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SONS OF PRAISE

A COLLECTION OF GOSPEL SONGS

FOR MEN'S VOICES

By

D. B. Towner, Mus. Doc.
E. S. Lorenz and Ira B. Wilson

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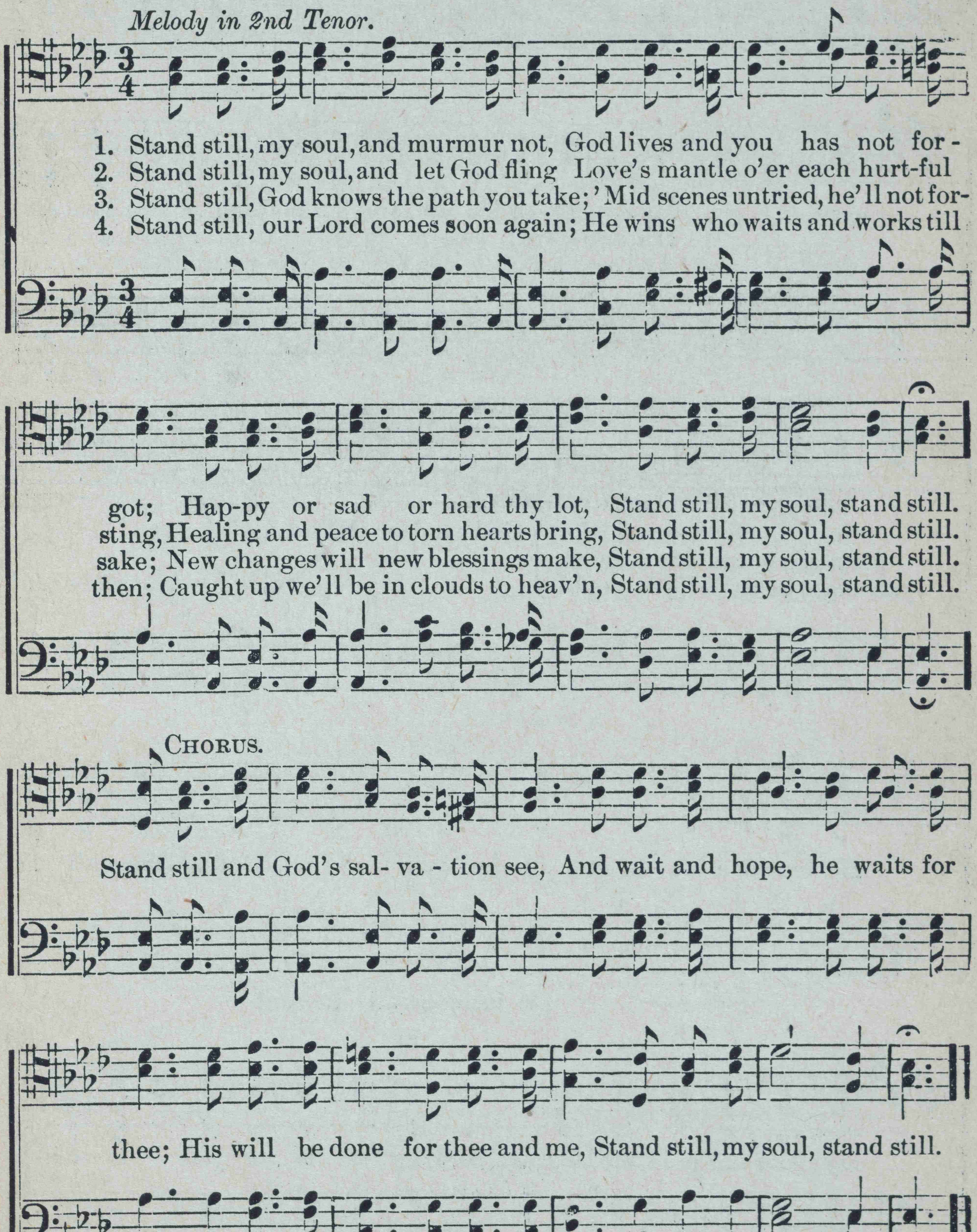
SONS OF PRAISE.

1. Stand Still.

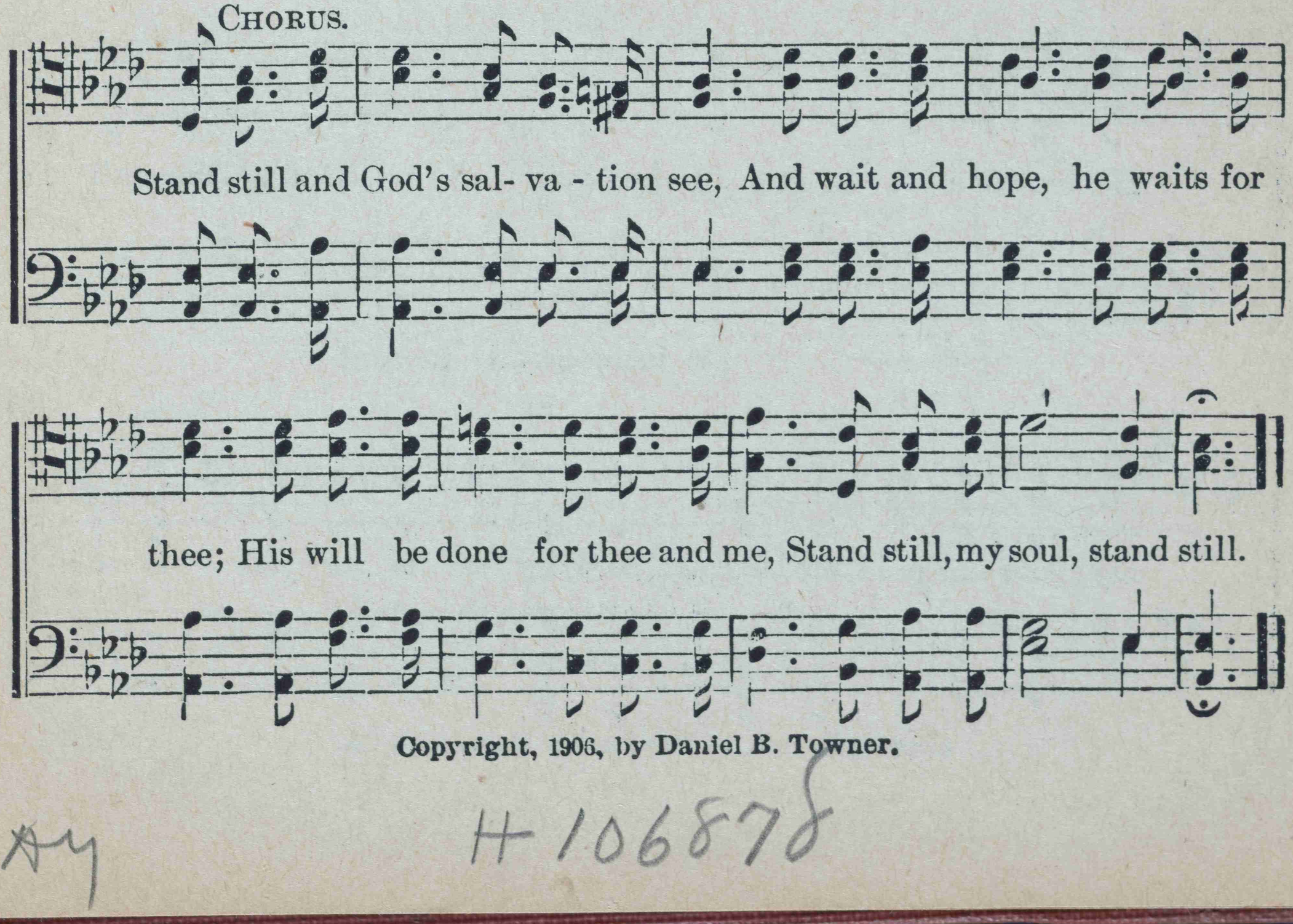
JOHN SNAPE. D. B. TOWNER.

Melody in 2nd Tenor.



1. Stand still, my soul, and murmur not, God lives and you has not for-got; Hap-py or sad or hard thy lot, Stand still, my soul, stand still.
2. Stand still, my soul, and let God fling Love's mantle o'er each hurt-ful sting, Healing and peace to torn hearts bring, Stand still, my soul, stand still.
3. Stand still, God knows the path you take; 'Mid scenes untried, he'll not for-sake; New changes will new blessings make, Stand still, my soul, stand still.
4. Stand still, our Lord comes soon again; He wins who waits and works till then; Caught up we'll be in clouds to heav'n, Stand still, my soul, stand still.

CHORUS.



Stand still and God's sal- va - tion see, And wait and hope, he waits for thee; His will be done for thee and me, Stand still, my soul, stand still.

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RAY
H 106878

2. God has Done All He Can.

REV. W. C. MARTIN. E. S. LORENZ.

1. God has done all he can to save you, He has done all he can! He has giv-en his Son, And left nothing undone That an
2. God has done all he can for your soul, His own spir-it he sent To lead you to repent, And to
3. God has done all that ma-jes-ty could, All he can, he has done all he can! And has caused you to know Where the living streams flow, So that

CHORUS.

in-fin-ite Savior could do.
point you by grace to the goal.
you might be saved if you would.
} God has done all he can, all he can!

He has done all he can!

He has done all he can, all he can! God has done all he can, And has published his plan, And the rest is for you to do!

He has done all he can!

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3. Showers of Blessing.

ELIZABETH CODNER. E. L. ASHFORD.

Thou art scatt - 'ring

1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessing Thou art scatt'ring broad and
2. Pass me not, O ten-der Sav-ior! Let me love and cling to
3. Love of God, so pure and changeless, Blood of God, so rich and

1. Lord, I hear

mf *p*

free: Show'rs the thirst- y land refreshing, Show'rs the thirsty land re-
thee; I am long - ing for thy fa- vor, I am long-ing for thy
free, Grace of God, so strong and boundless, Grace of God, so strong and

Let their full ness

fresh- ing, Let their full - ness fall on me, Let their
fa - vor, When thou com - est, call for me, When thou
bound- less, Mag - ni - fy them all in me, Mag- ni -

cres. REFRAIN. *p*

full-ness fall on me.
com- est, call for me.
fy them all in me.

E - ven me,
E - ven me,..... e - ven

p

cres. *f* *p*

me, e -ven me, Let their full-ness fall on me,... E - ven me.

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4. There is a Green Hill.

Mrs. CECIL F. ALEXANDER.

IRA B. W[illegible]SON.

Andante con espressione.

1. There is a green hill far a - way, With - out a
2. He died that we might be for - giv'n, He died to

cit - y wall, Where the dear Lord was cru - ci -
make us good, That we might go at last to

rit. *a tempo.*

fied, Who died to save us all. We
heav'n, Saved by his pre-cious blood. Oh,

may not know, we cannot tell What pains he had to bear; But
dear-ly, dearly has he loved, And we must love him too, And

'Twas for us He hung and suffered there.
Trust his blood, And try his works to do.
we believe it was for us He hung and suffered there.
trust in his redeeming blood, And try his works to do.

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5. Hold up the Lamp of Life.

JENNIE WILSON. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Hold up God's true and sav-ing light, The Lamp of Life di-vine;
2. On life's great deep our brother's bark Is drifting with the tide;
3. In error's gloom with none to save From never- end - ing loss,
4. While we in God's true light rejoice, For help a pit - eous plea

1. The Lamp of Life divine;

That bright-ly thro' sins drear - y night Its bless - ed rays may shine.
The bea- con gleaming thro' the dark From dan- ger's course to guide.
Stray precious souls for whom Christ gave His blood up - on the cross.
Comes to us in a plain- tive voice From sad lands o'er the sea.

CHORUS.

Hold up..... the Lamp of Life! Hold
Hold up the Lamp, the Lamp of Life di- vine!

up..... the Lamp of Life! Till all lands and isles a-
Hold up the Lamp, Oh, let its glories shine!

far Wherein mortal spir-its are Shall re-joice in the light di- vine!
Shall re-joice

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6. Except Ye Repent.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. J. E. DELMARTER.

1. "Ex - cept ye repent," 'tis the Sav- ior who cries, "Ye can- not be saved, ye must per - ish at last." And now is the time; hear the
2. Ex - cept ye repent, ye will still wan-der on A - far from his face, in the by - ways of sin; And what will ye do when the
3. Ex - cept ye repent, and his par -don re-ceive, Ye nev - er will know what a Sav - ior is he Who bids you look up and re -
4. Ex - cept ye repent, all the bur- dens of care Will press ev - er - more on thy sin - la - den soul; But he who gives peace, is now

voice from the skies, The sun go - eth down, and the night com-eth fast.
day- light is gone, The por - tals are shut, and no soul en - ters in?
pent and believe, His mer - cy to know, his sal - va - tion to see.
wait- ing to bear All sor - row and sin— not a part, but the whole.

CHORUS.

Re-pent (and be-lieve!) Oh, re - pent (and believe,) While Je - sus is near,

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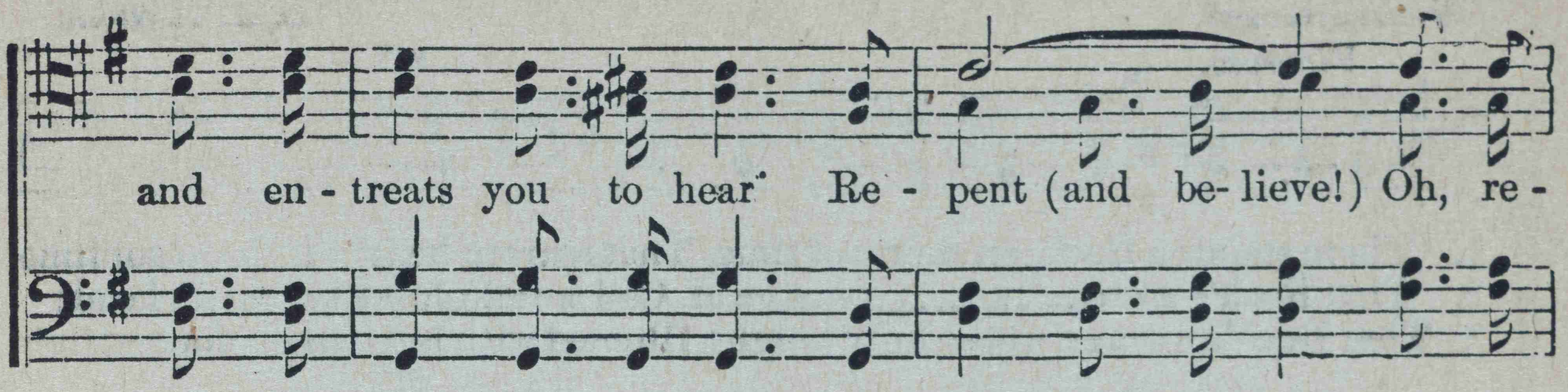
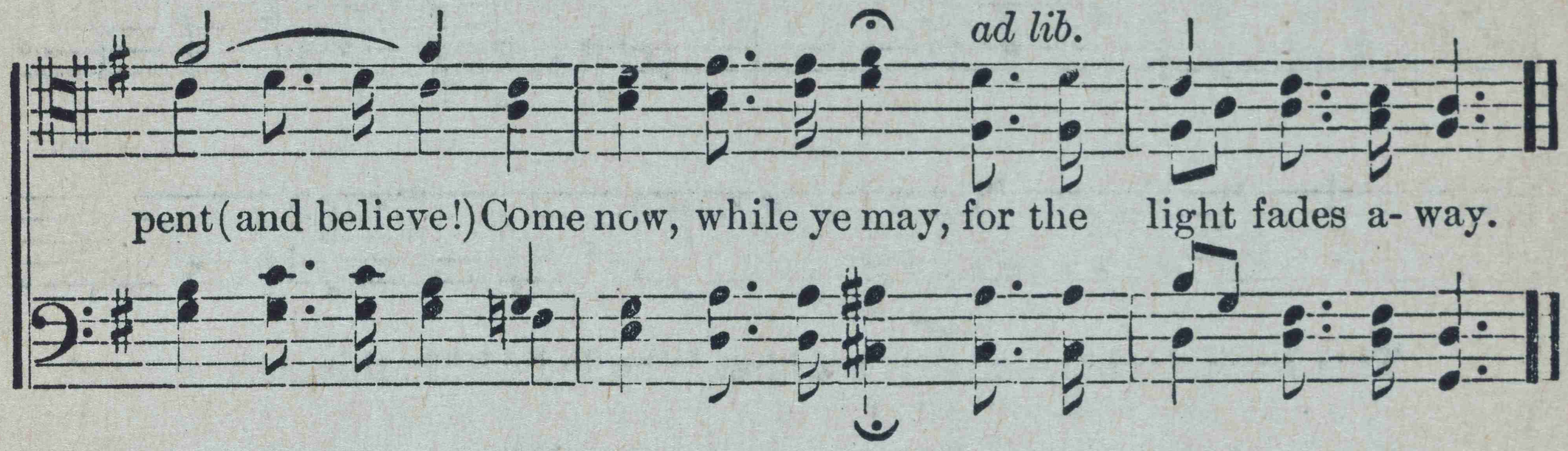
Except Ye Repent—Concluded.

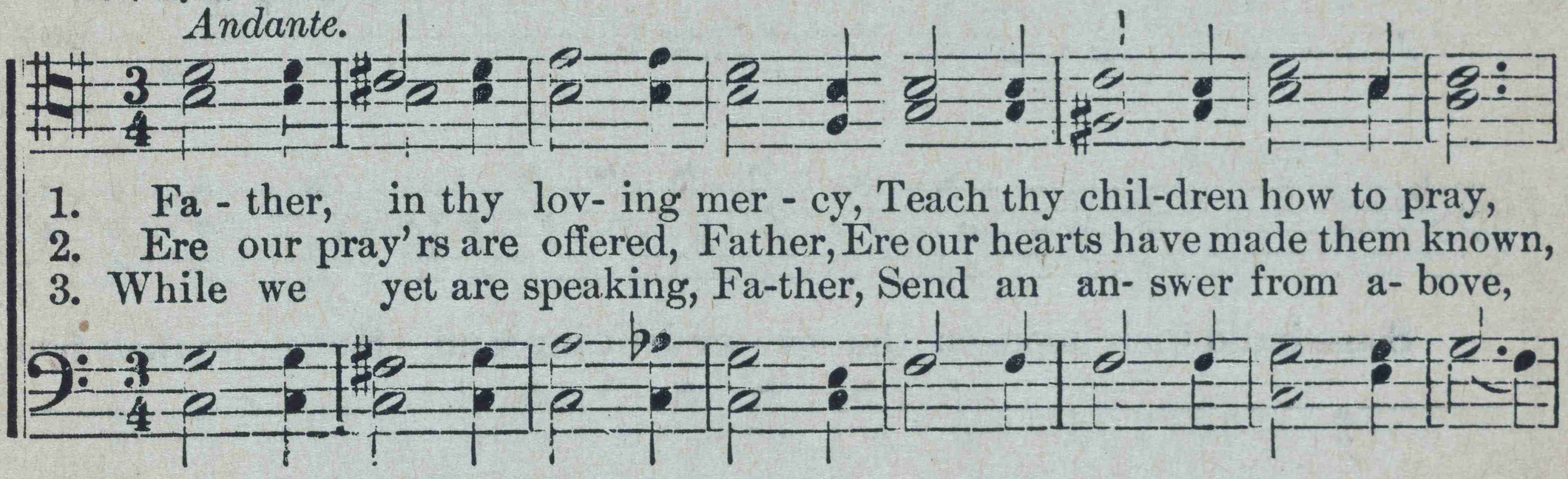


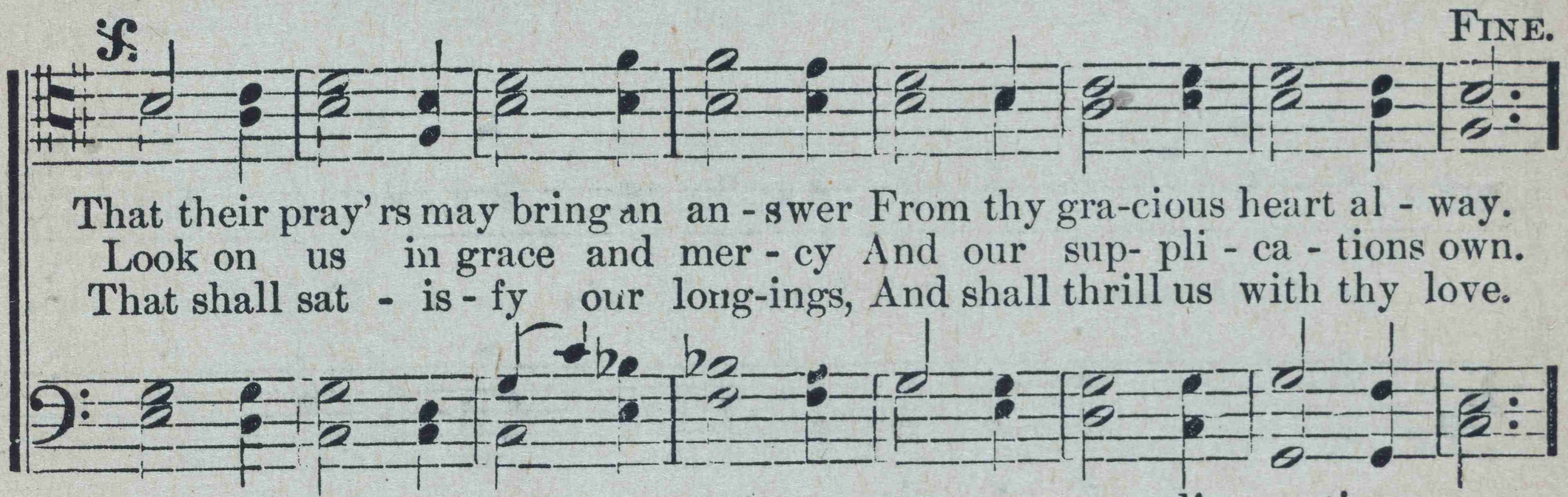


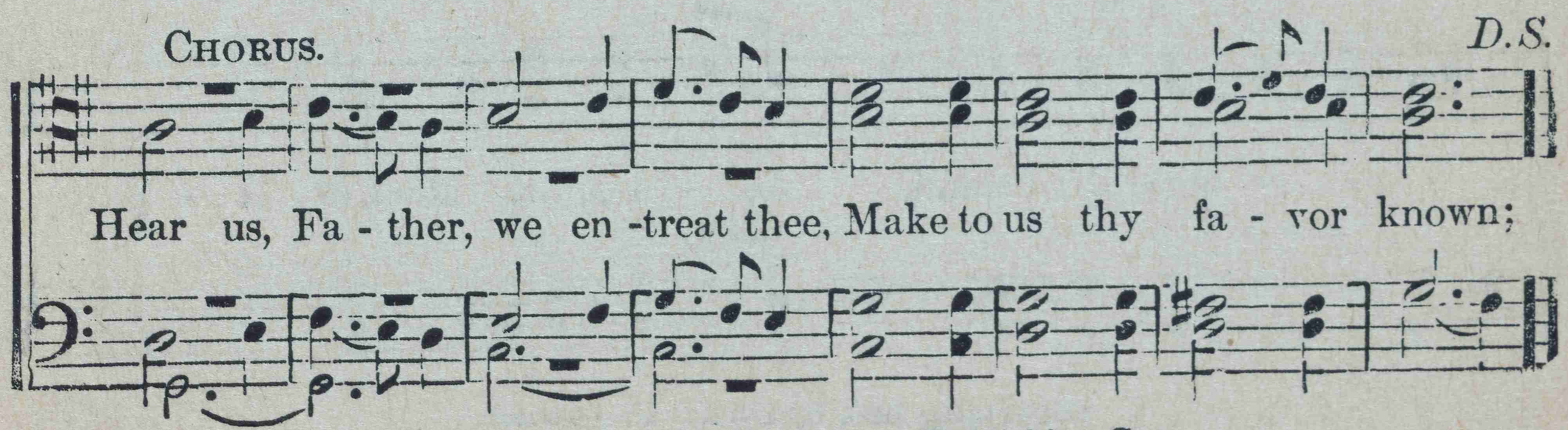
7. Teach Us to Pray.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. F. S. SHEPARD.

