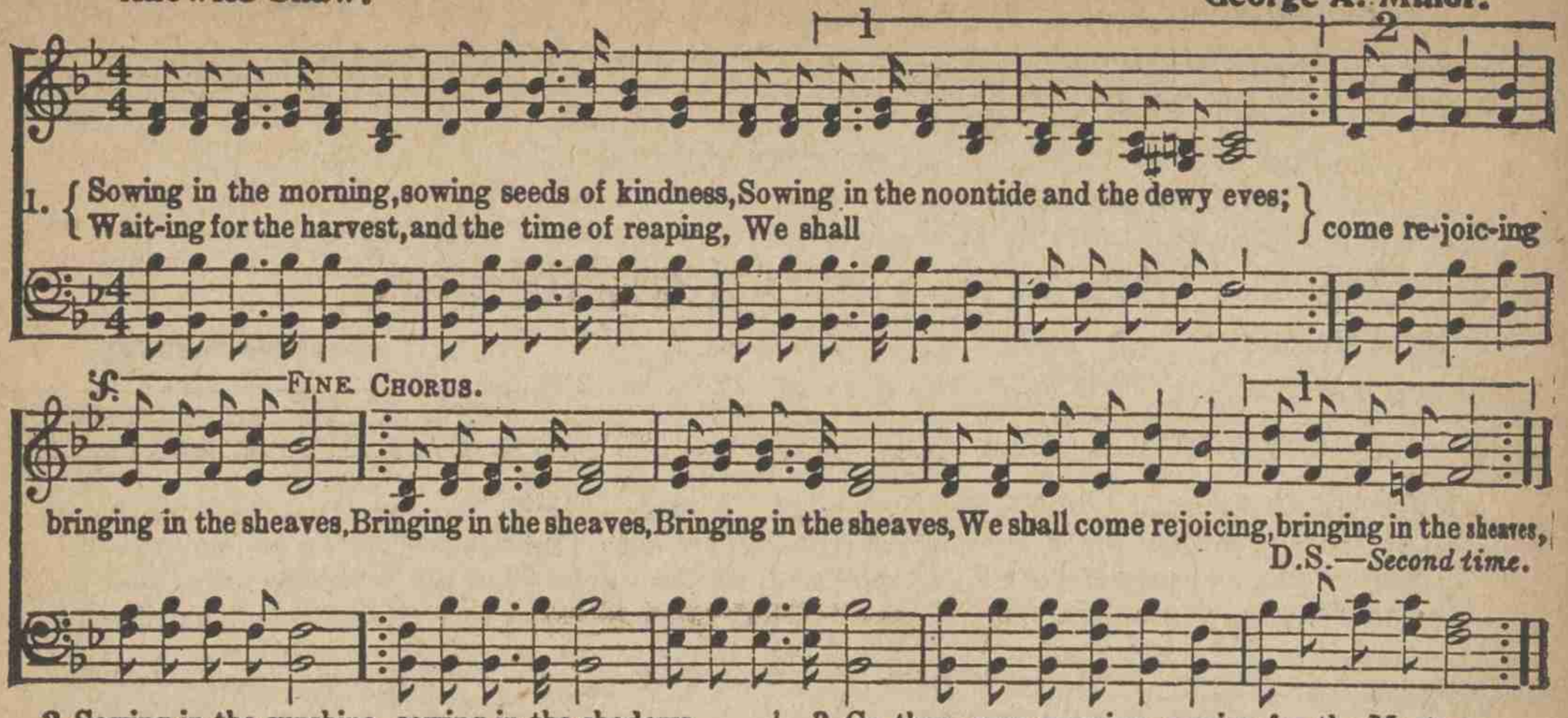
Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Rev. J. H. Stockton.

3 Oh, precious fountain that saves from sin,
I am so glad I have entered in;
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean;
Glory to His name.

4 Come to this fountain so rich and sweet;
Cast thy poor soul at the Savior's feet;
Plunge in to-day, and be made complete;
Glory to His name.

No. 208. Bringing in the Sheaves.

Knowles Shaw. George A. Minor.

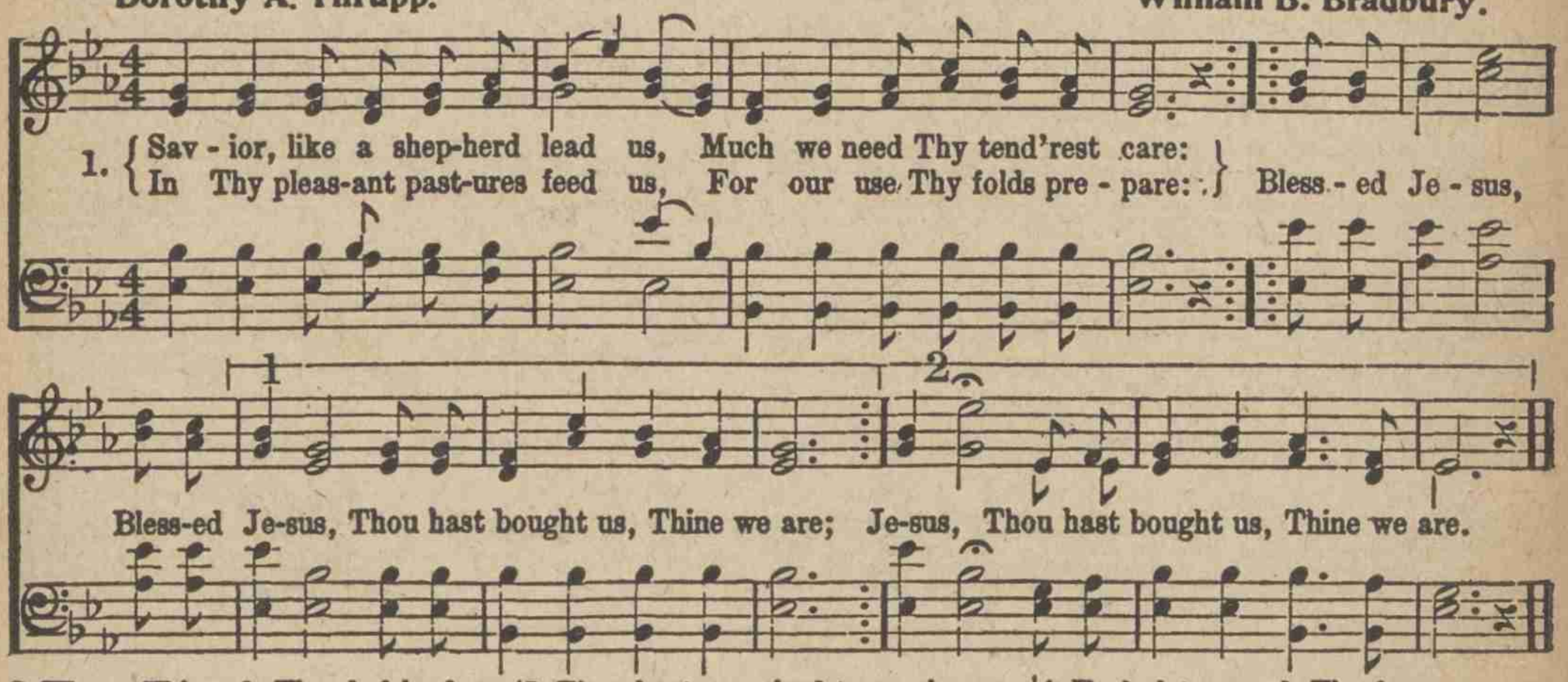


2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
By and by the harvest and the labor ended,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

3 Go then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master,
Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;
When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

No. 209. Savior, Like a Shepherd.

Dorothy A. Thrupp. William B. Bradbury.



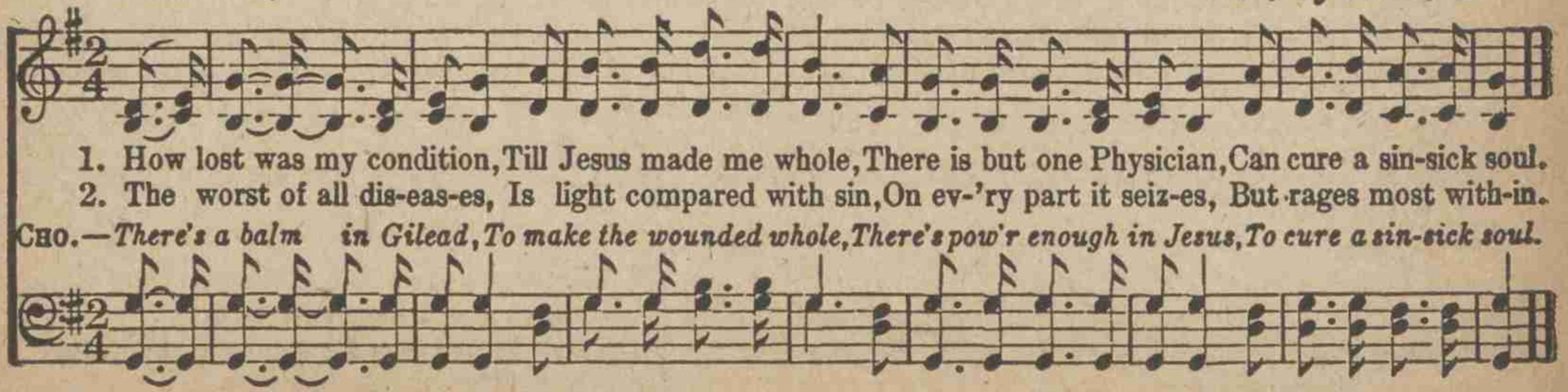
2 We are Thine; do Thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray:
Blessed Jesus,
Hear, oh, hear us when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be,
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free
Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Savior,
With Thy love our bosoms fill:
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

No. 210. Balm In Gilead.

Unknown. Arr. by E. O. E.



3 'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
And madness all combined,
And none but a believer,
The least relief can find.

4 A dying, risen Jesus
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us
And saves the soul from death.

5 Come then to this Physician
His help He'll freely give,
He makes no hard condition,
'Tis only look and live.

No. 211. Standing On the Promises.

COPYRIGHT 1886, BY JOHN J. HOOD.
USED BY PERMISSION.

R. K. C. R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Standing on the prom-is-es of Christ my King, Thro' e - ter-nal a - ges let His prais-es
2. Standing on the prom-is-es that can not fail; When the howling storms of doubt and fear as-
3. Standing on the prom-is-es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e-ter-nally by love's strong
4 Standing on the prom-is-es, I can not fall, List'ning ev-'ry moment to the Spir-it's

ring; Glo - ry in the highest, I will shout and sing, Standing on the promises of God.
sail, By the liv-ing word of God I shall pre-vail, Standing on the promises of God.
cord, O - ver-coming daily with the Spirit's sword, Standing on the promises of God.
call, Rest-ing in my Saviour, as my all in all, Standing on the promises of God.

CHORUS.

Stand - ing, stand - ing, Standing on the prom-is-es of God my Saviour;
Standing on the promises, standing on the promises,

Stand - ing, stand - ing, I'm standing on the prom-is-es of God.
Standing on the promises, standing on the promises,

No. 212. 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. 213. All for Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. EXCELL.

1. All, yes, all I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him;
   All my heart I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him;
2. All, yes, all I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him;
   All my voice I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him;
3. All, yes, all I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him;
   All my love I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him;
4. All, yes, all I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him;
   All my life I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him,

D. C.—Ev - er more His good-ness tell - ing, It be-longs to Him.
Sing-ing o'er and o'er the sto - ry, It be-longs to Him.
For His watch-care nev - er ceas - ing, It be-longs to Him.
Ev - er-more I'll hon - or Je - sus; All be-longs to Him.

Ev - er-more to be His dwell - ing, Ev - er-more His prais - es swell-ing,
Plead - ing for the young and hoar - y, Tell - ing of His pow'r and glo - ry,
Lov - ing Him for love un - ceas - ing, For His mer - cy e'er in - creas-ing,
Hour by hour I'll live for Je - sus, Day by day I'll work for Je - sus,

No. 214. There's a Great Day Coming.

USED BY PER. W. L. THOMPSON & CO., EAST LIVERPOOL, O., AND THE THOMPSON MUSIC CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

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

When the saints and the sinners shall be parted right and left,
But its brightness shall only come to them that love the Lord, Are you ready for that day to come
When the sinner shall hear his doom, "Depart, I know ye not,"

CHORUS. *m* *pp*

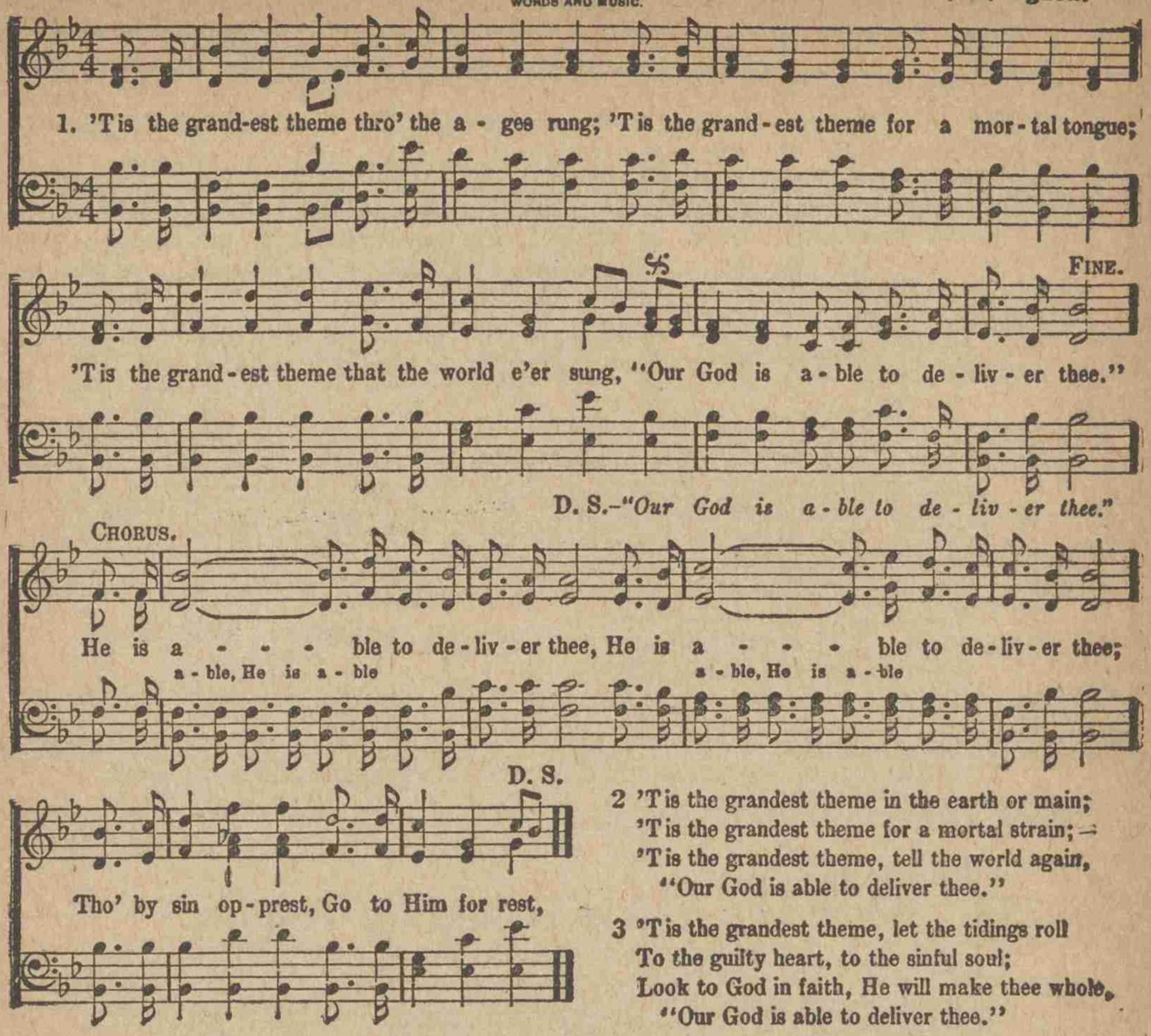
Are you ready? Are you ready? Are you ready for the judgment day? For the judgment day?

No. 215. He is Able to Deliver Thee.

W. A. O.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

W. A. Ogden.



2 'T is the grandest theme in the earth or main;
'T is the grandest theme for a mortal strain;
'T is the grandest theme, tell the world again,
"Our God is able to deliver thee."

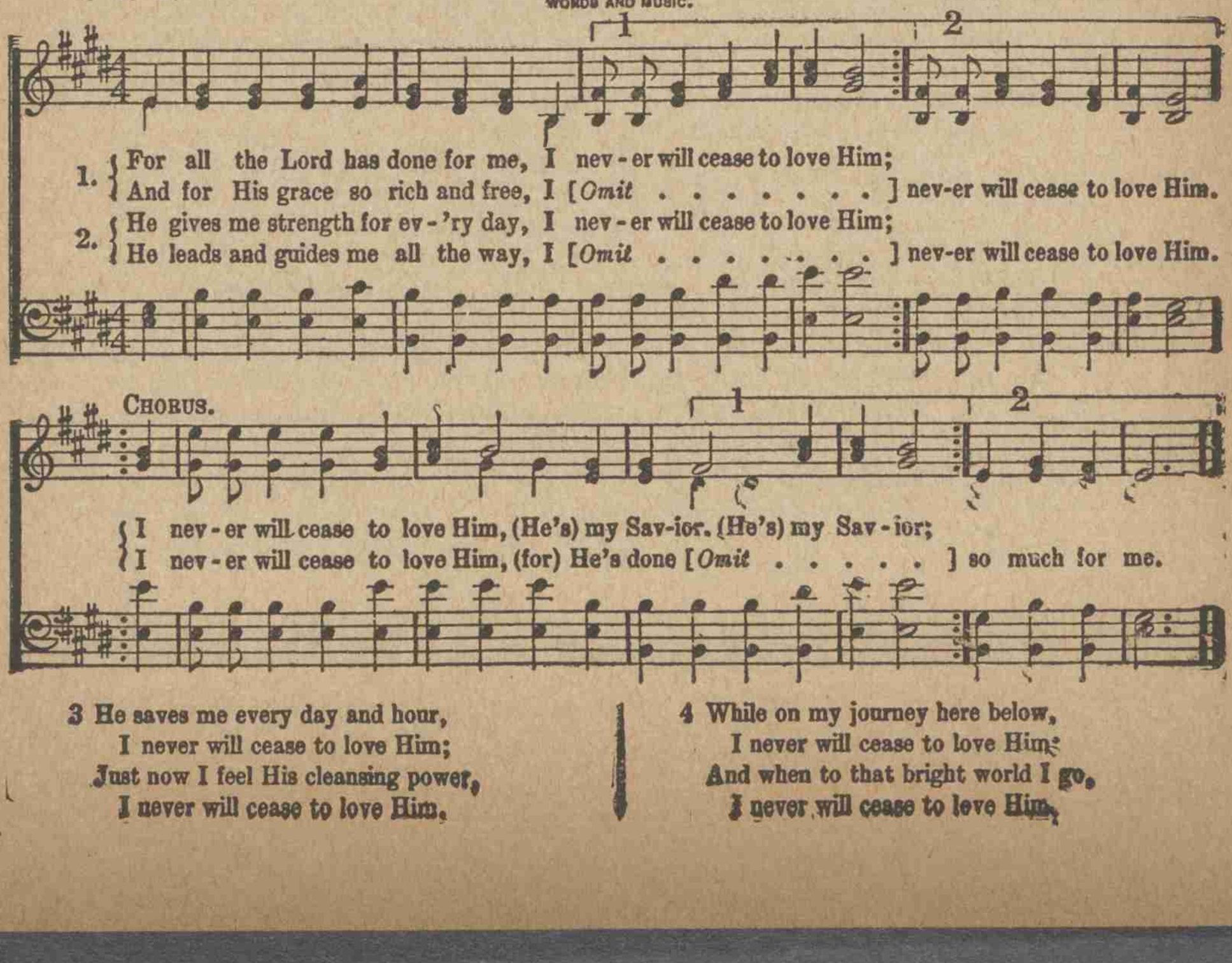
3 'T is the grandest theme, let the tidings roll
To the guilty heart, to the sinful soul;
Look to God in faith, He will make thee whole,
"Our God is able to deliver thee."

No. 216. I Never Will Cease to Love Him.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



3 He saves me every day and hour,
I never will cease to love Him;
Just now I feel His cleansing power,
I never will cease to love Him.

4 While on my journey here below,
I never will cease to love Him;
And when to that bright world I go,
I never will cease to love Him.

No. 217. Lord, I'm Coming Home.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
USED BY PERMISSION.

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

1. I've wandered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home; The paths of sin too long I've trod; Lord, I'm coming home.
2. I've wast-ed man - y precious years, Now I'm com-ing home; I now re - pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm coming home.
3. I'm tired of sin and straying, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home; I'll trust Thy love, be- lieve Thy word; Lord, I'm coming home.
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home; My strength renew, my hope re-store; Lord, I'm coming home.
5. My on - ly hope, my on - ly plea, Now I'm com-ing home; That Je - sus died, and died for me; Lord, I'm coming home.
6. I need His cleansing blood, I know, Now I'm com-ing home; O wash me whi - ter than the snow; Lord, I'm coming home.

D. S.—O - pen wide Thine arms of love; Lord, I'm coming home.

Fine. CHORUS. *D. S.*

Coming home, coming home, Nevermore to roam,

No. 218. When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.

COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL
USED BY PER. OF J. M. BLACK, OWNER.

B. M. J. J. M. BLACK.

1. When the trum-pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more, And the morn-ing breaks, e-ter - nal bright and fair; roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
   When the saved of earth shall gath - er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the glo - ry of His res - ur - rec - tion share; roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
2. On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise, And the
   When His chos - en ones shall gath - er to their home beyond the skies, And the talk of all His wondrous love and care; roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set of sun, Let us
   Then when all of life is o - ver and our work on earth is done, And the

D.S—roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

CHORUS.

