Living Praise

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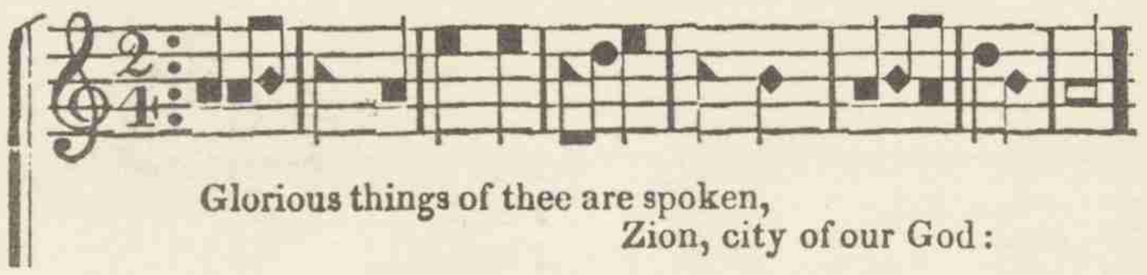
BISHOP ROBERT WESTLY PEACH

COLLECTION OF CHURCH MUSIC
AND
HYMNOLOGY

ACQUIRED BY THE

AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY

1939



Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God:

PRESENTED BY

AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY

TO

THE WARRINGTON-PRATT-SOULE
COLLECTION OF HYMNOLOGY

CASE MEMORIAL
LIBRARY

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

LIVING PRAISE

A COLLECTION OF

SACRED SONGS

FOR

Sunday-Schools, Young People's Societies, Evangelistic Meetings And All Occasions Of Church Work And Worship

Edited by

CHAS. H. GABRIEL AND W. W. DOWLING

ST. LOUIS
CHRISTIAN PUBLISHING COMPANY
1902

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PREFACE

As long as Christian people sing, so long will new sacred songs be in demand. It will be the same "old" theme of salvation repeated by later tongues in different words, and in a more modern way, perhaps, but still the same "Sweet Story of Old" that shall ever be "new."

In this day of much book-making he would be a genius who could please all the people. We have endeavored to present in this collection songs suited to all departments of Christian Work and Worship. "LIVING PRAISE" is not burdened with from ten to fifty pages of songs to be found in almost every book issued, for which the people must pay over and over again because they are "popular," but is filled with new and fresh hymns and music, accompanied by a goodly number of the older favorites which are ever new, supplemented by a selection of the choicest church-hymns, without which no collection is complete, and making, so we believe, a superior compilation of *Living* Sacred Songs.

The compilers desire to thank each one of the well-known authors who have liberally assisted them in their work, and to gratefully remember the many young writers who have given their best work to these pages. Many of these are new aspirants in the field of song-writing, but whose names are destined to become known and loved.

Among the many are Edna G. Young, Laurene Highfield, Rev. R. C. Weidler, Martin A. Elliott, Kathryn Linehan, Victor H. Benke, J. Wesley Hughes, F. S. Shepard, Julia H. Johnson, Dr. M. Victor Staley, Mrs. M. J. Hunter, Jennie Ree, J. H. Rosecrans, W. A. Ackerman, D. D., Fred A. Fillmore, E. O. Excell, James McGranahan, H. P. Main, Wm. J. Kirkpatrick, J. H. Fillmore, Charlie Tillman, James Rowe, W. S. Weeden, J. S. Fearis, J. Lincoln Hall, Dr. H. R. Palmer and many others.

CHARLES H. GABRIEL,
W. W. DOWLING.
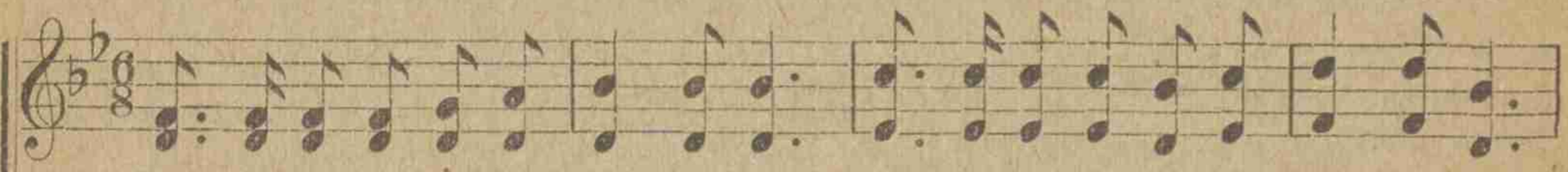
Chicago, Ill.
St. Louis, Mo. } OCTOBER, 1902.

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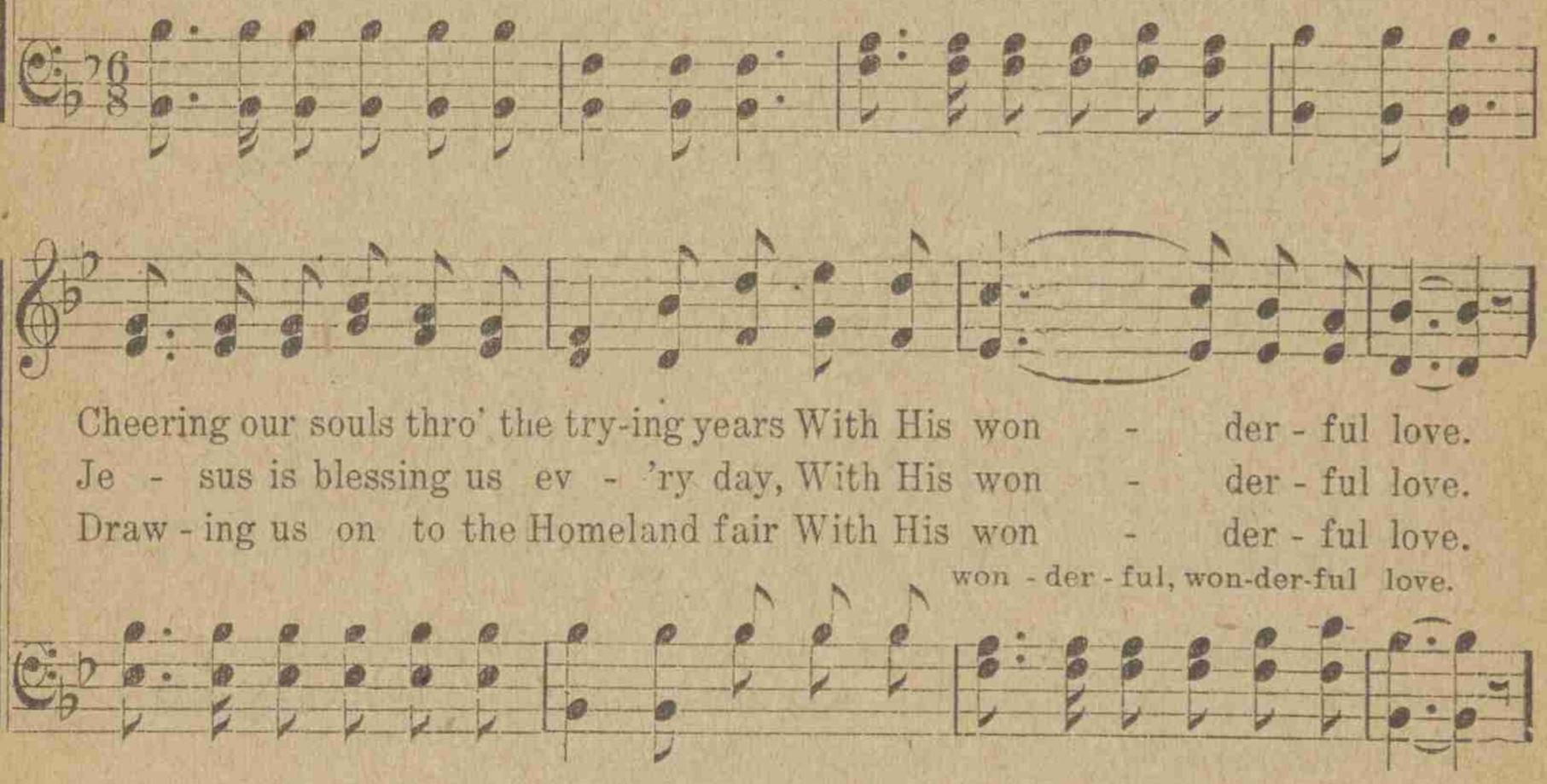
LIVING PRAISE

No. 1. His Wonderful Love.

JAMES ROWE. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
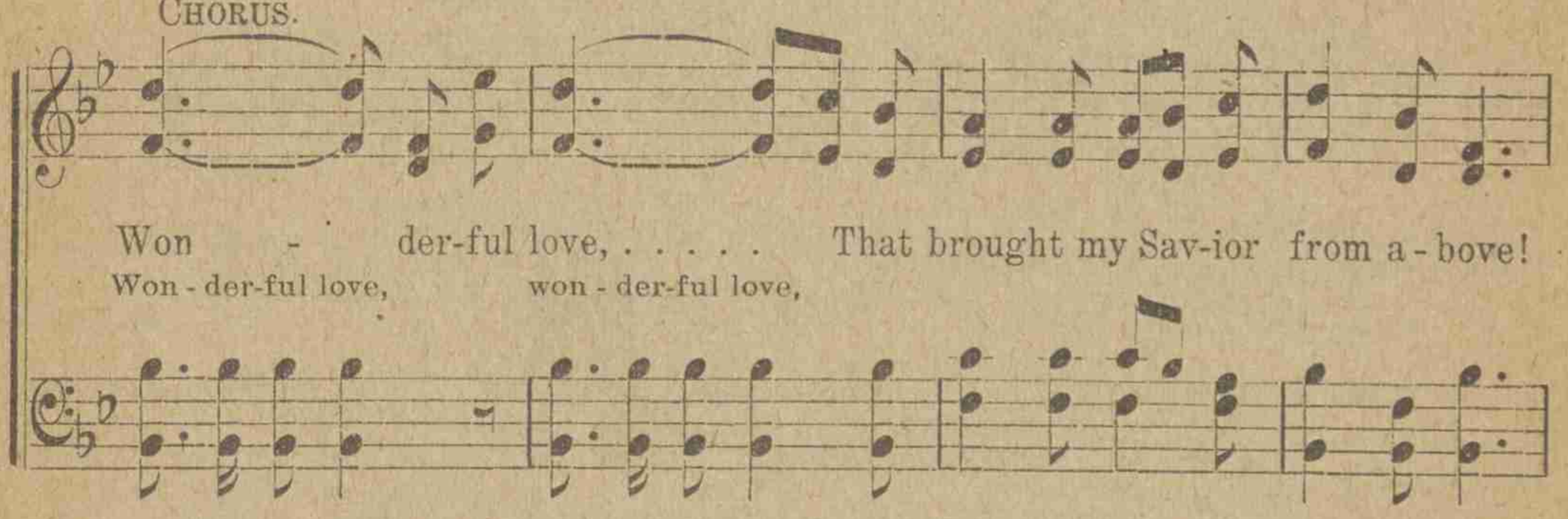


1. Je - sus is banishing doubts and fears, Lightening burdens, and dry - ing tears,
2. Je - sus is bright'ning the dreary way, Strengthening us for the ceaseless fray,—
3. Je - sus is help-ing our souls to bear Pa - tient-ly, burdens of grief and care,—
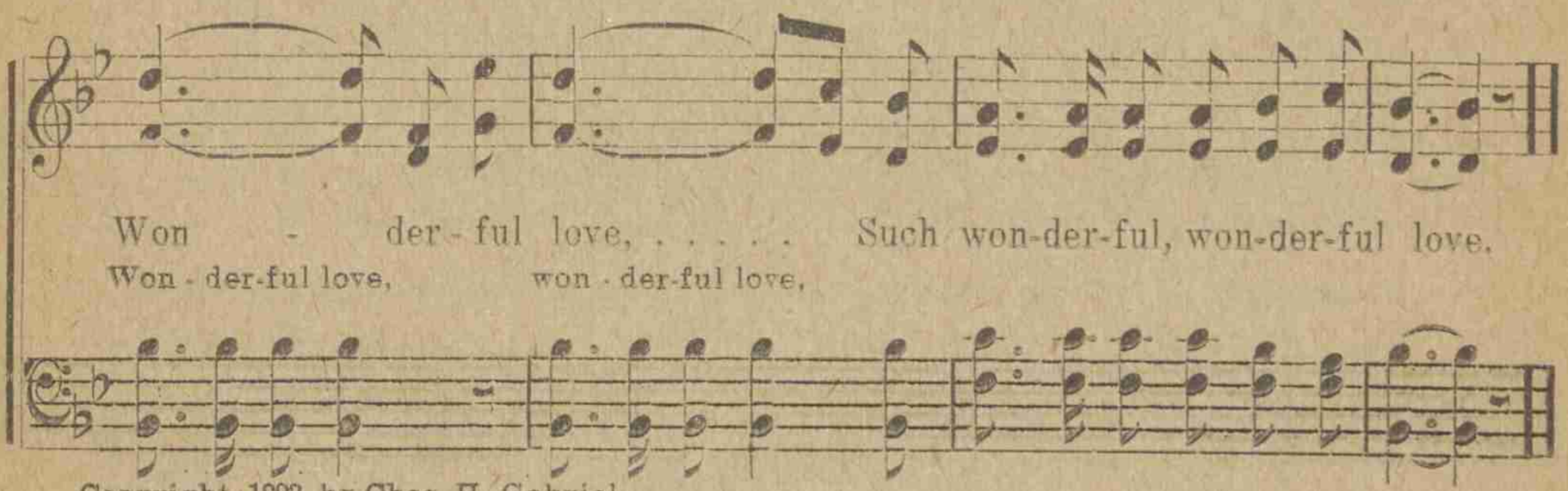


Cheering our souls thro' the try-ing years With His won - der - ful love.
Je - sus is blessing us ev - 'ry day, With His won - der - ful love.
Draw - ing us on to the Homeland fair With His won - der - ful love.
won - der - ful, won-der-ful love.

CHORUS.



Won - der-ful love, ... That brought my Sav-ior from a - bove!
Won - der-ful love, won - der-ful love,



Won - der - ful love, ... Such won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.
Won - der-ful love, won - der-ful love,

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No. 2. Pour Down a Blessing.

E. G. Y. EDNA G. YOUNG.

1. Lord, we are gathered to wor - ship Thy name, To learn of Thy
2. Lord, we are here! We de - light in Thy house! And now in Thy
3. Lord, Thou art here, yes, to com - fort and bless; We feel Thy sweet

good-ness and love; Thy prais - es we sing as we fer - vent-ly plead
pres-ence we bow; Thy word we be - lieve, and Thy prom-ise we claim,
pres-ence with - in! We'll praise Thee on earth, and for - ev - er a - bove,

CHORUS.

For show - ers of grace from a - bove.
Oh, send us the bless-ing just now. Pour down a bless-ing up-
For grace that has par-doned our sin.

on us, O Lord, 'Tis for the show-ers we plead; . . . . . Pour down a
the show-ers we plead;

bless-ing up - on us just now, Oh, pour down the blessing we need.

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No. 3. Faint Not, Christian Soldier.

JENNIE REE. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Faint not, fal - ter not, Chris-tian sol - dier, The Lord is thy strength and thy
2. March on to the field, Chris-tian sol - dier; The call of thy Lead-er o-
3. March on with the throng, Chris-tian sol - dier, Up - hold - ing the cross of your

song; The arm of His love will up - hold thee; Then tell the sto - ry
bey; Tho' dark be the path-way be - fore you, Be faith - ful ev - er,
King; The pow - ers of night shall be brok - en, And, darkness clearing,

march on;

rit.

CHORUS.

Of His glo - ry, As you march a - long.
Doubt him nev - er, While He leads the way.
Light ap-pear - ing, Earth His praise shall sing!

March on, and tell the
March, march on, and

sto - ry— The love of Je - sus from shore to shore; . . . . The way is
tell the sto - ry, Of His love from shore to shore;

rug - ged, but full of glo-ry, And at the end is life for-ev-er-more. . . . . .
rug - ged, but 'tis full of glo - ry! At the end is life for - ev - er-more.

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No. 4. Some Work of Love for Thee.

E. E. HEWITT. VICTOR H. BENKE.

1. Con-strained by Thine un - bound-ed love, My heart breaks forth in praise,
2. Few tho' the tal - ents I pos-sess, Small and un - known my field,
3. Some soul, dis - cour - aged, I may cheer, Some bur - den lift a - way;

For ma - ny mer-cies from a-bove, That crown the pass - ing days;
Thy smile the low - ly deed will bless, A rich re-ward 'twill yield;
A dark - ened sky per-chance may clear, With love's pure, heav'nly ray;

While I my grate - ful songs re-new, Thy serv - ant I would be;
Oh, make me faith - ful, keep me true, Thy Spir - it grant to me,
I know not when my steps shall pause, Be - side the si - lent sea;

FINE.

Lord, help me, by Thy grace to do, Some work of love for Thee.
And help me, Lord, this day to do, Some work of love for Thee.
Then help me, Lord, this day to do, Some work of love for Thee.

D. S.—*Lord, help me, by Thy grace, to do Some work of love for Thee.*
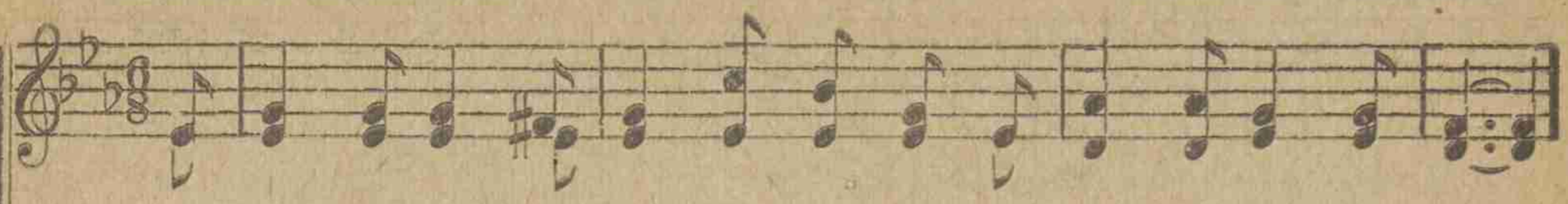
CHORUS. D. S.

Some work of love for Thee, Till Thy beau - ty see;
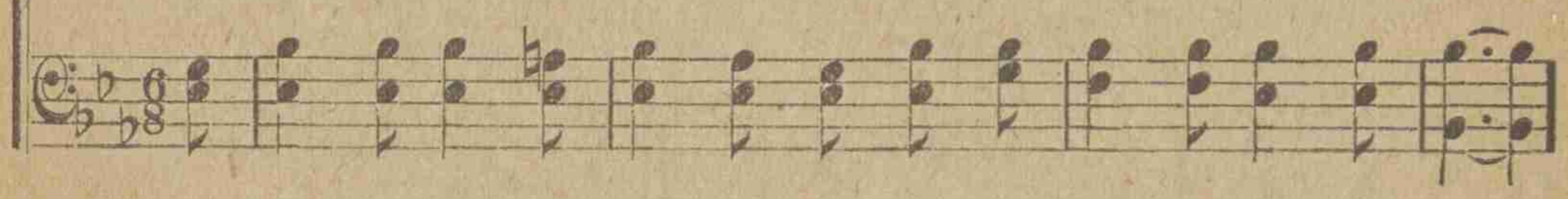
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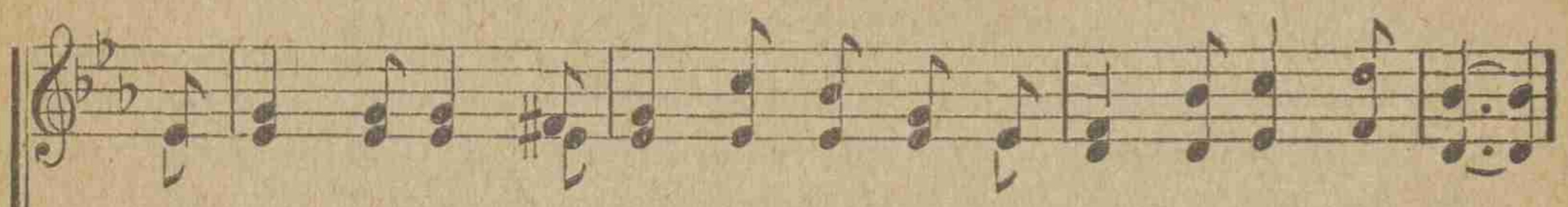
No. 5. Have Faith in God.

LAURENE HIGHFIELD. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
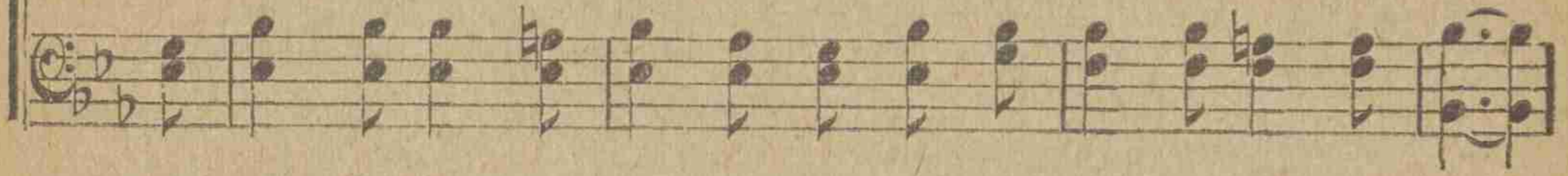


1. Have faith in God! what does it mat-ter Tho' clouds may some-times low'r?
2. Have faith in God! He un-der-stands thee, And bet - ter knows thy need
3. Have faith in God! He watch-es o'er thee, He hears thine ev - 'ry pray'r,
4. Have faith in God! His love un - fail - ing, Has this as - sur - ance giv'n,
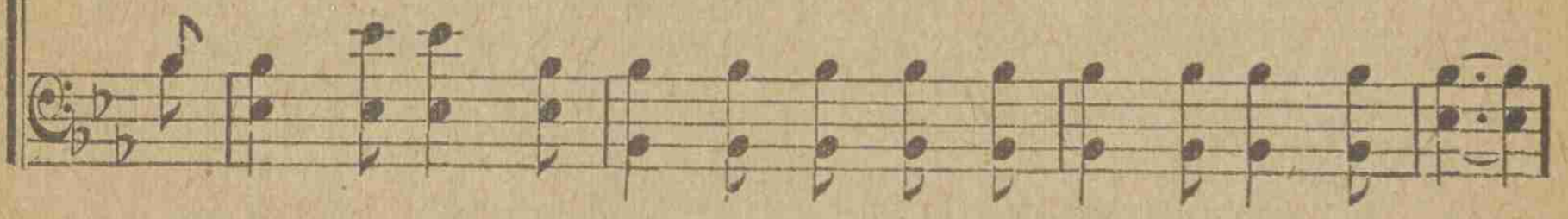




The threaten'd storm that thou art dread-ing May prove a pass-ing show'r.
Than thou canst know thy - self, or fash - ion The good that thou wouldst plead.
And lov - ing - ly He guards and pit - ies The chil - dren of His care.
His grace will ev - er be suf - fi - cient In life, in death, in heav'n.
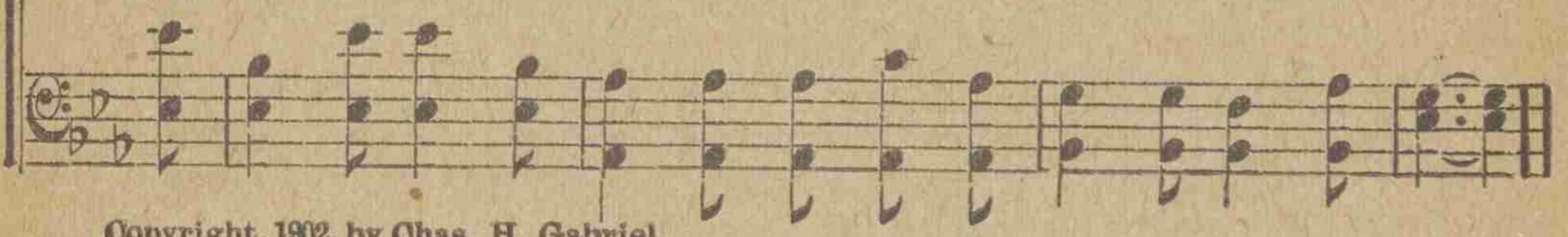


CHORUS.



Do not de-spair, or, wav'ring, doubt Him, Be-cause thou canst not see



The an - swer to thy pray'r; the Fa - ther Will choose the best for thee.



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No. 6. Whiter Than the Snow.

IDA L. REED. CHAS. K. LANGLEY.

1. Wash me in Thy blood, dear Sav - ior, (O my Sav - ior,) Wash me in Thy
2. Fill my heart with joy and glad-ness, (joy and glad-ness,) As I, hop - ing,
3. Cast me not from out Thy presence, (O my Sav - ior,) Tho' I've wan-dered

pure re-deem - ing blood; Wash my soul from ev - 'ry ev - il (ev - 'ry ev - il)
trust-ing, turn to Thee; Let me drink from Thy clear fountain, (blsssed fountain,)
oft - en from Thy side; Wash my sins a-way, dear Sav - ior, (blessed Sav - ior,)

CHORUS.

In its deep and cleans-ing flood.
Flow-ing for all na - tions free. Whit - er than the snow, dear Sav -
In the deep and cleans-ing tide. Whit - er, whit-er than the

ior, Wash my err - ing soul to - day; In Thy
snow, dear Sav - ior, to - day;

ev - er flow-ing foun-tain, Wash its ma - ny sins a - way.
flow - ing foun-tain,

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No. 7. The Print of the Nails.

MARIAN W. HUBBARD. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. We shall see the King, in that day of days, When we en - ter that
2. There are clouds of glo - ry a-round the throne, Songs of praise from the
3. Oh, the joy of heav'n, I am sure, will be Not its glo - ries, so
4. We shall some day reach that im - mor - tal shore, And shall walk on its

far off land; By His thorn-crown'd brow we shall know our Lord, And the
an - gel band; And a - mid them all is the One we love, With the
rich and grand, But the love that shines in the One dear face, With the
gold - en strand, There to praise His name thro' the end - less years, For the
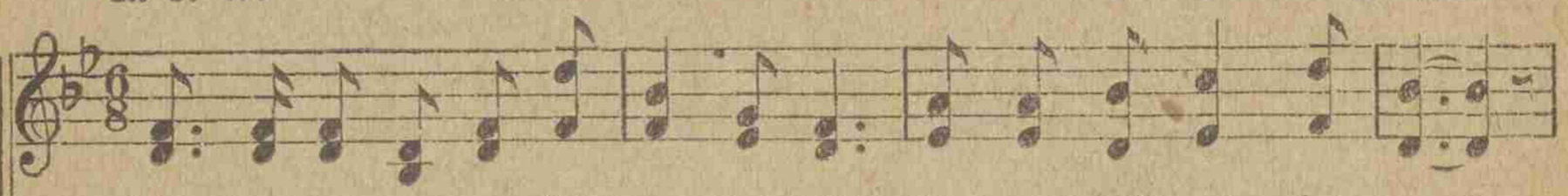
CHORUS.

print of the nails in His hand. By the print of the nails in His
hand, ... By the print of the nails in His hand; . . . My
in His hand, nails in His hand;
Je - sus who in - ter-cedes for me, Has the print of the nails in His hand.
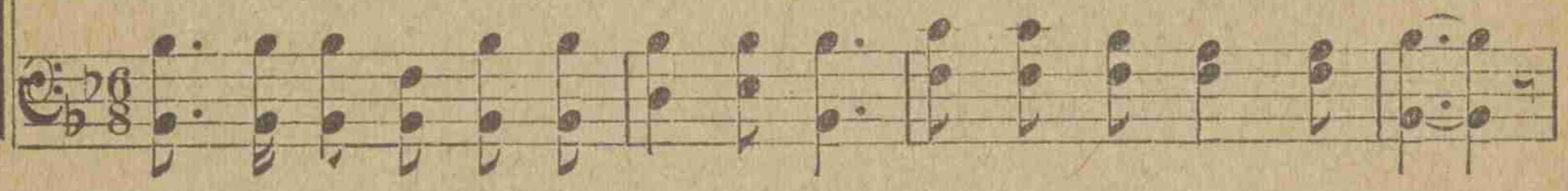
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No. 8. Jesus Will Pilot You.

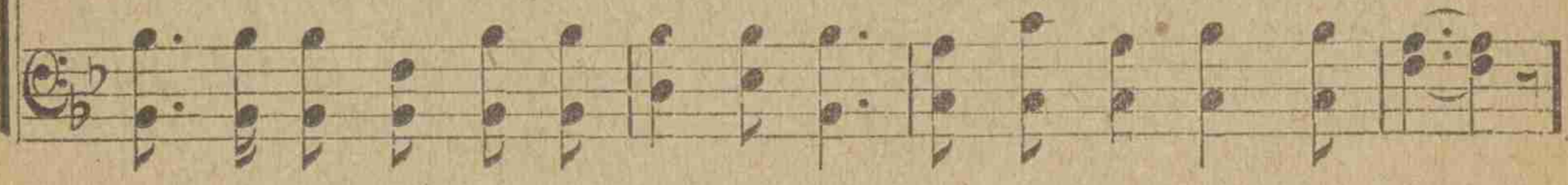
R. C. W. Rev. R. C. WIEDLER.
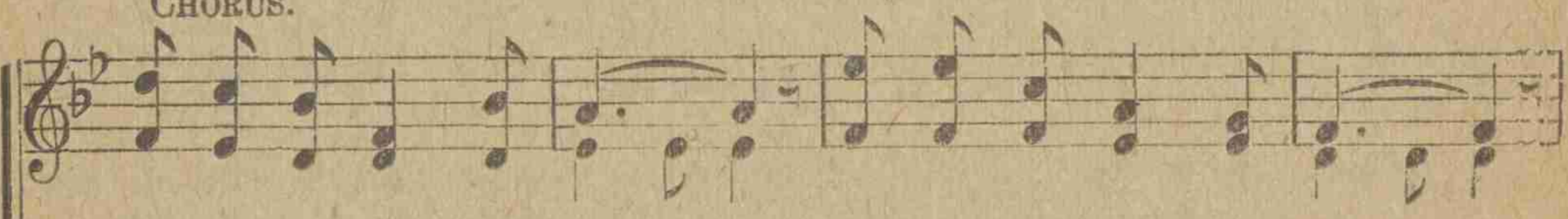


1. Drift - ing a - lone on life's o - cean wild, Je - sus will pi - lot you;
2. When the wild billows are dash-ing high, Je - sus will pi - lot you;
3. Light'nings may flash and the thunders roar, Je - sus will pi - lot you;
4. E'en tho' your boat may be sink - ing fast, Je - sus will pi - lot you;



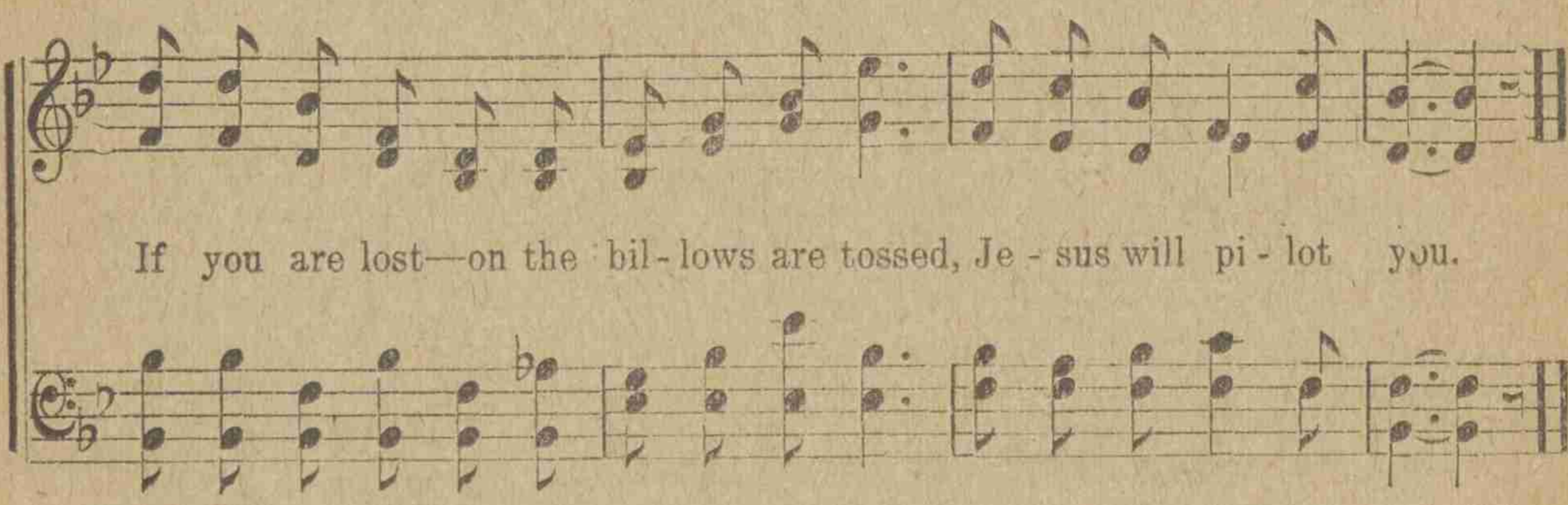
Lost and dis-cour-aged, poor, hope-less child, Je - sus will pi - lot you.
When the clouds threat'ningly hide the sky, Je - sus will pi - lot you.
Safe, with His guidance, you'll reach the shore, Je - sus will pi - lot you.
There is a nail - pierc-ed hand to grasp, Je - sus will pi - lot you.



CHORUS.



Je - sus will pi - lot you, . . . He is a friend that's true; . . .
pi - lot you, just and true;



If you are lost—on the bil - lows are tossed, Je - sus will pi - lot you.

5. Sinner arouse and for mercy cry,
Jesus will pilot you;
Look! for the Life boat is passing by,
Jesus will pilot you.

6. Heavenly peace your sad heart will fill,
Jesus will pilot you;
Whispering unto the waves "Be still,"
Jesus will pilot you.

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No. 9. Jesus Thou Art Mine.

Dr. M. Victor Staley. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus, all my love is Thine; I am trust - ing
2. Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus, I would live for Thee, Who for me didst
3. Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus, com - fort me in grief; In the night of
4. Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus, teach me truth and right; May my life be

ev - er in Thy word di - vine; Ev - er on my path-way cause Thy
suf - fer in Geth - sem - a - ne, And for all the world didst die on
sor - row bring me sweet re - lief; May I nev - er yield to doubt and
ev - er pleas - ing in Thy sight; Ev - er out of dark-ness lead me

Chorus.

light to shine; Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus, Thou art mine.
Cal - va - ry; Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus, Thou art mine. Je - sus, bless-ed
un - be - lief; Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus, Thou art mine.
in - to light, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus, Thou art mine.

Jesus, Thou art mine; . . . Ev - er, ev - er shall my love be Thine; Thro' all e-
Je - sus, Thou art mine;

ter - ni - ty this my song shall be, Je-sus, blessed Je - sus, Thou art mine!

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No. 10. One Sweet Hour With Jesus.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. FREDERIC H. PEASE.

1. One sweet hour with Je - sus ev - 'ry day, Hid from all the world a-
2. One sweet hour with Je - sus ev - 'ry day, Where no eye but His can
3. One sweet hour with Je - sus ev - 'ry day—Fore-taste of the joy to

part; Oh, what joy it is to hear Him say, "Speak, my
see, Where no ear but His can hear me pray, How it
come, When with all the blood-wash'd saints for aye, I shall

CHORUS.

child; pour out thy heart."
helps and strengthens me! One sweet hour . . . . with Je - sus
dwell with Him at home.

One sweet hour

ev - 'ry day! How it helps . . . . the soul a - long; . . . How it

How it helps

cheers the heart a - long the way, Like the mu - sic of a song.

How it cheers

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No. 11. Tell the Story.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Have you found the Sav - ior pre - cious to your soul? (to your soul?) Have you yield - ed time and life to His con-trol? (His control?) Are you walk-ing at His side, Own-ing Je - sus cru - ci - fied? Then be tell-ing un - to others what the
2. In the hour of tri - al, do you feel Him near?(ver - y near?) When you call up - on Him, does the Sav-ior hear? (does He hear?) Does He all your sor-rows share, Sweeten toil and light-en care? Then be tell-ing un - to others what the
3. Do you live a life of tri-umph thro' His grace?(thro' His grace?) Do you hope, some day, to see Him face to face? (face to face?) Would you wear the victor's crown, On His throne with Him sit down? Then be tell-ing un - to others what the

CHORUS.
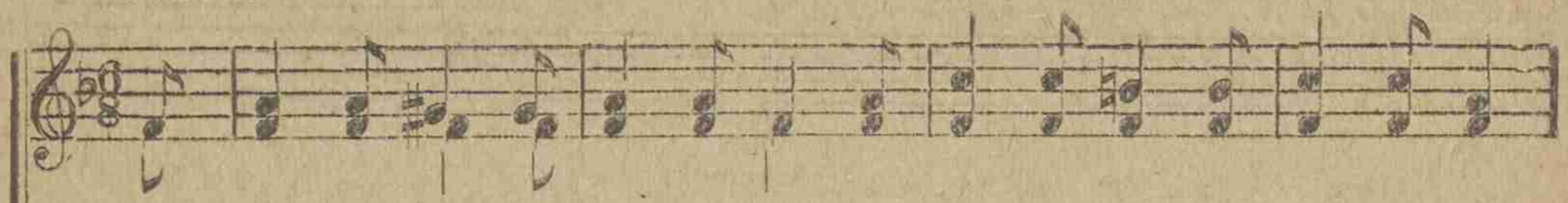
Lord has done for you! Tell the sto - ry, the precious sto - ry Of
sto - ry o'er and o'er, Oh, tell it more and more,

Je-sus, wher-ev - er you may be, ... Oh, tell the the Lamb of Cal-va-ry.
Oh, tell the sto-ry, Tell the

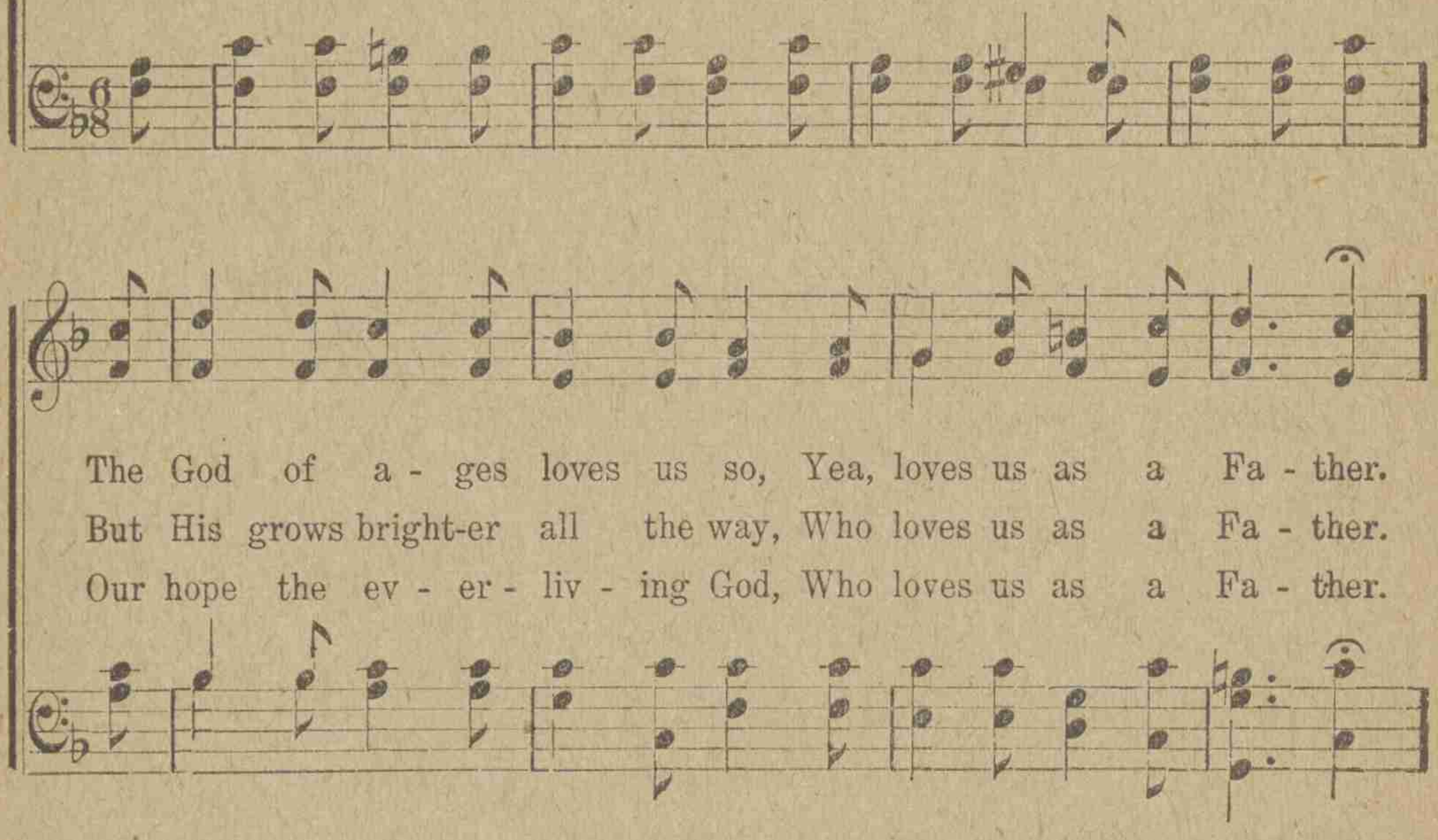
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No. 12. As a Father.

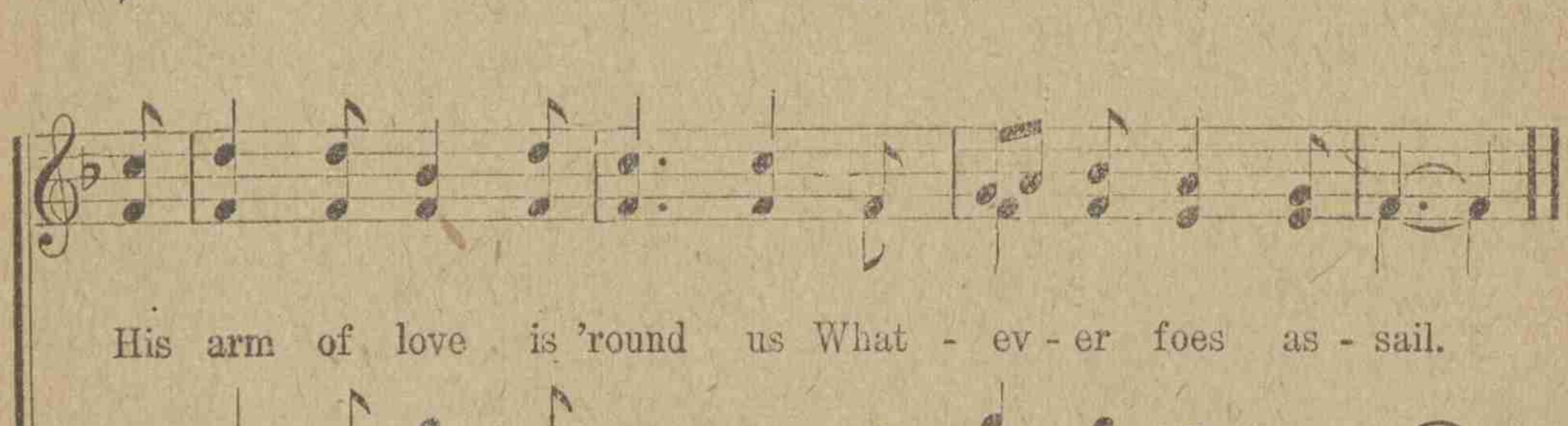
J. S. F. J. S. FEARIS.



1. What com-fort to our hearts to know, Where-e'er our wayward feet may go,
2. The friends of earth may ne'er re-pay The love we give them day by day;
3. So then in peace we on-ward plod; Our com-fort-er His staff and rod;
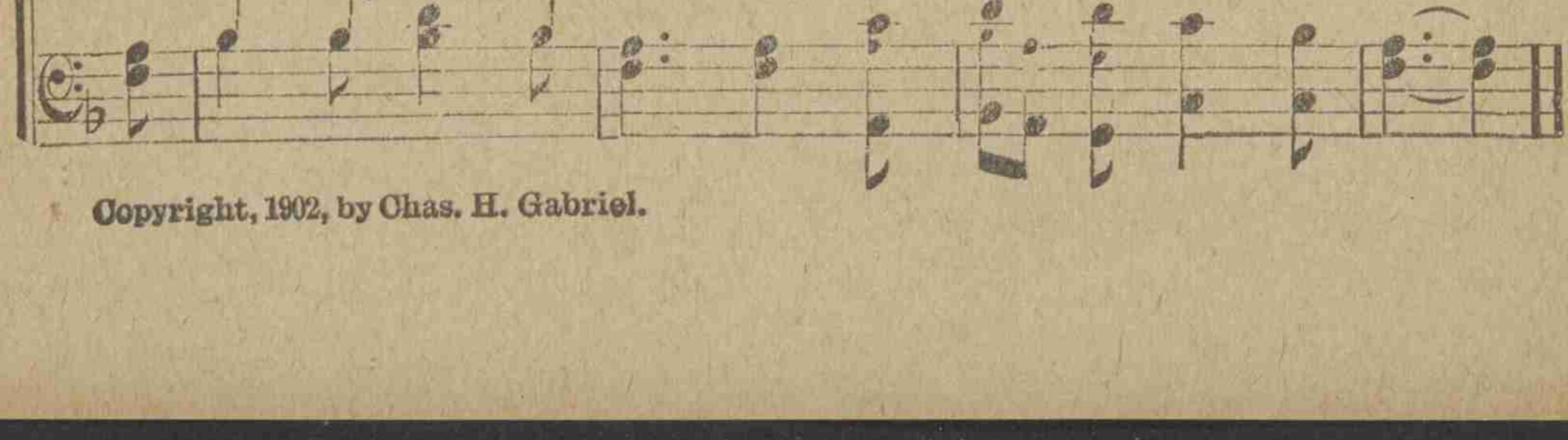


The God of a - ges loves us so, Yea, loves us as a Fa - ther.
But His grows bright-er all the way, Who loves us as a Fa - ther.
Our hope the ev - er - liv - ing God, Who loves us as a Fa - ther.



CHORUS.

He loves us as a Fa - ther, And tho' we're weak and frail,



His arm of love is 'round us What - ev - er foes as - sail.

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No. 13. The Lord Taketh Pleasure.

MARY B. WINGATE. FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. The Lord tak - eth pleas-ure in His peo - ple; Oh, what can mo-
2. The Lord tak - eth pleas-ure in His peo - ple; His rich - es He
3. The Lord tak - eth pleas-ure in His peo - ple; What mat - ter tho'

lest or an - noy? (or an - noy?) The Lord tak-eth pleas-ure in His
free - ly will give; (he will give;) The Lord tak-eth pleas-ure in His
Sa - tan may frown;(tho' he frown;) The Lord tak-eth pleas-ure in His

CHORUS.

peo - ple, And we are His light and His joy.
peo - ple, The soul of the right-eous shall live. Then sing to Je-ho - vah,
peo - ple, And we are His jew - els, His crown.

serve Him with glad-ness; Praise Him with harp and with voice; The
and with voice;

Lord tak-eth pleasure in His peo - ple; O daugh-ter of Zi - on, re-joice.

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No. 14. Still There Is One Who Loves You.

JAMES ROWE. F. S. SHEPARD.

1. Soul, bend-ing low in thy sor - row and care, Weep - ing and friend-
2. Soul, toil - ing on in the val - ley of strife, Glean-ing where tares
3. Soul, far a - stray in the mount-ains of sin, Lone - ly and wear-

less and near-ing de-spair, Faint with the bur-den you si - lent - ly bear,
of con - ten-tion are rife, Wear - y of self, and dis-cour-aged with life,
y of cry - ing "un-clean;" Tho' not a smile from the world you may win,

CHORUS.

Still there is One who loves you; Still there is One, Still there is
Still there's a pre-cious One, Still there's a
One, Wait - ing and watch-ing a - bove you; Tend - er and
precious One,
pa - tient, and faith - ful and true; Still there is One who loves you.

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No. 15. Seal Me Thine.

MARIAN W. HUBBARD. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I am long - ing, O my Sav - ior, To be wash'd as white as snow;
2. I am pray - ing, O my Sav - ior, To be kept from ev - 'ry sin,
3. I am wait - ing, O my Sav - ior, For the Pen - ti - cost - al flame;
4. I am trust - ing, O my Sav - ior, At Thy feet I hum - bly bow;

Let me plunge in - to the fount-ain, Whence the cleansing wa-ters flow.
And to al - ways know Thy fa - vor—Have the wit - ness clear with-in.
Send, oh, send thy Ho - ly Spir - it; Write up - on me Thy new name.
I am pray - ing, I am wait - ing, Come, O come and bless me now.

CHORUS.

Come and bless me, O my Sav - ior, Send the show'rs of grace di - vine,
Fill the hun - gry soul with glad-ness, Fill me now, and seal me Thine.

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No. 16. I Need Just Such a Friend.

E. V. ADAMS. J. WESLEY HUGHES.

1. I need just such a friend as Je - sus, To lead me on the up - ward
2. You need just such a friend as Je - sus, He bore your sins up - on the
3. We'll need just such a friend as Je - sus, When crossing Jor-dan's swell-ing

way; A friend that will be near when the dark-est clouds ap-pear, Oh, I
tree; O give to Him your heart, nev - er say a-gain "de-part," For you
tide, Tho' ser - aph an - gels wait, when we reach the pear - ly gate, There we'll

CHORUS.

need just such a friend as Je - sus. { I / You / We'll } need just such a friend, One on

whom { I / you / we } can depend; { I / You / We'll } need just such a friend as Jesus, A friend that will be

true, as no oth-er one will do, O { I / you / we'll } need just such a friend as Je - sus.

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No. 17. Jesus is Always the Same.

Rev. NEAL A. McAULAY. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Je - sus is al-ways the same; My foot-steps to guide in the way,
2. Je - sus is al-ways the same; He helps me life's bur-dens to bear;
3. Je - sus is al-ways the same; When sor - row would dark - en my soul,
4. Je - sus is al-ways the same; When home-ward my soul takes its flight,

He keeps me in sad - ness, He fills me with glad-ness; His truth is my com - fort and stay.
His strength is my treas-ure, His serv - ice my pleasure; How sweet His pro- tec - tion to share.
His crim - son ob - la-tion, Brings sweet con - so - la - tion; His love makes my wound-ed heart whole.
He'll guide me to glo - ry, Where love's sweetest sto - ry, I'll sing in the man-sions of light.

CHORUS.

Je - sus is always the same! My soul with His love is a- flame! Oh, the treasures of grace . . . I be-hold in His face, ...

Oh, the treas-ures of grace, I be - hold in His face,

Je - sus is al - ways, al-ways the same, Je-sus is al - ways, al-ways the same.

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No. 18. Resting On God's Promises.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. I rest up - on God's prom - is - es, And plunge be - neath the wave
2. I rest up - on God's prom - is - es, He is my strength and shield;
3. I rest up - on God's prom - is - es, To keep me day by day;
4. I rest up - on God's prom - is - es, His blood a - vails for me!

That flows a nev - er ceas - ing flood, The dy - ing soul to save.
And all my be - ing's ran - som'd pow'rs To His con - trol I yield.
And tho' all earth should fail, His word Shall nev - er pass a - way.
He sweet-ly saves me for to - day, And for e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.

I am rest - ing on the prom - is - es of God; . . . . . I have
the prom - is - es of God;

full re-demp-tion thro' His pre-cious blood; I am His and He is mine!

Oh, the rapture is di - vine! I am rest - ing on the prom-is - es of God.

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No. 19. Behold Your King.

JULIA H. JOHNSON. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Oh, loy-al hearts, be-hold your King! With joy and love your tri-bute bring;
2. With joy He bore the pain and loss, The life be - low, the shame-ful cross:
3. In earth, in heav'n, He rules a - lone, He makes His pow'r and wisdom known;
4. In time of need, on Je - sus call, Oh, crown the Sav - ior Lord of all;

For He who came to earth to die, In roy - al state now rules on high.
Ex - alt - ed now, His glo - ry sing, Your liv - ing Lord, your Sav-ior, King.
For you He con-quer'd death and sin, His glo-rious king-dom you may win.
His on - ly, ev - er His to be, Un - til your eyes the King shall see.

CHORUS.

Be - hold your King, the King of kings, With praise the courts of heav-en rings; The Son of Man, enthroned a-bove, Is Lord of Life and King of Love.

Be - hold your King, the King of kings, With praise the courts of heav - en rings; The Son of Man, en-throned a - bove, Is Lord of Life and King of Love.

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No. 20. Peace Like a River.

E. E. HEWITT. VICTOR H. BENKE.

1. Peace like a riv - er is flow - ing to - day! Je - sus hath
2. Peace like a riv - er! at Cal - v'ry it springs; Trust-ing my
3. Peace like a riv - er! oh, still may it bear Life and re-

tak - en my sins all a - way; Spark - ling with mer - cy, its
Sav - ior my heart glad-ly sings, As more and more His rich
fresh-ing a - round ev - 'ry-where; Clam - or and sel - fish - ness

wat - ers so free Gush from the Rock that was riv - en for me.
grace He'll be - stow, Deep - er and wid - er the calm waves shall flow.
sweep-ing a - way, Bring - ing the bloom of love's beau - ti - ful day.

CHORUS.

Flow-ing to-day, flow-ing to-day, Peace like a riv - er is flow-ing to-day;

Flow-ing to-day, flow-ing to-day, Bear-ing a bless-ing upon its bright way.

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No. 21. Glory in the Cross.

Rev. DWIGHT WILLIAMS. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. In the cross shall be my glo - ry! This a - lone my boast shall be;
2. I be - held it in the dis-tance, And it seem'd to draw me near,
3. Then my heart grew strangely light - er, And a beau - ty fell on me;

I can nev - er tell the sto - ry, What the cross has done for me!
Till I felt my soul's re - sist - ance All with - in me dis - ap - pear.
All the world was sweet-er, bright-er, Like an an - gel, I was free!

CHORUS.
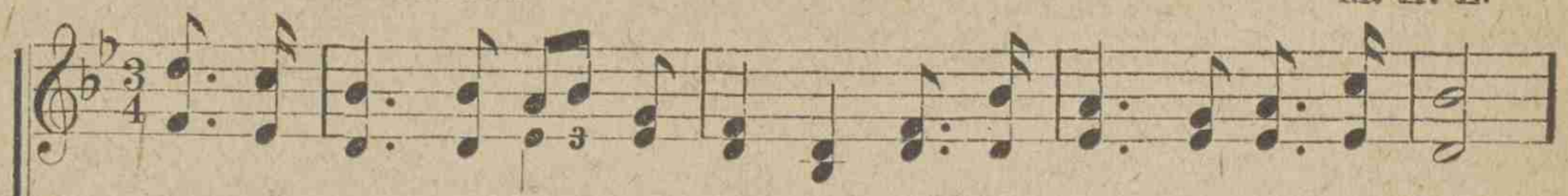
I will sing . . . . . of it for - ev - er, In the land . . . . . to which I go; . . . . . In the beau-ti-ful land, ... be-yond the riv - er, ... This shall be . . . . . my song, I know.

I will sing of it, will sing of it for - ev - er, In the sun-ny land, the land to which I go; In the sun-ny land, the land be-yond the riv - er, This shall be my hap - py song, I know.
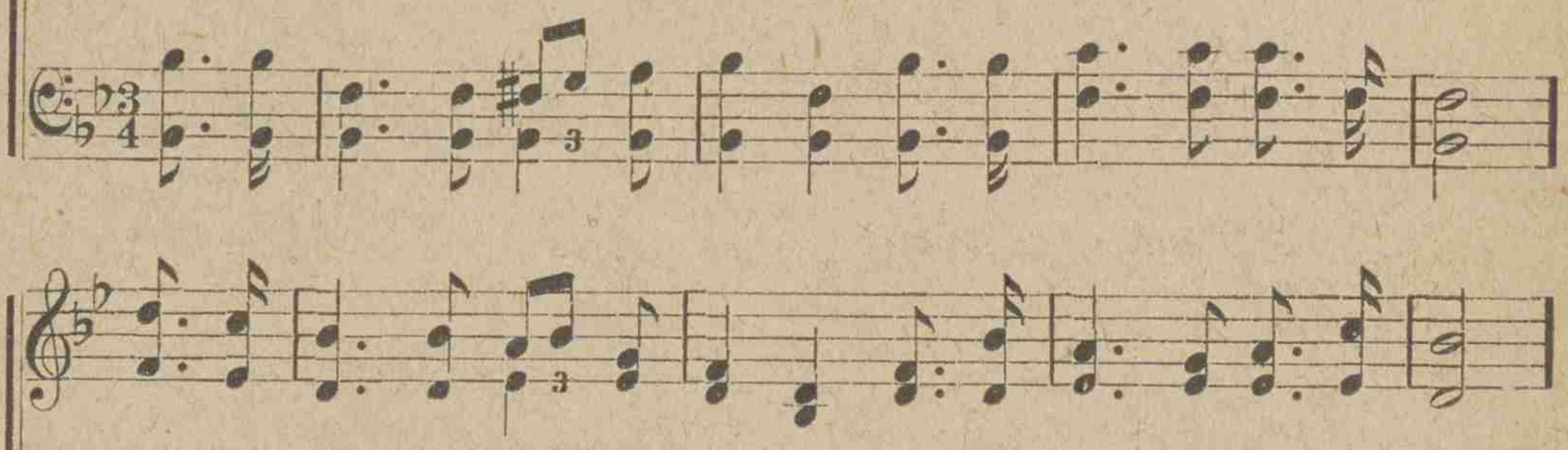
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No. 22. Holy Spirit Guide Me.
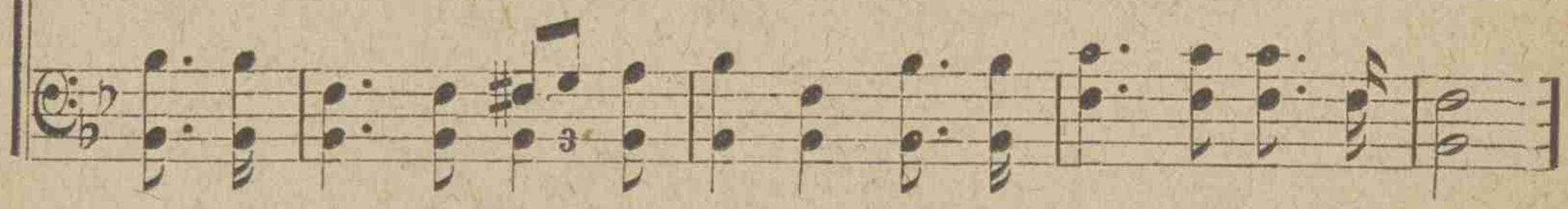
JULIA H. JOHNSTON. M. A. E.



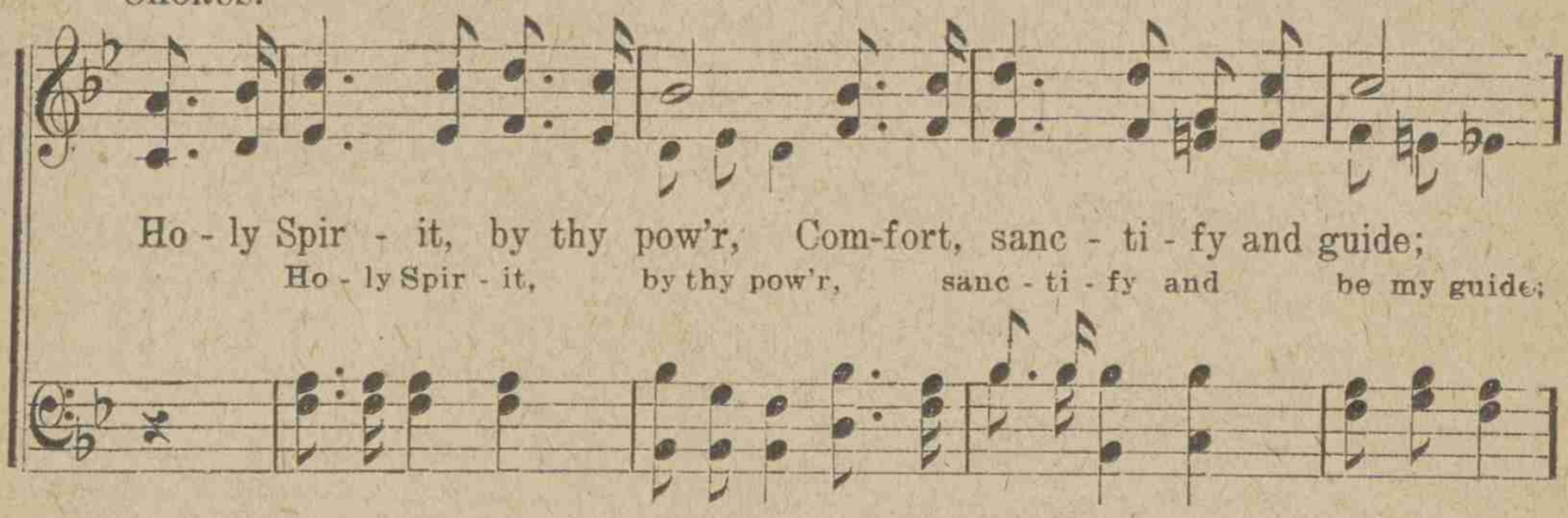
1. Guide me, O thou Ho - ly Spir - it, As I take the up - ward way;
2. In the path of serv - ice low - ly, What - so - e'er I find to do,
3. When the cup of joy, o'er - flow-ing, To my ea - ger lips I lift,
4. When the way is dark and lone - ly, When the strokes of sor - row fall,
5. Lead me on, thro' Him, vic - to-rious, Till this life is o - ver - past,
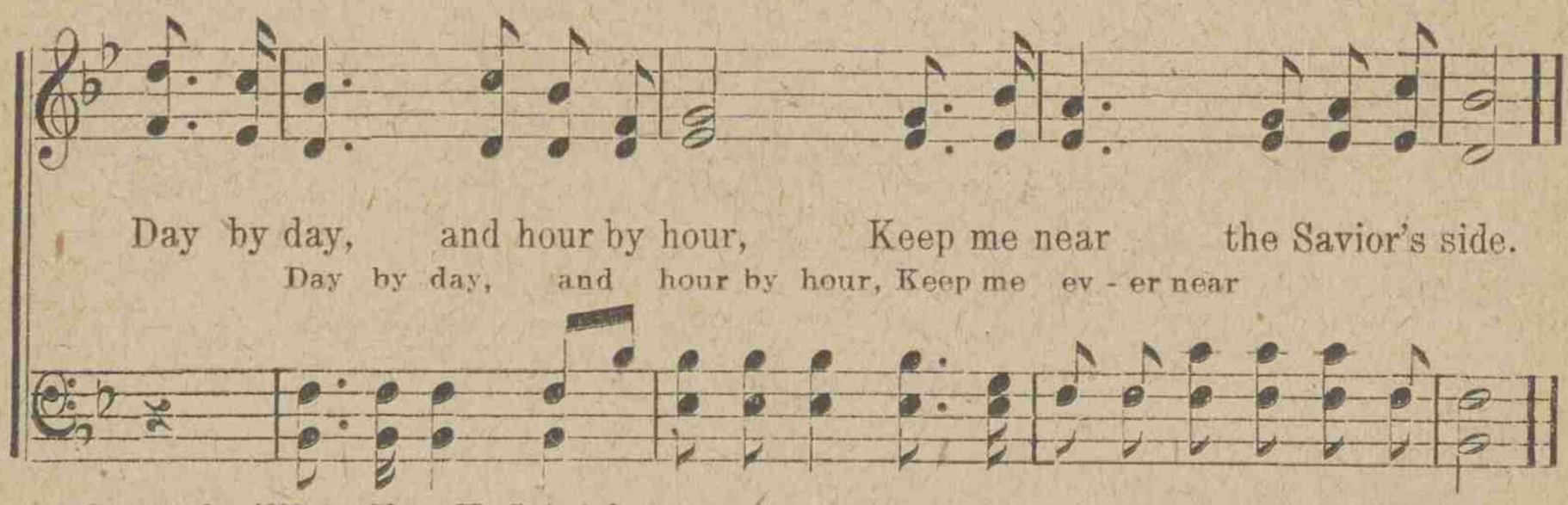


For the sake of Je - sus' mer - it, Lead me to the realms of day.
Let the light - est task be ho - ly, Day by day my strength re - new.
Make me grate - ful, ev - er show - ing, That the cup is Je - sus' gift.
Teach my heart that "Je - sus on - ly" Must be then my "all in all."
And I see the King all glo - rious, By His grace, safe home at last.



CHORUS.



Ho - ly Spir - it, by thy pow'r, Com-fort, sanc - ti - fy and guide;
Ho - ly Spir - it, by thy pow'r, sanc - ti - fy and be my guide;



Day by day, and hour by hour, Keep me near the Savior's side.
Day by day, and hour by hour, Keep me ev - er near

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No. 23. The Soul-Savers' Rally.

Rev. Louis M. Waterman. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. A - wake, O youth, a - wake! a - wake! The cry do ye not hear?
2. A - rouse, O youth, a - rouse! a - rouse! O youth, do ye not care,
3. Re - joice, O youth, re - joice! re - joice! Be - hold what task is thine:

Lo! souls are strug-gling in the waves, With not a help - er near!
When 'neath the waves a lost soul bows, O'er-whelmed with death's despair?
Thou art or - dained by Je - sus' choice To do His work di - vine!

Then come! come now, for 'tis thine hour To brave the tem-pest's sweep,
Then haste! Oh, quick - ly stretch thine hand And seize the sink - ing soul—
Then sing! sing loud - ly, sweet - ly sing! For 'tis thy joy un - feigned

:S:

And, put - ting forth thy peer-less pow'r, Lift lost ones from the deep!
Nor loose thy grasp un - til he stands A - bove the bil - lows' roll!
That ev - 'ry lost one thou shalt bring, Shall be for heav - en gained.

Fine.

D. S.—*There's not a mo - ment now to lose—This is thy gold - en hour!*

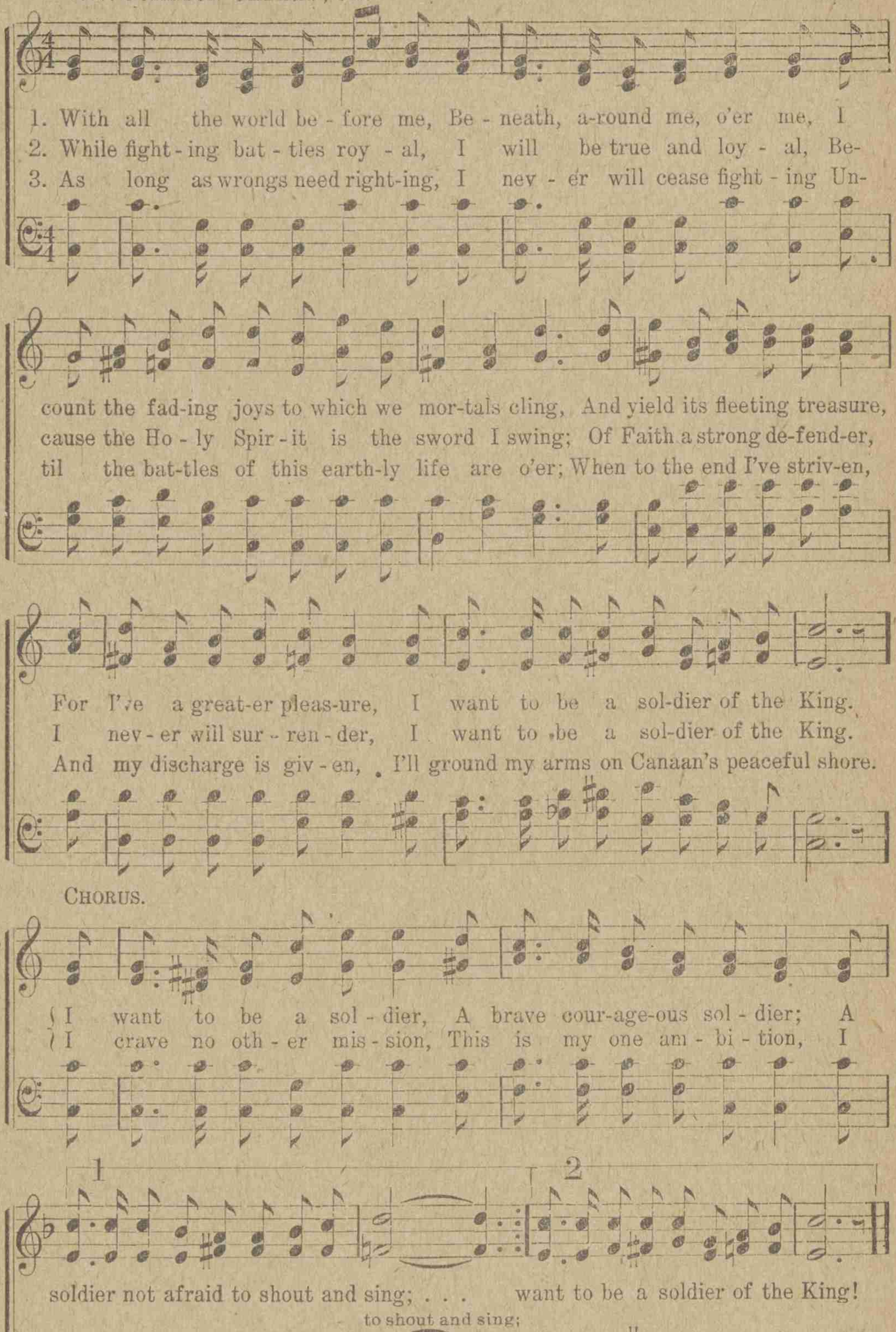
Chorus. D. S.

A - wake, O youth! a - wake! Put forth for Christ thy pow'r!
a - wake! a - wake!

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No. 24. A Soldier of the King.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. W. A. Post.



Chorus.

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No. 25. Filled with Thee.

W. S. M. W. S. MARTIN.

1. O Spir - it of the Liv - ing God, My heart Thy throne shall be,
2. A life de - vot - ed to Thy will, De - pend - ing on Thy pow'r,
3. I've naught of good to of - fer Thee, Just take me as I am,

And ev - 'ry thing I have with-held, I glad - ly give to Thee.
I crave far more than else be - side, Fill with Thy-self this hour.
And cleanse me by the pre - cious blood Of Christ the spot - less lamb.

CHORUS.

Filled with Thee, Filled with Thee, Bless-ed Spir-it, de-scend on me!
dai - ly, dai - ly,

Filled with Thee, Filled with Thee, Thine on - ly, Thine, to be.
dai - ly, dai - ly,

Copyright, 1896, by W. S. Martin.

No. 26. Our Savior's Praise.

Rev. S. H. PRATHER. EDNA G. YOUNG.

1. We are His true dis - ci - ples, the low - ly Naz - a - rene, Who fed the hun-gry thou-sands up - on the lake-side green; He, by His Ho - ly
2. The words of life e - ter - nal fell from His bless - ed lips, In syn - a-gogue and tem - ple, and on the mountain steeps; Our hearts have felt the
3. He stood a - mong the li - lies, so love - ly and so fair, And said, "Be-hold the proof of the heav'n-ly Father's care! If He so clothed the
4. We'll trust our dear Re - deem - er, and all His mer - cies prove, And dai - ly t'ward the man-sions He has prepared we'll move; And when this life is
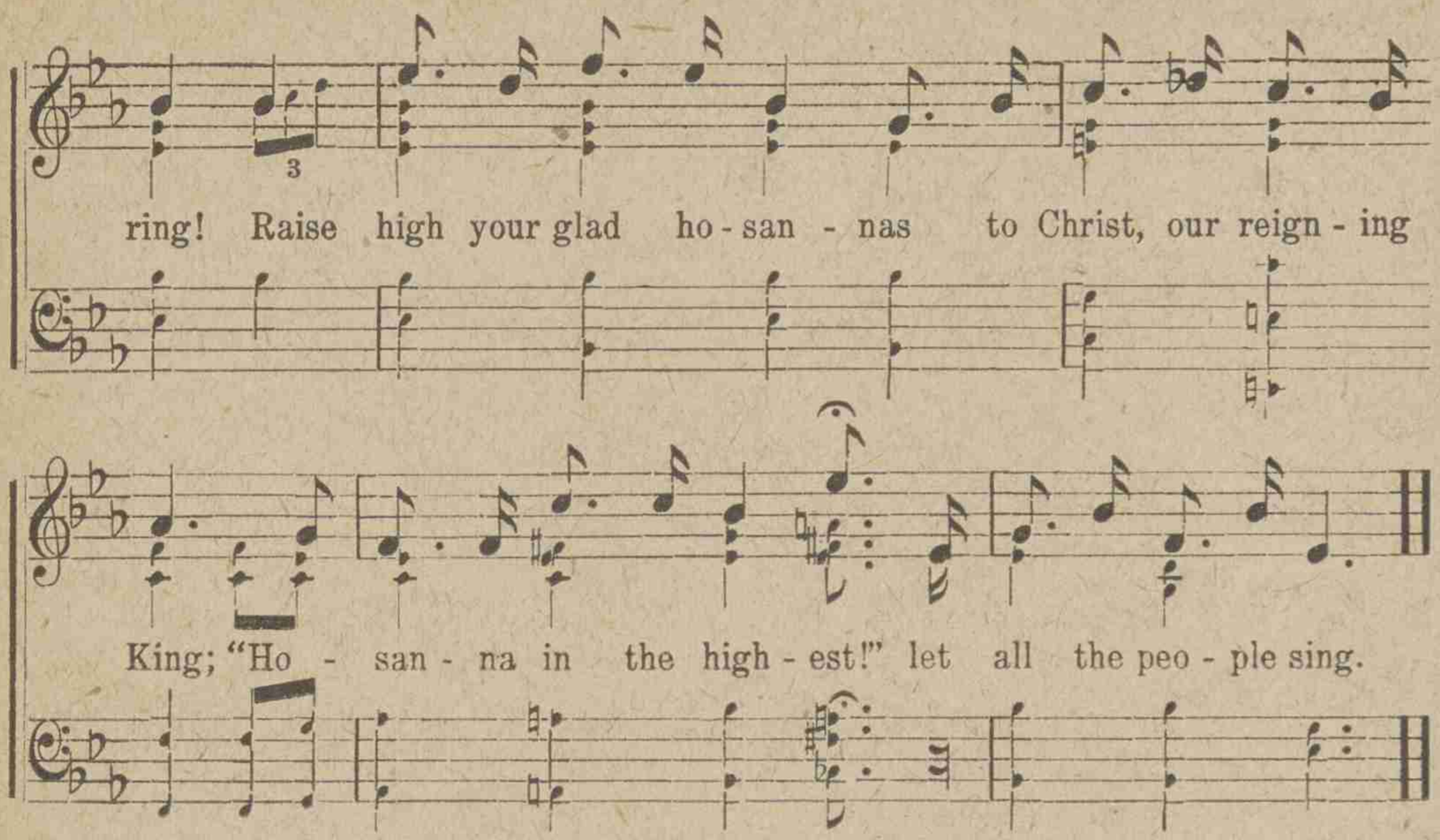
Spir - it, sheds in our hearts His love, And lights our minds with wis-dom that com - eth from a - bove.
quick'ning of all the words He spoke, They were the bread of heav-en He for the peo - ple broke. Come, help us, all ye peo - ple, our Sav-ior's
flow - er which with-ers in a day, His chil-dren, all im - mor - tal, He sure - ly will ar - ray."
o - ver we'll see Him face to face, Ex - alt and praise for-ev - er the won - ders of His grace.

CHORUS.

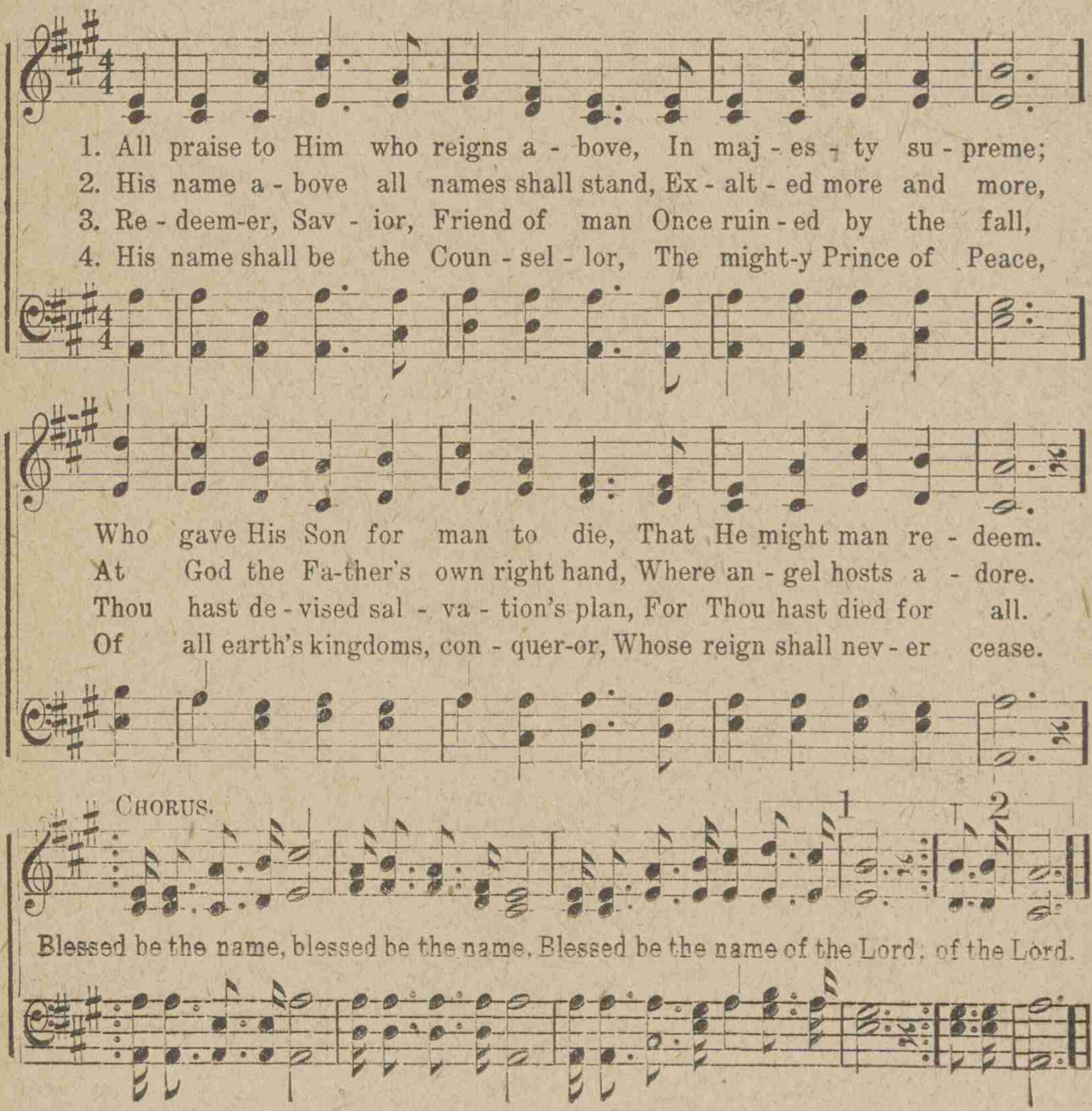
praise to sing; Make all His ho - ly tem - ple with hal - le - lu - jahs

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Our Savior's Praise.



No. 27. All Praise To Him.



No. 28. The Reason Why.

JAMES ROWE. O. W. OLIVER.

1. My Sav - ior loved me dear - ly, And all my sins He bore; And that is why each day I try, To praise Him
2. For sin - ners Je - sus suf - fered, For me His life He gave; And that is why each day I try, A soul to
3. My Sav - ior watch - es o'er me, From Par - a - dise a- bove; And that is why each day I try, To grow in
4. I have His pre - cious prom - ise That I His face shall see; And that is why each day I try, To faith - ful

more, To praise Him more and more, To praise my Sav - ior
save, A pre - cious soul to save, A pre - cious soul to
love, To grow in faith and love, To grow in faith and
be, Yes, true and faith - ful be, Yes, true and faith - ful

To praise Him more and more; To praise my

more; And that is why each day I try, To praise Him more.
save; And that is why each day I try, A soul to save.
love; And that is why each day I try, To grow in love.
be, And that is why each day I try, To faith - ful be.

Sav - ior more;

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No. 29. Stand for the Right.

Rev. G. E. ACKERMAN, D. D. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Stand for the right, ye called of God; Re - joice in sac - ri - fice;
2. Stand for the right, as he - roes bold! Your Lead - er nev - er fails;
3. Stand for the right, as ho - ly men, Co - work - ers with your Lord!
4. Stand for the right, as broth-ers true, Your love en - fold - ing all,

Earth's bit - ter pains pre - pare our souls, For homes be - yond the skies.
Re - joice to bear a stand-ard forth, Which o - ver all pre - vails.
Ex - alt the Christ by blame-less lives, And reap the saints re - ward.
Till at the last, with gathered sheaves, Each at his post shall fall.

CHORUS.

Stand for the right; Oh, be a shin - ing light!
brave - ly stand;
In Je - sus' name His love pro-claim, And stand for the right.

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No. 30. This Same Jesus.

E. E. HEWITT. W. A. POST.

1. Why stand ye i-dly gazing t'ward heaven's blessed height? This same Je - sus is
2. Re-ceiv-ing His good Spir-it, we'll know His presence near; This same Je - sus is
3. Our low - ly talents doubling, more faithful may we be; This same Je - sus is
4. In ev - 'ry time of tri-al we'll trust His changeless love; This same Je - sus is

coming back a-gain; The shin-ing an - gels told it, ar-rayed in spotless white;
coming back a-gain; He fills us with His blessing, He gives us love and cheer;
coming back a-gain; And spread abroad His gos-pel with hap-py hearts and free;
coming back a-gain; The might-y King of Glo - ry still reigns for us a - bove;

CHORUS.

This same Je - sus is com-ing back a - gain. This same Je-sus, this same Je-sus;

Oh, tell the joy - ful ti - dings to all the sons of men! Oh, let us work and

pray, re - joic-ing ev - 'ry day; This same Je - sus is com-ing back a - gain.

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No. 31. Doing the Right.

LAURENE HIGHFIELD. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Re - joice with them that do re-joice, And weep with them that weep,
2. Do good to men as un - to Him Who died up - on the tree;
3. Garbed in the robe of righteousness, Which in His name you wear,

And from the stain of shame and sin, Pure and un - spot - ted keep.
And in the need - y and distressed, The Mas-ter's breth - ren see.
Be like Him in His per - fect truth, Your cross in meek - ness bear.

CHORUS.

Ab - hor the e - vil, love the good, And make, oh, make
Ab - hor the e - vil, love the good, And make your life

your life so true, That men may see Christ's im - age there,
so true,

And learn to serve Him too, And learn to serve Him too.

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No. 32. In His Train.

R. H. Rewritten, with chorus, by MARTIN A. ELLIOTT.

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain;
2. The mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be-yond the grave,
3. A glo-rious band, the chos - en few On whom the Spir - it came;

His blood - red ban-ner streams a - far! Who fol - lows in His train?
Who saw his Mas - ter in the sky, And called on Him to save;
Twelve vil - iant saints their hope they knew, And mocked the cross of flame.

Who best can drink His cup of woe, And tri - umph o - ver pain;
Like Him, with par - don on His tongue, In midst of mor - tal pain,
They climed the diz - zy steep to heav'n, Thro' per - il, toil and pain;

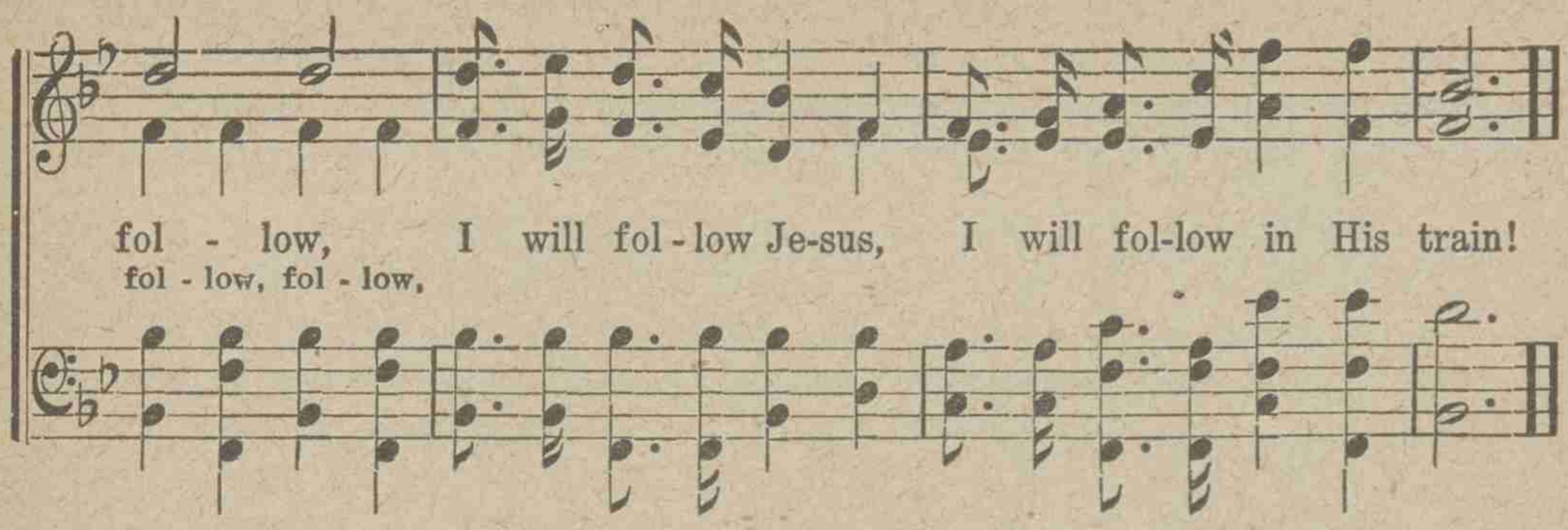
Who pa - tient bears His cross be - low, He fol-lows in His train.
He prayed for them that did the wrong, Who fol-lows in His train.
O God, to us may grace be giv'n, To fol - low in their train.

CHORUS.

Fol - low, I will follow Jesus, The Lamb of God, for sinners slain! I'll
Fol - low, fol - low, I'll will

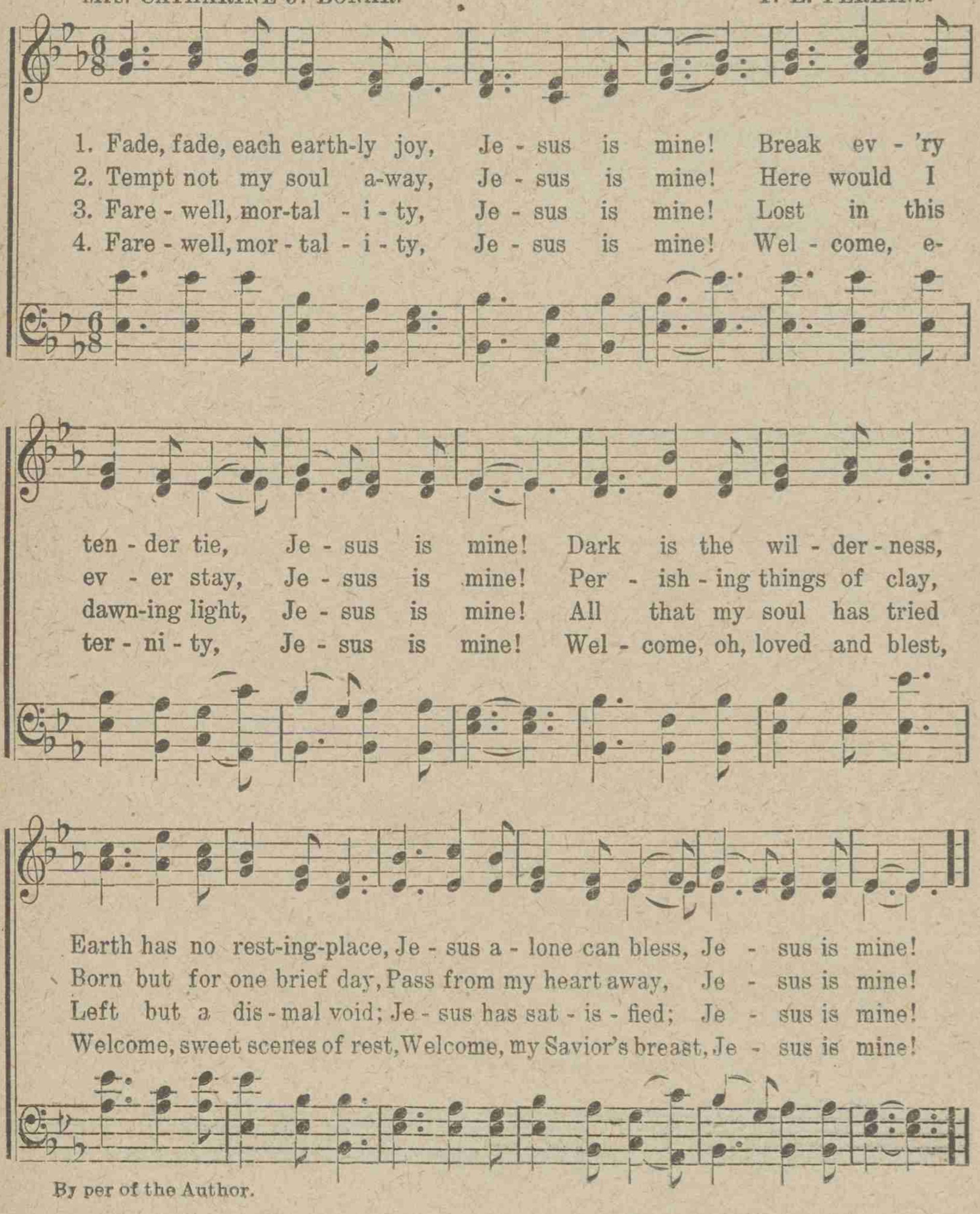
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In His Train.



No. 33. Jesus Is Mine!

MRS. CATHARINE J. BONAR. T. E. PERKINS.



By per of the Author.

No. 34. He is So Precious to Me.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I'm hap-py in Je-sus, my Sav-ior, my King, And all the day long of His good-ness I sing; To Him in my weak-ness I lov-ing-ly
2. He stood at the door a-mid sun-shine and rain, So pa-tient-ly wait-ing an entrance to gain; What shame that so long He en-treat-ed in
3. I stand on the mount-ain of sun-shine at-last, No cloud in the heav-ens a shad-ow to cast; His smile is up-on me, the val-ley is
4. I praise Him, be-cause He ap-point-ed a place Where, some day, thro' faith in His mar-vel-ous grace, My eyes shall be-hold Him—shall look on His

CHORUS.

cling, For He is so pre-cious to me.
vain, For He is so pre-cious to me.
past, For He is so pre-cious to me.
face, For He is so pre-cious to me.

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

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

low My re-deem-er to know For He is so pre-cious to me. . . .

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No. 35. Sweet, Enduring Peace.

E. G. Y.

EDNA G. YOUNG.

1. There is a sweet, en - dur - ing peace, Which comes from Christ above, To all who tru - ly fol-low Him In do - ing deeds of love; A peace the world knows noth-ing of, Sur - pass-ing all be - side; A peace that fills the soul with
2. This peace He free - ly gives to all Who choose the nar-row way, And those who fol - low in His steps, He'll bring to endless day; Then may our trust be firm and true, What ev - er may be - tide, That o'er the soul may come His
3. O soul, art thou at peace to - day? Heed well the fleet-ing time! Come, let the Savior be your Friend—Accept this peace sublime, The peace which cometh from a - bove Sur-pass - es all be - side, En - dures thro' all e - ter - ni-

CHORUS.
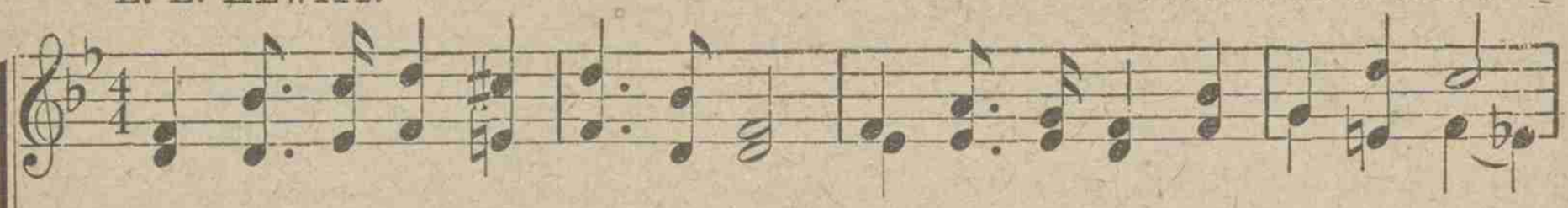
rest, If Christ in us a - bide.
peace, And Christ in us a - bide. Peace, peace, won-der-ful peace, Sweeter than
ty, If Christ in us a - bide.

all be - side; Peace, peace, won-der-ful peace, If Christ in us a - bide.
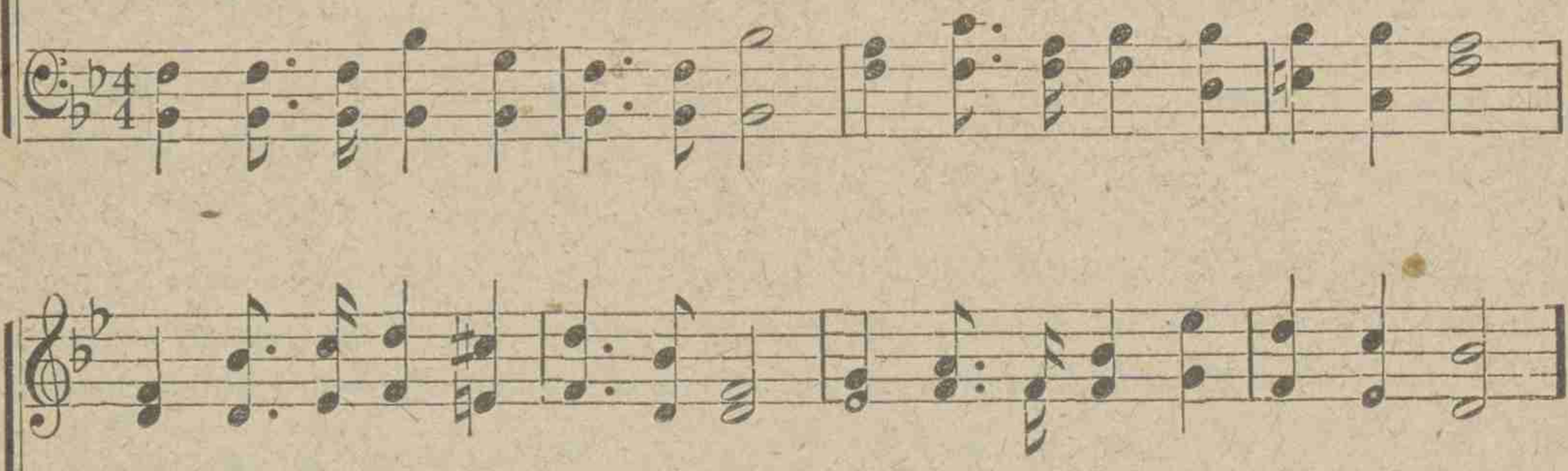
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No. 36. Praise Ye the Lord.
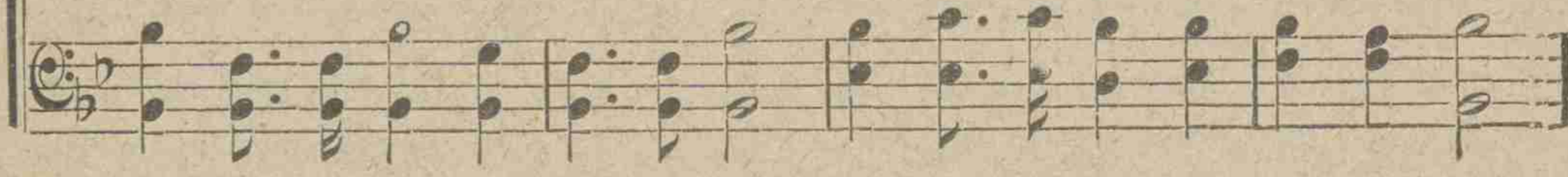
E. E. HEWITT. VICTOR H. BENKE.
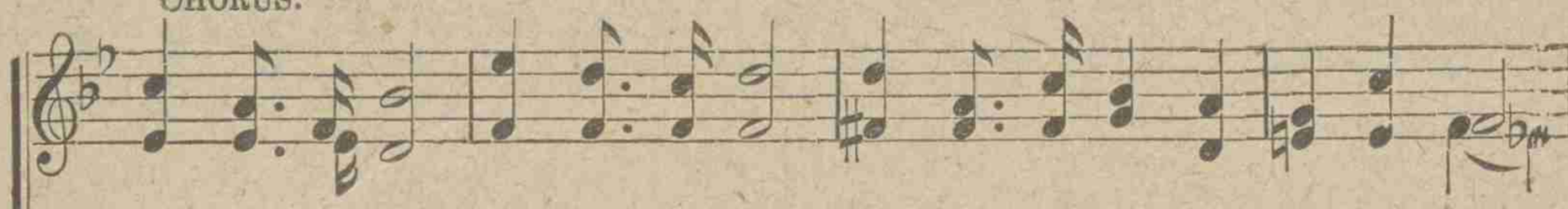


1. Praise ye the Lord, ye an-gels bright, Ye sun and moon and stars of light;
2. Praise ye the Lord, lo! He commands, The wondrous works of His own hands;
3. Praise ye the Lord, ye hills and vales, The flow'rs that gem the blooming dales;
4. Praise ye the Lord, both young and old, The lit - tle lambs of His safe fold;
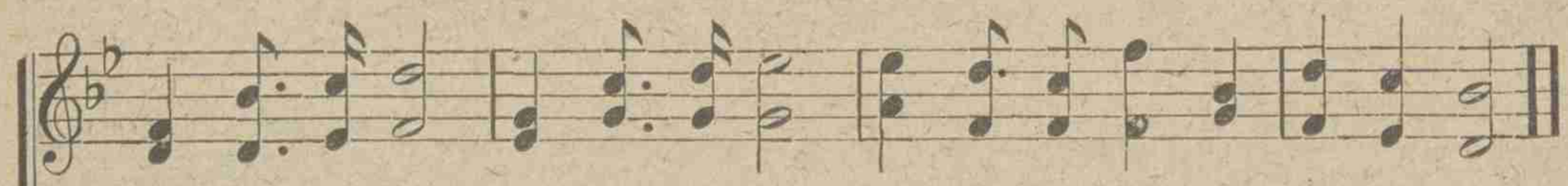


Ye hosts who sing in heav'n a - bove, Ex - tol His might, pro-claim His love.
And winds and waves and storms ful-fill, The sweet de-signs of His good will.
The birds that sing their hap-py lays, Shall war-ble forth our Fa-ther's praise.
Let grate-ful hearts His grace re-cord, With joy - ful lips praise ye the Lord.
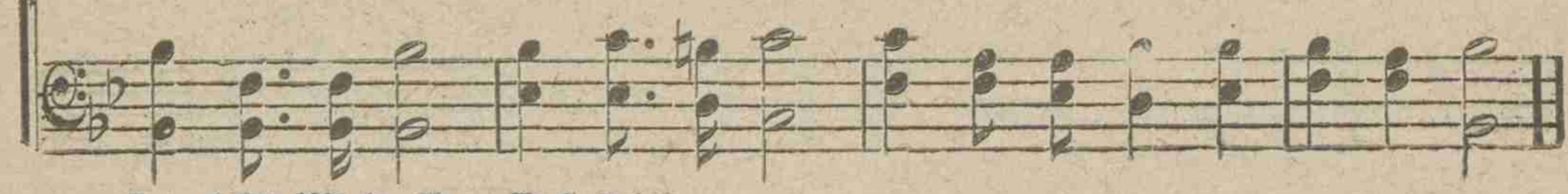


CHORUS.



Praise ye the Lord! praise ye the Lord! Swell gold-en harps the raptured chord;



Re-joice, re-joice! We sing a - gain Re - deem-ing love, A - men, A - men.



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No. 37. The Lord is Thy Friend.

LAURENE HIGHFIELD. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. The Lord bless and keep thee in all thy ways; May He be thy
2. The Lord pit - y thee in thy fear or grief, And grant to thee
3. The Lord make His face on thy path to shine, And guide thee in
4. In kind - ness and love He re - gard - eth thee; He of - fers thee

guard-ian thro' - out thy days; Thrice wor - thy is He of all trust and
com - fort and sweet re - lief; Con - fide in Him ful - ly, keep thy be-
wis - dom and love di - vine, And help thee to make His will whol - ly
mer - cy and par - don free, Then in - to His bo - som for ref - uge

CHORUS.

praise, He is thy strong-est friend.
lief, He is thy tru - est friend. The Lord is thy best and thy
thine, He is thy wis - est friend.
flee, He is thy dear - est friend.

dear - est friend! Oh, trust in His good-ness, on Him de - pend; He
ev - er stands read-y His aid to lend, He is in - deed thy Friend.

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No. 38. Where is Your Faith, My Brother.

T. O. CHISHOLM. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Where is your faith, my brother? This would the Master know, Ask - ing a -
2. Where is your faith, my brother? Do you in rich-es trust, What will your
3. Where is your faith, my brother? Do you on self re - ly, Hop - ing by
4. Where is your faith, my brother? Dreaming that life is long, Will you neg-
5. Where is your faith, my brother? Would you sal-va-tion gain? Trust in the

gain the ques - tion Spok - en so long a - go. Ques - tion of deep - est
gold a - vail you, When you have turned to dust? "Rich - es are not for -
good en - deav - or, Par - don and peace to buy? Not un - to him that
lect sal - va - tion, List - 'ning to pleasure's song? Oh, do not trust to -
name of Je - sus.—All oth - er hope is vain, Christ is the sure foun-

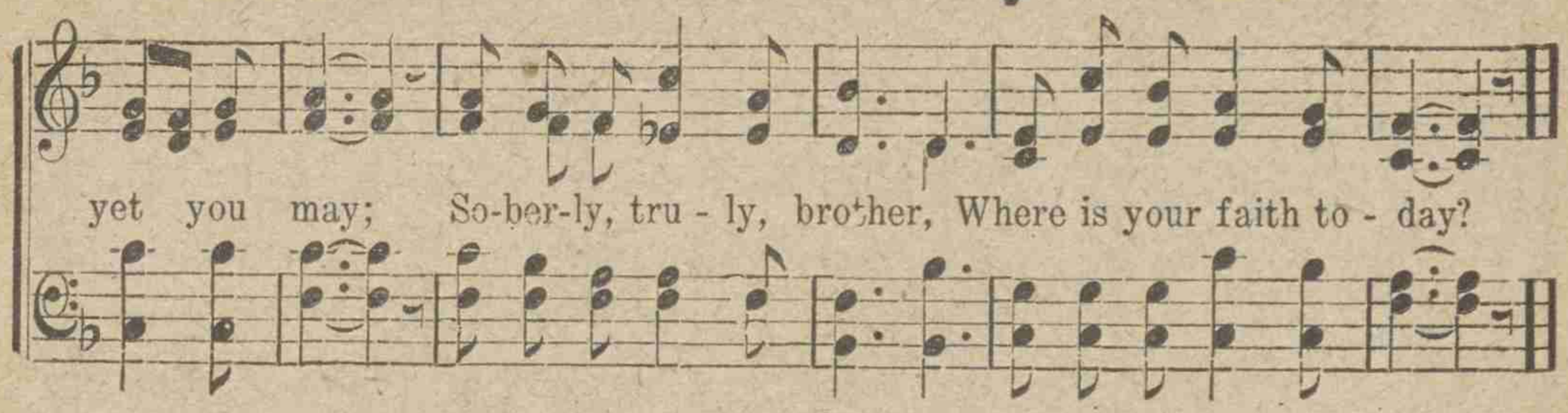
mean - ing Pon - der it well and say, So - ber - ly, tru - ly, broth - er,
ev - er" Thus do the Scriptures say; Ah! in the great here - af - ter
work - eth Prom-ise of life is giv'n; Nev - er may hu - man mer- it
mor - row, For it may nev - er come: E - ven this night, my broth-er,
da - tion, Firm a - mid wind and wave; "No oth - er name is giv - en."

CHORUS.

Where is your faith to - day?
What then will be your stay?
En - ter the gates of heav'n. Where is your faith, my broth-er? Answer while
You may be summoned home.
Je - sus a - lone can save.

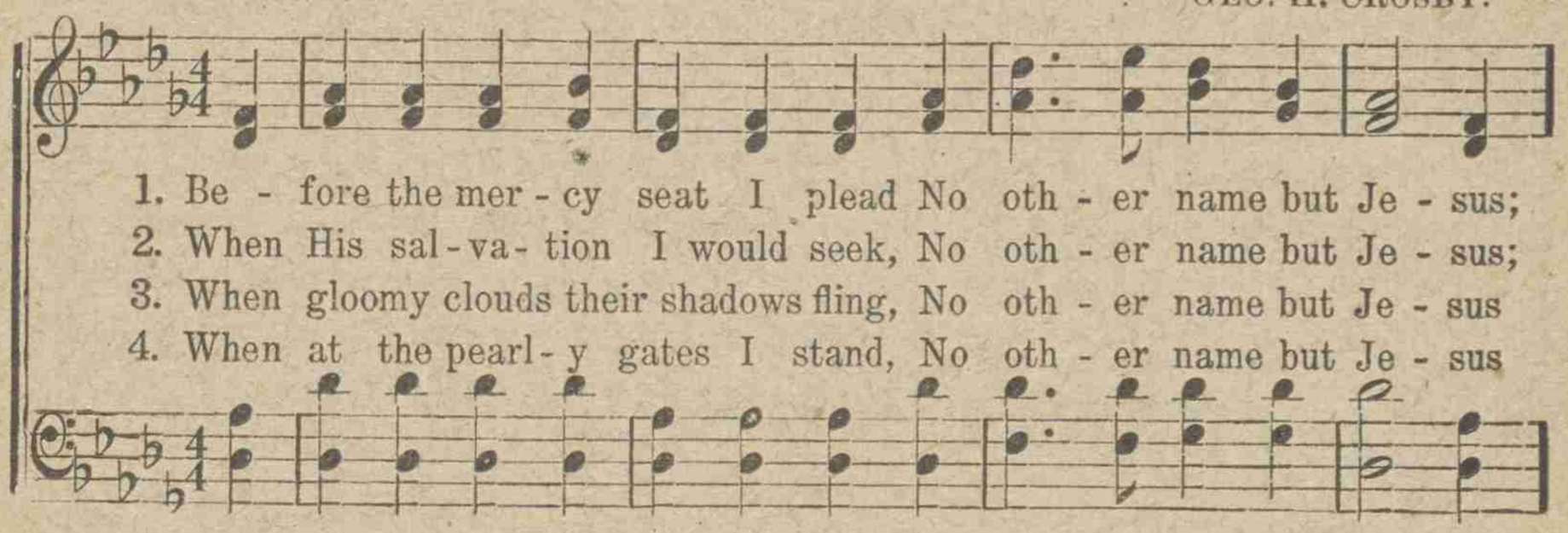
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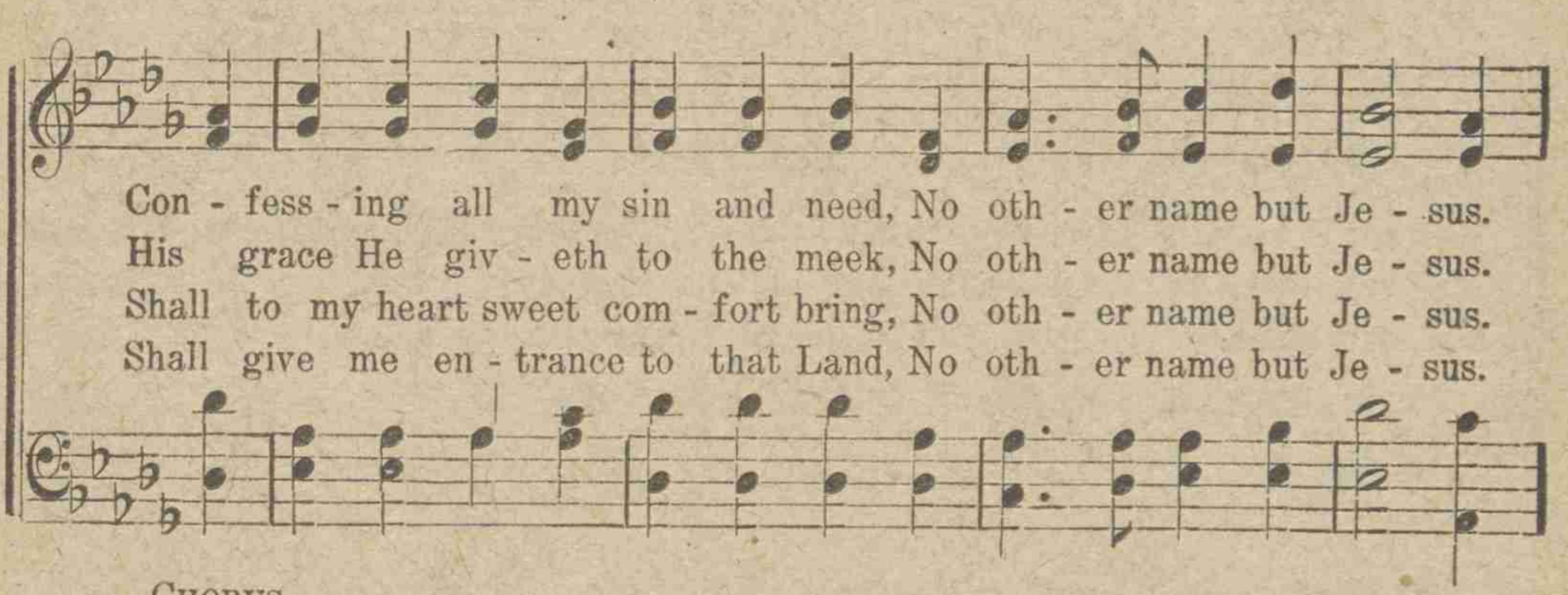
Where is Your Faith, My Brother?



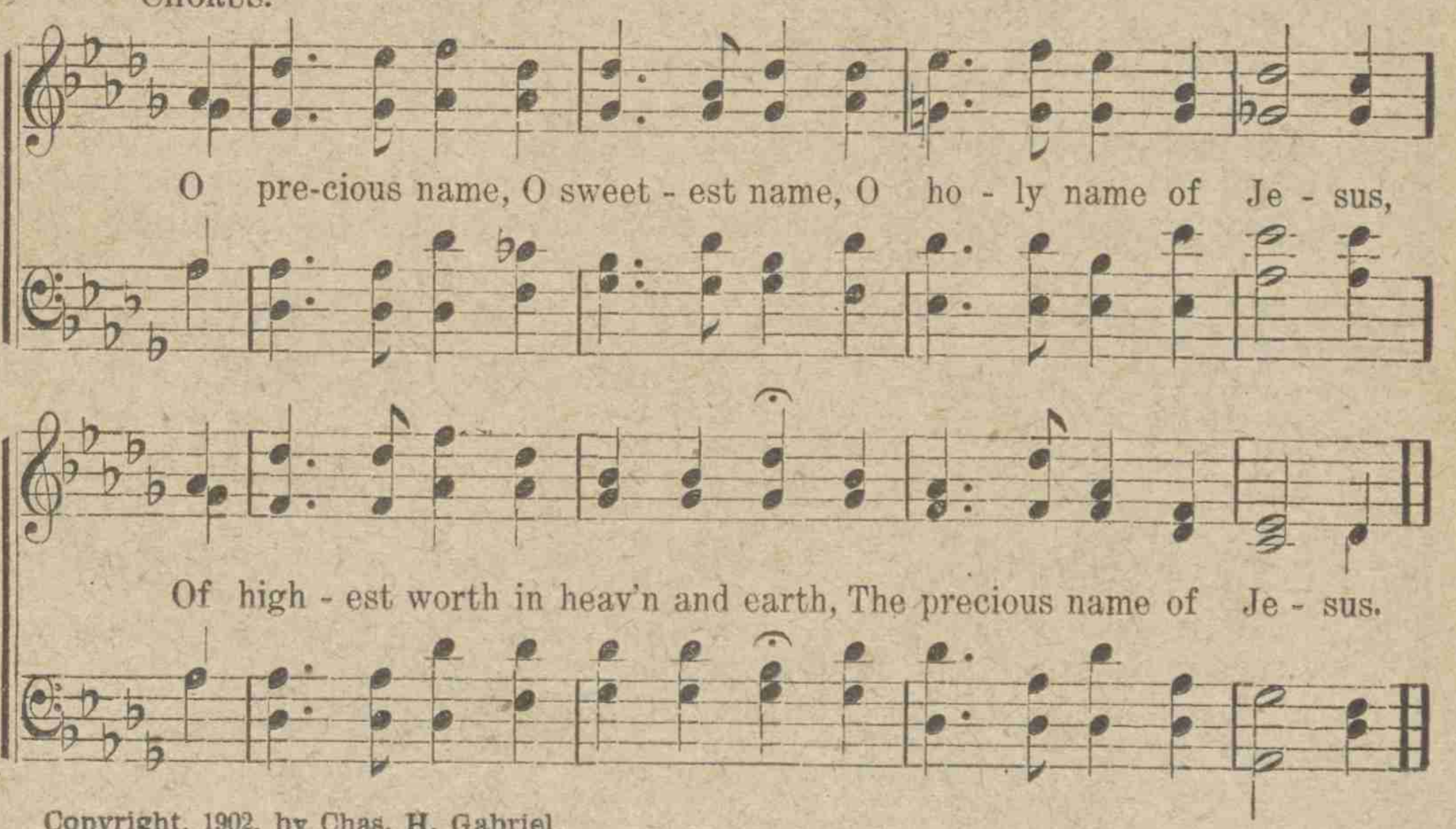
No. 39. No Other Name But Jesus.

