SELECT SONGS of PRAISE

Shaped Note Edition

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SP-600386 $3.50 BE

SELECT SONGS OF PRAISE

FOR

EVANGELISTIC SERVICES, CHURCH AND SUNDAY SCHOOL

COMPILED AND EDITED BY

Samuel W. Beazley, John H. Jones,
Harvey E. Cressman, Charles L. Major,
Wiley J. Smith.

PRICES

To Any Part of the United States

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FOREWORD

IN compiling "SELECT SONGS OF PRAISE" the dominant idea has been (within certain space and price limits) to put before evangelists, choirs, and the general public, a book to meet every demand in evangelistic meetings and all other religious services.

In selection of the songs we have been liberal to popular taste without effecting either the dignity or utility of the book.
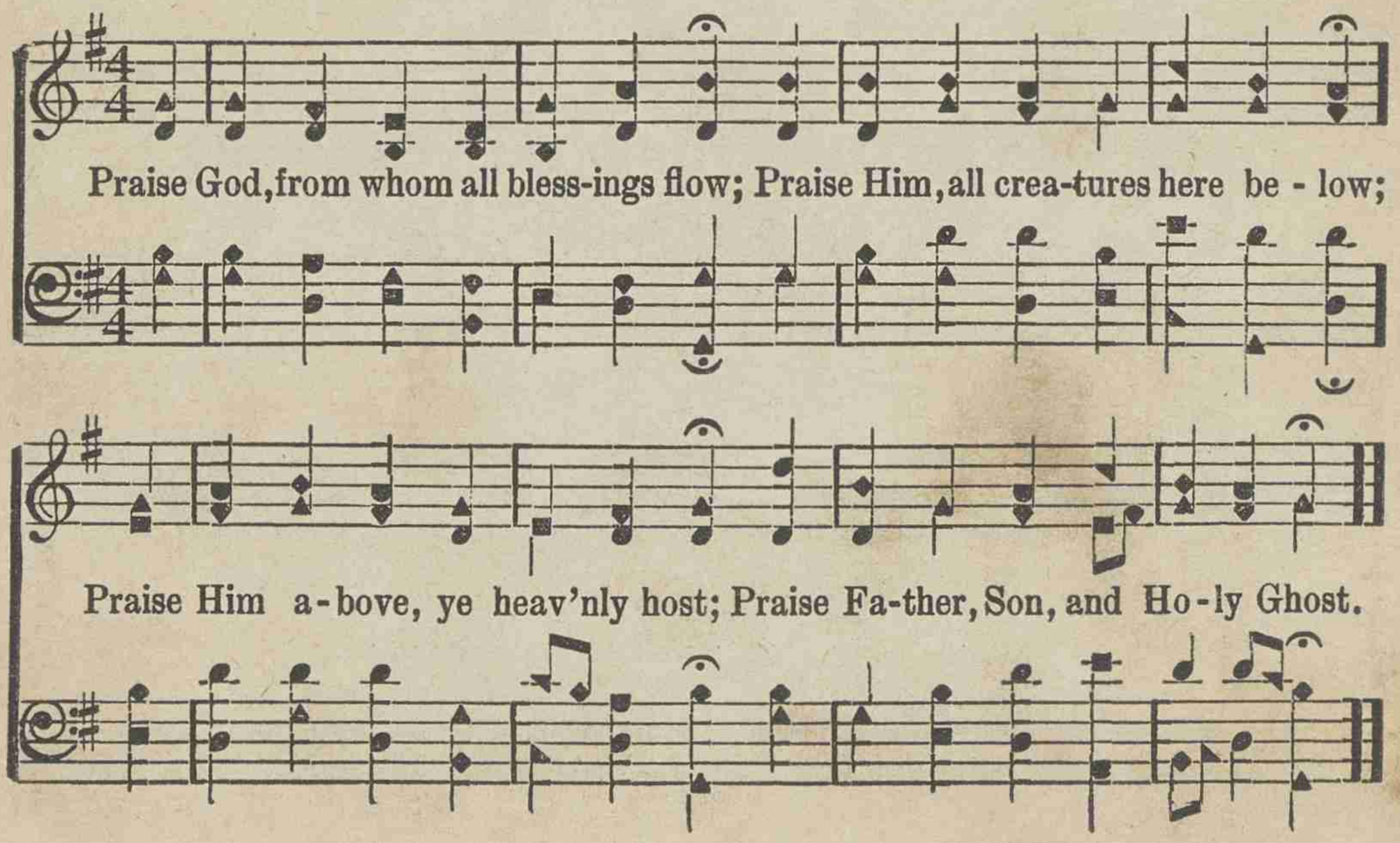
Here will be found the important old favorites (without which no gospel song book is complete) and an abundance of inspiring new songs and choruses—such as should take hold of the hearts of men.

That this collection may be used for the glory of that Name which is above every name—Jesus Christ the Lord, is the prayer of

The Compilers, Editors and Publishers.

Doxology.

Louis Bourgeois.
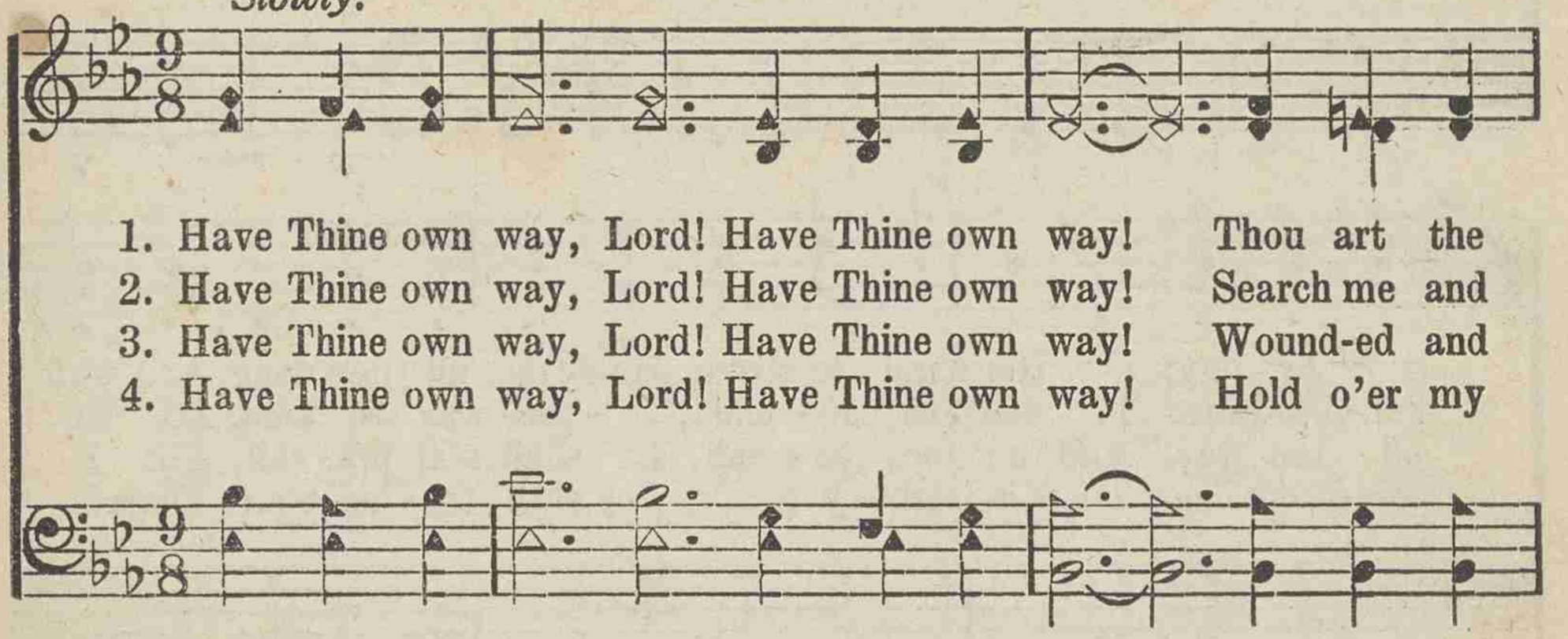


Select Songs of Praise.

No. 1. Have Thine Own Way, Lord.

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A. A. P. Geo. C. Stebbins.

Slowly.
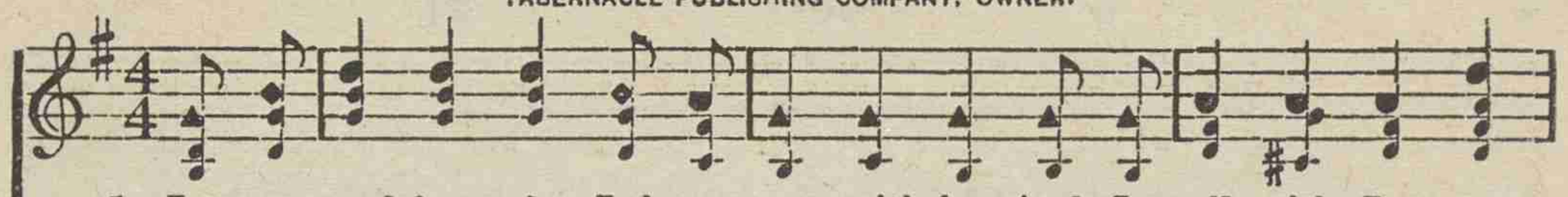


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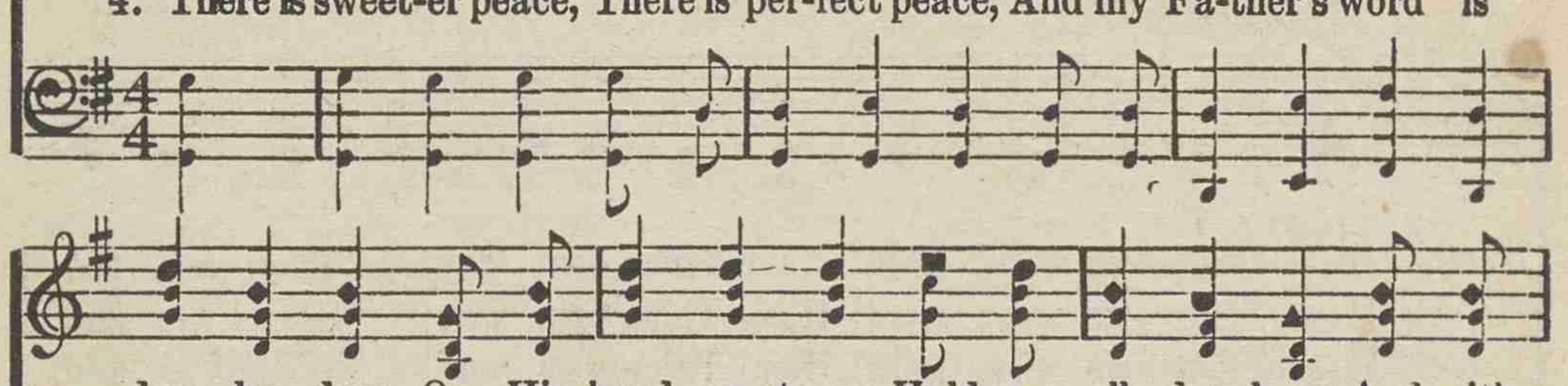
His Mighty Hand.

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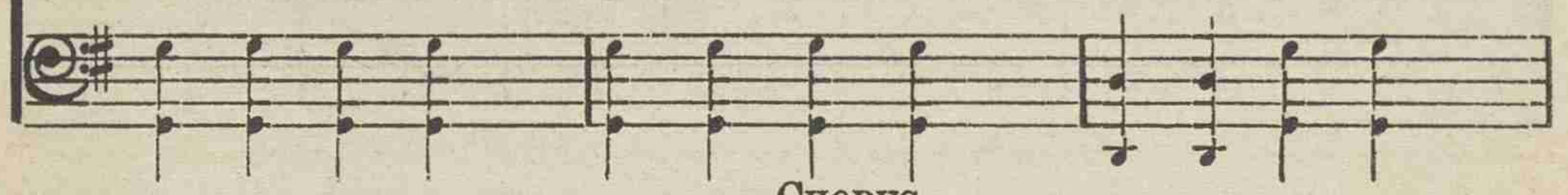
Geo. Walker Whitcomb. **Albert Simpson Reitz.**
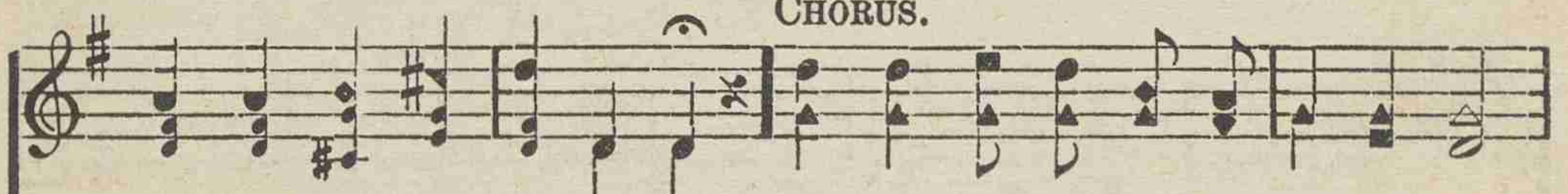


1. I am saved from sin, I have peace with-in, And I walk with Je- sus
2. Man-y passed me by, Heeding not my cry, But the Sav - ior heard and
3. There's a promise sure, And it shall en-dure: "Lo, I will be with thee
4. There is sweet-er peace, There is per-fect peace, And my Fa-ther's word is
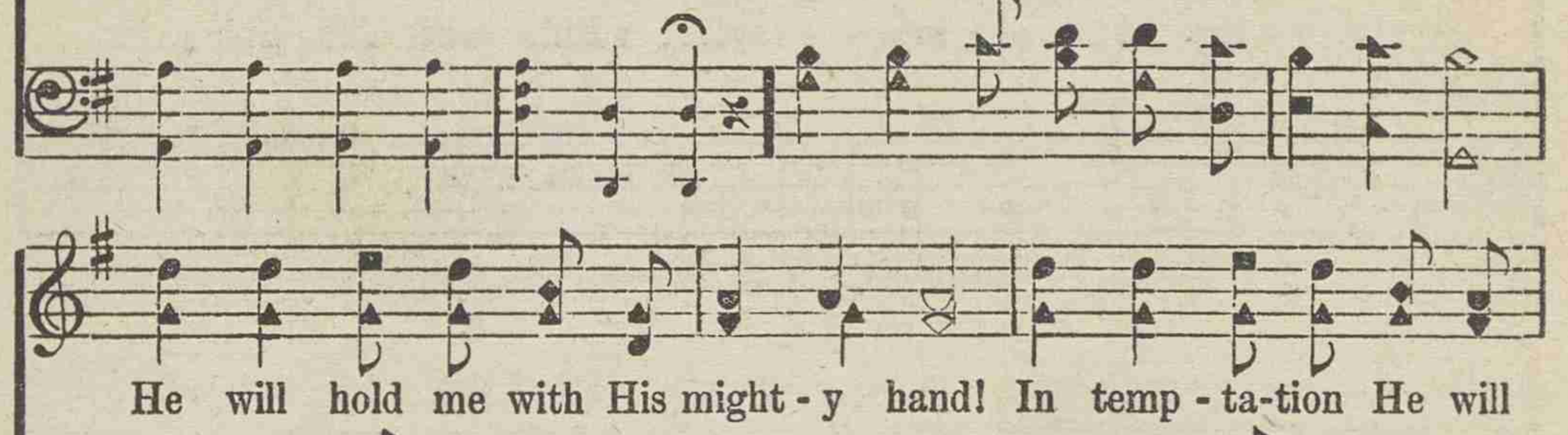


day by day; O His hand so strong, Holds me all day long, And with
res - cued me; I was lost and blind, Je - sus was so kind, Lo, He
all the way;" And tho' foes as - sail, I shall still pre-vail, For I
won-drous dear; There is might - y pow'r, For each try - ing hour, There is
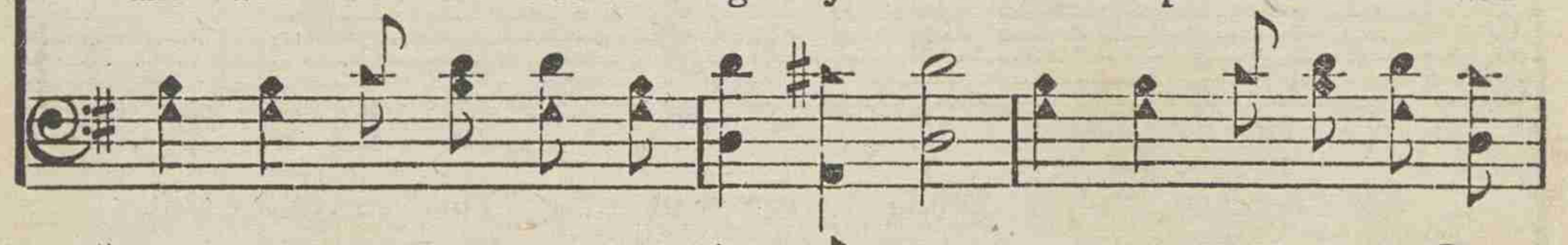


CHORUS.
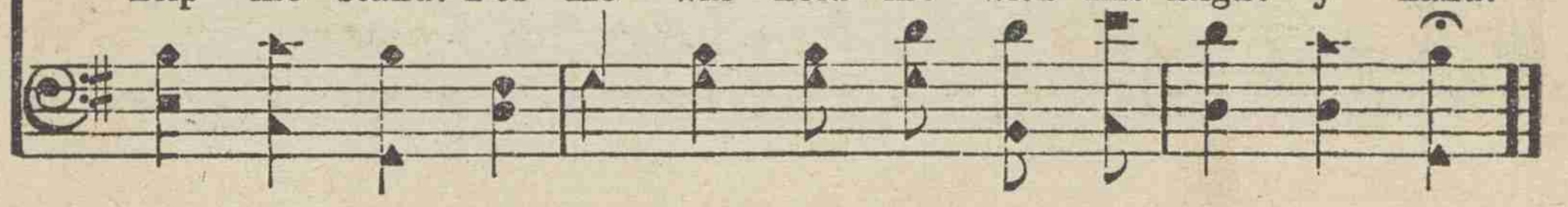


Him I will not go a - stray.
touched my eyes and now I see. He will hold me with His might-y hand!
know He helps me watch and pray.
love that "cast-eth out all fear!"



He will hold me with His might - y hand! In temp - ta-tion He will



help me stand! For He will hold me with His might - y hand.



3. Where the Gates Swing Outward Never.

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

M. 92 = ♩

1. Just a few more days to be filled with praise, And to tell the old, old sto - ry; Then, when twi - light falls, and my Sav - ior calls,
2. Just a few more years with their toil and tears, And the jour - ney will be end - ed; Then I'll be with Him, where the tide of time
3. Tho' the hills be steep and the val - leys deep, With no flow'rs my way a - dorn - ing; Tho' the night be lone and my rest a stone,
4. What a joy 'twill be when I wake to see Him for whom my heart is burn - ing! Nev - er - more to sigh, nev - er - more to die—

CHORUS.

I shall go to Him in glo - ry.
With e - ter - ni - ty is blend - ed. I'll ex-change my cross for a
Joy a-waits me in the morn - ing.
For that day my heart is yearn - ing.

star - ry crown, Where the gates swing outward nev - er; At His feet I'll lay ev - 'ry bur - den down, And with Je - sus reign for - ev - er.

No. 4. I'm Happy In Jesus To-day.

C. Houston Greene. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY C. W. HICKS. C. Wesley Hicks.

1. I have a Friend whose life is sweet to me, I'm hap-py in
2. He bore my bur - dens all up - on the tree, I'm hap-py in
3. His grace to me grows sweet-er ev - 'ry day, I'm hap-py in

Je - sus to - day; His blood doth keep me clean and make me free,
Je - sus to - day; His pre - cious life He gave to par - don me,
Je - sus to - day; It helps to keep me from the e - vil way,

CHORUS.

I'm hap - py in Je - sus to - day. I'm hap - py in Je - sus to-

so

day, I'm hap - py in Je - sus to - day; For
hap - py to - day, so hap - py to - day;

Je - sus goes with me all the way, I'm hap-py in Je - sus to-day.

No. 5. Love Lifted Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.
ROBERT H. COLEMAN, OWNER.

James Rowe. Howard E. Smith.

1. I was sink-ing deep in sin, Far from the peaceful shore, Ver - y deep - ly stained with-in, Sink - ing to rise no more; But the Mas-ter of the sea
2. All my heart to Him I give, Ev - er to Him I'll cling, In His bless-ed pres - ence live, Ev - er His prais-es sing. Love so might-y and so true
3. Souls in dan-ger, look a-bove, Je - sus com-plete-ly saves; He will lift you by His love Out of the an - gry waves. He's the Mas-ter of the sea,

Heard my de-spair-ing cry, From the wa - ters lift-ed me, Now safe am I.
Mer - its my soul's best songs, Faith-ful, lov-ing serv-ice, too, To Him be - longs.
Bil - lows His will o - bey; He your Sav-ior wants to be—Be saved to - day.

CHORUS.

Love lift - ed me!..... Love lift - ed me!..... When noth - ing
e - ven me! e - ven me!

else could help, Love lift - ed me. Love lift - ed me.

No. 6. Death is Only a Dream.

C. W. Ray. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY, OWNER OF ARRANGEMENT. A. J. Buchanan.

(Good as a Solo.)

Con espress.

1. Sad - ly we sing, and with trem - u - lous breath, As we
2. Why should we weep when the wea - ry ones rest In the
3. Naught in the riv - er the saints should ap - pall, Tho' it
4. O - ver the tur - bid and on - rush - ing tide Doth the

stand by the mys - tic - al stream, In the val - ley and by the dark
bos - om of Je - sus su - preme, In the man-sions of glo - ry pre-
fright-ful - ly dis - mal may seem; In the arms of their Sav - ior no
light of e - ter - ni - ty gleam; And the ran-somed the dark-ness and

riv - er of death, And yet 'tis no more than a dream.
pared for the blest? For death is no more than a dream.
ill can be - fall, They find it no more than a dream.
storm shall out - ride, To wake with glad smiles from their dream.

rit.

CHORUS.

On - ly a dream, on - ly a dream, And glo - ry be-yond the dark stream; How
peace-ful the slumber, how happy the waking; For death is on - ly a dream.

7.

I Am Coming Home.

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

A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.

M. 88 = ♩

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 I am com-ing home.
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 I am com-ing home.
3. O the mis - er - y my sin has caused me, Naught but pain and sor-row I have known; Now I seek Thy saving grace and mer - cy, I am com-ing home.
4. Ful - ly trust-ing in Thy pre-cious prom-ise, With no right-eous-ness to call my own, Pleading nothing but the blood of Je - sus, I am com-ing home.
5. Now I seek the cross where Je-sus died! For all my sins His blood will still a-tone, Flow-ing o'er till ev-'ry stain is cov-ered, I am com-ing home.

CHORUS.

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. 8. Since Jesus Came Into My Heart.

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

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

No. 9. In the Garden.

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C. A. M.
DUETTE.

C. Austin Miles.

1. I come to the gar-den a - lone, While the dew is still on the ros - es; And the voice I hear, Fall - ing on my ear, The
2. He speaks, and the sound of His voice Is so sweet the birds hush their sing - ing, And the mel - o - dy That He gave to me With-
3. I'd stay in the gar-den with Him Tho' the night a-round me be fall - ing, But He bids me go; Thro' the voice of woe His

CHORUS.

Son of God dis - clos - es.
in my heart is ring - ing. And He walks with me, and He
voice to me is call - ing.
talks with me, And He tells me I am His own; And the
joy we share, as we tar - ry there, None oth-er has ev - er known.

No. 10. Christ Receiveth Sinful Men.

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Arr. from Neumaster, 1671. INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED. **James McGranahan.**

1. Sin - ners Je - sus will re - ceive: Sound this word of grace to all
2. Come, and He will give you rest; Trust Him for His word is plain;
3. Now my heart con-demns me not, Pure be - fore the law I stand;
4. Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men, E - ven me with all my sin;

Who the heav'n-ly path - way leave, All who lin - ger, all who fall.
He will take the sin - ful - est; Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
He who cleans'd me from all spot, Sat - is - fied its last de - mand.
Purg'd from ev - 'ry spot and stain, Heav'n with Him I en - ter in.

REFRAIN

Sing it o'er..... and o'er a - gain;..... Christ re-
Sing it o'er a - gain, Sing it o'er a - gain:

ceiv - - - eth sin - ful men;..... Make the mes - - - sage
ceiv-eth sin - ful men, Christ re - ceiveth sin-ful men; Make the message plain,

clear and plain:..... Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
Make the message plain:

No. 11. Jesus, I Come.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS. RENEWAL.
HOPE PUBLISHING CO., OWNER.

W. T. Sleeper. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Out of my bond-age, sorrow and night, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
2. Out of my shameful fail-ure and loss, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
3. Out of un-rest and ar-ro-gant pride, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
4. Out of the fear and dread of the tomb, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;

In-to Thy free-dom, gladness and light, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
In-to the glo-rious gain of Thy cross, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
In-to Thy bless-ed will to a-bide, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
In-to the joy and light of Thy home, Je-sus, I come to Thee;

Out of my sick-ness in-to Thy health, Out of my want and in-to Thy wealth,
Out of earth's sorrows into Thy balm, Out of life's storms and in-to Thy calm,
Out of my-self to dwell in Thy love, Out of de-spair in-to raptures a-bove,
Out of the depths of ru-in un-told, In-to the peace of Thy sheltering fold,

Out of my sin and in-to Thy-self, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
Out of dis-tress to ju-bi-lant psalm, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
Up-ward for aye on wings like a dove, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
Ev-er Thy glo-rious face to be-hold, Je-sus, I come to Thee.

No. 12. Take the Home-Path.

Brown Rowland, A. B. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. You have wandered far on the des - ert lone, And you face an aw - ful
2. You have been al-lured from the peace-ful way By your soul's re - lent - less
3. While the chance is yours turn your back to sin, Seek-ing par - don, hum-bly

fate,(an aw-ful fate,)For a storm is near and the night comes on—Take the
foe; (re-lent-less foe;) Let the Sav - ior true take your hand to - day, For He
bow;(now humbly bow;)You've a soul to save and a crown to win, And the

CHORUS.

home-path ere too late. Take the home - path, take the home-path,
knows the way to go. Take the home - path,.....
time to start is now.

Take the home-path, take it now, take the home-path, take it now,

rit.

Night is com-ing, do not wait;(do not wait;)Take the home-path, take the
Take the home-path, ...

Take the home-path, take it now, take the

rit.

home - path,

Take the home - path ere too late. (ere too late.)

.....

home-path, take it now,

No. 13. The Old Rugged Cross.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY GEO. BENNARD. WORDS AND MUSIC.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

G. B. Rev. Geo. Bennard.

1. On a hill far a-way stood an old rug-ged cross, The em-blem of suf-f'ring and shame,
2. Oh, that old rug-ged cross, so de-spised by the world, Has a wondrous at-trac-tion for me,
3. In the old rug-ged cross, stained with blood so di-vine, A won-drous beau-ty I see;
4. To the old rug-ged cross I will ev-er be true, Its shame and re-proach glad-ly bear;

And I love that old cross where the dear-est and best
For the dear Lamb of God left His glo-ry a-bove,
For 'twas on that old cross Je-sus suf-fered and died,
Then He'll call me some day to my home far a-way,

CHORUS.

For a world of lost sin-ners was slain. So I'll cher-ish the old rug-ged cross,
To bear it to dark Cal-va-ry.
To par-don and sanc-ti-fy me.
Where His glo-ry for-ev-er I'll share.

the cross, the old rug-ged cross,..... Till my tro-phies at last I lay down; I will cling to the old rug-ged cross,

the old rug-ged cross,..... And ex-change it some day for a crown.
cross, the old rug-ged cross,

No. 14. "Whosoever Will."

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P. P. Bliss. P. P. Bliss.

1. "Who-so-ev-er hear-eth," shout, shout the sound! Spread the bless-ed ti-dings
2. Who-so-ev-er com-eth need not de-lay, Now the door is o-pen,
3. "Who-so-ev-er will!" the prom-ise is se-cure; "Who-so-ev-er will," for-

all the world a-round; Tell the joy-ful news wher-ev-er man is found:
en-ter while you may; Je-sus is the true, the on-ly Liv-ing Way:
ev-er must en-dure; "Who-so-ev-er will!" 'tis life for-ev-er-more:

CHORUS.

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

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

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

No. 15. Our Lord's Return to Earth Again.

COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY MYLAND & KIRK.
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J. M. K. J. M. Kirk.

1. I am watch-ing for the com-ing of the glad mil - len - ial day,
2. Je - sus' com - ing back will be the an-swer to earth's sorr'wing cry,
3. Yes, the ran-somed of the earth shall come to Zi - on then with joy,
4. Then the sin and sor-row, pain and death of this dark world shall cease,

When our blessed Lord shall come and catch His waiting Bride a - way; Oh! my
For the knowledge of the Lord shall fill the earth and sea and sky; God shall
And in all His ho - ly moun-tain noth-ing hurts or shall de-stroy; Per-fect
In a glo-rious reign with Je-sus of a thou-sand years of peace; All the

heart is filled with rap-ture as I labor, watch and pray, For our Lord is coming
take a - way all sick-ness and the suff'rer's tears will dry, When our Savior shall come
peace shall reign in ev-'ry heart, and love without al - loy, Aft-er Je-sus shall come
earth is groan-ing, cry-ing for that day of sweet release, For our Je-sus to come

D. S.—*will be bound a thou-sand years, we'll have no tempter then, Aft-er Je - sus shall come*

FINE. CHORUS.

back to earth a - gain. Oh! our Lord is coming back to earth a-gain,
is com-ing back to earth again,

back to earth a - gain.

D.S.

Yes, our Lord is com-ing back to earth a - gain; Sa - tan
is com-ing back to earth a-gain;

No. 16. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Baring-Gould. Arthur Sullivan.

1. Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. At the sign of tri - umph, Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian sol - diers,
3. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers we are tread - ing
4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voic-es

Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;
On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foun-da-tions quiv - er At the shout of praise,
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed; All one bod - y we,
In the tri-umph song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ, the King,

REFRAIN.

For-ward in - to bat - tle. See His ban-ner go!
Brothers, lift your voic - es, Loud your anthems raise. Onward, Christian sol-diers!
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
This thro' count-less a - ges Men and an-gels sing.

Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be-fore.

No. 17. Standing On the Promises.

Copyright, 1886, by John J. Hood. Used by per.

B. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of Christ my King, Thro' e-ter-nal a-ges let His prais-es ring; Glo-ry in the high-est I will shout and sing,
2. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es that can-not fail, When the howl-ing storms of doubt and fear assail, By the liv-ing word of God I shall pre-vail,
3. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e-ter-nal-ly by love's strong cord, O-ver-com-ing dail-y with the spir-it's sword,
4. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es I can not fall, List-'ning ev-'ry moment to the Spir-it's call, Resting in my Sav-iour as my all in all,

CHORUS.

Standing on the prom-is-es of God. Stand - - ing, stand - - ing, Stand-ing on the promis-es, standing on the prom-is-es, Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of God, my Sav-iour; Stand - - - ing, Stand-ing on the prom-is-es, stand - - ing, I'm standing on the prom-is-es of God. prom-is-es, standing on the prom-is-es,

No. 18. I Must Tell Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY THE HOFFMAN MUSIC CO.

E. A. H. Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

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

In my dis-tress He kind - ly will help me, If I but ask Him, He will de - liv - er, I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus; I must tell Je - sus, and He will help me

CHORUS.

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

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

rit.

19.

Calvary.

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L. E. KIRKPATRICK, EXEC.

Rev. W. M'K. Darwood. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. On Calv'ry's brow..... my Sav-ior died,.....'Twas there my
2. 'Mid rending rocks..... and dark'ning skies,..... My Sav-ior
3. O Je-sus, Lord,.....how can it be, ...That thou shouldst

(1) On Calv'ry's brow my Sav-ior died,

Lord..... was cru-ci-fied;.....'Twas on the cross.....
bows..... His head ...dies;..... The op-'ning veil.....
give..... Thy life for me,..... To bear the cross.....

(1) 'Twas there my Lord was cru-ci-fied; 'Twas on the cross

He bled for me,..... And purchased there..... my pardon free.
re-veals the way..... To Heaven's joys..... and end-less day.
and ag-o-ny..... In that dread hour..... on Cal-va-ry!

(1) He bled for me, And purchased there

mf REFRAIN. *p* *m* *p* *pp*

O Cal-va-ry! dark Cal-va-ry! Where Jesus shed His blood for me; (for me;)

mf *ff* *mf* *rit.* *p*

O Cal-va-ry! blest Cal-va-ry! 'Twas there my Sav-ior died for me.

No. 20. Draw Me Nearer.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY W. H. DOANE. **W. H. Doane.**

1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy
2. Con-se-crate me now to Thy serv - ice, Lord, By the pow'r of
3. O the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour That be - fore Thy
4. There are depths of love that I can - not know Till I cross the

1. love to me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
2. grace di - vine; Let my soul look up with a stead-fast hope,
3. throne I spend, When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee, my God,
4. nar - row sea; There are heights of joy that I may not reach

REFRAIN.

1. And be clos - er drawn to Thee. Draw me near - er,
2. And my will be lost in Thine.
3. I commune as friend with friend.
4. Till I rest in peace with Thee. near - er, near - er,

near-er, bless-ed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me

near-er, near-er, near-er, blessed Lord, To Thy precious bleeding side.

No. 21. I Love to Tell the Story.

Katherine Hankey. **William C. Fischer.**

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un-seen things a-bove, Of Je - sus
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won-der-ful it seems Than all the
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleasant to re - peat What seems, each
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hun - ger-

and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry,
gold - en fan-cies Of all my gold-en dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry,
time I tell it, More won-der-ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry;
ing and thirst-ing To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry,

Be-cause I know 'tis true, It sat - is-fies my longings, As nothing else can do.
It did so much for me; And that is just the rea-son I tell it now to thee.
For some have never heard The message of sal-va-tion From God's own holy word.
I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old story, That I have loved so long.

CHORUS.

I love to tell the sto - ry! 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry

To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

No. 22. Go By the Way of the Cross.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

James Rowe. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. If you would find the bet - ter land, If you would reach the gold-en strand,
2. If you would reach the cit - y gate, Where man-y dear ones watch and wait,
3. If you would live in that glad place, Where shall be crowned the saved by grace,

Rit.

There to a - bide with heaven's throng, Sing-ing the ev - er - last-ing song,—
Look - ing for you, with eyes of love, Wait-ing to hear from you a-bove,—
If you would rest for - ev - er there, Al - ways so hap - py and so fair,—

CHORUS.

Go by the way of the cross, Go by the way of the cross,
go, go go, go go,
Go by the way of the cross, And you'll reach home.
go, go

No. 23. Jesus Is Calling.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS. RENEWAL.
HOPE PUBLISHING CO., OWNER.

Fanny J. Crosby. **George C. Stebbins.**

1. Je-sus is ten-der-ly calling thee home—Call-ing to-day, call-ing to-day;
2. Je-sus is call-ing the wear-y to rest—Call-ing to-day, call-ing to-day;
3. Je-sus is waiting, O come to Him now—Waiting to-day, waiting to-day;
4. Je-sus is pleading, O list to His voice—Hear Him to-day, hear Him to-day;

Why from the sun-shine of love wilt thou roam Farther and far-ther a-way?
Bring Him thy burden, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee a-way.
Come with thy sins, at His feet low-ly bow; Come, and no lon-ger de-lay.
They who be-lieve on His name shall rejoice; Quick-ly a-rise and a-way.

CHORUS.

Call - ing to-day!..... Call - ing to-day!.....
Call-ing, call-ing to-day, to-day! Call-ing, call-ing to-day, to-day!

Je - sus is call - ing, Is ten-der-ly call-ing to-day.
Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing to-day.

24.

I Am Praying for You.

COPYRIGHT. 1904. BY IRA D. SANKEY,
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HOPE PUBLISHING CO., OWNER.

S. O'Maley Cluff. Ira D. Sankey.

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

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

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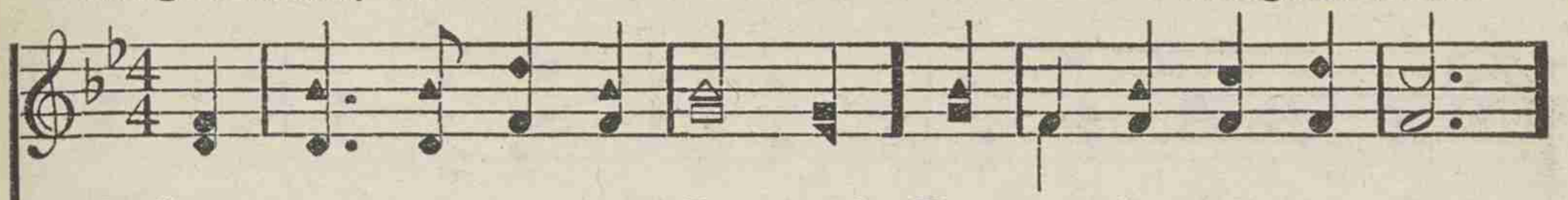
o'er me, And, oh, that my Sav-ior were your Sav-ior too.
heav - en, But, oh, that He'd let me bring you with me too! For you I am
brightness, Dear friend. could I see you re-ceiv - ing one too!
glo - ry, And pray'r will be answered—'twas answered for you!

praying, For you I am praying, For you I am praying, I'm pray - ing for you.
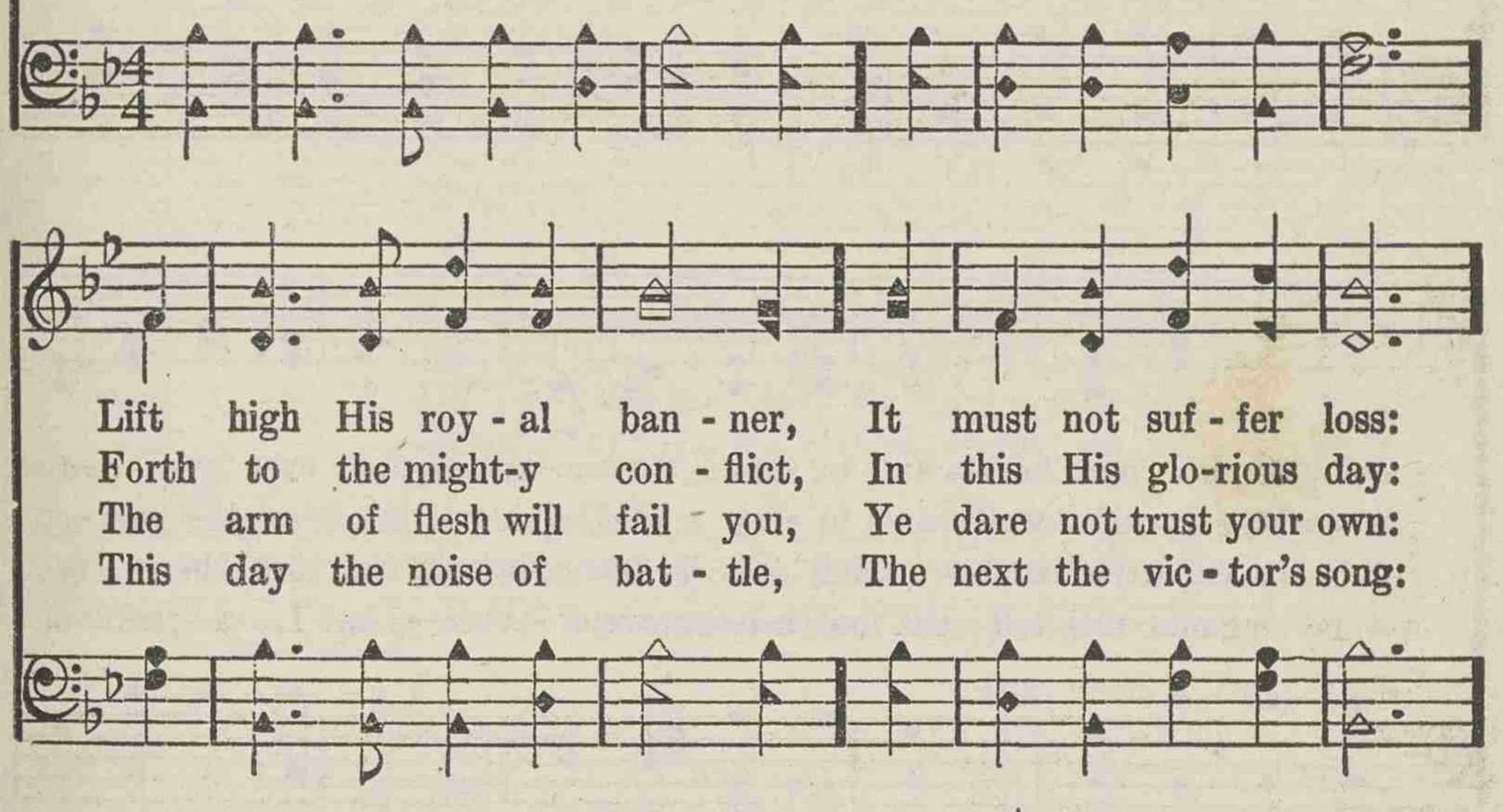
No. 25. Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus.

(WEBB.)
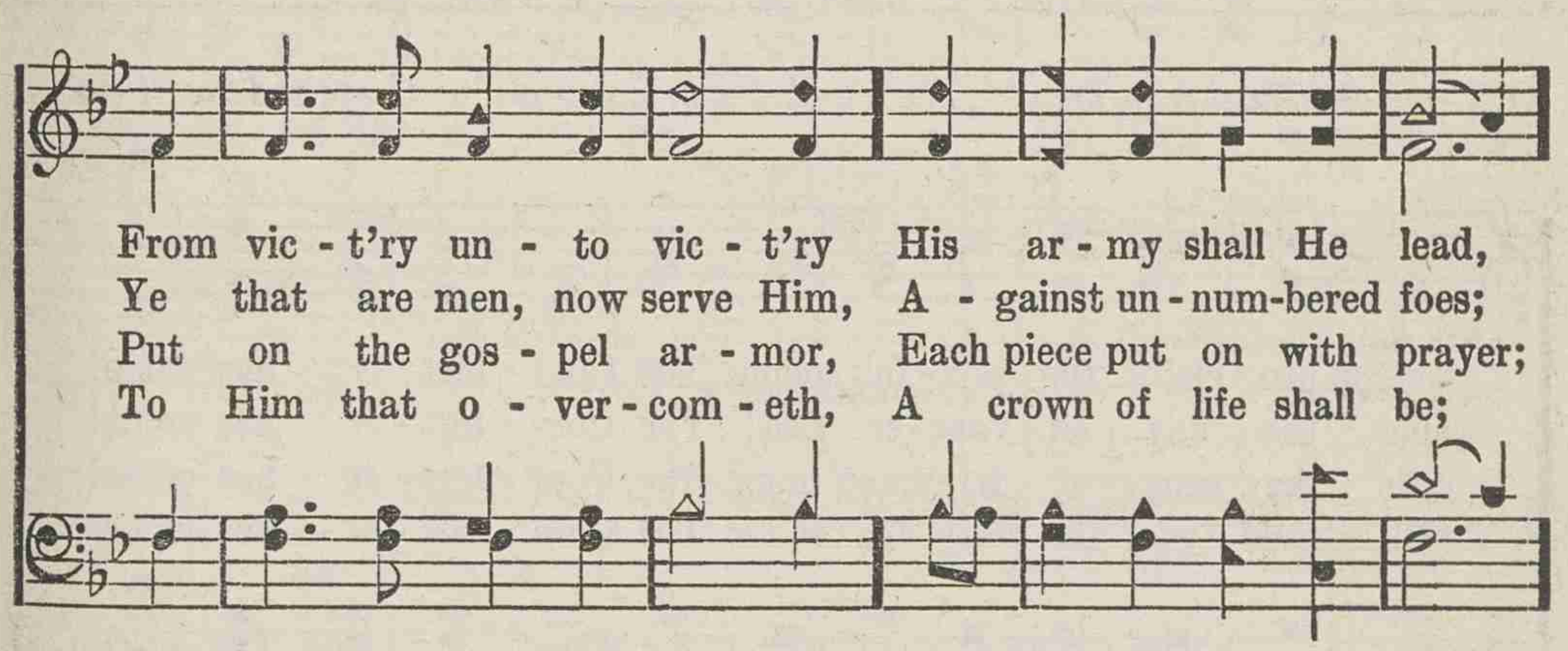
George Duffield, Jr. George J. Webb.



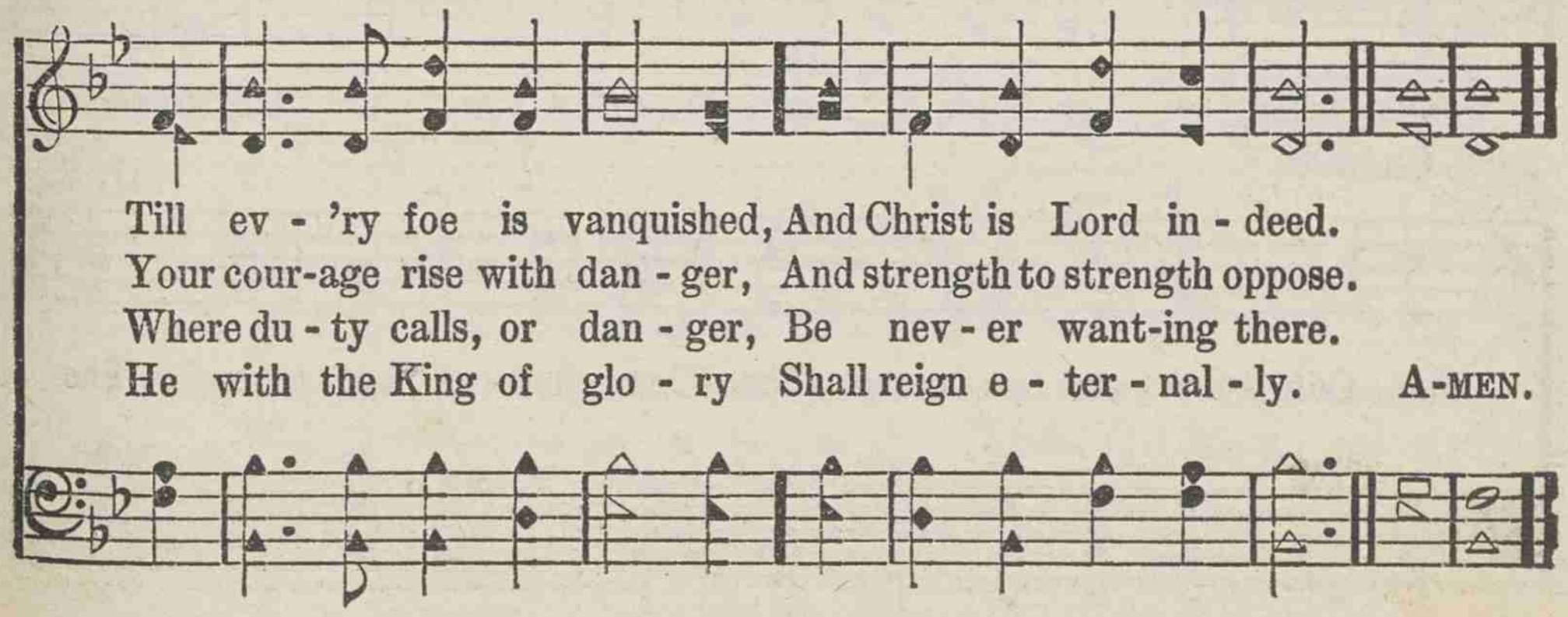
1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the cross;
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! The trump-et call o - bey;
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! Stand in His strength a - lone;
4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! The strife will not be long;



Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss:
Forth to the might-y con - flict, In this His glo-rious day:
The arm of flesh will fail you, Ye dare not trust your own:
This day the noise of bat - tle, The next the vic - tor's song:



From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall He lead,
Ye that are men, now serve Him, A - gainst un - num-bered foes;
Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, Each piece put on with prayer;
To Him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of life shall be;
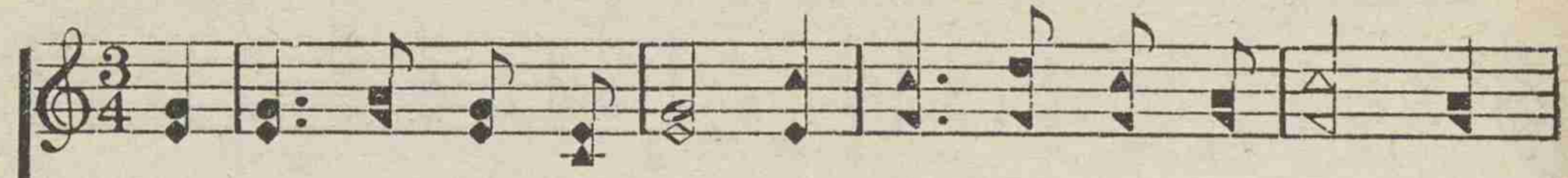


Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
Your cour-age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength oppose.
Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want-ing there.
He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly. A-MEN.
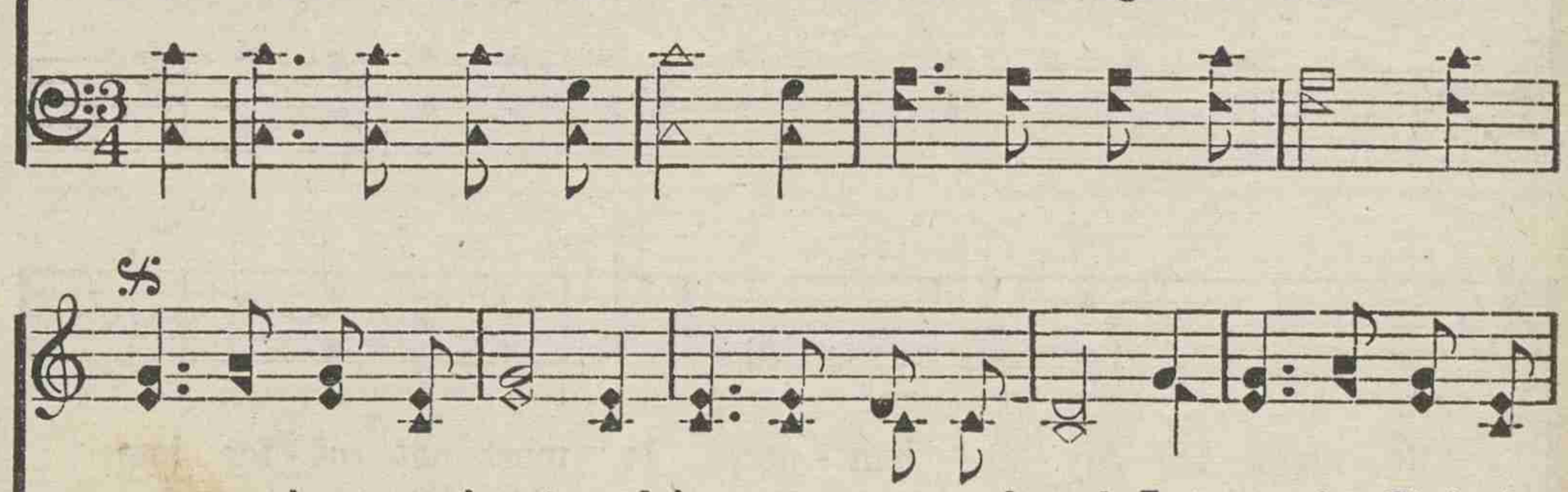


No. 26. The Gomforter Has Gome.

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. RENEWAL.
HOPE PUBLISHING CO., OWNER.
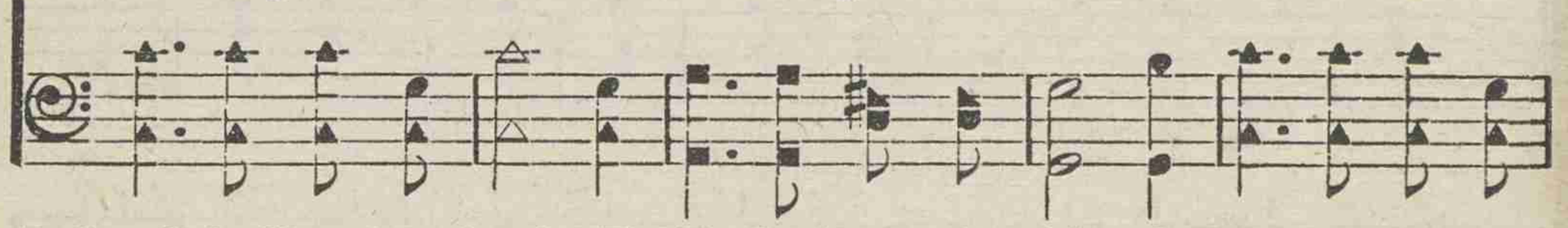
F. Bottome. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



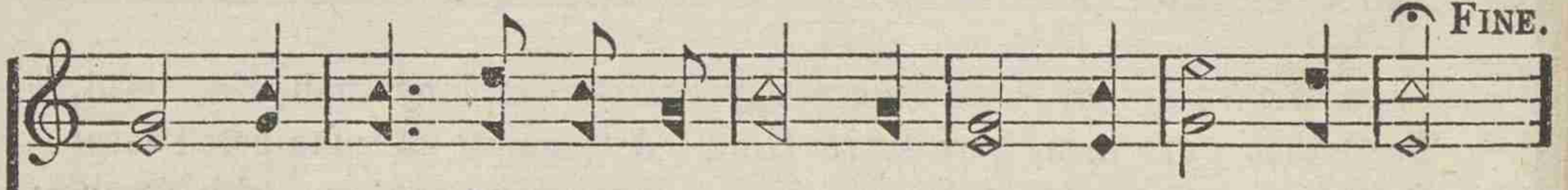
1. O spread the ti - dings 'round, wher - ev - er man is found, Wher-
2. The long, long night is past, the morn - ing breaks at last, And
3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal - ing in His wings, To
4. O bound-less love di - vine! how shall this tongue of mine To
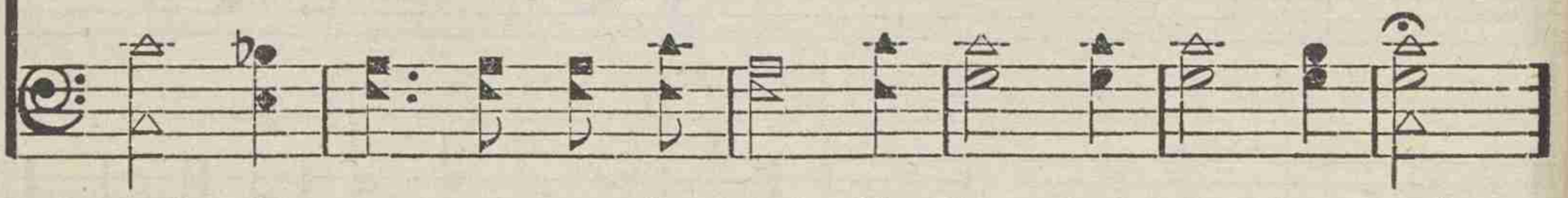


ev - er hu - man hearts and hu - man woes a - bound; Let ev - 'ry Chris-tian
hushed the dreadful wail and fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the gold - en
ev - 'ry cap - tive soul a full de - liv-'rance brings; And thro' the va - cant
wond'ring mor-tals tell the match-less grace di - vine—That I, a child of



D.S.—*Holy Ghost from heav'n, The Fa-ther's promise giv'n; O spread the ti-dings*
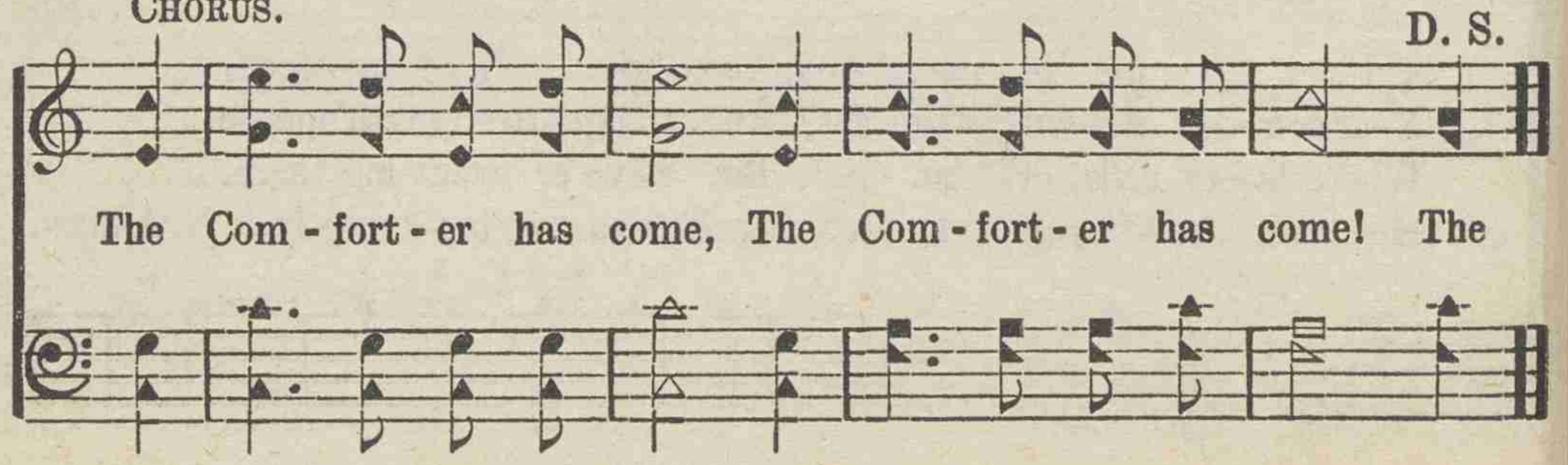


tongue pro - claim the joy - ful sound: The Com - fort - er has come!
hills the day ad - vanc - es fast! The Com - fort - er has come!
cells the song of tri - umph rings: The Com - fort - er has come!
hell, should in His im - age shine! The Com - fort - er has come!



