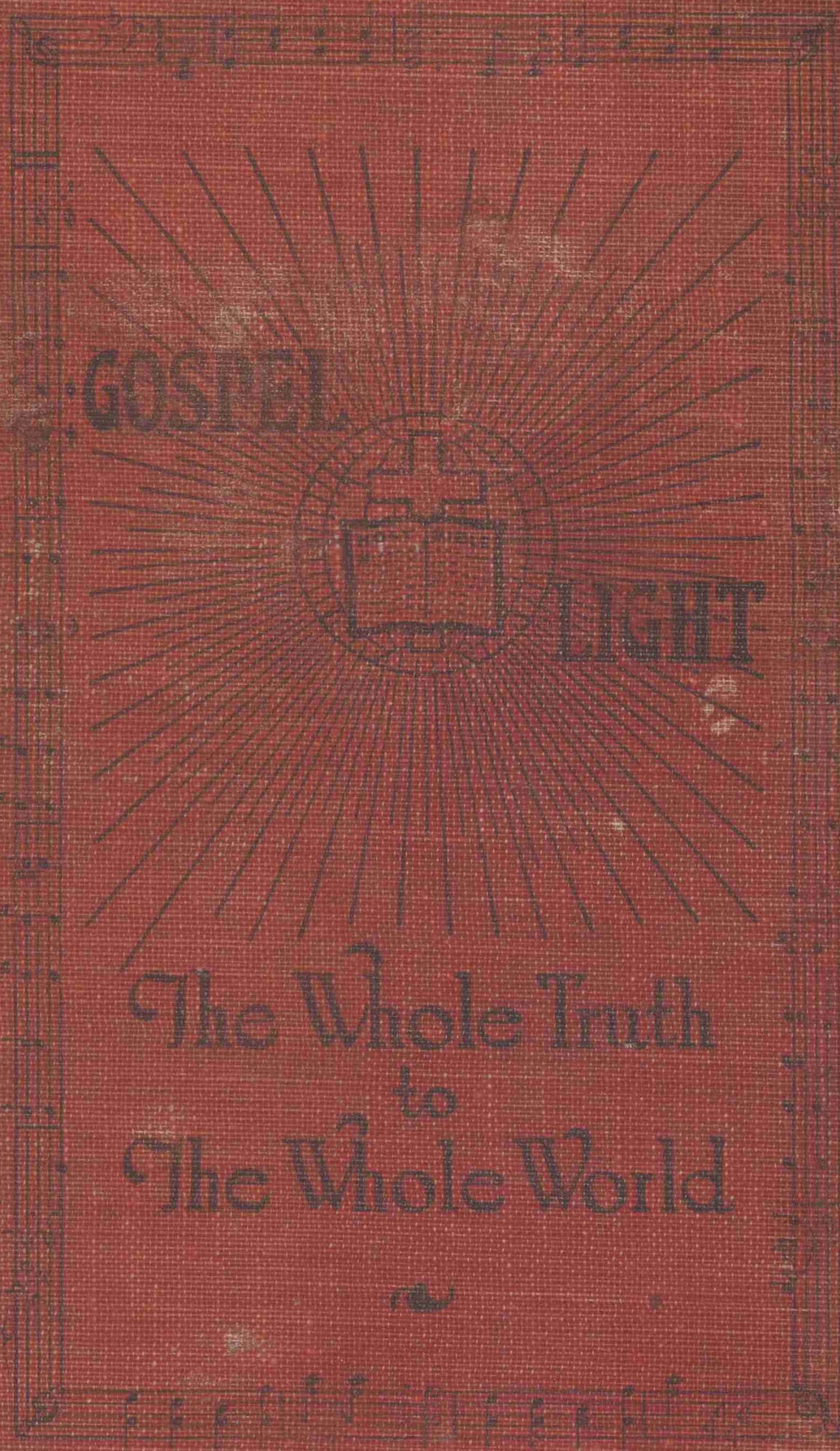

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GOSPEL LIGHT

FOR

The Church, Sunday-School, the Revival, Young People's Meetings, Children's Services, Conventions and the Home.

BY

WOODIE W. SMITH

AND

JOE W. ENGLISH

With the able assistance of

DR. D. B. PURINTON and H. E. OGDEN

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WOODIE W. SMITH CO.

MUSIC PUBLISHERS

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PREFACE

WITNESS FOR JESUS.

EDWIN L. BOWYER.

Do not be discouraged if you cannot
cross the wave,
As a messenger to lands afar;
You can tell of Jesus and His won-
d'rous pow'r to save,
Witness for Jesus where you are.

CHORUS:

Witness for Jesus where you are,
Witness for Jesus where you are;
To the souls in darkness you can point
the Morning Star,
Witness for Jesus where you are.

If the Lord has called you to a land
across the sea,
And a mountain seems your way to bar;
He will clear the way, be true and serve
Him faithfully,
Witness for Jesus where you are.

With the money God has given, you
can help to spread,
Glorious news of Jesus wide and far;
Thus by prayer and consecration you
the light may shed,
Witness for Jesus where you are.

THE AUTHORS.

USE MUSIC "BRIGHTEN THE CORNER."

GOSPEL LIGHT

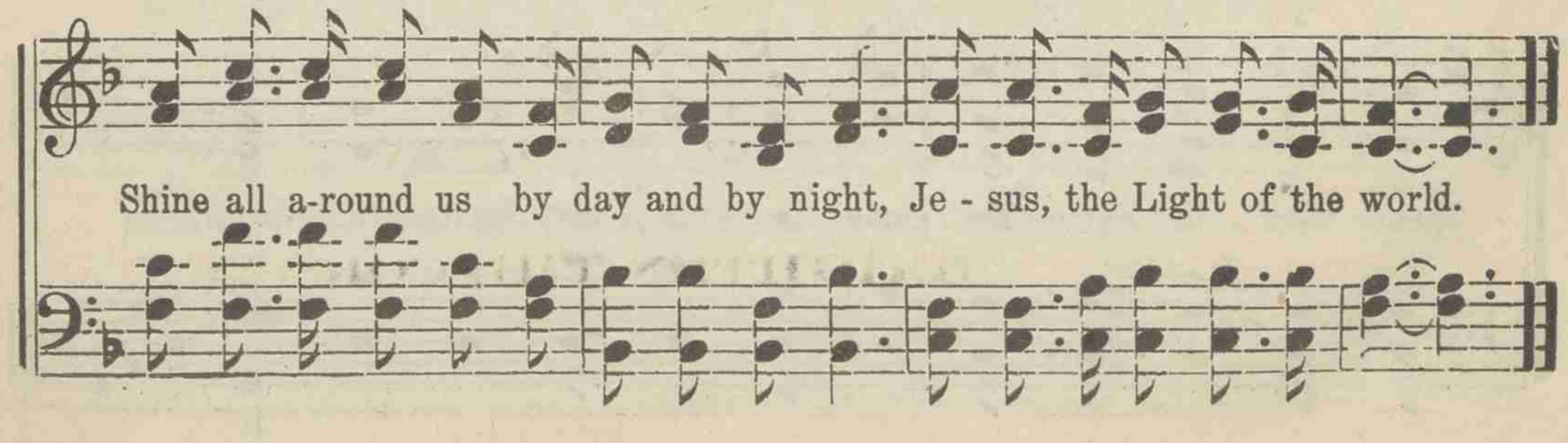
No. 1. Jesus, the Light of the World.

J. V. C. Arranged.



CHORUS.





No. 2. He Came Into My Heart to Dwell.

A. C. F

Copyright, 1921, by A. C. Fisher.

Albert C. Fisher.

1. Oh, how my soul de - lights to sing The sto - ry I love so well,
2. Life has grown brighter day by day, Earth's pleasures have lost their spell,
3. Treasures a-bove have been my aim, His prais-es I long to swell,
4. Oh, it is joy this friend to know, His mer - cy to sing and tell;

In praise of Christ, my Lord and King, Since He came in - to my heart to dwell.
For I have walked the shining way, Since He came in - to my heart to dwell.
For I've a-dored His ho-ly name, Since He came in - to my heart to dwell.
So on the up-ward way I go, Since He came in - to my heart to dwell.

CHORUS.

Since He came in - to my heart to dwell, Since He came in - to my heart to dwell!
Since He came in - to my heart to dwell, Since He came in - to my heart to dwell!

He has ban-ished all my sin, giv - ing joy and peace with - in, Since He came in - to my heart to dwell.

3 Since Jesus Came Into My Heart.

COPYRIGHT. 1914, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER

R. H. McDaniel. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. What a won-der-ful change in my life has been wrought Since Je-sus came
2. I have ceased from my wand'ring and go - ing a-stray, Since Je-sus came
3. I'm pos-sessed of a hope that is stead-fast and sure, Since Je-sus came
4. There's a light in the val - ley of death now for me. Since Je-sus came
5. I shall go there to dwell in that Cit - y I know Since Je-sus came

in - to my heart! I have light in my soul for which long I had sought,
in - to my heart! And my sins which were ma - ny are all washed a-way
in - to my heart! And no dark clouds of doubt now my path - way ob-scure,
in - to my heart! And the gates of the Cit - y be - yond I can see,
in - to my heart! And I'm hap-py, so hap - py as on - ward I go.

CHORUS.

Since Je - sus came in - to my heart! Since Je-sus came in - to my
Since Je - sus came in, came

heart Since Je-sus came in - to my heart, Floods of joy o'er my
in - to my heart, Since Je-sus came in came in-to my heart

soul like the sea bil-lows roll, Since Je-sus came in - to my heart.

4 'Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1882, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK,
USED BY PER.

Mrs. Louisa M. R. Stead. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

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

No. 5. Jesus Christ Is Risen.

JOE W. ENGLISH. Copyright, 1918, by Woodie W. Smith. WOODIE W. SMITH.

1. Just be - yond the dark tomb, Is a rift thro' the gloom, And light drives the dark - ness all a - way;
2. He was nailed to the tree, There on dark Cal - va - ry; He died on the cross for all our sins;
3. And the throngs watched Him there, While all hell mocked His pray'r, He died in great ag - o - ny for me;
4. He has gone thro' the vale, And His pray'r shall prevail, He now of - fers there a - ton - ing blood;

He has bruised Sa - tan's head. He's a - live from the dead, The King of glo - ry reigns for aye.
There with thorns on His brow, We, by faith, see Him now, And songs of sal - va-tion now be - gin.
He a - rose from the grave, He is might-y to save, He of - fers sal - va-tion full and free.
Our high Priest en - ters in, With an of - f'ring for sin, Our Christ in-ter-cedes for us a - bove.

CHORUS.

Je-sus Christ the Lord is ris - en in-deed, And is seat - ed at His fa-ther's right hand;
O what joy to know He's coming a-gain; The Lord is com-ing—King to reign.

No. 6. "Whosoever" Meaneth Me.

J. E. M

Copyright, 1914, by Charlie D. Tillman.

J. EDWIN MCCONNELL.

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

CHORUS.

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

mean-eth me.

No. 7. Near the Cross.

"Peace through the blood of his cross."—Col. 1:20

Copyright by W. H. Doane. Used by per

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross, There a pre-cious foun - tain,
2. Near the Cross, a tremb - ling soul, Love and mer - cy found me;
3. Near the Cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be - fore me;
4. Near the Cross I'll watch and wait, Hop - ing, trust - ing ev - er,

Free to all a heal - ing stream, Flows from Cal - v'ry's moun-tain.
There the bright and morn - ing star Sheds its beams a - round me.
Help me walk from day to day, With its shad - ows o'er me.
Till I reach the gold - en strand, Just be - yond the riv - er.

REFRAIN.

In the Cross, in the Cross, Be my glo - ry ev - er;
Till my rap-tured soul shall find Rest be - yond the riv - er.

No. 8. Jesus Lifted Me.

Copyright, 1914, by Smith and Ussery.

MRS. W. W. S. MRS. WOODIE SMITH.

1. Let me tell you a sto - ry that nev - er grows old, But is sweet-er and
2. My soul was o'er-shad-owed with sin and with shame, My joy was all
3. My hope is re-stored for His blood is ap - lied, In Je - sus my

sweet-er each time it is told, 'Tis the sto - ry of sun-shine, of
fad - ed, my hope was in vain; But list to my sto - ry and
Sav - iour I stand jus - ti - fied; I've noth - ing to of - fer, but

CHORUS.

light and of love, That Je-sus has lift - ed me.
catch the sweet strain, That Je-sus has lift - ed me. He lift - ed my soul, O
for me He died, Yes, Je-sus has lift - ed me.

glo - ry to God, I'm now in the way my Sav - iour has trod, He

bore all my sin, my soul is set free, For Je - sus has lift - ed me.

No. 9. The Wonderful Saviour of Men.

Isa. 9: 6.

W. W. S. Copyright, 1921, by Woodie W. Smith Co., in "Gospel Light." **Woodie W. Smith.**

Slow—with expression.

1. There was One who died on the cross for me, He's the won - der - ful
2. When a - lone and sad, He is still my own, Oh, this won - der - ful
3. I will serve Him now, bless-ed Friend di - vine, Oh, this won - der - ful
4. Bless-ed Lamb who died, but He lives a - gain, Oh, this won - der - ful
5. Sin - ner, trust Him now, par - don He will give, He's the won - der - ful

Sav - iour of men; Tho' condemned was I, He has made me free,
Sav - iour of men; Then with joy I sing and His love make known,
Sav - iour of men; I have trust - ed Him and I know He's mine,
Sav - iour of men; Prophet, Priest and King ev - er-more shall reign,
Sav - iour of men; Yield your-self to Him, and your soul shall live,

CHORUS.

He's the won-der - ful Sav-iour of men. Oh, this won-der-ful Sav-iour of

men,..... He has cancelled my guilt and my sin;.... Once for all He

died and the law sat - is - fied, He's the won-der-ful Sav-iour of men.

No. 10. Jesus Guides Me.

Copyright, 1921, by Woodie W. Smith Co., in "Gospel Light."

Herbert H. Wentz. Lulu E. English.

1. Tho' the an - gry bil-lows roll, Threat'ning to en-gulf my soul, There is
2. Tho' the an - gry billows foam, And would drive my bark from home, When the
3. He, my an-chor, holds me fast, And I'll reach the shore at last, For my

naught for me to fear, Je - sus guides me; When the tempter would an - noy,
Lord says, "peace be still," They o - bey Him; Tho' my bark be tempest tossed,
spir - it from the King, Naught can sev - er; In that home of peace and rest,

And my faith in God de-stroy, Then my Saviour, who is near, Safe-ly hides me.
It shall not be wrecked or lost, I need have no fear of ill, If I trust Him.
I shall with the good and blest, In the shad-ow of His wing, Live for-ev - er.

CHORUS.

Je - sus guides me, tho' the an - gry bil - lows roll; Je - sus hides me,
He's the an-chor of my soul. As I cross life's swell-ing tide, He is

Jesus Guides Me. Concluded.

Emphatic.

ev - er near my side, He's the an - chor of my soul.

No. 11. Jesus.

Dedicated to gospel workers, Cleveland, O.

W. W. S. Copyright, 1921, by Woodie W. Smith Co., in "Gospel Light." Woodie W. Smith.

1. I have a Friend who saved me, Je - sus, 'tis Je - sus;
2. I have an el - der Broth - er, Je - sus, 'tis Je - sus;
3. I have a Shep-herd lead - ing, Je - sus, 'tis Je - sus;
4. I have a King in glo - ry, Je - sus, 'tis Je - sus;

One who has al - ways loved me, Je - sus, the Sav-iour of men.
Dear - er than home or moth - er, Je - sus, the Sav-iour of men.
One who my soul is feed - ing, Je - sus, the Sav-iour of men.
Great-est of sa - cred sto - ry, Je - sus, the Sav-iour of men.

CHORUS.

Je - sus, the Sav-iour of men, of men, Je - sus, the Sav - iour of men;.... One who will hear my pleading, Je - sus. the Sav-iour of men.

No. 12. Be Thou Faithful.

Copyright, 1921, by Woodie W. Smith Co., in "Gospel Light," Fort Worth, Texas.

H. Ellis Ogden. REV. 2: 10. Woodie W. Smith.

1. Hast thou trusted Je-sus Christ the Lord? Art thou anchored in His ho - ly word?
2. Al-ways strive to do the Master's will, Ev-'ry du - ty in His name ful - fill,
3. Be thou faith-ful, al-ways watch and pray, And re-ceive a crown of life some day,

Striv-ing dai - ly for the great reward Which is laid up in heav-en for thee?
True and faithful be to Him, un - til Thou shalt enter the mansion on high.
For the service rendered on life's way, When thy journey is end - ed be - low.

CHORUS.

Be thou faithful unto death, I will give thee a crown of life, Be thou faithful unto

death,'mid the sorrow, care and strife; Faith will lead thee to that home on high, Where true pleasures

never more shall die; Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.

No. 13. Riches of Christ.

Copyright, 1921, by Woodie W. Smith Co., in "Gospel Light."

A. B. Evangelist A. Bailey.

1. I have found the un-search - a - ble rich - es of Christ, In Him doth all ful - ness dwell; I've re-ceived from His boun - ti - ful treas - ure of life,
2. I have found a suf - fi - cient sup-ply for my needs, In Je - sus of Gal - i - lee; He's the treas - ure once hid - den, the pearl of great price,
3. Oh, the won - der-ful, won - der - ful rich - es of grace, In Je - sus the cru - ci - fied; My soul is en-riched and my life is made full,
4. When at last I shall stand with the glo - ri-fied saints, And gaze on His wealth un - told; When a thou-sand ten thou-sands of years have rolled by,

REFRAIN.

A bless - ing I ne'er can tell. Rich - - es, rich - - es,
He's all and in all to me.
In Him I am sat - is - fied.
His rich - es shall still un - fold. Rich-es of Christ, rich - es of Christ,

Oh, the un-search-a - ble rich - es of Christ; Treas - ures, treas - ures,
Treasures untold, treasures un-told,

1 O - pened to you and me;.....

2 O - pened to you and me.

No. 14 Standing on the Promises.

"The word of the Lord endureth forever."—1 Peter 1: 25.

R. K. C. R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Standing on the promis- es of Christ, my King, Thro' e-ter- nal a - ges
2. Standing on the promis- es that can - not fail, When the howling storms of
3. Standing on the promis- es I now can see, Perfect, present cleansing
4. Standing on the promis- es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e -ter-nal-
5. Standing on the promis- es I can - not fall, List'ning ev-'ry moment

let His prais-es ring; Glo- ry in the highest, I will shout and sing,
doubt and fear as - sail, By the liv- ing word of God I shall pre - vail,
in the blood for me; Standing in the lib - er - ty where Christ makes free,
ly by love's strong chord, O- ver-coming dai- ly with the Spir -it's sword,
to the Spir- it's call, Rest -ing in my Sav-iour as my all in all,

CHORUS.

Standing on the promises of God. Stand - ing, stand - ing,
Standing on the promises, Standing on the promises.

Standing on the promises of God my Sav -iour, Stand - ing,
Standing on the prom-is-es,

stand - - ing, I'm standing on the prom-is - es of God.
Stand- ing on the prom - is - es,

Copyright, 1886, by JOHN J. HOOD.

No. 15. 'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer.

Copyright, 1880, by The Biglow & Main Co. Used by per. of W. H. Doane.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of prayer, when our hearts low - ly bend, And we gath - er to Je - sus, our Sav-iour and Friend; If we come to Him in
2. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of prayer, when the Sav-iour draws near, With a ten - der com - pas - sion His chil-dren to hear; When He tells us we may
3. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of prayer, when the tempt-ed and tried To the Sav-iour who loves them their sor - row con-fide; With a sym - pa-thiz - ing
4. At the bless - ed hour of prayer, trusting Him, we be - lieve That the blessing we're need - ing we'll sure - ly re-ceive; In the full - ness of this

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

D. S.—What a balm for the wea - ry!

FINE. CHORUS. D. S.

O how sweet to be there! Blessed hour of pray'r, blessed hour of pray'r;
O how sweet to be there!

No. 16. The Healing Touch.

JOE W. ENGLISH. Copyright, 1918, by Woodie W. Smith, in "Revival Power." WOODIE W. SMITH.

1. I have been to the hills and have heard the song, Of the an - gel hosts
2. I have been to the cross where He died in shame, In the book of life
3. I have been to the tomb where the Saviour lay, And the grave is bright
4. I have been to the mount where the Saviour rose, And I know He saves

and the heav'n-ly throng. How the Sav - iour and Lord, borne in Beth-le - hem,
He engraved my name; I can now feel the touch of the nailpierced hand,
with e - ter - nal day; Oh! the liv - ing One is a-live from the dead,
me from all my foes; I have heard the news of the an - gels bright,

CHORUS.

Came to seek and save all who trust in Him.
I have start - ed home to the heav'n-ly land. Oh! the heal - ing touch
In the cold dark tomb, heav-en's light is shed.
How the Lord will come in the glo - ry - light.

of the cru - ci - fied hand, Oh! the light that shines from the glory land; I have

felt the pow'r of His lift - ing hand, On the sol - id rock my feet now stand.

No. 17. Songs in the Night.

D. B. P. Copyright, 1921, by D. B. Purinton. D. B. Purinton.

1. When the day is end - ed and the night has come, Bring - ing
2. When the cross is heav-y that I needs must bear, And my
3. When the day is end - ed and the night draws near, In whose

rest and com - fort to the heart and the home, Then the Lov - ing
heart grows weary with its toil and its care, Then up - on my
gath'ring darkness scenes of earth dis - ap - pear, Then with heav'n-ly

Fa - ther from the heav'n - ly height Send - eth to His chil - dren
path - way shines a heav'n - ly light, While ce - les - tial voi - ces
vi - sions on my rap-tured sight, I shall hear the an - gels

CHORUS.

bless-ed songs in the night.
sing their songs in the night. Songs in the night, He giv-eth songs
sing their songs in the night.

in the night, My glad heart keeps singing Those blessed songs in the night.

Tell It to Jesus Alone.

J. E. Rankin, D. D. Rev. E. S. Lorenz, by per.

1. Are you wea-ry, are you heav-y-heart-ed? Tell it to Je-sus,
2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks unbidden? Tell it to Je-sus,
3. Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sorrow? Tell it to Je-sus,
4. Are you troub-led at the tho't of dy-ing? Tell it to Je-sus,

Tell it to Je - sus; Are you griev-ing o - ver joys de-part - ed?
Tell it to Je - sus Have you sins that to man's eyes are hid - den?
Tell it to Je - sus; Are you anx-ious what shall be to - mor-row?
Tell it to Je - sus; For Christ's coming Kingdom are you sigh-ing?

CHORUS.

Tell it to Je - sus a - lone. Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to

Je - sus, He is a friend that's well known; You have no oth - er

such a friend or broth - er; Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.

Sunshine in the Soul.

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

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

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

REFRAIN.

O there's sun - - - shine, bless - ed sun - - - shine,
O there's sun - shine in the soul, bless - ed sun-shine in the soul,

When the peace - ful, hap - py mo-ments roll;
hap - py mo - ments roll;

When Je - sus shows His smil - ing face, There is sun-shine in the soul.

No. 20. Just to Know Him.

W. W. S. Copyright, 1921, by Woodie W. Smith Co., in "Gospel Light." **Woodie W. Smith**

1. Just to know He loves me, just to feel His pow'r, Just to know He saves me
2. Just to know He holds me with His precious hand, Just to know He keeps me,
3. Just to know the mis-sion I may here ful - fill, Just to know the Mas-ter
4. Just to know He's pleading now for sin - ful men, Just to know He's com-ing

ev - 'ry day and hour; Just to know He leads me by His hand di - vine,
in this des - ert-land; Just to know He'll call me when this life is past,
and to do His will; Just to know He calls me in His serv - ice here;
back to earth a - gain; Just to know my Sav-iour, once for sin - ners slain,

CHORUS.

Gives me strength to wit-ness, Je - sus Christ is mine. Just to know Him, just to
Say - ing "come" ye faith - ful—welcome home at last.
Fills my soul with glo - ry, and my life with cheer.
Shall be crowned for ev - er—King of kings to reign. Just

trust His grace, Just to love Him, look up - on His face;
to trust His grace, Look up - on His face;

Just to trust Him and be made complete, Fills me, thrills me with His love so sweet.

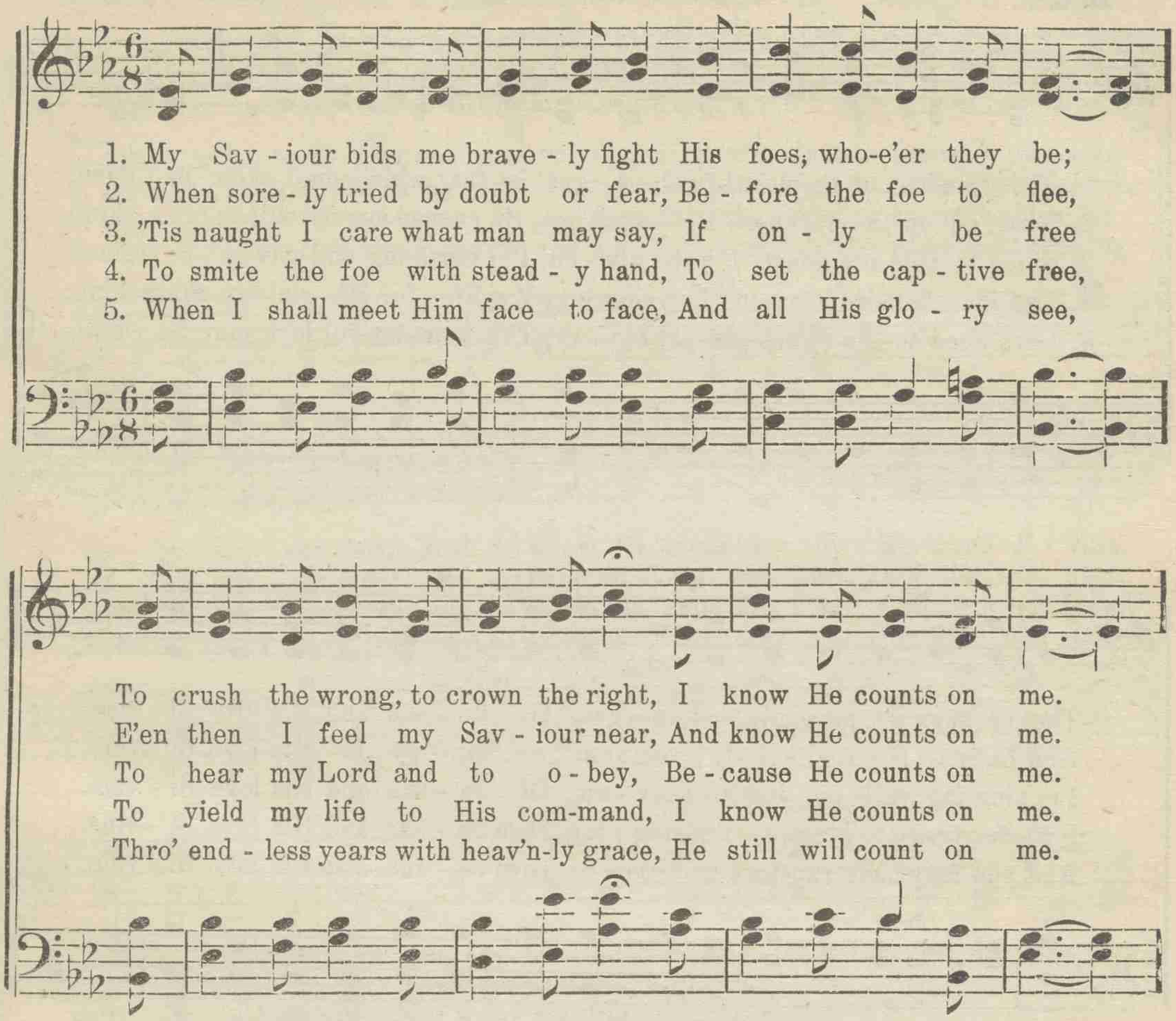
No. 21. The Theme Eternal.

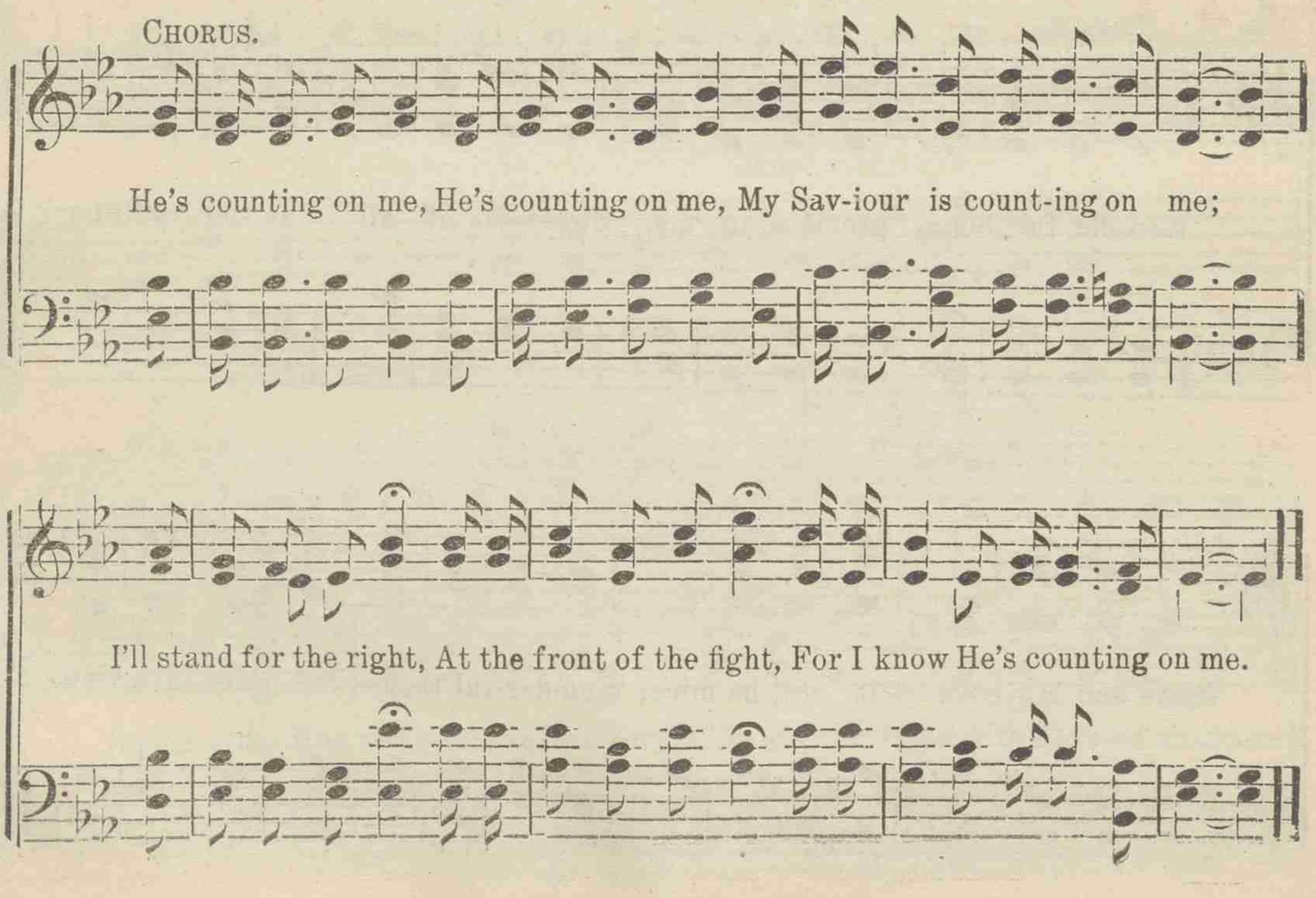
A. C. F. Copyright, 1921, by A. C. Fisher. **Albert C. Fisher.**



No. 22. He's Counting On Me.

D. B. P. Copyright, 1921, by D. B. Purinton. Dr. D. B. Purinton.





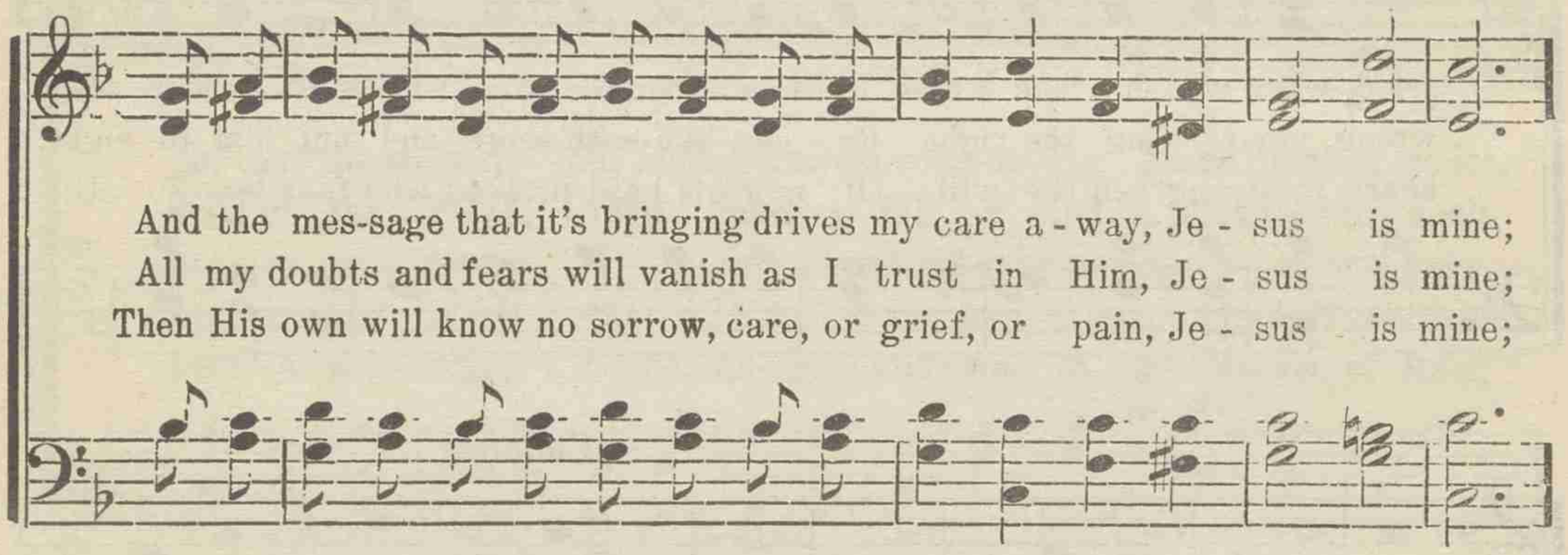
No. 23. The Song In My Heart.

E. L. B.

Copyright, 1921, by E. L. Bowyer.

Edwin L. Bowyer.









No. 24. Say No to the Tempter.

D. B. P. Copyright, 1921, by D. B. Purinton. D. B. Purinton.

1. There's one lit - tle word, if with cour - age you speak, When tempted and tried, when wea - ry and weak, 'Twill con-quer the foe, what-e'er he may seek,
2. Tho' Sa - tan ap - pear as an an - gel of light, Dis-guis - ing the wrong, per-vert-ing the right Re - ject him with scorn and put him to flight,
3. The an - gels of God will their mis - sion ful - fill, To com - fort the heart, to strengthen the will Of mortals hard pressed who fear-less-ly still

CHORUS.

Say No to the temp-ter, say No..... Say No to the tempter, say

No, (say No,) Wher-ev - er he bids you to go (say No,) Keep right on your

ad lib.

way, Go nev - er a - stray, Say No to the tempter, say No.

25

The Haven of Rest.

H. L. Gilmour. USED BY PER. DR. H. L. GILMOUR. Geo. D. Moore.

1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So bur-dened with sin and dis-tressed, Till I heard a sweet voice saying, "Make me your choice,"
2. I yield - ed my - self to His ten - der em-brace, And faith tak - ing hold of the Word, My fet-ters fell off, and I anchored my soul;
3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has been the old sto - ry so blest, Of Je - sus, who'll save who-so-ev - er will have
4. How pre - cious the tho't that we all may re - cline, Like John the be- lov - ed and blest, On Je-sus' strong arm, where no tempest can harm,—
5. O come to the Sav - ior, He pa - tient-ly waits To save by His pow - er di - vine; Come, an-chor your soul in the "Ha-ven of Rest,"

D.S.—*The tempest may sweep o'er the wild stormy deep;*

FINE. CHORUS.

And I en-tered the Ha - ven of Rest.
The "Ha - ven of Rest" is my Lord.
A home in the "Ha - ven of Rest." I've an - chored my
Se - cure in the "Ha - ven of Rest."
And say, "My be - lov - ed is mine,"
In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

D. S.

soul in the "Ha - ven of rest," I'll sail the wide seas no more;

No. 26 Scattering Precious Seed.

"The field is the world * * * and the reapers are the angels."—Matt. 13: 38.

W. A. OGDEN. GEO. C. HUGG.

1. Scat - ter - ing pre-cious seed by the way - side, Scat-ter - ing pre - cious seed by the hill - side; Scat - ter - ing pre-cious seed o'er the field, wide,
2. Scat - ter - ing pre-cious seed for the grow-ing, Scat-ter - ing pre - cious seed, free - ly sow - ing; Scat - ter - ing pre-cious seed, trust-ing, know-ing,
3. Scat - ter - ing pre-cious seed, doubting nev - er, Scat-ter - ing pre - cious seed, trust-ing ev - er; Sow - ing the word with pray'r and en-deav - or,

CHORUS.

Sow - - ing in the morn - ing, Sow - - ing at the noon - - tide; Sow - - ing in the morn - ing,
Sowing the precious seed, Sowing the precious seed, Sowing the seed at noon-tide, Sow-ing the precious seed;

Sow - - ing in the morn - ing, Sow - - ing at the noon - - tide; Sow - - ing in the
Sowing the precious seed, Sowing the precious seed, Sowing the seed at noon-tide, Sow-ing the pre - cious seed,

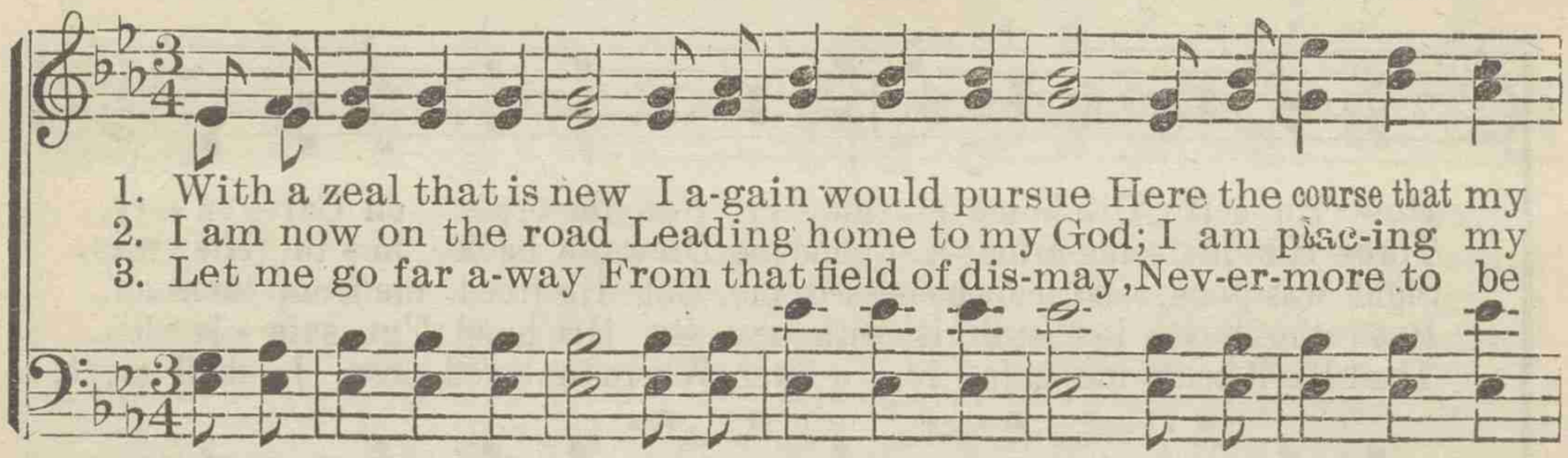
By per. of GEO. C. HUGG, owner of copyright.

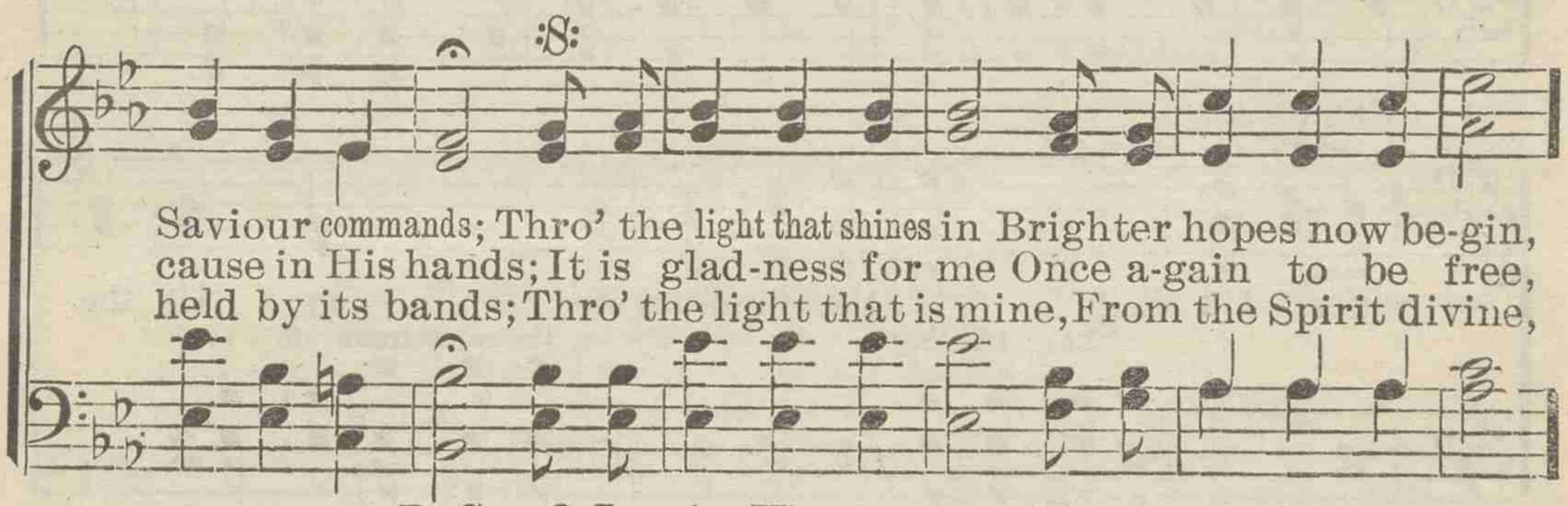
Scattering Precious Seed.



No. 27. I Am Leaving the Dangerous Sands.

F. L. EILAND. Copyright, 1908, by S. D. Simons. By per. S. D. SIMONS.





D. S.—*O I praise His great name, That this vic-t'ry I claim,*



28 I Will Sing the Wondrous Story.

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THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO., NEW YORK, OWNERS.

F. H. Rawley. Peter Bilhorn.

1. I will sing the won-drous sto - ry, Of the Christ who died for me,
2. I was lost, but Je - sus found me, Found the sheep that was a - stray;
3. I was bruised, but Je - sus healed me, Faint was I from many a fall,
4. Days of dark - ness still come o'er me, Sor-row's paths I oft - en tread,
5. He will keep me till the riv - er Rolls its wa - ters at my feet;

How He left His home in glo - ry, For the cross on Cal - va - ry.
Threw His lov - ing arms a - round me, Drew me back in - to His way.
Sight was gone, and fears possessed me, But He freed me from them all.
But the Sav - ior still is with me, By His hand I'm safe - ly led.
Then He'll bear me safe - ly o - ver Where the loved ones I shall meet;

CHORUS.

Yes, I'll sing..... the won-drous sto - - - - ry Of the
Yes, I'll sing the won-drous sto - ry
Christ..... who died for me,..... Sing it with..... the saints in
Of the Christ who died for me, Sing it with
glo - - - ry, Gath-ered by..... the crys-tal sea.
the saints in glo-ry Gathered by the crystal sea.

No. 29. Carry the Bible.

Copyright, 1916, by D. E. Dortch. All rights reserved.

"For the word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart.—Hebrews 4: 12.

D. E. DORTCH. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Car - ry the Bi - ble, the gift from a - bove, Sent from the Fa-ther, a
2. Car - ry the Bi - b le, t'will ease sorrow's pain When you re - mem-ber the
3. Car - ry the Bi - ble, 'tis ho - ly and true, When you are tempted, its
4. Car - ry the Bi - ble, lost souls you should win, Tell them of Je - sus who

to - ken of love; Faith in its teachings will light up the way;
Lamb for you slain; On the tree, cru - el, He suf - fered and died,
sto - ry will woo; Spread the glad ti-dings, how once long a - go,
saves us from sin; You in so do - ing will add to your crown

CHORUS.

Hope will grow brighter, the night change to day.
Gave up His life-blood to cleanse when applied. Car - ry the Bi - ble, the
Tho' red like crim-son, you're now as the snow.
Stars that will glit - ter when life is laid down.

mes-sage of grace, Stud - y its pag - es, its precepts embrace; Car - ry it

with you wher - ev - er you go, Read it each morning, 'twill help you, I know.

No. 30. To-day's Needs.

W. W. S. Copyright, 1920, by Woodie W. Smith. **Woodie W. Smith.**

1. What we need to - day is the pow'r of Je - sus, In the old time way,
2. What we need to - day is the love of Je - sus, In the old time way,
3. What we need to - day is the grace of Je - sus, In the old time way,
3. What we need to - day is is a weeping Prophet, In the old time way,
5 What we need to - day is the church a-wak-ened, In the old time way,

in the old time way; When the peo-ple came with their hearts all burdened,
in the old time way; That will set our hearts all a - flame for sin-ners,
in the old time way; That will bring us back to the house of wor - ship,
in the old time way; That will mourn the loss of a dy - ing na - tion,
in the old time way; Then the seat of sin sure - ly will be shak - en,

CHORUS.

In the old time way, in the old time way. Oh, the joy that

thrilled God's people, In the old time way, in the old time way; When a

rit.

soul found peace in Je - sus, In the old time way, in the old time way.

No. 31. Pray.

If my people which are called by my name, will humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from heaven and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land.—2 CHRON. 7: 14.

J. A. B. J. A. BROWN.



1. Pray, pray in the old - time way, Come, Christians, gath - er round;
2. Pray, pray where two or three Are gath - ered in His name;
3. Pray, pray and seek His face, And turn from all your sin;
4. Pray, pray, for souls are lost, Their blood is on our hands;
5. Pray, pray, O sin - ner, pray, Your heart in guilt bowed down;





Pray, pray as they used to pray, When the pow'r of God came down.
Pray, pray, for Je - sus said, I am in the midst of them.
Pray, pray for grace to go And bring the wan-d'rers in.
Pray, pray, e'en now their feet Are on death's sink - ing sands.
Pray, pray, for God will hear, He says, "I will be found."



CHORUS.



Pray, pray, the on - ly way, To reach the saints' high ground;



Pray, pray, the pray'r of faith Will bring God's bless - ings down.

Copyright, 1918, by J. A. Brown, Dallas, Tex.

INVITATION SONGS.

No. 32. Softly and Tenderly.

"Come unto me."—MATT. 11: 28.

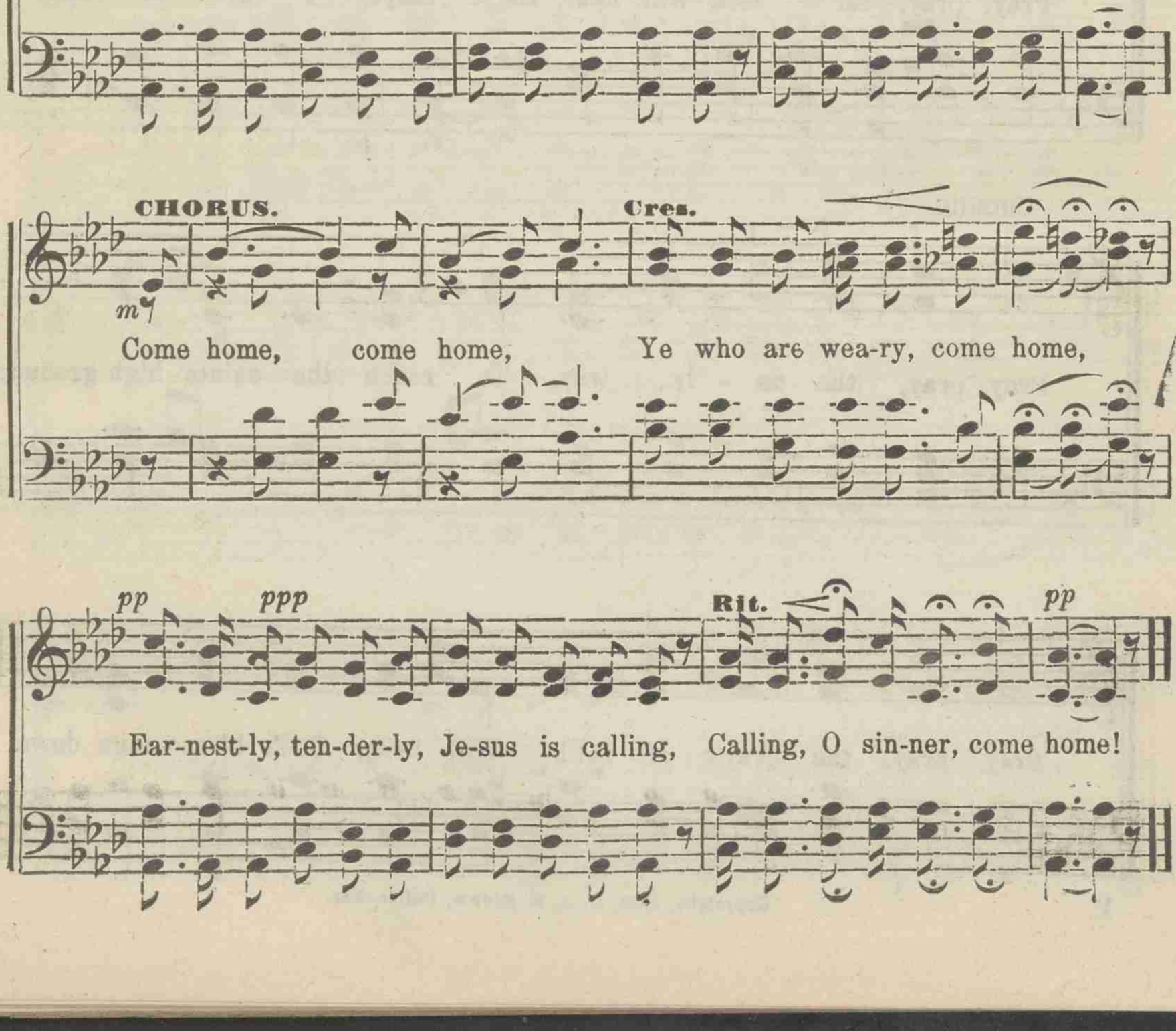
W. L. T. By per. Will L. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, O., Chicago, Ill. WILL L. THOMPSON.



1. Soft-ly and ten-der-ly Je - sus is call-ing, Call-ing for you and for me,
2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. O for the wonderful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me,



See on the por-tals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Mercies for you and for me?
Shadows are gath-er-ing, death beds are coming, Coming for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinned, He has mercy and par-don, Par-don for you and for me.



No. 33. Jesus Is Watching You.

W. G. COOPER. Copyright, 1814, by Smith and Ussery. H. E. OGDEN.

1. A mar - vel - ous gos - pel, and one you need, Bro't plainly to you dur - ing all your days, Sur - pass-ing - ly sol - emn to know indeed, That Je - sus is watch-ing you.
2. His eye is up - on you, re - mem-ber this, You nev - er can hide from His search-ing gaze, And you are pre - par - ing for woe or bliss, Lo, Je - sus is watch-ing you. O Je - sus is
3. No way to be hap - py, till rec - on-ciled, For-giv - en and saved, to His will resigned, And con-stant-ly liv - ing as God's own child, For Je-sus is watch-ing you.
4. Some day if you love Him and serve Him here, And grow to be like Him in all your ways, Your rapture shall be in a happier sphere, That Je-sus is watch-ing you.

watch-ing you,..... Yes, Je - sus is watch-ing you, Wher - ev - er you go, Whatever you do, Je - sus is watching you.

CHORUS.

watching you,

rit.

No. 34. Tenderly Calling.

Copyright, 1914, by Smith and Ussery.

H. E. OGDEN. WOODIE W. SMITH.

1. Je - sus now is in - ter - ced - ing, At the throne for one and all;
2. Moth-er's pray'r for you as - cend - ing, To the Christ who loves you so;
3. List - en, sin - ner, to the warn - ing, Bid - ding you from sin to turn;
4. Come, O come to Christ be - liev - ing, With your heart's door open wide;

Sin - ner, do not spurn His plead - ing, It may be some one's last call.
If you sin un - til the end - ing, You must share e - ter- nal woe.
In the aw - ful judgment morn - ing, You can not God's biddings spurn.
O - ver sin and sor - row griev - ing, Let Him come in to a - bide.

REFRAIN.

Christ so ten - der - ly is call - ing, O ac-cept Him while you may;

Don't re-ject the call of mer - cy, On - ly trust Him and o - bey. (o-bey.)

No. 35. Come Home.

Iva Wentz. Copyright, 1921, by Woodie W. Smith Co., in "Gospel Light." **Herbert H. Wentz.**

1. Dear sin - ner, a - wea - ry, oh, why not come home? Je - sus is plead-ing, why tho't - less - ly roam? He's pa - tient - ly call - ing in
2. He's wait - ed so long, must He wait lon - ger still? List to the Sav - iour and bow to His will; Re - ject not His mer - cy, death's
3. Sad state it would be if you wait - ed too long. Nev - er to see that bright heav-en - ly throng; For - ev - er be ban-ished from

mer - cy to - day, Come to the Sav - iour, oh! come while you may!
an - gel may come, Her - ald - ing judg-ment, and seal - ing your doom.
Je - sus and home, List to His plead-ings, oh! wea - ry one come!

CHORUS.

Come, come, oh, why not come home? Come, come, why tho'tlessly roam? Je - sus is call-ing and pleading to - day, En - ter the king-dom, oh! do not de - lay.

No. 36. You Will Need Jesus Some Day.

Dedicated to English-Smith Evangelistic Party.

H. E. O. Copyright, 1921, by Woodie W. Smith Co., in "Gospel Light." H. Ellis Ogden.

1. Why turn from the Sav - iour and seek world-ly pleas-ure, Far - ther and far - ther a - way; Oh, come while He of - fers you joy be-yond measure;
2. On things that are world - ly your soul is now feed-ing, Things that will sure - ly de - cay; Oh, turn while in mer - cy; with you He is plead-ing;
3. Per - haps you are spurn - ing God's mer-cy for - ev - er, Turn - ing the last call a - way; Thus seal - ing your doom—He will hear you, no, nev - er;

CHORUS.

You will need Je-sus some day. You'll need Him, you'll need Him,
You'll need Him some day, you'll need Him some day,

Then why will you long - er de-lay; . . . . . Oh, come while you
Then why will you lon - ger de - lay;

may, don't turn Him a - way, For you will need Je - sus some day.

No. 37. Jesus Will Give You Rest.

Fanny J. Crosby. From "Joy to the World." **Jno. R. Sweney. By per.**

1. Will you come, will you come, with your poor brok - en heart, Bur - den'd and sin op-press'd? Lay it down at the feet of your Sav-iour and Lord,
2. Will you come, will you come? there is mer - cy for you, Balm for your ach - ing breast; On - ly come as you are, and be-lieve on His name,
3. Will you come, will you come, you have noth-ing to pay; Je - sus, who loves you best, By His death on the cross pur-chas'd life for your soul,
4. Will you come, will you come? how he pleads with you now! Fly to His lov - ing breast, And what - ev - er your sin or your sor - row may be,

REFRAIN.

Je - sus will give you rest. Oh, hap - py rest, sweet, hap - py rest!

Je - sus will give you rest, Oh! why won't you come in hap - py rest,

sim - ple, trust - ing faith Je - sus will give you rest.

No. 38. Behold the Saviour.

Copyright 1918, by Woodie W. Smith, in "Revival Power."

JOE. W. ENGLISH. WOODIE W. SMITH.

1. Be - hold the Sav - iour now as-cend-ing High a - bove a world of woe,
2. Be - hold the Sav - iour in - ter - ced-ing At the mer - cy - seat on high,
3. Be - hold Him cru - ci - fied and bleeding, Spotless Lamb for sinners slain,

The rip-'ning harv - est now is bend-ing, And His truth shall on-ward go:
Our Ad - vo-cate for us now pleading, Bold - ly now thru Him draw nigh;
O sin-ner, come, His mer-cy plead-ing, He hath borne your sin and shame,

On-ward go to ev - 'ry na - tion, Winning souls to His sal - va-tion:
Blood a - ton - ing of-fered there, Priest for us He pleads in pray'r;
O be-lieve on Him; con-fess-ing, And re-ceive e - ter - nal bless-ing;

High a - bove a world of woe,
At the mer - cy-seat on high,
Spotless Lamb for sin-ners slain;

Yes, His truth shall on-ward go.
Bold-ly now thru Him draw nigh.
He hath borne our sin and shame.

39

OH, WHY NOT TONIGHT?

"How long halt ye between two opinions?"—1 Kings 18:21.

REV. H. BONAR, D. D. J. CALVIN BUSHEY.

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

CHORUS.

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

why not to - night? Wilt thou be saved?
why not to - night? Why not to - night? Wilt thou be saved,

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

From "Songs for All," by per. of E. T. Pound.

No. 40 Seeking the Lost.

"I will both search my sheep, and seek them out."—Ezek. 34: 11.

A. J. B. A. J. BUCHANAN.

1. Will you go and speak to the lost ones here? To the ones who have gone a-stray,
2. Will you go and speak to the sinners blind, And who walk in midnight gloom?
3. Will you tell them all if they will believe, That their souls will be tru - ly blest?
4. Will you go and tell them the Sav-iour died, And pro-vid-ed for them the way?

Will you lead them back to the Shepherd's fold? From their wand'rings in sin's dark way.
Will you bear some light to their dark-en'd mind? Will you tell them their com - ing doom?
For the Saviour said that they shall re-ceive Precious bless-ings of peace and rest.
If they ful - ly trust in the cru - ci - fied He will par-don their sins to-day.

CHORUS.

Will you seek . . . . . them now? Will you

Will you seek them now? Will you seek them now? Will you

show . . . . . them the way?

show them the way? Will you show them the way? Some one may be lost,

That you might lead home, To that bright land of per - fect day.

Copyright, 1889, by H. N. LINCOLN. From "Song Land Messenger," by per.

No. 41. Now Is the Time to Prepare.

Owned by H. E. Ogden. 1912.

H. E. O. H. E. OGDEN.



1. Sin- ner, don't wait till the judg - ment, Start for that cit - y so fair;
2. Soon we will come to the judg - ment, Who shall be a - ble to stand?
3. If you still lin - ger in dark - ness, Sure - ly you'll sink in de - spair;





'Twill be too late in that mo - ment, Now is the time to pre - pare.
Turn, and be one of that num - ber That will reach heaven's fair land.
Re - sist the Saviour no lon - ger,— Now is the time to pre - pare.

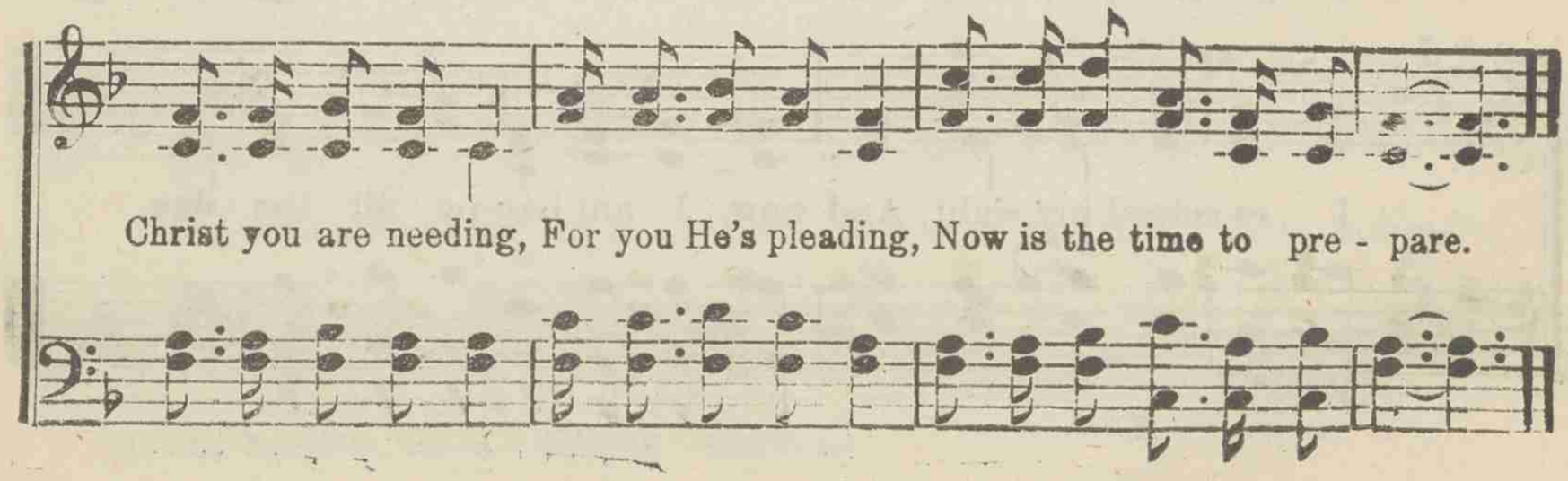




CHORUS.

Now is the time to pre - pare, If you ex - pect to go there;





Christ you are needing, For you He's pleading, Now is the time to pre - pare.

No. 42 At the Cross.

"Look unto me, and be ye saved."—Isa. 45 : 22.

Copyright, 1885, by R. E. Hudson.

I. WATTS. R. E. HUDSON, by per.

1. A - las! and did my Sav-iour bleed? And did my Sovereign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groan'd up - on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut His glo - ries in,
4. Thus might I hide my blush-ing face While His dear cross ap - pears,
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe:

Would He de-vote that sa - cred head, For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love be - yond de - gree!
When Christ, the mighty Mak - er, died For man the creature's sin.
Dis - solve my heart in thank-ful-ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way; 'Tis all that I can do.

CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the bur-den of my heart rolled a - way, It was there by faith rolled a-way,

I re-ceived my sight, And now I am hap-py all the day.

No. 43. "Whosoever Will."

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

1. "Who-so-ev-er heareth," shout, shout the sound! Spread the blessed tidings
2. Who-so-ev - er com-eth need not de-lay, Now the door is o - pen
3. "Who-so-ev - er will," the prom-ise se-cure, "Who-so-ev - er will," for -

all the world around; Spread the joyful news wher-ev-er man is found:
en-ter while you may; Je - sus is the true, the on - ly Liv-ing Way:
ev - er must endure; "Who-so-ev-er will," 'tis life for ev - er-more:

CHORUS.

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

Send the proc-la-ma-tion o-ver vale and hill; 'Tis a lov-ing Fa-ther

calls the wan-d'rer home: "Who - so - ev - er will, may come."

The John Church Co., owners of copyright. Used by per.

No. 44. I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.

Horatius Bonar. Jerusalem. C. M. D. **Arr. from Spohr.**

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and rest;
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's light;

Lay down, thou wea-ry one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast." I
The liv - ing wa - ter; thirst - y one, Stoop down, and drink, and live." I
Look un - to Me; thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright," I

came to Je - sus as I was All wea - ry, worn, and sad; I
came to Je - sus and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream; My
looked to Je - sus and I found In Him my Star my Sun; And

found in Him a rest - ing place, And He has made me glad.
thirst was quenched, my soul re - vived, And now I live in Him.
in that light of life I'll walk Till all my jour-ney's done.

No. 45. The Fountain.

A. B. Copyright, 1921, by Woodie W. Smith Co., in "Gospel Light." A. Bailey.

1. There's a foun - tain wide, with a flow - ing tide, And its
2. 'Tis a fount of love, flow - ing from a - bove, Where the
3. From the foun - tain stream laugh - ing rills that gleam, 'Neath the
4. Oh, thou sin - sick soul, wouldst thou be made whole? Dy - ing

waves touch the des - ert shore; Where the wea - ry one 'neath the
trees of heal - ing grow; And its streams make glad, all the
rain - bow cir - cled throne; Take a full sup - ply, as they
sin - ner wouldst thou live? There's a foun - tain pure, with a

CHORUS.

scorch-ing sun, Stoops and drinks and thirsts no more.
wea - ry sad, Where the crys - tal wa - ters flow. Come and drink and
rip - ple by, They who drink, the Sav - iour own.
dou - ble cure, Life and health its wa - ters give.

live, ... While the foun-tain is so near by; It is
Come and drink and live,

free to all who will heed the call, Come and drink, why will ye die?

No. 46. All Have Gone Astray.

"All we like sheep have gone astray "—Isa. 53: 6.

Wm. F. N. Copyright, 1921, by Woodie W. Smith Co., in 'Gospel Light.' Rev. Wm. F. Newton.

1. All we like sheep have gone astray, Have turned from God to our own way; Our way, not
2. On Christ, the Lord, our sin was laid, By Him the ransom hath been paid; His bleeding
3. Here at the cross His love was seen, His precious blood to make us clean; However

CHORUS.

God's, our choice hath been, This is the very heart of sin.
hands, and feet and side, Pour forth redemption's precious tide. Turn to God, oh, turn to-day, No
sin-ful we may be, Here's pardon, peace und purity.

longer tread the thorny way; Are you not tired and sick of sin? Jesus whispers, "Let Me in."

No. 46½. Christ Alone Can Save Me.

D. B. P. Copyright, 1921, by D. B Purinton. D. B. Purinton.

1. Weep-ing will not save me, Tho' in sor - row's wea - ry ways,
2. Work-ing will not save me, Peace of soul can - not be bought,
3. Giv - ing will not save me, Gifts can ne'er for sin a - tone,
4. Seek - ing will not save me, Tho' I seek and sob and pray,

CHORUS.—Christ a - lone can save me, He who died that I might live,

I go mourning all my days, Weep - ing will not save me.
By the deeds that I have wrought, Working will not save me.
Christ must save, and He a - lone, Giv - ing will not save me.
'Twill not take my guilt a - way, Seek - ing will not save me.

He will peace and par - don give, Christ a - lone can save me.

No. 47. Say, Are You Ready?

"Therefore be ye also ready."—MATT. 24: 44.

A. S. KIEFFER. T. C. O'KANE, by per.

1. Should the Death-an - gel knock at thy cham - ber In the still
2. Ma - ny sad spir - its now are de - part - ing In - to the
3. Ma - ny redeemed ones now are as - cend - ing In - to the

watch of to - night, Say, will your spir - it pass in - to tor-ment,
world of de - spair; Ev - 'ry brief mo-ment brings your doom nearer,
man-sions of light; Je - sus is plead-ing, pa - tient-ly plead-ing,

CHORUS.

Or to the land of de - light?
Sin - ner, O sin - ner, be - ware! Say, are you read - y?
O let Him save you to - night.

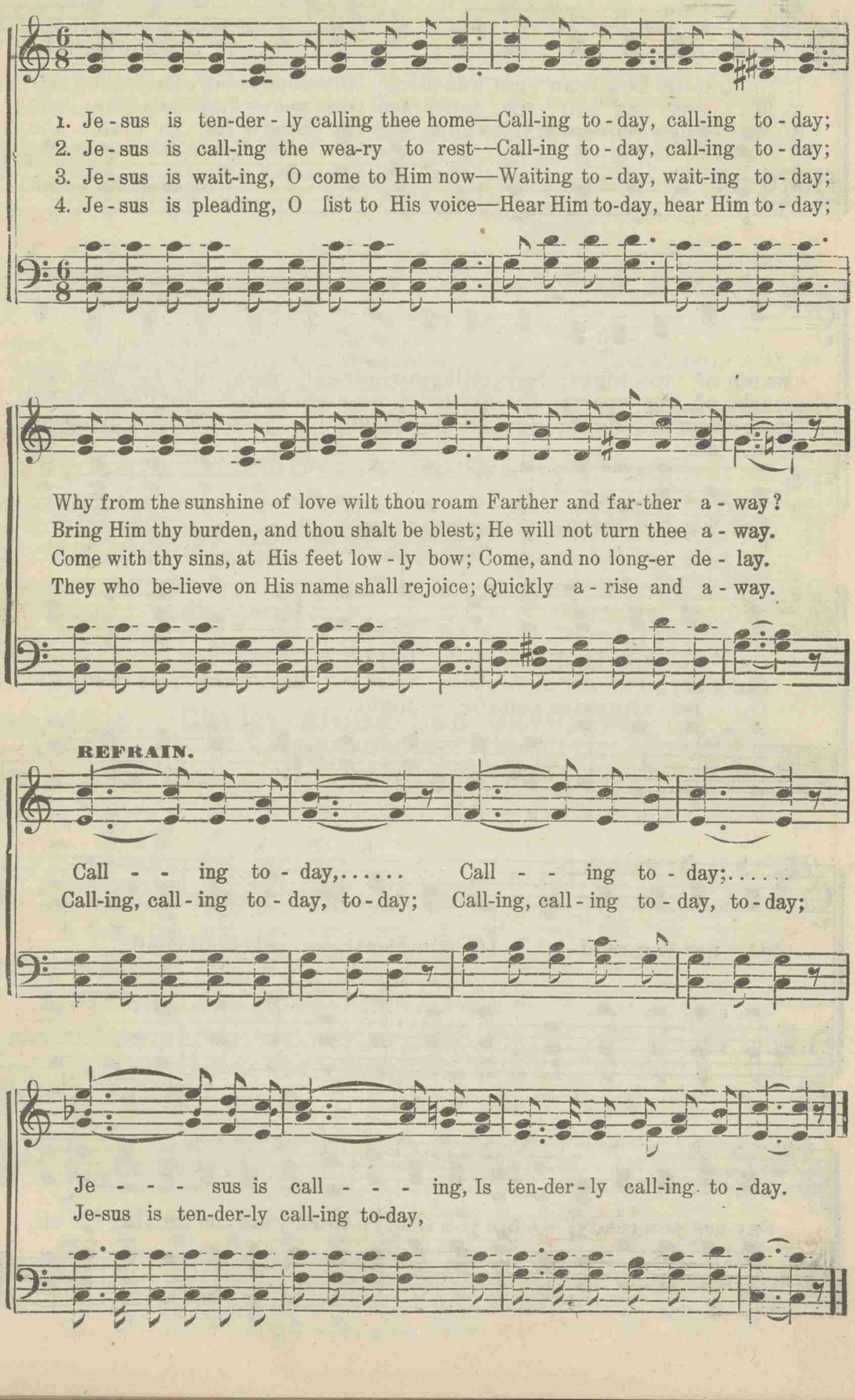
O are you read - y? If the Death-an - gel should call;.....
should call;

Say are you ready? O are you ready? Mer-cy stands waiting for all.

No, 48. Jesus Is Calling.

"Arise, he calleth thee."—JOHN 11: 28.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Copyright, 1883, by Geo. C. Stebbins. Used by per. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



No. 49. Free Waters.

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE. DR. A. B. EVERETT.



1. There's a foun-tain free, 'tis for you and me: Let us haste, oh, haste to its brink;
2. There's a liv-ing stream, with a crys-tal gleam, From the throne of life now it flows;
3. There's a liv - ing well and its wa - ters swell, And e - ter - nal life they can give;
4. There's a Rock that's cleft and no soul is left That may not its pure wa-ters share;

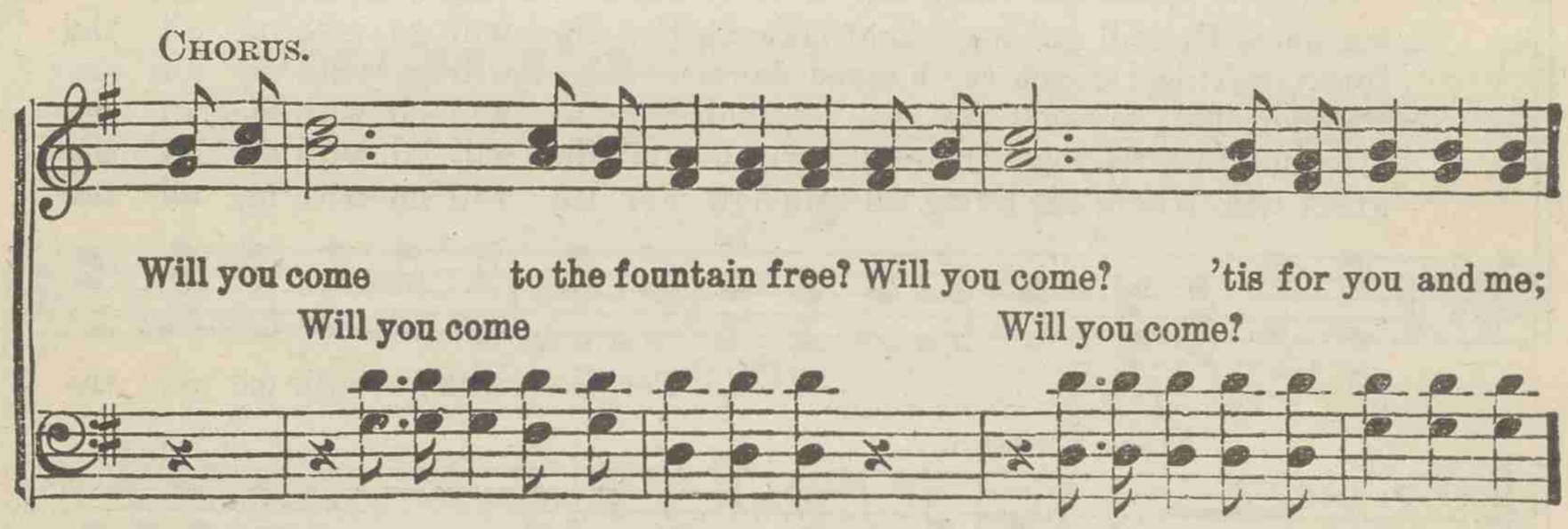




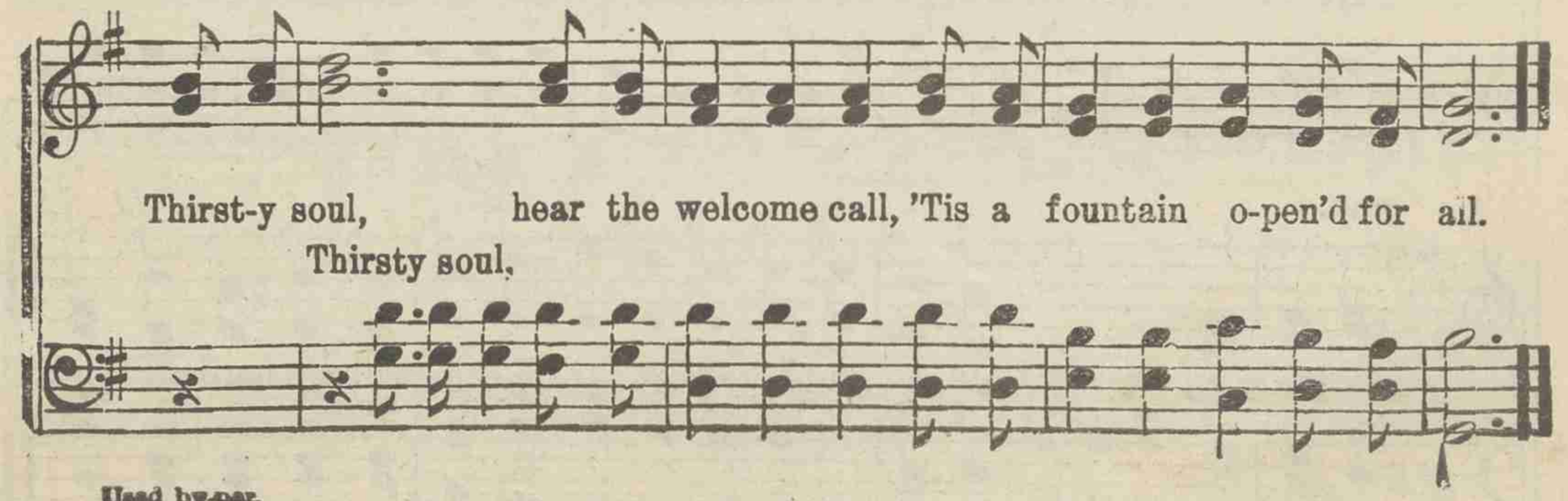
'Tis the fount of love from the Source a-bove, And He bids us all free - ly drink.
While the wa-ters roll let the wea - ry soul Hear the call that forth freely goes.
And we joy - ful sing, ev - er spring, oh, spring, As we haste to drink and to live.
'Tis for you and me, and its stream I see, Let us has-ten joy - ful - ly there.



CHORUS.



Will you come to the fountain free? Will you come? 'tis for you and me;
Will you come Will you come?



Thirst-y soul, hear the welcome call, 'Tis a fountain o-pen'd for all.
Thirsty soul,

No. 50. He Will Go With Me All the Way.

Copyright, 1921, by Woodie W. Smith Co., in "Gospel Light"

Joe W. English. **Lulu E. English.**

1. I have found a bless-ed Sav-iour, And He is my all in all, For I
2. He will lead me thro' the shad-ows Of my jour-ney here be- low, And I
3. Here while burdens press upon me, And af - flic-tions try my soul, He will
4. When the toils of life are o - ver, And I reach the oth - er side, There I'll
5. I shall meet them and shall greet them, Where the tree of life shall grow, And to-

know that He will nev - er let me stray;
know He'll turn my darkness in - to day;
be my bless-ed Shepherd and my stay;
meet the saints in that e - ter - nal day,
geth - er we will sing His praise for aye;

Now I have the blest as-
He will light the way be-
He will be my un-seen
For I know that they will
I shall meet them and shall

sur-ance, He will al-ways hear my call, For He will go with me all the
fore me, Till I reach the blessed shore, For He will go with me all the
Partner, Till I reach the fi - nal goal, For He will go with me all the
meet me Just be-yond the chill-ing tide, For He will go with me all the
greet them, Where the living wa-ters flow, For He will go with me all the

D. S.—For He will go with me all the

FINE. CHORUS.

way. For He will go with me all the way, (all the way,) For He will go with me

way.

all the way, (all the way,) In my tri-als and my care, Je-sus will my burdens bear,

D. S.

No. 51. I Shall Be Satisfied.

Copyright, 1918, in "Revival Power," by Woodie W. Smith.

SMITH AND ENGLISH. WOODIE W. SMITH.

1. When the cares of life are o'er, And I reach the gold-en shore; I shall lay life's bur - den down at His bless - ed feet; Just a - cross the
2. There I'll sing redemption's song, When I join the ransomed throng, And the match-less praise pro-long of Christ and His love; By His won-drous
3. Through the val - ley dark as night, He will be my bea - con light, I shall lean up - on the staff of my She-pherd true; Oh, what splen-dor

si - lent stream, Where the lights of heav-en gleam, Ransomed ones shall give to
sav - ing grace, I shall there be-hold His face, Taste the joys so long fore-
I'll be - hold. When I wake to view the goal, In the like-ness of my

CHORUS.

me a wel-come so sweet. I shall be sat - is-fied, I shall be
told in Man-sions a - bove.
King, I'll sing an-thems new. I shall be I shall be

sat - is - fied, I shall be sat - is - fied, When I be-hold my King.
I shall be

No. 52. Jesus is All in All to Me.

J. W. E. Copyright, 1921, by Woodie W. Smith Co., in "Gospel Light." Joe W. English.

1. Prophet and Priest and King is He, Cru-ci - fied once up - on the tree,
2. Now I go sing - ing all the day, Je - sus walks with me all the way;
3. Ad - vo - cate now in courts a - bove, Saviour and Lord He reigns in love,
4. Je - sus, the friend of sin - ners, true, Sin-ner, He's call-ing now for you;

Sac -ri - fice slain for all our sin, Off-'ring His blood, He en - tered in;
Counting the things of earth but dross, Fol - low-ing Him I'll bear my cross;
Sac -ri-fice, Judge, Re-deem - er dear, Standing for me, I've naught to fear,
Pleading to - day for your poor soul, Off-'ring to cleanse and make you whole,

In through the veil which rent in twain—Je - sus the Lamb for sin - ners slain.
Saviour and Lord He sets me free, Pleading within the veil for me!
Just-i - fied, saved from guilt and sin, Pleading His blood I en - ter in.
Calling the wea - ry, "Come to Me", Healing the blind that they may see.

CHORUS.

Je - sus is all in all to me; Je - sus is all in all to me:

Rit . . . . . .

Some day, thro' grace, I shall see His face, Je - sus is all in all to me.

No. 53. Make Me What You Want Me to Be.

H. E. O. Copyright, 1921, by Woodie W. Smith Co., in "Gospel Light." H. Ellis Ogden.

1. Take me, Lord, and make me what You want me to be, Con - se - crate me all in all; Keep me in the path-way where my Sav - iour I see,
2. Take me, Lord, and make me what You want me to be, Teach me what I best may do; Make me ev - er will - ing, ev - er hap - py and free,
3. Take me, Lord, and make me what You want me to be, Purge my soul from ev - 'ry sin; Give the wil - y tempt-er no do - min - ion o'er me,

CHORUS.

Nev - er let me faint nor fall.
Keep me hum-ble, strong and true. Take me and make me what You
Make and keep me pure with - in.

want me to be, Take me and make me what You want me to be, Fill me and thrill me with the Spir-it di - vine, Take me, with love en - twine.

No. 54. Tell Him All.

Copyright, 1921, by Woodie W. Smith Co., in "Gospel Light."

Maude E. Cartwright. Herbert H. Wentz.

1. When sor-rows like a shad-ow gath - er o'er you, And your soul is
2. Tho' oft - en you may think your cross is heav - y, Je - sus will your
3. If you will ev - er trust the bless - ed Sav - iour, As you brave-ly

dark with deep de - spair, If you will tell the Fa - ther all your
bur - dens glad - ly bear, And if you say, "Thy will be done," dear
face this world of care, Ask what - so - e'er you will, in faith, be-

CHORUS.

trou - bles, He will hear and an - swer ev - 'ry pray'r.
Fa - ther, He will hear and an - swer ev - 'ry pray'r. Tell the Fa - ther
liev - ing, He will hear and an - swer ev - 'ry pray'r.

all your trou - bles, When op-pressed with toil and care, For He

ev -- er loves and keeps you, And will an - swer ev - 'ry pray'r.

I Am Praying for You.

COPYRIGHT. 1904. BY IRA D. SANKEY.
USED BY PER. THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO.

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!

p *f* *pp rall.*

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

No. 56. Dwell Ever In Me.

D. B. P.

Copyright, 1921, by D. B. Purinton.

D. B. Purinton.

1. Lord, I am long-ing to be From ev - 'ry fol - ly set free; My heart lies
2. Lord, I am hap-py and blest, My heart finds refuge and rest If Thou, my
3. Come, Lord, and fill me to - day Full of Thy spir - it, I pray, Driv-ing the
4. Help me Thy spir - it to show, Light'ning earth's sorrow and woe Thro' all the

DUET. Chorus.

o - pen to Thee, Dwell ev - er in me.
heav-en - ly Guest, Dwell'st ever in me. No lon - ger standing a - part, En-
tempter a - way, Dwell ev - er in me.
jour-ney I go, Dwell ev - er in me.

Unison. **Harmony.**

ter the door of my heart; Come, and Thy blessing im-part, Dwell ev - er in me.

No. 57. The Everlasting Arms.

D. B. P.

Copyright, 1921, by D. B. Purinton.

D. B. Purinton.

1. Held in the arms of the Father's love, I am free from ev - 'ry anxious care;
2. Brave to endure and a - lert to do All the man-dates of the Fa-ther's will;
3. Whate'er He sends me of grief or pain, Faith still welcomes from His loving hand;

While He is 'round me, be-neath, a - bove, There is naught for me to dread or fear.
Deep tho' the wa - ters, He leads me thru, I a - bide in Him and love Him still.
Some day I know He will make it plain, When His purpose I can un-der-stand.

The Everlasting Arms. Concluded.

CHORUS.





No. 58. Just Where You Are.

D. B. P. Copyright, 1921, yb D. B. Purinton. D. B. Purinton.



No. 59. Saved By the Blood.

W W. S. Copyright, 1918, by Woodie W. Smith. WOODIE W. SMITH.

1. Saved by the blood of the Lamb that was slain, Saved by the blood
2. Saved by the blood, what a won - der - ful thing, Saved by the blood,
3. Saved by the blood Je - sus shed on the cross, Saved by the blood,

of the Sav - iour and King; Saved by the blood from Im-man - u - e'ls vein,
death has lost all its sting; Saved by the blood, par - don, peace, joy it brings,
counting all else but loss; Saved by the blood, from all sin and its dross,

REFRAIN.

Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah, I am saved by the blood. Saved
Saved by the blood,

by the blood, Saved by the blood,
the blood of the Lamb, Saved by the blood, the blood of the Lamb,

Saved by the blood,..... I am saved by the pre-cious blood.
Saved by the blood, the blood of the Lamb,

No. 60. Are you Washed in the Blood?

"The blood of Christ cleanseth us from all sin."—1 John 1: 7.

E. A. H. E. A. HOFFMAN.



Copyright, 1879, by E. A. HOFFMAN.

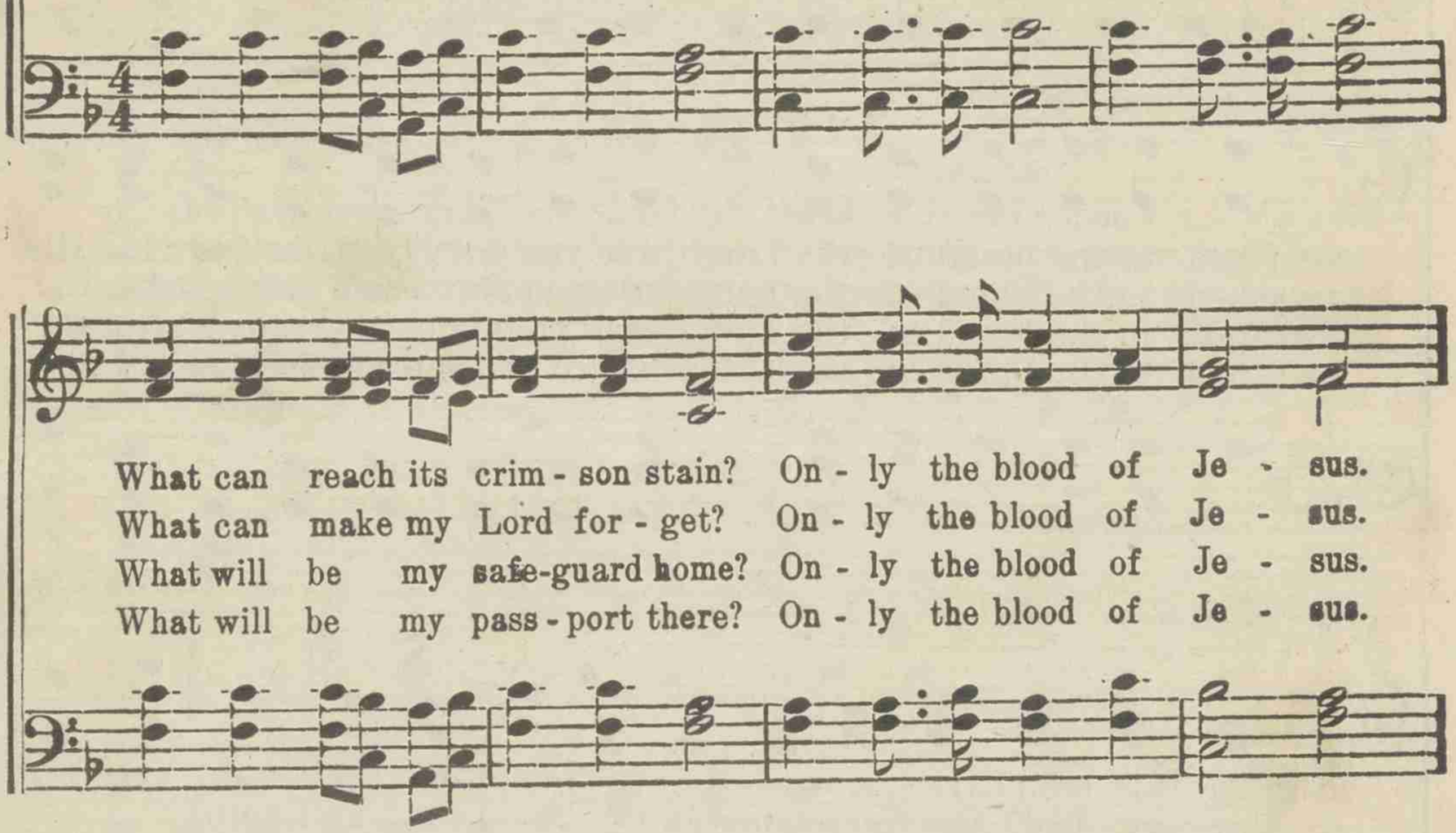
No. 61. Only the Blood.

"The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." 1 John 1: 7.

J. A. B. Copyright, 1918, by J. A. Brown, Dallas, Tex. J. A. BROWN.

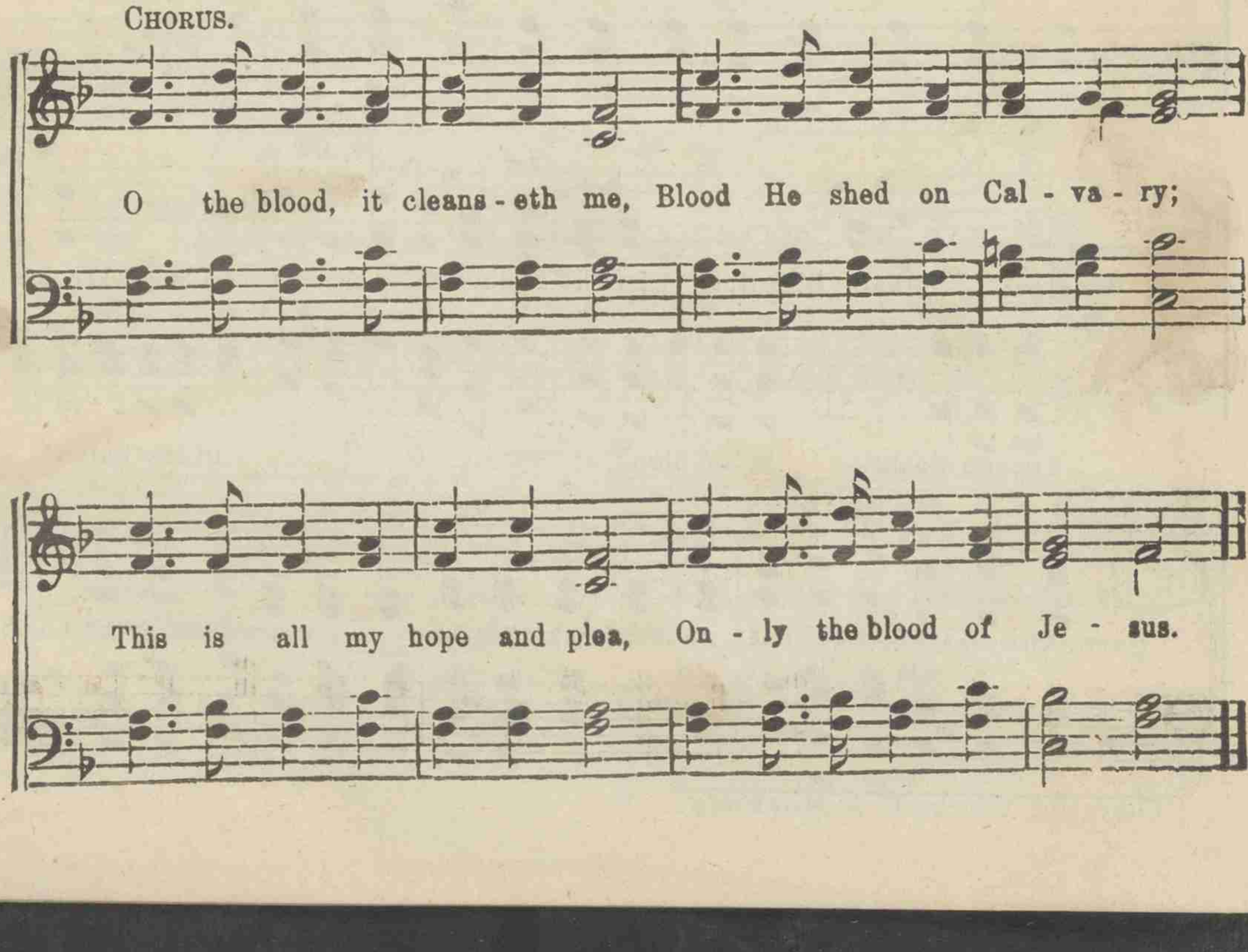


1. What can cleanse my scar - let sin? On - ly the blood, on - ly the blood;
2. What can pay sin's old back debt? On - ly the blood, on - ly the blood;
3. What can stand for sins to come? On - ly the blood, on - ly the blood;
4. What can op'n heav'n's gate so fair? On - ly the blood, on - ly the blood;



What can reach its crim - son stain? On - ly the blood of Je - sus.
What can make my Lord for - get? On - ly the blood of Je - sus.
What will be my safe-guard home? On - ly the blood of Je - sus.
What will be my pass - port there? On - ly the blood of Je - sus.

CHORUS.