When the roll ..... is called up yon - der, When the roll ..... is called up
When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there, When the roll is called up

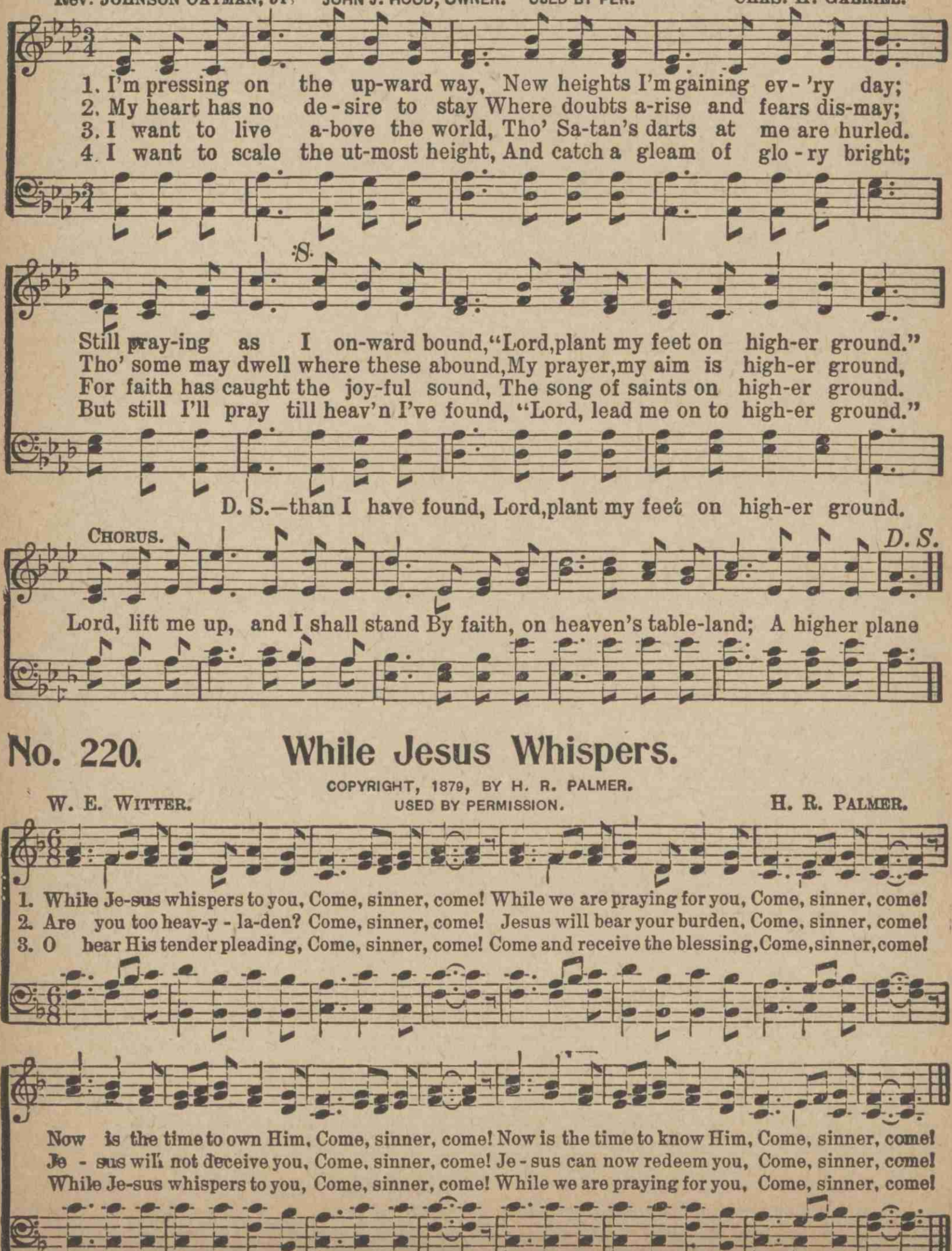
When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.



No. 219. Higher Ground.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.
JOHN J. HOOD, OWNER. USED BY PER.

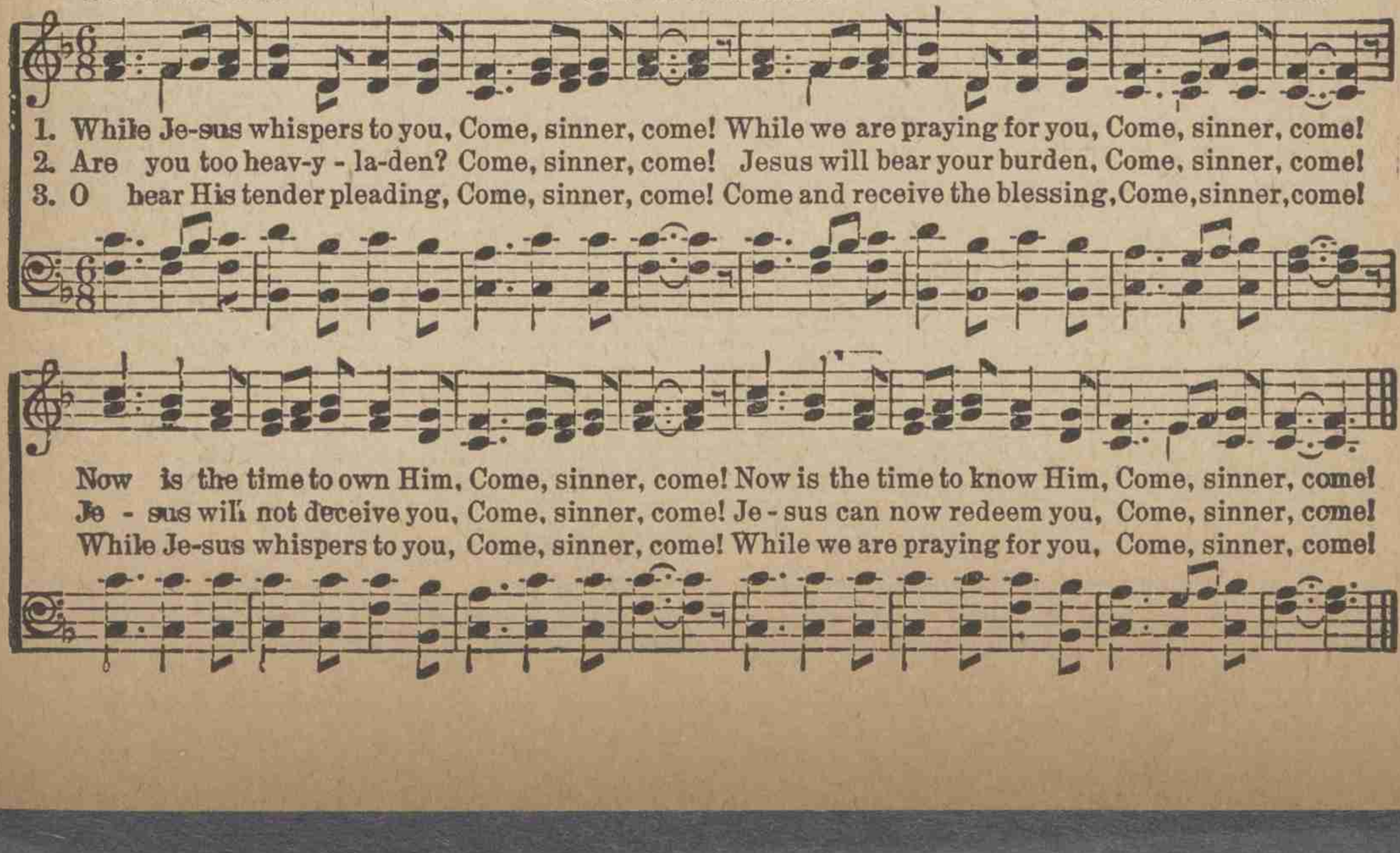
Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



No. 220. While Jesus Whispers.

COPYRIGHT, 1879, BY H. R. PALMER.
USED BY PERMISSION.

W. E. WITTER. H. R. PALMER.



No. 221. To Calvary I Will Go.

E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY LIZZIE E. SWENEY.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Down in - to the foun - tain I would deep-er go; Down in - to the foun - tain, mak-ing white as snow;
2. Down in - to the foun - tain, deep-er, deep-er still, Till the grace of Je - sus all my be - ing fill,
3. Down in - to the foun - tain flow-ing from the cross, Let the might-y cur - rents sweep a - way all dross;

Tho' with sins of scar - let, and of crim - son dyed, I shall come up spot - less from the sav - ing tide.
Till the Ho - ly Spir - it works the change di-vine, Mak-ing "earth-en ves - sels" with His glo - ry shine.
Ev - er there a - bid - ing thro' His wondrous love, Wash-ing there the gar-ments for the feast a - bove.

CHORUS.

To Cal-v'ry I will go, The bless-ed Word I know, The precious blood of Je - sus cleanseth white as snow;
His voice is call - ing still, To "Who-so-ev-er will;" Down in - to the foun-tain I would deep - er go.

No. 222. No, Not One.

Johnson Oatman, Jr.

USED BY PERMISSION OF GEO. C. HUGG,
OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

Geo. C. Hugg.

Slow, and with feeling.

1. { There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!
   { None else could heal all our souls' dis - eas - es, No, not one! [*Omit . . .*] no, not one!

D. C.—*There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! [Omit . . .] no, not one!*

CHORUS. D. C.

Je - sus knows all a - bout our strug-gles, He will guide till the day is done;

2 No friend like Him is so high and holy, No, etc.
And yet no friend is so meek and lowly, No, etc.

3 There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, etc.
No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, etc.

4 Did ever saint find this Friend forsake him? No, etc.
Or sinner find that He would not take Him? No, etc.

5 Was e'er a gift like the Savior given? No, etc.
Will He refuse us a home in heaven? No, etc.

No. 223. I Love To Tell The Story.

Katherine Hankey. USED BY PERMISSION OF WM. G. FISCHER. **William G. Fischer.**

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a-bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won-der-ful it seems Than all the gold - en fan - cies
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What seems, each time I tell it,
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hun-ger - ing and thirst-ing

Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true;
Of all our gold-en dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me;
More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard
To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song,

CHORUS.

It sat - is - fies my long - ings as noth - ing else would do.
And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto - ry,
The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own ho-ly word.
'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have lov'd so long.

'Twill be my theme in glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

No. 224. Even Me, Even Me.

Mrs. Elizabeth Codner. **Wm. B. Bradbury.**

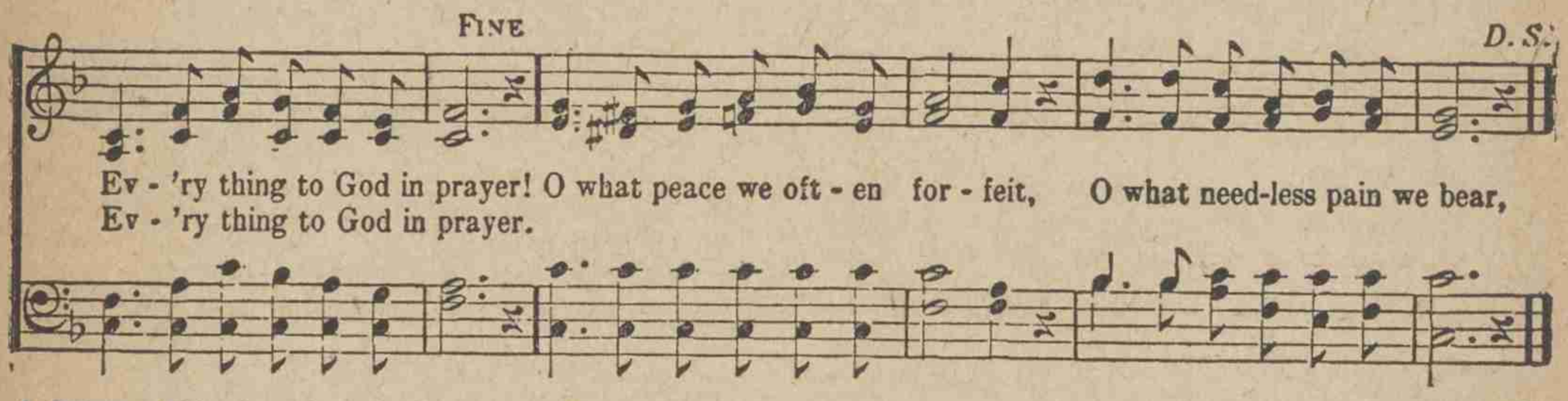
1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless - ing Thou art scatt'ring full and free; Show'rs, the thirst-y land re-
2. Pass me not, O God, my Fa - ther Sin - ful tho' my heart may be; Thou mightst leave me, but the
3. Pass me not, O gra - cious Sav - ior, Let me live and cling to Thee; I am long - ing for Thy
4. Love of God, so pure and change-less, Blood of Christ, so rich and free; Grace of God, so strong and

fresh-ing; Let some drops now fall on me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.
rath - er; Let Thy mer - cy light on me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Let Thy mer - cy light on me.
fa-vor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me.
boundless Mag - ni - fy them all in me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Mag - ni - fy them all in me.

No. 225. What a Friend.

H. Bonar. C. C. Converse.





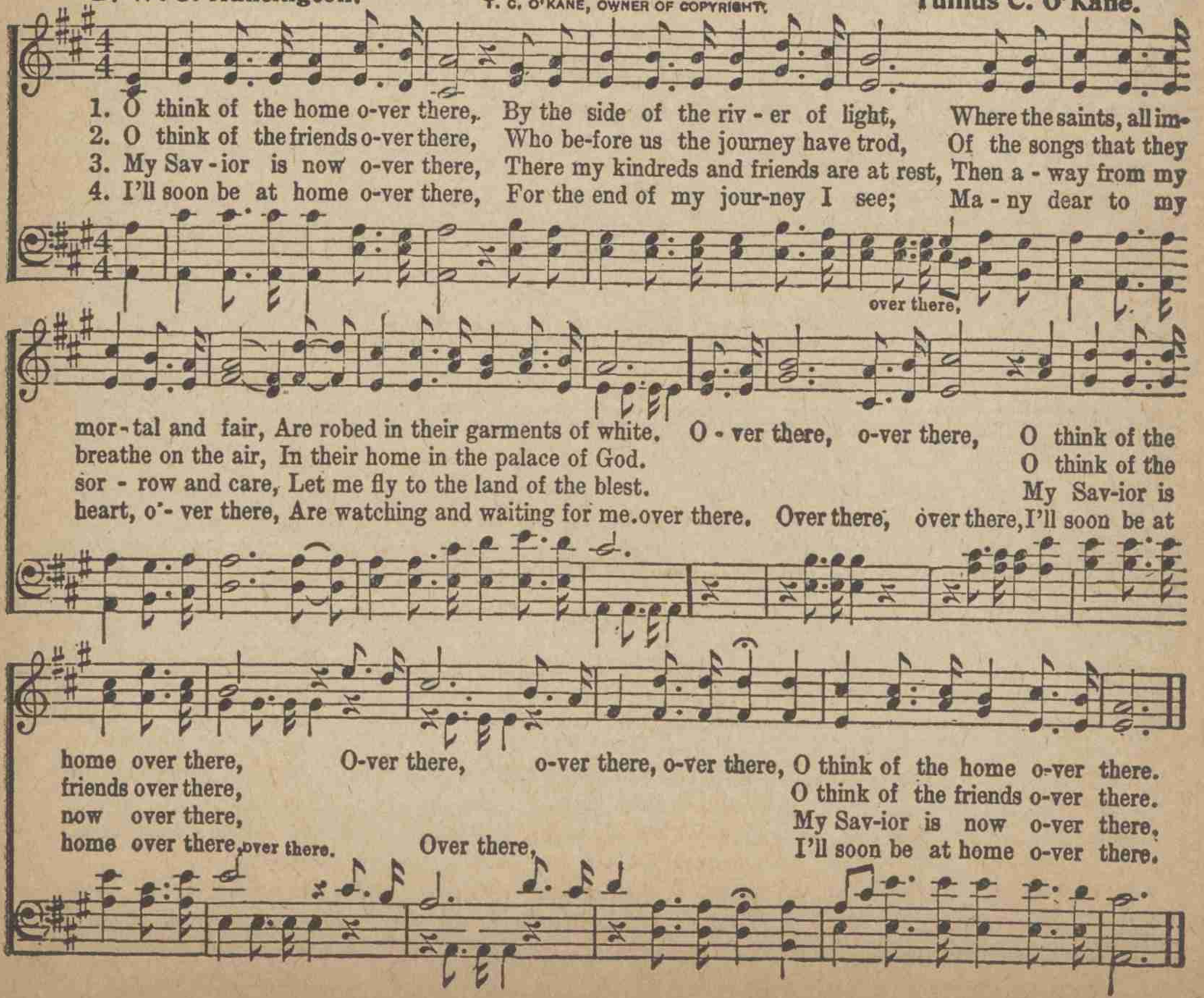
1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry,
Every thing to God in prayer!

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. 226. The Home Over There.

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

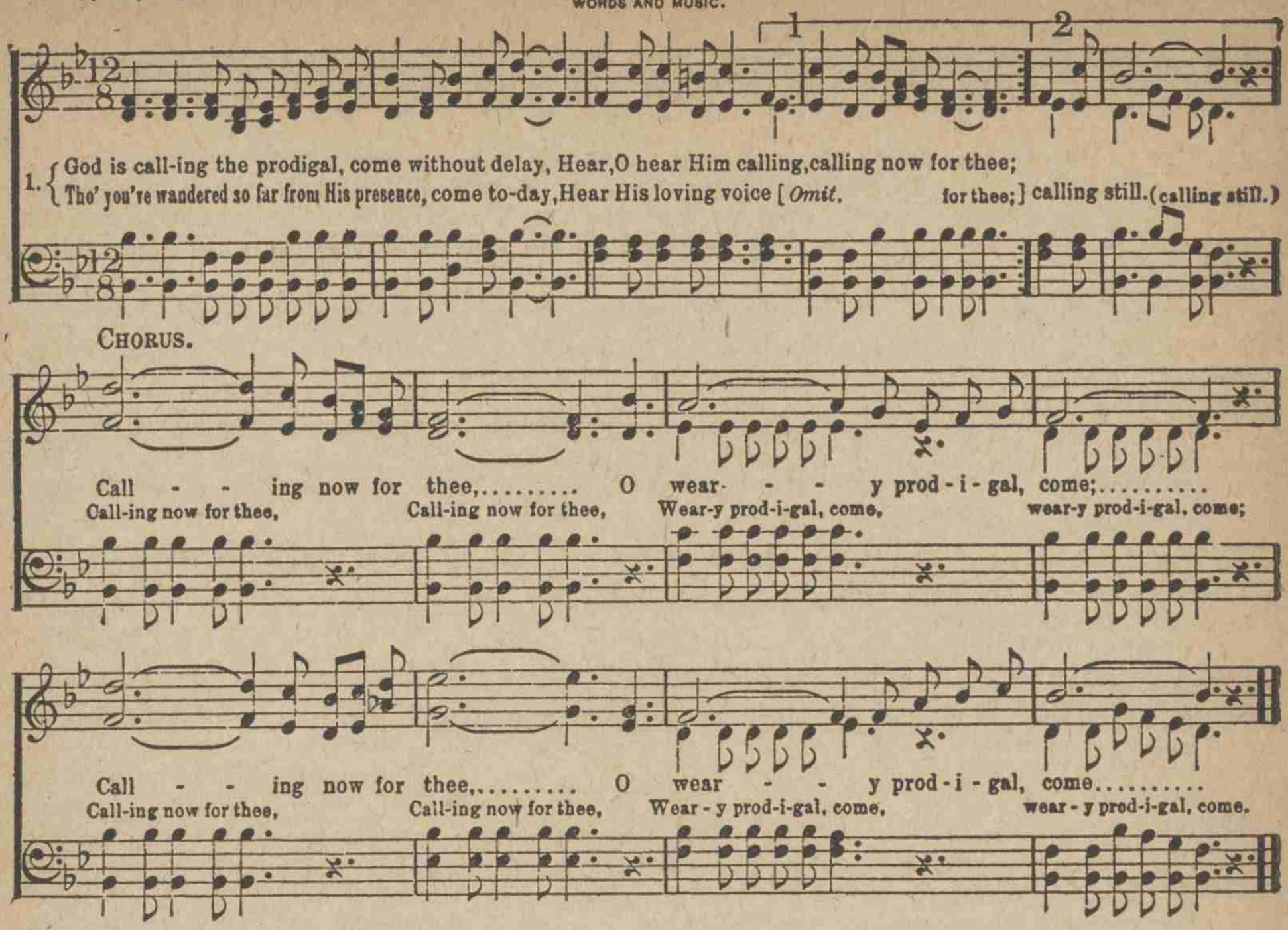


No. 227. Calling the Prodigal.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



2 Patient, loving, and tenderly still the Father pleads,
Hear, O hear Him calling, calling now for thee;
Oh! return while the Spirit in mercy intercedes,
Hear His loving voice calling still.

