Songs of Redeeming Love

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BISHOP ROBERT WESTLY PEACH

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Songs of Redeeming Love

For

The Church, Sunday School and other Services of the Sanctuary

BY

J. H. RUEBUSH
J. OWEN LONG
W. M. WEEKLY, D. D.
AND
WILL H. RUEBUSH

Published in Round and Shaped Notes

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Hymn
1915
Song E
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Preface.

Glory Gates.

G. P. H.

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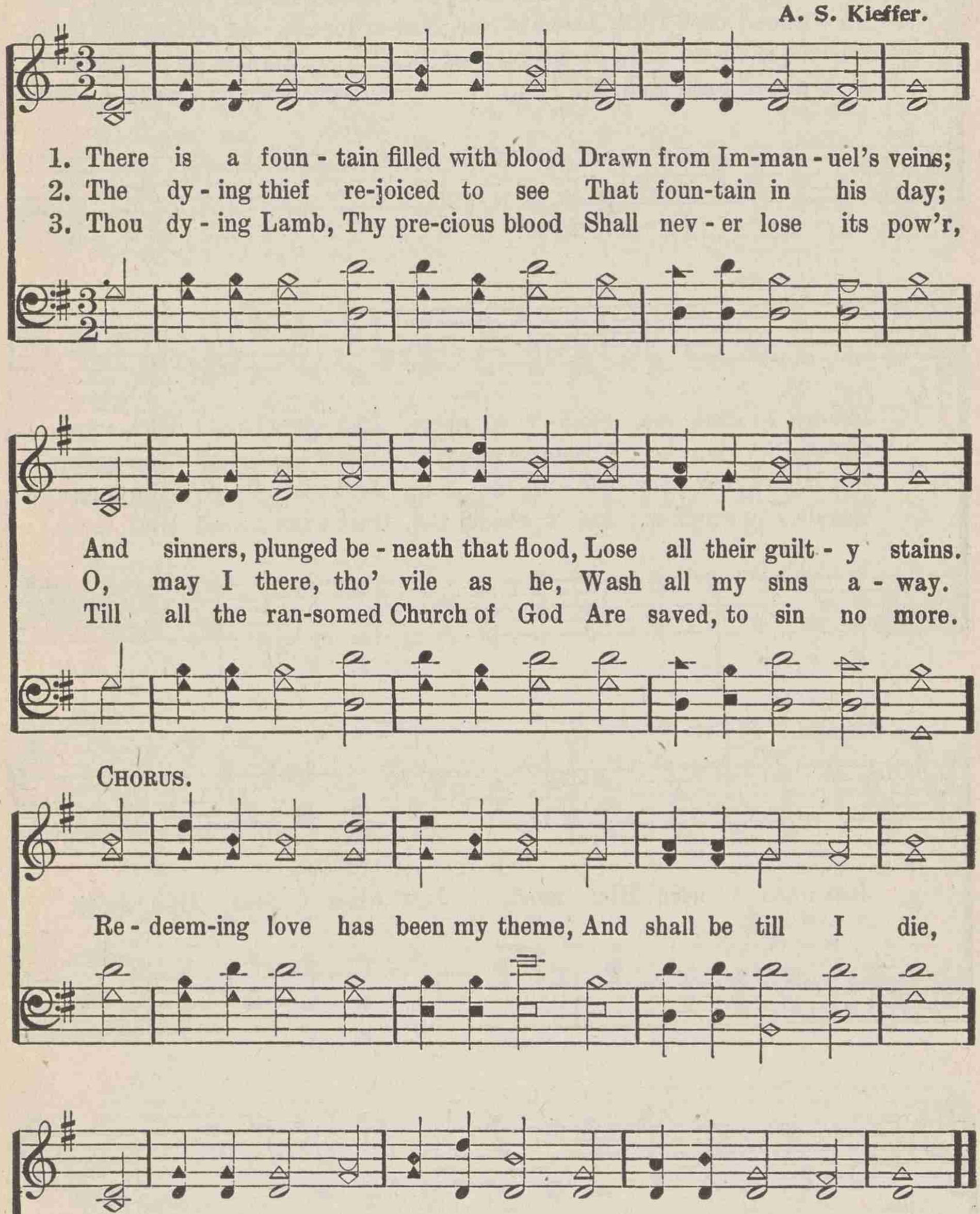
Rev. G. P. Hott.

Songs of Redeeming Love.

No. 1. Redeeming Love.

A. S. Kieffer.



No. 2. Just When I Need Him Most.

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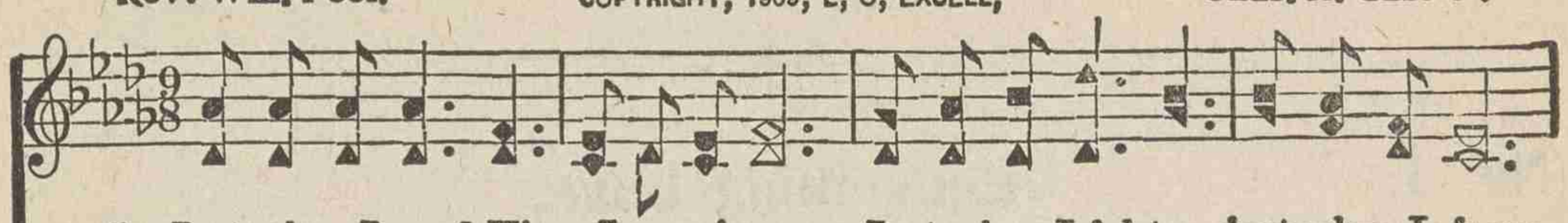
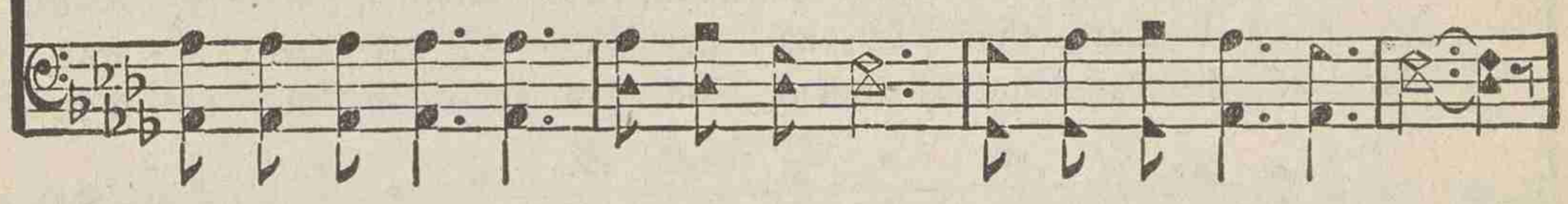
Rev. Wm. Pool. Chas. H. Gabriel.



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 burdens 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 pleas-ures 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.

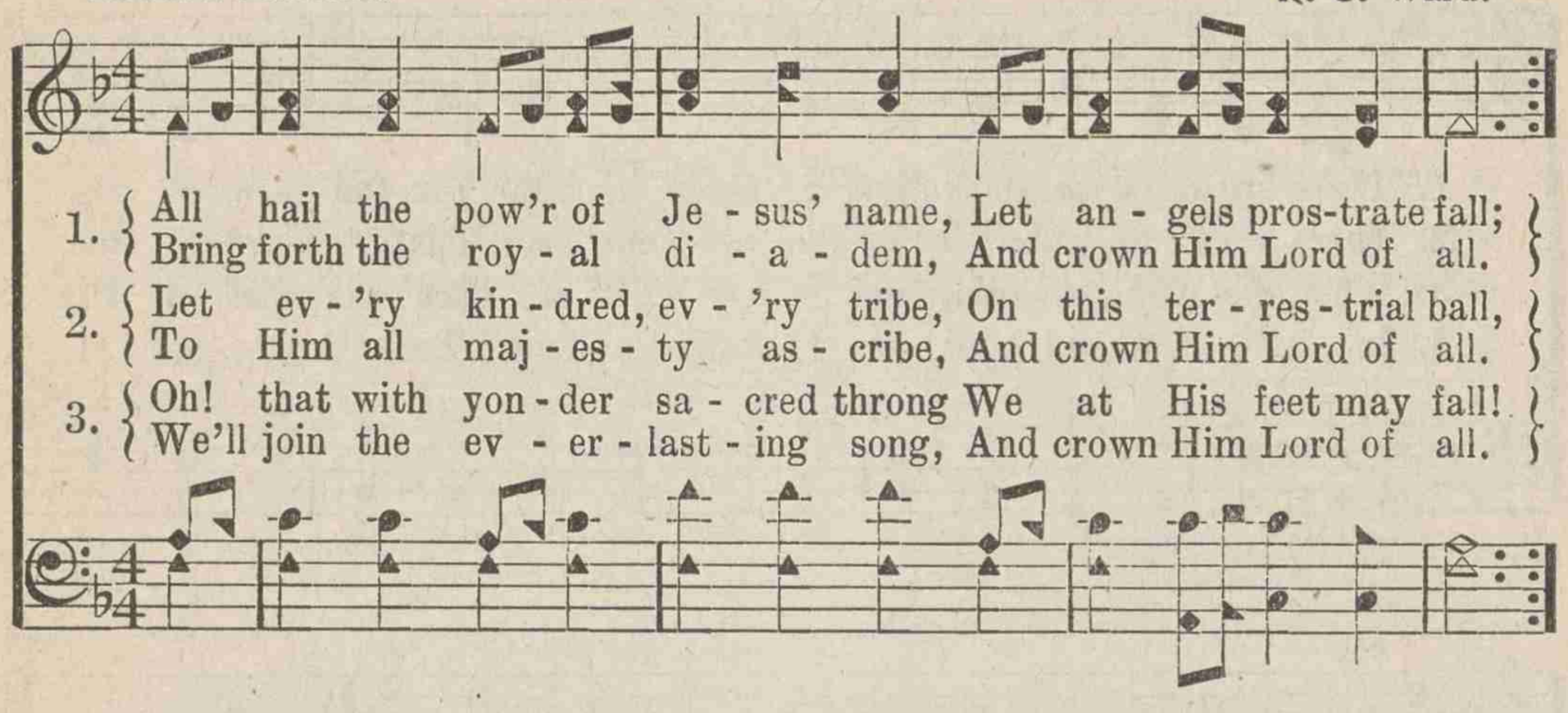
Just when I need Him most, Just when I need Him most;

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

No. 3. Crown Him.

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

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



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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

No. 4. The Touch of His Hand on Mine.

Jessie Brown Pounds.

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

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. 5. I Will Not Forget Thee.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL.

C. H. G. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Sweet is the prom-ise "I will not for-get thee," Nothing can mo-lest or turn my soul a - way; E'en tho' the night be dark with-in the val - ley,
2. Trust-ing the prom-ise "I will not for-get thee," Onward will I go with songs of joy and love, Tho' earth de-spise me, tho' my friends forsake me,
3. When at the gold-en por-tals I am stand-ing, All my trib-u-la-tions, all my sor-rows past, How sweet to hear the bless-ed proc-la-ma-tion,

CHORUS.

Just be-yond is shin-ing an e - ter-nal day.
I shall be re-mem-bered in my home a-bove. I..... will not for-
"En-ter faith-ful servant, welcome home at last." I will not for-get thee;

get thee or leave thee, In my hands I'll hold thee, in my arms I'll fold thee, I.....
I will nev-er leave thee, I will not for-

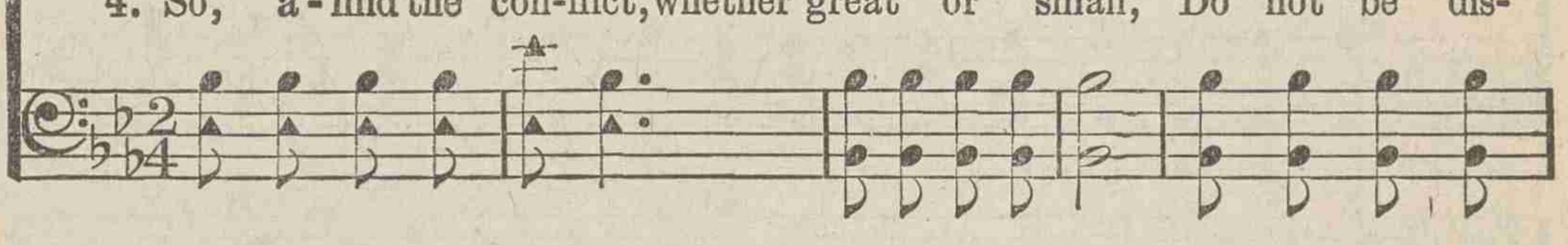
....will not forget thee or leave thee; I am thy Redeemer, I will care for thee.
get thee, for - get

No. 6. Count Your Blessings.

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

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. 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 burdened 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, whether great or small, Do not be dis-

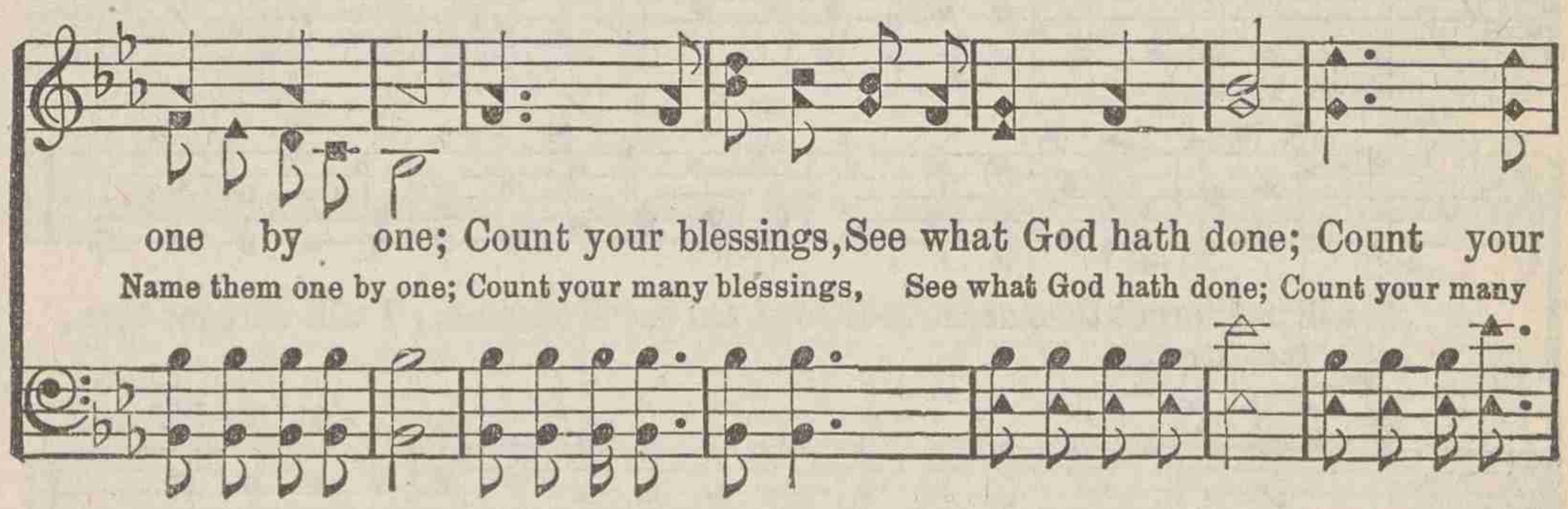


couraged, thinking all is lost, Count your man-y blessings, name them one by
heav - y you are called to bear? Count your man-y blessings, ev-'ry doubt will
promised you His wealth un-told; Count your man-y blessings, money can - not
cour-aged, God is o - ver all; Count your man-y blessings, an-gels will at-

CHORUS.

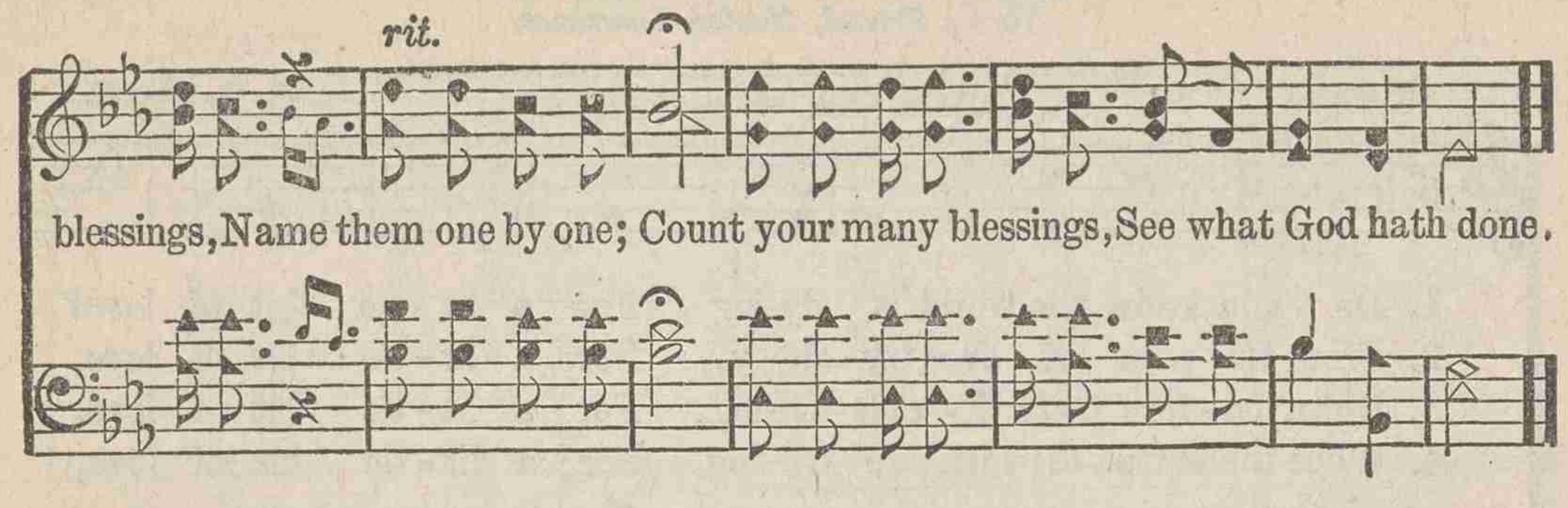
one, And it will surprise you what the Lord hath done.
fly, And you will be singing as the days go by. Count your blessings, Name them
buy Your reward in Heaven, nor your home on high.
tend, Help and comfort give you to your journey's end.

Count your many blessings,



one by one; Count your blessings, See what God hath done; Count your
Name them one by one; Count your many blessings, See what God hath done; Count your many

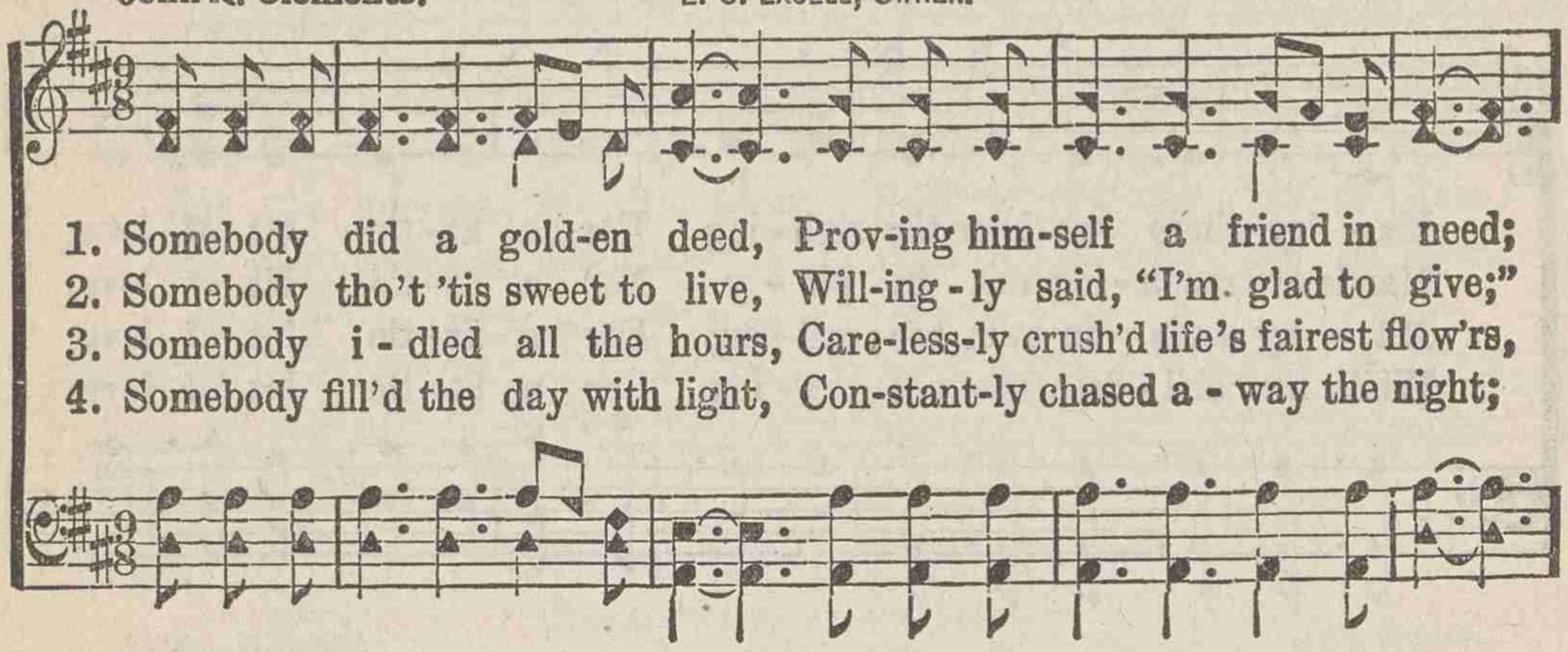
Count Your Blessings.

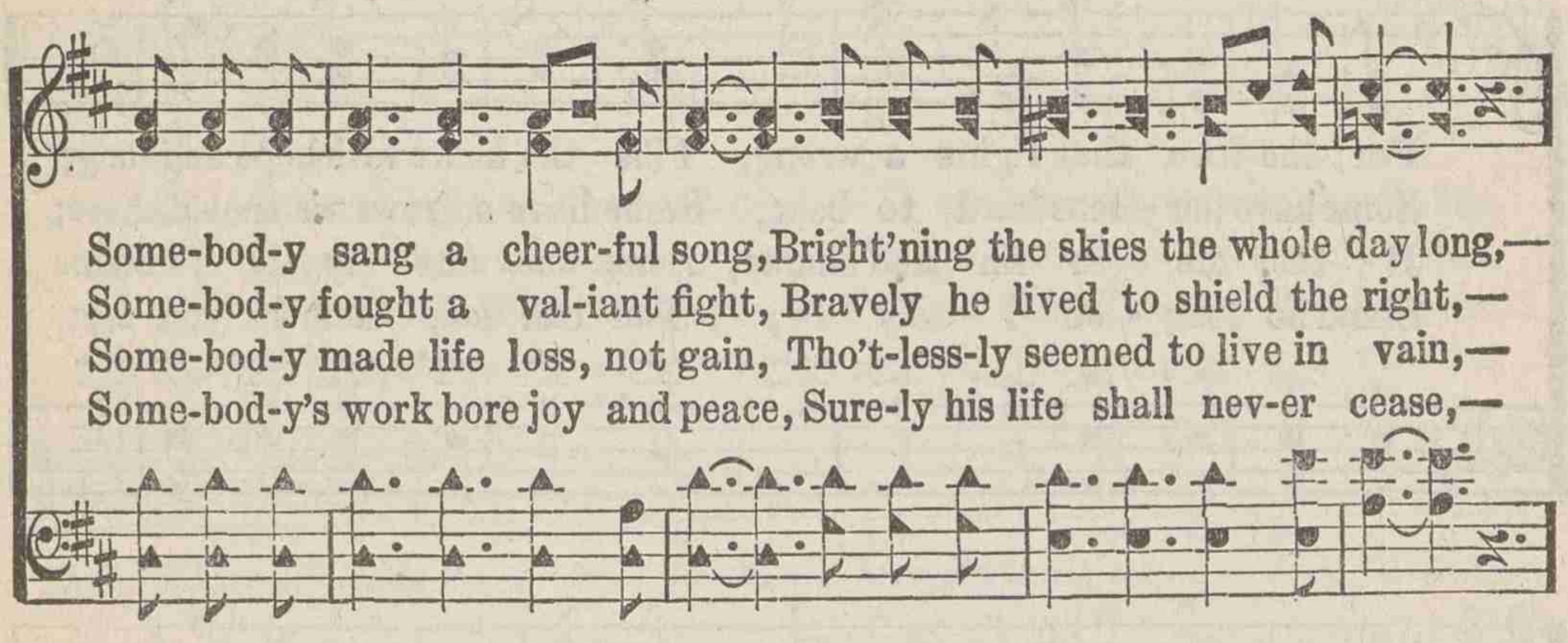


No. 7. Somebody.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY W. S. WEEDEN.

John R. Clements. E. O. EXCELL, OWNER. W. S. Weeden.





No. 8. A Little Bit of Love.

To my Friend, Marion Lawrance.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC.
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E. O. E. E. O. Excell.

1. Do you know the world is dy-ing For a lit-tle bit of love?
2. From the poor of ev-'ry cit-y, For a lit-tle bit of love,
3. Down be-fore their i-dols fall-ing, For a lit-tle bit of love,
4. While the souls of men are dy-ing For a lit-tle bit of love,

Ev-'ry-where we hear the sigh-ing For a lit-tle bit of love;
Hands are reach-ing out in pit-y For a lit-tle bit of love;
Ma-ny souls in vain are call-ing For a lit-tle bit of love;
While the chil-dren too are cry-ing For a lit-tle bit of love;

For the love that rights a wrong, Fills the heart with hope and song;
Some have bur-dens hard to bear, Some have sorrows we should share;
If they die in sin and shame, Some-one sure-ly is to blame
Stand no long-er i-dly by, You can help them if you try;

They have wait-ed, oh, so long, For a lit-tle bit of love.
Shall they fal-ter and de-spair For a lit-tle bit of love.
For not go-ing in His name, With a lit-tle bit of love.
Go, then, say-ing, "Here am I," With a lit-tle bit of love.

A Little Bit of Love.

REFRAIN.

For a lit - tle bit of love, For a lit - tle bit of love,
For a lit - tle bit of love, For a lit - tle bit of love,
With a lit - tle bit of love, With a lit - tle bit of love,
With a lit - tle bit of love, With a lit - tle bit of love,

Thee have wait-ed, oh, so long, For a lit - tle bit of love.
Shall they fal - ter and de - spair For a lit - tle bit of love.
For not go - ing, in His name, With a lit - tle bit of love.
Go, then, say-ing, "Here am I" With a lit - tle bit of love.

No. 9. Where He Leads Me.

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

1. I can hear my Sav - ior call-ing, I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry,

D.C.-Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol - low,

ad lib. *D. C.*

I can hear my Sav - ior call-ing, "Take thy cross and follow, fol - low me."
I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo-ry, And go with me, with me all the way.

Where He leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

No. 10. O That Will Be Glory.

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

C. H. G. 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 - fin - ite 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.

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

No. 11. He Knows It All.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY E. O. EXCELL.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

Mrs. Ophelia Adams. C. M. Davis.

1. I love to think my Father knows Why I have missed the path I chose,
2. I love to think my Father knows The thorns I pluck with ev-'ry rose,
3. I love to think my Father knows The strength or weakness of my foes,

And that I soon shall clearly see The way He led was best for me.
The dai-ly griefs I seek to hide From the dear souls I walk be-side.
And that I need but stand and see Each conflict end in vic-to - ry.

REFRAIN.

He knows it all, ... He knows it all . . . . My Fa - ther
He knows it all, He knows it all,
knows . . . He knows it all; . . . . Thy bit-ter tears . . . how
My Fa - ther knows, He knows it all; Thy bit - ter tears,
fast they fall!— He knows, My Fa - ther knows it all.
how fast they fall!—

No. 12. The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

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

Jessie Brown Pounds. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's no oth - er way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light,
2. I must needs go on in the blood - sprink-led way, The path that the Sav - ior trod, If I ev - er climb to the heights sub-lime,
3. Then I bid fare - well to the way of the world, To walk in it 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 sweet to
leads home, leads home;

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

No. 13. Lead Me Gently Home, Father.

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

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

SOLO OR DUET. *ad lib.*

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

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

rit. *p*

REFRAIN.

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

No. 14. Gates of the Beautiful.

A. W. French. COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY W. M. WEEKLEY. W. M. Weekley.

1. Gates of the beau - ti - ful, gold - en and bright, Guard-ing that cit - y of splen-dor and light; Oft I be - hold thee, in dis - tance and dream, Flash in the sun-light of heav - en - ly gleam.
2. Gates of the beau - ti - ful, loft - y and grand, Swung by the touch of some bright, an - gel hand; Down from the por - tals there floats a sweet song, Waked by the lips of the pu - ri - fied throng.
3. Gates of the beau - ti - ful, gates of pure gold, How can I pic - ture your glo - ries un - told? Ea - ger - ly yearn - ing my spir - it doth wait Till I shall come to the beau - ti - ful gate.

CHORUS.

Gates a - jar for me,.... Beau - ti - ful gates a - jar for me:
Beau - ti - ful gates a - jar for me,
Cit - y of gold with joys un - told, Beau - ti - ful gates a - jar for me.

rit.

No. 15. He is So Precious to Me.

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

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

so

precious to me, so pre-cions to me,
me,..... For He is so precious to me,..... 'Tis heav-en be-

rit. - - -

low My Re-deem-er to know, For He is so precious to me.

No. 16. The King's Business.

Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman's Simultaneous Campaign Hymn.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Dr. E. T. Cassel. WORDS AND MUSIC. **Flora H. Cassel.**

1. I am a strang-er 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 ros - y 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 mes-sage angels fain would sing; "Oh, be ye
reconciled" Thus saith my Lord and King, "Oh, be ye reconciled to God."

No. 17. 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 spot in the dale; No place is so dear to my child-hood As the
2. Oh, come to the church in the wild-wood, To the trees where the wild flow-ers bloom; Where the part-ing hymn will be chant-ed, We will
3. How sweet on a clear, Sab-bath morn-ing To list to the clear ring-ing bell; Its tones so sweet-ly are call-ing, Oh,
4. From the church in the val-ley by the wild-wood, When day fades a-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.
weep by the side of the tomb.
come to the church in the vale.
way to the man-sions of light.

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 vale;
come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come;

No. 18. Let the Sunshine In.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Ada Blenkhorn. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Do you fear the foe will in the con - flict win? Is it dark with-out you—dark - er still with - in? Clear the dark - en'd
2. Does your faith grow faint - er in the cause you love? Are your pray'rs un - an-swered by your God a - bove? Clear the dark - en'd
3. Would you go re - joic - ing in the up - ward way, Know-ing naught of dark - ness, dwell - ing in the day? Clear the dark - en'd

win - dows, o - pen wide the door, Let a lit - tle sun - shine in.

CHORUS.

Let a lit-tle sun-shine in, . . . Let a lit-tle sun-shine in; . . .
the sun - shine in, the sun - shine in;

Clear the darken'd windows, open wide the door, Let a little sunshine in.

No. 19. Help Somebody To-day.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Look all a-round you, find some one in need, Help some-bod-y to - day!
2. Ma - ny are wait-ing a kind, lov-ing word, Help some-bod-y to - day!
3. Ma - ny have bur-dens too heav-y to bear, Help some-bod-y to - day!
4. Some are dis-cour-aged and wea - ry 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 a 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 friendless be-friend-ed, Oh, help some-bod-y to - day!

No. 20. There is Nothing Too Good to Be True.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY THE RUEBUSH-KIEFFER CO.

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

1. When we think of earth's tri - als and cares, And the tears that our
2. When we think how as sin - ners we're lost, And a - wait fear - ful
3. When we think of the suf-f'rings of death, And the grave ev - er
4. When we think of our loved ones of yore, How death gath - ered from

eye - lids be - dew, And are told they're in Heav - en un - known, It
pun - ish-ment due, And are told of His won - der - ful cross, It
wait - ing in view, But are told how Christ conquered them all, It
me and from you, But are told that we'll meet them once more, It

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

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

feelingly. *thoughtfully.*

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

confidently. *rit.* - - - -

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

No. 21. Scattering Sunshine.

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

SOLO. *Slow.*

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

No. 22. Growing Dearer Each Day.

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

C. H. G.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. How sweet is the love of my Savior! 'Tis boundless and deep as the sea; And
2. I know He is ev-er be-side me! E - ter - ni-ty on-ly will prove The
3. Wher-ev - er He leads I will fol-low, Thro' sor-row, or shadow, or sun; And
4. Some day face to face I shall see Him, And oh, what a joy it will be To

best of it all, it is dai - ly Growing sweet-er and sweeter to me.
height and the depth of His mercy, And the breadth of His in - fi-nite love.
tho' I be tried in the fur-nace, I can say, "Lord, Thy will be it done."
know that His love, now so precious, Will for-ev - er grow sweeter to me!

CHORUS.

Sweet - er and sweet-er 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-fnl 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. 23. Helpers Are Needed.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

No. 24. The Unclouded Day.

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

Arr. by
E. O. E.

1. O they tell me of a home far be-yond the skies, O they
2. O they tell me of a home where my friends have gone, O they
3. O they tell me of the King in His beau-ty there, And they
4. O they tell me that He smiles on His chil-dren there, And His

tell me of a home far a-way; O they tell me of a home
tell me of that land far a-way; Where the tree of life
tell me that mine eyes shall be-hold, Where He sits on the throne
smile drives their sor-rows all a-way; And they tell me that no tears

D. S.—*O they tell me of a home*

FINE.

where no storm-clouds rise, O they tell me of an un-cloud-ed day.
in e-ter-nal bloom Sheds its fragrance thro' the un-cloud-ed day.
that is whit-er than snow, In the cit-y that is made of gold.
ev-er come a-gain, In that love-ly land of un-cloud-ed day.

where no storm-clouds rise, O they tell me of an un-cloud-ed day.

CHORUS.

D. S.

O the land of cloud-less day, O the land of an un-cloud-ed sky;

No. 25. Over the Stars.

H. F. P. USED BY PERMISSION. H. F. Page.

With expression.

1. Soft-ly the mu-sic floats earth-ward to-night, Down from the re-gions of end-less de-light—Mu-sic whose con-cord no dis-so-nance jars— An-gels are call-ing us o-ver the stars.
2. Ac-cents fa-mil-iar drift o-ver the skies, Down from the bor-ders of Par-a-dise, Bid-ding us come where no grief ev-er mars—Loved ones are call-ing us o-ver the stars.
3. Gen-tly a whis-per steals down thro' the gloom, "Fear not, I'm with thee in death and the tomb; Night shades will vanish with morning's first bars"—Je-sus is call-ing us o-ver the stars.

CHORUS.

O-ver the stars, o-ver the stars,
O-ver the stars, o-ver the stars,
O-ver the stars, o-ver the stars,

An-gels are call-ing us o-ver the stars; O-ver the stars,
Loved ones are call-ing us o-ver the stars; O-ver the stars,
Je-sus is call-ing us o-ver the stars; O-ver the stars,

o-ver the stars, An-gels are call-ing us o-ver the stars.
o-ver the stars, Loved ones are call-ing us o-ver the stars.
o-ver the stars, Je-sus is call-ing us o-ver the stars.

No. 26.

The Wonderful Story.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL.

C. H. G. 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 might - y to save!
His grace is for - ev - er suf - fi - cient, It reach-es and pu - ri - fies me.

CHORUS.

O won - - der-ful, wonder - ful sto - ry, The dear - est that
O won-der-ful sto - - ry, O won-der-ful sto - ry, The dearest that ev - - -

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

sto - - ry, Where I . . . shall His beauty be-hold. . .
won- der - ful sto - ry, Where I shall His beau - - ty, His beau - ty be - hold.

rit.

No. 27. By and By.

W. S. Mason. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY THE RUEBUSH-KIEFFER CO. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. O what joy it will be, When from sor-row set free, We meet with our
2. In that realm of the best, With the Sav-ior they rest, For-ev-er to
3. Oft-en-times as we kneel, A sweet pres-ence we feel And fan-cy they
4. Help us, Lord, to be pure; Make us strong to en-dure, Our souls from temp-

loved and our own, Who have gone on be-fore To that bright gold-en shore,
look on His face; In their rai-ment of white, With the an-gels of light,
hov-er a-near! And our long-ing heart sighs For the cloud to a-rise,
ta-tion de-fend; With Thy Spir-it to guide, Let us walk by Thy side;

Chorus.

Where heart-aches and tears are un-known.
They sing of His in-fi-nite grace. By and by we shall
That fa-ces we love may ap-pear.
O keep, love, and lead to the end.