E. E. HEWITT. GEO. H. CROSBY.





CHORUS.



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No. 40. I Want to Shine for Jesus.

JAMES ROWE. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

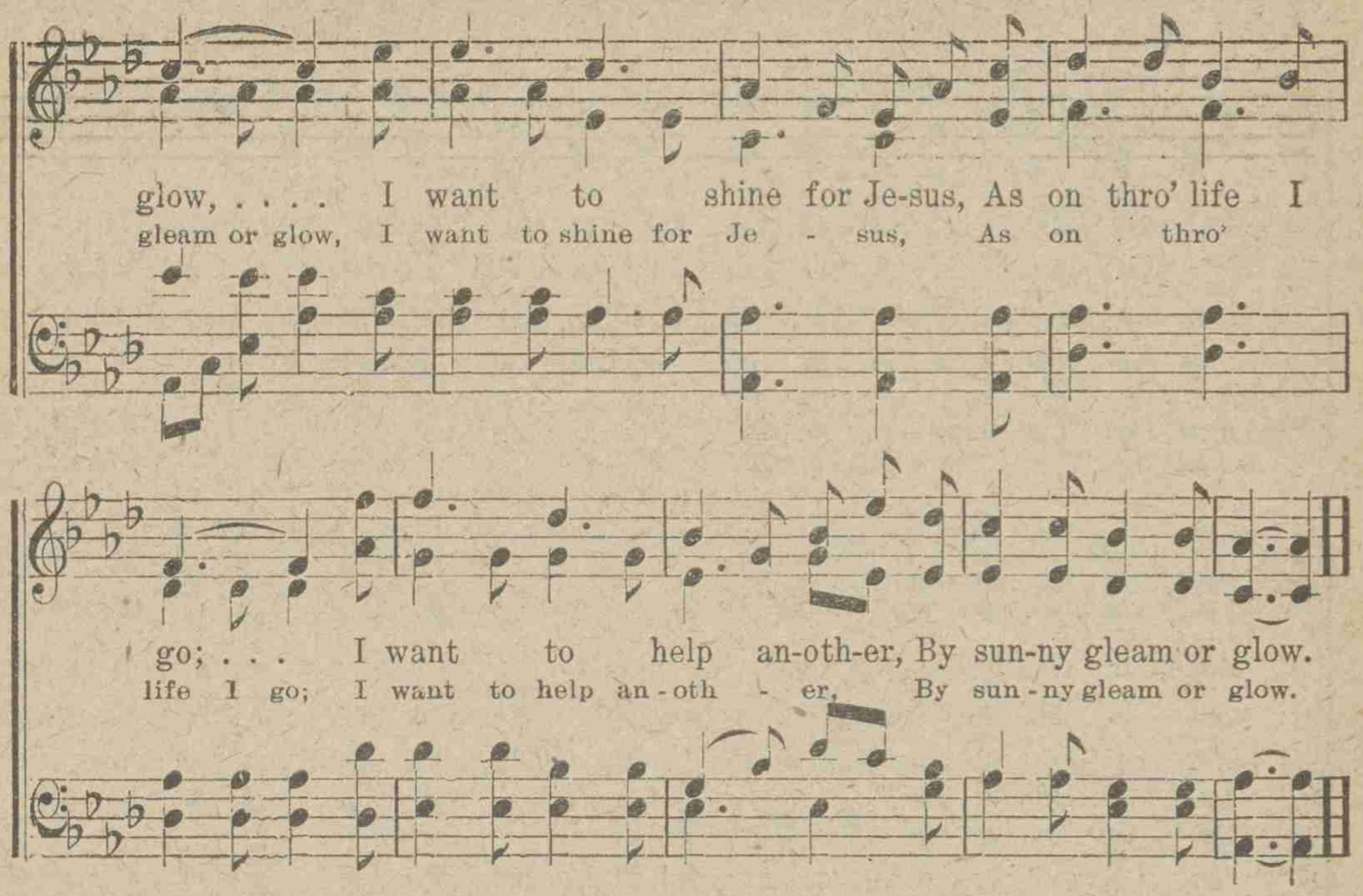
1. I want to shine for Je - sus, As on thro' life I go; I want to help an - oth - er, By sun - ny gleam or glow; So ma - ny dwell in sor - row, A-long the drear-y way, I want to shine for Je - sus, And
2. I want to shine for Je - sus, To cheer the sad and lone; I want to give to oth - ers, Some glad-ness of my own, For some are rare - ly hap - py, And sel-dom ev - er smile; I want to shine for Je - sus, And
3. I want to shine for Je - sus, As bright - ly as I may; I want to be a bea - con, For souls that are a - stray, So ma - ny dwell in dark-ness, Where strife and sin are rife; I want to shine for Je - sus, Each

CHORUS.

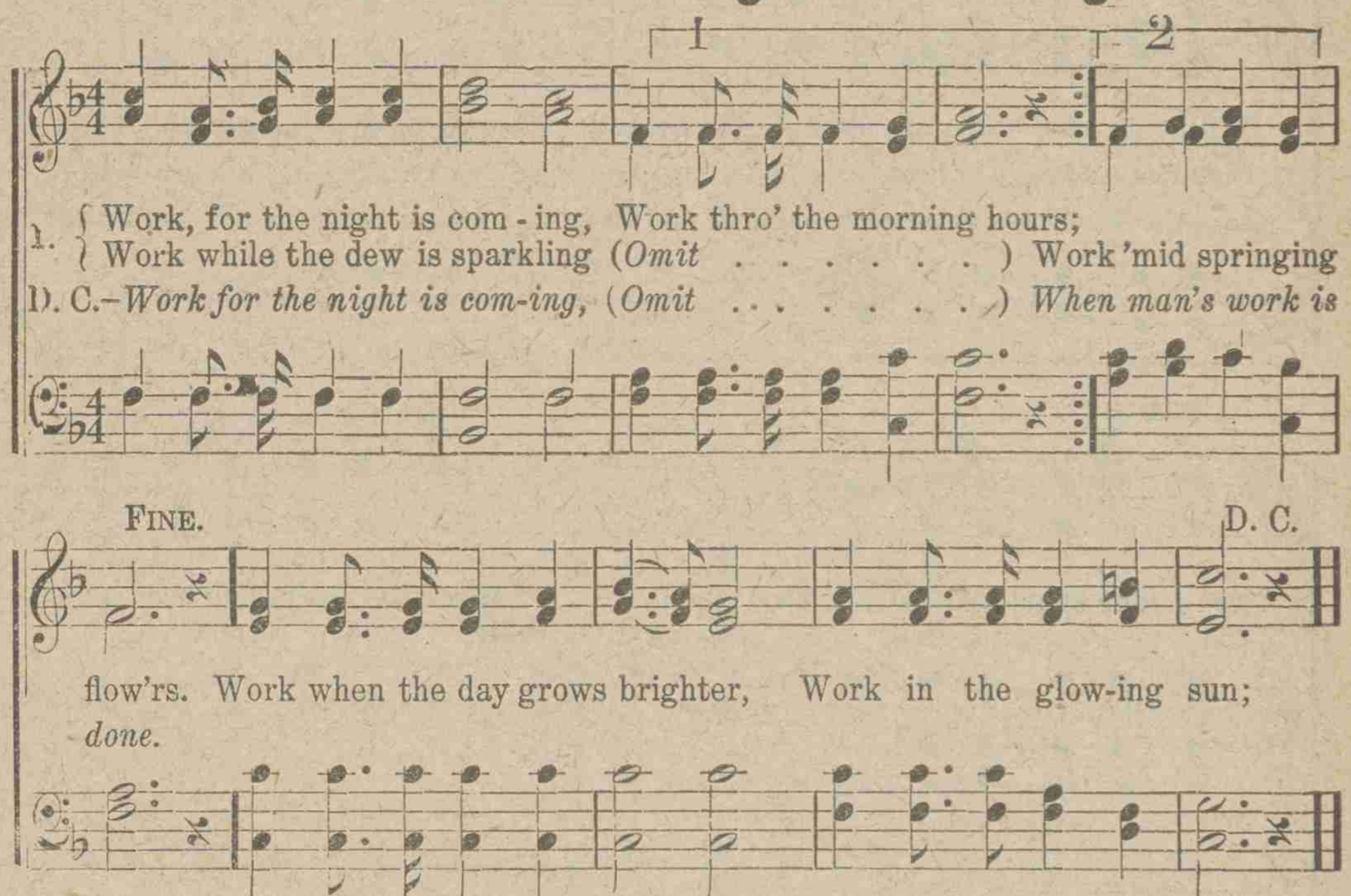
bright-er, ev - 'ry day.
bright-er, all the while. I want to shine for Jesus, As on thro' life I
mo - ment of my life. I want to shine for Je - sus, As on thro'
go; . . . . I want to help an-oth - er, By sun - ny gleam or
life I go; I want to help an - oth - er. By sun - ny

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I Want to Shine for Jesus.



No. 41. Work, for the Night is Coming.



2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon,
Give every flying minute,
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skys;
While the bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies,
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more,
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

No. 42. Keep Your Heart Singing.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

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

With a ha - lo of de-light, If we keep our hearts sing-ing all the while.
Cheer and bless the dark-est day, If we keep our hearts sing-ing all the while.
In the world we trav-el through, If we keep our hearts sing-ing all the while.

CHORUS.

Keep your heart singing all the while, ... Make the world brighter with a sing - ing, singing all the while; bright - er,
smile, ... Keep the song ring-ing! lone-ly hours we may be - guile, brighter with a smile;

FINE. D.S.

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No. 43. The Work We Love.

Words and Music written especially for Chas. H. Gabriel. "I believe this will be the last tune I shall write, for I am getting very weak, constantly confined to my bed, but my harp is already attuned for the Better Land. Yours in faith and song; Philip Phillips." April 4th, 1895.

P. P. PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. We come to-geth - er here, once more, To sing and speak and pray;
2. Oh, how de-light - ful here to meet, A cheer-ful, hap - py throng,
3. This is a work we love so well, Sin - ners to win—our call,
4. Soon will our la - bors have an end And we'll be called to go,

None should be i - dle in God's house On this' His ho - ly day.
To learn of wis - dom from God's word, And join in cheer - ful song.
For Je - sus died to save the lost, And grace is free for all.
To be with Christ, and all the good, Where liv - ing wa - ters flow.

CHORUS.

We are pass-ing on - ward, To our Fa-ther's dwell-ing; On-ward, for - ward

to the Bet - ter Land! When we cross the riv - er We shall dwell for-

ev - er In the land of Par - a - dise at God's right hand.

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No. 44. On to the Front.

C. H. G. Arr. and partly written by C. H. G.

1. Sol - dier- of Je - sus, on to the front! Strug-gle a lit - tle long - er!
2. Hear ye the cry of souls in de - spair, Loud for the gos-pel call - ing?
3. Fierce is the foe, and sub - tle and wise, Watch-ful, a - lert, con - tend-ing;

Trust in the Lord, con - fide in His word, Faith makes the heart grow strong-er;
See! near and far, at home and a-broad, Er - ror and sin ap - pall - ing,
Be on your guard by day and by night, Ev - er the cause de - fend - ing,

Firm be, cou-ra-geous, val-iant and true, For there is tri - al yet for you;
Brave men are need-ed, pa-tient and strong, Meet for a serv-ice stern and long;
Long drear-y marches soon will be o'er, Con-flict and bat - tle rage no more;

Heed not the con-flict, long tho' it be, For it shall end in vic - to - ry.
Whole-hearted, no-ble Chris-tian, and true, There waits a vic-tor's crown for you!
Part - ing and pain, and sor - row shall cease, Strife end in sweet e - ter - nal peace.

CHORUS.

On to the front, be true to your vows! Doubt-ing or falt'ring nev - er;

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On to the Front.

Whole-heart-ed be, and loy - al to Je - sus, And reign in His glo - ry for-ev - er.

No. 45. The Solid Rock.

EDWARD MOTE. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je - sus' blood and right-eous-ness;
2. When darkness veils His love - ly face, I rest on His un-chang-ing grace;
3. His oath, His cov - e - nant, His blood, Sup - port me in the whelm-ing flood;
4. When He shall come with trumpet sound, Oh, may I then in Him be found;

I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je - sus' name.
In ev - 'ry high and storm-y gale, My an-chor holds with - in the veil.
When all a - round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
Drest in His right-eous - ness a - lone, Fault-less to stand be - fore the throne!

CHORUS.

On Christ, the Sold - id Rock I stand; All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

No. 46. Sunshine and Rain.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Had we on - ly sun-shine all the year a - round, With-out the bless-ing
2. Had we not a sor - row or a cross to bear, For Him who bore the
3. Can we prize the sun-shine and de-plore the rain, Re - pin - ing when the

of re-fresh-ing rain, Would we scat - ter seed up - on the
refreshing rain,
bur - den of our sin, Would we know the sweet-ness of His
days are dark and drear? Can we hope for pleasures, yet de-
Would we scat - ter seed

fal - low ground, And hope to gath - er flow - ers, fruit and grain?
love and care, Or e - ven strive e - ter - nal joys to win?
ny the pain, Or share the joys of life with - out the tear?

CHORUS.

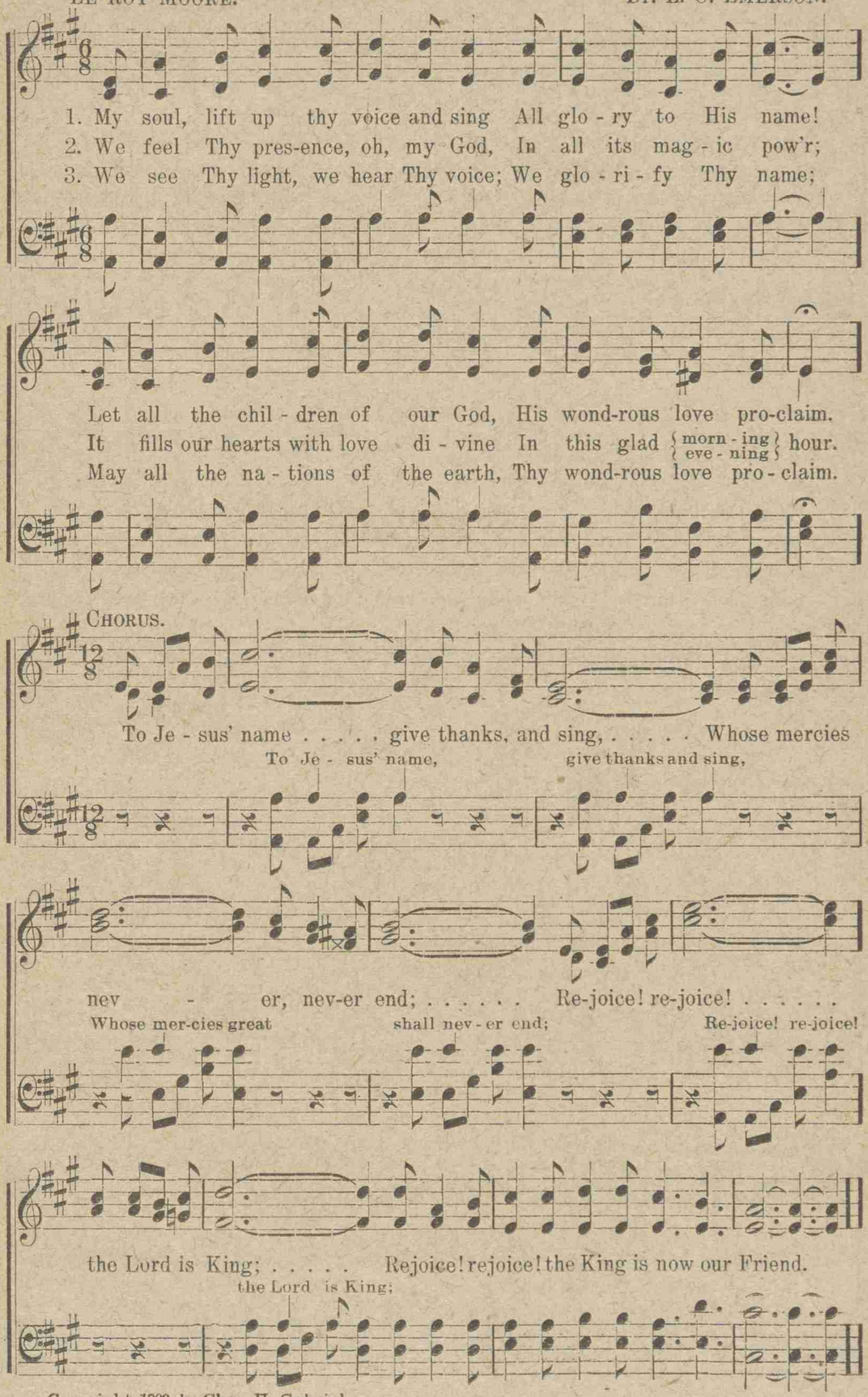
{ Sun-shine and rain, re - fresh-ing, re - viv - ing rain, Light of faith and
{ Sun-shine and rain, to nour-ish the grow-ing grain Send us Lord, the

love, Show - ers from a - bove! sun - shine and the rain.

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No. 47. The Voice of Praise.

LE ROY MOORE. Dr. L. O. EMERSON.



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No. 48. Be Thou My Stay.

Dr. M. V. STALEY. VICTOR H. BENKE.

1. O Lord, be Thou my stay, Thy aid I ask, Wher-e'er my path-way lies,
2. O Lord, be Thou my stay, When dan-ger nears; Still Thou my trembling heart,
3. O Lord, be Thou my stay, In grief and pain; Oh, let my anx-ious pray'r,
4. O Lord, be Thou my stay, When death draws nigh, When wild the billows rage

What-e'er my task; For - sake me not, O Lord What - e'er be - tide,
Qui - et my fears; For - sake me not, O Lord, Keep me from harm,
Be not in vain; For - sake me not, O Lord, When oth - ers flee,
Be Thou near by; For - sake me not, O Lord, In that last hour,

CHORUS.
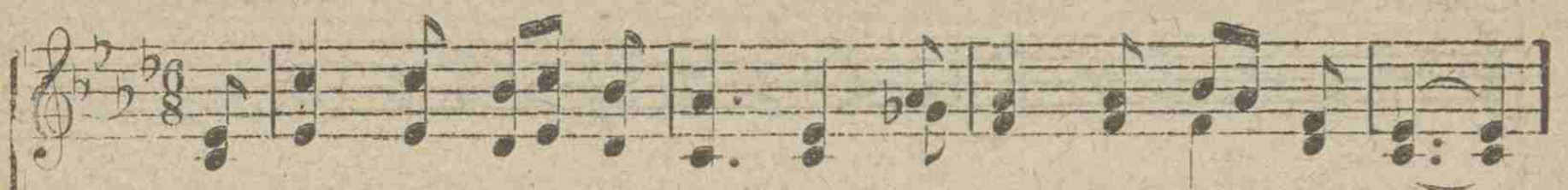
Teach me to ev - er - more In Thee con - fiide.
Up - hold me e'er by Thy Al - migh-ty arm. O Lord be Thou my stay,
What - ev - er threatens, Thou My ref - uge be.
For in Thy pres-ence Death Shall lose its pow'r.

Wher-e'er my path may be, Oh, let me walk with Thee, Lead Thou the way.
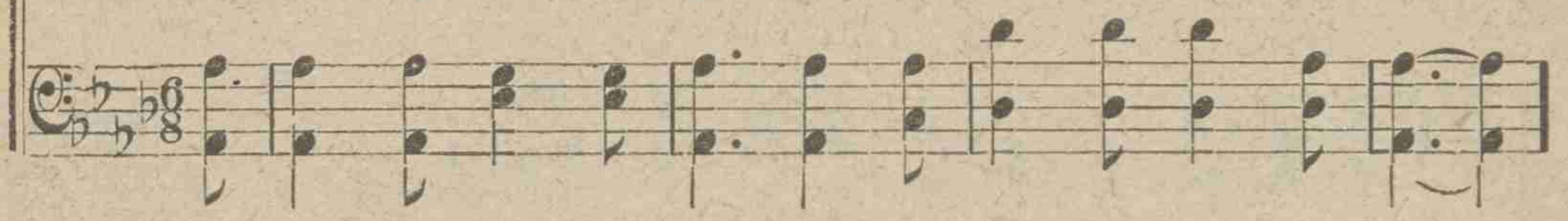
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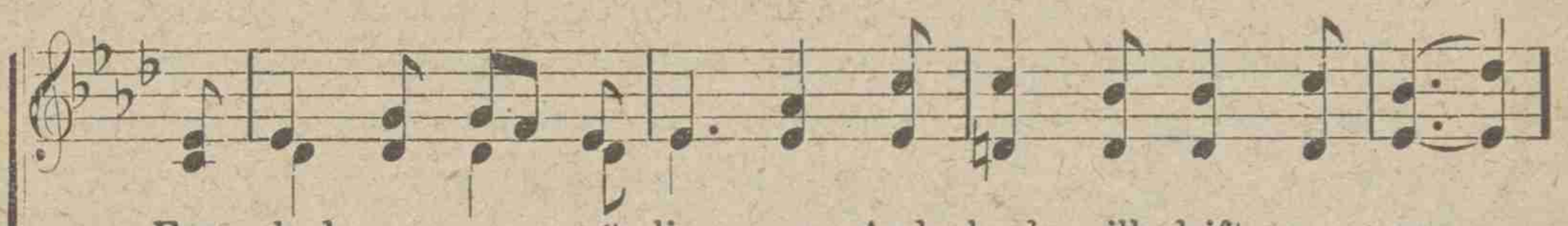
No. 49. The Sun Is Shining Somewhere.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. F. S. SHEPARD.
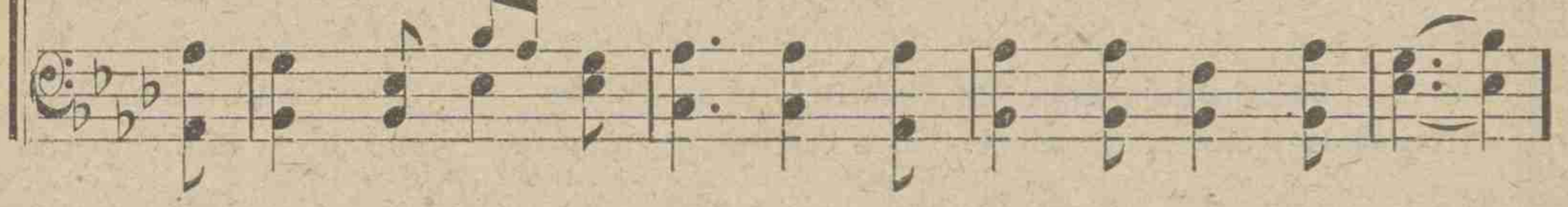


1. The sun is shin - ing some-where, How-ev - er dark our day;
2. The sun is shin - ing some-where! Hold fast this pre - cious truth;
3. Smile thro' the tears of sor - row, Nor trem - ble with a - larm;
4. We have our share of bless - ing, Then let us not des - pond;
5. Think not up - on the shad - ows, For sor - row's days are few;
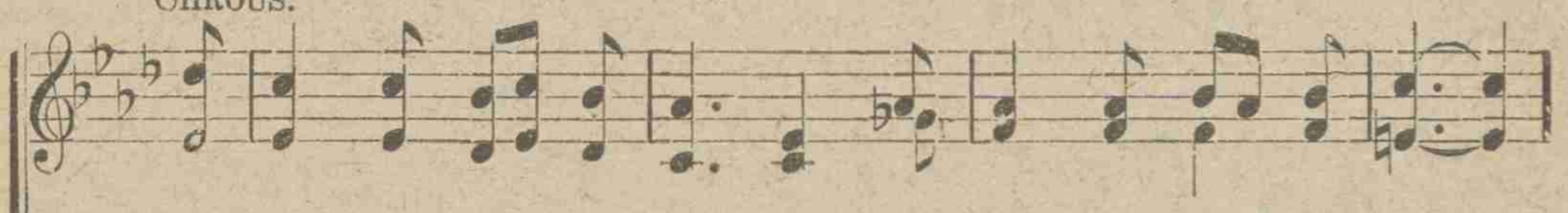




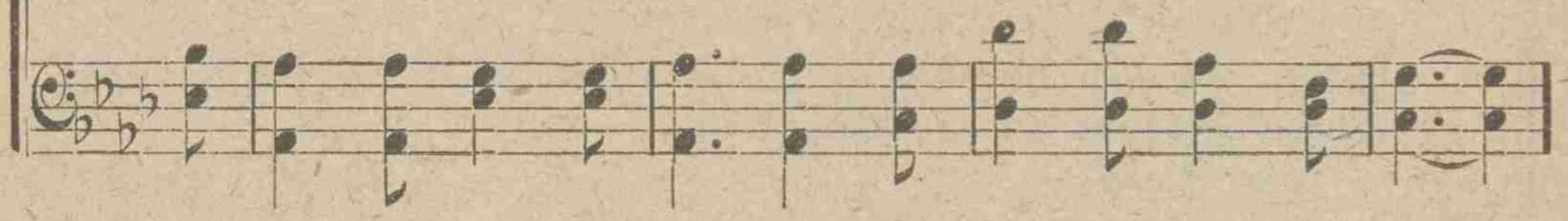
For shad - ows can - not lin - ger, And clouds will drift a - way.
It is the hope, the anch - or Of troub - led age, and youth.
There comes a glad to - mor - row,—Lean hard up - on God's arm.
There's al - ways sun - light some-where,—It may be just be - yond.
The sun is shin - ing some-where, Oh, pledge thy heart a - new.
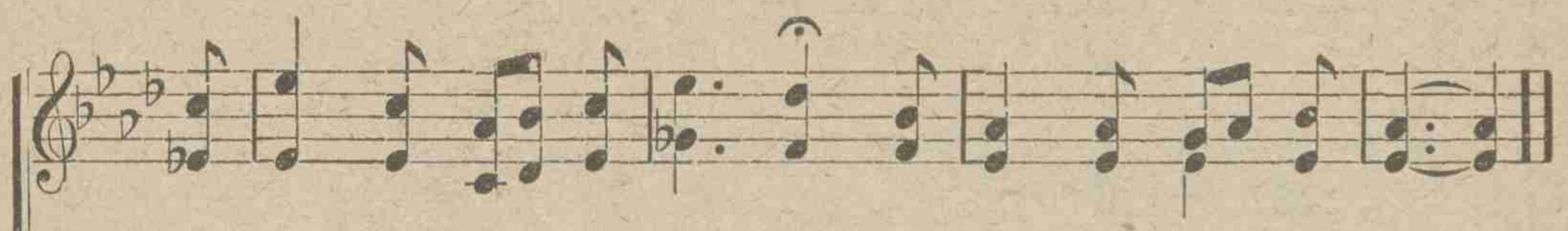


CHROUS.
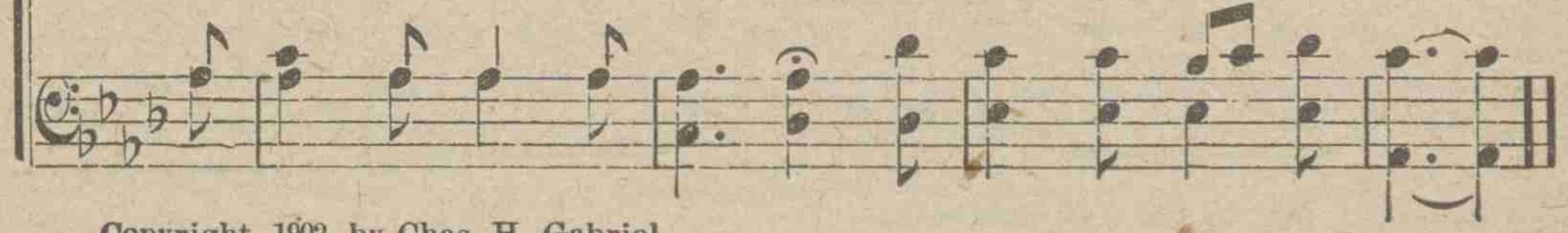


The sun is shin - ing some-where, Tho' dark to - day may be;





There's bright-est glo - ry some-where, And light will shine for thee.



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No. 50. The Armies of the Living God.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. The ar - mies of the liv-ing God, A great vic-to-rious host, March on where
2. Take courage then! lift up the heart, Oh, low-liest one of all; Be strong in
3. Vic - to-rious ar - mies of the Lord, Pause not up-on the way, His might is

once the Lead-er trod; In Him they dai - ly make their boast; Thro' all the
God, and bear a part, Till hea-then thrones and kingdoms fall; "Not un - to
yours, and your re-ward A - waits the fi - nal crown-ing day; Be-lieve in

a - ges o - ver-past The note of triumph rings; With joy shall all u-
us the praise belongs" We hear in loud ac - claim: "To God a - lone!" lift
Him whose voice rings out A - bove the battle strife, March on, till at the

note of triumph rings,

CHORUS.
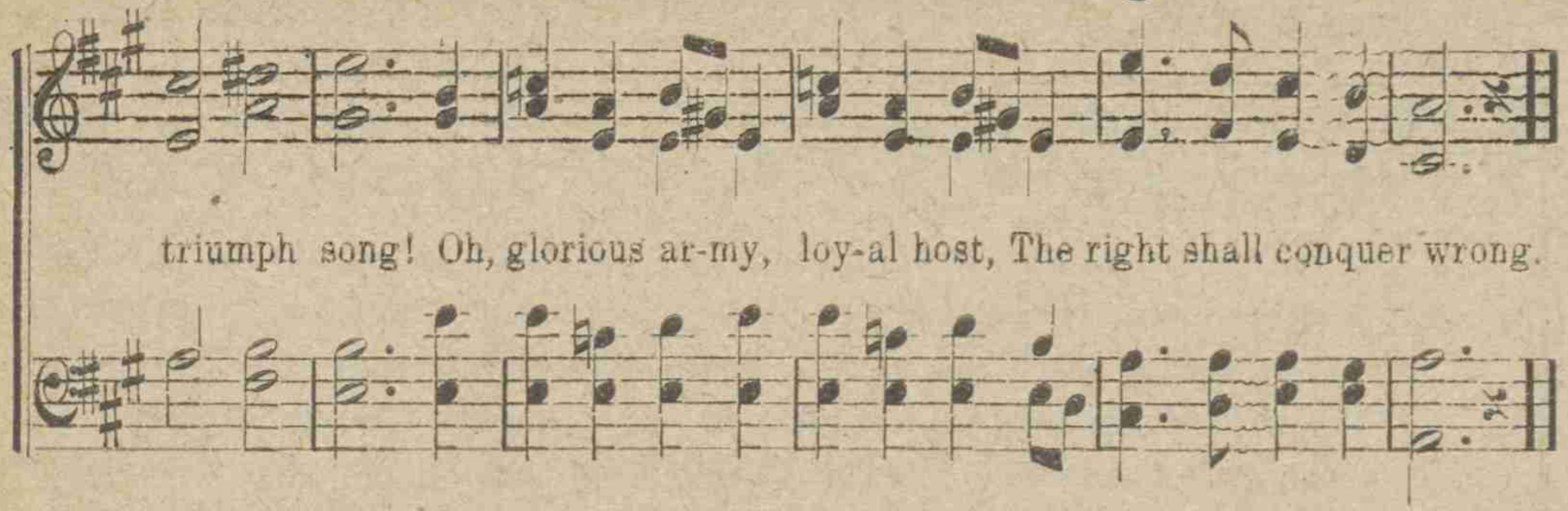
nite at last To crown the King of kings.
up your songs, And bless His ho - ly name. Praise Fa-ther, Son and Ho-ly
triumph shout You pass the gates of Life.

Ghost, Praise Fa - ther, Son . . . . . and Ho - ly Ghost, Lift high the

Ghost . . . . . and Ho - ly Ghost . . . .

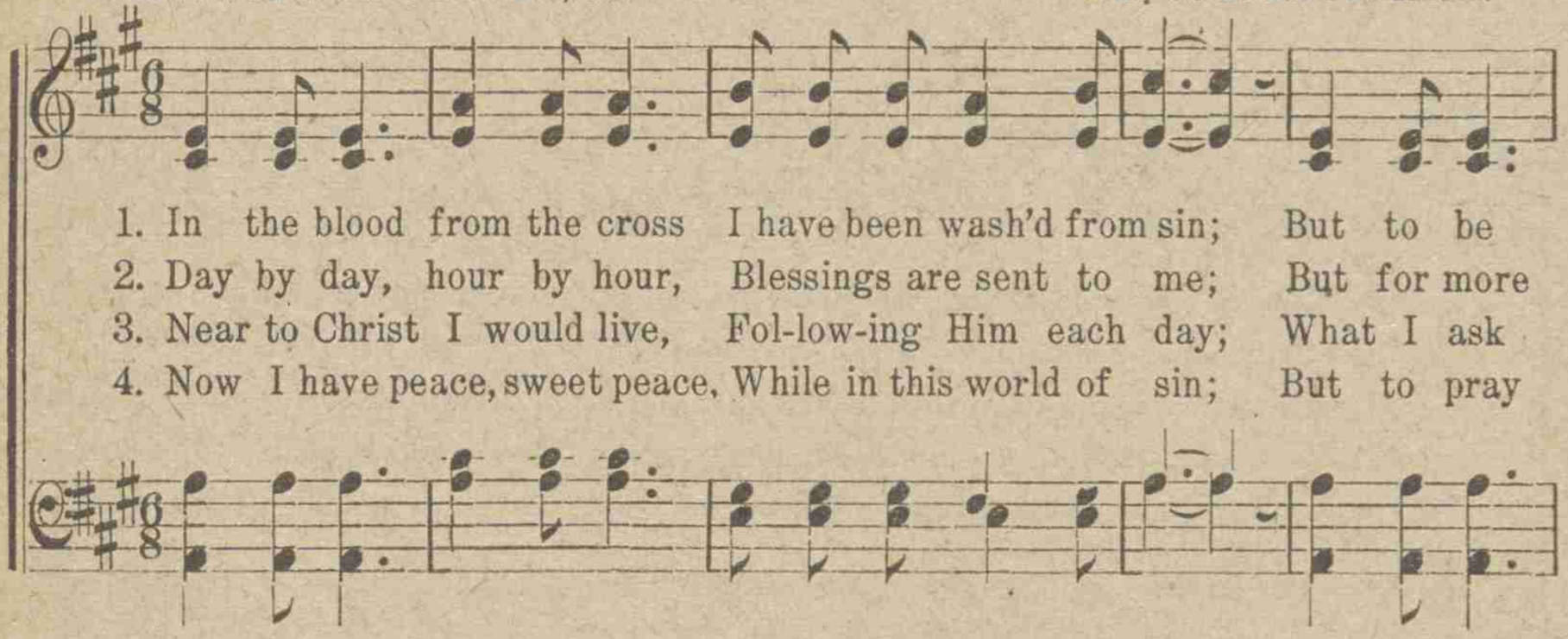
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The Armies of the Living God.
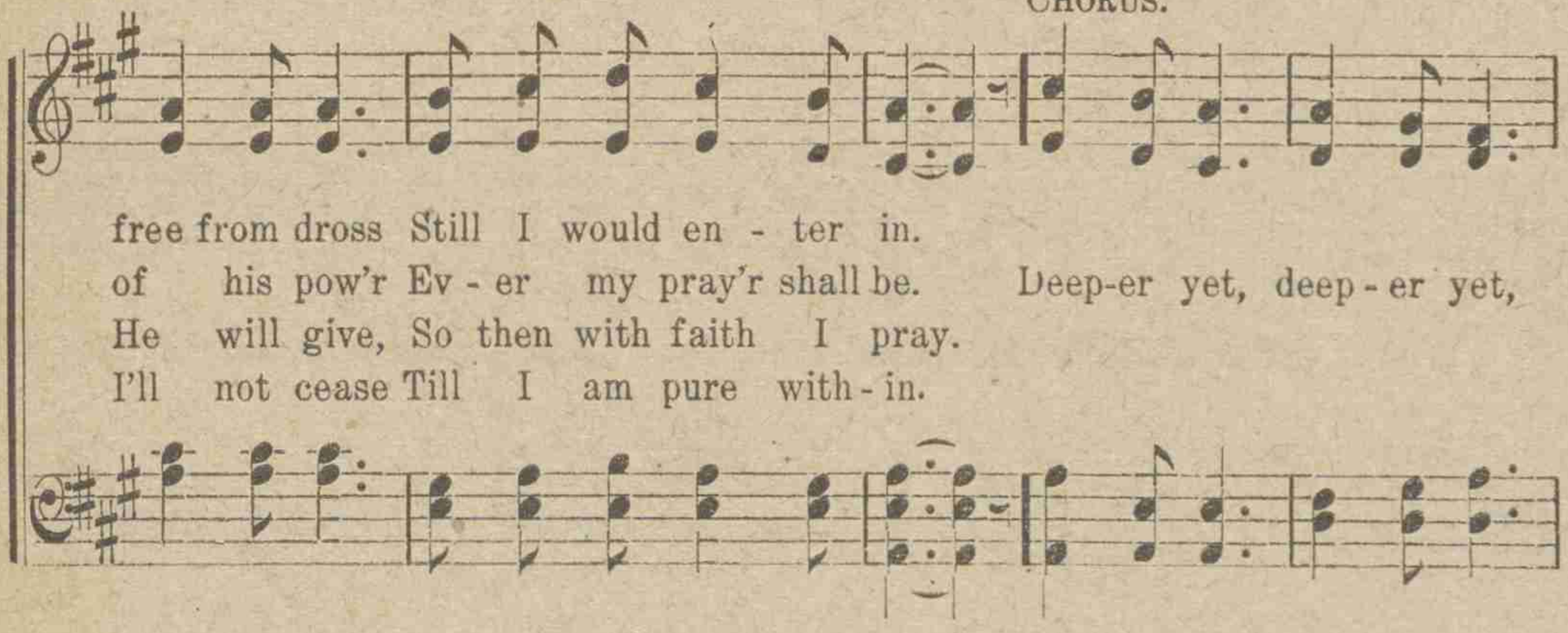


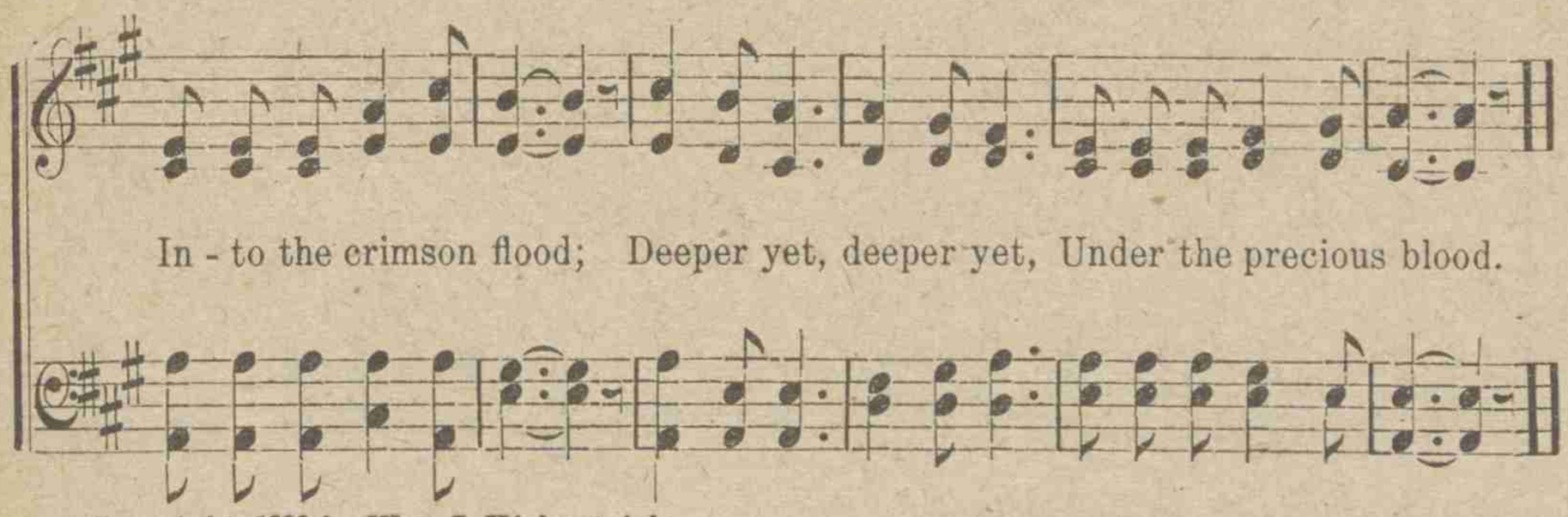
No. 51. Deeper Yet.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



CHORUS.
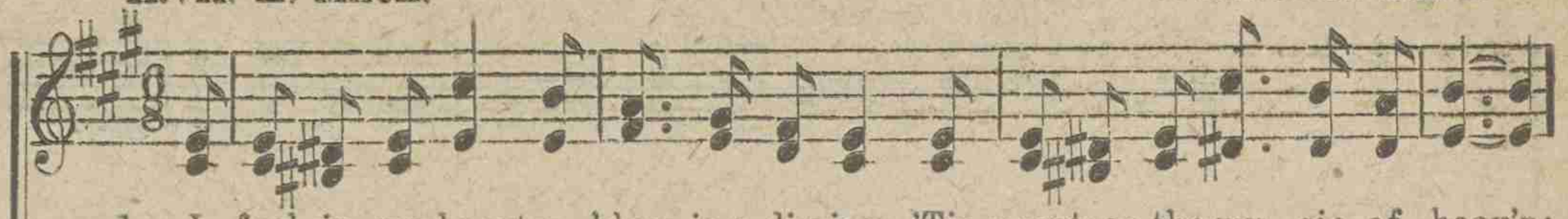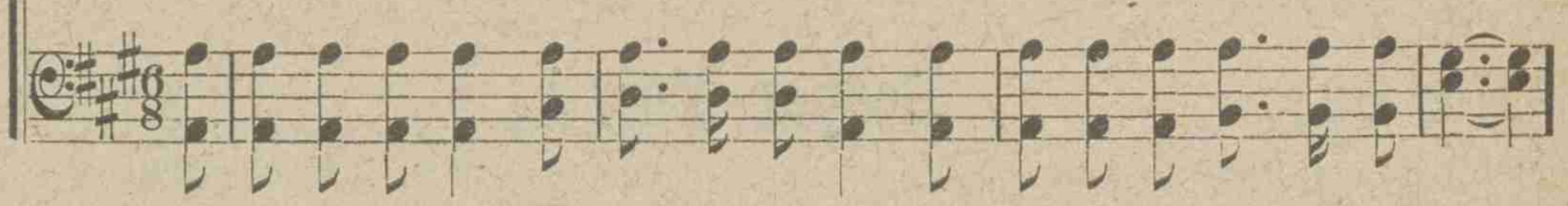




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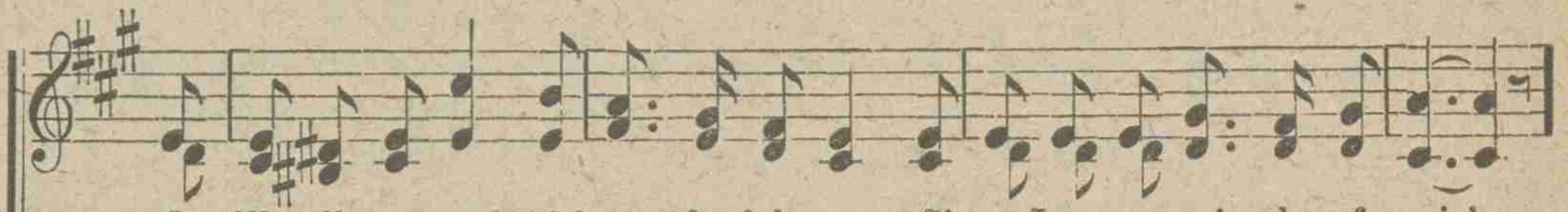
No. 52. Sweet Peace is Flooding My Soul.

IRVIN H. MACK. J. LINCOLN HALL.
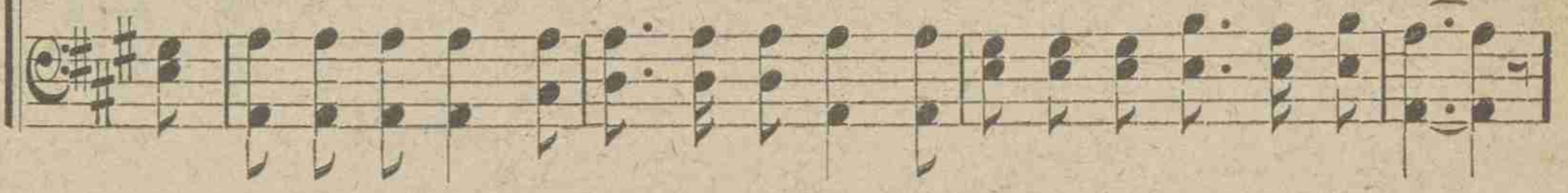


1. I feel in my heart a bless-ing di-vine, 'Tis sweet as the mu - sic of heav'n;
2. A treasure worth more than silver and gold Is peace that the world cannot know;
3. Oh, wonderful peace! oh, spir-it of rest, A calm that al-lays all my fears;
4. This peace from my Lord has given to me A fore-taste of glo - ry di - vine;
5. Some day I shall rise to mansions on high, Be-hold-ing my Lord on the throne;
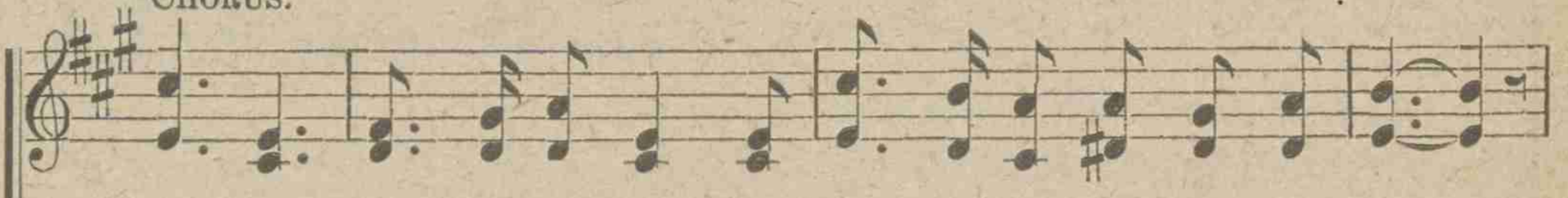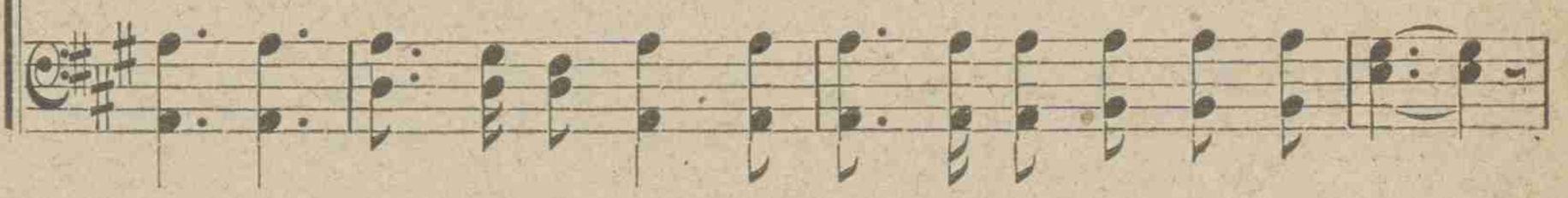




It fills all my soul with wonderful peace, Since Jesus my sins has for-giv'n.
Se-cure in my heart, a balm to my soul, 'Tis with me wher-ev-er I go.
'Tis filling my heart with love that shall last Thro' all of e-ter-ni - ty's years.
'Tis comfort, 'tis hope, 'tis knowledge of Him, Assurance that Jesus is mine.
And singing a-new of won-der-ful peace, There dwelling as one of His own.
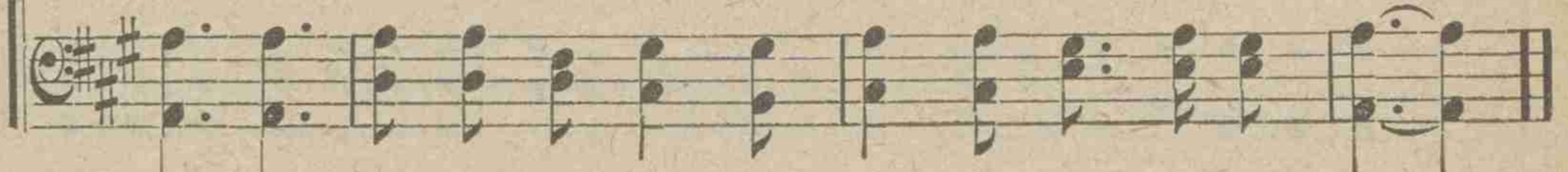


CHORUS.



Peace, peace, won - der-ful peace, Since Je - sus my all doth con - trol;
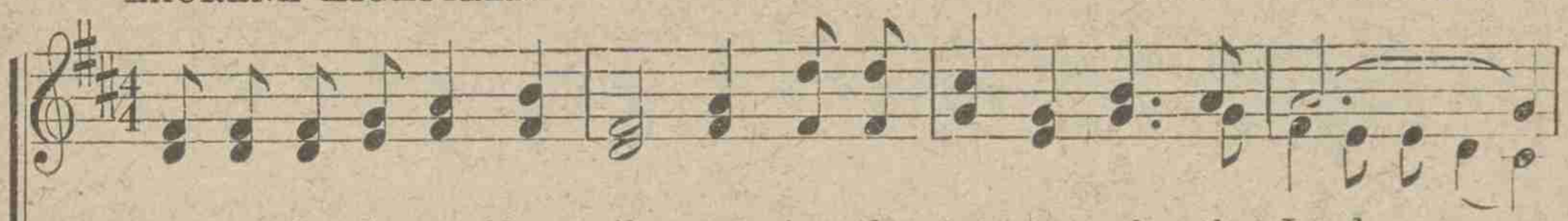


Peace, peace, won-der - ful peace, Sweet peace is flood - ing my soul.
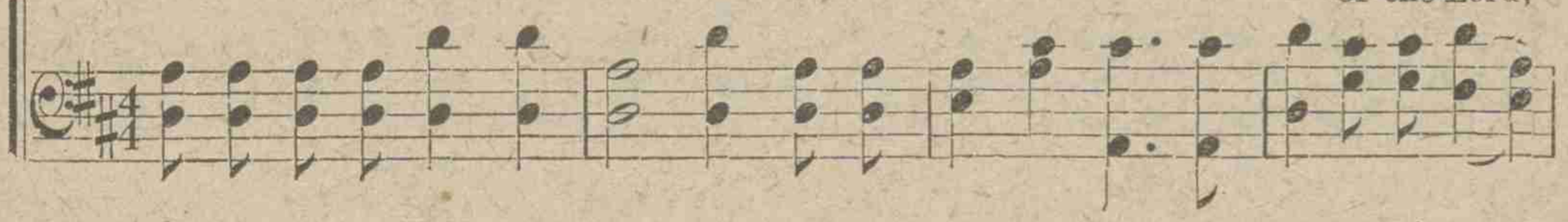


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No. 53. The Statutes of the Lord.
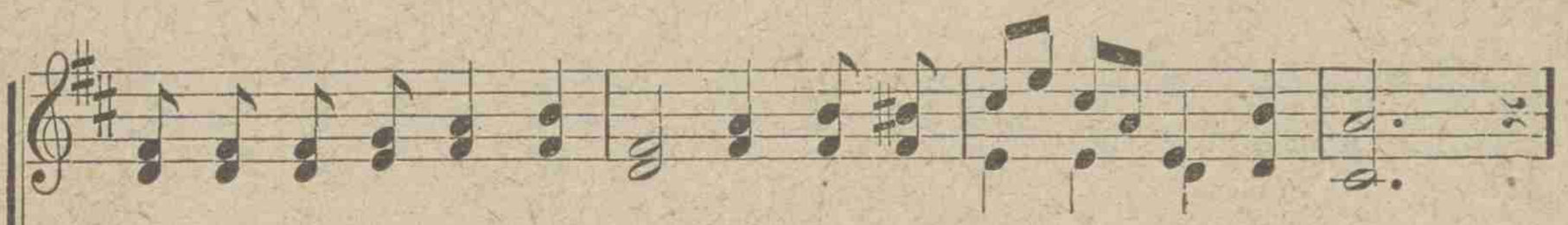
LAURENE HIGHFIELD. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
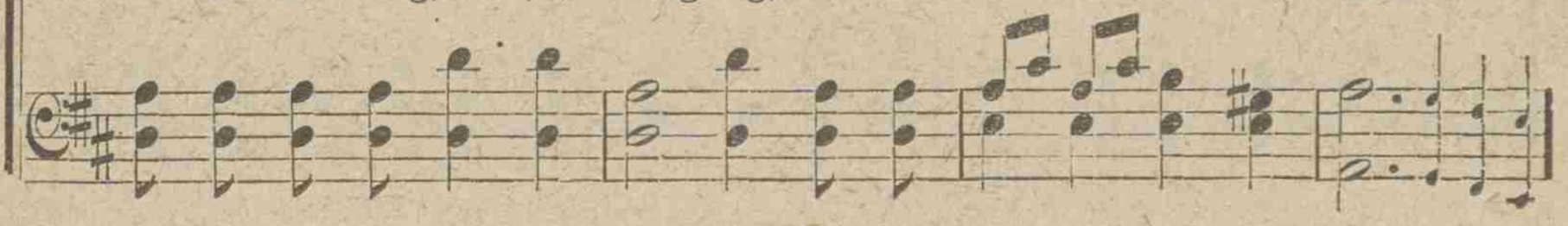


1. Bet - ter far than gold or sil - ver Are the stat-utes of the Lord;
2. Precious word of God! with-in it Ev - 'ry need is well sup-plied;
3. When about God's chosen peo - ple Storms may beat, or tem-pests rage,
4. All His prom-is-es are stead-fast, Kept for those who love His name:
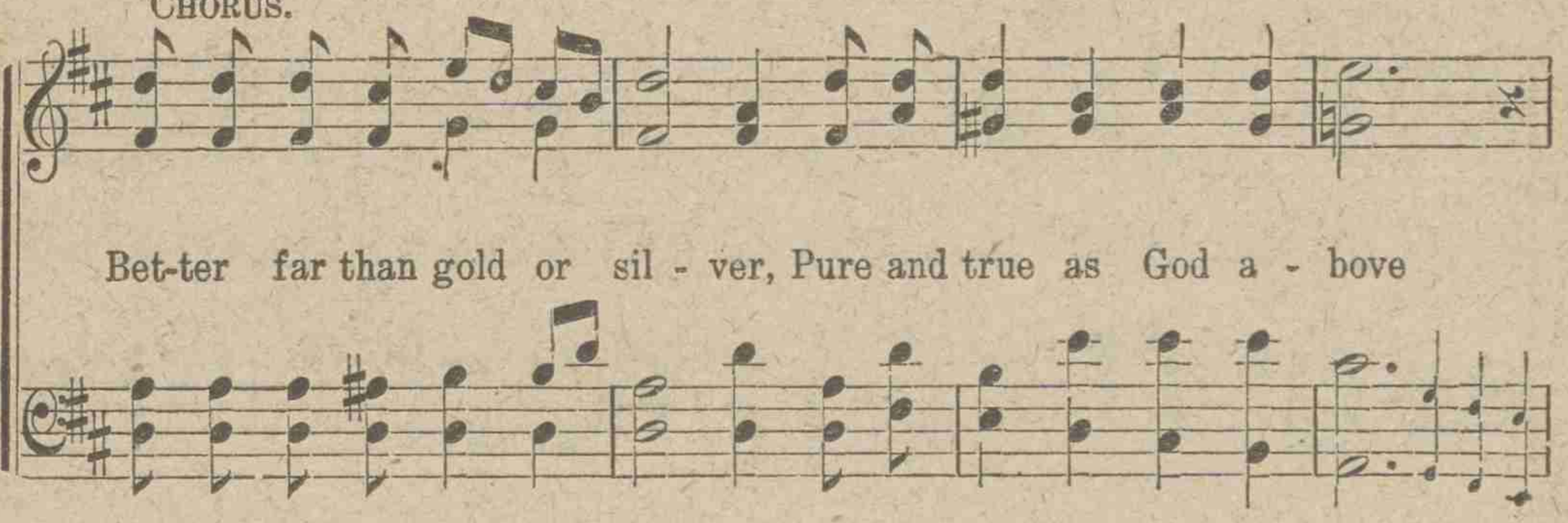


of the Lord;
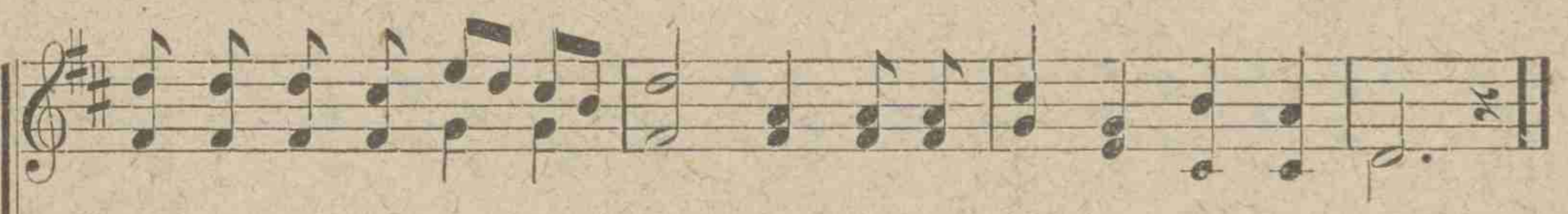


Found - ed in the high-est heav-ens, Writ-ten in His ho - ly word.
Peace, and joy, and hope, and com-fort, Sweet-er than all else be - side.
Then His word will be their sol - ace, Thro' their earth-ly pil-grim - age.
Ev - er - last - ing, sure, un-chang-ing, Thro' all life and death the same.
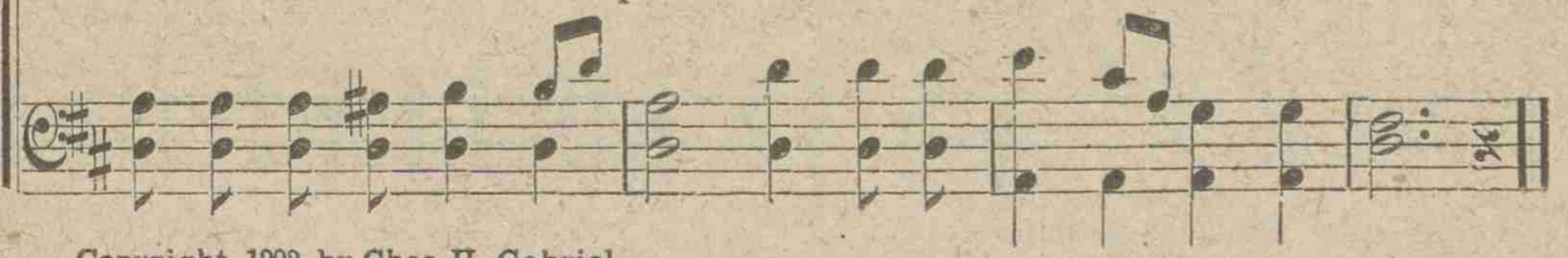


CHORUS.



Bet-ter far than gold or sil - ver, Pure and true as God a - bove



Is the rule of faith and prac - tice, The e - ter - nal law of love.



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No. 54. He Loveth Me.

Dr. M. VICTOR STALEY. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. He lov - eth me! what peace di-vine De-scends up-on this heart of mine,
2. He lov - eth me! 'mid deep - est grief, This tho't will ev-er bring re - lief;
3. He lov - eth me! I do not fear; At need I al-ways find Him near;
4. He lov - eth me! And e'en in death I'll trust Him to my lat - est breath;

Since my, once blind - ed, eyes can see How much my Sav - ior lov - eth me.
E'en from de - spair 'twill set me free, To know my Sav - ior lov - eth me.
For me He hung up - on the tree; By this I know He lov - eth me.
For by His own Geth-sem-an - e, I know my Sav - ior lov - eth me.

CHORUS.
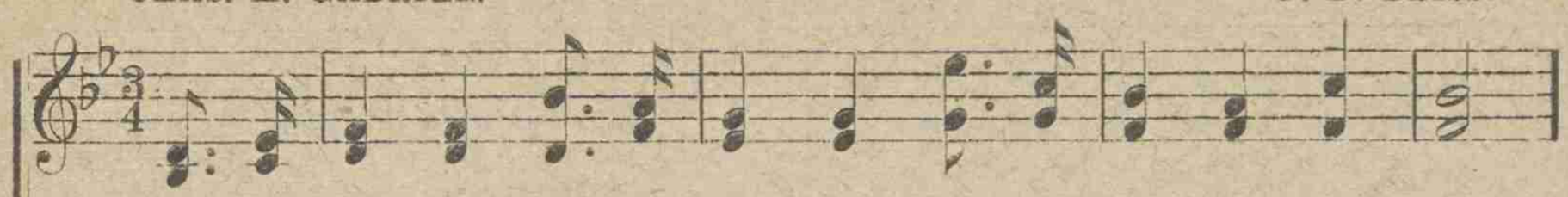
He lov - eth me! He lov - eth me! How sweet the tho't, "He lov - eth me!"

He lov - eth me! He lov - eth me! I know my Sav-ior lov - eth me.
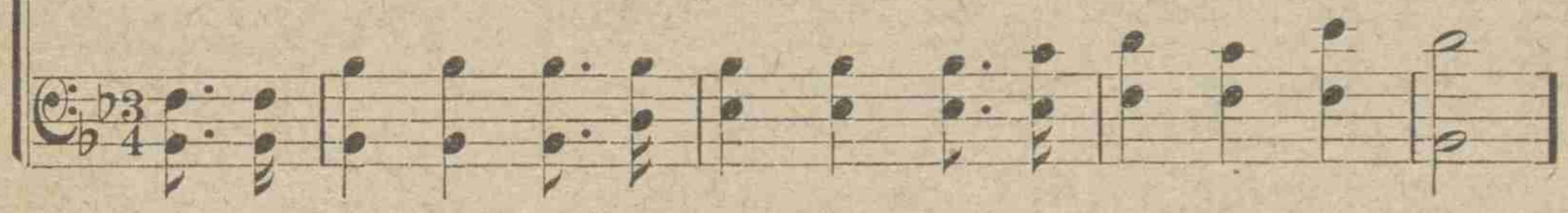
Copyright, 1902, by Chas. H. Gabriel.
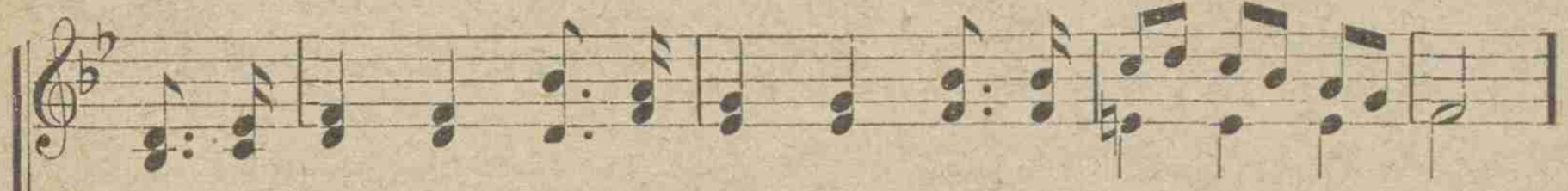
No. 55. We are Singing.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL. P. P. BLISS.
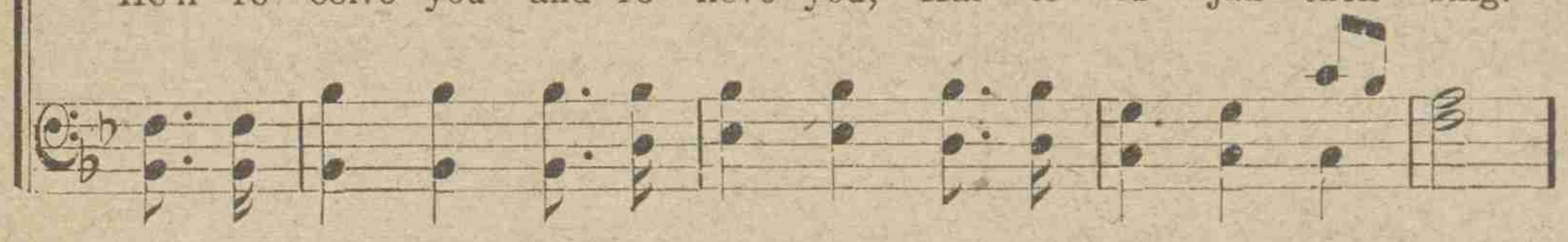


1. We are sing - ing, prais-es bring - ing, To our Sav - ior to - day,
2. He hath led us, kind - ly fed us, With sweet man - na di - vine;
3. Cares and tri - als, self - de - ni - als Meet we day af - ter day;
4. Broth - er, love Him, come and prove Him Your Re - deem - er and King,
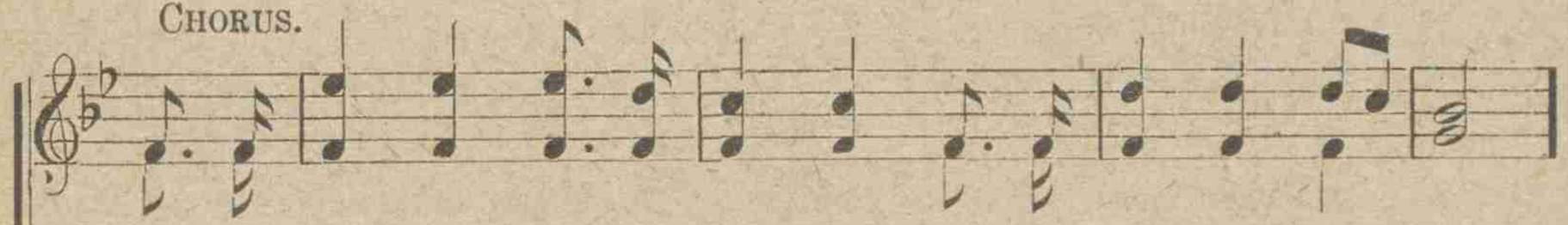




For His kind - ness in our blind - ness, Lead-ing safe - ly al - way.
Gen - tly chid - ing, ere a - bid - ing On our path - way to shine.
But so sweet - ly and com-plete - ly Je - sus drives them a - way.
He'll re - ceive you and re - lieve you; Hal - le - lu - jah then sing.
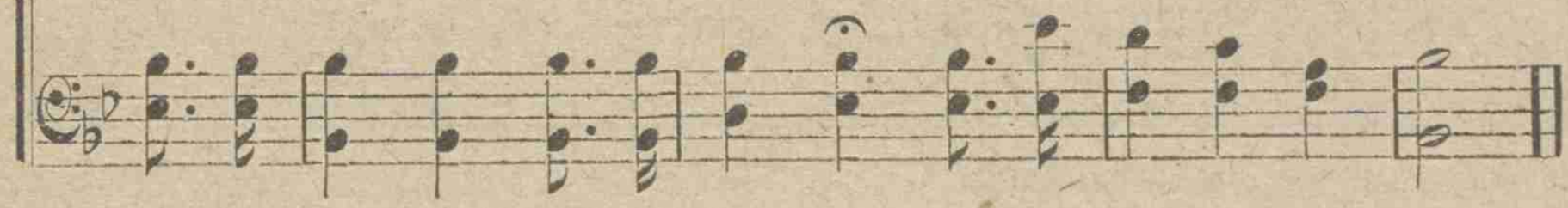


CHORUS.



Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! We are march-ing a - long;

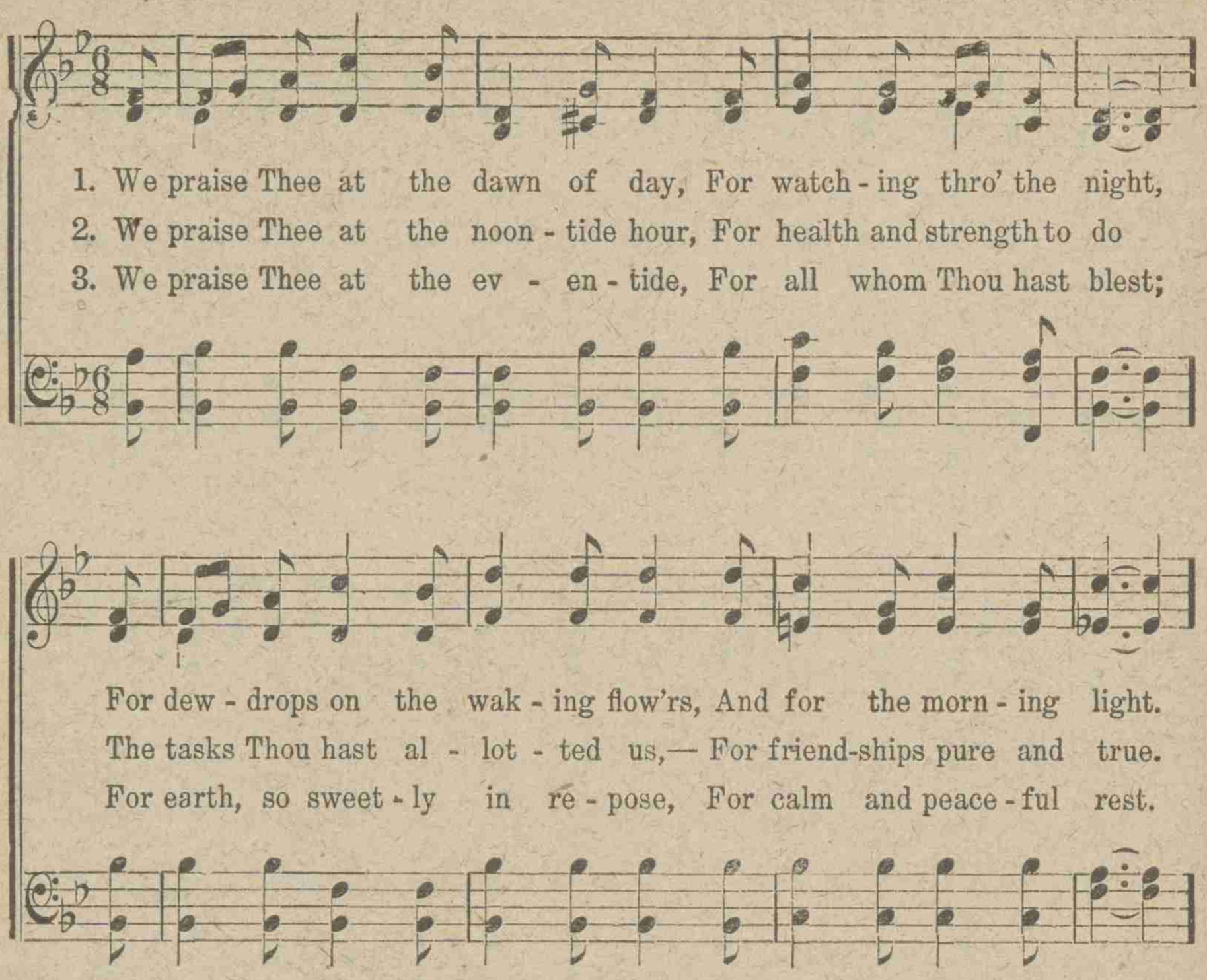


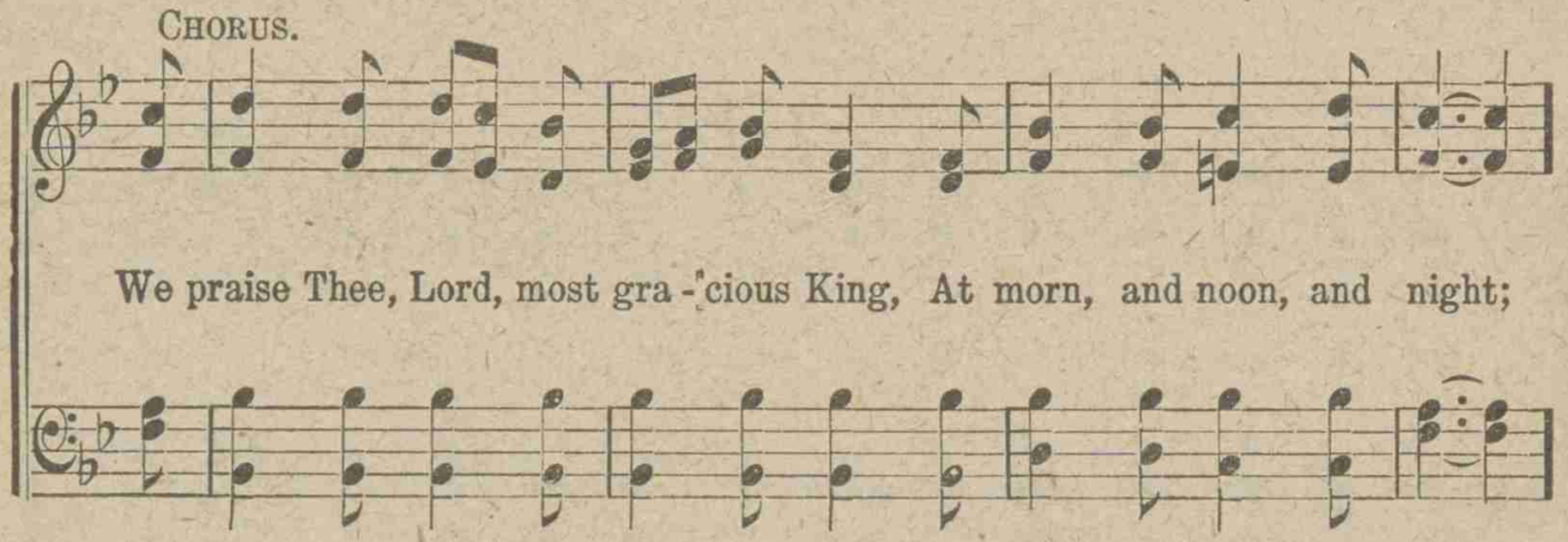
Christ and glo - ry, won-drous sto - ry, Is the theme of our song.



No. 56. We Praise Thee at All Times.

E. G. Y. EDNA G. YOUNG.





Copyright, 1894, by Chas. H. Gabriel.

No. 57. Rest Upon the Lord.

JENNIE REE. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Rest up-on the Lord whose care is ov - er all! When the shadows dark appear,
2. Murmur not, tho' many pray'rs unanswered rise; "Not my will, but Thine" should be
3. That which now is meaningless, and mys-ter - y, Some day, in a bet-ter land,

He will keep thee, never fear; Trust in Him who knows and marks the sparow's fall,
Thy de - vout and on - ly plea; Know that ov - er all a Fa-ther, good and wise,
We shall ful-ly understand; Then, with sight made perfect, we shall clearly see

CHORUS.

For is not "His own" to Him more dear?
Rul-eth pa - tient-ly and ten - der - ly.
In and o - ver all His guid - ing hand.
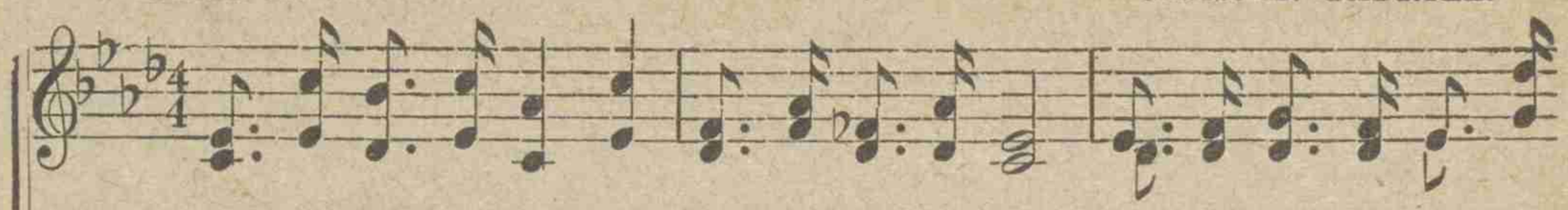
On - ly trust Him, free-ly
On - ly trust in Him, free-ly,

trust Him; Own and crown the Savior Lord of all; Songs of prais-es
ful - ly trust in Him; crown Him, crown Him Lord of all;

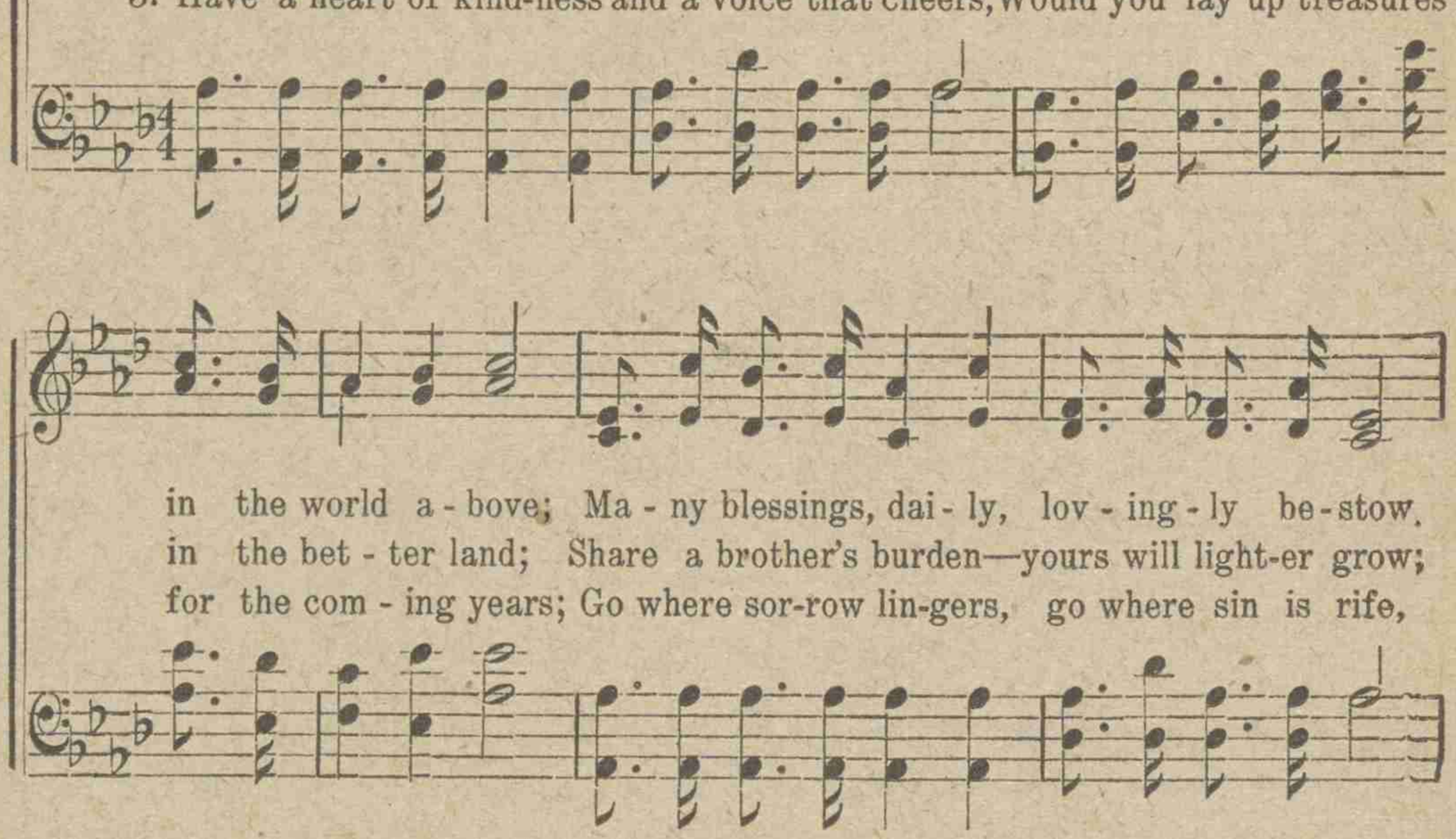
sing, your grateful tribute to Him bring; Blessed be His ho - ly name for - ev - er!

No. 58. Have a Heart of Kindness.

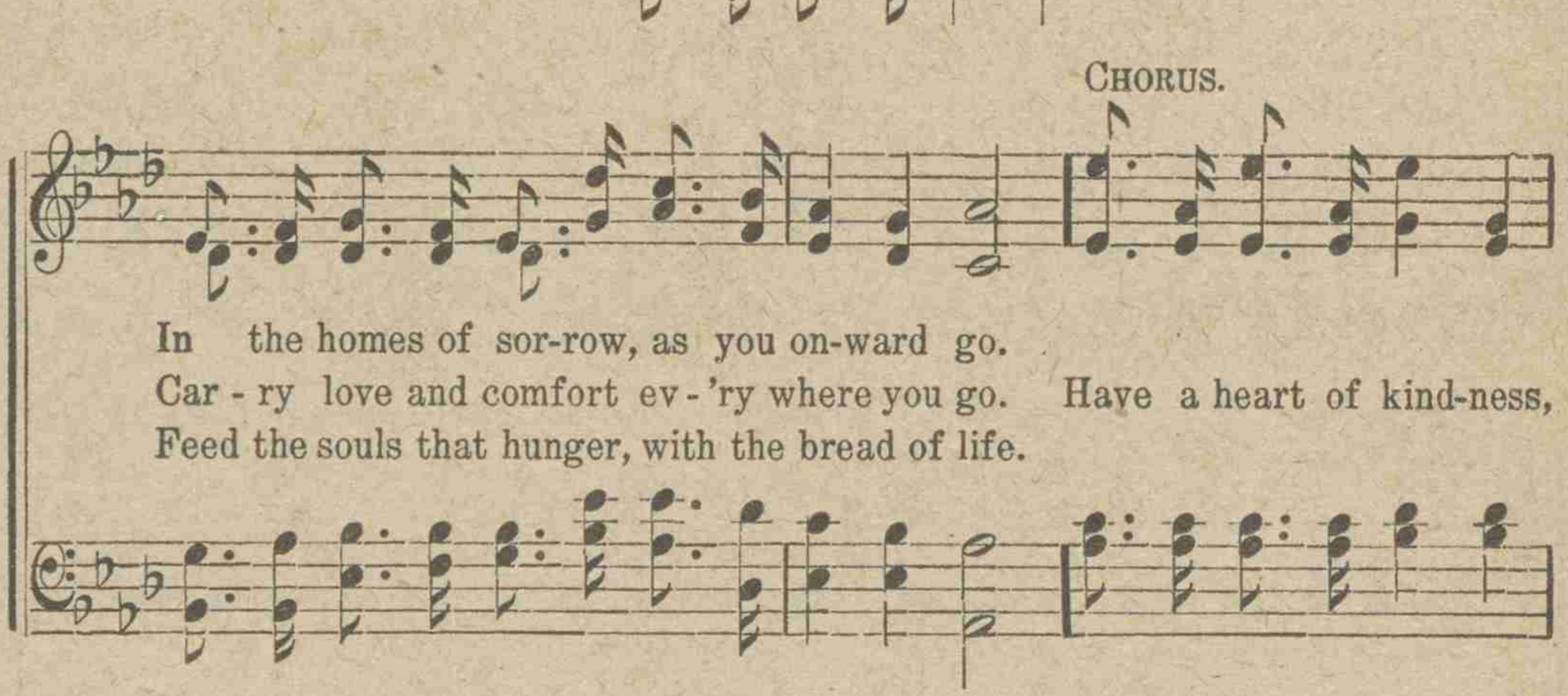
JAMES ROWE. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Have a heart of kind-ness, sym-path-y and love, Would you lay up treasures
2. Have a heart of kind-ness and a helping hand, Would you lay up treasures
3. Have a heart of kind-ness and a voice that cheers, Would you lay up treasures

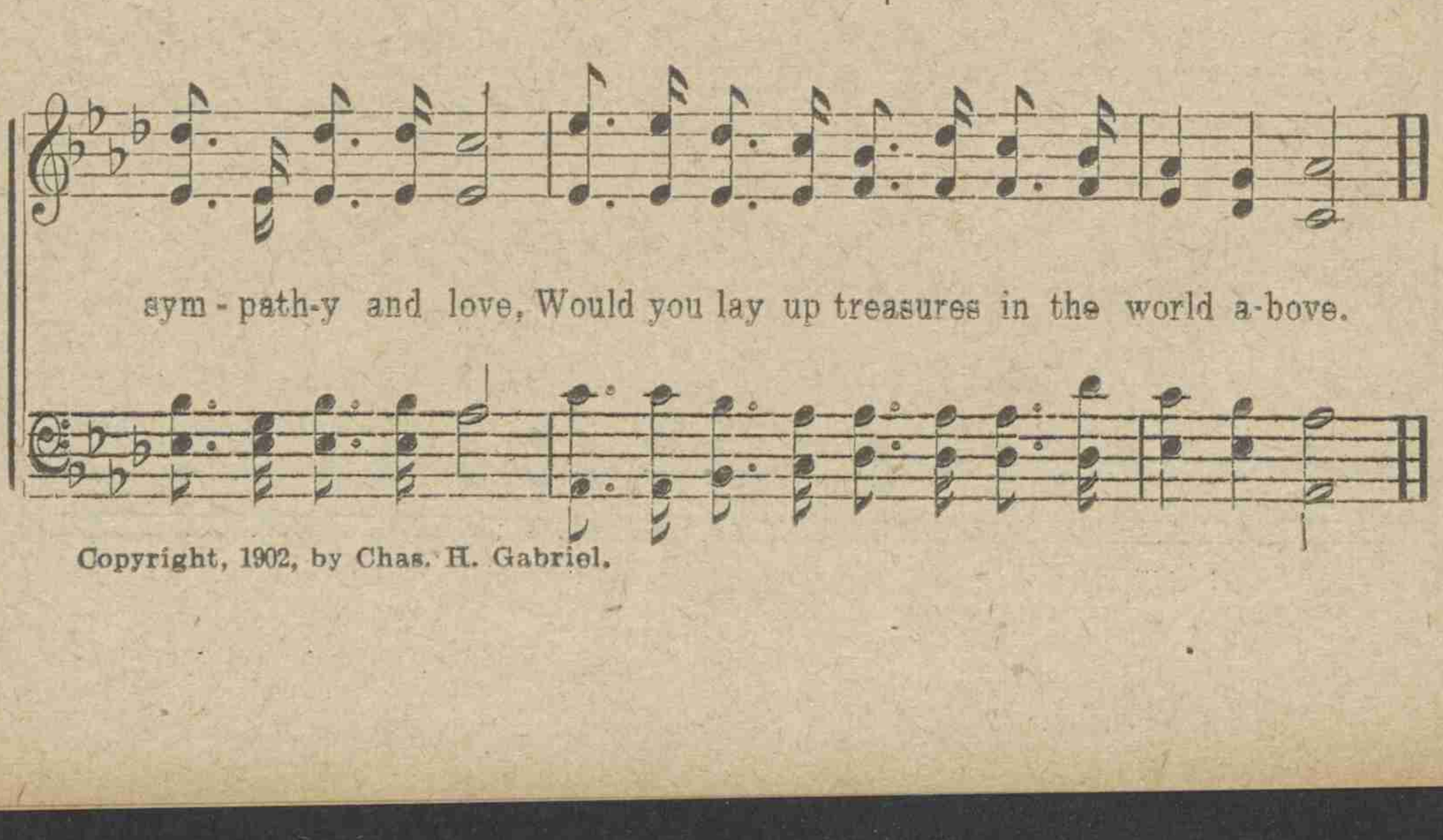


in the world a-bove; Ma-ny blessings, dai-ly, lov-ing-ly be-stow.
in the bet-ter land; Share a brother's burden—yours will light-er grow;
for the com-ing years; Go where sor-row lin-gers, go where sin is rife,



CHORUS.

In the homes of sor-row, as you on-ward go.
Car-ry love and comfort ev-'ry where you go. Have a heart of kind-ness,
Feed the souls that hunger, with the bread of life.



sym-path-y and love, Would you lay up treasures in the world a-bove.

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No. 59. Rivers of Song.

MARIE R. BUTLER. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Sing of the One who is bless-ed for-ev-er, Arm of the fee-ble, and help of the strong; Love look-eth up to the won-der-ful Giv-er!
2. Sing in the morn-ing: the bless-ed Re-deem-er Waits for the tri-bute our voic-es shall bring; Tar-ry no more in the land of the dream-er,
3. Sing of the One who is strong to de-liv-er, Sing of the One who is might-y to save; Sing! let your prais-es flow on like a riv-er,

CHORUS.

Pour out your prais-es in riv-ers of song.
Learn the new song that the bless-ed shall sing. Sing, for the heav-en's are
O-ver the si-lence of death and the grave.
full of His glo-ry, Prais-es are swell-ing in riv-ers of song; Sing till the
earth shall re-ech-o the sto-ry, Pour out your prais-es in riv-ers of song.

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No. 60. In the Shadow of His Wing.

F. J. NEWCOMB. J. WESLEY HUGHES.

1. In the shad - ow of His wing, Oh, how sweet it is to rest; In the
2. In the shad - ow of His wing, When the tempests 'round me sweep, In the
3. In the shad - ow of His wing, When the toils of earth are o'er; In the

shad-ow of His wing, What a shel - ter for the blest; What a safe and
shad-ow of His wing, I can safe - ly go to sleep; While the storms of
shad-ow of His wing, When I reach the gold-en shore; With the ran-som'd
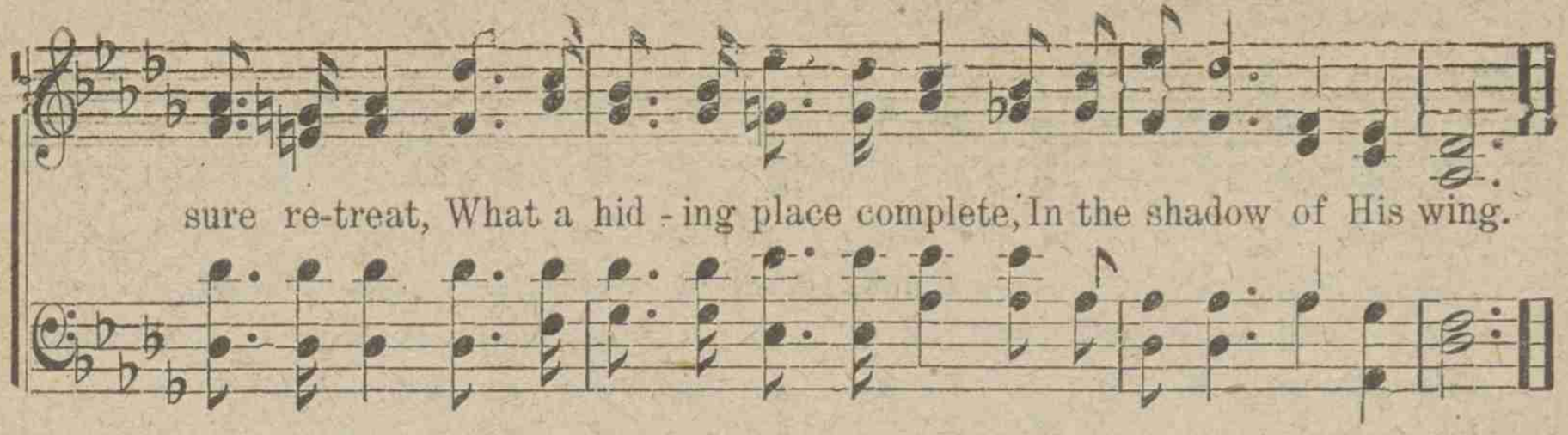
sure re-treat, What a hid - ing place complete, In the shadow of His wing.
life shall last, I will hide me from the blast, In the shadow of His wing.
ones, and blest, There for ev - er-more to rest, In the shadow of His wing.

CHORUS.

In the shad-ow of His wing now a - bid - ing, In the shad-ow of His wing safe-ly hid - ing;
bid - ing, safe - ly hid - ing,
hid - ing, now a - bid - ing;
What a safe and

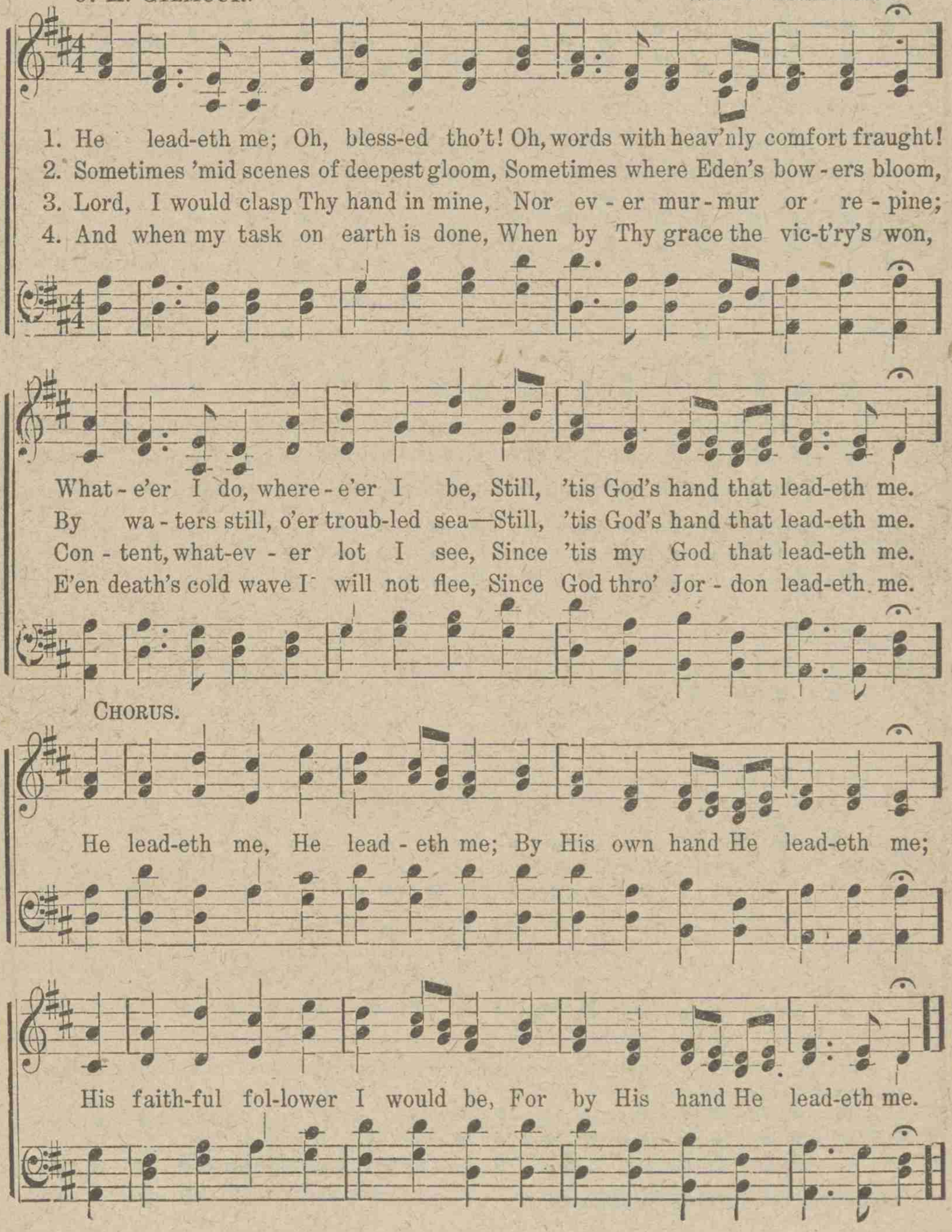
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.In the Shadow of His Wing.



No. 61. He Leadeth Me.

J. H. GILMOUR. WM. B. BRADBURY.



No. 62. Joy of the Soul.

HARRIET E. JONES. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. There is glo - ry in my soul, Since the Sav - ior made me whole, And the
2. I will tell to all a-round, What a Sav - ior I have found, I will
3. I will praise Him while I live, Love, o - bey, and service give; Some sweet

brightness of His presence fills the place; Like to that en-joy'd a-bove,
ev - er-more His wondrous love pro-claim; For His blood is on my soul,
time He'll call me to His home on high, Where, with all the blood-wash'd throng,
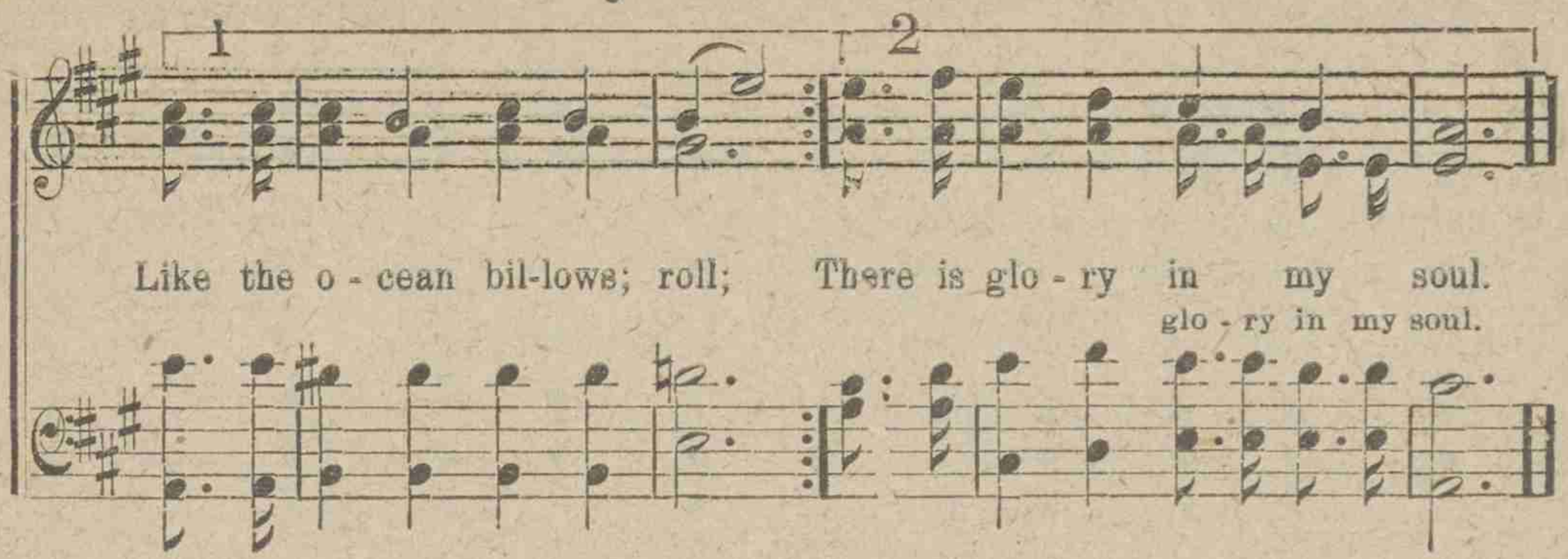
Is the sweetness of His love, Since He sav'd me, sweetly sav'd me by His grace.
And He holds me in con - trol, Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah to His name!
I will shout the glad new song, While the ev-er bliss-ful years are roll-ing by.

CHORUS.

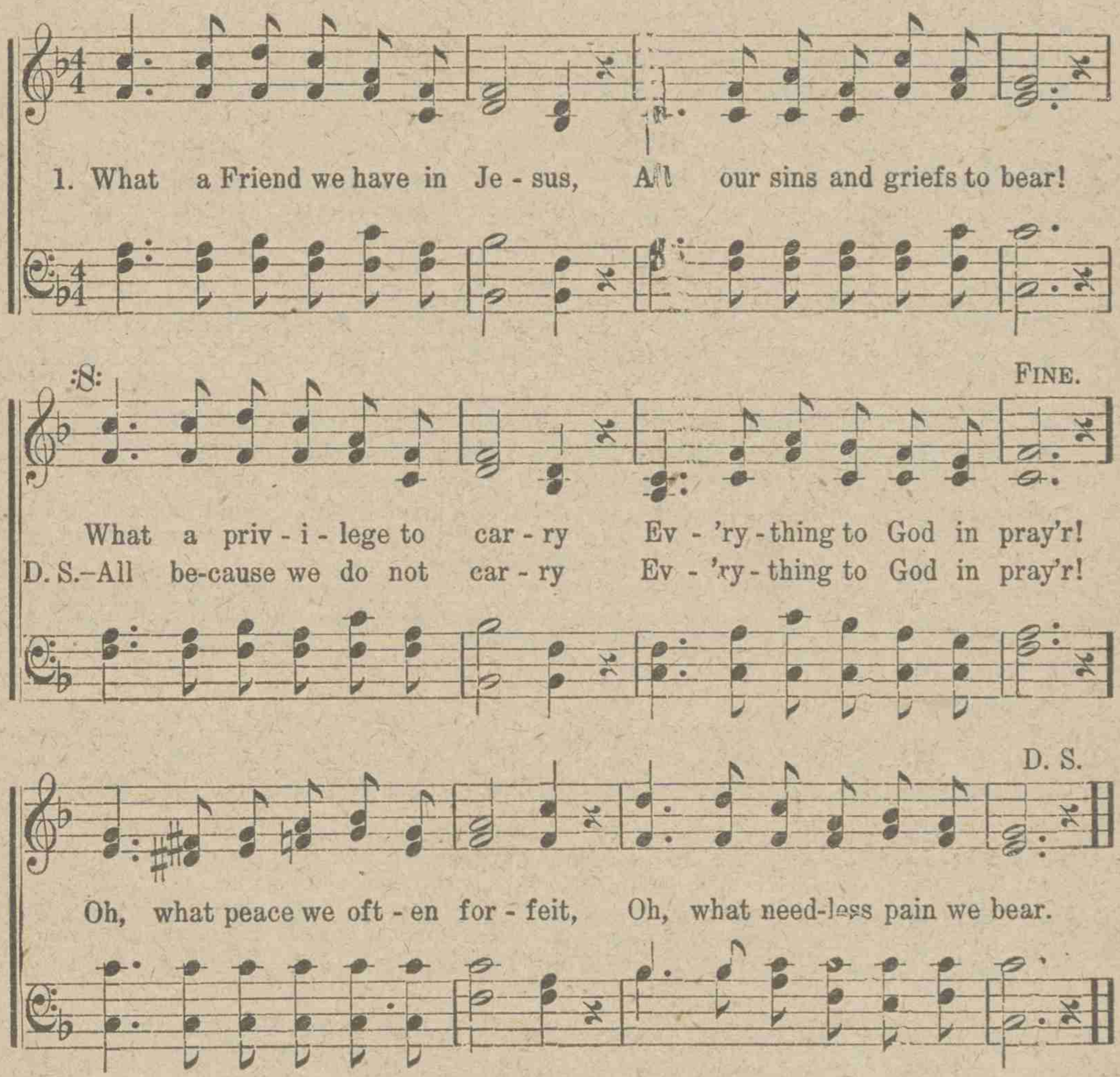
There is glo - ry in my soul! Since the Sav-ior made me
glo - ry, there's glo-ry in my soul! He
whole; . . . . Light is shin-ing from a-bove, All a-round me joy and love,
touched and made me whole;

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Joy of the Soul.



No. 63. What A Friend.



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

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

No. 64. Marching to the Promised Land.

E. E. HEWITT. VICTOR H. BENKE.

1. March - ing on to Zi - on, Cit - y of the King;
2. Man - na fresh from heav - en shall our needs sup - ply;
3. Gi - ant foes may meet us, yet, let faith a - bound;
4. Reach - ing to each oth - er help - ful hands of love;

March-ing to the prom - ised land; . . . . Trust - ing in our Lead - er,
March-ing to the prom - ised land; . . . . Fount-ains free - ly spring - ing
March-ing to the prom - ised land; . . . . Je - sus goes be - fore us,
March-ing to the prom - ised land; . . . . Spread-ing light a - round us,

prom-ised land;

of His grace we sing, March - ing to the prom - ised land. . . .
in the des - ert dry, March - ing to the prom - ised land. . . .
an - gels camp a-round, March - ing to the prom - ised land. . . .
sun-shine from a - bove, March - ing to the prom - ised land. . . .

prom-ised land.

CHORUS.

March - ing, we are march - ing; Come and join our hap - py band;
March - ing, march-ing, we are march-ing; Come and join our hap - py band;

March - ing on - ward, march - ing; March - ing to the promised land. . .
March-ing, march-ing, on - ward marching; promised land.

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No. 65. For Me He Died.

ALEX. B. MCLEOD. W. S. MARTIN.

1. Up - on the cross He bled, Up - on the cru - el tree;
2. What won-drous thing is this That Je - sus Christ should die!
3. Oh! Je - sus, bless - ed Lord, Why hast Thou loved me so
4. To Thee my song I'll raise, Thy name I'll loud - ly sing,

'Twas there my Sav - ior shed His pre - cious blood for me.
That He should bear this shame That I might live on high!
That Thou shouldst bear my guilt And car - ry all my woe?
For Thou hast con-quered earth,; Let earth Thy prais - es ring!

CHORUS.

For me those wounds He bore, ... For me He knew this
those wounds He bore, He
pain, ... The thorn - y crown He wore, ... That
knew this pain, the crown He wore,

1 with Him I might reign, 2 with Him I might reign.

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No. 66. When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder.

B. M. J. J. M. BLACK.

1. When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more,
2. On that bright and cloudless morning, when the dead in Christ shall rise,
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set - ting sun,

And the morning breaks, eternal, bright and fair; When the saved of earth shall
And the glo - ry of his res - ur - rec-tion share; When his chos-en ones shall
Let us talk of all his wondrous love and care, Then, when all of life is

gath - er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the roll is called up
gath - er to their home be-yond the skies, And the roll is called up
o - ver, and our work on earth is done, And the roll is called up

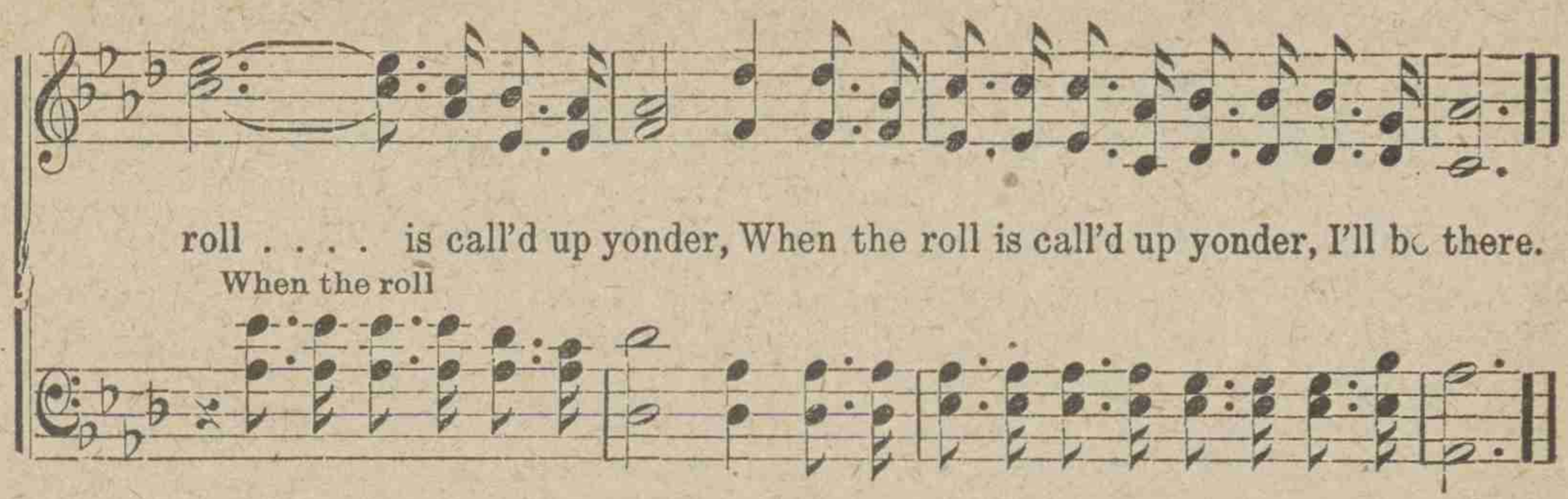
CHORUS.

yon-der, I'll be there. When the roll . . . . is called up yon - der,
When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

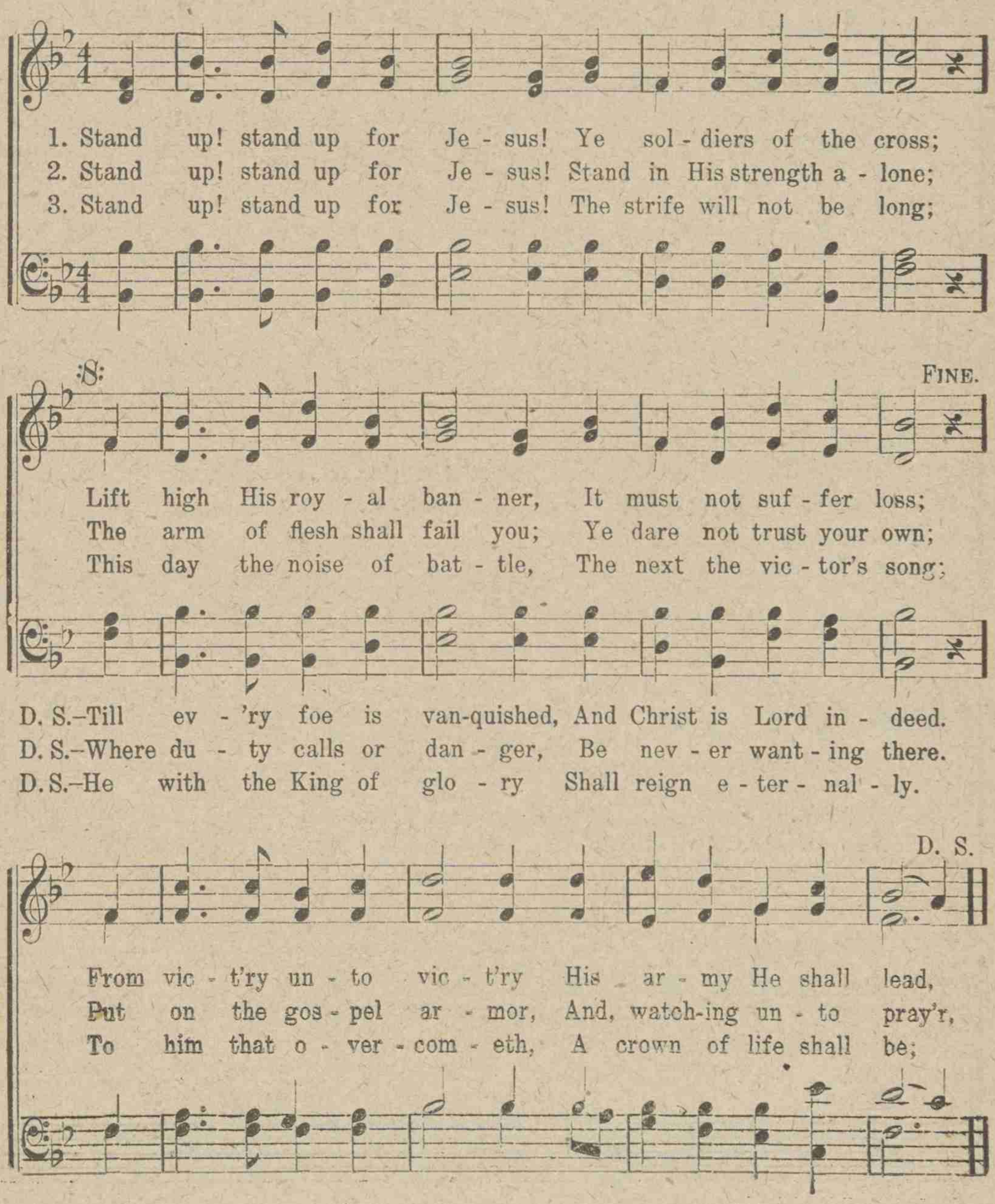
When the roll . . . . . is called up yon der, When the
When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.

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When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.



No. 67. Stand Up for Jesus.



No. 68. Under the Banner of Jesus.

LAURENE HIGHFIELD. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Do you ev - er march un - der the en - e - my's flag? Do you ev - er de-
2. Do you ev - er for - get you are read of all men, Who ob-serve you each
3. Do you ev - er for - get He com-mand-ed "Go ye" In - to all the world,
4. Do you ev - er for - get that the wise tri - une God For His tem-ple has

sert your own? Do you ev - er neg - lect to es-pouse the cause To which
day, with care? Ev - 'ry ac - tion and word will be watched with care, If the
far and wide? Are you spread-ing His gos-pel? Say, do you see Whit-'ning
chos - en you? Does He dwell in you rich-ly, and make your life Ev - er

CHORUS.