'round, wher - ev - er man is found—The Com - fort - er has come!

CHORUS.



The Com - fort - er has come, The Com - fort - er has come! The

27. He's a Wonderful Savior to Me.

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Virgil P. Brock. Blanche Kerr Brock.

M. 92 = ♩

1. I was lost in sin but Je-sus rescued me, He's a won-der-ful Sav-ior to
2. He's a Friend so true, so pa-tient and so kind, He's a won-der-ful Sav-ior to
3. He is al-ways near to comfort and to cheer, He's a won-der-ful Sav-ior to
4. Dearer grows the love of Je-sus day by day, He's a won-der-ful Sav-ior to

me; I was bound by fear but Je-sus set me free, He's a
me; Ev-'ry-thing I need in Him I al-ways find, He's a
me; He for-gives my sins, He dries my ev-'ry tear, He's a
me; Sweeter is His grace while pressing on my way, He's a

So won-der-ful!

CHORUS.

won-der-ful Sav-ior to me..... For He's a won-der-ful
So won-der-ful!

Sav-ior to me, He's a won-der-ful Sav-ior to me; I was
won-der-ful! won-der-ful!

lost in sin, but Je-sus took me in, He's a won-der-ful Sav-ior to me.

No. 28. There Shall Be Showers of Blessing.

COPYRIGHT, 1911. RENEWAL BY ADDIE MC GRANAHAN.
TABERNACLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, OWNER.

El Nathan. James McGranahan.

1. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing"—This is the prom-ise of love;
2. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing"—Precious, re - viv - ing a - gain,
3. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing"—Send them up - on us, O Lord!
4. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing"—O that to - day they might fall,

There shall be sea - sons re - fresh - ing, Sent from the Sav - ior a - bove.
O - ver the hills and the val - leys Sound of a - bun-dance of rain.
Grant to us now a re - fresh - ing, Come, and now hon - or Thy Word!
Now as to God we're con - fess - ing, Now as on Je - sus we call!

CHORUS.

Show - - - - ers of bless - ing, Show-ers of bless - ing we need;
Show - ers, show - ers

Mer - cy-drops round us are fall - ing, But for the show-ers we plead.

29. I Want To See Jesus, Don't You?

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

Ada Blenkhorn. Kem G. Bottorf.

1. There is One loved me so that for me He died, He's my dear, pre-cious
2. When I'm wea-ry and faint He is al-ways near, With His joy He my
3. Ho - ly an-gels keep watch o'er me thro' the night, And each morning He
4. He is fair - er than lil - y or rose to me, And His bless-ings fall
5. There's a place for my soul that He doth pre-pare, And its beau - ty by

Sav - ior so true; On the cross for my sins He was cru - ci - fied:
strength doth re- new; And He comforts my heart, speaking words of cheer:
guards me a - new; In the smile of His love doth my soul de - light:
soft as the dew; O my heart, how it longs His dear face to see:
faith I can view; First of all, when I en - ter that man-sion fair,

CHORUS.

I want to see Je-sus, don't you?.. I want to see Je-sus, don't you?....
don't you? don't you?
My Sav - ior so faith-ful and true;..... When I reach the strand
so faith - ful and true,
of that love-bright land, O I want to see Je - sus, don't you?.....
don't you?

No. 30. 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 dismayed whate'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;

Beneath His wings of love a-bide, God will take care of you.
When dangers fierce your path assail, God will take care of you.
Nothing you ask will be de-nied, God will take care of you.
Lean, weary 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. 31. O Why Not To-night?

USED BY PERMISSION OF J. H. HALL, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

Elizabeth Reed. **J. Calvin Bushey.**

1. O do not let the word de-part, And close thine eyes against the light;
2. To-mor-row's sun may nev-er rise To bless thy long de-lud-ed sight;
3. Our Lord in pit-y lin-gers still, And wilt thou thus His love re-quite?
4. Our bless-ed Lord re-fus-es none Who would to Him their souls u-nite;

Poor sin-ner, hard-en not your heart, Be saved, O to-night.
This is the time, O then be wise, Be saved, O to-night.
Re-nounce at once thy stub-born will, Be saved, O to-night.
Be-lieve, o-bey, the work is done, Be saved, O to-night.

CHORUS.

O why not to-night? O why not to-night?
O why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night?

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

No. 32. Leaning On the Everlasting Arms.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. A. J. Showalter.

1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Leaning on the ev-er-
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in the pilgrim way, Leaning on the ev-er-
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the ev-er-

last-ing arms; What a bless - ed-ness, what a peace is mine,
last-ing arms; Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
last-ing arms; I have bless - ed peace with my Lord so near,

REFRAIN.

Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. Lean - ing,
Lean - ing on Je - sus,

lean - ing, Safe and se - cure from all a - larms;
lean - ing on Je - sus,

Lean - ing, lean - ing, Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms
Lean - ing on Je - sus, lean-ing on Je-sus,

COPYRIGHT, BY A. J. SHOWALTER, BY PER.

No. 33. There Is Power in the Blood.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY H. L. GILMOUR, WENONAH, N. J.

L. E. J. L. E. Jones.

1. Would you be free from your bur-den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood,
2. Would you be free from your passion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood,
3. Would you be whit-er, much whit-er than snow? There's pow'r in the blood,
4. Would you do serv-ice for Je-sus your King? There's pow'r in the blood,

pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e-vil a vic-to-ry win?
pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans-ing to Cal-va-ry's tide,
pow'r in the blood; Sin-stains are lost in its life-giv-ing flow,
pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai-ly, His prais-es to sing?

CHORUS.

There's won-der-ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r,
There is pow'r,

Wonder-working pow'r in the blood of the Lamb; There is
in the blood of the Lamb;

pow'r, pow'r, Wonder-working pow'r In the pre-cious blood of the Lamb.
There is pow'r,

No. 34. All the Way My Savior Leads.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Fanny J. Crosby. Robert Lowry.

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

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

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

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

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

No. 35. 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. 36. At the Cross.

Isaac Watts. COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY R. E. HUDSON. **R. E. Hudson.**

1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sov'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done, He groaned up-on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut His glo - ries in,
4. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe:

Would He de-vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love be-yond de - gree!
When Christ, the might-y Mak - er, died For man the crea-ture's sin.
Here, Lord, I give my-self a-way,—'T is all that I can do.

CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross where I first saw the light, And the

bur - den of my heart rolled a - way, It was there by

rolled a - way,

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

No. 37. The Heart That Was Broken for Me.

J. W. V.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY J. W. VAN DEVENTER.

J. W. Van DeVenter.

1. There came from the skies in the days long a - go The Lord with a me - sage of love; The world knew Him not; He was treated with scorn—This
2. He came to His own— to the ones that He loved; The sheep that had wan-dered a - stray; They heard not His voice, but the friend of mankind Was
3. The birds have their nests, and the fox - es have holes, But He had no place for His head; A pal - let of stone on the cold mountain side Was
4. I can - not re - ject such a Sav - ior as He; Dis - hon - or and wound Him a - gain; I'll go to His feet and re-pent of my sin, Be

CHORUS.

won-der - ful gift from a - bove.
hat - ed and driv-en a - way. They crowned Him with thorns, He was beaten with
all that He had for His bed.
will - ing to suf - fer the pain. 4th I'll take up my cross, I will walk by His
stripes; He was smit-ten and nailed to the tree, (to the tree,) But the pain in His
side, For the path-way of du - ty I see, (Yes, I see,) I will fol - low my
heart was the hard-est to bear, The heart that was brok-en for me.....
Lord and a-bide in His heart, The heart that was brok-en for me.....

rit.

for me.

38.

Beulah Land.

BY PERMISSION OF MRS. JNO, R. SWENEY,

Edgar Page. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. I've reached the land of corn and wine, And all its rich - es free - ly mine;
2. My Sav-ior comes and walks with me, And sweet communion here have we;
3. A sweet per-fume up- on the breeze Is born from ev - er - ver-nal trees,
4. The zeph-yrs seem to float to me Sweet sounds of heav-en's mel-o - dy,

Here shines undimmed one bliss-ful day, For all my night has passed a - way.
He gen - tly leads me by His hand, For this is heav-en's bor-der-land.
And flow'rs, that nev-er - fad - ing grow Where streams of life for-ev - er flow;
As an-gels with the white-robed throng Join in the sweet re-demp-tion song.

CHORUS.

O Beu-lah Land, sweet Beu-lah Land, As on thy high - est mount I stand,
I look a - way a - cross the sea, Where mansions are pre-pared for me,
And view the shin - ing glo - ry-shore—My heav'n, my home for-ev - er more!

No. 39. Sweet By and By.

S. FILLMORE BENNETT. JOS P. WEBSTER. By per.

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

1. far, For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre-pare us a
2. blest, And our spir-its shall sor - row no more, Not a sigh for the
3. praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the bless-ings that

CHORUS.

1. dwelling place there. In the sweet by and by We shall
2. bless-ing of rest.
3. hal - low our days. In the sweet by and by

meet on that beau-ti-ful shore, In the sweet by and
by and by, by and by,

by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.
by and by,

No. 40. God Be With You.

J. E. Rankin, D. D. W. G. Tomer.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His coun-sels guide, up-
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His wings pro - tect - ing
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's ban - ner float-ing

hold you, With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you, God be with you
hide you, Dai - ly man - na still pro-vide you, God be with you
o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you

CHORUS.

till we meet a - gain. Till we meet,..... till we meet,
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,

Till we meet at Je - sus' feet; Till we meet,.....
Till we meet at Je - sus' feet, till we meet; Till we meet,

till we meet,.. God be with you till we meet a - gain.
till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.

No. 41. I Walk With the King.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.
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James Rowe. B. D. Ackley.

1. In sor - row I wan-dered, my spir - it op - prest, But now I am hap - py—se - cure - ly I rest; From morn-ing till eve - ning glad car - ols I sing, and this is the rea - son; I walk with the King.
2. For years in the fet - ters of sin I was bound, The world could not help me—no com-fort I found; But now like the birds and the sunbeams of Spring, I'm free and re - joic - ing—I walk with the King.
3. O soul near de-spair in the low-lands of strife, Look up and let Je - sus come in - to your life; The joy of sal - va - tion to you He would bring—Come in - to the sun - light and walk with the King.

CHORUS.

I walk with the King, hal - le - lu - jah! I walk with the King, praise His name!
No long-er I roam, my soul fac-es home, I walk and I talk with the King.

No. 42. It Pays to Serve Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY FRANK C. HUSTON.
THE STANDARD PUBLISHING CO., OWNERS.

F. C. H.

Frank C. Huston.

DUET.

1. The serv-ice of Je-sus true pleas-ure af-fords, In Him there is joy with-
2. It pays to serve Je-sus what-e'er may be-tide; It pays to be true what-
3. Tho' sometimes the shadows may hang o'er the way, And sorrows may come to

out an al-loy; 'Tis heav-en to trust Him and rest on His words; It
e'er you may do; 'Tis rich-es of mer-cy in Him to a-bide; It
beck-on us home, Our pre-cious Re-deem-er each toil will re-pay; It

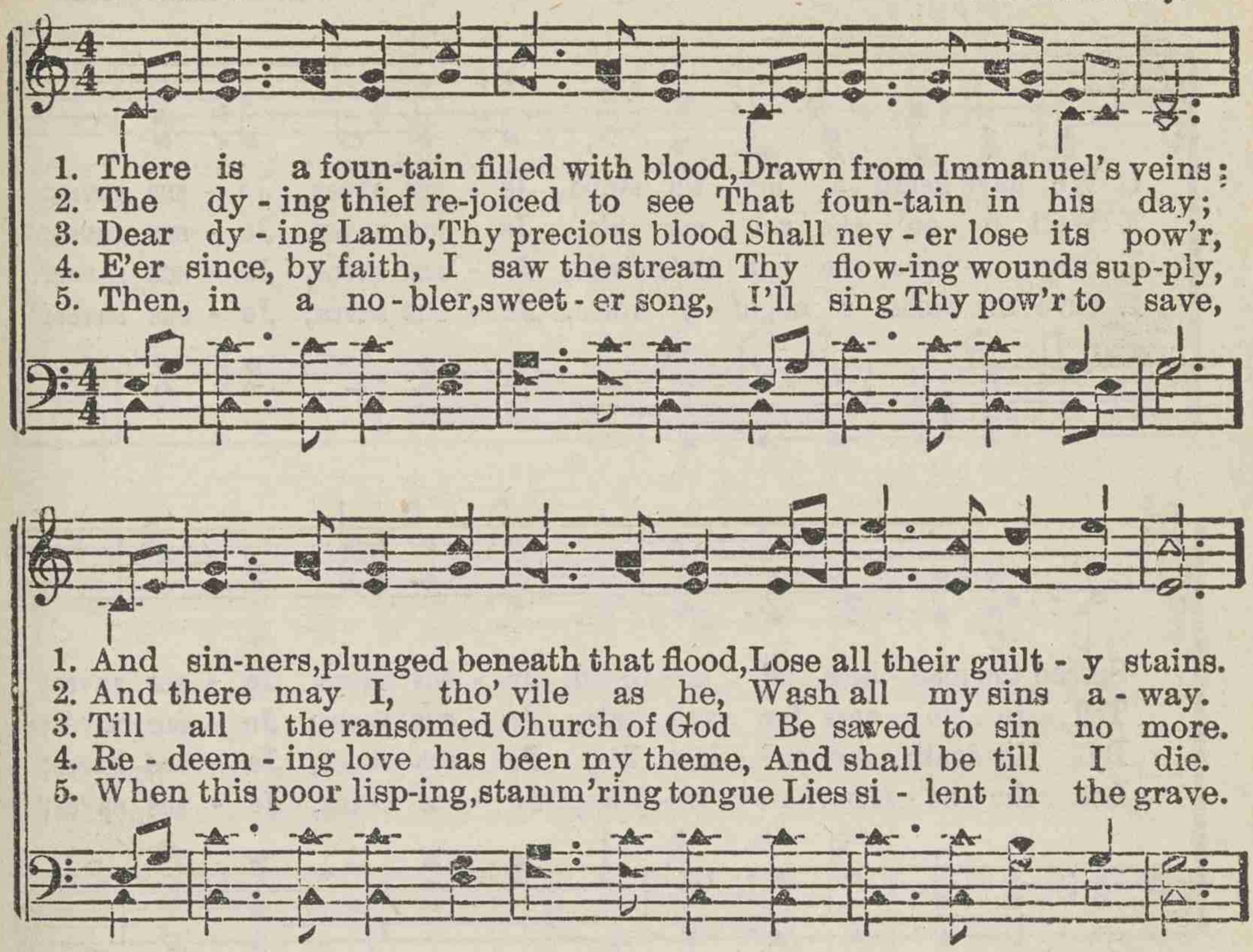
CHORUS.

pays to serve Je-sus each day. It pays to serve Je-sus, it pays ev-'ry
day, It pays ev-'ry step of the way;..... Tho' the path-way to
ev-'ry step of the way;
glo-ry may sometimes be drear, You'll be hap-py each step of the way.
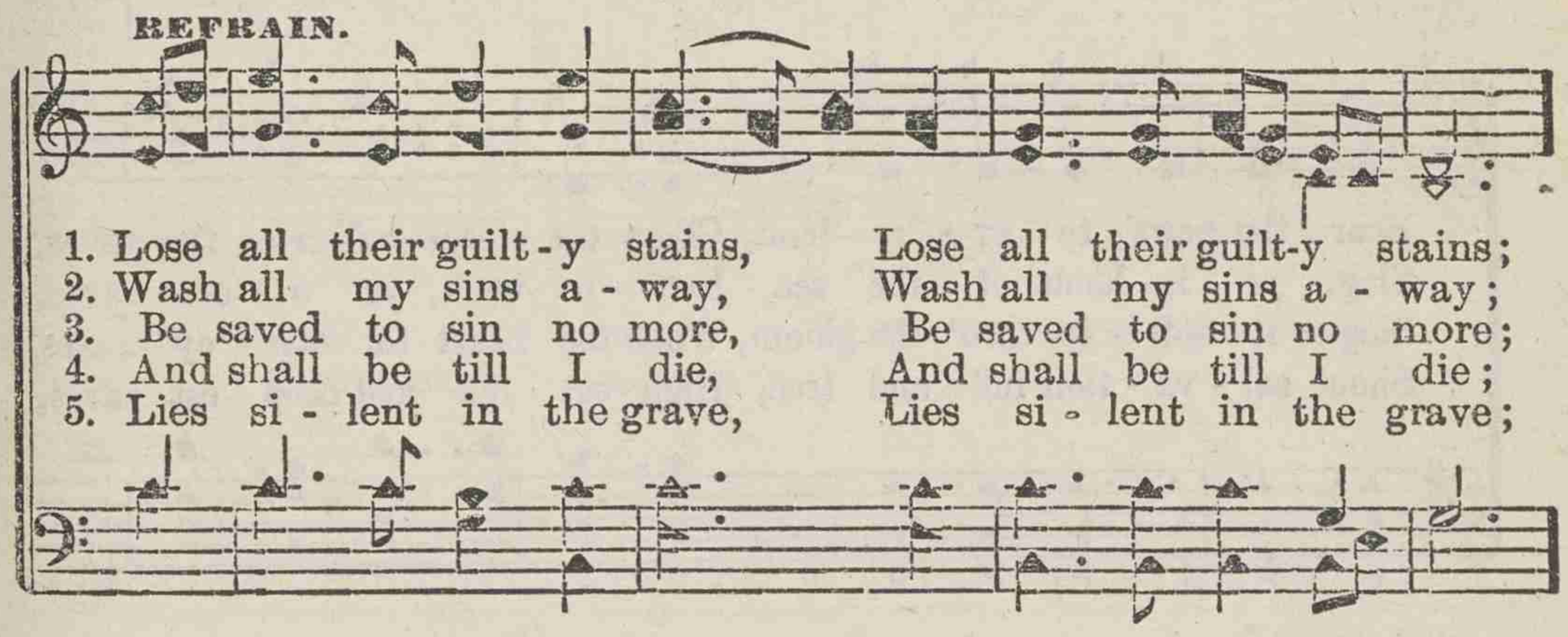
Sturgis and Shields sing this duet on Columbia record, made for the Standard Publishing Co.

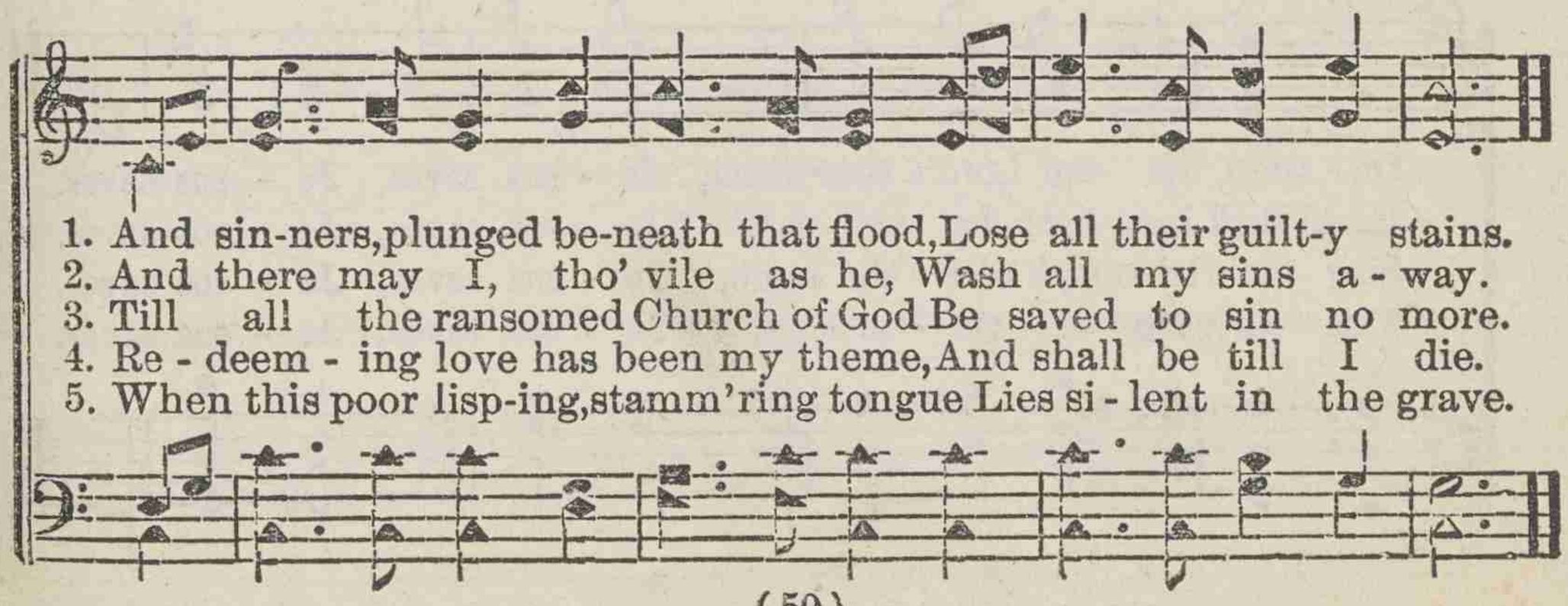
No. 43. There is a Fountain Filled With Blood.

WM. COWPER. C. M. Western Melody.



REFRAIN.





No. 44. Jesus Saves.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. RENEWAL.
HOPE PUBLISHING CO., OWNER.

Priscilla J. Owens. **Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.**

1. We have heard a joy - ful sound, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle's strife, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;

Spread the glad - ness all a - round, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
Tell to sin - ners far and wide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
By His death and end - less life, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
Let the na - tions now re - joice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;

Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves,
Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves,
Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves,
Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hill and deep - est caves,

On - ward, 'tis our Lord's com-mand, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
Earth shall keep her Ju - bi - lee, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
This our song of vic - to - ry, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.

No. 45. Softly and Tenderly.

USED BY PERMISSION OF HOPE PUBLISHING CO.

W. L. T. Will L. Thompson.

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

See, on the por-tals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we lin - ger and heed not His mercies, Mer-cies for you and for me?
Shadows are gath-er-ing, death beds are coming, Com-ing for you and for me.
Tho 'we have sinned, He has mer-cy and par-don, Par-don for you and for me.

CHORUS.

Come home, come home, Ye who are wea-ry, come home!
Come home, come home,

Ear-nest-ly, ten-der-ly, Je - sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sin-ner, come home!

rit.

No. 46. Jesus Loves Even Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
USED BY PERMISSION.

P. P. Bliss. P. P. Bliss.

1. I am so glad that our Fa - ther in heav'n Tells of His
2. Tho' I for - get Him and wan - der a - way, Still He doth
3. Oh, if there's on - ly one song I can sing, When in His

love in the Book He has giv'n; Won - der - ful things in the
love me wher - ev - er I stray; Back to His dear lov - ing
beau - ty I see the great King, This shall my song in e-

Bi - ble I see, This is the dear - est, that Je - sus loves me.
arms would I flee, When I re - mem - ber that Je - sus loves me.
ter - ni - ty be: "Oh, what a won - der that Je - sus loves me!"

CHORUS.

I am so glad that Je - sus loves me, Je- sus loves me, Je-sus loves me;

I am so glad that Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves e - ven me.

No. 47. Brighten the Corner Where You Are.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Ina Duley Ogdon. HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Do not wait un - til some deed of great-ness you may do, Do not wait to shed your light a - far, To the ma - ny du - ties ev - er near you
2. Just a - bove are cloud-ed skies that you may help to clear, Let not nar - row self your way de-bar, Tho' in - to one heart a - lone may fall your
3. Here for all your ta-lent you may sure - ly find a need, Here re- flect the bright and morning star, E - ven from your hum-ble hand the bread of

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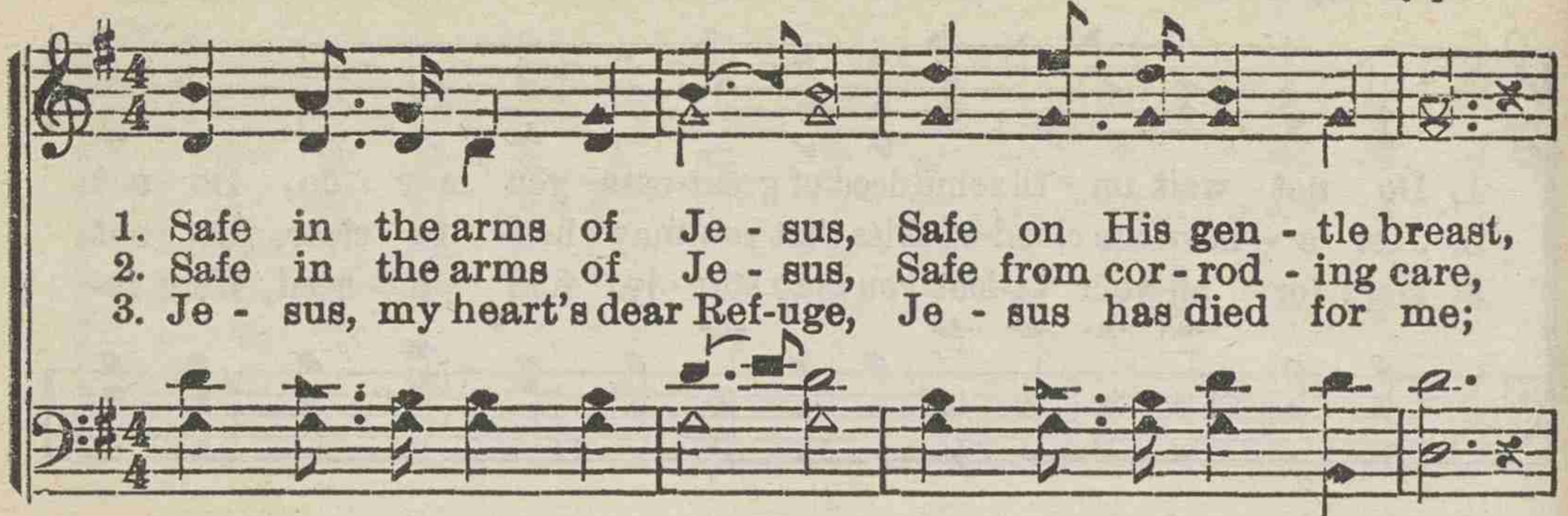
now be true, Bright-en the cor-ner where you are.
song of cheer, Bright-en the cor-ner where you are. Bright-en the cor-ner
life may feed, Bright-en the cor-ner where you are.

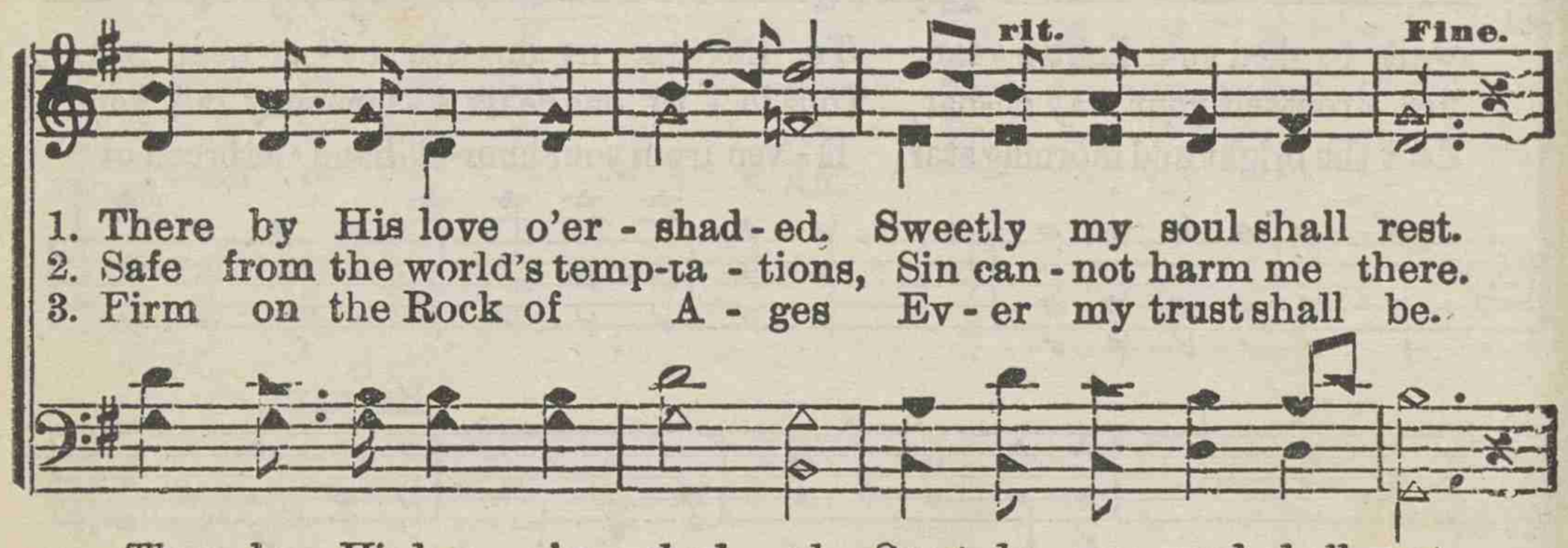
where you are! Bright-en the cor-ner where you are! Some one far from
Shine for Jesus where you are!

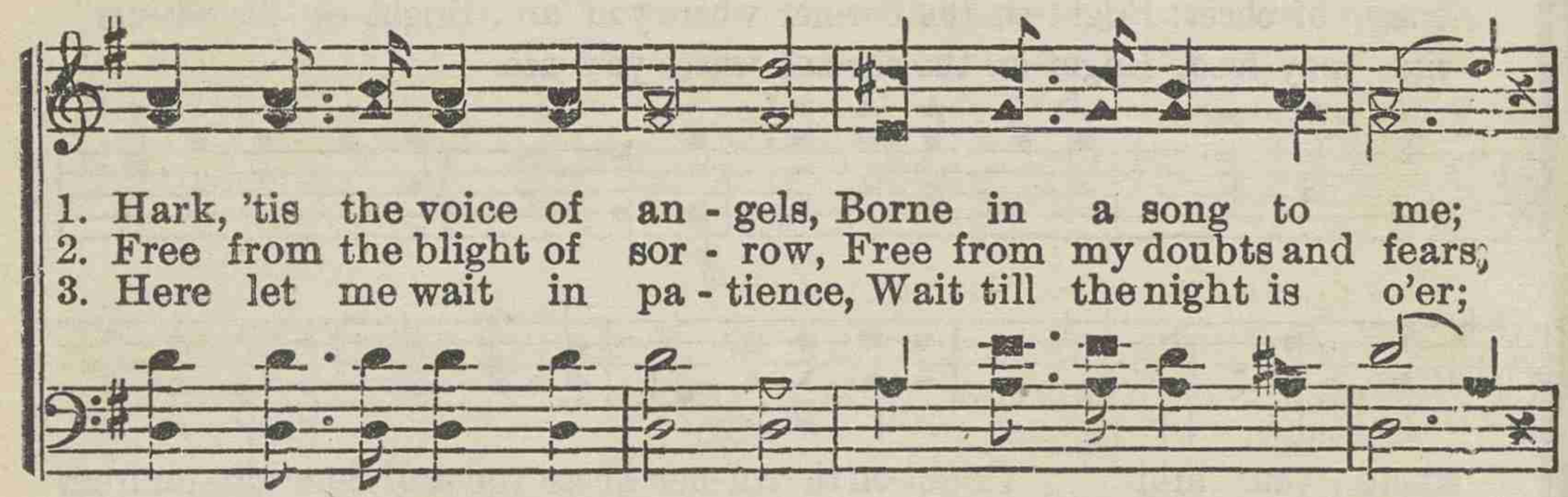
har-bor you may guide a-cross the bar, Bright-en the cor-ner where you are.

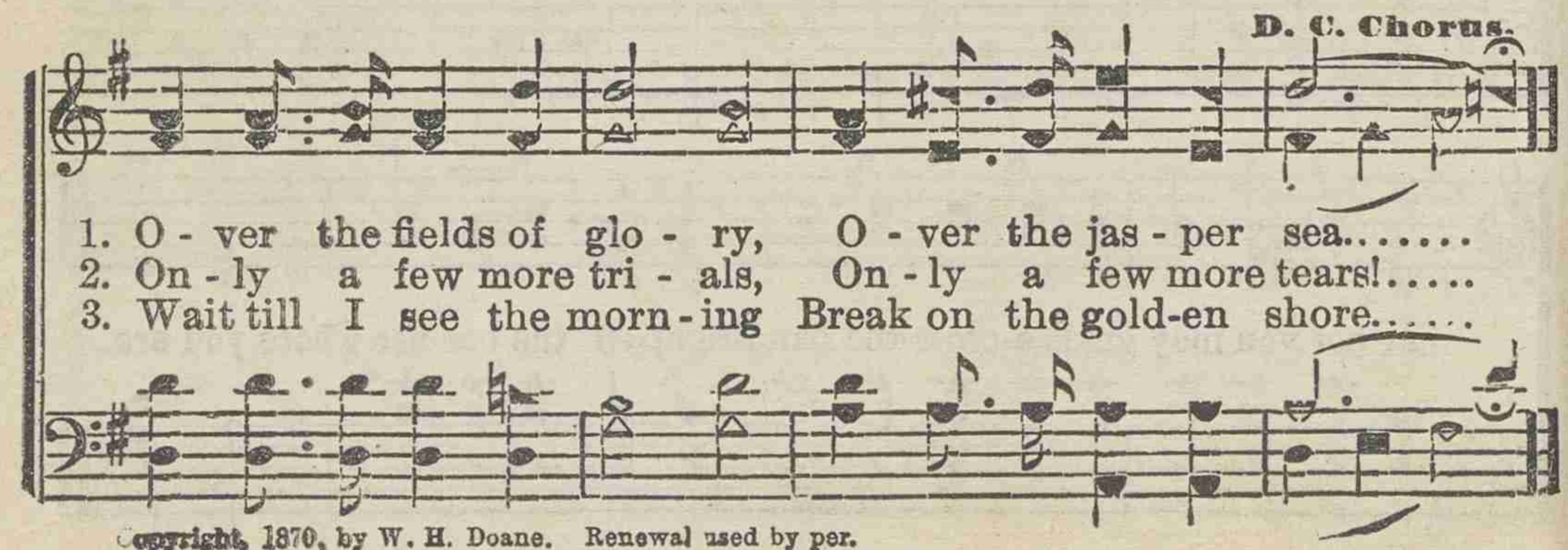
No. 48. Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

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









Copyright, 1870, by W. H. Doane. Renewal used by per.

No. 49. Rescue the Perishing.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF F. T. DOANE. **William H. Doane.**

1. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait - ing, Wait - ing the pen - i - tent
3. Down in the hu-man heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feel-ings lie bur - ied that
4. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Du - ty de-mands it; Strength for thy la - bor the

sin and the grave; Weep o'er the er - ring one, Lift up the fall - en,
child to re - ceive; Plead with them ear-nest-ly, Plead with them gen - tly:
grace can re - store; Touched by a lov - ing heart, Wakened by kind-ness,
Lord will pro - vide; Back to the nar - row way Pa - tient - ly win them;

CHORUS.

Tell them of Je - sus the might - y to save.
He will for-give if they on - ly be - lieve. Res - cue the per - ish-ing
Chords that are bro-ken will vi - brate once more.
Tell the poor wan-d'rer a Sav - ior has died.

Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

No. 50. I Surrender All.

COPYRIGHT, BY WEEDEN & VAN DE VENTER.
USED BY PER. P. P. BILHORN, OWNER.

J. W. Van De Venter. W. S. Weeden.

1. All to Je - sus I sur-ren - der, All to Him I free - ly give;
2. All to Je - sus I sur-ren - der, Hum - bly at His feet I bow;
3. All to Je - sus I sur-ren - der, Make me, Sav-ior, whol - ly Thine;
4. All to Je - sus I sur-ren - der, Lord, I give my - self to Thee;
5. All to Je - sus I sur-ren - der, Now I feel the sa - cred flame;

I will ev - er love and trust Him, In His pres-ence dai - ly live.
World-ly pleas-ures all for-sak - en, Take me, Je - sus, take me now.
Let me feel the Ho - ly Spir - it, Tru - ly know that Thou art mine.
Fill me with Thy love and pow - er, Let Thy bless-ings fall on me.
Oh, the joy of full sal - va-tion! Glo - ry, glo - ry to His name!

CHORUS.

I sur-ren-der all, I sur-ren-der all;
I sur-ren-der all, I sur-ren-der all;

All to Thee, my bless - ed Sav - ior, I sur-ren - der all.

No. 51. Jesus Will Give You Rest.

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

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

REFRAIN.

Je - sus will give you rest. O hap - py rest, sweet, hap - py rest,
Je - sus will give you rest; Oh! why won't you come in
hap - py rest;
sim - ple, trust - ing faith? Je - sus will give you rest.

No. 52. "Whosoever" Meaneth Me.

J. E. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

J. Edwin McConnell.

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

CHORUS.

come with Him to stay. (to stay.)
blood hath made me whole.(me whole.)"Who-so-ev - er," sure-ly meaneth me,
now I am set free. (set free.)

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

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

mean-eth me.

53. Sweet Peace, the Gift of God's Love.

P. P. B. COPYRIGHT, 1887 AND 1889, BY P. P. BILHORN. Peter P. Bilhorn.

M. 56 = ♩.

1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain, (sweet strain,) A glad and a joy - ous re - frain, (re - frain,) I sing it a-
2. Thro' Christ on the cross peace was made, (was made,) My debt by His death was all paid, (all paid,) No oth - er foun-
3. When Je - sus as Lord I had crowned, (had crowned,) My heart with this peace did a - bound, (a - bound,) In Him the rich
4. In Je - sus for peace I a - bide, (a - bide,) And as I keep close to His side, (His side,) There's noth-ing but

gain and a - gain, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
da - tion is laid, For peace, the gift of God's love.
bless - ing I found, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
peace doth be - tide, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

CHORUS.

Peace, peace, sweet peace, Won - der - ful peace from a - bove, (a - bove,) Oh,

rit.

won - der - ful, won - der - ful peace, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

No. 54. Where is My Boy To-Night?

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY.
RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION.

R. L. Rev. R. Lowry.

1. Where is my wand'ring boy to-night— The boy of my tend'rest care,
2. Once he was pure as morn-ing dew, As he knelt at his moth-er's knee;
3. O could I see you now, my boy, As fair as ih old - en time,
4. Go for my wand'ring boy to-night; Go search for him where you will;

The boy that was once my joy and light, The child of my love and prayer?
No face was so bright, no heart more true, And none was so sweet as he.
When prattle and smile made home a joy, And life was a mer-ry chime!
But bring him to me with all his blight, And tell him I love him still.

CHORUS. *Not too fast.*

O where is my boy to - night? O where is my boy to - night?

My heart o'er-flows, for I love him he knows; O where is my boy to - night?

No. 55. Where Jesus Is, 'Tis Heaven.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY JAMES M. BLACK.
TABERNACLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, OWNER.

C. J. Butler. J. M. Black.

1. Since Christ my soul from sin set free, This world has been a heav'n to me; And 'mid earth's sor - rows and its woe,
2. Once heav - en seemed a far - off place, Till Je - sus showed His smil - ing face; Now it's be - gun with - in my soul,
3. What mat - ters where on earth we dwell? On moun - tain top, or in the dell? In cot - tage, or a man - sion fair,

CHORUS.

'Tis heav'n my Je - sus here to know.
'Twill last while end - less a - ges roll. O hal - le - lu - jah! Yes, 'tis
Where Je - sus is, 'tis heav - en there.

heav'n, 'Tis heav'n to know my sins for - giv'n; On land or sea, what mat-ters where? Where Je - sus is, 'tis heav - en there.

56. He Whispers His Love to Me.

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V. McC. Vivian McCown.

M. 104 = ♩

1. 'Tis so sweet just to know that a - long the way Je - sus walks by my side all the live - long day, And He knows when the shad - ows be-
2. When He scat-ters the gifts from His boundless store, And His show-ers of bless - ing a - round me pour, Lest I hum - ble and grate - ful for-
3. When my heart is so tempt-ed and sore - ly tried, It is then that I know He is by my side, And I know He will give me the
4. Oh, His voice is so won-drous-ly sweet to me! There's no mu - sic on earth has such mel - o - dy; There's no joy that can come to the

gin to low'r, And He whis-pers His love to me o'er and o'er.
get to be, Je - sus whis-pers His won - der - ful love to me.
vic - to - ry As He whis-pers His won - der - ful love to me.
hu - man heart Like the joy that His love ev - er doth im - part.

CHORUS.

He whispers His love to me, He whispers His love to me;
His love to me, His love to me;
Lest I should stray from Him a - way, He whis-pers His love to me.

Above song recorded by Homer Rodeheaver on RAINBOW RECORD—1020

No. 57. Dreaming, Still Dreaming!

T. O. Chisholm. COPYRIGHT, 1922, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

SOLO. *Con espress.*

1. Dreaming, still dreaming? O slum-ber - ing soul, When will thy dreaming be
2. Dreaming, still dreaming, un-con-scious of ill, Wrapped in thy dead-ly re-
3. Dreaming, still dreaming? Yet still in thy sins! If God should call thee a-
4. Dreaming, still dreaming? O sleep-er, a-wake! Shake off thy slum-ber-ous

o'er? Dream-ing, with death and e - ter - ni - ty nigh, E - ven, per-
pose, While life's short day, when thou mayest re-pent, Draws swiftly
way, Ah! how thy soul would ap-pear in His sight, Trembling in
chain! Late grows the hour, rise and haste for thy life! While hope and

CHORUS. *Faster.*

haps, at the door! A-wake from thy slumber, O sleeper, awake! For
on to its close!
guilt and dis-may!
mer - cy re - main.

soon in God's presence thy soul must appear; There's no time for dreaming, for

slum - ber - ous ease,—O what if, this night, He should summon you there!

58. What a Day of Victory!

COPYRIGHT, 1915. BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

James Rowe. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. When at last we see the King and His praise in glo - ry sing, What a
2. When we walk the streets of gold with the hap - py saints of old, What a
3. When with tri - als tru - ly past, we re-ceive the crown at last, What a

day of vic-to - ry that will be! When we reach the oth - er side where the
day of vic-to - ry that will be! When we join the an - gel throng in the
day of vic-to - ry that will be! When be-fore the King we stand in that

FINE.

faith-ful shall a-bide, What a day of vic-to - ry that will be!
ev - er - last-ing song, What a day of vic-to - ry that will be!
ev - er - last-ing land, What a day of vic-to - ry that will be!

D. S.–pal - ace of the King, What a day of vic-to - ry that will be!

What a day of vic - to-ry, vic - to-ry, vic - to - ry! What a

day of vic - to-ry that will be! When ho-san-nas glad we sing in the

D. S.

No. 59. Keep on the Sunny Side of Life.

Ada Blenkhorn. J. Howard Entwisle.

1. There's a dark and a troubled side of life; There's a bright and a sun - ny side, too; Tho' we meet with the dark-ness and strife, The
2. Tho' the storm in its fu - ry break to-day, Crushing hopes that we cherished so dear; Storm and cloud will in time pass a - way, The
3. Let us greet with a song of hope each day, Tho' the mo - ments be cloud-y or fair; Let us trust in our Sav - ior al - way, Who

CHORUS.

sun - ny side we al - so may view.
sun will shine again bright and clear. Keep on the sunny side, Always on the
keep - eth ev-'ry one in His care.

sun-ny side, Keep on the sunny side of life; It will help us ev-'ry day,
It will brighten all the way, If we keep on the sunny side of life.

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60.

Sail On!

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NEW ARRANGEMENT COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

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

Solo and Chorus. M. 80 = ♩

1. Up - on a wide and storm-y sea, Thou'rt sail-ing to e - ter - ni - ty,
2. Art far from shore, and weary-worn—The sky o'er-cast, thy can-vass torn?
3. Do com-rades trem-ble and re-fuse To fur-ther dare the taunt-ing hues?
4. Do snarl-ing waves thy craft as-sail? Art pow'r-less, drift-ing with the gale?

ad lib.

And thy great Ad-m'ral or - ders thee:—"Sail on! sail on! sail on!"
Hark ye! A voice to thee is borne:—"Sail on! sail on! sail on!"
No oth - er course is thine to choose, Sail on! sail on! sail on!
Take heart! God's word shall nev-er fail! Sail on! sail on! sail on!

CHORUS. M. 88 = ♩

Sail on! sail on! the storms will soon be past, The dark - ness

will not al - ways last; Sail on! sail on!..... God

sail on! sail on!

lives! and He commands: "Sail on! sail on!".....

on! sail on! sail on! sail on! sail on!

* May close here.

61.

When Morning Comes.

M. 88

1. Tri-als dark on ev-'ry hand, and we can-not un-der-stand All the ways that
2. We are oft-en des-ti-tute of the things that life demands, Want of shel-ter
3. Temp-ta-tions, hidden snares, often take us un-a-wares, And our hearts are

God will lead us to that blessed promised land; But He'll guide us with His eye,
and of food, thirst-y hills and bar-ren land; But we're trusting in the Lord,
made to bleed for each thoughtless word or deed; And we won-der why the test,

and we'll fol-low till we die, We will understand it bet-ter by and by.
and ac-cord-ing to His word We will understand it bet-ter by and by.
when we try to do our best, But will understand it bet-ter by and by.
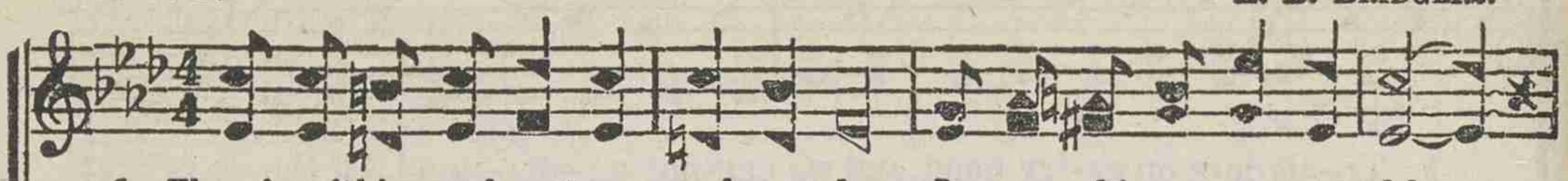
CHORUS.

By and by, when the morning comes, All the saints of God are gathering home, We will
tell the sto-ry how we've over-come, We will understand it bet-ter by and by.
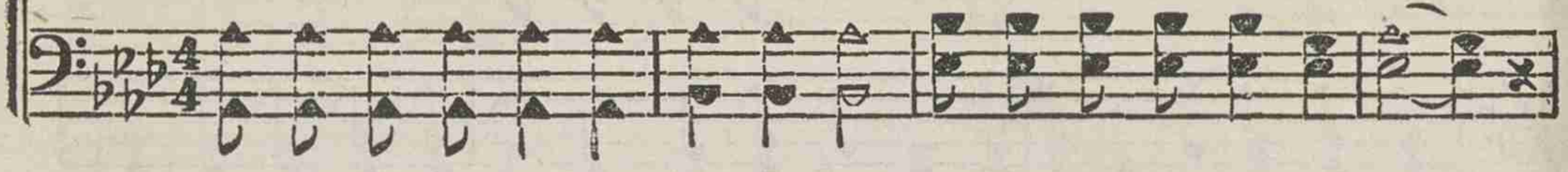
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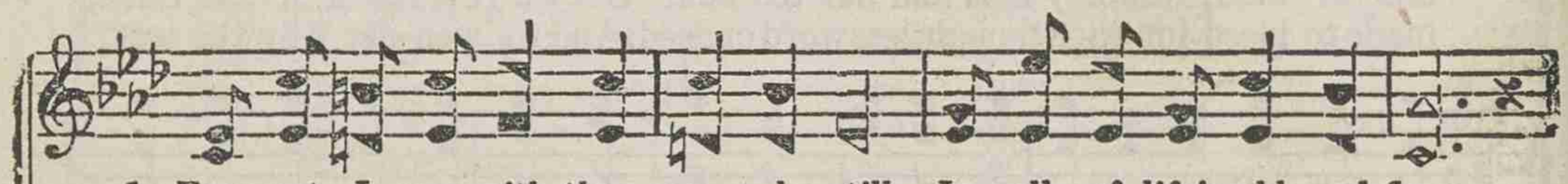
He Keeps Me Singing.

L. B. B. L. B. BRIDGERS.
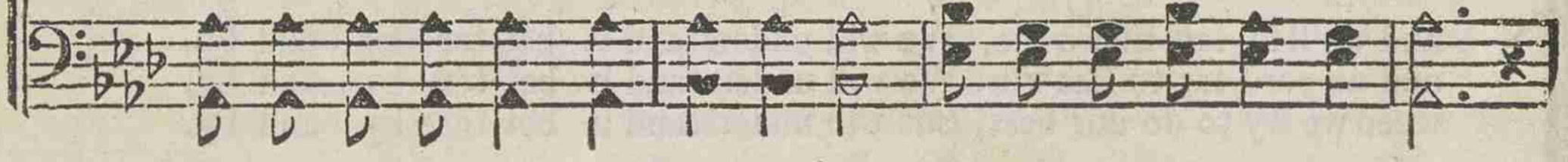


1. There's within my heart a mel - o - dy Je - sus whispers sweet and low,
2. All my life was wrecked by sin and strife, Discord filled my heart with pain,
3. Feast-ing on the rich - es of His grace, Resting 'neath His shelt'ring wing,
4. Tho' sometimes He leads thro' waters deep, Trials fall a - cross the way,
5. Soon He's com-ing back to wel-come me Far be-yond the star-ry sky;
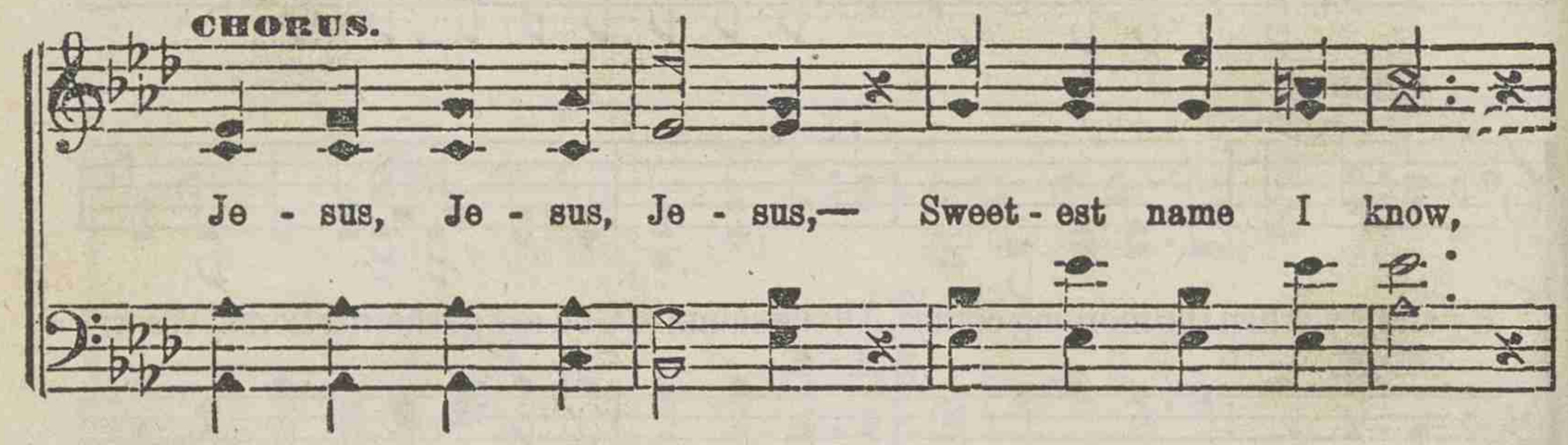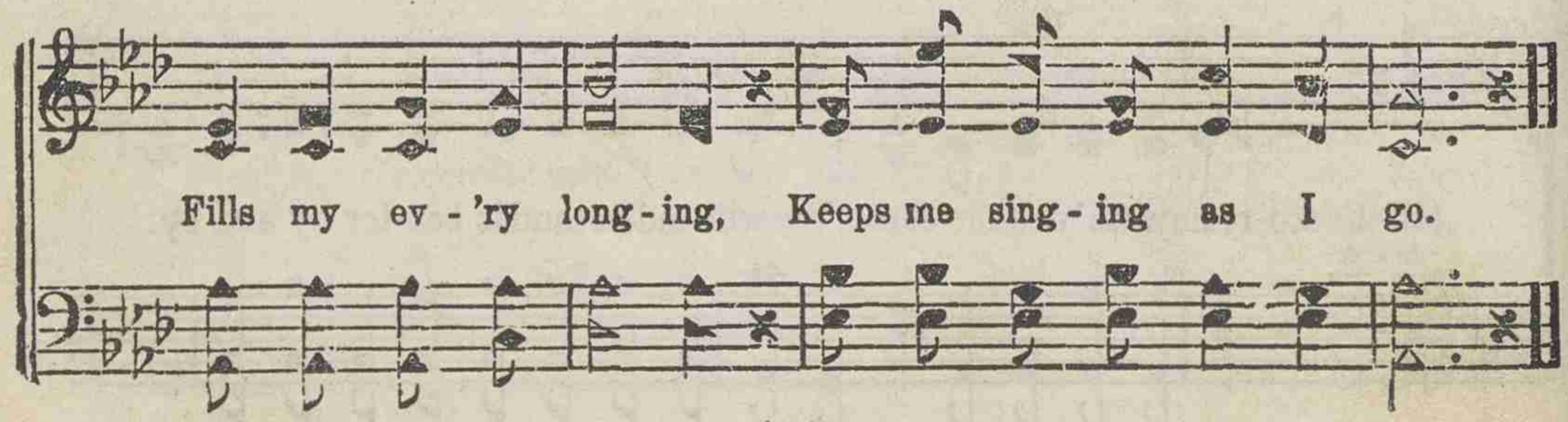




1. Fear not, I am with thee, peace, be still, In all of life's ebb and flow.
2. Je - sus swept across the broken strings, Stirred the slumb'ring chords again.
3. Al-ways look-ing on His smil-ing face, That is why I shout and sing.
4. Tho' sometimes the path seems rough and steep, See His footprints all the way.
5. I shall wing my flight to worlds unknown, I shall reign with Him on high.



CHORUS.



Je - sus, Je - sus, Je - sus,— Sweet - est name I know,



Fills my ev - 'ry long - ing, Keeps me sing - ing as I go.