By and by

meet, And for-ev-er in glo-ry re-main; In that
by and by, by and by;
cit-y of gold, with its beau-ties un-told, We shall meet one an-oth-er a-gain!

No. 28. Marching on to Canaan.

Rev. M. L. Hofford. USED BY PERMISSION. W. A. Ogden.

1. We are marching on to Ca - naan, And Je-ho-vah is our Guide;
2. We are marching thro' the des - ert, And the manna all a - round
3. We are marching thro' the des - ert, To the promised land di - vine,

We are marching thro' the des - ert, He is ev - er at our side.
With the dew of night is fall - ing, And is cov-'ring all the ground.
To the land of milk and hon - ey, To the land of corn and wine.

DUET.

In the dark-ness, or the dan - ger, We can nev - er go a-stray,
From the smit-ten rock the wa - ters In their sparkling ful-ness flow,
We are marching thro' the des - ert, We approach the shin-ing shore;

With Je - ho - vah for our Lead - er And our Guide up - on the way.
Thus de - light-ing and re - fresh - ing Us the wear - y jour-ney thro'.
From our home be-yond the Jor - dan We shall wan - der nev - er - more.

CHORUS. *f*

On! stead-i - ly on! Stead-i - ly marching to the happy land of
March-ing on! march-ing on! March-ing to the hap - py land, we're

Marching on to Canaan.

Ca-naan; On! stead-i-ly on! Ver-i-ly guid-ed by Je-ho-vah's hand are
marching on; Marching on! marching on! Guid - ed by Je - ho-vah's hand are

After last stanza repeat pp.

we. Stead-i-ly marching to the hap-py land we go.
we, guid-ed are we. March-ing to the hap - py land we go, marching home.

No. 29. Pass Me Not.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. DOANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. USED BY PER. **W. H. Doane.**

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

D. S.—*While on oth - ers*

FINE. CHORUS. D. S.

Thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.
deep con-tri-tion, Help my un - be-lief. Sav-ior, Sav-ior, Hear my humble cry;
bro-ken spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.
earth beside Thee? Whom in Heav'n but Thee?

Thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.

No. 30. Drifting.

W. H. R.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY THE RUEBUSH-KIEFFER CO.

Will H. Ruebush.

DUET.

1. Drift - ing a - way to the ha - ven of rest, Sail - ing to
2. Drift - ing a - way far be - yond the blue sea, Val - ley of
3. Drift - ing a - way to that beau - ti - ful home, End - ed earth's

port with the hap - py and blest, Voi - ces of loved ones are
E - den, we dream oft of thee; Songs of the ran-somed float
toils where no part - ing days come; Storms are all past, and all

call - ing us there— Call - ing the wear - y to rest....
down to us here, Call - ing us o - ver the sea.....
tears wiped a - way, There in that beau - ti - ful home...

QUARTET.

Organ. Drift - ing, drift - ing, Drift - ing a-

Drift - ing a - way, Drift - ing a - way,

way, Drift - ing a - way, we are drift - ing a - way.

No. 31. You Shall Have Joy Untold.

W. H. R. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY THE RUEBUSH-KIEFFER CO. Will H. Ruebush.

1. Are you in troub-le, my broth-er, to - day? Do you let sin in your
2. Do you oft fal - ter when troub-le is rife, Al-most give up in the
3. When thro' the val-ley of sor - row you go, When you're cast down and op-

heart have full sway? Lean on God's prom-is - es, trust and o - bey,
bat - tle of life? He will de - fend in the tur - moil and strife,
pressed by the foe, He will up - hold you and bless-ings be - stow,

CHORUS.

You shall have joy un - told..... Make Him your Friend,
joy un - told. broth - er,
Make Him your Friend; He will pro-tect and be true to the end; Com-fort and
strength for each need He will lend, You shall have joy un - told.....
joy un - told.

No. 32. Sunshine Enough For All.

W. H. R. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY THE RUEBUSH-KIEFFER CO. Will H. Ruebush.

1. Would you reap in full - est measure, in your heart have peace abound? Gar-ner then the rays of gladness that are scattered all a-round; Lift your eyes a-bove the shad - ows that so eas - i - ly are found, There is sun-shine e-nough for all.
2. Look a - bove the earth-ly tri - als that but vex and hin - der so, They will be but pass-ing shadows if you will God's work to do; Strive to fol - low in His foot-steps, scat-ter bless-ing as you go, There is sun-shine e-nough for all.
3. Look, my broth-er, up a-bove you, where the gold-en sunlight gleams, Catch to- day the heav'nly vi - sion as the light from glory streams; Put to flight the gloomy shadows, make them fleeting as life's dream, There is sun-shine e-nough for all.

CHORUS.

There are sun - beams ..... There are sun - beams..... Gar - ner them to bring you gladness, when the cares of life as-sail; Lift your eyes a-bove the
on the hill - tops, in the vale,

Sunshine Enough For All.

No. 33. I Would Not Be Denied.

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

No. 34. Gird Thy Sword.

W. H. R. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY THE RUEBUSH-KIEFFER CO. Will H. Ruebush.

1. Gird thy sword for bat - tle, sol - diers of the Lord, Take as shield and buck - ler God's most pre - cious word; Fierce may be the con - flict,
2. Nev - er fear nor fal - ter, tho' the foe may hide; You are sure of vic - t'ry, God is on your side; See the signs of con - quest
3. Raise a - loft the ban - ner, let it proud-ly fly; Ne'er give up the con - flict, dare to do or die; God will nerve for bat - tle,

and the strug-gle long, Faith should be your watch-word, all for Christ your song.
all a - long the way, As the road leads up - ward to e - ter - nal day.
fal - ter not nor yield; Rout the hosts of Sa - tan, drive them from the field.

CHORUS.

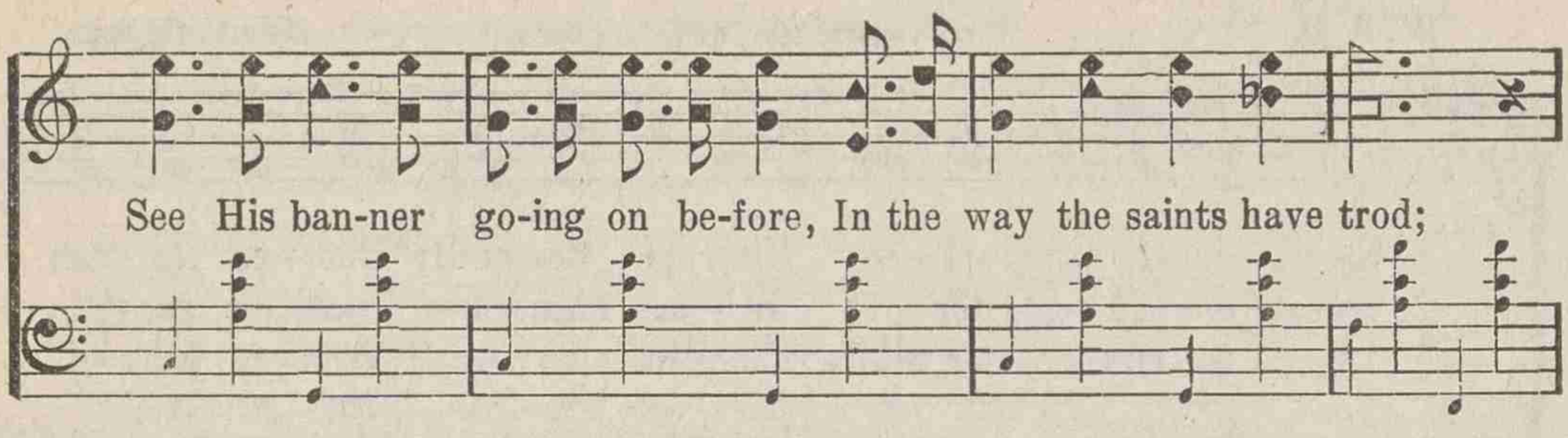
Soprano and Tenor.

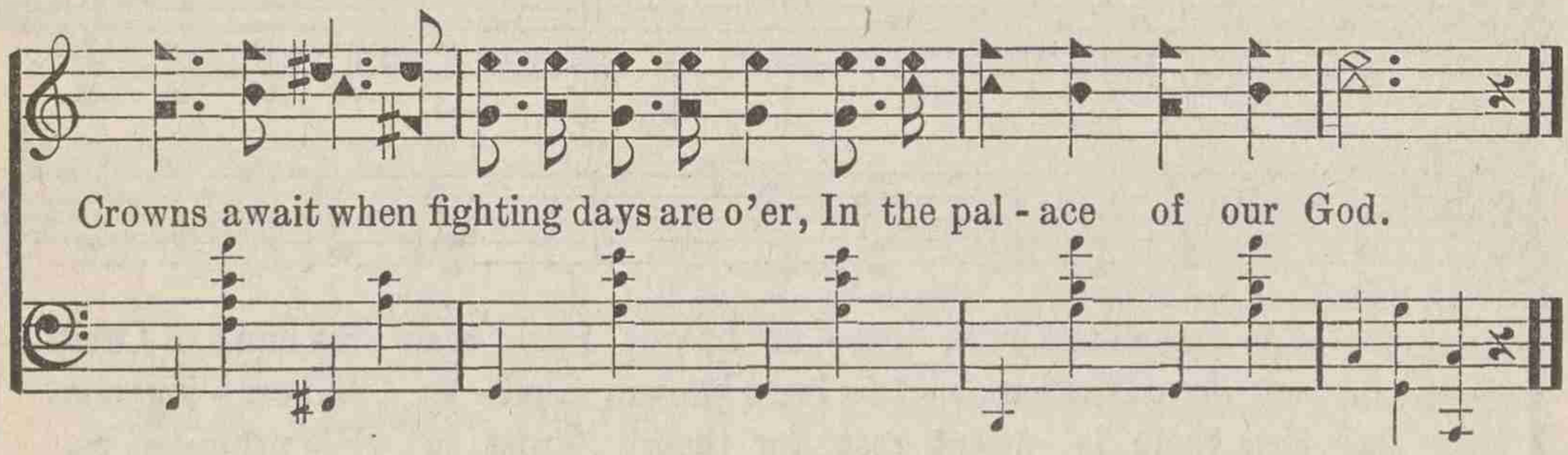
Alto and Bass.

Onward, upward fol-low-ing the cross, Make best use of pass-ing days;

All for Christ, count all things else as loss, Give to Him un - end - ing praise;

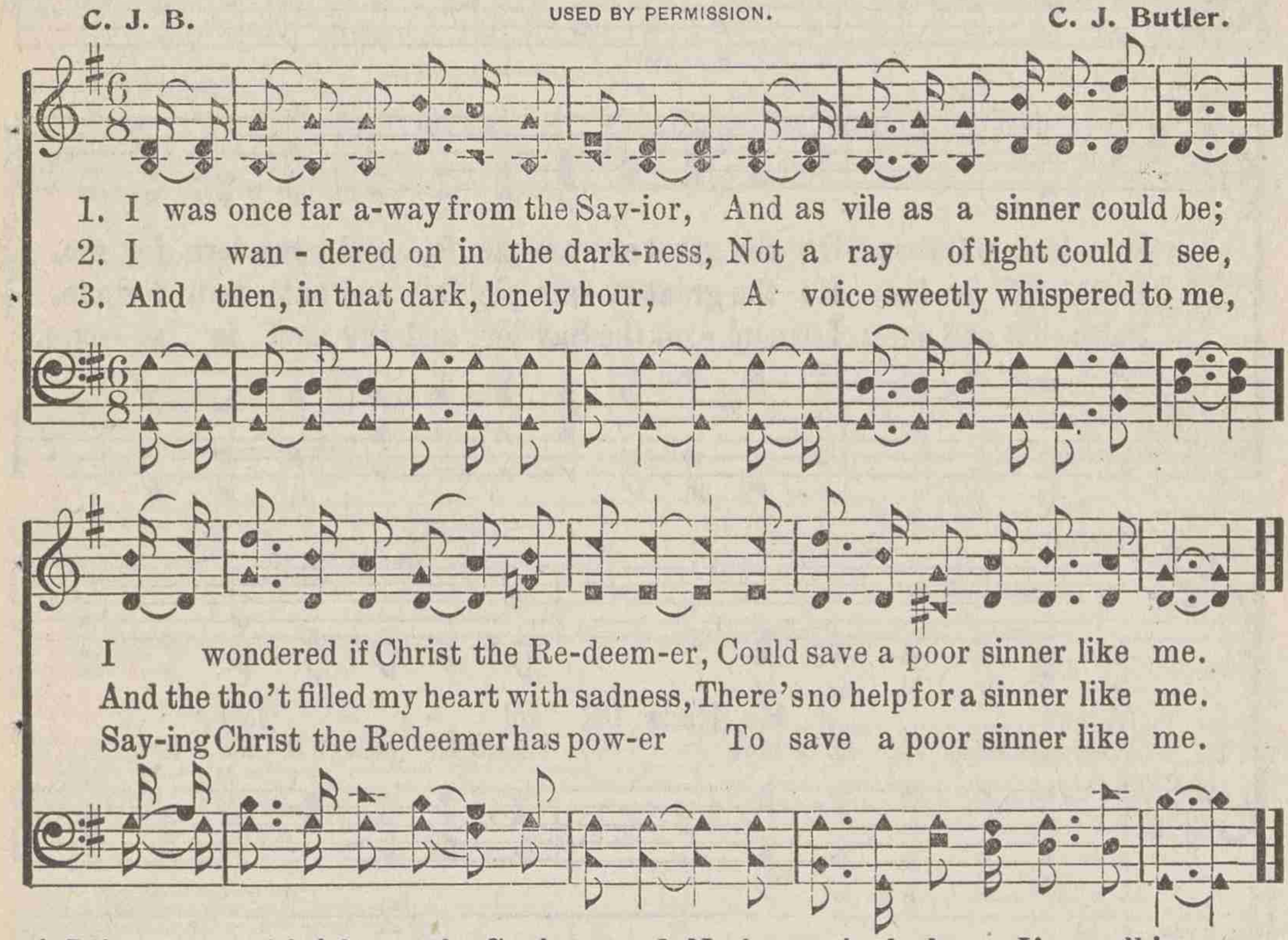
Gird Thy Sword.





No. 35. A Sinner Like Me.

C. J. B. USED BY PERMISSION. C. J. Butler.



4 I listened, and lo! 'twas the Savior
That was speaking so kindly to me;
I cried, I'm the chief of sinners,
O save a poor sinner like me.

5 I then fully trusted in Jesus;
And oh, what a joy came to me!
My heart was filled with His praises,
For saving a sinner like me.

6 No longer in darkness I'm walking,
For the light is now shining on me,
And now unto others I'm tell-ing
How He saved a poor sinner like me.

7 And when life's journey is over,
And I the dear Savior shall see,
I'll praise Him forever and ever
For saving a sinner like me.

No. 36. Where He Leads I'll Follow.

W. A. O. COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY W. A. OGDEN. W. A. Ogden.

1. Sweet are the prom - is - es, Kind is the word; Dear - er far than
2. Sweet is the ten - der love Je - sus hath shown, Sweet-er far than
3. List to His lov - ing words, "Come un - to Me!" Wea - ry, heav - y-

an - y mes - sage man ev - er heard; Pure was the mind of Christ,
an - y love that mor - tals have known; Kind to the err - ing one,
la - den, there is sweet rest for thee; Trust in His prom-is - es,

Sin - less, I see; He the great ex - am-ple is, and pat - tern for me.
Faith - ful is He; He the great ex - am-ple is, and pat - tern for me.
Faith - ful and sure; Lean up - on the Sav-ior, and thy soul is se - cure.

CHORUS.

Where ..... He leads I'll fol - - low,
Where He leads I'll fol - low, Where He leads I'll fol - low,

1 2

Fol - - low all the way; Fol-low Je-sus ev-'ry day.
Fol-low all the way, yes, fol - low all the way;

No. 37. Gathering home.

Miss Mariana B. Slade. USED BY PERMISSION OF R. M. MCINTOSH. **R. M. McIntosh.**

1. Up to the boun-ti-ful Giv-er of life, Gath-er-ing home! gath-er-ing home!
2. Up to the cit-y where falleth no light, Gath-er-ing home! gath-er-ing home!
3. Up to the beau-ti-ful mansions above, Gath-er-ing home! gath-er-ing home!

Up to the dwelling, where cometh no strife, The dear ones are gathering home.
Up where the Savior's own face is the light, The dear ones are gathering home.
Safe in the arms of His in-fi-nite love, The dear ones are gathering home.

CHORUS.

Gath-er-ing home . . . . . Gath-er-ing home, ...
Gath-er-ing home, gath-er-ing home,

Nev-er to sor-row more, nev-er to roam; Gath-er-ing home, ...
gath-er-ing home,

Gath-er-ing home, ... God's chil-dren are gath-er-ing home.
Gath-er-ing home,

No. 38. Jesus Has Lifted Me.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

No. 39. Only to See My Savior.

Words and Melody by
Evan W. D. Mitchell.
Good as a Solo.

COPYRIGHT 1915, BY W. D. MITCHELL.

Arranged by
J. Owen Long.

1. On - ly to hear my Sav - ior Call - ing me now to come,
2. On - ly to feel His pres - ence, As thro' this world I go,
3. On - ly to go to Je - sus, And with Him ev - er be;

In - to the fields of serv - ice, Bring-ing the lost ones home.
Seek-ing the lost for Je - sus, Lead-ing from paths of woe.
On - ly to bask in His sun - shine Thro'-out e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.

On - ly to see my Sav - ior, On - ly to hear His voice;

E - ven the faint - est whis - per Makes my heart re - joice.

No. 40. If To-night Should End the World.

J. B. P. MATT. 25: 13. James B. Pennington.

1. In God's word it is re-cord-ed That this world will not en-dure; Then while
2. O'er this ques-tion do you pon-der, As the days pass swift-ly by? Have you
3. See the hands once torn and bleeding On the cross of Cal-va-ry, Reach-ing

time is yet af-ford-ed Make your hope of Heaven sure; For the stars, be-fore the
gained an in-t'rest yonder, Where the soul will never die? If the last trump should be
out with gen-tle pleading; Oh, poor sinner, 'tis for thee; Come, accept this great sal-

morn-ing, From their or-bits may be hurled, And the moon may send a warn-ing.
sound-ed, And the blood-stained banner furled, Would it bring you grief unbounded
va-tion, Ere to judgment you are hurled; Slight you not this in-vi-ta-tion,

REFRAIN.

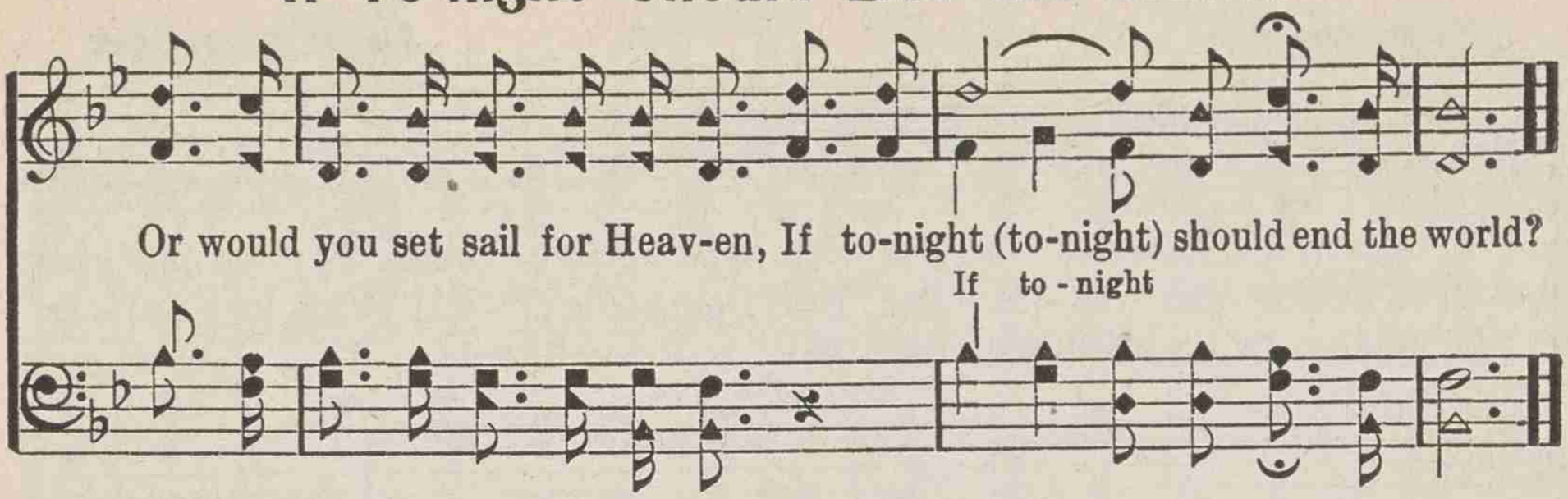
That to-night will end the world. If to-night (to-night) should end the world,
If to-night would end the world?
For to-night may end the world.

If to-night should end the world,

If to-night ..... should end the world, Would your soul a-drift be driv-en?

If to-night

If To-night Should End the World.



No. 41. Wonderful Love.

P. A. G. P. A. Guthrie.

No. 42. The Joy-Bells.

W. H. Ruebush. **Jas. B. Biggerstaff.**

1. When a voice with - in you Sets hope's bells a - chime, As you jour - ney on - ward To that hap - py clime, 'T is the voice of Je - sus,
2. What a con - so - la - tion, Rest from strife of sin; Peace for - ev - er dwell - ing As your guest with - in; List the pre - cious prom-ise,
3. Soon will joy - bells call us Far a - cross the tide, To a sweet com- mun - ion, Near our Sav-ior's side; Far a - bove all shad - ows,

Ten-der, sweet and true, Saying, "Come, ye weary, There's a home for you."
Old, yet e - ven new, "Come, ye heav-y - la-den, There's a home for you."
Far a - bove the blue, Man-sions are a-wait-ing, wear-y one, for you.

CHORUS. *8va* ..... *8va* .....*loco.*

Hear the joy-bells ring, What sweet peace they bring;
Hear them ring - ing, Com - fort bring-ing with their gold - en chime.

No. 43.

Faithful to Jesus.

Laura E. Newell.
Cho. by E. R. J.

E. R. JOHNSON, OWNER, 1915.

E. R. Johnson.

Not too slow.

1. Faith-ful, still faith-ful to my Lord and my Sav-ior, Toil-ing with glad-ness
2. Faith-ful to Je-sus who hath purchased my par-don, Je-sus who sought me
3. Faith-ful to Je-sus, He my song and my ref-uge, Still shall my an-chor
4. Je-sus, my Sav-ior, I am Thine, bless-ed Mas-ter, Loy-al and lov-ing,

till earth's shad-ows flee; I shall go home when here my la-bors are end-ed,
when I wan-dered far,—Far from His shelt'ring fold, in sin's dreary des-ert,
and my coun-sel be; I will be true to Him, and serve Him re-joic-ing,
I Thy praise would sing; Ev-er re-joic-ing in the word Thou hast spo-ken,

CHORUS.

There to a-dore Him thro' e-ter-ni-ty.
Lo, He doth lead me tow'rd the gates a-jar. Faith-ful to Je-sus, may I
Faith-ful to Je-sus who hath res-cued me.
Sav-ior, to Thee love's tribute now I bring.

ev-er be,—Prais-ing and serv-ing Him who died for me; Tell-ing the

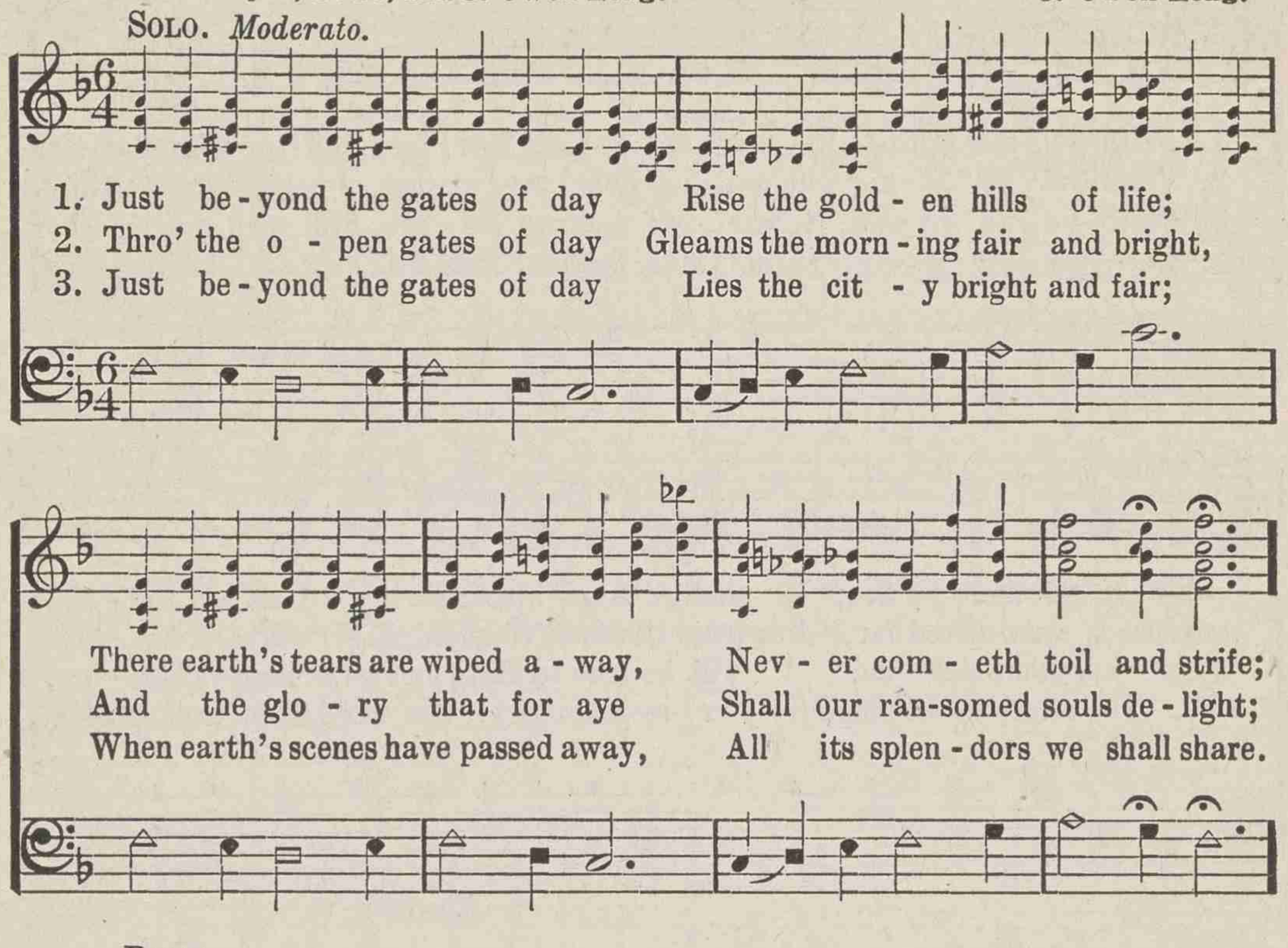
sto-ry of His wondrous love,—And striv-ing to meet Him, safe a-bove.

rit.

No. 44. Beyond the Gates of Day.

COPYRIGHT, WORDS AND MUSIC, 1914, BY J. OWEN LONG, HARRISONBURG, VA.

Rev. T. C. Harper, D. D., and J. Owen Long. **J. Owen Long.**



NOTE.—When used as a hymn-anthem use a female voice on the solo part; a tenor and baritone on the duet, with a quartet choir when singing the second verse.

Beyond the Gates of Day.

QUARTET or CHORUS.

There the wear - - y ones shall rest,..... Safe-ly on..... the Sav-ior's breast;..... All earth's sor - - rows flee a-way,..... Just be-yond..... the gates of day.....

There the wear-y ones, the wear-y ones shall rest, Safe-ly on the Sav-ior's breast, His gen-tle breast; All earth's sorrows flee, shall quick-ly flee a-way, Just be-yond the gates, the gold-en gates of day.

No. 45. Nearer, O Christ, to Thee.

(STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT.)

Rev. T. C. Harper. USED BY PERMISSION OF J. OWEN LONG, HARRISONBURG, VA. Arr. by J. O. L.

1. Near-er, O Christ, to Thee, Draw me from day to day, Nor let my soul e'er roam From Thee, my Lord, a-way; Draw me near-er, O Christ, to Thee.
2. Keep me, O Christ, my Lord, Close to Thy lov-ing heart, Safe from this sin-ful world, With Thee, my Lord, a-part; Keep me close, close, O Christ, to Thee.
3. Near-er, O Christ, to Thee, Thus would I ev-er pray, From e-vil and from harm, Kept close from day to day; Keep me close, close, O Christ, to Thee.

No. 46. I Am Clinging to the Rock

J. O. L. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY J. OWEN LONG, HARRISONBURG, VA. J. Owen Long.

1. In the shel - ter of the Rock Je - sus hides me; 'Tis a
2. In the shel - ter of the Rock Je - sus hides me; Here my
3. In the shel - ter of the Rock Je - sus hides me; Here is

bless - ed, sure re - treat; Tho' the storms a - round me roll, He will
soul is safe from harm, For no e - vil can be - tide With the
peace and joy and love; Not a cloud hangs o'er my way, And I'm

cheer my faint - ing soul, While I'm cling - ing to the Rock.
Sav - ior at my side, And I'm cling - ing to the Rock.
hap - py all the day, Since I'm cling - ing to the Rock.

CHORUS.

I am cling-ing to the Rock, I can stand the tempest's shock, For the

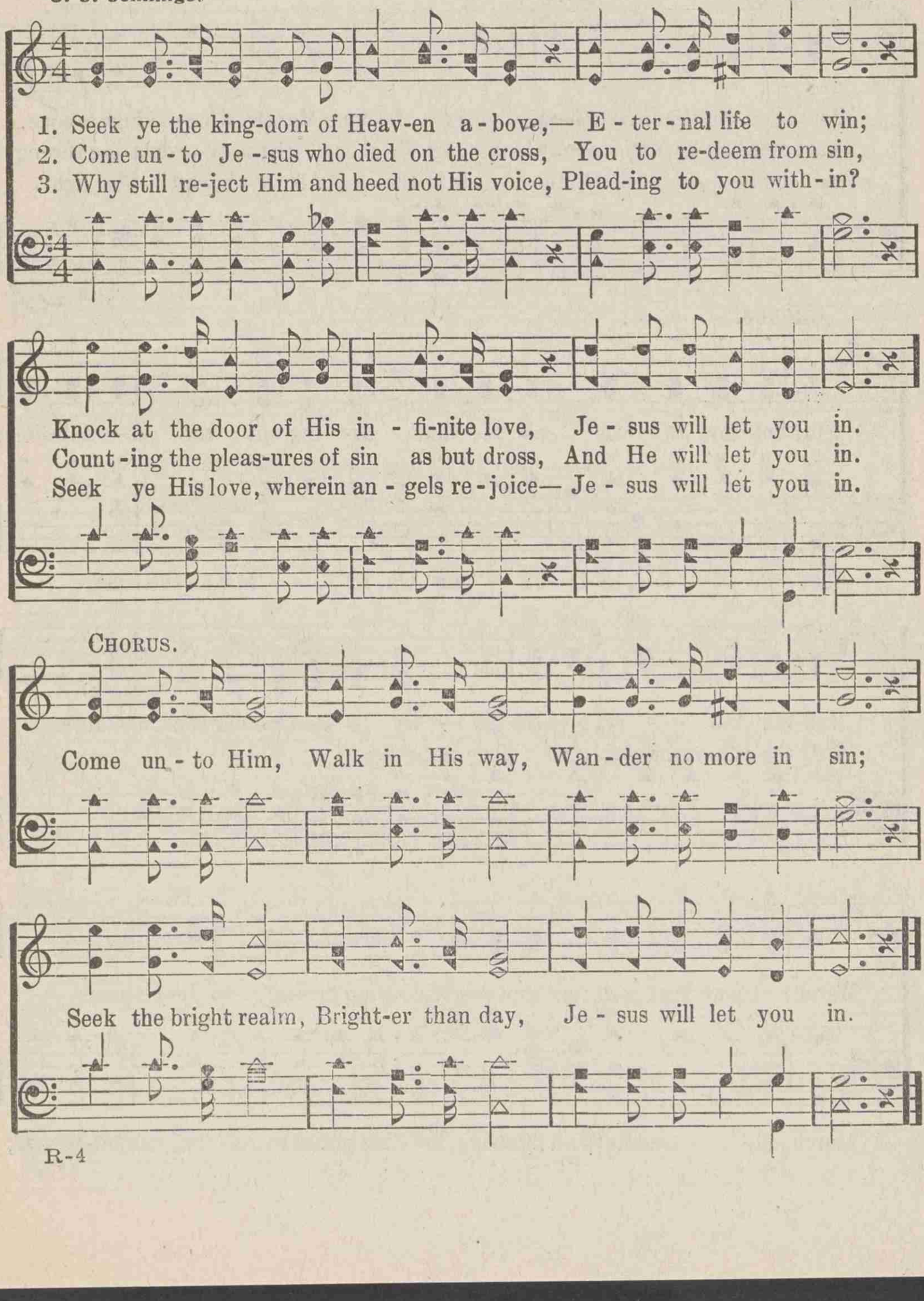
Sav - ior safely holds me by the hand; Here no e - vil can be-tide,

safe - ly holds me by the hand;

I Am Clinging to the Rock.

No. 47. Jesus Will Let You In.

C. J. Jennings. USED BY PERMISSION. C. B. Davis.



No. 48. Follow Jesus.

James Rowe. Claude E. Anthony.

1. March a-way to-day with the Father's mighty Son, In the gold-en light of love;
2. Keep the standard high in the golden light of grace, Beating back the host of wrong,
3. We shall reign with Him while e-ter-ni-ty goes by, If His bat-tles here we fight;

Would you win the crown, there is fighting to be done For the King of kings a-bove.
That some hap-py day we may look up-on His face, With the ev-er-last-ing throng.
And shall ev - er dwell with the an-gels in the sky, Al-ways happy in His light.

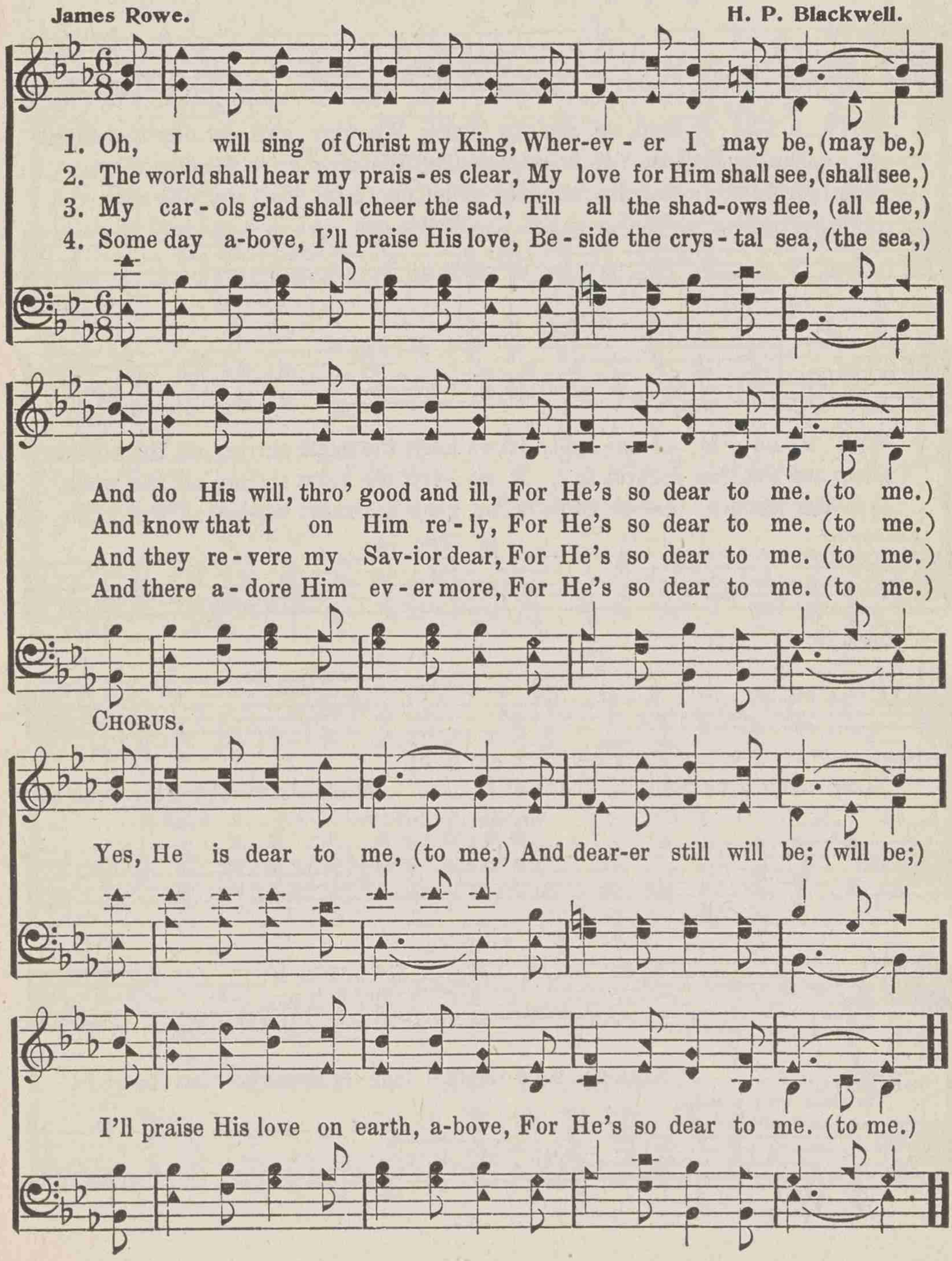
CHORUS.