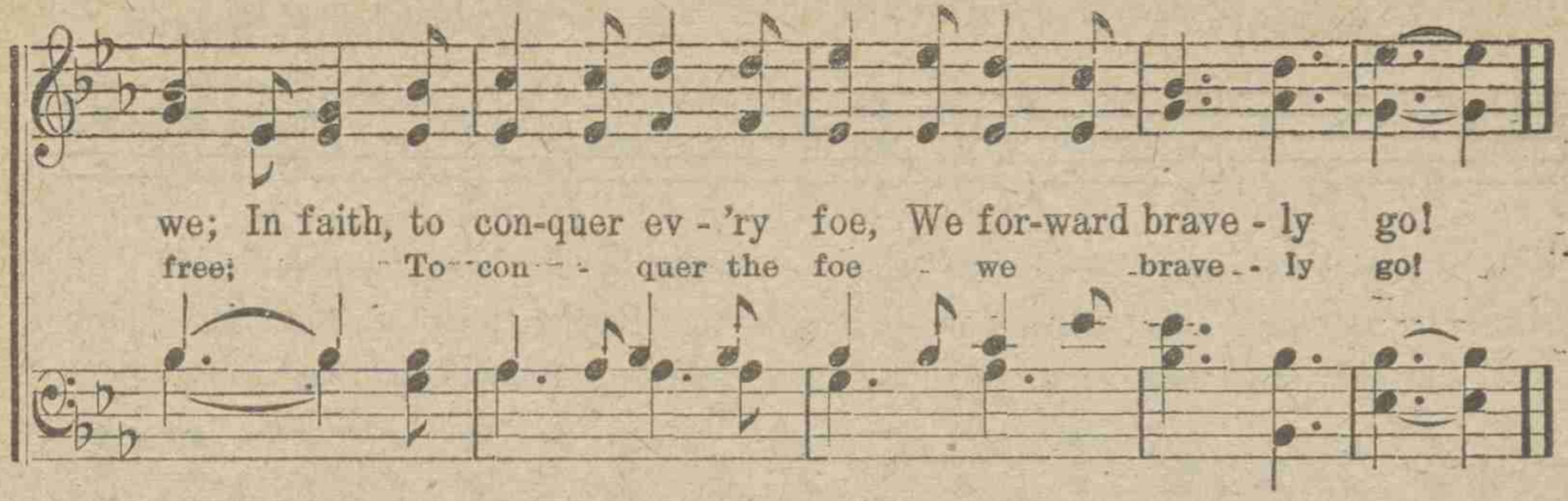
loy - al - ty should be shown?
Sav-ior's dear name is there. Un - der the ban - ner of Je - sus a-
fields up - on ev - 'ry side? Un-der-neath the banner of Jesus our boast and pride shall
no - ble, and kind, and true?

lone, With joy we dai - ly march a - long, Sing - ing loud the vic - tor's
be, We dai - ly march a - long, With a

song! Loy-al and true to our bless - ed Re - deem - er are
song! Loy - al to our bless - ed Re-deem-er, who died to make us

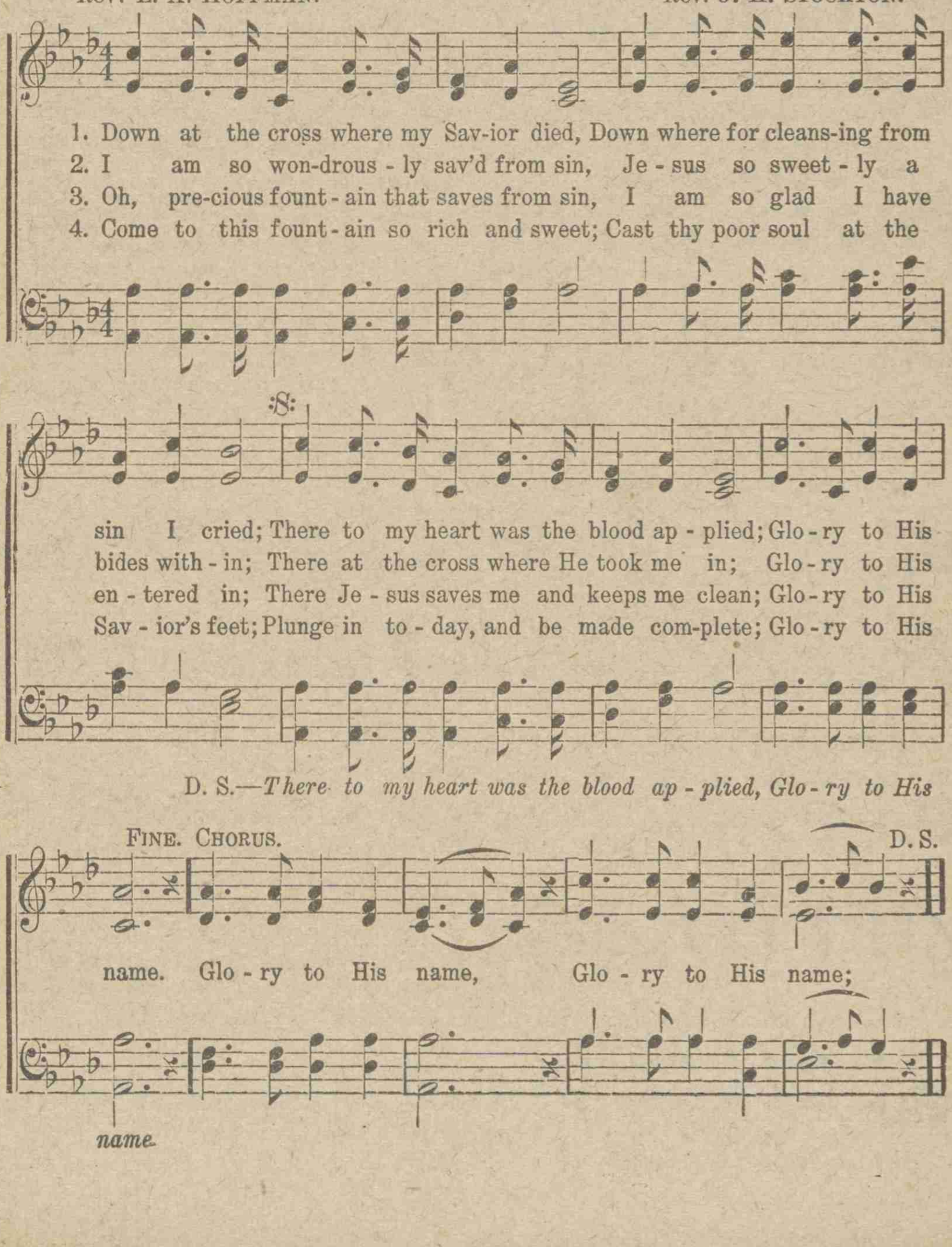
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Under the Banner of Jesus.



No. 69. Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.



No. 70. Blessed Assurance.

F. J. CROSBY. MRS. J. F. KNAPP.

1. Bless-ed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! Oh, what a fore - taste of glo - ry di - vine!
2. Per-fect sub - mis - sion, per - fect de - light, Vis - ions of rap - ture now burst on my sight,
3. Per-fect sub - mis - sion, all is at rest, I, in my Sav - ior, am hap - py and blest,

Heir of sal - va-tion, pur-chase of God, Born of His
An - gels de-scend-ing, bring from a - bove, Ech - oes of
Watch-ing and wait-ing, look - ing a - bove, Filled with His

CHORUS.

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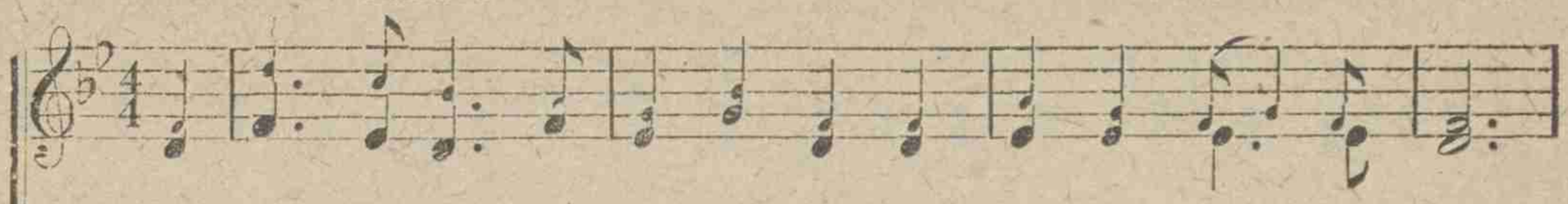
song, Prais - ing my Sav - ior all the day long; This is my

sto - ry, this is my song; Prais - ing my Sav - ior all the day long.
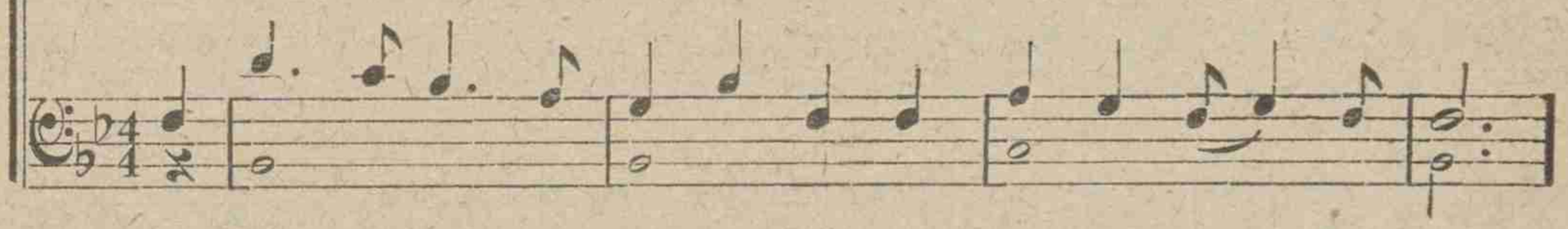
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No. 71. Not Now.

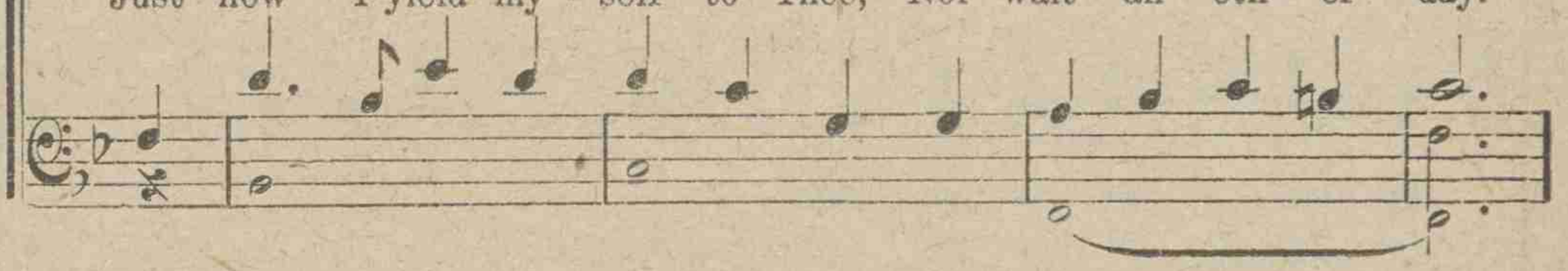
Miss B. E. MERRILL. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
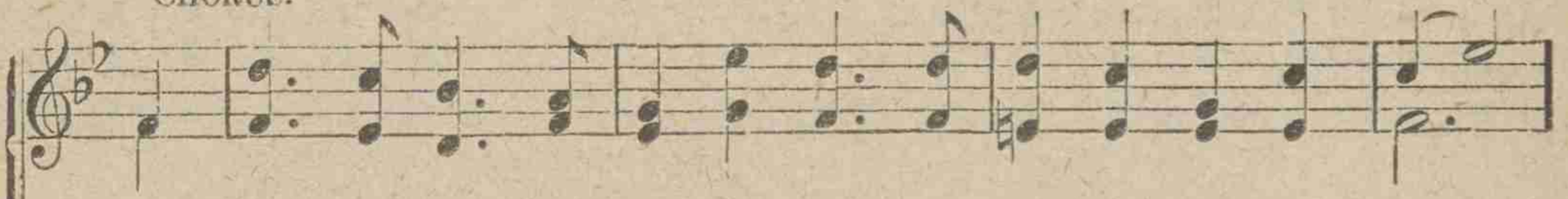


1. Not now, O God, and shall I say Thy time must wait for mine!
2. Not now! not now! yet, while I wait, Death's an - gel rides a - broad,
3. Not now! O God, and shall I spend My life's best days in sin,
4. No! Thou, O God, hast work for me A - long life's rug - ged way!
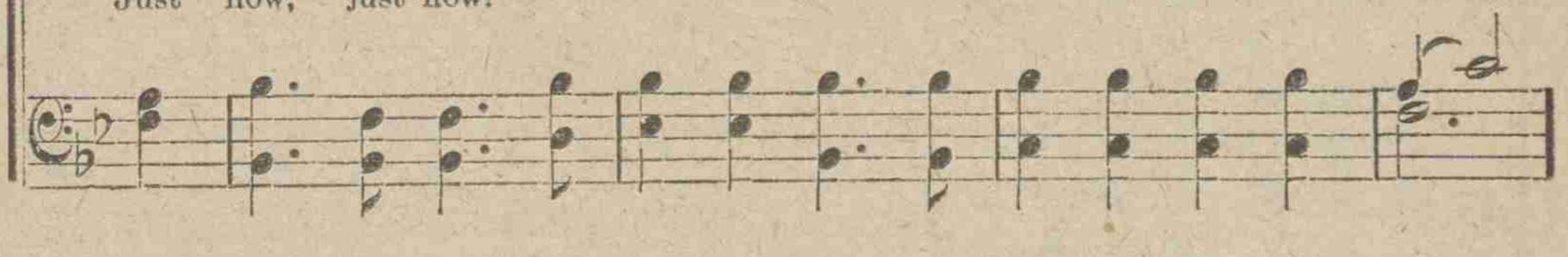


I'll at some more con - ven - ient day Ex-change my will for Thine?
And ush - ers to their fin - al state The souls un-known to God.
Then claim Thee for my Sav - ior Friend When fail - ing pow'rs be - gin?
Just now I yield my - self to Thee, Nor wait an - oth - er day.
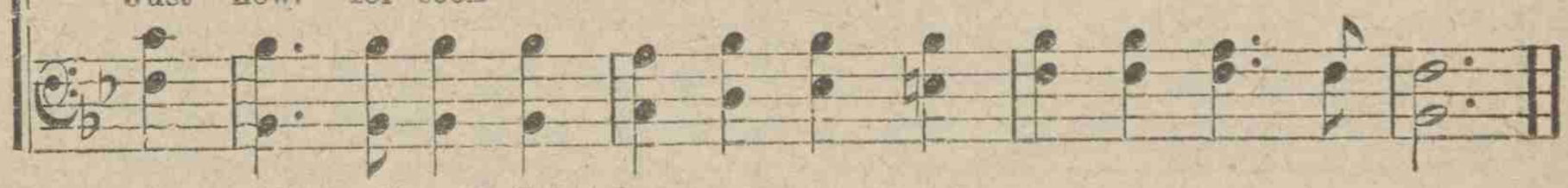


CHORUS.



Not now! not now! still Je - sus waits With out-stretch'd arms of love;
Last stanza.
Just now, just now!



Not now! yet soon may close the gates That lead to life a - bove.
Just now! for soon



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No. 72. Hiding in Jesus.

GRACE M. WELLS, arr. by J. R. C. W. S. WEEDEN.

1. Toss'd on the waves of this life's stormy sea, Driv-en and help - less my
2. Christ with a voice of com-pas - sion-ate love, Ten-der - ly asks me His
3. Hid - ing in Him, I re - joice ev - er - more, Safe He will bring me, at

bark seems to be, In ne'er a port from the gale may I hide, 'Till the Sure
friend-ship to prove; "Know thee no ter - ror, tho' black be the night, Be thou not
last, to the shore; Safe to a port with its pearl-bedeck'd gates; Safe where some

CHORUS.
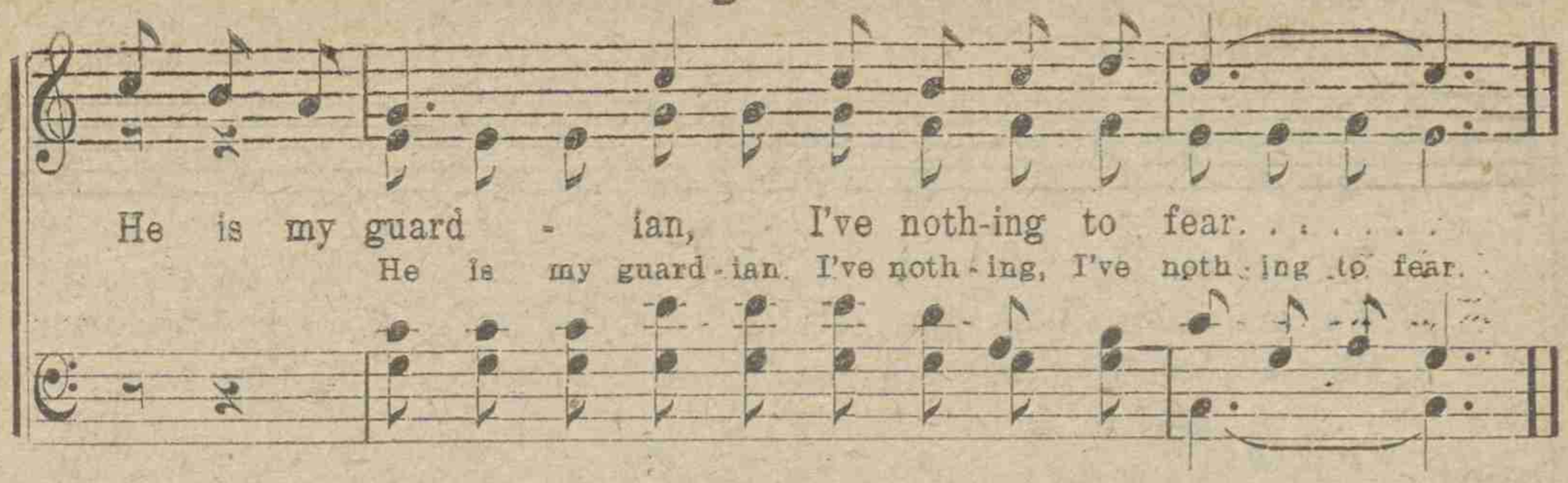
Pi - lot I see at my side.
fea - ful, for I'll be thy light. Hid - ing in Je - sus, my
loved one my com - ing a - waits. Hid - ing in Je - sus my

ref-uge and tow'r; . . . . Rest-ing se - cure in His in - fi - nite
ref - uge, my ref-uge and tow'r; Rest-ing se - cure in His in - fi - nite

pow'r, ... He's my pro-tec - tion when dangers are near, ...
in - fi - nite pow'r; He's my pro - tec-tion when dangers, when dangors are near,

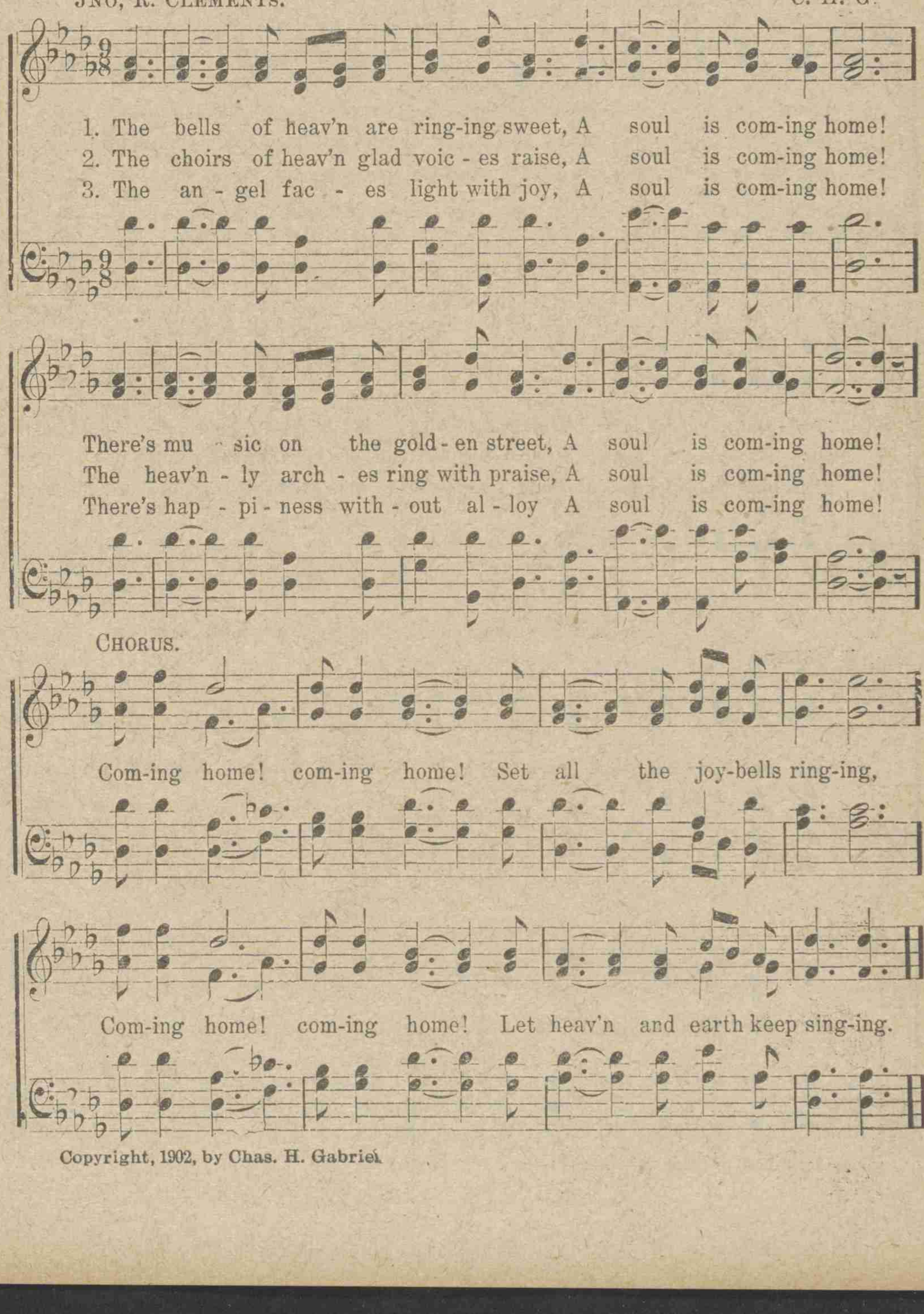
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Hiding in Jesus.



No. 73. A Soul Is Coming Home.

JNO, R. CLEMENTS. C. H. G.



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No. 74. Willing Workers.

HARRIET E. JONES. J. H. HALL.

1. We are will-ing work - ers in the o - pen field, Sow - ing in the
2. We are will-ing work - ers out a - mid the grain; We will wield our
3. We are will-ing work - ers in the fields so white, Toil - ing from the

morn - ing for a good - ly yield; Sow - ing seeds of kind - ness,
sick - les all a - long the plain; Reap - ing for the Mas - ter
ear - ly morn - ing un - til night; Glean - ing 'mong the bri - ars,

:S: FINE.

sow - ing seeds of love That shall bring us fruit-age for the home a - bove.
we so dear - ly love, Reap - ing for the gar-ners in the realms a - bove.
searching 'mid the leaves, Bring - ing to the Mas - ter ma - ny gold - en sheaves

D. S.—*Find-ing ev - 'ry-where a work of love to do.*

CHORUS.

We are will - ing work-ers, joy-ful - ly we sing! Sow-ing, reap-ing, glean-ing

D. S.

for our bless-ed King; Out up - on the high-ways, in the hedg es, too,

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No. 75. Trusting Him to Save Me.

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

1. My Sav-ior shed His blood for me I'm trusting Him to save me;
2. 'Mid o - pen dan-gers, hid-den snares, I'm trusting Him to save me;
3. He puts His Spir - it in my heart, I'm trusting Him to save me;
4. Thro' sorrows' shade, thro' joy's sweet light, I'm trusting Him to save me;

I'm trusting Him

He made a-tone-ment, full and free, I'm trusting Him to save me.
On Him I cast life's dai - ly cares, I'm trusting Him to save me.
His grace so free - ly He'll im - part, I'm trusting Him to save me.
In that fair land where comes no night, I'm trusting Him to save me.

I'm trusting Him

CHORUS.

Trust - ing Thee, Lord Je - sus I am trust-ing,
Trust-ing Thee, trust-ing Thee, trust-ing night and day, I am trust-ing Thee, Lord
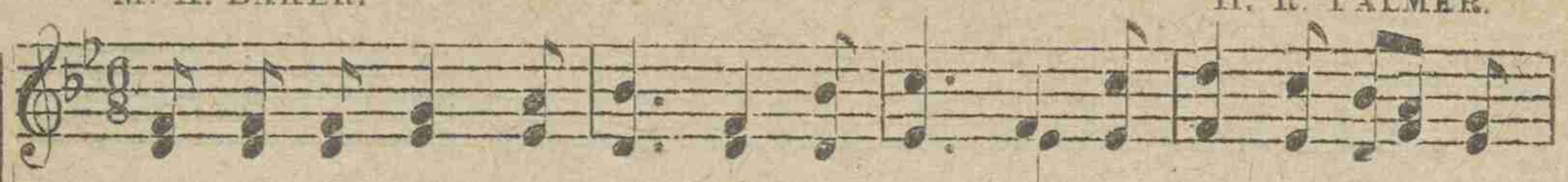
trust-ing, all a - long the way, Trust - ing Thee to
Je - sus, all a - long the way, Trust-ing Thee to save me, and to

save me, 'Till I praise Thee on the shin - ing shore. . . . . .
keep me ev - er-more, Till I wake to praise Thee on the shin - ing shore.
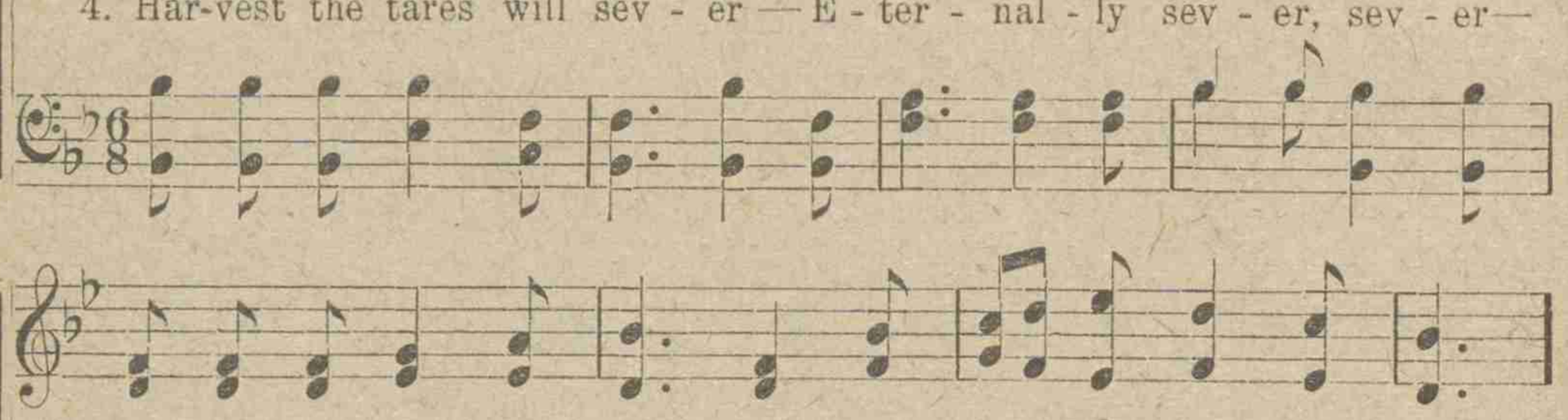
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No. 76. Satan the Seed is Sowing.

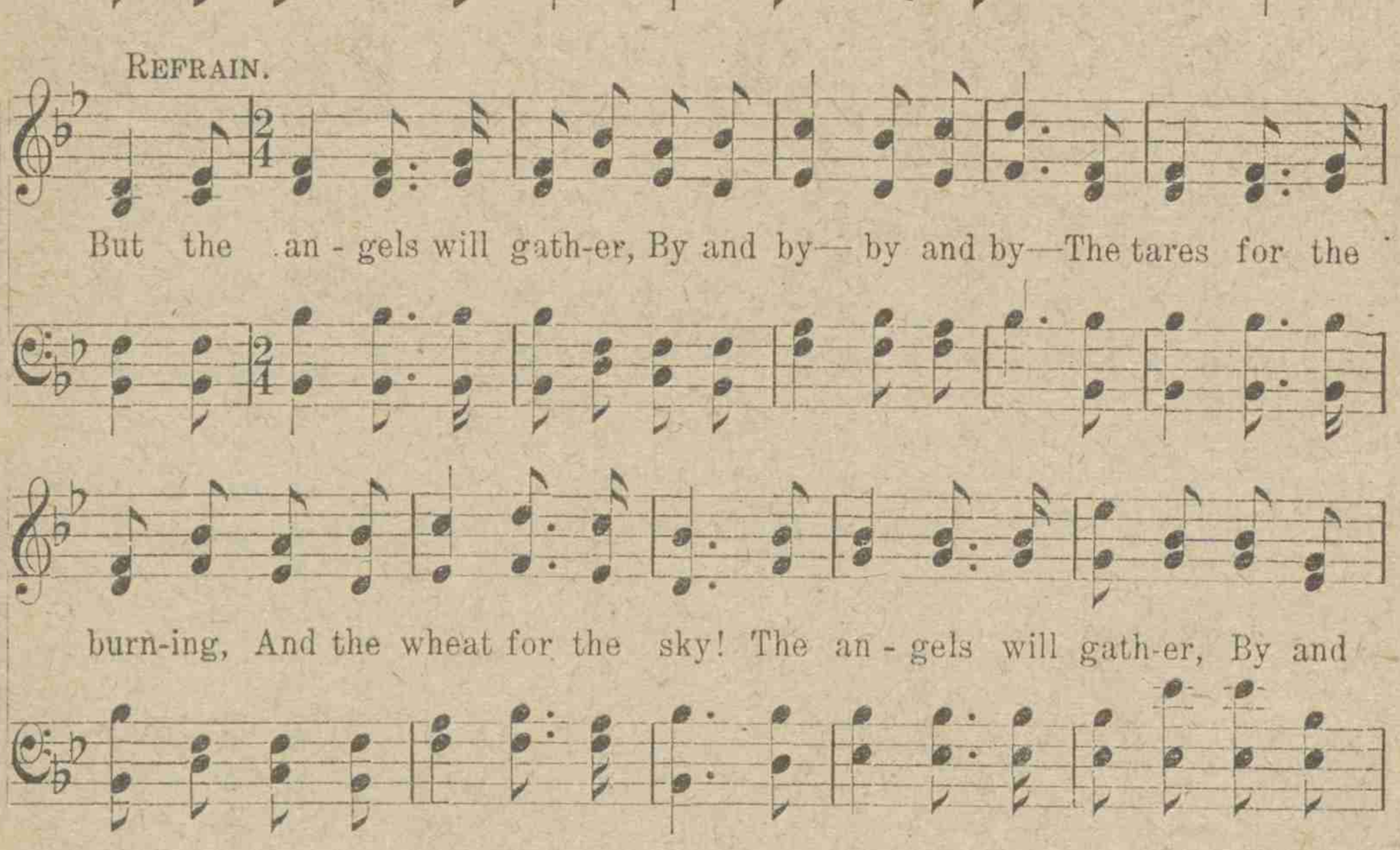
M. A. BAKER. H. R. PALMER.



1. Sa - tan the seed is sow - ing—So earn - est - ly sow - ing, sow - ing—
2. God for the wheat is car - ing—So ten - der - ly car - ing, car - ing—
3. Souls are the wheat He's keep - ing—So lov - ing - ly keep - ing, keep - ing—
4. Har-vest the tares will sev - er —E - ter - nal - ly sev - er, sev - er—



Tares with the wheat are grow - ing, To - geth - er grow - ing here.
Tho' till the har - vest spar - ing The tares which now ap - pear.
Safe for the time of reap - ing, And gar - ners built a - bove.
Then may we be for - ev - er Safe in the Mas - ter's love.
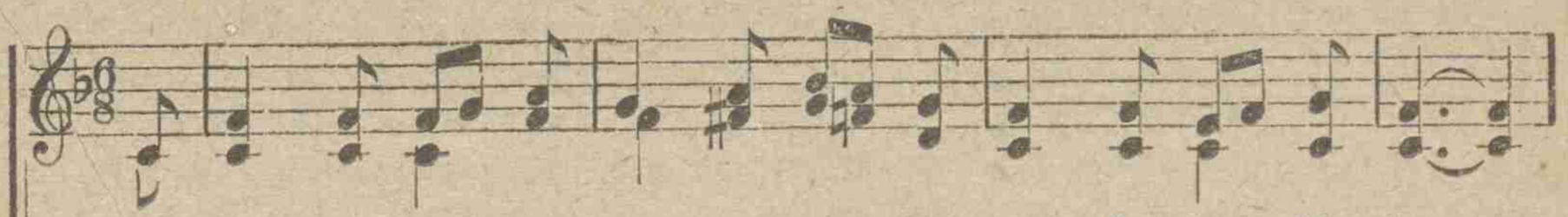


REFRAIN.

But the an - gels will gath-er, By and by— by and by—The tares for the burn-ing, And the wheat for the sky! The an - gels will gath-er, By and by— by and by— The tares for the burning, And the wheat for the sky!
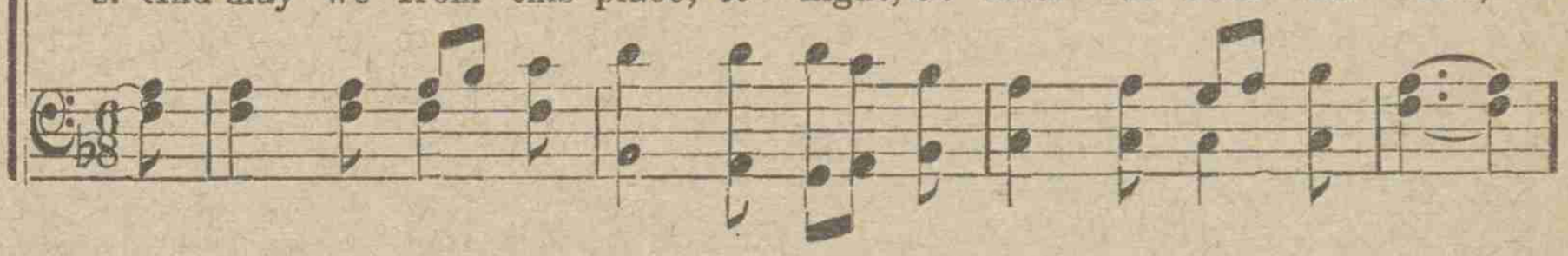
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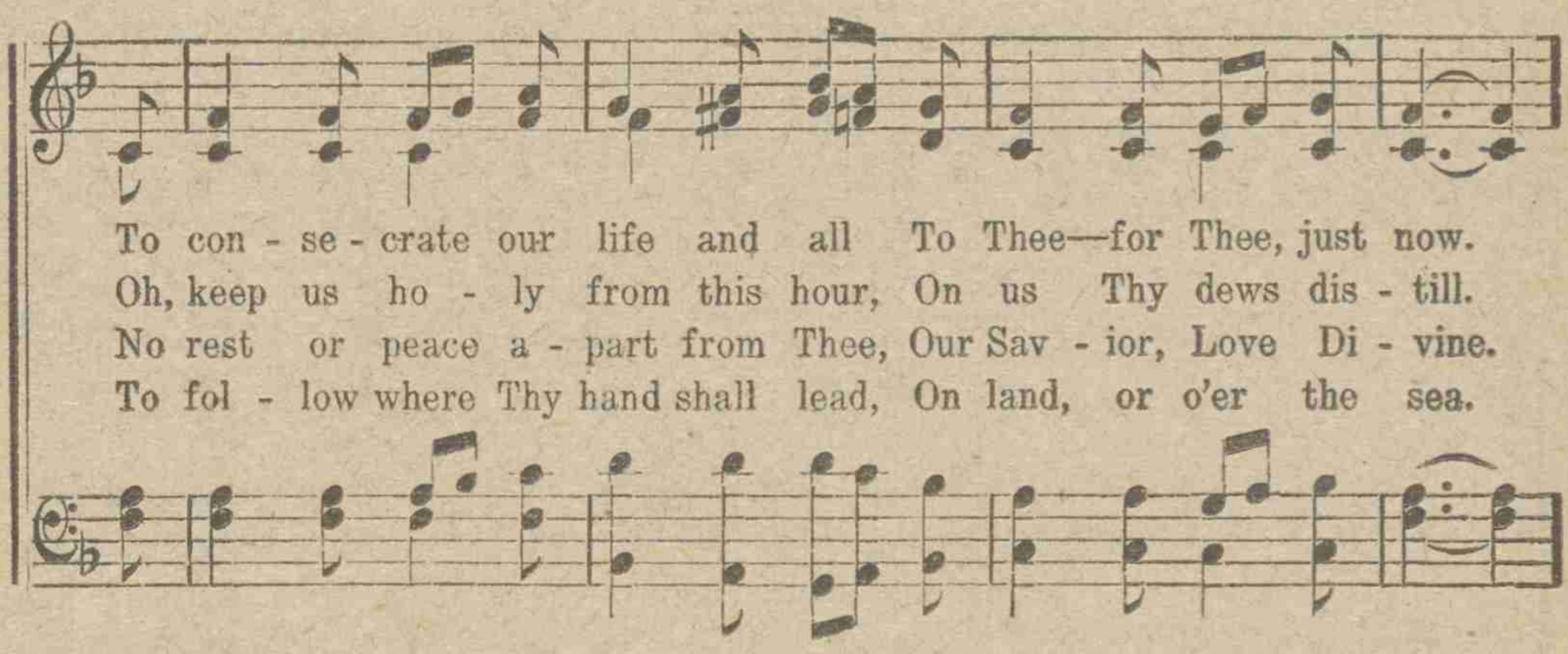
No. 77. Consecration Hymn.

E. G. Y. EDNA G. YOUNG.
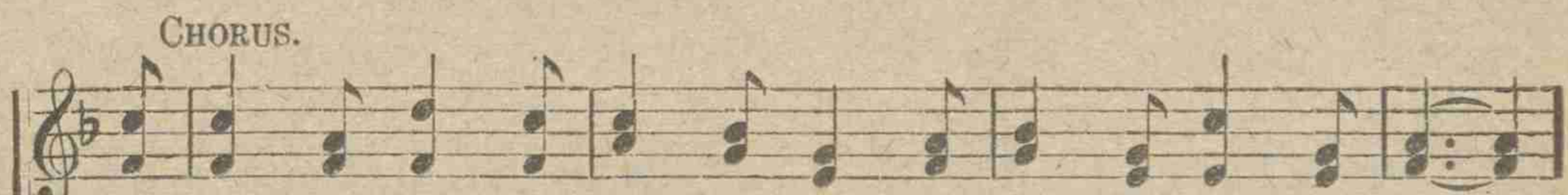


1. O Lord, a - round Thy mer - cy seat We meek - ly, hum - bly bow,
2. Re-move from us all trace of wrong, And mould us to Thy will;
3. We can - not do with - out Thee, Lord! No joy of earth's like Thine;
4. And may we from this place, to - night, Go forth to work for Thee;
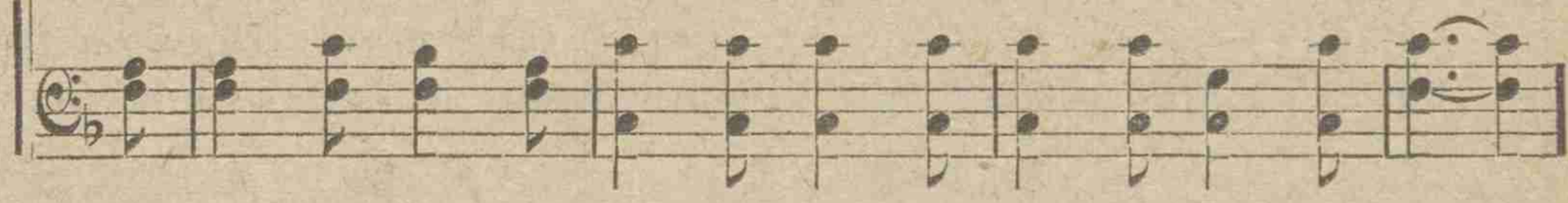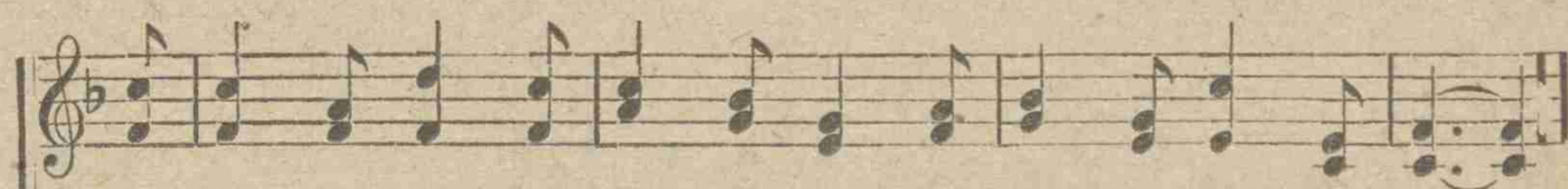




To con - se - crate our life and all To Thee—for Thee, just now.
Oh, keep us ho - ly from this hour, On us Thy dews dis - till.
No rest or peace a - part from Thee, Our Sav - ior, Love Di - vine.
To fol - low where Thy hand shall lead, On land, or o'er the sea.
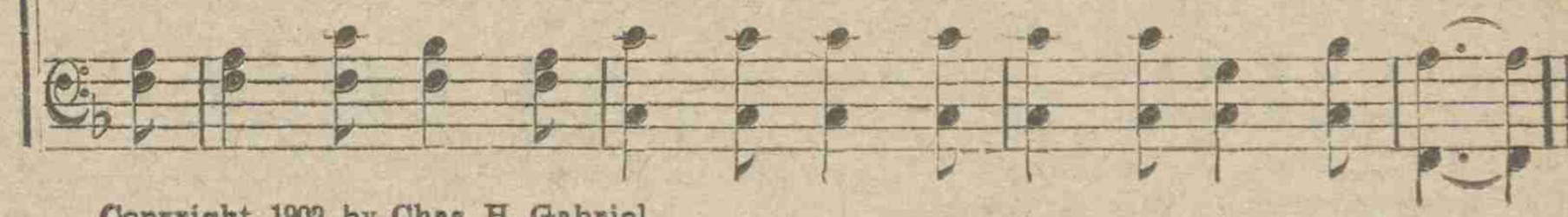


CHORUS.

Oh, take us, Lord, as we are now, And make us pure with - in;





Re - kin - dle fire in ev - 'ry heart, And leave no room for sin.



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No. 78. I am Walking in the Light.

JENNIE WILSON. MARTIN A. ELLIOTT.

1. I am walk-ing in the light, and my way is clear and bright To the
2. Oh, how cheering are the beams that with ho - ly lus-tre streams Down up-
3. Sing - ing prais - es all the way, trust-ing Je - sus day by day, I am

cit - y that is built for me a - bove;
on me from the realms of life di - vine;
walking where He guides my will-ing feet;

With the Sav - ior near my side,
With a hap - py heart I'll go
With the brightness of His smile
for me a-bove;

as my con-stant Friend and Guide, I can dai - ly sing the song of
thro' these changing scenes be - low Till I reach the heights where heav'nly
fall - ing on me all the while, Shad - ows van - ish, and my soul has

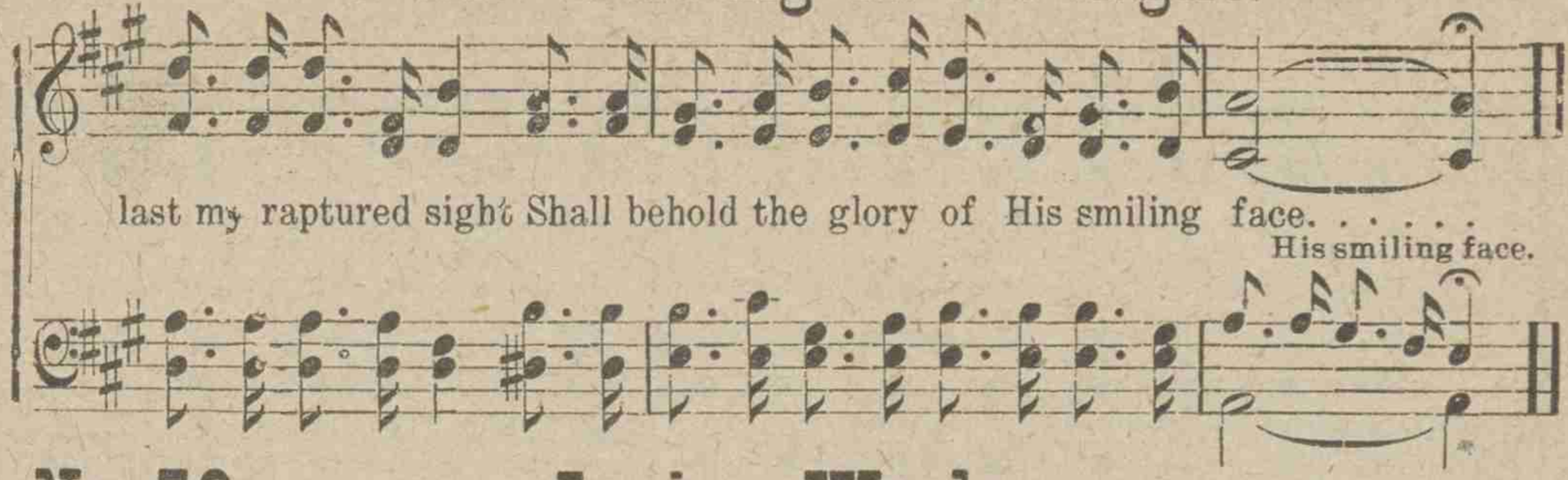
faith and love.
splen-dors shine. I am walk - ing in the bless - ed light, God doth
com - fort sweet. I am walk - ing in the light, in the pure and bless - ed light, God doth

CHORUS.

give . . . . . to those who know His grace, I am walk-ing in the light, and, at
free - ly give to those who

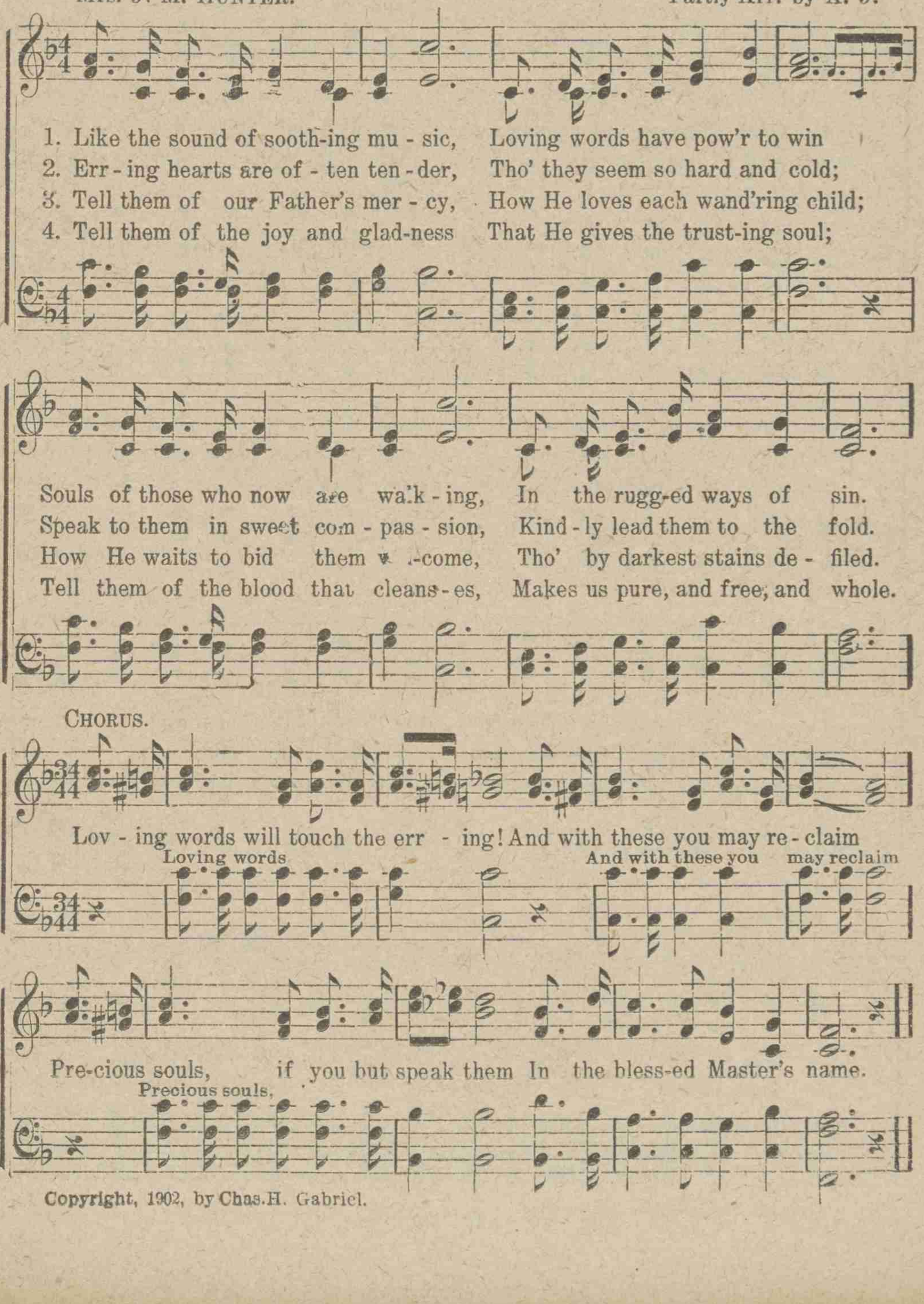
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I am Walking in the Light.



No. 79. Loving Words.

Mrs. J. M. HUNTER. Partly Arr. by A. J.



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No. 80. Sing Along the Way.

E. G. Y. EDNA G. YOUNG.

1. I love to sing when na - ture smiles, And all the skies sre bright,
2. When storm-y clouds are gath-'ring o'er, I love to sing and pray,
3. My song is but the well-known theme Of Je - sus' love to men;

When birds their ma - tins to the Lord Are pour - ing with de - light;
For soon their sil - ver gleams ap - pear, And then they drift a - way;
And tho' I've sung it ma - ny times, I'll sing it o'er a - gain;

I love to sing when care sur-rounds, When sor - row-shad - ows low'r;
Perchance my song may cheer a soul, Or lead some heart to love
It tells of His un - bound - ed grace, And mer - cy of - fer'd me;
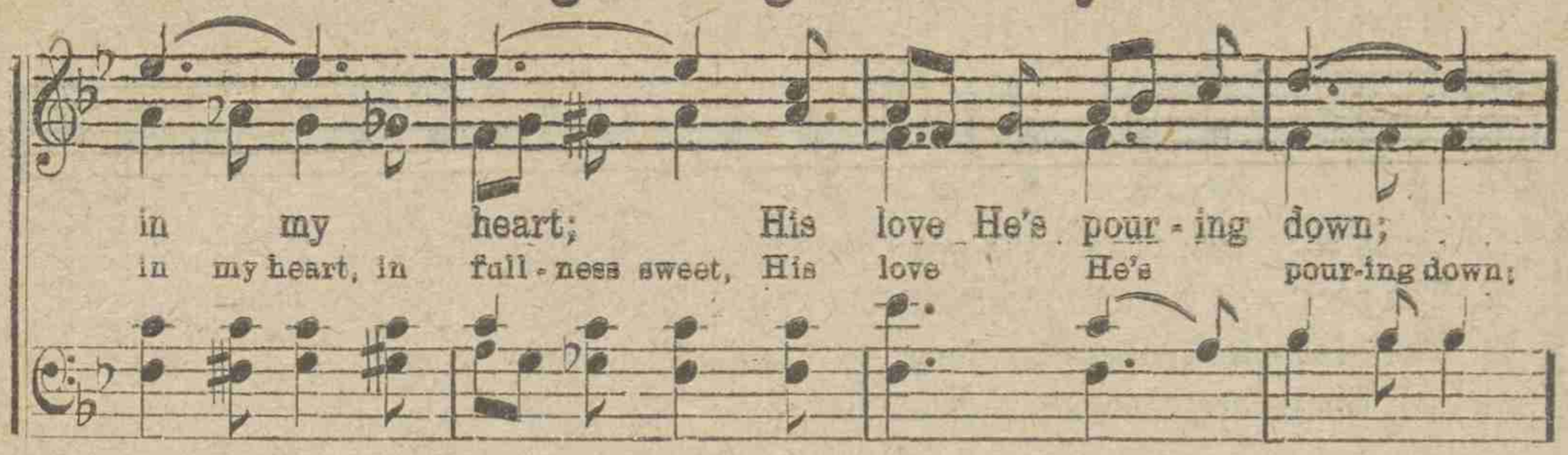
I love to sing a - long the way, In sun - shine and in show'r.
The bless - ed Lord who died for me, And rules and reigns a - bove.
So while I live and when I die, His praise my song shall be.

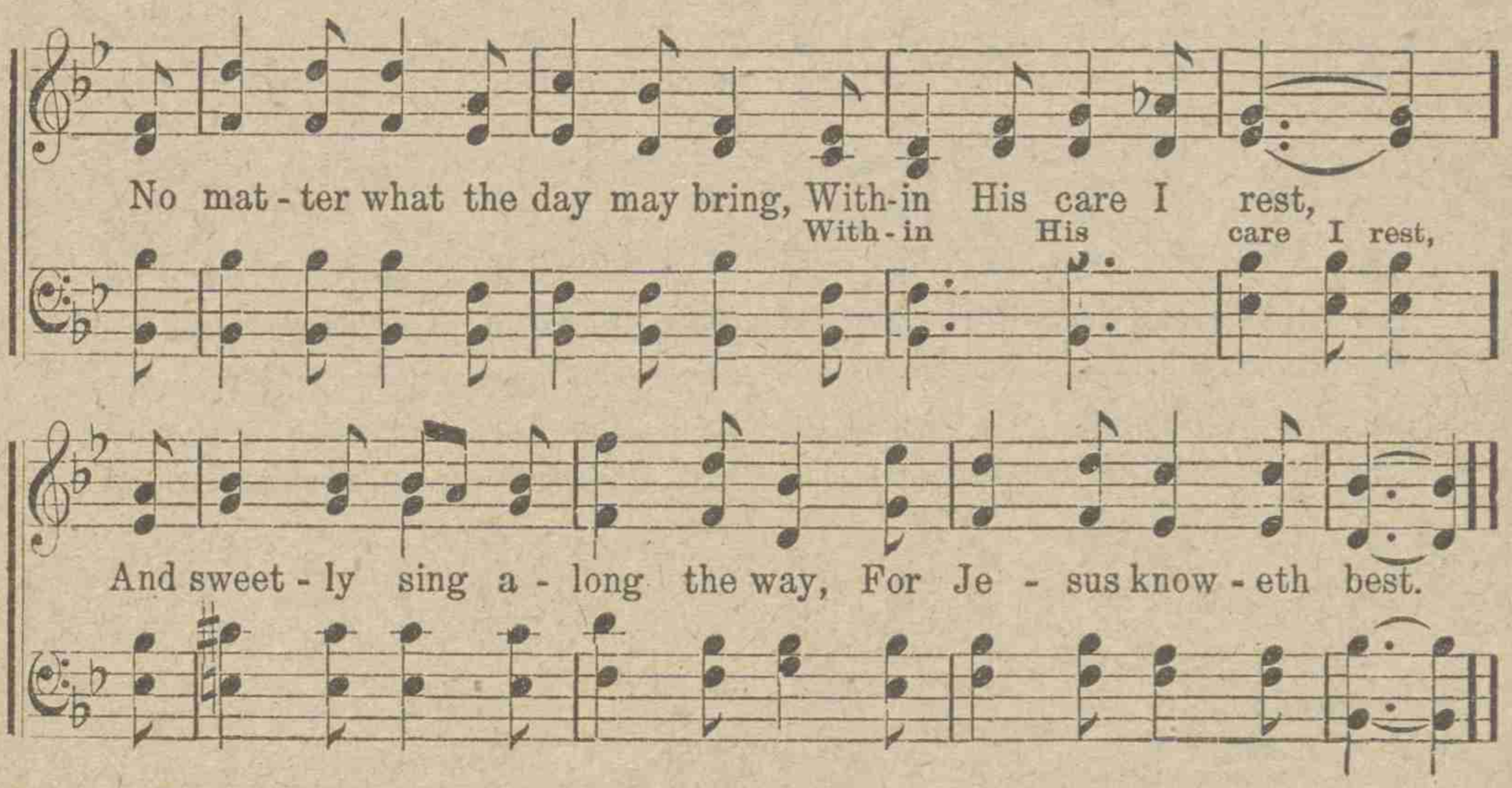
CHORUS.

I love to sing, Tho' na - ture smile or frown, For
I love to sing a - long the way, Tho' na - ture smile or frown, For
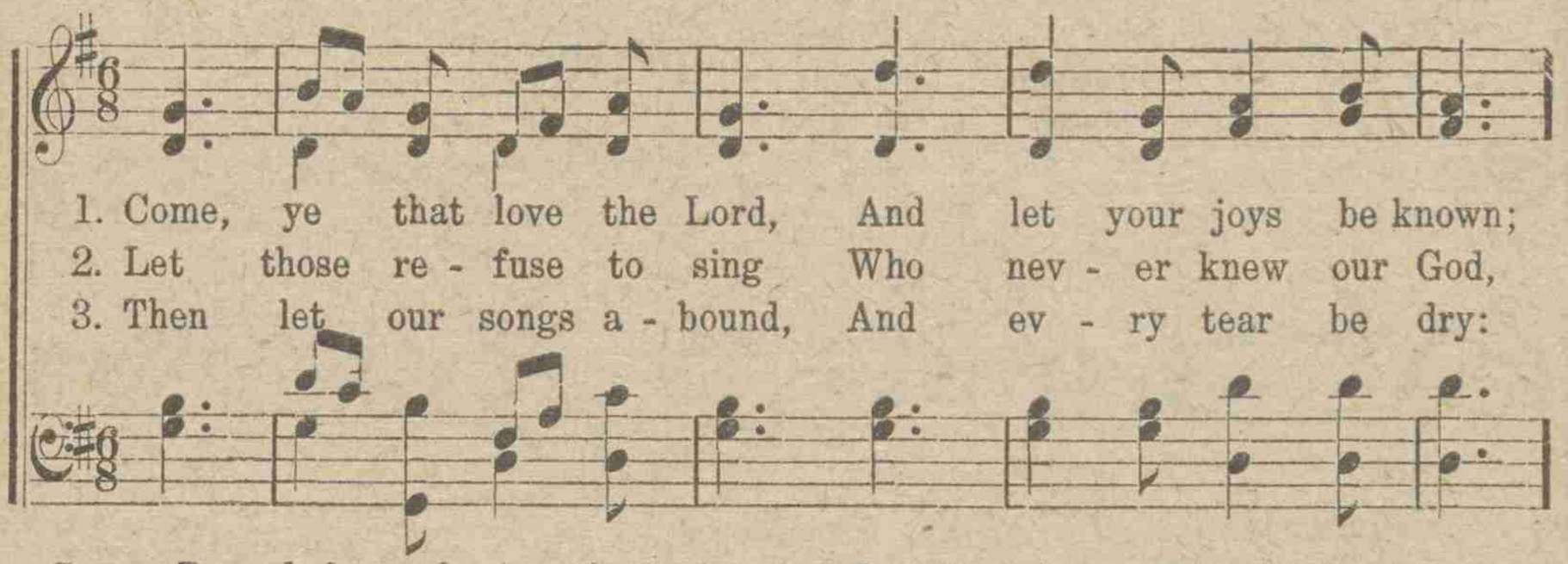
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Sing Along the Way.





No. 81. I'm Glad Salvation's Free.



No. 82. Come To the Gospel Feast.

GRACE WEISER DAVIS. Dr. W. S. PITTS.

1. Come to the pre - cious gos - pel feast, The King in - vit - eth all;
2. The poor, the maimed, the halt, the blind, The in - vi - ta - tion hear,
3. The Mas - ter grieves so long to see The souls who still re - fuse;
4. "All things are read - y, come!" He says; The Bride re - peats the call;

A wel - come waits for ev - 'ry guest, With - in God's ban - quet hall.
Nor make ex - cuse to stay a - way, But joy - ful - ly draw near.
He waits for all, He waits for thee, Do not His love a - buse.
His love will crown thee all thy days, There's room e - nough for all.

CHORUS.

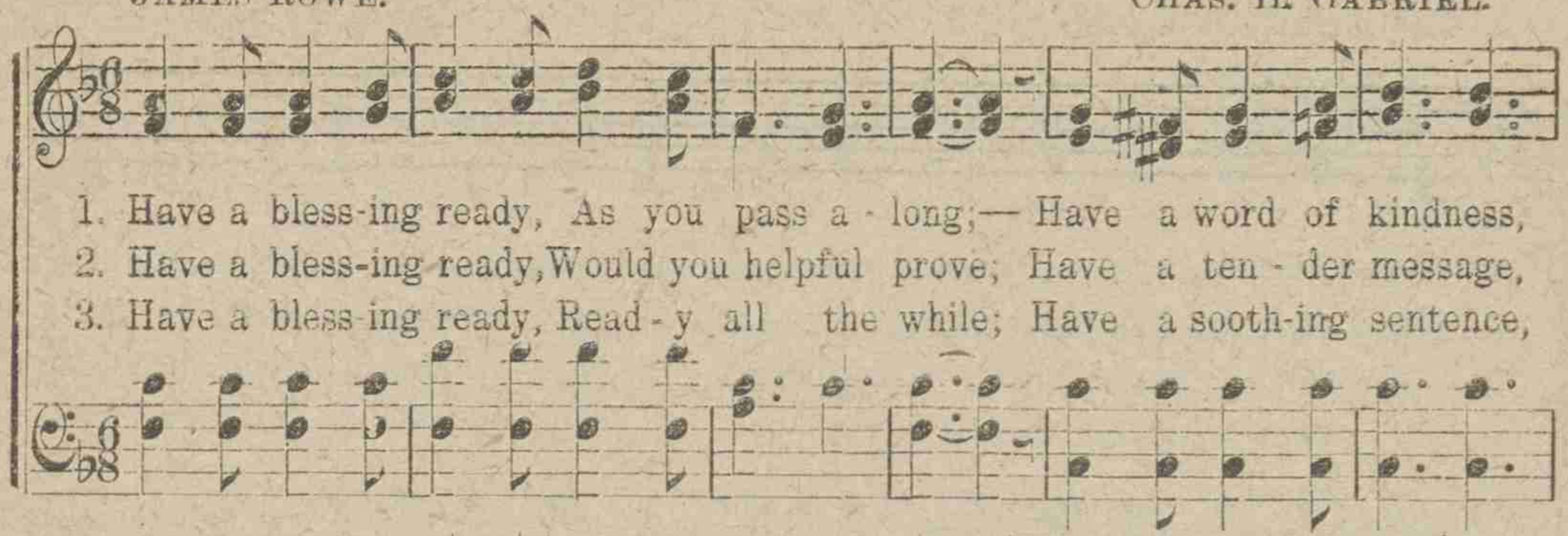
The feast is spread, ... and all may come, ... The King is wait - ing still; . . . . . The Spir - it calls, ... there yet is room, ... Come, "Who-so-ev - er will." . . . . . .

The feast is spread, and all may come, The King is wait - ing, the King is wait-ing still; The Spir - it calls, there yet is room, Come "Who-so - ev - er, who - so - ev - er will."
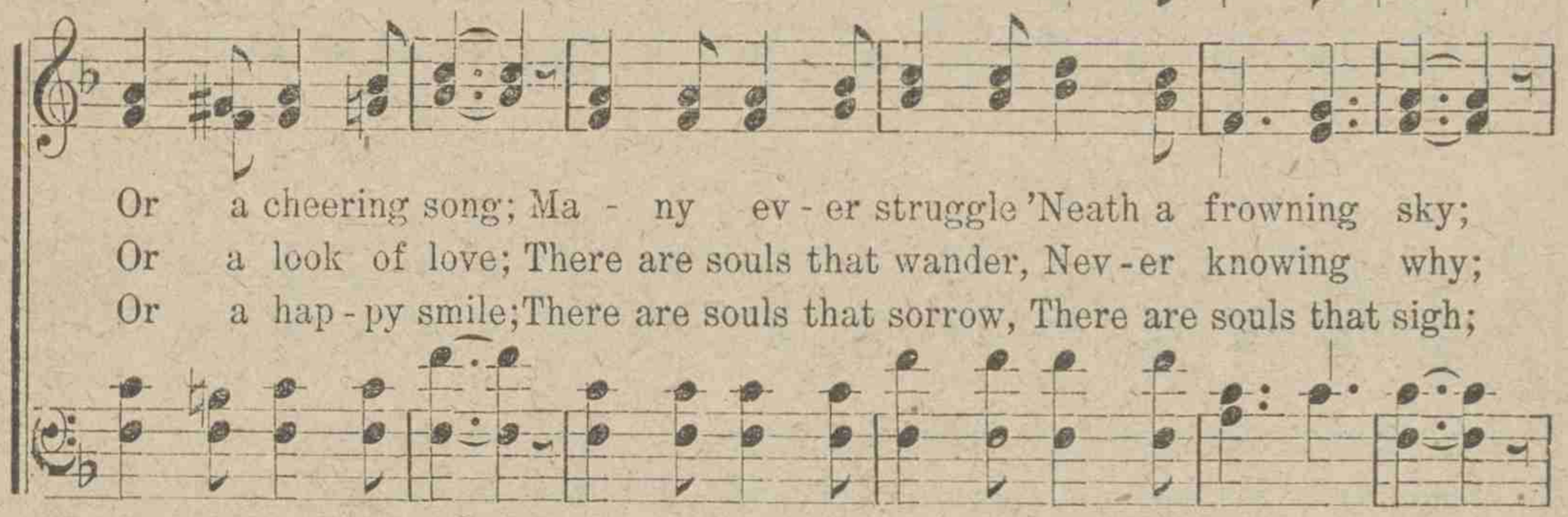
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No. 83. Have a Blessing Ready.

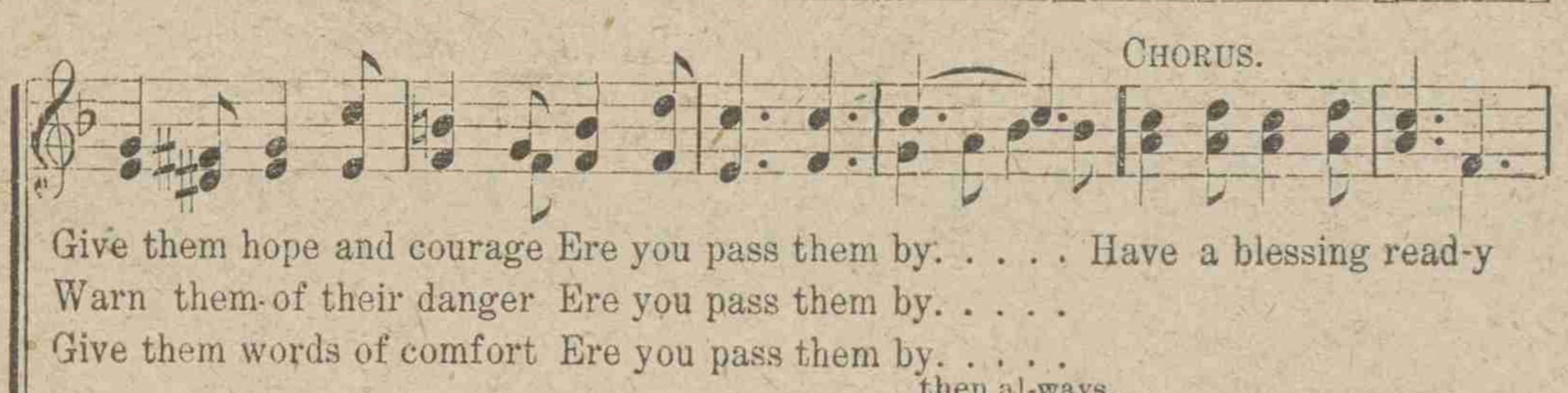
JAMES ROWE. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Have a bless-ing ready, As you pass a - long;— Have a word of kindness,
2. Have a bless-ing ready, Would you helpful prove; Have a ten - der message,
3. Have a bless-ing ready, Read - y all the while; Have a sooth-ing sentence,

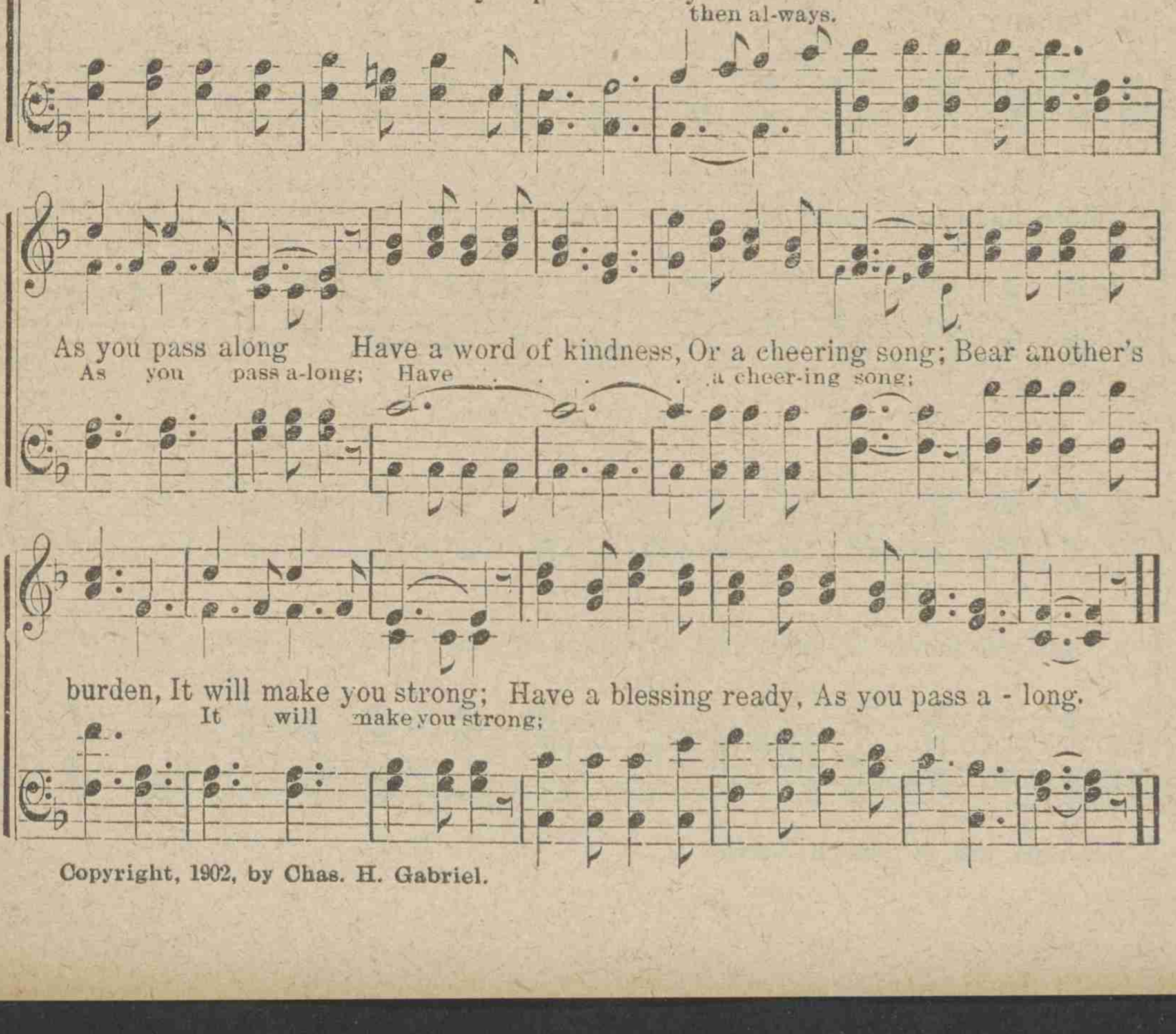


Or a cheering song; Ma - ny ev - er struggle 'Neath a frowning sky;
Or a look of love; There are souls that wander, Nev - er knowing why;
Or a hap - py smile; There are souls that sorrow, There are souls that sigh;



CHORUS.

Give them hope and courage Ere you pass them by. . . . . Have a blessing read-y
Warn them of their danger Ere you pass them by. . . . .
Give them words of comfort Ere you pass them by. . . . .
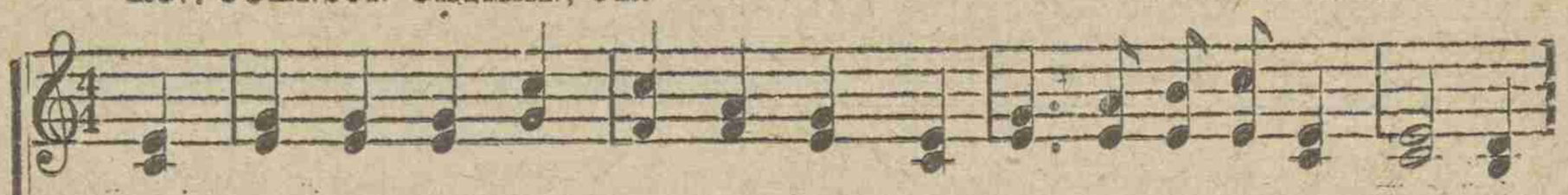


As you pass along Have a word of kindness, Or a cheering song; Bear another's
burden, It will make you strong; Have a blessing ready, As you pass a - long.
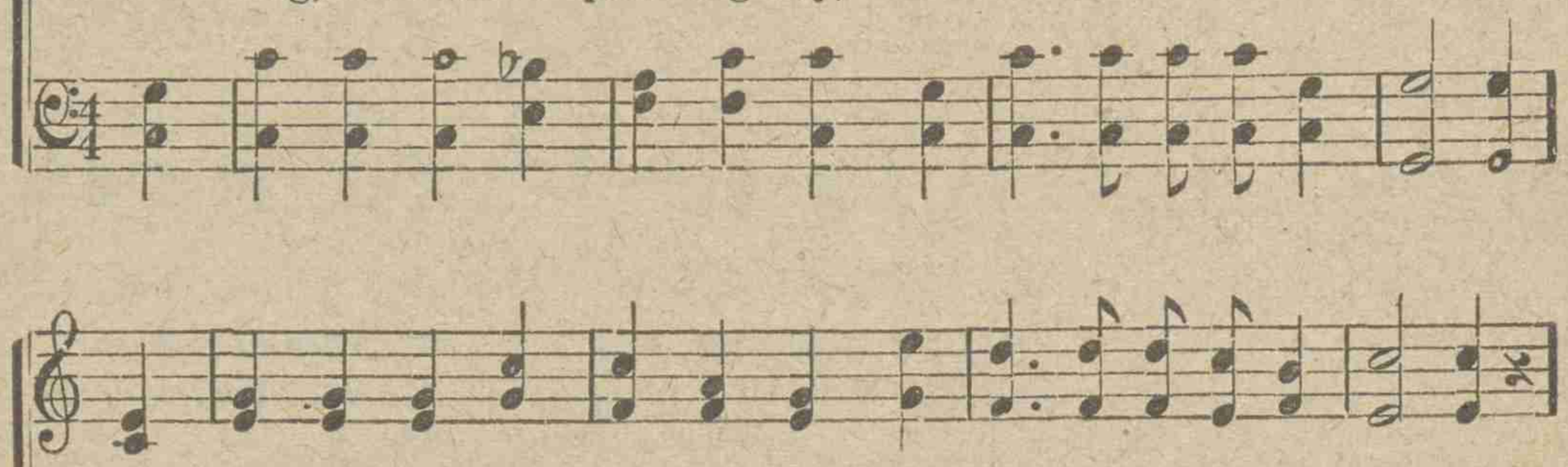
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No. 84. I Love to Hear About Jesus.
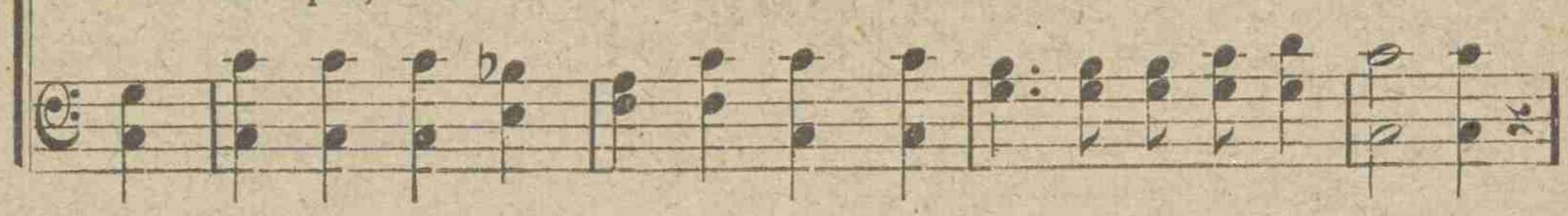
Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
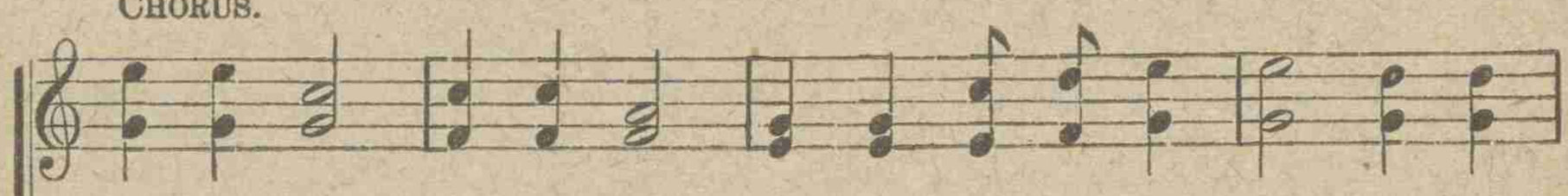


1. While press-ing on my pil - grim way I love to hear a - bout Je - sus;
2. When skies are fair and days are bright, I love to hear a - bout Je - sus;
3. When troub-le weighs up - on my heart, I love to hear a - bout Je - sus;
4. I'll sing, while life is pass - ing by, I love to hear a - bout Je - sus;
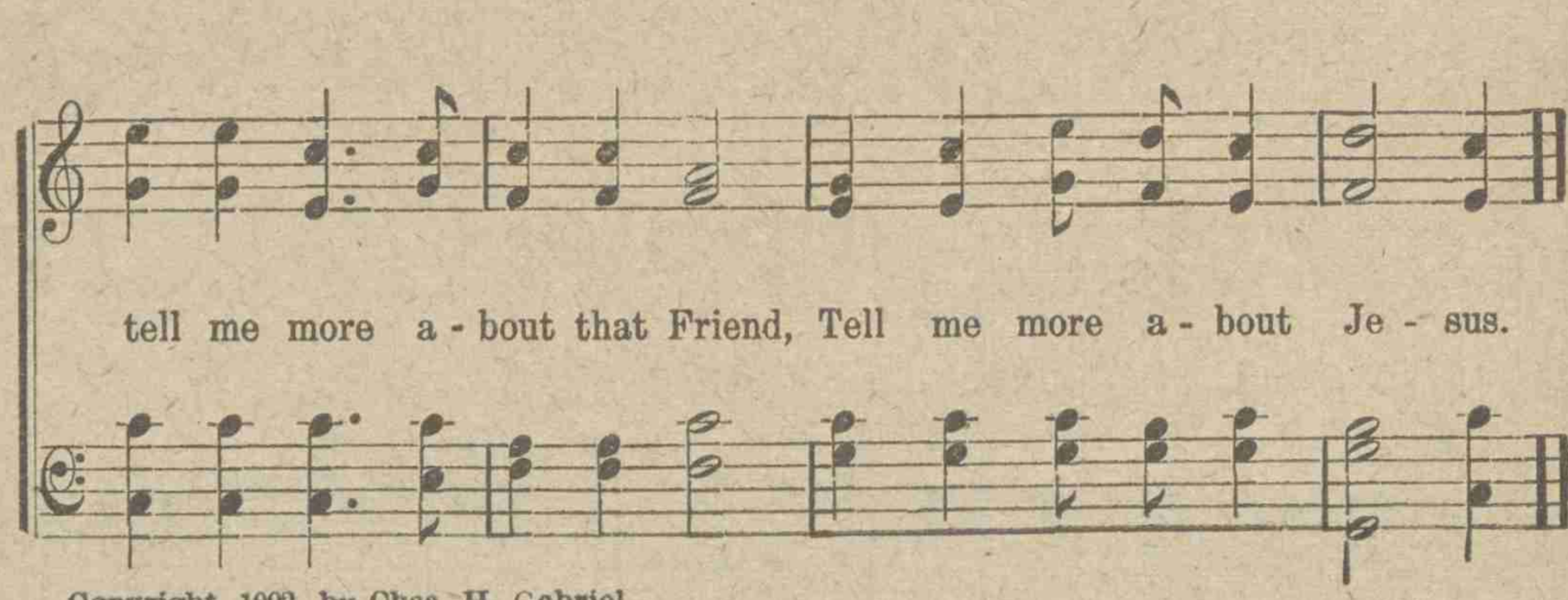


His name can turn my night to day, I love to hear a - bout Je - sus.
When tri - als come, and sor - rows blight, I love to hear a - bout Je - sus.
When with my lov'd ones I must part, I love to hear a - bout Je - sus.
And whis - per, when I'm called to die— "I love to hear a - bout Je - sus."



CHORUS.



More, and more, more and more, Talk to me a - bout Je - sus; Oh,



tell me more a - bout that Friend, Tell me more a - bout Je - sus.

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No. 85. I'll Bear the Cross.

HARRIET E. JONES. REV. W. S. NICKLE.

1. Al-tho' a storm - y road I tread, I'll trust in Je - sus, all the way;
2. Al-tho' the clouds ob-scure my sky, And sor-row-waves a-round me rise,
3. Al-tho' the thorns now pierce my feet, A - long a rough and drear-y road,

Rit.

A home of rest is just a - head, Where I shall live with Him, some day.
With Him, who whis-pers, "It is I," I'll dwell, some day, 'neath fairer skies.
There is a rest and joy com - plete, In my Re-deem-er's bright a-bode.

CHORUS.

I'll jour-ney on, and bear the cross, Till Je - sus bids me lay it down;

Rit.

I'll shout and sing 'mid pain and loss, Till called where waits my fadeless crown.

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No. 86. A Bright Light Shining Just Ahead.

E. G. Y. EDNA G. YOUNG.

1. Does the way look dim this side the hill? Do the clouds hang dark and drear?
2. Lo! the shad-ows dark can-not re-main, Tho' your cour-age may de-part,
3. Dry your tear-ful eyes and look to God, Tho' you smile thro' shad-ows dim;

Do the sun-shine rays seem fad-ing fast? Is the twi-light draw-ing near?
And but sor-row seems to reign su-preme, In your tri-al-bur-dened heart;
And when you have trav-eled farth-er on, You will give all praise to Him;

Do you grope a-mid the shadows dark? Then recall what Christ hath said;
You by faith must walk, and have no fear; You must trust the Lord in-stead,
For He will re-veal His all-wise plan When, in Christ, He'll raise the dead

He's the Guid-ing Star in all dark hours, And the Bright Light just a-head.
And with eyes of hope and love you'll see There's a Bright Light just a-head.
And you'll praise His name for darksome hours In the Bright Light just a-head.

CHORUS.

There's a Bright Light shin-ing just a-head; There's a

just a-head;

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A Bright Light Shining Just Ahead.

Bright Light shin - ing just a - head; Look be - yond the just a - head;

cloud you'll see the rays Of the Bright Light shin - ing just a - head!

No. 87. The Angels' Song.

H. A. H.

1. { Now let us sing the an - gels' song, That rang so sweet and clear,
   { When heav'n-ly light and mu - sic fall On earth-ly eye and ear;

2. { He came to tell the Fa-ther's love, His good-ness, truth and grace,
   { To show the bright-ness of His smile, The glo - ry of His face;

To Him we sing, our Sav - ior King, Who al - ways deigns to hear.
With His own light, so full and bright, The shades of death to chase.

pp *f*

"Glo - ry to God, and on earth peace! Glo - ry to God, and on earth peace!"

Copyright, 1899, by Chas. H Gabriel.

No. 88. What a Friend is Jesus.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. What a friend is Je - sus! one so pre-cious can you find? No, not one;
2. In the time of need no oth - er one so dear will prove, No, not one;
3. Is there one who can so ma - ny works of love de - ploy? No, not one;

no, not one! One so pa-tient and so faith-ful, one so true and kind? Oh,
no, not one! You may search the world around, or seek thro' heav'n above, There
no, not one! Nev - er since the morning stars to-geth-er sang for joy, Was

:S: FINE. CHORUS.

there's no oth-er friend like Je-sus, no, not one!
is no oth-er friend like Je-sus, no, not one! Je - sus is a friend, is a
there an-oth-er friend like Je-sus, no, not one! Je - sus, Je - sus,

D.S.—*there's no oth-er friend like Je-sus, no, not one!*

friend di - vine, I know that I am His, and that He is
pre - cious friend di - vine, I know that I am His, and He is

D. S.

mine! No oth - er one so near to me, Nor half so dear can be, Oh,

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No. 89. Come In, O Christ.

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

1. My heart is hum - bled in the dust, And wel - comes Thee with - in;
2. Come in to cleanse and pu - ri - fy, To make an end of sin;
3. Thy sov-'reign work of grace, just now, In my poor heart be - gin;
4. Up - on Thine al - tar all I lay, My soul's de - sire to win·

No more its door is closed to Thee; Come in, O Christ, come in.
Come in to new - cre - ate my heart; Come in, O Christ, come in.
The door is o - pen wide to Thee; Come in, O Christ, come in.
Just now in pu - ri - fy - ing pow'r, Come in, O Christ, come in.

CHORUS.

I'm kneel-ing at Thy feet, dear Lord, Thy bless-ing to re - ceive;
On me the Ho - ly Spir - it pour, And all my sins for - give.

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No. 90. Jesus, Redeemer, Savior Mine.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

SOLO or QUARTET and CHORUS.

1. Was it for me in si-lence Thou Didst once de-fense-less bow?
2. Bless - ed the tho't, it is for me, The cross on Cal - v'ry stands!

Was it my sins that placed the crown Of thorns upon Thy brow? Was it for
Blessed the hands stretched out for me, Those pierced, bleeding hands! Wonderful

me the words were voiced That still ring out a - new? "Forgive them, Father,
love that nailed Thee there! Compassion, boundless grace! For these I'll serve Thee,
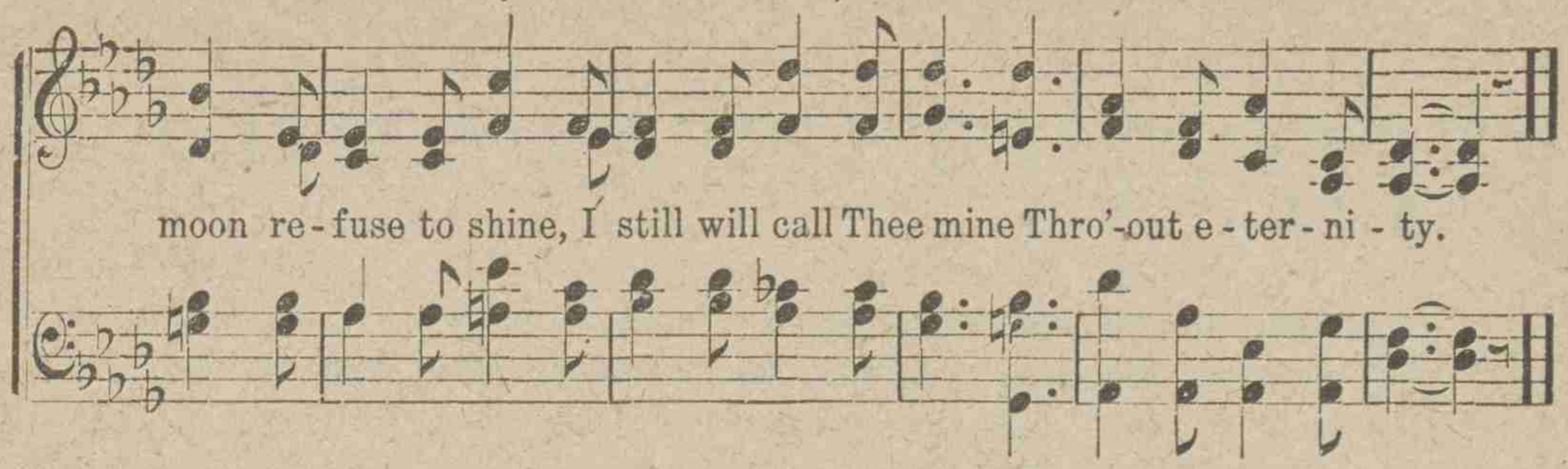
O for - give, They know not what they do, They know not what they do."
Lord, un - til I meet Thee face to face, I meet Thee face to face.

CHORUS.

Je - sus, Re-deem-er, Sav-ior mine, I'm not a-shamed of Thee! Tho' sun and

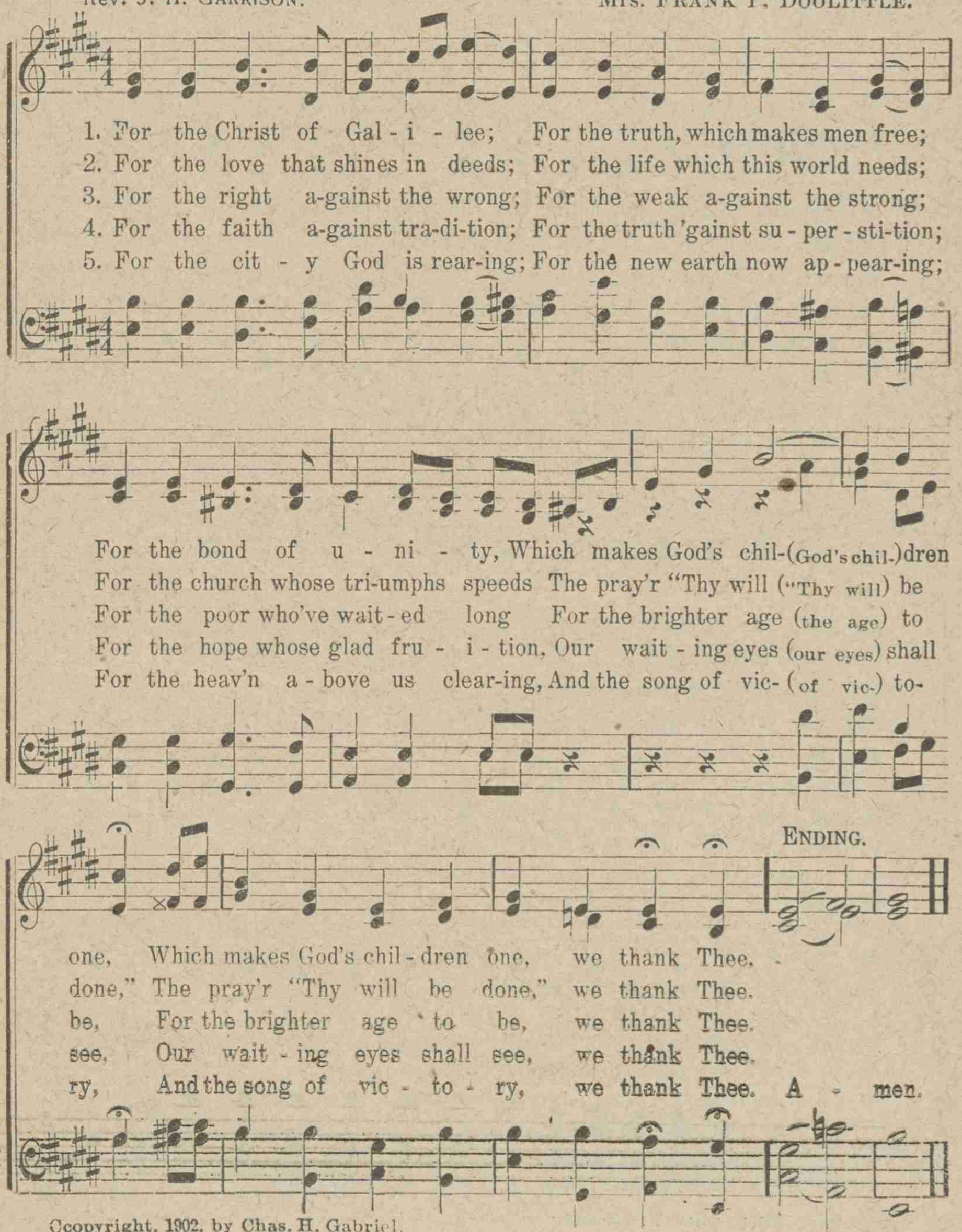
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Jesus, Redeemer, Savior Mine.



No. 91. We Thank Thee.

Rev. J. H. GARRISON. MRS. FRANK P. DOOLITTLE.



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No. 92. Go Out in the Highways.

MATTIE ALICE LONG. FRANK JAY ROBERTSON.

1. Go out in the high-ways and seek for the lost; Go tell them how
2. Go out in the high-ways! the Sav - ior a - waits To wel-come His
3. Go now to the wea - ry, and bid them come home, Nor tar - ry in
4. Go out in the high-ways and speak of His love; Go! tell to the

Je - sus once came To bring to the wea - ry love, mer - cy, and joy, And
chil-dren, so dear; Go! tell them with love He will meet them to-day,—With
by-ways of night; Oh, tell them of Him and his king-dom of peace, For
chil-dren of men The sto - ry of Je - sus, the Sav - ior di-vine, Oh,

CHORUS.

tell them to - day He's the same.
Him there is noth-ing to fear.
with Him is glad-ness and light.
tell it a - gain and a - gain.

Go out in the high-ways, ... Go

Go out in the high-ways,

out in the high-ways, ... In - vite them to come to the Sav-ior to-

Go out in the high-ways,

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Go Out in the Highways.

day, ... And glad-ly He'll give them, ... a home in His
to - day, And glad - ly He'll give them a

king-dom, ... If on - ly they trust Him and walk in His ways.
home in His king-dom,

No. 93. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. WALFORD. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, The joy I feel, the bliss I share,
3. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear

FINE.

And bids me, at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and wish-es known;
Of those whose anx-ious spir - its burn With strong de-sires for thy re-turn!
To Him whose truth and faith-ful-ness En - gage the wait - ing soul to bless;

D.S.–And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of pray'r.
D.S.–And glad - ly take my sta - tion there, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.
D.S.–I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.

D. S.

In sea-sons of dis - tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief,
With such I hast - en to the place Where God, my Sav-ior, shows his face,
And since He bids me seek His face, Be - lieve His word and trust His grace,

No. 94. He Calleth for Thee.

H. HARDIE. M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. There was noth-ing with - in me that, just - ly, I might Give as rea-son why
2. I would not at-tend, tho' so oft - en He cried: "Son, look at my
3. He bore with me long, and He followed me far O'er the way where al-
4. He is ev - er the same, and His Bi - ble de-clares There's re-joic-ing a-

Je - sus should wash my soul white; I had mock'd at His mer-cy so
hands, and the wound in my side!" Oh, think of the love that could
lure - ments and lusts ev - er are; He brought me to pray, and He
bove o - ver pen - i-tent's pray'rs; That sins red as scar - let can

oft - en be - fore, He might have for-sak - en my soul ev - er-more;
bring thy Lord down To buf - fet - ing hate, and a brown-pierc-ing crown;
led me to think, With my feet slip-ping fast o'er the ter - ri - ble brink
be white as snow, If o'er them the blood of the Sav - ior but flow;

But still in His won - der - ful mer - cy so free, He had room in His
I bore all that an - guish to set thy soul free!" But Christ's love and
To de-struc-tion and death, and He turn'd me a - bout; Then I came, and He
He is plead-ing and call - ing, poor sin - ner, for thee, He'll not turn you a-

Copyright, 1895, by Chas. H. Gabriel.

He Calleth for Thee.

rit.

heart for a sin - ner like me; But still in His won - der - ful
mer - cy were noth-ing to me; "I bore all that an- guish to
nev - er has since cast me out; From de-struc - tion and death Je - sus
way since He saved one like me; He is plead - ing and call - ing, poor

mer - cy so free, He had room in His heart for a sin - ner like me.
set thy soul free!" But Christ's love and mer - cy were noth - ing to me.
turned me a - bout, Then I came, and He nev - er has since cast me out.
sin - ner, for thee; He'll not turn you a - way, since He saved one like me.

No. 95. Heaven.

T. R. TAYLOR. Dr. L. MASON.

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. There at my Sav-ior's side, Heav'n is my home;
   I shall be glo - ri - fied; Heav'n is my home;
   There with the good and blest,

3. Therefore, I'll mur-mur not, Heav'n is my home;
   What-e'er my earth - ly lot, Heav'n is my home;
   For I shall sure-ly stand,

Round me on ev - 'ry hand; Heav'n is my fa - ther-land, Heav'n is my home.
Those I loved most and best, I shall for - ev - er rest; Heav'n is my home.
There at my Lord's right hand, Heav'n is my fa-ther-land, Heav'n is my home.

No. 96. Onward! Forward!

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. A band of true and val - iant sol-diers, We're marching to the bat - tle field; The hosts of sin and wrong en-gag - ing, We shall not wav-er, shall not yield, Till vic-t'ry perch-es on our ban-ner, And Satan's host is backward driv'n; Then shall a might-y song of tri-umph Ring thro' earth and heav'n.

2. In ev - 'ry kingdom, land and na - tion His love and truth shall be made known, Till ev - 'ry knee in ad - o - ra - tion Shall bow to Him, and Him a- lone; Till all the sons of men shall give Him The honors that to Him be- long, And earth and heav-en sing to - geth-er, The tri - umph-ant song.

CHORUS.

On-ward! For-ward! We will take the world for

On-ward, falt'ring nev - er! For - ward! by en - deav - or, Take the

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Onward! Forward!

Je - sus! Sing-ing, Shout-ing, Of re-deem-ing
world for Je-sus! Sing-ing songs of glo - ry, Shout-ing out the sto - ry Of re-

love, Praise Him, Laud Him, O-ver ev'ry land and
deeming love, We'll praise Him, magnify Him, Laud Him, glorify Him, O - ver

sea, Un-til His praise shall fill the earth, And reach to heav'n a - bove.
land and sea, His praise

No. 97. The Lord Bless Thee.

G.

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee; The Lord bless thee and keep thee; The

Lord make His face shine upon thee, And be gra-cious un - to thee. A - men.

No. 98. Be Not Afraid.

W. W. How. J. S. Fearis.

1. When the dark waves, round us roll, And we look in vain for aid,
2. When we dim - ly trace Thy form, In mys-ter-ious clouds ar-rayed,
3. When we feel the end is near, Pass - ing in - to death's dark shade,

Speak, Lord, to the tremb-ling soul: "It is I, ... be not a-fraid!"
Be the ech - o of the storm: "It is I, ... be not a-fraid!"
May the voice be strong and clear: "It is I, ... be not a-fraid!"
It is I

Chorus.

"It is I, ... be not a - fraid!"
"It is I, be not a - fraid," it is I, It is I, be not a - fraid!

It is I, ... be not a - fraid; Speak, Lord,
It is I, it is I be not a - fraid;

to . . . . . the trembling soul, "It is I, be not a - fraid."
Speak, Lord, to

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No. 99. Sweet Communion.

SOP. OR TENOR AND ALTO. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I have a Friend so prec-ious, so ver - y dear to me, He
2. Sometimes I'm faint and wea - ry: He knows that I am weak, And
5. He knows how much I love Him, He knows I love Him well; But
3. I tell Him all my sor-rows, I tell Him all my joys, I
4. He knows How I am long-ing some wea - ry soul to win, And

loves me with a ten - der love, He loves so faith - ful - ly; I could not live
as He bids me lean on Him, His help I'll glad - ly seek; He leads me in
with what love He lov-eth me my tongue can nev-er tell; It is an ev-
tell Him all that pleas-es me, I tell Him what an-noys; He tells me what
so He bids me go and speak a lov - ing word for Him; He bids me tell

a - part from Him, I love to feel Him nigh; And so we dwell to-
a path of light be-neath a sun - ny sky; And so we walk to-
er - last - ing love, in ev - 'ry rich sup - ply; And so we love each
I aught to do, He tells me what to try; And so we talk to-
His won-drous love, and how He came to die; And so we work to-

geth-er, my Lord and I;
geth-er, my Lord and I; My Lord and I, my Lord and I.
oth - er, my Lord and I; My Lord and I, my Lord and I.
geth-er, my Lord and I;
geth-er, my Lord and I;

FINE. D. S.

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No. 100. Onward, Christian Soldiers!

1. Onward Christian sol - diers! marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a-
2. At the sign of tri - umph, Sa-tan's host doth flee; On then, Christian sol - diers, On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foun-da-tions quiv - er At the
3. Like a might-y ar - my moves the Church of God; Broth-ers, we are tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one
4. On-ward, then, ye peo - ple, join our hap - py throng, Blend with ours your voic - es In the tri - umph song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to

gainst the foe; For - ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban - ner go!
shout of praise; Broth-ers, lift your voic - es, Loud your an-thems raise.
bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
Christ, the King, This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.

CHORUS.

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

No. 101. The Dropping Rain.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. MARTIN A. ELLIOTT.

1. Hear the pat - ter, pat - ter of the summer rain Tap-ping, light-ly
2. There's a thirst-y blue-bird—there's a rob - in, too! If there were no
3. Like the gen - tle fall - ing of the drops of rain, Lit - tle words of

tap - ping on the win-dow pain; Wel-come, gen-tle show-er! Ev - 'ry lit - tle
showers, what d'you s'pose they'd do? Sun and rain to-geth - er, Clear and cloud-y
kind-ness help to com-fort pain; As the pleas-ant show-ers Bless the thirst-y

flow - er Nods a hap - py lit - tle "Thank you," For the summer rain.
weath-er, Make the earth so full of beau - ty, Fair and ev - er new.
flow - ers, Lov - ing words and deeds of mer - cy Nev-er fall in vain.

REFRAIN.

As the lit - tle drops of wa - ter re-fresh the thirst - y flow'rs,
Tap, tap, tap, tap, on the thirst - y flow'rs,

Lit - tle deeds of mer - cy com-fort us, in this world of ours.
Tap, tap, tap, tap, in this world of ours.

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No. 102. Coming Today.

E. E. HEWITT. VICTOR H. BENKE.

1. The chil - dren are com - ing to Je - sus to - day, His kind in - vi-
2. The chil - dren are com - ing to Him who can save, And help them the
3. The chil - dren are com - ing to fol - low the King, To path-ways of

ta-tion they've heard; . . . . And glad - ly they hast-en His call to o-
vic-t'ry to win, ... For Je - sus in mer - cy His life free - ly
wisdom and love; . . . . . In joy - ful ho - san - nas His prais - es shall

they've heard,

CHORUS.

bey, As - sured by His wel - com - ing word. . . .
gave, That they might be cleansed from all sin. . . . . They're com-ing to-day,
ring; Some day they shall see Him a - bove. . . . .

com - ing to-day, The chil-dren are com-ing to - day; . . . . They're

to - day;
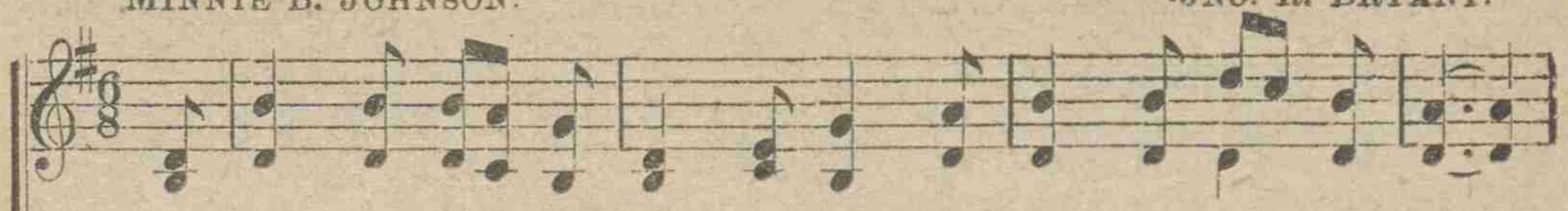
com-ing to-day, com-ing to-day, The chil-dren are com-ing to-day. . . . .

to - day.
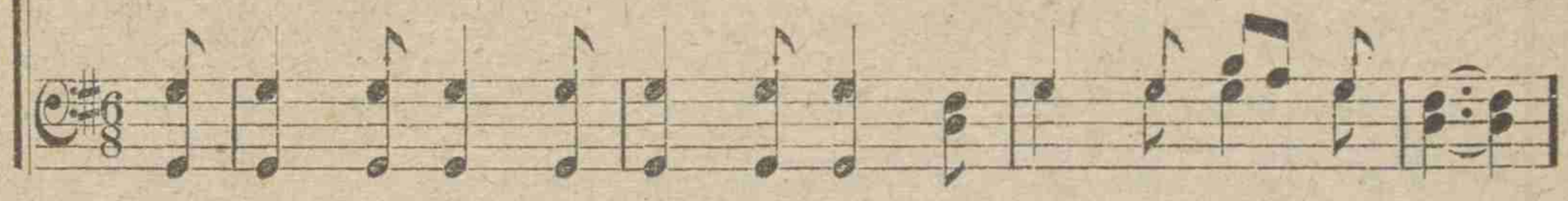
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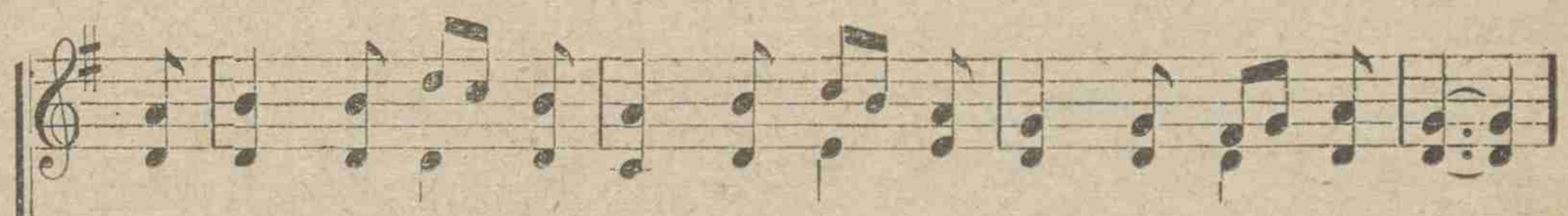
No. 103. Go Work To-day.

MINNIE B. JOHNSON. JNO. R. BRYANT.
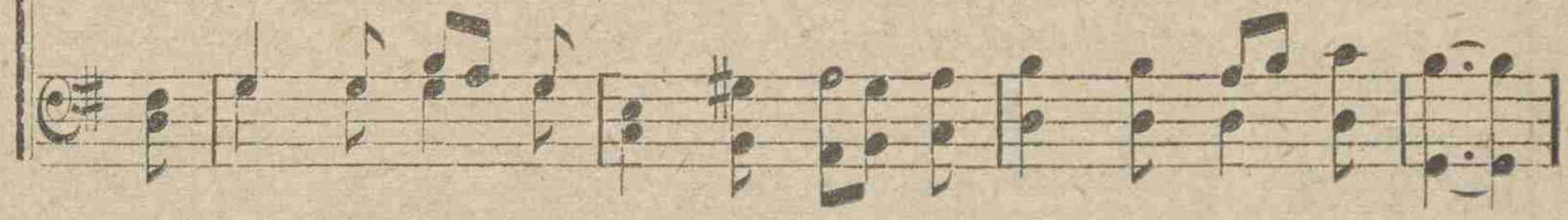


1. Be-hold the whit - ened har-vest - field With rip-ened grain doth stand,
2. The gold - en hours of morn-ing fly, And noon is com - ing on;
3. The wait - ing Sav - ior pleads a-gain:—My grain must gath - ered be,
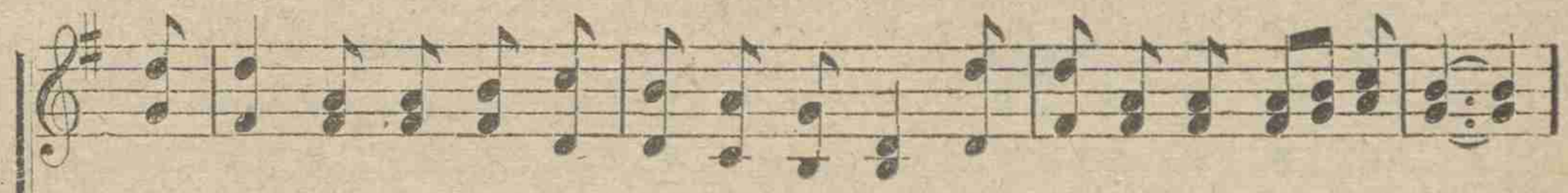




In - vit - ing you with bounteous yield; Why long - er i - dle stand?
The Mas-ter, who is wait - ing nigh For reap-ers, bids you come.
And souls of men be freed from sin; Oh! who will work for me?
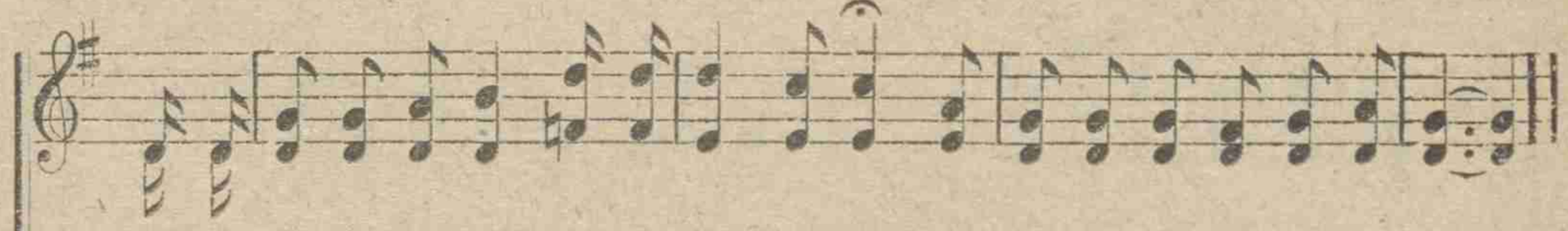


CHORUS.
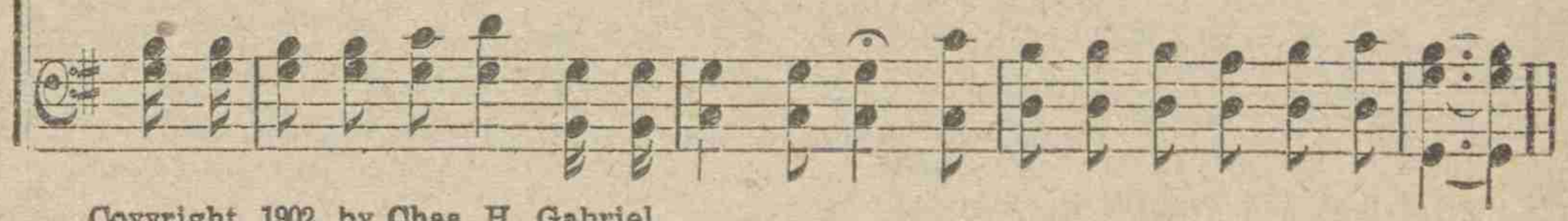


"Go work! go work in my vineyard to - day!" Go gath-er the gold-en grain!





If a soul you may turn from the downward way, Thy labor will not be in vain.



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No. 104. Believe On Christ.

Rev. H. S. PRATHER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. For God so loved the world, He gave His on - ly Son;
2. The Son, for love of man, For - sook His throne on high;
3. He suf - fered pain and grief Un - told, for you and me;
4. I now be - lieve His word, I now ac - cept His will;

And who - so - e'er be - lieves on Him, E - ter - nal life has won.
To save a wick - ed world, He deigned Up - on the cross to die.
With - out a mur - mur, bore our sins, And died on Cal - va - ry.
The joys of His sal - va - tion now My peace-ful spir - it thrill.

CHORUS.

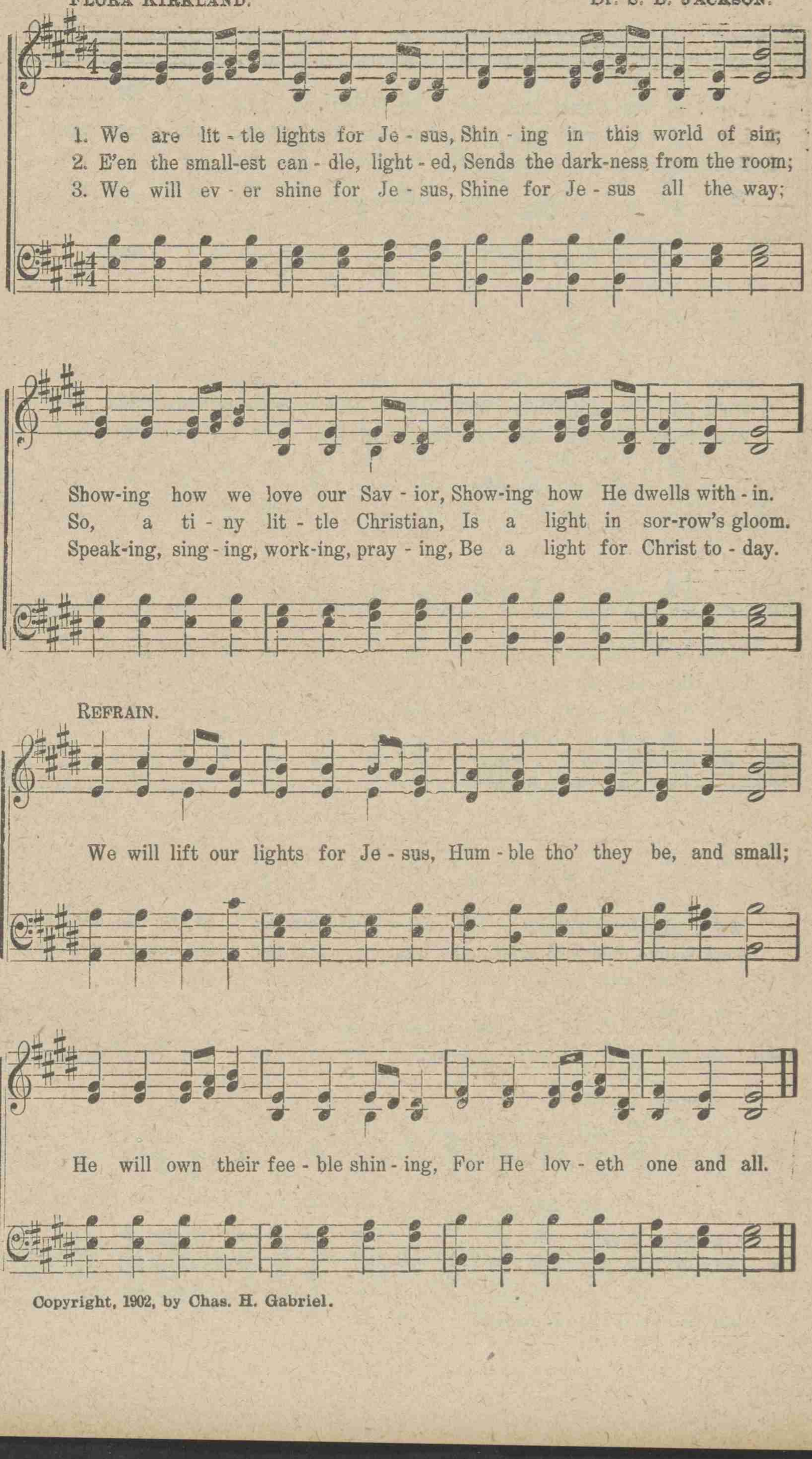
Be-lieve on Christ, the Lord, ... Be-lieve this ver - y hour, ...
be - lieve, be - lieve,

And feel the cleans-ing of His blood, And know His sav - ing pow'r

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No. 105. Little Lights.