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Charlie Tillman, owner.

63.

Jesus Waits.

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E. H. H. Edyth Hillery Hay.

M. 100 ♩=

1. When you come to the place where you need a friend, And you find those you've trust - ed un - true, Don't de-spair! for, to share in your load of care Je-sus
2. When you feel left a - lone, and your sky turns gray, When the fu - ture looks hope - less to you; All dis-heart-ened, you say you're too weary to pray; Je-sus
3. When a - lone in your sor-row your poor heart bleeds For the light and the joy once you knew, Dry your tears, calm your fears, for, to meet your needs Je-sus

CHORUS.

waits, He waits for you. He has been there be-fore you, and is wait-ing for you; He has been there before you, and He knows the way thro'; He has been there before you—you've a helper that's true; Je-sus waits, He waits for you.

64. It Is Well With My Soul.

H. G. Spafford.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
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P. P. Bliss.

1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend - eth my way, When sor-rows like sea - bil-lows roll; What-ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,
2. Tho' Sa - tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let this blest as- sur - ance con-trol, That Christ has re-gard - ed my help - less es - tate,
3. My sin— oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't—My sin—not in part, but the whole, Is nailed to the cross and I bear it no more,
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled back as a scroll, The trump shall re-sound and the Lord shall de-scend,

CHORUS.

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

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

65.

WHEN I SEE THE BLOOD.

JOHN. J. G. F.

1. Christ our Re-deem-er died on the cross, Died for the sin-ner,
2. Chief-est of sin-ners, Je-sus can save, As He has prom-ised,
3. Judg-ment is com-ing, all will be there, Who have re-ject-ed,
4. O. what com-pas-sion, oh bound-less love! Je-sus hath pow-er,

paid all His due; All who re-ceive Him need nev-er fear,
so will He do; Oh, sin-ner, hear Him, trust in His word,
who have refused? Oh, sin-ner, has-ten, let Je-sus in,
Je-sus is true; All who be-lieve are safe from the storm,

Chorus.

Yes, He will pass, will pass o-ver you.
Then He will pass, will pass o-ver you.
Then God will pass, will pass o-ver you.
Oh, He will pass, will pass o-ver you.

When I see the

When I

blood, When I see the blood, When I see the
see the blood, When I see the blood, When I

rit.

blood, I will pass, I will pass o-ver you.
see the blood, o-ver you.

By Foote Bros., not copyrighted. Let no one do so. May this song ever be free to be published for the glory of God.

No. 66. Will the Circle Be Unbroken?

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Ada R. Habershon. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. There are loved ones up in glo - ry Whose dear forms you oft - en mies;
2. In the joy - ous days of childhood, Oft they told of won-drous love,
3. You re-mem-ber songs of heav - en, Which you sang with child-ish voice;
4. You can pic - ture hap-py gath-'rings Round the fire - side long a - go,
5. One by one their seats were emptied, One by one they went a - way,

When you close your earth-ly sto - ry Will you join them in their bliss?
Point - ed to the dy - ing Sav - ior; Now they dwell with Him a - bove.
Do you love the hymns they taught you, Or are songs of earth your choice?
And you think of fear - ful part - ings, When they left you here be - low.
Now the fam - i - ly is part - ed, Will it be com-plete one day?

CHORUS.

Will the cir - cle be un - bro - ken By and by, by and by,
In a bet - ter home a - wait - ing In the sky, in the sky?

No. 67. Savior, Like a Shepherd.

Unknown. (BRADBURY.) **William B. Bradbury.**

1. Sav - ior, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy tend'rest care;
2. We are Thine, do Thou be- friend us, Be the guard-ian of our way;
3. Thou hast promised to re - ceive us, Poor and sin - ful though we be;
4. Ear - ly let us seek Thy fa - vor, Ear - ly let us do Thy will;

In Thy pleas-ant pas-tures feed us, For our use Thy folds prepare;
Keep Thy flock, from sin de - fend us, Seek us when we go as-tray;
Thou hast mer - cy to re - lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free:
Bless - ed Lord and on - ly Sav - ior, With Thy love our bos-oms fill:

Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus! Thou hast bought us, Thine we are,
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus! Hear, O hear us, when we pray,
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus! We will ear - ly turn to Thee,
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus! Thou hast loved us, love us still,

Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus! Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus! Hear, O hear us, when we pray.
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus! We will ear - ly turn to Thee.
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus! Thou hast loved us, love us still.

No. 68. O My Soul, Bless Thou Jehovah.

Psalm 103. **From Donizetti.**

1. O my soul, bless Thou Je-ho - vah, All with - in me bless His name,
2. He will not for - ev - er chide us, Nor keep an - ger in His mind,
3. Far as east from west is dis - tant, He hath put a - way our sins;

Bless Je - ho - vah, and for - get not All His mer - cies to pro - claim.
Hath not dealt as we of - fend-ed, Nor re - ward - ed as we sinned.
Like the pit - y of a fa - ther Hath the Lord's com-pas-sion been.

CHORUS.

For as high..... as is the heav - en, Far a-
For as high as is the heav - en,

bove..... the earth be - low, Ev - er great to them that
Far a - bove the earth be - low,

fear Him Is the mer - cy He will ev - er, ev - er show.

69.

Blessed Assurance.

Fanny J. Crosby. USED BY PERMISSION. Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.

M. 69 = ♩.

1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! O what a fore-taste of
2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vi-sions of rap-ture now
3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-ior am

glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, pur-chase of God, Born of His
burst on my sight! An-gels de-scend-ing, bring from a-bove Ech-oes of
hap-py and blest; Watch-ing and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove, Filled with His

CHORUS.

Spir-it, washed in His blood.
mer-cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto-ry, this is my
good-ness, lost in His love.

song, Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long; This is my

sto-ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long.

No. 70. When We All Get to Heaven.

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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 pathway, 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 me, Soon His beau-ty we'll be - hold;

In the mansions, bright and blessed, 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.
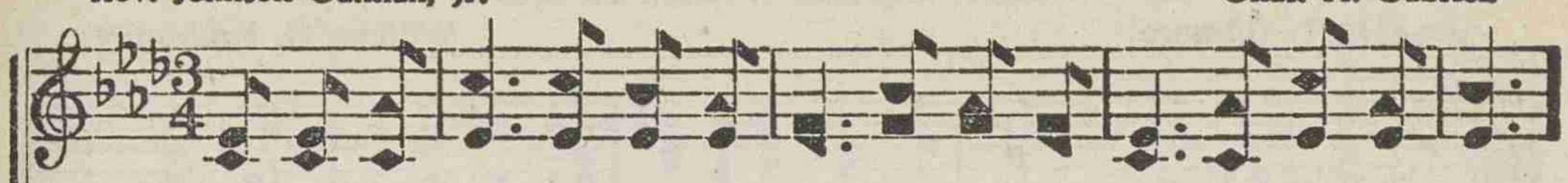
CHORUS.

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
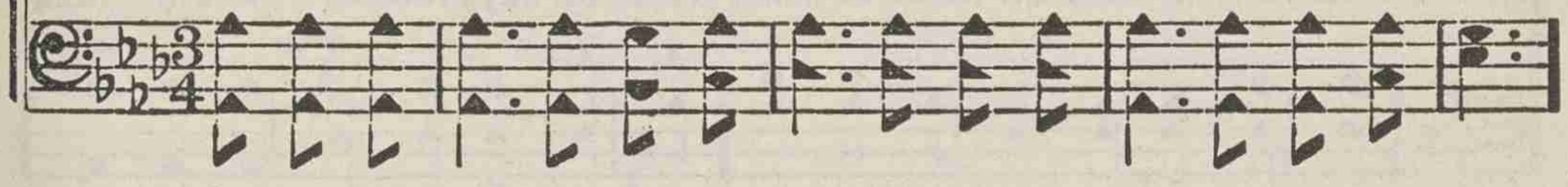
Je - sus, We'll sing and shout the vic - to - ry.....
shout, and shout the vic - to - ry.
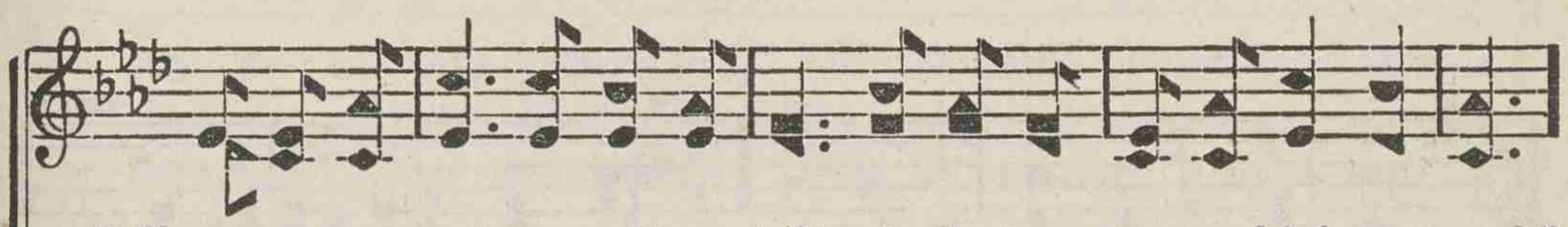
No. 71. Higher Ground.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Chas. H. Gabriel.
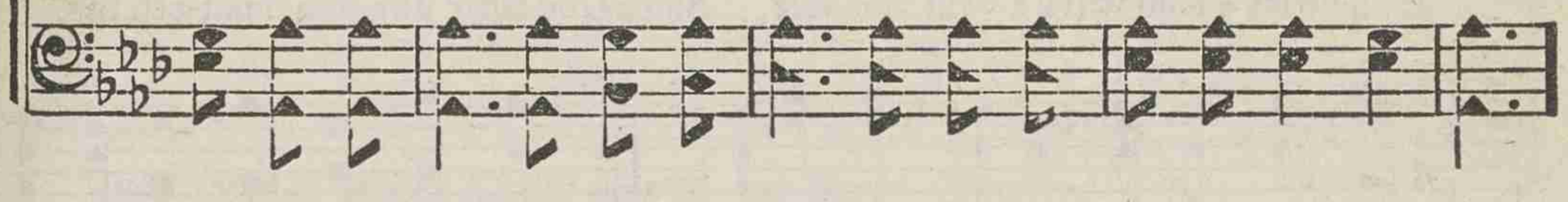


1. I'm pressing on the upward way, New heights I'm gaining ev'ry day;
2. My heart has no de-sire to stay Where doubts arise and fears dismay;
3. I want to live above the world, Tho' Satan's darts at me are hurled;
4. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a gleam of glory bright;

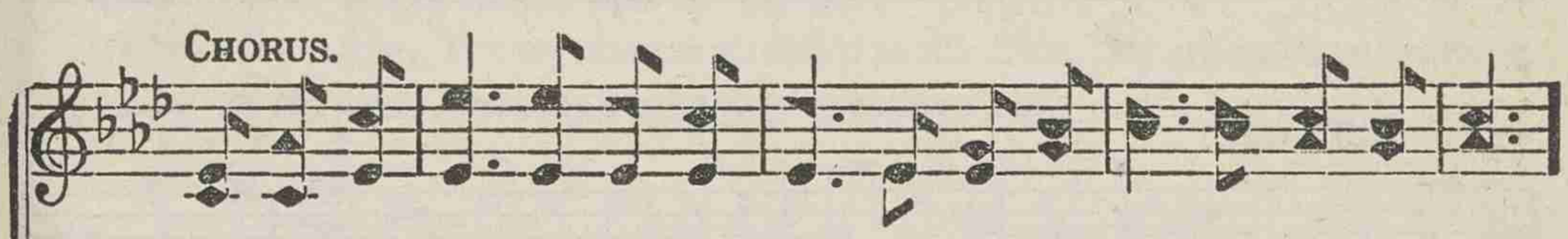




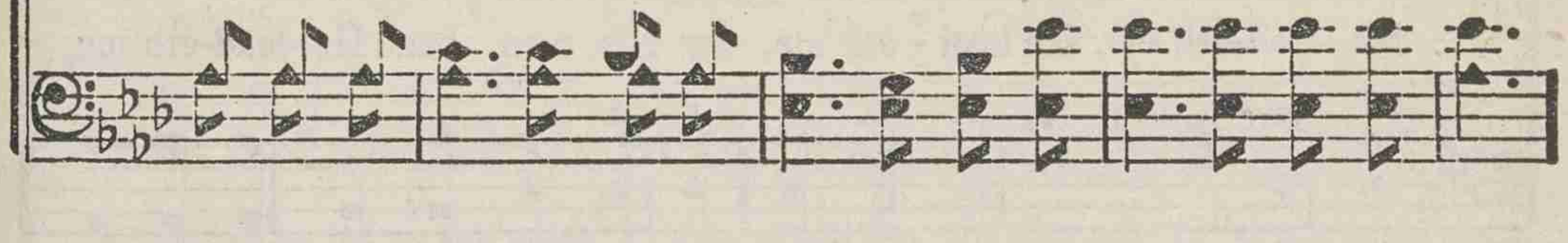
Still pray-ing as I onward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on higher ground."
Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My pray'r, my aim is higher ground.
For faith has caught the joyful sound, The song of saints on higher ground.
But still I'll pray till heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to higher ground."



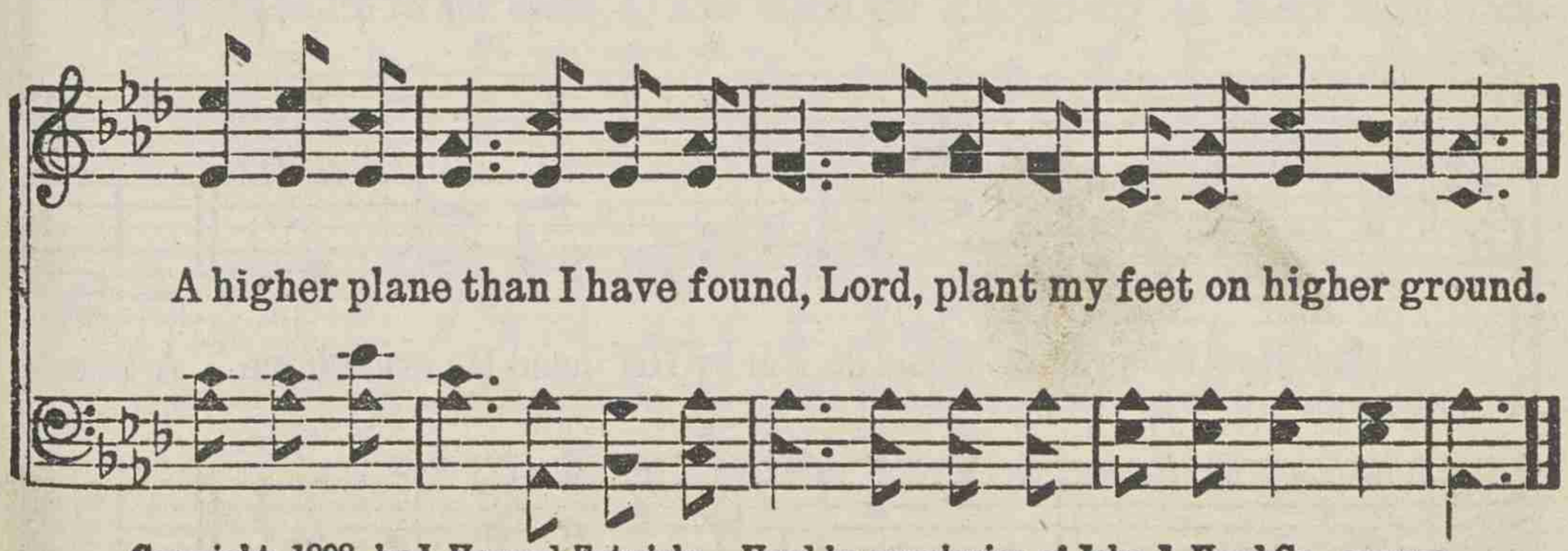
CHORUS.



Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on heaven's ta-ble-land;



A higher plane than I have found, Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.



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No. 72. He Leadeth Me.

USED BY PERMISSION OF BIGLOW & MAIN CO.

Joseph H. Gilmore. **William B. Bradbury.**

1. He lead - eth me! O bless-ed tho't! O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deep-est gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bow-ers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur nor re - pine,
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vic-t'ry's won,

What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
By wa - ters still, o'er troubled sea,— Still 'tis His hand that lead-eth me!
Con - tent, what-ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead-eth me!
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor-dan lead-eth me.

REFRAIN.

He lead-eth me, He lead - eth me, By His own hand He lead-eth me;

His faith-ful follower I would be, For by His hand He leadeth me. A-MEN.

No. 73. Nailed to the Gross.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY TULLAR-MEREDITH CO. **Grant Colfax Tullar.**

Duet. Ad lib.

1. There was One who was will - ing to die in my stead, That a soul so un-worth - y might live, And the path to the cross He was will - ing to tread, All the sins of my life to for-give.
2. He is ten - der and lov - ing and pa - tient with me, While He cleans-es my heart of the dross, But "there's no con-dem-na - tion"—I know I am free, For my sins are all nail'd to the cross. They are nail'd to the cross,
3. I will cling to my Sav - ior and nev - er de - part— I will joy - ful - ly jour - ney each day, With a song on my lips and a song in my heart, That my sins have been taken away.

REFRAIN.

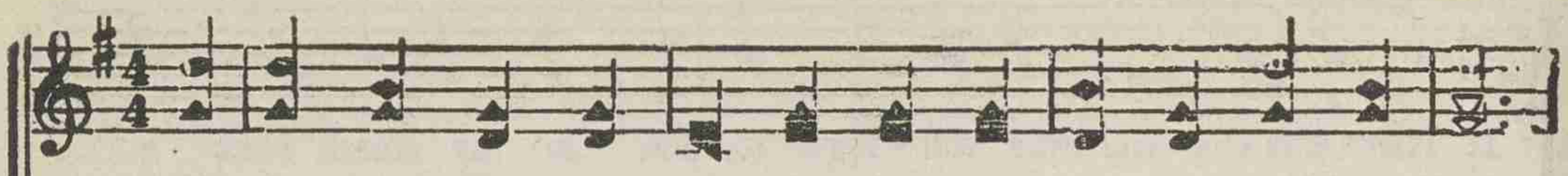
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They are nail'd to the cross, O how much He was will-ing to bear! With what an-guish and loss, Jesus went to the cross! But He carried my sins with Him there.

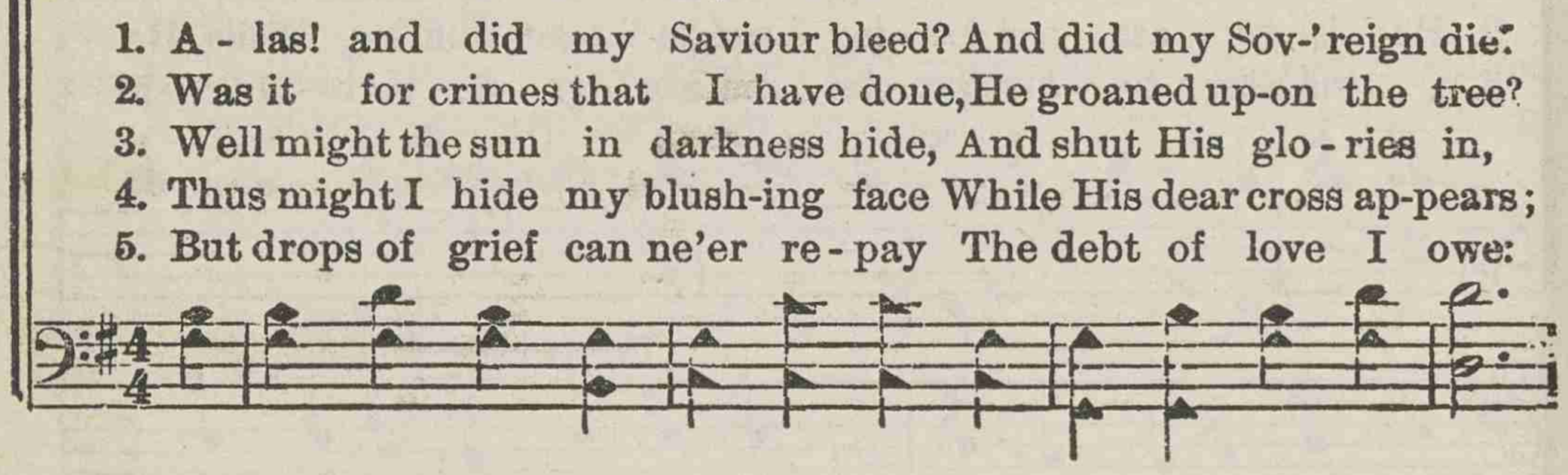
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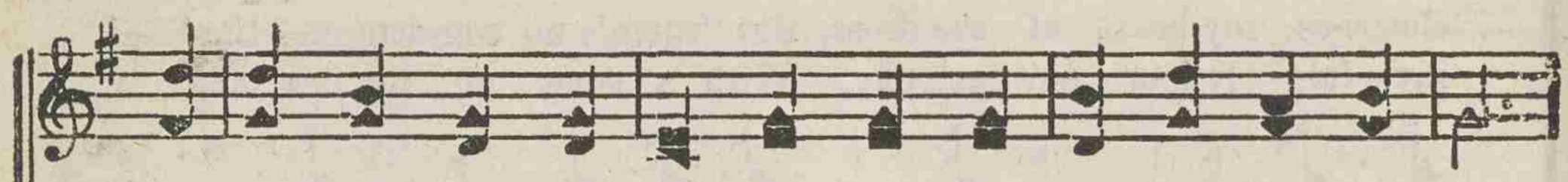
74. He Loves Me.

ISAAC WATTS. ARR.

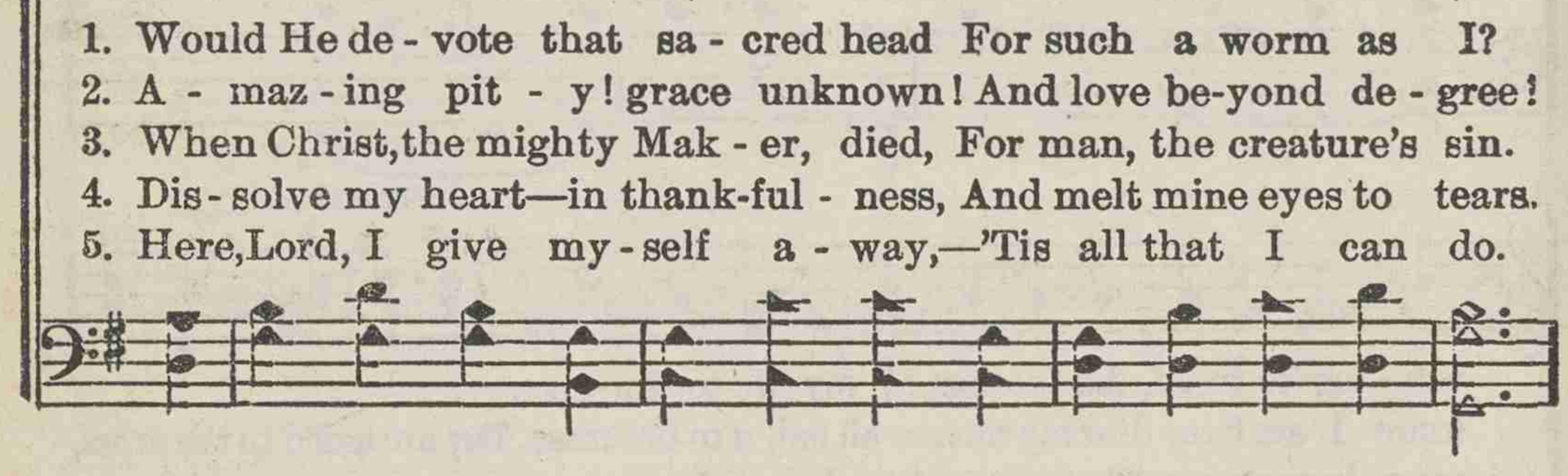


1. A - las! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sov-'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up-on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut His glo - ries in,
4. Thus might I hide my blush-ing face While His dear cross ap-pears;
5. But drops of grief can ne'er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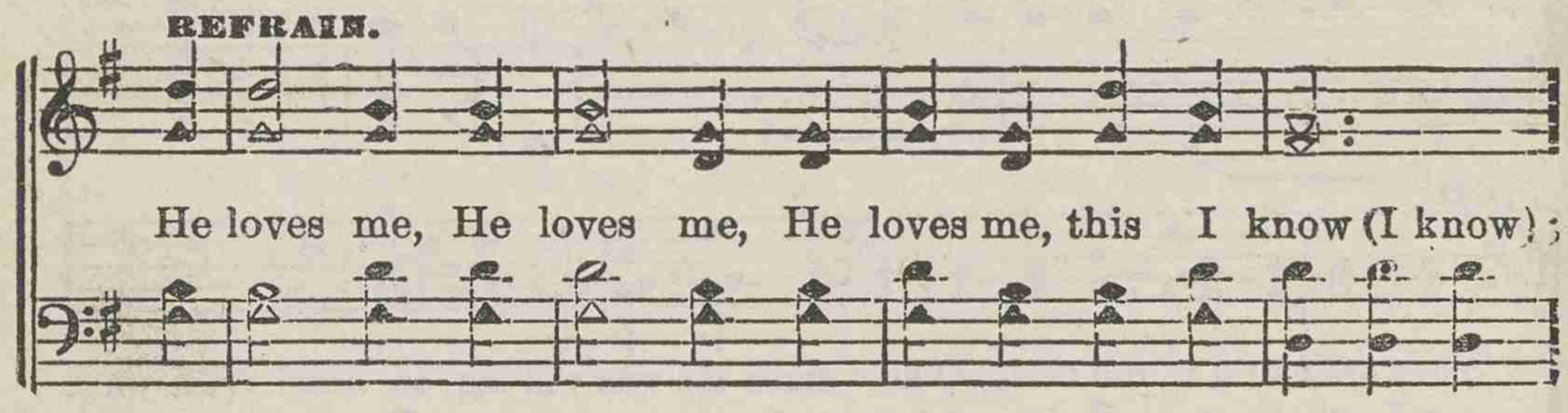




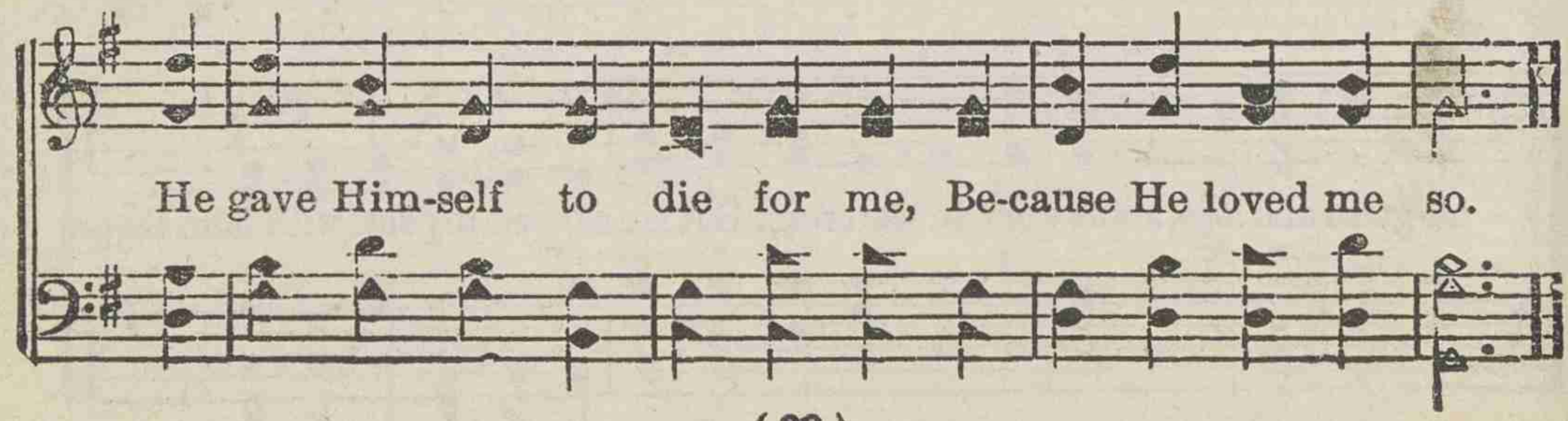
1. Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
2. A - maz - ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love be-yond de - gree!
3. When Christ, the mighty Mak - er, died, For man, the creature's sin.
4. Dis - solve my heart—in thank-ful - ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
5. Here, Lord, I give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



REFRAIN.



He loves me, He loves me, He loves me, this I know (I know);
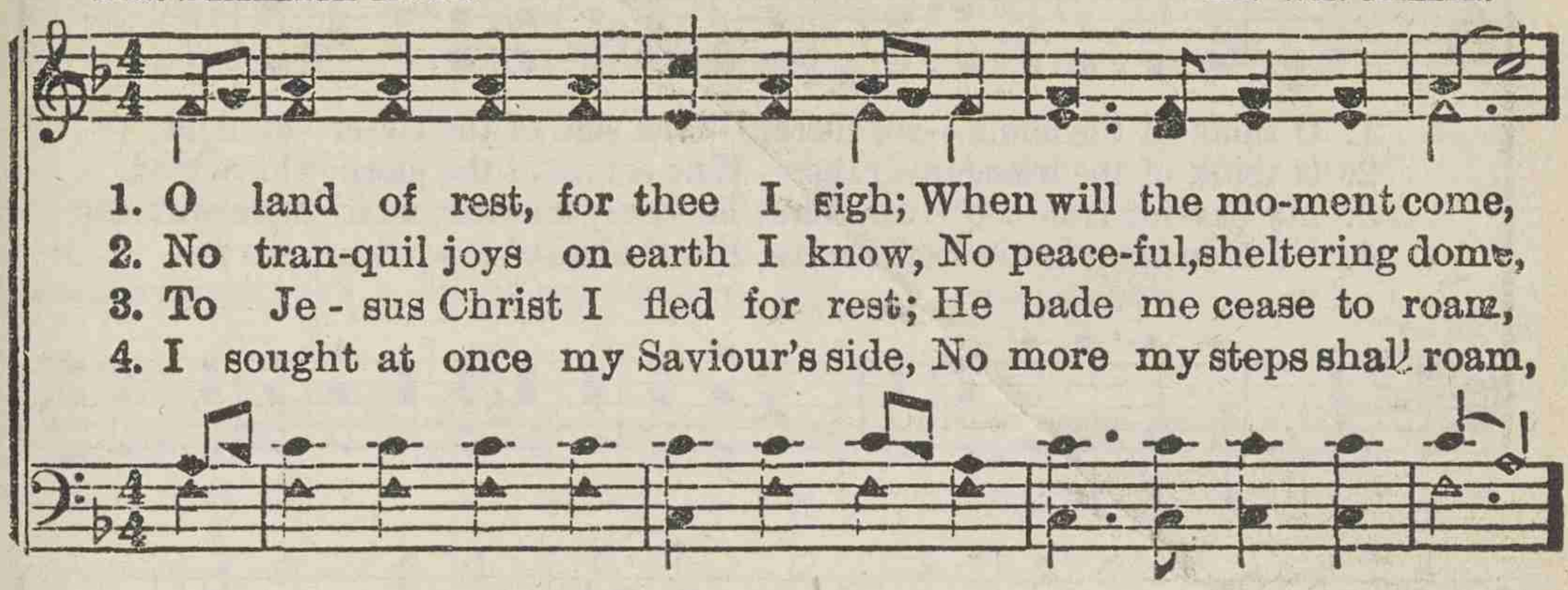


He gave Him-self to die for me, Be-cause He loved me so.

No. 75. We'll Work Till Jesus Comes.

"Thy work shall be rewarded."—Jer. 31: 16.

Mrs. Elizabeth Mills. Dr. Wm. Miller.



No. 76. The Home Over There.

D. W. C. Huntington. Tullius C. O'Kane.

1. O think of the home o-ver there, By the side of the riv-er of light,
2. O think of the friends over there, Who before us the journey have trod,
3. My Sav-ior is now o - ver there, There my kindred and friends are at rest,
4. I'll soon be at home o - ver there, For the end of my journey I see;

over there,

Where the saints, all immortal and fair, Are robed in their garments of white.
Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their home in the palace of God.
Then a-way from my sorrow and care, Let me fly to the land of the blest.
Man - y dear to my heart, o-ver there, Are watching and waiting for me.

over there.

REFRAIN.

O - ver there, o - ver there, O think of the home o - ver there;
O - ver there, o - ver there, O think of the friends o - ver there;
O - ver there, o - ver there, My Sav-ior is now o - ver there;
O - ver there, o - ver there, I'll soon be at home o - ver there;
Over there, over there, over there;

O - ver there, o-ver there, over there, O think of the home o - ver there.
O - ver there, o-ver there, over there, O think of the friends o - ver there.
O - ver there, o-ver there, over there, My Sav-ior is now o - ver there.
O - ver there, o-ver there, over there, I'll soon be at home o - ver there.
O-ver there,

No. 77. When I Can Read My Title Clear.

Isaac Watts. (PISGAH.) **J. C. Lowry.**

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear, To man-sions in the skies,....
2. Should earth a-gainst my soul en - gage, And fi - ery darts be hurled,...
3. Let cares, like a wild del - uge come, And storms of sor-row fall! .....
4. There shall I bathe my wea - ry soul In seas of heav'n-ly rest, ...

I'll bid fare - well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes.
Then I can smile at Sa-tan's rage, And face a frown - ing world.
May I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my Heav'n, my all.
And not a wave of troub - le roll, A - cross my peace - ful breast.

And wipe my weep - ing eyes,.....And wipe my weep-ing eyes,.....
And face a frown-ing world,.....And face a frown-ing world,....
My God, my Heav'n, my all,. .....My God, my Heav'n, my all, ...
A - cross my peace-ful breast,.....A - cross my peace-ful breast,....

I'll bid fare - well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes.
Then I can smile at Sa-tan's rage, And face a frown - ing world.
May I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my Heav'n, my all.
And not a wave of troub - le roll, A - cross my peace - ful breast.

78.

Christ Is All.

FROM "SILVER TONES" USED BY PER.
REV. W. A. WILLIAMS, PHILADELPHIA

W. A. Williams.

1. I en-tered once a home of care, For age and pen - u - ry were there, Yet peace and joy with - al; I asked the lone - ly moth - er whence Her help-less wid- ow-hood's de-fence, She told me, "Christ was all."
2. I stood be - side a dy - ing bed, Where lay a child with ach - ing head, Wait - ing for Je - sus call; I marked his smile, 'twas sweet as May, And as his spir - it passed a - way, He whispered, "Christ is all."
3. I saw the mar - tyr at the stake, The flames could not his cour - age shake, Nor death his soul ap - pall; I asked him whence his strength was giv'n—He look'd tri - umph - ant - ly to heav'n, And answered, "Christ is all."
4. I saw the gos - pel her - ald go To Afric's sand and Greenland's snow, To save from Sa-tan's thrall: Nor home nor life he count - ed dear, Midst wants and per - ils owned no fear, He felt that, "Christ is all."
5. I dreamed that hoar - y time had fled, And earth and sea give up their dead, A fire dissolved this ball; I saw the church's ran - som'd throng, I heard the bur - den of their song, 'Twas "Christ is all in all."
6. Then come to Christ, O come to - day, The Fa - ther, Son, and Spir - it say; The Bride re-peats the call; For He will cleanse your guilt - y stains, His love will soothe your wea-ry pains, For "Christ is all in all."

Christ is all, all in all, She told me, "Christ was all."
Christ is all, all in all, He whispered, "Christ is all."
Christ is all, all in all, And an-swered, "Christ is all."
Christ is all, all in all, He felt that "Christ is all."
Christ is all, all in all, 'Twas "Christ is all in all."
Christ is all, all in all, For "Christ is all in all."

79.

Crossing the Bar.

MALE CHORUS OR QUARTET.

Alfred Tennyson. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

Con espress.

1. Sun-set and eve-ning star, And one clear call for me! And may there be no
2. Twilight and eve-ning bell, And aft-er that the dark! And may there be no

pp *mf*

moaning of the bar When I put out to sea, When I put out to sea. But
sad-ness of farewell When I, when I em-bark, When I, when I em-bark. For

rit.

such a tide as moving seems asleep,
tho' from out our bourne of time and place,
Too full for sound and foam,
The flood may bear me far;

Too full for sound and foam,.....
The flood may bear me far, ...

a tempo.

When that which drew from out the boundless deep,
I hope to see my Pi-lot face to face,
Turns a-gain home,
When I have crossed,

Turns a-gain home,.....
When I have crossed,.....

Turns a-gain home, Turns a-gain home, Turns a-gain home.
When I have crossed, When I have crossed, crossed the bar.

No. 80. When They Ring the Golden Bells.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY DION DE MARBELLE. USED BY PERMISSION OF THE JOHN CHURCH COMPANY.
OWNERS OF COPYRIGHT.

Dion De Marbelle.

1. There's a land be-yond the riv - er That we call the sweet for-ev-er, And we
2. We shall know no sin or sor-row In that ha-ven of to-mor-row, When our
3. When our days shall know their number, When in death we sweetly slumber, When the

on - ly reach that shore by faith's decree; One by one we'll gain the portals, There to
barque shall sail beyond the sil-ver sea; We shall on - ly know the blessing Of our
King commands the spirit to be free; Nev-er-more with anguish laden, We shall

dwell with the im-mor-tals, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.
Fa-ther's sweet caressing, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.
reach that love-ly ai - den, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.

FINE.

you and me.

D.S.—*yond the shining river, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.*

CHORUS.

Don't you hear the bells now ringing? Don't you hear the angels sing-ing? 'Tis the

D. S.

glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah Ju-bi-lee. (Ju-bi-lee.) In that far-off sweet forever, Just be-

No. 81. I'll Be There Anyway.

Herbert Buffum. OWNED BY R. E. WINSETT, CHATTANOOGA, TENN. **R. E. Winsett.**

1. I hope to live till Je-sus comes Back to this earth a-gain, And catches up His cho-sen Bride A thou-sand years to reign; But should I die be-
2. It may be at the midnight hour, The still hush of the night, While we so sound-ly sleep in peace, There bursts the warning light; It may be in the
3. Some say 'tis all an i-dle dream, Some vain de-lu-sion rare, To look for Je-sus soon to come, They say 'tis Sa-tan's snare; The Bi-ble said these
4. So farewell, friends, if we should part On earth to meet no more, I'll meet you in the skies some day, When earthly trials are o'er; And should I die be-

fore that time, I know the empty clay Shall be caught up to meet the Lord, And I'll
ear-ly morn, Or at the bright mid-day, But tho' at morning, noon or night, I'll
scoff-ers would These very same things say; No matter what the world declares, I'll
fore that time, And you're alive that day, Just look for me for I in-tend To

REFRAIN.

be there an-y-way. O! praise the Lord for this great hope, That cheers me
day by day, For if I'm not caught up a-live I'll be there an-y-way.

No. 82. If Jesus Goes With Me.
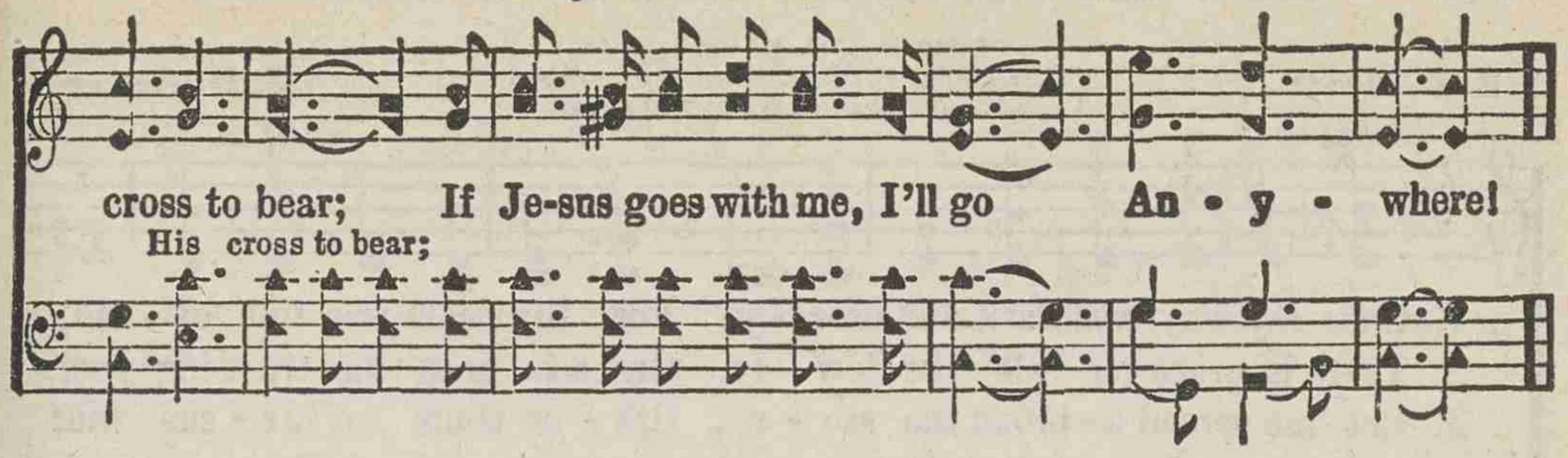
C. A. M. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY HALL-MACK CO. C. Austin Miles.

1. It may be in the val-ley, where countless dangers hide; It may be in the sun-shine that I, in peace, a - bide; But this one thing I know— if it be dark or fair, If Je - sus is with me, I'll go an - y-where!
2. It may be I must car - ry the bless-ed word of life A-cross the burn-ing des - erts to those in sin - ful strife; And tho' it be my lot to bear my col - ors there, If Je - sus goes with me, I'll go an - y-where!
3. But if it be my por - tion to bear my cross at home, While others bear their bur - dens be-yond the bil-low's foam, I'll prove my faith in Him— con- fess my judgments fair And, if He stays with me, I'll go an - y-where!
4. It is not mine to ques-tion the judgments of my Lord, It is but mine to fol - low the lead-ings of His word; But if to go or stay, or whether here or there, I'll be, with my Sav - iour, con- tent an - y-where!

CHORUS.

If Je - sus goes with me, I'll go.. An - y where! 'Tis heav-en to me, Where e'er I may be, If He is there! I count it a priv - i-lege here.. His cross, His I'll go,

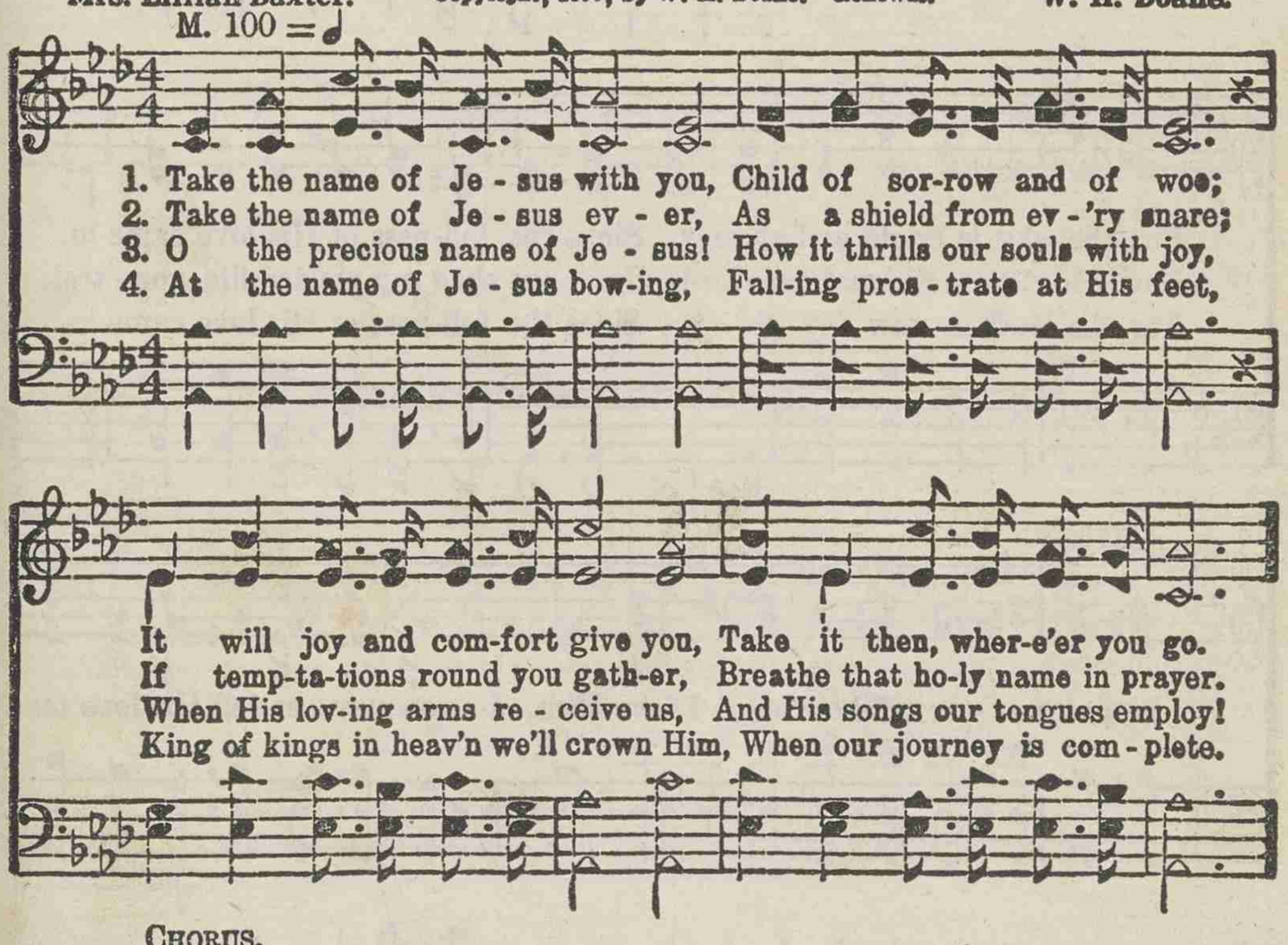
If Jesus Goes With Me.



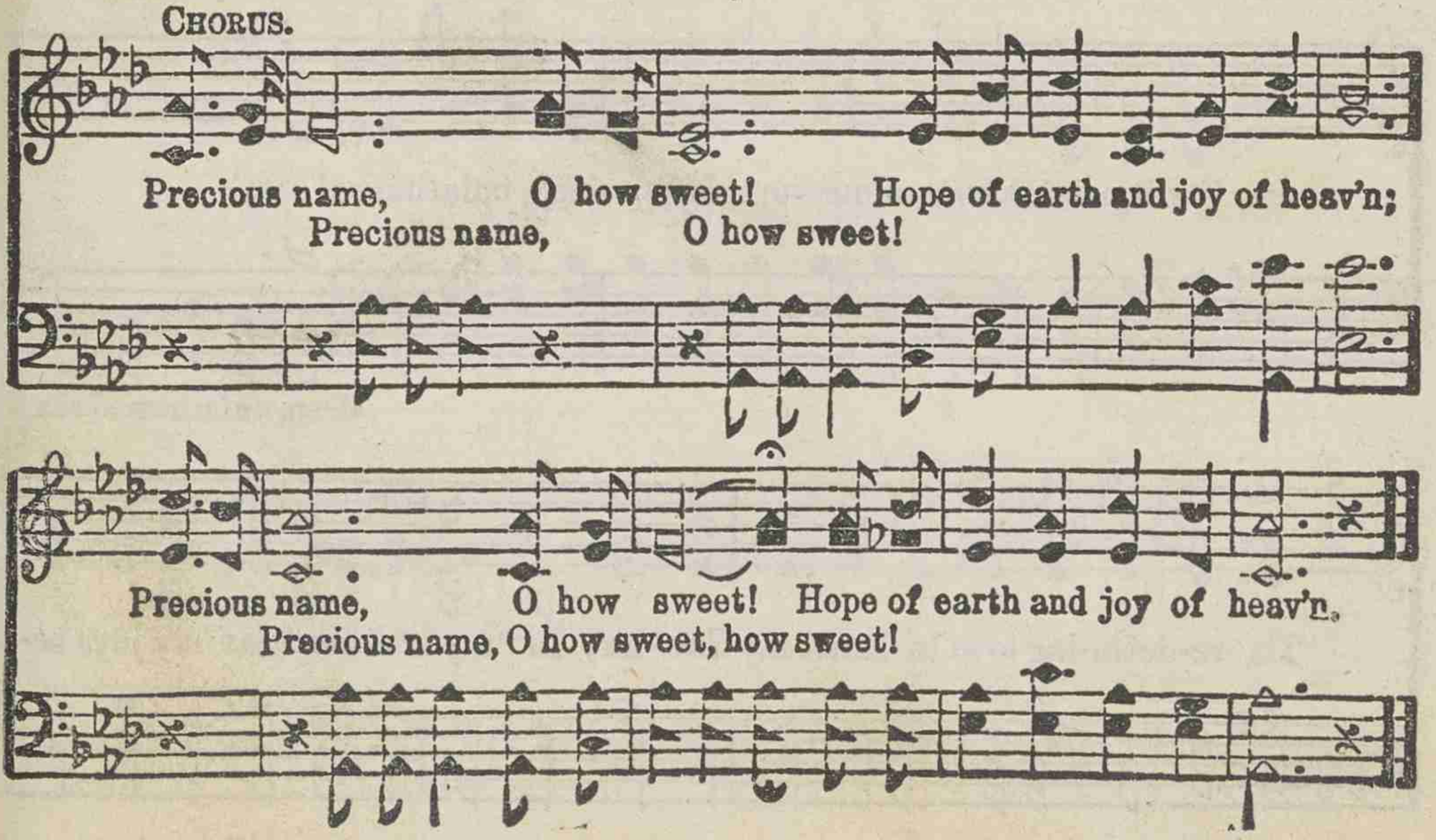
83. Take the Name of Jesus With You.

Mrs. Lillian Baxter. Copyright, 1899, by W. H. Doane. Renewal. W. H. Doane.

M. 100 = ♩



CHORUS.



84. Since the Fullness of His Love Came In.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY B. D. ACKLEY.
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INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

E. E. Hewitt. B. D. Ackley.

M. 104 = ♩

1. Once my way was dark and drear - y, For my heart was full of sin,
2. There is grace for all the low - ly, Grace to keep the trust-ing soul;
3. Let me spread a - broad the sto - ry, Oth - er souls to Je - sus win;

But the sky is bright and cheer-y, Since the full-ness of His love came in.
Pow'r to cleanse and make me ho-ly, Je - sus shall my yielded life con - trol.
For the cross is now my glo - ry, Since the full-ness of His love came in.

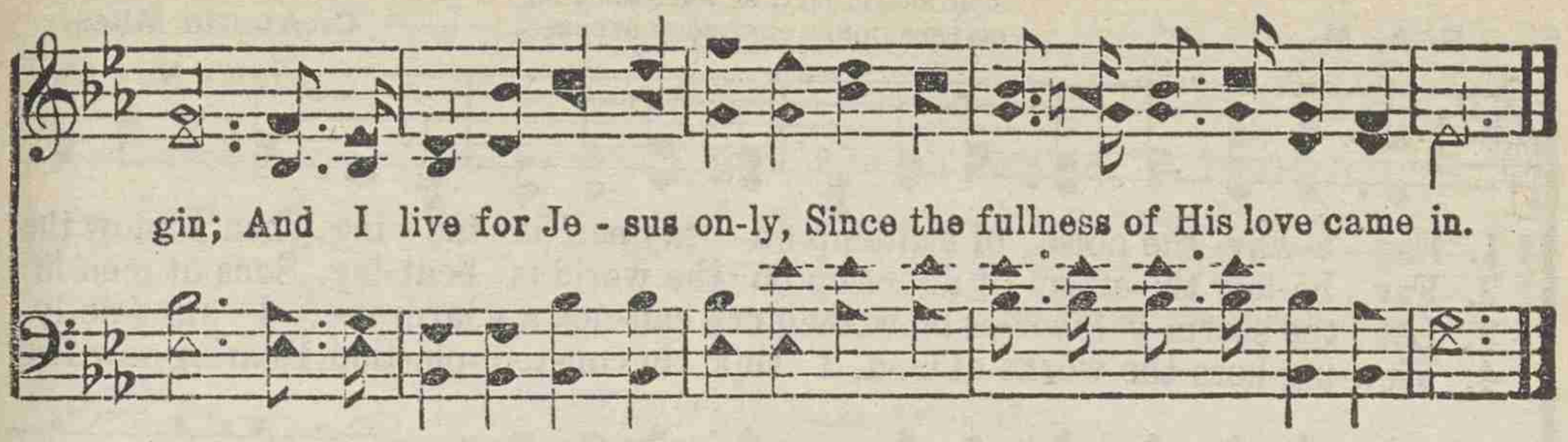
CHORUS.

I can nev - er tell how much I love Him, I can nev - er tell His love for me; For it passeth human measure, Like a deep, unfathomed sea;

deep, unfathomed sea;

'Tis re-deem-ing love in Christ my Sav - ior, In my soul the heav'nly joys be-

Since the Fullness of His Love Came In.
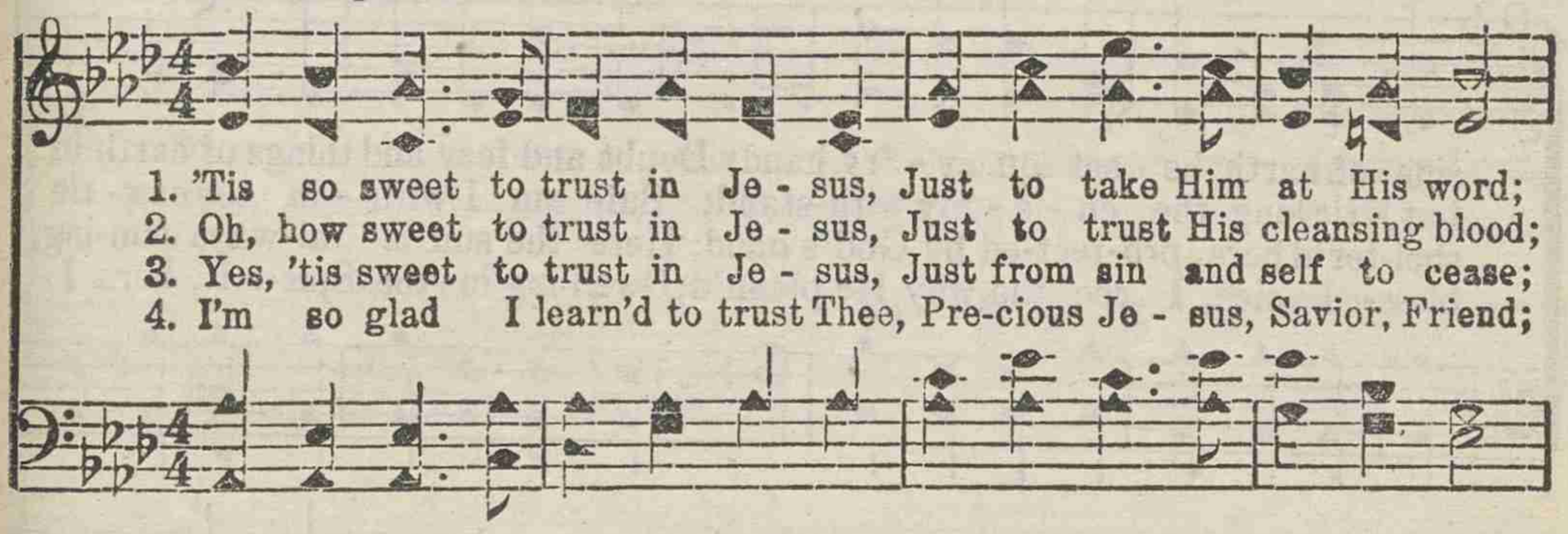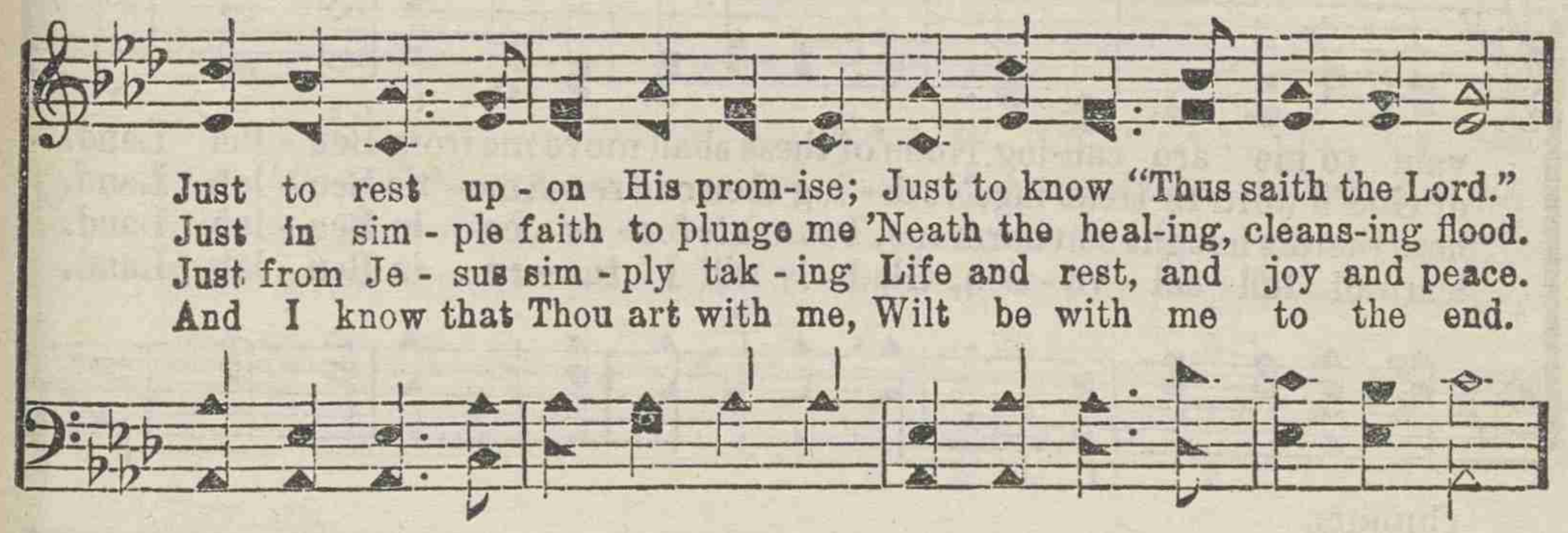


No. 85. 'Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. RENEWAL.