Andante.







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8. There Stands a Rock.

Words arranged. D. B. TOWNER.

Vigoroso.

1. There stands a Rock, on shores of time, That rears to heav'n its head sublime;
2. That Rock's a cro[illegible] outspread, Ce-les-tial glo-ry bathes its head;
3. That Rock's a tower, whose lofty height, Illumed with heav'ns unclouded light,

That Rock is cleft, and they are blest Who find within this cleft a rest.
To its firm base my all I bring, And to the Cross of A - ges cling.
Opes wide its gates beneath the dome, Where saints find rest with Christ at home.

CHORUS.

Some build their hopes on the ev - er drift-ing sand, Some on their fame
or their treas-ure or their land; Mine's on the Rock that for -
ev - er- more shall stand, Je - sus, the "Rock of A - ges."

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9. May God Depend on You?

W. C. MARTIN. IRA B. WILSON.

1. In the war-fare that is rag - ing For the truth and for the right,
2. See, they come on sa - ble pin-ions, Come they in Sa-tan-ic might,—
3. From his throne the Fa- ther sees us; An-gels help us to pre- vail;

When the conflict, fierce, is rag - ing With the pow - ers of the night,
Pow-ers come and dark do-min- ions From the re - gions of the night.
And our lead-er true is Je - sus And we shall not, can - not fail.

God needs peo-ple brave and true: May he then depend on you?
God re-quires the brave and true: May he now depend on you?
Triumph crowns the brave and true,— May the Lord depend on you?

peo - ple brave and true;

CHORUS.

May the Lord depend on you?..... Loyal-ty..... is but his due;.....

May the Lord de - pend on you? Loy-al- ty is but his due;

Say, O spir- it brave and true. That he may depend on you.

spir - it brave and true,

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10. Stand for Thy Country.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Stand for thy coun-try, brave-ly stand; There's nowhere else so
2. Stand for thy coun-try, no - bly dare Maintain her glo - ry
3. Stand for thy coun-try, nev - er fail, What-ev - er cow-ard

good a land, So gen-er-ous, so rich, so free, The worthy home of
ev-'ry-where; Hold her to purpose true and high, Then loy - al stand to
hearts should quail; From shore to shore, o'er all the land, May patriot hearts u -

CHORUS.

Stand! Stand!

lib - er - ty.
live or die.
nit - ed stand.

Stand for thy coun - try! Stand for thy coun-try! Wher-

Stand!

e'er are the brave, the brave and the true! Stand for thy coun-try!

Stand!

Stand for thy coun-try! Stand for her banner of red, white and blue!

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11. The Good That I can Do.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

E. L. ASHFORD.

Moderato.

cres.

1. Life is for ser - vice in Je-sus' dear name. Let me as her - ald his
2. Let me be find - ing and cheering the sad, Giv-ing the com - fort they
3. Life is for ser - vice, but life is so brief, I should be bring - ing the

dim.

mer - cy proclaim ; Let me some pit- i- ful wand'rer re-claim, Do-ing what
nev- er have had; Oh, let me live to make some-bod- y glad, Do-ing what
need- y re- lief, Ear-nest-ly striving to les-sen earth's grief, Do-ing what

cres.

CHORUS. *Allegretto.*

good I can do..... Life is for ser-vice, Lov-ing, brave and true,

p

Battling with temp-ta- tions Cer-tain to pur-sue. Think- ing for Je - sus,

cres.

Speaking for Je - sus, Liv- ing for Je - sus—and the good that I can do.

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12. When I Survey.

Can be sung in B Flat.

FRANZ SCHUBERT. Arr. by E. S. LORENZ.

1. When I survey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glory died,
2. See, from his head, his hands, his feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down:

My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour con -tempt on all my pride.
Did e'er such love and sor-row meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Were the whole realm of nature mine,

For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in..... the death of Christ, my
Were the whole realm of na- ture mine, That were a pres- ent far too

Save in the death of Christ, my God,
That were a pres- ent far too small,

God; All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri-fice them
small; Love so a- maz - ing so di-vine, De-mands my soul, my

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to his blood;
life, my all;
All the vain things that charm me most,
Love so a-maz - ing, so di-vine,

I sac - ri- fice them to his blood.
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

13. I Come to Thee.

HARRIET H. PIERSON. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Fa - ther of mer- cies, I come to thee, Seek now thy fa - vor,
2. Grant thy for- give- ness, thro' Je - sus' name; Thy gra- cious prom-ise,
3. Thou hast redeemed me, Sav - ior di- vine; Now and for - ev - er,
4. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, with me a - bide; With thee is giv - en

on bend - ed knee; All my un-worth- i -ness, Dear Lord, I
Fa - ther, I claim, Guilt - y, by sin de-filed, Oft by its
Lord, I am thine, Help me o - bey thy voice, Thy will my
all else be -side,— Balm for a soul distressed, Peace 'mid the

would con-fess; Plead- ing thy right-eous-ness, I come to thee.
pow'r be-guiled, I would be rec - on-ciled, Thro' Je - sus' name.
on - ly choice; Then shall my heart re-joice, Sav - ior di- vine.
world's un- rest; Be thou my con - stant guest, With me a - bide.

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14.

March On.

HARRIET E. JONES. GEO. S. SCHULER.

1. Ye men of God, to arms, to arms! Oh, don't you hear the bu - gle
2. "To win for Christ," your motto grand, Go forth with banner high in
3. The foe is bold, in numbers strong, You need to keep your arm - or
4. For God and home and those we love, Be fore-most in the bat - tle -

call? From sin - ful hosts come dread alarms; The foe to quell, go
air; If you in tri - umph take the land, You must be firm to
bright; Although the fight be fierce and long, Stand firm to win for
field; To bear the palm in heav'n a-bove, Fight on un - til the

CHORUS.

one and all.
do and dare.
truth and right.
foe shall yield.

March on! march on! in Je - sus'

March on!

march on! in Je-sus' pre - cious

name,
name, march on!

A-gainst the e - vil pow'rs; To right the wrong
Against the evil pow'rs, To right the wrong

ad lib.

and spread his fame, That victory be ours, That vic- to- ry be ours!
and spread his fame,

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15. The Eyes of the World.

JAMES ROWE. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Be -cause his gospel's wondrous light Is making earth's dark places
2. Be -cause his love—a shoreless sea— Flows out for all human-i -
3. Be -cause with healing in his wings He comes, and free salva-tion
4. Be -cause he strengthens human ties, And helps the fallen soul to

bright, And help - ing men to walk a-right, The eyes of the
ty, And makes the na- tions glad and free, The eyes of the
brings, A - like to low - ly men and kings, The eyes of the
rise Up t'wards an ev - er - last - ing prize, The eyes of the

CHORUS.

world are on Je - sus. The eyes of the world are on Je - sus!

The eyes of the world are on Je - sus! How clear comes the call,

"Crown him Lord of all!" The eyes of the world are on Je - sus!

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16.

Fight to Win.

JAMES ROWE.

E. L. ASHFORD.

1. Sol- diers on the bat- tle - field, Fight to win;
2. Tho' the strife be long and hard, Fight to win;
3. Fol- low where your Leader leads, Fight to win;

Fight to win; Fight to

Fight to win. Have no thought that you will yield,
Fight to win. Cour - age is its own re- ward,
Fight to win. Crown your lives with no - ble deeds,

win; Soldiers,

Soldiers, ev - er fight to win,

fight, Yes, fight to win. Man-ful- ly your col - ors
God is with you, he will
Would you thin the ranks of

Sol-diers, fight to win; Sol-diers, fight to win;

show, Keep your fa - ces to the foe, ...
shield, Give your strength the sword to wield; .. ..
wrong, Sing at last the vic - tor's song, ...

Give, with courage, blow for blow, Soldiers, fight, yes, fight to win.
Yours at last shall be the field; Soldiers, fight, yes, fight to win.
Let your faith in God be strong; Soldiers, fight, yes, fight to win.

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Fight to Win—Concluded.

Refrain. (*Time strongly marked.*)

Fight to win, yes, fight to win, Nev - er yield an inch to sin;

cres.

Keep up the fight both day and night; Soldiers, fight, fight to win.

17. Trust.

J. H. B. *Melody in 2d Tenor.* EDWARD M. FULLER.

1. Some-times along our journey here, Our Father's voice we scarce can hear;
2. When gloom increaseth day by day, Our souls un - lit by heav'nly ray,
3. Yes, trust in ev-'ry hour of need; In bond-age trust, we shall be freed;

It seems that clouds his face do mask:-"What shall we do?" we trem-bling ask—
When sweet communion with the Lord Has ceased, we cannot love his Word,
He makes the crooked places straight, And opens ev - 'ry heav - y gate,

Just sim - ply trust, Just sim - ply trust.
Then we should trust, Then we should trust.
If we will trust, If we will trust.
sim - ply trust, sim - ply trust.

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18.

Always the Same.

JAMES M. GRAY, D. D

IRA B. WILSON.

1. Oh, sing of the One who is always the same, Who gave to the
2. Oh, sing of the One who is always the same, Whose won-der-ful
3. Oh, sing of the One who is always the same, Who stooped to the
4. Oh, sing of the One who is always the same, Who com-eth a-

earth and the heavens their frame, Who ex-iled himself from his
wis-dom surpassed hu-man frame, Whose ten-der com-pas-sion smoothed
cross dis-re-gard-ing the shame, Who pleads for his peo-ple in
gain with an-gel-ic ac-claim, Who bringeth the glo-ri-fied

glo-ry a-bove To come to our world on an errand of love.
sorrow a-way, And comforts us now as he did yes-ter-day.
heaven al-way, And keeps them to-mor-row as well as to-day.
saints in his train, To set up a kingdom that nev-er shall wane!

CHORUS.

Al - - ways the same!.....

Al-ways the same! Yes! al-ways the same! Un-change-a-ble

Je-sus, with joy we proclaim! Thro' earth's dis-ap-point-ment of

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ev - er - y name, Thy love, O our Sav-ior, is al-ways the same:

19. God Never Forgets.

JAMES BRAND. C. S. COLBORN.

1. The mountains and valleys may sink and de-cay, God nev-er for-
2. And youth with its buoyant hope painting the sky, God nev-er for-
3. Old age with its sil - ver hair rev'rend with years, God nev-er for-
4. Come then, ye that weep at the close of the day, God nev-er for-

gets, And time with its restless wings onward may flee,
gets, May furl its bright pinions all bleeding and torn,
gets, In the cold vale of sorrow may pil - low its head,
gets, Yes, come with your bonds, and your cross, and your tears,

Meas - ur - ing cy - cles on cy - cles to be, Till he
Crushed to the earth by a proud world's deep scorn, And
Pray for the dy - ing and weep for the dead; It
Come with your blight - ed hopes, cherished for years, Come

dips his grey plume in e - ter - ni - ty's sea, God never for-gets.....
die like a star at the ris - ing of morn, God never for-gets.....
drops from life's stage like a tear that is shed, God never for-gets.....
ban - ish forebodings and bur - y your fears, God never for-gets.....

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20. Go Through the Gates.

JENNIE WILSON. IRA B. WILSON.

1. Go thro' the gates, O Church of Christ, Cast up, cast up a safe highway;
2. Pre-pare the way of ho - li-ness, Remove the stones that wound the feet.
3. Go thro' the gates, make known the strength That cometh from a faith divine.

For all the peo- ple make a road, That from the kingdom none need stay.
That all who walk there-in may find A joy and bless-ing pure and sweet.
A- rise, a - rise, O Church of Christ, Be true and vict'ry shall be thine.

CHORUS.

Go thro' the gates, O Church of Christ,
Go thro' the gates, ... O Church of Christ, ... And

And lift the roy - al standard high; The saving pow'r
lift the roy-al standard high; ..... The sav-ing pow'r .....

of Je - sus tell
of Je - sus tell ..... Ere wait-ing peo-ple faint and die....

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21. Remembered Yet.

E. S. L. *Andante con espressione.* E. S. LORENZ.

Hm..... Hm..... Hm.....

1. Sol-dier, rest in peace! now is over thy strife; Well hast thou won in the
2. Dream no more of battle, the vic-t'ry is won, Hearts dis - u - ni- ted are

Hm..... Hm..... Hm.....

Hm..... Hm..... Hm.....

bat- tle of life! O'er thy grave the millions their kind vigil keep;
beat-ing as one; Freedom rules the nation, our col-ors wide sweep;

Hm..... Hm..... Hm..... ....

Hm.....

REFRAIN.

Thou art re- mem - bered yet, peace- ful - ly sleep.
Thou art re- mem - bered yet, peace- ful - ly sleep. } Sleep- ing!

Sleep - ing!

yet not for - got - ten, Thy toils and griefs are re - mem-bered yet;

Sleep - ing!

Slum - ber!

Slum-ber, as-sured the na- tion Her he-roes ne'er will for - get!

Slum- ber!

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22. The Keeper of the Light.

INA DULY OGDON. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Lo, the storms are fiercely rag-ing O - ver life's un-rest-ing deep,
2. I have built where naught can move me, I shall live thro' ev'ry shock,
3. Nev- er shall my lamp be hid-den, It is set up- on a hill;
4. I will keep so brightly shining, Oth - er pil- grims, passing by,

Slower and emphatic.

But my God is all con- troll- ing, 'Tis for him the light I keep.
Winds and waves shall on - ly prove me, For I stand up - on the Rock.
By the Mas - ter I am bid - den, And my mis- sion must ful - fil.
My great source of light di- vin - ing, God shall find and glo - ri - fy.

CHORUS.

I'm the keep-er..... of the light!

a tempo.

I'm the keep-er of the light In the dark-ness of the night!

I'm the keep-er..... of the light!

I'm the keep-er of the light, I must keep it burn- ing bright!

In the gloom and tumult burning, Souls to heav'n it's safe-ly turn-ing!

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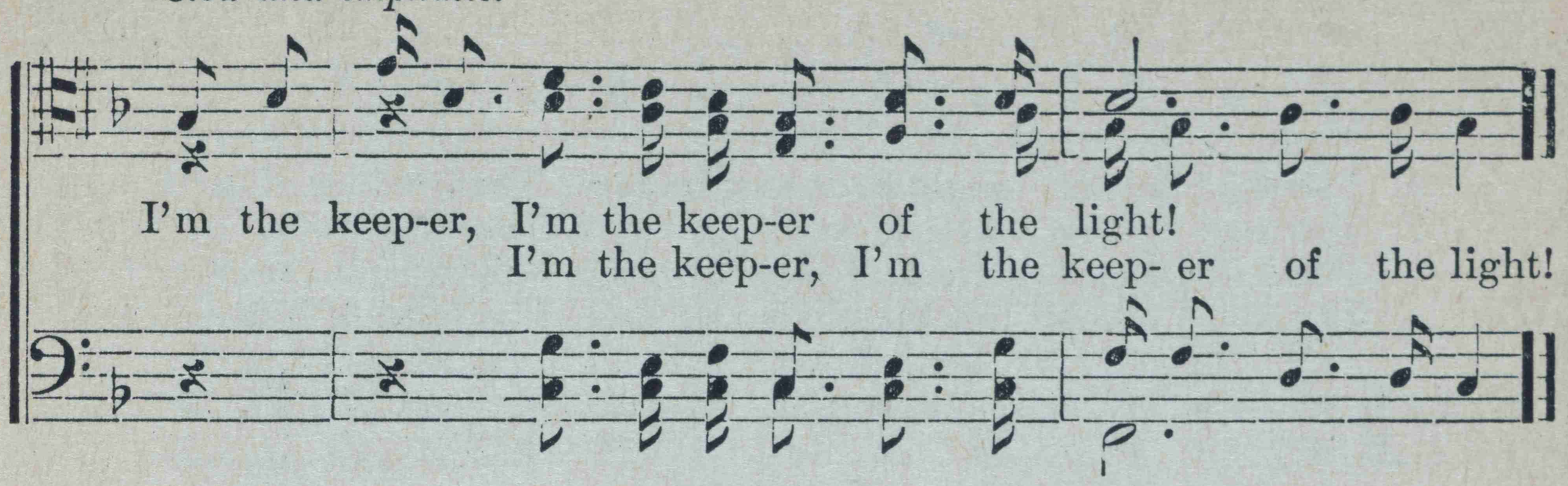
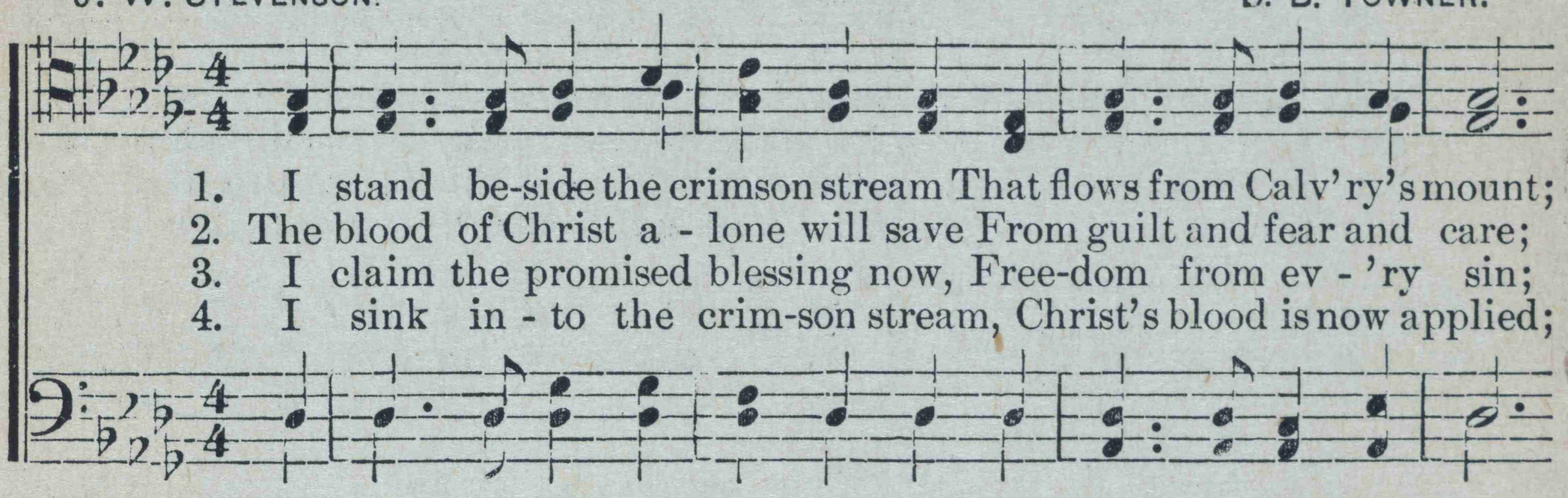
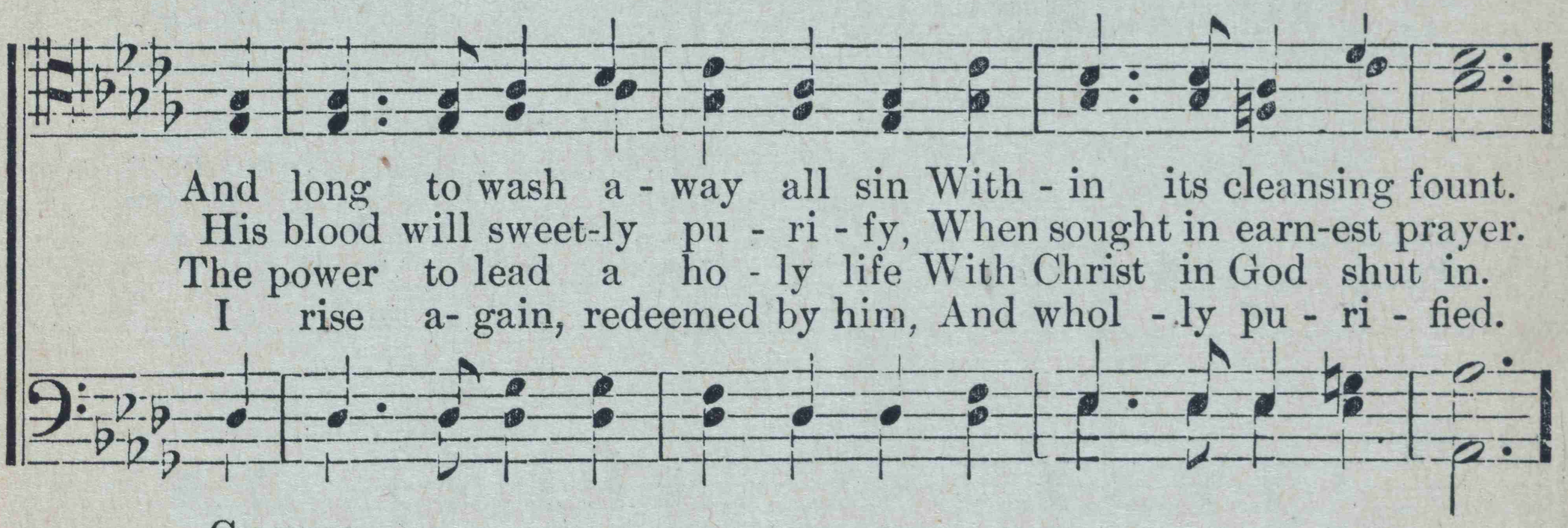
Slow and emphatic.



