Songs of Conquest

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Mrs. J. F. Cooper

November, 24th 1912

Songs of Conquest

COMPILED BY

Bishop Joseph F. Berry

Chairman of the General Conference Commission
on Evangelism

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Foreword.

THE songs which crowd the pages of this book ring out with the clear note of CONQUEST. They sound a trumpet-call for the conquest of Jesus Christ over sin in the heart of individuals, and His speedy triumph in all the world.

I have gathered from the field of gospel song the choicest of all the old favorites, and have added many new compositions which are sure to win instant popularity. Not the least important, however, is the section which contains so many of the standard hymns of the church. Most of these hymns are associated with the tunes which have been sung for generations, and are inseparable from the most precious spiritual experiences of millions of hearts.

Primarily, this is a song-book for evangelistic movements, camp-meetings and devotional services, yet the variety and scope of its contents will make it invaluable in all departments of church life.

I am delighted that the publishers have been able to furnish a book of such size and mechanical excellence at such an extraordinary low price. I send it forth with the earnest prayer that

SONGS OF CONQUEST

may become a spiritual inspiration to multitudes, and a distinct contribution to the mighty task of evangelizing the world.

Buffalo, New York. JOSEPH F. BERRY.

Songs of Conquest

No. 1. Who Follows in His Train?

Reginald Heber. H. S. Cutler.

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 no-ble band, the cho-sen few, On whom the Spir-it came,
4. A no-ble arm-y, men and boys, The ma-tron and the maid,

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 val-iant saints, their hope they knew And mocked the torch of flame;
A-round the throne of God re-joice, In robes of light ar-rayed.

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 met the ty-rant's brandished steel, The li-on's gor-y mane,
They climbed the steep as-cent of 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?
They bowed their necks the stroke to feel: Who fol-lows in their train?
O God, to us may grace be given To fol-low in their train.

No. 2. The King's Business.

Dr. E. T. Cassel.

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

Flora H. Cassel.

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

CHORUS.

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

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

No. 3. There is Shelter At the Cross.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Katharine Atherton Grimes. **Dr. S. B. Jackson.**

1. Are you worn with griefs and fears, Have you wasted man-y years? There is shel-ter at the cross for you.
2. Do you long for love and peace,—From the tempter seek re-lease? There is shel-ter at the cross for you.
3. Tho' by deeds of sin de-filed, Your are still the Savior's child, There is shel-ter at the cross for you.

Have you wandered far a - stray,
Do you fear the snares of sin,—
Tho' by doubt and fear opprest,—

for you.

FINE.

In the darkness lost your way? There is shel-ter at the cross for you.
Do you bear its marks within? There is shel-ter at the cross for you.
In its shadow there is rest,—There is shel-ter at the cross for you.

D. S.—*There is shel-ter at the cross for you.*

CHORUS.

There is shel-ter at the cross for you, There is shel-ter at the cross
There is shel - ter at the cross for you, There is shel - ter

D. S.

for you; By a world of sin de-nied, Je-sus suffered there and died;
at the cross for you;

No. 4. Saved by Grace.

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Fanny J. Crosby. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Some day the sil - ver cord will break, And I no more as now shall sing;
2. Some day my earth-ly house will fall, I can-not tell how soon 'twill be,
3. Some day when fades the gold-en sun Be-neath the ros - y - tint - ed west,
4. Some day, till then I'll watch and wait, My lamp all trimm'd and burning bright,

But, O, the joy when I shall wake With-in the pal-ace of the King?
But this I know—my All in All Has now a place in heav'n for me.
My bless-ed Lord shall say, "well done!" And I shall en - ter in - to rest.
That when my Sav - ior ope's the gate, My soul to Him may take its flight.

CHORUS.

And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the sto - ry—Saved by grace; And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the sto - ry — Saved by grace.

shall see

to face,

shall see

rit.

face, And tell the sto - ry — Saved by grace.

to face,

No. 5. When He is Come to You.

"When he is come . . . unto you"—to you, pastor; to you, Sunday-school teacher; to you, member of the official board; to you, father or mother—you will become a storm-center of a new and mighty evangelism, and all the forces of evil cannot keep back the incoming tides of saving grace."—*Bishop J. F. Berry.*

Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H GABRIEL. **Mrs. C. H. Morris.**



No. 6. The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

Jessie Brown Pounds.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's no oth - er way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light,
2. I must needs go on in the blood-sprinkled way, The path that the Sav - ior trod, If I ev - er climb to the heights sub - lime,
3. Then I bid fare - well to the way of the world, To walk in it nev - er more; For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home,

CHORUS.

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

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

No. 7. His Grace is Keeping Me.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. James M. Black.

1. I'm in the path of peace where pleasures never cease, And where my soul de-
2. I lean up-on His arm, He shields from ev'ry harm; Glad songs I sing be-
3. I know that I shall sing ho-san-na to my King When I His bless-ed

lights to be; All world-ly loss is gain,—with Je-sus I re-main, For
cause I'm free! His glo-ry lights the way to ev-er-last-ing day, Praise
face shall see; I'll dwell for-ev-er-more on that e-ter-nal shore With

CHORUS.

sav-ing grace is keep-ing me.
God, His grace is keep-ing me.
Him whose grace is keep-ing me.

His grace..... is keep-ing
His grace, His grace is keep-ing

me, His grace..... is keep-ing me;..... All
me, is keep-ing me, His grace, His grace is keep-ing me; is keep-ing me; All

glo - - ry to His name,..... His grace is keep-ing me.
glo-ry to His name, all glo-ry to His name,

No. 8. How You Will Love Him!

E. E. REXFORD. B. D. ACKLEY.

1. Ye who wan - der of sin grown wea - ry, Lone - ly and far
2. Come, and com - ing find peace and par - don, Wait - ing for you
3. You should know of this love so ten - der, Love that is stead-
4. Come, and find that you can - not fath - om, Love like Christ's

from the safe home-fold, Come and learn what the love of Christ is,
at the place of pray'r, Kneel and ask for a soul for - giv - en,
fast, and deep, and true, Come and share in its sweet-ness with me,
till you taste and see. Heights and depths of the love of Je - sus,

CHORUS.

Love whose gladness can ne'er be told.
Christ is yearn-ing to meet you there.
Come, and find that my Christ loves you.
No man knows till it sets him free.

O, how you'll love Him when you

know Him! Know the Christ who died to set you free,

to set you free.

rit.

On Calv'ry's cross His heart was bro-ken, Bro-ken there for you, for me!

Copyright, 1910, by Homer A. Rodeheaver.

No. 9. Jesus is Heaven to Me.

Ina Duley Ogdon. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. My home is the beau - ti - ful Cit - y of Gold, Whose won-der and rap - ture can nev-er be told; Its joys I fore-taste ere the por-tals un - fold,
2. No vain or un - ho - ly thing ev - er is there; No sor - row or weep-ing, no tri - al, no care, And I in His ful-ness of glo - ry shall share,
3. No night in that cit - y, no can - dle nor sun,— The Light nev - er dim is the Glo - ri - fied One; The peace of that home in my soul has be - gun,
4. Thro' a - ges e - ter - nal His prais-es shall ring, And I with the ransomed for-ev - er shall sing The love of my bless-ed Re-deem-er and King,

CHORUS.

For Je - sus is heav-en to me..... Je - sus is heav-en to me,..... Je - sus is heav-en to me;..... Of Him will I sing, My Savior, my King, For Je - sus is heav-en to me.

Je - sus is heav - en, is heav - en to me; Je - - sus is heav - en to me;

No. 10. Onward Till the Dawning.

Charlotte G. Homer. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

In moderate tempo. (Theme of first strain from Beethoven.)

1. In the serv-ice of the Mas - ter Our days are pass - ing by;
2. Oft - en, while the bat - tle ra - ges, While skies a - bove us frown,
3. When our marching days are o - ver, When war and strife shall cease,

Thro' shad - ow and sun - shine We're marching to our home on high;
While weak and dis - cour-aged, We all but lay our ar-mor down,
When vic - tors tri - um - phant We rise to hail the Prince of Peace,

Our Lead-er un - to us is call-ing: "Come on! be not dis - mayed,
We hear our great Commander say - ing: "I fought the fight for thee!
Then we shall see Him in His beau - ty, Shall look up - on His face,

For I, e - ven I am Be - fore thee, be thou not a - fraid!"
I suf - fered! and canst thou Not bear the cross a-while for Me?"
And praise Him for - ev - er, Who loved and saved us by His grace.

CHORUS.

Marching, marching on we go, ... Thro' desert, or where cool-ing wa-ters

March - ing on, on we go, Where the cool - ing

Onward Till the Dawning.

flow,.....Tho' flood or flame.....We bless His name,.... And to the
wa - ters flow, Thro' flood or flame We bless His name, To

world His love pro - claim;
all His love pro - claim;

{ On - ward till the
{ On-ward till the

as for-ward, on - ward, up - ward!

dawn - ing of the day when war for - ev-er-more shall cease.
dawning of the day when we shall see the Prince of (*Omit*.....) Peace.

No. 11. Full Surrender.

1. Lord, I make a full sur - ren - der, All I have I yield to Thee;
2. Lord, my will I here pre - sent Thee, Glad - ly now no lon - ger mine;
3. Lord, my life I lay be - fore Thee, Hear, this hour, the sa - cred vow!

For Thy love, so great and ten-der, Åsks the gift from me. gift from me.
Let no e - vil thing pre-vent me Blending it with Thine. it with Thine.
All Thine own I now restore Thee, Thine for-ev-er now. ev - er now.

No. 12. Follow On.

W. O. Cushing.

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RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION.

Robert Lowry.

1. Down in the val - ley with my Sav - ior I would go, Where the flow'rs are bloom-ing and the sweet wa-ters flow; Ev-'ry-where He leads me I would fol - low, fol - low on, Walk-ing in His footsteps till the crown be won.
2. Down in the val - ley with my Sav - ior I would go, Where the storms are sweep-ing and the dark wa-ters flow; With His hand to lead me I will nev - er, nev - er fear, Dan - ger can-not fright me if my Lord is near.
3. Down in the val - ley, or up - on the mountain steep, Close be-side my Sav - ior would my soul ev - er keep; He will lead me safe - ly in the path that He has trod, Up to where they gather on the hills of God.

FINE.

D. S.—*Ev-'ry-where He leads me I would fol - low on!*

REFRAIN.

Fol - low! fol - low! I would fol - low Je - sus! An - y-where, ev-'ry-where, I would fol - low on! Fol - low! fol - low! I would fol-low Je - sus!

D. S.

No. 13. Confess Him To-day.

Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Why still un - de - cid - ed, why tar - ry in sin? Con-fess Him to - day,
2. For love of the world will you bar - ter your soul? Con-fess Him to - day,
3. In o - pen re-bel-lion His law you've transgressed, Con-fess Him to - day,
4. A time more con-ven-ient you nev - er will have, Con-fess Him to - day,
5. Be - lieve and re-ceive Him, throw o-pen the door, Con-fess Him to - day,

con-fess Him to-day; While yet He is call - ing, let Je - sus come in,
con-fess Him to-day; Count all things but loss and in Christ be made whole,
con-fess Him to-day; With o - pen con - fes - sion you now shall be blest,
con-fess Him to-day; Ac - cept Him this moment—the Mighty to save,
con-fess Him to-day; Claim Christ as your Sav - ior and Lord ev - er - more,

CHORUS.

Con-fess Him to - day be-fore men. Con-fess the dear Sav-ior to-

day, to-day, Con-fess Him to-day be-fore men; ..... The life of a

con-

fess Him to - day, be-fore men;

Christian this moment be-gin, Con-fess Him to-day be-fore men.....

be-fore men.

No. 14. Help Somebody To-day.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

sor-row be end - ed, The friendless befriended, Oh, help somebody to - day!

No. 15. Better Every Day.

Alice Horton. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. **James M. Black.**

1. When the shadows dark and drear tempt my soul to doubt and fear, I will look to Je - sus, for He knows the way; He has kept me thro' the years, wiped a-way my bit - ter tears, And I love my Sav - ior bet-ter ev - 'ry day.
2. O how sweet the joy He gives, for with-in my heart He lives! All my heav-y bur-dens at His feet I lay; All the bless - ed way a - long He has filled my soul with song, And I love my Sav - ior bet-ter ev - 'ry day.
3. I, by faith, the face can see of the Lord who died for me, As He gen - tly whis-pers to me by the way; I will praise Him ev - er-more, shout His glo - ry o'er and o'er, For I love my Sav - ior bet-ter ev - 'ry day.

CHORUS.

{ Yes, I love Him better(better), better ev-'ry day; Gently He is leading o - ver
{ I will trust Him ever (ever), trust Him, come what may, (*Omit* .....
life's rough way; (And pa-tient-ly)
.....) For I love my Sav-ior bet-ter ev - 'ry day.

No. 16. Would You Be Saved.

E. E. Rexford. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Dr. S. B. Jackson.

1. Would you be saved? Then why not come Just as you are, and come to - day;
2. Would you be saved? O do not wait! God calls you—heed His lov - ing voice!
3. Would you be saved? There still is room! Christ is the Way, the o - pen Door,
4. O stub-born heart, this hour re - lent! Cry: "Lord, forgive these sins of mine!"

Come while the Spir - it strives with you; Come, for there's danger in de - lay!
O come be - fore it is too late—Now is the time to make the choice.
That "who - so - ev - er will" may come, And may find life for - ev - er-more.
And sin - sick, wear-y and pen-i - tent, Yield to the pow'r of love di - vine.

CHORUS.

Now, now is the ac - cept - ed time, The Sav - ior's
Now, just now is
plead - ing at the door: "O let Me in! I'll
at the door:
cleanse your ev - 'ry sin, And will re - mem - ber them no more!"

No. 17. True-Hearted, Whole-Hearted.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY IRA D. SANKEY.
USED BY PER. OF THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO, OWNERS.

Frances R. Havergal. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. True-hearted, whole-hearted, faith-ful and loy - al, King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be;
2. True-hearted, whole-hearted, full - est al - le-giance, Yield-ing henceforth to our glo - ri - ous King;
3. True-hearted, whole-hearted, Sav-ior all glo-rious! Take Thy great pow-er and reign there a - lone,

Un - der the stand - ard ex - alt - ed and roy - al, Strong
Val - iant en - deav - or and lov - ing o-be-dience, Free-
O - ver our wills and af - fec-tions vic-to-rious, Free-

CHORUS.

in Thy strength we will bat-tle for Thee.
ly and joy - ous - ly now would we bring. Peal out the watch-word! si - lence it
ly sur - ren-dered and whol-ly Thine own.

Peal si-lence

nev - er! Song of our spir - its re - joic - ing and free; Peal out the

Song re - joic-ing and free; Peal

watch-word! loy - al for-ev-er, King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be.

loy-al King

No. 18. Jesus Remembered You.

Rev. W. C. Poole. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Don't for-get Je - sus when long is the way; Don't for-get Je - sus when
2. Don't for-get Je - sus! When tempted to sin, Trust in His prom-ise—He'll
3. Don't for-get Je - sus, for He thought of you When you had wandered, when
4. Don't for-get Je - sus, but on Him re - ly! Time, like a riv - er, is

dark is the day; Don't for-get Je - sus, He'll hear when you pray,
help you to win; In all your bat - tles, with - out and with - in,
you where un - true; Je - sus was faith - ful the whole jour - ney thro',
wan - der - ing by! Sure - ly you'll need Him the hour you must die,

CHORUS.

O don't, don't for-get Je - sus! Don't for - get Je - sus,
don't for - get Je - sus, So faith-ful, so lov - ing and true;.....
so lov - ing and true:
When you were lost in dark-ness and sin, Je - sus re-mem-bered you!

rit.

No. 19. Unsearchable Riches.

F. J. C. USED BY PER. J. R. Sweney.

1. O the un-search-a-ble rich - es of Christ! Wealth that can never be told;
2. O the un-search-a-ble rich - es of Christ, Who shall their greatness declare;
3. O the un-search-a-ble rich - es of Christ, Free-ly, how free-ly they flow;
4. O the un-search-a-ble rich - es of Christ, Who would not gladly en - dure

Rich-es ex-haust-less of mercy and grace, Precious, more precious than gold.
Jew-els whose lus-tre our lives may a-dorn, Pearls that the poorest may wear.
Mak-ing the souls of the faith-ful and true Hap-py wher-ev - er they go.
Tri - als, af-flic-tions, and cross-es on earth, Rich-es like these to se - cure.

CHORUS.

Pre-cious, more pre - cious, Wealth that can nev - er be told;

O the un-search-a - ble rich-es of Christ! Precious, more precious than gold.

No. 20. As the Apple of His Eye.

J. Gilchrist Lawson. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. **Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.**

1. Ten - der - ly God watch-es o'er us, Ev - er pres - ent, ev - er nigh;
2. More than mother's love for children, More than an - y earth-ly tie
3. High - er than the high - est heav-en, Deep - er than the deep - est sea
4. Can you slight a love so faith-ful, Hal - lowed in Geth-sem - a - ne?

He has promised, He will keep us As the ap - ple of His eye.
Is His prom-ise, He will keep us As the ap - ple of His eye.
Is the love that God hath promisd; He will ev - er care for thee.
Wore for you the crown of scorn-ing, Died for you on Cal - va - ry?

CHORUS.

p *cres.*

He will keep us, God will keep us, As the ap - ple

of His eye; God will keep us, safe - ly keep us,

rit.

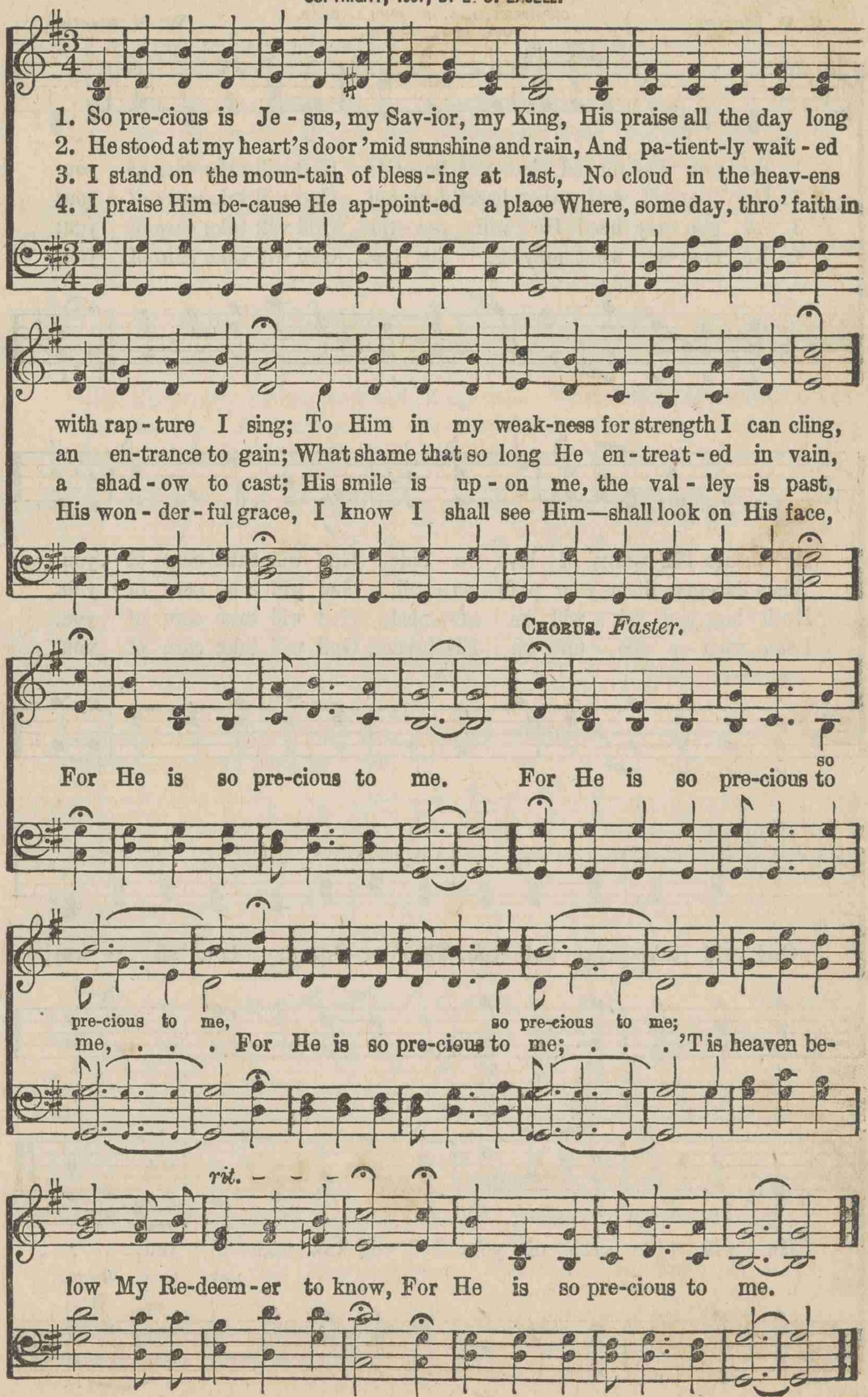
Keep us as the ap - ple of..... His eye.
Keep us, keep us, as the ap - ple of His eye.

No. 21. He is So Precious to Me.

C. H. G.

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COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



No. 22. God Will Take Care of You.

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

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY JOHN A. DAVIS.
USED BY PERMISSION.

C. D. Martin. **W. S. Martin.**

1. Be not dis- mayed what-e'er be - tide, God will take care of you;
2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
3. All you may need He will pro - vide, God will take care of you;
4. No mat - ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;

Be - neath His wings of love a - bide, God will take care of you.
When dan-gers fierce your path as - sail, God will take care of you.
Noth - ing you ask will be de - nied, God will take care of you.
Lean, wear - y one, up - on His breast, God will take care of you.

CHORUS.

God will take care of you, Thro' ev - 'ry day, O'er all the way;

He will take care of you, God will take care of you. . . .
take care of you.

No. 23. I Must Tell the Story.

J. M. B. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. James M. Black.

1. I must tell the precious sto-ry of Christ my King, For my soul is bounding
2. I am rec-on-ciled to God thro' the precious blood That my Savior shed on
3. I must tell the precious story, for there are those Who are wand'ring from the

with His praise; He has pardoned all my sins,—Washed them all away, And He
Cal - va - ry, And my soul is sat - is - fied since I found my Lord, Who was
Shepherd's fold; I must tell the glad good news of a Sav-ior's love, For the

CHORUS.

rich - ly bless - es all my days.
scourged and crucified for me. I must tell the sto - ry wher-ev-er I go!
bless-ed sto - ry must be told.

'T is a sto - ry that will nev - er grow old; I must
that will nev - er grow old;

tell it oft - en, that others may know,—For this blessed story must be told!

No. 24. Grace, Enough for Me.

E. O. E.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY E. O. EXCELL.
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E. O. Excell.

1. In look-ing thro' my tears one day, I saw Mount Cal-va-ry;
2. While standing there, my trembling heart, Once full of ag-o-ny,
3. When I be-held my ev-'ry sin Nailed to the cru-el tree,
4. When I am safe with-in the veil, My por-tion there will be,

Beneath the cross there flowed a stream Of grace, e-nough for me.
Could scarce believe the sight I saw Of grace, e-nough for me. (enough for me.)
I felt a flood go thro' my soul Of grace, e-nough for me.
To sing thro' all the years to come Of grace, e-nough for me.

CHORUS.

Grace is flowing from Calvary, . . Grace as fathomless as the sea, . .
Grace is flow-ing from Cal-va-ry for me, Grace as fath-om-less as the roll-ing sea,

Grace for time and e-ter-ni-ty, . . . Grace, . . enough for me.
Grace for time and e-ter-ni-ty, His a-bun-dant grace I see, e-nough for me.

No. 25. I Shall Dwell Forever There.

Rev. A. H. Ackley. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO. B. D. Ackley.

1. When the night is o'er and the shadows past, And e - ter - nal dawn dis-
2. Tho' my sky be filled with the clouds of time, And my Soul is burdened
3. How my heart will sing when I see the King, For there is no Sovereign

pels the gloom of earth - ly care; In the home of God I shall rest at last,
with for - bod-ings of de - spair, Yet, my heart is cheered, for the Hope is mine,
that with Je - sus can com-pare; So the sac - ri - fice of a life I'll bring,

CHORUS.

In the land of E - den I shall dwell for-ev-er there.
If I trust in Je - sus I shall dwell for-ev-er there. I shall walk the streets
And with Him in glo - ry, I shall dwell for-ev-er there.

of the cit - y of God with its tree of Life so bright so fair,

There will be no night— Je-sus is the light, I shall dwell for-ev - er there.

No. 26. Sweeter As the Years Go By.

Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS H. GABRIEL. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Of Je-sus' love that sought me, When I was lost in sin; Of wondrous
2. He trod in old Ju-de-a Life's pathway long a-go; The peo-ple
3. 'T was wondrous love which led Him For us to suf-fer loss—To bear, with-

grace that brought me Back to His fold a-gain; Of heights and depths of
thronged about Him, His sav-ing grace to know; He healed the bro-ken-
out a mur-mur, The an-guish of the cross; With saints redeemed in

mer-cy, Far deep-er than the sea, And high-er than the heavens, My
heart-ed, And caused the blind to see; And still His great heart yearneth In
glo-ry, Let us our voi-ces raise, Till heav'n and earth re-ech-o With

theme shall ev-er be.
love for e-ven me.
our Re-deem-er's praise.

CHORUS.

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

Sweet-er as the years go by, 'Tis

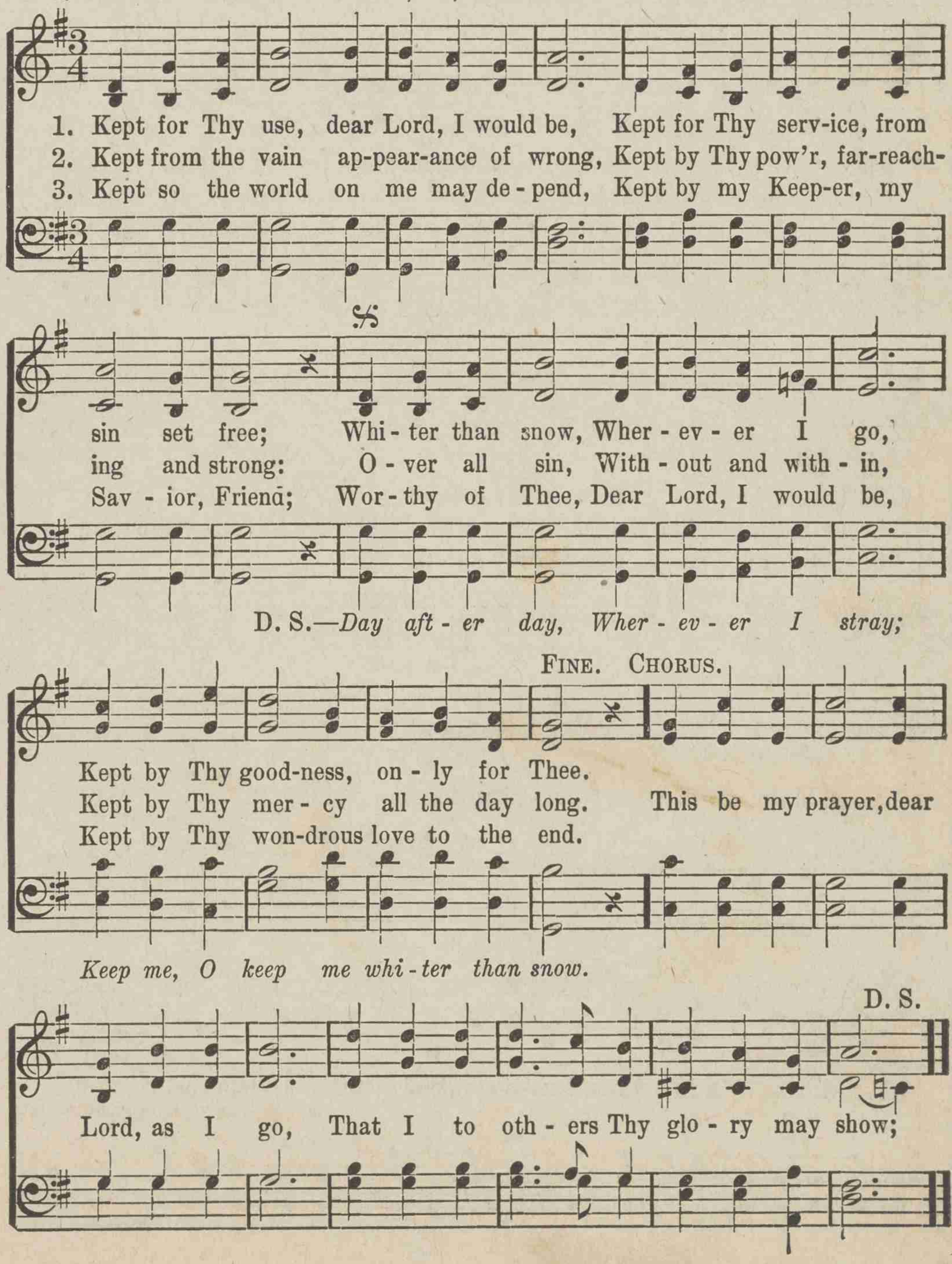
Sweet-er as the years go by; Rich-er, full-er, deep-er,
sweet-er as the years go by;

Sweeter As the Years Go By.



No. 27. Kept For Thy Use.

Rev. W. C. Poole. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. H. A. Henry.



No. 28. Will There be any Stars?

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY JNO R. SWENEY
USED BY PER OF L. E. SWENEY, EXECUTRIX.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. I am think-ing to-day of that beau-ti - ful land I shall reach when the sun go - eth down; When thro' won-der-ful grace by my Sav - ior I stand,
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la - bor and pray, Let me watch as a win - ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glo - ri - ous day,
3. Oh, what joy it will be when His face I be-hold, Liv-ing gems at His feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the cit - y of gold,

CHORUS.

Will there be an - y stars in my crown?
When His praise like the sea-bil-low rolls. Will there be an - y stars, an - y
Should there be an - y stars in my crown.

stars in my crown When at ev-'ning the sun go-eth down?..... When I
go-eth down?

wake with the blest In the mansions of rest, Will there be an-y stars in my crown?
an-y stars in my crown?

No. 29. He Promised to Keep Me.

Rev. W. C. Poole. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Christ will not fail me! how precious the word! I am se-cure with my Savior and
2. Christ will not fail me, a child of His care; All of my burdens He glad-ly will
3. Christ will not fail me when tempted by sin; He felt its pow'r in the struggle to
4. On - ward I journey, no need shall I know But that His goodness and pow'r will be-

Lord; His love faileth nev - er— en - dur - eth for - ev - er, And le-gions of
share. He's ev-er be-side me, no harm can be - tide me, For when I most
win. My weakness He knoweth; His love ev - er show-eth, So sweet-ly con -
stow; The while I am cling-ing, my glad heart is sing-ing, For Christ is be -

CHORUS.

an - gels shall o - ver me guard.
need Him, my Sav-ior is there.
trol-ling my spir - it with-in.
side me wher-ev - er I go.

He promised to keep me, support and de -

fend me When trials o'er-take and temp-ta-tions as - sail; He promised to

guide me, and I am per-suad-ed His pro-mis-es nev-er, no, nev-er can fail.

No. 30. Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY H. L. GILMOUR.
USED BY PER.

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

1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je - sus come
2. If 'tis for pu - ri - ty now that you sigh, Let Je - sus come
3. If there's a tem-pest your voice can - not still, Let Je - sus come
4. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je - sus come

in - to your heart; If you de - sire a new life to be - gin,
in - to your heart; Fountains for cleans-ing are flow-ing near by,
in - to your heart; If there's a void this world nev - er can fill,
in - to your heart; If you would en - ter the man-sions of rest,

CHORUS.

Let Je - sus come in - to your heart. Just now, your

doubtings give o'er; Just now, re - ject Him no more; Just now, throw

o - pen the door; Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.

No. 31. I Have Never Found a Friend Like Jesus.

Lavinia E. Brauff. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. I have nev - er found a friend like Je - sus, So ten - der and so mild,
2. I have nev - er found a friend like Je - sus, No mat - ter where I go;
3. I have nev - er found a friend like Je - sus, So faith - ful and so true;

And my heart re-joi - ces in my Sav-ior, Who owns me as His child;
He's the lov - ing One who died for sin-ners, The One you ought to know;
He is with me in my fields of la - bor, And shows me what to do;

I have al-ways found Him kind and pa - tient In hours of sore dis-tress;
He will give you grace and strength to serve Him, If you His name con-fess;
Day by day He gives me "liv - ing wa - ter," Free grace, and hap - pi - ness:

FINE.

D. S.—I have nev - er found a friend like Je - sus, To com-fort and to bless.

D. S.

CHORUS.

I have never found a friend like Je-sus, Nev-er such a friend as Je-sus;

No. 32. Only One Way.

E. E. Rexford. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. There is on - ly one way of sal - va-tion—The glo - ri-ous way of the cross!
2. There is on - ly one way of sal - va-tion! At Cal-va-ry's cross it be - gins,
3. There is on - ly one way of sal - va-tion, Tho' oft-en it seems to be vain—

It leads thro' Gethsemane's gar - den, Thro' pain, self-de-ni-al and loss.
And winds thro' the vale of re-pent-ance, And out of the val-ley of sins.
It's mountains of tri - al and sor - row, It's des-erts of pas-sion and pain—

'T is nar-row, but ev - er a - bound-ing With glimpses of heaven a - bove;
'T is marked by the blood of the martyrs, And hallowed by sorrows un - told,
But Je - sus, the Sav-ior of sin - ners, Will walk by your side all the way;

FINE.

It is rug-ged, but radiant with glo - ry, And blazoned with mercy and love.
But it still is the way, and the on - ly Way un - to the Cit - y of Gold.
He will love you, and cheer you, and guide you,—O make Him your Savior to-day!

D.S.—*There is on-ly one way of sal - va-tion,—The glo - ri-ous way of the cross.*

CHORUS. D. S.

There is on-ly one way of sal - va - tion,—The way..... of the cross;.....
One way,..... one way,—The glo - ri-ous way..... of the cross;

No. 33. Loyalty to Christ.

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

WORDS AND MUSIC.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

victory!" Cries our great Commander; "On!" .... We'll move at His command,
great Commander; "On!"

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

No. 34. I Must Tell Jesus.

E. A. H. COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY THE HOFFMAN MUSIC CO. Rev. E. A. Hoffman.



1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can - not bear these
2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troub-les; He is a kind, com-
3. Tempted and tried I need a great Sav - ior, One who can help my
4. O how the world to e - vil al - lures me! O how my heart is





bur - dens a - lone; In my dis - tress He kind - ly will help me;
pas - sion - ate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will de - liv - er,
bur - dens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus;
tempt-ed to sin! I must tell Je - sus, and He will help me



D. S.–*I must tell Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus!*



He ev - er loves and cares for His own.
Make of my troub - les quick - ly an end. I must tell Je - sus!
He all my cares and sor - rows will share.
O - ver the world the vic - t'ry to win.



Je - sus can help me, Je - sus a - lone.

D. S.



I must tell Je - sus! I can - not bear my bur - dens a - lone;

No. 35. When We All Get to Heaven.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY MRS. J. G. WILSON.
USED BY PERMISSION.

E. E. Hewitt. Mrs. J. G. Wilson.

1. Sing the won - drous love of Je - sus, Sing His mer - cy and His grace;
2. While we walk the pil - grim path-way, Clouds will o - ver - spread the sky;
3. Let us then be true and faith - ful, Trust-ing, serv - ing ev - 'ry day;
4. On - ward to the prize be - fore us! Soon His beau - ty we'll be - hold;

In the mansions, bright and bless-ed, He'll pre - pare for us a place.
But when trav'ling days are o - ver, Not a shad - ow, not a sigh.
Just one glimpse of Him in glo - ry Will the toils of life re - pay.
Soon the pearl - y gates will o - pen, We shall tread the streets of gold.

for us a place.

CHORUS.

When we all get to heav - en, What a day of re-
When we all What a

joic - ing that will be! When we all see
day of re - joic - ing that will be! When we all

Je - sus, We'll sing and shout the vic - to - ry.....
and shout the vic - to - ry.

No. 36. I Know He Keeps His Promise.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Dr. M. Victor Staley. A. O. Oliver.

1. Oft-en when my heart is weary with the man - y cares of life;
2. Oft-en when the strong enticements of a sin - ful world al - lure;
3. Oft-en when the world's vain doubtings heavy weigh upon my heart;

espress.

Oft-en when I'm all but faint-ing in the tur - moil and the strife;
Oft-en when the base and earthly tho'ts crowd out the sweet and pure;
Oft-en when the trust I owe Him seems just read - y to de - part;

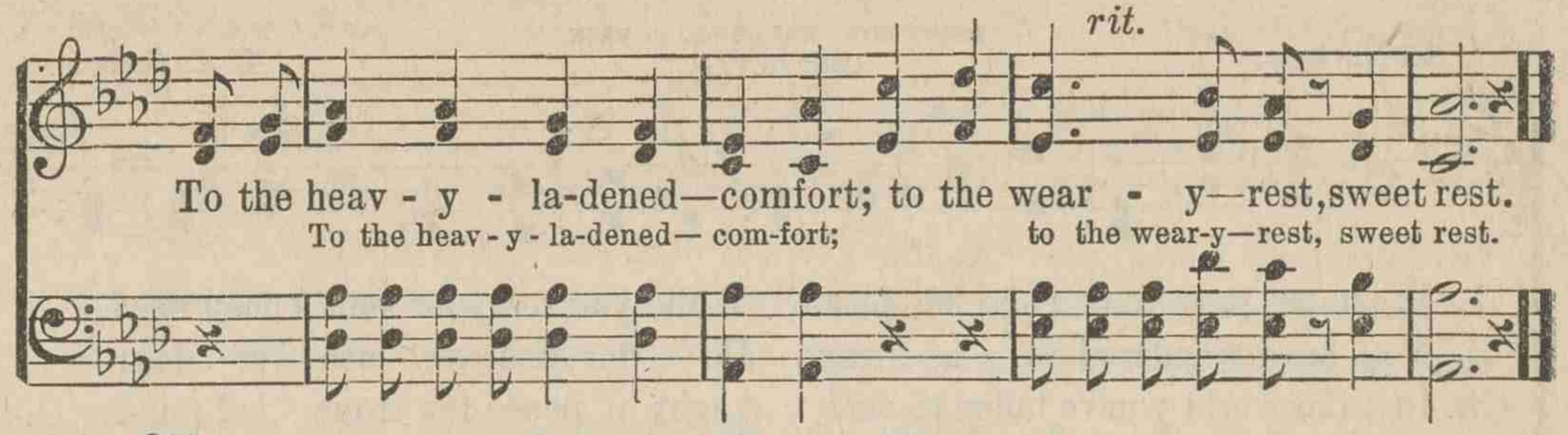
Oft-en when my soul is burdened with its heav - y load of grief,
Oft-en when I'm all but yield-ing, and temp-ta - tions nev - er cease,
Oft-en when in dark Geth-sem-a - ne I kneel in anguished dread,

Then to Christ I go for com-fort, there I find a sure re - lief,
Then the still small voice of Jesus low and sweet-ly whis-pers "Peace."—
Then I see the Cross of Cal - va - ry where - on my Sav - ior bled,—

CHORUS.

And I know.... He keeps His promise to the careworn and op-pressed:—
And I know he keeps His prom - ise to the care - worn and oppressed:—

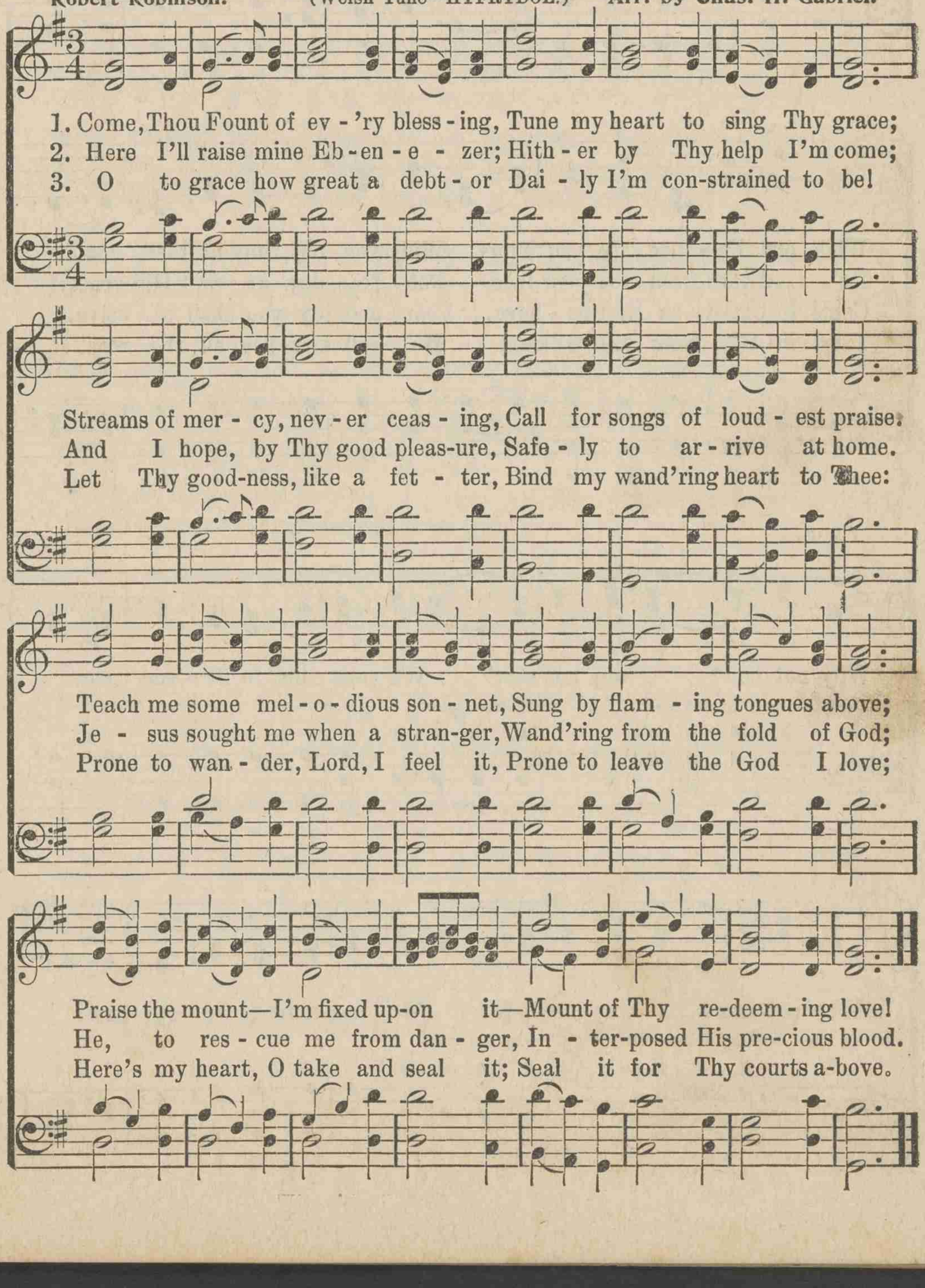
I Know He Keeps His Promise.



No. 37. Come, Thou Fount.

ARRANGEMENT COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Robert Robinson. (Welsh Tune—HYFRYDOL.) Arr. by Chas. H. Gabriel.



No. 38. Why Not Now?

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

El Nathan. C. C. Case.

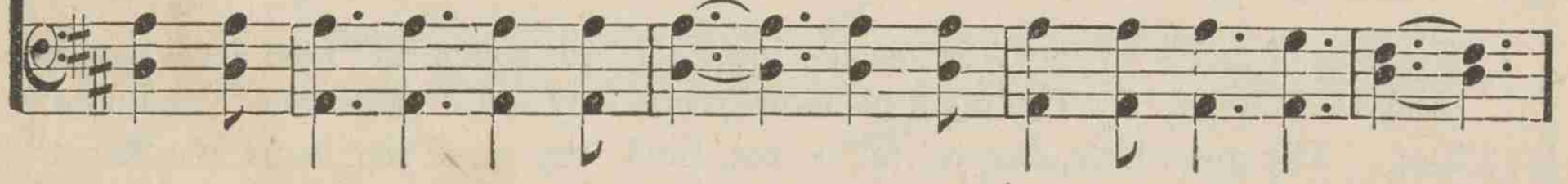


1. While we pray and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wandered far a - way; Do not risk an - oth - er day;
3. In the world you've failed to find Aught of peace for troub - led mind;
4. Come to Christ, con - fes - sion make; Come to Christ, and par - don take;

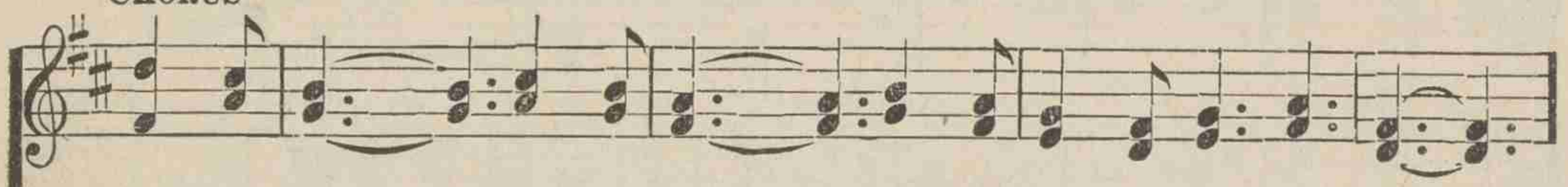




While our Fa - ther calls you home, Will you not, my brother, come?
Do not turn from God your face, But to - day ac - cept His grace.
Come to Christ, on Him be - lieve, Peace and joy you shall re - ceive.
Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.



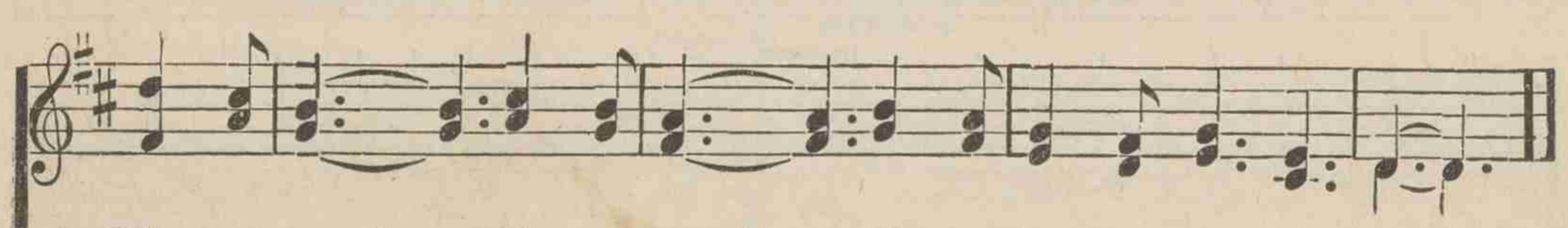
CHORUS



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

Why not now? why not now?





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

Why not now? why not now?



No. 39. My Wonderful Dream.

Jessie Brown Pounds. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. There's a dream that I dream, of my Sav - ior di - vine, And I know that my dream will come true; At the morn, in the night, comes the vi-sion of light,
2. There is sweet com-pen-sa - tion for heart-ache and loss In the hope that is giv - en to me; I shall quick-ly for - get how the road was be - set
3. It will still be my stay when the fash-ions of earth In the mist is dis- solv - ing a - way; For the pass-age of death will be on - ly a breath,—

CHORUS.

With a prom-ise e - ter - nal - ly new.
When the King in His beau-ty I see. O this won-der-ful dream is a
But a breath, and my dream will come true.

se-cret of grace, And I would that this se-cret you knew;..... For I
that you knew;

dream that at last I shall look on His face, And I know that my dream will come true.

No. 40. The Victory May Depend on You.

George O. Webster. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY THE FILLMORE BROS. CO J. H. Fillmore.

1. Thro' the land a call is sound-ing, And it comes to age and youth;
2. See the might - y hosts of e - vil Spreading death thro'-out the land;
3. Lo, a tri-umph day is com - ing, When our arms shall be laid down;

'T is a sum-mons to the con - flict, In the cause of right and truth:
Who is there will an - swer quick-ly, And the hosts of sin with-stand!
Then each faith - ful, loy - al sol - dier Shall re - ceive a vic - tor's crown;

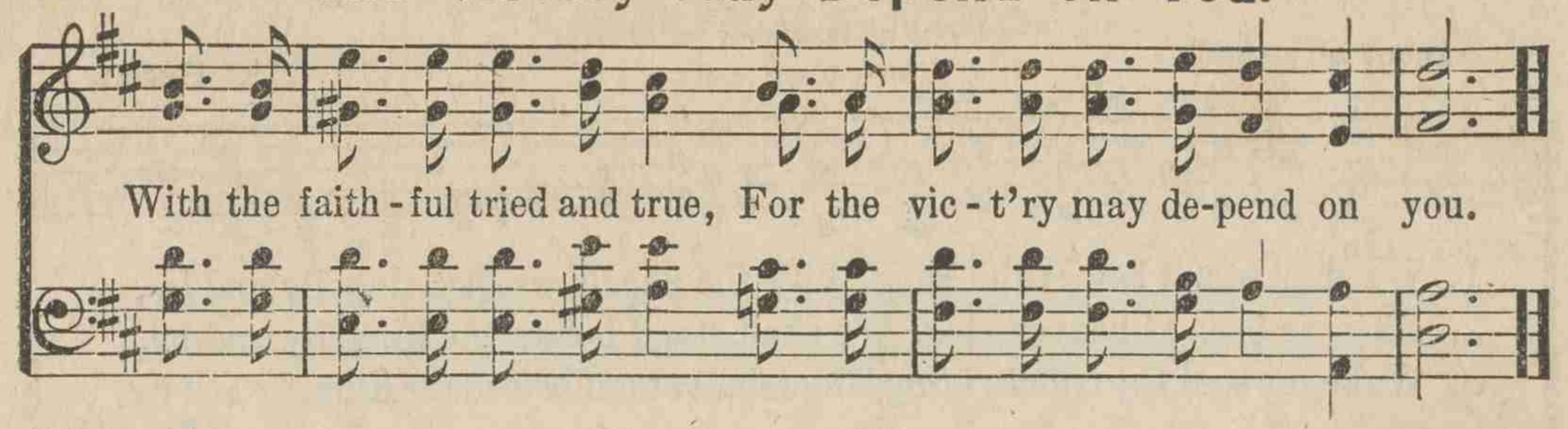
To the stand - ard of our Cap - tain, Lo, there comes a faith - ful few;
Do not fear to join our stand - ard, For our ranks are tried and true,
Would you stand a - mong the vic - tors, With the band of faith - ful few?

CHORUS.

But the vic - to - ry, my brother, May de-pend on you.
And the vic - to - ry, my brother, May de-pend on you. The vic-t'ry may de-
Then the vic - to - ry, my brother, May de-pend on you.

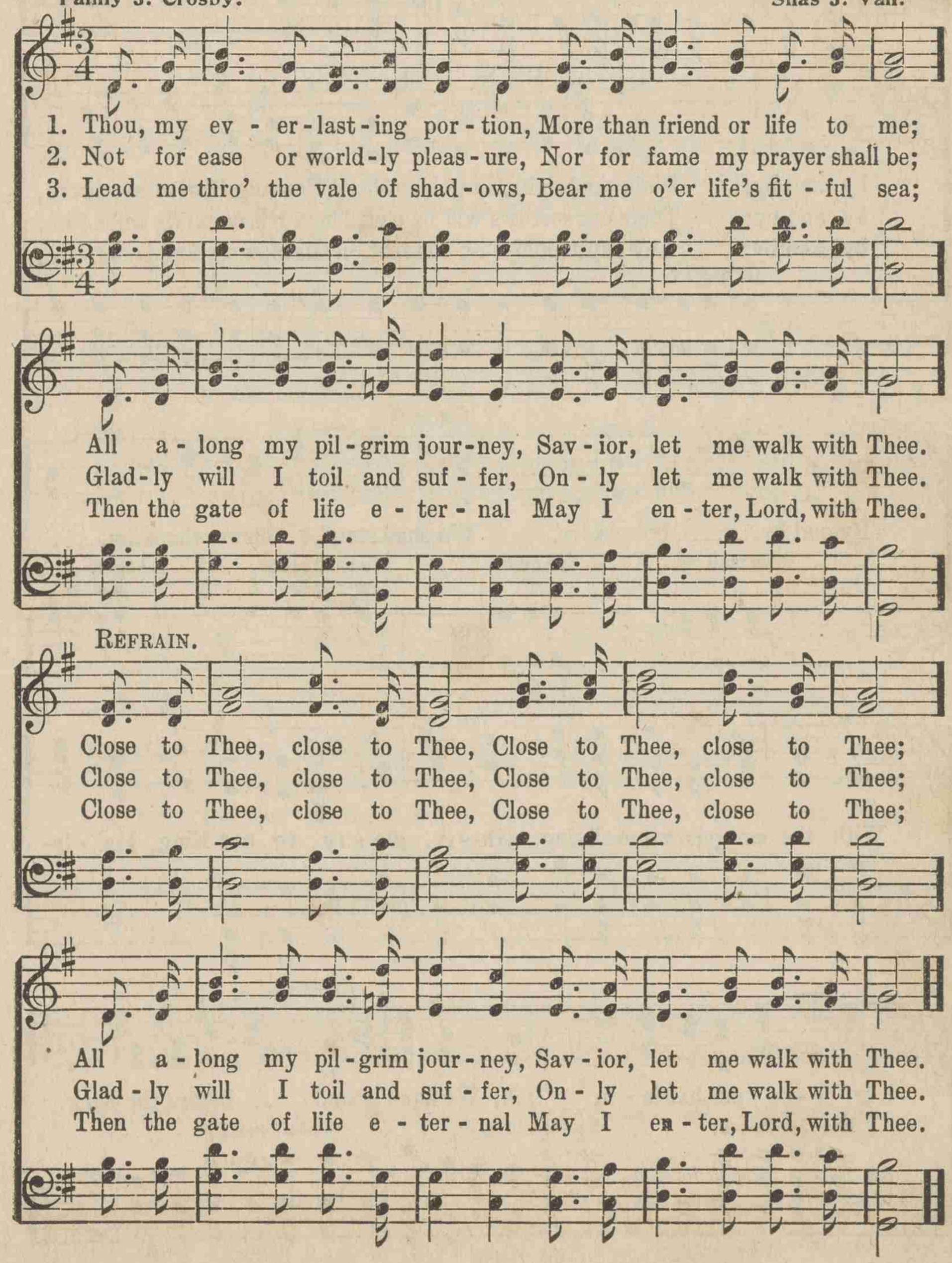
pend on you, The vict'ry may depend on you; Dare to stand among the few,
on you, on you;

The Victory May Depend on You.



No. 41. Close to Thee.

Fanny J. Crosby. Silas J. Vail.



No. 42. We Shall Stand Before the King.

COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY E. O. EXCELL.

E. O. E

WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

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

By and by,

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

by and by

CHORUS

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

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

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

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

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

No. 43. Go Carry His Love.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Katharine Atherton Grimes. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Go car-ry His love to the hearts of men, Weighed down by the world's unrest;
2. Go car-ry His love to the wayward souls That flaunt in the streets outside;
3. Go car-ry His love, and the tale re-peat Of what He has done for you;

Go tell the sto-ry of peace a-gain To those who are sore op-pressed;
Per-haps the word they nev-er have heard Of Je-sus, the Cru-ci-fied.
Some heart may sing at the news you bring, With courage to dare and do.

Go, car-ry it where there are those to bear Their burdens of want and sin;
Go, car-ry His love to the haunts of shame,—'Twas such that He came to save;
There nev-er was one beneath God's bright sun But needed the Master's care;

FINE.

Un-bar the door of some wear-y heart, That Je-sus may en-ter in.
He sends you forth to the wait-ing earth Wher-ev-er sin's ban-ners wave.
So take the love of the Lord a-bove, And car-ry it ev-'ry-where.

D.S.—*Go take the love of the Lord a-bove, And car-ry it ev-'ry-where.*

CHORUS. D. S.

Car-ry it ev-'ry-where,.... Car-ry it ev-'ry-where;....
Car-ry it..., ev-'ry-where, Car-ry it... ev-'ry-where.

No. 44. The Fight is On.

Mrs. C. H. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
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Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. The fight is on, the trum - pet sound is ring - ing out, The cry "To
2. The fight is on, A-rouse, ye sol - diers brave and true! Je - ho - vah
3. The Lord is lead - ing on to cer - tain vic - to - ry; The bow of

arms!" is heard a - far and near; The Lord of hosts is march - ing
leads, and vic - t'ry will as - sure; Go, buck - le on the ar - mor
prom - ise spans the east - ern sky; His glo-rious name in ev - 'ry

on to vic - to - ry, The tri - umph of the Christ will soon ap-pear.
God has giv - en you, And in His strength un - to the end en-dure.
land shall hon - ored be; The morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

The fight is on, O Chris-tian sol - dier, And face to face in stern ar-

ray, . . . With ar - mor gleam-ing, and col-ors stream-ing, The right and

The Fight is On.

Wrong en - gage to - day! The fight is on, but be not
wear - y; Be strong and in His might hold fast; If God be
for us, His ban - ner o'er us, We'll sing the vic-tor's song at last.
vic - t'ry, vic - t'ry,

No. 45. The Lord Will Provide.

Mrs. M. A. W. Cook. C. S. Harrington.

1. In some way or oth - er The Lord will pro-vide; It may not be my way,
2. At some time or oth - er The Lord will pro-vide; It may not -be my time,
3. De-spond then no lon-ger, The Lord will pro-vide: And this be the to - ken—
4. March on, then, right boldly; The sea shall di - vide; The pathway made glorious,

It may not be thy way, And yet in His own way The Lord will pro-vide.
It may not be thy time, And yet in His own time The Lord will pro-vide.
No word He hath spo-ken Was ev - er yet broken—The Lord will pro-vide.
With shoutings vic-to-rious We'll join in the cho - rus, The Lord will pro-vide.

No. 46. He Died For Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Katharine A. Grimes. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I do not know how Je-sus came to set my life a - part,
2. I do not know how Je-sus' love can bear the whole world's sin,
3. I do not know the far-ther way that leads un-to His throne,
4. I do not know why sorrows rise to dark-en Earth's fair day,

I on-ly know His blessed name is shrined with-in my heart. As sunshine
I on-ly know He reigns a-bove, and bids us en - ter in. Not mine to
I on-ly fol - low, day by day, where Je-sus leads His own. Not mine to
I know the light in His dear eyes can drive all gloom a - way. I do not

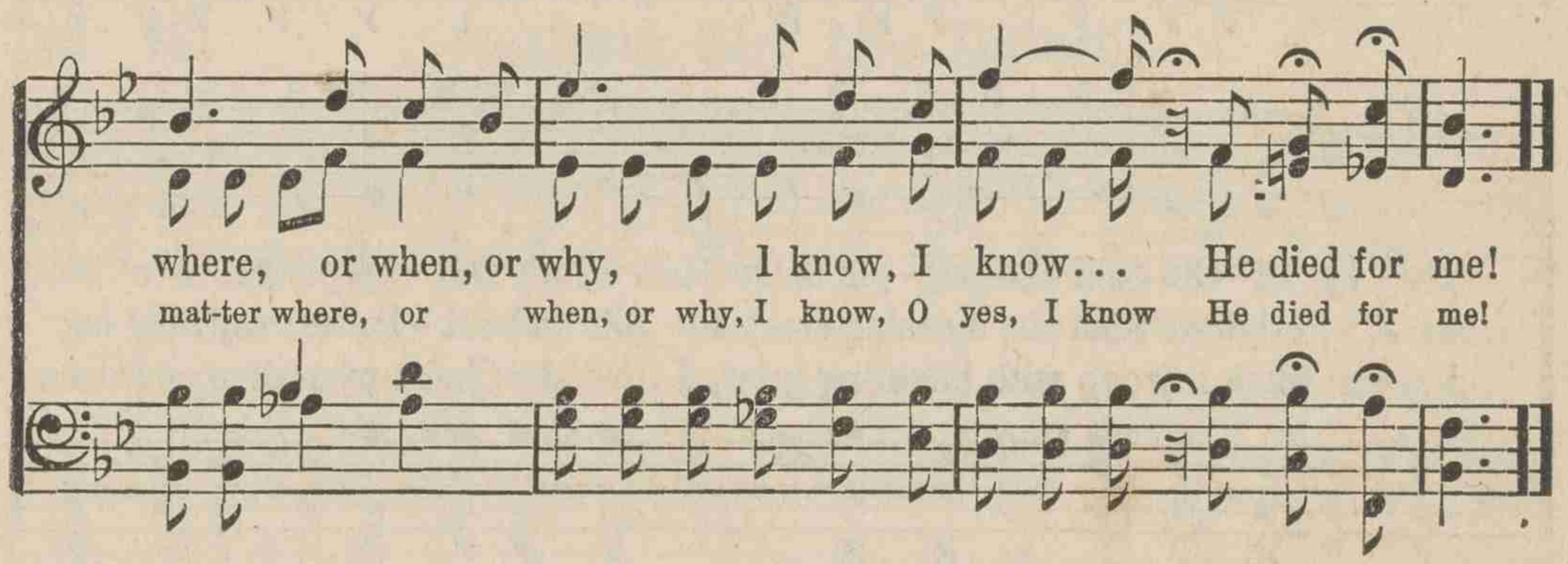
wakes in golden light to cheer and bless the day, So Je-sus makes my
ask God's reason why, mine on-ly to be - lieve He sent His Son for
ques - tion or de-mand God's mys-ter-ies to see, Mine but to clasp the
know? Ah, yes, I know howe'er these things may be, Dear Jesus, where - so-

CHORUS.

pathway bright with love from day to day. No reason for the gift have
us to die, that we might grace re-ceive.
bleeding hand held down from Cal - va - ry.
e'er I go, I know I'm safe with Thee. No rea-son for the

He Died For Me.

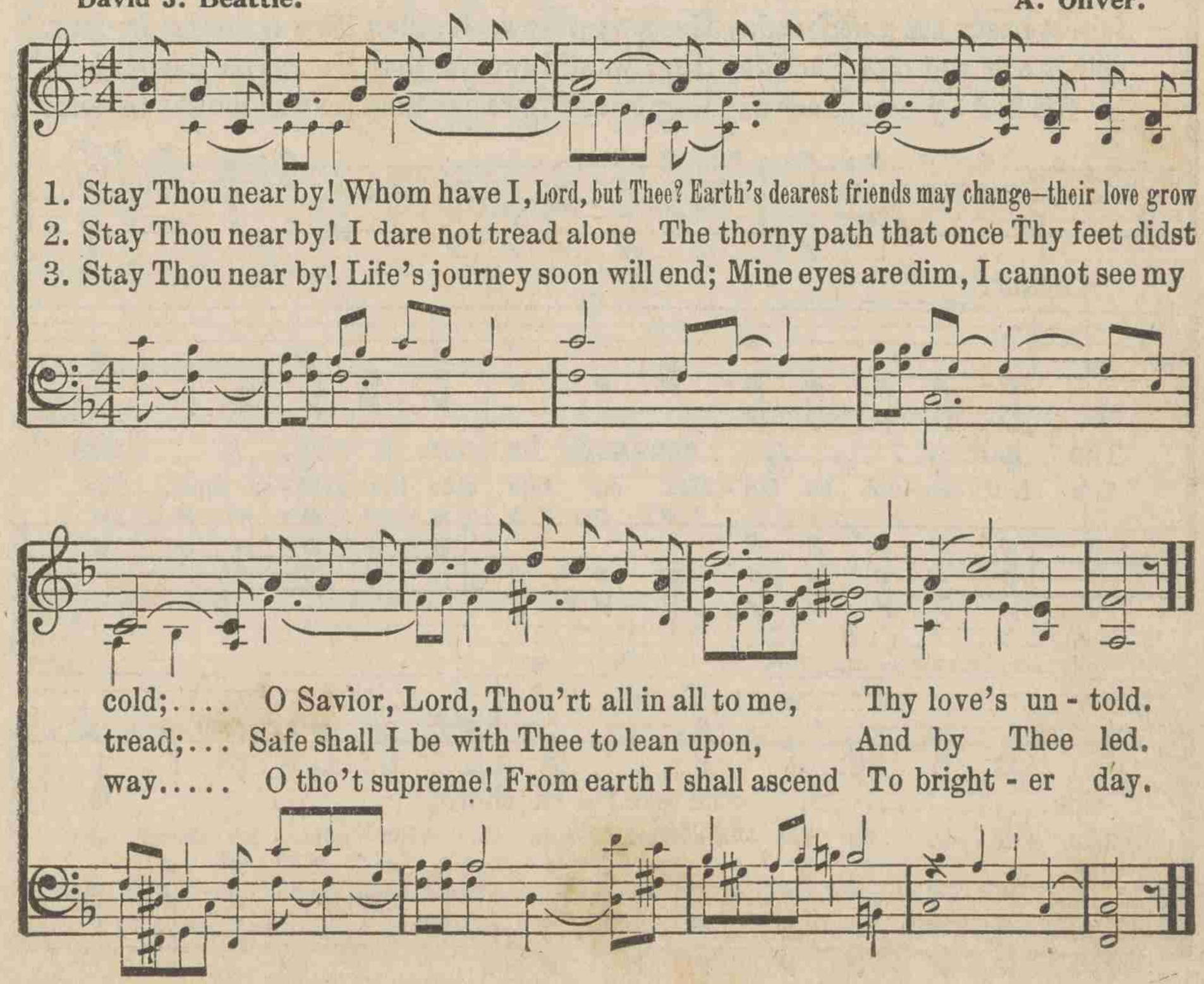




No. 47. Stay Thou Near By.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

David J. Beattie. **A. Oliver.**



No, 48. Still Sweeter Every Day.

W. C. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY HALL-MACK CO. USED BY PER. C. Austin Miles.

1. To Je - sus ev-'ry day I find my heart is closer drawn; He's fairer than the glo - ry of the gold and pur - ple dawn: He's all my fan - cy pic-tured in its fairest dreams, and more; Each day He grows still sweeter than He was the day be-fore.
2. His glo - ry broke up-on me when I saw Him from a-far; He's fairer than the lil - y, brighter than the morning star; He fills and sat - is-fies my long-ing spir-it o'er and o'er: Each day He grows still sweeter than He was the day be-fore.
3. My heart is sometimes heavy, but He comes with sweet relief; He folds me to His bos-om when I droop with blighting grief, I love the Christ who all my burdens in His bod - y bore; Each day He grows still sweeter than He was the day be-fore.

CHORUS.

The half..... ..... can-not be fan - cied, this
The half can-not be fan - cied on this side the gold - en shore, The
side..... the gold - en shore;
half can - not be fan - cied on this side the gold - en shore; O

Still Sweeter Every Day.

there..... He'll be still sweet - er than He ev-er was be-fore.
there He'll be far sweet-er than He ev - er was be-fore, than He ev - er was be - fore.

No. 49. . Nothing But the Blood.

R. L.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Robert Lowry.

1. What can wash a - way my sin? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
2. For my par-don, this I see— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
3. Noth-ing can for sin a - tone,—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
4. This is all my hope and peace—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;

What can make me whole a - gain? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
For my cleans-ing, this my plea— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
Naught of good that I have done,—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
This is all my right-eous-ness,—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.

REFRAIN.

Oh! pre - cious is the flow That makes me white as snow;
No oth - er Fount I know, Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.

No. 50. His Wonderful Glory.