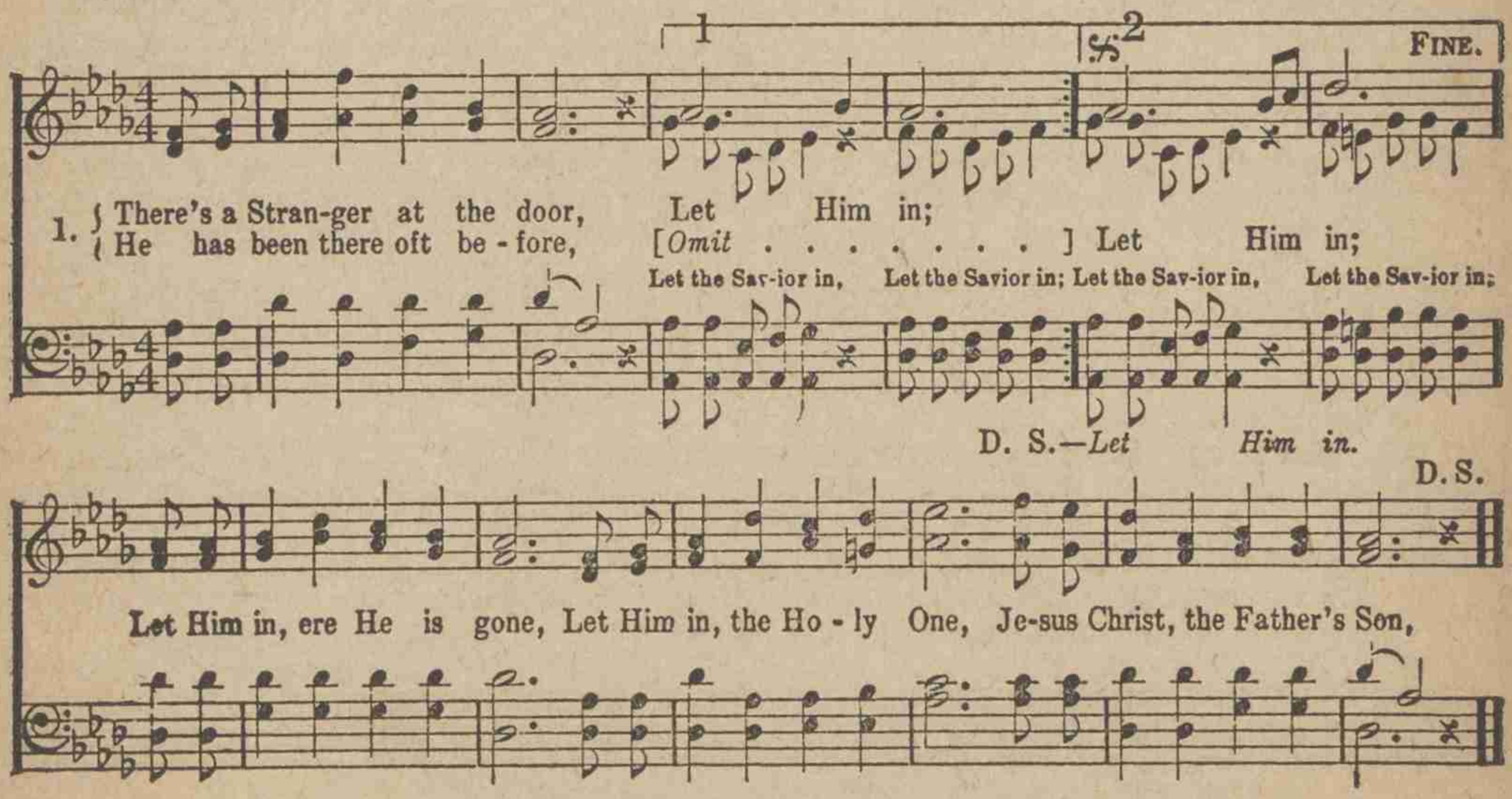
3 Come, there's bread in the house of thy Father, and to spare,
Hear, O hear Him calling, calling now for thee;
Lo! the table is spread and the feast is waiting there,
Hear His loving voice calling still.

No. 228. Let Him In.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL. RENEWAL.

E. O. Excell.



2 Open now to Him your heart,
Let Him in;
If you wait He will depart,
Let Him in;
Let Him in, He is your Friend,
He your soul will sure defend,
He will keep you to the end,
Let Him in.

3 Hear you now His loving voice?
Let Him in;
Now, oh, now make Him your choice,
Let Him in;
He is standing at your door,
Joy to you He will restore,
And His name you will adore,
Let Him in.

4 Now admit the heavenly Guest,
Let Him in;
He will make for you a feast,
Let Him in;
He will speak your sins forgiven,
And when earth-ties all are riven,
He will take you home to heaven,
Let Him in.

No. 229. My Happy Home.

Anon. COPYRIGHT, 1886, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap-py home, Oh, how I long for Thee! When will my sor-rows have an end?
2. Thy walls are all of pre-cious stone Most glo-rious to be - hold Thy gates are rich-ly set with pearl,
3. Thy gardens and thy pleasant streams My study long have been—Such sparkling gems by hu-man sight
4. Reach down, reach down thine arms of grace And cause me to ascend Where congregations ne'er break up

CHORUS.

Thy joys, when shall I see?
Thy streets are paved with gold. I will meet you in the cit - y of the New Je - ru - sa - lem,
Have nev - er yet been seen.
And prais - es nev - er end.

1 I am wash'd in the blood of the Lamb;..... 2 I am wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.
in the blood of the Lamb;

No. 230. Sweet By-and-By.

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

1. There's a land that is fair-er than day, And by faith we can see it a - far; For the Fa-ther waits
2. We shall sing on that beau-ti-ful shore The me - lo - di - ous songs of the blest, And our spir-its shall
3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our trib - ute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous

CHORUS.

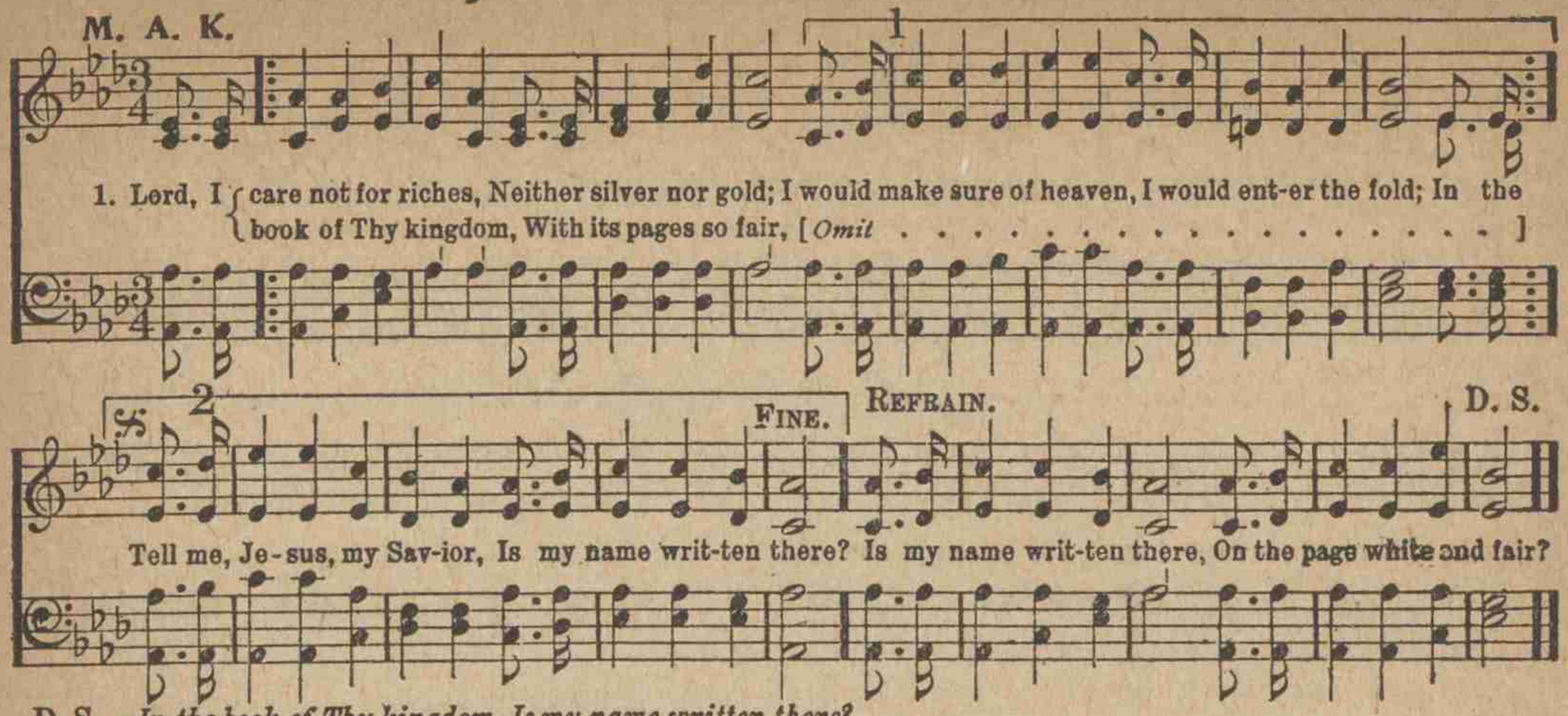
o - ver the way, To pre - pare us a dwelling place there.
sor - row no more, Not a sigh for the bless-ing of rest. In the sweet by-and-by, We shall
gift of His love, And the blessings that hallow our days. In the sweet by-and-by,

meet on that beautiful shore; In the sweet by-and-by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore.
by-and-by; In the sweet by-and-by,

No. 231 Is My Name Written There?

Frank M. Davis.

M. A. K.



D. S.—*In the book of Thy kingdom, Is my name written there?*

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

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

No. 232 Jesus is Passing By.

E. A. H.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.



No. 233 Come to Jesus.

3 He is able.
4 He is willing.
5 Call upon Him.

6 He will hear you.
7 He'll forgive you.
8 He will cleanse you.

9 He'll renew you.
10 Jesus loves you.
11 Only trust Him.

No. 234. Rest for the Weary.

William Hunter. **J. W. Dadmun.**

1. In the Chris-tian's home in glo - ry, There re-mains a land of rest; There my Sav-ior's
2. He is fit - ting up my man - sion, Which e - ter - nal - ly shall stand, For my stay shall
3. Pain and sick - ness ne'er shall en - ter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share; But, in that ce-
4. Death it - self shall then be van-quished, And his sting shall be with-drawn; Shout for glad - ness,

CHORUS.

gone be - fore me, To ful - fill my soul's re - quest.
not be tran - sient, In that ho - ly, hap - py land. { There is rest for the wear - y,
les - tial cen - ter, I a crown of life shall wear. { On the oth - er side of Jor - dan,
oh, ye ran-somed! Hail with joy the ris - ing morn.

There is rest for the wear - y, There is rest for the wear - y, There is rest for you; {
In the sweet fields of E - den, Where the tree of life is bloom-ing, There is rest for you. }

No. 235. We'll Work till Jesus Comes.

Elizabeth Mills. **William Miller.**

1. { O land of rest, for thee I sigh! When will the mo-ment come
   { When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And (*Omit* . . . . . .) dwell in peace at home?

CHORUS.

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

2 To Jesus Christ I fled for rest;
He bade me cease to roam,
And lean for succor on His breast
Till He conduct me home.

3 I sought at once my Savior's side,
No more my steps shall roam;
With Him I'll brave death's chilling tide,
And reach my heavenly home.

No. 236. Whiter Than Snow.

James Nicholson. Wm. G. Fischer.

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per-fect-ly whole;
I want Thee for - ev - er to live in my soul;
Break down ev-'ry i - dol, cast out ev-'ry foe;

2. Lord Je-sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies,
And help me to make a com-plete sac-ri - fice;
I give up my-self, and what-ev - er I know;

FINE CHORUS. D. S.

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

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

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

No. 237. Blessed Be the Name.

Charles Wesley, Alt. Har. by J. M. Hunt.

1. O for a thou-sand tongues to sing, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
The glo-ries of my God and King! Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!

2. Je - sus! the name that charms our fears, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
'Tis mu - sic in the sin - ner's ears, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!

Bless-ed be the name, bless-ed be the name, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord! of the Lord!

3 He breaks the pow'r of canceled sin, Blessed be etc,
His blood can make the foulest clean, Blessed be etc,

4 I never shall forget that day, Blessed be etc,
When Jesus washed my sins away, Blessed be etc,

No. 238. Softly Now the Light of Day.

George W. Doane. Carl M. von Weber.

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way, Free from care, from
la - bor free, Lord, I would com-mune with Thee.

2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault and secret sin.

3 Soon for me the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sor-row free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

No. 239. Blessed Assurance.

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

1. Bless-ed as - sur - ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal-
2. Per - fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de - light, Vis-ions of rap - ture now burst on my sight, An-gels de-
3. Per - fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I, in my Sav - ior am hap - py and blest, Watching and

va - tion, pur-chase of God, Born of His Spir - it, washed in His blood.
scend - ing, bring from a - bove, Ech - oes of mer - cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto - ry,
wait - ing, look - ing a - bove, Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

D. C.—Prais-ing my Sav - ior all the day long.

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

No. 240. There is Glory in My Soul.

Grace Weiser Davis. COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. E. O. EXCELL, OWNER. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Since I lost my sins, and I found my Sav-ior, There is glo-ry in my soul! Since by faith I
2. Since He cleansed my heart, gave me sight for blindness, There is glo-ry in my soul! Since He touched and
3. Since with God I've walked, having sweet communion, There is glo-ry in my soul! Brighter grows each
4. Since I en-tered Ca - naan on my way to heav'n, There is glo-ry in my soul! Since the day my

sought and obtained God's fa-vor, There is glo - ry in my soul.
healed me in lov-ing-kindness, There is glo - ry in my soul. There is glo - ry, glo - ry, there is
day in this heav'n-ly un-ion, There is glo - ry in my soul.
life to the Lord was giv-en, There is glo - ry in my soul.

glo-ry in my soul! Ev'ry day brighter grows, And I conquer all my foes; There is glo - ry in my soul!
glo-ry in my soul!

No. 241. 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.

pp *m*

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.

cres.

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

p *rit.* *pp*

Ear-nest-ly, ten-der - ly, Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sin-ner, come home!

No. 242. Ever Will I Pray.

A. Cummings. USED BY PERMISSION. J. H. Tenney.

1. Fa - ther, in the morn-ing Un-to Thee I pray, Let Thy lov-ing-kindness Keep me thro' this day.
2. At the bus-y noontide, Pressed with work and care, Then I'll wait with Je - sus Till He hear my prayer.
3. When the evening shadows Chase a-way the light, Fa-ther, then I'll pray Thee, Bless Thy child to-night.
4. Thus in life's glad morning, In its bright noon-day, In the shadowy eve-ning, Ev-er will I pray.

CHORUS.

I will pray, I will pray, Ev - er will I pray; Morning, noon and evening Unto Thee I'll pray.
I will pray, I will pray, Ev-er will I pray; Un-to Thee I'll pray.

No. 243. When I Can Read My Title Clear.

Isaac Watts. J. C. Lowry.

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To man-sions in the skies,..... I bid fare-well to
2. Should earth a-gainst my soul en-gage, And fi - ery darts be hurled,.... Then I can smile at
3. Let cares like a wild del - uge come And storms of sor-row fall,..... May I but safe - ly
4. There shall I bathe my wea - ry soul In seas of heav'nly rest,..... And not a wave of

FINE D.S.

ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes. And wipe my weeping eyes,.. And wipe my weeping eyes,..
Sa-tan's rage, And face a frowning world. And face a frowning world,.. And face a frowning world...
reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all. My God, my heav'n, my all,.. My God, my heav'n, my all...
.troub-le roll A-cross my peaceful breast. A - cross my peaceful breast,. A - cross my peaceful breast,..

No. 244. Holy Manna.

Baptist Harmony. Arr. by A. J. S.

FINE. REFRAIN.

1. Breth-ren, we have met to wor - ship And a - dore the Lord our God.
   Will you pray with all your pow-er While we try to preach the Word? All is vain un-
2. Breth-ren, see poor sin - ners 'round you Slumb'ring on the brink of woe;
   Death is com-ing, hell is mov - ing, Can you bear to let them go?

D. C.—*Breth - ren, pray that ho - ly man - na May be show-ered all a - round.*

D. C.

less the Spir-it Of the Ho - ly One comes down;

3 Sisters, will you join and help us
While we struggle hard with sin;
Will you tell to trembling mourners
Jesus waits to welcome them?

4 Let us love our God supremely,
Let us love each other, too,
Let us love and pray for sinners,
Till our God makes all things new.

No. 245. Bread of Heaven.

Josiah Conder. Ignace Pleyel.

FINE. D. S.

1. Bread of Heav'n, on thee we feed, For thy flesh is meat in - deed: Ev - er let our souls be fed
D. S.—With this true and liv-ing bread.

2 Vine of Heaven, thy blood sup-plies
This blest cup of sacrifice:
Lord, Thy wounds our healing give,
To Thy cross we look and live.

3 Day by day, with strength supplied
Thro' the life of Him who died,
Lord of life, O let us be
Rooted, grafted, built in Thee.

No. 246. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W. FINE. M. M. Wells.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev-er near the Chris-tian's side, Gen - tly lead us by the hand,
2. Ev - er pres-ent, tru - est Friend, Ev-er near Thine aid to lend, Leave us not to doubt and fear,
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Waiting still for sweet re-lease, Nothing left but heav'n and pray'r,

D.C.—Whisper soft-ly, "Wand'rer, come, Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

D. C.

Pil-grims in a des - ert land; Wea - ry souls for - e'er re-joice, While they hear that sweetest voice,
Grop-ing on in dark-ness drear; When the storms are rag-ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Wondering if our names are there; Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead-ing naught but Je - sus blood;

No. 247. Holy Ghost, with Light Divine.

A. Reed. Gottschalk.

1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light divine, Shine up-on this heart of mine;

Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark-ness in - to day.

2 Holy Ghost, with pow'r divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine,
Long hath sin without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down ev'ry idol throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

No. 248. Holy, Holy, Holy.

Reginald Heber. John B. Dykes.

1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might-y! Ear - ly in the morn-ing our song shall rise to Thee;
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, all the saints adore Thee, Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of sin-ful man Thy glory may not see;
4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Almighty! All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty!
Cher-u-bim and sera - phim fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert and art, and ev-er-more shalt be.
On - ly Thou art ho - ly, there is none be - side Thee, Per-fect in pow-er, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty.

No. 249. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

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

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, While the near - er wa-ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high. Hide me, O, my Sav - ior hide, Till the storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, oh, leave me not a- lone, Still sup - port and com-fort me. All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring; Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find; Raise the fal - len, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind. Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un-right-eous-ness; Vile and full of sin I am, Thou are full of truth and grace.
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin; Let the heal - ing streams a- bound; Make and keep me pure with-in. Thou of life the fount-ain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee; Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 250. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

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

1. { Je-sus, Lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, / While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high. } { Hide me, O, my Sav-ior hide, / Till the storm of life is past; }

D. C.—Safe in-to the ha-ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last!

No. 251. From Every Stormy Wind that Blows.

Hugh Stowell. *Third Tune.* Thomas Hastings.

1. From ev-'ry storm - y wind that blows, From ev-'ry swell-ing tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure re - treat: 'Tis found be-neath the mer - cy seat.
2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of glad - ness on our heads; A place than all be- sides more sweet: It is the blood-bought mer - cy seat.
3. There is a scene 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. 252. 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.

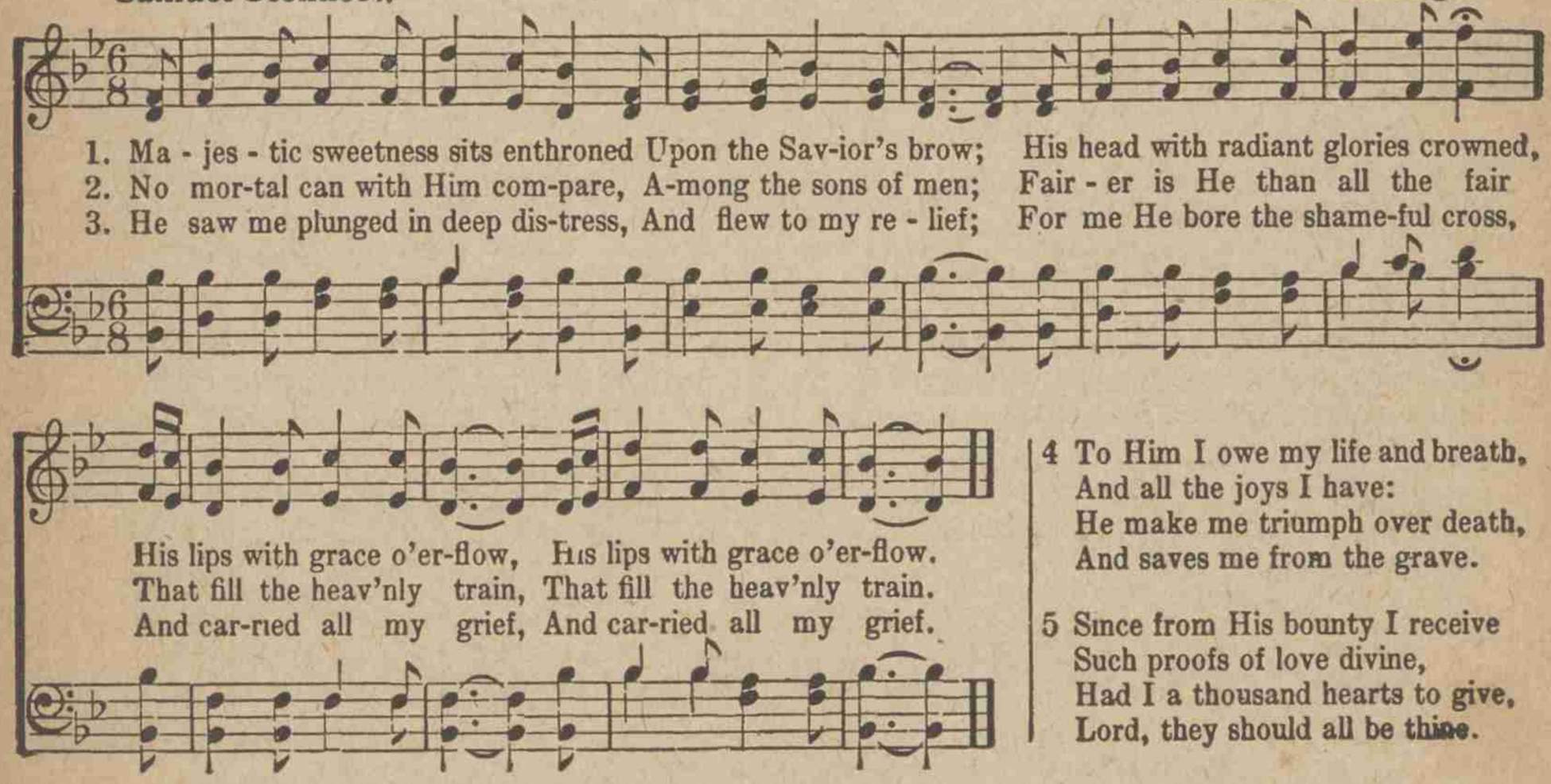
2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee!