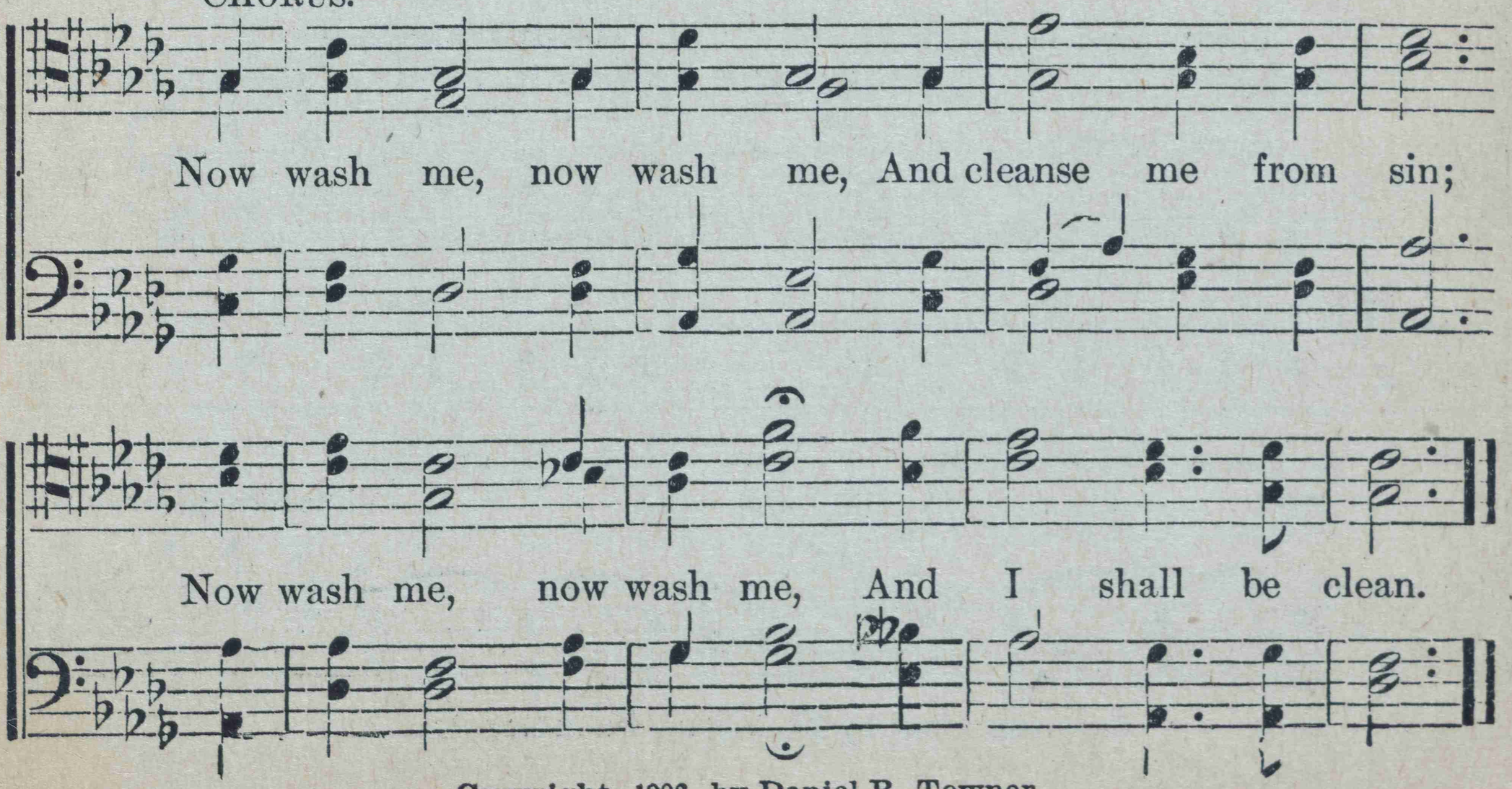
23. The Crimson Stream.

J. W. STEVENSON. D. B. TOWNER.





CHORUS.



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24. The Breaking Day.

IRA B. WILSON.

1. The shad- ows of night must soon be gone, The troubles of earth must
2. The sor - rows of earth must all de - part, The sor-row-ful eyes must
3. The mo-ments of time may slow- ly pass, And tri - als se- vere hold
4. The hours of our life must have an end, The hope of the soul will

pass a-way; Then look above for the golden dawn, The first fair light of the
all be gay; For true the signs, to the faithful heart, That point with joy to the
fierc-est sway; But o'er the soul that is true at last Shall stream the light of the
win its way; High o'er the wrecks that now earthward bend Shines out the light of the

CHORUS.

break-ing day. Oh, see a - far..... o-ver mountain

o'er mountain heights heights;..... The first fair gleam gleam..... of the sun's bright

the sun's bright ray; ray;..... A - rise and wel - come the glo-ri-ous

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the glorious light, The her-ald swift, herald of the breaking day.
light, ... The herald swift..... of the breaking day.....

25. Are You Weary?

Mrs. J. W. KENNEDY. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Are you wea - ry, heav - y- la - den, Do you long for peace and rest?
2. Are you wea - ry with sin's pleasures, That can nev - er sat - is - fy?
3. Are you wea - ry with the friendships This vain world has to be- stow?
4. Are you wea - ry with life's burdens, With its con- flicts and its care?
5. Come to Je - sus, wea - ry, lost one, Come, for he is pass- ing by:

Je -sus waits with full for-give-ness For the soul with sin oppressed.
Would you have joys pure and last- ing, That earth's gold can nev-er buy?
Come to Christ, the friend of sin- ners, Then true friendship you shall know.
Come with all thy need to Je - sus, Sweet- est rest is for thee there.
Ven- ture all, and ful - ly trust him, He will save, and sat - is - fy.

CHORUS. *Melody in 1st Bass.*

Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, He will all your sins forgive;

ad lib.

He is call - ing, he is call - ing, Trust him now and you shall live.

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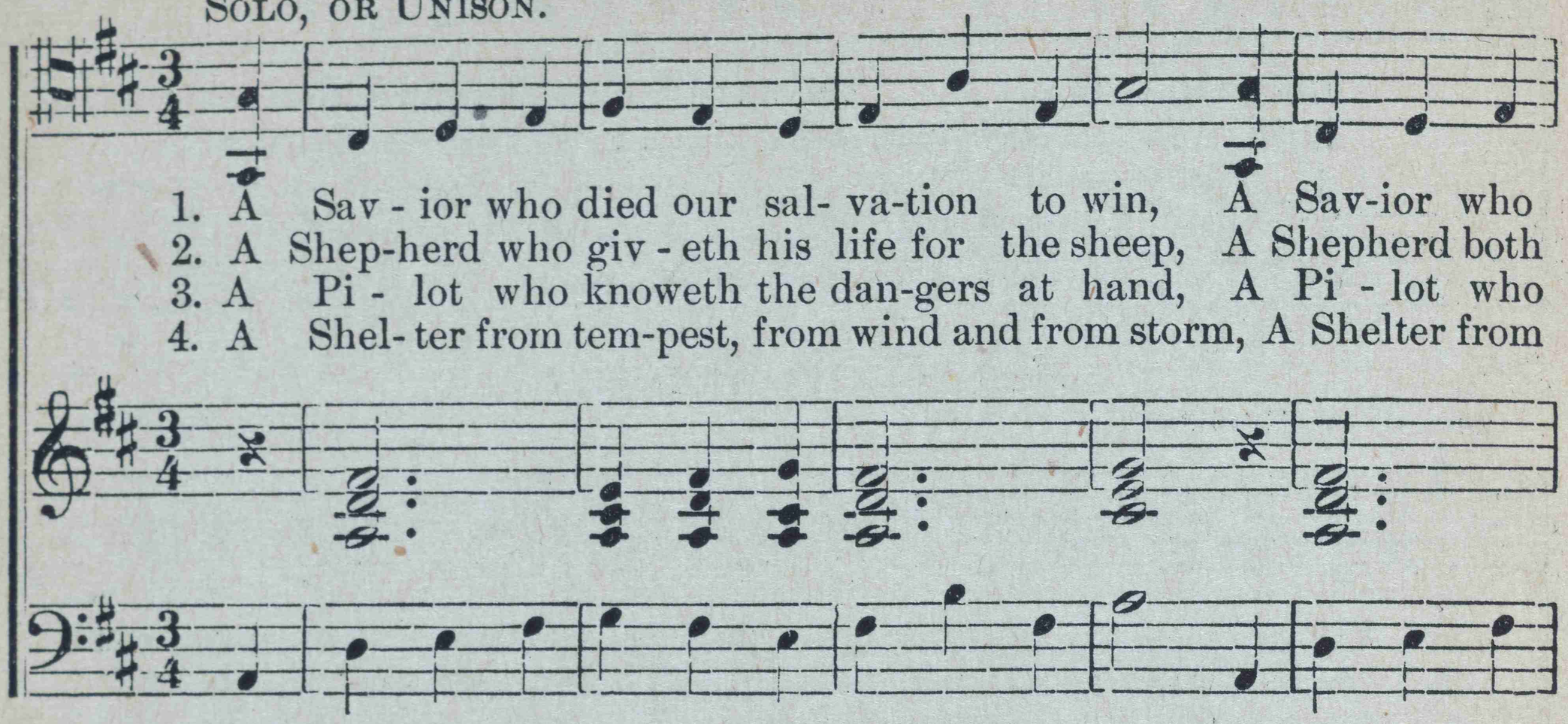
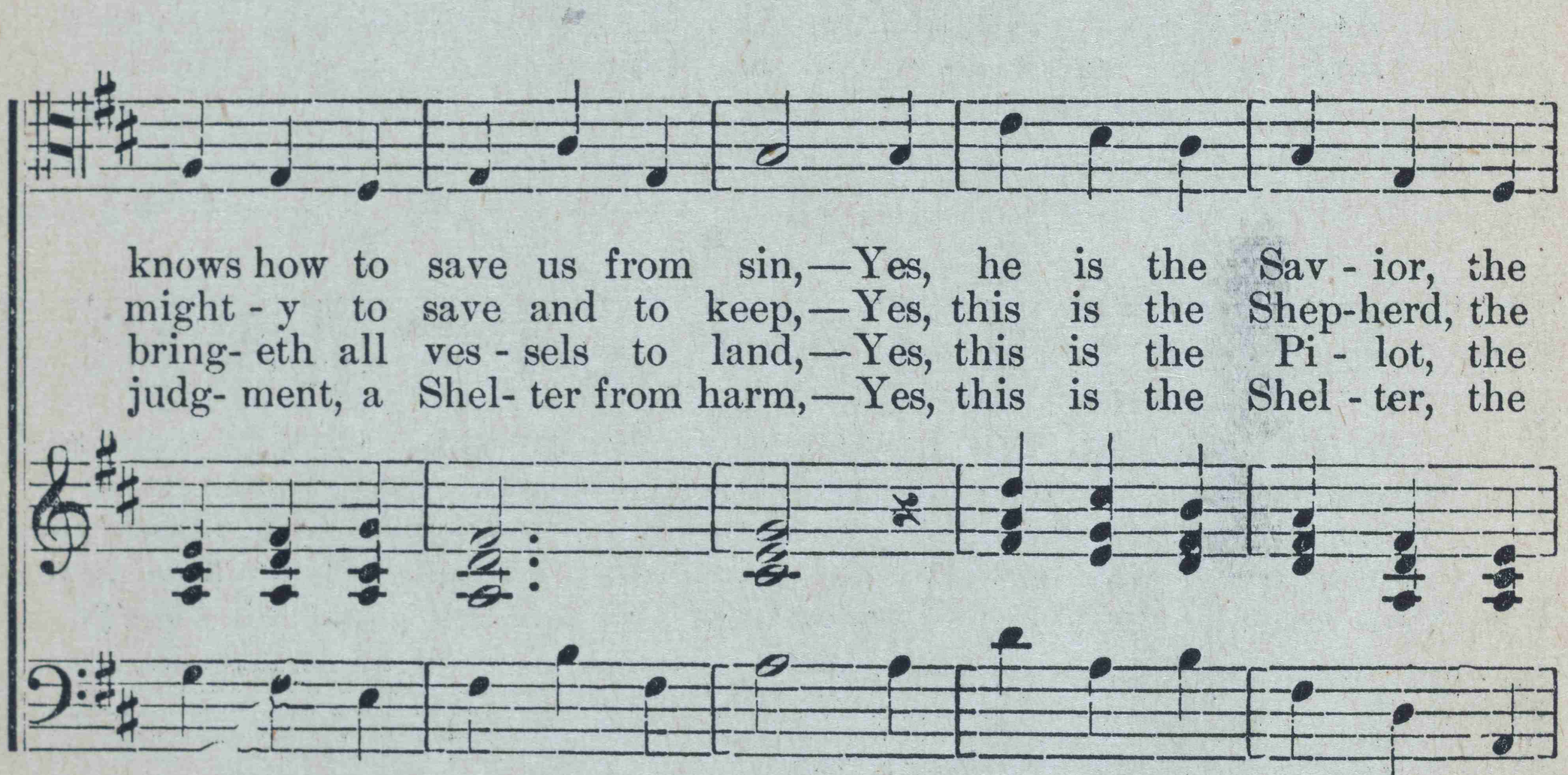
23. Is He Yours?

ADA R. HABERSHON. ROBERT HARKNESS.

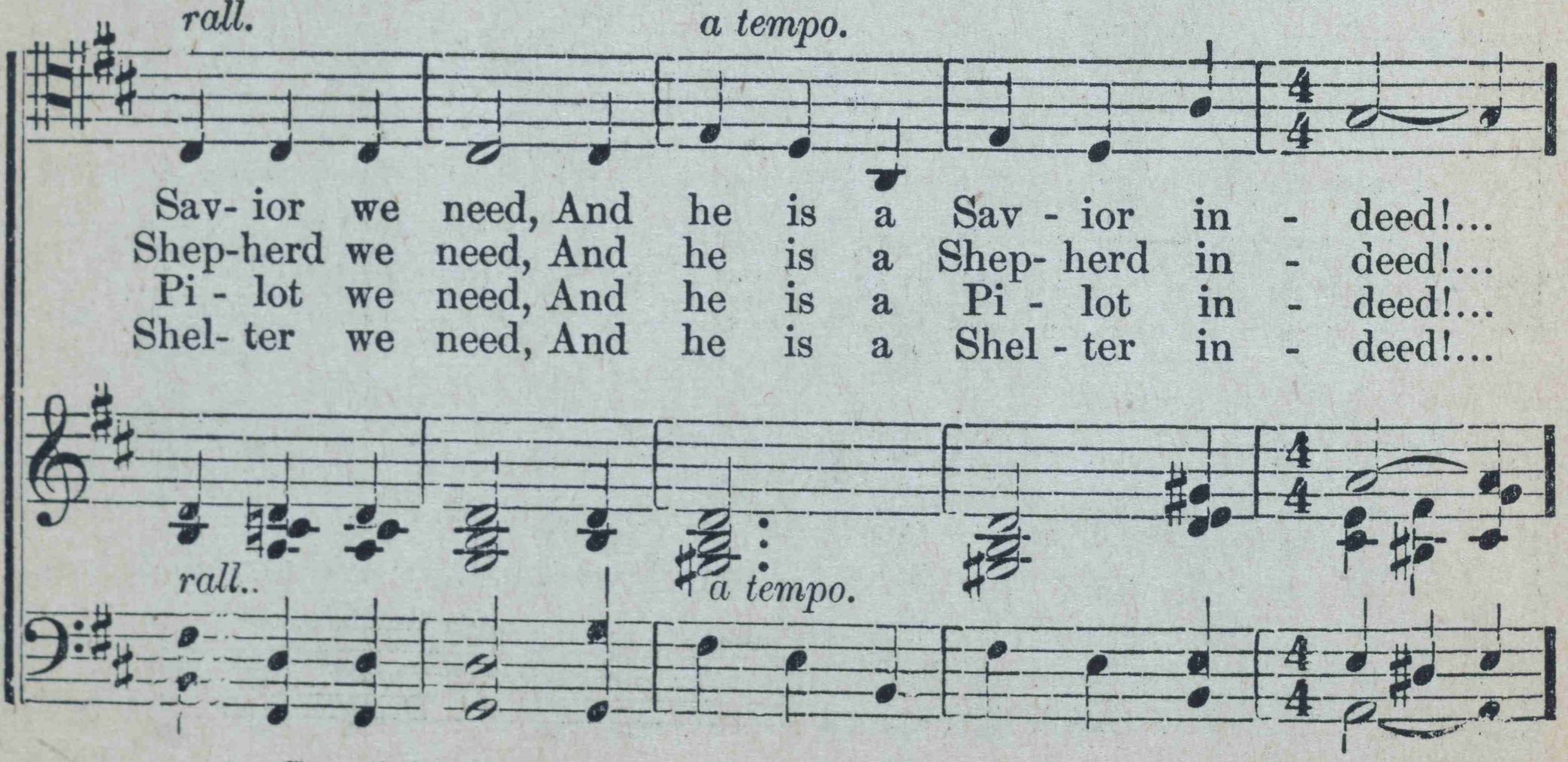
SOLO, OR UNISON.



1. A Sav - ior who died our sal- va-tion to win, A Sav-ior who knows how to save us from sin,—Yes, he is the Sav - ior, the
2. A Shep-herd who giv - eth his life for the sheep, A Shepherd both might - y to save and to keep,—Yes, this is the Shep-herd, the
3. A Pi - lot who knoweth the dan-gers at hand, A Pi - lot who bring- eth all ves - sels to land,—Yes, this is the Pi - lot, the
4. A Shel- ter from tem-pest, from wind and from storm, A Shelter from judg- ment, a Shel- ter from harm,—Yes, this is the Shel - ter, the



Sav- ior we need, And he is a Sav - ior in - deed!...
Shep-herd we need, And he is a Shep- herd in - deed!...
Pi - lot we need, And he is a Pi - lot in - deed!...
Shel- ter we need, And he is a Shel - ter in - deed!...

rall. *a tempo.*

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Is He Yours?—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Is he yours?..... Is he yours?..... Is this Savior, who loves you, yours?
Is he yours? Is he yours?

27. Beautiful Threads of Gold.

HARRIET H. PIERSON

D. B. TOWNER.

Melody in 2nd Tenor.

1. Slow- ly the web of life un-rolls, Shimmer-ing fold on fold,
2. Gath - er we now the gleaming strands, All that our hands will hold,
3. O - ver us still the Mas- ter's eye Watch-es the web un - fold,
4. Swift- ly the years may come and go, Fad - ed the web and old,

Som- ber and bright and ash - en gray, Wov- en with threads of gold.
Toss- ing the shut - tle to and fro, Weav-ing our threads of gold.
Sees in the loom his pat - tern grow, Rich with its threads of gold.
Yet will their lus - ter bright- er grow, Beau- ti - ful threads of gold.