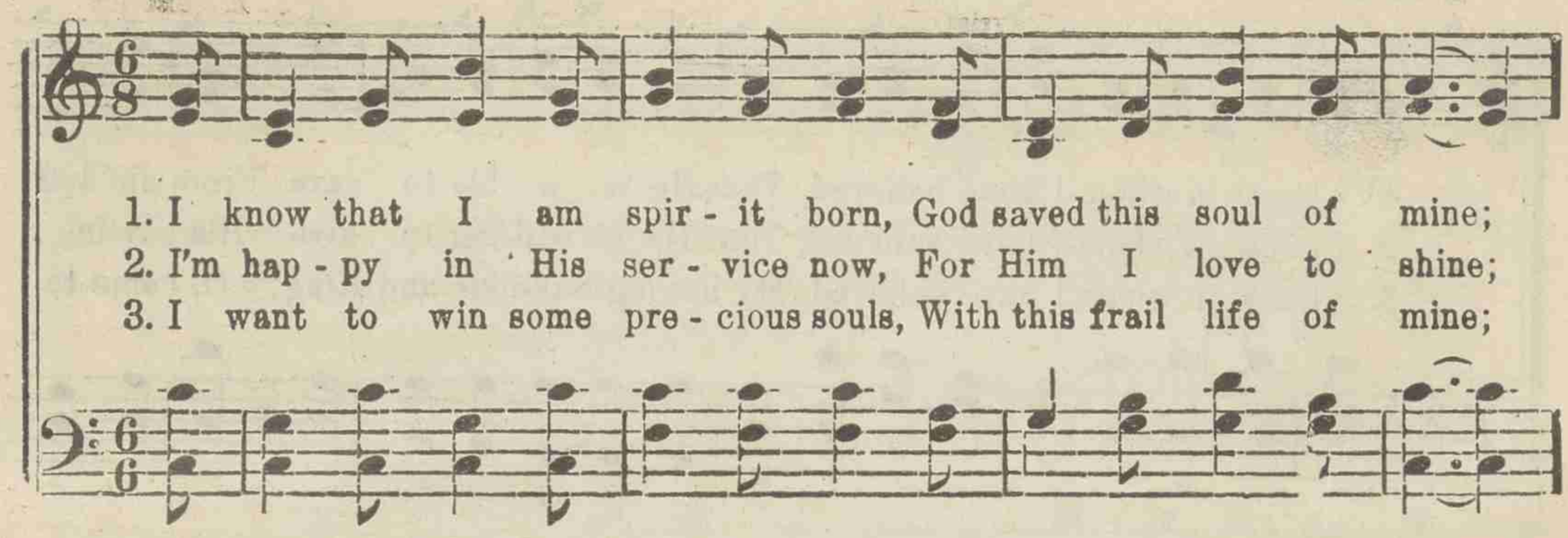
O the blood, it cleans - eth me, Blood He shed on Cal - va - ry;

This is all my hope and plea, On - ly the blood of Je - sus.

No. 62. Blood Divine.

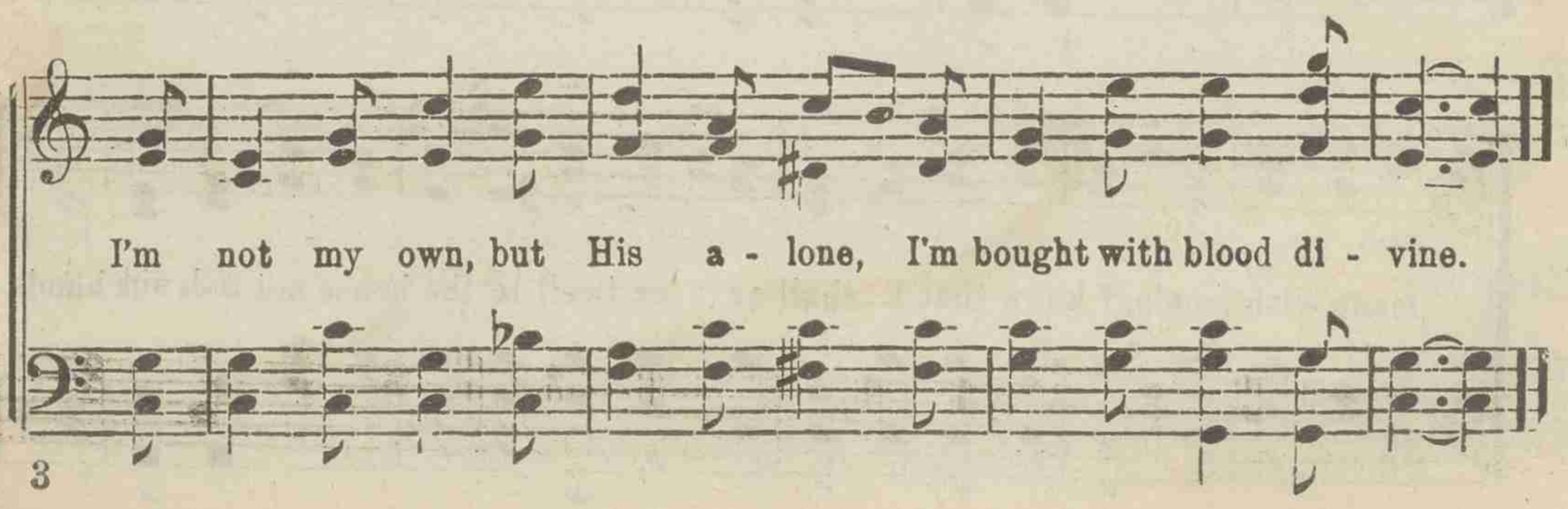
Copyright, 1918, by Woodie W. Smith, in "Revival Power."

W. W. S. WOODIE W. SMITH.









No. 63. In the House Not Made With Hands.

Dedicated to my friend, Woodie W. Smith, Fort Worth, Texas.

D. B. P. Copyright, 1921, by D. B. Purinton. D. B. Purinton.

1. I know in whom I have believed, That He is a - ble to save From sin and sor - row, pain and death, To tri-umph c'er the grave.
2. I know in whom I have believed, That He is will-ing to give His sav-ing grace, His keep-ing pow'r, The life di - vine to live. I know that I shall live a-bove, Where the Father's mansion stands, And ev - er dwell in peace and love;
3. I know in whom I have believed, My lov-ing Sav-iour and King; O, come to Him, re - pent, be-lieve, And then you, too, can sing.

CHORUS.

In the house not made with hands, In the house not made with hands, In the house not made with hands, I know that I shall ev - er dwell In the house not made with hands.

No. 64. His Seal Is On My Soul.

Copyright, 1910, by Mrs. F. L. Eiland. All rights reserved.

F. L. EILAND. WOODIE W. SMITH.

1. Since Je - sus did my sins for-give, And make me ful-ly whole,
2. Tho' Sa - tan in his fu-rious rage Shall seek me to con - trol,
3. I will not fear when storms a - rise, And bil-lows o'er me roll,
4. I know I've been of spir - it born, And this does me con-sole,—
5. My heart on this is firm - ly fixed, That I will reach the goal,

An ev - er - last-ing peace is mine, His seal is on my soul.
I'll still as-sert my Saviour's claim, His seal is on my soul.
I'll trust in Christ, my Refuge safe, His seal is on my soul.
No pow'r can pluck me from His hands, His seal is on my soul.
Where Jesus is and dwell with Him, His seal is on my soul.

REFRAIN.

His seal is on my soul,..... His seal is on my soul,

No pow'r can pluck me from His hand, His seal is on my soul.....

No. 65. Peace In My Soul.

Copyright, 1910, by Austin Taylor.

AUSTIN TAYLOR. FRANK GRAMMER AND AUSTIN TAYLOR.

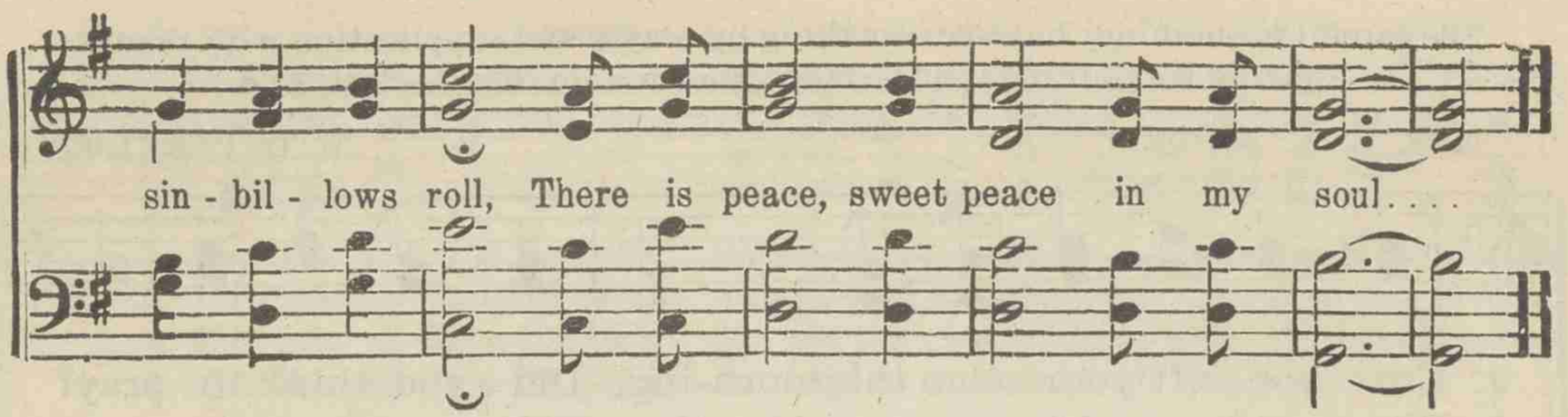
1. I came to the Sav - iour and bowed at His feet; He lift - ed my bur - dens, my joy made com-plete; I heard a new song, O so won - drous - ly sweet! Bring-ing peace, sweet peace to my soul.
2. I'm tread-ing to - day up - on new, high - er ground; Here song and sweet flow - ers doth ev - er a- bound; There's beaut-y and sun-shine the whole way a - round, Bring-ing peace, sweet peace to my soul.
3. O won - der - ful peace and con - tent-ment of mind! No more in the pris - on of Sa - tan con- fined, Such glo - ry and free- dom in Je - sus I find! Bring-ing peace, sweet peace to my soul.

REFRAIN.

Won - der - ful peace,..... O won - der - ful peace,.....
Won - der - ful, won-der - ful peace, O won - der - ful peace,.....

Won - der - ful peace in my soul; Peace in my soul— tho'

Peace In My Soul. Concluded.



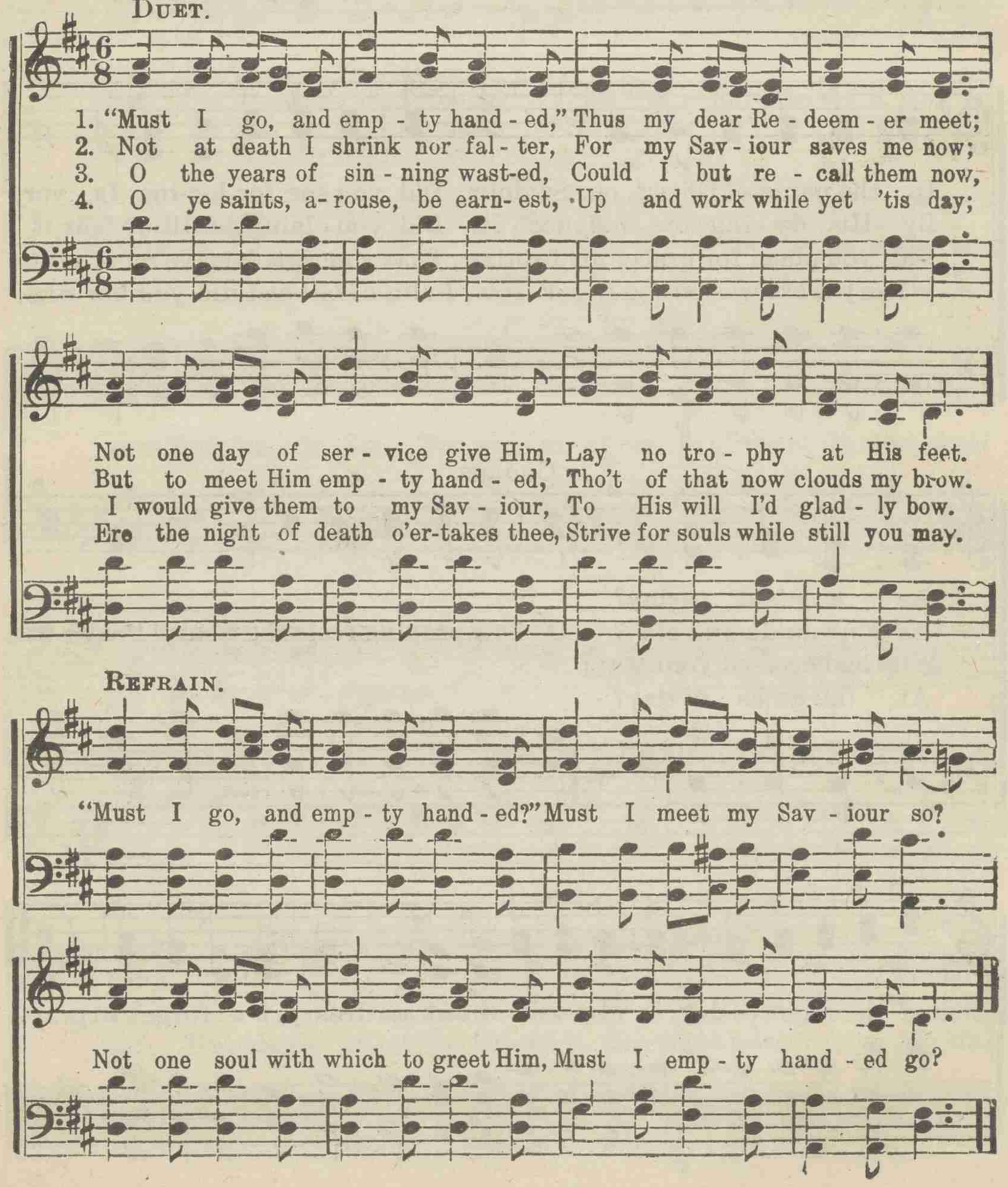
No. 66. Must I Go, and Empty Handed?

After a month only of Christian life, nearly all spent upon a sick bed, a young man of nearly thirty years, lay dying. Suddenly a look of sadness crossed his face, and to the query of a friend he exclaimed: "No, I am not afraid, Jesus saves me now; but oh *must I go and empty handed?*"

"And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmanent: and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever."—DAN. 12:3.

C. C. LUTHER. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

DUET.



REFRAIN.

No. 67. Do You Think To Pray?

"Be careful for nothing; but in every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God."—PHIL. 4: 6.

MRS. M. A. KIDDER. W. O. PERKINS.



1. Ere you left your room this morn-ing, Did you think to pray?
2. When you met with great temp-ta - tion, Did you think to pray?
3. When your heart was filled with an - ger, Did you think to pray?
4. When sore tri - als came up - on you, Did you think to pray?





In the name of Christ, our Saviour, Did you sue for lov-ing fa - vor,
By His dy - ing love and mer - it, Did you claim the Ho-ly Spir-it
Did you plead for grace, my brother, That you might forgive an-oth - er
When your soul was bowed in sor - row, Balm of Gil-ead did you bor-row



CHORUS.



As a shield to-day?
As your guide and stay? O how praying rests the weary! Pray'r will
Who had crossed your way?
At the gates of day?



change the night to day; So, when seems life dark and dreary, D n't forget to pray.



No. 68. For God So Loved the World.

W. W. S. Copyright, 1918, by Woodie W. Smith. WOODIE W. SMITH.

1. The Tri - une God be-held the world in sin and shame; And touched by loving
2. He came by low - ly berth to peaceful Beth-le-hem, The wise men of the
3. He came to save the lost, to set the captive free; Be-hold Him while He's
4. The Son of God in tears, in ag - o - ny and blood; Sus-pend-ed on the

CHORUS.

grief, the bless-ed Sav-iour came.....
East by star-light sought for Him..... For God so loved the world, that He
near; He died for you and me.....
cross to man - i - fest our God.....

gave His on - ly Son, That who - so - ev - er be - liev-eth in Him might

have ev - er-last-ing life;....For God so loved the world, that He gave His on-ly

rit.

Son, That who-so - ev - er be - liev-eth in Him might have ev-er-last-ing life.

No. 69. Saved, Saved, Saved.

Copyright, 1918, by Woodie W. Smith.

W. W. S. ROM. 8. WOODIE W. SMITH.

Moderato

1. There is now no con-dem - na-tion Since I'm trusting Je - sus' blood; And am walk-ing in the Spir - it day by day; For the pow-er of the Gos - pel,
2. There is now no con-dem - na-tion For God's love has lift-ed me From the mi - rey pits of Sa - tan, sin and death; I'm an heir of God the Fa - ther,
3. There is now no con-dem - na-tion If the Saviour dwells within, For the soul is free from bondage, death and sin; And no pow'r can sep - a - rate me

Makes me free from sin and death, I am walking with my Saviour all the way.
And a joint-heir with the Son, Hal-le - lu-jah. I will praise Him with each breath.
From the matchless love of God, For I have the blest assurance now with-in.

CHORUS.

Saved! saved! saved! O glo - ry to God, I feel the as - sur-ance di - vine;

emphatic

Saved! saved! saved! O glo - ry to God, His Spir - it bears witness with mine.

No. 70. I Am Saved.

Copyright, 1912, by Albert C. Fisher, Ft. Worth, Tex.

JAMES ROWE. ALBERT C. FISHER.

1. Prais - ing my Sav-iour I go my way, Hap - pi-ness dwells
2. Ma - ny trans-gres-sions had sunk me low, Par - don and peace
3. An - gels in heav-en re - joice to see Sin - bur-dened souls
4. Sin - ner, be washed by the blood to - day, Dan - ger and death

with me to - day; Tru - ly I now to the world can say,
I longed to know; Now I am sing - ing wher-e'er I go,
made pure and free, So they are sing - ing to - day o'er me,
are in de - lay; Sing with the saved ere you go a - way,

rit. - - rall. REFRAIN. *ff*

I have been saved by the blood..... Saved!... Saved!.....
Saved! I'm saved by the blood of the Lamb,
I've been washed in the soul-cleansing flood!.... Saved!...
soul-cleansing flood! Saved! yes, saved for His

ff *rit.*

Saved!..... I am saved by the pre - cious blood.....
glo - ry, I am, pre-cious blood.

No. 71. Happy In the Saviour's Love.

W. W. S. Copyright, 1911, by Woodie W. Smith. WOODIE W. SMITH.

1. I have start-ed on my jour-ney to my home a-bove, I am
2. I have left the wea-ry des-ert of my sin-ful life, I am
3. Sin-ner, will you heed the mes-sage sent to you to-day, And be

hap-py in the Sav-iour's love; I am trust-ing Je-sus'
hap-py in the Sav-iour's love; I am now up-on the
hap-py in the Sav-iour's love? Pray God's par-don and for-

pow-er as I on-ward go, I am hap-py in the
high-way free from sin and strife, I am hap-py in the
give-ness and His will o-bey, Be made hap-py in the

CHORUS.

Saviour's love. I am hap-py in the Saviour's love, I am
boundless love,

hap-py in the Saviour's love, I have left the sinking sand,
boundless love,

Happy In the Saviour's Love. Concluded.



No. 72. Nothing Satisfies But Jesus.

DELMA E. STEPHENS. Copyright, 1914, by Smith and Ussery. WOODIE W. SMITH.



No. 73. Wonderful Grace.

From the "Life-Line," by per. A. F. Myers, Toledo, Ohio.

"Being justified freely by his grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus."—
A. F. M. ROM. 3: 24 A. F. MYERS.

1. Do you want pardon, do you want peace? Do you want sorrow and sigh - ing to cease? Look to the Lord, who died on the tree,
2. Liv - ing beneath the shade of the cross, Counting the jew-els of earth as but dross, Cleansed in the blood that flowed from His side,
3. Do you want strength? take part in the fight; Do you want cleansing? then walk in the light; Would you from sin be res-cued and free?
4. Let the dear Saviour reign in your soul; Plunge in the fountain and you shall be whole; O what a pre - cious Sav-iour is He!

CHORUS.

Je - sus can save you for He's saved me.
Je - sus re-deems you, for you He died. Won-der-ful grace, how it
Je - sus can help you, for He helped me.
Je - sus can cleanse you, for He cleans'd me.

sat - is - fies me; Won-der-ful mer-cy, so rich and so free; Would you a child of the cov - e-nant be? Je - sus can save you, He swee ly saved me.

No. 74. Down At the River.

P. E. Copyright, 1918, by Pink English. PINK ENGLISH.

1. Our friends will be down at the riv - er When death shall call us a - way
2. The mu - sic of heav-en will greet us As we shall near the bright home,
3. We'll en - ter the cit - y with Je - sus, And kneel at His bless-ed feet;
4. We'll rest by the beau-ti - ful riv - er, Be-neath the wide-spreading tree:

To en - ter the glo-ries of heav - en, O what a won - der-ful day!
And millions of glo - ri - fied an - gels From God's own cit - y will come.
Our songs of His praises will ech - o Thru all e - ter - ni - ty sweet.
We'll dwell in the light of His pres-ence, How sweet, how sweet, it will be!

CHORUS.

Our friends will be down at the riv - er On that bright, beau-ti-ful shore,

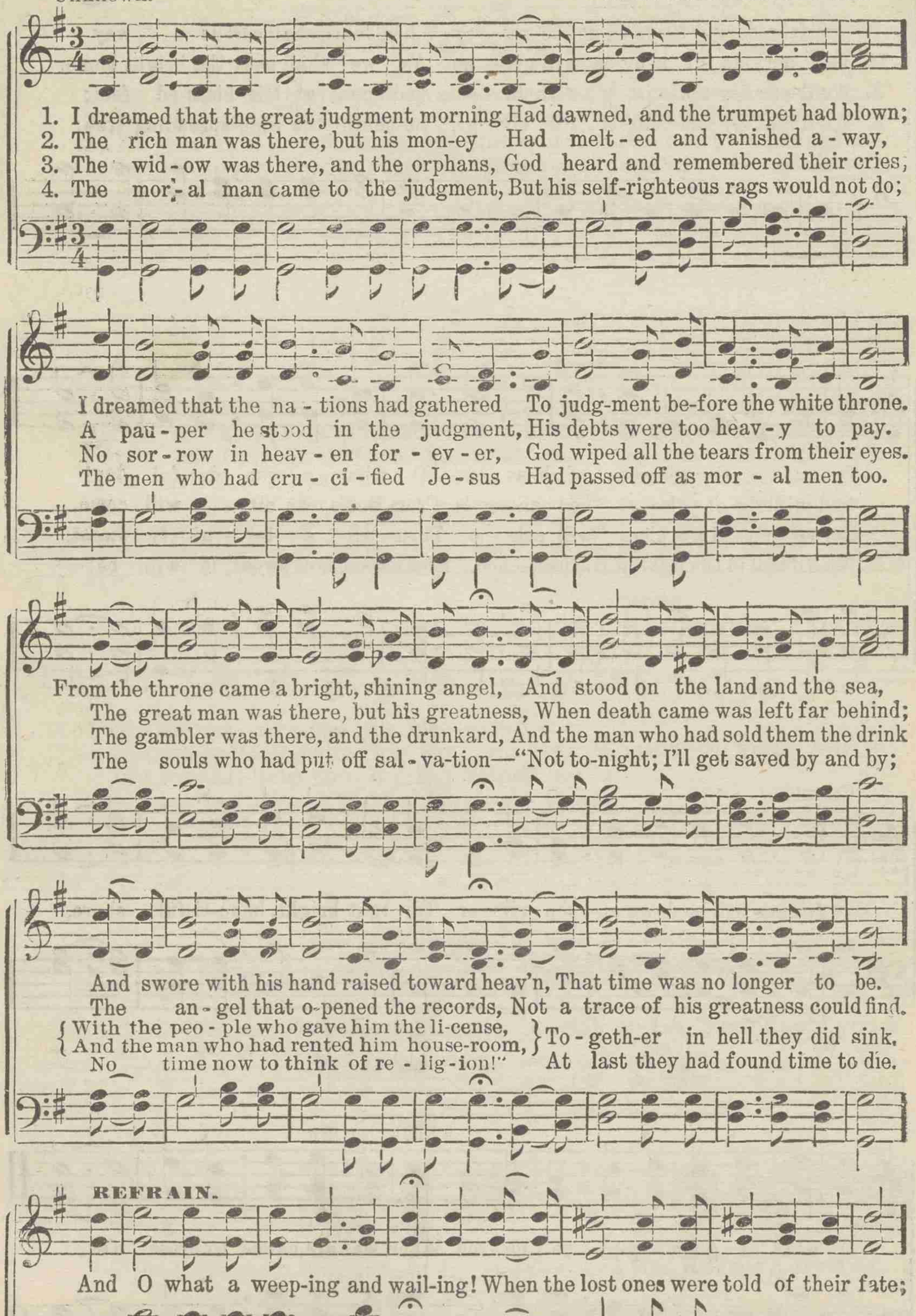
O what a glad, hap-py re - un - ion When we are called to cross o'er.

No. 75 The Judgment.

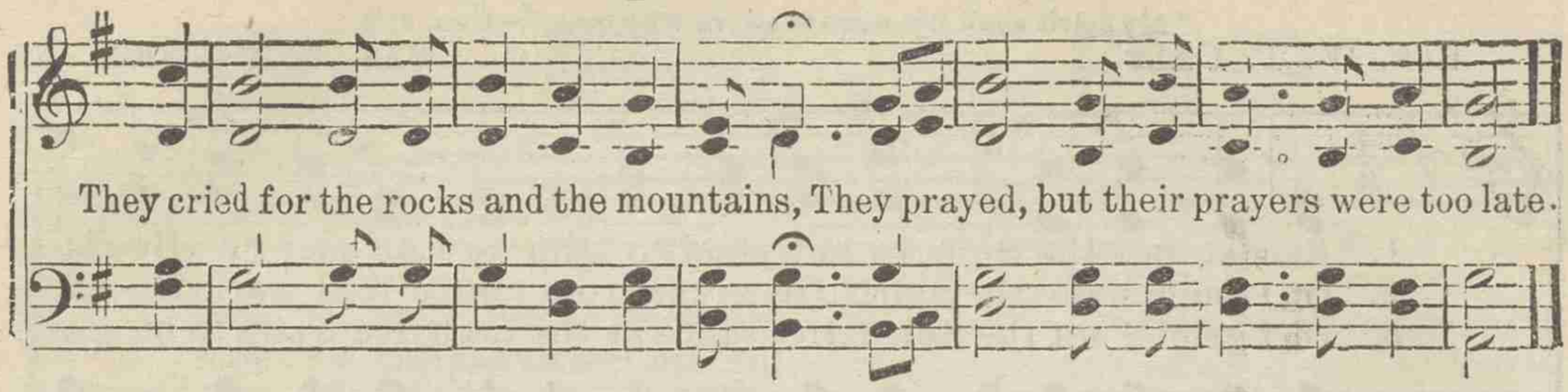
"When the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory; and before him shall be gathered all nations; and he shall separate one from the other, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats."—MATT. 25. 31, 32.

Arr. copyright, 1903, by Coward & Brown.

Unknown. From Dr. E. T. RIENHEART.

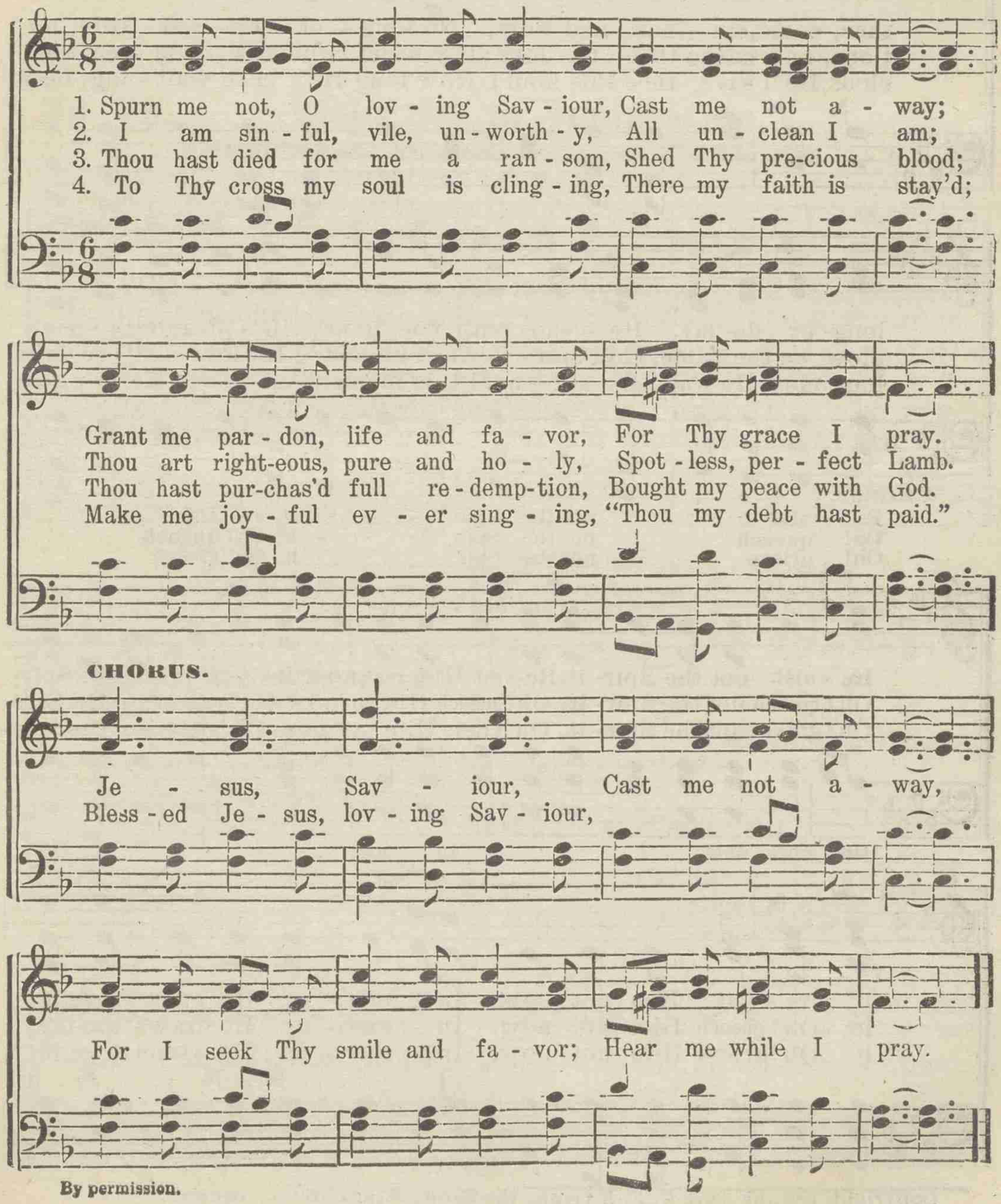


The Judgment. Concluded.



No. 76. Spurn Me Not.

REV. J. H. MARTIN. D. E. DORTCH.



By permission.

No. 77. Three Warnings.

"My spirit shall not always strive with man."—Gen. 6: 3.

Rev. W. T. DALE. CHAS. E. POLLOCK

1. Re-sist not the Spir- it, but yield to Him now, In mer-cy He calls thee, come, sin - ner, and bow; No long - er re - sist Him, no long- er de- lay, He pleads with Thee gently, He's pleading to-day.
2. Oh! quench not the Spirit, His grace from above Will warm thy affec- tions, and cause thee to love; Thy heart, which is froz - en, shall glow as the flame, Thy spir - it, when ransom'd, His love shall proclaim.
3. Oh! grieve not the Spirit, He stands at the door, He waits to be gra - cious, He'll save thee this hour; How long He's been wait - ing, how long must He wait? O sin - ner! this moment may close Mercy's gate.

CHORUS.

Re - sist not the Spir - - - it, re - sist
Oh! quench not the Spir - - - it, Oh! quench
Oh! grieve not the Spir - - - it, Oh! grieve

Re - sist not the Spir- it, Re-sist Him not now, Re - sist not the Spir-
Oh! quench not the Spir- it, Oh! quench Him not now, Oh! quench not the Spir-
Oh! grieve not the Spir- it, Oh! grieve Him not now, Oh! grieve not the Spir-

Him not now, In mer - - - - cy He

it, re - sist Him not now, In mer - cy He calls thee, in
it, Oh! quench Him not now, In mer - cy He draws thee, in
it, Oh! grieve Him not now, In mer - cy He warns thee, in

Copyright, 1901, by JNO. C. F. KYGER, the Brown-Franklin Co., owners.

Three Warnings.

calls thee;come,sin - - - ner,and bow.
draws thee;come,sin - - - ner,and bow.
warns thee;come,sin - - - ner,and bow.



mer - cy He calls thee;Come,sin - - ner,come,sin-ner,and bow.
mer - cy He draws thee;Come,sin - - ner,come,sin-ner,and bow.
mer - cy He warns thee;Come,sin - - ner,come,sin-ner,and bow,

Come,sin - ner,come,sin - ner,and bow.

No. 78. Yield not to Temptation.

"Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation."—Mark 14:38.

H. R. P. Used by per. of H. R. Palmer, owner of copyright. H. R. PALMER.



1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yield-ing is sin, Each vict'ry will
   Fight man-ful-ly on-ward, Dark passions subdue, Look ev - er to
2. Shun e - vil com-pan-ions; Bad language dis-dain; God's name hold in
   Be thoughtful and earn-est, Kind heart-ed and true, Look ev - er to
3. To Him that o'er-com-eth God giv-eth a crown; Thro' faith we will
   He who is our Sav-ior, Our strength will re-new; Look ev - er to

CHORUS.

help you Some other to win;
Je - sus, (*Omit.*) He'll carry you thro'.
rev'rence, nor take it in vain;
Je - sus, (*Omit.*) He'll carry you thro'.
con-quer, Tho' often cast down;
Je - sus, (*Omit.*) He'll carry you thro'.

Ask the Savior to help you,

Comfort, strengthen and keep you; He is willing to aid you, He will carry you thro'.

79. WHAT SHALL OUR ANSWERS BE?

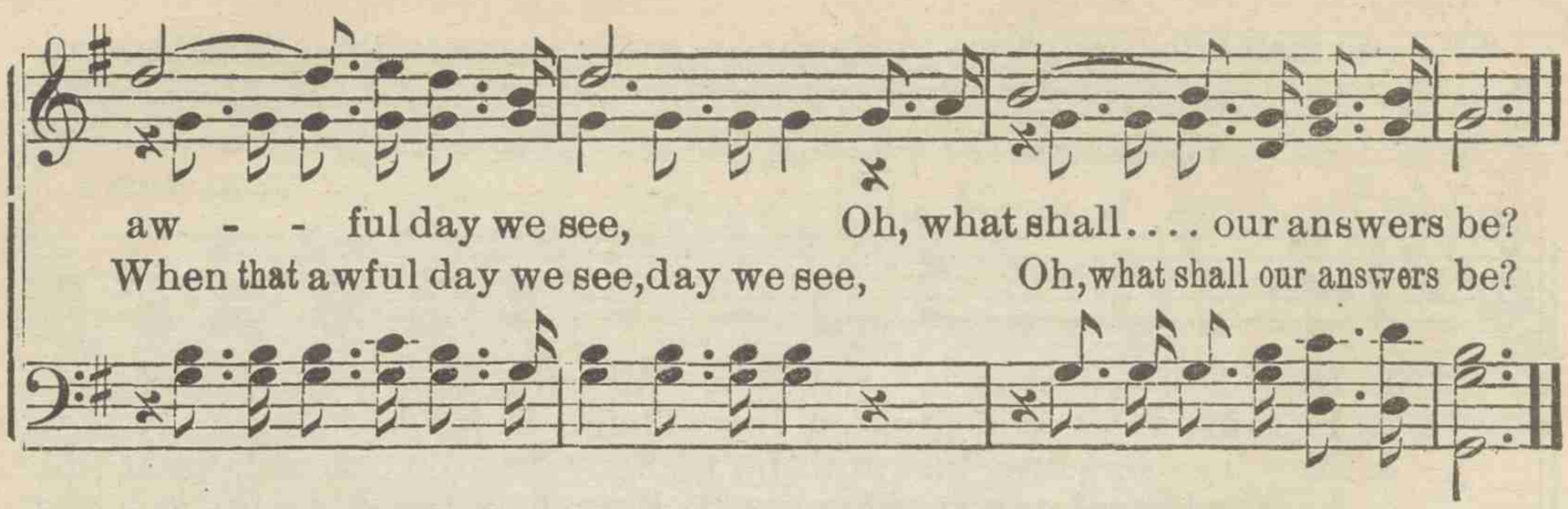
"What then shall I do when God riseth up? and when he visiteth, what shall I answer him?"—Job 31: 14.

E. R. LATTA. D. E. DORTCH, by per.



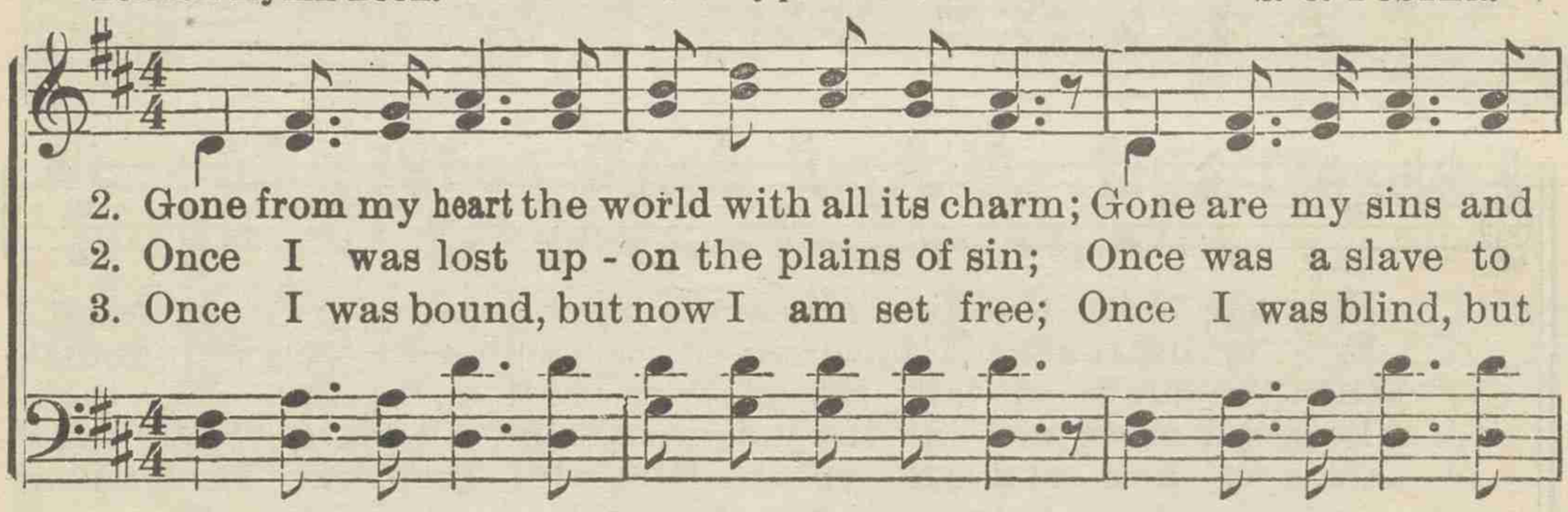
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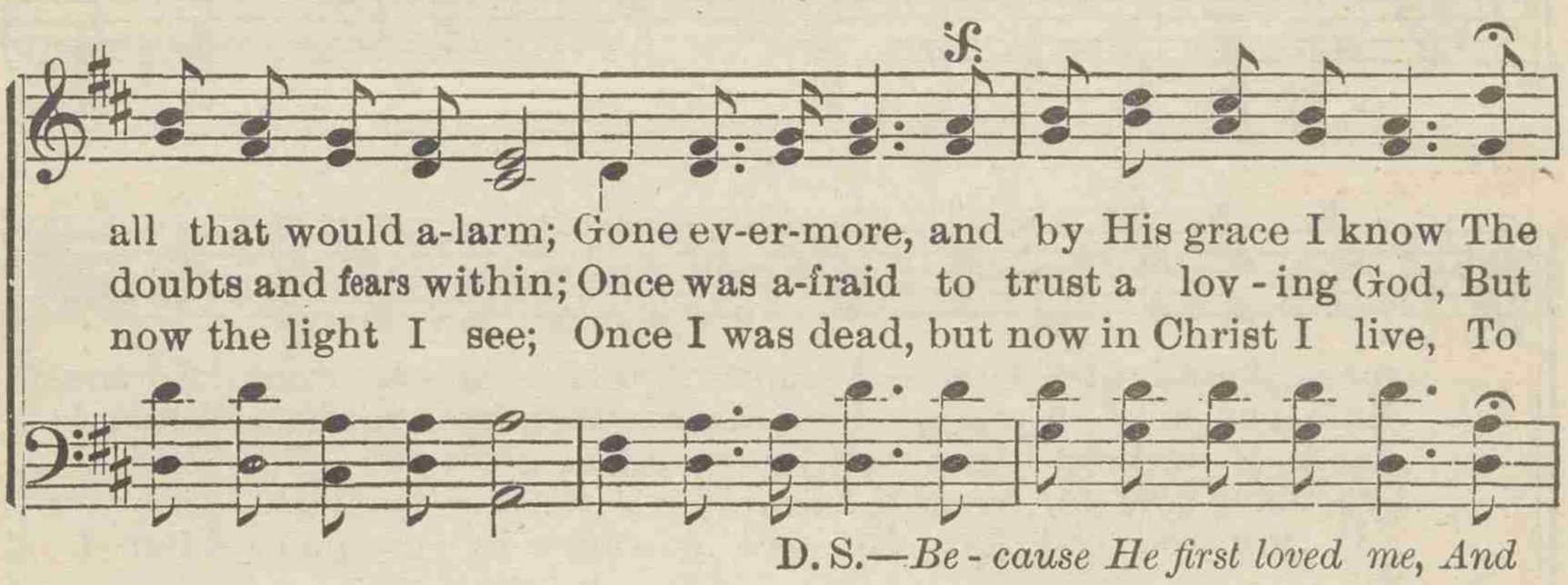
What Shall Our Answers Be? Concluded.

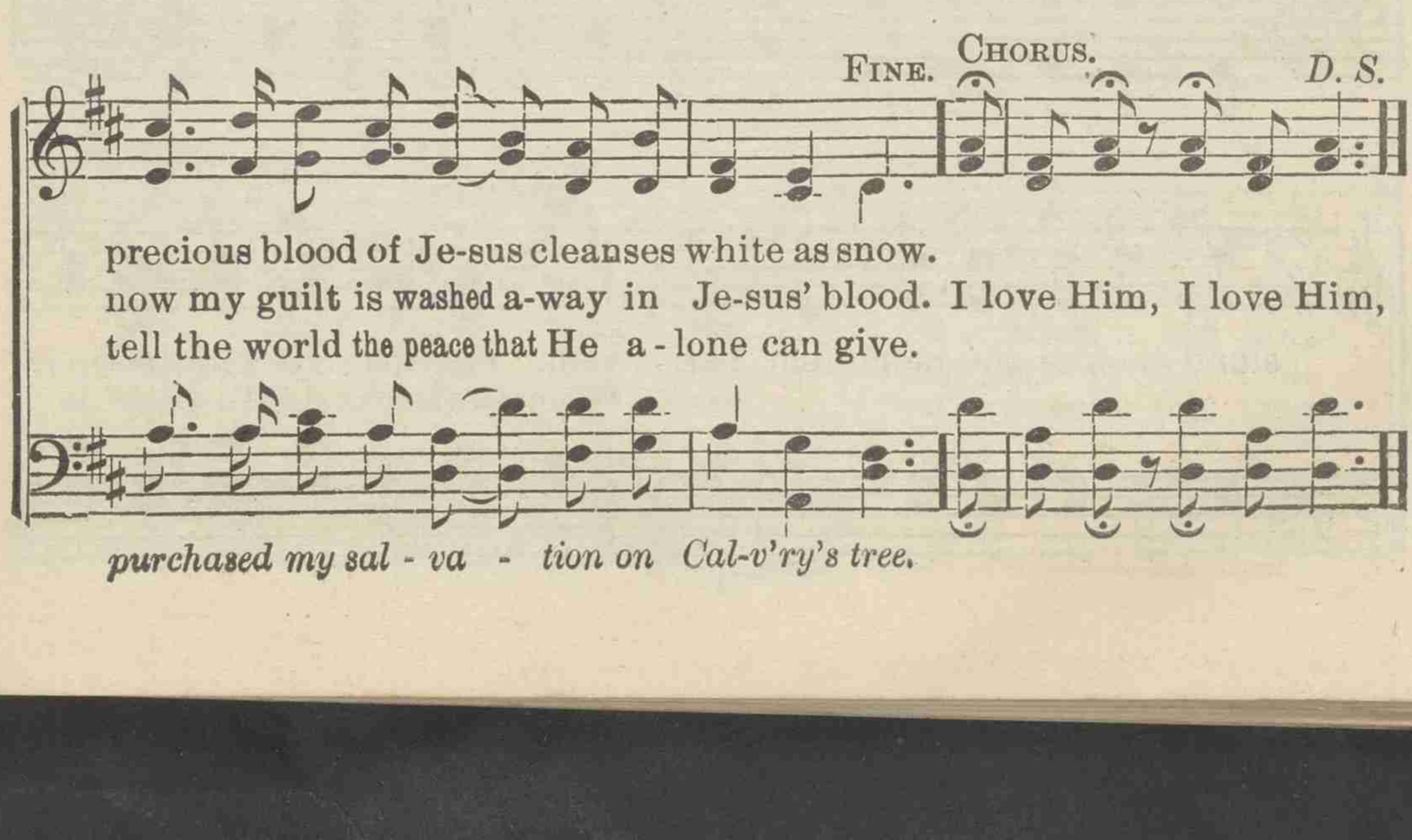


No. 80. I Love Him.

London Hymn Book. Used by permission. S. C. FOSTER.







No. 81. My Record Will Be There.

"For God shall bring every work into judgment with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil."—Eccl. 12: 14.

Copyright, 1908, by J. A. Brown. The Brown-Franklin Co., owners.

J. A. B. J. A. Brown.

1. In a day that is not far, At the blaz-ing judgment bar,
2. I must meet each brok-en vow, That I hold so light-ly now,
3. Ev-'ry se-cret lust and tho't There shall be to judgment bro't,
4. I must meet my cankered gold, For whose greed my life was sold,
5. Let me turn and seek the Lord, Let me trust His ho-ly word,

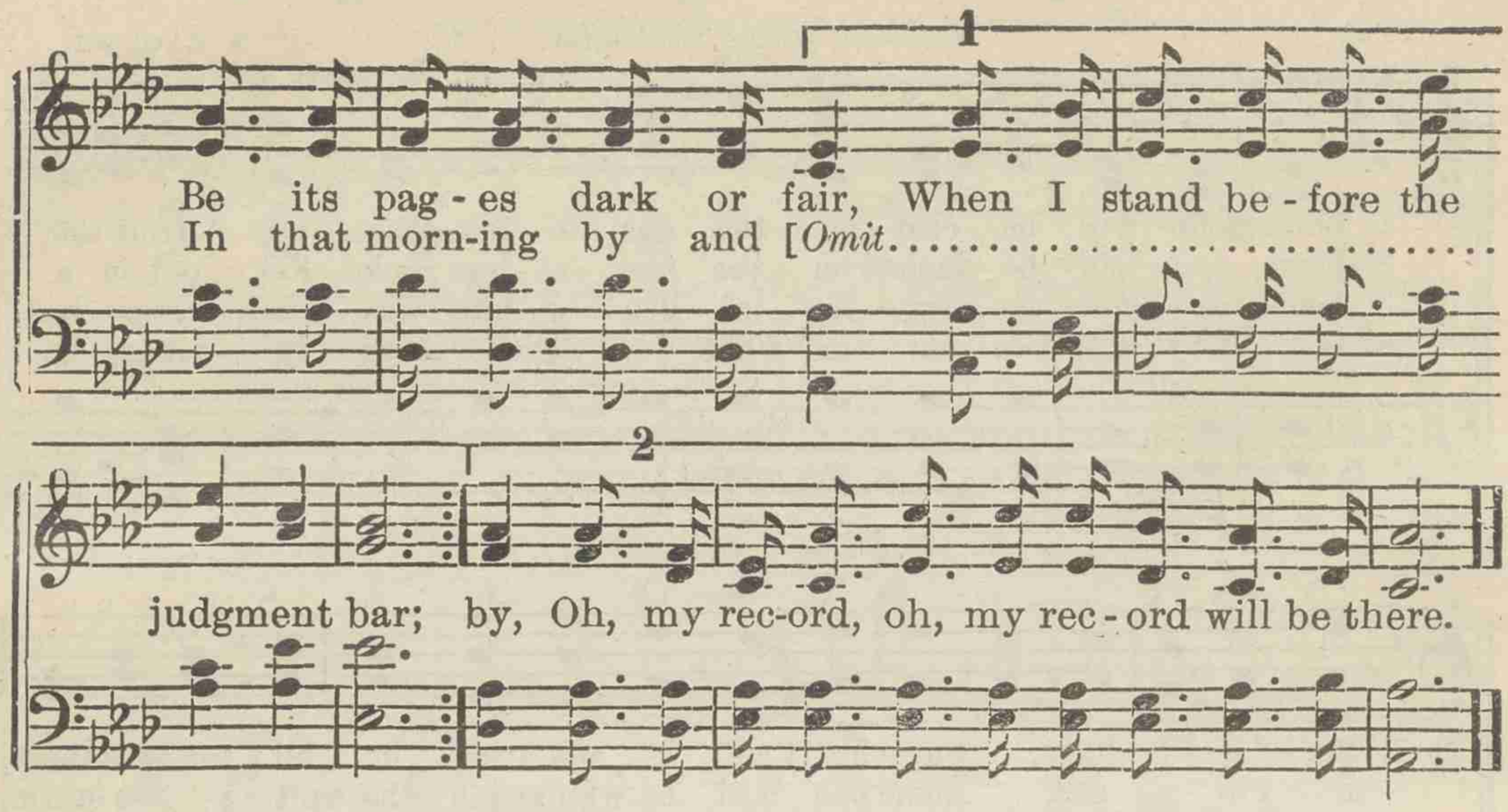
Ev-en now the aw-ful summons I can hear; I must
Ev-'ry heart-ache I have caused, each sigh, each tear; Things that
When the Lord in all His glo-ry shall ap-pear; All the
It shall mock me in the judgment's lu-rid glare, Say-ing
Let us bow and call up-on Him while He's near; Then when

meet the might-y God, I must face His ho-ly word, I must
time can not e-rase, I must meet them face to face When I
deeds of dark-est night Shall come out to greet the light When I
ye have sold for naught, All the Saviour's blood had bo't, And you
I my rec-ord face, He will an-swer in my place When I

CHORUS.

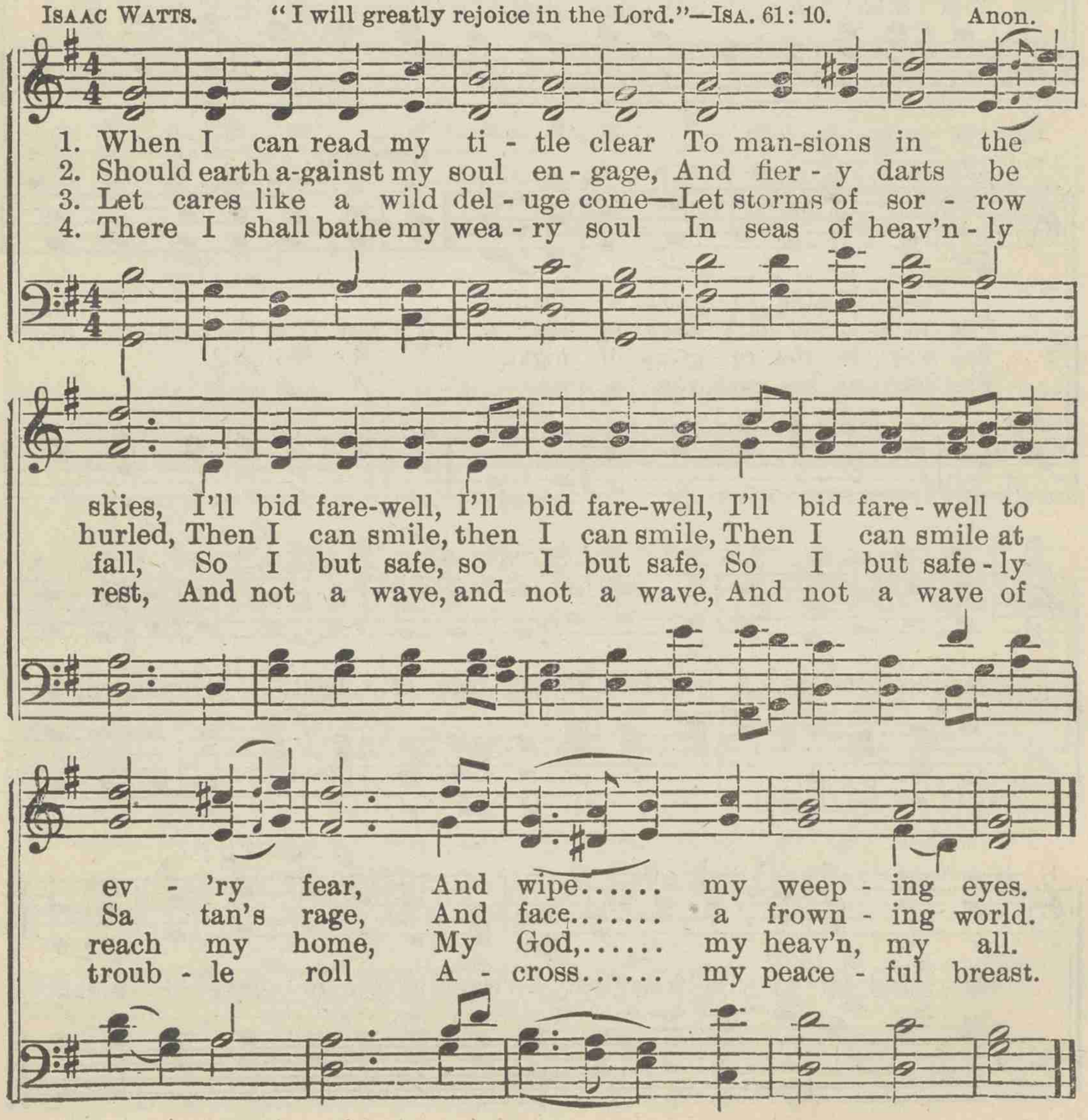
stand be-fore the judg-ment bar. Oh, my rec-ord will be there,
When the books shall o-pen lie,

My Record Will Be There. Concluded.



No. 82. When I Can Read My Title Clear.

ISAAC WATTS. "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord."—ISA. 61: 10. Anon.



No. 83. Away In the Regions of Night.

P. E. Copyright, 1918, by Pink English. PINK ENGLISH.

1. Some one will be cast on the des - o - late shore Far from the king - dom of light,
2. Some one will be dashed on the mer - ci - less rocks Far out on a bil - low - y sea,
3. Some one will be cry - ing in des - o - late woe, When mer-cy has tak - en its flight,
4. O why will you per - ish while Je - sus is near In - vit-ing so sweet-ly to - day?

Some heart will be ach - ing in bit - ter-ness there,
Some one will be wrecked in the pit - i - less storm,
How ma - ny are care - less - ly drift - ing a - way,
Come, en - ter this beau - ti - ful, heav - en - ly life,

REFRAIN.

A - way in the re - gions of night.
For - ev - er in dark - ness to be.
A - way in the re - gions of night.
Ere mer - cy has cast you a - way.

A - way from the coun-try of per-fect con-tent, A - way from the pal - ace of light; O who will be ban - ished for - ev - er from God? A - way in the re - gions of night.

No. 84 The Last Appeal.

"He shall save his people from their sins."—Matt. 1: 21.

Rev. J. E. GOULD. O. S. GRINNELL.

1. Lis-ten, sin- ner, will you listen, While I make one more appeal? Would with tears your eyes might glist-en! Would to God your heart might feel! You will,
2. But the grave is not the end-ing, Sin will kill beyond the tomb; Oh, what aw - ful hor-rors pend-ing In those words, the "sin-ner's doom!" God has
3. You have had the Bible warning; You have had the Spirit, too, Ev - er since life's ear - ly morn-ing, It has strove and plead with you; Ma - ny
4. But the Bi - ble you have slighted, And the Spirit turn'd away, And re - fused, tho' oft in- vit - ed To im-prove your gra-cious day. Oh! how

too, ere long be dy- ing; Soon we'll miss you from the earth; And your cold form will be ly - ing 'Neath the greensward and the turf.
traced it with His fin- ger, Je - sus said it should be so: "He who lives and dies a sin - ner Must en - dure e - ter - nal woe."
times the tear-drop glisten'd, Ma -ny times your heart did melt; To the sto - ry you have lis - ten'd, Of the pangs your Sav - iour felt.
hard your heart is get- ting! Oh, how sad your state to - day! Friend, your star of hope is set - ting; Haste to Christ with-out de - lay!

Copyrighted, 1884, by THE HOFFMAN MUSIC CO.

No. 85. There's a Great Day Coming.

"It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment."—Heb. 9: 27.

Words and Music by W. L. THOMPSON.

1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day coming, There's a great day
2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day coming, There's a bright day
3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day coming, There's a sad day

com-ing by and by, When the saints and the sin-ners shall be part-ed,
com-ing by and by, But its brightness shall on - ly come to them that
com-ing by and by, When the sin - ner shall hear his doom, "Depart, I

CHORUS.

right and left, Are you read-y for that day to come? Are you read-y?
love the Lord, Are you read-y for that day to come?
know ye not," Are you read-y for that day to come?

Are you read - y? Are you read - y for the Judg-ment day?

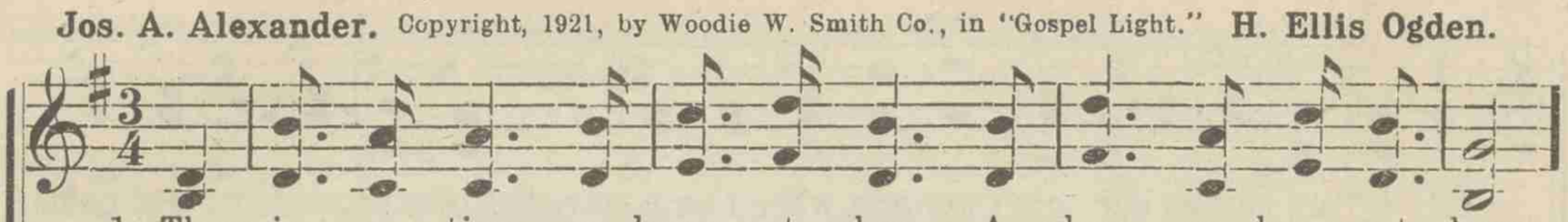
Are you read - y? Are you read-y for the Judg-ment day?

By per. of W. L. THOMPSON & Co., East Liverpool, O.

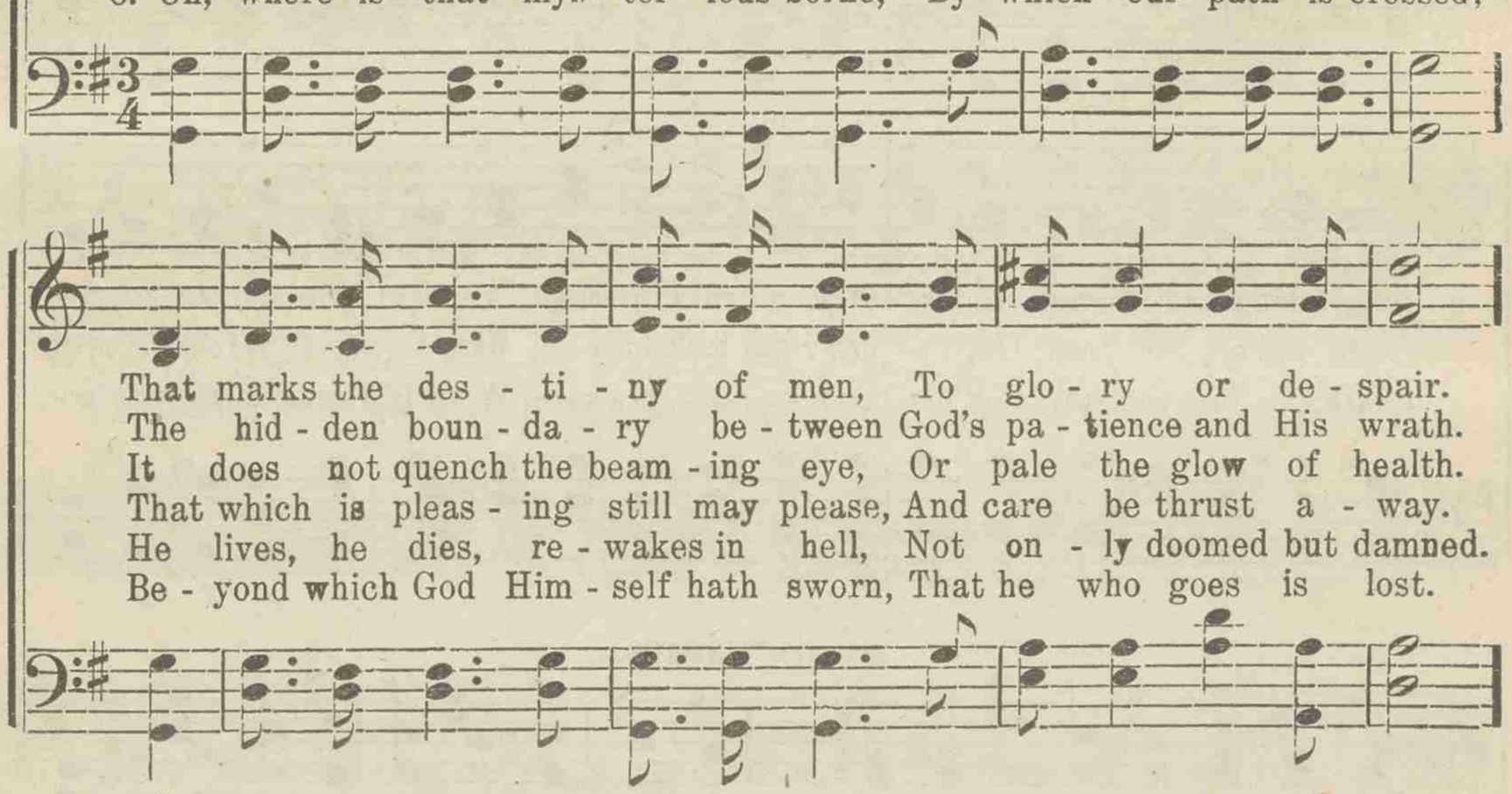
No. 86. The Unseen Line.

"My spirit shall not always strive with man." Gen. 6: 8.

Jos. A. Alexander. Copyright, 1921, by Woodie W. Smith Co., in "Gospel Light." **H. Ellis Ogden.**

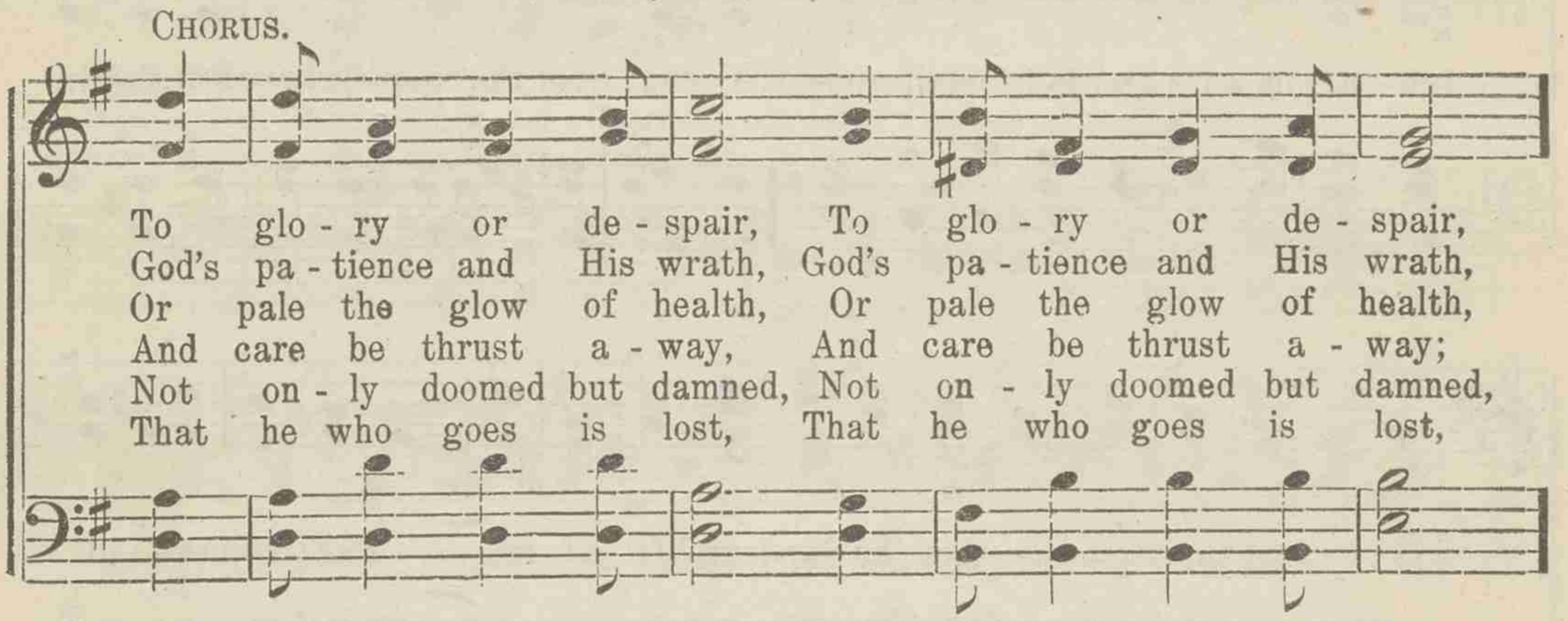


1. There is a time we know not when, A place we know not where;
2. There is a line by us un - seen, That cross - es ev - 'ry path;
3. To pass that lim - it is to die, To die as if by stealth;
4. The conscience may be still at ease, The spir - it light and gay;
5. He knows, he feels that all is well, And ev - 'ry fear is calmed;
6. Oh, where is that mys - ter - ious borne, By which our path is crossed;

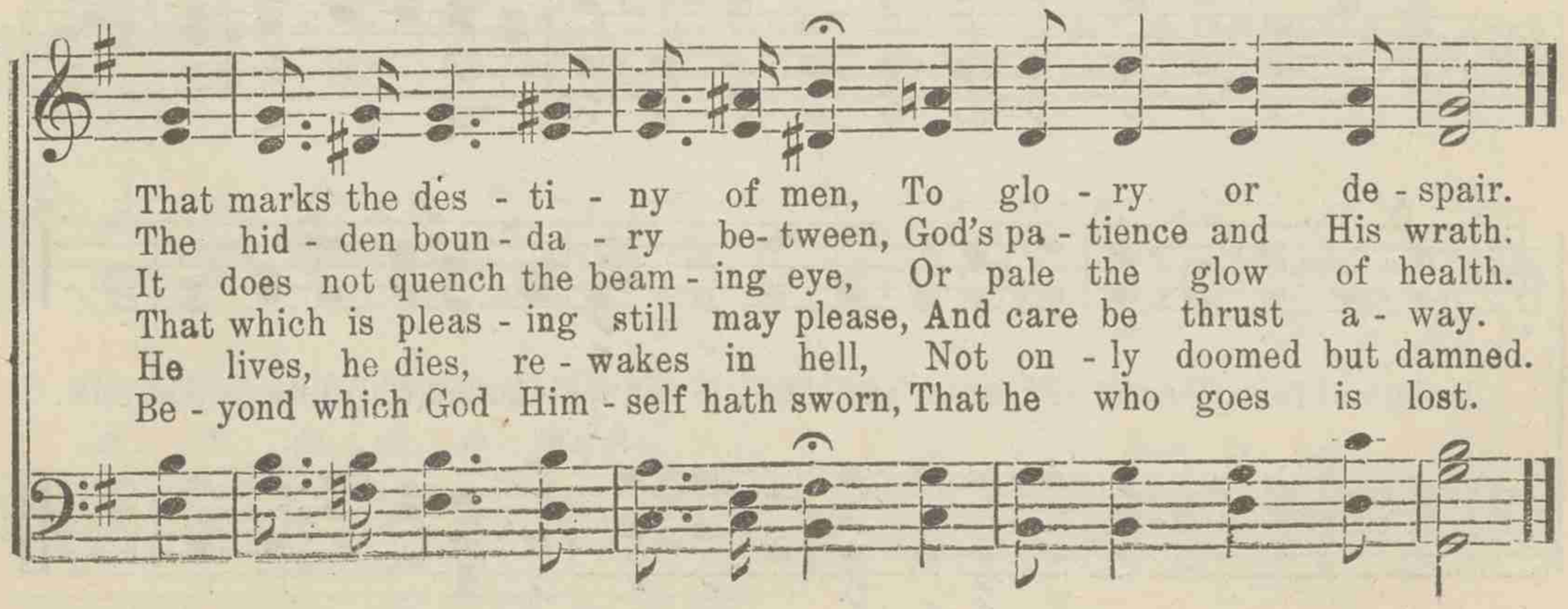


That marks the des - ti - ny of men, To glo - ry or de - spair.
The hid - den boun - da - ry be - tween God's pa - tience and His wrath.
It does not quench the beam - ing eye, Or pale the glow of health.
That which is pleas - ing still may please, And care be thrust a - way.
He lives, he dies, re - wakes in hell, Not on - ly doomed but damned.
Be - yond which God Him - self hath sworn, That he who goes is lost.

CHORUS.



To glo - ry or de - spair, To glo - ry or de - spair,
God's pa - tience and His wrath, God's pa - tience and His wrath,
Or pale the glow of health, Or pale the glow of health,
And care be thrust a - way, And care be thrust a - way;
Not on - ly doomed but damned, Not on - ly doomed but damned,
That he who goes is lost, That he who goes is lost,



That marks the des - ti - ny of men, To glo - ry or de - spair.
The hid - den boun - da - ry be - tween, God's pa - tience and His wrath.
It does not quench the beam - ing eye, Or pale the glow of health.
That which is pleas - ing still may please, And care be thrust a - way.
He lives, he dies, re - wakes in hell, Not on - ly doomed but damned.
Be - yond which God Him - self hath sworn, That he who goes is lost.

No. 87. Like a Gentle Breeze.

A. B. Copyright, 1921, by Woodie W. Smith Co., in "Gospel Light." A. Bailey.

1. I am think - ing of the night when I was saved, How the peace of God came
2. I re-mem - ber well how Jesus breathed on me, And the Ho - ly Spir - it
3. I am walk-ing with my Saviour, praise His name, And with Him, in life or

in I long had craved; And there swept a-cross my breast, A sweet, calm and tran-quil rest,
came and set me free; Oh, the pow'r that thrilled my soul, When I gave Him full control,
death, 'tis just the same; For 'tis heav-en an - y-where, With His Spirit's pre -en e there,

CHORUS.

Like a gen - tle breeze I feel it now. I can feel the gen-tle breeze from Cal-va-

ry, Just the same as when the Sav-iour lift - ed me,.... Far a - bove all

doubt and fear, Where the sky is pure and clear, I can feel the heav'nly breeze just now.

No. 88. Blessed Assurance.

"Unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time without sin, unto salvation."—Heb. 9: 28.

F. J. CROSBY. MRS. JOS. 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- va - tion, purchase of God, Born of His
2. Per-fect sub-mis- sion, per-fect de - light, Vis-ions of rap-ture now burst on my sight, An-gels de-scend-ing, bring from above, Ech- oes of
3. Per-fect sub-mis- sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-iour am hap-py and blest, Watching and waiting, look-ing a - bove, Fill'd with His

CHORUS.

Spir - it, washed in His blood. This is my sto - ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav - iour all the day long; This is my sto - ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long.
mer - cy, whis-pers of love.
good-ness, lost in His love.

Copyright, 1873, by Jos. F. KNAPP. by per.

No. 89. The Wonderful Day.

Copyright, 1921, by Woodie W. Smith Co., in "Gospel Light."

Woodie W. Smith. **Lulu E. English.**

1. There's a won-der - ful day, for the Prophets all say, That the Lord in His glo - ry shall come; All the saints shall a - rise and as - cend to the skies,
2. As I think of that day, I can joy-ful - ly say, Bless-ed Sav - iour, I'm read - y to go; For I'm trust-ing His grace, and shall look on His face,
3. Earth-ly joy shall re - cede with its pomp and its greed, When the light of His glo - ry I see; I will fall at His feet, and the sto - ry re-peat,
4. Oh, that won-der - ful day! oh, the rap-ture for aye! Oh, the mar - vel - ous love of the King! How I long to be there, His com - mun-ion to share,

CHORUS.

Ev - er-more to be with Him at home.
Oh, what rapture, my Sav-iour to know. He's coming some day, He's coming some day, Oh, what will it mean to you? Shall you wel - come that day,
Je - sus' blood made a-tone-ment for me.
And His prais-es for - ev - er to sing.

Share His glo - ry for aye, Fel - low trav-'ler, oh, what will you do?

No. 90. He's Coming Again.

D. B. P. Copyright, 1921, by D. B. Purinton. Dr. D. B. Purinton.

1. When Je - sus proclaimed His e - van - gel to earth, That men might be
2. The song of the an - gels to shepherds once told, The won - der - ful,
3. Let mor - tals re - peat the sweet sto - ry of old—Re - peat it in
4. The her - alds of right-eous-ness, scattered a-broad, Shall ban - ish all

hap - py and ho - ly, How hum - ble His lot, how un - re - gal His birth—
soul-sav - ing sto - ry, But now ev - 'ry eye shall His com-ing be - hold,
lov - ing de - vo - tion—And speed the glad message by prophets fore-told,
hat - ing and fear - ing; The earth shall be filled with the glory of God,

CHORUS.

His cra - dle a man-ger so low - ly.
The na - tions shall vision His glo - ry. He's com - ing a - gain like the
O'er mountain and val-ley and o - cean.
And welcome the Saviour's ap - pear - ing.

sun in the sky—The King in His beau-ty and glo - ry, Be read-y, my

soul, when He calls thee on high, To dwell with Him ev-er in glo - ry.

91 All the Way My Savior Leads.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY.
RENEWAL. USED BY PER.

Fanny J. Crosby. Robert Lowry.

1. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; What have I to ask be - side?
2. All the way my Sav-ior leads me, Cheers each wind-ing path I tread;
3. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; O the ful - ness of His love!

Can I doubt His ten-der mer - cy Who thro' life has been my guide?
Gives me grace for ev - 'ry tri - al, Feeds me with the liv - ing bread;
Per - fect rest to me is prom-ised In my Fa-ther's house a - bove;

Heav'n-ly peace, di - vin-est com-fort, Here by faith in Him to dwell!
Tho' my wea - ry steps may fal - ter, And my soul a - thirst may be,
When my spir - it, clothed, im-mor - tal, Wings its flight to realms of day,

For I know, what-e'er be - fall me, Je - sus do - eth all things well;
Gush - ing from the Rock be - fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I see;
This my song thro' end-less a - ges— Je - sus led me all the way;

For I know, what-e'er be - fall me, Je-sus do - eth all things well.
Gush-ing from the Rock be - fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I see.
This my song thro' end-less a - ges— Je - sus led me all the way.

No. 92. He's My Leader.

Copyright, 1908, by W. W. Smith. By per.

Thought suggested by a sermon preached by W. B. Riley, at Stamford, Texas, July 6, 1907.
Dedicated to the B. Y. P. U. Assembly at Stamford, Texas, July, 1907.

W. W. SMITH. MRS. ADA E. SMITH.

1. I want to be with Je - sus ev-'ry-where He goes, He's my Leader
2. I know He'll not forsake me, for a friend He is, He's my Leader
3. When sor-row's clouds arise, that would distress my soul, He's my Leader
4. His yoke is eas - y while I'm walking by His side, He's my Leader

ev-'ry day; I want to serve Him dai-ly, for my care He knows,
ev-'ry day; He'll guide me safe-ly on-ward, He is mine, I'm His,
ev-'ry day; I'll fear them not, for He will lead me to the goal,
ev-'ry day; Thro' faith, by grace, I ev - er will with Him a-bide,

REFRAIN.

He's my Lead - er all the way. He's my Lead-er ev - 'ry
day, He's my Lead-er ev - 'ry day, Mat-ters
ev -'ry day, ev -'ry day,
not wher-e'er I go, He's my Lead-er all the way (all the way).

No. 93. A Letter From Home.

W. W. S. Copyright, 1918, in "Revival Power," by Woodie W. Smith. WOODIE W. SMITH.

With expression.

1. I've re-ceived a pre-cious let-ter from my home, sweet home, And it tells me that my Sav-iour I shall see; That He
2. As I read this pre-cious let-ter from my home, sweet home, I can feel my bless-ed Sav-iour and His love; For I
3. Ev-'ry time I read this let-ter from my home, sweet home, Cords of love I feel that ne'er I'd felt be-fore; For my

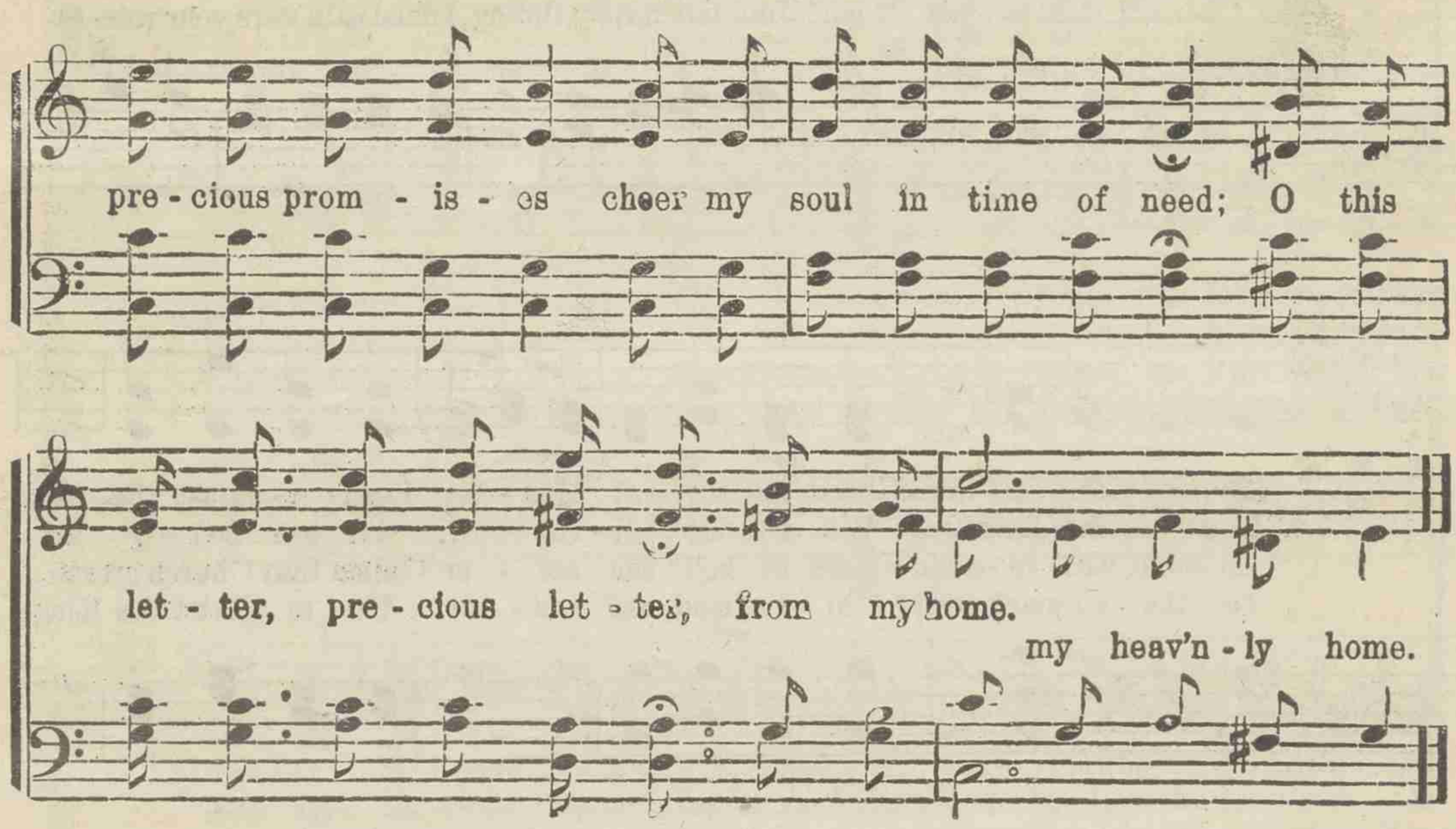
left His home in glo-ry and came down to dwell with men, And to die up-on the rug-ged cross for me. (to die for me.)
know He's in-ter-ced-ing with the Fa-ther at the throne, And pre-par-ing me a man-sion up a-bove. (man-sion a-bove.)
Sav-iour sends the spir-it to di-rect my mind and soul, And re-veal Him as He was re-vealed of yore. (re-vealed of yore.)

CHORUS.

Pre-cious let-ter from home, pre-cious let-ter from home, How I

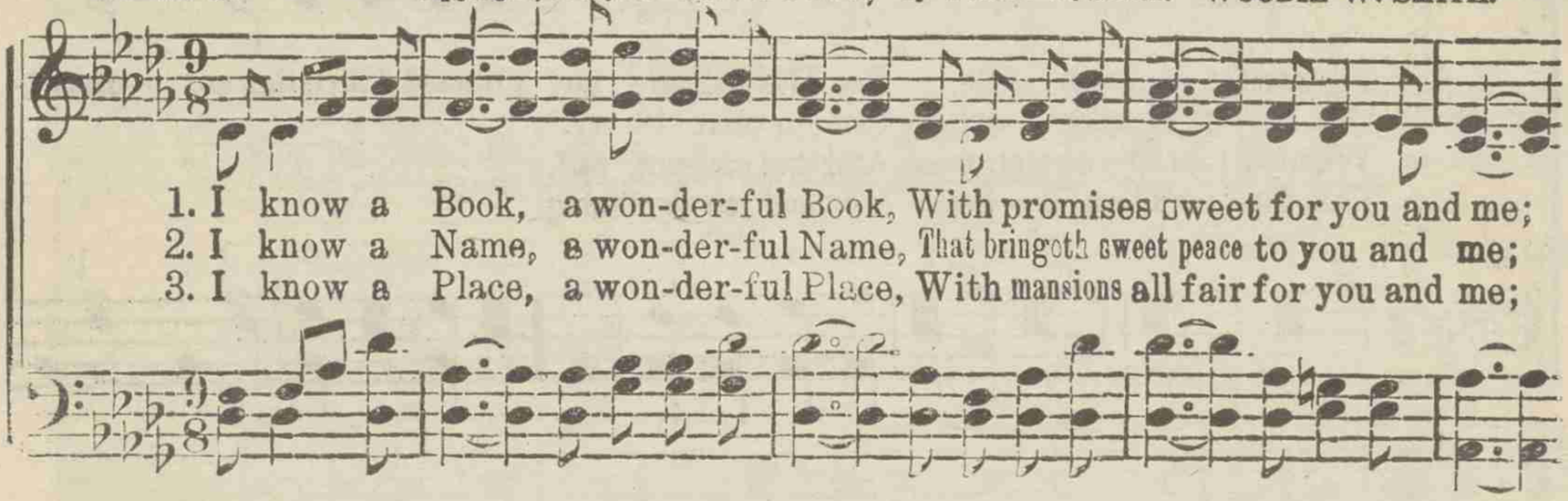
A Letter From Home. Concluded.

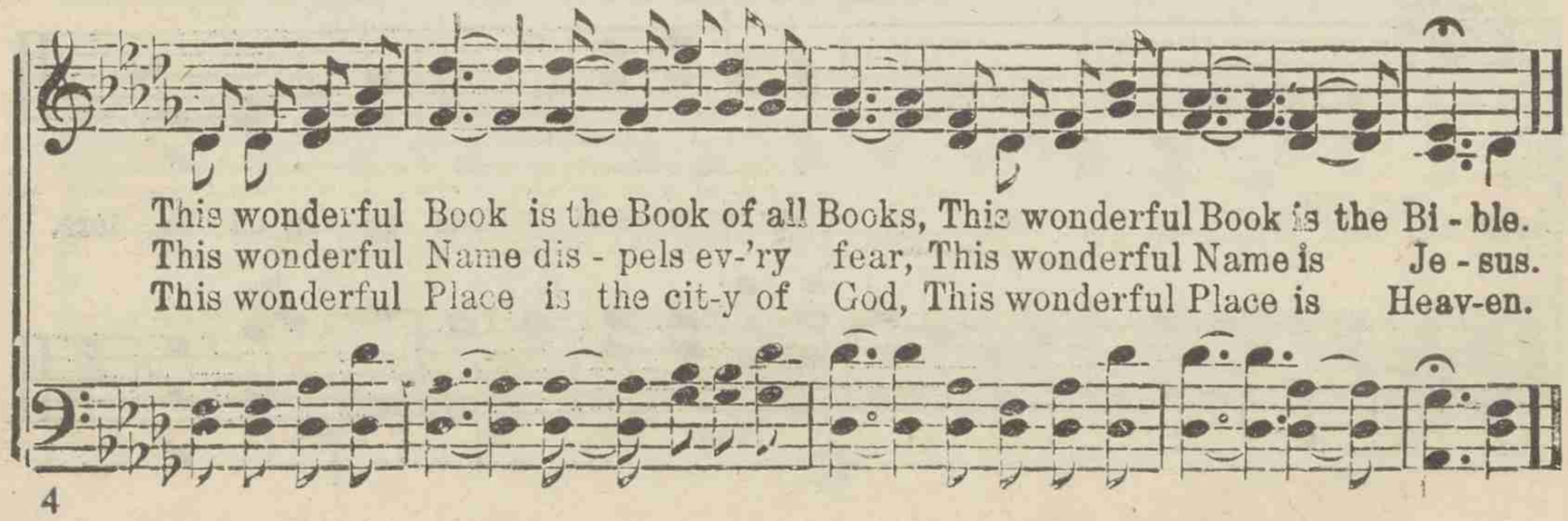




No. 94. Wonderful Triune.

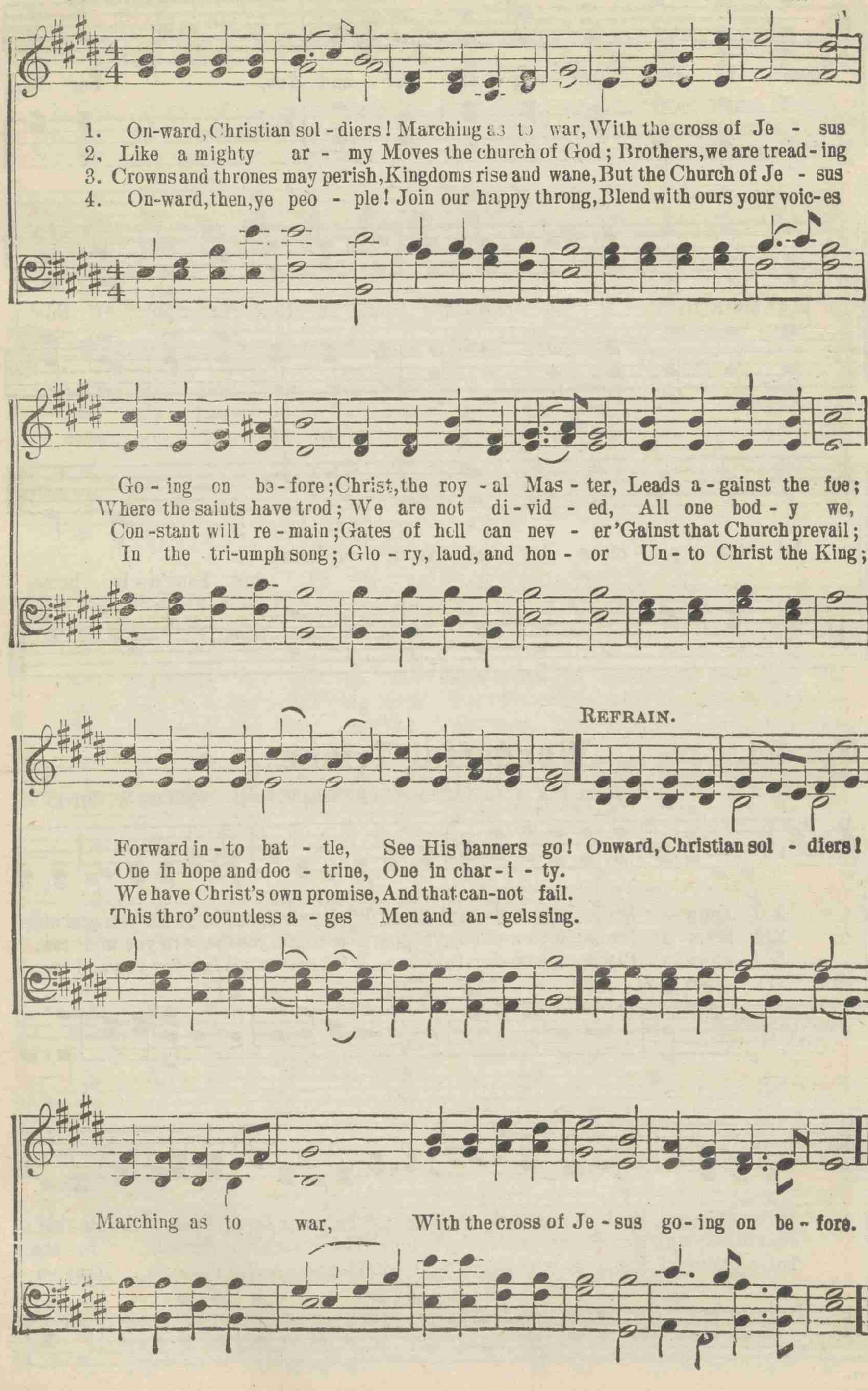
W. W. S. Copyright, 1918, in "Revival Powor," by Woodie W. Smith. WOODIE W. SMITH.





95.. ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS!

SABINE B. GOULD. ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN.



96. I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

"I will tell thee."—Num. 23: 3.

KATE HANKEY. WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

REFRAIN.

No. 97. The Unclouded Day.

"And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying."—Rev. 21 : 4.

By permission of The Echo Music Co.

Words and Melody by Rev. J. K. ALWOOD. Harmony by J. F. KINSEY.

May be sung as a Solo.



No. 98. Since I Promised My Mother to Meet Her.

Copyright, 1918, in "Love Tidings," by Ussery and Jones, H. E. Ogden, owner,

H. E. O. H. E. OGDEN.

1. I am think - ing of moth - er in glo - ry, I can see her so love - ly and fair;....
2. Tho' temp - ta - tions and tri - als sur-round me, Fill my spir - it with sor - row and care,....
3. While I ling - er a - lone, and in sor - row, All be - reft of her ten - der watch care;....

By her pray'rs I was led to the Sav-ior,
I have prom-ised my moth - er to meet her,
Oh, how sweet is the bless - ed as - sur-ance,

REFRAIN.

And I prom-ised to meet her up there.
And will nev - er give up in des - pair.
That some day I shall meet her up there.

Yes, I prom-ised my moth-er to meet her,
In that cit - y so love - ly and fair;
All my way hath grown brighter and sweeter,
Since I prom-ised to meet her up there.

No. 99 It Is Well With My Soul.

H. G. SPAFFORD. P. P. BLISS.

1. When peace like a riv - er, at-tend-eth my way, When sorrows like
2. Though Satan should buffet, tho' trials should come, Let this blest as-
3. My sin— O the bliss of this glo - ri-ous tho't!—My sin—not in
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be roll'd

sea - bil-lows rolls, What-ev-er my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,
sur-ance control, That Christ hath regarded my helpless es - tate,
part but the whole, Is nailed to His cross and I bear it no more,
back as a scroll, The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend,

CHORUS.

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

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

No. 100 WE'RE MARCHING TO ZION.

"We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it you."—NUM 10: 29.

Rev. I. WATTS. Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.

Spirited.



1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thous - and sa - cred sweets, Be -
4. Then let our songs a- bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're



in a song with sweet ac- cord, Join in a song with sweet ac-cord, And
chil - dren of the heav'n-ly King, But chil - dren of the heav'n-ly King, May
fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Be- fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Or
marching thro' Im-man-uel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To



thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.
speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.



thus sur-round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.
speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.

CHORUS.



We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on; We're
We're march- ing on to Zi - on,



marching up-ward to Zi - on, The beau- ti - ful cit - y of God.
Zi - on, Zi - on,

Copyright, 1887, by Robert Lowry.

Sweet By and By.

S. FILLMORE BENNETT. J. 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 o - ver the way, To pre -
2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore The me - lo - di - ous songs of the blest, And our spir - its shall sorrow no more, Not a
3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove We will of - fer our trib-ute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the

CHORUS.

pare us a dwell-ing place there. In the sweet by and
sigh for the bless-ing of rest.
blessings that hal - low our days. In the sweet

by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore, In the
by and by, by and by,

sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore.
by and by, by and by, by and by,

No. 102. I See the Lights Coming This Way.

In memory of my friend, Arch Dulin, who died October 12, 1918 Among his last words were, "I see the lights coming this way."

J. F. F. Copyright, 1919, by J. F. Frame, Gassaway, W Va. Rev. J. F. Frame.

1. What lights are these I see, A - bove the realms of
2. Sweet fields ar - rayed in green, And riv - ers I can
3. De - tain me not, my friends, The boat comes near the

death? I hear the voic - es call - ing me, Oh,
see, And long - ing hearts I've loved long since, In
shore; My pass - port sure, my Cap - tain calls, I'm

CHORUS.

come a - way and rest.
rap - ture call - ing me. I see the lights com-ing this
safe for ev - er - more.

way,.... A - cross the rag - ing foam, I see the lights com-
this way,

rit.

ing this way, this way, To wel - come His dear one home.

No. 103. Music In Heaven.

LUKE 15.