Mrs. Louisa M. R. Snead. HOPE PUBLISHING CO., OWNER. **Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.**

M. 92 = ♩





No. 86. Dwelling in Beulah Land.

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C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

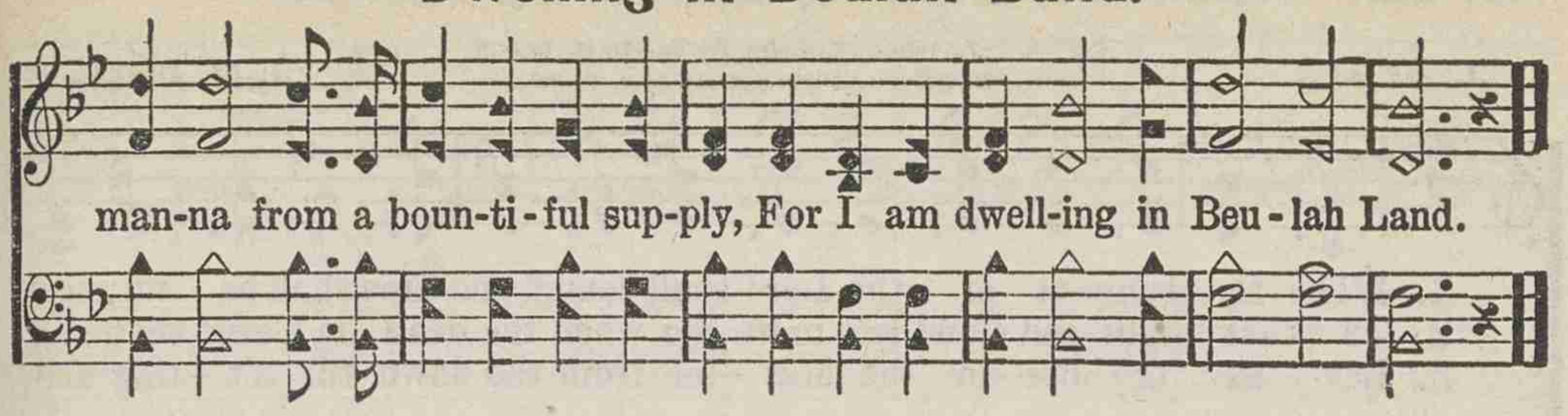
1. Far a-way the noise of strife up-on my ear is fall - ing, Then I know the sins of earth be - set on ev - 'ry hand; Doubt and fear and things of earth in
2. Far be-low the storm of doubt up-on the world is beat-ing, Sons of men in bat - tle long the en - e - my with-stand; Safe am I with - in the cas - tle
3. Let the storm-y breez-es blow, their cry can-not a - larm me, I am safe-ly shel-ter'd here, pro-tect-ed by God's hand; Here the sun is al-ways shin-ing,
4. View-ing here the works of God, I sink in con-tem-pla-tion, Hearing now His bless-ed voice, I see the way He plann'd; Dwell-ing in the Spir - it, here I

vain to me are call-ing, None of these shall move me from Beu - lah Land.
of God's word re-treat-ing, Noth - ing then can reach me–'tis Beu - lah Land.
here there's naught can harm me, I am safe for - ev - er in Beu - lah Land.
learn of full sal - va - tion, Glad - ly will I tar - ry in Beu - lah Land.

CHORUS.

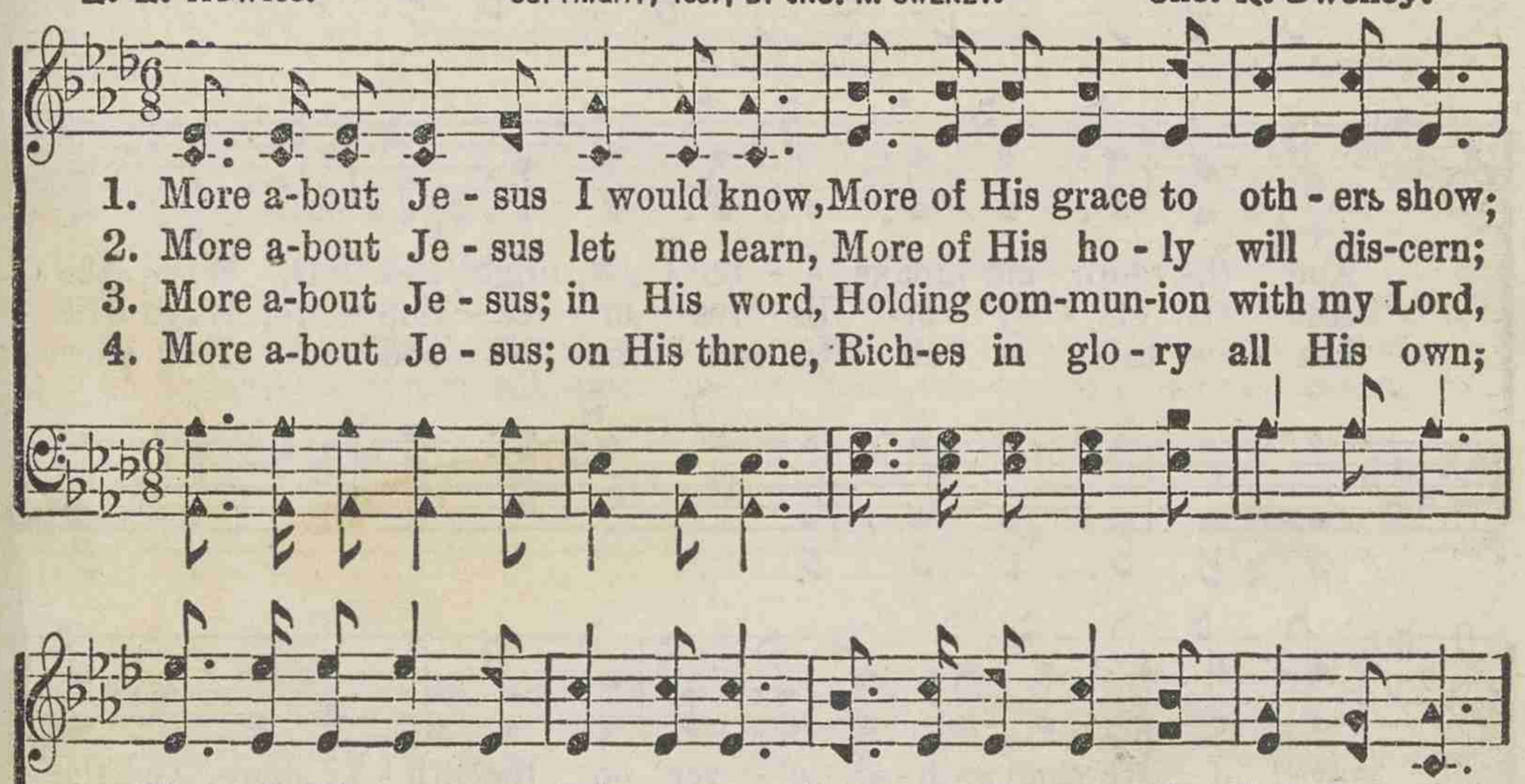
I'm liv - ing on the mountain, un - der-neath a cloud-less sky, I'm Praise God!
drink-ing at the fountain that nev-er shall run dry, O yes! I'm feasting on the

Dwelling in Beulah Land.



No. 87. More About Jesus.

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

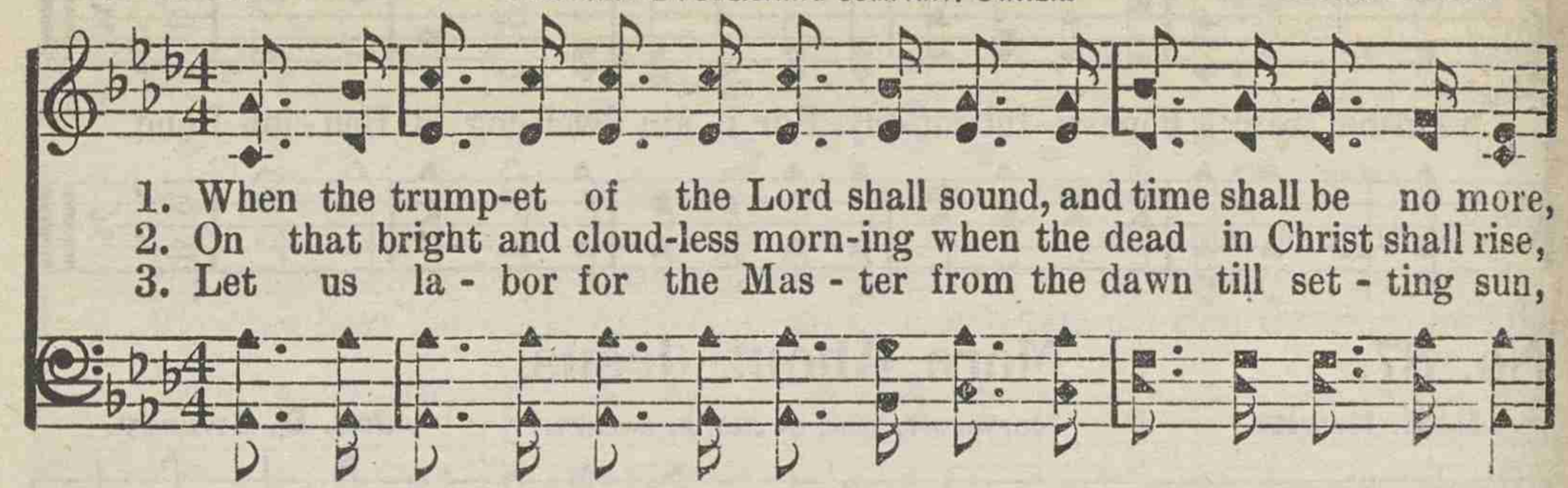


No. 88. When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.
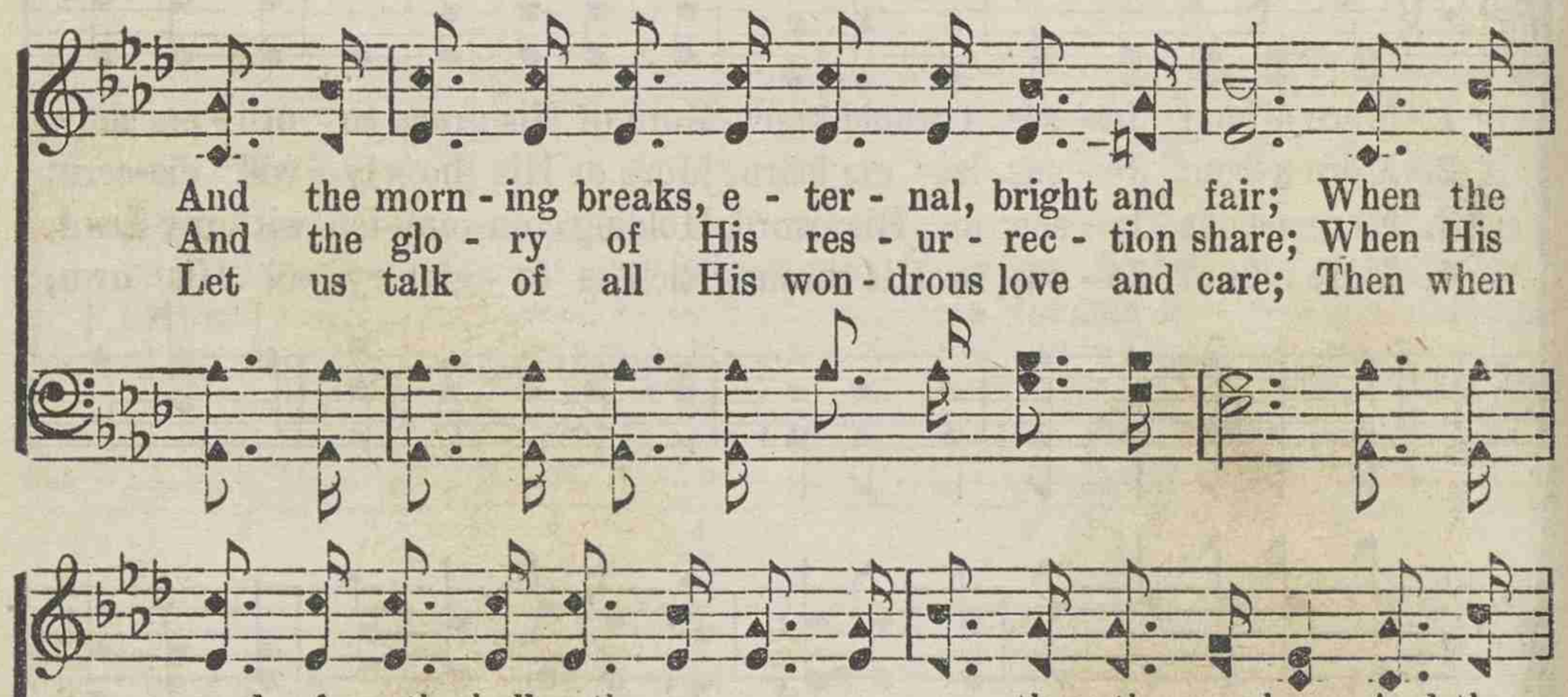
COPYRIGHT, 1921. RENEWAL BY JAMES M. BLACK.
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J. M. B. J. M. Black.
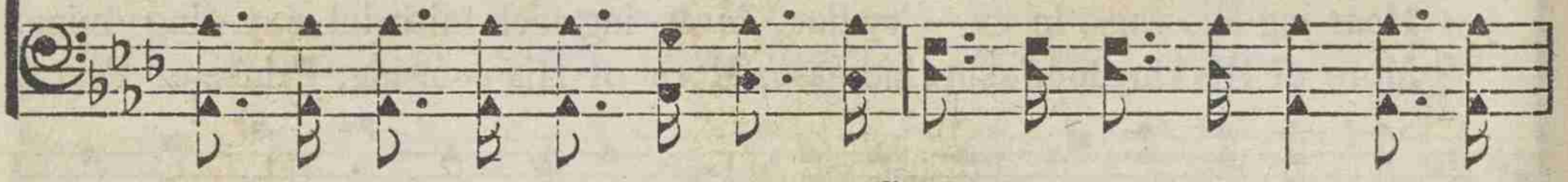
1. When the trump-et of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more,
2. On that bright and cloud-less morn-ing when the dead in Christ shall rise,
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set - ting sun,
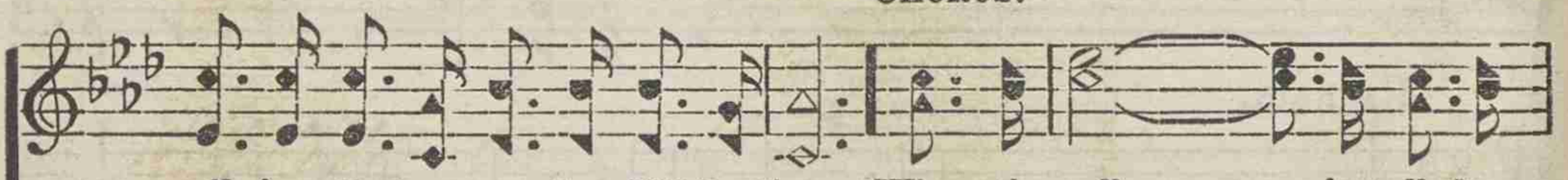


And the morn - ing breaks, e - ter - nal, bright and fair; When the
And the glo - ry of His res - ur - rec - tion share; When His
Let us talk of all His won - drous love and care; Then when
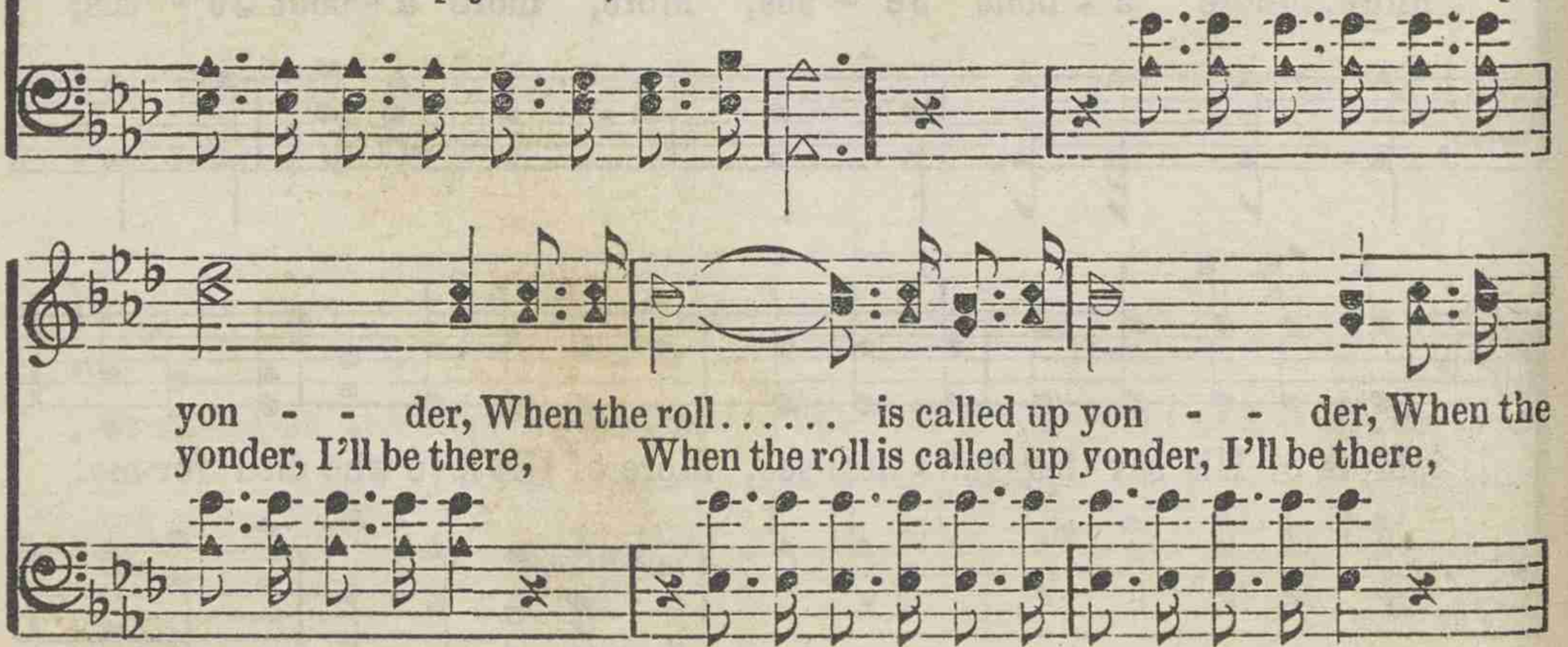


saved of earth shall gath - er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the
cho - sen ones shall gath - er to their home be-yond the skies, And the
all of life is o - ver and our work on earth is done, And the



CHORUS.

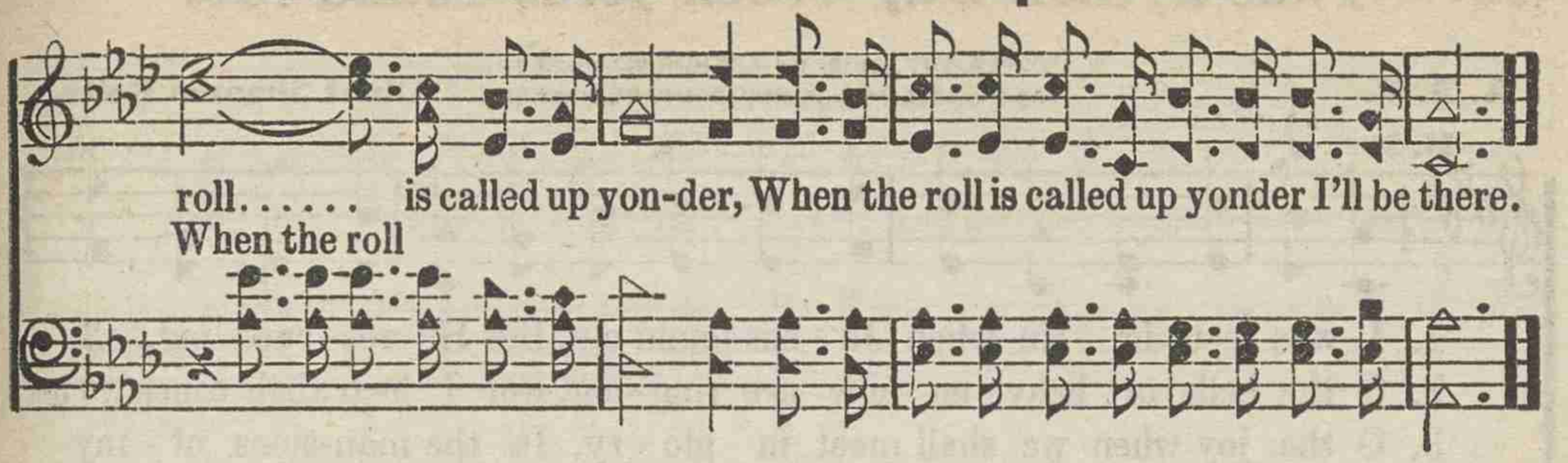


roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there. When the roll..... is called up
roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.
roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there. When the roll is called up



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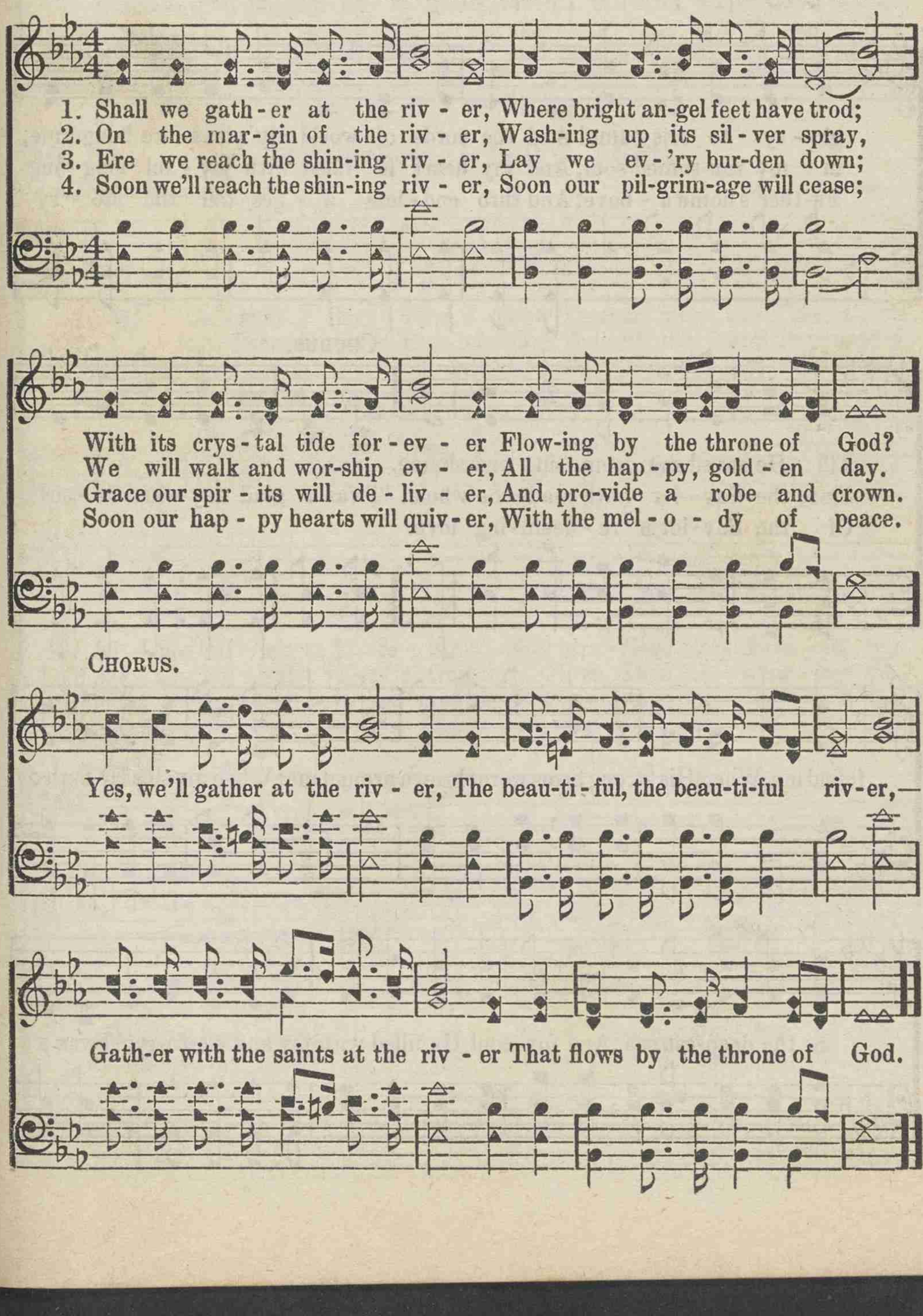
When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.



No. 89. Shall We Gather at the River.

COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF MARY RUNYON LOWRY.
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R. L. **Robert Lowry.**



90. 'Twas a Glad Day When Jesus Found Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY ARTHUR W. MCKEE.
TABERNACLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, OWNER.

A. S. R. **Albert Simpson Reitz.**

M. 90 = ♩

1. I was lost in sin when Je - sus found me, But He res - cued me, all
2. O the bells of heav - en now are ring - ing, For I hear their tones with -
3. O the joy when we shall meet in glo - ry, In the man-sions of my

glo - ry to His name! And the cords of world - ly pleas - ure bound me,
in my ran-somed soul, And my heart is filled with joy - ful sing - ing
Fa-ther's home a - bove; And thro' end - less a - ges tell the sto - ry

CHORUS.

Till He saved me from sin and shame.
Since the Sav - ior hath made me whole. 'Twas a glad day when Je - sus
Of the Sav-ior's re - deem - ing love.

found me, When His strong arms were thrown around me; When my sins He buried

in the deep-est sea, And my soul He filled with joy and vic-to-ry, 'Twas a

'Twas a Glad Day When Jesus Found Me.

glad day, O hal - le - lu - jah! 'Twas a glad day He claimed His own; I will

shout a glad ho - san - na in glo-ry When I see Him up - on His throne.

No. 91. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book. A. J. Gordon.

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the
2. I love Thee be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a-

fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the
long as Thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death-dew lies
dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

Sav - ior art Thou, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
cold on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

No. 92. My Anchor Holds.

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TABERNACLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, OWNER.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

W. C. Martin. D. B. Towner.

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

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

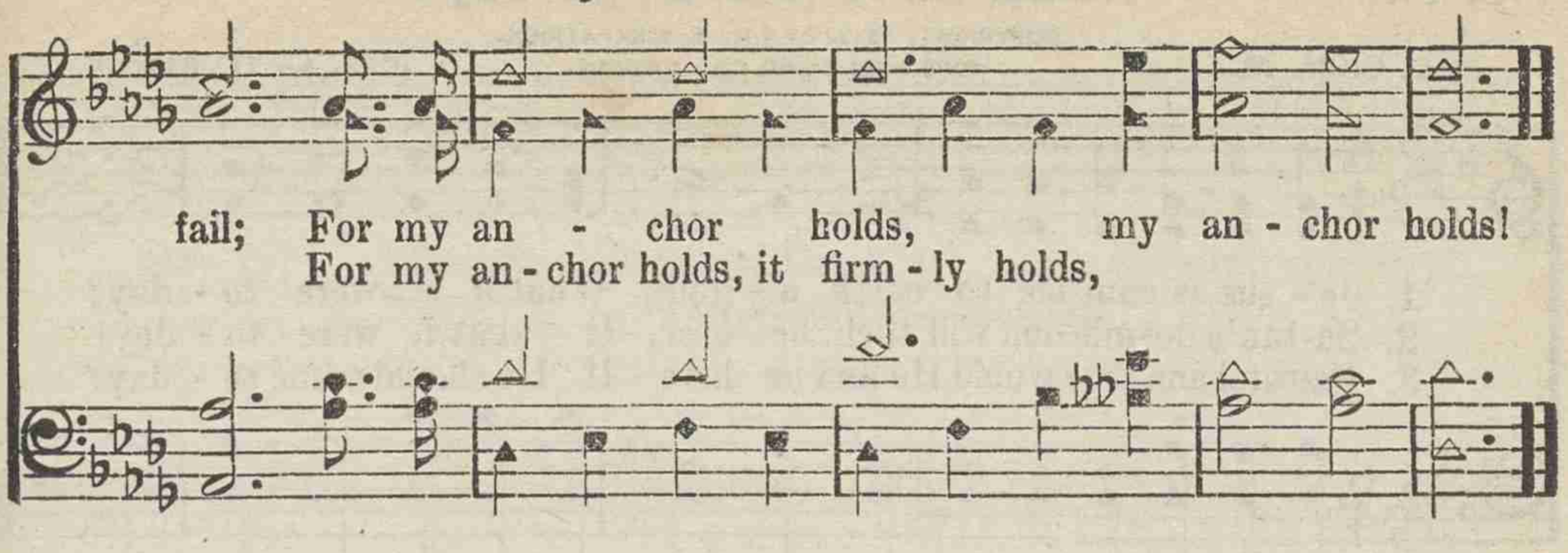
I've an an - chor safe and sure, And in Christ I shall en - dure!
Still I stand the tempest's shock, For my an - chor grips the Rock!
But in Christ I can be bold—I've an an - chor that shall hold!

CHORUS.

And it holds, my an - chor holds;..... Blow your wild - est, then, O
And it holds,..... my an-chor holds; Blow your wild - - est
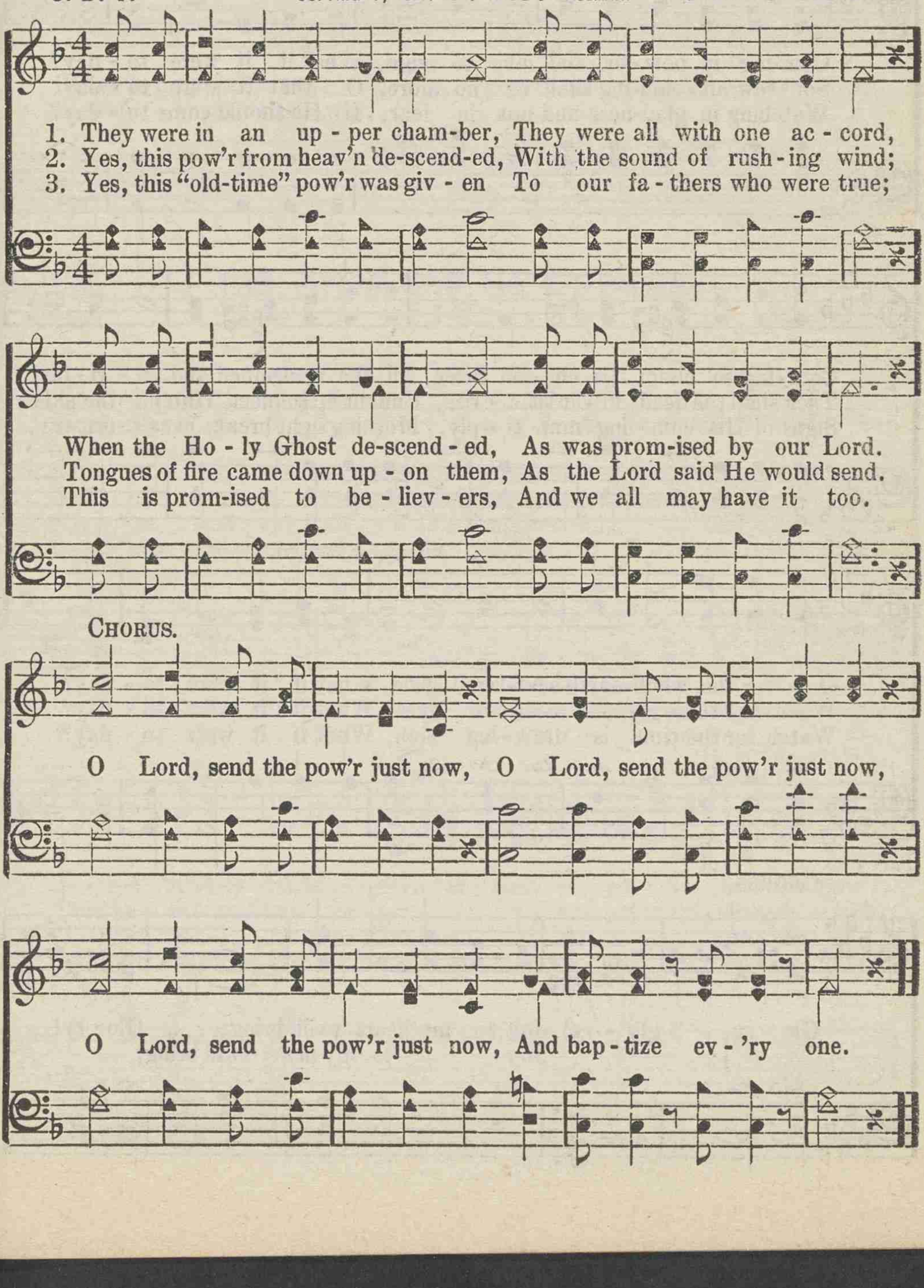
gale, On my bark so small and frail, I shall nev - er, nev - er
then, O gale,

My Anchor Holds.



No. 93. Old-Time Power.

C. D. T. COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN. Charlie D. Tillman.



No. 94. What If It Were To-day?

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
HOPE PUBLISHING CO., OWNERS.

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

1. Je - sus is com-ing to earth a - gain, What if it were to - day?
2. Sa-tan's do-min-ion will then be o'er, O that it were to - day!
3. Faithful and true would He find us here If He should come to - day?

Com-ing in pow - er and love to reign, What if it were to - day?
Sor - row and sigh-ing shall be no more, O that it were to - day!
Watching in glad-ness and not in fear, If He should come to - day?

Com - ing to claim His cho-sen Bride, All the re-deemed and pu - ri - fied,
Then shall the dead in Christ a - rise, Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
Signs of His com - ing mul - ti - ply, Morning light breaks in east - ern sky,
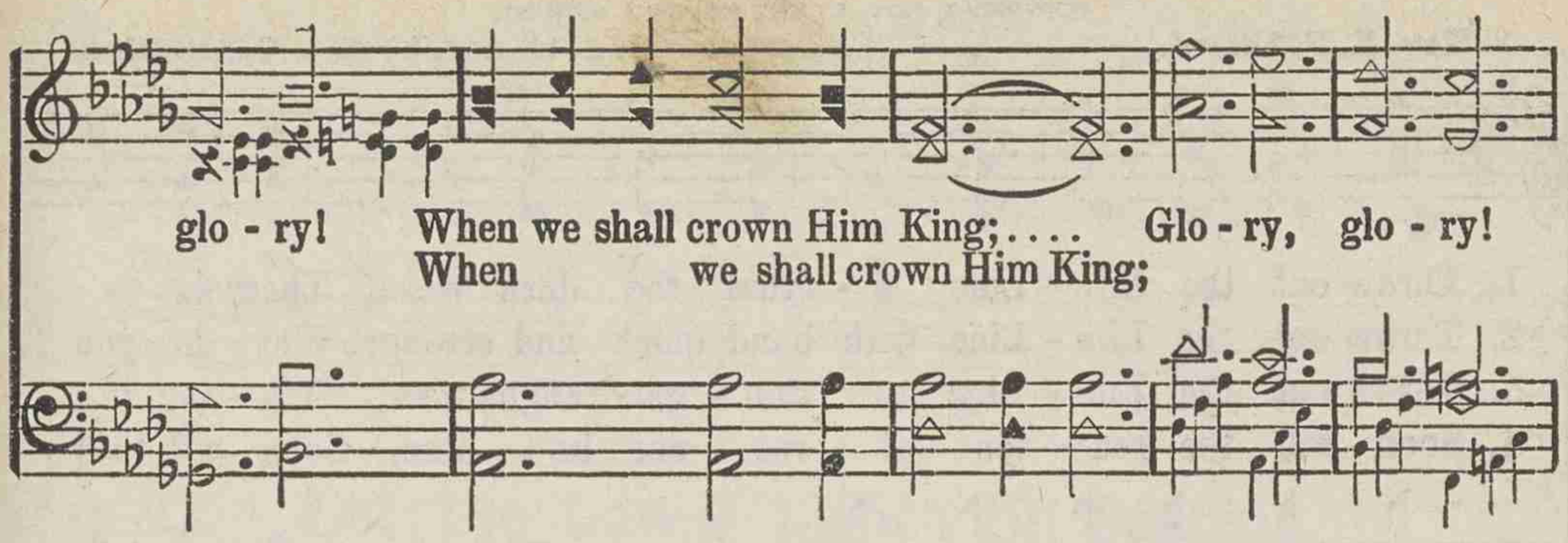
rit. *a tempo.*
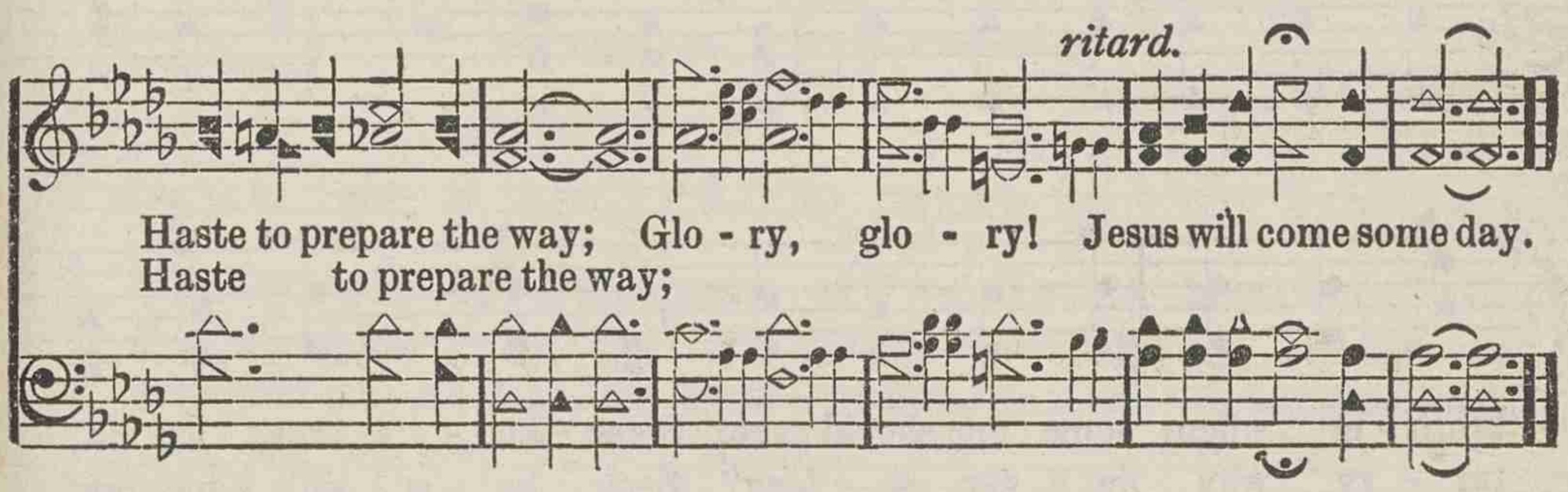
O - ver this whole earth scat-tered wide, What if it were to - day?
When shall these glo-ries meet our eyes? What if it were to - day?
Watch, for the time is draw - ing nigh, What if it were to - day?

CHORUS.

Glo - ry, glo - ry! Joy to my heart 'twill bring;.... Glo - ry!
Joy to my heart 'twill bring;

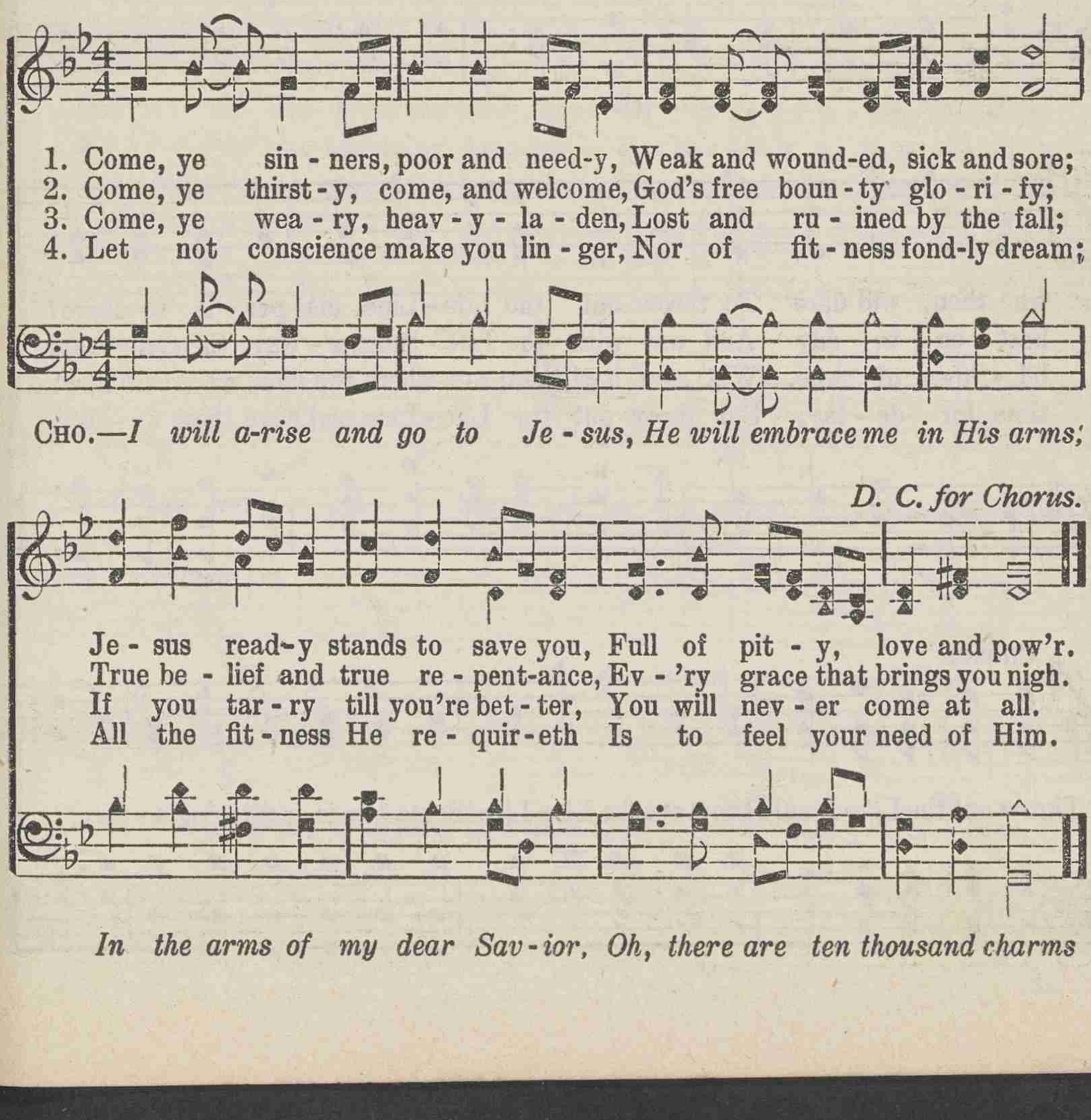
What If It Were To-day?





No. 95. I Will Arise and Go to Jesus.

J. Hart. **Arranged.**



No. 96. Throw Out the Life-Line.

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO.
USED BY PER.

Rev. E. S. Ufford. E. S. U. Arr. by Geo. C. Stebbins.

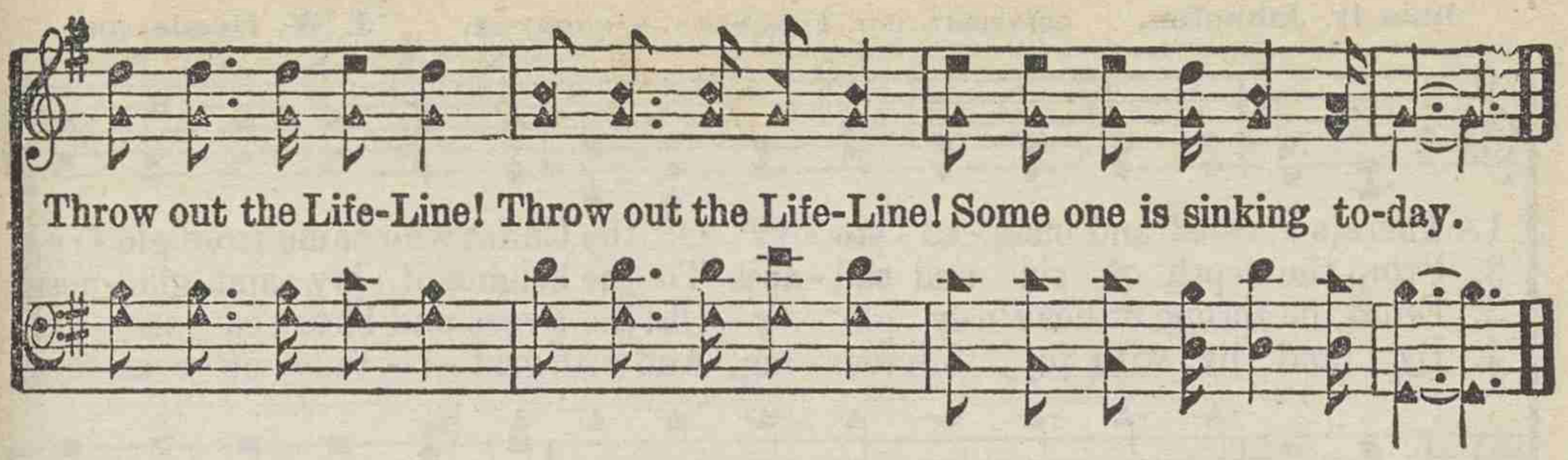
1. Throw out the Life - Line a - cross the dark wave, There is a broth - er whom some one should save; Some - bod - y's broth - er! oh,
2. Throw out the Life - Line with hand quick and strong; Why do you tar - ry, why lin - ger so long? See! he is sink - ing, oh,
3. Throw out the Life - Line to dan - ger-fraught men, Sink - ing in an - guish where you've nev - er been; Winds of temp - ta - tion and
4. Soon will the sea - son of res - cue be o'er, Soon will they drift to e - ter - ni - ty's shore; Haste, then, my broth - er, no

who then, will dare To throw out the Life - Line, his per - il to share?
hast - en to - day And out with the Life - Boat, a - way, then, a - way!
bil - lows of woe, Will soon hurl them out where the dark wa - ters flow.
time for de - lay, But throw out the Life - Line and save them to - day.

CHORUS.

Throw out the Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is drift - ing a - way;

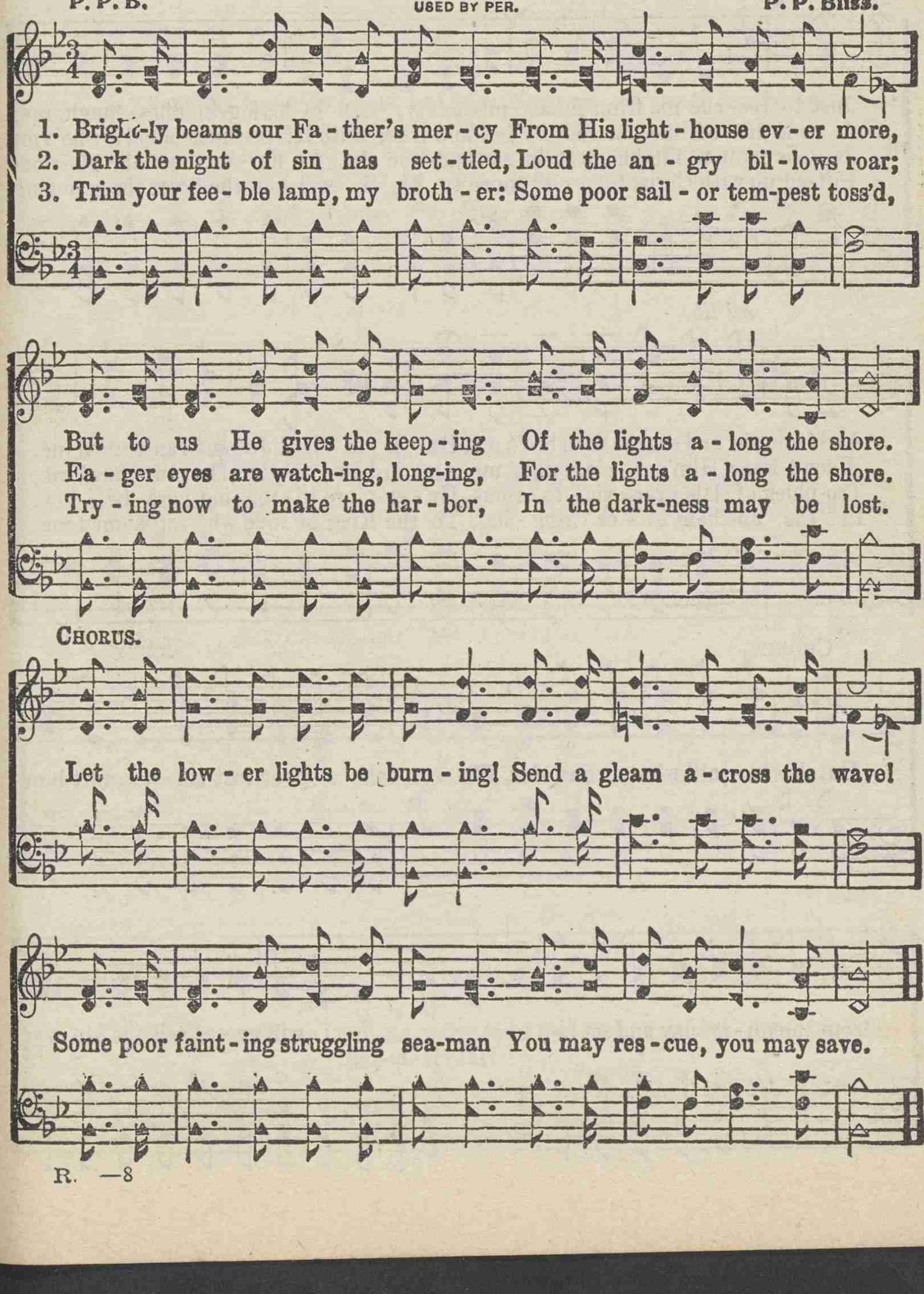
Throw Out the Life-Line.



No. 97. Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
USED BY PER.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.



No. 98. He Ransomed Me.

Julia H. Johnston. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY HOMER A. HAMMONTREE. **J. W. Henderson.**

1. There's a sweet and bless - ed sto - ry Of the Christ who came from glo - ry,
2. From the depth of sin and sad - ness To the heights of joy and glad-ness
3. From the throne of heav'n-ly glo - ry—Oh! the sweet and bless - ed sto - ry!
4. By and by, with joy in-creas - ing, And with grat - i - tude un - ceas - ing,

Just to res - cue me from sin and mis-er - y; He in loving-kindness sought me,
Je - sus lift - ed me, in mer-cy full and free; With His precious blood He bo't me,
Je - sus came to lift the lost in sin and woe In - to lib - er - ty all - glo-rious,
Lift-ed up with Christ for-ev-er-more to be, I will join the hosts there singing,

ad lib.

And from sin and shame hath bro't me, Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus ran-somed me.
When I knew Him not, He sought me, And in love di - vine He ran-somed me.
Tro-phies of His grace vic - to - rious, Ev - er-more re - joic-ing here be - low.
In the an-them ev - er ring - ing, To the King of love who ran-somed me.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior, Who can take a poor lost sin - ner, Lift him
from the miry clay and set him free! I will ever tell the sto - ry,
Hal - le - lu - jah!

He Ransomed Me.

ad lib.

Shout-ing glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus ran-somed me.

No. 99. My Heavenly Home.

William Hunter. **Arr. William McDonald.**

1. My heav'nly home is bright and fair; Nor pain, nor death can en - ter there;
2. My Father's house is built on high, Far, far a - bove the star-ry sky;
3. While here a stran-ger far from home, Af-flic-tion's waves may round me foam;
4. Let oth-ers seek a home be - low, Which flames devour, or waves o'er-flow;

Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun out-shine; That heav'nly man-sion shall be mine.
When from this earth-ly pris-on free, That heav'nly man-sion mine shall be.
Al-tho', like Laz - arus, sick and poor, My heav'n-ly man-sion is se - cure.
Be mine the hap - pier lot to own A heav'n-ly man-sion near the throne.

CHORUS.

I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home to die no more;

To die no more, to die no more, I'm go - ing home to die no more.