Glit-tering threads like sunshine fair, Lighting the woof of toil and care,
Weaving them in thro' smiles and tears, Weaving them in thro' hopes and fears,
Patient the Master Weaver stands, Guides with his own our child- ish hands,
Un-der the good the threads will run, O - ver the wrong that we have done,

Mak- ing the web a fab - ric rare, Beau -ti- ful threads of gold.
Weav-ing them in thro' pass-ing years, Beau- ti- ful threads of gold.
Hold-ing the fair and shin-ing strands, Beau -ti- ful threads of gold.
Won-der-ful threads that love has spun, Beau -ti- ful threads of gold.

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28. Do You Know Your Name is Written?

J. S SAMMIS. J. H. ROSECRANS.

Moderato.

1. Do you know your name is writ- ten On the book before the
2. On - ly they shall pass the por - tal, On- ly they shall see his
3. They shall find that hap - py haven; In their minds, with heav'nly

1. Do you know your name is writ-ten On the book be -

throne? In the blood of Je - sus, smitten To redeem you for his
face, Who up-on the page im-mor-tal Are recorded by his
art, Christ has set his im - age graven, And his law upon their

fore the throne? In the blood of Je-sus, smitten To re - deem you

CHORUS.

own.....
grace.....
heart.....

Is your name inscribed in heav-en,

for his own. Is your name in - scribed in heav-en,

On the pa - ges white and fair? When the crowns, the

On the pages white and fair?..... When the crowns of

crowns of life are giv - en, Will you find it writ - ten, writ-ten there?

life..... are giv - en, Will you find it writ - ten there?.....

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29. Working Anywhere.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK. E. S. LORENZ.

1. I would be con-se-cra-ted day by day, Hum- bly walk-ing in thy
2. I would be con-se-cra-ted, heart and soul, Liv - ing ev - er in thy
3. I would be con-se-cra-ted by thy love, Blest with pow- er giv-en

chos- en way; Earnestly— ev - er o - bey- ing thy will, Fill-ing a - ny
blest con- trol, Faithful-ly an-swer-ing when thou dost call, Giving thee my
from a - bove, Pa-tient-ly win-ning lost souls un- to thee; Hap-py in thy

CHORUS.

place thou dost ask me to fill.
serv - ice—my love and my all.
love, they should tru- ly be free.

} Work- ing anywhere, work- ing

anywhere, I am thine for work-ing anywhere! On - ly let me

do some la - bor good and true; I am thine for work-ing anywhere!

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30. I Once was a Stranger.

ROBERT T. MCCHEYNE. D. B. TOWNER.

Melody in 1st Bass; may be sung as a Solo.

1. I once was a stran-ger to grace and to God, I knew not my
2. When free grace a- woke me by light from on high, Then le - gal fears
3. My ter-rors all van- ished be- fore his sweet name; My guilt- y fears

dan-ger, and felt not my load; Tho' friends spoke in rap-ture of
shook me, I trem-bled to die; No ref - uge, no safe- ty in
banished, with bold-ness I came To drink at the foun-tain so

Christ on the tree, Je- ho- vah, my Savior, seem'd nothing to me.
self could I see: Je- ho- vah, thou on- ly my Savior must be.
co -pious and free: Je- ho- vah, my Sav-ior, is all things to me.

CHORUS. *Melody 2nd Tenor.*

To God be the glo- ry! he did me a - wake, And out of my
sin - ful se- cur - i - ty shake; To God be the glo - ry! By

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faith now I see The Lamb up-on Cal- va- ry suf- fered for me.....

31. Fair Eden-Land, my Home.

JENNIE WILSON. IRA B. WILSON.

1. By faith I see thy hap- py shore, Where earthly tri-als come no
2. Made pure from ev- 'ry taint of wrong I long to sing redemption's
3. In thy do-main I shall be-hold E- ter - nal mys- ter- ies un -

more, There I shall rest with conflicts o'er, Fair E-den-land, my home.....
song Among thy holy ransomed throng, Fair E-den-land, my home.....
fold, And see my Lord with joy untold, Fair E-den-land, my home.....

CHORUS.

Fair E - den-land, my home! Fair E - den-land, my home! I

long to stand up- on thy strand, Fair E - den-land, my home, my home.

rit.

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32. Heaven Within.

REV. W. C. MARTIN. E. S. LORENZ.

1. It is heav - en with - in since the tu - mult of sin Has been stilled by the voice of the Lord; (the Lord;) Since he came to be - gin his do- min - ion with- in All my soul is with God in ac - cord.....
2. I have heav - en be - low, and the peace which I know Is a peace earth can- not take a - way; (a-way;) Since my soul came to know that the Lord loves me so I am hap - py, so hap - py all - way.....
3. Life in Christ is so sweet and with joy so re-plete, What will heav - en be when I go there; (go there;) When God's work is complete, and his an - gels I greet, And the robe of my glo - ry I wear.....

CHORUS.

It is heav - en with - in..... It is heav - en with - in, It is heav - en with - in

To be free..... from all sin!..... To be free from all sin, To be free from all sin!

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Heaven Within—Concluded.

It is not far a - way, 'Tis with - in us to - day,

Slow and emphatic.

'Tis heav - en, - it is heav - en with - in!.....
It is heav - en with - in.

33. May I Come In?

With feeling.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Be - hold me stand- ing at the door, And hear me
2. I wore the cru - el thorns for thee; I lis - ten
3. There's sure - ly room with - in thy breast For one more
4. I would not have thee beat in vain My Fa - ther's

plead - ing ev - er - more, With gen - tle voice a - bove the
long and pa - tient - ly To hear thy foot- steps from with-
lov - ing than the rest, More lov - ing far than earth - ly
door, and plead in pain, When an - gels all heav'n's joys be-

Ad lib.

din,..... "May I come in? May I come in?"
in,..... "May I come in? May I come in?"
kin;..... "May I come in? May I come in?"
gin;..... "May I come in? May I come in?"

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34. Victory will Come.

FLORA E. BRECK. BYRON BURDITT.

1. We will ral - ly one and all, We will an- swer Je - sus' call;
2. Foes op - press on ev - 'ry hand, Je - sus Christ is in com-mand,
3. Christ will wise - ly lead the way, We will fol - low and o - bey,
4. We will ev - er march a- long, Christ will make us true and strong,

He will nev - er let us fall, Vic - to - ry will come.
He will ev - er near us stand; Vic - to - ry will come.
He will help us win the day; Vic - to - ry will come.
We shall sing the vic - tor's song; Vic - to - ry will come.

CHORUS.

Vic - to - ry will come, Vic - to - ry will come, Vic - to - ry will

come by and by; If on Je -sus we re - ly, Ev- 'ry need he

will sup - ply, He a - lone can sat - is - fy— Vic - to - ry will come.

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35. Forward, Soldiers of the Cross.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. GEO. S. SCHULER.

1. For - ward, for - ward, sol-diers of the cross! For - ward, for - ward!
2. March- ing! march-ing o'er the toil-some way, Je - sus' le - gions
3. Cour - age! cour - age, loy- al hearts and true; Fear not, fear not,
4. Rest not, rest not, till the day is done! Life's long bat - tle

count-ing all but loss, Love's fair ban - ner lift a - gainst the sky;
may not now de- lay; For- ward! for-ward thro' the bat - tle's din,
Je - sus fights with you; Trust him, trust him, praise his ho - ly name,
will at last be won; Shouts of tri-umph thro' his courts will ring,

CHORUS *Unison.*

For -ward, for-ward, vic- to- ry is nigh.
Crowns un - fad - ing in his name to win.
He has conquered sin and death and shame.
Al - le - lu - ia unto Christ the King!

} Hark! this watchword rings a-

Harmony.

long the line, Fol - low, follow where the colors shine! Christ your Cap - tain

gives the rally- ing call, Loy - al sol - diers, for- ward, for- ward all!

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36. Consecrate Your Money.

REV. W. C. MARTIN. E. S. LORENZ.

1. God has giv - en you the sun-shine and the showers for the field;
2. There are na-tions still in bond-age and the gos-pel should be sent,
3. Je - sus sat a-mong the giv - ers and he no - ted how they gave,

All you have, he gave ac-cor-ding to his word; Then re-turn to him a
And the Master leaves that blessed work to you; Oh, re-turn the Lord a
And he spake in their be-half a kind-ly word. Oh, he gave for you his

meas-ure of the sea-son's goodly yield, You should con-se-crate your
por - tion of the mon - ey he has lent, For the first of all the
ver - y life your soul from hell to save; You should con-se-crate your

CHORUS.

mon - ey to the Lord.
har- vest is his due.
mon - ey to the Lord.

Con - se-crate your mon-ey to the Lord!
Ev - er Yes, con - se -crate your mon-ey to the Lord!
con-se- crate your mon-ey to the Lord!

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Consecrate Your Money—Concluded.

Lord! All you have is what he gave to you, ac-
con - se - crate your mon-ey!

Slow and emphatic.

cord- ing to his word: Con - se- crate your mon - ey to the Lord!

37. Yet There is Room!

HORATIUS BONAR. D. B. TOWNER.

Melody in 2nd Tenor.

1. Yet there is room! the Lamb's bright hall of song, With its fair glo - ry,
2. Day is de- clin- ing, and the sun is low; The shadows length-en,
3. The bri - dal hall is fill - ing for the feast; Pass in, pass in and
4. Yet there is room! still o -pen stands the gate, The gate of love, it
5. Ere night that gate may close, and seal thy doom; Then the last low, long

REFRAIN.

beck-ons thee a - long.
light makes haste to go.
be the Bridegroom's guest.
is not yet too late.
cry, "No room, no room!"

Room, room, still room! Oh, en-ter, en - ter

Last verse.

No room, no room! O woe- ful cry, "No

now! Room, room, still room! Oh, en- ter, en - ter now!
room!" No room, no room! O woe- ful cry, "No room."

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38. Rest in the Lord.

N. B. SARGENT. N. B. SARGENT, arr.

1. I was temp - est-tossed on the sea of life For years, and years;
2. In the hu - man heart I had sought re-pose, With joy and pride;
3. I will sing a glad and a grate-ful song, Long as I live,

I had fought a- lone in the dai - ly strife, With tears, and tears;
But the pain that followed, God on - ly knows, When love had died;
Un - to Him that doth, all the way a - long, His sweet peace give;

With heav- y load op- pressed, My heart could find no rest, Till I
There was no rest for me On life's dark storm-y sea, Till I
All earth-ly din a - bove, His ten- der voice of love Bids us

rest - ed in the Lord, Till I rest - ed in the Lord.
rest - ed in the Lord, Till I rest - ed in the Lord.
come to him and rest, Bids us come to him and rest.

REFRAIN.

Oh, rest in the Lord, rest in the Lord,

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Rest in the Lord—Concluded.

Rit ad lib.

And wait, wait, wait; Pa - tient-ly wait for him....

39. Gathered Home.

J. H. B., arr. J. H. BENNER. Arranged by D. B. T.

1. On-ly a few more fleet - ing years, Then we'll be gath- ered home.
2. We shall join the heav-'nly choir, When we are gath- ered home
3. Then we'll join the ransomed throng, When we are gath- ered home.

On - ly a few more sighs and tears, Then we'll be gath- ered home.
We shall strike the gold - en lyre, When we are gath- ered home.
Chant- ing love's re-demp-tion song, When we are gath- ered home.

CHORUS.

Gath - ered home, gath-ered home, Then we'll be gath-ered home,
Gath -ered home, gath-ered home, we'll be gathered home.
Gath-ered home, gathered home

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40. The Lord will Comfort Thee.

E. E. HEWITT. E. S. LORENZ.

Melody in First Bass.

1. Oh, lis - ten again to the mu- sic That sounds from the far-a-way
2. No bur-den too heav - y to car - ry, With Je - sus so close at thy
3. Thy peace then shall flow as a ri - ver, His love shall so won drously

time, When God's holy seer brought a mes - sage That down through the
side; No billows shall ev - er o'er-whelm thee, For he shall the
shine; And sadness shall turn to re- joic - ing, A-bun - dance of

CHORUS.

ages shall chime.
wa-ters di-vide.
glo- ry be thine.

As one whom his mother com - fort - eth, So the
So the

Lord will com-fort thee! As one whom his
Lord will comfort thee, So the Lord will comfort thee!

moth-er com- forteth, So the Lord will comfort thee!
will com - fort thee!

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41. I can Tell Jesus.

Mrs. ELIZABETH MILLER. D. B. TOWNER.

1. I can tell it all to Je - sus, All the tri - als of the day; All the heart-aches and the bur - dens That o'er - take me on the way.
2. I can tell it all to Je - sus, Ev- 'ry sor- row, ev - 'ry care, For he hears me and he bids me Leave my bur - den with him there.
3. I can tell it all to Je - sus, And it brings my heart re - lease; Aft - er ev - 'ry storm - y con - flict Comes a calm of sweet - est peace.

CHORUS.

Oh, what com - fort it brings! O my heart, how it sings! For my sor - row takes wings ..... When I car - ry my bur- den to Je - sus.

Oh, what com - fort it brings! O my heart, how it sings! For my sor - row takes wings

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42. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. J. E. DELMARTER.

1. Oh, be-lieve on the Lord Je - sus Christ and be saved, The Re-
2. On the cross that he bore was the pen - al - ty paid For the
3. By the blood of the Lamb, with-out mon - ey or price, You may
4. Oh, be-lieve on the Lord Je - sus Christ and be saved, And to

ad lib.

deem- er, and Mas - ter, and King; He is faith-ful and true, there is
sin of a world that was lost. Will you lon - ger re - fuse that re -
now be set free from your sin. In his par- don and peace you may
ser- vice di- vine set a - part. In the joy of your Lord you will

naught you can do But in faith to his prom - is - es cling.
demp-tion to choose That he pur- chased at in - fi - nite cost?
find the re - lease From the bond - age and bur - den with - in.
find the re - ward Of the trust - ing and pen - i - tent heart.

CHORUS.

Oh, be - lieve,..... just be - lieve,.....

Oh, be - lieve, just be - lieve, and sal - va - tion re - ceive, For to

you is the mes- sage to - day. He is Lord o - ver all, and to -

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Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ—Concluded.

rit. ad lib.

those who will call He's the Life and the Truth and the Way.

43. Keep the Heavenly Hills in View.

JENNIE WILSON. IRA B. WILSON.

Hm..... Hm.....

1. Look in faith beyond the shadows While life's pathway you pur-sue;
2. Tho' the road you tread be rugged And you oft may wea - ry grow,
3. When you bear the weight of sorrow, Seeing thro' the blind-ing tears,
4. In the land of life im-mor- tal Rise those peaks serene and fair;

Hm..... Hm.....

Tho' the mists may darkly gather, Keep the heav'nly hills in view.
Look to those ce-les-tial highlands Where the throne of God doth glow.
Look to heights where peace and gladness Reign thro' the e-ter-nal years.
Tri- als here will soon be o - ver, Joy un- told is wait-ing there.

CHORUS. *p*

Keep the heav'n-ly hills in view, Keep the heav'n-ly hills in view;

Look a -way from time's dim valley, Keep the heav'nly hills in view.

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44. The Story is True

J. W. SYLVESTER. C. S. COLBORN.

1. Tell o-ver, and o- ver, and o- ver to me That sto - ry of
2. Tell o-ver, and o- ver, and o- ver a- gain That sto - ry of
3. Tell o-ver, and o- ver, and o- ver to all That sto - ry so
4. Tell o-ver, and o- ver, for - ev- er and aye, This sto - ry that

old so pre - cious- ly sweet; How Je - sus the Sav - ior who
love for A - dam's lost race; Till all of the wan - der- ing
full of mer - cy and love; That Je - sus who died to re -
saints and an - gels ap - plaud, The cross of the Sav - ior has

died on the tree Wrought out our sal-va- tion so full and com-plete.
chil-dren of men Shall hear of the Sav- ior and feel his em- brace.
store those who fall Has man-sions made ready in heav - en a - bove.
o-pened the way From path-ways of sin to the pal - ace of God.

CHORUS.

Re - demp - - - tion for you,..... Re -
The sto - ry is true, I know it is true, Re -
demp - tion for me.....
demp-tion for you, Re-demption for me, Redemption for you, Re-

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The Story is True—Concluded.

demp-tion for me, The sto - ry is true sal - va - tion is free.

45. The Voice of Jesus.

W. C. MARTIN. J. E. DELMARTER.

1. Whose voice is that which stilled the wind, And calmed the wild and raging sea;
2. Whose voice is that, with mu-sic sweet, In an-swer to the sinner's plea
3. Whose voice is that which raised the dead, And set the demon's victim free;

ad lib.....

That healed the lep - er and the blind, And sweetly whispers, "Come to Me"?
Be-stow-ing life with grace re-plete, And now is say-ing, "Come to Me"?
Who spake the word and de-vils fled, And now says sweetly, "Come to Me"?

CHORUS.

The voice of Je - sus, soft and clear, In lov- ing accents comes to thee,

ad lib.

And of - fers rest and peace and cheer, And sweetly whispers, "Come to Me."

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46. Let Us Rejoice!

E. S. LORENZ. IRA B. WILSON.

1. Let us re-joice! sing happy songs! Gladness and cheer to us belongs;
2. Let us re-joice! we need not fear; Hearts be at peace, the Lord is near!
3. Let us re-joice! the hour draws near When we shall find our home so dear

We are the chil - dren, the chil -dren of the King! God is our
He will pro- tect us, pro-tect us ev - er - more; Foes may sur-
In that fair cit - y, fair cit - y o'er the sea; There we shall

Fa- ther kind and true, Gladly to us he good will show; Lifting our
round us threat'ning sore, Still we rejoice, they fright no more; Dai-ly new
greet friends gone before, Meet them again to part no more; Join the re-

CHORUS.

voi - ces, our voices, praise we sing.
mer-cies, new mercies are in store.
joic - ing, re-joic- ing God to see.

} Let us re - joice!.....let us Let us rejoice!

sing on our way!..... Lift - ing songs of grateful praise
sing on our way!

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Let Us Rejoice—Concluded.

Let us cheer the pass-ing days; Joy should a-bound..... and our
Joy should abound

praises re - sound, ... As we march to realms of endless day.
praises resound,

47. In My Heart.

Words arr. Slave Song. Arr. by D. B. TOWNER.

With feeling.

1. Lord, I want to be a Christian In my heart, in my heart, Lord, I
2. Lord, I want to be more humble In my heart, in my heart, Lord, I
3. Lord, I want to be like Je-sus In my heart, in my heart, Lord, I

CHORUS.

want to be a Christian In my heart.
want to be more humble In my heart.
want to be like Je- sus In my heart.

In my heart, in my
In my heart,

heart,
in my heart,

Lord, I want to be a Christian in my heart.
Lord, I want to be more humble in my heart.
Lord, I want to be like Je- sus in my heart.

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48. Take Christ to Men.

F. S. SHEPARD. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Take Christ to men!..... They wan-der far..... From
2. Take Christ to men!..... He waits to give..... Rich
3. Take Christ to men!..... The hu-man heart..... Longs
4. Take Christ to men!..... In word and deed..... Be

Take Christ to men! They wan-der far

paths of right a - way; They knew not of his won - drous love, As
mer- cies from a - bove; A - bun - dant grace and par - don free His
deep for peace and rest; In him a- lone is what they need, In
what the Lord would be; That in the warmth and glow of love He

CHORUS.

forth from sin they stray.
ten - der- ness will prove.
him they will be blessed.
may be seen in thee.

} Take Christ to men!..... Take Christ to men! Take Christ to men!

men!..... His grace and love pro-claim! Take Christ to men!.....
Take Christ to men! Take Christ to men.

Take Christ to men! ..... There's pardon thro' his name.
Take Christ to men! There's pardon thro' his name.

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49.

Lift up Your Eyes.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. J. E. DELMARTER.

1. Lift up your eyes to the change-less hills, Lift up your eyes
2. Lift up your eyes to the guard- ian hills, Lift up your eyes,
3. Lift up your eyes to the light-crowned hills, Lift up your eyes,

Lift up your eyes. Look till with rap - ture your spir - it thriills,
Lift up your eyes. Noth - ing can touch you but as God wills,
Lift up your eyes. Gaze, till his pres - ence your spir - it fills,

Lift up your long-ing eyes..... God is your ref - uge and
Lift up your long-ing eyes..... Still as his mount-ains are
Lift up your long-ing eyes..... Why should you grope in th.
long - ing eyes.

pres- ent aid, Trust and a-dore him, nor be a-fraid, Dwell in his
round a - bout, So he will guard you from fear and doubt, He who is
val- leys dim, On - ly behold- ing the shadows grim? Lift up your

shad- ow, all un- dismayed, Lift up your eyes to the hills.....
a - ble your foes to rout, Lift up your eyes to the hills.....
eyes to the hills—to Him, Lift up your eyes to the hills.....
your eyes to the hills.

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50. The Old Fireside.

JULIA A. JOHNSTON. D. B TOWNER.

1. There's a pic- ture fair and bright hang-ing still on mem-'ry's wall,
2. While I look the pic-tures change, and I see my mother's face,
3. Oh, the bless- ed days of old, when I felt my mother's hand,
4. When I long for voic - es hushed, and the touch of van-ished hands,

There I see my Fa - ther take the Book di - vine; Dear home -
In her hand the Bi - ble, worn and stained with tears; But the
With its ten - der touch of love up - on my head, While the
In the dark-ness, when death's an- gel spreads his wing, Let me

fa - ces gath- er round As the shad - ows soft - ly fall, And a
light is shin- ing still, and with - in the hal-lowed place There is
old, old sto - ry sweet, that a child can un - der -stand, From the
turn to moth-er's Book, with its com - forts and commands, For the

CHORUS.

light from out the pa - ges seems to shine.
comfort for earth's griefs, and doubts and fears.
pa - ges of the Book di- vine she read.
peace and hope its bless- ed pa - ges bring!