Katharine A. Grimes. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. I know the Lord has mer - cy,—I my - self have felt His grace; And I
2. I know the Lord loves sin - ners, for He came and told me so, And the
3. I know the Lord will bring me safe to heav-en's hap - py land, For He

know that He has beau - ty,— I, by faith, have seen His face; He has
bless - ing of His pres - ence goes for - ev - er where I go; He has
reach - es down and holds me with His bless - ed, bleed-ing hand; He has

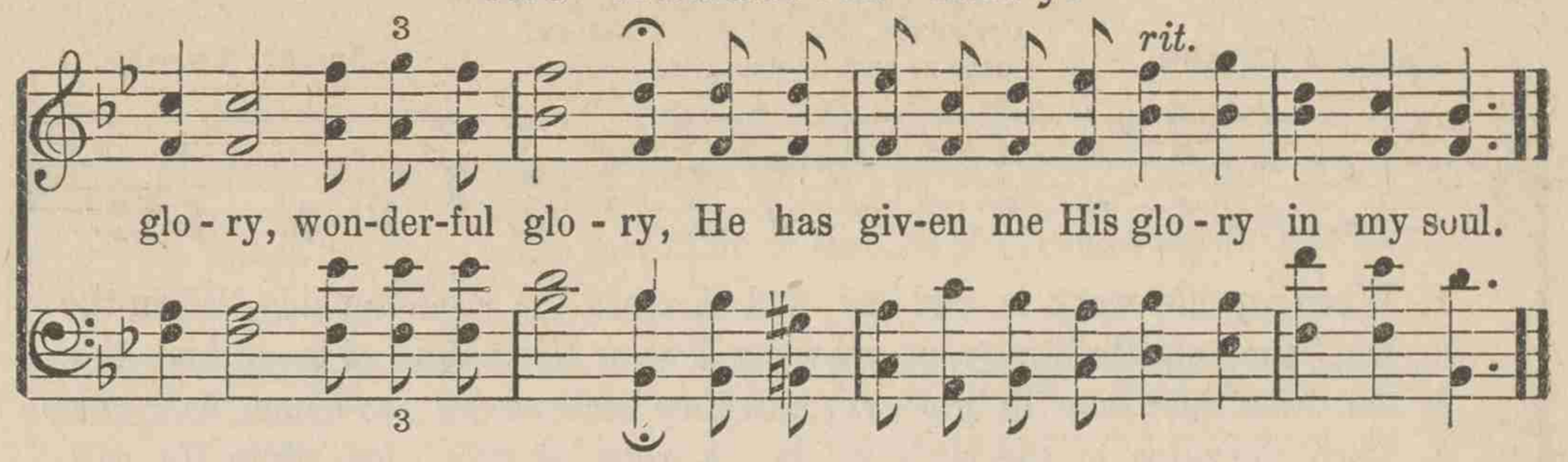
won-drous pow'r of heal - ing, for He cleansed and made me whole, And has
prom - ised to be with me where the floods of sin may roll, And has
bought me, He has bound me, and His love has made me whole; And has

CHORUS.

giv - en me His glo - ry in my soul. O His glo - ry, won-der-ful
glo - ry, 'T will go with me while e - ter - nal a - ges roll!..... O His

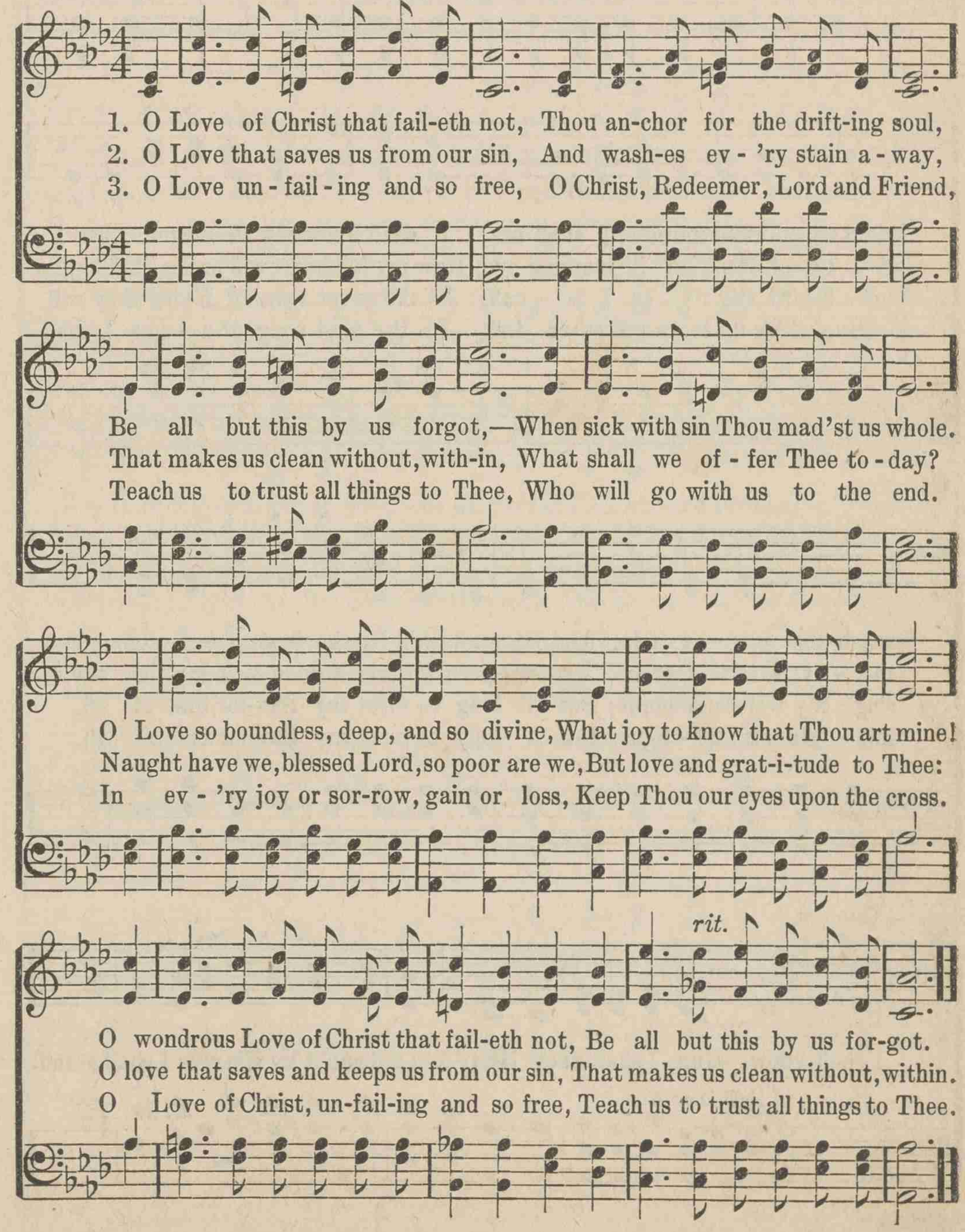
rit. *a tempo.*

His Wonderful Glory.



No. 51. O Love of Christ.

E. E. Rexford. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Dr. S. B. Jackson.



No. 52. My Savior First of All.

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
USED BY PER. OF MRS. L. E. SWENEY.

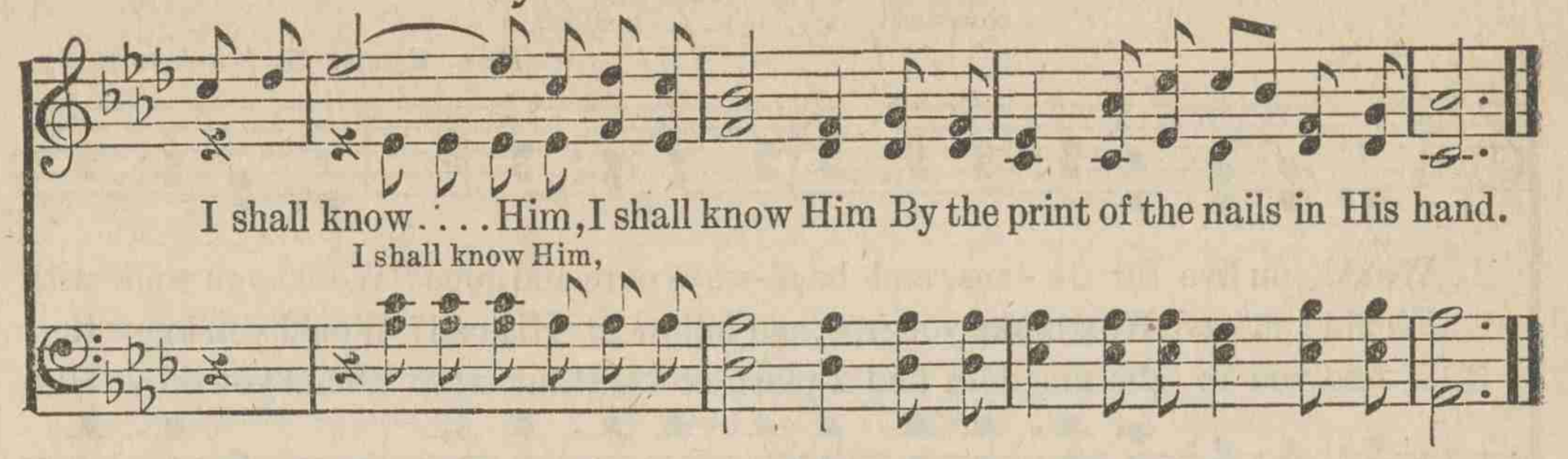
Fanny J. Crosby. **Jno. R. Sweney.**

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

CHORUS.

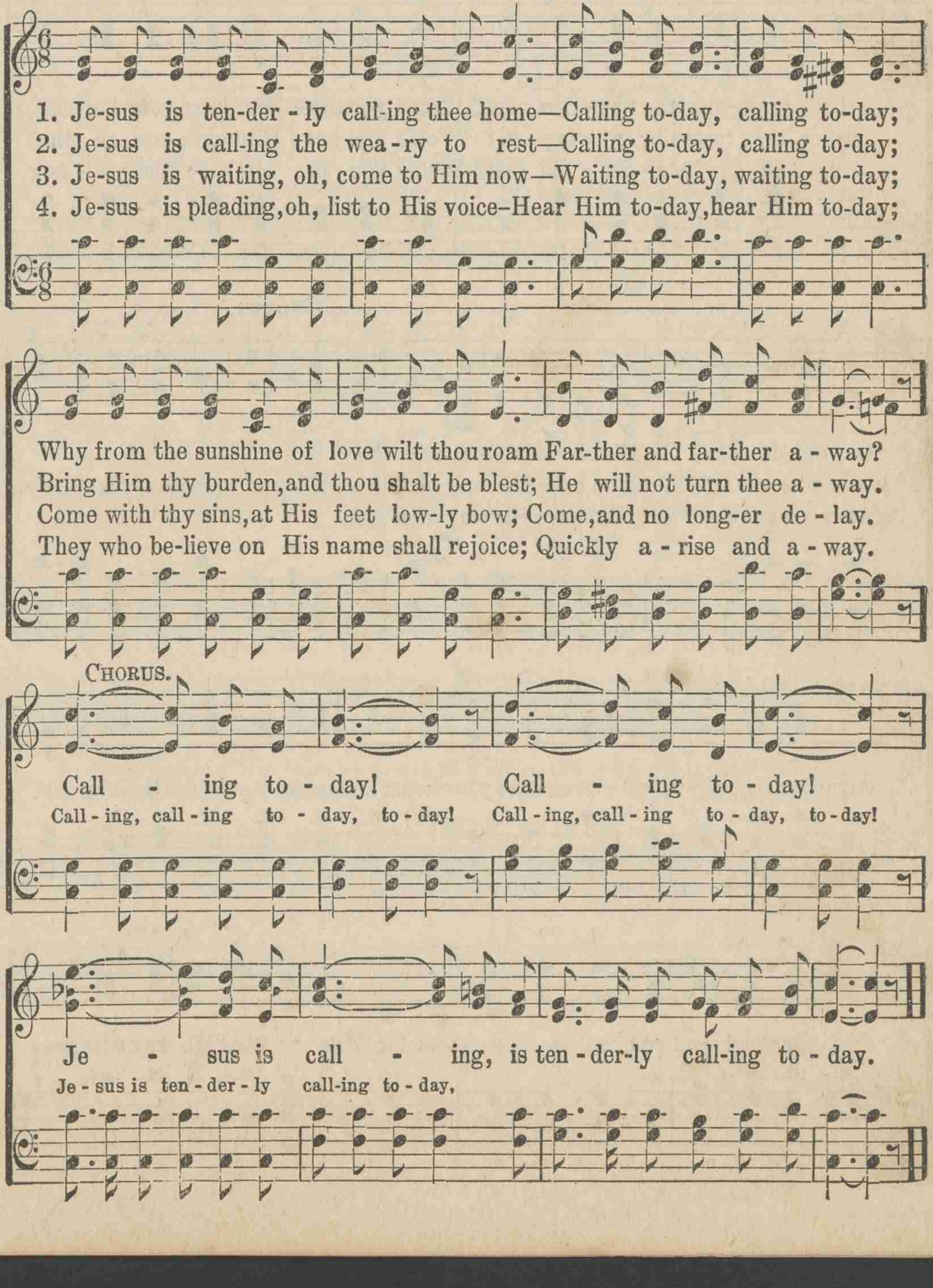
I shall know Him, I shall know Him, And redeem'd by His side I shall stand,
I shall know Him

My Savior First of All.



No. 53. Jesus is Calling.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1883, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS. BY PER. **George C. Stebbins.**



No. 54. His Way With Thee.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY H. L. GILMOUR.

C. S. N. Rev. Cyrus S. Nusbaum.

1. Would you live for Je - sus, and be al-ways pure and good? Would you walk with
2. Would you have Him make you free, and follow at His call? Would you know the
3. Would you in His kingdom find a place of constant rest? Would you prove Him

Him with - in the nar - row road? Would you have Him bear your bur-den,
peace that comes by giv - ing all? Would you have Him save you, so that
true in prov - i - den - tial test? Would you in His serv - ice la - bor

CHORUS.

carry all your load? Let Him have His way with thee.
you need never fall? Let Him have His way with thee. His pow'r can make you what you
always at your best? Let Him have His way with thee.

ought to be; His blood can cleanse your heart and make you free; His love can

rit.

fill your soul, and you will see 'Twas best for Him to have His way with thee.

No. 55. The Day of Glory.

'Home at last!"—Rev. W. A. Sunday.

C. H. G. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. When my labors here on earth are o'er, And I reach my home on that e-
2. No more sorrow there, no pain, no tears, No more anxious longing, no more
3. When the beauty of e - ter - nal skies Breaks in all its splendor on my
4. Where a shadow nev-er - more is cast, Where all tears and tri - als are for-

ter - nal shore, With my Sav-ior there for - ev - er-more,—Oh, what a day of
haunting fears, No more waiting thro' the lone - ly years,—Oh, what a day of
op'n-ing eyes, When the countless dead in Christ a - rise,—Oh, what a day of
ev - er past, As we sing to - geth-er, "Home at last!" Oh, what a day of

CHORUS.

glo-ry that will be! The time will come! And when at last I reach my home,
And when at last, at last I reach my home,
I'll look in - to His face, And thank Him for the grace That paid the price Of
I'll look in - to His face, That paid the price, the price Of
sin at such a sac - ri - fice,—Oh, what a day of glo - ry that will be!
sin at such a sac - ri - fice,—

No. 56. Jesus is All the World to Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY WILL L THOMPSON, EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO.

W. L. T. Will L. Thompson.

1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;
2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My friend in tri - als sore;
3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be;
4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend;

He is my strength from day to day, With - out Him I would fall.
I go to Him for bless-ings, and He gives them o'er and o'er.
Oh, how could I this friend de - ny, When He's so true to me?
I trust Him now, I'll trust Him when Life's fleet - ing days shall end.

When I am sad, to Him I go, No oth - er one can cheer me so;
He sends the sun-shine and the rain, He sends the harvest's gold-en grain;
Fol-low-ing Him I know I'm right, He watches o'er me day and night;
Beau-ti - ful life with such a friend; Beau-ti - ful life that has no end;

f *pp*

When I am sad He makes me glad, He's my friend.
Sun - shine and rain, har - vest of grain, He's my friend.
Fol - low - ing Him, by day and night, He's my friend.
E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy, He's my friend.

No. 57. In Faith Believe.

Katheryne Hayes. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. **T. R. Allen.**

1. O soul dis - tressed.... by doubt and fear,.... Believe on Me—.....
2. In faith be - lieve.....that thou art Mine; ... In faith be - lieve.....
3. Thy trembling hand.....I'll hold in Mine;.... My peace for - ev - -

1. O soul distressed by doubt and fear, Believe on Me—

that I am near..... Thy fears to quell,..... thy soul to calm.....
My pow'r di-vine..... Can wash a - way..... each guilty stain,.....
er shall be thine;..... No pow'r can rob..... thy soul of rest,.....

that I am near Thy fears to quell, thy soul to calm

CHORUS.

With heav'nly peace, with heav'nly balm.
Can still each doubt and soothe each pain. I'll guide thy feet,..... thy falt'ring
While thou art lean - ing on My breast.

I'll guide thy feet,

With heav'nly peace,

feet,.....Thy soul shall find.....communion sweet;.....Then courage
thy falt'ring feet, Thy soul shall find, shall find com-mun-ion sweet;

take—.....I will be near,.... Thy way to choose, thy prayer to hear.
Then courage take— I will be near, Thy way to choose,

No. 58. He is My Shepherd.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Blanche V. McDowell. James M. Black.

1. I hear the voice of Je - sus my Shep-herd, Call-ing me on-ward,
2. Tho' I may walk the shad-ow - y val - ley, Nothing can harm me,
3. He will not leave me, nei-ther for - sake me, Un-der His care I

up-ward each day; Un - to green pas-tures, by liv - ing wa - ters,
noth-ing mo - lest; For His pro - tec - tion safe-guards my foot-steps
safe - ly a - bide; Tho' the storm gath-ers dark - ly a - round me,

CHORUS.

Je - sus is ev - er leading the way.
Till I shall reach the home-land of rest. He is my Shepherd, patient and
Yet in His se - cret presence I hide.

watch - ful, Go - ing be - fore me day aft - er day; Safe-ly He

leads me, ten-der-ly leads me, And from His side I nev-er will stray.

No. 59. Why Not Say Yes To-night?

Effie Wells Loucks. BY PERMISSION OF R. A. WALTON. **Louis D. Eichhorn.**

DUET.

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

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

CHORUS.

For par - don so full and so free. . . .
Un - bro - ken by heav - en - ly light. . . . Why not say Yes to-
And safe - ly keep you in His way. . . . Why not say Yes to the

night? . . . Why not? Why not? While He so gen - tly, so
Sav - ior to - night? Say Yes! Say Yes!

Why not say Yes? Why not to - night?

ten - der - ly pleads, O ac - cept Him to - night! . . . .
ac - cept Him to - night!

No. 60. Holy One, Jesus Our Savior.

Palmer Hartsough. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. **Fred A. Fillmore.**

1. Ho - ly One, Je - sus our Sav - ior, Once Thou wast here be - low;
2. Ho - ly One, Je - sus our Sav - ior, When I was lost in sin
2. Ho - ly One, Je - sus our Sav - ior, Thou art en-throned on high

Smit-ten wast Thou, and af - flict - ed, Suf-f'ring and death didst know.
Thou didst leave heav-en to seek me, Died my poor soul to win;
Now with the Fa - ther in glo - ry, Mon-arch of earth and sky;

All of our griefs and our sor - rows Thou didst so meek - ly bear;
Now will I cling to Thee ev - er, Thou art the on - ly good;
Thou hast prepared us a man - sion With Thee in heav'n to reign;

O Ho - ly One, e'en thro' the shad - ow Thou wilt sup-port us there.
O Ho - ly One, now I a - dore Thee, Cleansed by Thy pre-cious blood.
O Ho - ly One, we shall be like Thee When Thou shalt come a - gain.

CHORUS.

Praise Him who bro't us such fa-vor, O sing of His won-der-ful love;.....
won-der-ful love;

Holy One, Jesus Our Savior.

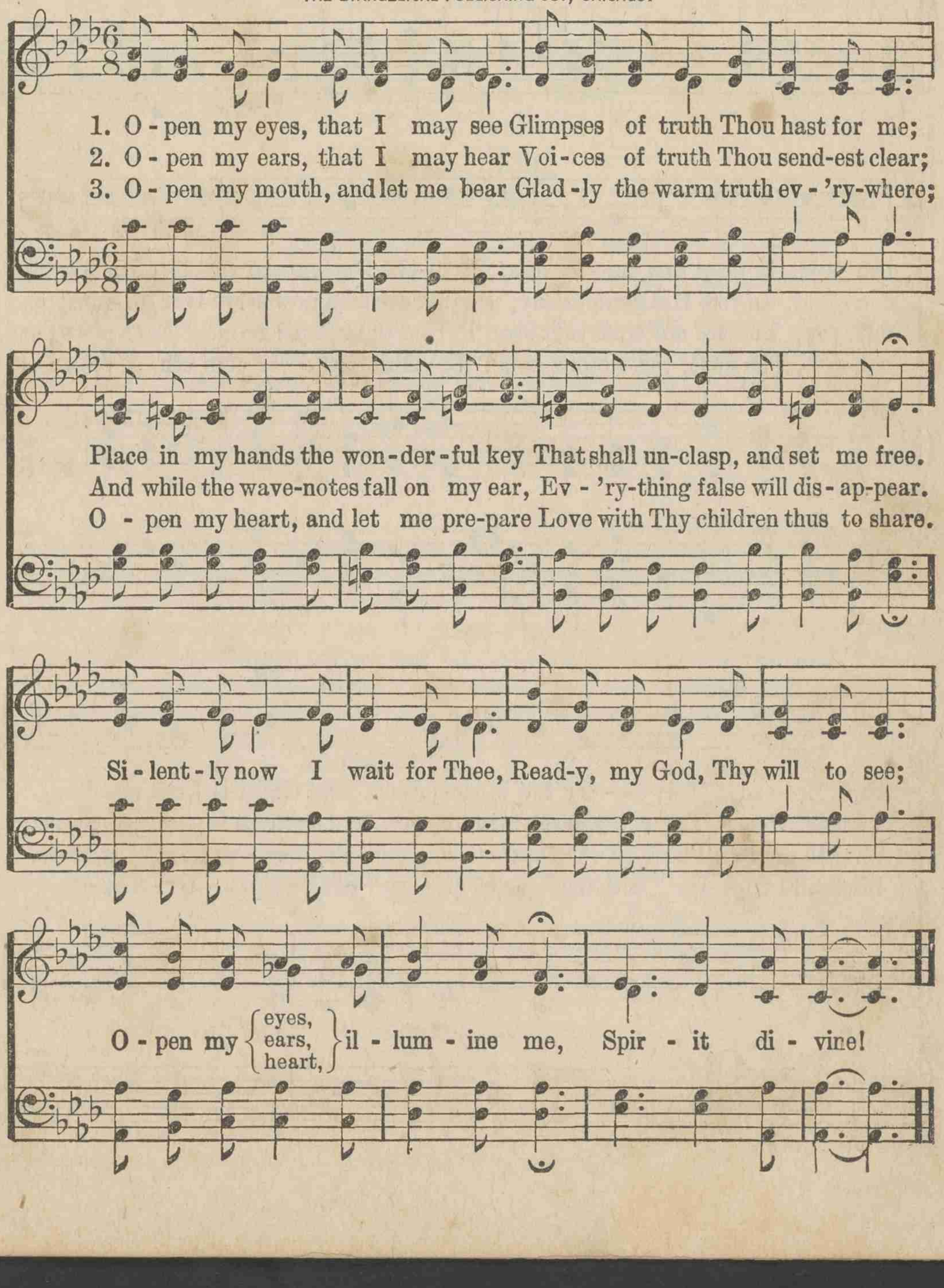


No. 61. Open My Eyes, That I May See.

C. H. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY CLARA M. SCOTT. OWNED BY THE EVANGELICAL PUBLISHING CO., CHICAGO.

Chas. H. Scott.



No. 62. Stand Up, Stand Up For Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY GEIBEL & LEHMAN.
USED BY PER.

George Duffield. Adam Geibel.



1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross; Lift high His roy-al
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trum-pet call o - bey, Forth to the might-y
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in His strength alone, The arm of flesh will
4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long; This day the noise of



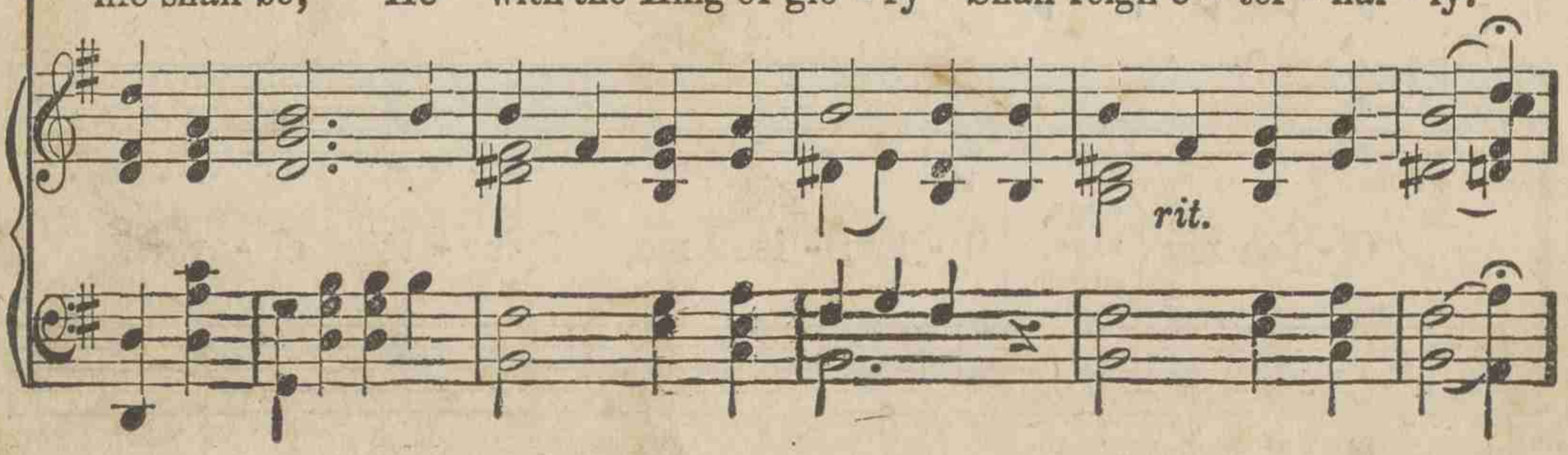


ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss; From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my
con - flict, In this His glorious day; "Ye that are men now serve Him" Against un-
fail you, Ye dare not trust your own; Put on the gos-pel ar-mor, Each piece put
bat - tle, The next, the victor's song; To Him that o-ver-com-eth, A crown of





shall He lead, Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquish'd, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
number'd foes; Let courage rise with danger, And strength to strength oppose.
on with pray'r; Where du - ty calls or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.
life shall be; He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.



Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus.

CHORUS. *Harmony.*

Stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross; Lift
Stand up, stand up for Je - sus,

high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not, It must not suf - fer loss.

No. 63. I Love Him.

London Hymn Book. USED BY PERMISSION. **S. C. Foster.**

1. Gone from my heart the world with all its charm; Gone are my sins and
2. Once I was lost up - on the plains of sin; Once was a slave to
3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free; Once I was blind, but

all that would a - larm; Gone ev - er-more, and by His grace I know The
doubts and fears within; Once was a - fraid to trust a lov - ing God, But
now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live, To

D. S.—*Be-cause He first loved me, And*

FINE. CHORUS. D.S.

pre-cious blood of Je - sus cleanses white as snow.
now my guilt is washed a - way in Je - sus' blood. I love Him, I love Him,
tell the world the peace that He a - lone can give.

purchased my sal - va - tion On Cal-v'ry's tree.

No. 64. I Am Coming Home.

Rev. A. H. Ackley. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO. B. D. Ackley.

1. Je - sus, I am com - ing home to - day, For I have found there's joy in Thee a - lone; From the path of sin I turn a - way, now
2. Ma - ny years my heart has strayed from Thee, and Now re - pent - ant to Thy throne I come; Je - sus o - pened up the way for me, now
3. Oh, the mis - er - y my sin has caused me, Naught but pain and sor - row I have known, Now I seek Thy sav - ing grace and mer - cy,
4. Ful - ly trust - ing in Thy pre - cious prom - ise, With no right - eous- ness to call my own, Plead - ing noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus,
5. Now I seek the cross where Je - sus died! For all my sin His blood will still a - tone, Flow - ing o'er till ev - 'ry stain is cov - ered,

CHORUS.

I am com-ing home. Je - sus, I am com - ing home to - day,
Nev - er, nev - er more from Thee to stray, Lord, I
now ac - cept Thy pre - cious prom - ise, I am com - ing home.

No. 65. Let Us Go Forward.

Jennie Ree. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Dr. S. B. Jackson.

1. Why do we lin-ger in the bond-age of sin? Just be-fore lies the promised land! We may reach it, possess it and its free-dom win, If we
2. Dread not the sea! Its roll-ing waves shall di-vide! It is ours on-ly to o-bey; He will lead us in safe-ty to the oth-er side, In His
3. Chris-tian, be loy-al, for our God is the same As He was in the days of old! He will guide and protect us with His cloud and flame, And His

CHORUS.

go at the King's command.
own time, and His own way. For the hopeless and dying, Pow'rs of darkness de-
glo-ry we shall be-hold.

fy-ing, Let us ral-ly and work while we pray; While Je-ho-vah is
leading, While the Spirit is pleading, Let us rise and go forward to-day.

No. 66. It Pays to Serve Jesus.

E. G. C.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY JNO R. SWENEY.

Eli G. Christy.

1. It pays to serve Je - sus,—I speak from my heart; He'll al - ways be
2. And oft when I'm tempted to turn from the track, I think of my
3. There's a place that remembrance still brings back to me, 'T was there I found
4. How rich is the bless-ing the world can - not give; I'm sat - is - fied

with us, if we do our part; There's naught in this wide world can
Sav - ior— my mind wan-ders back To the place where they nailed Him on
par-don,—'t was heav-en to me; There Je - sus spoke sweetly to
full - y for Je - sus to live; Tho' friends may for - sake me and

pleas-ure af-ford, There's peace and con-tent-ment in serv - ing the Lord.
Cal - va - ry's tree— I hear a voice say - ing: I suf-fered for thee!
my wear - y soul, My sins were for - giv - en, He made my heart whole.
tri - als a - rise, I'm trust - ing in Je - sus—His love nev - er dies.

D. S.—*ev - er the cost, I'll be a true sol - dier,—I'll die at my post.*

FINE.

CHORUS.

D. S.

{ I love Him far bet-ter than in days of yore,
I'll serve Him more truly than ev - er be-fore, } I'll do as He bids me, what-

No. 67. Somebody Knows.

COPYRIGHT, 1908 AND 1909, BY BY F. G. FISCHER.
WORDS AND MUSIC, E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Alfred H. Ackley. **B. D. Ackley.**

Legato.

1. Failing in strength when opprest by my foes, Somebody knows, Somebody knows;
2. Why should I fear when the care-billows roll? Somebody knows, Somebody knows;
3. Wounded and helpless and sick with distress, Somebody knows, Somebody knows;

Wait - ing for some one to banish my woes, Somebody knows—'t is Je - sus.
When the deep shadows sweep over my soul, Somebody knows—'t is Je - sus.
Long - ing for home and a mother's ca-ress, Somebody knows—'t is Je - sus.

CHORUS.

Somebody knows, Somebody knows When I am tempted and tried by my foes;

rit.

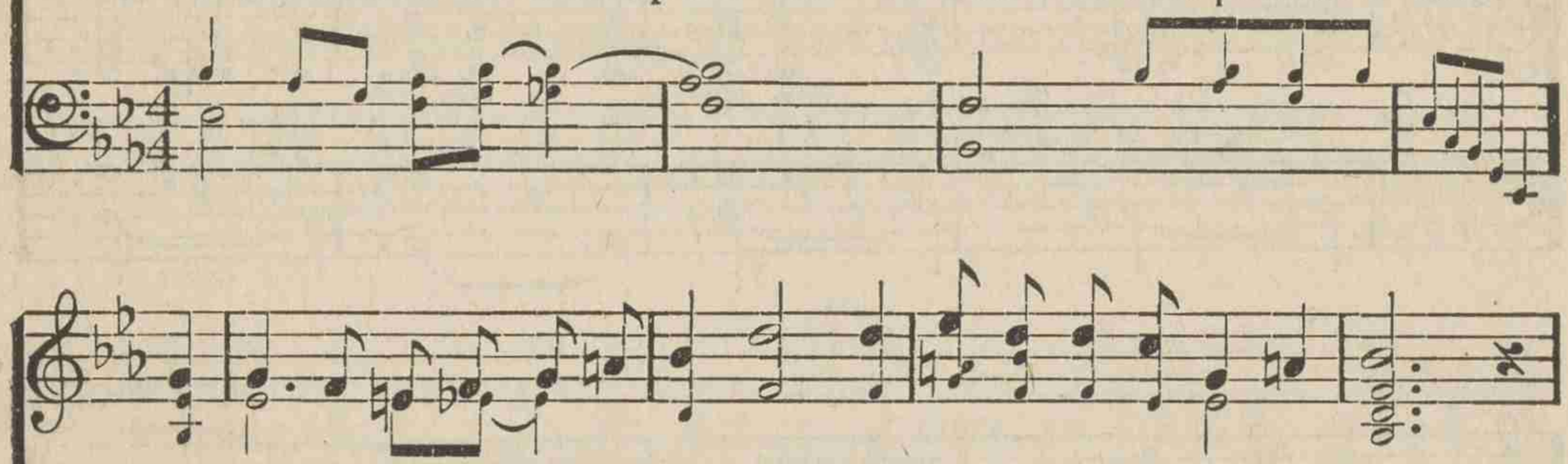
He is the One who will keep me—Some-bod-y knows—'t is Je - sus.

No. 68. Was It For Me?

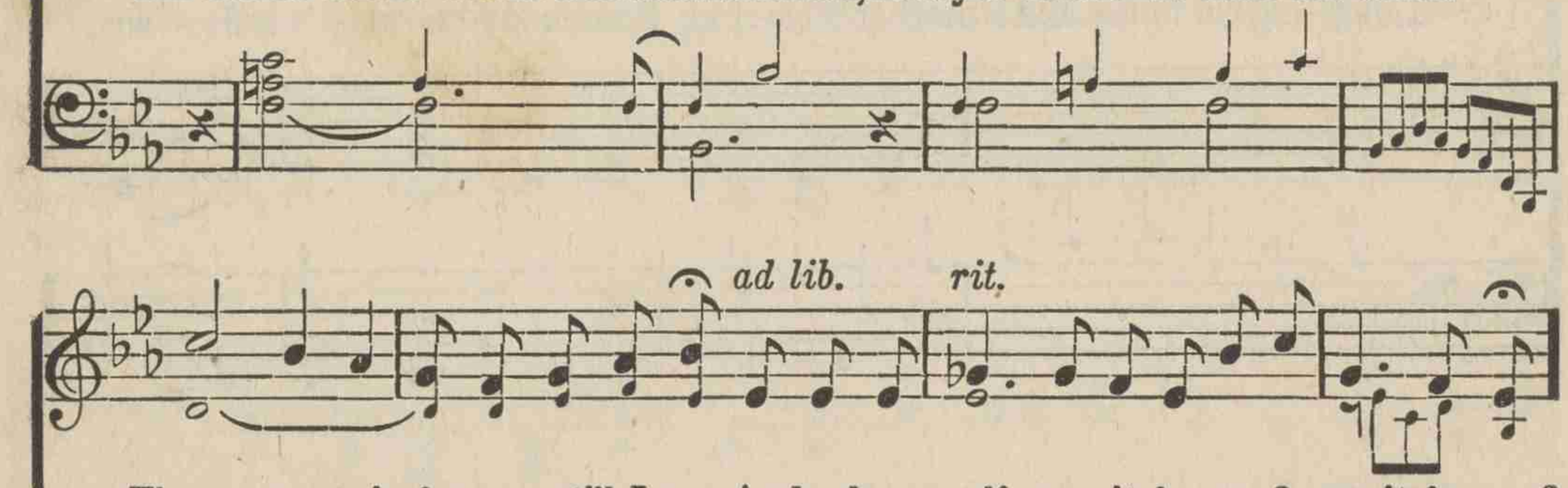
T. O. Chisholm. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. When-e'er I read the wondrous sto-ry Of Him who came the world to save;
2. I see Him prostrate in the gar-den! His Father's name I hear Him call!
3. I see the band with spears and torches! The hour of which He spake has come!
4. I see Him on the cross up-lift - ed! He treads the wine-press all a - lone!



The deeds He wro't, the things He suffered, How, at the last His life He gave;
His soul is wrung with aw-ful an-guish, He tastes the wormwood and the gall;
With cru-el hands they seize and bind Him, Then lead Him onward to His doom,
He seems as one whom God hath smitten, And yet what e-vil hath He done?



Those scenes, in fan-cy, still I see, And ask my-self, was it for me? was it for me?
His foll'wers sleep—a-lone is He—Again I ask, was it for me? was it for me?
Reviled and scourged! His foll'wers flee! Forsaken thus, was it for me? was it for me?
Not for Himself–that could not be–He knew no sin–it was for me! it was for me!

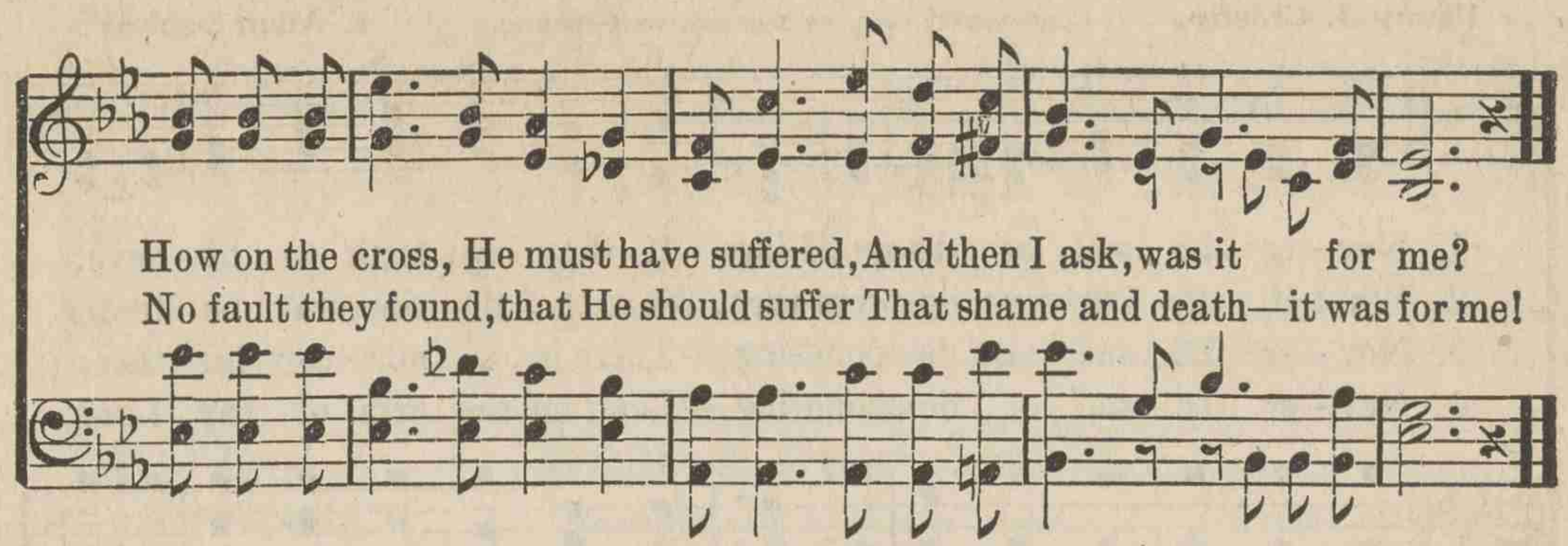


CHORUS.



1–3. I think of Him de-spised, re-ject-ed, I think of dark Geth-sem-a - ne,
4. For me the an-guish in the gar-den, For me the pains on Cal - va - ry;

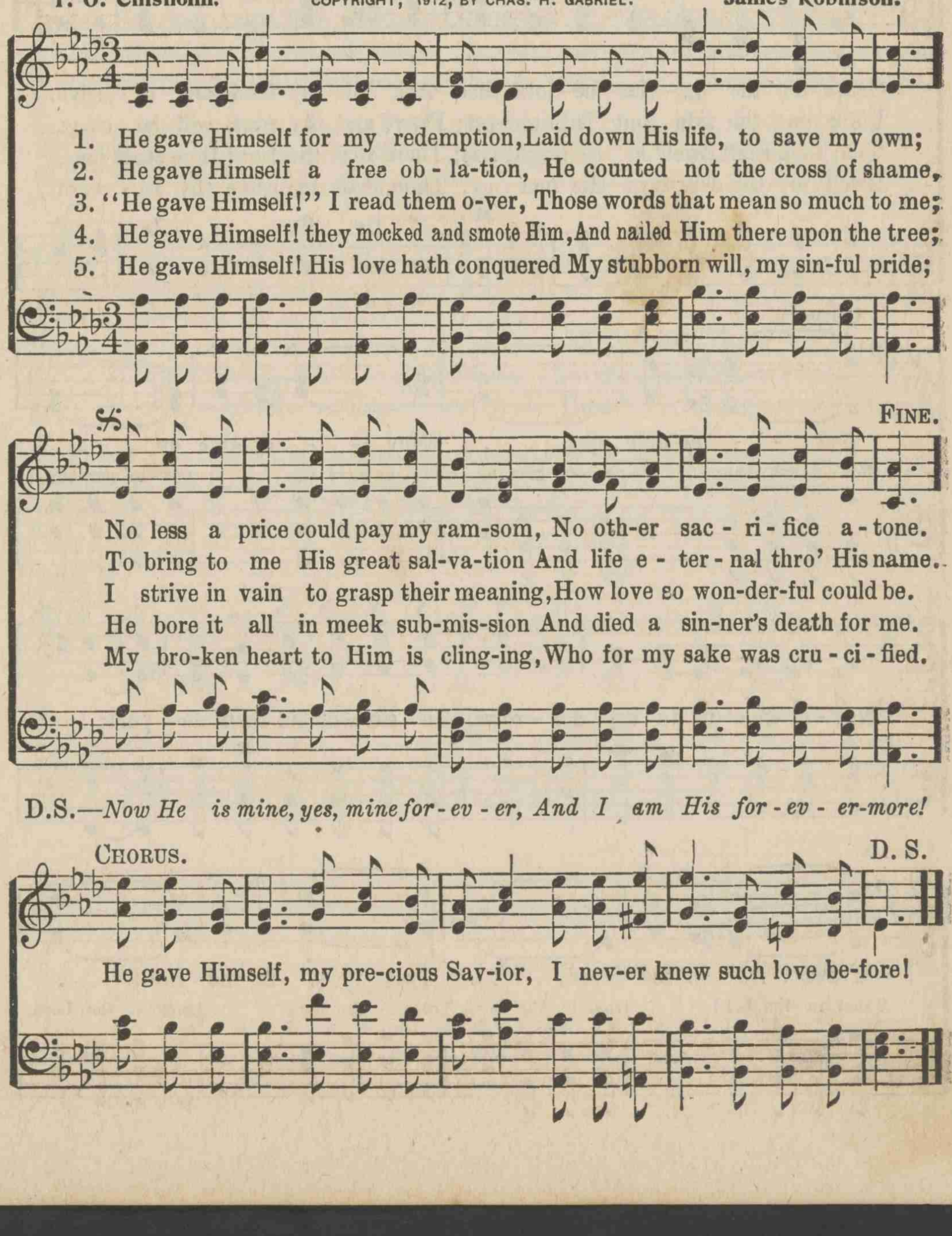
Was It For Me?



No. 69. He Gave Himself.

"The Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me."—GAL. 2: 14.

T. O. Chisholm. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. **James Robinson.**



No. 70. Never Give Up!

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO. **I. Allan Sankey.**

1. Nev - er be sad or de-spond-ing If thou hast faith to be - lieve;
2. What if thy bur-dens op-press thee, What tho' thy life may be drear?
3. Nev - er be sad or de-spond-ing,—There is a mor - row for thee;
4. Nev - er be sad or de-spond-ing,—Lean on the arm of thy Lord;

Grace for the du - ties be - fore thee Ask of thy God, and re - ceive.
Look on the side that is bright-est; Pray, and thy path will be clear.
Soon thou shalt dwell in its brightness; There with the Lord thou shalt be.
Dwell in the depths of His mer - cy, Thou shalt re - ceive thy re - ward.

CHORUS.

Nev - - er give up, ... Nev - - er give up, ...

Nev - er give up, nev - er give up, Nev - er give up, nev - er give up,

Nev - er give up to thy sor - rows, Je - sus will bid them de - part;

Trust . . . in the Lord, ... Trust . . . in the Lord, . . .

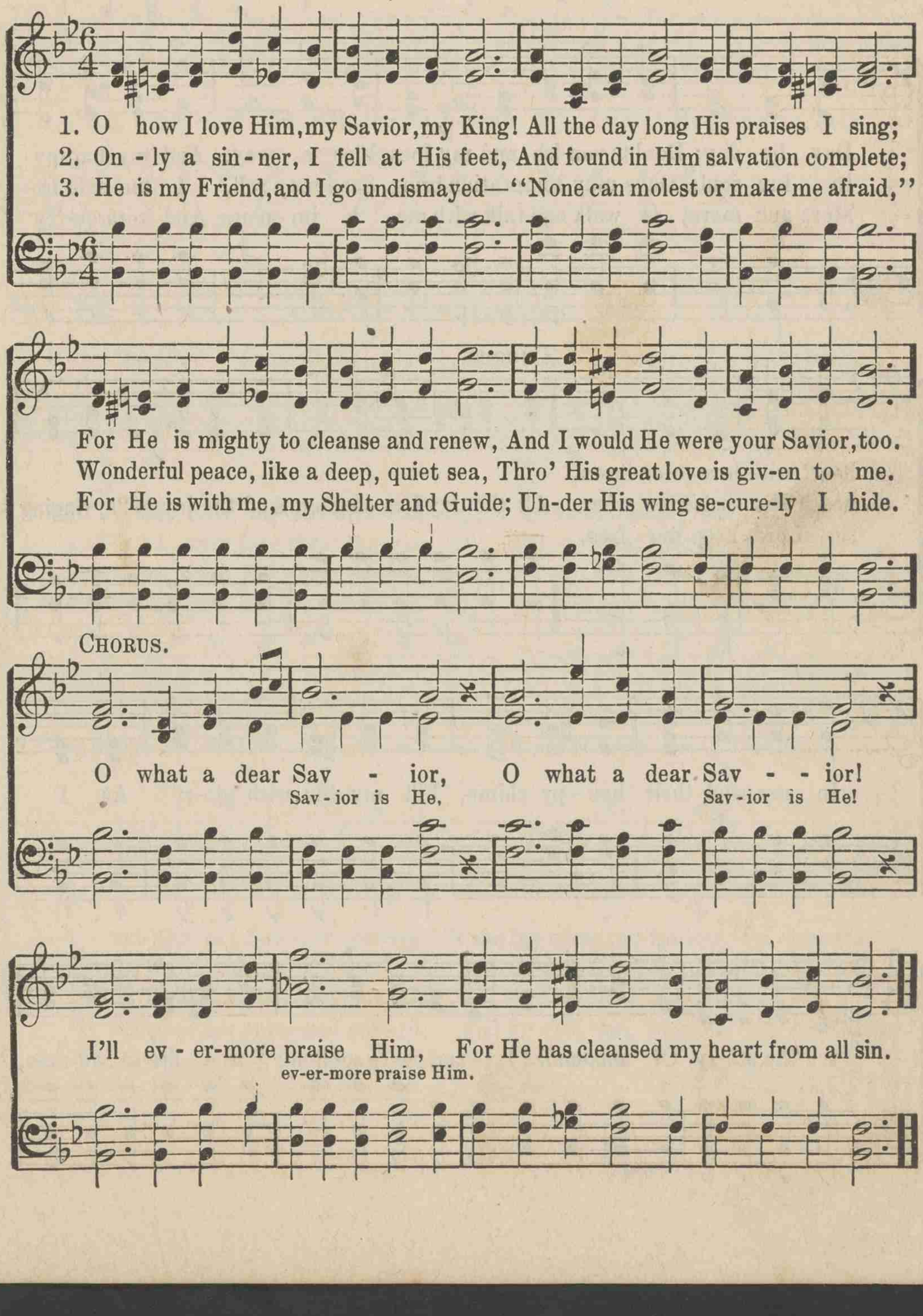
Trust in the Lord, trust in the Lord, Trust in the Lord, trust in the Lord,

Never Give Up!



No. 71. What a Dear Savior.

Alice Horton. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. **James M. Black.**



No. 72. Till I Meet Him Face to Face.

Charlotte G. Homer. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. **B. D. Ackley.**

1. Bright-er the sun-light glows On my way; Strong-er my vi-sion grows,
2. Since yield-ing to my King Full con - trol, Joy - bells so sweet-ly ring
3. This is my dai - ly plea O'er and o'er; More like my King to be,

Day by day; Doubts van-ish, and my foes Flee a - way, And my hap-py
In my soul; Days may temptation bring, Seas may roll, I am safe be-
More and more; O walk and talk with me, I im - plore, And from ev-'ry

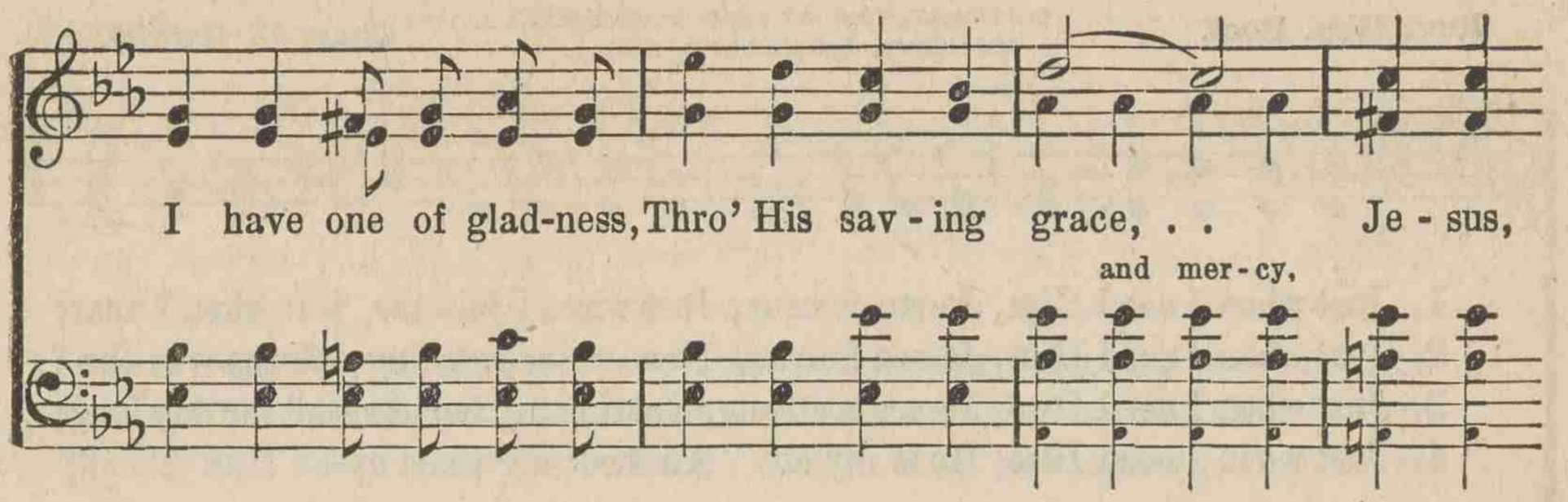
CHORUS.

heart with love o'er-flows.
neath His shelt'ring wing. All the day I'm singing, And the joy-bells, ringing
sin, Lord, keep me free.

In my soul their hap - py chime, Fill my life with glo-ry As I

tell the sto-ry Of unbounded love and peace sublime; For a life of sad-ness,

Till I Meet Him Face to Face.



No. 73. Where He Leads Me.

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

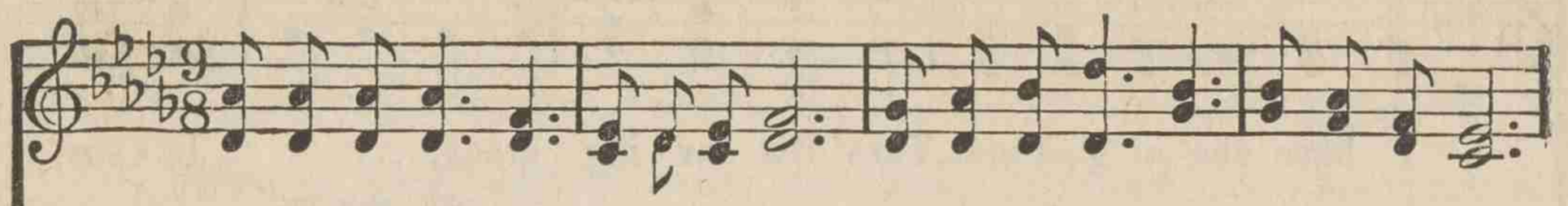


No. 74. Just When I Need Him Most.

Rev. Wm. Pool.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.



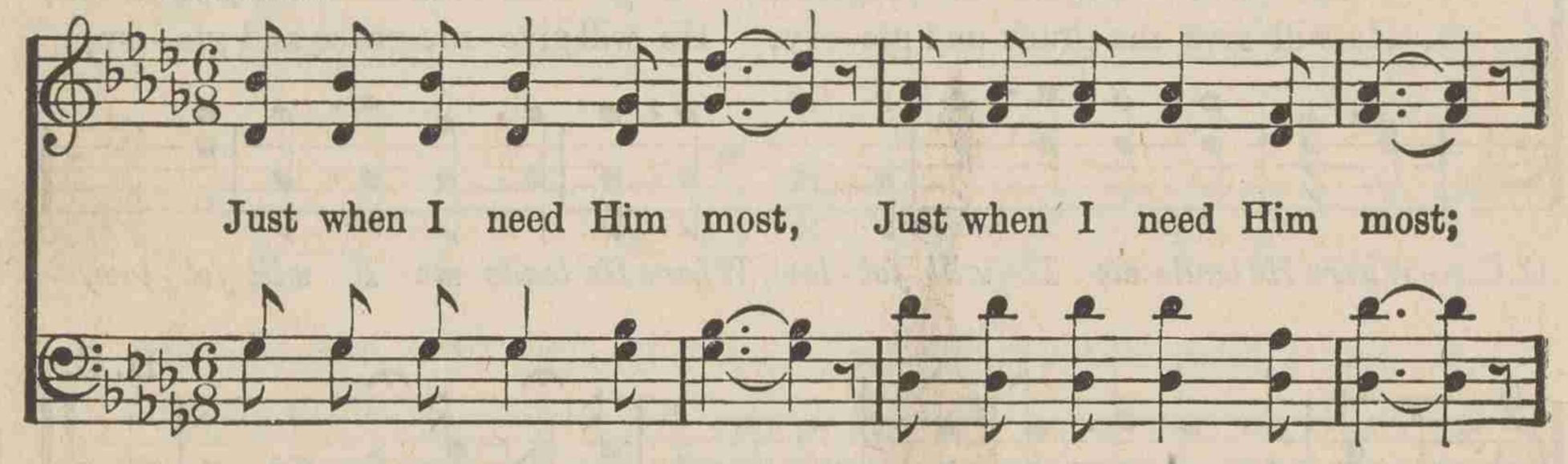
1. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is near, Just when I fal-ter, just when I fear;
2. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is true, Nev-er for-sak-ing all the way thro';
3. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is strong, Bearing my bur-dens all the day long;
4. Just when I need Him, He is my all, An-swer-ing when up-on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



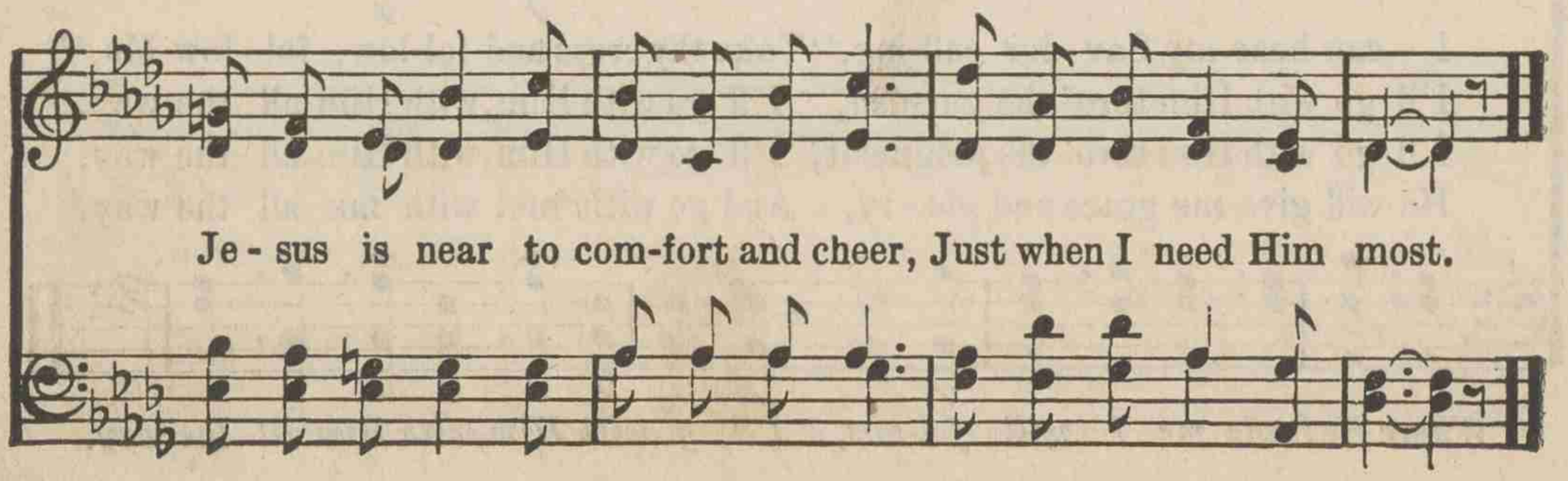
Read-y to help me, read-y to cheer, Just when I need Him most.
Giv-ing for bur-dens pleasures a-new, Just when I need Him most.
For all my sor-row giv-ing a song, Just when I need Him most.
Ten-der-ly watch-ing lest I should fall, Just when I need Him most.



CHORUS.



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



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

No. 75. I Am Happy in Him.

E. O. E.

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

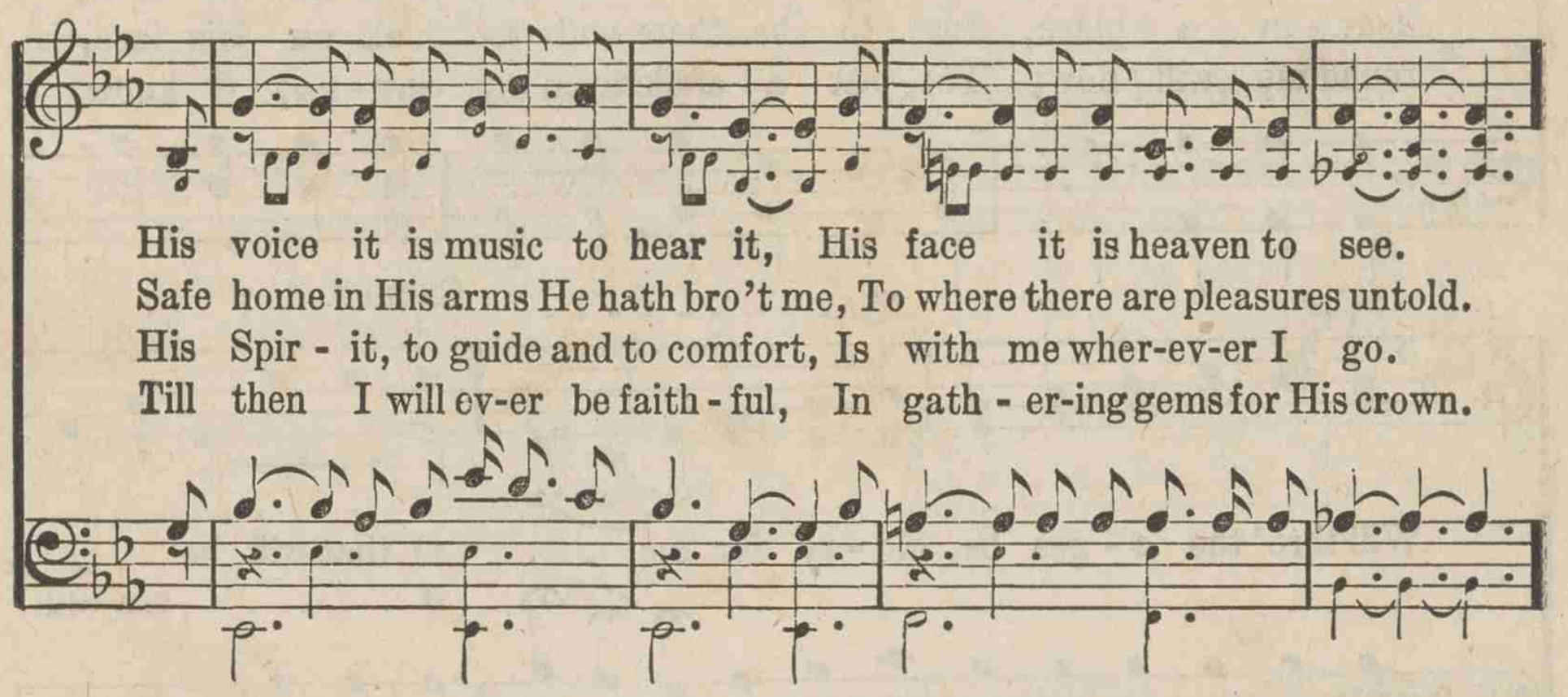
E. O. Excell.



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



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



CHORUS.



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



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

No. 76. O That Will Be Glory.

C. H. G.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

Rit.

CHORUS.

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

rit.

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

No. 77. Bring Peace to My Soul.

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

Helen M. Dungan. J. M. Dungan.

1. When earth-ly cares and sorrows roll Like o - cean's bil-lows o'er my soul No
2. I need Thee, oh, I need Thee so, To help me as I on - ward go; Sin's
3. No cloud can hide from me Thy face, No storm deprive me of Thy grace, No
4. In joy or sor-row still be near, To drive a-way my ev-'ry fear; Earth's

temp-est can my barque con-trol, If Thou wilt on - ly bring peace to my soul.
ar - rows can-not lay me low, If Thou wilt on - ly bring peace to my soul.
sin with - in my heart have place, If Thou wilt on - ly bring peace to my soul.
chang - es can-not harm me here, If Thou wilt on - ly bring peace to my soul.

CHORUS.

Bring peace to my soul to - day, . . . Bring peace . . . to - day, . . .
to - day, sweet peace to - day,

Bring peace to my soul to-day, to-day, Bring peace to my soul to - day.

No. 78. Does Jesus Care?

Frank E. Graff.

COPYRIGHT, 1901-1908, BY HALL-MACK CO.
USED BY PERMISSION.

J. Lincoln Hall

1. Does Je-sus care when my heart is pained Too deep-ly for mirth or song,
2. Does Je-sus care when my way is dark With a name-less dread and fear?
3. Does Je-sus care when I've tried and failed To re-sist some temptation strong?
4. Does Je-sus care when I've said "Good-bye!" To the dearest on earth to me,

As the bur-dens press, And the cares distress, And the way grows weary and long?
As the day-light fades Into deep night shades, Does He care enough to be near?
When in my deep grief I find no re-lief, Tho' my tears flow all the night long?
And my sad heart aches Till it nearly breaks: Is this aught to Him?—does He see?

CHORUS.

O yes, He cares; I know He cares, His heart is touched with my grief;

rit.

When the days are weary, The long nights dreary, I know my Sav-ior cares.

He cares.

No. 79. The Gifts of God.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Jessie Brown Pounds. WORDS AND MUSIC. **E. O. Excell.**

1. His gifts are great-er than my dreams, The gifts of God to me;
2. I ask a part, He gives the whole—Him-self, and all be-side;
3. "His ways are ways of pleas-ant-ness, His paths are paths of peace;"
4. With-in my heart He shall have place To rule and reign su-preme;

As count-less as the sun-set's gold-en beams, As bound-less as the sea.
His lov-ing-kind-ness o-ver-flows my soul, In-rush-ing as the tide.
His hand is ev-er reaching out to bless; He bids each sor-row cease.
My voice will ev-er praise Him for the grace Of which I ne'er could dream.

CHORUS.

His gifts are greater than my dreams, The gifts of Him who set me free;
His gifts are great-er, they are greater than my dreams.

And more and more a-bun-dant dai-ly seems The grace of God to me.

No. 80. Jesus is the Friend You Need.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Ada Powell. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Have you wandered from the Shepherd's fold a-way, In - to ways for-bid-den
2. Are you dai - ly burdened with a heav - y load, As you trav - el in the
3. Would you dwell within the mansions of the blest? Does your weary heart still

have you gone a - stray? Are you still in darkness, long - ing
straight and nar-row road? Are you striv-ing to be loy - al,
long for peace-ful rest? You will find the pil - grim-way is

for the day? Je - sus is the Friend you need.
pure and good? Je - sus is the Friend you need. Je - sus is the Friend you
al-ways best, Je - sus is the Friend you need. is the

need, Je - sus is the Friend you need; Let His love and
Friend you need, is the Friend you need;

light be yours to shine a - way the night, Je - sus is the Friend you need.

CHORUS.

No. 81. His Grace Aboundeth More.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Kate Ulmer. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. O what a won-der-ful Sav-ior In Je-sus my Lord I have found!
2. When a poor sin-ner He found me, No goodness to of-fer had I;
3. Noth-ing of mer-it pos-sess-ing, All help-less be-fore Him I lay;
4. In Him, my gracious Re-deem-er, My Proph-et, my Priest and my King,
5. How can I keep from re-joic-ing? I'll sing of the joy of my soul,

Tho' I had sins without num-ber, His grace un-to me did a-bound.
Oft-en His law I had bro-ken, And mer-it-ed naught but to die.
But in the precious blood flow-ing He washed all my sin-stains a-way.
Mer-cy I find and for-give-ness; My all to His keep-ing I bring.
Prais-ing the love of my Sav-ior, While years of e-ter-ni-ty roll.

CHORUS.

His grace a-bound-eth more,.. His grace a-bound-eth more;
and more,

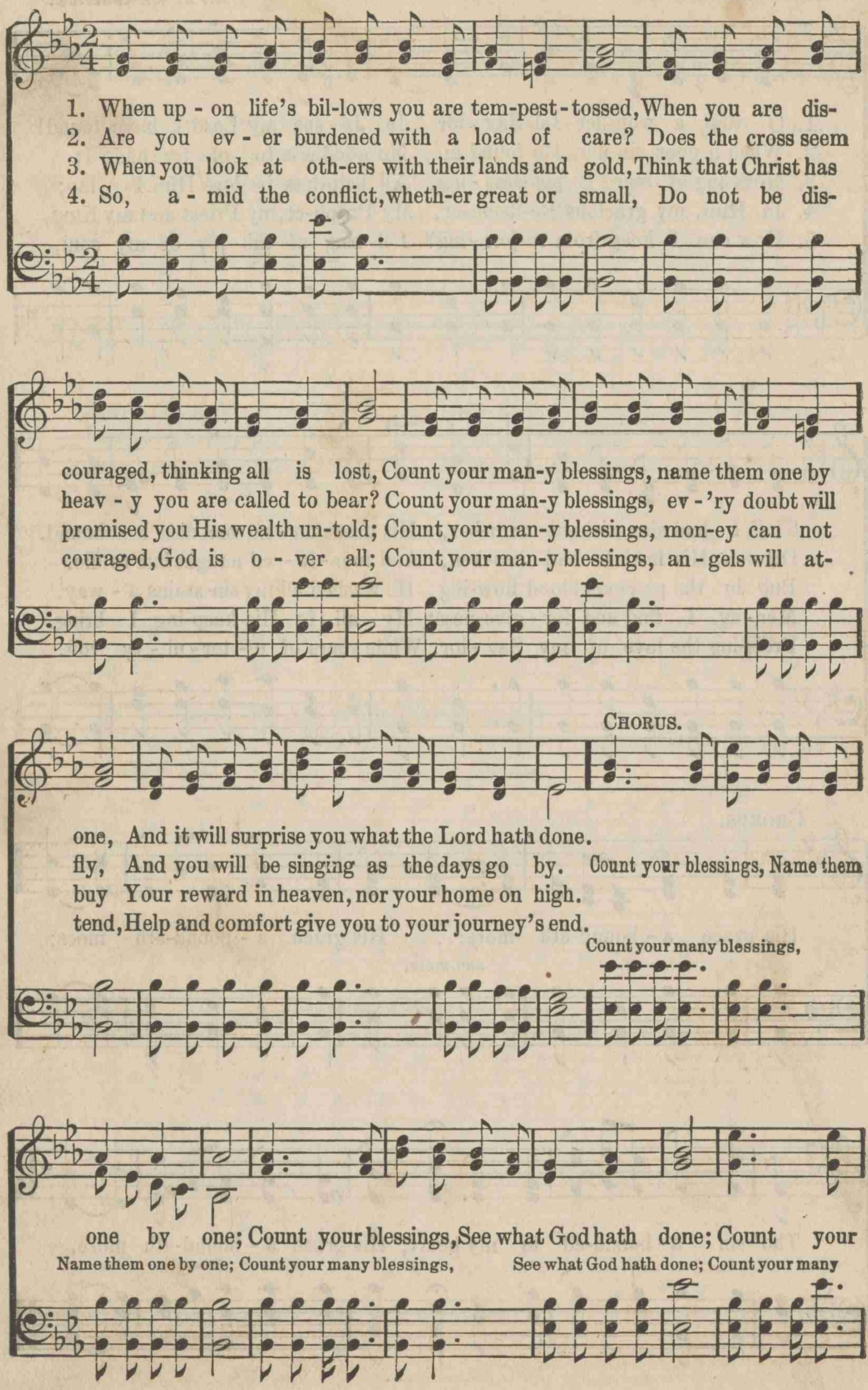
Tho' sin a-bound-ed in my heart, His grace a-bound-eth more.

No. 82. Count Your Blessings.