Oh, fol - low Je - sus all the time, Giv - ing out the news sub-lime;
Oh, fol - low, fol-low Je - sus, Oh, fol - low all the time;
Tell the sto - - ry, give the glo - ry To the One our souls a - dore.
Tell the sto - ry bright, give glo - ry bright
March on, and fight with all your might, Letting praise.. to Je-sus soar;
March on, ... and keep on fight-ing, Let-ting praise to Je - sus sweet-ly soar;

Follow Jesus.

No. 49. He is So Dear to Me.

James Rowe. H. P. Blackwell.



No. 50. Keep the Heart Singing.

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

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

1. We may light-en toil and care, Or a heav-y bur-den share, With a word, a kind-ly deed, or sun-ny smile; We may gird-le day and night
2. If His love is in the soul, And we yield to His con-trol, Sweetest mu-sic will the lone-ly hours be-guile; We may drive the clouds a-way,
3. How a word of love will cheer, Kin-dle hope, and ban-ish fear, Soothe a pain, or take a-way the sting of guile; Oh, how much we all may do,

With a ha-lo of de-light, If we keep the heart singing all the while.
Cheer and bless the darkest day, If we keep the heart singing all the while.
In the world we trav-el thro', If we keep the heart singing all the while.

CHORUS.

Keep the heart singing all the while; . . . . Make the world brighter with a smile; . . . . . Keep the song ringing! lone-ly hours we may be-guile,

singing, singing all the while; brighter, brighter with a smile;

FINE. D. S.

No. 51. We Shall Stand Before the King.

COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY E. O. EXCELL.

E. O. E. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.

1. We shall stand be-fore the King, With the angels we shall sing, By and by,
2. Ring, ye bells of heaven, ring, We shall stand before the King, By and by,
3. Wake, my soul, thy tribute bring, Thou shalt stand before the King, By and by,

by and by

by and by; Walk the bright, the golden shore, Praising Him forevermore,
by and by; There our sorrows will be o'er, There His name we will adore,
by and by; Lay thy trophies at His feet, In His likeness stand complete,

by and by;

CHORUS.

By and by,.... by and by. We shall stand... before the King,...

By and by, by and by. We shall stand, before the King,

With the an-gels we shall sing, Glo-ry, glo-ry to our King, Hal-le-

lu - jah, hal-le-lu - jah, We shall stand.... be-fore the King.

Hal-le-lu-jah; hal-le-lu-jah; we shall stand,

No. 52. Over and Over Again.

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

Floy S. Armstrong. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. How man-y times has He lightened our cares, O-ver and o-ver a - gain! How many times has He answered our prayers, Over and over a - gain! Then tell of His good-ness to thee and to thine, And tell of His mercies to me and to mine, Re-peat the old sto-ry of par-don di - vine, O - ver and o-ver a - gain. . . . .
2. He ne'er re - fus-es to hear, tho' we call O - ver and o-ver a - gain, Sends show'rs of blessings so freely on all, O-ver and o - ver a - gain; Oh, why are you si - lent so often, so long, When telling the story will turn them from wrong? Then tell it, O tell it in praise or in song,
3. Tho' we may wander in by-ways of sin, O - ver and o-ver a - gain, The heart of Je-sus will bid us come in, O-ver and o - ver a - gain; Then let us be will - ing, wher-ev-er the place, To tell of His kindness, His pardon, His grace, And some day in glory we'll look on His face, O - - ver and o - ver a - gain.

CHORUS.

O - ver and o-ver a - gain, . . . O - ver and o-ver a - gain, ...
and o - ver a - gain, and o - ver a - gain,

Over and Over Again.

No. 53. Beautiful Isle.

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

Jessie B. Pounds. J. S. Fearis.

No. 54. Glory By and By.

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

1. When our work on earth is done, And the crown of vic-t'ry won, We shall hear a "welcome home" up on high; He will bid us welcome there, Give to us
2. Soon the home-gate will un-fold, Then a-long the streets of gold We shall sing, with Christ our Friend sweetly nigh; With that everlasting throng We shall re-
3. All our cares will pass a-way At the dawn-ing of the day, And our hearts no more will sor-row or sigh; In His pres-ence we shall be, Spreading the

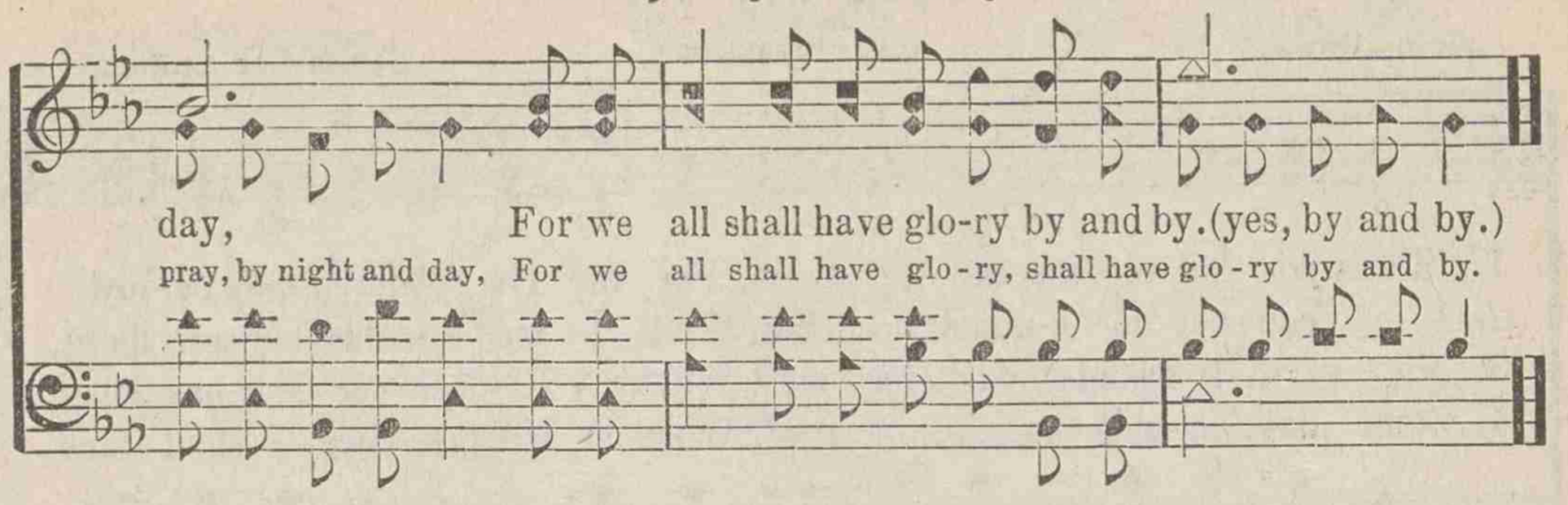
man-sions bright and fair; Oh, we sure-ly shall all have glo-ry by and by.
peat the end-less song; Oh, we sure-ly shall all have glo-ry by and by.
glad e-ter-ni-ty; Oh, we sure-ly shall all have glo-ry by and by.

CHORUS.

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

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

Glory By and By.



No. 55. Room at the Cross.

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

No. 56. Just For Me.

James Rowe. USED BY PERMISSION. Selma Lee Cullom.

1. 'Twas just for me the Sav-ior came, For me He suf-fered here be-low,
2. I can-not do e-nough for Him, While I am on this bar-ren shore,
3. No earth-ly friend could do for me What my Re-deem-er dear has done;
4. Some day, in-side the gates of gold, When in His pres-ence I shall stand,

So while I live I'll praise His name With joy, wher-ev-er I may go.
But, oh, be-yond the shad-ows dim, I shall ex-alt Him ev-er-more.
So true to Him my soul shall be Un-til the set-ting of the sun.
My love for Him shall then be told In songs of rap-ture sweet and grand.

CHORUS.

'Twas just for me He bled and died, 'Tis
For me He bled and died,
just for me He pleads a-bove; So, in the
For me He pleads a-bove;
shel-ter of His wound-ed side, My soul shall praise His love.
great love.

No. 57. Only Sleeping.

O. H. Winchester. USED BY PERMISSION. Rev. Millard H. Smith.

1. She is sleep - - ing, on - ly sleep - ing,.. And her
1. She is sleep-ing, on - ly sleep - ing, on - ly sleep - ing,
2. I am watch - ing, cling-ing ev - er.... To the
2. I am watch-ing, cling-ing ev - er, cling-ing ev - er,
3. On that morn - - ing she will meet me... In her
3. On that morn-ing she will meet me, she will meet me,

form..... is laid a - way, In the heav'n - ly Fa-ther's
And her form is laid a - way, is laid a - way, In the heav'n-ly Fa - ther's
Sav - - ior I a - dore, Sure that soon,.... be-yond the
To the Sav-ior I a - dore, whom I a - dore, Sure that soon, be-yond the
Fa - - ther's house a - bove, With dear hands... out-stretched to
In her Fa-ther's house a - bove, the home a - bove, With dear hands out-stretched to

D.S.—*tri - - als have been borne; Rest-ing in..... her Fa-ther's*
All her tri-als have been borne, yes, have been borne; Rest-ing in her Fa-ther's

rit. FINE.

keep-ing, Till the Res - - ur-rec-tion Day.
keep - ing, in His keep-ing, Till the Res-ur-rec-tion Day, that hap-py day.
riv - er, I shall be..... with her once more.
riv - er, o'er the riv - er, I shall be with her once more, for-ev - er-more.
greet me, And the same..... sweet smile of love.
greet me, yes, to greet me, And the same sweet smile of love, her ten-der love.

keep - ing, Till the Res - - ur - rec-tion Morn.
keep - ing, in His keep-ing, Till the Res-ur - rec-tion Morn, that hap-py morn.

CHORUS. D. S.

She is sleep-ing,..... on - ly sleep - ing,..... All her
Sleep - ing, sleep-ing, sleep-ing, Sleep - ing, sleep-ing, sleep-ing,

No. 58. Are You Living a Life That Counts?

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

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

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

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

CHORUS.

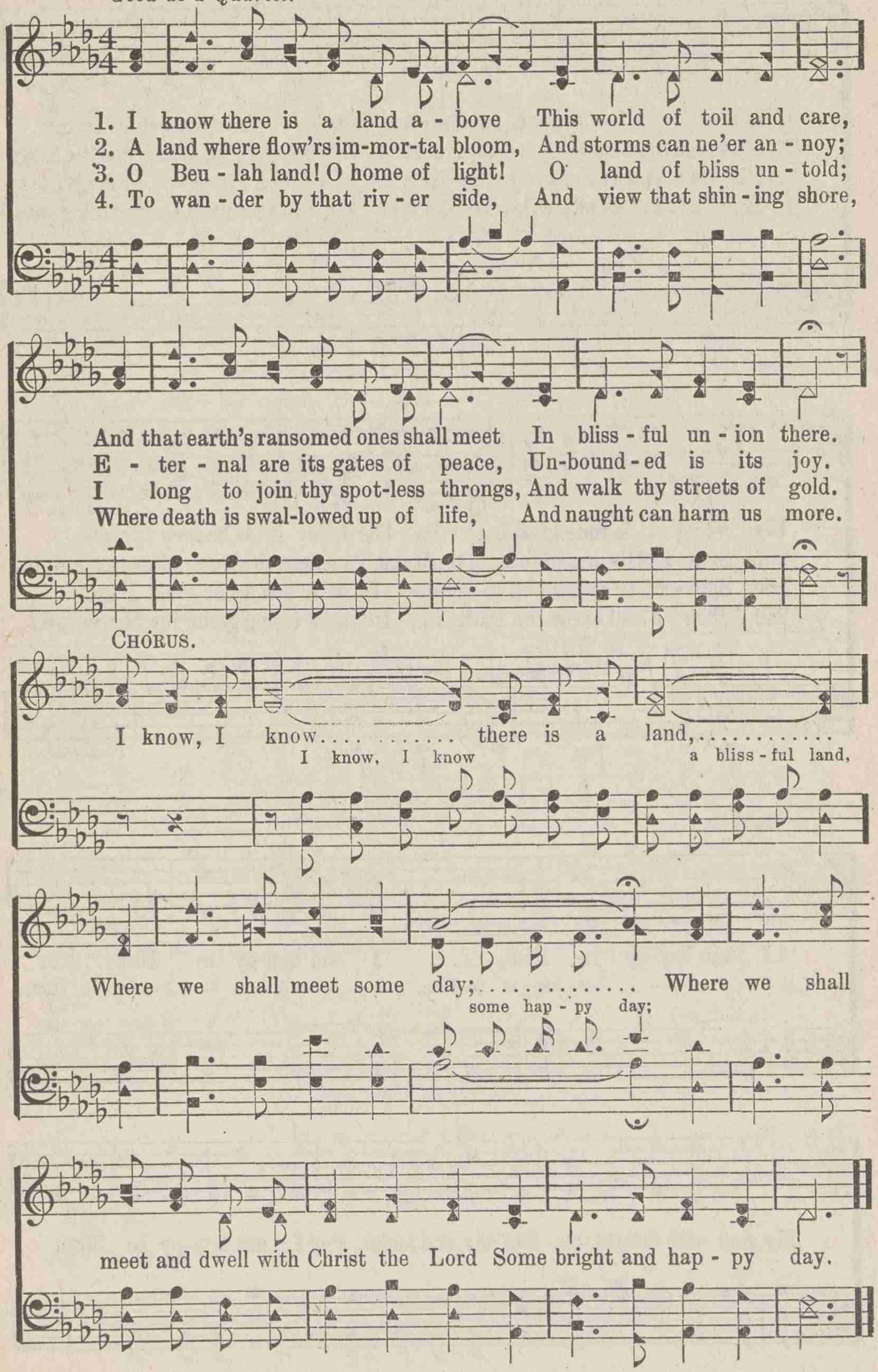
Are you liv-ing a life that counts? Are you liv-ing a life that counts? Have you
that counts? that counts?

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

No. 59. The Land Above.

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

Good as a Quartet.



No. 60. I Am Happy in Him.

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

E. O. E. E. O. Excell.

1. My soul is so hap-py in Je - sus, For He is so precious to me;
2. He sought me so long ere I knew Him, When wand'ring afar from the fold;
3. His love and His mer-cy sur-round me, His grace like a riv-er doth flow;
4. They say I shall some day be like Him, My cross and my burden lay down;

His voice it is mu-sic to hear it, His face it is heaven to see.
Safe home in His arms He hath bro't me, To where there are pleasures untold.
His Spir - it, to guide and to comfort, Is with me wher-ev-er I go.
Till then I will ev-er be faith-ful, In gath-er-ing gems for His crown.

CHORUS.

I am hap-py in Him,..... I am hap-py in Him;.....
I..... am hap-py in Him, I..... am hap-py in Him;

My soul with delight He fills day and night, For I am hap-py in Him.

No. 61. He Gareth For You.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY J. OWEN LONG, HARRISONBURG, VA.
USED BY PERMISSION.

J. O. L. J. Owen Long.

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

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

REFRAIN.

He car - - - eth for

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

He car - - - eth, He

Yes, Je - sus the Sav - ior still

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

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

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

No. 62. Let Us Each Count One.

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

With vim.

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

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

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

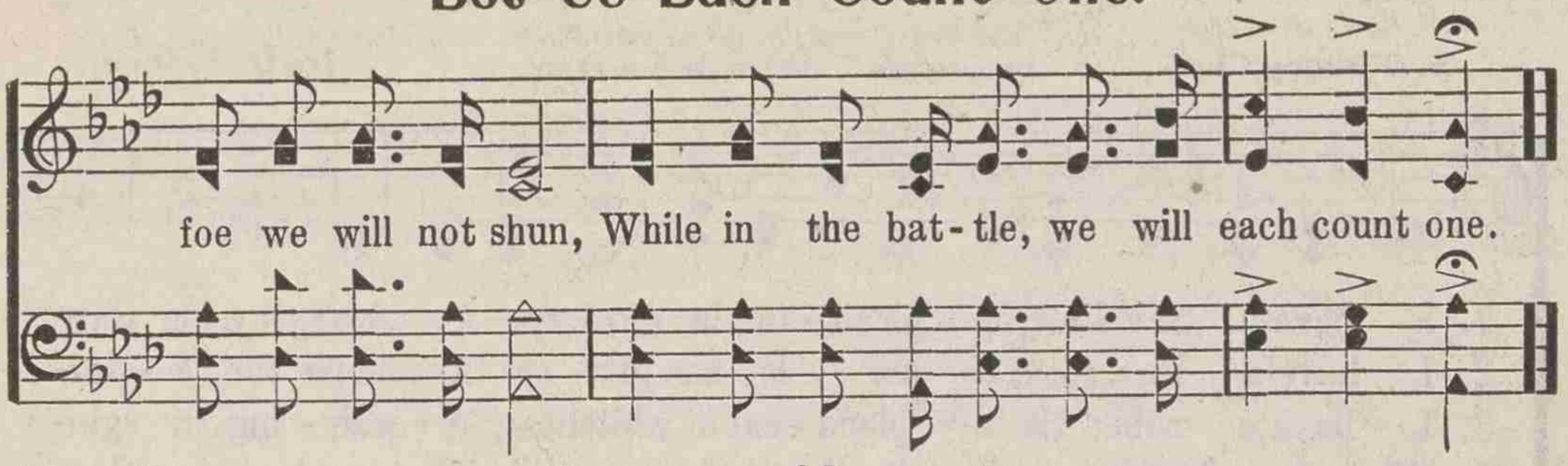
CHORUS. *All voices in unison.*

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

Harmony.

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

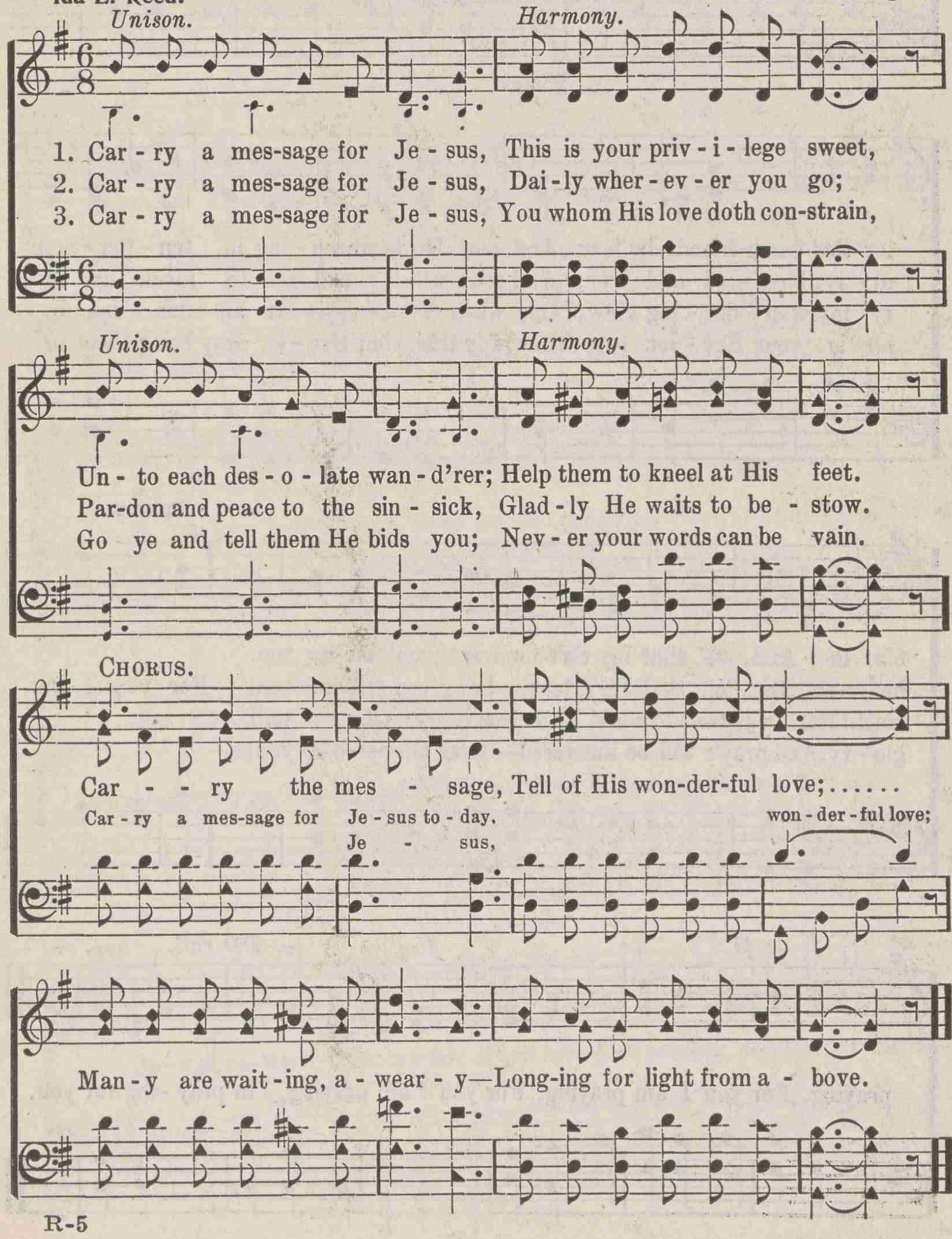
Let Us Each Count One.



No. 63. Carry a Message.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY J. OWEN LONG.

Ida L. Reed. J. Owen Long.



No. 64. I Am Praying for You.

COPYRIGHT 1904, BY IRA D. SANKEY.
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S. O'Maley Cluff. Ira D. Sankey.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

No. 65. If You Love Your Mother.

Arr. and 4th stanza by J. D. V.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY JAMES D. VAUGHAN.
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James D. Vaughan.

1. In a lone-ly grave-yard, man-y miles a-way, Lies your own dear mother,
2. Now the dear old home has lost its charms for you, One dear form is ab-sent,
3. Leave the fields of sin and to the Sav-ior flee, He who saved dear mother,
4. What a hap-py meet-ing o-ver in that land, When you meet your mother,

slumb'ring 'neath the clay; O have you for-got-ten all her tears and sighs?
moth-er kind and true; She is liv-ing now where pleasure nev-er dies,
sure-ly will save thee; Give up all for Je-sus, make the sac-ri-fice,
and the kin-dred band; There will be no part-ing, no more bit-ter cries,

CHORUS.

If you love your mother, meet her in the skies. She is wait-ing for you
in that happy home, Turn from sin's dark pathway, do no longer roam; Give your heart to
Je-sus, up-ward lift your eyes, If you love your mother, meet her in the skies.

No. 66. God Will Reward You.

W. H. R. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY THE RUEBUSH-KIEFFER CO. Will H. Ruebush.

1. Do you help your burdened broth-er with a heav-y load to bear? Do you stoop to lift the fainting by the way? (by the way?) You could give a balm for
2. Ver-y oft a lov-ing hand-clasp is the ver-y thing they need; Do you give it and pause long enough to say,(this to say,)"'Brother, may God's riches
3. You may have within great for-ces, not of sil-ver nor of gold, That would make for some the road a pleasant way;(pleasant way;)Do not stint your man-y

sor-row, oft-en dry a mourn-er's tear; Do not slight them, you shall
fill you and His hand for-ev-er lead"? If you do, then you shall
bless-ings nor a good from them with-hold; Give, and, giv-ing, you shall

CHORUS.

have re-ward some day. God will re-ward you, sure-ly re-ward you,
some sweet day.

Go with re-joic-ing on your la-bor of love; Lift up an-oth-er,

God Will Reward You.

share with a broth-er; You have as - sur-ance that re-ward waits a - bove.

No. 67. Home At Last.

W. H. R. USED BY PERMISSION. Will H. Ruebush.

1. Home at last from darkness of night, Home at last, and in - to the light;
2. Home at last, the way has been long; Home at last to en - ter with song;
3. Home at last, how bless-ed the clime! Home at last, its beau-ties all mine;

Home at last, and out of sin's blight; Home at last with Je - sus.
Home at last to greet the blest throng; Home at last with Je - sus.
Home at last, the joy-bells all chime; Home at last with Je - sus.

CHORUS.

Home, home, oh, to be home; Home, home, no more to roam;

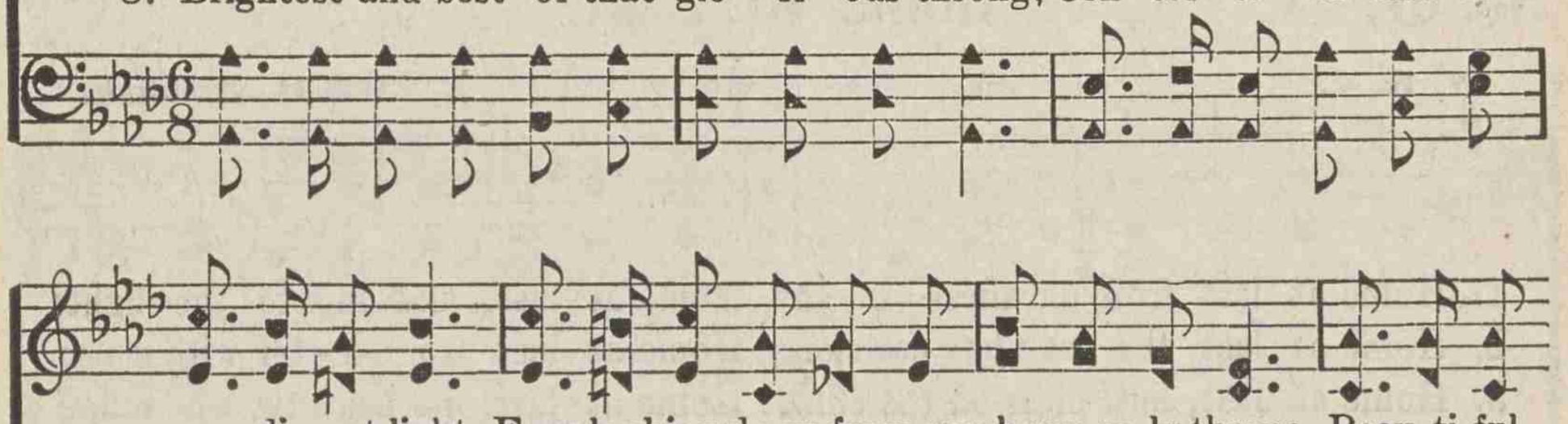
Home, home, no shad-ows come, Home at last with Je - sus.

No. 68. Beautiful, Beckoning Hands.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY THE RUEBUSH-KIEFFER CO.

Slow, and with expression. **Arr. by J. H. Hall.**

1. Beau - ti - ful hands at the gate-way to - night, Fa - ces all shin-ing with
2. Beau - ti - ful hands of a moth - er whose love Sac - ri-ficed life, its de-
3. Beau - ti - ful hands of a lit - tle one see, Ba - by voice call-ing, oh,
4. Beau - ti - ful hands of a hus-band or wife, Wait-ing and watching the
5. Brightest and best of that glo - ri - ous throng, Cen - ter of all and the



ra - di - ant light, Eyes looking down from yon heav-en-ly throne, Beau-ti-ful
vo - tion to prove; Hands of a fa - ther to mem - o - ry dear, Beck'ning up
moth-er, to thee, Ros-y-cheeked darling, the light of our home, Ta - ken so
loved one of life; Hands of a broth - er, a sis - ter, or friend, Out from the
theme of my song, Je - sus, my Sav - ior, the pierc-ed One stands, Lov-ing-ly

CHORUS.

hands, they are beck - on - ing "come."
high - er the wait - ing ones here.
ear - ly, is beck - on - ing "come." Beau-ti-ful hands, beck - on - ing hands,
gate - way to-night they ex - tend.
call - ing with beck - on - ing hands.

Call-ing the dear ones to heavenly lands; Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful, beckoning hands.

No. 69. 'Tis Enough.

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

(1.) E-nough to fill

1. { 'Tis e-nough to know that Je-sus loves me, E-nough to fill.....
   { 'Tis e-nough to feel His arm a-round me, The fel-low-ship.....

2. { 'Tis e-nough to know that Christ forgives me, E-nough to bear .....
   { 'Tis e-nough to feel His cleansing pow-er; E-nough to feel.....

3. { 'Tis e-nough to know that Je-sus saves me, E-nough to fill.....
   { 'Tis e-nough to know that mansions wait me, Where there is bliss.....

CHORUS.

(1) this heart of mine;

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

'Tis e-nough, 'tis e-

'Tis e-nough,

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

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

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

No. 70. It's Just Like Jesus.

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

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

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

It's Just Like Jesus.

just like Je - sus, who died up - on the tree; Yes, it's just like

Je - sus to bear the cross for me, And prove His heav'n-ly love.

No. 71. Close to Thee.

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

1. Thou, my ev - er - last - ing por - tion, More than friend or life to me;
2. Not for ease or world-ly pleas - ure, Nor for fame my prayer shall be;
3. Lead me thro' the vale of shad - ows, Bear me o'er life's fit - ful sea;

FINE.

D. S.—All a - long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sav - ior, let me walk with Thee.
D. S.—Glad-ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
D. S.—Then the gate of life e - ter - nal May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.

REFRAIN. D. S.

Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee;

No. 72. Scatter Sunshine.

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Lanta Wilson Smith. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.

1. In a world where sor-row Ev-er will be known, Where are found the need-y, And the sad and lone; How much joy and com-fort
2. Slightest ac-tions oft-en Meet the sor-est needs, For the world wants dai-ly Lit-tle kind-ly deeds; Oh, what care and sor-row
3. When the days are gloom-y Sing some hap-py song, Meet the world's re- pin-ing with a cour-age strong; Go with faith un-daunt-ed

You can all be-stow, If you scat-ter sun-shine Ev-'ry-where you go.
You may help re-move, With your songs and courage, Sym-pa-thy and love.
Thro' the ills of life; Scat-ter smiles and sun-snine O'er its toil and strife.

CHORUS.

Scat - - ter sun-shine all a-long your way, . . Cheer and bless and
Scatter the smiles and sun-shine o-ver the way,
bright-en Ev-'ry pass-ing day; . . . Ev-'ry pass-ing day.
pass-ing day;

No. 73. Nobody Told Me of Jesus.

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

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Would you care if some friend you have met day by day Should nev - er be
2. Care you not if one soul of the chil-dren of men Should nev - er be
3. Would you care if your crown should be star-less - ly dim, Be - cause you led
4. Then be si - lent no long - er! but ear - nest-ly pray For grace to the

told a - bout Je-sus? Are you will - ing that he in the judgment shall say;
bro't un - to Je-sus? Or would say in that day when He com-eth a-gain,
ne one to Je-sus? Make it true that some heart shall not an-swer to Him:
tell - ing of Je-sus, So that no one can say on that great judgment day,

CHORUS.

"No one ev - er told me of Je - sus." No - bod - y told me of

Je - sus, No - bod - y told me of Je - sus; So ma - ny I have met—

but they seem'd to for - get To tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus.

No. 74. I Am Waiting.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

No. 75. 'Tis Sweet to Know.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY J. OWEN LONG, HARRISONBURG, VA. **J. Owen Long.**

DUET. SOP. AND ALTO. *Not too fast.*

1. 'Tis sweet to know that Je - sus knows Our deep-est cares, our strongest foes,
2. 'Tis sweet to know that He will keep His children when the storm shall sweep,
3. 'Tis sweet to know that we shall see Our Sav-ior when the shad-ows flee,

And that His love will keep us strong Un - til we sing the vic-t'ry-song.
And e - ven thro' the dark-est night His love will flood our souls with light.
And with the ransomed of the race For - ev - er praise re-deem-ing grace.

CHORUS.

'Tis sweet to know..... that this dear Friend ..... Will stay be-
'Tis sweet to know that this dear Friend
side..... us till the end,..... And that, when all.....life's cares are
Will stay beside us till, until the end, And that, when all
o'er,..... We shall be His..... for - ev - er - more.....
life's cares are o'er, We shall be His, yes, His for-ev-er-more.

No. 76. I'm the Purchase of the Blood.

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

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

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

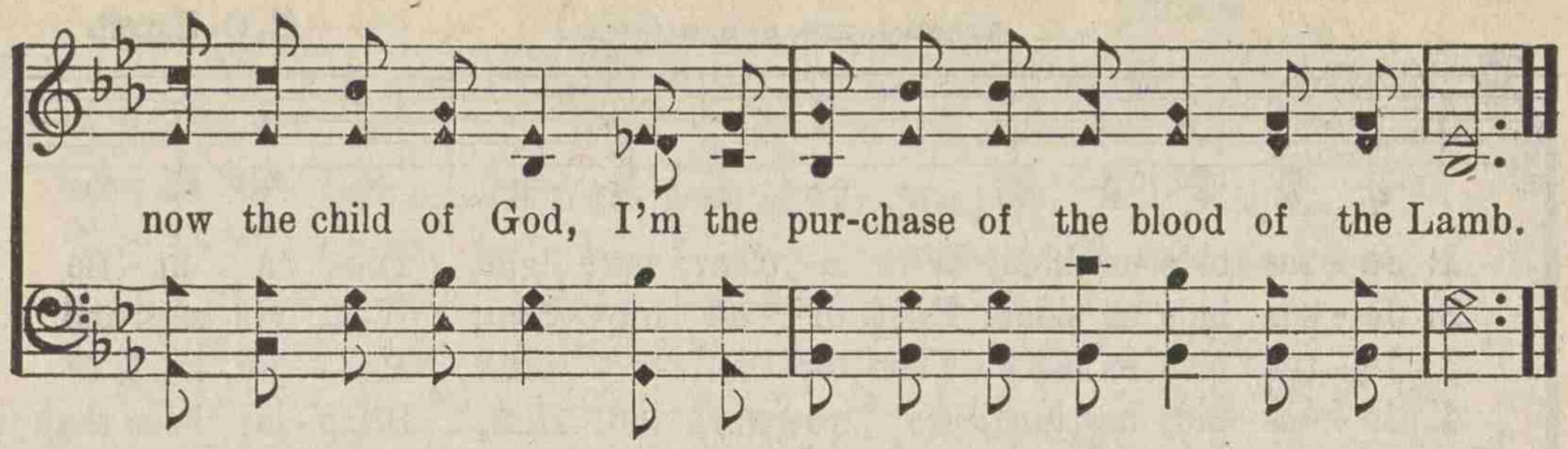
made me pure with-in, I'm the pur-chase of the blood of the Lamb.
His e-ter-nal-ly, I'm the pur-chase of the life-giv-ing blood.
Him I have a place, I'm the pur-chase of His in-fi-nite love.

CHORUS.

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

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

I'm the Purchase of the Blood.



No. 77. Closer, Lord, to Thee.

"I have laid help upon one that is mighty."—Ps. 89: 19.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY THE RUEBUSH-KIEFFER CO.

J. Calvin Bushey.

No. 78. Jesus Bids Us Shine.

COPRIGHT, 1864, BY E. O. EXCELL.

E. O. Excell.

1. Je - sus bids us shine, With a clear, pure light, Like a lit - tle can - dle Burn - ing in the night; In this world of dark - ness,
2. Je - sus bids us shine, First of all for Him; Well He sees and knows it If our light is dim; He looks down from heav - en,
3. Je - sus bids us shine, Then for all a - round, Ma - ny kinds of dark-ness In this world a - bound, Sin and want and sor - row;
4. Je - sus bids us shine, As we work for Him, Bring - ing those that wan - der From the paths of sin; He will ev - er help us,

We must shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.
Sees us shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.
We must shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.
If we shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.

No. 79. Jesus Loves Me.

(The favorite Hymn of China)

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so; Lit - tle
2. Je - sus loves me! He who died, Heaven's gate to o - pen wide; He will
3. Je - sus loves me! loves me still, Tho' I'm ver - y weak and ill; From His
4. Je - sus loves me! He will stay Close be - side me all the way; If I

Jesus Loves Me.