Dear old Book,
Dear old Book,

pre-cious Book, On thy pa - ges soiled and worn I love to
precious Book,

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The Old Fireside—Concluded.

look! O thou balm for hearts that ache, For my precious Book,

ad lib.

saint-ed mother's sake, Thou art dearer day by day, thou bless-ed Book!

51. Begin!

Rev. W. C. MARTIN. E. S. LORENZ.

1. There is work that must be done, Then begin! Ere the sands of life are run,
2. There are souls for you to win, Then begin! Fields for you to en- ter in,
3. There is seed for you to sow, Then begin! There is truth, the world should know,

CHORUS.

Then be- gin! No, no more in sloth de- lay-ing, All your debts of love be

pay-ing; Help the weak, restore the stray-ing, Now be- gin! now be- gin!

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52. O Eyes That are Weary.

JOHN H. DARBY. D. B. TOWNER.

1. O eyes that are wea- ry, and hearts that are sore, Look off un - to Je - sus, and sor - row no more! The light of his coun - te-nance shin- eth so bright That here, as in heav - en, there need be no night.
2. While look-ing to Je - sus my heart can- not fear; I trem - ble no more when I see Je - sus near, I know that his pres - ence my safeguard will be, For, "Why are ye troub- led?" he saith un - to me.
3. Still look-ing to Je - sus, oh, may I be found, When Jordan's dark wa - ters en - com - pass me round: They bear me a- way in his pres-ence to be: I see him still near - er whom al - ways I see

CHORUS.

Then look..... a-way to Je - sus, Our strength in ev-'ry fear;
Then look a-way to Je -sus, look to him,
Then look..... a-way to Je - sus, Who wipes a-way each tear.
Then look away to Je-sus, look to him,

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53. I Want My Life to Tell.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK. E. S. LORENZ.

1. A-mid life's bus- y, hurrying throng, The gay, the sad, the weak, the strong.
2. I want to be a bea-con light, To cheer way- far- ers in their night,
3. I want my life with Je - sus hid, That I may do what he shall bid;
4. To wealth and fame I would not climb, But I would know God's peace sub- lime,

While I am trav- el- ling a- long, I want my life to tell for Je - sus.
And help them on their way a- right; I want my life to tell for Je - sus.
I want to love as Je - sus did; I want my life to tell for Je - sus.
And ev'ry-where—and all the time, I want my life to tell for Je - sus.

CHORUS.

I want my life..... to tell for Je - sus! I want my
I want my life
life.....
I want my life to tell for Je - sus, That ev -'ry-where I go
Men may his goodness know, I want my life to tell for Je - sus!

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54. Be not Deceived.

HARRIET FITHIAN. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Be not de-ceived; each soul shall reap Its har- vest soon or
2. Sow e - vil deeds with care- less hand, And, one sad day, be -
3. Sow deeds of faith, and hope, and love, Perchance with fall - ing
4. God's law will stand for - ev - er - more, The law his love made

late; Sow now thy seed; the field is wide, The world is thine es-tate.
hold Thy gar - ner filled with blighted hopes, And woes an hun-dred fold.
tears, A har-vest home of peace and joy Will crown the work of years.
known; From out the har- vest field of life We reap as we have sown.

CHORUS.

Be not de - ceived, ...be not de- ceived:..... God is not
Be not deceived, be not deceived:

mocked; For what-so- ev- er a man sow- eth, What-so- ev- er a man

sow - eth, That shall he al - so reap... That shall he al - so reap....

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55. The Christ-like Life.

FRED. SCOTT. F. S. SHEPARD.

1. May the Christ- like life be mine, Ev -'ry pur - pose to con- trol;
2. May the Christ- like life be mine, E'en as he to do and bear;
3. May the Christ- like life be mine, Shin- ing forth in word and deed

May his Spir - it, lov- ing, true, Take pos - sess - ion of my soul.
That in kind - li-ness and love I may oth - ers' bur-den bear.
Hearts to glad- den and to cheer, Where-so - ev - er there is need.

CHORUS.

May the life..... of Christ be mine..... That the
May the life be mine,

world..... in me may see..... Shad-owed forth.....
That the world may see Shadowed forth

Largamento.

his life di - vine,..... Giv - ing strength and vic - to - ry.
di - vine,

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56. Do What You Can.

F. S. SHEPARD. E. S. LORENZ.

Do what you can! Do what you can! Do what you can! Do what you can!

1. Do what you can! That is your best; Be faith-ful here and leave the rest
2. Do what you can! It mat-ters not Your tal-ents few and hum - ble lot;
3. Do what you can! With heart aflame With love for Christ and in his name
4. Do what you can from day to day, In ten - der love as best you may;

f. FINE.

To God whose will is your be - hest—Do what you can!
To shirk or shrink that makes the blot—Do what you can!
Seek souls to win, not wealth or fame–Do what you can!
At last "Well done" the Lord will say—Do what you can!

What-e'er the place, what-e'er the need, Do what you can!

CHORUS.

Do what you can!..... with ear - nest heed;.....
Do what you can with ear-nest heed;

D.S.

Do what you can ..... in word and deed;.....
Do what you can in word and deed;

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57. The Riches of Love.

Rev. H. B. HARTZLER. N. B. SARGENT, Arr.

1. The treasures of earth are not mine, I hold not its sil - ver and
2. The treasures of earth must all fail, Its rich - es and hon - or de -
3. Compared with the rich- es of love, The wealth of the world is but
4. Come, take of the rich - es of Christ, Exhaustless and free is the

gold: But a treas-ure far great-er is mine; I have rich- es of
cay, But the rich - es of love that are mine Even death can - not
dross; I will seek but Christ Je-sus to win, And for him I count
store; Of its won-der-ful full- ness re - ceive, Till you hun- ger and

CHORUS.

val - ue un-told.
take them a- way.
all things but loss.
thirst nev-er-more.

} Oh, the depths of the riches of love..... The
the rich-es of love,

rich- es of love in Christ Je - sus! Far bet - ter than gold, or

wealth un - told, Are the rich - es of love in Christ Je - sus.

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58.

Jesus Keeps.

E. D. ELLIOTT. WM. EDIE MARKS.

1. This the joy of my sal- va-tion, Je - sus keeps, In the
2. In life's strong decis - ive bat-tle Je - sus keeps, I shall
3. Will you come to him be-liev-ing Je - sus keeps, Strength for

Je - sus keeps,

mo - ment of temp-ta - tion Je - sus keeps, Safe from
nev - er fear its rat - tle, Je - sus keeps, Helps me
ev - 'ry day re- ceiv - ing, Je - sus keeps, Will you

Je - sus keeps,

each de -cep - tive lair, From the wi - ly tempt-ers snare Which he
o - ver-come the wrong, Helps me be a sol - dier strong; Sing with
now the call o - bey, Will you fol - low him to - day? Let him

CHORUS.

doth for me pre-pare, Je - sus keeps.
me the vic-tor's song, Je - sus keeps.
lead you all the way, Je - sus keeps.

Je - sus keeps..... me,
Je- sus keeps

Je -sus keeps,

this I know, Safe with him..... I on - ward
me safe - ly, this I know; Safe with him I

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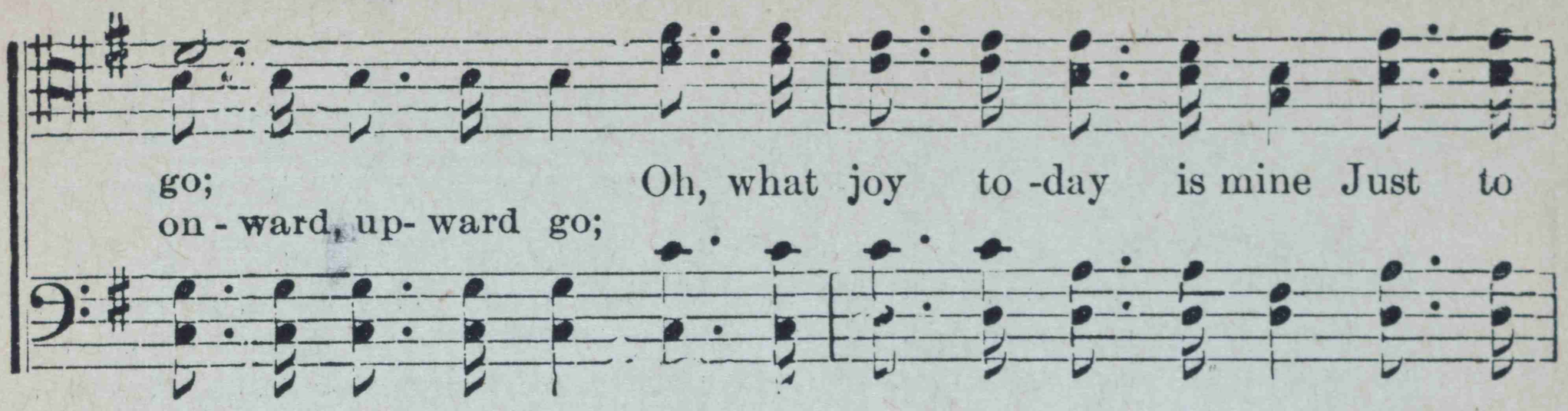
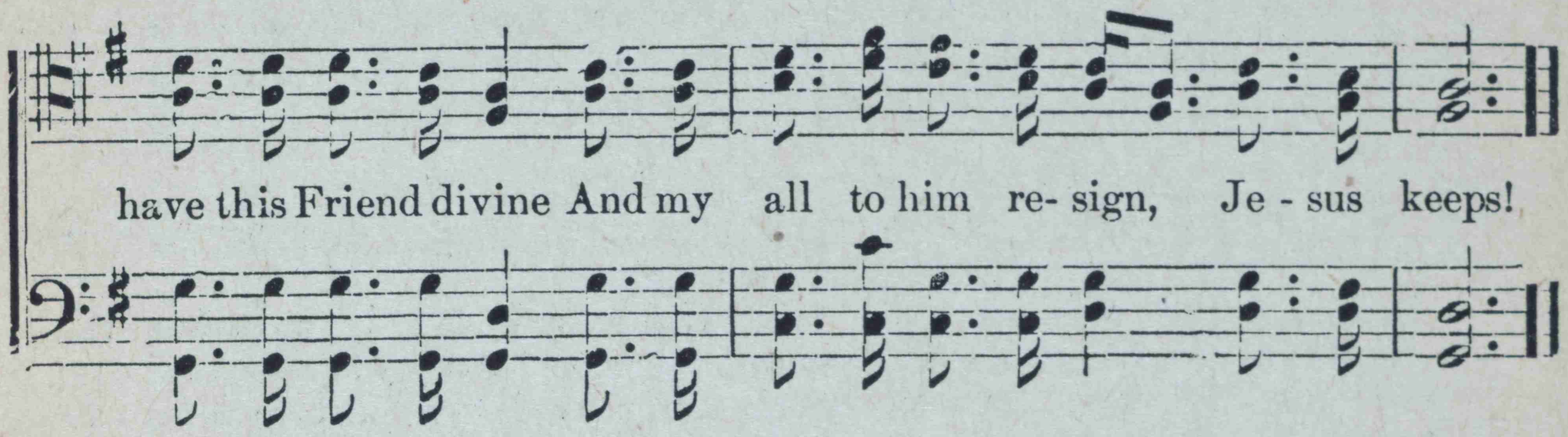
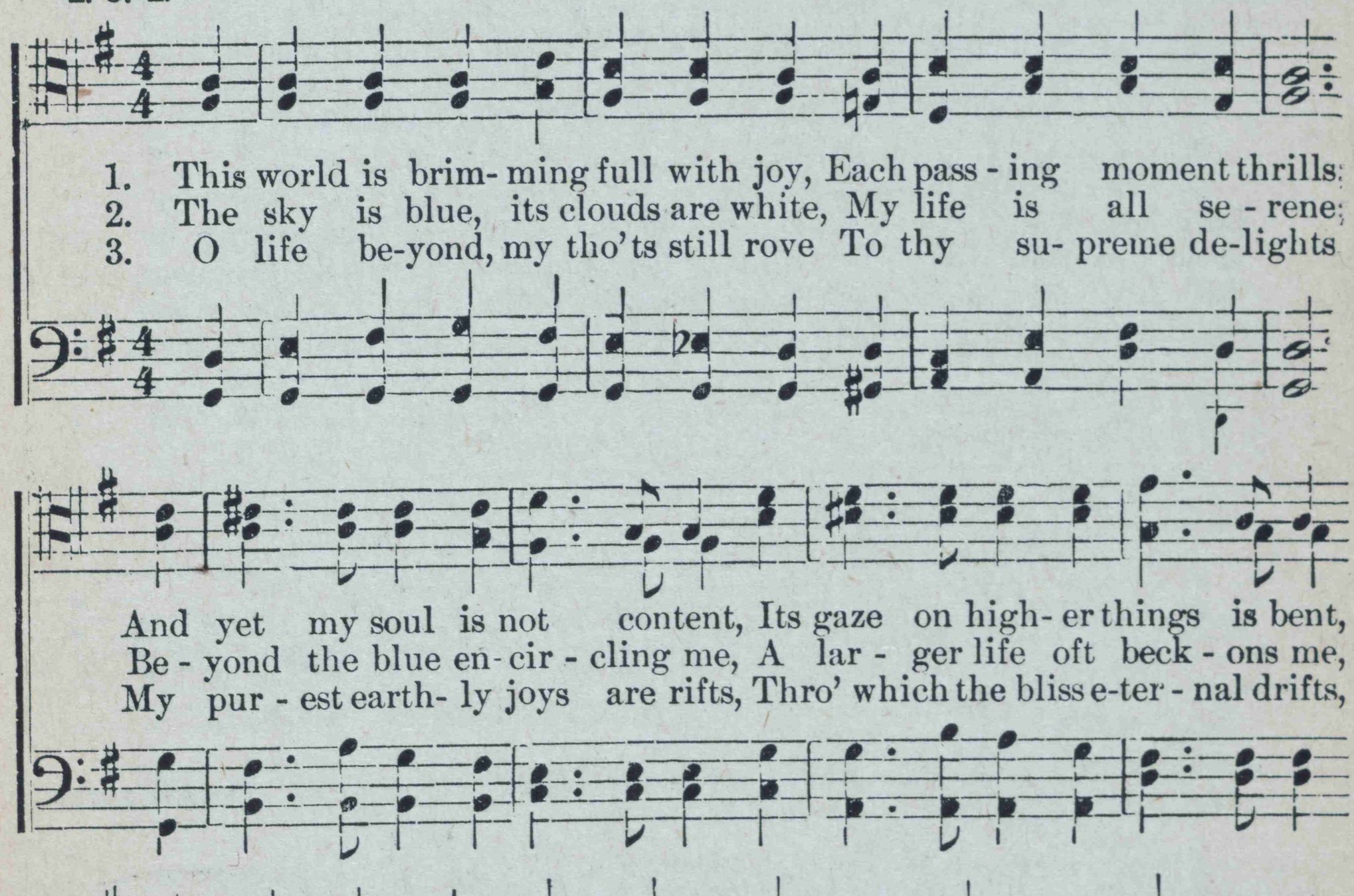




59. O Life Beyond.

E. S. L. E. S. LORENZ.



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60. Does Your Signal-Light Shine?

REBECCA S POLLARD. D. B. TOWNER.

Melody for Verse in 1st Bass.

1. Does your sig - nal-light shine? Oh, my broth - er, say! Is it light-ing the path of the feet that stray? Is it warn-ing the heed-less, who, un - a - wares, Will sure - ly be caught in the tempt -er's snares?
2. Does your sig - nal-light shine Far out o'er the wave, Where the life-boats are speed- ing some souls to save? Are you earn- est - ly seek- ing the lost to win, Ere they sink 'neath the wreckage of lust and sin?
3. Does your sig - nal-light shine? Do you tell the lost Of God's won - der - ful love, of re- demp- tion's cost? Are you pray'r-ful - ly tell- ing the sin - sick soul That the blood of Christ Je - sus can make it whole?
4. Does your sig - nal-light shine? Should the Bridegroom come, Are you read - y with sheaves for the har - vest home? Have you souls who, re - deemed from the blight of sin, Are wait - ing his sum-mons to en - ter in.

CHORUS.

Does it shine?..... Does it shine?.....

Does it shine? Does it shine?

Does it shine?. ....

Does it shine and flash in the dark- est night? Does it shine?