J. W. E. Copyright, 1921, by Woodie W. Smith Co., in "Gospel Light." **Joe W. English.**

1. When the Sav-iour finds the wand'rer, In the way-ward paths of sin; There is
2. There is joy with God the Fa - ther, When the wand'ring child comes home, There is
3. When a sin - ner comes re-pent-ing, And be - liev - ing in His word, There is

mu - sic up in heav-en, For the wand'rer gath-ered in; There is joy a -
joy a - mong the ransomed, When re-pent - ing sin-ners come; There is joy a -
joy a - mong the an-gels, In the pres-ence of the Lord; There is joy a -

mong the an - gels, I can hear their harps of gold; There is mu - sic now in

heav - en, And there's mu-sic in my soul. There is joy..... a -

CHORUS.

There is joy a - mong the an - gels,

mong the an - - - gels, I can hear..... their harps of
I can hear their harps of gold, There is joy a - mong the an - gels, I can

Music In Heaven. Concluded.





No. 104. I Would Not Live Always.

Muhlenberg. Copyright, 1921, by Woodie W. Smith Co., in "Gospel Light." **Joe W. English.**



105

The Old Fashioned Faith.

COPYRIGHT. 1911, BY RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Rev. N. A. McAulay. B. D. Ackley.

1. I am somewhat old fashioned, I know, When it comes to re-lig-ion and God;
2. I be-lieve that the Bible is true, Tho' the critics have torn it a-part,
3. I be-lieve our re-lig-ion must be Not a cloak for our meanness or shame,

Ma-ny think I am pain-ful-ly slow Since I walk where my fa-thers have trod.
All its warnings and mir-a-cles too, I do whol-ly ac-cept with my heart.
But a pow-er from bondage to free, All who trust in that heav-en-ly name.

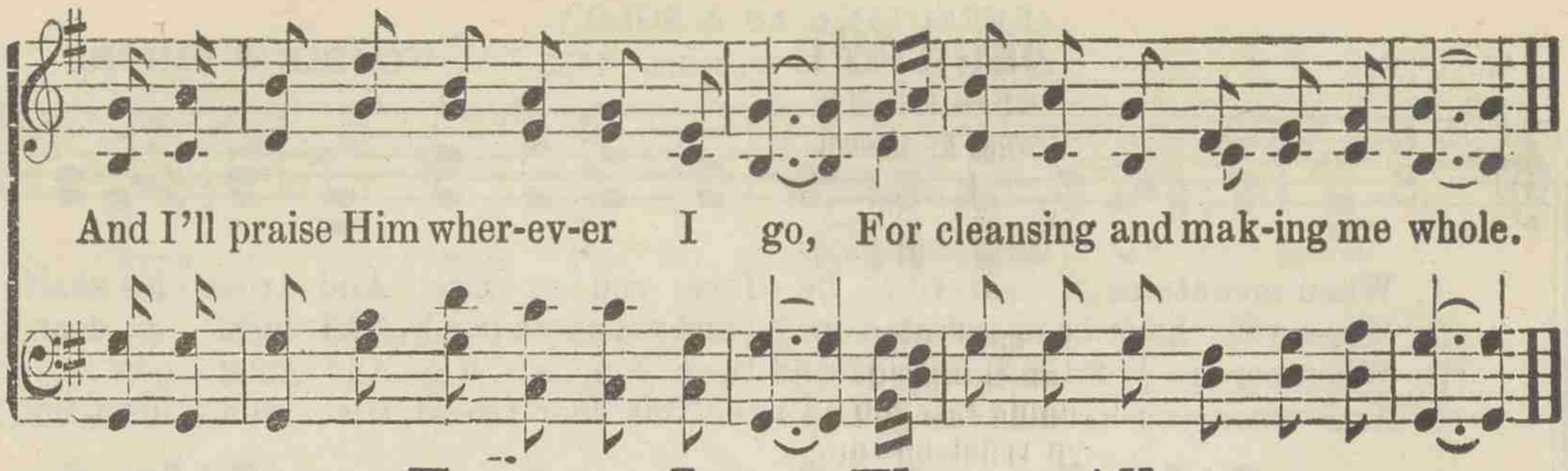
I be-lieve in repentance from sin, And that Je-sus with-in us must dwell;
I be-lieve that the Sabbath was made To be sa-cred-ly kept for the Lord;
I am tell-ing the peo-ple each day, That the sin-ner for-ev-er is lost,

I be-lieve that if heav-en we win, We must flee from the terrors of hell.
And when broken for pleasure or trade We shall miss the e-ter-nal re-ward.
Who has failed to accept the true way Which was opened at in-fi-nite cost.

CHORUS.

I'm a lit-tle old fashioned, I know; But God's peace has a home in my soul,

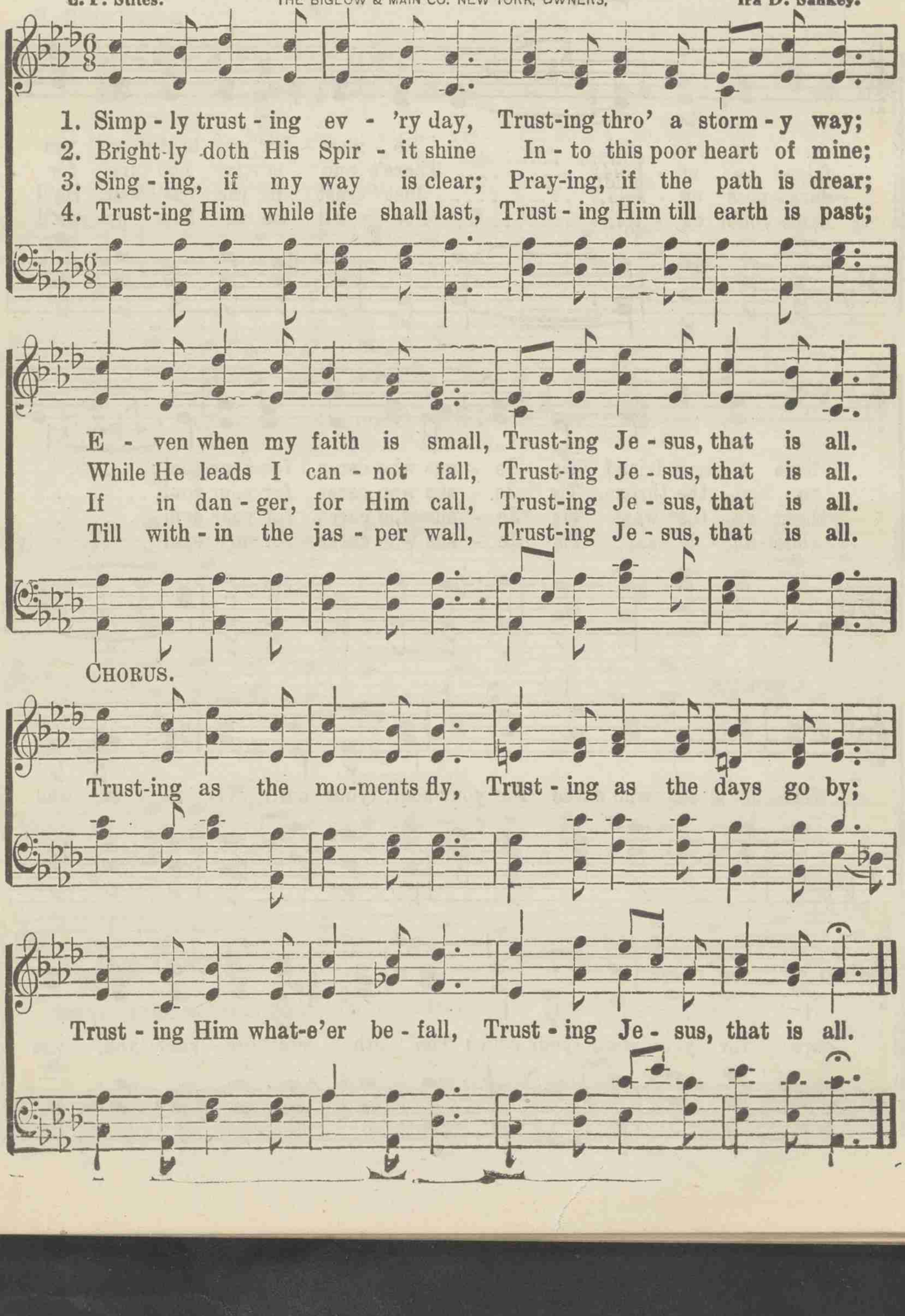
The Old Fashioned Faith.



106 Trusting Jesus, That is All.

COPYRIGHT, 1876. BY BIGLOW & MAIN.
THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO. NEW YORK, OWNERS.

E. P. Stites. Ira D. Sankey.



No. 107. 'Tis Jesus Who Cares For Your Soul.

(EFFECTIVE AS A SOLO.)

W. W. S. Owned by Woodie W. Smith. 1912. WOODIE W. SMITH.

1. When mountains of sor-row be-fore you a-rise, And troub-les shall
2. When you have been tempted be-yond your own pow'r, And need a dear
3. When earth-ly friends fail you and turn you a-way, And shad-ows of
4. And when you have trust-ed and tried this dear friend, His won-der-ful

o-ver you roll,..... Re-mem-ber, my broth-er, you
friend to up-hold;..... There's one in-ter-ced-ing for
dark-ness en-fold;..... Just trust in the Sav-iour, He'll
name you'll ex-tol;..... For you'll be so hap-py you'll

have a true friend, 'Tis Je-sus who cares for your soul.....
you at the throne, 'Tis Je-sus who cares for your soul.....
light up the way, 'Tis Je-sus who cares for your soul.....
shout-ing-ly say, 'Tis Je-sus who cares for my soul.....

CHORUS.

'Tis Je-sus who cares for your soul; (your soul;) 'Tis Je-sus who

cares for your soul; (your soul;) Tho' oth-ers for-sake you, you

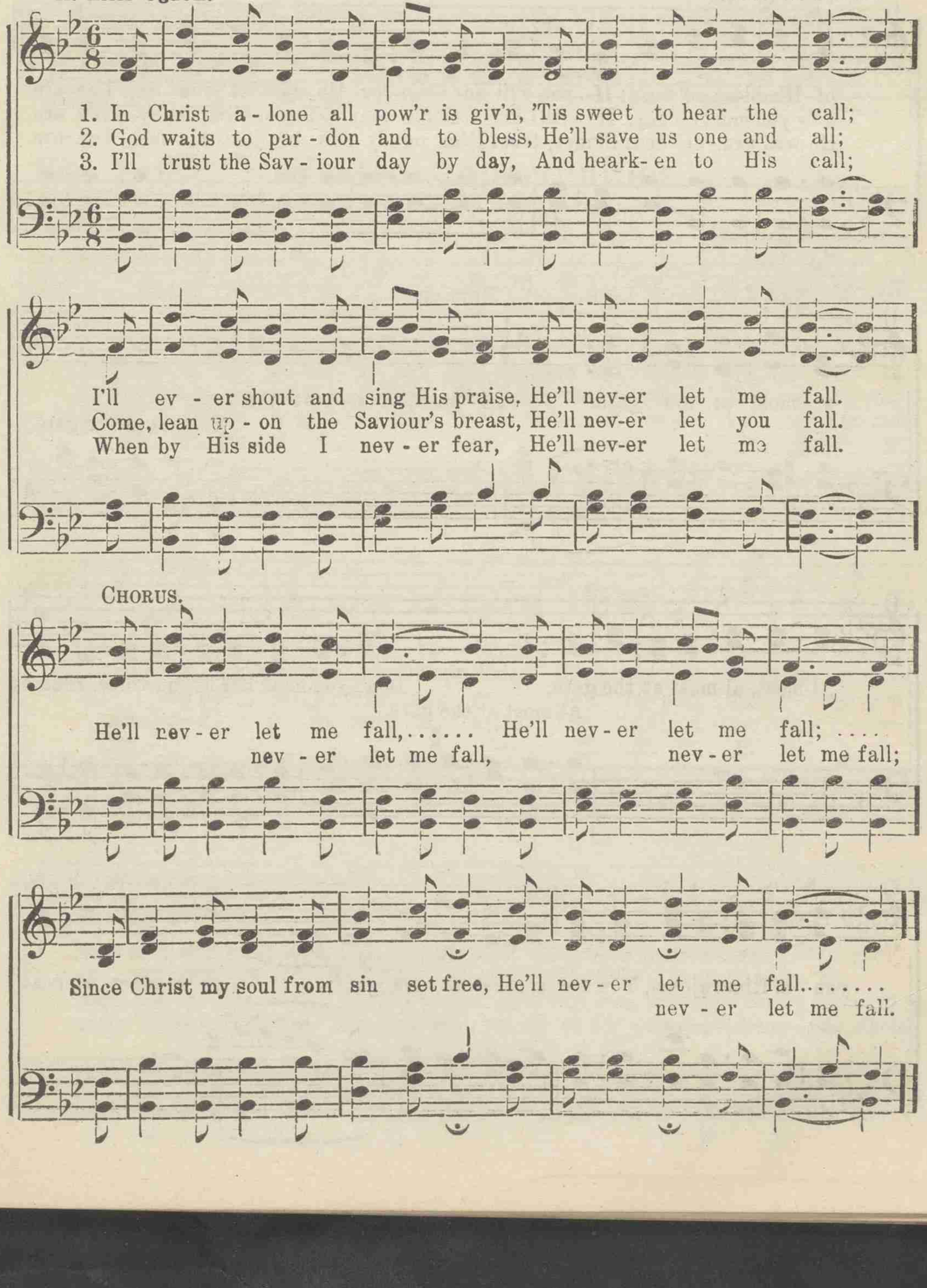
'Tis Jesus Who Cares for Your Soul. Concluded.



No. 108. He'll Never Let Me Fall.

Copyright, 1912, by Woodie W. Smith Co., in "Evangel Message."

H. Ellis Ogden. Woodie W. Smith.



No. 109. Almost At the Gate.

Copyright, 1918, by Woodie W. Smith, in "Revival Power."

MRS. W. W. S. MRS. WOODIE W. SMITH.

1. You have oft-en heard the bid-ding of the Lord, And have felt the pow - er
2. You have seen the brightness of the bless-ed way, You have heard the truth, and
2. On the cross of Cal - va-ry they pierced His side, When for your re-demp-tion

of His bless-ed word; If you will sur - ren-der He will let you in, You are
now you must o - bey, If with Christ the Sav-iour you would live for aye, You are
He was cru - ci - fied; Sinner, trust Him on - ly and be jus - ti - fied, You are

REFRAIN.

al - most at the gate. Al - most, al-most at the gate,
Al-most at the gate,

Al - most, al-most at the gate, Don't you hear His loving voice, Bidding
Al-most at the gate,

you in Him rejoice, You are al-most at the gate;..... Al-most, al-most

Almost At the Gate. Concluded.

at the gate, Al-most, al-most at the gate, Don't you
Al-most at the gate, Al-most at the gate,

hear His loving voice, Bidding you in Him rejoice, You are almost at the gate.

No. 110. Wasted Opportunities.

Copyright, 1918, by Woodie W. Smith, in "Revival Power."

THOS. D. LEMMOND. WOODIE W. SMITH.

1. Wast - ed op - por-tun - i - ties we can ne'er re - gain, Why then stand we
2. Wast - ed op - por-tun - i - ties, days that are no more, We can nev - er
3. Wast - ed op - por-tun - i - ties, God has giv - en man, Tal-ents ly - ing
4. God holds us re-spon-si - ble, for each hour of waste, Let us then our

i - dle here, i - dle why re - main? Wast - ed op - por-tun - i - ties,
call them back, they have passed our door; Then why not im-prove our time,
i - dle fail to do what they can, Both in serv - ing Je - sus and
mis-sion fill, do His work in haste, For these op - por-tun - i - ties

good we might have done, Had we not stood i-dle, some souls we might have won,
as the moments fly? While these op-por-tun - i-ties swift - ly pass us by.
read - ing in His word, Of His love and mer - cy free, tell-ing what we've heard.
come to ev - 'ry soul, Giv - ing work for all to do, who have been made whole.

No. 111. It is Glory to Talk With Him.

A. C. F. Copyright, 1921, by Albert C. Fisher. Albert C. Fisher.

1. When the cares of life op - press you And the load is hard to bear;
2. Tri - als great will o - ver - take you In this sin - ful world be - low;
3. He will nev - er tire of hear - ing When to Him you pray or plead;
4. All the way from earth to glo - ry With the Sav - iour you may go;

When your trou - bles great dis - tress you And there's none who seems to care;
Je - sus nev - er will for - sake you, If to Him in faith you go;
You will find His grace so cheer - ing, In the try - ing hour of need;
Tell - ing o'er and o'er the sto - ry, Let-ting hap - py prais - es flow;

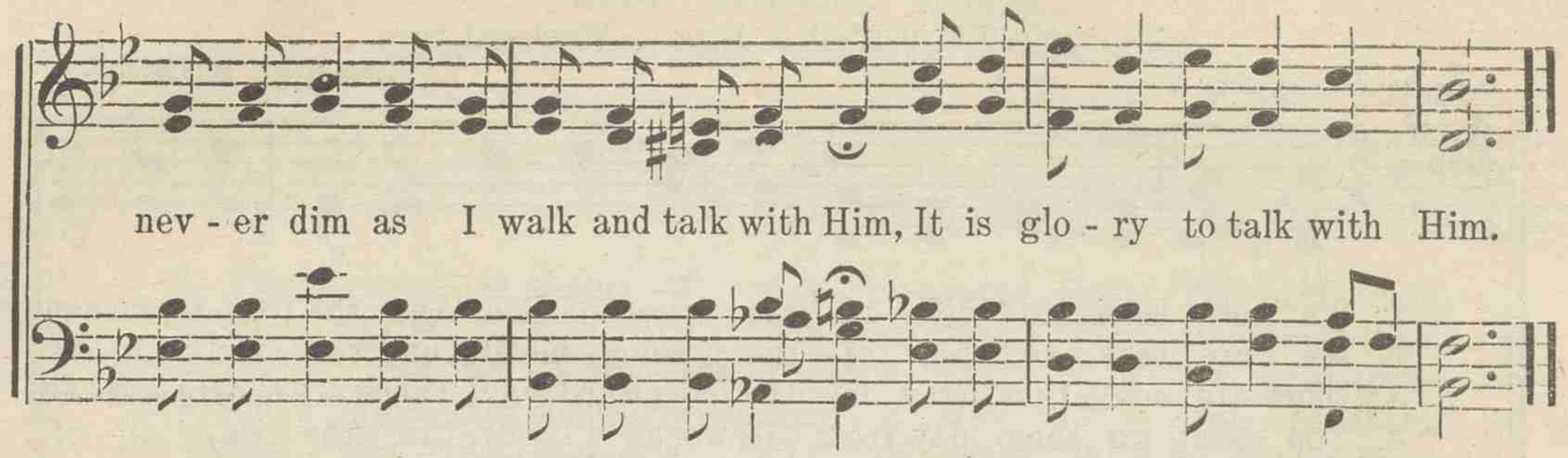
Talk to Je - sus, He will bless you And your ev - 'ry bur - den share;
Storms of life can nev - er shake you, If His keep - ing grace you know;
And your sky will soon be clear - ing, For His pow'r is great in - deed;
Tell it to the young and hoar - y, That His love they all may know;

CHORUS.

It is glo - ry to talk with Him. It is glo - ry to talk with

Him ev - 'ry day; It is glo - ry to walk with Him all the way; My path is

It is Glory to Talk With Him.



No. 112. Leaning On the Everlasting Arms.

"Underneath are the everlasting arms."—Deut. 33: 27.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.



No. 113. Be Ye Reconciled.

Copyright, 1910 by Frank C. Huston. Words and music.

F. C. H. FRANK C. HUSTON.

1. We are here to tell of the love of God, And the Christ who can save from sin;— Of His won- d rous grace for a fall - en race, And the
2. We are here to tell of the precious blood That was shed up - on Cal - va - ry; Where the Sav - iour died that a foun-tain wide Might be
3. There are souls that stray in the downward way; There are hearts pained with sore dis-tress; Hear the Sav - iour speak,—first the kingdom seek, Of our
4. You must go some day from this world a - way, In the way all of earth have trod; Now we plead with you, to your - self be true,—Be ye

CHORUS.

pow'r of His love with - in.
o - pened for you and me.
God and His righteousness.
now rec - on ciled to God.

We are here that men may know our God,

And be rec - on - ciled, and be rec - on - ciled; In the
Oh, be ye rec - on-ciled, Oh, be ye rec - on - ciled,

stead of Christ we plead to - day: "Be ye rec - on - ciled to God."

No. 114. The Risen Lord.

Copyright, 1921, by Woodie W. Smith Co., in "Gospel Light."

Joe. W. English. Woodie W. Smith.

1. The grand-est theme of mor - tal tongue, Sub - lim - est theme of
2. The charm - ing theme of Mos - es' song, Vic - to - rious theme of
3. Ce - les - tial theme, Great Three in One, E - ter - nal theme, the
4. Oh! glad, glad theme, we'll sing it now, De - light - ful theme, let
5. Oh! glo - rious theme, a - wake ye dead; Oh! rap-turous theme, the

ran-somed throng, The cen - tral theme of an - gel's song, Je - sus
right o'er wrong, Ex - alt - ed theme, His praise pro - long, Je - sus
bless - ed Son, Sal - va - tion's theme, the vic - t'ry won, Je - sus
an - gels bow; Tri - umph - ant theme, oh! crown His brow, Je - sus
One who bled; Re - demp-tion's theme, with glo - ry shed, Je - sus

CHORUS.

Christ, the ris - en Lord. Je - sus Christ, the ris - en Lord,
ris - en Lord,

Son of God, in - car - nate Word; Our
bless - ed Word;

Ad - vo - cate in courts a - bove, Je - sus Christ, the ris - en Lord.

No. 115. I Want to be a Worker

"The laborers are few."—Matt. 9: 37.

I. B. I. BALTZELL, by per.



No. 116. Christ of Calvary.

Copyright, 1921, by Woodie W. Smith Co., in "Gospel Light."

James Rowe. Howard E. Smith.

1. All praise and glo - ry be To Christ of Cal - va - ry, Who died our souls to
2. Ex - alt His ho - ly name; He free - ly, glad-ly came To take a - way our
3. Press onward in His light, Till faith be lost in sight; His glo - ry mak-eth

free From fetters strong; Let praise our homage prove, Send joyous strains above; For
shame And joy im-part; Man's tru-est Friend is He; His grace will keep us free; Un-
bright The homeward way; His voice will cheer us on, Till earth's long night be gone, And

CHORUS. Duet.

ev-er-more His love Shall be our song.
changed will ever be His lov-ing heart. Carols raise, joyous praise
on our souls shall dawn The end-less day.

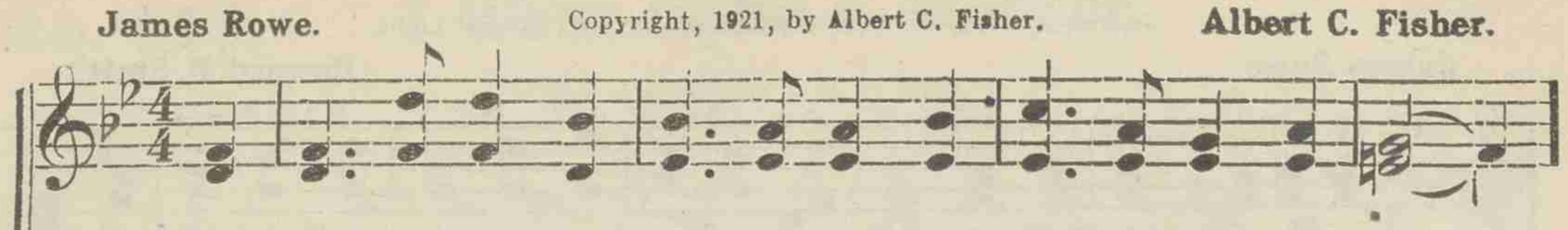
Render now in Christ the Lord, Sing to Him in true accord; O'er and o'er

Unison. *Harmony.*

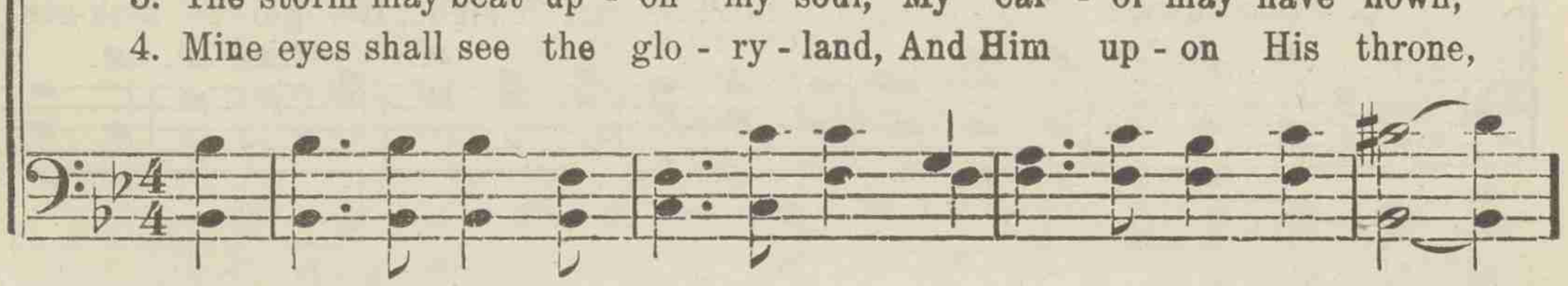
praise outpour; Sing ho-san - na to His name For ev-er-more.

No. 117. Jesus Cares for His Own.

James Rowe. Copyright, 1921, by Albert C. Fisher. Albert C. Fisher.



1. I do not ask what tri - als wait, What griefs may yet be known;
2. If I may see the step I take, And know I'm not a - lone,
3. The storm may beat up - on my soul, My car - ol may have flown,
4. Mine eyes shall see the glo - ry - land, And Him up - on His throne,





For all the way to heav - en's gate, Je - sus cares for His own.
No foe my faith shall ev - er shake, Je - sus cares for His own.
But He will still my life con - trol, Je - sus cares for His own.
For hold - ing all the way my hand, Je - sus cares for His own.



CHORUS.



Je - sus cares for His own, I am nev - er a - lone;.....
Je-sus cares for His own, No, nev - er a-lone;





His hand up - holds, His love en - folds, Je - sus cares for His own.



No. 118. Somebody Cares, 'Tis Jesus.

D. B. P. Copyright, 1921, by D. B. Purinton. D. B. Purinton.

1. When drear-y my way, and wea - ry my feet, And ma - ny the
2. Tho' friends may de- part and cour - age may fail, Tho' dead - ly the
3. When way-worn and weak, when tempt-ed and tried, Come pleasure or

toils and tri - als I meet; Still on-ward I go, nor ev - er re-treat,
foes that dai - ly as - sail; No fear can a - larm, no foe can pre - vail,
pain, what - ev - er be - tide; In cour-age and hope my soul shall a - bide,

CHORUS.

For some - bod - y cares, 'tis Je - sus. Some - bod - y knows the
bur - dens I bear, Some-bod - y cares, 'tis Je - sus; In pleas-ure or
pain, in hope or de-spair, There's some-bod - y cares, 'tis Je - sus.

No. 119. He Touched Me.

(This song was composed by a convert of the Pacific Garden Mission, Chicago. and is sung there every night.)

THOMAS SULLIVAN. Owned and controlled by D. E. Dortch. D. E. DORTCH.

1. To the feet of my Sav-iour in trem-bling and fear, A pen - i - tent
2. I knew not the ten-der com - pas-sion of love That Je - sus my
3. My grace is suf - fi-cient, I heard His sweet voice, O come and find
4. Oh! come, my dear broth-er, He's wait-ing for you, Your sin-burdened

sin - ner I came; He saw me and lov - ing - ly bade me draw near, All
Sav - iour had shown; Tho burdened with grief His dear hand brought relief, He
rest for your soul; From sin you to save, My life free - ly I gave, I
heart to con - sole. Your wea - ry head rest on His dear, lov-ing breast, He

CHORUS.

rit.

glo - ry and praise to His name.....
healed me and called me His own.....
died, that you might be made whole.....
suffered and died for your soul.....

He touched me and thus made me

name, to His name.
own, me His own.
whole, be made whole.
soul, for your soul.

whole, Bringing com - fort and rest to my soul; Oh! glad, hap - py

rit.

day, all my sin's roll'd a - way, For He touched me and thus made me whole.

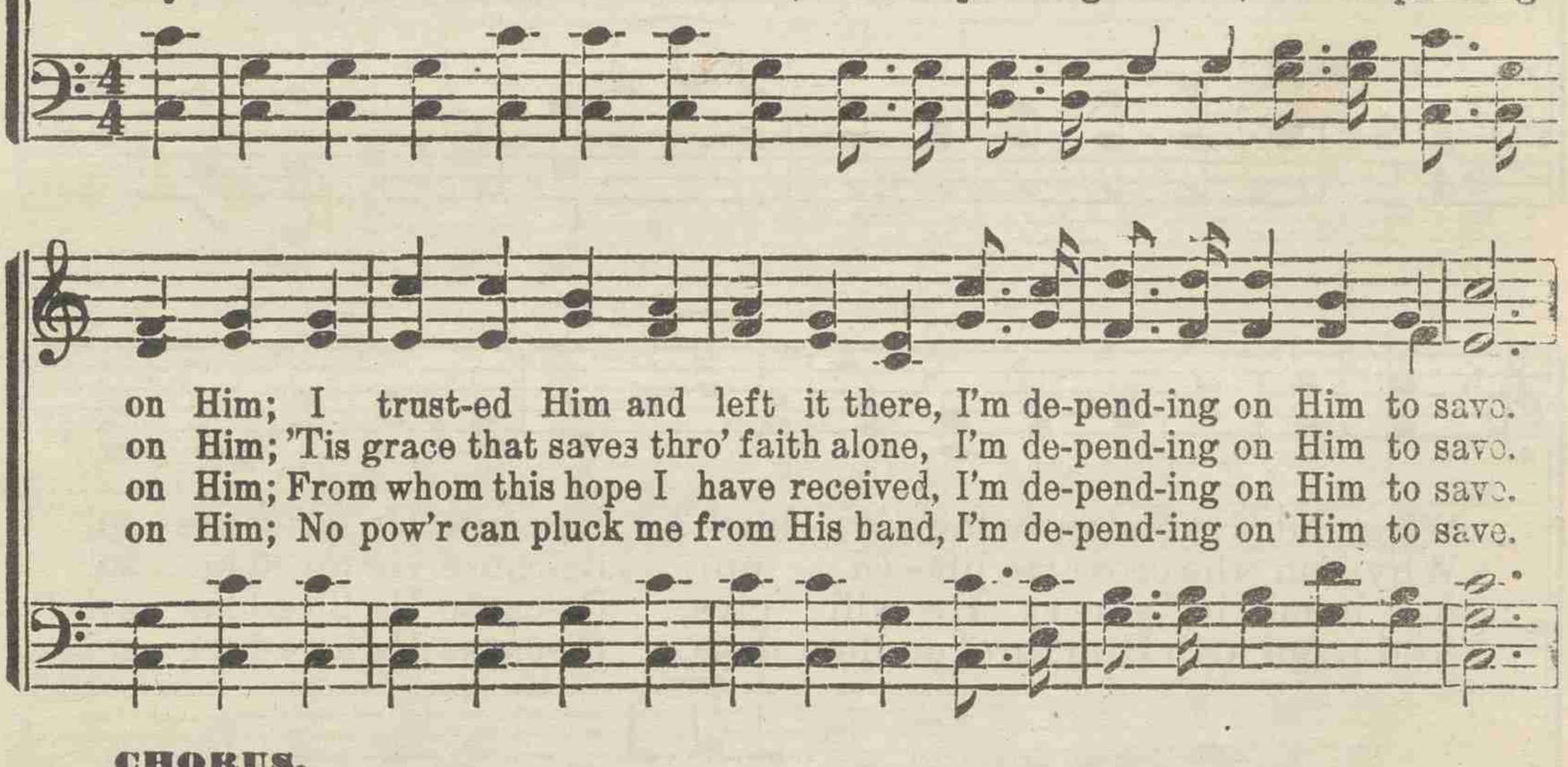
No. 120. I'm Depending on Him.

"I know whom I have believed and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day."—2 TIM. 1 : 12.

J. A. B. J. A. BROWN.



1. I've placed my life in Je - sus' care, I'm de-pend-ing on Him, I'm de-pend-ing
2. 'Tis not by works that I have done, I'm de-pend-ing on Him, I'm de-pend-ing
3. I know Him whom I have believed, I'm de-pend-ing on Him, I'm de-pend-ing
4. My serv-ice now's at His command, I'm de-pend-ing on Him, I'm de-pend-ing



on Him; I trust-ed Him and left it there, I'm de-pend-ing on Him to save.
on Him; 'Tis grace that saves thro' faith alone, I'm de-pend-ing on Him to save.
on Him; From whom this hope I have received, I'm de-pend-ing on Him to save.
on Him; No pow'r can pluck me from His hand, I'm de-pend-ing on Him to save.

CHORUS.



{On Christ my ad - vo - cate I lean,
{I broke God's law, He came between, } He took my place, He bore my sin,

Fine.



I'm de-pend-ing on Him to save, I'm de-pend-ing on Him, I'm de-pend-ing

D. S.



on Him, My hope is sure, my heav'n secure, I'm in His care, my trust is there.

Copyright, 1909, by J. A. Brown. The Brown-Franklin Co., owners.

No. 121. Because He Loved Me So.

"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—JOHN 3: 16.

J. G. D. J. G. DAILEY.



Copyright, 1892, by J. G. Dailey. Used by per.

No. 122. Christ Arose!

"He is not here, but is risen."—LUKE 24: 6.

R. L. ROBERT LOWRY.

Slow. Softly.

1. Low in the grave He lay— Je - sus, my Sav - iour! Wait - ing the com-ing day—
2. Vain-ly they watch His bed—Je - sus, my Sav - iour! Vain - ly they seal the dead—
3. Death can-not keep His prey–Je - sus, my Sav - iour! He tore the bars a - way—

CHORUS. Faster. cres.

Je - sus, my Lord! Up from the grave He a - rose, With a might-y
He a-rose,
tri - umph o'er His foes; He a - rose a Vic - tor fr
He a - rose!
dark do - main, And He lives for - ev - er with
rose! He a-rose!
He a - rose! He a - rose!

Copyright, 1902, by Mary Runyon Lowry. Renewal.

No. 123. Saved by Believing.

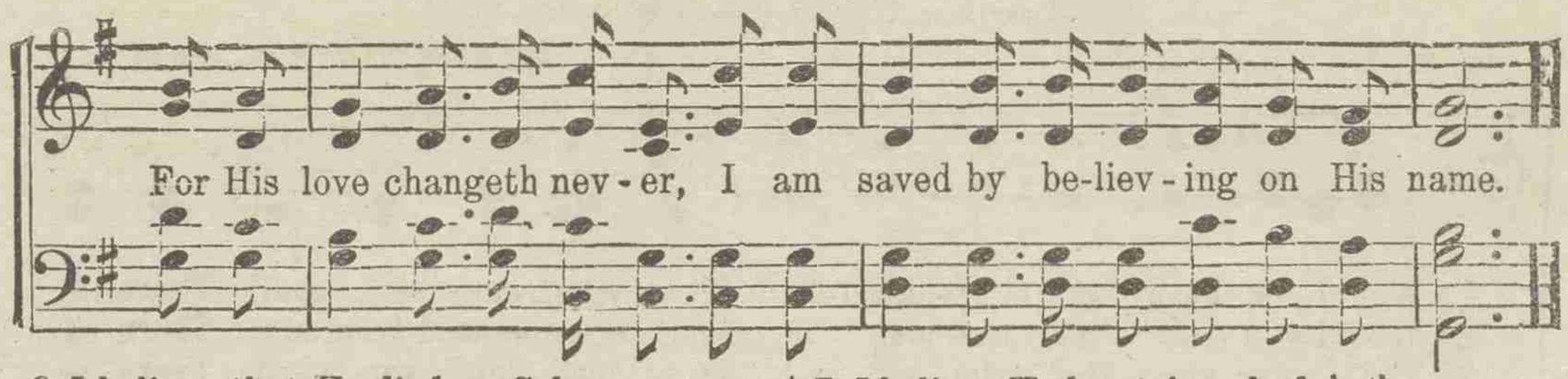
"What must I do to be saved? Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."—ACTS 17: 30, 31. "He that believeth on me hath everlasting life."—JOHN 6: 47.
"That whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—JOHN 3: 96.

J. A. B. J. A. BROWN.



-Franklin Co., owners.

Saved By Believing. Concluded.

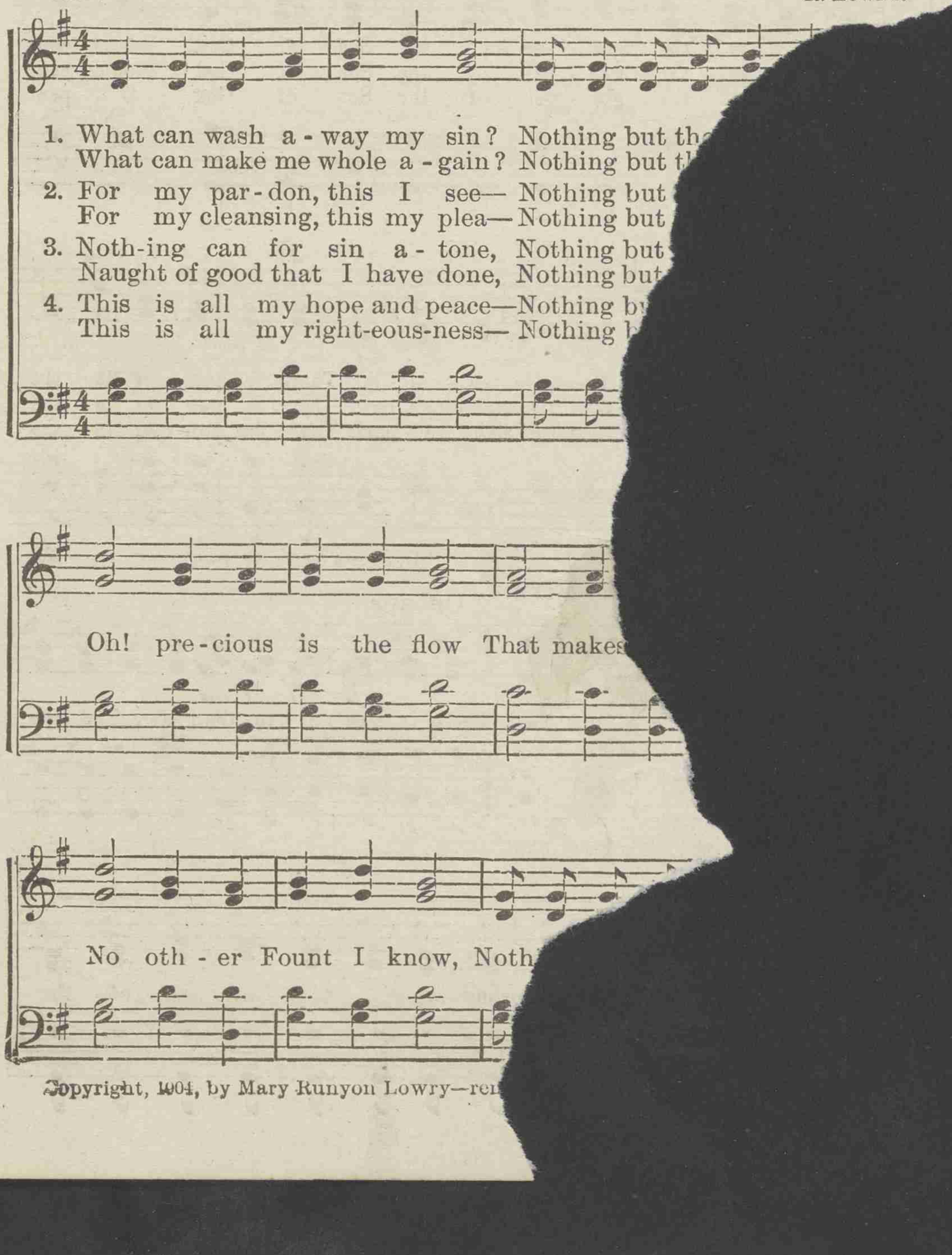


6 I believe that He died on Calvary, etc,
I believe He was crucified for me, etc,
I believe that His blood has made me free, etc.

7 I believe He has triumphed o'er the grave, etc,
I believe He is ris'n with pow'r to save, etc,
I believe, let the palms of vict'ry wave, etc.

No. 124. Nothing But the Blood.

R. L. R. LOWRY.



Copyright, 1904, by Mary Runyon Lowry—re

No. 125 There is Power in the Gospel.

Copyright, 1911, by Woodie W. Smith.

W. W. S. MRS. WOODIE W. SMITH.

1. Would you have the bur - den rolled From your sin - sick soul? There is
2. Would you let the Sav-iour in, And be cleansed from sin? There is
3. For your sins, tho' crim - son red, Je - sus' blood was shed; There is

...r in the gos - pel of the Son of God; Would you
in the gos - pel of the Son of God; Would you
the gos - pel of the Son of God; O - pen

Free e - ter - nal - ly? There is pow - er in the
At His man-dates bow? There is pow - er in the
Lest He soon de - part; There is pow - er in the

D. S.—*There is pow er in the*

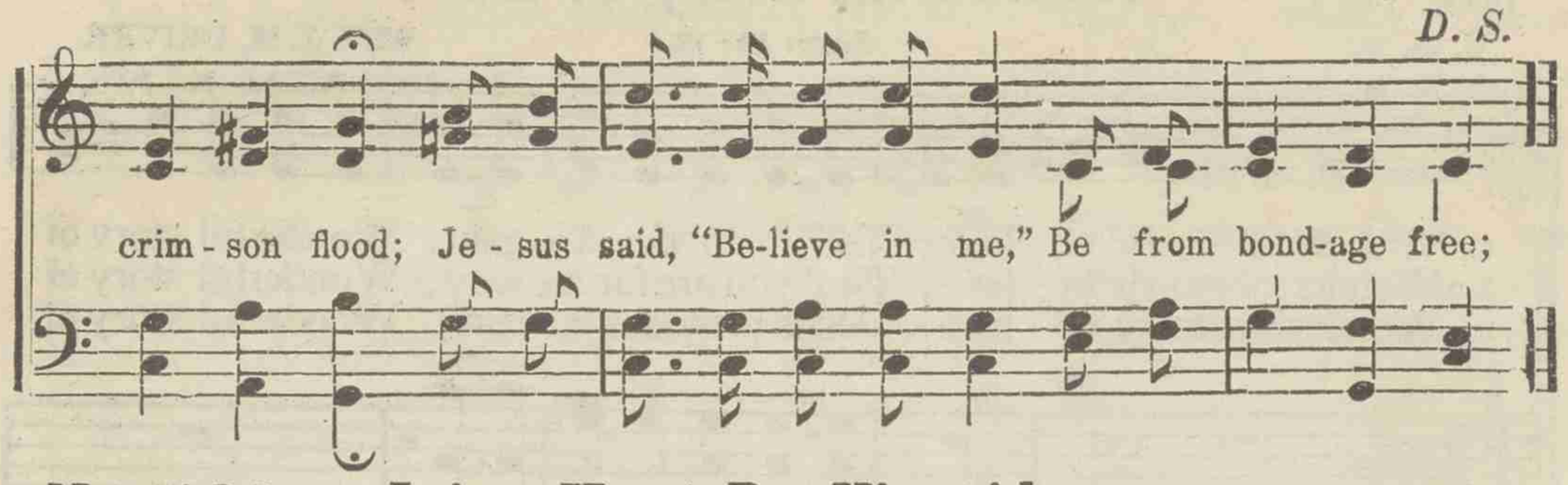
FINE. CHORUS.

Son of God. There is pow - er in the gos - pel of the

the Son of God.

...leans - ing in the foun - tain of the

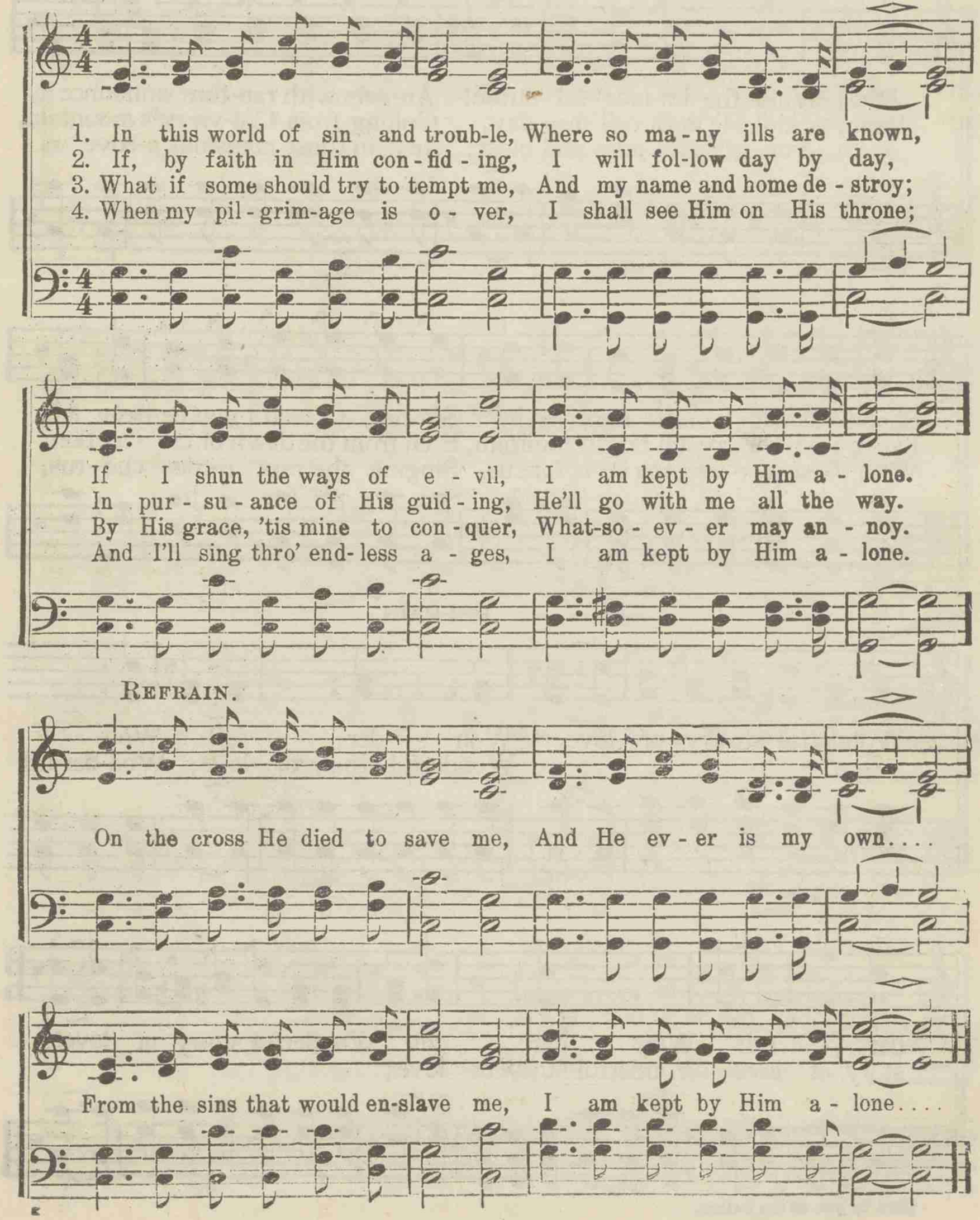
There is Power in the Gospel. Concluded.



No. 126 I Am Kept By Him Alone.

Coyyright, 1911, by Woodie W. Smith.

E. R. LATTA. WOODIE W. SMITH.



No. 127 Wonderful Story of Love.

J. M. D. JOHN 15: 13. REV. J. M. DRIVER.







REFRAIN.



Used by per. of the Author.

No. 128. Calvary.

Lulu E. English. Copyright, 1921, by Woodie W. Smith Co., in "Gospel Light." **Woodie W. Smith**

1. On Cal - va - ry there's One who died, This bless -ed Christ was cru - ci - fied; Re - ject Him not, but turn and flee, The
2. Why still re - main in fol - ly's way? He bids you come to Him to - day; Come, fol - low Him thru toil and strife, He'll
3. And when the race of life is run, You'll sure - ly hear Him say, "Well done"; He'll come for you from o'er the sea, To

CHORUS.

wrath to come— oh, be made free.
give you ev - er - last - ing life. This bless - ed Christ of
live with Him e - ter - nal - ly.

Cal - va - ry, The One who died to set you free; Will can - cel all your guilt and sin, Oh, why not let the Saviour in?

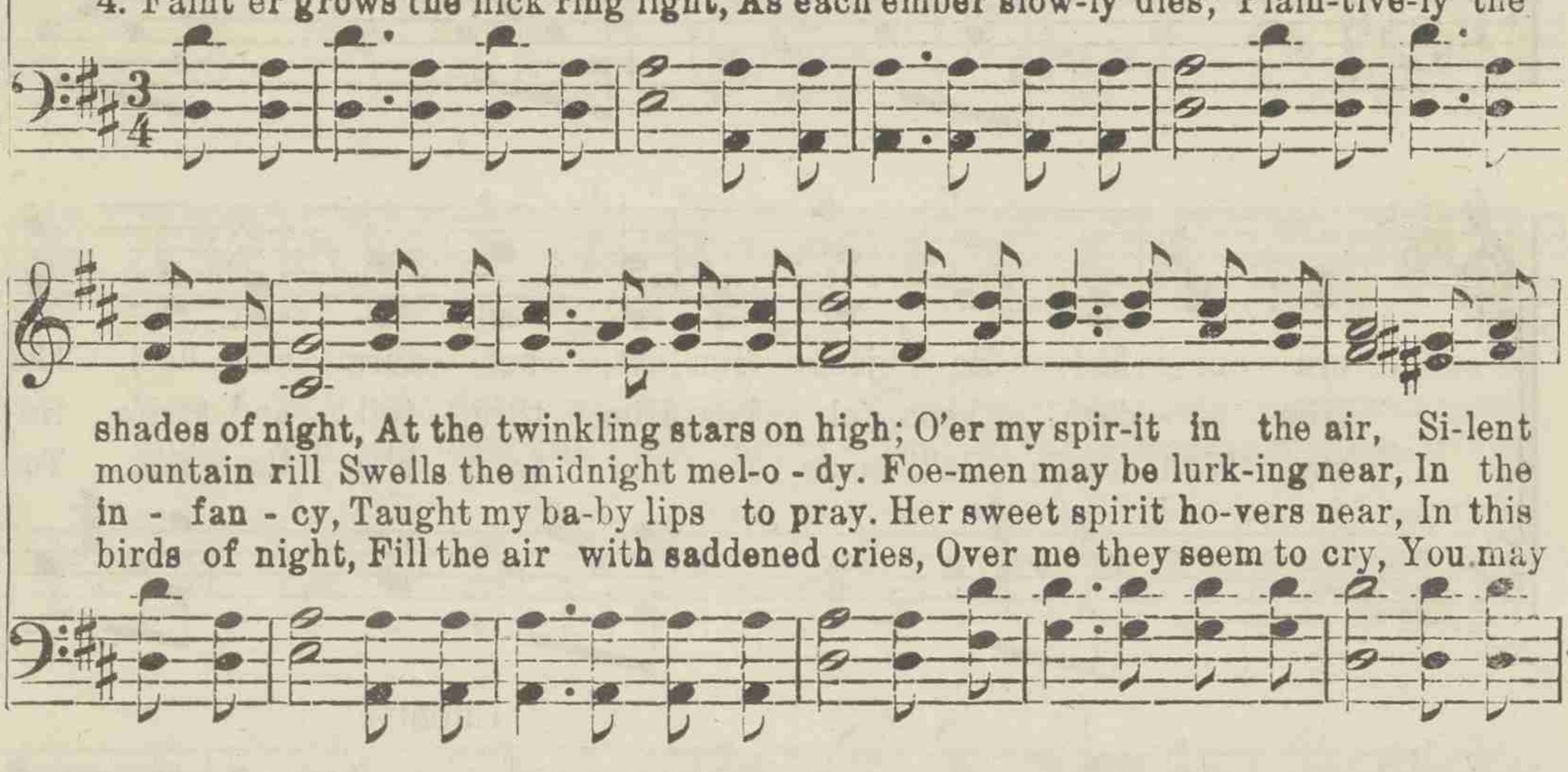
No. 129. Now I Lay Me Down To Sleep.

Copyright, 1918, by Woodie W. Smith, in "Revival Power." Warren Collins, owner.

ANON. WARREN COLLINS.



1. Near the camp fire's flick'ring light, In my blanket bed I lie, Gaz-ing through the
2. Sad - ly sings the whip-poor-will, In the boughs of yonder tree, Laugh-ing-ly the
3. Mid the stars one face I see, One the Sav-iour called a-way; Moth-er, who in
4. Faint er grows the flick'ring light, As each ember slow-ly dies; Plain-tive-ly the

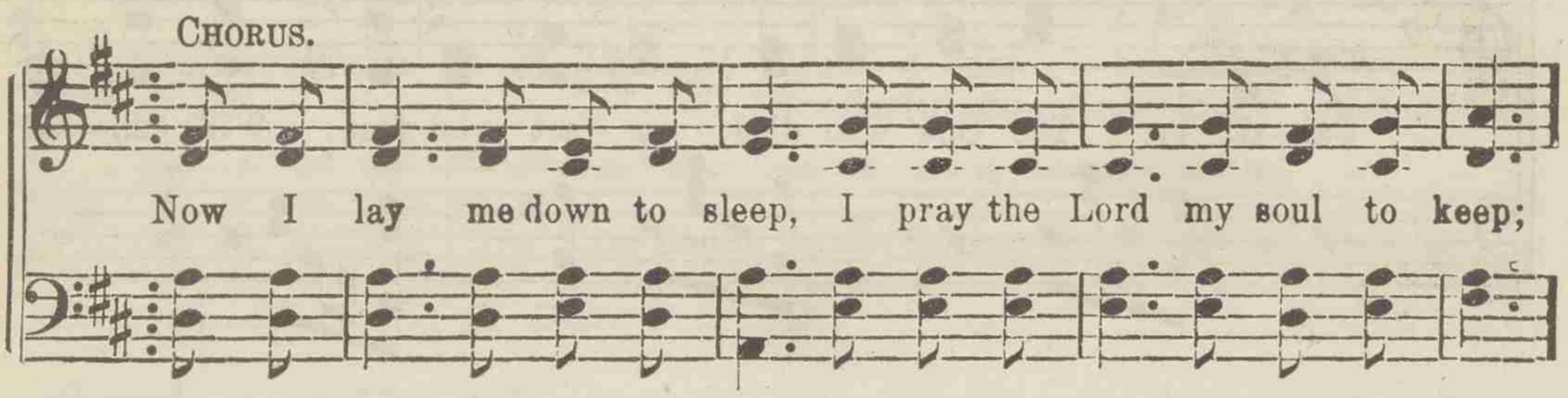


shades of night, At the twinkling stars on high; O'er my spir-it in the air, Si-lent
mountain rill Swells the midnight mel-o - dy. Foe-men may be lurk-ing near, In the
in - fan - cy, Taught my ba-by lips to pray. Her sweet spirit ho-vers near, In this
birds of night, Fill the air with saddened cries, Over me they seem to cry, You may

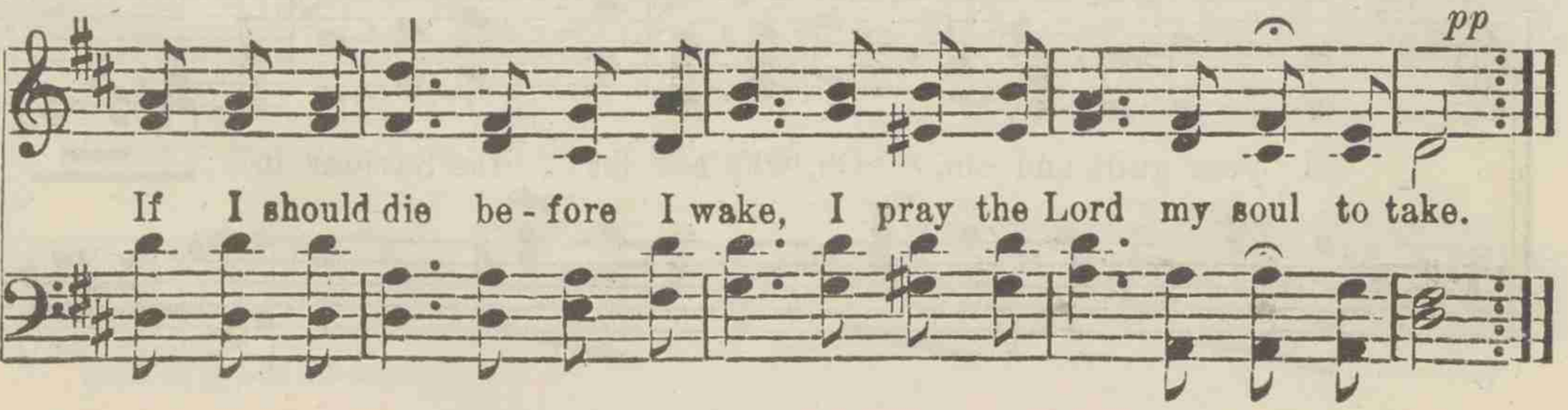
vi - gils seem to keep; As I breath my childhood's prayer, Now I lay me down to sleep.
can-yon dark and deep; Lo, I breathe on Jesus' ear, I pray Thee, Lord my soul to keep.
lone-ly mountain wake, Take me to her, Saviour dear, If I should die before I wake.
nev - er-more a-wake; Lo, I lisp, if I should die, I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take.



CHORUS.



Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep;



pp

If I should die be - fore I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take.

No. 130. At Thy Bleeding Feet.

Copsright, 1918, by Woodie W. Smith, in "Revival Power."

JOE W. ENGLISH. WOODIE W. SMITH.

1. O Lord to Thee I lift my plea, For par - don, grace and pow'r,
2. O Lord on high, to Thee I cry, Wilt Thou for - give my sin;
3. I come to Thee, O let me see Thy mer - cy bound - less, free,

My sin is great; be - hold my fate; And save this ver - y hour;.....
Lest I should fall, O hear my call, Sal - va - tion now be - gin; .....
For sin - ners dead, Thy blood was shed, It cleans - es e - ven me; .....

Lest I should die, O hear my cry—At Thy bleed-ing feet I lie.
Hear mine ap-peal, my sin I feel, At Thy bleed-ing feet I kneel.
Saved from the sting of sin, I sing, To Thy bleed-ing feet I cling.

CHORUS.

Sav - iour touch my sin - ful soul, O the cleansing blood I feel!....

rit.

By Thy grace, O make me whole, At Thy bleed-ing feet I kneel.

No. 131. His Love For You and Me.

W. W. S. Copyright, 1921, by Woodie W. Smith Co., in "Gospel Light." **Woodie W. Smith.**

1. You may meas - ure the length and the breadth of the earth, And the
2. You may fath - om the myst'ries of land-scape and plain, Of the
3. You may meas - ure the heights of the eth - er a - bove, You may

dis - tance from plan - et to sun; But you nev - er can
streams in their course and their plan; But nev - er the
fath - om the depths of the sea; But you nev - er can

fath - om the in - fin - ite worth, Of the Saviour, God's glo-ri-fied One.....
grace of the Lamb that was slain, Oh, the gulf that the Saviour did span.....
fath - om God's in - fin - ite love, And the death of His Son on the tree.....

CHORUS.

His love for you and me,..... Broad-er, deep-er than the sea;
and me,

High - er than the blue a - bove, Oh, the reach - es of His love.

No. 132. For He Loves You Best Of All.

H. E. O. Copyright, 1921, by Woodie W. Smith Co., in "Gospel Light." H. Ellis Ogden.

1. Je - sus of - fers un - to all who will be - lieve Him Life e - ter - nal;
2. Tho' your fa-ther and your moth-er should forsake you, Christ has prom-ised
3. Tho' your journey may be long, the way seem drear-y, Je - sus said, come

will you trust Him and re - ceive Him? He will turn your night to day, Drive your
in His word that He will take you, Give you per-fect peace and joy, No one
un - to Me, ye sad and wea - ry, He will give you peace and rest, If you

CHORUS.

sor - rows all a - way, For He loves you best of all.
ev - er can de - stroy, For He loves you best of all. For He loves you
lean up - on His breast, For He loves you best of all.

best of all, ... He will answer when you call; Ask of Him, you shall re-

ceive, He your sor-row will re - lieve, For He loves you best of all.

No. 133 My Grace Is Sufficient.

Copyright, 1918, by Woodie W. Smith.

MRS. RUTH CHASTING JOHNSON. WOODIE W. SMITH.

1. When crushed by the world a sol - ace I find, A - lone with my God in com-mun - ion to be; He speaks to my soul in
2. When con - flict and doubt as - sail me so hard, Temp - ta - tion sur - round, to Je - sus I flee; A prom - ise is mine, the
3. When sick - ness and death their sor - row shall bring, And life has no hope nor com - fort for me; O then to this prom - ise
4. This prom-ise, dear friend to all who be - lieve, A bea - con of light in dark - ness shall be; To all who by faith this

ac - cents so kind; "My grace is suf - fi - cient for thee."
prom - ise of God: "My grace is suf - fi - cient for thee."
still let me cling: "My grace is suf - fi - cient for thee."
prom - ise re - ceive; His grace all suf - fi - cient shall be.

CHORUS,

Won - der - ful grace from Cal - va - ry, Mar - vel - ous grace so full and free;

rit.

Boun-ti - ful grace for you and me, His grace all suf-fi-cient shall be.

No. 134. I Am Thinking of a City.

WOODIE W. SMITH. Copyright, 1910, by Woodie W. Smith. MRS. WOODIE SMITH.

Slow. *m*

1. I am think - ing of a cit - y, With its streets all paved with gold
2. Just in - side that won - der-cit - y, Ma - ny man - sions shall un - fold,
3. Oh, to see my lov - ing Sav - iour, And to be in His con - trol,

Inst.

And its walls of pearl and jas - per, In the king - dom of the soul.
Wait-ing for the blood-washed pilgrims, In the king - dom of the soul.
Through all a - ges will be glo - ry, In the king - dom of the soul.

CHORUS. *Faster.* *ff*

Oh, to view that blissful cit - y, Oh, what joy I shall be-hold;
Oh, to view that bliss-ful cit-y, Oh, what joy I shall behold;

Slower. *mp*

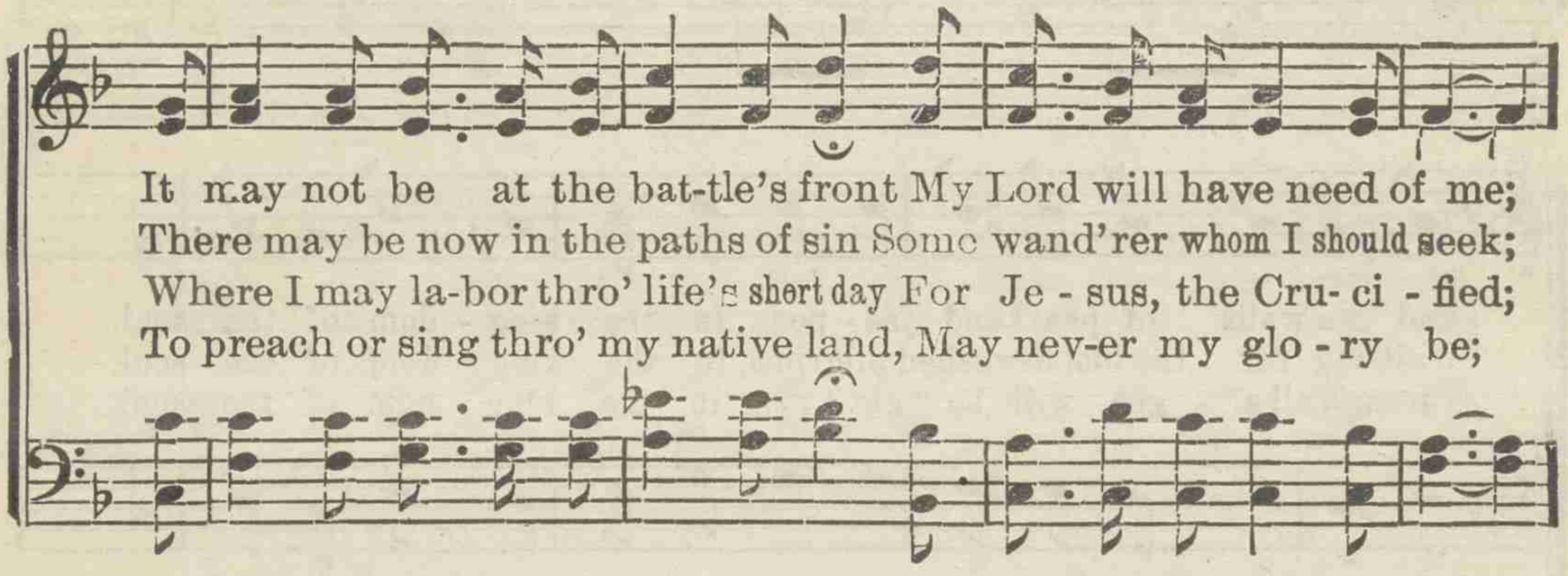
When I reach the shin - ing por-tals, In the king - dom of the soul.

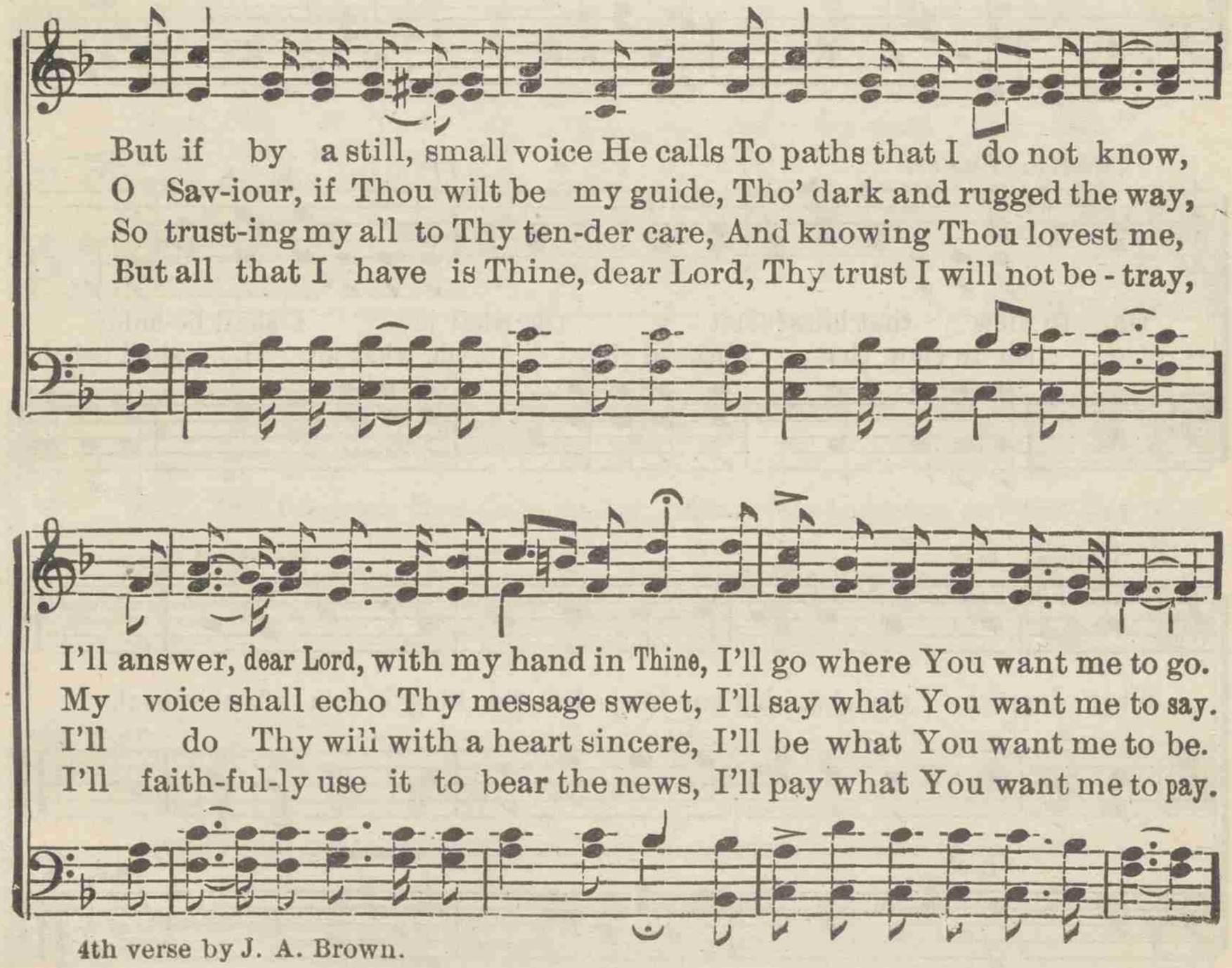
Inst.

No. 135. I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

MARY BROWN. CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.







4th verse by J. A. Brown.

Copyright, 1894, by C. E, Rounsefell. Used by per.

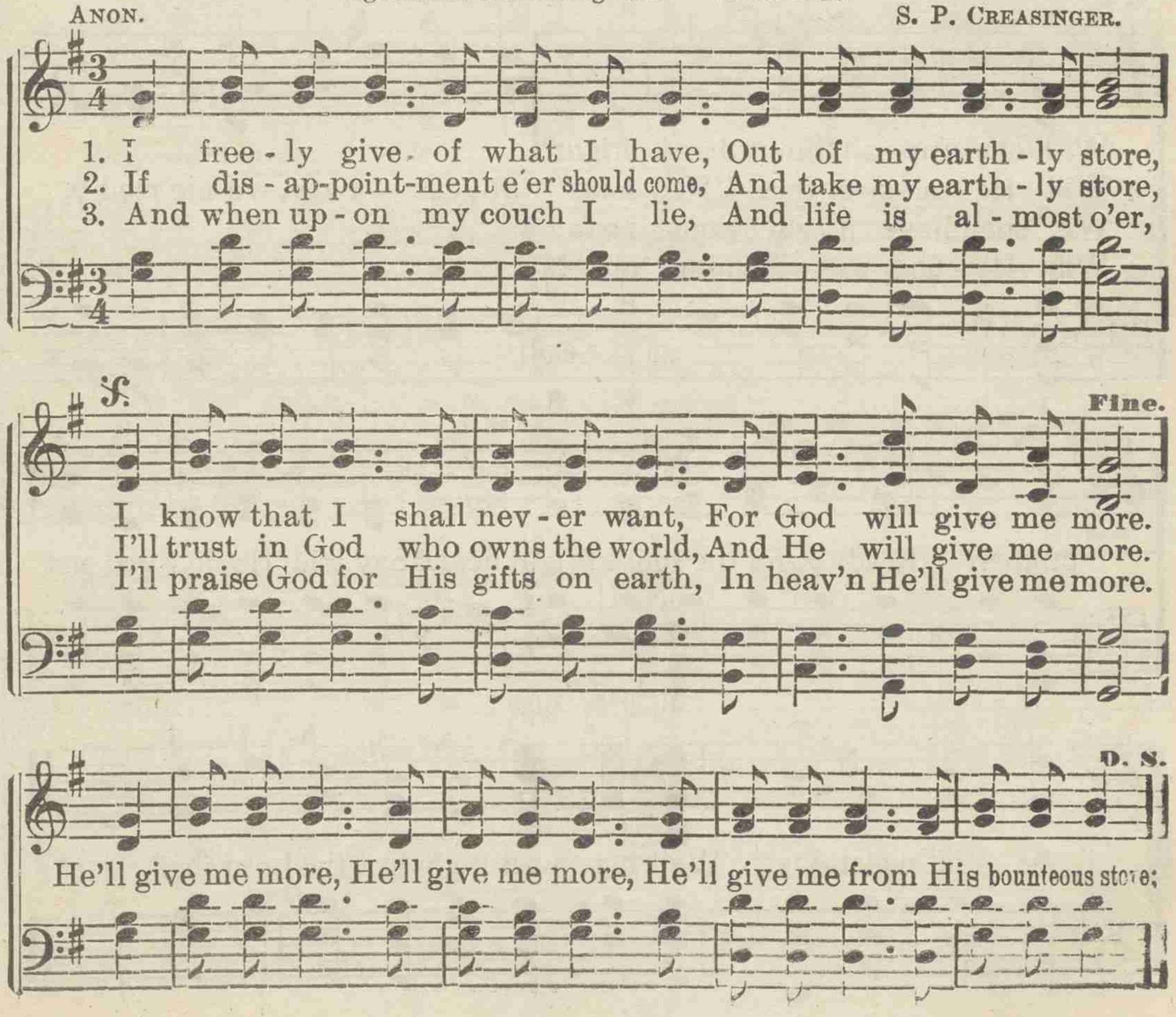
I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go. Concluded.



No. 136. He'll Give Me More.

"Give and it shall be given unto you; good measure pressed down and shaken together and running over."—LUKE 6: 28.

ANON. S. P. CREASINGER.



No. 137. Will Jesus Find Us Watching?

"Let us not sleep, as do others; but let us watch and be sober."—1 Thes. 5:6.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Copyright, 1876, by W. H. Doane. Used by per. W. H. DOANE.

1. When Je-sus comes to re-ward His ser-vants, Wheth-er it be noon or night, Faith-ful to Him will He find us watch-ing,
2. If at the dawn of the ear-ly morn-ing, He shall call us one by one, When to the Lord we re-store our tal-ents,
3. Have we been true to the trust He left us? Do we seek to do our best! If in our hearts there is naught condemns us,
4. Bless-ed are those whom the Lord finds watch-ing, In His glo-ry they shall share; If He shall come at the dawn or mid-night,

CHORUS.

With our lamps all trimmed and bright?
Will He an-swer thee, "Well done?" Oh, can we say, we are read-y,
We shall have a glo-rious rest.
Will He find us watch-ing there?

brother? Read-y for the soul's bright home? Say will He find you and

me still watch-ing, Wait-ing, wait-ing, when the Lord shall come?

CHORUS SELECTIONS.

No. 138. Diadem.

"King of kings, and Lord of lords."—1 Tim. 6: 15.

E. PERRONET. Arr. by T. G. RICHARDS.

1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name, Let an-gels prostrate fall,
2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball,
4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall,

Let an - gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,
Ye ran-somed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
On this ter - res-trial ball, To Him all maj•- es - ty as - cribe,
We at His feet may fall, We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song,

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

And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of
And crown ..... Him, crown Him,

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

all, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all.
crown ..... Him,

..... Him, And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 139. He's Coming Soon.

"Therefore be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh."—MATT. 25: 44.

W. W. S. Copyright, 1918, in "Revival Power," by Woodie W. Smith. WOODIE W. SMITH.

1. Glo - ry to Je - sus, and praise to His name, He paid for all my sin and made me pure within, He died for me, thus set me free thru all e - ter - ni - ty;
2. Glo - ry to Je - sus, what won - der-ful love The Father had, to give His Son that I might live; A guilt-y soul to be made whole, a sac-ri - fice un-told;
3. Glo - ry to Je - sus, the he - ro of the cross, They laid Him in the tomb, all wrapped in silent gloom, But He a-rose de-spite His foes, the Son of God a-rose;

Won-der-ful Saviour, my Lord and my King, As-cend-ed to His throne, and in-ter-cedes a - lone For those by grace, who seek His face, He died to free the race.
Mar-vel-ous rapture burst forth from my soul, As I behold my Lord, and read His ho - ly word; He'll come a - gain, a King to reign, Blest Lamb for sinners slain.
Then He as-cend-ed to His home a - bove, The ho - ly Spir-it came to mag-ni - fy His name, Till He shall come to claim His own; He's comming, coming soon.

CHORUS.

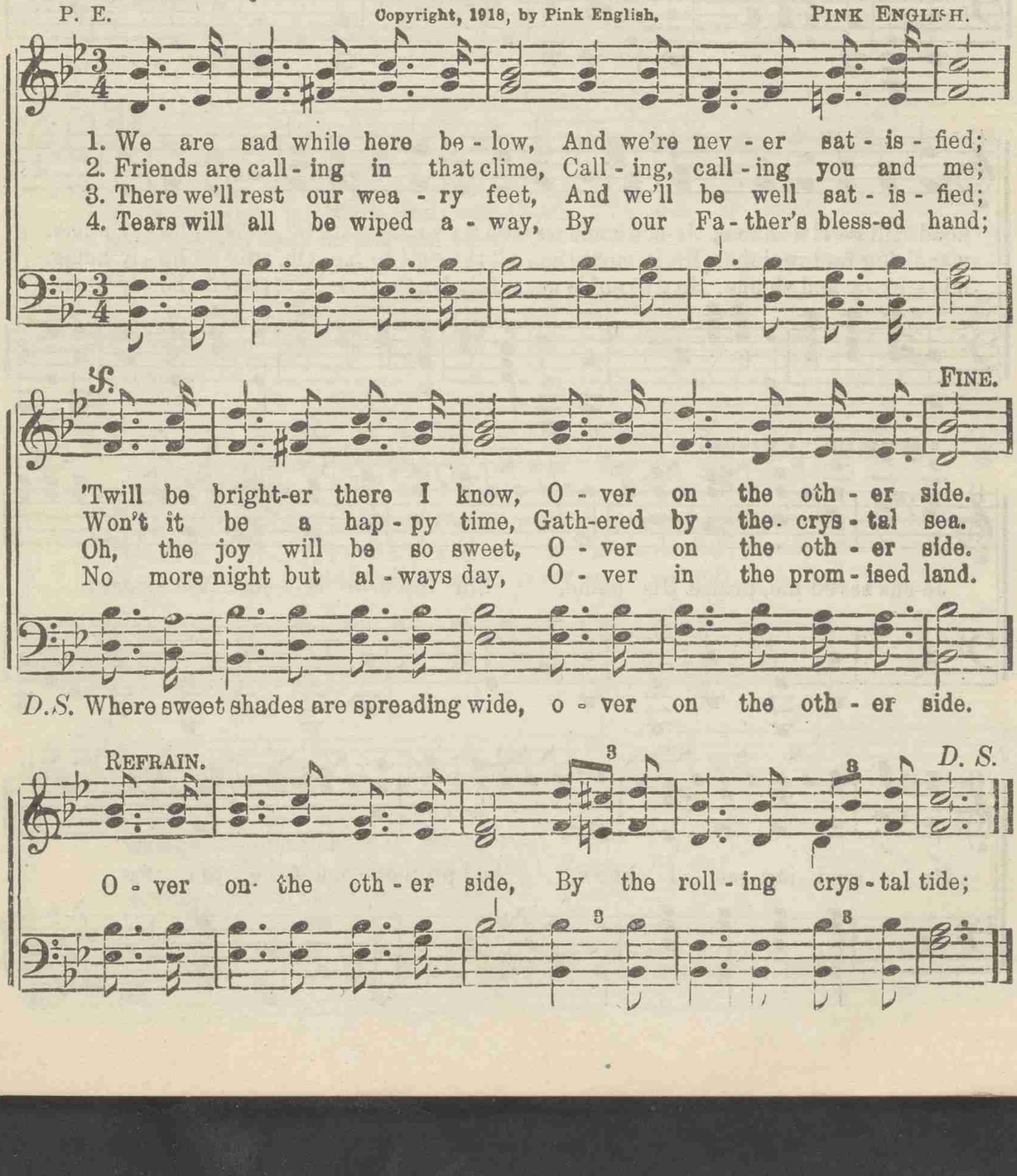
Be read - y when the Lord of hosts shall come, To judge the
Be ready when the Lord shall come, the Lord of hosts shall come, To judge the world, to

He's Coming Soon. Concluded.



No. 140. Over On the Other Side.

P. E. Copyright, 1918, by Pink English. PINK ENGLISH.



No. 141. Praise His Name.

Copyright, 1921, by Woodie W. Smith Co., in "Gospel Light."

H. Ellis Ogden. Mrs. Woodie Smith.

DUET. Sop. and Alto.

1. Once my head was bowed in sor - row, I was drift-ing to de-spair, Wand'ring on in sin's dark path-way, With no one to help or care; In the snares of sin and bondage, With my head still bowed in shame, Je-sus came and saved my weary soul, Oh, praise His ho - ly name.
2. Tho' the stormclouds hov'ring o'er me, Make the way seem dark as night; Tho' temptations gather 'round me, To al-lure me from the right; There is One who will protect me, And my wand'ring feet reclaim, He is more than all the world to me, Oh, praise His ho - ly name.
3. I shall nev-er cease to praise Him, For He did so much for me, Gave me joy for ev - 'ry sor-row, Saved my soul and set me free; From the snares of sin and bondage, And all mis - er - y and shame, He will guide me safely home above, Oh, praise His ho - ly name.

CHORUS. Unison.

Je-sus saved me, praise His name, For His love is just the same;
He is guid - ing me I know, And protects me from the foe;

Praise His Name. Concluded.

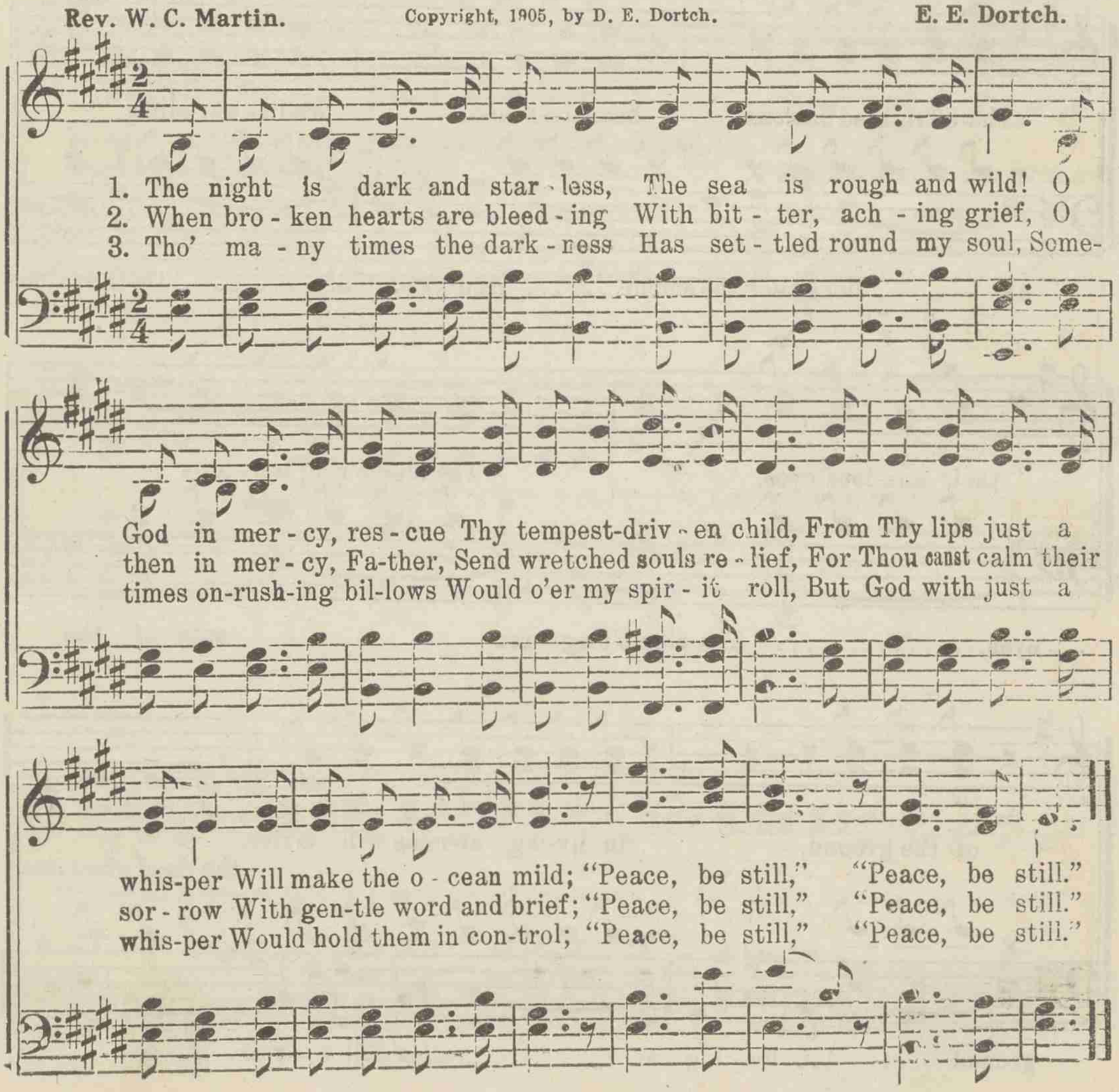




No. 142. Peace, Be Still.

"And he arose and rebuked the wind and said unto the sea, 'peace, be still.'"—Mark 4: 39

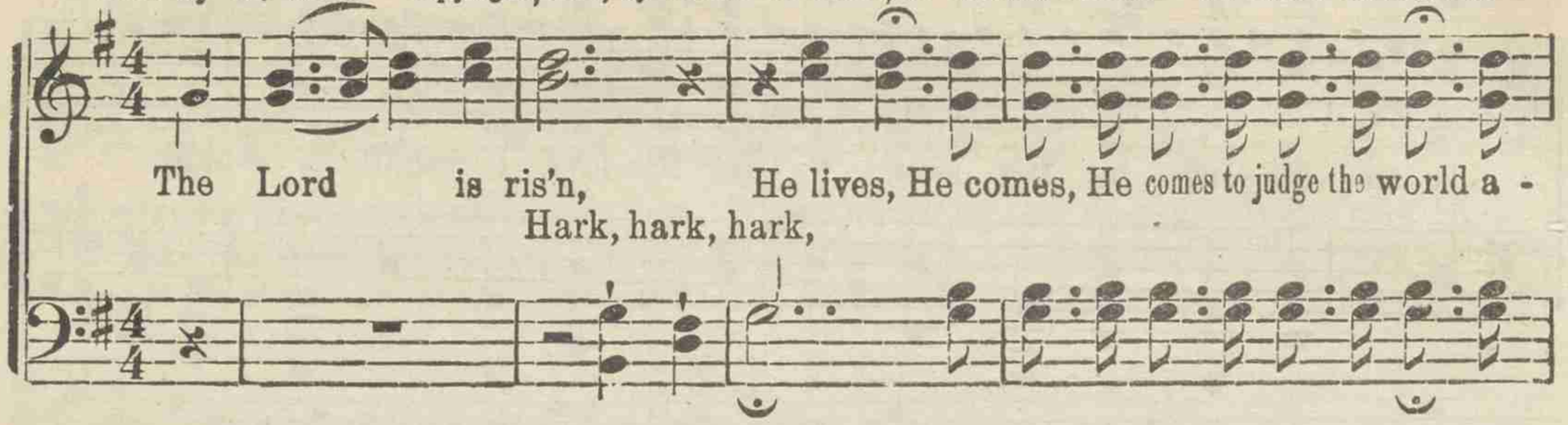
Rev. W. C. Martin. Copyright, 1905, by D. E. Dortch. **E. E. Dortch.**

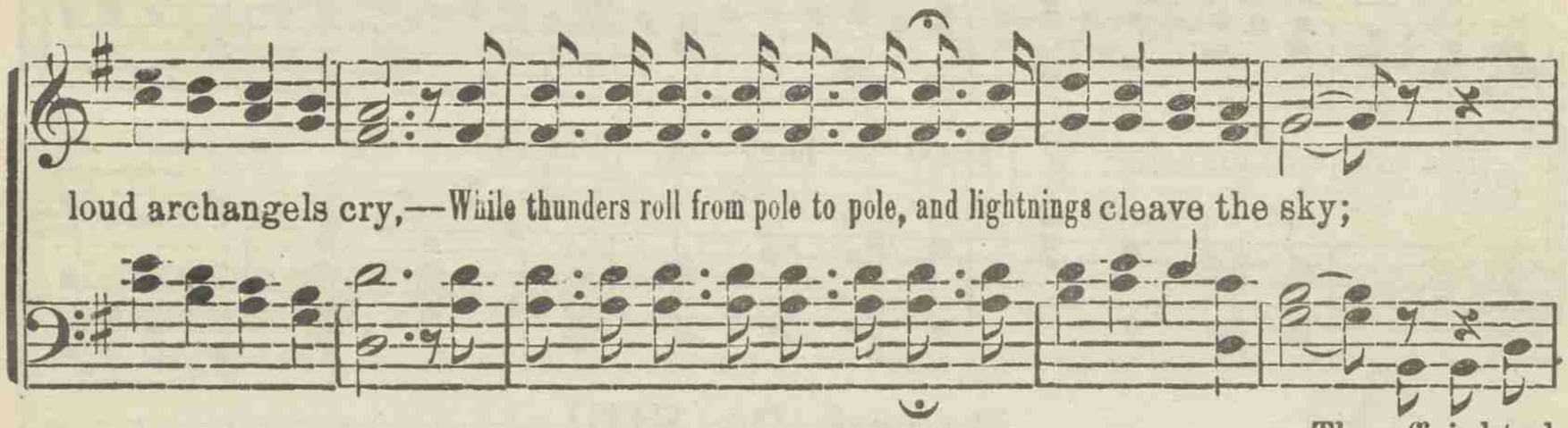


No. 143. Messiah.

ANTHEM.

Arr. by W. W. S. Copyright, 1918, by Woodie W. Smith, in "Revival Power." WOODIE W. SMITH.





Messiah. Concluded.

Good as Alto Solo.

Hear the sweet voice of the Sav-iour, He is so ten-der - ly call - ing, Wak-en, my
Judg-ment is com-ing, my broth - er, Soon we shall all be re-ward - ed, If we His

brother, and list - en! Jesus has come to re - deem;
word have ac-cept-ed; [*Omit . . . . .]* Jesus will welcome us home,

Where all is peace, peace, peace, sweet peace and joy for-ev-er, A-men, and a - men.

pp

No. 144. Lift Me Higher, Jesus.

Copyright, 1918, by Woodie W. Smith, in "Revival Power." H. E. Ogden, Owner.

H. E. O. H. ELLIS OGDEN.

Unison.

1. Lift me high - er, Je - sus, near - er to Thy throne,..... Oh! Thou great Re - dee - mer, make me Thine a - lone;.... Draw me clos - er
2. Lift me high - er, Je - sus, as I on-ward go,..... Guide me safe - ly guide me, thru this world of woe;.... Keep my feet from
3. When life's day is end - ed, and my journey's o'er,..... Take me home to dwell with Thee for - ev - er - more;.... There to be with

to Thee, near - er to Thy side,..... In Thy ho - ly
wand' - ring, Lord, I hum - bly pray,..... Bless - ed Sav - iour
loved ones, nev - er more to roam,..... Gen - tle, lov - ing

CHORUS.

pres - ence, Lord, I would a - bide.
lead me in the nar-row way. Draw me clos - er,
Sav - iour guide me safe-ly home.

Lord, is my dai - ly pray'r,..... Keep me ev - er safe in Thy

Lift Me Higher, Jesus. Concluded.

Harmony.

ten - der care;..... Lov - ing Sav - iour, Thine I would ev - er

be,..... Draw me clos - er, clos-er, dear Lord, to Thee.

No. 145. Holy Bible.

P. E.

Copyright, 1918, by Pink English.

PINK ENGLISH.

1. Beau-ti - ful gospel, ho - ly Bi - ble, How we love Thy blessed word,
2. Riv - ers of water gent - ly flow - ing From the shin-ing throne of God.
3. An - gels will greet us by the riv - er, When we come to cross the tide,
4. We shall gath-er with the peo-ple; Yes, from ev'ry nation and clime,

Fine.

For it points the way to hea - ven, And it tells of Je - sus, the Lord.
Beau - ti - ful city walls of jas - per, 'Tis the saints e - ter - nal a - bode.
They'll con - duct us to that cit - y, Where we shall for - ev - er a - bide.
We shall stand the storm of judgment When there shall be no more time.

D. S.—Beau-ti - ful gos-pel, ho - ly Bi - ble, How we love thy bless - ed word.

REFRAIN.

D. S.

Message of glad-ness, sto-ry of glo-ry, Sweet-est news that mor-tal e'er heard,

No. 146. Press the Battle Hard.

Copyright, 1914, by Smith and Ussery.