CHORUS.

ones to Him be-long, They are weak but He is strong.
wash a - way my sin, Let His lit - tle child come in. Yes, Je-sus loves me,
shining throne on high, Comes to watch me where I lie.
love Him when I die, He will take me home on high.

Yes, Je - sus loves me, Yes, Je - sus loves me, The Bi - ble tells me so.

No. 80. Bring Them In.

COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY W. A. OGDEN.
USED BY PER.

Alexcenah Thomas. W. A, Ogden.

1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the des - ert dark and drear,
2. Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind, Help Him the wand'ring ones to find?
3. Out in the des - ert hear their cry, Out on the mountains wild and high,

Call - ing the sheep who've gone a-stay Far from the Shepherd's fold a - way.
Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be sheltered from the cold?
Hark! 'tis the Mas - ter speaks to thee, "Go find my sheep wher-e'er they be."

CHORUS.

{ Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;
{ Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring the wand'ring ones to } Je - sus.

No. 81. A Song of Victory.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Charlotte G. Homer. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. Loud - ly un - to the world is a cho - rus re - sound - ing,
2. Press - ing on to the bat - tle, each sol - dier re - joic - es,
3. Glo - ry! glo - ry to God in the high - est for - ev - er!

From the hosts of the Lord as they march a - long,
Sing - ing joy - ful - ly un - to the gra - cious King,
For the King in His beau - ty shall yet ap - pear;

Rich in har - mo - ny, send - ing the ech - oes re - bound - ing,
Earth is join - ing her praise with the tu - mult of voic - es,
Shout a - loud, for Je - ho - vah, our God, will de - liv - er;

Swell - ing might - i - ly from the vic - to - rious throng.
While the arch - es of heav - en with mu - sic ring.
His the bat - tle, and vic - to - ry draw - eth near.

A Song of Victory.

CHORUS.

No. 82. Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY E. O. EXCELL. RENEWAL. E. O. Excell.

1. Rock . . of A - - ges, cleft . . for me,
2. Could . . my tears . . for - ev - - er flow,
3. While . . I draw . . this fleet - - ing breath,

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Blest Rock of A - ges, cleft for me,
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Oh! Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, Yes, While I draw this fleet-ing breath,

Let . . me hide . . my - self . . in Thee;
Could . . my zeal . . no lan - - guor know,
When . . mine eyes . . shall close . . in death,

Let me hide my - self in Thee, Oh! Let me hide my - self in Thee;
Could my zeal no lan-guor know, Oh! Could my zeal no lan-guor know,
When mine eyes shall close in death, Yes, When mine eyes shall close in death,

Let . . the wa - - ter and . . the blood,
These . . for sin . . could not . . a - tone;
When . . I rise . . to worlds . . un - known,

Let the wa - ter and the blood, Oh! Let the wa - ter and the blood,
These for sin could not a - tone, No, These for sin could not a - tone;
When I rise to worlds un-known, Yes, When I rise to worlds un-known,

Rock of Ages.

From . . Thy wound - ed side . . which flowed,
Thou . . must save . . and Thou . . a - lone;
And . . be - hold . . Thee on . . . Thy throne,
From Thy wound-ed side which flowed, Yes, From Thy wound-ed side which flowed,
Thou must save and Thou a - lone, Yes, Thou must save and Thou a - lone;
And be - hold Thee on Thy throne, Yes, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,
Be . . of sin . . the doub - - le cure,
In . . my hand . . no price . . I bring;
Rock . . of A - - ges, cleft . . for me,
rit.
Be of sin the doub-le cure, Yes, Be of sin the doub-le cure,
In my hand no price I bring, Lord, In my hand no price I bring;
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Blest Rock of A - ges, cleft for me,
rit.
Repeat pp.
Save . . from wrath . . and make . . me pure.
Sim - - ply to . . . Thy cross . . I cling.
Let . . me hide . . my - self . . . in Thee.
Repeat pp.
Save from wrath and make me pure, Yes, Save from wrath and make me pure.
Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling, Lord, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
Let me hide my - self in Thee, Oh, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

No. 83. All Hail, Immanuel!

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

D. R. Van Sickle. 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 earth-ly 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

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. 84. We are Soldiers of the Heavenly King.

Rev. T. C. Harper. USED BY PERMISSION Julius Rushing.

1. We are sol - diers of the heav'n-ly King, And as we go
2. We are sol - diers loy - al-heart - ed, brave; And the cause of
3. Close to our Com-mand - er we will stand, Drive the foe be -
4. Ral - ly round the ban - ner of our King, While the song of

marching on we sing; Our Com-man-der Christ will ev - er be, He will
righteousness we'll save, Turn-ing back the might - y hosts of sin, O - ver
for us from the land, Shout the watchword of our Lead-er true, While His
vic - to - ry we sing; Pow'r and might be-long - eth un - to Him Who hath

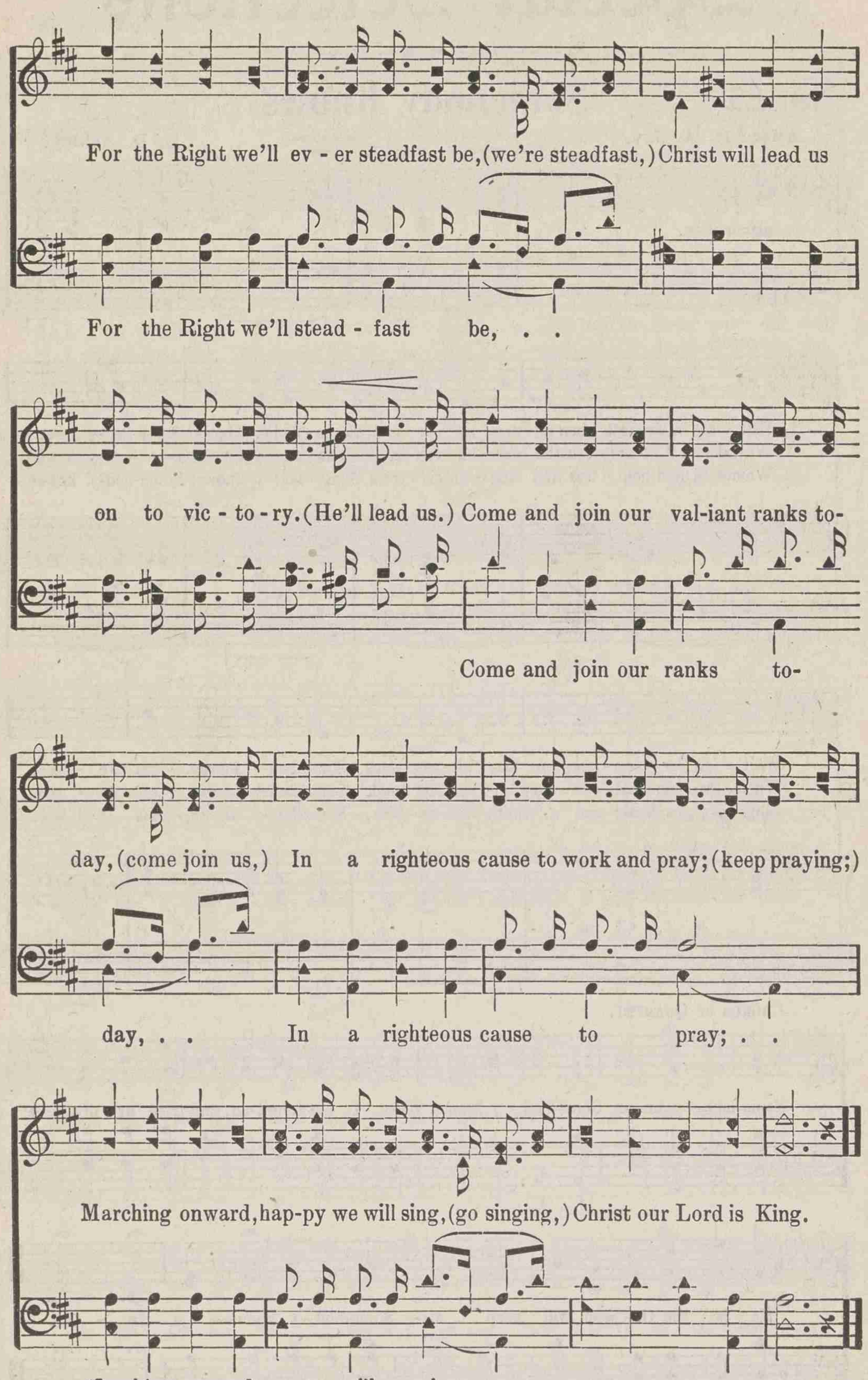
lead us on to vic - to - ry.
them the vic - to - ry to win.
will we ev - er try to do.
con-quered all the hosts of sin.

CHORUS.

We are sol-diers of the heav'nly King, (we're soldiers,) And as we go march-ing on we sing; (go sing-ing;)

We are sol-diers of the heav'nly King,..... And as we go on we sing;....

We are Soldiers of the Heavenly King.



Special Selections

No. 85. Somebody Knows.

Alfred H. Ackley.

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WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

B. D. Ackley.

Introduction.

Legato.

1. Fail - ing in strength when op - prest by my foes, Some - bod - y knows, Some-bod-y knows;
2. Why should I fear when the care - bil-lows roll? Some - bod - y knows, Some-bod-y knows;
3. Wound-ed and help - less and sick with dis - tress, Some - bod - y knows, Some-bod-y knows;

Wait - ing for some - one to ban - ish my woes, Some-bod-y knows,—'t is Je - sus.
When the deep shad - ows sweep o - ver my soul, Some-bod-y knows,—'t is Je - sus.
Long - ing for home and a moth-er's ca - ress, Some-bod-y knows,—'t is Je - sus.

CHORUS or QUARTET.

Some-bod - y knows, Some-bod - y knows When I am tempt-ed and tried by my foes;

He is the One who will keep me— Some-bod - y knows— 't is Je - sus.

No. 86. Then I Shall Understand.

James Rowe.

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Ira B. Wilson.

Introduction.

1. I do not know, I can not un - der - stand, . . Why my Re - deem - er has such
2. I know not why He should His all re - sign, . . . And suf - fer death to hide my
3. Then I will wait, and prize the pre-cious gift, . . . Un - til I hear my bless - ed

love for me,— . . Why He for - sook His home in glo - ry - land, . . . And came to
wretch-ed past; . . . But this I know, His price-less love is mine, . . . And His dear
Lord's com-mand; . . For well I know that He Him-self will lift . . . . The veil that

CHORUS or QUARTET.

earth my guilt - y soul to free. . . But some sweet morn, in yon - der bliss - ful place,
voice will tell me all at last. . . Yes, some sweet morn, in yon - der bliss - ful place,
hides, and I shall un - der - stand. . Yes, some sweet morn, in yon - der bliss - ful place,

When I with joy shall clasp my Sav - ior's hand, . . . And rest my eyes up-

on His match - less face, . . My hap - py soul will clear - ly un - der - stand. . .

No. 87. Sweet Galilee.

Neal A. McAulay.

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E. O. Excell.

No. 88. There's a Hand Held Out.

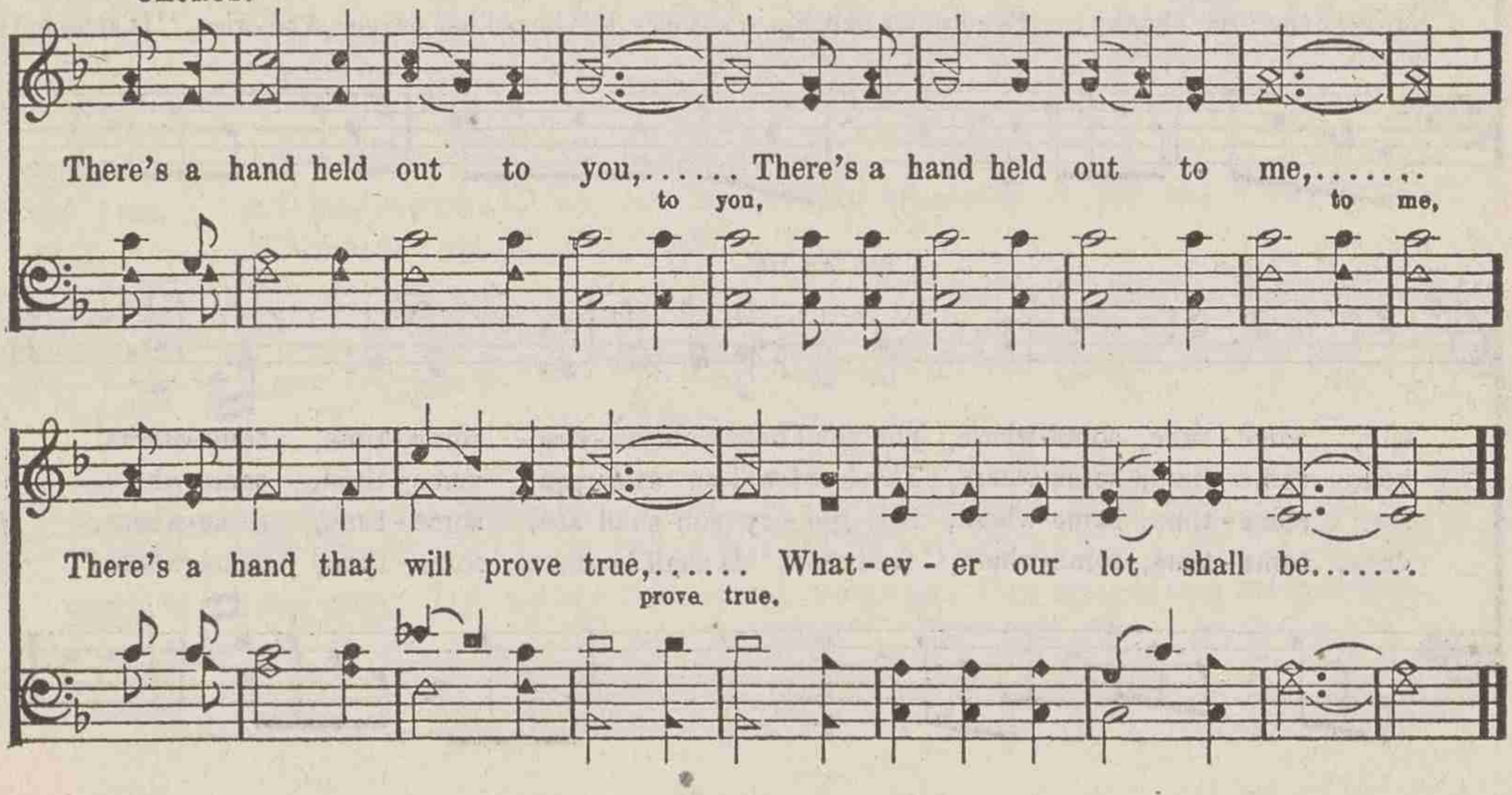
USED BY PERMISSION OF L. E. SWENEY, EXECUTRIX..

M. W. Morse. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. There's a hand held out in pit - y,..... There's a hand held out in love:.....
2. Oh, how gen - tly will it lead us!..... Oh, how ten - der is its touch!....
3. Shall I, to this hand ex-tend - ed,..... Pay no heed as it in - vites?.....
4. Nay, I would this prof-fered hand take,..... Know-ing that it leads a - right;.....

It will pi - lot to the cit - y,..... Where our Fa - ther dwells a - bove.....
'T is the bless - ed hand of Je - sus; ... We all need it, oh, so much!....
Shall my Sav - ior be of - fend-ed,..... Give I not to Him His rights?...
Yes, I would this lov - ing choice make,.., Trust-ing in His love and might.....

CHORUS.

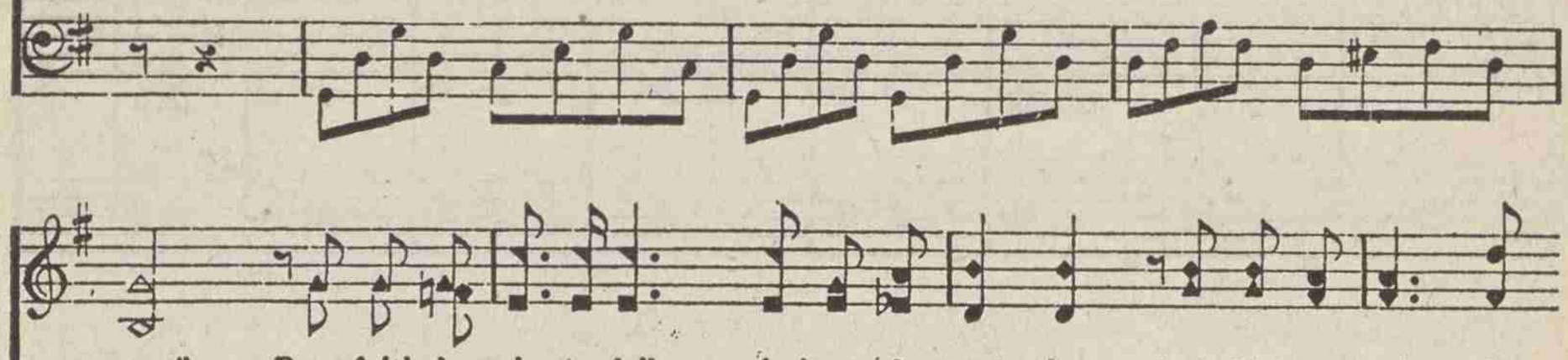


No. 89. Sometime, Somewhere.

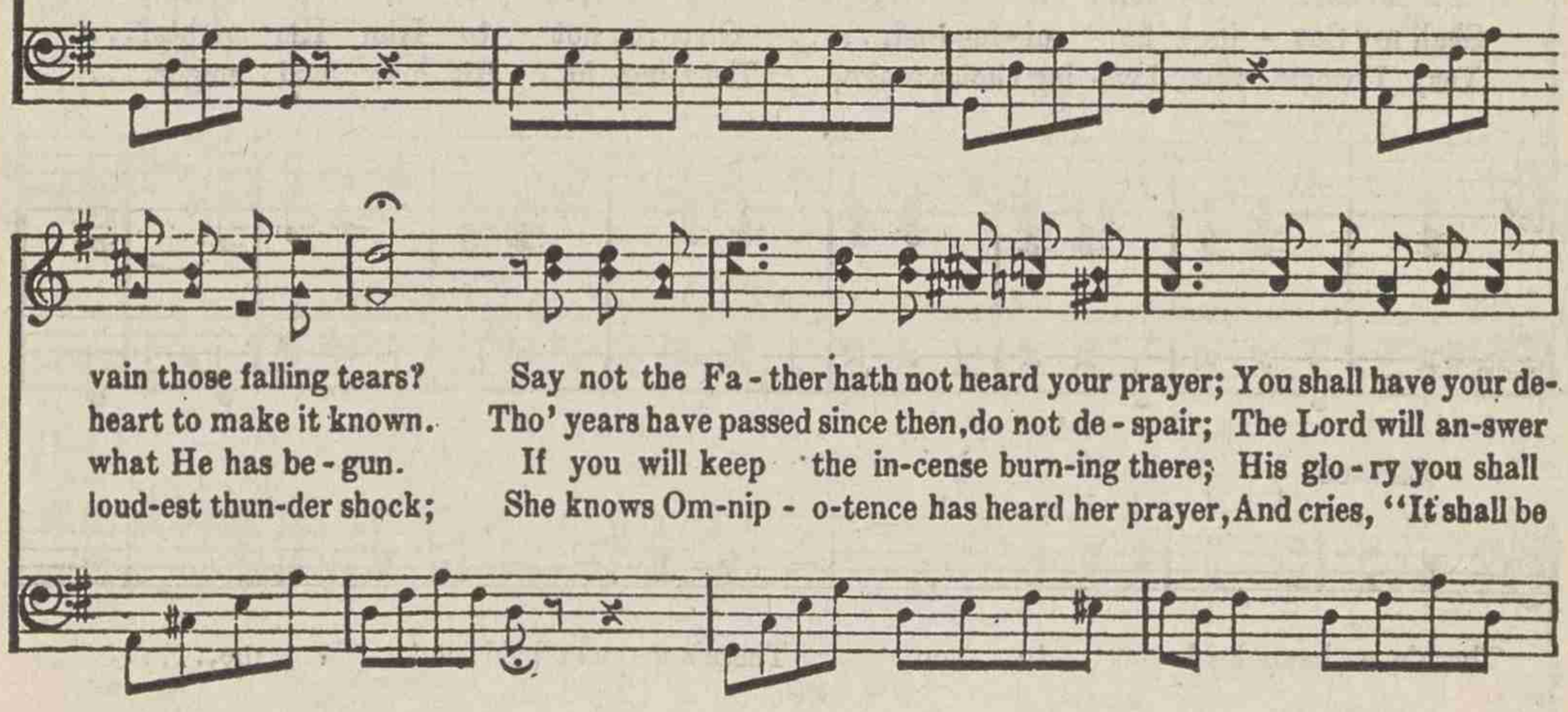
Mrs. Ophelia G. Adams. COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER. **Charlie D. Tillman.**

DUET or SOLO.

1. Un-an-swered yet? The prayer your lips have pleaded In ag - o - ny of heart these man-y years? Does faith be-gin to fail, is hope de-part - ing, And think you all in
2. Un-an-swered yet? Tho' when you first pre-sent - ed This one pe - ti - tion at the Fa-ther's throne, It seemed you could not wait the time of ask - ing, So ur - gent was your
3. Un-an-swered yet? Nay, do not say un - grant-ed; Per-haps your part is not yet whol - ly done, The work be-gan when first your prayer was ut - tered, And God will fin - ish
4. Un-an-swered yet? Faith can-not be un - an-swered; Her feet were firm - ly plant-ed on the Rock; A - mid the wild-est storm prayer stands un-daunt-ed, Nor quails be-fore the



vain those falling tears? Say not the Fa - ther hath not heard your prayer; You shall have your de-
heart to make it known. Tho' years have passed since then, do not de - spair; The Lord will an-swer
what He has be - gun. If you will keep the in-cense burn-ing there; His glo - ry you shall
loud-est thun-der shock; She knows Om-nip - o-tence has heard her prayer, And cries, "It shall be



rit. ad lib.

sire, some - time, some-where, You shall have your de - sire, some - time, some-where.
you, some - time, some-where, The Lord will an - swer you, some - time, some-where.
see, some - time, some-where, His glo - ry you shall see, some - time, some-where.
done, some - time, some-where," And cries, "It shall be done, some - time, some-where."

No. 90. Raise Me, Jesus, to Thy Bosom.

Geo. Birdseye.

COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY W. F. SHAW.
USED BY PERMISSION.

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. 91. Alone At the Beautiful Gate.

Jessie Brown Pounds.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Samuel W. Beazley.

Intro.

SOLO.

1. I dreamed that I stood at the por - tal of Heav'n, With saints of the
2. "Why came I a - lone?" to an an - gel I said; "All oth - ers have
3. "A - las!" said the an - gel, "None saw in thy face The smile of the
4. I woke from my dream with a cry in my soul; "O Lord, take my

a - ges whom Christ has for - giv'n; But I was a - lone in the
dear ones whom here they have led; Have I none who love me, who
Mas - ter, the heav - en - ly grace; He asked for thy - self, but the
life,—not a part, but the whole; No toil is a bur den, no

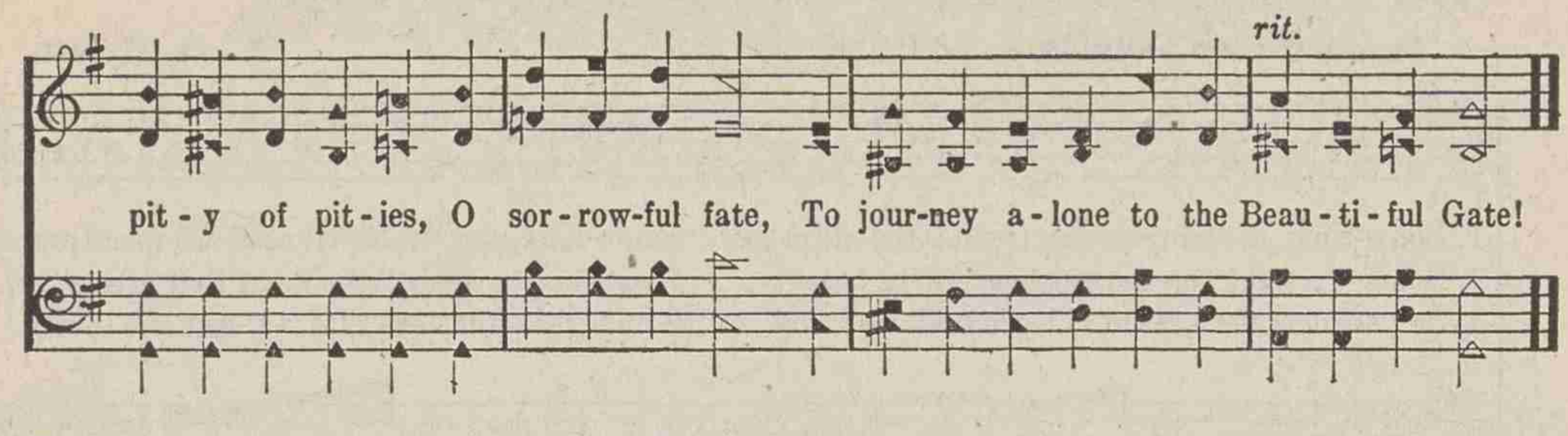
midst of the throng, And some-thing I missed from the heav - en - ly song.
watch and who wait To en - ter with me thro' the Beau - ti - ful Gate?"
price was too great, And so thou art lone - ly at Heav-en's own gate."
price is too great For one who has dreamed of the Beau - ti - ful Gate!"

rit.

CHORUS or QUARTET.

A - lone! a - lone at the Beau-ti - ful Gate! A - lone! a - lone at the Beau-ti - ful Gate! O

Alone At the Beautiful Gate.



No. 92. Eternity.

F. A. S.

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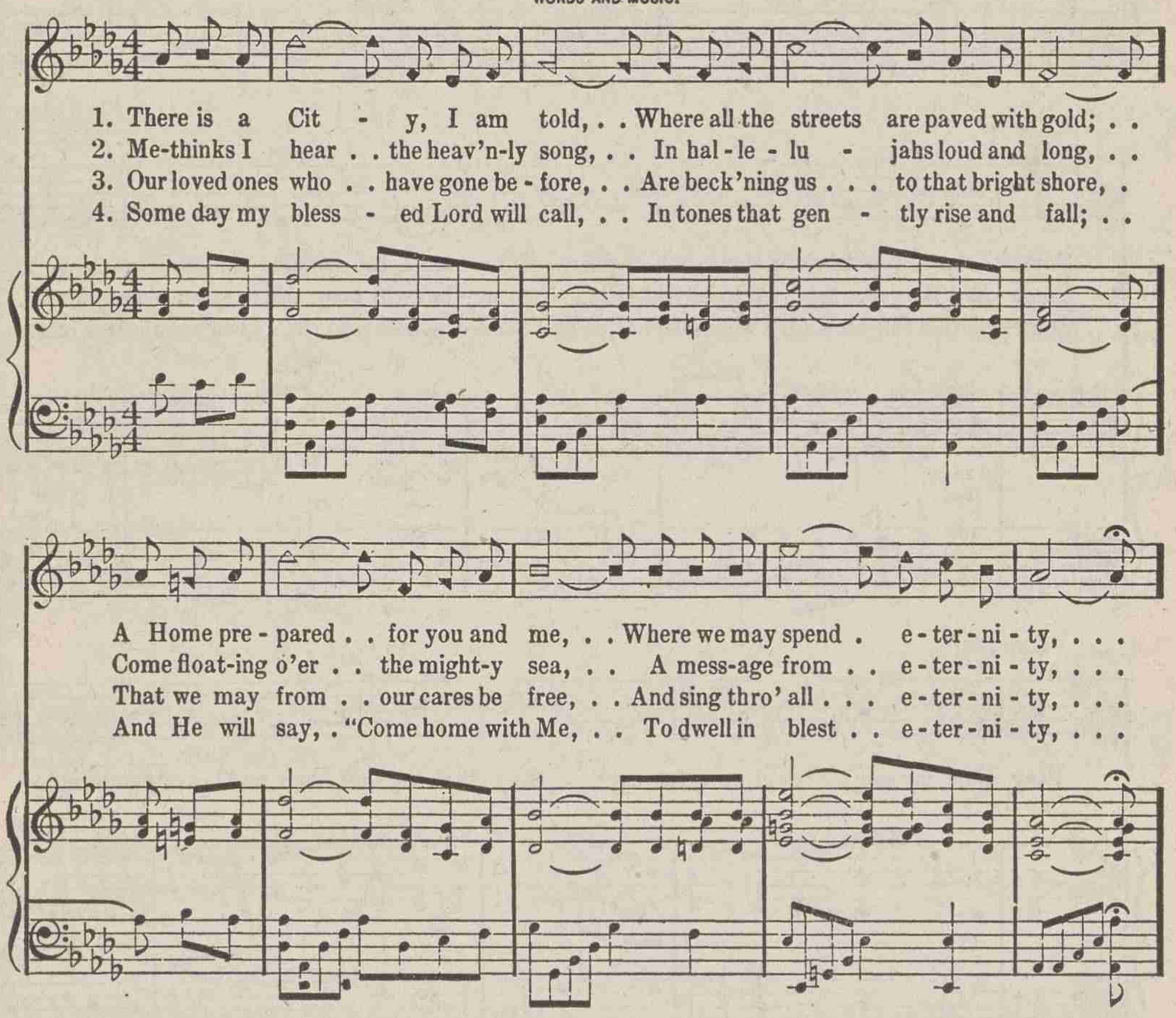
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Frank A. Simpkins.



No. 93. Sometime and Somehow.

Jessie Brown Pounds.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. Some-time, the tempest that frights thee will cease; Some-time, the Master Himself will speak peace;
2. Some - how the bur-den you bear will be borne; . . Some-how be heal-ed the heart that is torn; . .
3. Some-where the treasures long lost will be found, . . Some-where the harp that is si-lent will sound; .

Some-time, the sun thro' the clouds will ap-pear; Some - time, the meaning of life will be clear. . .
Some - how the grace that is need-ed will fall; . . Some - how thy heart will be strengthened for all.
Some-where is end-ed earth's wear-i-some quest; Some-where is rapture, and some-where is rest. .

CHORUS.

Stay thou thy soul on the prom-ise se-cure, . Stay thou thy soul, then, and bravely endure; . .

All thy dis-tress-es and doubts will be past, . Sometime, and somehow, and somewhere at last.

Devotional Hymns.

No. 94. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Gould. *First Tune.* **Arthur Sullivan.**

1. Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore;
2. At the sign of tri - umph, Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers, On to vic - to - ry!
3. Like a might-y ar-my Moves the Church of God; Brothers we are treading Where the saints have trod;
4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your voices In the triumph song;

Christ the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads against the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban-ner go!
Hell's foun-da-tions quiv - er At the shout of praise, Brothers, lift your voic-es, Loud your anthems raise.
We are not di - vid - ed; All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ, the King, This thro' countless a - ges Men and angels sing.

REFRAIN.

Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be-fore.

No. 95. Brightly Gleams our Banner.

Thomas J. Potter. *Second Tune.* **Haydn.**

1. Bright-ly gleams our ban-ner, Point-ing to the sky, Wav-ing wand'rers on-ward To their home on high.
2. Je - sus, Lord and Mas-ter, At Thy sa-cred feet, Here with hearts re-joic-ing See Thy children meet;
3. All our days di - rect us In the way we go; Lead us on vic - to - rious O - ver ev - 'ry foe;

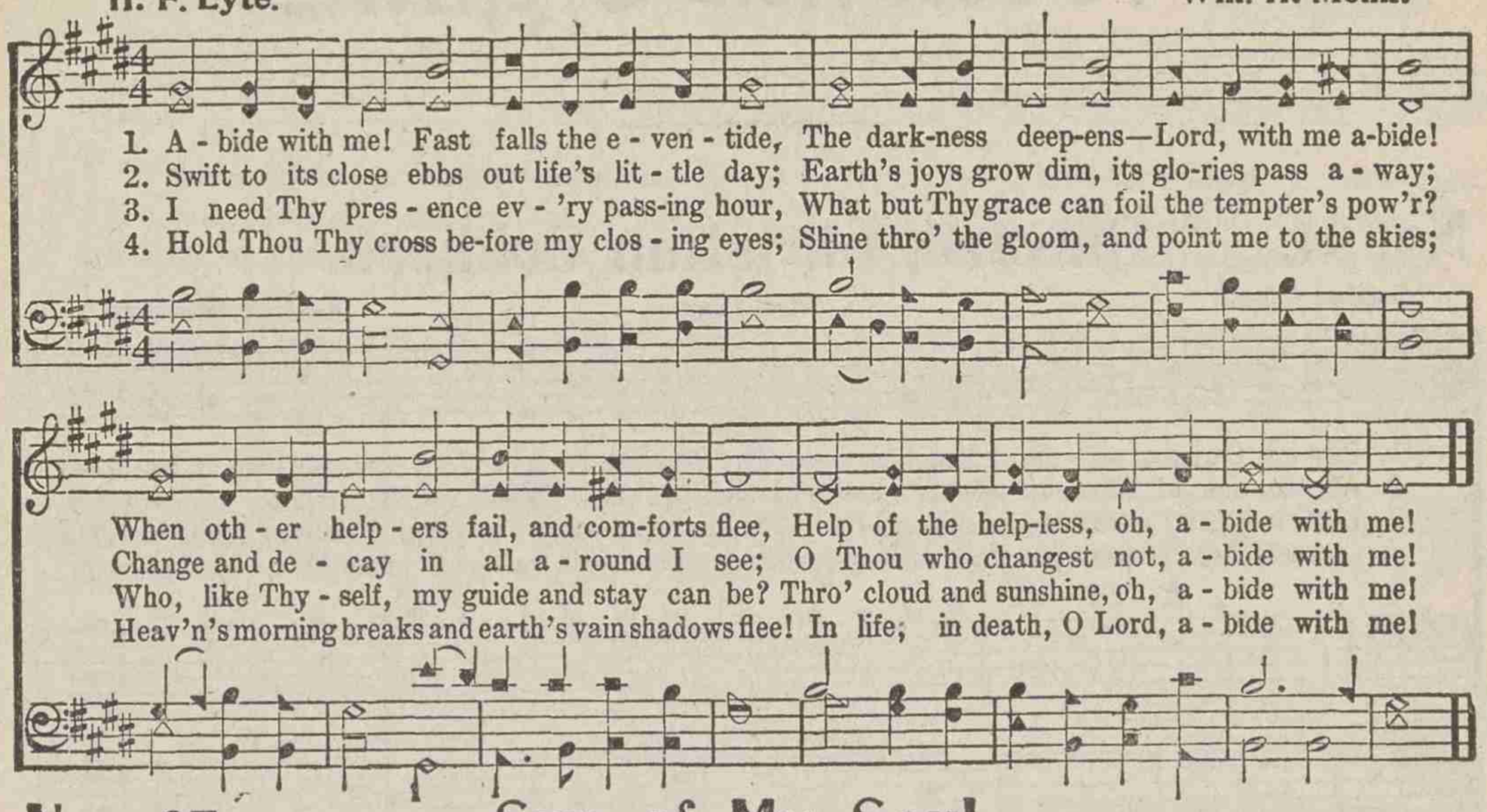
D.C.-*Brightly gleams our ban-ner, Pointing to the sky, Wav-ing wand'rers on-ward To their home on high.*

D. C.

Journeying o'er the des - ert, Glad-ly thus we pray, And with hearts u - ni - ted, Take our heav'nward way.
Oft - en have we left Thee, Oft-en gone a - stray; Keep us, might-y Sav - ior, In the nar - row way.
Bid thine an-gels shield us When the storm-clouds lower; Pardon Thou and save us In the last dread hour.

No. 96. Abide With Me.

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



No. 97. Sun of My Soul.

John Kepler. Henry Monk.

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. 98. In the Gross.

John Bowring. Ithamar Conkey.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more luster to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

No. 99. 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. 100. 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. 101. Bread of Heaven.

Josiah Conder. Ignace Pleyel.

FINE. D. S.