No. 100. Sweeter As the Years Go By.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

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

1. Of Je-sus' love that sought me When I was lost in sin, Of won-drous grace that brought me Back to His fold a-gain, Of heights and depths of
2. He trod in old Ju-de-a Life's pathway long a-go; The peo-ple thronged a-bout Him, His sav-ing grace to know; He healed the bro-ken-
3. 'Twas wondrous love which led Him For us to suf-fer loss—To bear with- out a mur-mur The an-guish of the cross. With saints re-deemed in
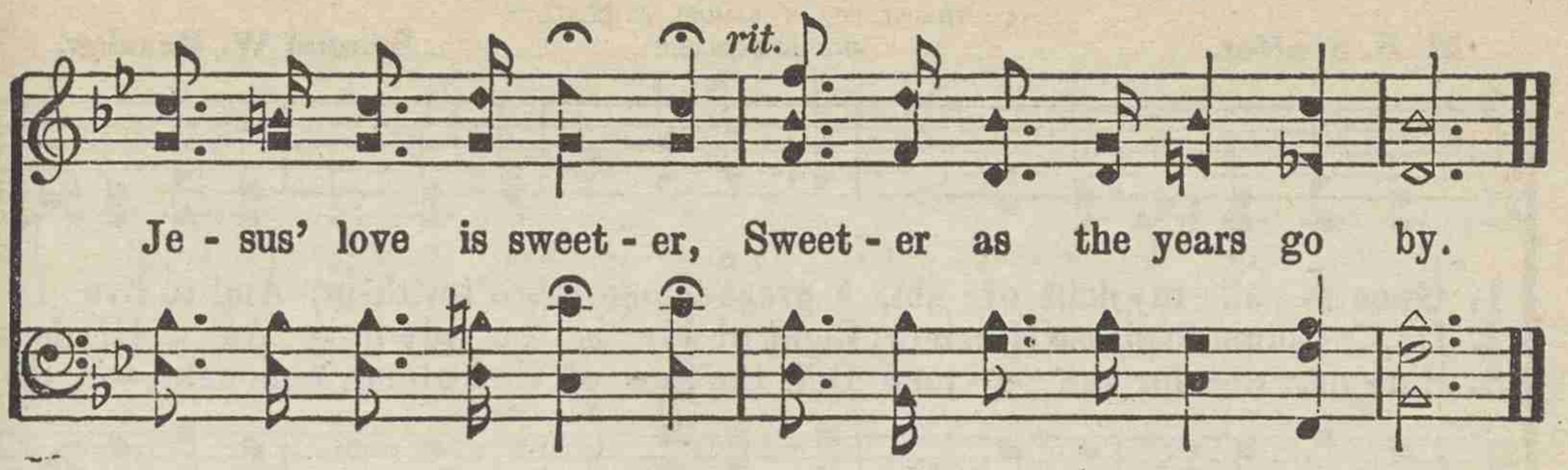
mer-cy Far deep-er than the sea, And high-er than the heav-ens My
heart-ed, And caused the blind to see; And still His great heart yearneth In
glo-ry, Let us our voic-es raise, Till heav'n and earth re-ech-o With

CHORUS.

theme shall ev-er be: Sweet-er as the years go by,.....
love for e-ven me.
our Re-deem-er's praise. Sweet-er as the years go by, 'Tis
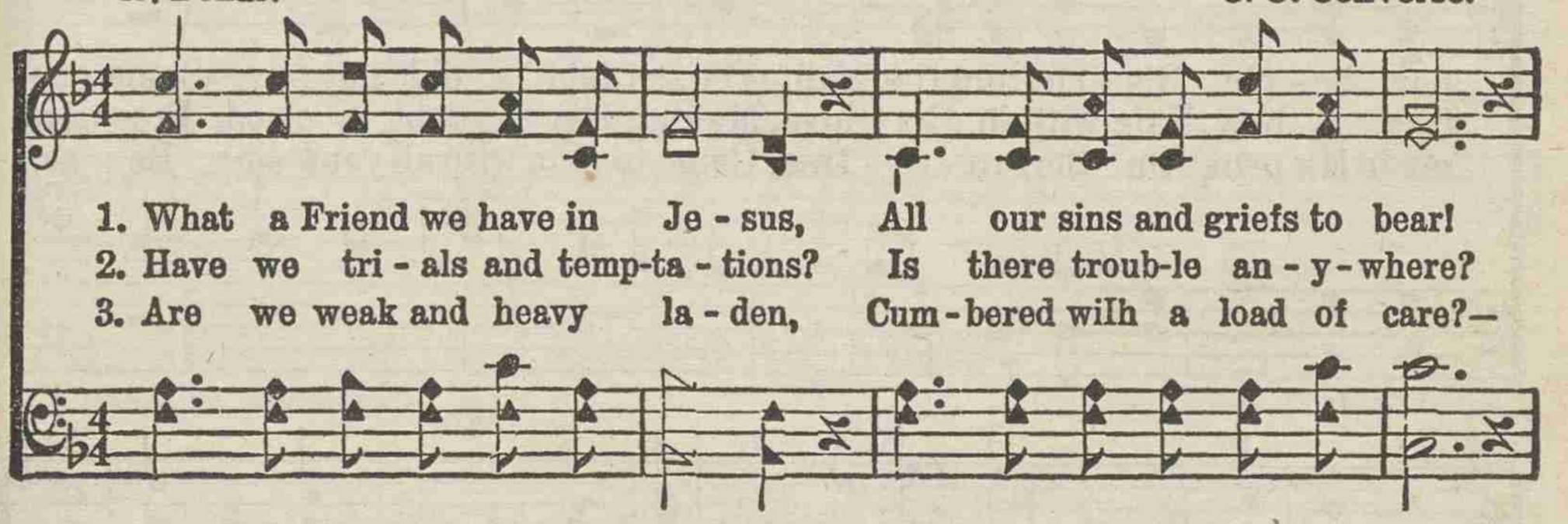
Sweet-er as the years go by; Rich-er, full-er, deep-er,
sweet-er as the years go by;
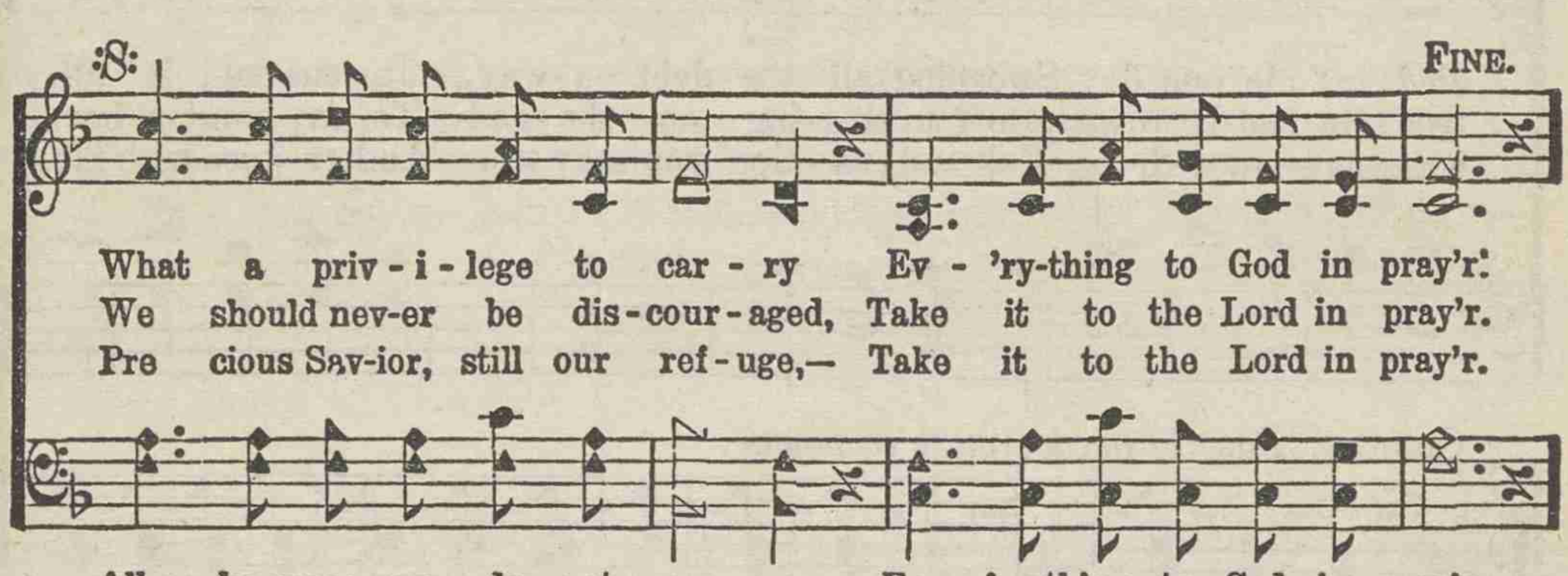
Sweeter As the Years Go By.

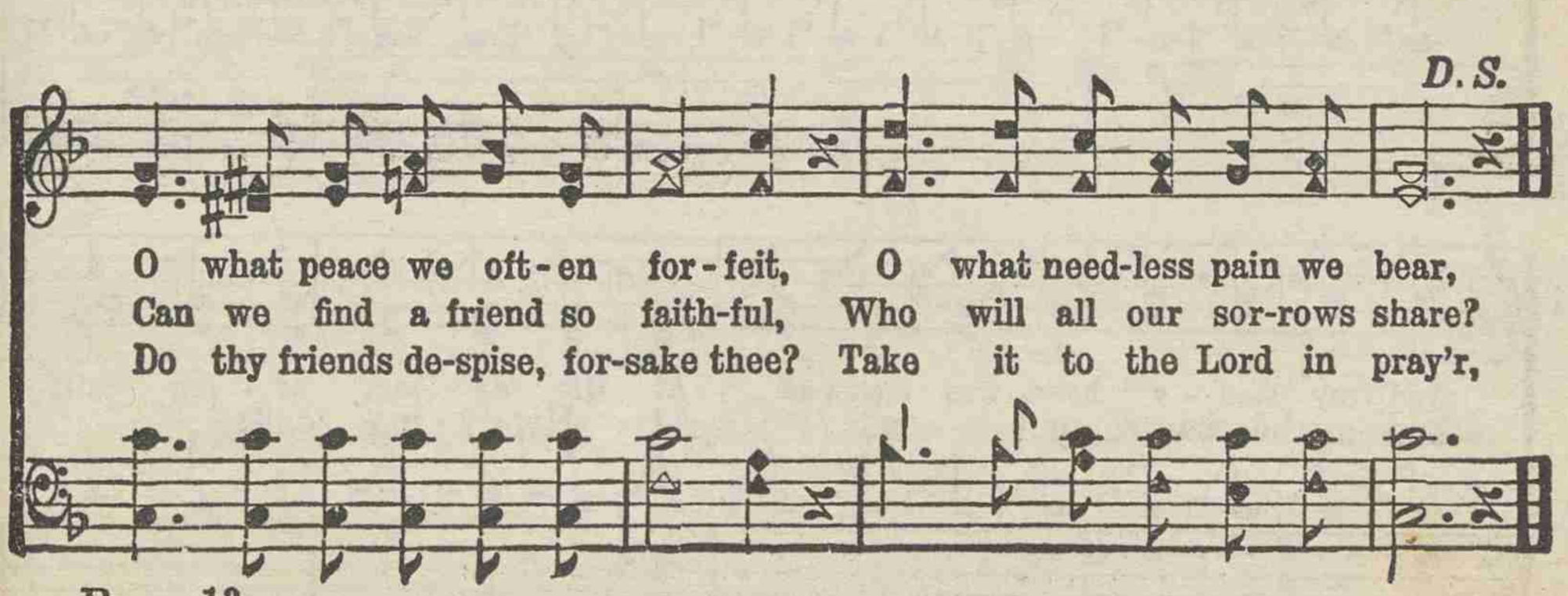


No. 101. What a Friend,

H. Bonar. C. C. Converse.







No. 102. Jesus Paid it All.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.
IN "HOSANNAS."

M. S. Shaffer. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Gone is all my debt of sin, A great change is bro't with-in, And to live I now be - gin, Ris - en from the fall; Yet the debt I did not pay—Some one
2. Oh, I hope to please Him now, Light of joy is on my brow, As at His dear feet I bow, Safe with-in His love. Making His the debt I owed, Free-dom
3. Sin - ner, not for me a - lone Did the Son of God atone; Your debt, too, He made His own, On the cru - el tree. Come to Him with all your sin; Be as

died for me one day, Sweeping all the debt a - way,—Je - sus paid it all.
true He has bestowed; So I'm sing-ing on the road To my home a - bove.
white as snow with-in; Full sal - va - tion you may win And re - joice with me.

CHORUS. *Bass to predominate in power.*

Je - sus died and paid it all, yes, On the cross of Cal - va - ry, Oh,
Je - sus died and paid it On the cross of Cal - va - ry,

And my ston - y heart was melt - ed At His dy - ing, dy - ing call;
And my heart was melt - ed At His dy - ing call;

Jesus Paid it All.

Oh, His heart in shame was bro - ken On the tree for you and me, yes,
Oh, His heart was bro - ken On the tree for you and me,

And the debt, the debt is can-celled, Je - sus paid it, paid it all.
And the debt is can - celled, Je - sus paid it all.

No. 103. 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
2. We praise Thee, O God, For Thy spir - it of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glo - ry and praise To the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. Re - vive us a - gain; Fill each heart with Thy love, May each soul be re -

died And is now gone a - bove.
Sav-ior, And scattered our night.
sins And has cleansed ev'ry stain.
kin-dled With fire from a - bove.

REFRAIN.

Hal - le - lu-jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le-

lu - jah! A - men; Hal - le - lu-jah! Thine the glo - ry, Re - vive us a - gain.

104. The Fight is On.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
HOPE PUBLISHING COMPANY, OWNER.

Mrs. C. H. M. 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

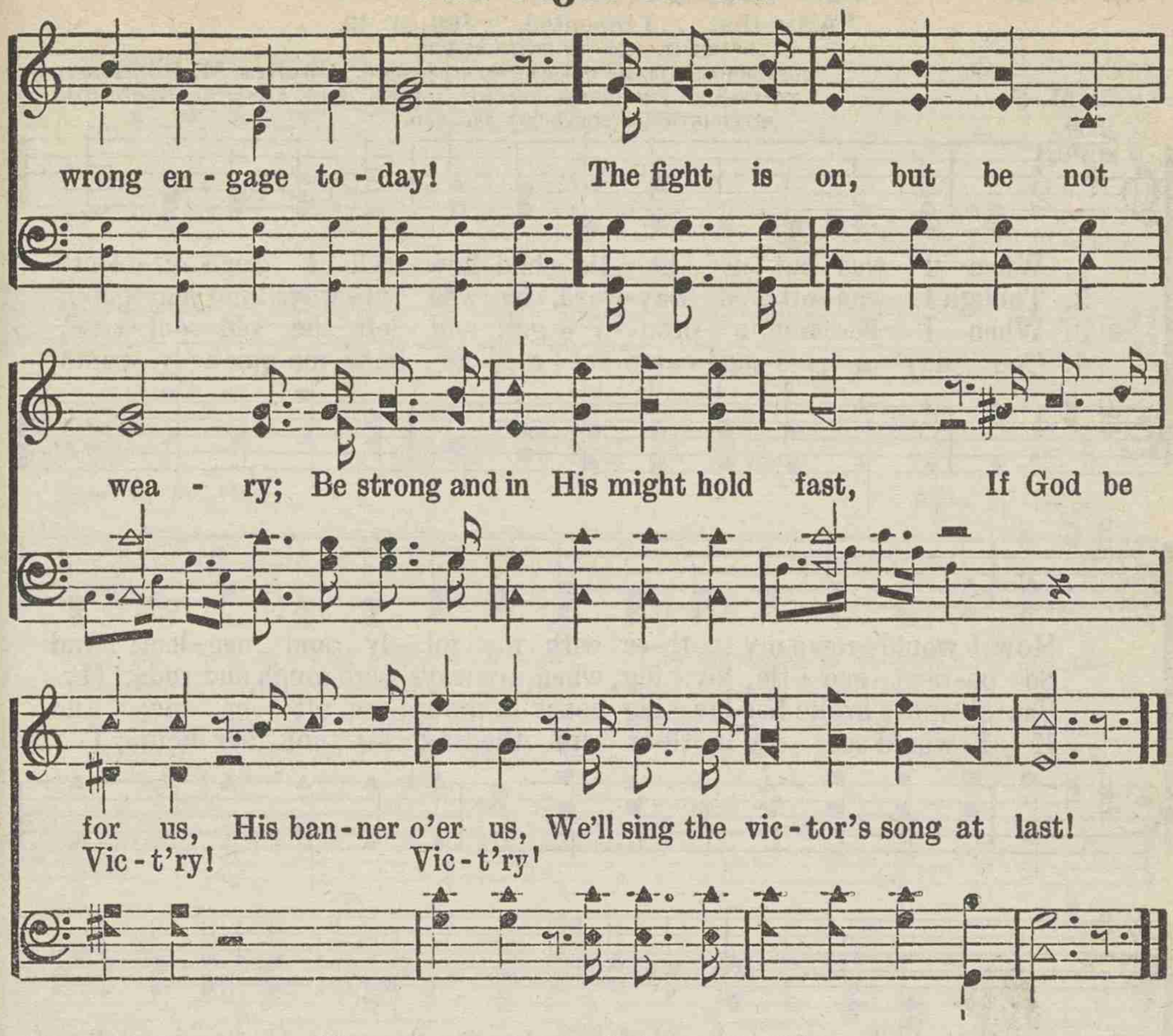
on to vic - to - ry, The tri-umph of the Christ will soon ap-pear.
God has giv - en you, And in His strength un - to the end en-dure.
land shall hon-ored be; The morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

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

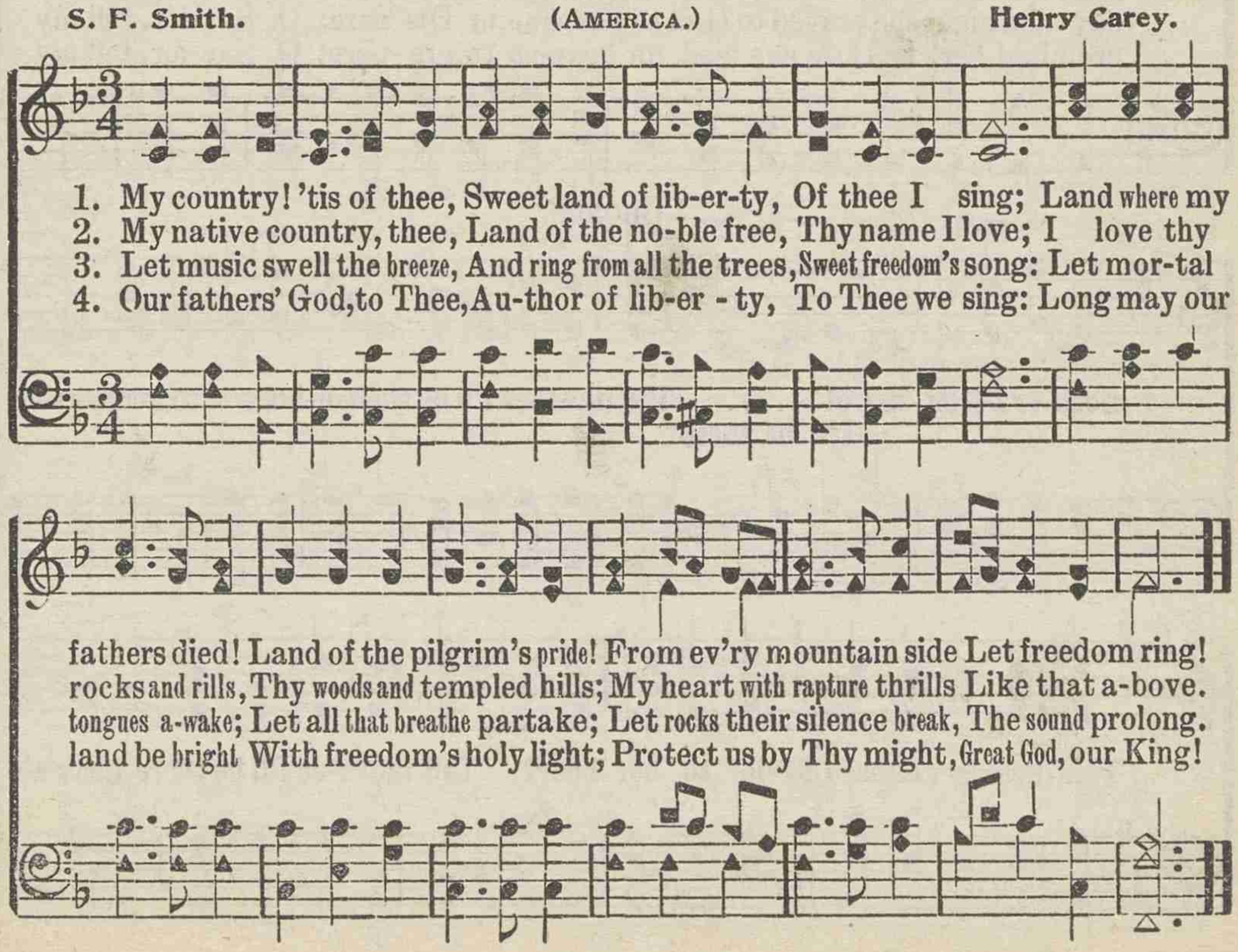
ray,.... With ar - mor gleam-ing, and col - ors stream-ing, The right and

The Fight is On.



No. 105. My Country, 'Tis of Thee.

S. F. Smith. (AMERICA.) Henry Carey.



No. 106. Tell Mother I'll Be There.

"After that . . . I repented."—JER. 31: 19.

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Charles M. Fillmore.
Arr. Geo. C. Stebbins.

C. M. F.

1. When I was but a lit - tle child how well I rec - ol - lect
2. Though I was oft - en way-ward, she was al - ways kind and good;
3. When I be-came a prod - i - gal, and left the old roof - tree,
4. One day a mes-sage came to me, it bade me quick - ly come

How I would grieve my moth-er with my fol - ly and neg - lect; And
So pa-tient, gen - tle, lov - ing, when my ways were rough and rude; My
She al - most broke her lov - ing heart in mourn-ing aft - er me; And
If I would see my moth-er ere the Sav - ior took her home; I
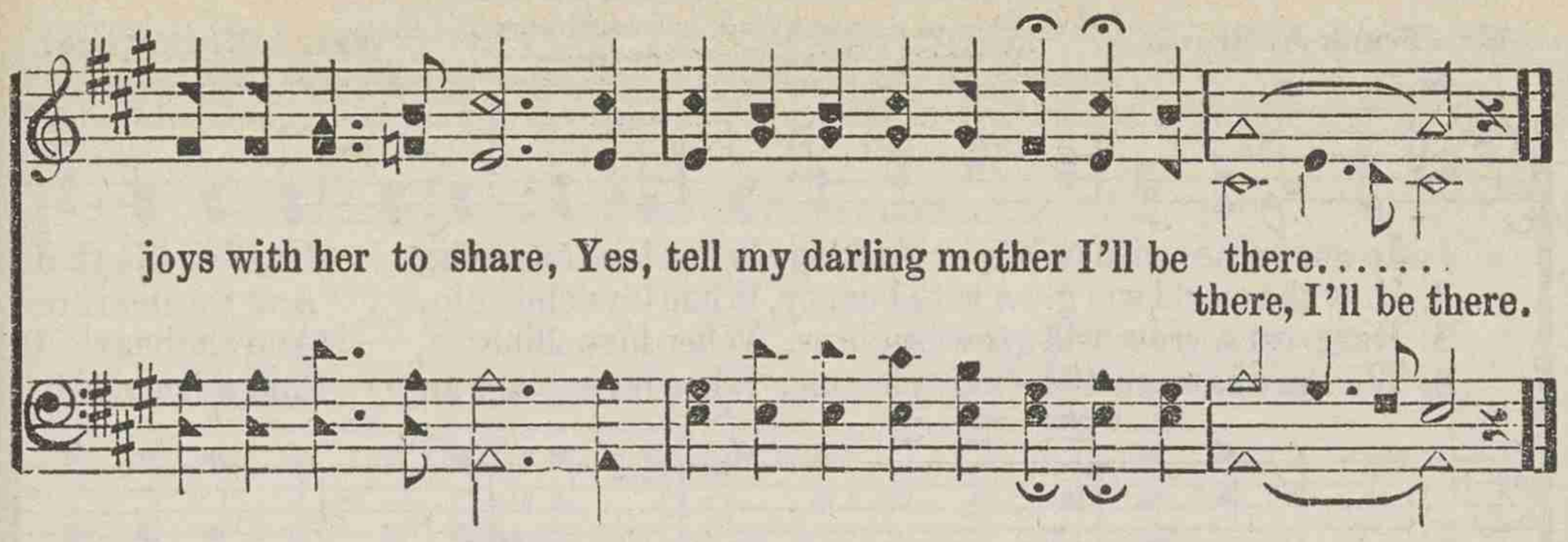
now that she has gone to heav'n I miss her ten-der care: O Sav-ior, tell my
childhood griefs and tri-als she would gladly with me share: O Sav-ior, tell my
day and night she prayed to God to keep me in His care: O Sav-ior, tell my
promised her, be - fore she died, for heav-en to pre - pare: O Sav-ior, tell my

CHORUS.

moth-er I'll be there! . . . . . Tell moth-er I'll be there in answer to her prayer;
I'll be there!

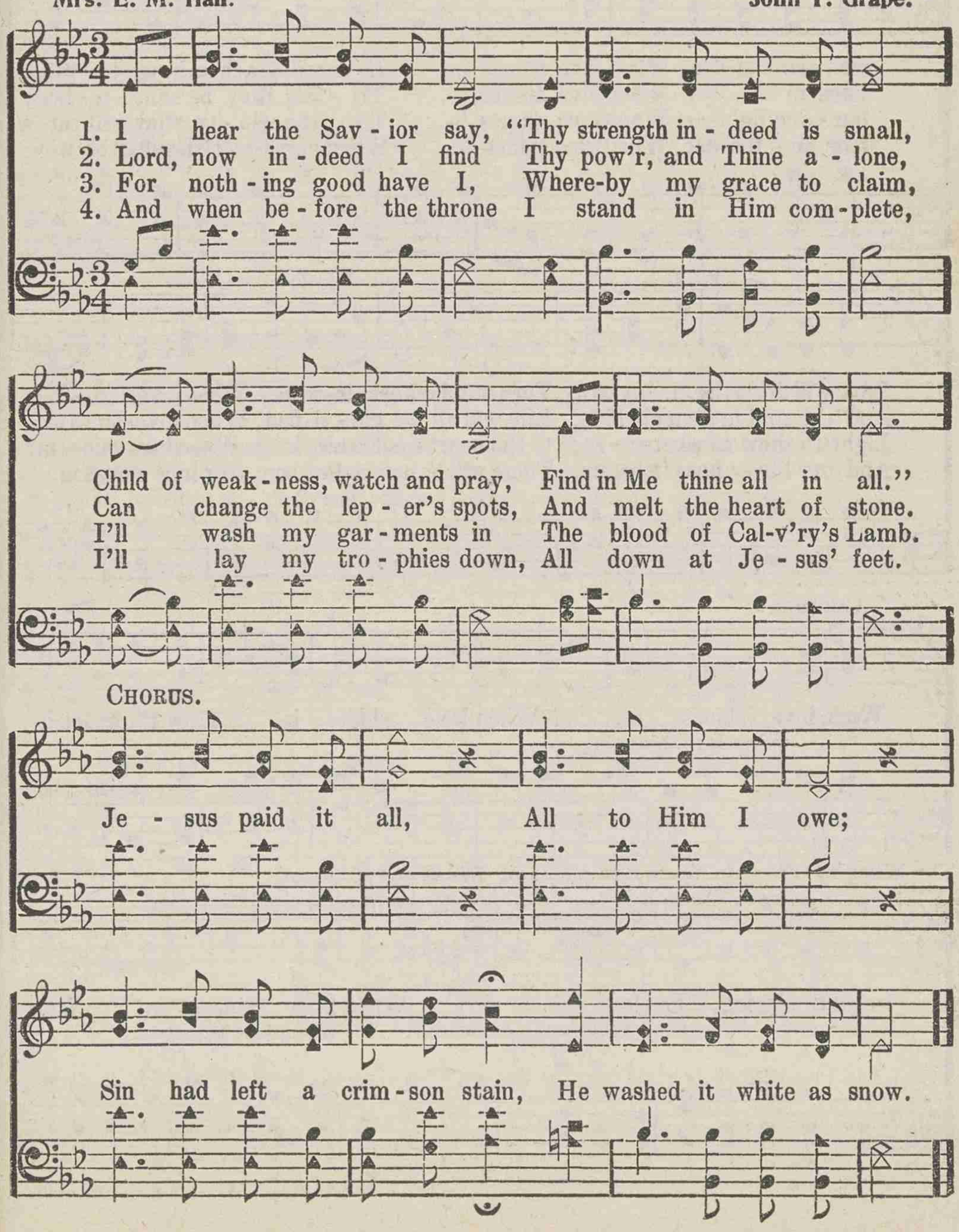
This message, blessed Savior, to her bear! Tell moth-er I'll be there, heav'n's

Tell Mother I'll Be There.



No. 107. Jesus Paid It All.

Mrs. E. M. Hall. John T. Grape.



108. When Love Shines In.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
HOPE PUBLISHING CO., OWNER.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

M. 76 = ♩.

1. Je-sus comes with pow'r to gladden, When love shines in, Ev -'ry life that
2. How the world will glow with beauty, When love shines in, And the heart re-
3. Dark-est sorrow will grow brighter, When love shines in, And the heaviest
4. We may have un-fad - ing splendor, When love shines in, And a friendship

woe can sad-den, When love shines in. Love will teach us how to pray,
joice in du - ty, When love shines in. Tri - als may be sanc - ti - fied,
bur - den light-er, When love shines in. 'Tis the glo - ry that will throw
true and ten-der, When love shines in. When earth-vict'ries shall be won,

Love will drive the gloom away, Turn our darkness in-to day, When love shines in.
And the soul in peace a-bide, Life will all be glo - ri-fied, When love shines in.
Light to show us where to go; O the heart shall blessing know When love shines in.
And our life in heav'n begun, There will be no need of sun, For love shines in.

CHORUS.

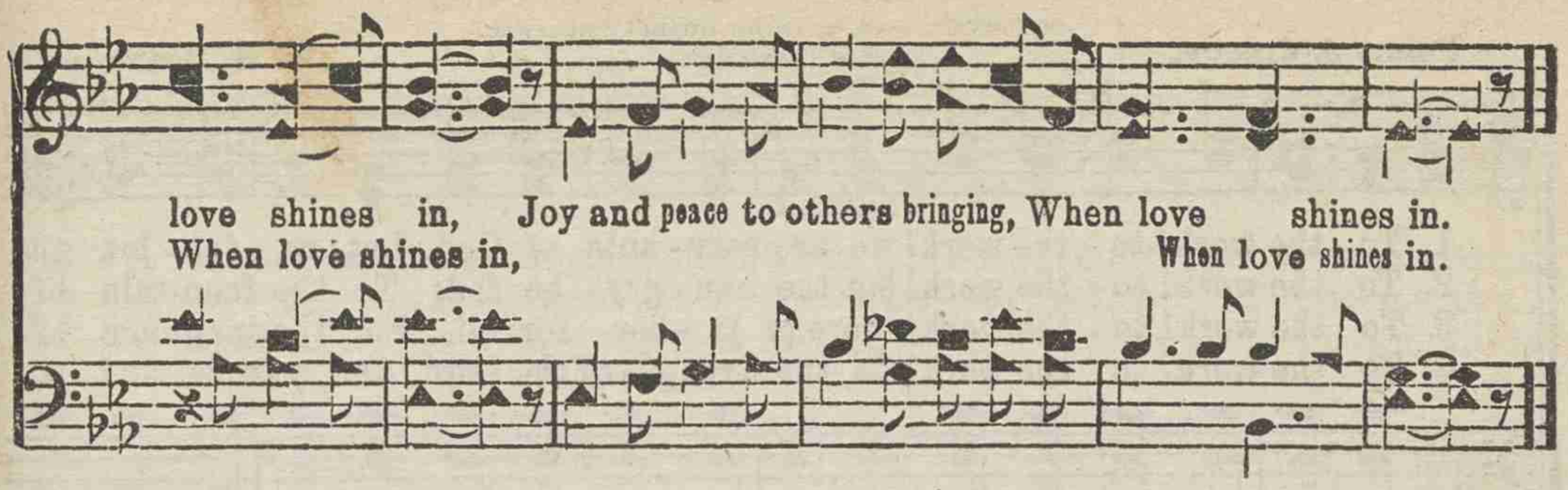
When love shines in,.....When love shines in, How the heart is
When love shines in,.....

When love shines in, When love shines in, When love shines in,

tuned to singing, When love shines in;....When love shines in,....When
When love shines in;.. When love shines in,..

When love shines in, When love shines in,

When Love Shines In.



109. Wonderful Words of Life.

P. P. B. Copyright, 1905, by The John Church Co. P. P. Bliss.

M. 63

1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won - der - ful words of Life;
2. Christ, the bless - ed One gives to all, Won - der - ful words of Life;
3. Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won - der - ful words of Life;

Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won - der - ful words of Life.
Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won - der - ful words of Life.
Of - fer par - don and peace to all, Won - der - ful words of Life.

Words of life and beau - ty Teach me faith and du - ty:
All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en:
Je - sus, on - ly Sav - ior, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er:

REFRAIN.

Beau-ti - ful words, won-der-ful words, Wonderfoul words of Life; Life.

No. 110. To the Work.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY W. H. DOANE. RENEWAL.
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Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.

1. To the work! to the work! we are serv-ants of God, Let us fol-low the path that our Mas-ter has trod; With the balm of His counsel our strength to renew,
2. To the work! to the work! let the hun-gry be fed; To the foun-tain of Life let the wea-ry be led; In the cross and its ban-ner our glo-ry shall be,
3. To the work! to the work! there is la-bor for all, For the king-dom of darkness and er-ror shall fall, And the name of Je-ho-vah ex-alt-ed shall be
4. To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord, And a robe and a crown shall our la-bor re-ward; When the home of the faithful our dwelling shall be,

CHORUS.

1. Let us do with our might what our hands find to do. Toil-ing on,
2. While we her-ald the tid-ings, "Sal-va-tion is free!"
3. In the loud-swell-ing cho-rus, "Sal-va-tion is free!"
4. And we shout with the ransomed, "Sal-va-tion is free!" Toil-ing on,

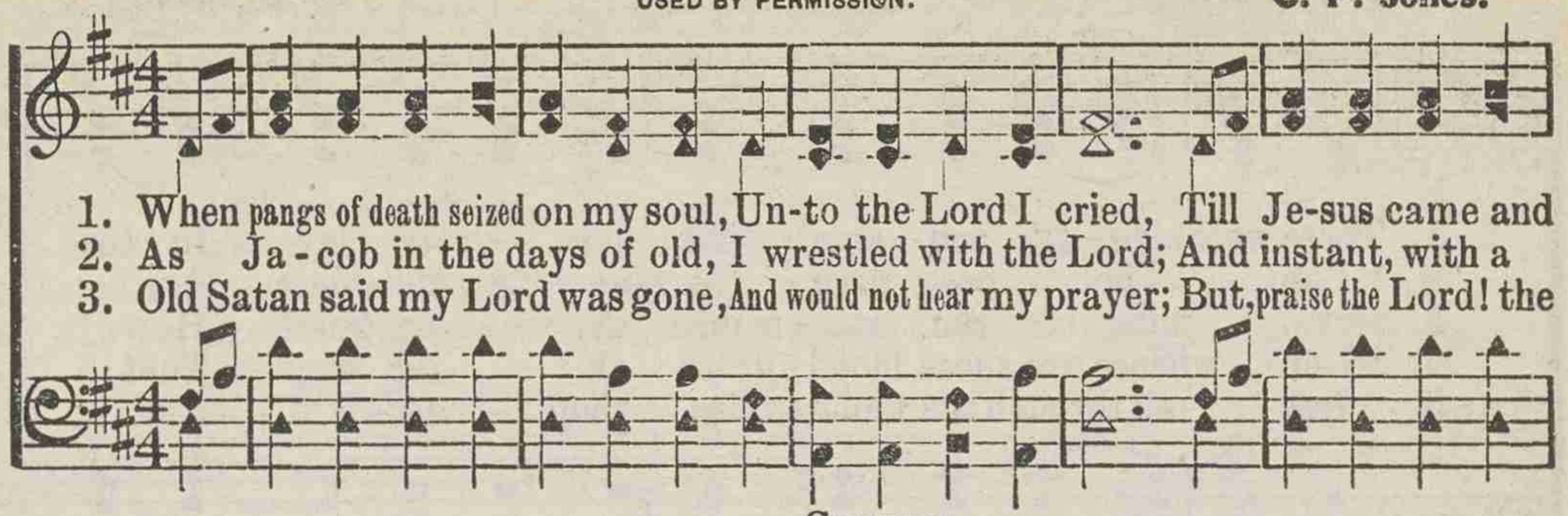
Toil-ing on, Toil-ing on, Toil-ing on,
Toil-ing on, Toil-ing on, Toil-ing on,

Let us hope, and trust, Let us watch, and pray, And la-bor till the Mas-ter comes.

No. 111. I Would Not Be Denied.
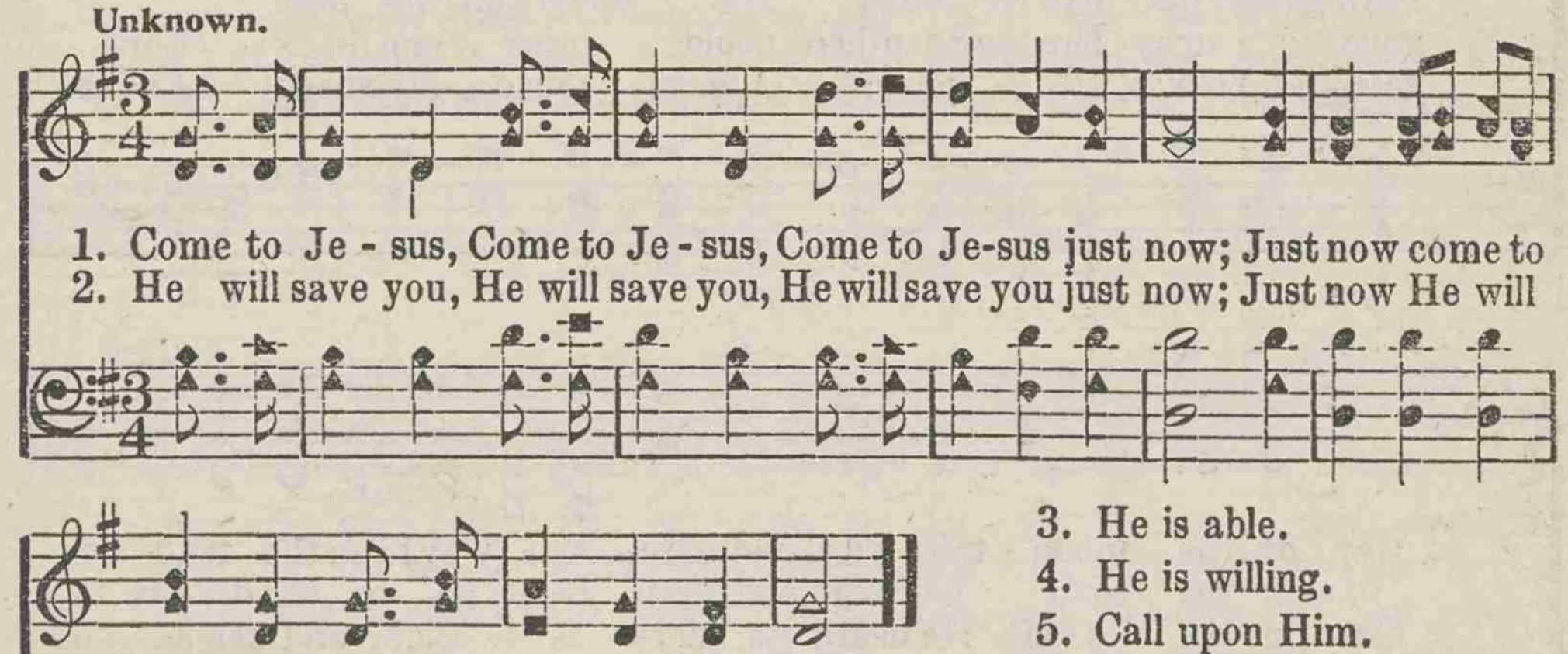
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C. P. Jones.



No. 111½. Come to Jesus.

Unknown.



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. Jesus loves you.
10. Only trust Him.

No. 112. The Ninety and Nine.

Elizabeth C. Clephane. **Ira D. Sankey.**

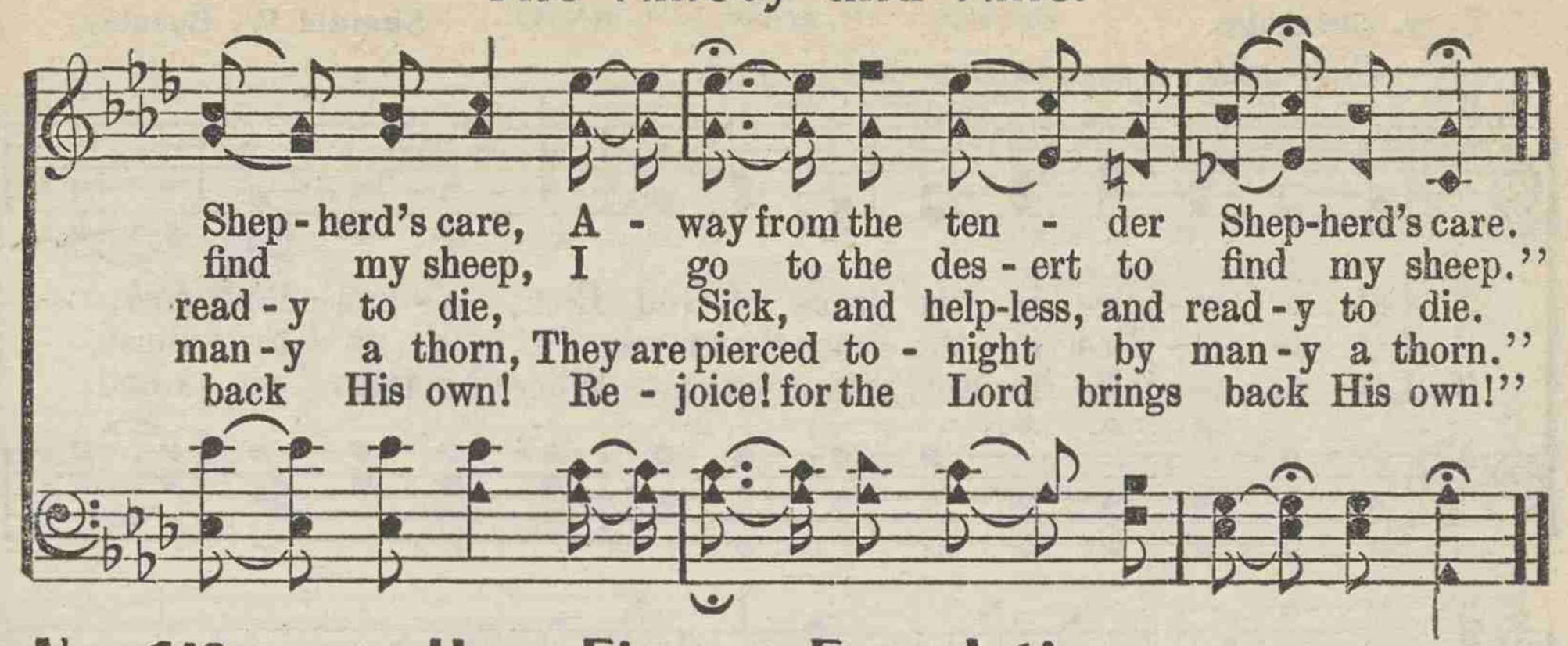
1. There were nine - ty and nine, that safe - ly lay In the
2. "Lord, Thou hast here Thy nine - ty and nine; Are
3. But none of the ran - somed ev - er knew How
4. "Lord, whence are those blood - drops all the way That
5. But all through the moun - tains, thun - der-riv'n, And

shel - ter of the fold, But one was out on the
they not e - nough for Thee?" But the Shep-herd made an - swer:
deep were the wa - ters crossed; Nor how dark was the night that the
mark out the mountain's track?" "They were shed for one who had
up from the rock - y steep, There a - rose a glad cry to the

hills a - way, Far - off from the gates of gold— A-
"This of mine Has wan - dered a - way from me, And, al-
Lord passed thro' Ere He found His sheep that was lost:
gone a - stray Ere the Shep-herd could bring him back:" "Lord,
gate of heav'n, "Re - joice! I have found my sheep!" And the

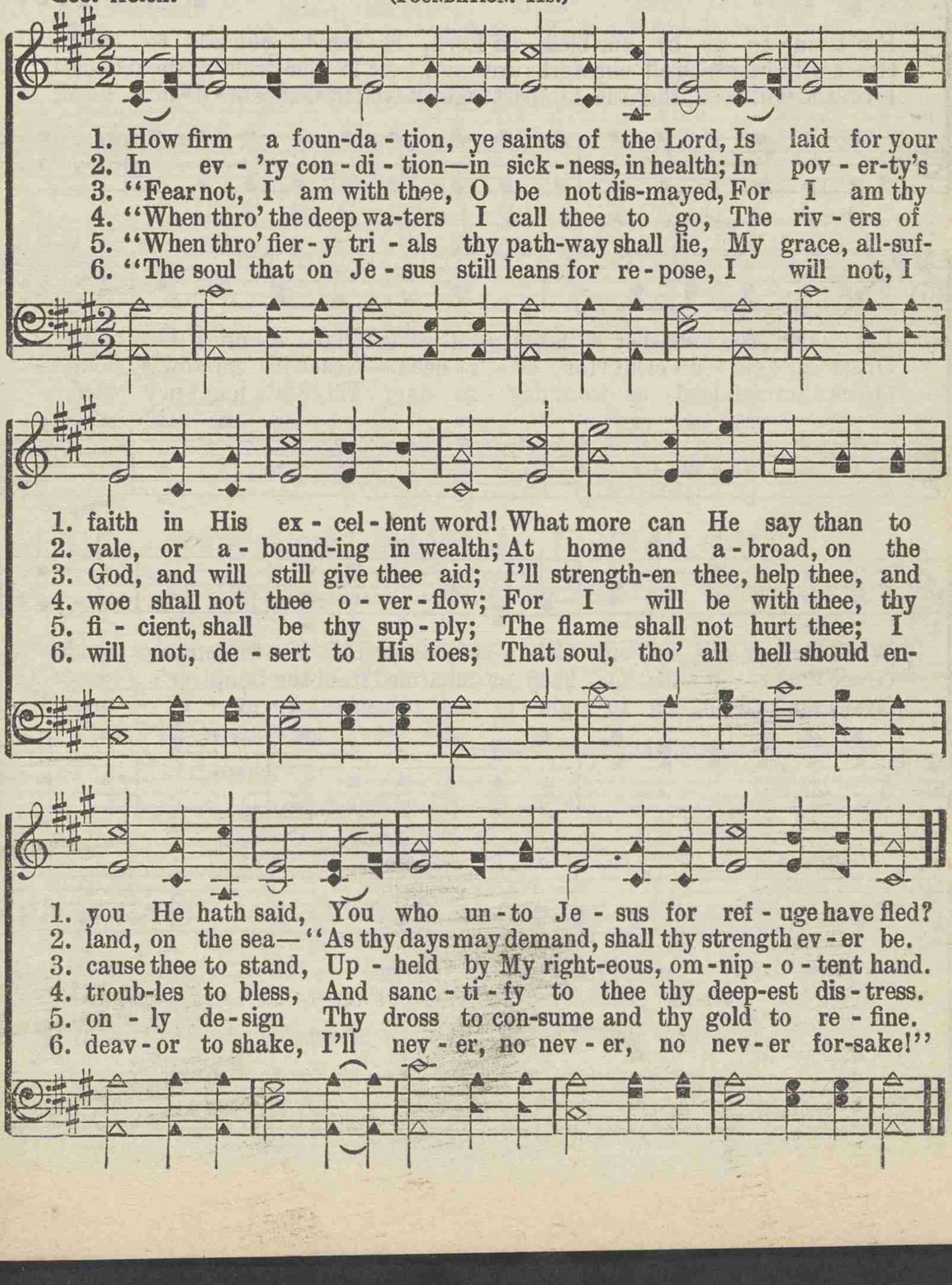
way on the moun - tains wild and bare, A - way from the ten - der
though the road be rough and steep, I go to the des-ert to
Out in the des - ert He heard its cry— Sick, and helpless, and
whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?" "They are pierced to - night by
an - gels ech-oed a-round the throne, "Re - joice! for the Lord brings

The Ninety and Nine.



No. 113 How Firm a Foundation.

Geo. Keith. (FOUNDATION. 11s.)



114. Wonderful Grace.

T. C. Chisholm. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. Samuel W. Beazley.

Sing with an even swing—not too fast.

1. Let us re-joice in the grace of God, Rich, a-bun-dant, free,
2. Let us re-joice in the grace that saves To the ut-ter-most,
3. Let us re-joice in this wondrous grace Where by faith we stand,

Bro't un-to us by our bless-ed Lord, E-ven to you and to me;
Grace without which all our works are vain, Lest in our pride we should boast;
Firm and unmoved, tho' the tempest rage, Stayed by God's in-fi-nite hand;

Let us re-mem-ber with grate-ful song What a price He paid,
Grace all-suf-fi-cient for ev-'ry need,—Grace for sor-row's hour,—
Grace that will lead us from day to day, Till, life's jour-ney o'er,

When for our sins up-on Cal-va-ry's mount He a-tone-ment made.
Grace that is a-ble to keep us unharmed from the tempt-er's pow'r.
Grace shall ad-mit us to glo-ry and "pleasures for-ev-er-more."

CHORUS.

Won-der-ful grace, rich grace, Christ to us re-vealed!
Won-der-ful grace.... that in Christ un-to us was re-vealed!....

Wonderful Grace.

Bruised for us, for our sins we were healed, were healed;
Bruised.. for our sins,.... by whose stripes our diseases were healed;....

Won-der-ful grace, rich grace saves those who re-ceive
Won - der-ful grace,.... that the vil-est will free-ly re-ceive.....

If they come in true faith and be - lieve. (be - lieve.)
If..... with re - pent - ance they but be - lieve... .....

No. 115. Everybody Ought to Love Jesus.

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W. ELMER BAILEY, OWNER. USED BY PERMISSION.

Harry Dixon Loes.

Ev-'ry-bod-y ought to love Je - sus, Je - sus, Je - - sus; He
Je-sus Christ, the won-der-ful Sav-ior;
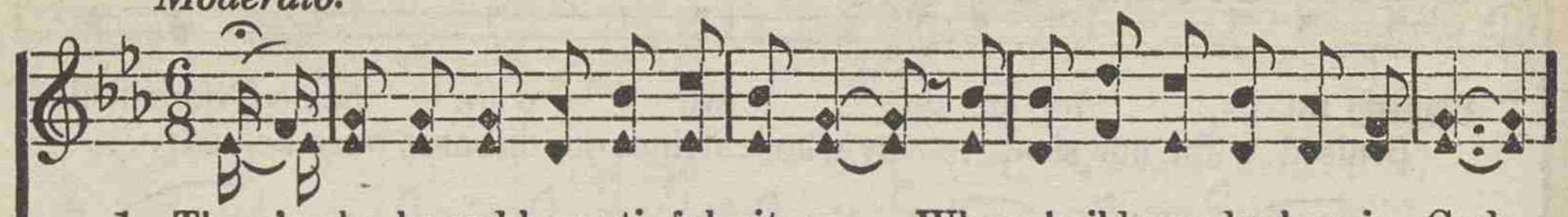
died on the cross to save us from sin, Ev-'ry-bod-y ought to love Je - sus.

No. 116. The Pearly White City.
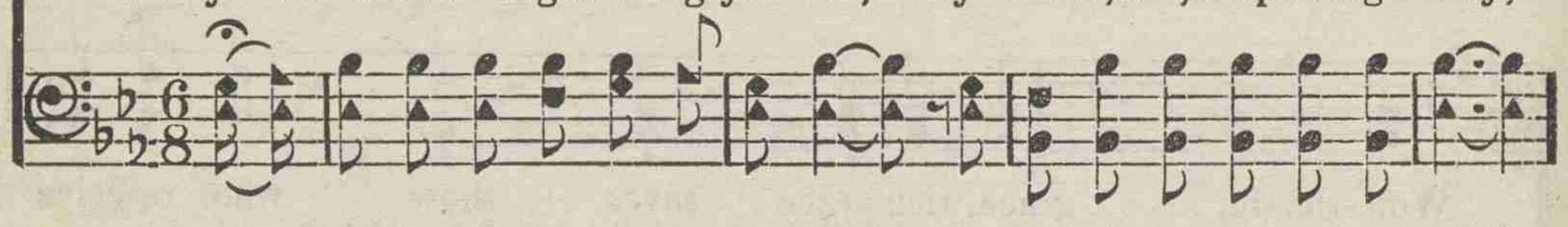
COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY A. F. INGLER.
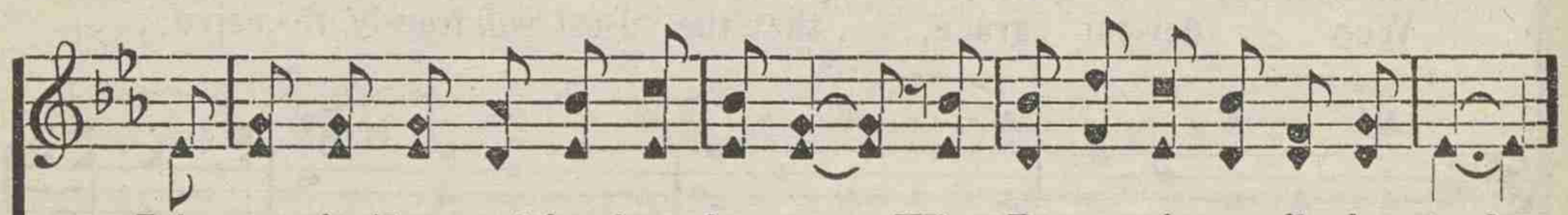
A. F. I. **Arthur F. Ingler.**

Moderato.
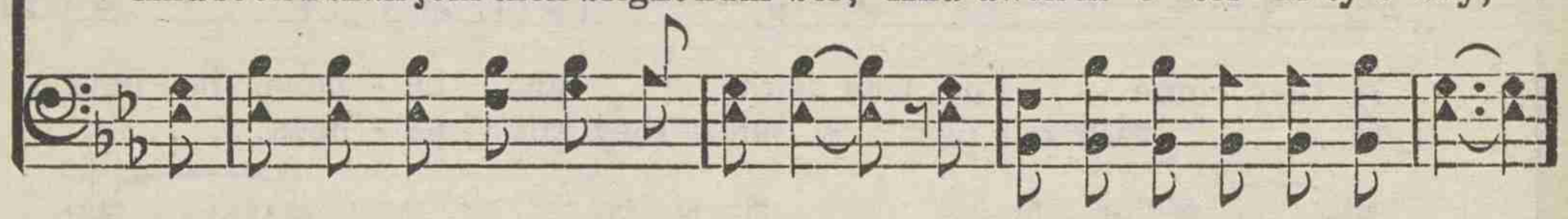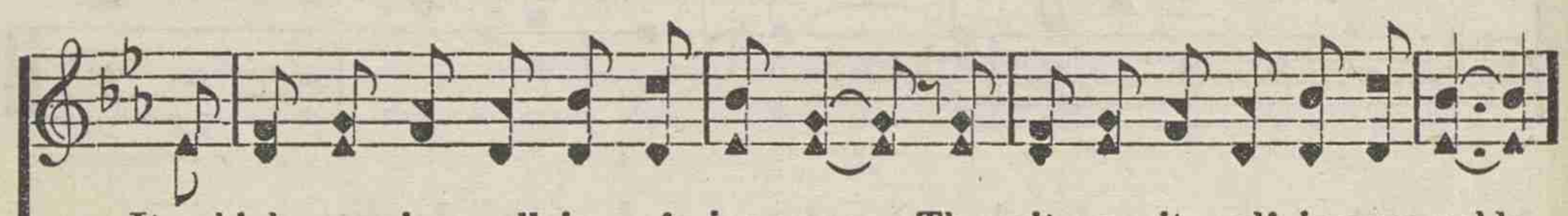


1. There's a ho-ly and beau-ti-ful cit-y, Whose builder and rul-er is God;
2. No sin is al-lowed in that cit-y, And noth-ing de-fil-ing or mean;
3. No heartaches are known in that cit-y, No tears ev-er moisten the eye;
4. My loved ones are gathering yon-der, My friends, too, are passing a-way;
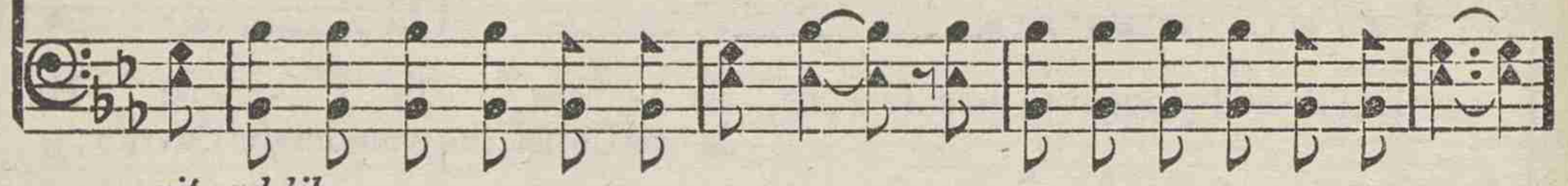




John saw it de-scend-ing from heav-en, When Patmos, in ex-ile, he trod;
No pain and no sick-ness can en-ter, No crape on the door-knob is seen;
There's no dis-ap-point-ment in heav-en, No en-vy and strife in the sky;
And soon I shall join their bright num-ber, And dwell in e-ter-ni-ty's day;
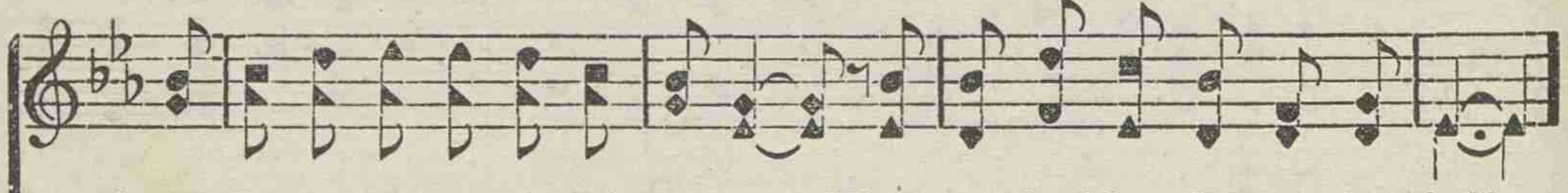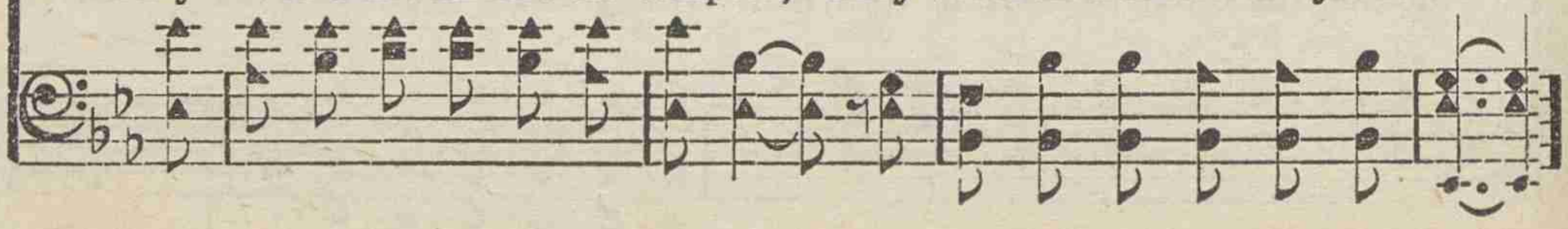




Its high, massive wall is of jas-per, The cit-y it-self is pure gold;
Earth's sorrows and cares are for-got-ten, No tempt-er is there to an-noy;
The saints are all sanc-ti-fied whol-ly, They live in sweet har-mo-ny there;
They're safe now in glo-ry with Je-sus, Their tri-als and bat-tles are past;



rit. ad lib.