W. W. S. WOODIE W. SMITH.

1. Press the bat-tle hard, ye sol-diers of the cross, Strive to win the lost, re-
2. Press the bat-tle hard, the test-ing time is on, Fight for Je-sus Christ, the
3. Press the bat-tle hard, the con-flict is so great, Ma - ny sin - ful souls for

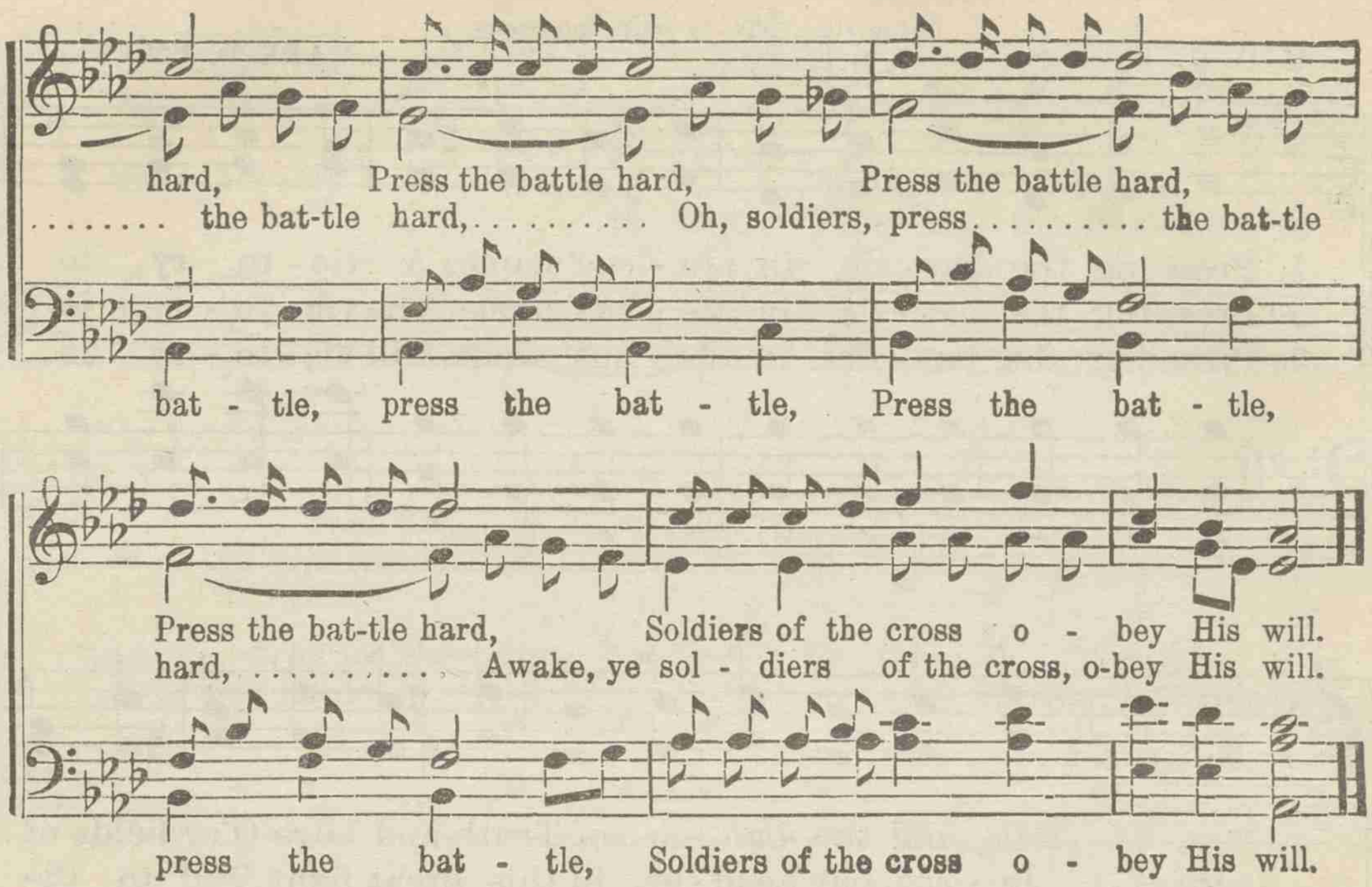
gard-less of the cost; Raise the ban-ner high, it must not suf - fer loss,
day will soon be gone; If you would be true till vic - to - ry is won,
com-fort now a - wait; Lest you let them go to meet the aw - ful fate,

CHORUS.

Press the bat- tle hard to - day. Press the battle hard, Press the battle
Press . . . . . the bat-tle hard, ...
Press the bat - tle, press the
hard, Press the battle hard, Press the battle hard,
. . . . . Oh, soldiers, press . . . . . the bat-tle hard, ... A-wake, and
bat - tle, Press the bat - tle, press the bat - tle,

Val - iant sol-diers, be for Christ our Lord; Press the bat - tle
val - iant sol-diers be for Christ our Lord; Press . . . . . .
Val - iant sol - diers be for Christ our Lord; Press the

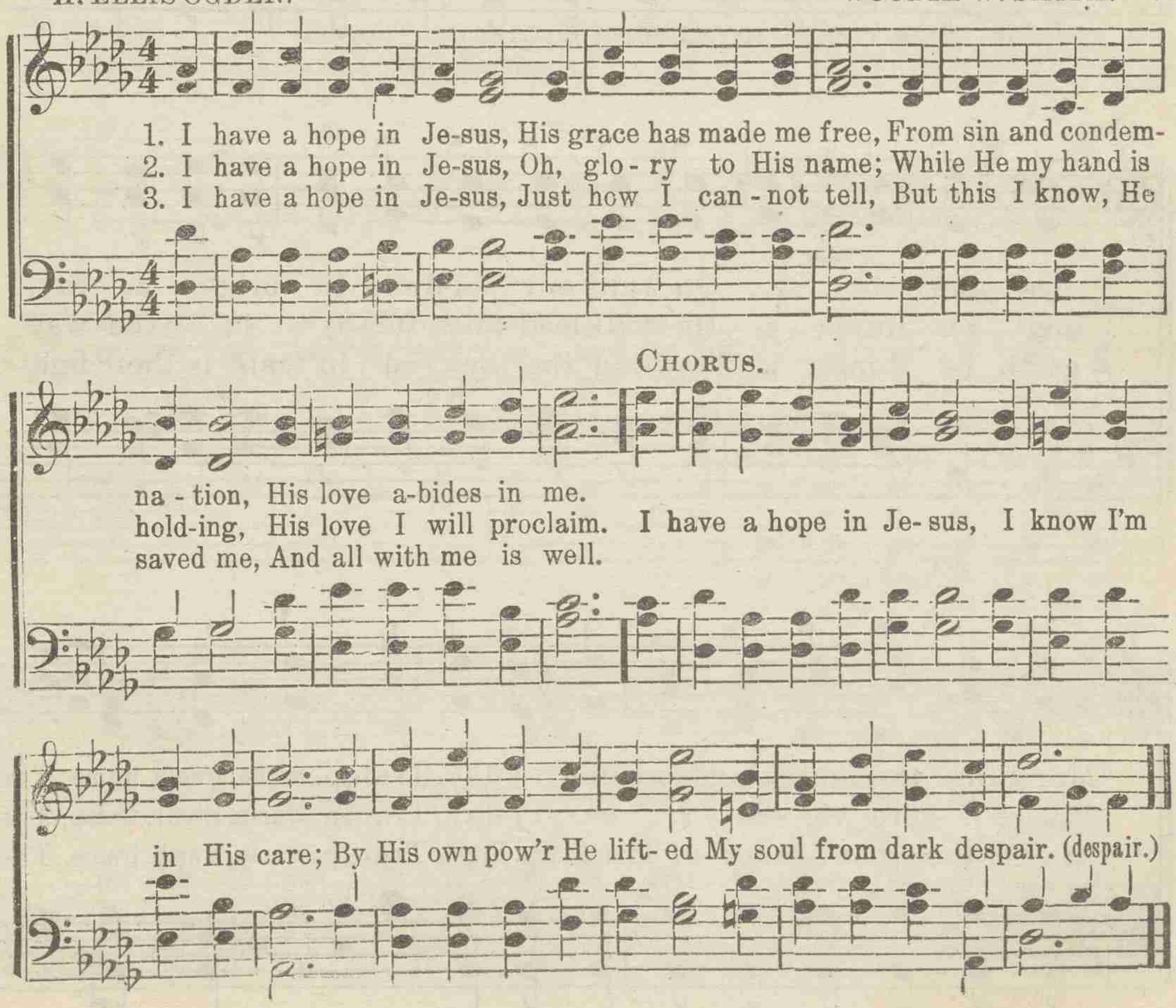
Press the Battle Hard. Concluded.



No. 147. A Hope In Jesus.

Copyright, 1914, by Smith and Ussery.

H. ELLIS OGDEN. WOODIE W. SMITH.



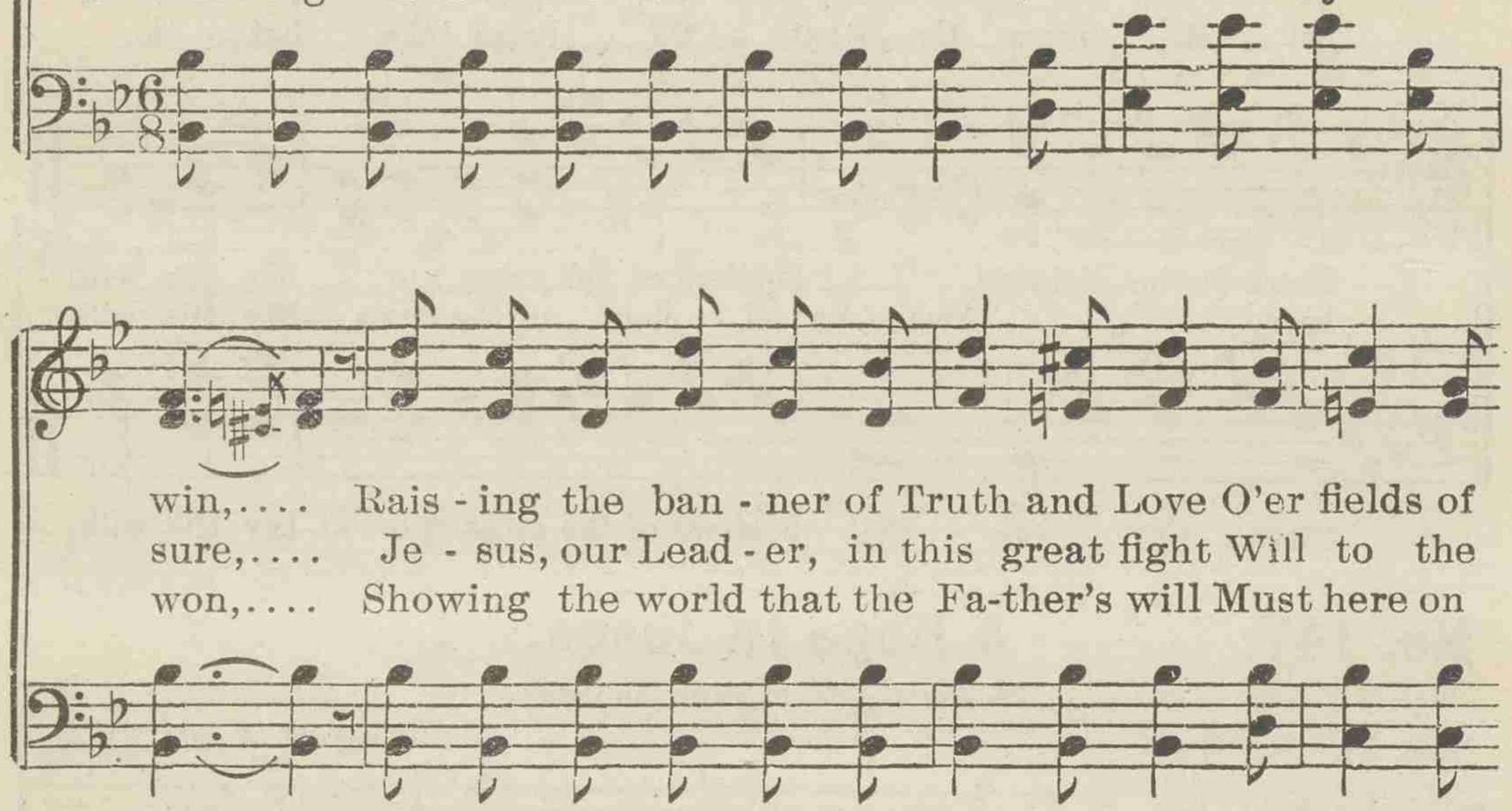
No. 148. The Victory To Win.

Copyright, 1914, by Smith and Ussery.

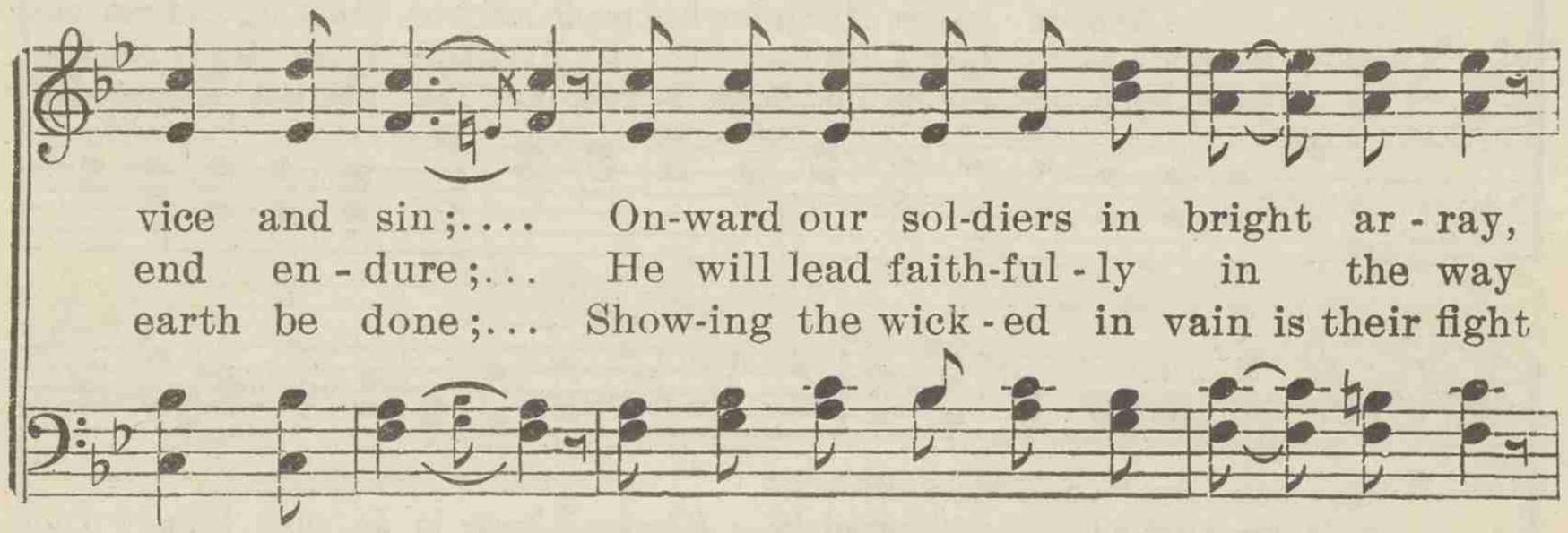
M. D. U. MARK D. USSERY.



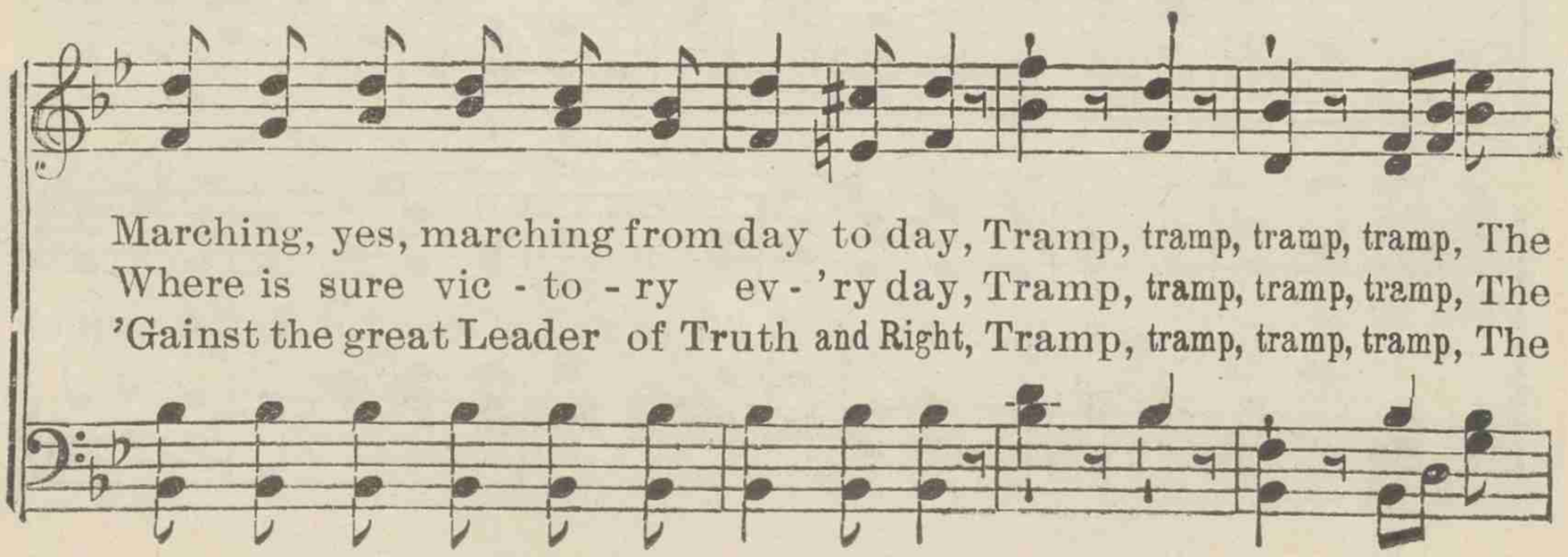
1. Press-ing the bat - tle in Je - sus' name, A vic - to - ry to
2. Press-ing the bat - tle in Je - sus' name, The vic - to - ry is
3. Press-ing the bat - tle in Je - sus' name, Till vic - to - ry is



win,.... Rais - ing the ban - ner of Truth and Love O'er fields of
sure,.... Je - sus, our Lead - er, in this great fight Will to the
won,.... Showing the world that the Fa-ther's will Must here on



vice and sin;.... On-ward our sol-diers in bright ar - ray,
end en - dure;... He will lead faith-ful - ly in the way
earth be done;... Show-ing the wick - ed in vain is their fight



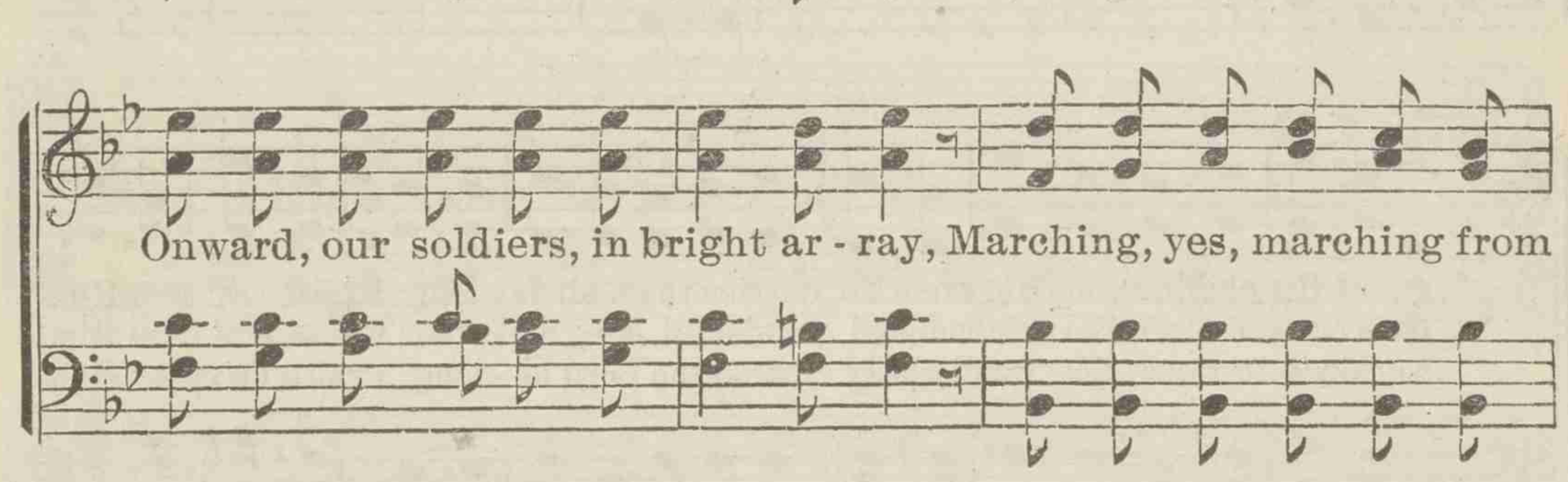
Marching, yes, marching from day to day, Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, The
Where is sure vic - to - ry ev - 'ry day, Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, The
'Gainst the great Leader of Truth and Right, Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, The

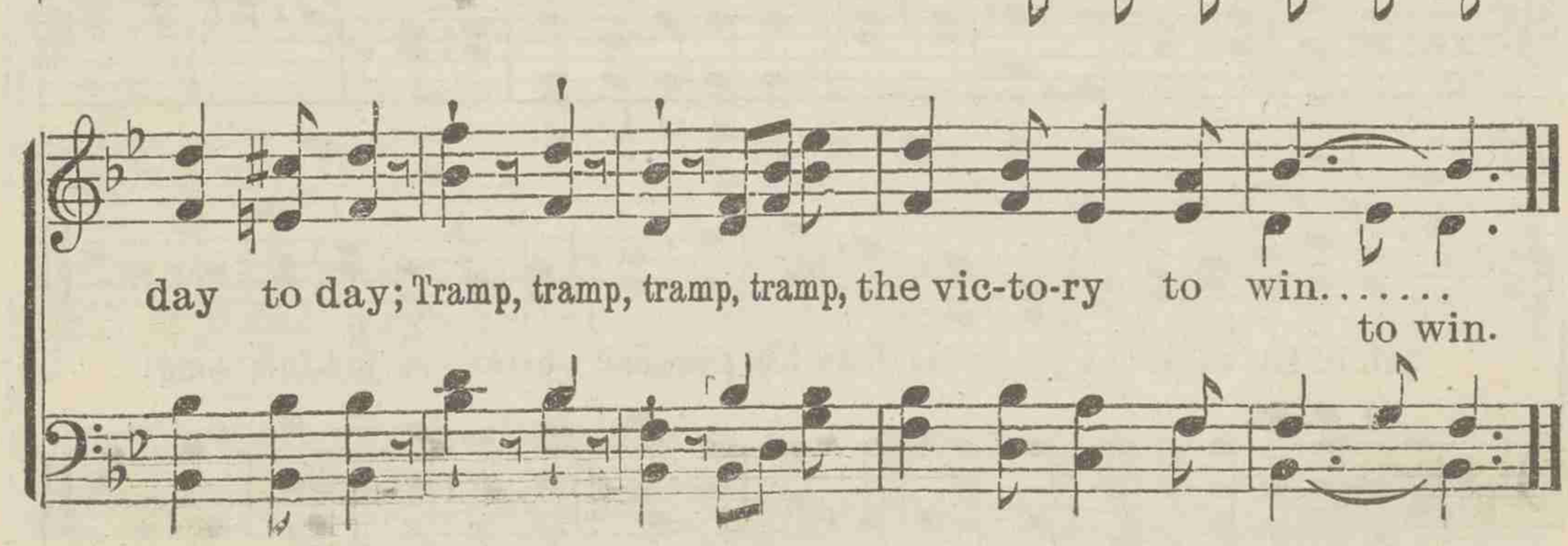
The Victory To Win. Concluded.











No. 149. Praise Him! Praise Him!

Copyright, 1897, by the Biglow & Main Co., Renewal. Used by per.

FANNY J. CROSBY. CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Sing, O earth— His won-der-ful love pro - claim! Hail Him! hail Him! highest arch-angels in glo-ry;
2. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! For our sins He suffered, and bled and died; He our rock, our hope of e-ter-nal sal-va - tion
3. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Heav'n-ly por-tals, loud with ho-san-nas ring! Je - sus, Sav - ior, reigneth for-ev-er and ev - er;

Strength and hon-or give to His ho - ly name! Like a sheph-erd, Jesus will
Hail Him! hail Him! Jesus, the cru-ci - fied. Sound His prais - es! Jesus who
Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet, and Priest, and King! Christ is com - ing! o-ver the

guard His children, In His arms He carries them all day long; Praise Him! praise Him!
bore our sor-rows, Love unbounded, wonderful, deep and strong; Praise Him! praise Him!
world vic-to-rious, Pow'r and glo-ry un-to the Lord be - long; Praise Him! praise Him!

tell of His excellent greatness, Praise Him! praise Him! ev-er in joy-ful song!

No. 150, The Sinner and the Song.

W. L. T.

By per. W. L. Thompson & Co.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

SOLO.

Organ

1. A sinner was wand'ring at e - ven-tide, His tempter was watching close by at his side,
2. He stooped and listened to ev'ry sweet chord, He remembered the time he once loved the Lord,

In his heart raged a battle for right against wrong, But hark! from the church he hears the sweet song;
Come on! says the tempter, come, on with the throng, But hark! from the church again swells the song;

QUARTET. *pp*

SOLO.

Organ.

1. Je - sus, lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo som fly, Oh, tempter, depart,
2. While the billows near me roll, While the tempest still is high,

I have served thee too long, I fly to the Sav-ior, He dwells in that song, O Lord,

can it be that a sin-ner like me, May find a sweet ref-uge by com-ing to Thee?

QUARTET. *pp*

SOPO.

Organ.

Oth - er ref-uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee. I come, Lord, I

QUARTET. *pp*

come, Thou'lt forgive the dark past, And O, re-ceive my soul at last.

No. 151. "Over the Top" for Jesus.

Copyright, 1918, by Woodie W. Smith, in "Revival Power."

PASTOR L. R. BYRD. Evangelist, WOODIE W SMITH.

1. "O - ver the Top" for Je - sus, our bless-ed Lord and King, And as we
2. "O - ver the Top" for Je - sus, who died on Cal-v'ry's tree, His blood was
3. "O - ver the Top" for Je - sus, 'till vic - to - ry is won, And He shall

march to bat - tle, His prais - es we will sing; Like sol - diers true, we'll
shed so free - ly, from sin to set us free; With cour - age strong, we'll
bid us wel - come to that e - ter - nal Home; The con - flict o'er, for -

dare and do, for Him while here be - low, He is our guide, what
march a - long, and brave - ly face the foe, We'll nev - er fear, while
ev - er - more, its glo - ries then we'll know, He'll say "well done, thou

CHORUS.

e'er be-tide, and "O - ver the Top" we'll go.
He is near, and "O - ver the Top" we'll go. "O - ver the Top" for
faith - ful one," and "O - ver the Top" we'll go.

Je - sus, Be - cause He loved us so, "O - ver the Top" for Je - sus,

"Over the Top" for Jesus. Concluded.

Like sol - diers brave and true; His pre - cious life He gave, Our souls from

sin to save, And "O - ver the Top" for Him we'll go.

"O - ver the Top" for Je - sus, Be-cause He loved us so, "O - ver the Top" for

Je - sus, Like Sol - diers brave and true, His pre-cious life He gave, Our

souls from sin to save, And "O - ver the Top" for Him we'll go.....

No. 152. Shoulder to Shoulder.

"The sword of the Lord, and of Gideon."—JUDGES 7: 20.

Copyright, 1908, by J. T. Franklln. The Brown-Franklin Co., owners.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Sol - diers of Christ, list! the bu - gles are call - ing, Fol-low where-ev-er our
2. This is a time when re-lig-ion means something, More than profession, or
3. Bul - warks of sin for our Lord must be ta - ken, Strongholds of e-vil be
4. Sol - diers of Christ, fol-low af - ter your Cap-tain, See! far a - head is His

ban - ner doth fly; Though all a-round us the darts may be fall - ing,
preach-ing, or song; This is a time to call men in - to act - ion,
forced to give way; For-ward, brave sol-diers, with cour-age un-shak - en,
ban - ner un - furled; Fear not to fol - low where-ev - er He leads you,

CHORUS.

Shoul-der to shoul - der we'll fight till we die.
Shoul-der to shoul - der to fight a-gainst wrong. Shoul-der to shoul-der,
Shoul-der to shoul - der for Christ win the day.
Shoul-der to shoul - der for Christ take the world.

cres. rit.

shoul-der to shoulder, Fac - ing the foe in the midst of the fight; What, al - tho'
dan-ger and death be be-fore us, Shoulder to shoulder we'll fight for the right.

No. 153. Rally for the Right, Boys.

J. A. B. J. A. Butterfield.

1. Like a sol - dier brave, his land to save, Cour - age high and ar - mor
2. For-ward to the fight, strong in the right, Fierce-ly must the ba - tle
3. We must con - quer sin, if we would win Lau - rels for the vic - tor's
4. When the con - flict's o'er, on Jor - dan's shore, Numbered with the vet - 'ran

bright; Push with vig - or on and with your might Now ral - ly for the
rage; Vic - t'ry will be ours, if we en - gage To ral - ly for the
brow; Then with Christ our Cap - tain, firm - ly now We'll ral - ly for the
band, In our Cap-tain's ranks we hope to stand, So ral - ly for the

Chorus.

right, boys, ral - ly! Vir - tue your watch-word, March firm - ly on - ward;

Stray not from wis-dom's way: But re - mem-ber that the An - gels from a -

bove will watch, will love; Then ral - ly for the right, boys, ral - ly.

154 Master, the Tempest is Raging.

USED BY PER. OF H. R. PALMER. OWNER OF COPYRIGHT, H. R. Palmer.

1. Mas-ter, the tem-pest is rag - ing! The bil - lows are toss - ing high!
2. Mas-ter, with an-guish of spir - it I bow in my grief to - day;
3. Mas-ter, the ter - ror is o - ver, The el - e-ments sweet - ly rest;

The sky is o'er-shadowed with blackness, No shel - ter or help is nigh;
The depths of my sad heart are troubled— O, wak - en and save, I pray;
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mir - rored, And heav-en s with-in my breast;

Car - est Thou not that we per - ish? How canst Thou lie a - sleep,
Tor-rents of sin and of an - guish Sweep o'er my sink - ing soul;
Lin - ger, O, bless - ed Re-deem - er! Leave me a - lone no more;

When each moment so mad-ly is threat'ning A grave in the an - gry deep?
And I per-ish! I per-ish! dear Mas - ter O hast - en, and take con - trol.
And with joy I shall make the blest har-bor, And rest on the bliss - ful shore.

CHORUS.

p *pp*

The winds and the waves shall o-bey Thy will, Peace.... be still!.....
Peace, be still, peace, be still!

Master, the Tempest is Raging.

Wheth-er the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or de - mons or men, or what

cres.

ev - er it be, No wa - ters can swal - low the ship where lies The

ff *m*

Mas - ter of o - cean, and earth, and sky; They all shall sweet-ly o-

m *p*

bey Thy will, Peace, be still! Peace, be still! They all shall

p *pp*

sweet - ly o - bey Thy will, Peace, peace, be still!

No. 155. A Call for Volunteers.

P. E. Copyright, 1918, by Pink English. PINK ENGLISH.

1. Hear the trumpet sounding, Who will vol-un-teer, Who will join the ar - my?
2. Hear the mu - sic ring-ing With a mar-tial call, At the feet of Je - sus,
3. Call to arms is sounding, Sounding o'er and o'er, Meet the bold in - tru - der,

Cheer, my brother cheer, See the ban-ner wave-ing, Here the bat-tle cry; We will
Ev - 'ry foe shall fall; Songs of might-y tri-umph, Sound along the line, Hosts of
Drive Him from our shore; Fierce will be the conflict We will nev-er yield, Till the

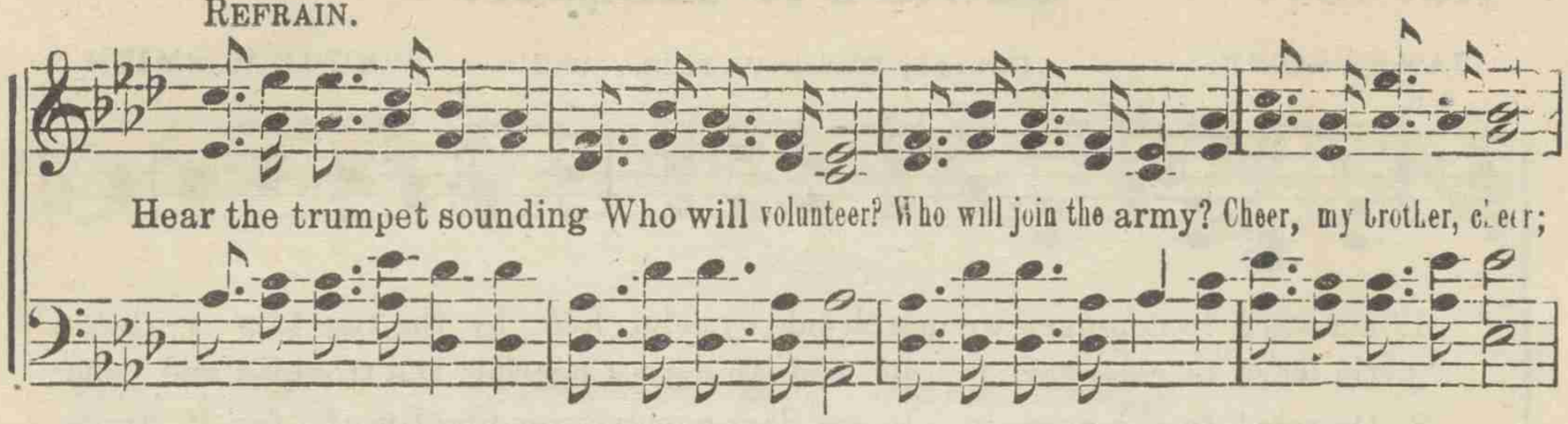
strive for glo - ry, Com-ing by and by. Who will be a sol - dier, To de -
right are march-ing, At commands di-vine: Still the Master's call - ing You to
foe is driv - en From the bat - tle field; Sin is ev - er blight-ing, Lives of

fend the right With the gos-pel ar - mor, Put the foe to flight? Who will wield a
vol - un-teer, Help to free the na-tion, From a bondage drear; Stand today with
young and old. To this marching ar - my Bids de - fi-ance bold; Go with heart of

weap-on With a will-ing hand? Who will come to Je-sus, Who for Him will stand?
Je-sus, Strive, with steady aim, We will sure-ly con-quer, Conquer in His name.
courage, Go, my comrade, go, From our home and country Drive this cursed foe.

A Call for Volunteers. Concluded.

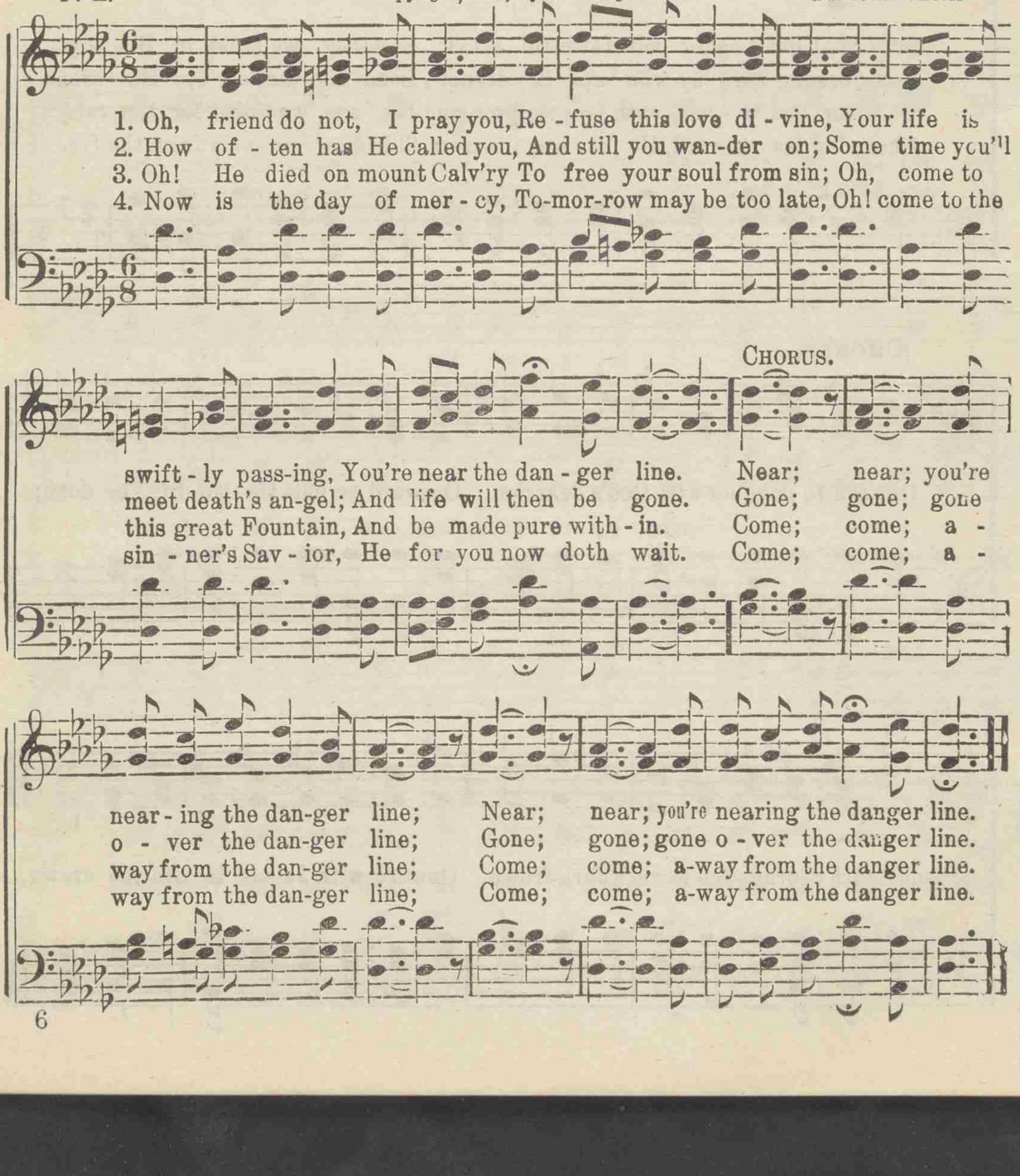
REFRAIN.





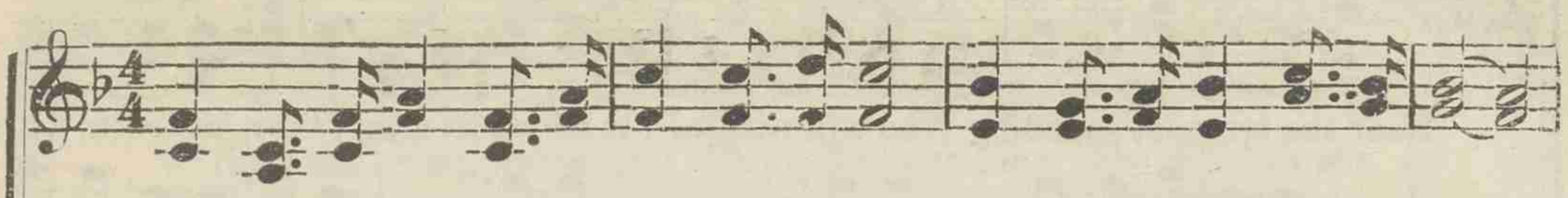
No. 156. The Danger Line.

P. E. Copyright, 1918, by Pink English. PINK ENGLISH.

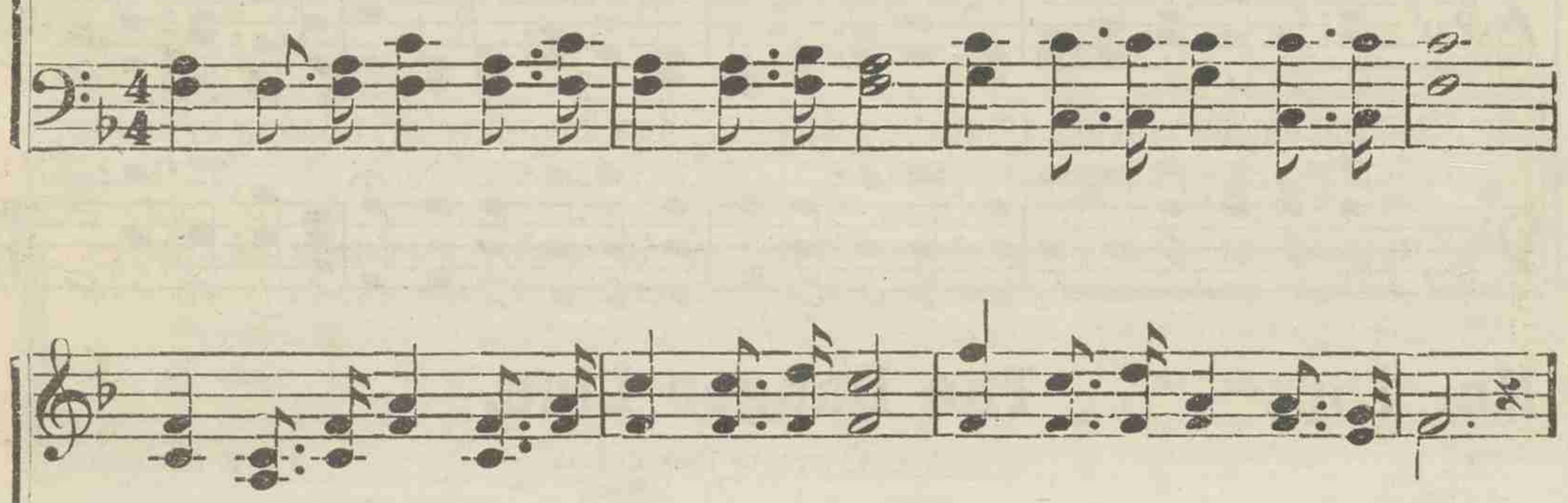


No. 157. Onward to Conquer.

JAMES ROWE. Owned by Woodie W. Smith. 1912. WOODIE W. SMITH.



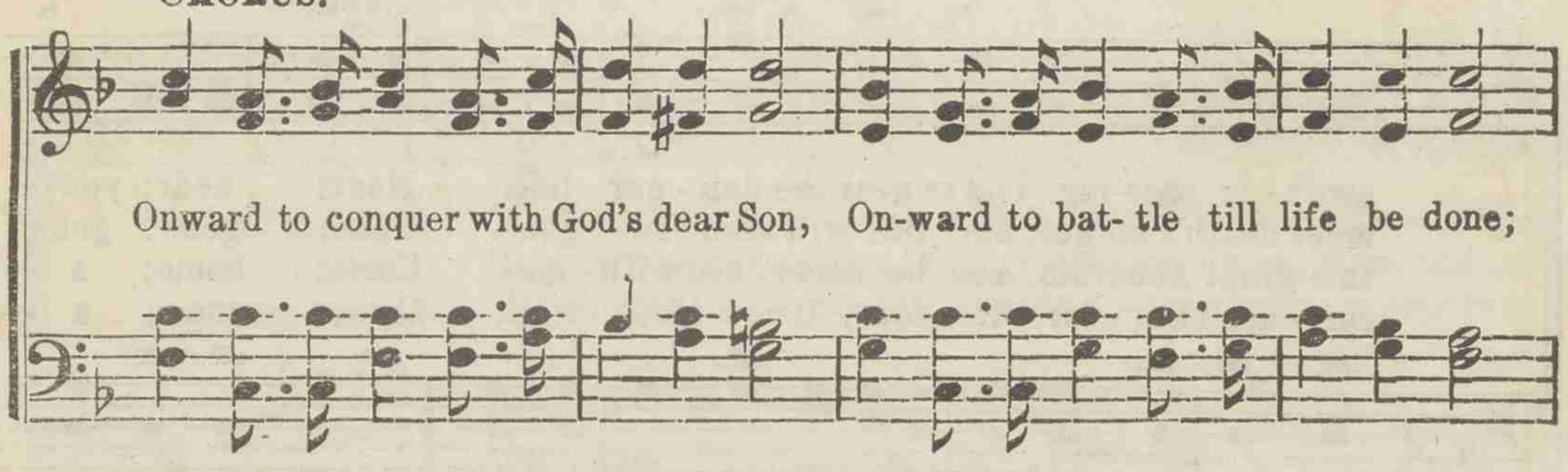
1. On-ward to con-quer we march side by side, Led by the Cap-tain a - bove;
2. On-ward to con-quer, to do and to dare, Cheering the troubled and lone;
3. On-ward to con-quer in Je-sus' dear name, Spreading His of - fer of grace;
4. On-ward to con-quer; no e - vil we fear, Je - sus will keep us, we know;



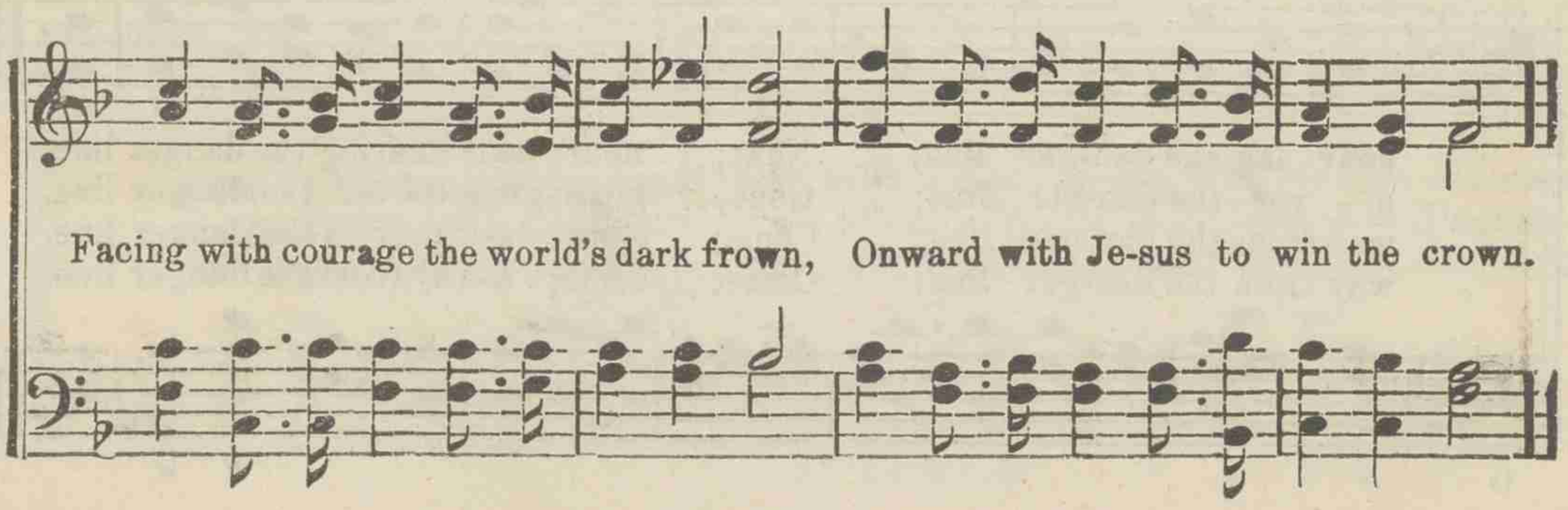
Sure that our Leader will faith-ful a-bide, Sweet-ly we trust in His love.
Com-fort-ing ma - ny who bend in despair, Lead- ing the lost to His throne.
O - ver and o - ver, with joy we proclaim Je - sus, who died for the race.
Cheer-ing us on-ward, He al - ways is near, Shielding our souls from the foe.



CHORUS.



Onward to conquer with God's dear Son, On-ward to bat- tle till life be done;



Facing with courage the world's dark frown, Onward with Je-sus to win the crown.

OLD STANDARD HYMNS.

No. 158. Rescue the Perishing.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WILLIAM H. DOANE.

No. 159. The Great Physician.

WM. HUNTER. J. H. STOCKTON.

FINE.

1. { The great Phy-si-cian now is near, The sym-pa-thiz-ing Je-sus, }
{ He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Je-sus. }

D. S.—*Sweet-est car-ol ev-er sung,* *Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus.*

REFRAIN. D. S.

{ Sweet-est note in ser-aph song, }
{ Sweet-est name on mortal tongue, }

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

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

No. 160. What A Friend.

H. BONAR. C. C. CONVERSE.

1. What a Friend we have in Je-sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri-als and temp-ta-tions? Is there trouble a-ny-where?
3. Are we weak and heavy la-den, Cumbered with a load of care?

FINE.

What a priv-i-lege to car-ry Ev-'ry-thing to God in pray'r!
We should never be dis-cour-aged, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
Precious Sav-ior, still our ref-uge, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.

D. S.—All be-cause we do not car-ry Ev-'ry-thing to God in pray'r.
Je-sus knows our ev-'ry weakness, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol-ace there.

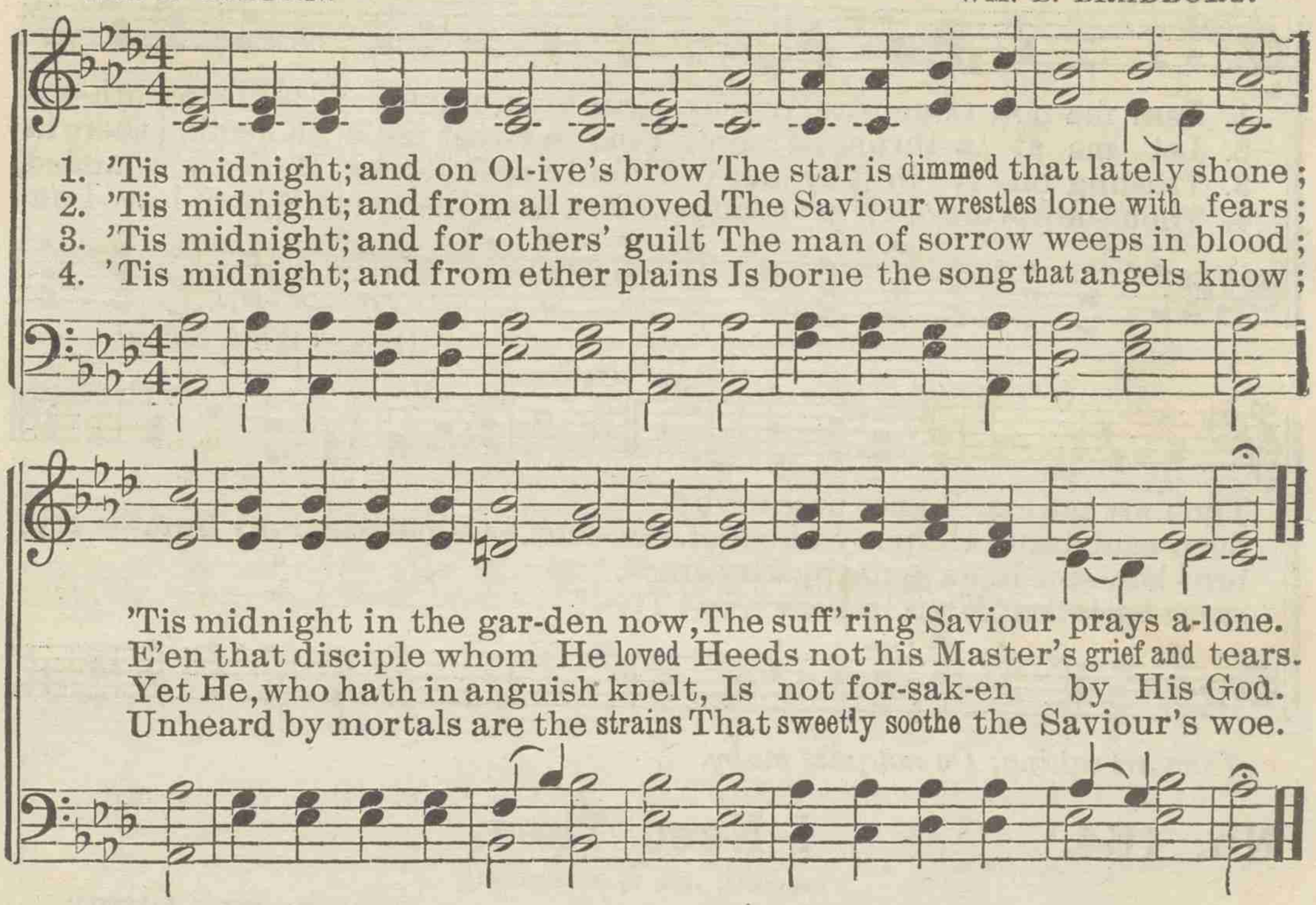
D. S.

O what peace we of-ten for-feit, O what needless pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faith-ful Who will all our sor-rows share?
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;

No. 161. Olive's Brow. (Old.)

"My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death."—MATT. 26: 38.

WM. B. TAPPAN. WM. B. BRADBURY.

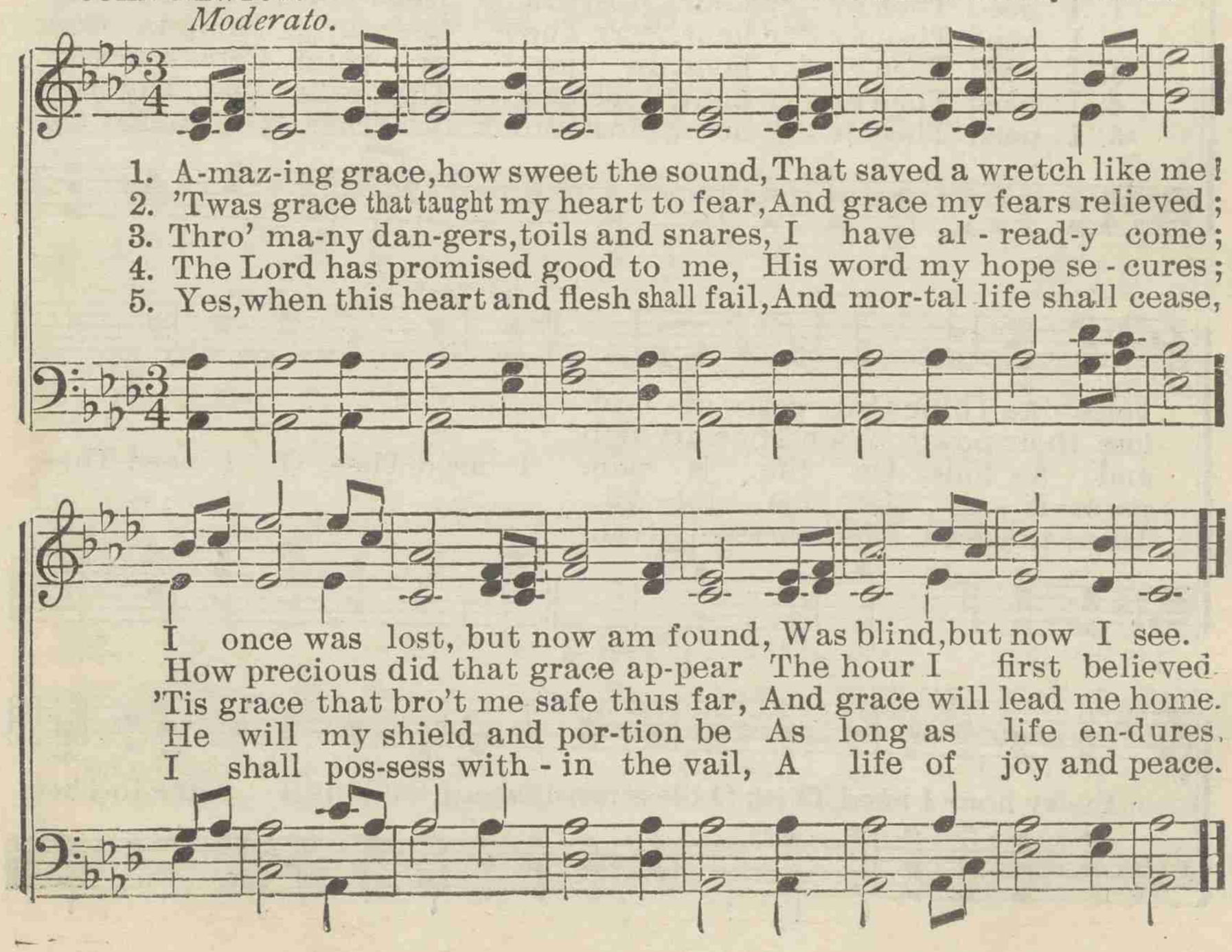


No. 162. Amazing Grace, How Sweet the Sound.

"By grace are ye saved."—EPH. 2: 5, (HARMONY GROVE. C. M.)

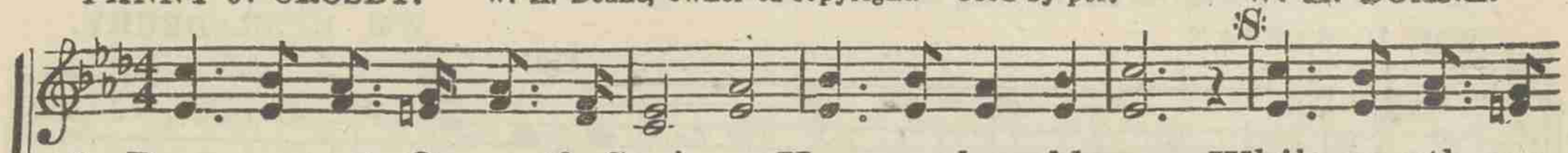
JOHN NEWTON. WM. WALKER. Arr. by H. N. L.

Moderato.

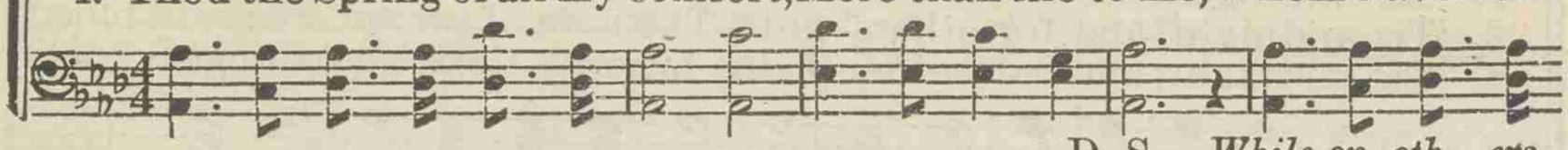


No. 163. Pass Me Not.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. Doane, owner of copyright. Used by per. W. H. DOANE.



1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Saviour, Hear my humble cry; While on oth-ers
2. Let me at a throne of mercy Find a sweet re-lief; Kneeling there in
3. Trusting on - ly in Thy mer-it Would I seek Thy face; Heal my wounded,
4. Thou the Spring of all my comfort, More than life to me, Whom have I on



D. S.—*While on oth - ers*

FINE. CHORUS. D. S.



Thou art calling, Do not pass me by.
deep contrition, Help my unbelief. Sav-iour, Sav-iour, Hear my humble cry;
bro - ken spir-it, Save me by Thy grace.
earth beside Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?

Thou art calling, Do not pass me by.

No. 164. I Need Thee.

Copyright, 1872, by Robert Lowry.

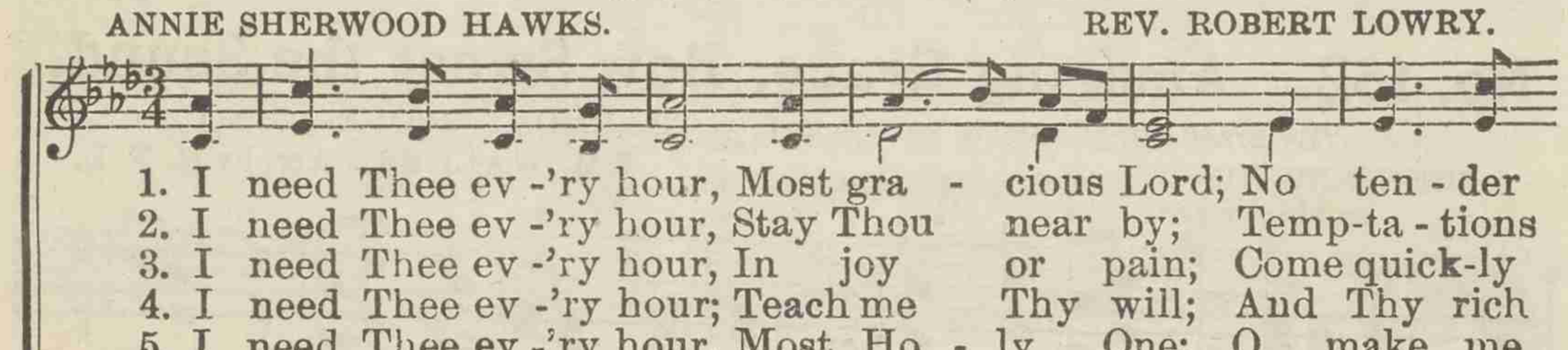
ANNIE SHERWOOD HAWKS. REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. I need Thee ev -'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der
2. I need Thee ev -'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp-ta - tions
3. I need Thee ev -'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick-ly
4. I need Thee ev -'ry hour; Teach me Thy will; And Thy rich
5. I need Thee ev -'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; O make me

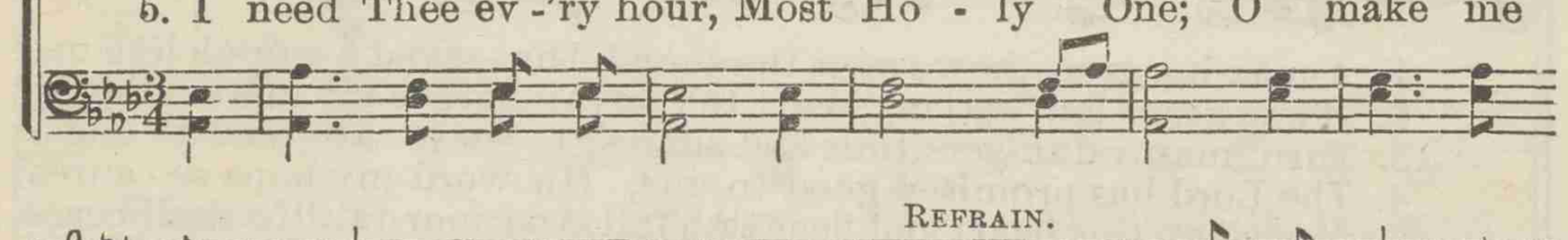


REFRAIN.

voice like Thine Can peace af - ford.
lose their pow'r When Thou art nigh.
and a - bide, Or life is vain. I need Thee, O I need Thee;
prom - is - es In me ful - fill.
Thine in - deed, Thou bless-ed Son.

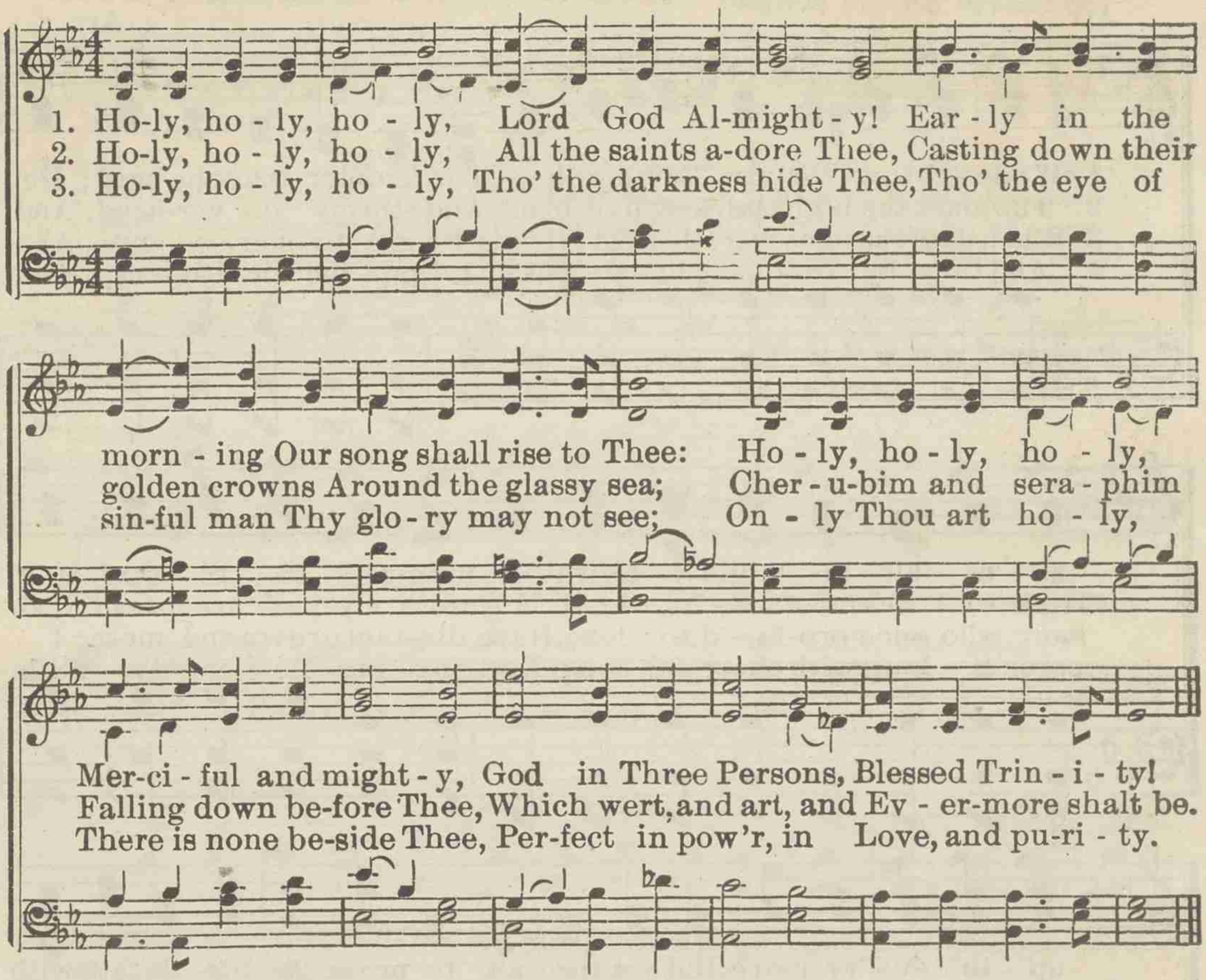


Ev-'ry hour I need Thee; O bless me now, my Saviour! I come to Thee.



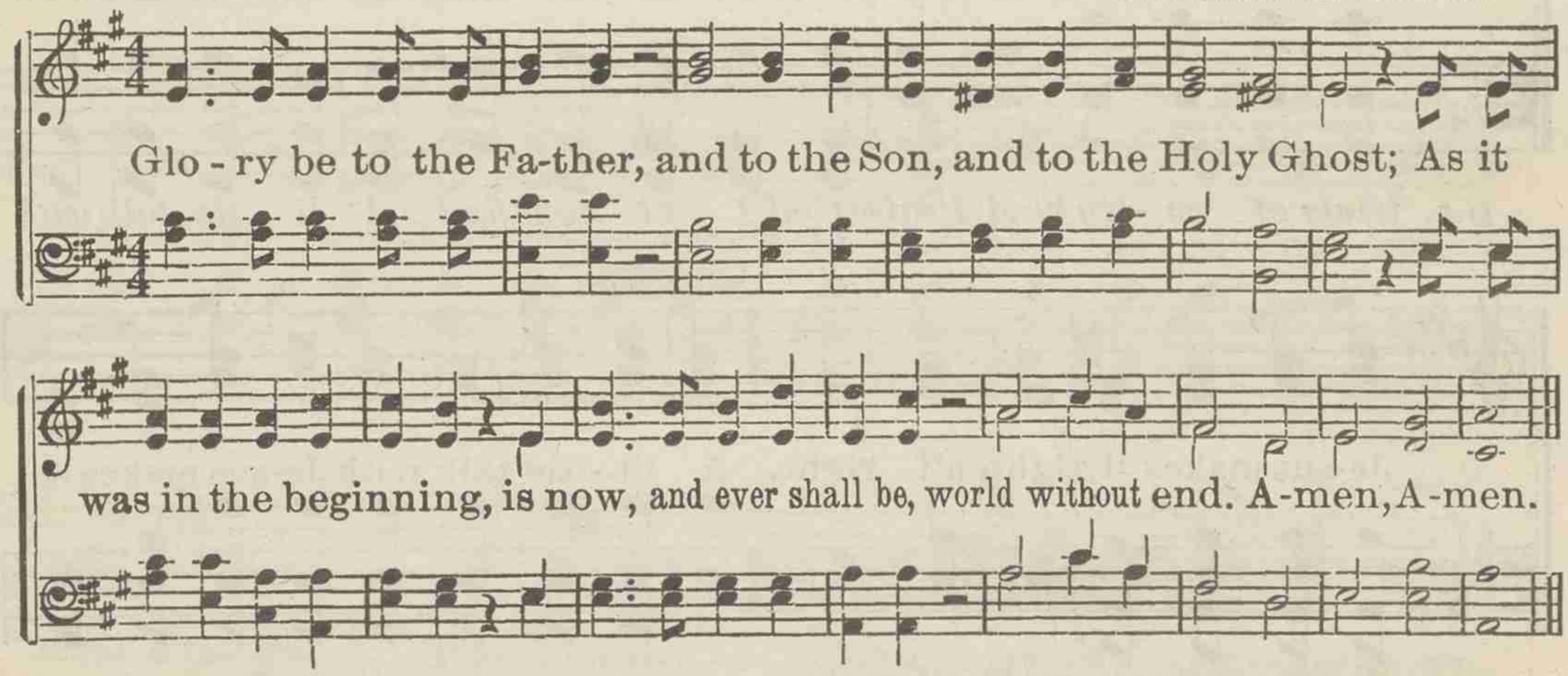
No. 165. Holy, Holy, Holy.

REGINALD HEBER. (NICÆA.) JOHN B. DYKES.



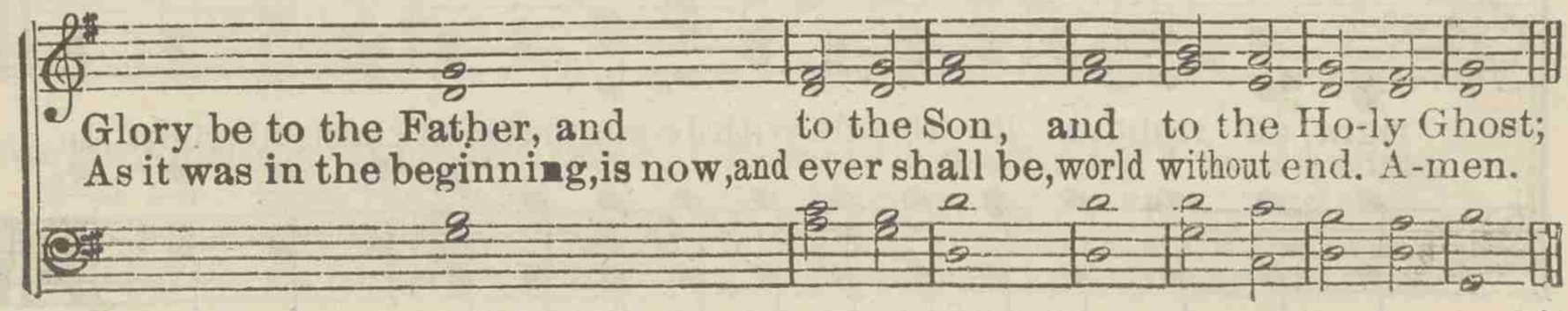
No. 166. Gloria Patri. No. 1.

CHARLES MEINEKE.



No. 167. Gloria Patri. No. 2.

GREGORIAN.



168 A LITTLE TALK WITH JESUS.

"And behold, there talked with him two men."—Luke 9: 30.

Arr. Arr.

1 While fighting for my Sav-iour here, The tempter tries me hard; He
2. Tho' dark the night and clouds look black And stormy o - ver-head, And
3 When those who once were dearest friends Be-gin to per - se - cute, And
4 And thus by fre-quent lit - tle talks, I gain the vic - to - ry, And

us - es all his might-y pow'r, My prog-ress to re - tard. He's
trials of al - most ev - 'ry kind A - cross my path are spread; How
more, who once pro-fess'd to love, Have dis - tant grown and mute; I
march a - long with cheer-ful song, En - joy - ing lib - er - ty, With

up to ev - 'ry move, But yet thro' all to prove A lit - tle talk with
soon I con-quer all, As to the Lord I call—A lit - tle talk with
tell Him all my grief, He quickly sends re - lief; A lit - tle talk with
Je - sus as my Friend, I'll prove un - til the end, A lit - tle talk with

D.S. *trials of ev -'ry kind, Praise God I al - ways find A lit - tle talk with*

CHORUS.

Je-sus makes it right, all right. A lit - tle talk with Je-sus makes it

Je - sus makes it, right all right.

D.S.

right, all right; A lit - tle talk with Je-sus makes it right, all right. In

169. BATTLE HYMN.

Rev. I. WATTS, D. D. English melody arranged.

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A foll'w-er of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?

2. Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow-'ry beds of ease,
While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas?

CHORUS.

And when the bat-tle's o-ver we shall wear a crown! Yes,
we shall wear a crown! Yes, we shall wear a crown! And when the bat-tle's
o-ver we shall wear a crown In the new Je-ru-sa-lem.

Wear a crown, wear a crown, Wear a bright and shin-ing crown.
Wear a crown, wear a crown,

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? — CHO.

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word. — CHO.

No. 170 WE WILL STAND THE STORM.

ISAAC WATTS.



1. { Am I a soldier of the cross, (of the cross,) Am I a soldier of the
   { And shall I fear to own His cause, (own His cause,) And shall I fear to own His

2. { Are there no foes for me to face, (me to face,) Are there no foes for me to
   { Is this vile world a friend to grace, (friend to grace,) Is this vile world a friend to

3. { Sure I must fight if I would reign; (I would reign;) Sure I must fight if I would
   { I'll bear the toil, endure the pain, (endure the pain,) I'll bear the toil, endure the



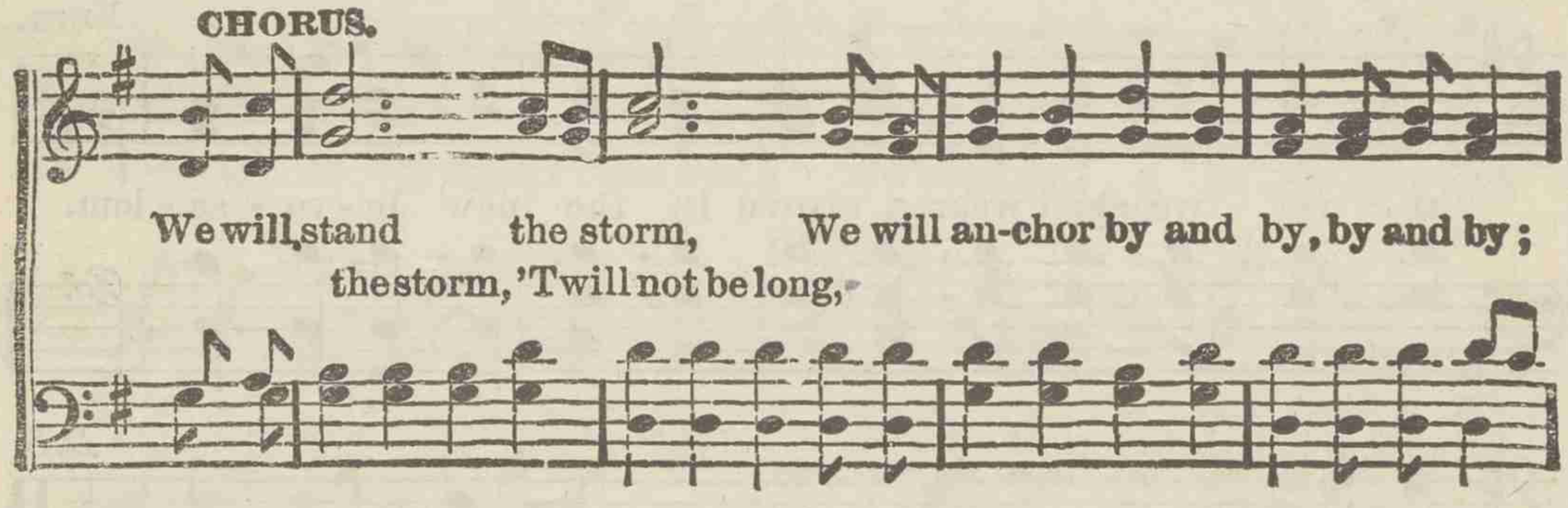
cross, (of the cross,) Am I a soldier of the cross, A follow'r of the Lamb,
cause, (own His cause,) And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?

face, (me to face,) Are there no foes for me to face, Must I not stem the flood?
grace, (friend to grace,) Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?

reign; (I would reign;) Sure I must fight if I would reign; Increase my courage, Lord!
pain, (endure the pain,) I'll bear the toil, endure the pain, Supported by Thy word.



CHORUS.



We will stand the storm, We will an-chor by and by, by and by;
the storm, 'Twill not be long,



We will stand the storm, We will an-chor by and by.
the storm, 'Twill not be long,



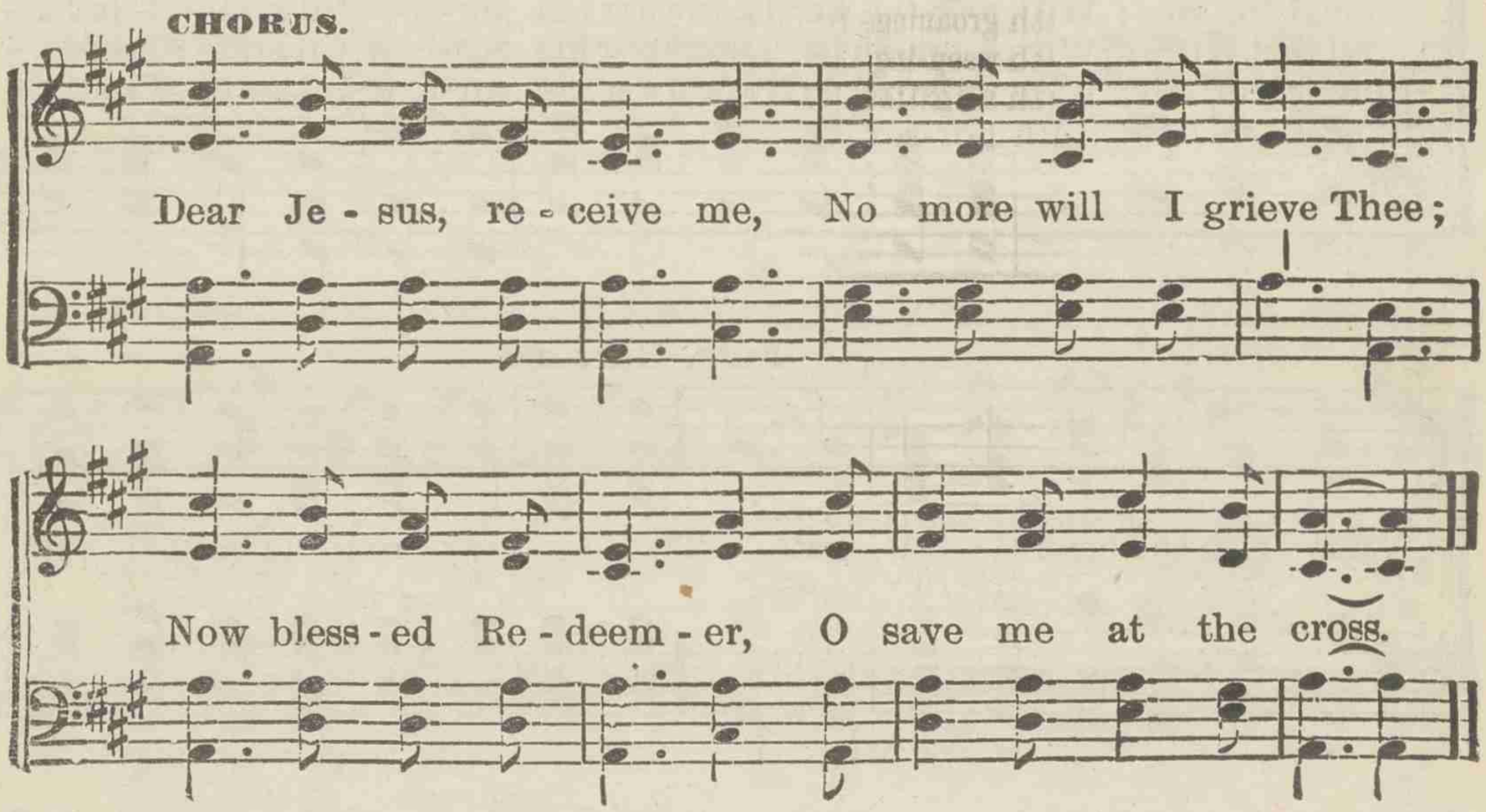
171. SAVE ME AT THE CROSS.

"O Lord, save me."—JER. 17: 14.

D. E. D. HUBERT P. MAIN. By per.







3 If I but perish I will pray, etc.
O Christ Thou art the living way, etc.

4 Thy pard'ning grace is full and free, etc.
Extend Thy mercy, Lord, to me, etc.

5 O wash me, Saviour, ere I die, etc.
O let me to the fountain fly, etc.

6 I plunge and O it cleanseth me, etc.
From all my guilt it makes me free, etc.

Renewed copyright, 1902, by Hubert P. Main.

TURNED AWAY FROM THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

"*Lord, Lord, open to us. But he shall say, I know you not, depart from me.*"—Luke 13: 25, 27.

D. E. DORTCH. D. E. DORTCH, by per.

Not too fast.

1. Some one will knock at the saints' bright home, And hear the Lord saying, "You
2. Some one will hear the an-gels' song, And wish he could join with the
3. Some one will stand with an ach-ing heart, While Je-sus pro-noun-ces the
4. Some one will lin-ger with tear-ful eyes, While Christ and His people as-
5. Some one will go in-to darkness drear, Far off from the Sav-iour and
6. Some one will en-ter the door of hell, And hear the sad wail-ing no

can-not come;" With sadness he 'll mourn o'er his sor-row-ful state; Turn'd a-
hap-py throng; With sighing he 'll mourn o'er his sor-row-ful state; Turn'd a-
word, "depart;" With groanings he 'll mourn o'er his sor-row-ful state; Turn'd a-
cend the skies; With weep-ing he 'll mourn o'er his sor-row-ful state; Turn'd a-
all that 's dear; With anguish he 'll mourn o'er his sor-row-ful state; Turn'd a-
tongue can tell; With hor-ror he'll mourn o'er his sor-row-ful state; Turn'd a-

FINE. REFRAIN.

way from the beau-ti-ful gate. Turn'd a-way from the beau-ti-ful

D.S.

gate, . . . Turn'd a-way from the beau-ti-ful gate. . . .
beau-ti-ful gate, beau-ti-ful gate.

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

173. THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

Song of Solomon.—2: 1.

English Melody. Arr. by E. HANKS.

1. I have found a friend in Je - sus, He's ev - 'ry thing to me, He's the fair - est of ten thou-sand to my soul; The "Lil - y of the Val- ley," In Him a - lone I see, All I need to cleanse and
2. He all my griefs has tak - en, And all my sorrows borne, In temp- ta - tion He's my strong and might-y tow'r I have all for Him for- sa- ken, And all my i - dols torn From my heart and now He
3. He will nev-er, nev - er leave me, Nor yet for-sake me here, While I live by faith and do His bless - ed will; A wall of fire a - bout me, I've noth-ing now to fear, With His man - na He my

D.S.—*He's the "Lil-y of the Val- ley, the Bright and Morn-ing Star," He's the fair - est of ten thousand to my soul.*

FINE.

make me ful - ly whole. In sor - row He's my com-fort, In trouble He's my stay, He tells me ev - 'ry care on Him to roll;
keeps me by His pow'r. Tho' all the world for - sake me, And Sa-tan tempts me sore, Thro' Je - sus I shall safe - ly reach the goal;
hun - gry soul will fill. Then sweeping up to glo - ry, To see His bless - ed face, Where riv - ers of de - light shall ev - er roll;

D.S.

Copyright, 1890, by D. E. DORTON.

174. THE CHILD OF A KING.

"Hath not God chosen the poor of this world rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which he hath promised to them that love him. — James 2: 5.

HATTIE E. BUELL. JOHN A. SUMNER.

1. My Fa - ther is rich in hous - es and lands, He hold - eth the
2. My Fa - ther's own Son, the Sav - iour so fair, Once wandered on
3. I once was an out-cast, a stran-ger on earth, A sin - ner by
4. A tent or a cot - tage, oh, why should I care? They're building a

wealth of the world in His hands; Of ru - bies and dia - monds, of
earth hu - man sor - row to share; But now He is reign-ing for -
choice and a lov - er of mirth; But I've been a - dopt - ed, my
pal - ace for me o - ver there; Tho' ex - iled from home, yet my

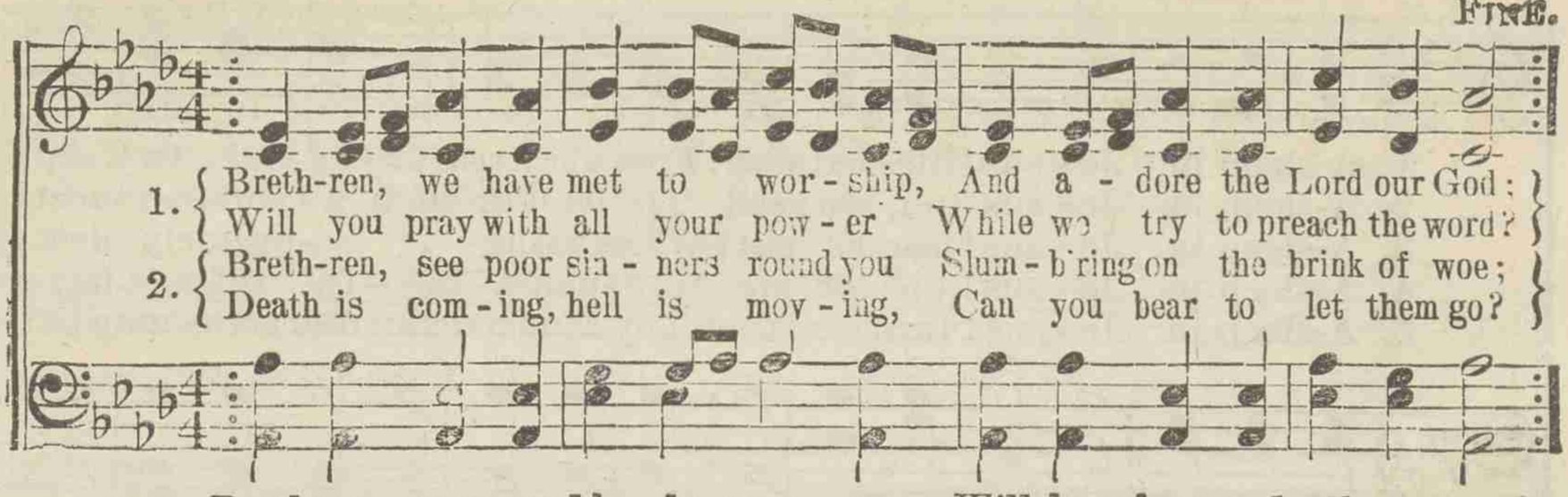
sil - ver and gold His cof - fers are full; He has rich-es un-told.
ev - er on high, He'll give us a home in the sweet by and by.
name's writ-ten down: An heir to a man - sion, a robe, and a crown.
glad heart can sing, All glo - ry to God, I'm the child of a King.

CHORUS.

I'm the child of a King, the child of a King;
With Je - sus my Sav - iour, I'm the child of a King.

175. HOLY MANNA.

Arr. by D. E. DORTCH, by per.



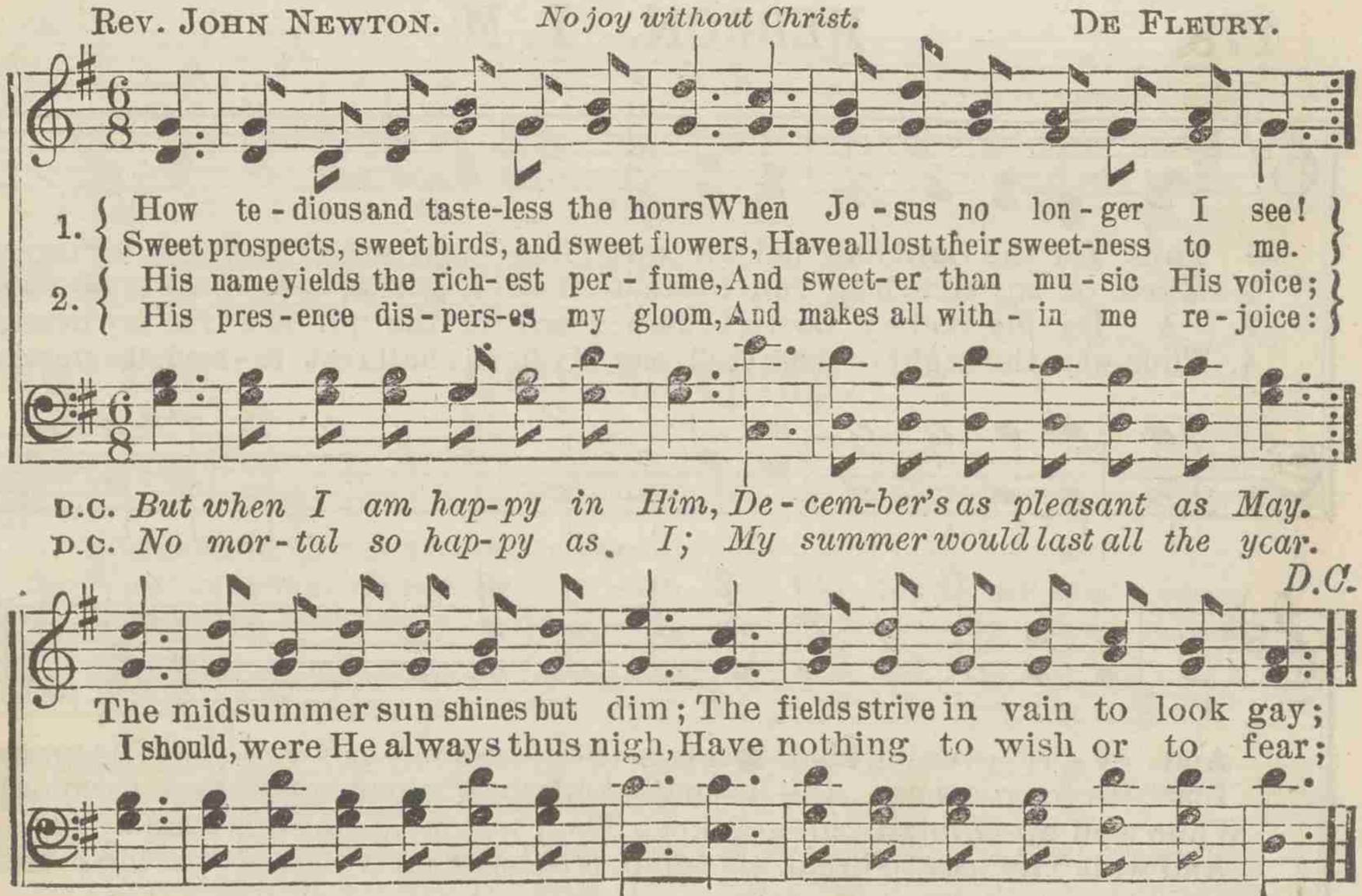
3 Sister, will you join and help us,
While we struggle hard with sin?
Will you tell to trembling mourners
Jesus waits to welcome them?

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.

Copyright, 1885, by D. E. DORTCH.

176. GREENFIELDS. 8s.

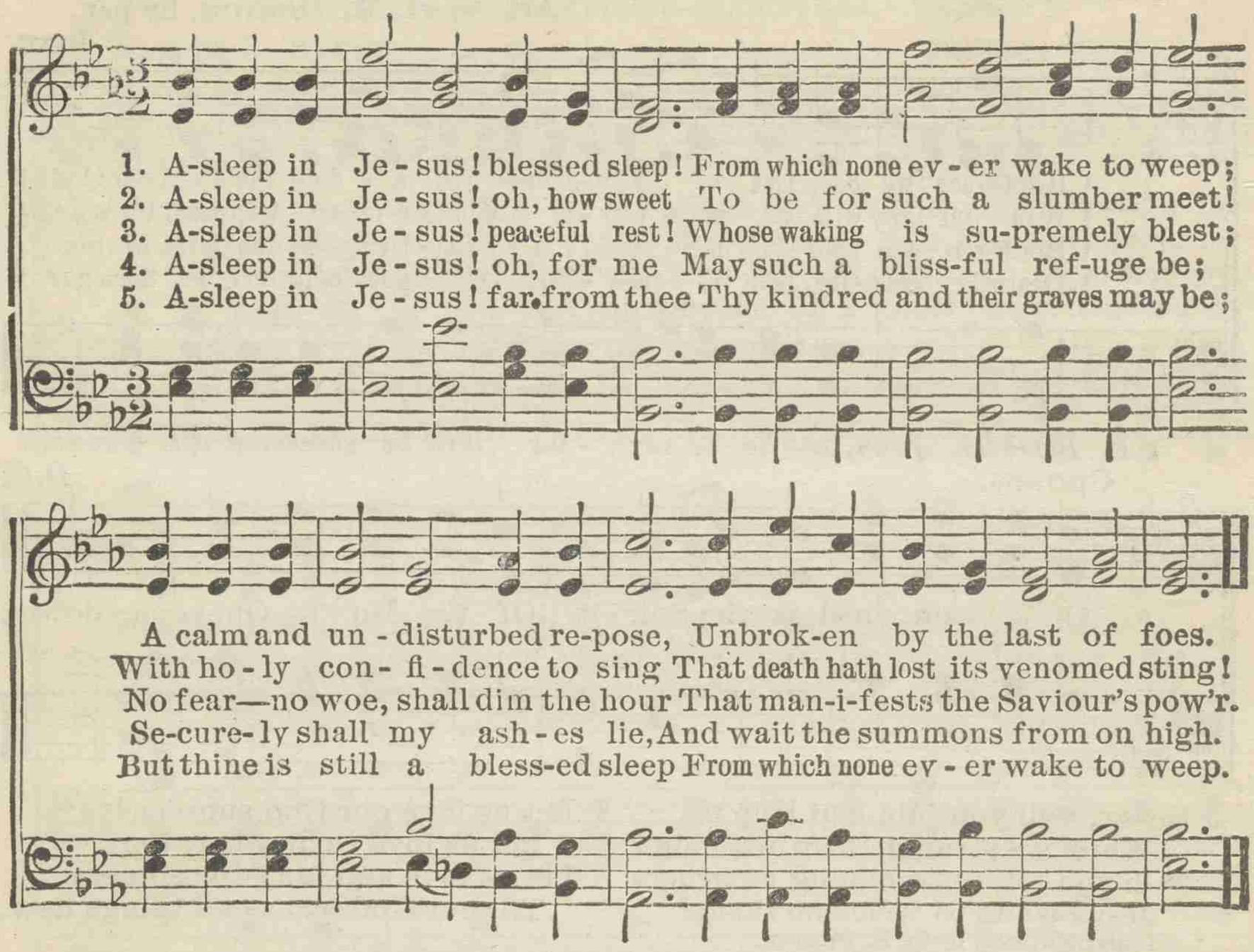
REV. JOHN NEWTON. *No joy without Christ.* DE FLEURY.