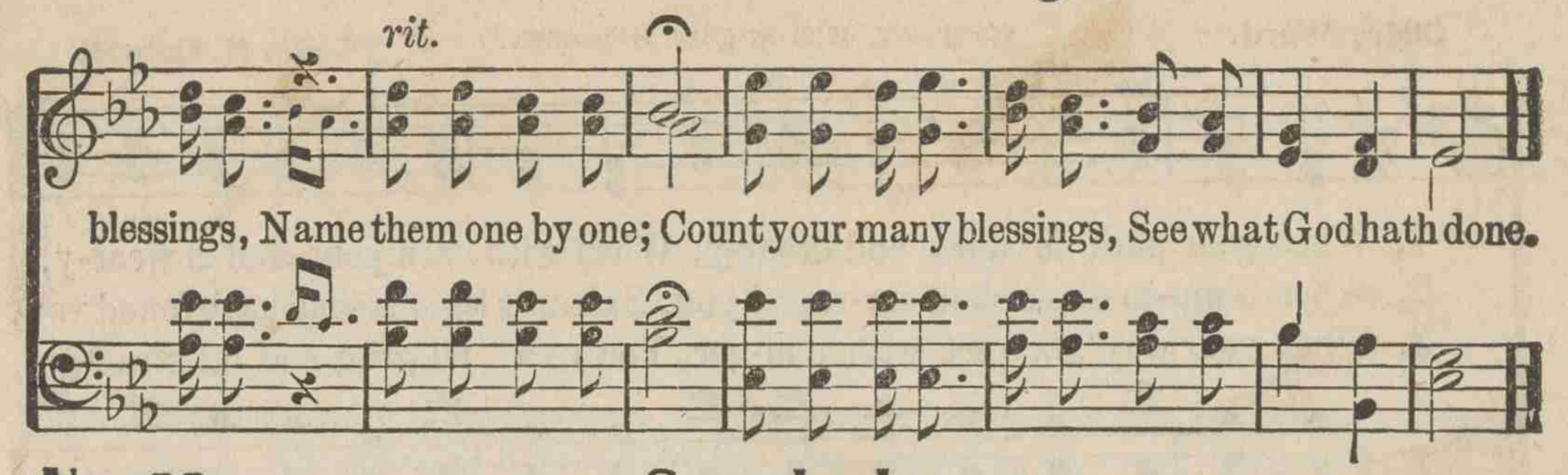
Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

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

E. O. Excell.



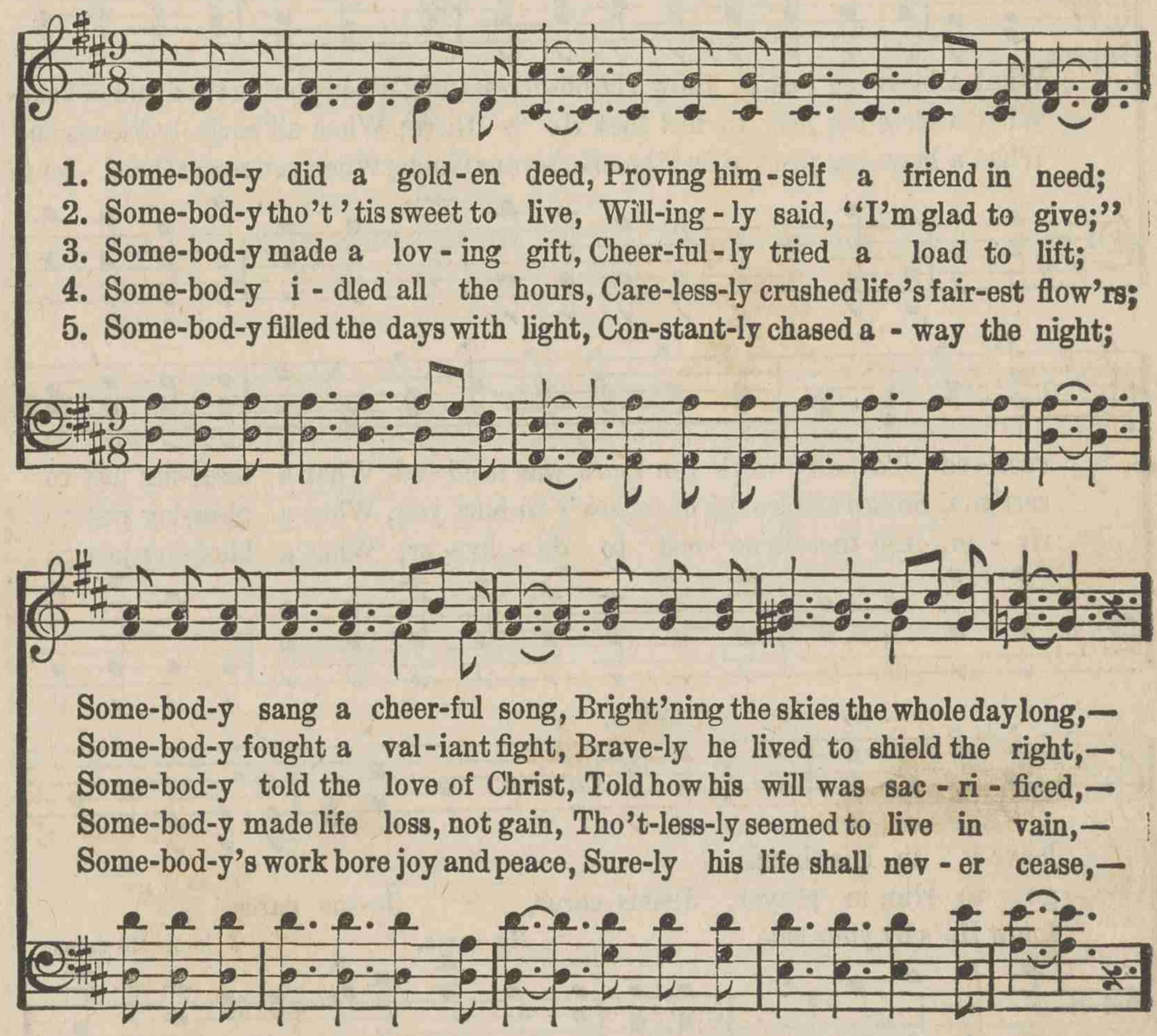
Count Your Blessings.



No. 83. Somebody.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY W. S. WEEDEN.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

John R. Clements. W. S. Weeden.



No. 84. Just to Know Jesus Cares.

Claire Ward. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. When your path is dark and drear-y, When with care your soul is wear-y,
2. When temp-ta-tions shall sur-round you, Sa-tan's legions shall have found you,
3. When your way's be - set with dan-ger, You're a pil-grim and a stran-ger,

What a bless-ing just to know He un-der-stands; When you've tried and not suc-
What a bless-ing just to feel that He is there; When all earth-ly friends de-
What a bless-ing just to feel that He's your Guide; When you reach the si - lent

ceed - ed To do work you know was need - ed, What a bless-ing just to
sert you, Smiles and frowns have pow'r to hurt you, What a bless-ing just to
riv - er, And there's no one to de - liv - er, What a bless-ing just to

CHORUS.

leave it in His hands.
go to Him in prayer. Je-sus cares, Je-sus cares,
know He's by your side. He cares, I know He cares,

1 2

Walks be-side me day by day; And I trust Him, fully trust Him all the way.

No. 85. Keep On Loving Jesus.

S. L. and Homer. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. **Otis Kline.**

1. When the world looks dark and drear, Keep on loving Je - sus; You will ev - er
2. When by foes you are as-sailed, Keep on loving Je - sus; When your strength has
3. Out of dark-ness day will break, Keep on loving Je - sus; Out of grief shall
4. Cling to Him thro' good or ill, Keep on loving Je - sus; Love Him, trust Him,
5. He will al-ways be your Friend, Keep on loving Je - sus; He will keep you

find Him near, Keep on lov-ing Je-sus.
al-most failed, Keep on lov-ing Je-sus.
joy a-wake, Keep on lov-ing Je-sus.
do His will—Keep on lov-ing Je-sus.
to the end, Keep on lov-ing Je-sus.

CHORUS.

Keep on lov - ing Je - sus, Love Him

ev-'ry day, ... Strive to do His bid-ding, Trust Him, and o-

Love Him tru - ly and

bey; . . . . . Love to tell the sto - ry Old, yet ev - er

show your loy - al - ty;

new; Keep on lov - ing Je - sus, Be-cause He first loved you.

No. 86. Spend One Hour With Jesus.

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

Katharine A. Grimes. **E. O. Excell.**

1. Wear - y soul by sin op-pressed, Spend one hour with Je - sus;
2. Do you fear the gath-'ring gloom? Spend one hour with Je - sus;
3. Ev - 'ry need He will sup - ply, Spend one hour with Je - sus;
4. All a - long life's storm-y way, Spend one hour with Je - sus;

He will give your spir - it rest, Spend one hour with Je - sus:
In the si - lent in - ner room, Spend one hour with Je - sus:
He a - lone can sat - is - fy, Spend one hour with Je - sus:
Call up - on Him day by day, Spend one hour with Je - sus:

He has felt your grief be - fore, Num-bered all your sor - rows o'er,
He will speak un - to your soul, Make your ev - 'ry heart-ache whole,
Oh, the mer - cy He will show, Oh, the grace He will be - stow,
Tell Him all— He is your Friend, He will count-less bless - ings send,

He will ev - 'ry joy re - store; Spend one hour with Je - sus.
Point you to the Heav'n-ly Goal; Spend one hour with Je - sus.
Grace to con - quer ev - 'ry foe; Spend one hour with Je - sus.
He will keep you to the end; Spend one hour with Je - sus.

No. 87. My Savior.

Maggie Gregory. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

Voices in Unison.

1. A - far from God I wan-dered,.. In fol - ly and in sin,..... Till Je - sus, Friend of sin - ners,.... Died, my poor
2. He taught me how to serve Him,.. He guides me day by day,.... And keeps my fee - ble foot-steps.... With - in the
3. He is so high and ho - ly, ... So pure and un - de- filed, ... It fills my heart with rap-ture..... To know I
4. Sometimes, with all the loved ones... Who've traveled on be- fore,.... I'll meet to see and know Him,... In heav'n for-

CHORUS.

soul to win.....
nar - row way..... He gave His life to save me.....
am His child..... He gave His life to save me Be-
ev - er - more.....

Be-cause He loved me so;..... In His own blood He
cause He so loved me, so loved me; In His own blood He

rit.

cleansed me,..... And made me white as snow.
cleansed me, He cleansed me, And made me white as the driv - en snow.

No. 88. The Victor's Song.

Maggie A. Pulver. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. Press on-ward, Christian sol-dier, press on-ward to the prize! Tho' shadows deep may gath-er and dis-mal clouds a-rise; Sometime the rays of sun-light will
2. Press on-ward, Christian sol-dier, the Mas-ter knoweth best! Thy way He hath ap-point-ed, and He will give thee rest; His face must be re-flec-ted, His
3. Press on-ward, Christian sol-dier, and gird thine ar-mor strong! The walls of sin are trembling, the fight will not be long; The hosts of sin and darkness are

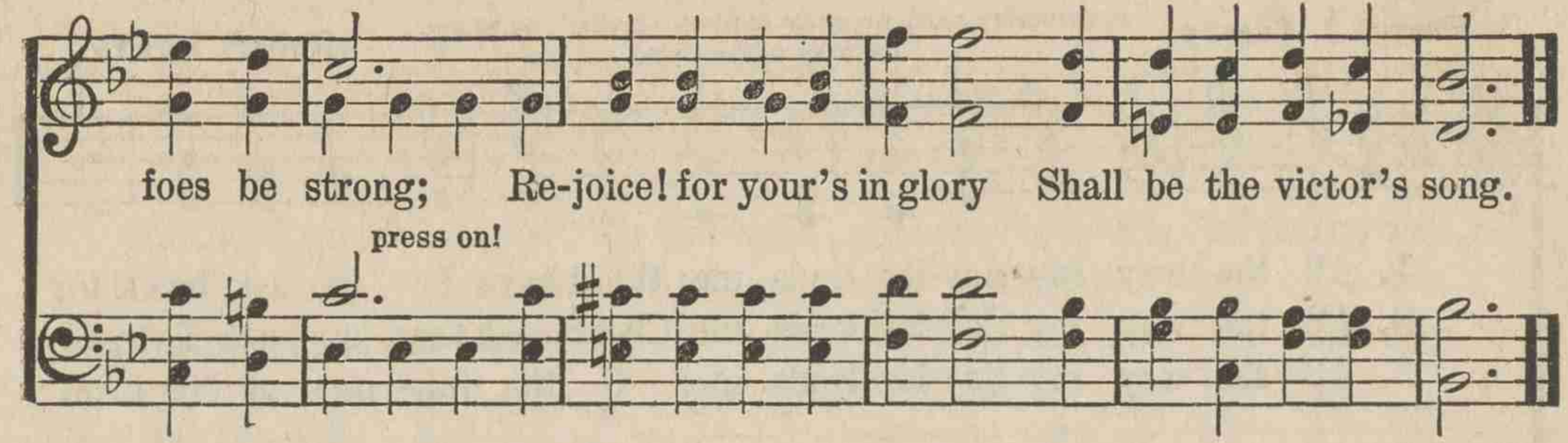
pierce the deepest gloom, And round thy rugged pathway The flow'rs of peace shall bloom.
fire all dross con-sume, Then in His arms protected The flow'rs of peace shall bloom.
march-ing to their doom, Then in thy heart for-ev-er The flow'rs of peace shall bloom.

CHORUS.

Press on-ward, on-ward, The prize lies just be-yond! Press on-ward,
up-ward, on-ward, for The prize lies just be-yond! up-ward.

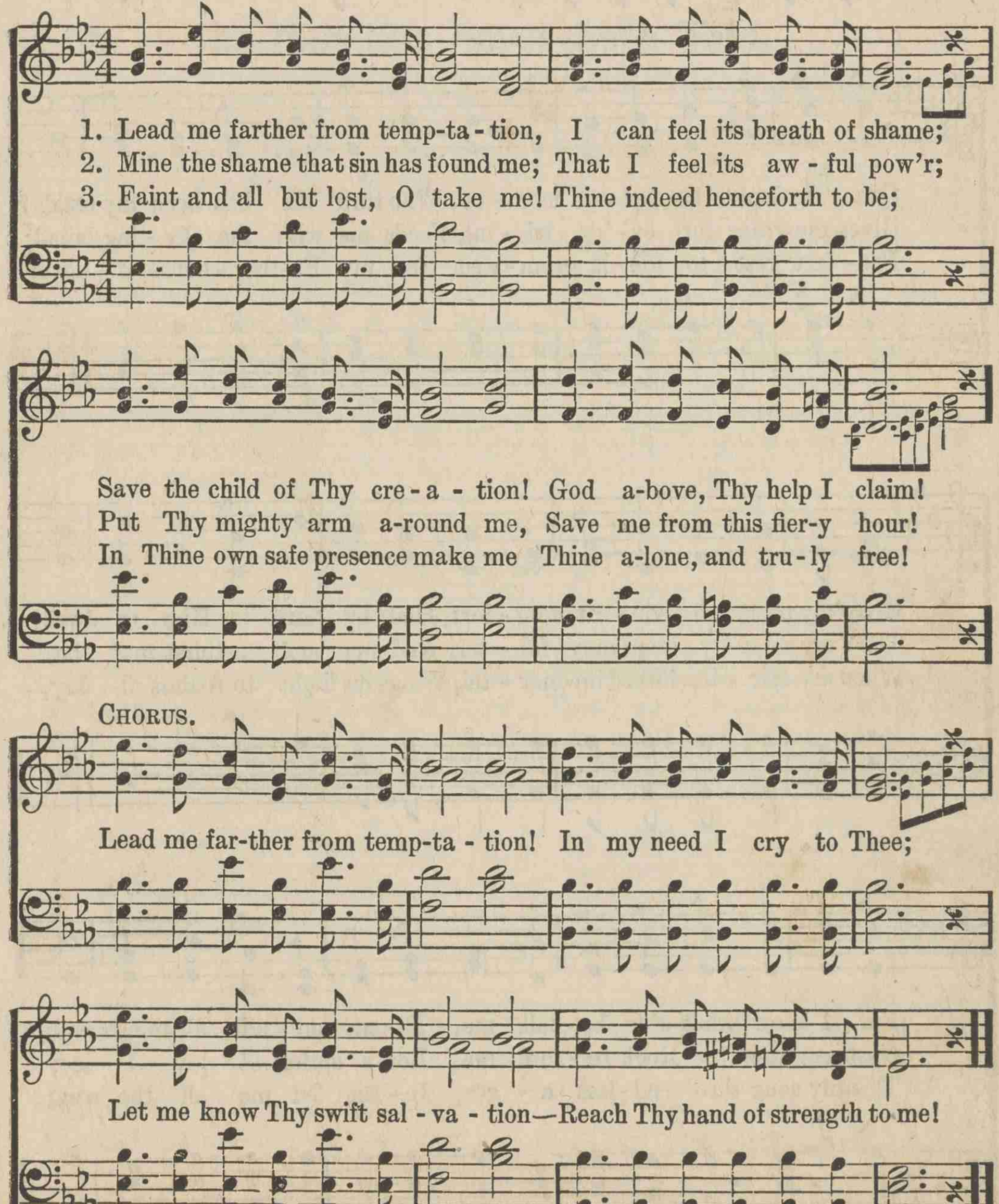
on-ward, Soon shall thy crown be won! Press on-ward, on-ward! Fear not, tho'
on-ward press! upward, onward, and

The Victor's Song.



No. 89. Lead Me Farther From Temptation.

Jessie Brown Pounds. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. **Henry P. Morton.**



No. 90. All the Way My Savior Leads Me.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL
USED BY PERMISSION. **Robert Lowry.**

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

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

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

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

All the Way My Savior Leads Me.



No. 91. The Half Has Never Been Told.

COPYRIGHT, 1883, BY R. E. HUDSON.
USED BY PER.

Frances R. Havergal. R. E. Hudson.



CHORUS.

No. 92. More Like the Master.

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

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

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

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

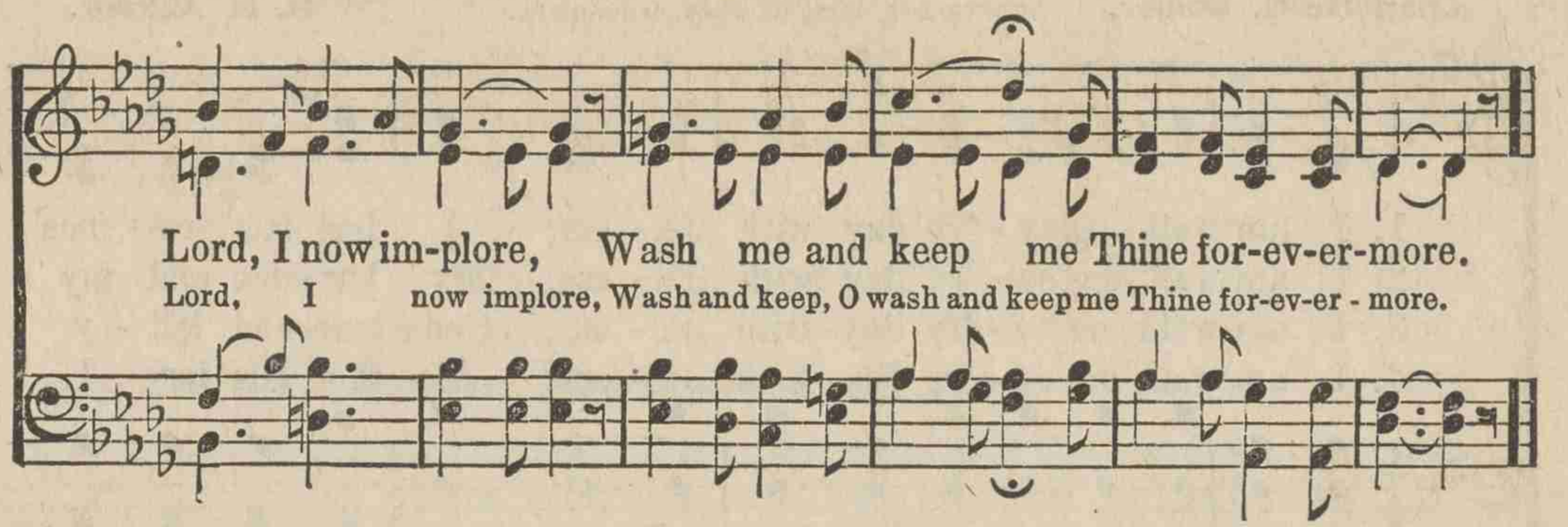
true, More con - se - cra - tion for work He bids me do.
in; More of His Spir - it, the wan - der - er to win.
lee, More like the Mas - ter I long to ev - er be.

CHORUS.

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

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

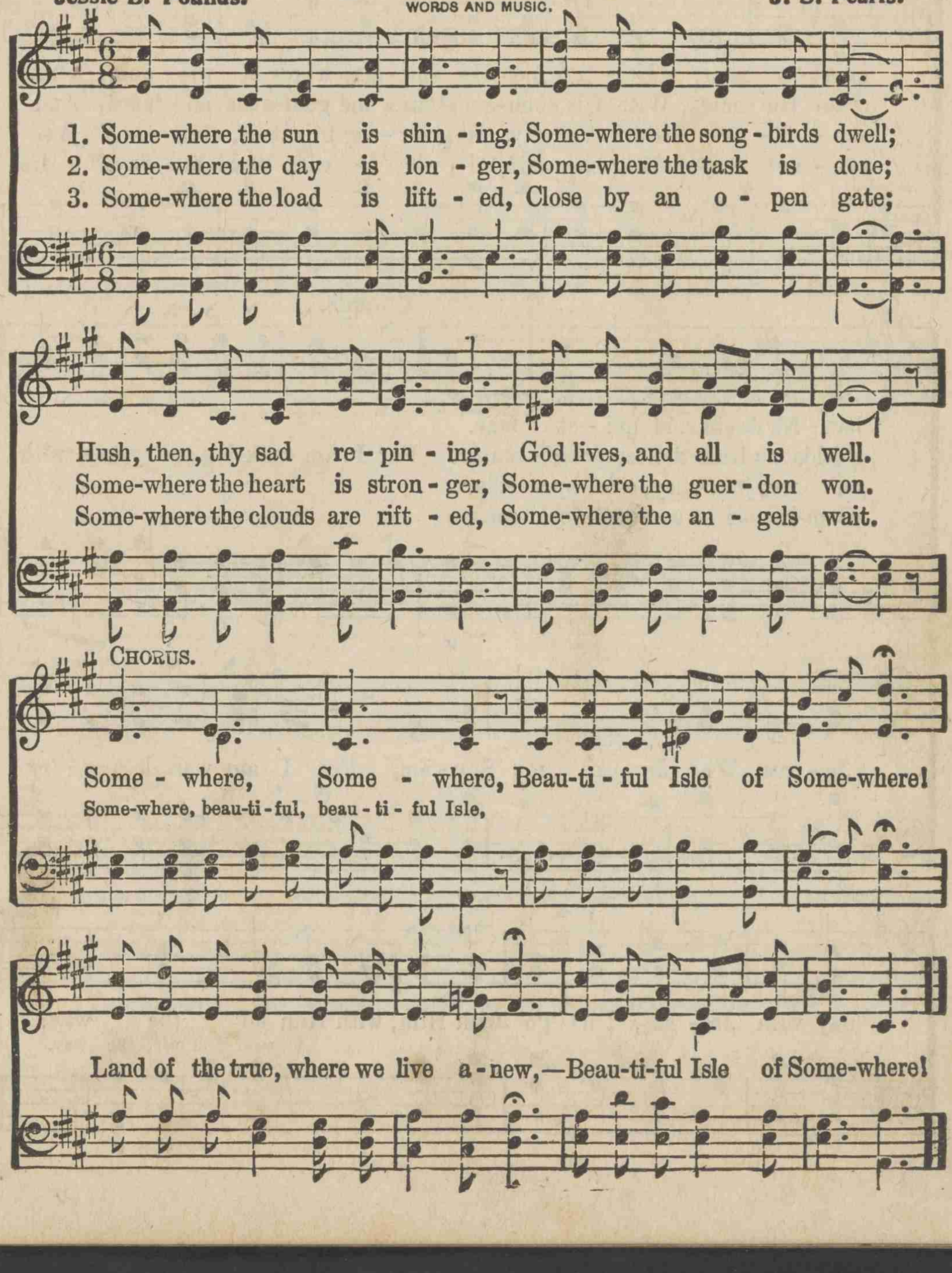
More Like the Master.



No. 93. Beautiful Isle.

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Jessie B. Pounds. WORDS AND MUSIC. J. S. Fearis.



No. 94. Walking With Jesus.

Charlotte G. Homer. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. **B. D. Ackley.**

1. I am walk-ing ev - 'ry day with Je - sus; I feel His pres - ence sweet - ly near; Un - to me He whis - pers words of wis - dom, That
2. I am walk-ing ev - 'ry day with Je - sus; My bur - den and my cross He shares, With His coun - sel guards and guides me on - ward, And
3. I am walk-ing ev - 'ry day with Je - sus, Con - tent and full - y sat - is - fied; For the way is grow - ing bright-er, clear - er, As
4. I am walk-ing ev - 'ry day with Je - sus; Al - tho' His face I can - not see, He has said, "I will be with thee al - way,"—His

CHORUS.

ban - ish doubt and qui - et fear.
shields me from the tempt-er's snares. For I am walk-ing ev-'ry day with
on we jour - ney, side by side.
prom-ise is e - nough for me.

Je - sus, With Je - sus my Sav - ior; For I am walk-ing ev - 'ry day with Je - sus, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

with Him all the way.

No. 95. Pentecostal Power.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Charlotte G. Homer. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Lord, as of old at Pen - te - cost Thou didst Thy pow'r dis - play,
2. For might - y works for Thee prepare, And strengthen ev - 'ry heart;
3. All self con-sume, all sin de-stroy! With ear - nest zeal en - due
4. Speak, Lord! be-fore Thy throne we wait, Thy prom-ise we be - lieve,

With cleans-ing, pu - ri - fy - ing flame De-scend on us to - day.
Come, take pos - ses - sion of Thine own, And nev - er - more de - part.
Each wait - ing heart to work for Thee; O Lord, our faith re - new!
And will not let Thee go un - til The bless - ing we re - ceive.

CHORUS.

Lord, send the old-time pow'r, the Pen - te-cos-tal pow'r! Thy flood-gates of

bless-ing on us throw o - pen wide! Lord, send the old - time pow'r, the

Pen-te-cos-tal pow'r, That sinners be con-vert-ed and Thy name glo-ri - fied!

No. 96. Winning Souls For Jesus.

J. B. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.

J. B. Mackay.

1. Rouse, ye Chris-tian work - ers, be ye up and do - ing, Shall the
2. Wait no lon - ger for some more con-ven - ient sea - son, Souls are
3. Do your spir - its fal - ter at the un - der - tak - ing, Lest one
4. Ev - 'ry soul you win shall add a star of beau - ty To the

Mas-ter's king-dom suf - fer at your hands? There are pre-cious souls just
dy - ing 'round you, let them not be lost; Talk or sing of Je - sus,
might re - pay you with a cru - el sneer? Do not let them per - ish,
crown of glo - ry Je - sus has for you; Al - ways thus be work - ing,

FINE.

wait-ing for your wooing, Go ye forth and win them, Christ your Lord commands.
they will yield to rea - son, Tell of their re - demp-tion, what a price it cost.
stand no lon-ger quak-ing, Win them for the Mas - ter, tell them He is near.
do - ing all your du - ty, Winning souls for Je - sus, they will bless you too.

D. S.—*seeking to re-claim them, O be up and winning souls, while 't is called to-day.*

CHORUS.

Win-ning souls, win-ning souls, win-ning souls for Je - sus, O what joy in

win - ning souls from the down-ward way; Out up - on the high - ways,

D. S.

No. 97. Jesus Has You On His Heart.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

T. O. Chisholm. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Do you car - ry bur - dens hard to bear? Are you some-times
2. Do you think you suf - fer here a - lone? All your pain and
3. If the way be heav - y you must tread, Though your eyes can
4. Still He loves, as on that aw - ful day When for you His

tempt-ed to de - spair? Go tell Je - sus, He will hear your prayer,
grief to Him are known; Plead-ing there be - fore the Fa-ther's throne,
see no light a - head, Still press on, there's naught for you to dread,
life - blood ebbed a - way; Love like that can nev - er know de - cay,—

CHORUS.

Je - sus has you on His heart. Je - sus has you on His
heart, Je - sus has you on His heart; He knows, and waits to
He loves you, al - way;
share the bur-dens you must bear, Je - sus has you on His heart.
yes,

No. 98. Have Faith in God.

M. A. S. COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY MAY AGNEW STEPHENS. May Agnew Stephens.

1. Do you ev - er feel down-hearted or dis-cour-aged? Do you ev - er think your work is all in vain? Do the bur - dens thrust up - on you make you trem - ble, And you fear that you shall ne'er the vic - t'ry gain?.....
2. Darkest night will al-ways come be-fore the dawning, Sil - ver lin - ings shine on God's side of the cloud; All your jour - ney He has prom-ised to be with you, Naught has come to you but what His love al - lowed.....
3. God is might-y—He is a - ble to de - liv - er; Faith can vic - tor be in ev - 'ry try - ing hour; Fear and care, and sin and sor - row be de- feat - ed By our faith in God's al-might-y con-qu'ring pow'r.....

ad lib.

vic - t'ry gain?

His love al - lowed.

con-qu'ring pow'r.

CHORUS.

Have faith in God,..... the sun will shine,.....
Have faith in God, the sun will shine,

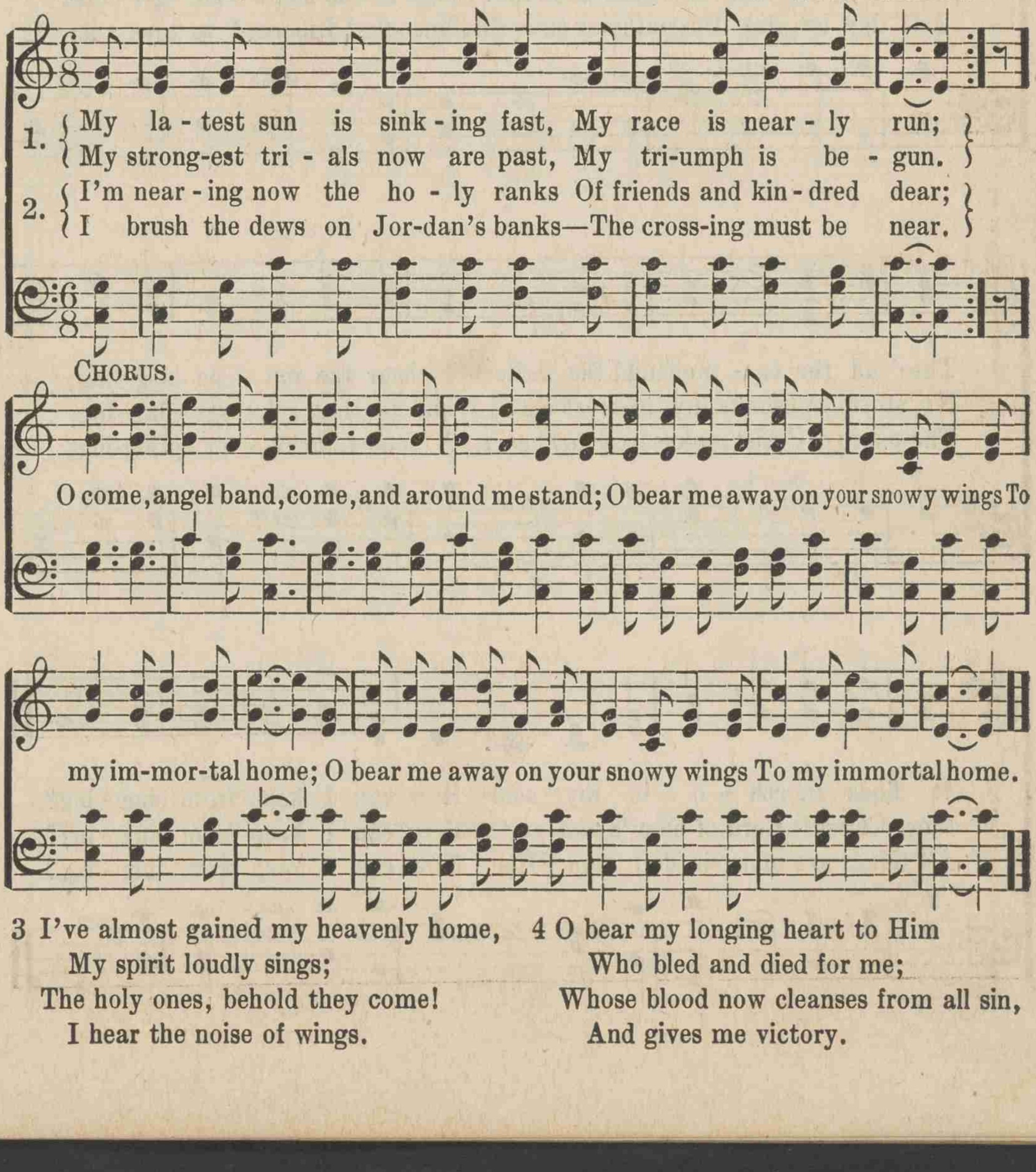
Tho' dark the cloud..... may be to - day;.....
Tho' dark the cloud may be to - day;

Have Faith in God.



No. 99. The Land of Beulah.

Rev. J. Haskell. W. B. Bradbury.



3 I've almost gained my heavenly home,
My spirit loudly sings;
The holy ones, behold they come!
I hear the noise of wings.

4 O bear my longing heart to Him
Who bled and died for me;
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,
And gives me victory.

No. 100. How Can I Keep From Singing?

BY PERMISSION OF MARY RUNYON LOWRY.

R. L. Robert Lowry.

1. My life flows on in end - less song; A-bove earth's lam-en - ta - tion
2. What tho' my joys and com-forts die? The Lord my Sav - ior liv - eth!
3. I lift my eyes; the cloud grows thin, I see the blue a - bove it;

I catch the sweet tho' far - off hymn That hails a new cre - a - tion;
What tho' the dark-ness gath-er round? Songs in the night He giv - eth:
And day by day this pathway smooths, Since first I learned to love it:

Thro' all the tu - mult and the strife I hear the mu - sic ring - ing;
No storm can shake my in-most calm, While to that ref - uge cling - ing;
The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart, A foun-tain ev - er spring-ing;

It finds an ech - o in my soul—How can I keep from sing - ing?
Since Christ is Lord of heav'n and earth, How can I keep from sing - ing?
All things are mine since I am His— How can I keep from sing - ing?

No. 101. He Knoweth My Way.

Ernest G. W. Wesley. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. He know-eth the way that is best for me, To Him all my paths I con - fide. One step at a time I ask to see, Con-
2. He know-eth the way that is best for me, I fol - low wher- ev - er He leads: O'er de - sert, or plain, or storm-tossed sea, I
3. He know-eth the way that is best for me, Thro' eve-ning, or mid-night, or noon; His choice, as He shows, my choice shall be: The

CHORUS.

tent in His will to a - bide.
trust Him—He know-eth my needs. He know - eth my way, He know-eth my way, His way is the best for me; . . . He knoweth my
His way is the best for me;
end of the jour-ney comes soon.
way, He know-eth my way, His way is the best for me. . .

No. 102. Over and Over Again.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Floy S. Armstrong. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. How man-y times has He lightened our cares, O-ver and o-ver a - gain! How many times has He answered our prayers, Over and over a - gain! Then tell of His
2. He ne'er re - fus-es to hear, tho' we call O - ver and o-ver a - gain, Sends show'rs of blessings so freely on all, O-ver and o - ver a - gain; Oh, why are you
3. Tho' we may wander in by-ways of sin, O - ver and o-ver a - gain, The heart of Je-sus will bid us come in, O-ver and o - ver a - gain; Then let us be

good-ness to thee and to thine, And tell of His mercies to me and to mine, Re-
si - lent so often, so long, When telling the story will turn them from wrong? Then
will - ing, wher-ev-er the place, To tell of His kindness, His pardon, His grace, And

peat the old sto-ry of par-don di - vine, O - ver and o-ver a - gain. . . . .
tell it, O tell it in praise or in song,
some day in glory we'll look on His face, O - - ver and o - ver a - gain.

CHORUS.

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

Over and Over Again.



No. 103. Teach Me Thy Will, O Lord.

Katharine A. Grimes.

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

E. O. Excell.



No. 104. We Shall See the King Some Day.

L. E. J.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

L. E. Jones.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

We will shout and sing some day (some day); Gathered round the throne,

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

No. 105. I Shall Know My Savior.

C. H. G. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I shall know my Sav-ior when I reach that cit-y With its Jasper walls and shin-ing streets of gold; When my eyes are o-pened in that world of beau-ty,
2. I shall know my Sav-ior when He bids me welcome To His presence where my heav'n-ly mansion stands, By His voice—far sweeter than the an-gels' mu-sic,
3. I shall know my Sav-ior when I cross the riv-er—I shall look for Him in heav'n the first of all; How my heart will quiv-er with the joy of meet-ing

CHORUS.

His dear face will be the first I shall be-hold.
By His face, and by His blessed wounded hands. I shall know my blessed Savior
Him, and at His feet in ec-sta-sy to fall.

when I meet Him there In that city always bright and fair; Saved by
cit-y . . . . always bright and fair, so bright and fair;

His redeeming grace, I shall look into His face, I shall know my blessed Savior there.

No. 106. A Little While.

Katharine A. Grimes. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. A lit - tle while to watch, and wait, and wonder, A lit - tle while to
2. A lit - tle while to wan-der in the shad-ows, Be - set by strife and
3. A lit - tle while—it seems so long and drear-y; We can - not un - der-

pray, . . And then life's gold-en cord will part a - sun - der To let us
stain, ... A lit - tle while to gath-er in life's meadows The bit - ter-
stand, ... As we up - on the shore, a-lone and wear - y, Must touch the

drift a - way. A hand to clasp, a moment's faith un-sha-ken, A
sweet of pain. And aft - er that the peace of death's wide riv-er, Life's
part - ing hand. But, blessed thought, a-cross the distance wing-ing From

fleet - ing glance of love, Earth's dreams forever done, we glad-ly wa - ken In
last soft touch of grace, And then the long, long bliss of God's for-ev-er, The
where God's morning smiles, The knell will never sound 'mid heaven's singing, "'T is

God's bright morn a - bove. A lit - tle while, ... a lit-tl
glo - ry of His face. A lit - tle while, ... a lit-tle
but a lit - tle while." A lit - tle while, ... a lit-tle

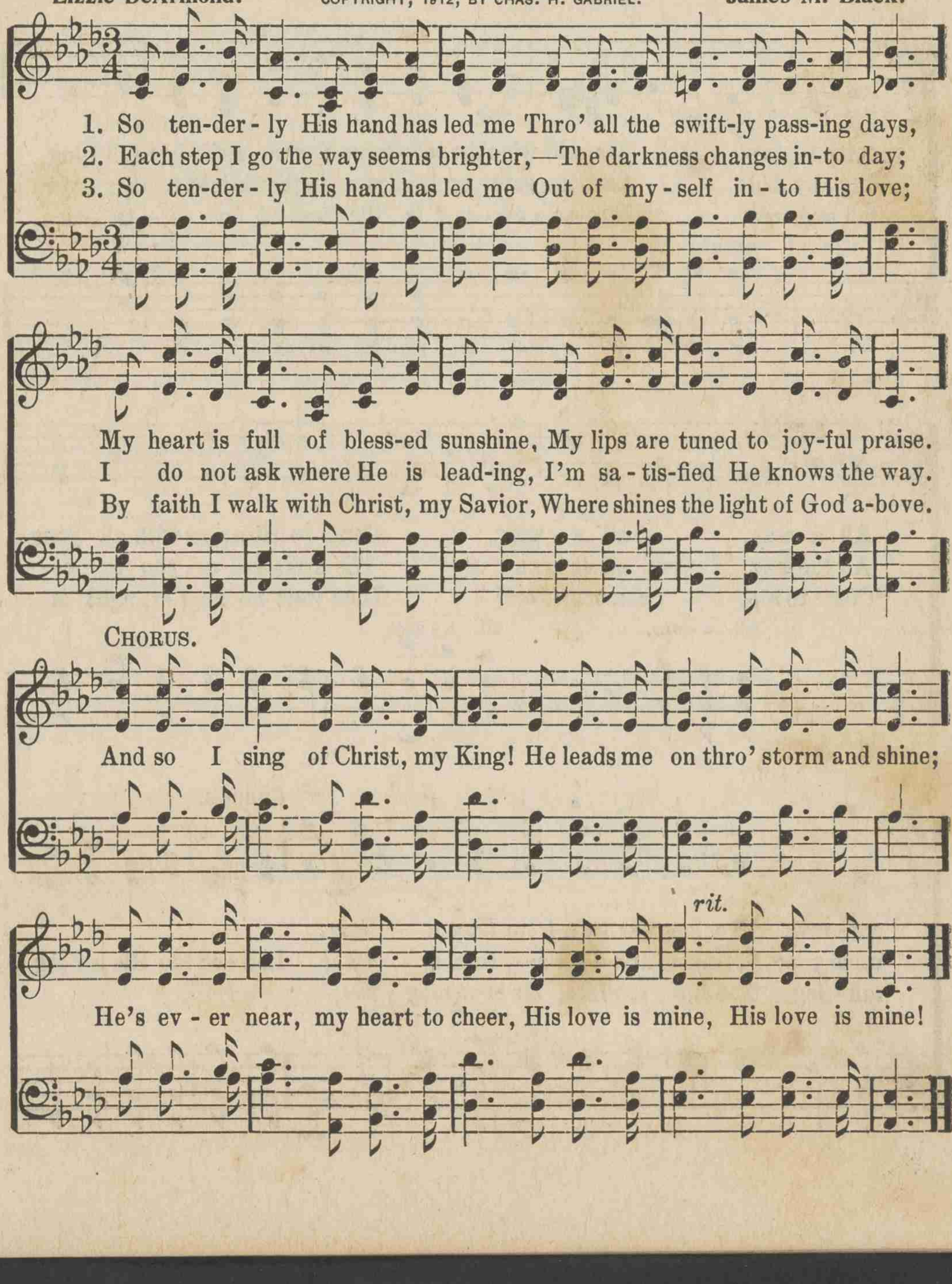
1. A lit - tle while,

A Little While.



No. 107. His Love is Mine.

Lizzie DeArmond.
COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
James M. Black.



No. 108. Come Today.

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

R. L. B. R. L. Blowers.

1. Do you hear the Savior's voice so sweet-ly call - ing, Come to-day,
2. If you trust Him He will take a - way your sor - row, Day by day,
3. He a - lone can give you par-don and sal - va - tion, Full and free,

Come to - day,

come to-day; He will wipe the teardrops now so swift-ly fall - ing,
day by day; And in safe - ty lead you to that bright to-mor - row,
full and free; "Who - so - ev - er," is the bless-ed in - vi - ta - tion,

come to - day;

All a - way, all a - way; Come to Him now with all your
All the way, all the way; His arms are o - pen to re-
"Come to me, come to me;" Then wait no long-er, night is

All a - way, all a - way;

CHORUS.

sor - row, No long - er turn from Him a - way;
ceive you; From sin and dark-ness turn a - way; List - en to His lov-ing
fall - ing, Too late, too late, He soon may say;

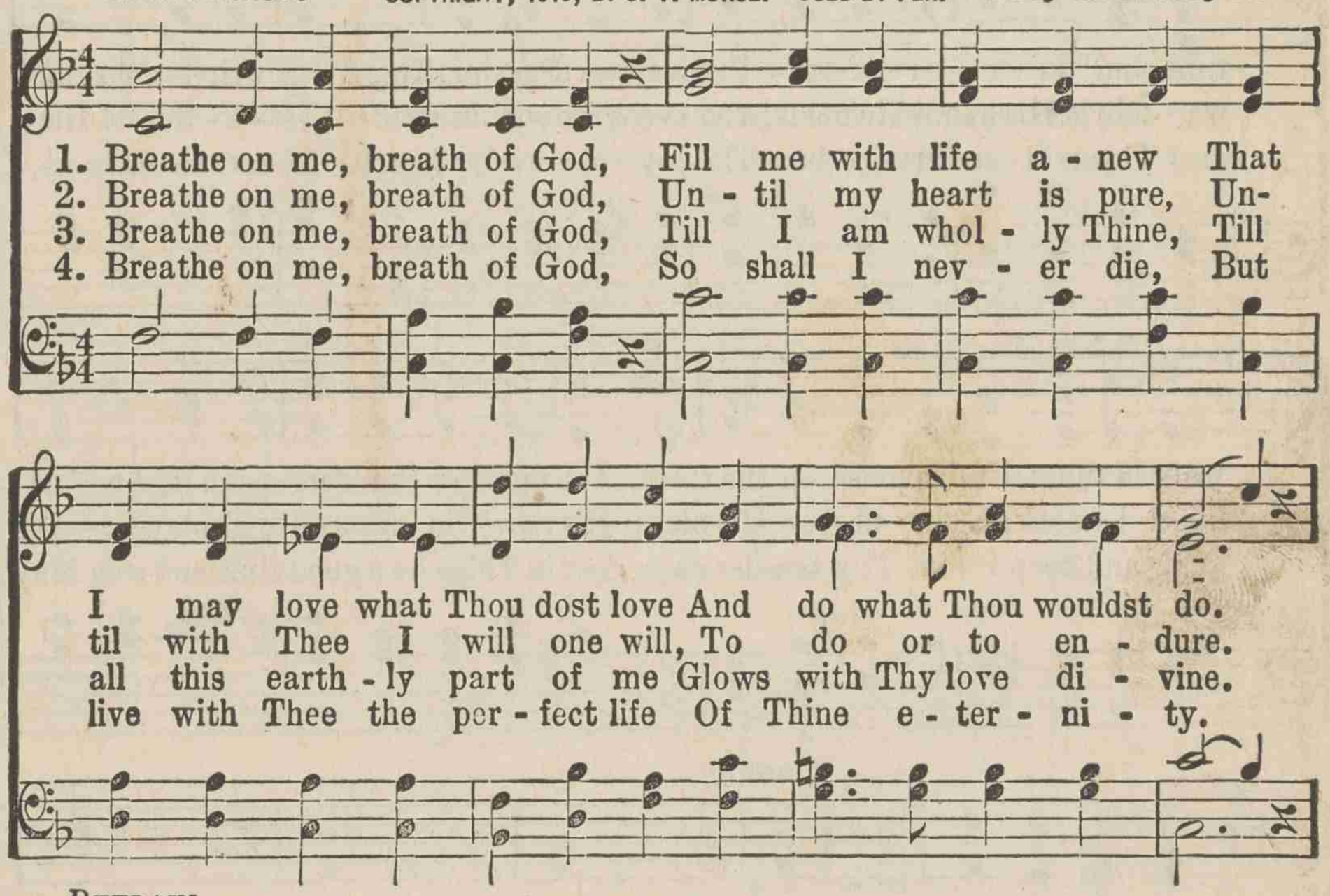
Come To-day.



No. 109. Breathe on Me, Breath of God.

To Winona Bethany.

Edwin Hatch. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY C. Y. MORSE. USED BY PER. **Lucy Rider Meyer.**



REFRAIN.



No. 110. His Name Forever.

Charlotte G. Homer. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. H. C. Junior.

1. His name a-bove all oth - er names Shall men and an - gels sing In
2. He built the heav'ns, He made the stars, And gave to each a place; The
3. Al - might-y, ev - er - last - ing God, How won-der-ful Thou art! O

1. Shall men and an - gels sing

time and in e - ter - ni-ty, —Re-deem-er, Sav-ior, King. 'T is writ-ten on the
wa - ters in His hands He holds, And keeps the sun in space. Cre - a - tion is His
may Thy will in serv-ice be The joy of ev-'ry heart. Di-rect us, love us,

walls of time; Emblazoned on the trees; The might-y thunders speak it, And 'tis
hand - i - work, E-ter - ni - ty His plan; His pow'r in nature He displayed, —His
guide and keep Us in Thy ten-der care, And in Thine own good time and way May

CHORUS.

whispered by the breeze.
im - age gave to man. His name shall be a - bove all
we Thy glo-ry share.

His name . . . shall be . . . . . a - bove all

rit.

oth - er names For - ev - er, for - ev - er, Re-deem-er, Sav - ior, King.
oth - er names For - ev - - er, ev - er,

No. 111. The Hope Set Before You.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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

E. O. Excell.

1. Lay hold on the hope set before you, And let not a moment be lost,
2. Lay hold on the hope set before you, Of life that you now may receive,
3. Lay hold on the hope set before you, Of joy that no mortal can speak;
4. Lay hold on the hope set before you, A hope that is steadfast and sure;

The Sav-ior has purchased your ransom, But think what a price it hath cost!
If, glad - ly His mer-cy ac - cept-ing, You tru - ly re-pent and be-lieve.
It tell - eth of rest for the wear-y, Thro' Je - sus, the low-ly and meek.
O haste to the bless-ed Re-deem-er, The lov - ing, the perfect and pure.

CHORUS.

Lay hold . . . . . on e - ter - nal sal - va - - tion, Lay
Lay hold, lay hold . . . . . on e - ter - nal sal - va - tion, Lay

hold . . . . on the gift of God's on - ly Son; Lay hold . . . . on His in-
hold, lay hold . . . . . on God's on - ly Son; Lay hold, lay hold . . . . . .

fi - nite mer - cy, Lay hold . . . . . on the Might - y One!
on His mer - cy, Lay hold, lay hold on the Might - y One!

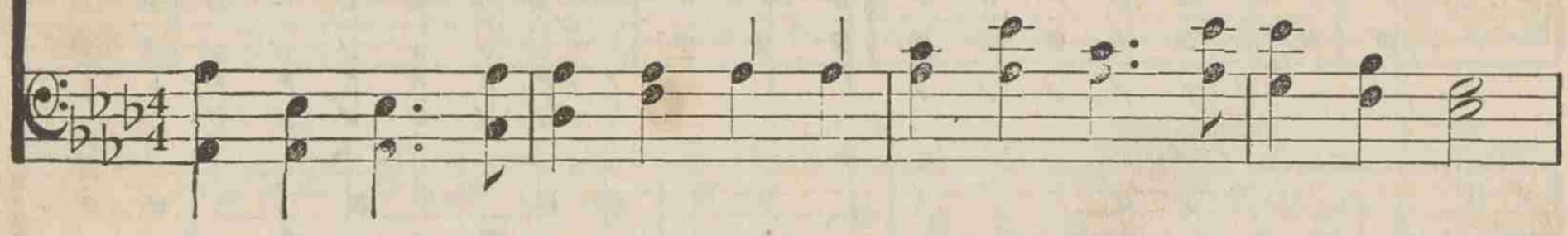
No. 112. 'Tis so Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

COPYRIGHT 1882, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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



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





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



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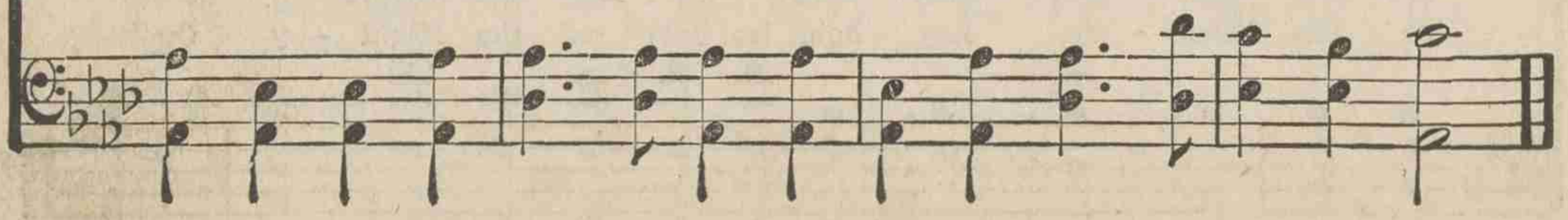


Je-sus, Je-sus, how I trust Him! How I've proved Him o'er and o'er!





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



No. 113. His Love is All I Need.

E. O. E.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY E. O. EXCELL.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

E. O. Excell.

1. The love of Je - sus, who can tell, Tho' he may know it, oh, so well?
2. The love of Je - sus, oh, what bliss! To hear Him whis-per, I am His;
3. The love of Je - sus, oh, how sweet! To hide in such a safe re - treat;

The love that ev - 'ry want sup-plies, The love that al - ways sat - is - fies;
Tho' I may fal - ter on the way, He will not let me go a - stray;
Tho' Sa - tan would my hopes de-stroy, My Sav - ior's love is still my joy;

rit.

CHORUS.

His love is all I need! So won - der - ful, His love to me,

More won-der - ful how could it be? My ev - 'ry sin on Him was laid,

rit.

My ev - 'ry debt by Him was paid; His love is all I need!

No. 114. Step Out On the Promise.

The Highway. BY PERMISSION. **E. F. Miller.**

1. O mourn-er in Zi - on, how bless - ed art thou, For Je - sus is wait - ing to com - fort thee now; Fear not to re - ly on the
2. O ye that are hun - gry and thirst-y, re - joice! For ye shall be filled; do you hear that sweet voice, In - vit - ing you now to the
3. Who sighs for a heart from in - iq - ui - ty free? O poor troubled soul! there's a prom-ise for thee; There's rest, wear-y one, in the
4. The prom-ise don't save, tho' the prom-ise is true; 'T is the blood we get un - der that cleans-es us thro'; It cleans-es me now, hal - le -

word of thy God; Step out on the promise, get un-der the blood.
ban - quet of God? Step out on the promise, get un-der the blood.
bos - om of God; Step out on the promise, get un-der the blood.
lu - jah to God! I rest on the promise, I'm un-der the blood.

No. 115. Old Time Power.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.
USED BY PERMISSION.

C. D. T. **Charlie D. Tillman.**

1. They were in an up-per cham-ber, They were all with one ac-cord, When the
2. Yes, this pow'r from heav'n descended With the sound of rush-ing wind; Tongues of
3. Yes, the "old time" pow'r was giv-en To our fa-thers who were true; This is

Old Time Power.

CHORUS.

Ho - ly Ghost de-scend-ed, As was promised by our Lord.
fire came down up-on them, As the Lord said He would send. O Lord, send the
promised to be - liev - ers, And we all may have it, too.

1 2

pow'r just now; O Lord, send the pow'r just now; And bab-tize ev-'ry one.

No. 116. I'll Live For Him.

COPYRIGHT, 1882, BY R. E. HUDSON.
USED BY PERMISSION.

R. E. Hudson. 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. O 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. for Chorus.

Oh, may we ev - er faith-ful be, My Sav - ior and my God!
And now henceforth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!
I'll 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. 117. The Great Campaign.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Lo, a great and might-y ar - my now is march-ing thro' the land!
2. "Forward!" cries the great Commander, and the might-y phal - anx swings
3. See, em - bla-zoned on their ban - ner is the name "Im-man - u - el!"

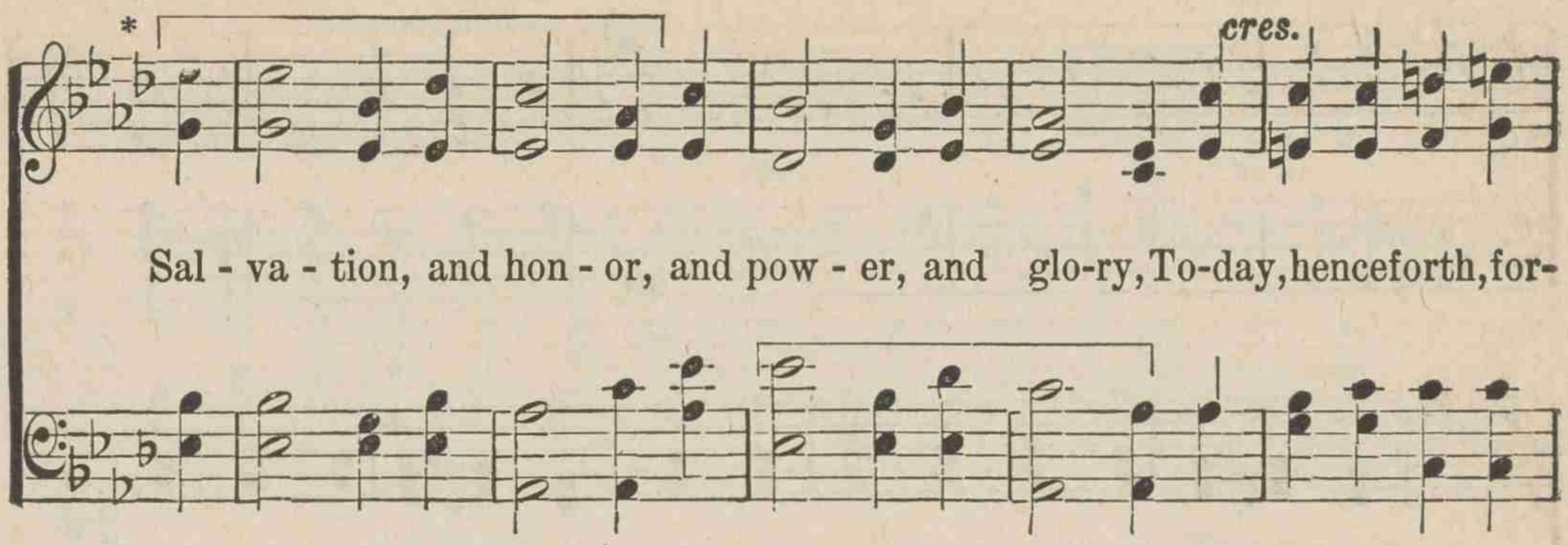
Ev - 'ry sol - dier brave and loy - al, true, and proud of his com-mand;
Out in - to the field of ac - tion for the glori - ous King of kings;
'Tis at His com-mand, and in His might they march the foe to quell;

With a com-mon foe to con - quer, and the bat - tle just be - gun,
O - ver hill and vale and mount-ain, while all na-ture's voice re - plies,
No re - treat! in life or death no fa - vor asked, no quar-ter giv'n,

They press in - to the con - flict, for the tri-umph must be won.
Their "Glo-ry, hal - le - lu - jahs" fill the earth and rend the skies.
Till shouts of vic - t'ry shake the world and fill the courts of heav'n.

The Great Campaign.

CHORUS.









* The parts thus indicated should be made prominent.

No. 118.

Behold the King!

Charlotte G. Homer. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. B. D. Ackley.

1. Be - hold the King! go forth to meet Him! The might-y Conq'rer draw-eth nigh! The wait-ing, watch-ing mil-lions greet Him With shouts that reach the vault-ed sky!
2. He comes! and ev-'ry land and na - tion Shall un - to Him their hom-age pay; He comes! and by His great sal - va - tion Shall gain a u - ni - ver - sal sway;
3. Not by the sword or can-non's rat - tle, Not by the force of stern de - cree, Not by the crash or noise of bat - tle Shall His do-main es - tab-lished be;

He com-eth in His fade-less glo - ry, While the at - His rule and reign shall be all - glo-rious, For pow'r om - But love and mer - cy, sweet-ly blend-ing, Shall spread a -

tend - ing le - gion sings With one u - nit - ed voice the sto - ry,
nip - o - tent He brings, And all the earth shall sing vic - to - rious,
broad pro - tect-ing wings, Till this shall be the song tran-scend-ing:—

Behold the King!

CHORUS.

Ho-san - na to the King of kings! Be-hold the King! go forth to

meet Him! The mighty Conqu'ror draweth nigh! The waiting, watching

For the might - y Con-qu'ror draw-eth nigh!

millions greet Him With shouts that reach the vault-ed sky; He cometh

in His fade-less glo - ry, While the at - tend-ing le - gion sings,

While th' at - tend - ing le - gion glad - ly sings,

rit.

"Ho-san - na to the Son of Dav - id, To the King of kings."

No. 119. Falter Not—Toil On!

Charlotte G. Homer. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. Chris-tian work - ers, re-joice, al-though your la - bors seem in vain,
2. Chris-tian work - ers, with Him who stilled the waves of Gal - i - lee,
3. Chris-tian work - ers, the har-vest days are pass - ing swift - ly by,

Fal - ter not— toil on! Bread you cast on the
Fal - ter not— toil on! Un - to you He is
Fal - ter not— toil on! Wear - y not in the

Fal - ter not— toil on, toil on!

wa - ters will re - turn to you a - gain, Fal-ter not— toil on!
calling: "Leave your nets and follow Me!" Fal-ter not— toil on!
field while yet the glow-ing sun is high, Fal-ter not— toil on!

Fal - ter not—

Sure - ly yours is a work that an - gels would re - joice to do,
There are lives to be brightened by the beau - ty of His Word;
When the reap - ers re - turn, and each a re - com-pense re - ceives

Falter Not—Toil On!

And the Mas - ter is with you, strength and cour-age to re - new;
There are homes where the sto - ry of His love is nev - er heard;
From the Lord of the har-vest, in re - turn for gold - en sheaves,

Lo! the hand that was wound-ed once for all is lead - ing you,
There are weak, fal - t'ring ones who in - to ac - tion must be stirred,
Will you stand in His pres-ence bear-ing on - ly with-ered leaves?

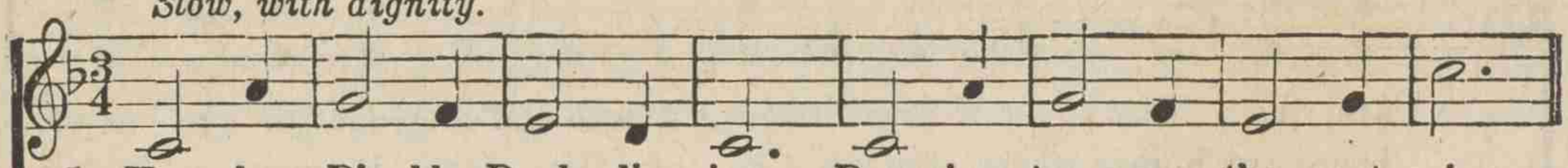
CHORUS.

Fal - ter not— toil on! Fal - ter not—toil on till the
Fal - ter not—
work is done, And the crown of life is won: To the Mas - ter be
toil on!
true, In all you think, or say, or do, Fal - ter not— toil on!
Fal - ter not—

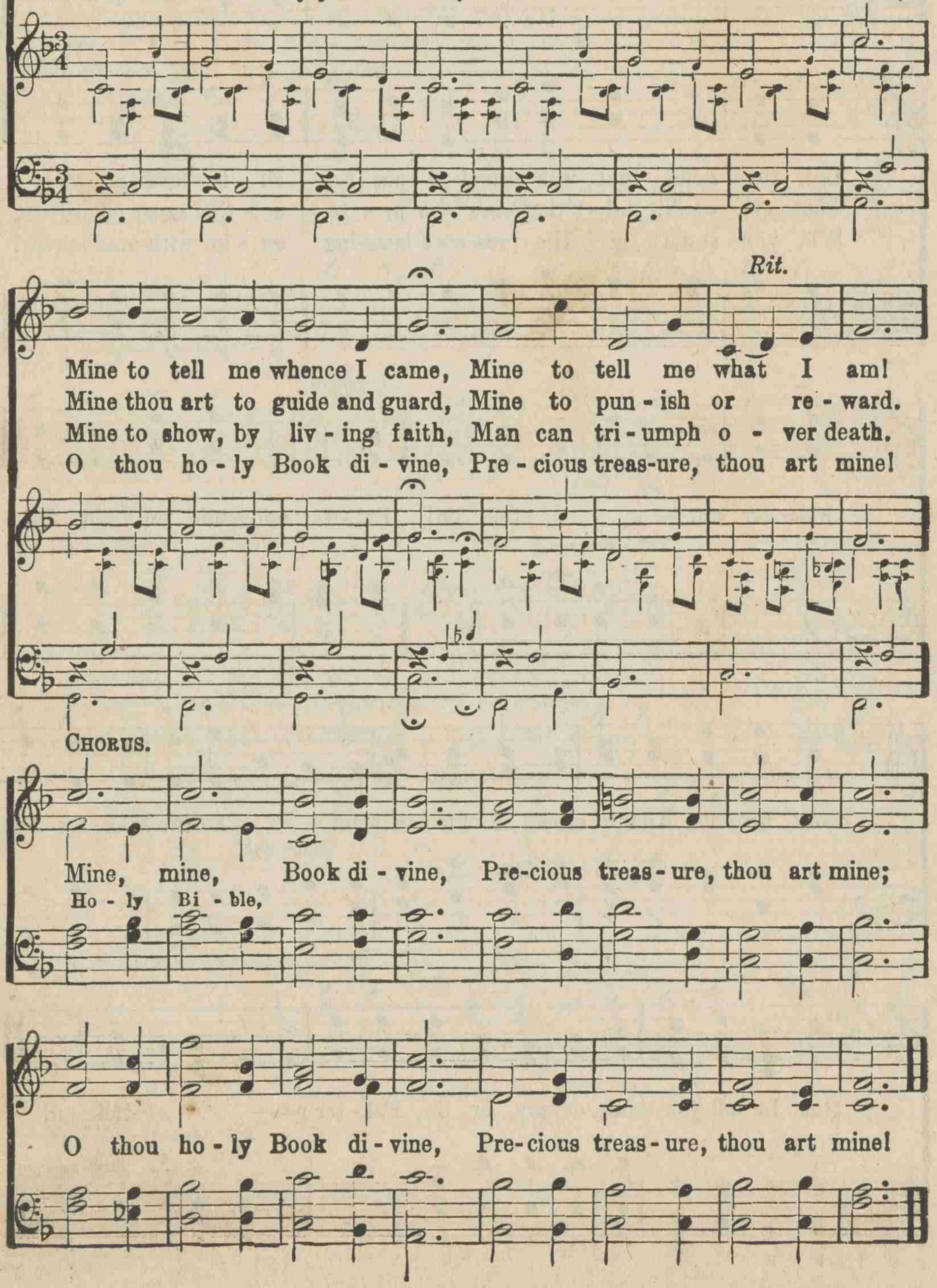
No. 120. Holy Bible, Book Divine.

John Burton. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL. **E. O. Excell.**

Slow, with dignity.



1. Ho - ly Bi - ble, Book di - vine, Pre - cious treas-ure, thou art mine,
2. Mine to chide me when I rove, Mine to show a Sav-iour's love,
3. Mine to com - fort in dis - tress, Suff-'ring in this wil - der - ness;
4. Mine to tell of joys to come, And the reb - el sin - ner's doom;



Rit.

Mine to tell me whence I came, Mine to tell me what I am!
Mine thou art to guide and guard, Mine to pun - ish or re - ward.
Mine to show, by liv - ing faith, Man can tri - umph o - ver death.
O thou ho - ly Book di - vine, Pre - cious treas-ure, thou art mine!

CHORUS.

Mine, mine, Book di - vine, Pre-cious treas - ure, thou art mine;
Ho - ly Bi - ble,

O thou ho - ly Book di - vine, Pre - cious treas - ure, thou art mine!

No. 121. A Sinner Made Whole.

W. M. Lighthall. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

DUET. Tenor and Baritone.

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

SOLO or QUARTET.

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

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

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

FINE. CHORUS.

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

rit. D. S.

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

No. 122. His Love Can Never Fail.

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

DUET. Tenor and Baritone.

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

SOLO or QUARTET.

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

soul may feed Up - on the liv - ing bread; 'T is bet - ter far that I should walk By
fal-t'ring steps, As joy - ful - ly I go; And tho' I may not see His face, My
feel the touch Of His own lov - ing hand; And tho' I trem - ble when I think How
faith close to His side; I may not know the way I go, But oh, I know my Guide.
faith is strong and clear That in each hour of sore dis - tress, My Sav - ior will be near.
weak I am, how frail, My soul is sat - is - fied to know His love can nev-er fail.

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

CHORUS or QUARTET.

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

No. 123. How Sweet is His Love.

James Rowe.

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

E. O. Excell.

Introduction.

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

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

CHORUS.

O . . . how sweet, O how sweet is His love, . . How sweet is His love to

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

No. 124. All the Way.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.

1. Since I start-ed for the Cit-y o-ver in the Prom-ised Land, I have tri-als and temp-ta-tions ev-'ry day; But I find my-self sup-port-ed by a
2. There are man-y snares and pit-falls all a-long the pil-grim road, I can o-ver-come them if I watch and pray. In the hour of pain and sor-row, grace suf-
3. When the clouds of dark-ness gath-er and the sun-shine all has fled, Then He guides my falt'ring footsteps lest I stray; And the bless-ed light of Heav-en o-ver
4. When I reach the si-lent riv-er, with its cold and chill-ing tide, Je-sus will be there, my Help-er and my Stay. I will sail a-way triumphant, land my

strong and lov-ing hand, For I have the Sav-ior with me all the way.
fi-cient is be-stowed, For I have the Sav-ior with me all the way.
all my path is spread, For I have the Sav-ior with me all the way.
soul on Ca-naan's side, For I have the Sav-ior with me all the way.

REFRAIN.

All the way, All the way, all the way, all the way, For I have the Sav-ior with me all the way; all the way;
All the way, All the way, all the way, all the way. For I have the Sav-ior with me all the way.

No. 125. Drifting Away From God.

F. A. S.

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

Frank A. Simpkins.

DUET. Tenor and Baritone.

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

SOLO or QUARTET.