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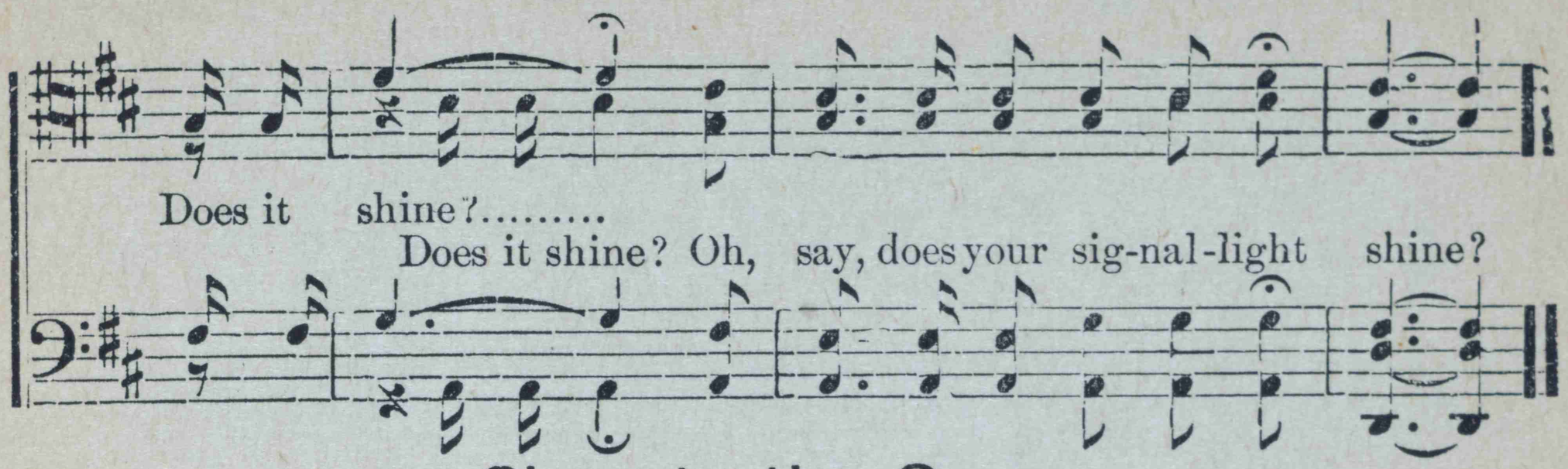
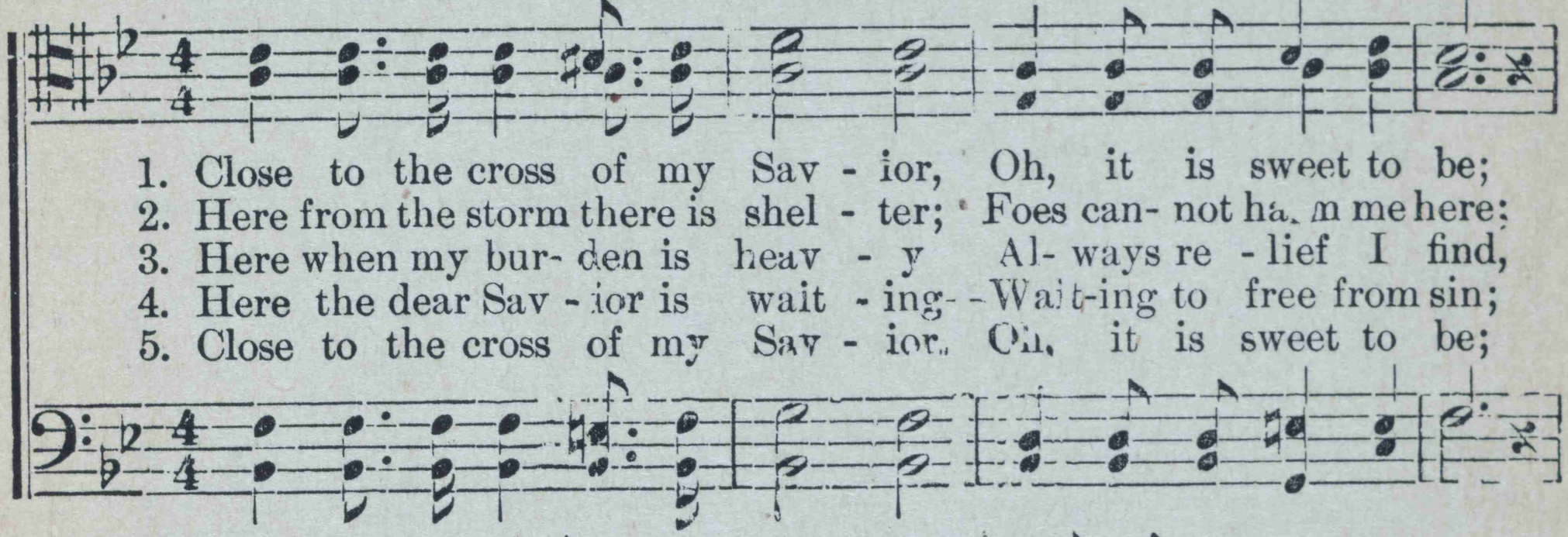
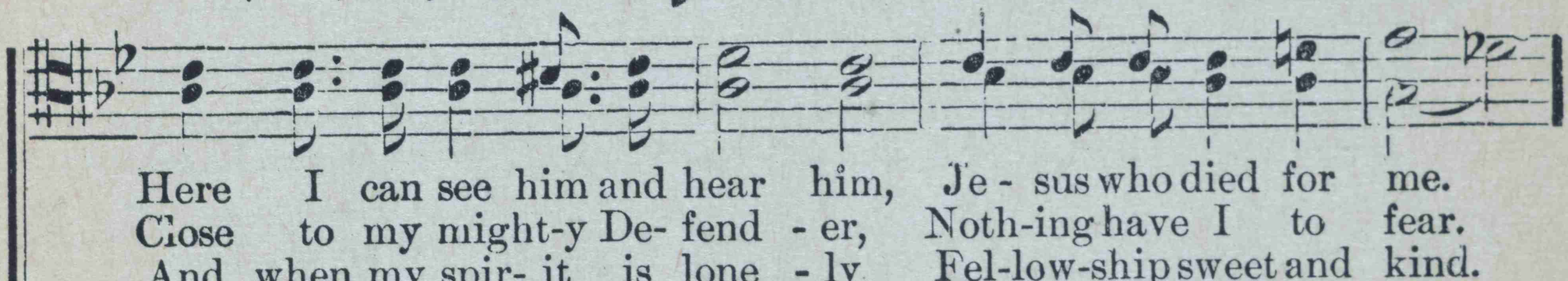
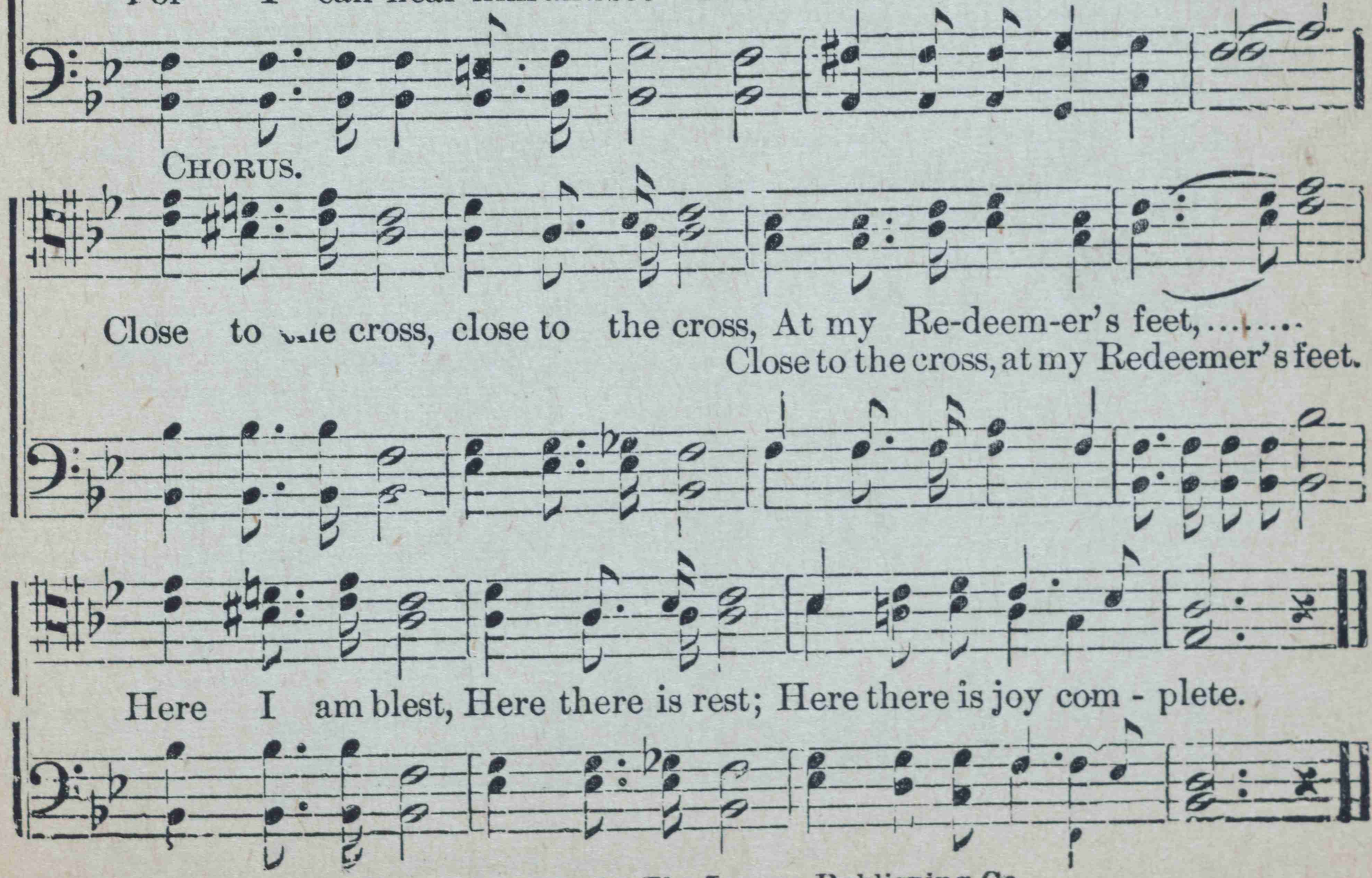


61. Close to the Cross.

JAMES ROWE. IRA B. WILSON.





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62. In the Blessed By and By.

Rev. GEO. O. WEBSTER. IRA B. WILSON.

1. Christ the Sav - ior, king of glo - ry, Left for us his throne a - bove; Stooped to con - quer sin's domin-ion, Wond' rous pow' r and wond' rous
2. Ang - el voic - es swell the cho -rus, Tell - ing forth his wond' rous might; He has triumphed, hail the Vic - tor, Triumphed o - ver sin and
3. Lift your voic - es now to praise him, Tell - ing forth his dy - ing love; Let the mu - sic of our prais-es Greet the an - gel choir a -

love! Now once more he has as - cend - ed To his throne, his throne on high, And in glo - ry we shall see him, In the blessed
night; Wond' rous theme for an-gels singing, —How our hearts. our hearts re- ply; We shall sing his pow' r and glo - ry, In the blessed
bove: By his grace he has redeemed us, Now he reigns, he reigns on high Where through grace we shall be - hold him, In the blessed

REFRAIN. *ad lib.* *rit. e dim.*

by and by, In the bless-ed by and by..... by and by.

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63. Better than We Think.

FRED SCOTT. F. S. SHEPARD.

1. The dark'ning clouds..... a-bove my way..... May hide the
2. Griefs may our hearts ..... with fear ap-pall,..... And dire dis-
3. When we're as-sailed..... by wea-ry care..... And loads that
4. And if a - far..... from his blest way..... In paths of

The dark'ning clouds a - bove my way

sky..... from day to day,..... But still the sun .....
tress..... up- on us fall,..... The Father's love.....
seem..... too hard to bear,..... The Lord will still.....
sin ..... our feet may stray,..... The Lord will seek .....

May hide the sky from day to day, But still the sun

shines on for aye,..... For God is bet-ter than we think.
is o- ver all,..... For God is bet-ter than we think
our burdens share..... For God is bet-ter than we think.
us night and day, ... For God is bet-ter than we think.

shines on for aye, God is bet-ter than we think.

CHORUS.

Yes, God is better than we think, Far bet-ter than we think;.....

We find in him a lov- ing Friend, Far better than we ask or think.....

we ask or think.

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64. Ashamed of Jesus.

JOSEPH GRIGG. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Je- sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor - tal man ashamed of thee,
2. Ashamed of Je-sus! soon-er far Let ev-'ning blush to own a star;
3. Ashamed of Je-sus! yes, I may When I've no guilt to wash a- way,
4. Till then, nor is my boasting vain, Till then, I boast a Sav-ior slain;

Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise, Whose glories shine thro' endless days?
He sheds the beams of light divine O'er this be-night-ed soul of mine.
No tear to wipe, no good to crave, No fear to quell, no soul to save.
And oh, may this my glo-ry be, That Christ is not ashamed of me!

CHORUS.

Ashamed of Je- sus! that dearest Friend,
Ashamed of Je - sus! that dear Friend,.....

On whom my hopes of heav'n depend;
On whom my hopes..... of heav'n de-pend,.....

No, when I blush, be this my shame,
No, when I blush, ... be this my shame,.....

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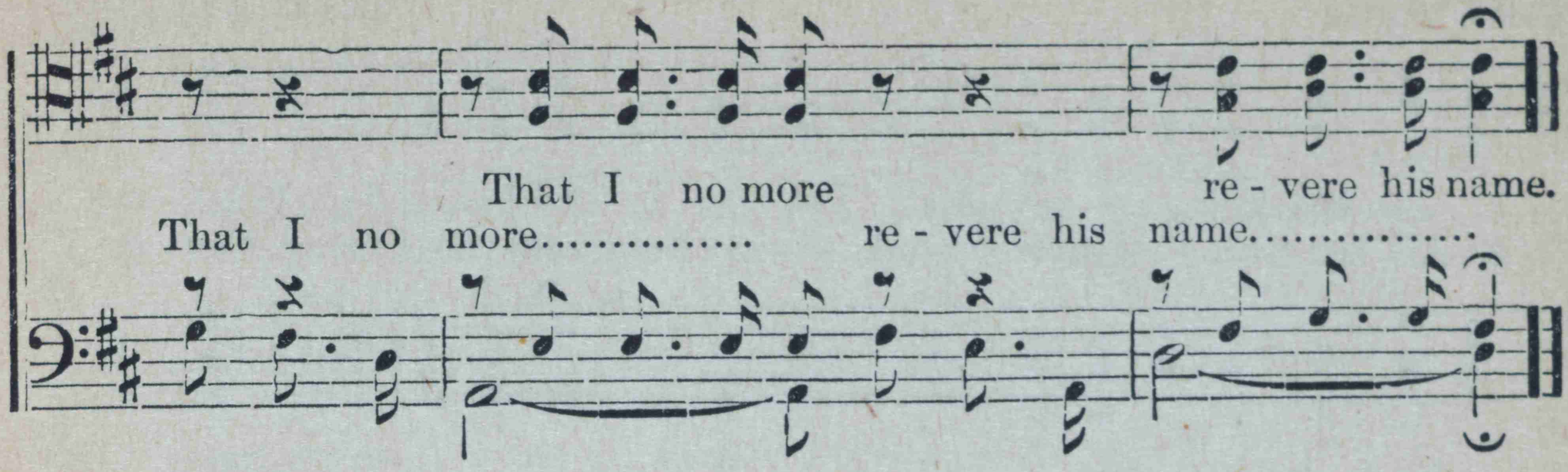
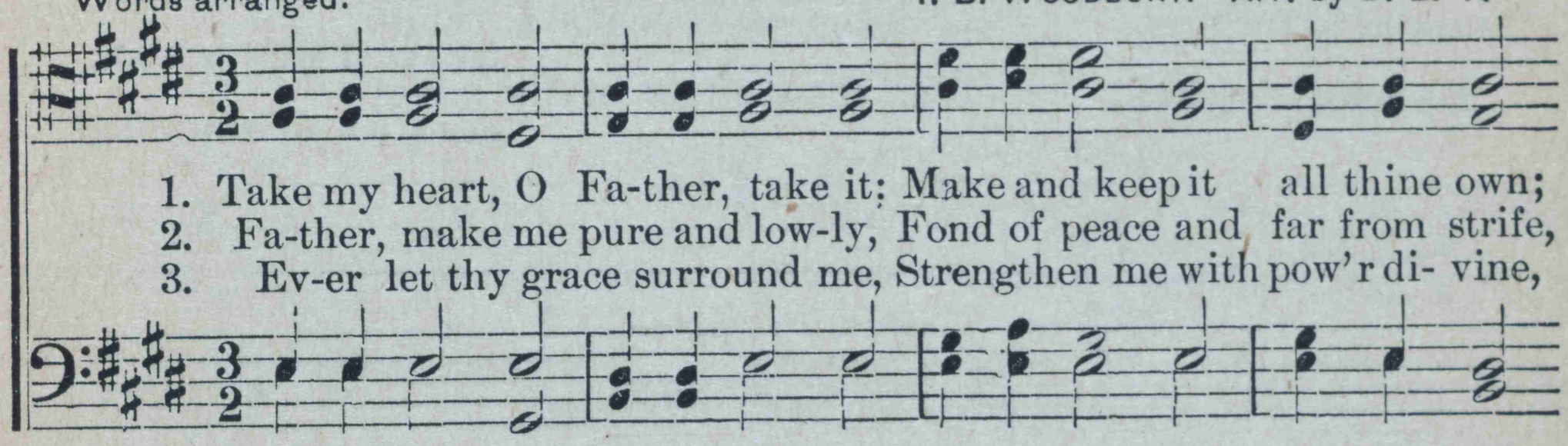
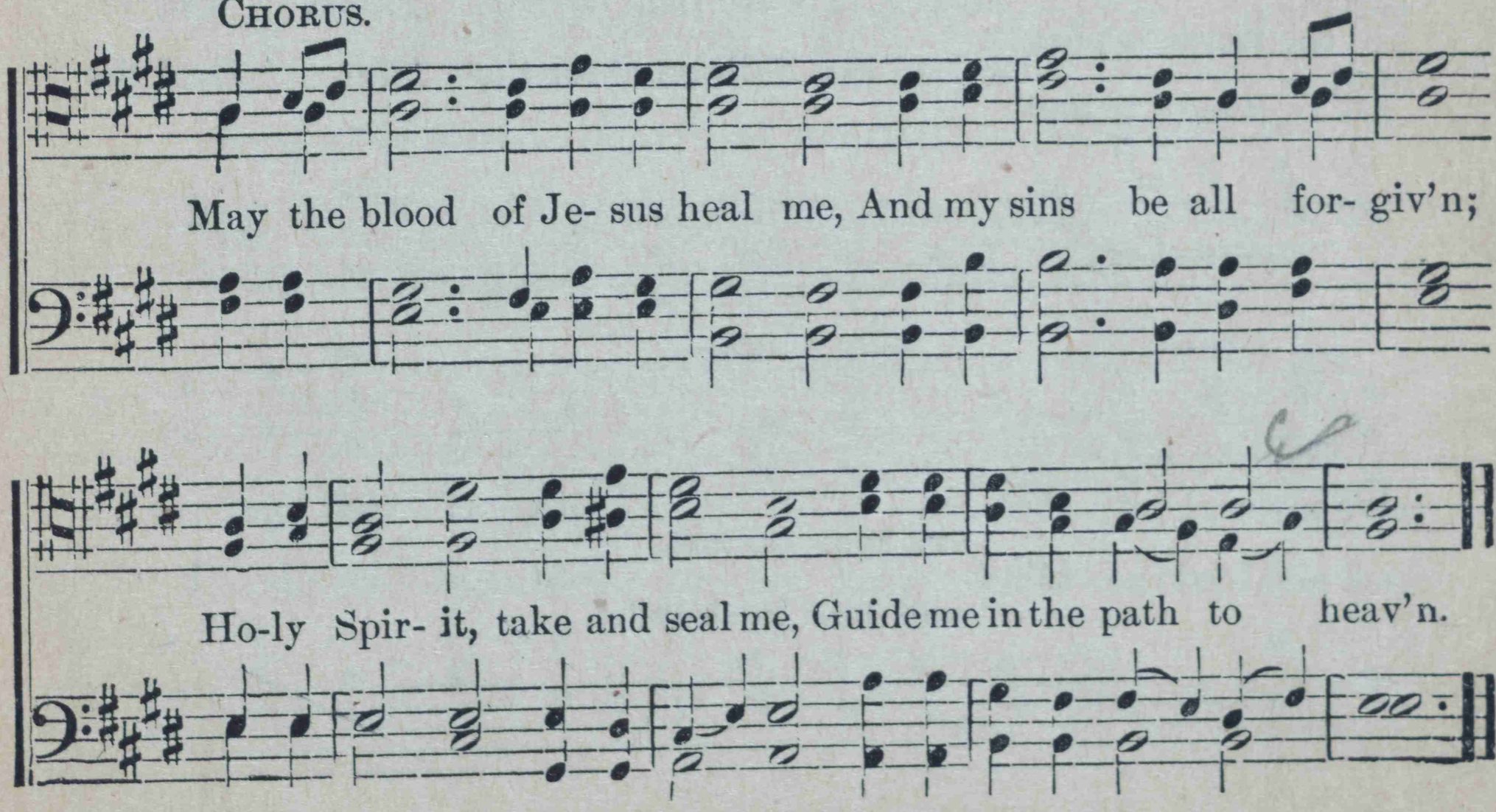

65. Take My Heart.

Words arranged. I. B. WOODBURY. Arr. by D. B. T.



CHORUS.



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66. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHAS. WESLEY. LEE G. KRAT

1. Je - sus, lov- er of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly, While the near-er wat-ers roll, While the tem-pest still is high;
2. All my trust on thee is stayed, All my help from thee I bring, Cov - er my defenseless head, With the shad-ow of thy wing;

Hide me, O my Sav-ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
Thou, O Christ, art all I want— More than all in thee I find;
Safe in - to the ha- ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.
Raise the fall- en cheer the faint, Heal the sick and lead the blind.
Oth - er ref- uge have I
Just and ho - ly is thy

tem-pest still is high;
shad- ow of thy wing;
O my Sav-ior, hide,
Thou art all I want,
Till the storm is past;
All in thee I find;
my soul at last.
and lead the blind.

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none, have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on thee;—..... Leave, oh,
refuge have I none, Hangs my soul on thee;
name, is thy name, I am all unrighteousness;..... False and
ho - ly is thy name, all unrighteousness;

leave me not a- lone, Still sup- port and comfort me.
me, and com-fort me.
full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
art full of truth and grace.

67. Hear and Forgive.

L. O. EMERSON.

pp

Hear, O Lord, the prayers of thy peo- ple, Hear and for-give,

hear and forgive; Hear and for- give in thy lov - ing kindness!

Hear and for - give in thy lov- ing kind-ness! A - men. A - men.

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68. Conquering and to Conquer.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. J. E. DELMARTER.

1. Con-quer- ing and to con - quer, For- ward, in this thy might,
2. He who is al - ways vic - tor, Lead - eth against the foe;
3. Yon - der the palms are wav - ing, Tell - ing of rest and peace;

Fol - low the dauntless Lead - er, Tri - umph-ing in the fight.
Con- quer- ing and to con - quer, Faith- ful and fear- less, go.
Here is the bat - tle - on - set, Here there is no re - lease.

March with "the bright ba - tal - lions," Trust in the Lord of hosts,
Rea - dy his call to an - swer, Has - ten at his com-mand,
Up, for the sun goes west - ward, On, till the day is won,

Un - der the Great Com-mand - er Thou shalt en-large thy coasts.
Then, if the Lord needs watch-men, "Hav- ing done all things, stand."
Then be the Cap-tain's plau - dit, "Sol - dier of mine, well done."

CHORUS.