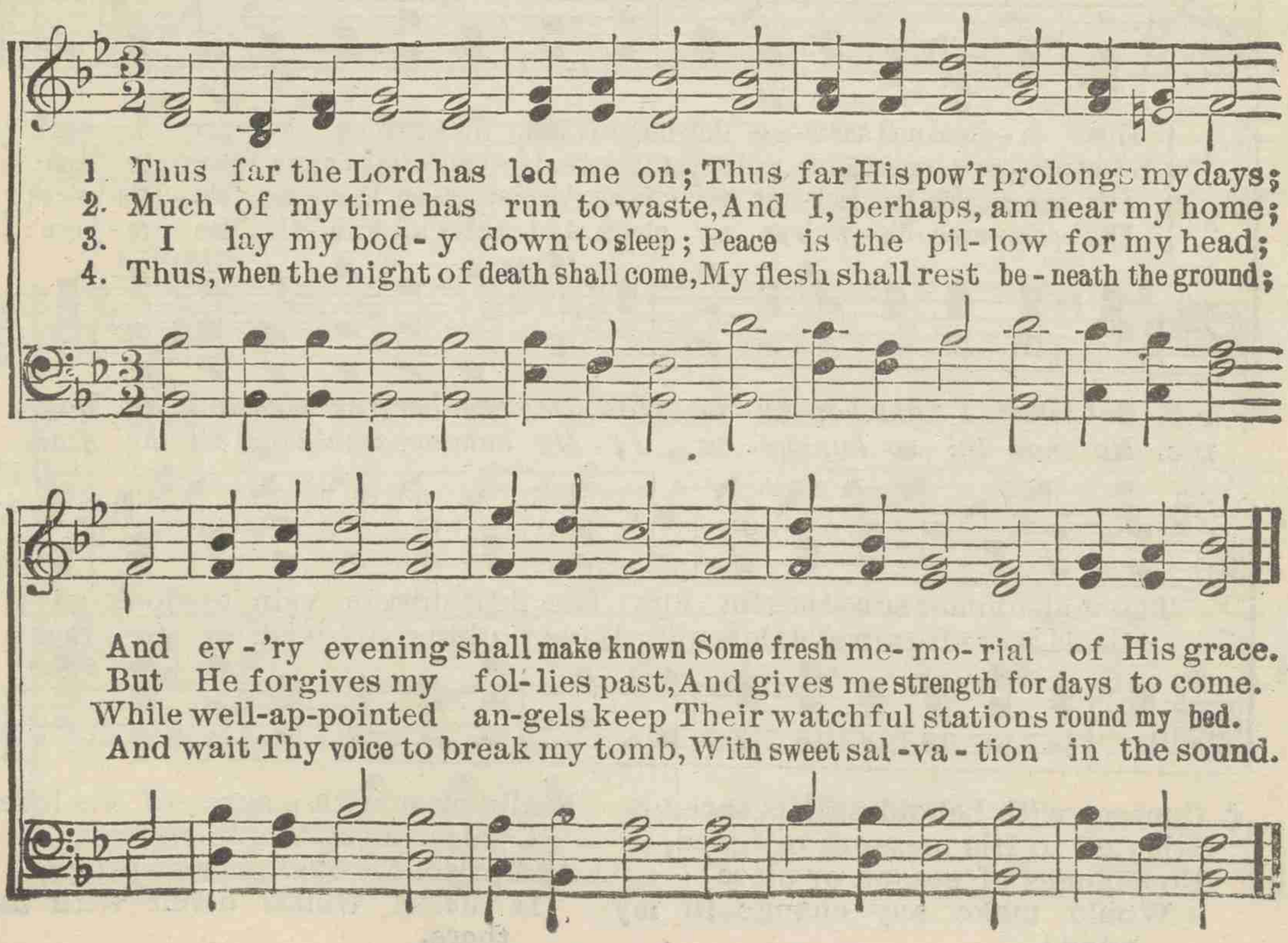
5 Content with beholding His face,
My all to His pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind:
While blest with a sense of His love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

177. ASLEEP IN JESUS.

Mrs. Macay.



178. HEBRON. L. M.



No. 179. Safe In the Arms of Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Copyright, 1870, by W. H. Doane. Used by per. W. H. DOANE.

1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,
2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor - rod - ing care;
3. Je - sus, my heart's dear ref - uge, Je - sus has died for me;

CHO.—*Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,*

FINE.

There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet-ly my soul shall rest.
Safe from the world's temp-ta-tions, Sin can-not harm me there.
Firm on the Rock of A - ges, Ev - er my trust shall be.

There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet - ly my soul shall rest.

Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me,
Free from the blight of sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears;
Here let me wait with pa-tience, Wait till the night is o'er;

D. C. for chorus.

O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per sea.
On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears.
Wait till I see the morn - ing Break on the gold - en shore.

No. 180. Only Sleeping.

F. L. E. F. L. EILAND.

1. The dead in Christ are only sleeping, Tho' their beds be made of clay,
2. We that live shall see His glo - ry, But the dead shall first a - rise;
3. O be robed and ready, broth - er, Let us hail the might-y King,

They shall rise and joyfully meet Him; When He comes in that great day.
Then together we will hail Him; King Im-man-uel in the skies.
Singing, "grave where is thy vic - t'ry," And O death where is thy sting,

No. 181. Shall We Gather at the River?

R. L. Copyright, property of Mary Runyon Lowry. Used by per. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er, Where bright an-gel feet have trod; With its
2. On the mar - gin of the riv - er, Wash - ing up its sil - ver spray; We shall
3. Ere we reach the shining riv - er, Lay we ev - 'ry bur - den down, Grace our
4. Soon we'll reach the shining riv - er, Soon our pil-grim-age will cease; Soon our

CHORUS.

crys - tal tide for-ev - er Flow-ing from the throne of God?
walk and worship ev - er All the hap - py gold - en day. { Yes, we'll gath-er
spir - its will de-liv - er And pro-vide a robe and crown. { Gather with the saints
hap-py hearts will quiv-er With the mel-o - dy of peace.

1 2

at the riv - er, The beau-ti-ful, the beau-ti-ful riv - er,
at the riv - er, That flows from the throne of God.

No. 182. Shall We Meet?

H. L. HASTINGS. Used by permission. ELIHU S. RICE.

1. { Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er, Where the sur-ges cease to roll;
   { Where in all the bright for - ev - er, [*Omit*.....]
2. { Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er, When our stormy voyage is o'er?
   { Shall we meet and cast the anchor, [*Omit*.....]
3. { Shall we meet in yon - der cit - y, Where the tow'rs of crys-tal shine;
   { Where the walls are all of jas - per, [*Omit*.....]
4. { Shall we meet with Christ, our Savior, When He comes to claim His own?
   { Shall we know His bless-ed fa - vor, [*Omit*.....]

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

FINE. CHORUS. D. C.

Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?
By the bright celestial shore? Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet beyond the river?
Built by workmanship divine?
And sit down upon His throne?

Where the surges cease to roll?

No. 183. Almost Persuaded.

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

1. "Al-most per-suad - ed" Now to be - lieve; "Al-most per-suad-ed"
2. "Al-most per-suad - ed," Come,come to-day; "Al-most per-suad-ed,"
3. "Al-most per-suad - ed," Har-vest is past; "Al-most per-suad-ed,"

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

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

No. 184. Jewels.

REV. W. O. CUSHING. GEO. F. ROOT.

1. When He cometh, when He cometh To make up His jew-els, All His
2. He will gather, He will gath - er The gems for His kingdom, All the
3. Lit - tle children, lit - tle chil-dren Who love their Redeemer Are the

CHORUS.

jewels, precious jewels, His loved and His own.
pure ones, all the bright ones, His loved and His own. Like the stars of the morning,
jewels, precious jewels, His loved and His own.

His bright crown adorning, They shine in their beauty, Bright gems for His crown.

No. 185. Lead, Kindly Light.

JOHN H. NEWMAN. JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Lead, kindly Light, a-mid th'encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The night is
2. I was not ev-er thus, nor prayed that Thou Should'st lead me on; I lov'd to
3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on; O'er moor and

dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on; Keep Thou my feet; I
choose and see my path, but now Lead Thou me on; I loved the gar - ish
fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those

do not ask to see The dis - tant scene; one step e-nough for me.
day; and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will; re-mem-ber not past years.
an - gel fac - es smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.

No. 186. Windham.

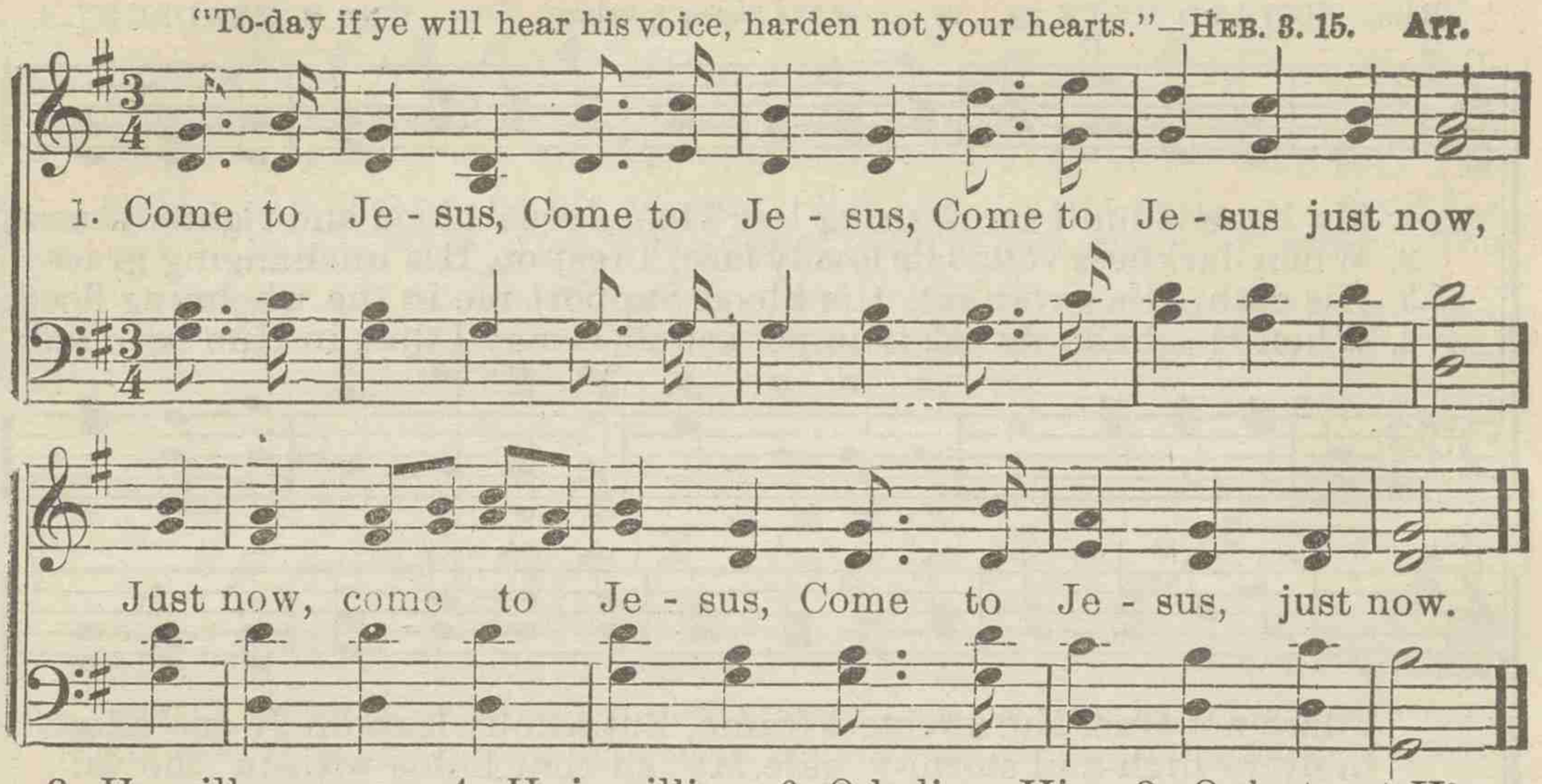
ISAAC WATIS. DANIEL READ.

1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk together there,
2. "De - ny thy-self and take thy cross," Is the Redeemer's great command;
3. The fearful soul that tires and faints, And walks the ways of God no more,
4. Lord, let not all my hopes be vain; Cre-ate my heart en-tire - ly new,

But wis-dom shows a nar-row path, With here and there a trav - el - er.
Nature must count her gold but dross, If she would gain this heav'nly land.
Is but es-teemed al - most a saint, And makes his own de-struc-tion sure.
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain, Which false a-pos-tates nev-er knew.

No. 187. Come To Jesus Just Now.

"To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts."—HEB. 3. 15. ATT.



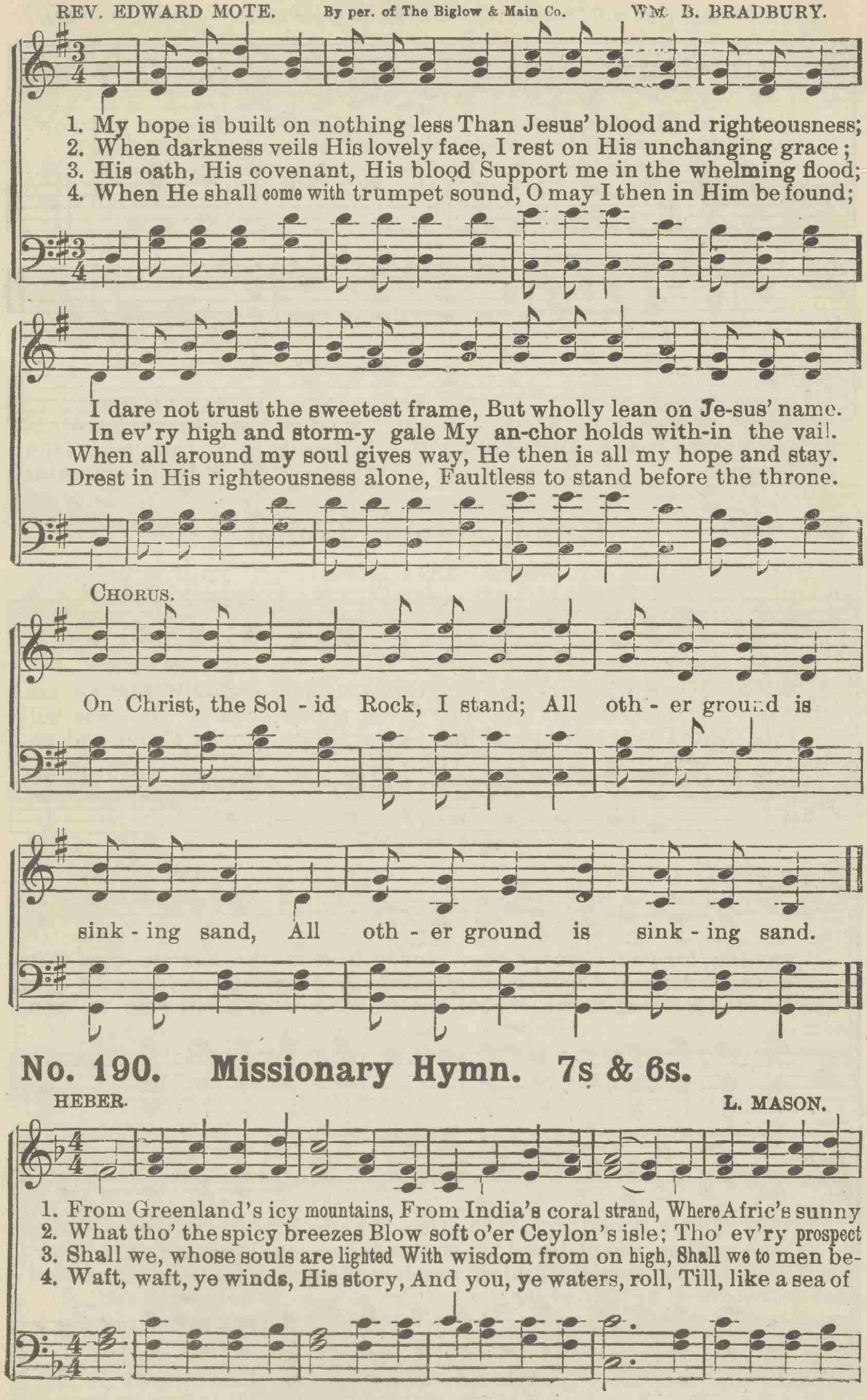
2. He will save you. 4. He is willing. 6. O believe Him. 8. Only trust Him.
3. He is able. 5. He is waiting. 7. O receive Him. 9. Hallelujah. Amen

No. 188. Come, Sinner, Come!

W. E. WITTER. Copyright, 1879, by H. R. Palmer. H. R. PALMER.

No. 189. The Solid Rock.

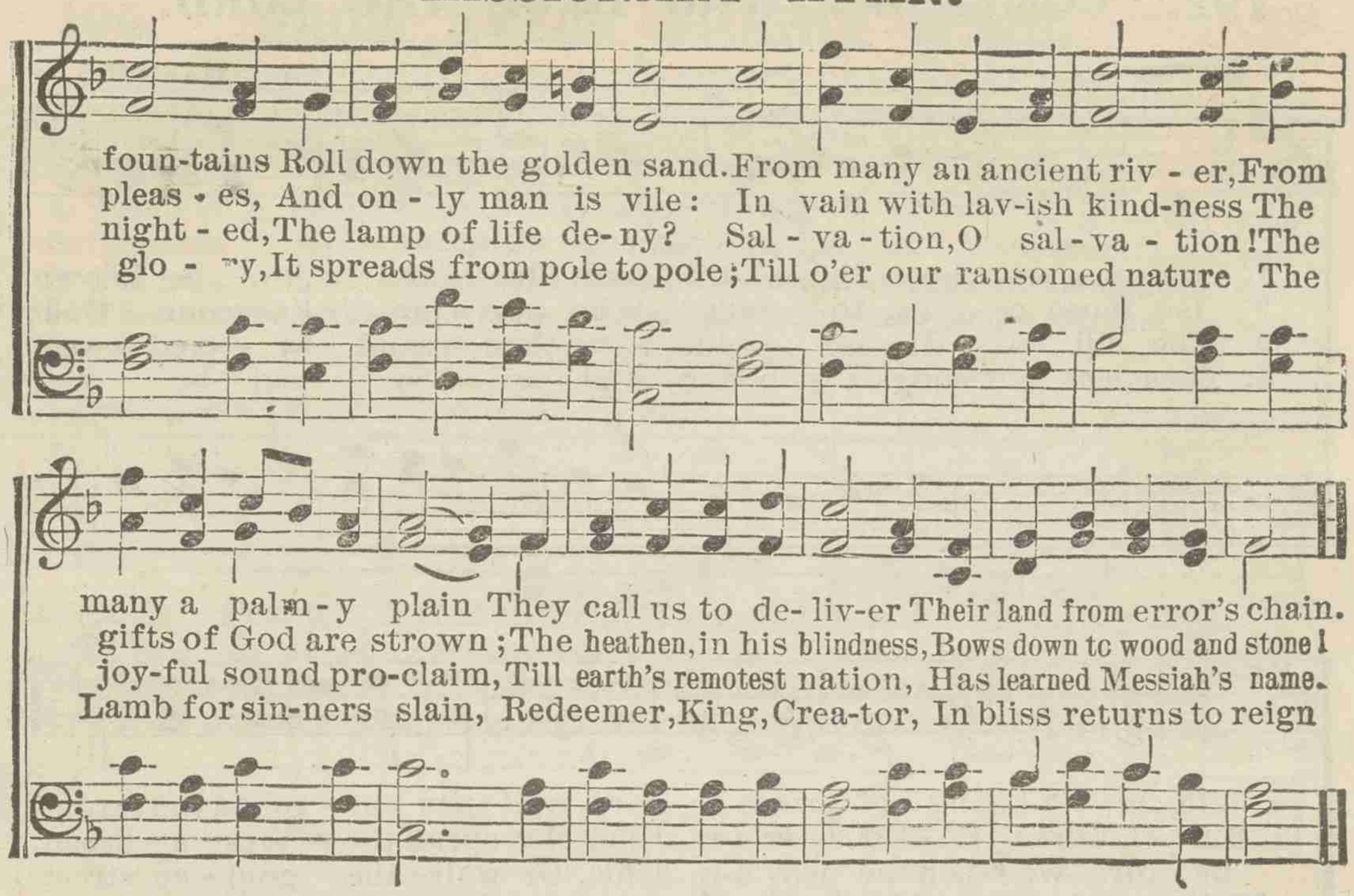
REV. EDWARD MOTE. By per. of The Biglow & Main Co. WM. B. BRADBURY.



No. 190. Missionary Hymn. 7s & 6s.

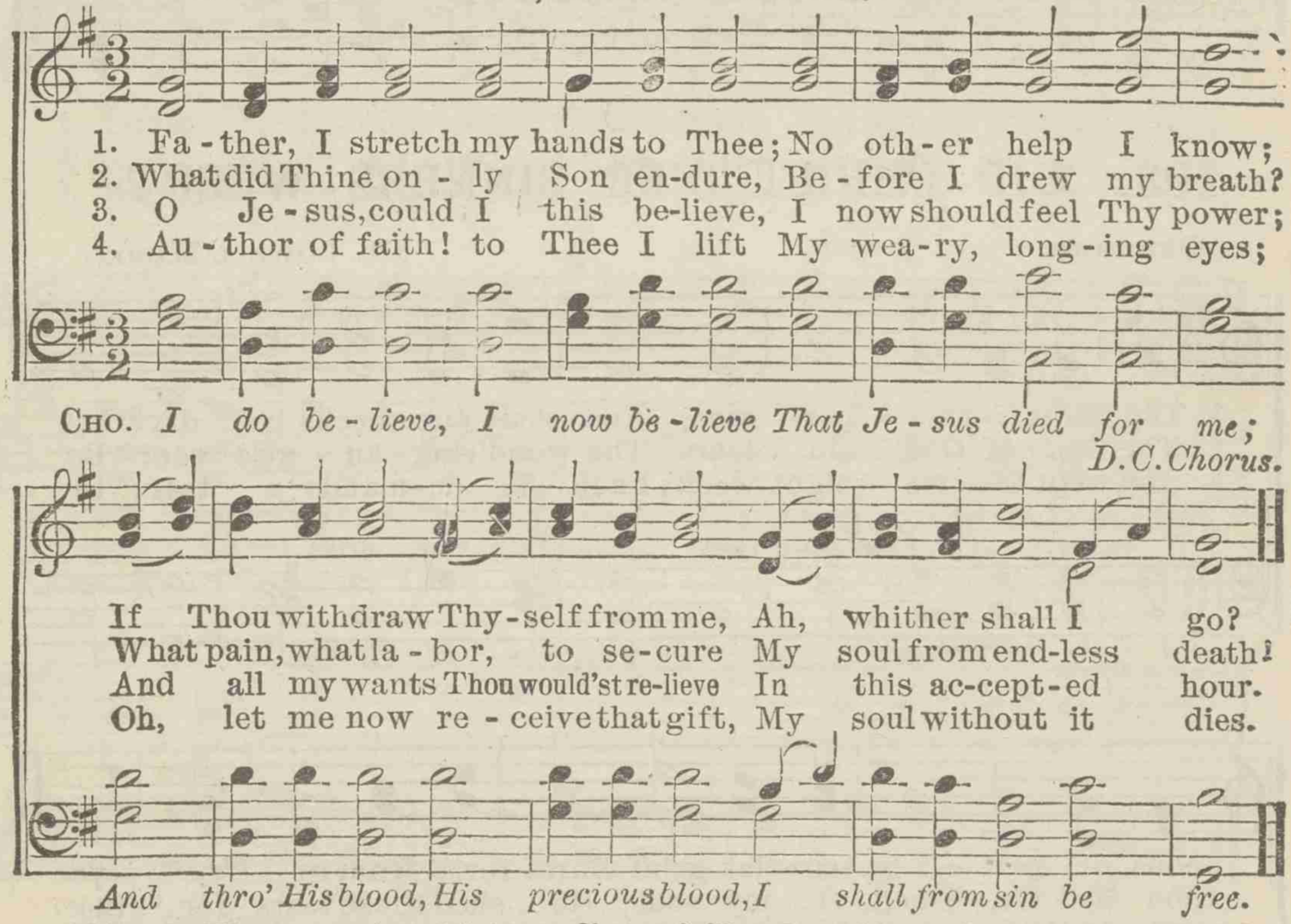
HEBER. L. MASON.

MISSIONARY HYMN.



191. I DO BELIEVE.

CHARLES WESLEY. *"Lord, I believe."*—John 9: 38. **Anon.**

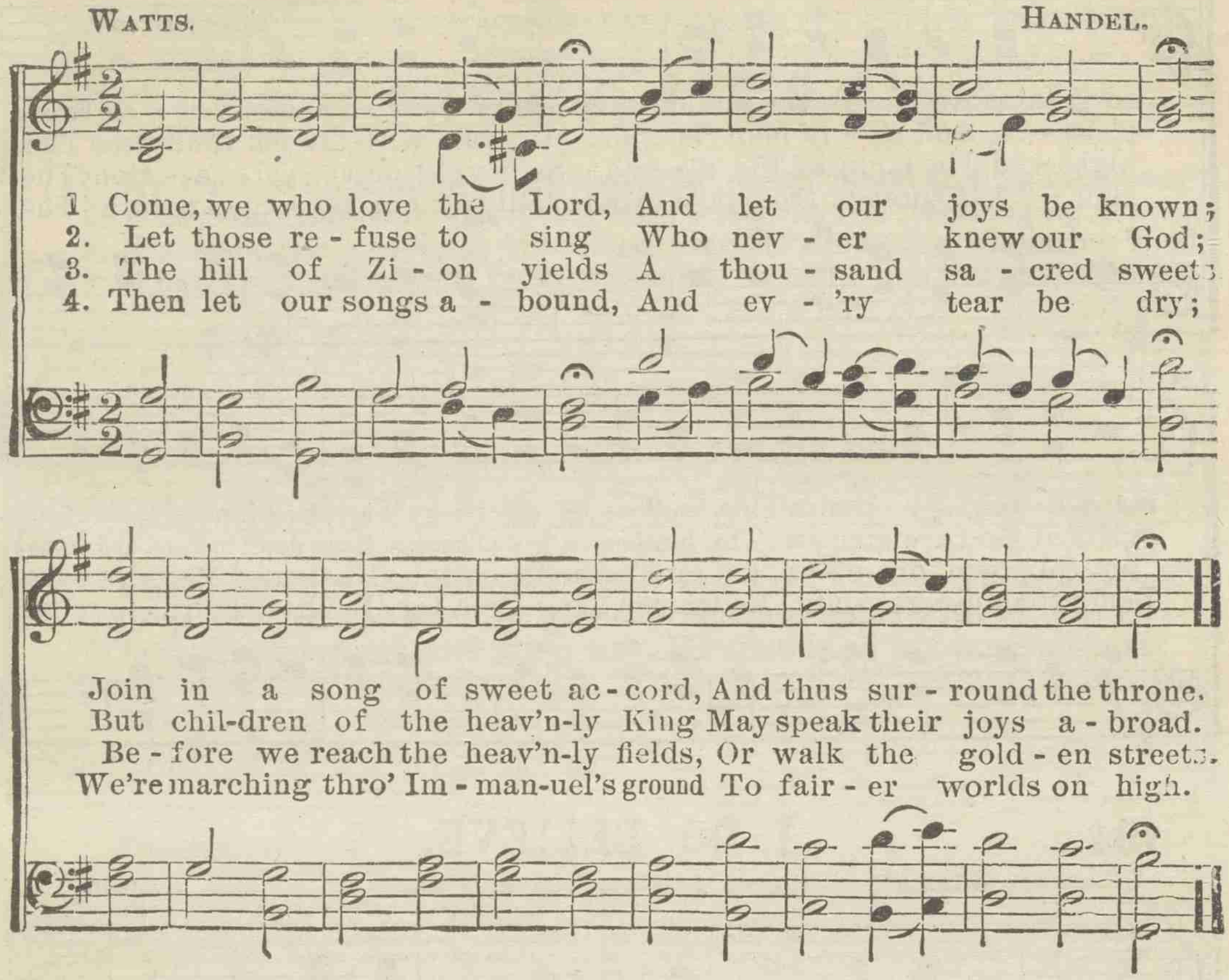


5 Surely Thou canst not let me die;
Oh, speak and I shall live,
And here I will unwearied lie,
Till Thou Thy Spirit give.

6 How would my fainting soul rejoice,
Could I but see Thy face; [voice,
Now let me hear Thy quickening
And taste Thy pardoning grace.

192. COME, WE WHO LOVE THE LORD.

WATTS. HANDEL.



193. DID CHRIST O'ER SINNERS WEEP?

BEDDOME. Dr. LOWELL MASON.



194. FROM EVERY STORMY WIND.

1. From ev - 'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev- 'ry swell -ing tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads:
3. There is a scene where spi-rits blend, Where friend holds fel-low-ship with friend;
4. There, there, on ea-gle wings we soar, And sin and sense mo-lest no more;

There is a calm, a sure re-treat, 'Tis found be-neath the mer-cy-seat.
A place of all on earth most sweet; It is the blood-bought mer-cy-seat.
Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet A-round one common mer-cy-seat.
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glo-ry crowns the mer-cy-seat.

195. COME, YE DISCONSOLATE!

THOS. MOORE. SAMUEL WEBBE.

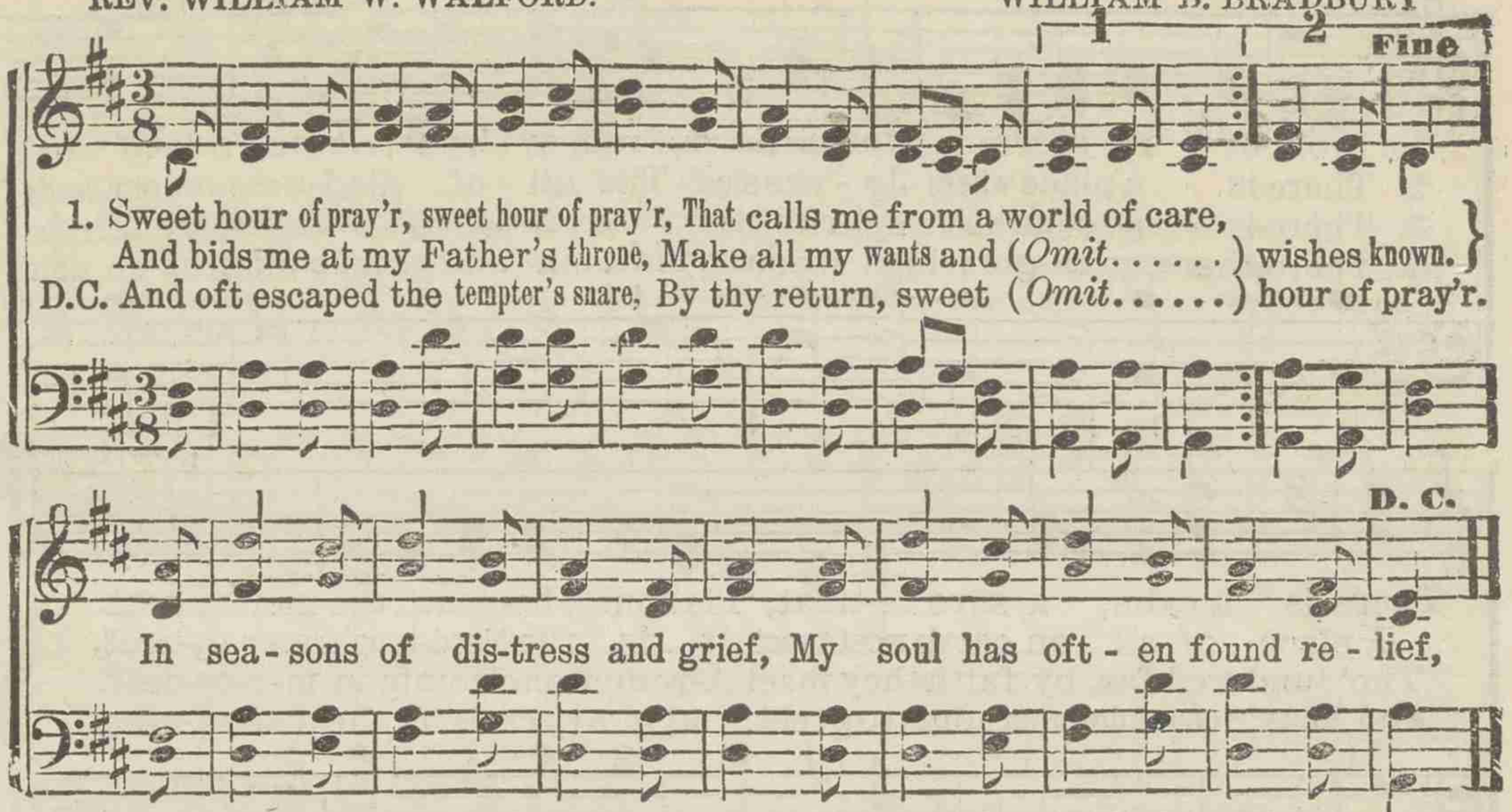
1. Come, ye dis- con- so-late! wher-e'er ye lan-guish, Come to the
2. Joy of the des- o-late! light of the stray-ing, Hope of the
3. Here see the bread of life: see wa-ters flow - ing Forth from the

mer - cy-seat, fer - vent - ly kneel: Here bring your wound-ed hearts,
pen - i-tent, fade - less, and pure! Here speaks the Com-fort-er,
throne of God, pure from a-bove: Come to the feast of love;

here tell your an-guish; Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot heal.
ten-der - ly say - ing, Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot cure.
come, ev - er know-ing, Earth has no sorrow but heav'n can re-move.

196. SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER. L. M. D.

REV. WILLIAM W. WALFORD. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY

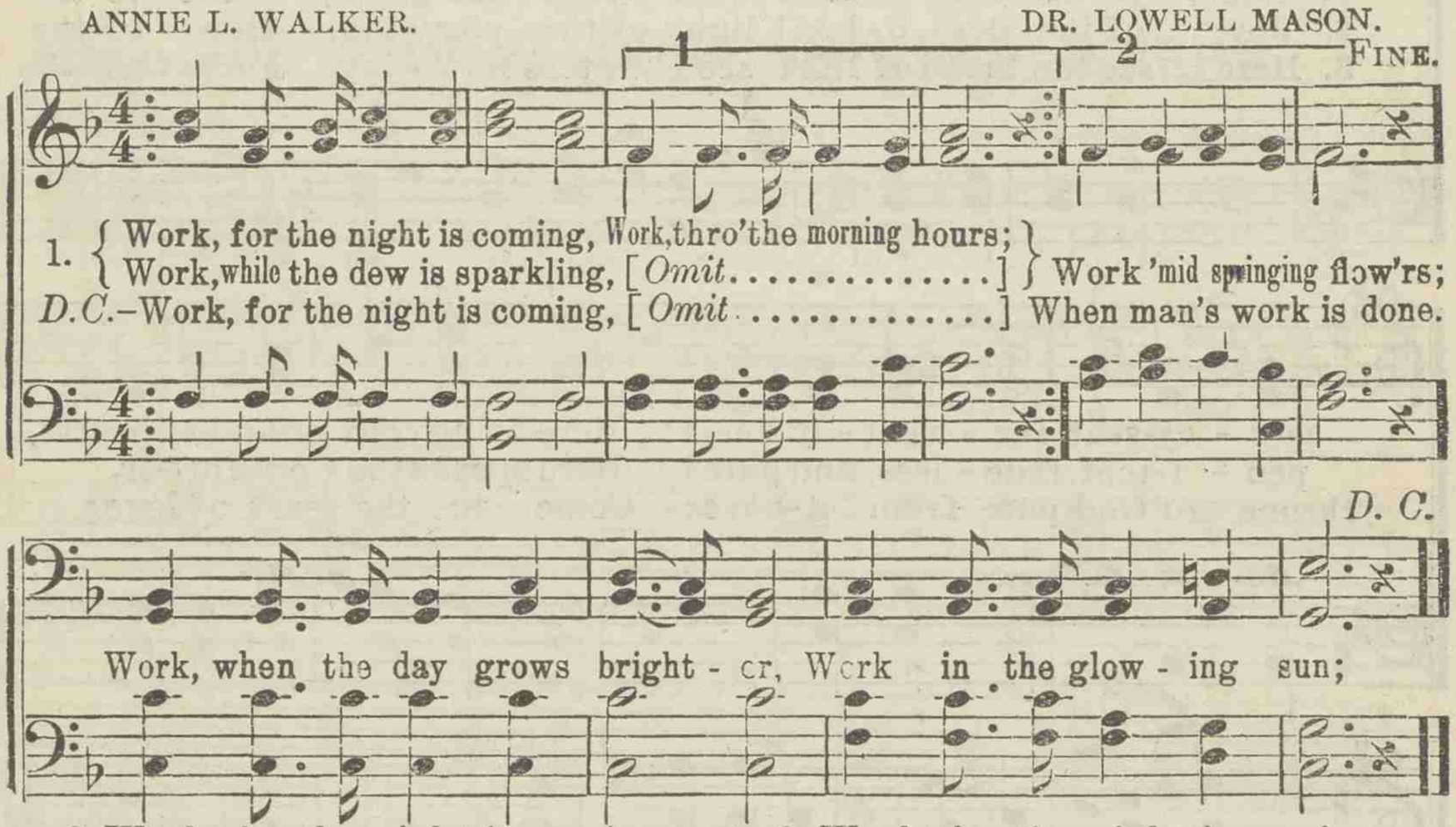


2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

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

No. 197. Work, For The Night Is Coming.

ANNIE L. WALKER. DR. LOWELL MASON.

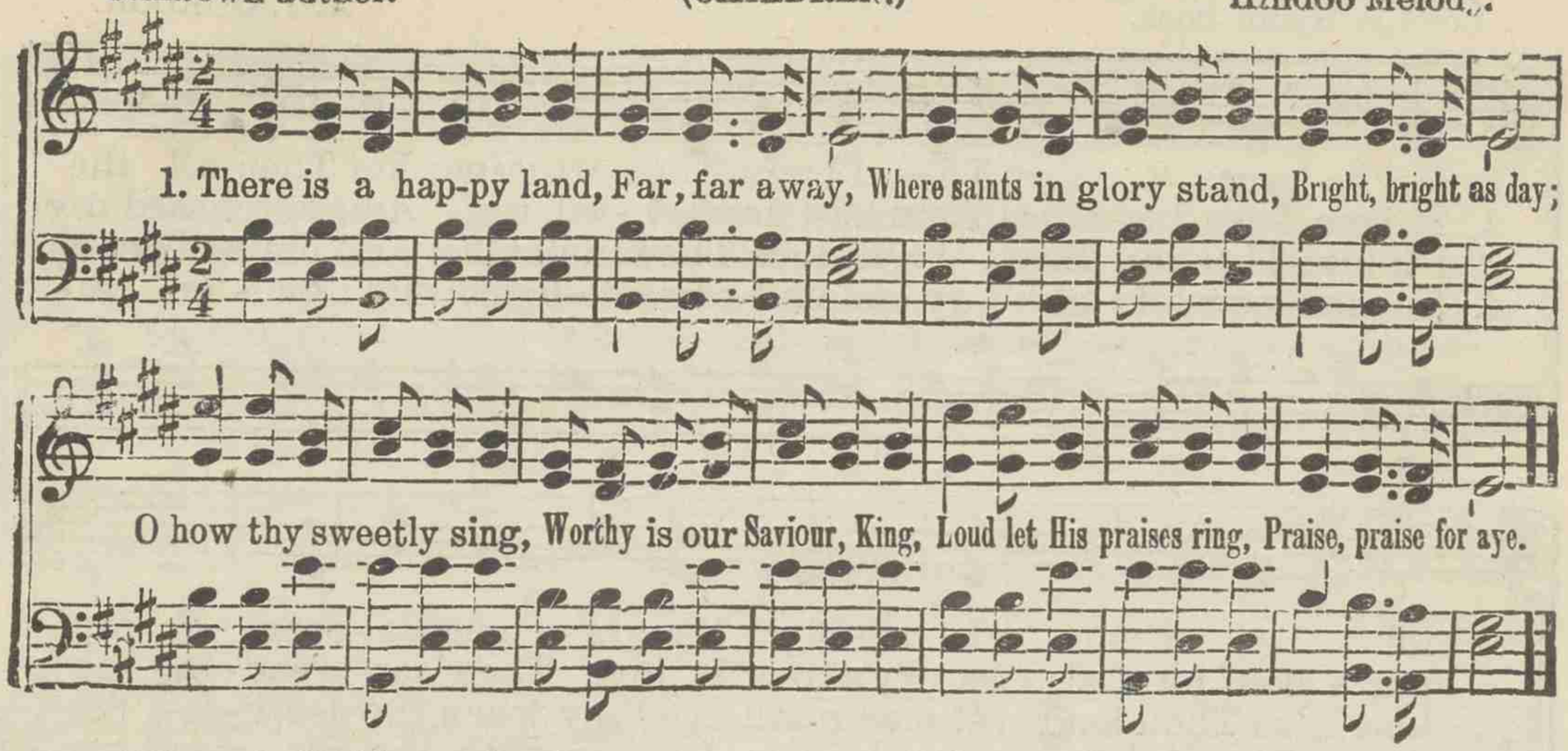


2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work in the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

198. THERE IS A HAPPY LAND.

Unknown author. (CHILDREN.) Hindoo Melody.



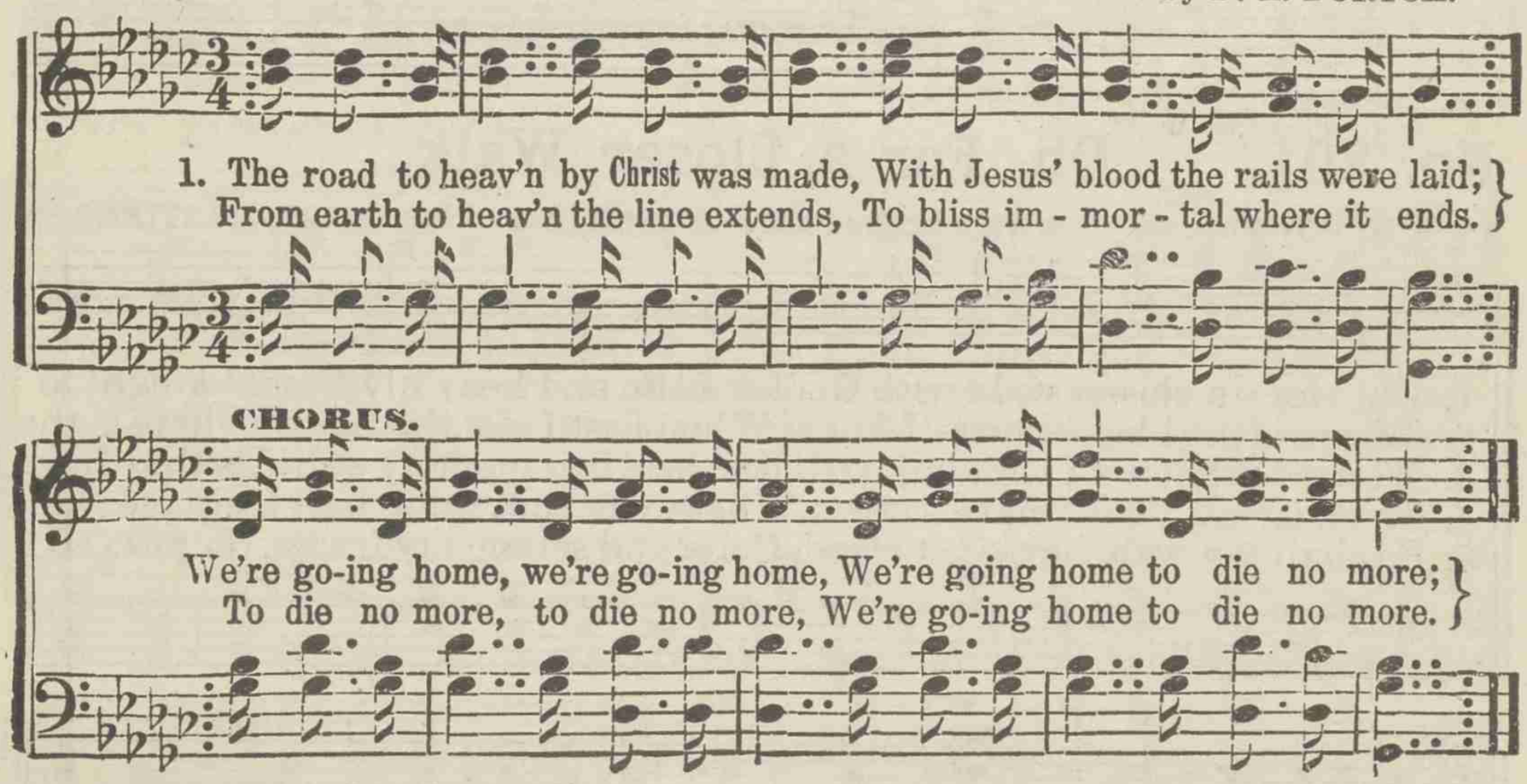
2 Come to that happy land,
Come, come away,
Why will ye doubting stand?
Why still delay?
O we shall happy be
When from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with Thee,
Blest, blest for aye!

3 Bright in that happy land,
Beams ev'ry eye,
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love can not die.
O then to glory run,
Be a crown and kingdom won,
And bright above the sun,
We reign for aye!

4 All heaven in holy ground,
Our souls to bless;
No sin can there be found
Us to oppress.
Jesus will keep us there,
Ever blooming, ever fair;
Come then and glory share
Eternally.

199. THE ROAD TO HEAVEN.

Anon Anon Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.



Copyright, 1905, by D. E. Dortch.

2 Repentance is the station, then,
Where passengers are taken in,
The fare for every one is paid
By Jesus, who atonement made.

3 The Bible is the engineer,
It points the way to heaven so clear;
Through tunnels dark, and dreary here,
It does the way to glory steer.

4 God's love the fire, His truth the steam,
Which drives the engine, pulls the train;
All you who would to glory ride,
Must come to Christ, in Him abide.

5 Come, sinner, enter while you may,
Ere you should pass life's fleeting day;
If you repent and turn from sin
The train will stop and take you in.

6 And then to glory we will go
With all on board as white as snow;
So ring the bell and start the train,
And run it through in Jesus' name.

No. 200. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book. A. J. GORDON.

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the
2. I love Thee be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end - less de-light, I'll ev - er a -

fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the
long as Thou lend - est me breath, And say when the death-dew lies
dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

Sav - iour art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
cold on my brow, "If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now."
crown on my brow, "If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now."

No. 201. Oh, For a Closer Walk.

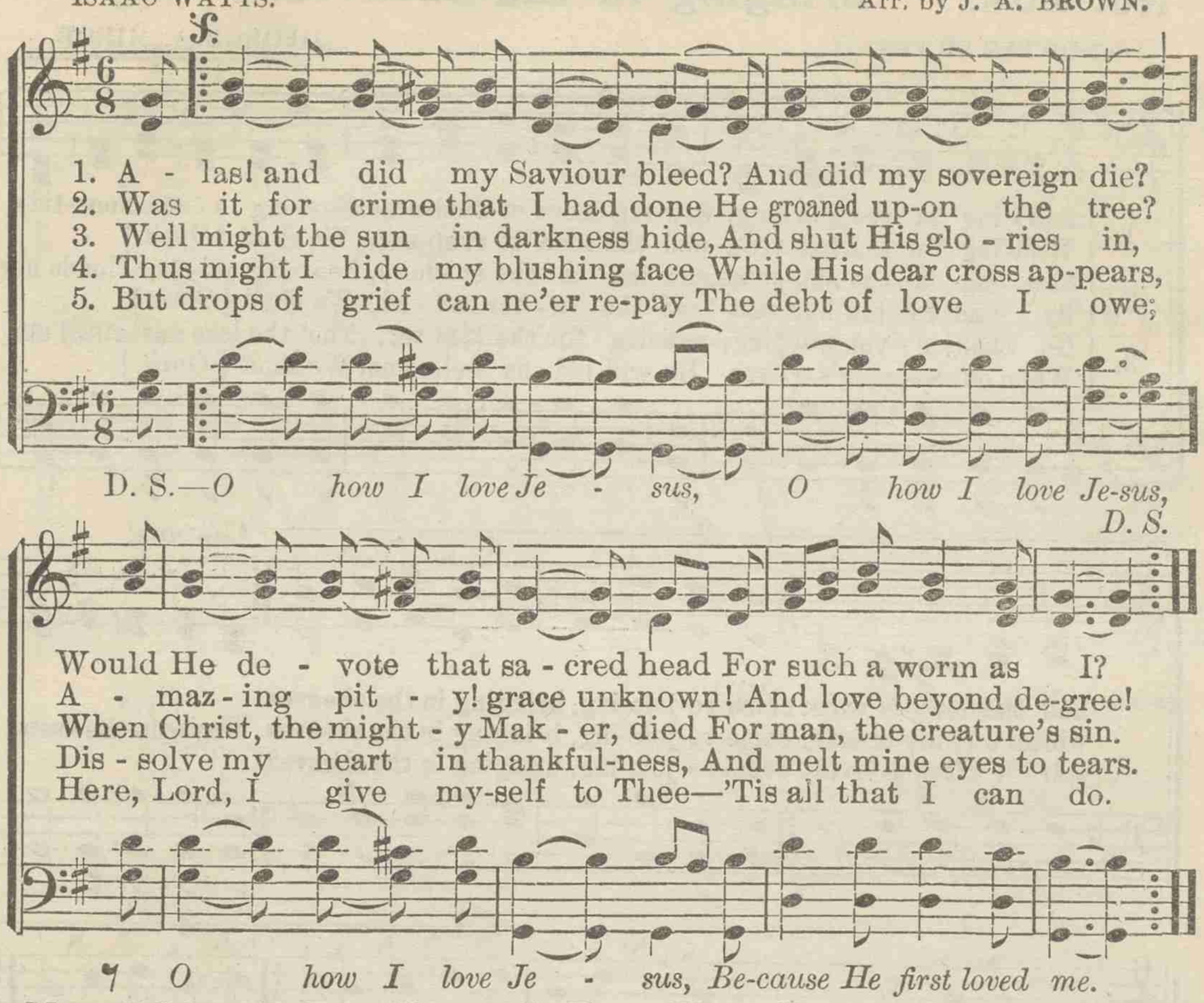
WM. COWPER. "Walk in the Spirit."—GAL. 5: 16. DR. THOS. HASTINGS.

1. Oh, for a clos-er walk with God! A calm and heav'nly frame! A light to
2. Where is the bless-ed-ness I knew When first I saw the Lord? Where is the
3. What peaceful hours I once enjoyed! How sweet their memory still! But they have
4. The dear-est i-dol I have known, What-ev-er that i-dol be, Help me to
5. So shall my walk be close to God, Calm and serene my frame, So pur - er

shine up-on the road That leads me to the Lamb! That leads me to the Lamb!
soul-refreshing view Of Je-sus and His Word? Of Je-sus and His Word?
left an ach-ing void The world can never fill, The world can never fill.
tear it from Thy throne, And worship only Thee, And worship on-ly Thee.
light shall mark the road That leads me to the Lamb, That leads me to the Lamb.

No. 202. O How I Love Jesus.

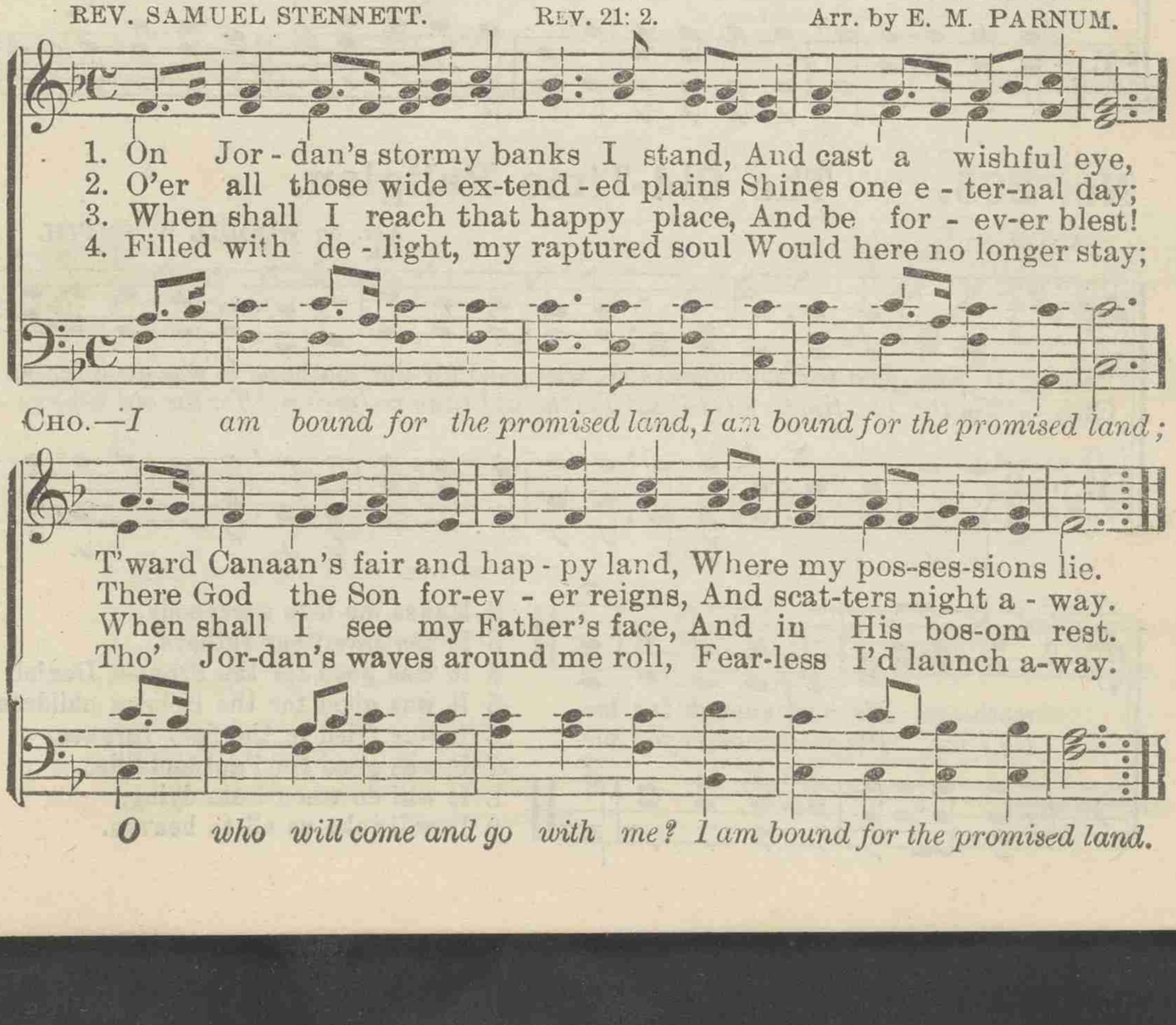
ISAAC WATTS. Arr. by J. A. BROWN.



No. 203. I Am Bound For The Promised Land.

"And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, come down from God out of heaven."—

REV. SAMUEL STENNETT. REV. 21: 2. Arr. by E. M. PARNUM.



No. 204. Bringing In the Sheaves.

KNOWLES SHAW. GEORGE A. MINOR.

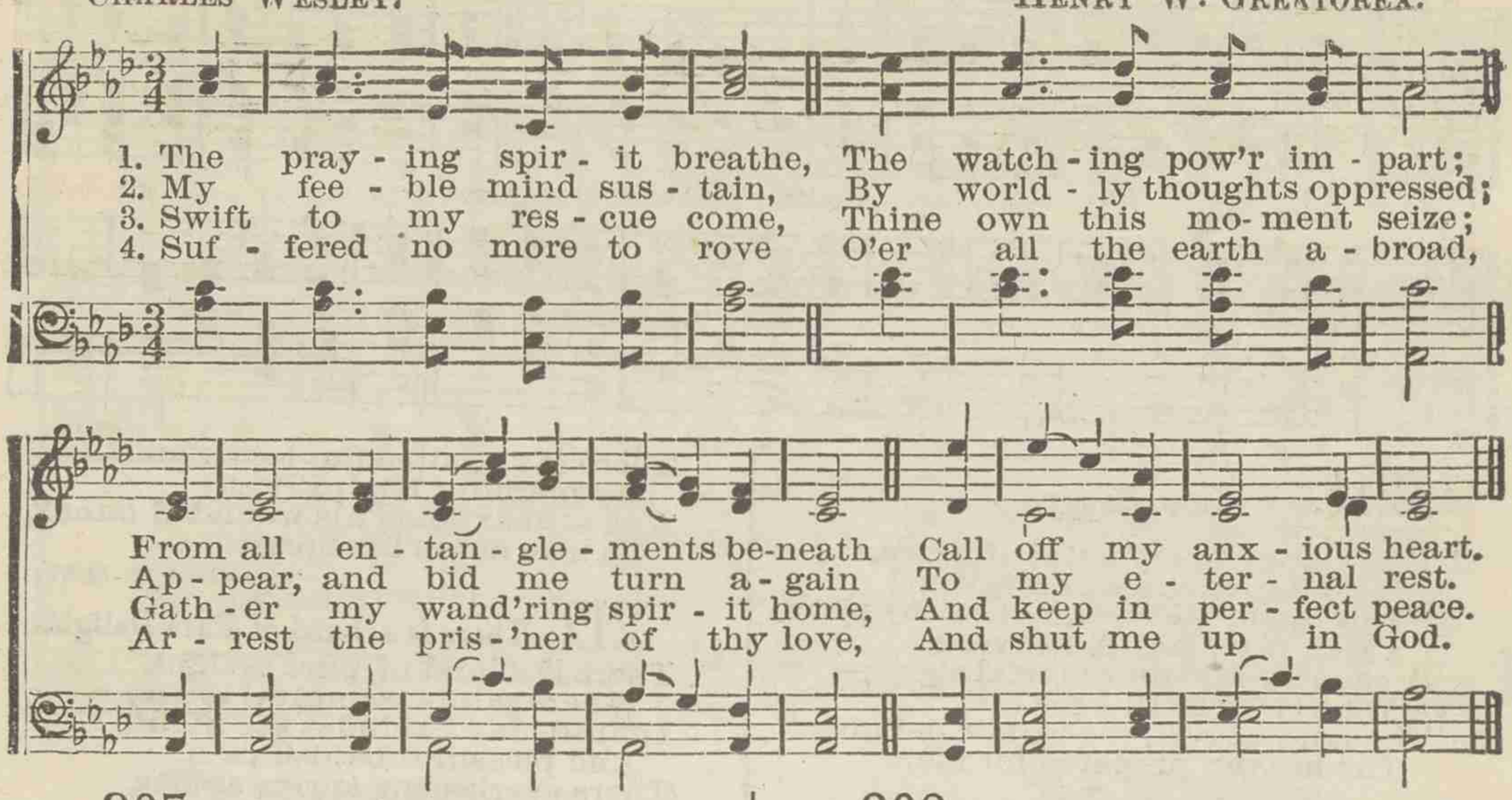


No. 205. The Old-Time Religion.

ANON. Arr. by WOODIE W. SMITH.

206. LEIGHTON. S. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. HENRY W. GREATOREX.



207. Welcome, Sweet Day of Rest.

1 Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day:
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day within the place
Which thou dost, Lord, frequent,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
In sinful pleasures spent.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

ISAAC WATTS.

208. How Gentle God's Commands!

1 How gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

2 Beneath his watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears all nature up
Shall guard his children well.

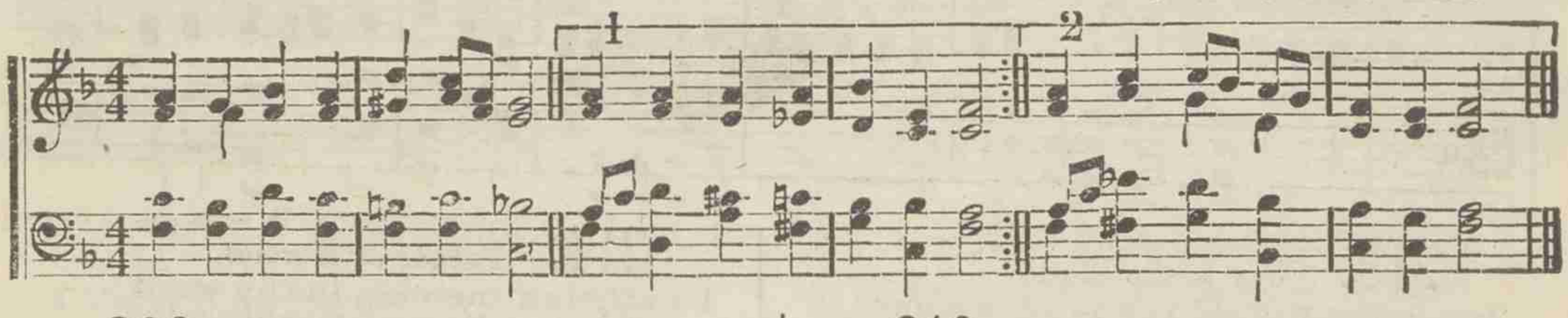
3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day:
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

SEYMOUR. 7s.

C. M. VON WEBER.



209. Softly Now the Light of Day.

1 Softly now the light of day
Fades upon our sight away:
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, we would commune with thee.

2 Thou whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon from us the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

GEORGE W. DOANE.

210. Day by Day the Manna Fell.

1 Day by day the manna fell:
O to learn this lesson well!
Still by constant mercy fed,
Give me, Lord, my daily bread.

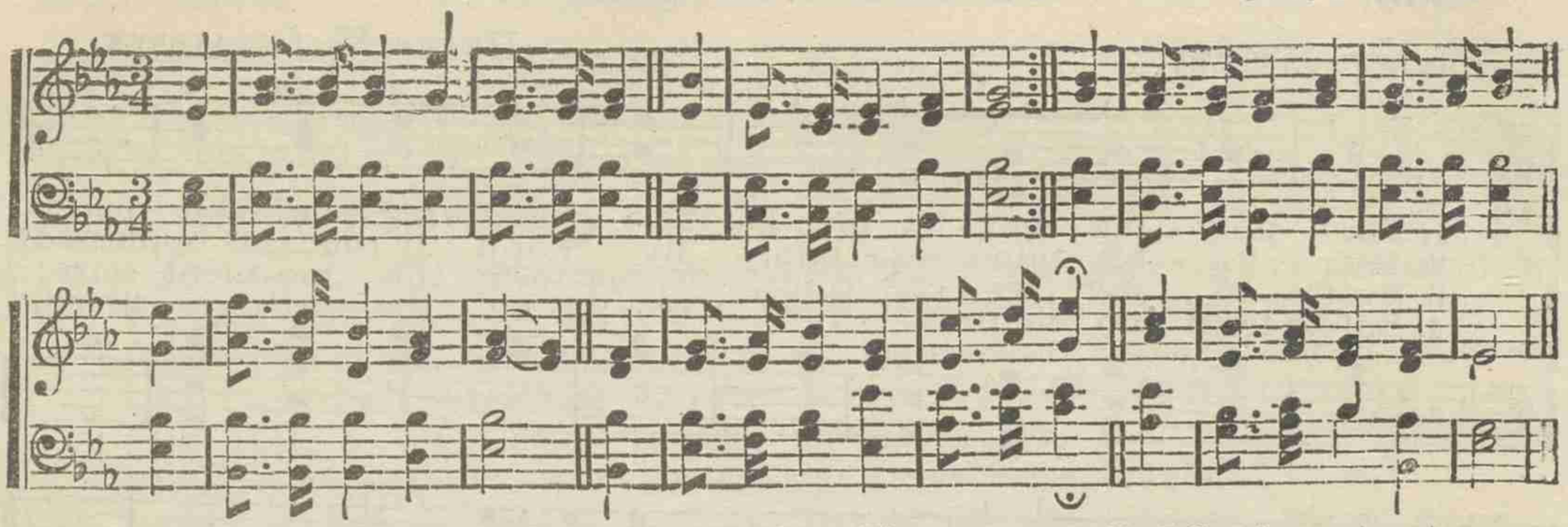
2 Lord! my times are in thy hand:
All my sanguine hopes have planned,
To thy wisdom I resign,
And would make thy purpose mine.

3 Thou my daily task shalt give:
Day by day to thee I live;
So shall added years fulfill,
Not my own, my Father's will.

JOSIAH CONDER.

VARINA. C. M. D.

GEO. F ROOT.



211. How Happy.

1 How happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!
"This earth," he cries, "is not my place,
I seek my place in heaven;
A country far from mortal sight;—
Yet, O! by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me.

2 A stranger in the world below,
I calmly sojourn here;
Nor can its happiness or woe
Provoke my hope or fear:
Its evils in a moment end,
Its joys as soon are past;
But O! the bliss to which I tend
Eternally shall last.

3 To that Jerusalem above
With singing I repair;
While in the flesh, my hope and love,
My heart and soul, are there:
There my exalted Saviour stands,
My merciful High Priest,
And still extends his wounded hands,
To take me to his breast."

CHARLES WESLEY.

212. There is a Land of Pure Delight.

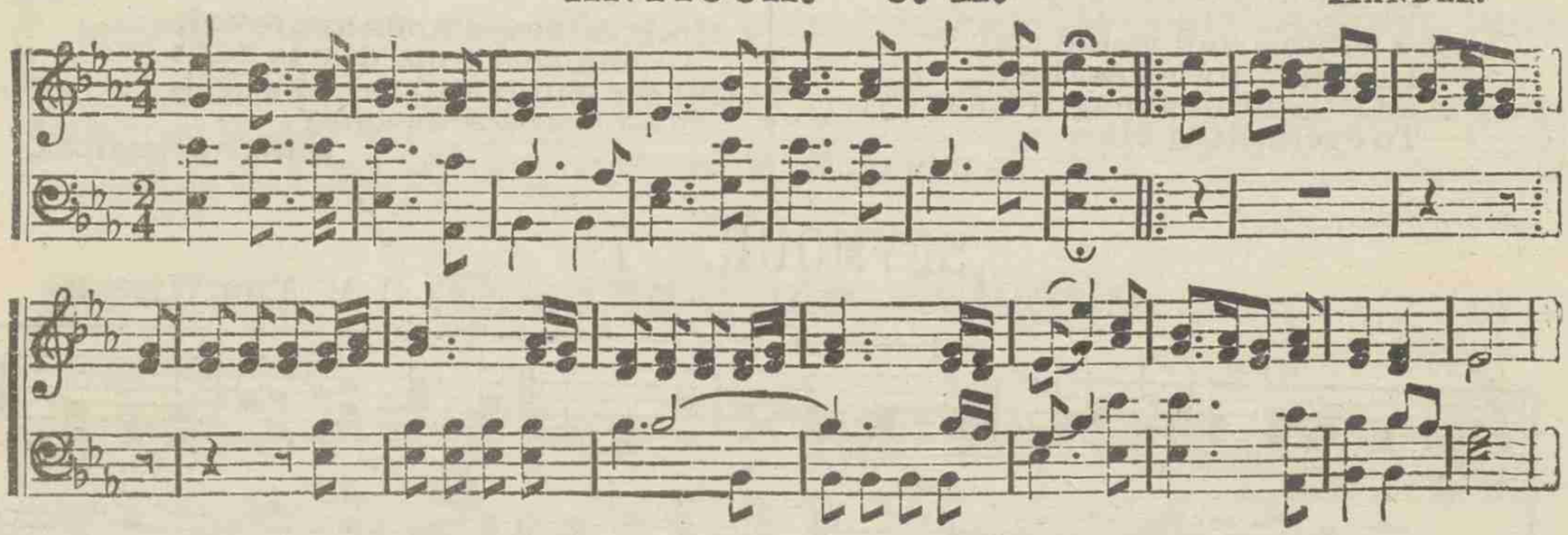
1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er, [flood,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
Should fright us from the shore.

ISAAC WATTS.

ANTIOCH. C. M.

HANDEL.



213. Joy to the World!

1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground,
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

ISAAC WATTS.

214. Father of Mercies.

1 Father of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
Forever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find,
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

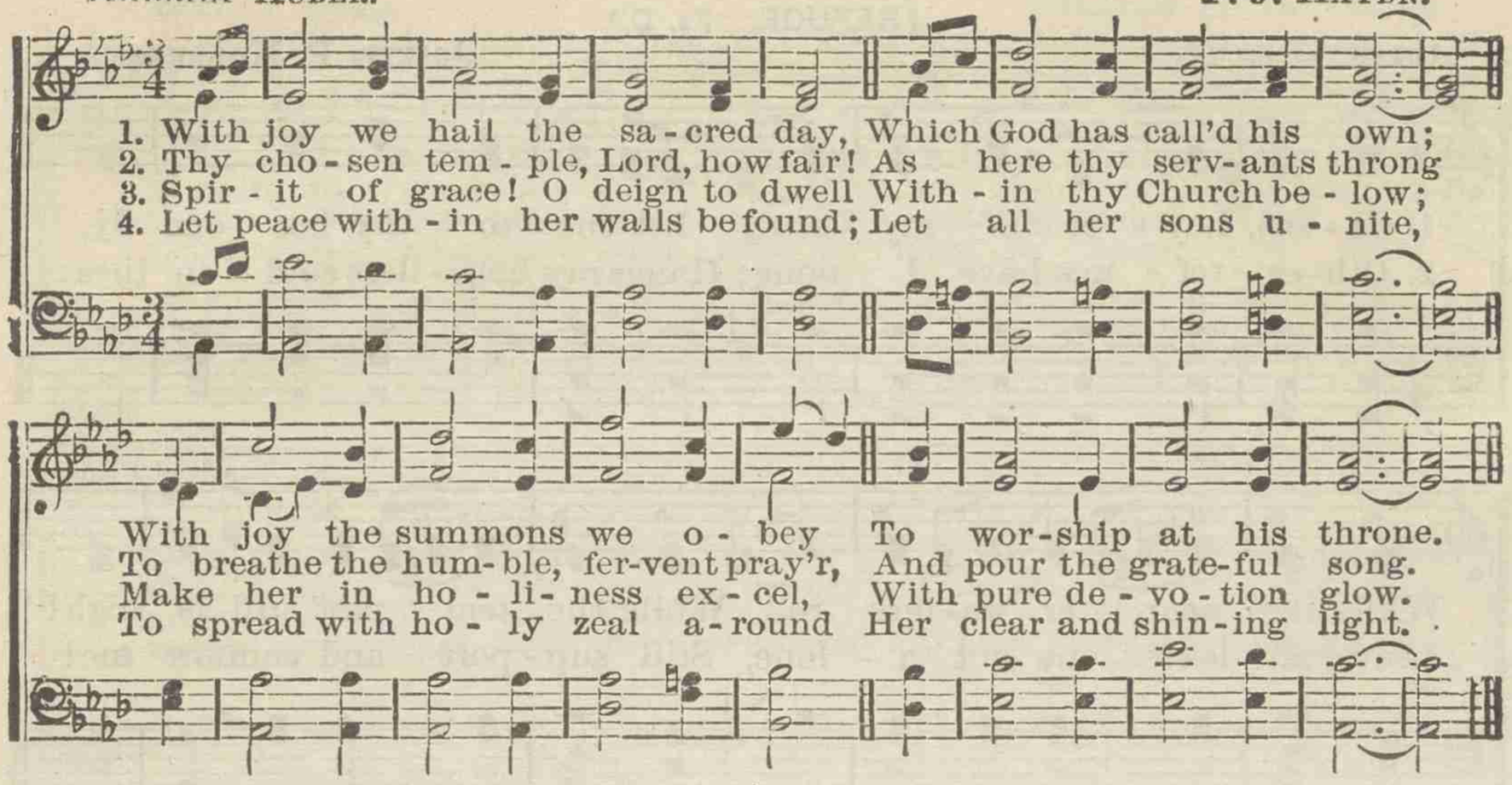
3 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light!

4 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

ANNE STEELE.

215. MANOAH. C. M.

HARRIET AUBER. F. J. HAYDN.



216. There is No Sorrow.

1 There is no sorrow, Lord, too light
To bring in prayer to thee:
There is no anxious care too slight
To wake thy sympathy.

2 Thou who hast trod the thorny road
Wilt share each small distress;
The love which bore the greater load
Will not refuse the less.

3 There is no secret sigh we breathe
But meets thine ear divine;
And every cross grows light beneath
The shadow, Lord, of thine.

4 Life's ills without, sin's strife within,
The heart would overflow,
But for that love which died for sin,
That love which wept with woe.

JANE CREWDSON.

217. Thou Art the Way.

1 Thou art the Way: to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

2 Thou art the Truth: thy Word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

GEORGE W. DOANE.

ST. AGNES. C. M.

JOHN B. DYKES.



218. There is An Eye.

1 There is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the shades of night;
There is an ear that never shuts,
When sink the beams of light.

2 There is an arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.

3 But there's a power which man can wield,
When mortal aid is vain,
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That list'ning ear to gain.

4 That power is prayer, which soars on high,
Through Jesus, to the throne,
And moves the hand which moves the world,
To bring salvation down.

JOHN AIKMAN WALLACE.

219. Jesus, the Very Thought.

1 Jesus, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than thy blest name
O Saviour of mankind!

3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who ask, how kind thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his loved ones know.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.
TR. BY EDWARD CASWALL.

220. JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

(REFUGE. 7s. D.)

CHAS. WESLEY. JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.

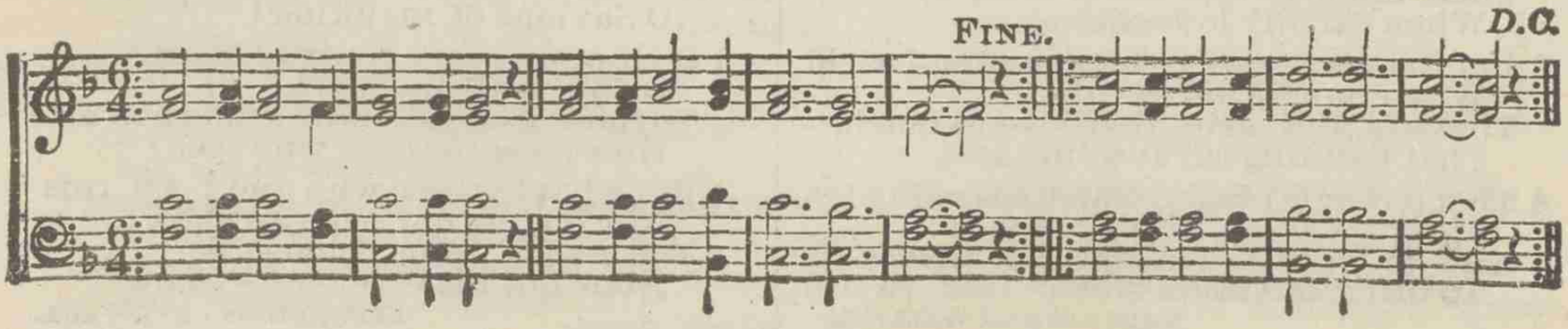


3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness:
False, and full of sin, I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

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

221. MARTYN. 7s. D.

S. B. MARSH.



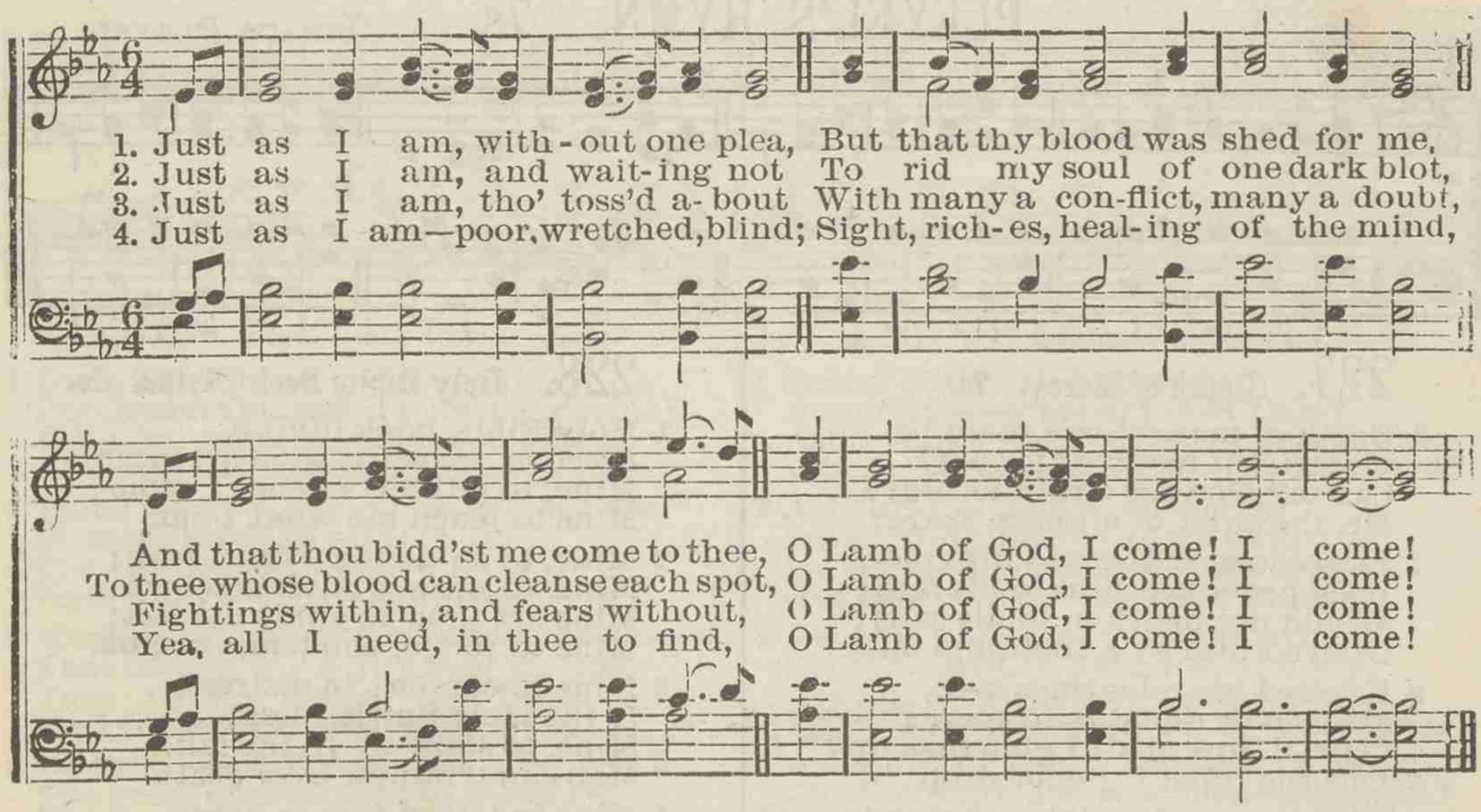
222. EVENTIDE. 10s.

HENRY F. LYTE. WILLIAM HENRY MONK.



223. JUST AS I AM

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. (WOODWORTH. L. M.) WM. B. BRADBURY.

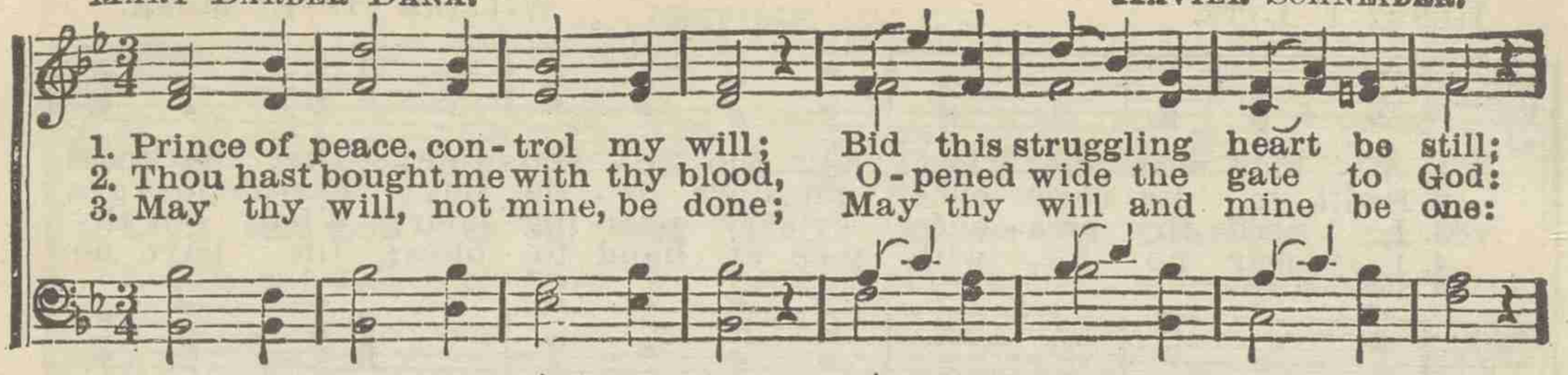


5 Just as I am thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Hath broken ev'ry barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

224. HORTON. 7s.

MARY BARBER DANA. XAVIER SCHNEIDER.





225. Holy Ghost, with Light. 7s.

1 Holy Ghost, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn my darkness into day.

2 Holy Ghost, with power 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 every idol-throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

ANDREW REED.

226. Lord, We Come. 7s.

1 Lord, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O! do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

4 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a gracious God, and kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

WM. HAMMOND.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

IGNACE PLEYEL.



227. Depth of Mercy. 7s.

1 Depth of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2 I have long withstood his grace,
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Kindled his relentings are;
Me he now delights to spare;
Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

4 There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands;
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps and loves me still.

CHARLES WESLEY.

228. Holy Bible, Book Divine. 7s.

1 Holy Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine;
Mine, to tell me whence I came;
Mine to teach me what I am.

2 Mine, to chide me when I rove;
Mine, to show a Saviour's love;
Mine art thou to guide my feet;
Mine to judge, condemn, acquit.

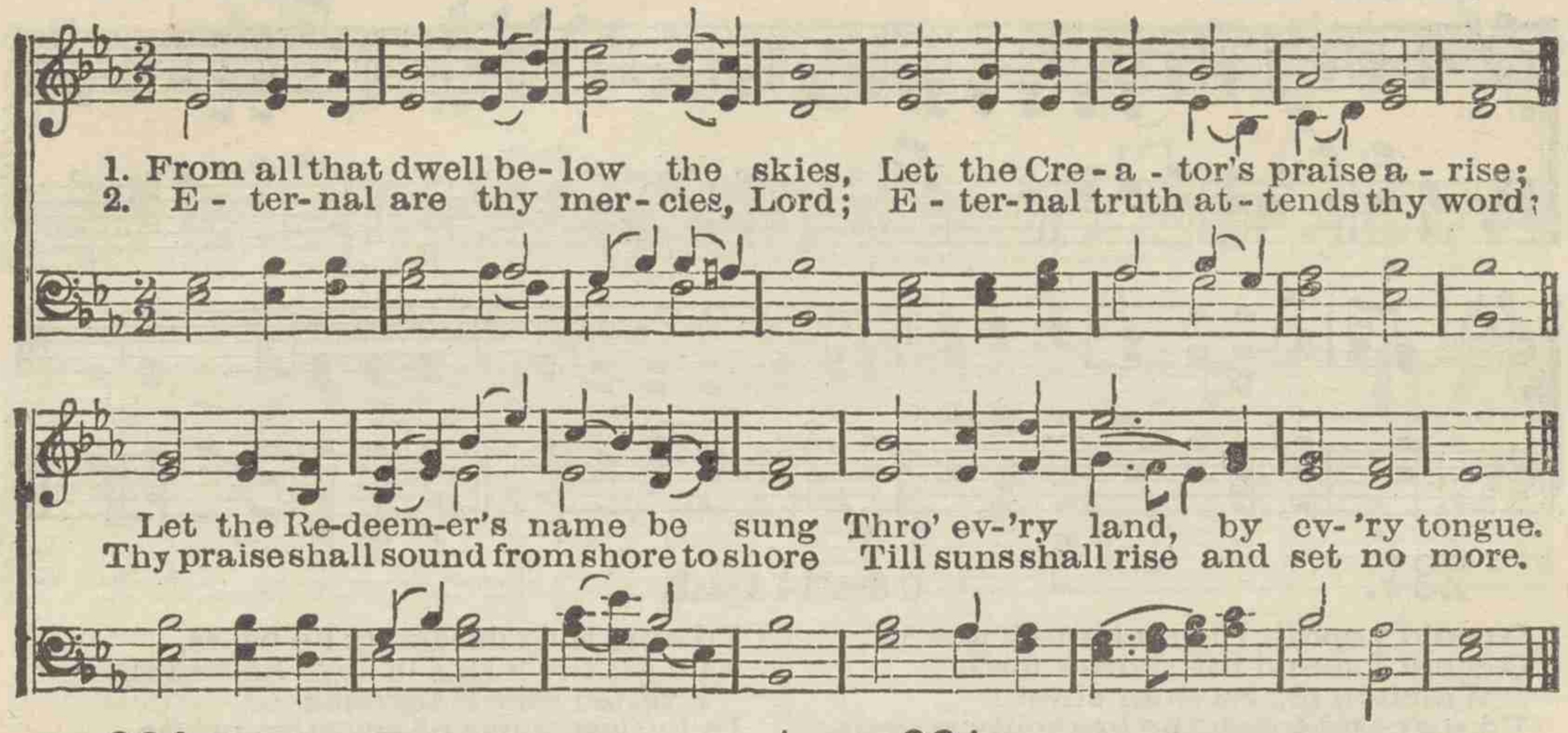
3 Mine to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine, to show by living faith
Man can triumph over death.

4 Mine to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom;
O thou holy book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine.

JOHN BURTON, [illegible]

229. DUKE ST. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. JOHN HATTON.



230. Jesus Shall Reign. L. M.

1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 From north to south the princes meet
To pay their homage at his feet;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.

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.

ISAAC WATTS.

231. Glorying in the Cross. L. M.

1 When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

ISAAC WATTS.

HAMBURG. L. M.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



232. Lord, I Am Thine. L. M.

1 Lord, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent thine would I be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.

2 Thine would I live, thine would I die,
Be thine through all eternity;
The vow is past, beyond repeal,
Now will I set the solemn seal.

3 Here, at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee my new Master now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.

4 Do thou assist a feeble worm
The great engagement to perform;
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend.

SAMUEL DAVIES.

233. Not Ashamed of Jesus. L. M.

1 Jesus! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star:
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

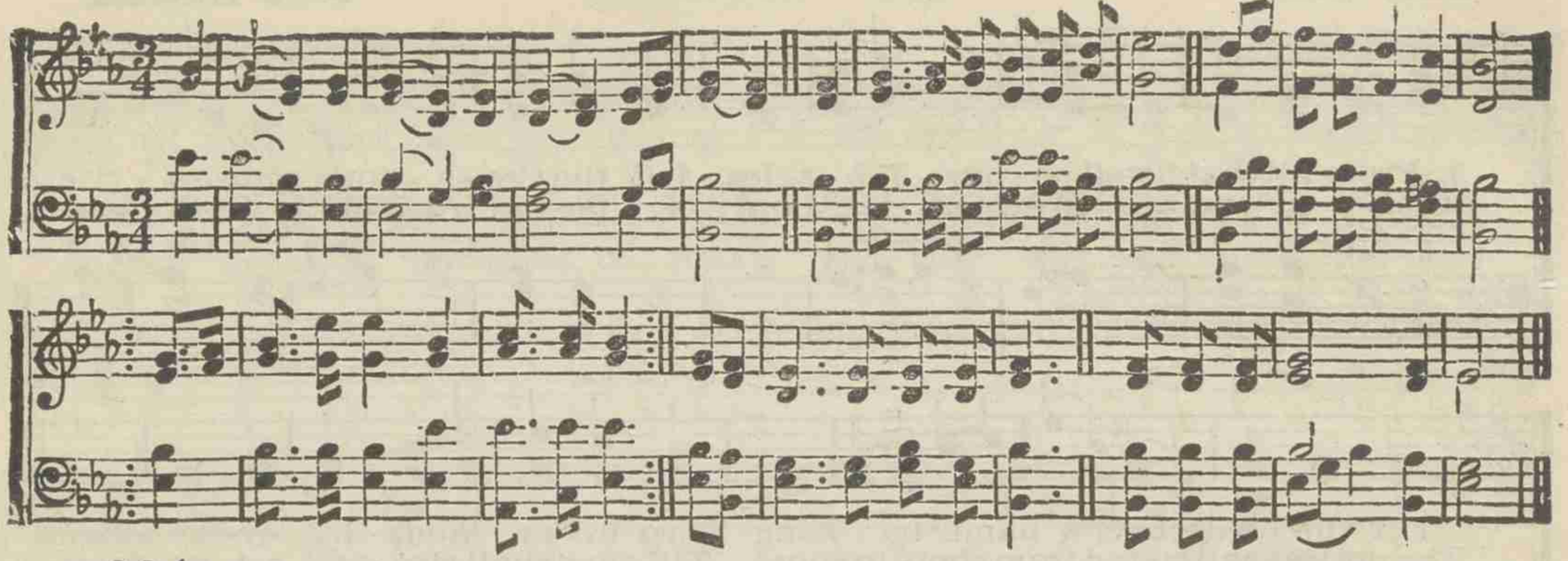
3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No: when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

JOSEPH GRIGG.

ARIEL. C. P. M.

LOWELL MASON.



234. O Could I Speak.

1 O could I speak the matchless worth,
O could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine!
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings
In notes almost divine.

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

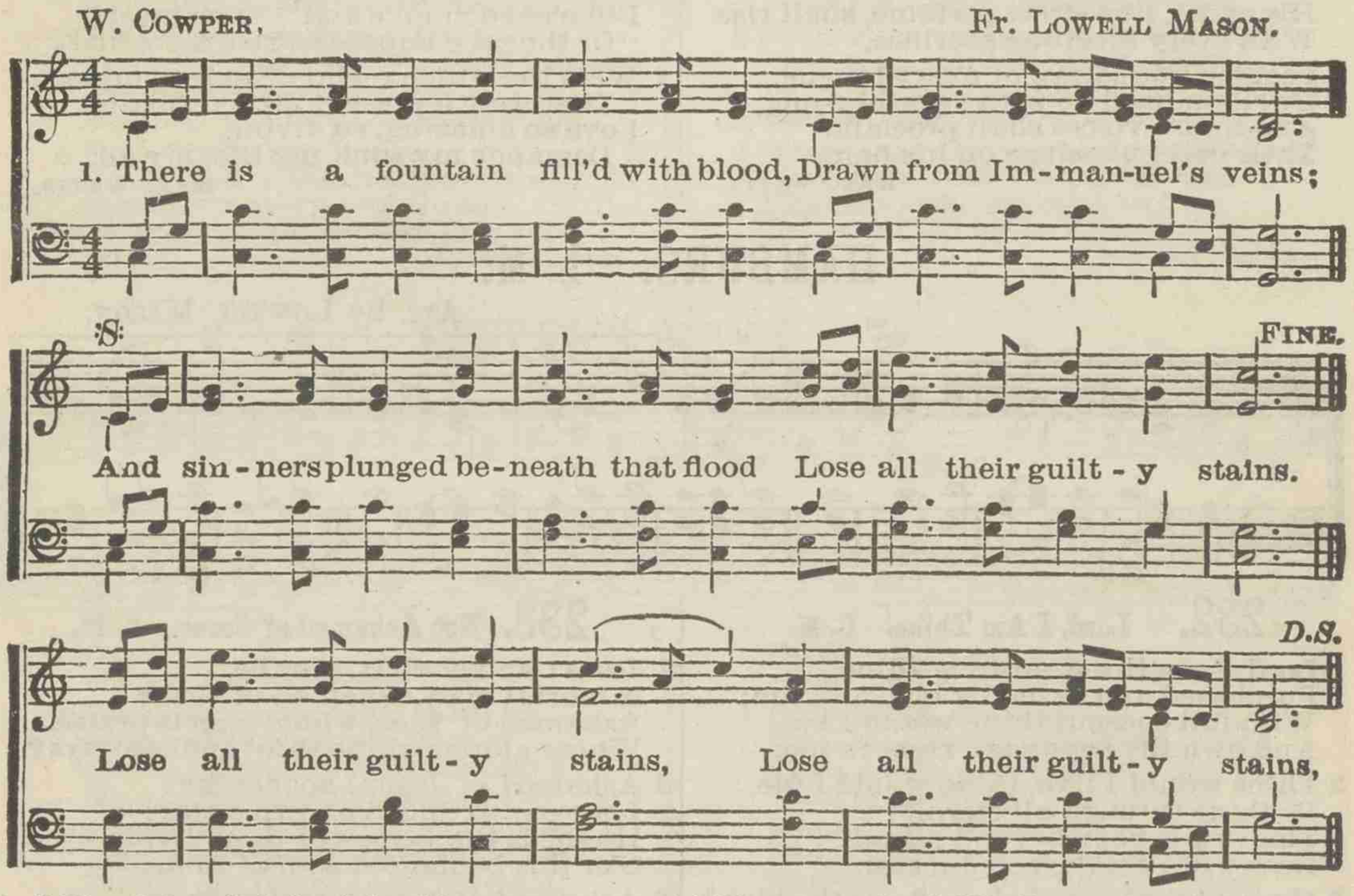
3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

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

SAMUEL MEDLEY.

235. THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

W. COWPER. Fr. LOWELL MASON.



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

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power
Till all the 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, stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

ZERAH. C. M.

Dr. L. Mason.



236. The Prince of Peace. C. M.

1 To us a Child of hope is born;
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heav'n.

2 His name shall be the Prince of peace,
For evermore adored;
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The great and mighty Lord.

3 His power, increasing, still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

4 To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The mighty Lord of heaven.

JOHN MORRISON.

237. Awake, my Soul. C. M.

1 Awake, my soul! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on:
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey:
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with vict'ry, at thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

238. Come, Let us Join. C. M.

1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne:
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus:
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
For he was slain for us.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

4 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

ISAAC WATTS.

239. I'M GOING HOME.

Wm. Hunter. D.D. Arr. by Rev. W. McDonald.