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

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

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

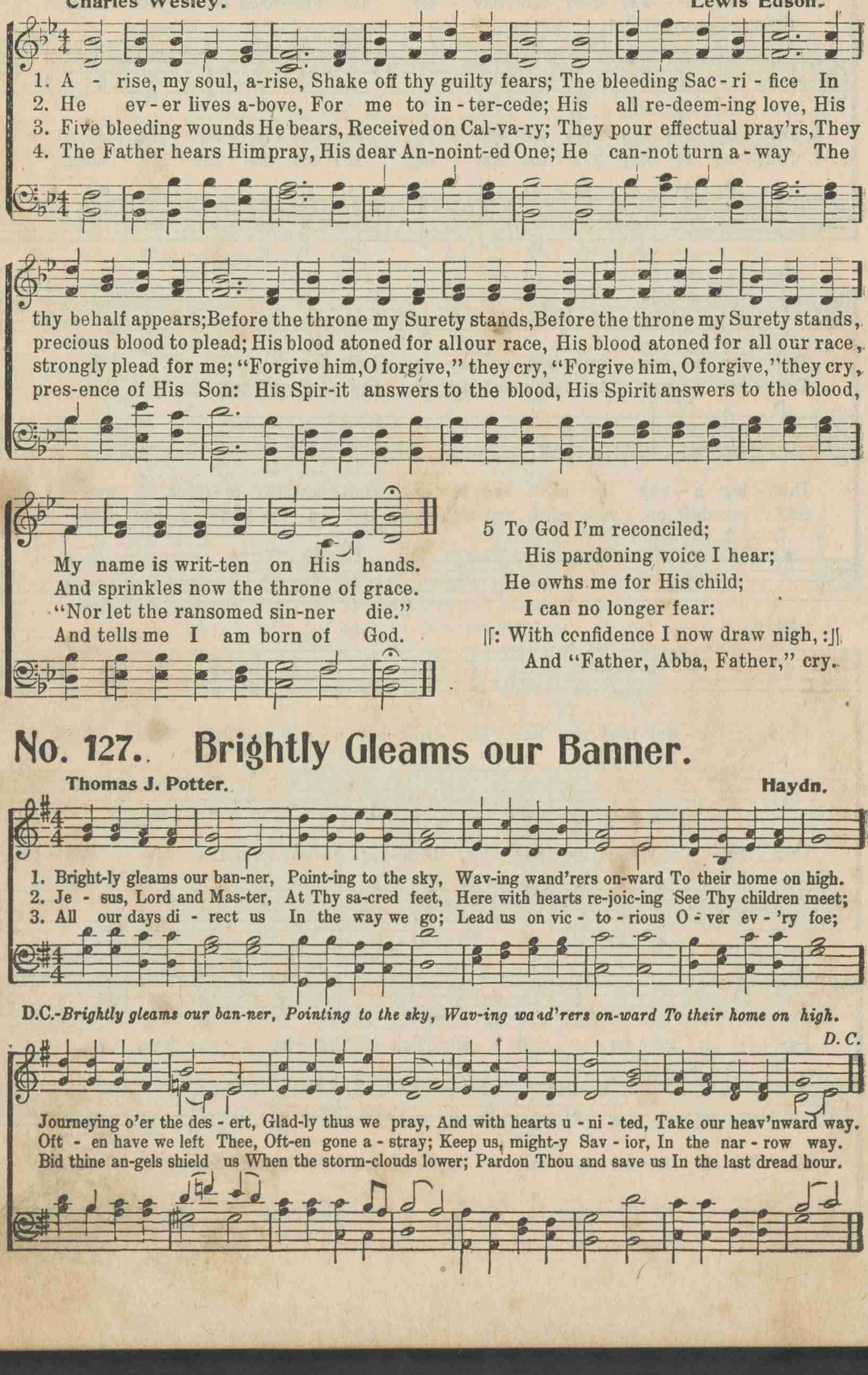
Sav - ior is ten - der - ly call - ing, You are drift - ing a - way from God.

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

Hymns of the Heart.

No. 126. Arise, My Soul, Arise.

Charles Wesley. Lewis Edson.



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

No. 127. Brightly Gleams our Banner.

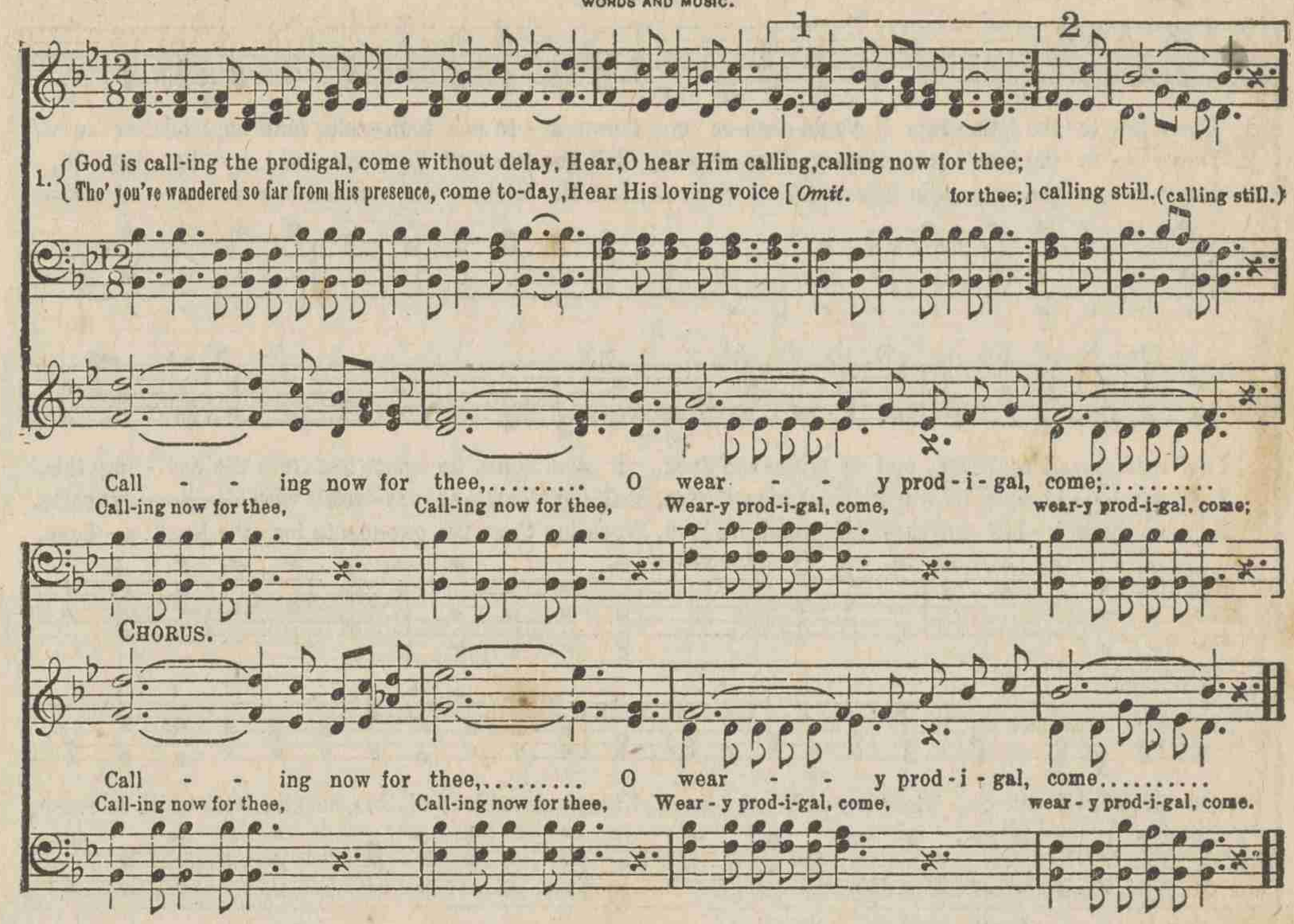
Thomas J. Potter. Haydn.

No. 128. Calling the Prodigal.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



2 Patient, loving, and tenderly still the Father pleads,
Hear, O hear Him calling, calling now for thee;
Oh! return while the Spirit in mercy intercedes,
Hear His loving voice calling still.

3 Come, there's bread in the house of thy Father, and to spare,
Hear, O hear Him calling, calling now for thee;
Lo! the table is spread and the feast is waiting there,
Hear His loving voice calling still.

No. 129. Let Him In.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson.

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E. O. Excell.



2 Open now to Him your heart,
Let Him in;
If you wait He will depart,
Let Him in;
Let Him in, He is your Friend,
He your soul will sure defend,
He will keep you to the end,
Let Him in.

3 Hear you now His loving voice?
Let Him in;
Now, oh, now make Him your choice,
Let Him in;
He is standing at your door,
Joy to you He will restore,
And His name you will adore,
Let Him in.

4 Now admit the heavenly Guest,
Let Him in;
He will make for you a feast,
Let Him in;
He will speak your sins forgiven,
And when earth-ties all are riven,
He will take you home to heaven,
Let Him in

No. 130. To Galvary I Will Go.

E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY LIZZIE E. SWENEY.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Down in - to the foun - tain I would deep-er go; Down in - to the foun - tain, mak-ing white as snow;
2. Down in - to the foun - tain, deep-er, deep-er still, Till the grace of Je - sus all my be - ing fill,
3. Down in - to the foun - tain flow-ing from the cross, Let the might-y cur - rents sweep a - way all dross;

Tho' with sins of scar - let, and of crim - son dyed, I shall come up spot - less from the sav - ing tide.
Till the Ho - ly Spir - it works the change di-vine, Mak-ing "earth-en ves - sels" with His glo - ry shine.
Ev - er there a - bid - ing thro' His wondrous love, Wash-ing there the gar-ments for the feast a - bove.

CHORUS.

To Cal-v'ry I will go, The bless-ed Word I know, The precious blood of Je - sus cleanseth white as snow;
His voice is call - ing still, To "Who-so-ev-er will;" Down in - to the foun-tain I would deep - er go.

No. 131. No, Not One.

Johnson Oatman, Jr.

USED BY PERMISSION OF GEO. C. HUGG
OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

Geo. C. Hugg.

Slow, and with feeling.

1. { There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!
   { None else could heal all our souls' dis - eas - es, No, not one! [*Omit . . .*] no, not one!

D. C.—*There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one!* [*Omit . . .*] *no, not one!*

CHORUS.

D. C.

Je - sus knows all a - bout our strug-gles, He will guide till the day is done;

2 No friend like Him is so high and holy, No, etc.
And yet no friend is so meek and lowly, No, etc.

3 There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, etc.
No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, etc.

4 Did ever saint find this Friend forsake him? No, etc.
Or sinner find that He would not take Him? No, etc.

5 Was e'er a gift like the Savior given? No, etc.
Will He refuse us a home in heaven? No, etc.

No. 132. He is Able to Deliver Thee.

W. A. O.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

W. A. Ogden.

1. 'T is the grand-est theme thro' the a - ges rung; 'T is the grand - est theme for a mor - tal tongue;

'T is the grand - est theme that the world e'er sung, "Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee."

FINE.

D. S.–*"Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee."*

CHORUS.

He is a - - - - ble to de - liv - er thee, He is a - - - - ble to de - liv - er thee;
a - ble, He is a - ble a - ble, He is a - ble

Tho' by sin op - prest, Go to Him for rest,

D. S.

2 'T is the grandest theme in the earth or main;
'T is the grandest theme for a mortal strain;–
'T is the grandest theme, tell the world again,
"Our God is able to deliver thee."

3 'T is the grandest theme, let the tidings roll
To the guilty heart, to the sinful soul;
Look to God in faith, He will make thee whole,
"Our God is able to deliver thee."

No 133. Joy to the World.

I. Watts.

G. F. Handel.

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-ceive her King; Let ev - 'ry heart pre-pare Him room, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and nature sing.
2. Joy to the world! the Sav-ior reigns; Let men their songs em-ploy; While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains, Repeat the sounding joy, Re-peat the sounding joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sounding joy.
3. No more let sin and sor - row grow, Nor thorns in-fest the ground; He comes to make His bless - ings flow Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na-tions prove The glo - ries of His right-eous- ness, And wonders of His love, And wonders of His love, And wonders, won-ders of His love.

Sing.

And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n and na - ture sing,

No. 134. Since I Have Been Redeemed.

E. O. E.

COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC.
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E. O. Excell.

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

CHORUS.

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

1 2

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

No. 135. There is Glory in My Soul.

Grace Weiser Davis.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Since I lost my sins, and I found my Sav-ior, There is glo-ry in my soul! Since by faith I
2. Since He cleansed my heart, gave me sight for blindness, There is glo-ry in my soul! Since He touched and
3. Since with God I've walked, having sweet communion, There is glo-ry in my soul! Brighter grows each
4. Since I en-tered Ca-naan on my way to heav'n, There is glo-ry in my soul! Since the day my

sought and obtained God's fa-vor, There is glo-ry in my soul.
healed me in lov-ing-kindness, There is glo-ry in my soul.
day in this heav'n-ly un-ion, There is glo-ry in my soul.
life to the Lord was giv-en, There is glo-ry in my soul.

CHORUS.

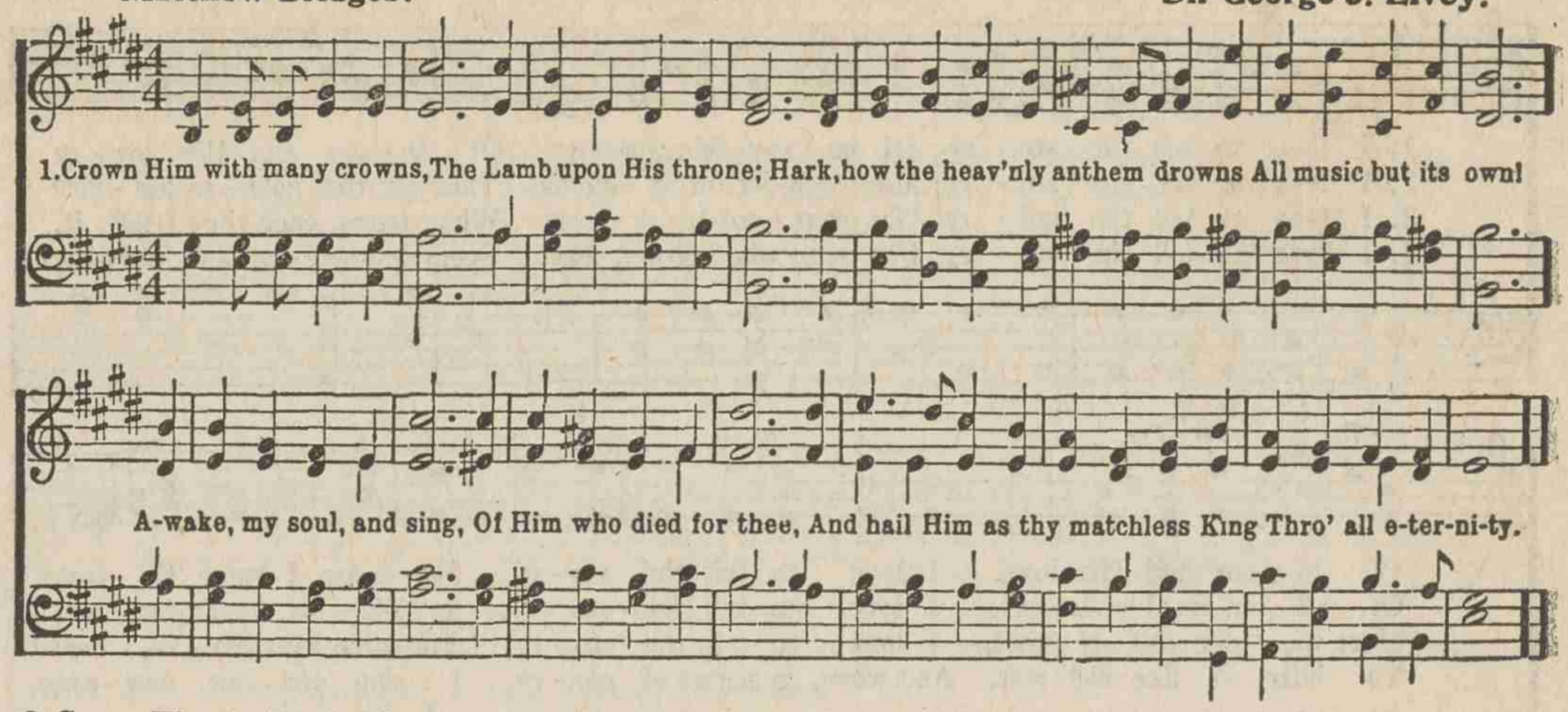
There is glo-ry, glo-ry, there is

1 2

glo-ry in my soul! Ev'ry day brighter grows, And I conquer all my foes; There is glo-ry in my soul!
glo-ry in my soul!

No. 136. Crown Him With Crowns.

Matthew Bridges. Sir George J. Elvey.



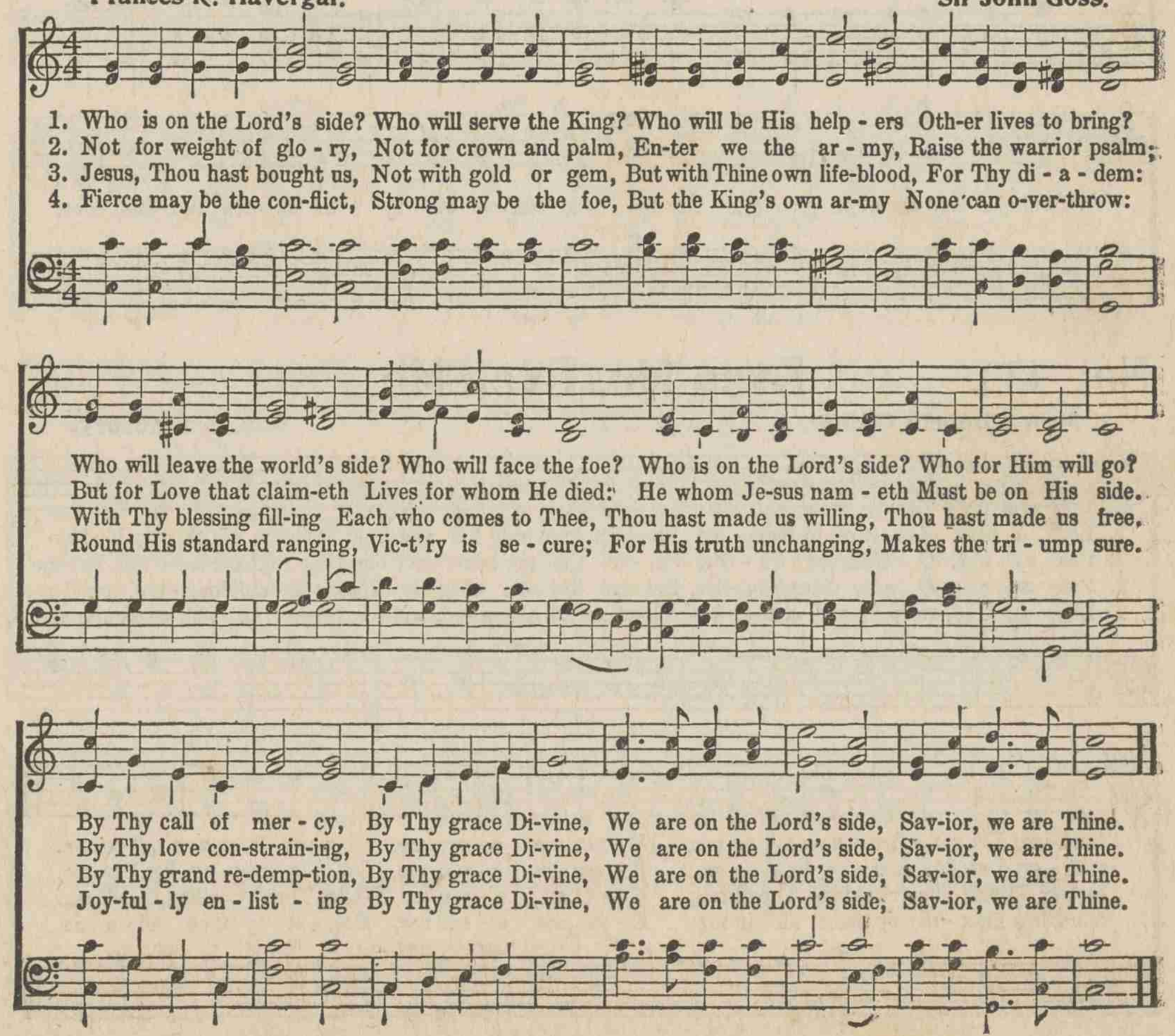
2 Crown Him the Lord of love!
Behold His hands and side,—
Rich wounds, yet visible above,
In beauty glorified:
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends His burning eye
At mysteries so great.

3 Crown Him the Lord of peace!
Whose power a scepter sways [cease,
From pole to pole, that wars may
And all be prayer and praise:
His reign shall know no end,
And round His pierced feet
Fair flowers of paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

4 Crown Him the Lord of years,
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime!
All hail! Redeemer, hail!
For Thou hast died for me;
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.

No. 137. Who Is On the Lord's Side?

Frances R. Havergal. Sir John Goss.



No. 138. I Love To Tell The Story.

Katherine Hankey. USED BY PERMISSION OF WM. G. FISCHER. **William G. Fischer.**

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a-bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won-der-ful it seems Than all the gold - en fan - cies
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What seems, each time I tell it,
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hun-ger - ing and thirst-ing

Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true;
Of all our gold-en dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me;
More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard
To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song,

CHORUS.

It sat - is - fies my long - ings as noth - ing else would do.
And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto - ry,
The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own ho-ly word.
'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have lov'd so long.

'Twill be my theme in glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

No. 139. Even Me, Even Me.

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

1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless - ing Thou art scatt'ring full and free; Show'rs, the thirst-y land re-
2. Pass me not, O God, my Fa - ther Sin - ful tho' my heart may be; Thou mightst leave me, but the
3. Pass me not, O gra - cious Sav - ior, Let me live and cling to Thee; I am long - ing for Thy
4. Love of God, so pure and change-less, Blood of Christ, so rich and free; Grace of God, so strong and

fresh-ing; Let some drops now fall on me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.
rath - er; Let Thy mer - cy light on me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Let Thy mer - cy light on me.
fa-vor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me.
boundless Mag - ni - fy them all in me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Mag - ni - fy them all in me.

No. 140. God is Galling Yet.

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

1. God call-ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear? Shall life's swift pass-ing
2. God call-ing yet! shall I not rise? Can I His lov - ing voice de - spise, And base - ly His kind
3. God call-ing yet! and shall He knock, And I my heart the clo - ser lock? He still is wait - ing
4. God call-ing yet! I can - not stay; My heart I yield with-out de - lay; Vain world, farewell, from

years all fly, And still my soul in slum-ber lie?
care re - pay? He calls me still; can I de - lay? Call - - ing, O hear Him, Call - - ing,
to re-ceive, And shall I dare His Spir - it grieve?
thee I part; The voice of God has reached my heart.

CHORUS.

rit. *a tempo.*

God is call-ing yet. God is call-ing yet,

rit. *a tempo.* *rit.* *a tempo.*

O hear Him, God is call - ing yet, O hear Him call - ing, call - ing, Call - - ing,
God is call - ing yet.

rit. *a tempo.* *rit.* *a tempo.* *rit.*

O hear Him, Call - - ing, O hear Him, God is call - ing yet, O hear Him call-ing yet.
God is call - ing yet.

No. 141. Lost, But Jesus Saved Me.

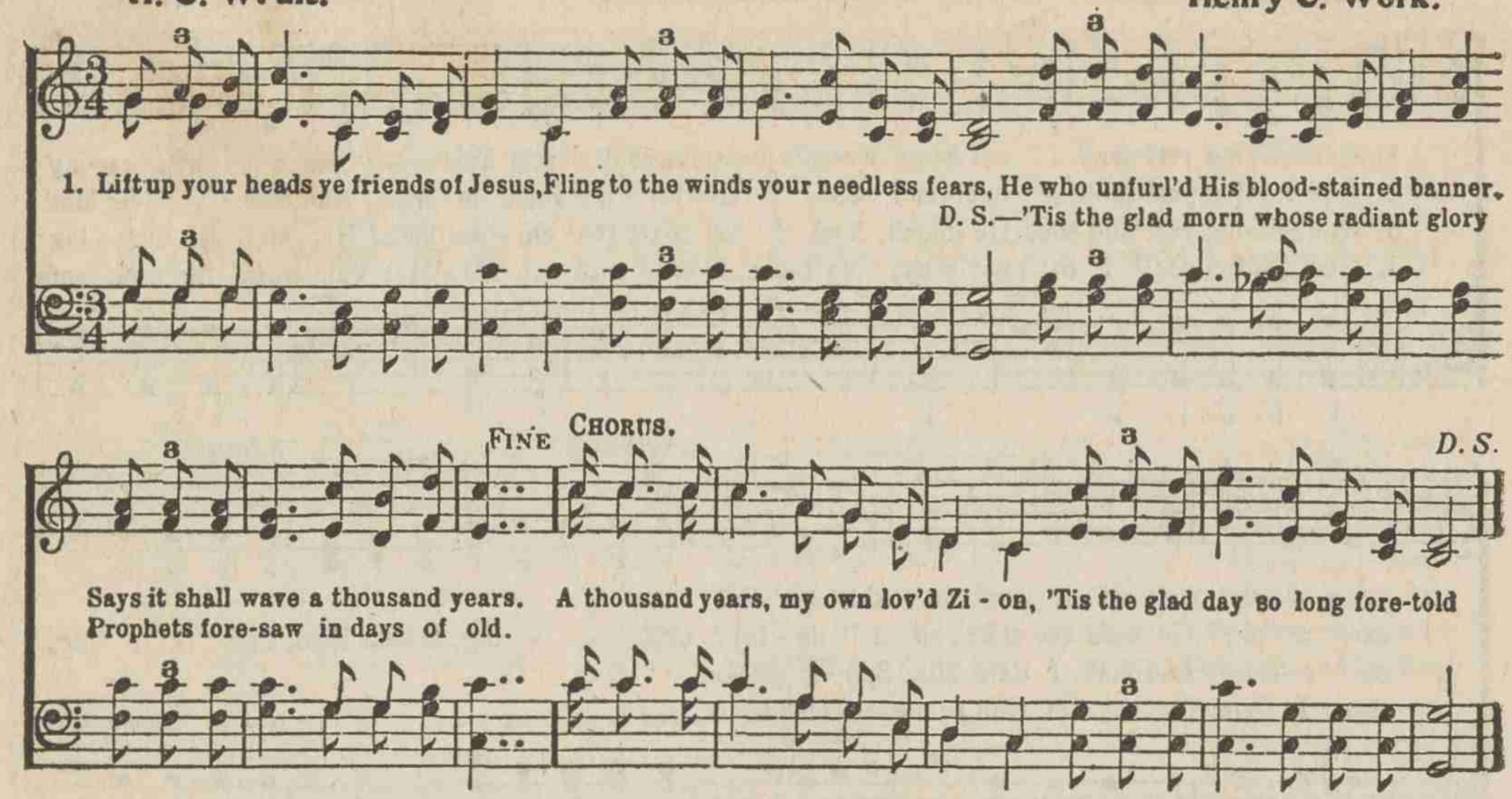
Mrs. Emma Pitt. COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC.
COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY E. O. EXCELL. RENEWAL. **E. O. Excell.**

1. Lost, but Je-sus saved me, Saved me by His love; Lost, but now He keeps me For my rest a - bove;
2. Lost up - on the mountains Of life's woe and sin; Lost, but His free par - don Safe-ly took me in;
3. Lost far o'er the des - ert, Know not where to flee, Lost, but Je - sus loved me, Kind-ly pit - ied me;

Lost, but Je-sus found me, In the des - ert wild; Lost, but He redeemed me, Owns me for His child.
Lost, but Je-sus bought me, Bought me with His blood; Lost, but Jesus keeps me In the nar - row road.
Lost, but Je-sus bro't me, Out in - to the light; Lost, but still He saves me, Guards me with His might.

No. 142. A Thousand Years.

H. C. W. alt. Henry C. Work.



2 What if the clouds, one little moment,
Hide the glad sight when morn appears;
Christ has declared with Him in glory,
We shall all reign a thousand years.

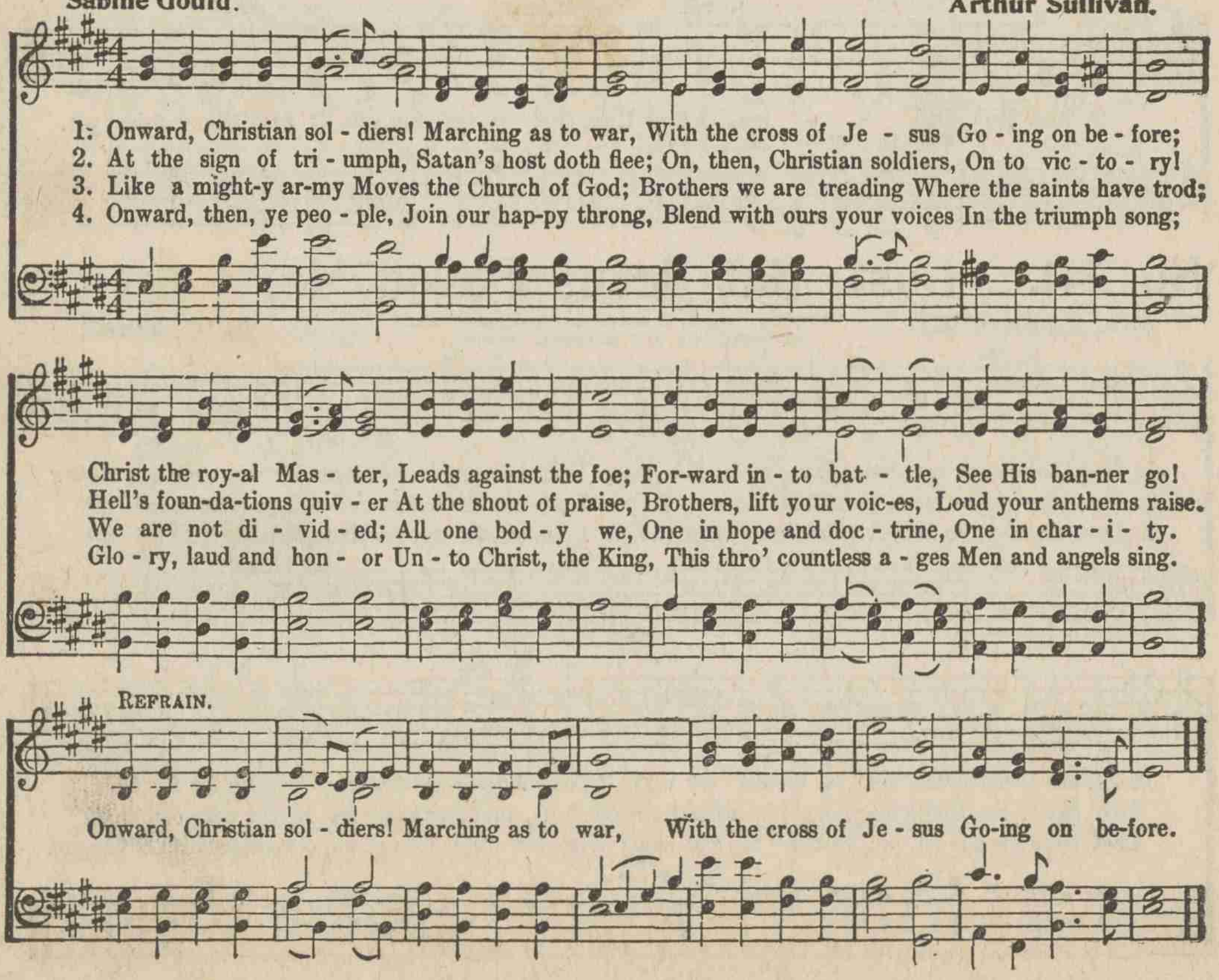
3 Tell the great world these blessed tidings
Yes, and be sure each sinner hears,
Tell the sin-cursed of every nation
Jubilee lasts a thousand years.

4 Foes all around the wide world over,
Little may heed our prayers and tears,
But the great King our blessed Savior,
Says we shall reign a thousand years.

5 A thousand years, bright reign of glory
Only the dawn when day appears,
Only the dawn of the reign unending,
Each of it stays a thousand years.

No. 143. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

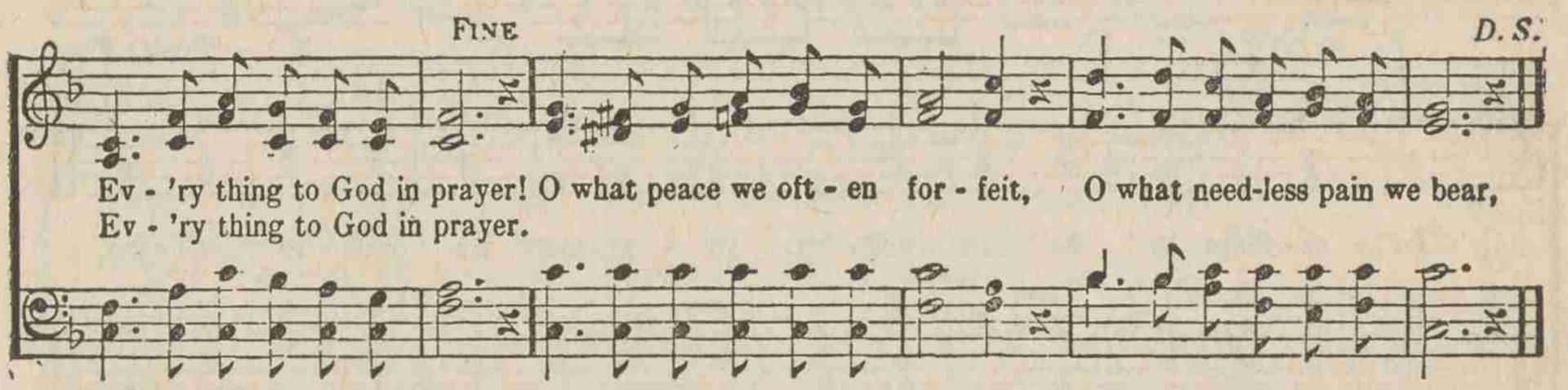
Sabine Gould. Arthur Sullivan.



No. 144. What a Friend.

H. Bonar. C. C. Converse.





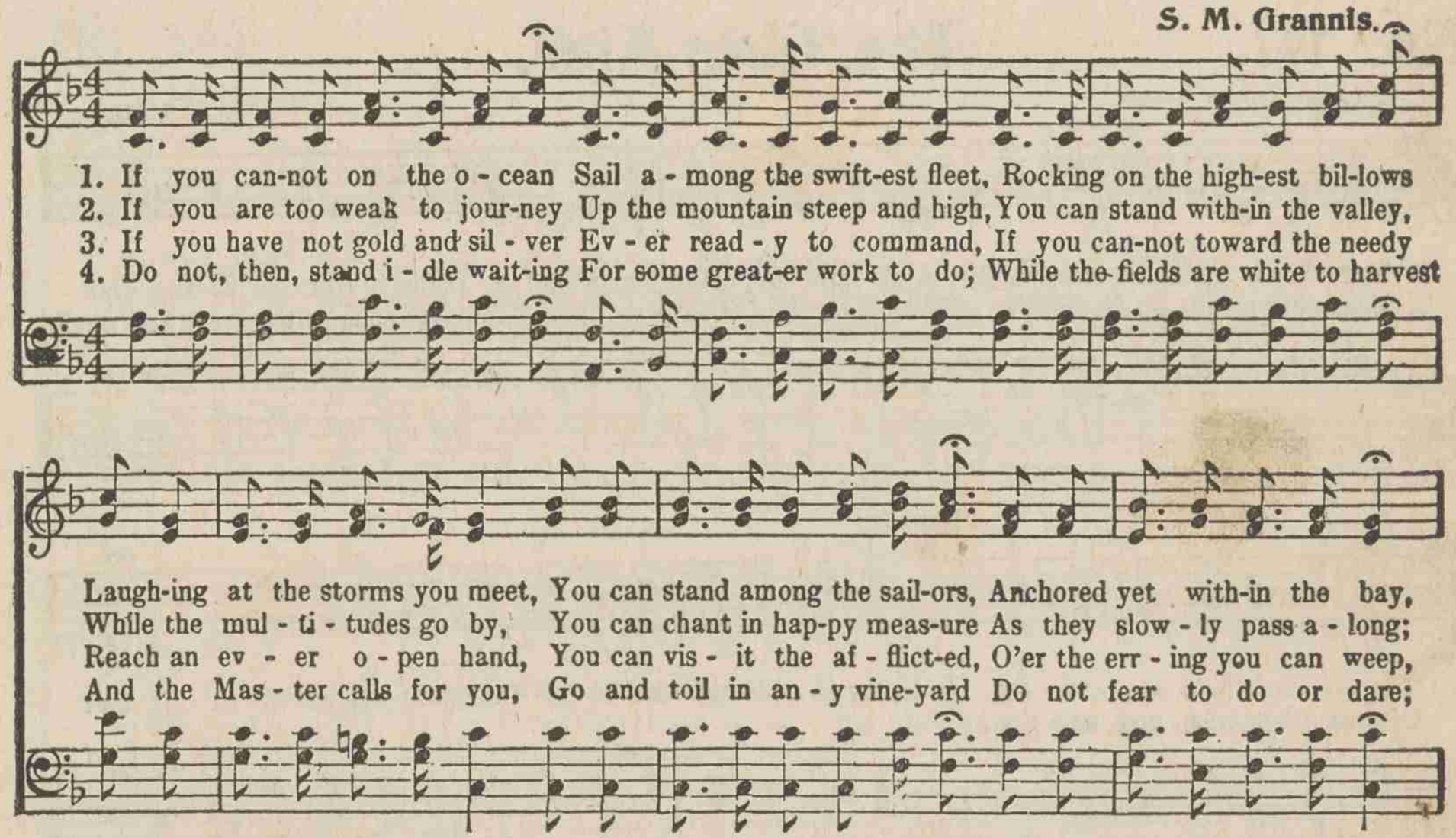
1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry,
Every thing to God in prayer!

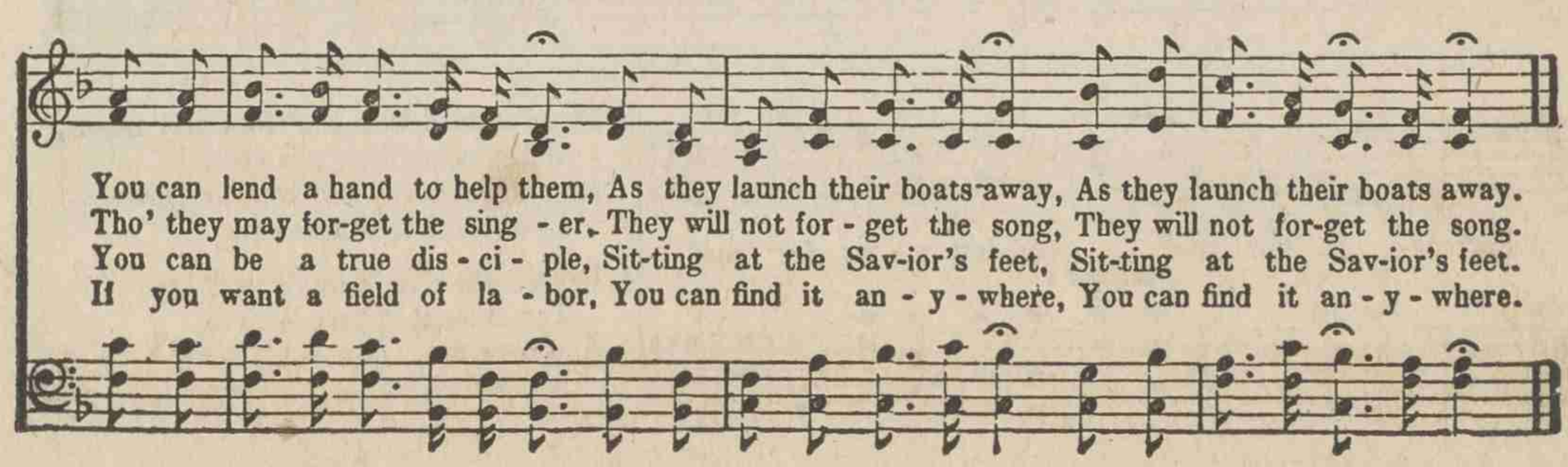
2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

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

No. 145. Your Mission.

S. M. Grannis.





No. 146 All For Jesus.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.



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

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

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

No. 147. The Gate Ajar.

S. J. Vail.

3 Press onward, then, tho' foes may frown,
While mercy's gate is open,
Accept the cross, and win the crown,
Love's everlasting token.

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

No. 148. Blessed Assurance.

F. J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1873, BY JOS. F. KNAPP. Mrs. J. F. Knapp.

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

va - tion, pur-chase of God, Born of His Spir - it, washed in His blood.
scend - ing, bring from a - bove, Ech - oes of mer - cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto - ry,
wait - ing, look - ing a - bove, Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

FINE CHORUS.

D. C.—Prais-ing my Sav - ior all the day long.

D. S.

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

No. 149. He Leadeth Me.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

No. 150. Love Divine.

Charles Wesley. *First Tune.* John Zundel.



2 Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest.
Take away the love of sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty!

3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temple leave:
Thee we would be always blessing;
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love!

4 Finish then Thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

No. 151. Hark! the Voice of Jesus Calling.

First or Second Tune.

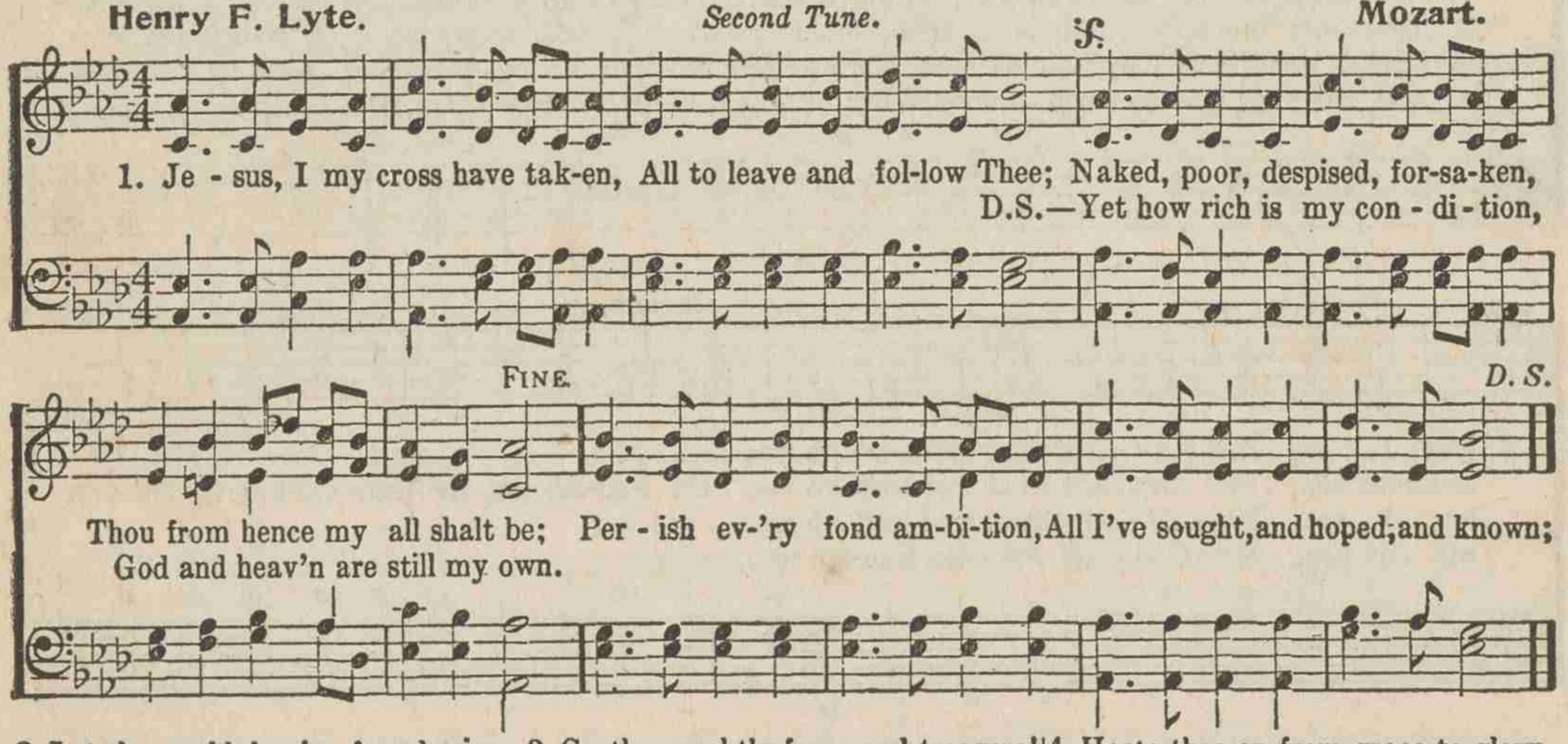
1 Hark! the voice of Jesus calling,
Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white, the harvest waiting
Who will bear the sheaves away!
Loud and long, the Master calleth
Rich reward He offers free;
Who will answer, gladly saying,
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."

2 If you cannot cross the ocean
And the heathen land explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door;
If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say He died for all.

3 While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you,
Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do!"
Gladly take the task He gives you!
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth,
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."

No. 152. Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

Henry F. Lyte. *Second Tune.* Mozart.



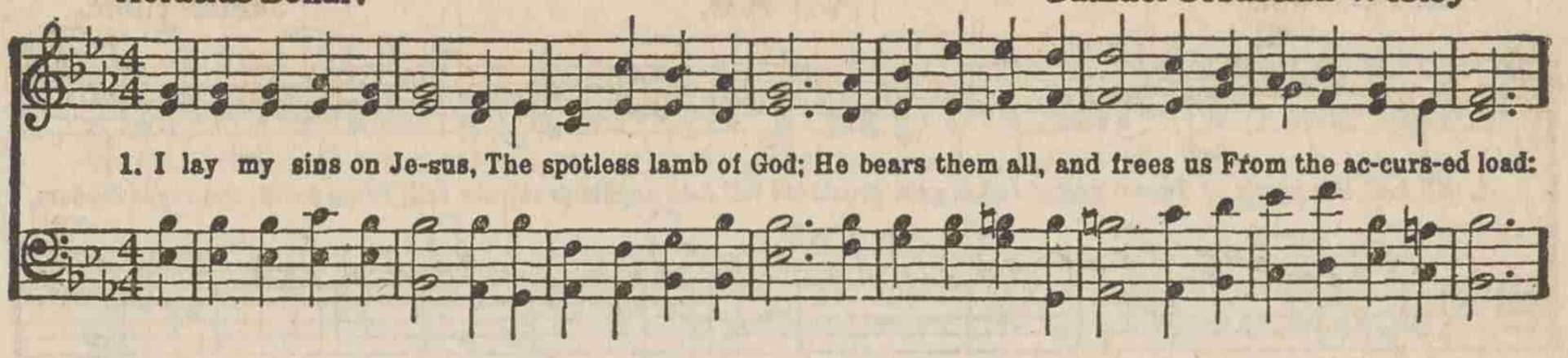
2 Let the world despise, forsake me,
They have left my Savior, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not, like man, untrue:
And, while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me,
Show Thy face and all is bright.

3 Go, then, earhtly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn and pain!
In Thy service, pain is pleasure;
With Thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called Thee, "Abba Father,"
I have stayed my heart on Thee;
Stormy clouds may o'er me gather,
All must work for good to me.

4 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Led by faith, and winged by prayer
Heav'n's eternal day's before thee
God will safely guide thee there,
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

No. 153. I Lay My Sins on Jesus.

Horatius Bonar. **Samuel Sebastian Wesley**





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

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

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

No. 154. Praise Waits for Thee.

Psalm 65. *Tune above.*

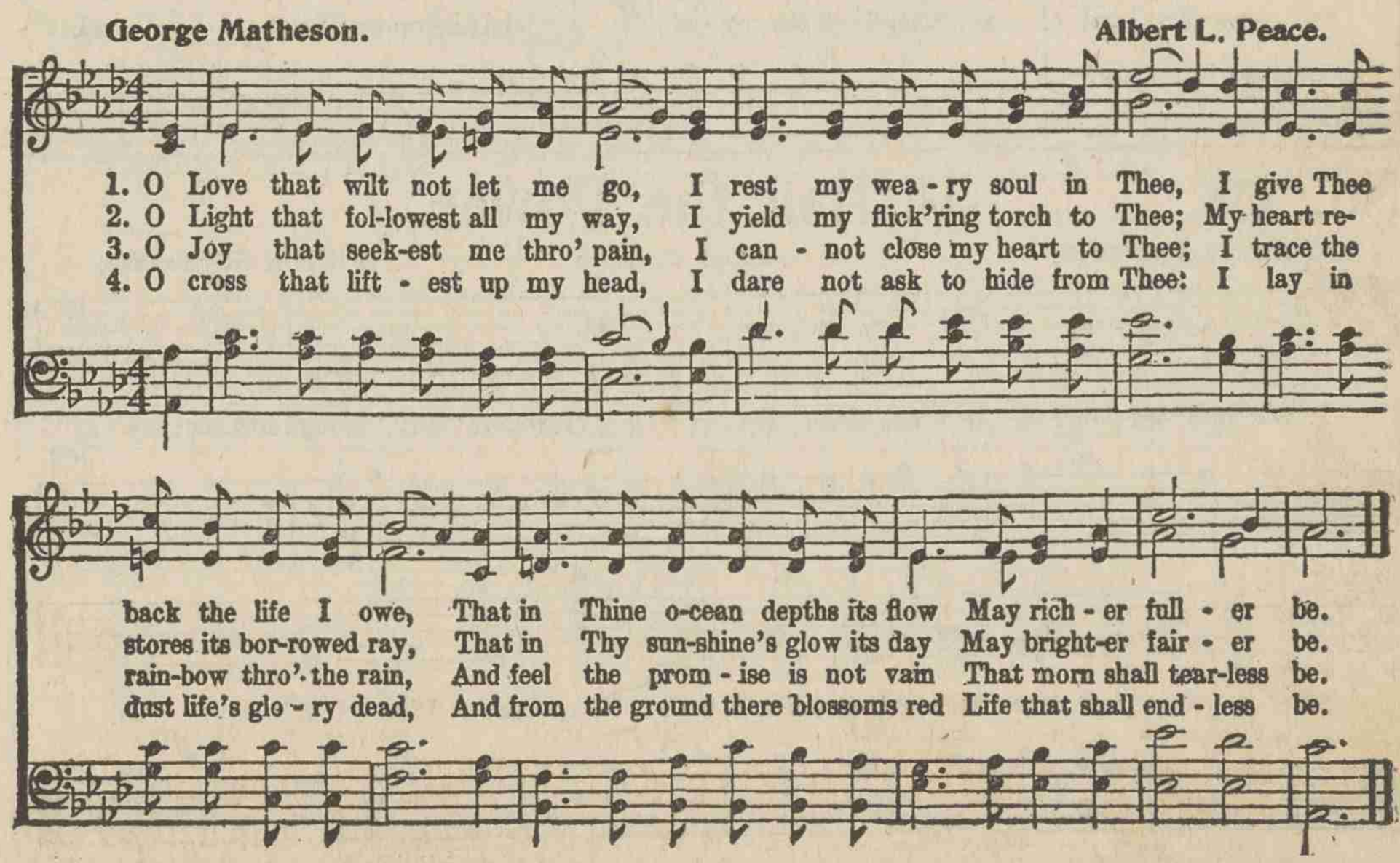
1 Praise waits for Thee in Zion,
To Thee vows paid shall be;
O Thou of prayer the hearer,
All flesh shall come to Thee;
Iniquities against me
Prevail from day to day,
But as for our transgressions,
Them shalt Thou purge away.

2 Blest he whom Thou hast chosen,
And unto Thee brought nigh;
Who hath for habitation
The courts of God Most High;
We shall in rich abundance
Be satisfied with grace,
And filled with all the goodness
Of Thy most holy place.

3 O God of our salvation,
We plead with Thee in prayer;
Thy righteousness makes answer
By things which fearful are;
Of earth the ends remotest,
And those afar at sea,
These all, O Lord, are placing
Their confidence in Thee.

No. 155. O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

George Matheson. **Albert L. Peace.**



No, 156. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name,

E. Perronet. *First Tune.* James Ellor.



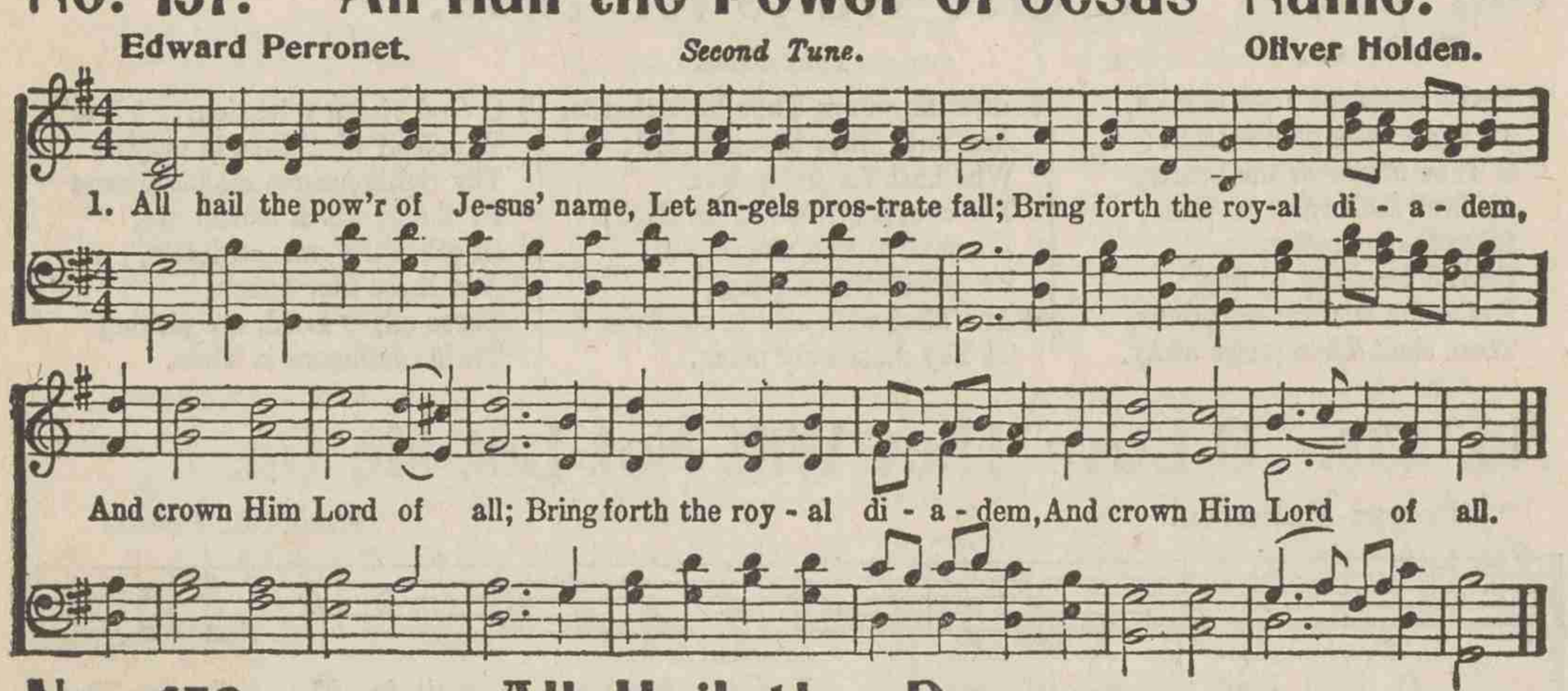
2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall,
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 157. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Edward Perronet. *Second Tune.* Oliver Holden.



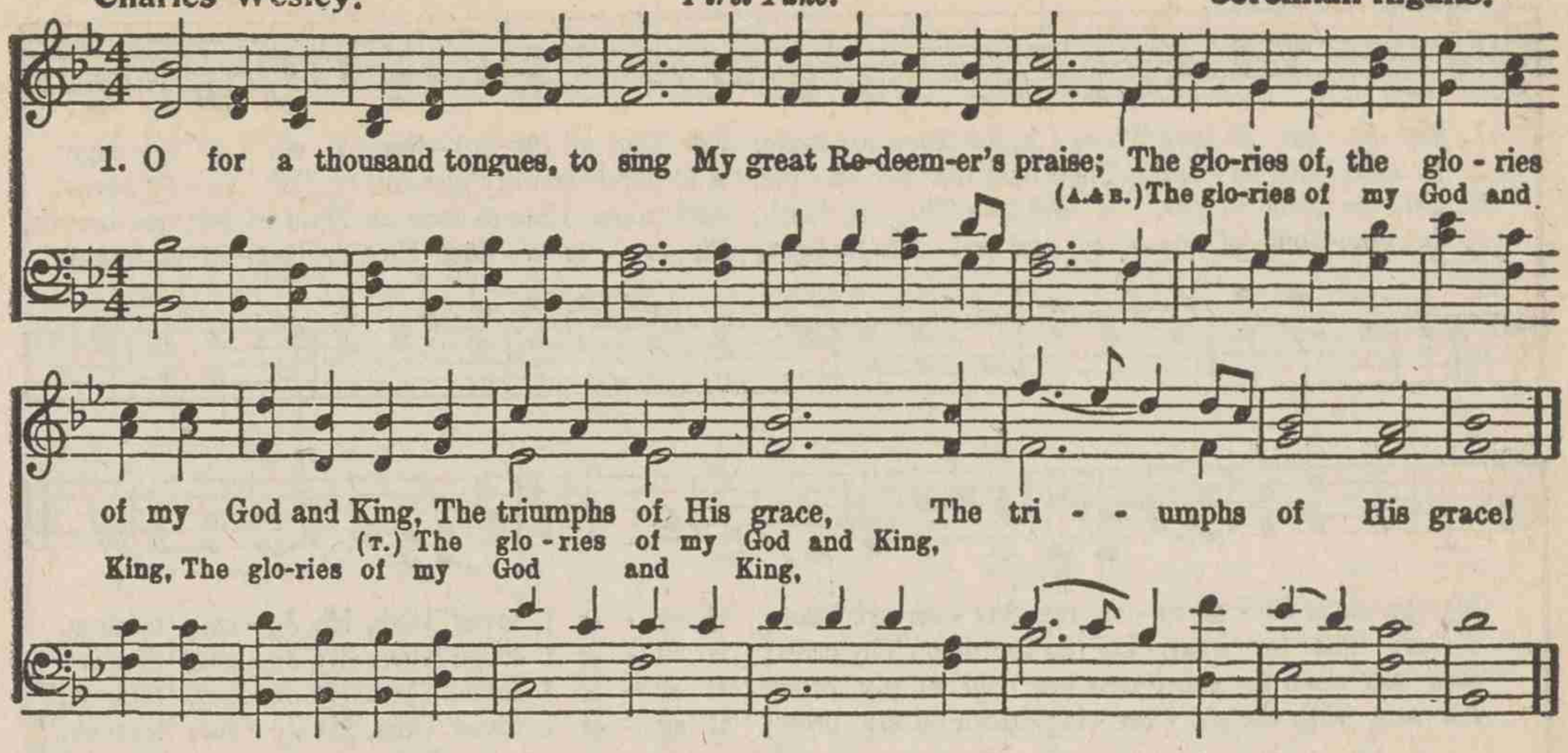
No. 158. All Hail the Power.

Edward Perronet. *Third Tune.* William Shrubsole.



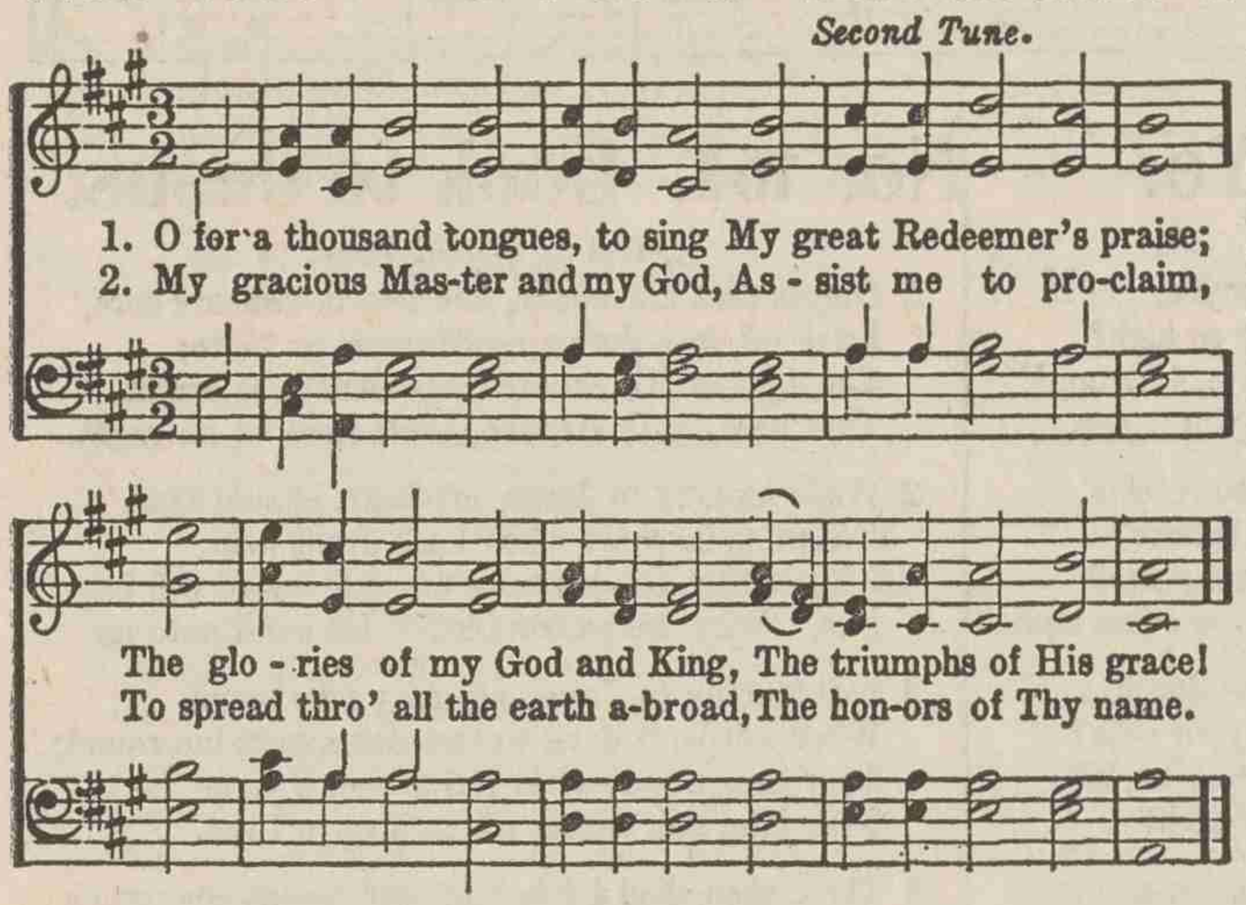
159. O For a Thousand Tongues.

Charles Wesley. *First Tune.* Jeremiah Ingalls.



No. 160. O For a Thousand Tongues.

Second Tune. Arr. by Lowell Mason.



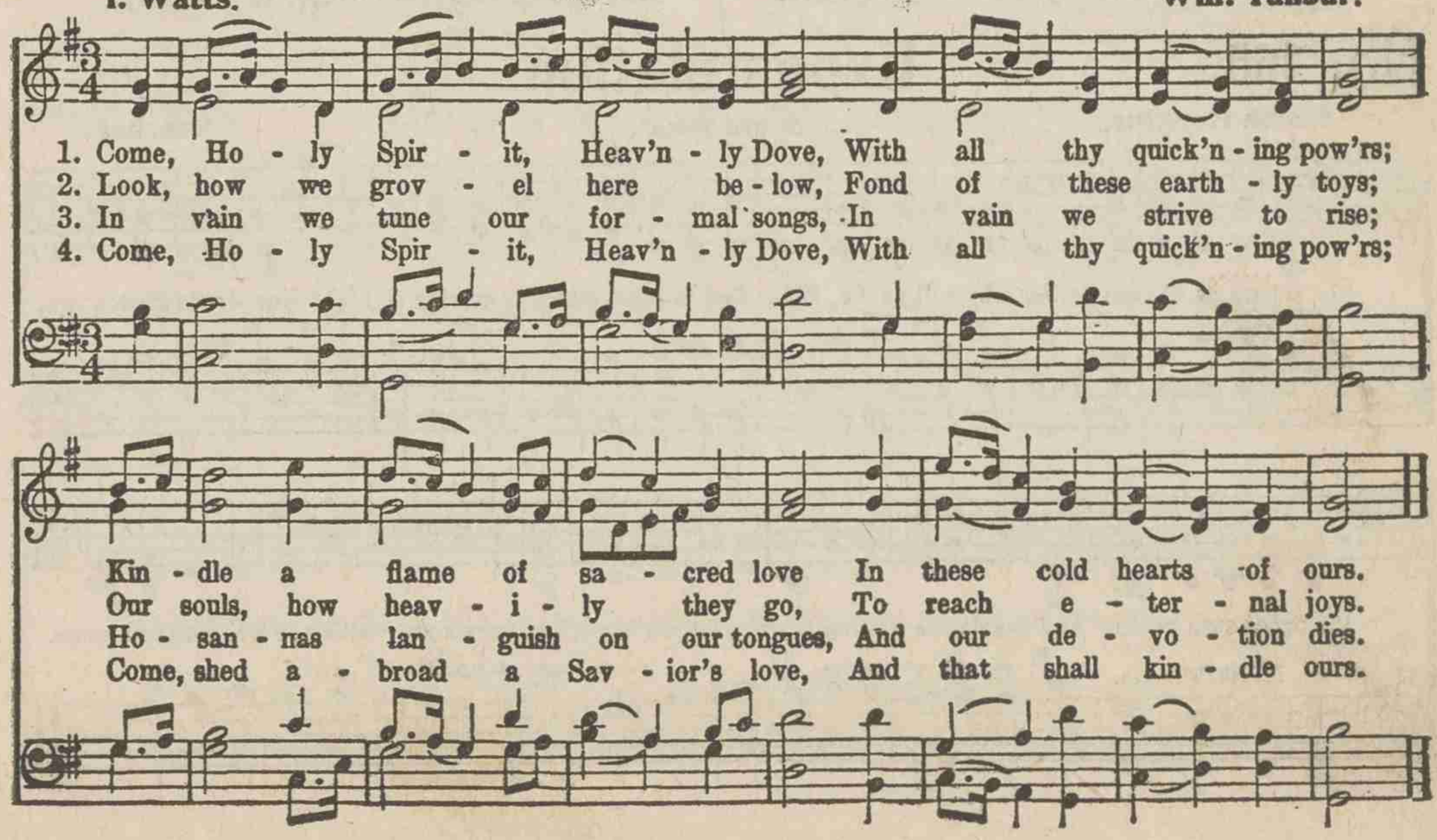
3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

5 He speaks, and listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice
The humble poor believe.

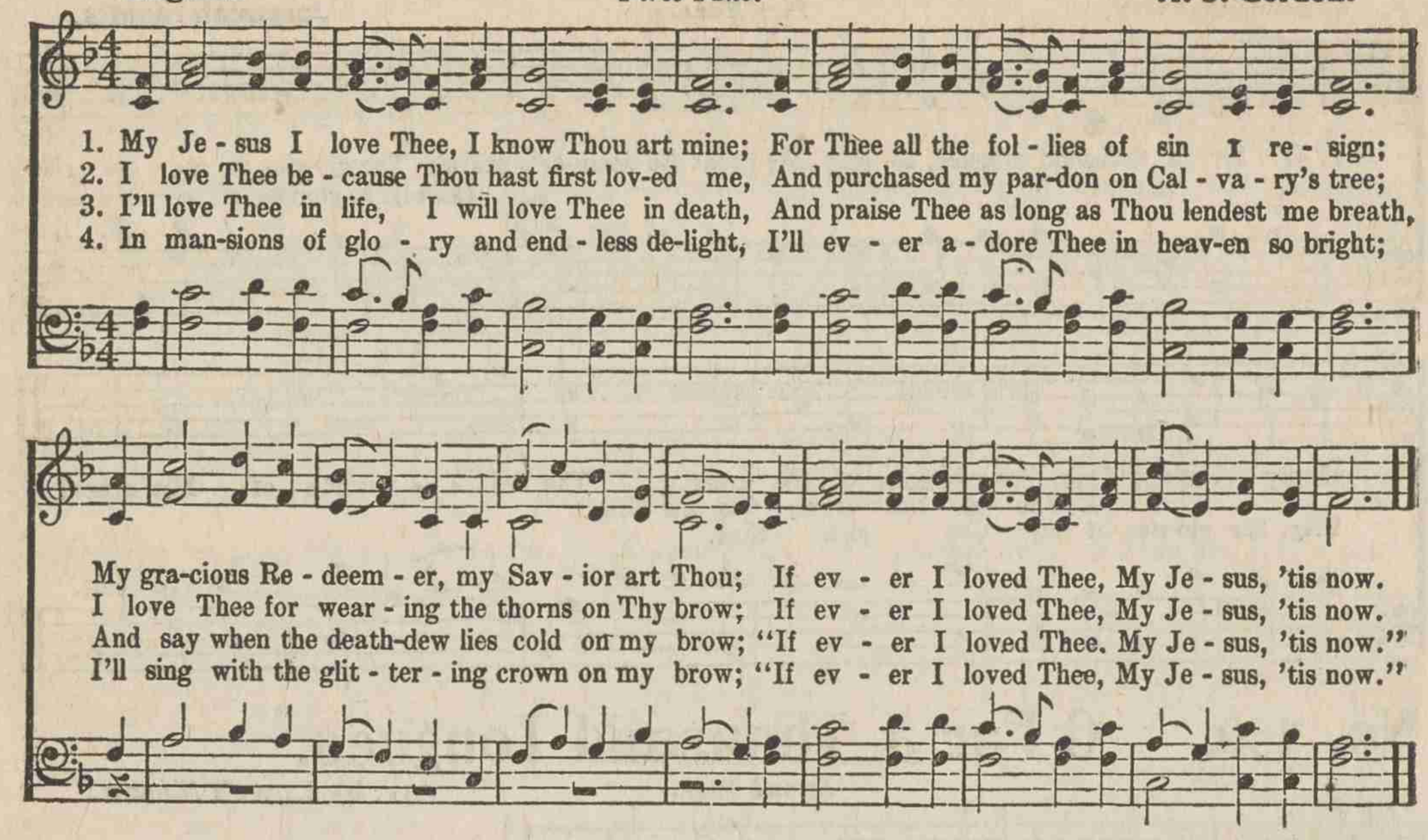
No. 161. Come Holy Spirit.