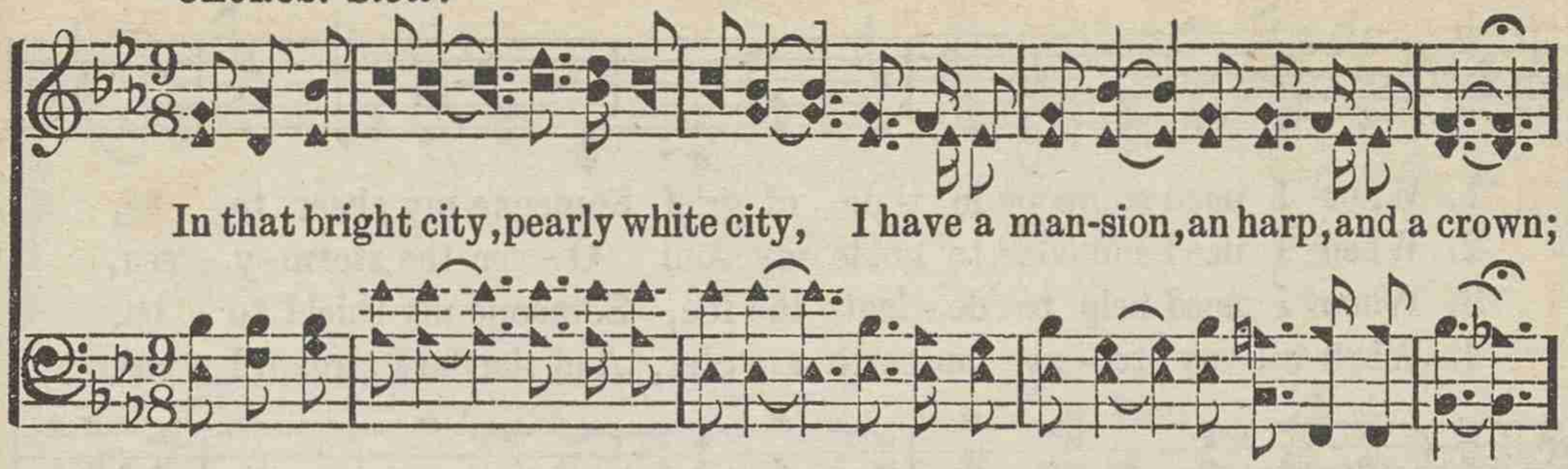


And when my frail tent here is fold-ed, Mine eyes shall its glo-ry be-hold.
No part-ing words ev-er are spo-ken, There's nothing to hurt or de-stroy.
My heart is now set on that cit-y, And some day its bless-ings I'll share.
They o-ver-came sin and the tempter, They've reached that fair city at last.



The Pearly White City.

CHORUS. *Slow.*
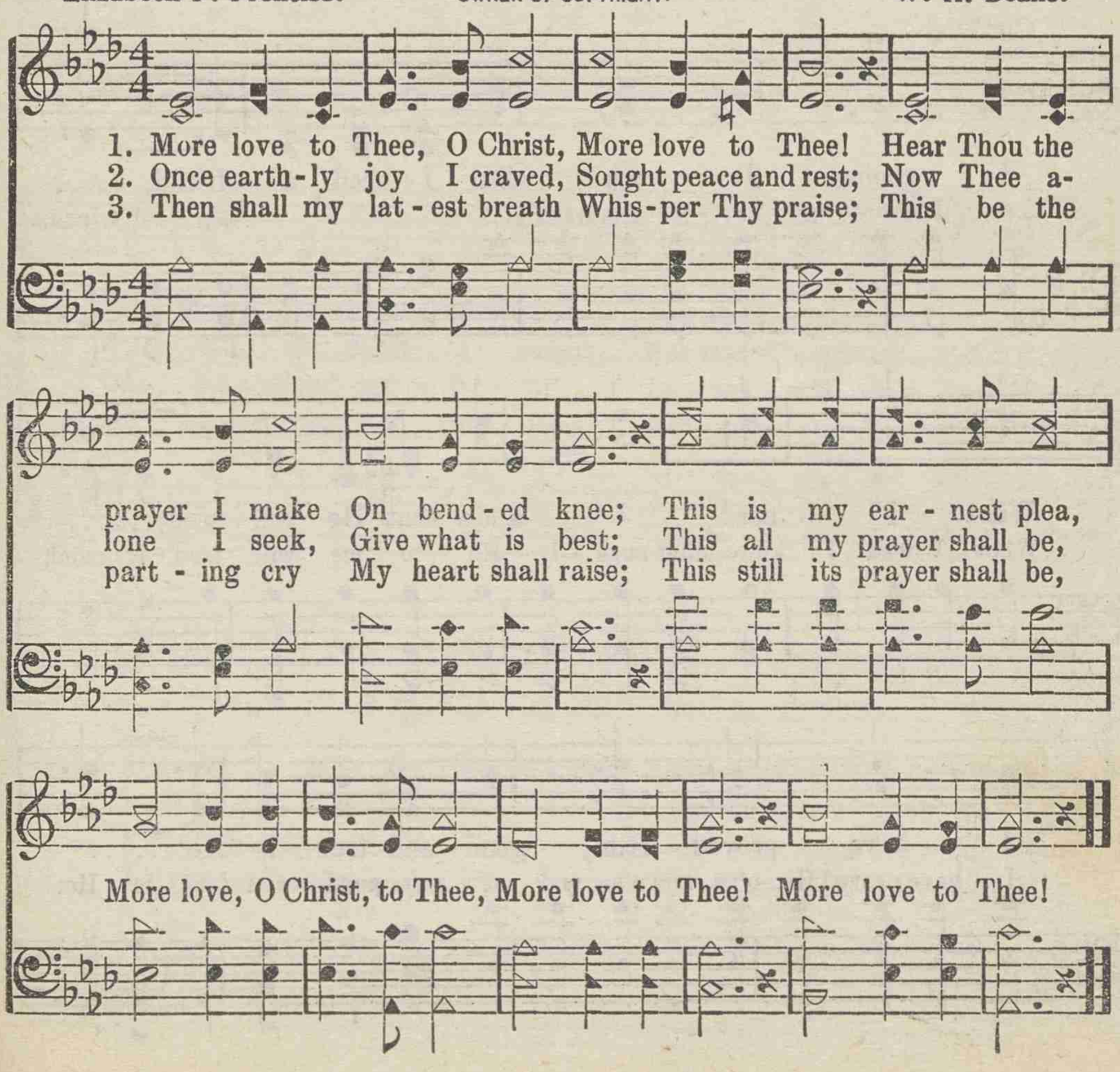


No. 117. More Love to Thee.

Elizabeth P. Prentiss.

USED BY PERMISSION OF W. H. DOANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

W. H. Doane.



No. 118 I Choose Jesus.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY HILDEBRAND-BURNETT CO. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. When I need someone in time of grief, Someone my cheer to be,
2. When I need someone to guide my soul O - ver the storm - y sea,
3. When I need help to de - feat the foe, Someone my shield to be,
4. When all my tri - als on earth are o'er, And the dark stream I see,

Je - sus I choose, for He gives re - lief, He is the best for me.
Al - ways to Je - sus I give con-trol, He is the best for me.
Al - ways to Je - sus in faith I go, He is the best for me.
Je - sus shall bear me to yon - der shore, He is the best for me.
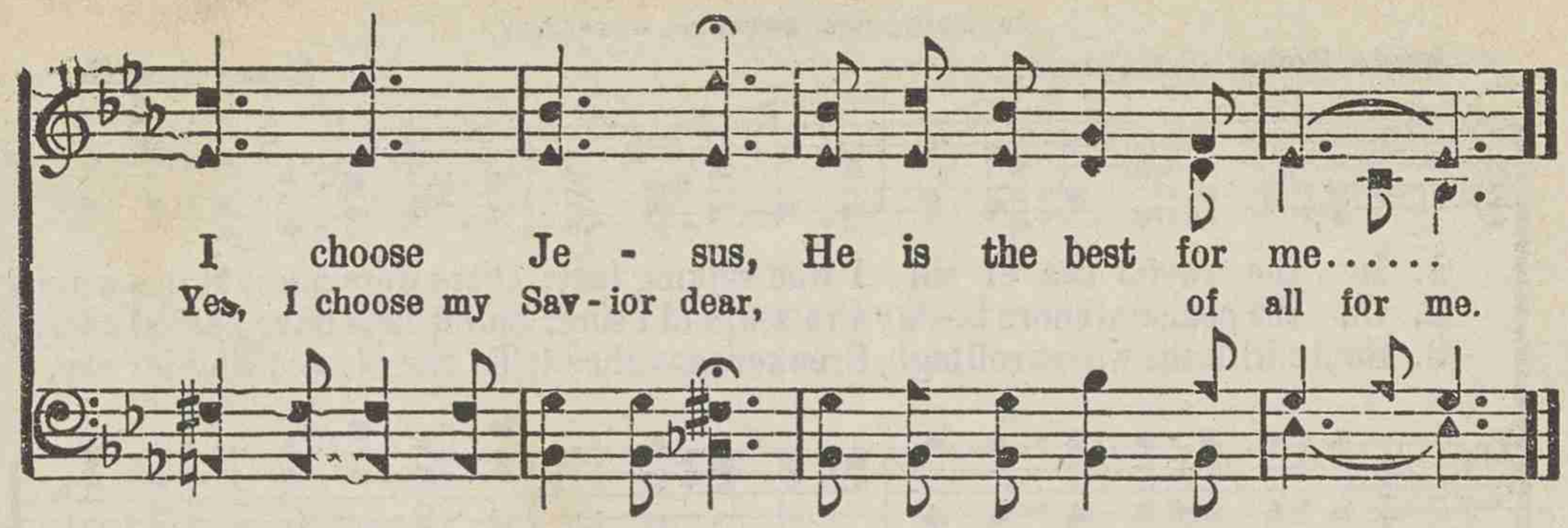
CHORUS.

I choose Je - sus when I need a friend,.....
Yes, I choose my Sav - ior al - ways help - ful friend,

What I need I know that He will send;.....
What I need I know that sure - ly He to me will free - ly send;

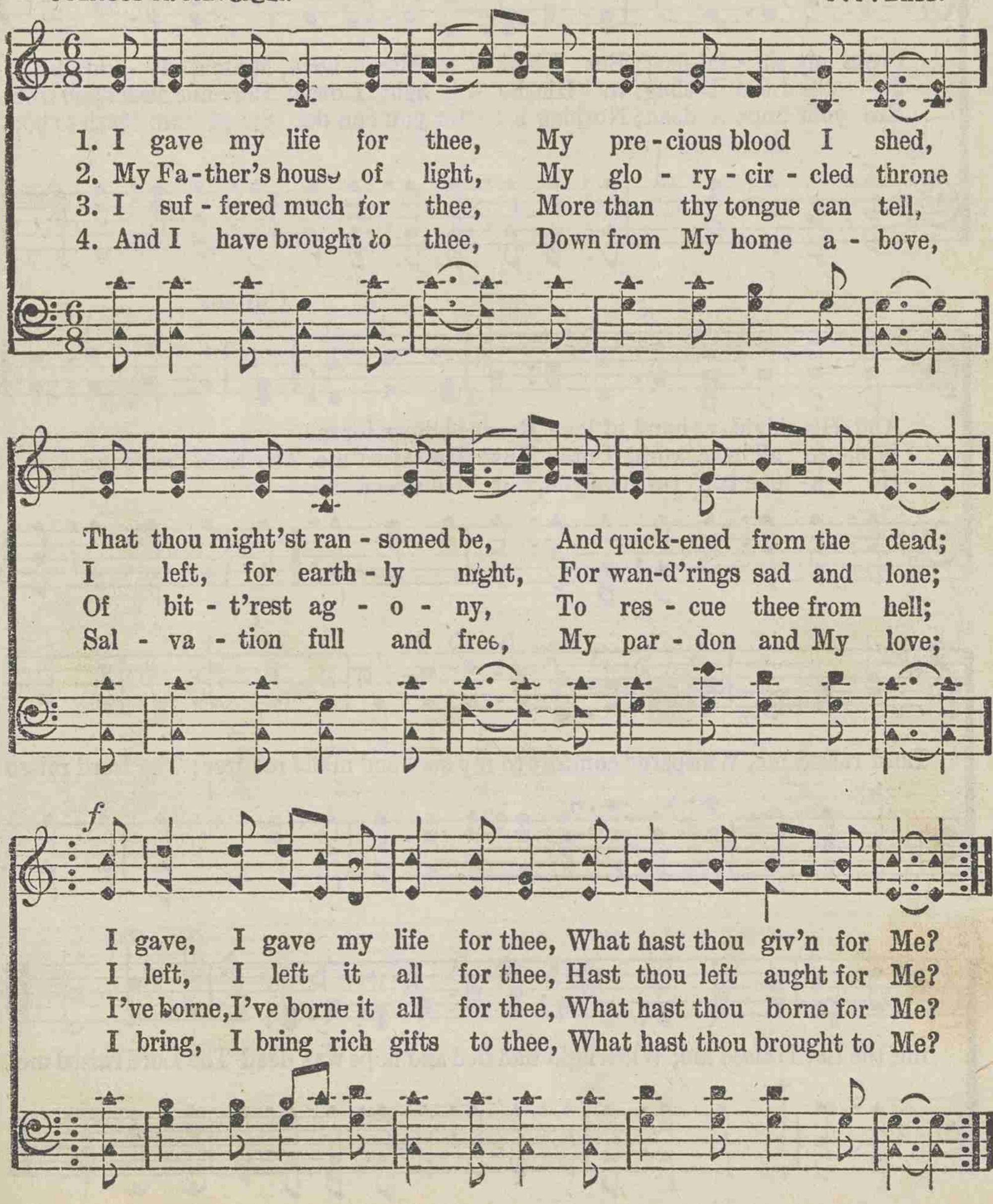
I have proved Him, good and true is He;.....
I have proved Him o'er and o'er, and al - ways good and true is He;

I Choose Jesus.



No. 119. I Gave My Life for Thee.
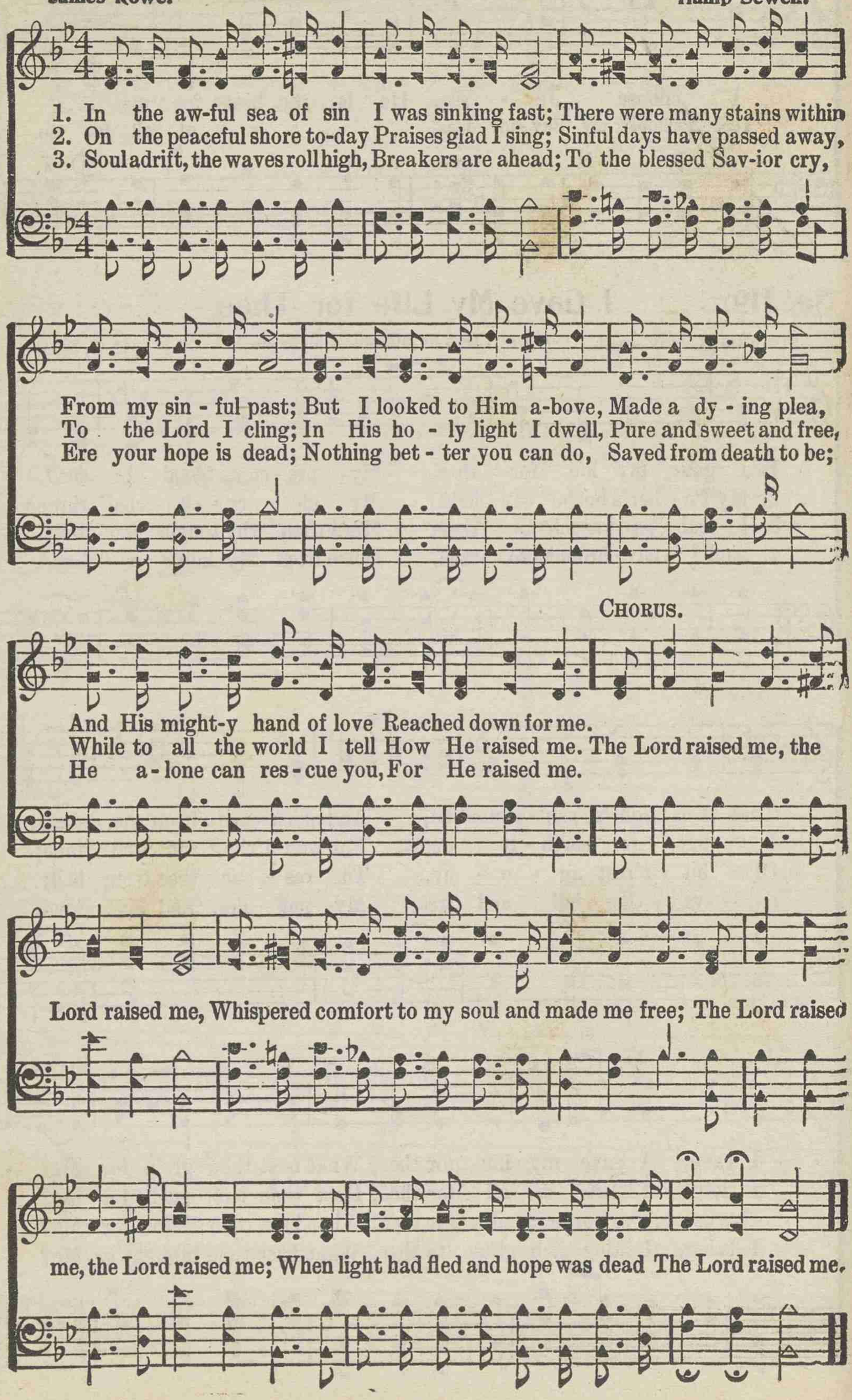
Frances R. Havergal. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. P. P. Bliss.



No. 120. The Lord Raised Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1922, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

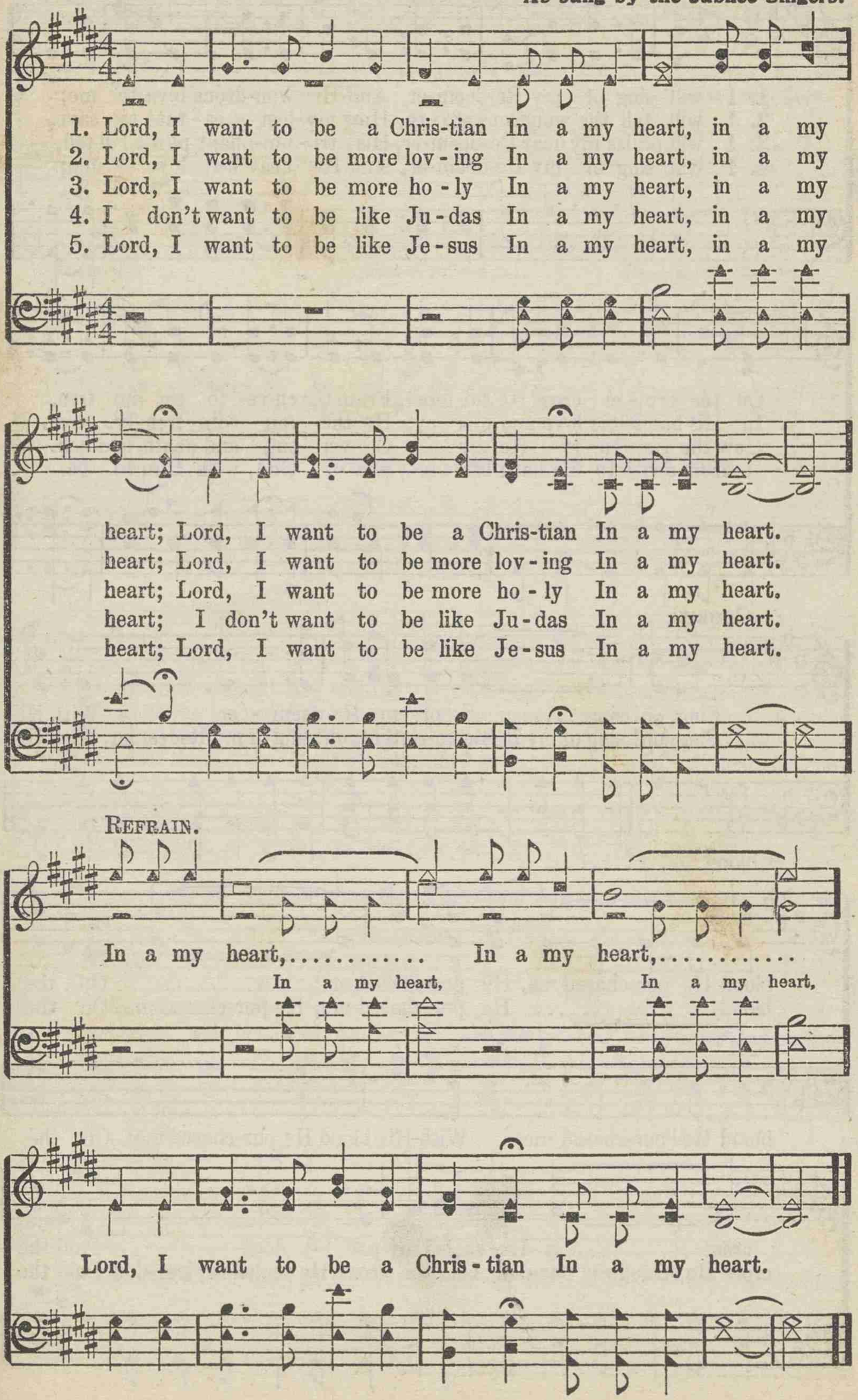
James Rowe. Hamp Sewell.



No. 121. Lord, I Want to Be a Christian.

(SPIRITUAL.)

As sung by the Jubilee Singers.



No. 122. My Redeemer.

COPYRIGHT 1906. RENEWAL BY MRS. ADDIE MC GRANAHAN.
TABERNACLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, OWNER.

P. P. Bliss. James McGranahan.

1. I will sing of my Re-deem-er And His won-drous love to me;
2. I will tell the wondrous sto-ry, How my lost es-tate to save,
3. I will praise my dear Re-deem-er, His tri-um-phant pow'r I'll tell,
4. I will sing of my Re-deem-er, And His heav'n-ly love to me;

On the cru-el cross He suf-fered, From the curse to set me free.
In His boundless love and mer-cy, He the ran-som free-ly gave.
How the vic-to-ry He giv-eth O-ver sin, and death, and hell.
He from death to life hath bro't me, Son of God, with Him to be.

CHORUS.

Sing, oh! sing,..... of my Re-deem-er, With His
Sing, oh! sing of my Re-deem-er, Sing, oh! sing of my Redeemer, With His
blood.....
blood He pur-chased me, He pur-chased me;..... On the
blood ..... He pur-chased me, He pur-chased me; On the
blood He pur-chased me; With His blood He pur-chased me; On the
cross..... He sealed my par-don, Paid the
cross He sealed my par-don, On the cross He sealed my par-don, Paid the

My Redeemer.

Repeat pp after last verse.

debt..... and made me free.....
debt, and made me free, and made me free.

No. 123. Are You Washed in the Blood?

E. A. H. USED BY PERMISSION. Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

1. Have you been to Je - sus for the cleansing pow'r? Are you washed in the
2. Are you walk-ing dai - ly by the Sav-ior's side? Are you washed in the
3. When the Bridegroom cometh will your robes be white, Pure and white in the
4. Lay a - side the garments that are stained with sin, And be washed in the

blood of the Lamb? Are you full - y trust-ing in His grace this hour? Are you
blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the Cru - ci - fied? Are you
blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be read - y for the mansions bright, And be
blood of the Lamb; There's a fountain flow-ing for the soul un-clean, Oh, be

D. S.—*Are your garments spotless? Are they white as snow? Are you*

FINE. CHORUS

washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you washed (Are you washed) in the

washed in the blood of the Lamb?

D. S.

blood, (in the blood,) In the soul-cleans-ing blood of the Lamb? (of the Lamb?)

No. 124. If Your Heart Keeps Right.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

Lizzie DeArmond. B. D. Ackley.

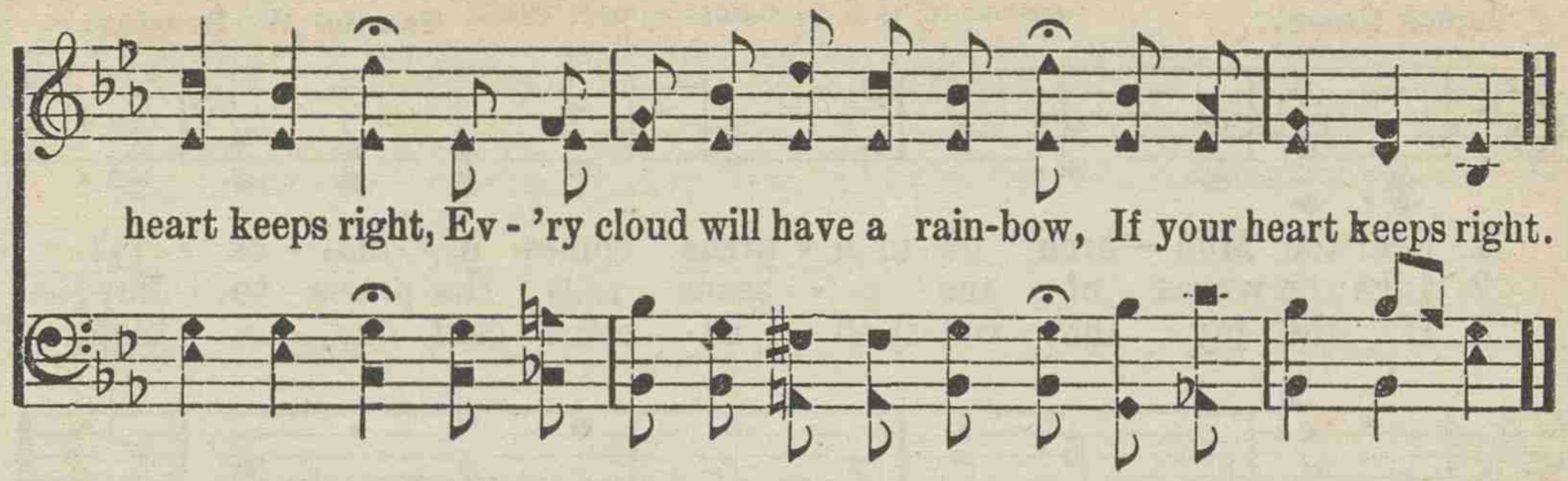
1. If the dark shad-ows gath-er As you go a - long, Do not grieve for their com-ing, Sing a cheer - y song, There is joy for the tak-ing, It will
2. Is your life just a tan - gle Full of toil and care, Smile a bit as you jour-ney, Oth-ers' bur - dens share; You'll for-get all your troubles, Making
3. There are blossoms of gladness 'Neath the winter's snow, From the gloom and the darkness Comes the morning's glow; Nev-er give up the bat-tle, You will

soon be light,—Ev-'ry cloud wears a rain-bow If your heart keeps right.
their lives bright, Skies will grow blue and sun - ny If your heart keeps right.
win the fight, Gain the rest of the Vic-tor, If your heart keeps right.

CHORUS.

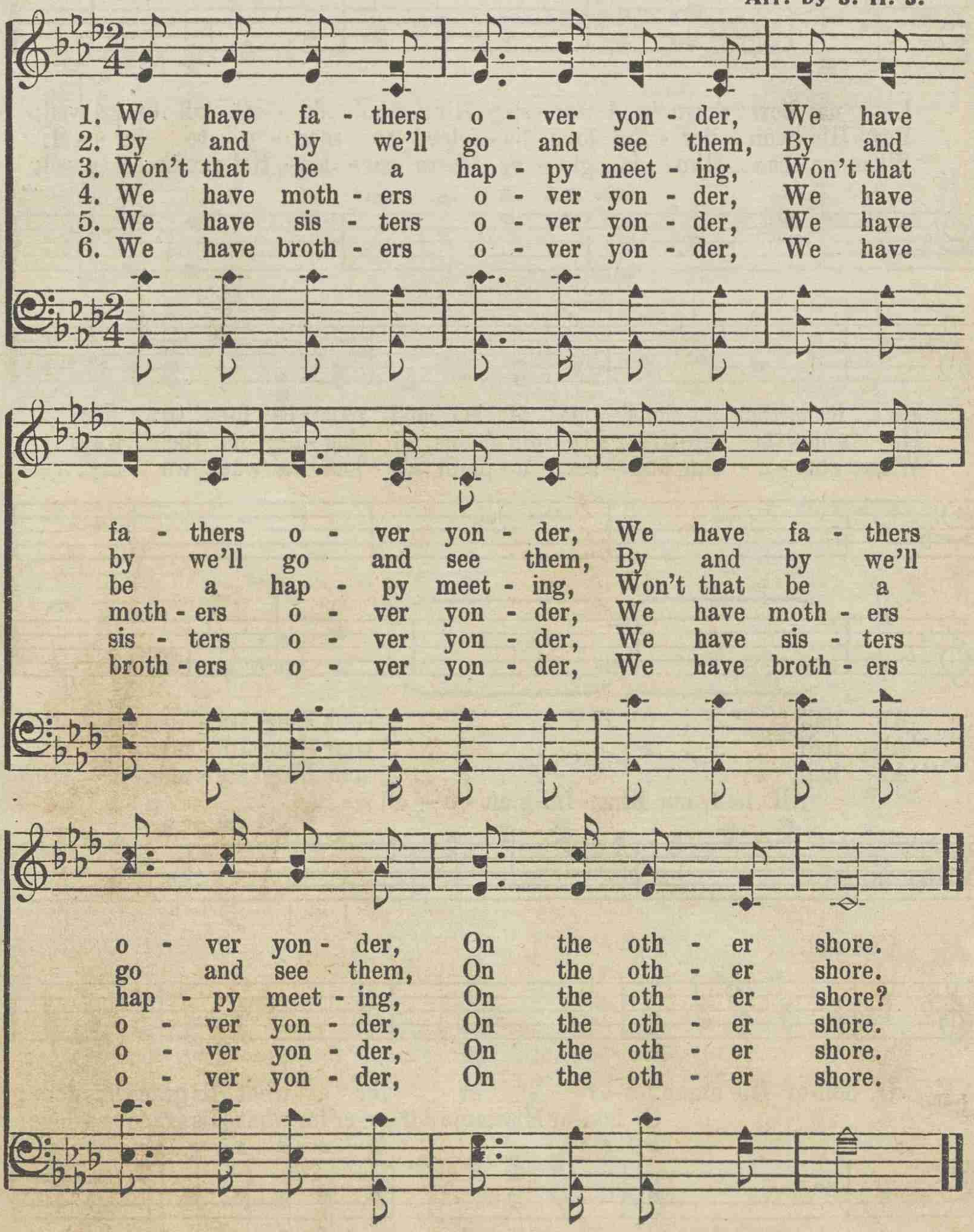
If your heart keeps right, If your heart keeps right, There's a song of glad-ness in the dark - est night; If your heart keeps right, If your

If Your Heart Keeps Right.



No. 125. On the Other Shore.

Arr. by J. H. J.



126. Our King Immanuel.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. See! the Mon - arch of mon - archs comes in maj - es - ty!
2. Like the waves of the o - cean rolls His praise to - day,
3. O the joy that will thrill us some glad day on high,

Let us bow down and wor - ship Him who do - eth all things well;
For His won - der - ful love has helped so man - y to ex - cel;
When we see Him in glo - ry, where ce - les - tial prais - es swell;

He leads the na-tions out of sin and caus - es foes to flee:
He sends the cap-tives, free from chains, all sing - ing on their way:
Where cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim all join us when we cry:

All hail, ... our King Im - man - u - el!
"All hail, ... our King Im - man - u - el!"
"All hail, ... our King Im - man - u - el!"
All hail, our King Im-man - u - el!

CHORUS.

O hon-or His name for-ev - er for what His grace has done;
O hon-or His name for-ev-er for what His grace has done;

Our King Immanuel.

His might-y love in ev - 'ry heart should dwell,
His might-y love, His might-y love in ev'ry heart should dwell, should dwell,

For He is the world's Re-deem - er, Je - ho-vah's on - ly Son!
For He is the world's Redeemer, Je-ho-vah's on - ly Son!

All hail, ... our King Im-man-u - el!
All hail, our King Im-man-u - el, our King Im - - - man-u - el!

No. 127. 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!*

CHORUS D.C.

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

128. 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
2. O the soul-thrill-ing rapt-ure when I view His bless-ed face, And the
3. O the dear ones in glo - ry, how they beck-on me to come, And our
4. Thro' the gates to the cit - y, in a robe of spot-less white He will

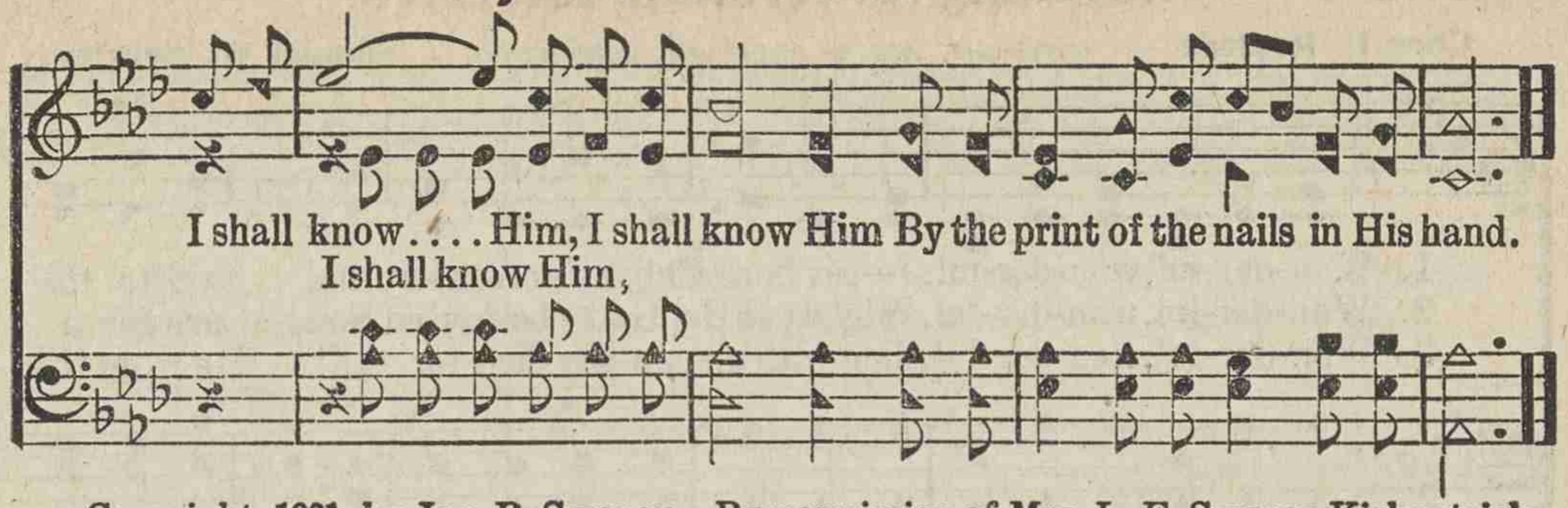
bright and glorious morning I shall see, I shall know my Re-deem-er when I
lus - ter of His kind-ly beam-ing eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the
part - ing at the riv - er I re - call; To the sweet vales of E-den they will
lead me where no tears will ev-er fall; In the glad song of a - ges I shall

reach the oth - er side, And His smile will be the first to wel-come me.
mer - cy, love and grace, That pre-pare for me a man-sion in the sky.
sing my wel-come home; But I long to meet my Sav - ior first of all.
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.
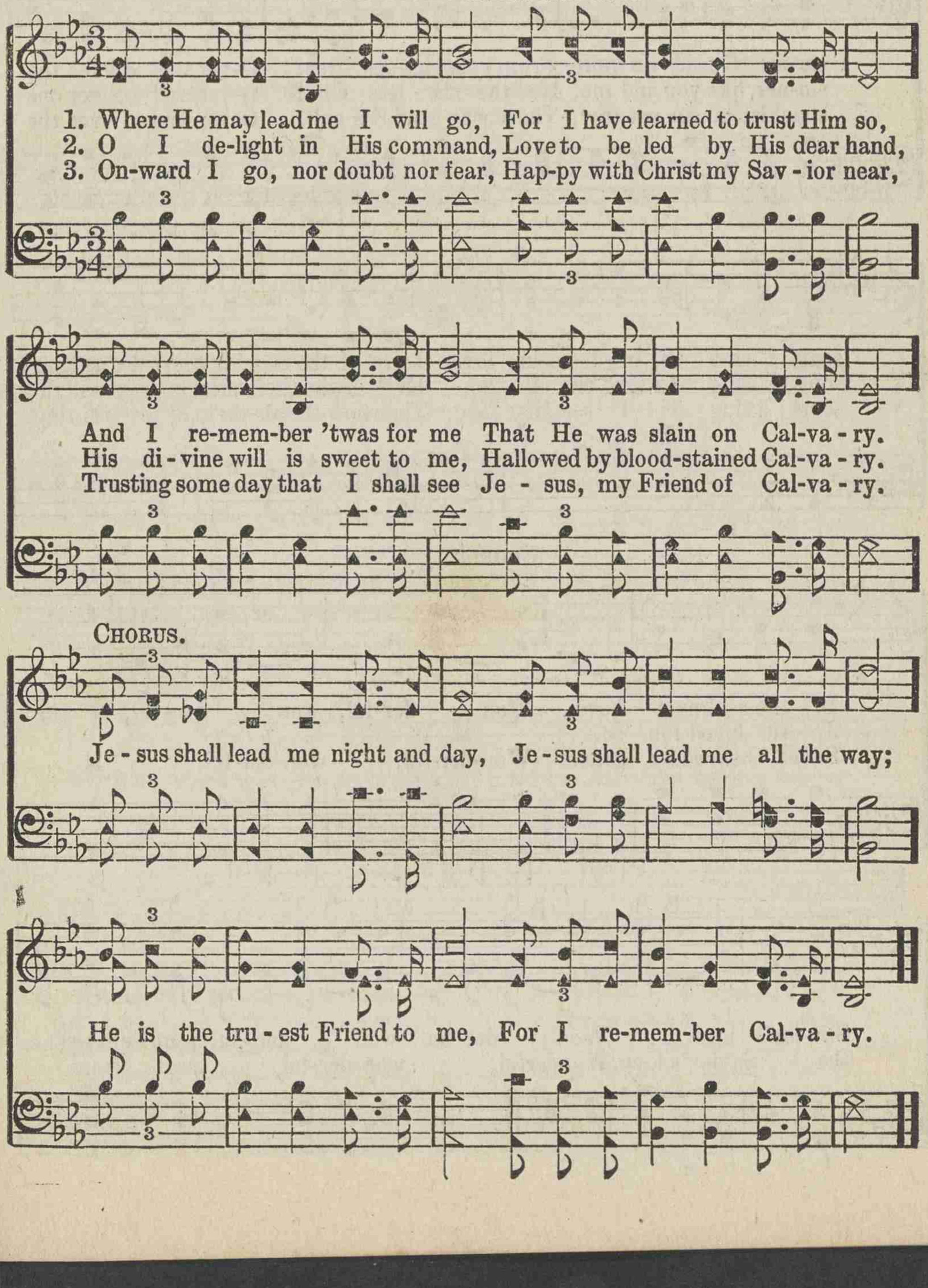


Copyright, 1901, by Jno. R. Sweney. By permission of Mrs. L. E. Sweney Kirkpatrick.

No. 128½ I Remember Calvary.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY JAMES M. BLACK.
TABERNACLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, OWNER.

W. C. Martin. J. M. Black.



No. 129. The Song of Wonderful Love.

Eben E. Rexford. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY HILDEBRAND-BURNETT CO. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. Won-der-ful, won-der-ful, Je-sus bore Calv'ry's cross for me! Said to the
2. Won-der-ful, won-der-ful, Why should He, God's be-lov-ed Son, Care for a
3. Won-der-ful, won-der-ful, Sing with me, Je-sus died for all! He from the

sin-ner, Go sin no more, From your sins set free! O-ver and o - ver the
sin-ner, like you and me, He the sin - less One? O-ver and o - ver one
shackles of sin set free, Those who heed His call. O-ver and o - ver the

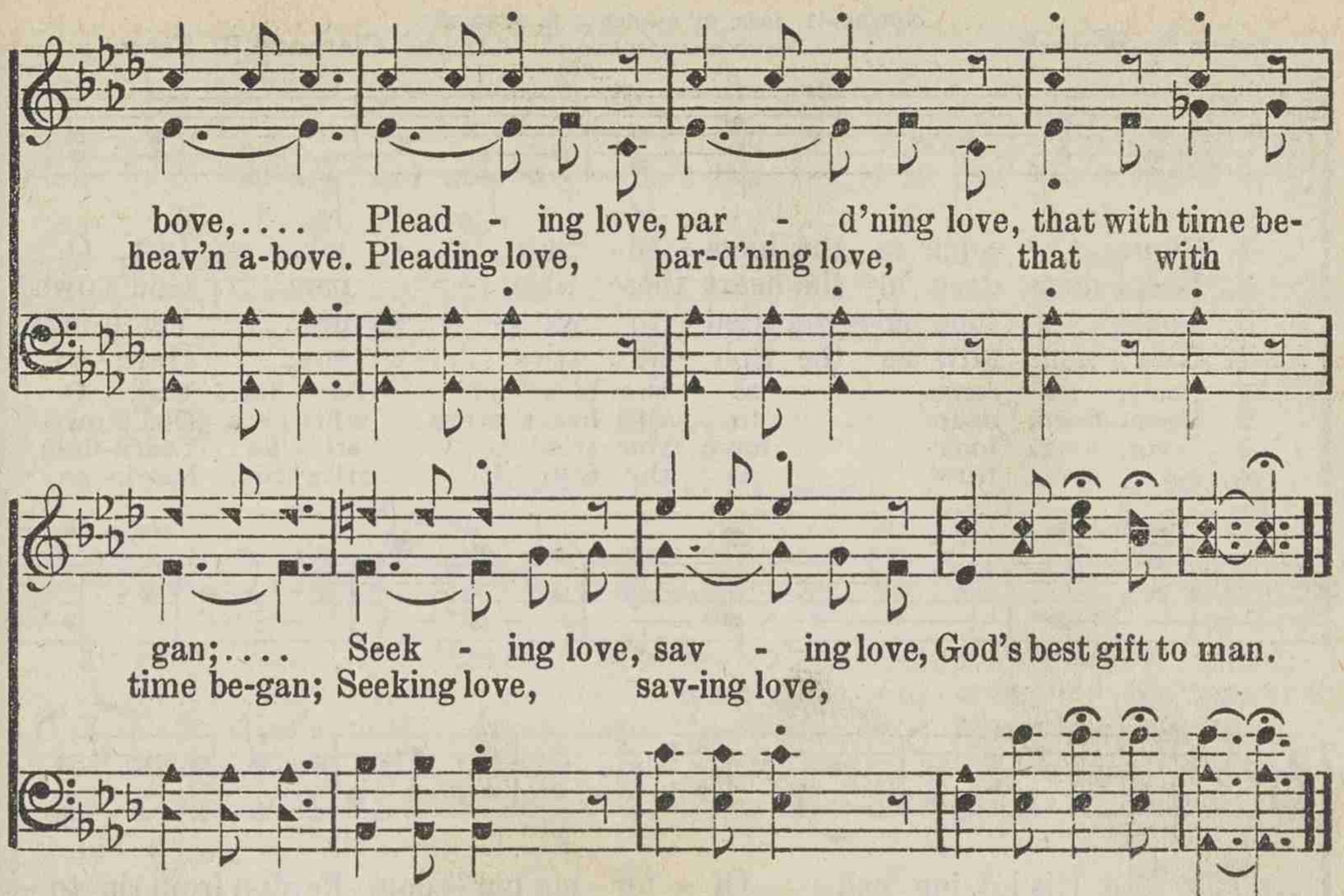
song I sing Of re-deem-ing love, Love of the Sav-ior who rules as King,
song I sing As thro' life I go, Ev - er the tho't thro' my soul will ring,
song I'll sing Till I see His face, Then how the an-them of joy will ring,

CHORUS.

In the realms a - bove. Won - der-ful, won - der-ful, is the
Je - sus loved me so.
Saved, O saved by grace. Won-der-ful, won-der-ful, is

Sav-ior's love,.... Won - der-ful, won - der-ful, sent from heav'n a-
the Savior's love, Wonderful, won-der-ful, sent from
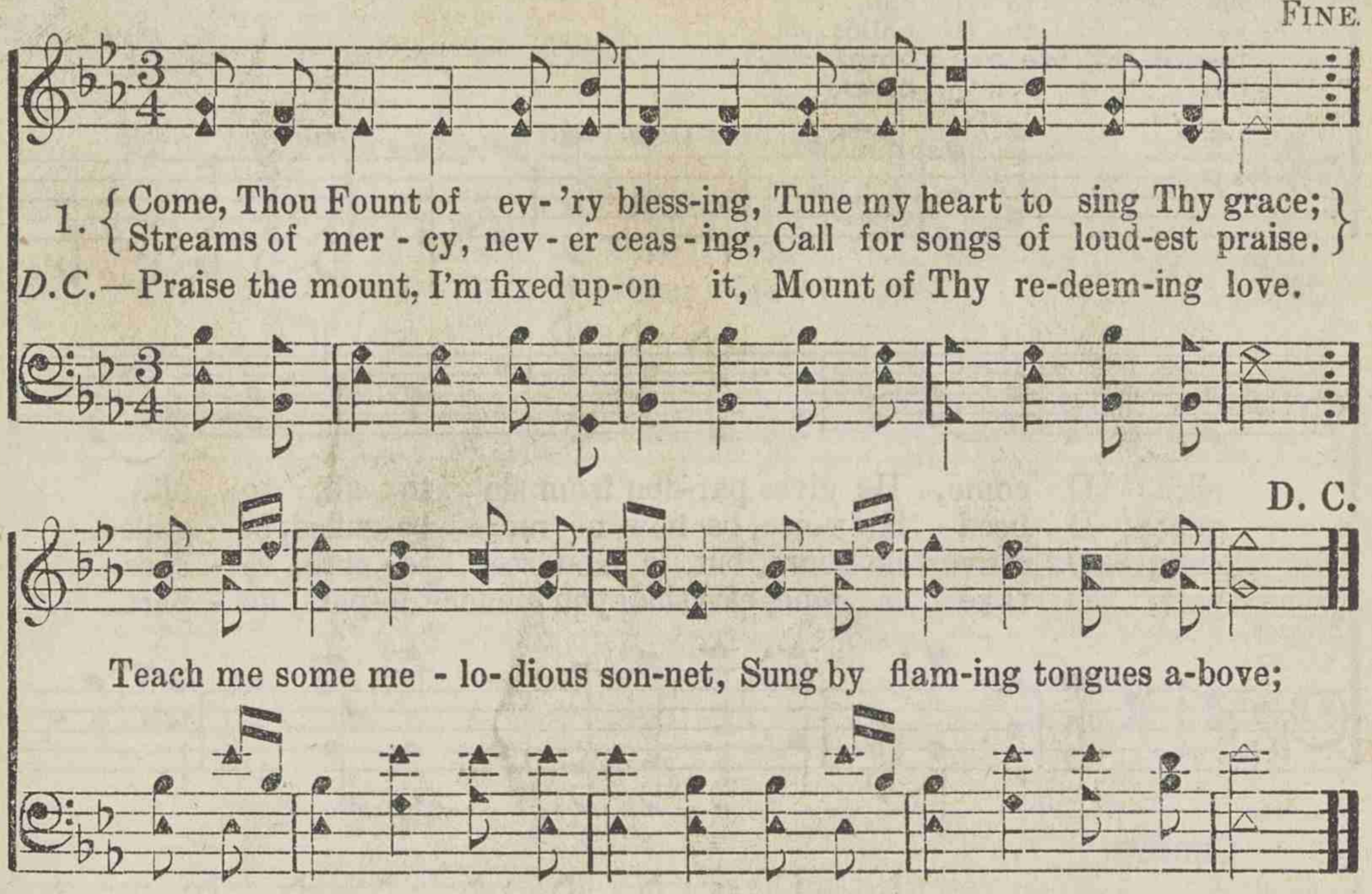
The Song of Wonderful Love.



No. 129½. Come, Thou Fount.