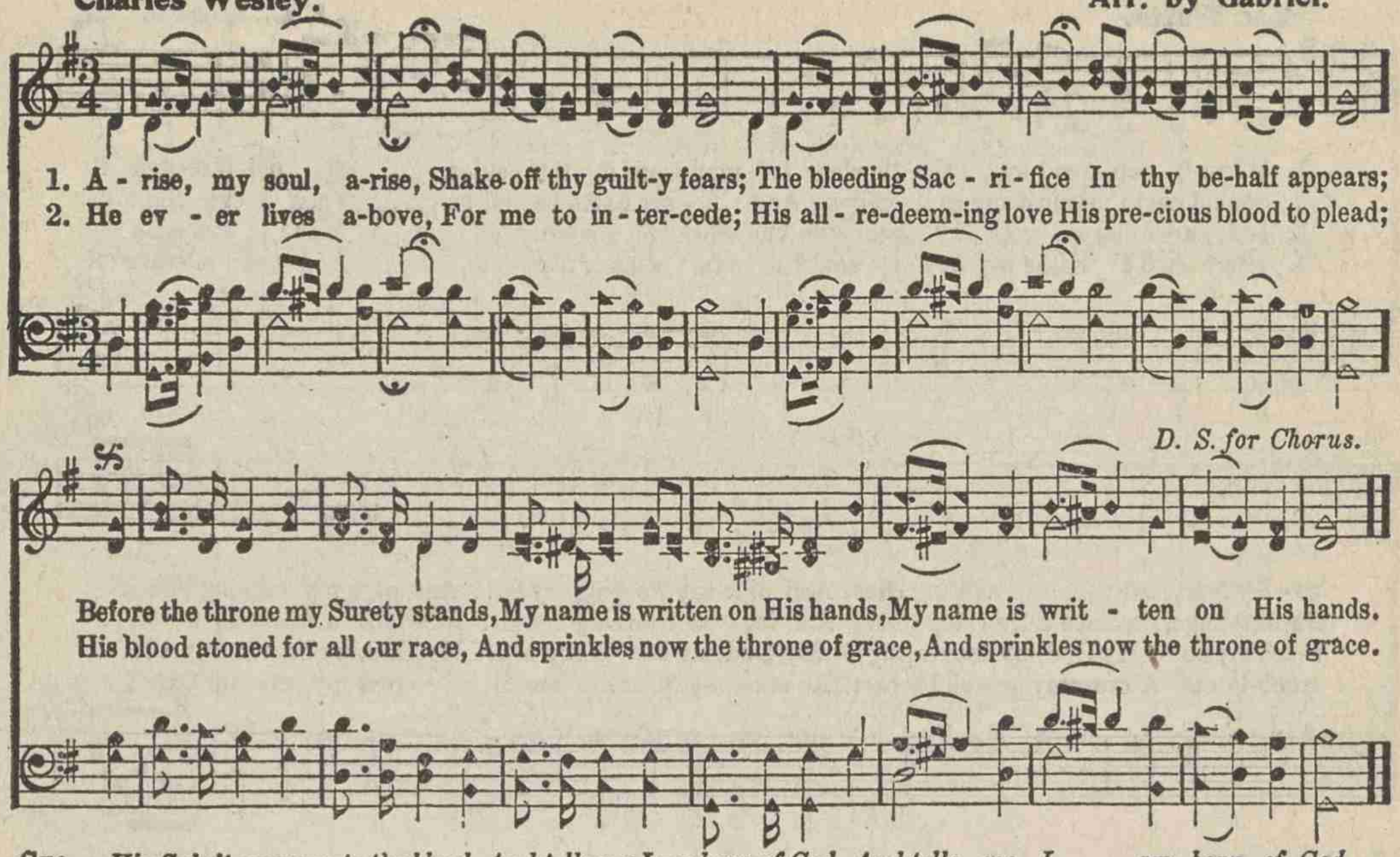
1. Bread of Heav'n, on thee we feed, For thy flesh is meat in - deed: Ev - er let our souls be fed
D. S.—With this true and liv-ing bread.

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. 102. Arise, My Soul, Arise.

Charles Wesley. **Arr. by Gabriel.**



3 Five bleeding wounds He bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me:
"Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,
"Nor let the ransomed sinner die,"
"Nor let the ransomed sinner die."

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

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

No. 103. All For Jesus.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson.

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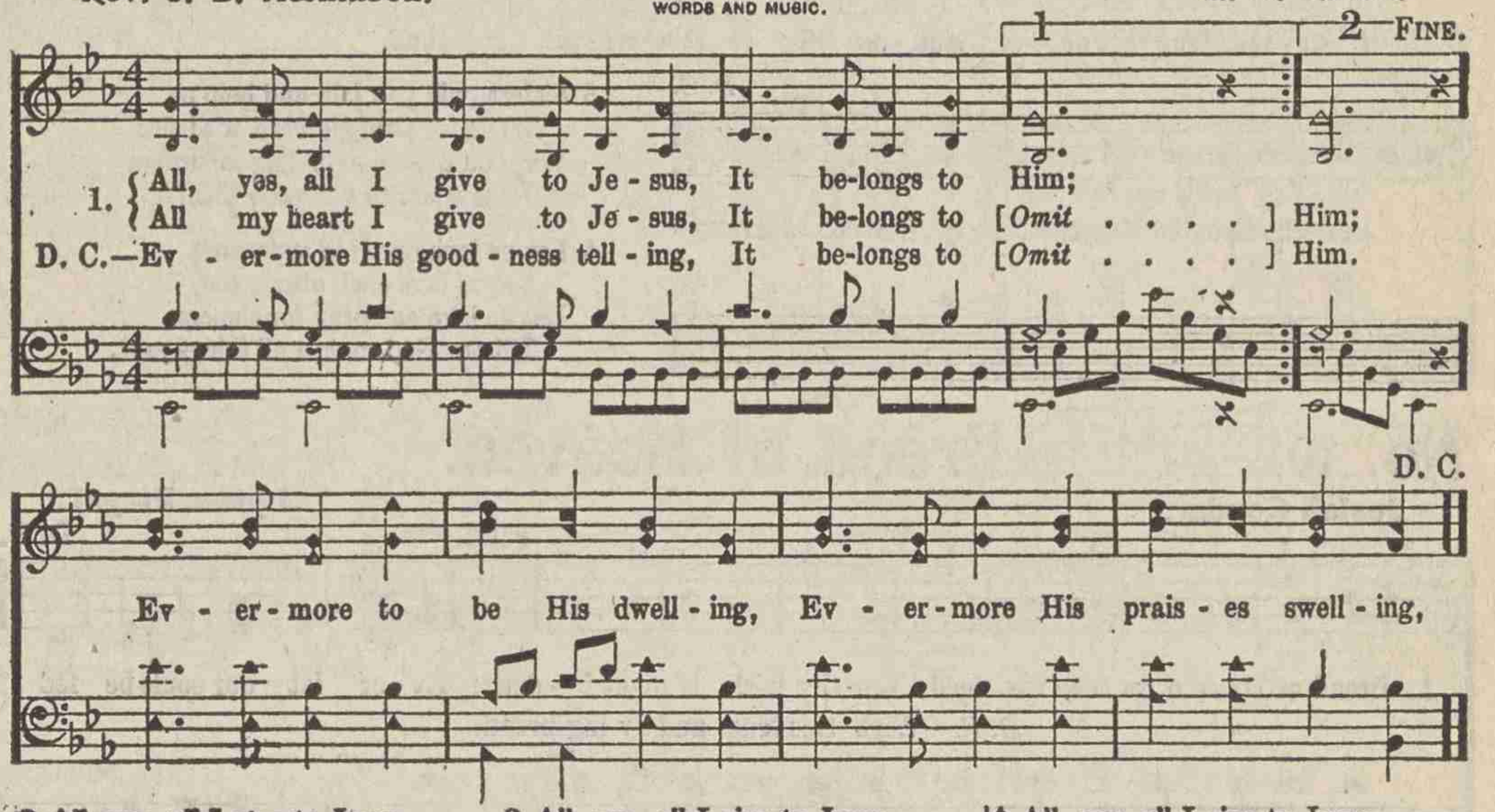


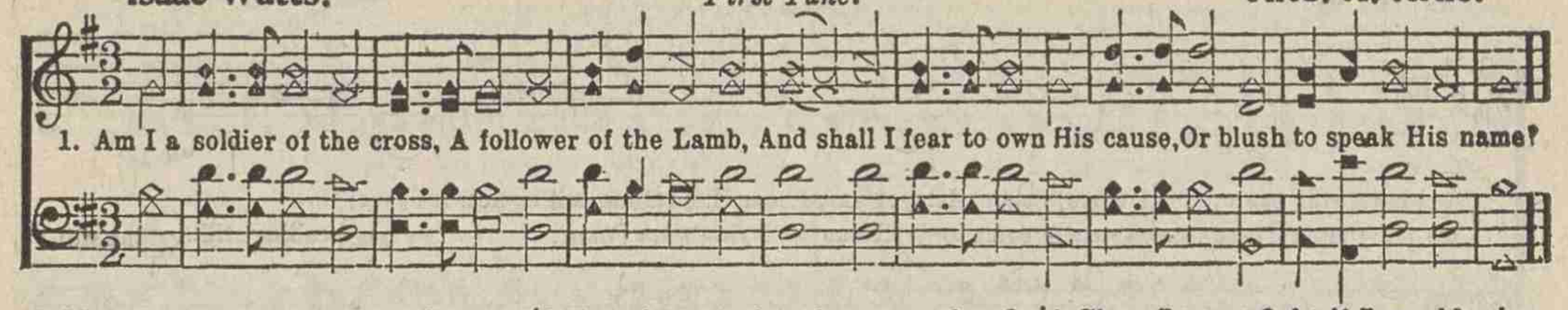
2 All, yes, all I give to Jesus,
It belongs to Him;
All my voice I give to Jesus,
It belongs to Him;
Pleading for the young and hoary,
Telling of His power and glory,
Singing o'er and o'er the story,
It belongs to Him.

3 All, yes, all I give to Jesus,
It belongs to Him;
All my love I give to Jesus,
It belongs to Him;
Loving Him for love unceasing,
For His mercy e'er increasing,
For His watch-care never ceasing,
It belongs to Him.

4 All, yes, all I give to Jesus,
It belongs to Him;
All my life I give to Jesus,
It belongs to Him;
Hour by hour I'll live for Jesus,
Day by day I'll work for Jesus,
Evermore I'll honor Jesus,
It belongs to Him.

No. 104. Am I a Soldier?

Isaac Watts. *First Tune.* Thos. A. Arne.



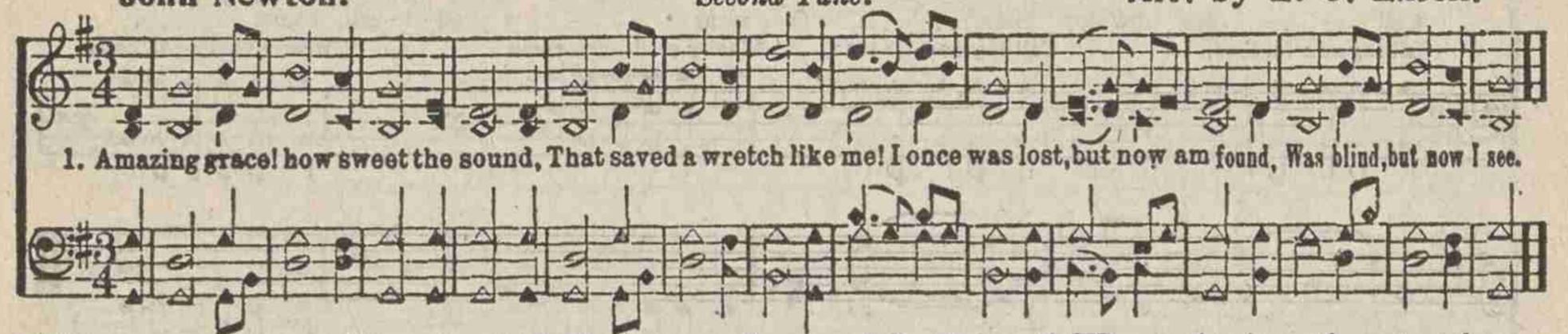
2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease, [prize,
While others fought to win the
And sailed thro' bloody seas?

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. 105. Amazing Grace.

John Newton. *Second Tune.* Arr. by E. O. Excell.



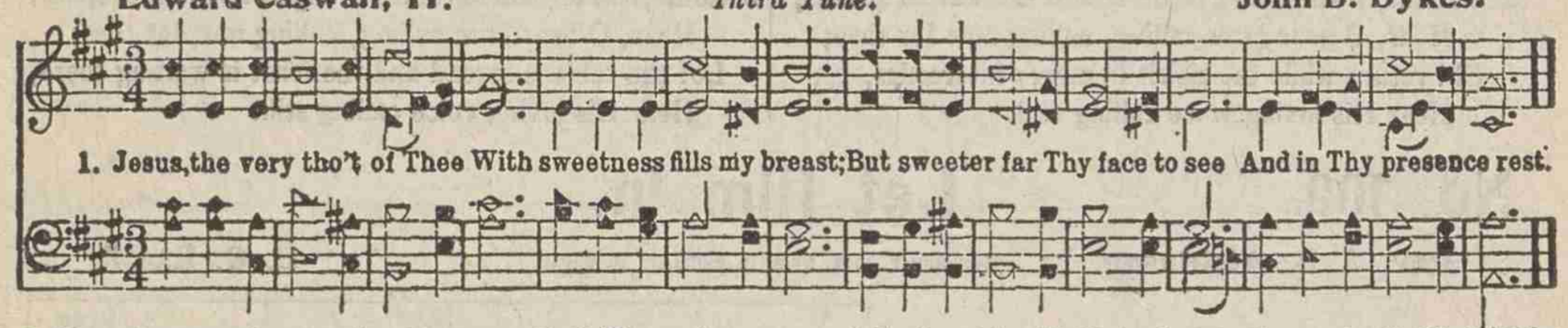
2 'Twas grace that taught my heart
And grace my fears relieved; [to fear
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!

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 ten thou-
Bright shining as the sun, [sand years
We've no less days to sing God's
Than when we first begun. [praise

No. 106. The Thought of Thee.

Edward Caswall, Tr. *Third Tune.* John B. Dykes.



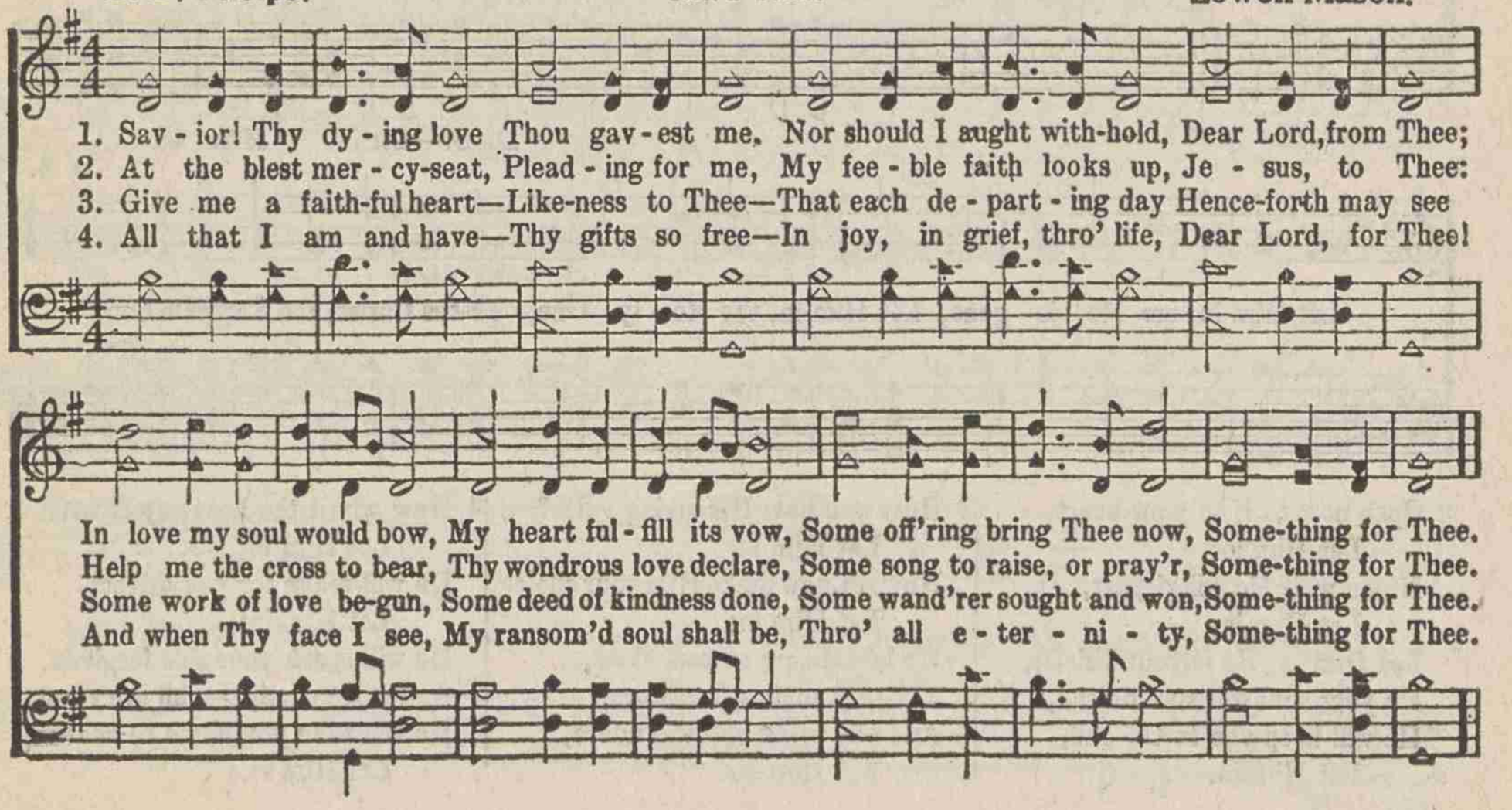
2 No voice can sing, no heart can
Nor can the mem'ry find [frame,
A sweeter sound than Thy blest
O Savior of man-kind! [name,

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. 107. Something for Jesus.

S. D. Phelps. *Third Tune.* Lowell Mason.



No. 108. Calling the Prodigal.

C. H. G.

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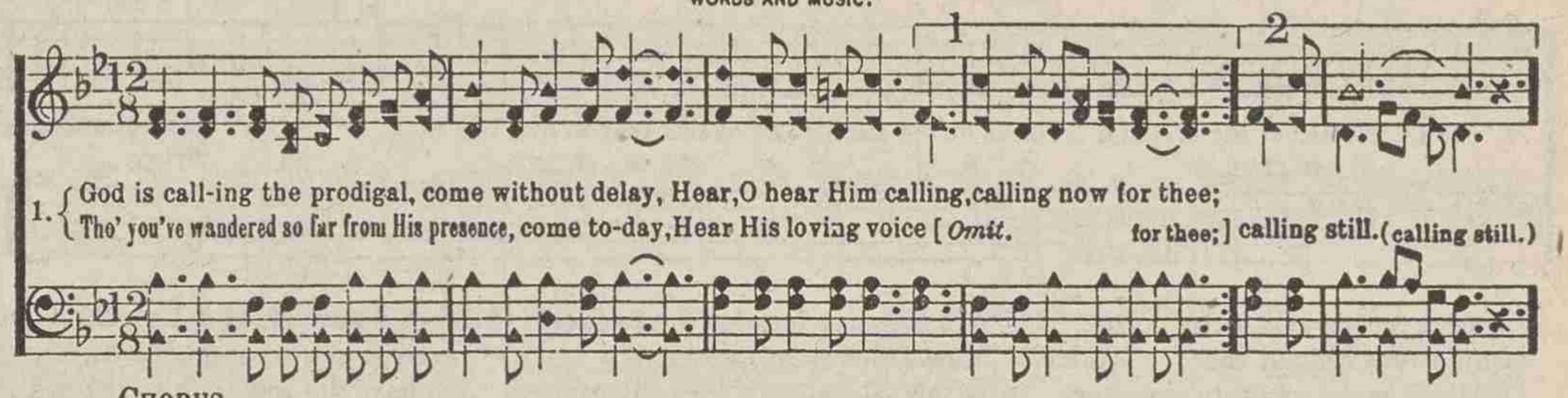
Chas. H. Gabriel.



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. 109. Let Him In.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson.

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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. 110. 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

FINE CHORUS.

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.

D. S

this is my song, Praising my Sav - ior all the day long; This is my sto - ry, this is my song;

No. 111. He Leadeth Me.

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

1. He lead-eth me! O bless - ed tho't! O words with heav'nly com-fort fraught! What-e'er I do, wher-
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom, By waters still, o'er
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur or re - pine, Con - tent, what-ev - er
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vict'ry's won. E'en death's cold wave I

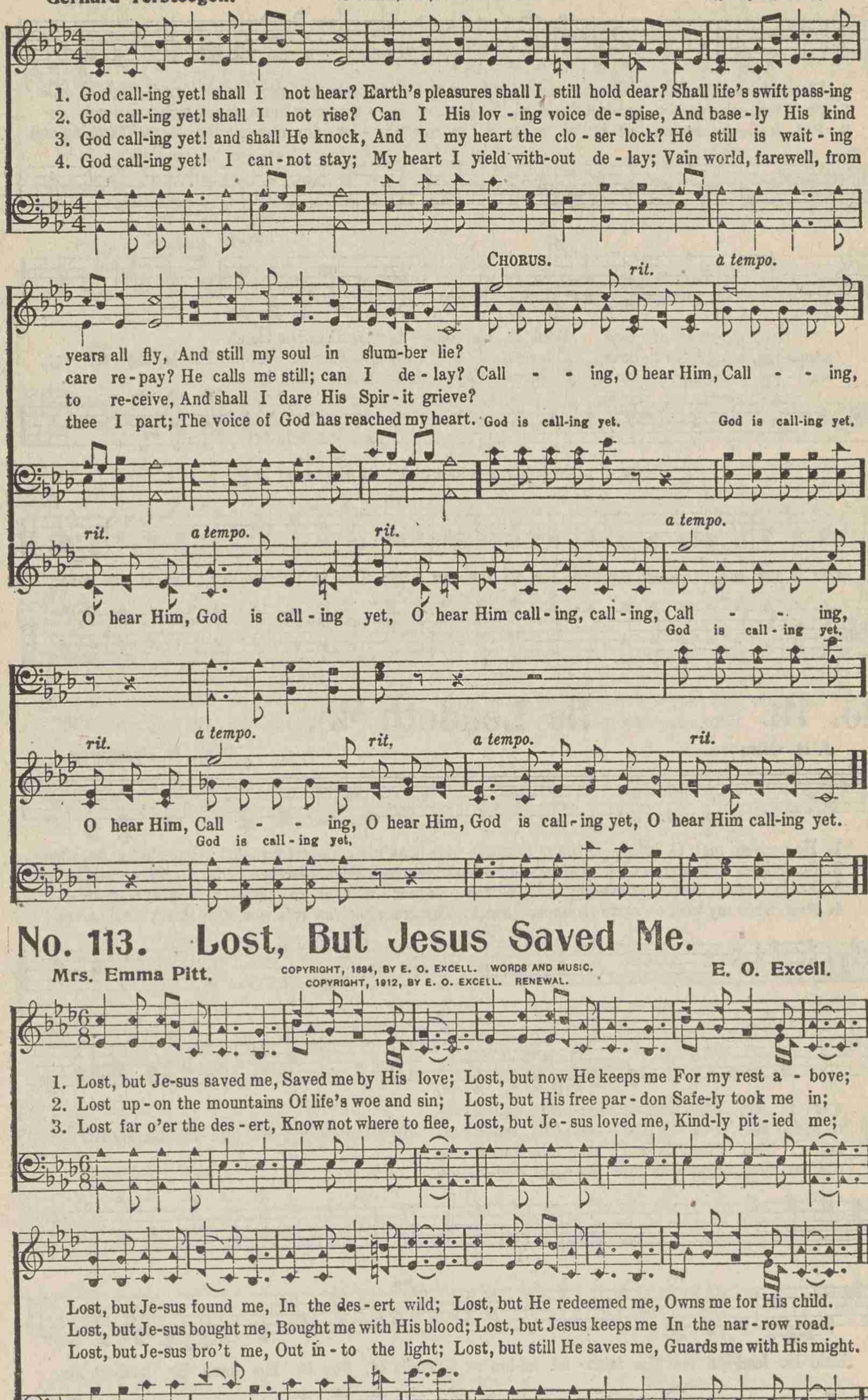
CHORUS.

e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
troub-led sea, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me. He lead-eth me, He lead - eth me, By His own
lot I see, Since 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead-eth me.

hand He lead-eth me: His faith - ful fol-low'r I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.

No. 112. God is Galling Yet.

Gerhard Tersteegen. COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O. EXCELL. **E. O. Excell.**



No. 113. Lost, But Jesus Saved Me.

Mrs. Emma Pitt. COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC.
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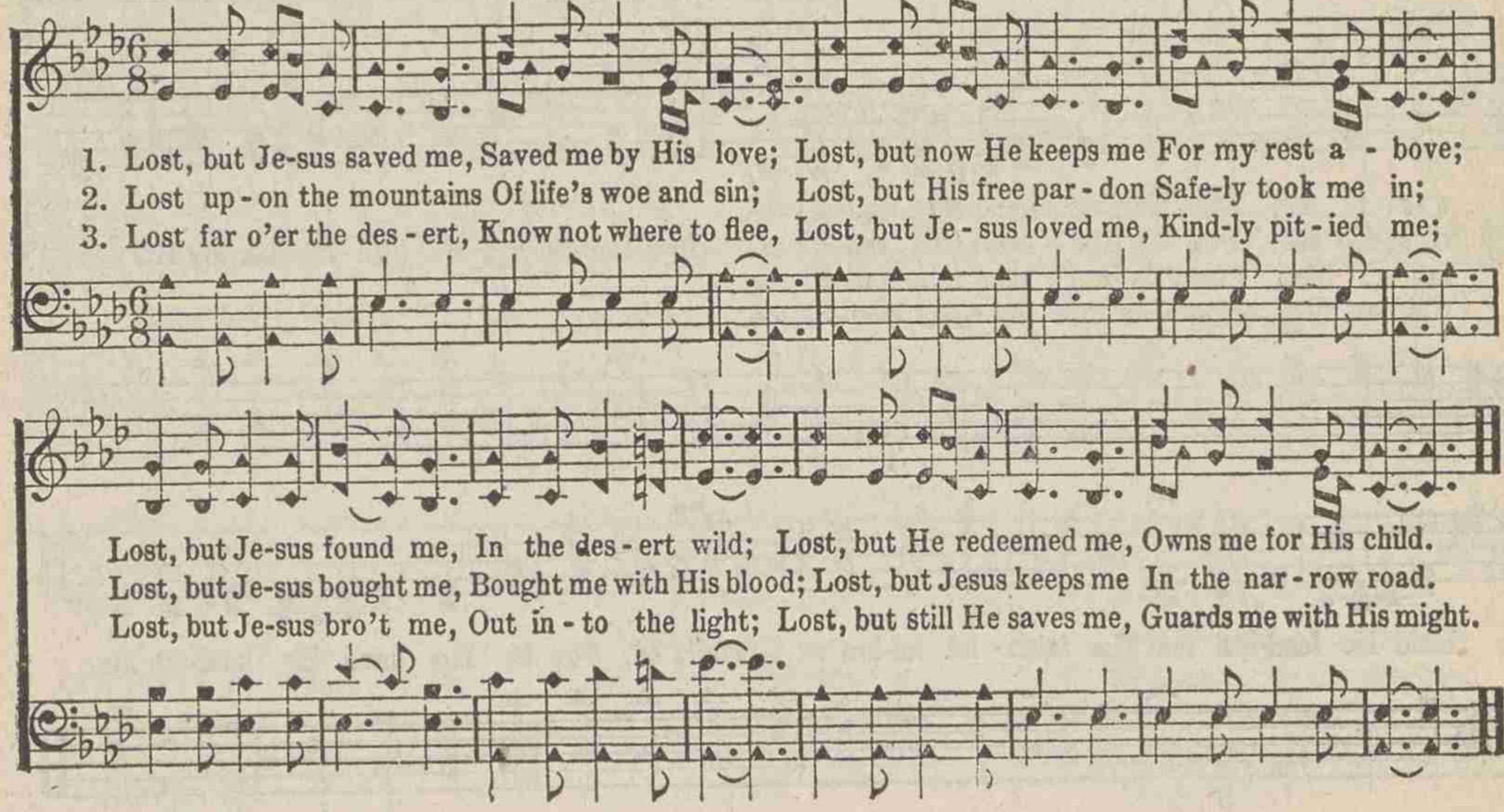

No. 114. Jesus is Waiting to Save.

E. O. E.

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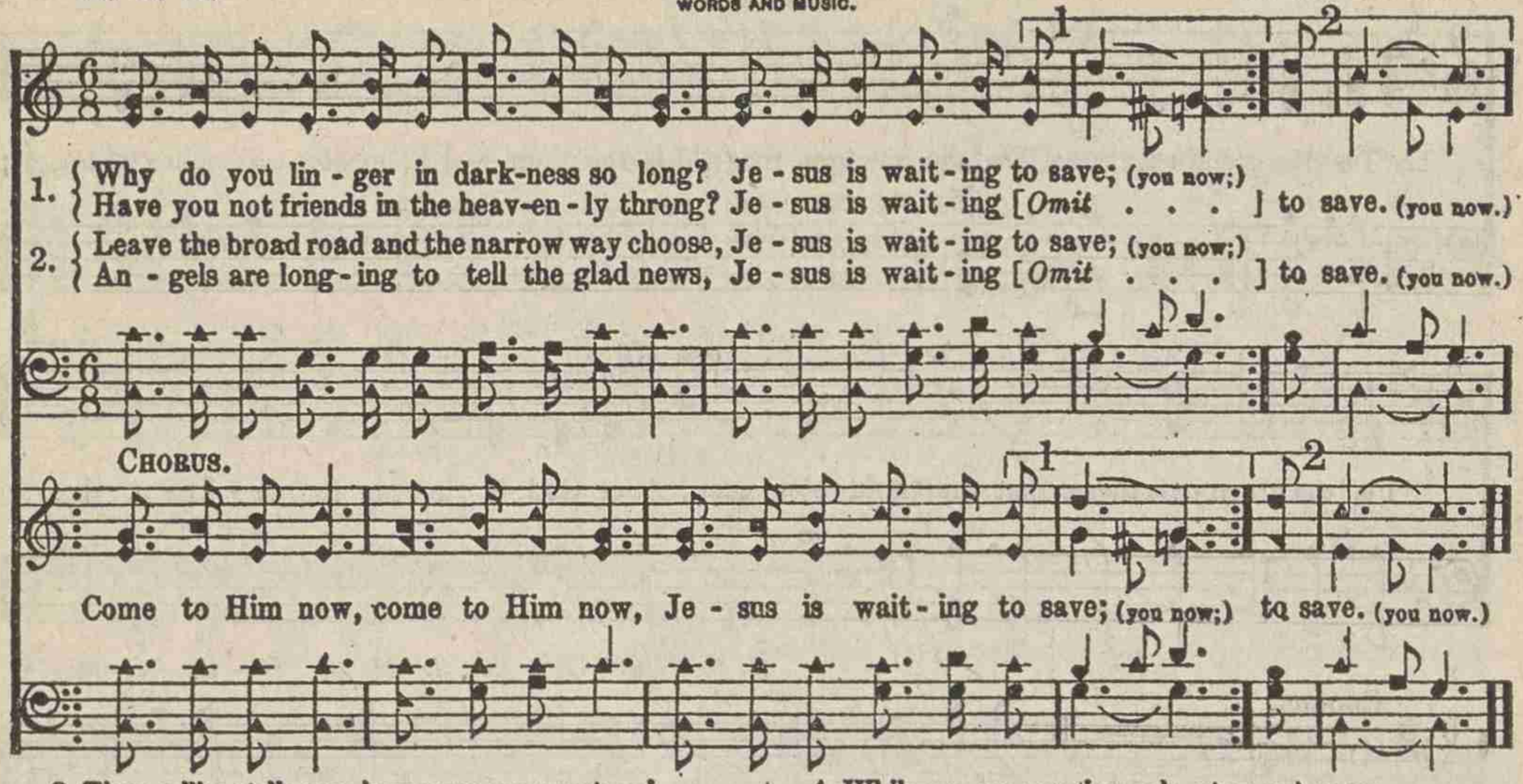

1. { Why do you lin - ger in dark-ness so long? Je - sus is wait - ing to save; (you now;)
   { Have you not friends in the heav-en - ly throng? Je - sus is wait - ing [*Omit . . .*] to save. (you now.)
2. { Leave the broad road and the narrow way choose, Je - sus is wait - ing to save; (you now;)
   { An - gels are long - ing to tell the glad news, Je - sus is wait - ing [*Omit . . .*] to save. (you now.)

CHORUS.

Come to Him now, come to Him now, Je - sus is wait - ing to save; (you now;) to save. (you now.)

3 Time will not linger; how soon we must go!
Jesus is waiting to save;
Why turn away, and to Jesus say, No?
Jesus is waiting to save.

4 While we are praying, oh, stay not away,
Jesus is waiting to save;
Come to Him now, not a moment delay,
Jesus is waiting to save.

No. 115. Jesus is Passing By.

E. A. H.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

1. This is the sea - son of hope and grace, Je - sus is pass - ing by; This for sal - va - tion the
2. This is the hour for the soul's re - lease, Je - sus is pass - ing by; Trust Him and thou shalt go
3. This is the mo-ment to seek the Lord, While He is pass - ing by; This is the time to be-
4. Trust in the Lord in this hour of need, While He is pass - ing by; And you will find Him a

FINE. CHORUS. D. S.—*Bring Him thy heart ere in* D. S.

time and place, Je - sus is pass-ing by.
forth in peace, Je - sus is pass-ing by. Je - sus is pass-ing by, Je - sus is pass-ing by;
lieve His word, While He is pass-ing by.
Friend in - deed, Je - sus is pass-ing by.

grief He de - part; Je - sus is pass-ing by.

No. 116. Come to Jesus.

1. Come to Je-sus, come to Jesus, Come to Jesus just now; Just now come to Jesus, Come to Jesus just now.
2. He will save you, He will save you, He will save you just now; Just now He will save you, He will save you just now.

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. 117. He is Able to Deliver Thee.

W. A. O.

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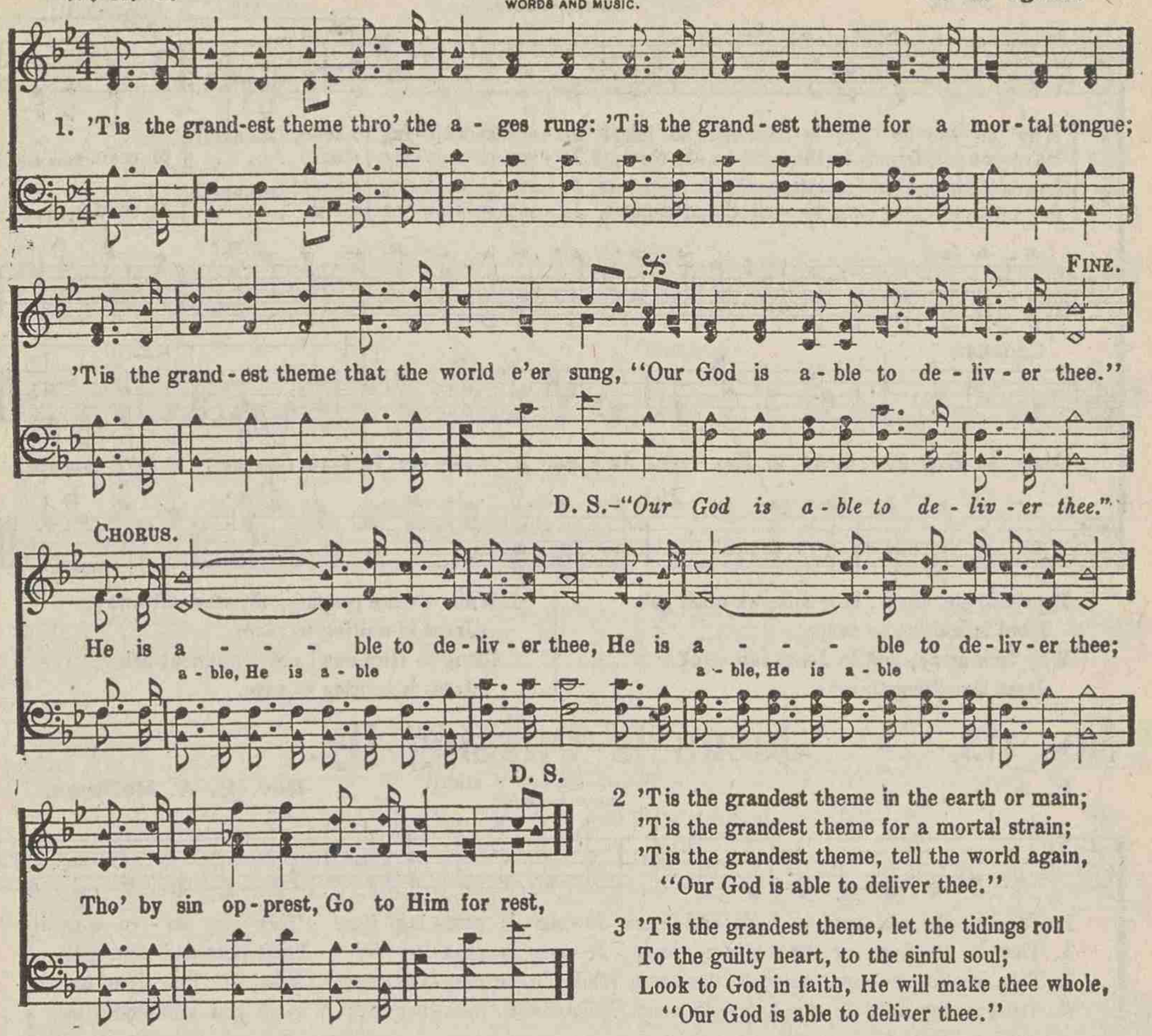
W. A. Ogden.