I. Watts. Wm. Tansur.



No. 162. My Jesus I Love Thee.

English. *First Tune.* A. J. Gordon.



No. 163. O Turn Ye.

First or Second Tune.

1 O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die,
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, "Come,"
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

2 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,
O how can you question, if you will believe?
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'Tis you He bids welcome; He bids you come home.

3 In riches, in pleasures, what can you obtain,
To soothe your affliction, or banish your pain?
To bear up your spirit when summoned to die,
Or waft you to mansions of glory on high?

4 Why will you be starving, and feeding on air?
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;
If still you are doubting, make trial and see,
And prove that His mercy is boundless and free.

No. 164. Look to Jesus.

First or Second Tune.

1 O eyes that are weary, and hearts that are sore,
Look off unto Jesus, now sorrow no more;
The light of His countenance shineth so bright,
That here, as in Heaven, there need be no night.

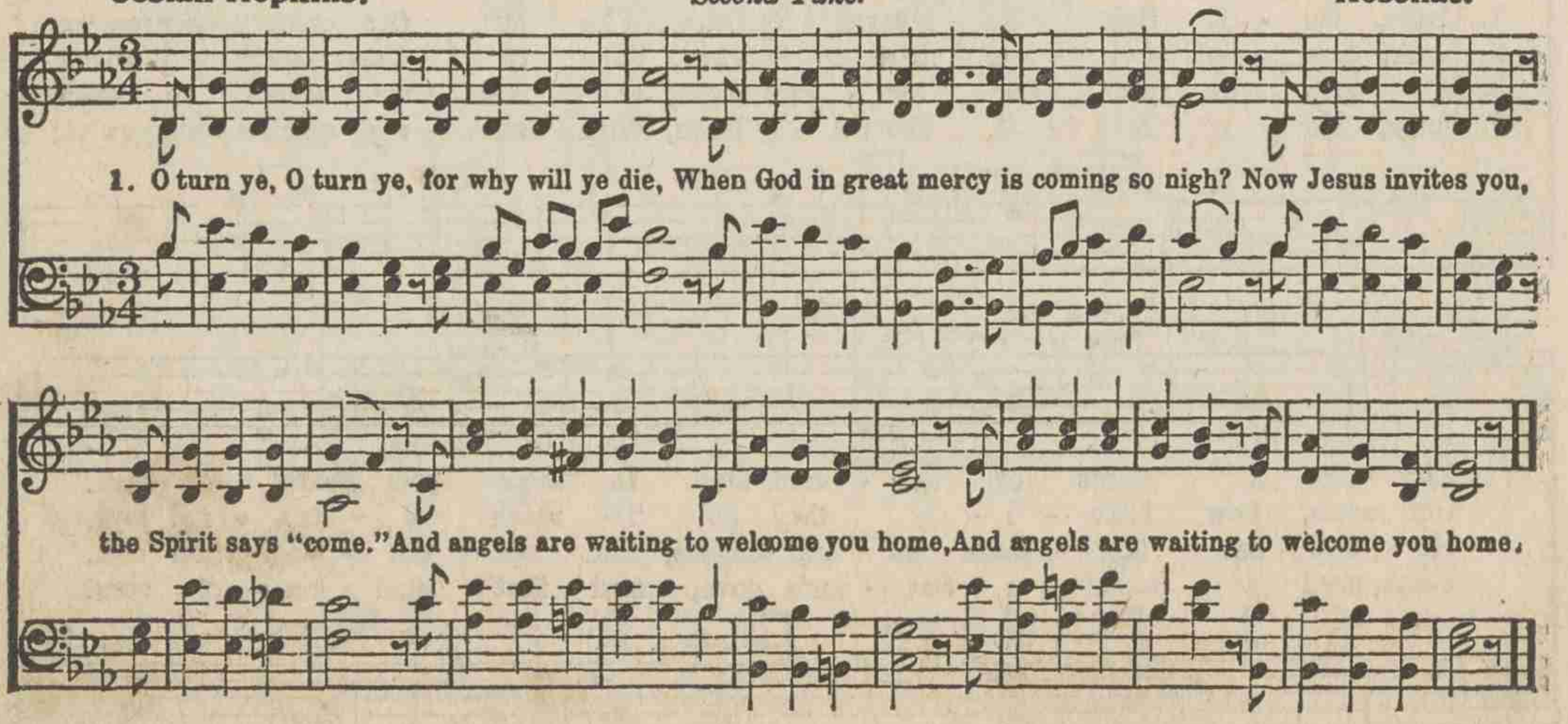
2 While looking to Jesus, my heart cannot fear,
I tremble no more when I see Jesus near,
I know that His presence my safe-guard will be,
For, "Why are ye troubled?" He saith unto me.

3 Still looking to Jesus, oh, may I be found,
When Jordan's dark waters encompass me round;
They bear me away in His presence to be
I see Him still nearer whom always I see.

4 Then, then shall I know the full beauty and grace
Of Jesus, my Lord, when I stand face to face
Shall know how His love went before me each day,
And wonder that ever my eyes turned away.

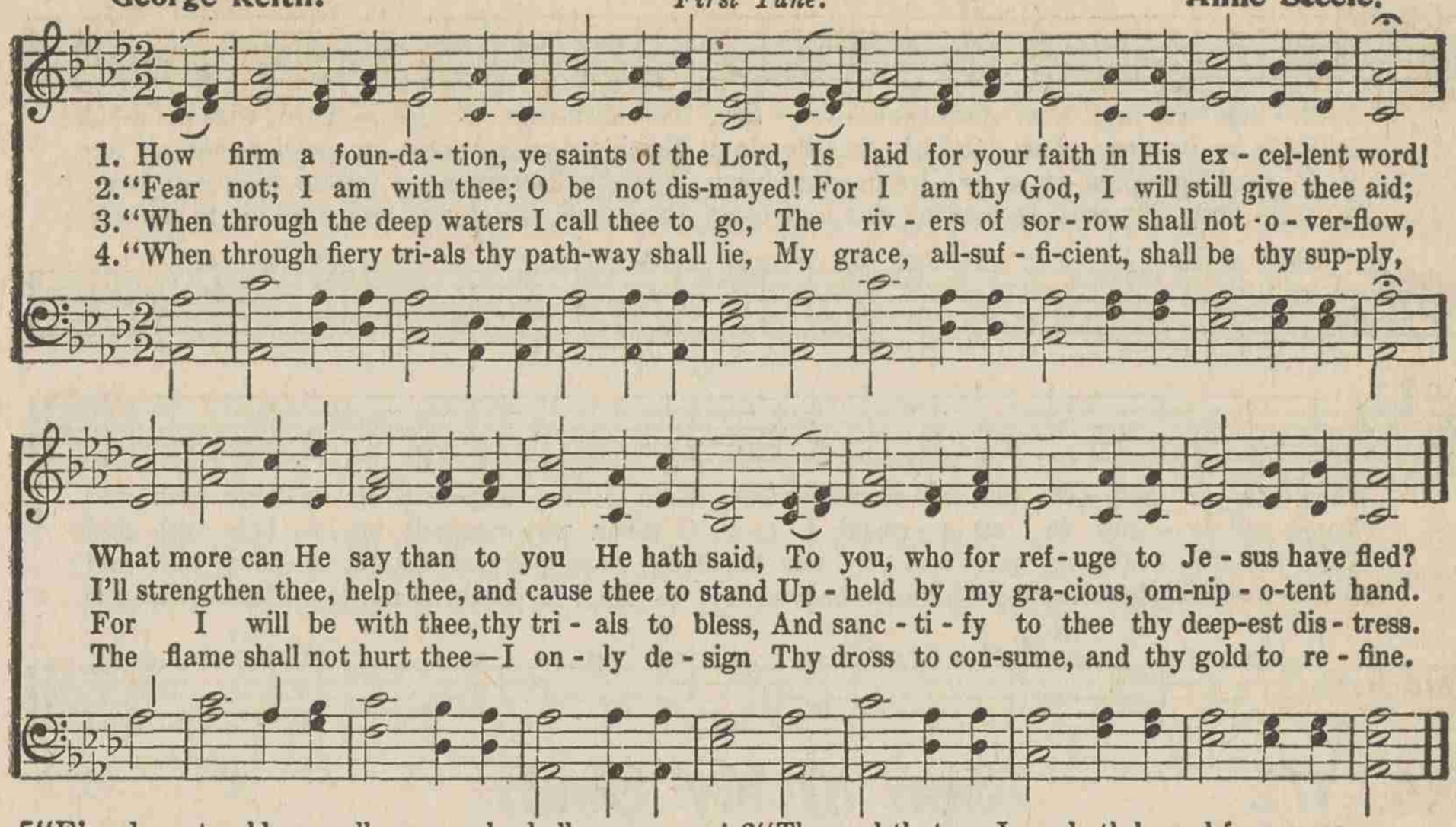
No. 165. Expostulation.

Josiah Hopkins. *Second Tune.* Koschat.



No. 166. How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. *First Tune.* Anne Steele.



5"E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

6"The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake."

No. 167. My Shepherd.

First or Second Tune.

1 The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppress'd.

2 Thro' the valley and shadow of death tho' I stray,
Since Thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall with my Comforter near.

3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil Thou annointest my head;
O what shall I ask of Thy providence more?

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above.
I seek by the path which my fore-fathers trod,
Thro' the land of their sojourn, Thy kingdom of love.

No. 168. Delay Not.

First or Second Tune.

1 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, draw near,
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded, the Savior is here,
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

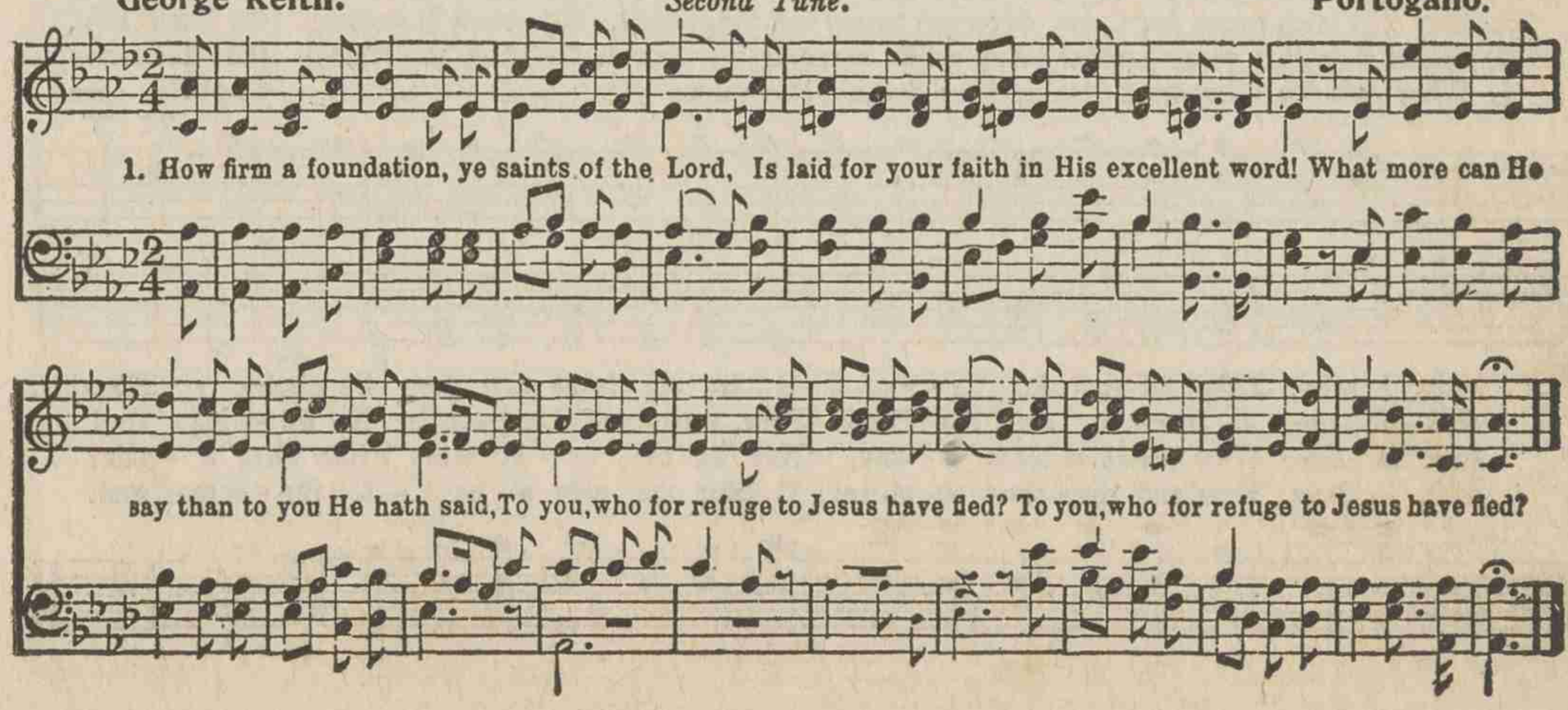
2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?
A fountain is open, how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in His pardoning blood?

3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For Mercy still lingers and calls thee today:
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

4 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace
Long grieved and resisted, may take his sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

No. 169. How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. *Second Tune.* Portogallo.



No. 170. Abide With Me.

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

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark-ness deep-ens—Lord, with me a-bide!
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo-ries pass a - way;
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass-ing hour, What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be-fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies;

When oth - er help - ers fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a - bide with me!
Change and de - cay in all a - round I see; O Thou who changest not, a - bide with me!
Who, like Thy - self, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, a - bide with me!
Heav'n's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

No. 171. Sun of My Soul.

John Kepler. Henry Monk.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near; O may no
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea-ried eye - lids gen - tly steep, Be my last

earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eye.
thought, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-ior's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For with-out Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 Be near to bless me when I wake,
Ere thro' the world my way I take,
Abide with me till in Thy love
I lose myself in heaven above.

No. 172. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

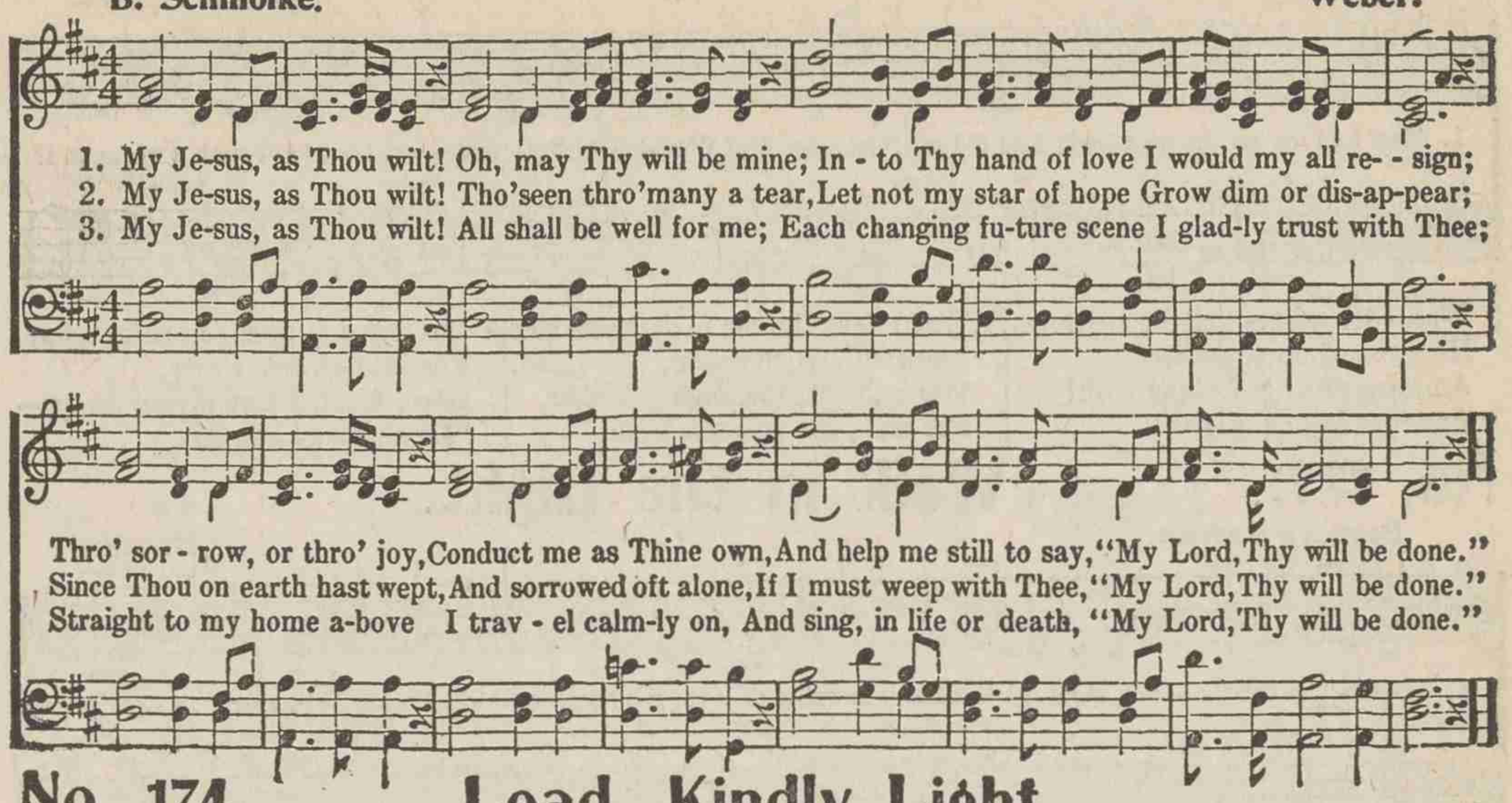
Ray Palmer. Lowell Mason.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - ior di - vine; Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint-ing heart, My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a-round me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid dark-ness
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sul-len stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - ior

while I pray, Take all my sins a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
died for me, O may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire!
turn to day, Wipe sor-rows tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
then, in love, Fear and dis - trust re - move; O bear me safe a - bove,—A ran - somed soul.

No. 173. My Jesus, as Thou Wilt.

B. Schmolke. Weber.

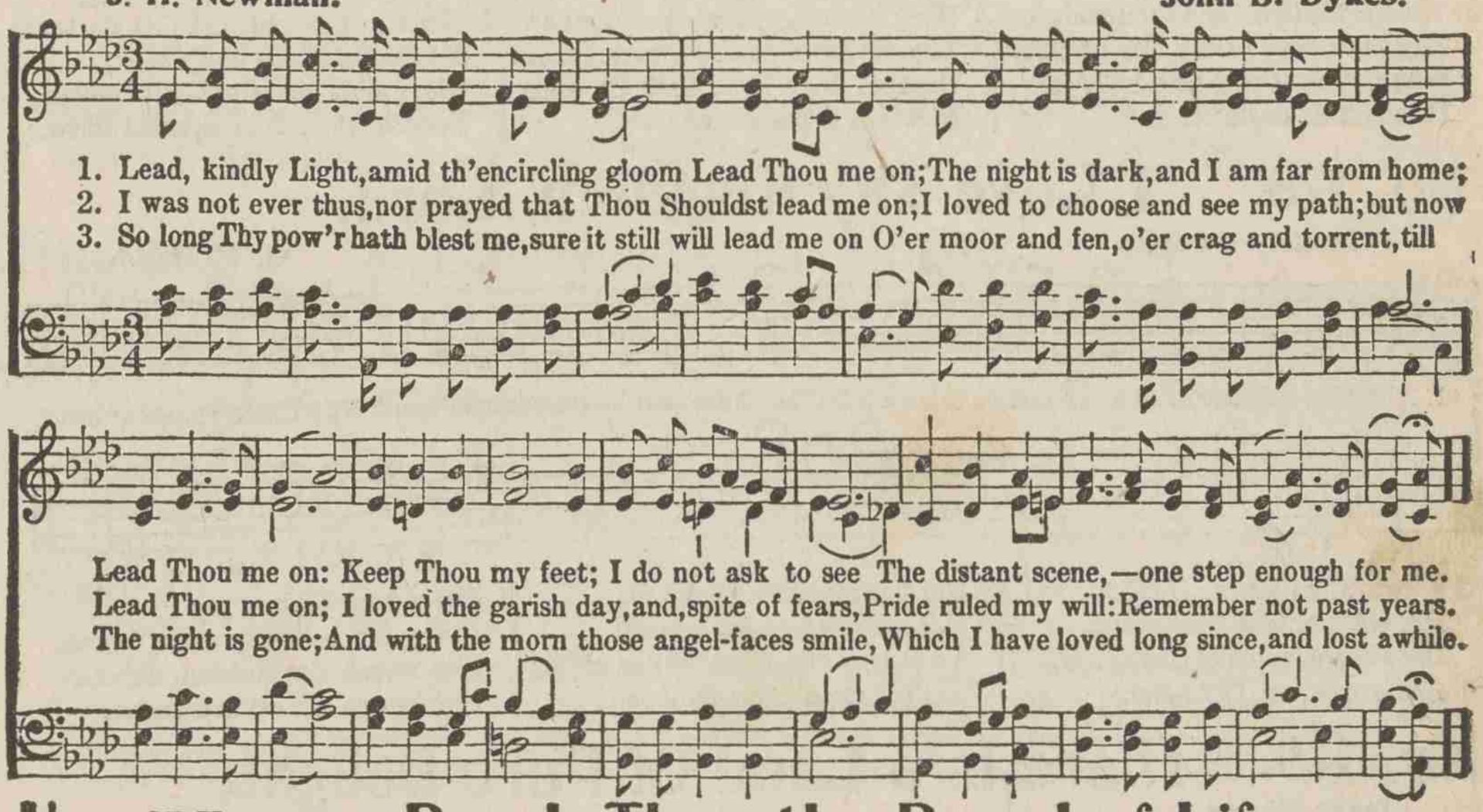


1. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! Oh, may Thy will be mine; In - to Thy hand of love I would my all re- - sign;
2. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! Tho'seen thro'many a tear,Let not my star of hope Grow dim or dis-ap-pear;
3. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! All shall be well for me; Each changing fu-ture scene I glad-ly trust with Thee;

Thro' sor - row, or thro' joy,Conduct me as Thine own,And help me still to say,"My Lord,Thy will be done."
Since Thou on earth hast wept,And sorrowed oft alone,If I must weep with Thee,"My Lord,Thy will be done."
Straight to my home a-bove I trav - el calm-ly on, And sing, in life or death, "My Lord,Thy will be done."

No. 174. Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman. John B. Dykes.



1. Lead, kindly Light,amid th'encircling gloom Lead Thou me on;The night is dark,and I am far from home;
2. I was not ever thus,nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on;I loved to choose and see my path;but now
3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me,sure it still will lead me on O'er moor and fen,o'er crag and torrent,till

Lead Thou me on: Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see The distant scene,—one step enough for me.
Lead Thou me on; I loved the garish day,and,spite of fears,Pride ruled my will:Remember not past years.
The night is gone;And with the morn those angel-faces smile,Which I have loved long since,and lost awhile.

No. 175. Break Thou the Bread of Life.

Mary Ann Lathbury. William F. Sherwin.

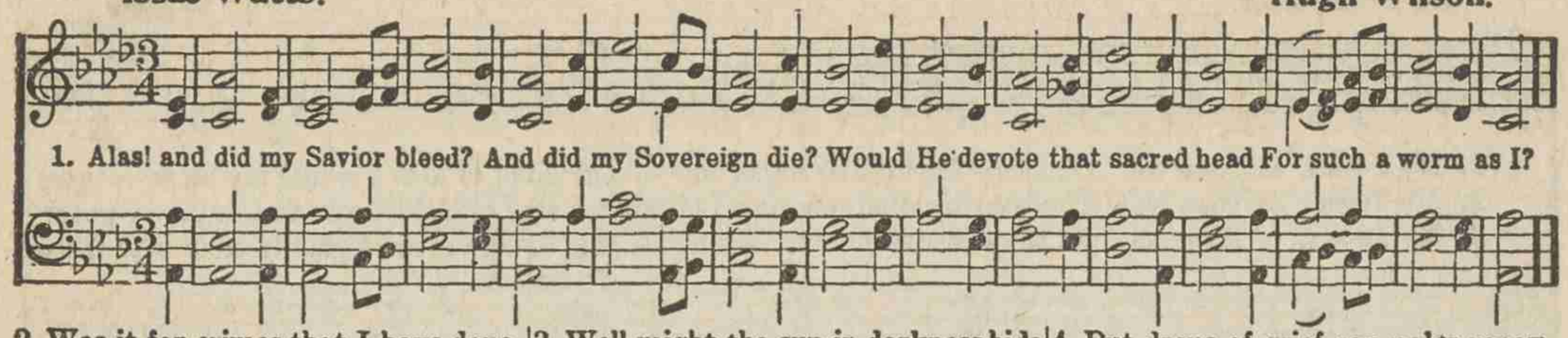


1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the loaves Be-side the sea,
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst bless the bread By Gal - i - lee;
3. Teach me to live, dear Lord, On - ly for Thee, As Thy dis - ci - ples lived In Gal - i - lee;

Be - yond the sa - cred page I seek Thee, Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O Liv - ing Word!
Then shall all bon-dage cease, All fet - ters fall, And I shall find my peace, My All in All.
Then, all my strug-gles o'er, Then, vic-t'ry won, I shall be-hold Thee, Lord,The Liv - ing One.

No. 176. Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?

Issac Watts. Hugh Wilson.



2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide
And shut His glories in, [died,
When Christ, the mighty Maker,
For man, the creature's sin.

4 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. 177. Walk in the Light.

Bernard Barton. Haydn.



2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His, [shrined,
Who dwells in cloudless light en-
In whom no darkness is.

3 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away, [shone
Because that light hath on thee
In which is perfect day.

4 Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

No. 178. I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

Timothy Dwight. G. F. Handel.



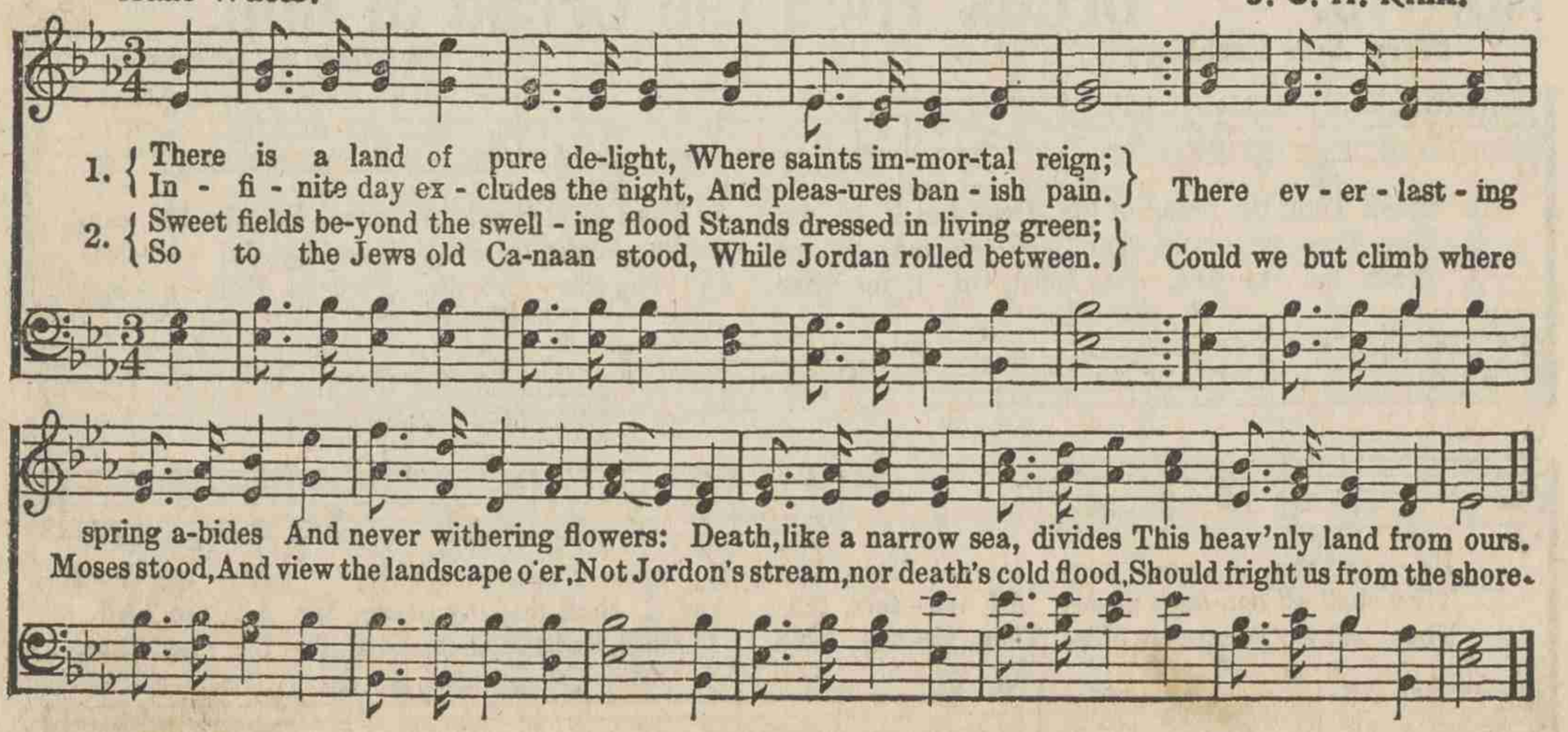
2 I love Thy Church, O God;
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways, [vows,
Her sweet communion, solemn
Her hymns of love and praise.

No. 179. There Is a Land Of Pure Delight.

Isaac Watts. J. C. H. Rink.



No. 180. Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett. Hans George Naegeli.



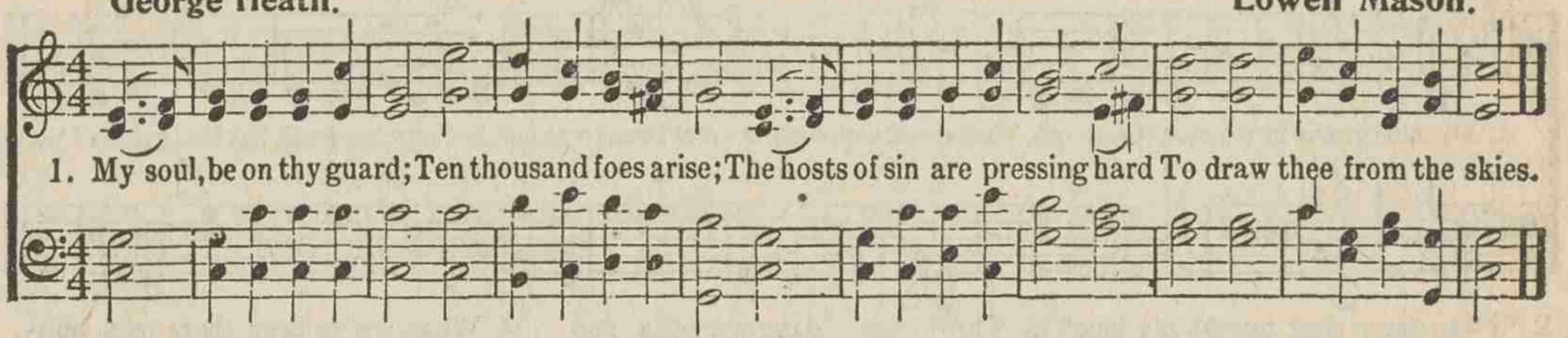
2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers; [one,
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

No. 181. My Soul, Be on Thy Guard.

George Heath. Lowell Mason.



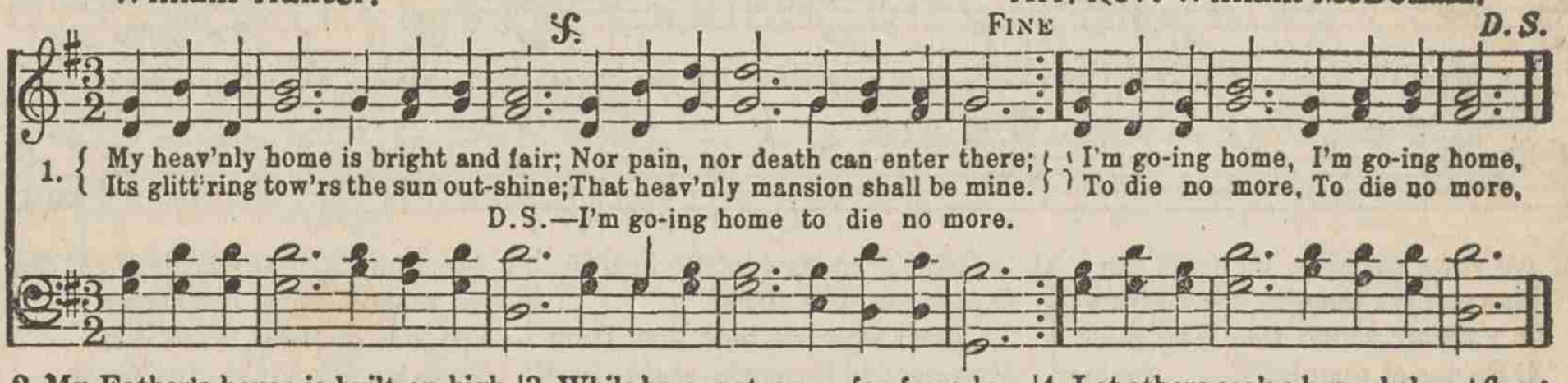
2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God:
He'll take thee, at thy parting
To His divine abode. [breath,

No. 182. The Heavenly Home.

William Hunter. Arr. Rev. William McDonald.



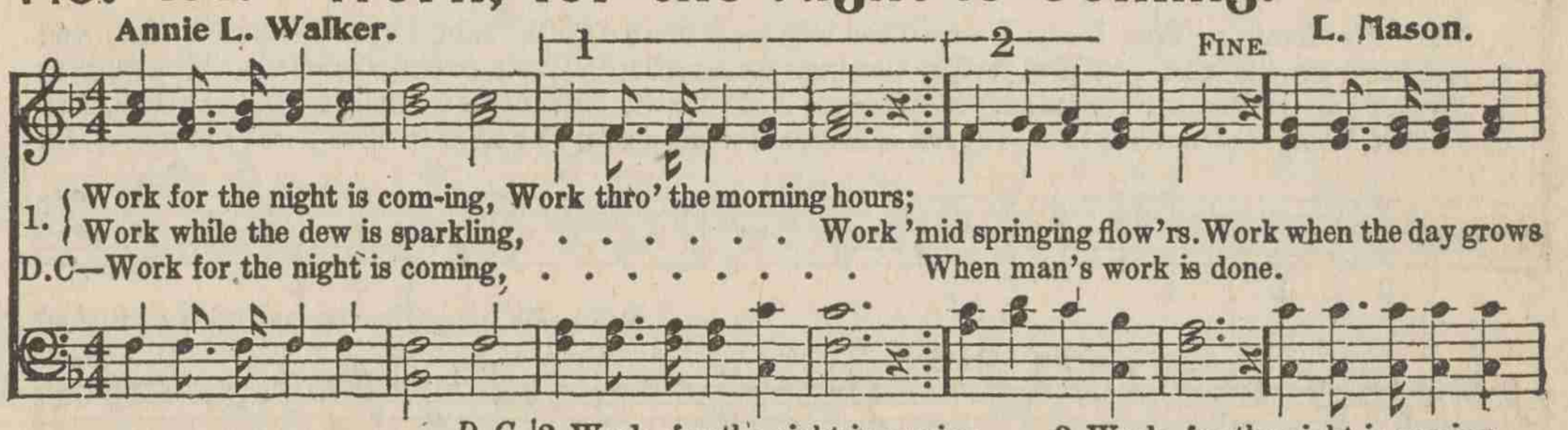
2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be

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

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

No. 183. Work, for the Night is Coming.

Annie L. Walker. L. Mason.

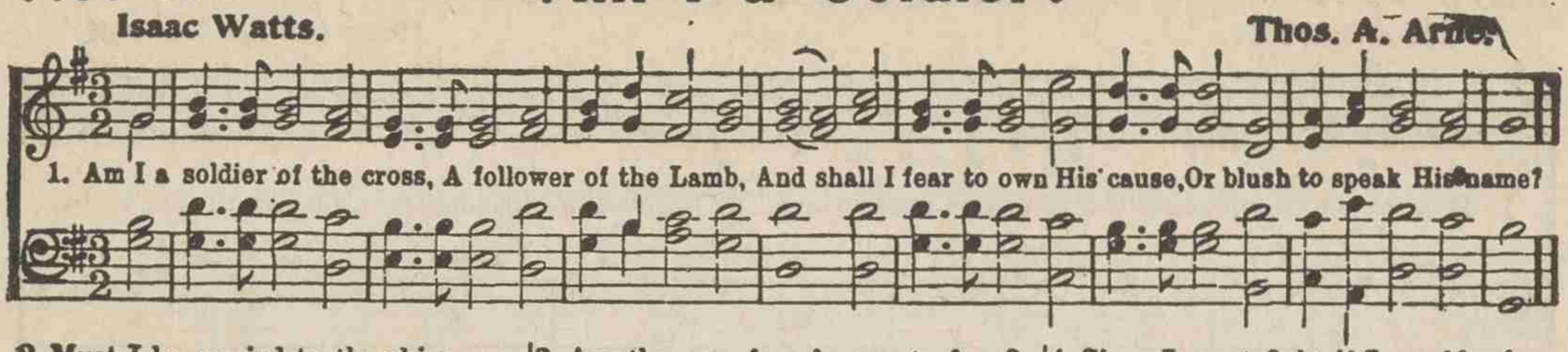


2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute,
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming.
When man works no more.

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

No. 184. Am I a Soldier?

Isaac Watts. Thos. A. Arne.



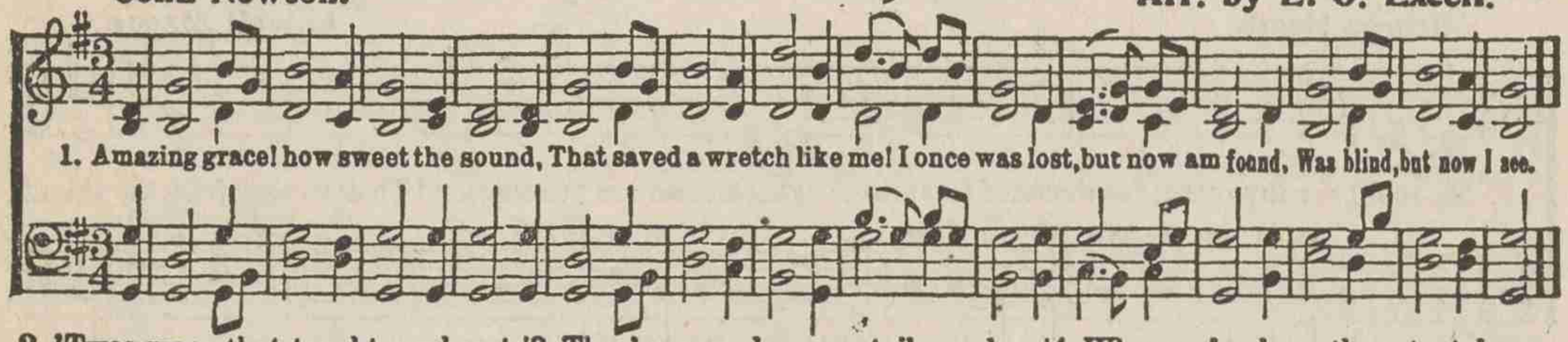
2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease, [prize,
While others fought to win the
And sailed thro' bloody seas?

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

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

No. 185. Amazing Grace.

John Newton. Arr. by E. O. Excell.



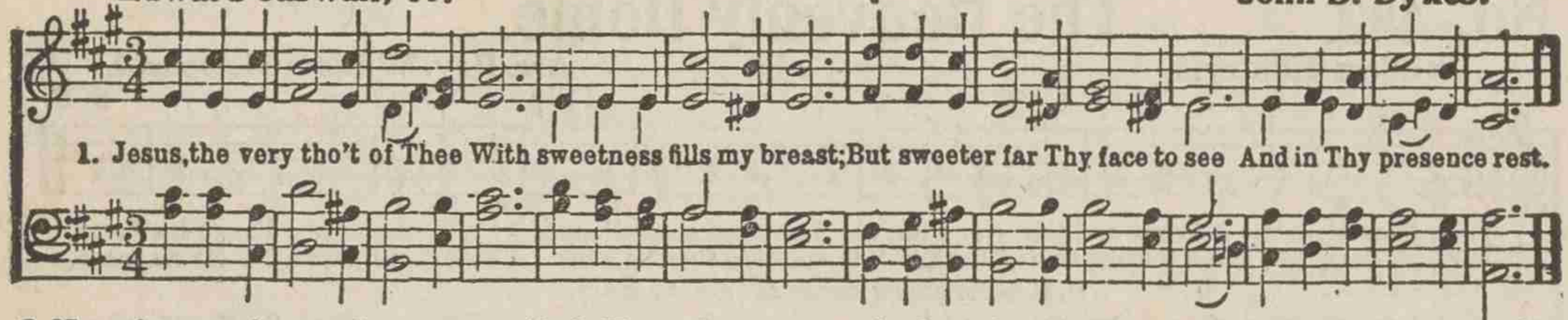
2 'Twas grace that taught my heart
And grace my fears relieved; [to fear
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!

3 Thro' many dangers, toils and
I have already come; [snares,
'Tis grace hath bro't me safe thus
And grace will lead me home. [far.

4 When we've been there tent hou-
Bright shining as the sun, [sand years
We've no less days to sing God's
Than when we first begun. [praise

No. 186. The Thought of Thee.

Edward Caswall, Tr. John B. Dykes.



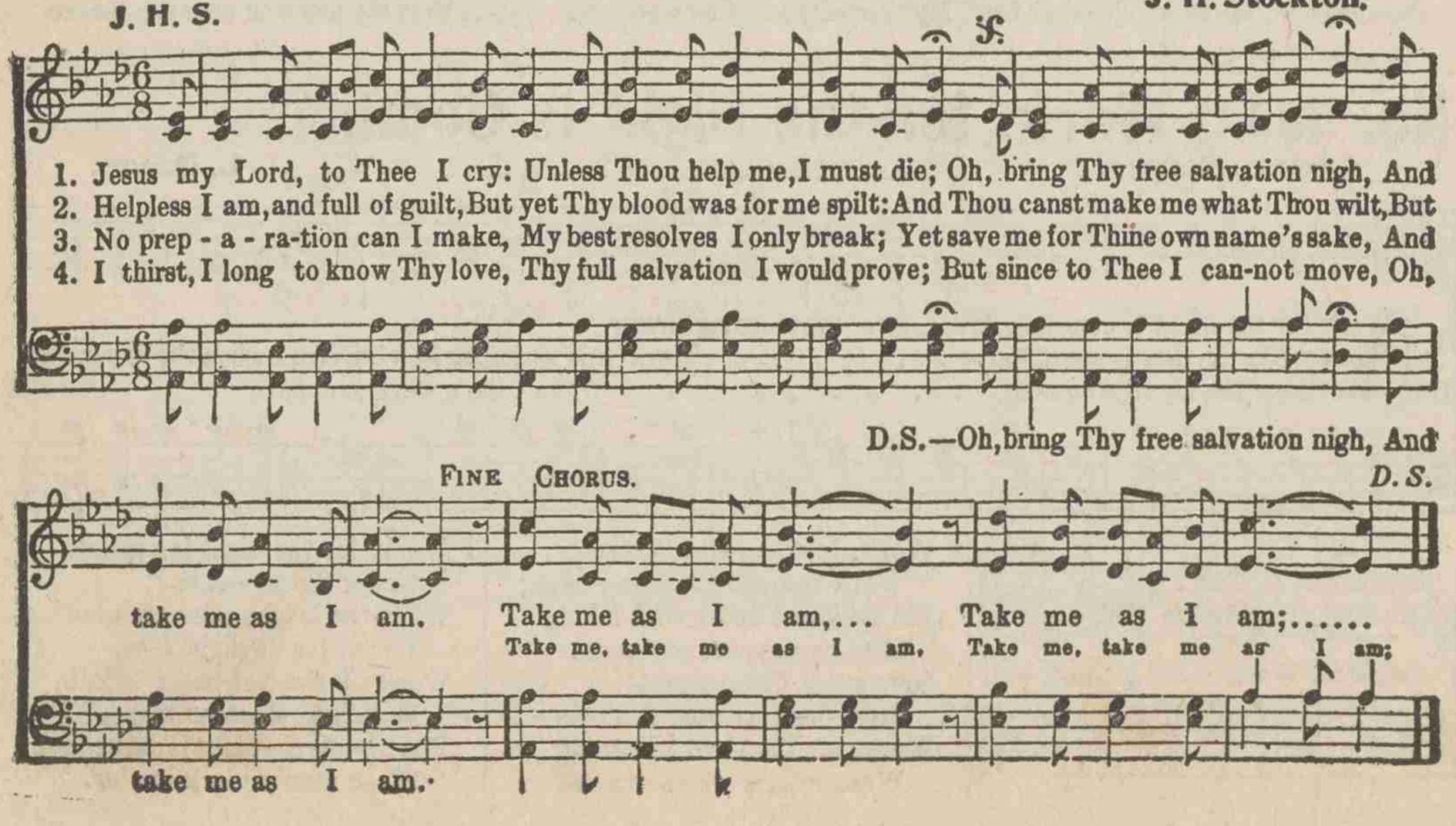
2 No voice can sing, no heart can
Nor can the mem'ry find [frame,
A sweeter sound than Thy blest
O Savior of man-kind! [name,

3 O Hope of every contrite heart!
O joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind Thou
How good to those who seek! [art!

4 But what to those who find? ah! this
No tongue or pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

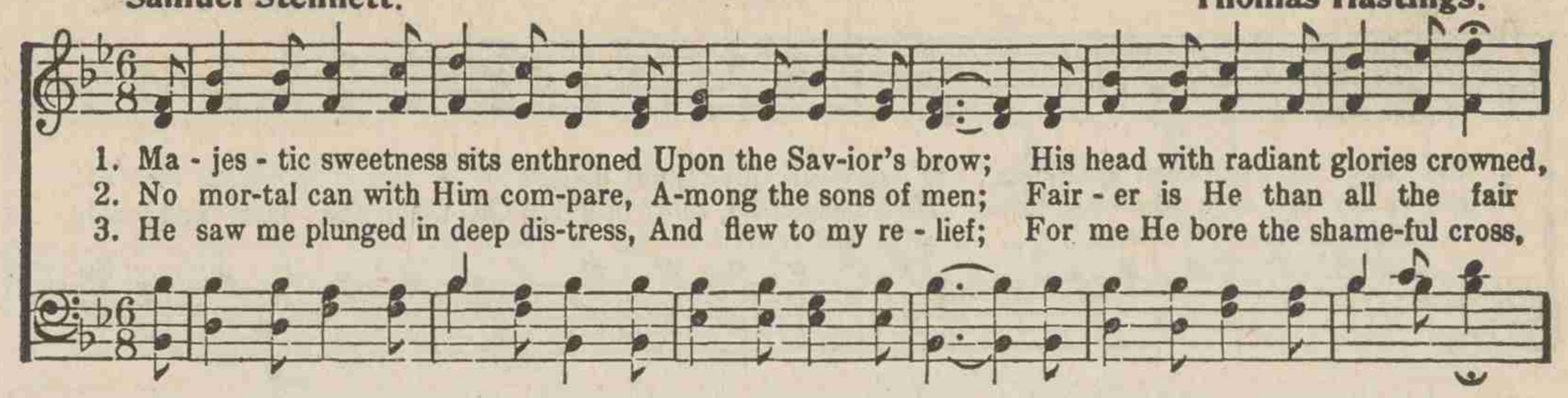
No. 187. Take Me As I Am.

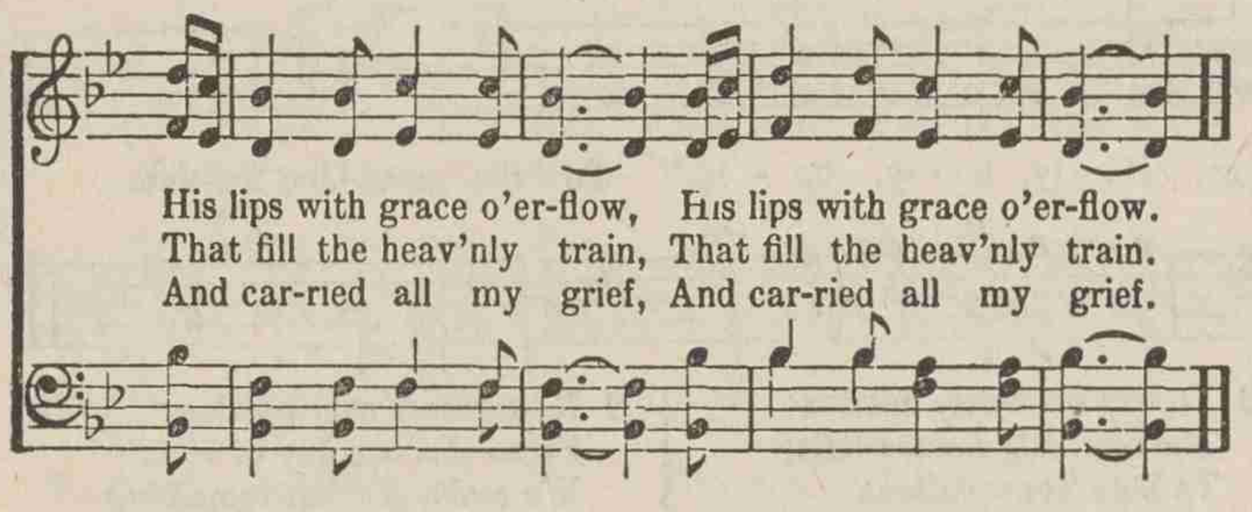
J. H. S. J. H. Stockton.



No. 188. Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned,

Samuel Stennett. Thomas Hastings.





4 To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have:
He make me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

5 Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

No. 189. The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter J. H. Stockton.



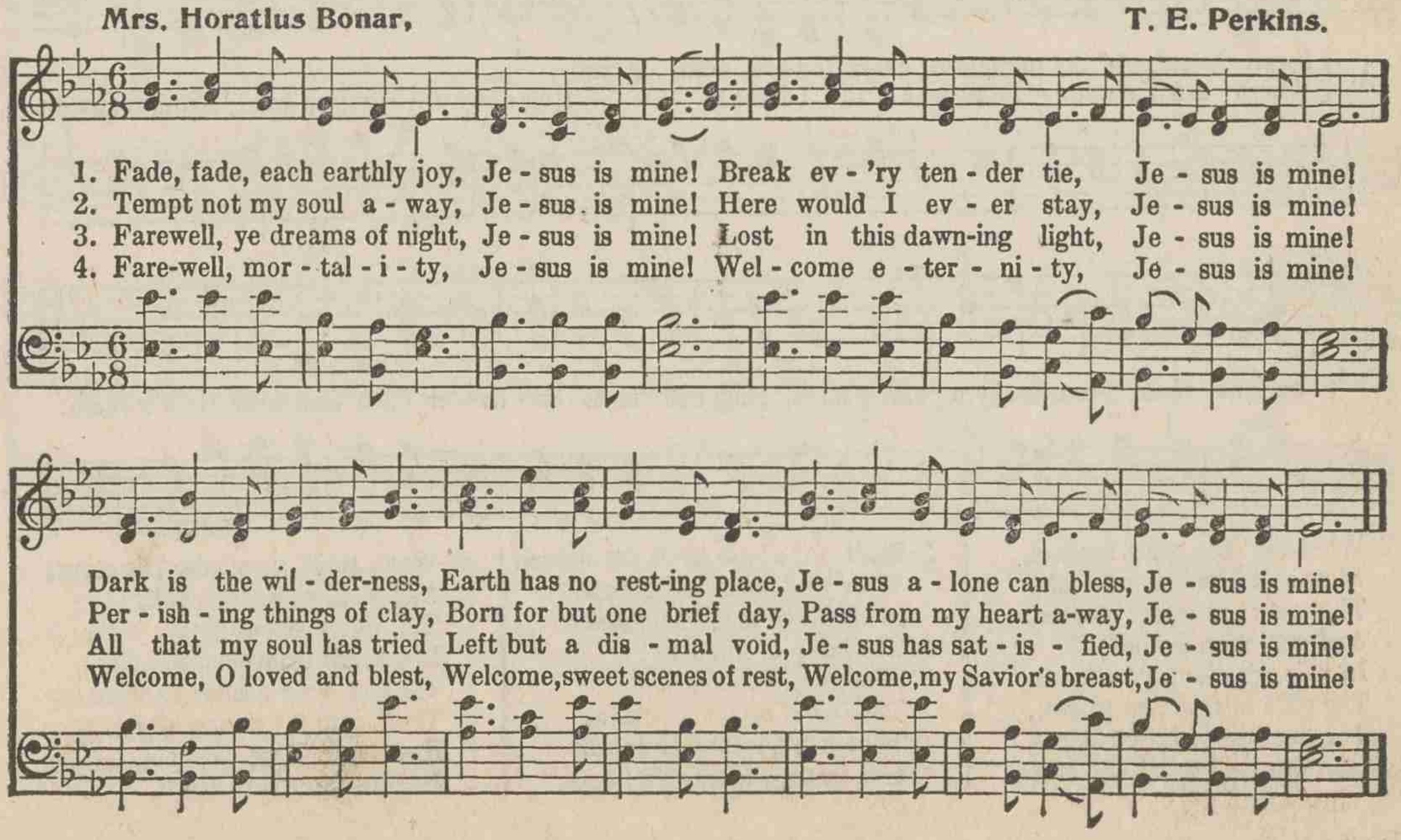
2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh! hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

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

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

No. 190. Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy.

Mrs. Horatius Bonar, T. E. Perkins.



No. 191. O Day of Rest and Gladness.

Wordsworth. *First Tune.* Lowell Mason.



2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth
On thee, our Lord, victorious,
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

3 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

4 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The church her voice upraises
To thee, blest Three in One.

No. 192. In Heavenly Love Abiding.

First or Second Tune.

1 In heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear;
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here.
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

2 Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim,
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free,
My Savior has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

No. 193. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

R. Heber. *Second Tune.* Lowell Mason.



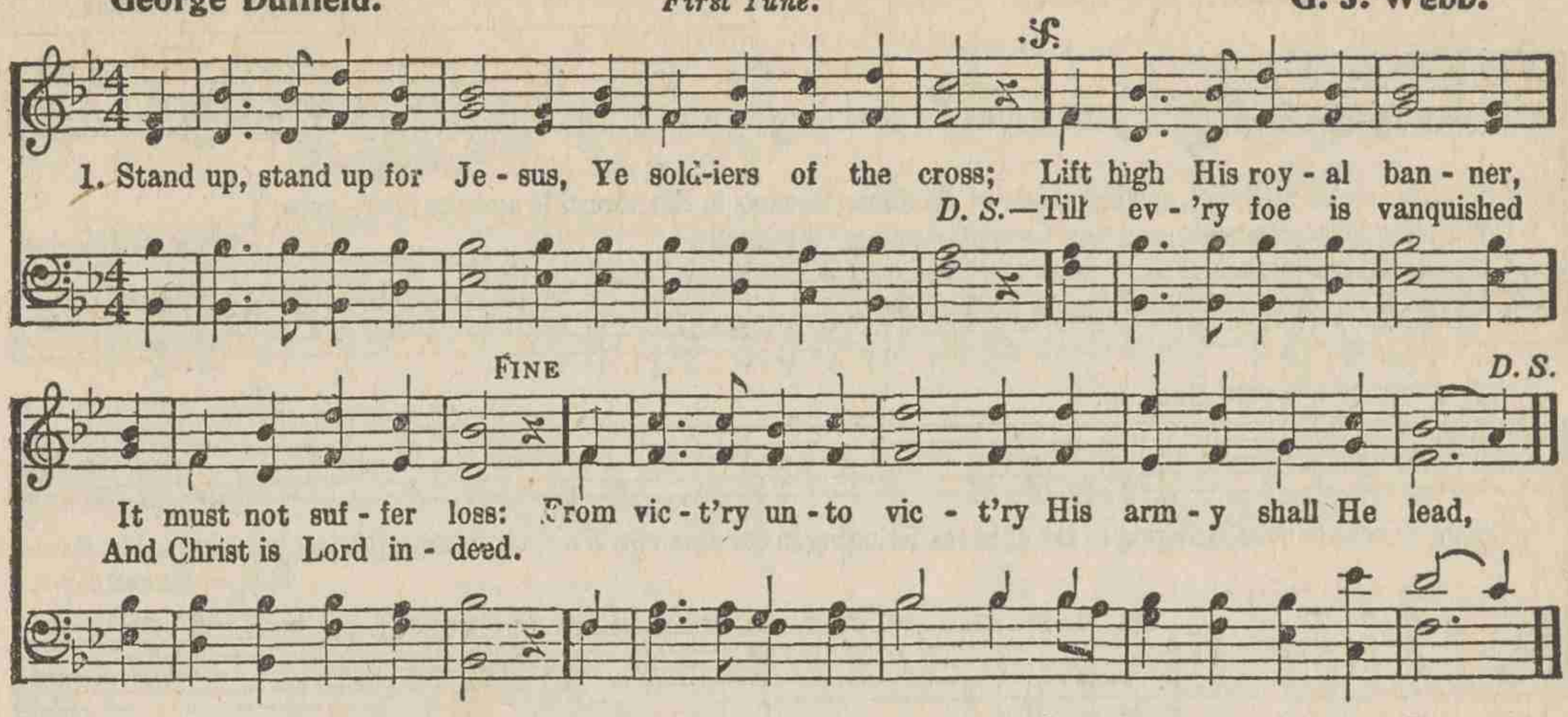
2 What tho' the spicy breezes,
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Tho' every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness,
Bow down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 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. 194. Stand Up for Jesus.

George Duffield. *First Tune.* **G. J. Webb.**



2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day,
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own,
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song;
To Him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

No. 195. The Morning Light is Breaking.

First or Second Tune.

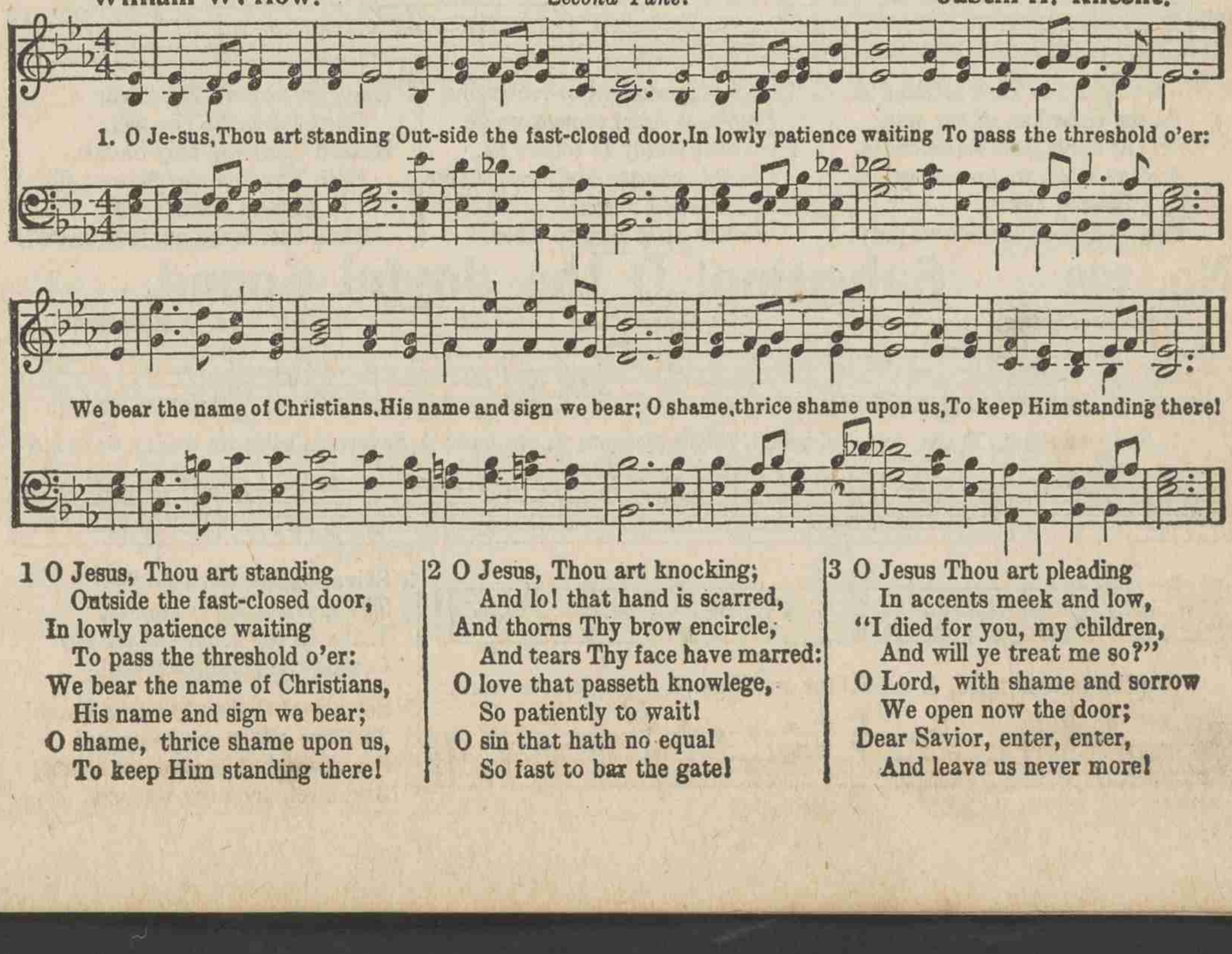
1 The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears,
The sons of earth are waking,
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God 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. 196. O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.

William W. How. *Second Tune.* **Justin H. Knecht.**



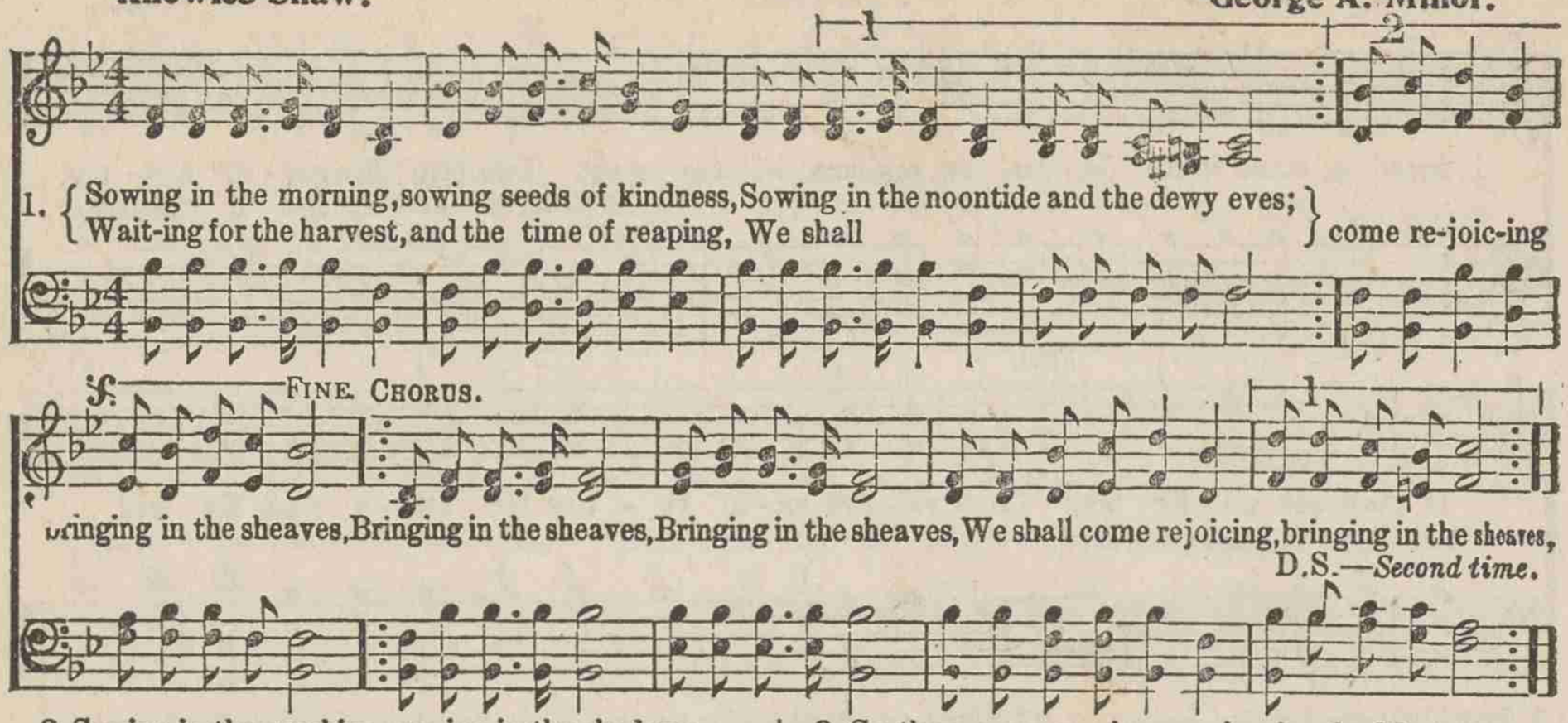
1 O Jesus, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
We bear the name of Christians,
His name and sign we bear;
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there!

2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking;
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred:
O love that passeth knowlege,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, my children,
And will ye treat me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door;
Dear Savior, enter, enter,
And leave us never more!

No. 197 Bringing in the Sheaves.

Knowles Shaw. **George A. Minor.**



2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
By and by the harvest and the labor ended,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

3 Go then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master,
Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;
When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

No. 198. Savior, Like a Shepherd.

Dorothy A. Thrupp. **William B. Bradbury.**



2 We are Thine; do Thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray:
Blessed Jesus,
Hear, oh, hear us when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be,
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free
Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Savior,
With Thy love our bosoms fill:
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

No. 199. Salvation! O the Joyful Sound.

Isaac Watts. *Fourth Tune.* **John Randall.**

2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To Thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

No. 200. Wash Me in the Blood.

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

CHORUS.

There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.

Savior wash..... me in the blood,
Savior, wash me in the blood, in the blood, the blood of the Lamb.

Sav-ior wash..... me in the blood, Oh, And I shall be whit-er than the snow.
Sav - ior wash me in the blood, in the blood, the blood of the Lamb, Oh,

No. 201. There is a Fountain.

W. Cowper *Second Tune.* Lowell Mason.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their
D.S. And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their

FINE. D. C.

guilty stains; Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains;
guilty stains;

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

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

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

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

No. 202. Glorious Fountain.

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

1. There is a fount-ain filled with blood, filled with blood, filled with blood, There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, beneath that flood, beneath that flood, And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, Lose

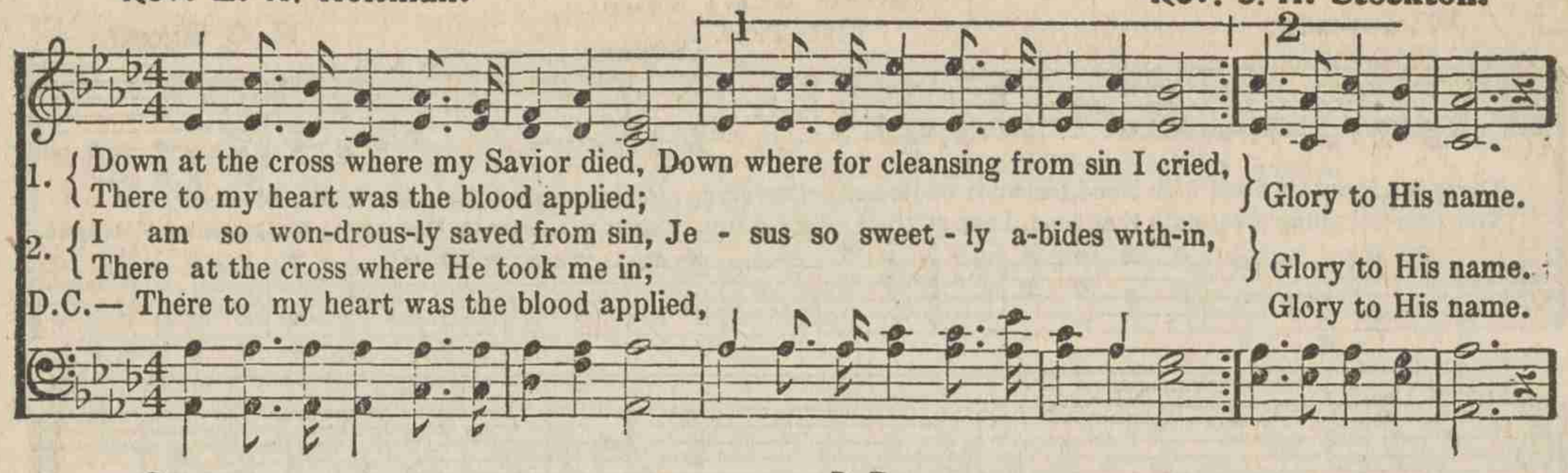
CHORUS.