Geo. Robinson. **John Wyeth.**

FINE.
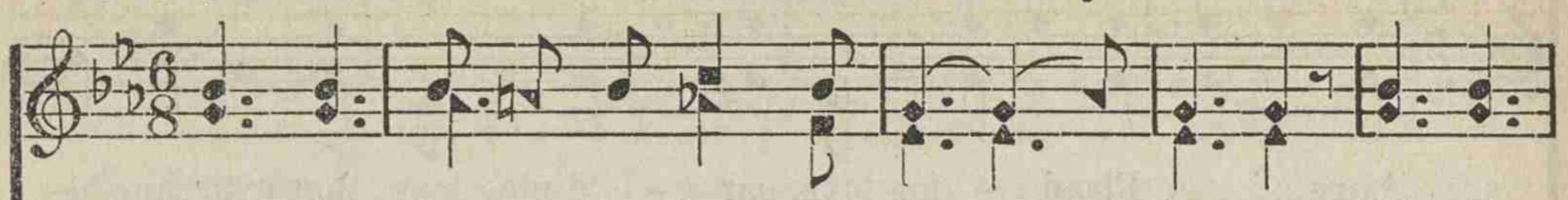


2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

No. 130. Someone's Last Call.
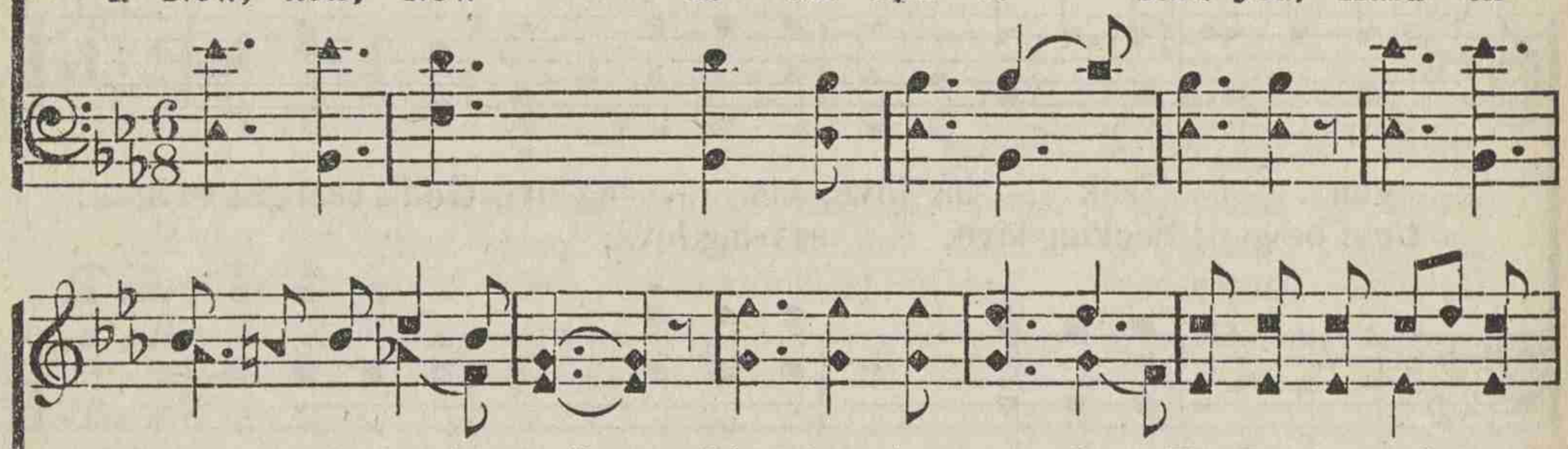
COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY CLARENCE B. STROUSE.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Edna R. Worrell. Arr. by Clarence B. Strouse.
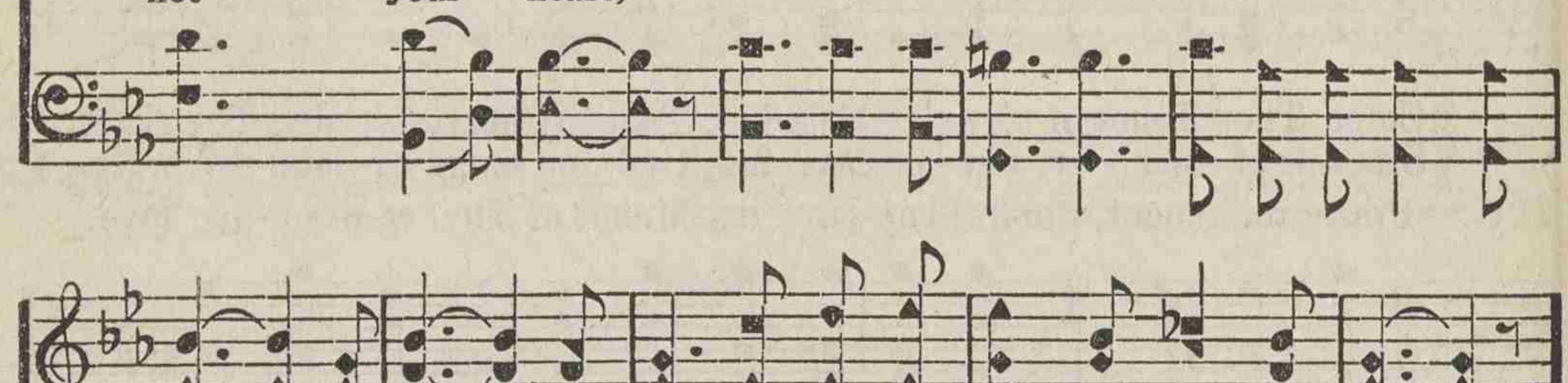


1. Come, O come to the bless - ed Sav - - ior,... List, O
2. Deep, deep, deep in the heart there whis - - pers... God's own
3. Long, long, long have you tried to sti - - - fle.... Yearn-ings
4. Now, *now*, NOW as the Spir - it stirs..... you, .. Hard - en

1. Come, O come to the bless - ed Sav - ior, List, O
2. Deep, deep, deep in the heart there whis-pers God's own
3. Long, long, long have you tried to sti - fle Yearn-ings
4. Now, *now*, NOW as the Spir - it stirs you, Hard - en
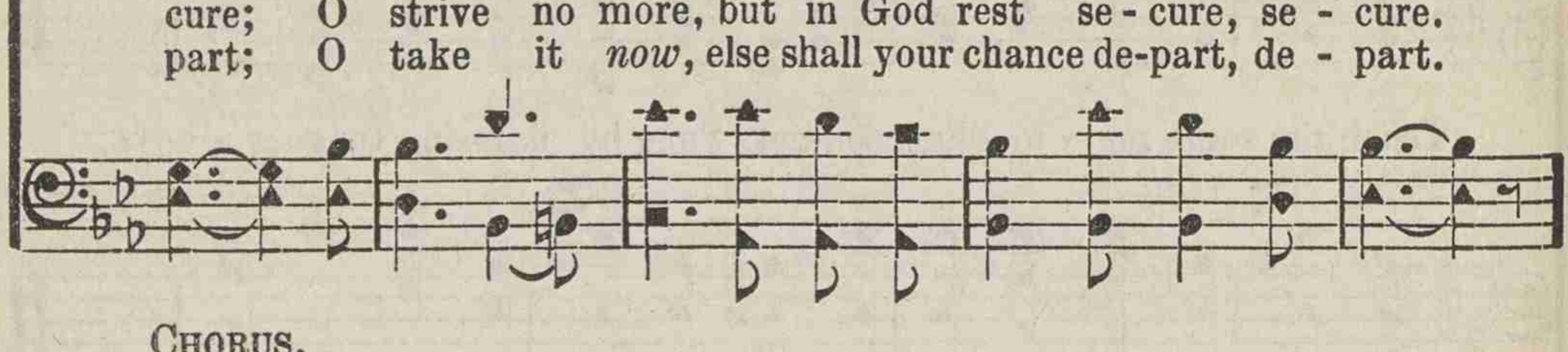


list to His lov-ing call, Of - fer - ing par - don, Pardon from sin to
voice to each wayward child; Heed it! O heed it, Be no more sin - be-
sweet to a life more pure; Quench them no lon - ger, But in God rest se-
not your fast melting heart; Take, take sal - va - tion, Else shall your chance de-
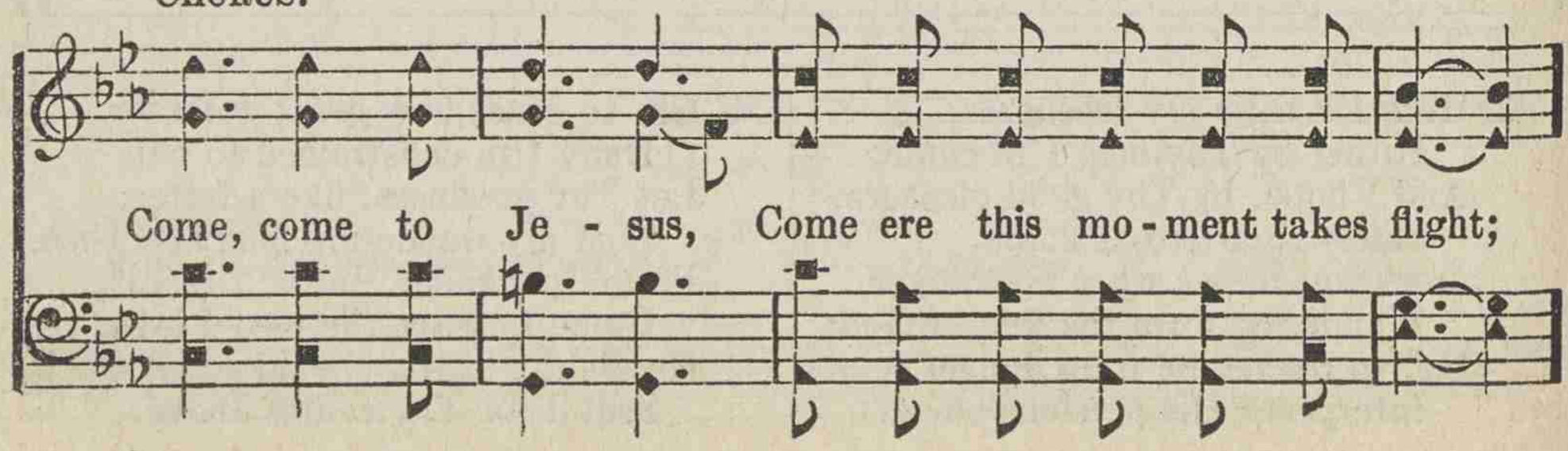
list to His call,
voice to His child;
tow'rd life more pure;
not your heart;



all; O come, He gives par-don from sin to all, to all.
guiled; O heed His voice, be now no more be-guiled, be - guiled.
cure; O strive no more, but in God rest se - cure, se - cure.
part; O take it *now*, else shall your chance de-part, de - part.

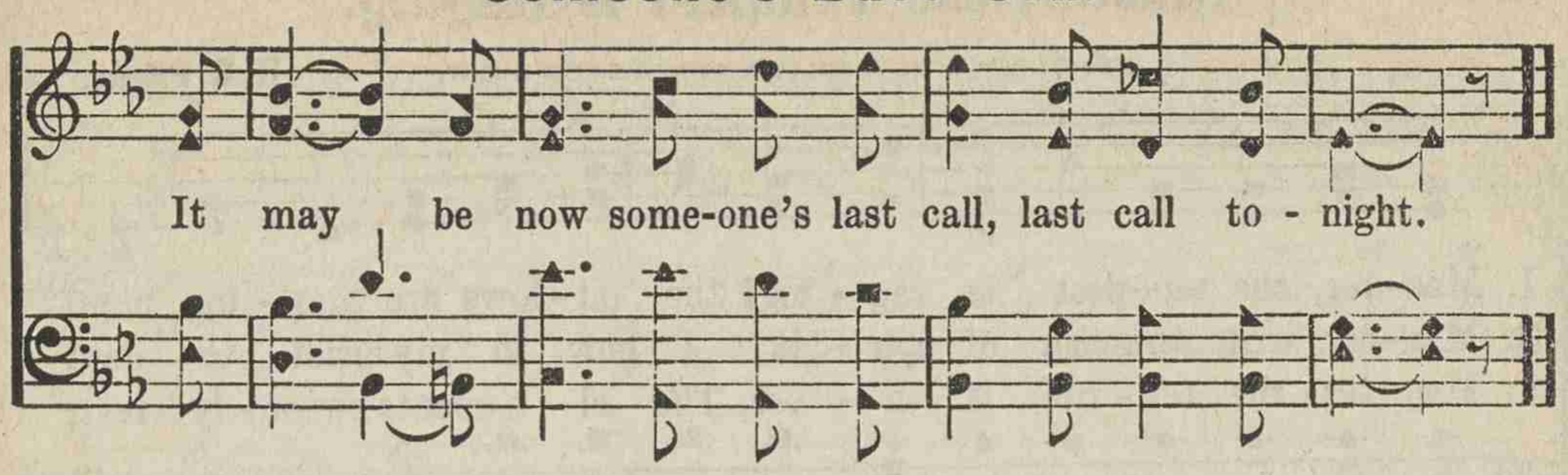


CHORUS.



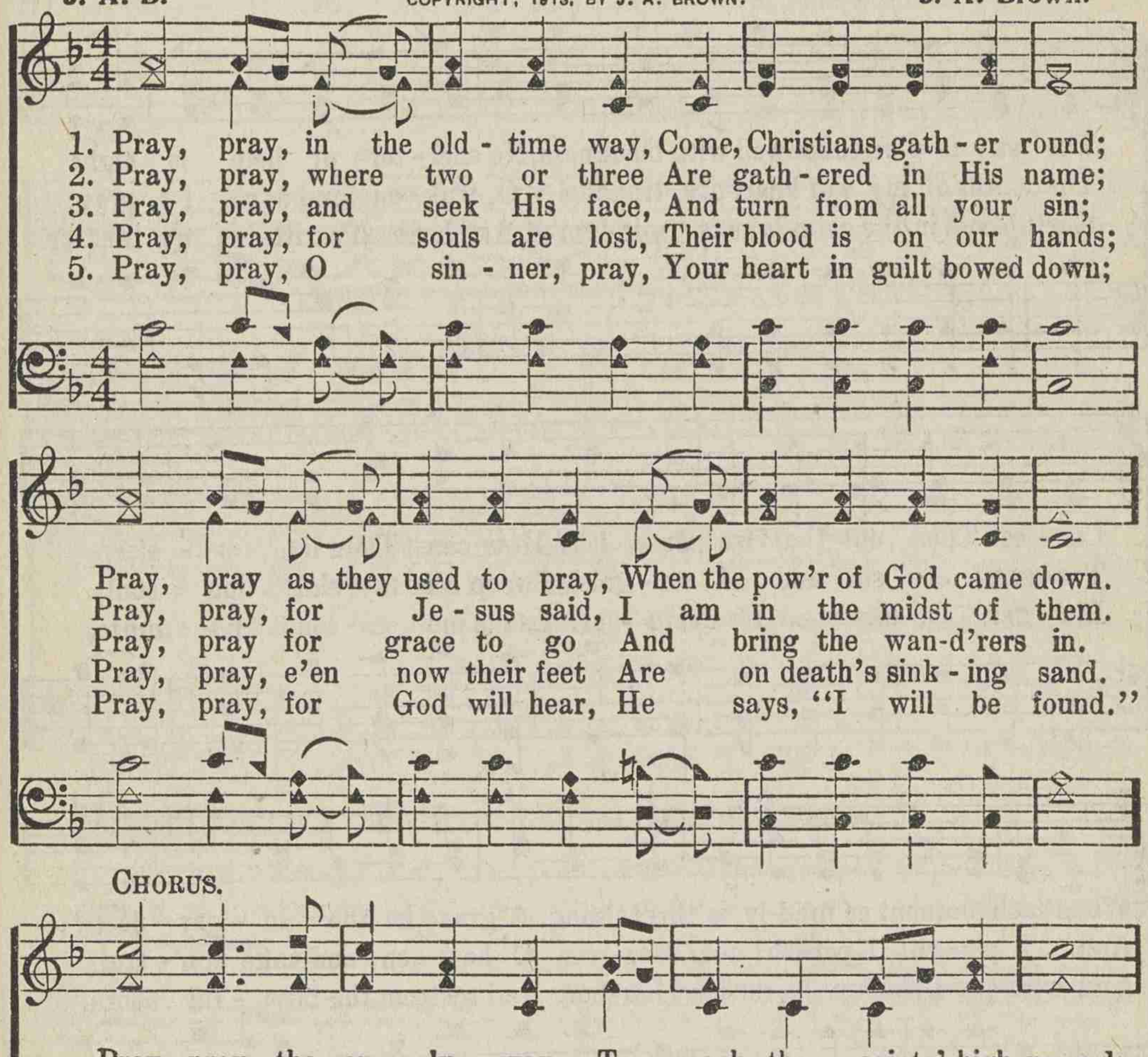
Come, come to Je - sus, Come ere this mo - ment takes flight;

Someone's Last Call.
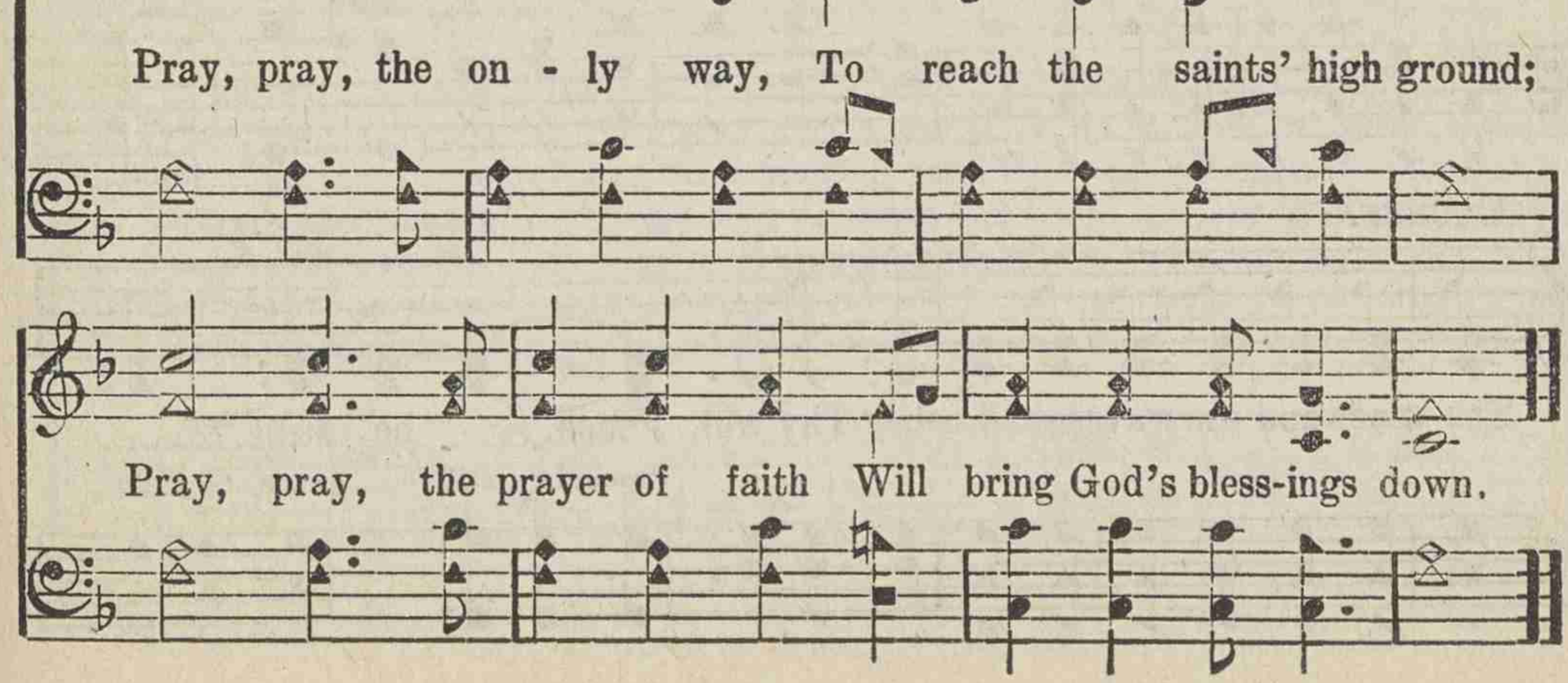


No. 130½. Pray.

J. A. B. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY J. A. BROWN. J. A. Brown.



CHORUS.



131. Master, the Tempest is Raging.

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

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

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

Car-est Thou not that we per-ish? How canst Thou lie a-sleep,
Tor-rents of sin and of an-guish Sweep o'er my sink-ing soul;
Lin-ger, O, bless-ed Re-deem-er! Leave me a-lone no more;
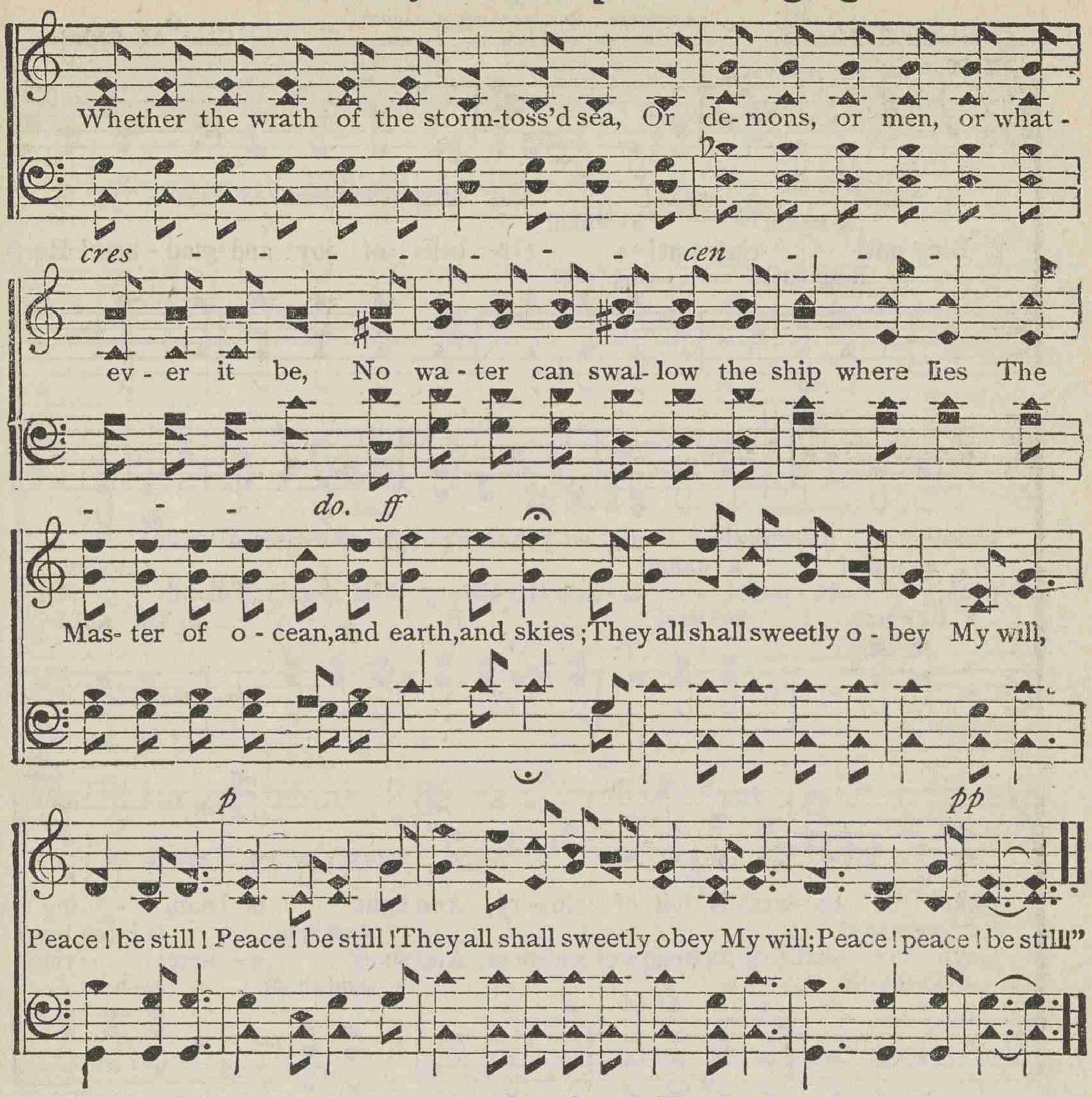
When each moment so mad-ly is threat'ning A grave in the an-gry deep?
And I per-ish! I per-ish! dear Mas-ter O hast-en, and take con-trol.
And with joy I shall make the best har-bor, And rest on the bliss-ful shore.

CHORUS.

p *pp*

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

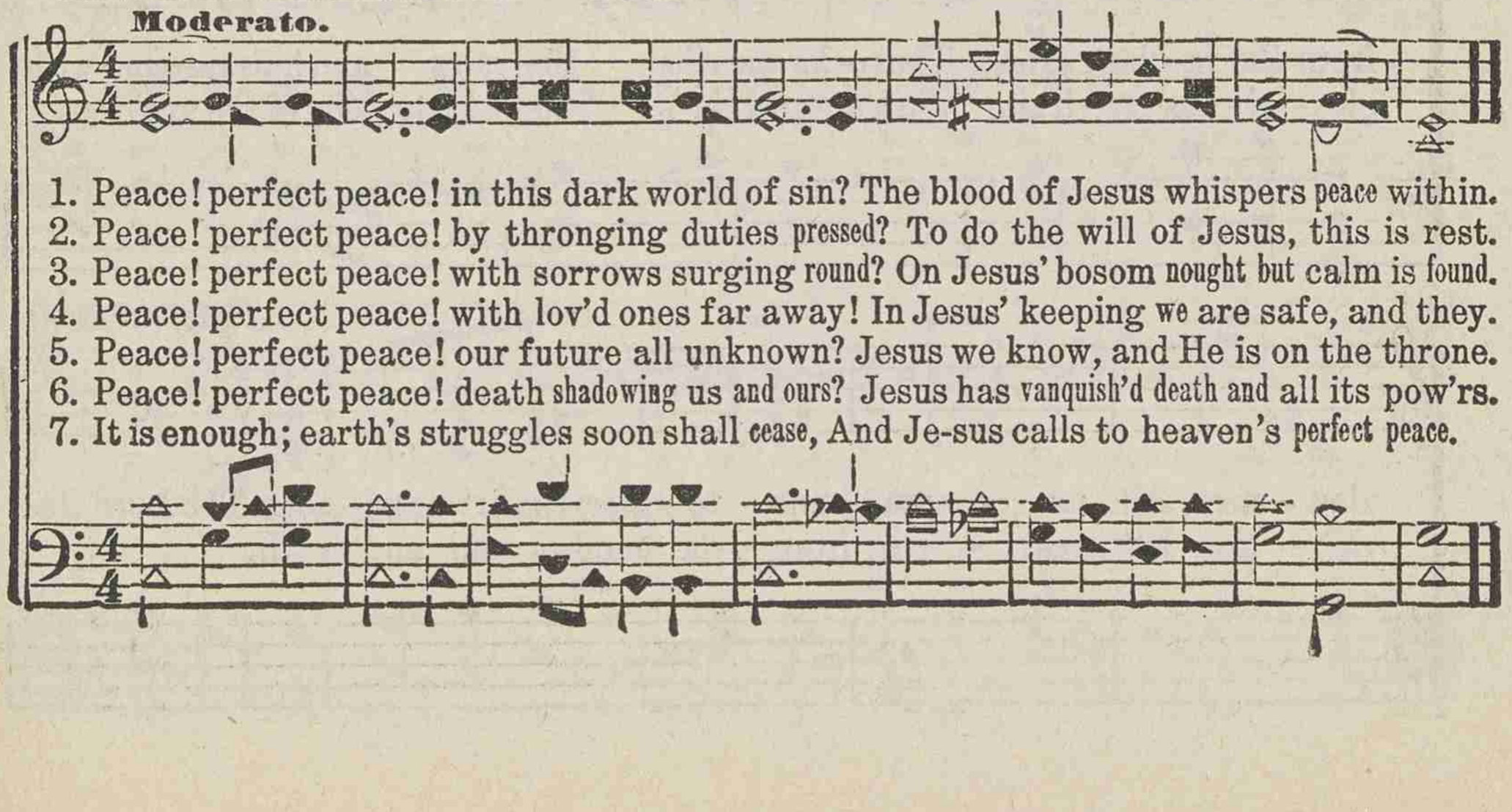
Master, the Tempest is Raging.



No. 131½ Peace! Perfect Peace.

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee, because he

REV. E. H. BICKERSTETH. trusteth in thee."—Isa. 26: 3. G. T. CALDRECK.



1. Peace! perfect peace! in this dark world of sin? The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.
2. Peace! perfect peace! by thronging duties pressed? To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.
3. Peace! perfect peace! with sorrows surging round? On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found.
4. Peace! perfect peace! with lov'd ones far away! In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.
5. Peace! perfect peace! our future all unknown? Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.
6. Peace! perfect peace! death shadowing us and ours? Jesus has vanquish'd death and all its pow'rs.
7. It is enough; earth's struggles soon shall cease, And Je-sus calls to heaven's perfect peace.

Awakening Chorus.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
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Charlotte G. Homer. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

M. 76 = ♩

1. A- wake! a - wake! and sing the bless - ed sto - ry; A-
A-wake! a - wake!
2. Ring out! ring out! O bells of joy and glad - ness! Re-
Ring out! ring out!

wake! a - wake! and let your song of praise a-rise; A-wake! a-
A - wake! a - wake! a - wake!
peat, re - peat a - new the sto - ry o'er a-gain, Till all the
Re - peat. re - peat Till all

wake! the earth is full of glo - ry, And light is beam - ing
a - wake! And light is beam-ing
earth shall lose its weight of sad-ness, And shout a - new the
the earth And shout a - new

Male voices in Unison.

from the ra-diant skies; The rocks and rills, the vales and hills resound with
glo - ri - ous re - frain; With an-gels in the heights sing of the great sal-

Full harmony.

glad - ness, All na - ture joins to sing the tri-umph song. The Lord Je-
va - tion He wrest - ed from the hand of sin and death.

Awakening Chorus.

Unison.

ho - vah reigns and sin is back-ward hurled! Re-joice! re-
is sin backward hurled!

joice! lift heart and voice, Je - ho - vah reigns!

Full harmony.

Pro-claim His sov-'reign pow'r to all the world, And let His
pow'r to all the world, And let the

glo - rious ban-ner be un-furled! Je - ho - vah reigns!
grand and glo-rious ban-ner be un-furled! Je - ho - vah reigns! Je - ho - vah reigns!

Re - joice! re - joice! re - joice! Je - ho - vah reigns!
Re - joice! re - joice! re - joice!

No. 133. King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

Laurene Highfield. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. King of kings and Lord of lords is He, No mon-arch can dis-pute His sway;
2. Grander far than an-y po-ten-tate Who wears in pride a king-ly crown,
3. Nev-er sov'reign ruled so wide a realm As His, em-brac-ing stars and sun;
4. He shall reign in tri-umph when the sun Has set up-on life's part-ing day;
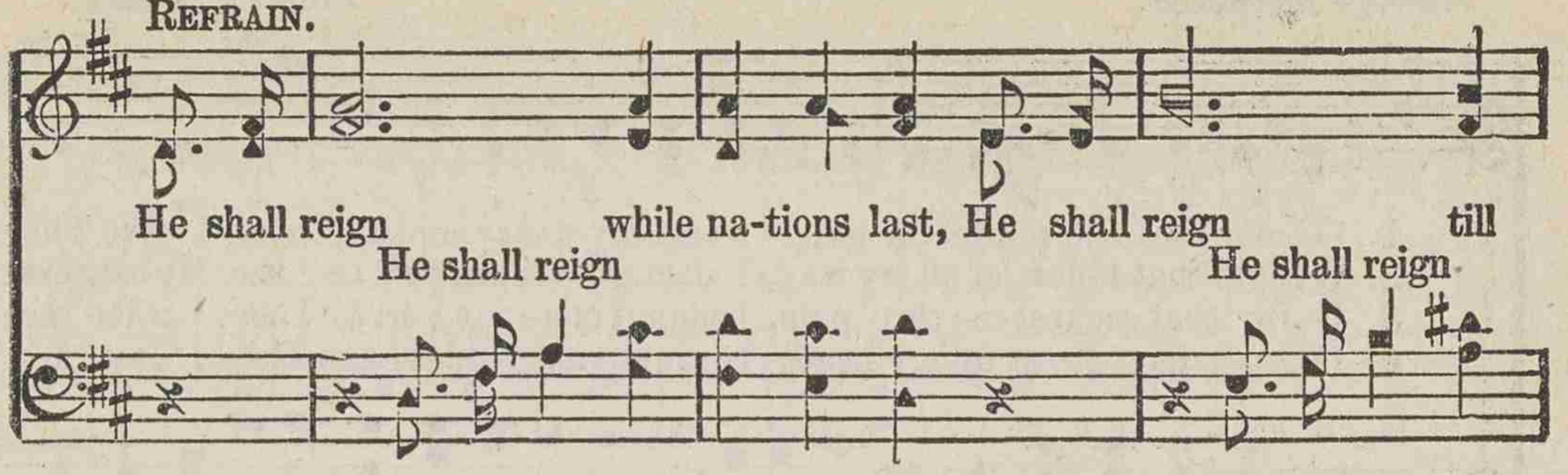
The an-gel-ic hosts His bid-ding wait, And glad His voice o-bey:
Worlds unknown are moved by His com-mand So vast is His re-nown:
Man-y cen-tu-ries have passed a-way, His reign is just be-gun:
Nei-ther jot nor tit-tle of His word Will ev-er pass a-way;

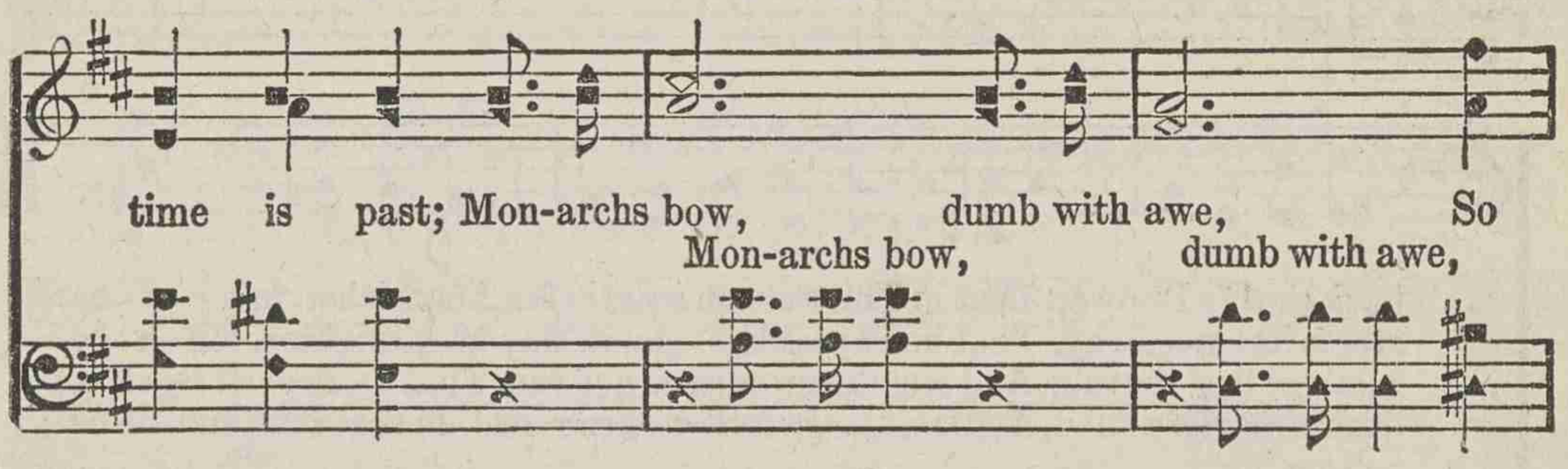
From His throne He rules the sons of earth, Who hail the Christ of roy-al birth,
But no great-er ti-tle can He wear, Than this which no one else may share,
Da-vid's scep-ter nev-er shall de-part, Till Christ shall be in ev-'ry heart,
And ar-rayed in maj-es-ty and might, He still shall rule in realms of light,

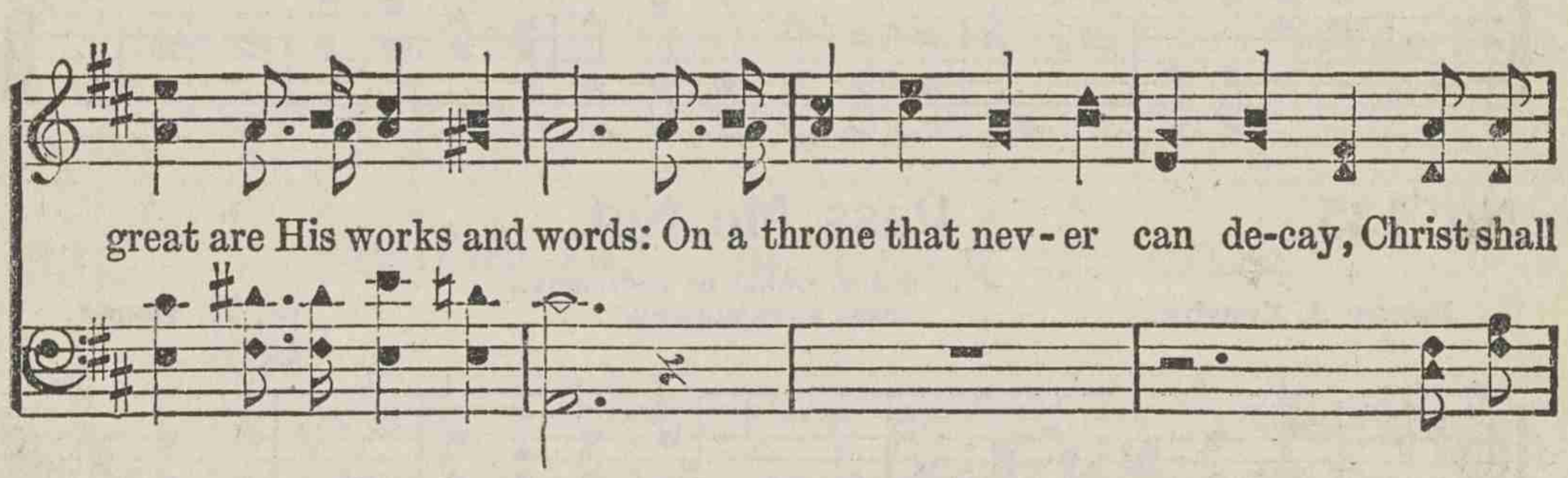
King of kings, ... King of kings and Lord of lords.
King of kings and Lord of lords,
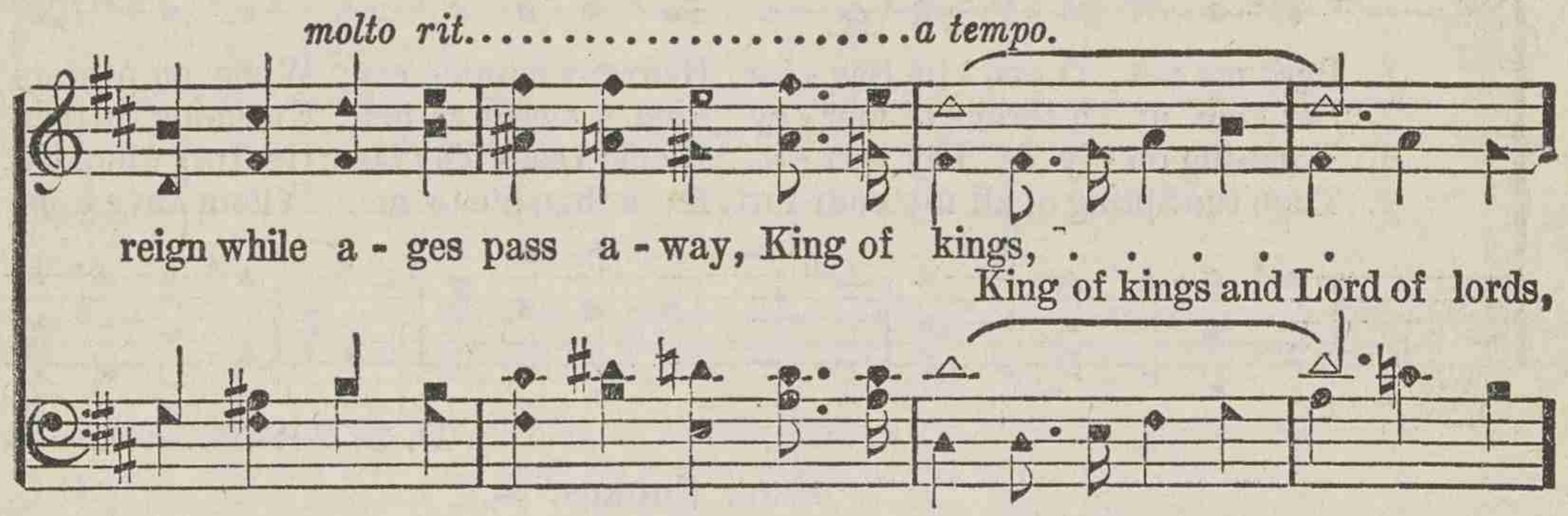
King of Kings and Lord of Lords.
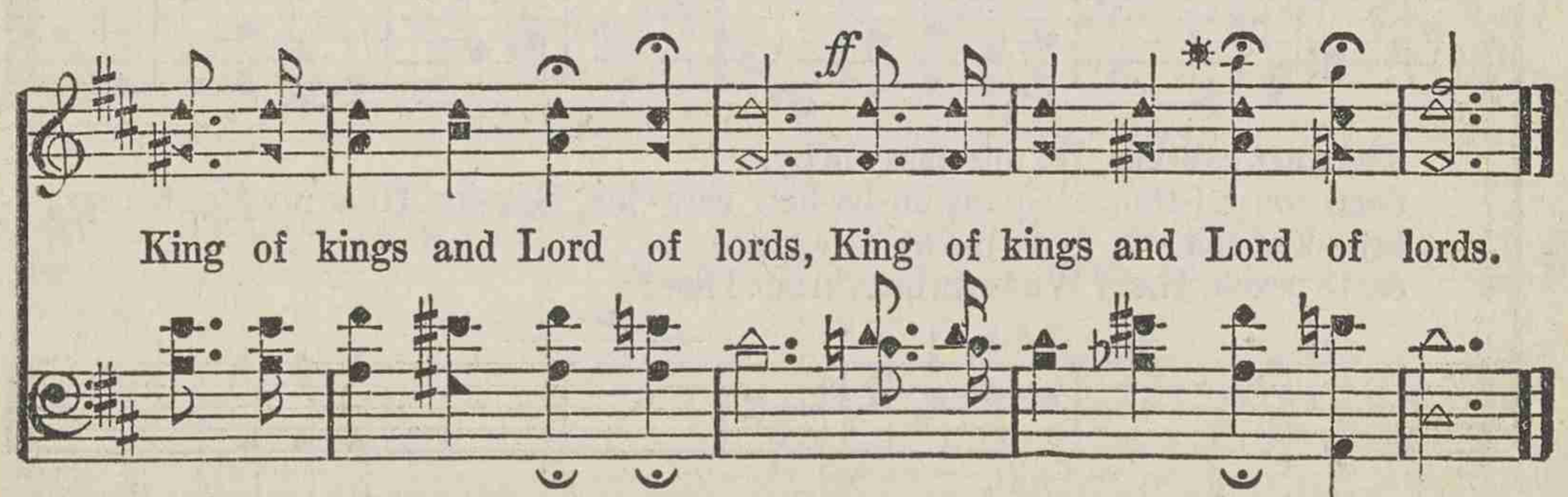
REFRAIN.











*Several select voices will sing the small notes.

No. 134. O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

George Matheson. Albert L. Peace.

1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my weary soul in Thee; I give Thee back the life I owe, That in Thine ocean depths its flow May richer, full - er be.
2. O Light that follow'st all my way, I yield my flick'ring torch to Thee; My heart re-stores its borrowed ray, That in Thy sunshine's glow its day May brighter, fair-er be.
3. O Joy that seekest me thro' pain, I cannot close my heart to Thee; I trace the rainbow thro' the rain, And feel the promise is not vain That morn shall tearless be.
4. O Cross that lift-est up my head, I dare not ask to hide from Thee: I lay in dust life's glory dead, And from the ground there blossoms red Life that shall endless be.

No. 135. Pass Me Not.

W. H. DOANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - ior, Hear my humble cry; While on oth-ers Thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.
2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re-lief; Kneel-ing there in deep con-tri-tion, Help my un-be-lief. **Sav - ior, Sav-ior,** Hear my humble cry;
3. Trust-ing on - ly in Thy mer - it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my wounded, bro - ken spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.
4. Thou the Spring of all my com-fort, More than life to me. Whom have I on earth beside Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?

D. S.—*While on oth-ers*

FINE. CHORUS. D.S.

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

136. Since I Found My Saviour.

E. E. Hewitt. Copyright, 1892, by Jno. R. Sweney. Jno. R. Sweney.

M. 66 = ♩

1. Life wears a different face to me, Since I found my Saviour; Rich mer-cy at the
2. He sought me in His wondrous love, So I found my Saviour; He bro't sal-va-tion
3. The passing clouds may in-ter-vene, Since I found my Saviour; But He is with me—
4. A strong hand kindly holds my own, Since I found my Saviour; It leads me onward

CHORUS.

cross I see, My dy - ing, liv - ing Sav-iour.
from a-bove, My dear, al-might-y Sav-iour. Golden sunbeams 'round me play,
tho' un-seen, My ev - er pres - ent Sav-iour.
to the throne, O there I'll see my Sav-iour.

Je-sus turns my night to day, Heaven seems not far a-way, Since I found my Saviour.

137. Nothing But The Blood of Jesus.

R. L. Copyright, 1877, by Robt. Lowry. R. Lowry.

M. 112 = ♩

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.

CHORUS.

{ Oh, precious is the flow That makes me white as snow;
{ No oth-er fount I know, [*Omit . . . . .*] } Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.

No. 138. Blessed Be the Name.

COPYRIGHT, 1888, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

W. H. Clark. Arr. by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. All praise to Him who reigns a - bove, In maj - es - ty su - preme;
2. His name a - bove all names shall stand, Ex - alt - ed more and more,
3. Re-deem - er, Sav - ior, Friend of men Once ru - ined by the fall;
4. His name shall be the Coun-sel - lor, The might-y Prince of Peace,

Who gave His Son for man to die, That He might man re - deem.
At God the Fa - ther's own right hand, Where an - gel hosts a - dore.
Thou hast de-vised sal - va - tion's plan, For Thou hast died for all.
Of all earth's kingdoms, Con-quer-or, Whose reign shall nev - er cease.

CHORUS.

Bless-ed be the name, bless-ed be the name, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord;

Bless-ed be the name, bless-ed be the name, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord.

No. 139. Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett. Hans George Naegeli.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our ar - dent prayers;
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;

Blest Be the Tie.

The fel - low-ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a-bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com-forts and our cares.
And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
But we shall still be joined in heart And hope to meet a - gain.

No. 140. Only Trust Him.

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

1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin op-pressed, There's mer-cy with the Lord,
2. For Je - sus shed His pre - cious blood Rich bless-ings to be - stow;
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;
4. Come then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go,

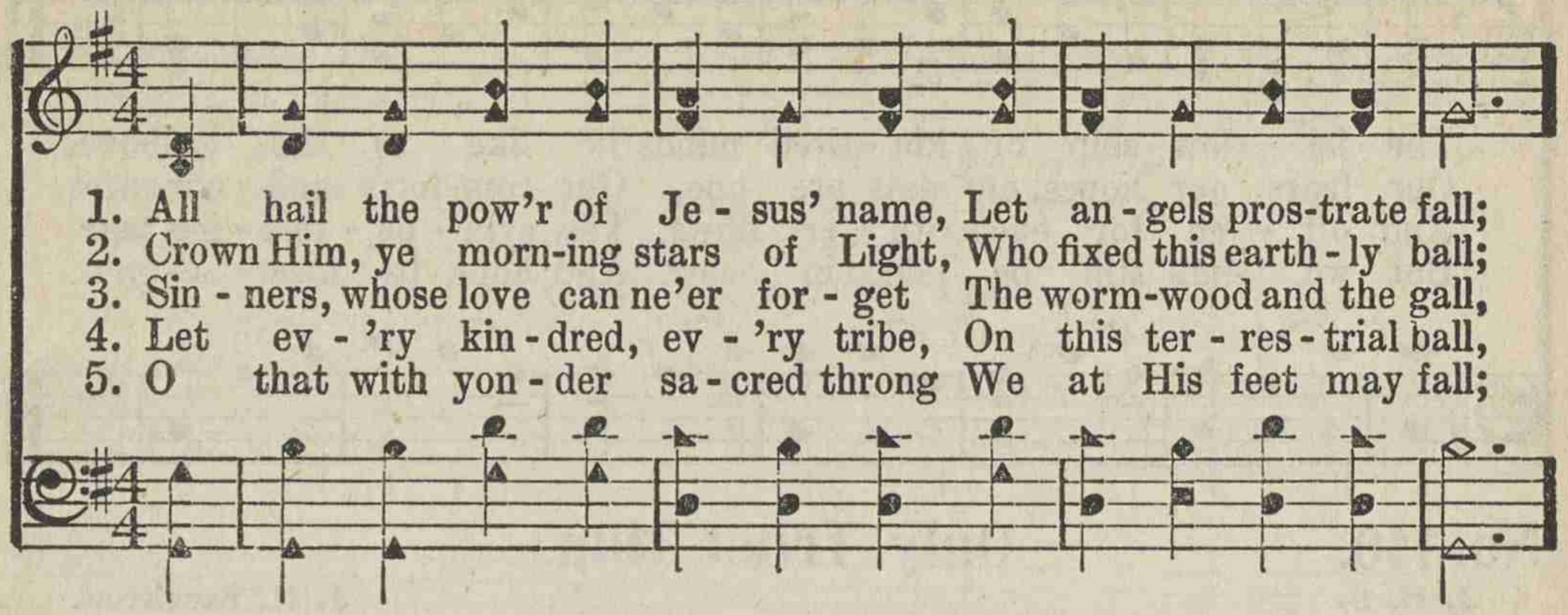
And He will sure - ly give you rest, By trust - ing in His word.
Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That wash-es white as snow.
Be - lieve in Him with-out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im-mor - tal flow.

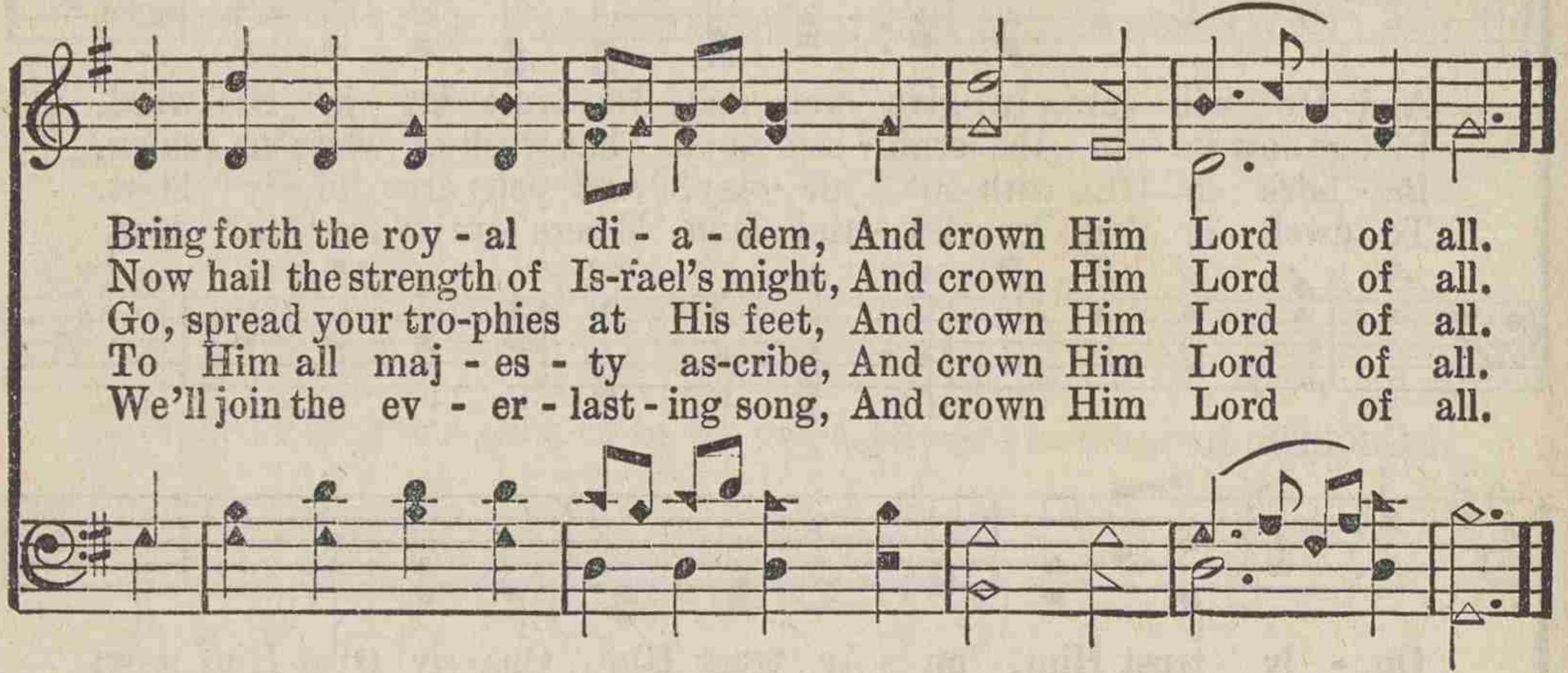
CHORUS.

On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now;
He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.

No. 141. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.
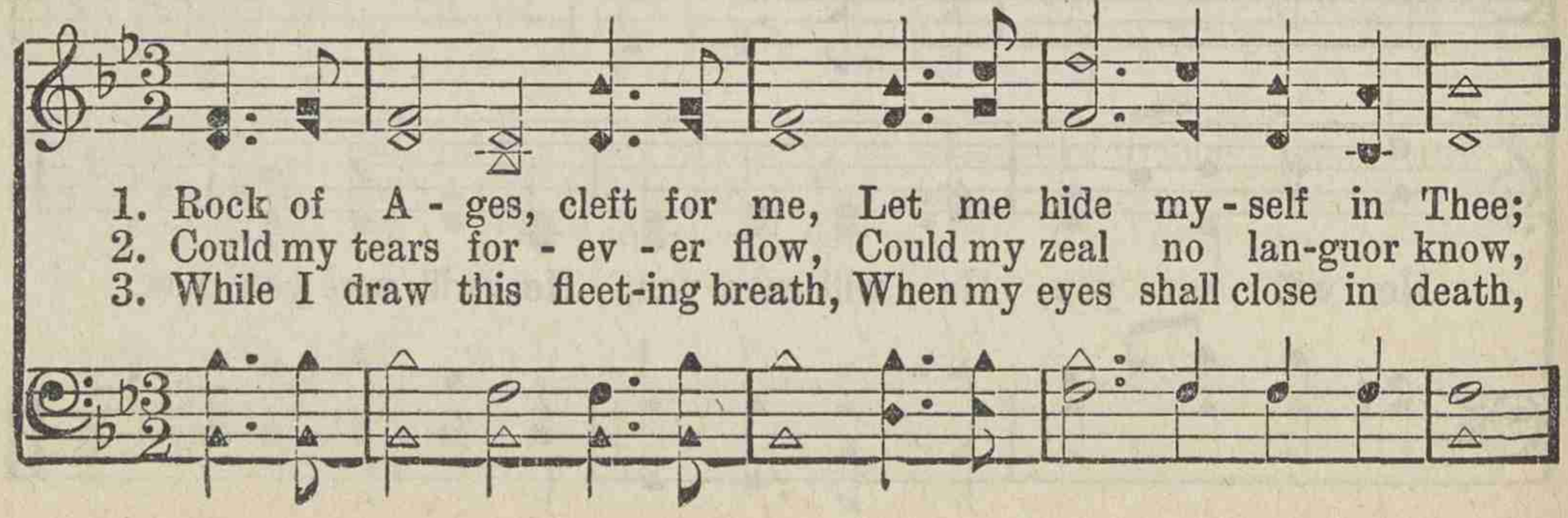
Edward Perronet. (CORONATION. C. M.) Oliver Holden.



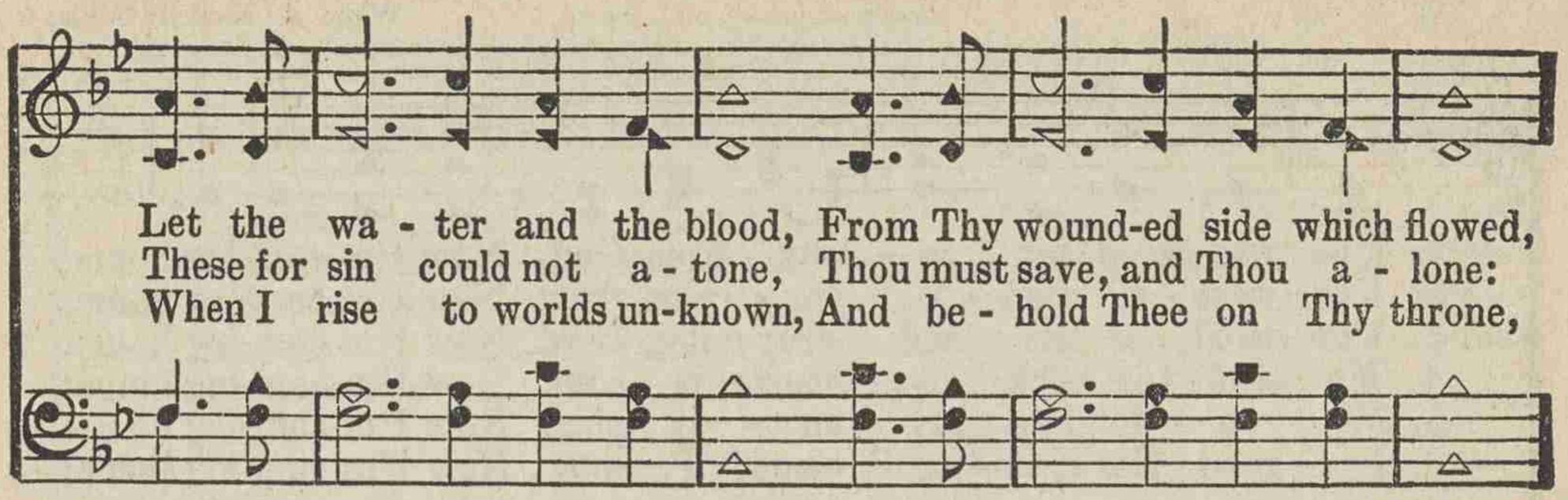


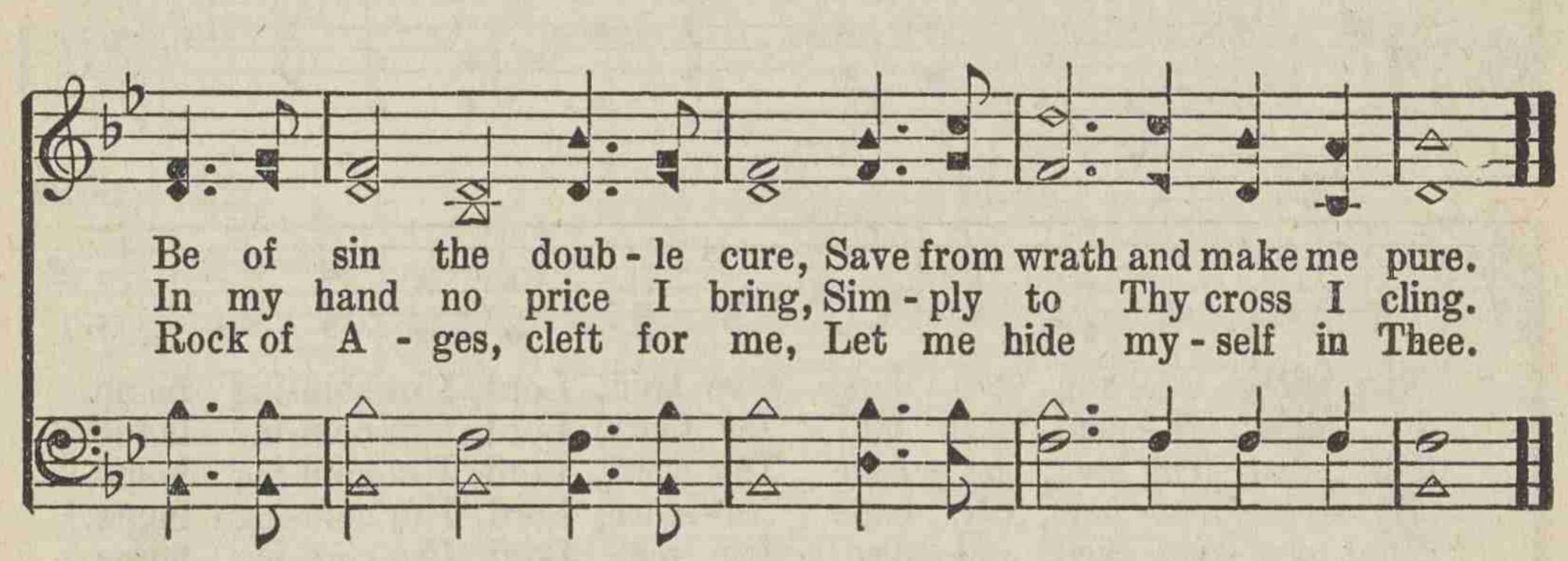
No. 142. Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady. Thomas Hastings.