Look at the sig - nal wav - ing, Fol - low that cross of light,

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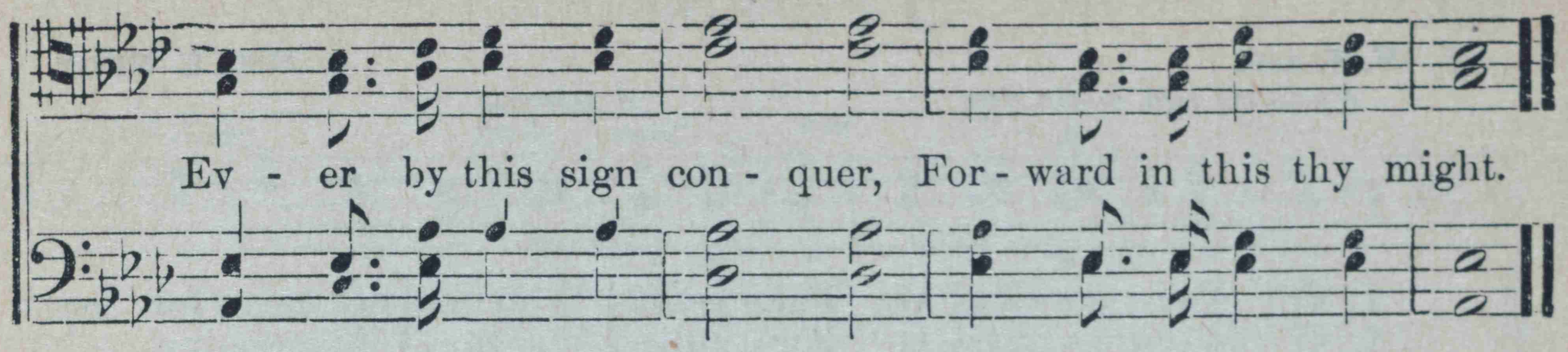
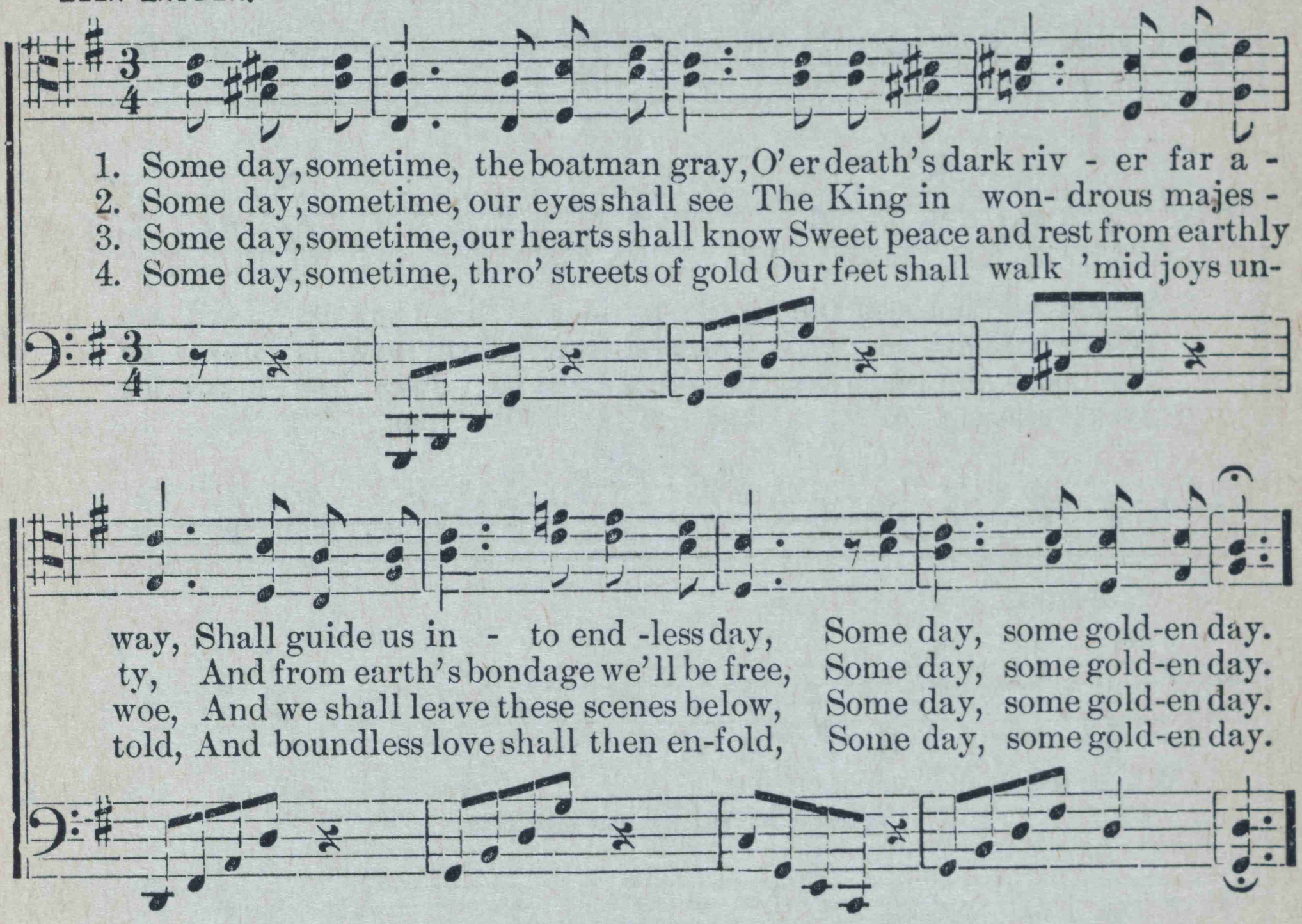
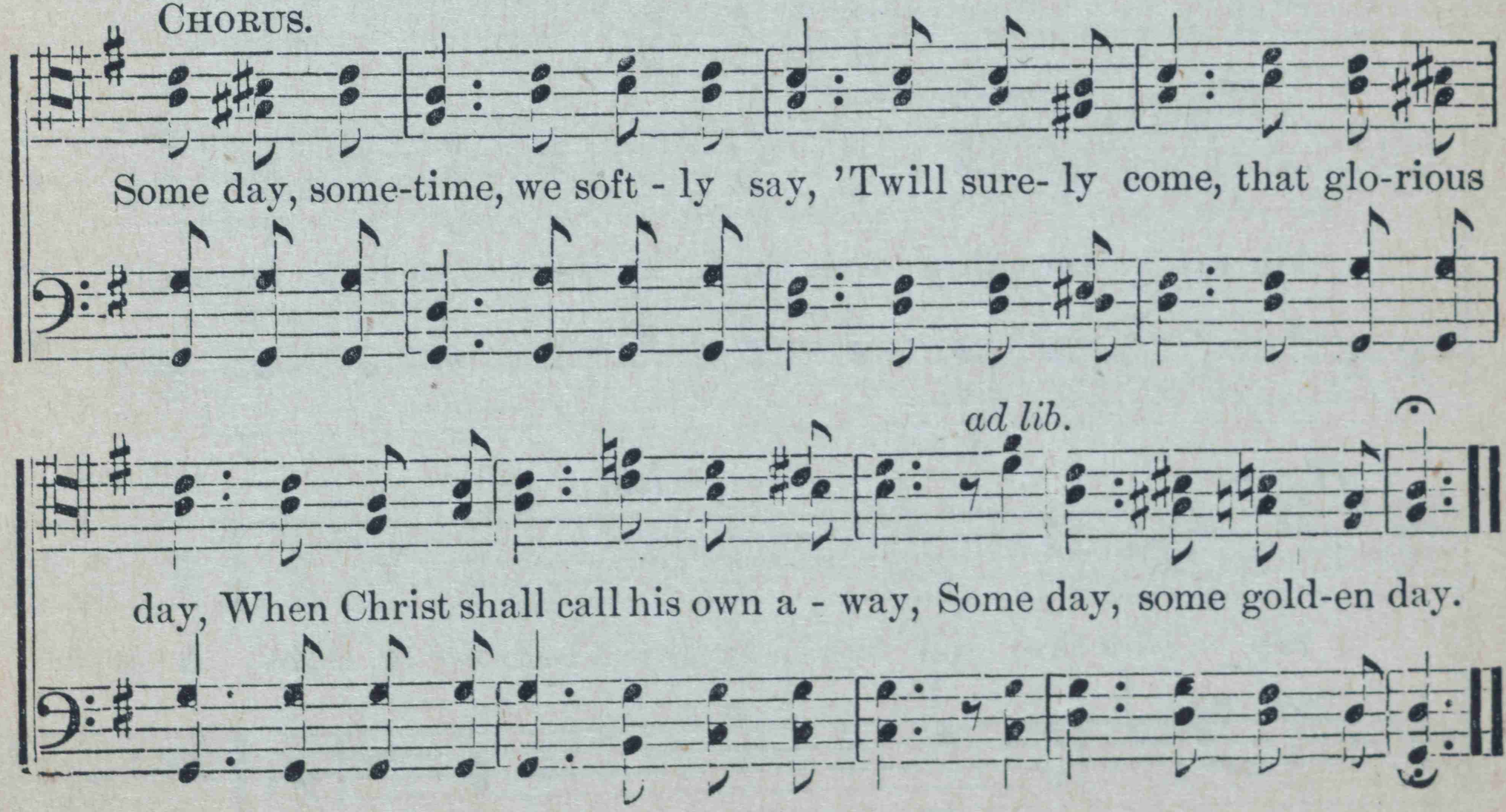


69. Some Day, Sometime.

ELLA LAUDER. D. B. TOWNER.



CHORUS.



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70. O Paradise!

F. W. FABER. GEO. B. NEVIN.

Andante con molto esp. *mp* *A tempo.*

1. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a-dise! Who does not crave for rest?
2. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a-dise! The world is grow-ing old;
3. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a-dise! I great - ly long to see
4. Lord Je - sus, King of Par - a-dise! Oh, keep me in thy love,

Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest;
Who would not be at rest and free, Where love is nev - er cold;
The spe - cial place my dear- est Lord In love pre- pares for me;
And guide me to that hap - py land Of per - fect rest a - bove;

CHORUS.

mf *f*

Where loy - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light,
Where loy-al hearts and true

ff

All rap - ture thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight; All

ff *Rit.*

rap - ture thro' and thro', In God's most ho- ly sight! A - men.

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71. Jesus Shall Conquer.

W. C. MARTIN. IRA B. WILSON.

1. Je - sus shall con-quer From sea un - to sea; The king-doms of
2. Je - sus shall straighten This world's ev'ry wrong; The weak and the
3. Has - ten the dawn-ing Of that glo-rious day When men from their

earth shall His own king-doms be; His ex - cel- lent glo - ry The
wea - ry In him shall be strong; The na - tions in dark- ness Shall
i - dols Shall all turn a-way; When to thy do- min - ion All

whole earth shall fill And ev-'ry-where na - tions Shall bow to his will.
see a great light, And day ev - er - last - ing Shall fol-low their night.
na-tions shall bow—O Je - sus, our Sovereign, Thy king-dom come now!

CHORUS.

Ho - san - nas, Ho - san - nas To Je - sus we sing!

rall.

Soon all tribes and na - tions Shall own him their king.

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72. My Best and Truest Friend.

W. C. MARTIN. WM. EDIE MARKS.

1. There was a Friend ..... who took my place.....
2. There was a Friend..... who bore a cross.....
3. There is a Friend..... who guards me now.....

When I was in..... such deep dis - grace;.....
To save me from..... e - ter - nal loss.....
And guides me tho'. ..... I know not how;.....

And all my stripes..... he meek - ly bore:..... ...
Who suf- fered at..... the hands of men.....
Sup - plies me with ..... his sav - ing grace .....

He suf- fered death..... for me,— and more.....
That I, tho' dead,..... might live a - gain.....
And glimp-ses grants..... me of his face.....

CHORUS.

My Friend, my best ..... and tru - est Friend,.....
My Friend, my best and truest Friend,

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My Best and Truest Friend—Concluded.

On whom my hopes..... of heav'n de - pend,.....
On whom my hopes of heav'n depend,

My heart is thine,..... yes, whol-ly thine,—.....
My heart is thine, yes, wholly thine,—

My faith- ful Friend,..... my Friend di - vine.....
My faithful Friend, my Friend divine.

73. Now the Day is Over.

S. B. GOULD. J. BARNBY.

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw- ing nigh,
2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose;
3. Thro' the long night watch - es, May thine an - gels spread
4. When the morn-ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise,

Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a- cross the sky.
With thy ten- d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
Their white wings a - bove me, Watch - ing round my bed.
Pure, and fresh, and sin - less, In thy ho - ly eyes.

Steal a - cross, the sky.

74. As a Mother Comforteth.

L. S. J. S. FEARIS.

1. O lonely one and wea- ry, With dust and noon-tide heat, The way is
2. O soul so full of sor-row, And bowed beneath thy grief, Why say-est
3. Hast thou a loved one dy-ing—A dear and cherished one? And art thou

long and drear-y, And wounded sore thy feet; Thy Lord is ver- y near thee,
thou, "To-morrow Will bring me no re-lief?" De-spair not, but the rath-er
vain- ly try- ing To say, "Thy will be done"? O mourner, God is keep-ing

To him thy weakness tell; He speaks to soothe and cheer thee, For oh, he
Lend thou a list-'ning ear To words thy lov- ing Father Doth speak thine
To thy sad soul so near, A mo-ment hush thy weep-ing His still small

p REFRAIN. *mf*

loves thee well.
heart to cheer.
voice to hear.
} Fear not, fear not, Al-tho' thou canst not

p *f*

mf

Fear not, sad heart to trust him still Altho, thou canst not

f *Rall.*

see; For as a moth- er com-forteth, So will he com- fort thee.

see;..... Copyright, 1906, by The Lorenz Publishing Co.

75. The Name of Jesus.

E. S. L. E. S. LORENZ.

DUET.

1. Sweetest name in earth or heav- en, Name of com - fort, end-less cheer,
2. Greatest name in earth or heav- en, Name of might, of wondrous pow'r,
3. Pur - est name in earth or heav- en, Without blot, no stain we see;
4. Grandest name in earth or heav- en, An- gels sing its glo-ry o'er,

'Tis the name of Je - sus, giv - en For our joy and sol - ace here.
'Tis the name of Je - sus, giv - en Human souls with strength to dow'r.
'Tis the name of Je - sus, giv - en From our sin to set us free.
'Tis the name of Je - sus, giv - en That e'en here we may a - dore.

CHORUS.

Je - sus' name,..... of all most dear, Doth the
Je - sus' name, of all most dear,

soul..... in trou - ble cheer;
Doth the soul in trouble cheer; O'er the world it's

ring-ing, Joy and gladness bringing! Name of Je - sus, Oh, how dear!

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76. A Little While.

GEO. O. WEBSTER. D. B. TOWNER.

1. A lit-tle while, a little while, How swift the moments fly, Our bark of
2. A lit-tle while, a little while, And dare we i -dly stand, When harvest
3. A lit-tle while, a little while, And then our work is done, So swiftly

life so smoothly glides In - to the by and by; A lit- tle
fields are read- y white In this and ev - 'ry land? A lit- tle
do the moments fly, So near the set - ting sun; A lit- tle

while, a lit-tle while, And then our songs shall swell The cho-rus - of
while, a lit-tle while To gar - ner for the King, And then to come
while, a lit-tle while, Then we our sheaves shall bring, And with the reap-

REFRAIN.

the ransomed ones Who now in glo -ry dwell.
be- fore his throne Our gathered sheaves to bring.
ers gone before The harvest-home shall sing.
} A lit-tle while, a lit-tle

while, And we no more shall roam; A lit-tle while, a lit-tle while,

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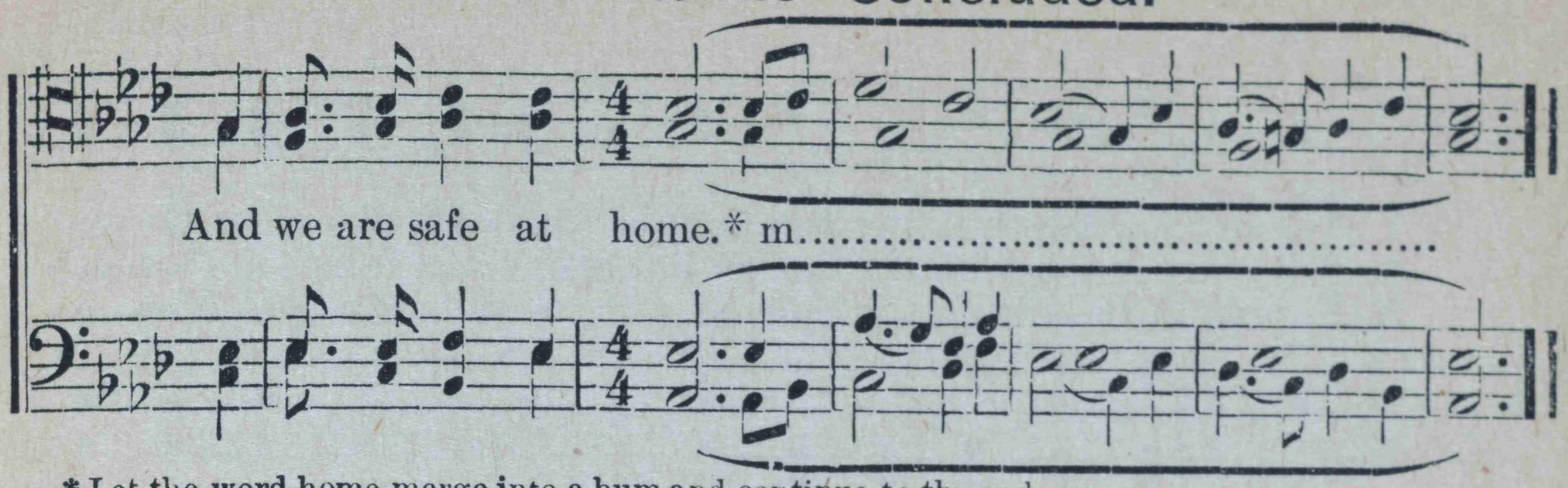
A Little While—Concluded.

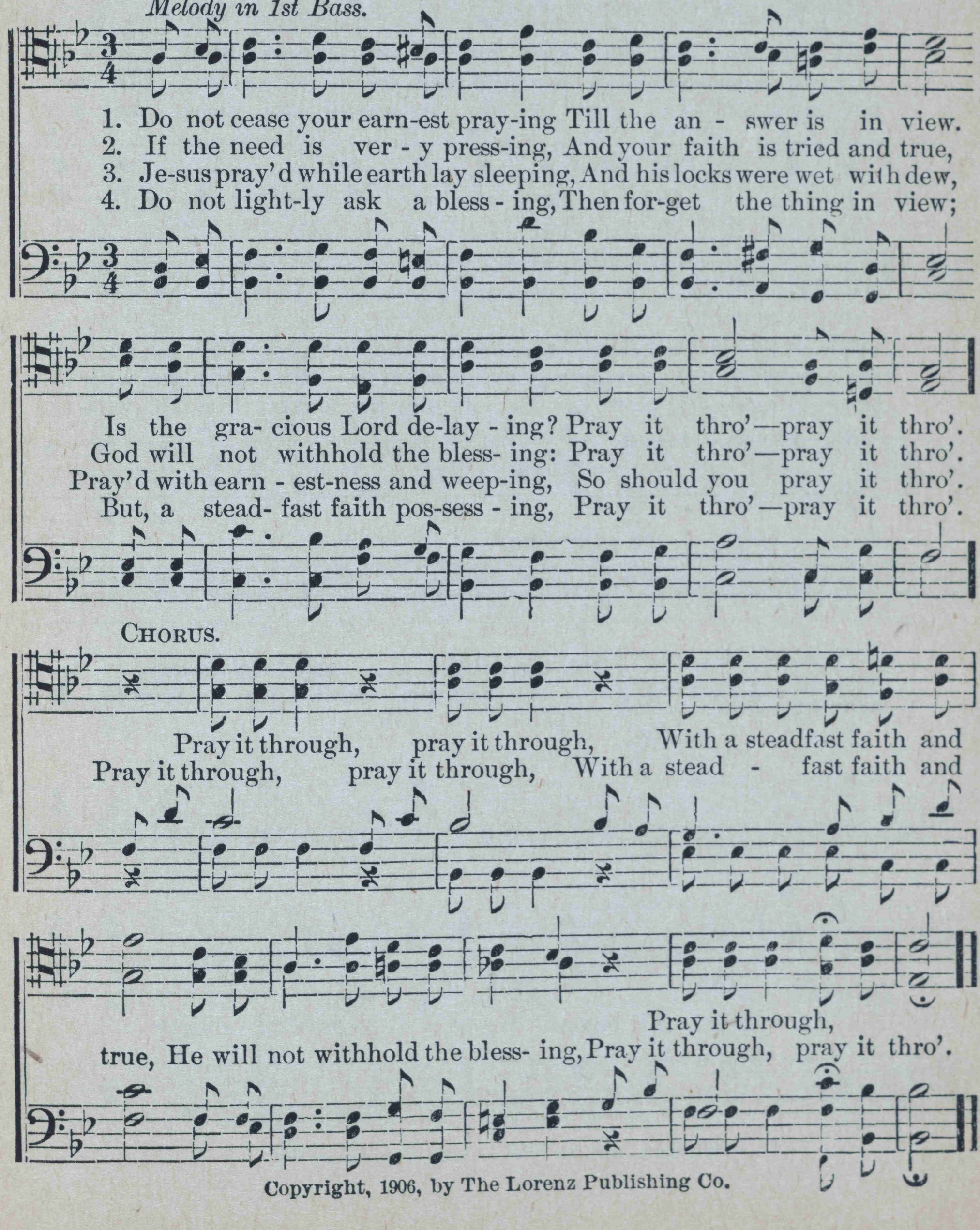


* Let the word home merge into a hum and continue to the end.

77. Pray It Through.

REV. W. C. MARTIN. J. S. FEARIS.

Melody in 1st Bass.



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78. Fill Me with Thy Love.

GEO. O. WEBSTER. IRA B. WILSON.

1. Fill me, Sav-ior, with the sun-light of thy love di - vine; O- ver all my sin and dark- ness let thy bright- ness shine; There's no
2. Fill me, Sav-ior, with the pow-er that can cleanse from sin, That each day can cleanse and keep me pure and clean with - in; Fill me
3. Fill me dai - ly with thy Spir- it who a-lone can seal, Who a - lone my strick - en spir - it of its wound can heal; Let his

oth - er friend can help me, there's no love like thine, Fill me with thy
dai - ly with thy pur-pose precious souls to win, Fill me with thy
bless- ed heal - ing pow - er dai - ly o'er me steal, Fill me with thy

CHORUS.

love to - day.....
love to - day.....
love to - day.....
to-day,

Fill me with..... thy love to-day,
Fill me with thy love to - day,

Drive all gloom..... and fear a - way; In the
Drive all gloom . and fear a - way;

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sun - light let me stay, In the sun-light of thy love.
In the sun - light let me stay,

79. I Wait His Time.

ADA BLENKHORN. J. S. FEARIS.

mf

1. I wait His time, when shadows dark A- long my path - way rise,
2. I wait His time for vic - to - ry, What-ev - er foes as - sail;
3. I wait His time, when I must bear The heav- y cross of pain;
4. I wait His time : each spar-row small The Father's eye doth see;

And view by faith the land of light That just be - fore me lies.
A Friend so faith -ful, and so true, I know he will not fail.
In pa- tience wait un- til his touch Shall make me whole a - gain.
I know what- ev - er lot is mine, His care is o - ver me.

f REFRAIN.