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. 253. 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,

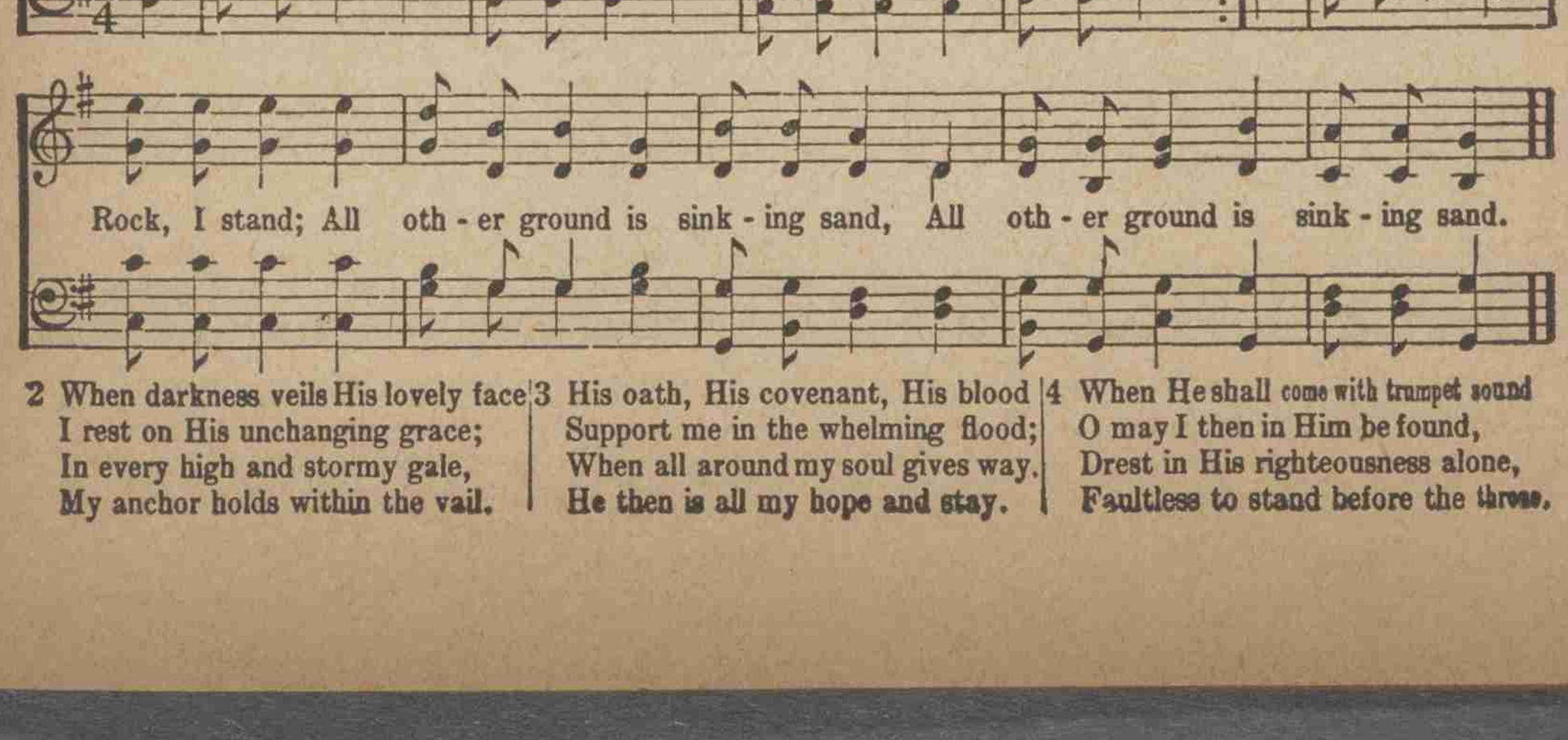
His lips with grace o'er-flow, His lips with grace o'er-flow.
That fill the heav'nly train, That fill the heav'nly train.
And car-ried all my grief, And car-ried all my grief.

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. 254. 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.

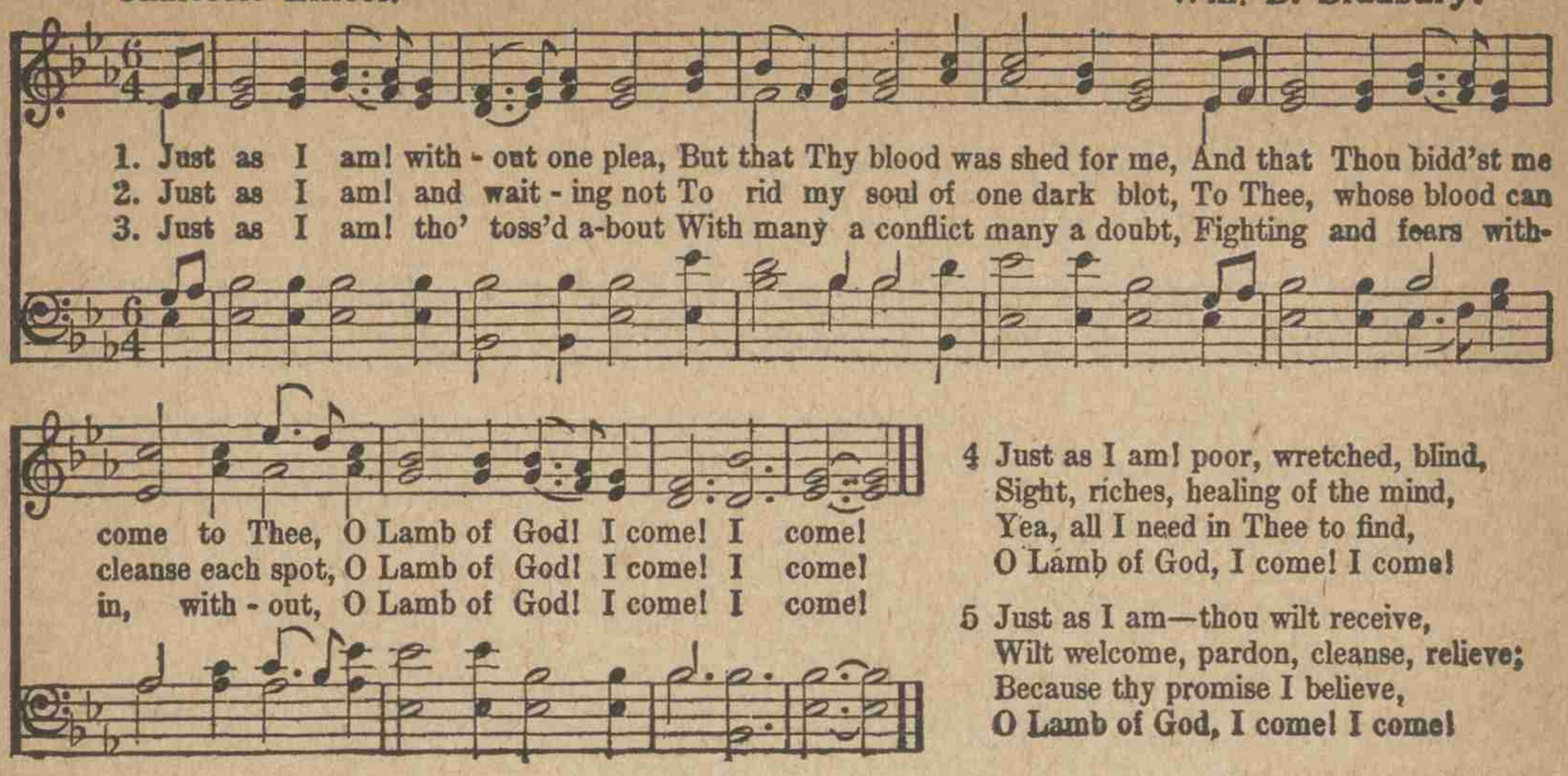
2 When darkness veils His lovely face
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vail.

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,
Drest in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.

No. 255. Just As I Am.

Charlotte Elliott. **Wm. B. Bradbury.**

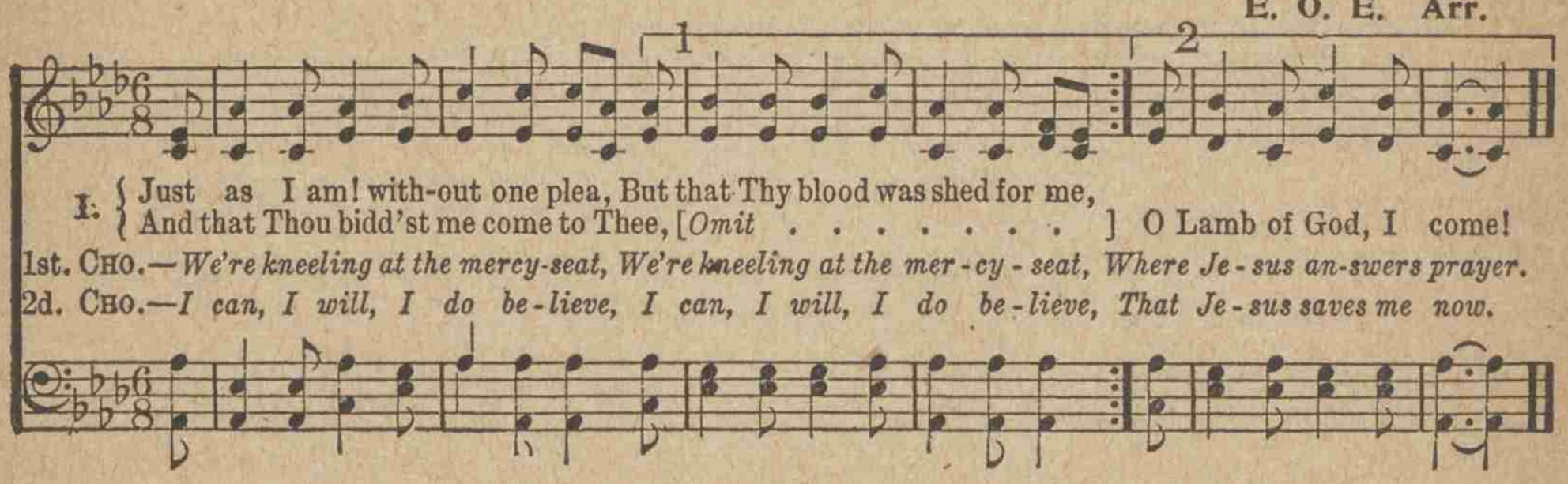


4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

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!

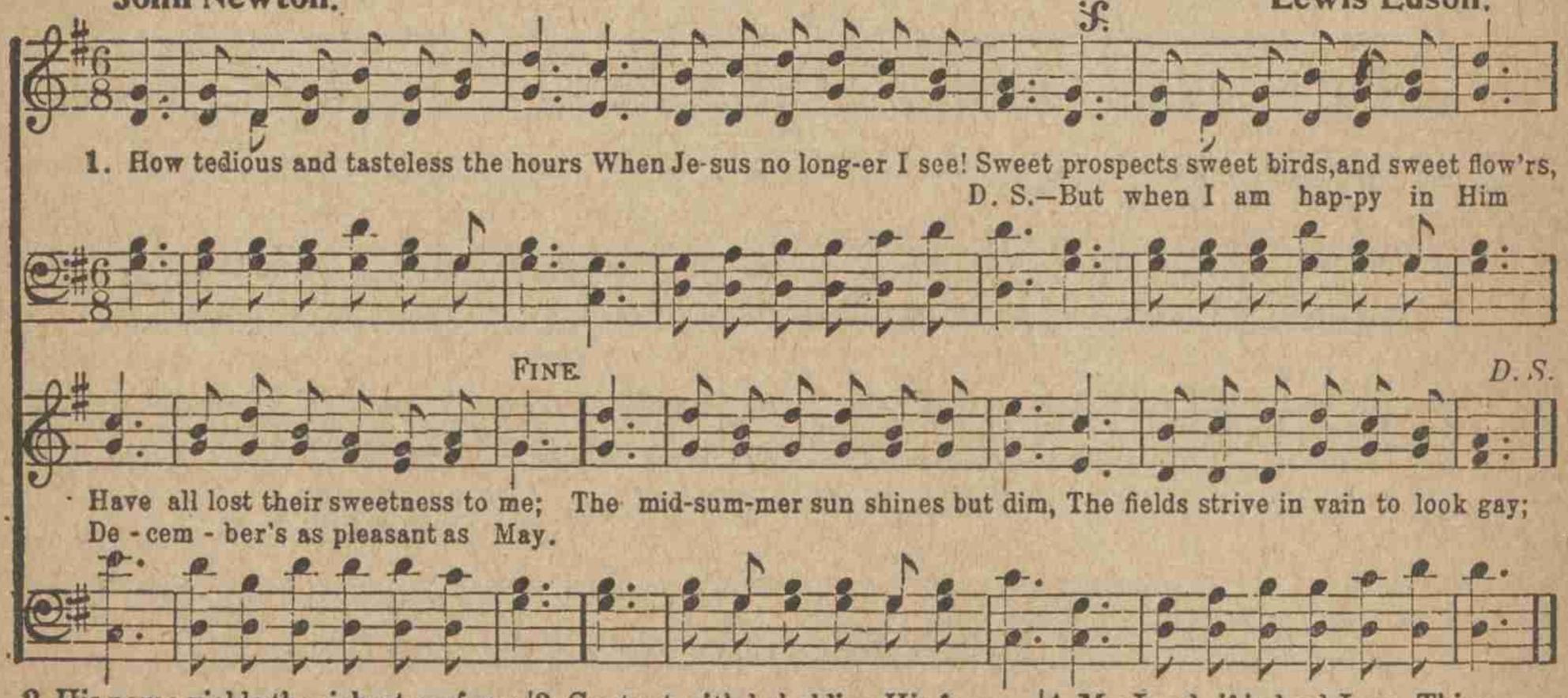
No. 256. We're Kneeling at the Mercy-Seat.

E. O. E. Arr.



No. 257. How Tedious and Tasteless.

John Newton. **Lewis Edson.**



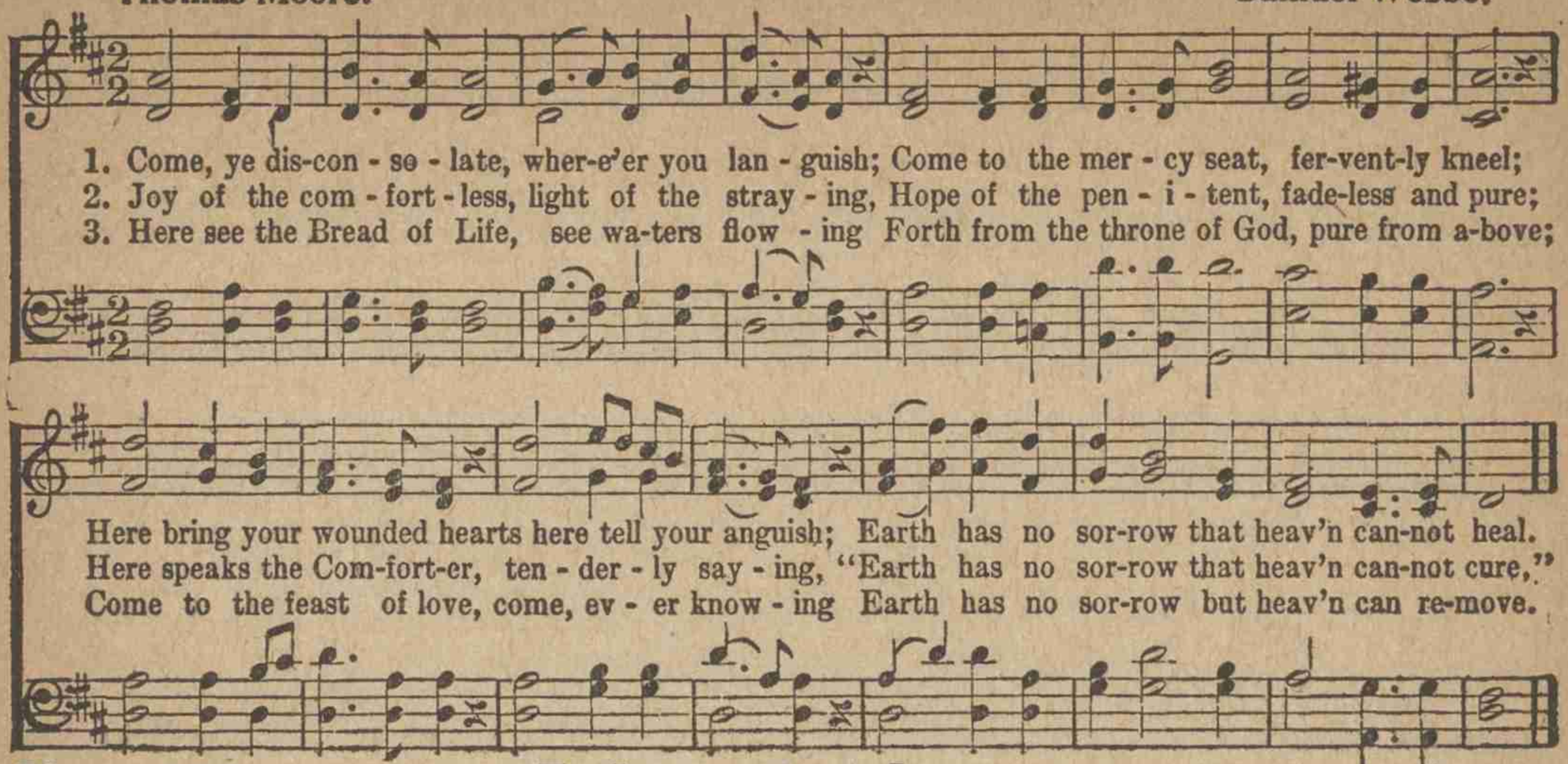
2 His name yields the richest perfume
And sweeter than music His voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice;
I should, were He always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I;
My summer would last all the year.

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.

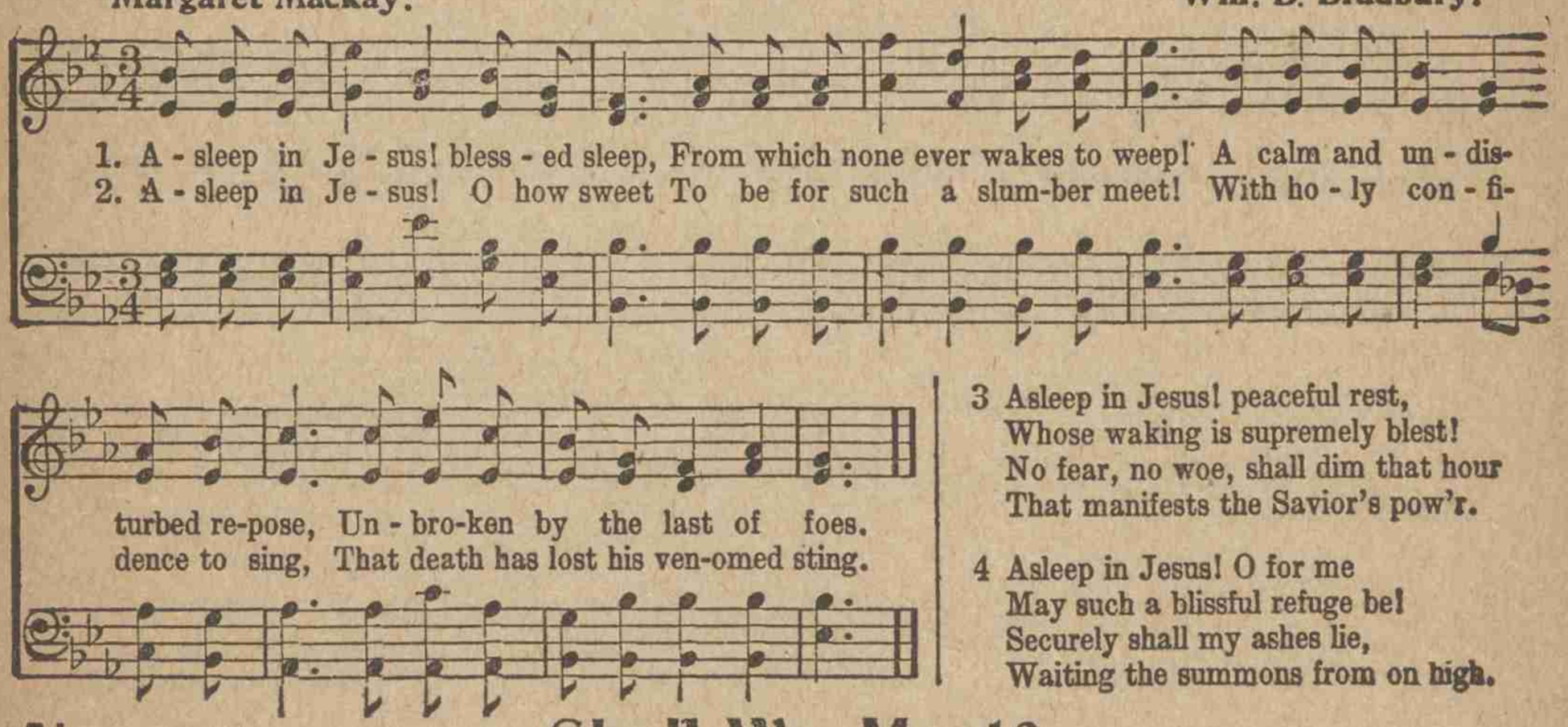
No. 258. Come, Ye Disconsolate.