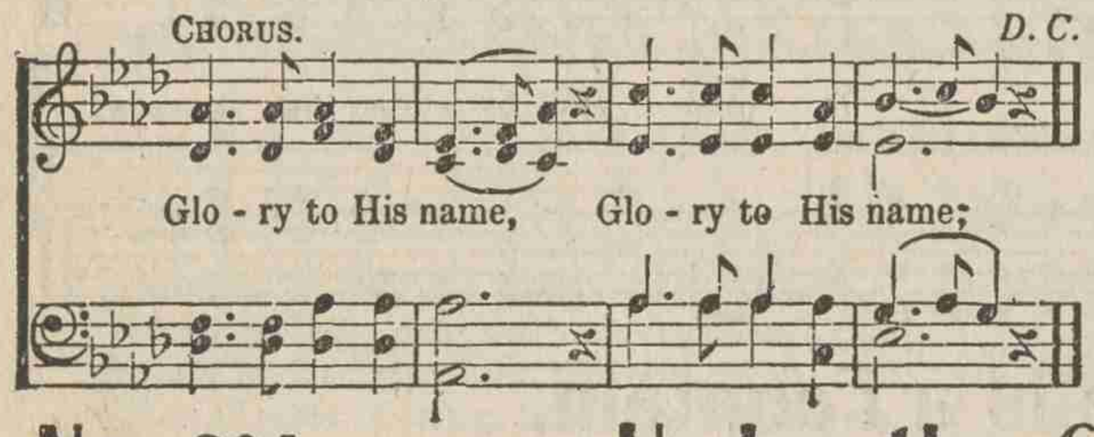
from Immanuel's veins;
all their guilty stains.

Oh, glorious fountain! Here will I stay, And in thee ev - er Wash my sins a - way.

No. 203. Glory to His Name.

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





3 Oh, precious fountain that saves from sin,
I am so glad I have entered in;
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean;
Glory to His name.

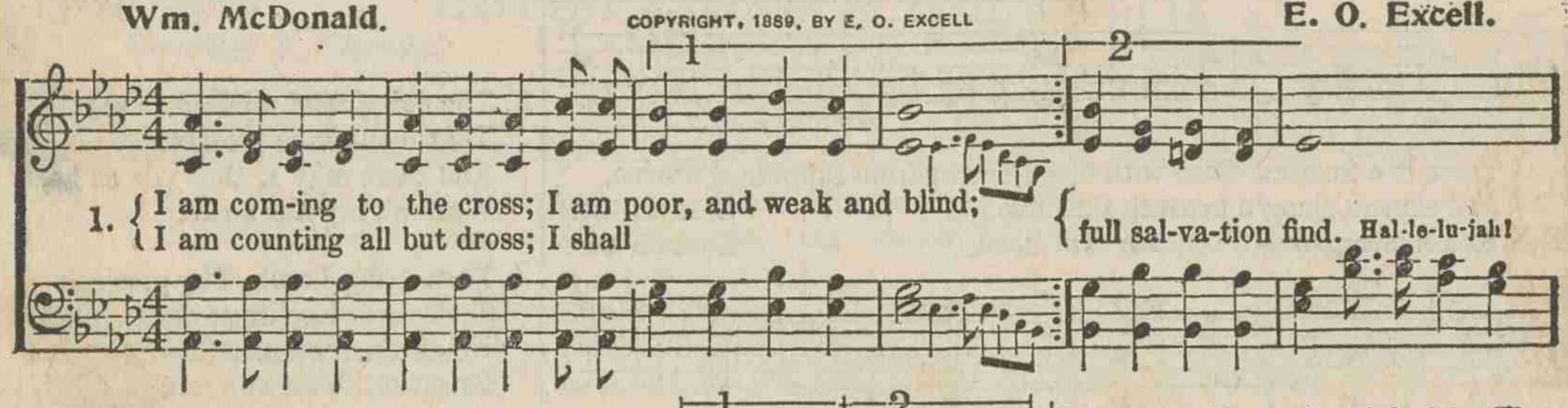
4 Come to this fountain so rich and sweet;
Cast thy poor soul at the Savior's feet;
Plunge in to-day, and be made complete;
Glory to His name.

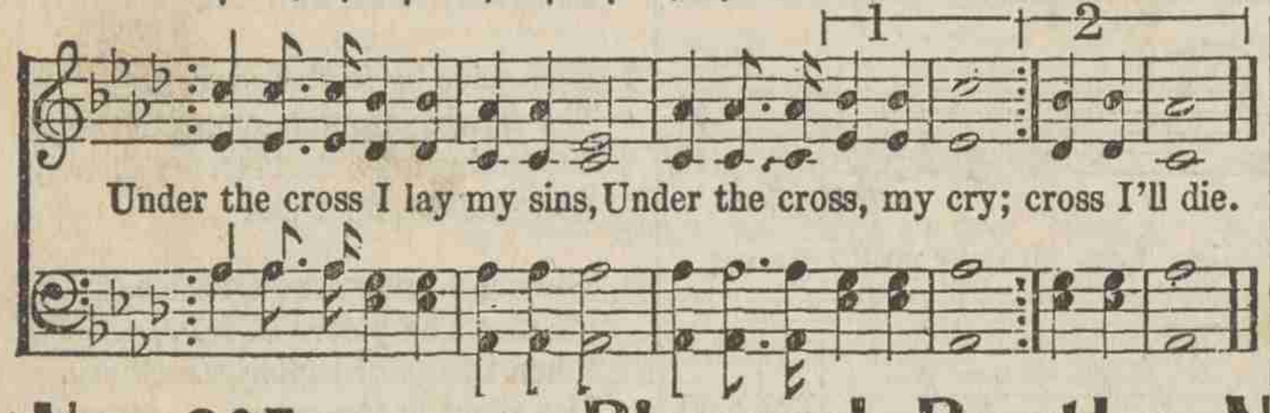
No. 204. Under the Gross.

Wm. McDonald.

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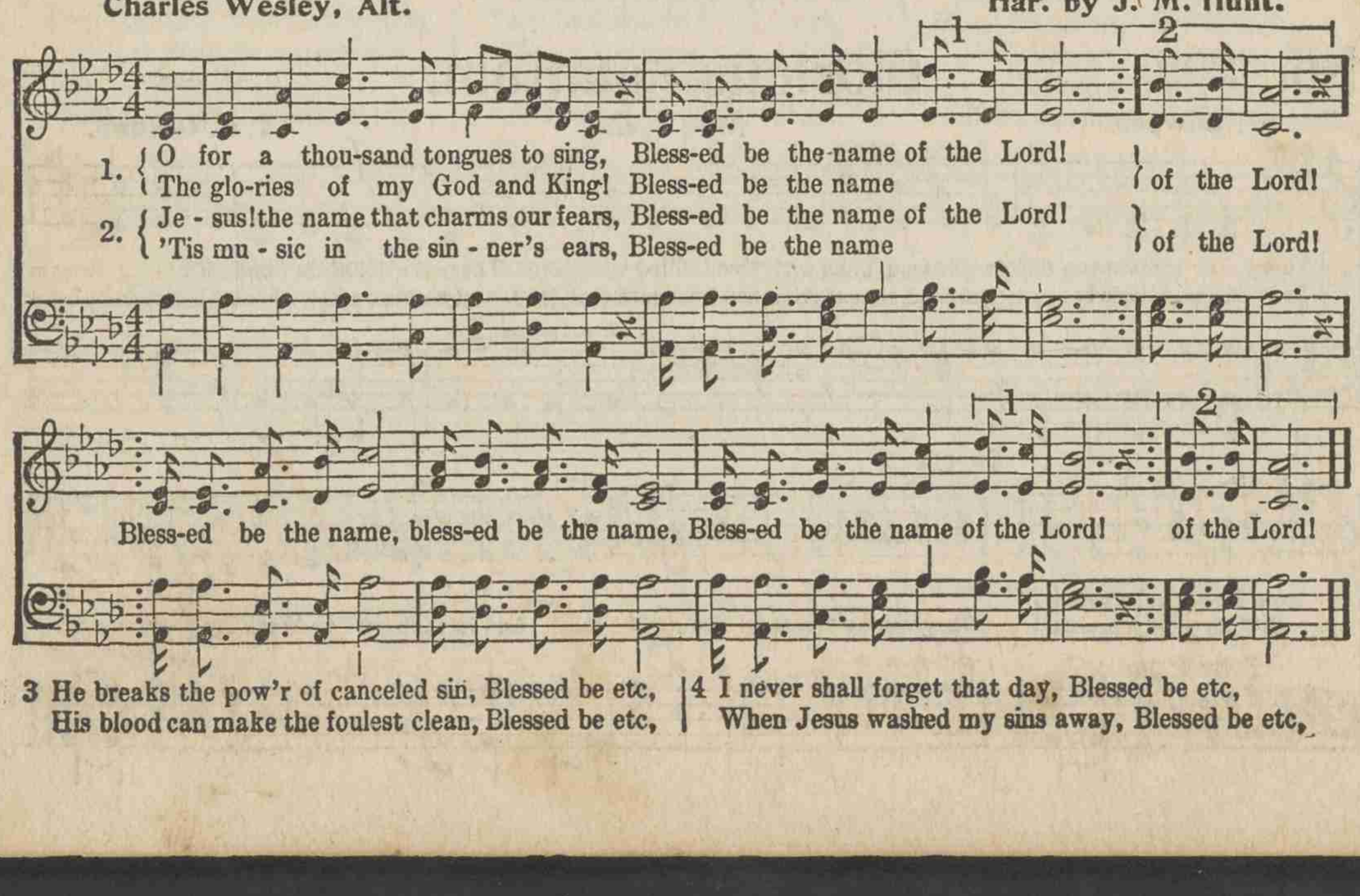


2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee
Long has evil reign'd within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
"I will cleanse you from all sin."

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

No. 205. Blessed Be the Name.

Charles Wesley, Alt. Har. by J. M. Hunt.

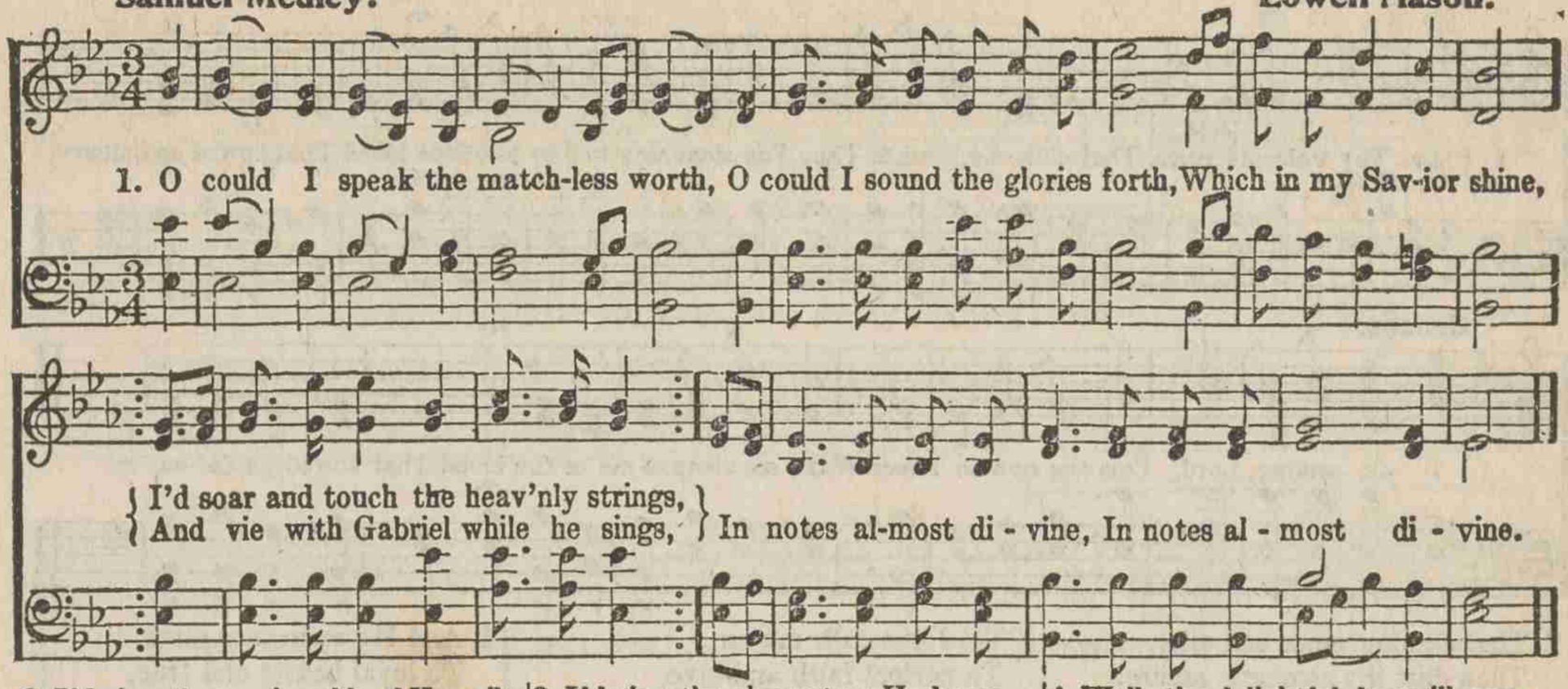


3 He breaks the pow'r of canceled sin, Blessed be etc,
His blood can make the foulest clean, Blessed be etc,

4 I never shall forget that day, Blessed be etc,
When Jesus washed my sins away, Blessed be etc,

No. 206. O Could I Speak.

Samuel Medley. Lowell Mason.



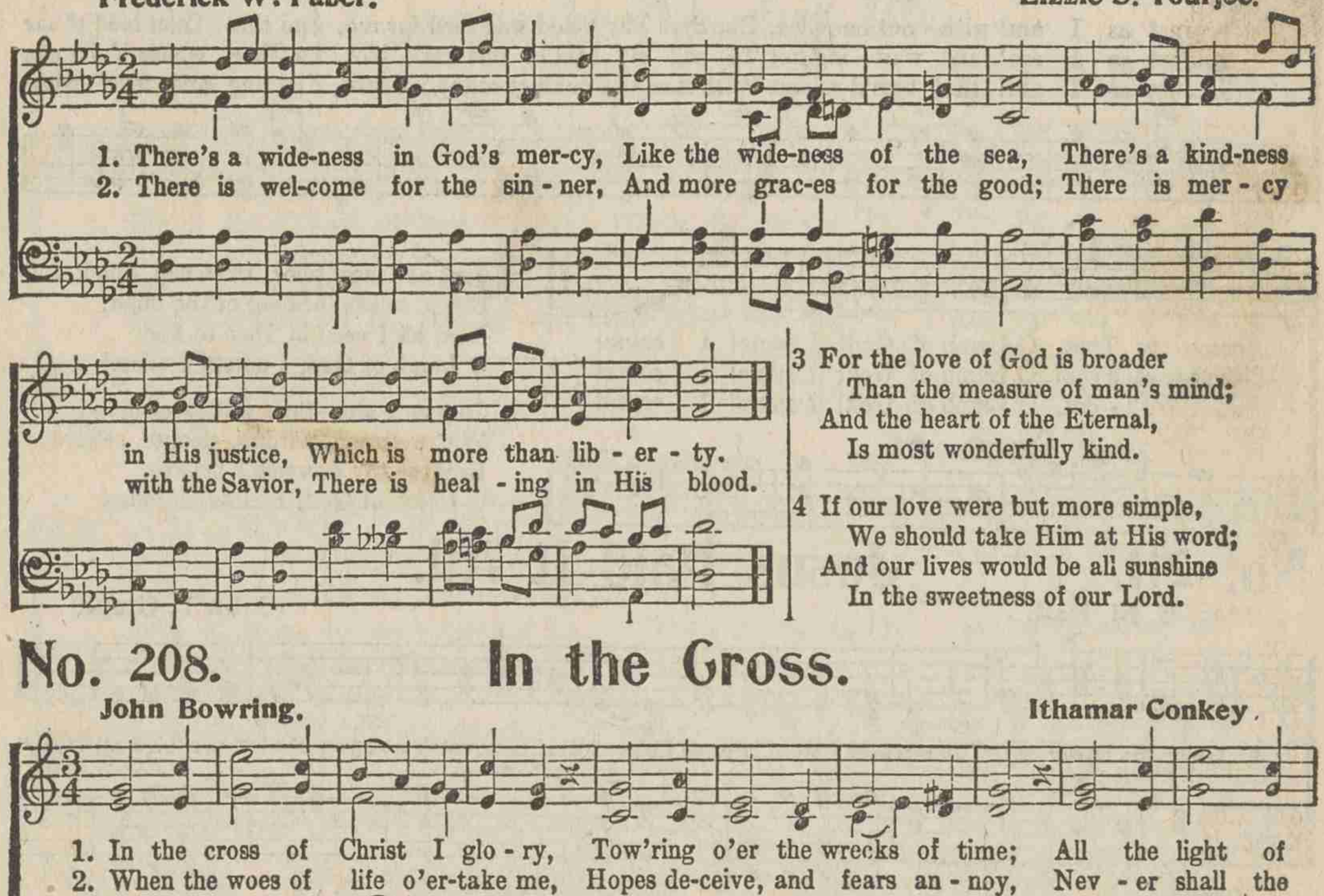
2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine;
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

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

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

No. 207. There's a Wideness.

Frederick W. Faber. Lizzie S. Tourjee.

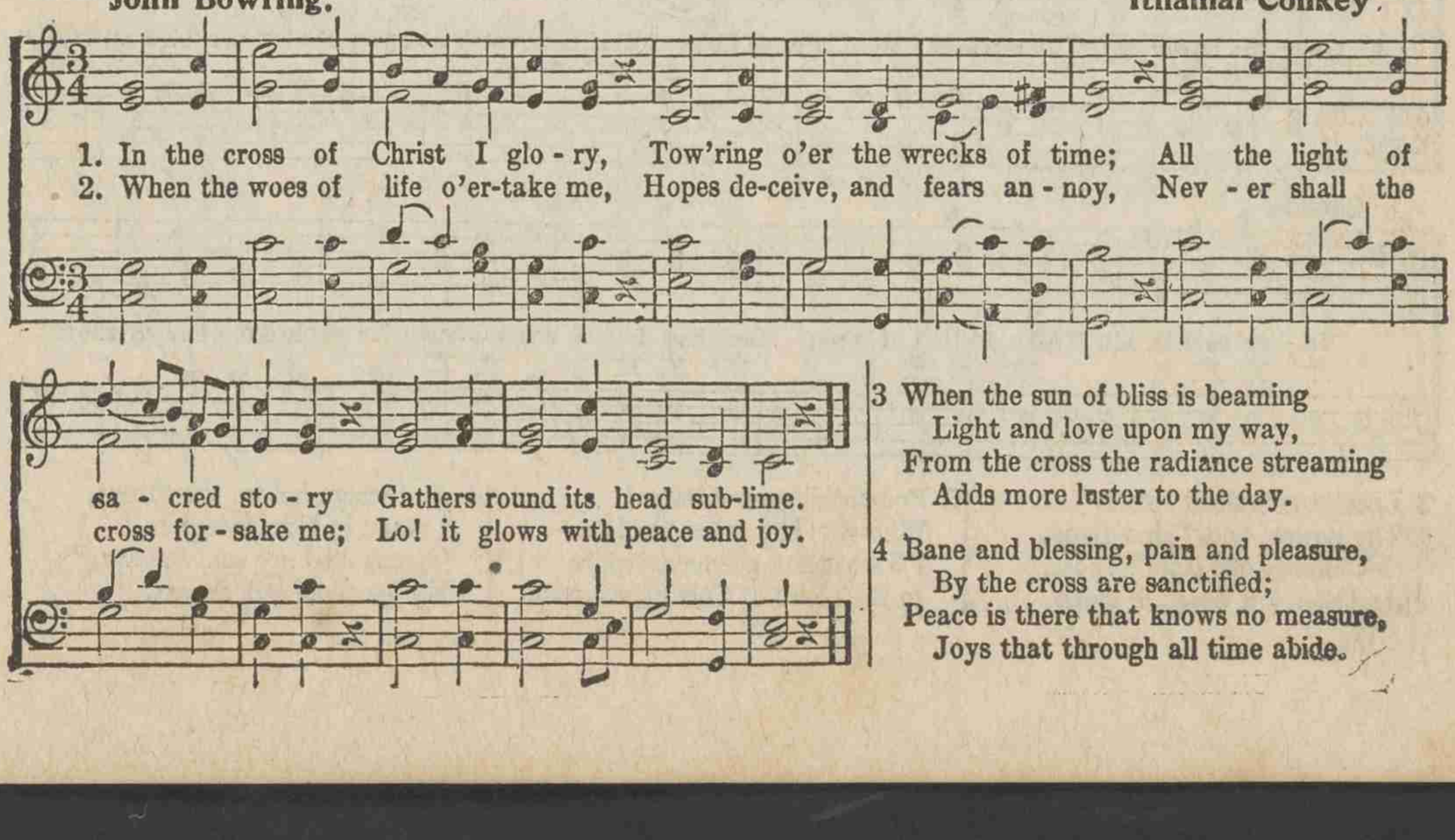


3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal,
Is most wonderfully kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

No. 208. In the Gross.

John Bowring. Ithamar Conkey.

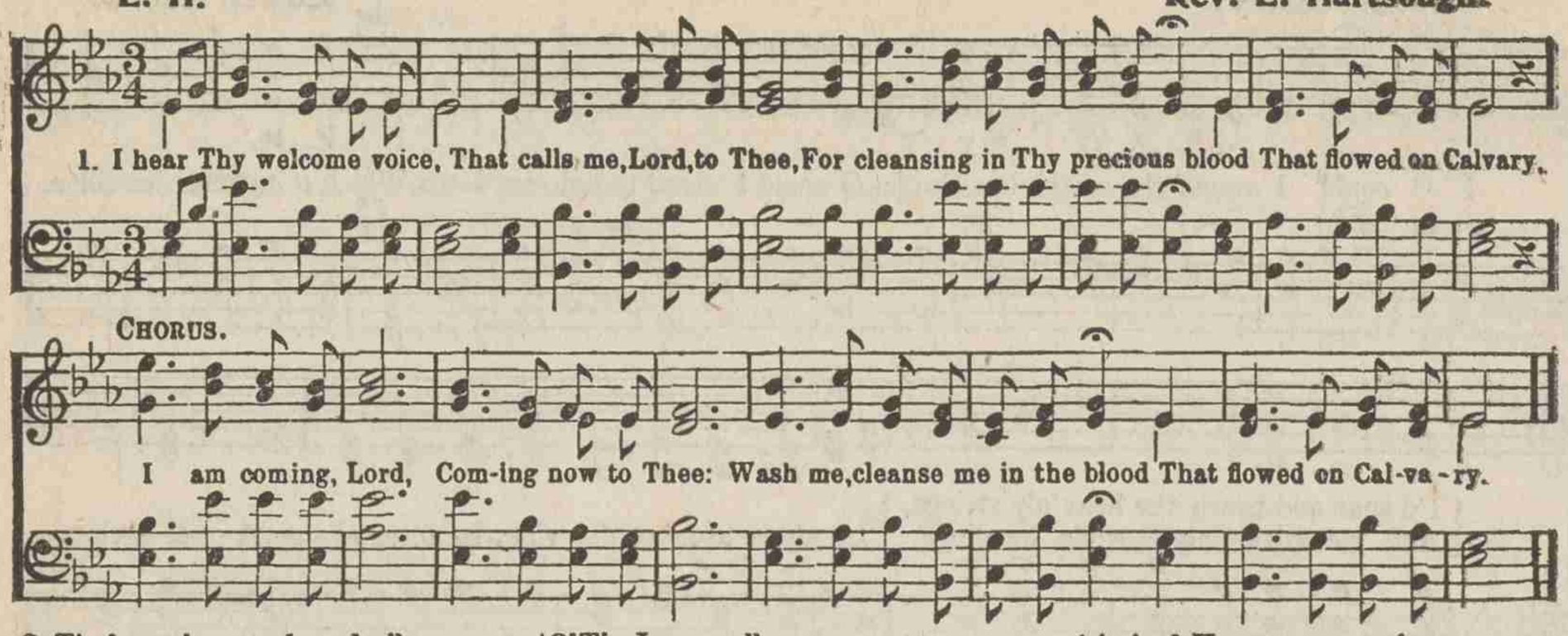


3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more luster to the day.

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

No. 209. I Am Coming, Lord.

L. H. Rev. L. Hartsough.



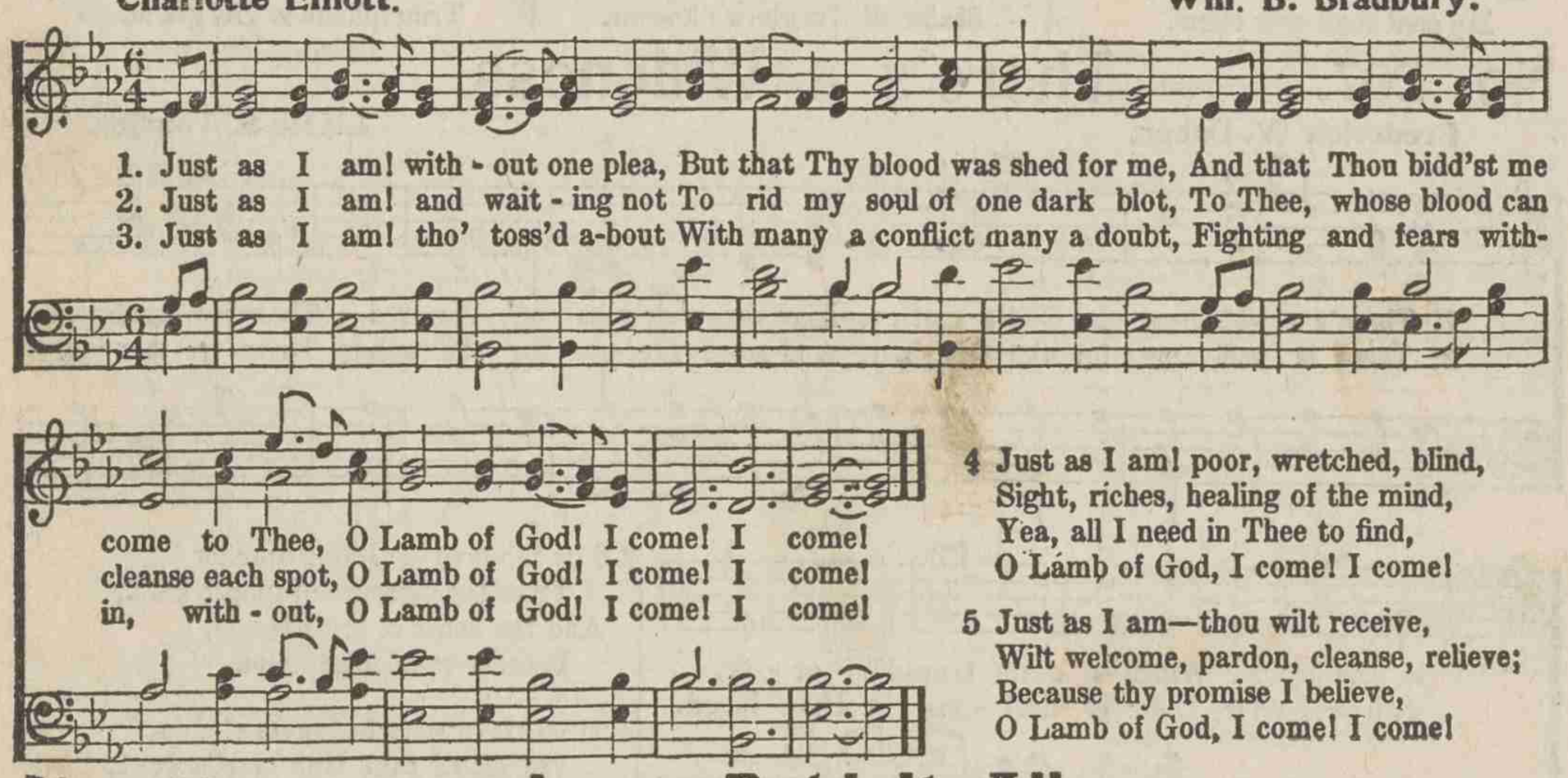
2 Tho' coming weak and vile
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all, and pure.

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

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

No. 210. Just As I Am.

Charlotte Elliott. Wm. B. Bradbury.

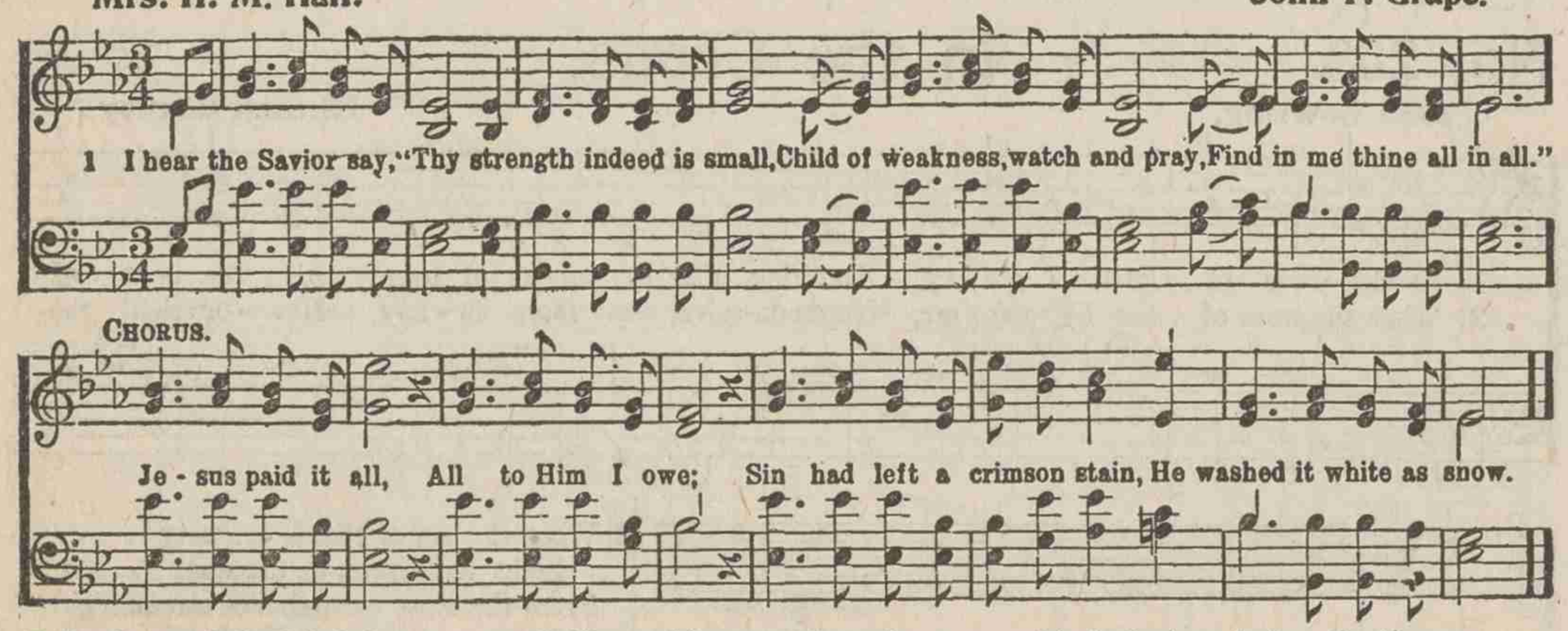


4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

No. 211. Jesus Paid It All.

Mrs. H. M. Hall. John T. Grape.



2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.

3 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garments white
In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.

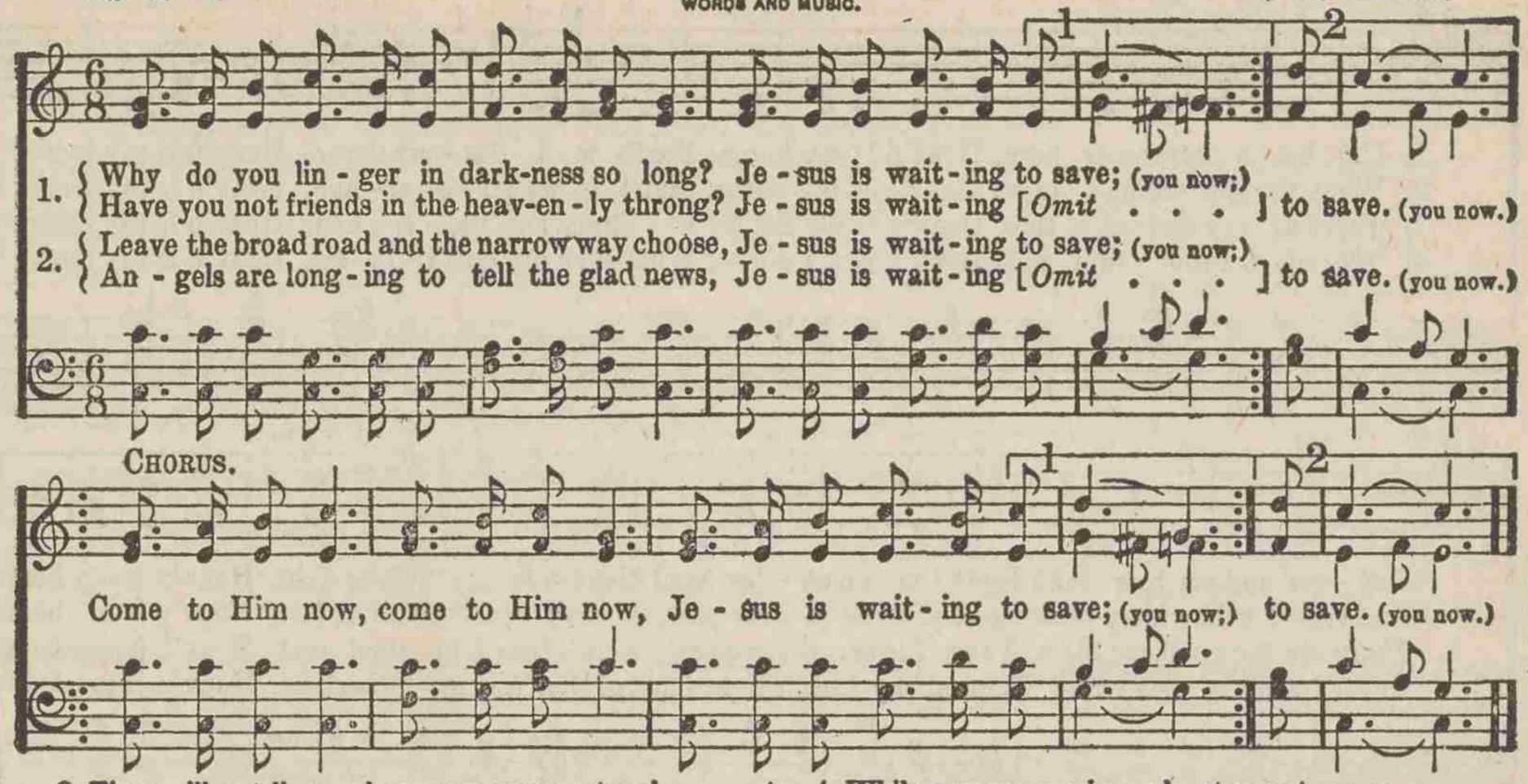
4 And when, before the throne,
I stand in Him complete
"Jesus died my soul to save,"
My lips shall still repeat.

No. 212. Jesus is Waiting to Save.

E. O. E.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.



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

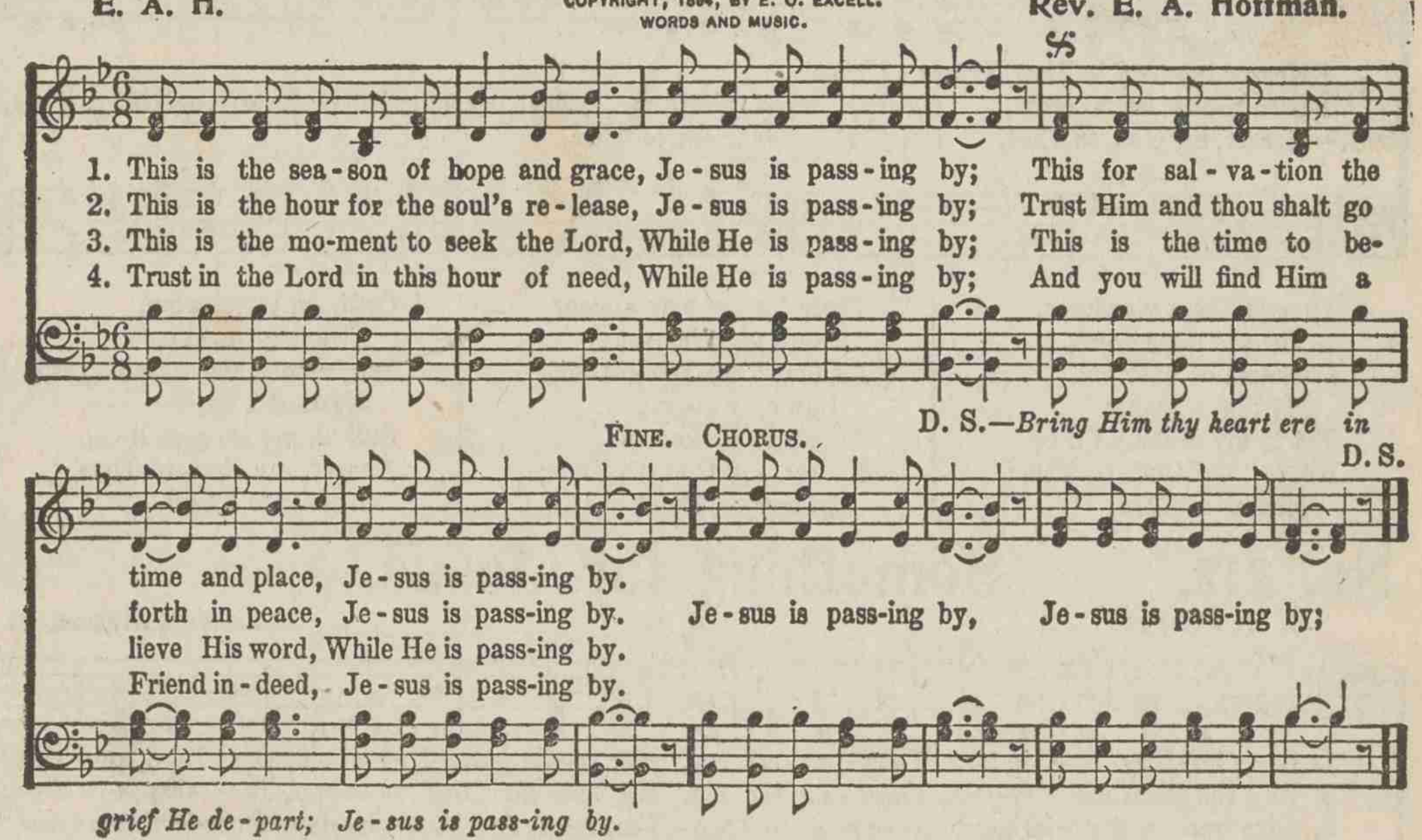
4 While we are praying, oh, stay not away,
Jesus is waiting to save;
Come to Him now, not a moment delay,
Jesus is waiting to save.

No. 213. Jesus is Passing By.

E. A. H.

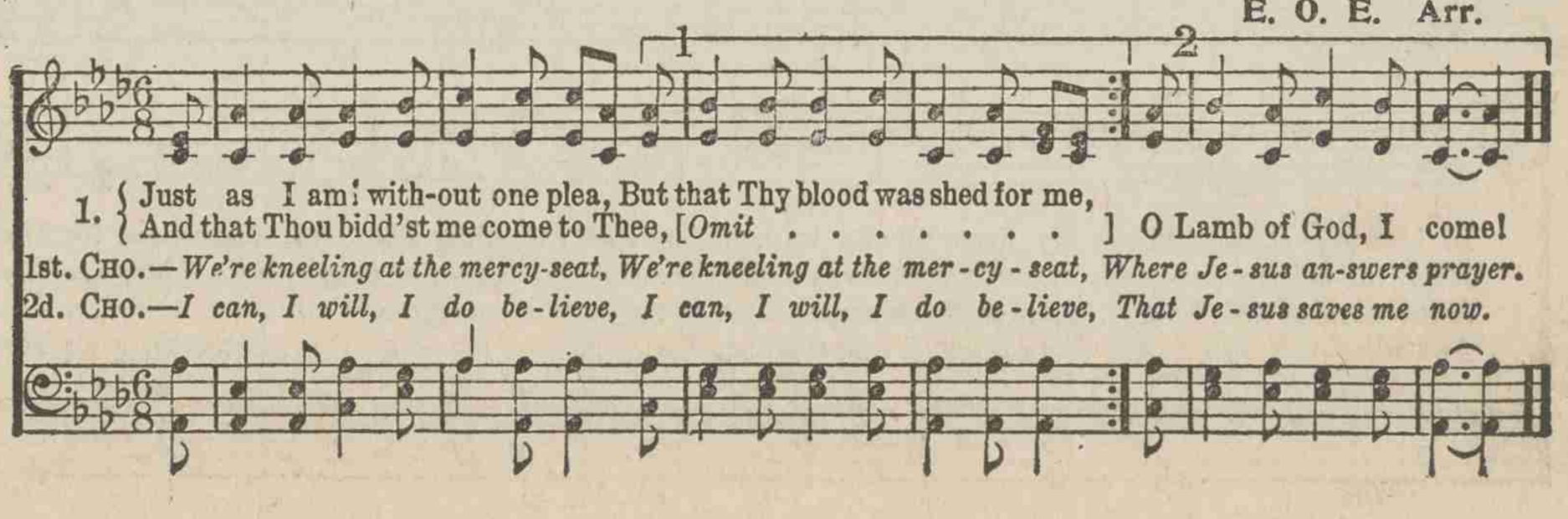
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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.



No. 214. We're Kneeling at the Mercy-Seat.

E. O. E. Arr.



No. 215. Heaven is My Home.

Thomas R. Taylor. Sir Arthur Sullivan.



No. 216. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams.



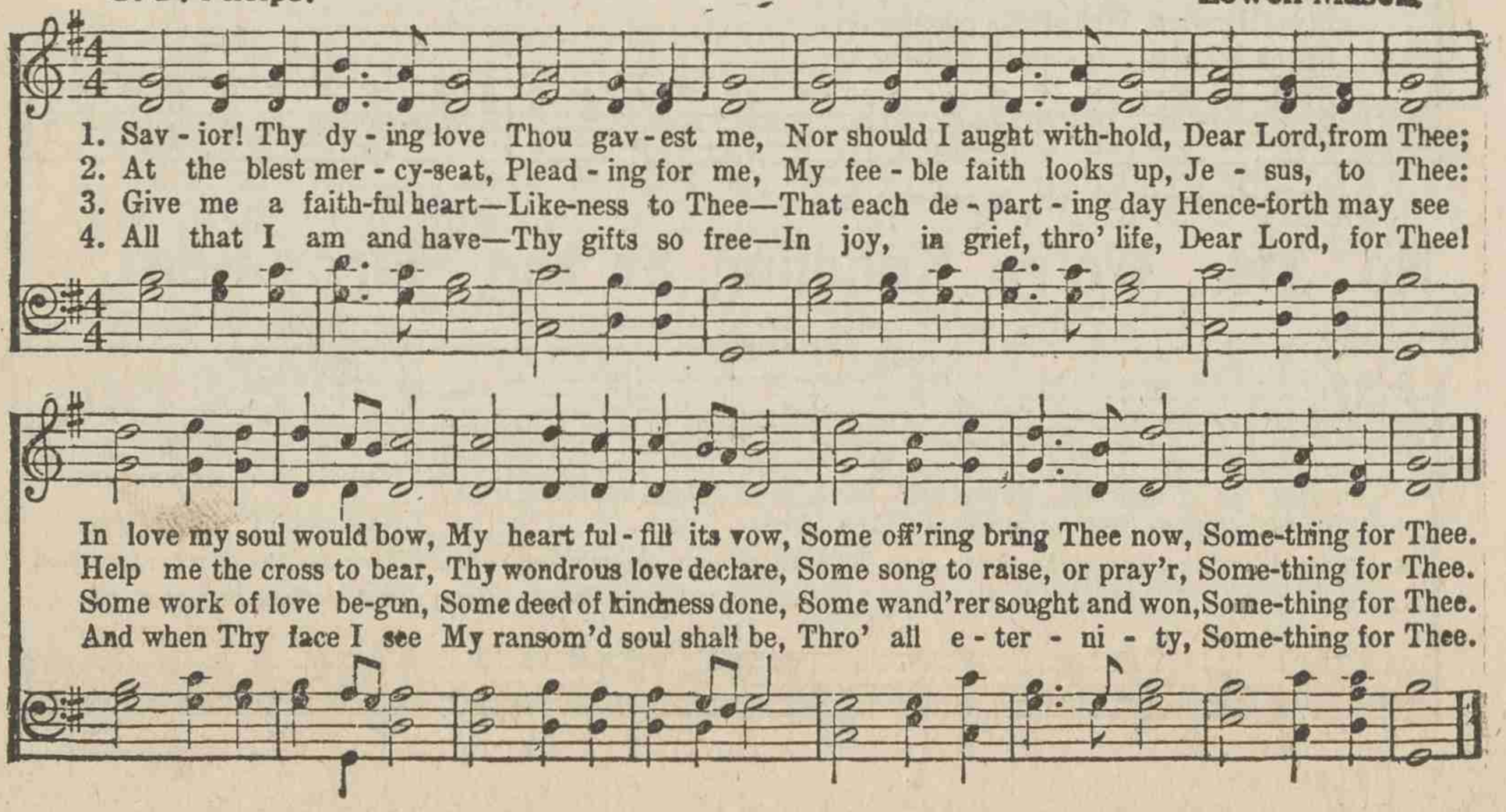
2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee!

4 Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

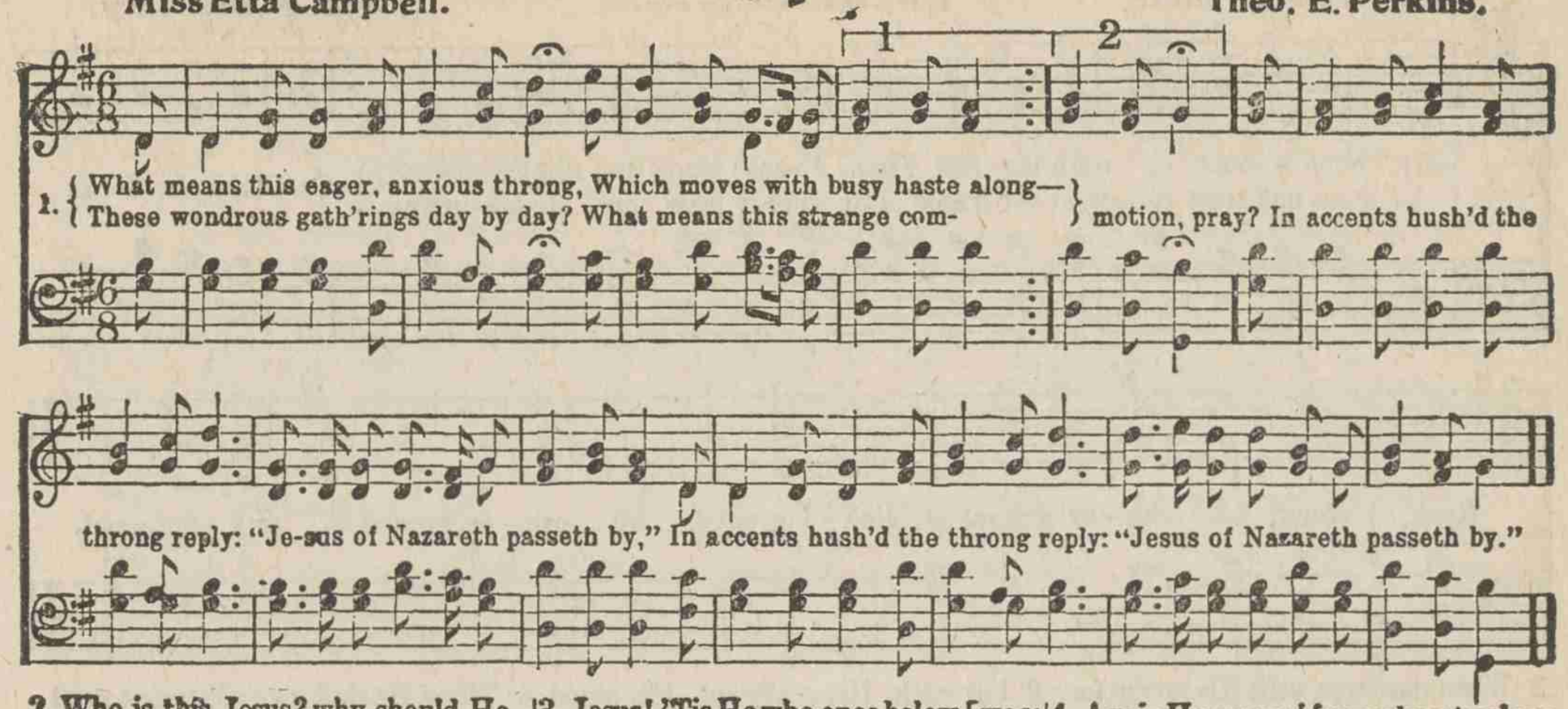
No. 217. Something for Jesus.

S. D. Phelps. Lowell Mason.



No. 218. Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By.

Miss Etta Campbell. Theo. E. Perkins.



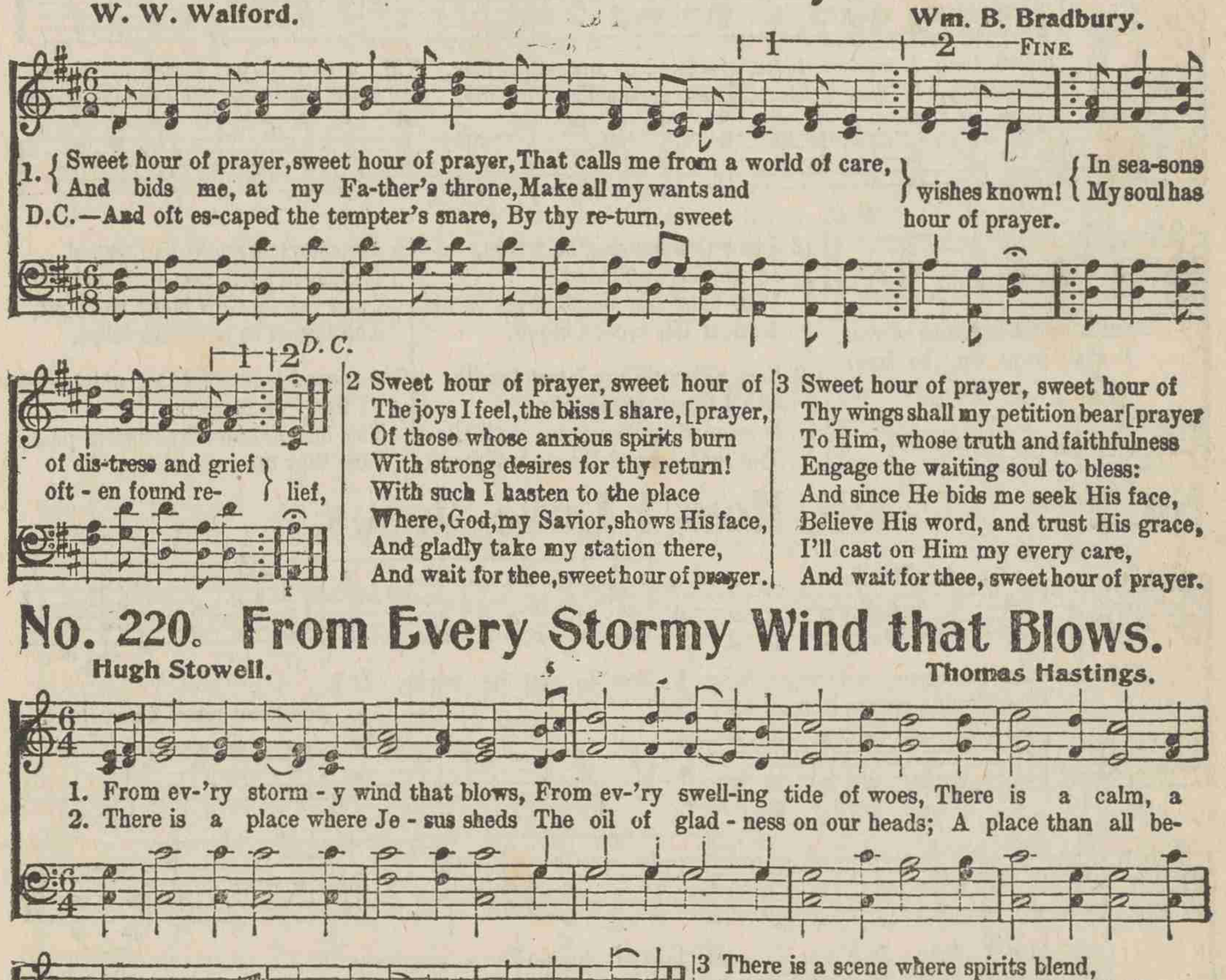
2 Who is this Jesus? why should He
The city move so mightily?
A passing stranger, has He skill
To move the multitude at will?
Again the stirring notes reply:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

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

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

No. 219. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford. Wm. B. Bradbury.

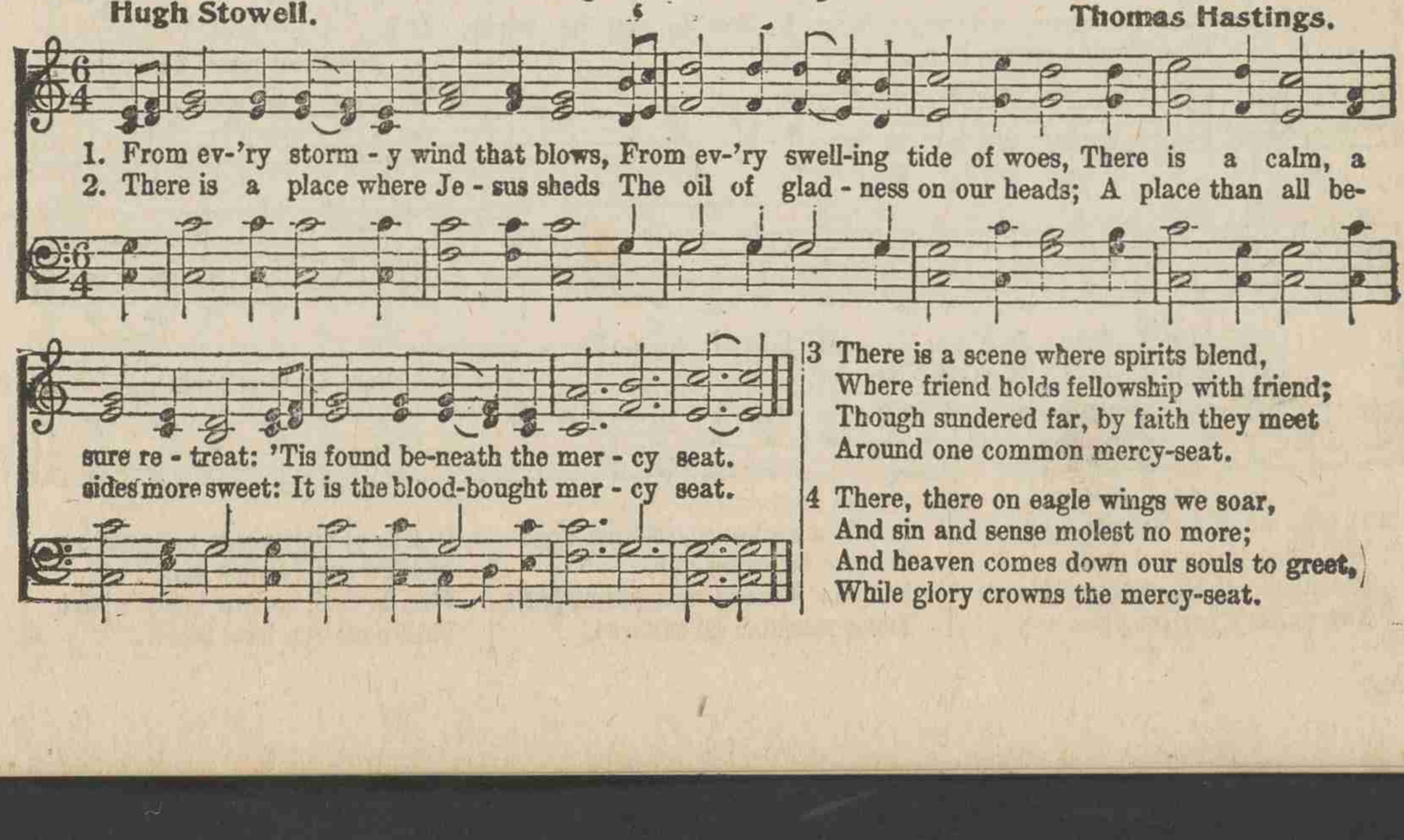


2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
The joys I feel, the bliss I share, [prayer,
Of those whose anxious spirits burn
With strong desires for thy return!
With such I hasten to the place
Where, God, my Savior, shows His face,
And gladly take my station there,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear [prayer
To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

No. 220. From Every Stormy Wind that Blows.

Hugh Stowell. Thomas Hastings.

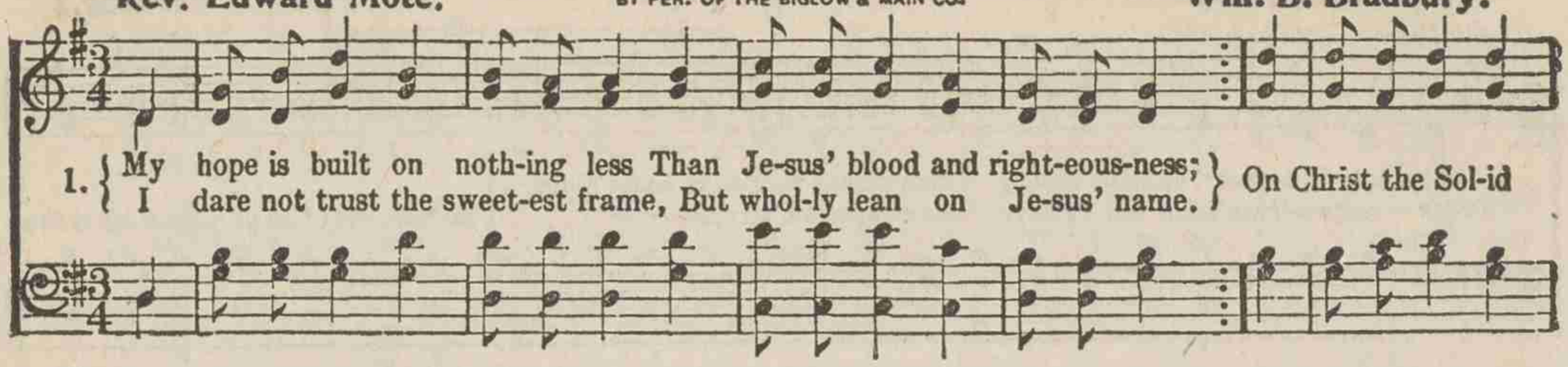


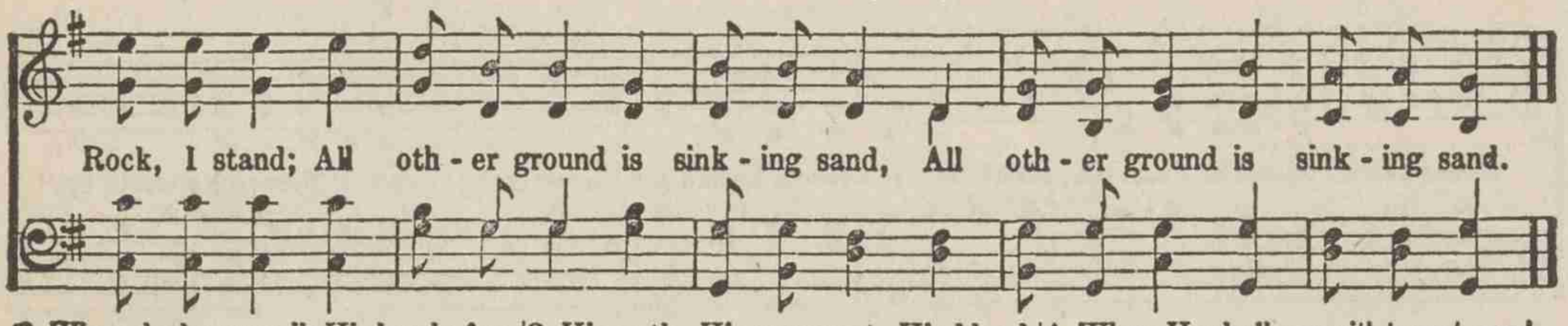
3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

No. 221. The Solid Rock.

Rev. Edward Mote. BY PER. OF THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO. Wm. B. Bradbury.





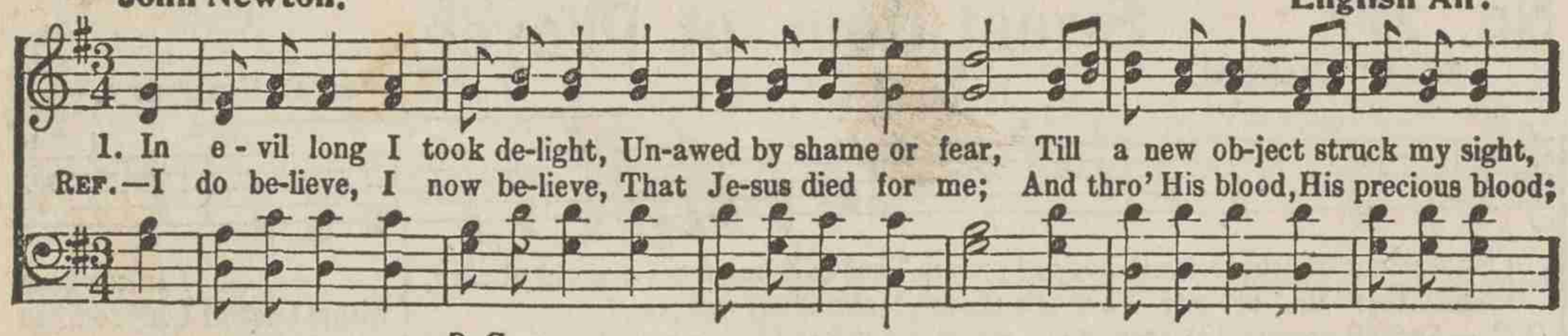
2 When darkness veils His lovely face
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vail.

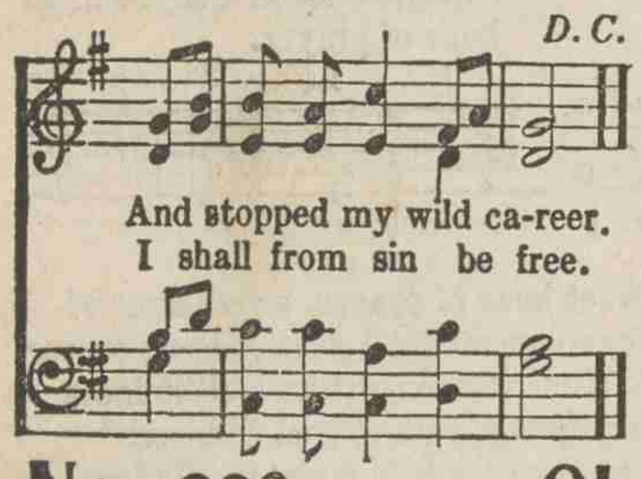
3 His oath, His covenant, His blood
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way.
He then is all my hope and stay.

4 When He shall come with trumpet sound
O may I then in Him be found,
Drest in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.

No. 222. In Evil Long I Took Delight.

John Newton. English Air.





2 I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fixed His languid eyes on me,
As near His cross I stood.

3 Sure never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look:
It seemed to charge me with His death,
Tho' not a word He spoke.

4 My conscience felt and owned the guilt;
It plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins His blood had spilt,
And helped to nail Him there.

5 A second look He gave, which said
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for Thy ransom paid:
I die that thou mayst live."

No. 223. Oh, How I Love Jesus.



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

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

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

No. 224. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper. J. E. Gould.



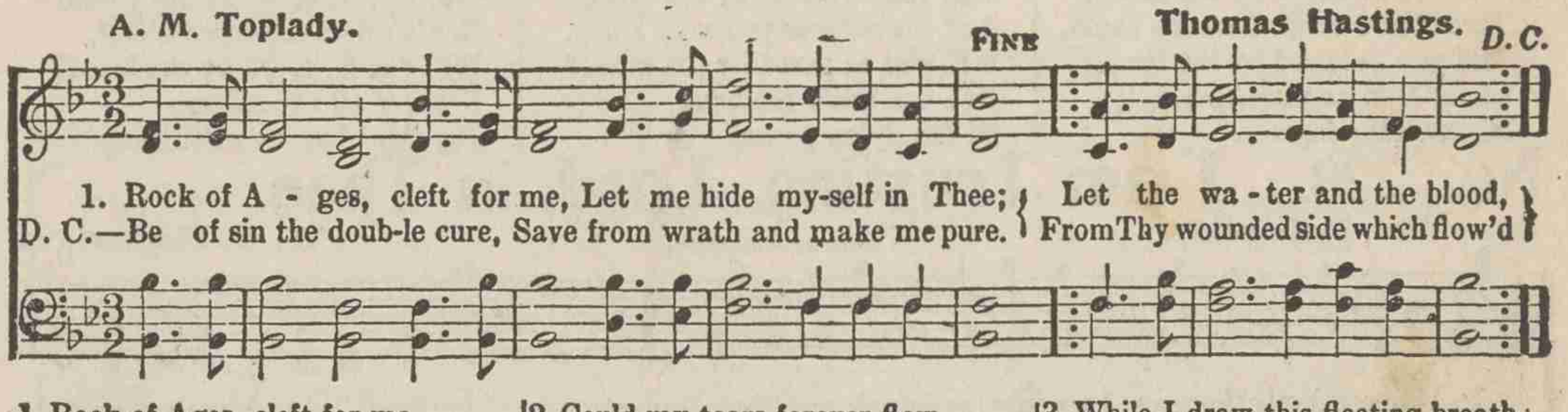
1 Jesus, Savior, pilot me,
Over life's tempestuous sea:
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rocks and treach'rous shoal;
Chart and compass come from Thee
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves, obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twix me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

No. 225. Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady. Thomas Hastings.



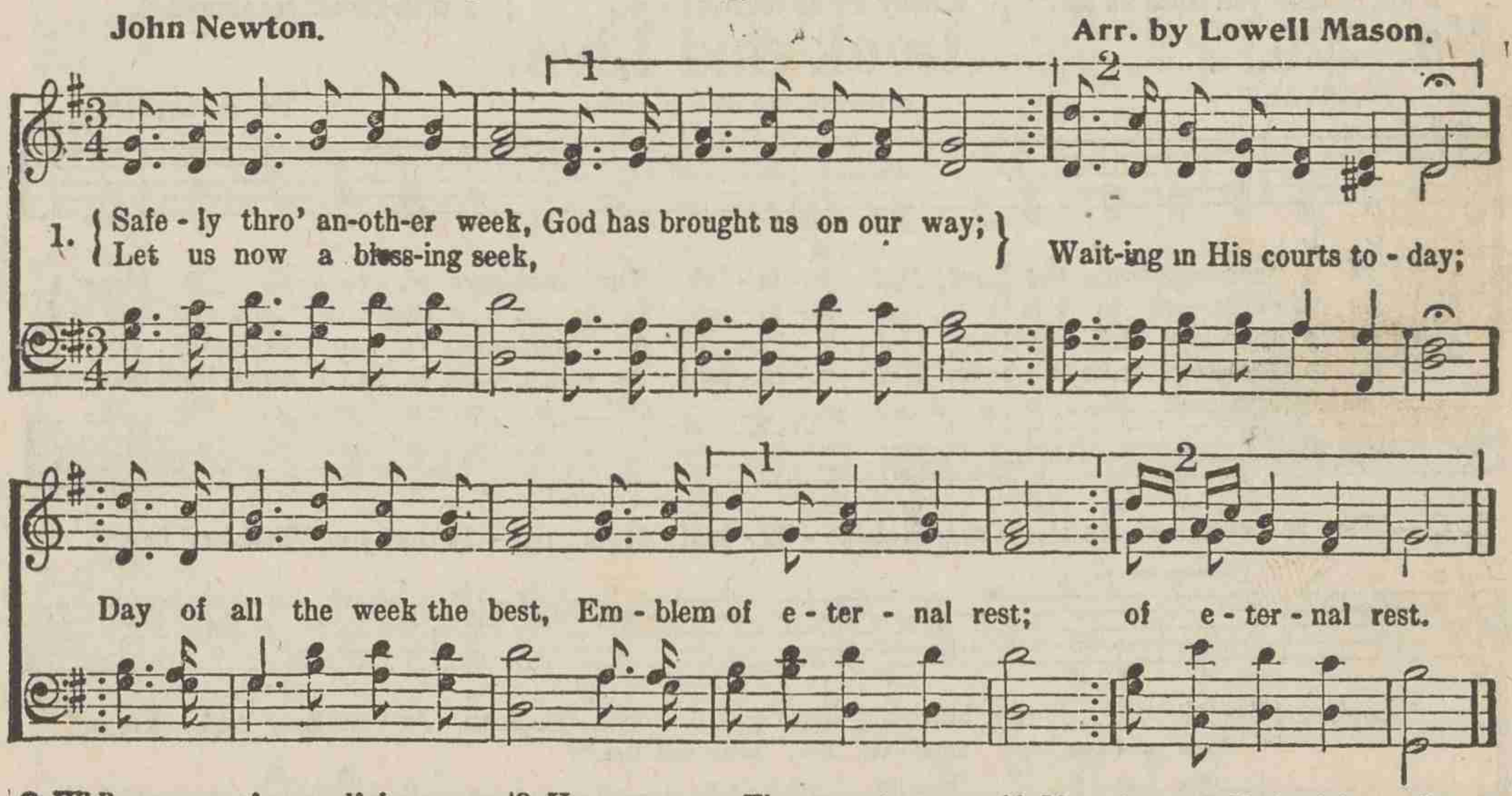
1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

No. 226. Safely Through Another Week.