I wait his time, my Sav-ior's time, Sub- miss - ive to his will,

Rall.

A friend so faith-ful and so true, I know he will not fail.

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80. The Hand That was Wounded.

HATTIE H. PIERSON. 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 point-ing the way to the heav - n'ly home.
2. E'en now I can see thro' a mist of tears That hand still out- stretched o'er the gulf of years, With heal - ing 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 pre-cious than gems or gold, The price of re-demp- tion from sin and shame, The gift of sal- va - tion thro' Je - sus' name.

CHORUS.

My Sav - ior I see,
The hand of my Sav- ior I see..... The hand that was
I see,
was wounded for me;
wound- ed for me;..... 'Twill lead me in love to the
for me;

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The Hand That was Wounded—Concluded.

ad lib.

man- sions a-bove, The hand that was wound-ed for me. was wounded for me.

81. Wanderer, Come.

ANNA ALLISON. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Nev-er too old to come, Tho' bent with the weight of years;
2. Nev-er too vile to come, Tho' black with the stain of crime;
3. Nev-er in vain to cry From des - erts of sin and doubt;

Nev - er too sad to come, Tho' the eyes o'er- flow with tears.
Nev - er too late to come, Till e - ter - nity fol - lows time.
For "him that comes to me I will in no wise cast out!"

CHORUS.

Come, come! wan-der-er, come! Je-sus is wait-ing to save you!
Wanderer, wanderer, come! come! is waiting to save!

Come, come! wander-er, come! You are never too sinful to come!
Wanderer, wanderer, wanderer, come!

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82. My Anchor Holds.

W. C. MARTIN. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Though the an - gry sur -ges roll On my tem- pest-driv-en soul,
2. Might - y tides a-bout me sweep; Per- ils lurk with-in the deep;
3. Trou- bles al- most 'whelm the soul, Griefs like billows o'er me roll;

I am peace-ful, for I know, Wild- ly tho' the winds may blow,
An- gry clouds o'ershade the sky, And the tem - pest ris - es high;
Tempters seek to lure a- stray, Storms ob-scure the light of day;

I've an an - chor safe and sure, That shall ev - er-more en - dure.
Still I stand the tempest's shock, For my an - chor grips the rock.
I can face them and be bold,— I've an an - chor that shall hold.

CHORUS.

And it holds, my an- chor holds; Blow your wild- est, then, O
And it holds,..... my an-chor holds; Blow your wild - est,

gale, On my bark so small and frail; I shall nev - er, nev - er
then, O gale,

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fail, For my an - chor holds, my an - chor holds.
For my an-chor holds, it firm- ly holds,

83. Lord, if He Sleep.

W. POLLOCK. E. S. LORENZ.

1. "Lord if he sleep, he shall do well!" Why should we
2. No - bly he wrought; strong-ly he ran; Brave - ly he
3. Till the day break, here let him be; Then shall he

weep? why should a knell, Dirg - ing and deep, o - ver him
fought, fought in the van: Rest hath he sought,—he was but
wake, glo - rious and free, For thy dear sake; like un - to

swell? He shall do well! He shall do
man.
thee! He shall do well!

well! .... "Lord, if he sleep! he shall do well!"
He shall do well!

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84. The Promise Made to Mother.

INA DULEY OGDEN. J. S. FEARIS.

1. Ere you left the home- stead in the van - ished long a - go,
2. When you sought the world she bade you take this faith - ful Friend,
3. Far from grace you wan- dered in the wea - ry pass - ing years,
4. Once a - gain you prom- ised when her pil - grim work was done,

When your heart was hap - py and your soul was pure as snow,
Begged you to con - fess him and in him your soul de - fend;
Pa - tient- ly she suf - fered and en - dured her grief and fears;
When she went in tri - umph to re - ceive her gold - en crown,

f.

You were bade to Je - sus' feet, his shel-t'ring love to know:
Oft you vowed to claim him and to trust him to the end:
Ma- ny times you told her you would heed the pray'rs and tears:
When she said, thro' Christ a - lone were life and vic - t'ry won:

D.S.—don't for-get her Sav - ior who is call - ing you to-day:

Don't for - get the prom - ise made to moth - er.
Don't for - get the prom - ise made to moth - er.
Don't for - get the prom - ise made to moth - er.
Don't for - get the prom - ise made to moth - er.

Don't for - get the prom - ise made to moth - er.

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The Promise Made to Mother—Concluded.

REFRAIN.

Don't for - get those ten - der hands that soothed your cares a - way;

D.S.

Don't for- get that gen- tle face, those tress-es thin and gray; And

85. Remember Me.

JOHANNA KINKEL.

1. When storms around are sweeping, When lone my watch I'm keeping,
2. When walking on life's o - cean, Con-trol its rag- ing mo- tion;
3. When weight of sin op-press-es, When dark de-spair dis-tress-es,

'Mid fires of e - vil fall- ing, 'Mid tempters' voi- ces call- ing,
When from its dan-gers shrinking, When in its dread deeps sinking,
All thro' the life that's mor-tal, And when I pass death's portal,

REFRAIN.

Re-member me, O Might-y One! Remember me, O Might-y One!

86. Just as I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. Mrs. CARRIE B. ADAMS.

Baritone Solo with Quartet accompaniment.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea,
2. Just as I am, thou wilt re- ceive,

1. Just as I am,..... with-out one plea,.....
2. Just as I am,..... thou wilt re - ceive,.....

But that thy blood was shed for me,
Wilt welcome, par - - don, cleanse, relieve;

But that thy blood..... was shed for me.....
Wilt wel-come, par - don, cleanse, re - lieve;.....

And that thou bidst me come to thee,
Be-cause thy prom - ise I be lieve,

And that thou bidst..... me come to thee,.....
Be- cause thy prom - - ise I be - lieve.....

O Lamb of God, I come, I come! Just as I
O Lamb of God, O Lamb of God, I come!..... Just as I

Lord, we come and wait ing not Souls to rid of
Bound- less love, thy love un-known, Breaks each hind'ring
am, O Lord and Savior, waiting not To rid my trembling soul of one dark
am, O Lord, thy boundless love unknown, Thy mighty love has bro- ken ev'ry

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sin - ful blot
bar - rier down;
sin - ful blot.... To thee, whose
bar - rier down; Now to be

To thee, whose blood can cleanse each
Now to be thine, yea, thine a -
par - d'ning blood can cleanse each
thine, yea, to be thine a -

spot,
lone,

I come, I come, O Lamb of God, I come!
O Lamb of God, O Lamb of God, I come, I come! .....

87. With Tearful Eyes.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. D. B. TOWNER.

1. With tear - ful eyes I look a-round, Life seems a dark and
2. It tells me of a place of rest, It tells me where my
3. "Come, for all else must fail and die! Earth is no rest - ing-
4. O voice of mer - cy, voice of love! In con - flict, grief and

storm - y sea; Yet, 'mid the gloom, I hear a sound, A
soul may flee: Oh, to the wea - ry, faint, op- pressed, How
place for thee; To heav'n di- rect thy weep - ing eye, I
ag - o - ny, Sup - port me, cheer me from a - bove, And

heav-'nly whisper, "Come to me!" A heav'nly whisper, "Come to me!"
sweet the bidding, "Come to me!" How sweet the bidding, "Come to me!"
am thy portion, Come to me! I am thy por-tion, Come to me!"
gen-tly whisper, "Come to me!" And gen-tly whis-per, "Come to me!"

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88.

Jesus Lives.

E. S. L.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. Je - sus lives ! no more in darkness shall the earth re - main, Je - sus
2. Death is vanquish'd, now a liv-ing Christ do we a - dore,

lives ! Je - sus lives ! Now the grave has lost its
Je - sus lives ! Je - sus lives ! He has filled for us with

terrors, death himself is slain, Christ our dying Savior lives again ! lives again !
hope the path he trod be-fore, Crowns with life our souls forevermore ! evermore !

CHORUS.

Je - sus lives ! Je - sus lives ! He who on the cross for
Je - sus lives ! Je- sus lives !

cres. *cres.*

us hung dy - ing ! Je - sus lives a - gain ! Je - sus lives a -
Jesus lives! oh, tell the story ! Conquer'd death so grim and

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Jesus Lives—Concluded.

cres. *ff*

gain ! Let the world shout forth his glo-ry, Je-sus lives! Je- sus lives !
hoa - ry, *molto rit.*

89. Steer for Home.

JAMES ROWE. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Soul, on sin's wild o - cean go - ing Swift - ly on to doom,
2. Why, for but a sin - ful leis - ure Miss the hap- py goal?
3. Sure de- struc- tion is be - fore thee, Rock and swamping wave!
4. Broth-er, see, the night is fall - ing! Haste, to safe-ty come!

See, the warn - ing light is glow - ing Clear-ly thro' the gloom.
Why, for but an earth- ly pleas - ure, Lose thy pre - cious soul?
Soon the break -ers will be o'er thee, Then no hand can save.
Je - sus plead - ing- ly is call - ing; Steer, oh, steer for home!

CHORUS.

Steer for home, steer for home! Drift, oh, drift no more;
drift no more;
Lov- ing voi:- ces bid thee come; Steer for the home-ward shore!

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90. He is Able to Deliver.

MARY SPARKES WHEELER. D. B. TOWNER.

1. When the proph-et Dan - iel prayed to God on bend ed knee,
2. Where-fore is the king so sad, and where - fore does he fast,
3. "O king, live for - ev - er! and from anx - ious care be free,
4. From the roar- ing li - on, seek- ing whom he may de vour,
5. He is a - ble to de - liv - er, and to keep in peace,

With his win-dows o - pen wide, de - spite the king's de - cree,
As he thinks of Dan- iel, who with - in the den is cast?
For my God has sent his an - gel to de - liv - er me;
God is a - ble to de - liv - er by his might - y pow'r;
Till life's pil- grim-age is end - ed, and my con - flicts cease;

And they cast him in the li - on's den, his life to close,
O thou ser - vant of the liv - ing God, tell me, I pray,
He has shut the li- on's mouths, my soul in tri - umph sings,
And the soul who comes to Je - sus with his sins op -pressed,
And when Death, the la - test en - e - my, shall end the strife,

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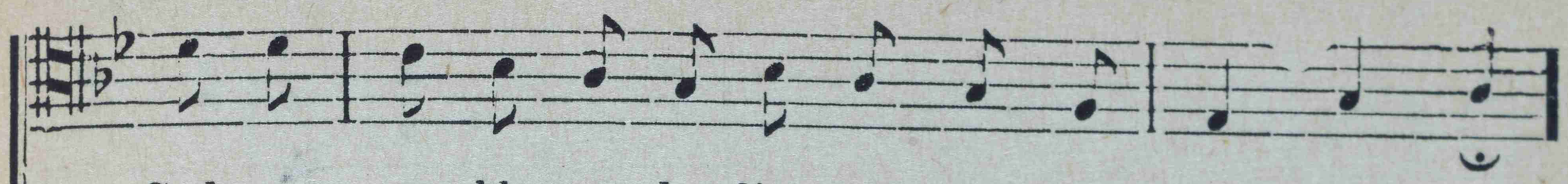
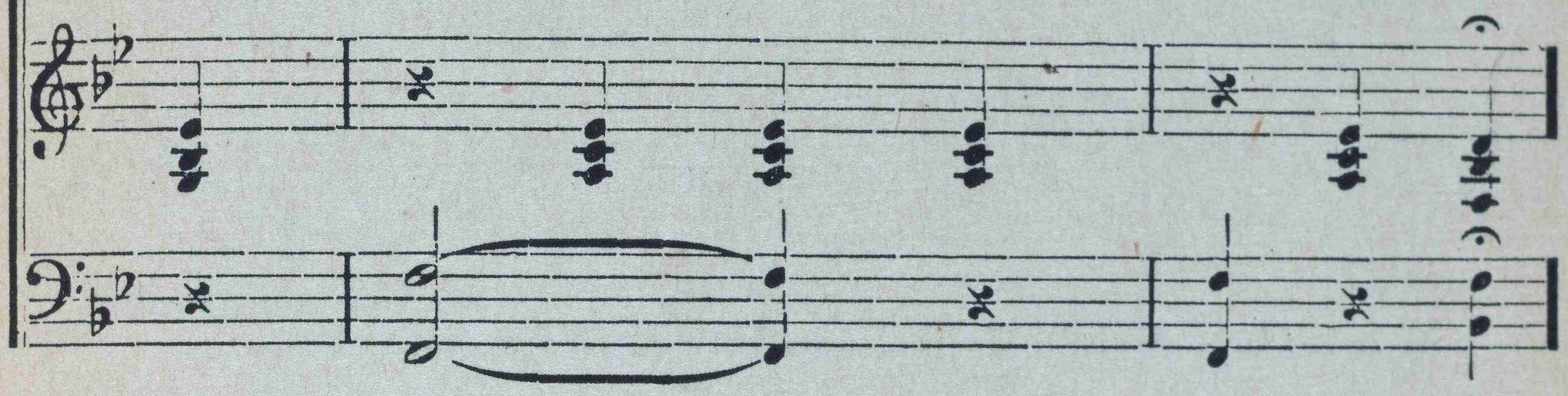
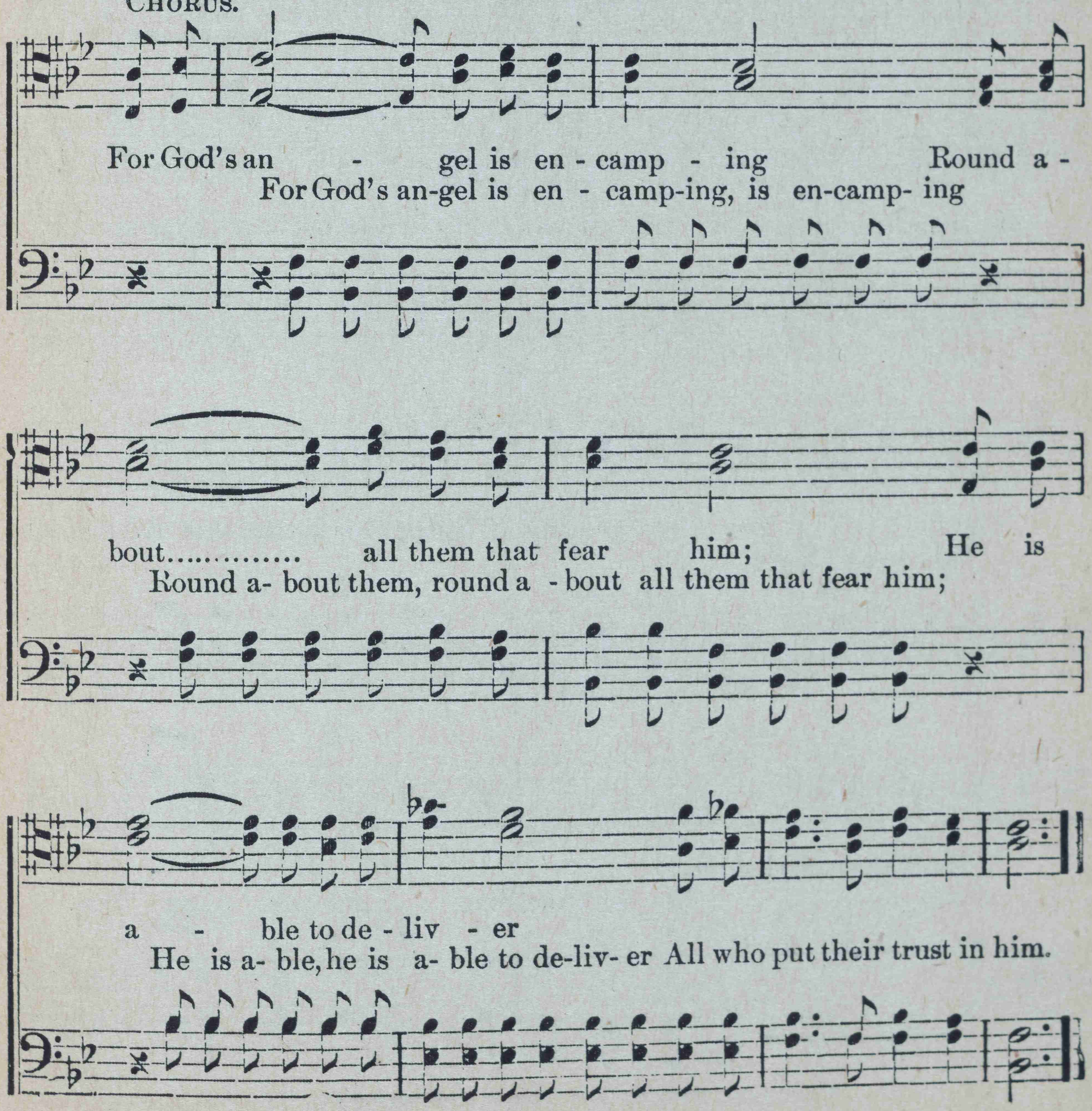
He is Able to Deliver—Concluded.

God was a - ble to de - liv - er him from all his foes.
From the li - on's cru - el pow - er, can he save to - day?
Oh, what joy to trust for shel - ter un - der - neath his wings."
He is a - ble to de - liv - er, and to give him rest.
He is a - ble to de - liv - er, and to crown with life.

CHORUS.

For God's an - gel is en - camp - ing Round a -
For God's an-gel is en - camp-ing, is en-camp- ing

bout..... all them that fear him; He is
Round a- bout them, round a - bout all them that fear him;

a - ble to de - liv - er
He is a- ble, he is a- ble to de-liv- er All who put their trust in him.

91. Beyond the Horizon.

E. E. HEWITT. FINLEY LYON.

f

Beyond the line,
Be-yond the dim hor - i - zon line..... What glo - ries

Like ships to-day,
lie, what joys divine; My tho'ts go forth like ships to-day.....

Ships outward bound to far a - way; My hopes take hap - py, hap - py

f

flight, To greet the land of light; Where love shall bloom, shall bloom and
Take happy flight,

rit.

Shall bloom and shine,
shine..... Be- yond the line, the part - ing line.

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m *f*

Where sunset fires burn in the west, Lights love's pure flame with - in my breast;

rit.

Grant that thy peace, a healing balm, Lull, like the waves, my fears to calm;

lento. *a tempo.* *cres.*

When earthly tides are low, And hushed life's ebb and flow; Be thou my soul's sweet

ff

morning star, sweet morning star; Be thou my soul's sweet morning star. sweet

morn - ing star.

I look to thee,

Then thro' the night I look to thee, ...

Beyond the Horizon—Concluded.

The sun shall rise be - yond the sea, Be - yond the dim hor- i - zon

cres. *ff*

Hor - i- zon there there..... Lies Glo - ry Land, my home so fair, Lies Glo - ry

rall - en - tan - do.

Land, my home so fair, Lies Glory Land. my home so fair.

Lies Glory Land, My home so fair.

92. Speed Thee, Christian.

B. T. WORDEN.

Maestoso.

1. Oh, speed thee, Christian, on thy way, And to thy ar-mor cling; With
2. There is a bat- tle to be fought, An upward race to run, A
3. The shield of faith re - pels the dart That Satan's hand may throw; His
4. The glowing lamp of pray'r will light Thee on thy anxious road; 'Twill

gird - ed loins the call o - bey That grace and mer - cy bring.
crown of glo - ry to be sought, A vic - t'ry to be won.
ar - row can- not reach thy heart, If Christ con- trol the bow.
keep the goal of heav'n in sight, And guide thee to thy God.

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h Music
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Harris

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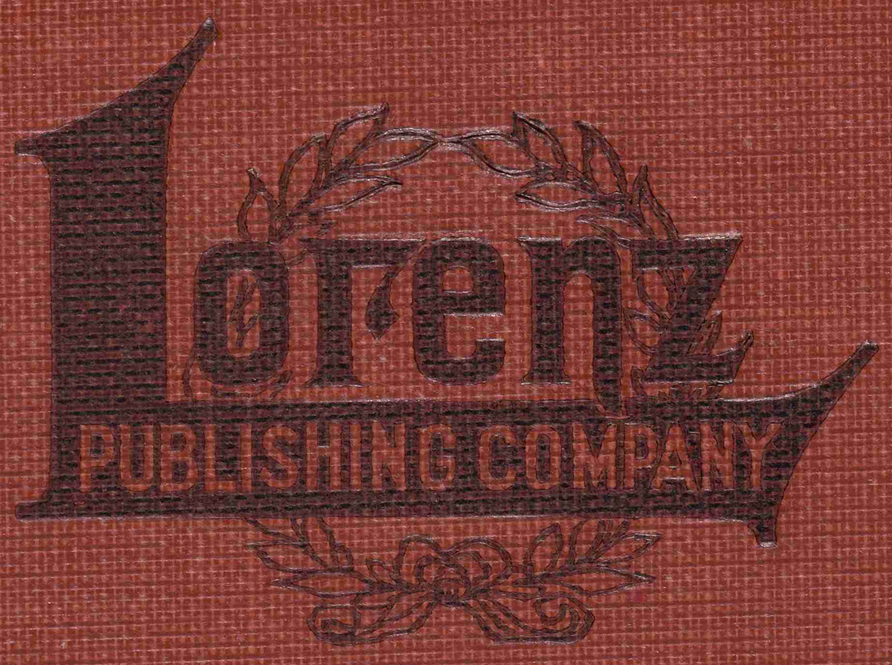
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