FLORA KIRKLAND. DR. S. B. JACKSON.



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No. 106. Loyal and True.

LAURENE HIGHFIELD. KATHRYN LINEHAN.

1. Loy - al to Christ, our Sav - ior, Whom an - gels love to praise;
2. Loy - al in word and ac - tion, In thought and pur - pose true;
3. Faith - ful each mo - ment striv - ing To do our ver - y best;

Who rul - eth the world in wis - dom, Whose paths are pleas-ant ways;
We'll be so much like the Mas - ter, The world will own Him too;
We know He will aid our weak - ness, In Him our trust we rest;

Wher - e'er His hand may lead us, He guides with love, we know,
Our light shall shine so clear - ly, Re - flect - ing back His light,
Then earn - est, brave and stead - fast Up - on our way we go,

we know;

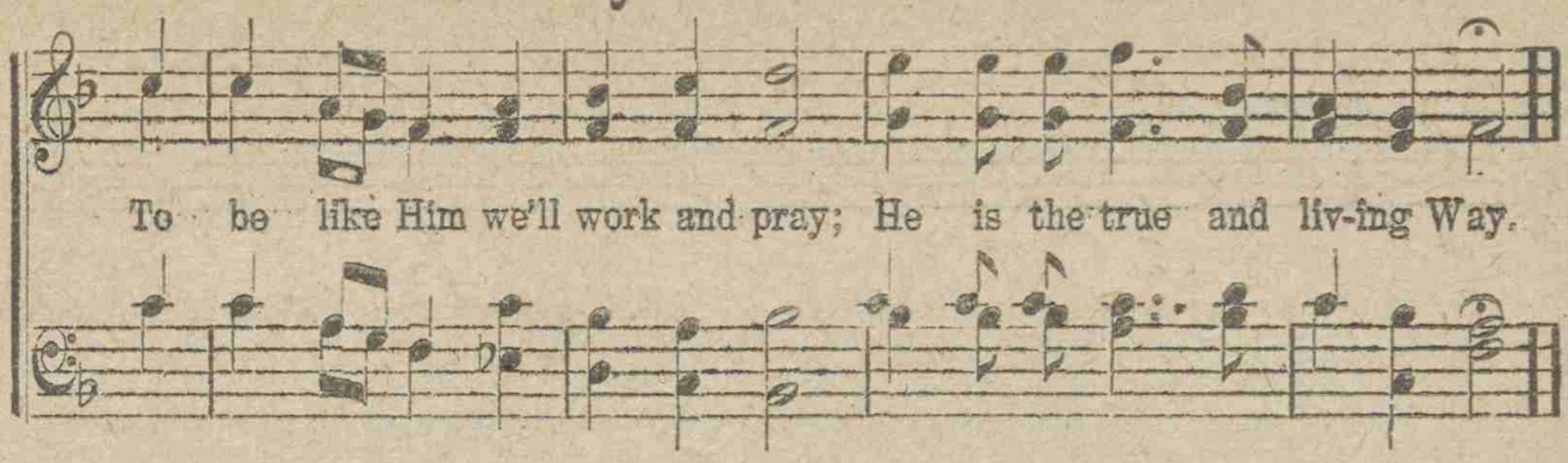
We glad - ly will do His bid - ding, Our loy - al - ty to show.
That hearts, fill'd with grief, and wear - y, May find the way grow bright.
Con - tent with our lot, if on - ly His fa - vor we may know.

CHORUS.

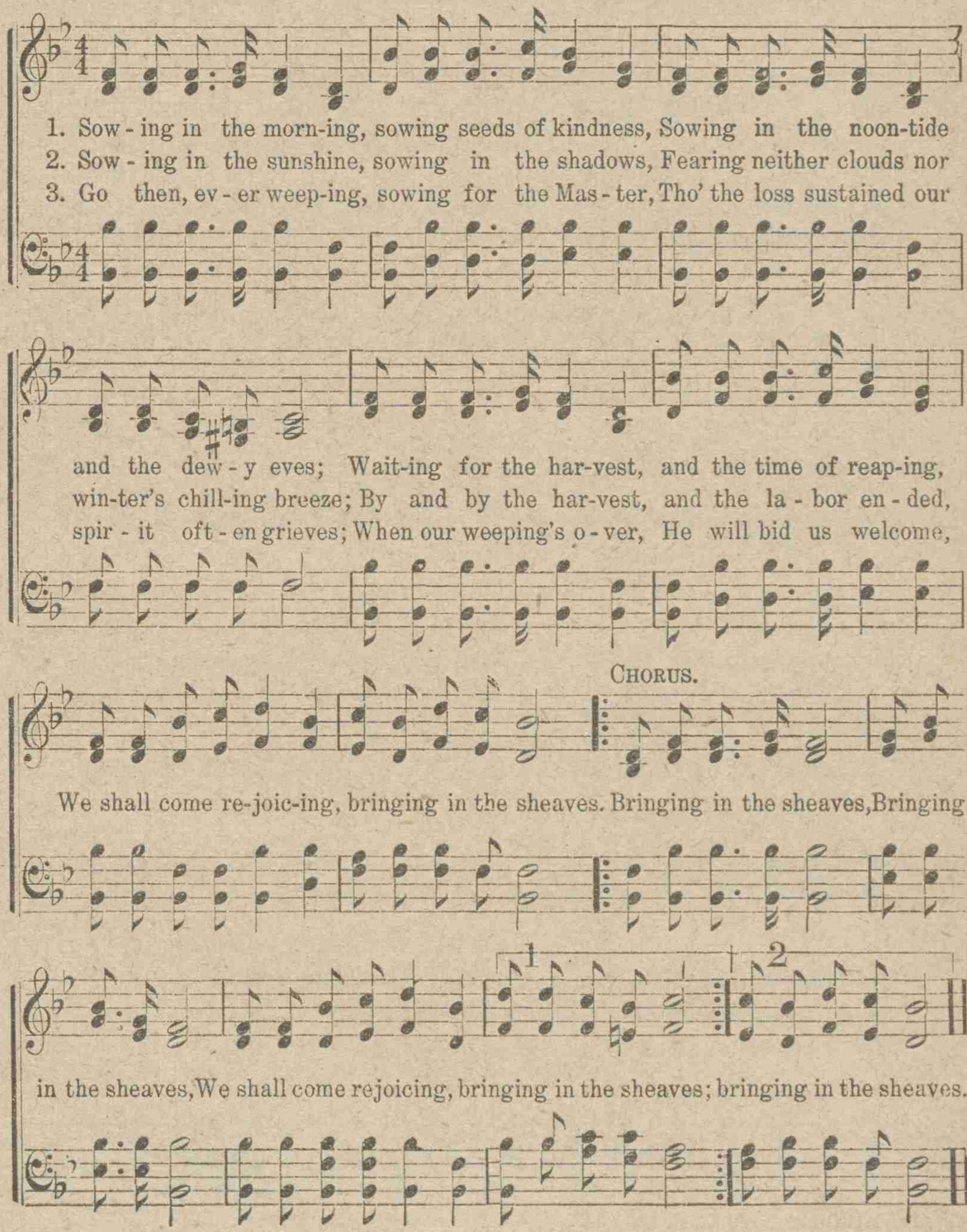
Loy - al and true! loy - al and true! Do - ing as Je - sus would have us do;

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Loyal and True.



No. 107. Bringing in the Sheaves.



No. 108. Will You Meet Me There?

FRED WOODROW. J. H. TENNEY.

1. There is a land be - yond the sea, A home prepar'd for you and me, Where
2. No sea-sons come and pass a - way; No night, but one e - ter - nal day Of
3. Oh, still a - jar the pear-ly gate, And yet the guardian an-gels wait; De-

sin or pain can nev - er be, Meet me there—will you meet me there? Where
beau - ty that shall last for aye—Meet me there—will you meet me there? There
cide be - fore it is too late—Meet me there—will you meet me there? Come!

Meet me there, meet me there, meet me there?

those who weep shall weep no more; Where storms of life and death are o'er— For-
hun - ger, cold, dis-tress and pain Are seen no more, or known a - gain; There
all who will may en - ter in, The soul be saved from death and sin; Yes,
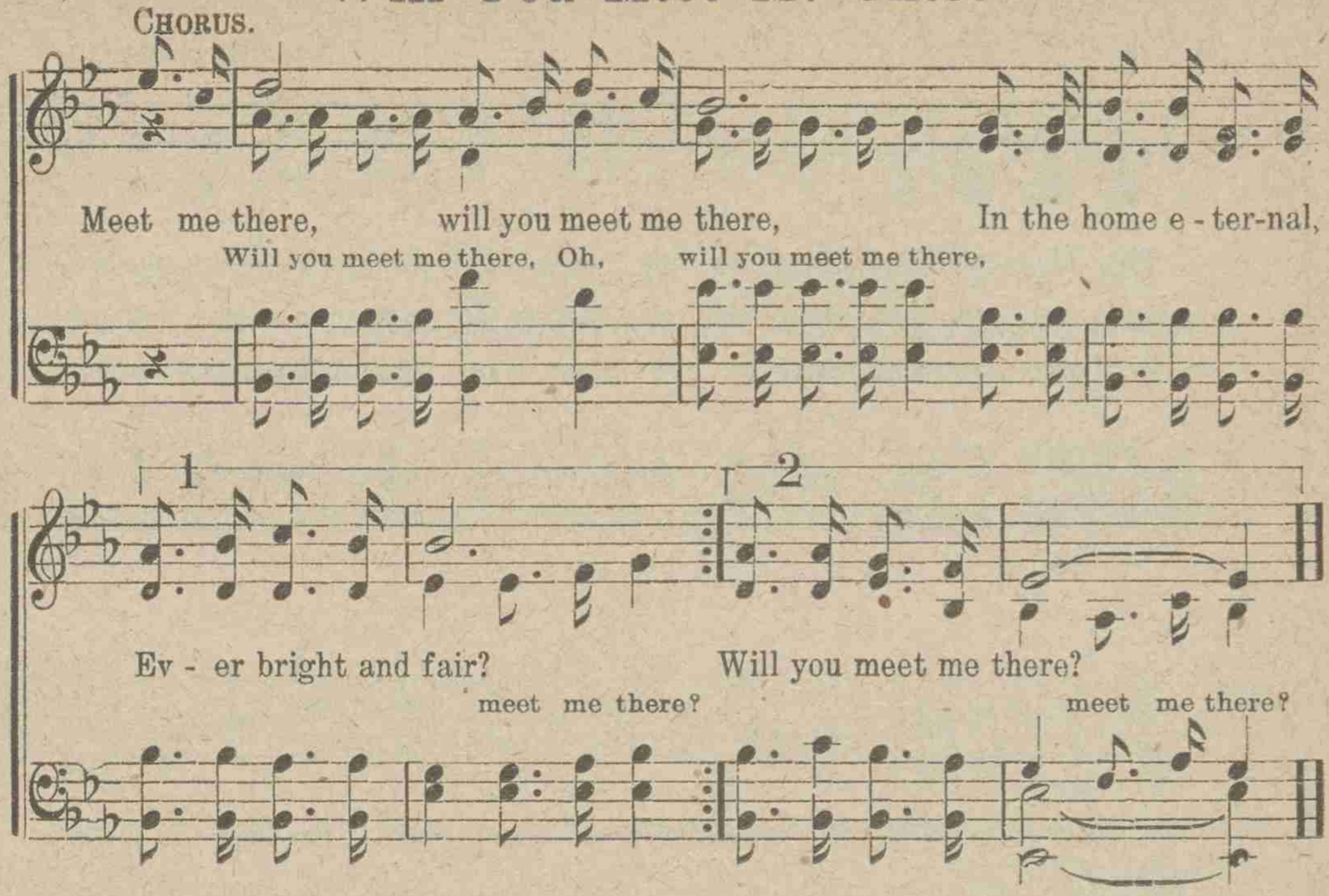
got - ten—on that shin-ing shore, Meet me there—will you meet me there?
an - gels walk the shin-ing plain, Meet me there—will you meet me there?
all a crown of life may win, Meet me there—will you meet me there?

Meet me there, meet me there, meet me there?

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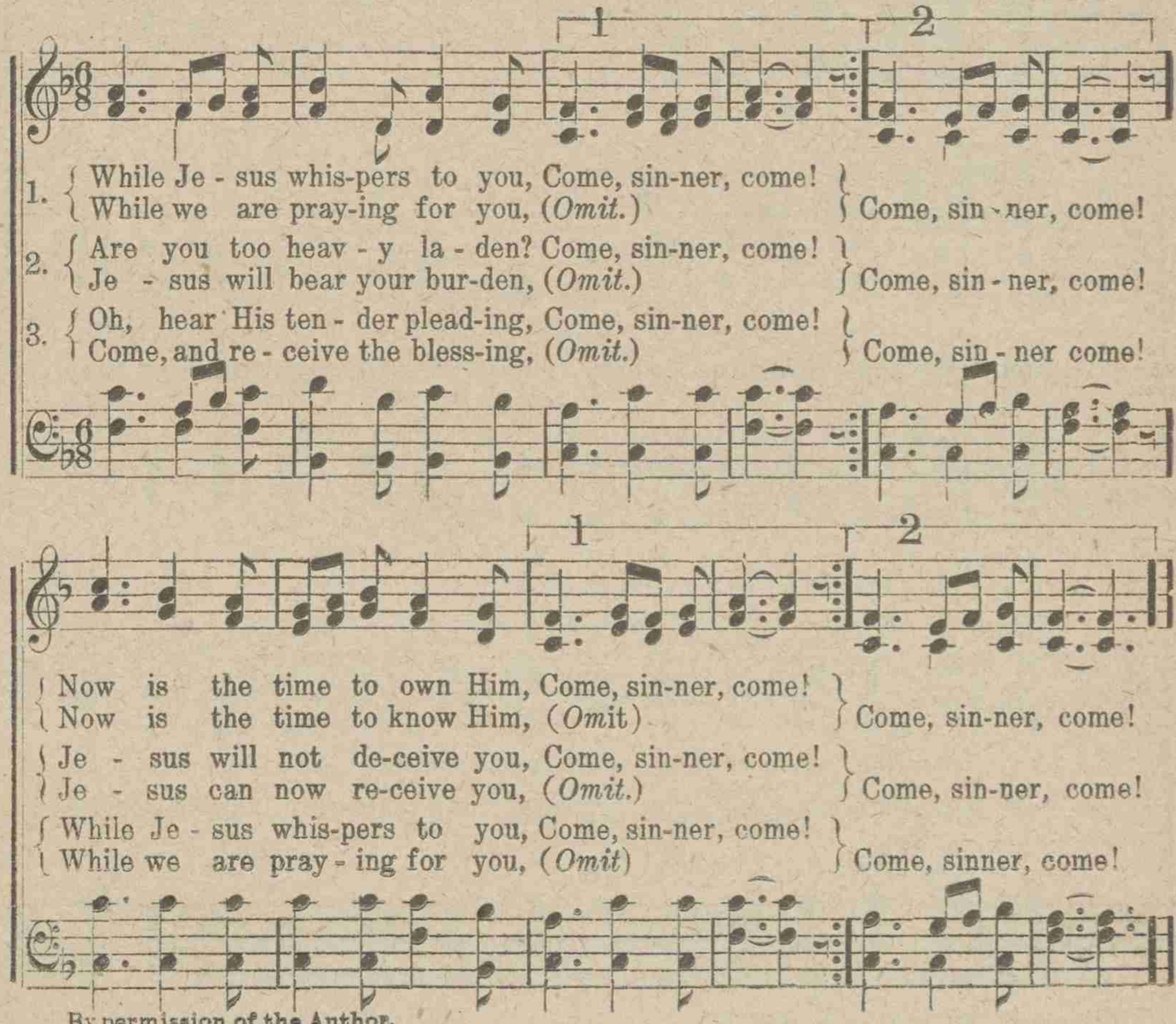
Will You Meet Me There?

CHORUS.



No. 109. While Jesus Whispers to You.

W. E. WITTER. H. R. PALMER.



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No. 110. The Rest of Faith.

MARIAN W. HUBBARD. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. The bless-ed Com - fort - er has come, And dwells with - in my breast;
2. It is not that there are no storms To rage a - bout my path,
3. I am so weak, and so I lean On His strong arm a - lone;

My Sav - ior keeps His prom-ise true, And gives me per - fect rest.
But One su-preme reigns in my heart, And stills the tem-pest's wrath.
The grace that keeps me is the same That for my sins a - tone.

CHORUS.

And oh, I love Him ev - 'ry day, I cast on Him my care,

And know His sym - pa-thiz - ing love, Will all my bur-dens bear.

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No. 111. Nearer the Cross.

F. J. CROSBY. Mrs. J. F. KNAPP.

1. "Near - er the cross!" my heart can say, I am com-ing near-er, Near-er the
2. Near - er the Christian's mer - cy-seat, I am com-ing near-er, Feasting my
3. Near - er in pray'r my hope as-pires, I am com-ing near-er, Deep - er the
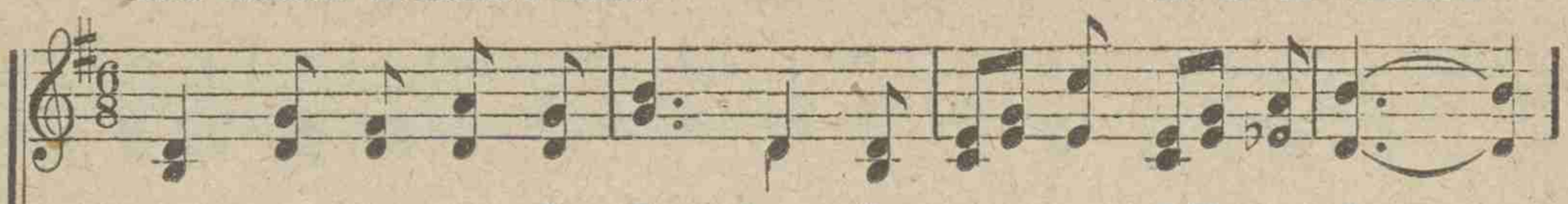
cross from day to day, I am com-ing near-er; Near - er the cross where
soul on man - na sweet, I am com-ing near-er; Strong-er in faith, more
love my soul de-sires, I am com-ing near-er; Near - er the end of

Je - sus died, Near - er the fount-ain's crim-son tide, Near - er my Sav - ior's
clear I see Je - sus who gave Him-self for me; Near - er to Him I
toil and care, Near - er the joy I long to share, Near - er the crown I

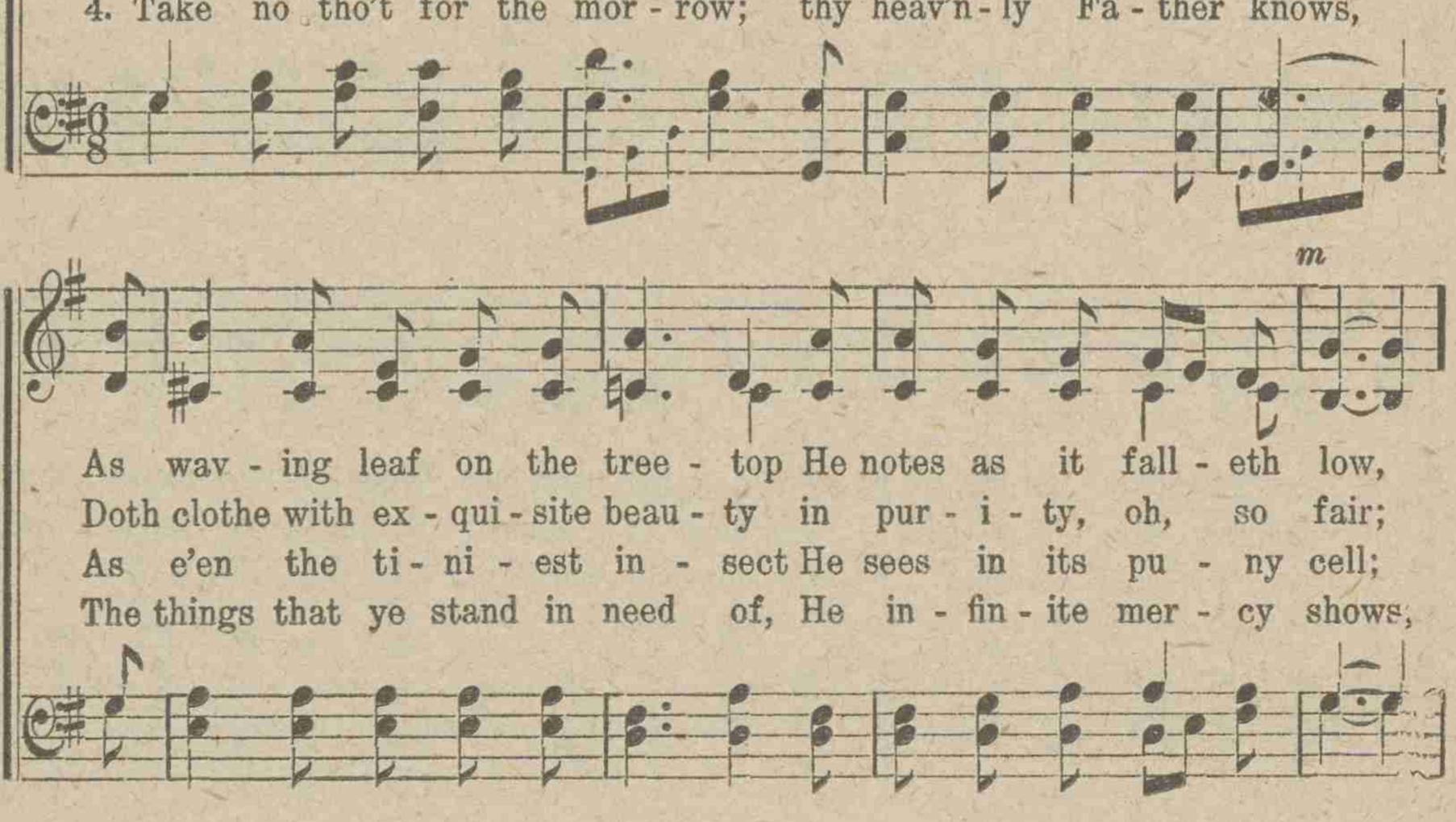
wound-ed side, I am com - ing near - er, I am com - ing near - er.
still would be, Still I'm com - ing near - er, Still I'm com - ing near - er.
soon shall wear; I am com - ing near - er, I am com - ing near - er.

No. 112. He Careth For Me!

Mrs. Grace Wieser Davis. Dr. H. R. Palmer.

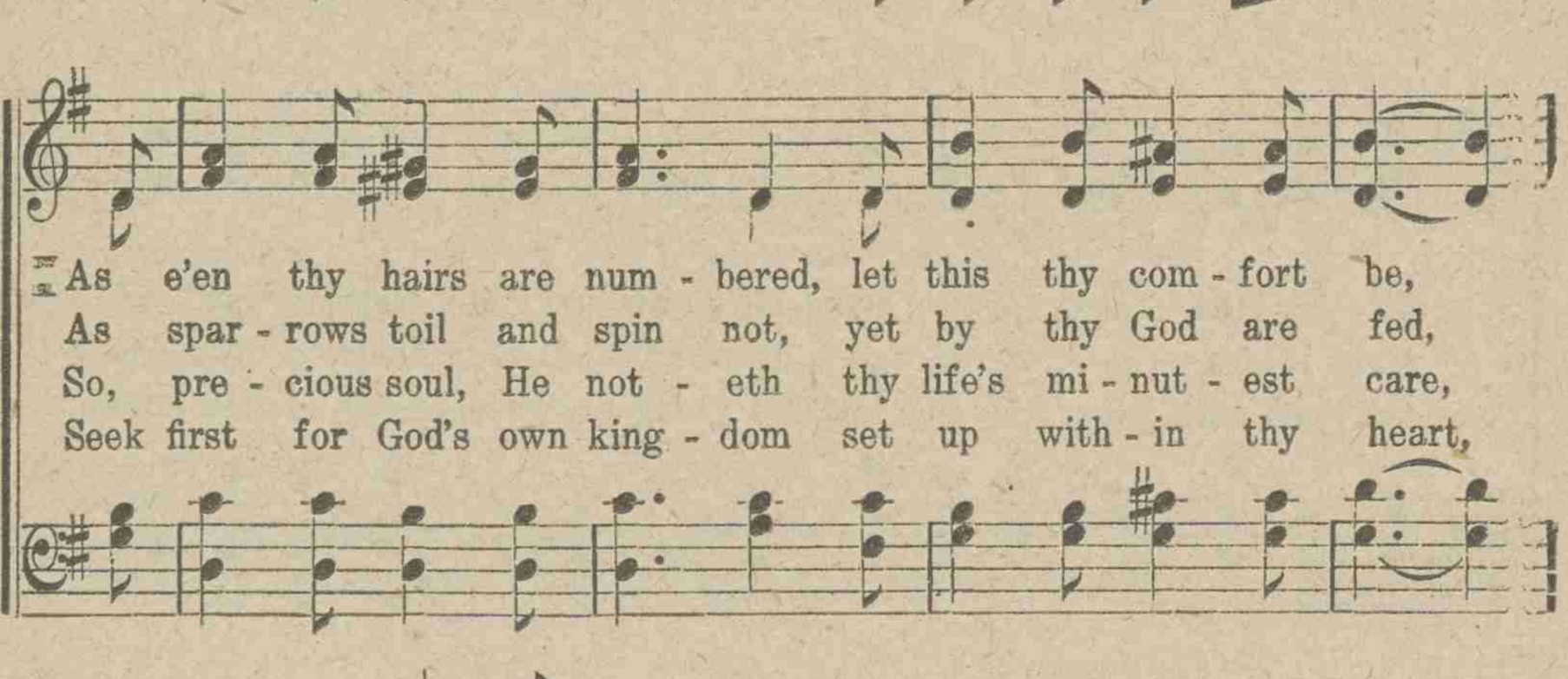


1. As our heav - en - ly Fa - ther the spar-row's fall doth know
2. As our heav - en - ly Fa - ther for lil - ies too doth care,
3. As our heav - en - ly Fa - ther the grass doth clothe so well;
4. Take no tho't for the mor - row; thy heav'n - ly Fa - ther knows,

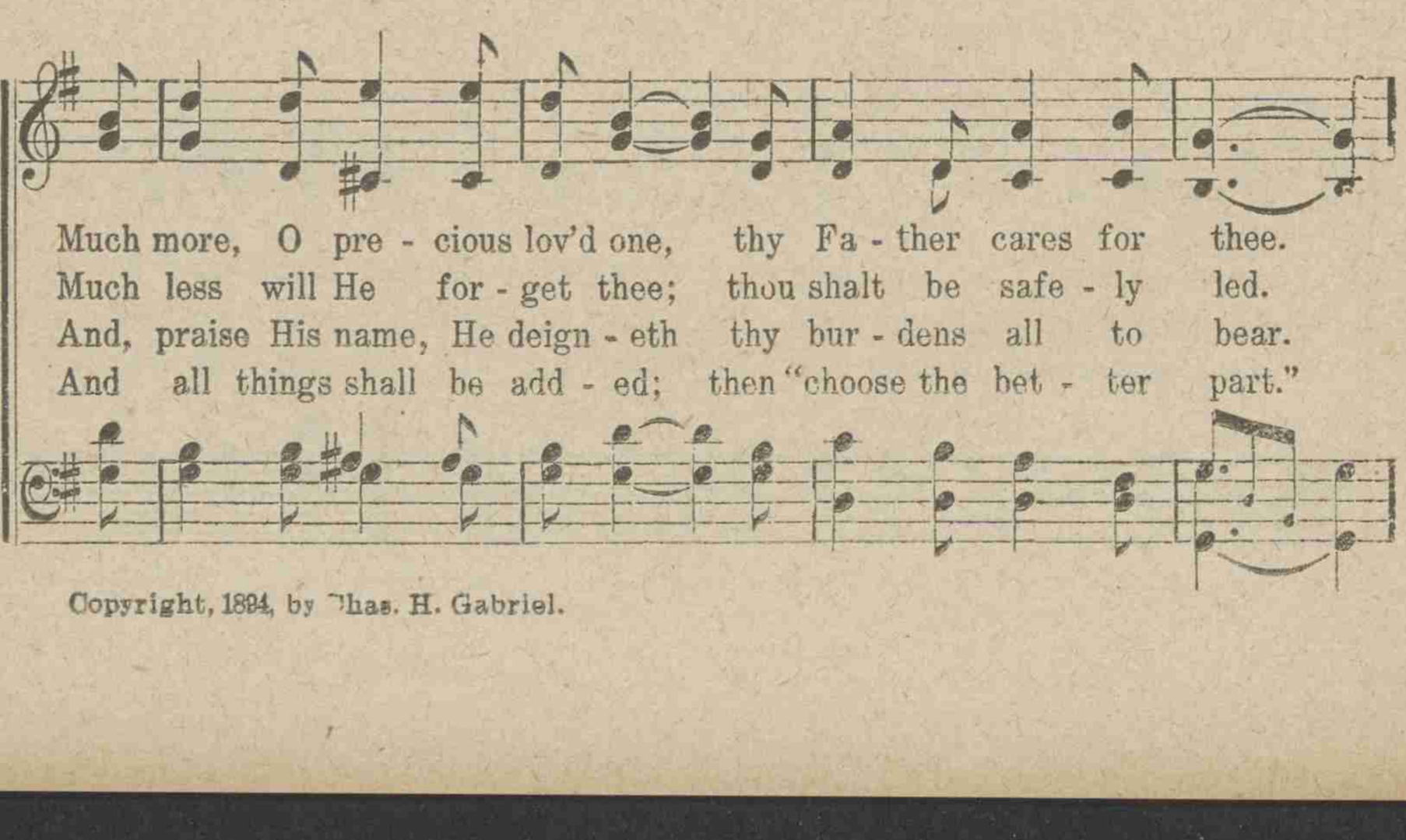


m

As wav - ing leaf on the tree - top He notes as it fall - eth low,
Doth clothe with ex - qui - site beau - ty in pur - i - ty, oh, so fair;
As e'en the ti - ni - est in - sect He sees in its pu - ny cell;
The things that ye stand in need of, He in - fin - ite mer - cy shows;



As e'en thy hairs are num - bered, let this thy com - fort be,
As spar - rows toil and spin not, yet by thy God are fed,
So, pre - cious soul, He not - eth thy life's mi - nut - est care,
Seek first for God's own king - dom set up with - in thy heart,



Much more, O pre - cious lov'd one, thy Fa - ther cares for thee.
Much less will He for - get thee; thou shalt be safe - ly led.
And, praise His name, He deign - eth thy bur - dens all to bear.
And all things shall be add - ed; then "choose the bet - ter part."

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He Careth for Me!

p CHORUS. f Cres. ff

He cares for me! He cares for me! Sing to thy-self each day!

f p Cres. Dim. p

He cares for me! He cares for me! In all things, and all-way.

No. 113. The Great Physician.

Rev. J. H. STOCKSON.

1. The great Phy-si-cian now is near, The sym-pa-thiz-ing Je-sus;
2. Your ma-ny sins are all for-giv'n, O, hear the voice of Je-sus;
3. All glo-ry to the dy-ing Lamb! I now be-lieve in Je-sus;
4. And when to that bright world a-bove, We rise to see our Je-sus

:S: FINE.

He speaks the droop-ing heart to cheer, O, hear the voice of Je-sus.
Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je-sus.
I love the bless-ed Sav-ior's name, I love the name of Je-sus.
We'll sing a-round the throne of love His name, the name of Je-sus.

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

REFRAIN D. S

Sweet-est note of ser-aph song, Sweet-est name on mor-tal tongue.

No. 114. A Happy Day.

Rev. NEAL A. McAULAY. Dr. S B. JACKSON.

1. When I gave my heart to Je - sus, Then to walk the nar - row way,
2. When I saw His cross up - lift - ed, Where His life-blood ebbed a - way,
3. When I saw Him rise vic - to - rious, From the tomb where in He lay,
4. When I felt His ho - ly Spir - it, Wash-ing all my sins a - way,

When I vowed to do His bid - ding 'Twas for me a hap - py day.
When I knelt in deep con - tri - tion, 'Twas for me a hap - py day.
When I saw Him pass to glo - ry, 'Twas for me a hap - py day.
When He filled me with His good-ness, 'Twas for me a hap - py day.

CHORUS.

I am hap - py, . . . I am hap - py, ... For He
oh, so hap - py, in His love, ...

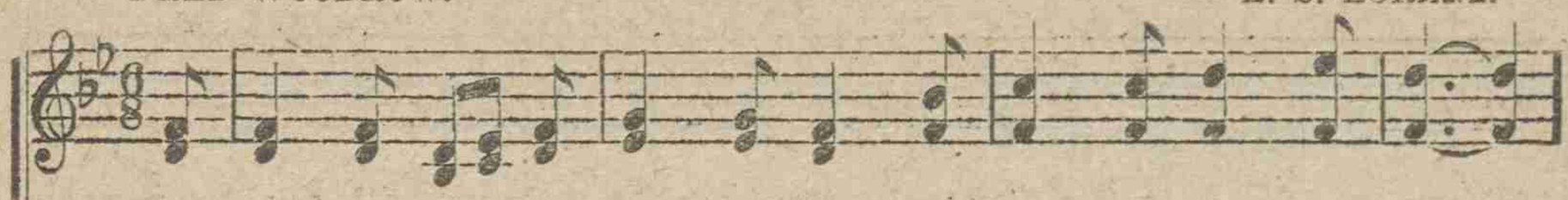
keeps me day by day; I am hap - py, . . .
hap - py, hap - py, hap - py all the day; oh, so hap-py,

I am hap - py, . . . Hap - py in the new and liv - ing way.
in His love,
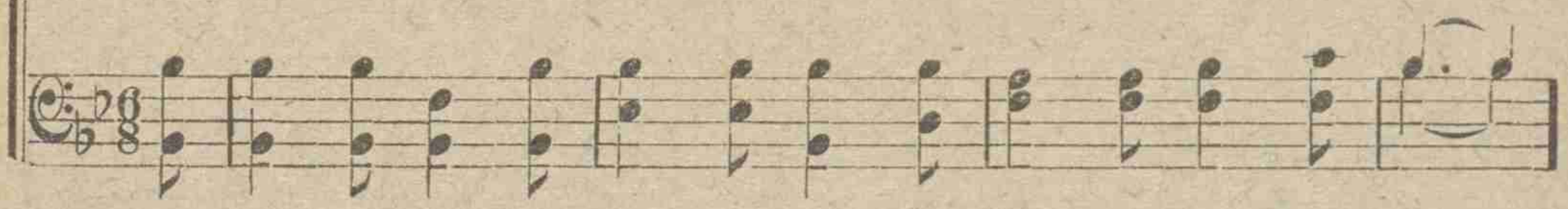
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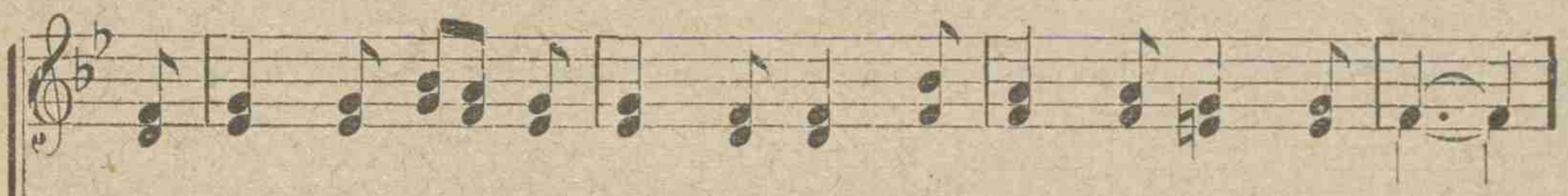
No. 115. Our Fathers' God.

FRED WOODROW. E. S. LORENZ.
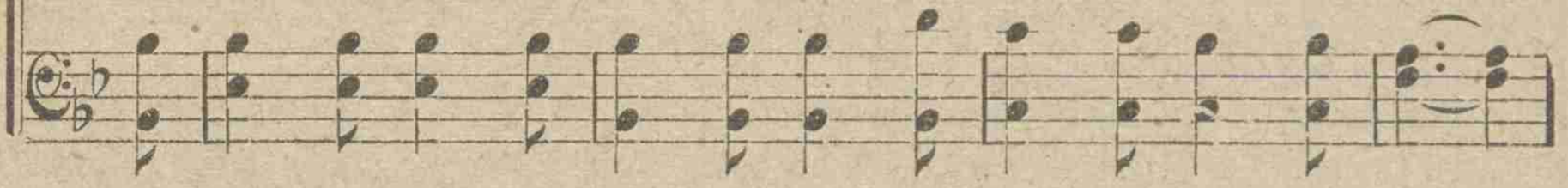


1. Our Fa - thers trust-ed in the Lord, He was their ref - uge strong;
2. For faith, and truth, and love of God, They fought the ho - ly fight,—
3. They, one by one, have cross'd the flood, And reach'd the Ca - naan shore;
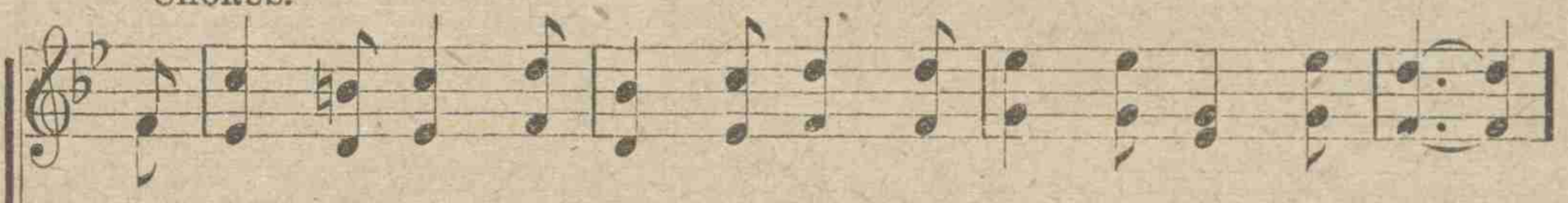




Their com - fort - er in gloom - y days, Their hope, their joy and song.
The sen - ti - nels on Zi - on's walls, And watch-ers in the night.
And, one by one, we fol - low on To those who've gone be - fore.
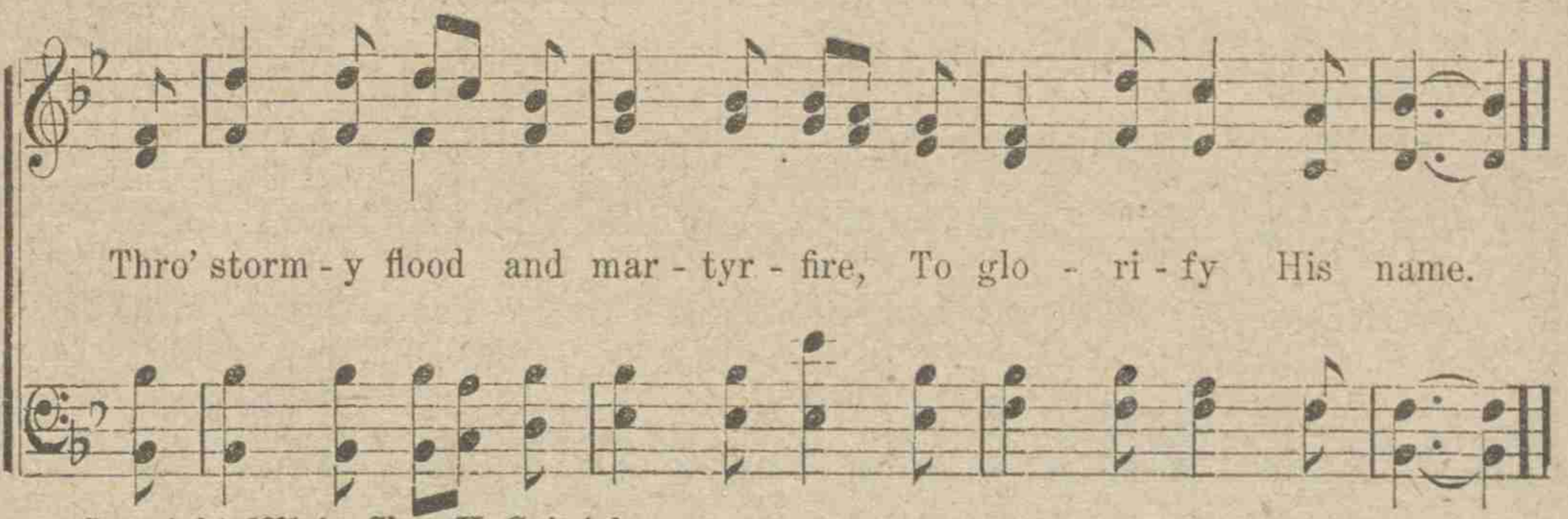


CHORUS.



For Him they lived,—for Him they died, And con - quer - ors they came



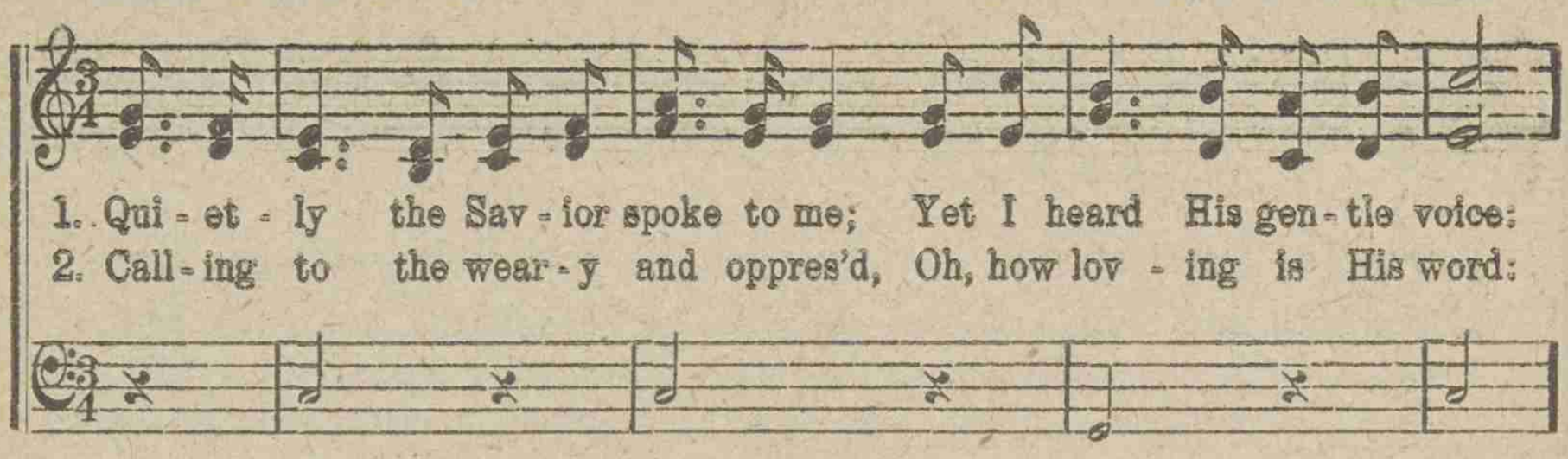


Thro' storm - y flood and mar - tyr - fire, To glo - ri - fy His name.

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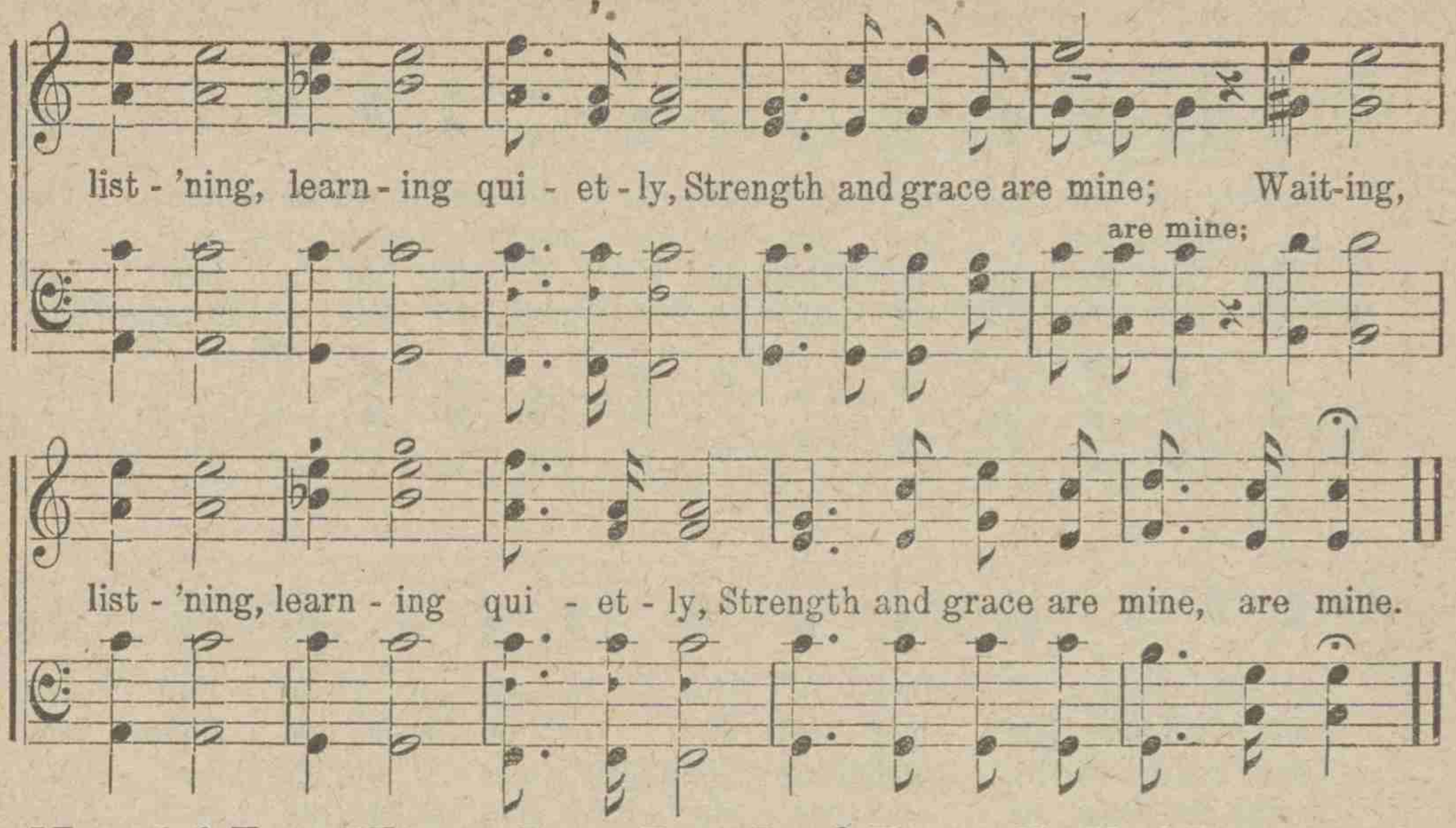
No. 116. The Savior's Voice.

MARY GILBERT-WRAY. Duet for Tenor and Alto. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

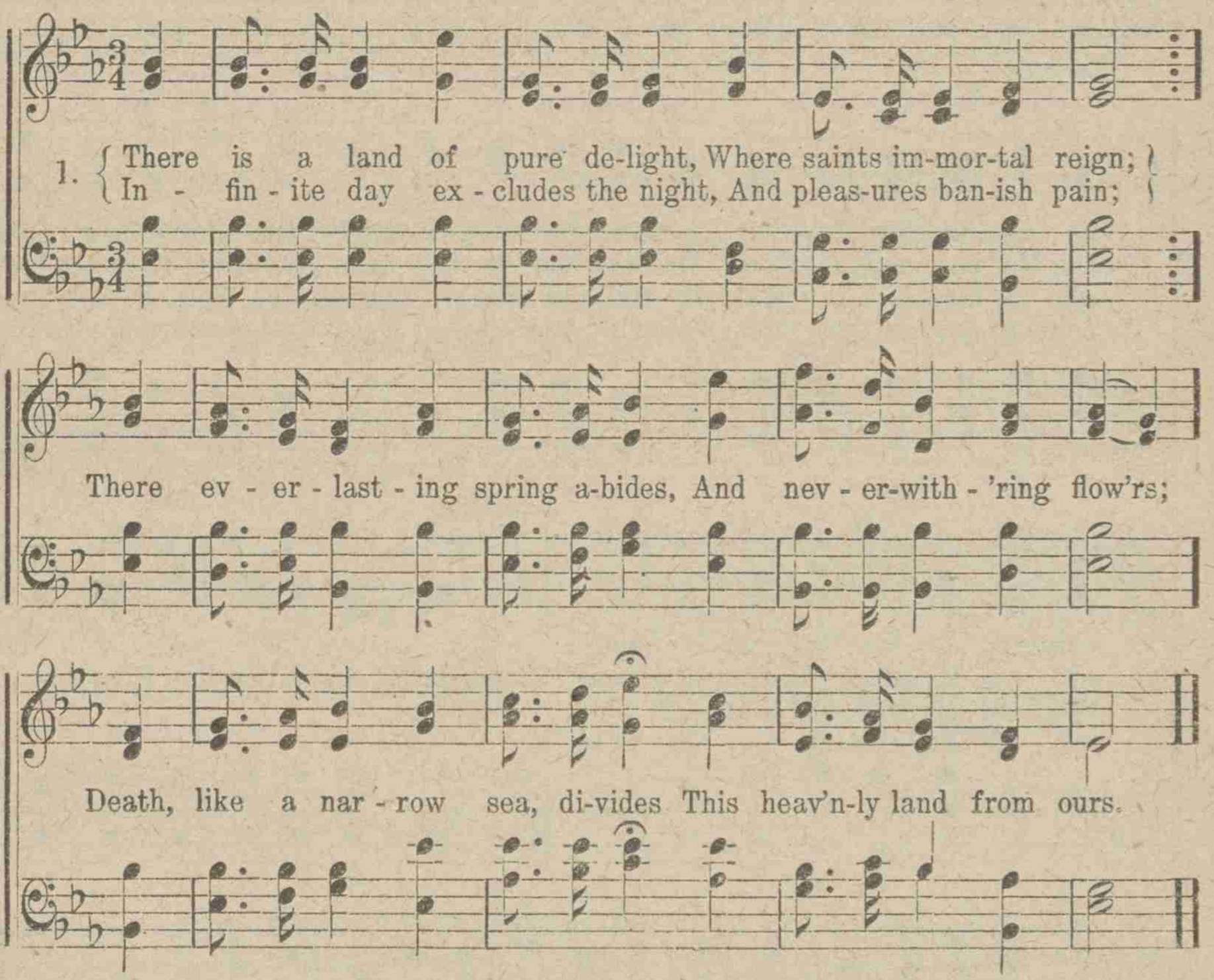


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The Savior's Voice.



No. 117. There Is a Land of Pure Delight.



2 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between;
But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

3 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes;
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

No. 118. There's No One Like My Savior.

Rev. S. H. PRATHER. C. D. EMERSON.

1. There's no one like my Sav - ior, Of all who earth have trod, The al - to - geth - er love - ly, The im-age of our God. There's
2. He found me a poor sin - ner, A lost, de - spair - ing one, If left with-out His mer - cy, For ev - er - more un - done. But
3. With right-eous-ness He clothed me, Cre - a - ting me a - new; And now my heart He sprinkles With heav'n's re - fresh - ing dew. Oh,
4. And now the old, old sto - ry, I pant to tell a - broad,— The name and fame of Je - sus, My King, my Lord, my God. Oh,

no one like my Sav - ior A-mong the an-gels bright; His glo-ry their's out-
Oh, He had com-pas-sion! He took me by the hand, And said "Thou art for-
glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! My will to His re - signed, The Spir - it is trans-
come to-day, ye sin - ners, Come all with one ac - cord; Re-nounce your sins for-

CHORUS.

shin-eth, As day out-shin-eth night.
giv - en, My grace will help thee stand." Some day I shall be like Him, Im-
form-ing My soul, and heart, and mind.
ev - er And call up - on the Lord.

mor-tal, glo-ri - fied, And see Him robed in splendor, My Lord, once cru-ci-fied.

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No. 119. The Christian Soldier.

E. L. A. E. L. ASHFORD.

1. We're sol - diers in the ar - my of the Lord, We march to
2. Tho' foes, a count - less num-ber, fill the land, For God, and
3. Our cause is ho - ly, and we fear no foe; Thro' Christ all

bat - tle at His ho - ly word; Since Christ, our val - iant Cap-tain,
truth, and right we'll no - bly stand; Our trust shall ev - er in our
e - vil we will o - ver - throw; Then, when the bat - tle's o - ver,

leads us on, The glo - rious vic - to - ry will soon be won.
Lead - er be,— With Him we'll march a - way to vic - to - ry.
we shall sing Ho - san - na in the pres-ence of our King.

CHORUS.

As we march, as we march, With our ban-ners brightly gleaming in the
Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, we brave - ly march a-

sun, As we march, as we march, Soon the glorious vict'ry will be won.
long; tramp, tramp, Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,

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No. 120. The Border-Land.

LAURENE HIGHFIELD. KATHRYN LINEHAN.

1. We are stand-ing on a mys - tic bor - der-land, (the bor - der land,)
2. We are stand-ing just be - side a silent stream, (a si - lent stream,)
3. We are wea - ry and our spir - its oft - en long, (so oft - en long,)

And a - cross, just be-yond our sight Faith as-sures us that the heav'nly mansions
Whose dark wa - ters glide swiftly by, But our aching eyes can catch a gold-en
For the home just across death's tide, Where the host ang-el - ic sing their hap-py

stand, (the mansions stand,) In a cit - y of fade - less light; And, by
gleam,(a gold - en gleam,) From the land where our treas-ures lie; For the
song, (their hap - py song,) And no grief can fond hearts di - vide; We are

list-'ning close-ly, we can some-times hear, (we some - times hear,) The
Fa-ther's glo - ry light-eth all the place, (the hap - py place,) That
wait-ing till we hear the Mas - ter's call, (the Mas - ter's call,) To

mus - ic of that home of love, As the an - gels play in tones so sweet and
need-eth neith-er sun nor star, Lonely hearts grow warm, and glow with joy and
join our lov'd and lost once more, They have on - ly cross'd before us—that is

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The Border-Land.

clear, (so sweet and clear,) On their harps in that land a - bove.
peace, (with joy and peace,) In the light from the land a - far.
all, (yes, that is all,) They will wait on the oth - er shore.

CHORUS.

Soft - ly steal - ing, floating o'er the waters dark and still, ...
Soft - ly steal-ing, soft-ly steal-ing, so dark and still,

Heav'n - ly mu - sic, Comes with hope our hearts to fill. . . . .
Heav'n - ly mu - sic, heav'n - ly mu - sic, long - ing hearts to fill.

No. 121. My Prayer.

1. Ho - ly Fa-ther, hear my cry; Ho - ly Sav - ior, bend Thine ear;
2. Fa-ther save me from my sin; Sav - ior, I Thy mer - cy crave;
3. Fa-ther, let me taste Thy love; Sav - ior, fill my soul with peace;

Ho - ly Spir - it, come Thou nigh; Fa-ther, Sav - ior, Spir - it, hear.
Gra-cious Spir - it, make me clean: Fa-ther, Son, and Spir - it, save.
Spir - it, come, my heart to move; Fa-ther, Son, and Spir - it, bless.

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No. 122. Help the World to Love Him!

JAMES ROWE. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. If the Sav - ior helps you bear Ev - 'ry sor - row, ev - 'ry care, If He
2. If He helps you to de - feat All the en - e - mies you meet— If He
3. If He turned your way-ward feet, And you found His par - don sweet, If you

keeps your path-way fair; Help the world to love Him! Let your love for Him be
keeps you pure and sweet, Help the world to love Him! Ev - 'ry day your Sav - ior
find His love com-plete, Help the world to love Him! Let your heart be swelled with

strong; Praise Him as you go a - long; Mag - ni - fy Him to the throng;
own; Make your joy to o - thers known; Keep it not for self a lone;
praise; Strive His stand-ard high to raise; Love Him, serve Him all your days;

CHORUS.

Help the world to love Him! Let your love for Him be strong; Praise Him as you

go a - long; Mag - ni - fy Him to the throng; Help the world to love Him!

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No. 123. Gather in the Grain.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER, JAMES MCGRANAHAN

1. Go, gath - er in the gold-en grain, for, lo! 'tis har - vest time; The call comes ring-ing o'er the world from ev - 'ry land and clime. The fields are white to har - vest, but the reap-ers,—where are they? Up! for the Lord of har - vest calls to work, to work to - day!

2. Go, gath - er in the gold-en grain, —a faith-ful reap - er be; Take down the rust - y sick - le, for the Lord hath need of thee. Go out into the high-ways and the hedg - es ev - 'ry-where, And gath-er in the precious sheaves that lie neg-lect - ed there. Go, gath-er in the grain from valley, hill and plain; Make no delay, the call o-bey—Go, gather in the grain.

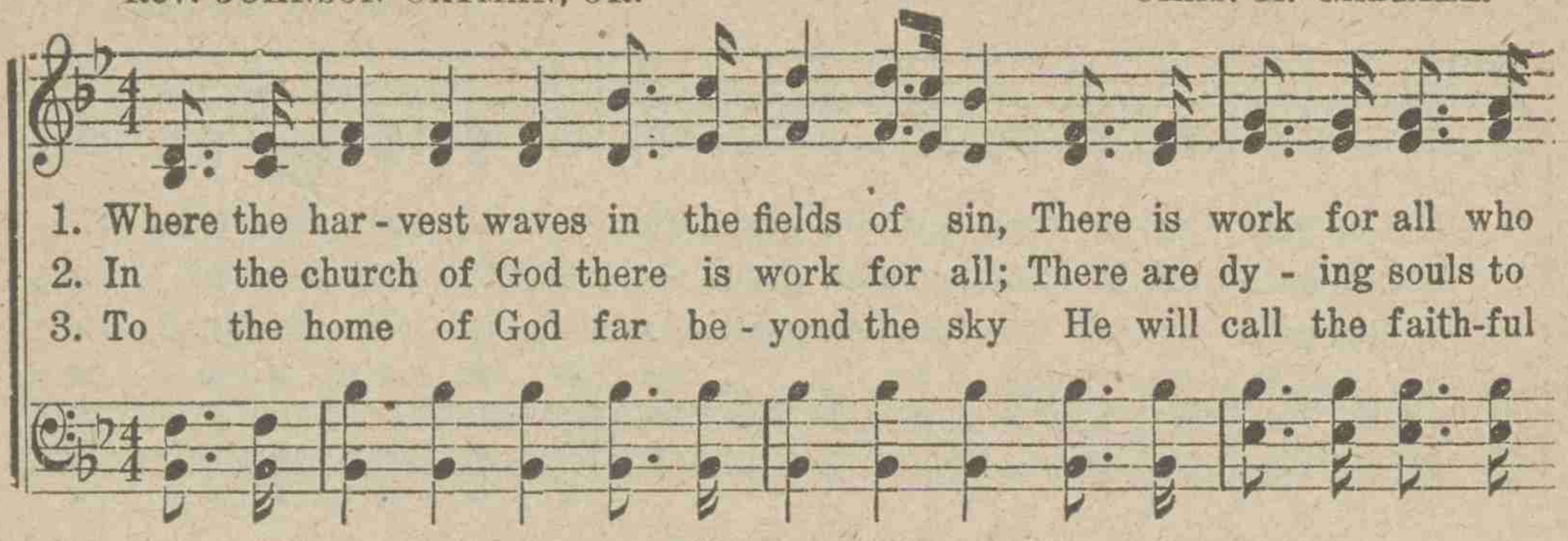
3. Go, gath - er in the gold-en grain,—your du - ty is as-signed; Be faith - ful in the cause of right,—the good of hu - man kind. Go, speak a word of com-fort sweet to some one in dis - tress, And He who raised the wid - ow's son, a - bund - ant - ly will bless.

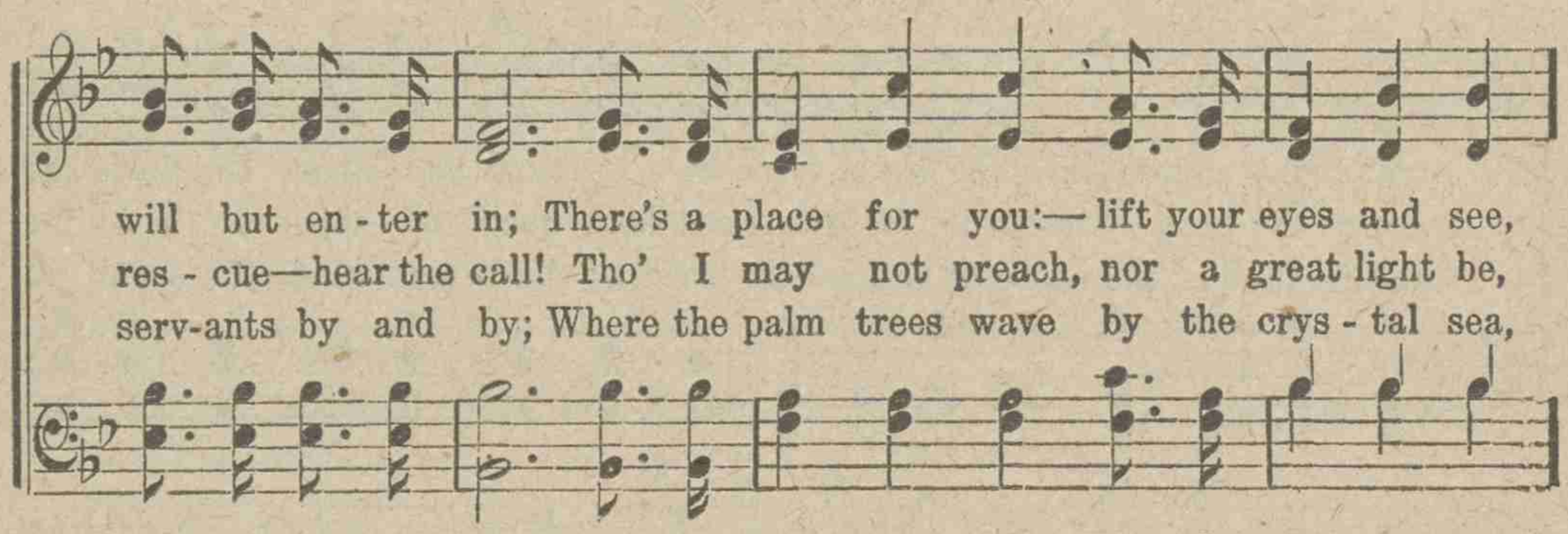
CHORUS.

Music Copyright, 1875, by Z. M. Parvin.
Words and re-issue of Music Copyright, 1894, by Chas. H. Gabriel, owner.

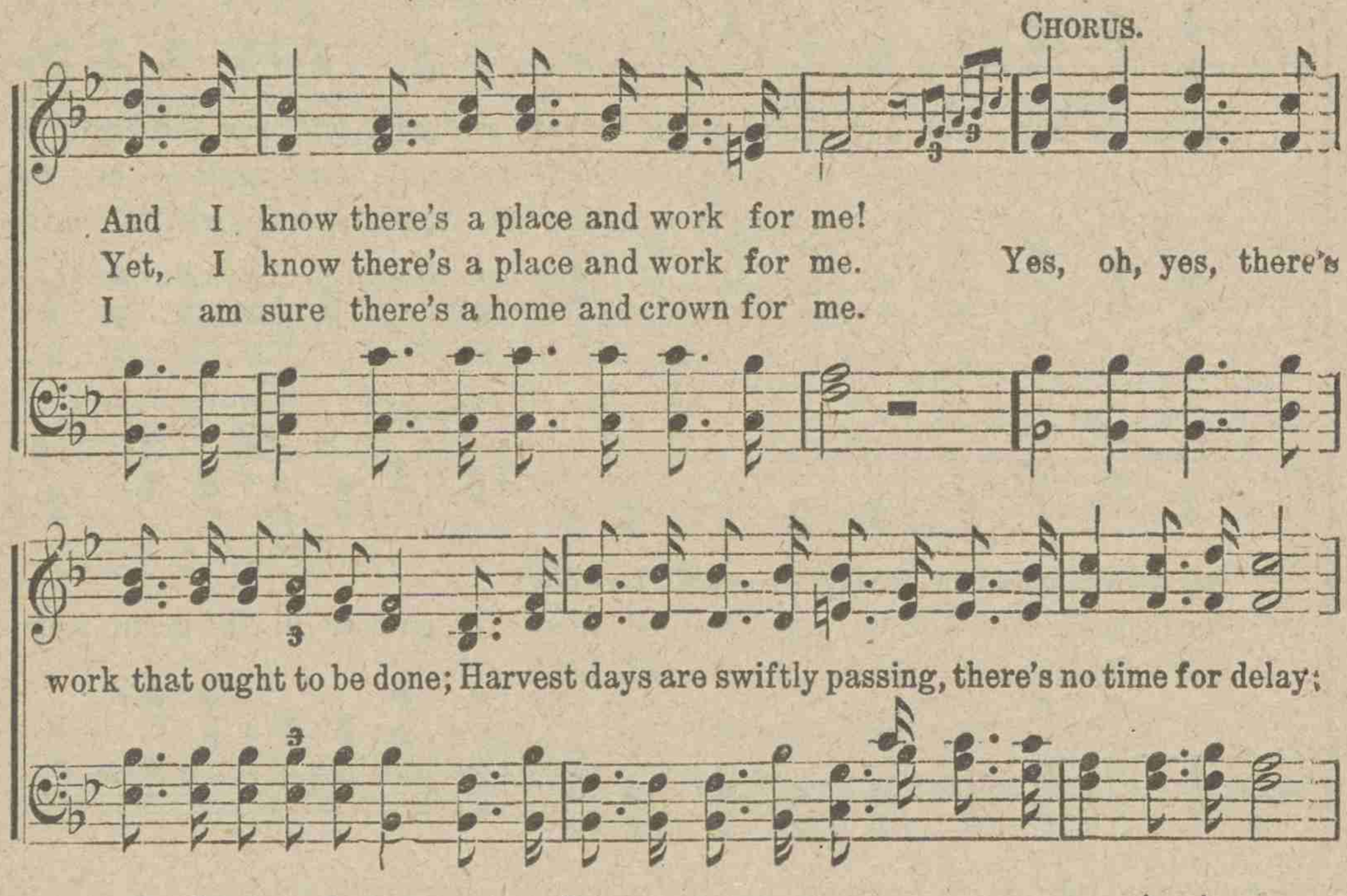
No. 124. A Place and Work For Me.

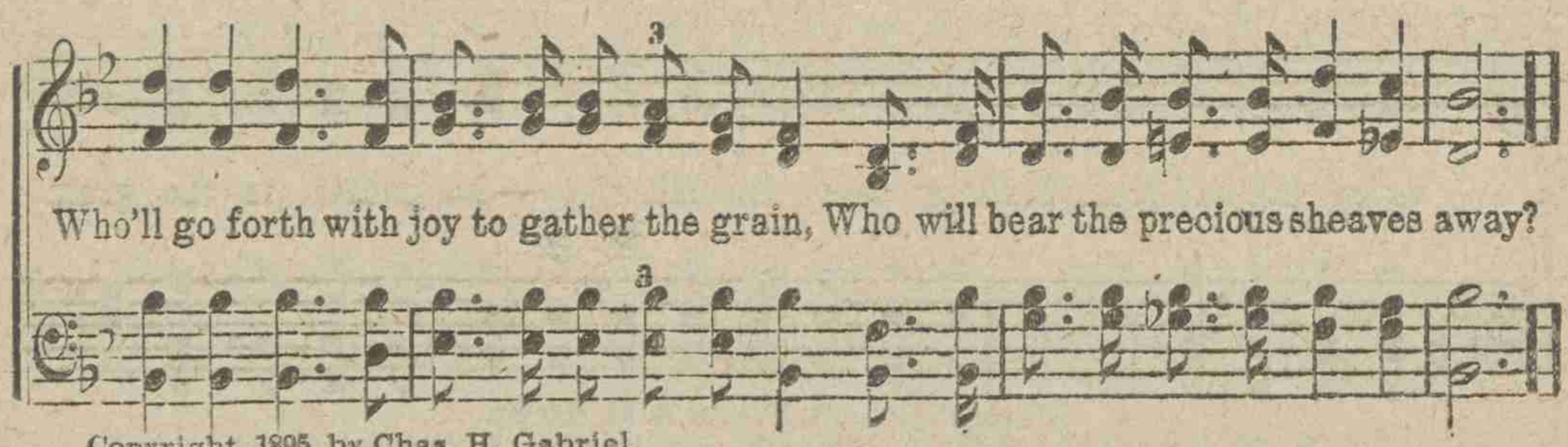
Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.





CHORUS.





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No. 125. Do You Hope to be There?

E. G. Y. EDNA G. YOUNG.

1. You have heard ma - ny times of that cit - y so fair, Whence trav'lers pass o - ver each day; You have heard it from pul - pit, and list-ened to songs
2. It re - quires nei-ther wealth or po - si - tion to gain An en-trance a- bun-dance there-in; But if you would be called with the chos-en of God,
3. Have you friends o - ver there who are wait-ing for you, And watch at the beau - ti - ful gate; Oh, be read - y to go! say not "Some oth-er time,"

CHORUS.
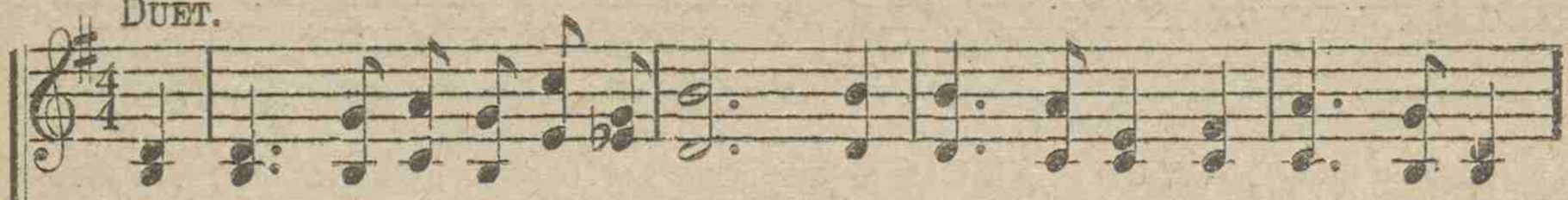
Of green hills so far, far a - way.
Your soul must be washed from all sin. Do you hope to be there, in that cit - y so fair? Then come to the Lord, seek Him now; He is just now;
Lest "Some oth - er time" be too late.
wait-ing to-day; do not turn Him away; With peace He thy soul will en-dow.

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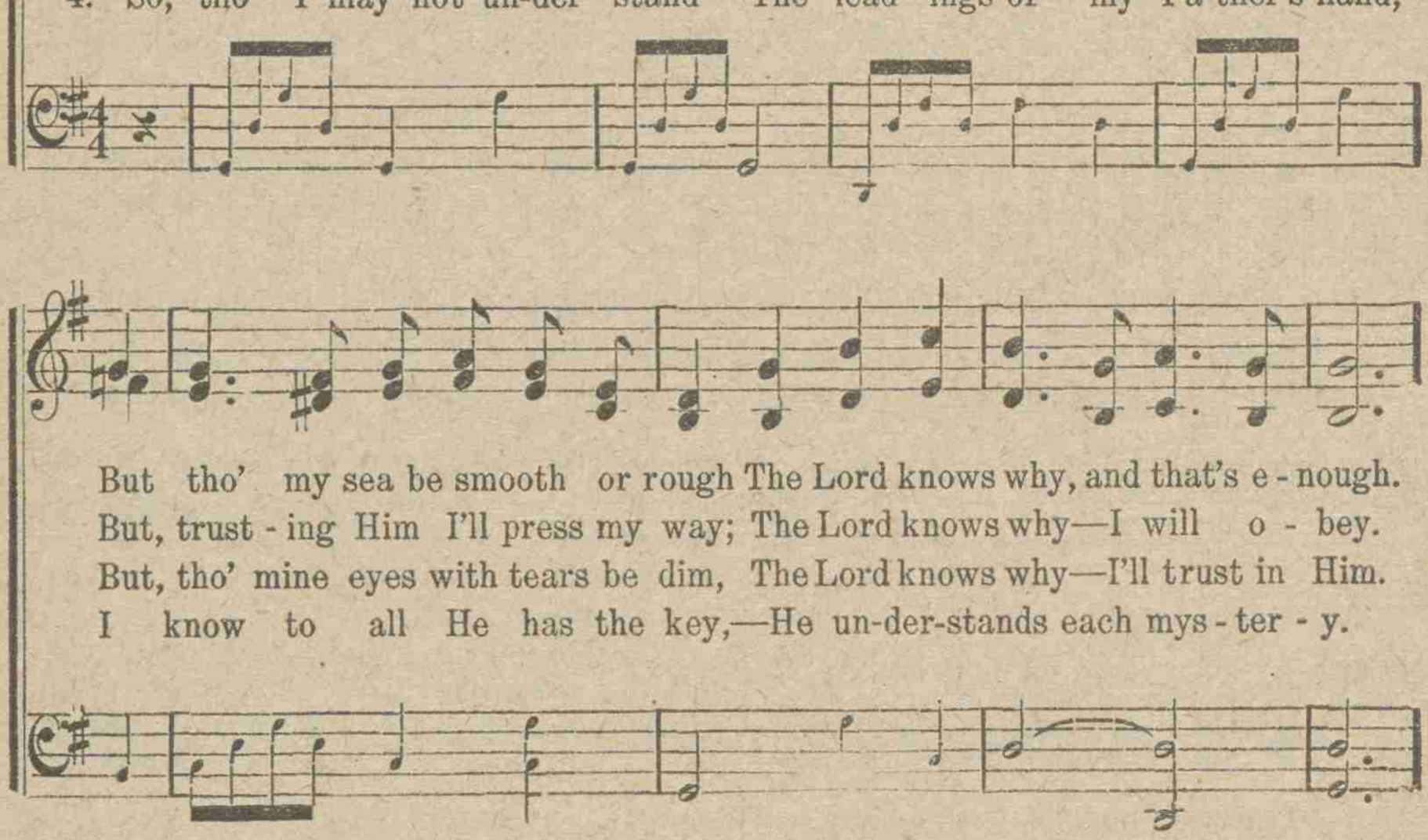
No. 126. The Lord Knows Why.

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

DUET.
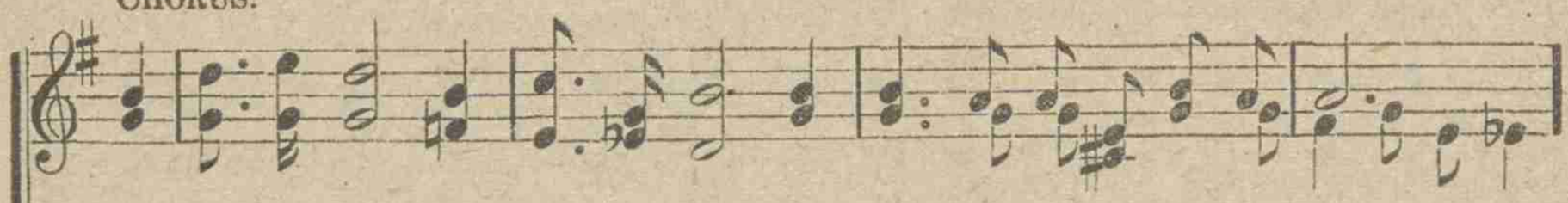


1. I may not know the reason why Dark clouds so oft - en veil the sky,
2. I may not know why I am led, So oft - en in the paths I dread,
3. I may not know why death should come To take the dear ones from my home,
4. So, tho' I may not un-der - stand The lead - ings of my Fa-ther's hand,
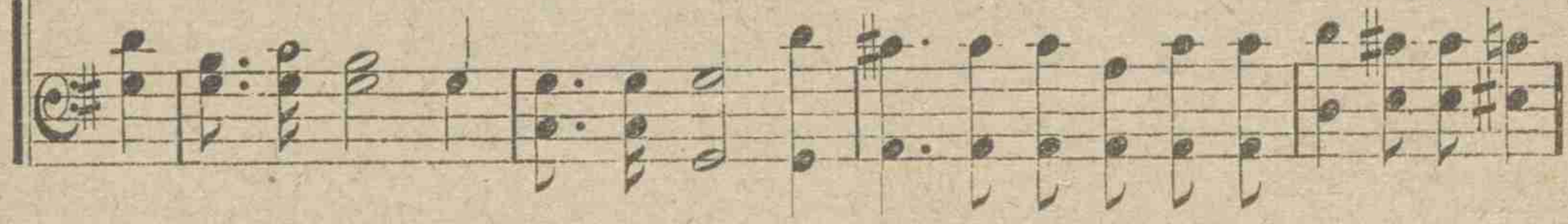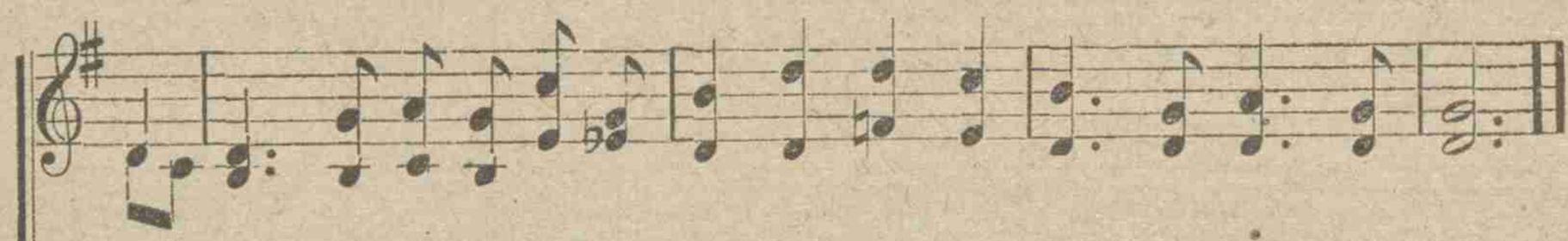


But tho' my sea be smooth or rough The Lord knows why, and that's e - nough.
But, trust - ing Him I'll press my way; The Lord knows why—I will o - bey.
But, tho' mine eyes with tears be dim, The Lord knows why—I'll trust in Him.
I know to all He has the key,—He un-der-stands each mys - ter - y.

CHORUS.
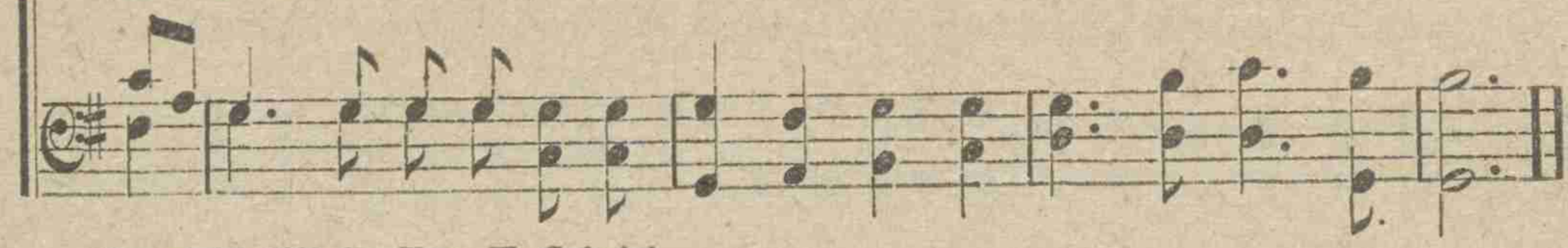


O yes, He knows, the Lord knows why! These things are ordered from on high,
from on high,





And tho' dark clouds may hide the sun, The Lord knows why—His will be done.



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No. 127. Soldiers of Christ.

C. H. G. ASA HULL.

1. Oh, sol - dier brave, in strength a - rise, E - quip with sword and shield;
2. A - bove the noise and din of strife, Thy Lead - er's voice rings out;
3. Go for-ward! not in hu - man strength, But in Je - ho - vah's might;

The trump-et blast rings thro' the skies, And calls thee to the field!
While answ'ring mill - ions of the foe, In their de - ris - ion shout.
For who thus goes shall put, at length, A thousand foes to flight!

The hosts of sin and wrong, In phal - anx deep and strong,
To arms with - out de - lay! In strength di - vine, a - way!
Guard well each se - cret place; With cau - tion run the race;

:S: FINE.

Con - tend to sway the world to - day, That should to Christ be - long!
Up! meet the foe, give blow for blow, and you shall win the day.
In Je - sus find your strength of mind, And full sus - tain - ing grace.

D. S.—*Arise, a - way! the call o - bey! The Lord hath need of thee.*

CHORUS. D. S.

Strong in the Lord .... of hosts .... Press on to vic - to - ry;
Strong in the Lord of hosts,

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No. 128. A Song of Triumph.

JENNIE REE. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Of the Lord Je - ho - vah is our dai - ly song! In His cause we
2. From the storm, in His pa - vil - ion we may hide; 'Neath His wing in

march, a glad and happy throng; Hand and heart and tal-ent un - to Him be-long,
peace and safety may a-bide, Rest se - cure, what - ev - er danger may be-tide,

FINE. *Unison Solo.*

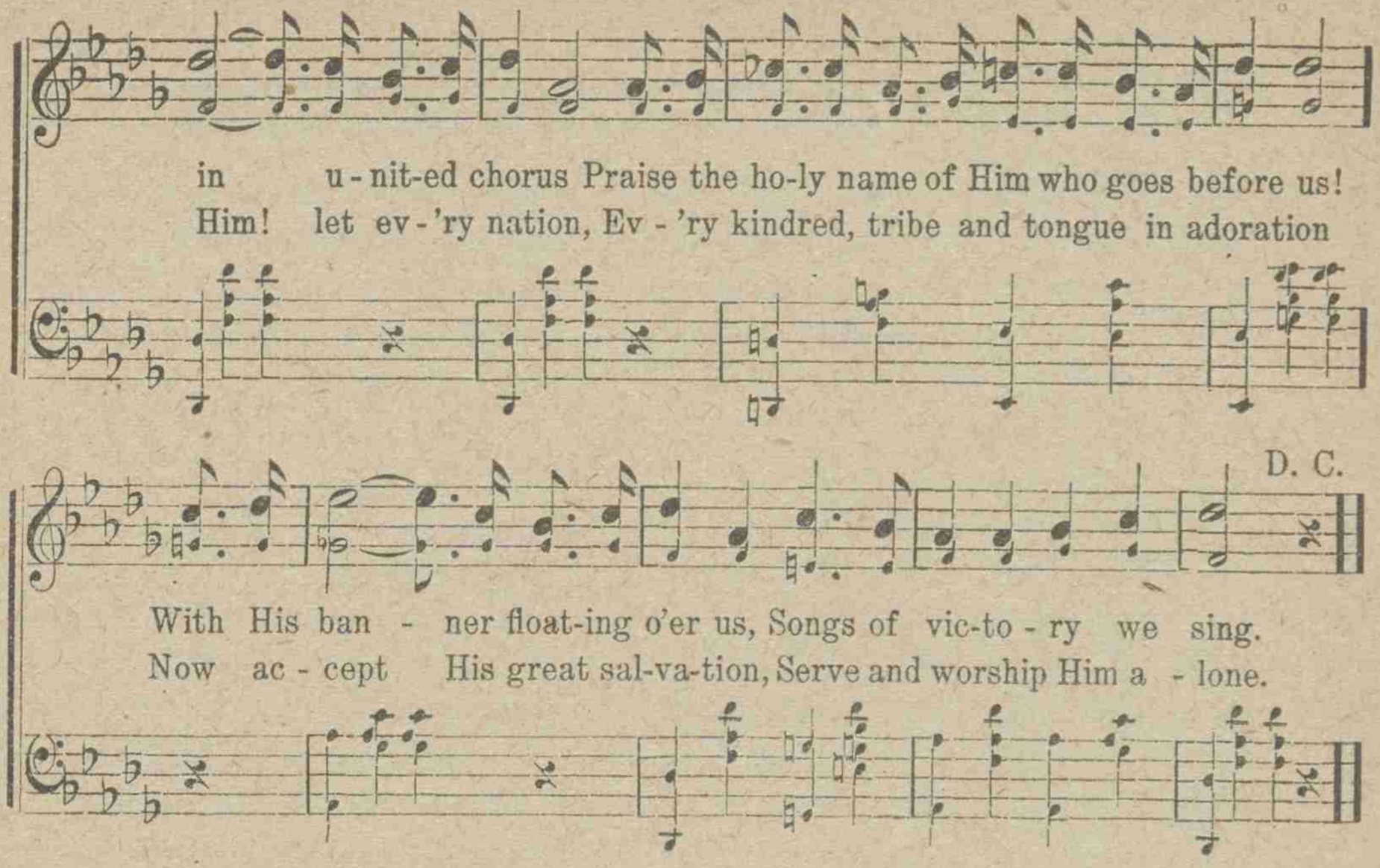
Bless-ed be His ho - ly name! Our sweet - est mel - o - dies we
Bless-ed be His ho - ly name! While wand'ring des - o - late He

give Him; In our hearts with joy and glad-ness we re-ceive Him, Love o-
found us, Threw His ev - er-last - ing arms of love a-round us, With the

bey Him, and be-lieve Him, Our Prophet, Priest and King! Our voic-es
cords of love He bound us, And claimed us for His own; All praise to

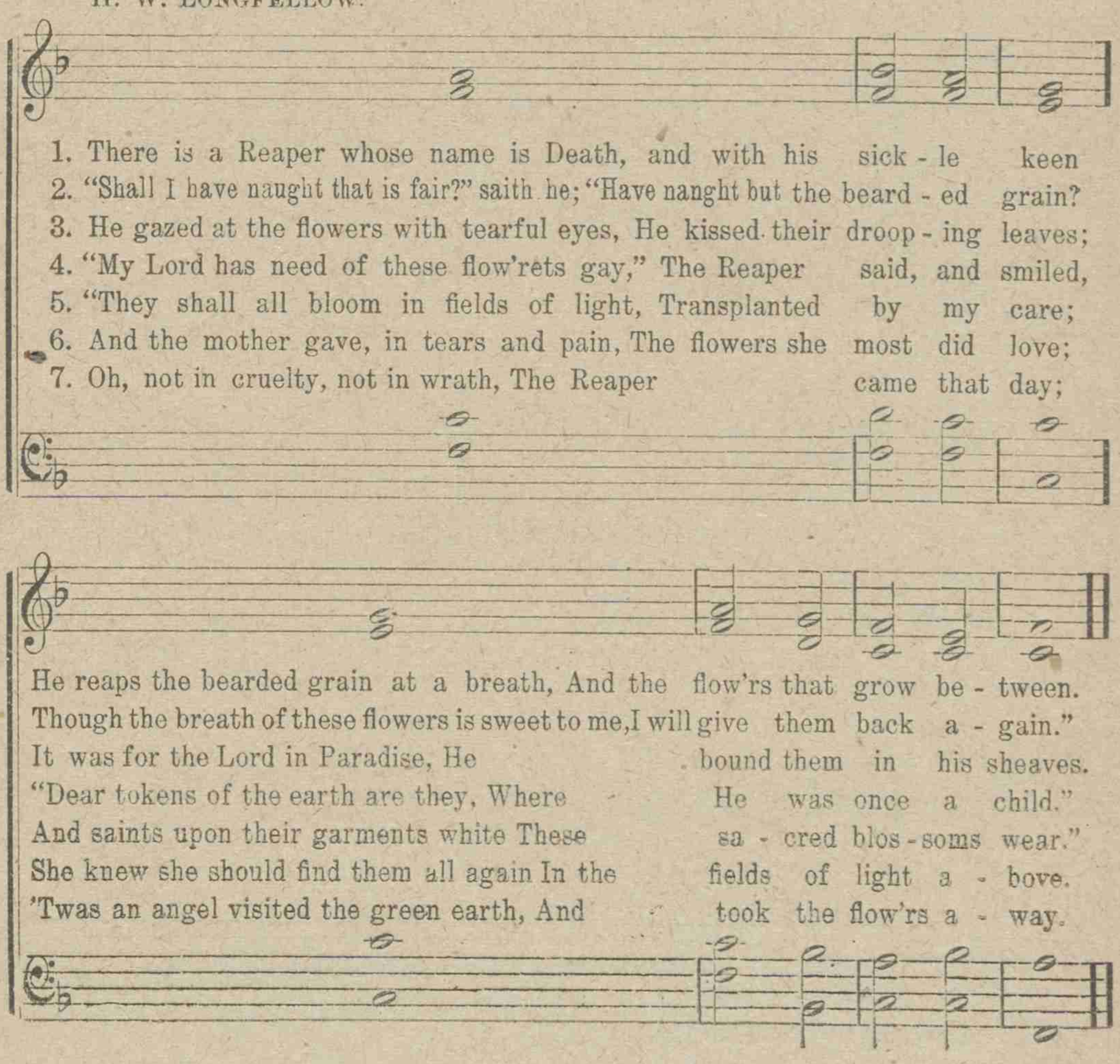
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A Song of Triumph.



No. 129. The Reaper and the Flowers.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.



No. 130. Blessed Rock.

FANNY J. CROSBY. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. 'Mid the wild and fear-ful blast, I have reached the Rock at last;
2. Wreck'd by sin, by tem-pest tossed, Com-pass, chart and an-chor lost,
3. Rock, that hides my trem-bling soul From the storms that dai-ly roll;
4. When be-yond the vale of night I shall soar to realms of light;

Help-less, weak and sore dis-mayed, To the cross I'll cling for aid.
He whose power a-lone can save, Lulls the wind and stills the wave.
While be-neath, the sur-ges dash, Thun-ders roar, and light-nings flash.
When mine eyes be-hold the King, Heart and soul and tongue shall sing.

CHORUS.

Bless-ed Rock, ... where faith di-vine, Fills with
Bless-ed Rock,

love . . . . this heart of mine! . . . Cross of Him . . . . who
Fills with love cross of Him,

died for me, . . . Ev-er-more I'll cling to thee!

Copyright, 1900, by H. P. Main. By per.

No. 131. Magnify the Lord.

LAURENE HIGHFIELD. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Mag - ni - fy the Lord, praise His ho - ly name, For His loy - ing kindness is
2. Mag - ni - fy the Lord, tho' the earth shall cease, God his peo - ple will from all
3. Mag - ni - fy the Lord, ye who own His sway, Clap your hands and sing, and re-

e'er the same; He, the Lord of hosts, reigneth in the land, Full of
fear re - lease, He will be their strength! hear, ye peo-ple, hear! To His
joice al - way; Mag - ni - fy the Lord! sweetest songs em - ploy, Let the

CHORUS.

right-eous-ness is His shelt'ring hand.
lov - ing voice lend a will - ing ear. Mag - ni - fy the Lord, and praise His
earth resound with your hymns of joy.

name! Ex - alt His right-eous-ness the earth a - round; All His won-drous

works a-broad proclaim, 'Till ev - 'ry tongue takes up the joy - ful sound.

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No. 132. Sing Away the Shadows.

E. E. HEWITT. C. H. G.

1. Sing a-way the shadows, Flit-ting o'er the sky; Sing of star-ry comforts,
2. Sing a-way the shadows, Anxious doubt and fear: Sing the Savior's promise,
3. Sing a-way the shadows, Self-ish they may be; Love's own hap-py mu-sic

In the by and by! Sing of love un-fail-ing, Mer-cies ev-er new;
Bringing sweetest cheer: Trust the heav'nly Fa-ther, He for you will care
Brings the light so free, Lift an-oth-er's burden, Soothe an-oth-er's woe,

CHORUS.

Pardon, peace and blessing, Guidance kind and true.
More than for the sparrows, Or the lil-ies fair. Sing a-way, sing a-way,
Shar-ing with your neighbor, Joy's re-turn-ing glow.

Hope-ful be the lay; Sing a-way the shadows, Flitting o'er the sky; Sing a-way,

sing a-way, Trusting ev-'ry day; Sing of star-ry comforts In the by and by.

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No. 133. Home Over Yonder.

R. T. W. R. T. WILEY.

1. Oh, 'tis sweet to think of heav-en - ly man-sions yon-der, Which the
Soon we'll cross the si - lent riv - er, and ne'er more wan-der, For our
2. In our Fa - ther's home for-ev - er we'll dwell in glad-ness, And no
For the Lord will give us full-ness of joy for sad - ness, And the
3. Fa - ther, keep us faith - ful ev - er to this, our call - ing, Guide our
In - to Sa - tan's shares de - liv - er our feet from fail - ing, Bring us

Sav - ior prom-ised He was go - ing to pre-pare;
(*Omit*) . . . . . } home of joy and peace shall
clouds of sor - row ev - er hang up-on our sky;
(*Omit*) . . . . . } tears of earthly pain He'll
falt'ring feet to walk the straight and narrow way;
(*Omit*) . . . . . } safely to that land of

CHORUS.

ev - er-more be there.
wipe from ev-'ry eye. We shall soon pass o - ver in - to glo - ry; Soon our
ev - er - last - ing day.

earth-ly jour-ney will be o'er, ... Then we'll sing the love of
will be o'er,

our Re-deem - er, In the land of joy for-ev - er more. . . . . .
for - ev - er-more.

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No. 134. Wonderful Showers.

JAMES ROWE. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Show-ers of bless-ings are fall - ing Fast - er than ev - er be - fore;
2. Show-ers of bless-ings are fall - ing, Won - der-ful show-ers in - deed!
3. Sin - ner, have faith in the Sav - ior! Sin - ner, be - lieve in His love!

Je - sus is bless-ing His child - ren, Ev - 'ry day, more and more.
Show - ers re - fresh-ing and heal - ing, Show - ers for ev - 'ry need.
O have a share in the bless-ings, Rain - ing from heav'n a - bove.

CHORUS.

Won - der - ful show - ers, beau - ti - ful show - ers,
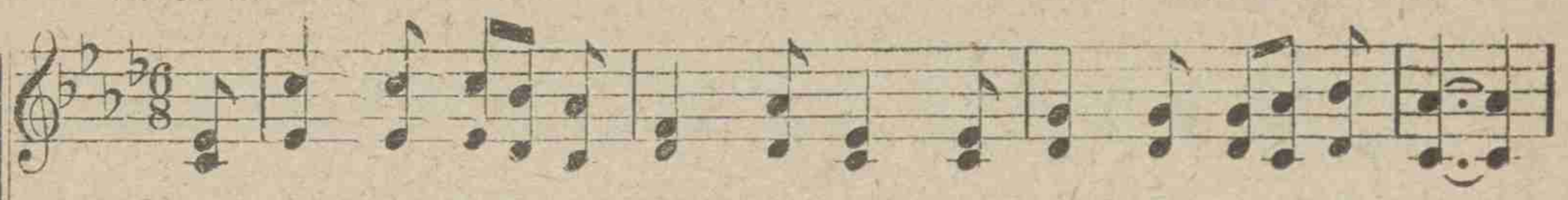
Con - stant-ly fall from a - bove, ... Je - sus is send - ing
from a - bove,

down to His loved ones, Won - der - ful show - ers of love.
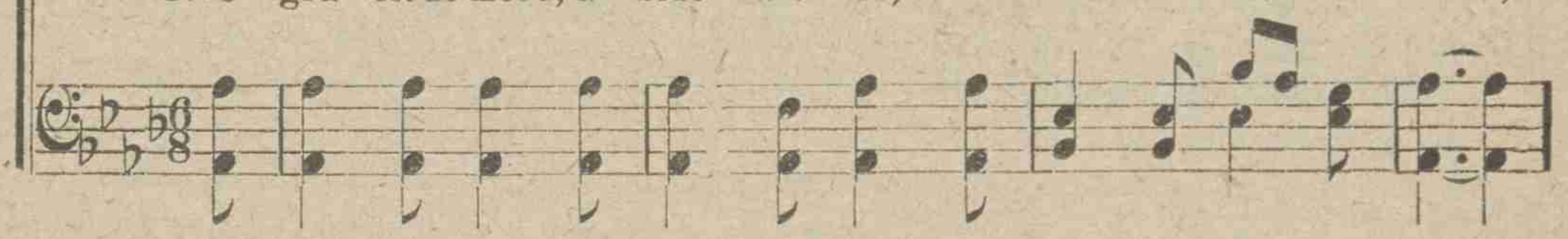
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No. 135. We Need Thee Now.
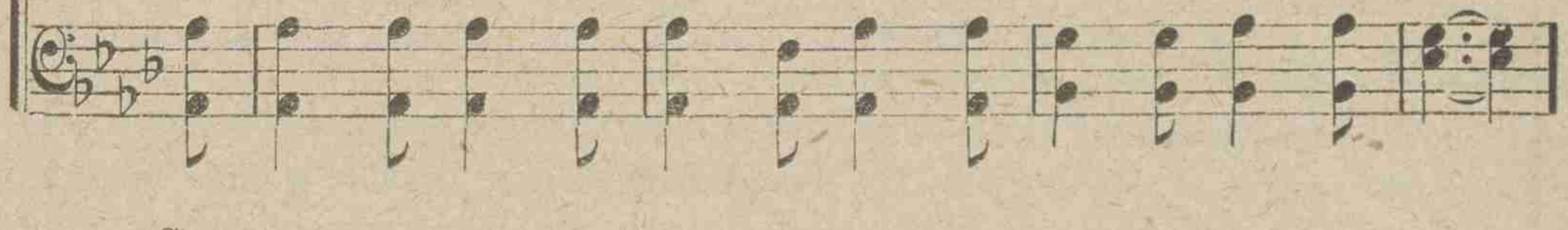
E. G. Y. RDNA G. YOUNG.
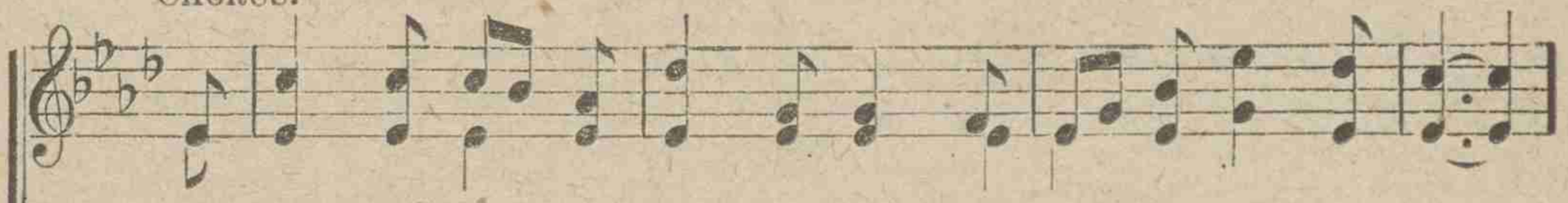


1. O Lord, we need Thee at this time, Yea, more than e'er be - fore;
2. We need Thee now! O help us, Lord, A ho - ly life to live,
3. O gra - cious Lord, a - bide with us, Thro' all the scenes of time;
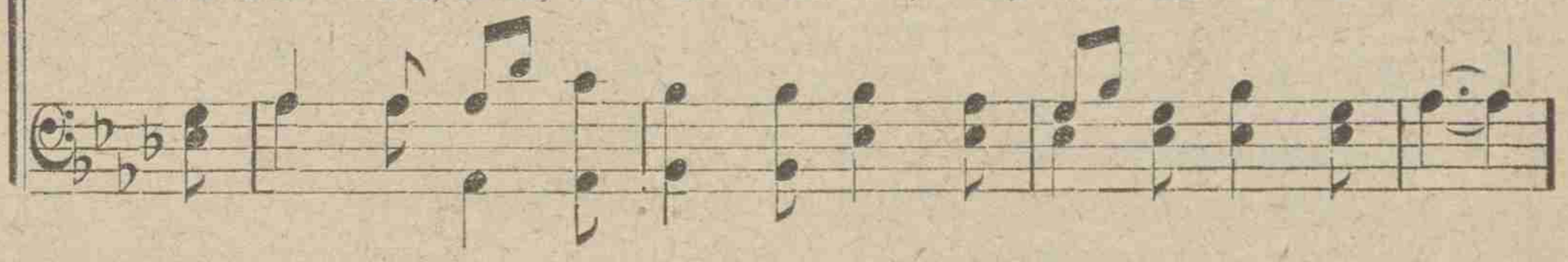


A - bide with-in these hearts of ours, On us Thy Spir - it pour.
That we may gain the peace di-vine, Which Thou a - lone canst give.
And when our earth-ly toil is o'er, In heav'n may we be Thine.
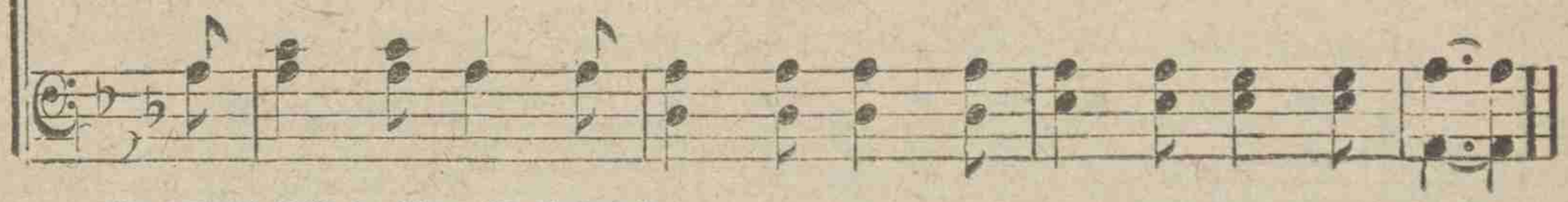


CHORUS.



We need Thee, Lord, we need Thee now, Yea, more than e'er be - fore;



A - bide with - in these hearts of ours, On us Thy Spir - it pour.



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No. 136. Tell More and More the Story.

JAMES ROWE. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Tell more and more the sto - ry, Of Christ's re-deem-ing love, To souls that
2. Tell more and more the sto - ry, As on thro' life you go, To those whose
3. Tell more and more the sto - ry, Oh, tell it when you may, To souls that

live in dark-ness, To souls that aim - less rove; Tell more and more the
hearts are break-ing, To those whose sad tears flow; Tell more and more the
pine in sor - row A - long the drear - y way; Tell more and more the

sto - ry, And, ev - 'ry time 'tis told, Its matchless strength and beauty Still
sto - ry, And clear - er ev - 'ry time, Make known its wond'rous pow - er, Mak-
sto - ry! Still ma - ny long to hear, Its words of peace and com-fort, Its

CHORUS.

more and more un - fold.
known its truths sub-lime. Tell more and more the sto - ry, Of Christ's re-
words of love and cheer.

deem ing love, To souls that live in dark-ness, To souls that aim-less rove.

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No. 137. Scatter Seed.

X. X. X.

J. L. MOORE.

1. In the fur - rows of thy life, Scat-ter seed; . . . . . In the midst of toil and
2. Sun and show-ers aid thee now, Scat-ter seed; . . . . . With thy hand up-on the
3. Tho' thy work should seem to fail, Scat-ter seed; . . . . . Honest pur-pose will a-

Scat-ter seed;

strife, Scatter seed! Small may be thy spir - it-field, But a good-ly crop 'twill
plow, Scatter seed! Who can tell where grain may grow! Winds are blowing to and
vail, Scatter seed! Some may fall on ston-y ground: Fruit and flow'rs are often

Scat - ter seed!

CHORUS.

yield; Sow the kindly word and deed, Scatter seed.
fro; Dai - ly good thy simple creed, Scatter seed. Scat-ter seed, ... scat - ter
found In the clefts we little heed, Scatter seed.

Scat-ter seed of good, yes,

seed; . . . In the furrows of thy life, Scatter seed! Small may be thy spir-it-

scatter, scatter seed;

Scat-ter seed!

field, But a goodly crop 'twill yield; Sow the kindly word and deed, Scatter seed.

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No. 138. Praise the Lord.

H. A. H. Arr. Arr. with Chorus by H. A. HENRY.

1. Now let us sing the An - gels' song, That rang so sweet and clear,
2. He came to tell the Fa-ther's love, His goodness, truth and grace;
3. He came that great and small might hear His call, and in Him live,

When heav'n-ly light and mu - sic fell On earth - ly eye and ear;
To show the bright - ness of His smile, The glo - ry of His face;
That to the bur - den'd and op-pressed Sal - va - tion He might give;

To Him we sing, our Sav - ior King, Who left His throne and crown,
He came to bring the wea - ry ones True peace and per - fect rest;
He came to bring a glo - rious gift, "Good will to men," and why?
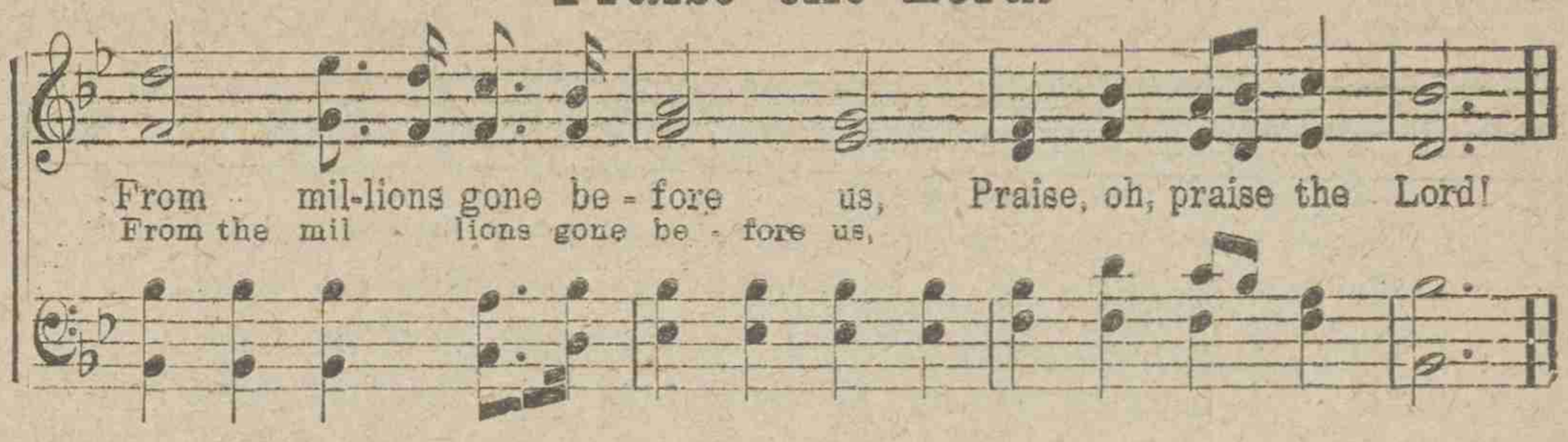
And with re - deem-ing grace and pow'r, In love to earth came down.
To take a - way the guilt and sin That dark-ened and dis - tressed.
Be - cause He loved us, Je - sus came, For us to live and die.

CHORUS.

Sing, sing the joy-ful cho - rus! Hark, hear the ech - o o'er us,
Sing, oh, sing the joy - ful cho - rus! Harken, hear the ech - o o'er us,

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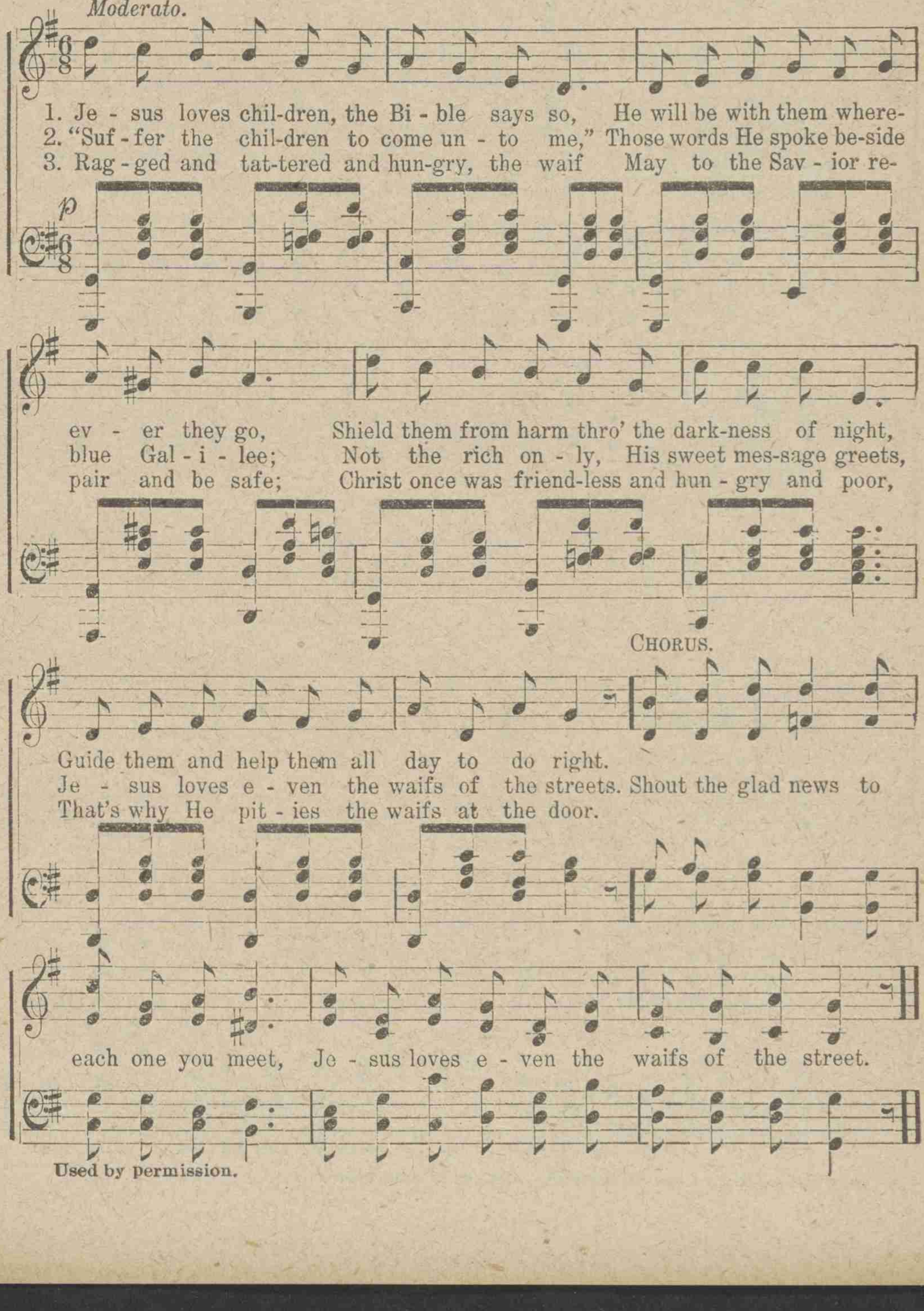
Praise the Lord.



No. 139. Even the Waifs of the Street.

J. A. FRASER, JR. FRED WELDEN.

Moderato.



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No. 140. Send the Light.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. There's a call comes ring-ing o'er the rest-less wave, "Send the light!
2. We have heard the Ma - ce - do-nian call to - day, "Send the light,
3. Let us pray that grace may ev-'ry-where a-bound, Send the light,
4. Let us not grow wea - ry in the work of love, Send the light,

Send the light!

Send the light!" There are souls to res-cue, there are souls to save,
Send the light!" And a gold - en off'ring at the cross we lay,
Send the light! And a Christ-like spir - it ev - 'ry-where be found,
Send the light! Let us gath - er jew-els for a crown a - bove,

Send the Light!

CHORUS.

Send the light! . . . . Send the light! . . . . We will spread the

Send the light! Send the light!