Thomas Moore. Samuel Webbe.



No. 259. Asleep in Jesus.

Margaret Mackay. Wm. B. Bradbury.

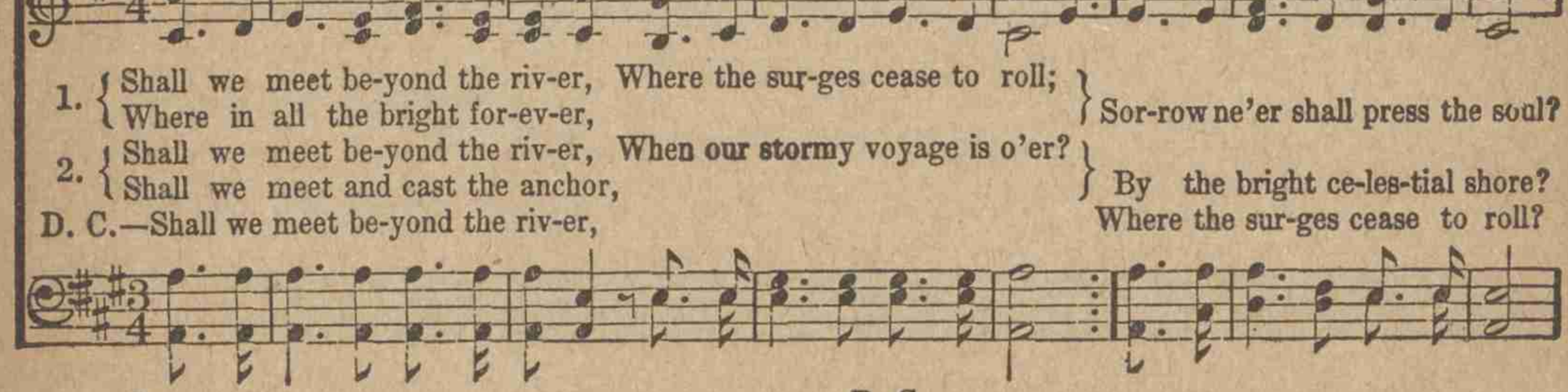


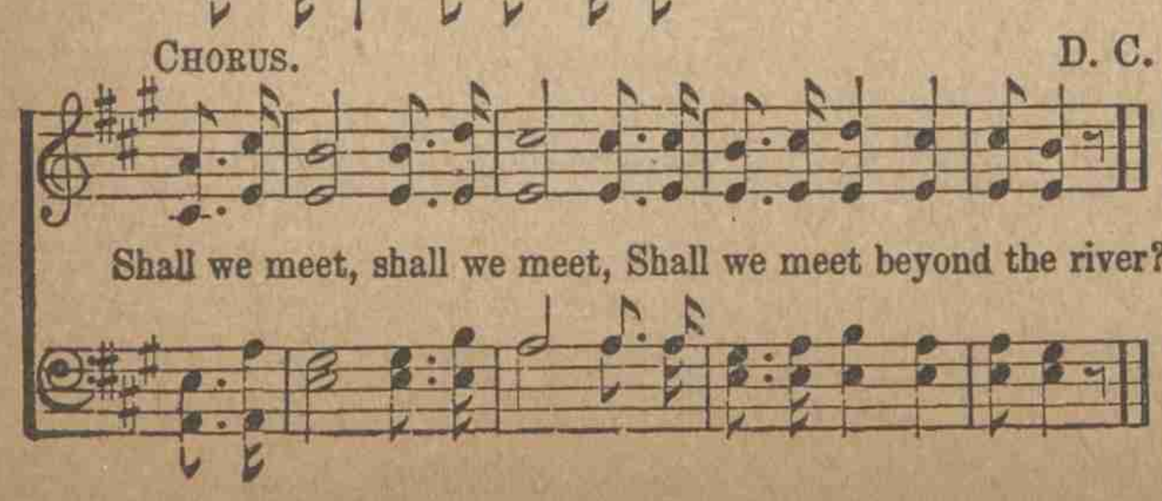
3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest!
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Savior's pow'r.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

No. 260. Shall We Meet?

H. L. Hastings. USED BY PERMISSION Elihu S. Rice.





3 Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the tow'rs of crystal shine;
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine?

4 Shall we meet with Christ, our Savior,
When He comes to claim His own?
Shall we know His blessed favor,
And sit down upon His throne?

No. 261. Abide With Me.

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

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark-ness deep-ens—Lord, with me a-bide!
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo-ries pass a - way;
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass-ing hour, What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be-fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies;

When oth - er help - ers fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a - bide with me!
Change and de - cay in all a - round I see; O Thou who changest not, a - bide with me!
Who, like Thy - self, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, a - bide with me!
Heav'n's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

No. 262. Sun of My Soul.

John Kepler. Henry Monk.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near; O may no
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea-ried eye - lids gen - tly steep, Be my last

earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eye.
thought, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-ior's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For with-out Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 Be near to bless me when I wake,
Ere thro' the world my way I take,
Abide with me till in Thy love
I lose myself in heaven above.

No. 263. In the Gross.

John Bowring. Ithamar Conkey.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time; All the light of
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an - noy, Nev - er shall the

sa - cred sto - ry Gathers round its head sub-lime.
cross for - sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more luster to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

No. 264. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer. Lowell Mason.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - ior di - vine; Now hear me while I pray, Take all my sins a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint-ing heart, My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire!
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a-round me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid dark-ness turn to day, Wipe sor-rows tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sul-len stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - ior then, in love, Fear and dis - trust re-move; O bear me safe a - bove,—A ran - somed soul.

No. 265. I am Trusting, Lord, in Thee.

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

1. I am coming to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind; I am counting all but dross, I shall full salvation find.

Cho.—I am trusting, Lord, in Thee; Blest Lamb of Calvary; Humbly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Jesus, save me now.

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

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

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

No 266. Joy to the World.

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

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-ceive her King; Let ev - 'ry heart pre-pare Him room, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and nature sing.
2. Joy to the world! the Sav-ior reigns; Let men their songs em-ploy; While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains, Repeat the sounding joy, Re-peat the sounding joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sounding joy.
3. No more let sin and sor - row grow, Nor thorns in-fest the ground; He comes to make His bless - ings flow Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na-tions prove The glo - ries of His right-eous-ness, And wonders of His love, And wonders of His love, And wonders, won-ders of His love.

Sing. . . . . .

And heav'n and na - ture sing. And heav'n and na - ture sing.

No. 267. Am I a Soldier?

Isaac Watts. *First Tune.* Thos. A. Arne.



2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease, [prize,
While others fought to win the
And sailed thro' bloody seas?

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

4 Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

No. 268. Amazing Grace.

John Newton. *Second Tune.* Arr. by E. O. Excell.



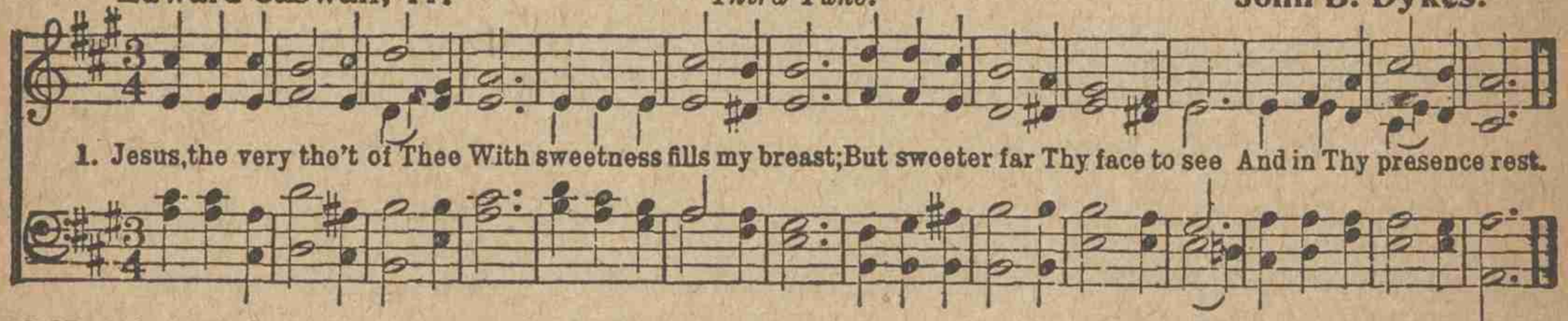
2 'Twas grace that taught my heart
And grace my fears relieved; [to fear
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!

3 Thro' many dangers, toils and
I have already come; [snares,
'Tis grace hath bro't me safe thus
And grace will lead me home. [far,

4 When we've been there tent hou-
Bright shining as the sun, [sand years
We've no less days to sing God's
Than when we first begun. [praise

No. 269. The Thought of Thee.

Edward Caswall, Tr. *Third Tune.* John B. Dykes.



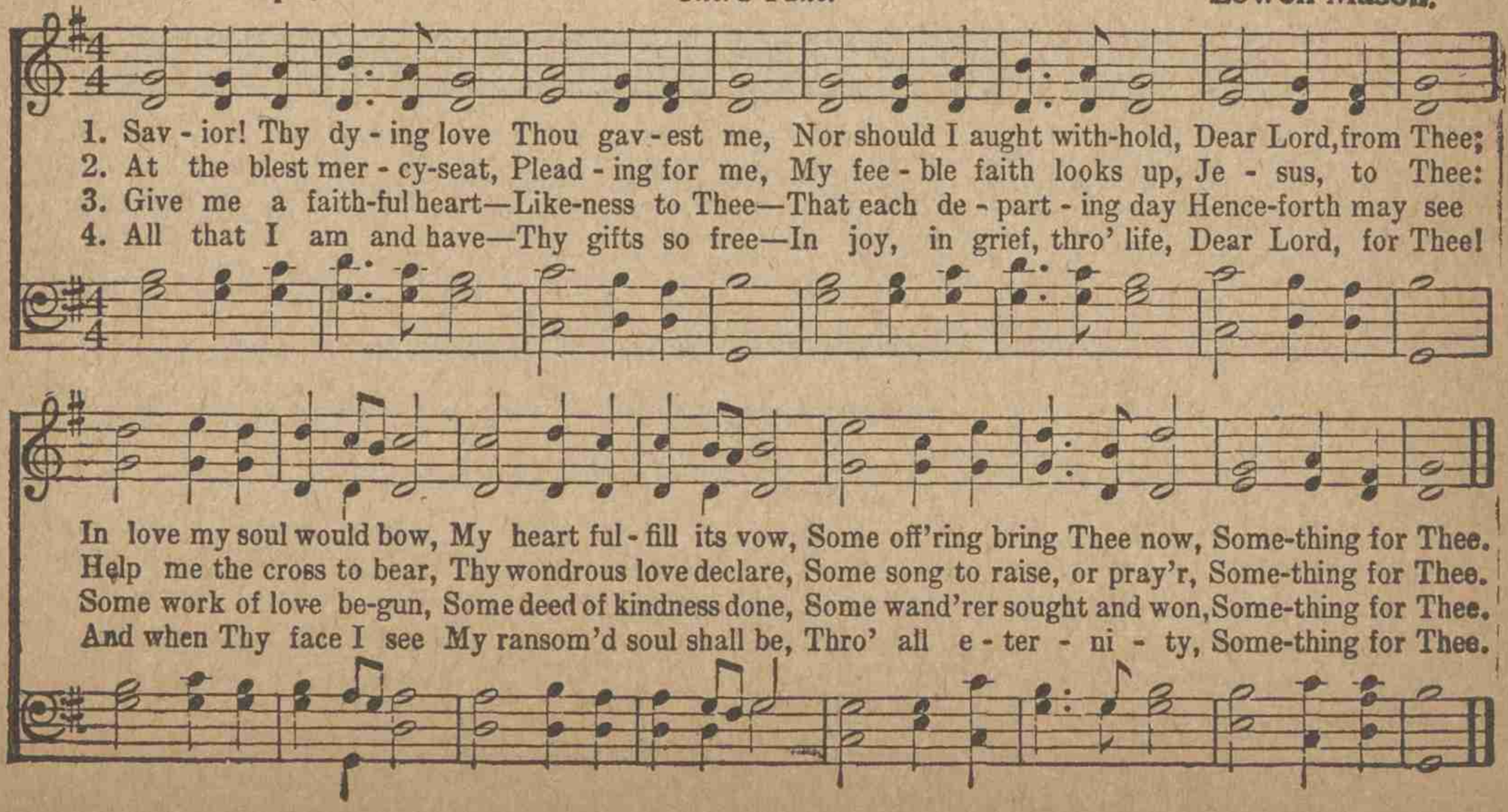
2 No voice can sing, no heart can
Nor can the mem'ry find [frame,
A sweeter sound than Thy blest
O Savior of man-kind! [name,

3 O Hope of every contrite heart!
O joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind Thou
How good to those who seek! [art!

4 But what to those who find? ah! this
No tongue or pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

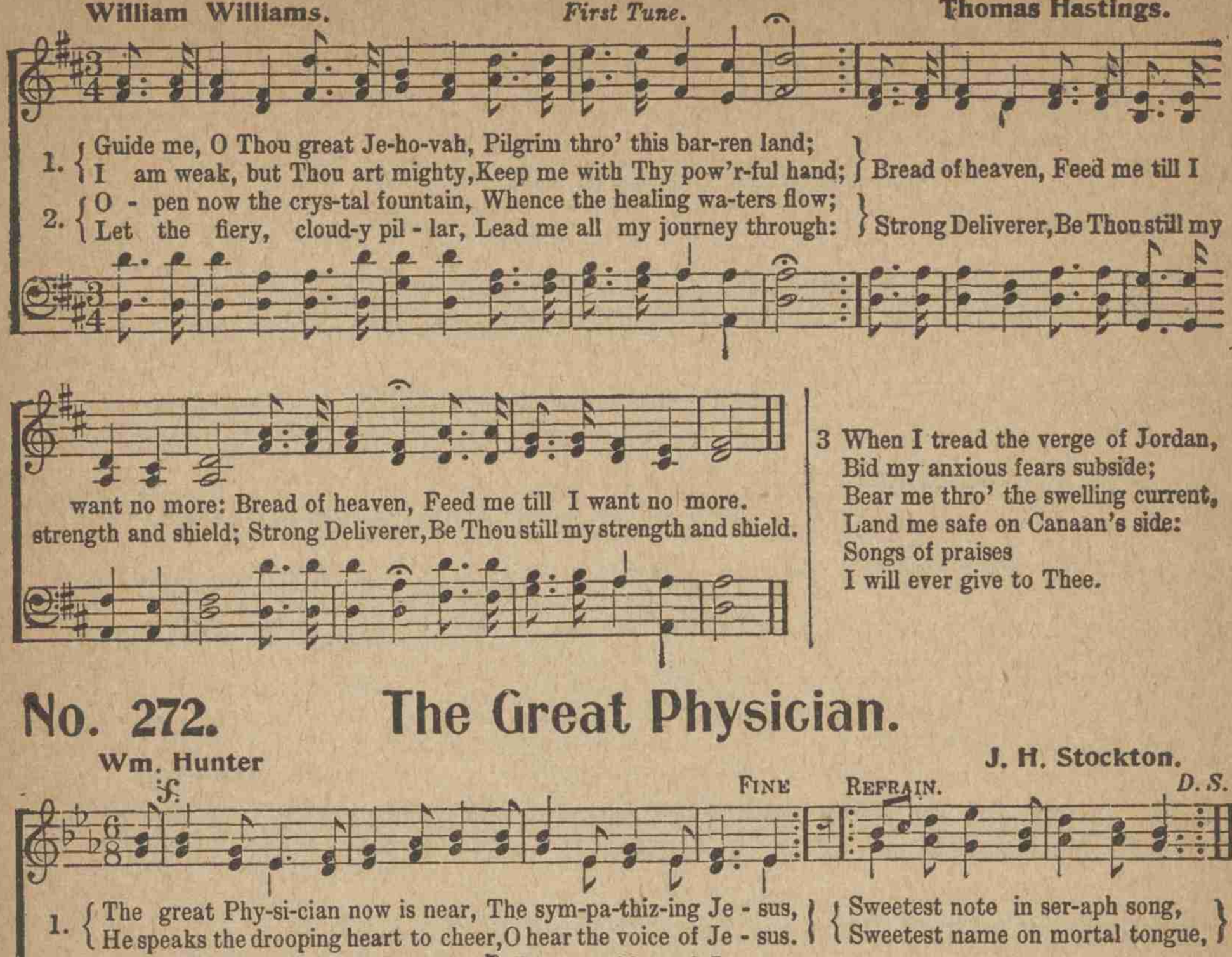
No. 270. Something for Jesus.

S. D. Phelps. *Third Tune.* Lowell Mason.



No. 271. Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

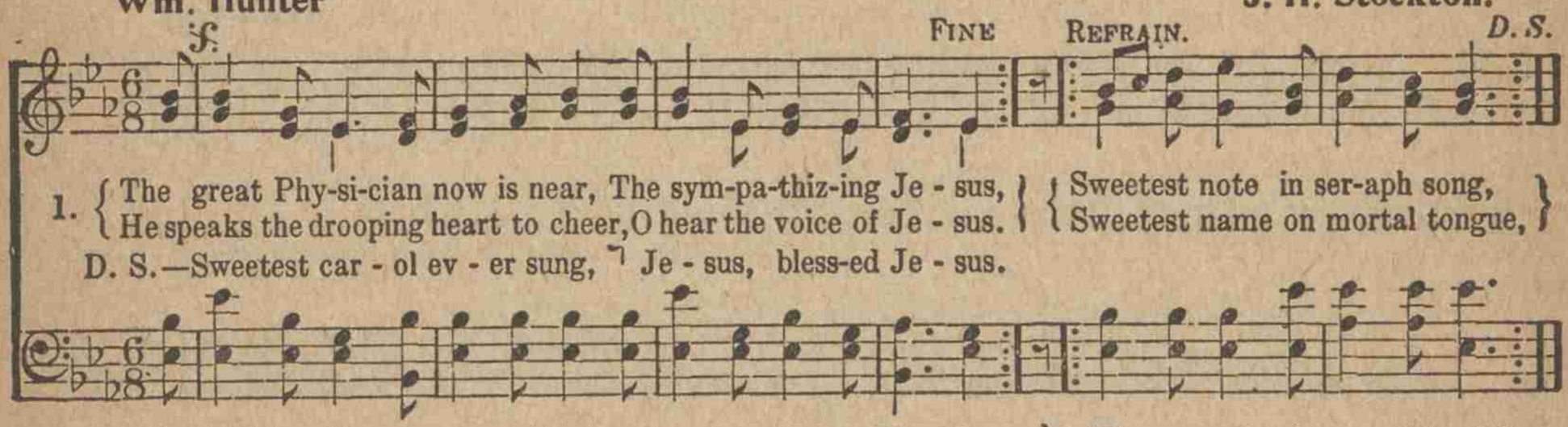
William Williams. *First Tune.* Thomas Hastings.



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

No. 272. The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter J. H. Stockton.



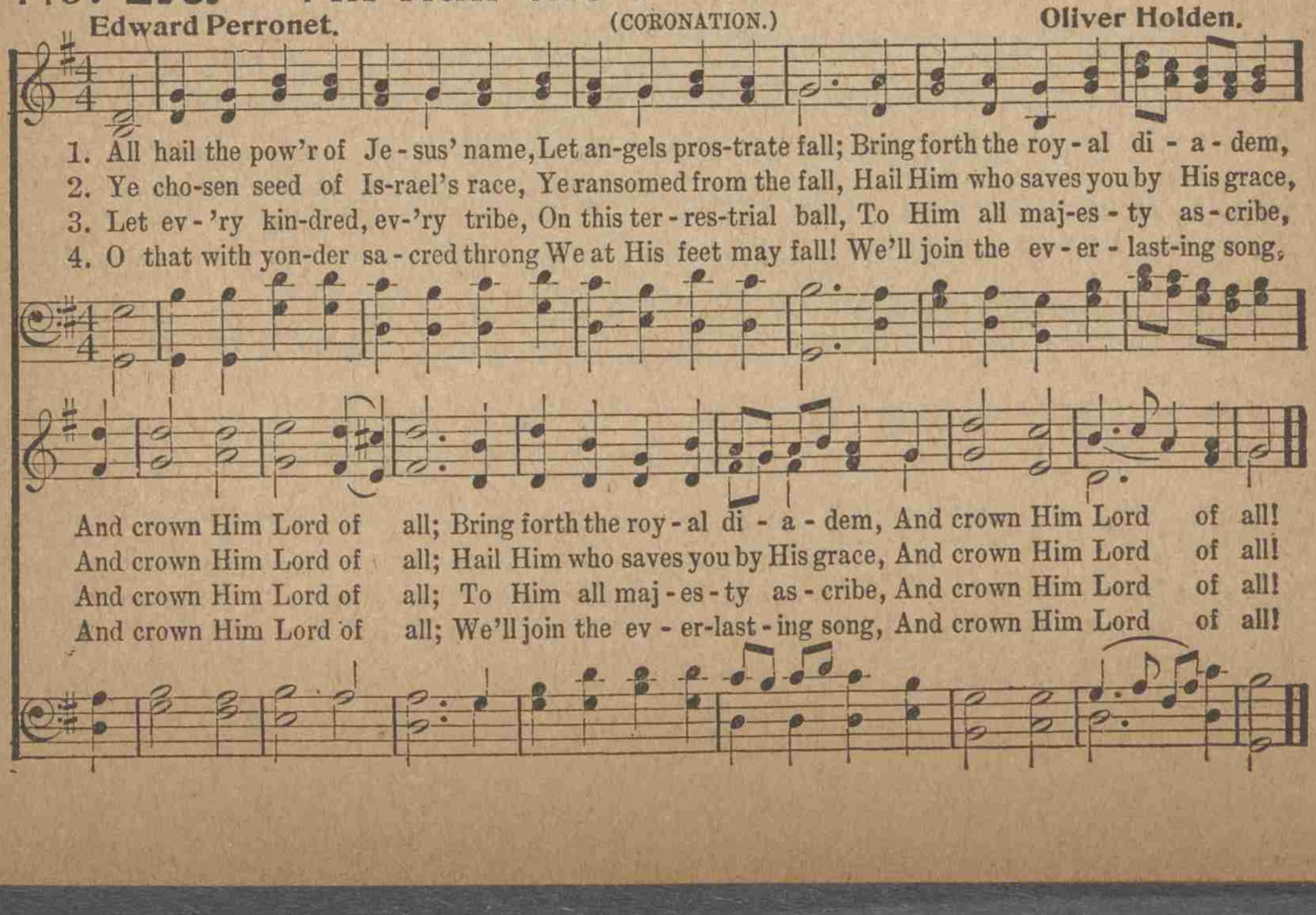
2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh! hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

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.