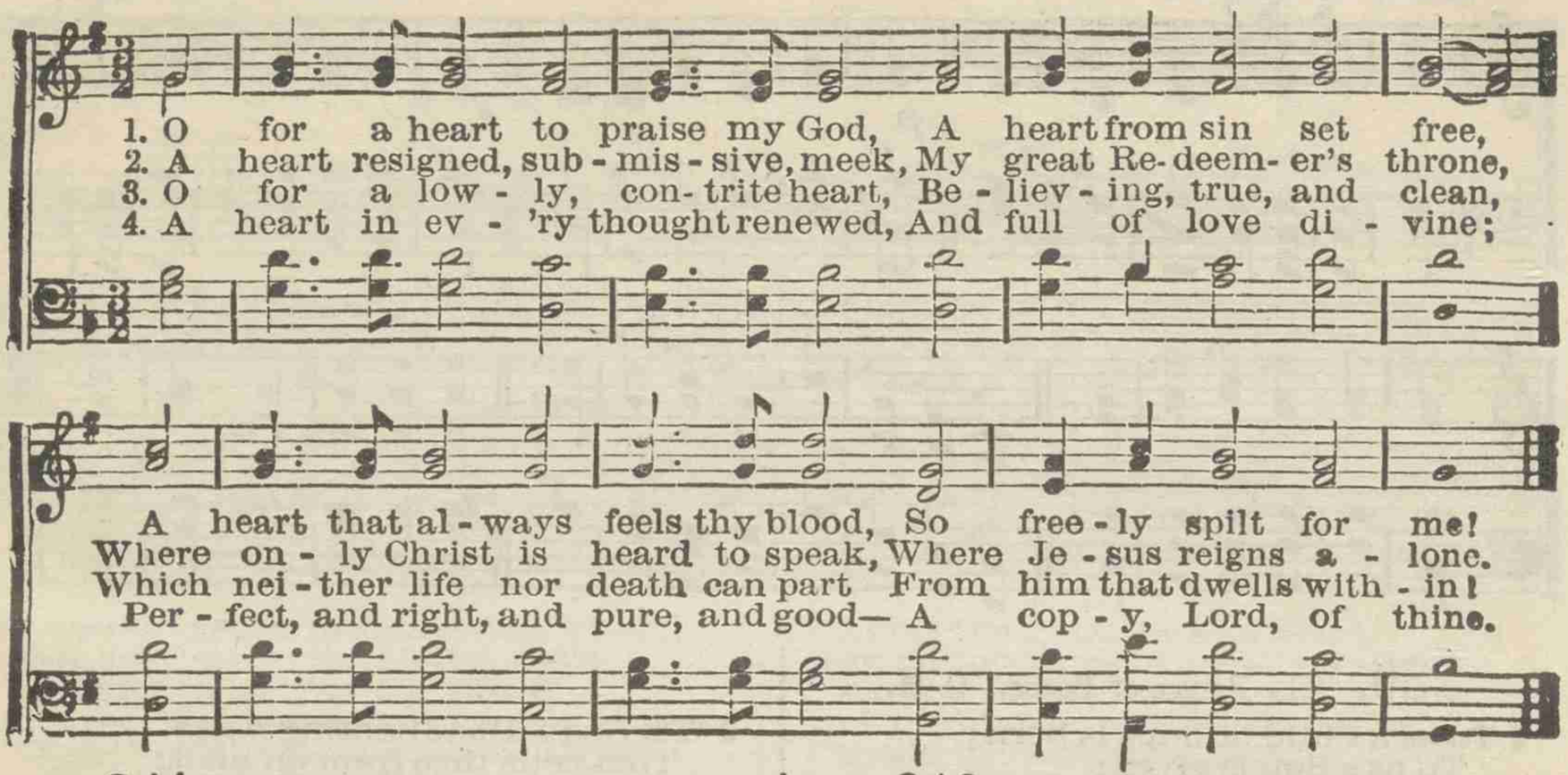
2 My Father's house is built on high:
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

3 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow,
Be mine a happier lot, to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

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

240. ARLINGTON. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. THOMAS A. ARNE.



241. O for a Faith. C. M.

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

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

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

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

WILLIAM HILEY BATHURST.

242. Am I a Soldier. C. M.

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

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

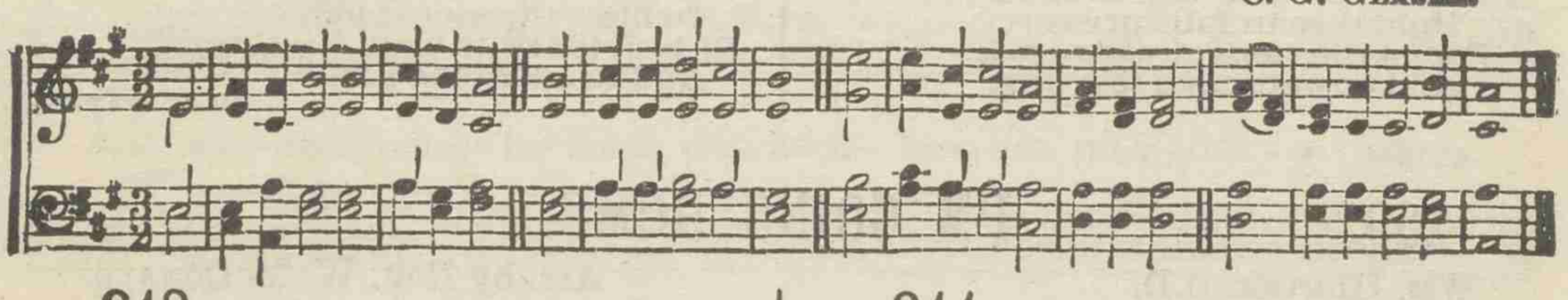
3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord:
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

ISAAC WATTS.

AZMON. C. M.

C. G. GLASER.



243. Forever Here My Rest. C. M.

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

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

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

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

CHARLES WESLEY.

244. The Dearest Name. C. M.

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

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

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

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

JOHN NEWTON.

245. CORONATION. C. M.

M. PERRONET. OLIVER HOLDEN.





246. O for a Thousand Tongues.

1 O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy Name.

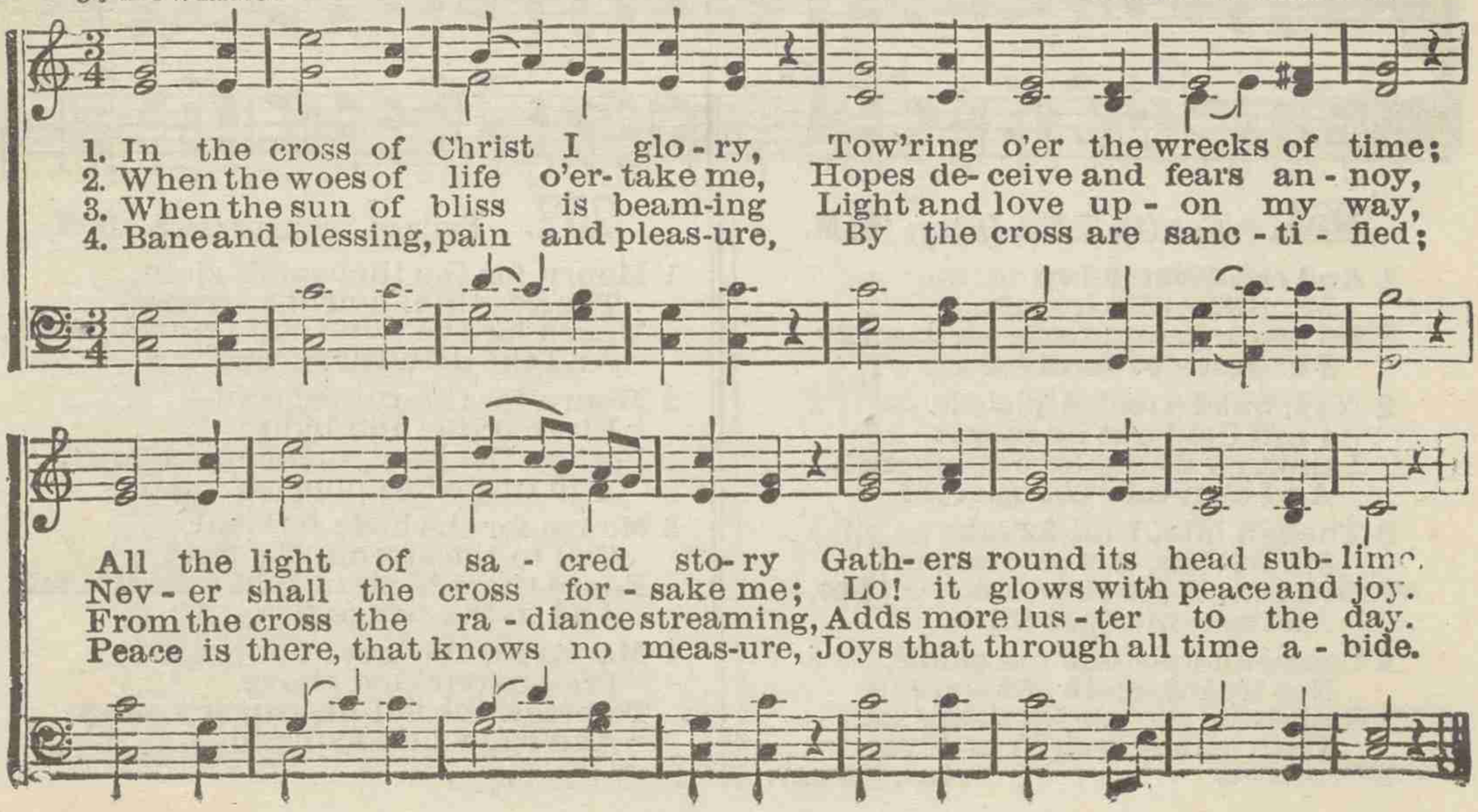
3 Jesus! the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

CHARLES WESLEY.

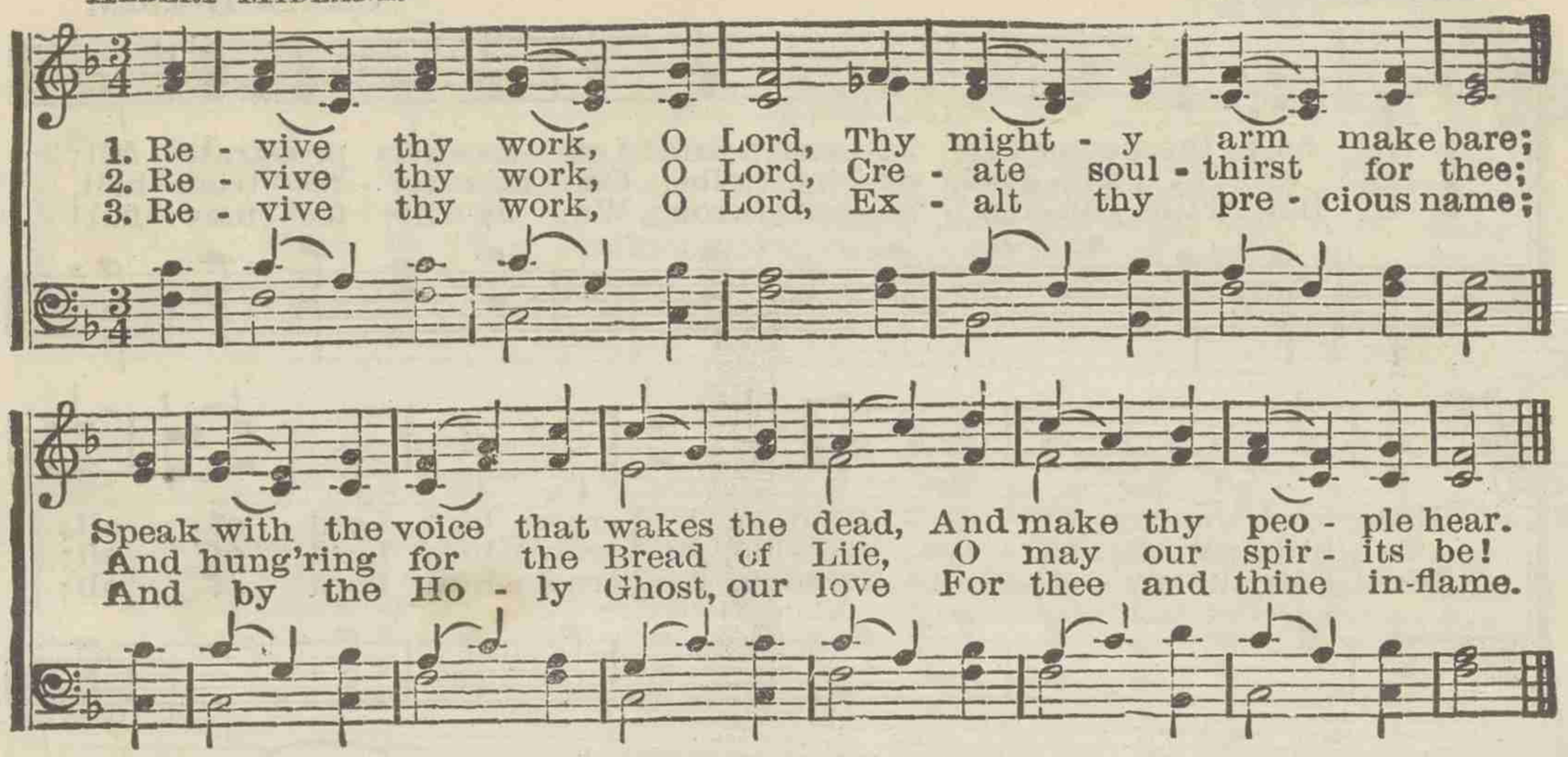
247. RATHBUN. 8s, 7s.

J. BOWRING. ITHAMAR CONKEY.



248. DENNIS. S. M.

ALBERT MIDLANE. H. G. NÄGELI.



249. Blest Be the Tie. S. M.

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

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

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

JOHN FAWCETT.

250. A Charge to Keep. S. M.

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

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

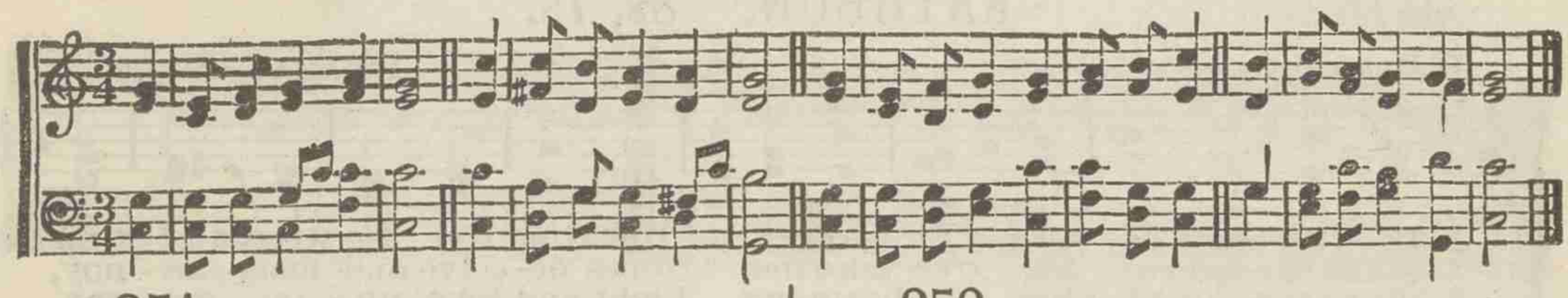
3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give!

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

CHAS. WESLEY.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



251. And Can I Yet Delay. S. M.

1 And can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away
For Jesus to receive?

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield!
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee conqueror!

3 Though late, I all forsake;
My friends, my all resign:
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine.

4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove:
Settle and fix my wav'ring soul
With all thy weight of love.

CHAS. WESLEY.

252. Evils of Intemperance. S. M.

1 Mourn for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine cup's fearful reign,
And the deluded throng.

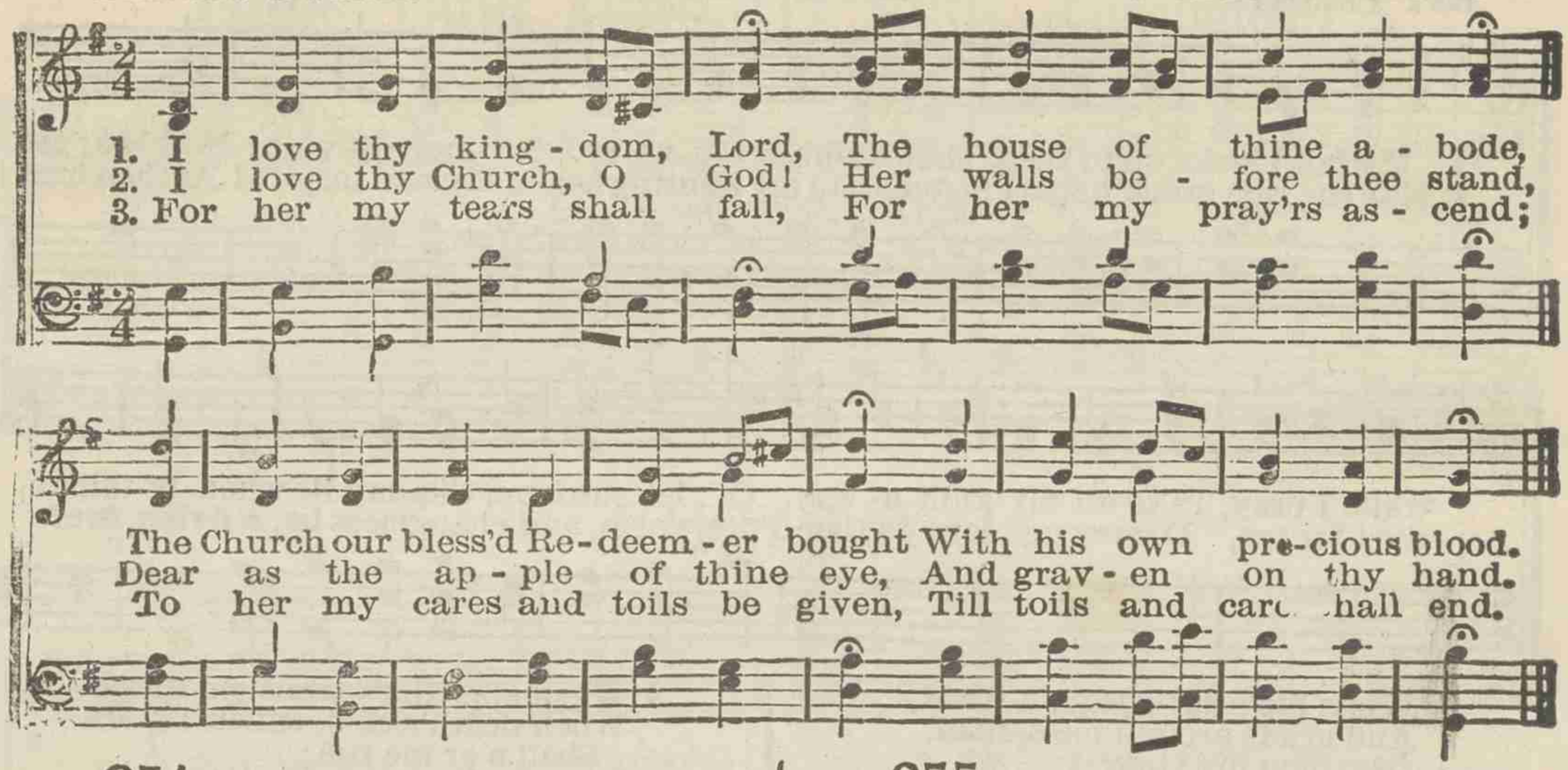
2 Mourn for the ruined soul—
Eternal life and light
Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
And turned to hopeless night.

3 Mourn for the lost; but call,
Call to the strong, the free;
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
And to the refuge flee.

4 Mourn for the lost; but pray,
Pray to our God above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show his saving love.

253. ST. THOMAS. S. M.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT. GEORGE F. HANDEL.



254. Lord God, the Holy Ghost.

1 Lord God, the Holy Ghost!
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all thy power.

2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

3 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind;
One soul, one feeling, breathe.

4 The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray, and praise, and love.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

255. Grace!

1 Grace! 'tis a charming sound!
Harmonious to my ear!
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my wand'ring feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

P. DODDRIDGE.

LABAN. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



256. Spirit of Faith.

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

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

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

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

CHARLES WESLEY.

257. My Soul, Be on Thy Guard.

1 My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise,
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er,
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

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

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

GEORGE HEATH.

258. MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

RAY PALMER. (OLIVET. 6s, 4s.) LOWELL MASON.

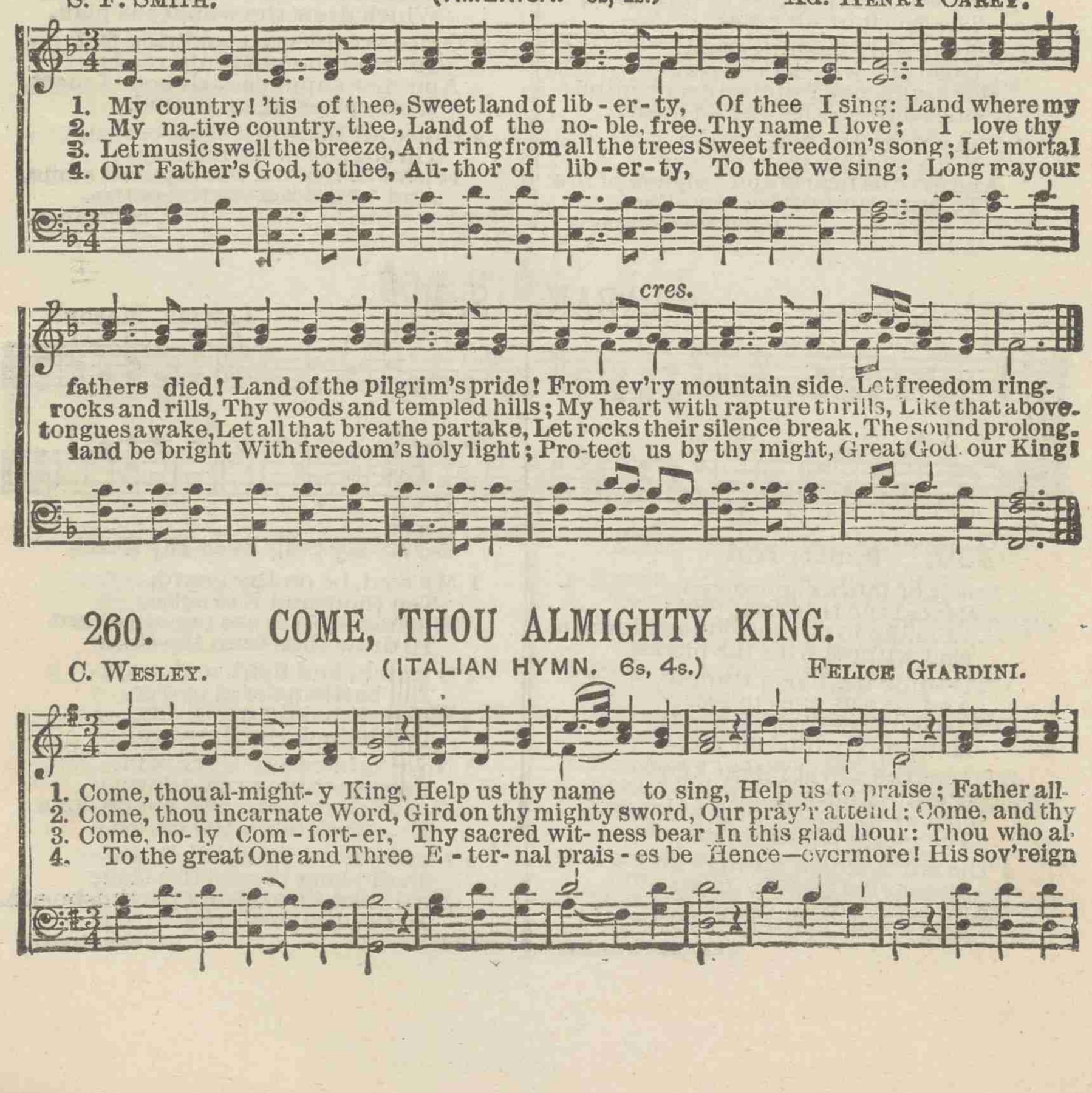


3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

259. MY COUNTRY! 'TIS OF THEE.

S. F. SMITH. (AMERICA. 6s, 4s.) Ad. HENRY CAREY.



260. COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING.

C. WESLEY. (ITALIAN HYMN. 6s, 4s.) FELICE GIARDINI.

COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING. (Concluded.)



261. HAPPY DAY.

P. DODDRIDGE. E. F. RIMBAULT.



2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sa ed shrine I move.

3 'Tis done: the 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.

262. REVIVE US AGAIN.

WM. P. MACKAY. J. J. HUSBAND.



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

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

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

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

NETTLETON. 8s, 7s. D.

JOHN WYETH.



263. Come, Thou Fount.

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

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

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

R. ROBINSON.

264.

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

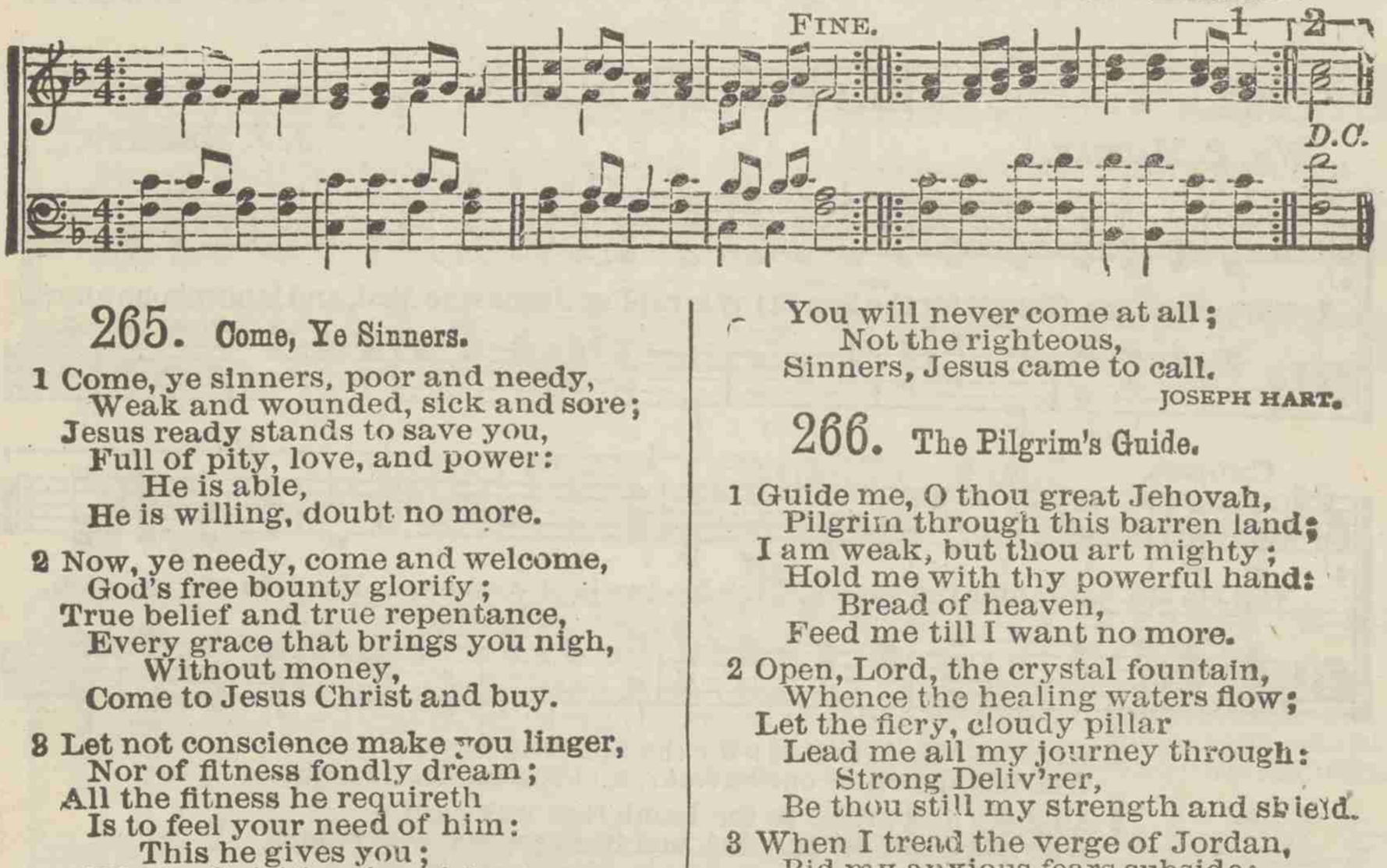
2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

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

JOSEPH SCRIVEN.

GREENVILLE. 8s, 7s. D.

J. T. ROSSEAU.



265. Come, Ye Sinners.

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

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

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

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

JOSEPH HART.

266. The Pilgrim's Guide.

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

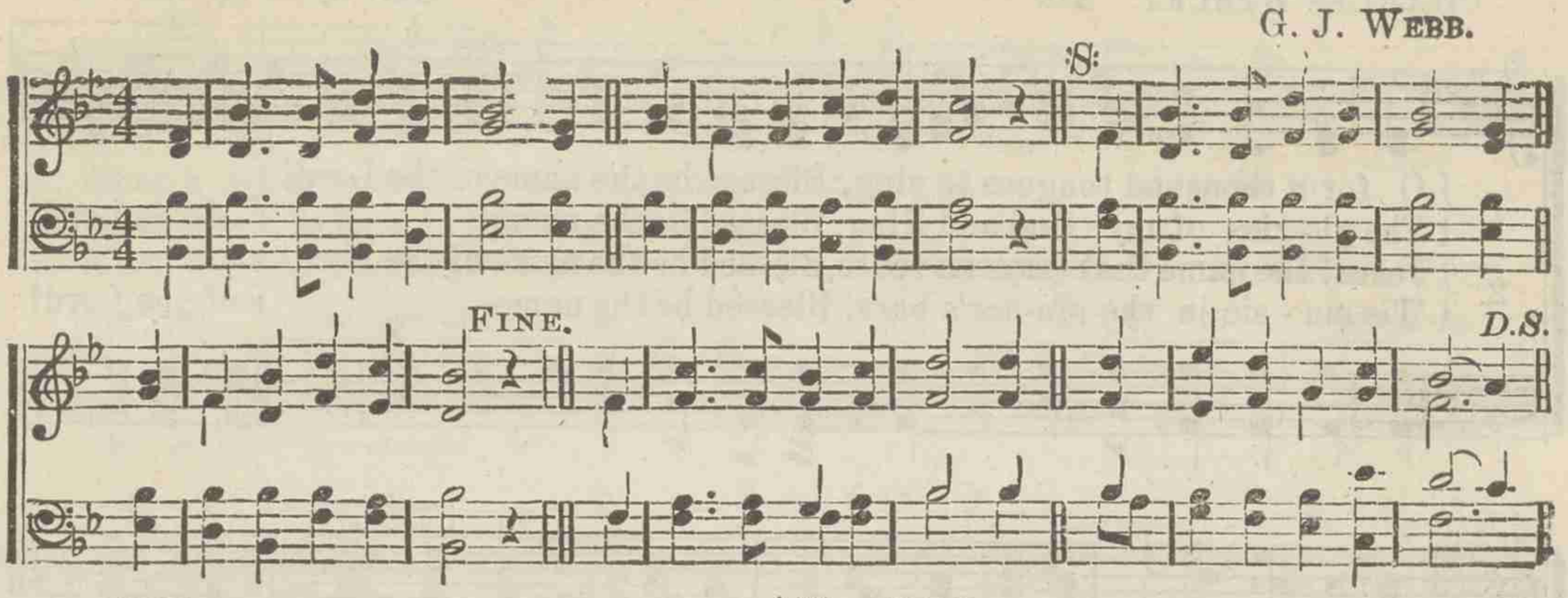
2 Open, Lord, the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliv'rer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

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

WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

WEBB. 7s, 6s. D.

G. J. WEBB.



267. Stand Up for Jesus!

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

2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there.

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

GEORGE DUFFIELD, JR.

No. 268. The Morning Light.

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

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

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

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

269. SUN OF MY SOUL.

(HURSLEY. L. M.)

JOHN KEBLE. Fr. PETER RITTER.

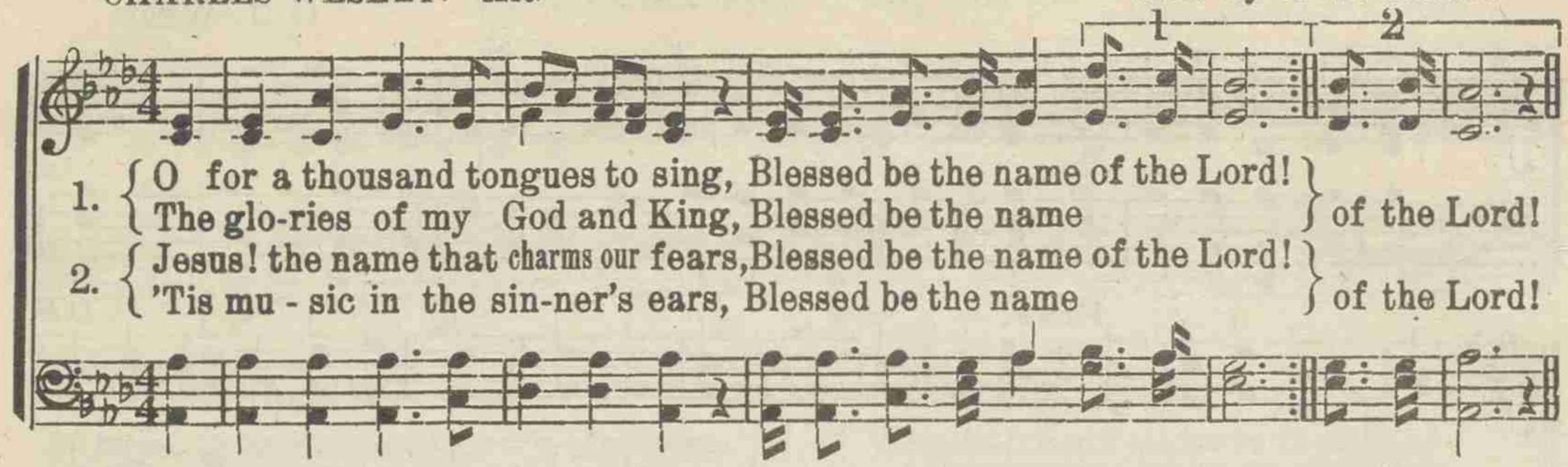


3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

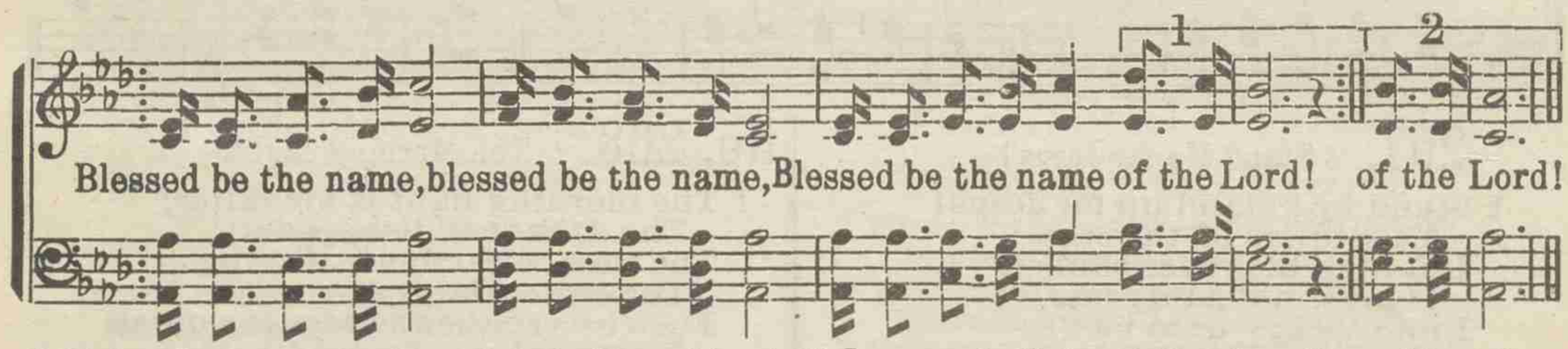
4 If some poor wand'ring child of thine
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

No. 270. Blessed Be the Name.

CHARLES WESLEY. Alt. Har. by J. M. HUNT.



1. { O for a thousand tongues to sing, Blessed be the name of the Lord!
   { The glo-ries of my God and King, Blessed be the name } of the Lord!
2. { Jesus! the name that charms our fears, Blessed be the name of the Lord!
   { 'Tis mu - sic in the sin-ner's ears, Blessed be the name } of the Lord!



Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord! of the Lord!

3 He breaks the pow'r of canceled sin, Blessed be, etc.
His blood can make the foulest clean, Blessed be, etc.

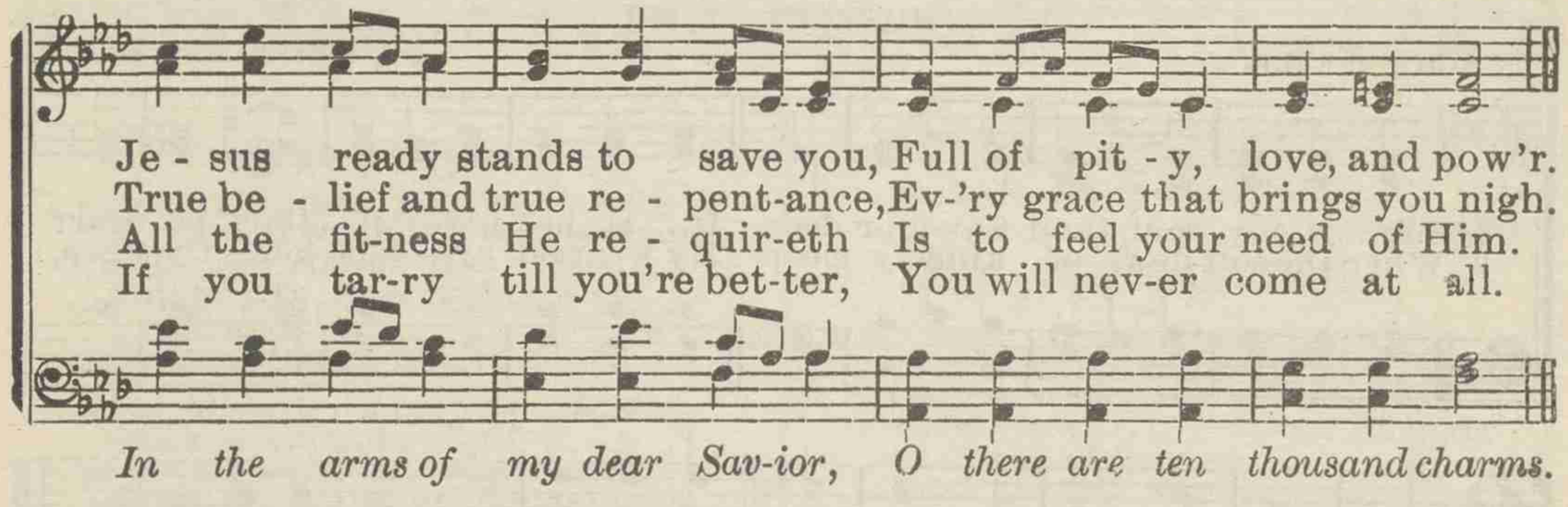
4 I never shall forget that day, Blessed be, etc.
When Jesus washed my sins away, Blessed be, etc.

No. 271. I Will Arise.



1. Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
2. Now, ye need-y, come there's welcome; God's free bounty glo - ri - fy;
3. Let not conscience make you lin-ger, Nor of fit-ness fond-ly dream;
4. Come, ye wea-ry, heav-y lad - en, Bruised and mangled by the fall;

CHO.—*I will a-raise and go to Je - sus, He will embrace me in His arms;*

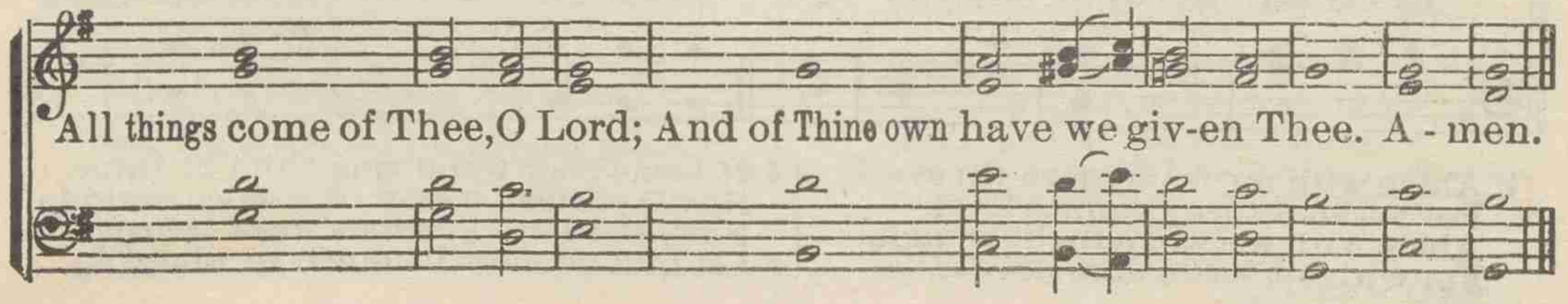


Je - sus ready stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love, and pow'r.
True be - lief and true re - pent-ance, Ev-'ry grace that brings you nigh.
All the fit-ness He re - quir-eth Is to feel your need of Him.
If you tar-ry till you're bet-ter, You will nev-er come at all.

In the arms of my dear Sav-ior, O there are ten thousand charms.

No. 272. Presentation of Offering.

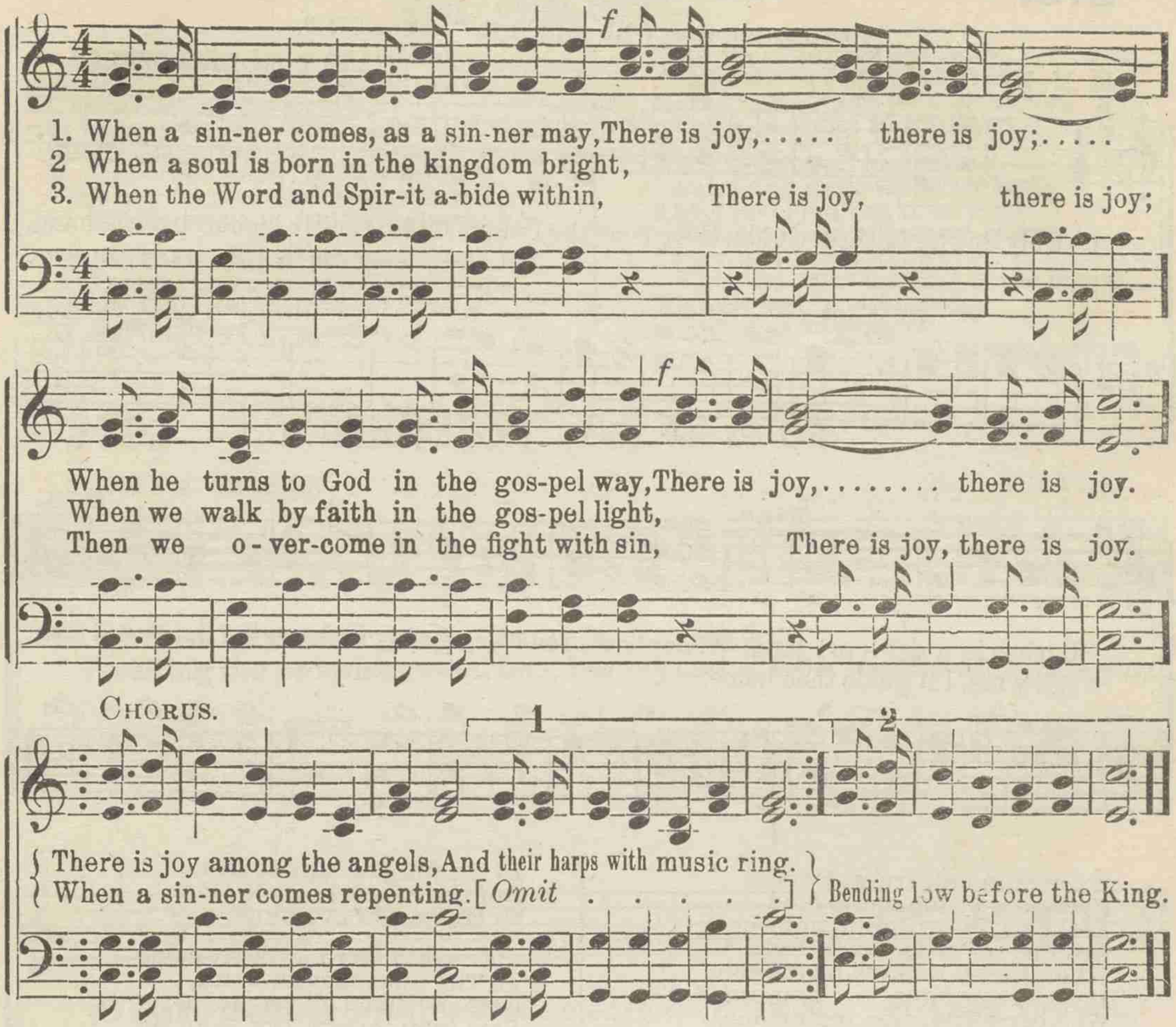
ANON.



All things come of Thee, O Lord; And of Thine own have we giv-en Thee. A - men.

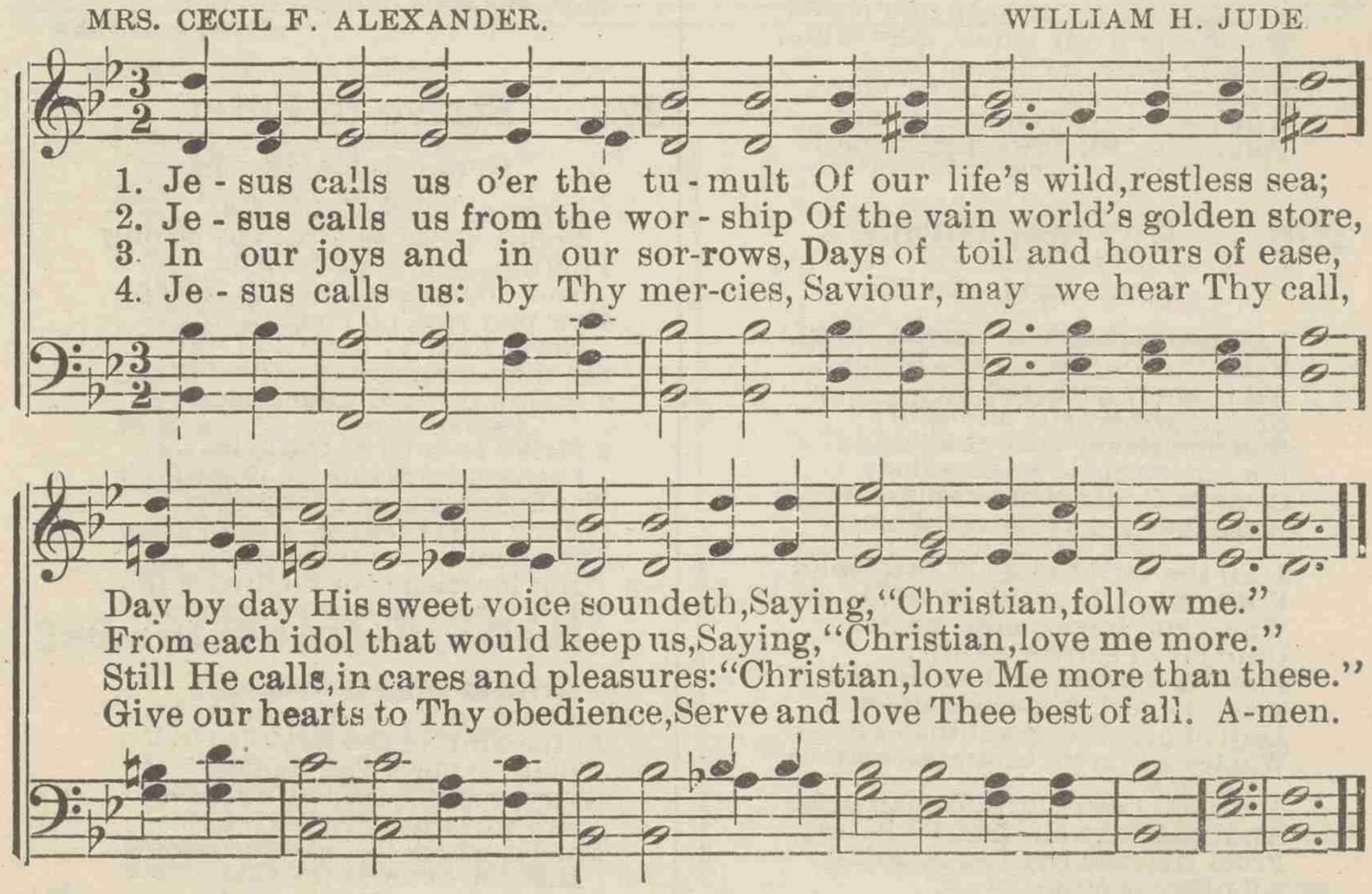
No. 273. There Is Joy.

MARGARET MOODY. Silver Burdette Co., owners. Used by per. W. A. OGDEN.



No. 274. Jesus Calls Us O'er the Tumult.

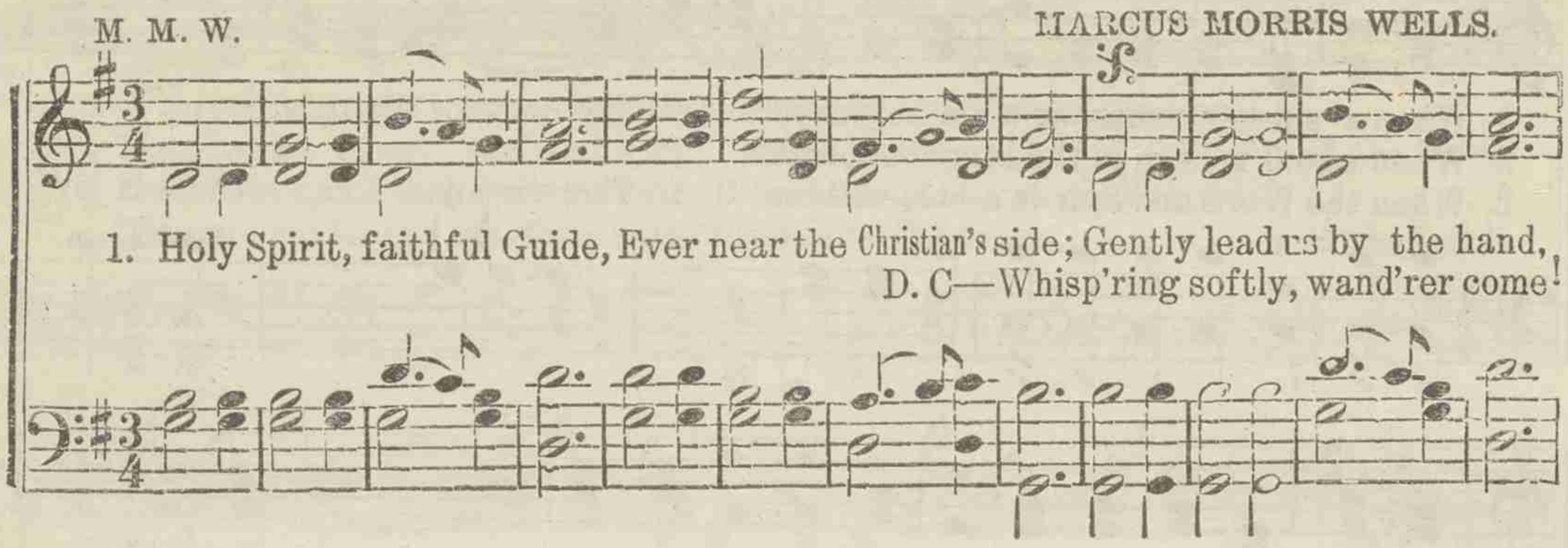
MRS. CECIL F. ALEXANDER. WILLIAM H. JUDE.



275. GUIDE. 7s. D.

"I will guide thee with mine eye."—Psa. 32: 8.

M. M. W. MARCUS MORRIS WELLS.



2 Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near Thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear,
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whisper softly, wanderer come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home!

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wond'ring if our names were there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading nought but Jesus' blood,
Whisper softly, wanderer come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home!

276. Harvest Home.

Ture: Guide, No. 275.

1 Come, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of harvest home,
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin;
God our Maker doth provide
For our wants to be supplied;
Come to God's own temple, come;
Raise the song of harvest home.

2 All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield,
Wheat and tares together sown
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
First the blade and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear;
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 For the Lord our God shall come
And shall take His harvest home;
From His field shall in that day
All offenses purge away;
Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.

4 Even so! Lord, quickly come
To Thy final harvest home,
Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin,
There forever purified.
In Thy presence to abide;
Come, with all Thy angels, come,
Raise the song of harvest home,

Henry Alfred

277. Strive to Enter.

Tune: Guide, No. 275.

1 Strive to enter at the gate,
Follow those who've gone before;
Pilgrims, poor and desolate,
Now their work on earth is o'er.
Now they rest, no more to stray,
Never more to weep and wait:
See their footprints on the way;
Follow onward to the gate.

2 Strive to enter at the gate,
Casting every burden down;
'Tis but changing poor estate
For a never-fading crown.
Few there be upon the way,
Not for friends or kindred wait;
While upon the waste they stray,
Christ may close the heavenly gate.

3 Strive to enter in to-day,
Almost now we hear the voice
At the limit of the way
Bidding enter and rejoice.
Every step the anthem swells—
Can we falter, can we wait?
Yonder where the Saviour dwells,
Haste to enter at the gate.

George P. Morris. Alt.

278. HIGH IN YONDER REALMS OF LIGHT.

TUNE: Guide, No. 275.

1 High in yonder realms of light
Dwell the raptured saints above,
Far beyond our feeble sight,
Happy in Immanuel's love.
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Once they knew, like us below,
Gloomy doubts, distressing tears,
Torturing pain, and heavy woe.

2 But these days of weeping o'er,
Passed this scene of toil and pain,
They shall feel distress no more;
Never, never weep again;
'Mid the chorus of the skies,
'Mid the angelic lyres above,
Hark! their songs melodious rise,
Songs of praise to Jesus' love.

3 All is tranquil and serene,
Calm and undisturbed repose;
There no cloud can intervene,
There no angry tempest blows;
Every tear is wiped away,
Sighs no more shall heave the breast,
Night is lost in endless day,
Sorrow is eternal rest.

THOMAS RAFFLES.

279. CROSBY. 6s, 4s & 6s.

FANNY J. CROSBY. D. E. DORTCH.



Copyright, 1905, by D. E Dortch.

2 Tears of repentant grief
Silently fall;
Help Thou my unbelief,
Hear Thou my call;
O how I pine for Thee,
'Tis all my hope and plea,
Jesus hath died for me,
Jesus, my all

3 Still at Thy mercy-seat
Humbly I fall;
Pleading Thy promise, sweet,
Heard is my call;
Faith wings my soul to Thee,
This all my hope shall be,
Jesus hath died for me,
Jesus, my all.

280. O Wondrous Love!

TUNE: Crosby, No. 279.

1 God gave His Son for me,
O wondrous love!
From sin to set me free,
O wondrous love!
A guilty rebel I,
Bound and condemned to die
He did not pass me by,
O wondrous love!

2 Jesus paid all the debt,
O wondrous love!
Widest extremes He met,
O wondrous love!
Justice is satisfied,
Heaven's gate thrown open wide,
God now is glorified,
O wondrous love!

3 There, there at God's right hand,
O wondrous love!
I see my Surety stand,
O wondrous love!
He makes my nature pure,
In Him I am secure
Whatever I endure,
O wondrous love!

4 He'll give me needful grace,
O wondrous love!
Soon I shall see His face,
O wondrous love!
Join those who've gone before,
Sorrow and pain all o'er,
Heaven, heaven for evermore,
O wondrous love!

F. W. FRY.

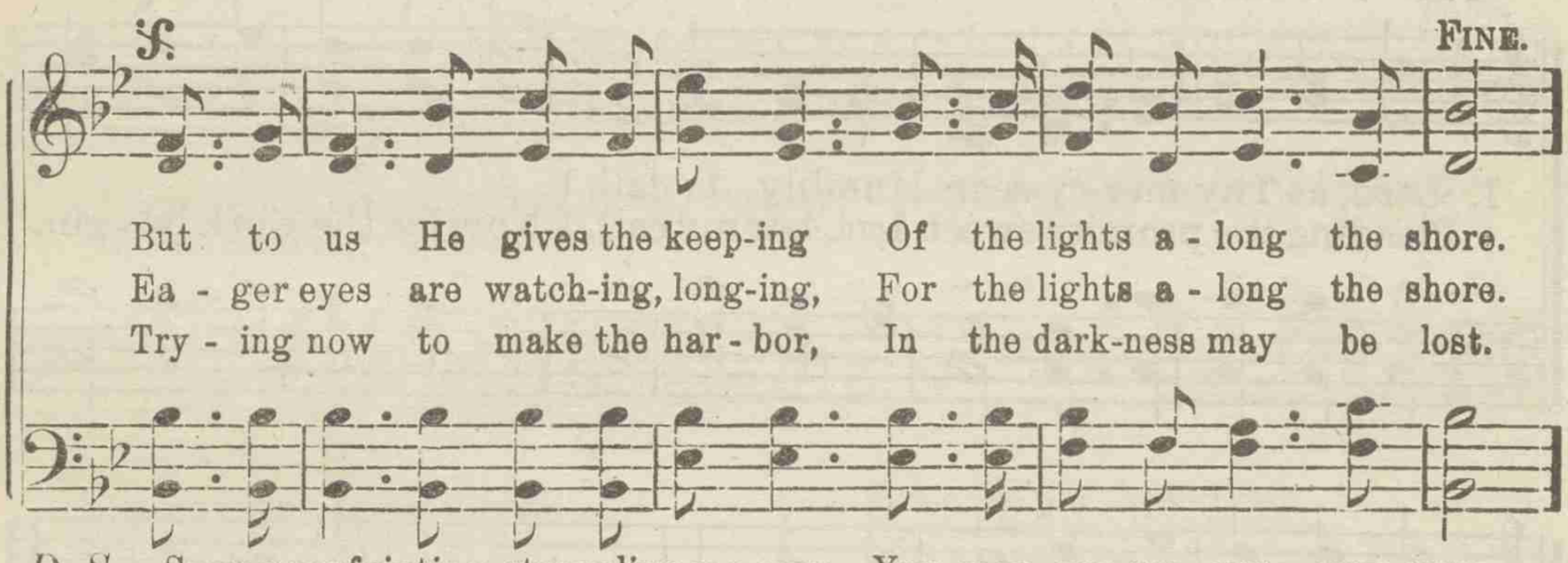
No. 281. Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

P. P. B. Copyright, 1905, by The John Church Co. Used by permission. P. P. BLISS.



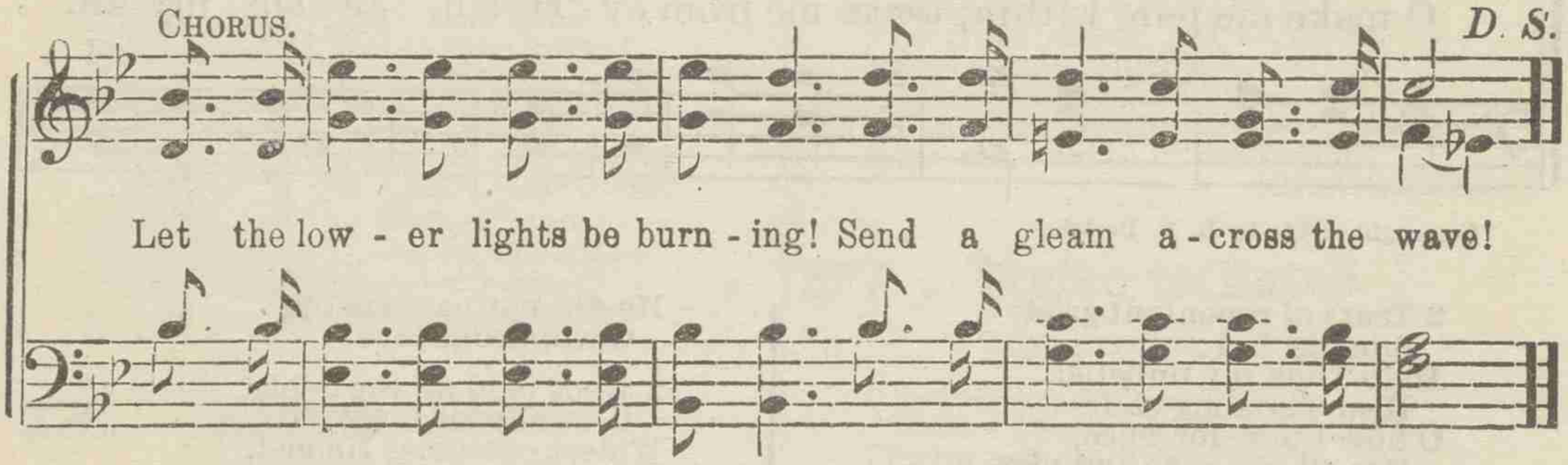
1. Bright - ly beams our Fa-ther's mer - cy From His light-house ev - er more,
2. Dark the night - of sin has set - tled, Loud the an - gry bil - lows roar;
3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my broth - er: Some poor sail - or tem-pest tossed,





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

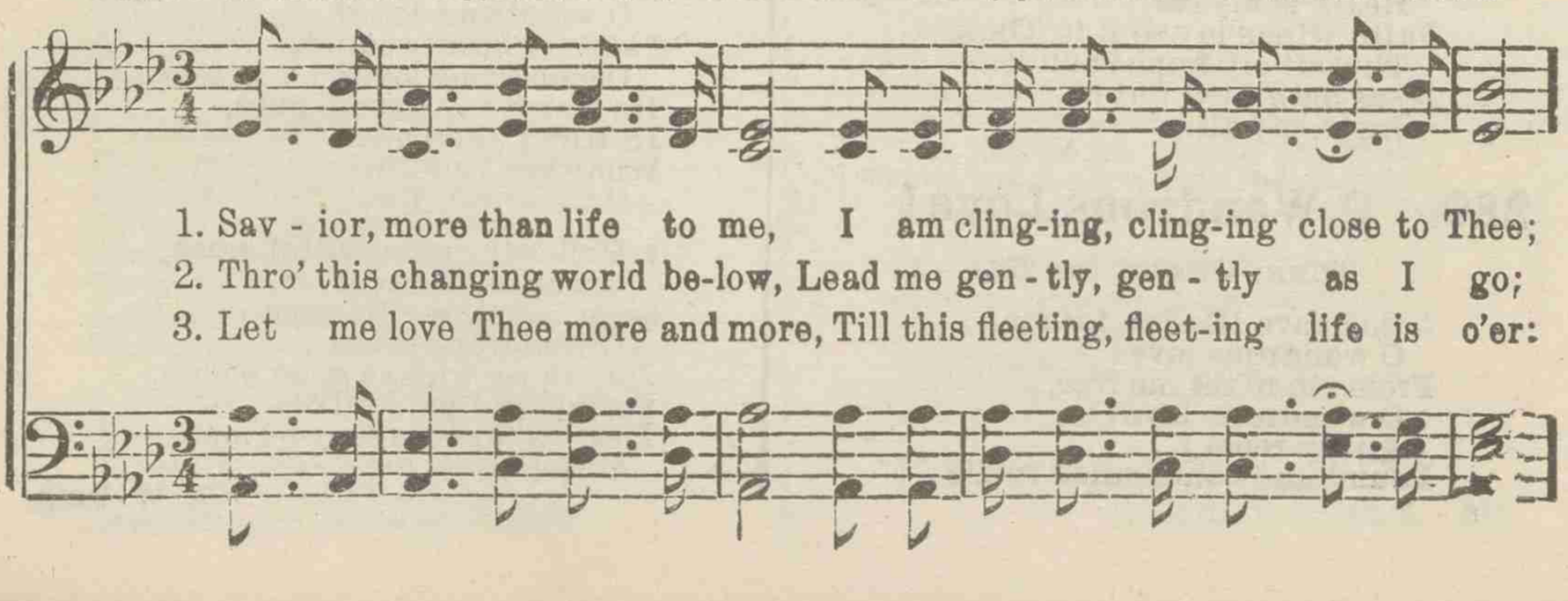
D. S.—Some poor fainting, struggling sea-man You may res-cue, you may save.



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

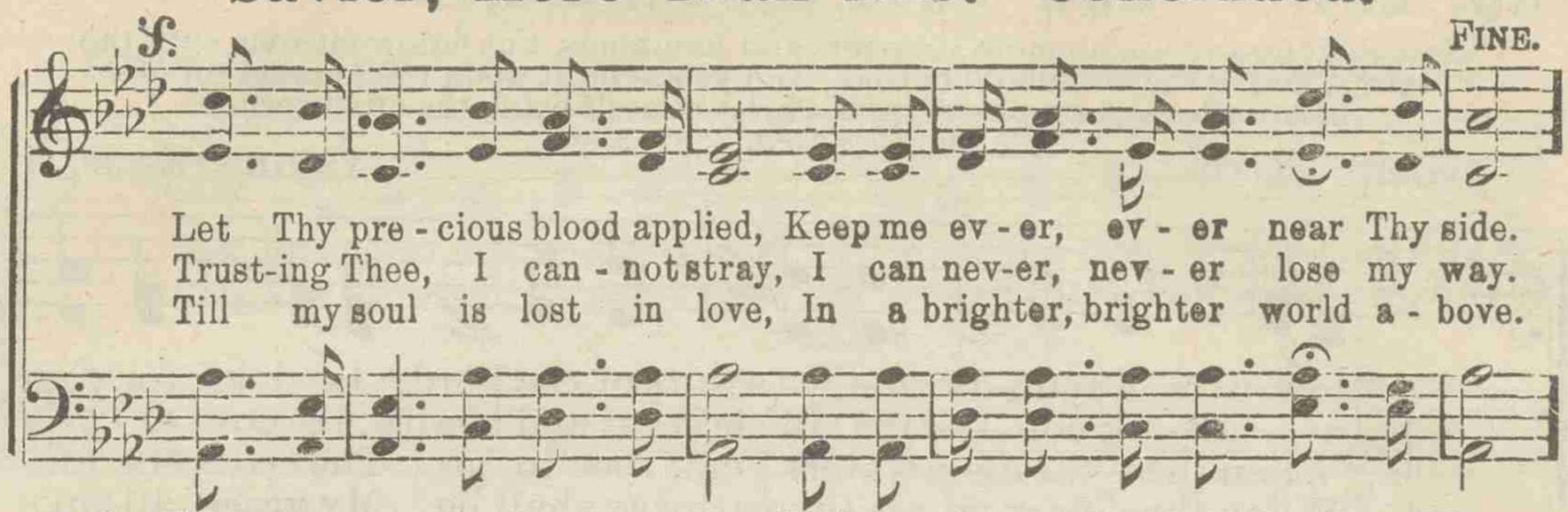
No. 282. Savior, More Than Life.

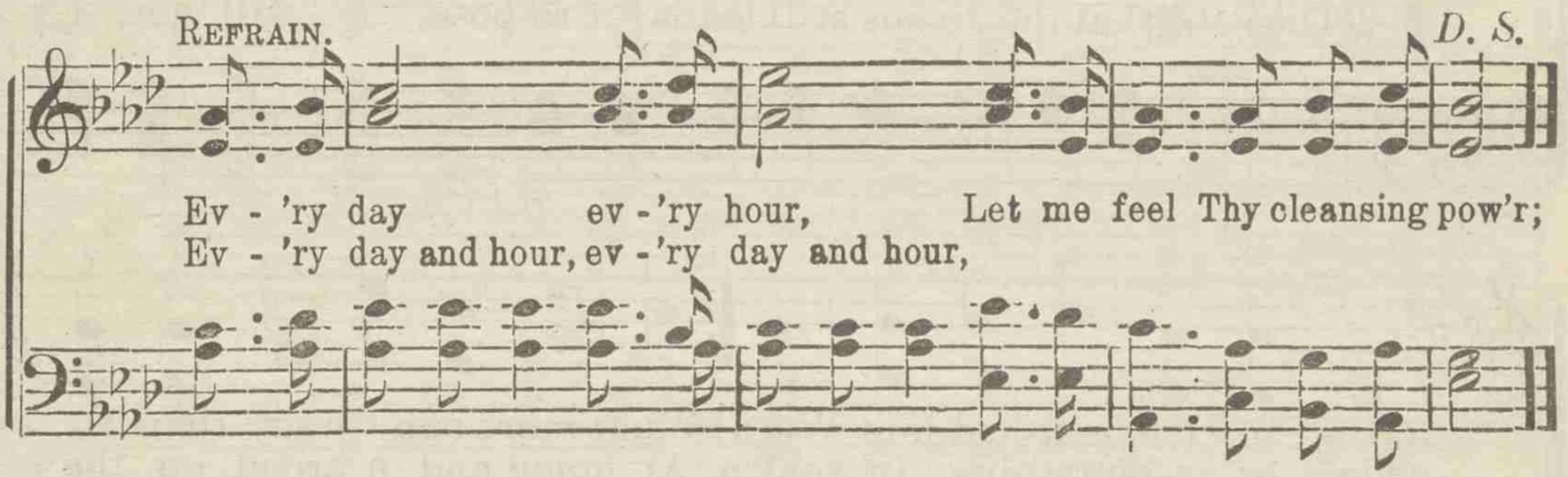
FANNY J. CROSBY. Copyright, 1903, by W. H. Doane. Used by permission. W. H. DOANE.



1. Sav - ior, more than life to me, I am cling-ing, cling-ing close to Thee;
2. Thro' this changing world be-low, Lead me gen - tly, gen - tly as I go;
3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleeting, fleet-ing life is o'er:

Savior, More Than Life. Concluded.





No. 283. Close to Thee.

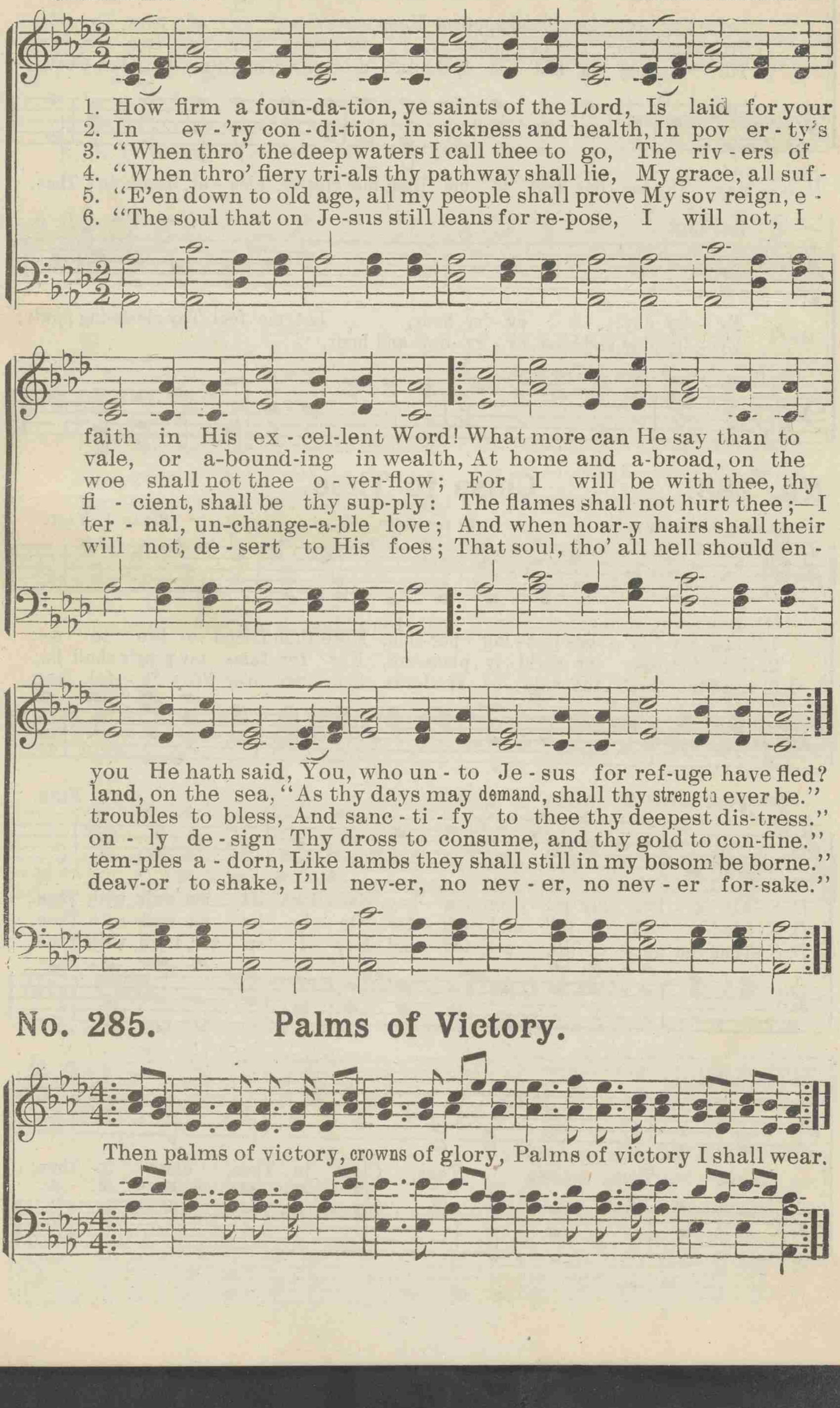
FANNY J. CROSBY. By permission. SILAS J. VAIL.



No. 284. How Firm a Foundation.

"Now therefore ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God. And ye are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone."—EPH. 2: 19, 20.

GEORGE KEITH. ANNIE STEELE.

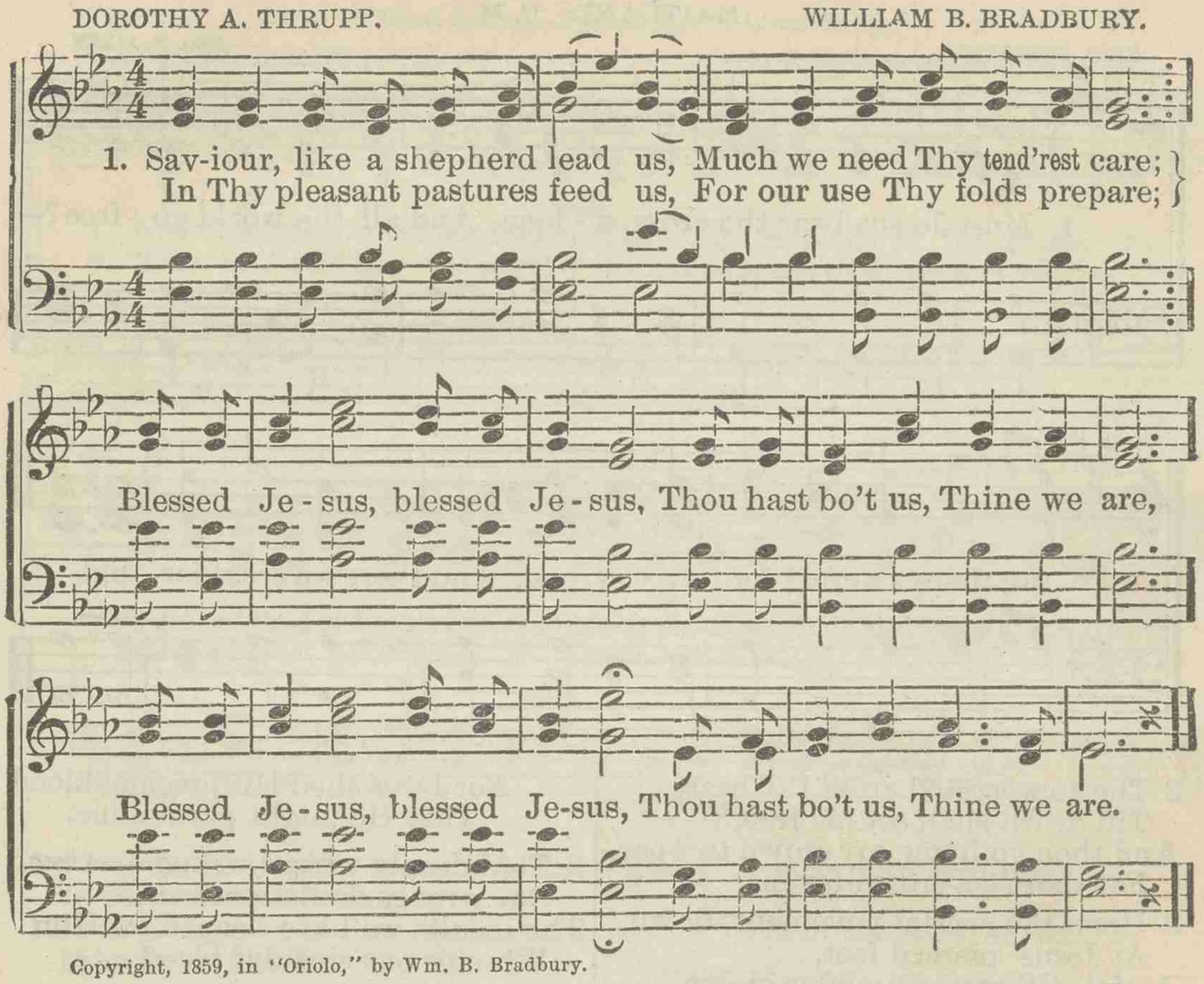


No. 285. Palms of Victory.

286. SHEPHERD. 8s, 7s & 4s.

"I am the Good shepherd."—JOHN 10: 11.

DOROTHY A. THRUPP. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



Copyright, 1859, in "Oriolo," by Wm. B. Bradbury.

2 We are Thine do Thou befriend us,
Be the guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray:
‖: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Hear, O hear us, when we pray. :‖

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
‖: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to Thee. :‖

4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
With Thy love our bosoms fill:
‖: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still. :‖

287. Angels from the Realms.

TUNE: Shepherd, No. 286.

1 Angels from the realms of Glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth.
‖: Come and worship. come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.:‖

2 Shepherds in the field abiding,
Watching o'er their flocks by night;
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant light;
‖: Come and worship, come and worshlp,
Worship Christ, the new-born King. :‖

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of Nations,
Ye have seen His natal star;
‖: Come and worship, come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King. :‖

4 Saints before the altar bending.
Watching long in hope and fear;
Suddenly the Lord, descending
In His temple shall appear;
‖: Come and worship, come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King. :‖

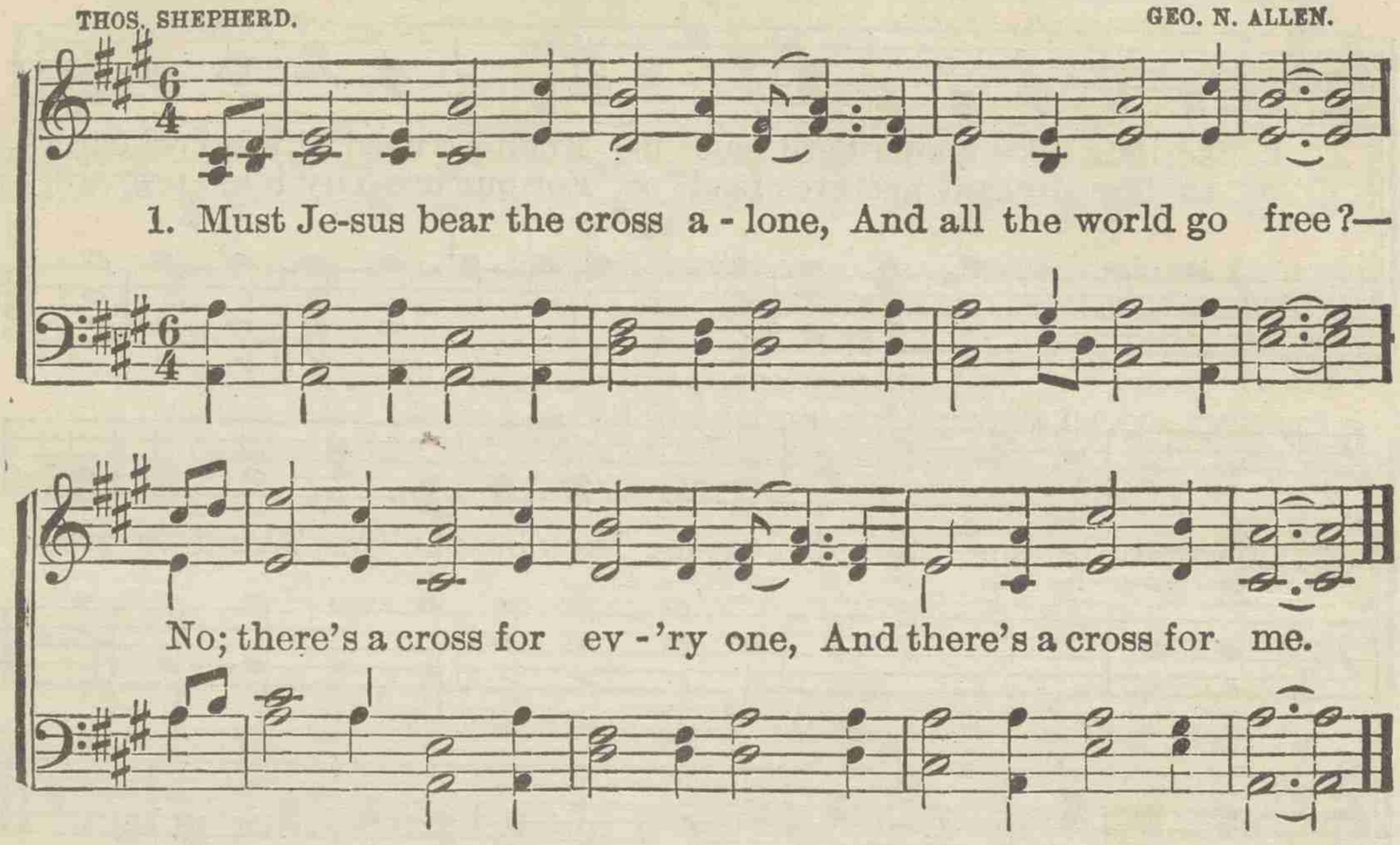
5 Sinners wrung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains;
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you,—break your chains;
‖: Come and worship, come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King. :‖

REV. JAMES MONTGOMERY.

No. 288. Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

MAITLAND. C. M.

THOS. SHEPHERD. GEO. N. ALLEN.



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

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

4 O precious cross! O glorious crown!
O resurrection day!
Ye angels from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away.

No. 289. *See music above.*

1 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.

4 In vain we tune our formal songs
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

No. 290. *See music above.*

1 Jesus commands us to forgive
If we would be forgiven;
And Christians be while here on earth
Or reign with Him in heaven.

CHO.—I must forgive, I do forgive
My every enemy;
For Jesus shed His precious blood
That He might pardon me.

2 Tho' deeply wronged we may have been,
Our wrongs do not exceed
The insults we have heaped on Him
Who for our sins did bleed.

3 He for His foes did suffer death,
And freely all forgave;
And perished on the cruel cross
That He their souls might save.

4 For those who pierced His hands and feet,
Our Saviour prayed "Forgive;"
His Spirit we must all possess
If we with Him would live.

5 O God, Thy Spirit now impart,
That I Thine own may be;
That all my foes I may forgive
As Thou forgivest me.

M. W. KNAPP. Used by per.

No. 291. *See music above.*

1 Amazing grace, how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me;
I once was lost, but now am found
Was blind but now I see.

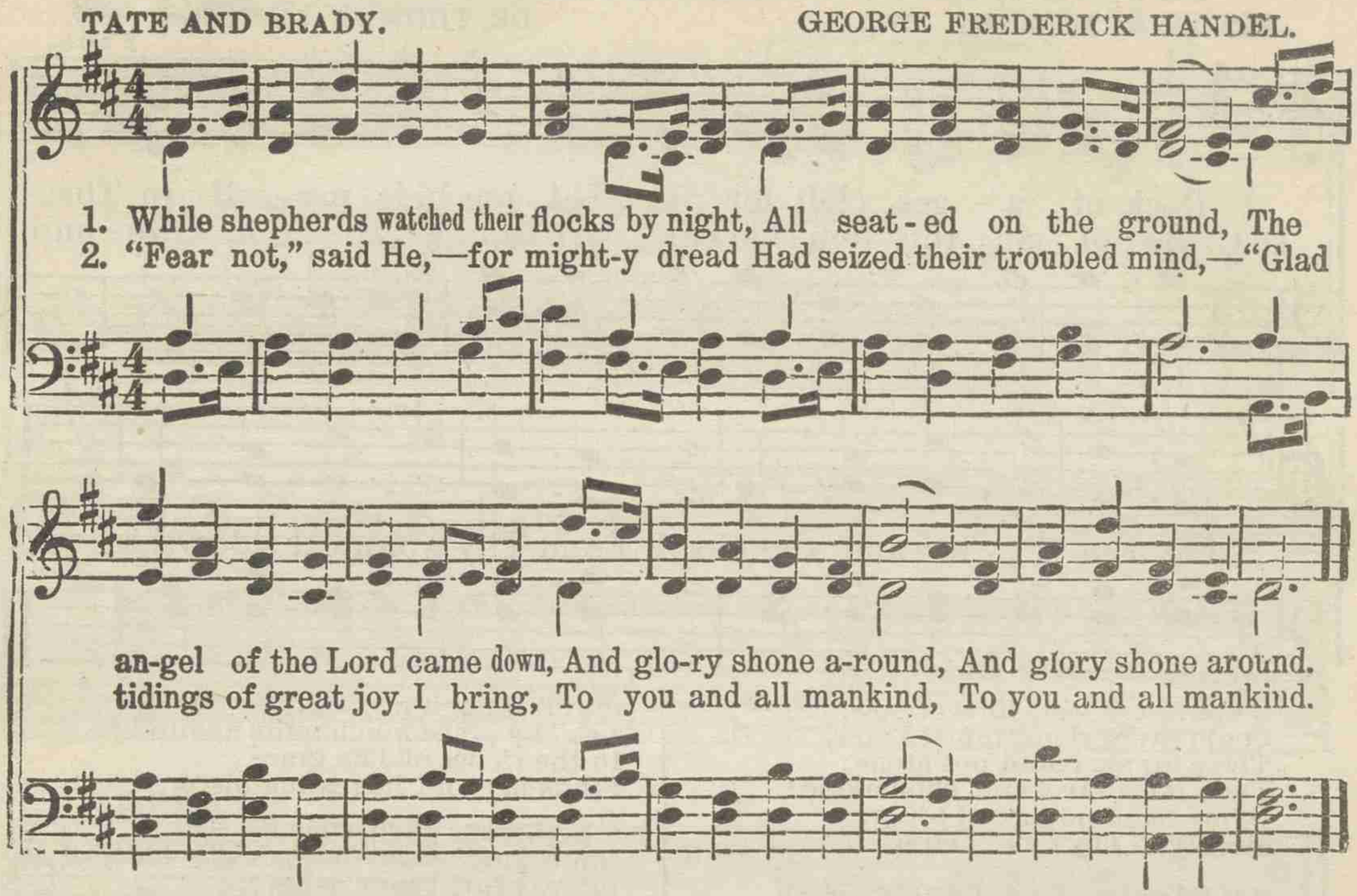
2 Thro' many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has bro't me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

3 The Lord hath promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.

292. CHRISTMAS. C. M.

"Glad tidings of great joy."—LUKE 2: 10.

TATE AND BRADY. GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL.



3 "To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord;
‖: And this shall be the sign. :‖

4 "The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing-bands,
‖: And in a manger laid." :‖

5 Thus spake the seraph; and forth-with
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God on high,
‖: Who thus addressed their song :‖

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace:
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men,
‖: Begin and never cease." :‖

293. Eternal Spirit.

TUNE: Christmas, No. 292. Psalms 21; 10.

1 Eternal Spirit, God of truth,
Our contrite hearts inspire;
Kindle the flame of heavenly love,
‖: And feed the pure desire. :‖

2 'Tis thine to soothe the sorrowing mind,
With guilt and fear oppressed:
'Tis thine to bid the dying live,
‖: And give the weary rest. :‖

3 Subdue the power of every sin,
Whate'er that sin may be;
That we with humble, holy heart,
‖: May worship only Thee. :‖

294. Mortals Awake.

TUNE: Christmas, No. 292.

1 Mortals awake with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love and gratitude combine
‖: To hail the auspicious day. :‖

2 In heaven the rapturous song began
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
‖: And strung and tuned the lyre. :‖

3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew
And loud the echo rolled;
The theme, the song, the joy was new;
‖: 'Twas more than heaven could hold. :‖

4 Down through the portals of the sky,
The impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew with eager joy,
‖: To bear the news to man. :‖

5 With joy the chorus we repeat,
"Glory to God on high!"
Good will and peace are now complete,
‖: Jesus was born to die. :‖

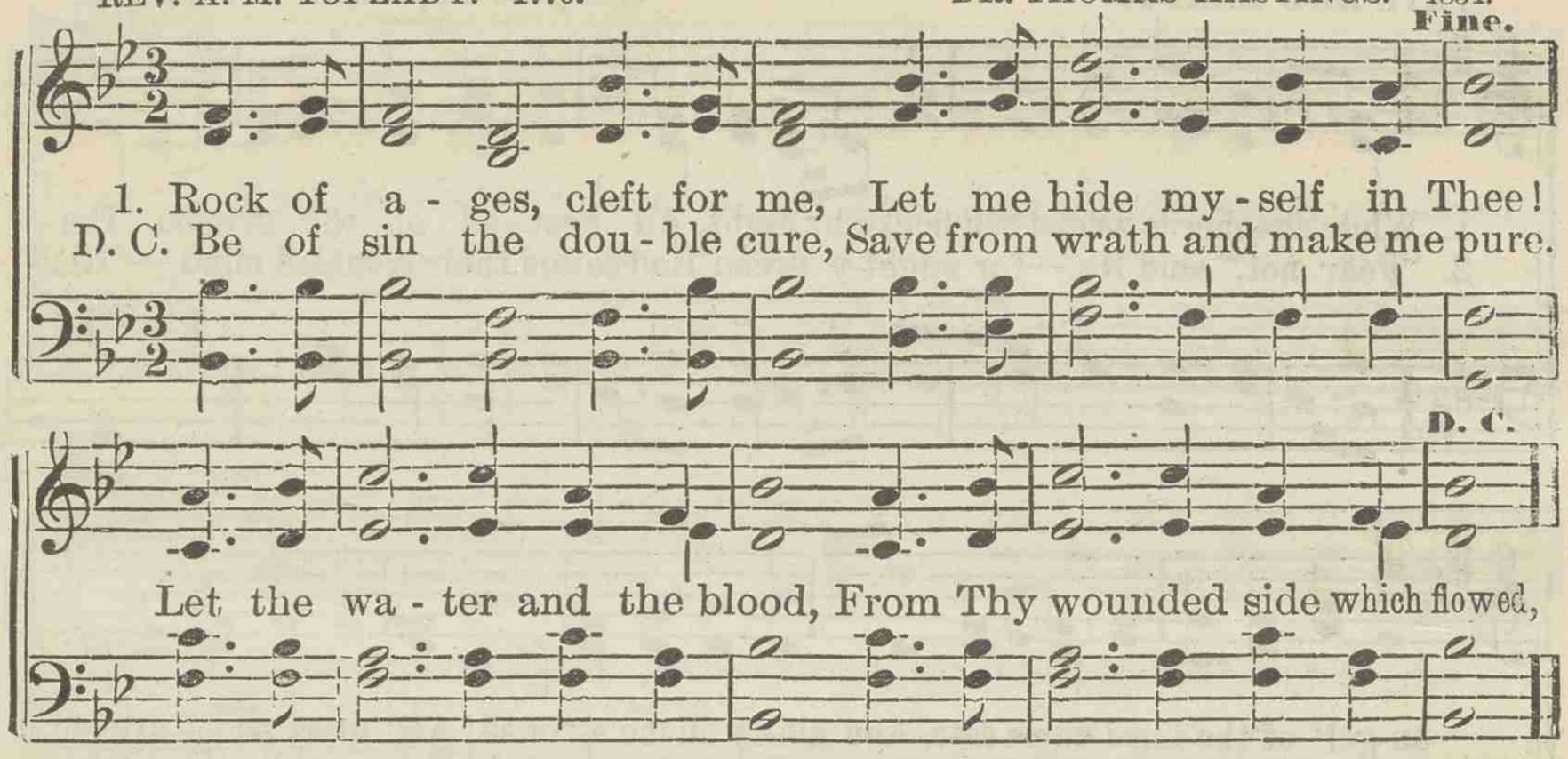
6 Hail, Prince of Life, forever hail!
Redeemer, Brother, Friend!
Though earth, and time, and life shall fail,
‖: Thy praise shall never end. :‖

REV. SAMUEL MEDLEY.

295. ROCK OF AGES. 7s, 6 lines.

"The Lord is my defense, and my God is the rock of my refuge."—PSA. 94: 22.

REV. A. M. TOPLADY. 1776. DR. THOMAS HASTINGS. 1834.



2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no respite 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.

296. Friend of Sinners.

1 Friend of sinners, hear my plea,
God be merciful to me!
Sinful though my heart be found,
Let Thy grace much more abound;
In the riches of Thy grace
Finds my soul its resting-place.