We will spread . . . . the ev - er-

ev - er-last-ing light, With a will - ing, willing heart and hand,
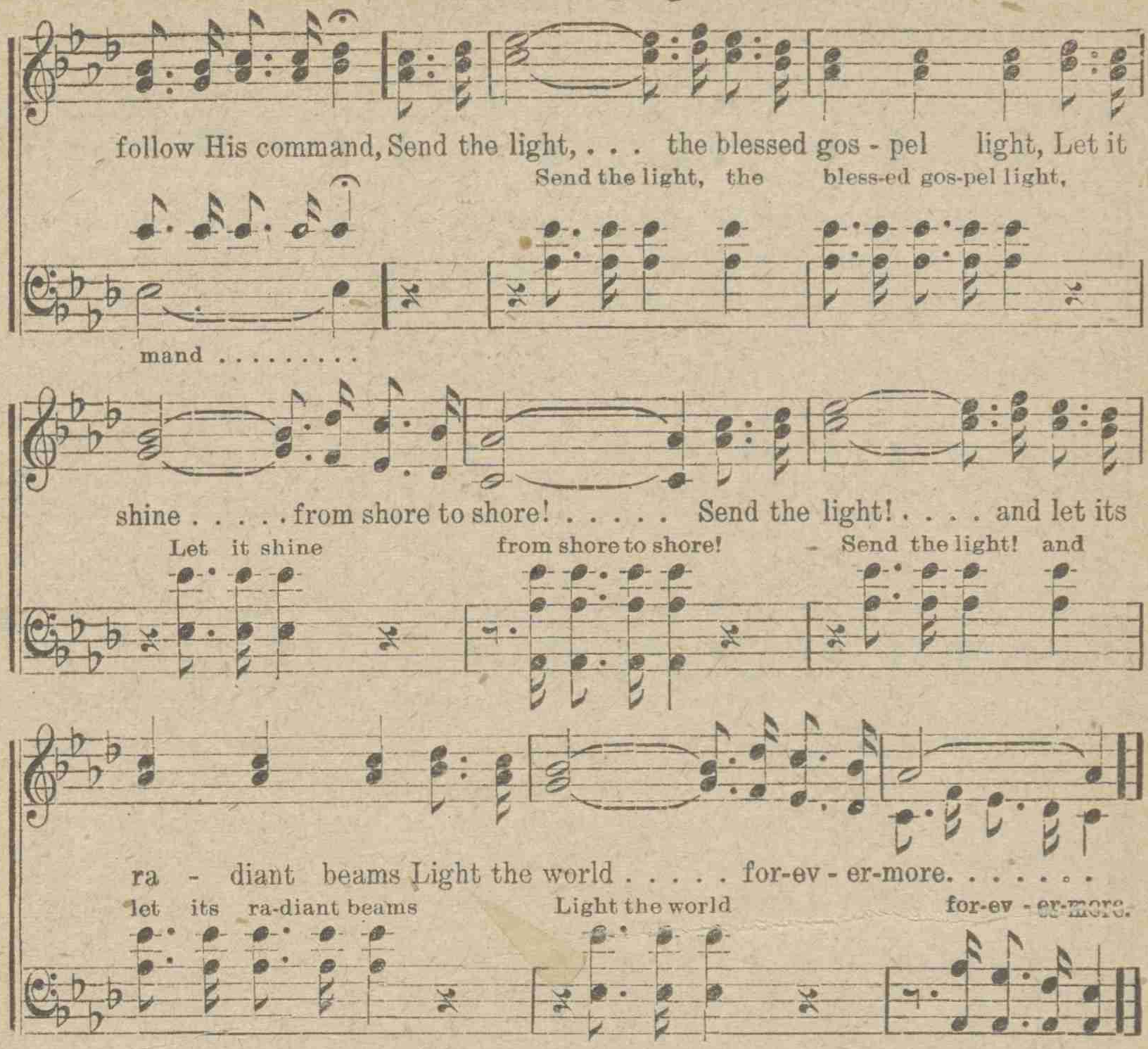
last - ing light, With a will ing heart and hand, ... Giv-ing

Giv-ing God the glo - ry ev - er-more; We will fol - low,

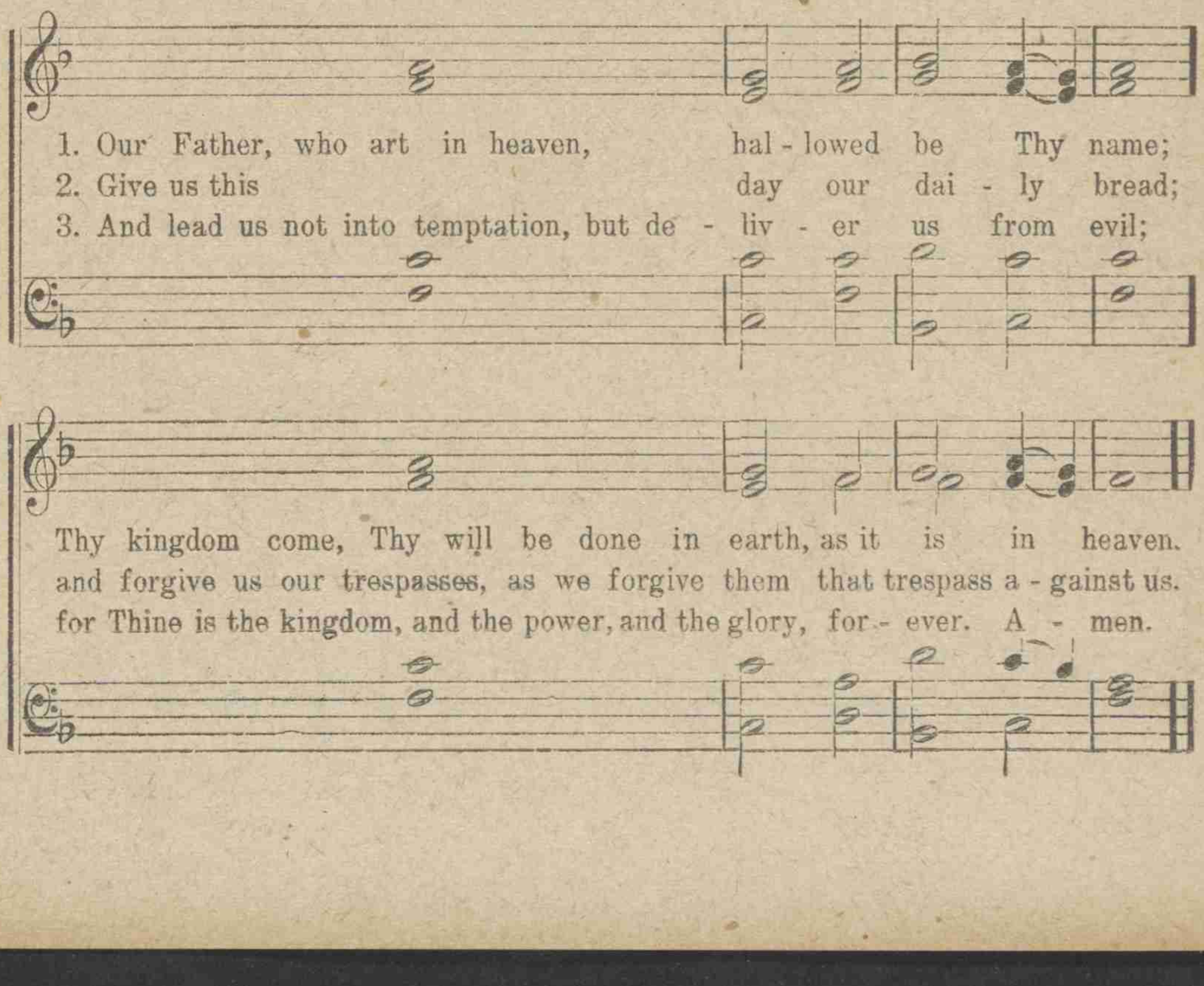
God . . . . . the glo - ry ev - er - more; We will fol - low His com-

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Send the Light.



No. 141. The Lord's Prayer.



No. 142. Follow Jesus!

FRED. WOODROW. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Fol - low Christ where He may lead you, In the bat - tle or the storm;
2. Where the ban-ners bright are wav - ing In the war with death and sin,
3. Fol - low Christ where He may lead you, In the work of faith and love;
4. Seek-ing out the lost and wea - ry, In the depths of sin and shame;
5. Wit - ness of a ris - en Sav - ior, Part-ners in His scorn and pain,

O'er the hills of light and dark-ness, In the mid - night or the morn-
Where the hosts of God are mov - ing, Peace and vic - to - ry to win.
Pour - ing in the wounds of sor - row, Oil of glad - ness from a - bove.
Breath-ing in - to lives of dark-ness, Mu - sic of the Sav - ior's name
All your sor-rows, all your loss - es, End in ev - er - last - ing gain.

CHORUS.
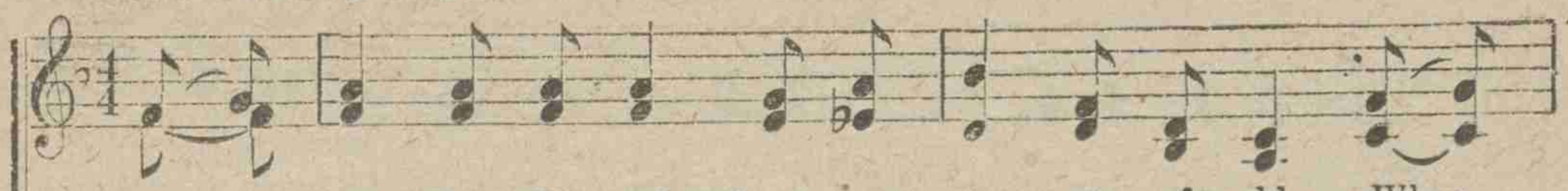
Fol - low Je - sus, sol - dier true! Nev - er lay His ban - ner down!

Fol - low Je - sus! fol - low Je - sus! On-ward to the prom-ised crown.
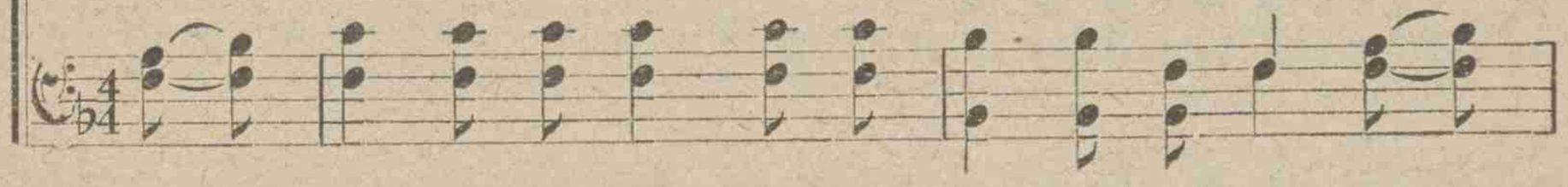
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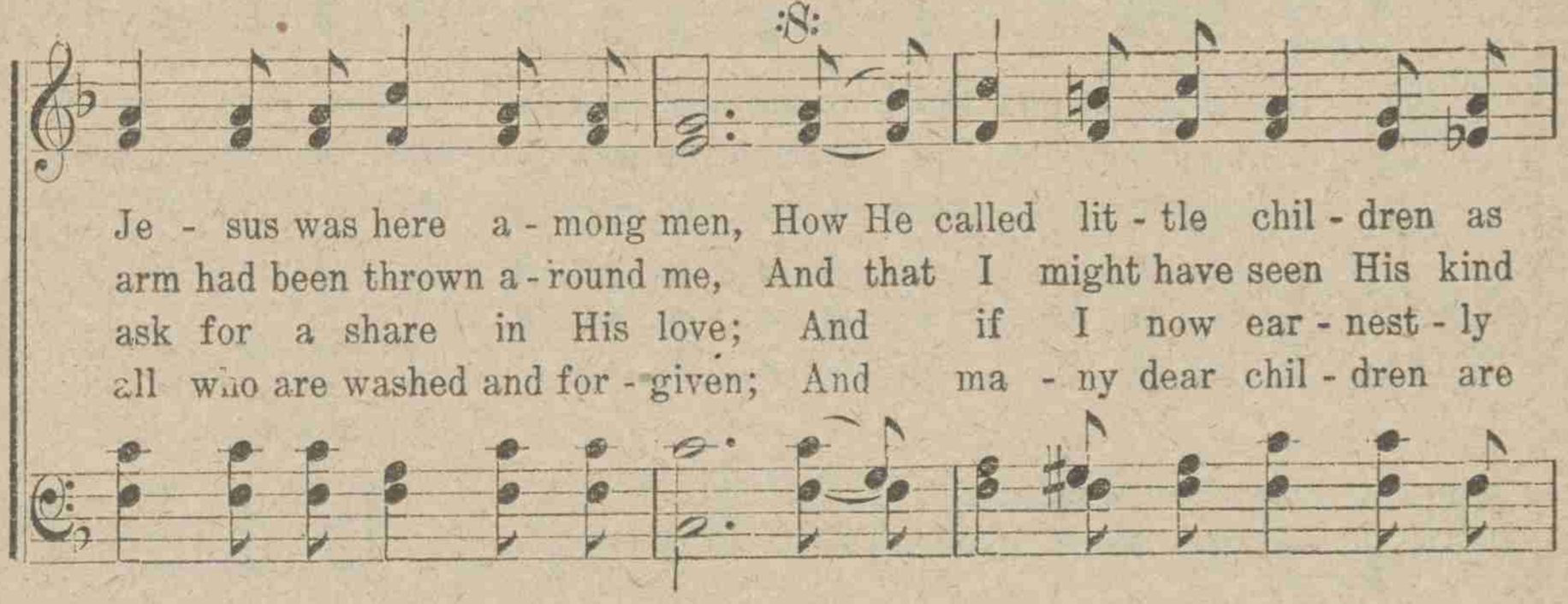
No. 143. The Old Sweet Story.

Mrs. Jemima Luke. O. A. W.
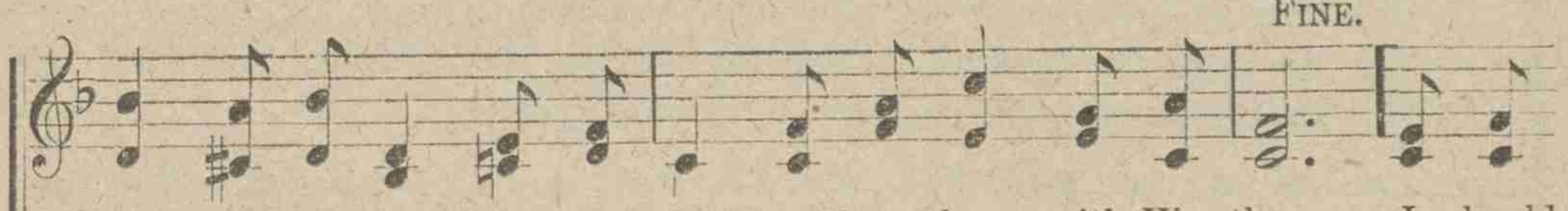


1. I . . . . think, when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When
2. I . . . . wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His
3. Yet, . . . still to His foot - stool in pray'r I may go, And
4. In that beau - ti - ful place He has gone to pre - pare For
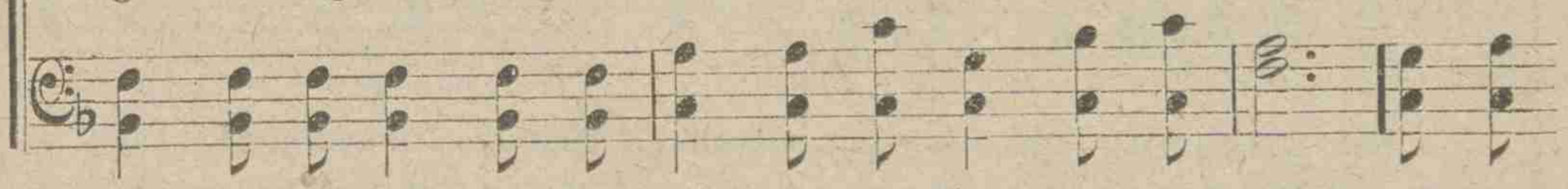




Je - sus was here a - mong men, How He called lit - tle chil - dren as
arm had been thrown a - round me, And that I might have seen His kind
ask for a share in His love; And if I now ear - nest - ly
all who are washed and for - given; And ma - ny dear chil - dren are
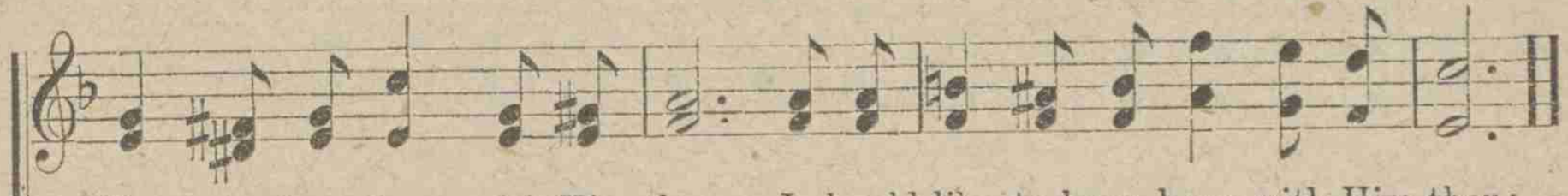


Fine.

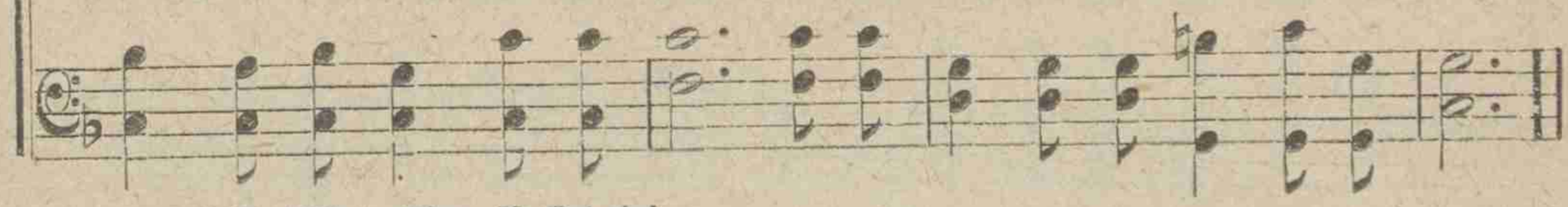
lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with Him then. I should
look when He said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me." "Let the
seek Him be - low, I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove. I shall
gath - er - ing there, "For of such is the king - dom of heav'n." "For of



D. S.



like to have been with Him then, I should like to have been with Him then:
lit - tle ones come un - to me," "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me:"
see Him and hear Him a - bove, I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove:
such is the king - dom of heav'n," "For of such is the king-dom of heav'n:"



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No. 144. Be a Cheering Light.

JAMES ROWE. AMELIA M. GABRIEL.

1. As thro' life you journey, Be a cheering light, Like the sun at morning,
2. Like a bea-con burn - ing On a hill at night, You may shed a-round you
3. Stead-i - ly and bright-ly, Shin-ing day by day, You will scat-ter blessings

Beau - ti - ful and bright; Shine in gloom-y plac - es, As you pass them by,
Hap - pi - ness and light; Try to help the wea-ry, Thro' the drear-y days,
All a - long the way; Less of care and sor-row, Ma - ny hearts will know,

CHORUS.

Cheer the lives that sor-row, Glad - den those who sigh.
Try to guide the wayward, From for-bid - den ways. Dail - y, hour - ly,
If you gleam and glist - en Ev - 'ry where you go.
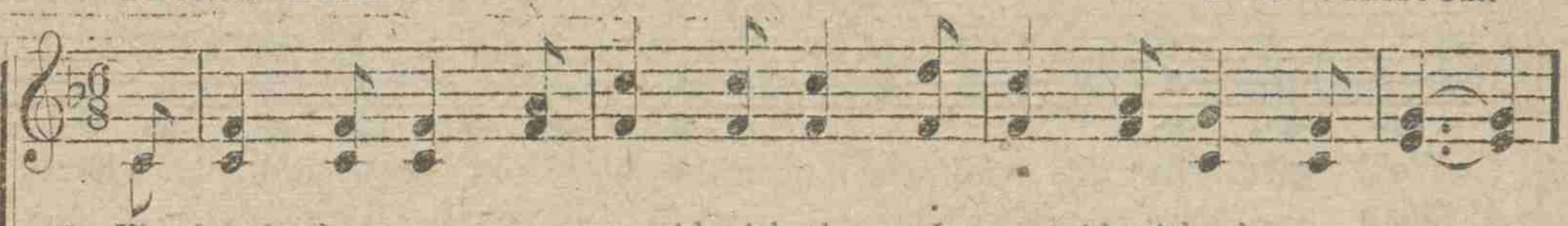
be a cheer-ing light, Glow-ing, gleaming, beau-ti - ful and bright; Like a

bea - con burn-ing in the night, Glow-ing, gleam-ing, beau-ti - ful and bright.

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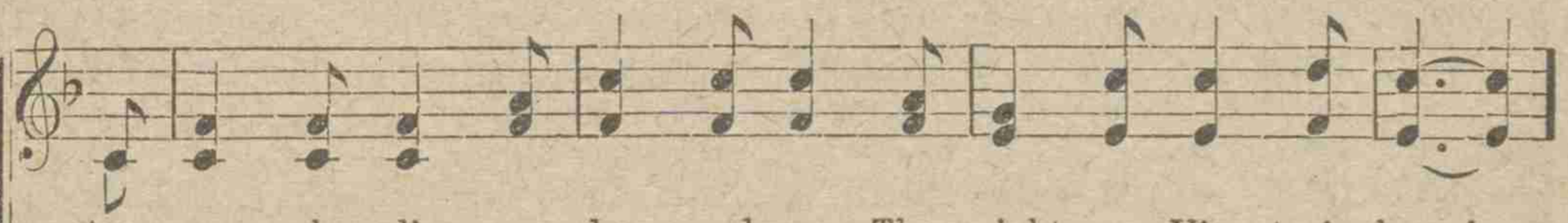
No. 145. King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

THOMAS KELLY. DR. H. L. GILMOUR.
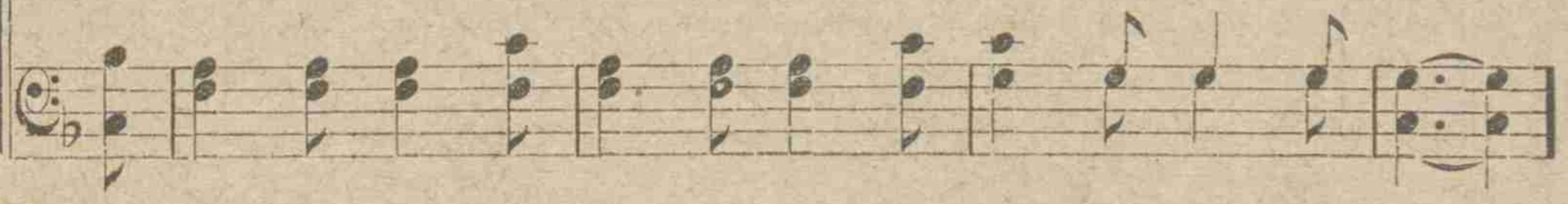


1. The head that once was crown'd with thorns Is crown'd with glo - ry now;
2. The high - est place that heav'n af - fords Is to our Je - sus giv'n;
3. The joy of all who dwell a - bove, The joy of all be - low,
4. To them the cross with all its shame, With all its grace is giv'n;
5. They suf - fer with their Lord be - low, They reign with Him a - bove;
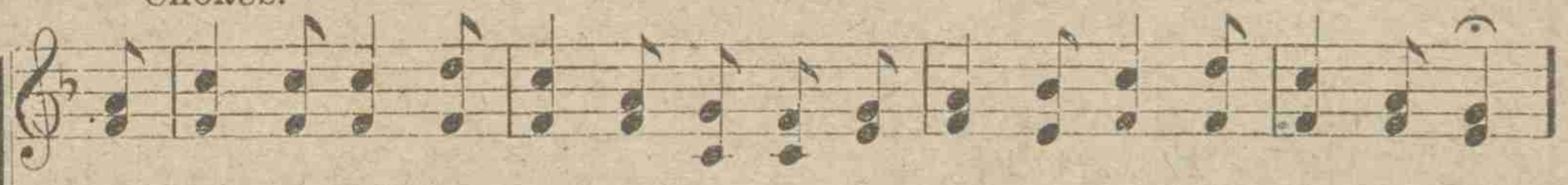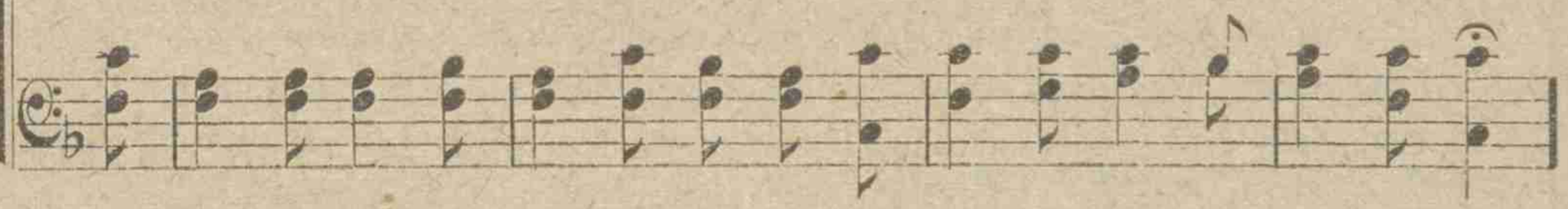




A roy - al di - a - dem a-dorns The might - y Vic - tor's brow!
The King of kings and Lord of lords—He reigns o'er earth and heav'n!
To whom He man - i - fests His love And grants His name to know.
Their name, an ev - er - last - ing name, Their joy, the joy of heav'n.
Their ev - er - last - ing joy to know The mys - t'ry of His love.
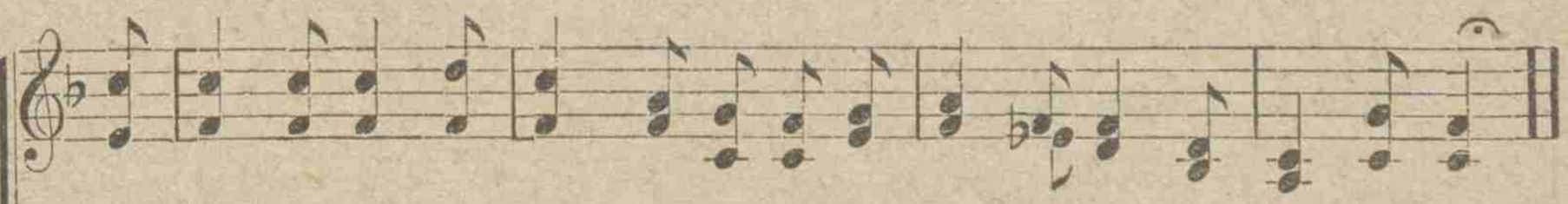


CHORUS.
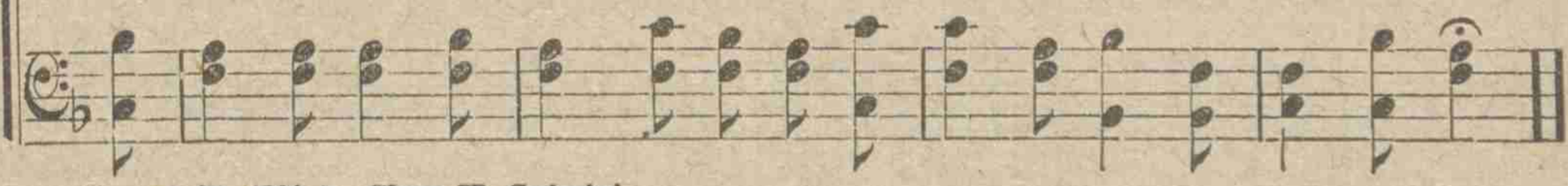


He's King of kings, Oh, hal - le - lu-jah! He's Lord of lords, Oh, praise His name!





The Lamb of God, who brought sal-va-tion, En-dur'd the cross with all its shame.



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No. 146. We'll March Along and Sing.

E. G. Y. EDNA G. YOUNG.

1. We'll gird the gos - pel ar - mor on, and du - ty's call o - bey!
2. We'll on - ward march and know no fear, tho' foe - men strong we meet;
3. And as we march a - long the way, while step - ping side by side,

With Christ, our Lead - er, in com-mand, we're read - y for the fray;
With Christ, our Cap - tain, at the head, we'll suf - fer no de - feat;
We'll strive to help each struggling soul, that peace in him a - bide;

For world - ly hon - ors strive we not— our glo - ry in the name
Sal - va - tion we will shout and sing o'er mount-ain, vale and sea;
And when at last we've reached the throne of Christ, our Sav - ior King,

Of Christ, the Lord, who for a world of sin, from heav - en came.
The blood of Je - sus we'll pro-claim, the blood that makes us free.
And laid a - side our ban - ner torn, His prais - es still we'll sing.

CHORUS. *Unison Solo.*

And as we march along the way, While proudly stepping side by side, We'll

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We'll March Along and Sing.

tell to all we meet, The story strange and sweet, How Christ for sinners died; Our

song of vic - to - ry we'll sing, O'er rug-ged mountain, vale and sea; When

doubt and sin assaileth, The blood of Christ availeth, His blood a-vailed for me!

No. 147. How Precious is the Book.

JOHN FAWCETT. FR. WILLIAM GARDNER.

1. How pre - cious is the book di - vine, By in - spi - ra - tion giv'n!
2. It sweet-ly cheers our faint-ing hearts In this dark vale of tears;
3. This lamp thro' all the drear - y night Of life shall guide our way,

Bright as a lamp its doc-trines shine, To guide our souls to heav'n.
Life, light and com - fort it im - parts, And calms our anx - ious fears.
Till we be - hold the clear - er light Of an e - ter - nal day.

No. 148. Behold the Lamb!

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I see up-on the rugged cross the Lamb of God, That taketh a - way the sin of the world; And how I love to tell the sav-ing love a - broad,
2. In ev - 'ry time of trou-ble un - to Him I go, That taketh a - way the sin of the world; There is no oth - er love in heav'n, or known be - low,
3. Tho' earthly friends forsake me, I have yet my King, That taketh a - way the sin of the world; And thro' e - ter - nal years I shall His prais - es sing.
4. I wor-ship and a-dore Him for the love and grace, That taketh a - way the sin of the world; And, some day, with the ransom'd, I shall see His face,

CHORUS.

That tak-eth a-way the sin of the world. Look to him, . . hear His voice!
Look to Him, hear His voice!

Shall He daily stand among you, and ye know Him not? Lift up thine eyes, ...
Lift up thine eyes,

behold the Lamb, ... The Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world!
behold the Lamb,

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No. 149. I Have a Savior!

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. F. S. SHEPARD.

1. I have a Sav-ior so lov-ing and true, Al - ways just the same;
2. He hath redeem'd me from death and the grave, Bore my grief and shame!
3. I am the child and the heir of a King! All thro' Him I claim!

CHO.—*Won-der-ful, won - der - ful Sav - ior is He, Al - ways just the same;*

FINE.

Sor - row and tri - al He car-ries me through; Glo - ry to His name!
Sins that were crimson He free - ly for - gave; Glo - ry to His name!
He is my Fa-ther, His goodness I sing; Glo - ry to His name!

Send-ing His bless-ings in show-ers on me; Glo - ry to His name!

Al - ways be-side me, soothing care, Giv - ing me grace my cross to bear,
Pa - tient - ly for me long He sought; Freedom from sin and death He wrought;
When thro' the val - ley I must go, Down where the chill-ing wa - ters flow,

D. C. CHO.

Whis-per - ing an - swer to my pray'r; Glo - ry to His name!
And at a price my soul He bought; Glo - ry to His name! Oh, a
He will be with me there, I know; Glo - ry to His name!

Such a won-der-ful,

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No. 150. Save Them!

NELLIE HANKINS. Gospel Temperance Song. J. WESLEY HUGHES.

1. O Fa - ther in heav-en, have mer-cy, we pray, On the vic - tims of drink, who are fall - ing each day; They're hope-less - ly drift - ing a-way to their doom, To the heart-break-ing sor - row of lov'd ones at home.
2. Brave men, and so man - y, by drink are enslaved! 'Tis for these, Lord, we plead, that their souls may be saved; Oh, break off their fet - ters and let them go free; Oh, lead them Thy per - fect sal - va - tion to see.
3. We're all fall - en creatures, but Je - sus hath died To o - pen a fount - ain for sin, deep and wide; Yes, e'en for the drunk - ard, tho' crimson'd with sin, There's room in the arms of the Sav - ior for him.

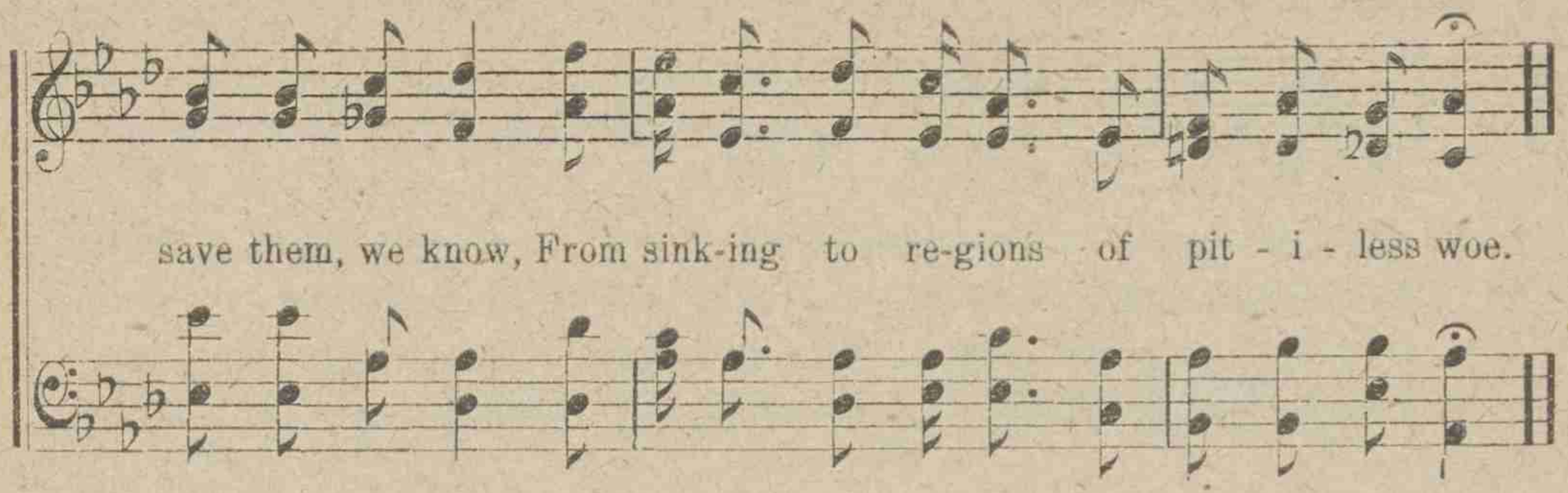
CHORUS.

O save them, dear Fa-ther, we pray, yes, we plead: Thou know - est our an-guish, Thou know - est their need; There's naught but Thy pow - er can

cres.

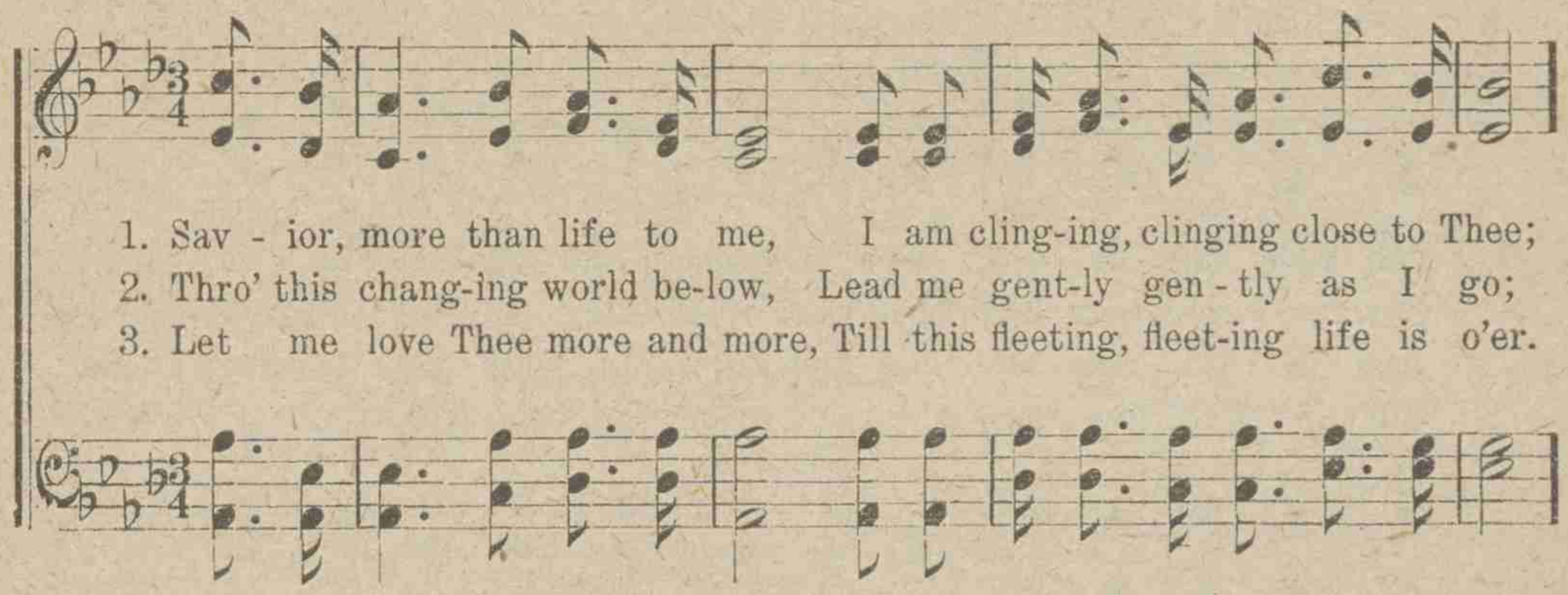
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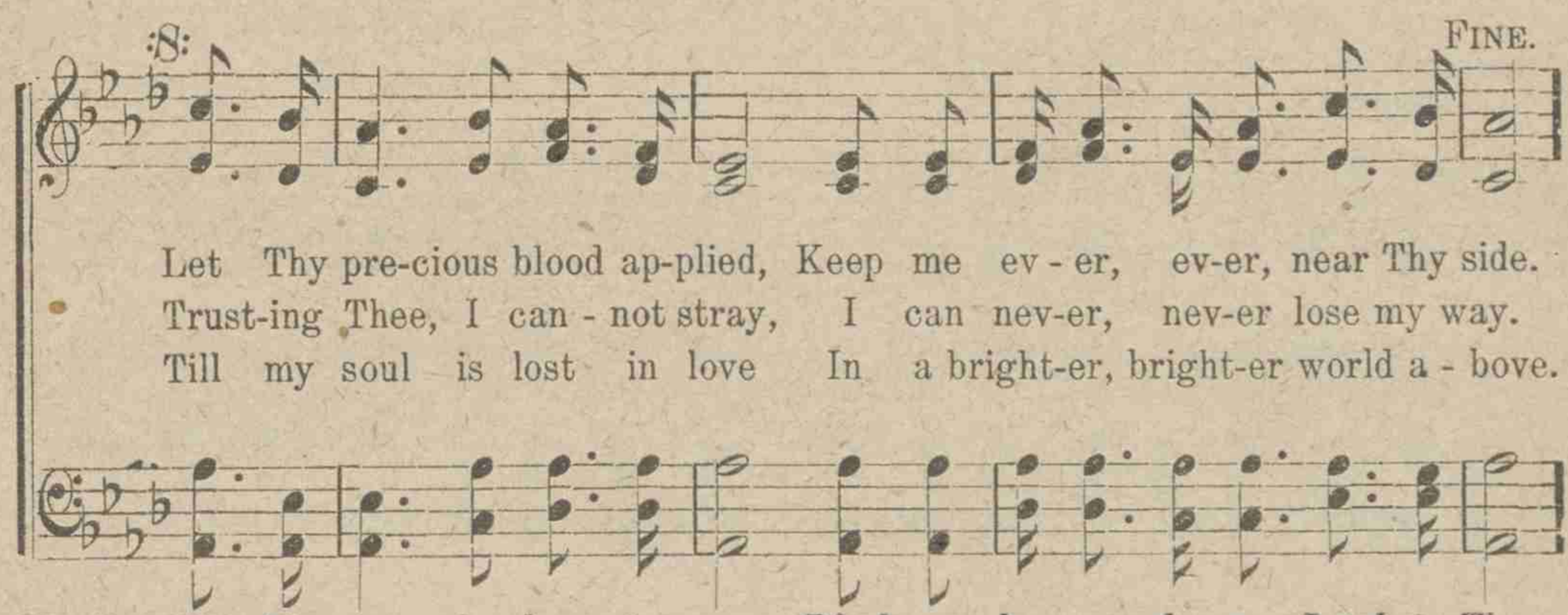
Save Them!
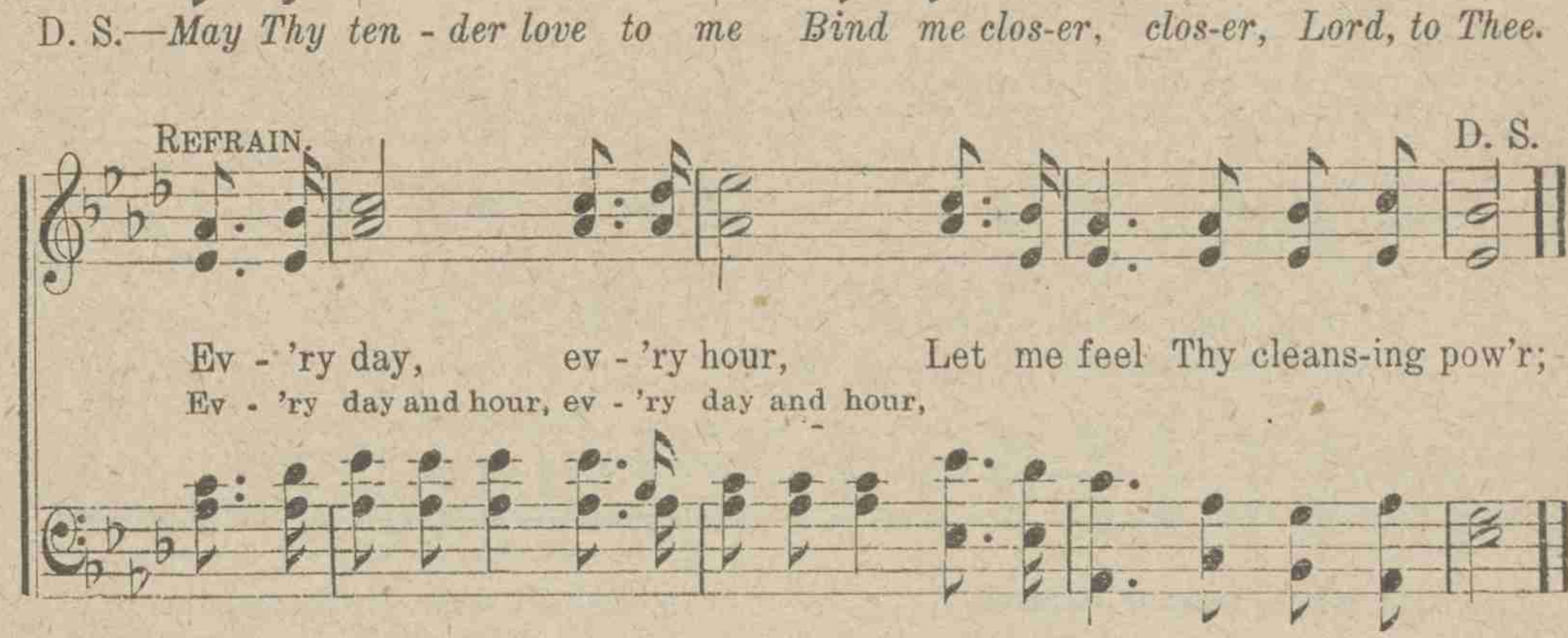


No. 151. Every Day and Hour.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE. By per.
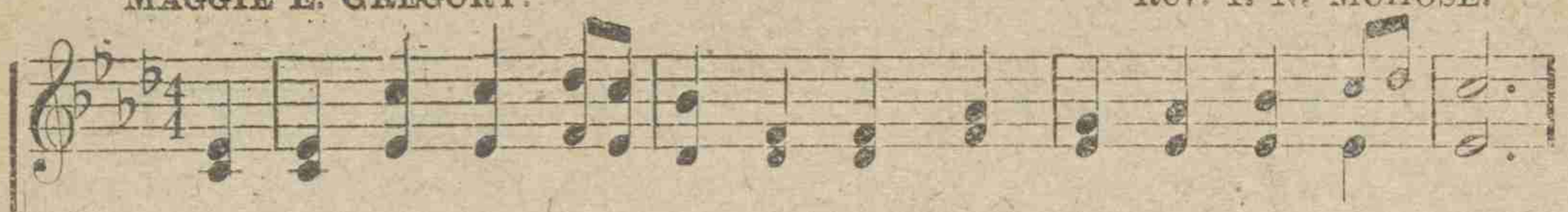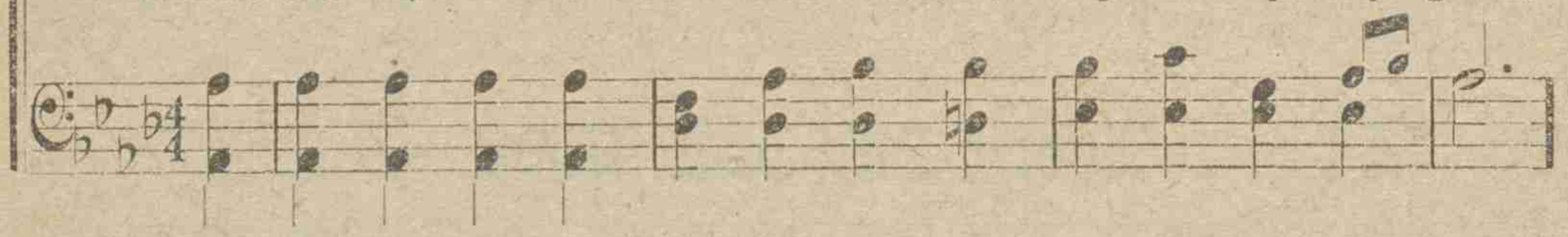






No. 152. Clinging to the Rock.
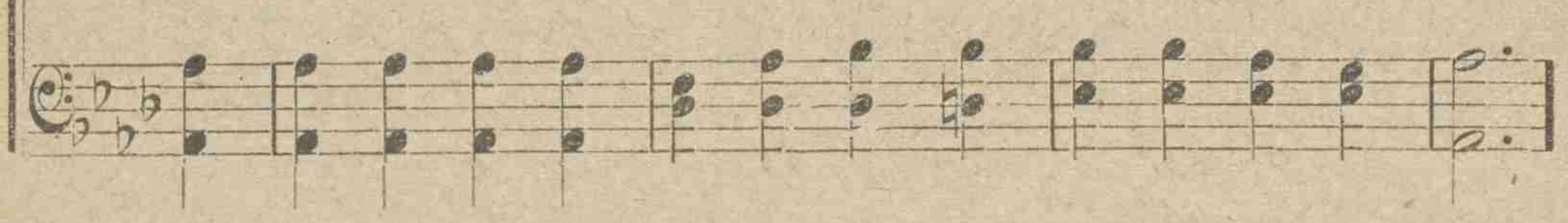
MAGGIE E. GREGORY. REV. I. N. MCHOSE.
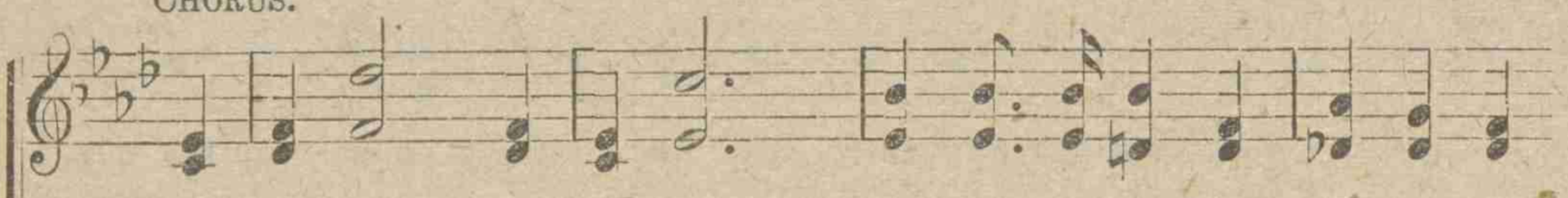


1. Oh, Je - sus, go not from my sight, Nor let me stray from Thee:
2. Thou bless-ed Christ, help me to cling Un - to Thy might - y arm;
3. Oh, let the bright-ness of Thy love Shine 'round me like the sun;
4. Dear Sav-ior, for Thine own name's sake, Oh, keep me by Thy grace,
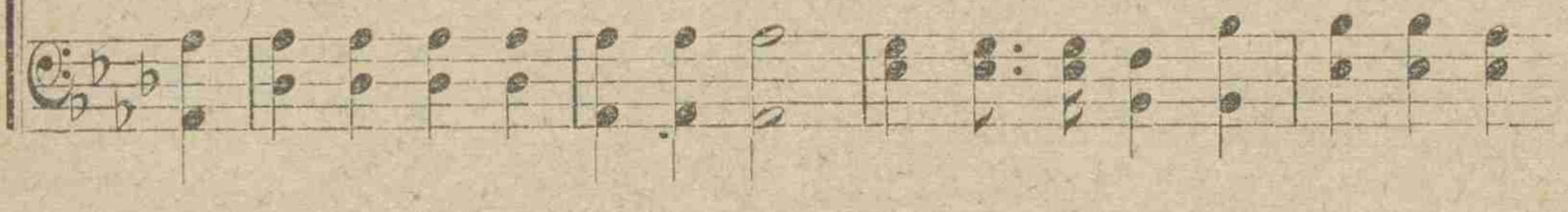


Oh, keep me ev - er, by Thy might, From sin de - liv - er me.
For un - der-neath Thy shelt'ring wing, No e - vil thing can harm.
And in it may I live and move, Un - til my jour-ney's done.
Till in Thy like - ness I a - wake, And see Thee face to face.

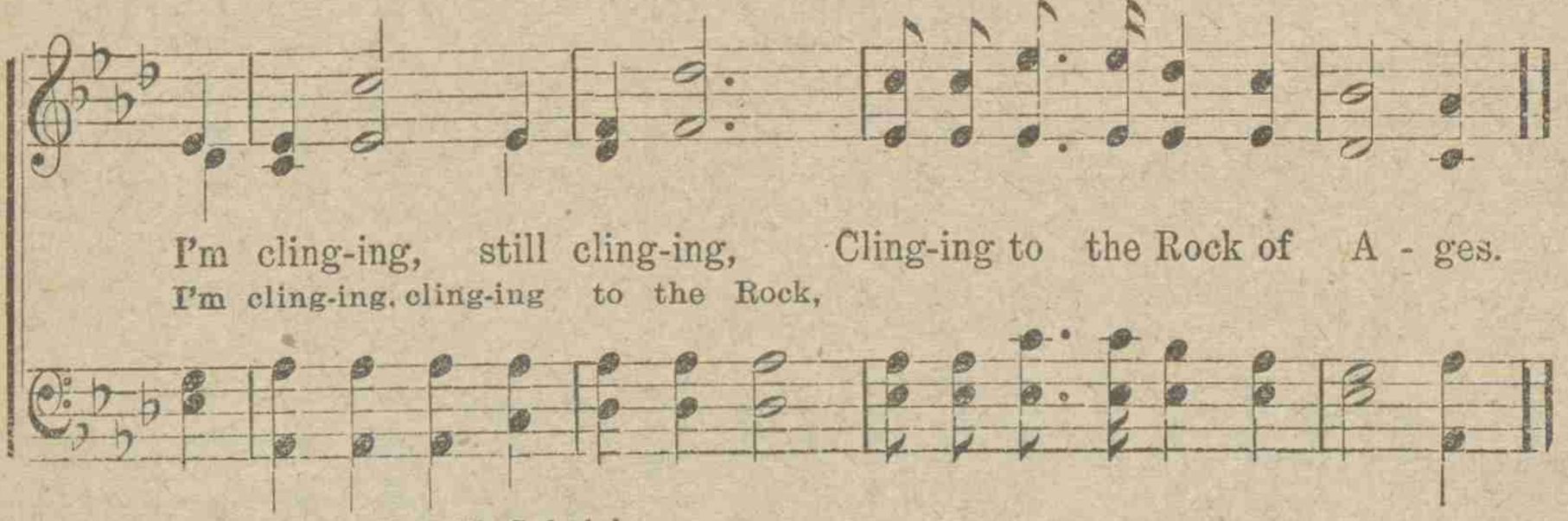


CHORUS.



I'm cling-ing, I'm cling-ing, What tho' the temp-est rag - es, Still
I'm cling-ing, cling-ing to the Rock,





I'm cling-ing, still cling-ing, Cling-ing to the Rock of A - ges.
I'm cling-ing, cling-ing to the Rock,

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No. 153. I Shall See Him.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I have had sweet dreams of my e - ter - nal home, Whose beau-ties nev - er can be told, And have oft - en won - der'd what the joy will be, When I my Savior's face be - hold.
2. There are loved ones o - ver in the Home-land fair, Re-ceived thro' won-ders of His grace; 'Twill be joy to meet them, but the first of all I long to look up-on His face. I shall see Him in His beau - ty,
3. While the un - re-cord - ed a - ges on - ward roll, My joy and my de- light shall be, With the blood-wash'd throng to wor-ship and a - dore The Lamb of God who died for me. I shall see Him in His beauty

CHORUS.

In the morning of the res-ur-rec-tion day, I shall see him in His beauty, Where the mists have for-ev - er roll'd a - way. . . . . I shall see Him in His beauty I shall see Him in His beau-ty I shall see Him roll'd a-way

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No. 154. Sing With Joy.

LAURENE HIGHFIELD. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Come, sing with joy un - to the Lord, Praise Him with glad ac - claim;
2. Come, sing with joy un - to the Lord; Let mu - sic fill the air!
3. Sing praise to Him who lives and reigns, Throned by His Fa-ther's side!

Ex - tol His wis - dom in - fi - nite, Ex - alt His ho - ly name!
Un - meas-ured bless - ings He be-stows, We see them ev - ry - where.
Be - neath the shad - ow of His wings, We safe - ly may a - bide;

Praise Him for life, so free - ly giv'n, For ten - der, brood-ing care;
With - in His king - dom peace a - bides. His sway shall nev - er end;
Give thanks for all His pre - cious words, His great re - deem - ing love;
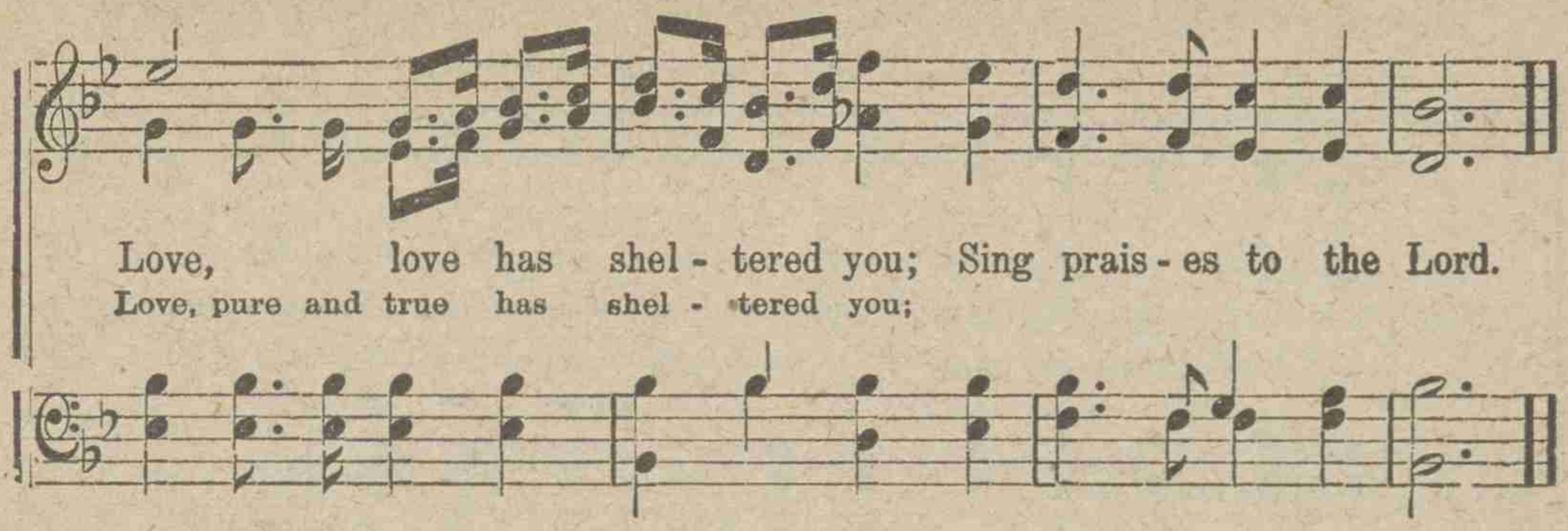
For strength re-newed, and vic - t'ries won, For love be-yond com - pare.
Tho' re - gal is His ma - jes - ty, He is a lov - ing Friend.
A life on earth that's hid in Him, And home in heav'n a - bove.

CHORUS.

Come, sweet-est songs em-ploy, Re - joice in glad ac - cord;
Come, sing with joy, sweet songs em - ploy, re - joice;

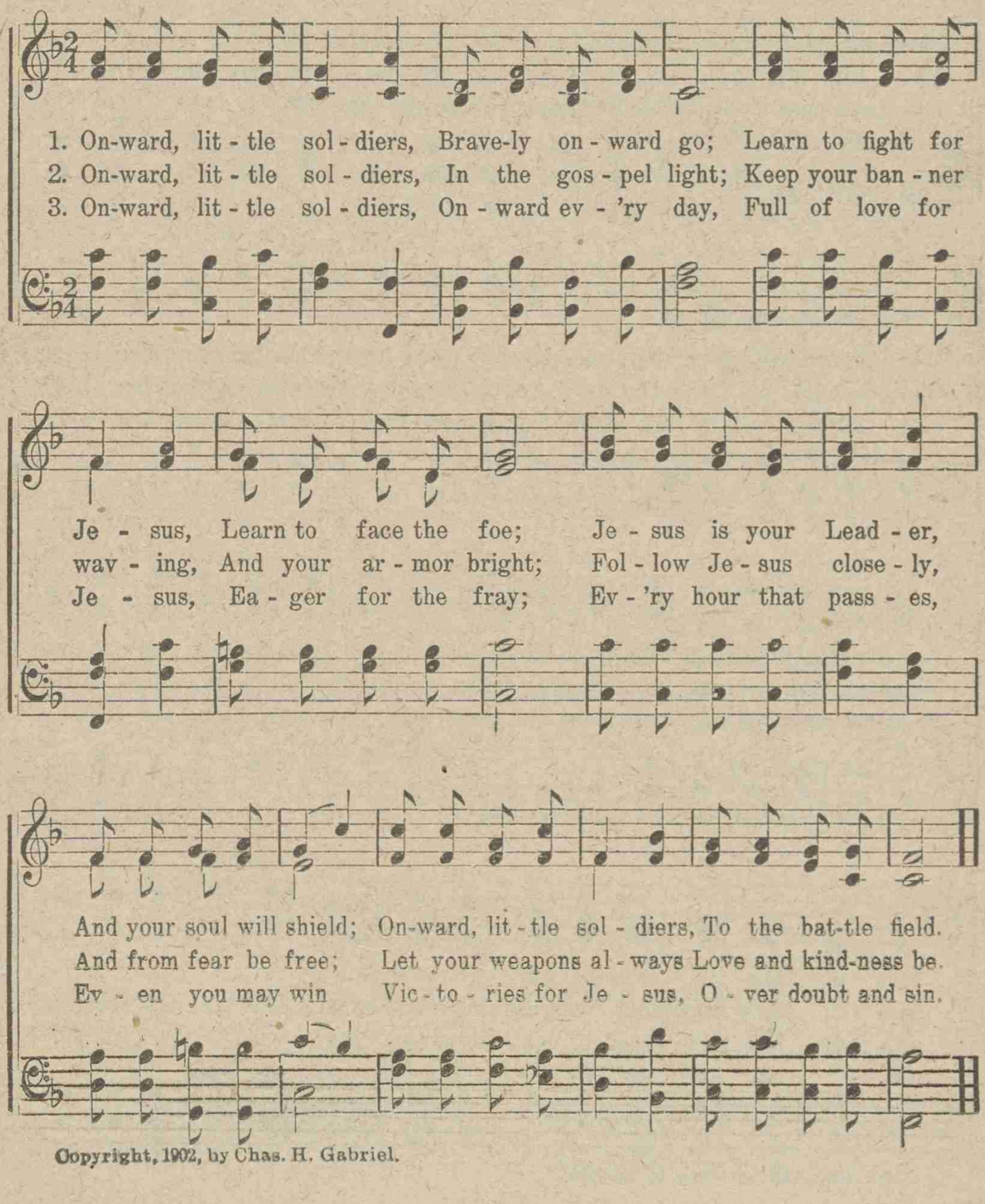
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Sing With Joy.



No. 155. Onward, Little Soldiers.

JAMES ROWE. MARTIN A. ELLIOTT.



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No. 156. Safe in the Harbor.

LAURENE HIGHFIELD. Solo and Chorus. DR. S. B. JACKSON.

1. By the shore of the coun - try e - ter - nal, Where the cit - y of
2. Tho' the voy - age was dan - g'rous and wea - ry, And the storm-blasts were
3. In that land there is beau - ty and glad - ness, Af - ter life's bil - lows

bless - ed - ness stands, And the far - ther - most waves of life's o - cean Lap
bit - ter and chill, Yet the winds and the wa - ters were tem - pered, By
have been pass'd o'er; Tho' the ships weath-ered ma - ny a tem - pest, They

soft - ly its white glist'ning sands; In the curve of the har-bor close shel-tered,
One who could say, "Peace, be still:" And se-cure they now rest in the har - bor,
rest all se - cure by the shore; Safe in port! free from tri - als and dan - gers,

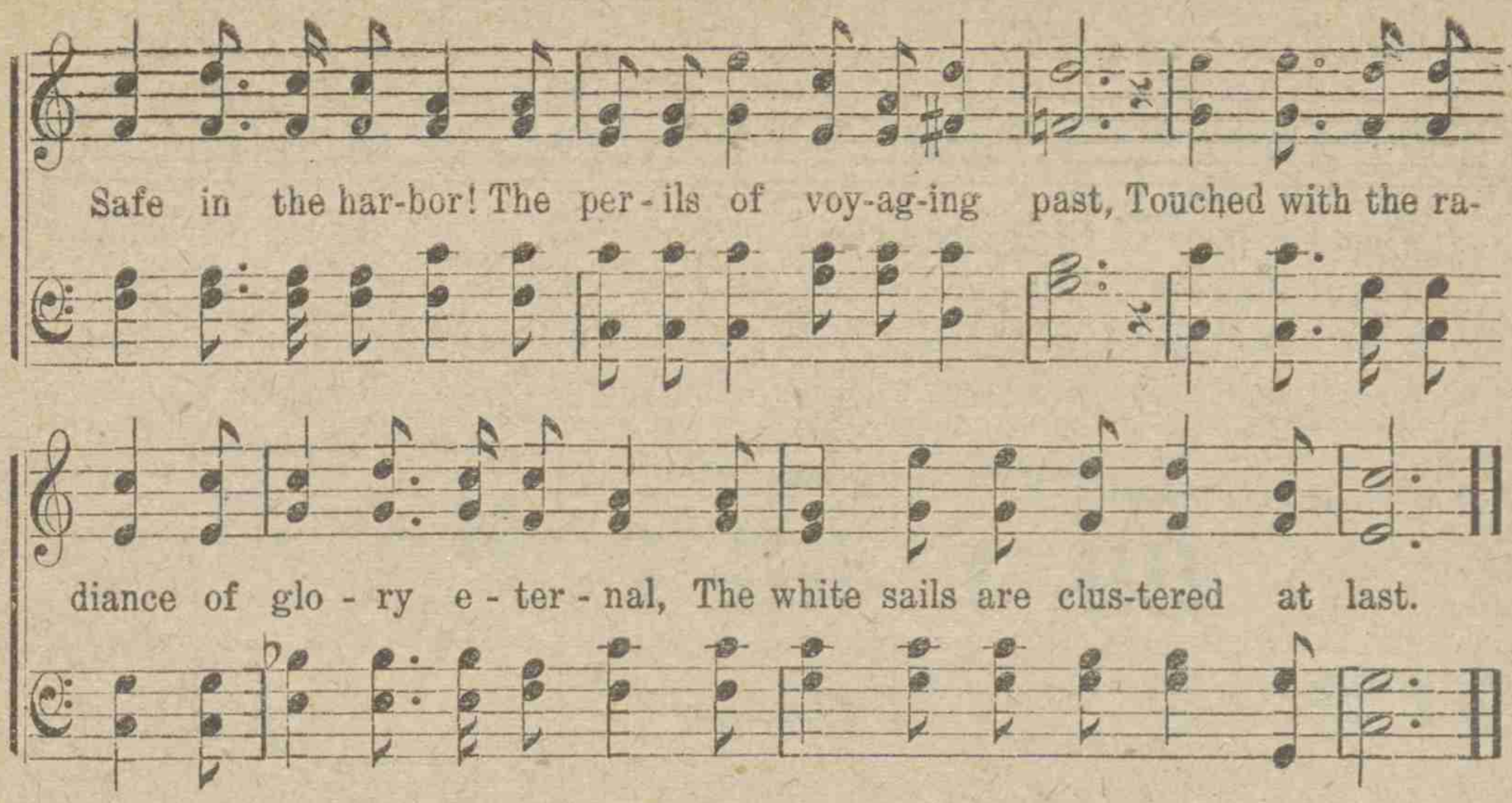
Are the ships that have weathered life's gales; In the great glass-y sea is re-
Where an un - end-ing rapt-ure pre - vails; Anchored safe in the long - de-sired
From the stain of time made pure and clean, The white sails of the ves - sels at

CHORUS.

flect - ed, The out - line of ma - ny white sails.
ha - ven, Are clus-tered the glist'ning white sails. Safe in the har-bor!
an - chor, Are mir - rored in wa - ters se - rene.

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Safe in the Harbor.

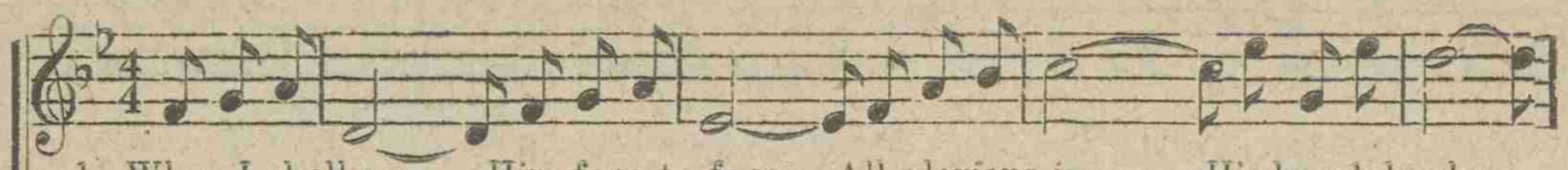


No. 157. Savior, Like a Shepherd.
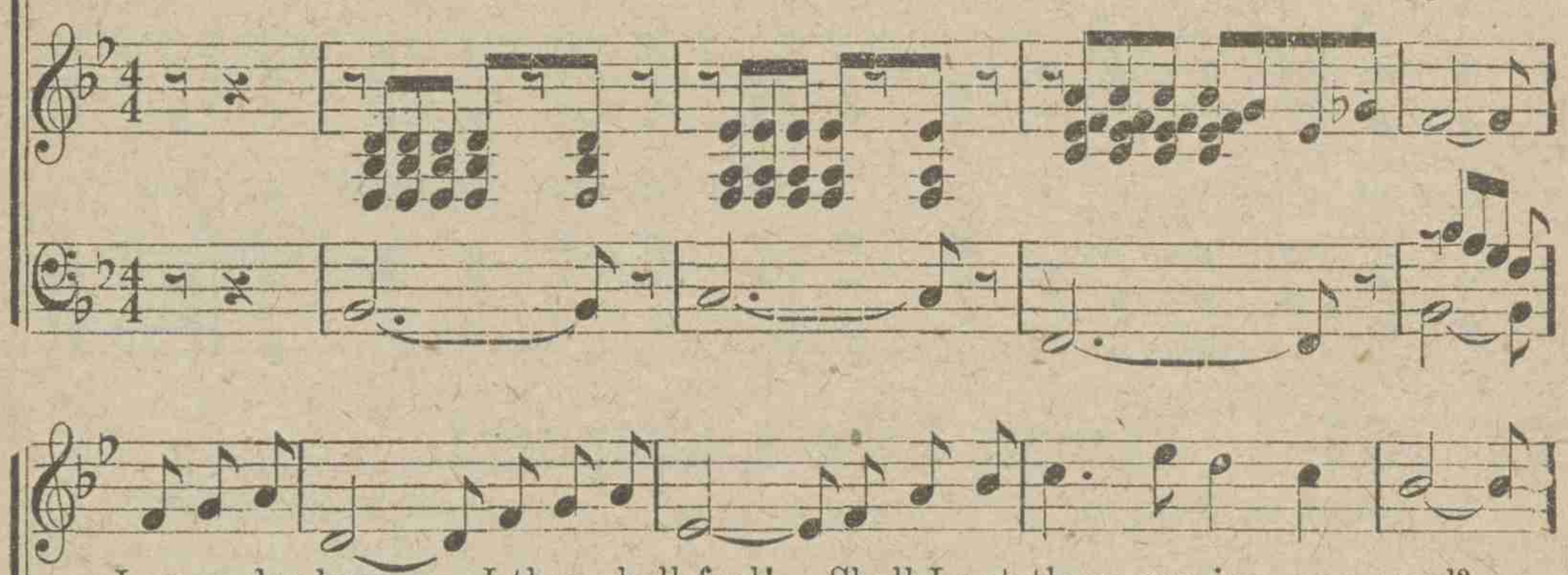
DOROTHY A. THRUPP. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

No. 158. When I Shall See Him.
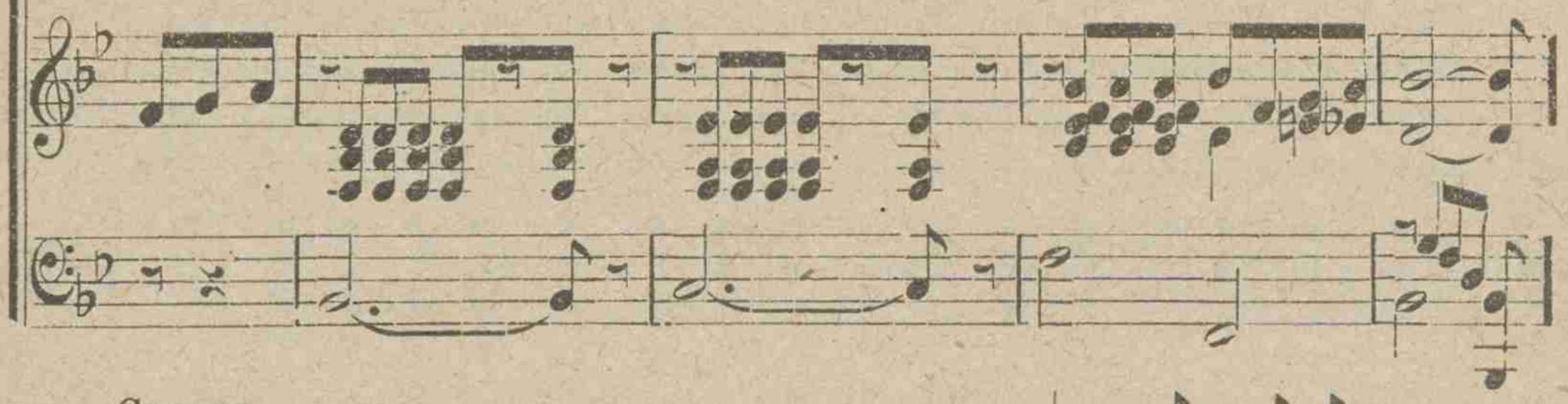
Rev. W. B. WILLIAMS. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
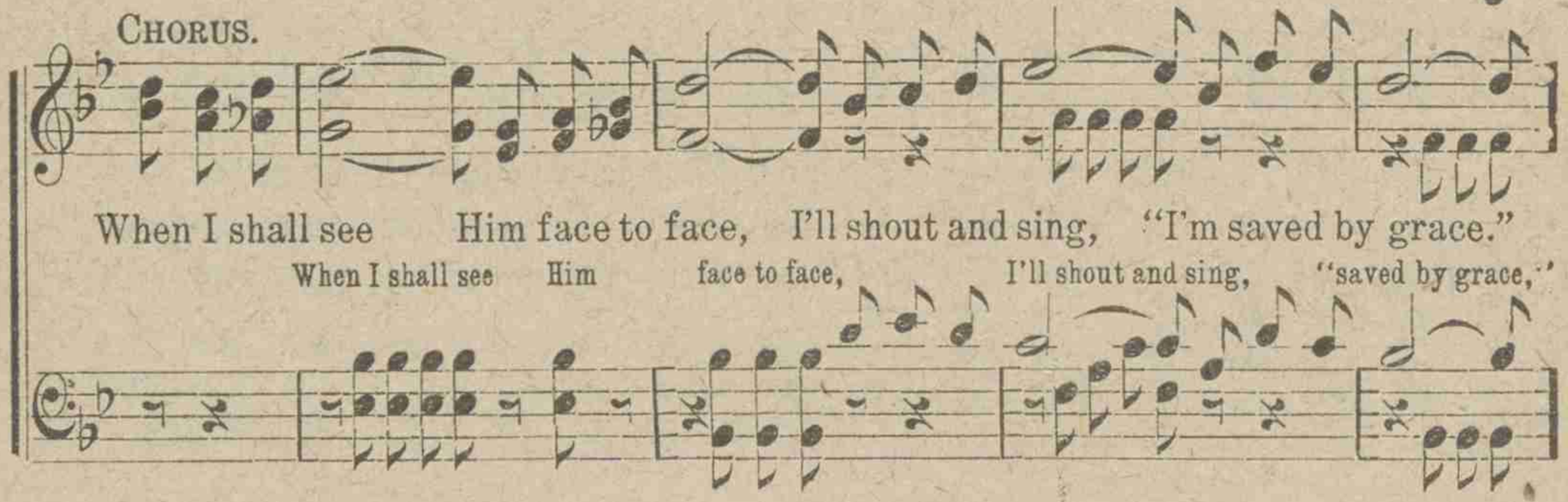


1. When I shall see Him face to face, All glorious in His heav'nly place,
2. When I shall see Him face to face, All radiant with His truth and grace,
3. When I shall see Him face to face, And in His hands the nail-prints trace,
4. When I shall see Him face to face, And know I have in heav'n a place,
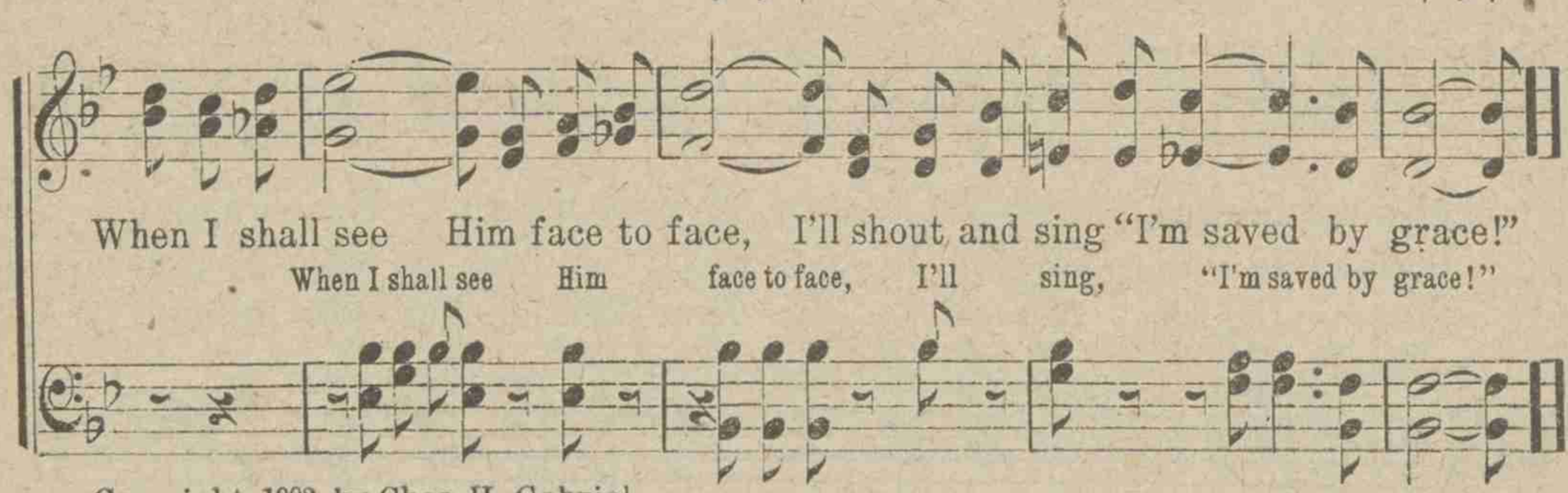


I won-der how I then shall feel! Shall I not there my joy re - veal?
Shall I not thank Him from my heart, That He to me did grace im - part?
Shall I not then from doubt be free, And cry a-loud "He died for me?"
Shall He not then my soul sur-prise, By giv-ing me the vic - tor's prize?



CHORUS.



When I shall see Him face to face, I'll shout and sing, "I'm saved by grace."
When I shall see Him face to face, I'll shout and sing, "saved by grace,"
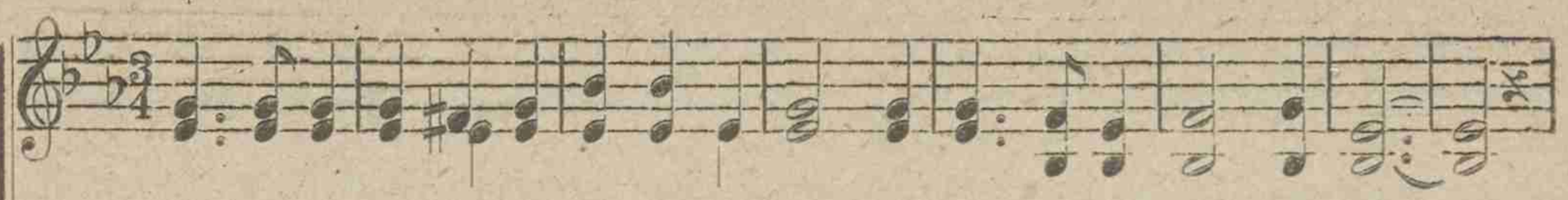


When I shall see Him face to face, I'll shout and sing "I'm saved by grace!"
When I shall see Him face to face, I'll sing, "I'm saved by grace!"
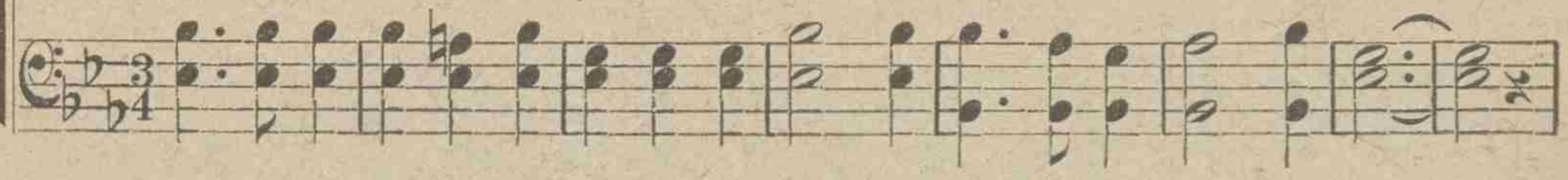
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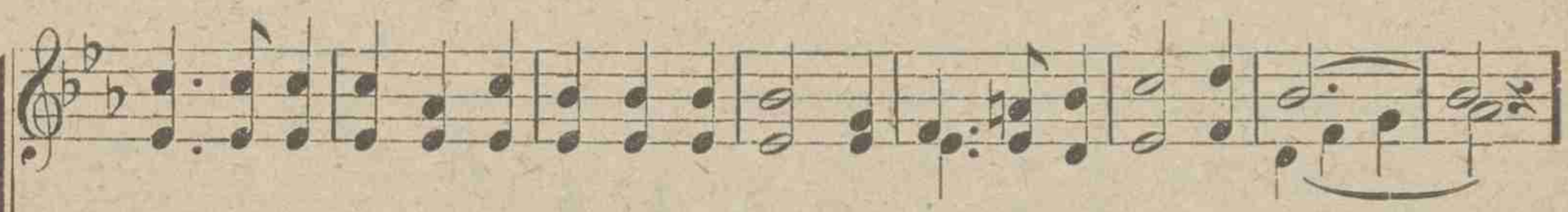
No. 159. Whom Have You Helped Today?

E. G. Y. EDNA G. YOUNG.
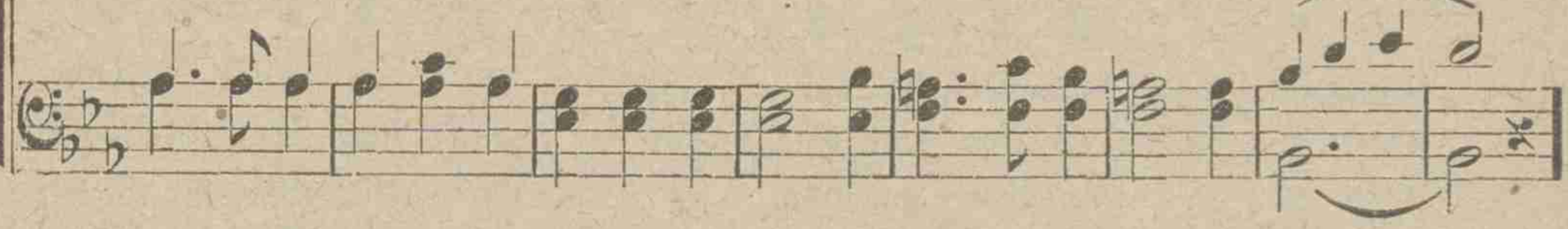


1. Some one is waiting and longing for you, To of - fer a help - ing hand;
2. Some one is grieving in sorrow and tears, For lack of a word or smile;
3. Some one is hope-less-ly dy - ing to-night, Not knowing the Mas-ter's care;
4. You who would enter the Haven of Rest, Teach some one the narrow way!

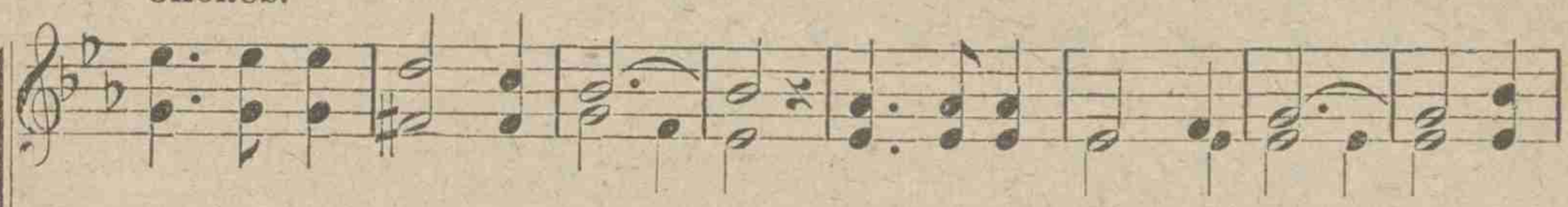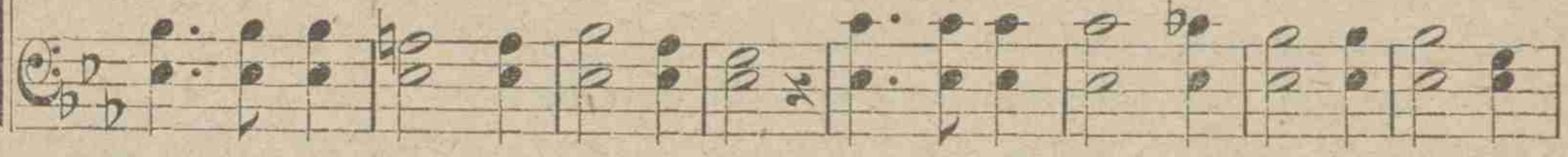




Waiting to hear of "The Light of the world," That leads to the Better Land.
Weeping alone when he might have been cheered O'er many a weary mile.
Fear - ing to cross the dark river a - lone, With no one to guide him there.
Help some poor trav'ler, by smile, word or deed, And joy will be yours that day.
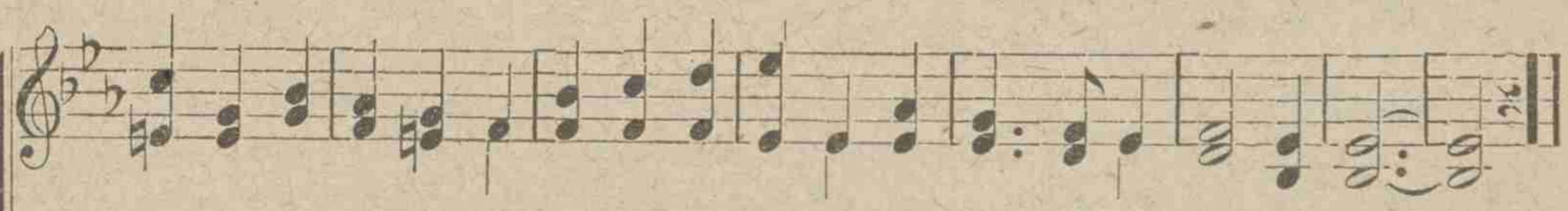


CHORUS.

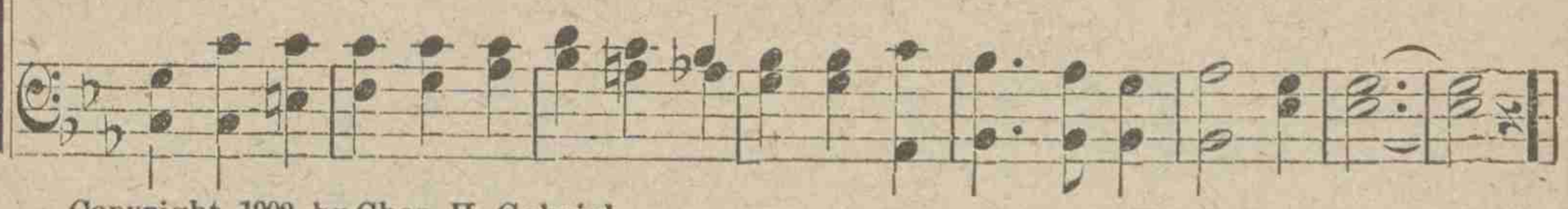


Whom have you helped to - day? Whom have you helped to - day? Whose
to - day? to - day?





cares have you lightened, whose sad faces brightened, Oh, whom have you helped today?



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No. 160. The Glad, Good News.

CHAS. H. GABERIEL. E. O. EXCELL.

1. "With an ev - er - last - ing love," came the mes - sage from a - bove,
2. Tho' un - mind - ful we have been, and have wan - der'd on in sin,
3. O - pen now to Him your heart, lest for - ev - er He de - part,

"I have loved thee," God hath spok-en, tell the news;
Still His voice is ev - er speak-ing, tell the news; (the glad, good news;)
And ac - cept the gra-cious bless-ing, tell the news;

Heark-en, soul, un - to His voice, and for - ev - er - more re-joice
He, re - ject - ed o'er and o'er, still is wait - ing at the door,
"With an ev - er - last - ing love," let us each the mes-sage prove,

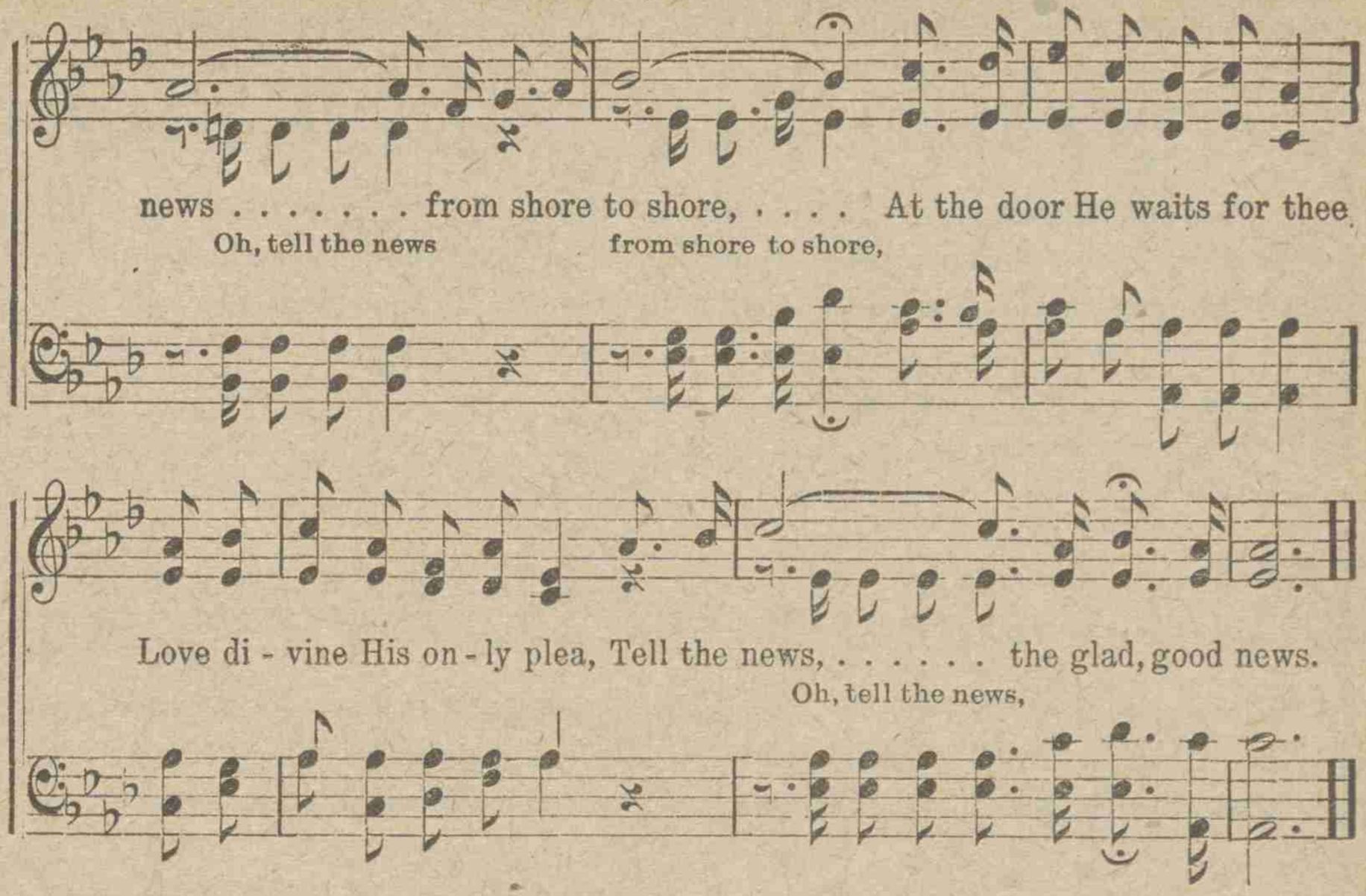
That His word can-not be bro - ken, tell the news.
And thy soul in mer - cy seek-ing, tell the news. (the glad, good news.)
And with joy His name con-fess - ing, tell the news.

CHORUS.

Tell the news, ... the glad, good news, Tell the
Oh, tell the news, the glad, good news,

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The Glad, Good News.



No. 161. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS. LOWELL MASON.

No. 162. Nearer to Thee.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Thro' all the chang-es and tri - als of life, In joy, in sor - row, in peace and in strife, Ev - er I'm pray-ing and long-ing to be, "Near-er, my God, to Thee, near-er to Thee."
2. When I am sore oppress'd, tempted, dismayed, Sweet-ly He whis-pers, "Oh, be not a - fraid!" Fills me with courage, and an-swers the plea: "Near-er, my God, to Thee, near-er to Thee."
3. Oh, con - so - la - tion sweet, comfort di - vine! I know that I am His, that He is mine! Still this one pray'r I make on bend-ed knee, "Near-er, my God, to Thee, near-er to Thee."

CHORUS.

Ho - ly, re - ject - ed One, Now seal me thine! Since thou hast died for me, My song of songs shall be, "Near - er, my God, to Thee, near-er to Thee."

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No. 163. In the Cross.

LAURENE HIGHFIELD. MARTIN A. ELLIOTT.

1. Glo - ri - fy the cross of the Lamb of God! There He shed His pre-cious
2. Glo - ri - fy the crown of the King of kings, For a di - a - dem He
3. Mag - ni - fy the name of the Prince of Peace! At His name all knees shall
4. Brave-ly bear the cross He has laid on thee; Do not faint nor lay it

blood, That the soil and stain of a sin - sick world Might be cleans-ed
wears As He reigns a - bove, clothed in re - gal might, And the Fa-ther's
bend, 'Till the whole wide world shall ac-knowl-edge Him, Sing - ing prais - es
down 'Till in lands of light, from His lov - ing hand, You re - ceive a

CHORUS.

in its flood.
glo - ry share. In the cross, in the cross shall our glo - ry be!
with - out end.
liv - ing crown.

By the Sav - ior's death from sin set free, By His love, pre - cious

love that we dai - ly share, And the crown of life we'll some day wear.

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No. 164. For Jesus' Sake.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Are you heav-y-heart-ed, and oppress'd with grief and care? Wea-ry of the
2. Do you long for pleasures that al - lure on ev - 'ry side? Think of Him, the
3. When temp-ta-tion whispers, "'Tis for oth - er hands to do," Think what He en-

du - ty-bur-den you in si-lence bear? Faith-ful be, and pa-tient, nev - er
Man of Sor-rows, by His own de-nied! Count it joy to suf - fer in His
dured in dark Geth-sem-a - ne for you! Take the cross He gives you, to the

CHORUS.

yield - ing to de-spair; Bear it, just for Je - sus' sake.
name, how - ev-er tried; Bear it, just for Je - sus' sake. Be a Christian, brave and
bless - ed One be true; Bear it, just for Je - sus' sake.

brave,

true; Bear the cross He gives to you; Heav-y tho' it
just for Je-sus' sake; gives, just for Je-sus' sake;

prove, Yet, in faith and love, Bear it just for Je - sus' sake.
with pa-tience, re-joic-ing, Bear it just for Je-sus' sake.

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No. 165. Sometime, Somewhere.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. Un-an-swered yet? The pray'r your lips have plead - ed In ag - o-
2. Un-an-swered yet? Tho' when you first pre - sent - ed This one pe-
3. Un-an-swered yet? Nay, do not say un - grant - ed; Per - haps your
4. Un-an-swered yet? Faith can - not be un - an-swer-ed; Her feet were

ny of heart these ma - ny years? Does faith be - gin to fail, is hope de-
ti - tion at the Fa-ther's throne, It seemed you could not wait the time of
part is not yet whol - ly done; The work be - gan when first your pray'r was
firm - ly plant - ed on the Rock; A - mid the wild-est storms she stands un-

part - ing, And think you all in vain those fall - ing tears? Say not the
ask - ing, So ur - gent was your heart to make it know, Tho' years have
ut - tered, And God will fin - ish what He has be - gun, If you will
daunt - ed, Nor quails be - fore the loud - est thun - der shock, She knows Om-

Fa - ther hath not heard your pray'r; You shall have your desire sometime, some-
passed since then, do not de - spair; The Lord will answer you sometime, some-
keep the in-cense burn-ing there, His glo - ry you shall see, sometime, some-
nip - o - tence has heard her pray'r, And cries, "It shall be done," sometime, some-

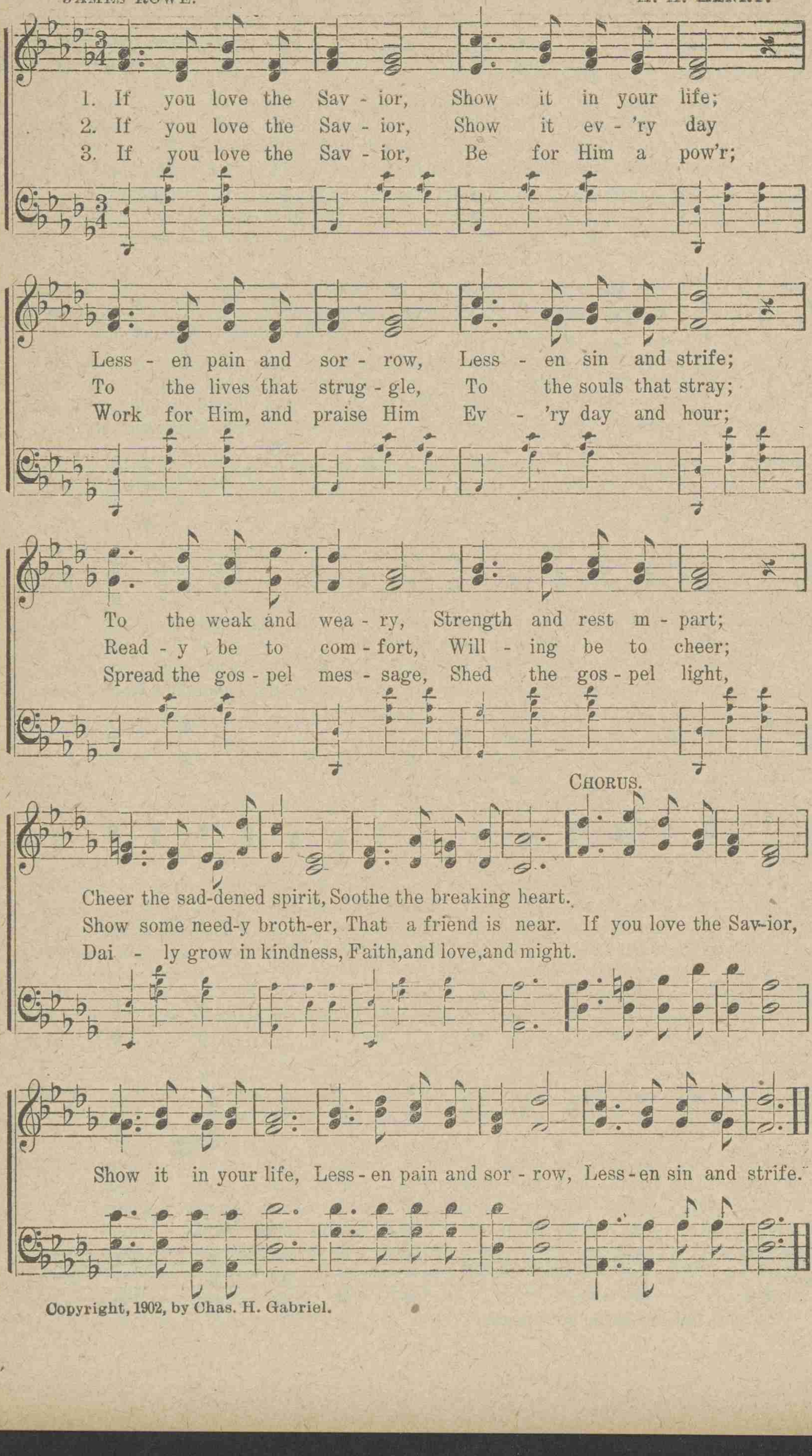
Rit. *ad lib.*

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

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No. 166. If You Love the Savior.

JAMES ROWE. H. A. HENRY.



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No. 167. We Praise Thee, O God.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. We praise Thee, O God, in Thy name we re - joice, We wor-ship be-
2. We praise Thee, O God, for the gifts of Thy hand, So free and so
3. We praise Thee, O God, for the light of Thy word, The mes-sage of

fore Thee with the harp and the voice; For fa - vors un - num-bered sweet
pre - cious o - ver all this fair land: Thou giv - est the sun - shine, Thou
mer - cy we in glad-ness have heard; For Je - sus, Thy Son, who for

an - thems we sing, For boun-ties un-measured glad off'rings we bring; Thou
send - est the rain, Thou glad'nest the pas-ture, Thou rip'nest the grain; The
sin - ful man came, For joys of sal - va-tion thro' faith in His name; For

Fa - ther, all-gracious, who heed-est our call, Thou King of all kindness, Thou
har - vest Thou bring-est in bil-lows of gold, The glad year Thou crownest with
strength in the con - flict vic - to-rious to be, For hope of the glo - ry of

p *f* *rit.*

Rul - er of all; We praise Thee, O God, we praise Thee, O God.
goodness un - told; We praise Thee, O God, we praise Thee, O God.
heav-en with Thee, We praise Thee, O God, we praise Thee, O God. A - MEN.

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No. 168. Oh, Mighty Word.

Rev. LOUIS M. WATERMAN. ORAN WILLIAMS.

1. Let storms a - rise and bil - lows roll, Let winds and waves beat on my soul; Let come the tem-pest's shock! I do not fear, I need not quail,
2. I stand where stood God's saints of old, While aw - ful floods up - on them rolled! In vain their heav - ing tides; All else may yield—the tem - pest's fray
3. This joy by day my heart may know; God's word beneath each step I go, Must keep my path - way pure; In peace by night I'll calm - ly sleep;

I stand where storms can ne'er pre - vail, I rest up - on the Rock.
The might - y hills may sweep a - way, God's prom - ise still a - bides.
God's prom - is - es my couch shall keep E - ter - nal - ly se - cure.

CHORUS.

{ Oh, might - y word of change-less grace—For aye thou art my hid - ing
{ The earth may fail, and bells of time, The fleet - ing hours may cease to

1 place, My ref - uge, strong and sure;
1 chime, But (*Omit.*)
2 thou shalt still en - dure!

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No. 169. His Way is Best.

A. M. STARKWEATHER. EDNA G. YOUNG.

1. Our Fa-ther's way is al-ways best; He knows what is, and is to be;
2. The Lord has nev - er made mistake! This way was hal-low'd by His feet;
3. O heart, 'tis bet - ter to o - bey! For love of thee His heart was riv'n;
4. When, by and by, our tri - als past, We stand be - side the crys-tal sea

To walk with Him is peace and rest, Tho' it be thro' Geth-sem - a - ne,
Then clasp His hand, and He will make The dark-ness light, the bit - ter sweet,
Then fol - low where He leads, nor stray, Or miss the roy - al road to heav'n,
To have full fel - low - ship at last, It will be sweet to know that He

rit.

CHORUS.

His hand shall be a guide to thee.
And all thy life with joy re - plete. In His sweet will is found the place
Since what is best, His love has giv'n.
Chose what was best for you and me.

More sa-cred than all else be - side; Where Je - sus meets us face to face,

And souls are blest and pu - ri - fied, And souls are blest and pu - ri - fied.

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No. 170. Sunlight.

J. W. VAN DEVENTER. W. S. WEEDEN.

1. I wan - dered in the shades of night, Till Je - sus came to me,
2. Tho' clouds may gath - er in the sky, And bil - lows round me roll,
3. While walk - ing in the light of God, I sweet com-mun - ion find;
4. I cross the wide ex - tend - ed fields, I jour - ney o'er the plain,
5. Soon I shall see Him as He is, The Light that came to me,

And with the sun - light of His love Bid all my dark-ness flee.
How - ev - er dark the world may be I've sun - light in my soul.
I press with ho - ly vig - or on, And leave the world be - hind.
And in the sun - light of His love I reap the gold - en grain.
Be - hold the bright-ness of His face, Through-out e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.

Sun-light, sun-light in my soul to-day, Sun-light, sun - light
to - day, yes,
all a - long the way; Since the Sav-ior found me, took a-way my
nar - row way;
sin, I have had the sun - light of His love with - in.
load of sin,

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No. 171. The Overflowing Fountain.

MAGGIE E. GREGORY. O. W. OLIVER.

1. There's a fount-ain o - ver flow - ing For our cleansing from all sin;
2. Like as at Beth-es - da's fount-ain, When the an - gel stirred the wave,
3. Nev - er more the Spir - it griev - ing, Let us plunge be-neath the flood;

Let us seek it, trust-ing, know-ing, We may free - ly en - ter in.
So the flow from Calv'ry's mount-ain, Might - y is to heal and save.
All our sins and vile-nees leav - ing, In the fount-ain filled with blood.

CHORUS.

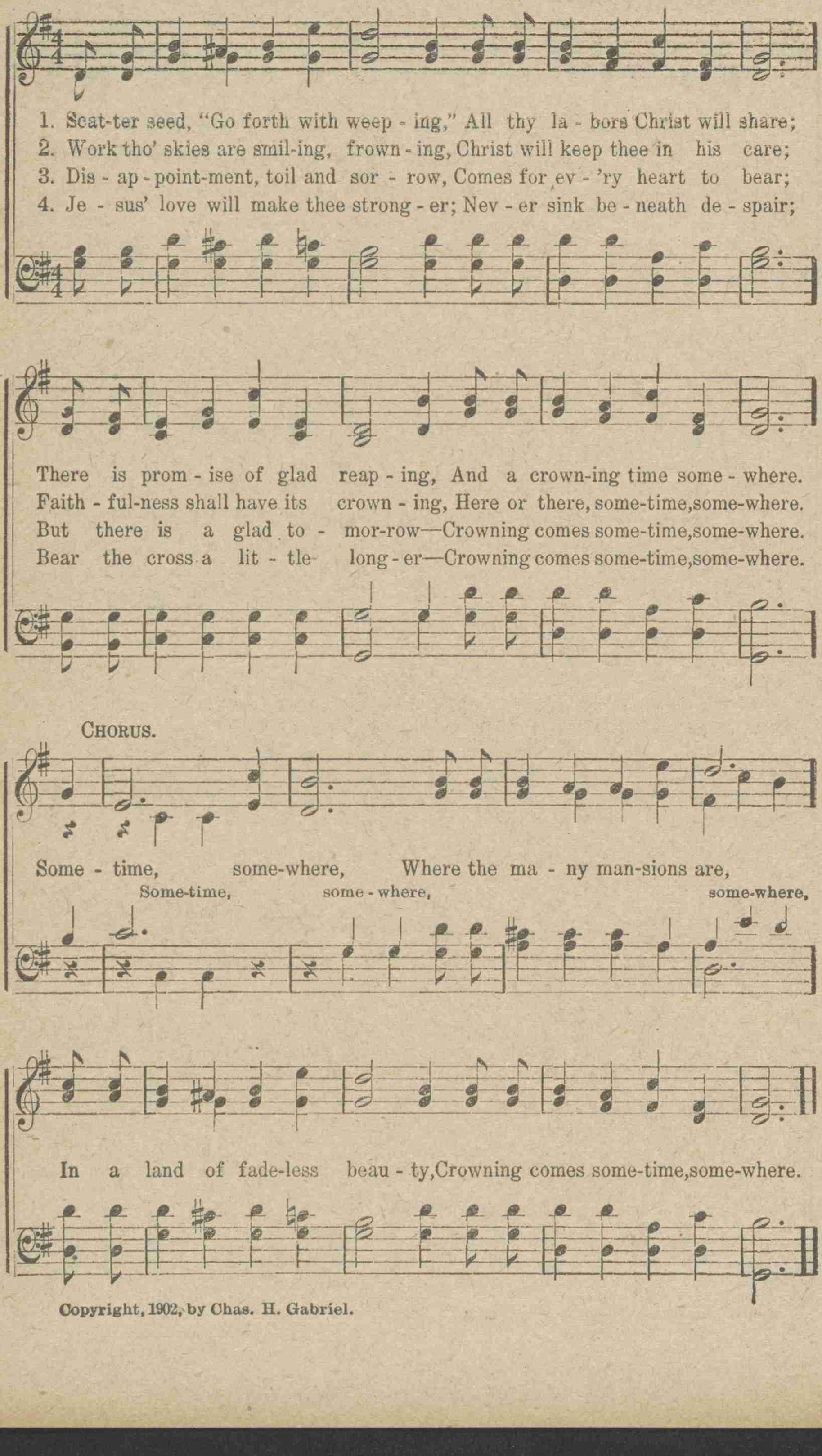
Praise the Lord for the fount-ain We on Cal - va - ry have seen;

Hal - le - lu - jah! in its wa - ters, We may wash and be clean.

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No. 172. The Crowning Time.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. F. S. SHEPARD.



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No. 173. Keep Me Ever.

JAMES ROWE. ADOLPH JESREAL.

1. Fa-ther,when life's rough storms are beating,And my path I scarce can see,
2. When I'm burden'd with some great sor-row,And no friend to com-fort me,
3. Fa - ther, when I am near the val - ley, And I fear the deep-'ning gloom,

When my strength fails and hope is fleet-ing, Be Thou near to com-fort me.
Be Thou near that my soul may bor-row Love,and peace, and rest from Thee.
Then be Thou near my soul to com-fort, Be Thou near to guide me home.

CHORUS.

Keep me ev - er, . . . for-sake me nev - er, . . . Firm-ly hold . . . .
Keep me ev - er, Lord, for - sake me nev-er, Lord! Ev-er firmly hold

my hand in Thine; . . . . I have no oth-er Friend be-side Thee;
my hand in Thine, my hand in Thine;

Safe thro' the darkness guide me,Cheer me with the music of Thy voice di - vine.

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No. 174. I'm Not Drifting.

MENZIES CUMMING. J. H. ROSECRANS.

BASS SOLO.

1. Ah, no! I'm not drift-ing! but out on life's sea Each sail in the
2. Ah, no! I'm not drifting! there's grace in my heart, And the rocks and the
3. No! no! I'm not drift-ing! my faith sees the shore! I am head : ing for

breeze swells with Hope's ec - sta - cy; And my bark skims the tide like a
shoals, are mark'd plain on my chart; Truth stands firm at the wheel and
Home when life's voy - age is o'er; Not a doubt in my soul, not a

bird on the wing, While my soul looks a - loft where the
steers o'er the sea, And Je - sus, a - loft, ev - er
throb in my breast, That my Pi - lot will steer to yon

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I'm Not Drifting.

ran-som'd ones sing; I can hear their glad voic - es, as on - ward I
watch - es o'er me; I thus know I'm not drift - ing, a sport of the
hav - en of rest; Oh! there on its glo - ri - fied strand I will

sail, To meet them in glo - ry, be - yond this dark vale.
wave, But I'm sail - ing to port thro' the gates of the grave.
sing The prais - es of Je - sus, Re - deem - er and King.

rit.

rit.

No. 175. Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n - ly Dove, With all Thy quickening pow'rs;
2. Look how we grov - el here be - low, Fond of these earth - ly toys;
3. In vain we tune our form - al songs, In vain we strive to rise;
4. Fa - ther, and shall we ev - er live At this poor dy - ing rate,

Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
Our souls, how heav - i - ly they go, To reach e - ter - nal joys.
Ho - san - nas lan - guish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee, And Thine to us so great?

No. 176. The Hosts of God.

JENNIE REE. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Like a might-y ar - my, Clad in bright ar - ray, Moves the hosts tri-
2. Brave and loy - al heart - ed, Each one in the throng, Hast - ens to the
3. For the King en - list - ed, Trust they in His word, March-ing at His
4. World - ly pomp and pleas - ure, Fame and earth-ly store, For the cause of

umph - ant, Up the nar - row way;
bat - tle, With a hap - py song;
or - der, Seek-ing not re - ward;
Je - sus, They have giv - en o'er;

Col - ors proud-ly fly - ing,
What tho' days be drear - y,
In His cross they glo - ry,
Some day shall each bur - den

Up the nar - row way;

Sin and wrong de - fy - ing, Heart and soul u - nit - ed, One in
And the march-ing wear - y; Yet, de - spair-ing nev - er, But with
And the old, old sto - ry, On - ward they are bear - ing; Joy and
Borne be - come a guer - don, And a song un - end - ing, From the

du - ty plight - ed, To the lands be - night - ed, They bear the word to - day.
new en - deav - or, Onward, for - ward ev - er, The ar - my moves a - long.
sor - row shar - ing, Faith-ful - ly pre - par - ing, The path-way of the Lord.
hosts as - cend - ing, With the a - ges blend - ing, Shall ring for - ev - er more.

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No. 177. Somebody's Darling.

R. C. W. Rev. R. C. WEIDLER.

1. I peep thro' the close covered lat - tice, And see a form tall and thin;
2. A moth - er held her sweet ba - by And tho't of his fu - ture life,
3. He soon grew to man-hood most no - ble; Temp-ta - tion was held a - side,
4. The hopes of a life - time are shat-tered, The pu - ri - ty tarnished by sin,
5. Not on - ly one, home, but the ma - ny This drink is converting to woe;

He is quaff - ing the fier - y bold de - mon, That is mar - ring his man - hood with sin.
And she prayed that the blessings of heav - en, Might guide her boy safe thro' the strife.
'Till the dawn - ing of soul - kill-ing li - quor, In his life as a ser - pent did glide.
While the door of the bar-room stands o - pen, To en - tice the next wan - der - er in.
It is blight - ing and kill - ing God's chil - dren, Are you will - ing to li - cense the foe?

CHORUS.

He's { some - bod-y's darling, He's some-bod-y's dar-ling,
thou-sands are dy-ing, And mil-lions are cry-ing,

1. An - oth - er one gone a - stray;
2. While Be-cause we don't drive rum a - way.

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No. 178. Gently, oh, My Savior, Lead Me.

Dr. M. Victor Staley. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Gent - ly, oh, my Sav-ior, lead me Day by day, day by day;
2. Take my heart and sanc-ti - fy it All to Thee, all to Thee;
3. I would live and serve Thee on - ly, Be my Guide, be my Guide;

Day by day, day by day, my Sav-ior;

D. C.—*Gently, oh, my Sav-ior, lead me Day by day, day by day;*

Fine.

For I need Thee, oh, I need Thee All a - long my pil - grim way.
Let no evil thought come nigh it, To of-fend Thy love for me.
Nev-er shall the way be lone - ly, - If Thou lin-ger by my side.

all a long my pil-grim way,

For I need Thee, oh, I need Thee, All a - long my pil - grim way.

Nev - er let my foot-steps wan - der Till I reach my home up yon - der;
Keep it sacred as thine al - tar; And, when e'er I chance to fal - ter,
When the days are dark and drear - y, When my feet are worn and wea - ry,

D. C.

Guide me, Oh, my Sav - ior, guide me, Guard me lest I stray.
Grant, O Lord, Thy sav - ing pres - ence May my ref - uge be.
I shall be con-tent, if with me, Lord, Thou wilt a - bide.

my Sav - ior.