John Newton. Arr. by Lowell Mason.



2 While we pray for pard'ning grace,
Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciled face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in Thee.

3 Here we come Thy name to praise;
Let us feel Thy pesence near;
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

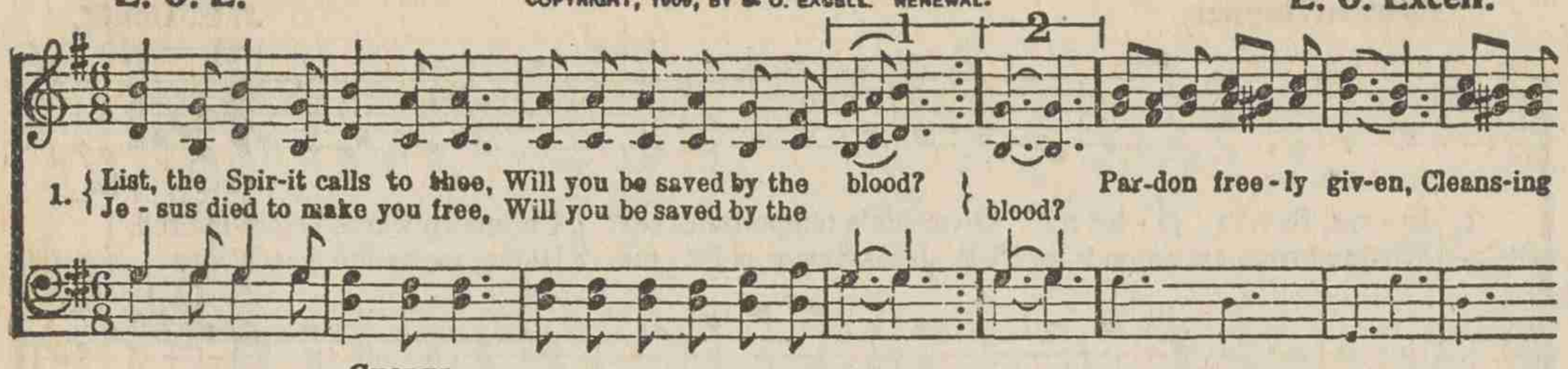
4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief to all complaints;
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

No. 227. Will You be Saved by the Blood?

E. O. E.

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E. O. Excell.



2 Sinner, now this blessing claim,
Will you be saved by the blood?
Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,
Will you be saved by the blood?
Claim Him as your Savior,
He can save forever.

3 He can wash you white as snow,
Will you be saved by the blood?
And the witness you may know,
Will you be saved by the blood?
You can know the hour
Of His dying power.

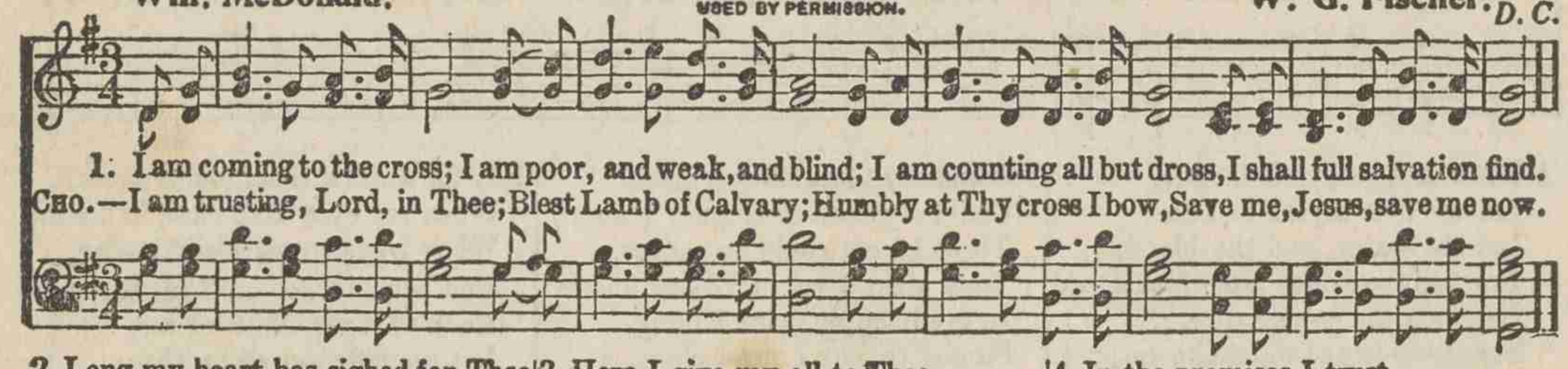
4 Christ did drink that cup for all,
Will you be saved by the blood?
Don't reject the Spirit's call,
Will you be saved by the blood?
Grace is all abounding,
Joy thro' heaven resounding.

No. 228. I am Trusting, Lord, in Thee.

Wm. McDonald.

USED BY PERMISSION.

W. G. Fischer. D. C.



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

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

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

No. 229. Look and Live.

W. A. O.

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W. A. Ogden. FINE



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

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

No. 230. Come, Thou Fount.

Geo. Robinson. *First Tune.* FINE John Wyeth. 1 2 D. C.



1 Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace,
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it!
Mount of Thy redeeming love.

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'll come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home:
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love; [it,
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal
Seal it for Thy courts above.

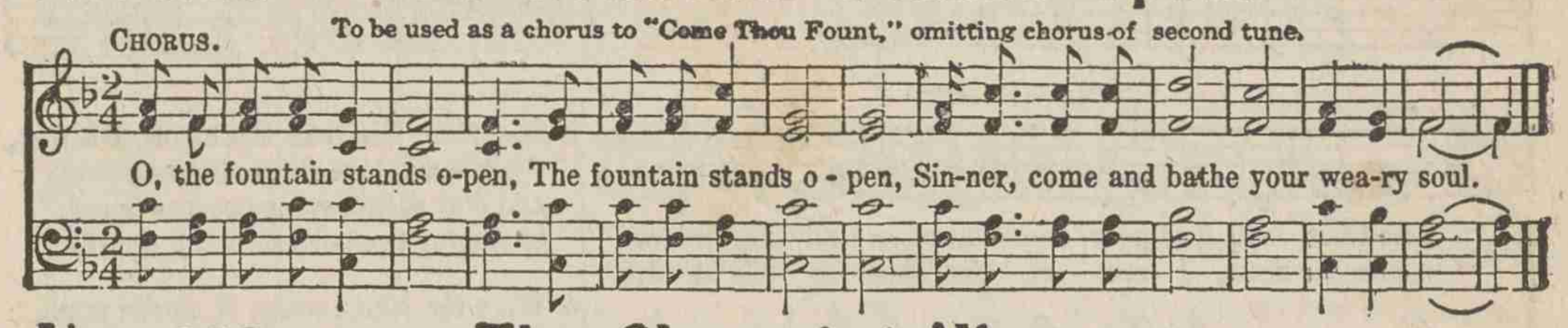
No. 231. I Love Jesus, He's My Savior.

Geo. Robinson. *Second Tune.* FINE CHORUS. J. J. Rousseau. 1 2 D. C.



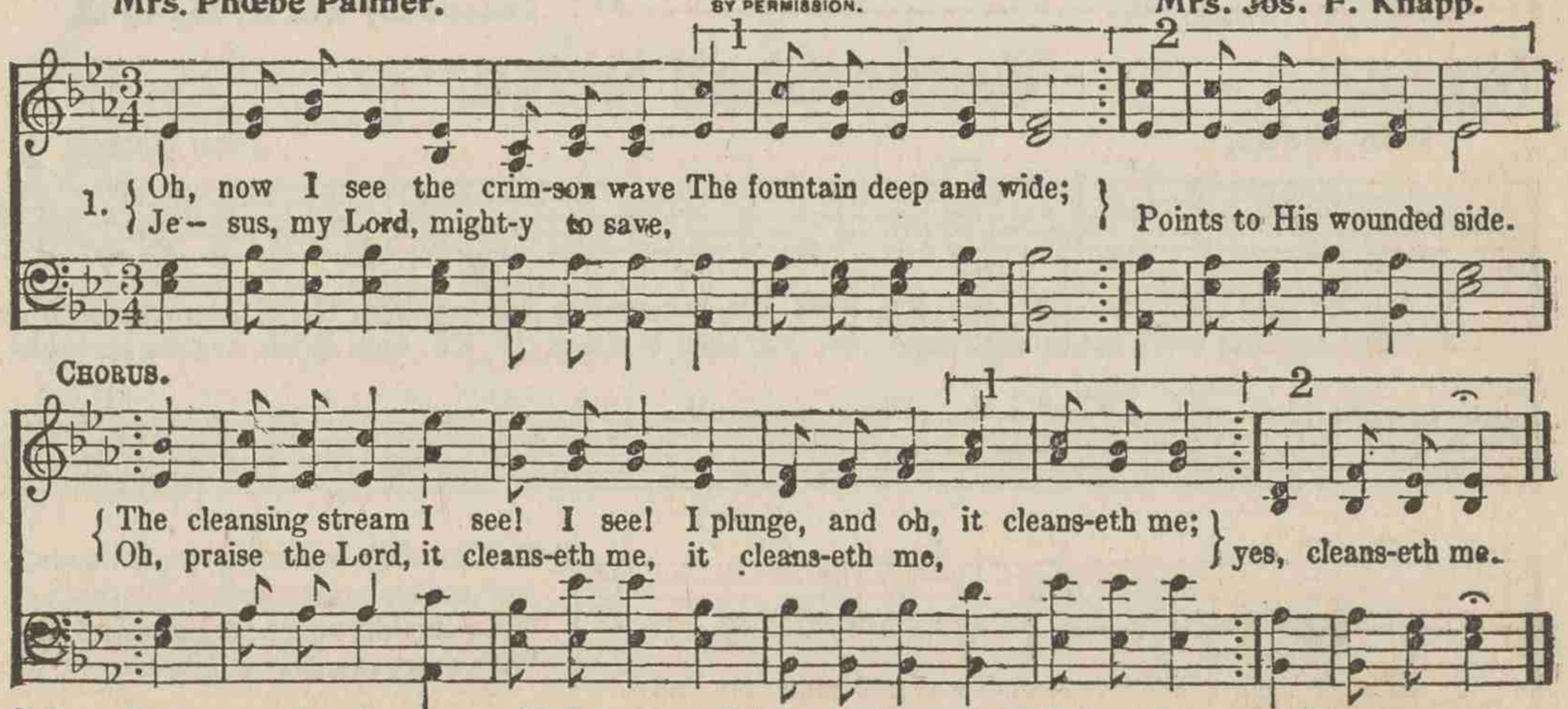
No. 232. The Fountain Stands Open.

CHORUS. To be used as a chorus to "Come Thou Fount," omitting chorus of second tune.



No. 233. The Cleansing Wave.

Mrs. Phœbe Palmer. BY PERMISSION. Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp. 1 2



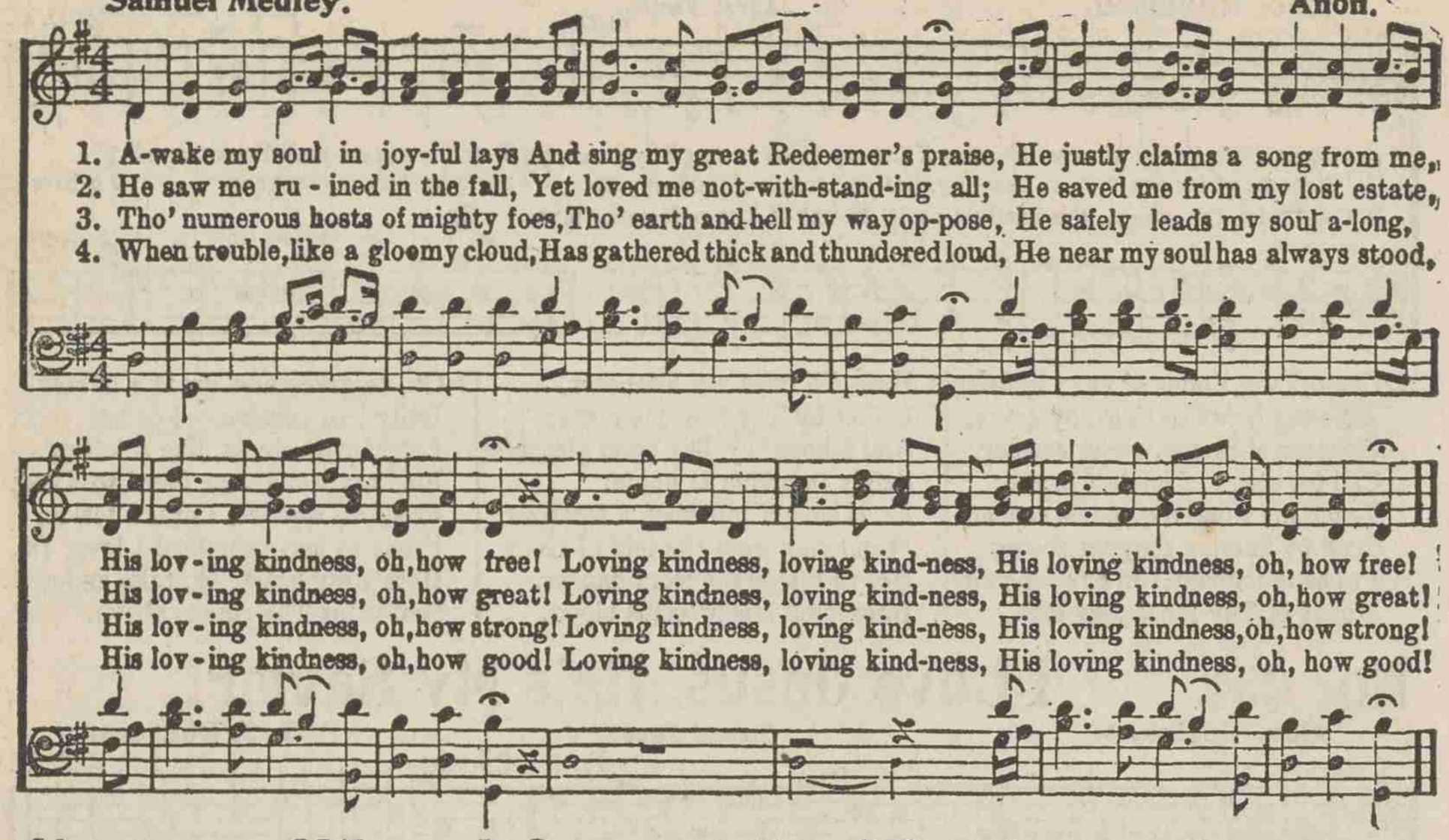
2 I see the new creation rise,
I hear the speaking blood:
It speaks! poluted nature dies—
Sinks 'neath the crimson flood.

3 I rise to walk in heav'n's own light,
Above the world and sin, [white
With heart made pure and garments
And Christ enthroned within.

4 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below
To feel the blood applied;
And Jesus, only Jesus know,
My Jesus crucified.

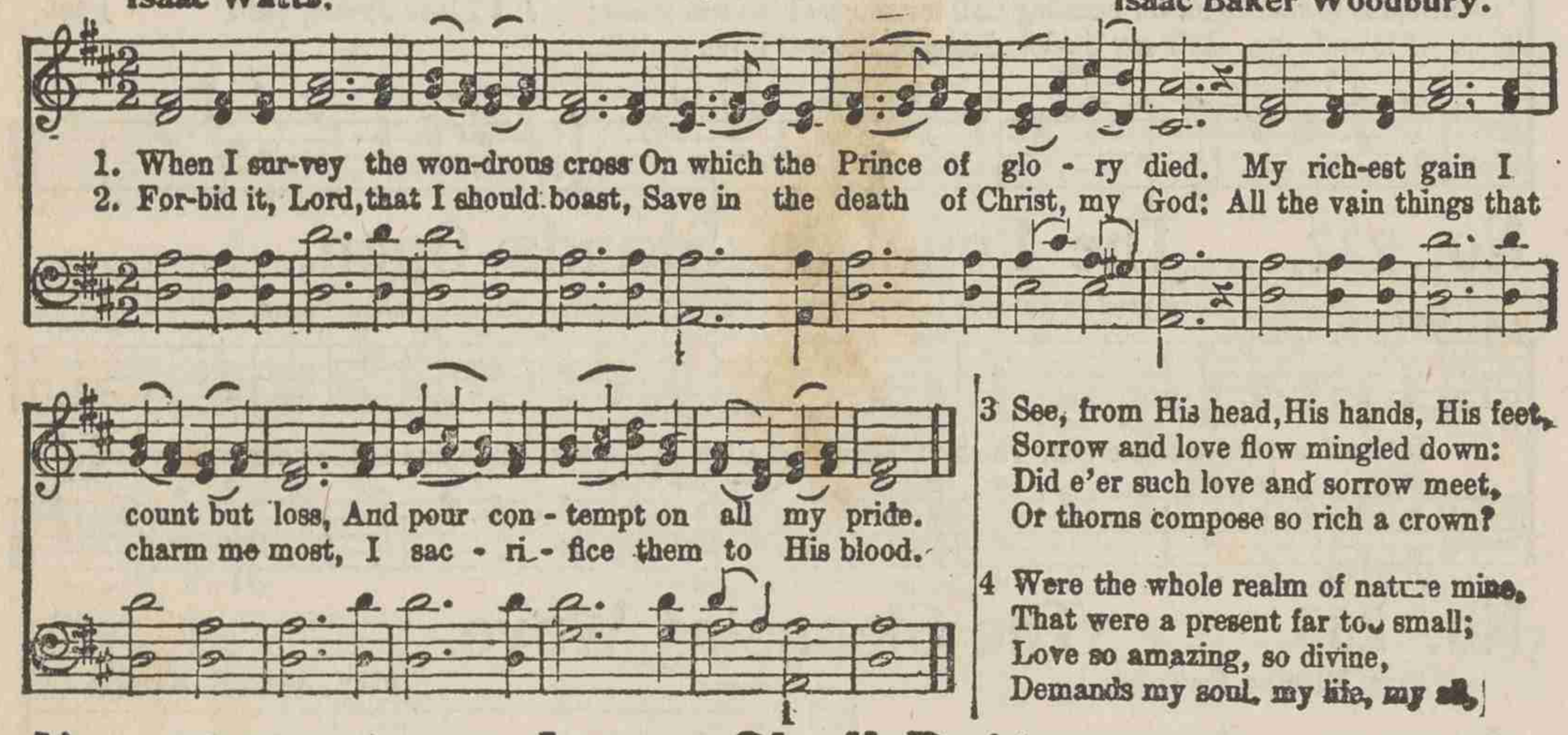
No. 234. Loving Kindness.

Samuel Medley. Anon.



No. 235. When I Survey the Wondrous Gross.

Isaac Watts. Isaac Baker Woodbury.

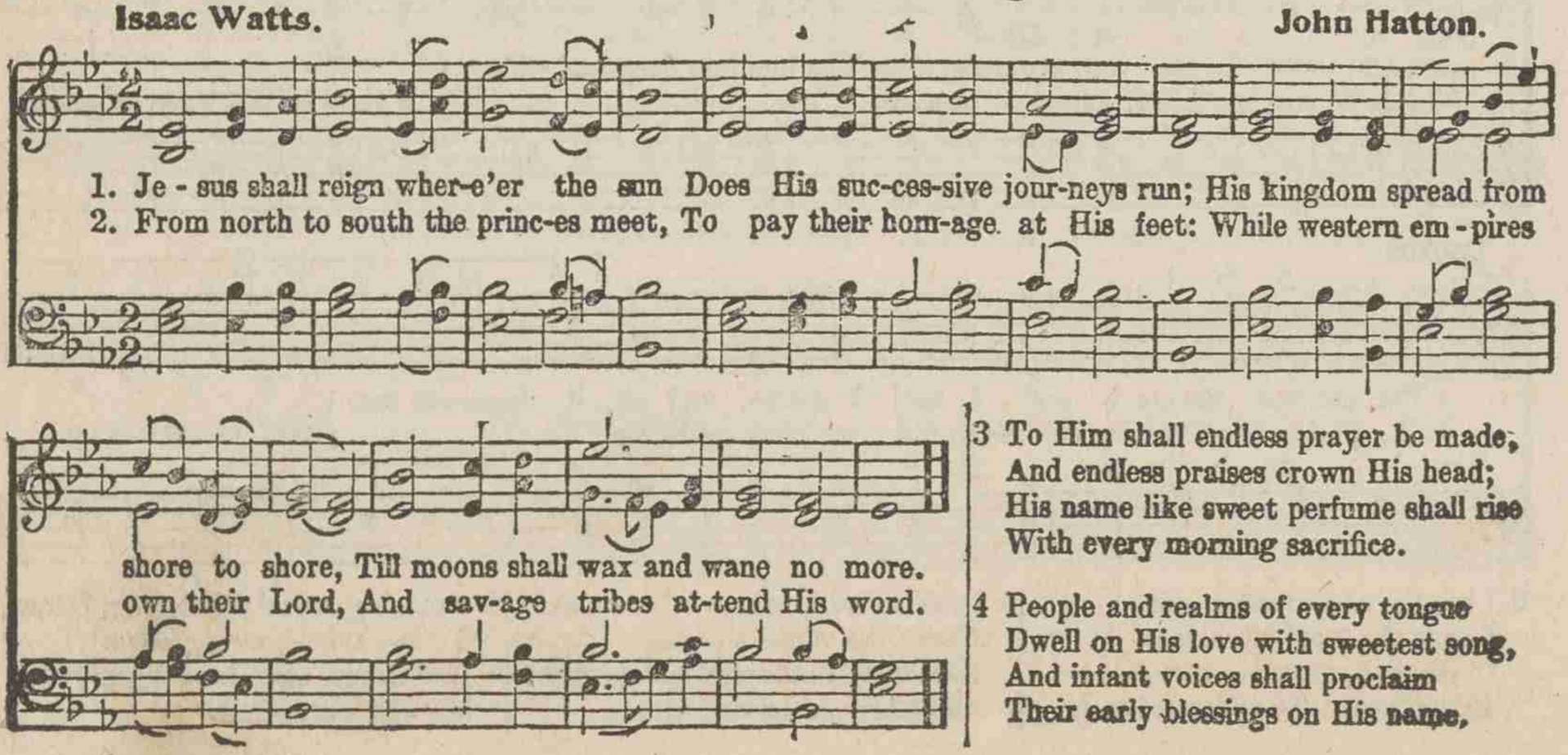


3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

No. 236. Jesus Shall Reign.

Isaac Watts. John Hatton.



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

4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

No. 237. Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. — J. H. Stockton.

1. Come ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord, And He will surely give you rest By trust-ing in His word.
2. For Je - sus shed His precious blood, Rich bless-ings to bestow; Plunge now in-to the crimson flood That wash-es white as snow.
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in-to rest; Be - lieve in Him with-out de-lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go, To dwell in that ce-les-tial land, Where joys im-mor-tal flow.

{ On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On-ly trust Him now; / He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now. }

No. 238. O Happy Day.

Philip Doddridge. — E. F. Rimbault.

1. { O hap - py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-ior and my God! / Well may this glowing heart re - joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad. } Hap-py day, hap-py day,
2. { O hap - py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love! / Let cheerful an-thems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move. } Hap-py day, hap-py day,

When Jesus washed my sins away! { He taught me how to watch and pray / And live re - joic - ing ev-'ry day; }

FINE. D. S.

3 'Tis done this great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

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

No. 239. Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay. — J. J. Husband.

1. We praise Thee, O God! For the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who died And is now gone a - bove.
2. We praise Thee, O God! For Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our Savior, And scattered our night.
3. All glo - ry and praise To the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins And has cleansed ev'ry stain.
4. Re - vive us a - gain; Fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re-kindled With fire from a-bove.

REFRAIN.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men! Re - vive us a - gain.

No. 240. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

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

FINE

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev-er near the Chris-tian's side, Gen - tly lead us by the hand,
2. Ev - er pres-ent, tru - est Friend, Ev-er near Thine aid to lend, Leave us not to doubt and fear,
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Waiting still for sweet re-lease, Nothing left but heav'n and pray'r,

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

D. C.

Pil-grims in a des - ert land; Wea - ry souls for - e'er re-joice, While they hear that sweetest voice,
Grop-ing on in dark-ness drear; When the storms are rag-ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Wondering if our names are there; Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead-ing naught but Je - sus blood;

No. 241. Holy Ghost, with Love Divine.

A. Reed. Gottschalk.

1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light divine, Shine up-on this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark-ness in - to day.

2 Holy Ghost, with pow'r divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine,
Long hath sin without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down ev'ry idol throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

No. 242 Holy, Holy, Holy.

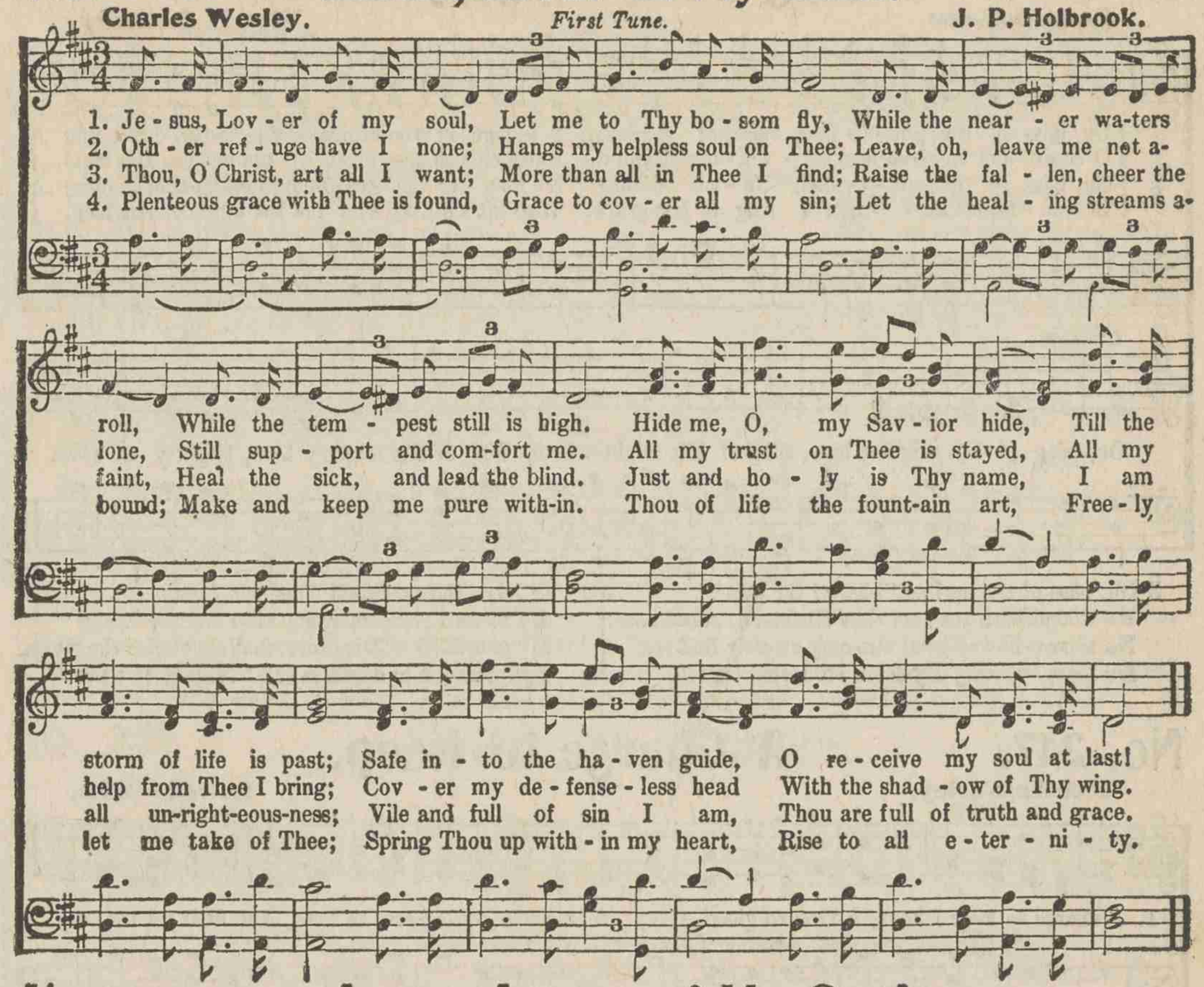
Reginald Heber. John B. Dykes.

1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might-y! Ear - ly in the morn-ing our song shall rise to Thee;
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, all the saints adore Thee, Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of sin-ful man Thy glory may not see;
4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Almighty! All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty!
Cher-u-bim and sera - phim fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert and art, and ev-er-more shalt be.
On - ly Thou art ho - ly, there is none be - side Thee, Per-fect in pow-er, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty.

No. 243. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

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



No. 244. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

S. B. Marsh.



No. 245. Jesus Calls Us.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander. (GALILEE. 8s. 7s.) W. H. Jude.

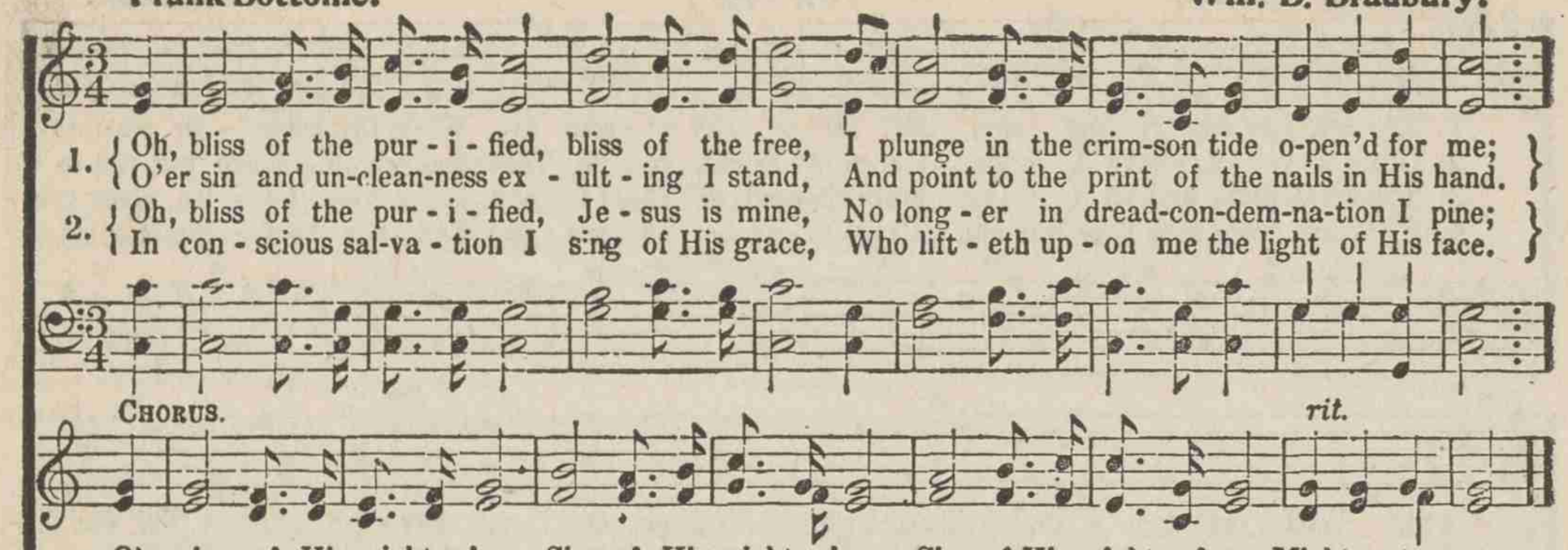


3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, mid cares and pleasures,
Christian, love me more than these!

4 Jesus calls us! by Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all!

No. 246. O Sing of His Mighty Love.

Frank Bottome. Wm. B. Bradbury.



3 Oh, bliss of the purified! bliss of the pure!
No wound hath the soul that His blood cannot cure;
No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest,
No tears but may dry them on Jesus' breast.

4 O Jesus the crucified! Thee will I sing,
My blessed Redeemer, my God and my King;
My soul, filled with rapture, shall shout o'er the grave,
And triumph in death in the "Mighty to Save."

No. 247. A Charge to Keep.

Charles Wesley. Lowell Mason.



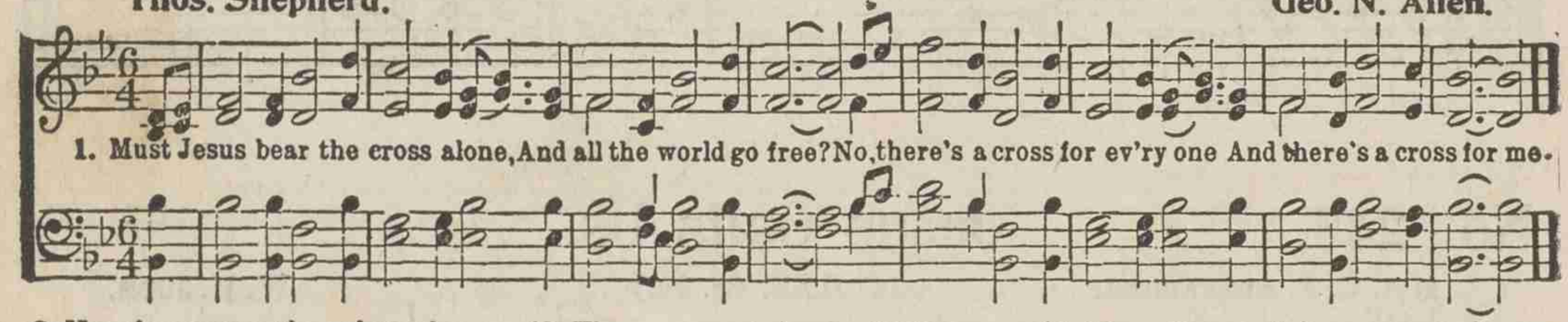
2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
Oh, may it all my pow'rs engage,
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

No. 248. Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

Thos. Shepherd. Geo. N. Allen.

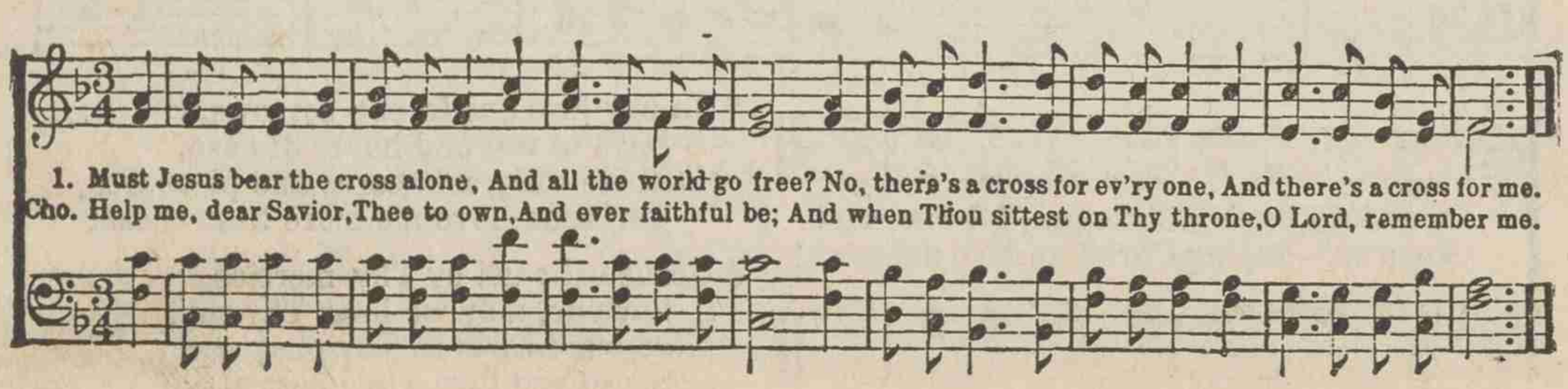


2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

4 Upon the crystal pavement, down,
At Jesus pierced feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown
And His dear name repeat.

No. 249. Remember Me.



No. 250. Never Lose Sight of Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. E. O. Excell.



1 O Pilgrim bound for the heavenly land,
Never lose sight of Jesus;
He'll lead you gently with loving hand,
Never lose sight of Jesus.

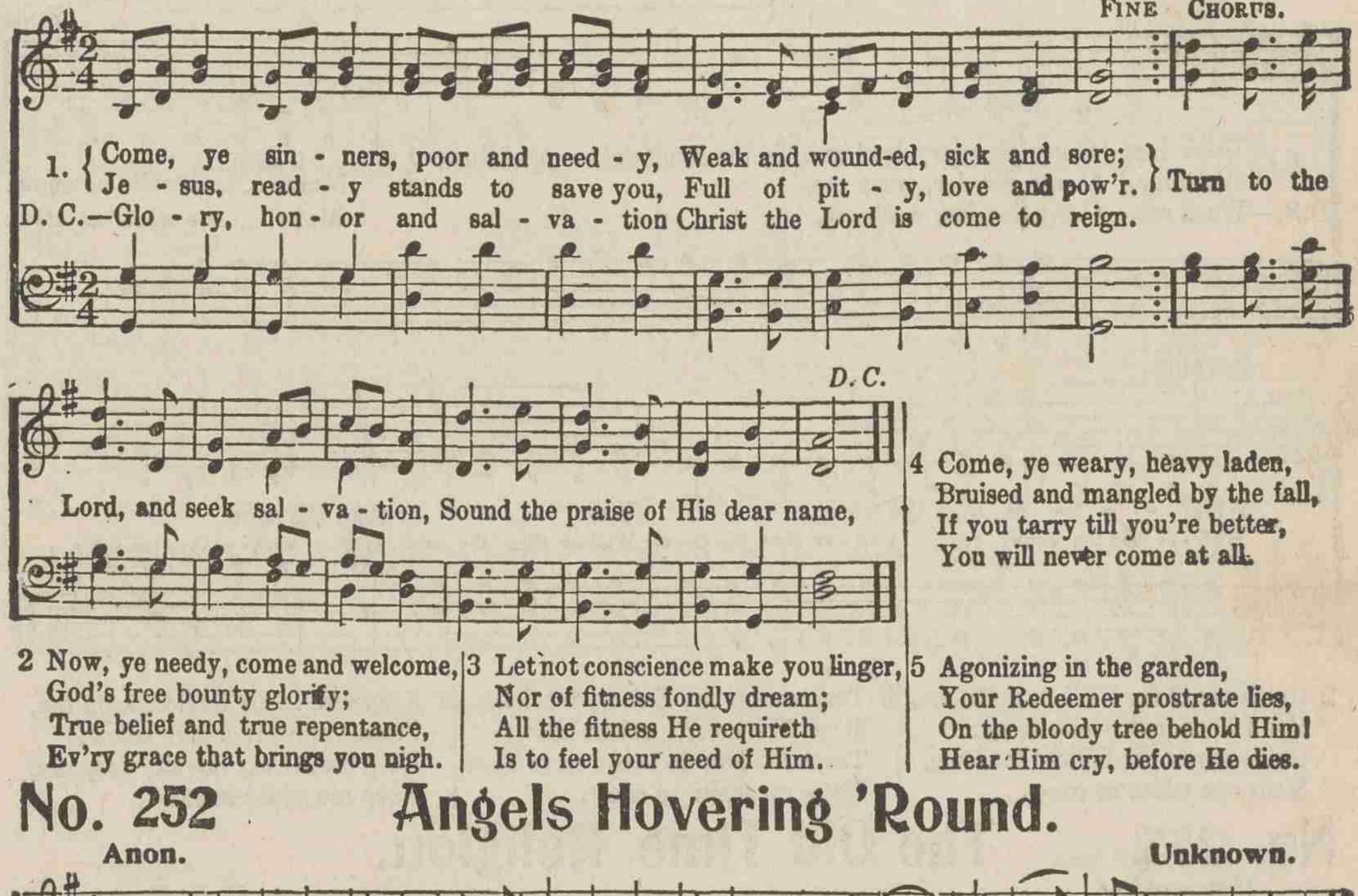
2 When-e'er you're tempted to go astray,
Never lose sight of Jesus;
Press onward, upward, the narrow way,
Never lose sight of Jesus.

3 Tho' dark the pathway may seem ahead,
Never lose sight of Jesus;
"I will be with you," His word hath said,
Never lose sight of Jesus.

4 When death is knocking outside the door,
Never lose sight of Jesus;
Till safely landed on Canaan's shore,
Never lose sight of Jesus.

No. 251. Come, Ye Sinners.

Hart. J. Ingalls.



2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Your Redeemer prostrate lies,
On the bloody tree behold Him!
Hear Him cry, before He dies.

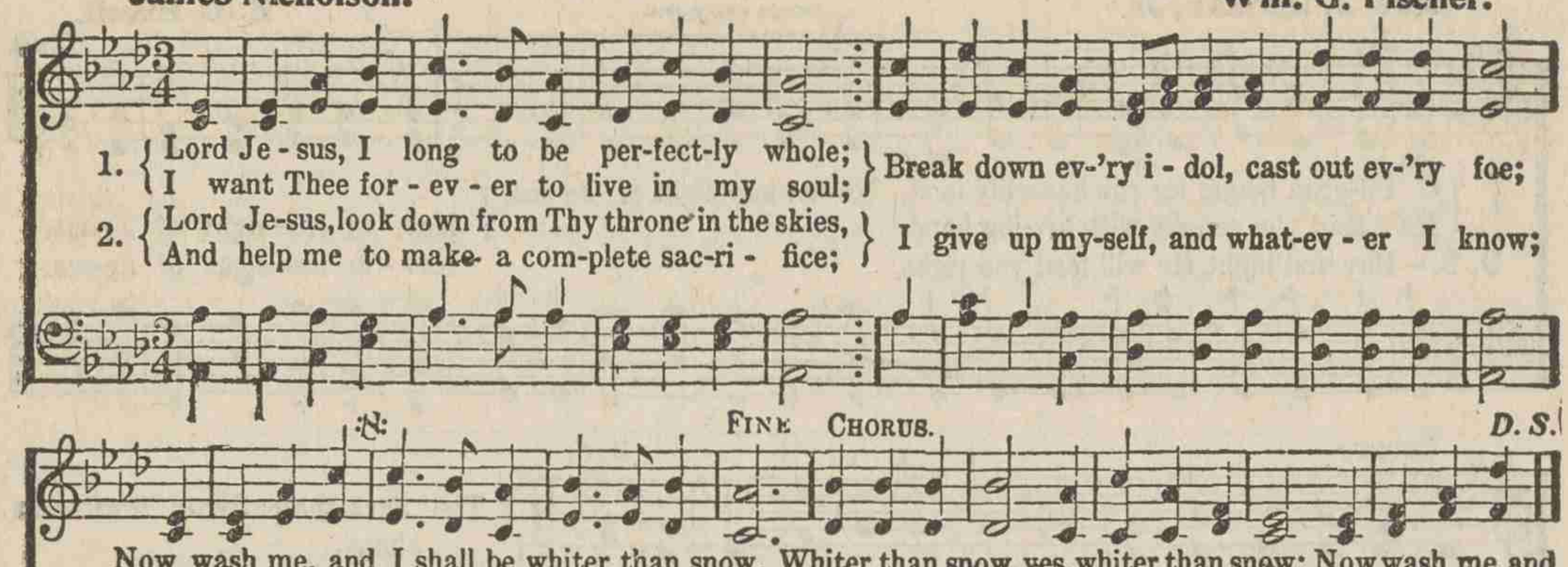
No. 252 Angels Hovering 'Round.

Anon. Unknown.

3 To the new Jerusalem, etc.
4 Poor sinners are coming home, etc.
5 And Jesus bids them come, etc.
6 Let him that heareth come, etc.
7 There is glory all around, etc.
8 We are on our journey home, etc.

No. 253. Whiter Than Snow.

James Nicholson. Wm. G. Fischer.



3 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat,
I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified feet,
By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow,
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

4 Lord Jesus, Thou seest I patiently wait;
Come now, and within me a new heart create;
To those who have sought Thee, Thou never said'st no;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

No. 254. Make Me White as Snow.

F. A. S. COPYRIGHT, 1899. BY E. O. EXCELL, WORDS AND MUSIC. Frank A. Simpkins.



2 Guide me, O my Savior, guide me,
For I know not where to go;
Guide me to the crystal fountain,
Make me white as snow.

3 Teach me, O my Savior, teach me,
More Thy love to others show;
Teach me how to better serve Thee
Make me white as snow.

4 Keep me, O my Savior, keep me,
From temptation here below;
Keep me, O my Savior, keep me,
Keep me white as snow.

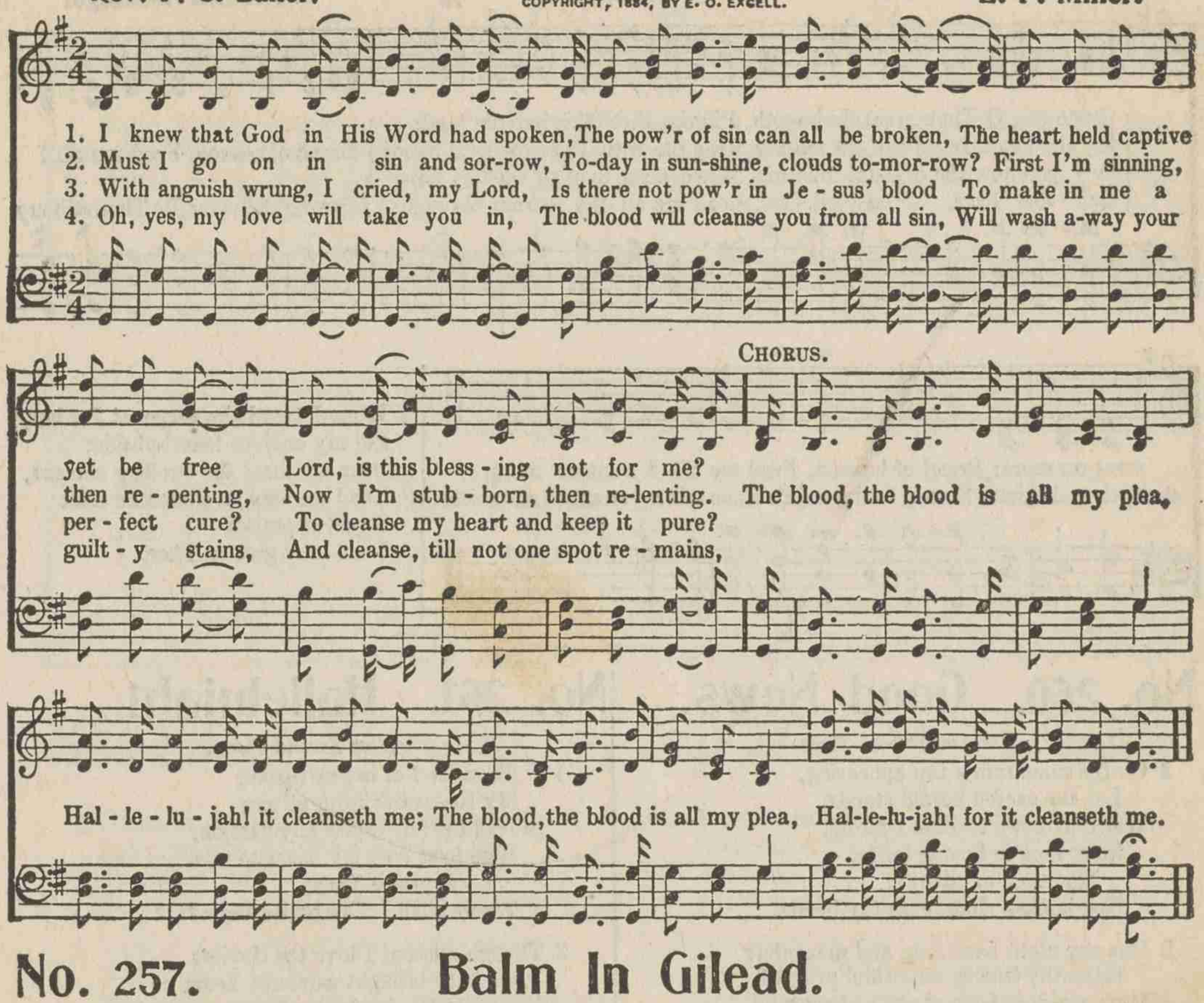
No. 255. The Old Time Religion.

Unknown. E. O. E. Arr.

2 Makes me love everybody.
3 It has saved our fathers.
4 It was good for the Prophet Daniel.
5 It was good for the Hebrew children.
6 It was tried in the fiery furnace.
7 It was good for Paul and Silas.
8 It will do when I am dying.
9 It will take us all to heaven.

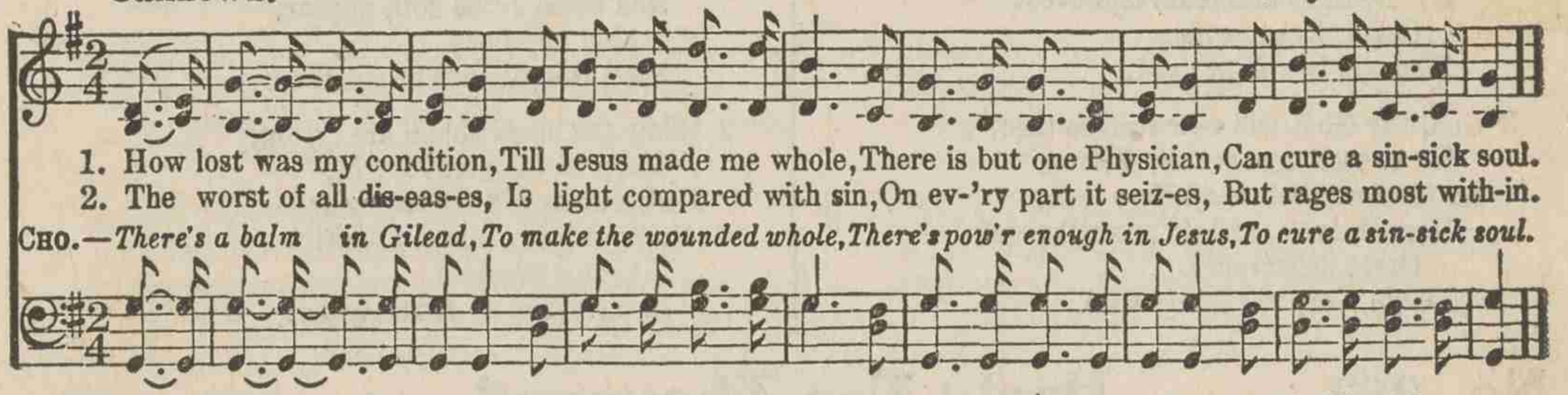
No. 256. The Blood is All my Plea.

Rev. F. C. Baker. COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. F. Miller.



No. 257. Balm In Gilead.

Unknown. Arr. by E. O. E.



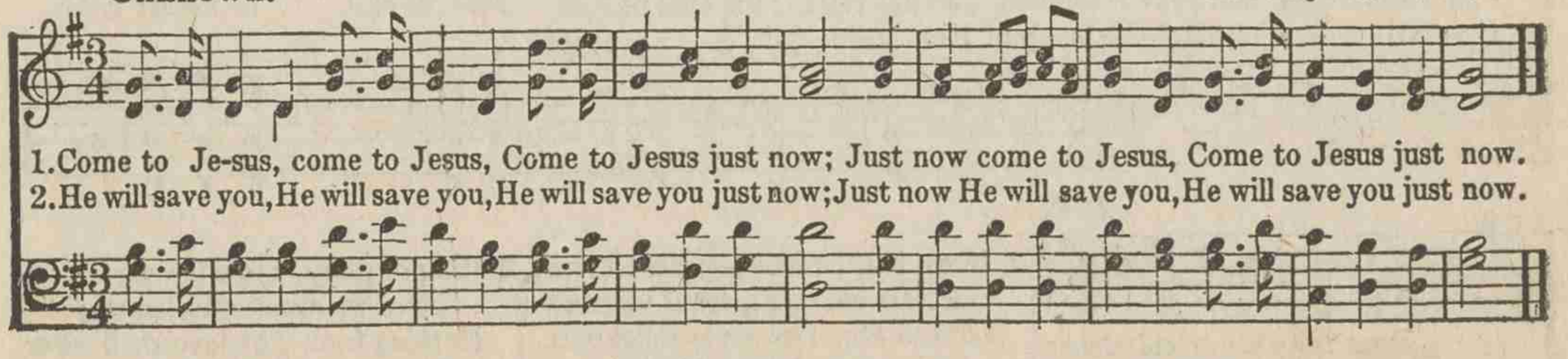
3 'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
And madness all combined,
And none but a believer,
The least relief can find.

4 A dying, risen Jesus
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us
And saves the soul from death.

5 Come then to this Physician,
His help He'll freely give,
He makes no hard condition,
'Tis only look and live.

No. 258. Come to Jesus.

Unknown. Arr. by E. O. E.



3 He is able.
4 He is willing.
5 Call upon Him.

6 He will hear you.
7 He'll forgive you.
8 He will cleanse you.

9 He'll renew you.
10 Jesus loves you.
11 Only trust Him.

No. 259. Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

William Williams. *First Tune.* Thomas Hastings.





3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me thro' the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

No. 260. Good News.

First or Second Tune.

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

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

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

No. 261. Hallelujah!

First or Second Tune.

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

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

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

No. 262. Hark! Ten Thousand.

Thomas Kelly. *Second Tune.* FINE Lowell Mason.



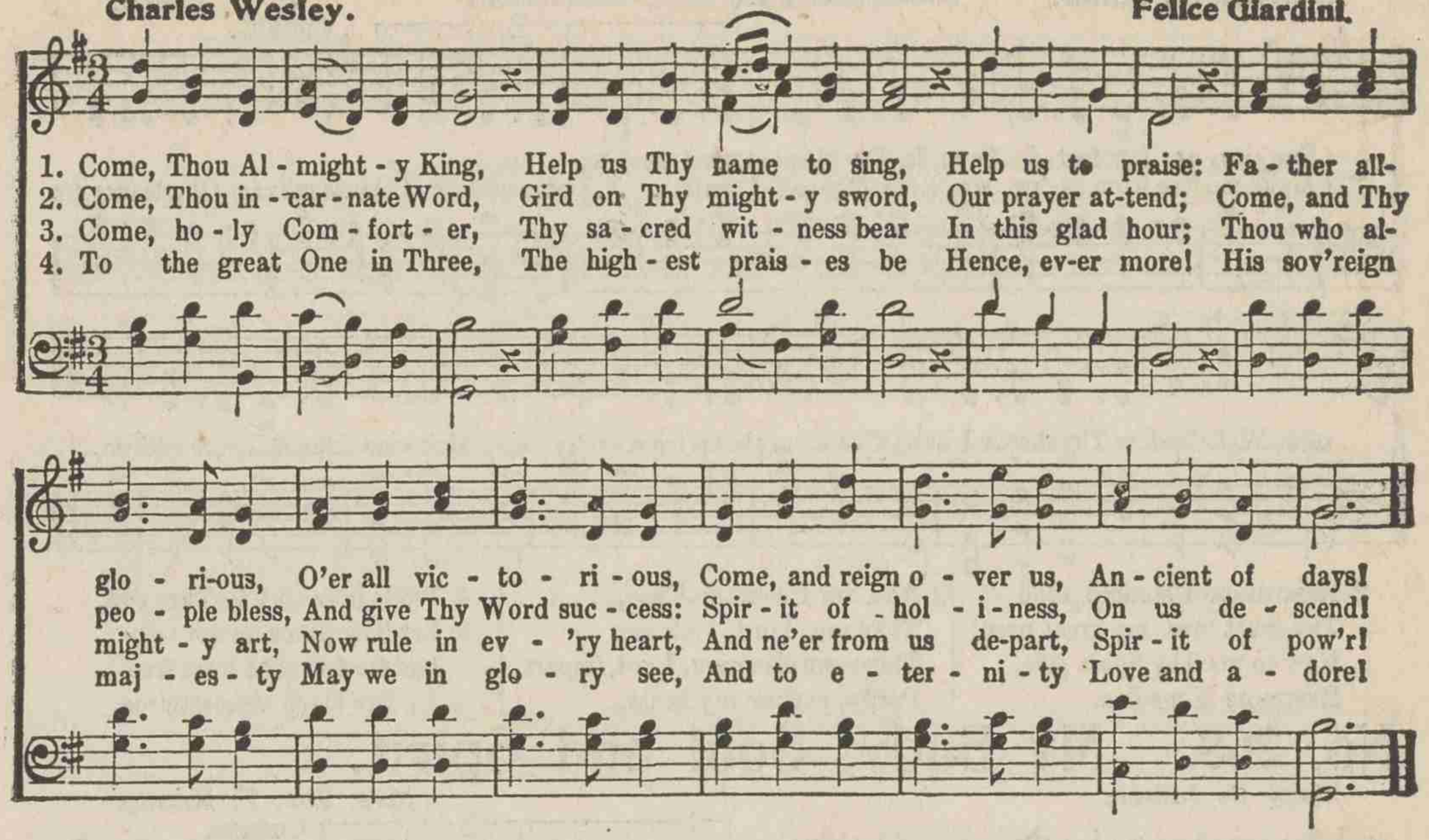


2 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens,
All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of life, Thy smile enlightens,
Cheers and charms Thy saints on earth;
When we think of love like Thine,
Lord, we own it love divine:

3 King of glory, reign forever;
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from Thy love shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made Thine own;
Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destined to behold Thy face.

No. 263. Come, Thou Almighty King.

Charles Wesley. Felice Giardini.



No. 264. O Worship.

Tune Lyons.

1 O worship the King all glorious above,
And gratefully sing His wonderful love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

2 O tell of His might, and sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunderclouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.

4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

No. 265. Ye Servants.

Tune Lyons.

1 Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad His wonderful name;
The name all victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious: He rules over all.

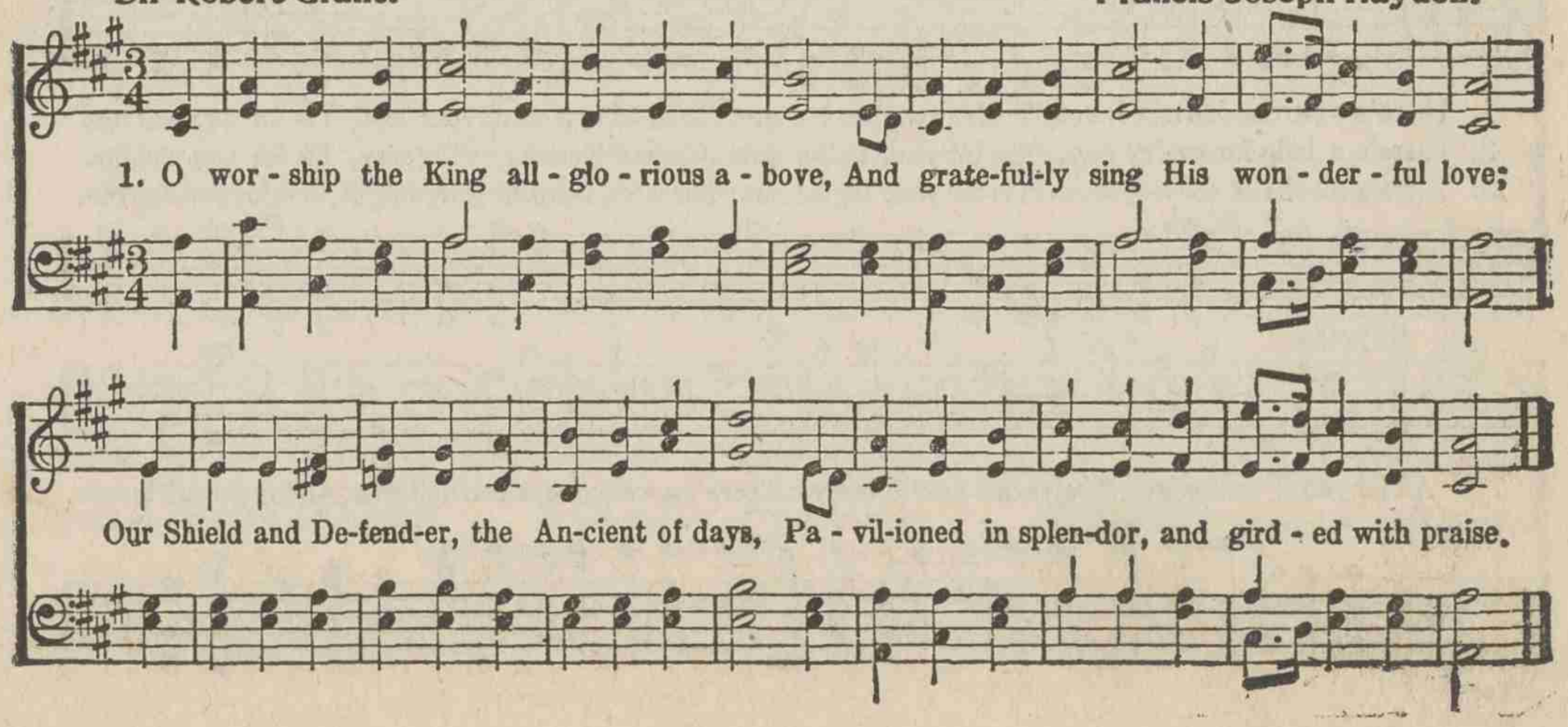
2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still He is nigh: His presence we have;
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus, our King.

3 "Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,"
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son,
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore, and give Him His right—
All glory and power, and wisdom and might;
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, for infinite love.

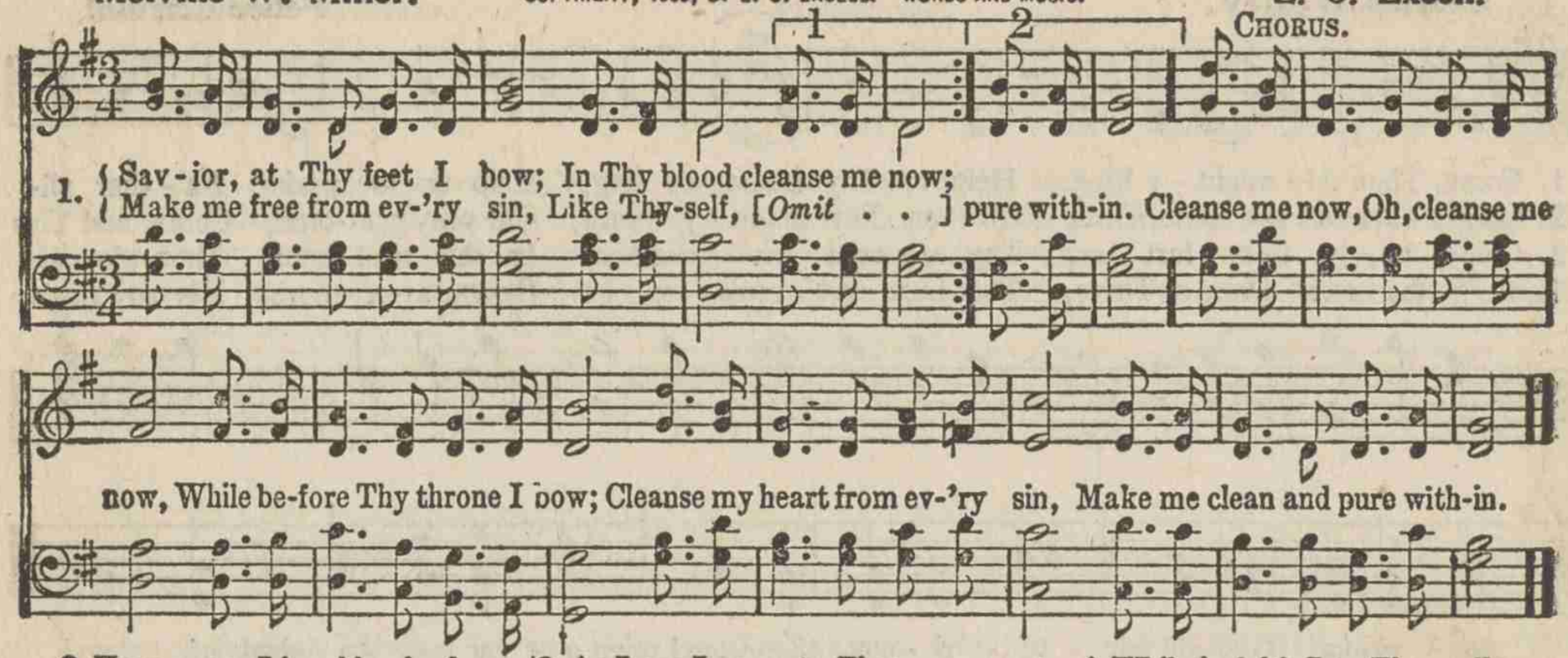
No. 266. Lyons. 10s, 11s,

Sir Robert Grant. Francis Joseph Hayden.



No. 267. Cleanse Me Now.

Melville W. Miller. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.



2 Hear me as I humbly plead
Thy great love, my great need;
Now to me Thy Spirit give,
Evermore in me live.

3 As I am I come to Thee,
Take me, Lord, even me;
Thine own cleansing, Lord, impart,
Purify, cleanse my heart.

4 While in faith I to Thee call,
Let Thy peace on me fall;
Let me feel that I am free,
As Thy blood cleanseth me.

No. 268. My Body, Soul and Spirit.

Mary D. James. Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.



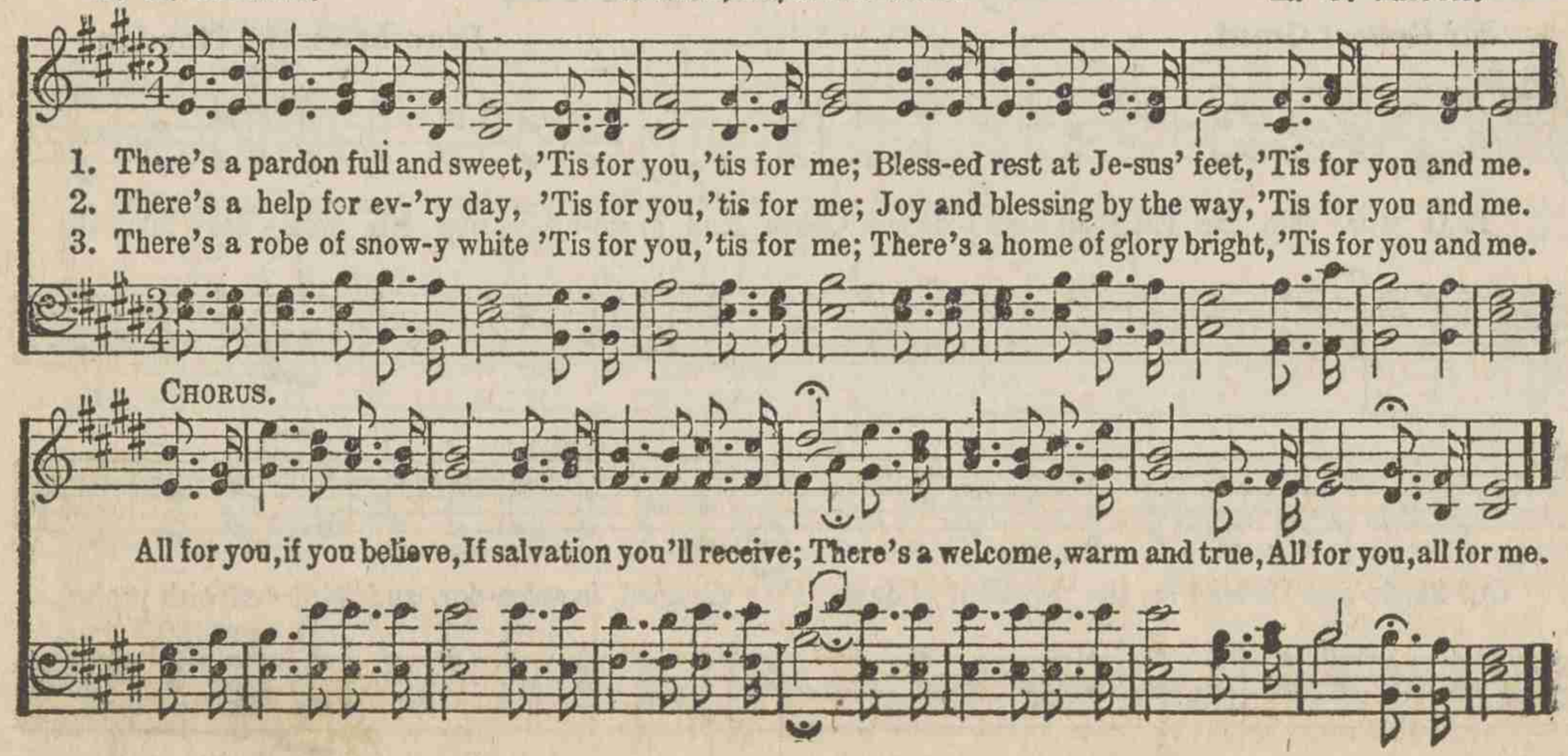
2 O Jesus, mighty Savior,
I trust in Thy great name;
I look for Thy salvation,
Thy promise now I claim.