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. 118. I Never Will Cease to Love Him.

C. H. G.

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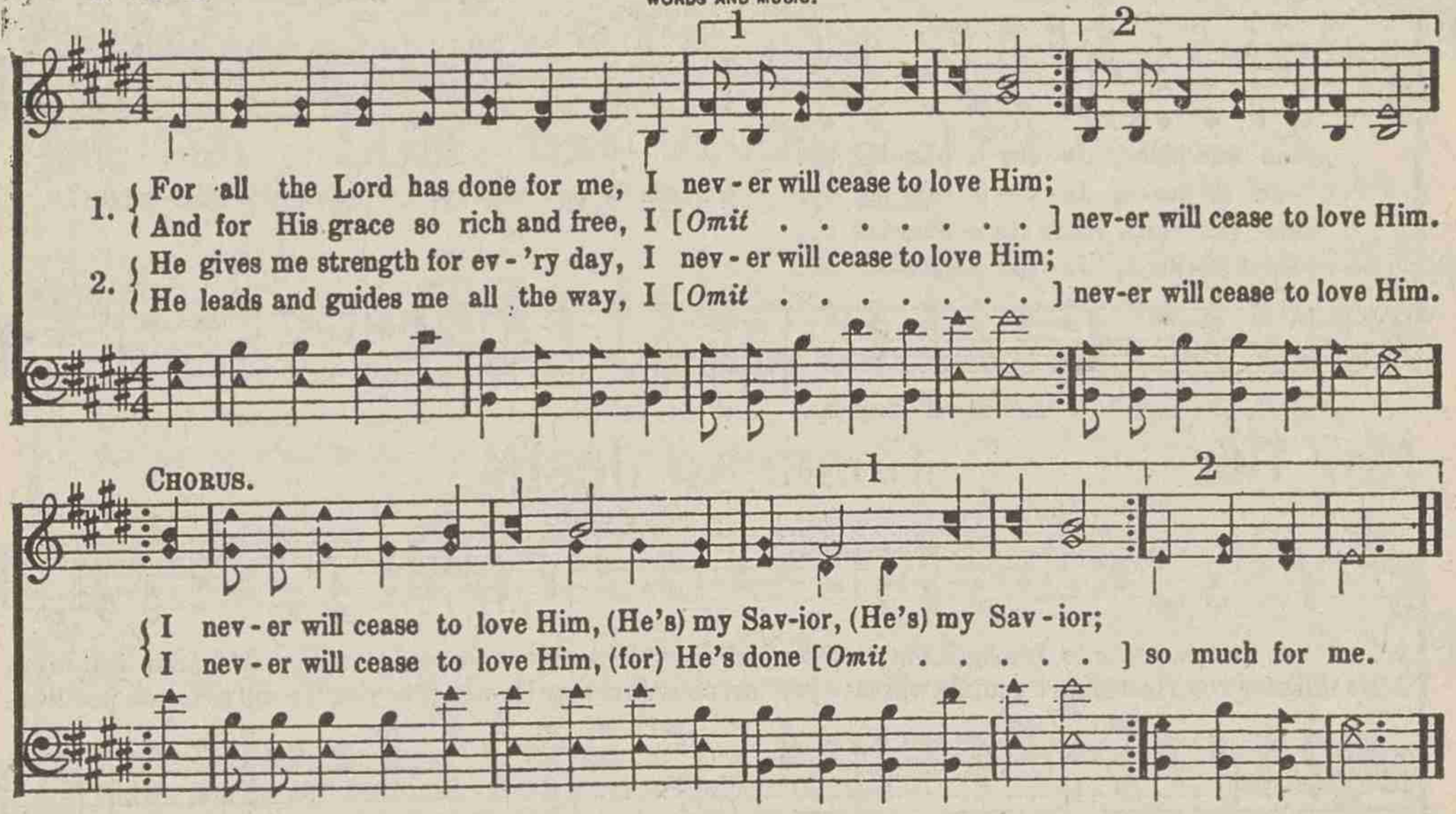
WORDS AND MUSIC.

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. 119. Since I Have Been Redeemed.

E. O. E.

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E. O. Excell.

1. I have a song I love to sing, Since I have been re-deemed, Of my Re-deem-er, Sav-ior, King,
2. I have a Christ that sat-is-fies, Since I have been re-deemed, To do His will my high-est prize,
3. I have a wit-ness bright and clear, Since I have been re-deemed, Dis-pel-ling ev-'ry doubt and fear,
4. I have a home pre-pared for me, Since I have been re-deemed, Where I shall dwell e-ter-nal-ly,

CHORUS.

Since I have been re-deemed. Since I..... have been re-deemed,
Since I have been re-deemed, Since I have been re-deemed.

Since I have been redeemed, I will glo-ry in His name; I will glo-ry in my Sav-ior's name.

No. 120. There is Glory in My Soul.

Grace Weiser Davis.

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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

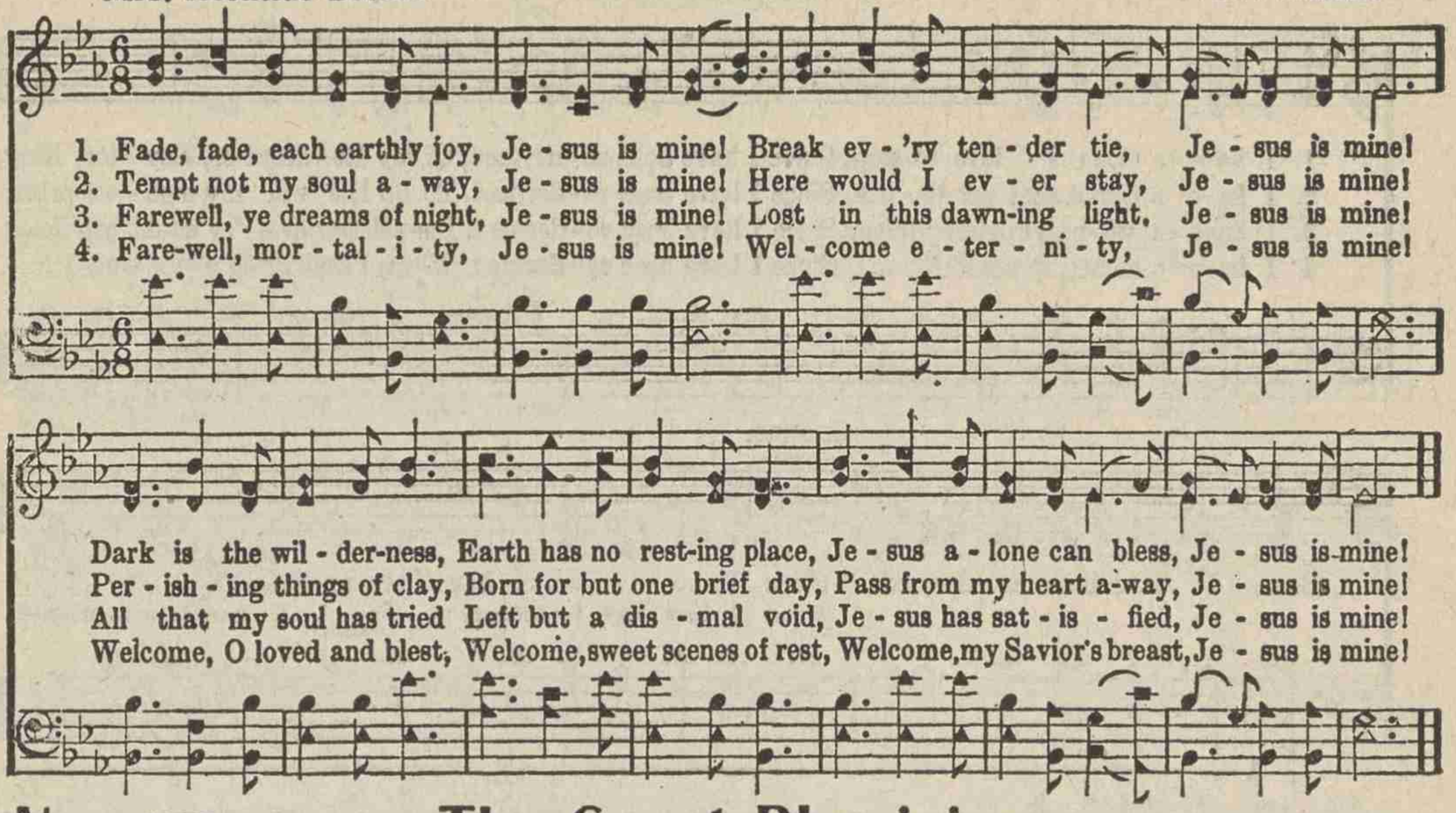
CHORUS.

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. 121. Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy.

Mrs. Horatius Bonar. **T. E. Perkins.**



No. 122. The Great Physician.

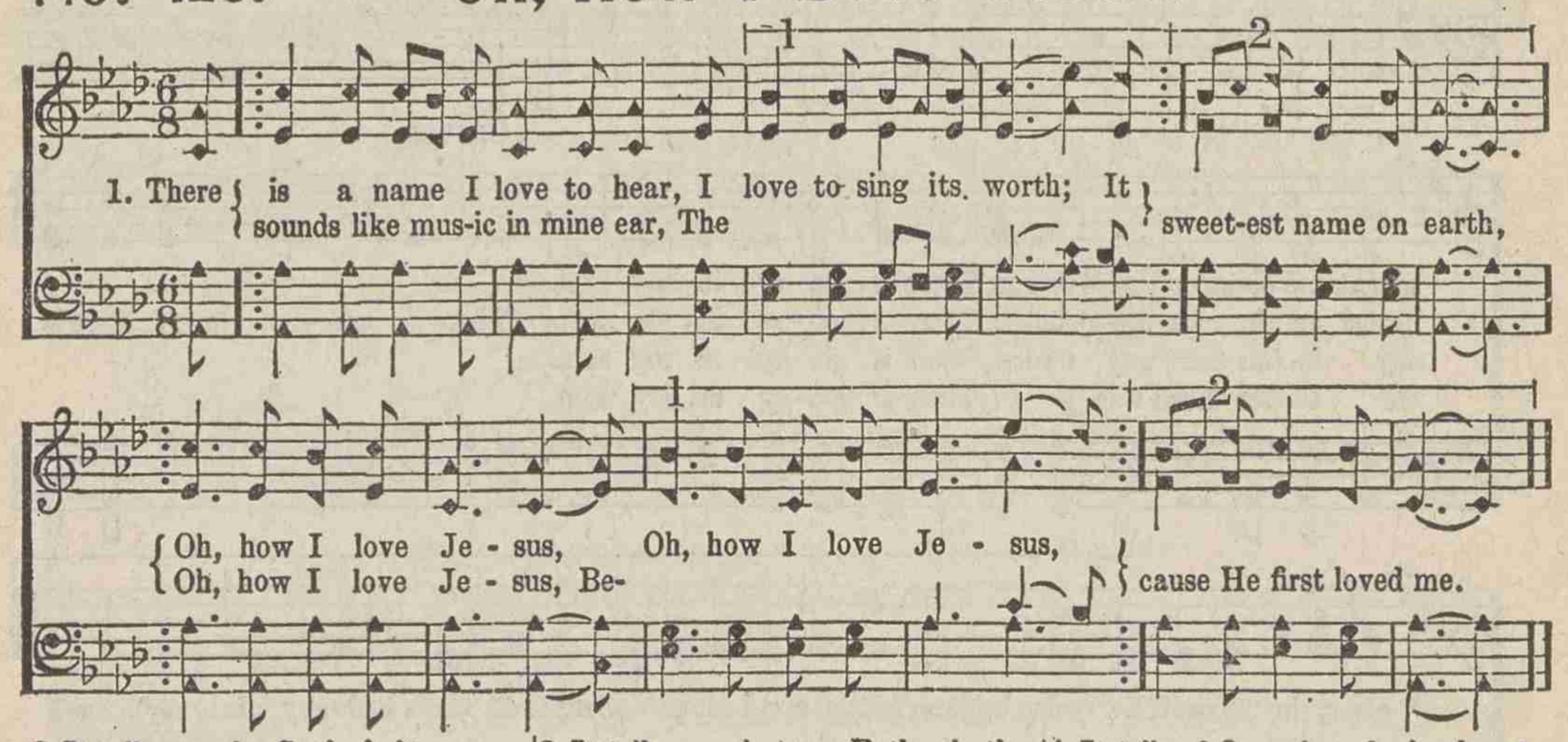
Wm. Hunter. **J. H. Stockton.**

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. 123. Oh, How I Love Jesus.



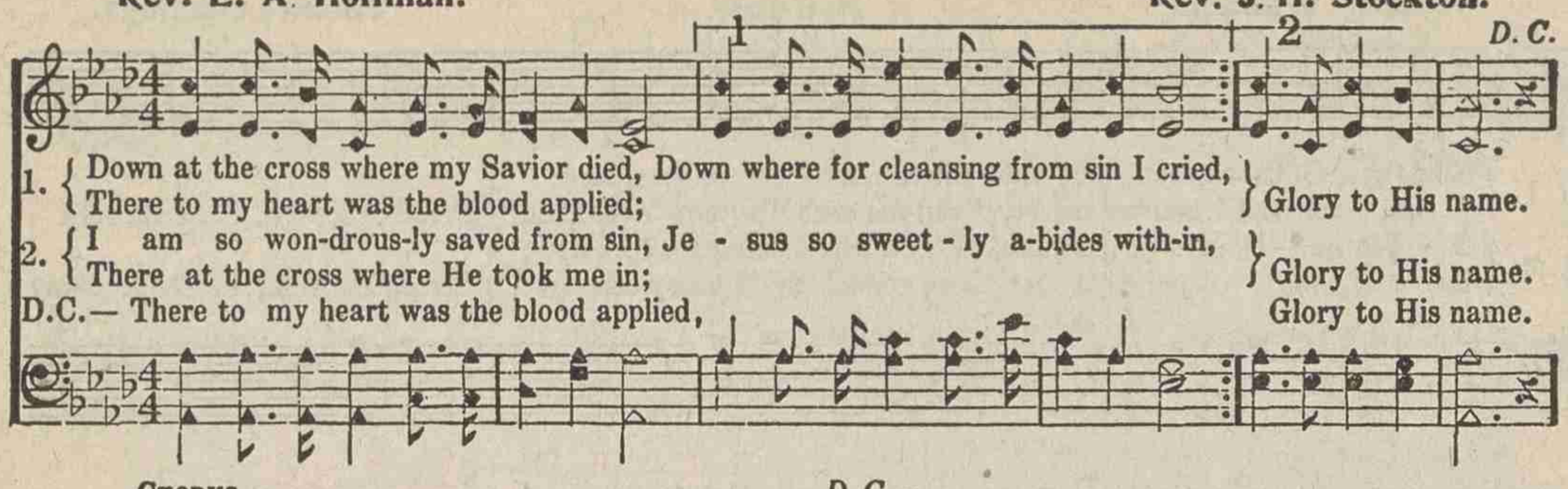
2 It tells me of a Savior's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of His precious blood;
The sinner's perfect plea.

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

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

No. 124. Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Rev. J. H. Stockton.



1. { Down at the cross where my Savior died, Down where for cleansing from sin I cried,
   { There to my heart was the blood applied; } Glory to His name.
2. { I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet - ly a-bides with-in,
   { There at the cross where He took me in; } Glory to His name.

D.C.— There to my heart was the blood applied, Glory to His name.

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. 125. Under the Cross.

Wm. McDonald

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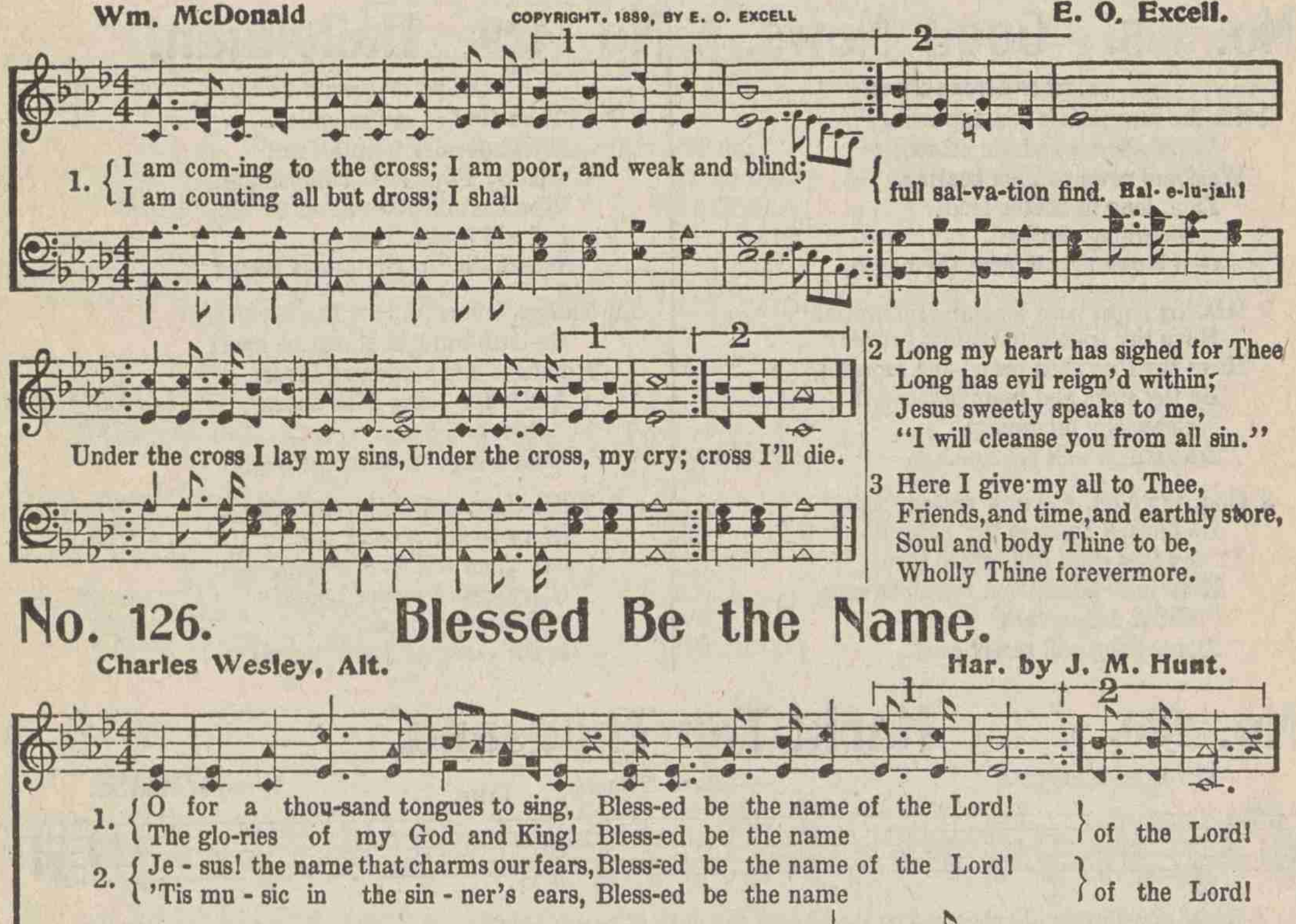
E. O. Excell.



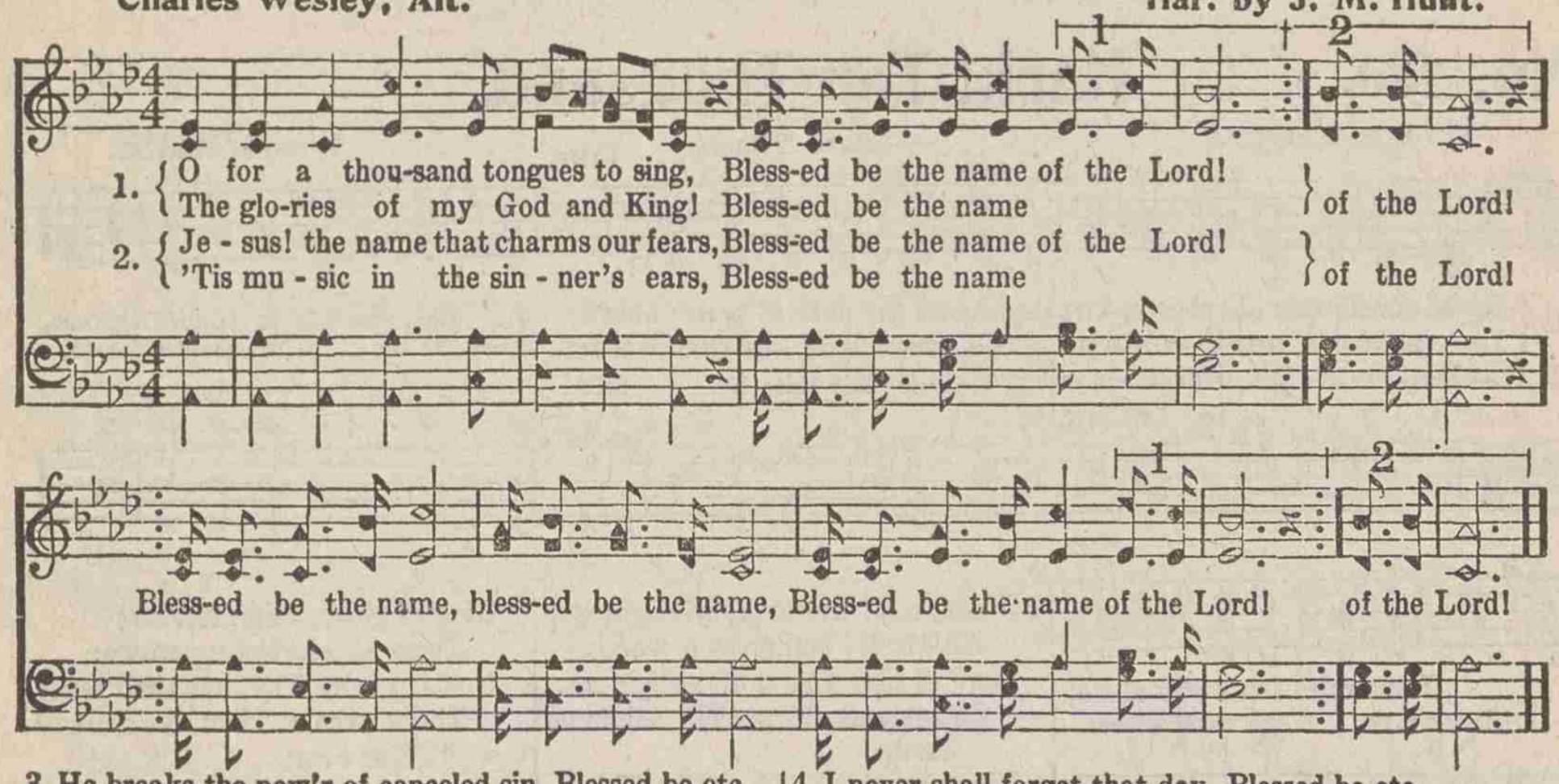
1. { I am com-ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak and blind;
   { I am counting all but dross; I shall full sal-va-tion find. Hal- e-lu-jah!

2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee
Long has evil reign'd 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.

No. 126. 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!

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. 127. 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. 128. Good News.

First or Second Tune.

1 On the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion, long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive!
God himself shall loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.

No. 129. Hallelujah!

First or Second Tune.

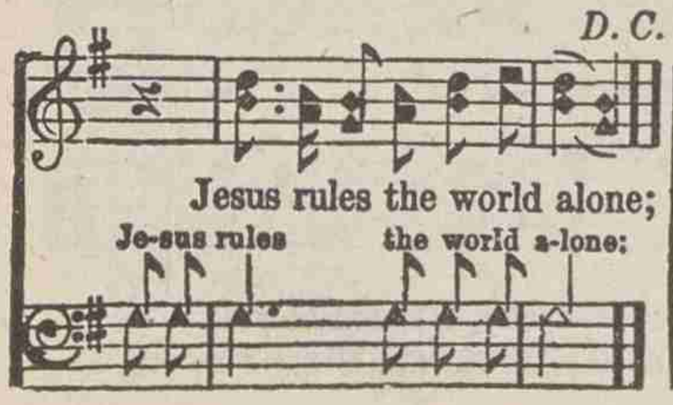
1 O Thou God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin;
Moved by Thy divine compassion,
Who hast died my heart to win,
I will praise Thee;
Where shall I Thy praise begin?

2 Though unseen, I love the Savior;
He hath brought salvation near;
Manifests His pardoning favor;
And when Jesus doth appear,
Soul and body
Shall His glorious image bear.

3 While the angel choirs are crying,
"Glory to the great I AM,"
I with them will still be vying—
"Glory! glory to the Lamb!
O how precious
Is the sound of Jesus' name!

No. 130. 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. 131. Wash Me in the Blood.

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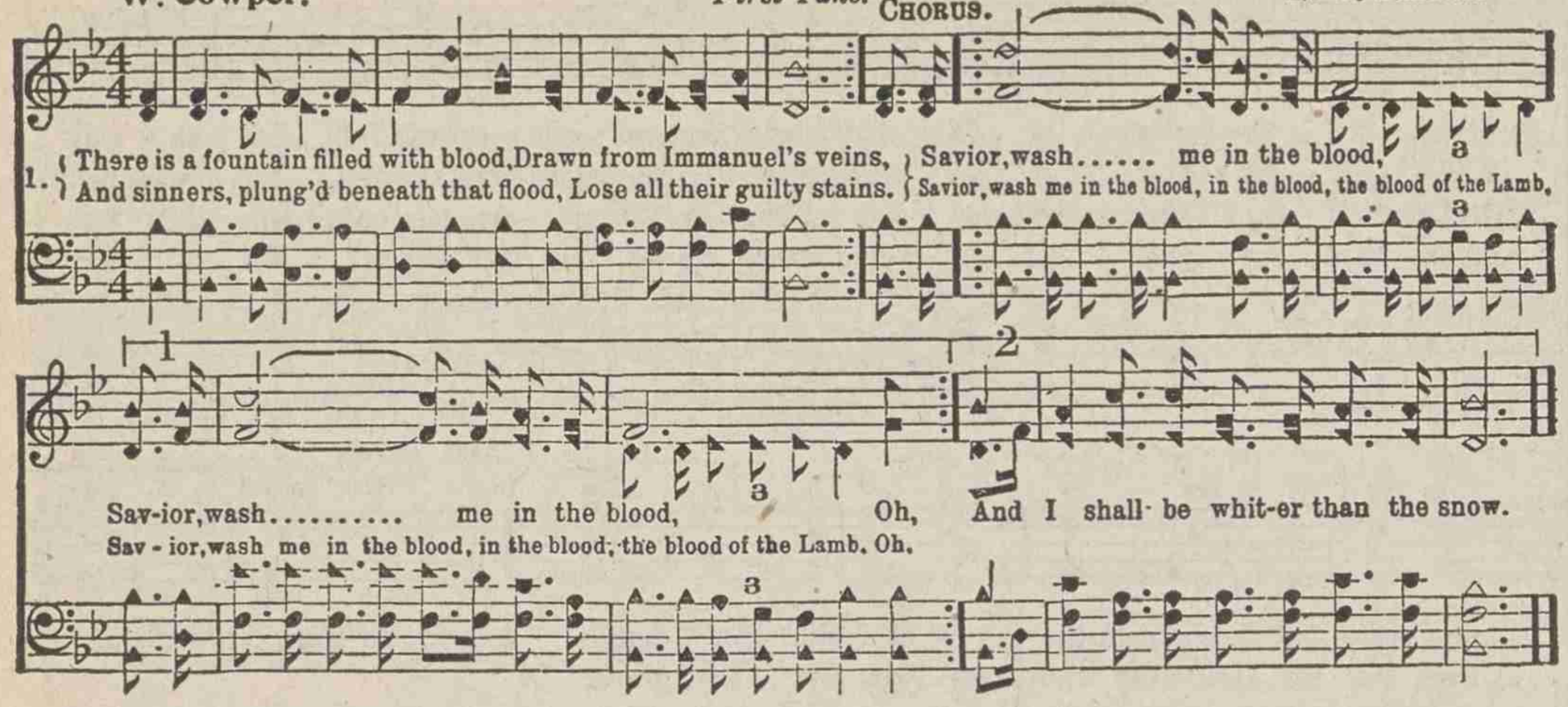
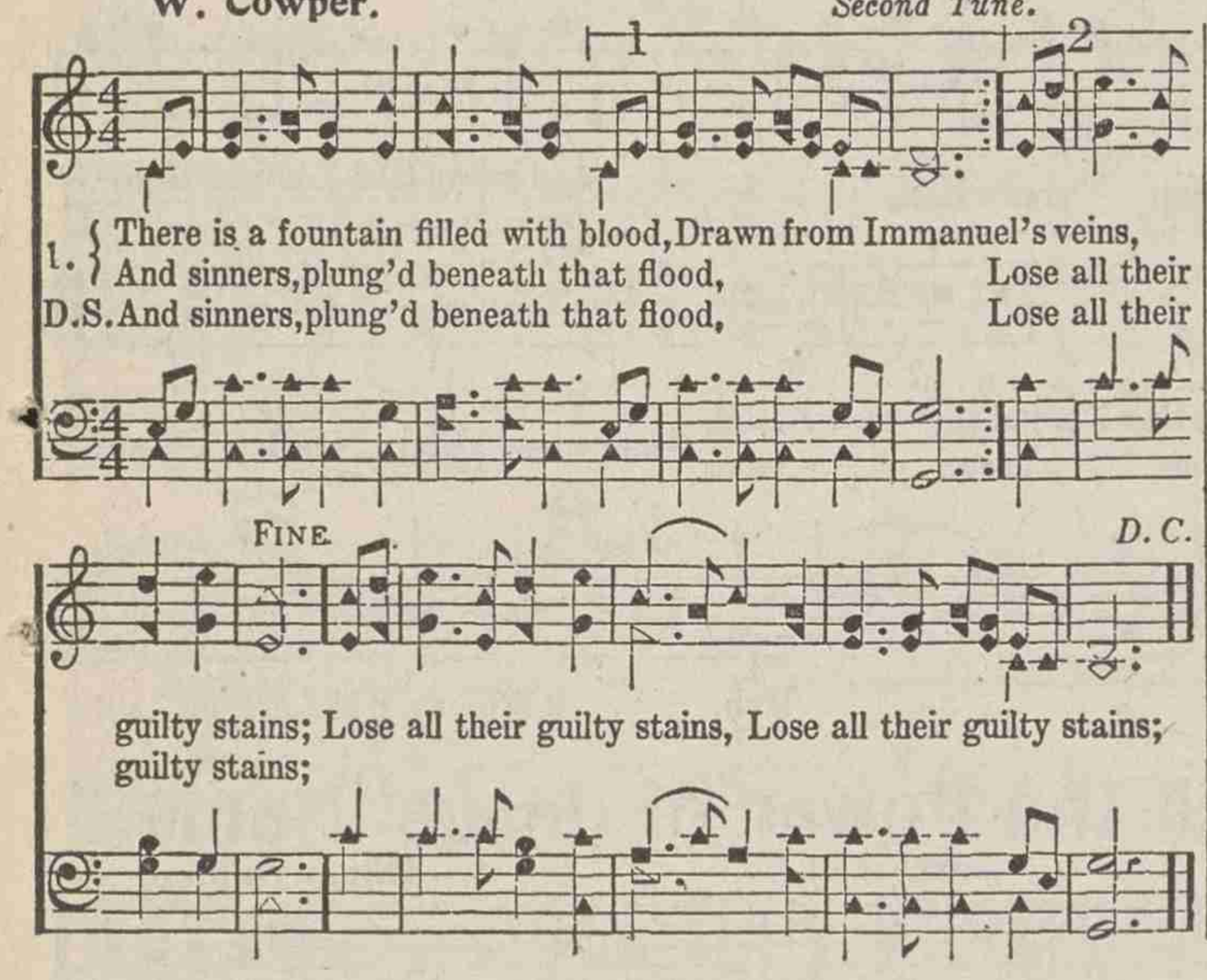
W. Cowper. *First Tune.* CHORUS. E. O. Excell.



No. 132. There is a Fountain.

W. Cowper. *Second Tune.* Lowell Mason.



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

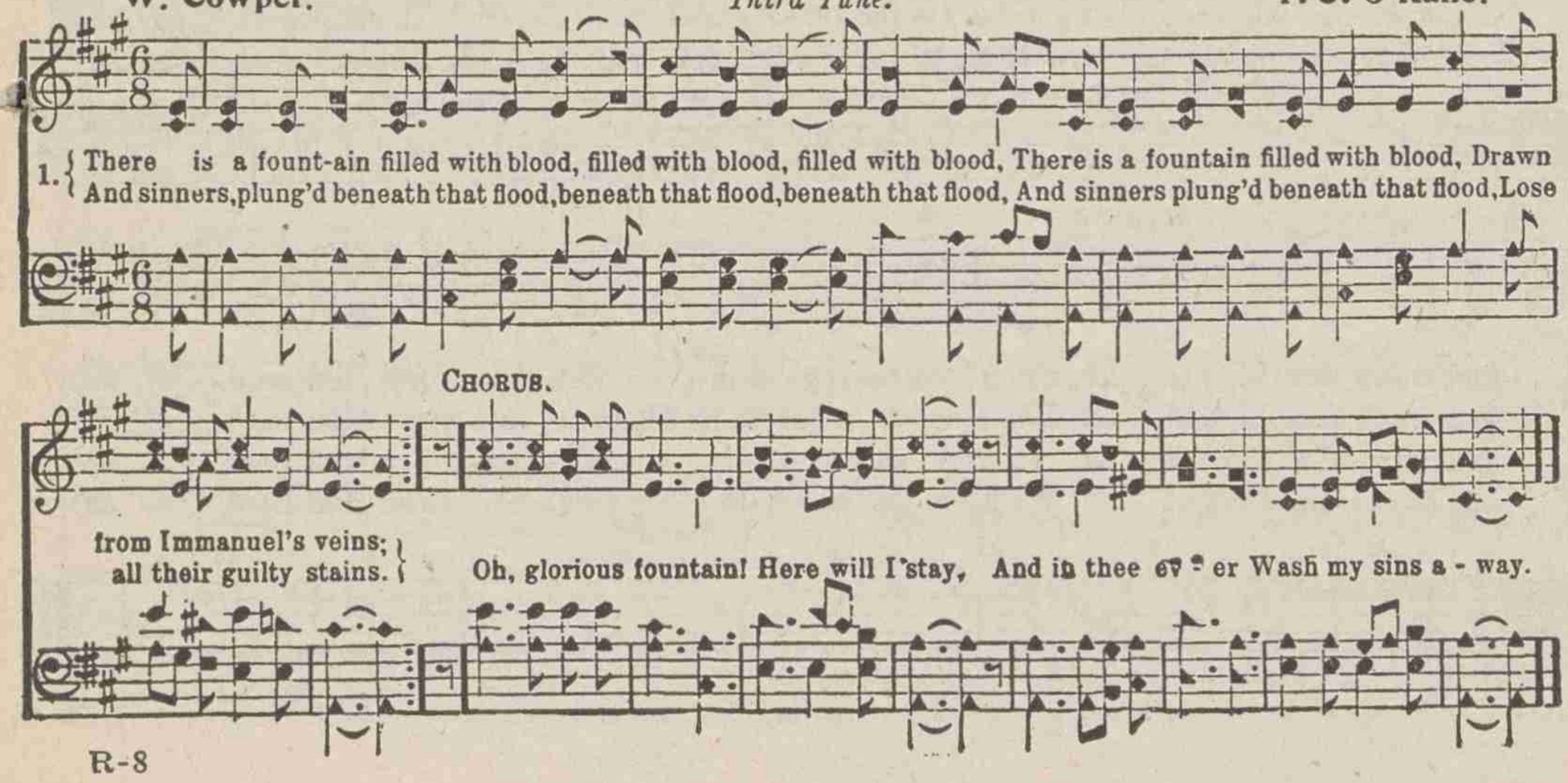
3 Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more

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

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

No. 133. Glorious Fountain.