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No. 179. Jesus is Calling Today.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. Dr. L. O. EMERSON.

1. Je - sus is call - ing! O hear Him to - day, Call - ing for you,
2. Je - sus is call - ing! Your serv - ice He needs, Call - ing for you,
3. Je - sus is call - ing! He stands at the door, Call - ing for you,

Call - ing for you; Will you not quick - ly the sum - mons o - bey?
Call - ing for you; Ten - der - ly, pa - tient - ly with you He pleads,
Call - ing for you; O - pen your heart, and His mer - cy im - plore,

CHORUS.

Je - sus is call-ing for you! . . . Call - ing for you, . . .
for you! Je - sus is call-ing, is call-ing for you,

Call - ing for you, ... Hear Him to - day— do not
Je - sus is call - ing, is call-ing for you,

turn Him a - way, Je - sus is call - ing for you. . . .
for you.

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No. 180. Remember Thy Creator.

ADAM CRAIG. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Re - mem - ber, my boy, thy Cre - a - tor Just now in the days of thy
2. Be kind - ly af - fec-tioned to oth - ers; In hon - or give way to a
3. God help you in all your en - deav - ors; Be faith-ful, and hon - est and

youth He's promised to help and defend you, There's nothing so sure as God's
friend; Be hum - ble and low-ly, like Je - sus, His love will bring joy without
true; There's no one will love you like Je - sus, He gave up His life-blood for

truth, Be - ware of the phantom of pleasure! There's ru - in and death in its
end; Don't set your af-fec-tions on rich-es; They oft - en bring sorrow and
you; Then give Him your heart in life's morning, God's friendship is better than

train; Seek first for the kingdom of heaven, Then all that's worth having you'll gain.
pain; Seek first for the kingdom of heaven, Then all that's worth having you'll gain.
fame; Seek first for the kingdom of heaven, Then all that's worth having you'll gain.

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Remember Thy Creator.

CHORUS.

Re-mem-ber, my boy, thy Cre - a - tor; The word of the Lord is made plain;

Seek first for the kingdom of heav - en, Then all that's worth having you'll gain.

No. 181. I'll Live for Him.

C. R DUNBAR.

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

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

D. C.

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

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

No. 182. Following Our Guide.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK. F. S. SHEPARD.

1. We will fol-low our Guide o-ver mountain, We'll fol-low Him o - ver the plain;
2. We shall nev-er go wrong, if we fol - low The Sav-ior we faith-ful-ly love;
3. Oh, we never will question His wisdom; Our lives have been placed in His care;

Yes, wher - ev - er He leads we will fol-low Thro' darkness and sorrow and pain.
And the thorn-i-est ways will but lead us To mansions of glo - ry a - bove.
We will trust Him in tri - als, well knowing His mer - cy and goodness are there.

CHORUS.

Fol-low-ing our Guide, Fol - low - ing our Guide, With a true en
faithful Guide, faith-ful Guide,
deavor, We will trust in Him for-ev-er; Fol-low-ing our Guide,
faith-ful Guide,
Following our Guide, Ev-er we will fol - low our Guide. . . . . .
faithful Guide, our faith-ful Guide.

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No. 183. Lamb of God.

LAURENE HIGHFIELD. O. W. OLIVER.

1. O Lamb of God, Thou per - fect sac - ri - fice, Who tak - eth from the
2. O Lamb of God, in Thy all, cleans-ing blood, Wash us, we pray, and
3. O Lamb of God, ac - cept our brok - en lives! In us com-plete the
4. O Lamb of God, so ho - ly, just, and wise, Our spir - its long for

world its load of sin; A con-trite heart Thy love will not despise; Take
make us spot - less, too, That, pu - ri - fied in that re - deem-ing flood, We
work in love be - gun; And may Thy pu - ri - ty in - deed suf-fice, To
Thy fond brood-ing care; Grant us to en - ter Thy fair par - a-dise, Kept

CHORUS.

ours, dear Lord, and make us pure with - in.
may to-day pledge Thee our lives a - new. O Lamb of God, bless-ed
cleanse our hearts, Thou stainless, Ho - ly One.
for Thine own, with Thee its joys to share.

Lamb of God, Who bore our sor-row, sin and woe; . . . . . Oh, cleanse us
our sin and woe;

in Thy crim - son blood, And make us pure and white as snow.

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No. 184. The Christian Multitude.

E. G. Y. EDNA G. YOUNG.

1. We're gath-ered in the name of Christ, To help, with pray'r and song,
2. To Christ the glo - ry doth be - long! Had it not been for Him,
3. And now we've prom-ised faith - ful - ly, While here on earth we stay,

To lead some wand'ring one to Him, From paths of sin and wrong;
We might have groped our way a - bout In dark-ness and in sin;
To help the struggling wan - der - er, To tread the nar - row way;

To lend, in love, new strength to him, Who needs a help - ing hand;
But when we knew His sav - ing grace, Ac - cept - ed Him as ours,
We love to do the work of Christ, With mind, and heart, and time;

"Not liv - ing dreams, but do - ing things" We're marching thro' the land.
His love came pour - ing in our hearts, To shine in dark - est hours.
'Twill make our toil on earth a joy, And life in heav'n sub-lime.

CHORUS.

We are a Christian multitude, We're banded in His name, To fight the hosts of

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The Christian Multitude.

sin and wrong, And victory we claim! He gives us courage, strength and zeal, And

leads us day by day, Our song of joy, our battle cry is—"Jesus leads the way!"

No. 185. Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, 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,

And He will sure - ly give you 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.

{ On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On-ly trust Him now;
{ He will save you, He will save you, (*Omit.*) . . . . } He will save you now.

No. 186. Silent Voices.

C. H. D. C. H. Deacon.

1. There are si - lent voic - es call - ing, From the gates that stand a - jar;
2. Friends who now are o - ver yon - der, Do they watch for us, and wait?
3. How we love those si - lent voic - es, Sweet-ly call - ing all the way!

Hands, un-seen, are reach-ing down-ward, As they beck - on from a - far.
Will they meet us, will they greet us, When we reach the pearl - y gate?
And the lov - ing hands that beck-on, We will fol - low day by day.

Chorus.

Voic - es call - ing, sweetly call - ing,
Voic - es call ing to you and I From the
From the pearl - y gates that stand a - jar; Hands, un-
gates . . . that stand a - jar; . . . . .
seen, ... are reach-ing down - ward, As they
Hands, un - seen. now are reach - ing down - ward,

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Silent Voices.

FINE.

beck - on from a - far; . . . Sweet si - lent voic - es

As they beck - on from a - far; Voic-es ev - - - er sweet-ly

D. S.

are ev - er call-ing, Are call-ing us now to heav'n, our home,

call - ing. call - ing us , , , , , to our beau-ti-ful home, , , , , , .

No. 187. Shining Shore.

GEO. F. ROOT.

1. My days are glid - ing swift-ly by, And I, a pil - grim strang - er,

:S:

FINE.

Would not de - tain them as they fly, These hours of toil and dan - ger,

D. S.–just be - fore the shin - ing shore We may al - most dis - cov - er.

REFRAIN.

D. S.

For now we stand on Jor-dan's strand, Our friends are passing o - ver; And

2. We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our heavenly home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.

3. Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest
Where golden harps are ringing.

4. Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever,
Our King says, "Come!" and there's our home,
Forever, oh, forever.

No. 188. Hail, Columbia.

Maestoso.

1. Hail! Col - um - bia, hap-py land; Hail! ye he-roes, heav'n-born band,
2. Sons of pa - triot sons of yore, Pre-serve your rights, de-fend your shore;
3. Sound a - loud the trump of fame, Let our Wash-ing-ton's loved name

Who fought and bled in free-dom's cause, Who fought and bled in freedom's cause;
Let no rude foe with im - pious hand, Let no rude foe with im - pious hand;
Ring thro' the world with loud ap-plause; Ring thro' the world with loud ap-plause;
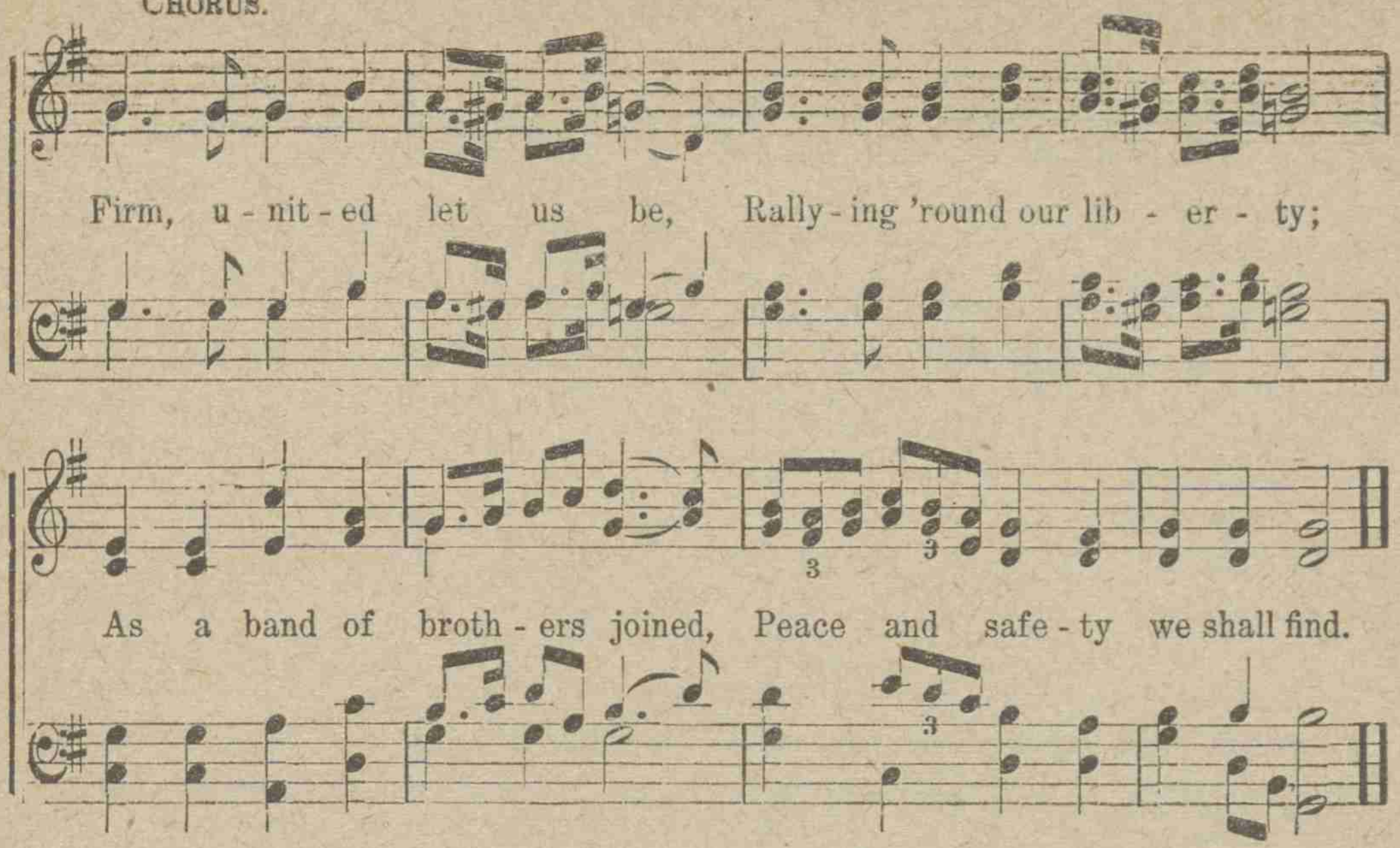
And when the storm of war was gone, En - joyed the peace your val-or won
In - vade the shrine where sacred lies, Of toil and blood the well-earned prize
Let ev - 'ry clime to free - dom dear, List - en with a joy - ful ear

Let In - de - pend-ence be our boast, Ev - er mind-ful what it cost;
While of-f'ring peace, sin-cere and just, In heav'n we place our stead-fast trust,
With wond'rous skill, with matchless pow'r, He gov-ern'd in the fear - ful hour

Ev - er grate-ful for the prize, Let its al - tar reach the skies.
That truth and jus - tice will pre - vail, And ev - 'ry scheme of dis - cord fail.
Of hor - rid war, and ruled with ease Our hap - py land in time of peace.

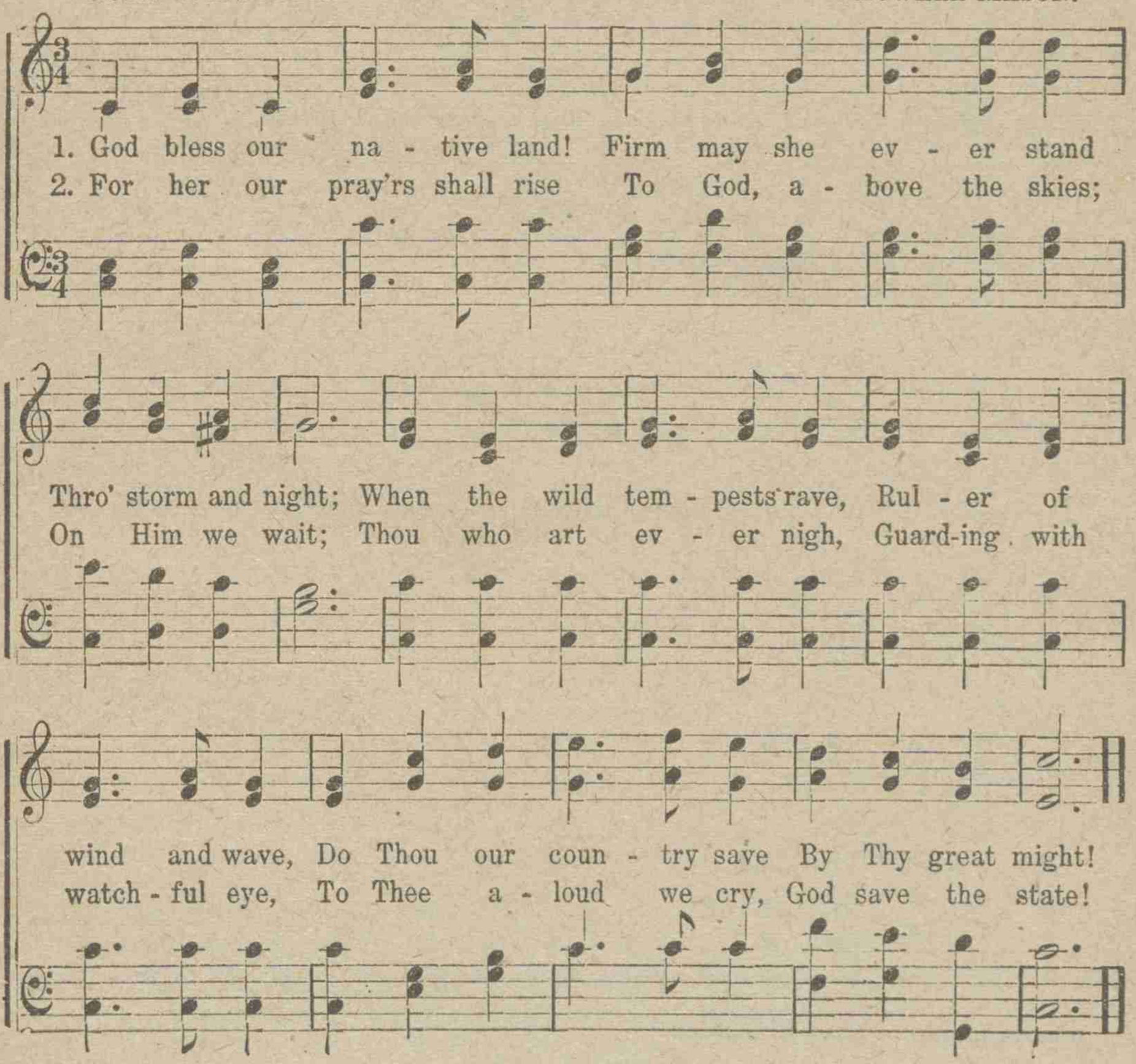
Hail, Columbia.

CHORUS.



No. 189. God Bless Our Native Land!

JOHN S. DWIGHT. LOWELL MASON.



No. 190. The Flag of the Free.

MARIAN W. HUBBARD. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Dear flag of our coun - try, the em - blem of free-dom, Fling out thy broad
2. No hand that is a - lien shall drag down thy col - ors! We hold thee a-

folds o'er the land and the sea! Let thy stars, em-blem - at - ic, gleam
loft that the whole world may see, That the star-span-gled ban - ner shields

from the blue a - zure, And thy stars float o'er freemen both loy - al to thee!
not the op - press - or, But is now and for - ev - er the flag of the free.
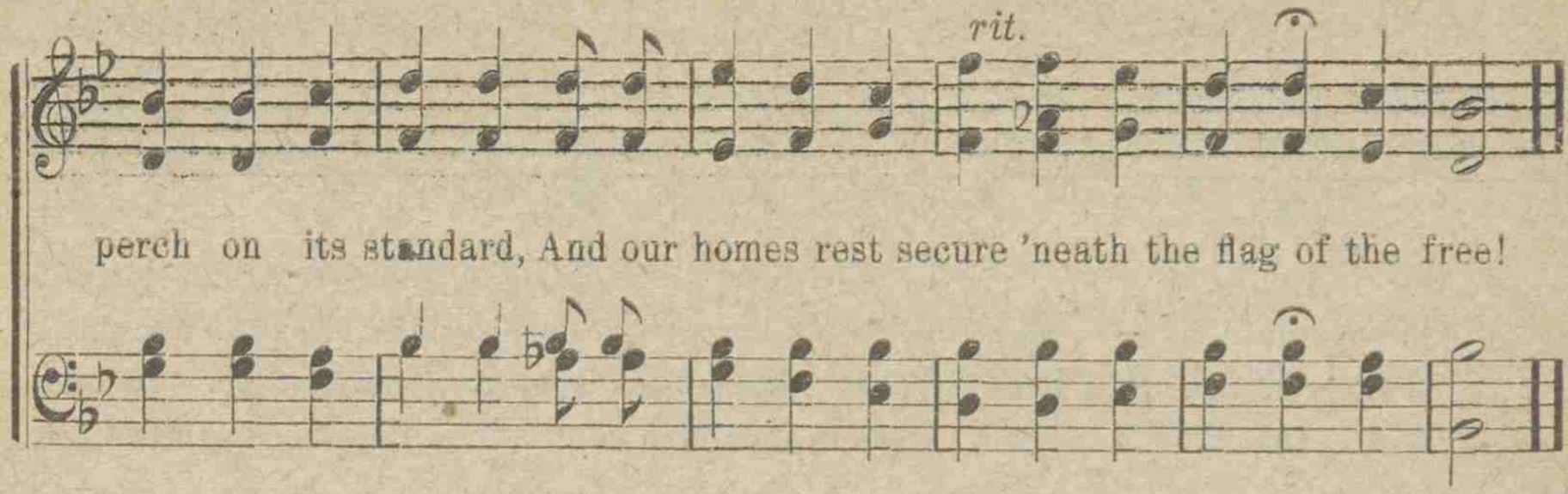
CHORUS.

Then wave it a - loft, our star-span - gled ban - ner, And fling out its

folds o - ver land and o'er sea! May the ea - gle of vic - to - ry

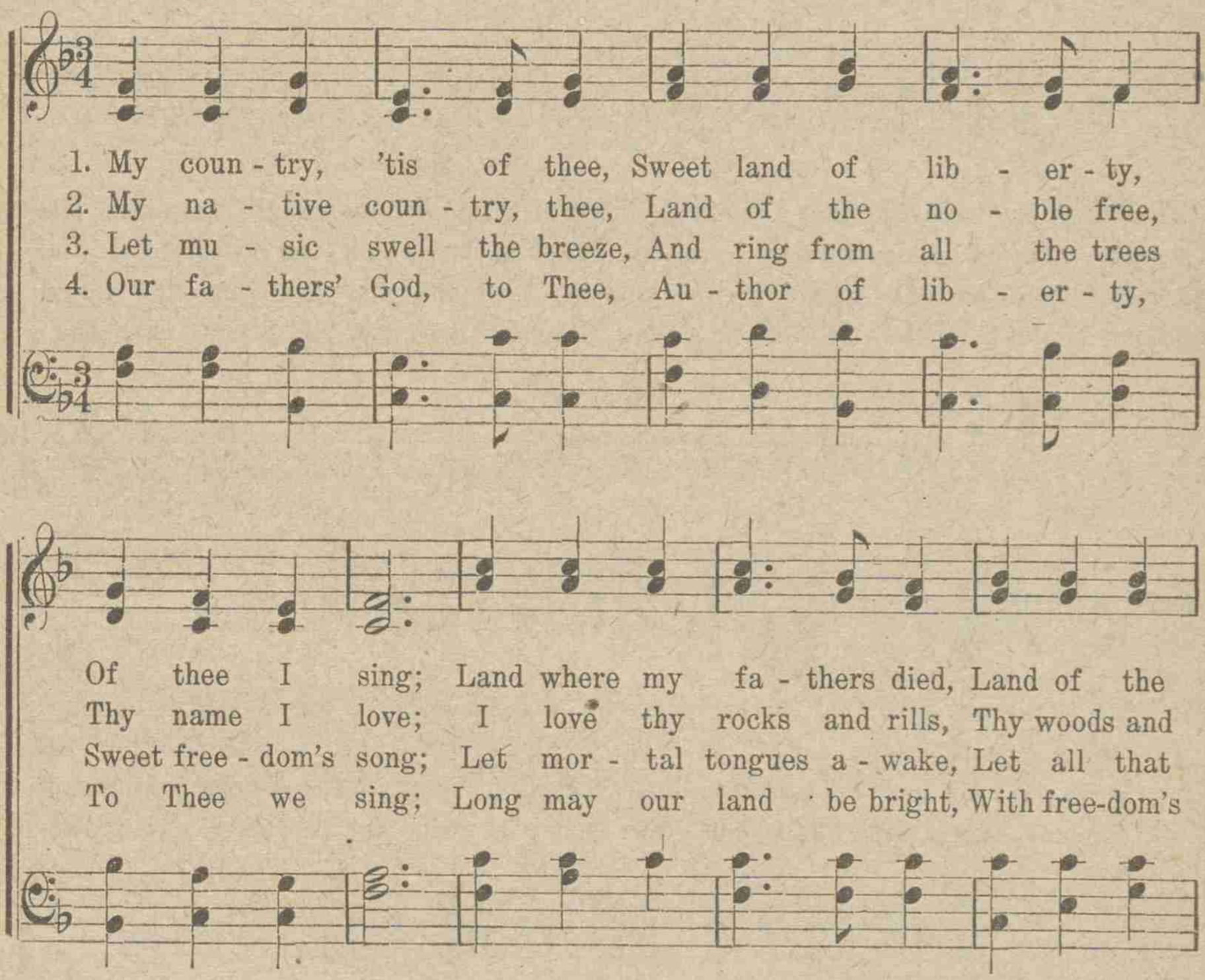
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The Flag of the Free.
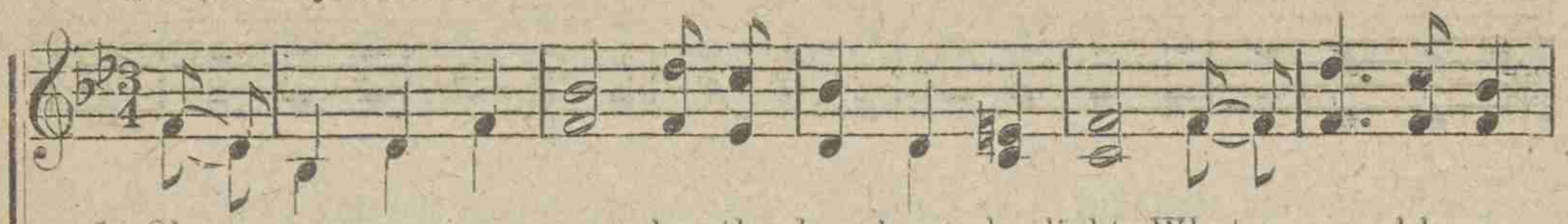


No. 191. America.

S. F. SMITH.
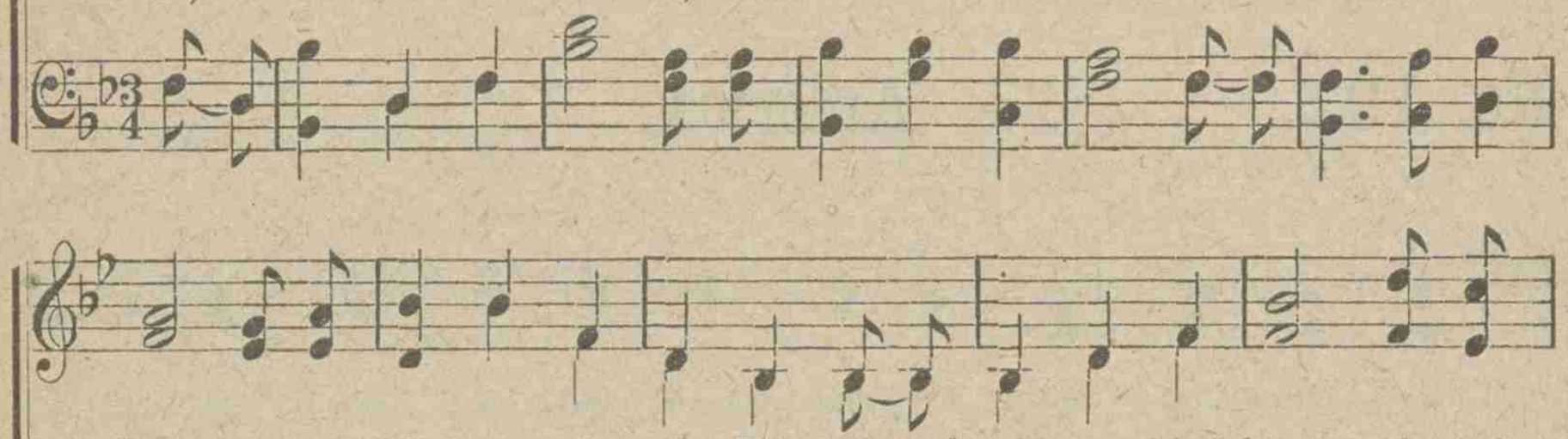


No. 192. The Star-Spangled Banner.
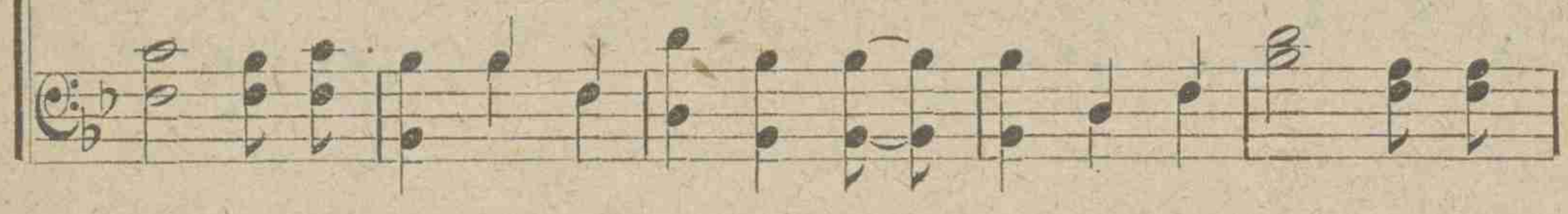
SOLO OR QUARTET. FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

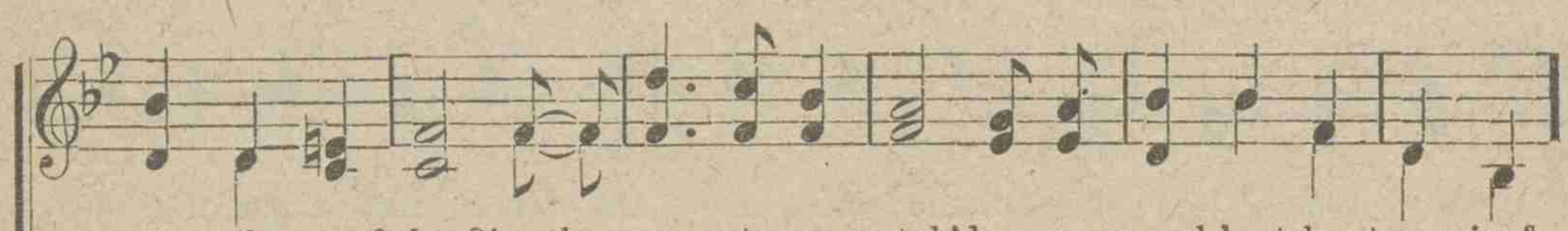


1. Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proud-ly we
2. On the shore, dim-ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty
3. And where is that band, who so vaunt-ing - ly swore, That the hav - oc of
4. Oh, thus be it ev - er,when free-men shall stand Be - tween their lov'd
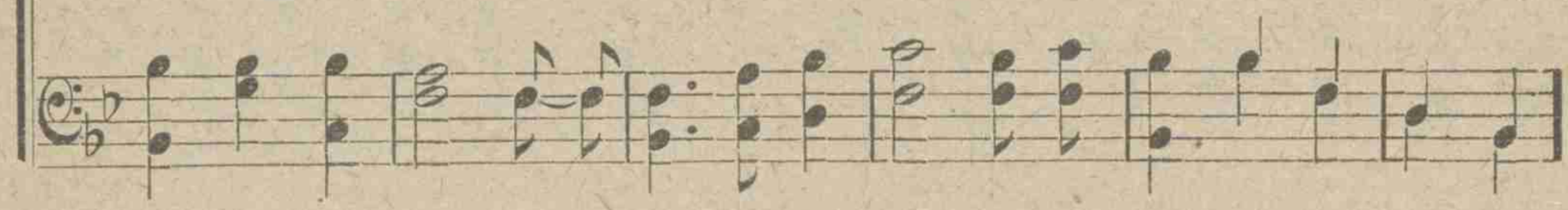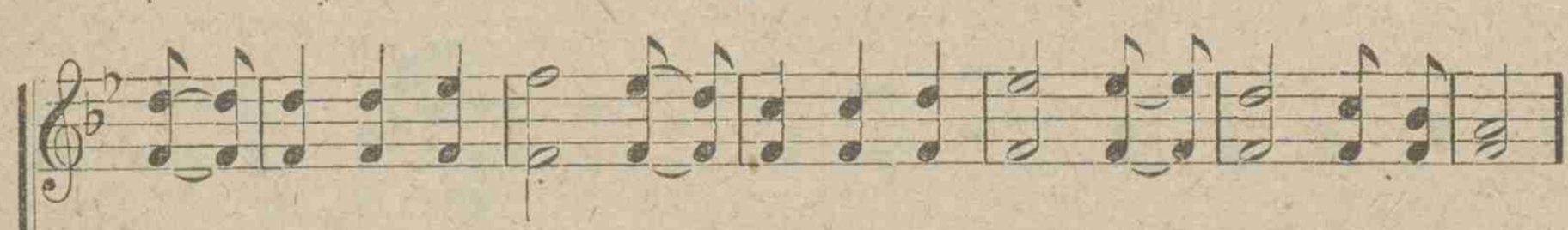


hailed at the twilight's last gleaming;Whose broad stripes and bright stars,thro' the
hosts in dread si - lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the
war and the bat - tle's con - fu - sion A home and a coun - try should
home and the war's des - o - la - tion; Blest with vic-t'ry and peace, may the
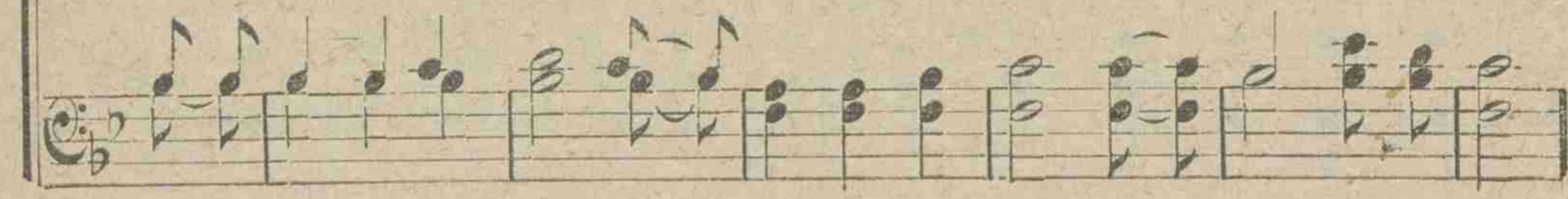




per - il - ous fight, O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gal-lant-ly streaming?
tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half conceals, half dis-clos - es?
leave us no more? Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pol-lu-tion;
heav'n-res-cued land Praise the Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a nation;
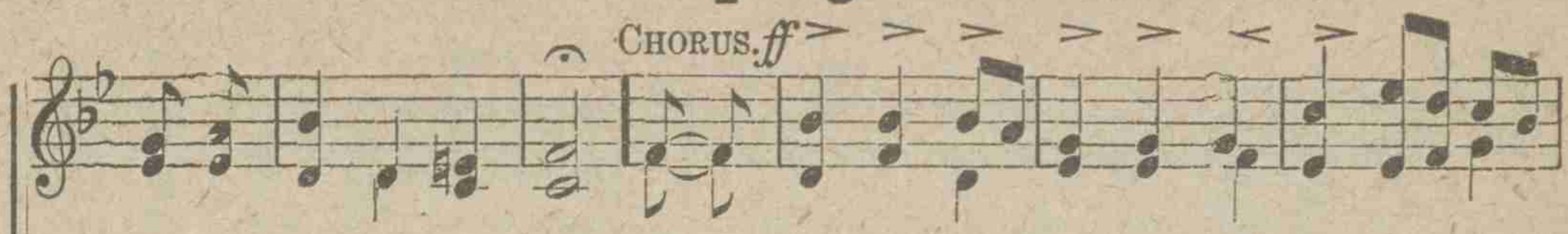


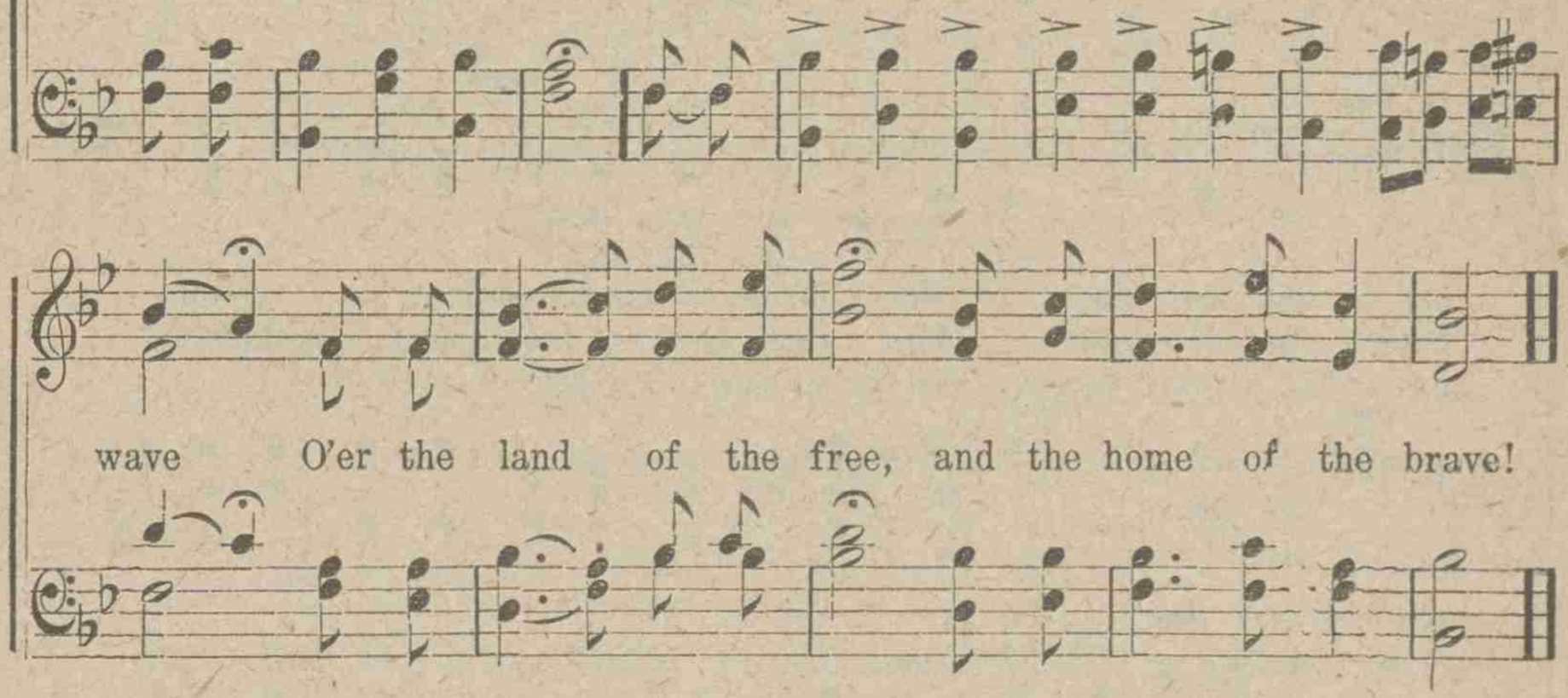


And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the night
Now it catch-es the gleam of the morning's first beam, In full glo - ry re-flect-
No ref - uge could save the hire-ling and slave, From the ter - ror of flight,
Then con-quer we must, when our cause it is just, And this be our mot-

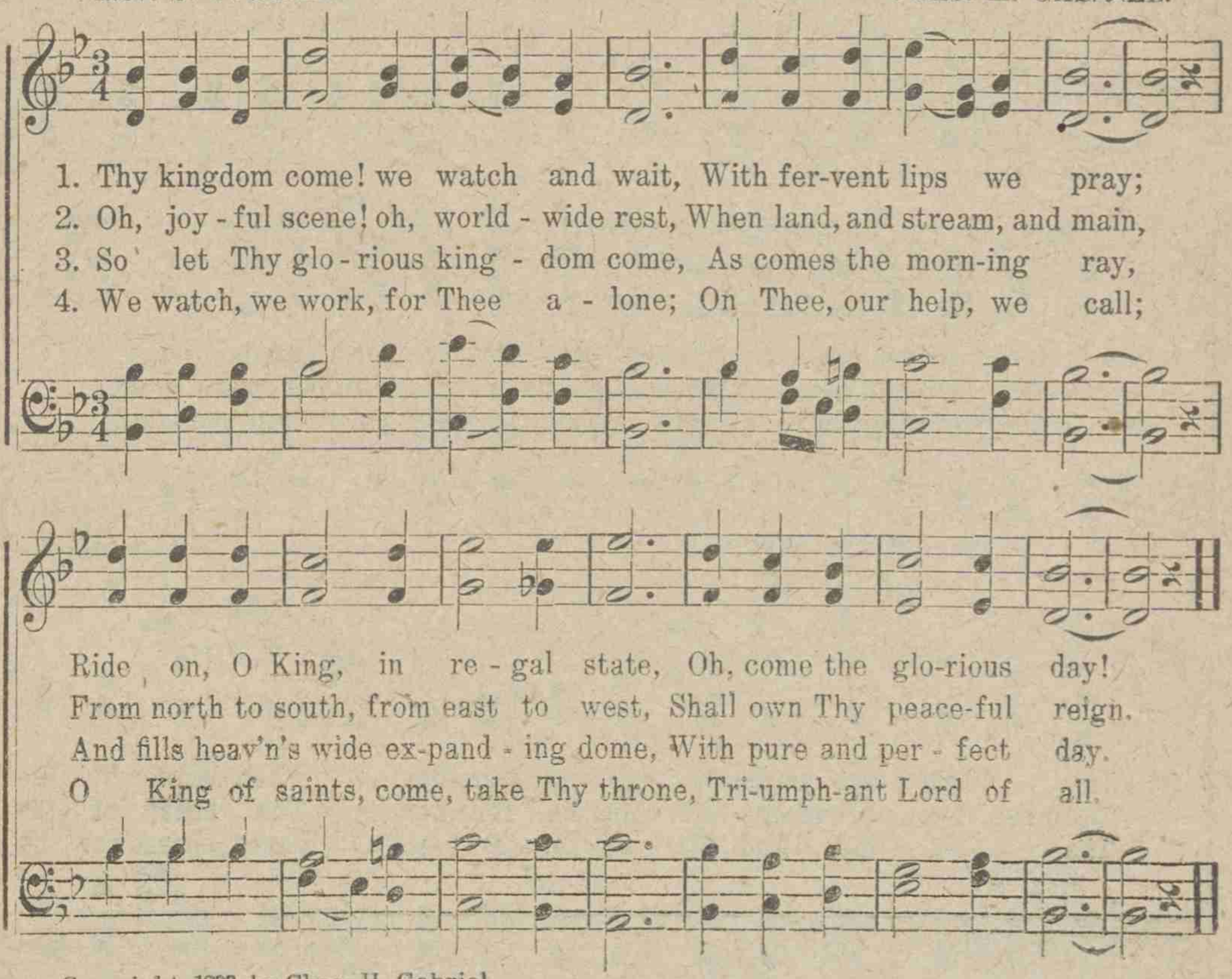


The Star-Spangled Banner.





No. 193. Thy Kingdom Come.



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No. 194. Red, White and Blue.

1. O Co-lum - bia! the gem of the o-cean, The home of the
2. When war winged its wide des - o - la-tion, And threatened the
3. Then sons of Co - lum - bia, come hith-er, And join in our

brave and the free, The shrine of each pa-triot's de - vo-tion,
land to de - form, The ark then of free-dom's foun-da-tion,
na - tion's sweet hymn; May the wreaths they have won never with - er,

A world of-fers hom - age to thee; Thy man-dates mak-
Co - lum - bia rode safe thro' the storm; With her gar - lands of
Nor the stars of their glo - ry grow dim! May the serv - ice u-

he - roes as-sem-ble, When lib - er - ty's form stands in view;
vic - t'ry a-round her, When so proud-ly she bore her brave crew,
ni - ted, ne'er sev-er, But they to their col - ors prove true!

Thy ban - ners make tyr - an - ny trem-ble, When borne by the
With her flag proud - ly wav - ing be - fore her, The boast of the
The Ar - my and Na - vy for - ev - er, Three cheers for the

Red, White and Blue.

FINE. CHORUS. D. S.

red, white and blue. When borne by the red, white and blue.
red, white and blue. The boast of the red, white and blue.
red, white and blue. Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

No. 195. Russian Hymn.

HENRY F. CHORLEY. ALEXIS L. LWOFF.

1. God, the All - ter - ri - ble! Thou who or - dain - est! Thun - der Thy
2. God, the Om - nip - o - tent! might - y a - ven - ger, Watch - ing in
3. God, the All - mer - ci - ful! earth hath for - sak - en Thy ways all
4. So will Thy peo - ple, with thank - ful de - vo - tion, Praise Him who

clar - ion, and light-ning Thy sword; Show forth Thy pit - y on
vis - i - ble, judg - ing un - heard; Save us in mer - cy, oh,
ho - ly; and slight - ed Thy word; Bid not Thy wrath in its
saved them from per - il and sword; Shout - ing in cho - rus, from

high where Thou reign-est; Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.
save us from dan - ger, Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.
ter - ror a - wak - en; Give to us par - don, and peace. O Lord.
o - cean to o - cean, Peace to the na-tions, and praise to the Lord.

No. 196. Loyalty Unto Christ.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. "Loy - al - ty un - to Christ" the trum-pet now is sound - ing, And the
2. Loy - al - ty, faith and works, in ho - ly con - se - cra - tion, Shall the
3. "Loy - al - ty un - to Christ!" O what a might - y pow - er, Were the

ech - oes an-swer from the fields of sin; Na - tions are a - wak - ing,
scat-tered na-tions un - to Him re - store; Then the world shall own Him,
hosts of God u - nit - ed in His name! Then would an - gels greet us,

FINE.

I - dol thrones are shaking, For the great mil - len - ni - um is com-ing in.
And with joy en-throne Him, King of kings and Lord of lords for-ev - er - more.
Christ him-self would meet us, And bap-tize us with the Pen - te-cost - al flame.

Unison Solo. *ad lib.*

Like . . . . . a might - y arm - y, The her - alds of the cross are
See . . . . . the dark - ness rift - ing! The gos - pel light of truth is
Then . . . . . would come the tri - umph, And Christ be known and loved, His

march - ing o - ver land and sea, Bear - ing thro' the
spread - ing to the per - fect day! Clouds . . . are back - ward
praise be sung from shore to shore; Earth . . . . would then, in

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Loyalty unto Christ.

dark - ness, The light that lead - eth to sal - va - tion, full and free.
drift - ing! Re - new en - deav - or! for the King pre-pare the way!
glo - ry, Be - come the king-dom of the Lord for - ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

Long and loud, "Loy - al - ty un - to Christ" we sing; Till

ev - 'ry hu - man tongue, Shall hear His prais - es sung!

Let the hills, val - leys and de - sert plac - es ring, With

"Loy - al - ty un - to Christ, our Lord and King." . . . .

our King.

D. C.

No. 197. Awake! Awake!

LAURENE HIGHFIELD. KATHRYNE LINEHAN.

1. A - wake! a - wake! and sing with joy and glad - ness, Come,
2. A - wake! a - wake! come from your tents in tri - umph, Ye
3. A - wake! a - wake! and shout a - loud re - joic - ing! Let

praise the King who reigns in pow'r on high! His ra-diance drives a-
sol - diers who are pledged to do His will; Put on the ar - mor
songs of vic - t'ry ring up - on the air Ye ran-somed of the

way all gloom and sad - ness, His love su-preme has bro't sal-va - tion
that He has pro - vid - ed, And "Up-ward! on-ward!" be your watch-word
Lord re-peat His prais - es, Se - cure - ly ye shall rest with-in His

nigh! The Lord of hosts, the might-y One in bat - tle, The
still; The shield of faith, the hel - met of sal - va - tion, The
care; Come bow be - fore Him; at His feet low bend - ing Ac-

Prince of Peace, who rules the earth and sea, He mer - its all the
Spir - it's sword, the might - y word of God; Go forth equipped to
knowl-edge Him your Sovereign true and wise, Your hap - py voic - es

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Awake! Awake!

praise our lives can of - fer, To Him all glo - ry and do-min-ion be.
wage a val - iant bat - tle, And fol - low in the way your Captain trod.
to His throne as - cend - ing, Ex - tol His glo - ry to the bend-ing skies.

CHORUS.

A-wake! a-wake! and praise the Lord of glo - ry, Lift
and praise the Lord of glo - ry,
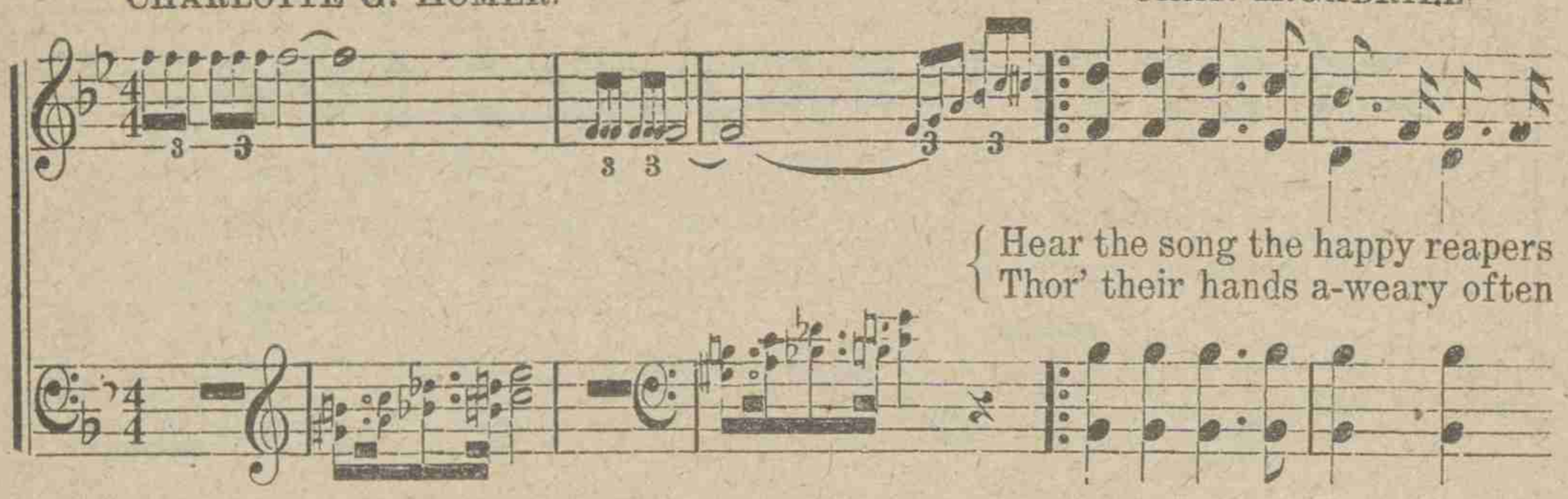
up your heads, ye gates! ye an - gels sing! . . . . . .
lift up your heads and sing!

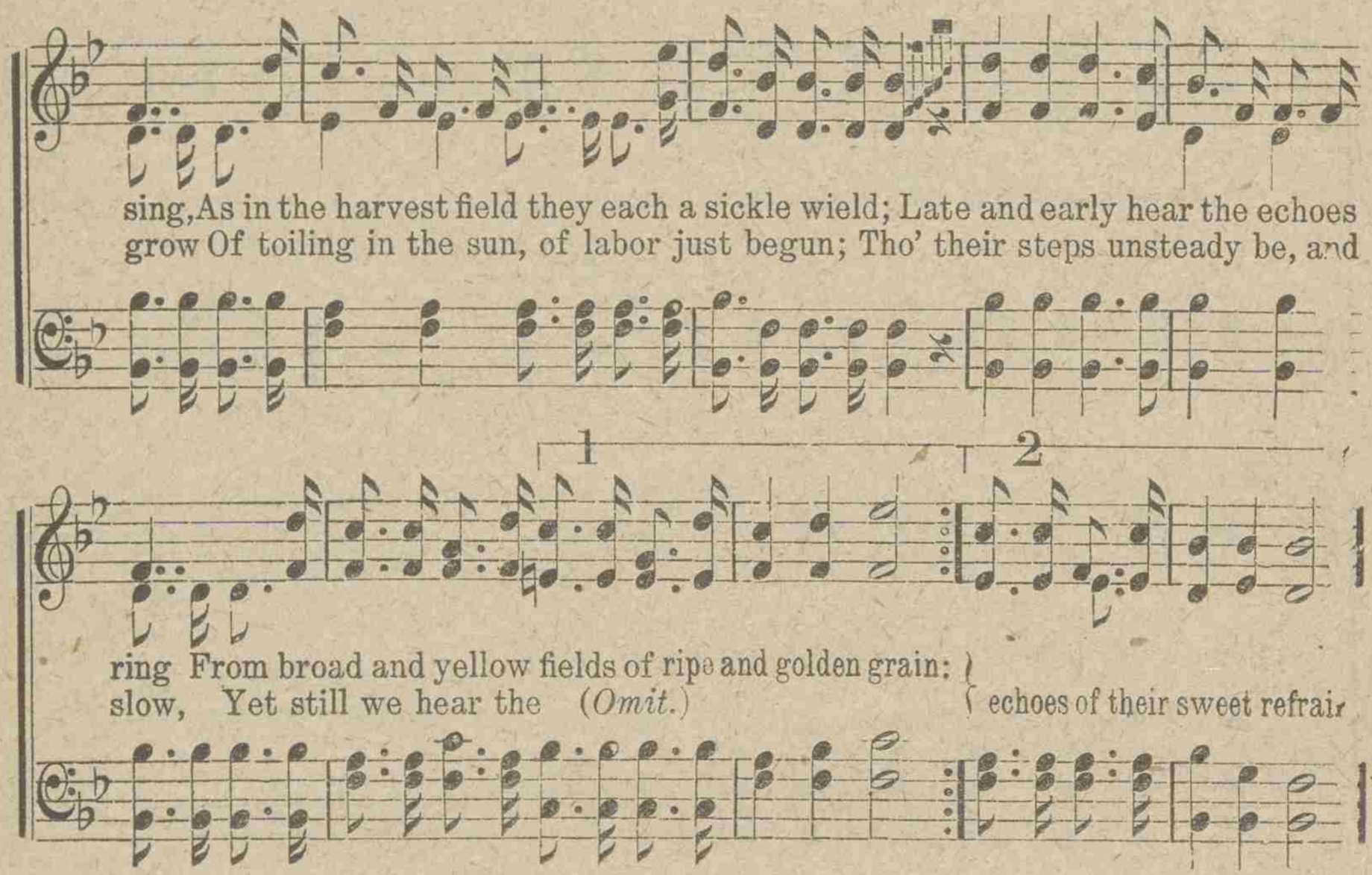
Pro - claim His might! re - peat the old, old sto - ry, That
sto - ry, tell the sto - ry,

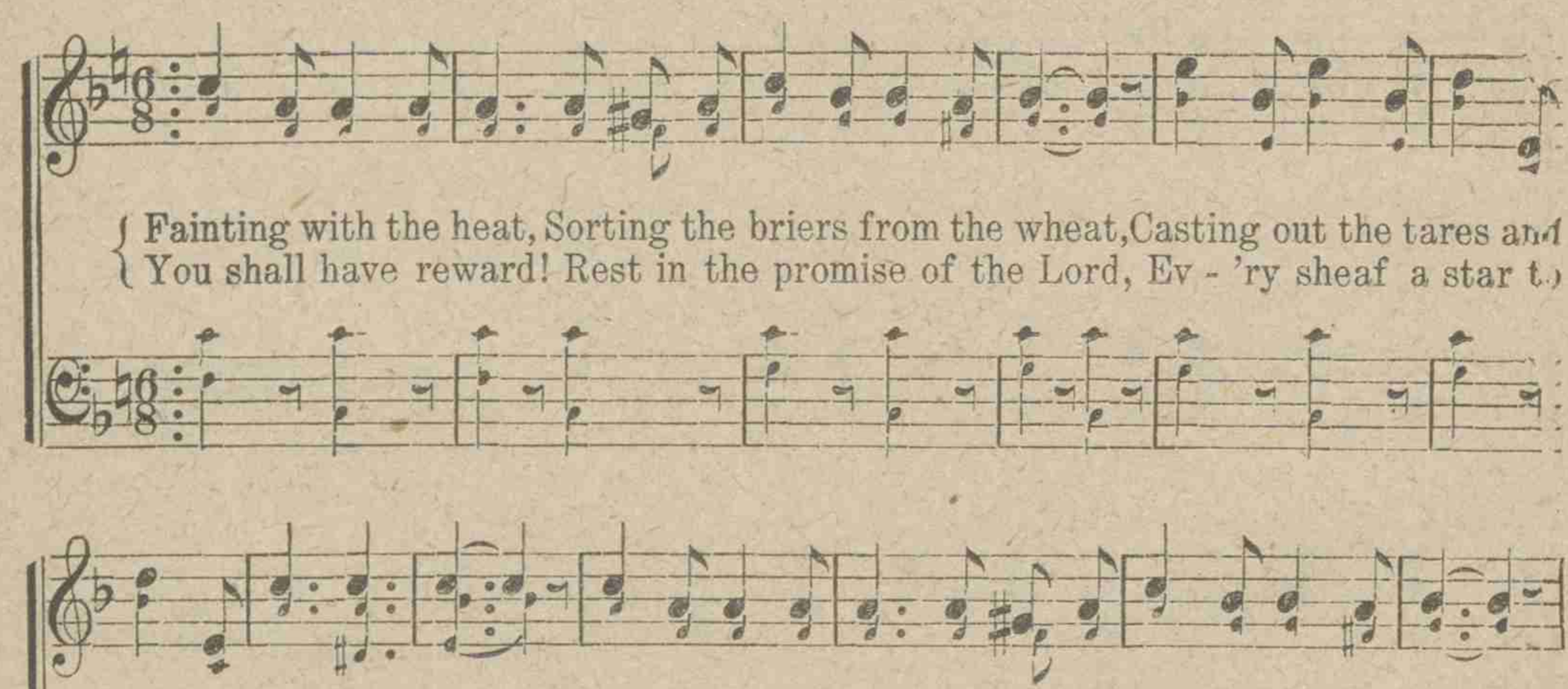
Je - sus reigns, a glo - rious, match-less King. . . . . .
a match - less King.

No. 198. The Song of the Reapers.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

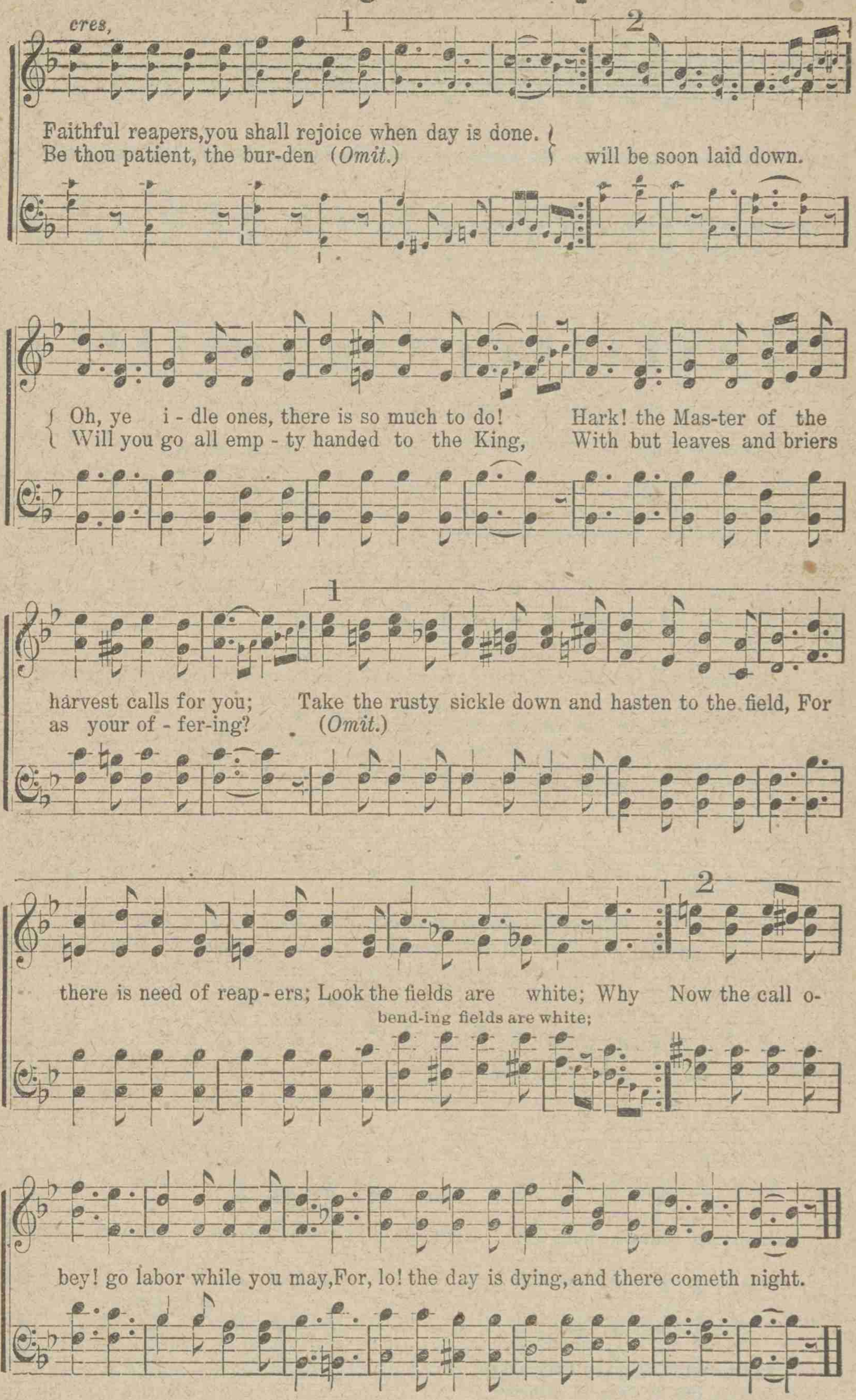






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The Song of the Reapers.



No. 199. The Lord Reigneth.

C. H. DEACON.

1. The Lord reigneth! let the earth re-joice! The Lord reigneth, let the earth re-

joice, Let the mul-ti-tude of isles be glad there-of, let the mul-ti-tude of isles be

joice, ...

rit.

FINE.*

glad there - of, let the mul-ti-tude of isles be glad thereof. Clouds and darknes are

Clouds and darkness are round a-bout Him, round a bout Him

round a-bout Him, round a-bout Him, round a - bout Him, Clouds and

Clouds and darkness are round a-bout Him, round a-bout Him . . . .

Clouds and darkness are round a-bout Him,

darkness are round a - bout Him, Righteousness and judgment, righteousness and

*After 1st D. C. go to *Unison Solo.*

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The Lord Reigneth.

D. C.

judg-ment, righteousness and judgment are the hab-i - ta-tions of His throne.

are the hab - i - ta-tions of His throne.

Unison Solo.

The heav'ns declare His righteousness, and all the peo-ple see His glo-ry, see His

glo - ry, see His glo - ry, see His glo - ry, all the peo-ple see His glo - ry.

The heav'ns de-clare His righteousness, and all the peo - ple see His glo - ry,

D. C. al Fine.

the heav'ns declare His righteousness, and all the peo-ple see His glo - ry.

No. 200. Reapers are Needed.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Stand-ing in the mark-et plac - es all the sea-son through, Id - ly say - ing
2. Ev - 'ry sheaf you gath-er will be - come a jew - el bright In the crown you
3. Morn-ing hours are pass-ing, and the ev-'ning fol-lows fast; Soon the time of

"Lord, is there no work that I can do:" O how ma - ny loi - ter, while the
hope to wear in yon - der world of light. Seek the gems im-mor - tal that are
reap-ing will for - ev - er - more be past. Emp - ty hand-ed to the Mas - ter

Mas - ter calls a - new—"Reap-ers! reap-ers! Who will work to-day?
pre-cious in His sight! "Reap-ers! reap-ers! Who will work to-day?
will you go at - last? "Reap-ers! reap-ers! Who will work to-day?

CHORUS.

Lift thine eyes and look up - on the fields that stand
Lift thine eyes and look up - on the fields that stand all read - y
Lift thine eyes to fields that stand all
Ripe and read-y for the will-ing gleaner's hand, Rouse ye, O
Ripe and read-y for the will - ing gleaner's hand, O rouse ye,
Read - y for the glean - er's hand, O

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Reapers are Needed.

sleep-ers! Ye are need-ed as reap-ers! Who will be the first to answer, "Master

quick-ly

here am I." Far and wide the rip-ened

"Mas-ter here am I." O an-swer! Far and wide the rip - ened

Far and wide the

grain is bend-ing low, In the breez-es gen-tly

grain is bend - ing low, In breez-es, In the breez - es gen - tly

grain bends low, and In the breeze waves

wav - ing to and fro, Rouse ye, O sleep-ers! Ye are need-ed as

wav - ing to and fro, O rouse ye,

to and fro, O

reap - ers, And the gold - en har-vest days are swift - ly pass - ing by.

No. 201. I Will Lift Up Mine Eyes.

Used by Permission.

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help;
unto the hills, whence cometh my help;

My help cometh from the Lord, which made heav'n and earth; heav'n and earth.
from the Lord,

The Lord is thy keep-er, the Lord is thy keep - er, The Lord is thy

shade upon thy right hand, The Lord is thy keeper, The Lord is thy
thy shade

keep - er, The Lord is thy shade up - on thy right hand.
thy shade

I Will Lift Up Mine Eyes.

The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night,

The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by

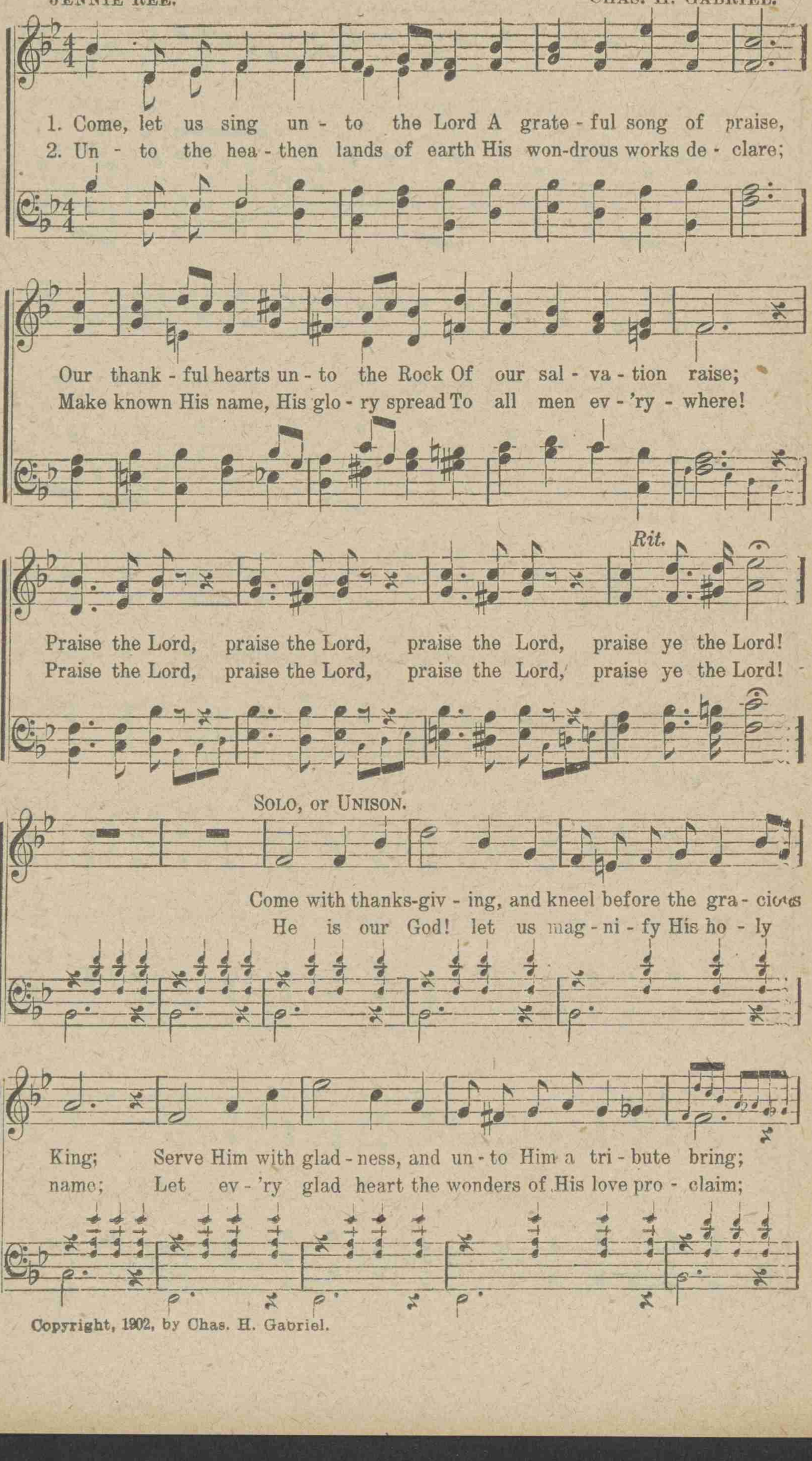
night. The Lord shall pre-serve thee from all e - vil,

He shall pre-serve thy soul from this time forth, from this time forth, and

ev - er, for ev - er - more. For ev - er - more, for - ev - er - more.

No. 202. Praise Ye the Lord.

JENNIE REE. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



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Praise Ye the Lord.

Our Lord is great, and a King a-bove all gods is He, For with His
Sing un - to Him! let the ech-oes bear the song a - way; Show His sal-

FULL CHORUS.

own hands He form'd and fash-ion'd land and sea. Come with thanks-giv - ing, and
va - tion to all the world from day to day. He is our God! let us

kneel before the gra-cious King; Serve Him with glad-ness, and un - to Him a
mag - ni - fy His ho - ly name; Let ev - 'ry glad heart the won-ders of His

Serve Him with glad - ness, and un - to
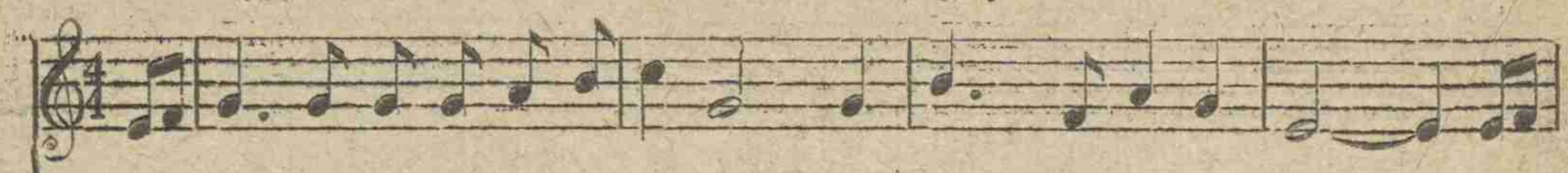
tri - bute bring; Our Lord is great, and a King a-bove all gods is
love pro-claim; Sing un - to Him! let the ech-oes bear the song a-

Him a tribute bring;
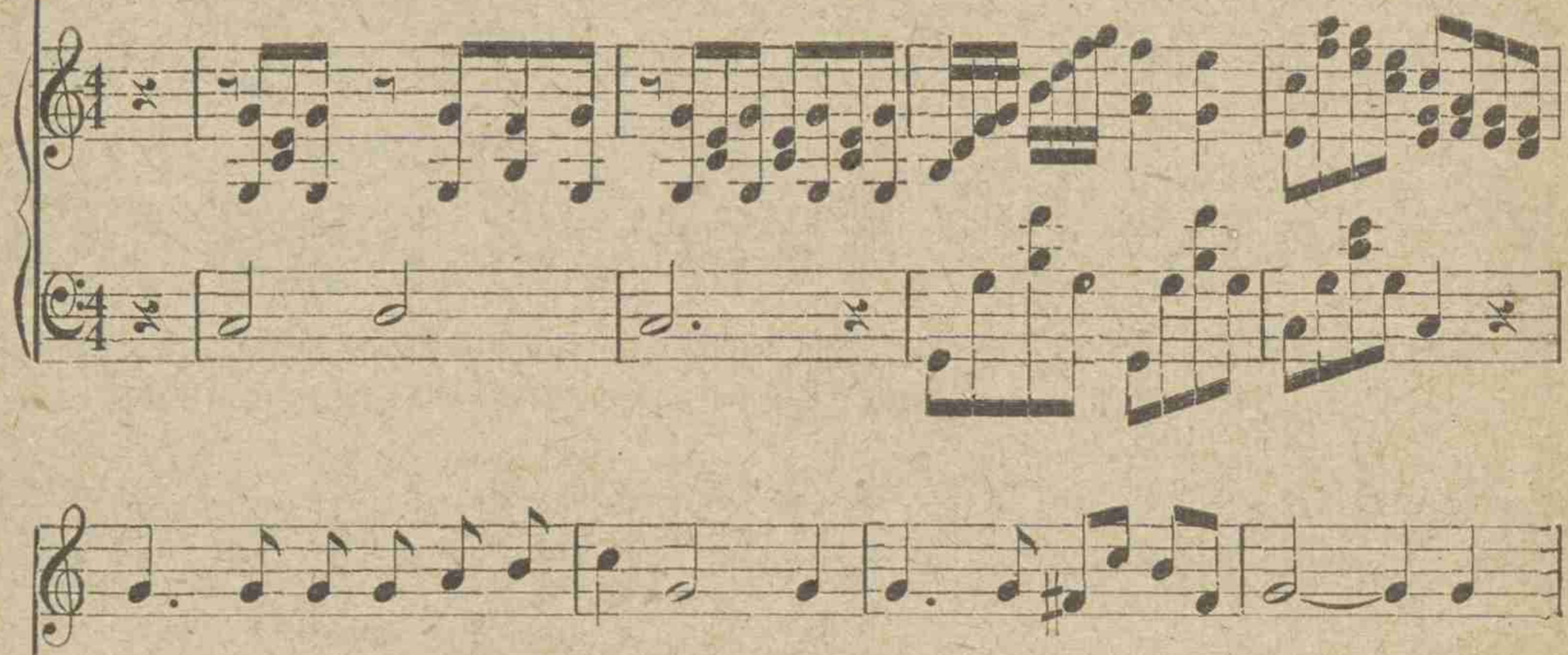
He, For with His own hands He hath form'd and fashion'd land and sea.
way; Show forth His sal - va - tion to all the world from day to day.

No 203. Beyond the Cloudrift.
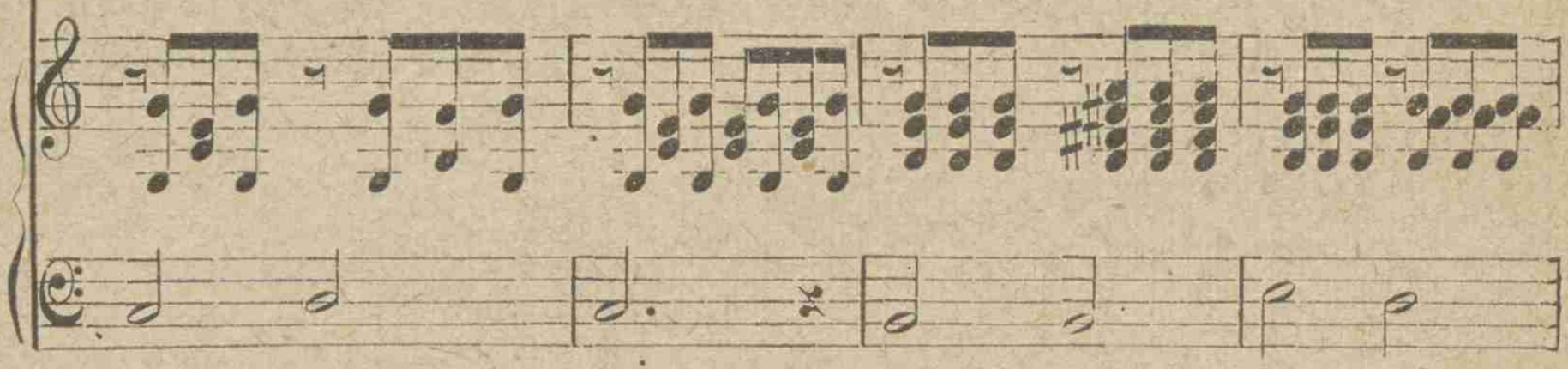
J. W. Butler. Chas. H. Gabriel.
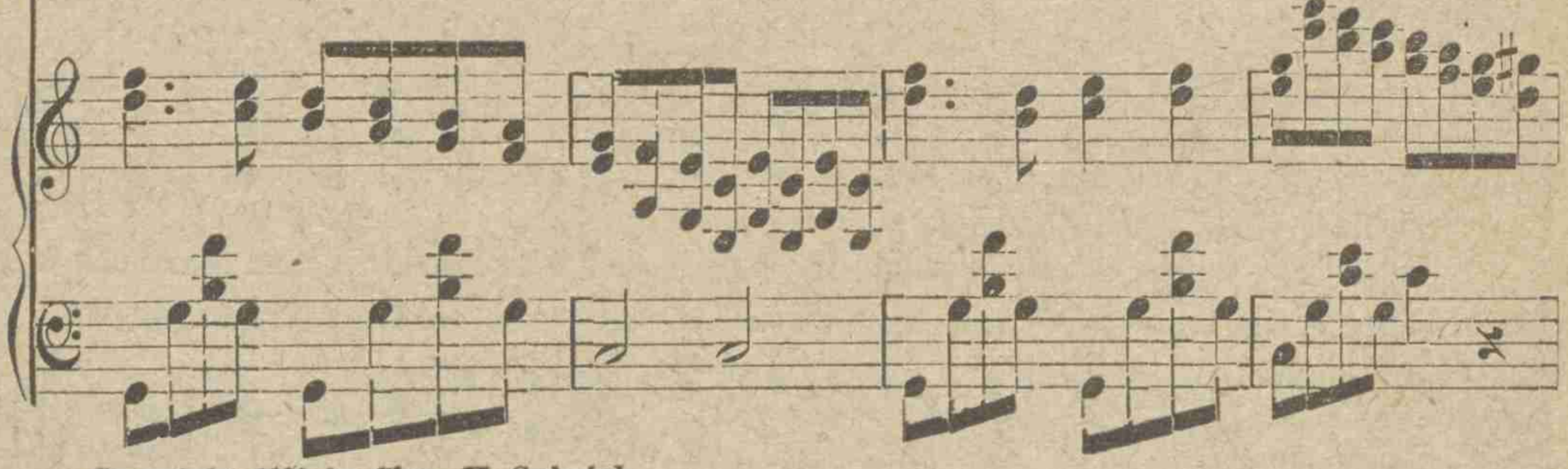


1. There is a land be-yond the cloud-rift, A port be-yond the storm; A
2. Some-times I'm standing on the mount-ain, Then in the vale of tears; Some-
3. A - mid the scenes of joy and sor-row, I still will sing this song; For



clime of beau-ty, bright and ver-nal, A land of morn-ing calm; This
times the bright-est hopes are beaming, Some-times I'm full of fears; But
oh! my jour-ney's end is near-er, It can't be ve - ry long; Soon,
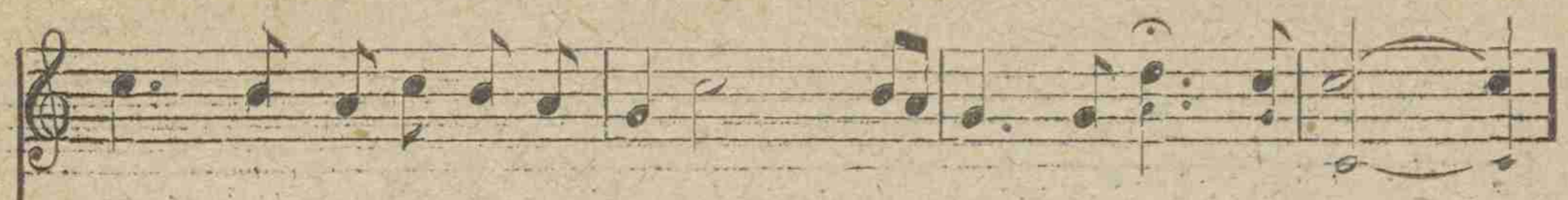


is the land my soul is seek - ing, Led by my Mas-ter's love; Yes,
oh, the land is sure and stead-fast, And bright-er gleams the sky; So
robed in bright im-mor-tal beau - ty, I'll walk that gold - en shore, And
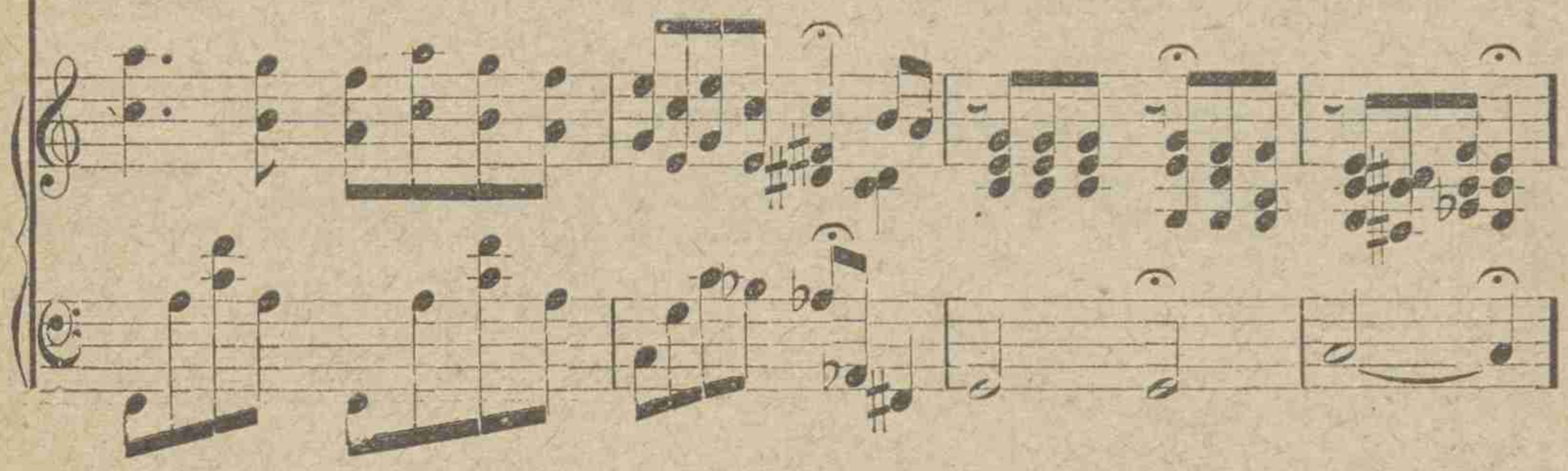


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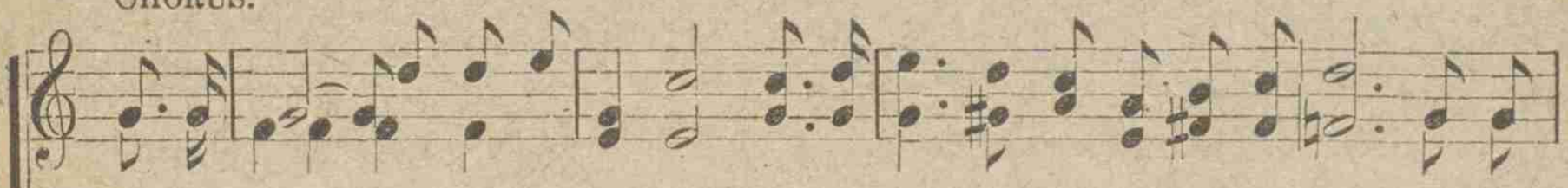
Beyond the Cloudrift.
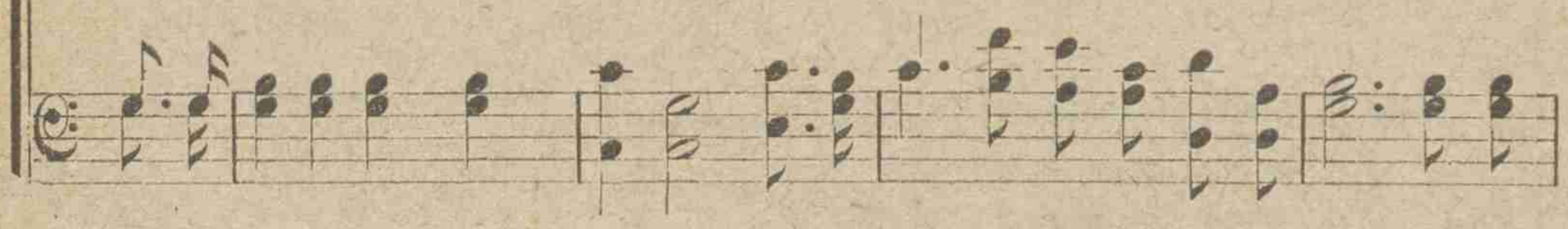


'tis the land for which I'm long-ing, My home, my rest a - bove.
I keep ev - er press-ing on-ward, I'll reach it by and by.
there with all the lov'd and lost ones, I'll dwell for - ev - er - more.
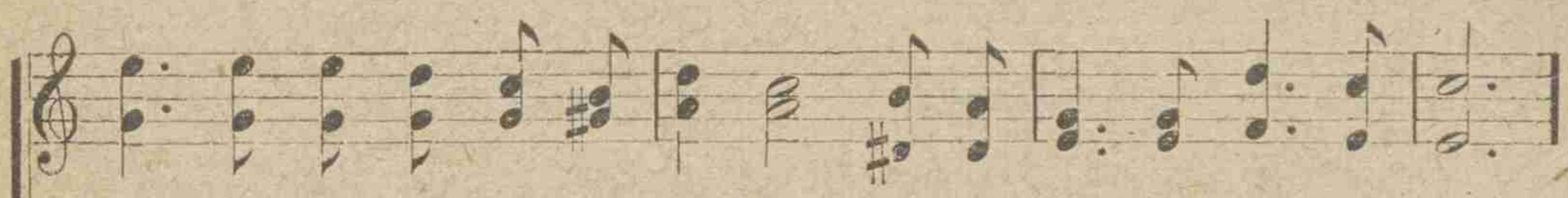


CHORUS.
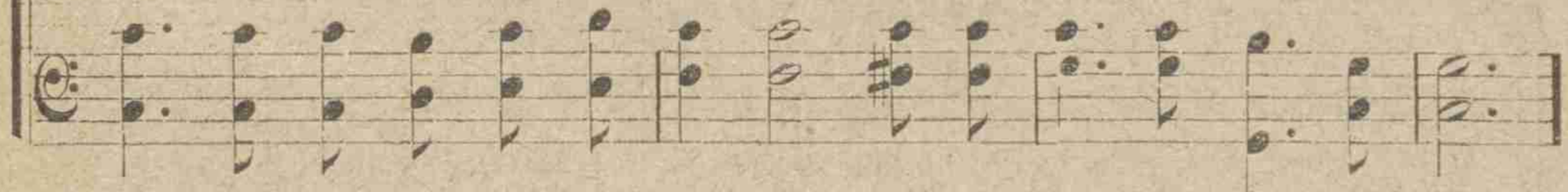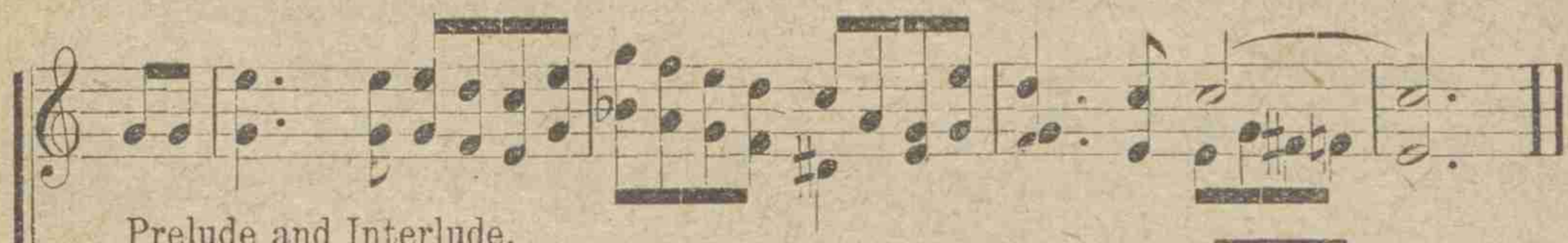


Oh! the land beyond the cloud-rift, Where "ten thousand times ten thousand" throng, There I
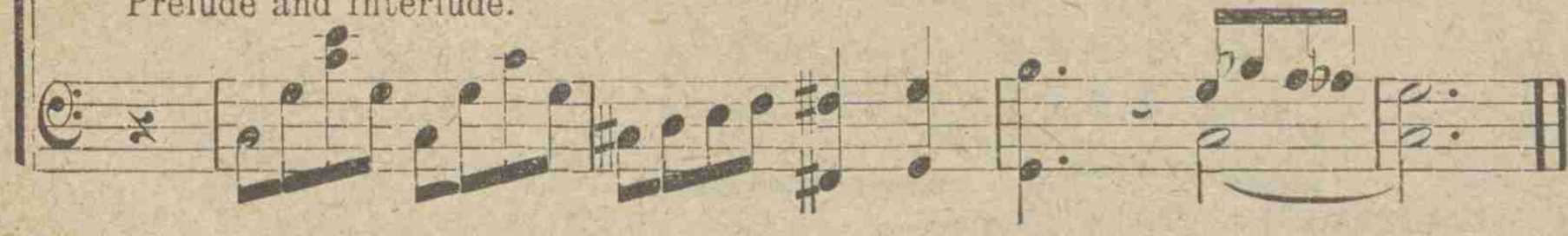




hope at last to drop my an - chor, In that hap - py land of song.





Prelude and Interlude.



No. 204. It Shall be Light at Evening Time.

T. O. CHISHOLM. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
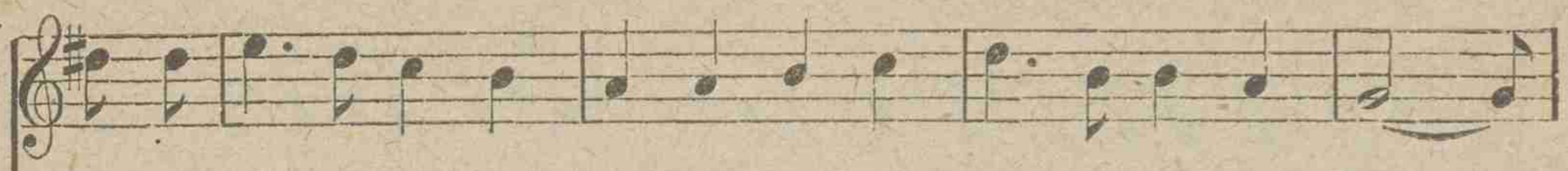
1. Troubled soul and tem-pest driv - en, Without comfort, full of fears,
2. Tho' thy day be dark and cheerless, And thy bur-den hard to bear,
3. Think not strange the bitter tri - als, Rag-ing sea and cru - el blast,
4. When life's toil and pain are o - ver, And the ev-'ning time is come,

Faint from long and toil-some row-ing O'er the storm - y tide of years,
Tho' thy way be rough and lone-ly, And no heart thy grief may share,
In a mo-ment all their fu - ry Will for - ev - er more be past;
When thy wea - ry feet are standing Just in sight of rest and home,
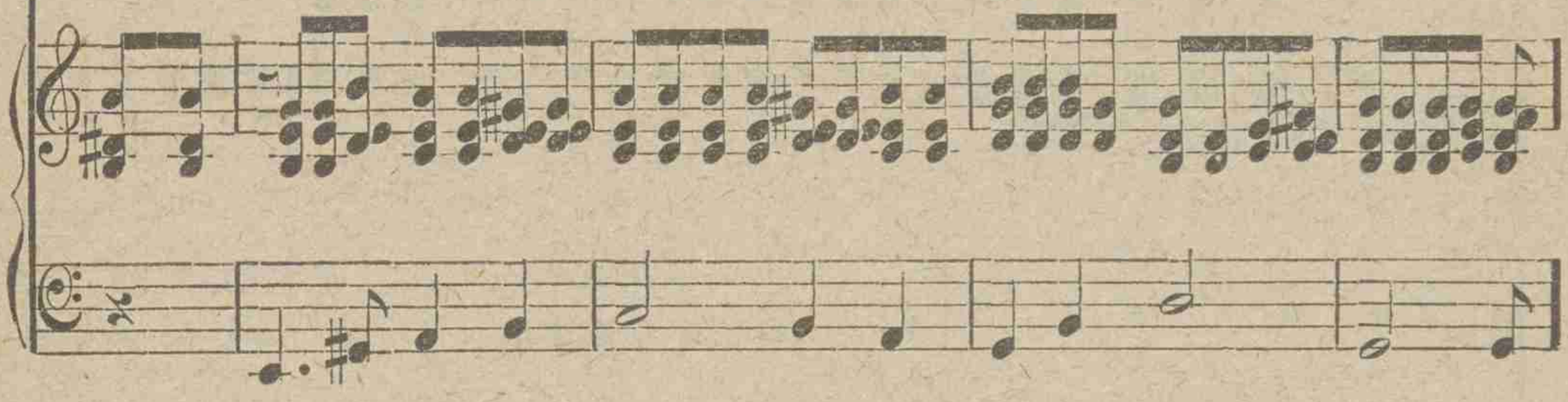
Hark! a strain of hope is sound-ing High a - bove the bil - lows' roar;
Dare to trust the bless-ed prom-ise, None have trust-ed yet in vain,
By and by the voice of Je - sus Will command the storm to cease,
Then the storm-clouds will be gild - ed With a sun - set-glo - ry bright,

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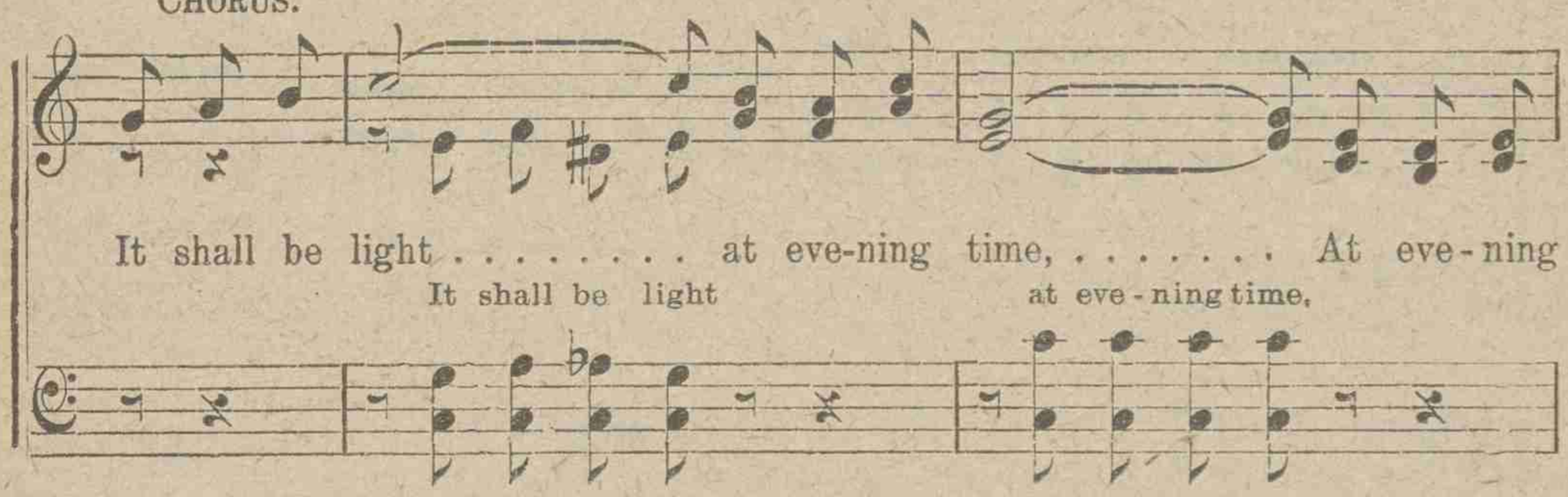
It Shall be Light at Evening Time.
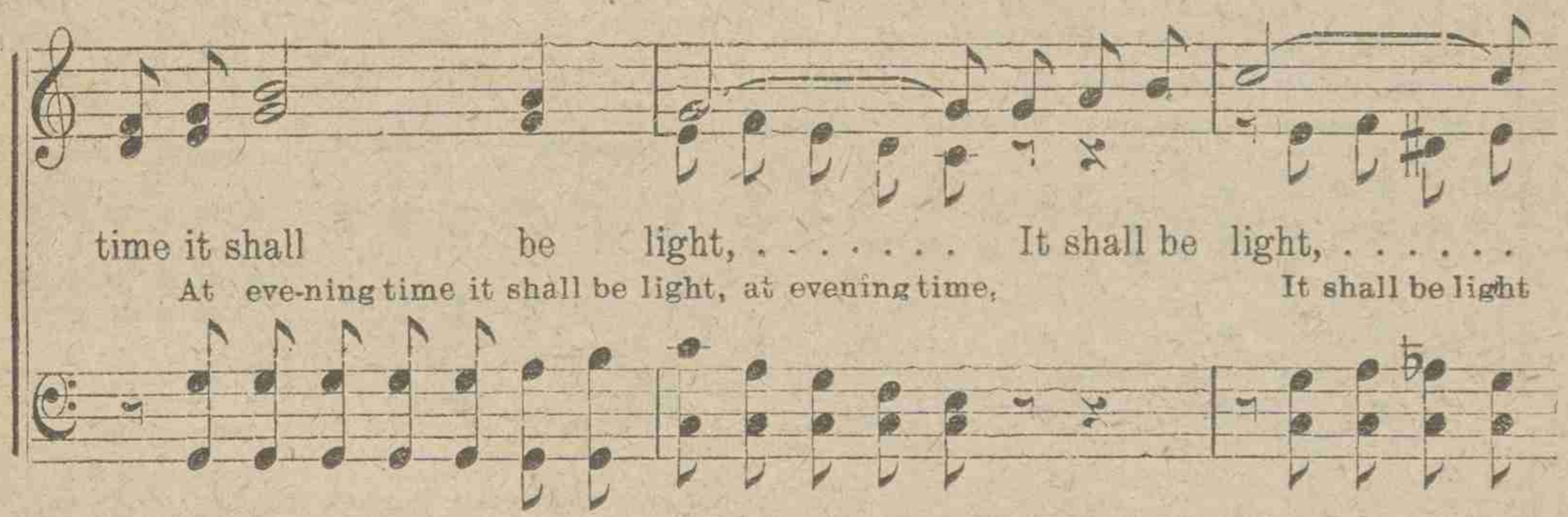


See! a - cross the an - gry wa-ters, Gleams a light from yon - der shore.
All thy mourning shall be end - ed And thy heart re-joice a - gain.
And His hand will safe - ly guide thee To the shin - ing port of peace.
And the gloom of earth will van - ish In God's ev - er - last - ing light.



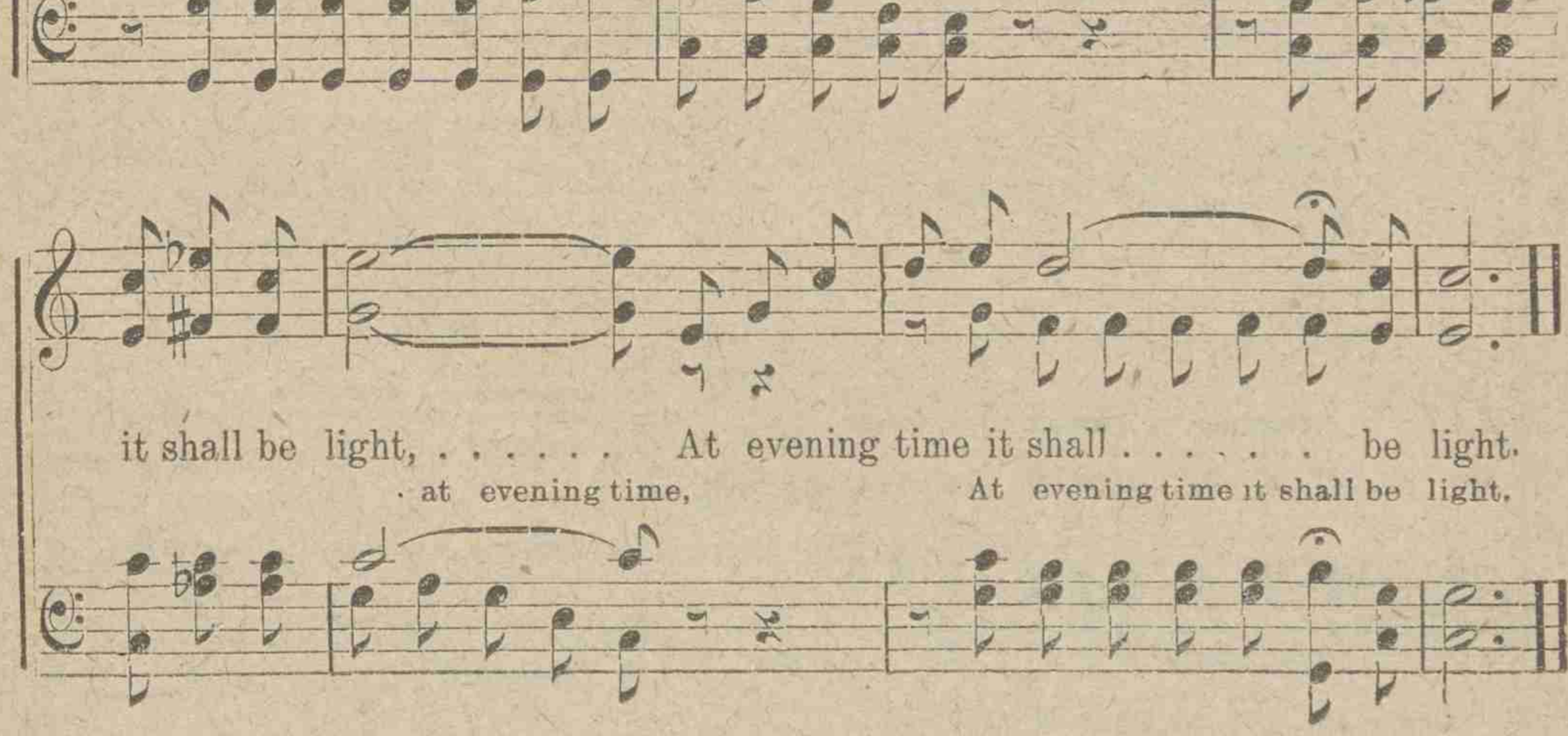
CHORUS.



It shall be light . . . . . at eve-ning time, ... At eve - ning
It shall be light at eve - ning time,



time it shall be light, ... It shall be light, ...
At eve-ning time it shall be light, at evening time, It shall be light



it shall be light, ... At evening time it shall . . . . . be light.
at evening time, At evening time it shall be light,

No. 205. The New Jerusalem.

Mrs. L. E. Winslow. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I gaz'd at the si - lent riv - er, Whence flow'd the tide of time, And
2. Life's streamlet before me van - ish'd, Re - plac'd by tem - ple halls; I
3. The heavens were new a - bove me, Earth, too, had pass'd a - way; I

o - ver the wave - less mar - gin, A pic - ture rose, sub - lime; I
stood in the sa - cred cit - y, In - side the Jas - per walls; A
greet - ed the glo - rious dawn - ing, Of ev - er - last - ing day; The

saw the pear-ly por - tals fair, The bar— an an - gel's hand, And,
great white throne was standing there, With-in the streets so bright, And
ran-som'd hosts were sing - ing songs—I join'd the rapt - ured throng; And

oh! I long'd to en - ter in To that fair un - known land.
from the jew - el'd di - a - dem Flow'd waves of ho - ly light.
earth's re-deem'd their voices raised In that tri - umph - ant song.

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The New Jerusalem.

CHORUS, *to 1st and 2d stanzas only.*

Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en, Be-hold the prom-ised land,
prom-ised land,

Where saint and ser - a - phim shall dwell, In one ce - les - tial band.

CHORUS *to 3rd stanza only.*
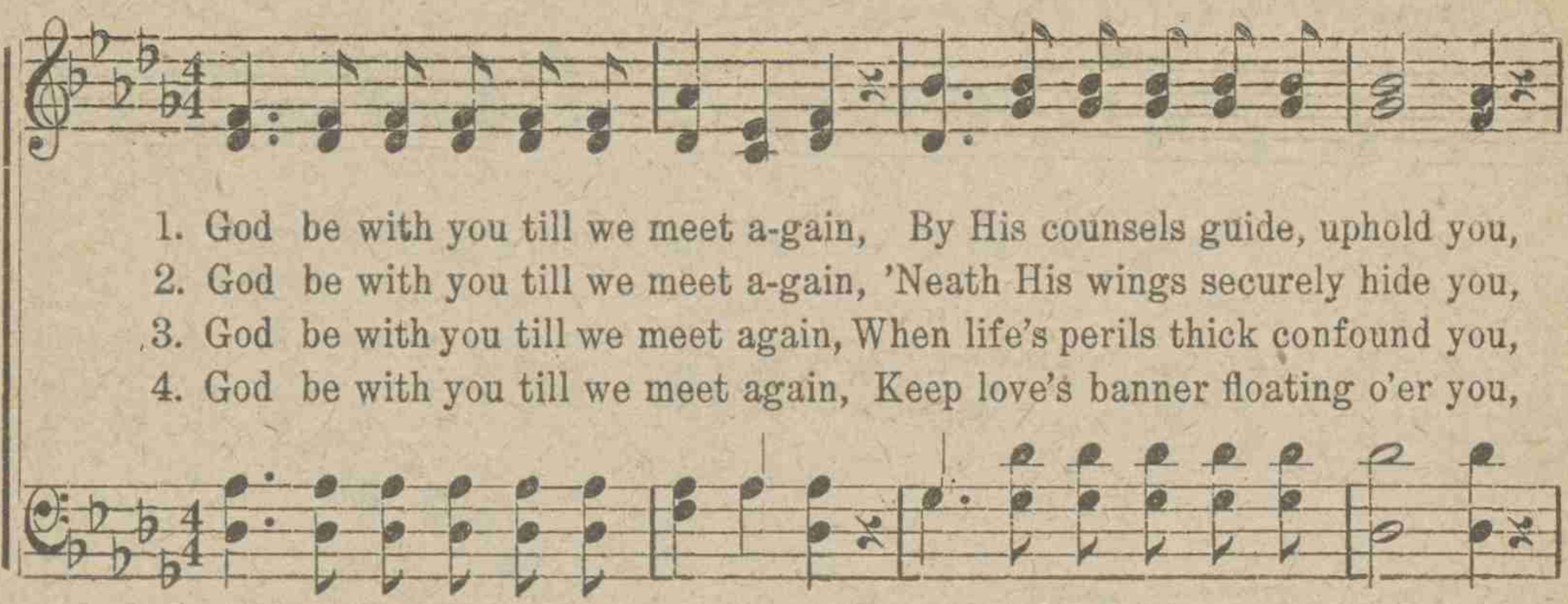
Sing - ing Ho - san - na in the high - est, Love to the Prince of
Sing - ing ho - san - na, ho - san - na in the high - est, Love to the Prince,

Peace we bring, . . . Glo - ry and hon - or, prais-ing ev - er, In
to the Prince of Peace we bring, Glo - ry and hon - or prais - ing ev - er
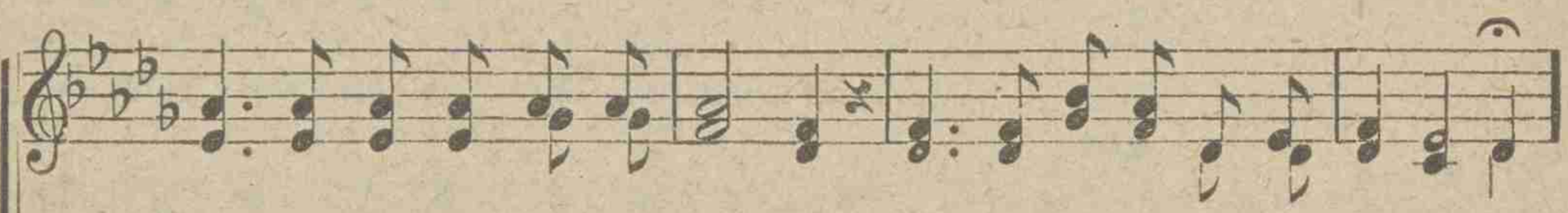
to His king - dom com - eth the King. A - men.
In - to His king - dom com - eth the King.

No. 206. God Be With You.

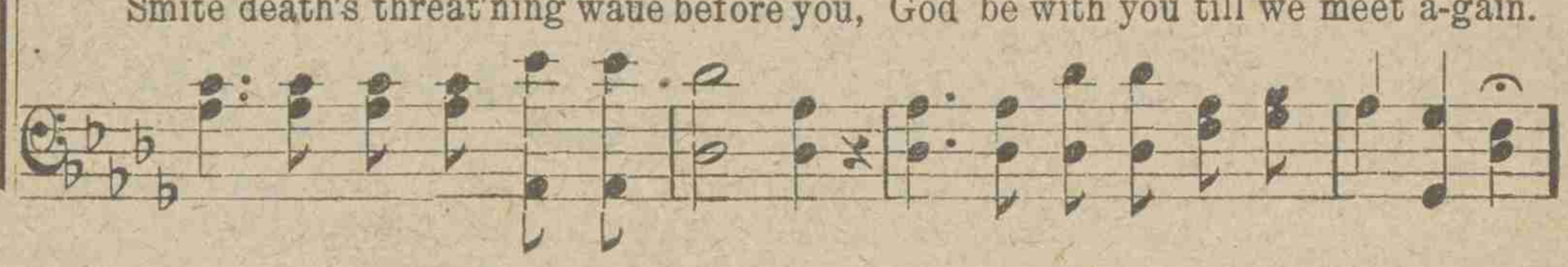
J. E. RANKIN, D. D. W. G. TOMER.
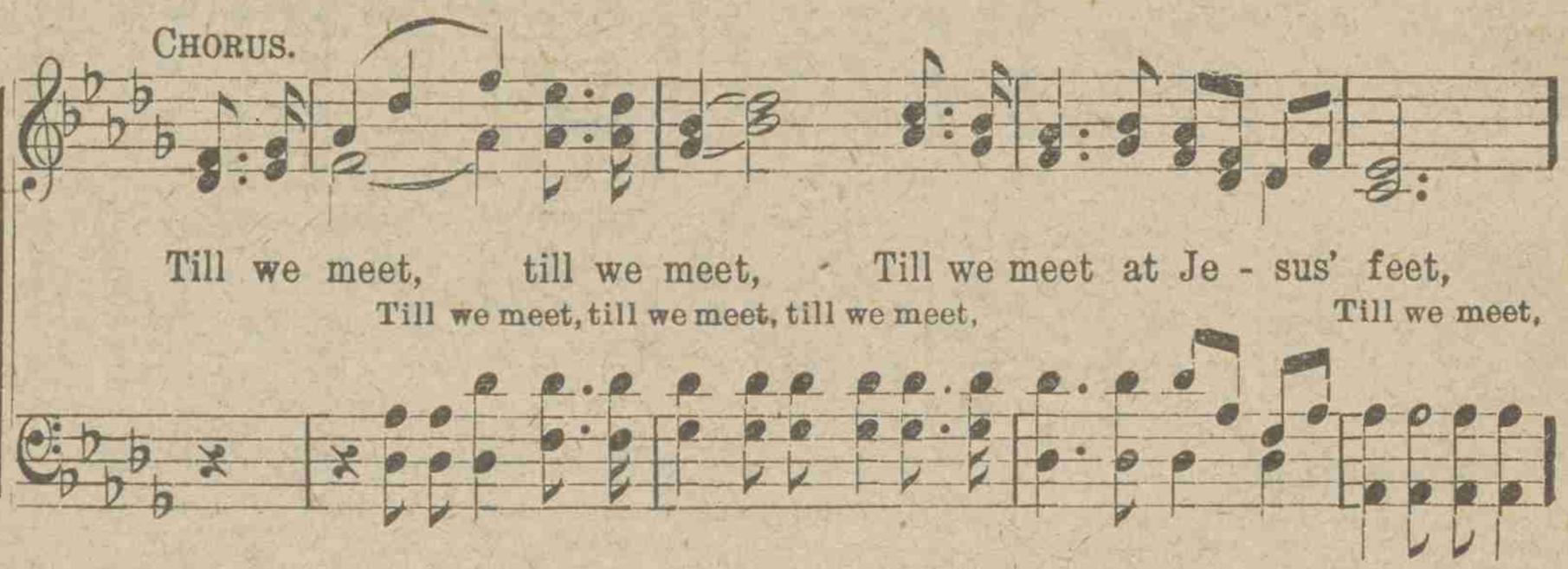


1. God be with you till we meet a-gain, By His counsels guide, uphold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a-gain, 'Neath His wings securely hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet again, When life's perils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet again, Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
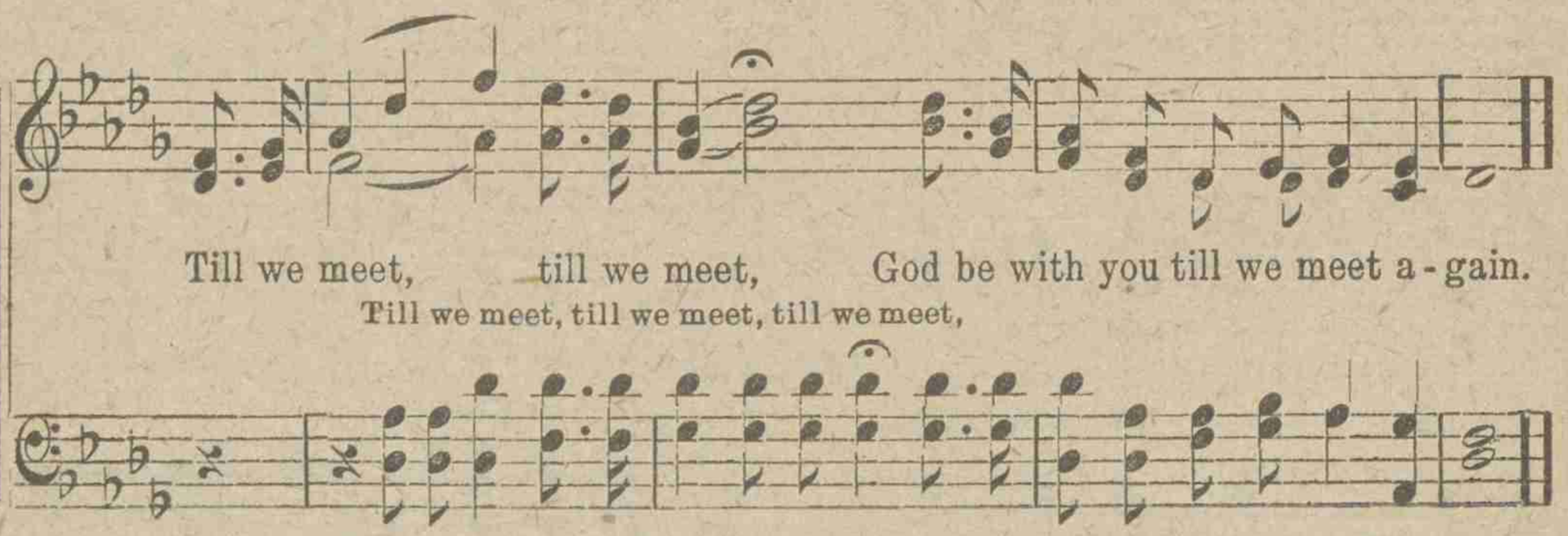


With His sheep se - cure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Dai - ly man - na still di - vide you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Put His arms un - fail-ing round you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Smite death's threat'ning waue before you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.