Rock of Ages.
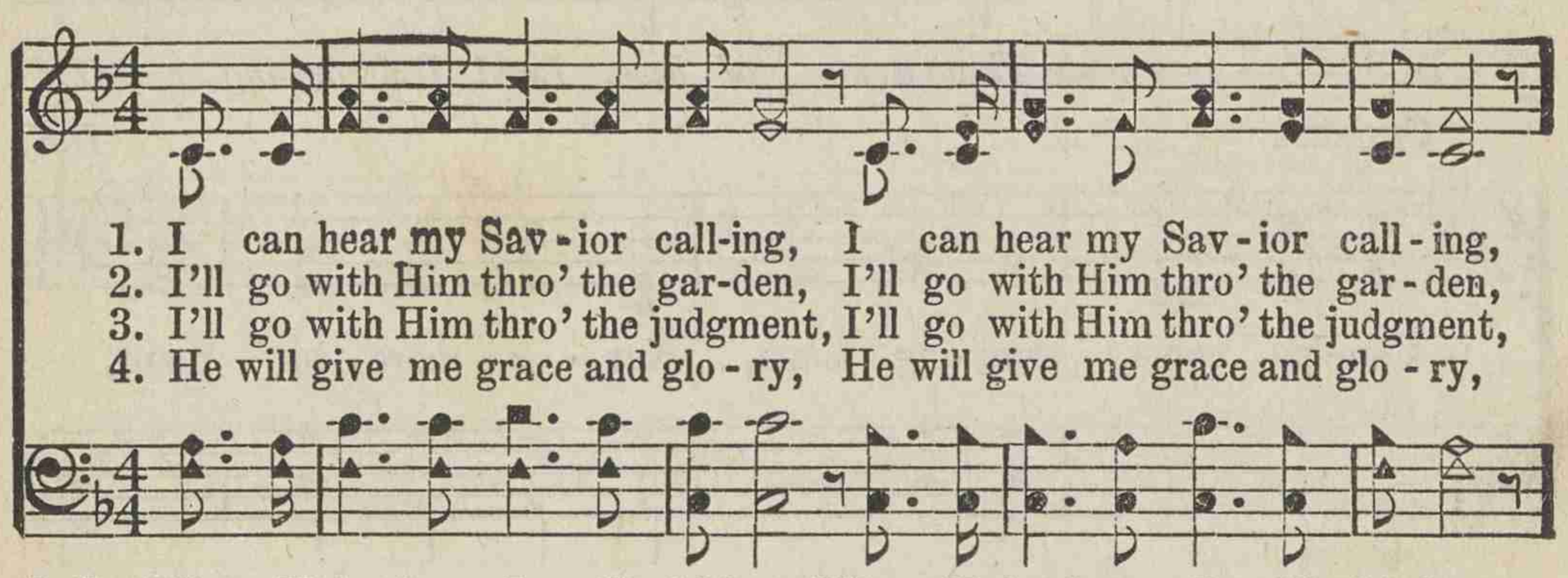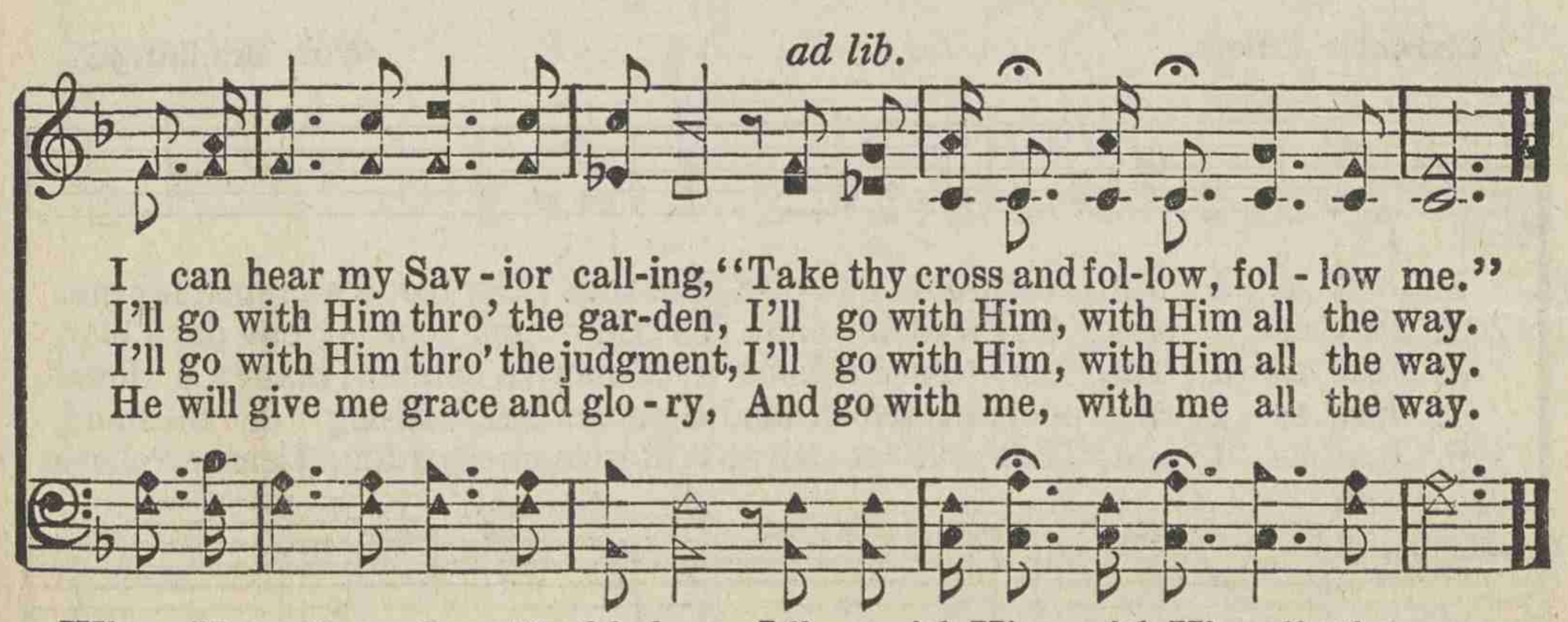




No. 143. Where He Leads Me.

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



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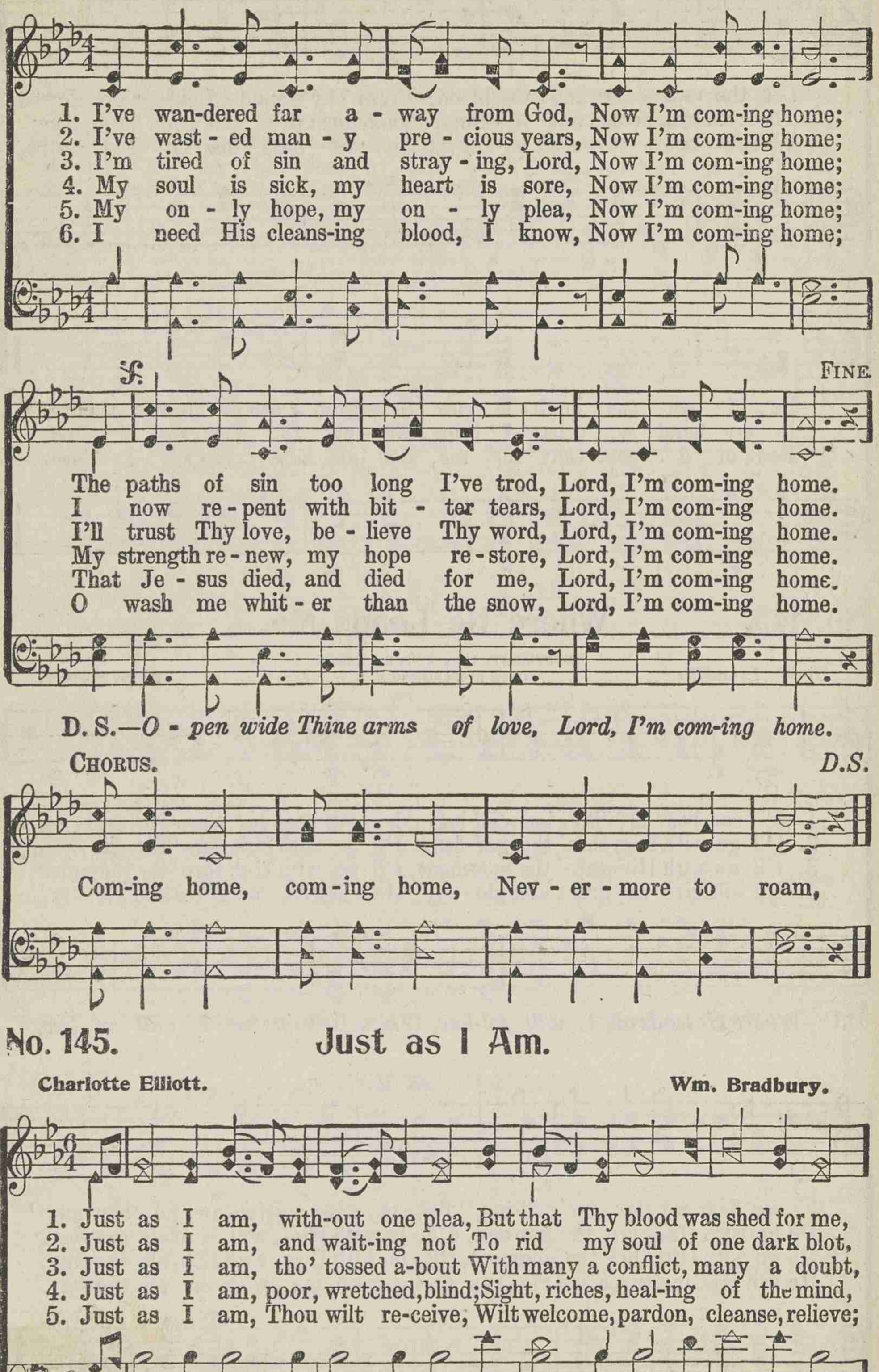


Where He leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

No. 144. Lord, I'm Coming Home.

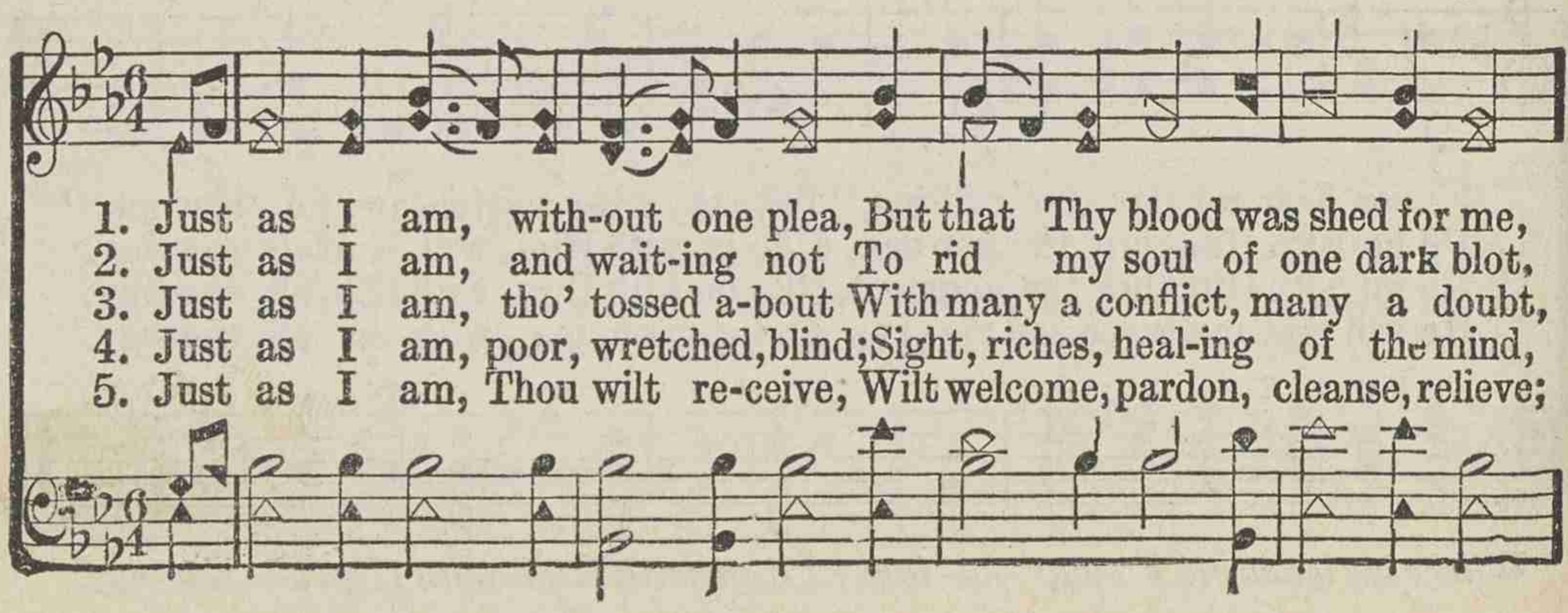
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W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.
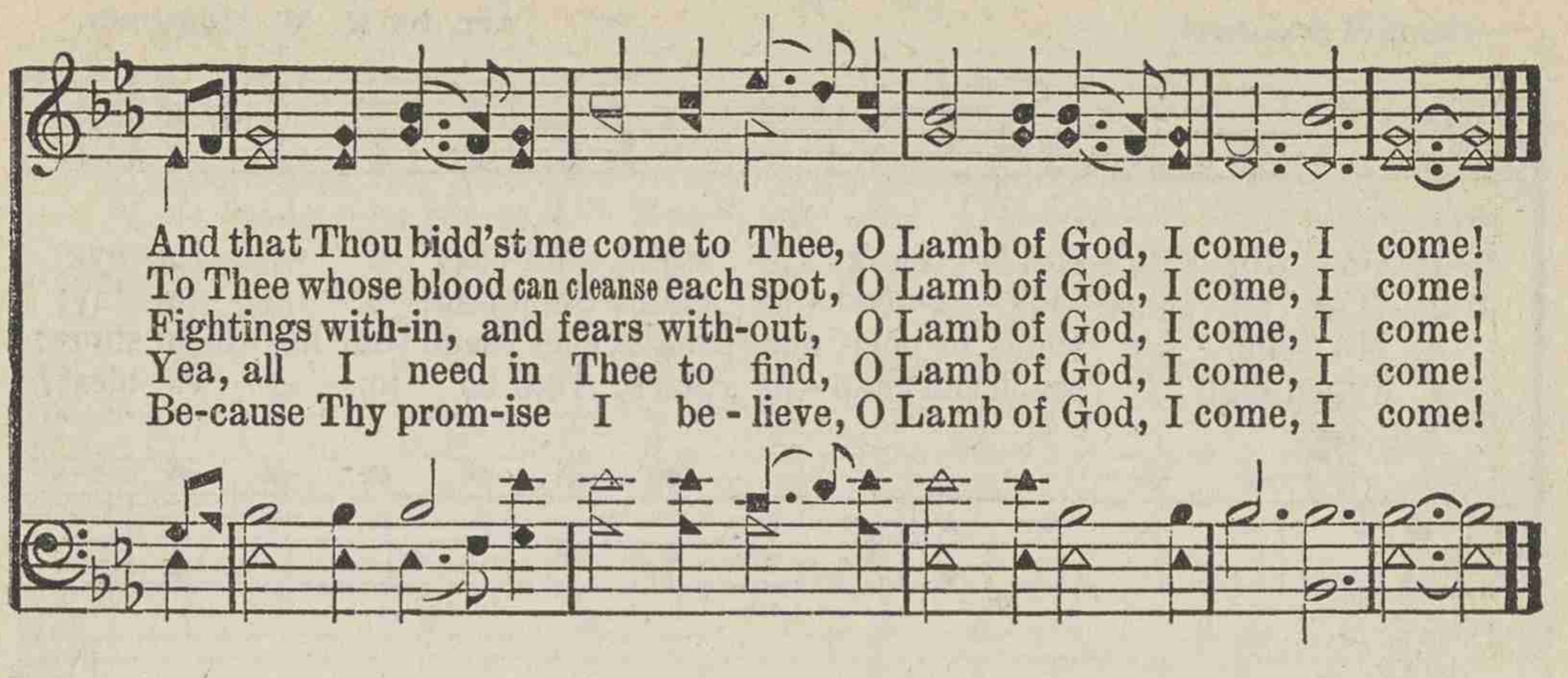


No. 145. Just as I Am.

Charlotte Elliott. Wm. Bradbury.

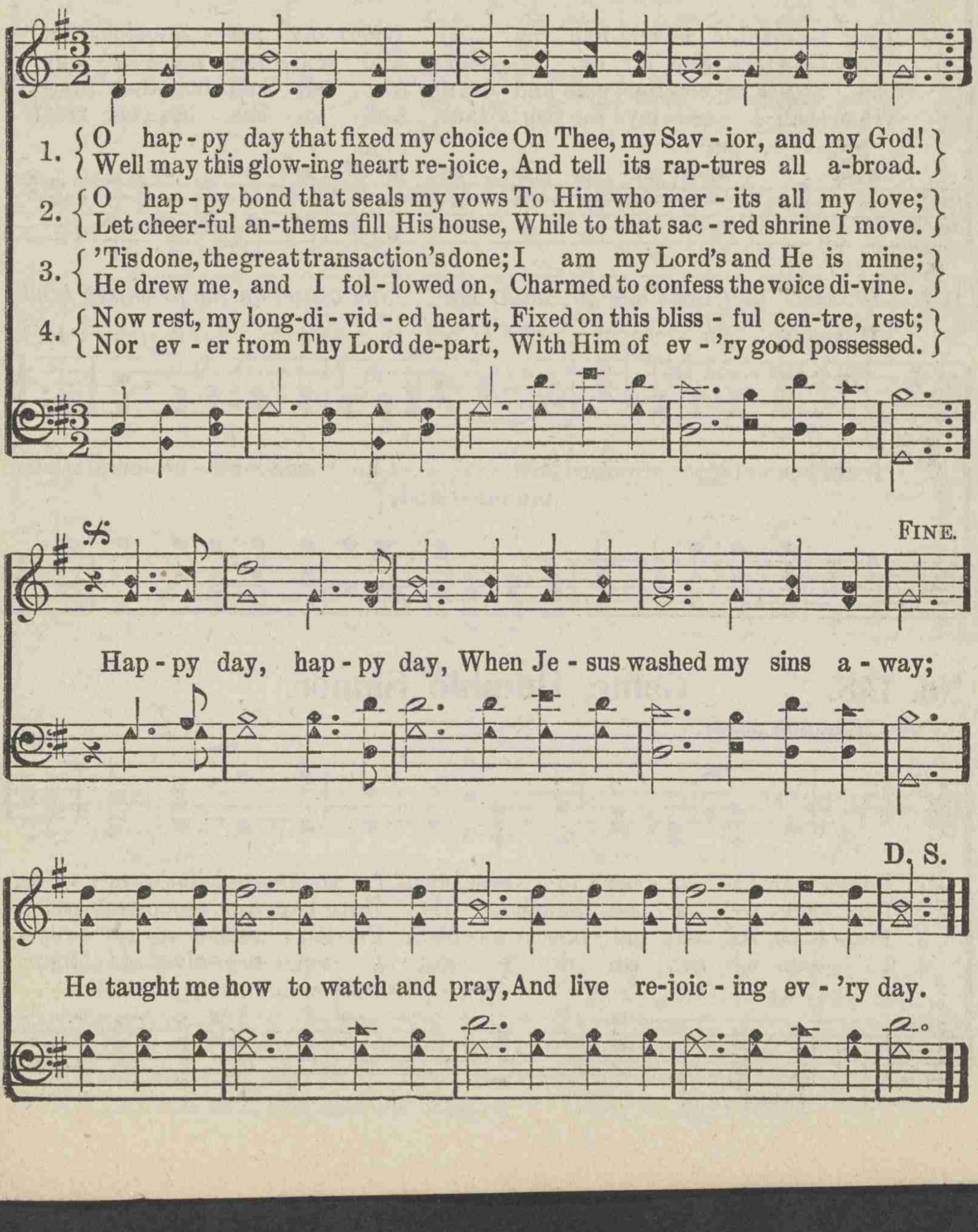


Just as I Am.



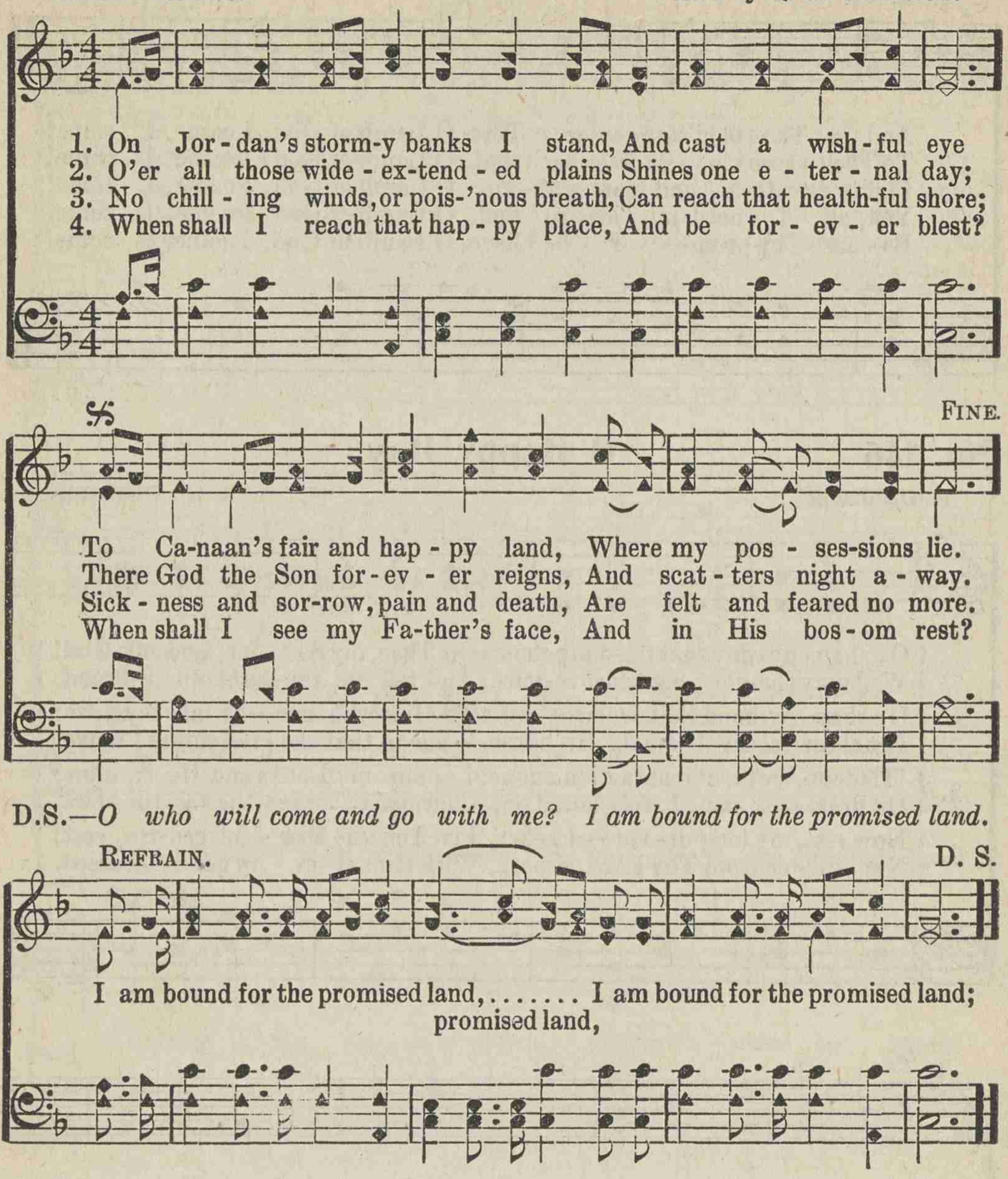
No. 146 O Happy Day.

P. Doddridge. E. F. Rimbault.



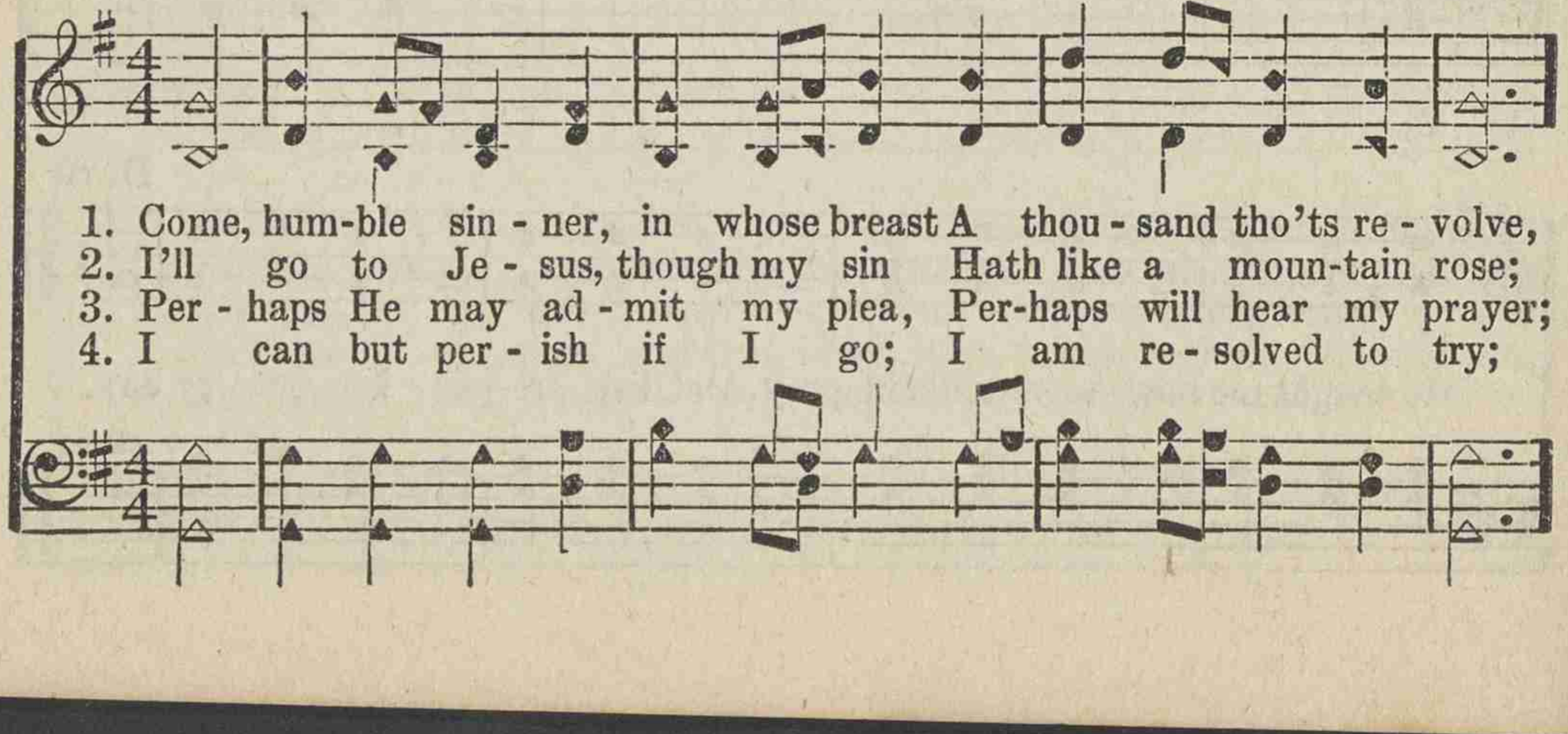
No. 147. The Promised Land.

Samuel Stennett. **Arr. by R. M. McIntosh.**

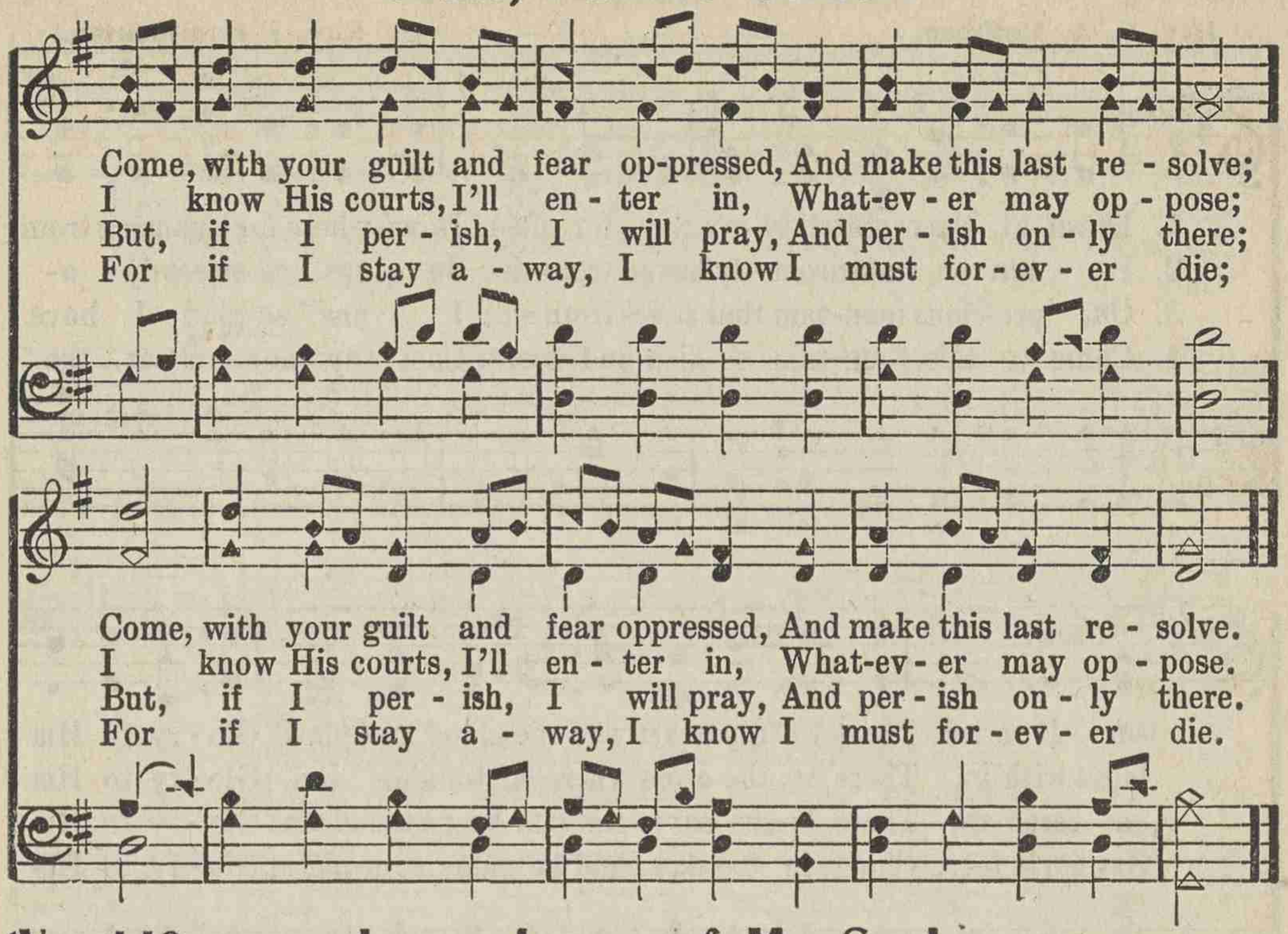


No. 148. Come, Humble Sinner.

Rev. Edmund Jones.



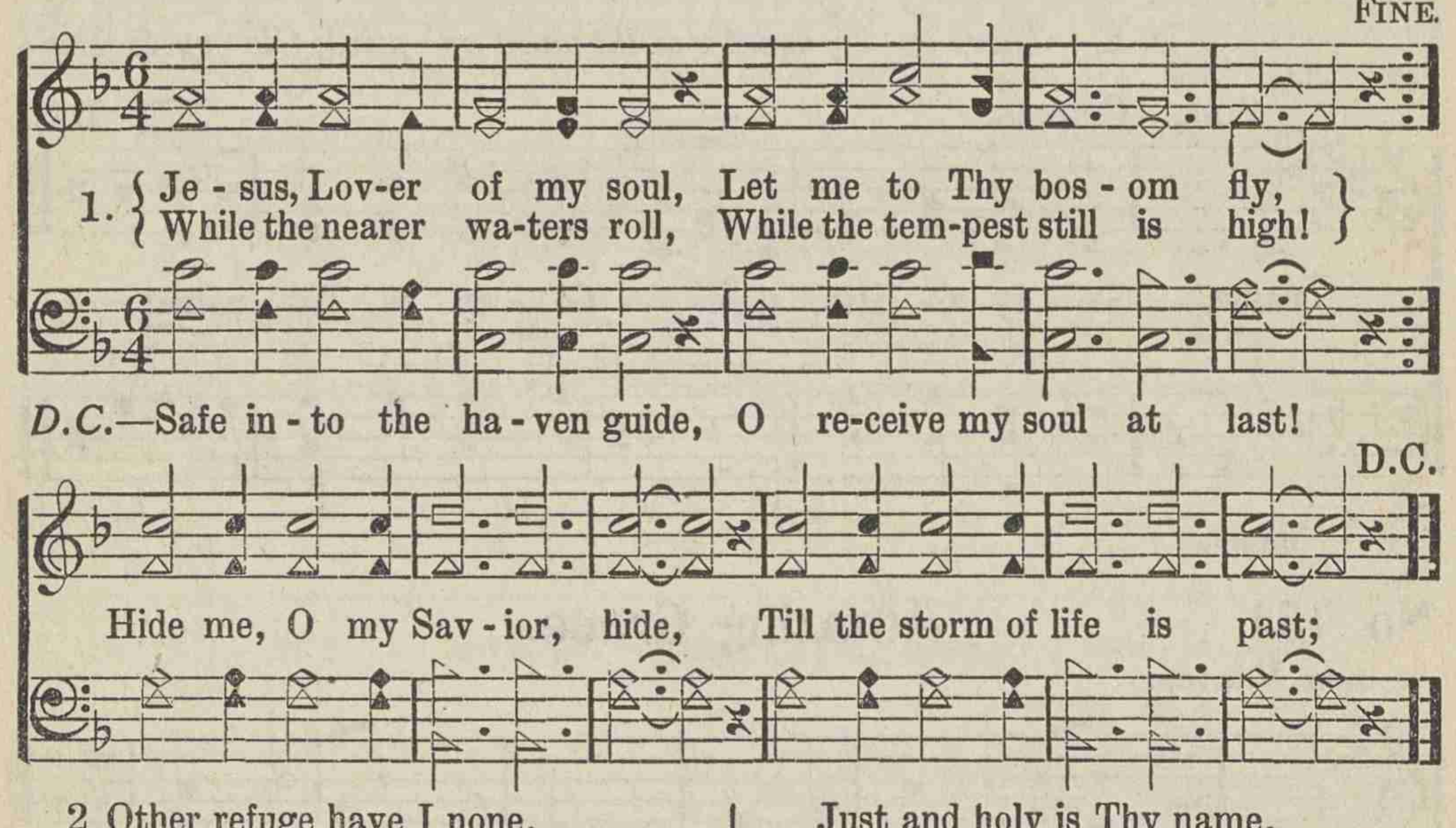
Come, Humble Sinner.



No. 149. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley. **S. B. Marsh.**

FINE.



2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

No. 150. Glory to His Name.

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

1. Down at the cross where my Sav - ior died, Down where for cleansing from
2. I am so won-drous - ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet-ly a-
3. Oh, pre-cious foun-tain that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
4. Come to this foun-tain so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the

sin I cried, There to my heart was the blood ap - plied; Glo - ry to His
bides with-in, There at the cross where He took me in; Glo - ry to His
en - tered in; There Je-sus saves me and keeps me clean; Glo - ry to His
Sav-ior's feet; Plunge in to - day, and be made com-plete; Glo - ry to His

D. S.—*There to my heart was the blood ap - plied; Glo - ry to His*

FINE. CHORUS. D.S.

name. Glo - ry to His name,.. Glo - ry to His name;

name.

No. 151. Amazing Grace.

John Newton.

1. A - maz - ing grace! how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me!
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved;
3. Thro' man - y dan - gers, toils and snares, I have al - read - y come;
4. When we've been there ten thou-sand years, Bright shin-ing as the sun,

Amazing Grace.

I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
How pre - cious did that grace ap - pear The hour I first be-lieved!
'Tis grace that bro't me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
We've no less days to sing God's praise Than when we first be - gun.

No. 152. Oh, How I Love Jesus.

1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth; It
2. It tells me of a Sav-ior's love Who died to set me free; It
3. It tells me what my Fa - ther hath In store for ev - 'ry day, And
4. It tells of One whose loving heart Can feel my deep-est woe, Who

sounds like mu - sic in mine ear— The sweet-est name on earth.
tells me of His pre-cious blood—The sin - ner's per - fect plea.
though I tread a dark-some path, Yields sun-shine all the way.
in each sor-row bears a part That none can bear be - low.

CHORUS.

Oh, how I love Je - sus, Oh, how I love Je - sus,
Oh, how I love Je - sus, Be - cause He first loved me.

No. 153. "Almost Persuaded."

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.

P. P. Bliss. P. P. Bliss.

1. "Al - most per-suad-ed" now to be - lieve; "Al - most per-suad-ed"
2. "Al - most per-suad-ed"—come, come to - day! "Al - most per-suad-ed"—
3. "Al - most per-suad-ed"—har - vest is past! "Al - most per-suad-ed"—

Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say: "Go, Spir - it,
turn not a - way! Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
doom comes at last! "Al - most" can-not a - vail, "Al - most" is

go Thy way, Some more con - ven - ient day On Thee I'll call."
ling'ring near, Prayers rise from hearts so dear; O wan - d'rer, come!
but to fail; Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail: "Al - most—but lost!"

No. 154. Why Do You Wait?

G. F. R. Geo. F. Root.

1. Why do you wait, dear broth-er, O why do you tar - ry so long? Your
2. What do you hope, dear broth-er, To gain by a fur-ther de - lay? There's
3. Do you not feel, dear broth-er, His Spir-it now striv-ing with - in? O
4. Why do you wait, dear broth-er, The har-vest is pass-ing a - way, Your

Why Do You Wait?

Sav-ior is wait-ing to give you A place in His sanc-ti - fied throng.
no one to save you but Je - sus, There's no oth - er way but His way.
why not ac-cept His sal - va - tion, And throw off thy bur-den of sin?
Sav-ior is long-ing to bless you; There's dan-ger and death in de - lay.

CHORUS.

Why not, why not? Why not come to Him now? now?

No. 155. Why Not Now?

El Nathan. COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY C. C. CASE. 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 your Fa - ther calls you home, Will you not, my broth-er, 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 come to Je - - sus now?

No. 156. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, Thy wings shall my pe - ti-tion bear
3. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, May I thy con - so-la-tion share,

And bids me, at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and wish-es known!
D. S.—And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of prayer.
To Him, whose truth and faith-ful-ness En-gage the wait-ing soul to bless:
D. S.—I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.
Till from Mount Pisgah's loft-y height I view my home, and take my flight;
D. S.—And shout while passing thro' the air, Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!

In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft-en found re-lief,
And since He bids me seek His face, Be-lieve His word, and trust His grace,
In my im-mor-tal flesh I'll rise To seize the ev - er-last-ing prize,
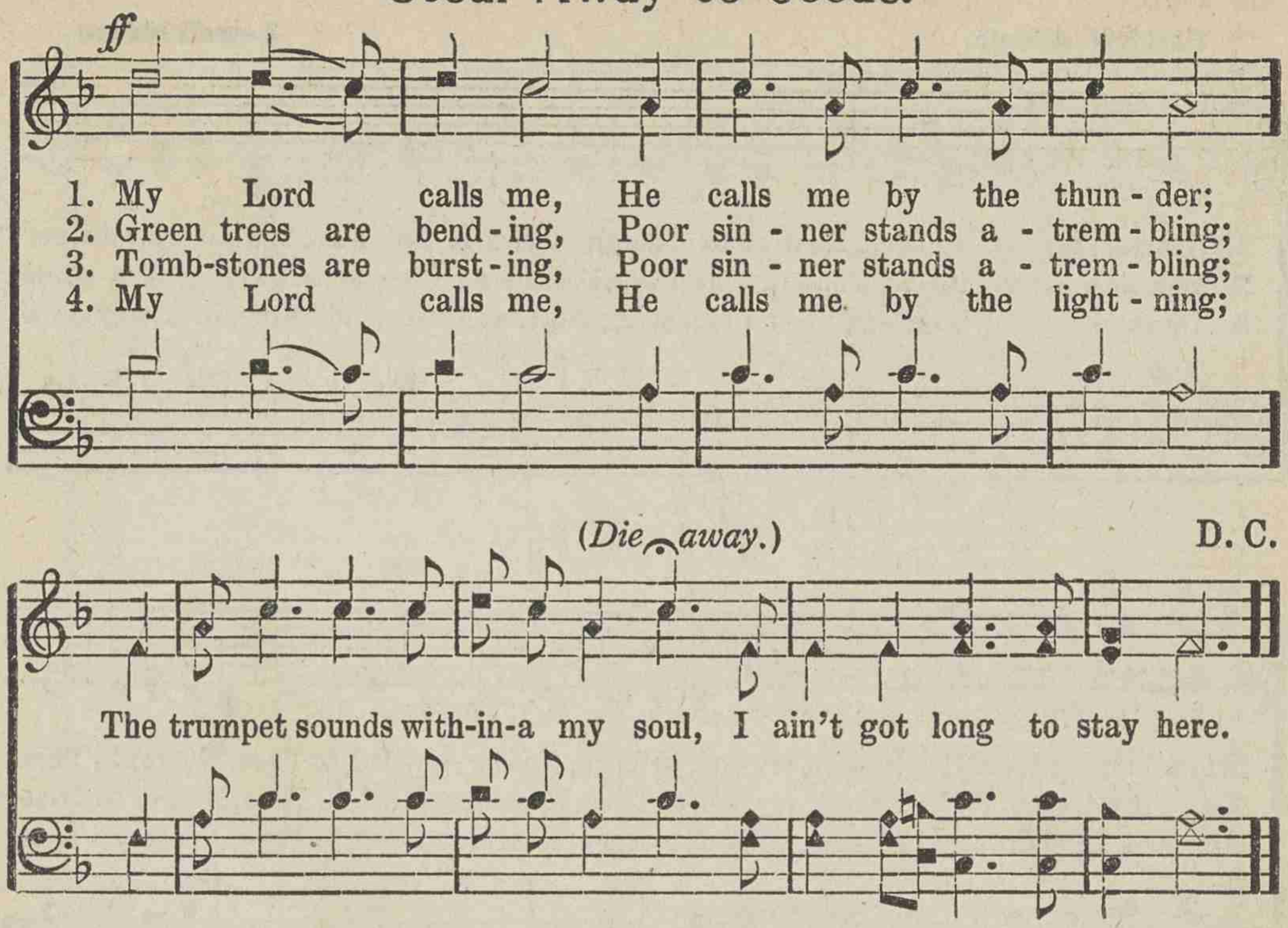
No. 157. Steal Away to Jesus.

(Spiritual.) As sung by the Jubilee Singers.

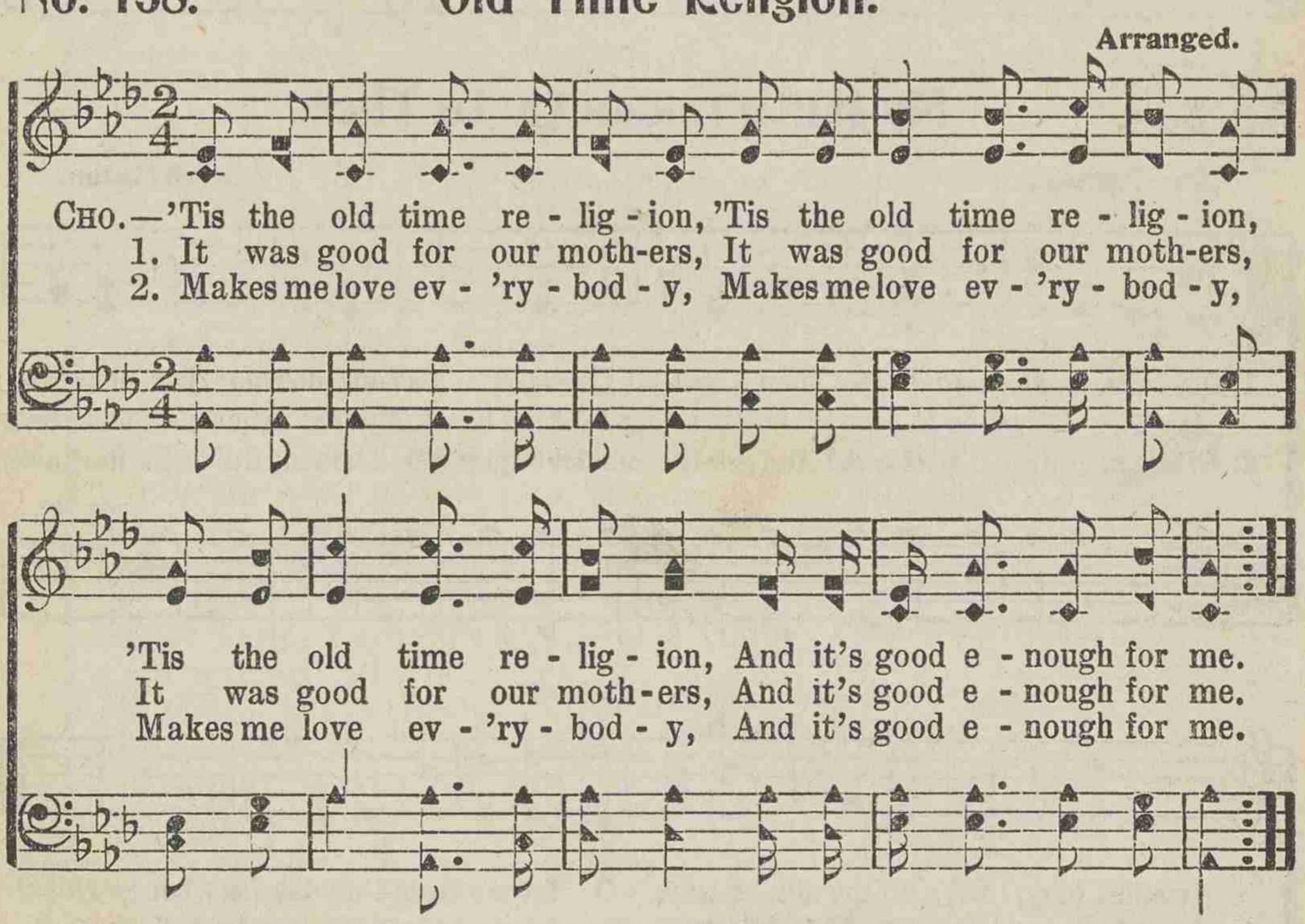
Steal a-way, steal a-way, Steal a-way to Je-sus!

Steal a-way, Steal a-way home, I ain't got long to stay here!

Steal Away to Jesus.



No. 158. Old Time Religion.



3 It has sav-ed our fathers,
And it's good enough for me.

4 It was good for the Prophet Daniel,
And it's good enough for me.

5 It was good for the Hebrew children,
And it's good enough for me.

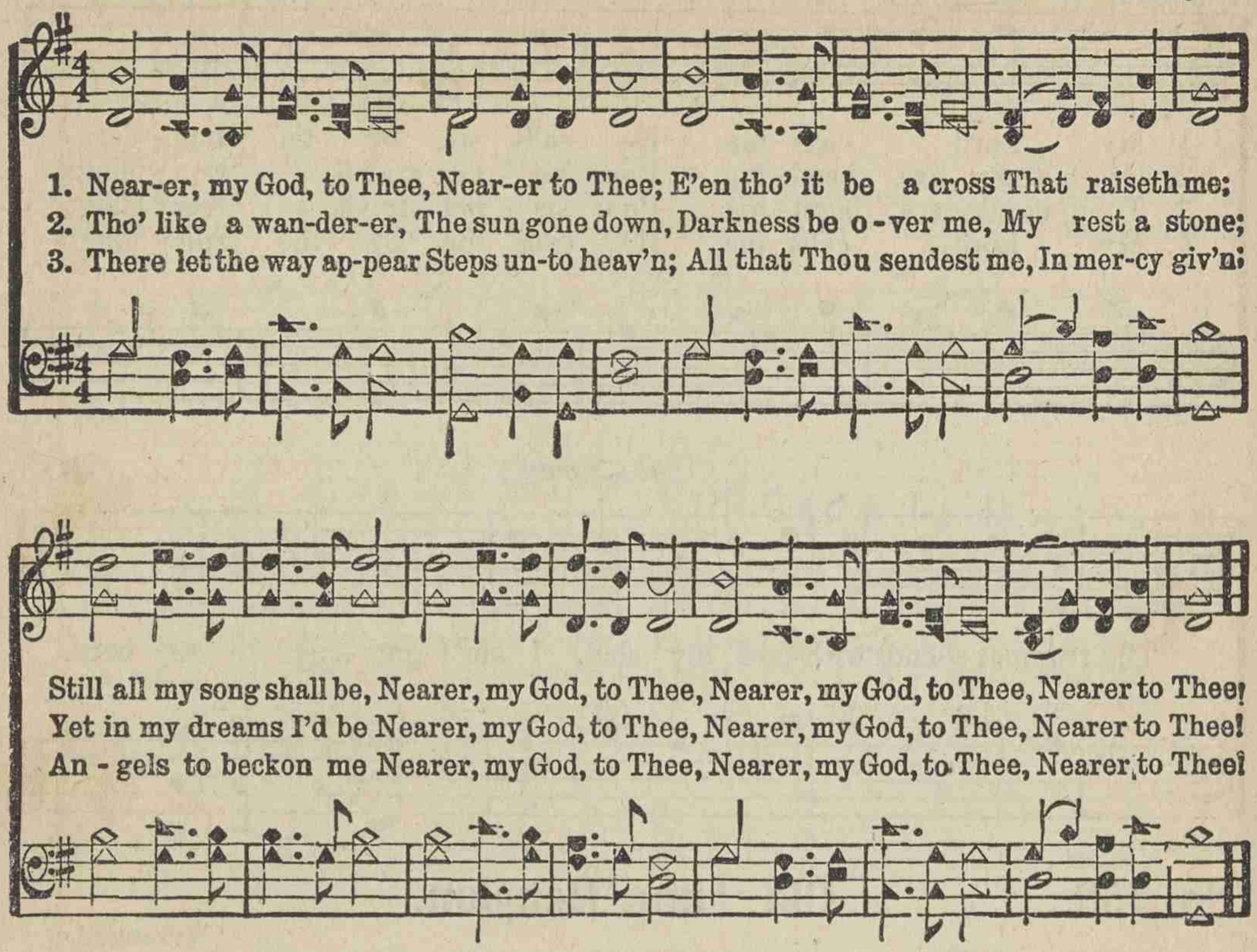
6 It was tried in the fiery furnace,
And it's good enough for me.

7 It was good for Paul and Silas,
And it's good enough for me.

8 It will do when I am dying,
And it's good enough for me.

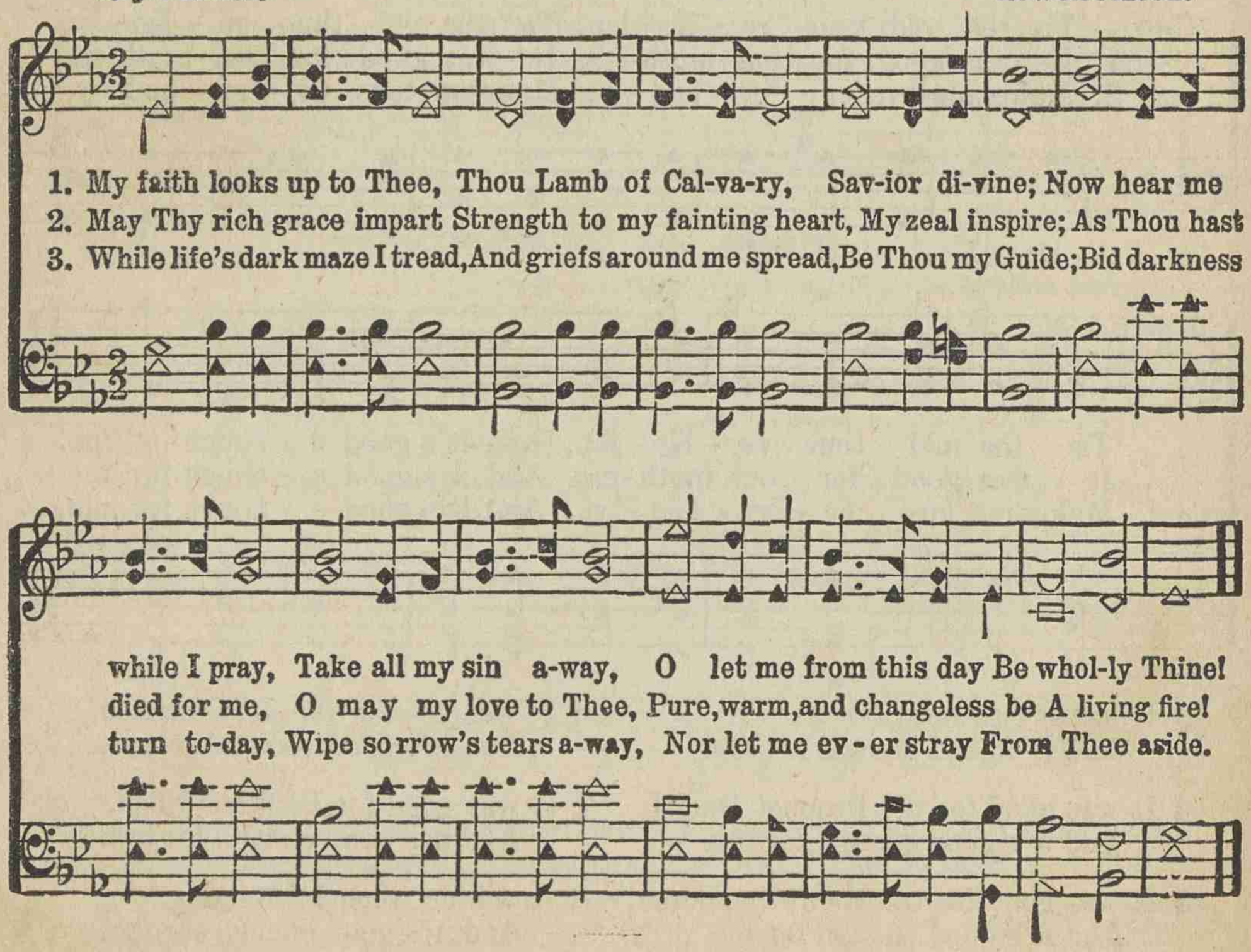
No. 159. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Sarah F. Adams. **Lowell Mason.**



No. 160. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer. **Lowell Mason.**



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(J. P. Editon)

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