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



No. 134. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Edward Perronet. (DIADEM.) James Ellor.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall, Let an - gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him, crown Him,
2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran-somed from the fall, Ye ran-somed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball, On this ter- res - trial ball, To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe,
4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall, We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song,

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

crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all, crown Him;

. . . . . Him, Crown Him, crown . . . . Him;

And crown Him, crown Him,

And crown Him Lord of all!

crown Him Crown . . . . . Him;

And crown Him Lord of all!

No. 135. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Edward Perronet. (CORONATION.) Oliver Holden.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an-gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,
2. Ye cho-sen seed of Is-rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin-dred, ev-'ry tribe, On this ter - res-trial ball, To Him all maj-es - ty as - cribe,
4. O that with yon-der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song,

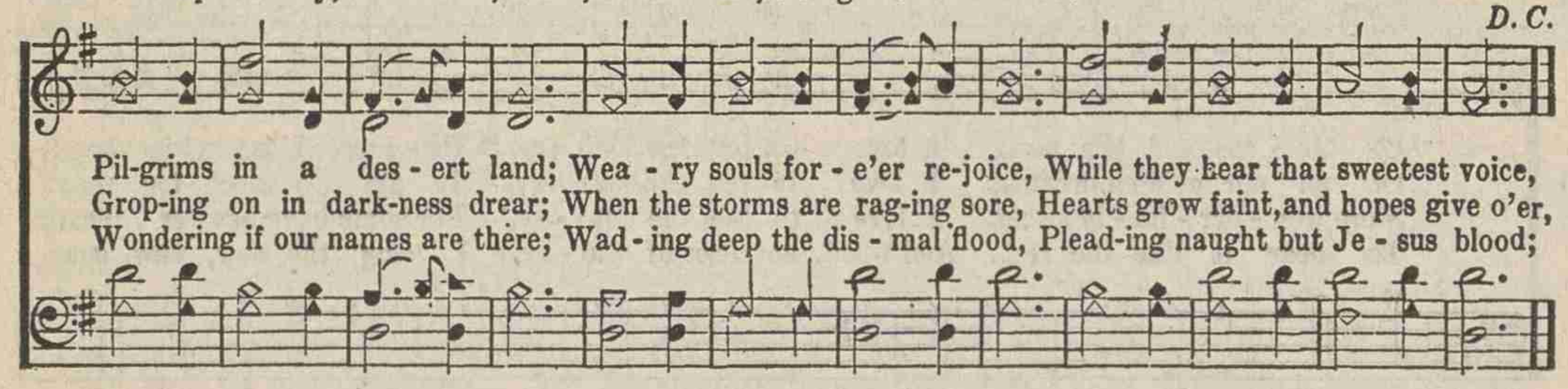
And crown Him Lord of all; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all!
And crown Him Lord of all; Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all!
And crown Him Lord of all; To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all!
And crown Him Lord of all; We'll join the ev - er-last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all!

No. 136. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W. FINE. M. M. Wells.

D.C.—Whisper soft-ly, "Wand'rer, come, Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

D. C.



No. 137. Holy Ghost, with Light Divine.

A. Reed. Gottschalk.

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. 138. Holy, Holy, Holy.

Reginald Heber. John B. Dykes.

No. 139. 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. 140. Even Me, Even Me.

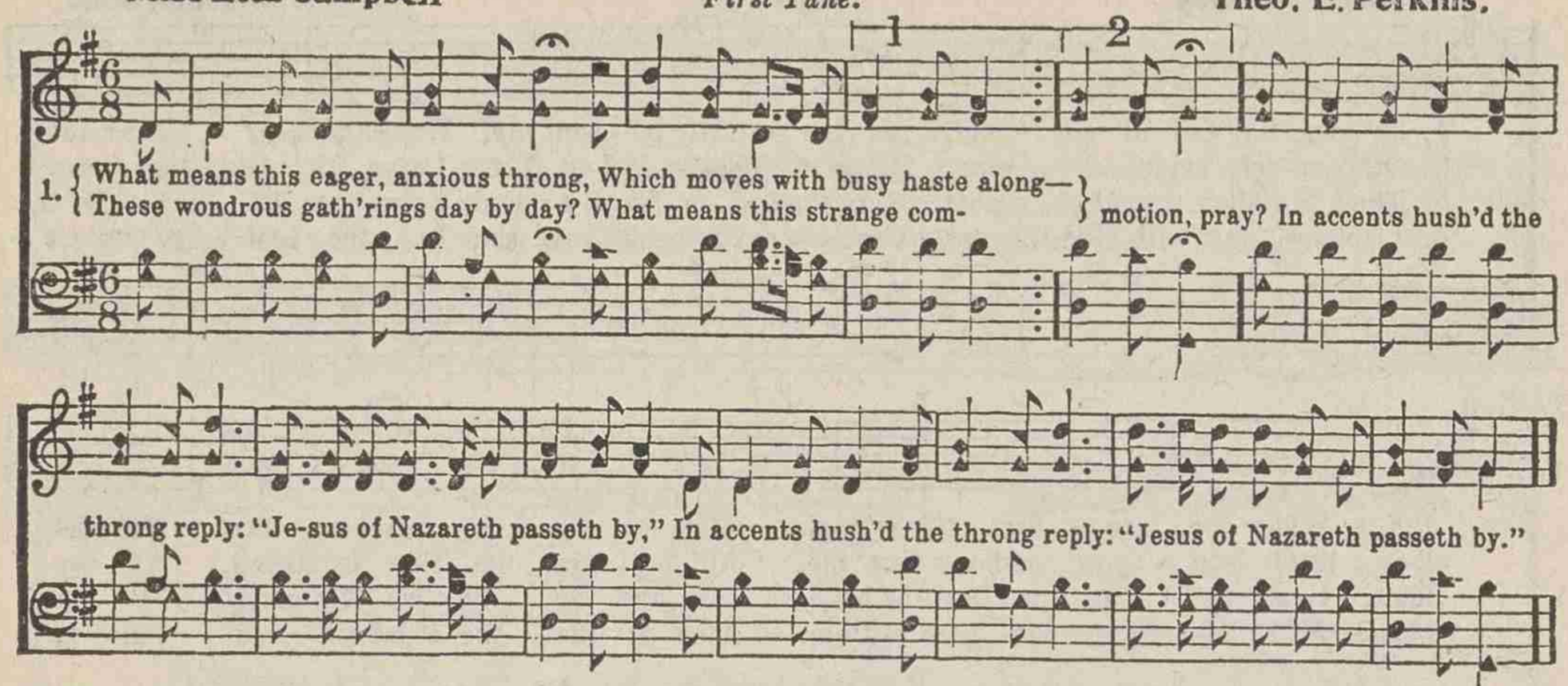
Mrs. Elizabeth Codner. **Wm. B. Bradbury.**

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. 141. Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By.

Miss Etta Campbell *First Tune.* **Theo. E. Perkins.**



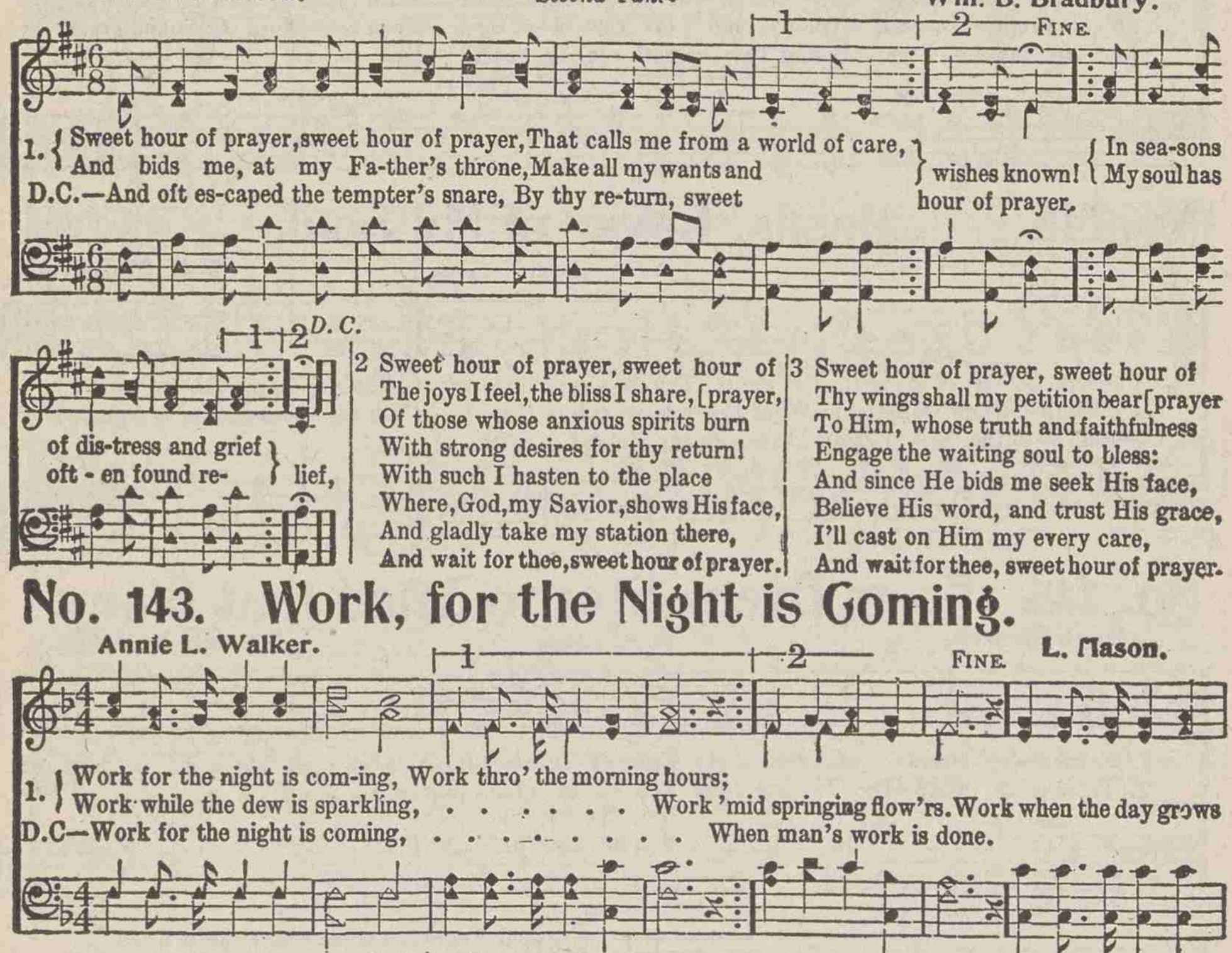
2 Who is this Jesus? why should He
The city move so mightily?
A passing stranger, has He skill
To move the multitude at will?
Again the stirring notes reply:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

3 Jesus! 'Tis He who once below [woe;
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and
And burden'd ones, where'er He came,
Bro't out their sick and deaf and lame.
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

4 Again He comes! from place to place
His holy footprints we can trace,
He pauseth at our threshold—nay,
He enters—condescends to stay.
Shall we not gladly raise the cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

No. 142. 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, [prayer,
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 [prayer
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. 143. Work, for the Night is Coming.

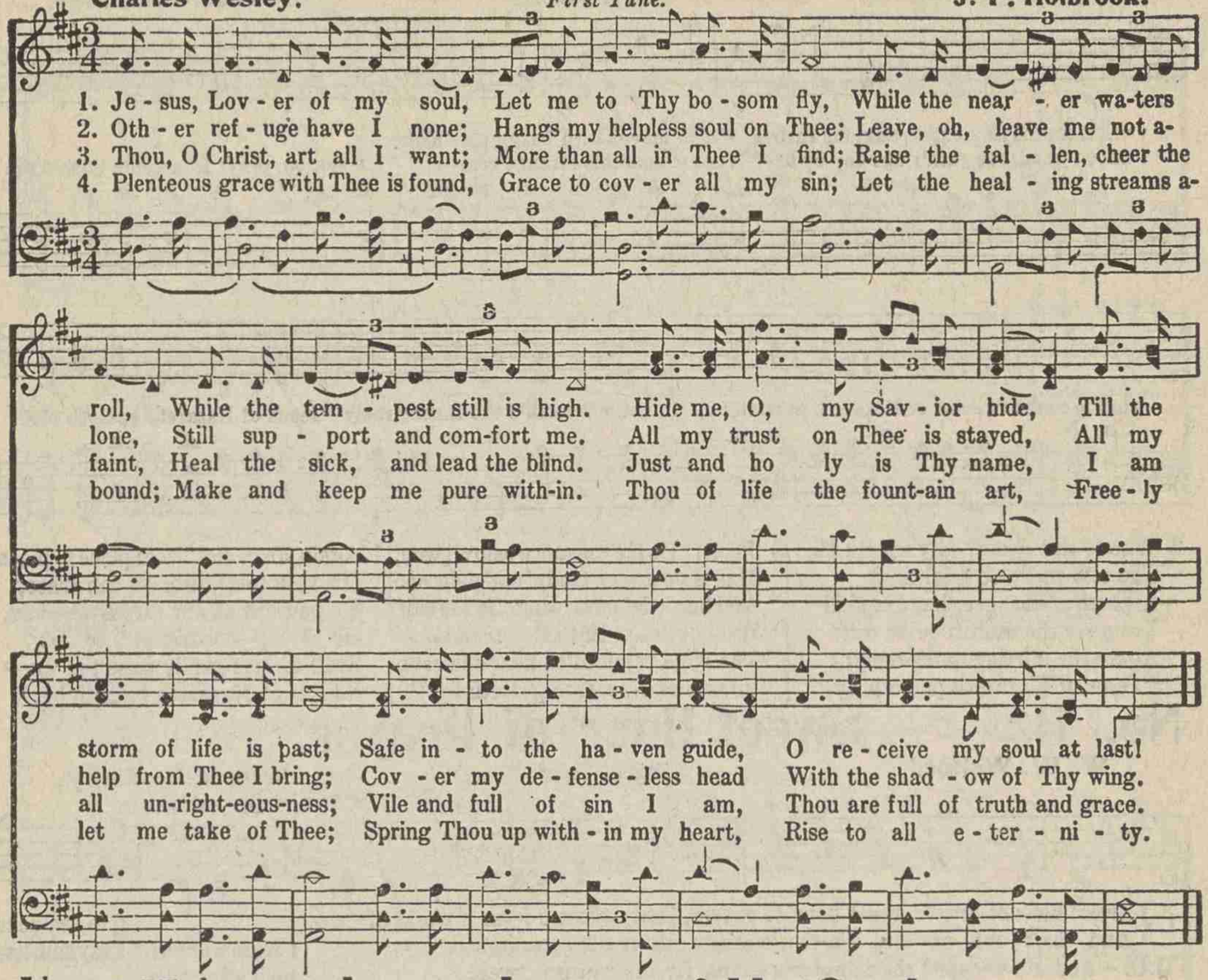
Annie L. Walker. **L. Mason.**

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. 144. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

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

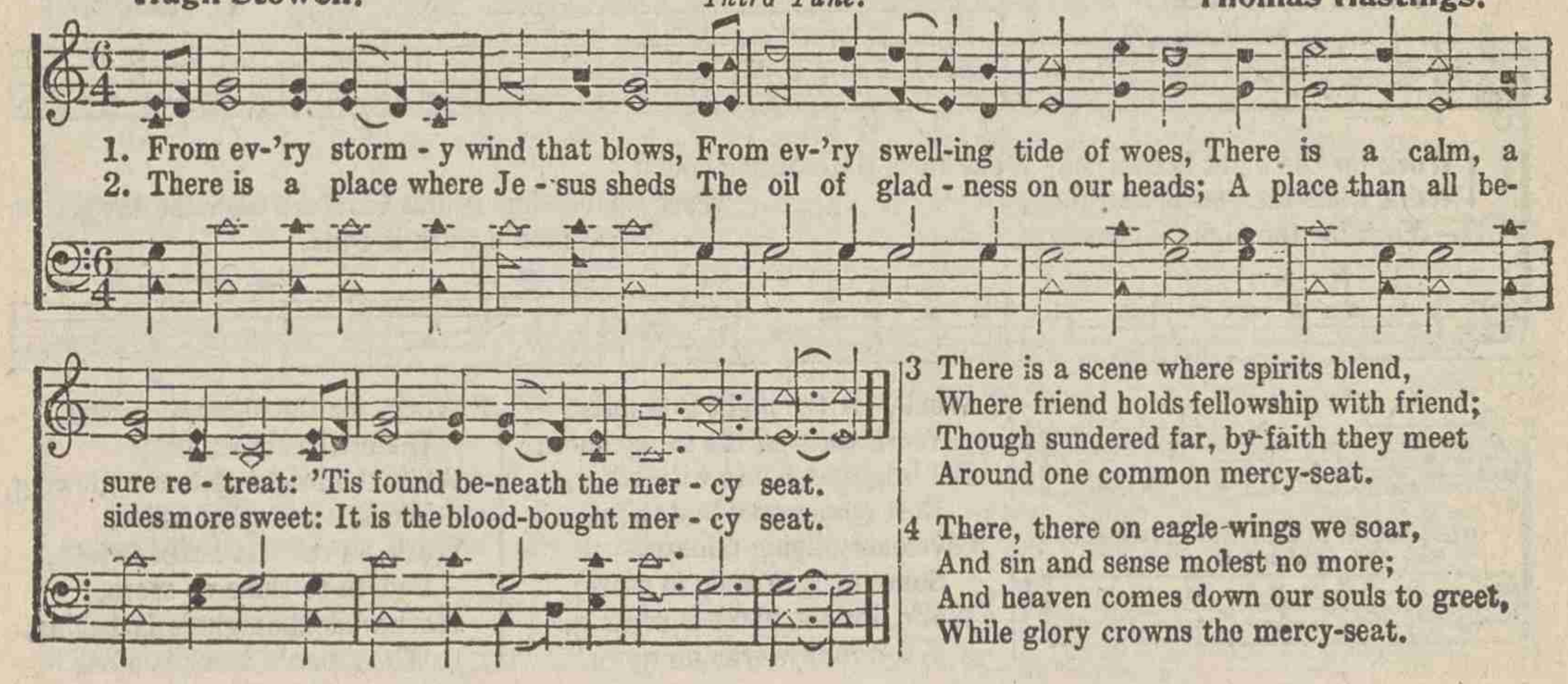


No. 145. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

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

No. 146. From Every Stormy Wind that Blows.

Hugh Stowell. *Third Tune.* Thomas Hastings.

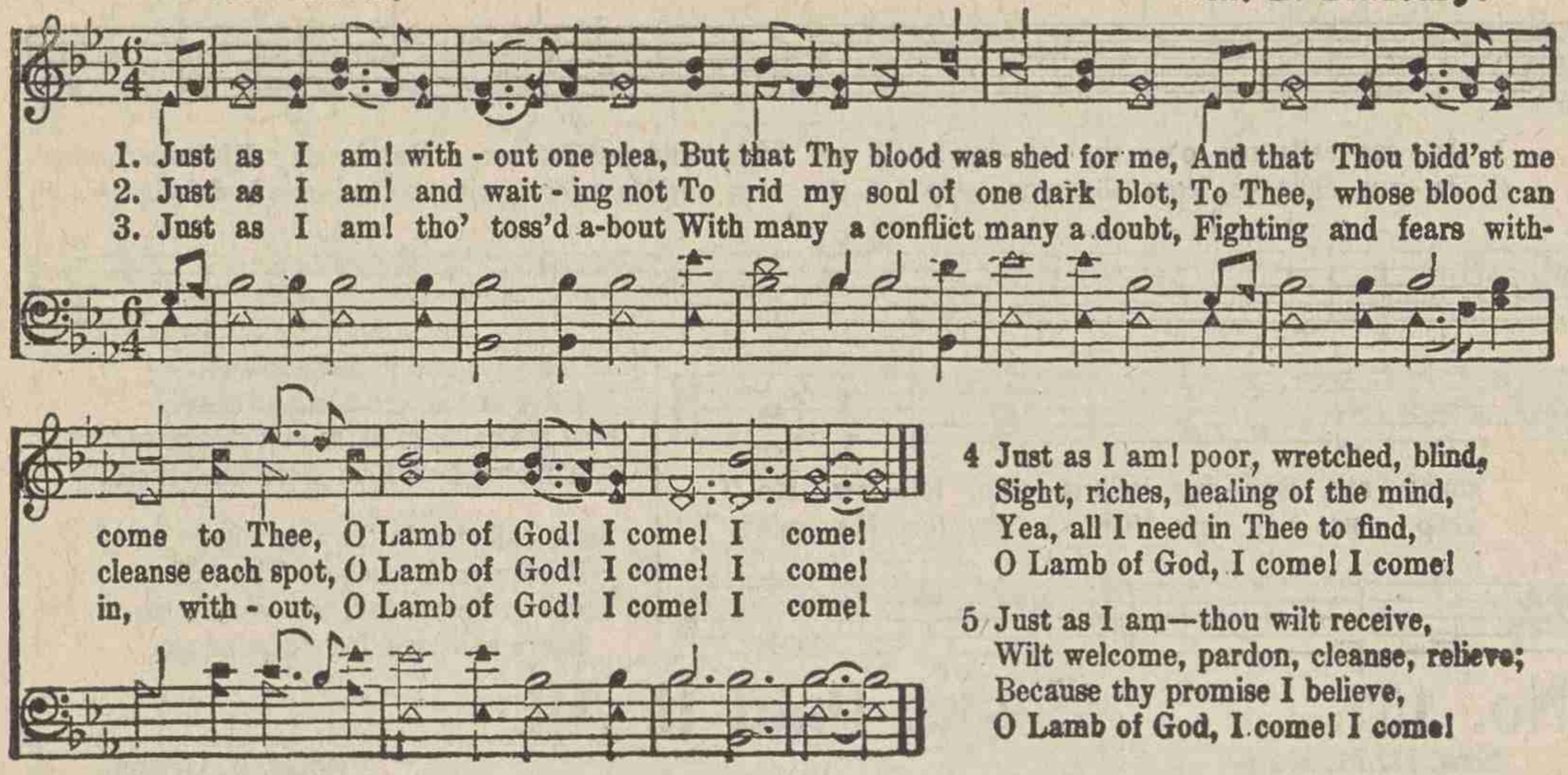


3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

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. 147. Just As I Am.

Charlotte Elliott. Wm. B. Bradbury.

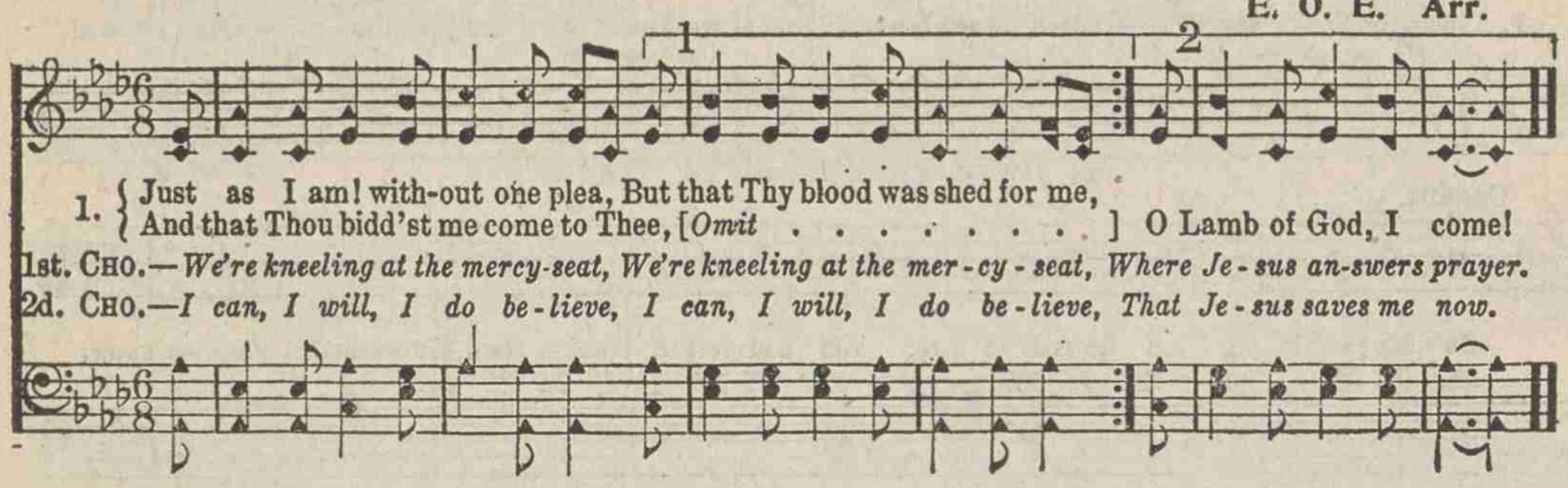


4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

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!

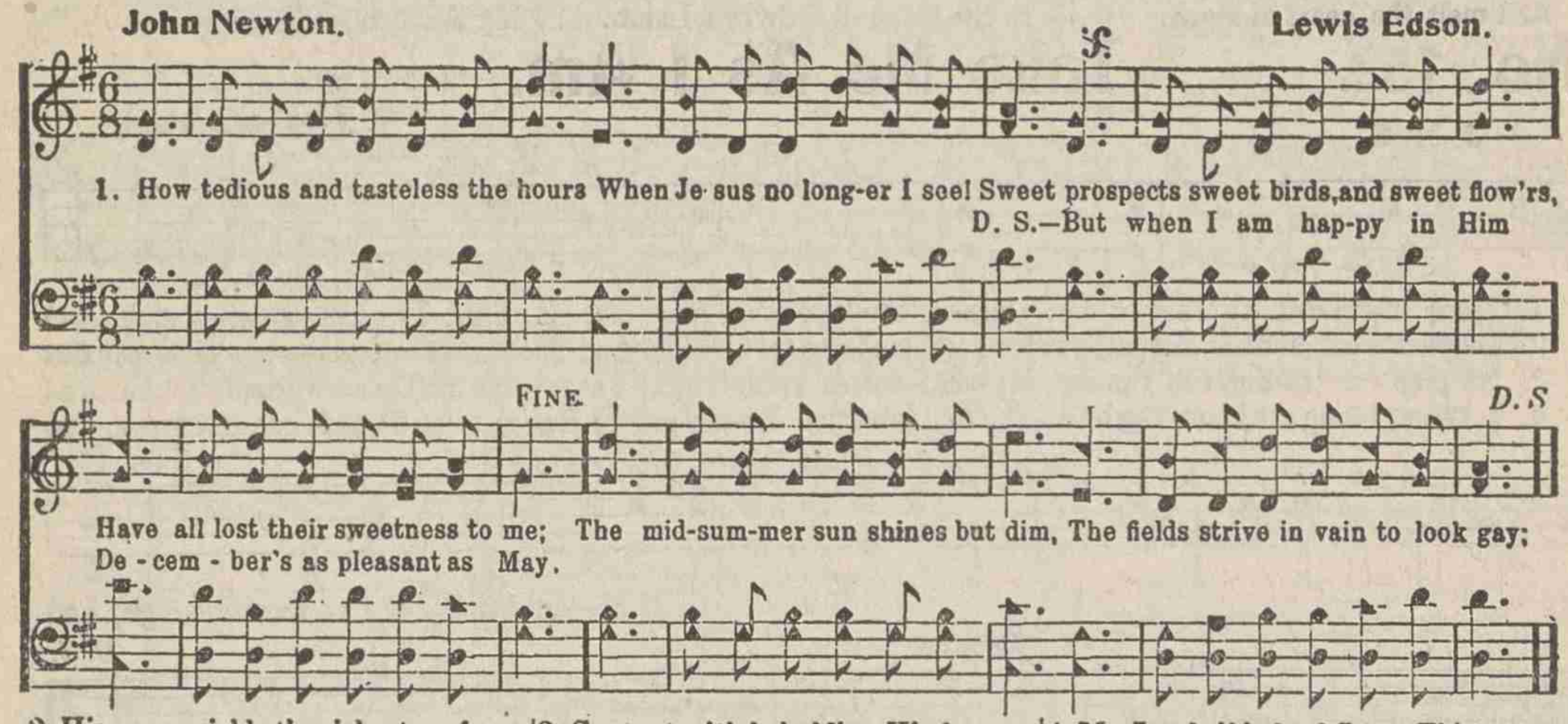
No. 148. We're Kneeling at the Mercy-Seat.

E. O. E. Arr.



No. 149. 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. 150. Jesus Call Us.

Cecil F. Alexander. W. F. Jude.

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

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

No. 151. 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. 152. Take Me As I Am.

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

No. 153. Look and Live.

W. A. O.

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W. A. Ogden.

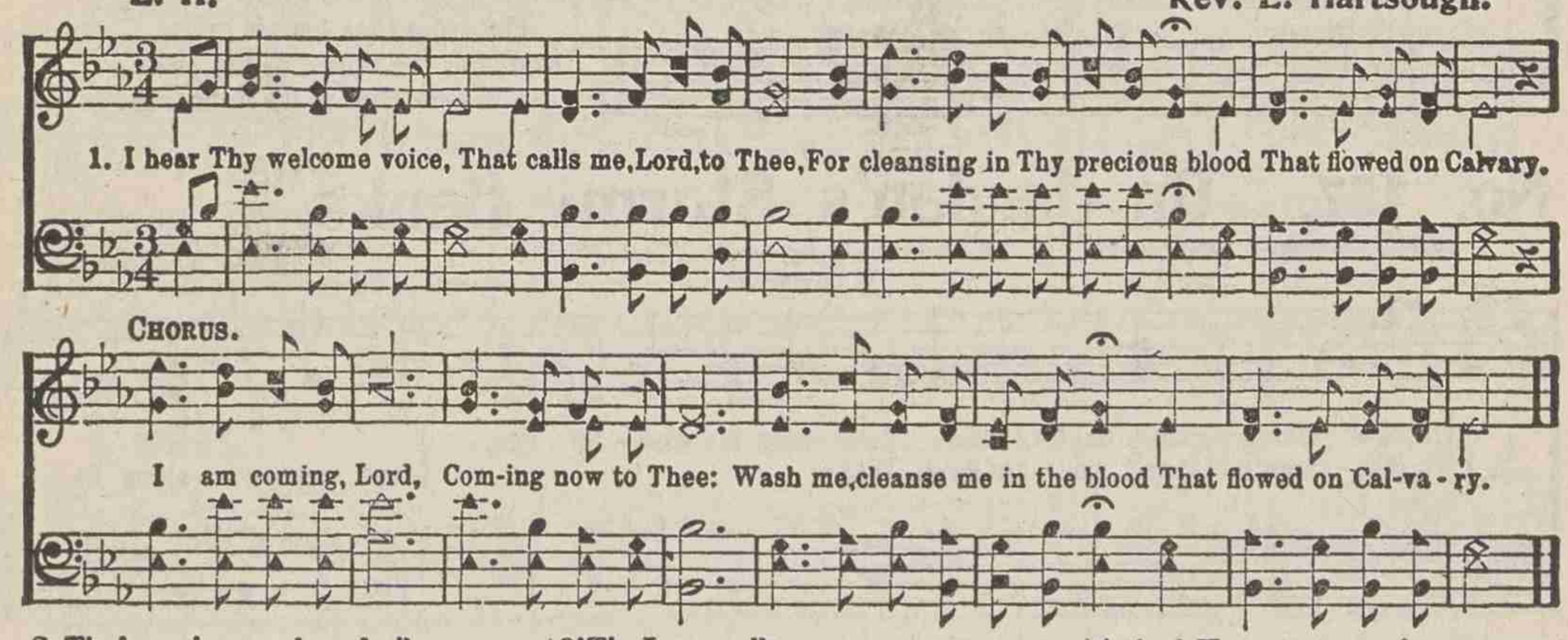
3 Life is offered unto you, Hallelujah!
Eternal life thy soul shall have;
If you'll only look to Him, Hallelujah!
Look to Jesus who alone can save.

4 I will tell you how I came, Hallelujah!
To Jesus when He made me whole:
'Twas believing on His name, Hallelujah!
I trusted and He saved my soul.

No. 154. I Am Coming, Lord.

L. H.

Rev. L. Hartsough.



2 Tho' coming weak and vile
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all, and pure.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on,
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust
For earth and heav'n above.

4 And He assurance gives
To loyal hearts and true,
That ev'ry promise is fulfilled
To those who hear and do.

No. 155. The Heavenly Home.

William Hunter.

Arr. Rev. William McDonald.

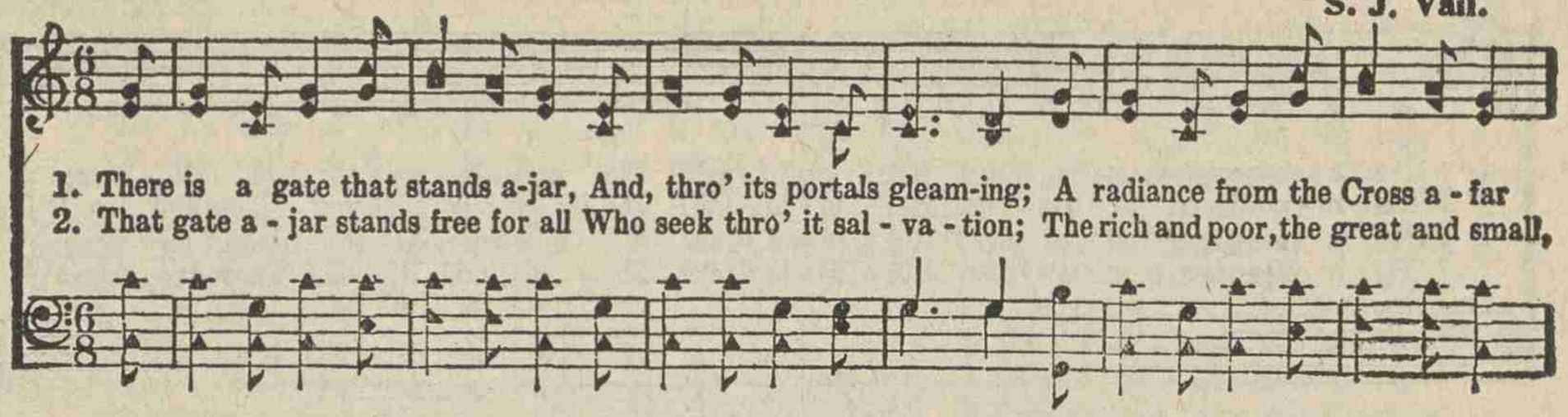
2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be

3 While here, a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam;
Although, like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.

4 Let others seek a home below, [flow;
Which flames devour, or waves o'er
Be mine the happier lot to own
A heav'nly mansion near the throne.

No. 156. 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.

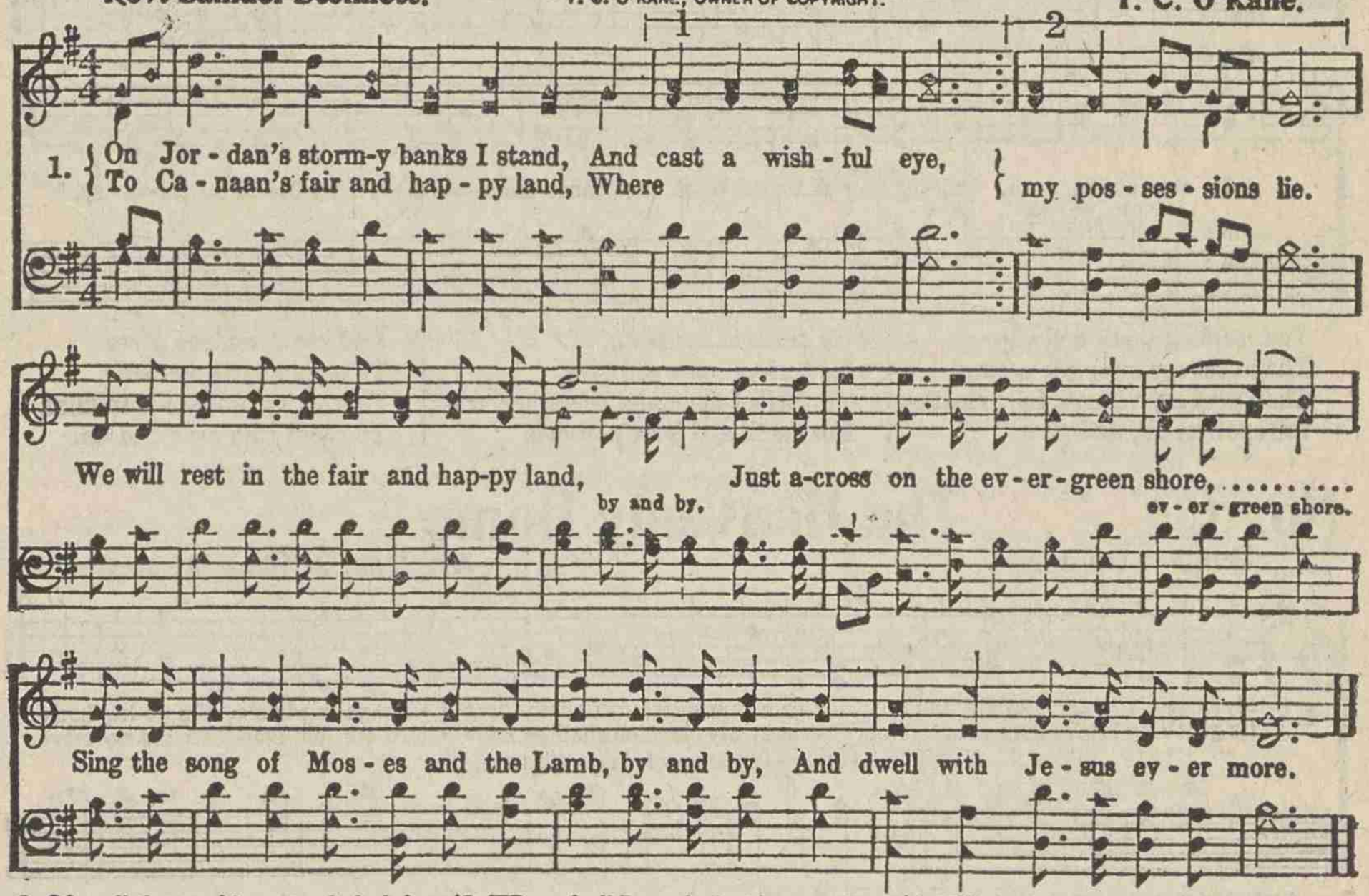
4 Beyond the river's brink we'll lay
The cross that here is given,
And bear the crown of life away,
And love Him more in heaven.