CHORUS.



Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet,
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet,

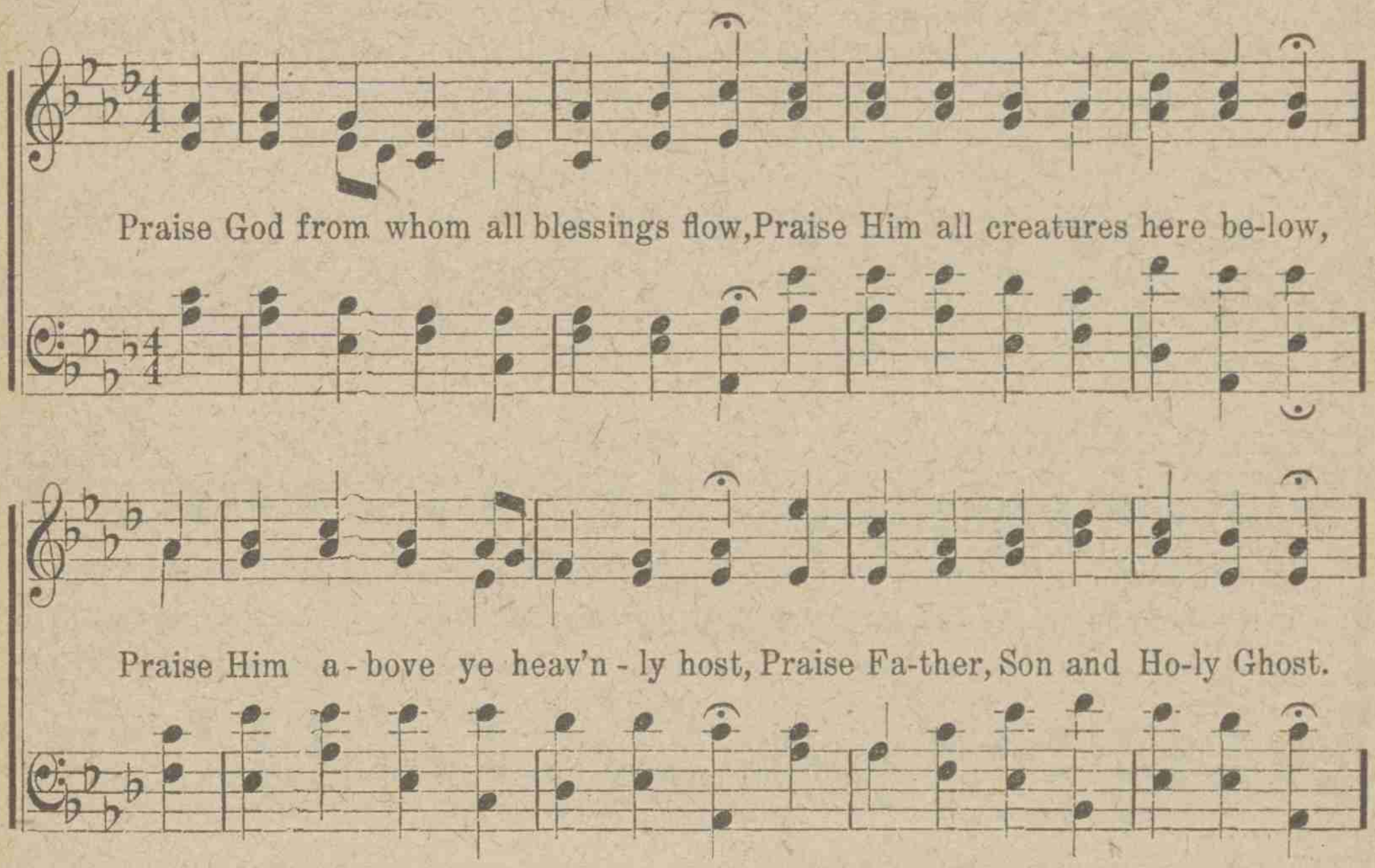


Till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,

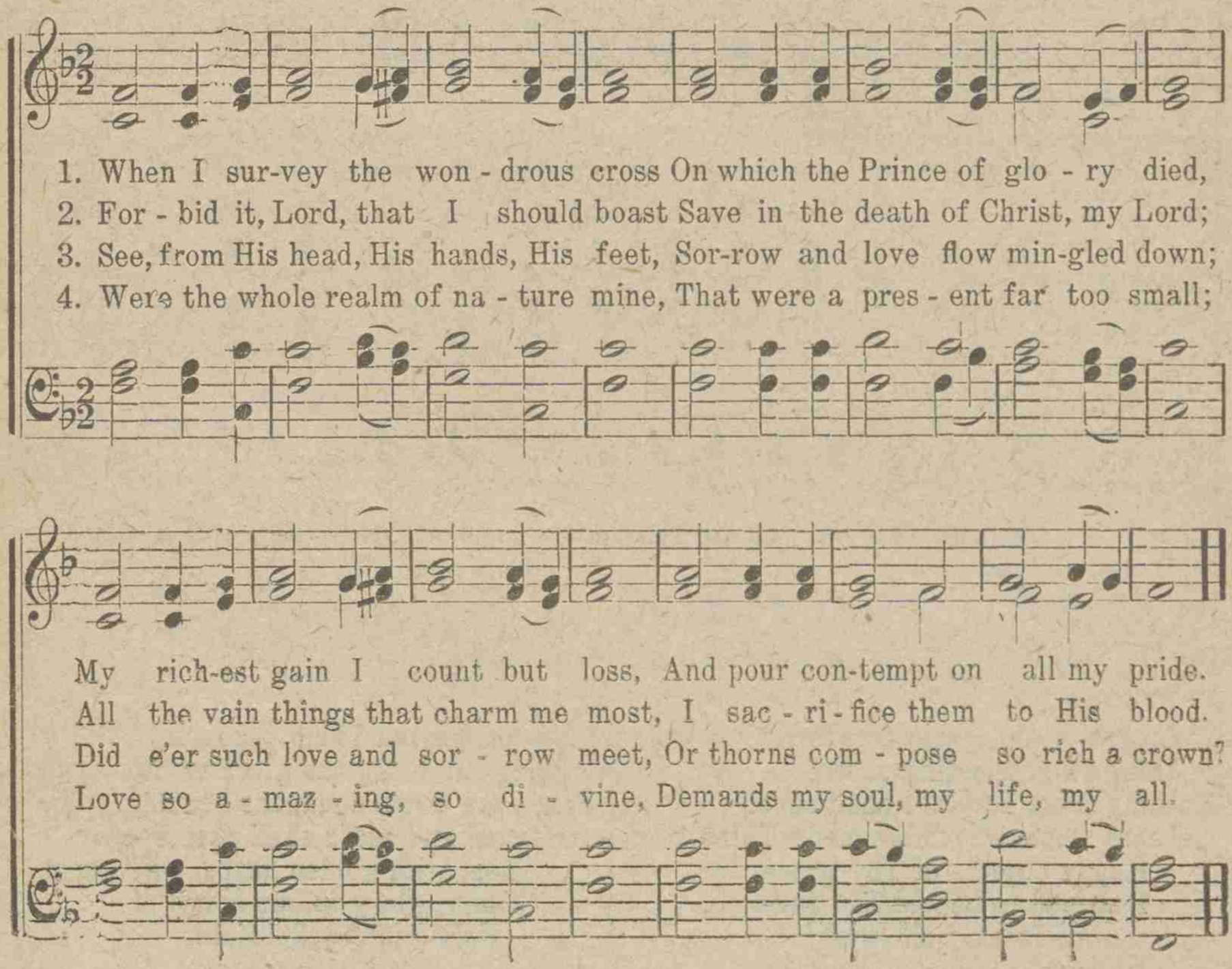
Used by per. of J. E. Rankin, owner of copyright.

FAMILIAR HYMNS.

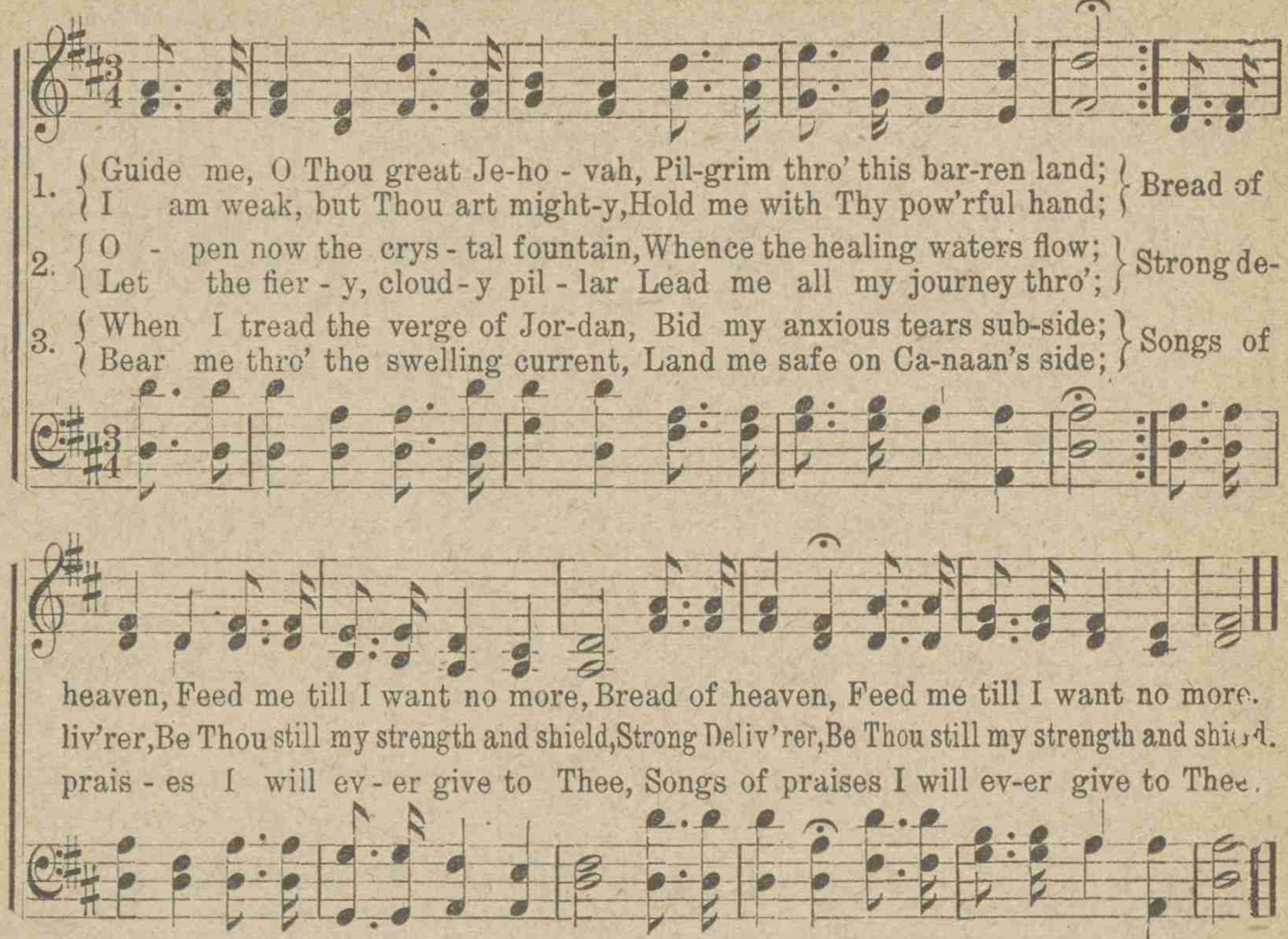
No. 207. Old Hundred.



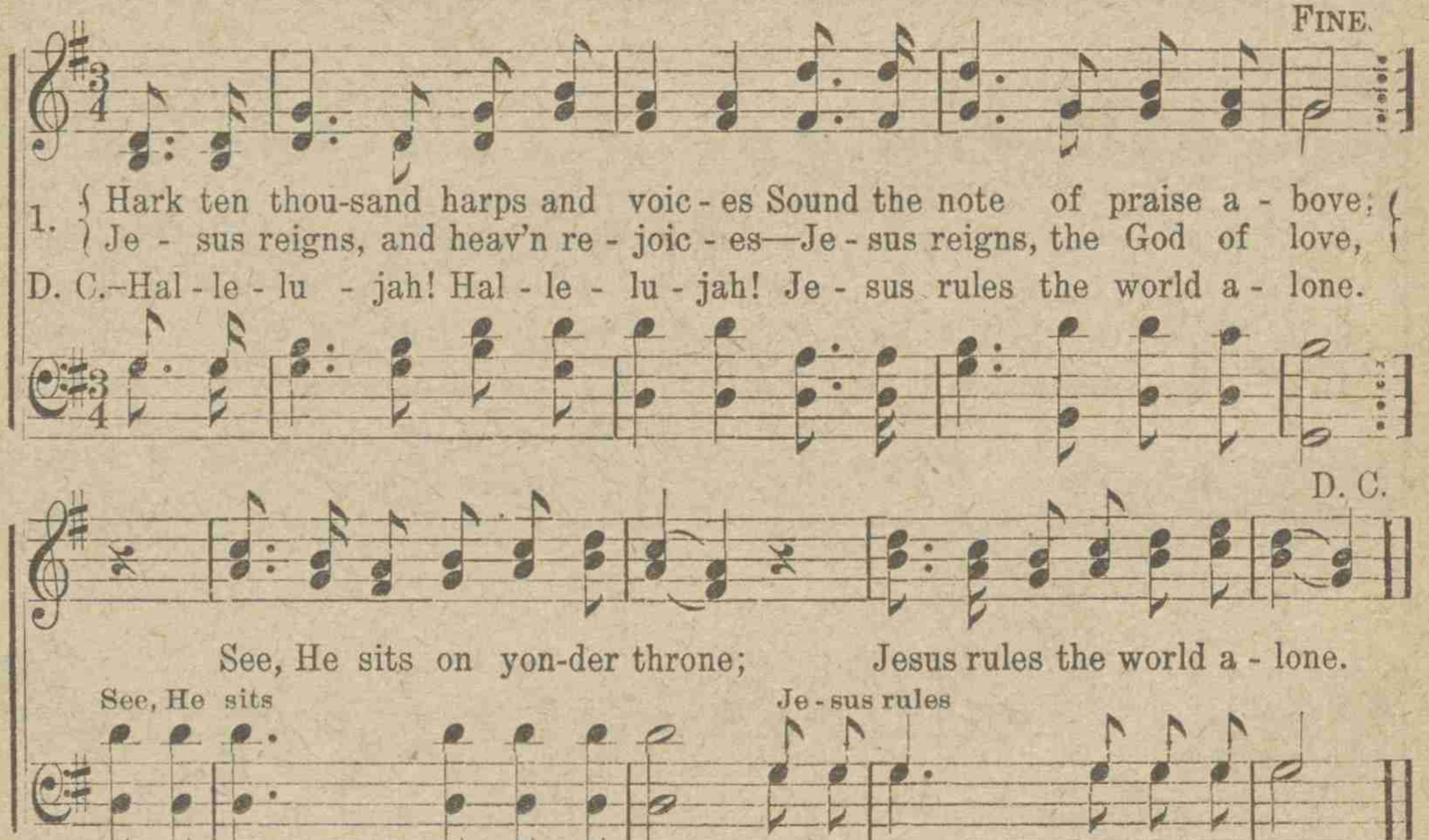
No. 208. When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.



No. 209. Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.



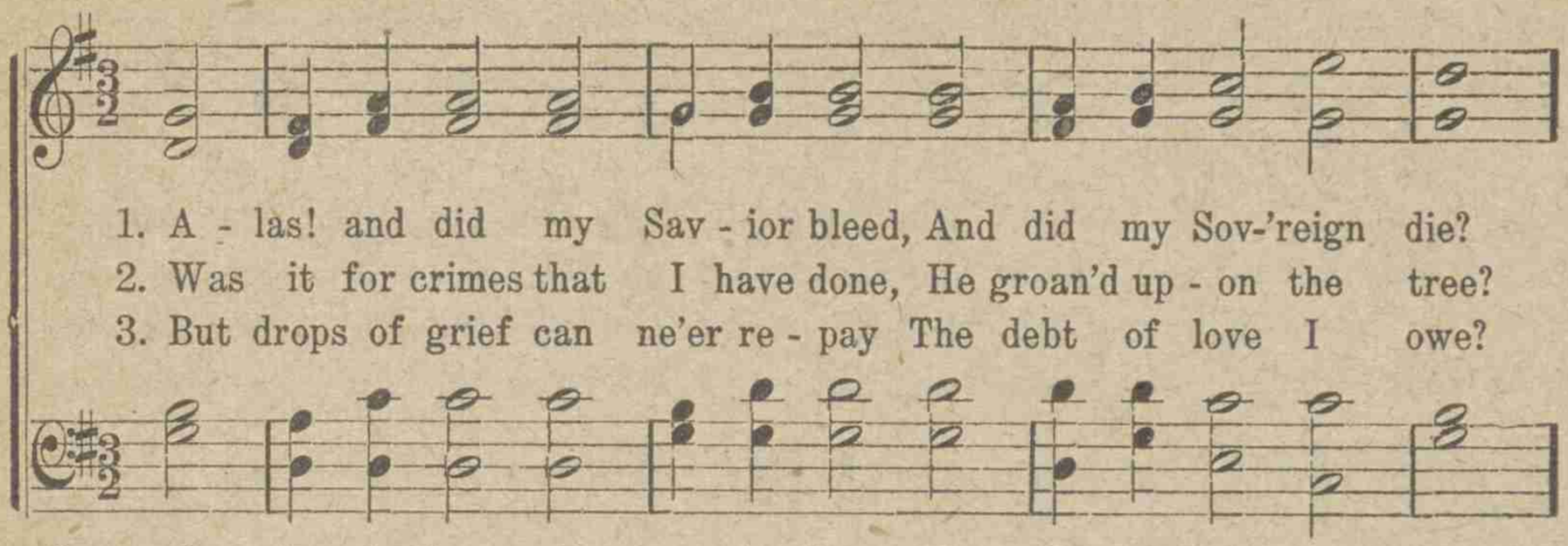
No. 210. Hark! Ten Thousand Harps and Voices.
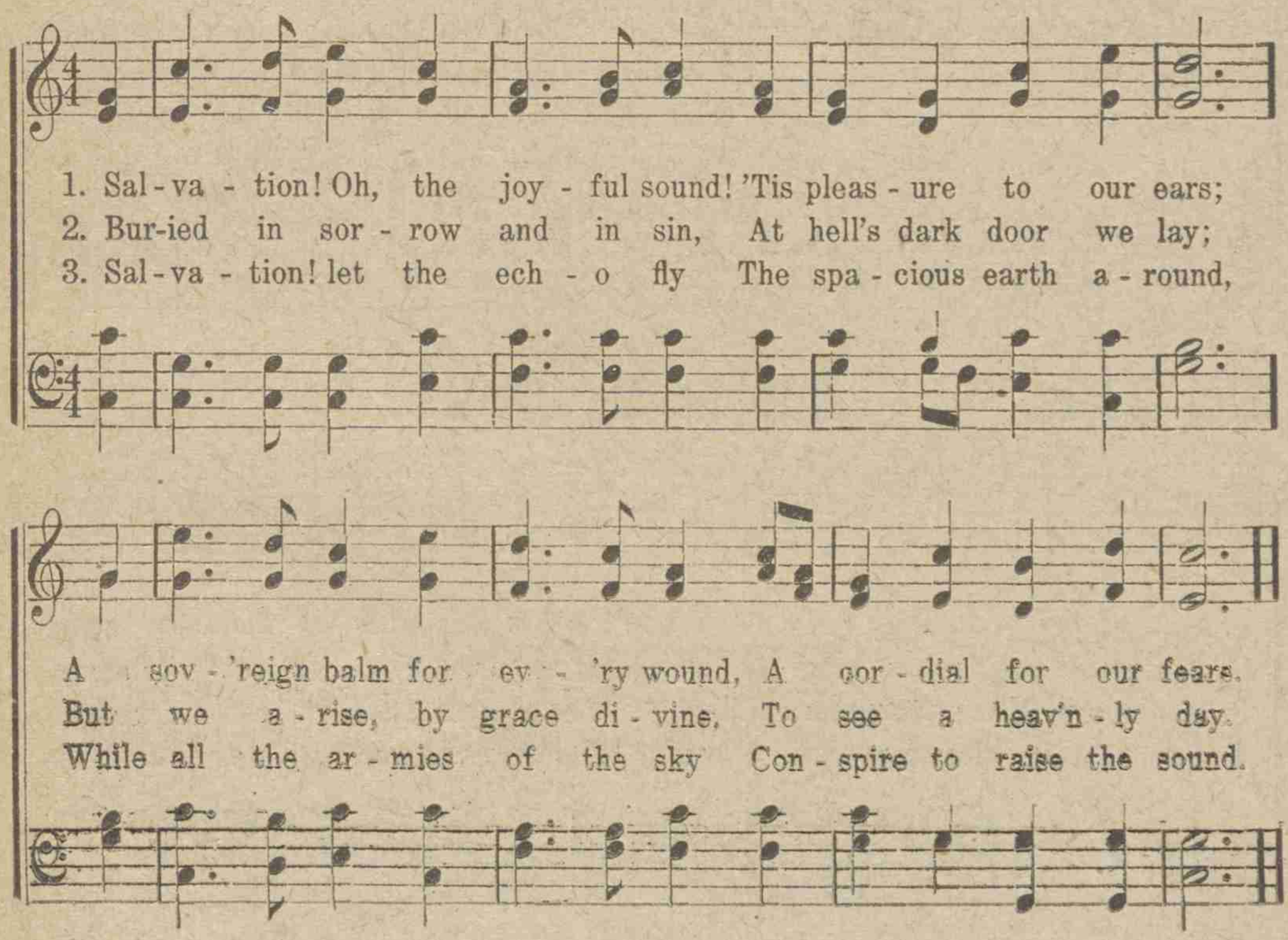


2 King of glory, reign forever,
Thine an everlasting crown:
Nothing from Thy love shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made Thine own;
Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destined to behold Thy face.
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Destined to behold Thy face.

3 Savior, hasten Thine appearing;
Bring, oh, bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away:
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King!"
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Glory, glory to our King.

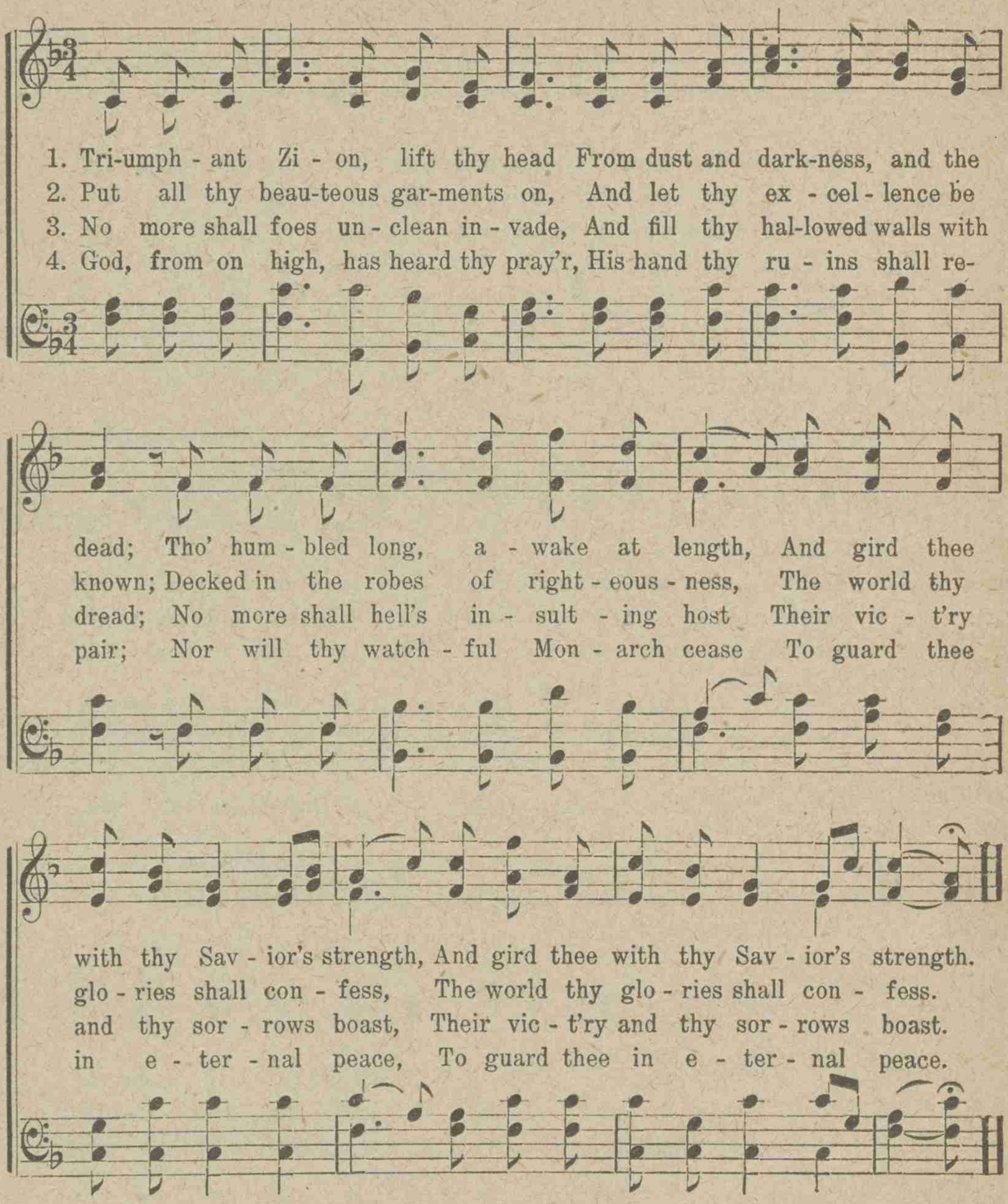
No. 211. I Do Believe.



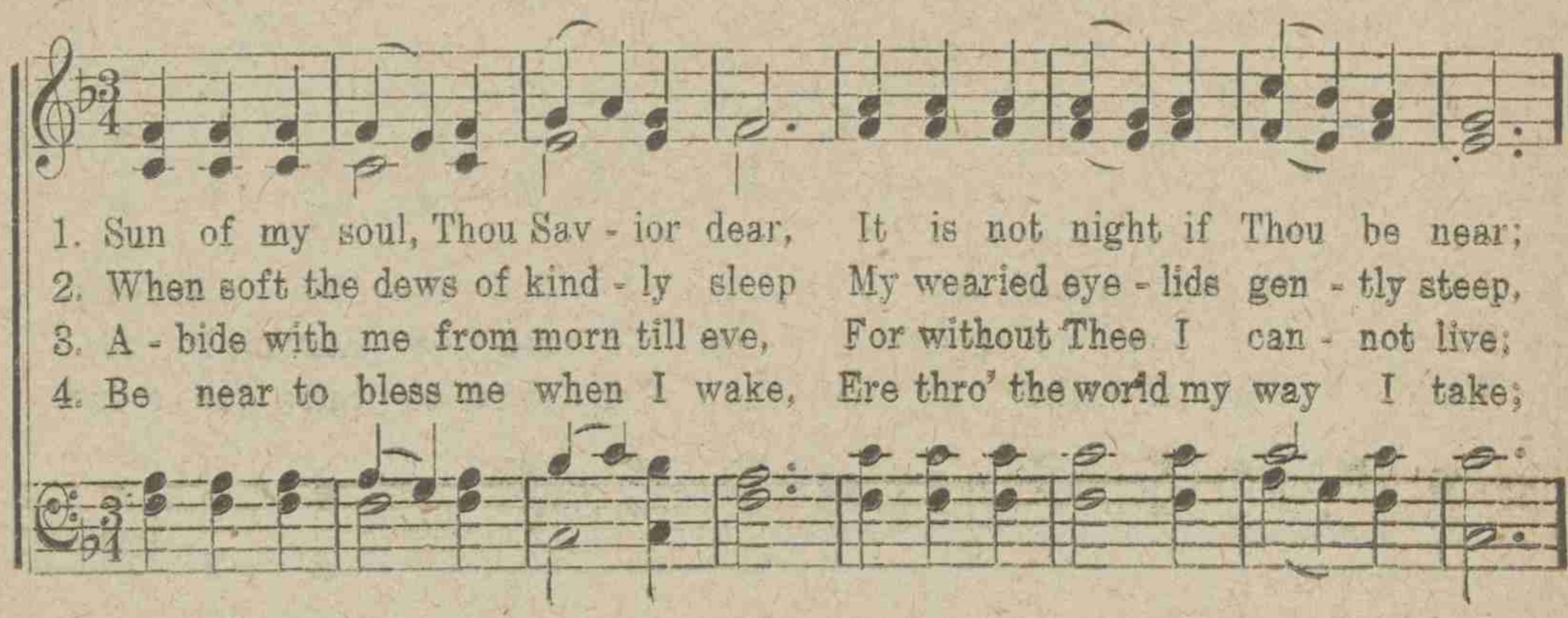
No. 212. Salvation! Oh, the Joyful Sound.



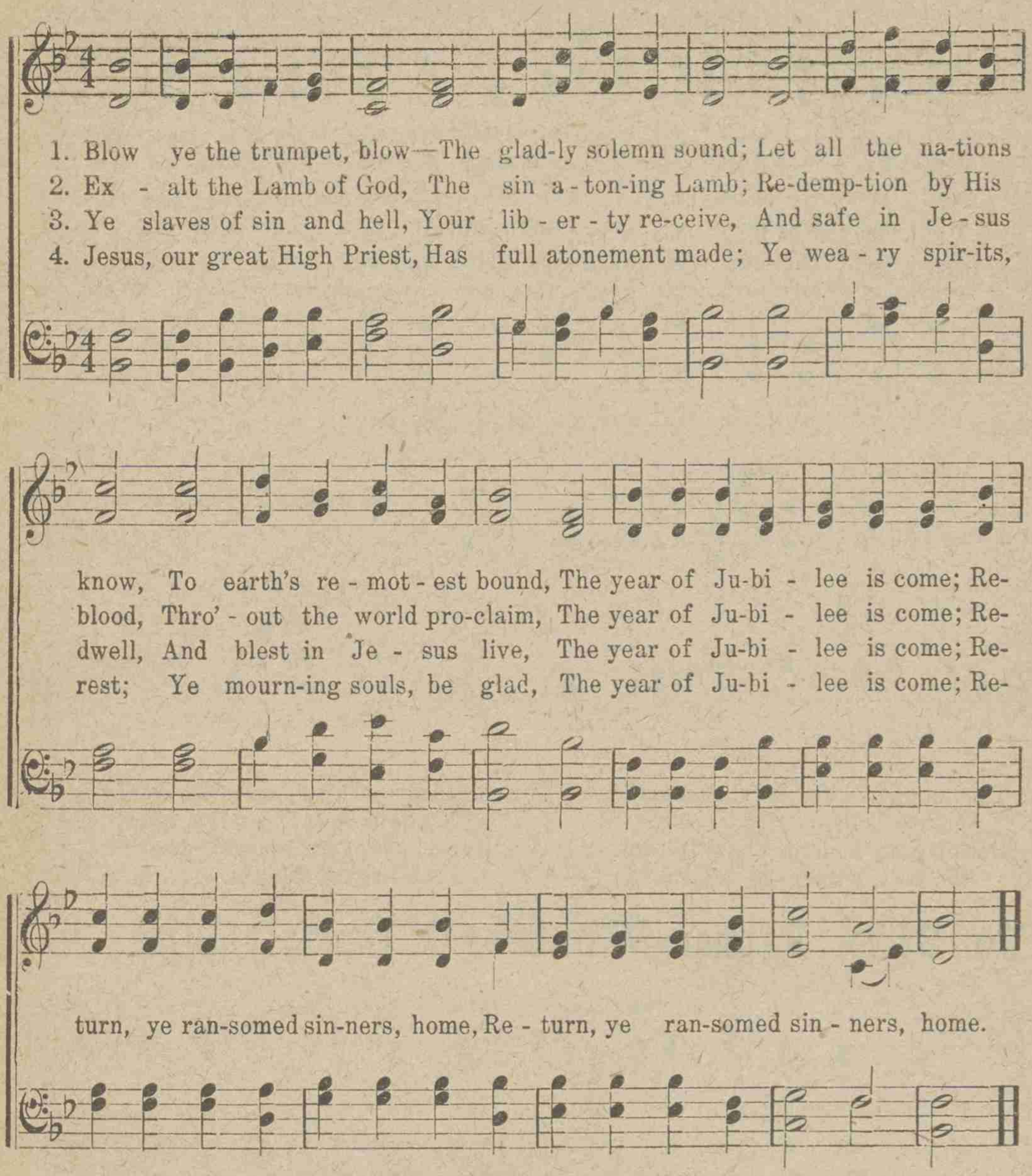
No. 213. Triumphant Zion, Lift Thy Head.
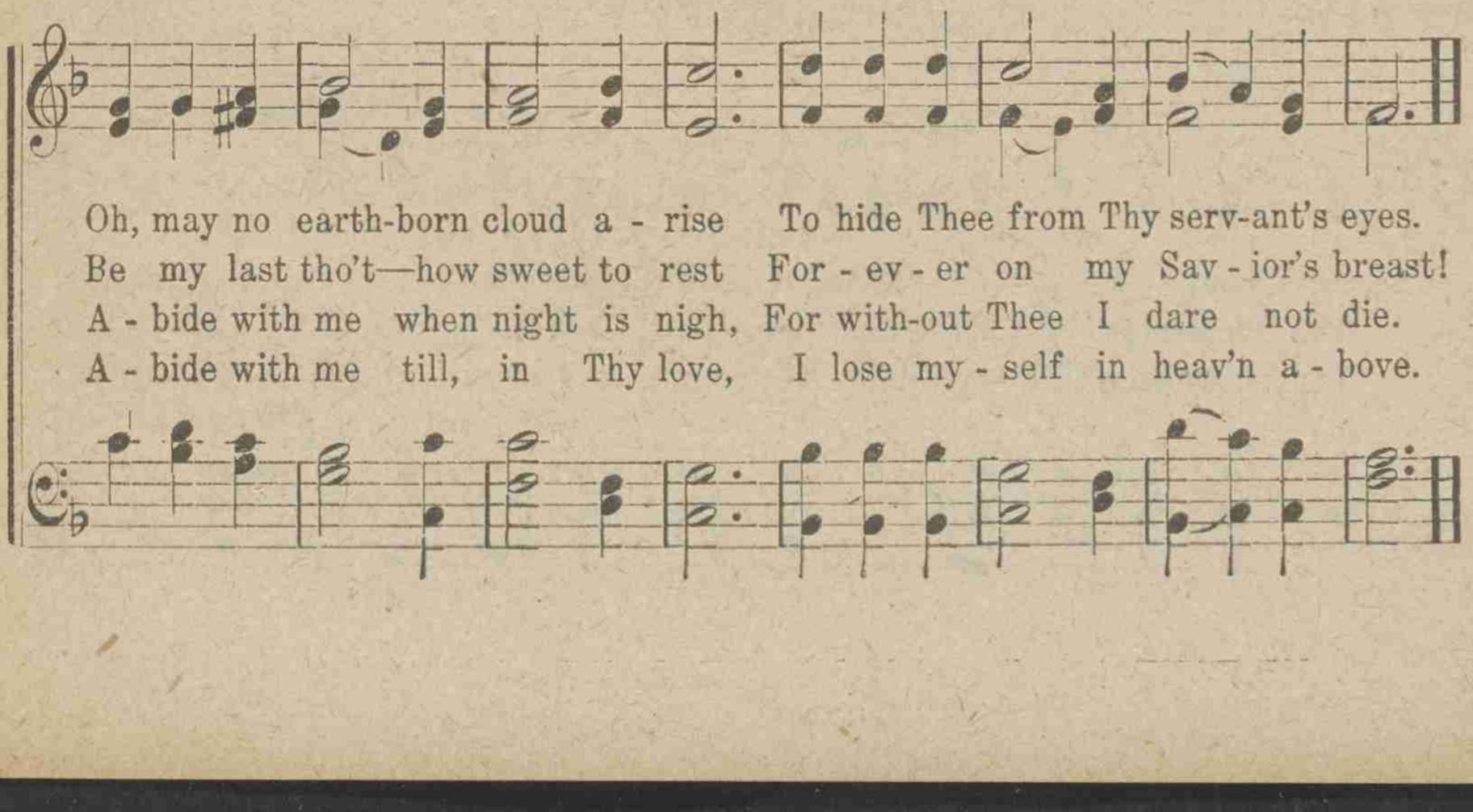


No. 214. Sun of My Soul.



No. 215. Blow Ye the Trumpet, Blow.



Sun of My Soul.



No. 216. Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed.

FINE.

1. { A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sov-'reign die? }
   { Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I? }

2. { Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned up - on the tree? }
   { A - maz - ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love be - yond de - gree! }

3. { Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in, }
   { When God's own Son was cru - ci - fied For man, the crea-ture's sin. }

D. C.—*Yes, Je - sus died for all man-kind; Bless God, Sal-va - tion's free.*

CHORUS. D. C.

Je - sus died for you, Je - sus died for me:

4. Thus might I hide my blushing face
While His dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5. But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away—
'Tis all that I can do.

No. 217. Father, Whate'er Of Earthly Bliss.

1. Fa - ther, what-e'er of earth-ly bliss Thy sov-'reign will de - nies,
2. Give me a calm, a thank-ful heart, From ev - 'ry mur - mur free;
3. Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine, My life and death at - tend;

Ac - cept - ed at Thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise:
The bless-ings of Thy grace im - part, And make me live to Thee;
Thy pres-ence thro' my jour - ney shine, And crown my jour-ney's end;

No. 218. The Way of the Cross.

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

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

ad lib. D. C.

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

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

No. 219. This Note Shall Swell.

1. I'll praise Thee, Savior, Prince of Peace, In songs of praise that ne'er shall cease;
2. I'll praise Thee for the crim-son flood, For cleansing in Thy pre-cious blood;
3. I'll praise Thee when 'tis dark and drear; 'Mid sorrow's frowns I will not fear;
4. I'll praise Thee in a loft - y strain, I'll praise Thee in a sweet re - frain;
5. I'll praise Thee with my present breath, I'll praise Thee in the hour of death;

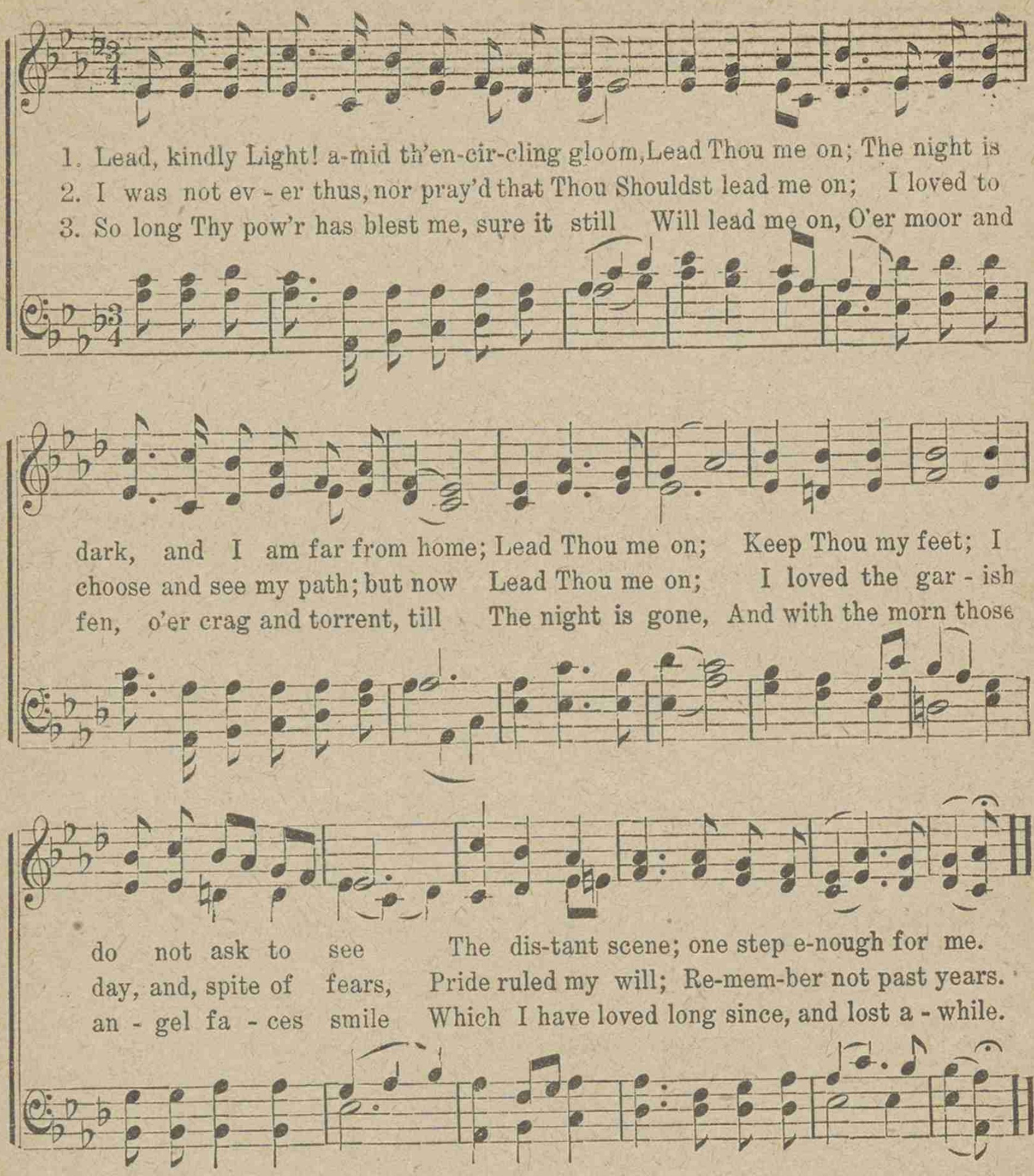
CHO.–*And a - bove the rest this note shall swell, This note shall swell, this note shall swell,*

D. C. Chorus.

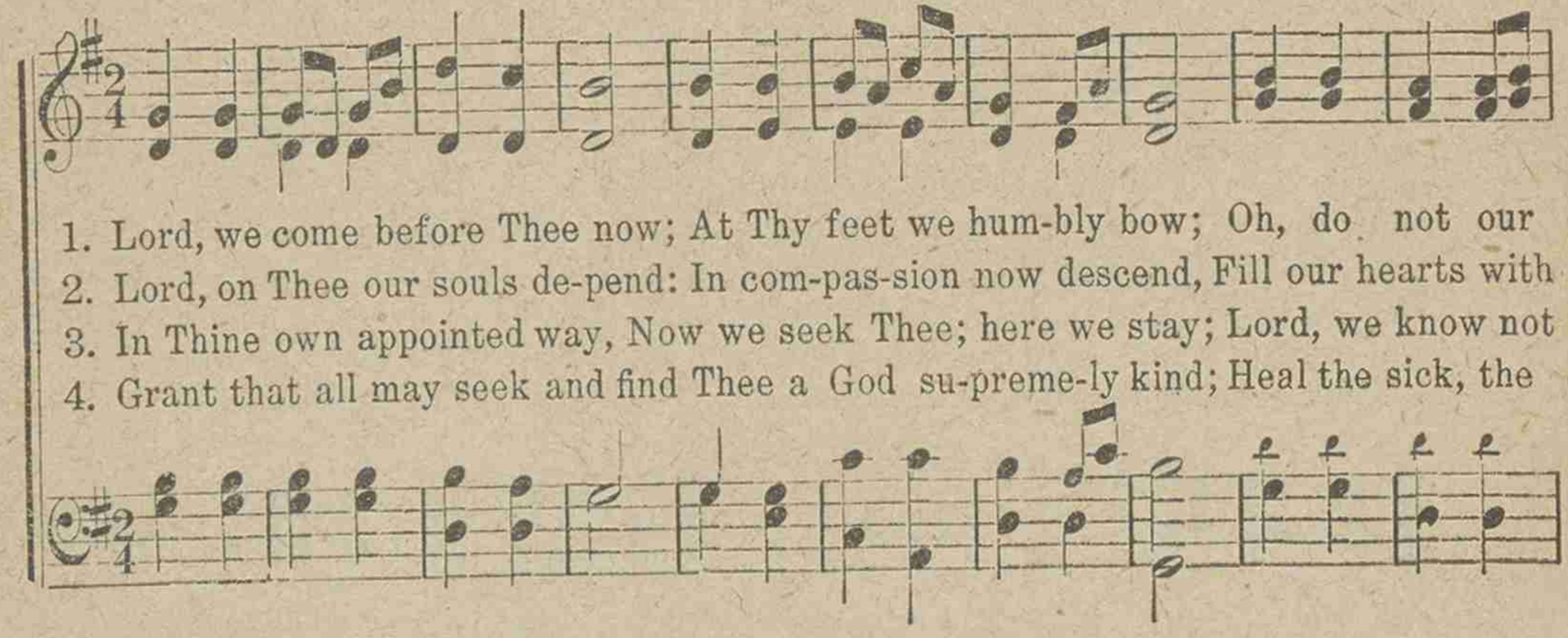
'Til time, and life, and tho't en - dure, I'll praise Thee, Sav-ior, ev - er - more.
I'll praise Thee for Thy Spir-it's pow'r, That fills and keeps me ev - 'ry hour.
In dark - est night I'll raise my song, And roll the glorious strains a - long.
I'll praise Thee more than tongue can tell, For Thou art do-ing all things well.
I'll praise Thee as I mount a - bove, I'll praise Thee in the realms of love.

And a - bove the rest this note shall swell, My Je - sus hath done all things well.
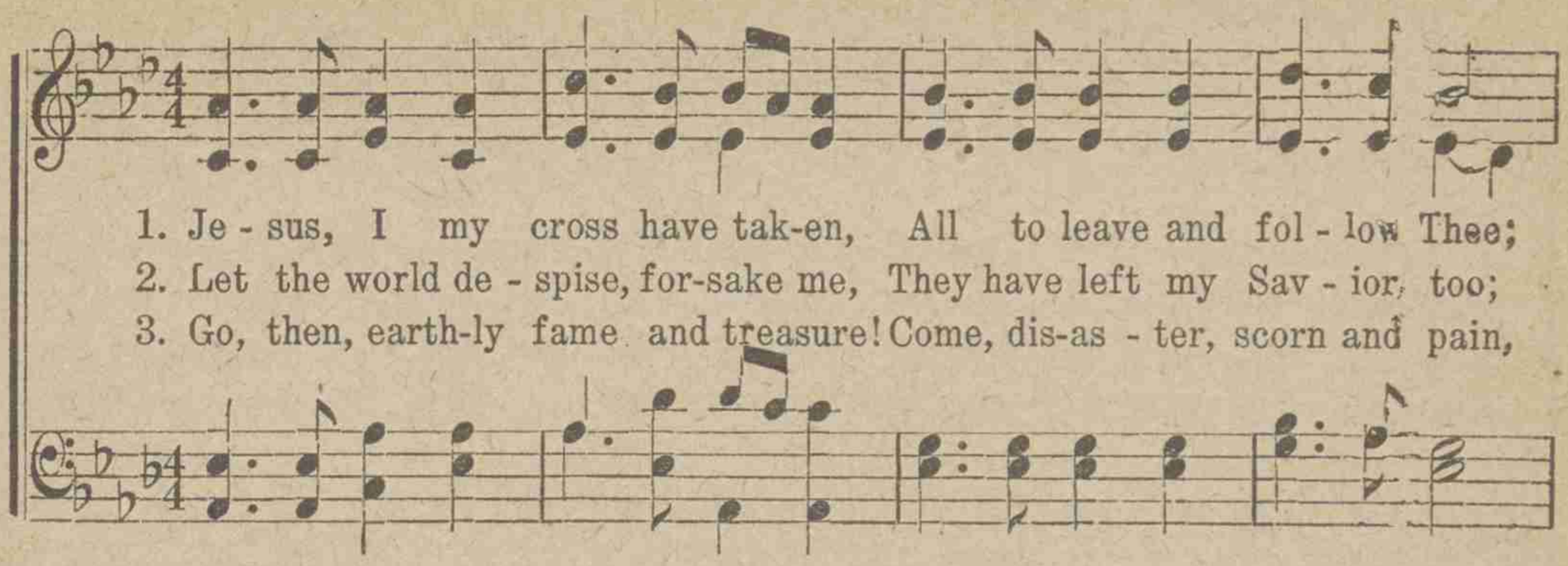
No. 220. Lead, Kindly Light.
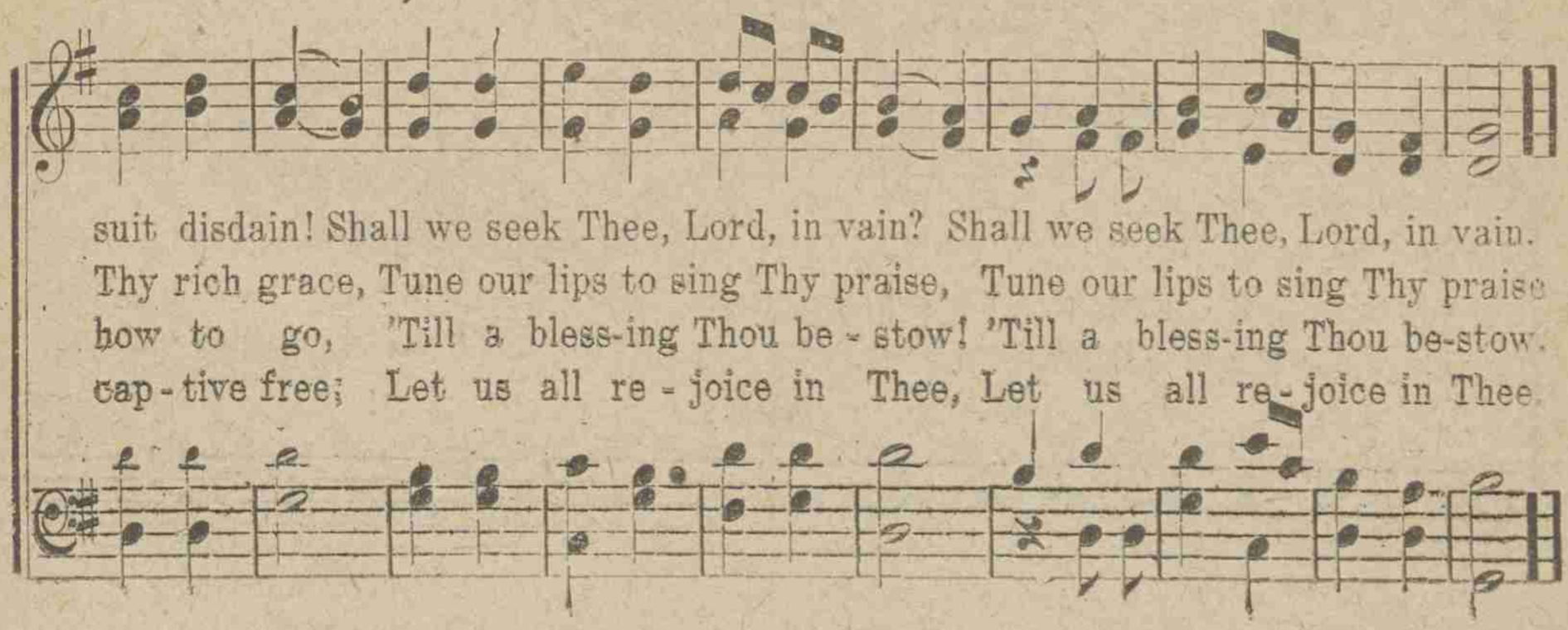


No. 221. Lord, We Come Before Thee Now.



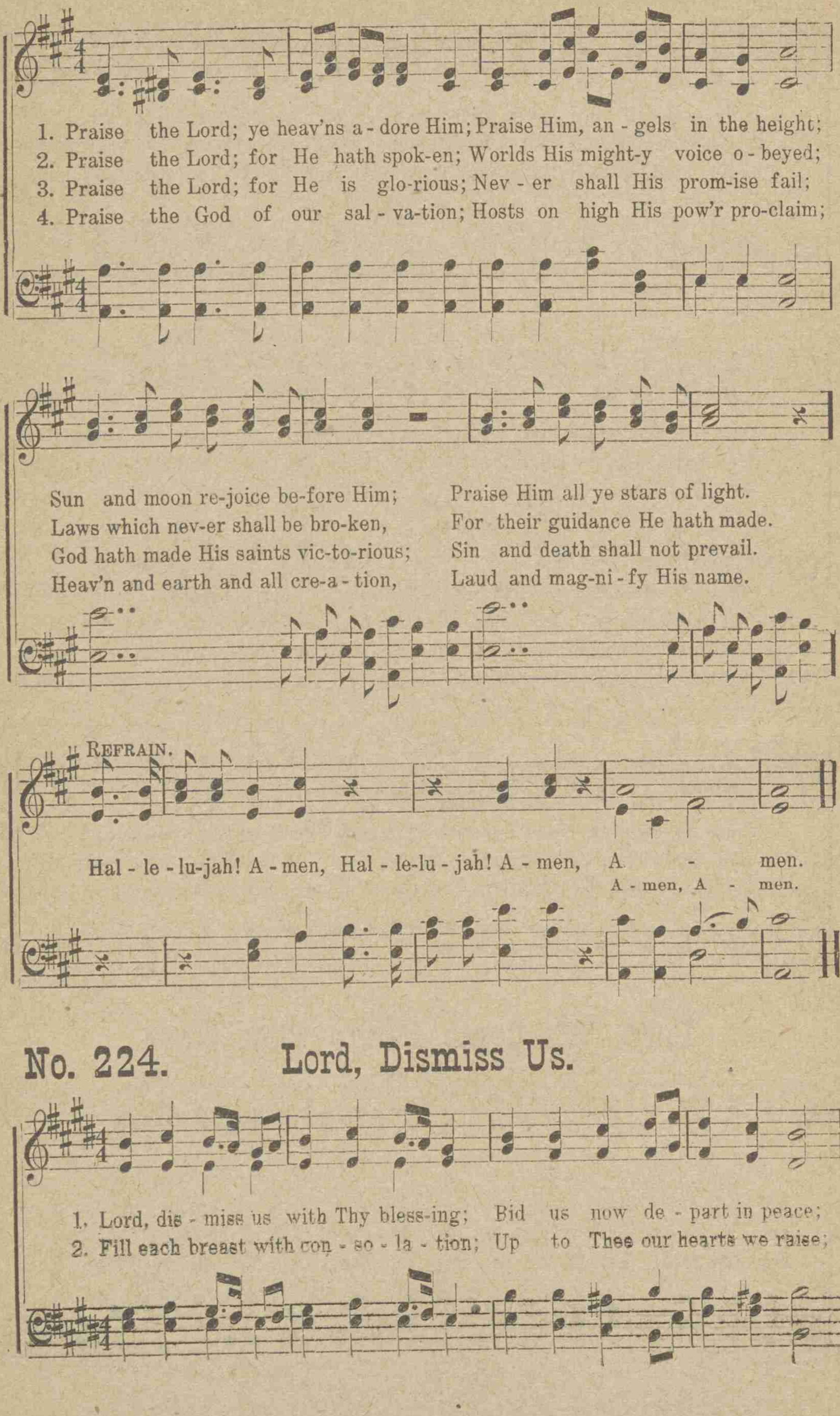
No. 222. Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.



Lord, We Come Before Thee Now.
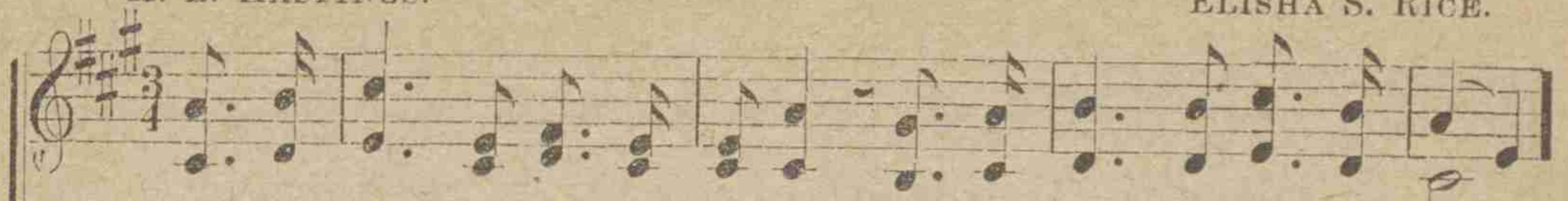


No. 223. Praise the Lord; Ye Heavens Adore Him.
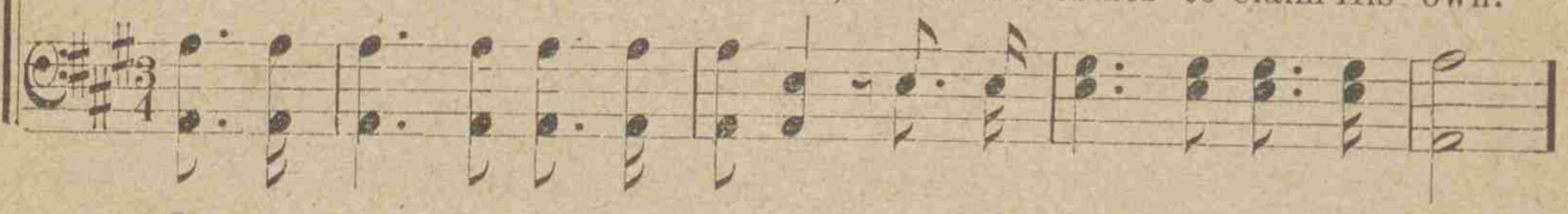


No. 224. Lord, Dismiss Us.
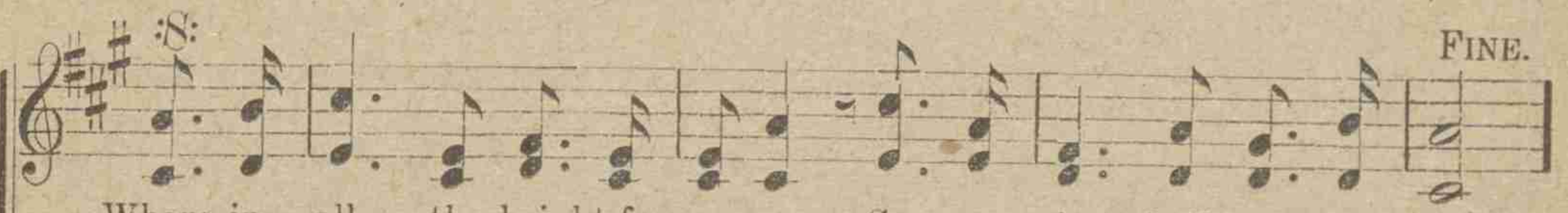
No. 225. Shall We Meet?

H. L. HASTINGS. ELISHA S. RICE.
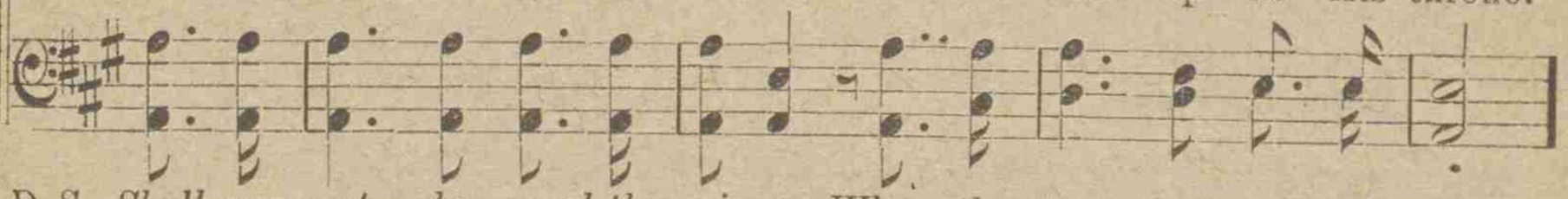


1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the surg - es cease to roll?
2. Shall we meet in that blest har-bor, When our storm - y voyage is o'er?
3. Shall we meet in yon - der cit - y, Where the tow'rs of crys - tal shine?
4. Where the mu - sic of the ransom'd Rolls its har - mo - ny a - round,
5. Shall we meet there many a lov'd one, Who was torn from our em - brace?
6. Shall we meet with Christ our Savior, When He comes to claim His own?
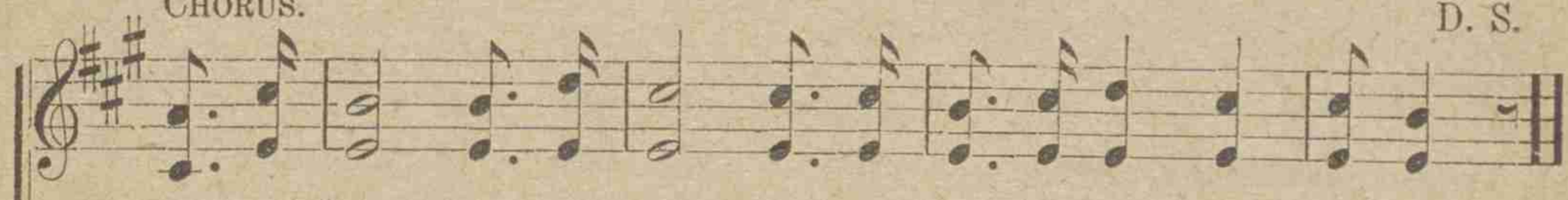




FINE.

Where in all the bright for-ev - er, Sor-row ne'er shall press the soul?
Shall we meet and cast the an-chor By the bright ce - les - tial shore?
Where the walls are all of jas-per, Built by work - man-ship di - vine!
And cre - a - tion swells the cho-rus With its sweet mel - o - dious sound?
Shall we list - en to their voices, And be - hold them face to face?
Shall we know His bless-ed fa-vor, And sit down up - on His throne?
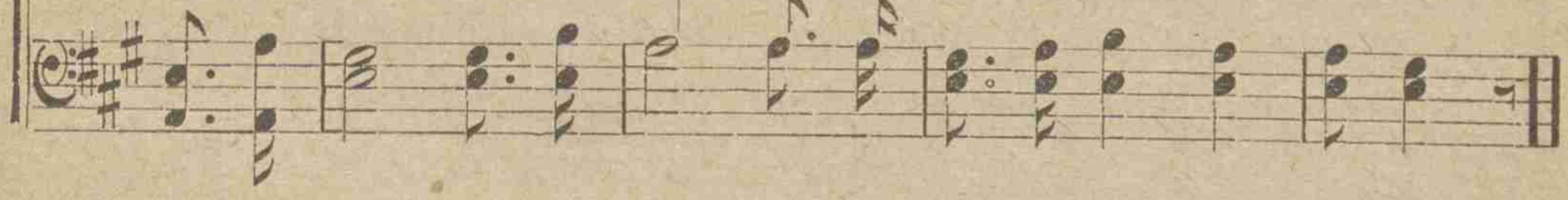


D. S.—*Shall we meet be - yond the riv-er, Where the surg - es cease to roll?*
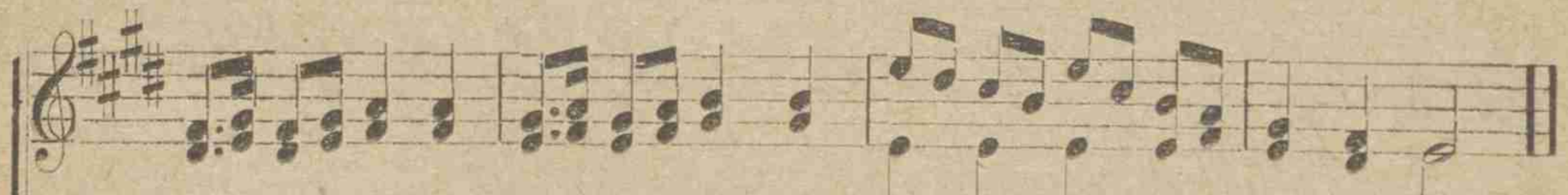
CHORUS. D. S.



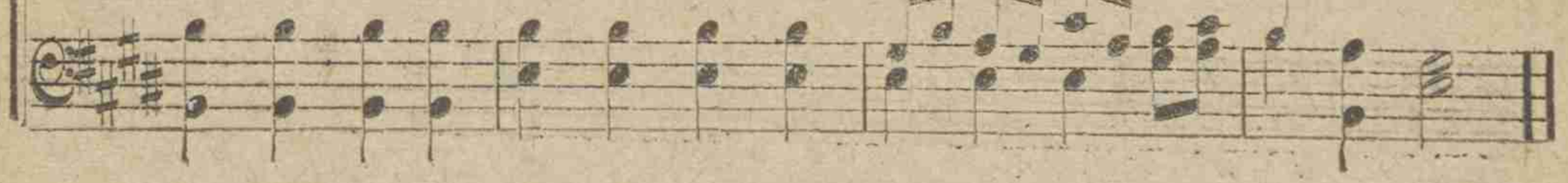
Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er?



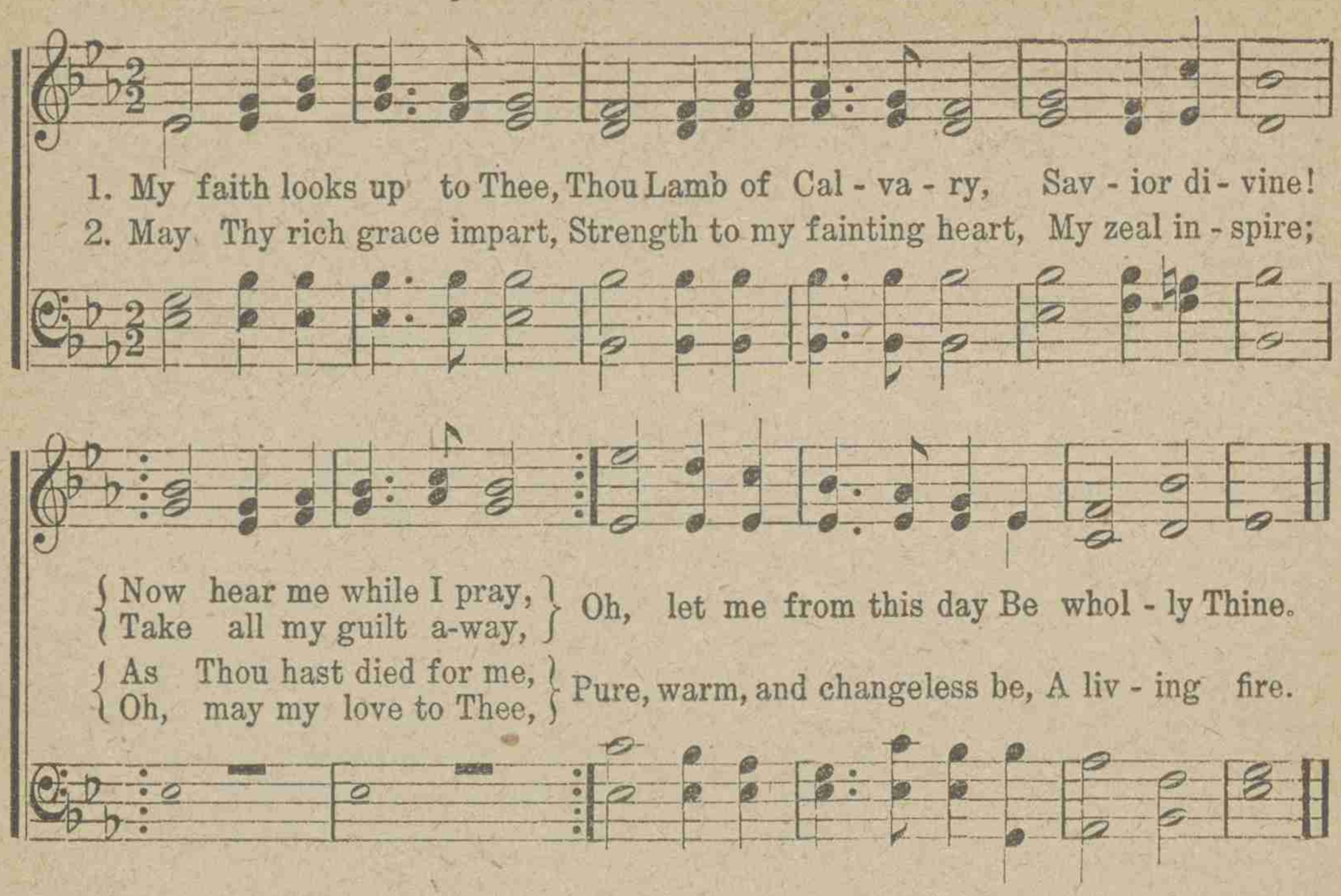
Lord Dismiss Us.



Still on heav'n-ly man - na feed-ing, Let our faith and love in-crease.
When we reach our bliss - ful sta - tion, Then we'll give Thee no - bler praise.
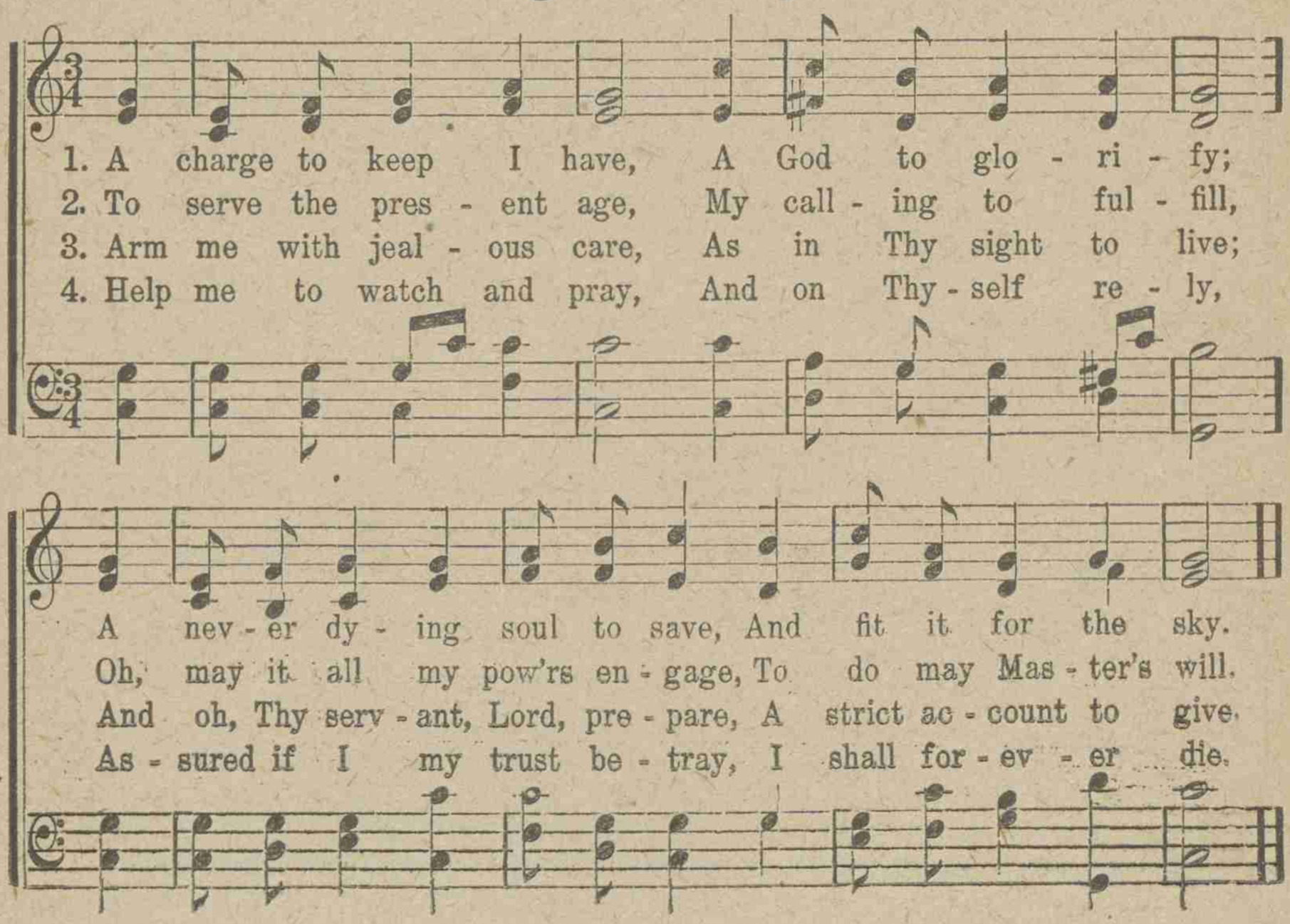


No. 226. My Faith Looks Up.



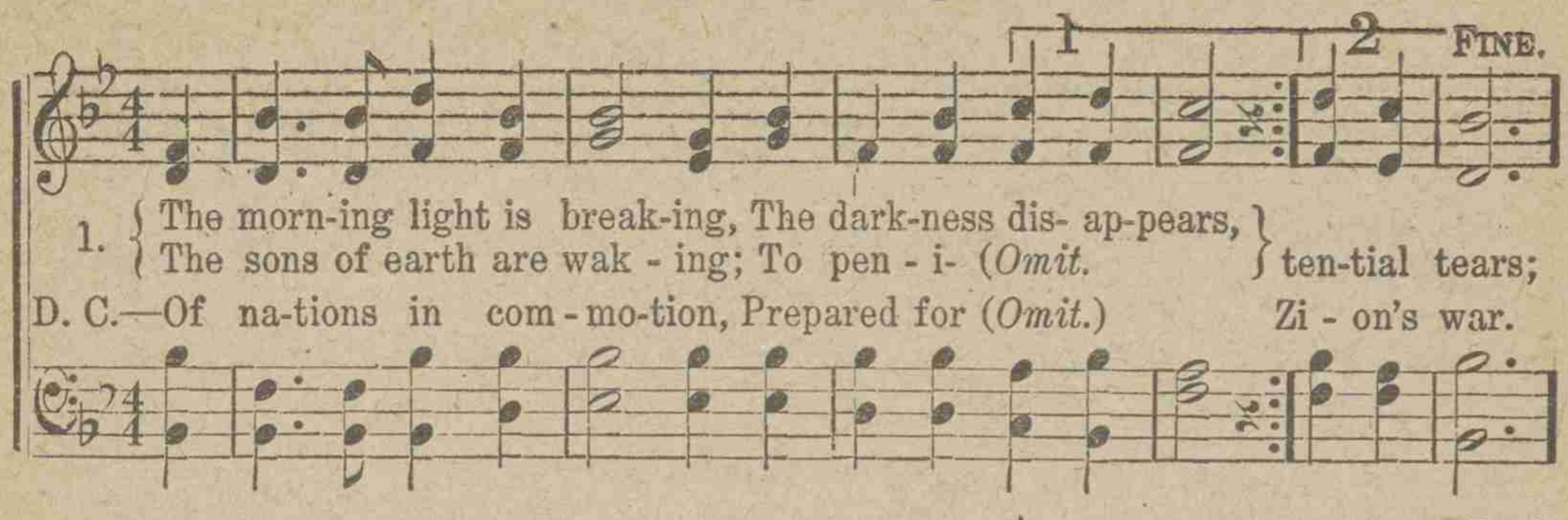
3. While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide:
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4. When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream,
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Savior, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

No. 227. A Charge to Keep I Have.



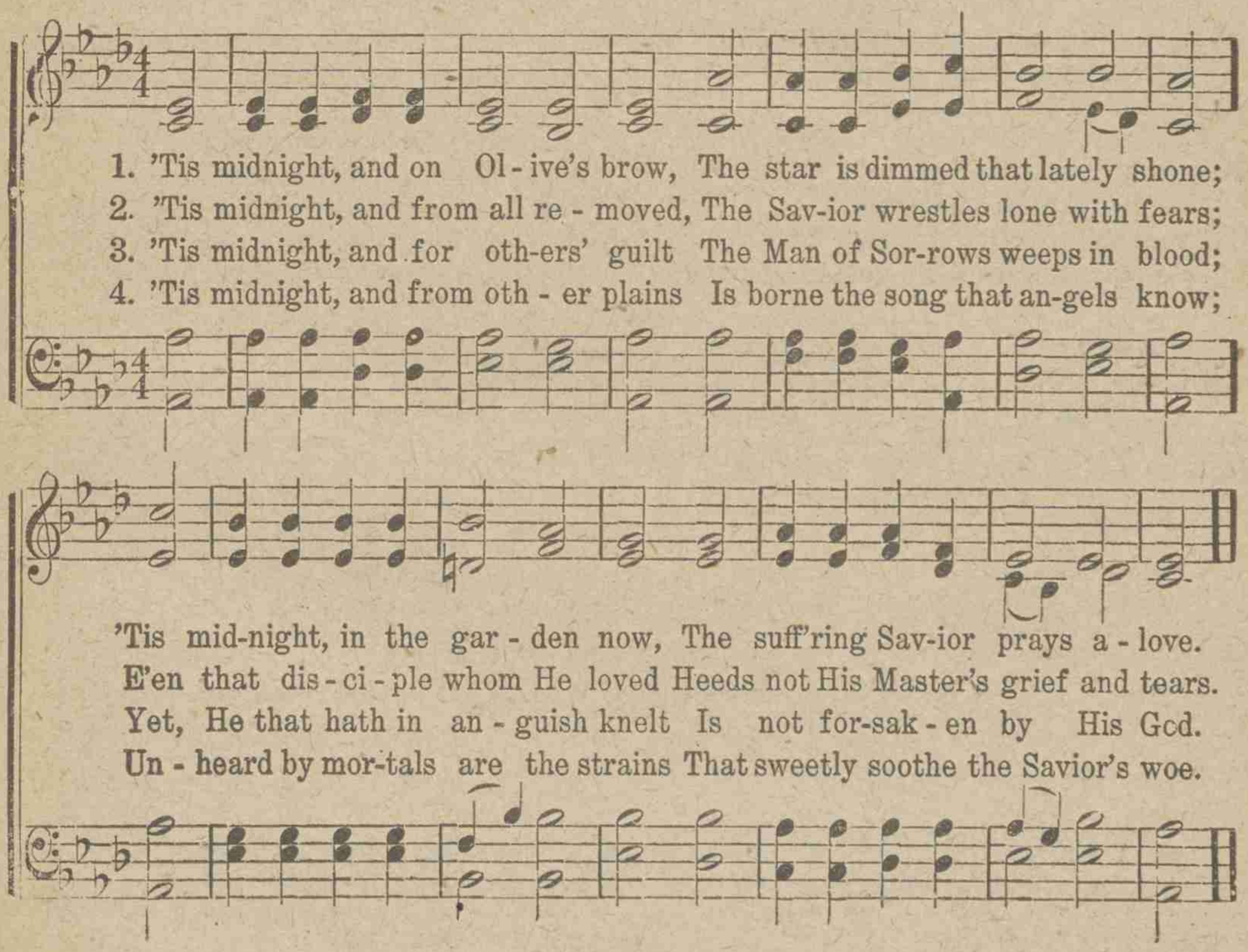
No. 228. The Morning Light.



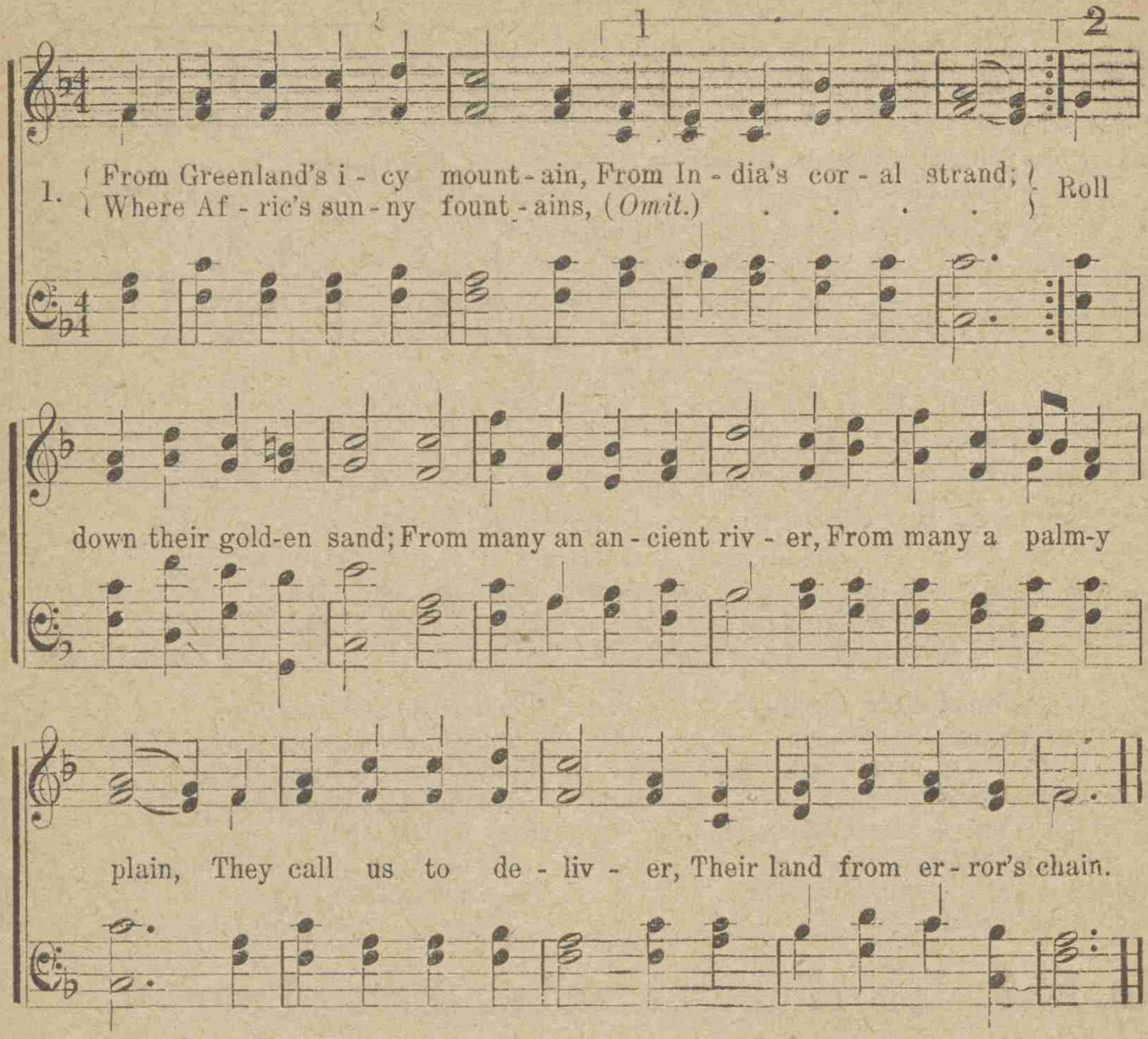
2. See heathen nations bending,
Before the God of love,
And thousand hearts ascending,
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel's call obey,
And seek a Savior's blessing,
A nation in a day.

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

No. 229. 'Tis Midnight, and on Olive's Brow.



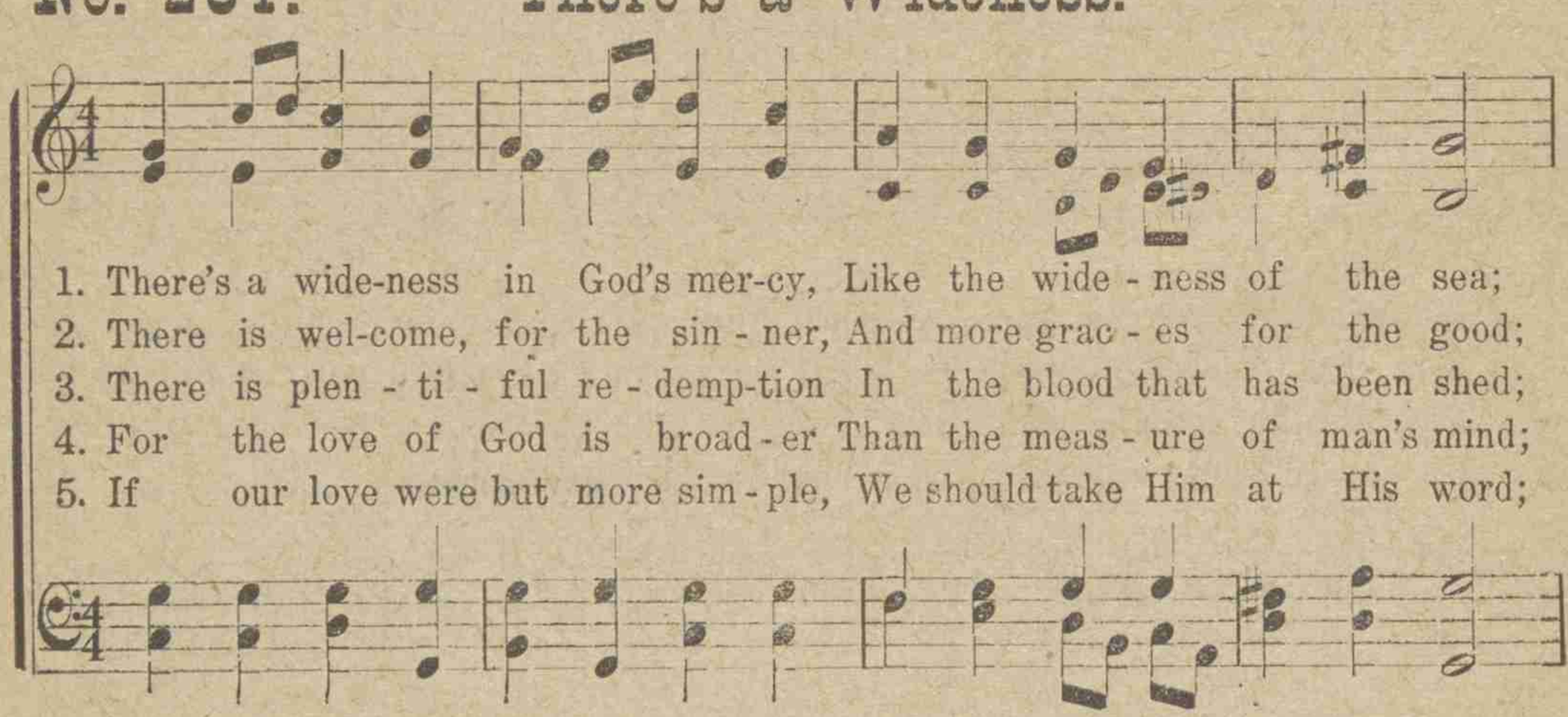
No. 230. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.



2. Shall we, whose souls are lighted,
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

3. Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

No. 231. There's a Wideness.



No. 232. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem-pest - uous sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break-ers roar

Unknown waves be-fore me röll, Hid - ing rock and treach-'rous shoal;
Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will, When Thou sayst to them "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then while lean - ing on Thy breast,

Chart and com - pass came from Thee; Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
Wond'rous Sov-'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not I will pi - lot thee!"

There's a Wideness.

There's a kind - ness in His jus - tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.
There is mer - cy with the Sav - ior; There is heal - ing in His blood.
There is joy for all the mem-bers In the sor - rows of the Head.
And the heart of the E - ter - nal Is most won - der - ful - ly kind.
And our lives would be all sun - shine In the sweet - ness of the Lord,

No. 233. All Hail the Power.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall;
2. Crown Him, ye morn-ing stars of light, Who fixed this earth - ly ball;
3. Ye chos - en seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran-somed from the fall;
4. Sin - ners, whose love can ne'er for - get The worm-wood and the gall;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
Now hail the strength of Is-rael's might, And crown Him Lord of all;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all;
Go, spread your troph-ies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
Now hail the strength of Israel's might, And crown Him Lord of all.
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
Go, spread your troph - ies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all.
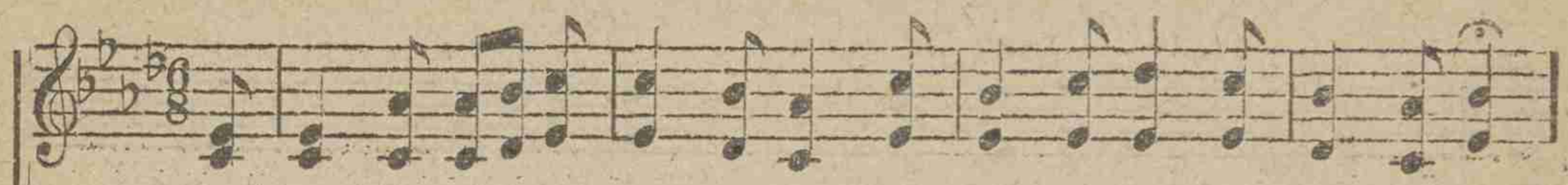
5. Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
‖ : To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all. : ‖

6. Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall!
‖ : We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all. : ‖
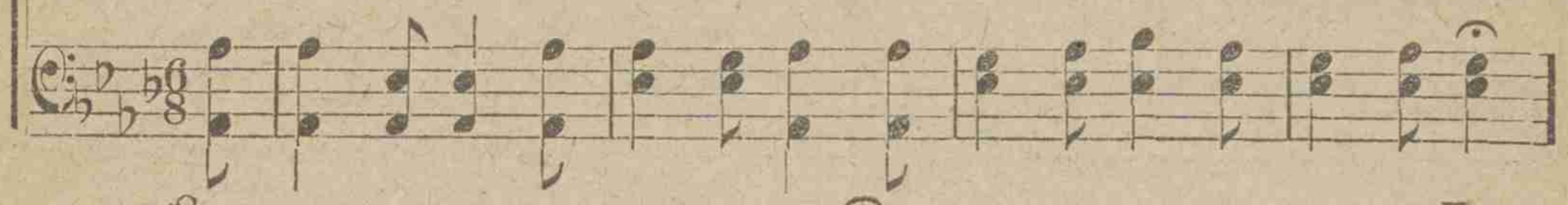
No. 234. Am I a Soldier?
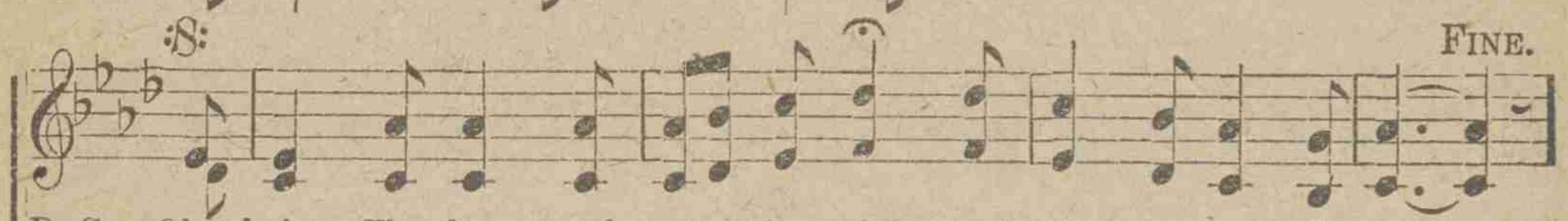
1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol - low'r of the Lamb,
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow'r - y beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Since I must fight if I would reign, In - crease my cour - age, Lord;

No. 235. Take Me As I Am.
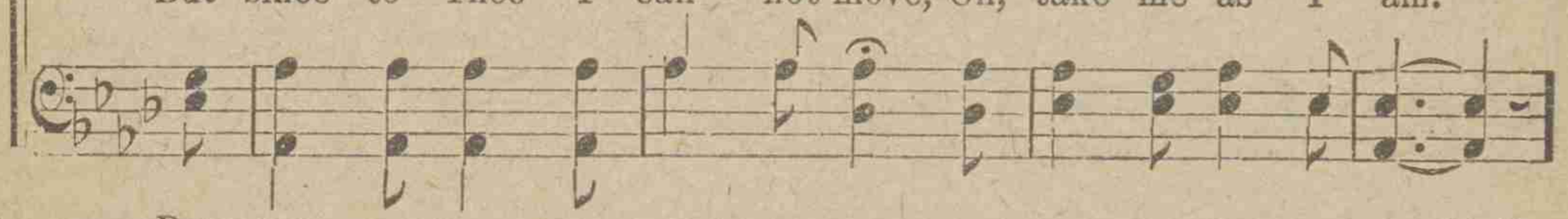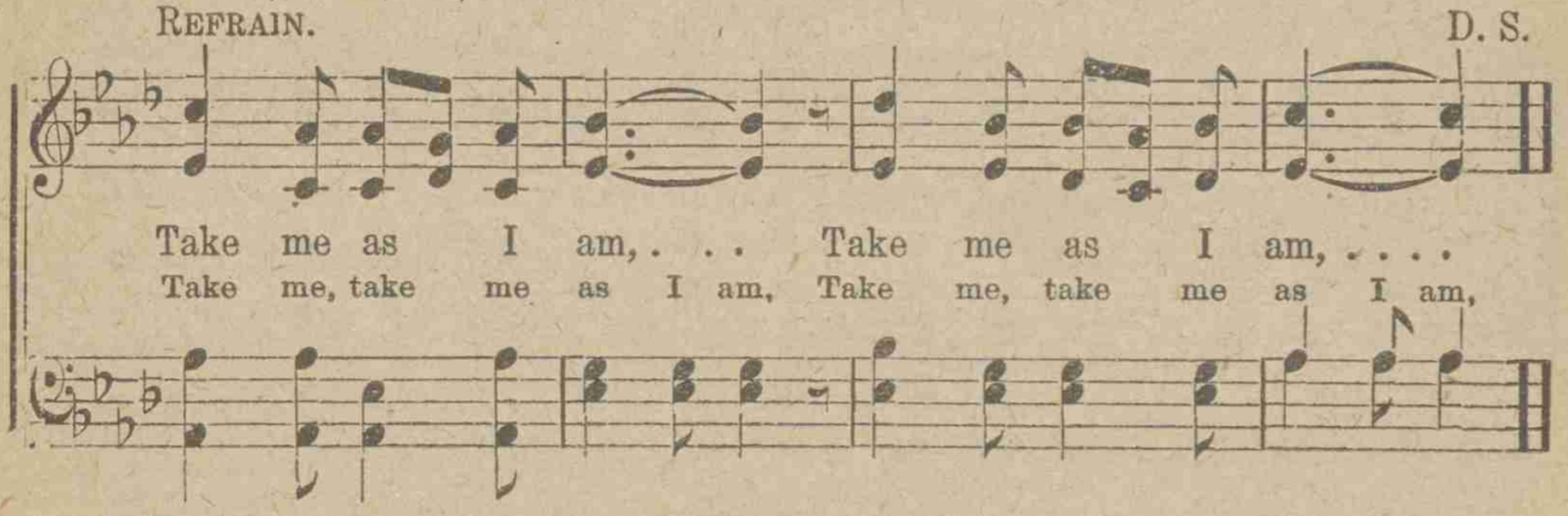


1. Je - sus, my Lord, to Thee I cry; Un-less Thou help me, I must die;
2. Help-less I am, and full of guilt, But yet Thy blood for me was spilt;
3. No prep - a - ra - tion can I make, My best re-solves I on - ly break;
4. I thirst, I long to know Thy love, Thy full sal - va - tion I would prove:





D. S.—Oh, bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am.
And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt, But take me as I am.
Yet save me for Thine own name's sake, And take me as I am.
But since to Thee I can - not move, Oh, take me as I am.



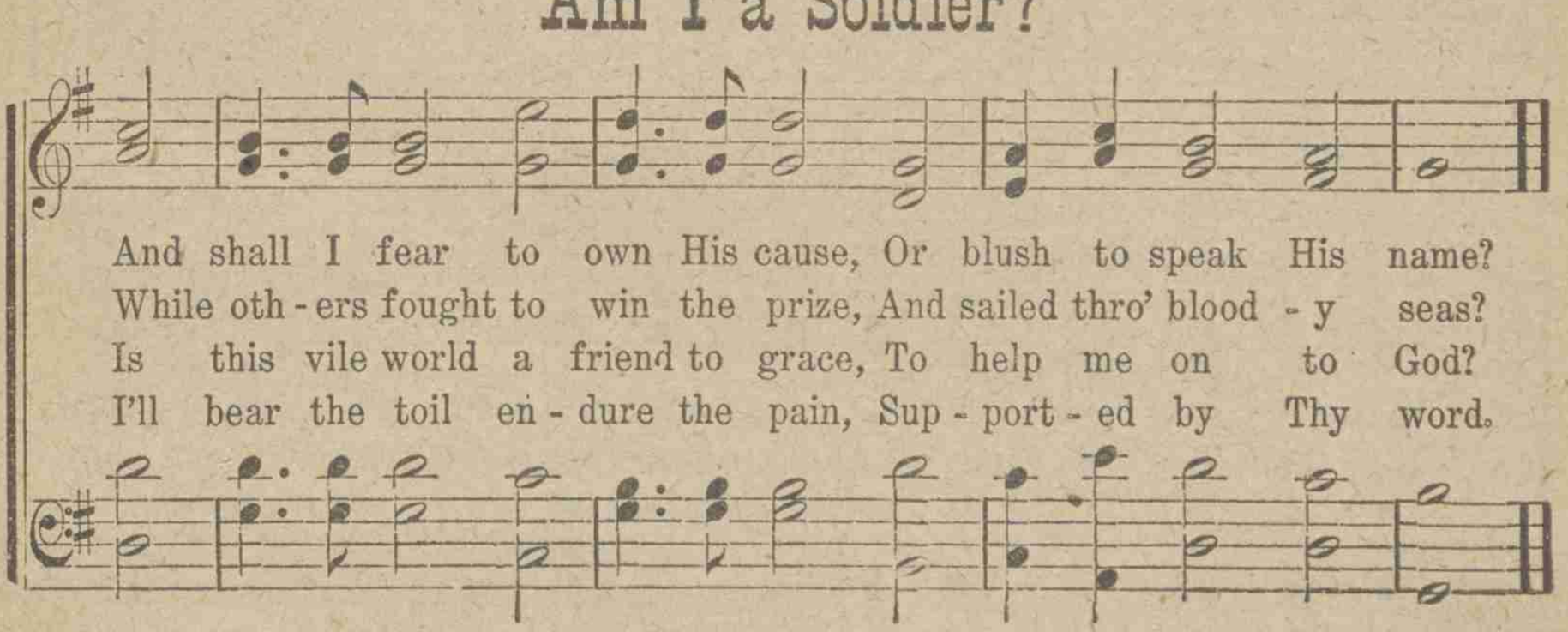


Take me as I am, . . . Take me as I am, ...
Take me, take me as I am, Take me, take me as I am,

5. If Thou hast work for me to do,
Inspire my will, my heart renew,
And work both in and by me, too,
And take me as I am!

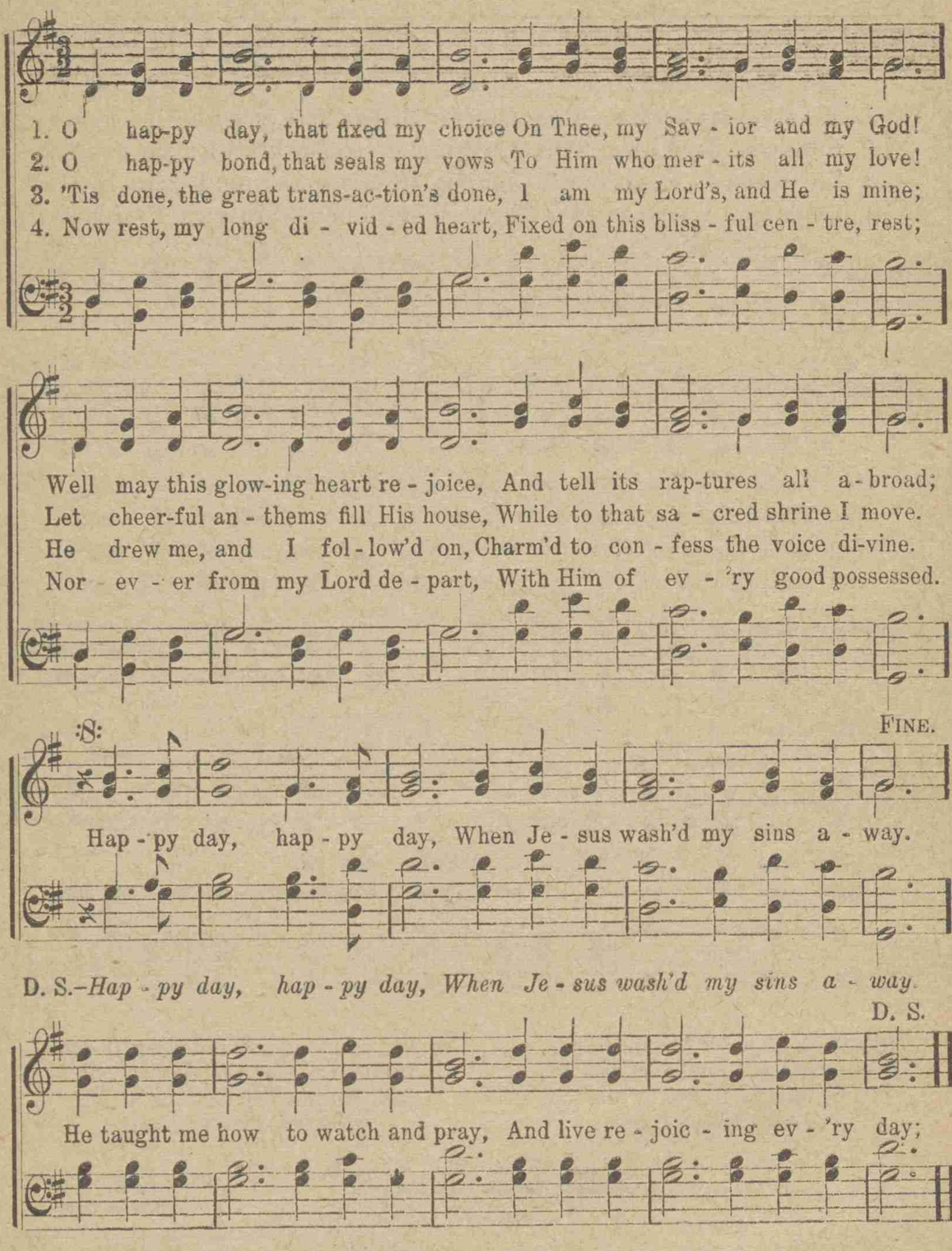
6. And when at last the work is done,
The battle o'er, the victory won,
Still, still my cry shall be alone,
Lord, take me as I am!

Am I a Soldier?

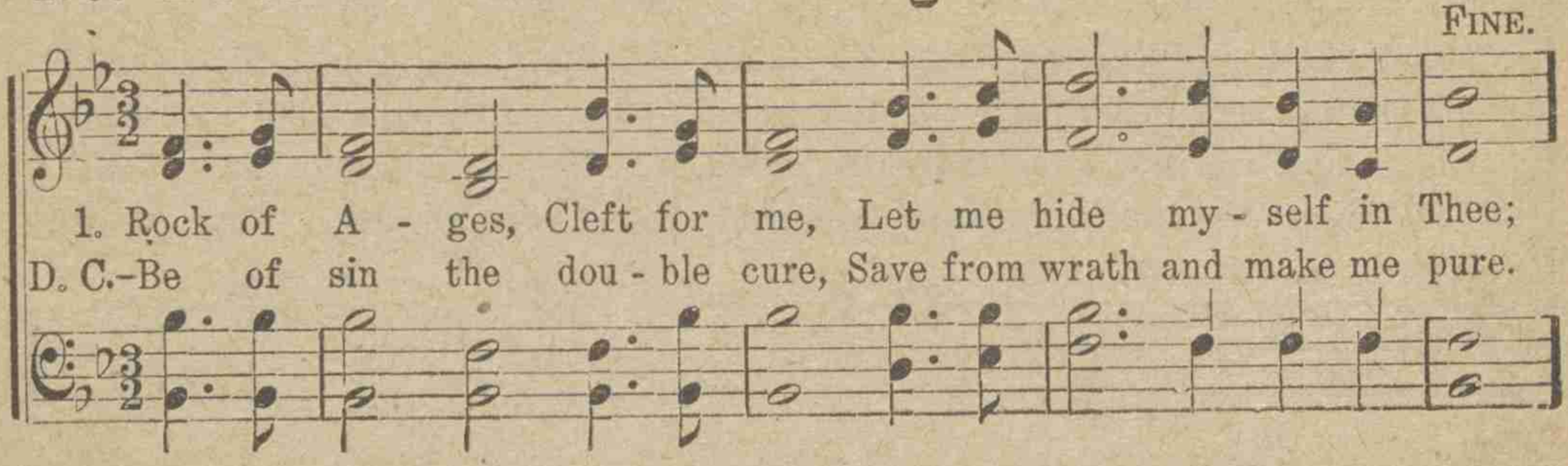


And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood - y seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by Thy word.

No. 236. O Happy Day.



No. 237. Rock of Ages.



No. 238. Revive Us Again.

1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love,
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir - it of light,
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace,

For Je - sus who died and is now gone a - bove.
Who has shown us our Sav - ior and scat - tered our night.
Who has borne all our sins and has cleansed ev - 'ry stain.
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guid - ed our ways.

REFRAIN.

Hal - le-lu-jah! Thine the glo-ry; Hal-le - lu-jah! a - men! Re-vive us a-gain.

Rock of Ages.

D. C.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound-ed side which flow'd;

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

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

No. 239. There is a Fountain.

1. There is a fount - ain filled with blood, filled with blood, filled with blood,
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, beneath that flood, beneath that flood,

2. The dy - ing thief re-joiced to see, re-joiced to see, re - joiced to see,
And there may I, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he,

There is a fount-ain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man - uel's veins,
And sin-ners, plung'd be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains.
The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That fount-ain in his day,
And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.

CHORUS.

Oh, glorious fountain! here will I stay, And in thee ev-er wash my sins a-way.

3. Thou dying Lamb, ‖: Thy precious blood,:‖
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed ‖: Church of God,:‖
Are saved to sin no more.
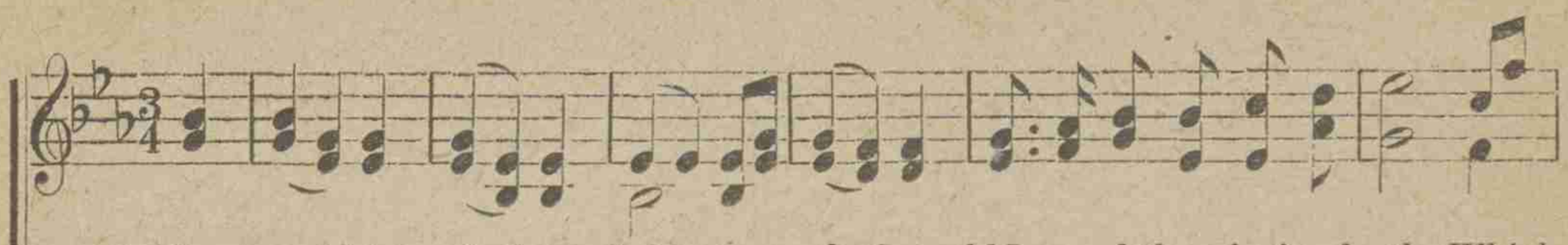
4. E'er since by faith ‖: I saw the stream,:‖
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love ‖: has been my theme,:‖
And shall be till I die.

No. 240. Fountain.

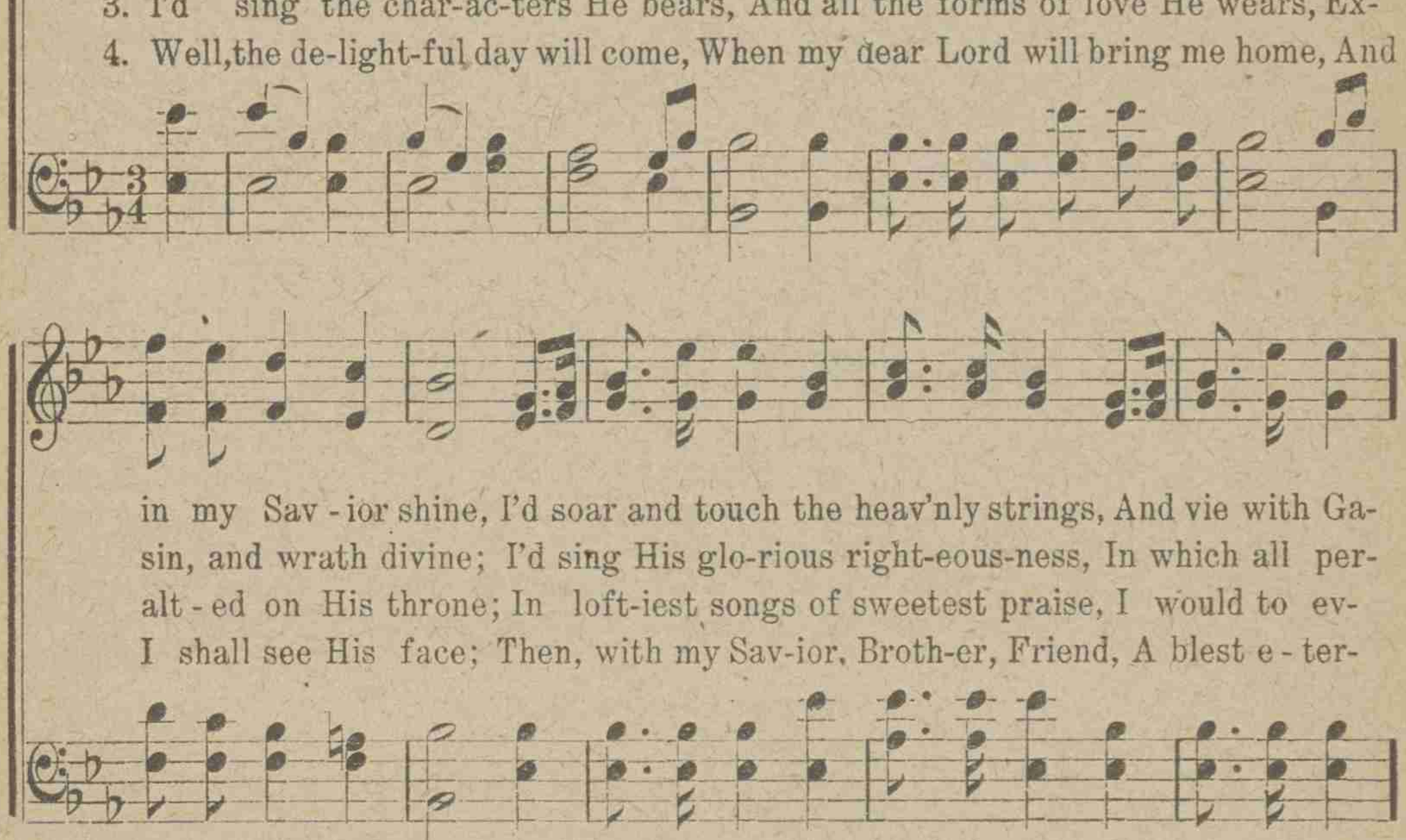
1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins,
And sinners plung'd be-neath that flood (*Omit.*) Lose

D. C.–*And sinners plung'd be-neath that flood* *Lose*

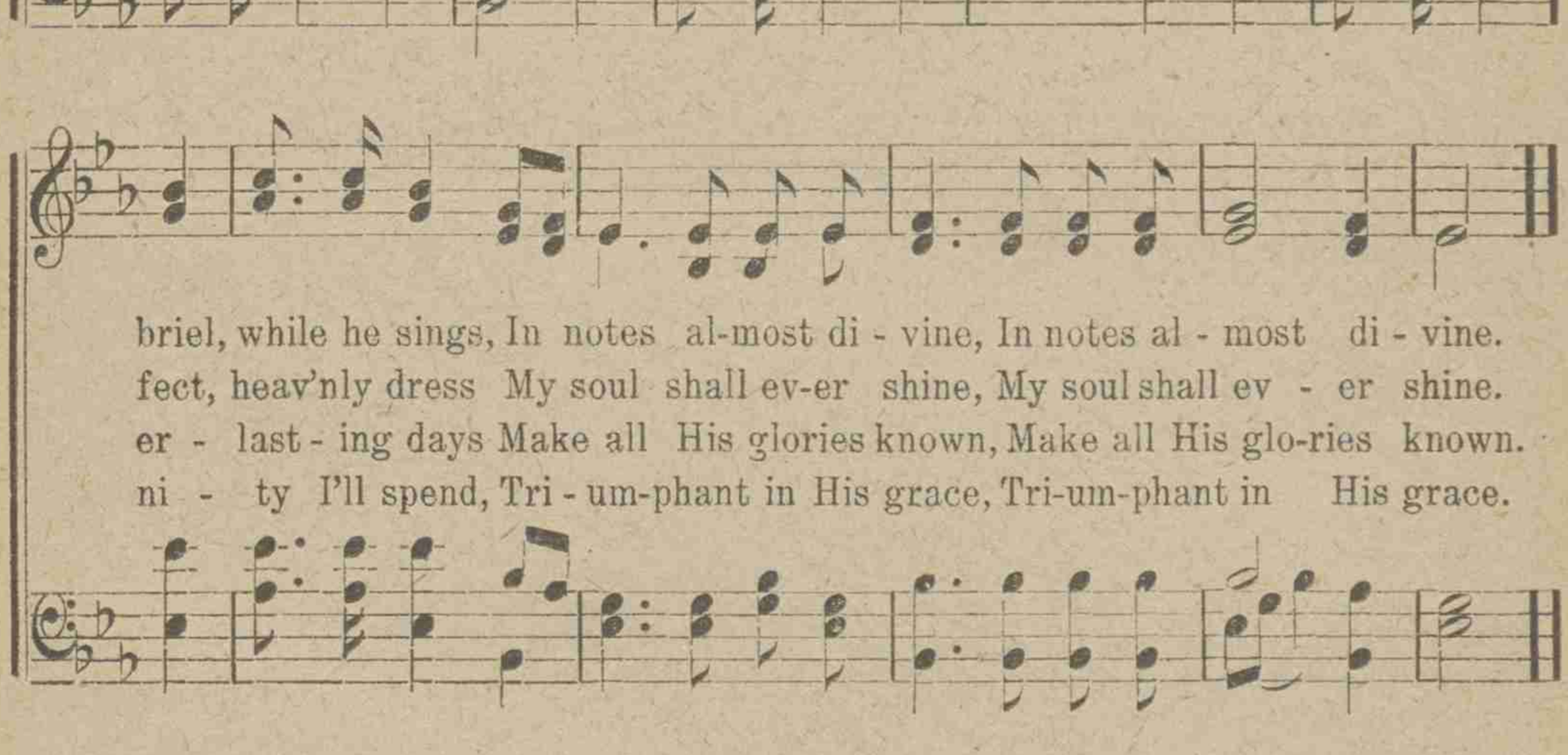
No. 241. O Could I Speak the Matchless Worth.
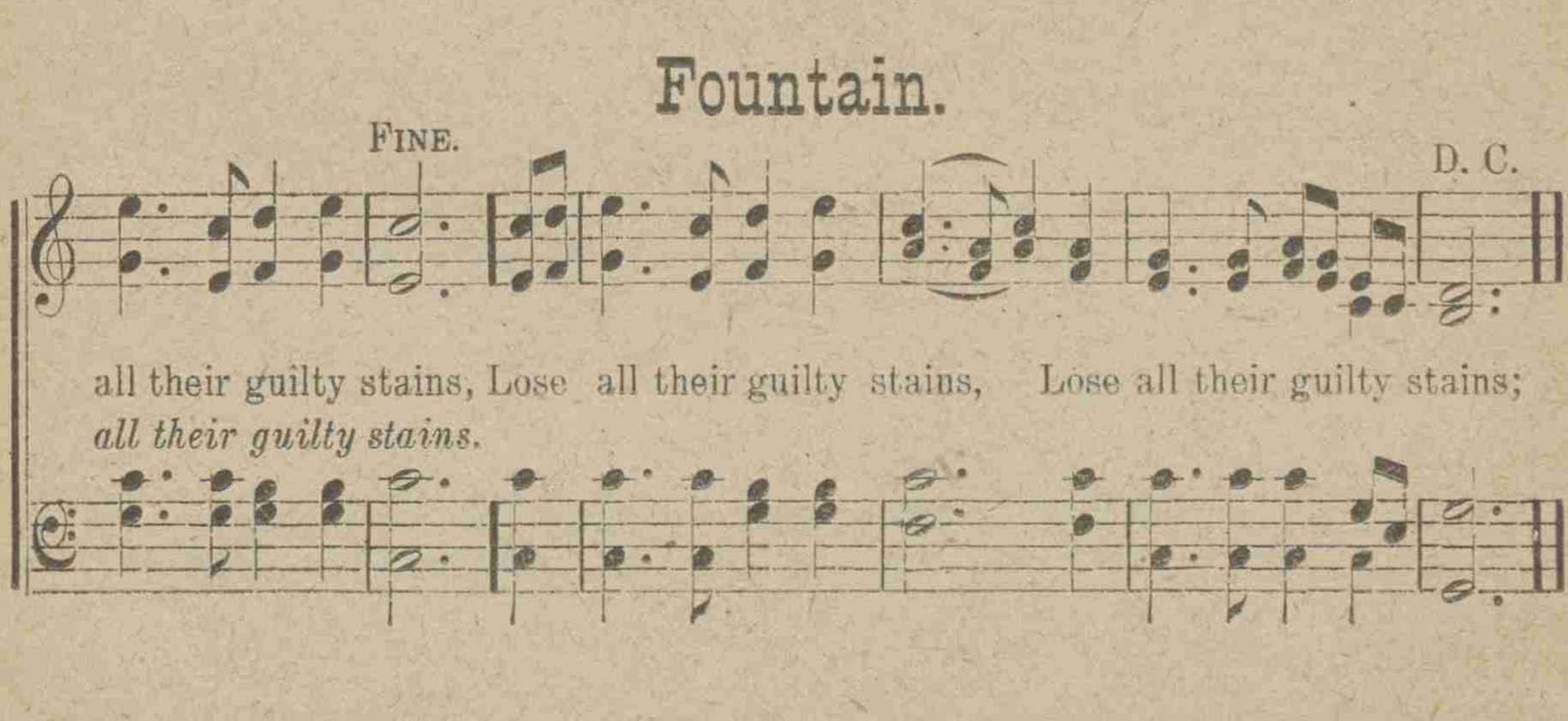


1. O could I speak the matchless worth, O could I sound the glories forth, Which
2. I'd sing the precious blood He spilt, My ransom from the dreadful guilt Of
3. I'd sing the char-ac-ters He bears, And all the forms of love He wears, Ex-
4. Well, the de-light-ful day will come, When my dear Lord will bring me home, And



in my Sav-ior shine, I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings, And vie with Ga-
sin, and wrath divine; I'd sing His glo-rious right-eous-ness, In which all per-
alt-ed on His throne; In loft-iest songs of sweetest praise, I would to ev-
I shall see His face; Then, with my Sav-ior, Broth-er, Friend, A blest e-ter-



briel, while he sings, In notes al-most di-vine, In notes al-most di-vine.
fect, heav'nly dress My soul shall ev-er shine, My soul shall ev-er shine.
er-last-ing days Make all His glories known, Make all His glo-ries known.
ni-ty I'll spend, Tri-um-phant in His grace, Tri-um-phant in His grace.