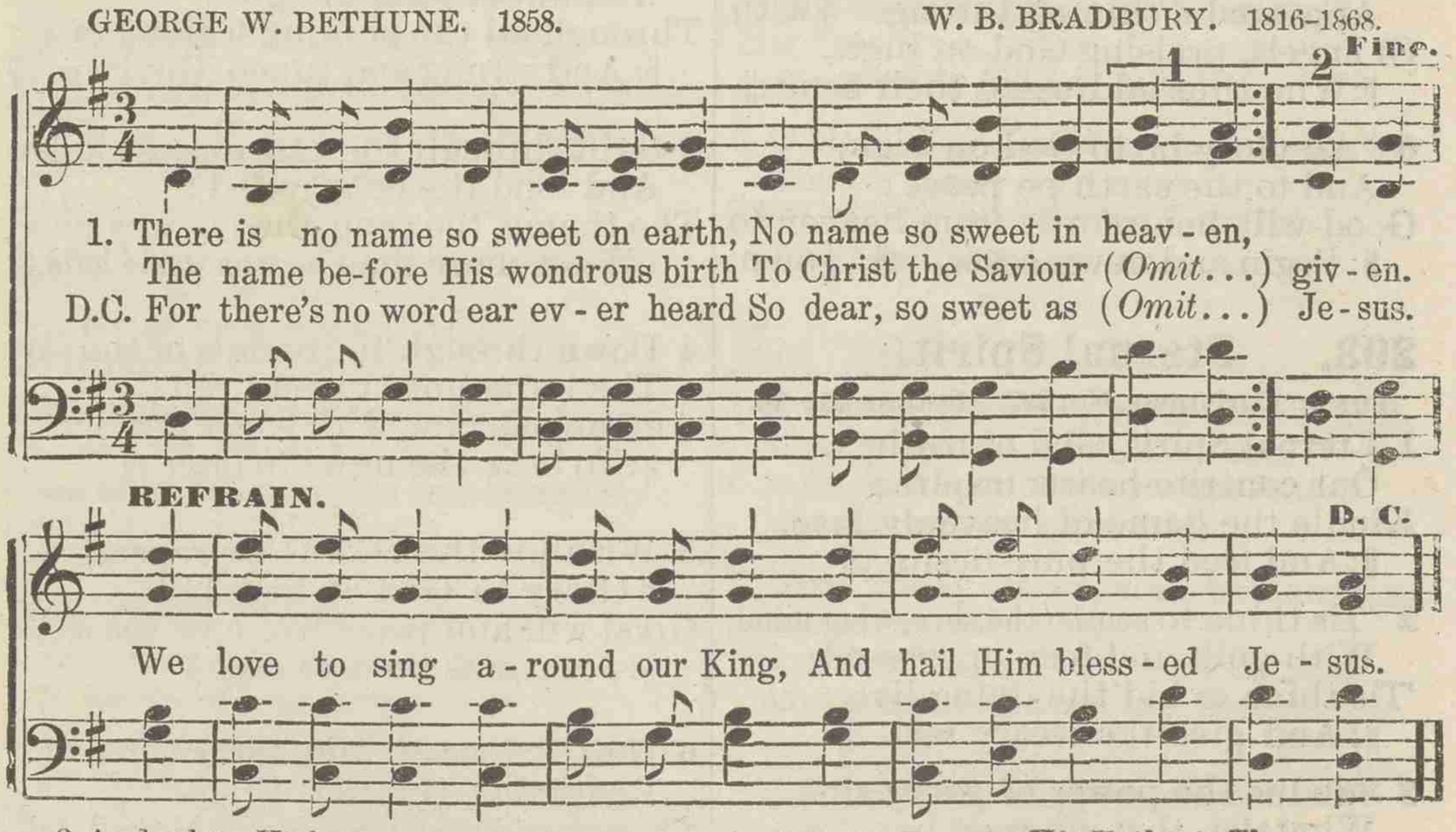
2 Righteous advocate with God,
Grant forgiveness through Thy blood;
In my heart I now believe,
Thy atonement I receive;
Freely with my mouth confess
Thee my Lord, my righteousness.

3 Trusting Thee, O Christ, my King,
Shall my soul Thy praises sing;
Saved by Thee, Thou holy one,—
Not by works which I have done,—
Heart and tongue confess again,
Thine the glory, Lord. Amen.

HENRY L. MOREHOUSE. 1872.

297. SWEETEST NAME. 8s & 7s.

GEORGE W. BETHUNE. 1858. W. B. BRADBURY. 1816-1868.



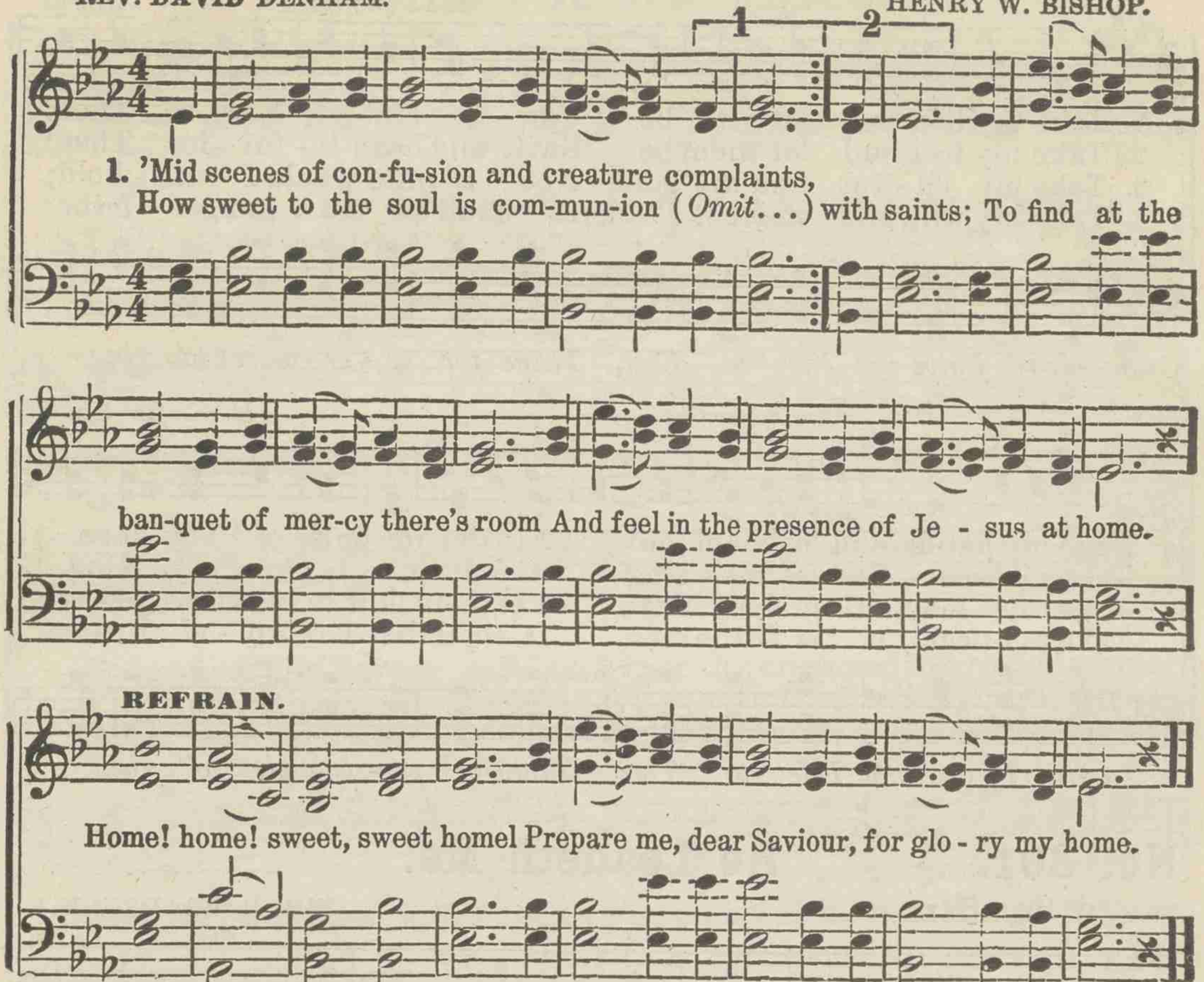
2 And when He hung upon the tree,
They wrote this name above Him
That all might see the reason we
For evermore must love Him.—REF.

3 So now, upon His Father's Throne,
Almighty to release us
From sin and pains, He ever reigns,
The Prince and Saviour Jesus.—REF.

298. HOME, SWEET HOME! 11s.

"We have a building of God."—2 Cor. 5: 1.

REV. DAVID DENHAM. HENRY W. BISHOP.



2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace!
And, thrice precious Jesus, whose love can not cease,
Though oft from Thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold Thee in glory, at home.

3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with Thee;
Though now my temptation like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace, when I'm with Thee at home.

4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission, and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions to Thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

5 Whate'er Thou deniest, O give me Thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, the smiles of Thy face;
Endue me with patience to wait at Thy throne,
And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of home.

6 I long, dearest Lord, in Thy beauties to shine;
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine:
And in Thy dear image arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise Thee at home.

299. Bright Home.

Tune: Home, Sweet Home, No. 298.

1 Bright home of my Saviour, what glories await
The spirits that pass through the bright, pearly gate;
What anthems of rapture unceasing and high
Compose the loud chorus that gladdens the sky.—Ref.

2 The home of the ransomed, the land of the blest,
Where pilgrims shall enter a glorious rest;
Shall wander in gladness the pastures of green,
And drink the still waters of pleasures serene.—Ref.

3 The home that my Saviour has gone to prepare
No heart can conceive of the blessedness there;
Of raptures unending awaiting the just
When pure in His likeness they rise from the dust.—Ref.

4 We bless Thee, dear Saviour, Thou call'st us to share
The beautiful home Thou hast gone to prepare;
We trust in Thy mercy that washed from our sin,
Through yonder bright gates we may all enter in.—Ref.

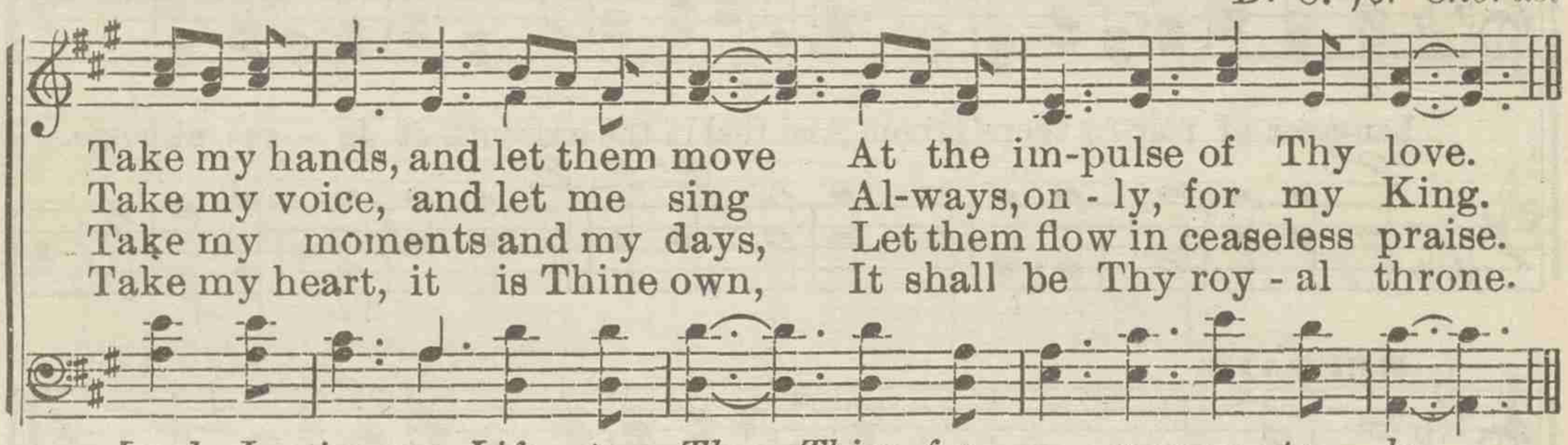
—Unknown.

No. 300. Take My Life, and Let It Be.

F. R. HAVERGAL. WM. B. BRADBURY.

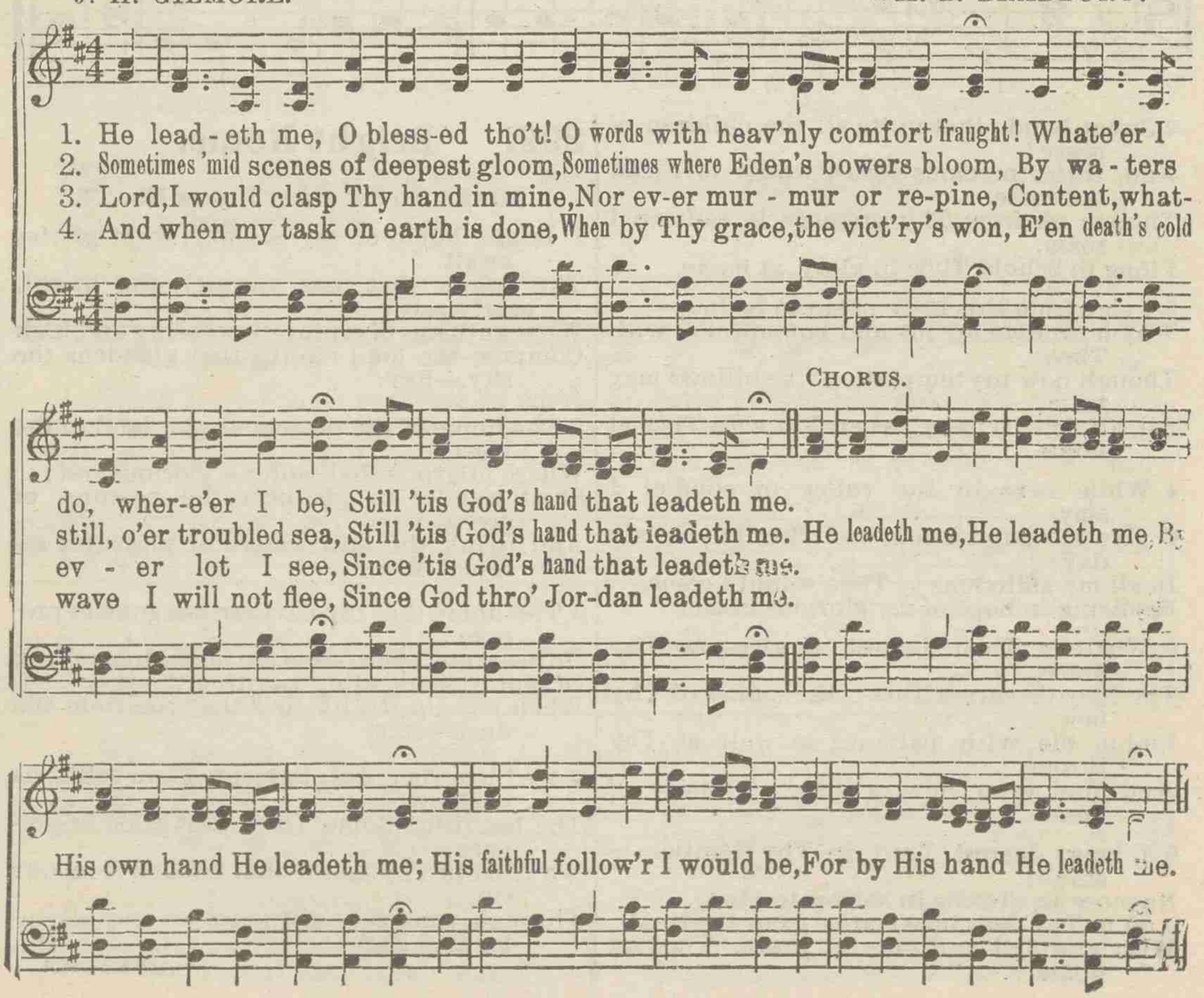


D. C. for Chorus.



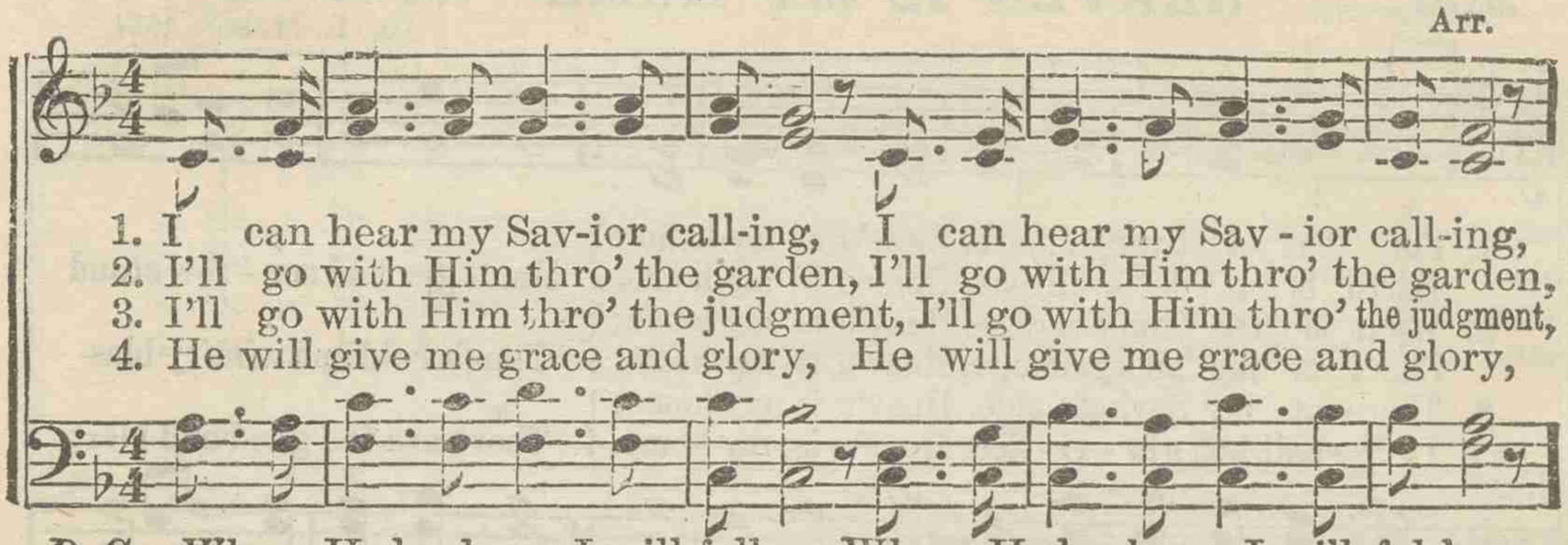
No. 301. He Leadeth Me.

J. H. GILMORE. WM. B. BRADBURY.



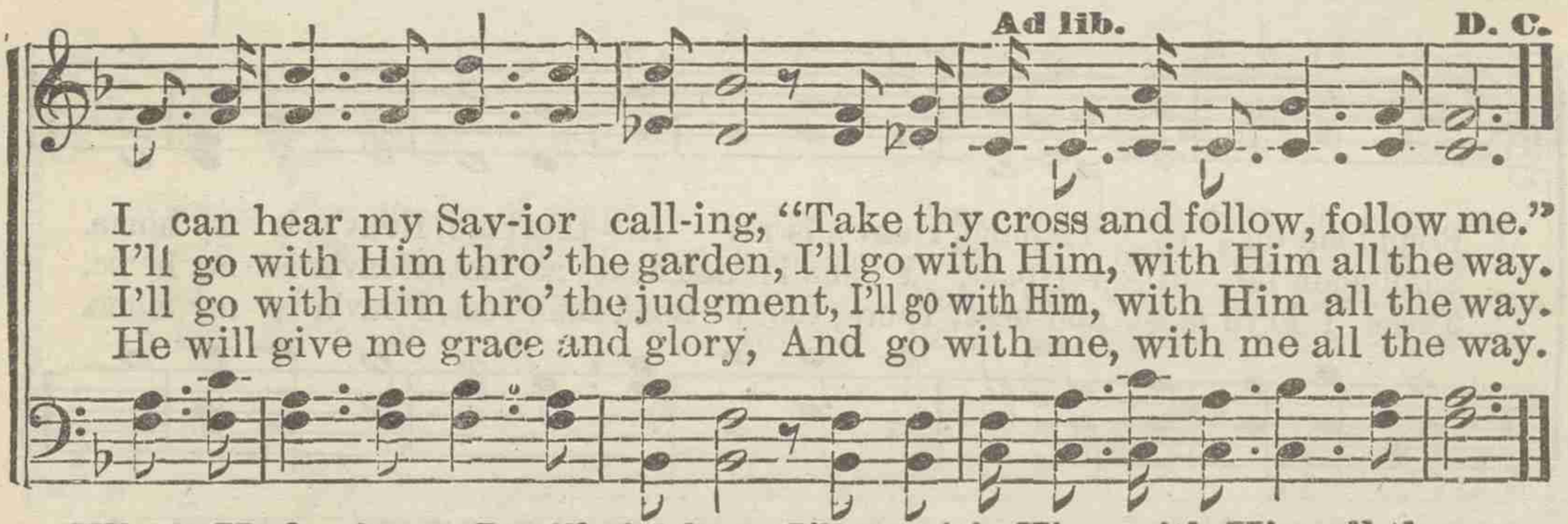
302. I WILL FOLLOW JESUS.

Arr.



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 garden, I'll go with Him thro' the garden,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
4. He will give me grace and glory, He will give me grace and glory,

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

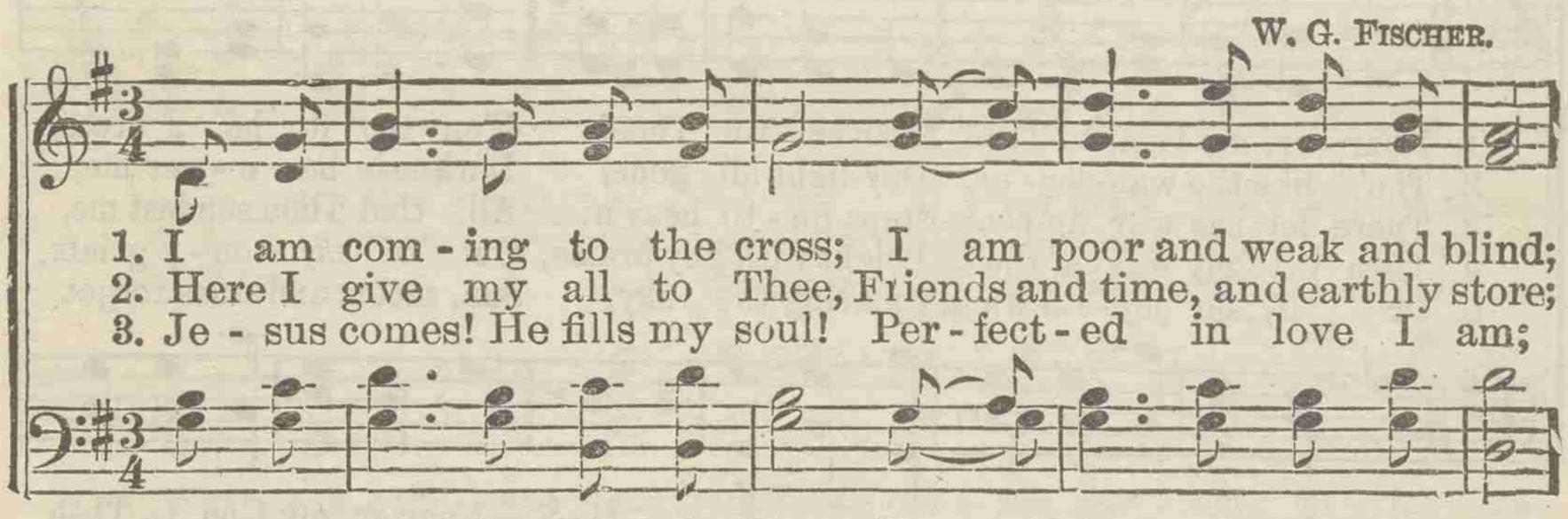


I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing, "Take thy cross and follow, follow me."
I'll go with Him thro' the garden, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glory, And go with me, with me all the way.

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

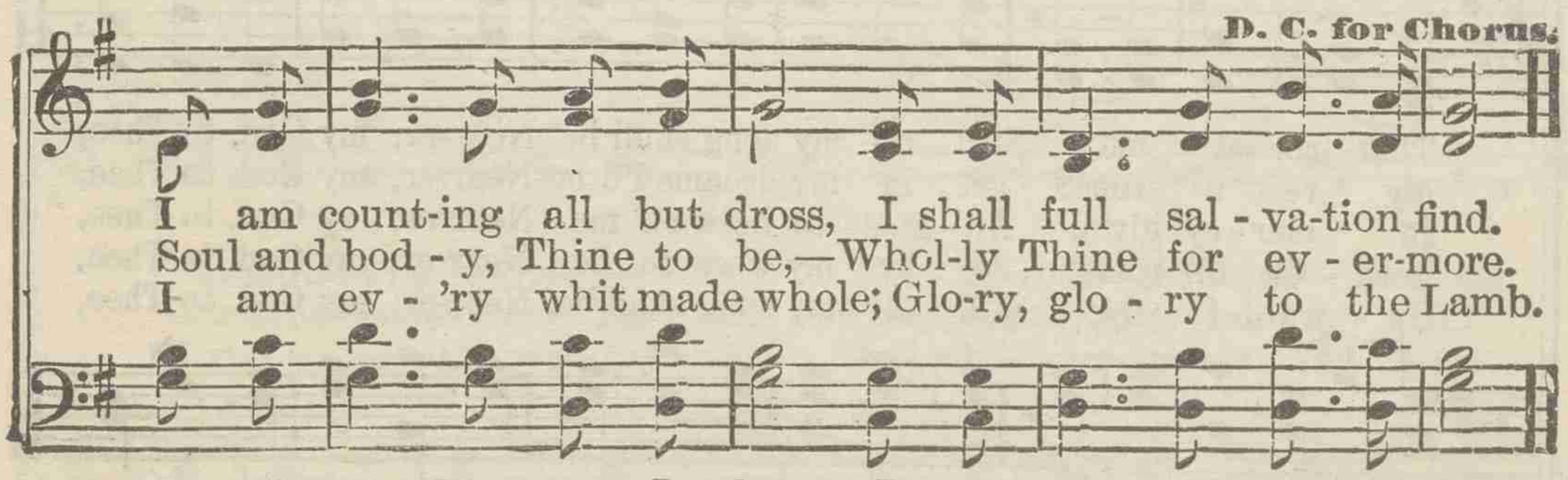
303. I AM COMING.

W. G. Fischer.



1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor and weak and blind;
2. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends and time, and earthly store;
3. Je - sus comes! He fills my soul! Per - fect - ed in love I am;

D. C.—I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee, Dear Lamb of Cal - va - ry;



I am count-ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va-tion find.
Soul and bod - y, Thine to be,—Whol-ly Thine for ev - er-more.
I am ev - 'ry whit made whole; Glo-ry, glo - ry to the Lamb.

Hum-bly at Thy cross I bow, Je - sus, saves me, saves me now.

304. HEAVEN IS MY HOME. 6s & 4s.

DR. L. MASON, 1834.



1. I'm but a stranger here, Heav'n is my home;
   Earth is a des-ert drear, Heav'n is my home. } Dan - ger and sor - row stand
2. What tho' the tempest rage, Heav'n is my home;
   Short is my pil - grimage, Heav'n is my home. } Time's cold and wint'ry blas.
3. There at my Savior's side, Heav'n is my home;
   I shall be glo - ri - fied, Heav'n is my home. } There are the good and blest,

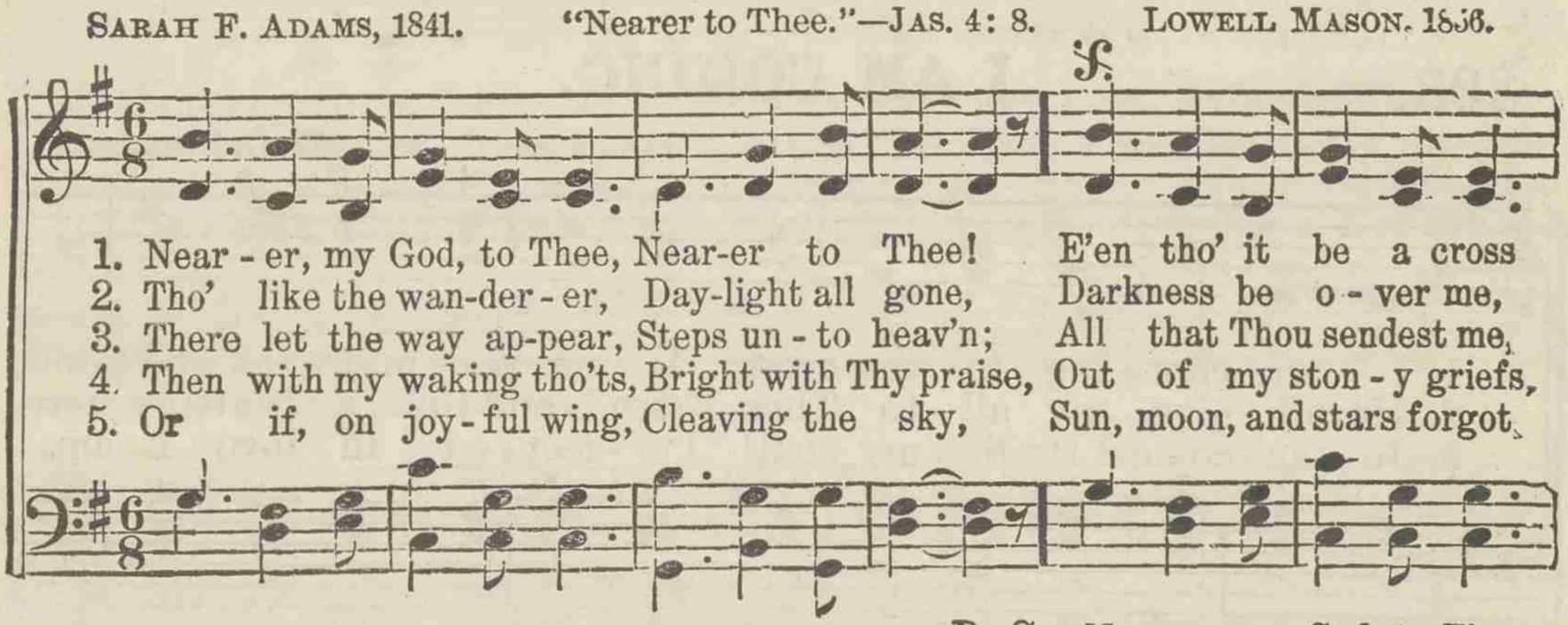


Round me on ev - 'ry hand, Heav'n is my fa - therland, Heav'n is my home.
Shall soon be o - ver-past, I shall reach home at last, Heav'n is my home.
Those I love most and best; There, too, I soon shall rest, Heav'n is my home.

305. NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE. 6s & 4s.

(BETHANY.)

SARAH F. ADAMS, 1841. "Nearer to Thee."—JAS. 4: 8. LOWELL MASON, 1856.



1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Tho' like the wan-der - er, Day-light all gone, Darkness be o - ver me,
3. There let the way ap-pear, Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me,
4. Then with my waking tho'ts, Bright with Thy praise, Out of my ston - y griefs,
5. Or if, on joy - ful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon, and stars forgot,

D. S.—Near-er, my God, to Thee,

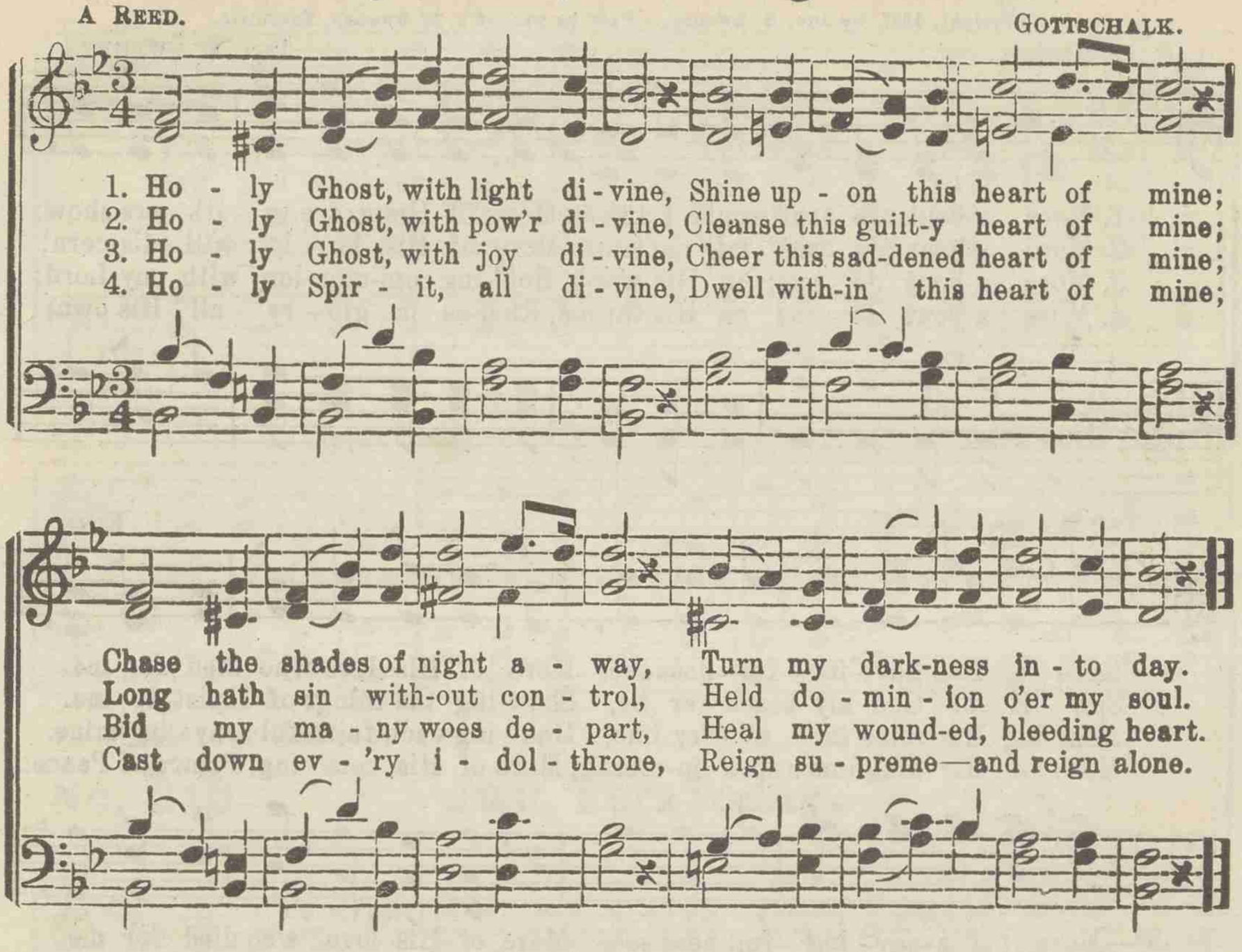


That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
My rest a stone: Yet in my dreams I'd be Near-er, my God, to Thee,
In mer - cy giv'n, An - gels to beck-on me Near-er, my God, to Thee,
Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near-er, my God, to Thee,
Up - ward I fly; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,

Near - er to Thee!

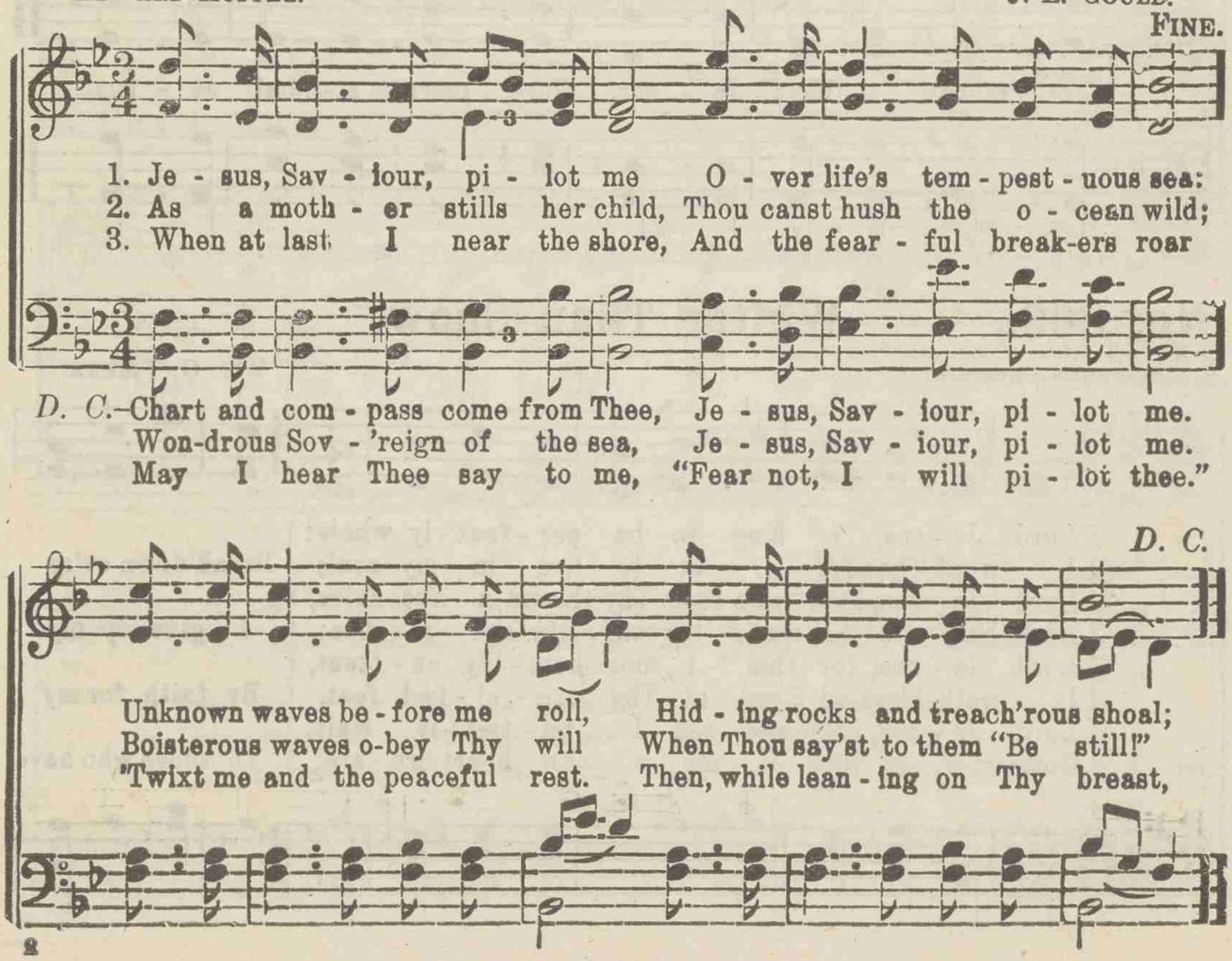
No. 306. Holy Ghost, With Light Divine.

A REED. GOTTSCHALK.



No. 307. Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

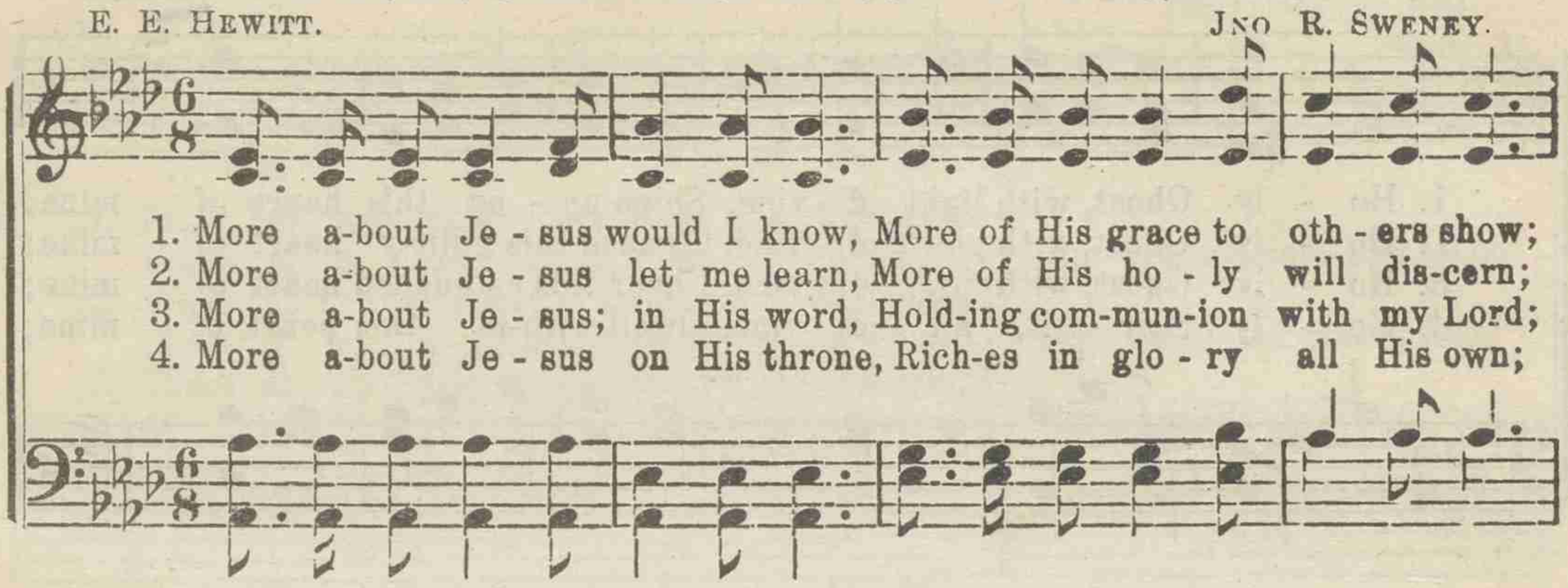
EDWARD HOPPER. J. E. GOULD.



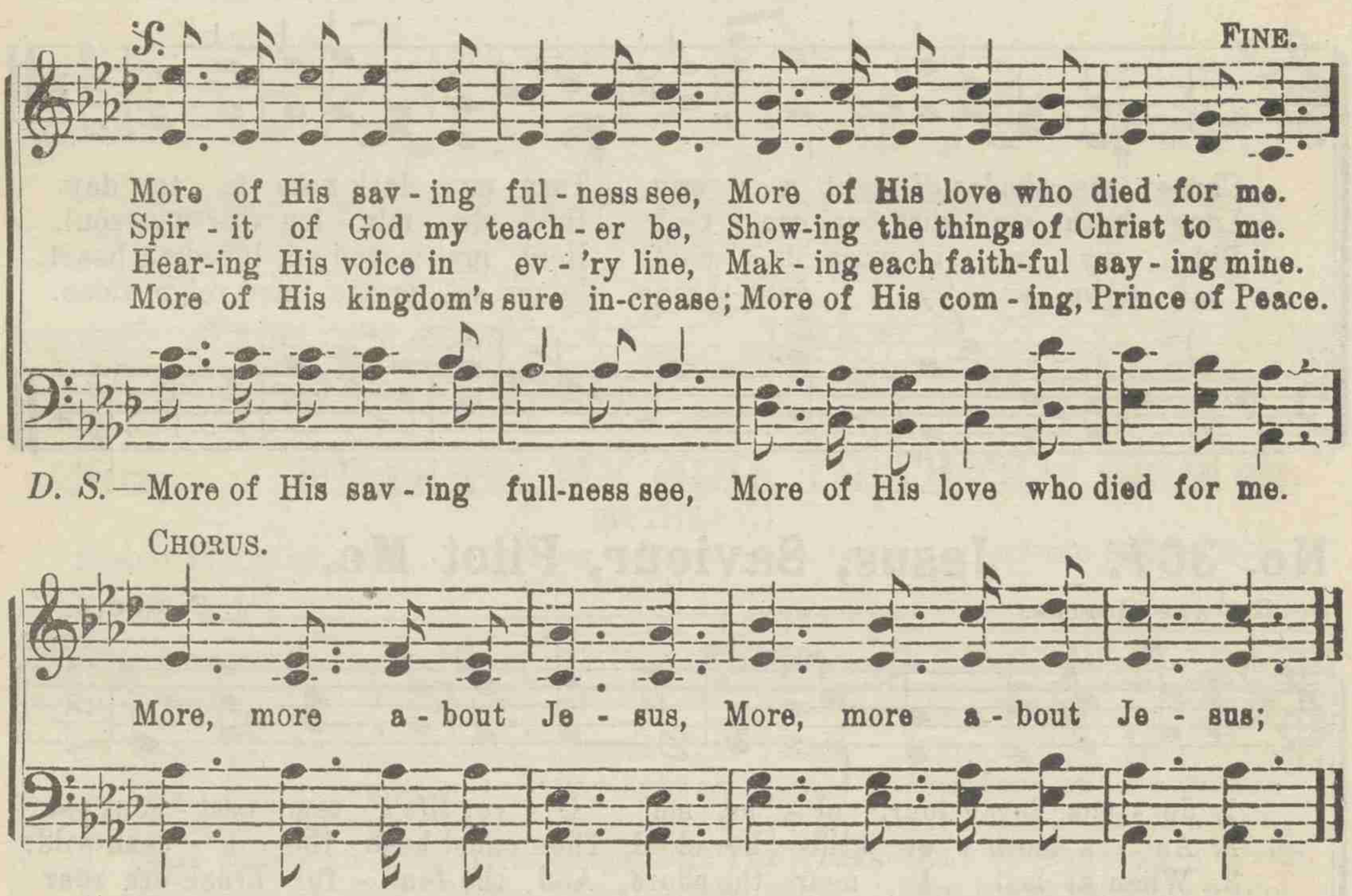
No. 308. More About Jesus.

Copyright, 1887, by Jno. R. Sweney. Used by per. of L. E Sweney, Executrix.

E. E. HEWITT. JNO R. SWENEY.



1. More a-bout Je - sus would I know, More of His grace to oth - ers show;
2. More a-bout Je - sus let me learn, More of His ho - ly will dis-cern;
3. More a-bout Je - sus; in His word, Hold-ing com-mun-ion with my Lord;
4. More a-bout Je - sus on His throne, Rich-es in glo - ry all His own;



FINE.

More of His sav - ing ful - ness see, More of His love who died for me.
Spir - it of God my teach - er be, Show-ing the things of Christ to me.
Hear-ing His voice in ev - 'ry line, Mak - ing each faith-ful say - ing mine.
More of His kingdom's sure in-crease; More of His com - ing, Prince of Peace.

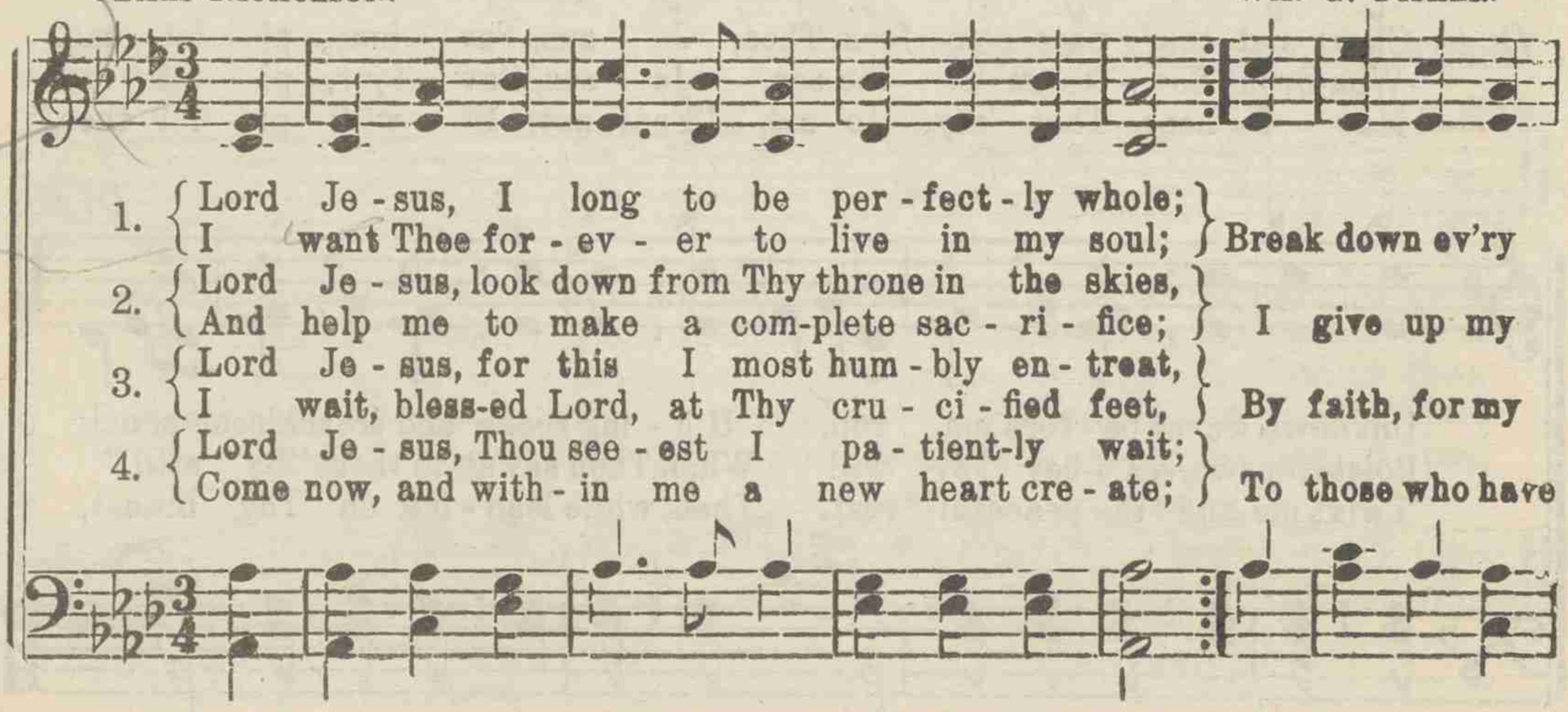
D. S.—More of His sav - ing full-ness see, More of His love who died for me.

CHORUS.

More, more a - bout Je - sus, More, more a - bout Je - sus;

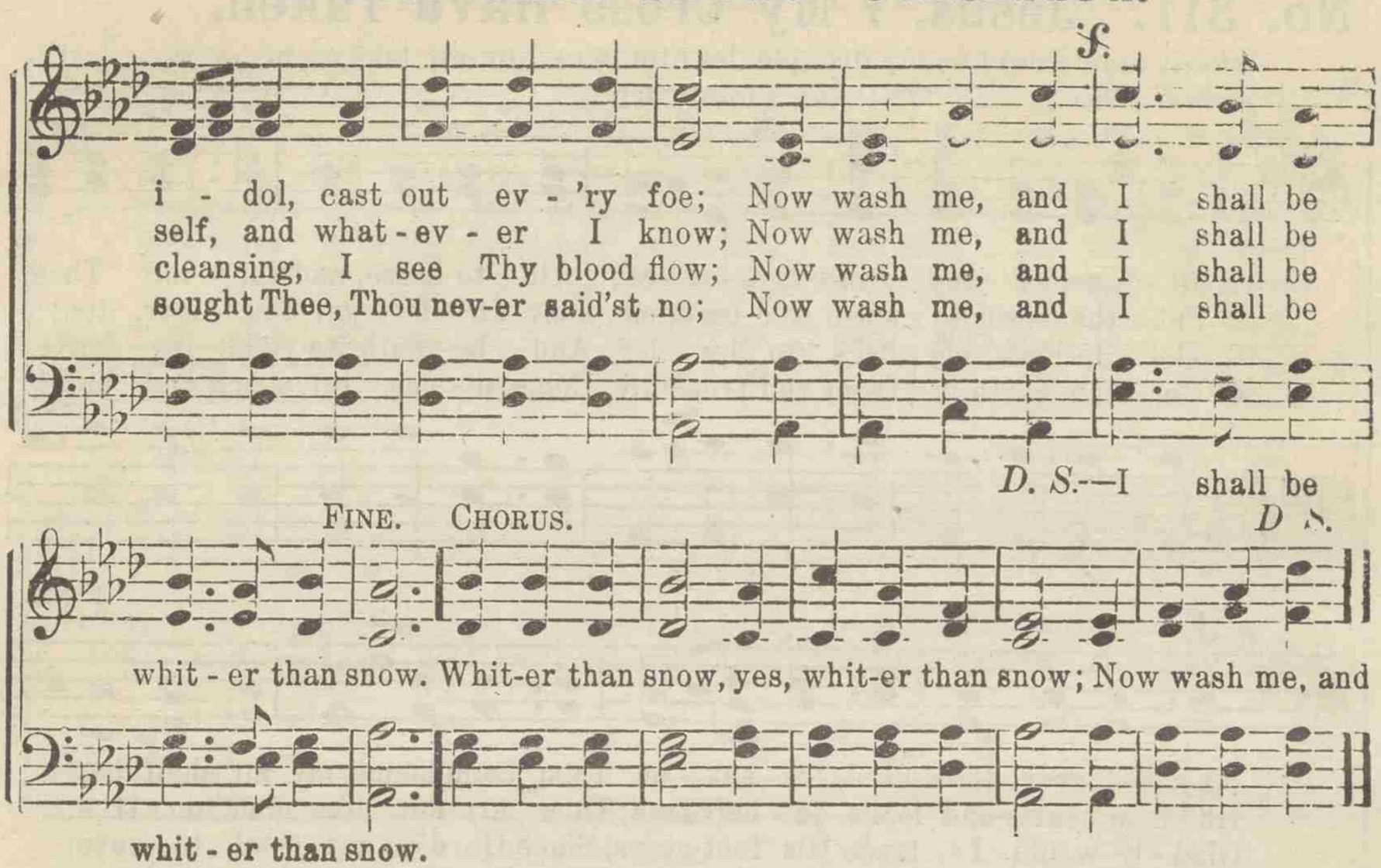
No. 309. Whiter Than Snow.

JAMES NICHOLSON. WM. G. FISHER.



1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole;
   I want Thee for - ev - er to live in my soul; Break down ev'ry
2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies,
   And help me to make a com-plete sac - ri - fice; I give up my
3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum - bly en - treat,
   I wait, bless-ed Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet, By faith, for my
4. Lord Je - sus, Thou see - est I pa - tient-ly wait;
   Come now, and with - in me a new heart cre - ate; To those who have

Whiter Than Snow. Concluded.



No. 310. Just For Today.

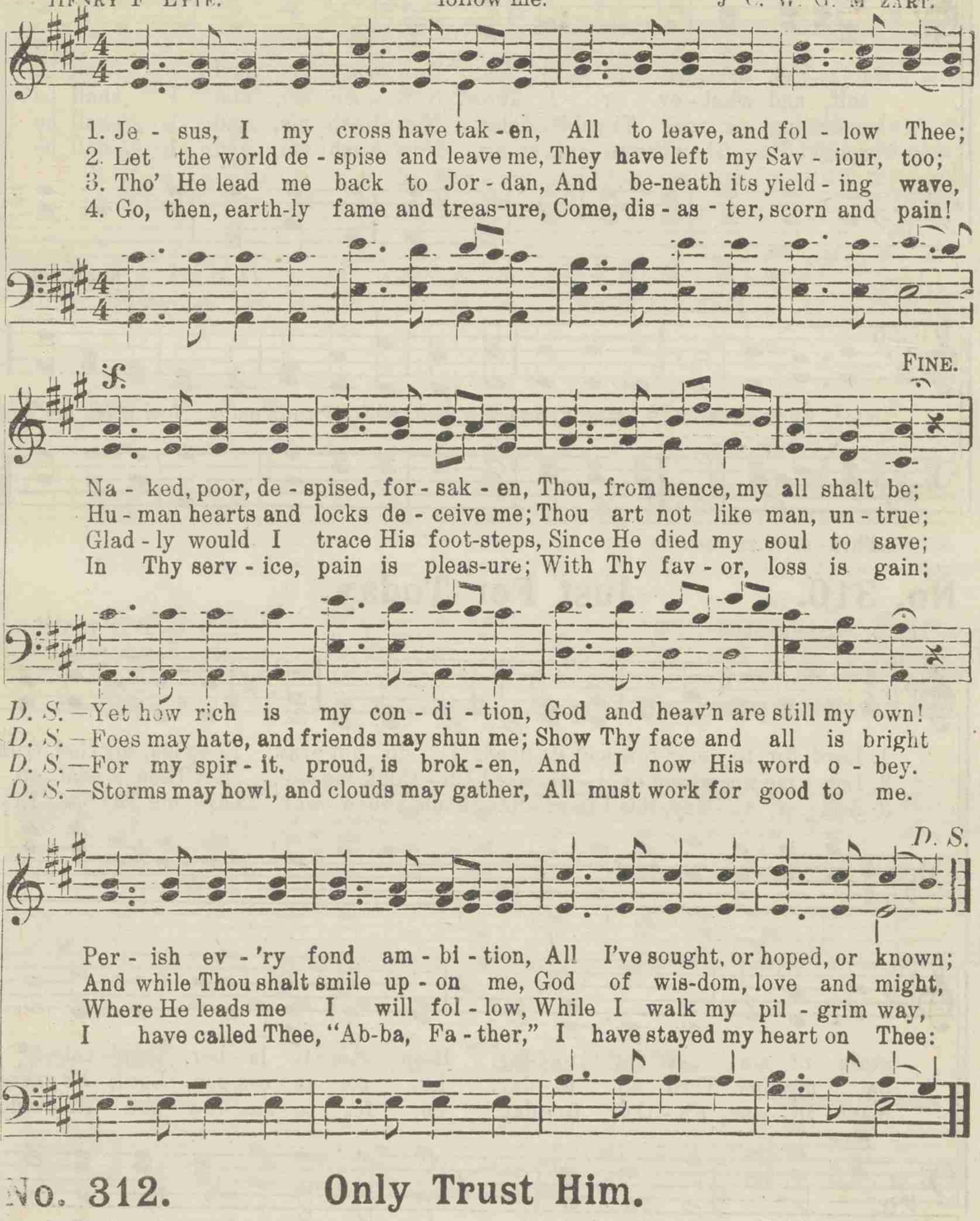
E. B. WILBERFORCE. H. R. PALMER.



No. 311. Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

"If any man would be my disciple, let him deny himself, take up my cross follow me."

HENRY F LYTE. J. C. W. G. MOZART.



1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave, and fol - low Thee;
2. Let the world de - spise and leave me, They have left my Sav - iour, too;
3. Tho' He lead me back to Jor - dan, And be-neath its yield - ing wave,
4. Go, then, earth-ly fame and treas-ure, Come, dis - as - ter, scorn and pain!

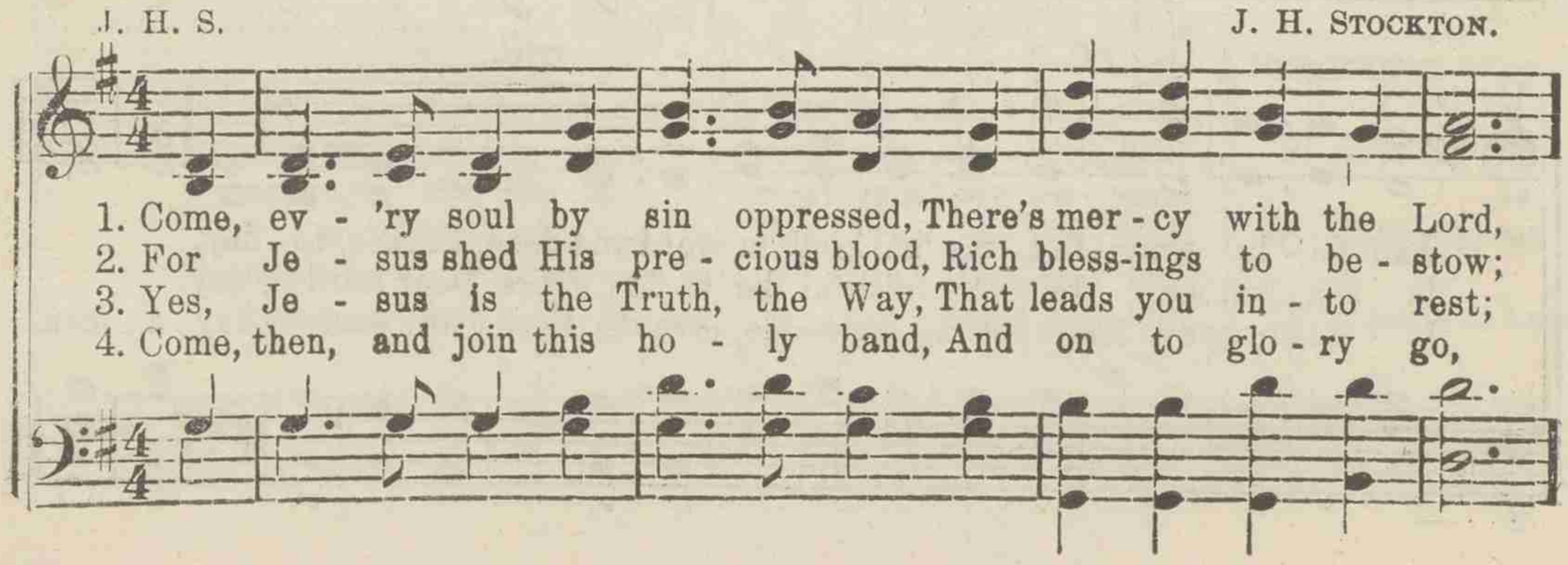
Na - ked, poor, de - spised, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be;
Hu - man hearts and locks de - ceive me; Thou art not like man, un - true;
Glad - ly would I trace His foot-steps, Since He died my soul to save;
In Thy serv - ice, pain is pleas-ure; With Thy fav - or, loss is gain;

D. S. —Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heav'n are still my own!
D. S. —Foes may hate, and friends may shun me; Show Thy face and all is bright
D. S. —For my spir - it, proud, is brok - en, And I now His word o - bey.
D. S. —Storms may howl, and clouds may gather, All must work for good to me.

Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
And while Thou shalt smile up - on me, God of wis-dom, love and might,
Where He leads me I will fol - low, While I walk my pil - grim way,
I have called Thee, "Ab-ba, Fa - ther," I have stayed my heart on Thee:

No. 312. Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. J. H. STOCKTON.



1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppressed, There's mer - cy with the Lord,
2. For Je - sus shed His pre - cious blood, Rich bless-ings to be - stow;
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;
4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go,

Only Trust Him. Concluded.

And He will sure - ly give yon rest, By trust - ing in His word.
Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow.
Be - lieve in Him with - out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im - mor - tal flow.

CHORUS.

1 2

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

No. 313. Glory to His Name.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. REV. J. A. STOCKTON.

1. Down at the cross where my Sav - iour died, Down where for cleansing from
2. I am so won-drous - ly saved from sin; Je - sus so sweet - ly a -
3. O pre-cious foun-tain that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
4. Come to this foun-tain so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the

f.

sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo - ry
bides with - in; There at the cross where He took me in; Glo - ry
en - tered in; There Je - sus saves me and keeps me clean; Glo - ry
Sav - iour's feet; Plunge in to - day, and be made com-plete; Glo - ry

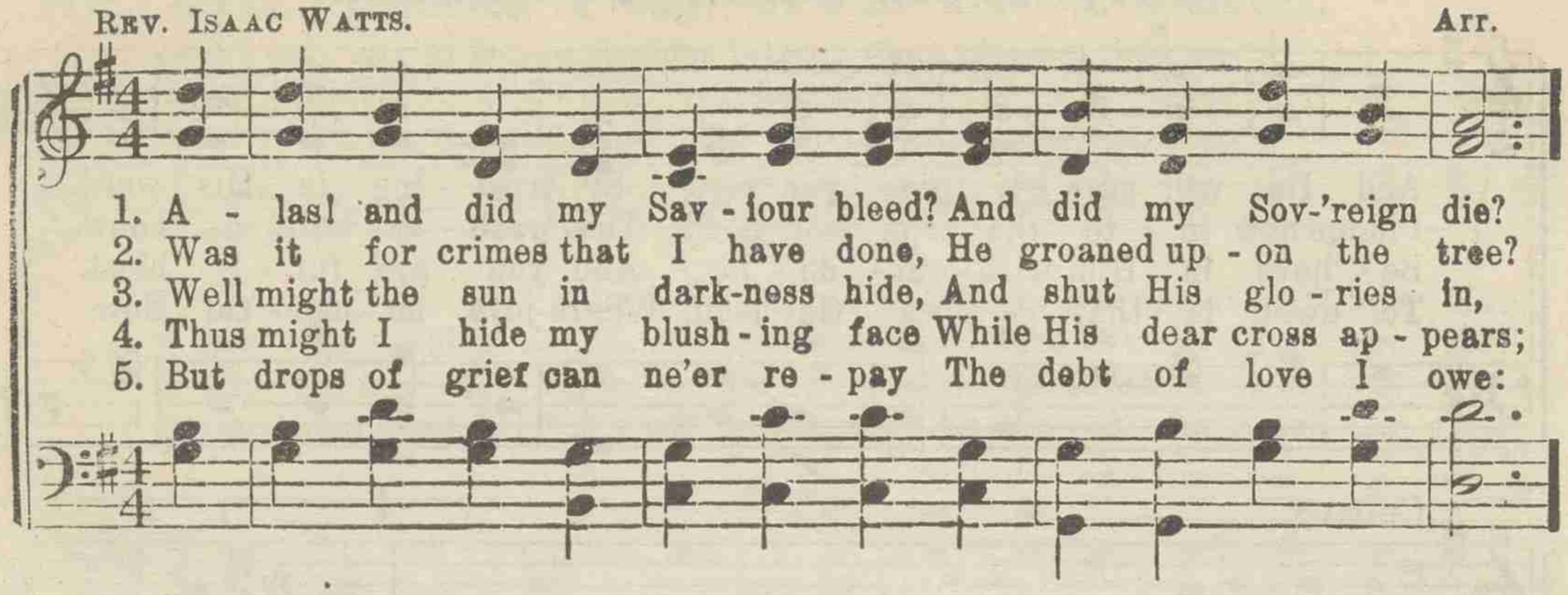
D. S.—There to my heart was the blood ap - plied; Glo - ry

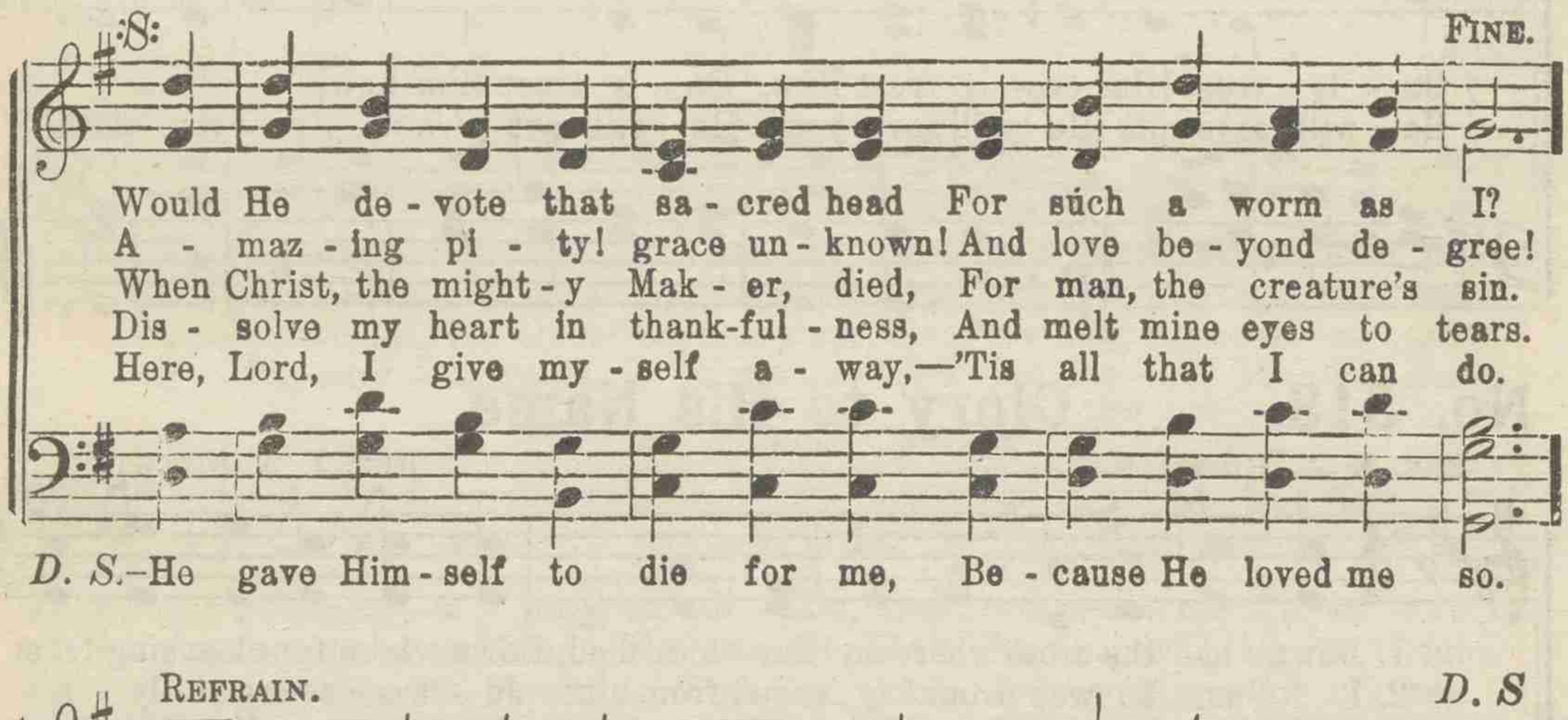
FINE. REFRAIN. *D. S.*

to His name. Glo - ry to His name, Glo - ry to His name.

No. 314. He Loves Me.

REV. ISAAC WATTS. Arr.





D. S.–He gave Him - self to die for me, Be - cause He loved me so.



No. 315. By the Grace of God I'll Meet You.

Arr. by WOODIE W. SMITH.



CHO. 1.–By the grace of God I'll meet you, By the grace of God I'll meet you,
CHO. 2.–There we'll shout and give Him glo - ry, There we'll shout and give Him glory,

By the Grace of God etc. Concluded.

O fa - thers will you meet me, On Ca - naan's hap - py shore.
O moth - ers will you meet me, On Ca - naan's hap - py shore.
O broth - ers will you meet me, On Ca - naan's hap - py shore.
O sis - ters will you meet me, On Ca - naan's hap - py shore.
O mourn-ers will you meet me, On Ca - naan's hap - py shore.

By the grace of God I'll meet you, On Ca - naan's hap - py shore.
There we'll shout and give Him glo - ry, For glo - ry is His own.

No. 316. Jesus Paid It All.

"Who gave himself a ransom for all."—1 Tim. 2: 6.

Mrs. E. M. Hall. John T. Grape.

1. I hear the Saviour say, "Thy strength indeed is small; Child of weakness,
2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine a - lone Can change the
3. For noth - ing good have I Where - by Thy grace to claim—I'll wash my
4. When from my dy - ing bed My ransomed soul shall rise, Then "Je - sus
5. And when be - fore the throne I stand in Him complete, I'll lay my

Chorus.

watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all."
lep - er's spots, And melt the heart of stone.
gar - ments white In the blood of Cal-v'ry's Lamb. Je - sus paid it all,
paid it all," Shall rend the vault-ed skies.
tro - phies down, All down at Je - sus' feet.

All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.

No. 317. Why Do You Wait?

G. F. R. Copyright, 1878, by The John Church Co. GEO. F. ROOT.

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

Your Saviour is wait-ing to give you A place in His sanc - ti - fied throng.
There's no one to save you but Je - sus, There's no oth - er way but His way.
Oh, why not ac-cept His sal - va - tion, And throw off your burden of sin?
Your Saviour is long-ing to bless you; There's danger and death in de - lay.

CHORUS.

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

No. 318. Praise the Lord.

M. D. U. Copyright, 1914, by Smith and Ussery. M. D. USSERY.

Earnestly.

1. Take your stand for Je - sus, Work with all your might;
2. Take your stand for Je - sus, 'Gainst the foes and right;
3. Take your stand for Je - sus, Keep His ban - ner high;
4. Take your stand for Je - sus, And His love pro - claim;

Praise Him for His mer - cy, Praise Him day and night. (day and night.)
Press them in the con - flict, Put them all to fight. (to fight.)
Yours shall be the vic - t'ry, In the by and by. (by and by.)
Res - cue souls in dark - ness, Praise His ho - ly name. (ho-ly name.)

Praise the Lord. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Praise the Lord, His love pro-claim;
Praise the Lord, His love pro-claim, His match-less love pro-claim; (proclaim;)

Take your stand for Je - sus, Praise His name.
Praise, O praise, His pre-cious name.

No. 319. Who at My Door is Standing?

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE. DR. A. B. EVERETT.

1. Who at my door is stand - ing, Pa - tient - ly draw-ing near,
2. Lone - ly with - out He's stay - ing, Lone - ly with - in am I;
3. All thro' the dark hours drear - y Knock - ing a - gain is He;
4. Door of my heart, I hast - en! Thee will I o - pen wide;

FINE.

En-trance with - in de - mand - ing? Whose is the voice I hear?
While I am still de - lay - ing Will He not pass me by?
Je - sus, art Thou not wea - ry Wait - ing so long for me?
Tho' He re - buke and chas-ten, He shall with me a - bide.

D. S.—If thou wilt heed My call - ing, I will a - bide with thee.

REFRAIN. *D. S.*

Sweet - ly the tones are fall - ing, "O - pen the door for me!"

No. 320 God Be With You.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. By permission. W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His coun-sels guide, up-hold you, With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you, God be
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His wings se - cure - ly hide you, Dai - ly man - na still pro - vide you, God be
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's per - ils thick confound you, Put His arms un - fail-ing round you, God be
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's ban - ner float-ing o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be

CHORUS.

with you till we meet a - gain. Till we meet,..... till we meet, till we meet,

meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet, Till we meet a - gain, Till we meet,

meet,..... till we meet, God be with you till we meet again.
Till we meet, till we meet again,

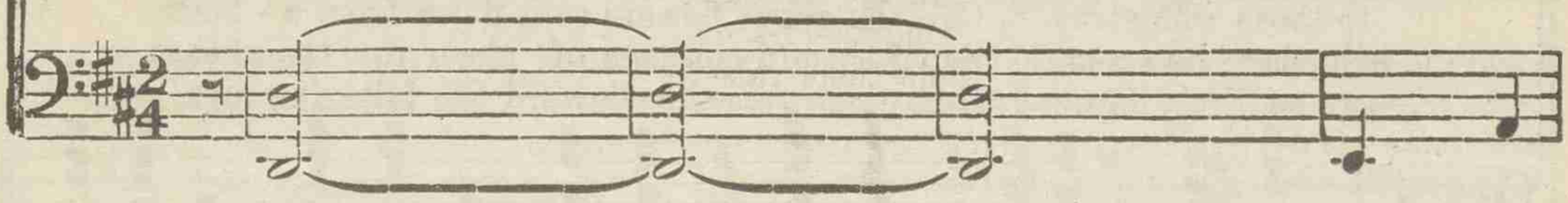
Junior Songs and Choruses.

No. 321. Two Little Hands.

W. A. O. By permission of David C. Cook. W. A. OGDEN.

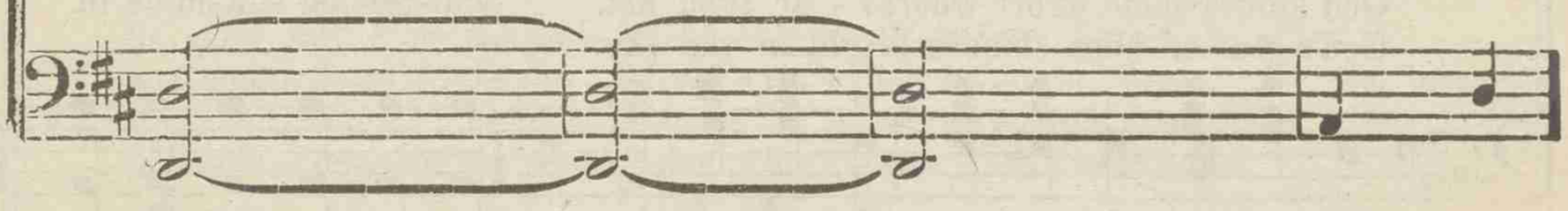


1. I've two lit - tle hands to work for Je - sus, One lit-tle tongue His praise to tell,
2. I've two lit - tle feet to tread the pathway, Up to the heav'nly courts a- bove;
3. I've one lit - tle heart to give to Je - sus, One lit - tle soul for Him to save,





Two lit - tle ears to hear His counsel, One lit - tle voice a song to swell.
Two lit - tle eyes to read the Bi - ble, Tell - ing of Je - sus' wondrous love.
One lit - tle life for His dear serv-ice, One lit - tle self that He must have.



CHORUS.



Lord, we come, Lord, we come, In our child-hood's earl - ly morn - ing;



Lord, we come, Lord, we come, Come to learn of Thee.

No. 322. Scattering Sunshine.

W. H. RUEBUSH. By per. of Ruebush-Kieffer Co. J. H. RUEBUSH.

SOLO. Slow.

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

to those who stray, Cull the sweet flowers sent down from a - bove,
help them be strong; Bring them a message of cheer to the heart,
way on life's barque; Help them raise heav'nward the faltering eye,

CHORUS. **Faster.**

Send on their mis-sion, a mis-sion of love.
God knows thine effort wherev - 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;

rall.

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

No. 323. Jesus Loves the Children.

Copyright, 1921, by Woodie W. Smith Co., in "Gospel Light,"

Edwin L. Bowyer. Geo. F. Root.

1. Je - sus loves the children dear, Them He blessed when He was here: And He nev - er turned the lit - tle ones a - way: But He said "for-bid them not." Bring the precious
2. Ma - ny thousand die each day, In the countries far a-way; Who have nev-er heard of Je - sus and His love: Let us pray, and give, and go, That these lit - tle
3. When their infant voic-es raise In the dear Redeemer's praise, And the hosts of heav - 'en join in glad acclaim, When we crown Him Lord and King, All the earth with has been heard in ev - 'ry land: Till in ev - 'ry tribe and tongue Our Redeemer's
4. Let us tell the sto - ry o'er Till it reach-es ev - ry shore, And the gos - pel

CHORUS.

lit - tle tot, E'en the dus - ky lit - tle heath-en far a-way.
ones may know Of the glo - ry that's a - wait-ing them a-bove. Je - sus loves the
joy shall ring, And re-joice at men-tion of the Sav-iour's name.
praise is sung, Oh, the great redemption chorus—'twill be grand.

lit - tle children, All the children of the world Brown and yellow, black and white All are pre-cious in His sight, Je-sus loves the lit - tle children of the world.
of the world,

No. 324. Kind Words Can Never Die.

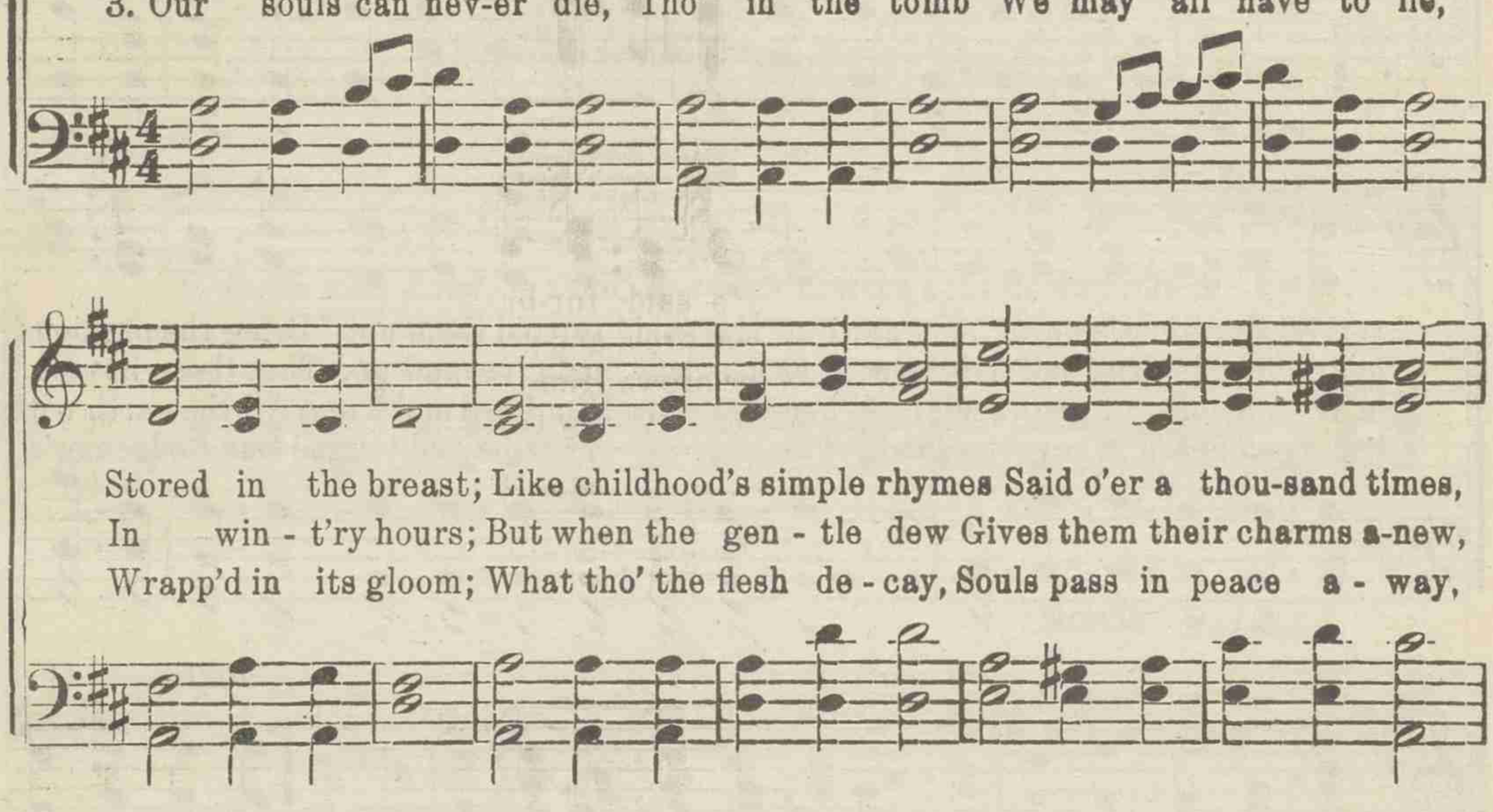
"And be ye kind one to another."—EPH. 4: 32

Copyright, 1918, by Woodie W. Smith, in "Revival Power."

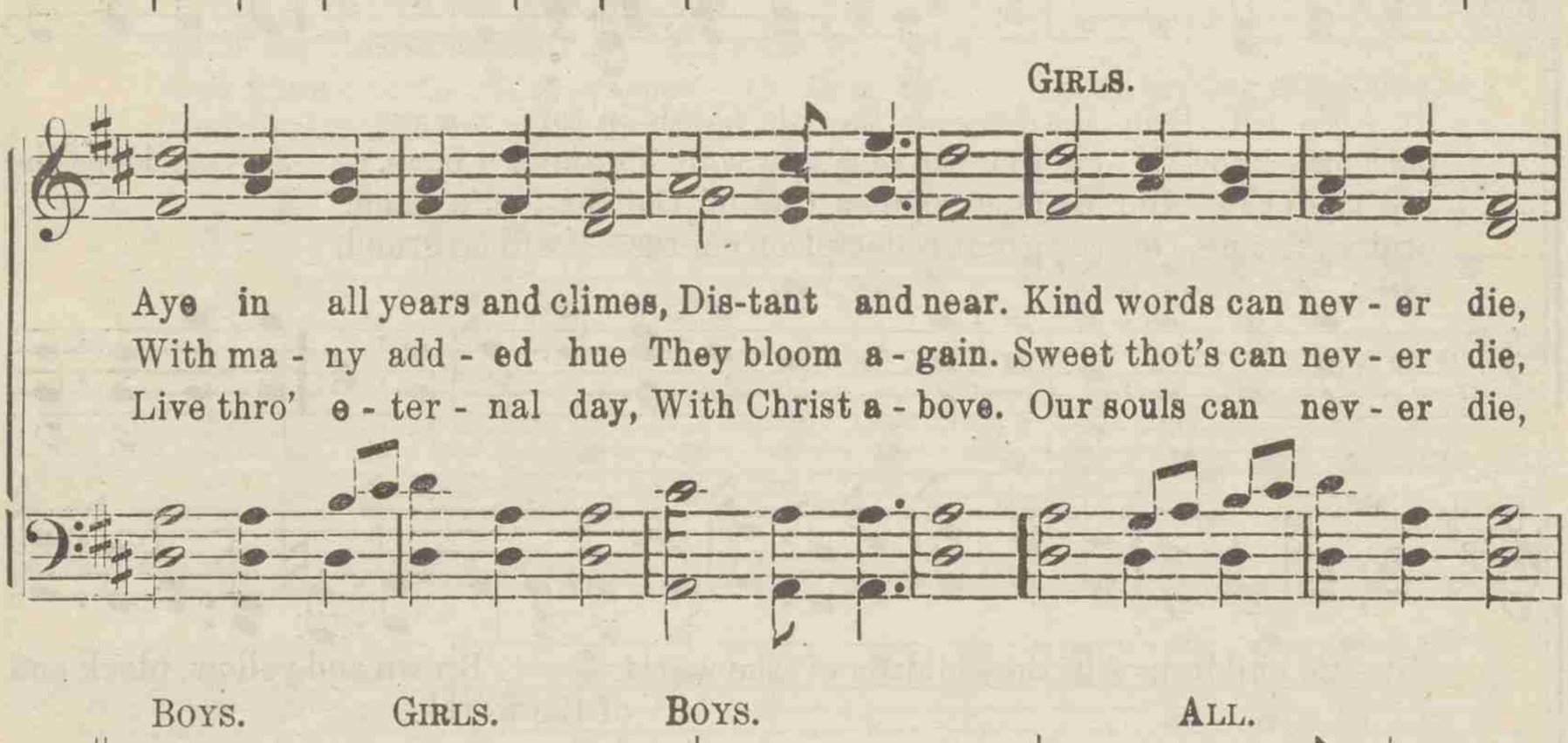
A. H. WOODIE W. SMITH, ARR.



1. Kind words can nev - er die, Cher-ished and blest; God knows how deep they lie,
2. Sweet tho'ts can nev-er die, Tho' like the flow'rs Their brightest hues may fly
3. Our souls can nev-er die, Tho' in the tomb We may all have to lie,



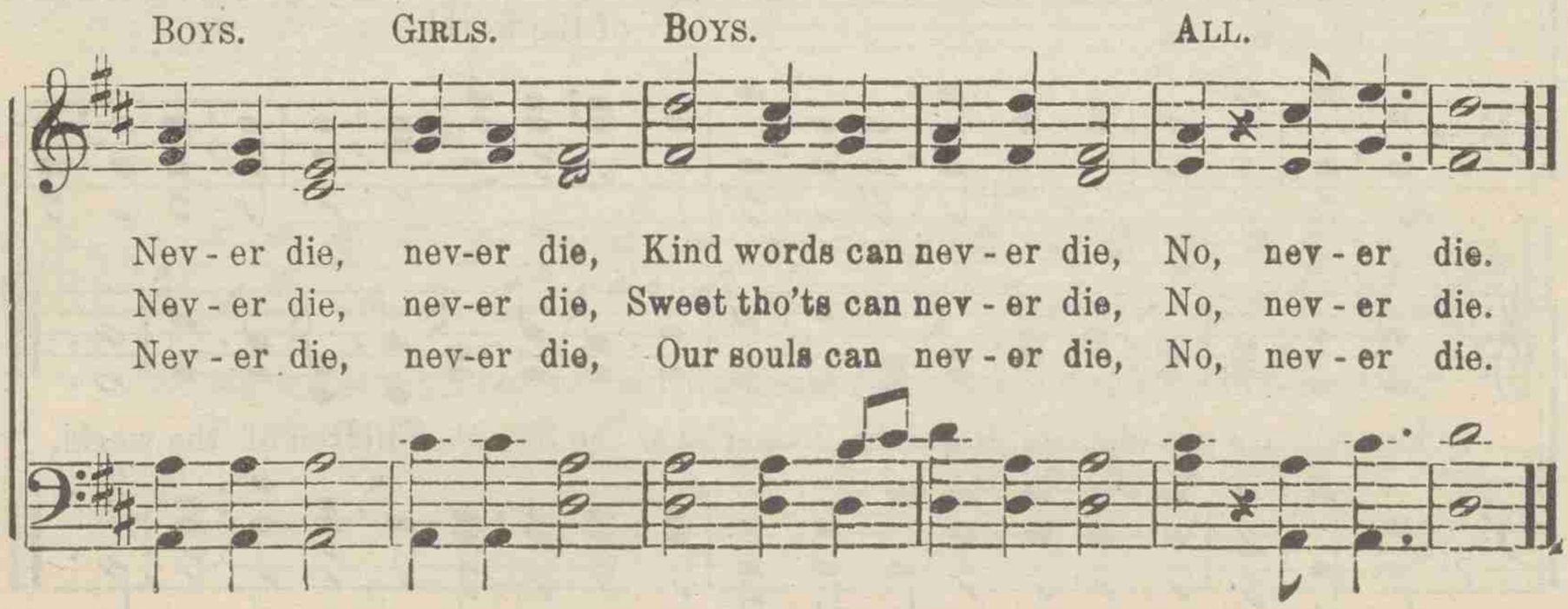
Stored in the breast; Like childhood's simple rhymes Said o'er a thou-sand times,
In win - t'ry hours; But when the gen - tle dew Gives them their charms a-new,
Wrapp'd in its gloom; What tho' the flesh de - cay, Souls pass in peace a - way,



GIRLS.

Aye in all years and climes, Dis-tant and near. Kind words can nev - er die,
With ma - ny add - ed hue They bloom a - gain. Sweet thot's can nev - er die,
Live thro' e - ter - nal day, With Christ a - bove. Our souls can nev - er die,

BOYS. GIRLS. BOYS. ALL.



Nev - er die, nev-er die, Kind words can nev - er die, No, nev - er die.
Nev - er die, nev-er die, Sweet tho'ts can nev - er die, No, nev - er die.
Nev - er die, nev-er die, Our souls can nev - er die, No, nev - er die.

No. 325. S-e-r-v-i-c-e Song.

H. E. O. Copyright, 1921, by Woodie W. Smith Co., in "Gospel Light." H. Ellis Ogden.



CHORUS.



NOTE.—Sing first SERVICE very slow, each child holding large letters indicating same, in hand or strung on neck.

No. 326. Take the Name of Jesus With You.

LYDIA BAXTER. Copyright, 1899, by W. H. Doane. Renewal. WILLIAM H. DOANE.

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

It will joy and comfort give you; Take it, then, where'er you go.
If temptations round you gather, Breathe that holy name in pray'r.
When His loving arms receive us, And His songs our tongues employ!
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him, When our journey is complete.

REFRAIN.

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

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

No. 327. 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 wi e; He will
3. Je-sus loves me! loves me still, Tho' I'm very weak and ill; From His
4. Je-sus loves me! He will stay Close beside me all the way; If I

Jesus Loves Me. Concluded.

CHORUS.

ones to Him belong, They are weak but He is strong.
wash a-way my sin, Let His lit-tle child come in. Yes, Jesus 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. 328. Bring Them In.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS. W. A. OGDEN.

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

Calling the sheep who've gone astray 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 Master speaks to thee, "Go find my sheep where'er they be."

CHORUS. 3 3 1 2

{ 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 [*Omit.* .] } Je-sus.

No. 329. Jesus Is My Shepherd.

Copyright, 1918, by Woodie W. Smith, in "Revival Power."

E. R. LATTA. WOODIE W. SMITH.



1. Je - sus is my Shep-herd, I, His Lamb, will be, Je - sus is my
2. Je - sus is my Shep-herd, And will ev - er be, Je - sus is my
3. Je - sus is my Shep-herd, Watching ten - der - ly! Je - sus is my
4. Je - sus is my Shep-herd, And, His will I do! Je - sus is my



REFRAIN.



Shep-herd, And He lead - eth me!
Shep-herd, And He guid - eth me! Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus, Let me
Shep-herd, And He lov - eth me!
Shep-herd, And I love Him, too!



nev - er stray, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus, Lead me all the way.

No. 330. Little Ones Like Me.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER. By per.



1. Je - sus, when He left the sky, And for sinners came to die, In His mer-cy
2. Mothers then the Sav-iour sought, In the places where He taught, Unto Him their
3. Did the Sav-iour say them nay? No He kind-ly bid them stay; Suffer'd none to
4. Children then should love Him now, Strive His ho-ly will to do, Pray to Him and



Little Ones Like Me. Concluded.



passed not by Lit - tle ones like me.
child-ren bro't, Lit-tle ones like me. Lit - tle ones like me, Lit-tle ones like me;
turn a - way Lit-tle ones like me.
praise Hin too, Lit-tle ones like me.



No. 331. Let Us Walk in the Light.

Copyright, 1918, in "Revival Power," by Woodie W. Smith.

ANON. ARR. WOODIE W. SMITH.



1. 'Tis re - li - gion that can give, In the light, in the light, Sweet - est
2. 'Tis re - li - gion must sup - ply, In the light, in the light, Sol - id
3. Af - ter death its joys will be, In the light, in the light, Last - ing
4. Be the liv - ing God my friend, In the light, in the light, Then my





pleas-ure while we live In the light of God.
com - fort when we die In the light of God. Let us walk in the light,
as e - ter - ni - ty, In the light of God.
bliss shall nev - er end, In the light of God.