No. 157. On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

Rev. Samuel Stennett.

T. C. O'KANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

T. C. O'Kane.



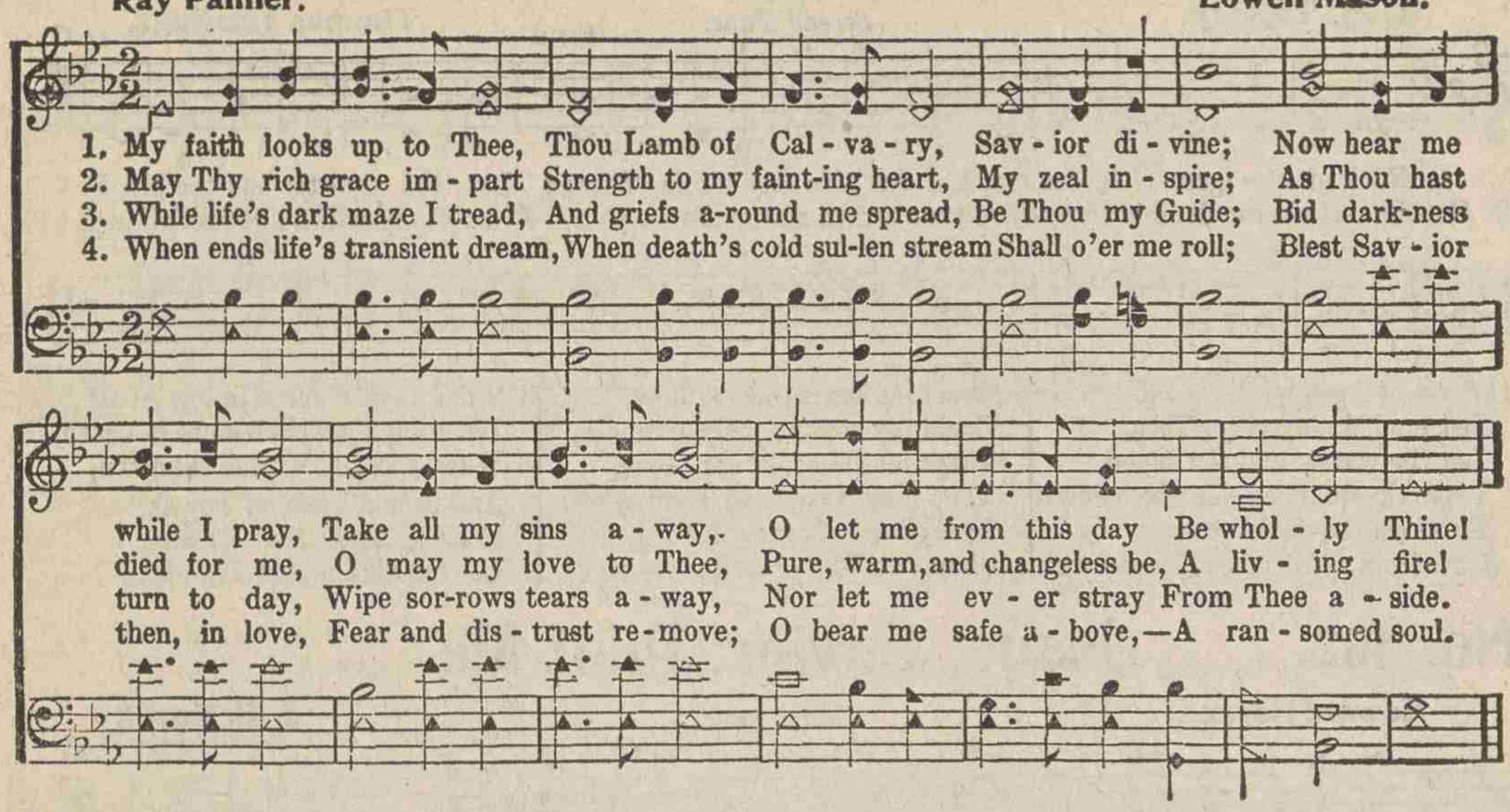
2 O'er all those wide-extended plains,
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

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.

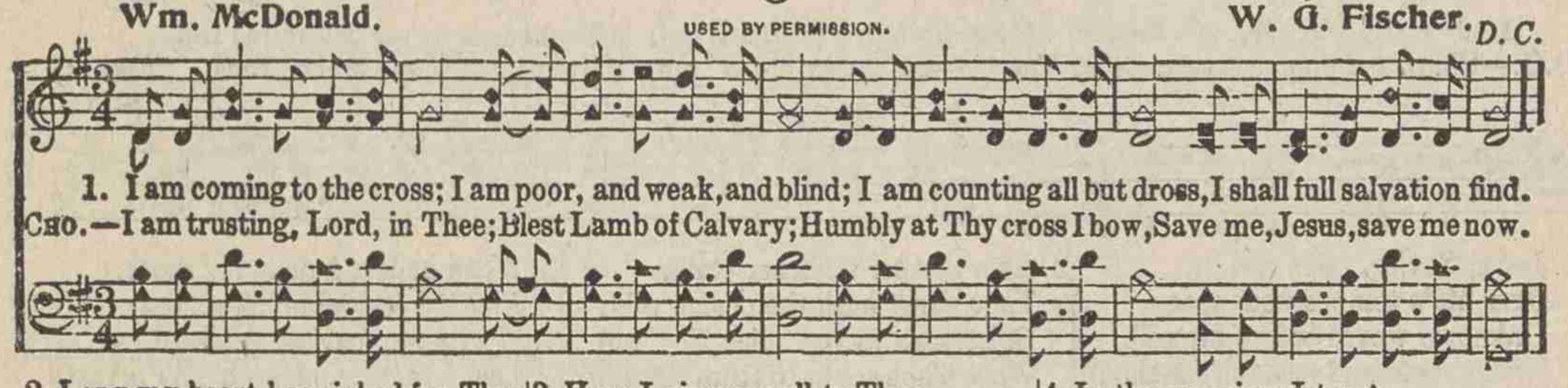
No. 158. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer. Lowell Mason.



No. 159. I am Trusting, Lord, in Thee.

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



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

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

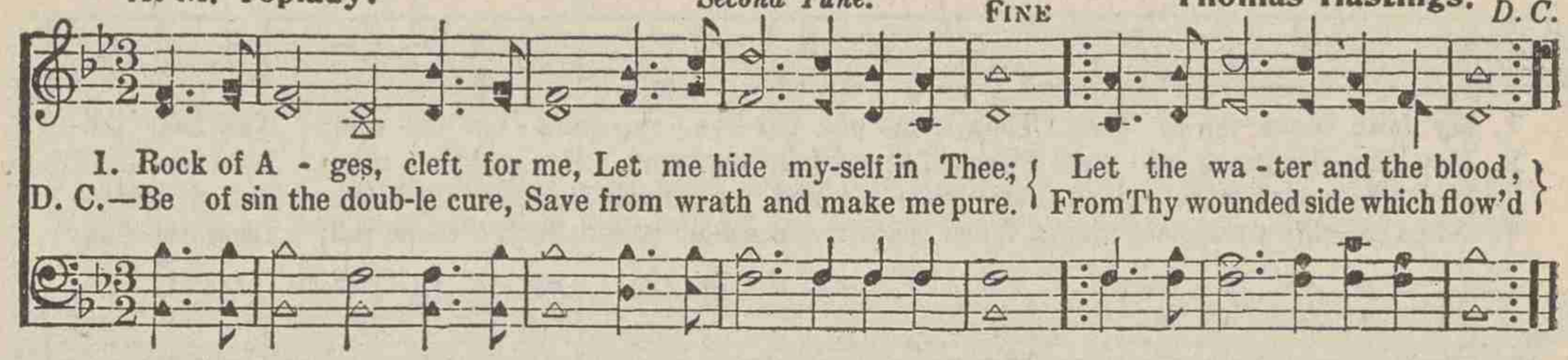
4 In the promises I trust
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

No 160. Joy to the World.

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

No. 161. 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. 162. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

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

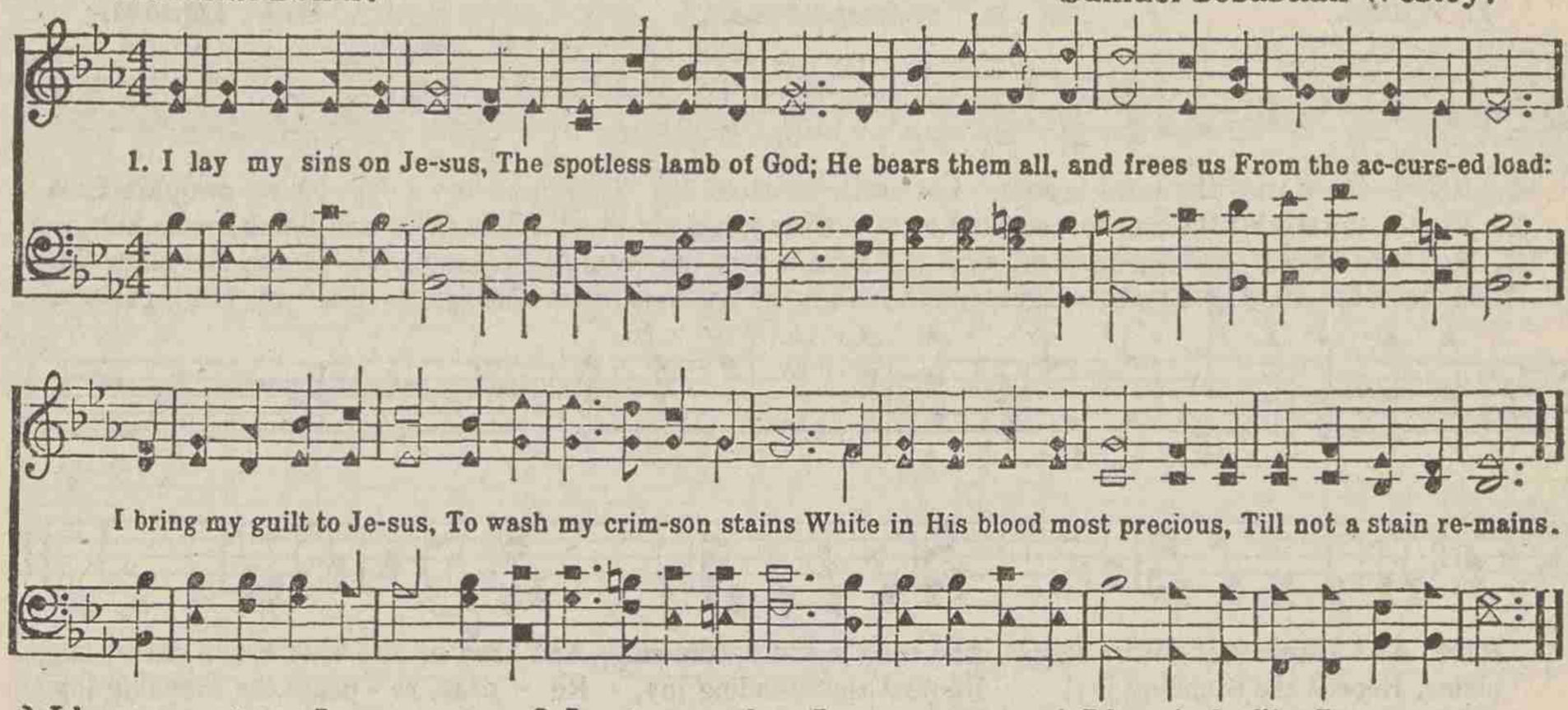
1 Jesus, Savior, pilot me,
Over life's tempestuous sea:
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rocks and treach'rous shoal;
Chart and compass come from Thee
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

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
'Twixt 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. 163. I Lay My Sins on Jesus.

Horatius Bonar. Samuel Sebastian Wesley.



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

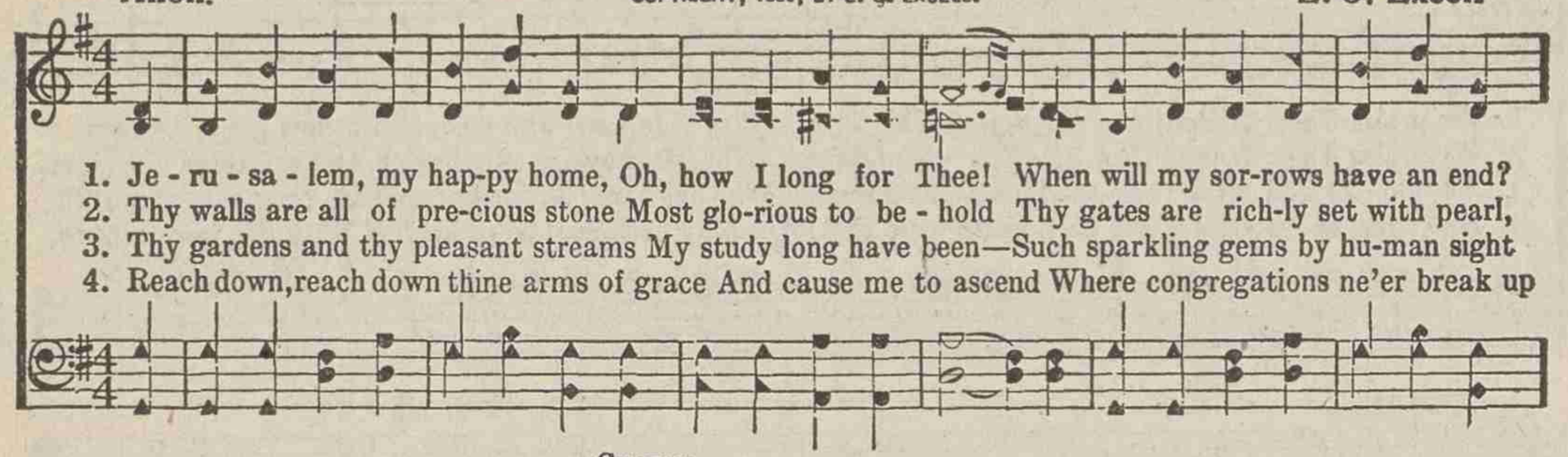
3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline:
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ the Lord,
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.

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

No. 164. My Happy Home.

Anon. COPYRIGHT, 1888, 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



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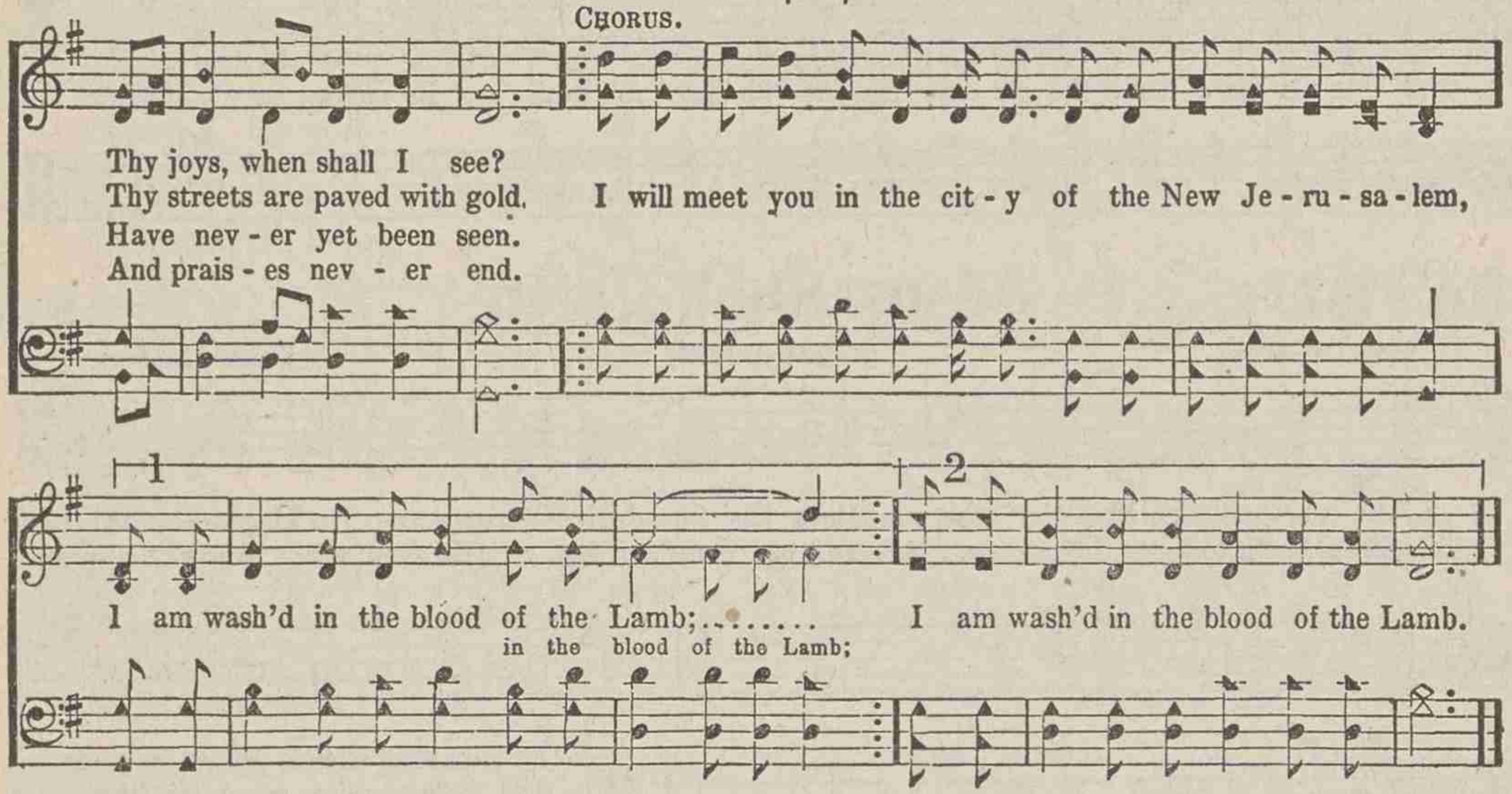
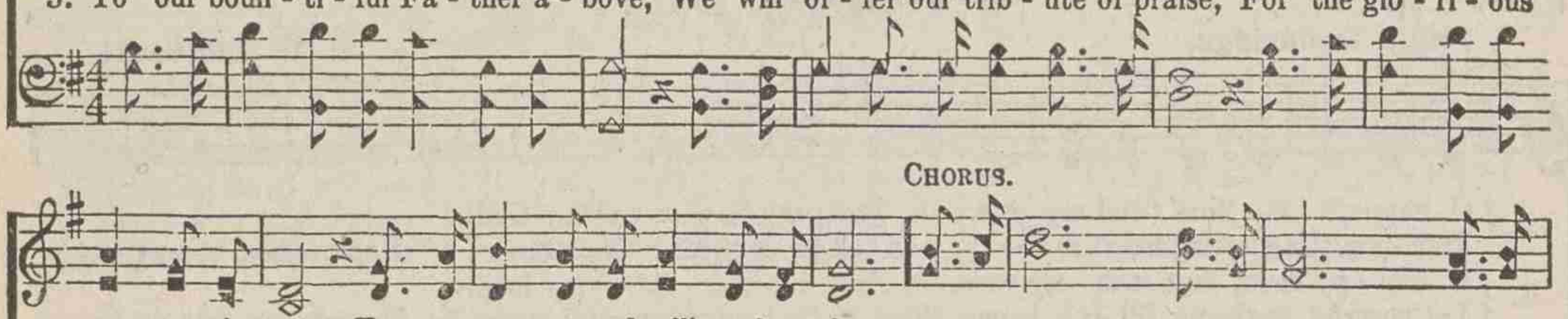


No. 165. Sweet By-and-By.

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

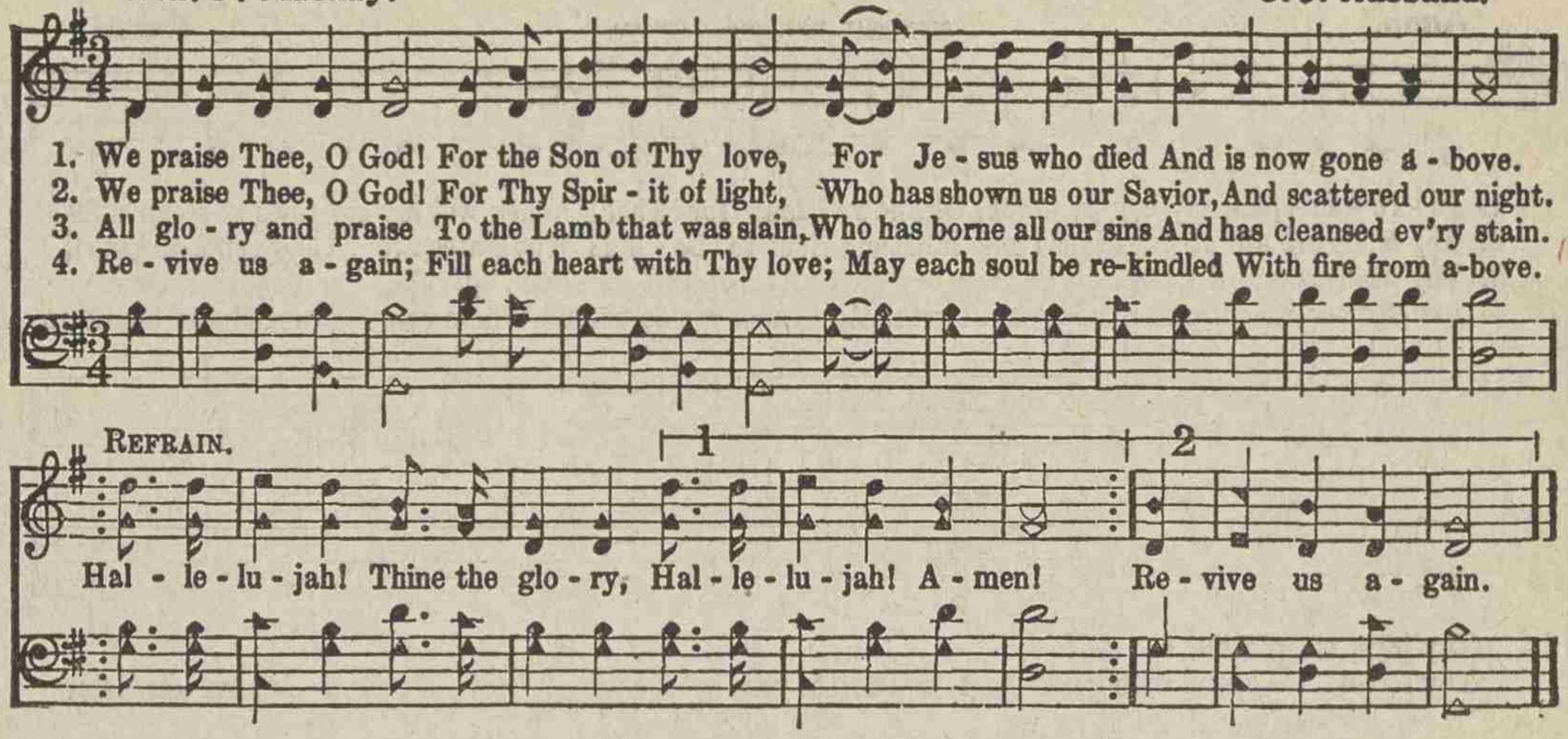
1. There's a land that is fair-er than day, And by faith we can see it a - far; For the Fa-ther waits
2. We shall sing on that beau-ti-ful shore The me - lo - di - ous songs of the blest, And our spir-its shall
3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our trib - ute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous



CHORUS.

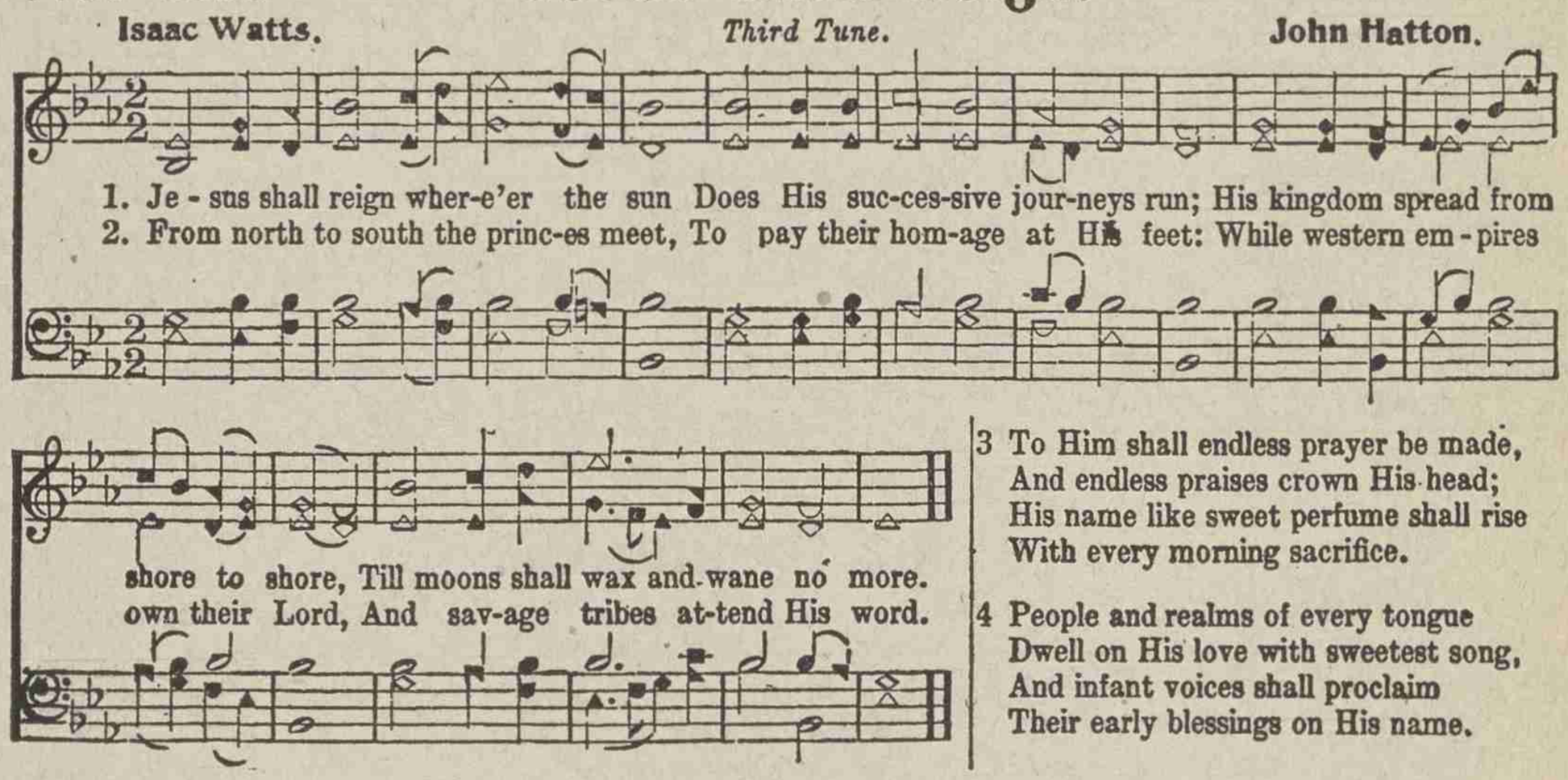
No. 166. Revive Us Again.

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



No. 167. Jesus Shall Reign.

Isaac Watts. *Third Tune.* John Hatton.

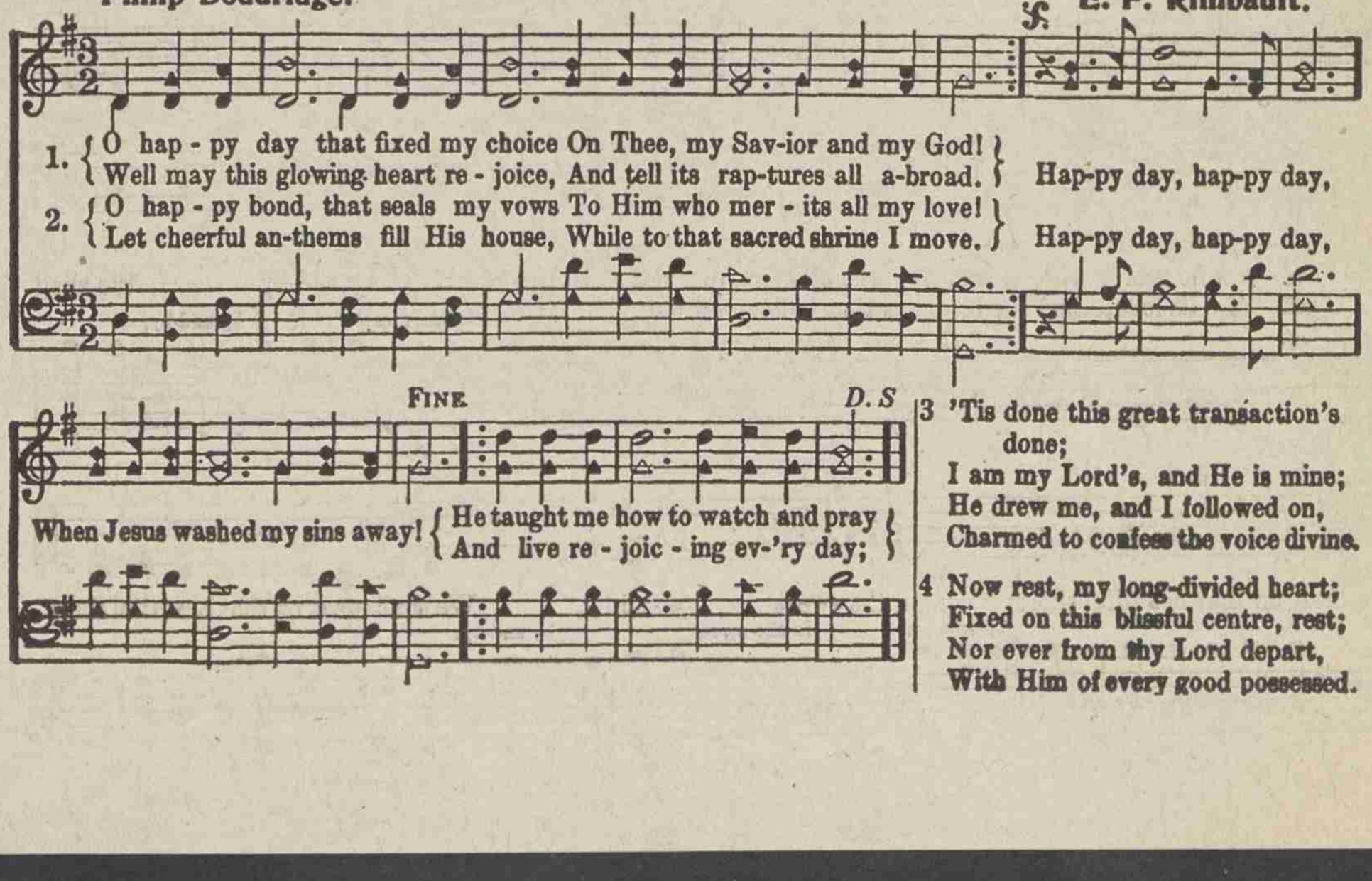


3 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown His head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

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. 168. 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.

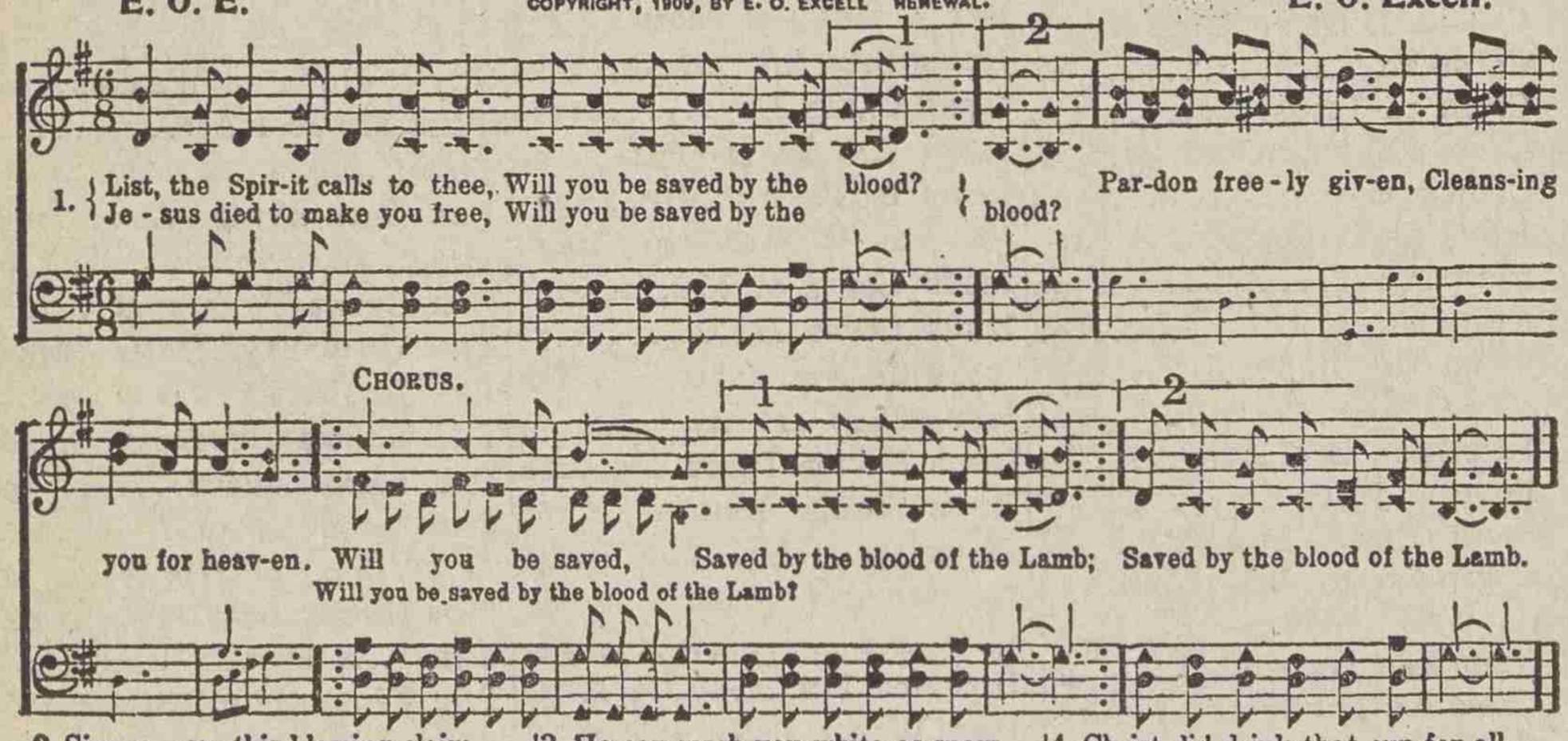
4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

No. 169. Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. — J. H. Stockton.

No. 170. Will You be Saved by the Blood?

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



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. 171. Did Ghrist 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.

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