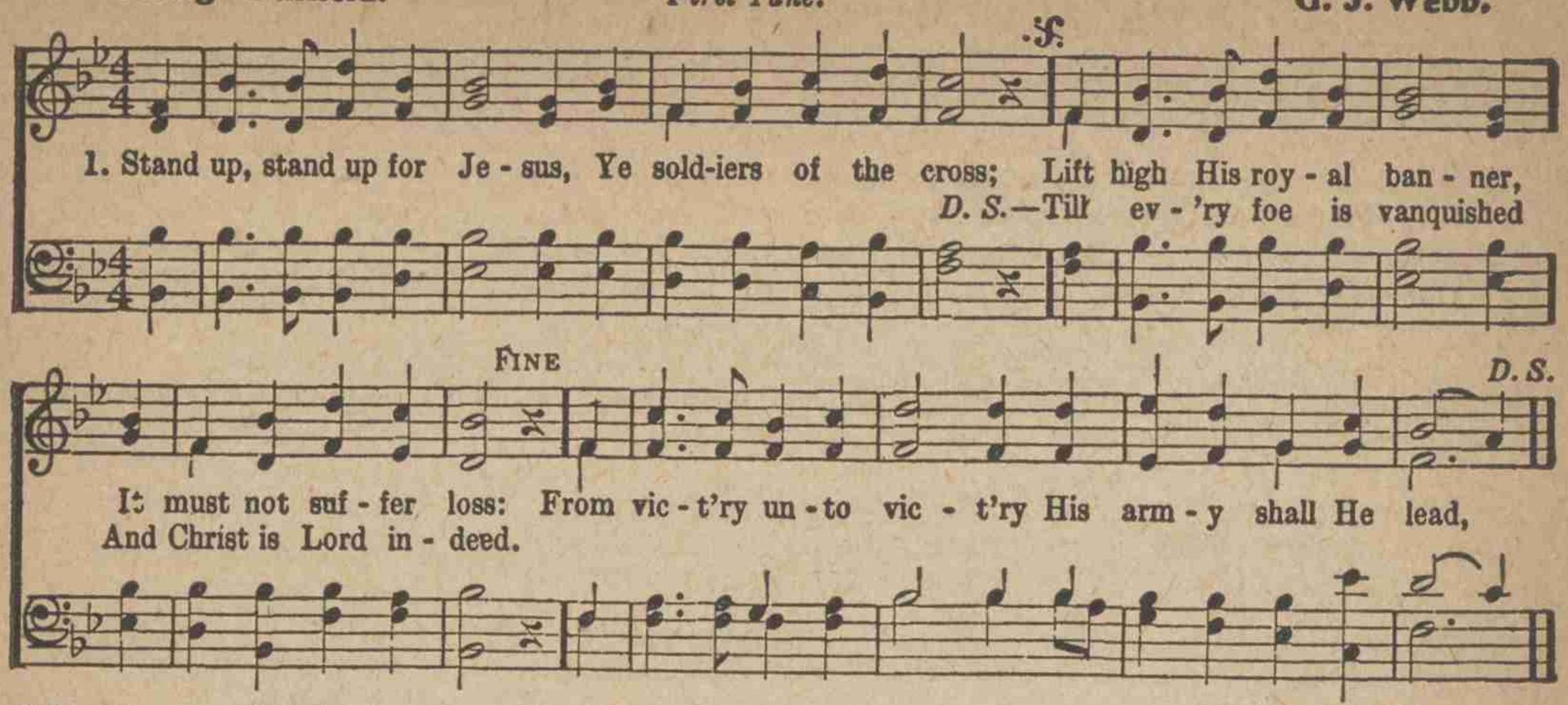
No. 273. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Edward Perronet. (CORONATION.) Oliver Holden.



No. 274. Stand Up for Jesus.

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



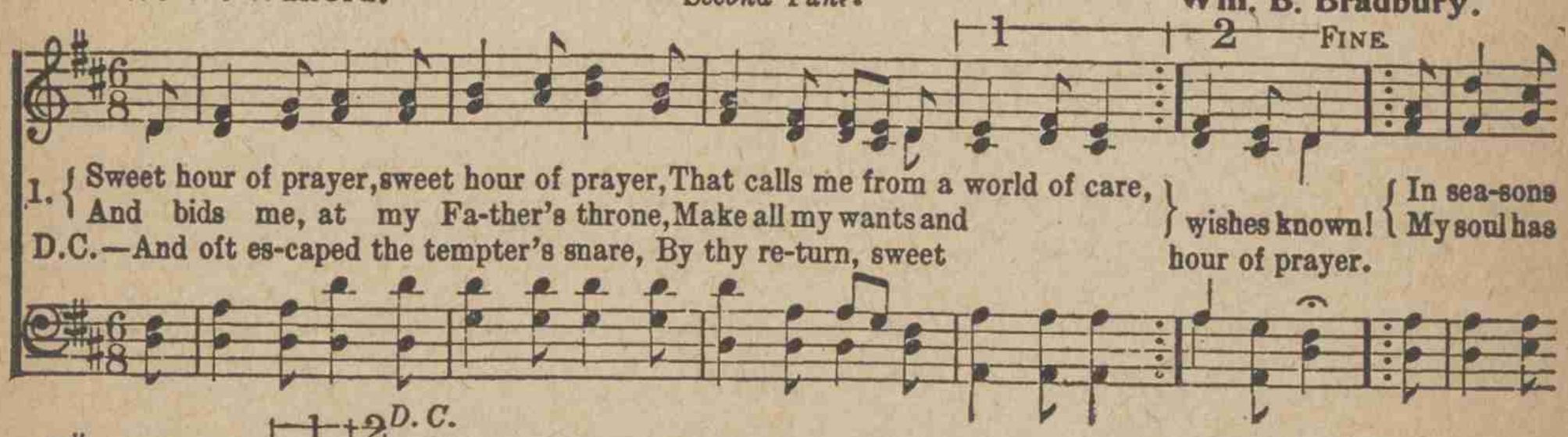
2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day,
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

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. 275. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford. *Second Tune.* Wm. B. Bradbury.

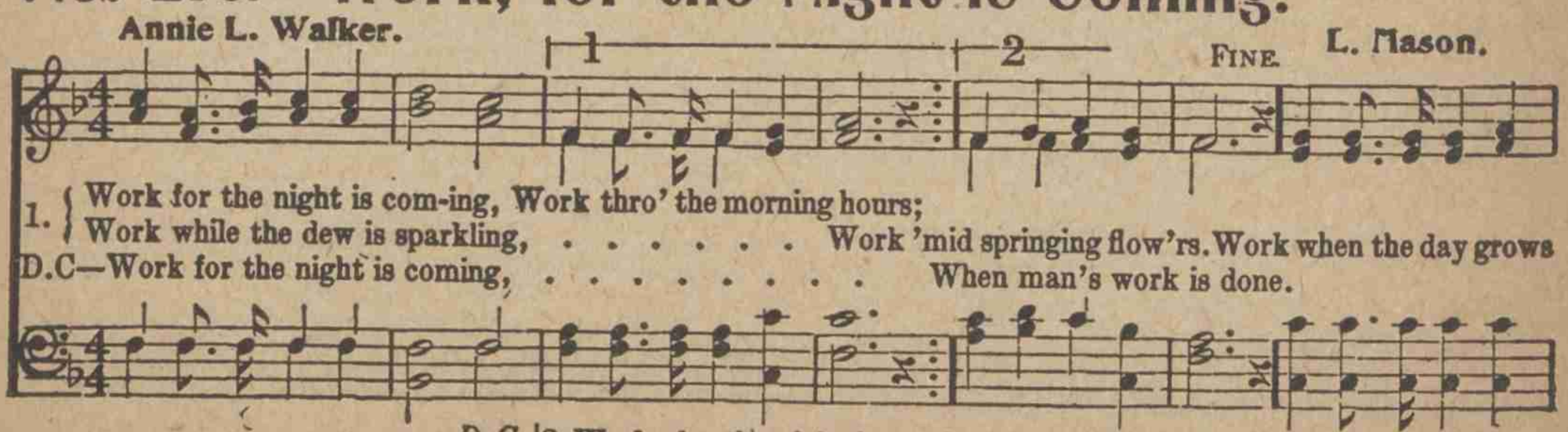


2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
The joys I feel, the bliss I share,
Of those whose anxious spirits burn
With strong desires for thy return!
With such I hasten to the place
Where, God, my Savior, shows His face,
And gladly take my station there,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

No. 276. Work, for the Night is Coming.

Annie L. Walker. L. Mason.



2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute;
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset sky;
While the bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more,
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

No. 277. Come, Thou Fount.

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



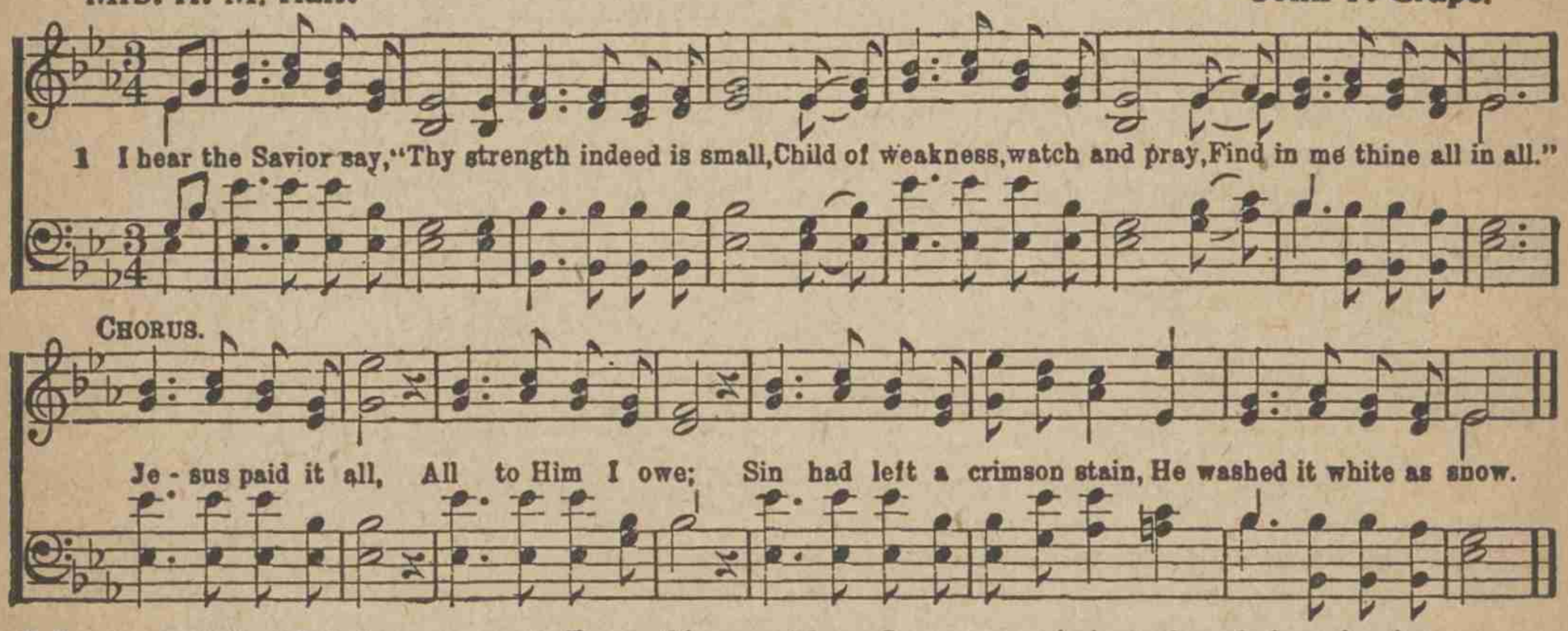
1 Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace,
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it!
Mount of Thy redeeming love.

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. 278. 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.

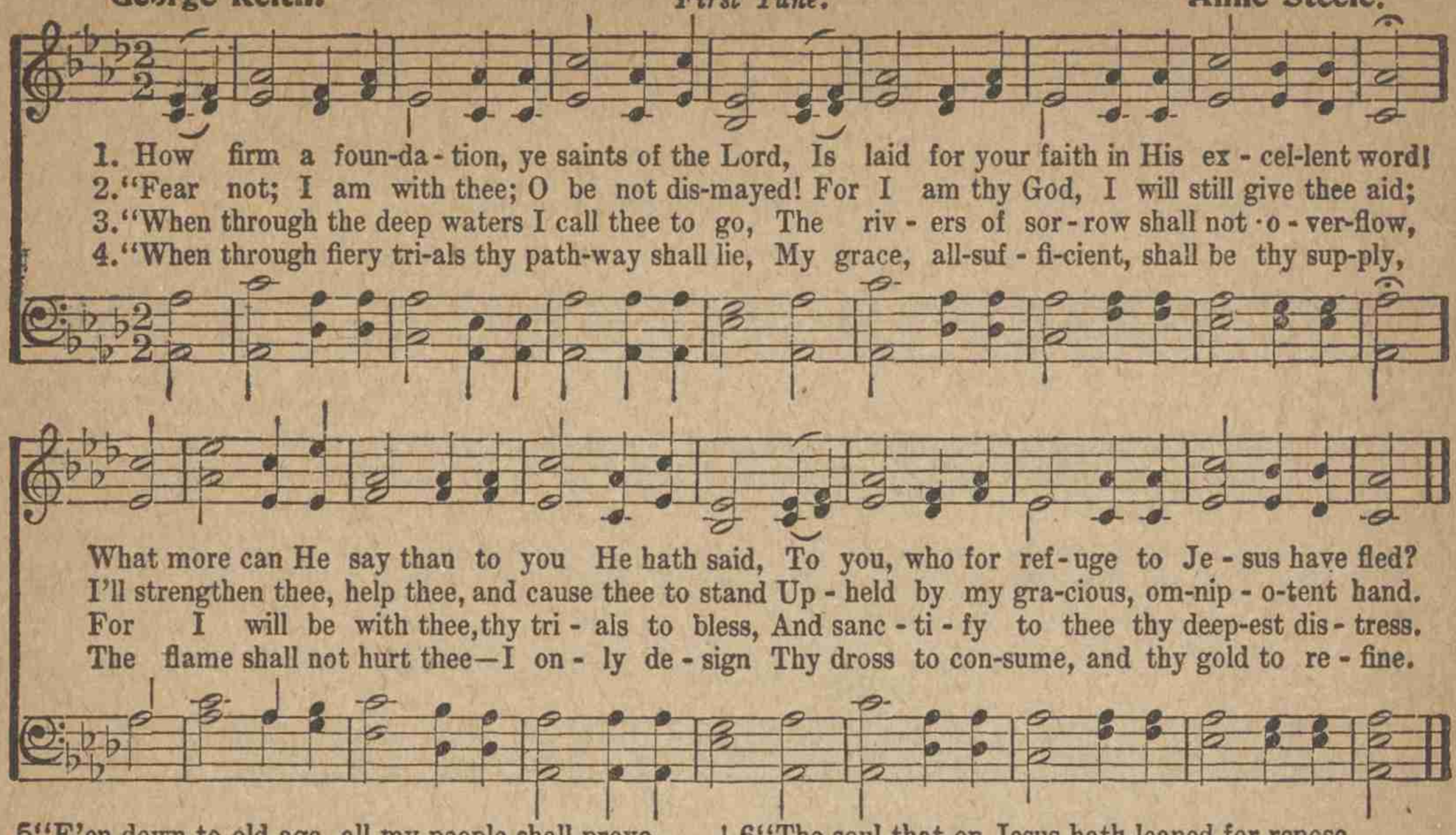
No. 279. Take Me As I Am.

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



No. 280. How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. *First Tune.* Anne Steele.

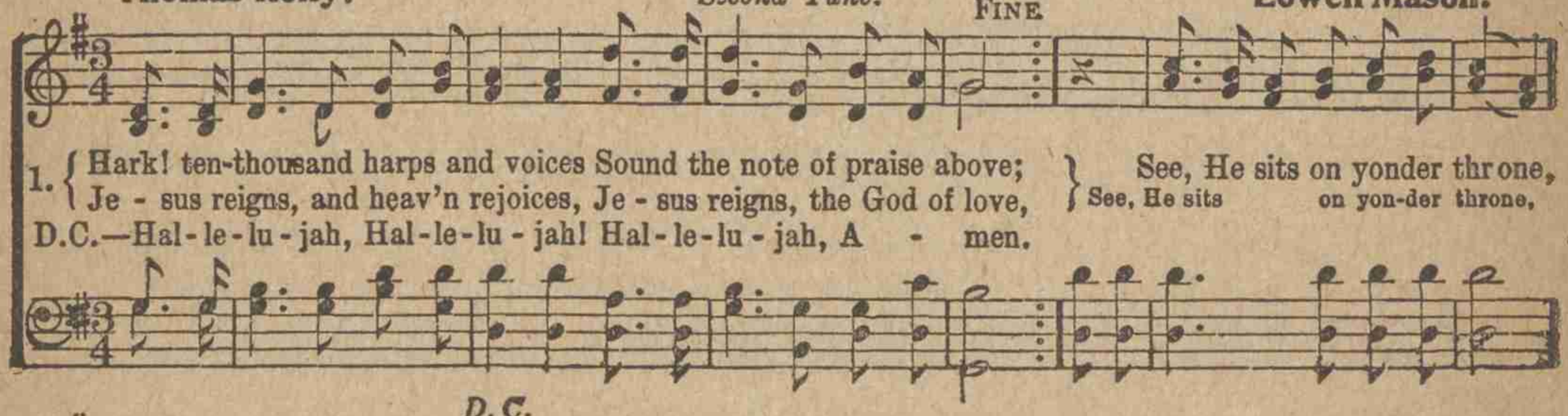


5 "E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake."

No. 281. Hark! Ten Thousand.

Thomas Kelly. *Second Tune.* FINE Lowell Mason.



2 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens,
All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of life, Thy smile enlightens,
Cheers and charms Thy saints on earth;
When we think of love like Thine,
Lord, we own it love divine:

3 King of glory, reign forever;
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from Thy love shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made Thine own;
Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destined to behold Thy face.

No. 282. Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett. Hans George Naegeli.



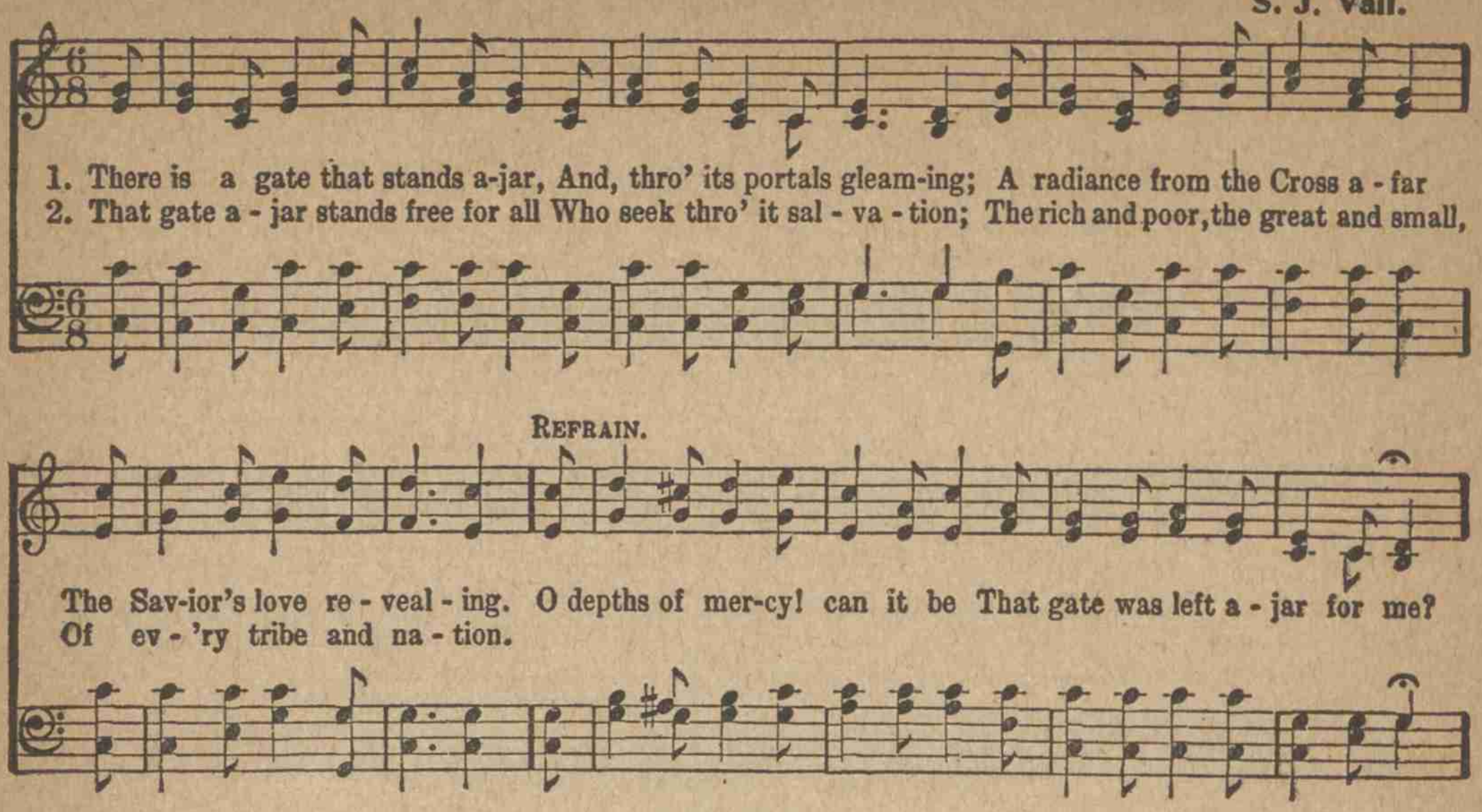
2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers; [one,
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

No. 283. 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. 284. 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.