Fountain.
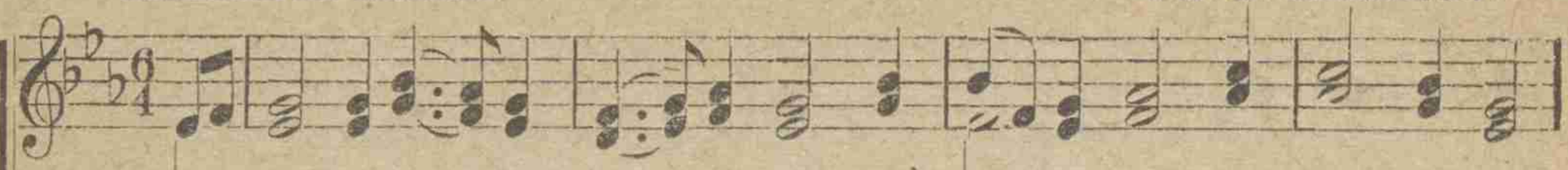
FINE. D. C.

all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains;
all their guilty stains.
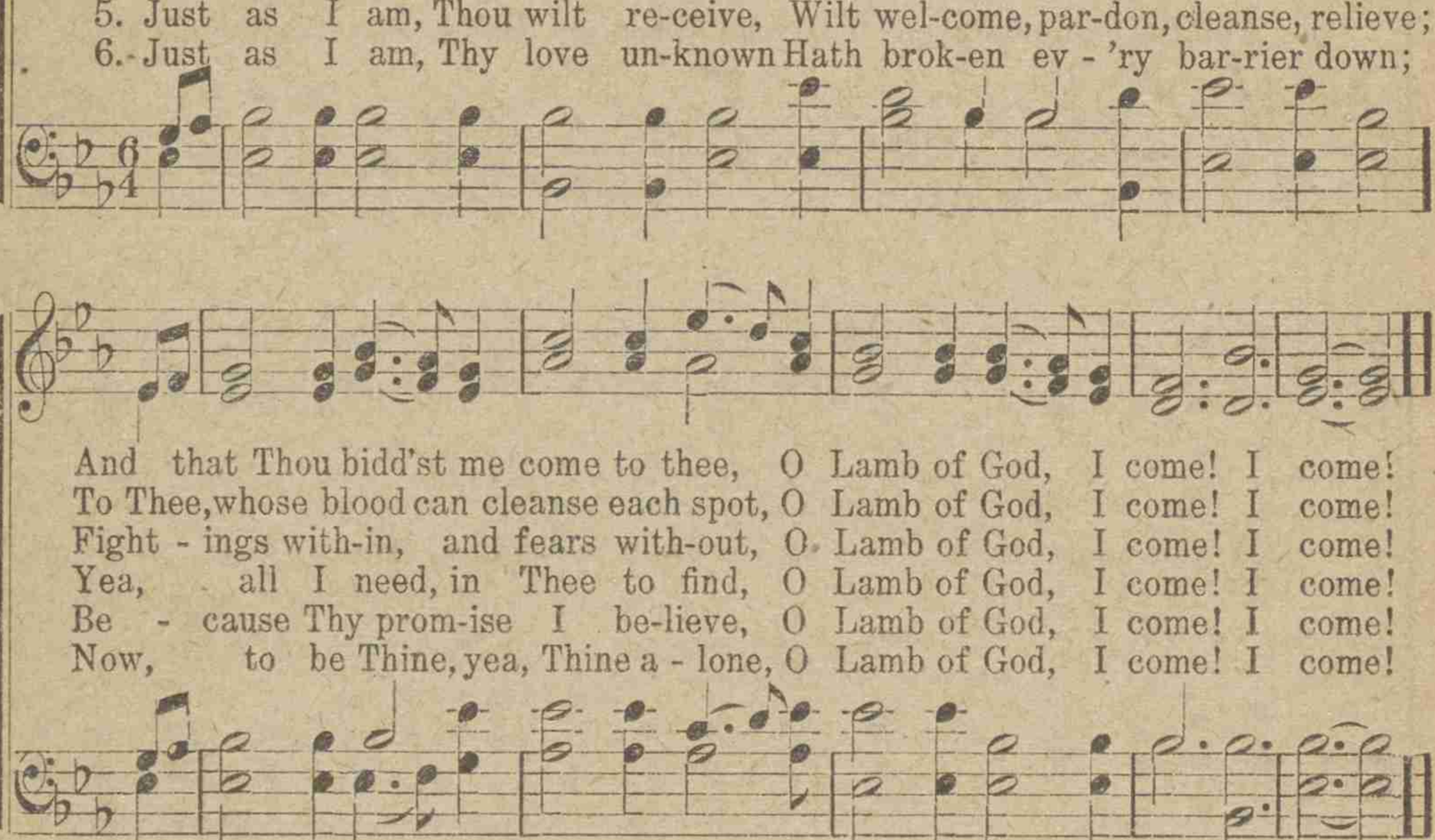


No. 242. Just As I Am.
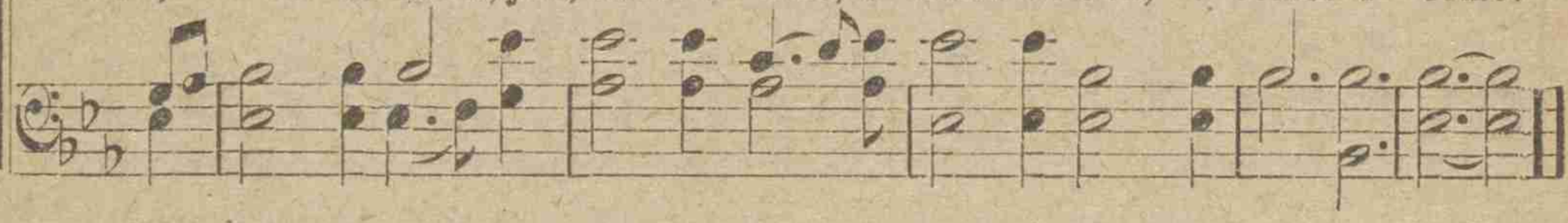
CHARLOTTE ELLIOT. WM. B. BRADBURY.
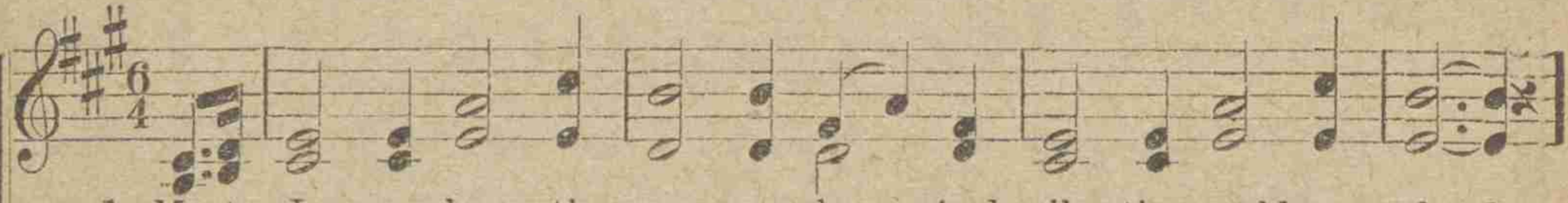


1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a - bout With ma - ny a con-flict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind, Sight, rich-es, heal - ing of the mind,
5. Just as I am, Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt wel-come, par-don, cleanse, relieve;
6. Just as I am, Thy love un-known Hath brok-en ev - 'ry bar-rier down;



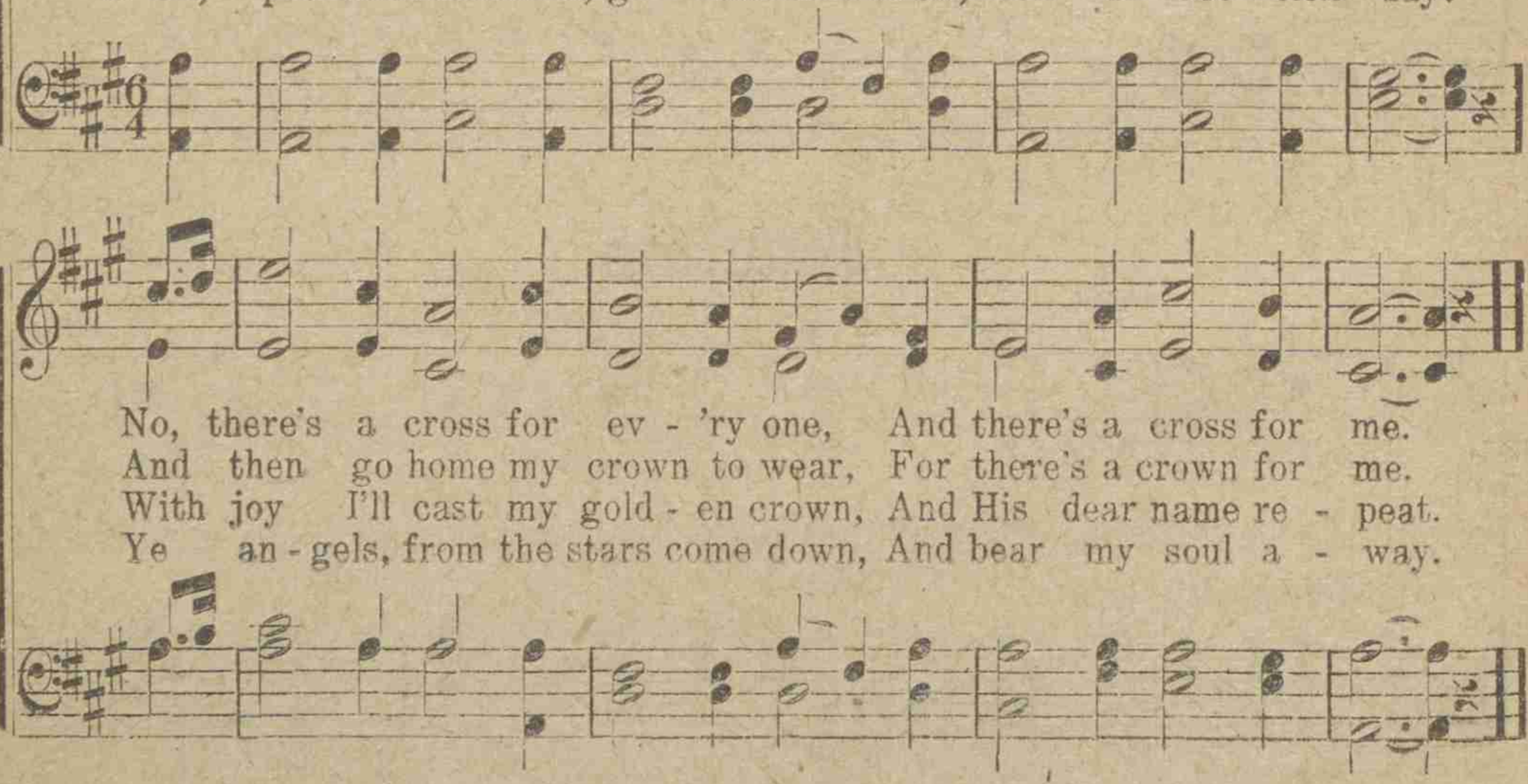
And that Thou bidd'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Fight - ings with-in, and fears with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Be - cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine a - lone, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!



No. 243. Must Jesus Bear the Cross.
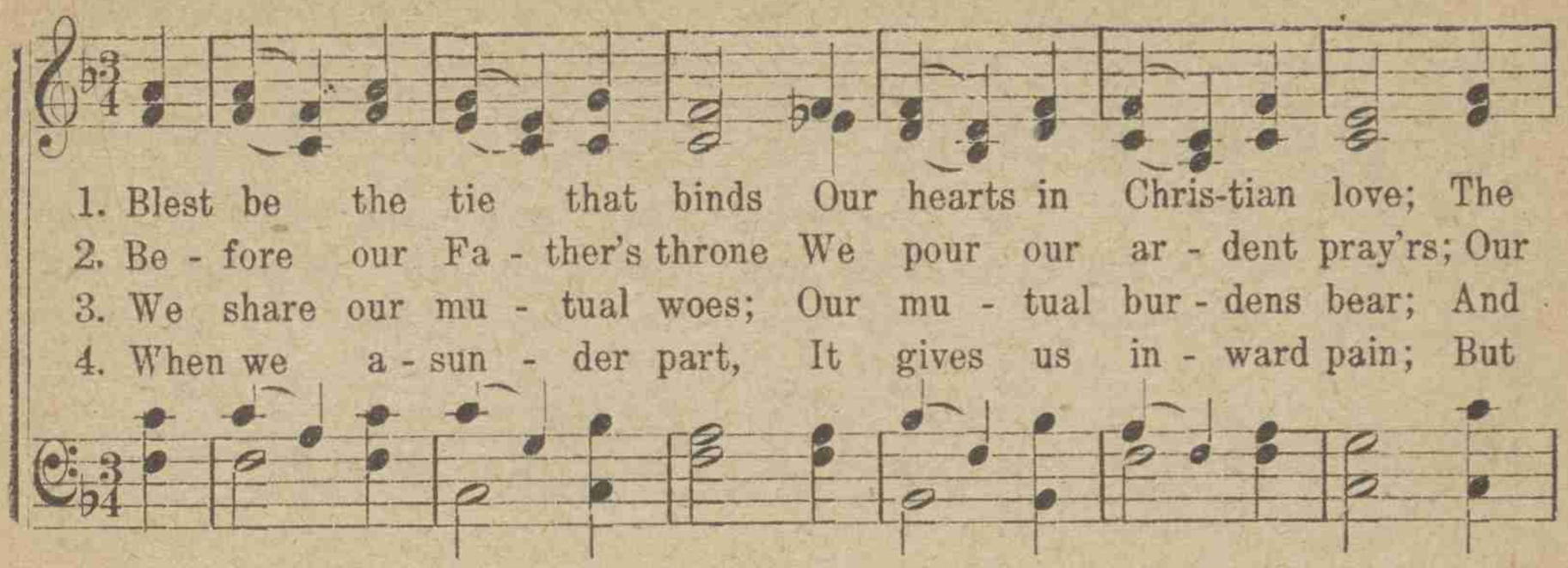


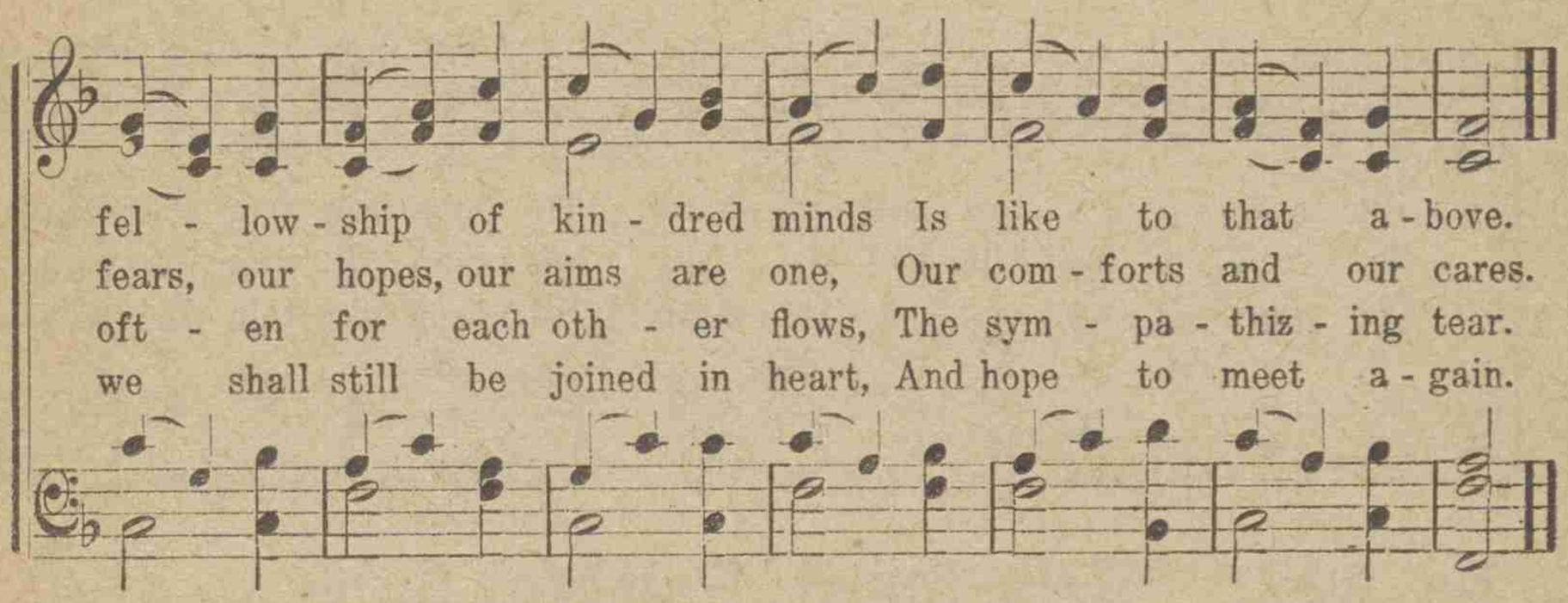
1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. The con - se-crat - ed cross I'll bear Till death shall set me free;
3. Up - on the crys - tal pave-ment, down At Je - sus' pierc - ed feet,
4. Oh, pre-cious cross! oh, glo - rious crown! Oh, res - ur - rec - tion day!



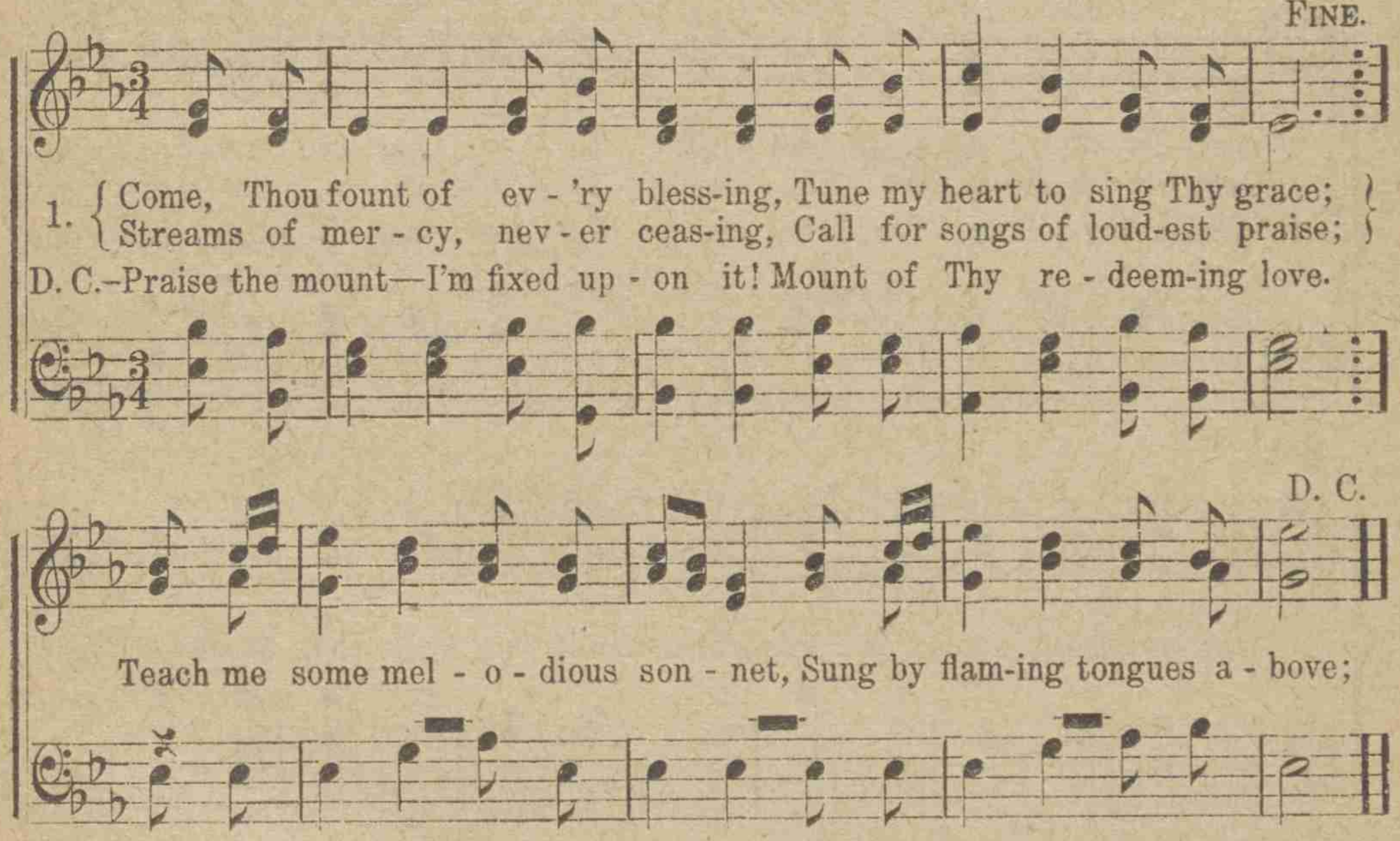
No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
With joy I'll cast my gold - en crown, And His dear name re - peat.
Ye an - gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way.

No. 244. Blest Be the Tie.





No. 245. Come, Thou Fount.

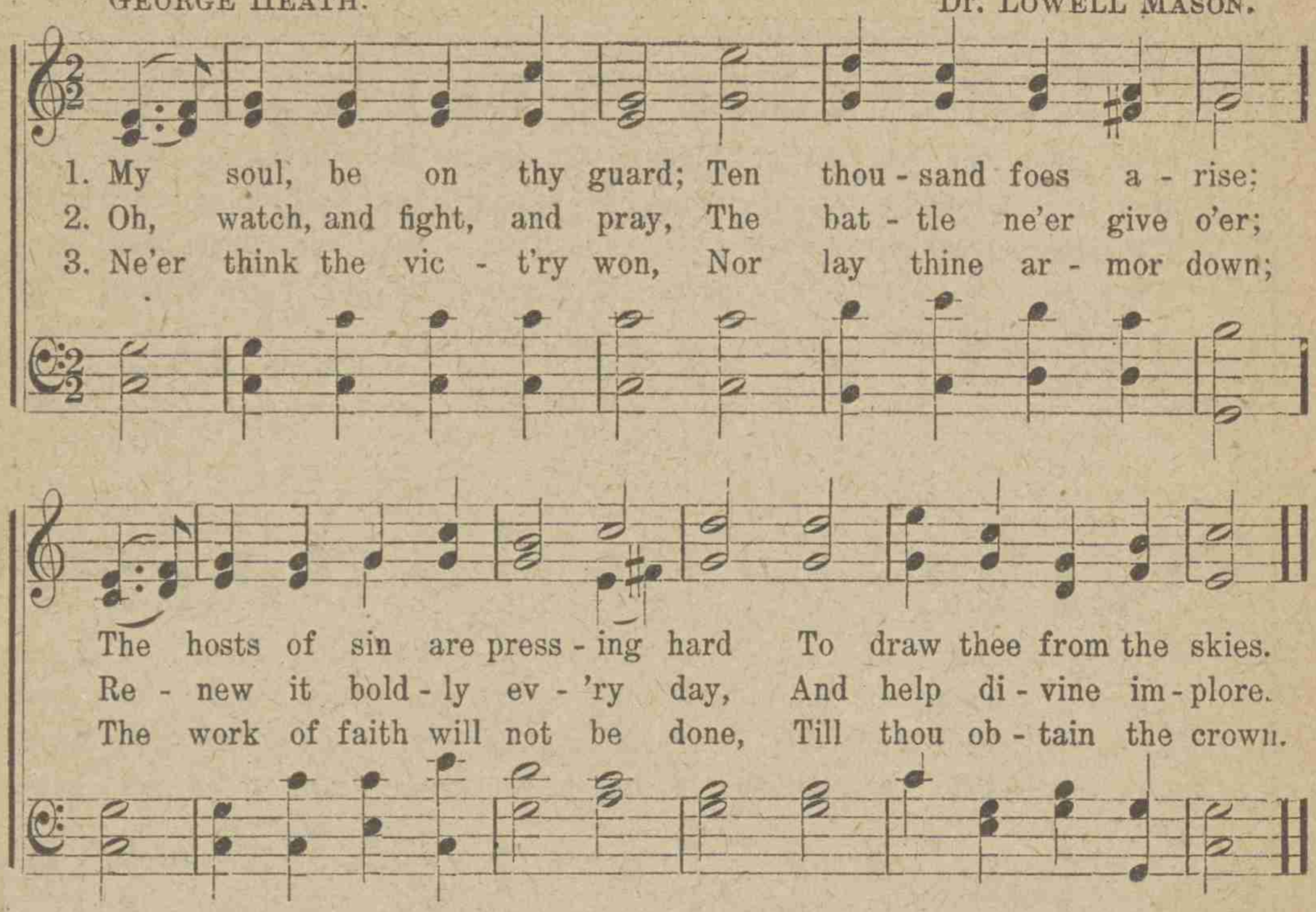


2. Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home;
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.
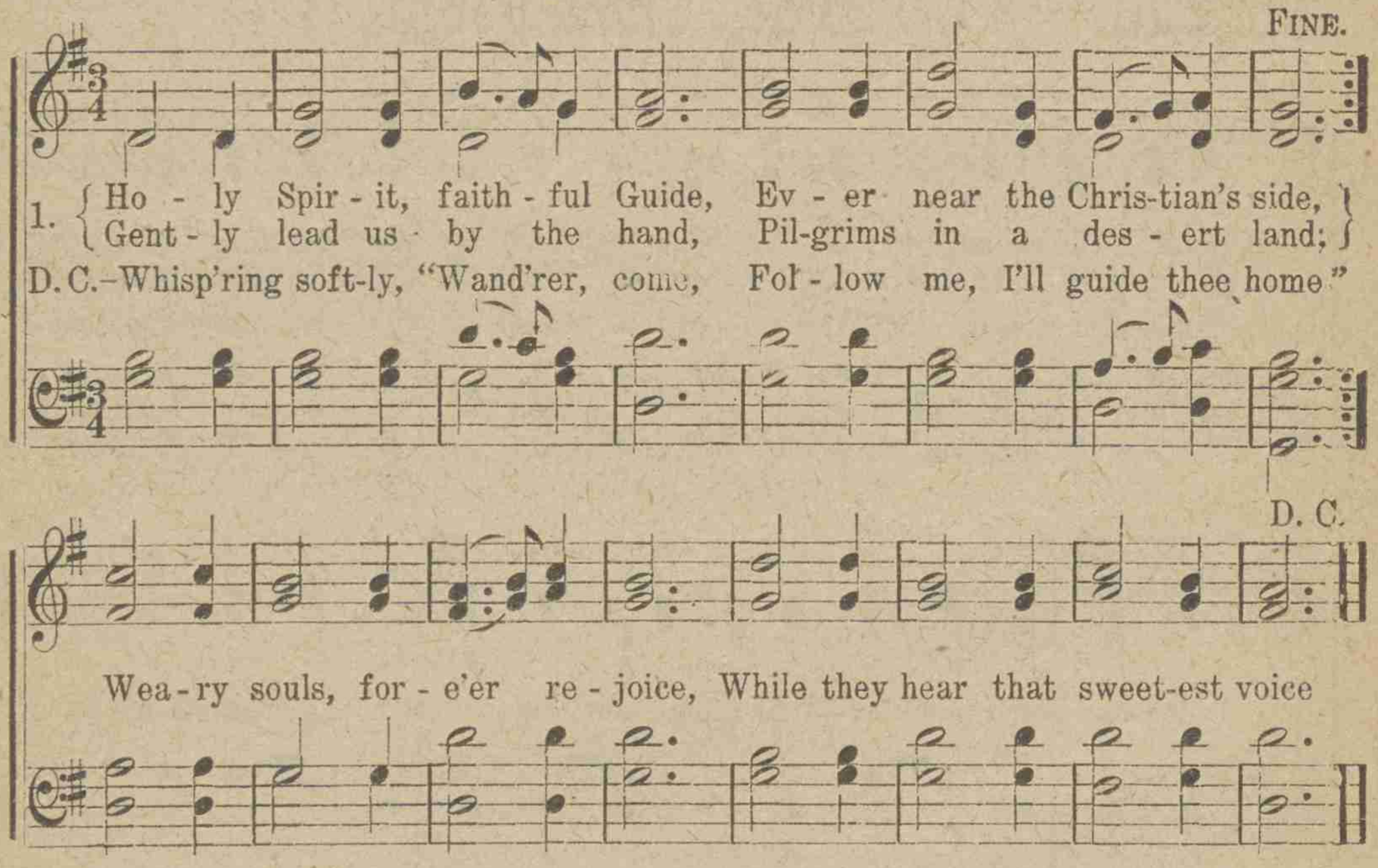
3. Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, as a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love,
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

No. 246. My Soul, Be On Thy Guard.

GEORGE HEATH. Dr. LOWELL MASON.
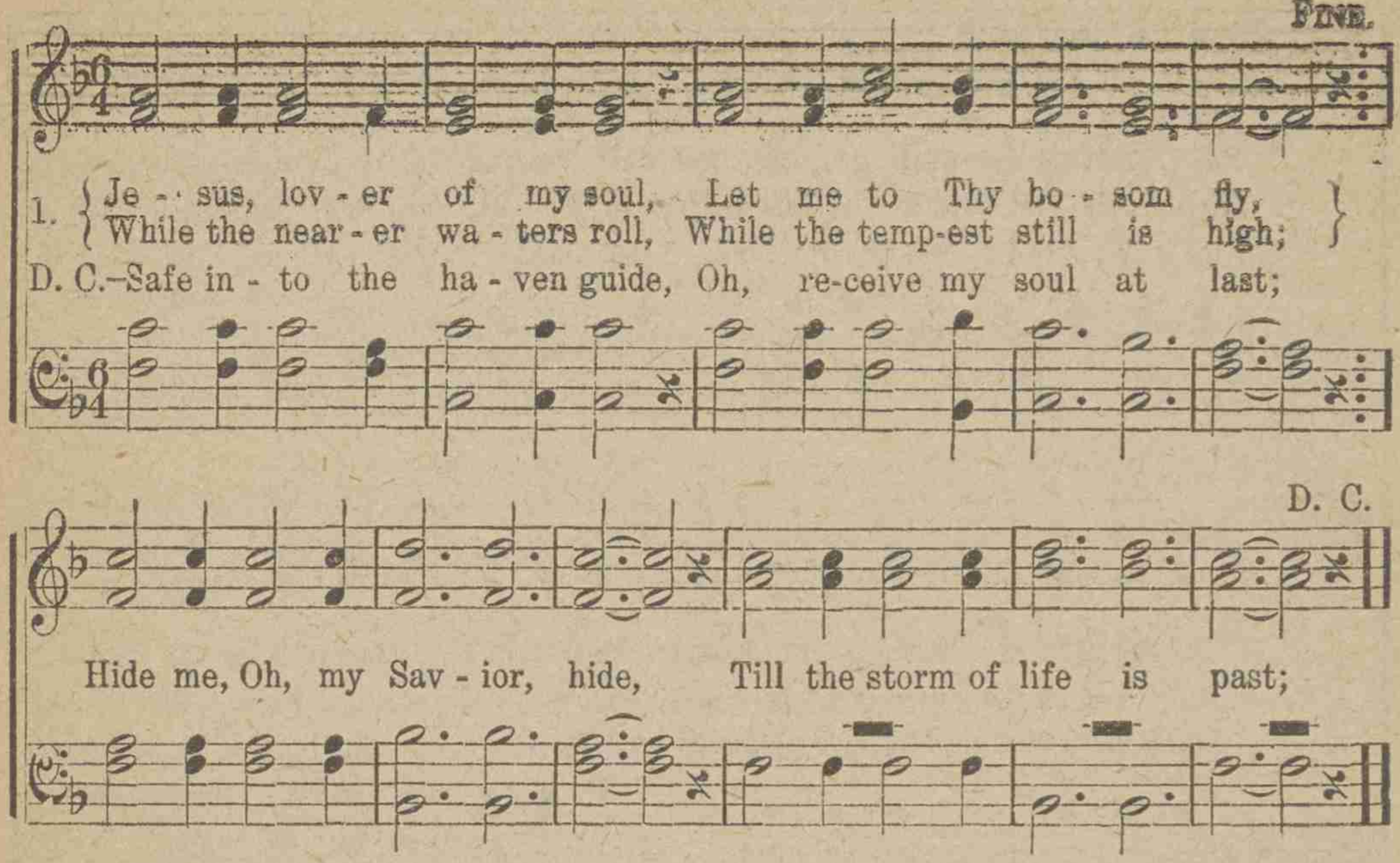


No. 247. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.



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,
Wondering if our names are there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood;
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come,
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

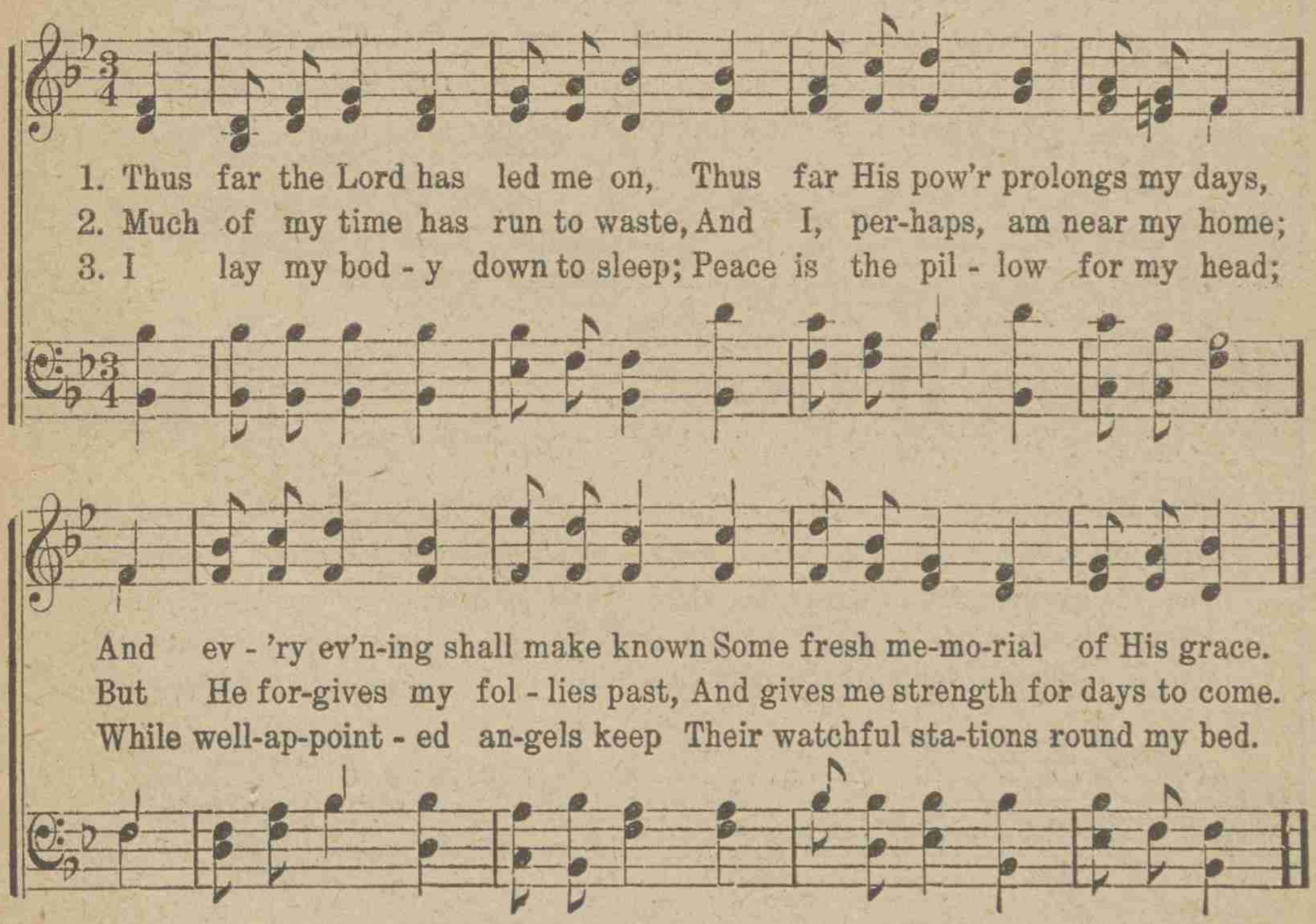
No. 248. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.



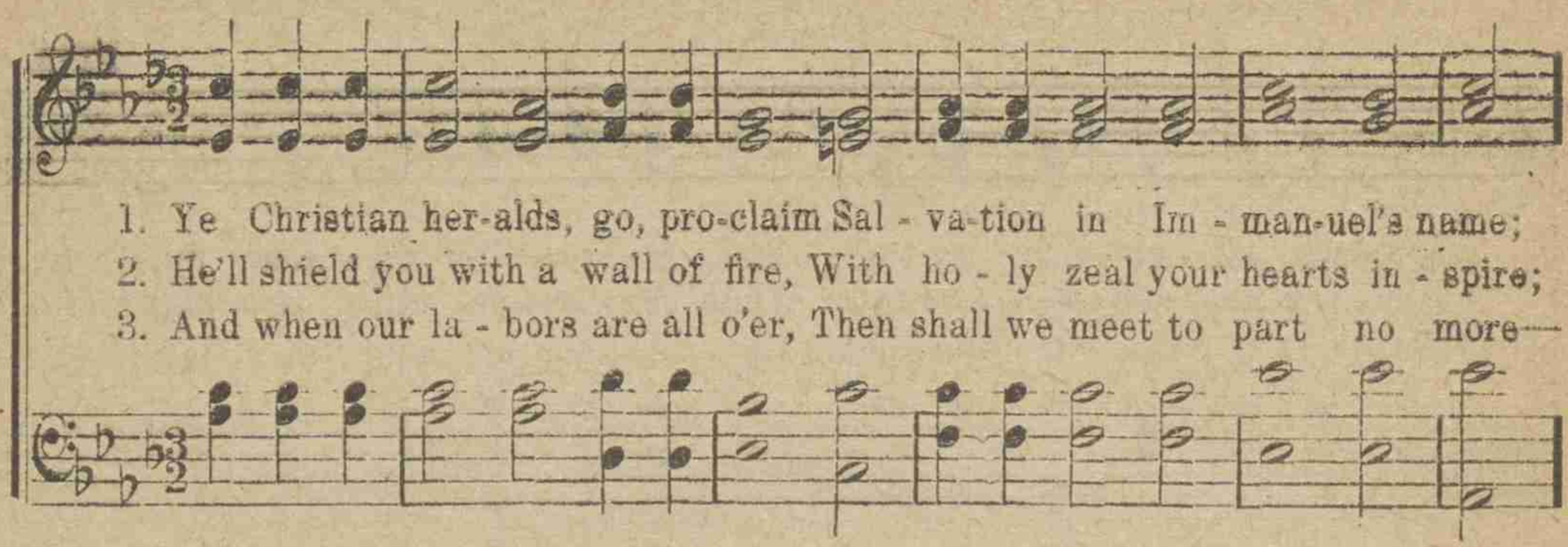
2. Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

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;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

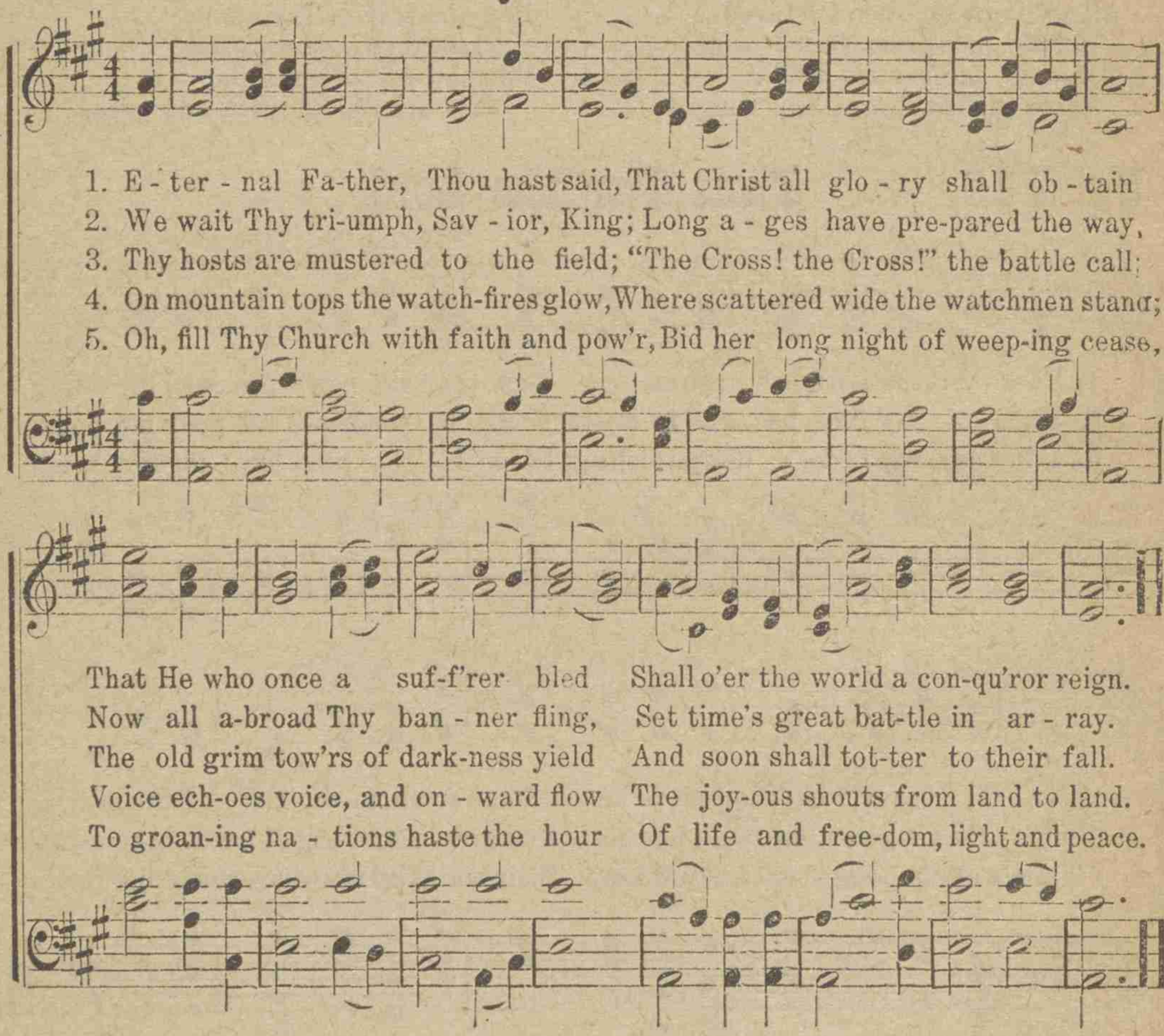
No. 249. Thus Far the Lord.
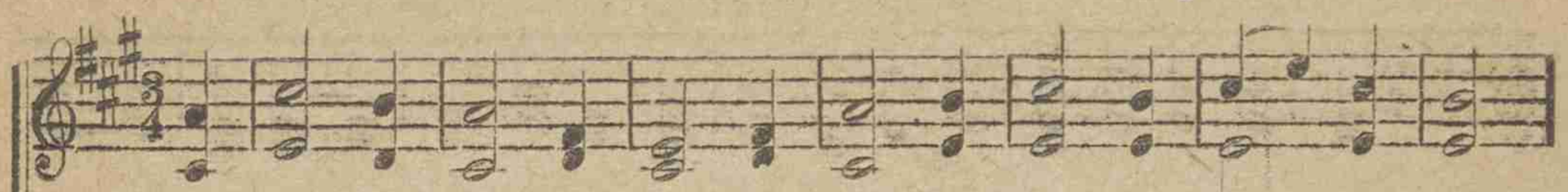


No. 250. Ye Christian Heralds, Go, Proclaim.



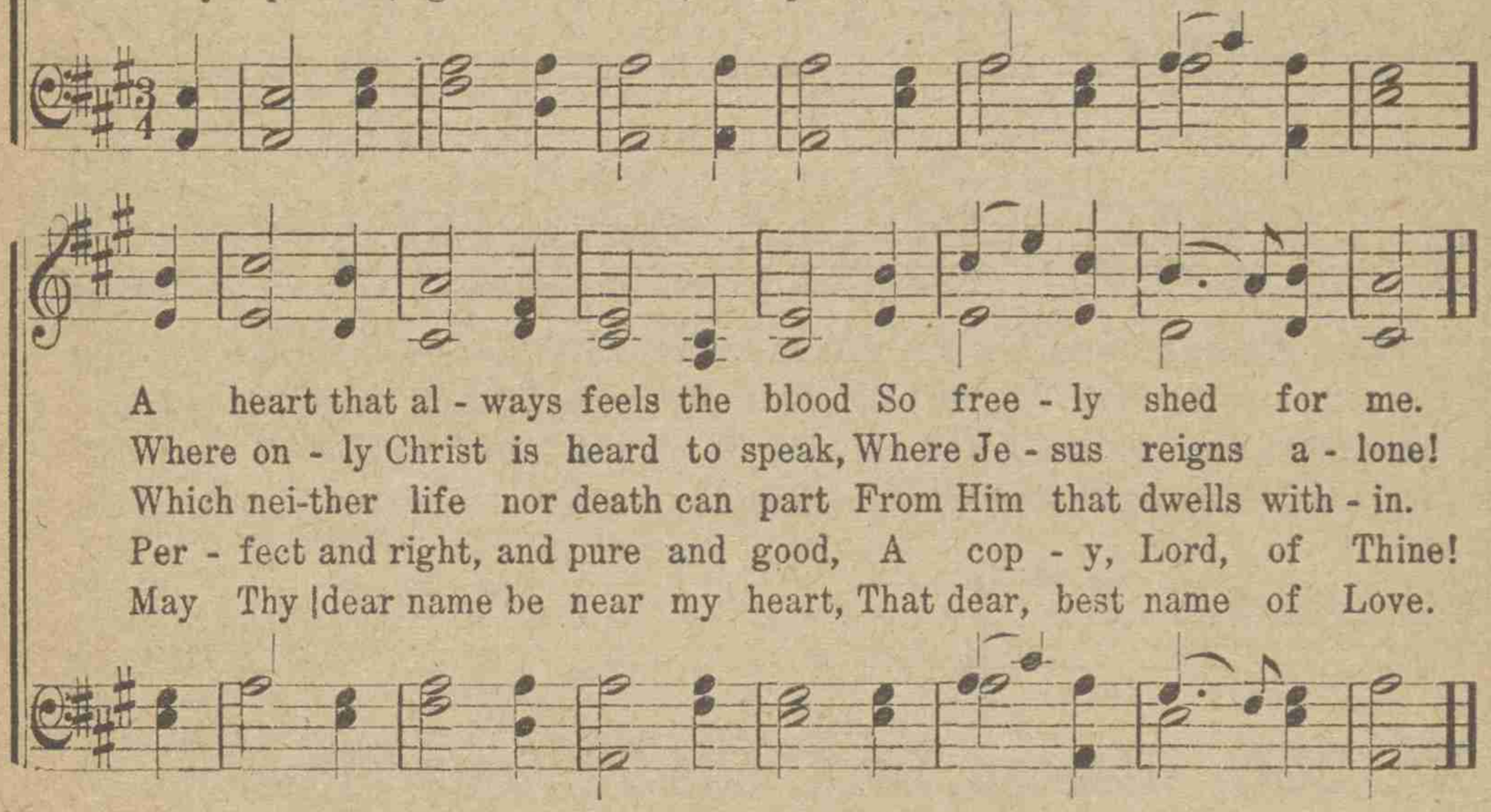
No. 251. Battle Hymn of Missions.



No. 252. Oh, For a Heart to Praise My God.

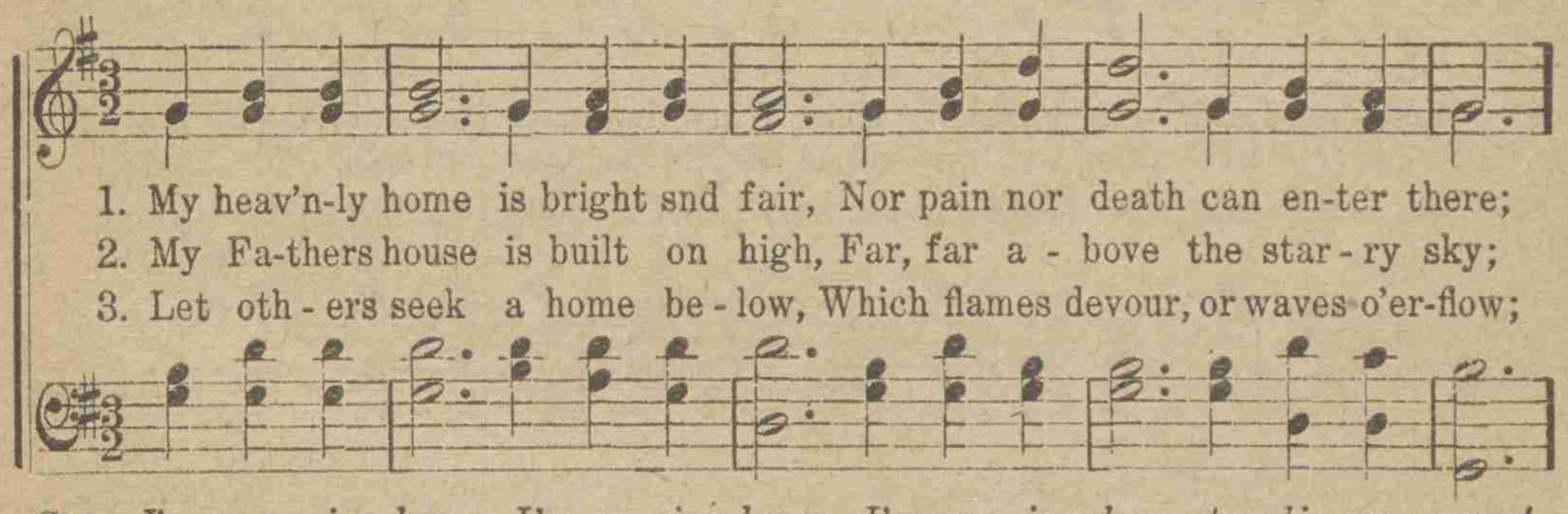


1. Oh, for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free;
2. A heart re-signed, sub - mis-sive, meek, My great Re - deem - er's throne—
3. Oh, for a low - ly, con - trite heart, Con - fid - ing, true, and clean,
4. A heart in ev - 'ry tho't re - newed, And full of love di - vine,
5. Thy Spir - it, gra-cious Lord, im - part; Di - rect me from a - bove;

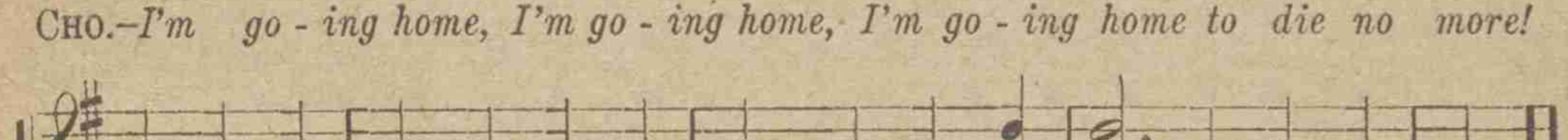


A heart that al - ways feels the blood So free - ly shed for me.
Where on - ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Je - sus reigns a - lone!
Which nei-ther life nor death can part From Him that dwells with - in.
Per - fect and right, and pure and good, A cop - y, Lord, of Thine!
May Thy dear name be near my heart, That dear, best name of Love.
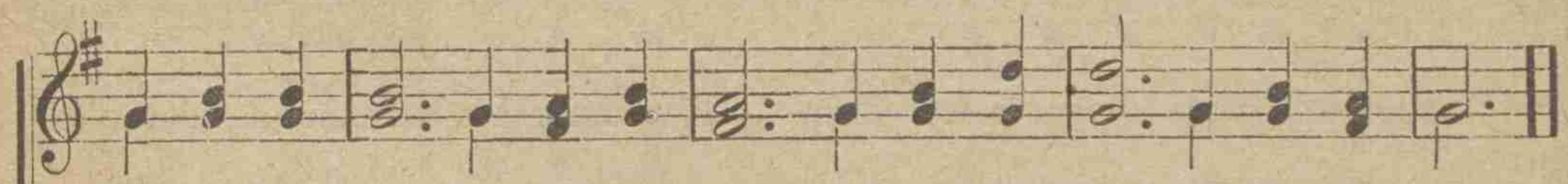
No. 253. My Heavenly Home.
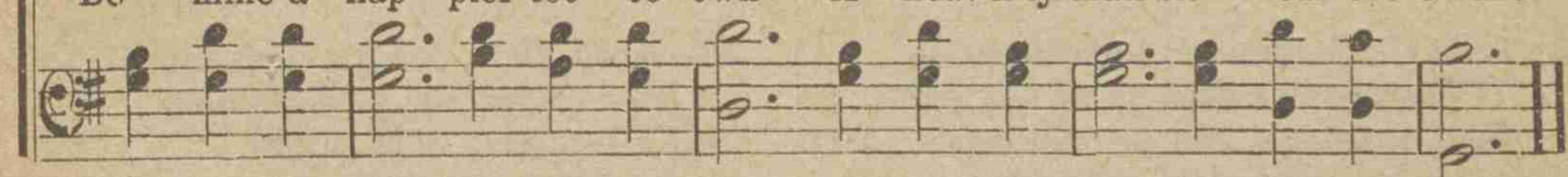


1. My heav'n-ly home is bright snd fair, Nor pain nor death can en-ter there;
2. My Fa-thers house is built on high, Far, far a - bove the star - ry sky;
3. Let oth - ers seek a home be - low, Which flames devour, or waves o'er-flow;



CHO.–*I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home to die no more!*

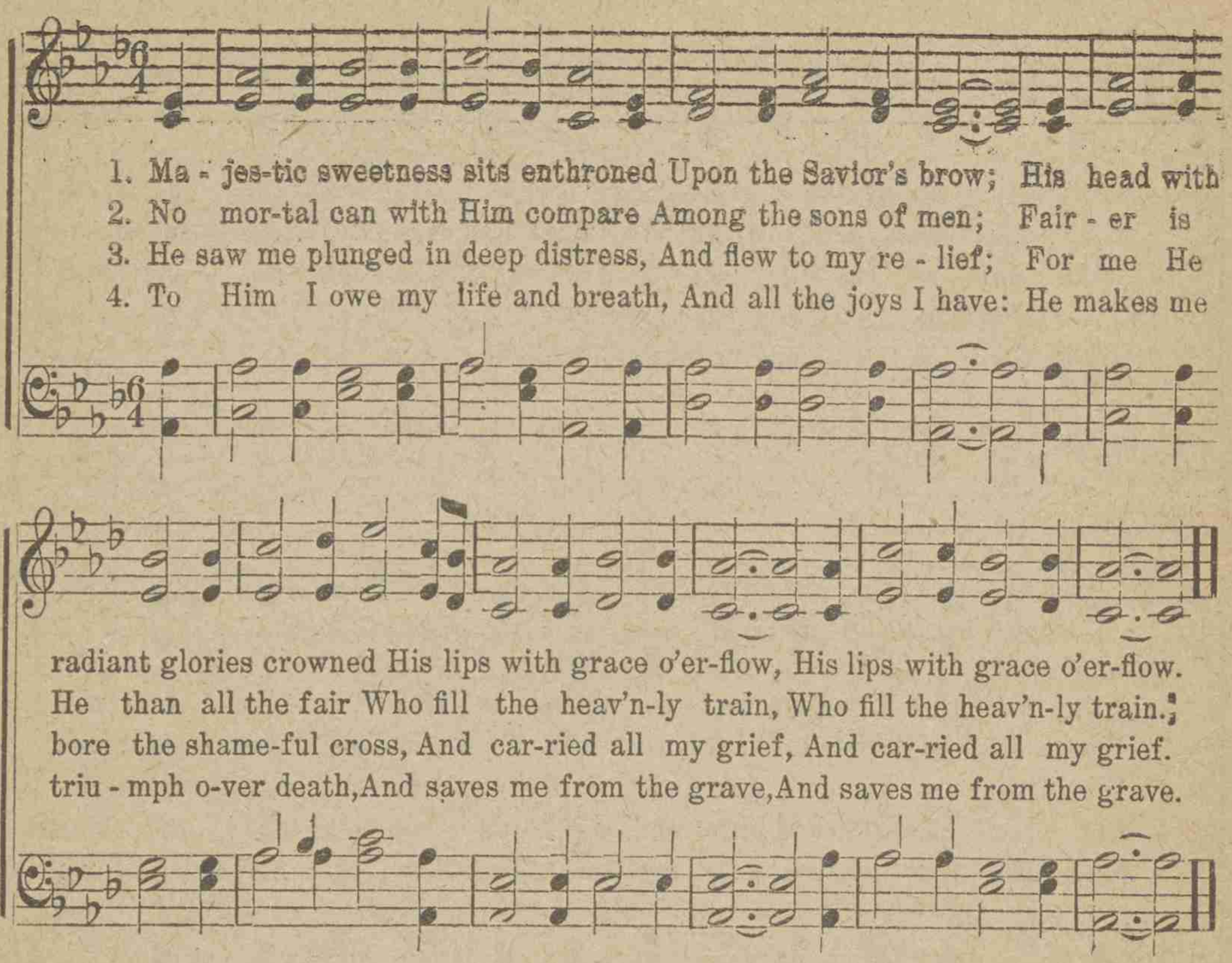


Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun out-shine, That heav'n-ly man-sion shall be mine.
When from this earth-ly pris - on free, That heav'n-ly man-sion mine shall be.
Be mine a hap - pier lot to own A heav'n-ly man-sion near the throne.

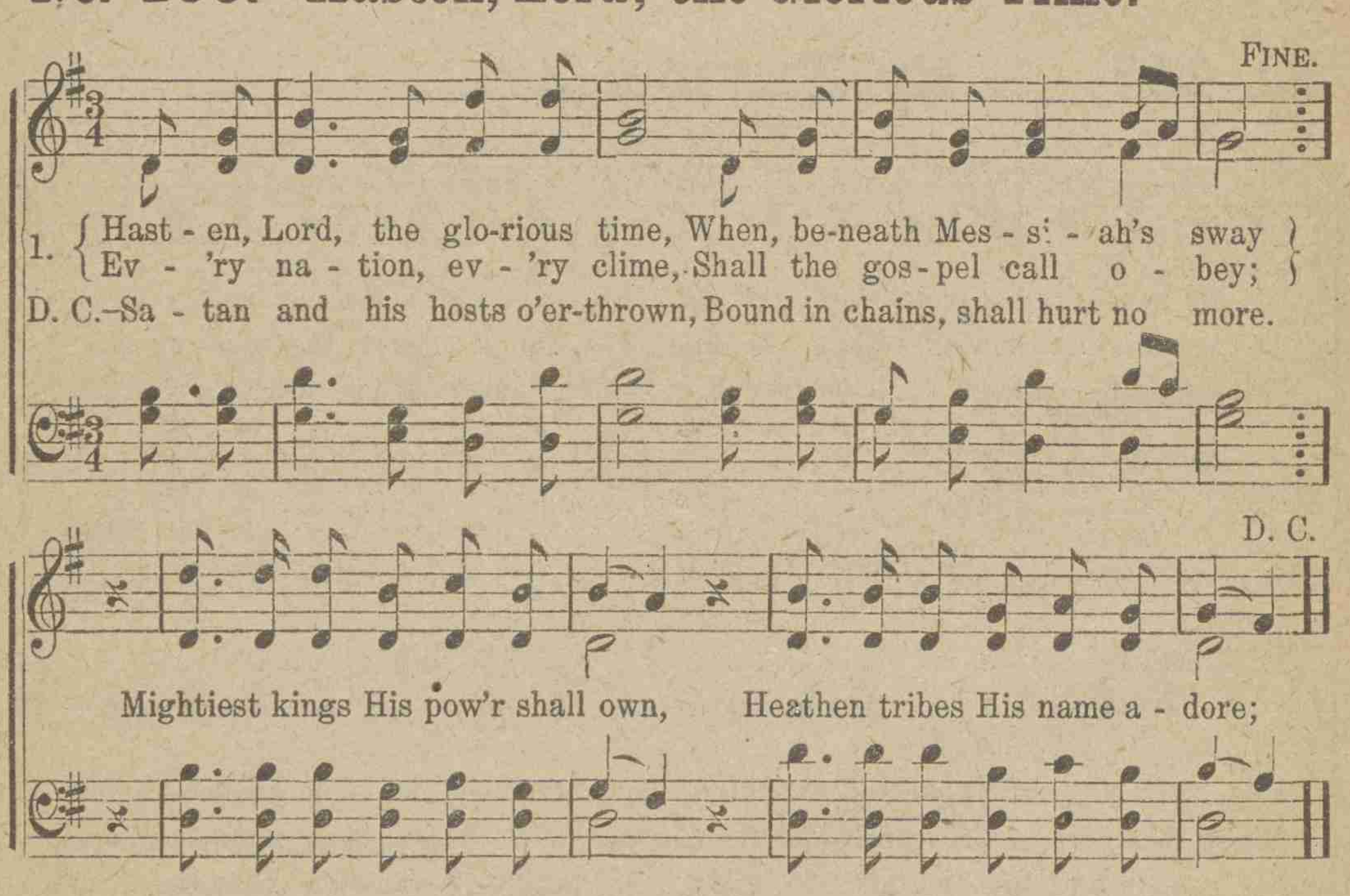


To die no more, to die no more, I'm go - ing home to die no more.

No. 254. Majestic Sweetness.



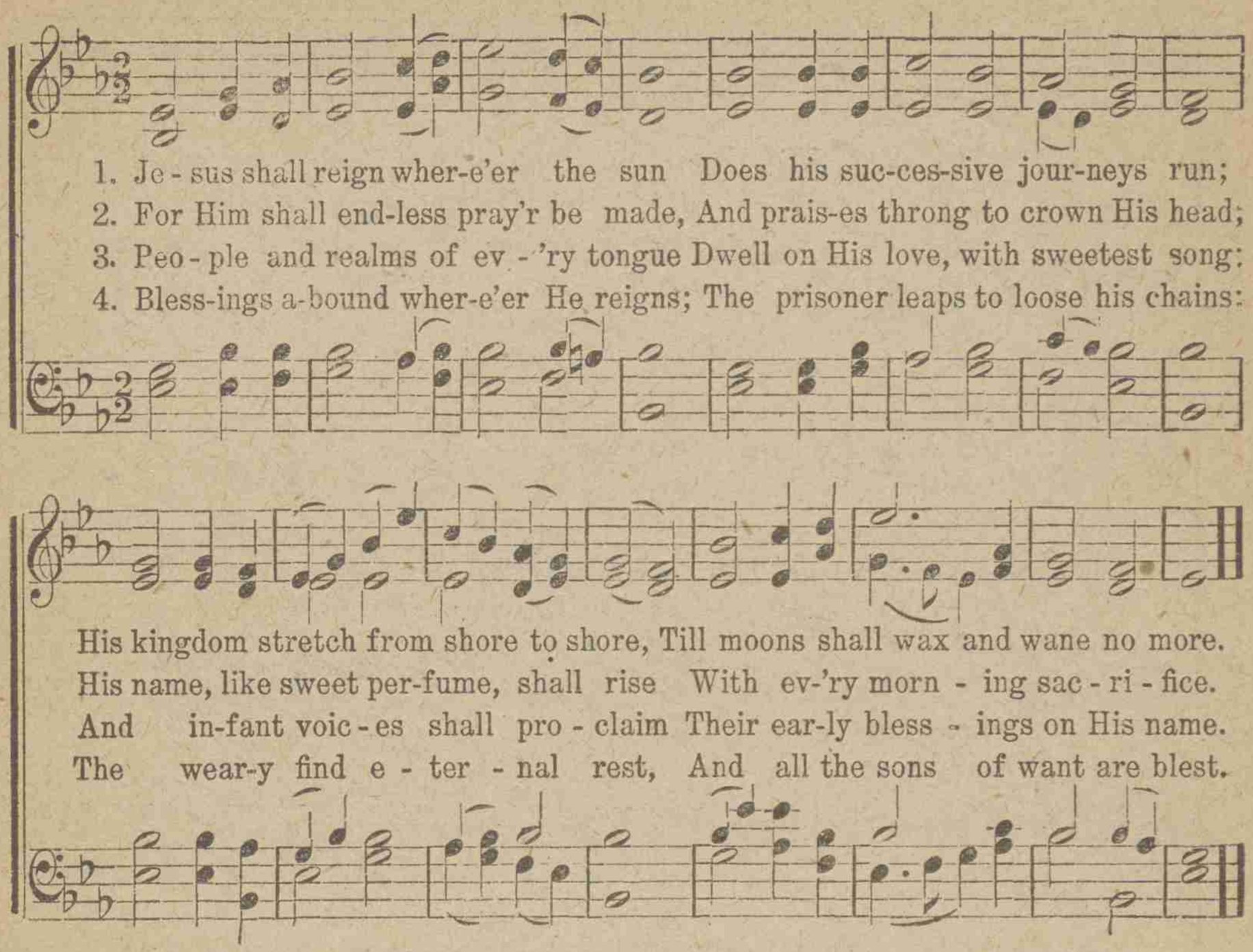
No. 255. Hasten, Lord; the Glorious Time.



2. Then shall wars and tumults cease,
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness, and joy and peace,
Undisturbed shall ever reign.

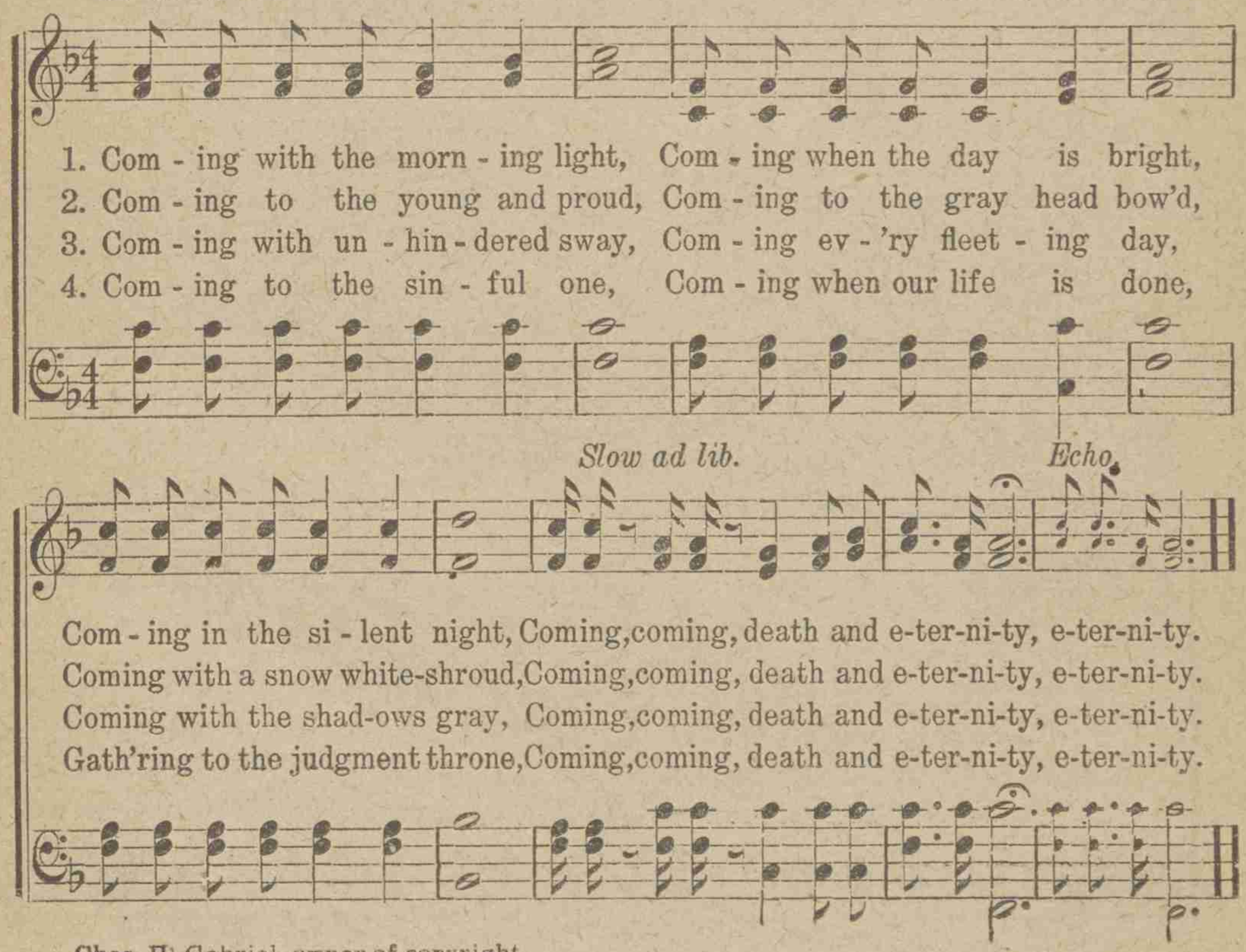
Bless we, then, our gracious Lord,
Ever praise His glorious name;
All His mighty acts record,
All His wondrous love proclaim.

No. 256. Jesus Shall Reign Where'er the Sun.



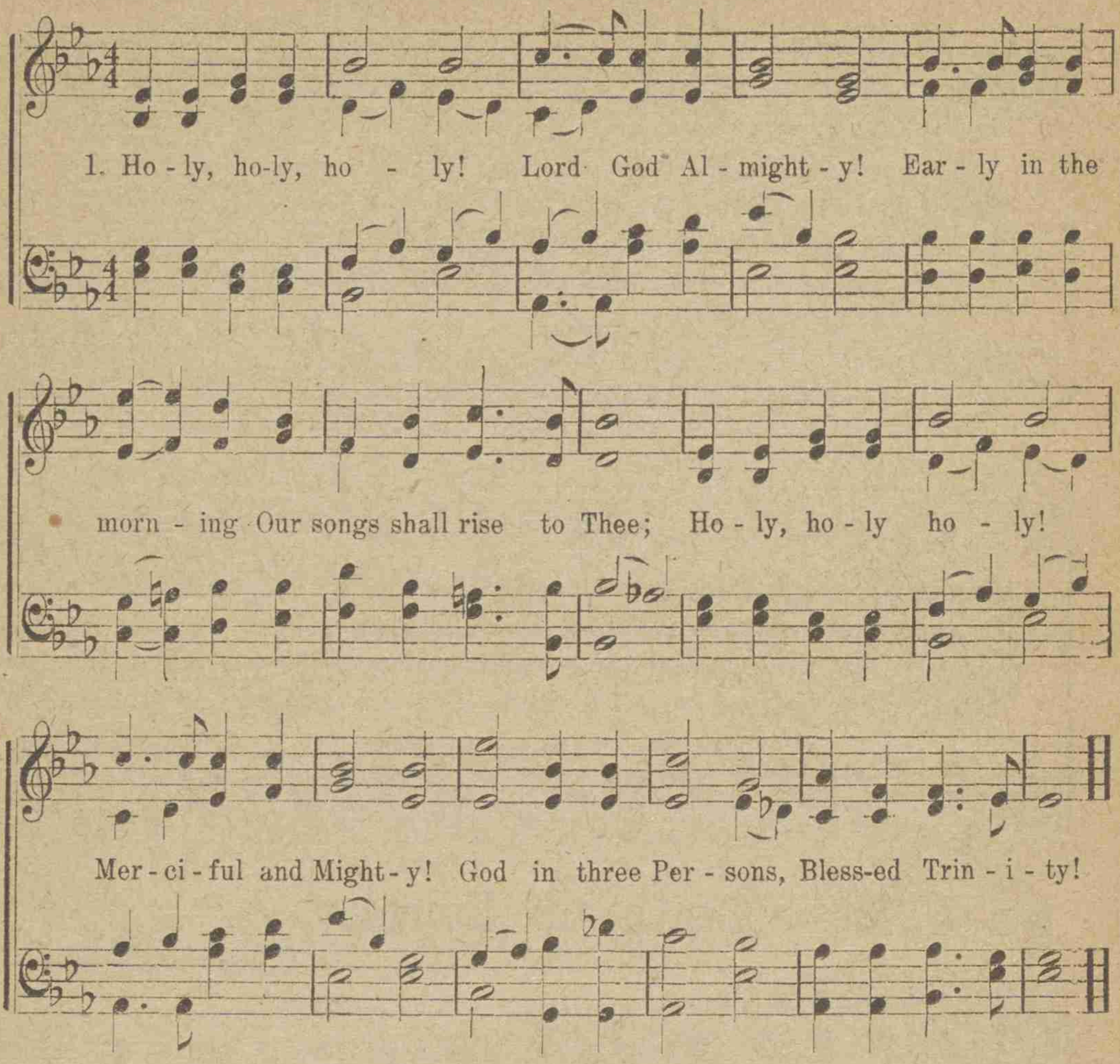
No. 257. Death and Eternity.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



Chas. H. Gabriel, owner of copyright.

No. 258. Holy, Holy, Holy!

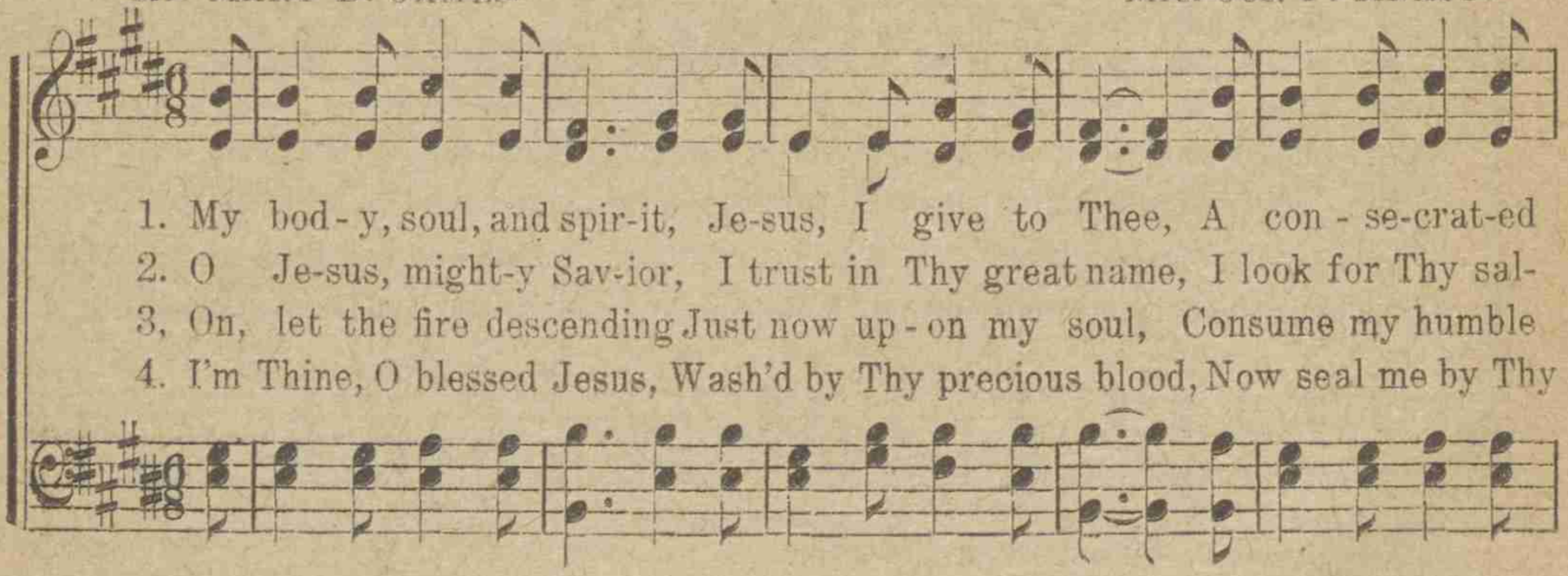


2. Holy, holy, holy!
All the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns
Around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and Seraphim
Falling down before Thee,
Which wert and art and
Evermore shalt be.

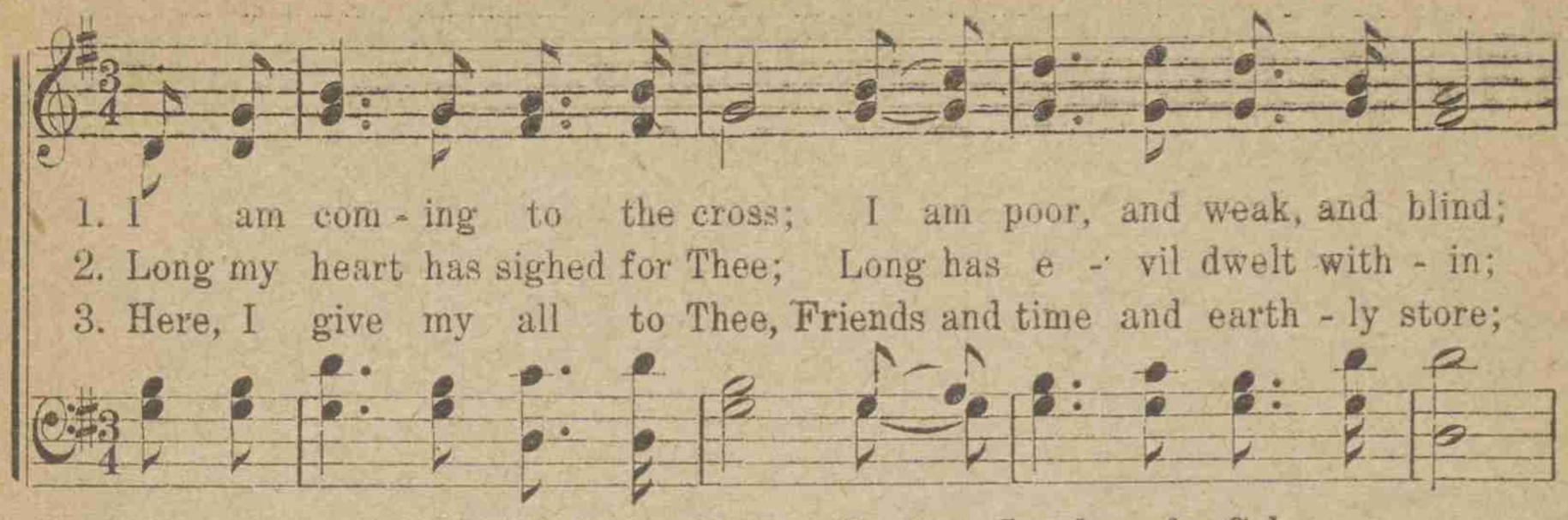
3. Holy, holy, holy!
Lord God Almighty!
All Thy work shall praise Thy name
In earth and sky and sea:
Holy, holy, holy!
Merciful and Mighty!
God in three Persons,
Blessed Trinity!

No. 259. Consecration.

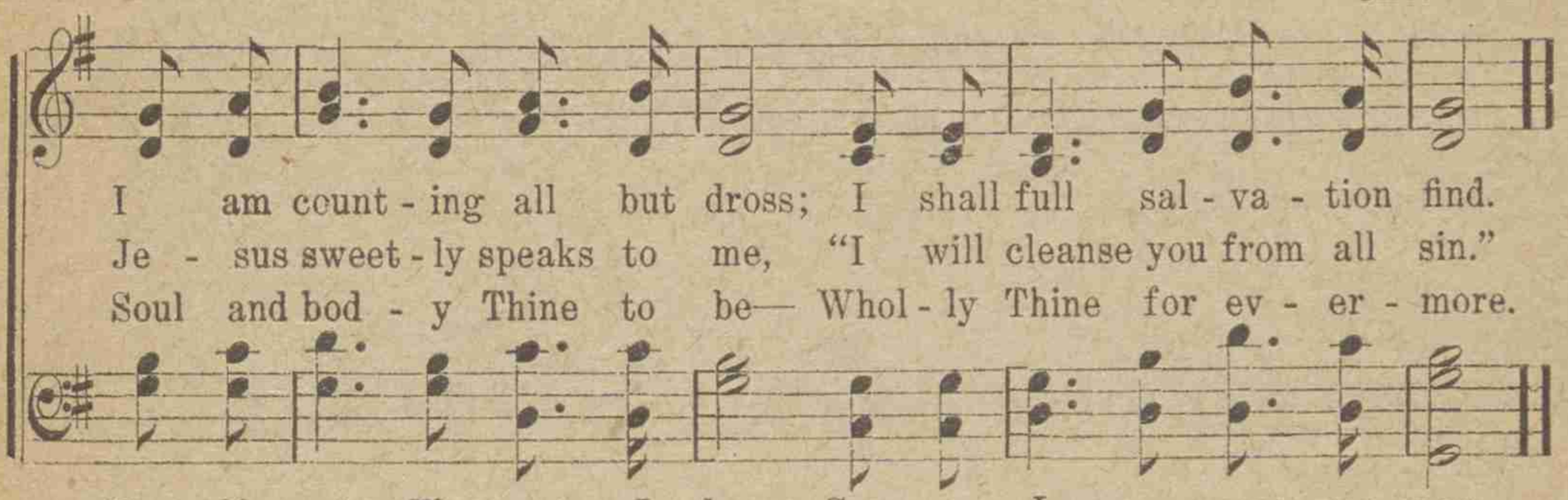
Mr. MARY D. JAMES. Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.



No. 260. I am Coming to the Cross.



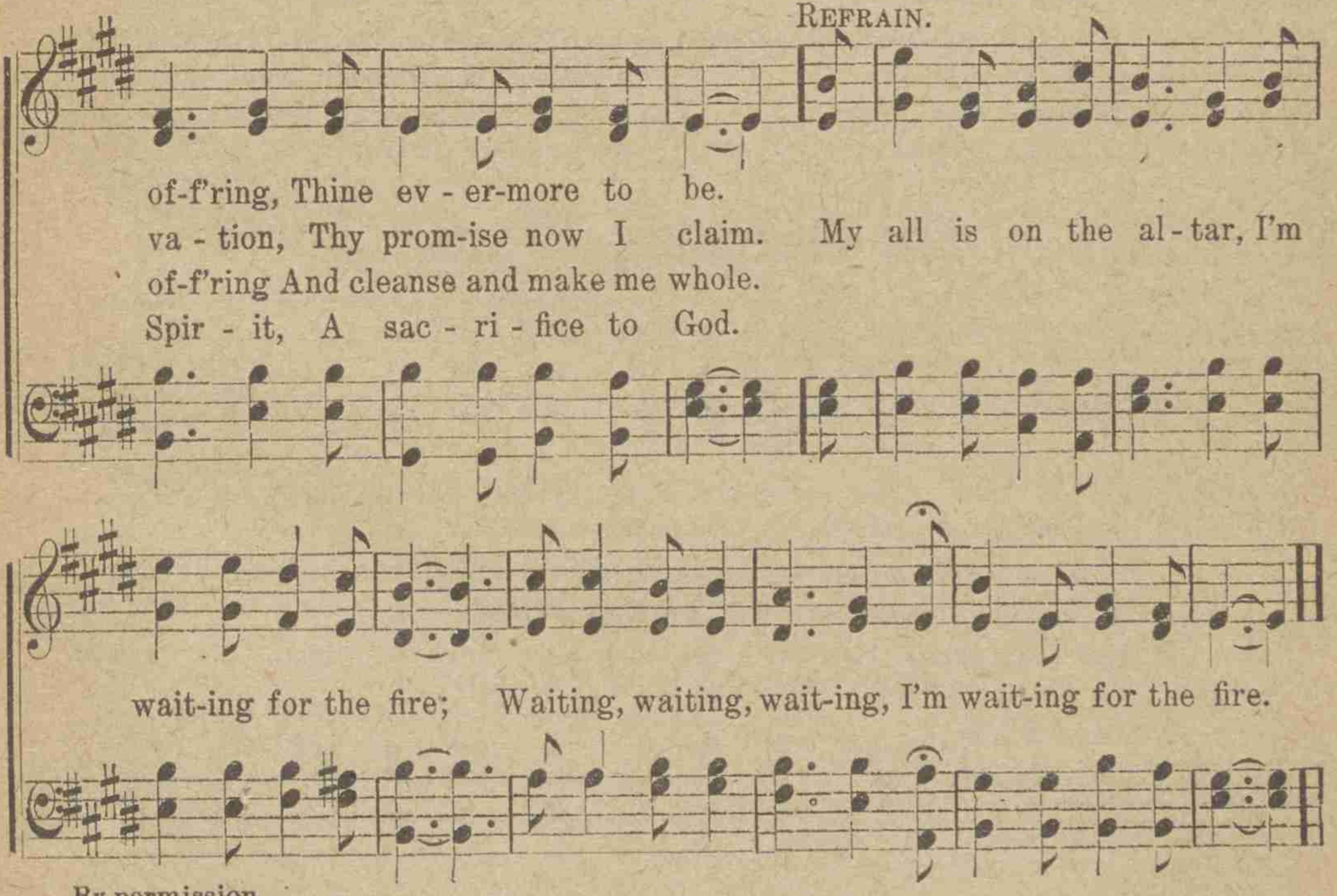
Cho. D. C.



4. In the promises I trust;
   In the cleansing blood confide;
I am prostrate in the dust;
   I with Christ am crucified.

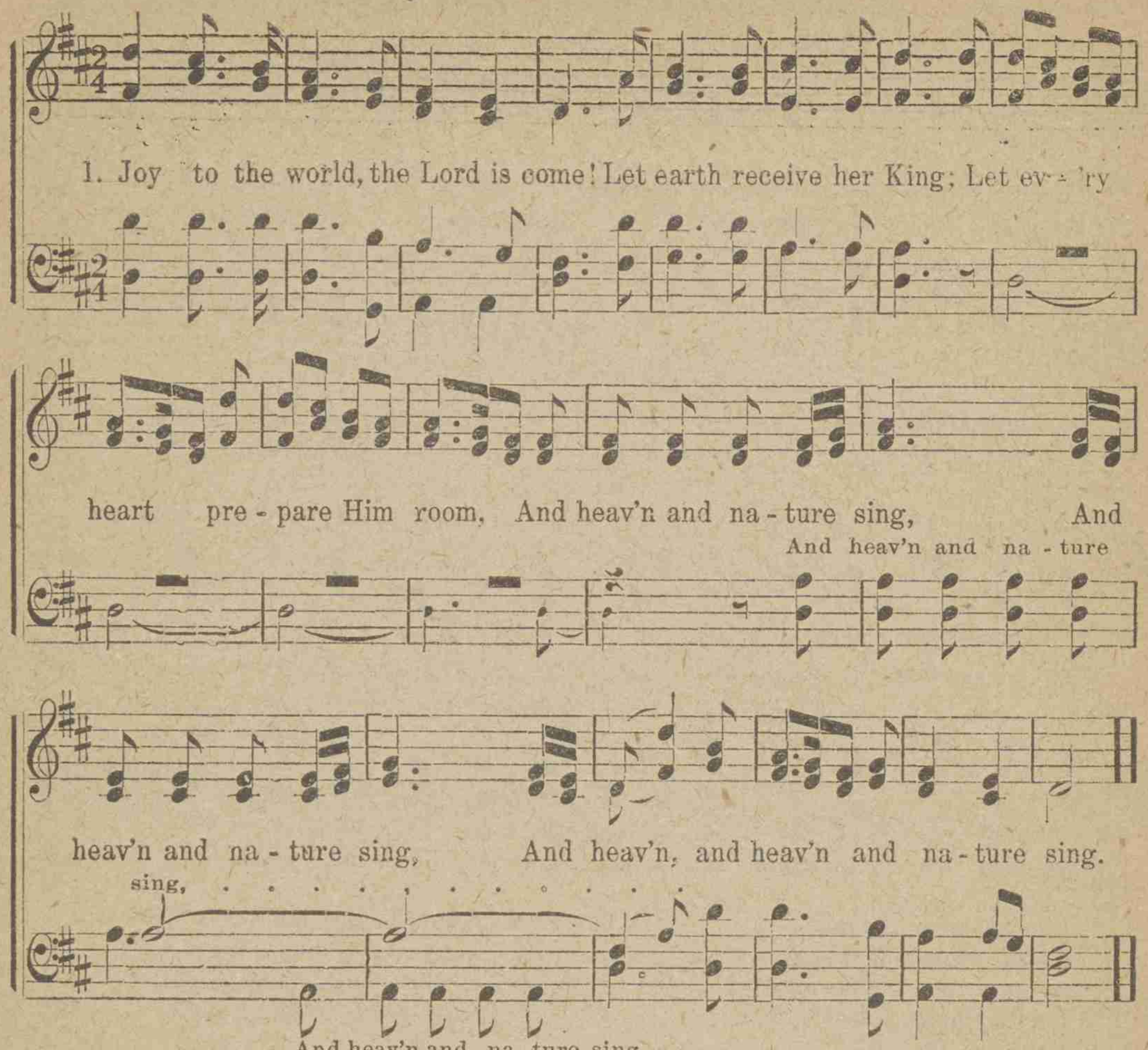
5. Jesus comes, He fills my soul!
   Perfected in love I am;
I am every whit made whole;
   Glory, glory to the Lamb!

Consecration.



By permission.

No. 261. Joy to the World.

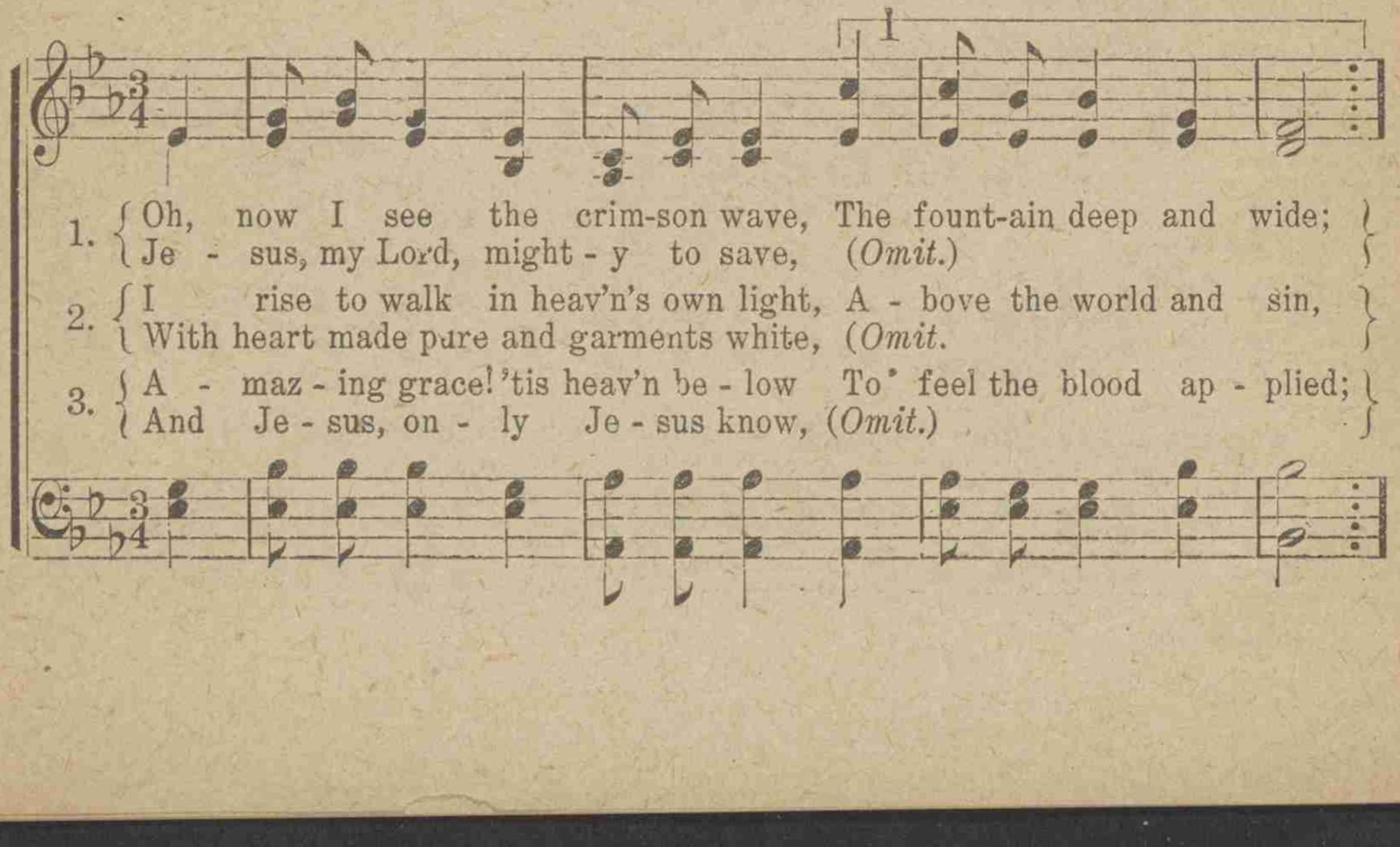


2. Joy to the world, the Savior reigns,
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

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.

No. 262. The Cleansing Wave.



No. 263. Loving Kindness.

1. A - wake my soul in joy - ful lays, And sing my great Re - deem-er's praise,
He just-ly claims a song from me, His lov - ing kind - ness, oh, how free!
Lov - ing kind-ness, lov - ing kind-ness, His lov - ing kind - ness, oh, how free!

2. He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me not withstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate,
His loving kindness, oh, how great!
Loving kindness, loving kindness,
His loving kindness, oh, how great!

3. Tho' numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Tho' earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving kindness, oh, how strong!
Loving kindness, loving kindness,
His loving kindness, oh, how strong!

The Cleansing Wave.

2

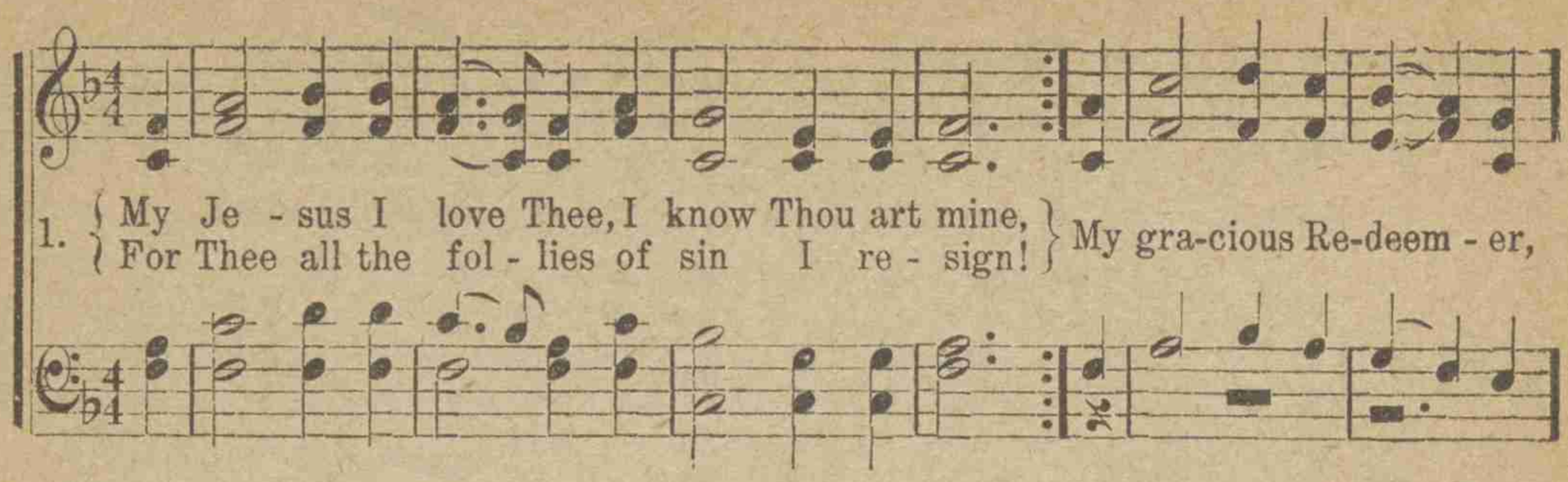
Points to His wound - ed side.
And Christ en - thron'd with - in.
My Je - sus cru - ci - fied.

CHORUS.

{ The cleans - ing stream I see! I see! I plunge, and oh, it cleans-eth me;
{ Oh, praise the Lord! it cleans-eth me, It cleans - eth me, (*Omit.*) yes, cleans-eth me.

1 2

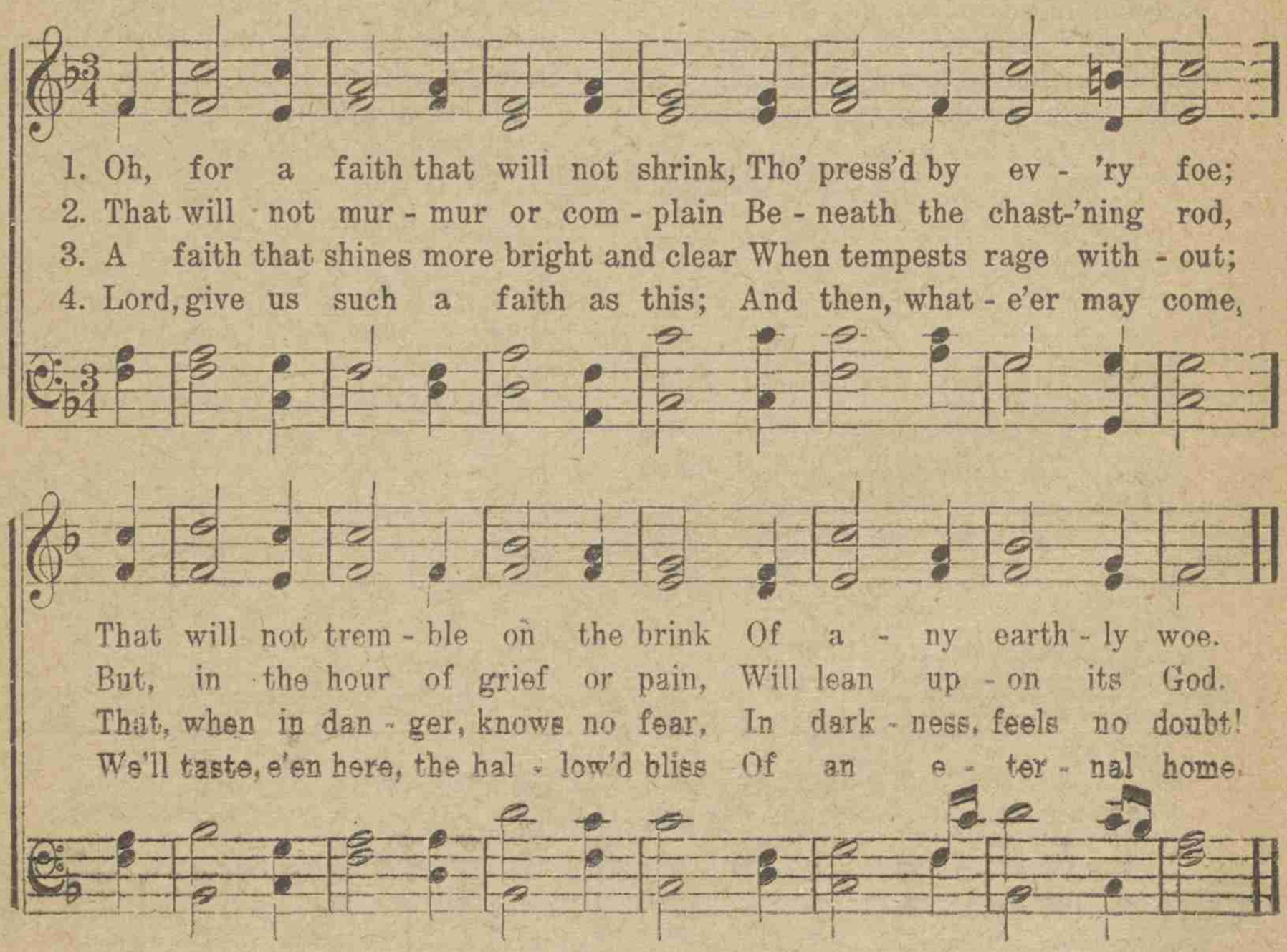
No. 264. My Jesus, I Love Thee.
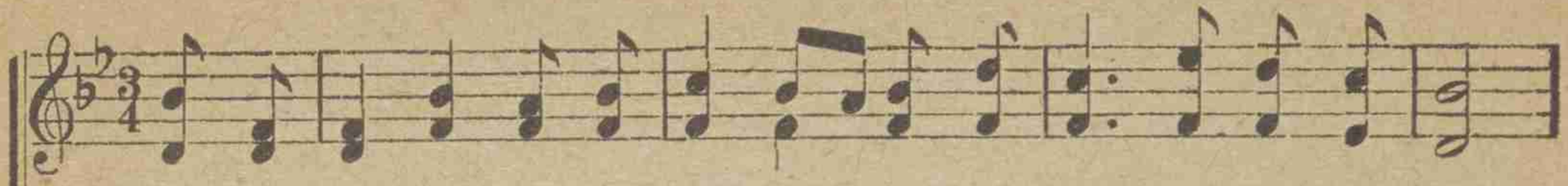


2. I love Thee, because Thou
Hast first loved me,
And purchased my pardon
On Calvary's tree;
I love Thee for wearing
The thorns on Thy brow;
If ever I loved Thee,
My Jesus, 'tis now.

3. In mansions of glory
And endless delight,
I'll ever adore Thee
In heaven so bright;
I'll sing with the glittering
Crown on my brow;
If ever I loved Thee,
My Jesus, 'tis now.
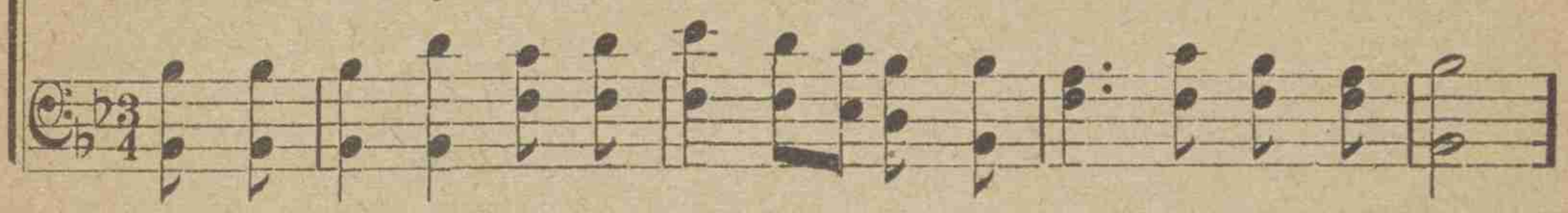
No. 265. Oh, For a Faith.
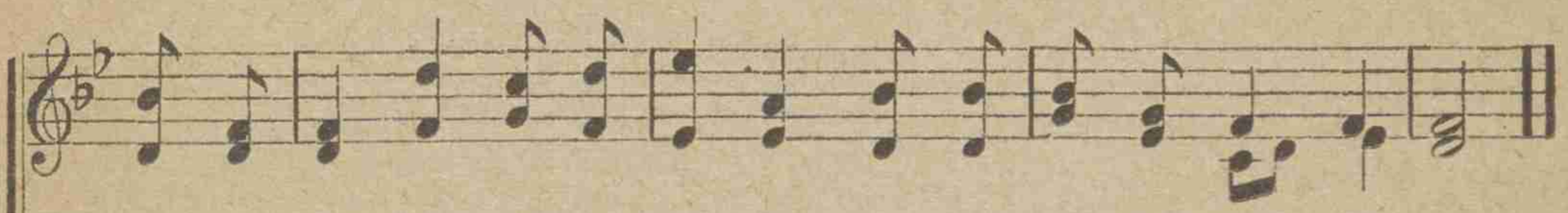


No. 266. Silently the Shades of Evening.
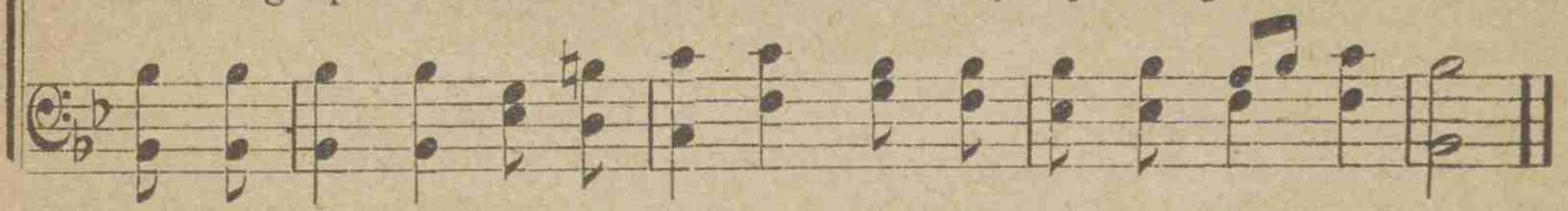


1. Si - lent - ly the shades of ev - 'ning Gath-er 'round my low - ly door;
2. Oh, the lost, the un - for - got - ten, Tho' the world be oft for - got!
3. Liv - ing in the si - lent hours, Where our spir - its on - ly blend,
4. How such ho - ly mem-'ries clus - ter, Like the stars when storms are past;
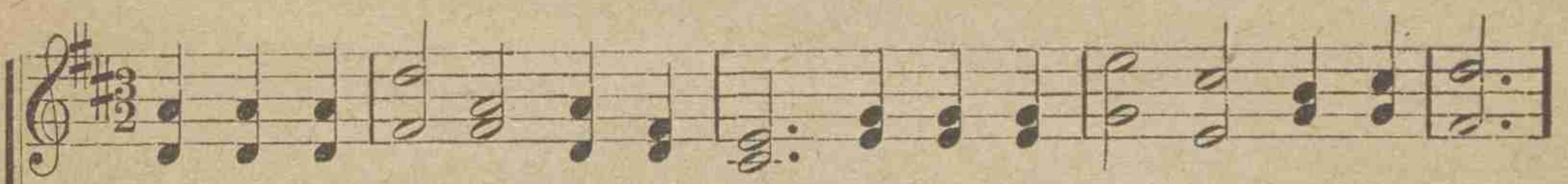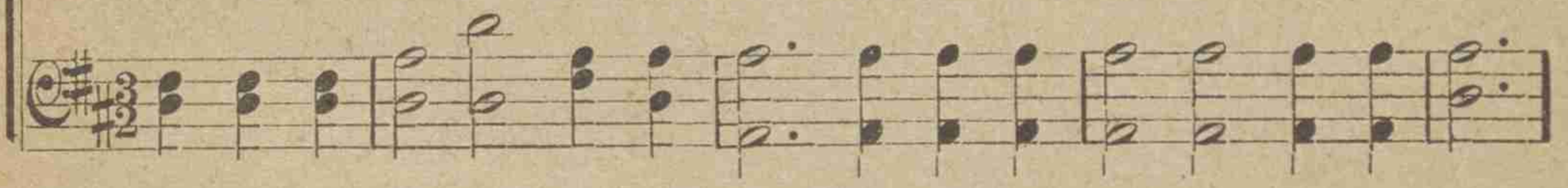




Si - lent - ly they bring be - fore me, Fac - es I shall see no more.
Oh, the shroud-ed and the lone - ly! In our hearts they per - ish not;
They, un-linked with earth-ly troub - le; We, still hop - ing for its end.
Point - ing up to that far ha - ven We may hope to gain at last.
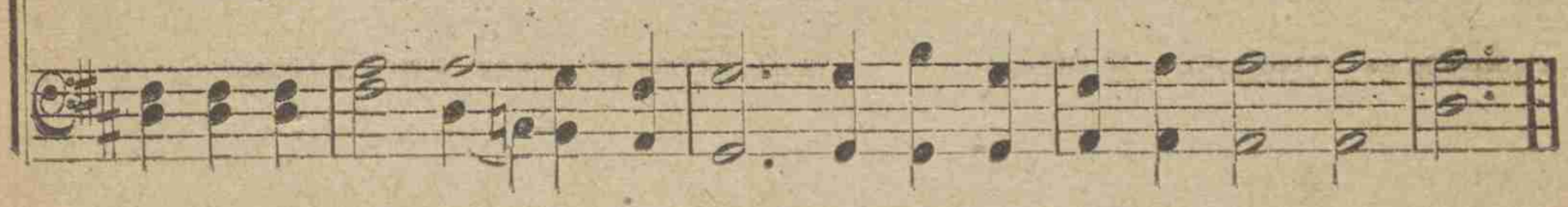


No. 267. Asleep in Jesus.



1. As-leep in Je - sus! bless-ed sleep, From which none ev - er wakes to weep;
2. As-leep in Je - sus! oh, how sweet To be for such a slum-ber meet!
3. As-leep in Je - sus! peace-ful rest, Whose wak-ing is su-preme-ly blest:



A calm and un - dis-turbed re.- pose, Un - brok - en by the last of foes.
With ho - ly con - fi - dence to sing That death has lost his venomed sting.
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour That man - i - fests the Sav - ior's pow'r.



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