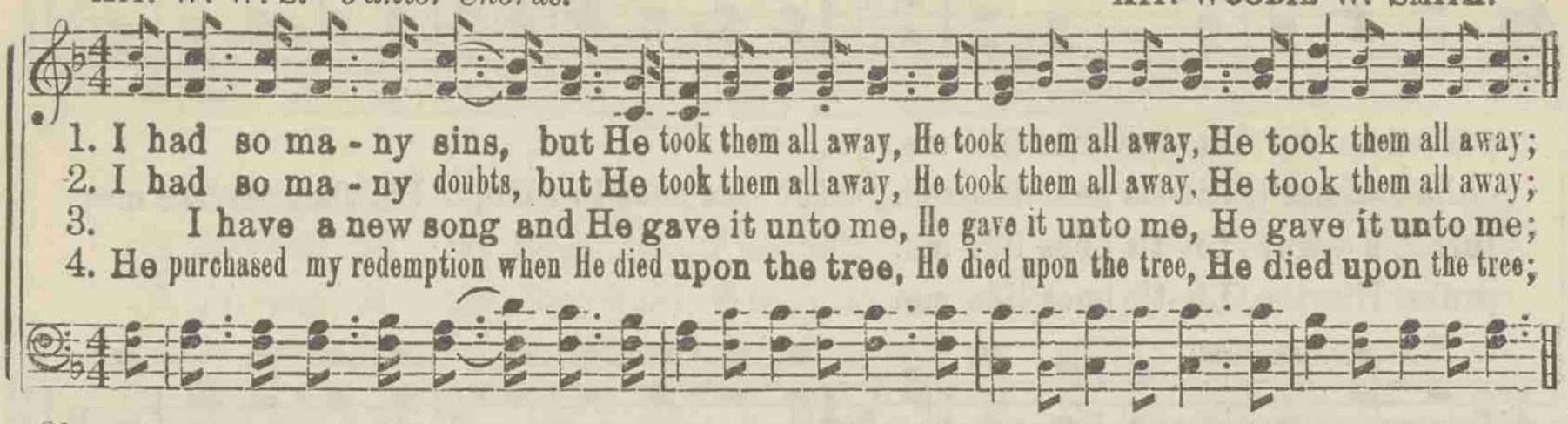
In the light, In the light, Let us walk in the light, In the light of God.

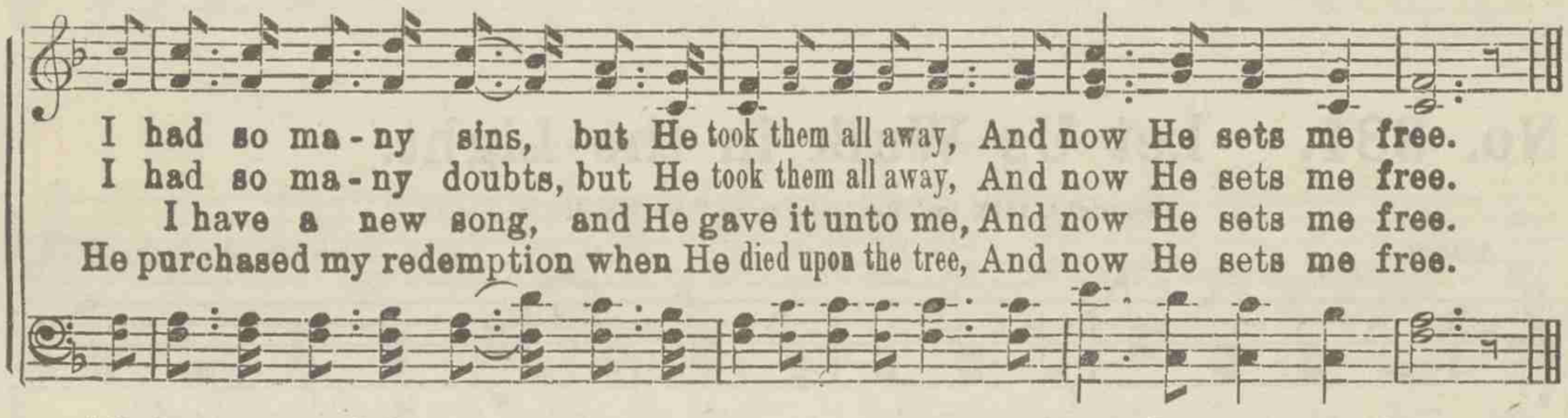


No. 332. All the Way to Calvary.

Copyright, 1918, by Woodie W. Smith, in "Revival Power."

Arr. W. W. S. *Junior Chorus.* Arr. WOODIE W. SMITH.



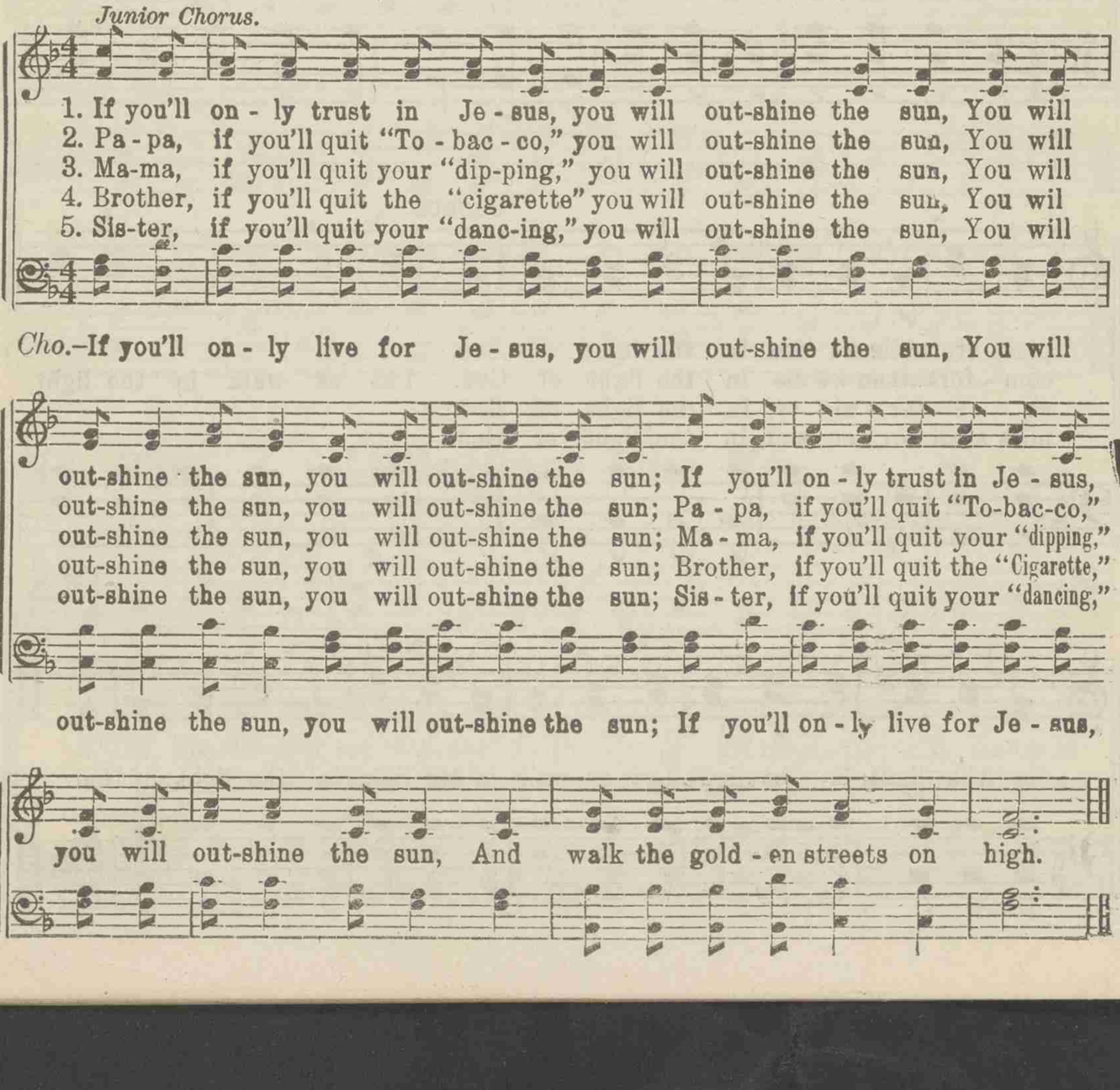


No. 333. Outshine the Sun.

Copyright, 1918, by Woodie W. Smith, in "Revival Power."

Arr., W. W. S. Arr., WOODIE W. SMITH.

Junior Chorus.



No. 334. I'm Praying For Papa.

Arr. W. W. S. Copyright, 1918, by Woodie W. Smith, in "Revival Power." Arr. WOODIE W. SMITH.

Junior Chorus.



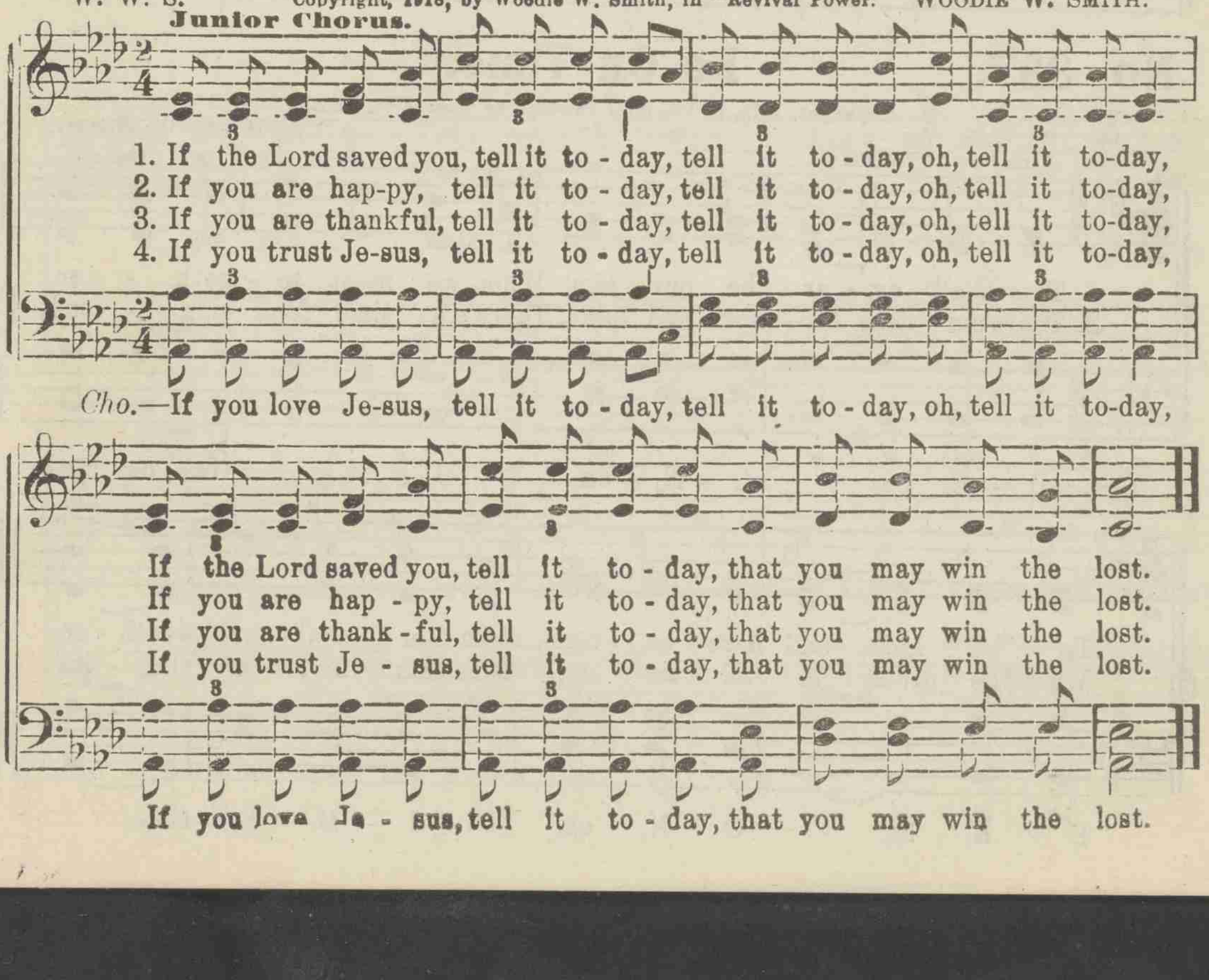
1. I'm pray-ing for Pa - pa to - night, I'm pray-ing for Pa - pa to - night;
   Oh, Pa - pa take Je - sus to - night, oh, Pa - pa take Je - sus to - night;
2. I'm pray-ing for Ma - ma to - night, I'm pray-ing for Ma - ma to - night;
   Oh, Ma - ma take Je - sus to - night, oh, Ma - ma take Je - sus to - night;
3. I'm pray-ing for broth-er to - night, I'm praying for broth-er to - night;
   Oh, broth-er take Je - sus to - night, oh, broth-er take Je - sus to - night;
4. I'm pray-ing for sis - ter to - night, I'm praying for sis - ter to - night;
   Oh, sis-ter take Je - sus to - night, oh, sis - ter take Je - sus to - night;

I'm praying for Pa-pa to-night, to-night, I'm praying for Pa-pa to - night.
Oh, Pa-pa take Je-sus to-night, to-night, oh, Pa-pa take Je-sus to - night.
I'm praying for Ma-ma to-night, to-night, I'm praying for Ma-ma to - night.
Oh, Ma-ma take Je-sus to-night, to-night, oh, Ma-ma take Je-sus to - night.
I'm praying for brother to-night, to-night, I'm praying for brother to - night.
Oh, brother take Je-sus to-night, to-night, oh, brother take Je-sus to - night.
I'm praying for sis-ter to-night, to-night, I'm praying for sis-ter to - night.
Oh, sis-ter take Je-sus to-night, to-night, oh, sis-ter take Je-sus to - night.

No. 335. Tell It Today.

W. W. S. Copyright, 1918, by Woodie W. Smith, in "Revival Power." WOODIE W. SMITH.

Junior Chorus.



1. If the Lord saved you, tell it to - day, tell it to - day, oh, tell it to-day,
2. If you are hap-py, tell it to - day, tell it to - day, oh, tell it to-day,
3. If you are thankful, tell it to - day, tell it to - day, oh, tell it to-day,
4. If you trust Je-sus, tell it to - day, tell it to - day, oh, tell it to-day,

Cho.—If you love Je-sus, tell it to - day, tell it to - day, oh, tell it to-day,

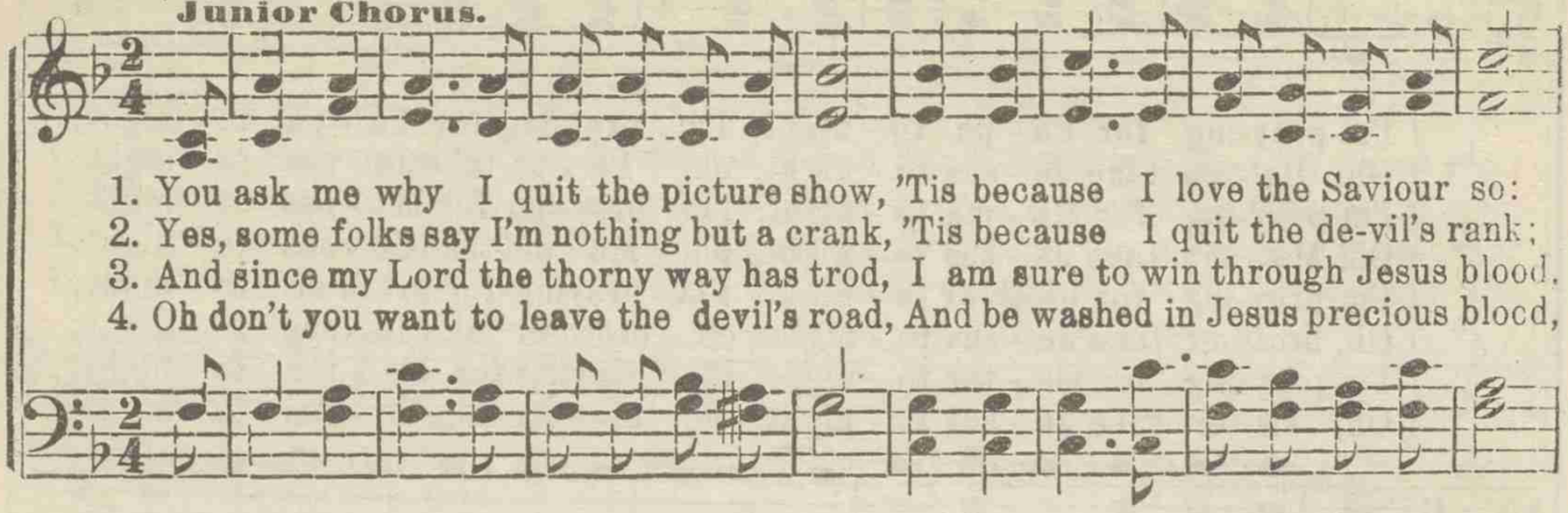
If the Lord saved you, tell it to - day, that you may win the lost.
If you are hap - py, tell it to - day, that you may win the lost.
If you are thank - ful, tell it to - day, that you may win the lost.
If you trust Je - sus, tell it to - day, that you may win the lost.
If you love Je - sus, tell it to - day, that you may win the lost.

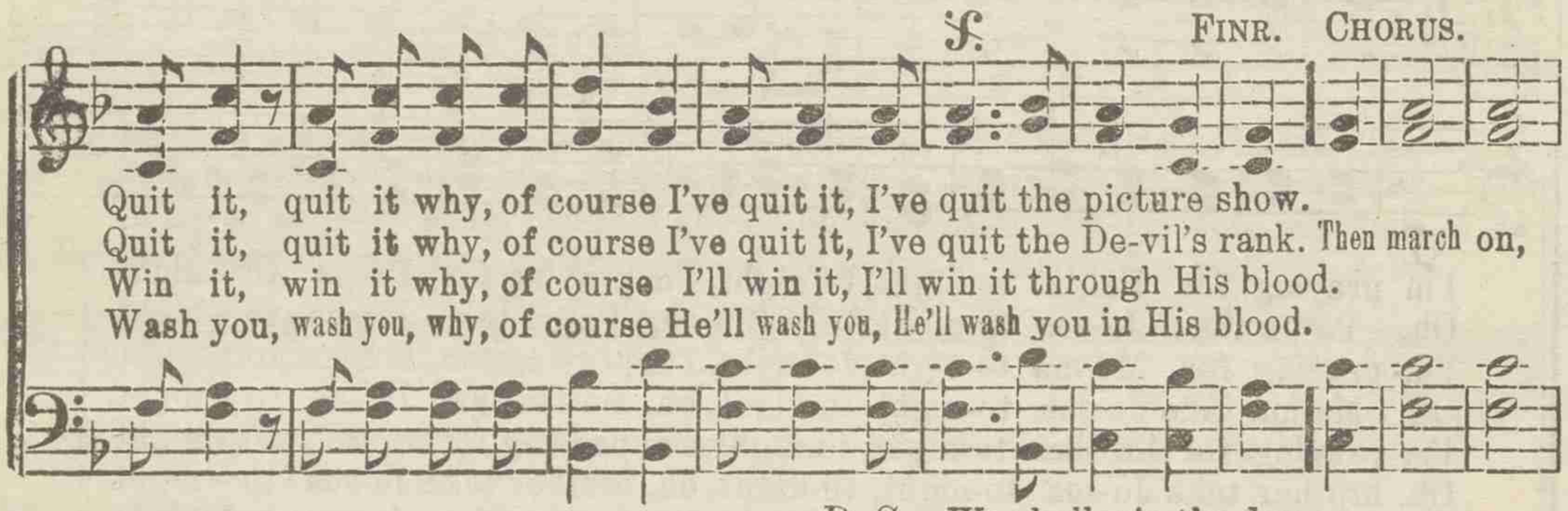
No. 336. We Shall Win the Day.

Copyright, 1918, by Woodie W. Smith, in "Revival Power."

Arr., W. W. S. Arr., WOODIE W. SMITH

Junior Chorus.



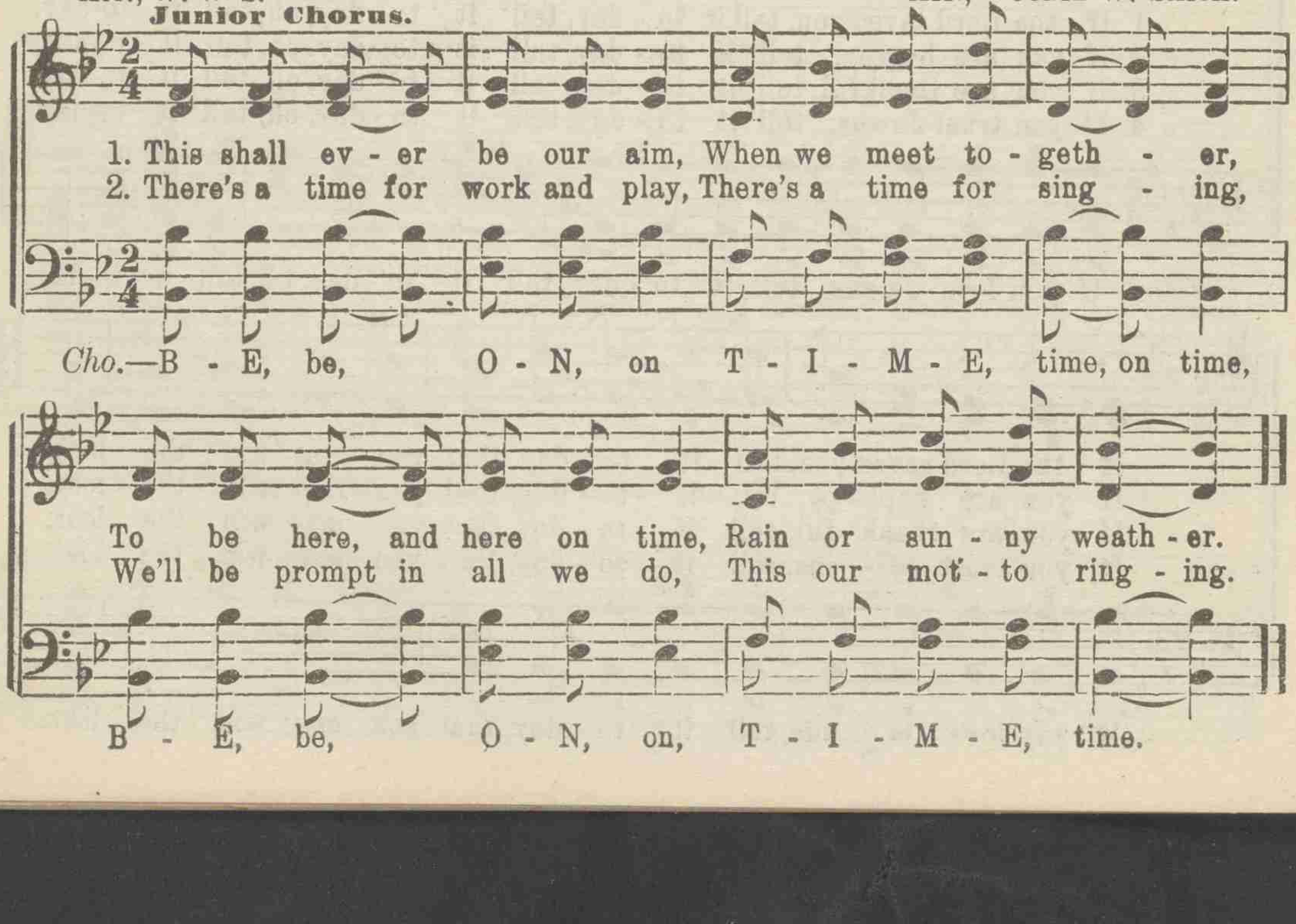


No. 337. Be On Time.

Copsright, 1918, in "Revival Power," by Woodie W. Smith.

Arr., W. W. S. Arr., WOODIE W. SMITH.

Junior Chorus.

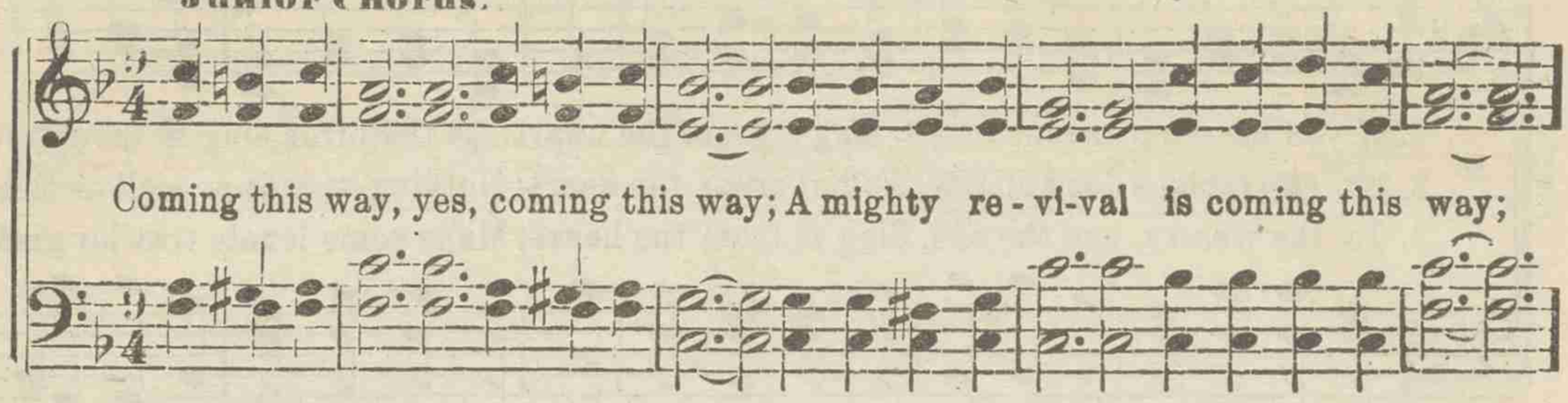


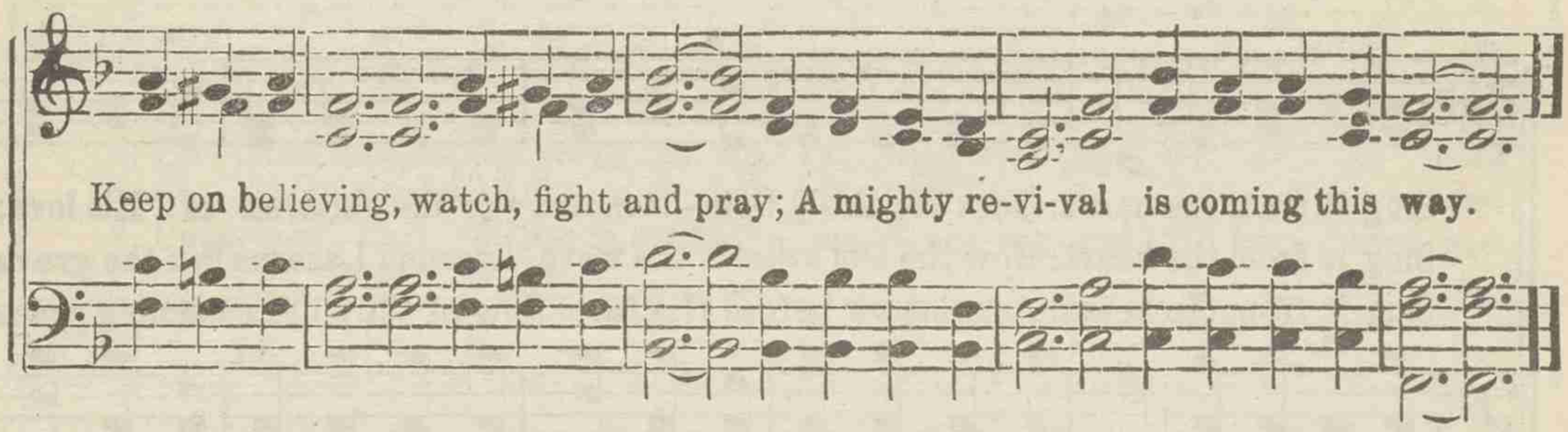
No. 338. Coming This Way.

Copyright, 1908, by Woodie W. Smith, in "Revival Power."

Arr. by WOODIE W. SMITH.

Junior Chorus.





No. 339. Take the World For Christ.

W. W. S. Copyright, 1909, by Woodie W. Smith. WOODIE W. SMITH.

Junior Chorus.



No. 340. Sing It From the Heart.

R. MORRIS. Copyright, 1918, in "Revival Power," by Woodie W. Smith. WOODIE W. SMITH.

1. If you have a pleasant thought, Sing it from the heart; As the birds sing in their sport,
2. Ev-'ry gracious deed of His, Sing it from the heart; Nothing sounds so well as this,
3. To the wea-ry, and the sad, Sing it from the heart; Make some lonely trav'ler glad,

Sing it from the heart: Does the Ho-ly Spir - it move, For the children of His love;
Sing it from the heart: How the Lord walked on the wave, Rescued Lazarus from the grave;
Sing it from the heart: Angels now before His face, Sing of Christ's redeeming grace,

CHORUS.

Point-ing to the home a bove, Sing it from the heart.
Died our guil - ty souls to save, Sing it from the heart. Singing, sing-ing from the heart
Give the Sav - ior end-less praise, Sing it from the heart.

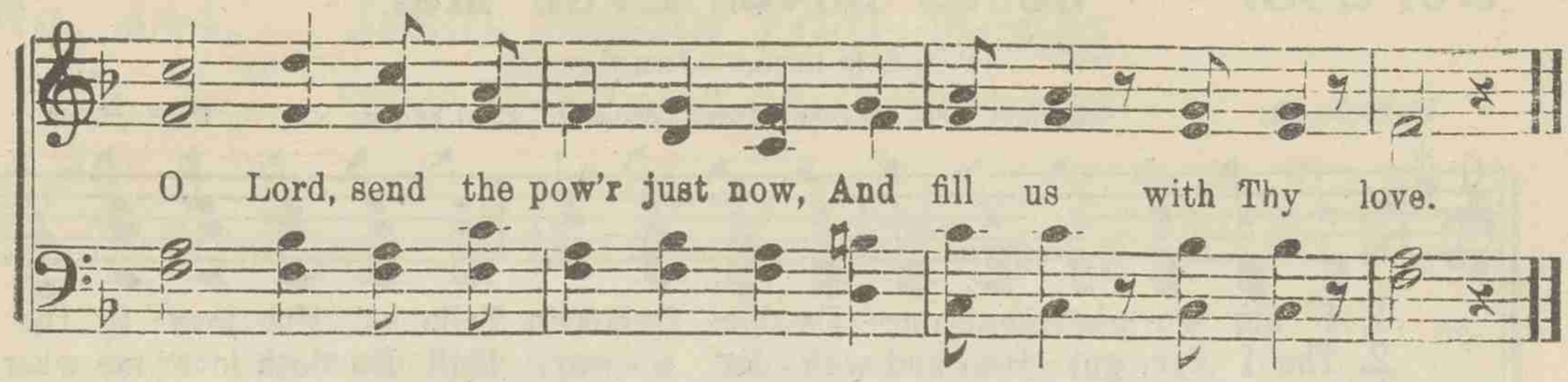
Oh, the joy our songs impart; Je-sus, bless the tuneful art, Singing from the heart.

No. 341. Lord Send The Power.

Junior Chorus.

O Lord send the pow'r just now; O Lord, send the pow'r just now;

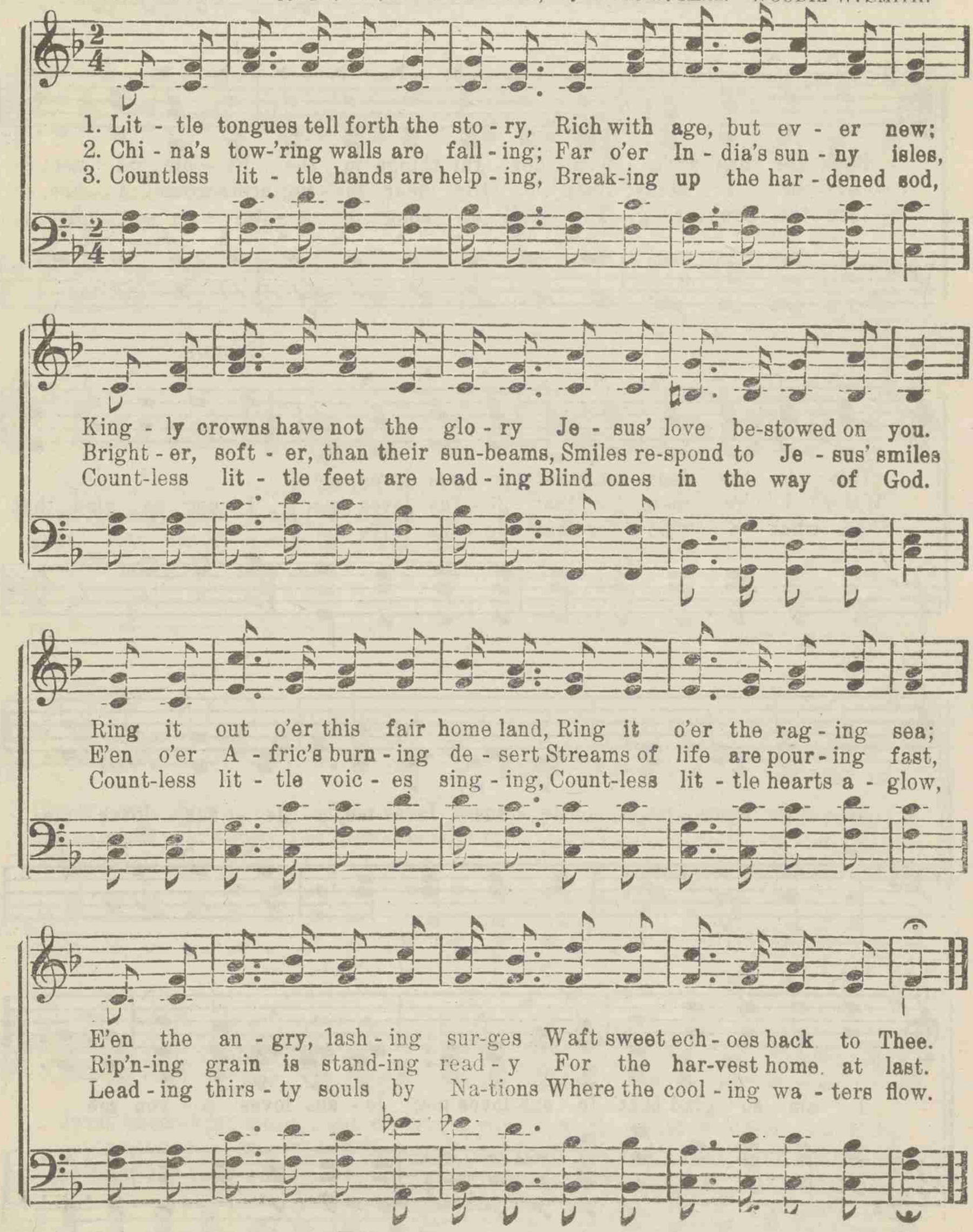
Lord Send The Power. Concluded.



No. 342. Tell the Story.

JUNIOR CHORUS.

LITTLE WORKER. Copyright, 1918, in "Revival Power," by Woodie W. Smith. WOODIE W. SMITH.



No. 343. Jesus Loves Even Me.

"God is love."—JOHN iv : 8.

P. P. BLISS. Copyright, 1902, by John Church Company. Used by per. P. P. BLISS.

1. I am so glad that our Fa-ther in heav'n Tells of His love in the Book He has giv'n, Won - der - ful things in the Bi - ble I see;
2. Tho' I for - get Him and wan - der a - way, Still He doth love me wher- ev - er I stray; Back to His dear lov - ing arms would I flee,
3. Oh, if there's on - ly one song I can sing, When in His beau - ty I see the Great King, This shall my song in e - ter - ni - ty be:

CHORUS.

This is the dear - est, that Je - sus loves me.
When I re - mem - ber that Je - sus loves me.
"Oh, what a won - der that Je - sus loves me"

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

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

No. 344. Jesus Needs Your Money.

A. B. Copyright, 1921, by Woodie W. Smith Co., in "Gospel Light." A. Bailey.

1. Je - sus needs your mon - ey, but He wants your love, In a true de-
2. Je - sus needs your mon - ey, but He wants your faith, To be - lieve His
3. Je - sus needs your mon - ey, but He wants your all, Giv - en to His

vo - tion like the saints a - bove, As an an - cient off - 'ring of a
prom-ise, and to trust His grace; While the mo - ney's dropping on the
serv - ice at the Spir - it's call. When you place an off - 'ring on the

lamb or dove—'Long be - side your mon - ey will you place your love?
off - 'ring plate, 'Long be - side the mon - ey give your faith a place.
al - tar shelf, 'Long be - side the mon - ey will you place your - self?

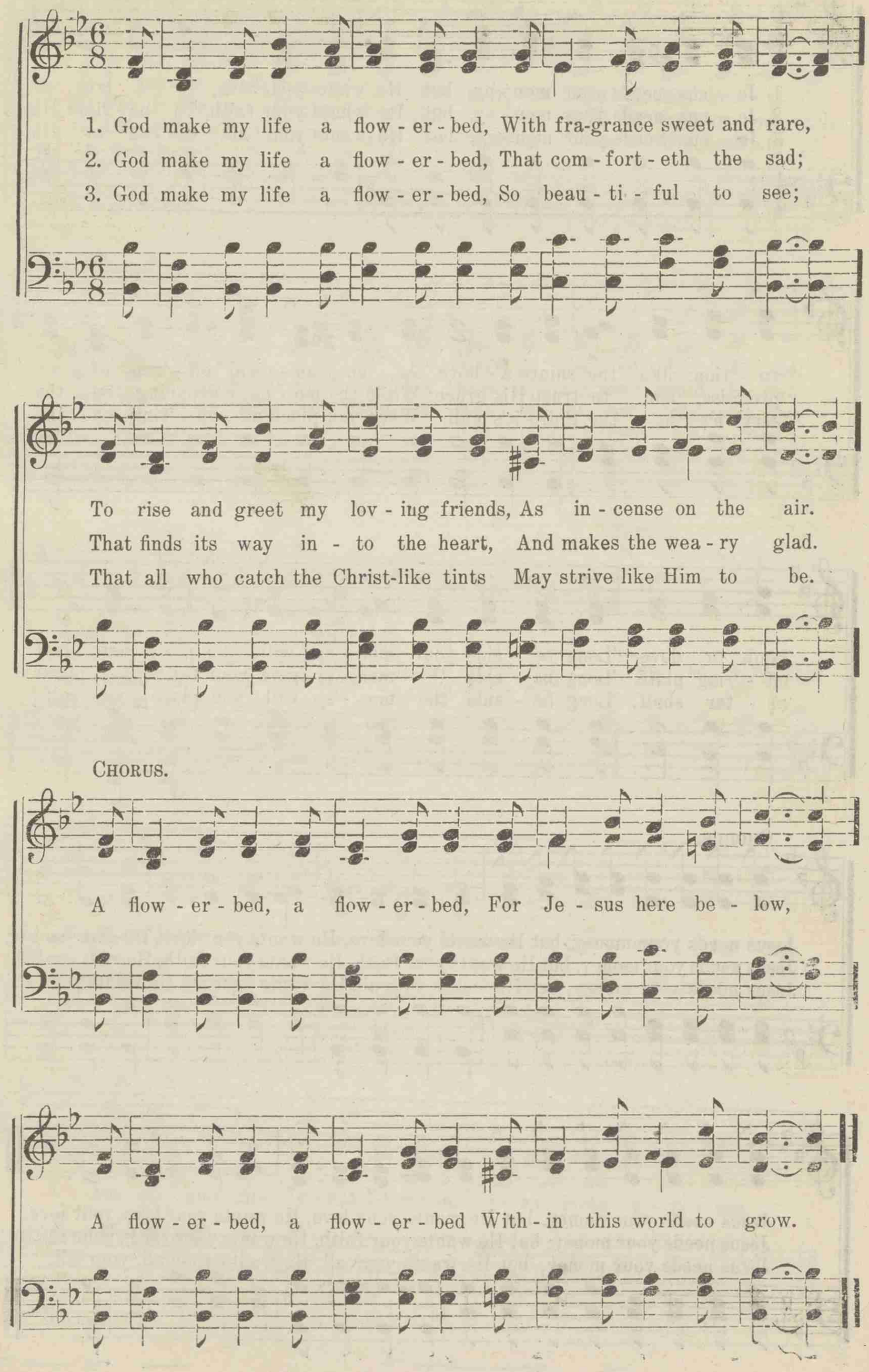
CHORUS.

Jesus needs your money, but He wants your love, He wants your love, He wants your love;
Jesus needs your money, but He wants your faith, He wants your faith, He wants your faith;
Jesus needs your money, but He wants your all, He wants your all, He wants your all;

Jesus needs your money, but He wants your love, He wants your love, your love.
Jesus needs your money, but He wants your faith, He wants your faith, your faith.
Jesus needs your money, but He wants your all, He wants your all, your all.

No. 345. A Flower-Bed.

A. B. Copyright, 1921, by Woodie W. Smith Co., in "Gospel Light." A. Bailey.



No. 346. Blessed Whosoever.

JOHN 3: 16. Copyright, 1917, by D. E. Dortch. Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.

1. I wan-dered in the dark - ness, Burdened and oppressed, But the
2. I found the bless - ed path - way, Lead-ing to the light; Days of
3. I nev - er more will leave Him, Friend and Sav-iour, true, But thru

Sav-iour found me; Gave me peace and rest; Now I trust His prom - ise,
wond'rous glo - ry Fol-lowed sin's dark night; Now with joy I'm tell - ing
ev - 'ry mo - ment Seek His will to do, 'Till I shall be - hold Him,

Giv'n so full and free— Bless-ed "Who-so - ev - er"— That means me.
Of His grace so free— Bless-ed "Who-so - ev - er"— That means me.
Con - fi - dent I'll be, That His "Who-so - ev - er"— Does mean me.

REFRAIN.

That means me, that means me, Bless-ed "Who-so - ev - er"—That means me;

rit.

That means me, that means me, Blessed "Who-so - ev - er"—That means me.

347. Why Should I Worry?

W. W. S. Copyright, 1914, by Smith and Ussery. WOODIE W. SMITH.

1. Why should I wor-ry when Je-sus is near? Why should I trem-ble or fal - ter or fear? Why should I be dis - con - tent - ed and blue,
2. Why should I murmur when trials shall come? Why should I long for dear moth - er and home, When He has prom-ised my bur - den to bear,
3. Why should I tar-ry when Je-sus shall call Me in - to serv-ice, for He is my all? Why should I lin - ger and fail to o - bey,

CHORUS.

When I have Je-sus to car - ry me thro'?
And to be with me in dark-est de-spair? Why should I wor-ry, oh,
When He has promised to go all the way?

why should I fear, when the dear Saviour will comfort and cheer? When the dark shad-ows of death o'er me come; Je-sus my Sav-iour will welcome me home.

No. 348. His Grace Is Sufficient.

A. B. *Slow.* Copyright, 1921, by Woodie W. Smith Co., in "Gospel Light." Rev. A. Bailey.

1. "My grace is suf - fi - cient," the Sav - iour hath said, 'Tis flow - ing a-
2. Temp-ta - tions and tri - als thou'lt meet on thy way, And oft from life's
3. When sorrow's deep trou-ble lay hold on thy soul, When dim - ly, thro'
4. Take cour-age, my com - rade, press on in the fight, Tho' long the fierce

bund-ant - ly free; 'Twill cov - er thy sin, the vic - to - ry win,
du - ties wouldst flee; There's noth-ing to fear, for Je - sus is near,
tears, thou canst see; He's close by thy side, to com - fort and guide,
bat - tle may be; The Sav-iour's thy friend, thou'lt win in the end,

CHORUS.

His grace is suf - fi - cient for thee. His grace is suf - fi-cient for

thee..... His grace is suf - fi-cient for thee;..... His pow - er a-
for thee, for thee;

vails, His love nev - er fails, His grace is suf - fi-cient for thee.

No. 349. When the Roll is Called up Yonder.

"That where I am there, ye may be also."—John 14: 3.

B. M. J. J. M. BLACK.

1. When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more, And the morning breaks e - ter- nal, bright and fair; When the saved of earth shall gather o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the
2. On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise, And the glo - ry of His res - ur- rec- tion share; When His chos- en ones shall gather to their homes beyond the skies, And the
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas-ter from the morn till set - ting sun, Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care, Then when all of life is o - ver and our work on earth is done, And the

CHORUS.

roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there. When the roll . . . is called up yon - - - der, When the roll . . . is called up
roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there. When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up

Copyright, 1893, by CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Used by per.

When the Roll is Called up Yonder.

yon - - der, When the roll . . . . is called up
yon - der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up

yon - der, When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.

No. 350. I Surrender All.

"But as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.—Josh. 24 : 15.

Copyright, 1896, by Weeden & Van De Venter. Used by permission.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER. DUET. W. S. WEEDEN.

1. { All to Je - sus I sur-ren- der, All to Him I free - ly give;
   { I will ev - er love and trust Him, In His presence dai - ly live.
2. { All to Je - sus I sur-ren- der, Hum-bly at His feet I bow,
   { Worldly pleas ures all for-sak - en, Take me, Je - sus, take me now.
3. { All to Je - sus I sur-ren- der, Make me, Sav-iour, whol- ly thine;
   { Let me feel the Ho - ly Spir - it, Tru - ly know that Thou art mine.
4. { All to Je sus I sur-ren- der, Lord, I give my - self to Thee,
   { Fill me with Thy love and pow-er, Let Thy bless-ing fall on me.
5. { All to Je - sus I sur-ren- der, Now I feel the sa-cred flame;
   { O the joy of full sal- va- tion! Glo - ry glo - ry to His name.

CHORUS.

I sur-ren - der all, I sur- ren - der all,

I sur-ren-der all, I sur-ren-der all,

All to Thee, my bless - ed Sav-iour, I sur - ren- der all.

No. 351. Jesus Is Ready to Save You.

"Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out"—JOHN 6: 37.

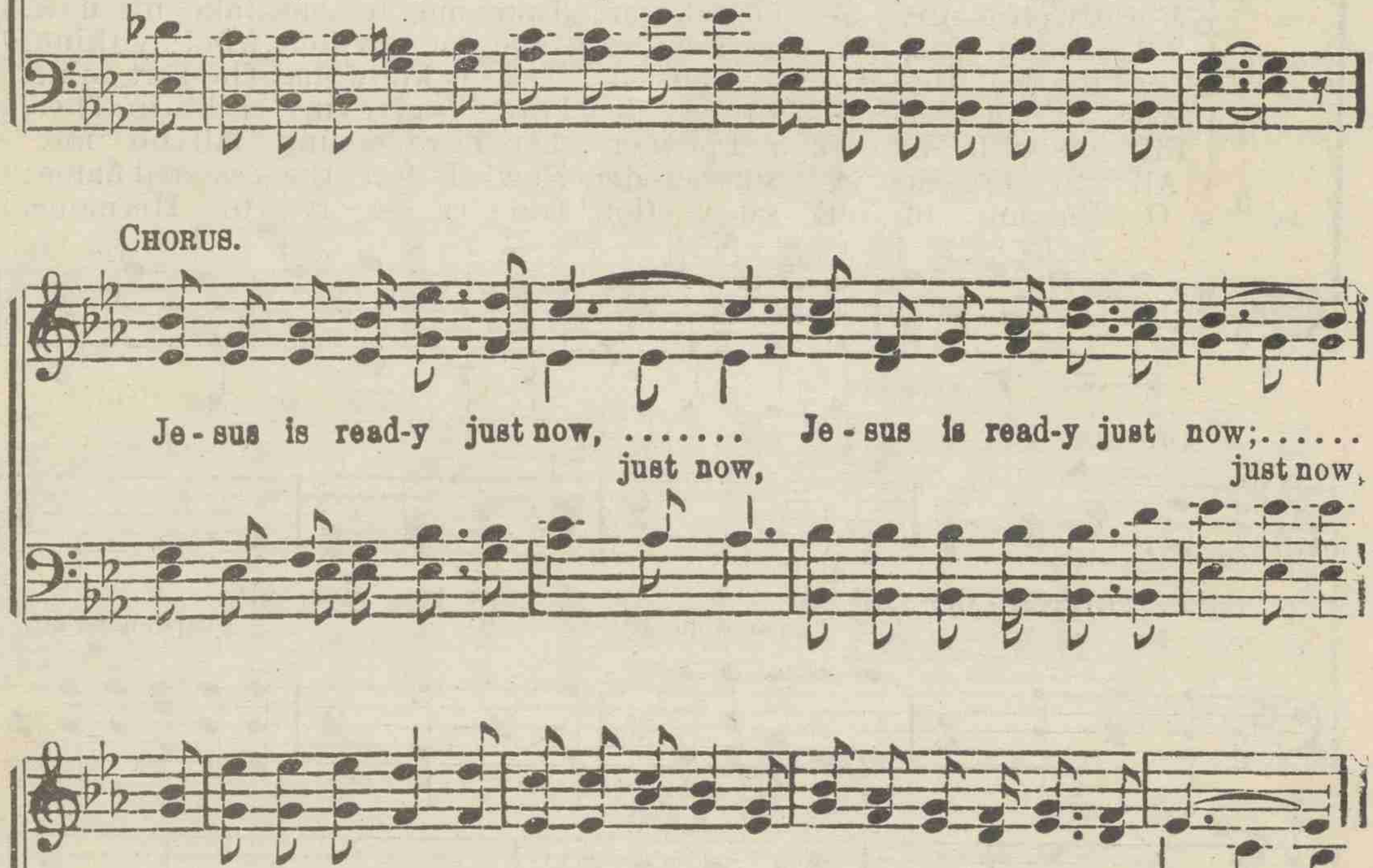
D. E. D. Owned and controlled by D. E. Dortch. D. E. DORTCH.



1. Je-sus is read-y to save you, O come to the fount of His love;
2. Je-sus is read-y to save you, O hear Him say "Come un-to Me;"
3. Je-sus is read-y to save you, O doubting one make no de-lay;
4. Je-sus is read-y to save you, O trust Him, He's faithful and true,
5. Je-sus is read-y to save you, Tho' you may be cov-er'd with stain;

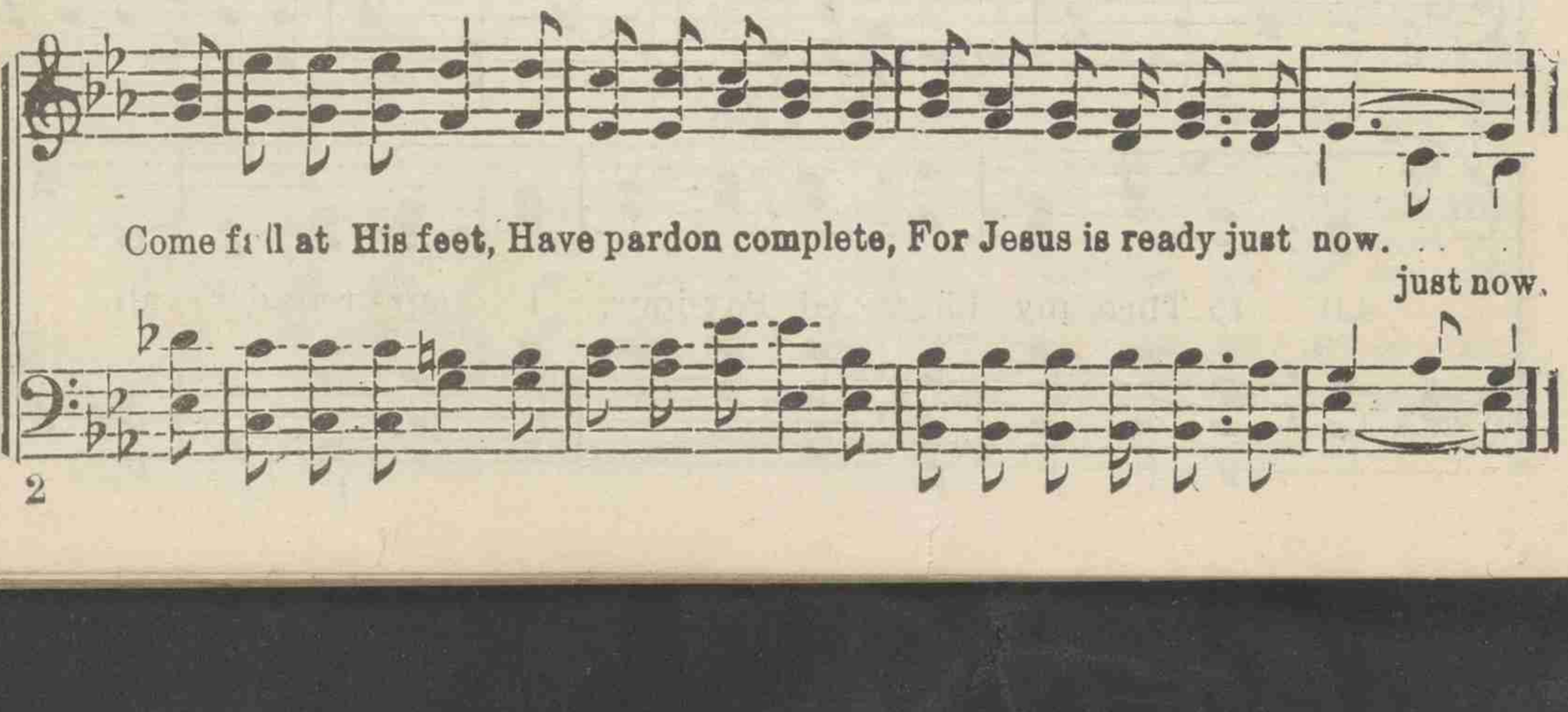


The wa-ter is free, 'Tis flow-ing for thee, It is-sues from heaven a-bove.
Come, lean on His breast, He'll give you sweet rest, And maks your soul happy and free.
If you will be-lieve, His precepts receive, He'll take all your sorrow a-way.
He's calling you now, oh, pen-i-tent bow, There's mercy and pardon for you.
He'll cleanse you I know, He'll make you as snow, And not a dark spot will re-main.



CHORUS.

Je-sus is read-y just now, ... Je-sus is read-y just now;.....
just now, just now.

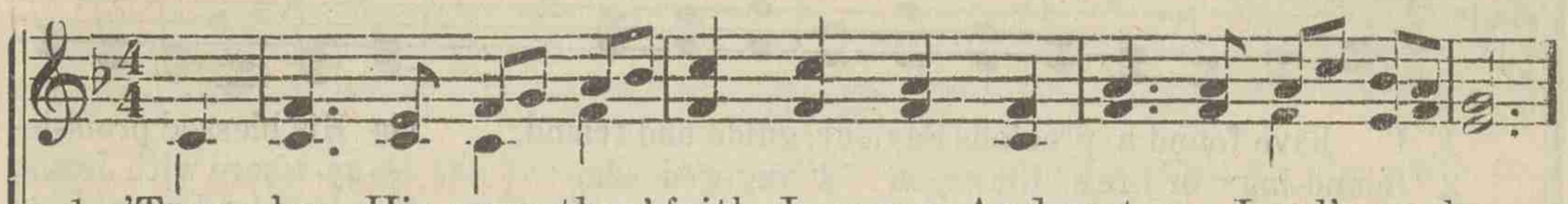


Come fall at His feet, Have pardon complete, For Jesus is ready just now. . . .
just now.

No. 352. A Sinner Saved By Grace.

"For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast."—EPH. 2: 8, 9.

REV. E. F. LYON. J. A. BROWN.



1. 'Twas by His grace thro' faith I came, And met my Lord's em-brace,
2. When I shall stand be - fore the King, And see His shin - ing face,
3. When I shall see Him on His throne, And He as-signs my place,
4. When I shall greet the heav'nly throng, The ransomed of the race,
5. I'll meet my loved ones gone be - fore, Who've triumphed in the race,



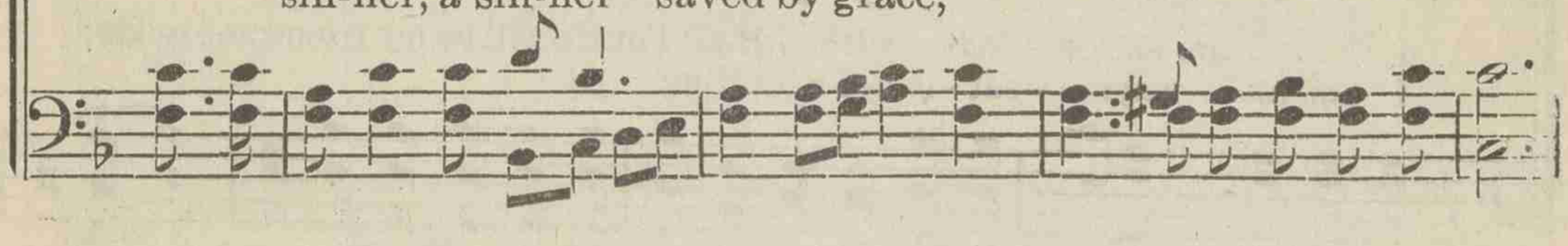


A sin - ner now my on - ly claim, A sin - ner saved by grace.
I'll hear the heav'nly cho - rus ring, A sin - ner saved by grace.
I'll join the cho - rus of His own, A sin - ner saved by grace.
I'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, A sin - ner saved by grace.
And shout the cho - rus ev - er - more, A sin - ner saved by grace.





I'm a sin-ner saved by grace, Soon I shall see His shining face;
sin-ner, a sin-ner saved by grace,





His glo - ries share, His im - age bear, A sin - ner saved by grace.



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No. 353. Always Satisfied.

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R. D. B. **Roy D. Baughman.**

1. I have found a precious Saviour, guide and friend, On His blessed prom-is-
2. Bound-ing o'er life's billows, on a rug-ged sea, A-ny-where with Jesus,
3. Sa - tan as a temp-ter, lurks on ev - 'ry hand: Sav-iour lead me safe-ly

es I now de-pend; He is al-ways with me to befriend and guide, A - ny-
sat - is - fied I'll be; Sail-ing to that ha-ven, He is by my side; A - ny-
to that promised land; Rest-ing in Thy bosom, with the glo-ri - fied, I'll be

CHORUS.

where I'm sat - is - fied. Tho'..... life's way be light or dim,
where I'm sat - is - fied. (with Jesus.)
ful - ly sat - is - fied. Tho' life's rug - ged way be light or dim,

I..... am sat - is - fied with Him; For He will be my friend and guide;
I am al - ways sat - is-fied with Him;

Thro' this vale of sadness, To that land of gladness, Al - ways sat-is - fied.
I am al-ways

No. 354. Behold!

Copyright, 1921, by Woodie W. Smith Co., in "Gospel Light."

Joe W. English. **R. D. Baughman.**

With feeling.

1. Be - hold the bless-ed Sav- iour dy - ing, On the cru - el Ro - man tree;
2. Be - hold the rocks all rent a - sun-der, And the graves are o-pened wide;
3. Be - hold His feet and hands are bleeding, See His brow all pierced with thorns;
4. Be - hold three hours of aw-ful dark-ness, Mid-night at the height of day;
5. Be - hold the world in dark-ness reel-ing, Quak-ing earth and rend-ing veils;

O, hear His voice in sor - row cry-ing, "Why hast Thou for-sak - en me?"
A fount of life is o-pened yon-der, In the Sav-iour's riv - en side.
Be - hold those marks of aw - ful scurgings, Blood-marks made by lashing thongs.
The pow'rs of hell now seem to tri-umph, While His life-blood ebbs a - way.
O, hear the voice in mer - cy plead-ing, While His hands are torn with nails.

CHORUS.

Why hast Thou for - sak - en me? Why hast Thou for - sak - en me? O,
In the Sav-iour's riv - en side, In the Sav-iour's riv - en side, A
Blook-marks made by lash-ing thongs, Blood-marks made by lashing thongs, Be-
While His life-blood ebbs a - way, While His life-blood ebbs a - way, The
While His hands are torn with nails, While His hands are torn with nails, O,

hear His voice in sor - row cry-ing, "Why hast Thou for - sak - en me?"
fount of life is o - pened yon - der, In the Sav-iour's riv - en side.
hold those marks of aw - ful scurgings, Blood-marks made by lashing thongs.
pow'rs of hell now seem to tri-umph, While His life-blood ebbs a - way.
hear His voice in mer - cy plead-ing, While His hands are torn with nails.

No. 355. The Great Commission.

By per. Dr. A. S. Kelley, Secretary of Missions, West Virginia Baptist Convention.

T. C. J. Copyright, 1910, by T. C. Johnson. T. C. Johnson.

1. Go, said the Mas - ter, and tell the glad ti-dings, Speed round the world with the
2. Hark! from the des-ert the wand'rers are cry- ing, Call - ing for help in their
3. Lo! I am with you for - ev - er and ev - er, All pow'r on earth and in
4. Go, my be - lov - ed, the Sav-iour is plead-ing, I have redeemed you with

mes-sage of love; Seek for the lost ones in dark moun-tain hidings, Save pre-cious
bondage and gloom; Millions in sor-row and an-guish are dy - ing, Haste to their
heav - en is mine; Shrink not from du-ty or toil-some en-deav - or, Jew-els you'll
my precious blood, While for the lost ones my own heart is bleeding, Go, bring them

CHORUS.

souls for the man-sions a - bove. Go..... ye in - to all the world,
res - cue from darkness and doom.
gath - er in glo - ry to shine.
in from the on - com-ing flood. Go, my be - lov - ed,

Spread..... the gos - pel ev - 'ry-where, Storm..... ..... the
Spread the blessed gospel, spread it ev - 'ry-where, Storm the might-y na-tions

na-tions—flag un-furled, Plant .... the cross of Je - sus there.
with your flag un-furled, Plant the precious cross,

No. 356. Jesus Saves.

Priscilla J. Ownes. Copyright, 1882, by John J. Hood. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. We have heard a joy - ful sound, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle's strife, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;

Spread the glad - ness all a - round, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
Tell to sin - ners, far and wide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
By His death and end - less life, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
Let the na - tions now re - joice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;

Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves,
Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves,
Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves,
Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hill and deep - est caves,

On - ward, 'tis our Lord's com-mand, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
This our song of vic - to - ry, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.

No. 357. Though Your Sins be as Scarlet.

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."—Isa. 1: 18.

Fanny J. Crosby. Copyright, 1887, by W. H. Doane. **W. H. Doane.**

DUET. *Gently.*

1. "Tho' your sins be as scar - let, They shall be as white as snow; as snow:
2. Hear the voice that en-treats you, Oh, re-turn ye un - to God! to God!
3. He'll forgive your trans-gres-sions, And re-mem-ber them no more; no more;

QUARTET.

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

Tho' they be red,

DUET *p* QUARTET *f*

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

p rit.

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

No. 358. The Old-Fashioned Way.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. By permission W. Stillman Martin.

1. They call me old-fash-ioned be-cause I be-lieve That the Bi-ble is
2. Old-fash-ioned, because I be-lieve and ac-cept On-ly what has been
3. Old-fash-ioned, because I am bound to do right, To walk in the
4. Old-fash-ioned, because I am look-ing a-bove To Je-sus, my

God's Ho-ly Word, That Je-sus, who lived a-mong men long a-go,
spo-ken from heav'n; Old-fash-ioned, be-cause at the cross I was saved,
straight narrow way; Be-cause I have giv-en my whole life to God,
glo-ri-fied Lord; Be-cause I be-lieve He is com-ing a-gain,

CHORUS.

Is di-vine, and the Christ of God.
At the cross had my sins for-giv'n. My sin was old-fashioned, My
Old-fashioned, be-cause I pray.
Ful-fill-ing His Ho-ly Word.

guilt was old-fashioned, God's love was old-fashioned, I know; And the way I was

saved Was the old-fashioned way, Thro' the blood that makes whiter than snow.

No. 359. Throw Out the Life-Line.

"The Son of man is come to save."—Matt. 18: 11.

May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.

Rev. E. S. UFFORD. E. S. U. Arr. by GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Throw out the Life-Line across the dark wave, There is a brother whom
2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong; Why do you tar-ry, why
3. Throw out the Life-Line to dan-ger-fraught men, Sinking in anguish where
4. Soon will the sea-son of res-cue be o'er, Soon will they drift to e-

some one should save; Some-bod-y's brother! oh, who then will dare To
lin-ger so long? See! he is sink-ing; oh, hast-en to-day—And
you've nev-er been; Winds of temp-ta-tion and bil-lows of woe Will
ter-ni-ty's shore; Haste then, my broth-er, no time for de-lay, But

CHORUS.

throw out the Life-Line, his per-il to share? Throw out the Life-Line!
out with the Life-Boat! a-way, then a-way!
soon hurl them out where the dark wa-ters flow.
throw out the Life-Line and save them to-day.

Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is drift-ing a-way; Throw out the
Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is sink-ing to-day.

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MALE QUARTETS.

No. 360. Tidings of Joy.

H. H. W. Copyright, 1921, by Woodie W. Smith Co., in "Gospel Light." Herbert H. Wentz.



1. Go ye to Beth - le - hem's man-ger, In swaddling clothes He lay;
2. Ti - dings to you I am bring-ing, Ti-dings of peace and love;
3. Heaven - ly hosts now are sing - ing Praises to Je - sus the King;





Je - sus the heav - en - ly stran - ger Bringing to earth a new day.
An - gel - ic hosts now are sing - ing Praise to the Fa-ther a - bove.
An - gel - ic harps, too, are ring - ing, Ti-dings from heaven they bring.



CHORUS.



Ti - dings of joy, ti - dings of joy, An-gels are singing a - bove; (a-bove;)





Ti-dings of joy, ti-dings of joy, Heav-en - ly anthems of love.



No. 361. May We Meet.

H. H. W. Copyright, 1921, by Woodie W. Smith Co., in "Gospel Light." Herbert H. Wentz.

1. Let us sing a song of glad-ness, As we tread life's rug - ged way;
2. Tho' our hearts are filled with sor - row, Let us praise His sav - ing love;
3. We will sing His praise in glo - ry, While the end - less a - ges roll;

And for - get this world of sad - ness For we'll meet a - gain some day.
For per - haps be - fore to - mor - row We may meet in realms a - bove.
Yes, we'll sing the gos - pel sto - ry In the home-land of the soul.

CHORUS.

May we meet where naught can se - ver, Bless - ed tho't that ne'er grows old,
May we meet to part no nev - er, On the shin - ing streets of gold.

No. 362. What Did He Do?

Dr. J. M. Gray. W. Owen.

1. { O lis - ten to our wondrous sto - ry: Counted once a-mong the lost,
   { Yet, One came down from Heaven's glory, Saving us at aw - ful . . cost!
2. { No an - gel could His place have taken, Highest of the high tho' He:
   { The loved One on the cross for-sa - ken Was one of the God-head . . Three!
3. { Will you sur-ren-der to this Sav - iour? To His scepter hum-bly bow?
   { You, too, shall come to know His fa-vor; He will save you, save you . . now.

What Did He Do? Concluded.

CHORUS.

Who saved us from e - ter - nal loss? What did He do?
Who but God's Son upon the cross? He

Where is He now? In Heav-en in - ter - ced - ing!
died for you! Be-lieve it thou, In

No. 363. Remember Me, O Mighty One.

Anon. Joanna Kinkel.

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

'Mid fires of e - vil fall - ing, 'Mid temp-ters' voic - es call - ing,
When from its dan - gers shrink-ing, When in its dread deeps sink-ing,
All thro' the life that's mor - tal, And when I pass death's por - tal,

CHORUS.

Re-mem-ber me, O Might-y One! Re - mem-ber me, O Might-y One!

No. 364. What Shall I Do to Be Saved?

J W. Hollman. Used by permission. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. O what shall I do to be saved From the sor - rows that bur - den my soul? Like the waves in a storm When the winds are at
2. O what shall I do to be saved When the pleas-ures of youth are all fled, And the friends I have loved From the earth are re-moved, And I weep o'er the grave of the dead? What shall I
3. O what shall I do to be saved, When sick - ness my strength shall subdue? Or the world in a day, Like a cloud rolls a-way, And e - ter - ni - ty o - pens to view? What shall I
4. O Lord, look in mer - cy on me! Come, O come and speak peace to my soul; Un - to whom shall I flee, Dear-est Lord, but to Thee? Thou canst make my poor bro - ken heart whole; That will I

1–3. do? What shall I do? O what shall I do to be saved?
4. do! That will I do! To Je - sus I'll go and be saved!

No. 365. Nearer, My God, to Thee. No. 2.

Sarah F. Adams. Arr. by J. H. Carr.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee;
2. Tho' like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down;
3. There let the way ap - pear Steps un - to heav'n;

Nearer, My God, to Thee. Concluded.

f. FINE.

E'en tho' it be a cross That rais - eth me;
Dark-ness be o - ver me, My rest a stone,
All that Thou send - est me, In mer - cy giv'n;

D. S.—Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.

CHORUS. *D. S.*

Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er, my God, to Thee,
An - gels to beck - on me Near - er, my God, to Thee.

No. 366. Rock of Ages. No. 2.

A. M. Toplady. **Arr. by C. S. T. Dr. Thos. Hastings.**

FINE.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my- self in Thee;
2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful - fill Thy law's demands;
3. Noth - ing in my hand I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling;
4. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When mine eyes shall close in death,

D. C.—Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save me from its guilt and pow'r.
All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.
Foul, I to the foun - tain fly; Wash me, Sav - iour, or I die.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my- self in Thee.

D. C.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,
Could my zeal no res - pite know; Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
Na - ked, come to Thee for dress; Help - less, look to Thee for grace,
When I soar to worlds un - known, See Thee on Thy judg-ment throne

No. 367. He Lives Again.

Hastings. Arr. by Emmett S. Dean.

1. How calm and beau - ti - ful the morn, That gilds the sa - cred tomb,
2. Ye mourning saints, dry ev - 'ry tear, For your de - part - ed Lord,
3. Now cheerful to the house of pray'r, Your ear - ly foot-steps bend,

Where Christ the cru - ci - fied was borne, And veiled in mid - night gloom.
Be - hold the place, He is not here, The tomb is all un - barred.
Your Sav - iour will Him - self be there, Your Ad - vo - cate and Friend!

Oh, weep no more, the Sav - iour slain, The Lord is ris'n, He
The gates of death were closed in vain, The Lord is ris'n, He
Once by the law your hopes were slain, But now in Christ, ye

lives a - gain! The Lord is ris'n,.... He lives a - gain!
lives a - gain! The Lord is ris'n,.... He lives a - gain!
live a - gain! The Lord is ris'n,.... He lives a - gain!

No. 368. Day is Dying in the West.

Copyright, 1921, by Woodie W. Smith Co., in "Gospel Light."

Mary A. Lathbury. H. Ellis Ogden.

1. Day is dy - ing in the west, Heav'n is touching earth with rest; Wait and
2. Lord of life be-neath the dome Of the u - ni-verse, Thy home, Gath - er
3. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of Love en - fold - ing all, Thro' the
4. When for-ev - er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of

Day is Dying in the West. Concluded.

worship while the night Sets her even-ing lamps a - light Thru all the sky.
us who seek Thy face, To the fold of Thy em-brace For Thou art nigh.
glo - ry and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts as - cend.
an - gels on our eyes Let e - ter - nal morn-ing rise, And shad-ows end!

REFRAIN.

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are

cres. *ff*

full of Thee! Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord most high!

No. 369. Sitting at the Feet of Jesus.

Matt. 15: 30. Copyright, 1921, by Woodie W Smith Co., in "Gospel Light." **James F. Frame.**

Fine.

1. Joy and peace now fills my soul, Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus.
   Saved from sin, made free and whole, Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus.
2. Christ is near me ev - 'ry day, Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus.
   Wipes my flow - ing tears a - way, Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus.
3. There's a balm for ev - 'ry pain, Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus.
   Troubled souls O there re - main, Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus.
4. In that home so bright and fair, Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus.
   We have loved ones o - ver there, Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus.

D.C.—Where can mor-tal be more blest, Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus.

CHORUS. *D. C.*

There the wea - ry find sweet rest, There my soul is filled with grace,

No. 370. Will No One Be There?

MALE QUARTET.

Copyright, 1901, by F. L. Eiland.

Rev. J. H. Martin. Arr by F. L. E. **F. L. Eiland.**

Slowly and softly.

1. I think I should mourn o'er my sor - row - ful fate, If sor - row in heav-en can be,.... If no one should be at the beau - ti - ful
2. How sad, would I feel in the heav - en - ly state, If sad - ness in heav-en can be,.... If no one should be at the beau - ti - ful
3. O, Lord, I be-seech Thee, for wis-dom and grace, In win-ning lost souls un - to Thee, That some one may be at that heav - en - ly

rit. REFRAIN.

gate, There wait-ing and watch-ing for me!....
gate, Con - duct - ed to glo - ry by me!.... Will no one be
place, There waiting and watch-ing for me!....

rit. *Repeat pp.*

there? Will no one be there? Not one, at the beau-ti - ful gate.....

No. 371. Soul, Why Be Contented?

Copyright, 1921, by Woodie W. Smith Co., in "Gospel Light."

Franklin L. Eiland. J. B. Vaughan. Arr. W. W. S.

1. Soul, why be con - tent - ed Out of Christ to stay? With no
2. Why neg - lect this inter - est? Let it pass you by? Seek - ing
3. Why then be con - tent - ed, With your soul ex - posed, Till the

hope of heav - en, And so much to pay? Je - sus is for-
af - ter for - tune, Which must short - ly die? Mon - ey will not
gate of mer - cy Shall to you be closed? Has - ten then, my

bear - ing, That you yet may heed:— Warn - ings oft re - peat - ed,
pur - chase You a ti - tle, friend, To that world of glo - ry,
broth - er, Do not lon - ger wait, Soon you'll hear with sad - ness,

CHORUS. *Faster.*

And se - cure thy need.
Nor a sol - ace lend. 'Tis a debt, my broth - er! And 'tis
Oh, poor soul, too late.

rit.

com - ing due; Ques-tion, can you meet it? Judg-ment waits for you!

No. 372. What Are They Doing In Heaven?

Copyright, 1918, by Woodie W. Smith, in "Revival Power."

R. T. D. CARPENTER. WOODIE W. SMITH.

1. What are the saved do - ing now up in heav - en, Who bore the bur - den and heat of the day; 'Till Je - sus called them to dwell with Him yon - der, What
2. Ma - ny were la - dened too heav - y with burdens, Load-ed with care till their lives ebbed a - way; Fac - ing the grave in the joy of their Sav - iour, What
3. Fa - thers and moth-ers have crossed o'er the river, Broth-ers and sis - -ers long since passed a - way; How my sad heart longs to be with them ev - er, What
4. Friends, we are told in the book of God's re-cord, Those who be-lieve shall be robed in that day; Why should we weep for our loved ones in glo - ry, For

CHORUS.

1–3. are they do - ing in heav - en to - day? O what are they do - ing in heav - en to - day, Where all tears are wiped a - wey; And grace like a riv - er is flow-ing, they say, What are they do - ing in heav-en to - day?
4. they are sing- ing in heav - en to - day. O yes, they are sing - ing in heav - en to - day, Where all tears are wiped a - way; And grace like a riv - er is flow-ing, they say, Yes, they are sing- ing in heav-en to - day.

No. 373. Heaven Holds All To Me.

T. S. T. TILLIT S. TEDDLIE.

Not too fast.

1. Earth holds no treasures but per - ish with us - ing, How-ev - er
2. Out on the hill of that won-der - ful coun-try, Hap-py, con-
3. Why should I long for the world and its sor-rows, When in that

pre - cious they be; Yet there's a coun-try to which I am
tent - ed and free, Loved ones are wait - ing and watching my
home o'er the sea, Mil - lions are sing-ing the won - der - ful

CHORUS.

go - ing, Heaven holds all to me.
com-ing, Heaven holds all to me. Heaven holds all to
sto - ry, Heaven holds all to me.

me,..... Brighter its glo - ry will be; Joy with-out
to me,

measure will be my treasure, Heaven holds all to me.

No. 374. Ye Must Be Born Again.

"Verily, verily I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."—John 3: 3.

W. T. SLEEPER. GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.

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1. A ruler once came to Jesus by night, To ask Him the way of salvation and light; The Master made answer in
2. Ye children of men, attend to the word So solemnly uttered by Jesus, the Lord, And let not this message to
3. O ye who would enter that glorious rest, And sing with the ransom'd the song of the blest! The life everlasting if
4. A dear one in heaven thy heart yearns to see, At the beautiful gate may be watching for thee; Then list to the note of this

words true and plain: "Ye must be born again." . . .
you be in vain: "Ye must be born again." . . .
ye would obtain, "Ye must be born again." . . .
solemn refrain: "Ye must be born again." . . .

CHORUS.

"Ye must be born again," . . . Ye must be born again, . . . I ver-i-ly, ver-i-ly say unto thee: Ye must be born again.

again, again, again. again.

No. 375. There is Power in the Blood.

"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."—1 JOHN 1: 7.

L. E. J. L. E. JONES.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

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No. 376. LET NOT YOUR HEARTS BE TROUBLED.

"Let not your hearts be troubled, ye believe in God, believe also in me."—JOHN 14: 1.

SARAH ELLIS SUMMERLAND. D. E. DORTCH.



1. When Je-sus said, "Let not your heart be troubled," Full well He knew
2. He knew the way would cause our feet to wea-ry, And yet be best;
3. He knew earth's stains would reach and touch our garments, Temp-ta - tions flow
4. If life could be with-out a tear, and al-ways A sun - ny day,
5. Had I no loved ones sleeping 'neath the myrtle, Were no graves mine,
6. Tho earth-ly life for - me holds minor measures, My way be dim,





That in this world there would be ma-ny heartaches For me and you.
So He has prom-ised He would kind-ly lead us And give us rest.
Would make our sins as scar-let, yet He prom-ised His "white as snow."
Then Je-sus would not sure have promised He would Wipe tears a - way.
I might not think enough of things im-mor - tal, Of joys di - vine.
His prom-is - es to me are greatest treasures That lead to Him.



REFRAIN.



Let not your heart, your heart be troubled, For Jesus knows, Je - sus knows;



Let not your heart, your heart be troubled, For Je - sus knows it all.

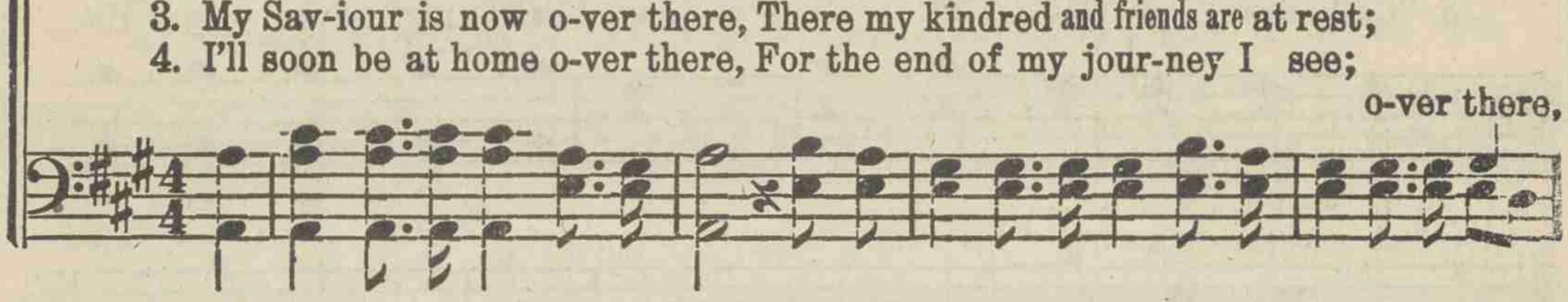
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No. 377. O Think of the Home Over There.

D. W. C. HUNTINGTON. T. C. O'KANE.



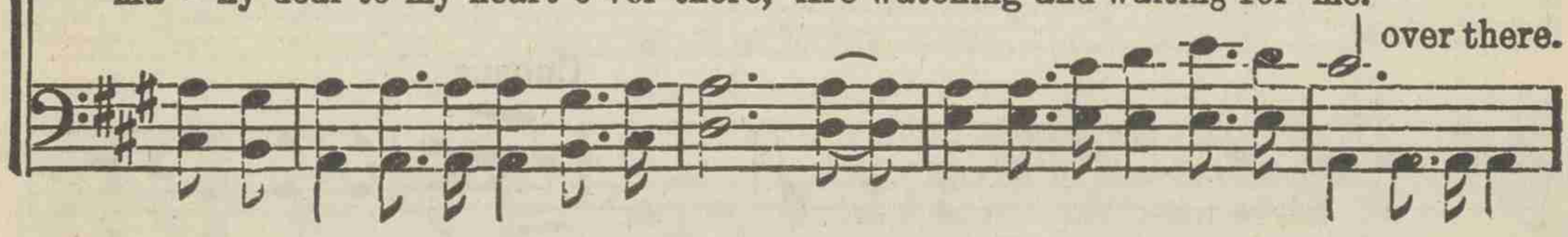
1. O think of a home o-ver there, By the side of the riv - er of light,
2. O think of the friends over there, Who before us the journey have trod,
3. My Sav-iour is now o-ver there, There my kindred and friends are at rest;
4. I'll soon be at home o-ver there, For the end of my jour-ney I see;



o-ver there,



Where the saints all immortal and fair, Are robed in their garments of white.
Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their home in the pal-ace of God.
Then a - way from my sorrow and care, Let me fly to the land of the blest.
Ma - ny dear to my heart o-ver there, Are watching and waiting for me.



over there.

REFRAIN.



O-ver there, o - ver there, O think of the home o-ver there,
O-ver there, o - ver there, O think of the friends o-ver there,
O-ver there, o - ver there, My Sav-iour is now o-ver there,
O-ver there, o - ver there, I'll soon be at home o-ver there,



o-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there,



O - ver there, o - ver there, o-ver there, O think of a home o - ver there.
O - ver there, o - ver there, o-ver there, O think of the friends o - ver there.
O - ver there, o - ver there, o-ver there, My Saviour is now o - ver there.
O - ver there, o - ver there, o-ver there, I'll soon be at home o - ver there.



o-ver there,

By per. of T. C. O'Kane.

No. 378.

Once For All.

Suggested by T. T. Martin, D. D.

P. P. Bliss. Used by per. P. P. Bliss.

1. Free from the law, O, hap - py con - di - tion, Je - sus hath bled, and there is re - mis - sion, Curs'd by the law and bruis'd by the
2. Now are we free—there's no con - dem - na - tion, Je - sus pro- vides a per - fect sal - va - tion; "Come un - to Me," O, hear His sweet
3. "Chil - dren of God," O glo - ri - ous call - ing, Sure - ly His grace will keep us from fall - ing; Pass - ing from death to life at His

CHORUS.

fall, Grace hath redeemed us once for all.
call, Come, and He saves us once for all. Once for all, O, sin-ner re-
call, Bless - ed sal - va-tion once for all.

ceive it, Once for all, O, broth-er, be - lieve it; Cling to the Cross, the bur-den will fall, Christ hath re-deem'd us once for all.

No. 379. I AM THINE, O LORD.

F. J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
2. Con - se-crate me now to Thy serv-ice, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di - vine; Let my soul look up with a stead - fast hope,
3. O the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour, That be - fore Thy throne I spend, When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee, my God,
4. There are depths of love that I can - not know, Till I cross the nar - row sea, There are heights of joy that I may not reach,

CHORUS.

And be clos - er drawn to Thee. Draw me near - er,
And my will be lost in Thine.
I com-mune as friend with friend.
Till I rest in peace with Thee. near - er, near - er,

near-er, bless-ed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me near-er,

near - er, near - er, blessed Lord, To Thy precious, bleed-ing side.

Copyright, 1875, by Biglow & Main.

No. 380. Tell the Sweet Story of Jesus.

W. F. N. Copyright, 1921, by Woodie W. Smith Co., in "Gospel Light." Rev. Wm. F. Newton.

1. Has Je - sus, the Sav-iour, redeemed thee from sin? His love, is it ev - er a - bid - ing with - in? And hast thou a bur - den some oth - er to win? Then tell the sweet sto - ry of Je - sus.
2. Does God's Ho - ly Spir - it bear wit - ness with - in? As - sur - ing thy soul of de - liv - 'rance from sin? His grace is suf - fi - cient some oth - er to win? Then tell the sweet sto - ry of Je - sus.
3. The Sav - iour commands thee to la - bor for Him; To tell all the world there's a par - don for sin: And Je - sus is com - ing, yes, com - ing a - gain; Then tell the sweet sto - ry of Je - sus.

D. S.—Then tell the sweet sto - ry of Je - sus.

CHORUS.

Then tell the sweet sto - ry, yes, tell the sweet sto - ry, To all who are dy - ing in sin; The time will soon come When thy work will be done;

D. S.

No. 381. The Sheltering Rock.

"My God is the Rock of my refuge."—Ps. 94: 22.

W. E. P. W. E. PENN.

Slow. May be sung with good effect as a Solo.

1. There is a Rock in a wea- ry land, Its shad-ow falls on the
2. There is a Well in a des -ert plain, Its wa - ters call with en -
3. A great fold stands with its portals wide, The sheep a- stray on the
4. There is a cross where the Saviour died, His blood flow'd out in a

burn - ing sand, In - vit - ing pil - grims as they pass To
treat - ing strain, "Ho, ev - 'ry thirst - ing sin - sick soul, Come
moun-tain side; The Shep- herd climbs o'er mountains steep, He's
crim - son tide A sac - ri - fice for sins of men, And

REFRAIN.

seek a shade in the wilder-ness. Then why will ye die? Oh! why will ye
free - ly drink and thou shalt be whole." Then why will ye die? Oh! why will ye
searching now for His wand'ring sheep. Then why will ye die? Oh! why will ye
free to all who will en-ter in. Then why will ye die? Oh! why will ye

slower.

die? When the shelt'ring Rock is so near by, Oh! why will ye die?
die? When the liv -ing Well is so near by, Oh! why will ye die?
die? When the Shepherd's fold is so near by, Oh! why will ye die?
die? When the crimson cross is so near by, Oh! why will ye die?

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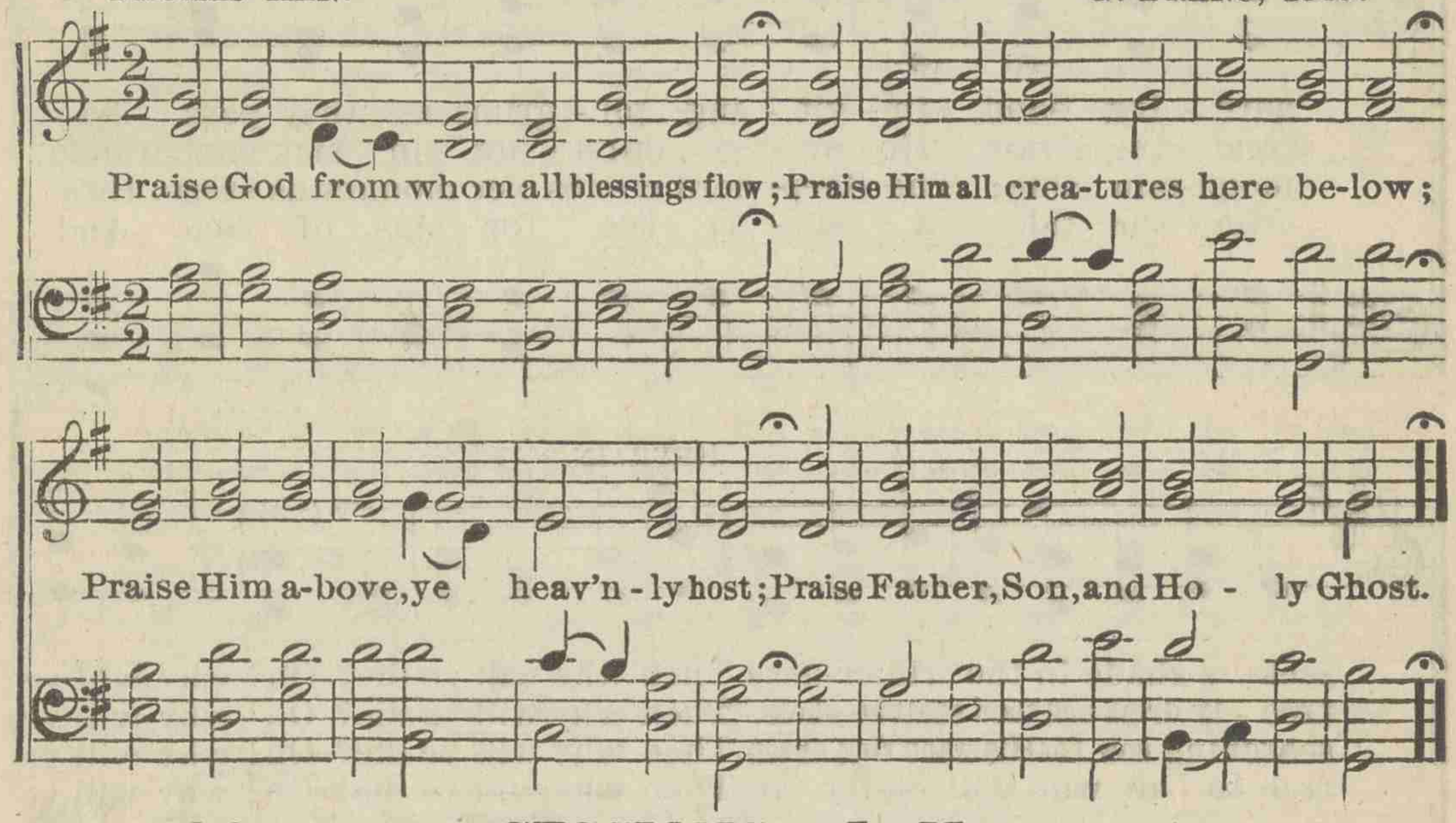
No. 382. DOXOLOGY.

THOMAS KEN, 1697. D. E. DORTCH.



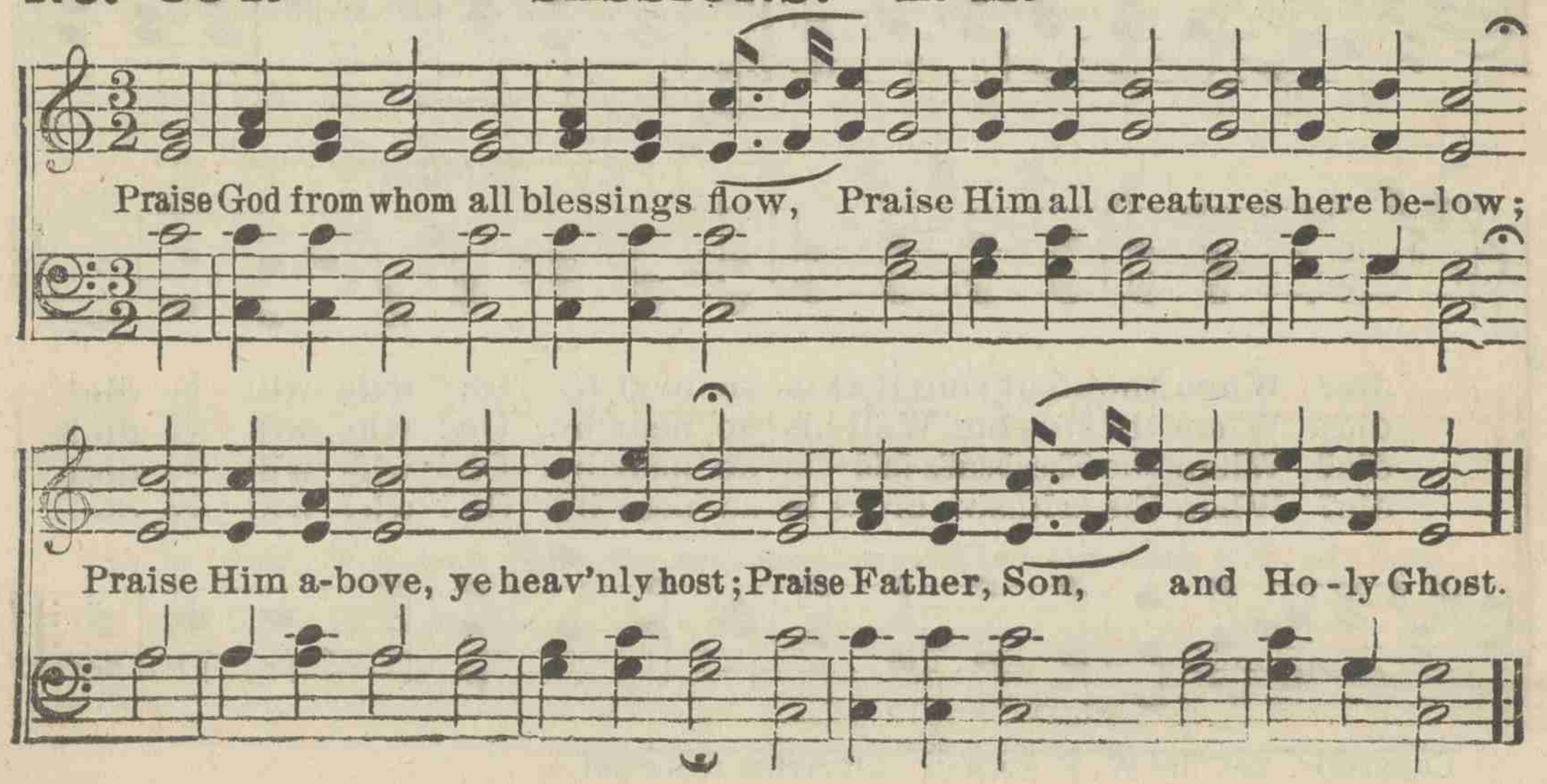
No. 383. OLD HUNDRED.

THOMAS KEN. G. FRANC, 1545.



No. 384. SESSIONS. L. M.

L. O. EMERSON.



No. 385. I Want To Do Something For Jesus.

S. W. JONES. Copyright, 1910, by Woodie W. Smith. WOODIE W. SMITH.

1. I want to do something for Je - sus, He suffered and died on the tree,
2. I want to do something for Je - sus, Because He from sin made me free;
3. I want to do something for Je - sus, His serv-ant I'm will-ing to be;
4. I want to do something for Je - sus, That others His great love may see;

rit.

That I thro' His death might have par - don, He's done so much for me!
He res-cued my soul from all dan - ger, He's done so much for me!
I'll tell of His love and His mer - cy, He's done so much for me!
For - ev - er I'll sing the sweet sto - ry, He's done so much for me!

REFRAIN.

I want to do something for Je - sus, Tho' weak and un - wor-thy I be;

rit.

I'll la - bor for Him, my dear Sav - iour, He's done so much for me!

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