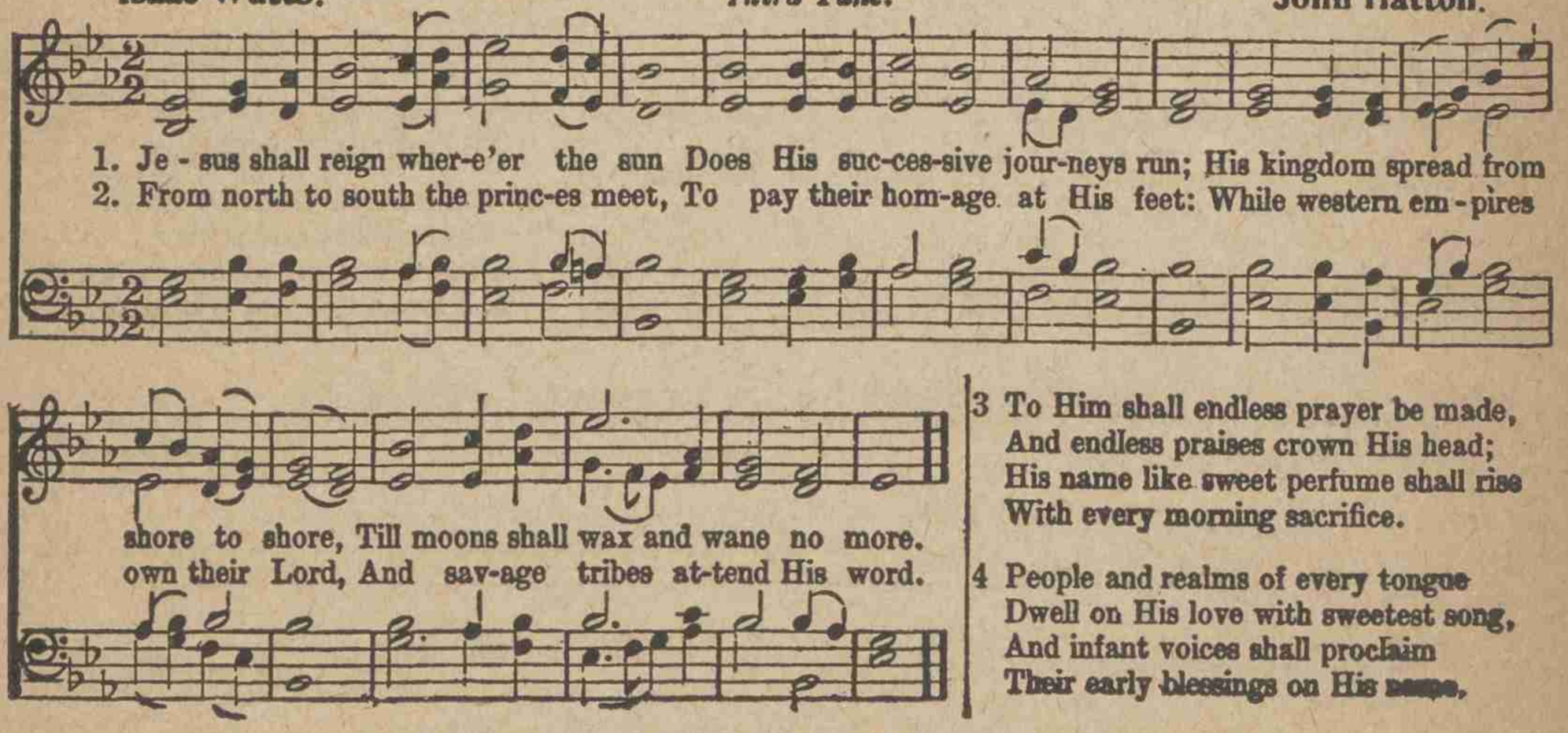
No. 285. Revive Us Again.

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



No. 286. Jesus Shall Reign.

Isaac Watts. *Third Tune.* John Hatton.

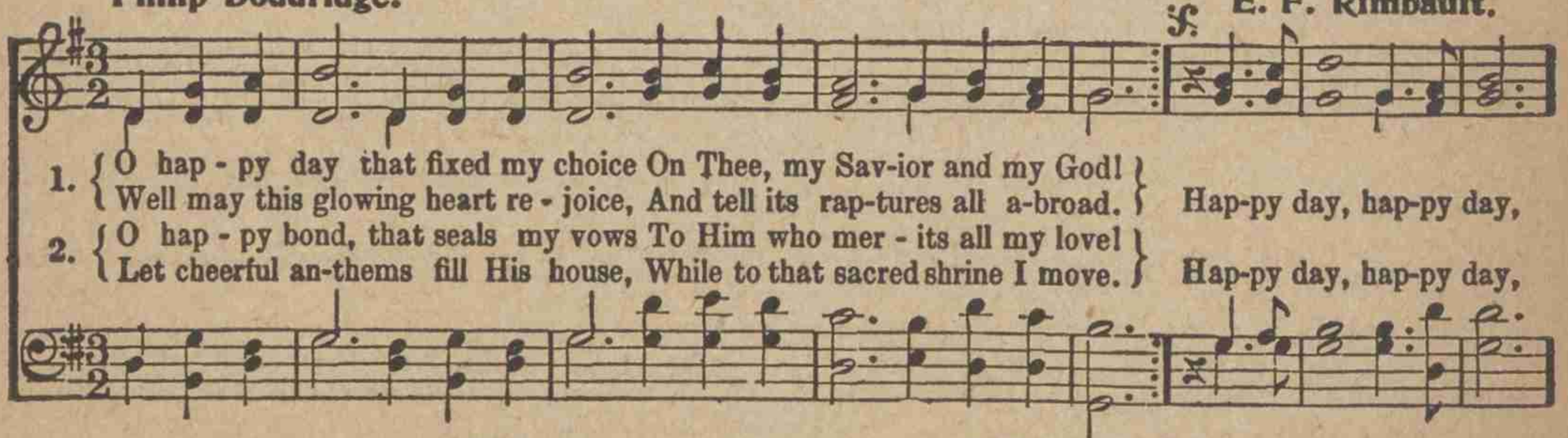


3 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown His head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

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. 287. O Happy Day.

Philip Doddridge. E. F. Rimbault.

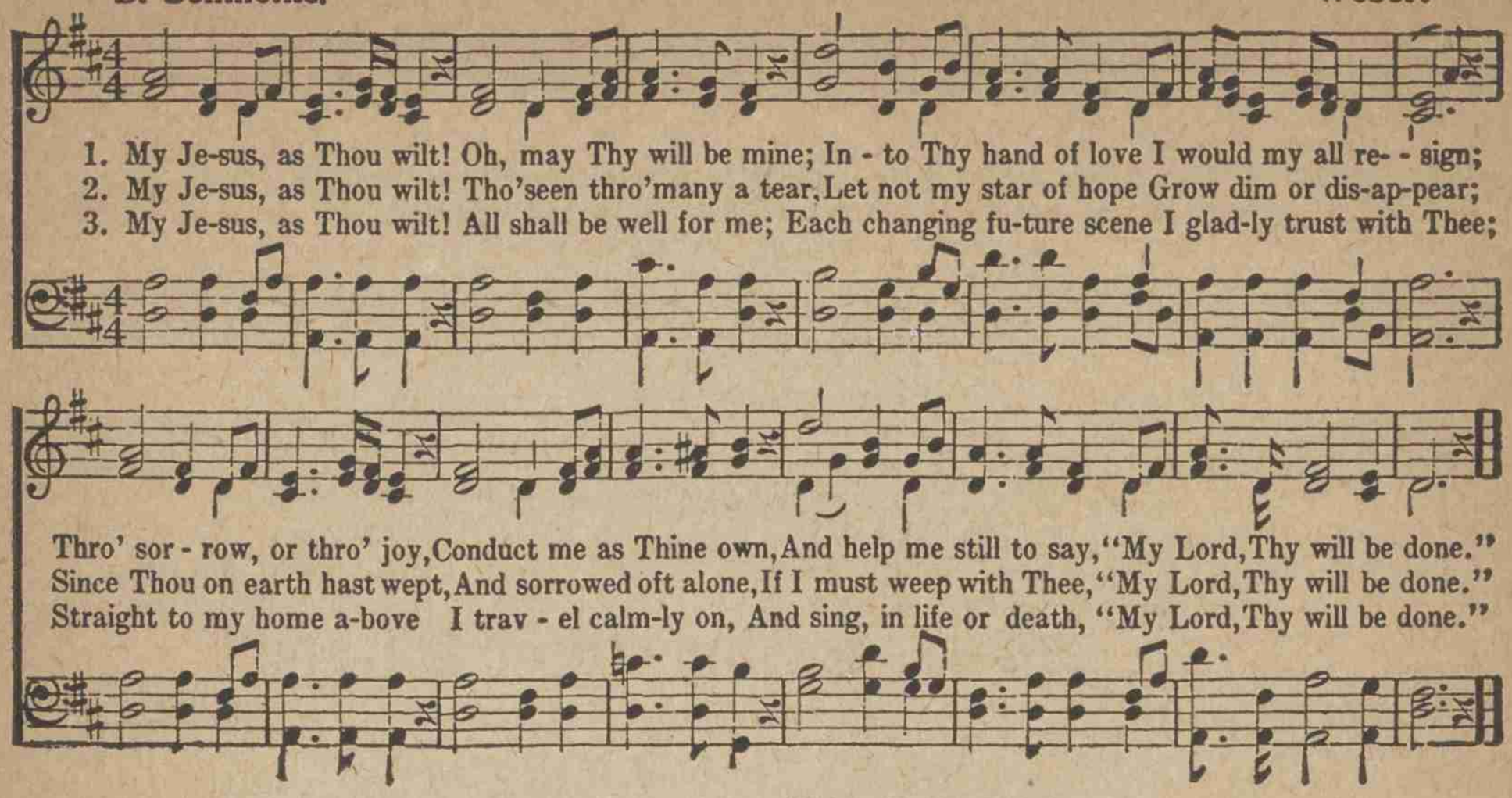


3 'Tis done this great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

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.

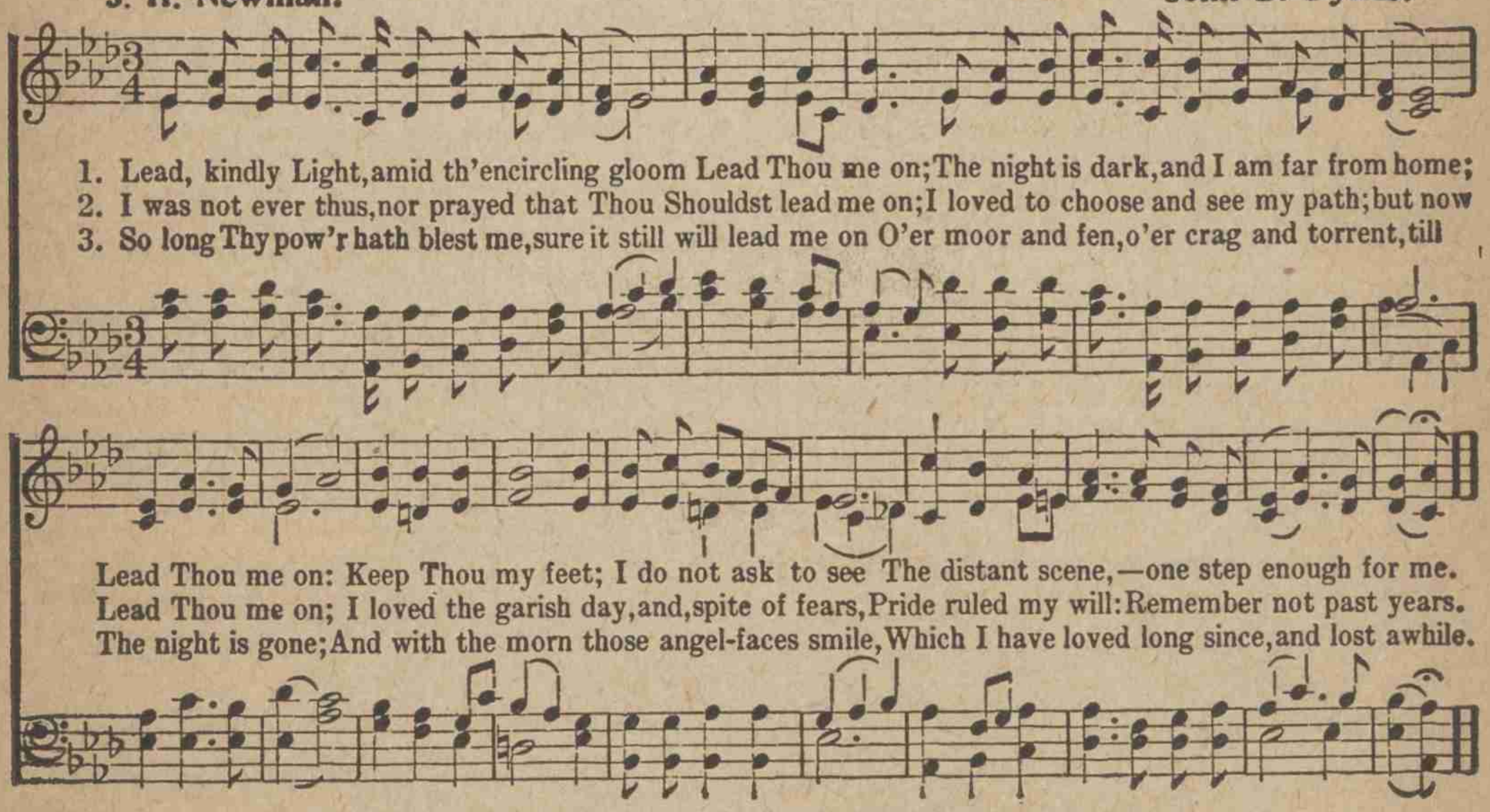
No. 288. My Jesus, as Thou Wilt.

B. Schmolke. Weber.



No. 289. Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman. John B. Dykes.



No. 290. O For a Thousand Tongues.

Second Tune. Arr. by Lowell Mason.

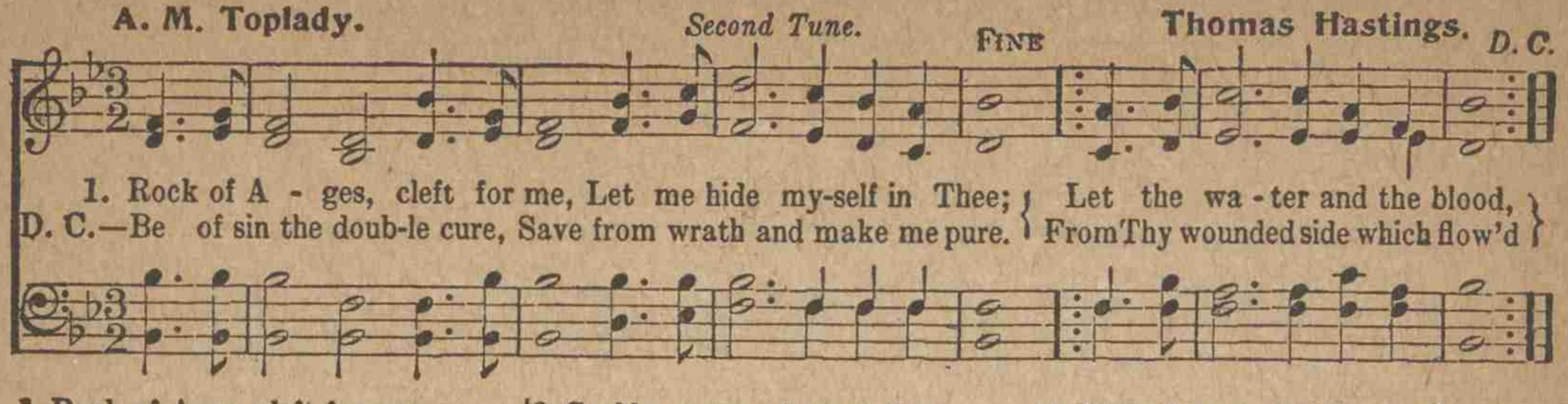
3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

5 He speaks, and listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice
The humble poor believe.

No. 291. 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. 292. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

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



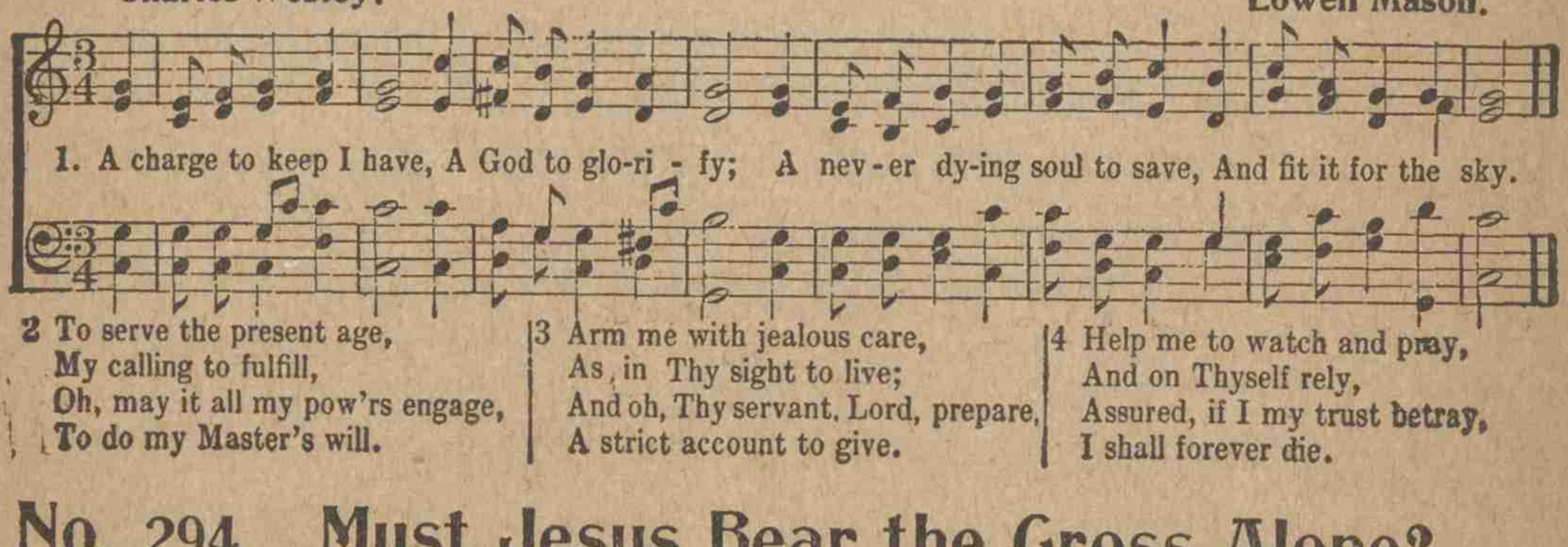
1 Jesus, Savior, pilot me,
Over life's tempestuous sea:
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rocks and treach'rous shoal;
Chart and compass come from Thee
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

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. 293. 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. 294. Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

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



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

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

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

No. 295. Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. — J. H. Stockton.

1. Come ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord, And He will surely give you rest By trust-ing in His word.
2. For Je - sus shed His precious blood, Rich bless-ings to bestow; Plunge now in-to the crimson flood That wash-es white as snow.
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in-to rest; Be - lieve in Him with-out de-lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go, To dwell in that ce-les-tial land, Where joys im-mor-tal flow.

{ On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On-ly trust Him now; He will save you, He will save you, He will..... } save you now.

No. 296. Will You be Saved by the Blood?

E. O. E. — COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL. RENEWAL. — E. O. Excell.

1. { List, the Spir-it calls to thee, Will you be saved by the blood? Je - sus died to make you free, Will you be saved by the blood? } Par-don free - ly giv-en, Cleans-ing you for heav-en.

CHORUS.

Will you be saved, Saved by the blood of the Lamb; Saved by the blood of the Lamb.
Will you be saved by the blood of the Lamb?