3 O let the fire, descending
Just now upon my soul,
Consume my humble offering,
And cleanse and make me whole.

4 I'm Thine, O blessed Jesus,
Washed in Thy cleansing blood,
Now seal me by Thy Spirit,
A sacrifice to God.

No. 269. 'Tis For You and Me.

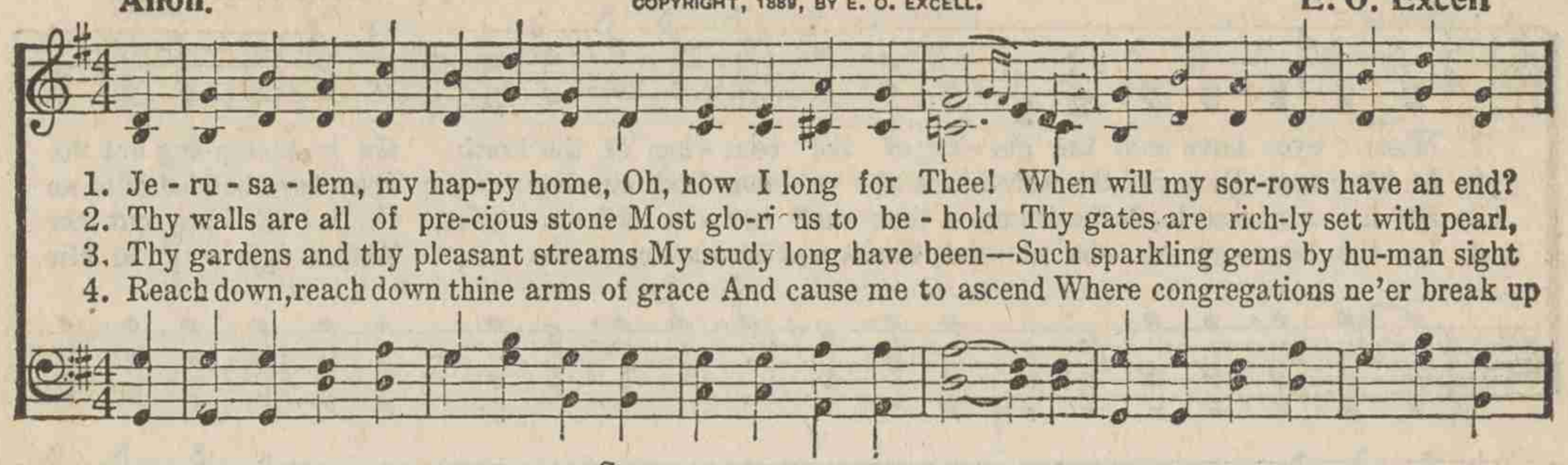
E. E. Hewitt. COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.



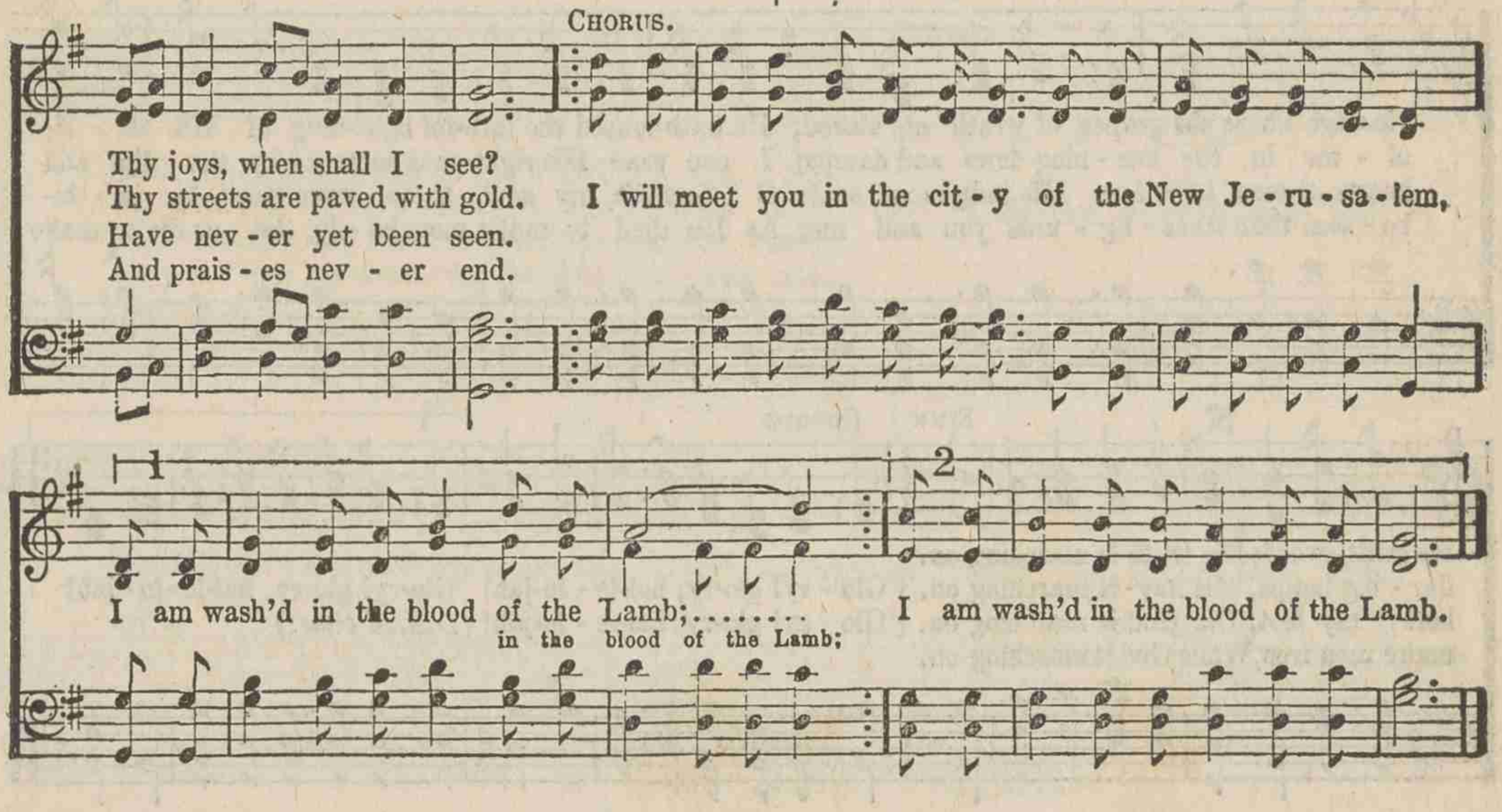
No. 270. My Happy Home.

Anon. COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap-py home, Oh, how I long for Thee! When will my sor-rows have an end?
2. Thy walls are all of pre-cious stone Most glo-ri-us to be - hold Thy gates are rich-ly set with pearl,
3. Thy gardens and thy pleasant streams My study long have been—Such sparkling gems by hu-man sight
4. Reach down, reach down thine arms of grace And cause me to ascend Where congregations ne'er break up



CHORUS.



Thy joys, when shall I see?
Thy streets are paved with gold.
Have nev - er yet been seen.
And prais - es nev - er end.

I will meet you in the cit - y of the New Je - ru - sa - lem,

1 I am wash'd in the blood of the Lamb;.....
in the blood of the Lamb;

2 I am wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.

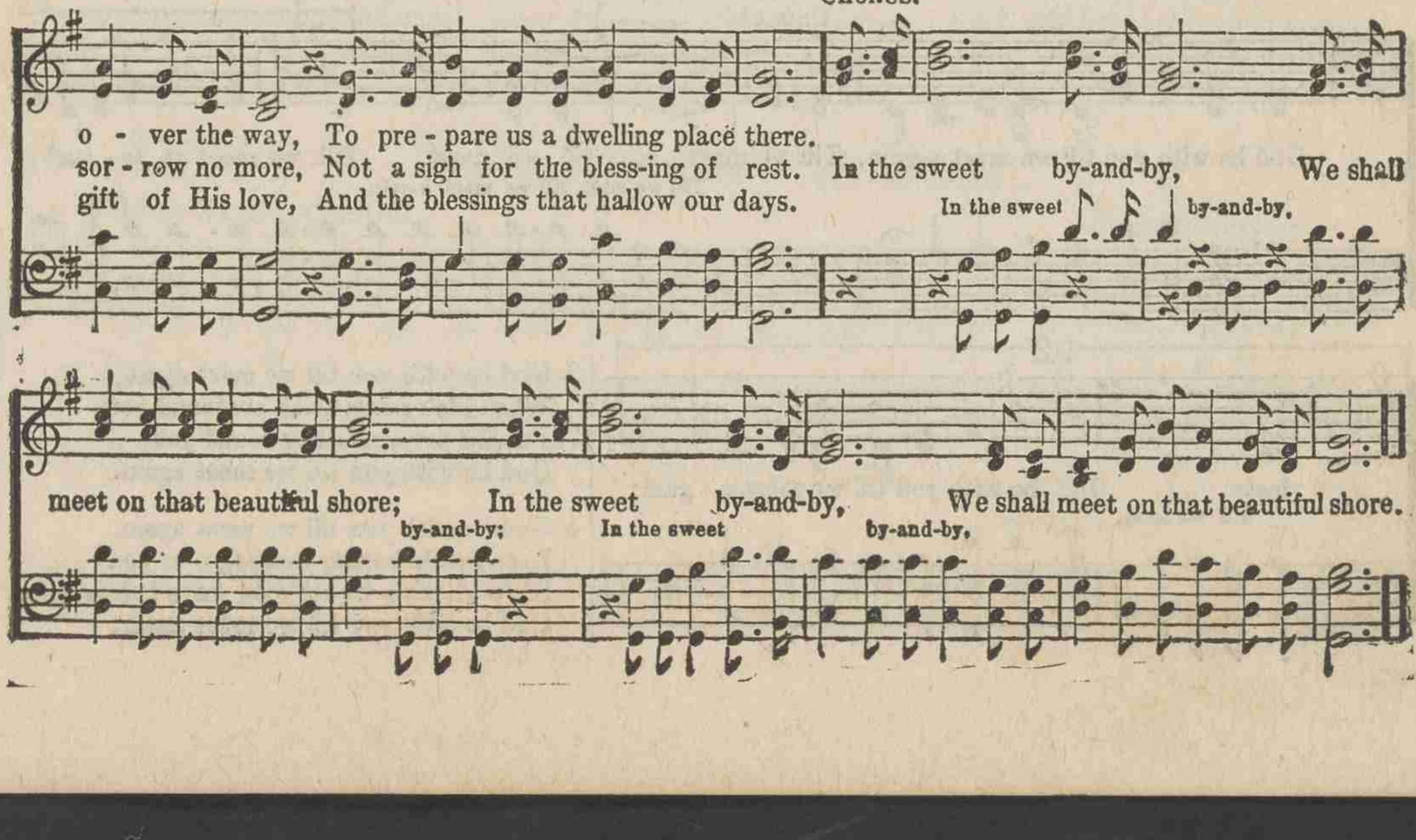
No. 271. Sweet By-and-By.

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

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



CHORUS.

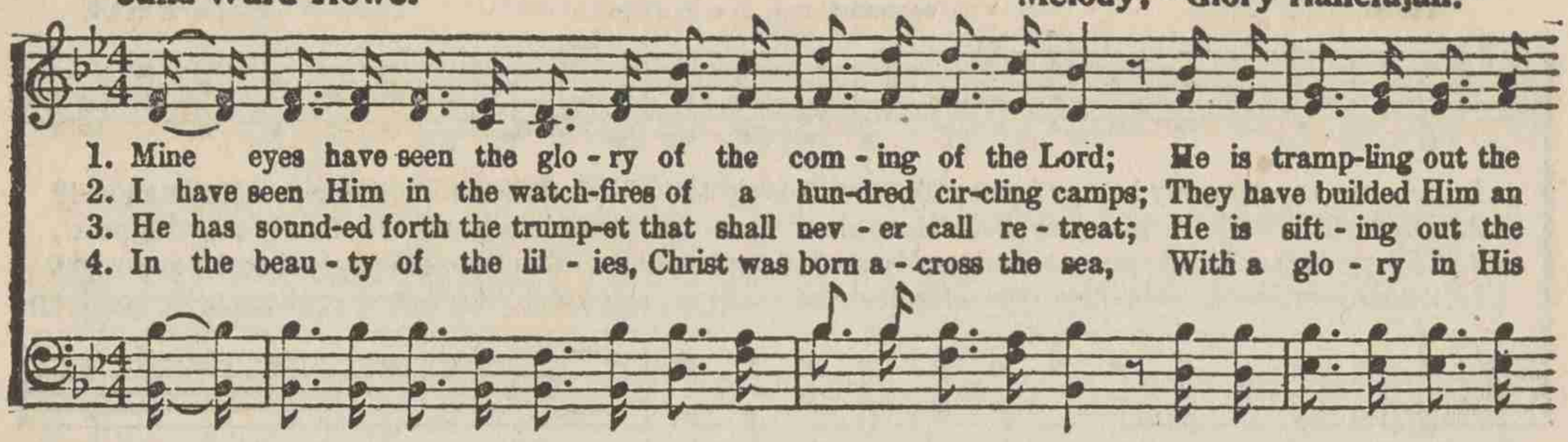


o - ver the way, To pre - pare us a dwelling place there.
sor - row no more, Not a sigh for the bless-ing of rest. In the sweet by-and-by, We shall
gift of His love, And the blessings that hallow our days. In the sweet by-and-by,

meet on that beautiful shore; In the sweet by-and-by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore.
by-and-by; In the sweet by-and-by,

No. 272. Battle Hymn of the Republic.

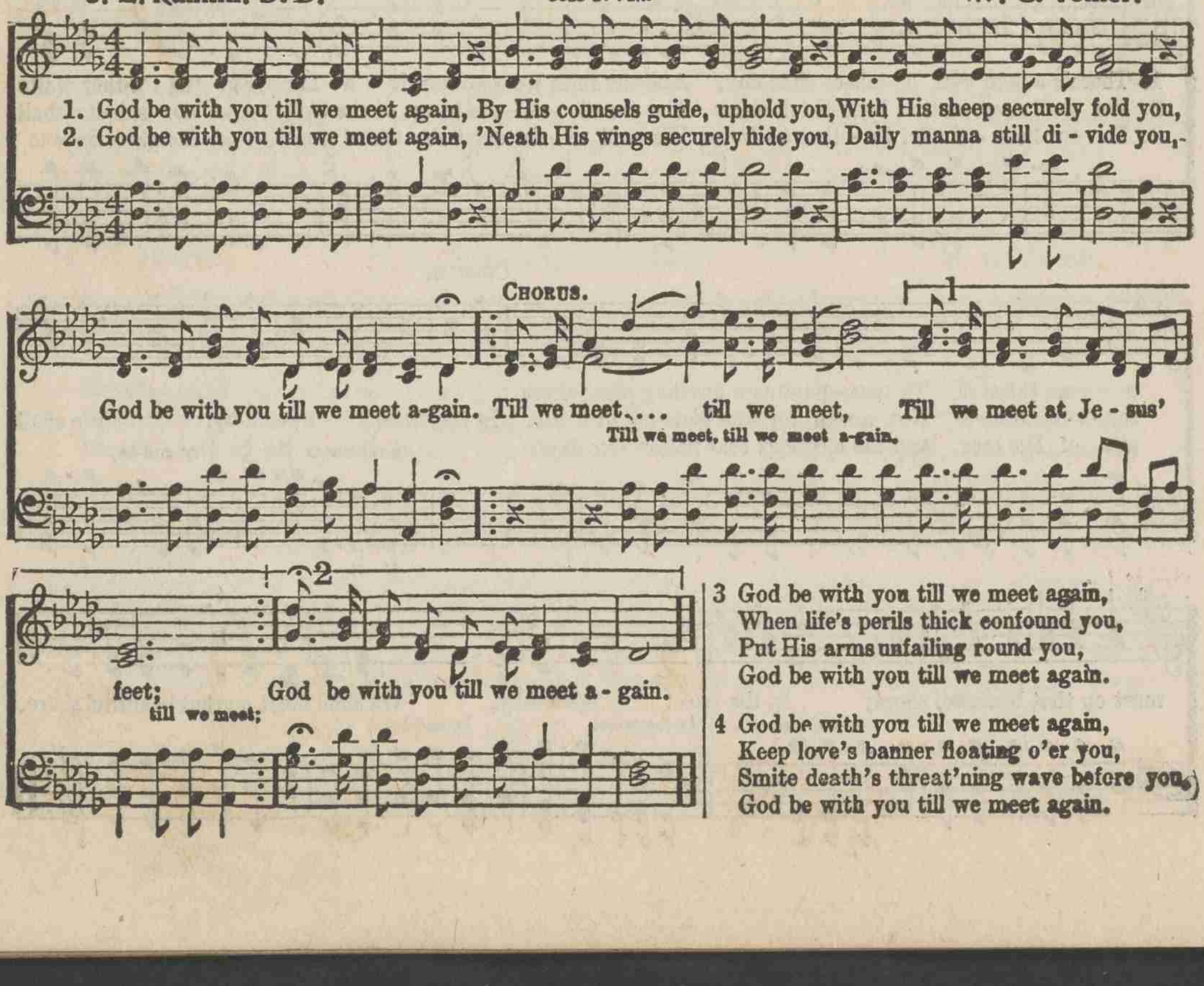
Julia Ward Howe. Melody, "Glory Hallelujah."



No. 273. God Be With You.

COPYRIGHT, BY J. E. RANKIN, D. D.
USED BY PER.

J. E. Rankin, D. D. W. G. Tomer.

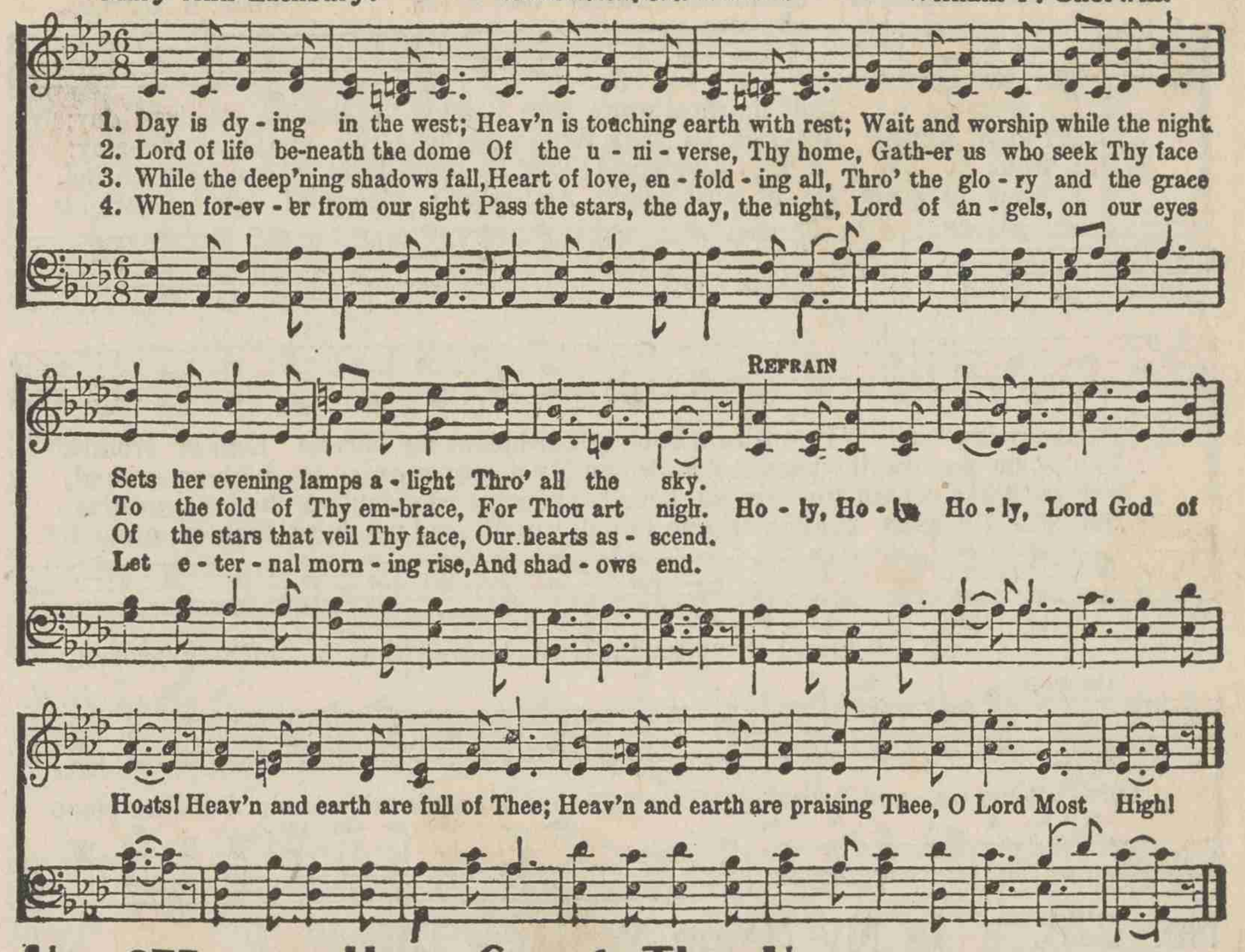


3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arms unfailing round you,
God be with you till we meet again.

4 God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you,
God be with you till we meet again.

No. 274. Day is Dying in the West.

Mary Ann Lathbury. COPYRIGHT, 1877, BY J. H. VINCENT. William F. Sherwin.



No. 275. How Great Thy Name.

Psalm 8. Tune above.

1 Lord, our Lord, o'er earth's vast frame,
How exalted is Thy name!
Who hast set Thy glory bright
Far above the heaven's height,
How great Thy name!

REFRAIN
Lord, our Lord, in all the earth,
How great Thy name!
Who hast set Thy glory bright
Far above the heaven's height,
How great Thy name!

2 From the mouth of children young,
From the infant's lisping tongue,
Thou hast needed strength ordained
Thus Thy vengeful foes restrained.
How great Thy name!

3 When Thy heavens I survey,
Which Thy fingers' work display,
When the moon and stars I see
Ordered all by Thy decree.
How great thy name!

4 What is man that in Thy mind
He a constant place should find?
What the son of man that he
Should be visited by Thee?
How great Thy name!

5 Thou his station didst ordain
Just below the angel train;
Glory Thou hast o'er him shed,
And with honor crowned his head,
How great Thy name!

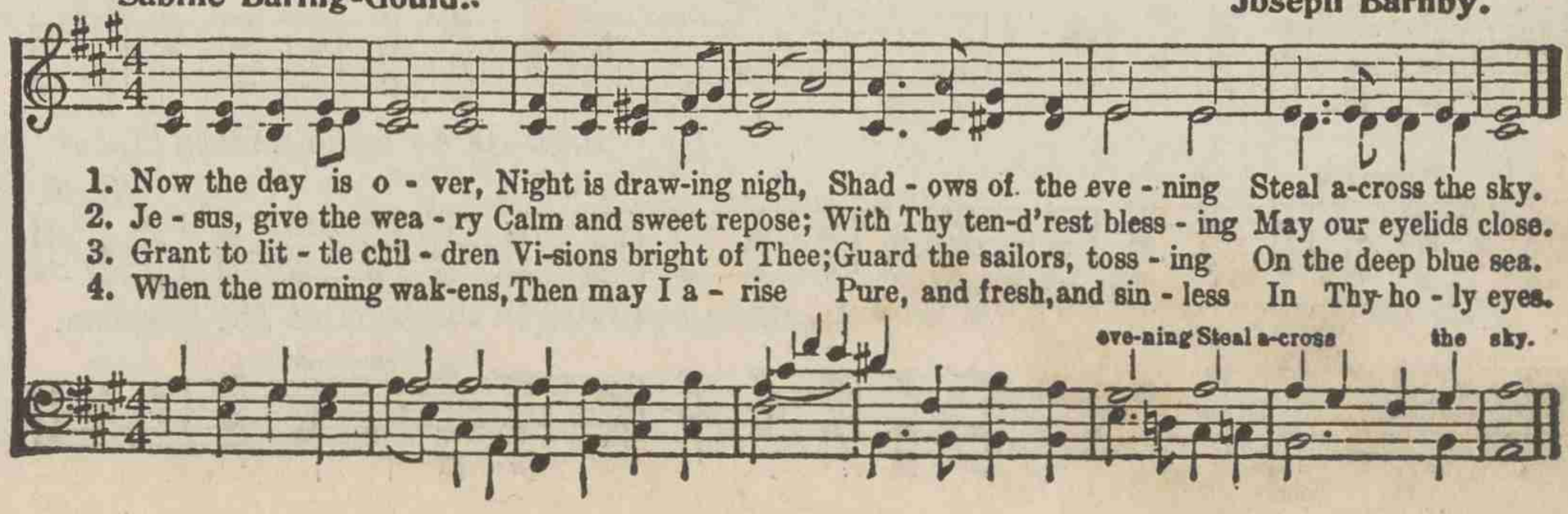
6 Thou hast given him command
O'er the creatures of Thy hand;
And beneath his feet hast laid
All the works which Thou hast made;
How great Thy name!

7 Flocks and cattle, every tribe,
Beasts that in the field abide,
Birds that thro' the heaven's roam
Fish that make the sea their home
How great Thy name!

8 Every living thing that strays,
Thro' the ocean's secret ways
Lord, our Lord, o'er earth's vast frame
How exalted is Thy name:
How great Thy name!

No. 276. Now the Day is Over.

Sabine Baring-Gould.. Joseph Barnby.



No. 277. Higher Ground.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. JOHN J. HOOD, OWNER. USED BY PER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I'm pressing on the up-ward way, New heights I'm gaining ev-'ry day;
2. My heart has no de-sire to stay Where doubts a-rise and fears dis-may;
3. I want to live a-bove the world, Tho' Sa-tan's darts at me are hurled.
4. I want to scale the ut-most height, And catch a gleam of glo-ry bright;

Still pray-ing as I on-ward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground."
Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My prayer, my aim is high-er ground,
For faith has caught the joy-ful sound, The song of saints on high-er ground.
But still I'll pray till heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to high-er ground."

D. S.—than I have found, Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground.

CHORUS.

Lord, lift me up, and I shall stand By faith, on heaven's table-land; A higher plane

D. S.

No. 278. Is My Name Written There?

USED BY PERMISSION OF
JOHN J. HOOD, OWNER.

M. A. K. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Lord! I care not for rich-es, Neither sil-ver nor gold; I would make sure of heaven,
   In the book of Thy kingdom, With its pag-es so fair,
2. Lord, my sins they are many, Like the sands of the sea, But Thy blood, O my Saviour,
   For Thy prom-ise is written, In bright letters that glow,
3. Oh! that beau-ti-ful cit-y, With its mansions of light, With its glo-ri-fied beings,
   Where no e-vil thing cometh, To de-spoil what is fair,

I would en-ter the fold; Tell me, Je-sus, my Sav-iour, Is my name written there?
Is suf-fi-cient for me; "Tho' your sins be as scarlet; I will make them like snow."
In pure garments of white; Where the angels are watching, Is my name written there?

D. S.—Is my name written there?

REFRAIN.

Is my name written there, On the page white and fair? In the book of Thy kingdom,

D. S.

No. 279. Softly and Tenderly.

BY PER. WILL L. THOMPSON & CO., E. LIVERPOOL, O., AND THE THOMPSON MUSIC CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

pp *m*

1. Soft - ly and ten-der - ly Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Je-sus is plead-ing, Plead-ing for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are pass-ing, Pass-ing from you and from me;
4. Think of the won-der-ful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;

At the heart's por-tal He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we lin-ger and heed not His mercies, Mer-cies for you and for me?
Shadows are gath'ring, and death's night is coming, Com-ing for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinn'd, He has mer-cy and par-don, Par-don for you and for me.

CHORUS. *cres.*

Come home, come home, Ye who are wea-ry, come home,
Come home, come home,

p *rit.* *pp*

Ear-nest-ly, ten-der - ly, Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sin-ner, come home!

No. 280. Deeper Yet.

COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
USED BY PERMISSION.

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

1. In the blood from the cross, I have been wash'd from sin; But to be free from dross,
2. Day by day, hour by hour Blessings are sent to me; But for more of His pow'r
3. Near to Christ I would live, Fol-lowing Him each day; What I ask He will give,
4. Now I have peace, sweet peace, While in this world of sin; But to pray I'll not cease

CHORUS.

Still I would en-ter in.
Ev-er my pray'r shall be. } Deeper yet, deeper yet, Into the crimson flood;
So then with faith I pray. } Deeper yet, deeper yet, Under the . . . . . precious Blood.
Till I am pure with-in.

No. 281. What Did He Do?

USED BY PERMISSION OF O. F. PUGH.

Alt. by J. M. G. W. Owen.

1. { O list - en to our won-drous sto - ry, Count-ed once a - mong the lost;
   { Yet, One came down from heaven's glo - ry Sav - ing us at aw - ful cost!

2 { No an - gel could His place have tak - en, High - est of the high tho' he;
  { The loved One on the cross for - sak - en Was one of the God-head three!

3. { Will you sur - rend-er to this Sav - iour? To His scep-tre hum - bly bow?
   { You, too shall come to know His fav - or, He will save you, save you now.

CHORUS

Who saved us from e - ter-nal loss? What did He do?
Who but God's Son up - on the cross? He

Where is He now? In heav-en in - ter - ced - ing!
died for you! Be - lieve it thou, In heav-en in - ter - ced - ing!

No. 282. "Whosoever Will."

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
USED BY PERMISSION.

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

1. "Who-soever heareth," shout, shout the sound! Spread the blessed tidings all the world around;
   Tell the joyful news wher-ev-er man is found:
2. Who-so-ev-er com-eth need not de-lay, Now the door is o-pen, en-ter while you may;
   Je - sus is the true, the on-ly Liv-ing Way:
3. "Who-so-ev-er will!" the promise is secure; "Who-so-ev-er will," for ev- er must endure;
   "Who-so-ev-er will!" 'tis life for-ev-er-more:

FINE. CHORUS.

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

D.S. "-Whosoev-er will may come,"

proc-la-ma-tion o - ver vale and hill; 'Tis a lov-in, Father calls the wand'rer home:

D. S.

No, 283. Jesus Saves.

COPYRIGHT, 1910. BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
IN RENEWAL.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We have heard a joy - ful sound, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves; Spread the tidings all a-
2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves; Tell to sin-ners far and
3. Sing a - bove the bat-tle's strife, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves; By His death and endless
4. Give the winds a might-y voice, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves; Let the nations now re-

round, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the
wide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, Ech - o
life, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the
joice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est

steeps and cross the waves; Onward, 'tis our Lord's command, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves.
back, ye o - cean caves; Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves.
heart for mer - cy craves, Sing in tri-umph o'er the tomb, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves.
hills and deep-est caves; This our song of vic - to - ry, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves.

No. 284. Lord, I'm Coming Home.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
USED BY PERMISSION.

W. J. K. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I've wandered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home; The paths of sin too
2. I've wast-ed man - y precious years, Now I'm com-ing home; I now re - pent with
3. I'm tired of sin and straying, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home; I'll trust Thy love, be-
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home; My strength renew, my
5. My on - ly hope, my on - ly plea, Now I'm com-ing home; That Je - sus died, and
6. I need His cleansing blood, I know, Now I'm com-ing home; O wash me whi - ter

D. S.—O - pen wide Thine

Fine. CHORUS. *D. S.*

long I've trod; Lord, I'm coming home.
bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm coming home.
lieve Thy word; Lord, I'm coming home.
hope re-store; Lord, I'm coming home.
died for me; Lord, I'm coming home.
than the snow; Lord, I'm coming home.

Coming home, coming home, Nevermore to roam,

arms of love; Lord, I'm coming home.

No. 285. The Comforter Has Come.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Rev. F. BOTTOME, D. D. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O, spread the ti-dings round, Wher-ev-er man is found, Wher-ev - er hu-man hearts
2. The long, long night is past, The morn-ing breaks at last; And hush'd the dreadful wail
3. Be - hold the King of kings, With heal-ing in his wings, To ev - 'ry cap - tive soul
4. O bound - less Love di-vine! How shall this tongue of mine To wond'ring mor-tals tell
5. Sing, till the ech - oes fly A - bove the vault-ed sky, And all the saints a - bove

D.S.—The Ho-ly Ghost from heav'n,

And hu - man woes a-bound; Let ev - 'ry Christian tongue Proclaim the joy-ful sound:
And fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the gold-en hills The day ad - van-ces fast:
A full de-liv'rance brings; And thro' the va-cant cells The song of tri-umph rings:
The matchless grace divine,—That I, a child of sin, Should in his im-age shine!
To all be - low re - ply, In strains of end-less love, The song that ne'er will die:

The Fa-ther's promise giv'n; O, spread the tidings round, Wher-ev - er man is found,—

FINE. D. S.

The Com-fort-er has come! The Com-fort-er has come, The Com-fort-er has come!

The Com-fort-er has come!

The Com-fort-er has come!

No. 286. Let the Lower Lights be Burning.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
USED BY PERMISSION.

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

1. Bright - ly beams our Fa - ther's mer - cy From His light - house ev - er - more;
2. Dark the night of sin has set - tled, Loud the an - gry bil - lows roar;
3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my broth - er; Some poor sea - man tem - pest - tossed,

Fine.

But to us He gives the keep - ing Of the lights a - long the shore.
Ea - ger eyes are watch-ing, long - ing, For the lights a - long the shore.
Try - ing now to make the har - bor, In the dark - ness may be lost.

D. S.—Some poor faint-ing, strug-gling sea - man You may res - cue, you may save.

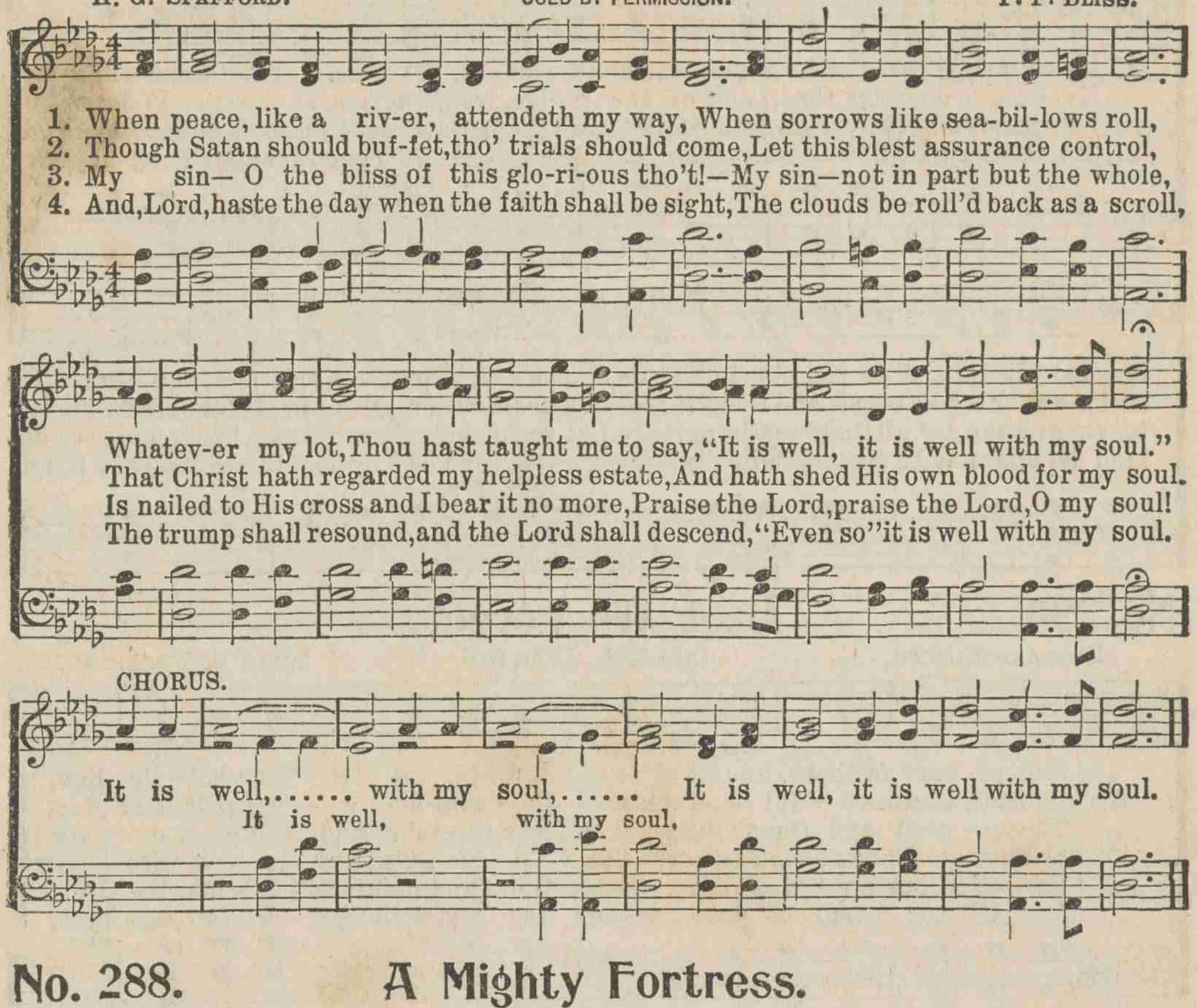
CHORUS. *D. S.*

Let the low - er lights be burn - ing! Send a gleam a - cross the wave!

No. 287. It is Well With My Soul.

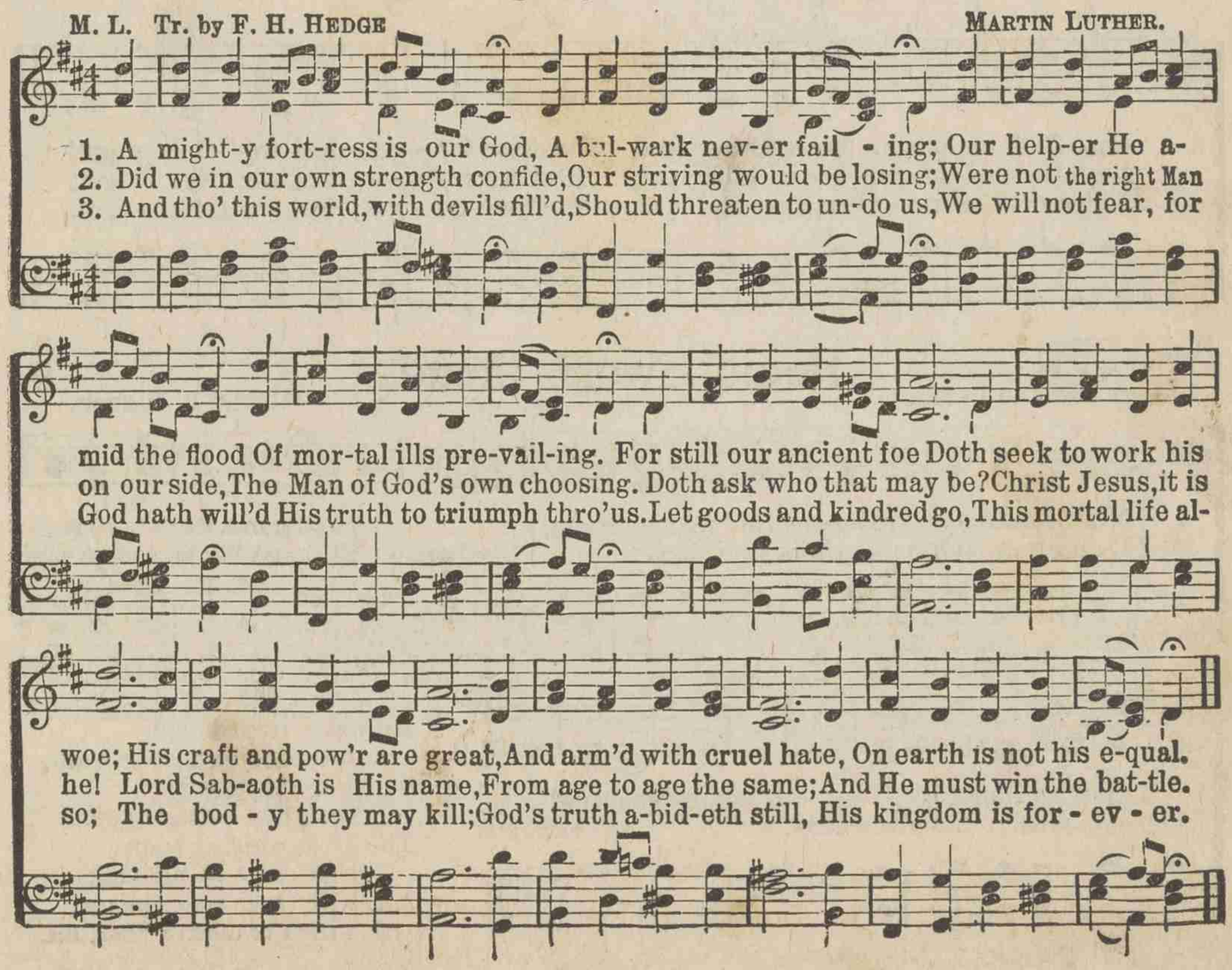
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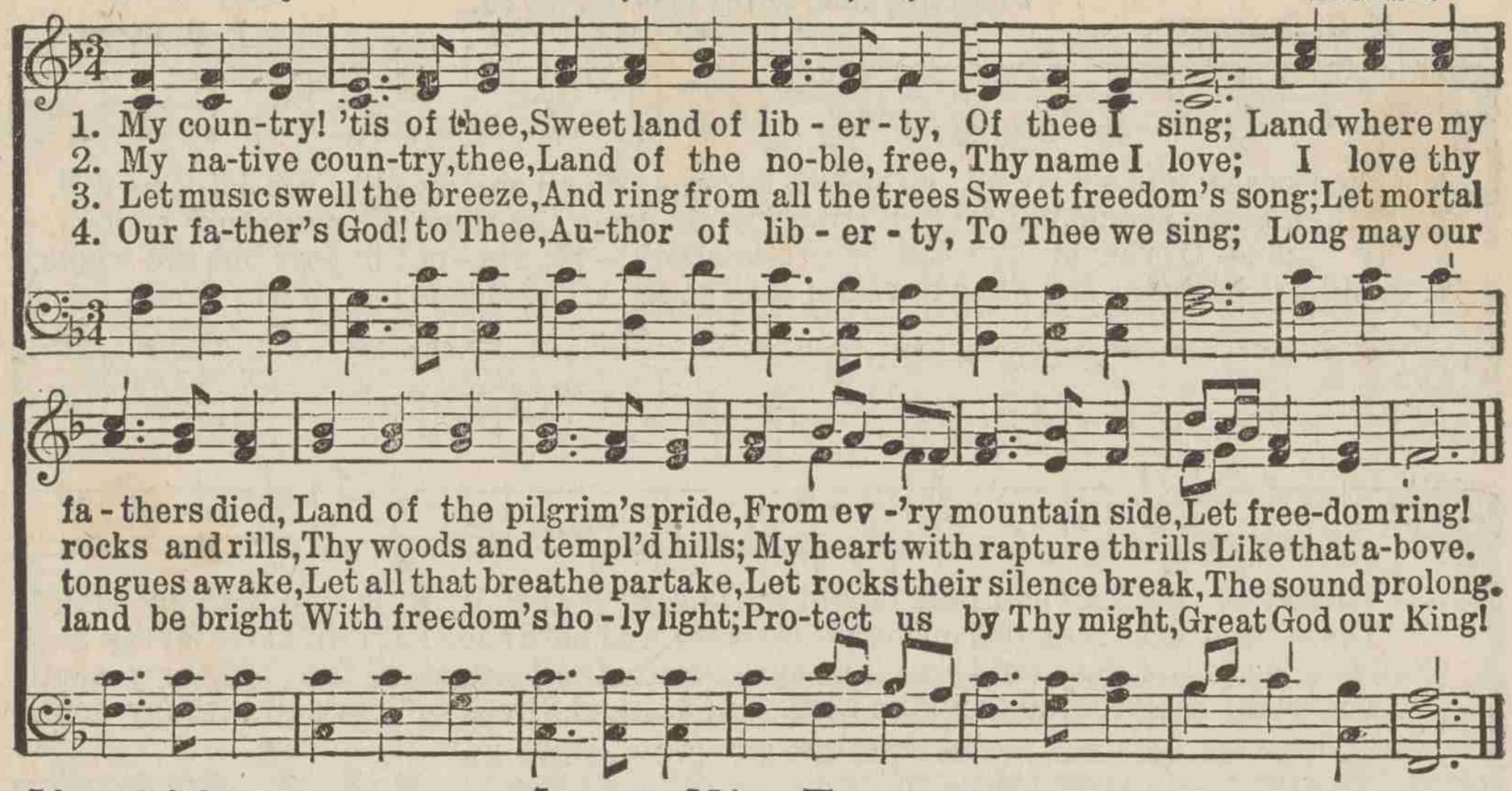
No. 288. A Mighty Fortress.

M. L. Tr. by F. H. HEDGE MARTIN LUTHER.



No. 289. My Country.

S. F. SMITH. (AMERICA. 6s, 4s.) ENGLISH.



No. 290. Lest We Forget.

RUDYARD KIPLING. (SELENA. L. M. 61.) ISAAC B. WOODBURY.



No. 291. Home Sweet Home.

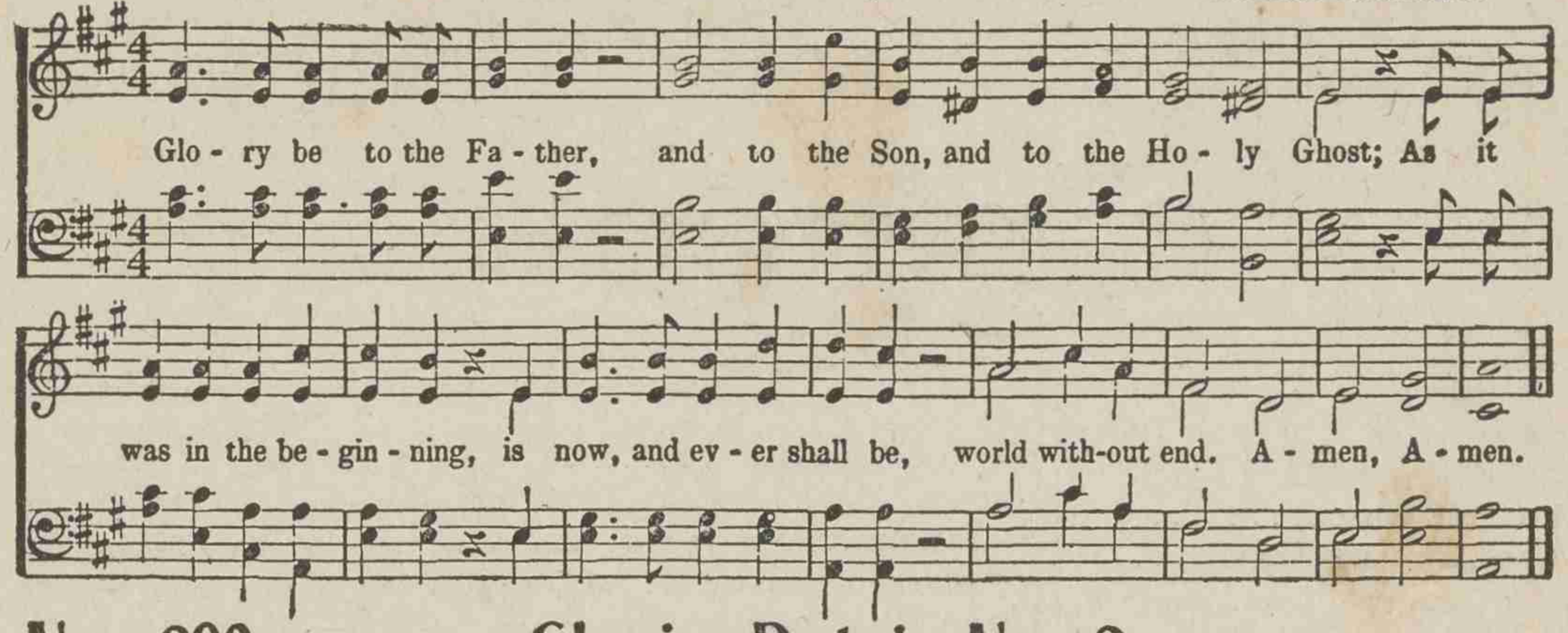
JOHN HOWARD PAYNE. HENRY R. BISHOP.



2 An exile from home,
splendor dazzles in vain,
O give me my lowly
thatched cottage again:
The birds singing gaily,
that came at my call,
And with them,God's peace,
which is dearer than all.

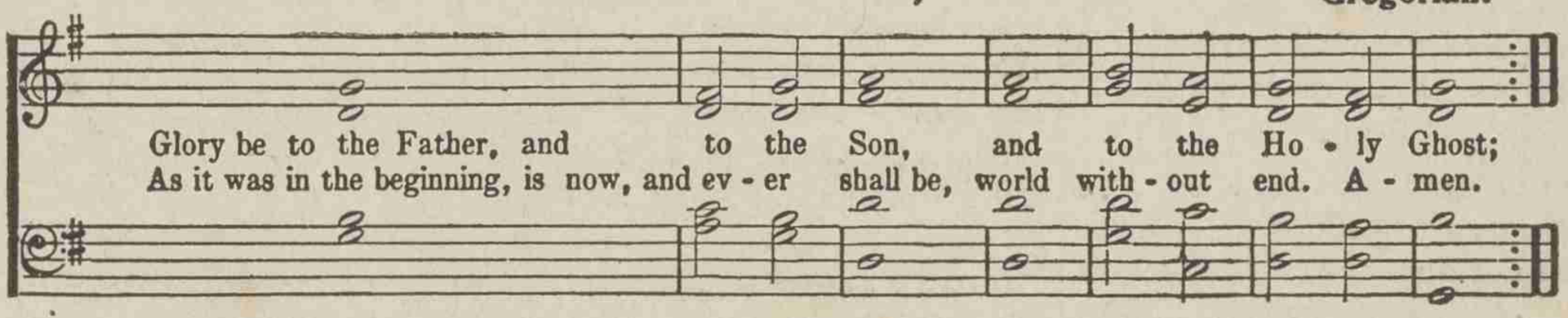
No. 292. Gloria Patri, No. 1.

Charles Meineke.



No. 293. Gloria Patri, No. 2.

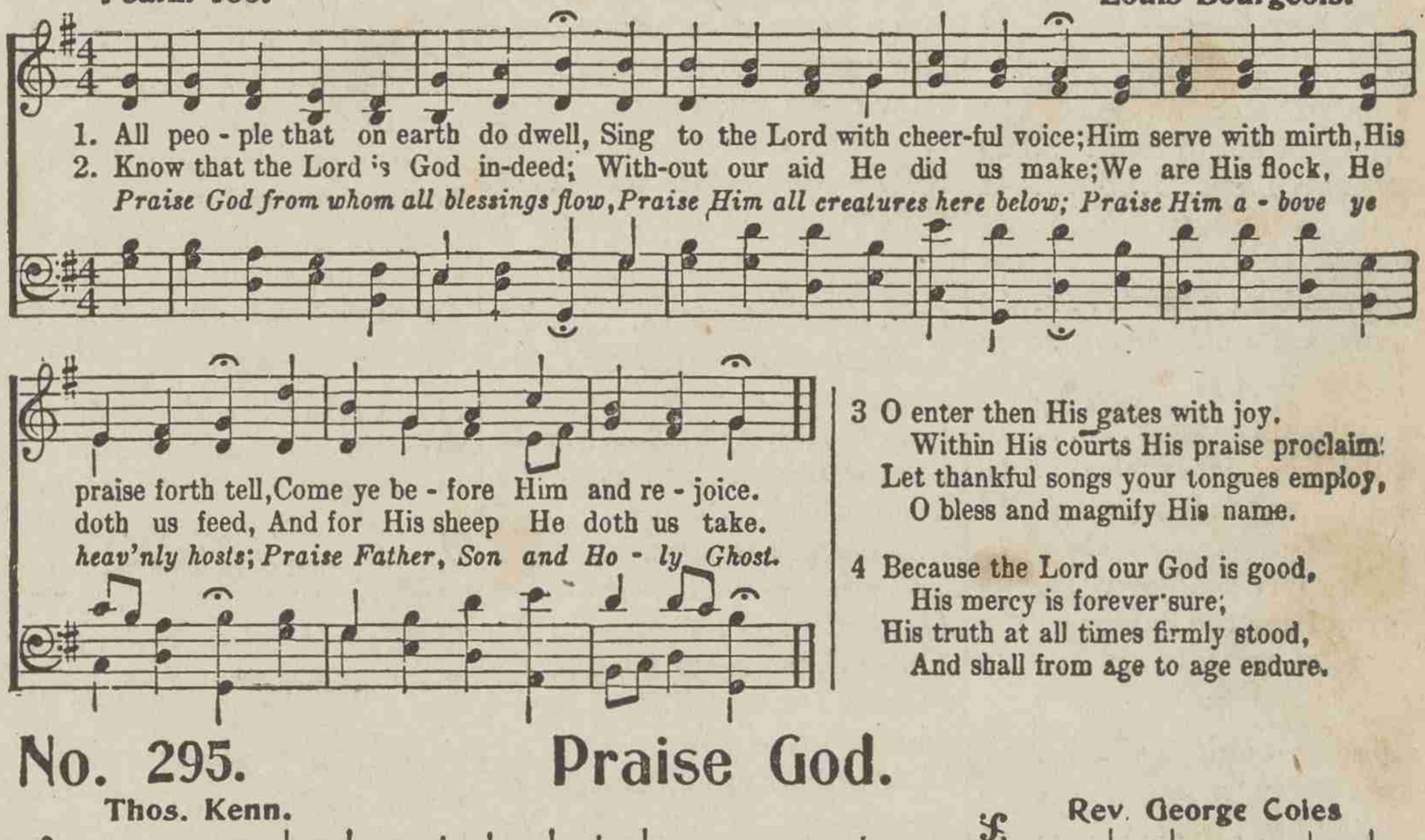
Gregorian.



No. 294. All People that on Earth do Dwell.

Psalm 100.

Louis Bourgeois.



3 O enter then His gates with joy.
Within His courts His praise proclaim:
Let thankful songs your tongues employ,
O bless and magnify His name.

4 Because the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

No. 295. Praise God.

Thos. Kenn.

Rev. George Coles



Indices

A

A LITTLE WHILE.....106
A SINNER MADE WHOLE...121
Afar from God I wandered 87
ALL THE WAY.....124
ALL THE WAY MY SAVIOR.. 90
Are you worn with griefs.. 3
AS THE APPLE OF HIS EYE. 20

B

BEAUTIFUL ISLE..... 93
BEHOLD THE KING.....118
Be not dismayed whate'er 22
BETTER EVERY DAY..... 15
BREATHE ON ME, BREATH 109
Brighter the sunlight glows 72
BRING PEACE TO MY SOUL. 77

C

Christian workers rejoice. 119
Christ will not fail me.... 29
CLOSE TO THEE..... 41
COME THOU FOUNT..... 37
COME TODAY.....108
CONFESS HIM TODAY..... 13
COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS... 82

D

DOES JESUS CARE..... 78
Don't forget Jesus when.. 18
Down in the valley..... 12
Do you carry burdens hard 97
Do you ever feel down.... 98
Do you hear the Savior's .108
DRIFTING AWAY FROM GOD125

F

Failing in strength when.. 67
FALTER NOT, TOIL ON.....119
FOLLOW ON..... 12
From over hill and plain.. 33
FULL SURRENDER..... 11

G

GO CARRY HIS LOVE..... 43
GOD WILL TAKE CARE OF.. 22
Gone from my heart..... 63
GRACE ENOUGH FOR ME... 24

H

HAVE FAITH IN GOD..... 98
Have you the Pentecost.. 5
Have you wandered from. 80
HE DIED FOR ME..... 46
HE GAVE HIMSELF..... 69
HE IS MY SHEPHERD..... 58
HE IS SO PRECIOUS TO ME. 21
HE KNOWETH MY WAY....101
HE PROMISED TO KEEP ME. 29
HELP SOMEBODY TODAY... 14
His gifts are greater..... 79
HIS GRACE ABOUNDETH... 81
HIS GRACE IS KEEPING ME. 7
HIS LOVE CAN NEVER FAIL 122
HIS LOVE IS ALL I NEED...113
HIS LOVE IS MINE.....107
His name above all others 110
HIS NAME FOREVER.....110
HIS WAY WITH THEE..... 54
HIS WONDERFUL GLORY... 50
HOLY BIBLE BOOK DIVINE.120
HOLY ONE, JESUS OUR.... 60
HOW CAN I KEEP FROM...100
How may times has He...102
HOW SWEET IS HIS LOVE..123
HOW WILL YOU LOVE HIM. 8

I

I am a stranger here..... 2
I AM COMING HOME..... 64
I AM HAPPY IN HIM..... 75
I am thinking today..... 28
I am walking ev'ry day... 94
I can hear my Savior..... 73
I do not ask to see the....122
I do not know..... 46
I HAVE NEVER FOUND A... 31
I hear the voice of Jesus.. 58
I KNOW HE KEEPS HIS.... 36
I know I love Thee better 91
I know the Lord has mercy 50
I LOVE HIM..... 63
I must needs go home.... 6
I MUST TELL JESUS..... 34
I MUST TELL THE STORY... 23
I SHALL DWELL FOREVER.. 25
I SHALL KNOW MY SAVIOR.105
I'LL LIVE FOR HIM.....116
I'm in the path of peace.. 7
If you are tired of the load 30
IN FAITH BELIEVE..... 57
In looking through my.... 24
In some way or other..... 45
In the service of the..... 10
IT PAYS TO SERVE JESUS.. 66

J

JESUS HAS YOU ON HIS.... 97
Jesus, I am coming home. 64
JESUS IS ALL THE WORLD.. 56
JESUS IS CALLING..... 53
JESUS IS HEAVEN TO ME.. 9
JESUS IS THE FRIEND YOU. 80
JESUS REMEMBERED YOU.. 18
JUST TO KNOW THAT JESUS 84
JUST WHEN I NEED HIM... 74

K

KEEP ON LOVING JESUS... 85
KEPT FOR THY USE 27

L

Lay hold on the hope set .111
LEAD ME FARTHER FROM.. 89
LET JESUS COME INTO.... 30
LET US GO FORWARD..... 65
Lo a great and mighty....117
Look all around you..... 14
Lord as of old at Pentecost 95
Lord I makeafull surrender 11
LOYALTY TO CHRIST..... 33

M

MORE LIKE THE MASTER.. 92
My home is the beautiful. 9
My latest sun is sinking.. 99
My life flows on in endless 100
My life, my love I give...116
MY SAVIOR..... 87
MY SAVIOR FIRST OF ALL.. 52
My soul is so happy in... 75
MY WONDERFUL DREAM... 39

N

Never be sad or..... 70
NEVER GIVE UP..... 70
NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD.. 49

O

O how I love Him..... 71
O LOVE OF CHRIST..... 51
O mourner in Zion.....114
O soul distressed by..... 57
O THAT WILL BE GLORY... 76
O what a wonderful Savior 81
Of Jesus love that sought. 26
Often when my heart is... 36
OLD TIME POWER 115
ONLY ONE WAY..... 32

ONWARD TILL THE..... 10
OPEN MY EYES THAT I MAY 61
OVER AND OVER AGAIN....102

P

PENTECOSTAL POWER..... 95
Press onward Christian... 88

R

Rouse ye Christian..... 96

S

SAVED BY GRACE..... 4
Since I started for the city 124
Sing the wondrous love... 35
SOMEBODY DID A GOLDEN.. 83
SOMEBODY KNOWS..... 67
Some day the silver cord.. 4
Somewhere the sun is..... 93
So precious is Jesus..... 21
So tenderly His hand has.107
SPEND ONE HOUR WITH... 86
STAND UP, STAND UP FOR.. 62
STAY THOU NEAR BY..... 47
STEP OUT ON THE PROMISE 114
STILL SWEETER EVERY DAY 48
SWEETER AS THE YEARS GO 26

T

TEACH ME THY WILL O...103
Tenderly God watches.... 20
THE DAY OF GLORY..... 55
THE FIGHT IS ON..... 44
THE GIFTS OF GOD..... 79
THE GLORY SONG..... 76
THE GREAT CAMPAIGN....117
THE HALF HAS NEVER..... 91
THE HOPE SET BEFORE....111
THE KING'S BUSINESS.... 2
THE LAND OF BEULAH. .. 99
THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.. 45
The love of Jesus who can 113
The Son of God goes forth 1
THE VICTOR'S SONG..... 88
THE VICTORY MAY DEPEND 40
THE WAY OF THE CROSS... 6
There is only one way of.. 32
THERE IS SHELTER AT THE 3
There's a dream that I... 39
There's a song in my heart121
They were in an upper....115
Tho' the way we journey .104
Thou my everlasting..... 41
Thro' the land a call is... 40
TILL I MEET HIM FACE TO 72
'TIS SO SWEET TO TRUST ..112
To Jesus every day..... 48
TRUE HEARTED, WHOLE... 17

U

UNSEARCHABLE RICHES... 19

W

WALKING WITH JESUS.... 94
WAS IT FOR ME..... 68
Weary soul by sin..... 86
WE SHALL SEE THE KING .104
WE SHALL STAND BEFORE. 42
WHAT A DEAR SAVIOR.... 71
What can wash away my. 49
When all my labors and.. 76
When earthly cares and... 77
Whene'er I read the..... 68
WHEN HE IS COME TO YOU. 5
When my labors here on.. 55
When my life work is..... 52
When the night is o'er.... 25
When the shadows dark.. 15
When the world looks dark 85
When troubled my soul...123
When upon life's billows.. 82
WHEN WE ALL GET TO.... 35
When your path is dark.. 84
WHERE HE LEADS ME..... 73
While we pray and while.. 38
WHO FOLLOWS IN HIS.... 1
Why do we linger in the.. 65
WHY NOT NOW..... 38
WHY NOT SAY YES TONIGHT 59
Why still undecided..... 13
WILL THERE BE ANY STARS 28
WINNING SOULS FOR JESUS 96
WOULD YOU BE SAVED.... 16
Would you live for Jesus.. 54

Y

Ye who wander of sin.... 8

Hymns of the Heart

A

A CHARGE TO KEEP.....247
A MIGHTY FORTRESS.....288
A THOUSAND YEARS.....142
ABIDE WITH ME.....170
ALAS AND DID MY SAVIOR .176
ALL FOR JESUS.....146
ALL HAIL THE....156-157-158
ALL PEOPLE THAT ON.....294
All, yes all, I give to Jesus 146
AMAZING GRACE.....185
AMERICA.....289
AM I A SOLDIER.....184
ANGELS HOVERING 'ROUND 252
ARISE MY SOUL.....126
Awake my soul in joyful..234

B

BALM IN GILEAD.....257
BATTLE HYMN OF THE.....272
BLESSED ASSURANCE.....148
BLESSED BE THE NAME....205
BLEST BE THE TIE.....180
BREAK THOU THE BREAD..175
Brightly beams our.....286
BRIGHTLY GLEAMS OUR....127
BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES 197

C

CALLING THE PRODIGAL...128
CLEANSE ME NOW.....267
Come ev'ry soul by sin...237
COME HOLY SPIRIT.....161
COME THOU ALMIGHTY....263
COME THOU FOUNT....230-231
COME TO JESUS.....258
COME YE SINNERS.....251
CROWN HIM WITH.....136

D

DAY IS DYING IN THE.....274
DEEPER YET.....280
DELAY NOT.....168
Down at the cross.....203
Down into the fountain...130
DOXOLOGY.....294

E

EVEN ME, EVEN ME.....139
EXPOSTULATION.....165

F

FADE, FADE EACH EARTHLY190
FROM EVERY STORMY WIND220
FROM GREENLAND'S ICY...193

G

GLORIA PATRI No. 1.....292
GLORIA PATRI No. 2.....293
GLORIOUS FOUNTAIN.....202
Glory be to the Father292-293
GLORY TO HIS NAME.....203
GOD BE WITH YOU.....273
God is calling the prodigal 128
GOD IS CALLING YET.....140
God of our Fathers.....290
GOOD NEWS.....260
GUIDE ME O THOU GREAT..259

H

HALLELUJAH.....261
HARK TEN THOUSAND.....262
HARK THE VOICE OF JESUS 151
HEAVEN IS MY HOME.....215
HE IS ABLE TO DELIVER...132
HE LEADETH ME.....149
HIGHER GROUND.....277
HOLY GHOST WITH LOVE..241
HOLY, HOLY, HOLY.....242
HOLY SPIRIT FAITHFUL....240
HOME SWEET HOME.....291
HOW FIRM A.....166-169

How great Thy name . . . 275
How lost was my 257

I

I am coming Lord 209
I am coming to the . . . 204-228
I am trusting Lord in . . . 228
I have a song I love to . . . 134
I hear the Savior say 211
I hear Thy welcome voice 209
I knew that God in His . . . 256
I lay my sins on Jesus. . 153
I love Jesus He's my 231
I love Thy kingdom Lord 178
I love to tell the story 138
I'm but a stranger here . . . 215
I'm pressing on the 277
I've a message from the. . 229
I've wandered far away . . . 284
If you cannot on the 145
In evil long I took 222
In heavenly love 192
In the blood from the 280
In the cross 208
Is my name written 278
It is well with my soul. 287
It was good for our 255

J

Jerusalem my happy home 270
Jesus calls us 245
Jesus I my cross have . . . 152
Jesus is passing by 213
Jesus is waiting to save 212
Jesus lover of my . . . 243-244
Jesus my Lord to Thee I . 187
Jesus of Nazareth 218
Jesus paid it all 211
Jesus saves 283
Jesus savior pilot me . . . 224
Jesus shall reign 236
Jesus the very thought of . 186
Joy to the world 133
Just as I am 210-214

L

Lead kindly light 174
Lead me O my Savior 254
Lest we forget 290
Let Him in 129
Let the lower lights be 286
Lift up your heads 142
List the spirit calls to thee 227
Look and live 229
Look to Jesus 164
Lord I care not for riches . 278
Lord I'm coming home . . . 284
Lord I hear of show'rs 139
Lord Jesus I long to be . . . 253
Lord our Lord o'er earths . 275
Lost but Jesus saved me 141
Love divine 150
Loving Kindness 234
Lyons 10S-11S 266

M

Majestic sweetness sits 188
Make me white as snow 254
Mid pleasures and palaces 291
Mine eyes have seen the . . 272
Must Jesus bear the 248-249
My body, soul and 268
My country 'tis of thee 289
My faith looks up to . . . 172
My happy home 270
My heav'nly home 182
My hope is built on 221
My Jesus as Thou Wilt . 173
My Jesus I love thee . . . 162
My Shepherd 167
My soul be on the 181

N

Nearer my God to thee . 216
Never lose sight of 250
No not one 131
Now the day is over 276

O

O could I speak 206
O day of rest and 191
O eyes that are weary 164
O for a thousand 159-160-205
O happy day 238
O Jesus Thou art 196
O listen to our wondrous . . 281
O love that wilt not . . . 155
O pilgrim bound for the. . 250
O sing of His mighty 246
O spread the tidings 285
O Thou God of my 261
O turn ye 163-165
O worship the King 264-266
Oh Bliss of the purified . . . 246
Oh how I love Jesus 223
Oh now I see the crimson . 233
Only trust Him 237
On the mountain's top . . . 260
Onward Christian 143

P

Praise God from Whom 294-295
Praise waits for thee. . 154

R

Remember me 249
Revive us again 239
Rock of ages 225

S

Safely through another 226
Salvation o the joyful . 199
Savior at Thy Feet I bow . 267
Savior like a shepherd . 198
Savior Thy dying love 217
Since I have been 134
Since I lost my sins 135
Softly and tenderly 279
Something for Jesus 217
Sowing in the morning 197
Stand up for Jesus 194
Sun of my soul 171
Sweet by and by 271
Sweet hour of prayer . . 219

T

Take me as I am 187
The blood is all my 256
The cleansing wave 233
The comforter has 285
The fountain stands 232
The gate ajar 147
The great physician 189
The heavenly home 182
The Lord is my Shepherd . 167
The morning light is . . . 195
The old time religion. . 255
The solid rock 221
The thought of Thee . . . 186
There are angels hovering . 252
There is a 200-201-202
There is a gate that stands 147
There is a land of pure 179
There is a name I love to 223
There is glory in my 135
There's a land that is 271
There's a pardon full and 269
There's a stranger at the . . 129
There's wideness 207
There's not a friend like . . 131
This is the season of hope . 213
'Tis for you and me 269
'Tis the grandest theme . . . 132
To Calvary I will go . . . 130

U

Under the Cross 204

W

Walk in the light 177
Wash me in the Blood . . 200
We have heard a joyful . . . 283
We praise Thee O God . . . 239
We're kneeling at the . 214
What a friend 144
What did He do 281
What means this eager . . . 218
When I survey the 235
When peace like a river . . . 287
Whiter than snow 253
Who is on the Lord's . . . 137
Whosoever heareth 282
Whosoever Will 282
Why do you linger in 212
Will you be saved by . . . 227
Work for the night is . . 183

Y

Ye servants 265
Your Mission 145