2 Sinner, now this blessing claim,
Will you be saved by the blood?
Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,
Will you be saved by the blood?
Claim Him as your Savior,
He can save forever.

3 He can wash you white as snow,
Will you be saved by the blood?
And the witness you may know,
Will you be saved by the blood?
You can know the hour
Of His dying power.

4 Christ did drink that cup for all,
Will you be saved by the blood?
Don't reject the Spirit's call,
Will you be saved by the blood?
Grace is all abounding,
Joy thro' heaven resounding.

No. 297. The Old Time Religion.

Unknown. — E. O. E. Arr.

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

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

No. 298. Wash Me in the Blood.

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W. Cowper. *First Tune.* E. O. Excell.

CHORUS.

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

Savior wash..... me in the blood,
Savior, wash me in the blood, in the blood, the blood of the Lamb.

Sav-ior wash..... me in the blood, Oh, And I shall be whit-er than the snow.
Sav - ior wash me in the blood. in the blood, the blood of the Lamb, Oh.

No. 299. There is a Fountain.

W. Cowper *Second Tune.* Lowell Mason.

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

FINE. D. C.

guilty stains; Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains;
guilty stains;

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

3 Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious 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. 300. Glorious Fountain.

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

1. There is a fount-ain filled with blood, filled with blood, filled with blood, There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, beneath that flood, beneath that flood, And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, Lose

CHORUS.

from Immanuel's veins;
all their guilty stains.

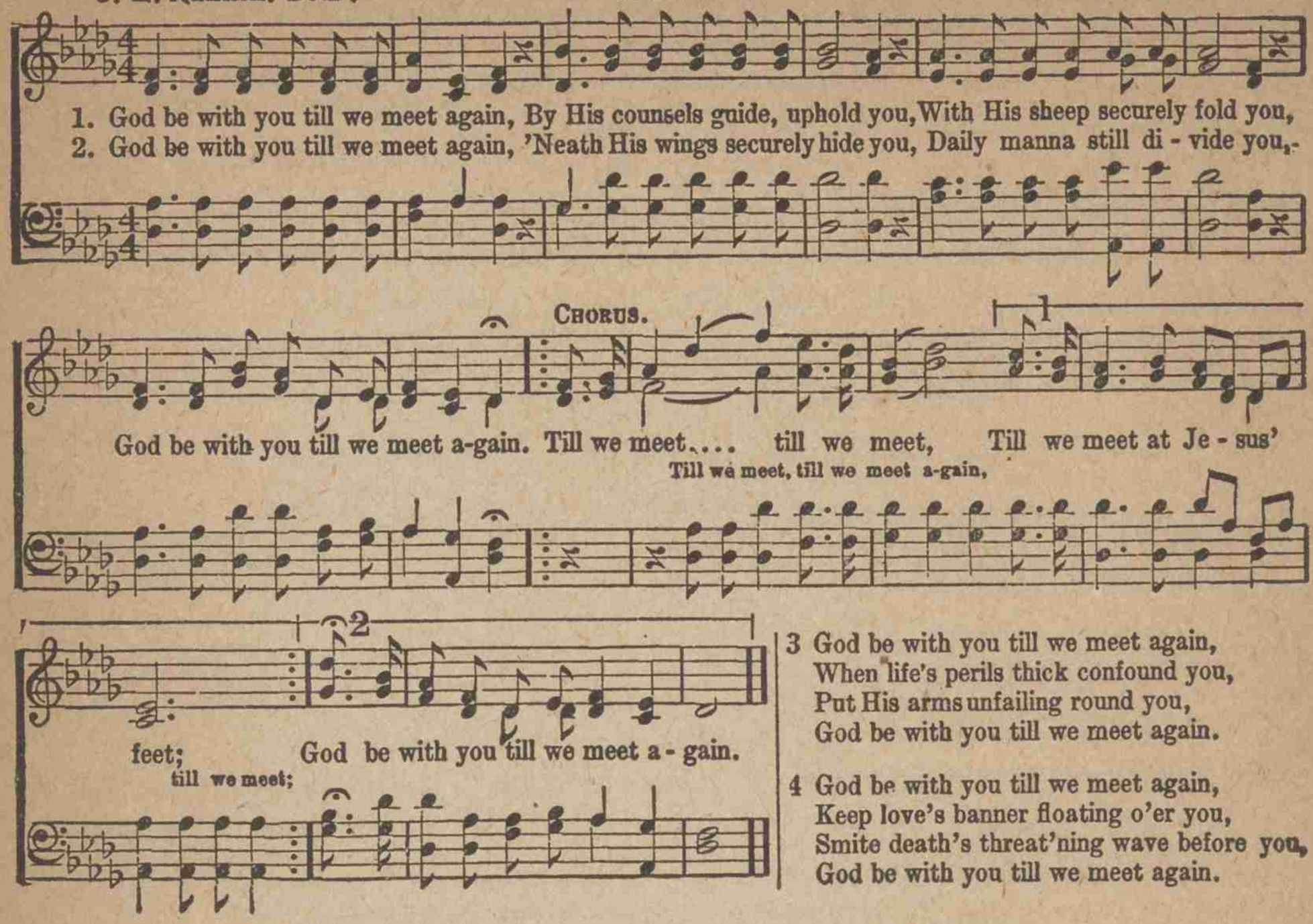
Oh, glorious fountain! Here will I stay, And in thee ev - er Wash my sins a - way.

No. 301. God Be With You.

J. E. Rankin. D. D.

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

W. G. Tomer.



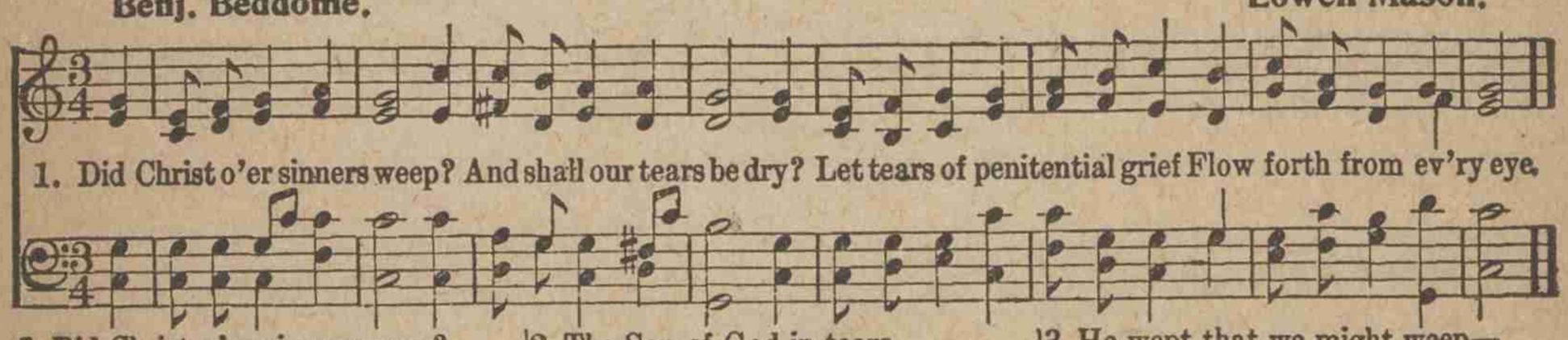
3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arms unfailing round you,
God be with you till we meet again.

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. 302. Did Christ O'er Sinners Weep?

Benj. Beddome.

Lowell Mason.



1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep?
And shall our tears be dry?
Let tears of penitential grief
Flow forth from every eye.

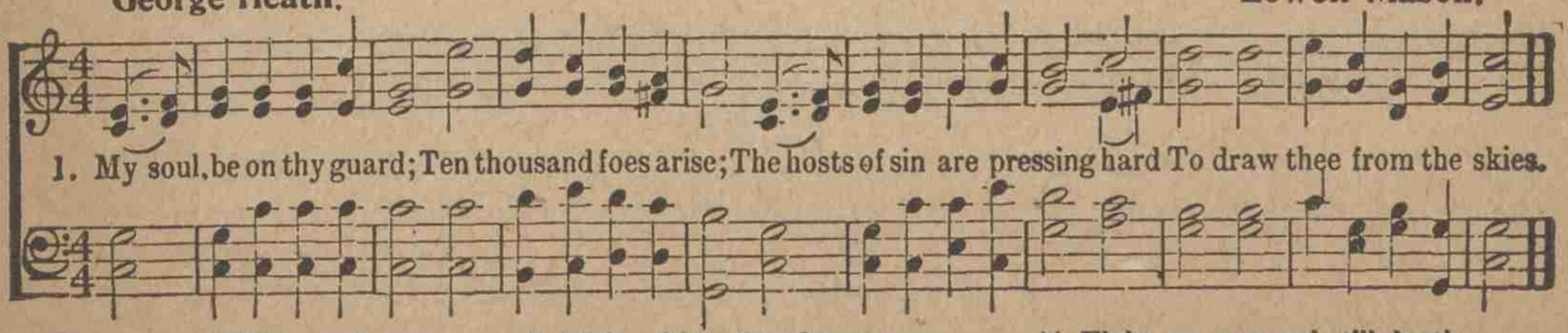
2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul;
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep—
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

No. 303. My Soul, Be on Thy Guard.

George Heath.

Lowell Mason.



2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

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

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

No. 304 Was It You?

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

C. D. Martin. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Some-bod-y vot-ed to ru - in my boy, Was that somebody you?
2. Some-bod-y ar-gued in fa-vor of wrong, Was that somebody you?
3. Some-bod-y turned all my day in - to night, Was that somebody you?
4. Some-bod-y li-censed an-oth - er to sell, Was that somebody you?

Some-bod-y helped his pure life to de-stroy, Was that some-bod-y you?
Some-bod-y hushed in my life a sweet song, Was that some-bod-y you?
Some-bod-y vot - ed to throt-tle the right, Was that some-bod-y you?
That which could turn Par-a-dise in - to hell, Was that some-bod-y you?

CHORUS.

Was that some-bod-y you?..... Was that some-bod-y you?.....
was it you? was it you?

Some-bod-y vot-ed to ru - in my boy, Was that somebody you?.....
was it you?

No. 305 Vote It Out!

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Eben E. Rexford.

WORDS AND ARR.

With Vigor.

1. There's a ques-tion we must set-tle,—Vote it out! (vote it out!)
2. It's a most im-por-tant ques-tion,—Vote it out! (vote it out!)
3. It is "up to you," my broth-er,—Vote it out! (vote it out!)
4. In the name of Right and Jus-tice Vote it out! (vote it out!)

O, my broth-er, show your met-tle,—Vote it out! (vote it out!)
Act up-on this wise sug-ges-tion,—Vote it out! (vote it out!)
Face the ques-tion, there's no oth-er,—Vote it out! (vote it out!)
Help us, Lord, in whom our trust is,—Vote it out! (vote it out!)

Shall the dram-shop rule the na-tion With its crime and dis-si-
Wrong is wrong, who dares de-fend it? There is but one way to
Let us set-tle it for-ev-er, Vo-ters, it is now or
Vote to end this deg-ra-da-tion, Vote to have a clean, pure

pa-tion? Vote it out, vote it out, vote it out, out, out!
end it,—Vote it out, vote it out, vote it out, out, out!
nev-er! Vote it out, vote it out, vote it out, out, out!
na-tion,—Vote it out, vote it out, vote it out, out, out!

No. 306 The Star-Spangled Banner.

Francis Scott Key.

SOLO OR QUARTET.

1. Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proudly we hailed at the
2. On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread
3. And where is that band, who so vauntingly swore, That the hav-oc of war and the
4. Oh, thus be it ev-er when freemen shall stand Between their loved homes and the

twilight's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight, O'er the
si - lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow-er-ing steep, As it
bat - tle's con - fu - sion, A home and a coun - try should leave us no more? Their
war's des - o - la-tion; Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land Praise the

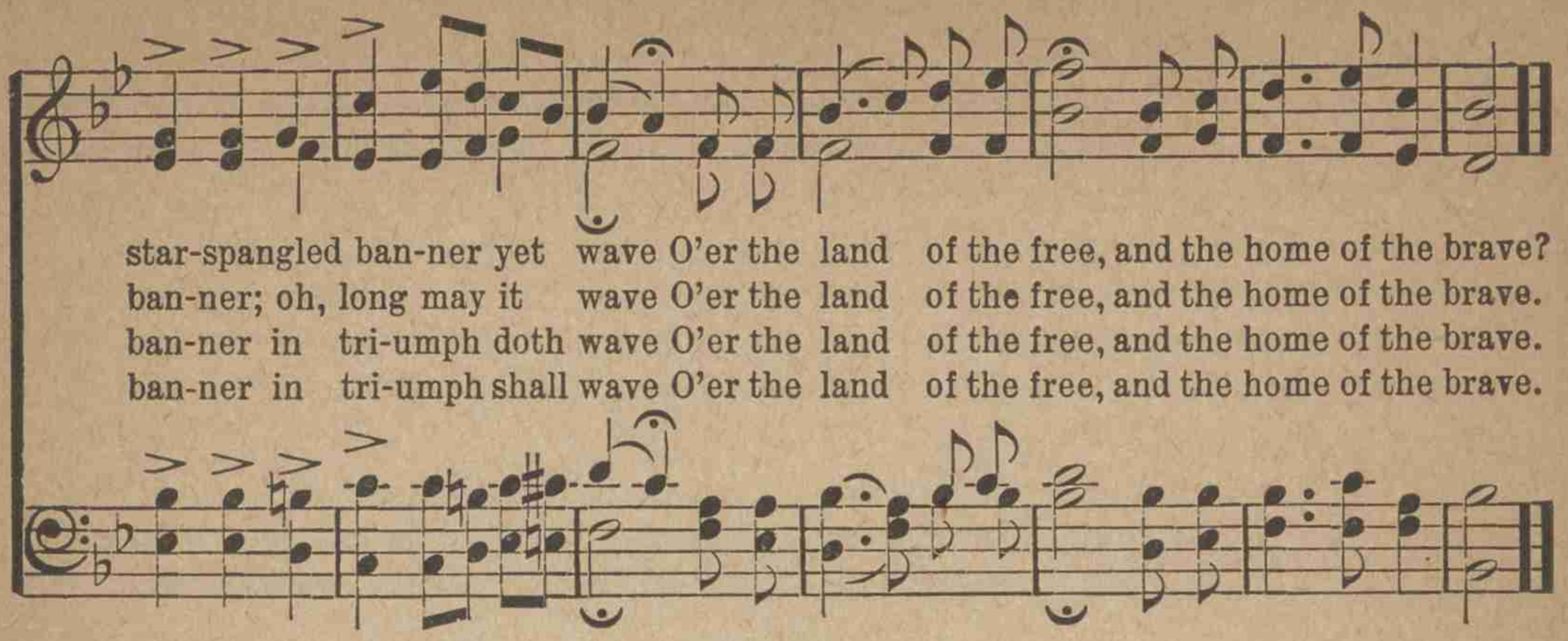
ram-parts we watched, were so gallantly stream-ing? And the rockets' red glare, the bombs
fit - ful - ly blows, half conceals, half dis-clos - es? Now it catch-es the gleam of the
blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution; No ref-uge could save the
pow'r that hath made and preserved us a na - tion. Then con-quer we must, when our

CHORUS.

ff

burst-ing in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that
morning's first beam, In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream; 'T is the star-spangled
hire-ling and slave From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave. And the star-spangled
cause it is just, And this be our mot-to: "In God is our trust!" And the star-spangled

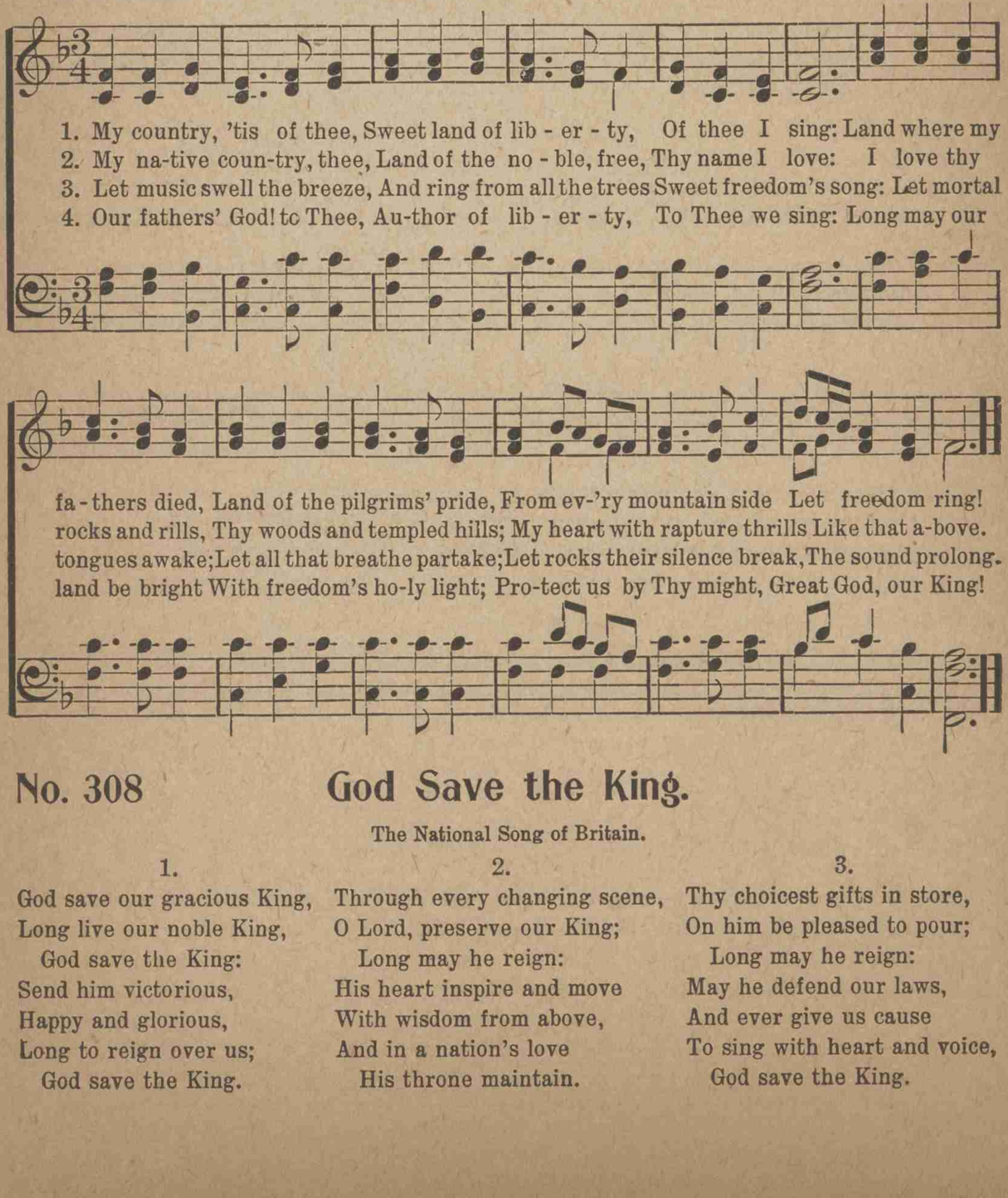
The Star-Spangled Banner.



star-spangled ban-ner yet wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?
ban-ner; oh, long may it wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
ban-ner in tri-umph doth wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
ban-ner in tri-umph shall wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

No. 307 America.

S. F. Smith. The National Song of America. English.



1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my
2. My na-tive coun-try, 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 fathers' God! to Thee, Au-thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing: Long may our

fa - thers died, Land of the pilgrims' 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!

No. 308 God Save the King.

The National Song of Britain.

1.
God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King:
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us;
God save the King.

2.
Through every changing scene,
O Lord, preserve our King;
Long may he reign:
His heart inspire and move
With wisdom from above,
And in a nation's love
His throne maintain.

3.
Thy choicest gifts in store,
On him be pleased to pour;
Long may he reign:
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King.

No. 309 The Red, White and Blue.

1. O Co-lum-bia! the gem of the o-cean, The home of the brave and the free;
2. When war winged its wide des-o-la - tion, And threatened the land to de - form,
3. Then, sons of Co-lum-bia, come hither, And join in our na-tion's sweet hymn;

The shrine of each patriot's de-vo-tion, A world offers homage to thee.
The ark then of freedom's foundation, Co - lum-bia rode safe thro' the storm;
May the wreaths they have won never wither, Nor the stars of their glory grow dim!

Thy mandates make heroes assemble, When Lib-er-ty's form stands in view;
With her garlands of vict'ry around her, When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
May the serv-ice, u-ni-ted, ne'er sever, But they to their colors prove true!

FINE.

Thy ban-ners make tyr-an-ny tremble, When borne by the red, white and blue.
With her flag proudly waving be-fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue.
The Ar - my and Na-vy for - ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

CHORUS.

When borne by the red, white and blue, When borne by the red, white and blue;
The boast of the red, white and blue, The boast of the red, white and blue;
Three cheers for the red, white and blue, Three cheers for the red, white and blue;

D.S.

No. 310 Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Julia Ward Howe. Melody, "Glory, Hallelujah."

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred cir - cling camps; They have
3. He has sound - ed forth the trump-et that shall nev - er sound re-treat; He is
4. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a

tram-pling out the vint-age where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the
build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve-ning dews and damps; I can read His
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg-ment seat. O be swift, my
glo - ry in His bos - om that trans-fig - ures you and me; As He died to

fate - ful light-ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword; His truth is march-ing on.
righteous sen-tence by the dim and flar - ing lamps; His day is march-ing on.
soul, to an-swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our God is march-ing on.
make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free; While God is march-ing on.

CHORUS.

Glo-ry! glo-ry, hal-le - lu-jah! Glo-ry! glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! { His truth is marching on. / His day is marching on. / Our God is marching on. / While God is marching on.

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